This text was adapted from the original text entitled

_A Chair for My Mother_

By Vera B. Williams

Sherlock Center on Disabilities
Rhode Island College
This book was adapted from the original text, *A Chair for My Mother*, by Vera B. Williams

Grade Level: K-3
My mother is a waitress at the Blue Tile Diner. After school I go there and help. When I finish, I get paid. Every time I get paid, I put half of my money into a jar.

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It takes a long time to fill the jar. My mama put all of her change into the jar too. Some days she gets a lot of tips and some days she gets a little.
We sit in the kitchen with Grandma and count the tips.

Grandma puts money in the jar too.

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When we fill the jar we are going to buy a chair. A beautiful chair with flowers on it. Our other chairs burned in a fire in our house.
It happened one day when my mother and I were walking home from the store. Fire engines were at our house. The house was full of flames. Thankfully everyone was okay.
The house was ruined and full of ashes. We went to stay with my aunt and uncle. We moved into the apartment downstairs.

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When we moved in the neighbors brought pizza and ice cream.

They also brought over a table, a rug, curtains and silverware, but mama still had no comfortable chair to sit on.

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One night, we looked at the money jar and it was full! We took the coins to the bank.
We shopped in many stores looking for a chair. Some chairs were big, some were small, some were soft and some were hard.
Finally we found the chair we were dreaming about! We brought the chair right home.

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My grandma sits in it during the day. Mama sits in it after work. After dinner I get to sit with mama and fall asleep on her lap.