

ENGLISH



K-3  
Foundational  
Skills



**GRADE 1 FOUNDATIONAL SKILLS UNIT 5**  
**Kate's Book** | Reader

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EDITION 1

Grade 1

Foundational Skills 5

# **Kate's Book**

## **Reader**

#### Acknowledgement:

Thank you to all the Texas educators and stakeholders who supported the review process and provided feedback. These materials are the result of the work of numerous individuals, and we are deeply grateful for their contributions.

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# A Letter from Kate

I'm Kate Nez, and this is my book!

This book tells what I did last summer when I was nine. My mom and dad took me to visit with my Do·ba. Do·ba is my mom's mom. She is an artist, and she has a cabin out in the Southwest.

At the start of my time with Do·ba, I was sad. It seemed like it would be a boring summer. But in the end I had a lot of fun.

I made this book to tell you all the fun stuff I did last summer. When I finished it, Do·ba made the art. You have the book we made in your hands. I hope you like it!

Kate Nez

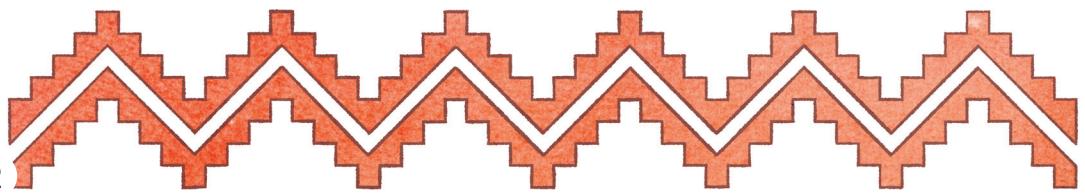


# In the Cave

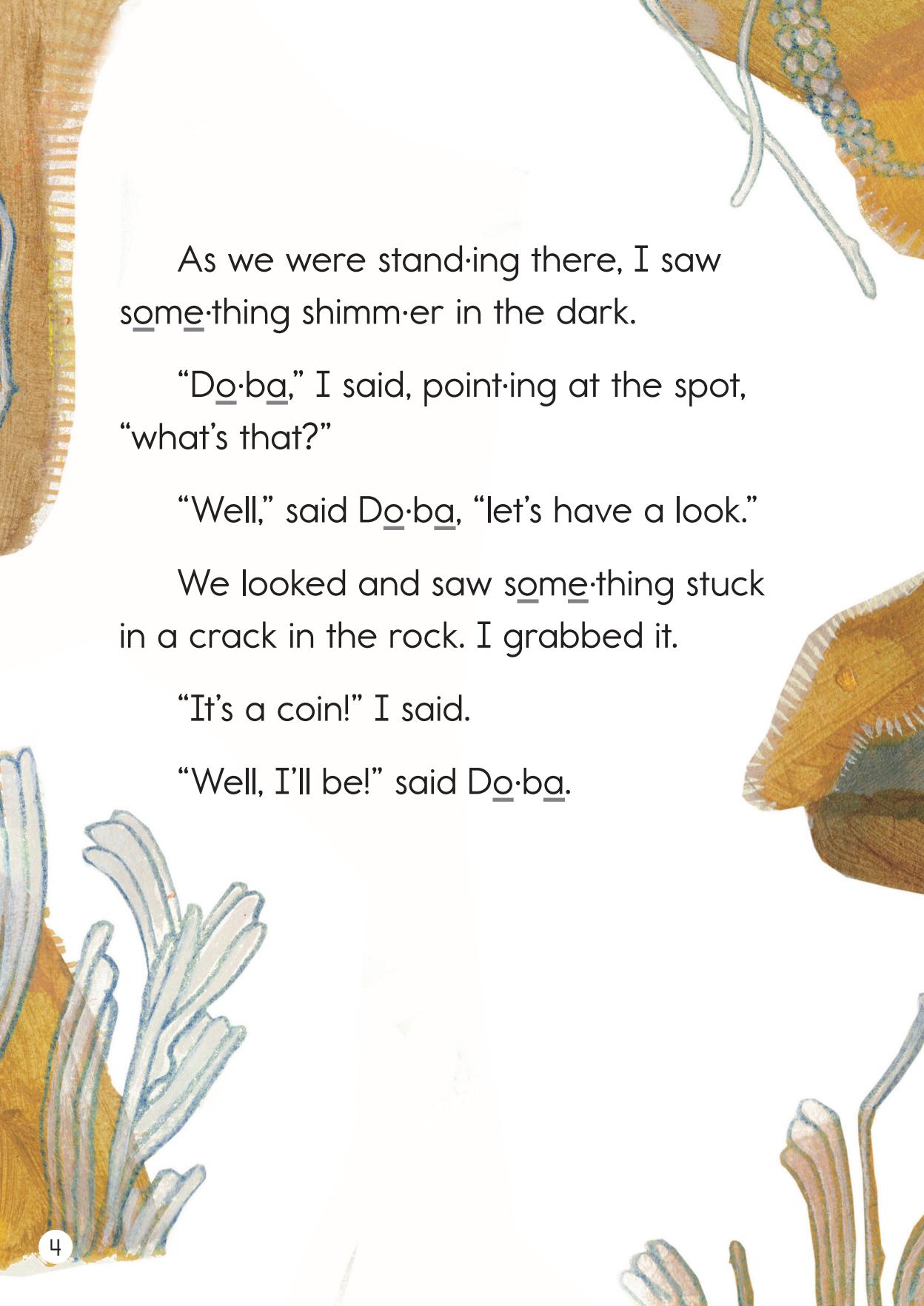
When I went to visit with Do·ba, I was sad. I missed Mom and Dad. But Do·ba cheered me up and made things fun.

Do·ba took me on hikes. The land I saw in the South-west was not at all like the land I am used to. Where I am from, things are green in the summer, and there are lots of trees. Out in the South-west, there are hills and red rocks, but not a lot of trees. In some spots, you can hike for a mile and not see one tree!

Once, Do·ba and I were on a hike when it started to storm. Do·ba and I went into a cave so that we would not get wet.







As we were stand·ing there, I saw  
some·thing shimm·er in the dark.

“Do·ba,” I said, point·ing at the spot,  
“what’s that?”

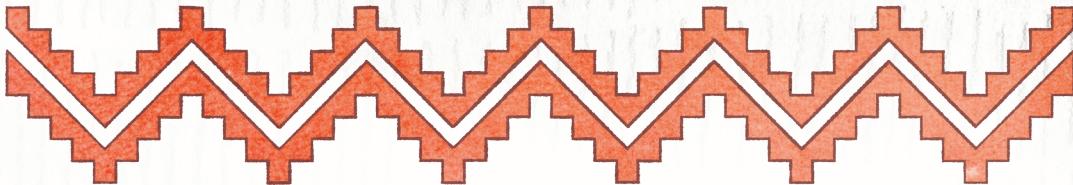
“Well,” said Do·ba, “let’s have a look.”

We looked and saw some·thing stuck  
in a crack in the rock. I grabbed it.

“It’s a coin!” I said.

“Well, I’ll be!” said Do·ba.



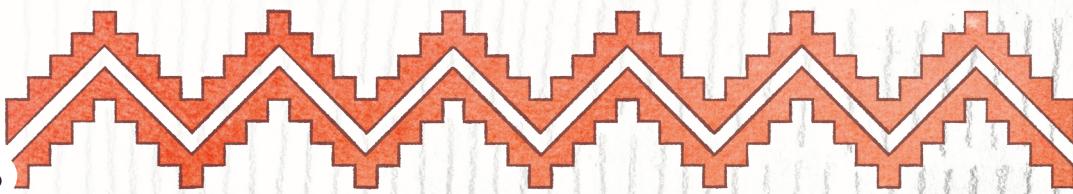


I said, "What sort of coin is it?"

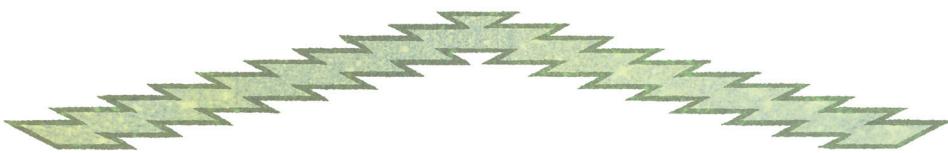
Do·ba said, "I can't tell. It looks like it could be made of sil·ver."

Then she said, "I have a pal, Sa·ni, who is an ex·pert on coins. We can bring it to him to·morr·ow, and he will tell us what sort of coin it is."

I dropped the coin in my pock·et, and we went on with our hike.







# The Coin Shop

Do·ba drove us to the coin shop.

The man in the coin shop was a pal of hers. His name was Sa·ni.

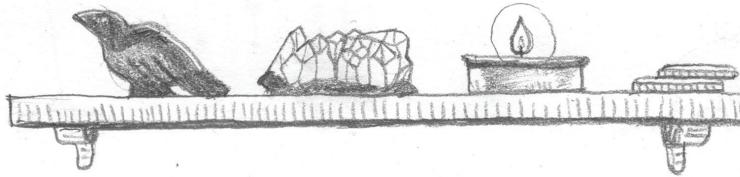
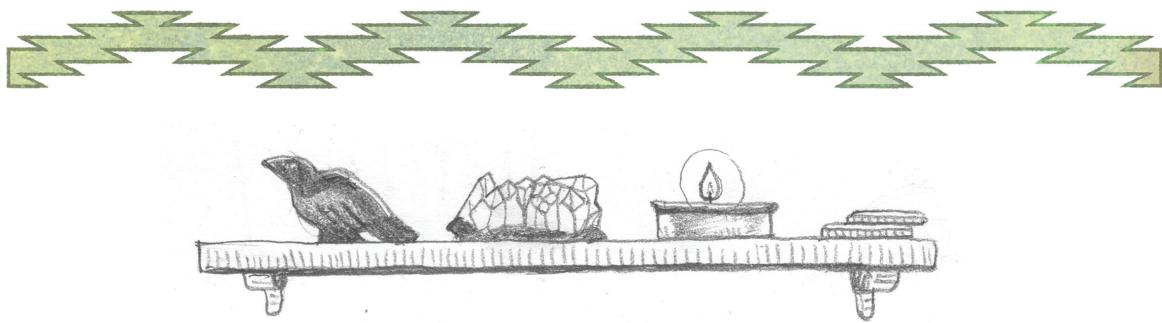
“Sa·ni,” Do·ba said, “this is Kate Nez. I’m Kate’s Do·ba. She’s out here for the summer. We went for a hike, and Kate found a coin in a cave.”

“Well, Miss Nez,” Sa·ni said, “let’s have a look at it!”

I handed him the coin.

Sa·ni set it under a looking glass and switched on a lamp. “Let’s see,” he said. “It’s got some scratches on it. But I can tell that it’s a Spanish coin. It’s made of silver, too.”





“When was it made?” asked Do·ba.

“There’s no date on the coin,” said Sa·ni.

“But I’ll bet it dates back to the six·teen  
hun·dreds. The Span·ish mint·ed a big **batch** of  
coins like this one back then.”

“Good·ness!” said Do·ba.

“Is that a long time back in the past?” I  
asked.

“Yes,” said Sa·ni. “Let me run and **fetch** my  
book on Span·ish coins.”

When Sa·ni came back, he said, “There’s  
just one thing I need you to tell me, Miss Nez.”





“What’s that?” I asked.

“Are there a lot of coins like this one in that cave?”

“No,” I said, “we found just this one.”

“That’s a shame,” Sa·ni said.

“Why?” I asked.

“If there were a lot of coins, you and your Do·ba would be rich!” said Sa·ni. “I could sell a coin like this for three hundred bucks!”

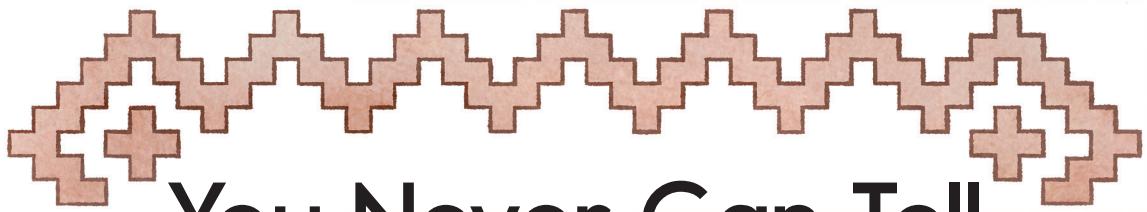
“Three hundred bucks?” said Do·ba.

