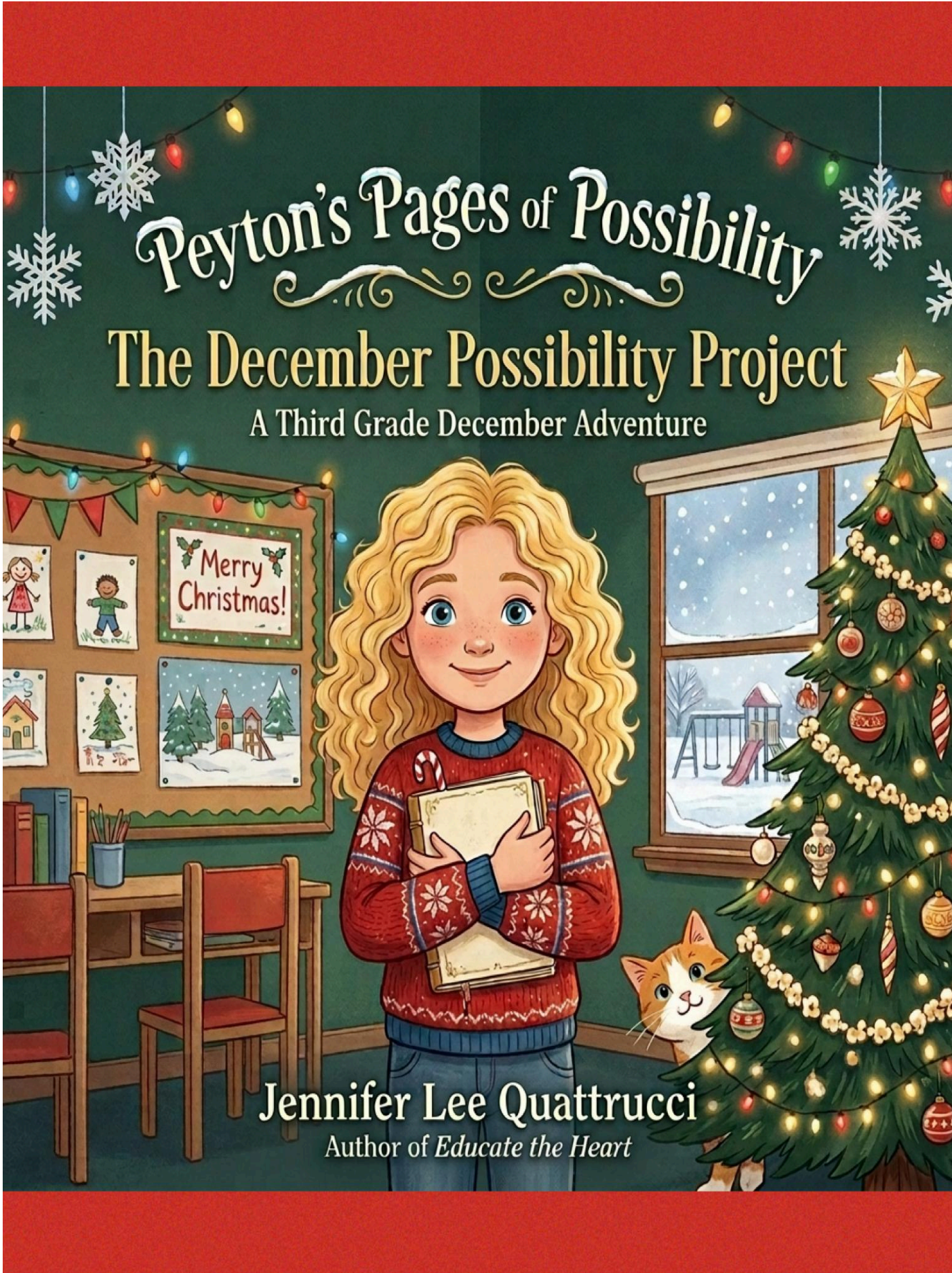




Peyton's Pages of Possibility

The December Possibility Project

A Third Grade December Adventure

Jennifer Lee Quattrucci

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Peyton's Pages of Possibility
The December Possibility Project



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Dedication

For every child who has ever wondered,

“What can I do to make someone's day a little better?”

May you always remember that kindness doesn't have to be big to matter.

Sometimes a smile, a listening ear, a helping hand, or a moment of understanding can be the greatest gift of all.

And to the teachers who help children see not only what is possible for themselves, but what is possible when they care for others.

Keep turning the pages.

There is always another possibility.

A Message from Peyton

Dear Reader,

December is one of my favorite months.

