



Grade 1

Skills 5 | Reader

Kate's Book

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Reader

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A Letter from Kate

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

This book tells what I did last summ·er when I was nine. My mom and dad took me to vis·it with my Do·baa. Do·baa is my mom's mom. She is an art·ist, and she has a cab·in out in the South·west.

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

I made this book to tell you all the fun stuff I did last summ·er. When I fin·ished it, Do·baa 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 summ·er, 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 start·ed to storm. Do·ba and I went in·to 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.

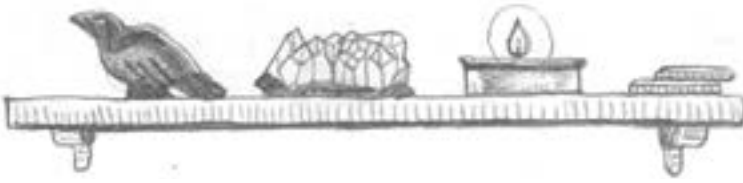
“Sa·ni,” Do·ba said, “this is Kate Nez. I’m Kate’s Do·ba. She’s out here for the summ·er. We went for a hike, and Kate found a coin in a cave.”

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

I hand·ed him the coin.

Sa·ni set it un·der a look·ing glass and switched on a lamp. “Let’s see,” he said. “It’s got some scratch·es on it. But I can tell that it’s a Span·ish coin. It’s made of sil·ver, 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 hun·dred bucks!”

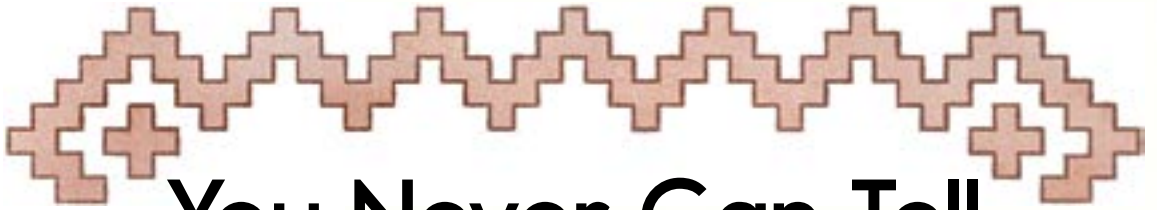
“Three hun·dred bucks?” said Do·ba.

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 hun·dred 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 start·ed to chat.

“Can I see the coin?” Do·ba asked.

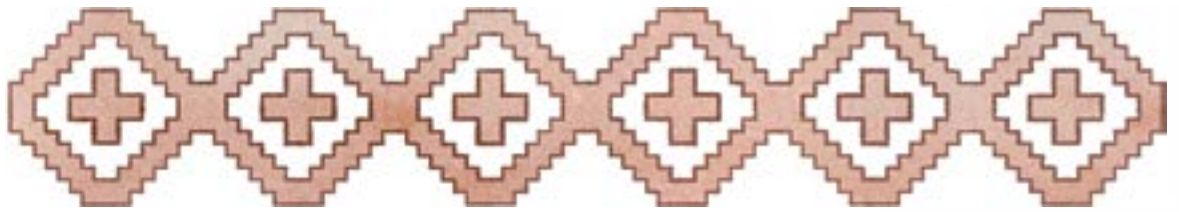
I stretch·ed out my arm and gave it to her.

“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.

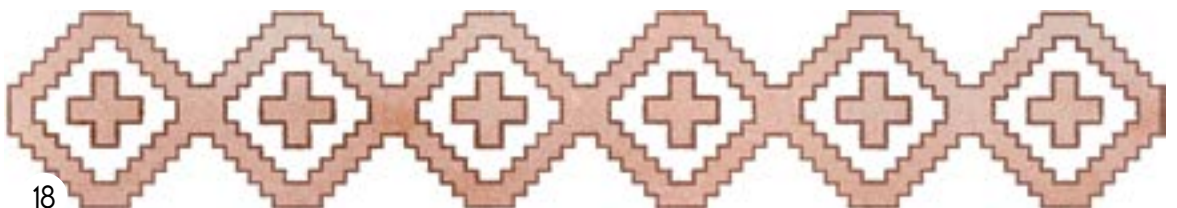
“We lived on this land before the Span·ish,” Do·ba said. “The Span·ish came later. They tried to take the land from us looking for gold.”

“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 kitch·en, scratch·ing a large bug bite on my leg, when Do·ba came in. “I just spoke with Sa·ni,” she said . “He made us an off·er.”


“What sort of off·er?”

“He off·ered to take us camp·ing 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 dinn·er out·side, look at the stars, and sleep in a tent.”

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

“To·morr·ow morn·ing!” Do·ba said.





