

Lesson 31: Syllables

The New Nanny

Hi, my name is Tim. Today, my mom and dad and I drove to Boston to pick up my new **nan/ny**. She will help mom clean and help me read and do stuff that I like to do. I put on my blue jeans and a white T-shirt with a shark on it. Mom had to help me tie my **sneak/ers**.

A/way we went. We drove up the coast from New Port to **Bos/ton** to pick up the new **nan/ny**. She came in by train from the state of Maine. Her name is Miss **A/man/da**. We had to wait a **lit/tle** bit until the train came down the tracks. The big **Am/trak** hissed and made a squeal like mom's **tea/pot** as it came to a stop.



Miss **A/man/da** stepped onto the **plat/form** with her bags and **suit/case**. We all went to greet her. Dad went to help with her **suit/case**. Mom and I helped her with the tote bags. She gave me a sweet kiss on my cheek that made my face red. Miss **A/man/da** had white bows at the end of her long black braids. Her braids went all the way past the waist of her teal dress. It is June and it is hot, hot, hot, even in the shade! So Mom said, "Let's **hur/ry** home!"

As we drove back **a/long** the coast from **Bos/ton** to New Port, we saw lots of **sail/boats** cruise across the bay. They were **get/ting** ready for the big **sail/boat** race of the **sum/mer**. **May/be** Miss **A/man/da** will go **a/long** with us on race day. Mom wants to go to the **out/door** film at the park and dad wants to hear the jazz **mu/sic**. I just want to eat fish **tac/os**. So much to do! We will all have fun.

We got home and I ran fast to **o/pen** the gate. Mom helped Miss **A/man/da** up the **stair/case** and to the room on the left. This will be her new home now. I **can/not** wait for Miss **A/man/da** to **un/pack**. I plan on a **paint/ball** game! I hope she likes **paint/ball**. Mom told me to sit still and wait for Miss **A/man/da** to **un/pack**. I sat in the main hall in the big blue soft chair that we just got mom for **Moth/er's** Day. It went with her blue **run/ner** rug that was as long as the **hall/way**. I was **rest/less** as I waited. I got a red **paint/ball** from my jeans **pock/et**. It went "POP"! Miss **A/man/da** stepped out of her room and saw the big red glob of paint on mom's blue **run/ner** rug. She was quick to clean up



the mess. Mom came and saw the stain. It was plain to see. She was a bit **up/set**, but then she **be/gan** to smile. Just then, dad came to see about the stain. He was **smil/ing** as well. What was **e/ver/y/one smil/ing** at? When the red paint went “pop” onto my shark T-shirt, the red paint got all over the shark.

“That shark must have had a snack,” Dad said, as he rubbed his huge hand in my hair and gave me a fist bump. Mom and Miss **A/man/da** went **out/side** to soak the stains in a **plas/tic** tub.

Sun/day came and we all went to church. It was a day of rest and dad told me that on **Mon/day** **A/man/da** would be able to play a game of **paint/ball** after she cleans **up/stairs**. That was my goal for **Mon/day**....to play a game of **paint/ball**.

Mon/day came and **A/man/da** made me eggs and toast. I ate and then made my bed and brushed my teeth. I got my **paint/ball** guns, **hel/mets**, vests, eye shields, and all the gear, and extra **paint/balls** (red and green), and put it all in the **breeze/way**. I rode my bike up the **drive/way** to get the mail and rode back. Miss **A/man/da** was waiting for me. I was so **ex/ci/ted** that I almost rode my bike into the shrubs.

“Tim, I am waiting for you now,” Miss **A/man/da** said. I jumped off my bike and let it fall in the **drive/way**. I ran to the **breeze/way**. Miss **A/man/da** came to the **breeze/way** and told me we had to read before we had our **paint/ball** game. We went **in/side** to the den. Miss **A/man/da** gave me my Bible, and we began to read Luke. I like to read about the life of Jesus. Miss **A/man/da** **re/mind/ed** me how **im/por/tant** it is to read my **Bi/ble dai/ly**. Then we heard a screech **out/side**. We both ran to see what it was. Dad was just **get/ting** out of his truck to look at the heap of steel where I laid my bike. Oops! Dad did not smile, and I did not get to play. I had to clean my room.

Dad came to my room later that day and told me that Miss **A/man/da** was **wait/ing** for me in the hall. Miss **A/man/da** was sitting in the big soft blue chair. The clean **run/ner** rug was now back in the hall with no red paint stain. She had my shark shirt on her lap. “I cannot play **paint/ball** with you **to/day**...” Just as a tear was **roll/ing** down my cheek, Miss **A/man/da** handed me my T-shirt, “**un/less** you put on your shark shirt!”



Dad and mom met us **out/side** in the **breeze/way**. There **be/side** dad was a brand-new red bike.

“Red suits you and your shark, son!” he exclaimed. That’s all he had to say. Then my mind went back to the red stains, the stain on my shirt, the stain on the rug and the red stain where Jesus bled to save us all from our sins. I saw my mom, my dad, and Miss **A/man/da** standing there smiling at me. That’s the kind of love that Jesus has in his heart for all of us. And that’s the kind of love my **fam/i/ly** and my new **nan/ny** have for me.