There are decorations everywhere, people seem extra excited, and Mrs. Kennedy's classroom always feels a little more magical.

But this December, I learned something I didn't expect.

Sometimes we think helping people means **doing something big**.

Like collecting cans for the food bank.

Remember the charity drive we did?

That was one of the biggest things our class had ever done. We worked together, collected food, and helped families in our community.

I thought I already knew a lot about helping people.

I was wrong.

Mrs. Kennedy helped me discover that sometimes helping starts with something much smaller.

You have to **notice**.

You have to **listen**.

You have to ask yourself,

"What might this person need right now?"

And sometimes the answer isn't a present.

Sometimes it's a friend.

Sometimes it's a little extra patience.

Sometimes it's someone who will just sit beside you.

This December, our class started something called the **December Possibility Project**.

And it changed the way I looked at the people around me.

I hope it changes the way you look at them, too.

Keep reading!

Peyton ♥

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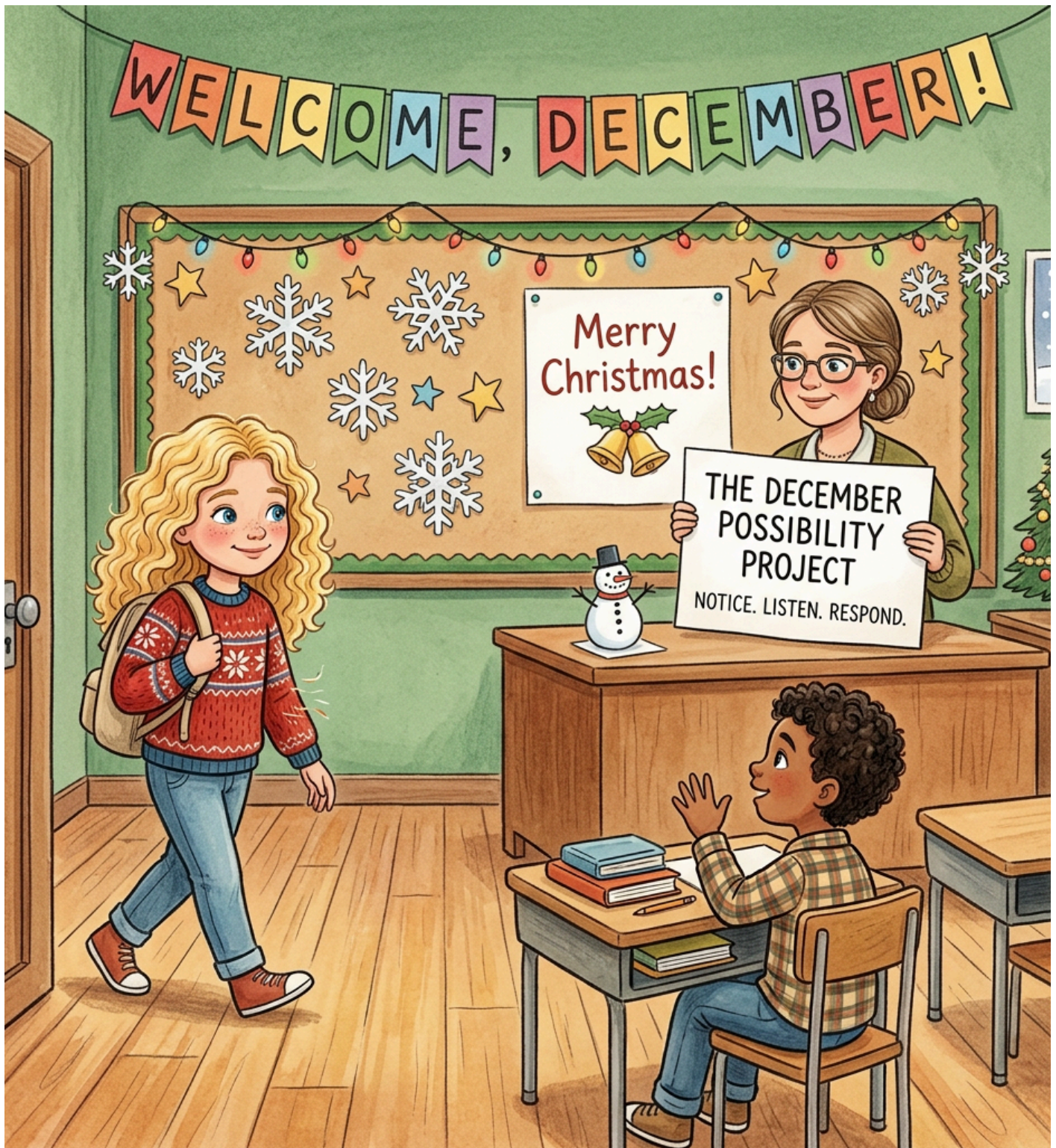
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Chapter 1

The December Possibility Project



Peyton Carter loved December.

