



Grades K-1 Text Exemplars

Literature Sample Texts

From the Common Core Standards Appendix B pdf

http://www.corestandards.org/assets/Appendix_B.pdf

Compiled by Charlotte Knox, knoxeducation.com

K-1 Text Exemplars

Stories

**Minarik, Else Holmelund. *Little Bear*. Illustrated by Maurice Sendak. New York: HarperCollins, 1957. (1957)
From “Birthday Soup”**

“Mother Bear, Mother Bear, Where are you?” calls Little Bear.

“Oh, dear, Mother Bear is not here, and today is my birthday.

“I think my friends will come, but I do not see a birthday cake. My goodness – no birthday cake. What can I do?

The pot is by the fire. The water in the pot is hot. If I put something in the water, I can make Birthday Soup. All my friends like soup.

Let me see what we have. We have carrots and potatoes, peas and tomatoes; I can make soup with carrots, potatoes, peas and tomatoes.”

So Little Bear begins to make soup in the big black pot. First, Hen comes in. “Happy Birthday, Little Bear,” she says. “Thank you, Hen,” says Little Bear.

Hen says, “My! Something smells good here. Is it in the big black pot?”

“Yes,” says Little Bear, “I am making Birthday Soup. Will you stay and have some?”

“Oh, yes, thank you,” says Hen. And she sits down to wait.

Next, Duck comes in. “Happy Birthday, Little bear,” says Duck. “My, something smells good. Is it in the big black pot?”

“Thank you, Duck,” says Little Bear. “Yes, I am making Birthday Soup. Will you stay and have some with us?”

“Thank you, yes, thank you,” says Duck. And she sits down to wait.

Next, Cat comes in.

“Happy Birthday, Little Bear,” he says.

“Thank you, Cat,” says Little Bear. “I hope you like Birthday Soup. I am making Birthday Soup.

Cat says, “Can you really cook? If you can really make it, I will eat it.”

“Good,” says Little Bear. “The Birthday Soup is hot, so we must eat it now. We cannot wait for Mother Bear. I do not know where she is.”

“Now, here is some soup for you, Hen,” says Little Bear. “And here is some soup for you, Duck, and here is some soup for you, Cat, and here is some soup for me. Now we can all have some Birthday Soup.”

Cat sees Mother Bear at the door, and says, “Wait, Little Bear. Do not eat yet. Shut your eyes, and say one, two, three.”

Little Bear shuts his eyes and says, “One, two, three.”

Mother Bear comes in with a big cake.

“Now, look,” says Cat.

“Oh, Mother Bear,” says Little Bear, “what a big beautiful Birthday Cake! Birthday Soup is good to eat, but not as good as Birthday Cake. I am so happy you did not forget.”

“Yes, Happy Birthday, Little Bear!” says Mother Bear. “This Birthday Cake is a surprise for you. I never did forget your birthday, and I never will.”

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Eastman, P. D. *Are You My Mother?* New York: Random House, 1960. (1960)

A mother bird sat on her egg.

The egg jumped.

“Oh oh!” said the mother bird. “My baby will be here! He will want to eat.”

“I must get something for my baby bird to eat!” she said. “I will be back!”

So away she went.

From ARE YOU MY MOTHER? by P. D. Eastman, copyright © 1960 by P. D. Eastman. Copyright renewed 1988 by Mary L. Eastman. Used by permission of Random House Children’s Books, a division of Random House, Inc.

Seuss, Dr. *Green Eggs and Ham.* New York: Random House, 1960. (1960)

Lopshire, Robert. *Put Me in the Zoo.* New York: Random House, 1960. (1960)

I will go into the zoo.

I want to see it.

Yes, I do.

I would like to live this way.

This is where I want to stay.

Will you keep me in the zoo?

I want to stay in here with you.

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Mayer, Mercer. *A Boy, a Dog and a Frog.* New York: Dial, 2003. (1967)

This is a wordless book appropriate for kindergarten.

**Lobel, Arnold. *Frog and Toad Together.* New York: HarperCollins, 1971. (1971)
From “The Garden”**

Frog was in his garden. Toad came walking by.

“What a fine garden you have, Frog,” he said.

“Yes,” said Frog. “It is very nice, but it was hard work.”

“I wish I had a garden,” said Toad.

