

Kate's Book

Unit 5 Reader

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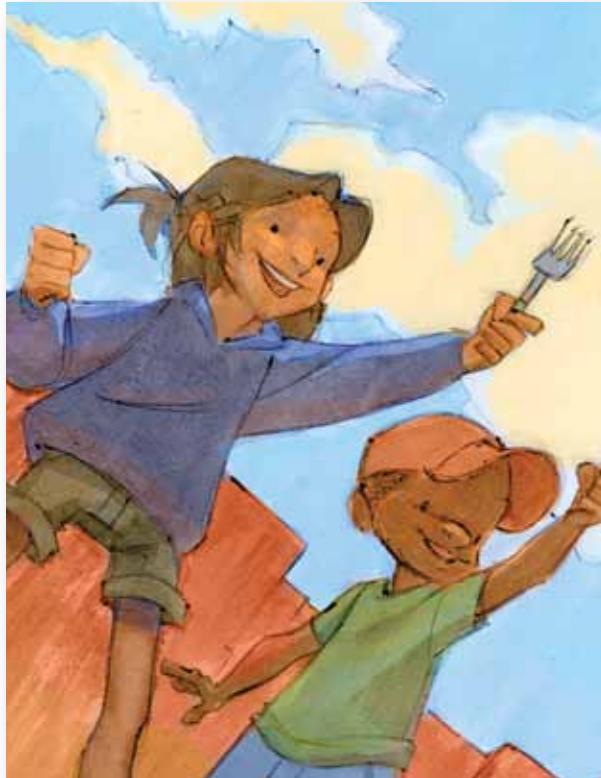
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A Letter from Kate

I'm Kate Skip·per, 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 Nan. Nan is my mom's mom. She is an art·ist, and she has a cab·in out in the West.

At the start of my time with Nan, I was sad. It seemed like it would be a bor·ing 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, Nan made the art. You have the book we made in your hands. I hope you like it!

Kate Skipper

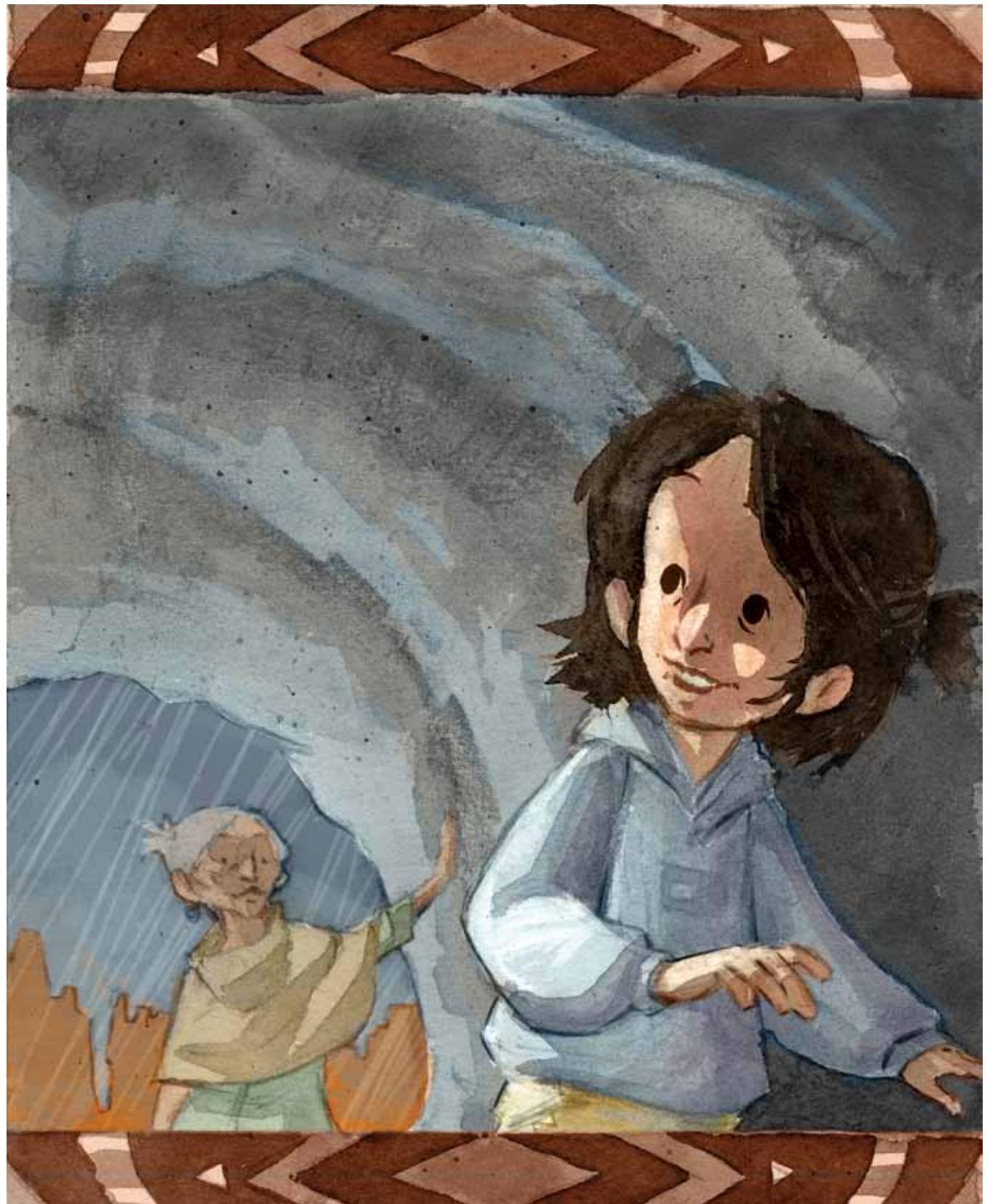


In the Cave

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

Nan took me on hikes. The land I saw in the 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 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, Nan and I were on a hike when it started to storm. Nan and I went into a cave so that we would not get wet.



As we were standing there, I saw
something shimmer in the dark.

“Nan,” I said, pointing at the spot, “what’s that?”

“Well,” said Nan, “let’s have a look.”

We looked and saw something stuck in a crack in the rock. I grabbed it.

“It’s a coin!” I said.

“Well, I’ll be!” said Nan.



I said, “What sort of coin is it?”

Nan said, “I can’t tell. It looks like it could be made of silver.”

Then she said, “I have a pal, Jack, who is an expert 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 pocket, and we went on with our hike.



The Coin Shop

Nan drove us to the coin shop.

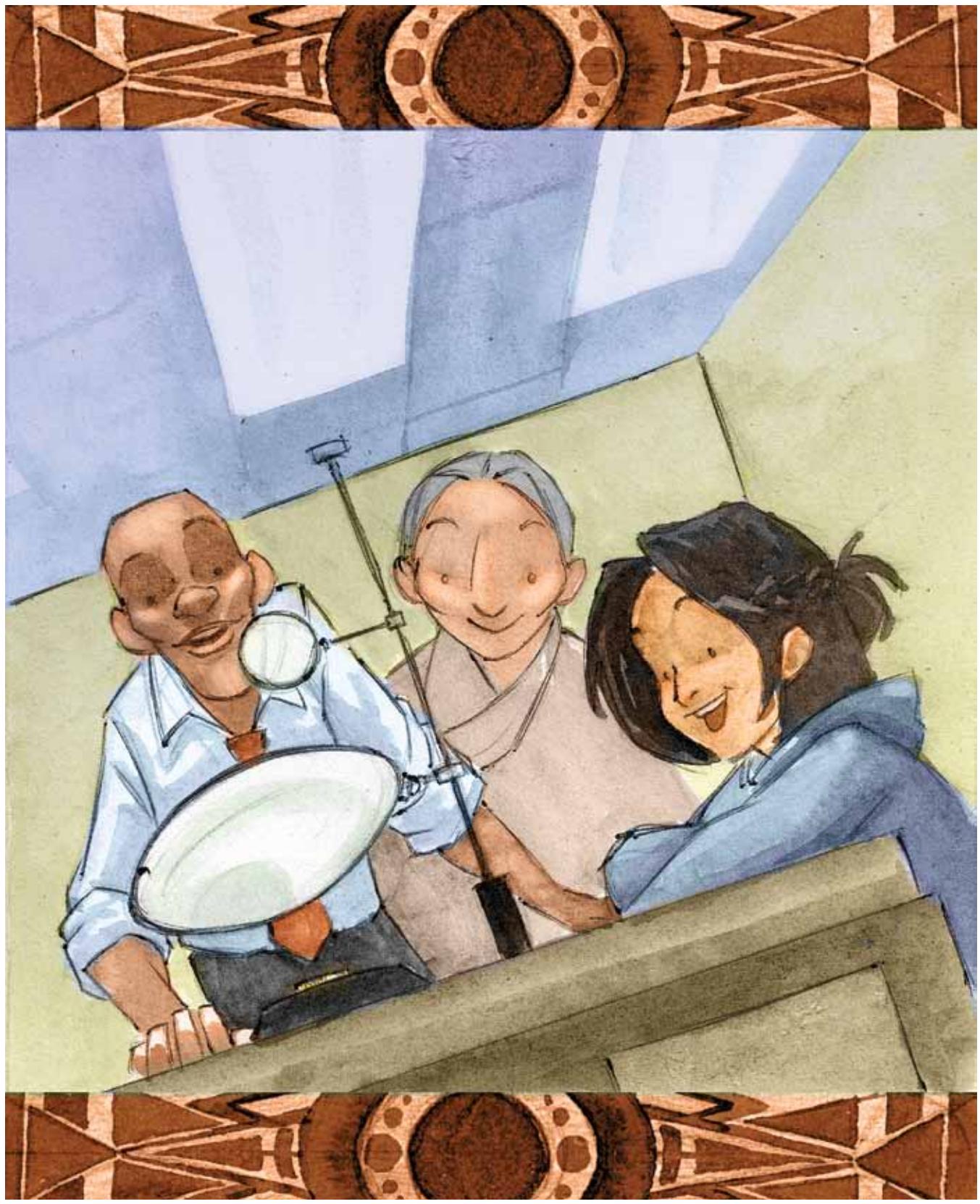
The man in the coin shop was a pal of hers.
His name was Jack.