She loved the way the mornings felt colder when she climbed out of bed. She loved the lights that seemed to appear in windows and on houses overnight. She loved the smell of cinnamon, the sound of holiday music, and the feeling that something exciting might happen at any moment.

But this December felt a little different.

Peyton woke up before her alarm.

That almost never happened.

She opened her eyes and stared at the soft gray morning light stretching across her bedroom ceiling. For one sleepy second, she couldn't remember why she was awake.

Then she saw the red-and-green paper chain hanging above her desk.

December.

Peyton sat up quickly.

December was her favorite month of the whole year. Not just because of Christmas, although Christmas was definitely part of it. Peyton loved the tiny changes December brought to everything—the way mornings smelled colder, the way people smiled at one another in store aisles, and the way even ordinary days seemed to hold a secret.

She reached for the journal on her nightstand.

It was purple, with a silver star pressed into the cover. Mrs. Kennedy had given it to her at the beginning of the school year.

"A possibility is a door you haven't opened yet," Mrs. Kennedy had told the class.

Peyton had thought about those words many times since then.

She opened her journal to a fresh page and smiled.

Maybe December would bring a few new doors.

Downstairs, the smell of toast and hot chocolate drifted through the kitchen.

"Good morning, December girl," Peyton's mom said as Peyton hurried into the room.

Peyton smiled. "Good morning!"

Her little brother Dylan was already at the table.

"Only twenty-four days until Christmas," he announced.

Peyton slid into her chair. "Actually, it depends on how you're counting."

Dylan stared at her.

"Never mind," Peyton said.

Lucy looked up from her phone and laughed. "She's been awake for five minutes, and she's already correcting people."

"I wasn't correcting him," Peyton said.

"You kind of were," Lucy replied.

Peyton took a sip of her hot chocolate.

Outside, the sky was still pale and cloudy. December had arrived quietly overnight, but Peyton could already feel its excitement.

When she got to school, the hallway was buzzing.

Paper snowflakes hung from the ceiling. Someone had placed a small basket of pinecones on the table outside the office. Even the cafeteria smelled like cinnamon rolls.

Peyton hurried into Room 3B and stopped.

Mrs. Kennedy was holding a chart:

THE DECEMBER POSSIBILITY PROJECT

Underneath were three words written in big letters:

NOTICE.

LISTEN.

RESPOND.

Peyton slowly walked to her desk.

"What do you think it means?" Mateo asked.

Peyton shrugged. "Maybe it's a science project?"

"It doesn't look like science," Jayden said.

"Maybe we're making something," another student suggested.

Mrs. Kennedy walked into the room carrying a large box.

Everyone grew quiet.

"Well," she said, smiling, "I see you've already noticed our new project."

Peyton looked back at the board.

"Is it like the Community Food Drive or Helping Challenge?" she asked.

Mrs. Kennedy placed the box on her desk.

"In some ways," she said. "You learned something important when you participated in those projects. You learned that helping your community doesn't always require one giant action."

Peyton nodded.

She remembered.

She remembered collecting food. Helping others. Working with her classmates. And realizing that even small actions could matter.

"This project," Mrs. Kennedy continued, "will ask you to use something a little different."

“What?” Dylan's voice suddenly popped into Peyton's memory, and she almost laughed.

But Mateo asked the question first.

“Your attention,” Mrs. Kennedy said.

The room became very quiet.

“During December, there are many celebrations, traditions, activities, and busy moments. Sometimes we become so focused on what we're doing next that we forget to notice what is happening right in front of us.”

Mrs. Kennedy pointed to the first word.

“**Notice.** Pay attention to the people and moments around you.”

Then she pointed to the second word.

“**Listen.** Really listen to what people say—and sometimes what they don't say.”

Finally, she pointed to the third word.

“**Respond.** When you notice that someone might need kindness, help, understanding, or simply someone to care, think about how you can respond.”

Peyton looked down at her purple journal.

“So we don't get a list of what to do?” she asked.

Mrs. Kennedy smiled.

“Not this time.”

“But how will we know what to do?”

“That's the possibility,” Mrs. Kennedy said. “You may not know until you notice it.”

She opened the large box.

Inside were twelve small envelopes.

One for each school day in the project.