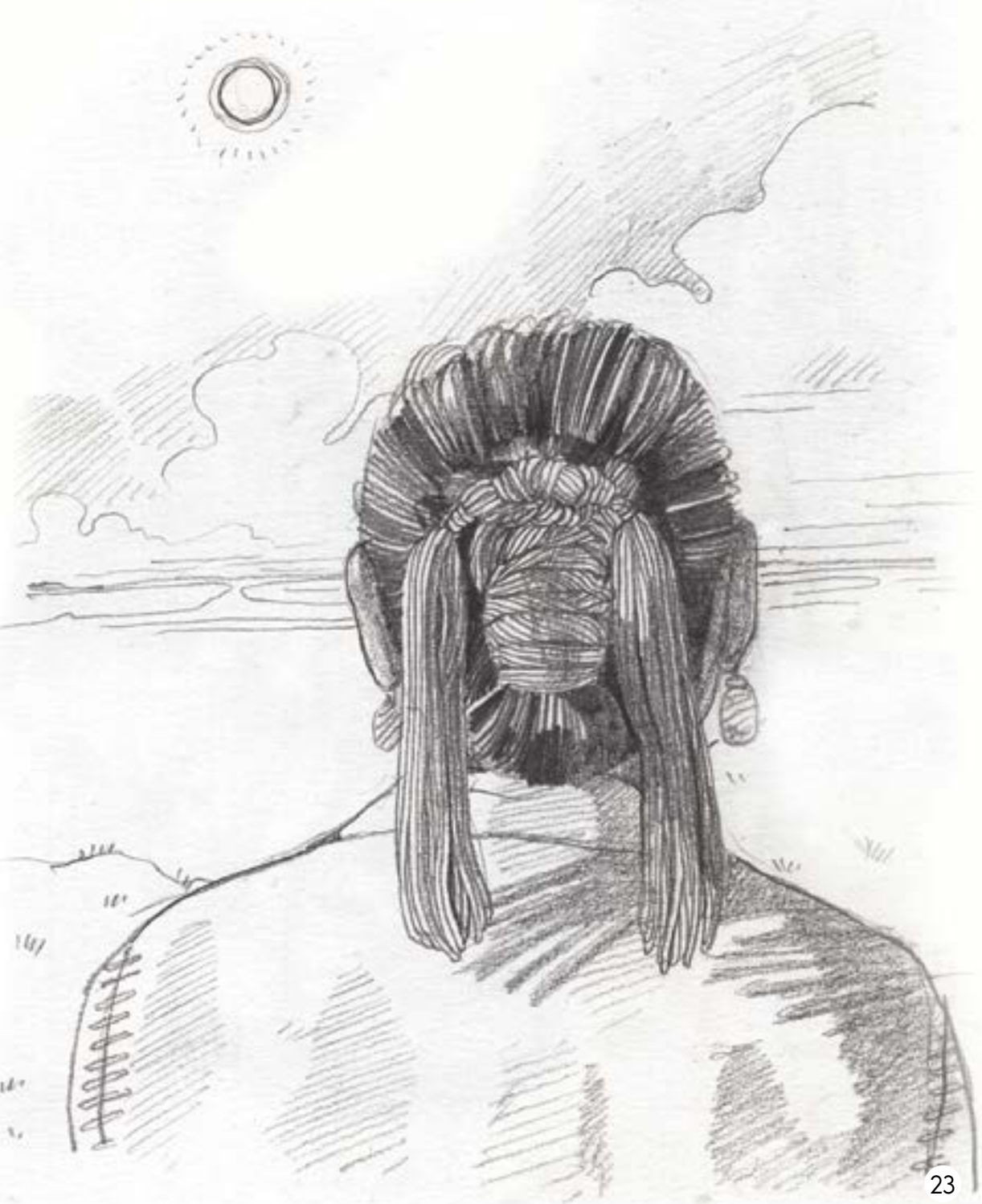
The Campsite

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 lugged 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 din·ner 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 ex·pert 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 spi·rit 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 al·so did not know,” said Sa·ni.
“But then, a silk rope made of spi·der web fell!
It came from the top of Spi·der Ro·ck. 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 Spi·der Ro·ck far off. How
would it feel to climb it on a rope made of
web?

“Did Spi·der Wo·manan 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 o·ver the stor·y in
her mind.





“I like that story,” she said at last. Gad
nod·ded, too.

“I am glad,” Sa·ni said. “We Na·va·jo like to
tell stories of Spi·der 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 foxes and rabbits 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 un·til a loud clatt·er
out·side 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 out·side with his lan·tern 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 lan·tern.

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

“I did not see it,” said Sa·ni, “but I’m bett·ing it was a fox who was look·ing for some scraps of food. He bumped in·to the pots and pans. The clatt·er of the pots and pans must have scared him off.”

“Is that why we hoist·ed 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 point·ed 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 start·ed digg·ing, we soon saw that it was larg·er than it had seemed.

Af·ter a bit, Gad said, “**G**ee! It must be two feet long! We need to keep scratch·ing in or·der 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 our·selves.”







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 drifted off, I saw Gad standing there with the thing in his hands.

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

It was the biggest bone I had ever 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 West·ern State Coll·ege. His name is Ron Fitch, and he is an ex·pert on bones. He has writt·en lots of books. If we bring him the bone, he can tell us what sort of bone it is.”

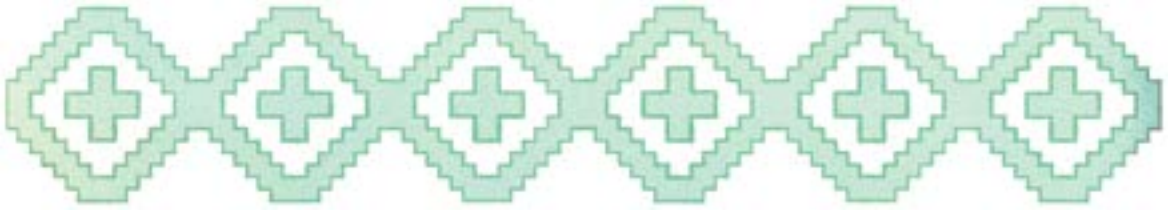
“He’s a bone man?” asked Gad.

“Yep,” said Sa·ni.

We got in·to 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 coll·ege, we gave the bone man the bone. When he saw it, he broke in·to a big grin.





The bone man bent down and said, “I could be **w**rong, 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.”

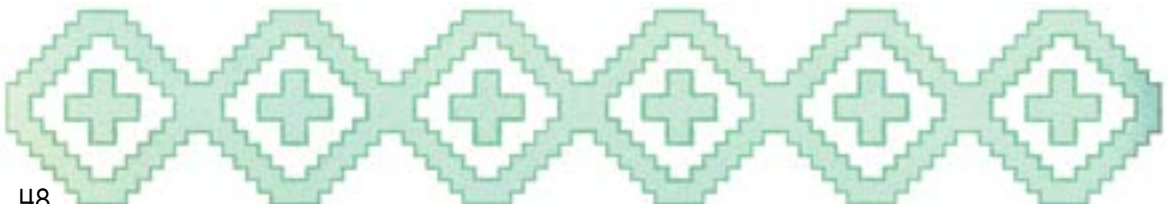
“Sweet!” yelled Gad.