Sa·ni nodd·ed.

“Yipp·ee!” I shout·ed. “I’m rich!”







# You Never Can Tell

Sa·ni said that he could sell the coin that I found for three hundred bucks. But I kept it and took it back to Do·ba's cab·in.

We got a snack from the kitch·en and then started to chat.

“Can I see the coin?” Do·ba asked.

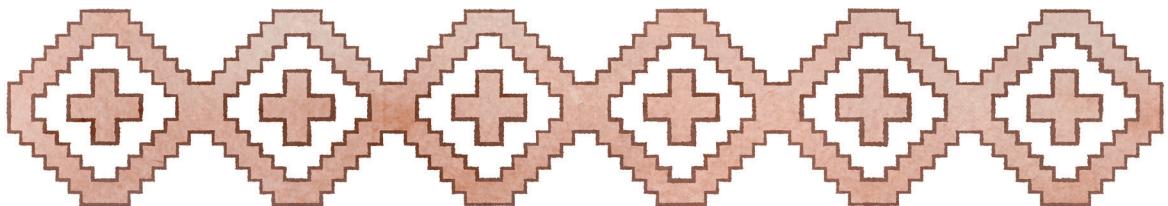
I stretched out my arm and gave it to her.

“If this coin had lips,” Do·ba said, “what would it tell us? Would it tell us who left it in that cave and why he or she was there?”

“I wish it would,” I said. “What is the leg·end of this coin?”

I stared at the coin for a bit.





After a bit I said, “If this coin costs three hundred bucks, why did some-one hide it?”

“Well,” Do·ba said. “Span·ish coins like this one are rare, so Sa·ni can sell them for a lot of cash. But back when this coin was made, it was not rare. There were a lot of coins just like this one. Back then this coin was sort of like a dime.”

I took a dime out of my pock·et and said, “So if I keep this dime for a long time, un·til it gets rare and there are not a lot of them left, will it be a three hun·dred buck dime?”

“It could happ·en,” said Do·ba. “You nev·er can tell!”





I asked Do·ba, “Who do you think hid the Span·ish coin?”

“Let’s think,” Do·ba said. “It was on Na·va·jo land.”

“A Span·ish coin on Na·va·jo land?” I asked.

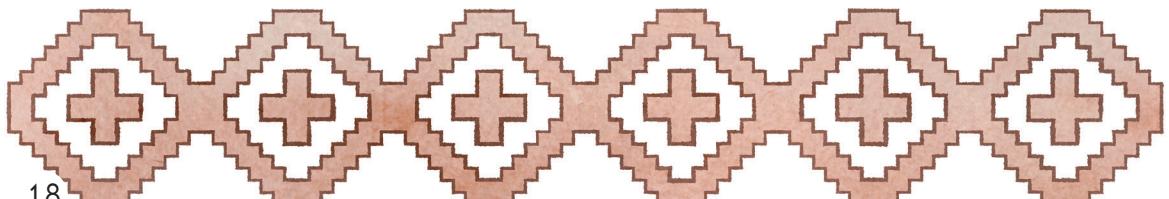
“We lived on this land before the Span·ish,” Do·ba said. “The Span·ish came later. They came looking for gold.”

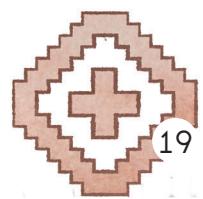
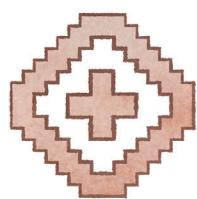
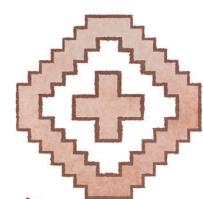
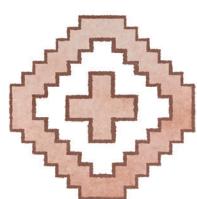
“Per·haps a Span·ish person lost it here,” I said. “Did the Na·va·jo then make blue stone crafts like you do?”

“They did,” Do·ba said.

“Per·haps a Span·ish person traded this coin for blue stone,” I said.

“Or per·haps a Na·va·jo girl found the coin and hid it,” Do·ba said. “A Na·va·jo girl like you.”







# The Offer

I was sitting in the kitchen, scratching a large bug bite on my leg, when Do·ba came in. “I just spoke with Sa·ni,” she said. “He made us an offer.”

“What sort of offer?”

“He offered to take us camping with him and Gad.”

“Who is Gad?”

“Gad is nine, like you. Sa·ni is his grand-dad.”

“What would we do?” I asked.

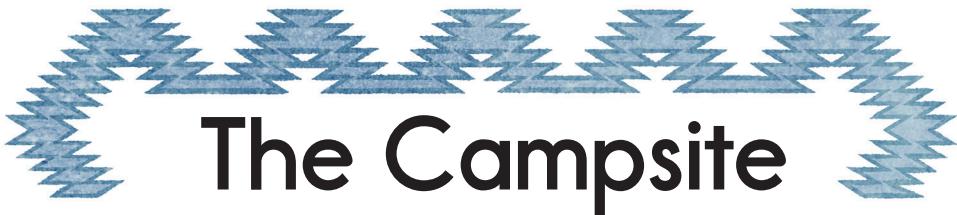


“Well, we would hike, look at rocks, cook lunch and dinner outside, look at the stars, and sleep in a tent.”

“Gee,” I said, “that sounds like fun! When can we start?”

“To·mor·ow morn·ing!” Do·ba said.





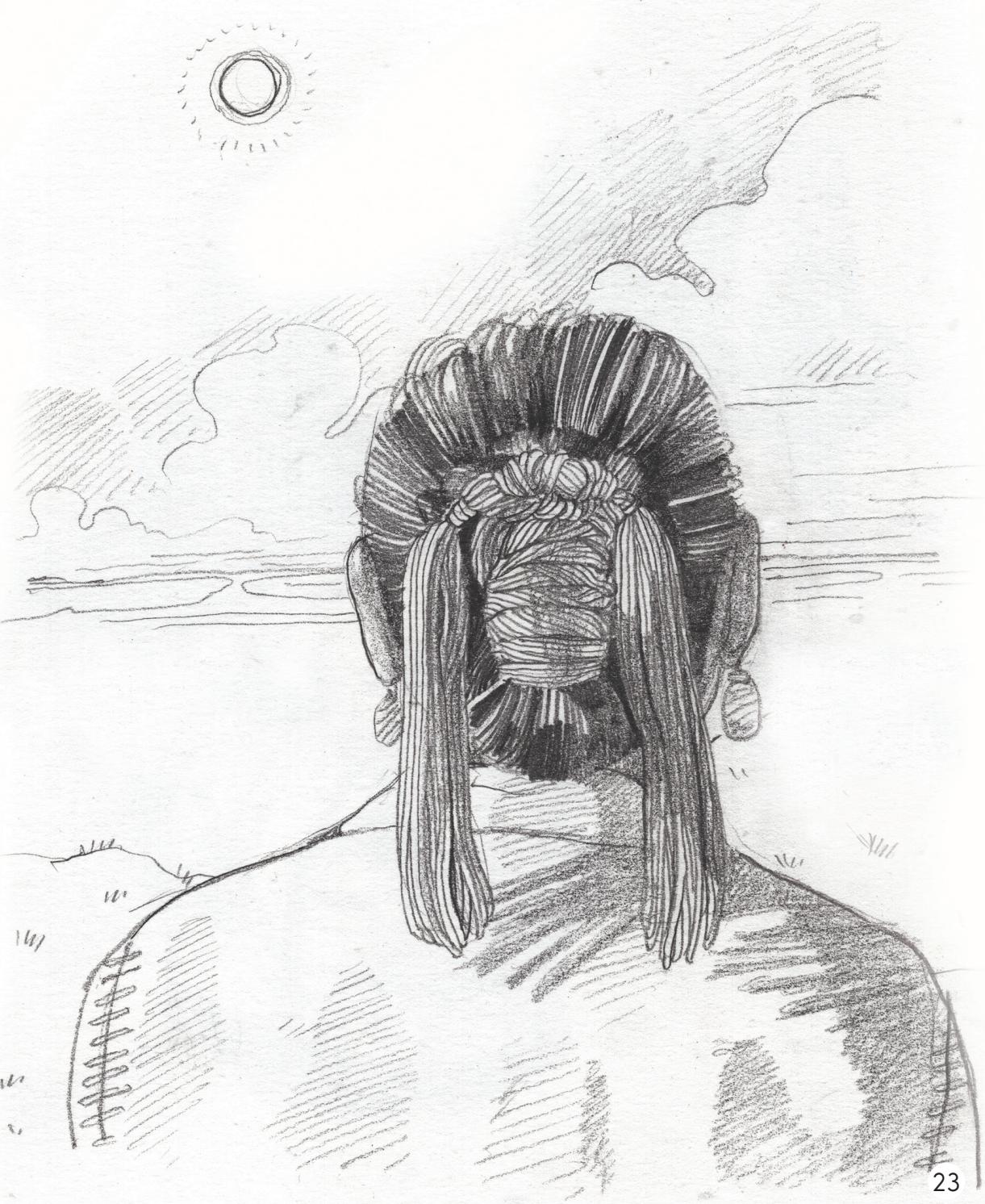
# The Campsite

Sa·ni came and picked us up in his truck. We drove for miles to get to the camp·site.

“Do·ba,” I said, “what is this place?”

“Well,” said Do·ba, “take a look. See all the sand, rocks, and stones? This land is not good for farming, but it’s good for hik·ing.”

“And it’s good land for camp·ing!” said Sa·ni.



When we got to the camp-site, we had to un·pack sleep·ing bags, tents, lan·terns, match·es, and lots of food . We lug ged it all to the camp·site.

Sa·ni chose a spot to set up camp. Gad and I helped set up the tents. It took us a long time.

For dinn·er we had hot dogs. We stuck them on sticks and held them in the fire. My hot dog got all black be·cause I left it in there too long. Gad gave me one of his.

That was when I said to my·self, “Gad is OK!”







# Sa·ni's Story

After dinner we munched on pine nuts by the fire.

“Do you know of Spi·der Wo·man?” Sa·ni asked. “If not, I will tell you of her.”

“Who is Spi·der Wo·man?” I asked.

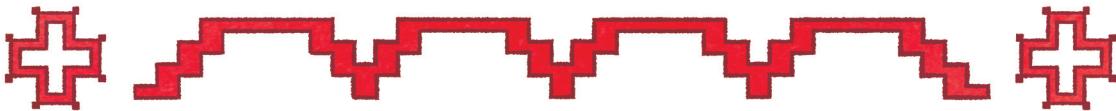
“Spi·der Wo·man helps the Na·va·jo,” Sa·ni said. “She showed us how to weave. We Na·va·jo are expert weav·ers, you know.”

“Like Do·ba!” said Kate.

“Yes,” said Sa·ni. “Did you know that Na·va·jo weav·ers keep one thread o·pen in their weav·ing so that the spir·it of the weav·er does not get trapped in the rug?”

“Now, Spi·der Wo·man,” Sa·ni went on, “lives on Spi·der Rock—way out there.”





He pointed far off. A tall, red stone rose in the sky. It was as big as many hills.

“It is her home,” Sa·ni said. “Spi·der Wo·man comes in·to man·y old stor·ies. This is just one.”

“It was one day long ago. A Na·va·jo boy was looking for food here in the cliffs. Then, he heard a shout. A bad boy was there! He wanted to hurt the Na·va·jo boy.”

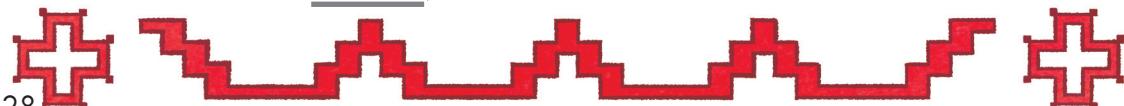
“No!” said Kate.

“The Na·va·jo boy ran, but there was no place to hide. He ran all the way to Spi·der Rock.”

“Wait, he should climb the Rock!” Kate said. “The bad boy could not catch him then.”