The class leaned forward.

“Each day,” Mrs. Kennedy explained, “we'll open an envelope. Inside will be a question, a thought, or a small challenge to help us pay attention to the possibilities around us.”

Peyton felt a little spark of excitement.

This wasn't exactly like what they already did to help the community.

It was different.

There wasn't a checklist telling her exactly what to do.

She would have to think.

She would have to notice.

She would have to listen.

And somehow, she would have to figure out what possibility was waiting for her.

Mrs. Kennedy picked up the first envelope.

“Ready?”

“Yes!” the class shouted.

She opened it carefully and pulled out a small card.

Then she read:

What is something you might miss if you are moving too quickly?

For a moment, nobody spoke.

Peyton thought about rushing through the morning.

She thought about Dylan talking at breakfast.

She thought about the paper snowflakes in the hallway.

She thought about her mom calling her “December girl.”

Maybe ordinary moments weren't ordinary at all.

Maybe they only seemed that way when you didn't stop long enough to see them.

When the bell rang that afternoon, Peyton packed her journal into her backpack.

Mateo waved goodbye.

"See you tomorrow, Possibility Detective!"

Peyton laughed. "That's not a thing."

"It could be," he called.

On the bus ride home, Peyton looked out the window.

Cars passed.

People hurried along the sidewalks.

A little girl held tightly to her father's hand.

An older woman stood outside a store, smiling as someone opened the door for her.

Peyton wondered how many possibilities she had already missed.

Then she remembered Mrs. Kennedy's words.

Notice. Listen. Respond.

Maybe it wasn't too late to start paying attention.

That night, after dinner, Peyton curled up on her bed with her purple journal.

She opened it to the first page of December.

Peyton's Journal

Today Mrs. Kennedy introduced the December Possibility Project.

It reminds me of all the things we did when we helped our community.

But this feels different.

I think we're going to have to pay attention.

Maybe the biggest possibilities are hiding in ordinary moments.

Peyton closed her journal and looked out her bedroom window.

Across the street, a porch light flickered on.

Then another.

And another.

One by one, the neighborhood began to glow.

Peyton smiled.

Maybe December was full of possibilities.

You just had to notice them first.

Chapter 2

The Biggest Wish List Ever



That afternoon, Peyton's teacher gave everyone time to write in their journals.

Peyton wrote the title:

MY DECEMBER WISH LIST

Then she started writing.

New books.

A new sweater.

Art supplies.

A new journal.

A board game.

A stuffed animal.

A new water bottle.

A new pair of sneakers.

She stopped.

Her list was already two pages long.

Peyton looked around.

Everyone else was writing, too.

"What are you writing?" Lucy asked when Peyton showed her the list later that afternoon.

"My December wishes."

Lucy looked at the paper.

"That's a lot of wishes."

"I know."

Peyton smiled.

"I have a lot of possibilities."

Lucy laughed.

"Are they possibilities or presents?"

Peyton paused.

She looked at her list again.

"Maybe presents."

That night, Peyton opened the journal Mrs. Kennedy had given them.

She remembered the words from class.

Notice. Listen. Respond.

She wrote:

What do I notice?

She noticed that everyone seemed excited about December.

She noticed that people were talking about gifts.

She noticed that the television was filled with commercials.

She noticed that her own list was very, very long.

Then she thought about the food drive.

Back then, she had learned that helping people felt good.

But she had also learned something else.

She had learned that everyone has different needs.

Maybe December wasn't only about what she wanted.

Maybe it was about noticing what other people needed.

Peyton closed her journal.

Her wish list wasn't wrong.

But maybe it wasn't the whole story.

Peyton's Journal

I made a HUGE wish list.

Then I started wondering if I was thinking too much about getting and not enough about giving.

I don't think wanting things is bad.

But I think there might be room for both.

Chapter 3

The Empty Chair



On Wednesday morning, Peyton noticed something immediately.

One of the chairs in Room 3B was empty.

It had been empty the day before, too.

And the day before that.

Peyton looked at Mrs. Kennedy.

"Is Emma coming today?"

Mrs. Kennedy shook her head gently.

"Emma won't be here today."

"Is she sick?"

Mrs. Kennedy nodded.

"She's having a difficult week."

Peyton wanted to ask more.

But Mrs. Kennedy continued teaching.

During independent reading, Peyton glanced at Emma's empty chair.

She wondered what it would feel like to miss several days of school.

Would she feel lonely?

Would she worry about missing work?

Would she be afraid everyone would forget about her?

Peyton almost decided to make Emma a giant card.

Then she stopped.