“Here are some flower seeds. Plant them in the ground,” said Frog, “and soon you will have a garden.”

“How soon?” asked Toad.

“Quite soon,” said Frog.

Toad ran home. He planted the flower seeds.

“Now seeds,” said Toad, “start growing.”

Toad walked up and down a few times. The seeds did not start to grow. Toad put his head close to the ground and said loudly, “Now seeds, start growing!” Toad looked at the ground again. The seeds did not start to grow.

Toad put his head very close to the ground and shouted, “NOW SEEDS, START GROWING!”

Frog came running up the path. “What is all this noise?” he asked. “My seeds will not grow,” said Toad. “You are shouting too much,” said Frog. “These poor seeds are afraid to grow.”

“My seeds are afraid to grow?” asked Toad.

“Of course,” said Frog. “Leave them alone for a few days. Let the sun shine on them, let the rain fall on them. Soon your seeds will start to grow.”

That night, Toad looked out of his window. “Drat!” said Toad. “My seeds have not started to grow. They must be afraid of the dark.”

Toad went out to his garden with some candles. “I will read the seeds a story,” said Toad. “Then they will not be afraid.” Toad read a long story to his seeds.

All the next day Toad sang songs to his seeds.

And all the next day Toad read poems to his seeds.

And all the next day Toad played music for his seeds.

Toad looked at the ground. The seeds still did not start to grow. “What shall I do?” cried Toad. “These must be the most frightened seeds in the whole world!”

Then Toad felt very tired and he fell asleep.

“Toad, Toad, wake up,” said Frog. “Look at your garden!”

Toad looked at his garden. Little green plants were coming up out of the ground.

“At last,” shouted Toad, “my seeds have stopped being afraid to grow!”

“And now you will have a nice garden too,” said Frog.

“Yes,” said Toad, “but you were right, Frog. It was very hard work.”

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**Lobel, Arnold. *Owl at Home*. New York: HarperCollins, 1975. (1975)
From “Owl and the Moon”**

One night Owl went down to the seashore. He sat on a large rock and looked out at the waves. Everything was dark. Then a small tip of the moon came up over the edge of the sea.

Owl watched the moon. It climbed higher and higher into the sky. Soon the whole, round moon was shining. Owl sat on the rock and looked up at the moon for a long time. “If I am looking at you, moon, then you must be looking back at me. We must be very good friends.”

The moon did not answer, but Owl said, “I will come back and see you again, moon. But now I must go home.” Owl walked down the path. He looked up at the sky. The moon was still there. It was following him.

“No, no, moon,” said Owl. “It is kind of you to light my way. But you must stay up over the sea where you look so fine.” Owl walked on a little farther. He looked at the sky again. There was the moon coming right along with him. “Dear moon,” said Owl, “you really must not come home with me. My house is small. You would not fit through the door. And I have nothing to give you for supper.”

Owl kept on walking. The moon sailed after him over the tops of the trees. “Moon,” said Owl, “I think that you do not hear me.” Owl climbed to the top of a hill. He shouted as loudly as he could, “Good-bye, moon!”

The moon went behind some clouds. Owl looked and looked. The moon was gone. “It is always a little sad to say good-bye to a friend,” said Owl.

Owl came home. He put on his pajamas and went to bed. The room was very dark. Owl was still feeling sad. All at once, Owl's bedroom was filled with silver light. Owl looked out of the window. The moon was coming from behind the clouds. "Moon, you have followed me all the way home. What a good, round friend you are!" said Owl.

Then Owl put his head on the pillow and closed his eyes. The moon was shining down through the window. Owl did not feel sad at all.

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DePaola, Tomie. *Pancakes for Breakfast*. New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1978. (1978)

This is a wordless book appropriate for kindergarten.

**Arnold, Tedd. *Hi! Fly Guy*. New York: Scholastic, 2006. (2006)
From Chapter 1**

A fly went flying.
He was looking for something to eat—something tasty, something slimy.
A boy went walking
He was looking for something to catch—something smart, something for The Amazing Pet Show.
They met.
The boy caught the fly in a jar.
"A pet!" He said.
The fly was mad.
He wanted to be free.
He stomped his foot and said—Buzz!
The boy was surprised.
He said, "You know my name! You are the smartest pet in the world!"

From HI! FLY GUY by Tedd Arnold. Scholastic Inc./Cartwheel Books. Copyright © 2005 by Tedd Arnold. Used by permission.

