Appendix B

Sample Texts

The following texts are to be used with the “Ready for a Trial Run?” activities in Chapters 3, 4, and 5. Chapter 3 asks you to identify juicy stopping points. Chapter 4 asks you to narrow down your selections to the ones that you will actually use. Chapter 5 asks you to create a three-column chart to write the actual think aloud scripts you’ll use.
"The Owl and the Pussy-Cat" by Edward Lear

Overview and Rationale

This classic poem tells the story of an unlikely romance between an owl and a cat. They go on a boating adventure, traveling to gather things for a wedding ceremony. Rich with imagery, engaging rhyme, and unique vocabulary, this poem is a bedtime classic.

Lexile Framework: 230  
Grade-Level Equivalent: 2.5  
Guided Reading Level: L

I
The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea  
In a beautiful pea-green boat,  
They took some honey, and plenty of money,  
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.  
The Owl looked up to the stars above,  
And sang to a small guitar,  
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,  
What a beautiful Pussy you are,  
You are,  
You are!  
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

II
Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!  
How charmingly sweet you sing!  
O let us be married! too long we have tarried:  
But what shall we do for a ring?"

They sailed away, for a year and a day,  
To the land where the Bong-Tree grows  
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood  
With a ring at the end of his nose,  
His nose,  
His nose,  
With a ring at the end of his nose.

III
"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling  
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."

So they took it away, and were married next day  
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.  
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,  
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;  
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,  
They danced by the light of the moon,  
The moon,  
The moon,  
They danced by the light of the moon.

The Sandwich Swap by Her Majesty Queen Rania Al–Abdullah and Kelly DiPucchio

Overview and Rationale
This sweet story tells of two best friends, Salma and Lily. These girls do everything together, but can’t see eye to eye on their lunch choices. At the end of the story, the girls come together to learn that their friendship matters more than their differences. Salma and Lily lead their classmates in joining together in a message of tolerance and acceptance.

Lexile Framework: 630
Grade-Level Equivalent: 2.5
Guided Reading Level: L

It all began with a peanut butter and jelly sandwich . . . and it ended with a hummus sandwich.

Salma and Lily were best friends at school. They drew pictures together. They played on the swings together. They jumped rope together. And they ate their lunches together.

But just what they ate was a little different. Lily ate a peanut butter and jelly sandwich every day for lunch. Salma ate a hummus and pita sandwich every day for lunch. And although Lily never said it out loud, she thought Salma’s sandwich looked weird and yucky. She felt terrible that her friend had to eat that icky chickpea paste every day. Ew. Yuck.

And although Salma never said it out loud, she thought Lily’s sandwich looked strange and gross. She felt just awful that her friend had to eat that gooey peanut paste every day. Ew. Gross.

Then one day, Lily just couldn’t hold back those pesky thoughts any longer. “Your sandwich looks kind of yucky,” she blurted out.

“What did you say?” Salma asked, thinking she must have misunderstood her friend. “I said, your sandwich looks yucky.”

Salma frowned. She looked down at the thin, soft break, and she thought of her beautiful, smiling mother as she carefully cut Salma’s sandwich into two neat halves that morning.

Her hurt feelings turned mad. “Yeah, well your sandwich looks gross, and it smells bad too!” Salma snapped back.

Lily looked surprised. She sniffed the thick, squishy bread, and she thought of her dad in his silly apron, whistling as he cut Lily’s sandwich into two perfect triangles that morning

Lily scowled. “It does not smell bad!”

“Does, too!”

“Ewww . . . YUCK!”

“Ewww . . . GROSS!”

That afternoon the friends did not draw pictures together. They did not swing together, and they did not jump rope together either. The next day, Salma ate her lunch at one table and Lily ate her lunch at another.

Meanwhile, the peanut butter vs. hummus story had spread, and everyone began choosing sides. Each side had something not so nice to say to the other. Pretty soon the rude insults had nothing at all to do with peanut butter or hummus.

You’re weird! You’re stupid! You look funny! You dress dumb!

And then it happened. Somebody yelled, “FOOD FIGHT!” Peanut butter and hummus sandwiches and other lunch favorites began flying back and forth between both sides of the lunchroom. They stuck to the walls. They stuck to the ceiling. They stuck to the lunch lady.

When the sandwiches were all gone, pudding cups and applesauce and carrot sticks took flight. Salma and Lily looked at one another from across the rowdy, splattered room. They both felt ashamed by what they saw.
They both felt really ashamed when the principal called them into her office—after they had helped clean up the mess. The following day, Salma set her lunch down across from Lily’s. The two girls nibbled on their sandwiches in silence. Finally, Lily got up the courage to speak. “Would you like to try a bite of my peanut butter and jelly?” Salma grinned. “Sure. Why not? Would you like to try my hummus and pita?” Lily laughed. “I’d like that.”

“On the count of three?”

“Okay. On the count of three! 1 . . . 2 . . . 3!”

“Hey, this is delicious!”