Notice. Listen. Respond.

She didn't actually know what Emma needed.

So Peyton asked Mrs. Kennedy.

"Would it be okay if I made Emma a card?"

Mrs. Kennedy smiled.

"I think that would be thoughtful."

The next morning, Emma returned.

Peyton smiled.

"I'm glad you're back."

Emma smiled back.

"Me too."

Peyton didn't ask a bunch of questions.

She didn't need to.

Sometimes caring meant simply letting someone know:

You matter.

Peyton's Journal

I almost guessed what Emma needed.

But then I remembered Mrs. Kennedy's words.

Notice.

Listen.

Respond.

I didn't know everything that was happening.

I didn't need to.

I could just let her know I cared. I made a simple card and drew a snowflake on it.

I wrote:

We miss you.

We hope you're okay.

We're thinking about you.

It wasn't a giant card.

It wasn't fancy.

But I hope Emma would know that someone had noticed her absence.

Chapter 4

Chance Has a Plan



That Saturday, Peyton decided to work on the December Possibility Project at home.

She placed her journal on the kitchen table.

"I need to think of something kind to do," she said.

Chance jumped onto a chair.

"No, Chance."

He jumped onto the table.

"Definitely no."

Chance walked directly across her journal.

Peyton stared at him.

"You're not helping."

Chance sat down.

Peyton sighed.

Then she noticed something.

Her mom was carrying a large basket of laundry.

Her little brother Dylan was searching for his missing mitten.

Her dad was trying to fix a cabinet door.

Everyone was busy.

Peyton suddenly realized something.

She didn't have to invent a huge kindness project.

She could simply help.

She carried the laundry basket upstairs.

She helped Dylan find his mitten.

Then she handed Dad the screwdriver he needed.

When she returned to the kitchen, Chance was sitting on her journal again.

Peyton laughed.

"You helped, too."

Chance blinked.

Peyton looked at her journal.

She wrote:

Possibility #1: Notice what needs to be done.

She thought about the 20 Missions from Book 6.

Many of those missions had been simple.

Help someone.

Thank someone.

Share.

Listen.

Take care of a place.

She realized those missions hadn't really ended.

They had become habits.

Maybe the best lessons stay with you even after the challenge is over.

Peyton's Journal

I thought I needed to plan something HUGE.

But I helped my family with little things instead.

Maybe helping doesn't always need a plan.

Sometimes you just have to notice.

Chance helped by sitting on my journal.

I'm still not sure how that helped.

Chapter 5

The Secret Snowlake



On Monday, Mrs. Kennedy placed a basket on her desk.

Inside were paper snowflakes.

"Today," she explained, "everyone will choose a snowflake."

Peyton reached into the basket.

She unfolded hers.

It said:

Find one way to make someone's day better without telling them it was you.

Peyton smiled.

A secret kindness.

She loved it.

But then she realized something.

Who should she help?

She looked around the room.

Mateo was sharpening his pencil.

Jayden was reading.

A student across the room was organizing her desk.

Peyton thought about it.

She didn't want to choose someone just because it was easy.

She wanted to notice something real.

During math, Peyton noticed Mateo struggling with a problem.

She didn't give him the answer.

Instead, she quietly said,

"Want me to show you how I started mine?"

Mateo nodded.

Later, Peyton noticed Jayden's papers had fallen onto the floor.

She helped pick them up.

Neither of them knew about the snowflake.

At the end of the day, Mrs. Kennedy asked,

"How did it feel to do something kind without getting credit?"

Peyton raised her hand.

"It felt good."

"Why?"

Peyton thought.

"Because the kindness was the point."

Mrs. Kennedy smiled.

Exactly.

Peyton's Journal

I liked the secret snowflake.

Nobody said thank you.

Nobody knew I was doing it.

And somehow that made it feel even more special.

I think kindness isn't supposed to be a contest.

Chapter 6

Different December Traditions



On Thursday, Mrs. Kennedy gathered everyone on the rug.

"This week, we're going to talk about December traditions."

Peyton smiled.

She loved hearing about what families did during the holidays.

Mateo talked about making special food with his family.

Jayden described a tradition his family had every year.

Another student talked about decorating.

Then Mrs. Kennedy asked,

"What are some things your families do in December?"

Hands shot into the air.

Peyton raised hers.

"We decorate our house."

Mrs. Kennedy nodded.

Then she asked,

"Does every family celebrate December in the same way?"

"No!" the class answered.

"Does every family celebrate the same holidays?"

"No!"

"Does every family have special traditions?"

The room became quiet.

One student shook his head.