Poetry

Anonymous. "As I Was Going to St. Ives." *The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes*. Edited by Iona and Peter Opie. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1997. (c1800, traditional)

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?

Rossetti, Christina. "Mix a Pancake." *Read-Aloud Rhymes for the Very Young*. Selected by Jack Prelutsky. Illustrated by Marc Brown. New York: Knopf, 1986. (1893)

Mix a pancake,
Stir a pancake,
Pop it in the pan;
Fry the pancake,
Toss the pancake—
Catch it if you can.

Fyleman, Rose. "Singing-Time." *Read-Aloud Rhymes for the Very Young*. Selected by Jack Prelutsky. Illustrated by Marc Brown. New York: Knopf, 1986. (1919)

I wake in the morning early
And always, the very first thing,
I poke out my head and I sit up in bed
And I sing and I sing and I sing.

Milne, A. A. "Halfway Down." *When We Were Very Young*. Illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard. New York: Dutton, 1988. (1924)

Chute, Marchette. "Drinking Fountain." *Read-Aloud Rhymes for the Very Young*. Selected by Jack Prelutsky. Illustrated by Marc Brown. New York: Knopf, 1986. (1957)

When I climb up
To get a drink,
It doesn't work
The way you'd think.

I turn it up,
The water goes
And hits me right
Upon the nose.

I turn it down
To make it small
And don't get any
Drink at all.

From Around and About by Marchette Chute, published 1957 by E.P. Dutton. Copyright renewed by Marchette Chute, 1985. Reprinted by permission of Elizabeth Hauser.

Hughes, Langston. "Poem." *The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes*. New York: Knopf, 1994. (1958)

Ciardi, John. "Wouldn't You?" *Read-Aloud Rhymes for the Very Young*. Selected by Jack Prelutsky. Illustrated by Marc Brown. New York: Knopf, 1986. (1961)

If I
Could go
As high
And low
As the wind
As the wind
As the wind
Can blow—

I'd go!

COPYRIGHT © 1962 BY JOHN CIARDI. Used by permission of HarperCollins Publishers.

Wright, Richard. "Laughing Boy." *Winter Poems*. Selected by Barbara Rogasky. Illustrated by Trina Schart Hyman. New York: Scholastic, 1994. (1973) [Note: This poem was originally titled "In the Falling Snow."]

Greenfield, Eloise. "By Myself." *Honey, I Love, and Other Love Poems*. Illustrated by Leo and Diane Dillon. New York: Crowell, 1978. (1978)

Giovanni, Nikki. "Covers." *The 20th Century Children's Poetry Treasury*. Selected by Jack Prelutsky. Illustrated by Meilo So. New York: Knopf, 1999. (1980)

Glass covers windows
to keep the cold away
Clouds cover the sky
to make a rainy day

Nighttime covers
 all the things that creep
 Blankets cover me
 when I'm asleep

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Merriam, Eve. "It Fell in the City." *Read-Aloud Rhymes for the Very Young*. Selected by Jack Prelutsky. Illustrated by Marc Brown. New York: Knopf, 1986. (1985)

Lopez, Alonzo. "Celebration." *Song and Dance*. Selected by Lee Bennett Hopkins. Illustrated by Cheryl Munro Taylor. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1997. (1993)

I shall dance tonight.
 When the dusk comes crawling,
 There will be dancing
 and feasting.
 I shall dance with the others
 in circles,
 in leaps,
 in stomps.
 Laughter and talk
 Will weave into the night,
 Among the fires
 of my people.
 Games will be played
 And I shall be
 a part of it.

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Agee, Jon. "Two Tree Toads." *Orangutan Tongs*. New York: Hyperion, 2009. (2009)

A three-toed tree toad tried to tie
 A two-toed tree toad's shoe.
 But tying two-toed shoes is hard
 For three-toed toads to do,
 Since three-toed shoes each have three toes,
 And two-toed shoes have two.

"Please tie my two-toed tree toad shoe!"
 The two-toed tree toad cried.
 "I tried my best. Now I must go,"
 The three-toed tree toad sighed.
 The two-toed tree toad's two-toed shoe,
 Alas, remained untied.

