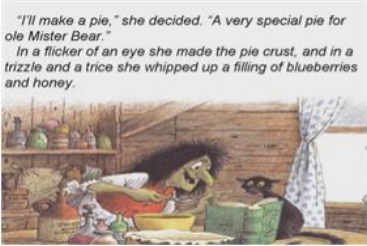







# SEQUENCING BIG BAD BRUCE

Name \_\_\_\_\_

**Place the correct number in front of the photo from this story so the photos are in the proper sequence.**

NO. #	PHOTO	NO. #	PHOTO
	<p><i>"I'll make a pie," she decided. "A very special pie for ole Mister Bear." In a flicker of an eye she made the pie crust, and in a trizle and a trice she whipped up a filling of blueberries and honey.</i></p> 		<p><i>Quickly she picked out a pine stump, and jerked off her apron and flung it over the top, then put the pie on it.</i></p> 
	 <p><i>Little bears have short memories and in a few days Bruce forgot all about ever being a giant of a bear. For all he knew Roxy's flower garden was a beautiful leafy green forest with plenty of room to roam.</i></p>		 <p><i>Forevergreen forest was a quiet peaceful place until Bruce, a great shaggy brute of a bear came wandering up out of a canyon one day.</i></p>
	 <p><i>Bruce hadn't gone very far when he began feeling drowsy... so drowsy he could hardly keep his eyes open—so he flopped down against a tree trunk to rest, and in the time it takes for one big yawn, he dropped off to sleep.</i></p>		 <p><i>Then one afternoon Bruce made an awful mistake, a terrible blunder. He came across a huge bolder resting on a bluff and decided to give it a ride.</i></p>