"Our family doesn't really do holiday traditions."

Peyton noticed that he looked uncomfortable.

For a moment, she thought about asking why.

Then she remembered.

Notice. Listen. Respond.

She didn't need to make him explain.

She simply smiled.

"That's okay."

The student smiled back.

Mrs. Kennedy nodded.

"Exactly. We can be interested in other people's traditions without expecting everyone to have the same ones."

Peyton wrote that sentence in her journal.

She thought about what she had learned in October and November.

Inclusion wasn't about making everyone the same.

It was about making sure everyone had a place.

December was another opportunity to practice that.

Peyton's Journal

Today I learned that respecting someone doesn't mean they have to celebrate the same things I do.

We can be curious.

We can listen.

And we can let people be themselves.

Chapter 7

The Gift That Cost Nothing



Peyton had been thinking about gifts all week.

She had even started wondering what she could give people that didn't come from a store.

At lunch, she noticed that Mateo was sitting quietly.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"Nothing."

Peyton almost walked away.

Then she remembered to listen.

She sat down beside him.

"You don't have to tell me."

Mateo looked at her.

"Thanks."

They sat quietly for a minute.

Then Mateo started talking.

He told Peyton about something that had happened at home.

Peyton listened.

She didn't try to solve it.

She didn't interrupt.

She didn't say, "At least..."

She simply listened.

When they returned to class, Peyton wrote in her journal:

Sometimes the gift someone needs is your time.

That afternoon, Mrs. Kennedy asked the class to share something they had learned.

Peyton raised her hand.

"Helping doesn't always mean fixing something."

Mrs. Kennedy smiled.

"That's an important lesson."

Peyton nodded.

Sometimes people didn't need answers.

Sometimes they needed someone who cared enough to stay.

Peyton's Journal

Today I gave someone a gift that didn't cost any money.

I listened.

I think listening might be harder than I thought.

You have to be patient.

But it can make someone feel less alone.

Chapter 8

When Merry Doesn't Really Feel Merry



December was getting closer to winter break.

The classroom became more exciting every day.

But Peyton noticed something.

Not everyone seemed excited.

One morning, a classmate sat quietly while everyone else talked about their plans.

Peyton started to say,

"Are you excited for break?"

Then she stopped.

What if the answer was no?

Instead, she asked,

"How are you feeling?"

The student shrugged.

"Not great."

Peyton sat beside her.

"Do you want to talk?"

The student shook her head.

"Okay."

Peyton stayed.

After a few minutes, the student finally spoke.

"My family is having a hard time right now."

Peyton listened.

She wanted to make everything better.

But she couldn't.

She remembered the food drive.

She remembered the Books for Boo!

She remembered helping families in the community.

She remembered that sometimes problems were bigger than one person.

So Peyton did something simple.

She said,

"I'm sorry you're having a hard time."

Then she asked Mrs. Kennedy for help.

Mrs. Kennedy listened, too.

Peyton realized something important.

Kindness didn't mean pretending everything was happy.

Kindness meant making room for people to feel whatever they were feeling.

Even in December.

Especially in December.

Peyton's Journal

I used to think kindness meant making people smile.

Now I think it means being there for people—even when they aren't smiling.

You can't always make a problem disappear.

But you can help someone feel less alone.

Chapter 9

The Possibility Box



The next morning, Mrs. Kennedy placed a decorated box on a table.

It had a giant question mark on the front.

"What is that?" Peyton asked.

Mrs. Kennedy smiled.

"The Possibility Box."

Students gathered around.

"Anyone can put a note inside," she explained.

"But what do we write?"

"A possibility."

Peyton picked up a small piece of paper.

She thought.

Then she wrote:

A possibility is helping someone before they have to ask.

She folded the paper and placed it inside.

Soon the box filled with ideas.

Invite someone to play.

Thank someone who helps you.

Let someone go first.

Ask before assuming.

Listen.

Include someone.

Take care of our classroom.

Peyton smiled.

Some of the ideas sounded familiar.

They reminded her of the 20 Missions.

She suddenly realized that the missions weren't just something her class had completed.

They were becoming part of who they were.

Mrs. Kennedy read a few of the notes aloud.

"Look at all these possibilities," she said.

Peyton looked at the box.

There were dozens.

Maybe hundreds.

And the best part?

They didn't require money.

They didn't require presents.

They didn't even require December.

They could happen any day.

Peyton's Journal

The Possibility Box reminds me of our food drive and community work we did in October.

Maybe that work was not supposed to be a challenge we finished.

Maybe it was supposed to be to teach us that these are things we're supposed to keep doing.