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Read-Aloud Stories

**Baum, L. Frank. *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*. Illustrated by W. W. Denslow. New York: HarperCollins, 2000. (1900)
From Chapter 1: “The Cyclone”**

Dorothy lived in the midst of the great Kansas prairies, with Uncle Henry, who was a farmer, and Aunt Em, who was the farmer’s wife. Their house was small, for the lumber to build it had to be carried by wagon many miles. There were four walls, a floor and a roof, which made one room; and this room contained a rusty looking cookstove, a cupboard for the dishes, a table, three or four chairs, and the beds. Uncle Henry and Aunt Em had a big bed in one corner, and Dorothy a little bed in another corner. There was no garret at all, and no cellar—except a small hole dug in the ground, called a cyclone cellar, where the family could go in case one of those great whirlwinds arose, mighty enough to crush any building in its path. It was reached by a trap door in the middle of the floor, from which a ladder led down into the small, dark hole.

When Dorothy stood in the doorway and looked around, she could see nothing but the great gray prairie on every side. Not a tree nor a house broke the broad sweep of flat country that reached to the edge of the sky in all directions. The sun had baked the plowed land into a gray mass, with little cracks running through it. Even the grass was not green, for the sun had burned the tops of the long blades until they were the same gray color to be seen everywhere. Once the house had been painted, but the sun blistered the paint and the rains washed it away, and now the house was as dull and gray as everything else.

When Aunt Em came there to live she was a young, pretty wife. The sun and wind had changed her, too. They had taken the sparkle from her eyes and left them a sober gray; they had taken the red from her cheeks and lips, and they were gray also. She was thin and gaunt, and never smiled now. When Dorothy, who was an orphan, first came to her, Aunt Em had been so startled by the child’s laughter that she would scream and press her hand upon her heart whenever Dorothy’s merry voice reached her ears; and she still looked at the little girl with wonder that she could find anything to laugh at.

Uncle Henry never laughed. He worked hard from morning till night and did not know what joy was. He was gray also, from his long beard to his rough boots, and he looked stern and solemn, and rarely spoke.

It was Toto that made Dorothy laugh, and saved her from growing as gray as her other surroundings. Toto was not gray; he was a little black dog, with long silky hair and small black eyes that twinkled merrily on either side of his funny, wee nose. Toto played all day long, and Dorothy played with him, and loved him dearly.

Today, however, they were not playing. Uncle Henry sat upon the doorstep and looked anxiously at the sky, which was even grayer than usual. Dorothy stood in the door with Toto in her arms, and looked at the sky too. Aunt Em was washing the dishes.

**Wilder, Laura Ingalls. *Little House in the Big Woods*. Illustrated by Garth Williams. New York: HarperCollins, 2007. (1932)
From “Two Big Bears”**

The Story of Pa and the Bear in the Way

When I went to town yesterday with the furs I found it hard walking in the soft snow. It took me a long time to get to town, and other men with furs had come in earlier to do their trading. The storekeeper was busy, and I had to wait until he could look at my furs.

Then we had to bargain about the price of each one, and then I had to pick out the things I wanted to take in trade.

So it was nearly sundown before I could start home.

I tried to hurry, but the walking was hard and I was tired, so I had not gone far before night came. And I was alone in the Big Woods without my gun.

There were still six miles to walk, and I came along as fast as I could. The night grew darker and darker, and I wished for my gun, because I knew that some of the bears had come out of their winter dens. I had seen their tracks when I went to town in the morning.

Bears are hungry and cross at this time of year; you know they have been sleeping in their dens all winter long with nothing to eat, and that makes them thin and angry when they wake up. I did not want to meet one.

I hurried along as quick as I could in the dark. By and by the stars gave a little light. It was still black as pitch where the woods were thick, but in the open places I could see, dimly. I could see the snowy road ahead a little way, and I could see the dark woods standing all around me. I was glad when I came into an open place where the stars gave me this faint light.

All the time I was watching, as well as I could, for bears. I was listening for the sounds they make when they go carelessly through the bushes.

Then I came again into an open place, and there, right in the middle of my road, I saw a big black bear.

Atwater, Richard and Florence. *Mr. Popper's Penguins*. Illustrated by Robert Lawson. New York: Little, Brown, 1988. (1938)

From Chapter 1: "Stillwater"

It was an afternoon in late September. In the pleasant little city of Stillwater, Mr. Popper, the house painter was going home from work.