“Yes,” said Sa·ni. “But the boy was tired. How would he climb the rock?”

“I don’t know,” said Kate.





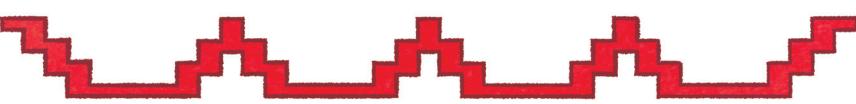
“The boy also did not know,” said Sa·ni.  
“But then, a silk rope made of spider web fell! It came from the top of Spider Rock. The boy had no time to think. He took it in his hand. It was strong, and with it he could climb. On top, he was safe.”

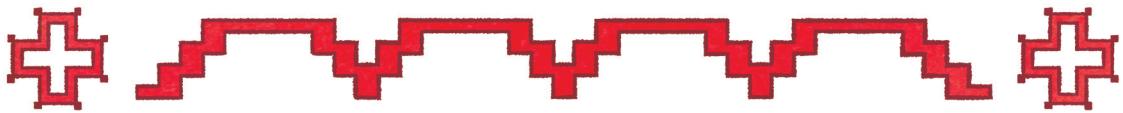
Kate looked at Spider Rock far off. How would it feel to climb it on a rope made of web?

“Did Spider Wo·man make the rope?” she asked.

“That’s what the boy told his Do·ba when he got home,” Sa·ni said. “What do you think?”

Kate did not say. She ran over the story in her mind.





“I like that story,” she said at last. Gad nodded, too.

“I am glad,” Sa·ni said. “We Na·va·jo like to tell stories of Spider Wo·man. It’s good you know one now, too.”





# The Visit

After telling us the story, Sa·ni said, “It’s time to pack up the food.”

We stuffed the food into a **large** pack with a rope on it. Sa·ni tossed the rope up into a tree and hoisted the food pack up so that it was hanging ten feet off of the ground.

“Paw-paw,” said Gad, “why do we have to keep the food up in the tree?”

“Be·cause it will keep the food safe from fox·es and rabb·its that would like to snack on it,” Sa·ni said.







After that, we crawled in to the tents, flipped off our lanterns, and went to sleep.

Do·ba and I slept well until a loud clatter outside woke us up.

“What was that?” I asked.

“I can’t tell,” said Do·ba, as she hugged me close to her.







Sa·ni ran outside with his lantern and yelled, “Get out of here! Scram! Get lost!”

When we went out, we saw Sa·ni and Gad standing there. Sa·ni had his lantern.

“Sa·ni,” Do·ba asked, “who came to visit?”

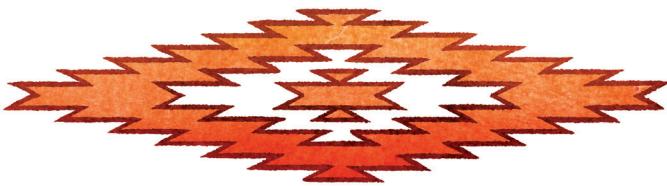
“I did not see it,” said Sa·ni, “but I’m betting it was a fox who was looking for some scraps of food. He bumped into the pots and pans. The clatter of the pots and pans must have scared him off.”

“Is that why we hoisted the food pack up in the tree?” Gad asked.

“That’s why!” said Sa·ni.







# The Hike

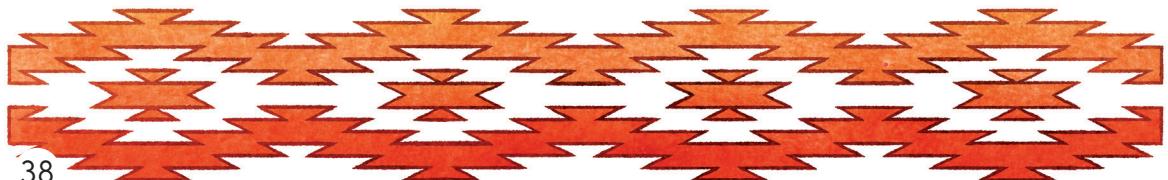
The next morning, we went on a hike.  
After a bit, we stopped for lunch.

When Gad finished his lunch, he asked,  
“Can Kate and I look for rocks?”

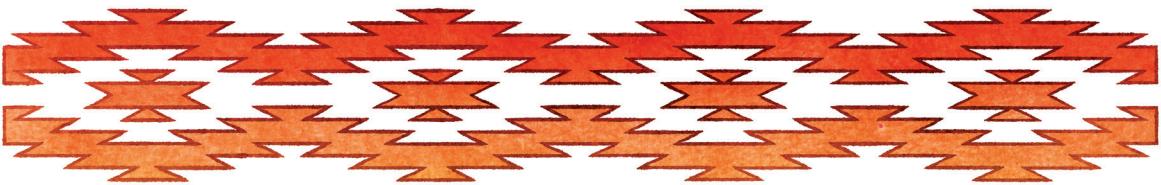
Sa·ni said OK.

“Kate,” Gad said to me, “bring your fork.  
We can use it to dig up rocks.”

I grabbed my fork, and we went off to  
look for rocks.







Gad pointed at a bump on the side of a cliff and said, “Let’s dig that rock out!”

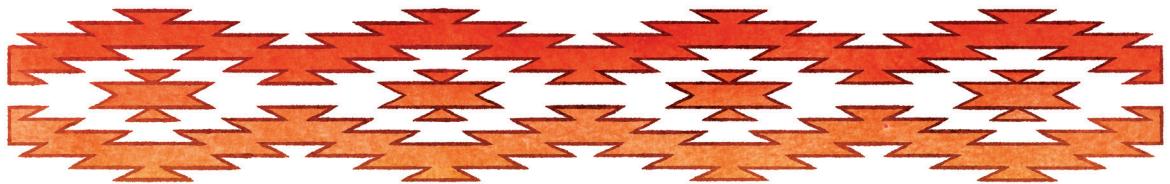
The rock did not look all that large. But when we started digging, we soon saw that it was larger than it had seemed.

After a bit, Gad said, “Gee! It must be two feet long! We need to keep scratch-ing in order to carve it out of the side of the cliff.”

We went on scratch-ing with our forks.

“Let’s tug on it!” Gad said. “I bet we can get it out by ourselves.”





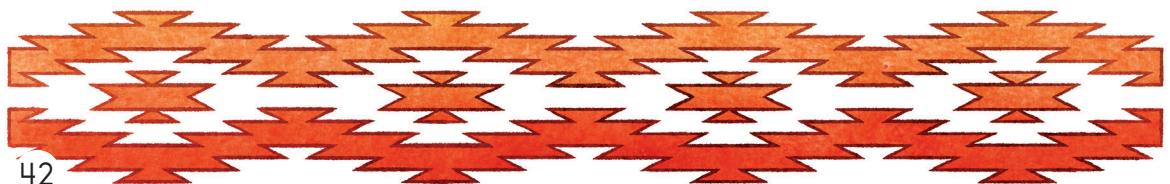
We grabbed and tugged it.

It popped out. But so did a big cloud of sand and dust. Gad and I fell down.

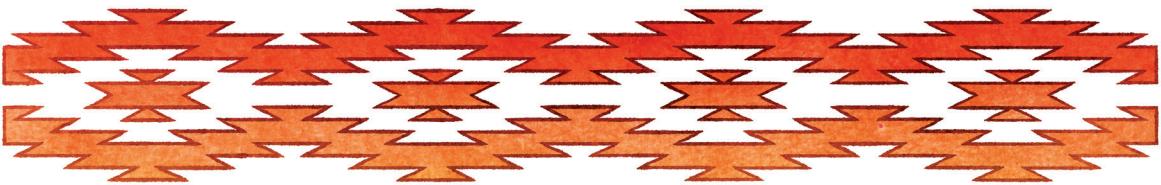
Once the dust and sand had drift·ed off, I saw Gad stand·ing there with the thing in his hands.

“It’s not a rock!” he yelled. “It’s a bone!”

It was the bigg·est bone I had ev·er seen.  
It was three feet long!







Sa·ni and Do·ba came runn·ing. When she saw the bone, Do·ba looked up·set.

“Are you OK?” I asked.

She did not say. “Will you tell me, Kate, where you found that large bone?”

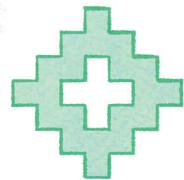
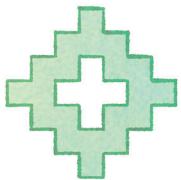
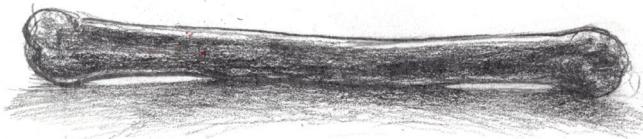
I point·ed to the spot where we found it.

“Good·ness!” she said. “It was in the cliff.”

“What is done is done,” said Sa·ni. “Let’s look at it.”

Sa·ni set the bone on the ground. Then he took a pic·ture of the bone and said, “We need to get an ex·pert to look at this bone and tell us what sort of bone it is.”





# The Bone Man

The next morning, Sa·ni said, “I just had a chat with a man from Western State College. His name is Ron Fitch, and he is an expert on bones. He has written lots of books. If we bring him the bone, he can tell us what sort of bone it is.”

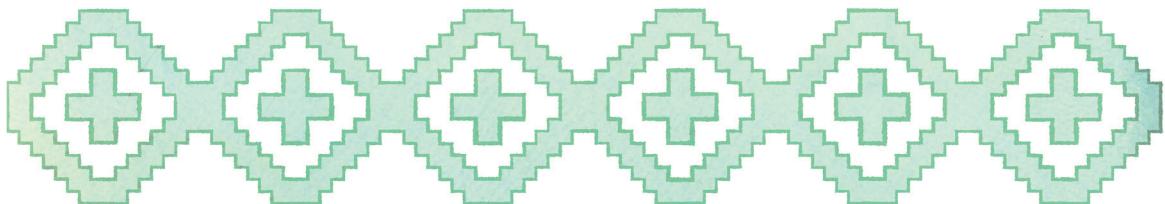
“He’s a bone man?” asked Gad.

“Yep,” said Sa·ni.

We got into the truck. Sa·ni said that I was in charge of the bone. I wrapped it up and set it on my lap.

When we got to the college, we gave the bone man the bone. When he saw it, he broke into a big grin.





The bone man bent down and said, “I could be wrong, but it looks like you've found some-thing big here! I have to do some tests, but I'll bet this is a bone of a rap-tor.”

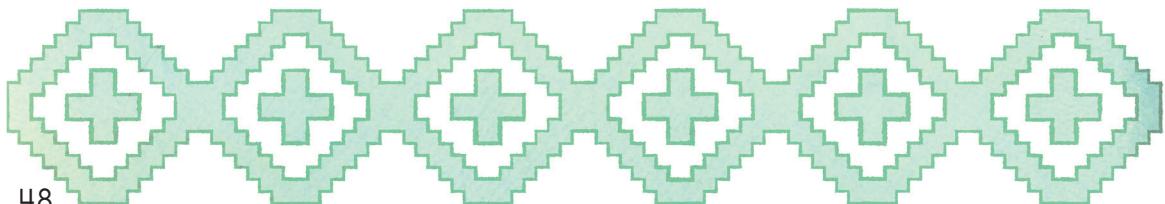
“Sweet!” yelled Gad.

“What's a rap-tor?” I asked.