I like that idea.

Chapter 10

Peyton Gets It Wrong



Peyton wanted to do something really special.

She decided to surprise a classmate by giving her a handmade gift. She wanted to give her a painted sea shell because she collected them last summer and loved painting them.

Peyton spent an entire afternoon at home painting the shell her favorite colors.

She was proud of herself.

The next day, she handed it over.

"I made this for you!"

The girl smiled politely.

"Thanks."

But she didn't look excited.

Peyton felt confused.

She had worked so hard.

Later, Peyton found her crying.

"What happened?"

The girl looked embarrassed.

"I appreciate the gift. It's just I have a lot of these already. I paint them too. Maybe we can give it to someone else?"

Peyton's stomach dropped.

"Oh."

She suddenly understood.

She had decided what the other person would like without asking.

She had meant to be kind.

But she hadn't actually listened.

"I'm sorry," Peyton said.

The girl nodded.

"I know you were trying to be nice."

Peyton took a breath.

"Next time, I'll ask. And yes , let's see who wants it and give it to them."

Mrs. Kennedy talked with Peyton afterward.

"You made a mistake," she said.

"I did."

"But you did something important."

"What?"

"You listened when you realized your first idea wasn't the right one."

Peyton nodded.

Being kind didn't mean always getting it right.

It meant being willing to learn.

Peyton's Journal

Today I got kindness wrong.

I thought I knew what someone wanted.

I didn't.

I learned that helping someone means thinking about THEIR needs, not just what I want to do for them.

That might be one of the biggest lessons I've learned.

Chapter 11

The Greatest Gift of All



The final week before break arrived.

Mrs. Kennedy gathered everyone around the Possibility Box.

"Let's think about where we started," she said.

Peyton remembered her giant wish list.

She remembered Emma's empty chair.

The secret snowflake.

The different traditions.

Mateo at lunch.

The student who was having a difficult time.

The Possibility Box.

And her mistake.

Mrs. Kennedy asked,

"What have you discovered?"

Hands went up.

"Helping can be small."

"Listening matters."

"You shouldn't assume."

"Everyone's family is different."

"You don't have to spend money to be kind."

"You can make a mistake and try again."

Peyton listened.

Then she raised her hand.

"I think I learned something."

Mrs. Kennedy smiled.

"What?"

Peyton looked around the room.

"Maybe helping people isn't about being the person who saves the day."

Mrs. Kennedy nodded.

"Go on."

"Maybe it's about being the person who notices."

The room became quiet.

Peyton continued.

"You notice someone needs help.

You listen.

Then you do what you can."

Mrs. Kennedy smiled.

"That sounds like a possibility worth remembering."

Peyton smiled, too.

She thought about the all the community work they did in September and October.

They had started with a simple idea:

Small Acts. Big Hearts. Real Change.

Now Peyton understood it even better.

Small acts didn't just change communities.

They changed people.

Including her.

Peyton's Journal

I think I finally understand.

The greatest gift isn't always something you wrap.

Sometimes it's noticing.

Sometimes it's listening.

Sometimes it's showing up.

And sometimes it's giving someone another chance when you get it wrong.

Chapter 12

A Page Full of Possibilities



On the last day before winter break, Mrs. Kennedy handed everyone a blank sheet of paper.

At the top she had written:

WHAT WILL YOU CARRY WITH YOU?

Peyton thought about it.

She didn't want to write about presents.

She didn't want to write about decorations.

She didn't even want to write about winter break.

She wanted to write about what she had learned.

So she wrote:

I will carry helping the community with me.

I will carry kindness.

I will carry curiosity.

I will carry listening.

I will carry understanding.

I will carry the courage to admit when I am wrong.

I will carry the reminder that everyone has a story I may not know.

Peyton looked at her page.

It wasn't finished.

She added one more sentence.

I will keep looking for possibilities.

When everyone was finished, Mrs. Kennedy asked the class to share.

Peyton listened to her classmates.

Their answers were different.

But they all had something in common.

They were thinking about other people.

Mrs. Kennedy smiled.

"You've learned a lot this year."

Peyton looked around Room 3B.

She thought about everything that had happened since third grade began.

There had been challenges.

Mistakes.

Arguments.

Questions.

Kindness.

Growth.

And possibilities.

So many possibilities.

Peyton closed her journal.

December hadn't turned out the way she expected.

It had turned out better.

Because she had discovered that sometimes the most important thing you can give someone isn't something you can put in a box.

It's something you give with your heart.

As Peyton walked out of Room 3B, she looked back at the Possibility Box.

She smiled.