“Jack,” Nan said, “this is Kate Skipp·er. I’m Kate’s nan. She’s out here for the summ·er. We went for a hike, and Kate found a coin in a cave.”

“Well, Miss Skipp·er,” Jack said, “let’s have a look at it!”

I handed him the coin.

Jack 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 Nan.

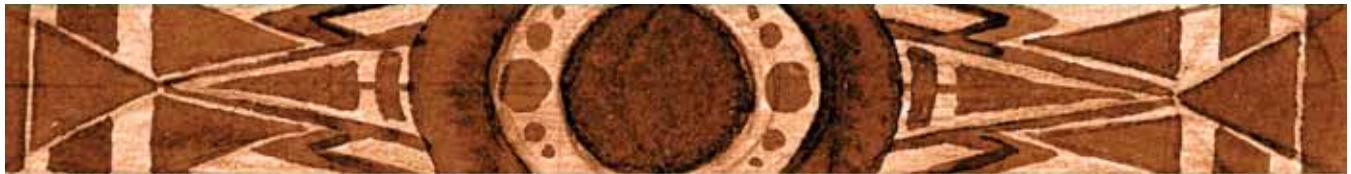
“There’s no date on the coin,” said Jack. “But I’ll bet it dates back to the six·teen hun·dreds. The Span·ish mint·ed a big **batch** of coins like this one back then.”

“Good·ness!” said Nan.

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

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

When Jack came back, he said, “There’s just one thing I need you to tell me, Miss Skipp·er.”



“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,” Jack said.

“Why?” I asked.

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

“Three hundred bucks?” said Nan.

Jack nodded.

“Yipp·ee!” I shout·ed. “I’m rich!”



You Never Can Tell

Jack said that he could sell the coin that I found for three hundred bucks. But I kept it and took it back to Nan's cabin.

We got a snack from the kitchen and then started to chat.

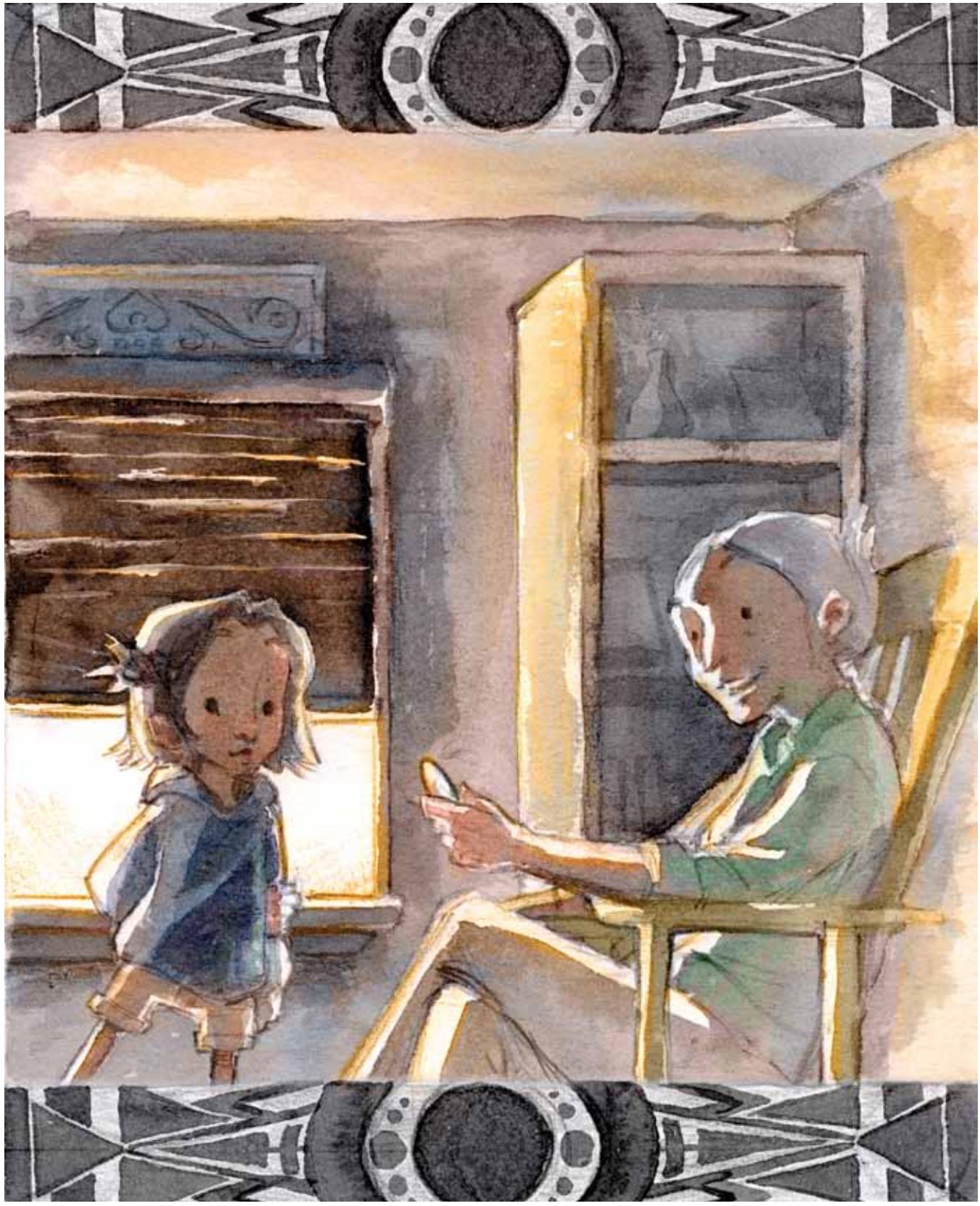
“Can I see the coin?” Nan asked.

I stretched out my arm and gave it to her.

“If this coin had lips,” Nan said, “what would it tell us? Would it tell us who left it in that cave and why he or she was there? What magic tale could it tell us?”

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

I stared at the coin for a bit.



“Could it be that a robb·er hid it there?” I asked. “Did they have robbers back then?”

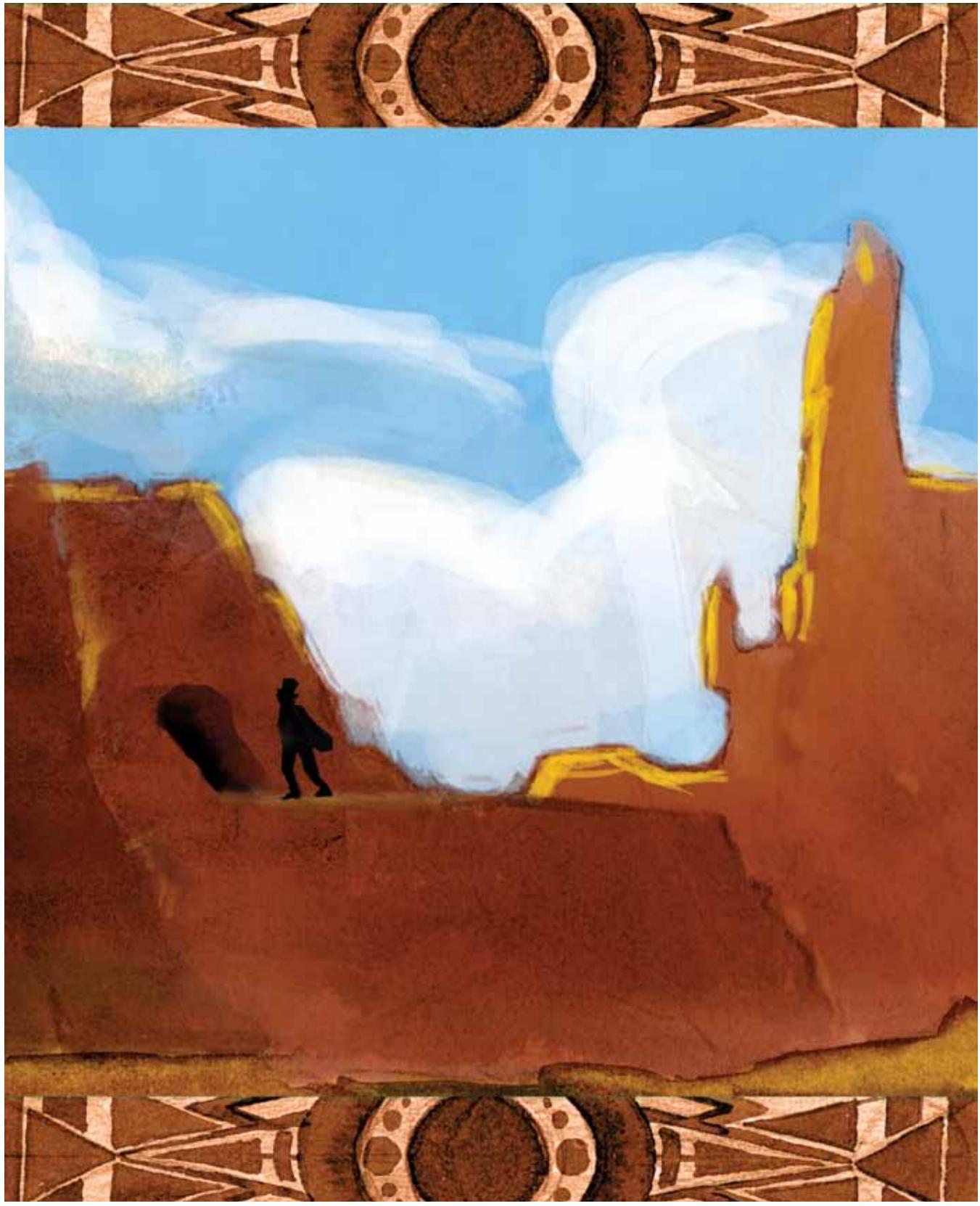
“You bet they did,” said Nan. “But why would the robb·er hide just one coin? It seems like he would hide a **large batch** of coins.”

“Per·haps he did not have a **large batch**,” I said. “Per·haps this was all he stole.”

“If that’s all he stole,” said Nan, “then he was not such a good robb·er!”

“Nan,” I said, “there’s no such thing as a good robb·er!”

Nan smiled and nodd·ed.

