

Name _____

Date _____



THE OWNER OF MY GARDEN

It is October; it is well into autumn. Every day, winter feels closer. The leaves of the trees have changed color several times and begin to fall. Those who resist bend before the cold winds that attack them daily. Even the presence of the sun, although it shines in the clear sky, no longer gives warmth.

Looking through the window of my room, I see something furry and black in continuous motion. It is a squirrel that lives in one of my trees whose instinct warns of the arrival of winter; therefore, it has decided to work endlessly from sunrise to sunset.



Go up, go down, pick up, go back up, cross the fence, turn, and go back down. She runs through the garden, keeps moving, climbs trees safely, is fast, agile, and tireless. After watching her carefully, I soon conclude that she feels like the owner of my garden, and I am the intruder. What's more, she knows me very well, and knows that I pose no danger. The truth is that, as a child, I learned to respect and love animals, especially squirrels that, although they seem restless, are harmless. This particular squirrel earned my affection, and I named it Pinta.



Well, my friend Pinta's body is completely black. Its tail is a jet-colored fluffy plume, and it carries it upright with elegance; that's why I called it Pinta. When you look at her, it seems that Pinta wears a black coat and a scarf. In Colombia, it is said that a pinta is a person who dresses in a refined way.

For some strange reason, when I have these visitors in my garden, the memory of my grandmother always comes to my mind. My maternal grandmother was the first person to transmit this feeling of love for animals to me. There is no doubt that my respect for them is something that my grandmother instilled in me by her example.

My grandmother, Clarisa, was an exemplary woman, with many special qualities, such as being an active and organized worker. She also had great planning skills and knew how to save to achieve her goals.

I am sure the ultimate goal of Pinta's incessant activity throughout my garden is to accumulate reserves for the winter to come. The cold autumn wind makes Pinta look chubby with her acorn-filled cheeks.



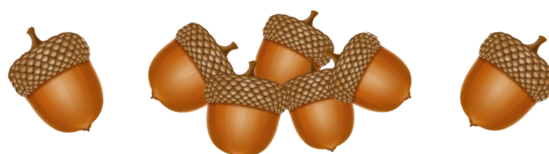
In case you didn't know, squirrels are omnivorous animals. This means that they hunt small insects and collect fruits, seeds, nuts, and acorns in their burrows to have something to eat when the harsh winter arrives. To transport this food to their nest, they use bags that they have in their cheeks called pockets. Squirrels are devoted to storing and are farsighted.



It is surprising what we can learn when we observe the behavior of animals. Pinta is an example of dedication, activity, and work, with a clear objective of survival. At the same time, she looks happy and full of energy; obviously, she likes what she does. Now that I look at her more closely, I see that sometimes she does stop, looks around, and enjoys one of those delicious nuts that she has picked up. It's funny to see

how she holds them in her tiny hands.

What a treat! What a delicacy! Pinta is having a tremendous feast. You have a well-deserved reward for your hard work.



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Answer the questions.



1. In what season does this story occur, and how does the author describe it?

2. Who is telling this story, and why did the author call it Pinta?

3. Why did the author title the story The Owner of my Garden?

4. Describe Pinta's body.



5. Who does seeing Pinta remind the author of and why?

6. What activity is Pinta doing?

7. What are the bags on the squirrel's cheeks called and what are they for?

8. From the story, what does **burrow** mean?

9. What does the author mean by the expression **works from sunrise to sunset**?

10. What reward does Pinta get after her hard work?