“What’s a rap·tor?” I asked.

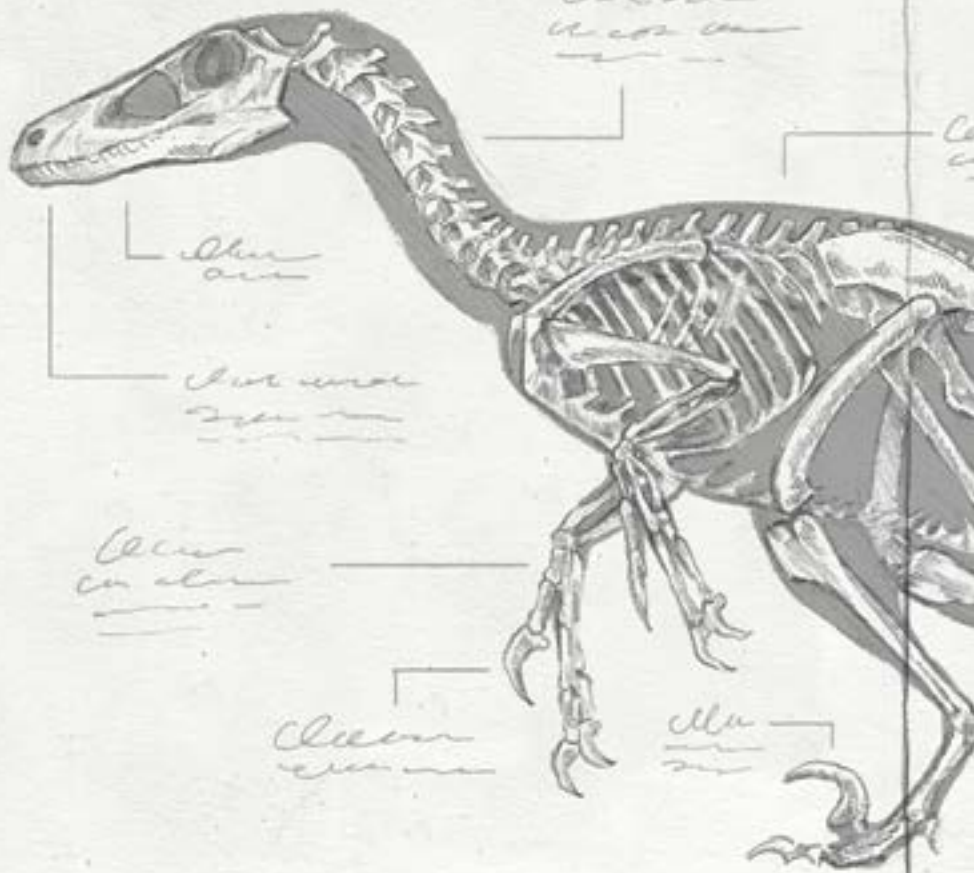
Gad looked at me like I was from Mars.

“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 **l**arge pic·ture of a rap·tor.