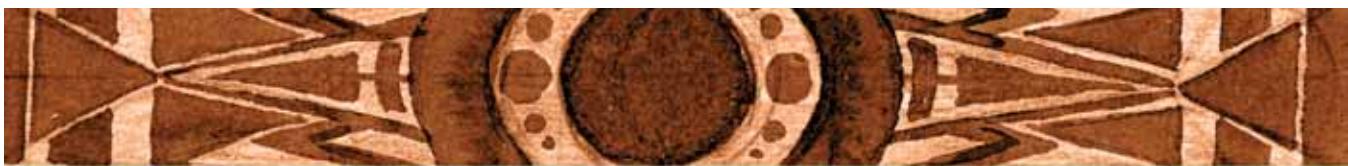


After a bit I said, “If this coin costs three hundred bucks, a robber would feel like he had to hide it.”

“Well,” Nan said. “Spanish coins like this one are rare, so Jack 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 pocket and said, “So if I keep this dime for a long time, until it gets rare and there are not a lot of them left, will it be a three hundred buck dime?”

“It could happen,” said Nan. “You never can tell!”



The Offer

I was sitting in the kitchen, scratching a large bug bite on my leg, when Nan came in.

“I just spoke with Jack,” she said. “He made us an offer.”

“What sort of offer?”

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

“Who is Max?”

“Max is nine, like you. Jack 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·morr·ow morn·ing!” Nan said.

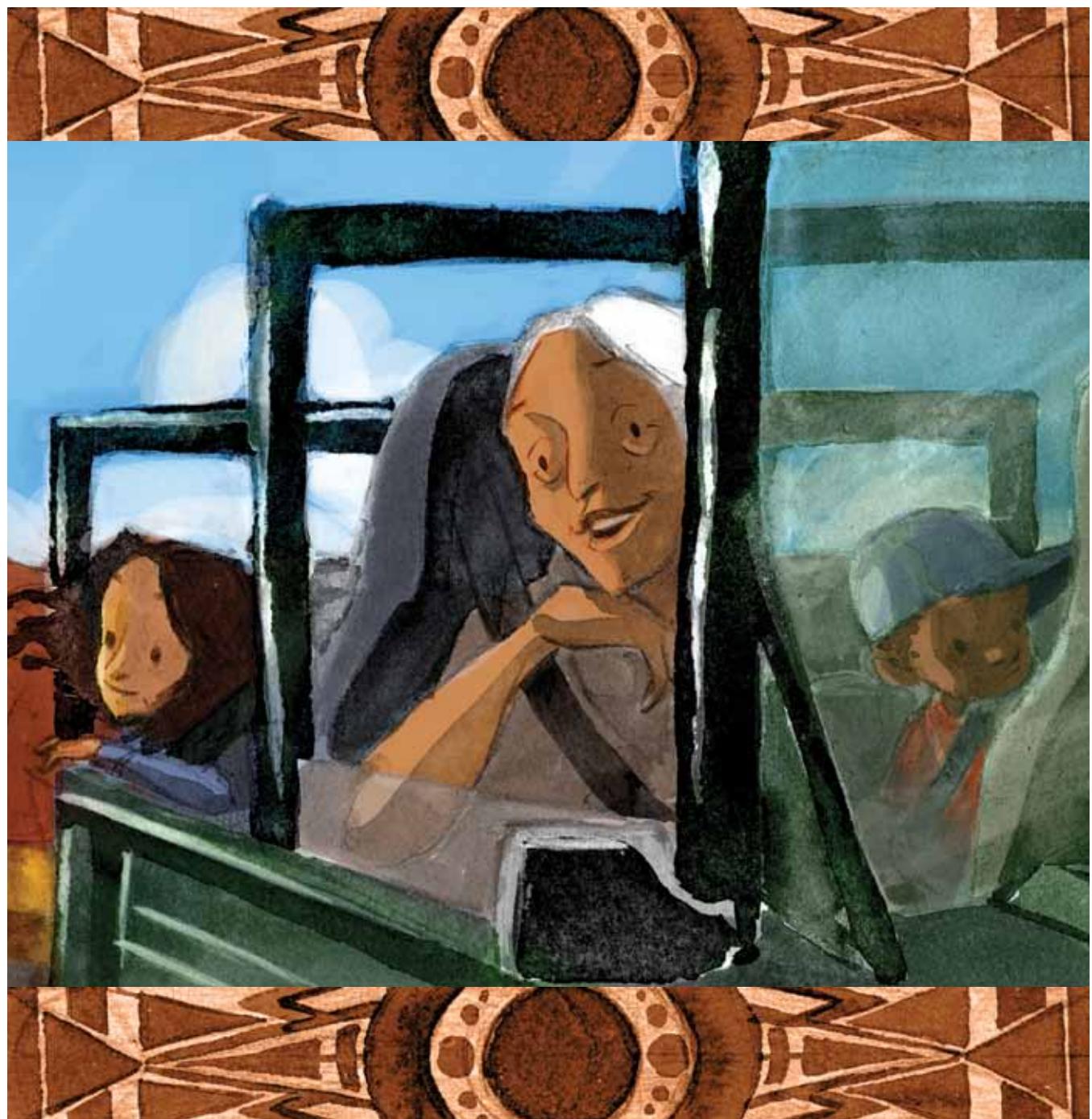
The Campsite

Jack came and picked us up in his truck. We drove to a camp·site in the Bad·lands.

“Nan,” I said, “what’s up with that name—the Bad·lands?”

“Well,” said Nan, “leg·end has it that a long time back, farm·ers came out here looking for farm·land. When they saw all of the rocks and sand and stone, they said, ‘This is bad land! We can’t plant crops here!’ And the name Bad·lands just sort of stuck.”

“It’s bad land for farm·ing,” said Jack. “But it’s good land for camp·ing!”



When we got to the camp-site, we had to unpack sleeping bags, tents, lanterns, matches, and lots of food. We lug ged it all to the camp-site.

Jack chose a spot to set up camp. Max and I helped set up the tents. It took us a long time.

For dinner we had hot dogs. We stuck them on sticks and held them in the fire. My hot dog got all black because I left it in there too long. Max gave me one of his.

That was when I said to myself, “Max is OK!”

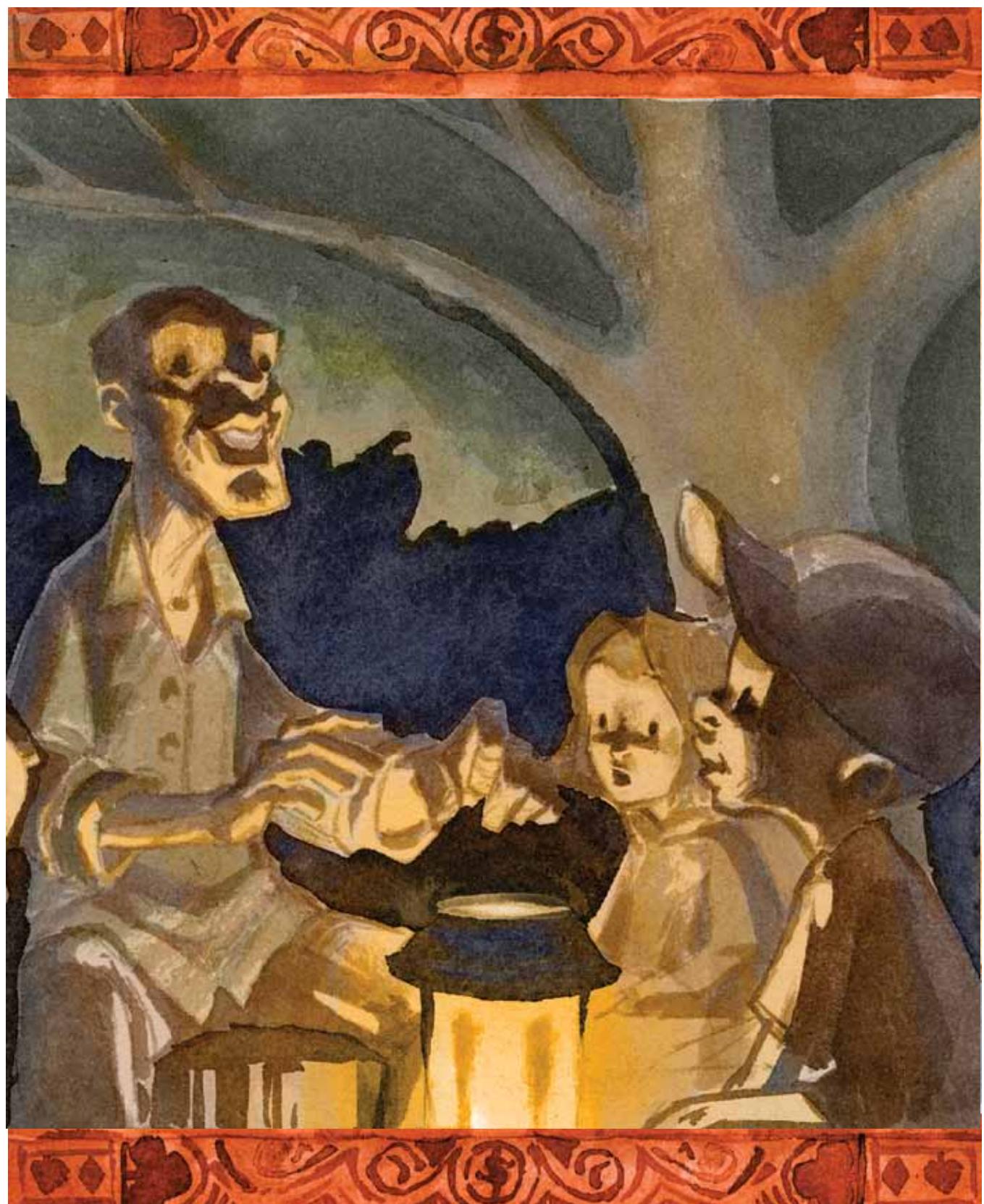


Jack's Tale

After dinner we munched on some **gin·ger** snaps. Then Jack shared an outlaw tale.

“This happened out here in the West a long time back,” said Jack, “in an **age** when there were no cars and no planes. Back then, if you had to send a letter, you sent it by **stage·coach**.”