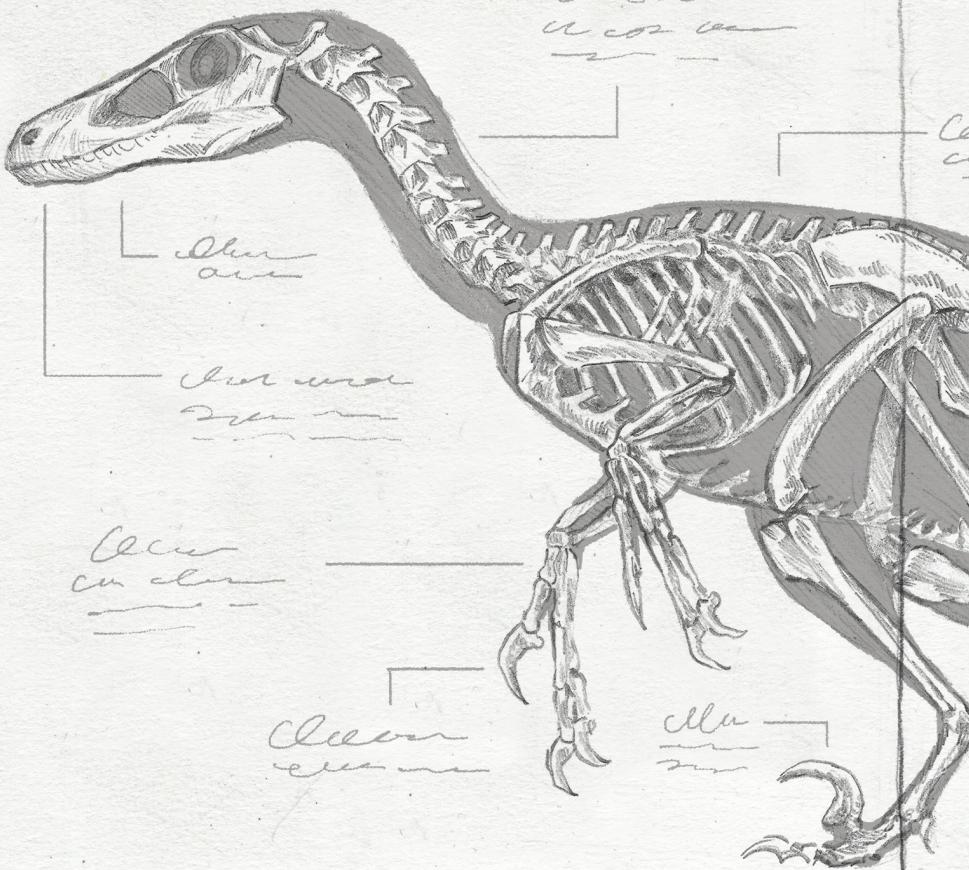
Gad looked at me like I was from Mars.

“Kate!” he said, “A rap-tor is like the cool-est rep-tile of all time!”

The bone man went and got a book. He point-ed to a large pic-ture of a rap-tor.



# VELOCIRAPTOR

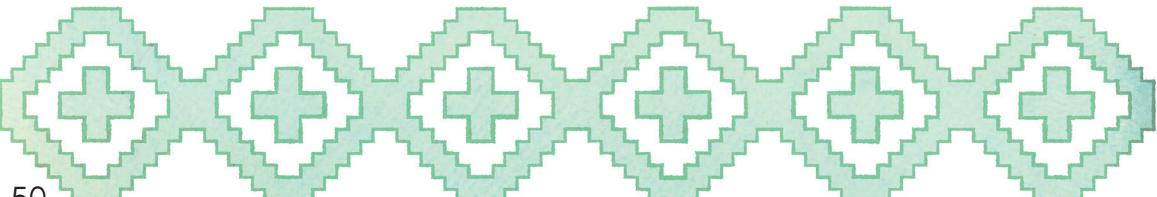


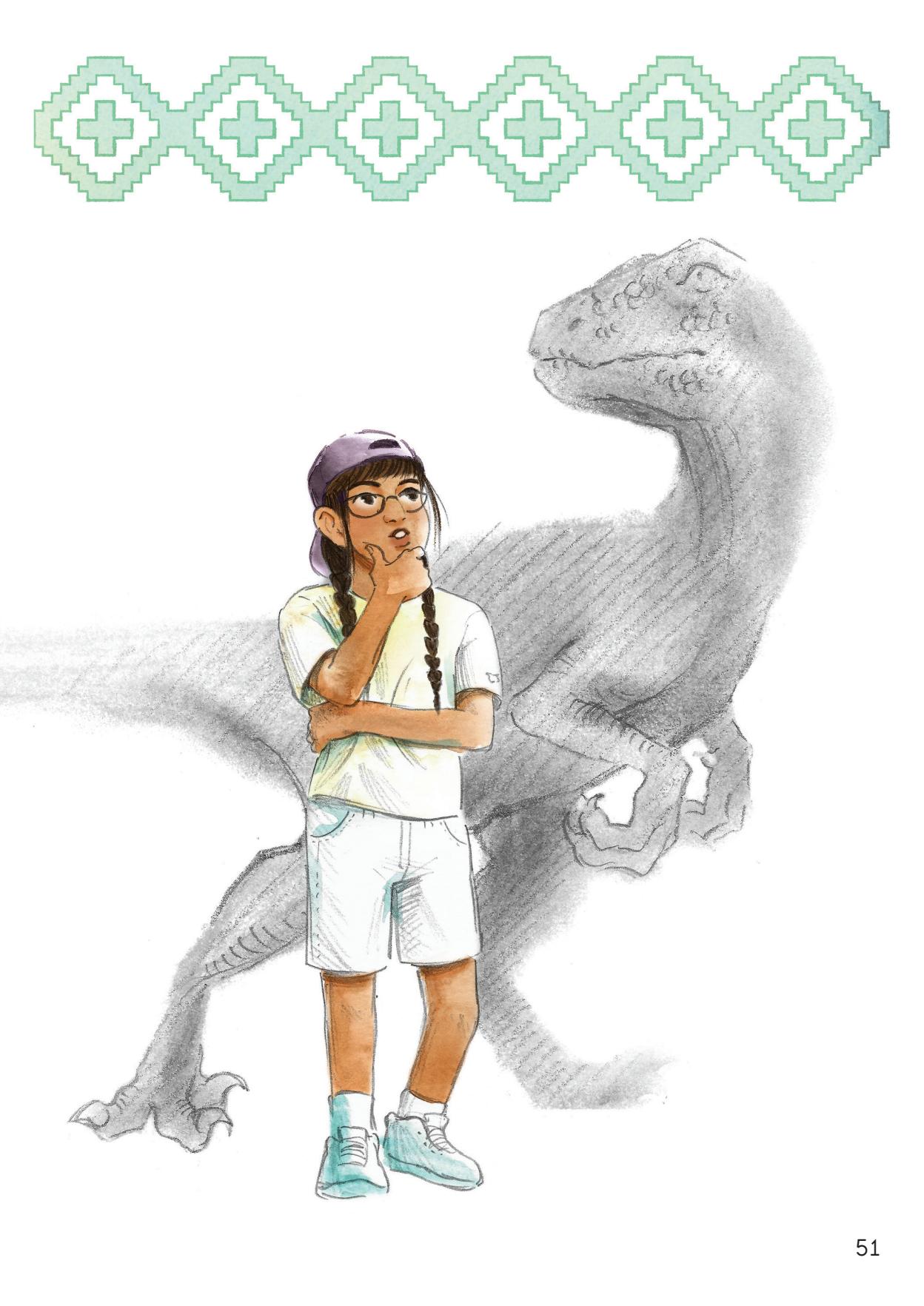
“Jeep·ers,” I said, “he is big! Why have I never seen a rap·tor like this at the zoo?”

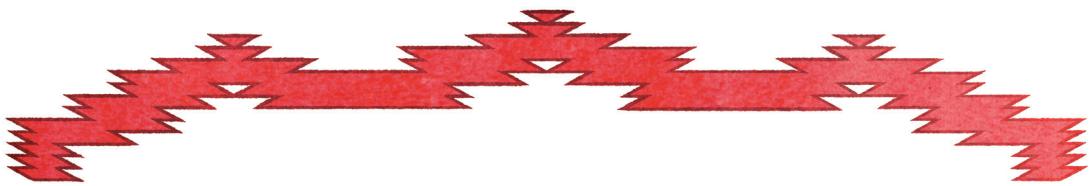
The bone man smiled. So did Do·ba and Sa·ni.

“You can’t see a rap·tor at the zoo,” the bone man said. “They were all wiped out a long time back in the past. The rap·tor is ex·tinct. All that’s left of them to·day are bones pres·erved in the ground. And there are not a lot of bones. That’s why it’s such a cool thing that you found this bone pres·erved in the side of the cliff!”

But Do·ba still did not seem to think it was cool.







# Two Good Things and One Bad Thing

The next week, Do·ba said, “I just spoke with Ron Fitch, the bone man. I’ve got three things to tell you. Two of them are good things that you will like. One is a bad thing that you will not like.”

“Tell me one of the good things,” I said.

“Mister Fitch got the tests back. The bone that you and Gad found is a rap·tor bone!”

“Yipp·ee!” I shout·ed. “I am glad that is solved. Gad will be so thrilled that he has a rap·tor bone!”

“Well,” said Do·ba, “that brings me to the bad thing.”



“What is it?” I asked, scratching my **wrist**.

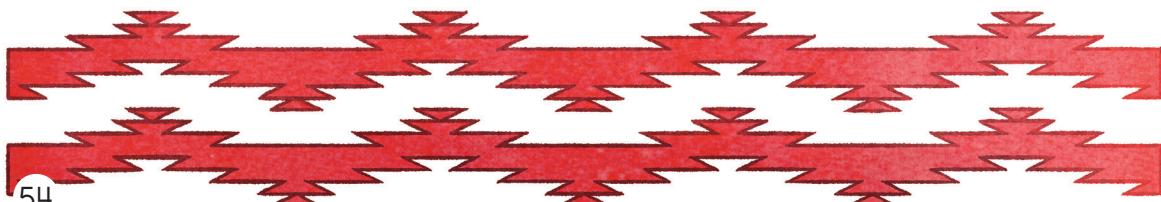
“The bad thing is that you and Gad will not get to keep the bone for your-selves.”

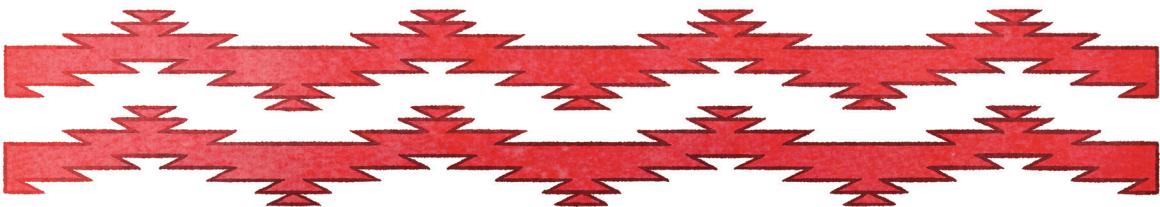
“Why not? Did we do some-thing **wrong**?”

“There is a law that says that you can’t dig up bones and keep them for your-self,” Do·ba said. “We Na·va·jo say the bone should have stayed in the ground. It be·longs to no one. But now that it is out, Mis·ter Fitch and his helpers will keep them safe for us.”

I felt bad. “Sorry I dug up the bone,” I said.

Do·ba smiled at me . “You did not know better. You do now. May I tell you the sec·ond good thing?”

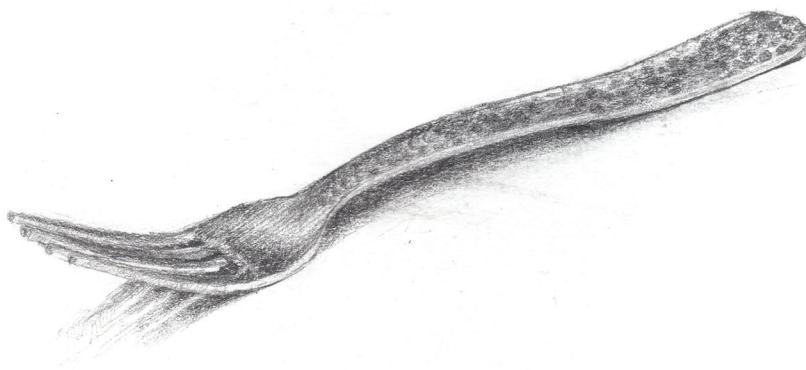




“Tell me!”

“They would like you and Gad to visit them when they are digging up the bones. And they would like the two of you to pick out a name for the raptor that you found.”

“Cool!” I said.





# The Big Dig

When we went back to the cliff, the bone man was there with some helpers. They had scraped the side of the cliff to expose a lot of the raptor.

“So, will you dig out all of the bones here on site?” asked Do·ba.

“No,” said the bone man, “the next step will be to **carve** this cliff into **large** blocks of rock. Then we will **wrap** the blocks up in **plaster**. The **plaster** will keep the bones from **cracking**. Then we will use a **large** crane to set the blocks on trucks. Then the trucks will take them to my lab. Once the blocks are there, we will start **digging** the bones out of the blocks.”