He was carrying his buckets, his ladders, and his boards so that he had rather a hard time moving along. He was spattered here and there with paint and calcimine, and there were bits of wallpaper clinging to his hair and whiskers, for he was rather an untidy man.

The children looked up from their play to smile at him as he passed, and the housewives, seeing him, said, "Oh dear, there goes Mr. Popper. I must remember to ask John to have the house painted over in the spring."

No one knew what went on inside of Mr. Popper's head, and no one guessed that he would one day be the most famous person in Stillwater.

He was a dreamer. Even when he was busiest smoothing down the paste on the wallpaper, or painting the outside of other people's houses, he would forget what he was doing. Once he had painted three sides of a kitchen green, and the other side yellow. The housewife, instead of being angry and making him do it over, had liked it so well that she had made him leave it that way. And all the other housewives, when they saw it, admired it too, so that pretty soon everybody in Stillwater had two-colored kitchens.

The reason Mr. Popper was so absent-minded was that he was always dreaming about far-away countries. He had never been out of Stillwater. Not that he was unhappy. He had a nice little house of his own, a wife whom he loved dearly, and two children, named Janie and Bill. Still, it would have been nice, he often thought, if he could have seen something of the world before he met Mrs. Popper and settled down. He had never hunted tigers in India, or climbed the peaks of the Himalayas, or dived for pearls in the South Seas. Above all, he had never seen the Poles.

Jansson, Tove. *Finn Family Moomintroll*. Translated by Elizabeth Portch. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1990. (1948)

From "Preface"

One grey morning the first snow began to fall in the Valley of the Moomins. It fell softly and quietly, and in a few hours everything was white.

Moomintroll stood on his doorstep and watched the valley nestle beneath its winter blanket. "Tonight," he thought, "we shall settle down for our long winter's sleep." (All Moomintrolls go to sleep about November. This is a good idea, too if you don't like the cold and the long winter darkness.) Shutting the door behind him, Moomintroll stole in to his mother and said:

"The snow has come!"

"I know," said Moominmamma. "I have already made up all your beds with the warmest blankets. You're to sleep in the little room under the eaves with Sniff."

"But Sniff snores so horribly," said Moomintroll. "Couldn't I sleep with Snufkin instead?"

"As you like, dear," said Moominmamma. "Sniff can sleep in the room that faces east."

So the Moomin family, their friends, and all their acquaintances began solemnly and with great ceremony to prepare for the long winter. Moominmamma laid the table for them on the verandah but they only had pine-needles for supper. (It's important to have your tummy full of pine if you intend to sleep all the winter.) When the meal was over, and I'm afraid it didn't taste very nice, they all said good-night to each other, rather more cheerfully than usual, and Moominmamma encouraged them to clean their teeth.

Haley, Gail E. *A Story, A Story*. New York: Atheneum, 1970. (1970)

Once, oh small children round my knee, there were no stories on earth to hear. All the stories belonged to Nyame, the

Sky God. He kept them in a golden box next to his royal stool.

Ananse, the Spider Man, wanted to buy the Sky God's stories. So he spun a web up to the sky.

When the Sky God heard what Ananse wanted, he laughed: "Twe, twe, twe. The price of my stories is that you bring me Osebo the leopard of-the-terrible-teeth, Mmboro the hornet who-stings-like-fire, and Mmoatia the fairy whom-men-never-see."

Ananse bowed and answered: "I shall gladly pay the price."

"Twe, twe, twe," chuckled the Sky God. "How can a weak old man like you, so small, so small, so small, pay my price?"

But Ananse merely climbed down to earth to find the things that the Sky God demanded.

Ananse ran along the jungle path - yiridi, yiridi, yiridi - till he came to Osebo the leopard-of-the-terrible-teeth.

"Oho, Ananse," said the leopard, "you are just in time to be my lunch."

Ananse replied: "As for that, what will happen will happen. But first let us play the binding binding game."

The leopard, who was fond of games, asked: "How is it played?"

"With vine creepers," explained Ananse. "I will bind you by your foot and foot. Then I will untie you, and you can tie me up."

"Very well," growled the leopard, who planned to eat Ananse as soon as it was his turn to bind him.

So Ananse tied the leopard

by his foot

by his foot

by his foot

by his foot, with the vine creeper.