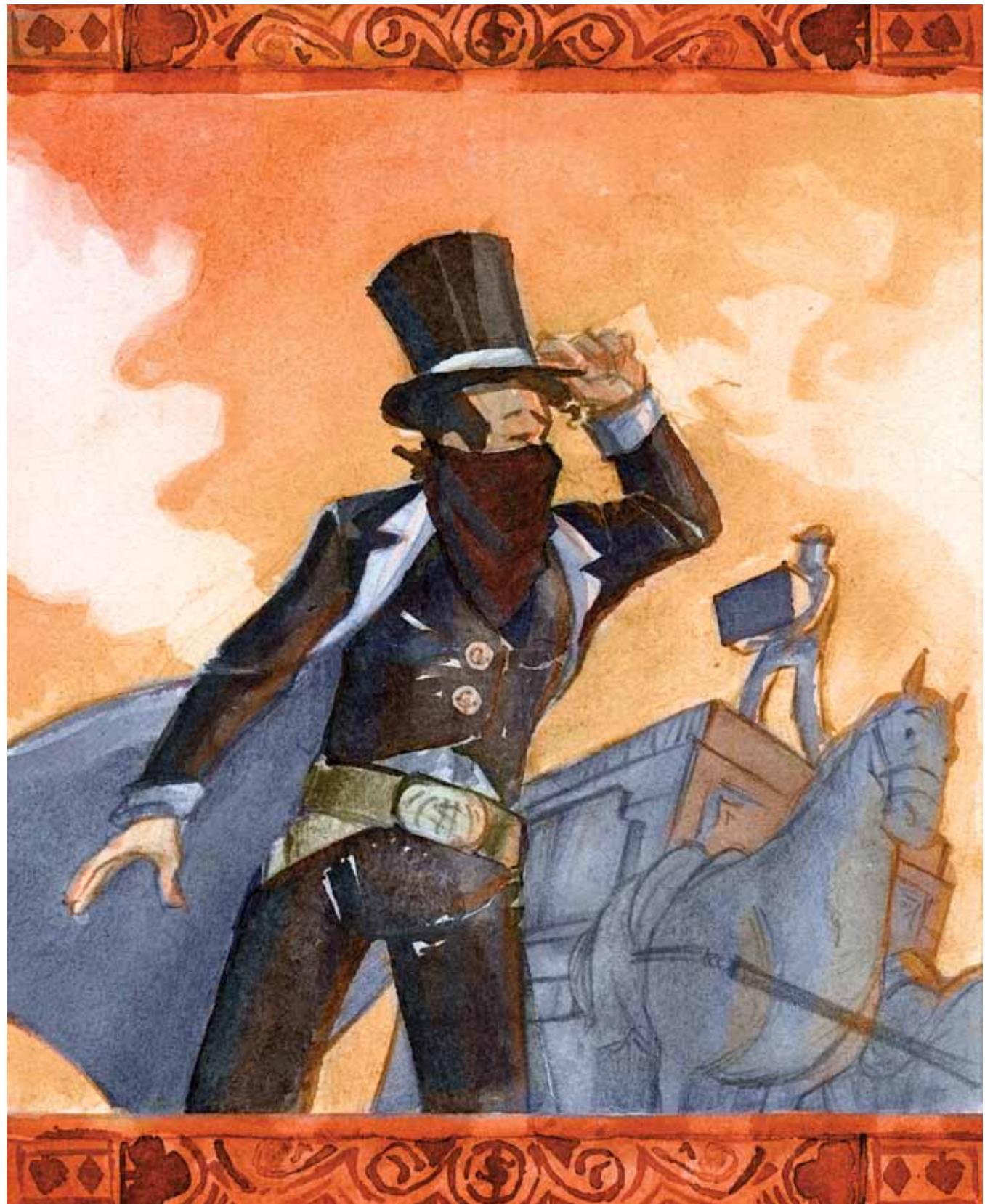
“The **stage·coach** was sort of like a car, but it was drawn by horses. There was a place where men could sit in·side. But the man who drove the **stage·coach** sat out·side up on top.”



“The man who drove the stagecoach kept the strongbox next to him. The strongbox was a locked box where he kept the cash.”

“Some-times out-laws would rob the stagecoach. Those out-laws were bad men. But there was one who some said was a bit bett-er than the rest. His name was Bart.”

“Bart was a sharp dress-er. He did his robb-ing in a jacket and a black top hat. He had the bestmann-ers you ev-er saw. When he robbed, he did not yell and shout at the men he was robb-ing. Not Bart! He tipped his hat.”



“Then he said, ‘Excuse me, gents. Would you be so fine as to pass down the strong-box with the cash in it?’”

“No!” said Nan.

“Yes!” said Jack. “It’s not just a legend. It’s a fact. You can look it up!”

“Did they catch him?” Max asked.

“Nope,” said Jack, “he came back and robbed the stagecoach lots of times.”

“Did they ever catch him?” I asked.

“Yes, after a long hunt, they nabbed him. They charged him with theft and locked him up for a long time. He did his time. Then they let him back out.”

“Then what happened?” I asked.

Jack said, “Bart shaped up in the end. When they let him out, he said he was finished with crime.”

“That’s cool!” said Max.



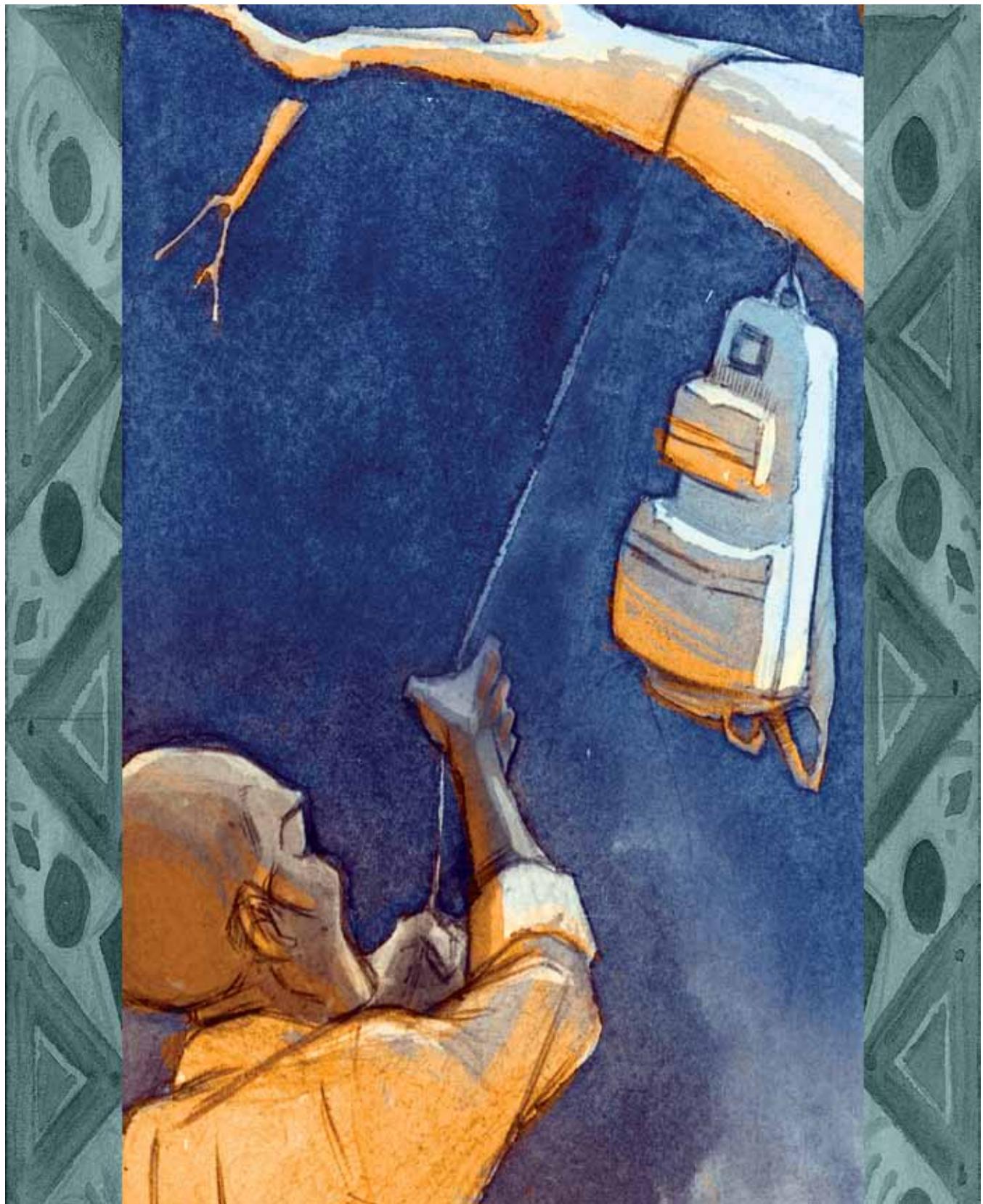
The Visit

After telling us the tale, Jack said, “It’s time to pack up the food.”

We stuffed the food into a **large** pack with a rope on it. Jack 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 Max, “why do we have to keep the food up in the tree?”

“Because it will keep the food safe from foxes and raccoons that would like to snack on it,” Jack said.