VELOCIRAPTOR



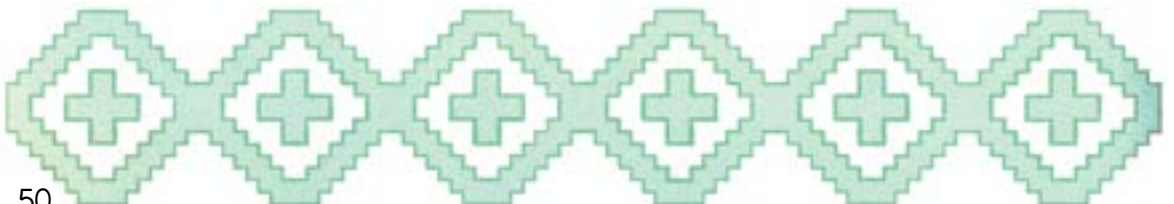
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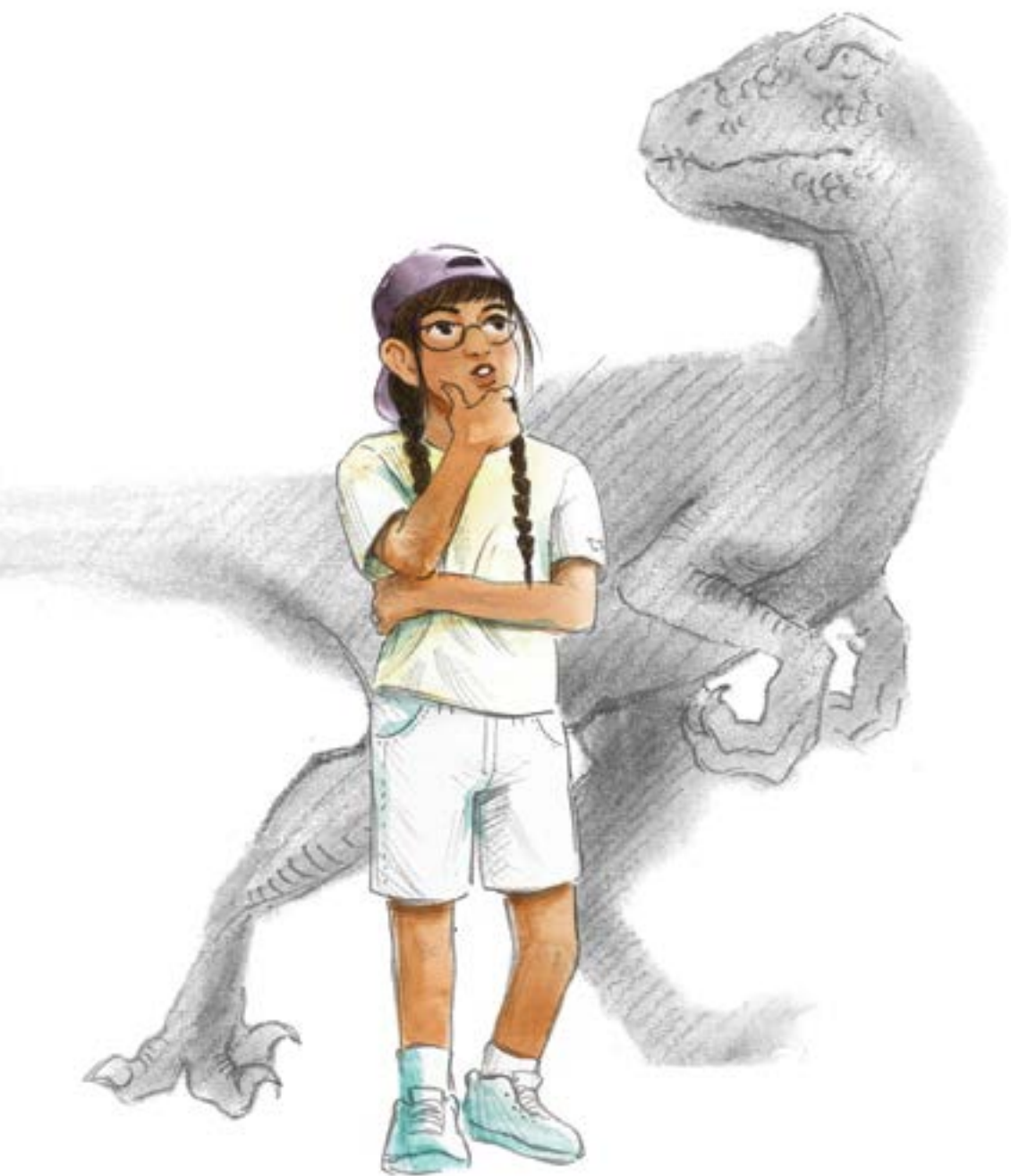
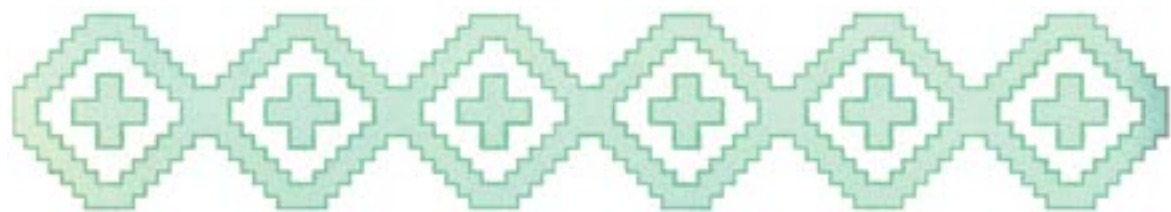
“Jeep·ers,” I said, “he is big! Why have I nev·er seen a rap·tor like this at the zoo?”

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

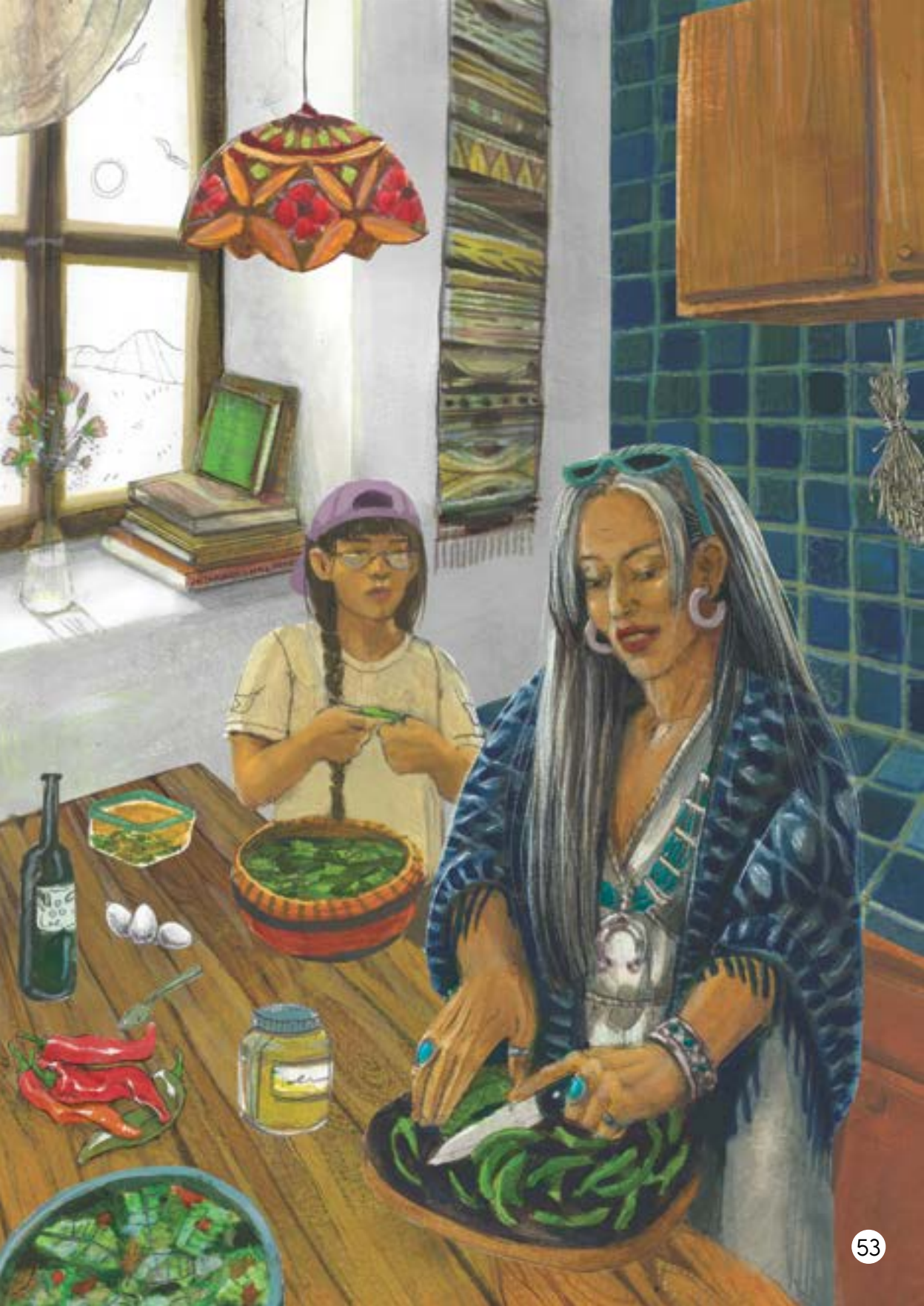
The next week, Do·ba said, “I just spoke with Ron **Fitch**, the bone man. I’ve got three things to tell you. Two of them are good things that you will like. One is a bad thing that you will not like.”

