

Ted's Big Day of Rights & Responsibilities

Rrrring! Ted bolted up in bed. His eyes shot to the clock. Oh, no—late again!

Shoving the covers aside, he raced for the shower, pulled on the first shirt and jeans he could find, and thundered downstairs for a quick bowl of that sugar cereal Grandma had bought him "just this once." Chocolate Crisp-O, the box said. He wolfed down the cereal and washed his bowl and spoon the way Grandma expected. Half way out the door, he remembered to grab his model rocket. Today after school he would finally test it out at the park.



Heading out the door, Ted jogged down the steps and onto the city sidewalk. He practically ran the four blocks north to Freedom Middle School, but some things were too important to skip, so he stopped for 30 seconds to buy his usual candy bar. It cost \$0.85, but with sales tax it came to \$0.93—practically a whole dollar.

The school day started out fine, but things got a little crazy at lunch when some kids started a food fight in the cafeteria. A peanut butter sandwich hit him in the head and left a nasty glob in his hair. Ted wasn't about to get involved—and he sure wasn't going to go hungry—so he wiped it off with a napkin and finished eating.

After school, the model rocket had to wait because Ted forgot there was a home basketball game. He watched the game for a while with some friends, but skipped out after the home team surged forty points ahead of the visitors. It wasn't much of a thrill when you knew who was going to win.



By the time Ted got to the park, he was really thirsty. While slurping water from the fountain, he noticed the sign posted above the drinking fountain: PARK RULES. The writing was tiny, but it was a good thing he read it. There was a \$100 fine for shooting off model rockets in the park! At this rate, his model rocket would never see the sky.

Bummed—and keeping his rocket safely out of sight in his backpack—Ted wandered around the park looking for something to do. Some weird guy sitting under a tree asked Ted if he wanted to start a war against the United States.

Just as Ted was telling him "no thanks," a big commotion started on the other side of the park. A huge crowd of people was coming down the street holding signs. He left the guy under the tree and went to check out the crowd. *Tell the President—Votes for Kids!* one sign read.



"They may be young, but they're not dumb!" the crowd chanted.

A kid who looked about sixteen pointed right at Ted. "Hey, you!" he shouted. "What do you think? Should kids have the right to vote?"

Ted thought for a second. "Why not?"
"Come on," another kid called. "Grab a sign and join us!"

Speaking his mind may not have been quite as fun as shooting off a model rocket, but it was pretty close. By the time he finally got home, Grandma only scolded him a little bit for being late.

"May I still watch my hour of TV?" Ted asked.

"Well, all right," she said. "But only one hour."

"Okay, Grandma." Ted flipped on the cartoons, checked the clock, and settled in to relax after his busy day.



What rights or responsibilities did Ted exercise in his role as a:	This action is a:
United States Citizen?	
	<input type="radio"/> Right <input type="radio"/> Responsibility
	<input type="radio"/> Right <input type="radio"/> Responsibility
State Citizen?	
	<input type="radio"/> Right <input type="radio"/> Responsibility
	<input type="radio"/> Right <input type="radio"/> Responsibility
City Citizen?	
	<input type="radio"/> Right <input type="radio"/> Responsibility
	<input type="radio"/> Right <input type="radio"/> Responsibility
School Citizen?	
	<input type="radio"/> Right <input type="radio"/> Responsibility
	<input type="radio"/> Right <input type="radio"/> Responsibility
Citizen of his Home?	
	<input type="radio"/> Right <input type="radio"/> Responsibility
	<input type="radio"/> Right <input type="radio"/> Responsibility