The Use-It-Again Girl art by Judy MacDonald by Charnan Simon 5 Kathryn Franchino was a use-it-again girl. Everyone called her that—her mother, her father, her grandmother, her best friend. Even her little brother Jordan probably would have, except he was only two and couldn't really talk yet. It all started when Kathryn's favorite sheets wore out. Kathryn was stretching in bed the way she always did first thing in the morning. Stretch—went her arms up over her head. Stretch—went her legs down under the covers. And r-r-r-i-i-p-p went her Let's read together. favorite flannel sheets as her heels dug You can listen to this story at www into the worn spots. .clickmagkids.com/read "Mom!" Kathryn wailed, bouncing out

of bed. "My sheet ripped!"

Her mother came in to look. "So it did," she said. "Look—even the top sheet is all frayed and worn through. I'm not surprised—you've had these sheets since you were three. I guess it's time to toss them and buy new ones." She gathered the sheets off Kathryn's bed and headed out the door.

"Wait a minute!" Kathryn scrambled after her mom. "I love these sheets! Don't throw them away! Can't you sew them back together?"

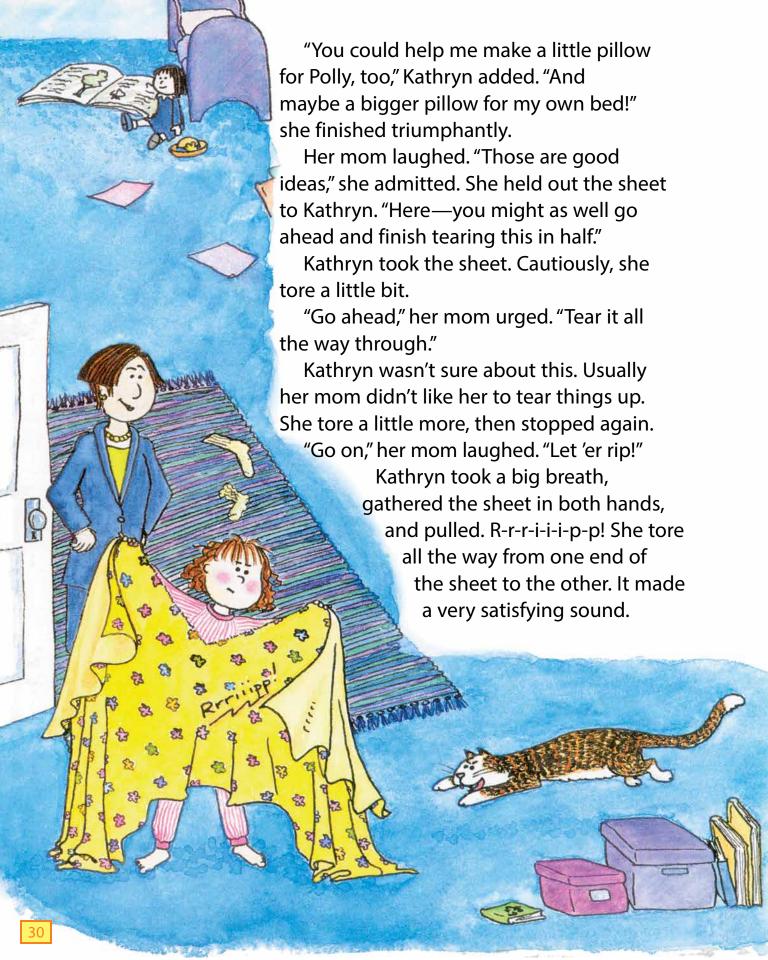
Kathryn's mom held up the sheets. "See how worn they are, all the way down the middle? There's nothing left to sew, except around the edges."

"Well, then," said Kathryn. "Let's save the edges."

Her mom smiled. "What exactly do you want to save the edges for?"

Kathryn hesitated. "I could use some pieces for when you make me dust my room," she said.
Dustcloths weren't very exciting, though, so she thought some more. "And I could put some in Miss Kitty's basket. I could even make sheets for Polly's bed," she said, pointing to the baby doll who had her own little bed next to Kathryn's big bed.