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

“**Mis·ter 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, scratch·ing 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 hel·pers will keep them safe for us.”

I felt bad. “Sorr·y I dug up the bone,” I said.

Do·ba smiled at me . “You did not know bett·er. 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 rap-tor that you found.”

“Cool!” I said.





The Big Dig

When we went back to the cliff, the bone man was there with some help·ers. They had scraped the side of the cliff to ex·pose a lot of the rap·tor.

“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 in·to large blocks of rock. Then we will wrap the blocks up in plas·ter. The plas·ter will keep the bones from crack·ing. 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 digg·ing 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 den·tists use
on teeth—brush·es and sharp picks.”

“Kate and I used forks!” said Gad.

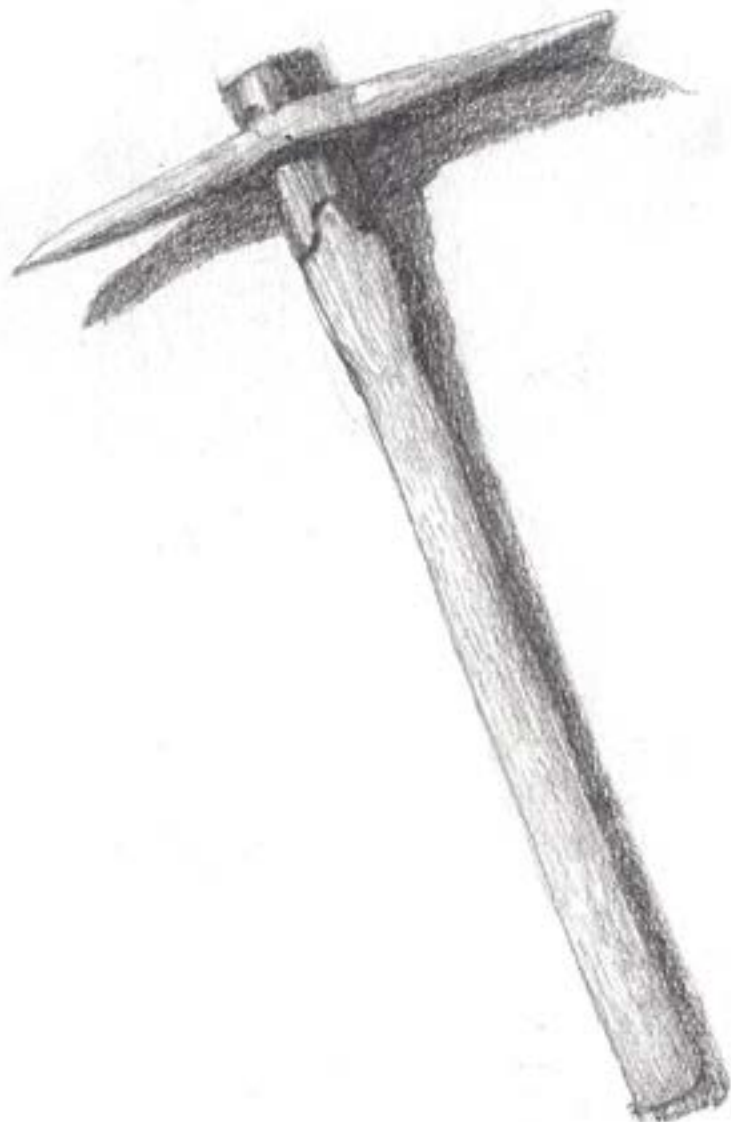
“How long will it take to carve all of the
bones out of the rocks?” Sa·ni asked.

“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.

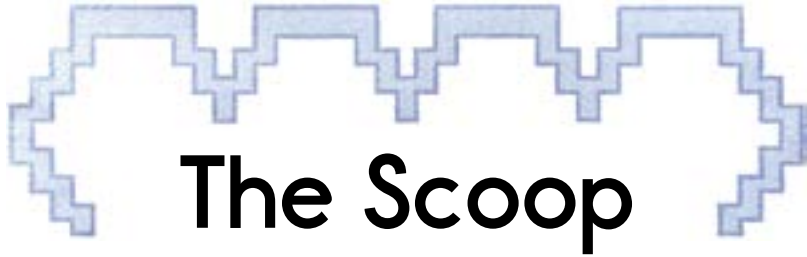
I said, “This rap·tor will be named Gad!”

All of the men cheered.

Gad smiled.