“What sort of tools do you use for that?” asked Do·ba.

“We use tools a lot like the ones dentists use on teeth—brush·es and sharp picks.”

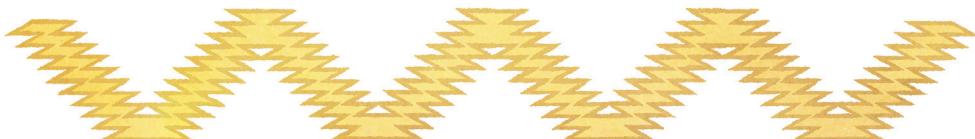
“Kate and I used forks!” said Gad.

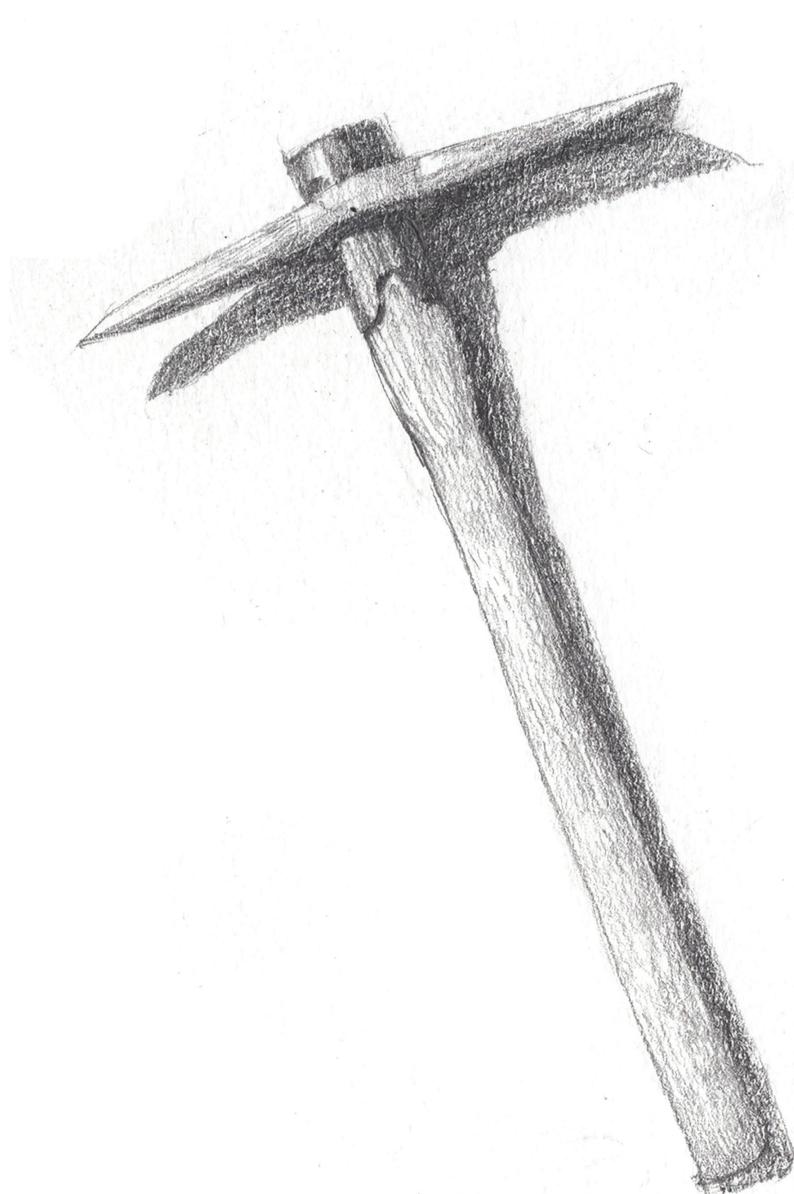
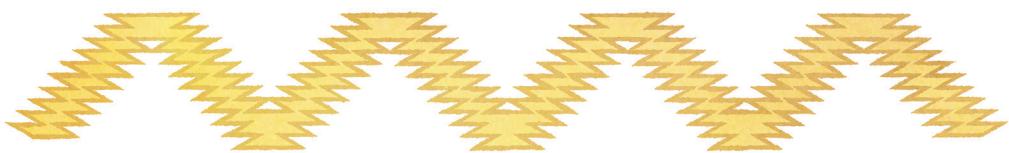
“How long will it take to carve all of the bones out of the rocks?” Sa·ni asked.

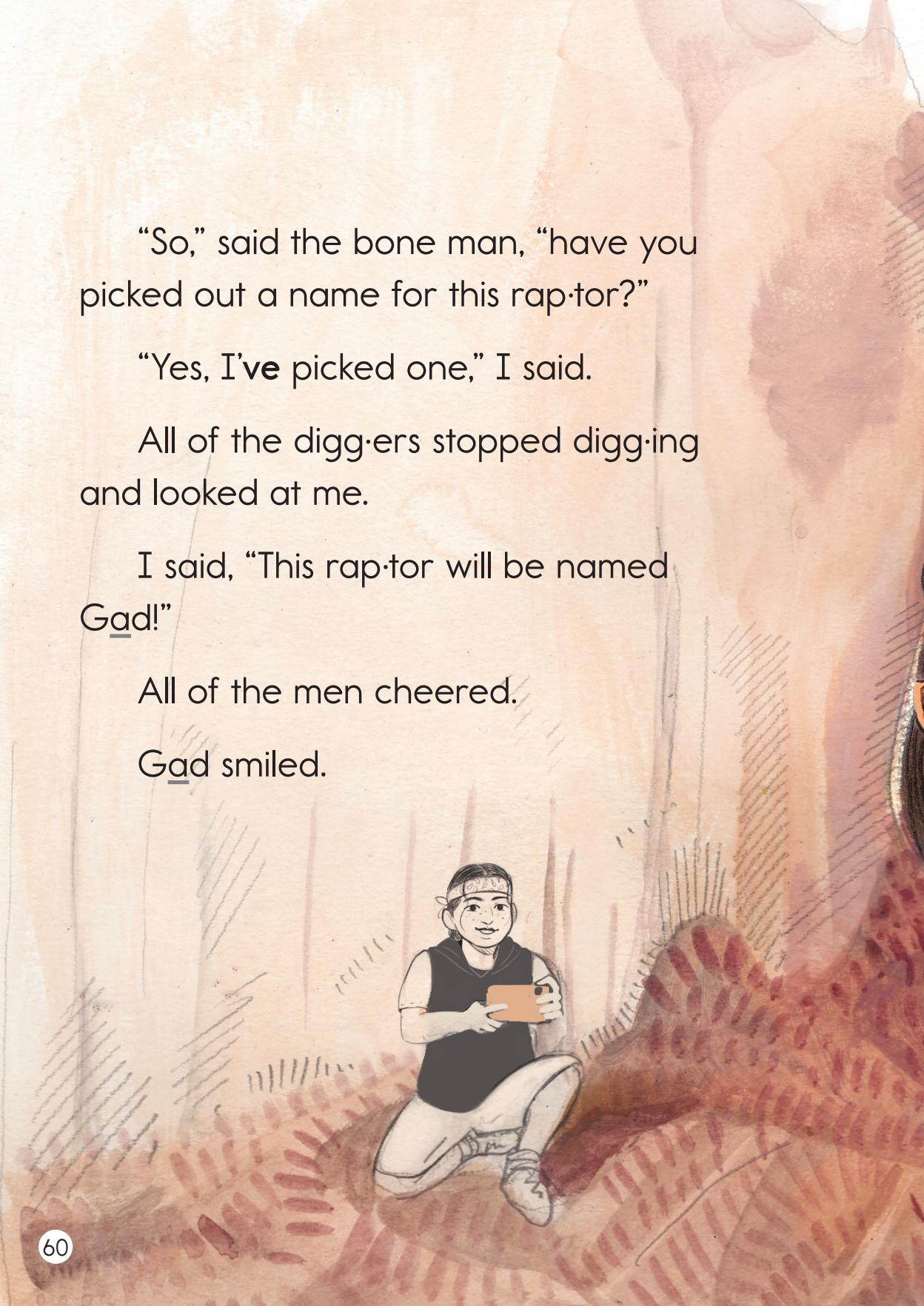
“Well,” said the bone man, “we’ve got a lot to do. It will take some time be·cause we have to be care·ful not to wreck the bones.”

“Will you be fin·ished by the end of the summ·er?” I asked.

“No,” said the bone man, “you and Gad will have to vis·it next summ·er and per·haps the summ·er af·ter that. Then we can catch up on our digg·ing prog·ress!”







“So,” said the bone man, “have you picked out a name for this rap-tor?”

“Yes, I’ve picked one,” I said.

All of the digg-ers stopped digg-ing and looked at me.

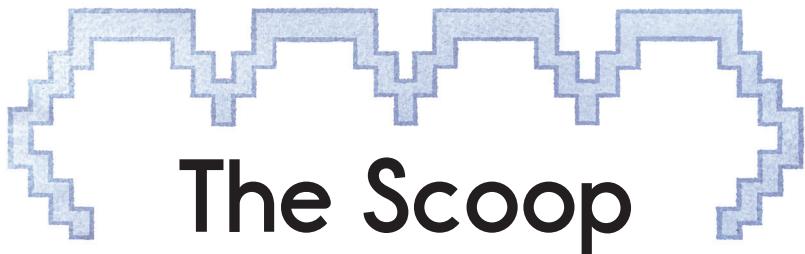
I said, “This rap-tor will be named Gad!”

All of the men cheered.

Gad smiled.





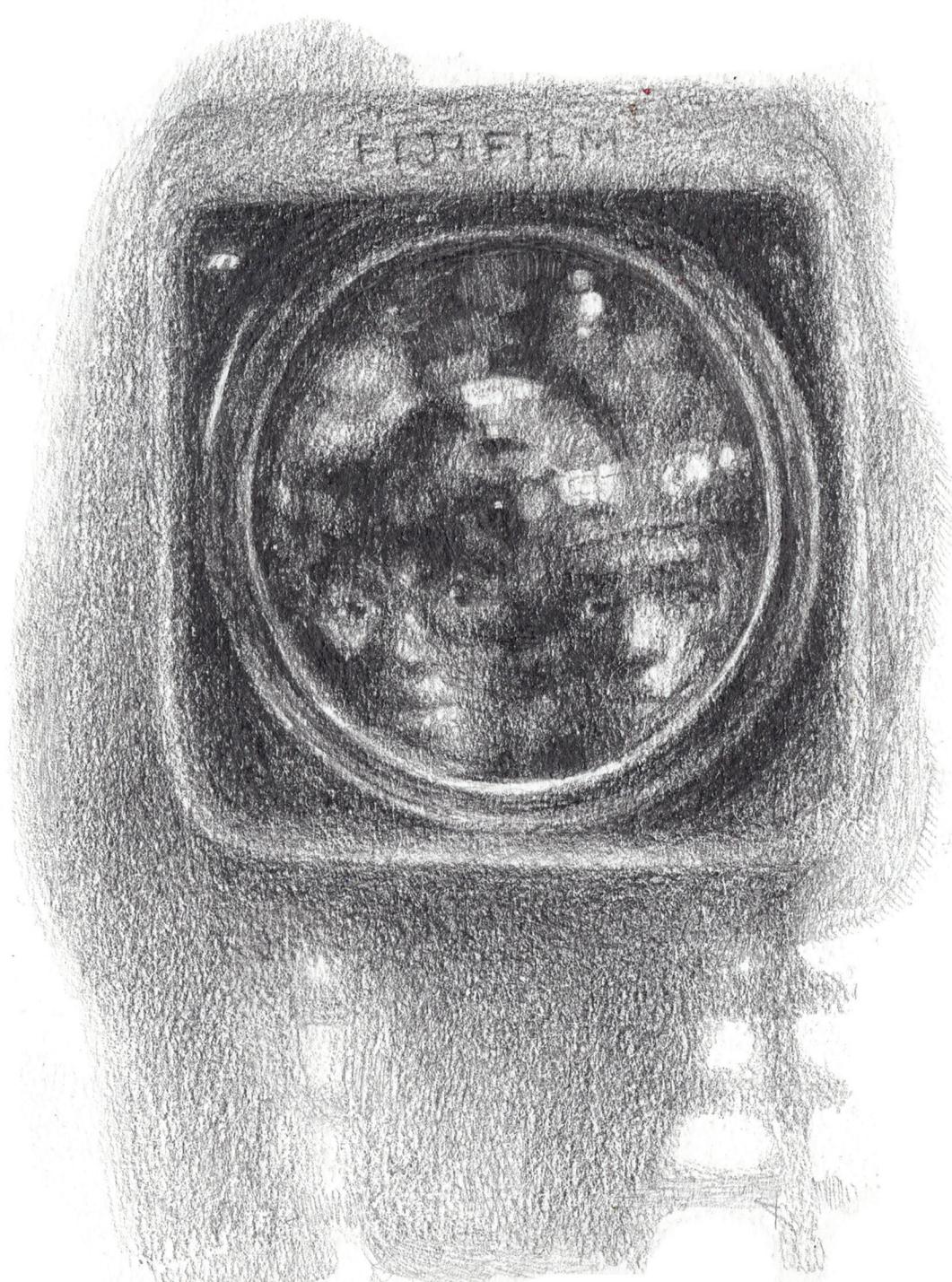


# The Scoop

After we named the raptor, some men came charging up to us.