Then he said: "Now, Osebo, you are ready to meet the Sky God." And he hung the tied leopard in a tree in the jungle.

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Bang, Molly. *The Paper Crane*. New York: Greenwillow, 1987. (1985)

A man once owned a restaurant on a busy road. He loved to cook good food and he loved to serve it. He worked from morning until night, and he was happy.

But a new highway was built close by. Travelers drove straight from one place to another and no longer stopped at the restaurant. Many days went by when no guests came at all. The man became very poor, and had nothing to do but dust and polish his empty plates and tables.

One evening a stranger came into the restaurant. His clothes were old and worn, but he had an unusual, gentle manner.

Though he said he had not money to pay for food, the owner invited him to sit down. He cooked the best meal he could make and served him like a king. When the stranger had finished, he said to his host, "I cannot pay you with money, but I would like to thank you in my own way."

He picked up a paper napkin from the table and folded it into the shape of a crane. "You have only to clap your hands," he said, "and this bird will come to life and dance for you. Take it, and enjoy it while it is with you." With these words the stranger left.

It happened just as the stranger had said. The owner had only to clap his hands and the paper crane became a living bird, flew down to the floor, and danced.

Soon word of the dancing crane spread, and people came from far and near to see the magic bird perform.

The owner was happy again, for his restaurant was always full of guests. He cooked and served and had company from morning until night.

The weeks passed. And the months.

One evening a man came into the restaurant. His clothes were old and worn, but had an unusual, gentle manner. The owner knew him at once and was overjoyed.

The stranger, however, said nothing. He took a flute from his pocket, raised it to his lips, and began to play.

The crane flew down from its place on the shelf and danced as it had never danced before.

The stranger finished playing, lowered the flute from his lips, and returned it to his pocket. He climbed on the back of the crane, and they flew out of the door and away.

The restaurant still stands by the side of the road, and guests still come to eat the good food and hear the story of the gentle stranger and the magic crane made from a paper napkin. But neither the stranger nor the dancing crane has ever been seen again.

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Young, Ed. *Lon Po Po: A Red-Riding Hood Story from China*. New York: Putnam, 1989. (1989)

“Po Po,” Shang shouted, but there was no answer.

“Po Po,” Tao shouted, but there was no answer.

“Po Po,” Paotze shouted. There was still no answer. The children climbed to the branches just above the wolf and saw that he was truly dead. Then they climbed down, went into the house, closed the door, locked the door with the latch and fell peacefully asleep.

On the next day their mother returned with baskets of food from their real Po Po, and the three sisters told her the story of the Po Po who had come.

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**Garza, Carmen Lomas. *Family Pictures*. San Francisco: Children’s Book Press, 1990. (1990)
From “The Fair in Reynosa”**

My friends and I once went to a very big fair across the border in Reynosa, Mexico. The fair lasted a whole week. Artisans and entertainers came from all over Mexico. There were lots of booths with food and crafts. This is one little section where everybody is ordering and eating tacos.

I painted a father buying tacos and the rest of the family sitting down at the table. The little girl is the father’s favorite and that’s why she gets to tag along with him. I can always recognize little girls who are their fathers’ favorites.

From “Birthday Party”

That’s me hitting the piñata at my sixth birthday party. It was also my brother’s fourth birthday. My mother made a big birthday party for us and invited all kinds of friends, cousins and neighborhood kids.

You can’t see the piñata when you’re trying to hit it, because your eyes are covered with a handkerchief. My father is pulling the rope that makes the piñata go up and down. He will make sure that everybody has a chance to hit it at least once. Somebody will end up breaking it, and that’s when all the candies will fall out and all the kids will run and try to grab them.

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Mora, Pat. *Tomás and the Library Lady*. Illustrated by Raúl Colón. New York: Knopf, 1997. (1997)

When they got hot, they sat under a tree with Papá Grande. “Tell us the story about the man in the forest,” said Tomás.

Tomás liked to listen to Papá Grande tell stories in Spanish. Papá Grande was the best storyteller in the family.

“En un tiempo pasado,” Papá Grande began. “Once upon a time...on a windy night a man was riding a horse through a forest. The wind was howling, whoooooooo, and the leaves were blowing, wish, wish...”

“All of a sudden something grabbed the man. He couldn’t move. He was too scared to look around. All night long he wanted to ride away. But he couldn’t.