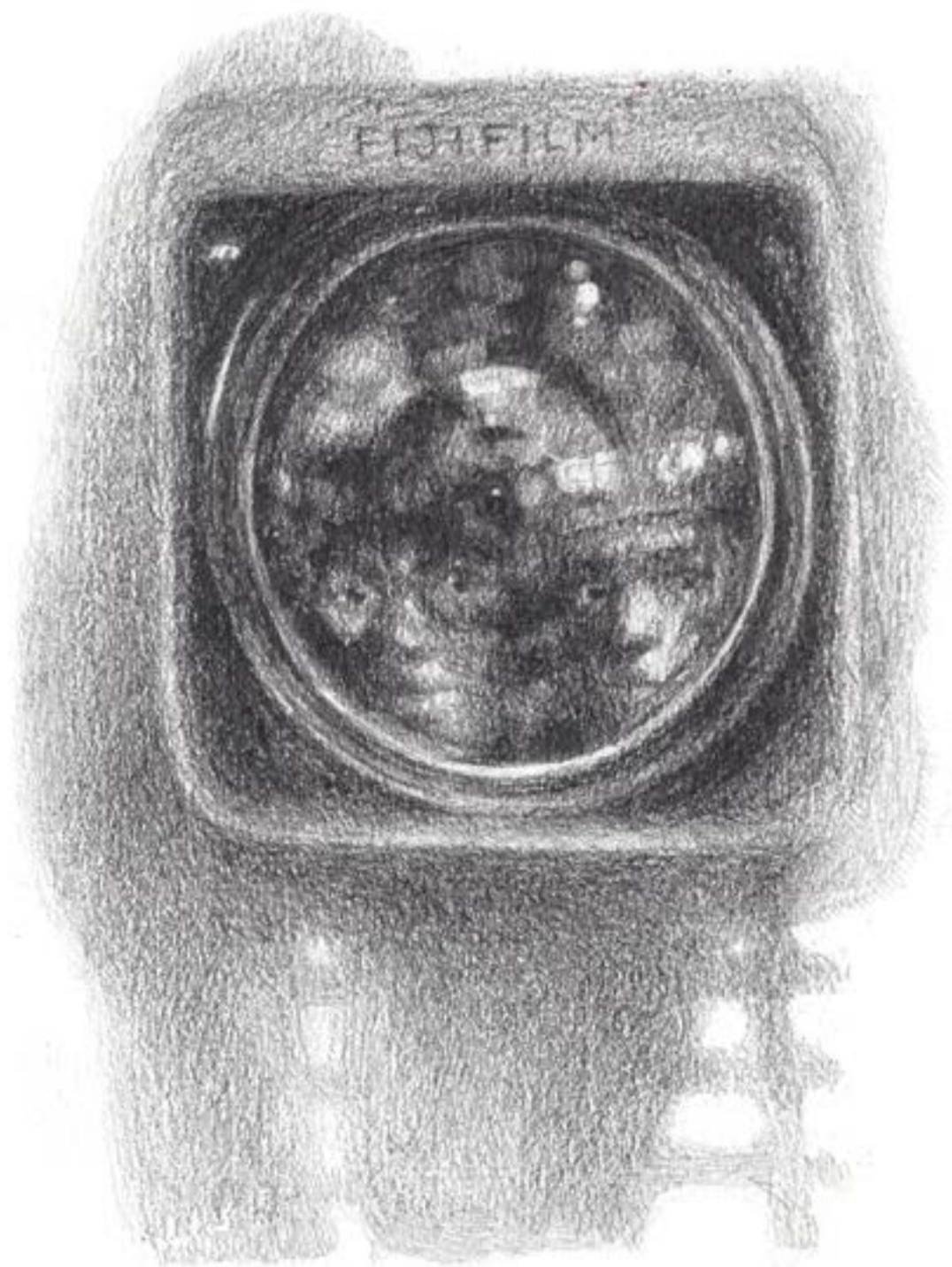


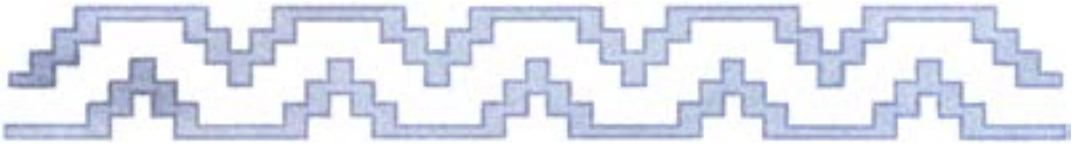
The Scoop

After we named the rap·tor, some men came charg·ing up to us.

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

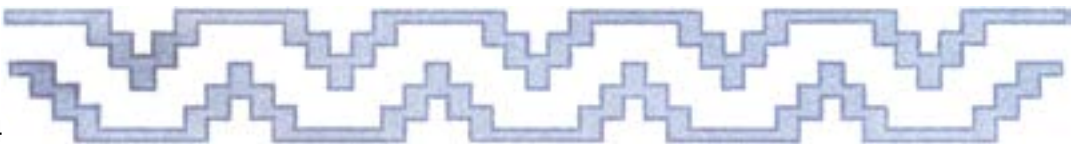
Do·ba and Sa·ni said it was OK.



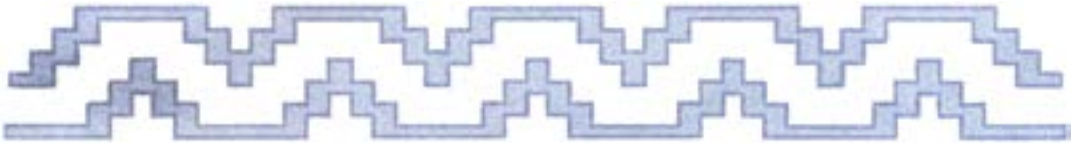


The men set up a bunch of stuff to shoot the film. Then one of them started counting down from ten. He said, “Three, two, one!” Then he pointed at us.

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







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

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

“And you?”