Then she whispered,

"See you next time."

And she walked into the hallway, already wondering what possibility might be waiting on the next page.

Final Message from Peyton

Dear Reader,

Remember the [20 Missions from our community challenge in the second part of Chapter Book 6?](#)

At first, I thought those missions were something we did.

But now I think they became something we **learned**.

I learned that helping doesn't have to be huge.

You can help by noticing.

You can help by listening.

You can help by including someone.

You can help by saying thank you.

You can help by giving someone space.

You can help by admitting when you made a mistake.

And sometimes, you can help simply by being there.

So you don't need a December Possibility Project to make a difference.

You don't even need a special mission.

Just look around.

Someone near you might need a smile.

Someone might need a friend.

Someone might need help.

Someone might need to be heard.

And maybe you'll be the person who notices.

That's your possibility.

Because I've learned something important:

You don't have to do something enormous to make a difference.

Small acts can still create big change.

So keep your heart open.

Keep your eyes and ears ready.

Keep learning.

Keep growing.

And most importantly...

Keep looking for possibilities.

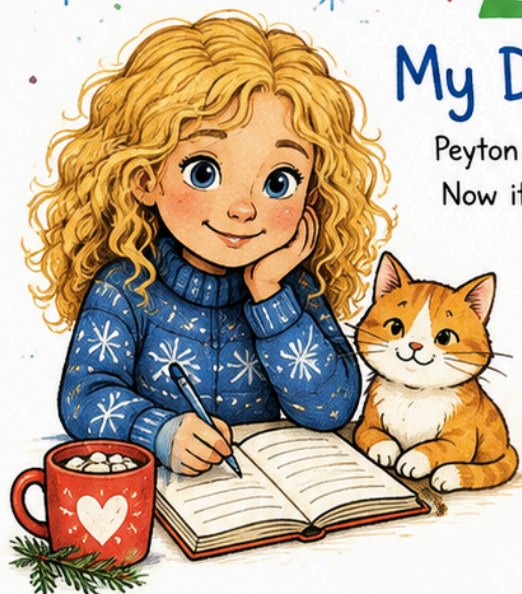
I'll see you on the next page.

Peyton ♥

BONUS ACTIVITY

My December Possibility Plan

Peyton learned that small actions can make a big difference.
Now it's **your** turn! Plan how you can keep the possibilities
• going beyond December.



1. My Favorite Part

What was your favorite part of the December Possibility Project? Why?



2. What I Learned

One important thing I learned is...



3. My Next Step

One way I will use what I learned to make a difference is...



4. I Can Keep the Possibilities Going!

Check the ideas you want to try.

- ☐ Be kind every day. 
- ☐ Help someone without being asked. 
- ☐ Share a book or a smile. 
- ☐ Thank someone who helps me. 
- ☐ Do something good for my community. 
- ☐ Write kind notes to others. 
- ☐ Other idea: _____

5. My December Promise

I promise to keep showing up, trying my best, and making the world a little better—one small act at a time.

**I can. I will.
I make a difference!**



You have completed the December Possibility Project!
Keep shining and keep creating possibilities!

 **Peyton & Chance**



About the Author

Jennifer Lee Quattrucci

Jennifer Lee Quattrucci is an educator, author, and creator who believes that learning begins with connection, curiosity, and kindness.

With nearly three decades of experience in education, Jennifer has worked as a classroom teacher, elementary school principal, and instructional leader. She holds a Master's degree in School Leadership and is certified in English for Speakers of Other Languages (ESOL).

Throughout her career, Jennifer has seen the power of helping children feel valued, heard, and capable. She believes that when children know they matter, they are more willing to learn, take risks, and discover their own possibilities.

Jennifer created the **Peyton's Pages of Possibility** series to inspire children to believe in themselves, embrace kindness, and recognize that everyday moments can become meaningful stories.

Through Peyton's adventures, young readers discover that:

- their ideas matter,
- their kindness makes a difference,
- their curiosity can lead them to amazing discoveries,
- and every child has the ability to create positive change.

Jennifer is also the author of **Educate the Heart: Screen-Free Activities to Inspire Authentic Learning**, a resource designed to encourage meaningful connections, creativity, and authentic learning experiences for children.

When she is not writing, Jennifer enjoys teaching, spending time with her family, exploring new places, reading, and finding inspiration in the everyday moments that remind us all that life is full of possibilities.

She hopes every child who reads Peyton's stories remembers:

“You are capable.

You are important.

You have a story to tell.

And every day is a new page of possibility.”



Connect With Jennifer

Jennifer Lee Quattrucci

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