“How the wind howled, *whoooooooo*. How the leaves blew. How his teeth chattered!

“Finally the sun came up. Slowly the man turned around. And who do you think was holding him?”

Tomás smiled and said, “A thorny tree.”

Papá Grande laughed. “Tomás, you know all my stories,” he said. “There are many more in the library. You are big enough to go by yourself. Then you can teach us new stories.”

The next morning Tomás walked downtown. He looked at the big library. Its tall windows were like eyes glaring at him. Tomás walked all around the big building. He saw children coming out carrying books. Slowly he started climbing up, up the steps. He counted them to himself in Spanish. *Uno, dos, tres, cuatro...*His mouth felt full of cotton.

Tomás stood in front of the library doors. He pressed his nose against the glass and peeked in. The library was huge!

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Henkes, Kevin. *Kitten’s First Full Moon*. New York: Greenwillow, 2004. (2004)

It was Kitten’s first full moon.
When she saw it, she thought.
There’s a little bowl of milk in the sky.
And she wanted it.

So she closed her eyes
and stretched her neck
and opened her mouth and licked.

But Kitten only ended up
with a bug on her tongue.
Poor Kitten!

Still, there was the little bowl of milk, just waiting.

So she pulled herself together
and wiggled her bottom
and sprang from the top step of the porch.

But Kitten only tumbled—
bumping her nose and banging her ear
and pinching her tail.
Poor Kitten!

Still, there was the little bowl of milk, just waiting.

So she chased it—
down the sidewalk,
 through the garden,
 past the field,
 and by the pond.

But Kitten never seemed to get closer.
Poor Kitten!

Still, there was the little bowl of milk, just waiting.

So she ran
to the tallest tree
she could find,
and she climbed
and climbed
and climbed
to the very top.

But Kitten
still couldn't reach
the bowl of milk,
and now she was
scared.
Poor Kitten!
What could she do?

Then, in the pond, Kitten saw
another bowl of milk.
And it was bigger.
What a night!

So she raced down the tree
and raced through the grass

and raced to the edge of the pond.
She leaped with all her might—

Poor Kitten!
She was wet and sad and tired
and hungry.

So she went
back home—

and there was
 a great big
 bowl of milk
 on the porch,

just waiting for her.

Lucky Kitten!
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Read-Aloud Poetry

Anonymous. "The Fox's Foray." *The Oxford Nursery Rhyme Book*. Edited by Peter and Iona Opie. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1955. (c1800, traditional)

A fox jumped out one winter's night,
And begged the moon to give him light.
For he'd many miles to trot that night
Before he reached his den O!
 Den O! Den O!
For he'd many miles to trot that night before he reached his den O!

The first place he came to was a farmer's yard,
Where the ducks and the geese declared it hard
That their nerves should be shaken and their rest so marred
By a visit from Mr. Fox O!
 Fox O! Fox O!

That their nerves should be shaken and their rest so marred
By a visit from Mr. Fox O!

He took the grey goose by the neck,
And swung him right across his back;
The grey goose cried out, Quack, quack, quack,
With his legs hanging dangling down O!
Down O! Down O!

The grey goose cried out, Quack, quack, quack,
With his legs hanging dangling down O!

Old Mother Slipper Slopper jumped out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her head:
Oh, John, John, the grey goose is gone,
And the fox is off to his den O!
Den O! Den O!

Oh, John, John, the grey goose is gone,
And the fox is off to his den O!

John ran up to the top of the hill.
And blew his whistle loud and shrill;
Said the fox, That is very pretty music still -
I'd rather be in my den O!
Den O! Den O!

Said the fox, That is very pretty music still -
I'd rather be in my den O!

The fox went back to his hungry den,
And his dear little foxes, eight, nine, ten;
Quoth they, Good daddy, you must go there again,
If you bring such good cheer from the farm O!
Farm O! Farm O!
Quoth they, Good daddy, you must go there again,
If you bring such good cheer from the farm O!

The fox and his wife, without any strife,
Said they never ate a better goose in all their life:
They did very well without fork or knife,
And the little ones chewed on the bones O!
Bones O! Bones O!

They did very well without fork or knife,
And the little ones chewed on the bones O!