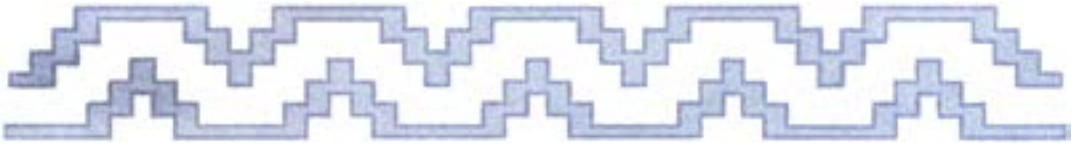
I said, “I’m Kate.” Then I waved.

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

Gad said, “It was stick·ing 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.”

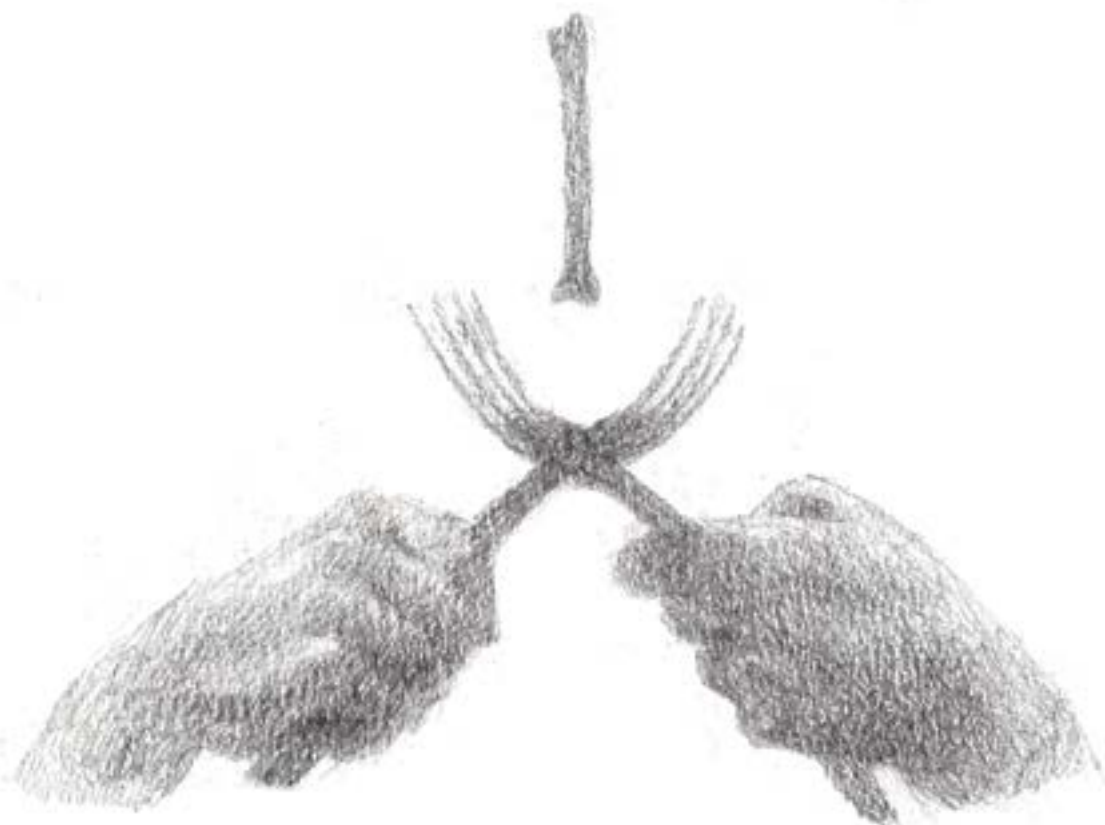
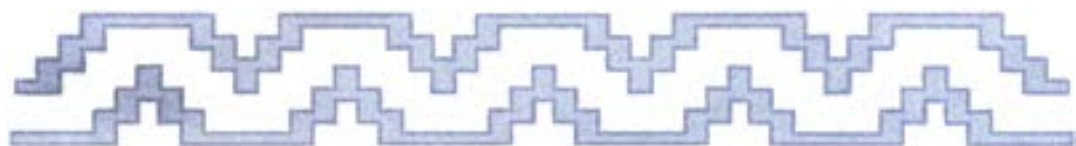
“What did you use to dig it out?”

“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."