“And this is heavenly!”

The girls giggled. And hugged. And traded sandwiches. After lunch, Salma and Lily met with the principal again. This time they were there to suggest a very special event for the whole school.

And that’s how it all began with a peanut butter and jelly sandwich . . . and ended with a hummus and pita sandwich.

The William Hoy Story: How a Deaf Baseball Player Changed the Game by Nancy Churnin

Overview and Rationale

William Hoy, a deaf baseball player, forever changed the sport in the 1880s. All he wanted to do was play baseball. In addition to the prejudice Hoy faced, he could not hear the umpires' calls. One day he asked the umpire to use hand signals: strike, ball, out. The results were the hand signals still used in baseball today.

This biography tells his story, with inspiring messages of perseverance and a “can do” attitude.

Lexile Framework: 620
Grade-Level Equivalent: 3

William scooped dust to dry the sweat off his slick rubber ball. He stared at the small X he’d chalked on the barn wall. He closed his eyes. He opened them and threw. Bam! He hit the mark. He stepped back so he could try again.

His mother waved her arms. She was applauding him.

She touched her fingers to her mouth to signal eating. He read her lips as she said, “Dinner.”

William pulled out his pad and pencil. He scribbled: “Just a few more? I want to be perfect for tryouts.”

His mother nodded.

His family was passing the mashed potatoes around the table when William pushed open the door. He read his father’s lips telling him to wash up for dinner. He also read what his father’s lips mouthed to his mother.

“Baseball,” his father said. “It will never last.”

Still, William couldn’t wait to try out at his school, the Ohio State School for the Deaf. At tryouts, he threw the ball. He caught it. He batted. He waited.

“But too small,” the team captain said.

William never got much taller than five-foot-five. He couldn’t do anything about that.

But maybe they’d give him another chance if he aimed better and ran faster.

So every day, after homework and chores, he practiced.

One day William was standing outside the cobbler shop where he fixed shoes, wistfully watching men play baseball in a far-off field. A foul ball crashed by his feet. With his strong, sure arm, he threw the ball straight into an amazed player’s waiting hand.

“Hey, kid,” the player called. “Want to join us?”

But William couldn’t read the player’s lips from where he was. So he turned back to work.

The man ran to William and tapped his back to get his attention. William whirled around, and this time, when the man repeated the question, he understood. He scrambled happily to the outfield.

William threw the ball smack into his teammates’ hands. When he was up at bat, he sent it soaring where no one would catch it.

“What’s your name?” asked one of the players.

William Hoy, William wrote.

The man looked at the piece of paper a long time. He seemed to be thinking. “Do you want to try out for our team?” he asked William at last.

William grinned. He sure did!

William soon learned life in the hearing world wasn’t easy. Unlike his parents, few people used sign language in the 1880s, and certainly not in baseball. He won a spot on the first team he tried out for, but the manager smirked when he offered William less money than he paid the others.
"I quit," William told him with his notebook. He quickly found another team.

But even on his new team, some players talked behind his back so he wouldn’t know what they were saying. Others hid their mouths so he couldn’t read their lips.

One day a pitcher played the meanest trick of all. William let three pitches go by because he thought they were balls. He was too far to read the umpire’s lips and didn’t know they were actually strikes.

He stood, gripping his bat, waiting for the next pitch. But the next pitch never came. William was confused.

Suddenly the pitcher burst out laughing. He pointed to the fans in the stands laughing too.

William’s face grew hot. He walked off quickly. He wasn’t going to cry. Not about baseball, he told himself.

He jammed his hands in his pockets. Paper crunched against his fist. He pulled out a letter from his mother. He read again how much she missed him.

William missed his family too. He remembered how his mom would raise her arms to applaud him.

That’s it! William pulled out his pad and drew pictures. He scribbled words next to the pictures. He wrote. He wrote. He WROTE! He ran to find the umpire.

The umpire read William’s notes.

“Yes, that could work,” he said.

The next time William was at bat, the umpire raised his right hand for a strike and his left for a ball.

He used American Sign Language symbols for safe and out. This time William got on base. He stole bases. He scored! . . .

With his strong, sure arm, he became the first player to throw three base runners out at the plate in one game—from the outfield!

William taught his teammates signs so they could discuss plays. . . .

The fans enjoyed learning signs too. In those days, before speakers and giant screens, hearing the umpire’s calls from the back of the bleachers was hard to do!

Now, even the farthest member of the crowd could see the signals.

Carefully watching the signals, he led the American League in walks in 1901. He was called the king of center field because for ten years he was ranked among the top five outfielders to get hitters out by catching hard-to-reach fly balls. . . .

Then, one day, when he ran out onto the field, fans waved their arms from the stands just as his mother did when he was a boy. They waved hats too.

William said he’d never cry about baseball. But he did cry at the sight of deaf applause.

All he’d wanted to do since he was a boy was find a way to play his favorite game. He never dreamed he’d change how the game was played. But he did, and we still cheer him today.