"Can we shoot some film of you for TV?" one of them asked. "It would be a big scoop for us."

Do·ba and Sa·ni said it was OK.





The men set up a bunch of stuff to shoot the film. Then one of them started counting down from ten. He said, “Three, two, one!” Then he pointed at us.

The TV man spoke into a mike. He said, “This is Roger Fletcher. I’m standing here on the site where two children have found the bones of a raptor.”







The man bent down to Gad and stuck the mike under his nose. He said, “What’s your name?”

Gad looked like he was scared of the mike. He jumped back a bit. Then he muttered, “I’m Gad.”

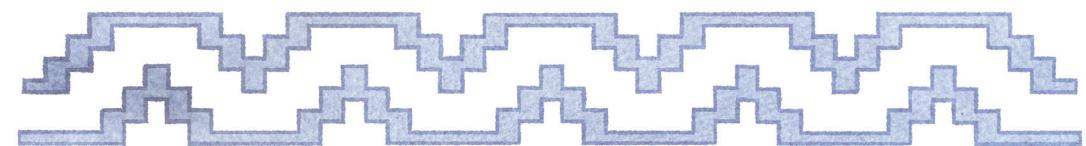
“And you?”

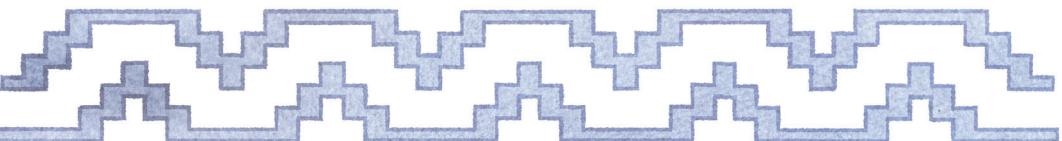
I said, “I’m Kate.” Then I waved.

“Gad,” said the man, “where did you spot the bone?”

Gad said, “It was sticking out of the side of a cliff.”







“Kate, could you tell it was a bone when you saw it?”

“No,” I said, “it looked like a rock.”

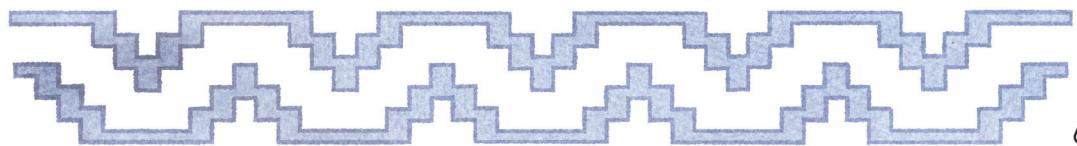
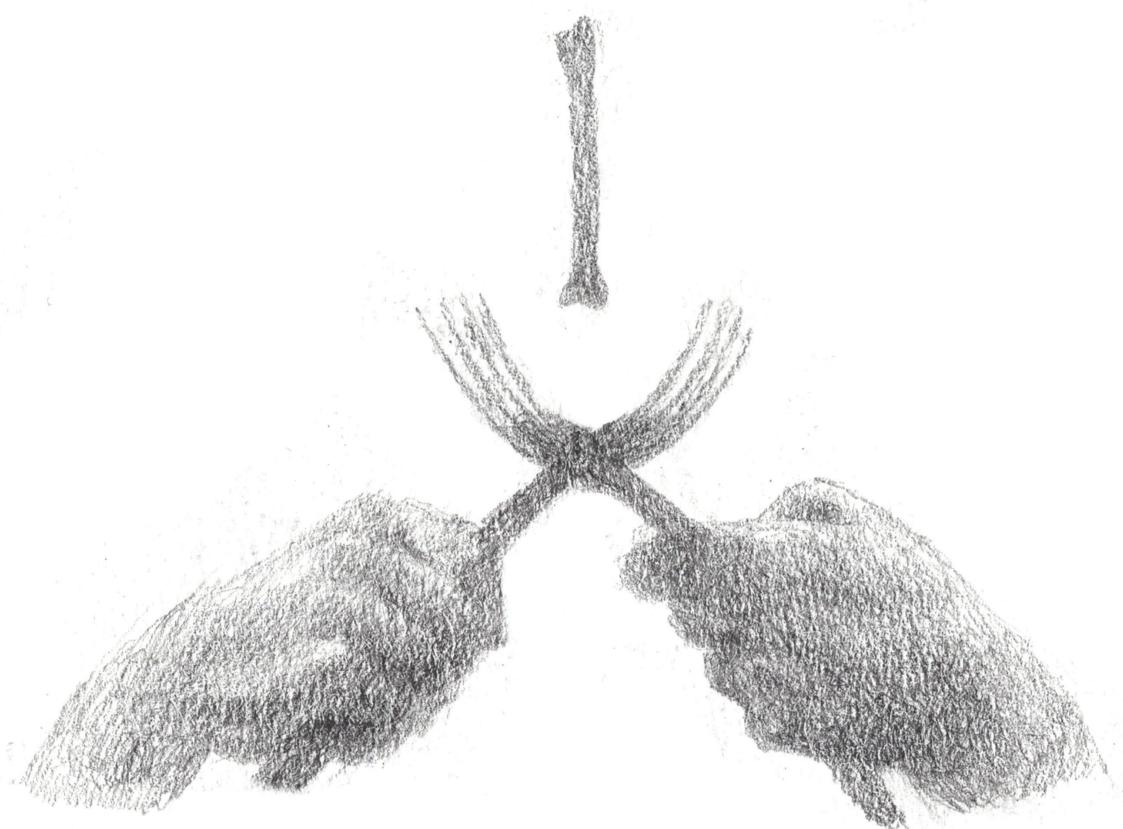
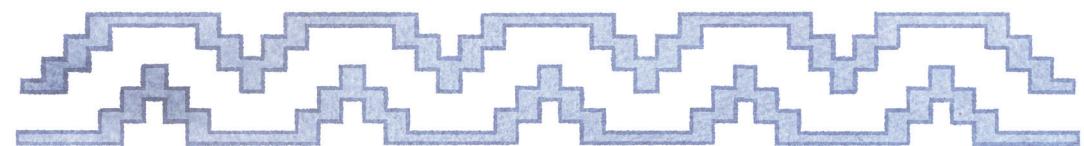
“What did you use to dig it out?”

“We used our forks!” said Gad.

“Forks!” said the man. “That’s cool. Could I get a close-up of the two of you with your forks?”

Some-one ran and got us two forks. We held them up and smiled un-til the man said, “Cut!” And that was the end of that.







# We Are TV Stars

We drove back to Do·ba's cab·in and got there just in time to see our·selves on TV.

The TV man said, “This is Rog·er Fletch·er. I’m stand·ing here on the site where two children have found the bones of a rap·tor.”

Then Gad and I saw our·selves on TV.

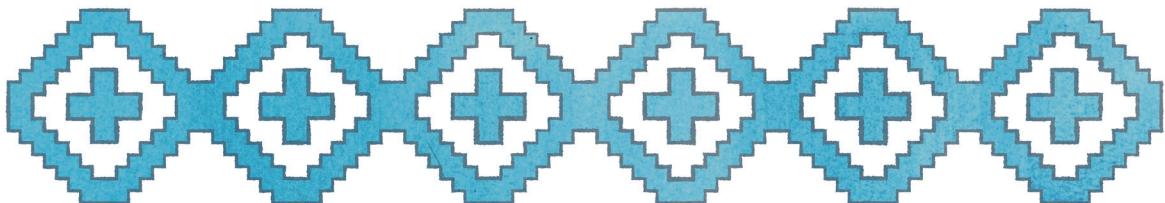
“Woo-hoo!” I shout·ed. “We are TV stars!”

Then came the part where the TV man asked Gad his name, and Gad looked like he was scared of the mike.

“Gad, you goof!” I said. “Why did you jump back like that?”

Gad just shrugged.





Next the TV man asked me my name.

I said, “I’m Kate.” Then I waved.

“Gad,” said the TV man, “where did you spot the bone?”

Gad said, “It was sticking out of the side of a cliff.”

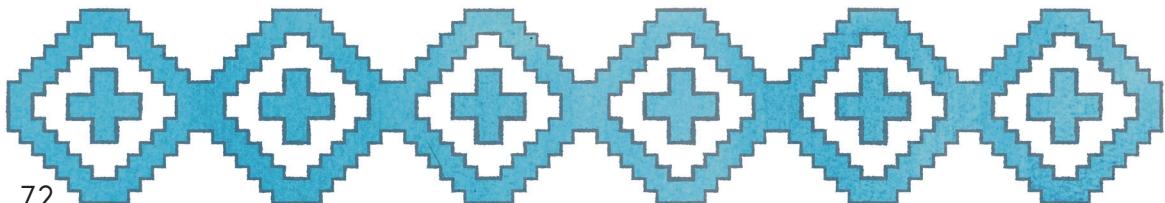
“What did you use to dig it out?”

“We used our forks!” said Gad.

Then we saw the close-up of Gad and me with our forks.

“So there you have it!” said the TV man.

“I’m Rog·er Fletch·er with a tale of two children, two forks, and one large rap·tor!”







# Do·ba's Book

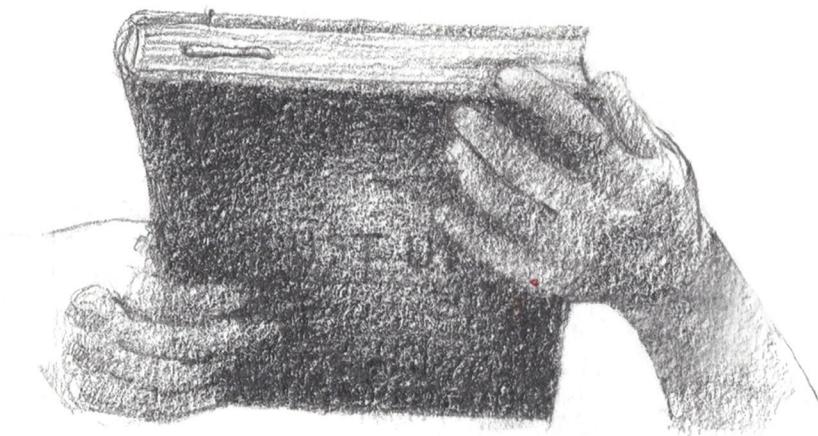
Gad and I and the raptor were on TV six times. I was glad when it came to an end. After you smile and wave a fork six times, it gets to be less fun.

One morning, Do·ba handed me a book and said, “Let’s drive to the book shop.”

“Do·ba,” I said, “why do you need to get a book at the book shop when you have this one?”

“I just finished that one,” Do·ba said. “I liked it a lot. And it just so happens that the man who **wrote** it will be at the book shop **to·day**. I’d like to meet him.”





In the car I looked at the book. It said  
“Dust Up, by Si·mon Chee.”

“What sort of book is this?” I asked.

“It’s a book by a Na·va·jo man,” said Do·ba.  
“His name is Si·mon Chee.”

“What does he write on?”

“Pa·per,” smiled Do·ba.

“Do·ba!”