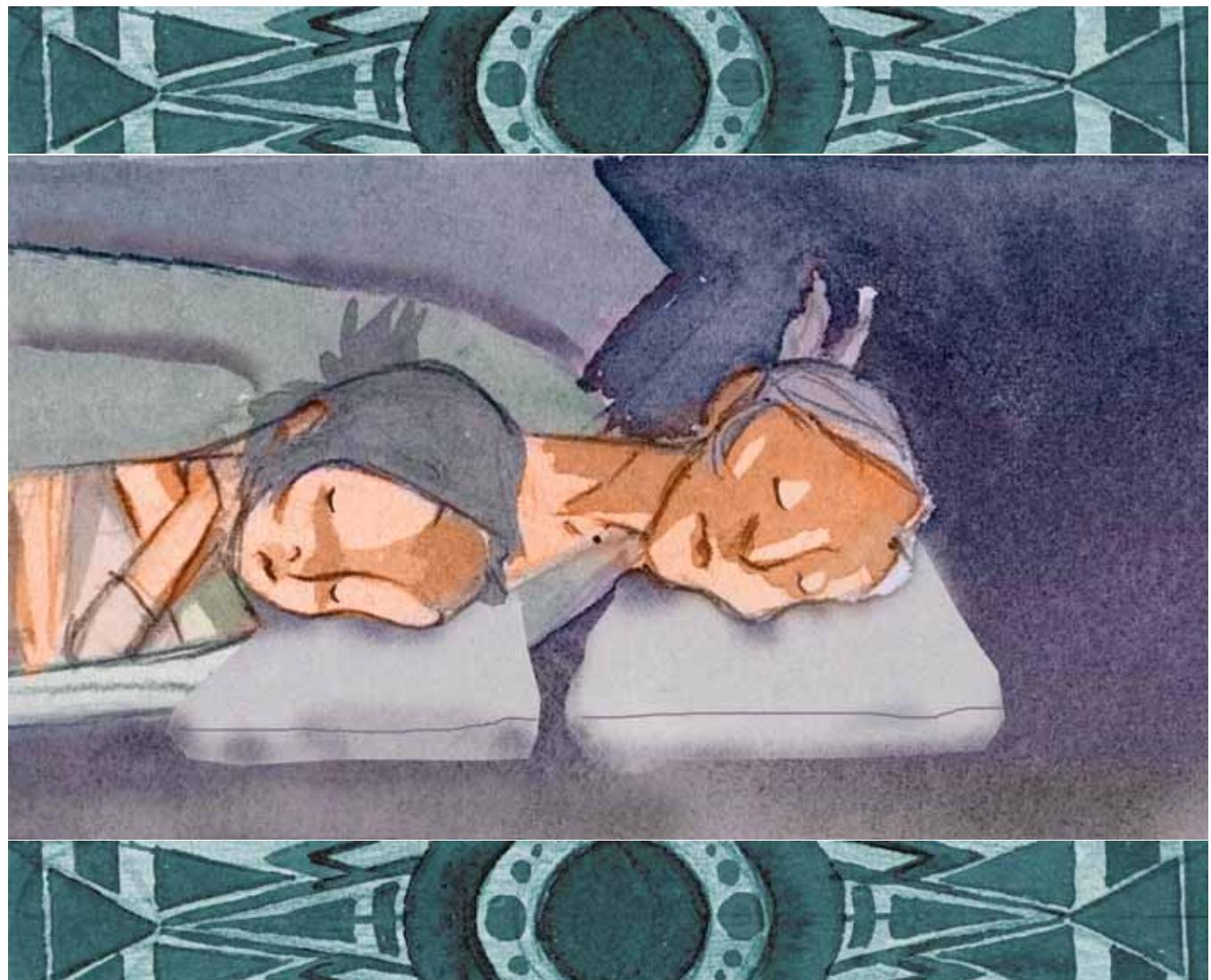


After that, we crawled in·to the tents,
flipped off our lan·terns, and went to sleep.

Nan 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 Nan, as she hugged me
close to her.



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

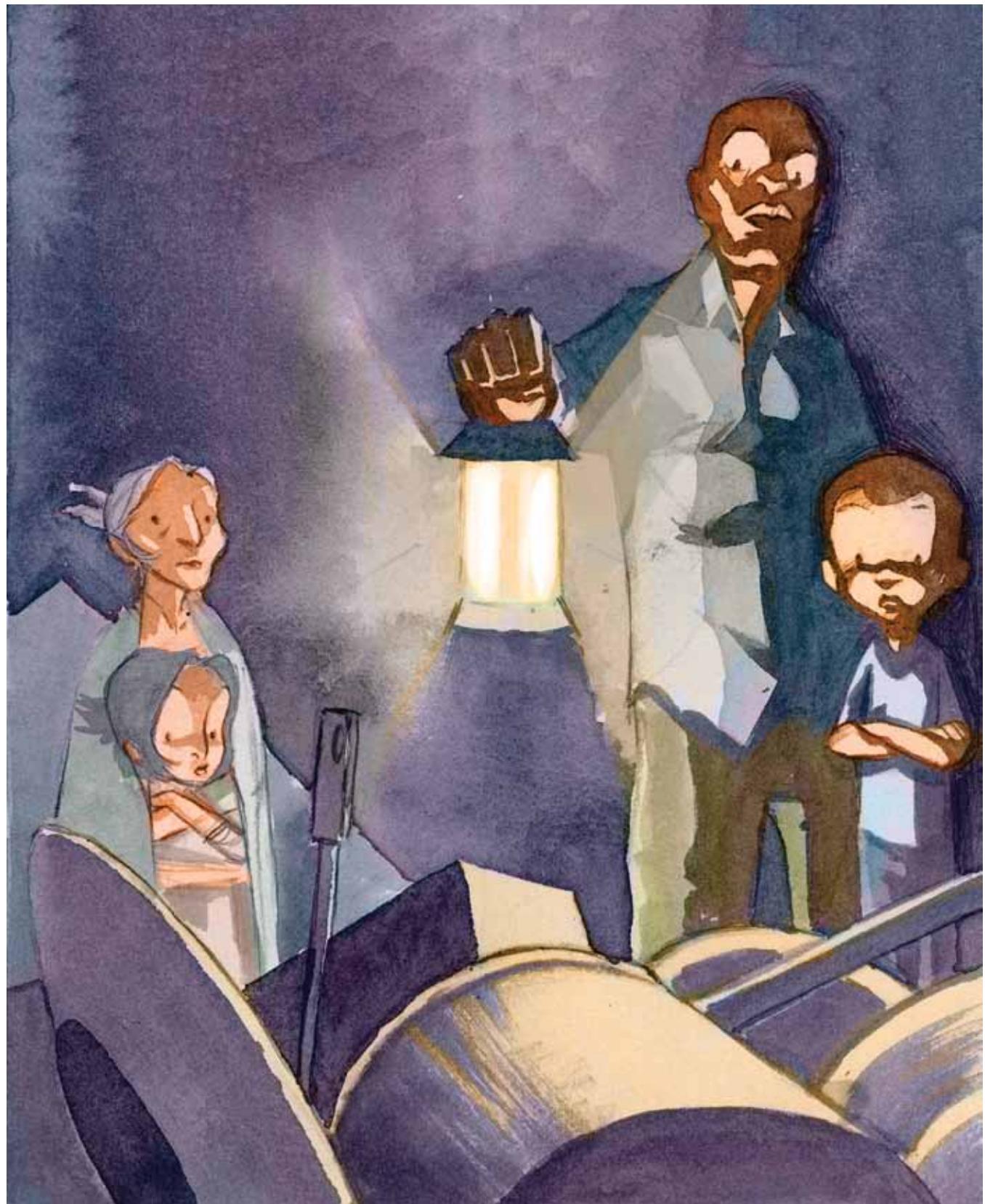
When we went out, we saw Jack and Max standing there. Jack had his lantern.

“Jack,” Nan asked, “who came to visit?”

“I did not see it,” said Jack, “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?” Max asked.

“That’s why!” said Jack.



The Hike

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

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

Jack said OK.

“Kate,” Max 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.



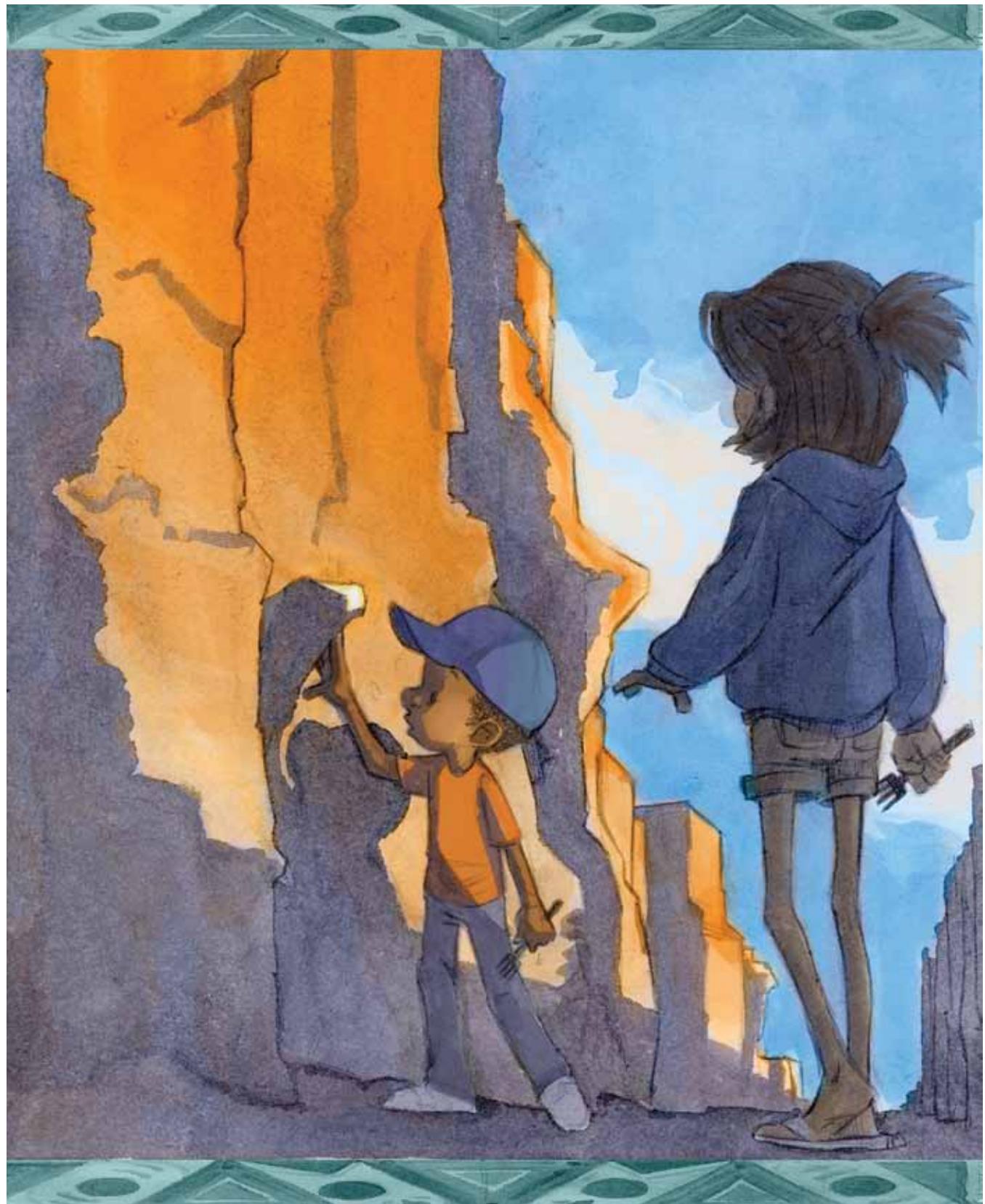
Max pointed at a bump on the side of a cliff and said, “Let’s dig that rock out!”