"This is fun!" Kathryn said. "What next?"

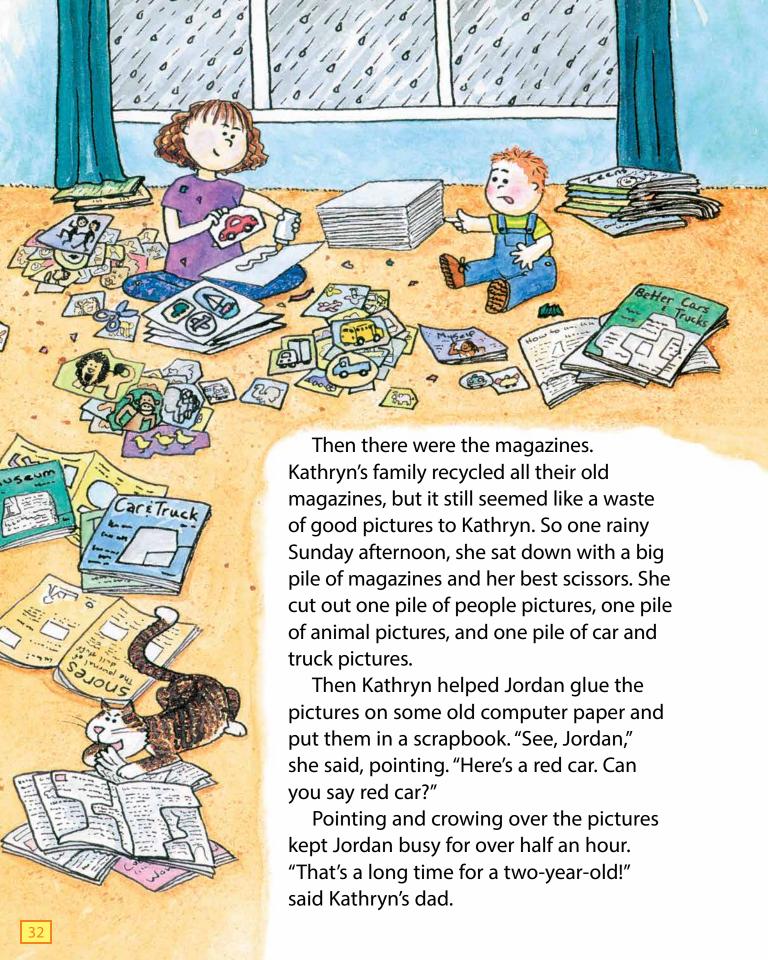
Her mom showed her how to keep tearing until she had a pile of soft dustcloth-sized pieces. She tore bigger pieces for Miss Kitty's basket and for Polly's sheets, which her mom hemmed on the sewing machine. Together, they cut and sewed a tiny pillow for Polly and a bigger one for Kathryn. When they were done, Kathryn looked around her room happily.

"This was a good idea," she told her mom. "I didn't have to throw away my favorite sheets, and I have all these brand-new things in my room, without having to go to a single store."





Kathryn's next project was an oatmeal box. She was just in time to stop her father from tossing the empty box into the trash after Saturday morning breakfast. "Wait!" Kathryn told her dad. "Don't throw that away! I can cover it with construction paper and glitter and keep my beads in it." And that's exactly what she did.



There was no stopping
Kathryn now. She stuffed old
socks with catnip to make toys
for Miss Kitty. She cut a slit
in the plastic lid of an empty
coffee can and made a piggy
bank for herself. She helped
Jordan plaster stickers all over
the box her new tennis shoes
came in, and gave it to him to
store his blocks. Every place she
looked, she found something
she could use again!







"Mom, you need to teach me how to make a quilt," Kathryn announced one day. She finished the orange she was eating and dumped the peels into the compost bucket under the sink. Kathryn liked thinking that even her orange peels could be used again, to help make their garden grow better next summer.

"Make a quilt!" her mother exclaimed. "Whatever made you think of that?"