“Just a joke,” said Do·ba. “Si·mon Chee  
writes down old stories of the Na·va·jo.”

“Like the story of Spider Wo·man Sa·ni told me?”

“Yes!” Do·ba said. “And about the Na·va·jo today, too. Not just in the past.”

I looked at the last page and saw the page number: 305.

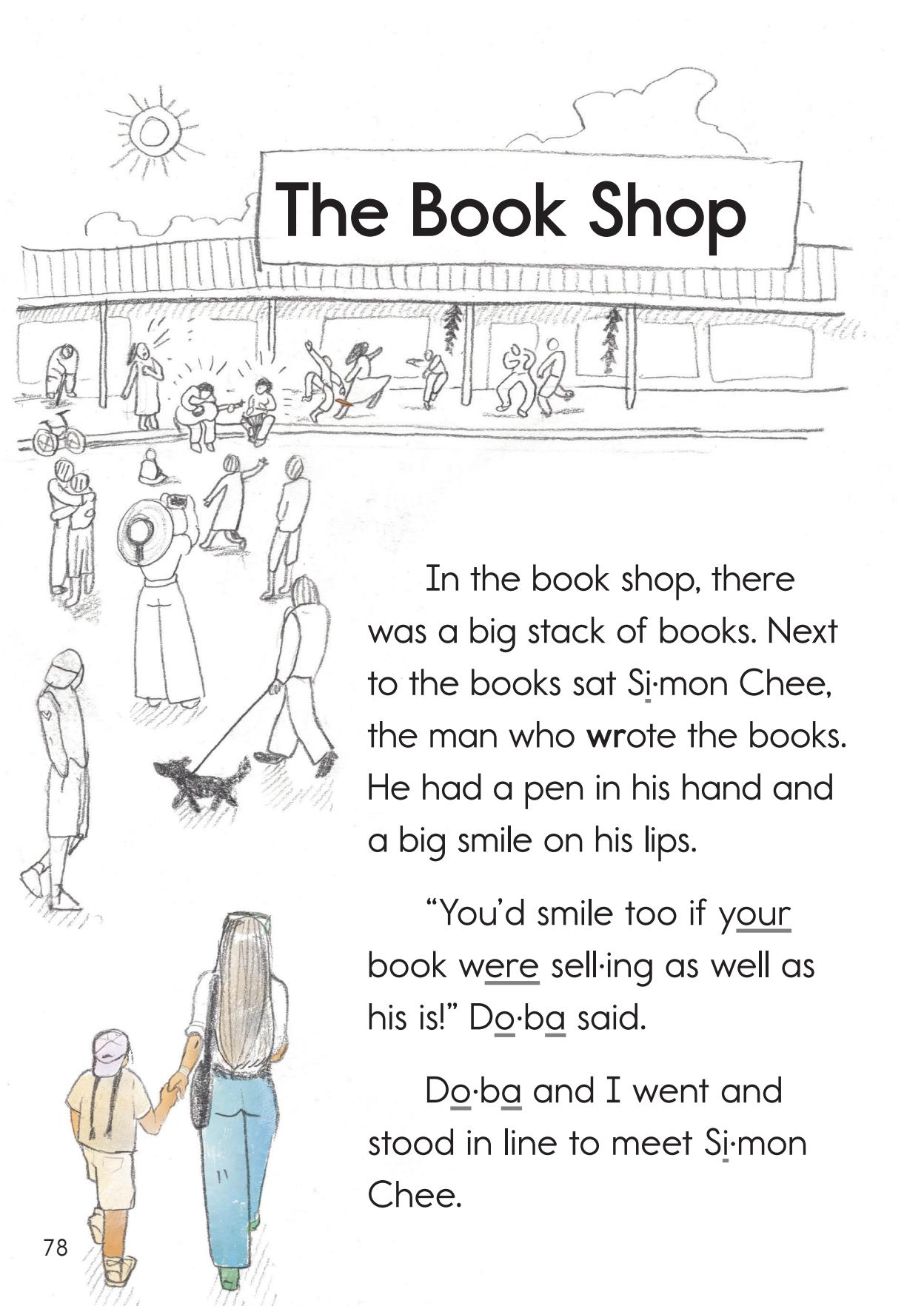
“Yikes!” I said. “This is a long book!”

“It is,” said Do·ba. “But it felt short to me be·cause I liked it so much. I was sad when I got to the end!”

I start·ed to look in·side the book, but just then Do·ba said, “Here we are!”

305



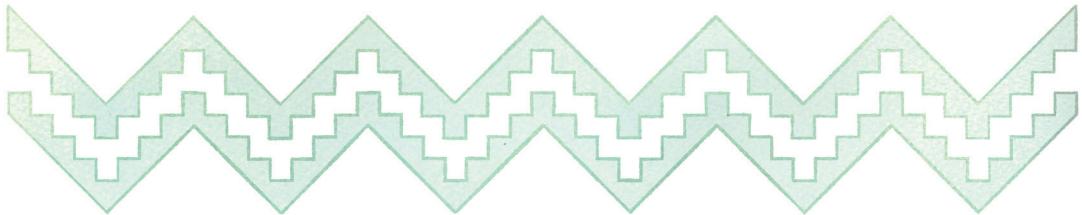


# The Book Shop

In the book shop, there was a big stack of books. Next to the books sat Si·mon Chee, the man who wrote the books. He had a pen in his hand and a big smile on his lips.

“You’d smile too if your book were sell·ing as well as his is!” Do·ba said.

Do·ba and I went and stood in line to meet Si·mon Chee.



Do·ba shook hands with him and said, “I’ve got **twelve** of your books. This one was your best book yet!”

The man smiled and said, “That’s sweet of you! I hope you will pick up my next one, too!”

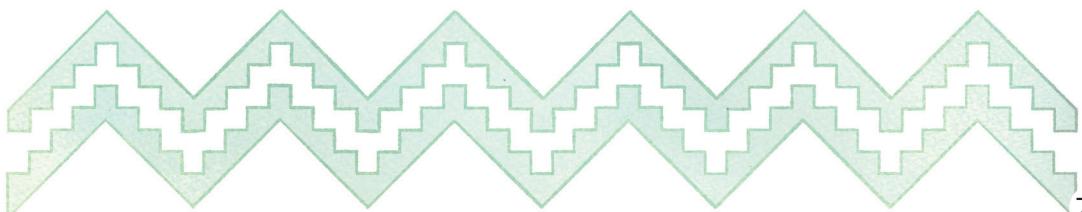
“I will!” said Do·ba.

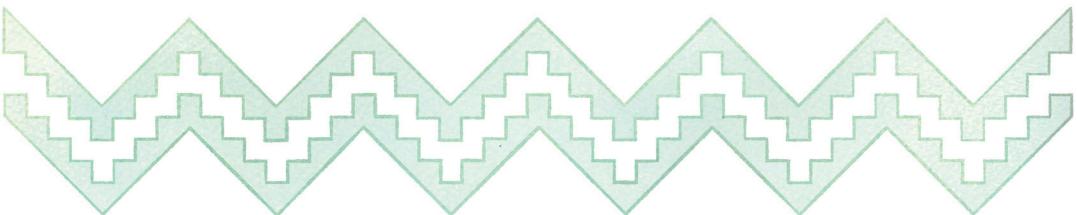
Then the man **wrote**, “Best wish·es, Si·mon Chee,” in Do·ba’s book.

“Mister Chee,” I asked, “how hard was it to **write** that book?”

“Well,” he said, “this one was not all that hard. The last one I did was a lot hard·er.”

As we got back in the car, I said, “Do·ba, I’d like to **write** a book.”





“What sort of book would it be?” Do·ba asked.

“Well,” I said, “Gad and I found the rap·tor.”

“Yes, you did,” said Do·ba.

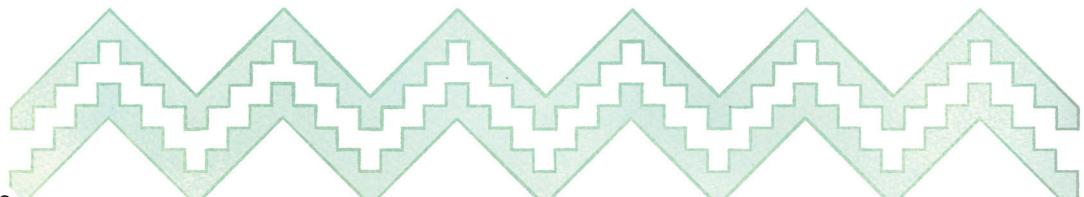
“And you and I found that coin.”

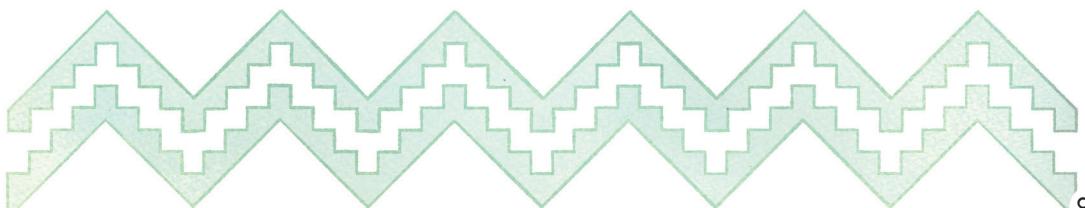
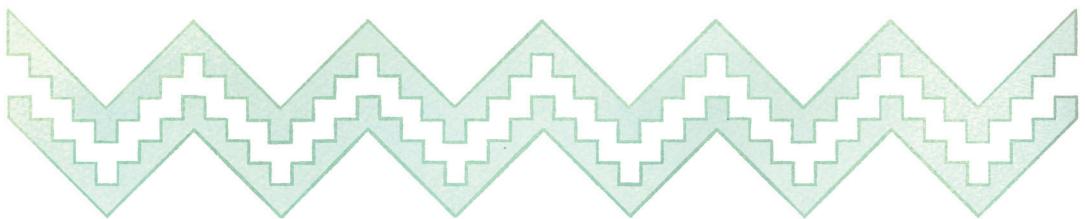
“Yes,” said Do·ba.

“So it could be a book a·bout all of that.”

“Why not?” said Do·ba. “If you **w**rite it, I will make the pi·cures.”

I said, “Shake on it!” Then we shook hands.







# We Make a Book

When we got back to Do·ba's, I started to **write** the book. I **wrote down** all of the cool stuff that happened to me out West. The hardest part was **get·ting start·ed**. Once I got started, it went fast.

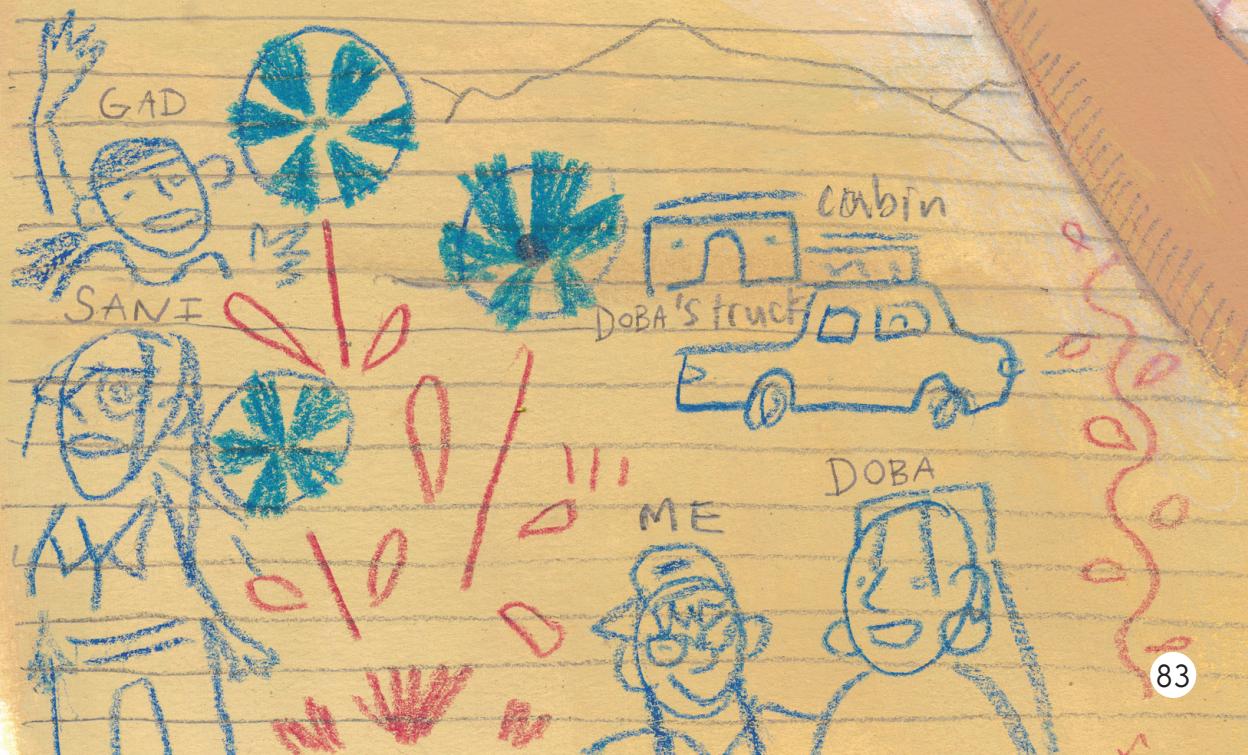
Do·ba helped me pick out good words. Sometimes when you **write**, you have to **write** things two or three times to get all of the best words and get them in the best order.