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, Max 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!” Max 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. Max and I fell down.

Once the dust and sand had drift·ed off, I saw Max 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!



Jack and Nan came running.

“Goodness!” said Nan. “That is one large bone! Where did you get it?”

Max pointed to the spot where we found it.

Jack set the bone on the ground. Then he took a picture of the bone and said, “We need to get an expert to look at this bone and tell us what sort of bone it is.”



The Bone Man

The next morning, Jack 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 Max.

“Yep,” said Jack.

We got into the truck. Jack 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 something big here! I have to do some tests, but I’ll bet this is a bone of a T. rex.”

“Sweet!” yelled Max.

“What’s a T. rex?” I asked.

Max looked at me like I was from Mars.

“Kate!” he said, “T. rex is like the coolest, biggest reptile of all time!”

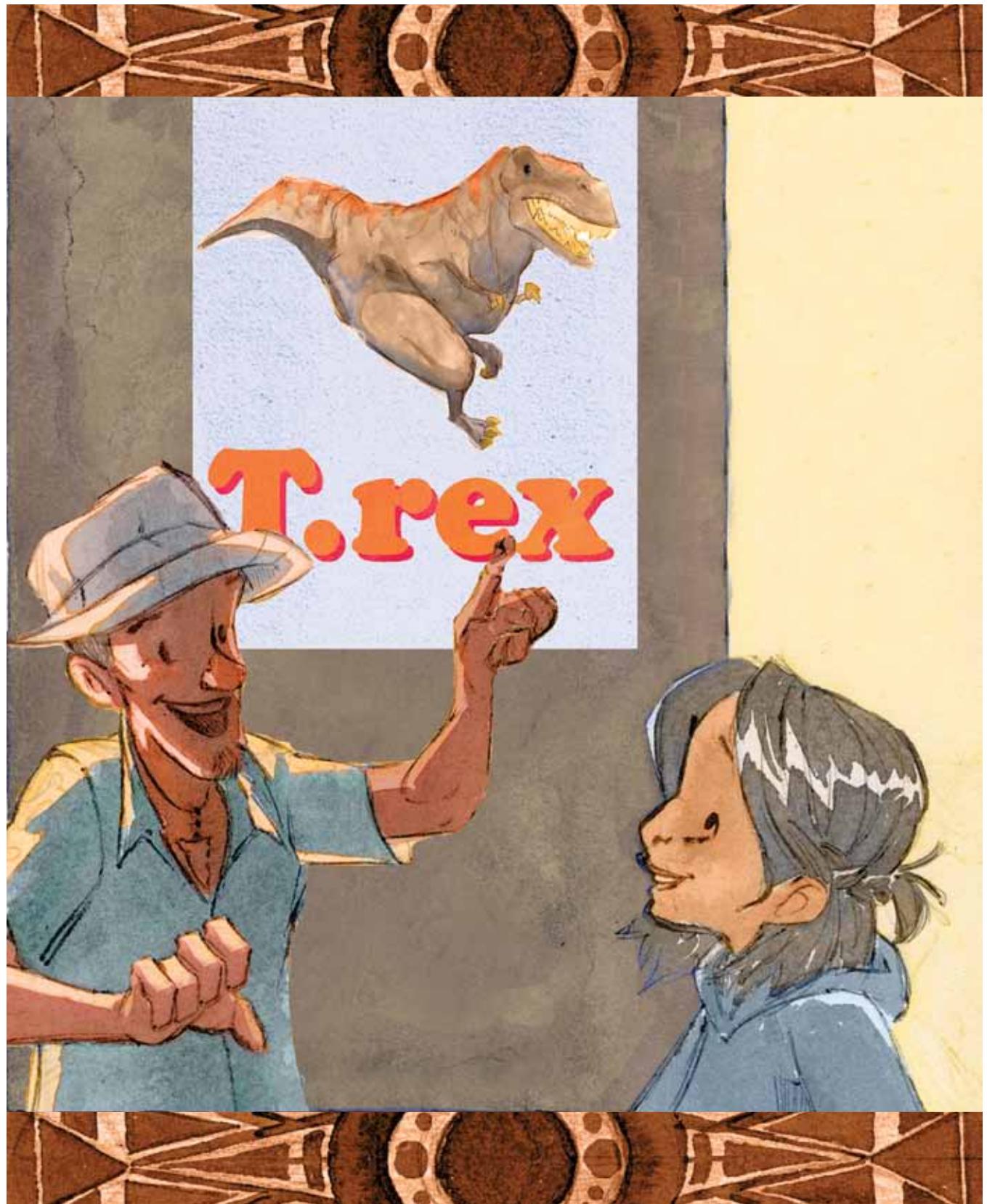
The bone man went and got a book. He pointed to a **large** picture of a T. rex.



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

The bone man smiled. So did Nan and Jack.

“You can’t see a T. rex at the zoo,” the bone man said. “They were all wiped out a long time back in the past. The T. rex 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!”



Two Good Things and One Bad Thing

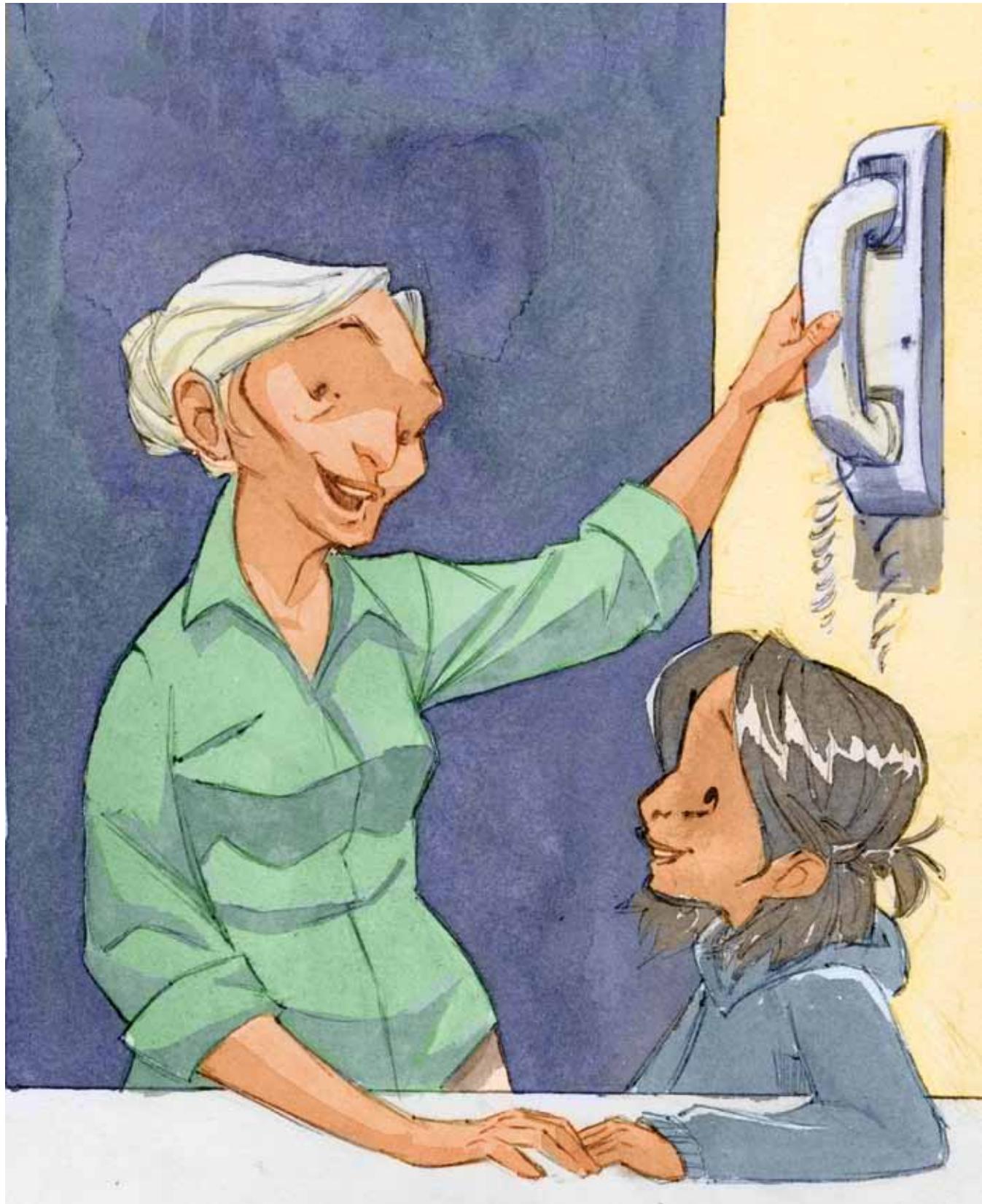
The next week, Nan said, “I just spoke with Ron **Fitch**, the bone man. I’ve got three things to tell you. Two of them are good things that you will like. One is a bad thing that you will not like.”

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

“Mister **Fitch** got the tests back. The bone that you and Max found is a T. rex bone!”

“Yipp·ee!” I shout·ed. “I am glad that is solved. Max will be so thrilled that he has a T. rex bone!”

“Well,” said Nan, “that brings me to the bad thing.”



“What is it?” I asked, scratch·ing my wrist.

“The bad thing is that you and Max will not get to keep the bone for your·selv·es.”

“Why not? Did we do some·thing wrong?”

“Well,” Nan said, “it’s be·cause you found the bone in a state park. There is a law that says that you can’t dig up bones in state parks and keep them for your·self.”

“Bumm·er!” I said. “So who gets to keep it?”

“The state. Mis·ter Fitch and his help·ers will keep the bone and dig up the rest of the bones, too. And that brings me to the last thing.”

“This is a good thing?”

“Yes.”

“Tell me!”

