

Bob's Big Day of Rights and Responsibilities



Rrrring!

"Oh, no!" Bob sat up in bed and looked at the clock. Late again! He leaped out of bed and hurried to get ready for school, making sure to leave time for breakfast. Most mornings Grandma didn't let him eat sugar cereal, but this week she'd caved in and bought a box of Chocolate Crisp-O "just this once." Bob wolfed down the cereal and washed his bowl and spoon the way Grandma expected. He was about to rush out the door when he remembered to grab his model rocket. Today after school, he was going to the park to test it out.



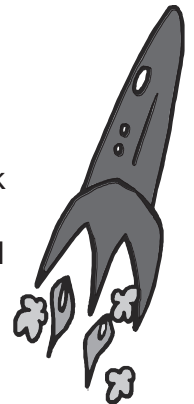
Heading out the door, Bob jogged down the steps and onto the city sidewalk. He walked four blocks north to Freedom Middle School. On his way there, he stopped to buy a candy bar. It cost \$0.85, but with sales tax it came to \$0.93!



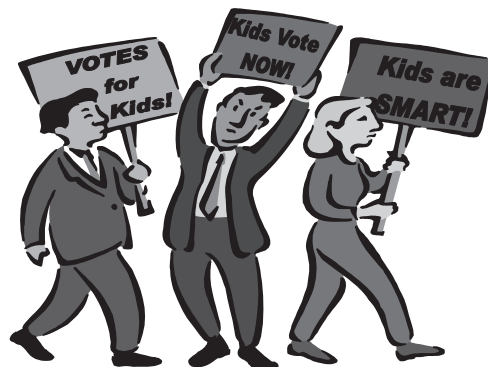
The school day started out fine, but at lunch a bunch of people started a food fight in the cafeteria. Someone's peanut butter sandwich hit him in the head. Gross! Bob knew better than to get involved, though, so he just ate his lunch and figured everyone else would end up going hungry. After school, the model rocket had to wait because Bob forgot there was a home basketball game. He watched the game for a while with some friends, but decided to leave when the home team surged forty points ahead of the visitors. What was exciting about a game if you knew how it was going to turn out?

It was a long walk to the park, and Bob was thirsty by the time he got there. He got a drink, and that was when 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! Bummed, Bob wondered when his rocket was ever going to see the sky.

Keeping his rocket safely out of sight in his backpack, Bob wandered around the park looking for something to do. Some weird guy sitting under a tree asked Bob if he wanted to start a war against the United States. Just as Bob was telling him "No, thank you," he heard a big commotion 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.



Citizen Me

Name: _____



Someone called out to Bob: "Hey, you! What do you think? Should kids have the right to vote?"

Bob thought for a second. "You bet!"

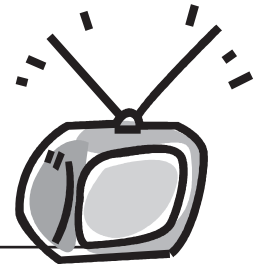
"Come on," the person called. "Grab a sign and join us!"

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?" Bob asked.

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

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



What rights or responsibilities did Bob exercise in his role as a:	Is this action a:	
	Right	Responsibility
United States Citizen?		
State Citizen?		
City Citizen?		
School Citizen?		
Citizen of his Home?		