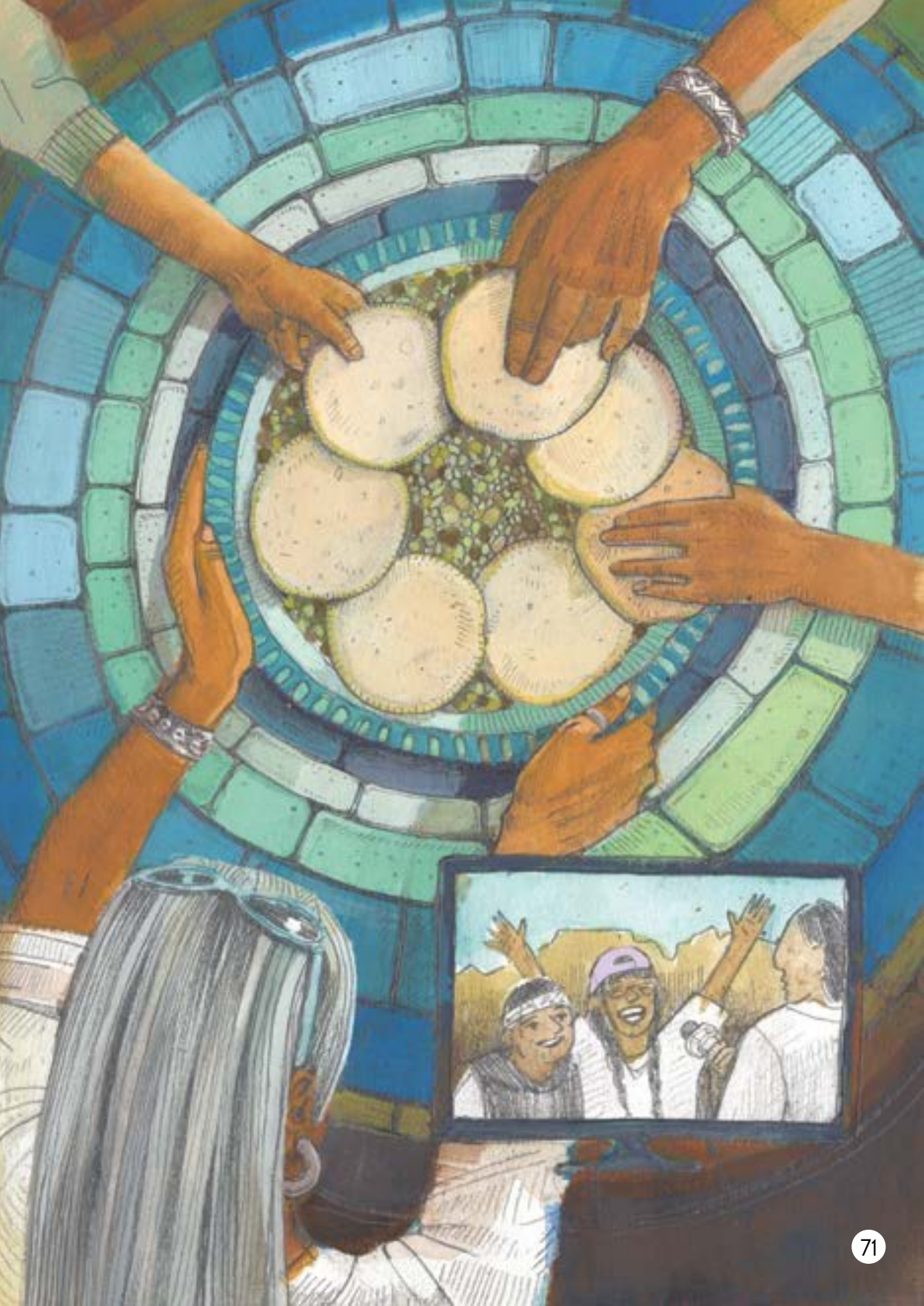
Then Gad and I saw our·selves on TV.

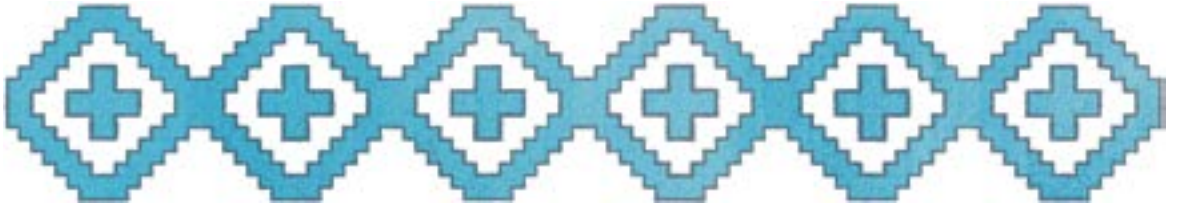
"Woo-hoo!" I shout·ed. "We are TV stars!"

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 chil·dren, two forks, and one large rap·tor!"







Do·ba's Book

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

One morn·ing, Do·ba hand·ed 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 fin·ished that one," Do·ba said. "I liked it a lot. And it just so happ·ens 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 stor·y of Spi·der 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 num·ber: 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 selling 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.

“Mis·ter 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 pic·tures.”

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







We Make a Book

When we got back to Do·ba's, I start·ed to **w**rite the book. I **w**rote down all of the cool stuff that happ·ened to me out West. The hard·est part was gett·ing start·ed. Once I got started, it went fast.

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

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 **w**ritt·en and fixed a lot of spell·ing mis·takes 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.

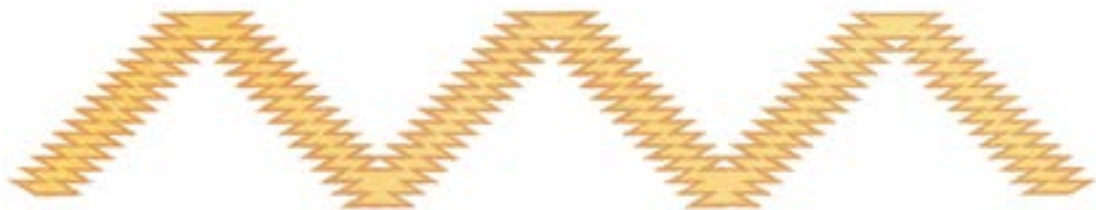
The man looked at it and said, “This is **well·writt·en**! **Chil·dren** out there will like this book. I’d like to print it!”

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 lett·er, you can send it to me at this add·ress:

Kate Nez

801 East High Street

Charlottesville, Virginia 22902



☆
♥ Summer with
Doba ♥

photo at
the dig

pressed sage
flower



my coin!

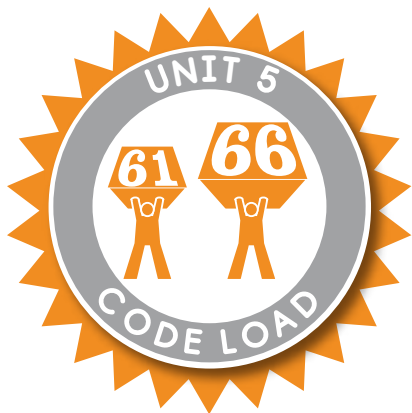


About this Book

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

CONSODO-BAT SOUNDS AND SPELLINGS:

/m/ as in swim, swimming
/n/ as in run, running
/t/ as in bat, batting, asked
/d/ as in bid, 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 vet
/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 Word *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 Word *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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 **Amplify** ELAR
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