One day, a hungry fox was preparing to hunt for his dinner. As he polished his claws, he was startled by a knock at the door.

"Hey, Rabbit!" someone yelled outside. "Are you home?" Rabbit? Thought the fox. If there were any rabbits in here, I'd have eaten them for breakfast.

When the fox opened the door, there stood a delicious-looking piglet. "Oh, no!" screamed the piglet. "Oh, yes!" cried the fox. "You've come to the right place." He grabbed the piglet and hauled him inside.

"This must be my lucky day!" the fox shouted. "How often does dinner come knocking on the door?" The piglet kicked and squealed, "Let me go! Let me go!" "Sorry, pal," said the fox. "This isn't just any dinner. It's a pig roast. My favorite! Now get into this roasting pan."

It was useless to struggle. "All right," sighed the piglet. "I will. But there is just one thing. "What?" growled the fox. "Well, I am a pig, you know. I'm filthy. Shouldn't you wash me first? Just a thought, Mr. Fox." "Hmmm...." the fox said to himself; "he is filthy."

So the fox got busy. He collected twigs. He made a fire. He carried in the water. And, finally, he gave the piglet a nice bath. "You're a terrific scrubber," said the piglet.

"There," said the fox. "Now you're the cleanest piglet in the county. You stay still, now!" "All right," sighed the piglet. "I will. But...." "But what?" growled the fox. "Well, I am a very small piglet, you know. Shouldn't you fatten me up to get more meat? Just a thought, Mr. Fox." "Hmmm...." the fox said to himself; "he is on the small side."

So the fox got busy. He picked tomatoes. He made spaghetti. He baked cookies. And, finally, he gave the piglet a nice dinner. "You're a terrific cook," said the piglet.

"There," said the fox. "Now you're the fattest piglet in the county. So get into the oven!" "All right!" sighed the piglet. "I will. But...." "What? What? WHAT?" shouted the fox. "Well, I am a hardworking pig, you know. My meat is awfully tough. Shouldn't you massage me first to make a more tender roast? Just a thought, Mr. Fox." "Hmmm...." the fox said to himself; "I do prefer tender meat." So the fox got busy. He pushed....and he pulled. He squeezed and he pounded the piglet from head to toe. "You give a terrific massage," said the piglet.

"But," the piglet continued. "I've been working really hard lately. My back is awfully stiff. Could you push a bit harder, Mr. Fox? A little to the right, please....yes, yes...now just a little to the left...."

"Mr. Fox, are you there?" But Mr. Fox was no longer listening. He had passed out, exhausted. He couldn't lift a finger, let alone a roasting pan. "Poor Mr. Fox," sighed the piglet. "He's had a busy day." Then the cleanest, fattest and softest piglet in the county picked up the rest of his cookies and headed for home.

"What a bath! What a dinner! What a massage!" cried the piglet. "This must be my lucky day!" When he got home, the piglet relaxed before a warm fire. "Let's see," he wondered, looking at his address book. "Who shall I visit next?"
The five men saw him and they all shouted with joy. Here was the largest and fiercest bull of all. Just the one for the bull fights in Madrid!

So they took him away for the bull fight day in a cart.

What a day it was! Flags were flying, bands were playing....and all the lovely ladies had flowers in their hair.

They had a parade into the bull ring. First came the Banderilleros with long sharp pins with ribbons on them to stick in the bull and make him mad. Next came the Picadores who rode skinny, horses and they had long spears to stick in the bull and make him madder. Then came the Matador, the proudest of all- he thought he was very handsome, and bowed to the ladies. He had a red cape and a sword and was supposed to stick the bull last of all.

Then came the bull, and you know who that was don't you?- Ferdinand.

They called him Ferdinand the Fierce and all the Banderillos were afraid of him and the Picadores were afraid of him and the Matador was scared stiff.

Ferdinand ran to the middle of the ring and everyone shouted and clapped because they thought he was going to fight fiercely and butt and snort and stick his horns around.

But not Ferdinand. When he got to the middle of the ring he saw the flowers in all the lovely ladies' hair and he just sat down quietly and smelled.

He wouldn't fight and be fierce no matter what they did. He just sat and smelled. And the Banderilleros were mad and the Picadores were madder and the Matador was so mad he cried because he couldn't show off with his cape and sword.

So they had to take Ferdinand home. And for all I know he is sitting there still, under his favorite cork tree, smelling the flowers just quietly. He is very happy. THE END.
Plot Elements for My Lucky Day by Keiko Kasza

Directions: After reading the story, unscramble the plot elements below and write each in its correct place on the plot roller coaster diagram.

Hint: Remember the "C" strategy. If you figure out the conflict and climax first, the rest is much easier! Also, remember that the conflict is a detail NOT an event, but might be revealed in a key event. The climax IS an event.

The pig picks up his cookies and heads home

He realizes it was a lucky day because he got a bath, dinner, and a massage

The pig comes home and decides who he should visit next

A piglet accidentally goes to a Fox's house and he wants to roast him for dinner

A fox

Hungry

A fox was preparing dinner and he hears a knock on the door

The voice calls into the house for a rabbit

The Fox's house

So the fox gives him a big dinner but a he continues to prepare him to roast he tells the fox he should massage him

The fox gives such a good massage that he falls asleep

The fox decides to roast the piglet. But then the piglet tells the fox he should wash him

The fox answers the door, realizes it's a piglet and pulls him in

The fox gives the piglet a bath and continues to try to roast him

Clever

The past

A piglet