“They would like you and Max 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 T. rex that you found.”

“Cool!” I said.

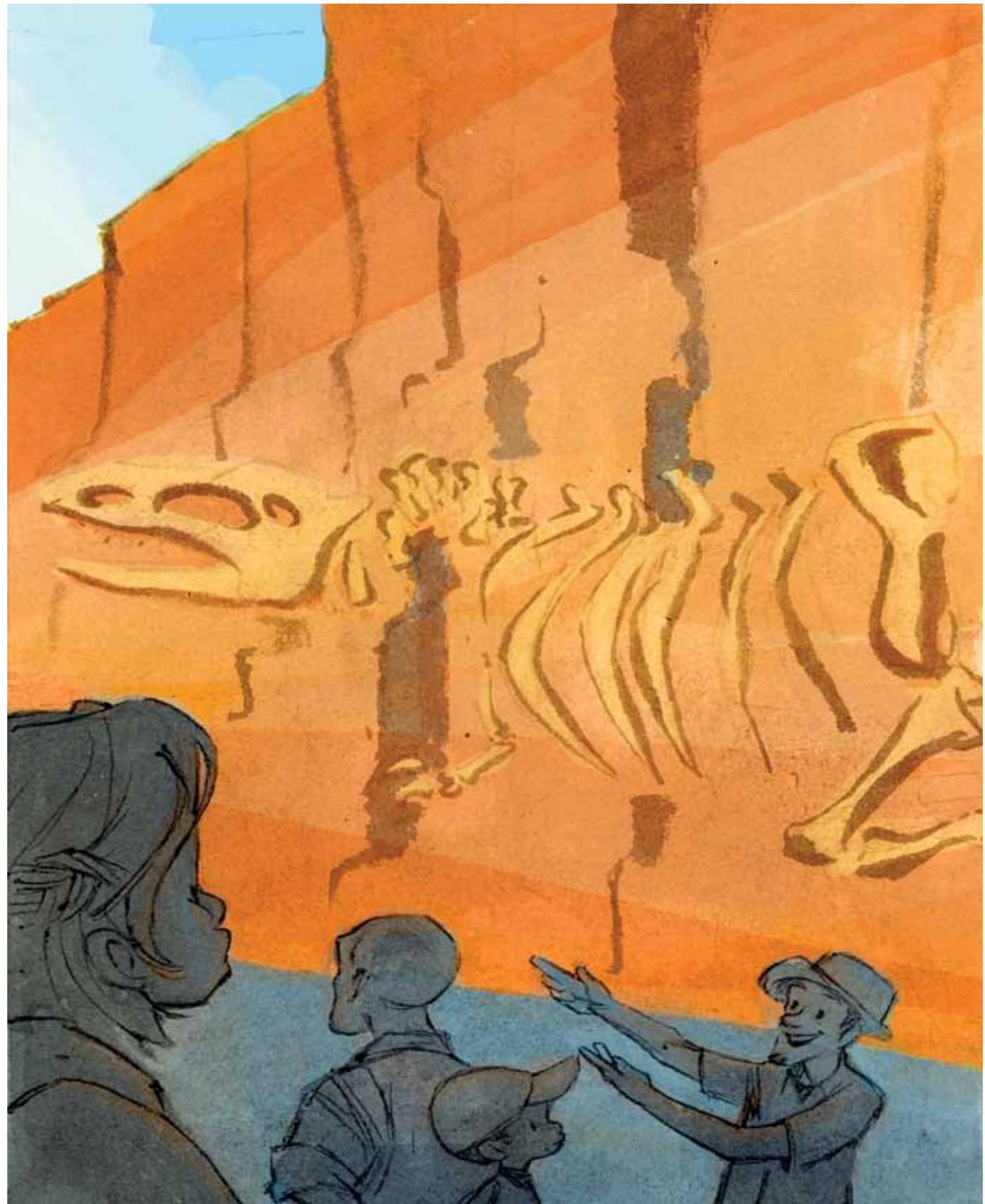


The Big Dig

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 T. rex.

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

“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 Nan.

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

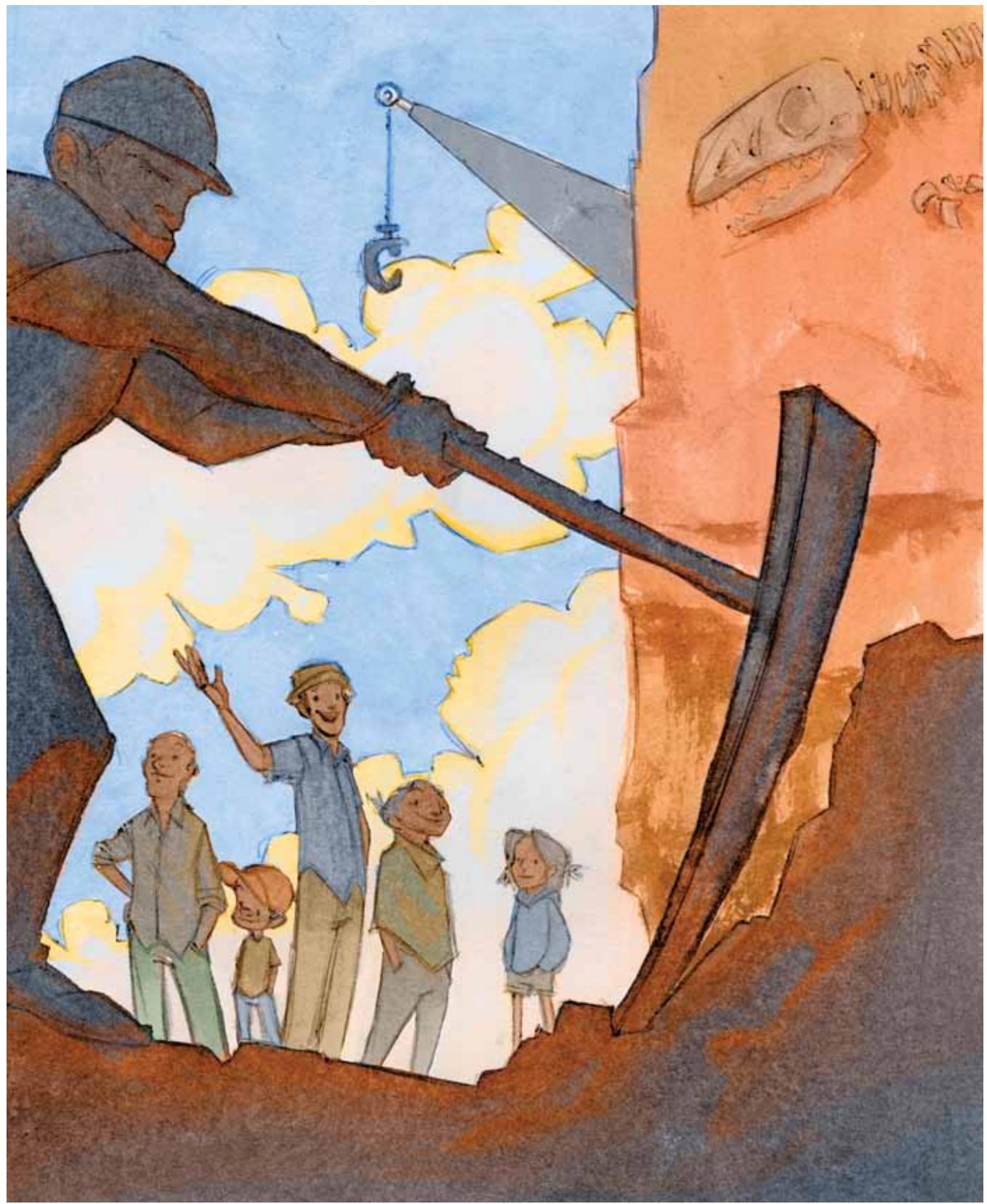
“Kate and I used forks!” said Max.

“How long will it take to **carve** all of the bones out of the rocks?” Jack asked.

“Well,” said the bone man, “we’ve got a lot to do. It will take some time because we have to be careful not to **wreck** the bones.”

“Will you be finished by the end of the summer?” I asked.

“No,” said the bone man, “you and Max will have to visit next summer and perhaps the summer after that. Then we can **catch** up on our digging progress!”



“So,” said the bone man, “have you picked out a name for this T. rex?”

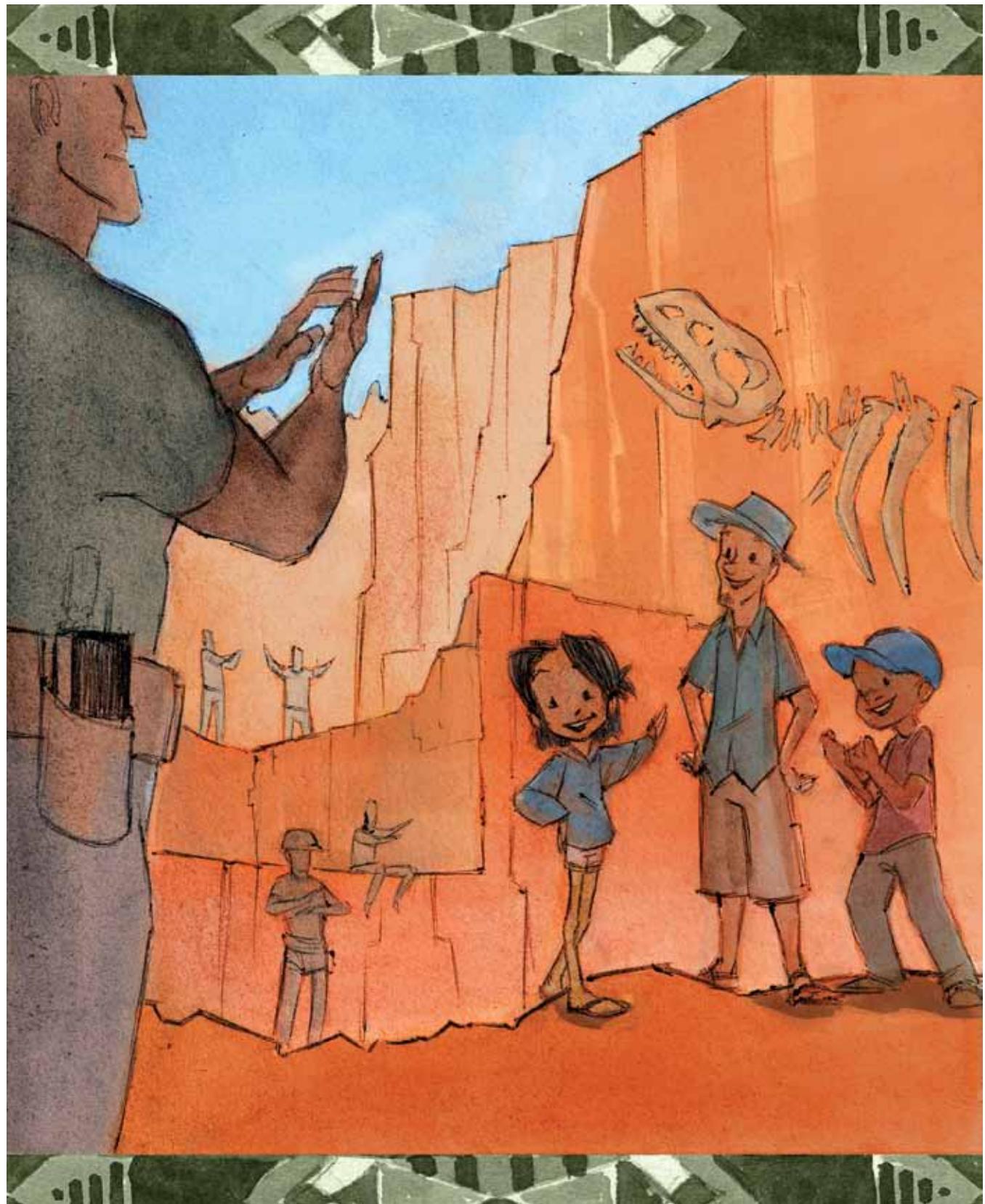
“Yes, I’ve picked one,” I said.

