Ted loved going for walk with his grandpa. When they walked together, them would search for pretty rocks. Ted's grandpa were an expert at finding the prettiest rocks. He usually spotted them before Ted do. He'd smiling at Ted as he held a rock up to the sun. “What a beauty," he would said. Then him would slip the rock into his pocket.

When they returned from their walk, they would each place the rocks they find in separate jars. Ted's grandpa's jar was nearly filled to a top. Ted's jarwas closer to empty. “Don't worry, Teddy," he grandpa would say. “Someday you'll develop the knack for find rocks. Practice makes perfect, and that's why we walks together every day."

One day Ted's grandpa arrive home with a surprise. It was a special machine that polish rocks. “See," the old man explained, “you puts the rocks in here. Then you waits for the machine to tumble them. In a few day, you have beautiful rocks. Let's polish somes of our own, shall we? we'll each do five." Ted picked out five of his biggest and prettiest rock. his grandpa did the same. They put the rocks in the machine and wait three days.

When the time was up, Ted pull off the cover and dumped out the rocks. “Wow!" he exclaimed. The rocks was beautiful. They was polished and smooth and warm to the touch. Them were also much brighter and more colorful now. Ted study one and saw his own reflection. “I may has a lot of rocks," his grandpa told him, “but you have some real beauties."

Ted brought his polished rocks home and sets them on his bookshelf. He couldn't wait to go out and looked for more.