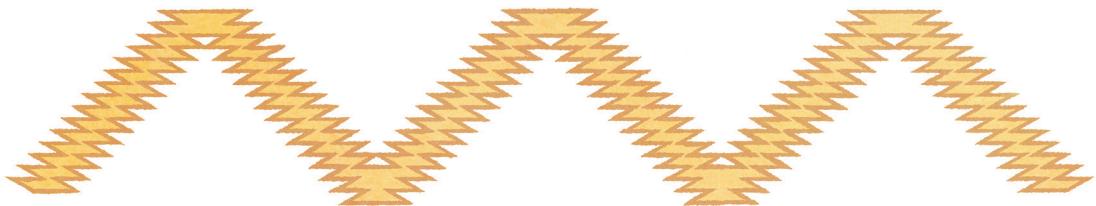
Gad helped me out, too. He said, “I can help you with **spell·ing**. I am the best spell·er in my class.” Gad looked at what I had **writt·en** and fixed a lot of **spell·ing** mistakes that I had made.

# A Letter from Kate

I'm Kate Nez and this is my book! This book tells what I did the summer when I was nine. My mom and dad took me to visit Doba. Doba is my mom's mom. She is an artist and she has a in the Southwest.

At the start of



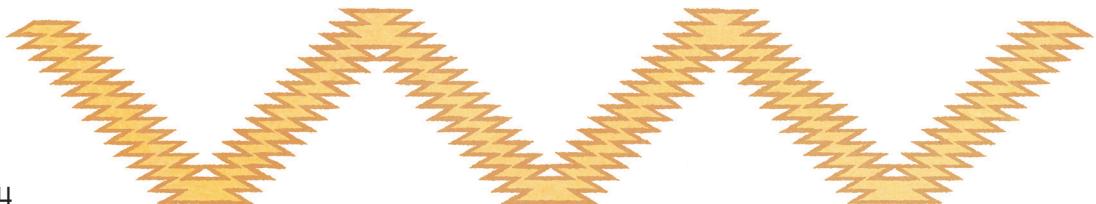


When I had writt·en the words, Do·ba got out her brush and start·ed to make the art. It took her a long time. She sent the pic·tures to me three weeks af·ter I went home.

My dad took me and my book to a pal of his to see if he would pub·lish the book.

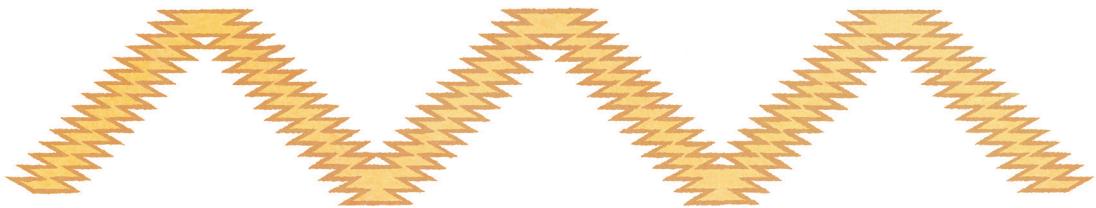
The man looked at it and said, “This is well-writt·en! Chil·dren out there will like this book. I’d like to print it!”

I was so glad, I shout·ed, “Yipp·ee!”





Doba and I went into a cave so  
we would not get wet.



The man and his staff got the book all set to  
pub·lish. Then they sent it to a print·er.

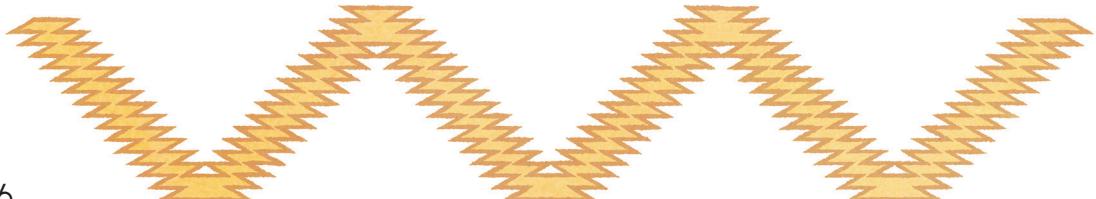
I hope you liked the book.

If you'd like to write me a letter, you can  
send it to me at this address:

Kate Nez

801 East High Street

Charlottesville, Virginia 22902



# Summer with <sup>1/2</sup> Doba <sup>1/2</sup>

pressed sage  
flower

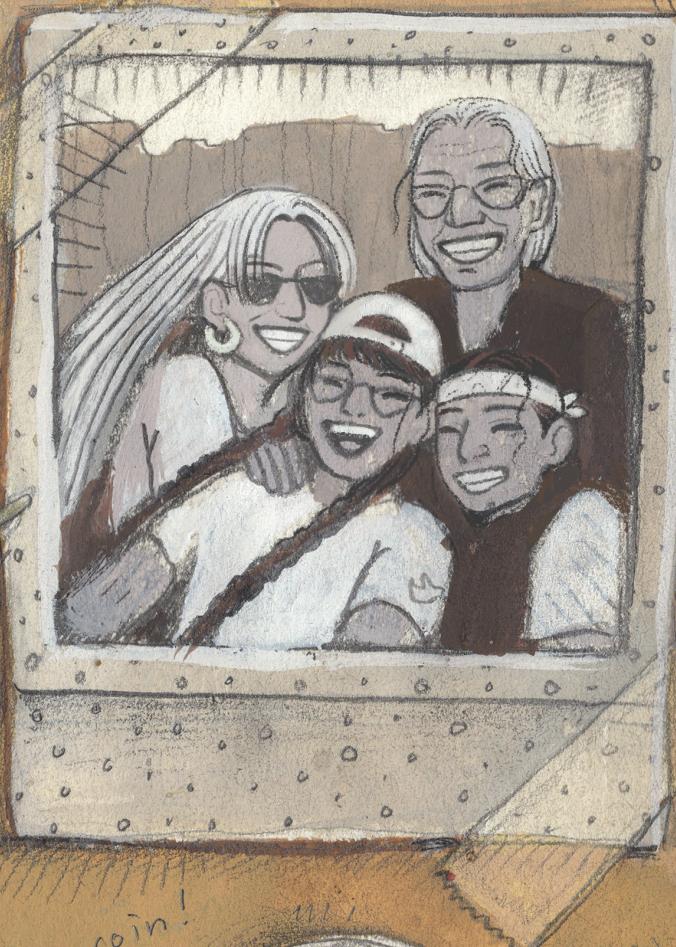


photo at  
the dig

my coin!

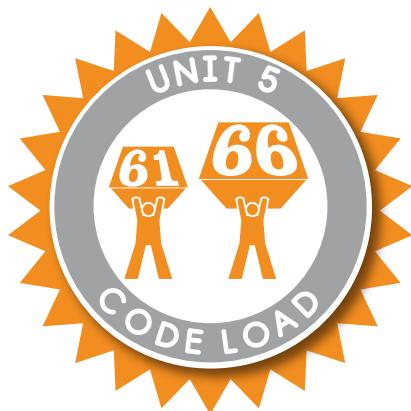


## About this Book

This book has been created for use by students learning to read with the program. Readability levels are suitable for early readers. The book has also been carefully leveled in terms of its “code load,” or the number of spellings used in the stories.

The English writing system is complex. It uses more than 200 spellings to stand for 40-odd sounds. Many sounds can be spelled several different ways, and many spellings can be pronounced several different ways. This book has been designed to make early reading experiences simpler and more productive by using a subset of the available spellings. It uses *only* spellings students have been taught to sound out as part of their phonics lessons, plus a handful of Tricky Words, which have also been deliberately introduced in the lessons. This means the stories will be 100% decodable if they are assigned at the proper time.

As the students move through the program, they learn new spellings and the “code load” in the decodable Readers increases gradually. The code load graphic on this page indicates the number of spellings students are expected to know in order to read the first story of the book and the number of spellings students are expected to know in order to read the final stories in the book. The columns on the opposite page list the specific spellings and Tricky Words students are expected to recognize at the beginning of this Reader. The bullets at the bottom of the opposite page identify spellings, Tricky Words, and other topics that are introduced gradually in the unit this Reader accompanies.



## Code Knowledge assumed at the beginning of this Reader:

### VOWEL SOUNDS AND SPELLINGS:

/i/ as in skim  
/e/ as in bed  
/a/ as in tap  
/u/ as in up  
/o/ as in flop  
/ee/ as in bee  
/ae/ as in cake  
/ie/ as in bite  
/oe/ as in home  
/ue/ as in cute  
/oo/ as in soon  
/oo/ as in look  
/ou/ as in shout  
/oi/ as in oil  
/aw/ as in paw  
/ar/ as in car  
/or/ as in for  
/er/ as in her

### CONSONANT-BAT SOUNDS AND SPELLINGS:

/m/ as in swim, swimming  
/n/ as in run, running  
/t/ as in bat, batting, asked  
/d/ as in big,  bidding, filled  
/k/ as in cot, kid, rock, soccer  
/g/ as in log, logging  
/f/ as in fat, huff  
/s/ as in sit, hiss  
/z/ as in zip, hums, buzz  
/v/ as in yet  
/p/ as in tip, tipping  
/b/ as in rub, rubbing  
/l/ as in lamp, fill  
/r/ as in rip, ferret  
/h/ as in ham  
/w/ as in wet  
/j/ as in jog  
/y/ as in yes  
/x/ as in box  
/ch/ as in chin  
/sh/ as in shop  
/th/ as in then  
/th/ as in thin

/ng/ as in king  
/qu/ as in quit

### OTHER:

- Two-syllable words
- Punctuation (period, comma, quotation marks, question mark, exclamation point, apostrophe)
- contractions (let's, here's, it's)
- hyphen
- number (350)
- abbreviations (TV, OK)

### TRICKY WORDS:

a, I, no, so, of, all, some, from, word, are, were, have, one, once, to, do, two, the, who, said, says, was, when, where, why, what, which, here, there, he, she, we, be, me, they, their, my, by, you, your, because, could, would, should, down, today, yesterday, tomorrow, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday

## Code Knowledge added gradually in the unit for this Reader:

- Beginning with "A Letter from Kate": the Tricky Words *how, Doba*
- Beginning with "The Coin Shop": the Tricky Word *Sani*; the sound /ch/ spelled 'tch' as in *itch*
- Beginning with "The Offer": the Tricky Word *Gad*
- Beginning with "You Never Can Tell": the Tricky Words *Navajo, person*; the sound /j/ spelled 'g' as in *gem* and 'ge' as in *fringe*
- Beginning with "Sani's Story": the Tricky Words *know, woman, weave/weavers, showed, thread, open, sky, many, story/stories, climb, over*
- Beginning with "The Hike": the Tricky Words *picture, done*; the sound /v/ spelled 've' as in *twelve*
- Beginning with "The Bone Man": the sound /r/ spelled 'wr' as in *wrist*
- Beginning with "Two Good Things and One Bad Thing": Tricky Words *stayed, belongs, sorry*
- Beginning with "Doba's Book": Tricky Words *Simon, paper*

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