Langstaff, John. *Over in the Meadow*. Illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky. Orlando: Houghton Mifflin, 1973. (c1800, traditional)

Over in the meadow in a new little hive
Lived an old mother queen bee and her honeybees five.
"Hum," said the mother,
"We hum," said the five;
So they hummed and were glad in their new little hive.

Over in the meadow in a dam built of sticks
Lived an old mother beaver and her little beavers six.
"Build," said the mother,
"We build," said the six;
So they built and were glad in the dam built of sticks.

Over in the meadow in the green wet bogs
Lived an old mother froggie and her seven polliwogs.
"Swim," said the mother.
"We swim," said the 'wogs;
So they swam and were glad in the green wet bogs.

Over in the meadow as the day grew late
Lived an old mother owl and her little owls eight.

“Wink,” said the mother,
 “We wink,” said the eight;
 So they winked and were glad as the day grew late.

Excerpt from OVER IN THE MEADOW by John Langstaff. Text and music copyright © 1957, and renewed 1985 by John Langstaff. Used by Permission of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

Lear, Edward. “The Owl and the Pussycat.” (1871)

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 are!’

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.

‘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.

Hughes, Langston. “April Rain Song.” *The 20th Century Children’s Poetry Treasury*. Selected by Jack Prelutsky. Illustrated by Meilo So. New York: Knopf, 1999. (1932)

Moss, Lloyd. *Zin! Zin! Zin! a Violin*. Illustrated by Marjorie Priceman. New York: Simon & Schuster, 2000. (1995)

With mournful moan and silken tone,
 Itself alone comes ONE TROMBONE.
 Gliding, sliding, high notes go low;
 ONE TROMBONE is playing SOLO.

Next a TRUMPET comes along,
 And sings and stings its swinging song.
 It joins TROMBONE, no more alone,
 And ONE and TWO-O, they’re a DUO.

The STRINGS all soar, the REEDS implore,
 The BRASSES roar with notes galore.
 It’s music that we all adore.

It's what we go to concerts for.

The minutes fly, the music ends,
And so, good-bye to our new friends.
But when they've bowed and left the floor,
If we clap loud and shout, "Encore!"
They may come out and play once more.

And that would give us great delight
Before we say a late good night.

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Sample Performance Tasks for Stories and Poetry

- Students (*with prompting and support from the teacher*) describe the relationship between key events of the overall story of *Little Bear* by Else Holmelund Minarik to the corresponding scenes illustrated by Maurice Sendak. [RL.K.7]
- Students *retell* Arnold Lobel's *Frog and Toad Together* while demonstrating their understanding of a central message or lesson of the story (e.g., how friends are able to solve problems together or how hard work pays off). [RL.1.2]
- Students (*with prompting and support from the teacher*) compare and contrast the adventures and experiences of the owl in Arnold Lobel's *Owl at Home* to those of the owl in Edward Lear's poem "The Owl and the Pussycat." [RL.K.9]
- Students read two texts on the topic of pancakes (Tomie DePaola's *Pancakes for Breakfast* and Christina Rossetti's "Mix a Pancake") and distinguish between the text that is a *storybook* and the text that is a *poem*. [RL.K.5]
- After listening to L. Frank Baum's *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*, students describe the characters of Dorothy, Auntie Em, and Uncle Henry, the setting of Kansan prairie, and major events such as the arrival of the cyclone. [RL.1.3]
- Students (*with prompting and support from the teacher*) when listening to Laura Ingalls Wilder's *Little House in the Big Woods* ask questions about the events that occur (such as the encounter with the bear) and answer by offering key details drawn from the text. [RL.1.1]
- Students identify the points at which different characters are telling the story in the *Finn Family Moomintroll* by Tove Jansson. [RL.1.6]
- Students identify words and phrases within Molly Bang's *The Paper Crane* that appeal to the senses and suggest the feelings of happiness experienced by the owner of the restaurant (e.g., clapped, played, loved, overjoyed). [RL.1.4]

Informational Texts

Bulla, Clyde Robert. *A Tree Is a Plant*. Illustrated by Stacey Schuett. New York: HarperCollins, 2001. (1960)

A tree is a plant. A tree is the biggest plant that grows. Most kinds of trees grow from seeds the way most small plants do. There are many kinds of trees. Here are a few of them. How many do you know? [illustration is labeled with Maple, Conifer, Persimmon, Palms, Lemon, Willow]