All of the diggers stopped digging and looked at me.

I said, “This T. rex will be named Max, or if you like, T. Max!”

All of the men cheered.

Max smiled.



The Scoop

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

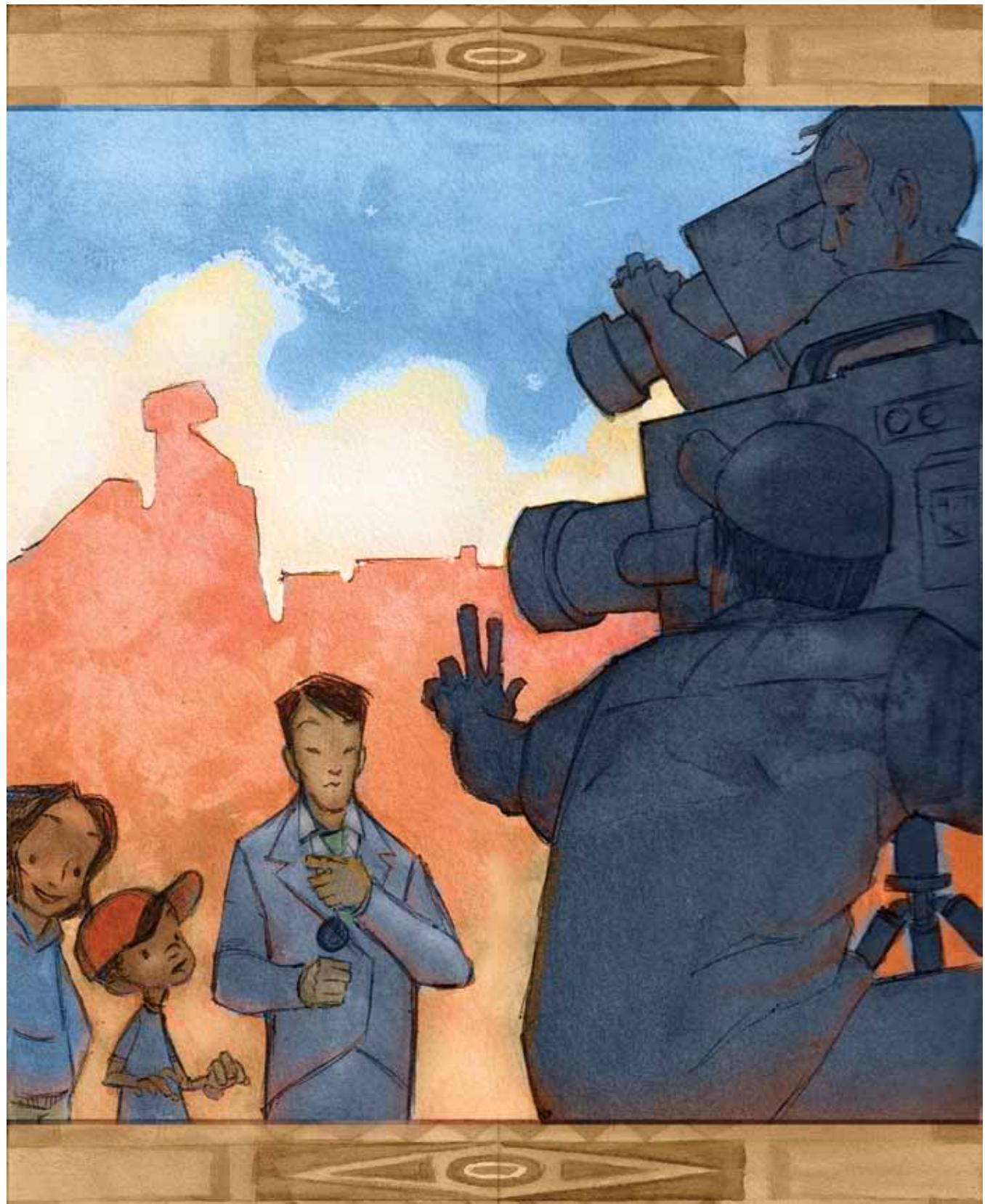
“Can we shoot some film of you for TV?” one of them asked. “It would be a big scoop for us.”

Nan and Jack 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 in the Badlands, where two children have found the bones of a T. rex.”



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

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

“And you?”

I said, “I’m Kate.” Then I waved.

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

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



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

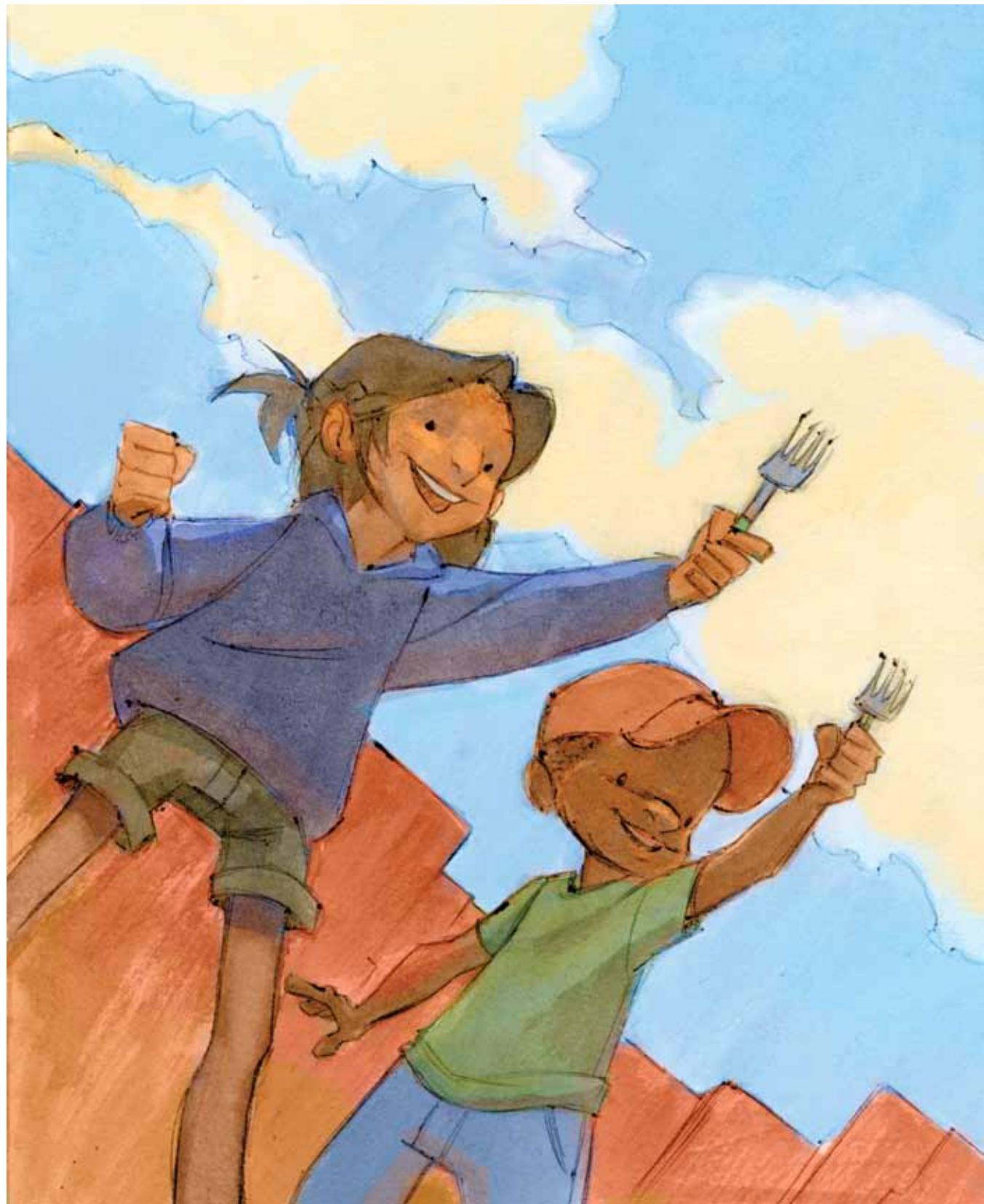
“No,” I said, “it looked like a rock.”

“What did you use to dig it out?”

“We used our forks!” said Max.

“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 Nan's cabin and got there just in time to see ourselves on TV.

The TV man said, "This is Roger Fletcher. I'm standing here in the Badlands, where two children have found the bones of a T. rex."

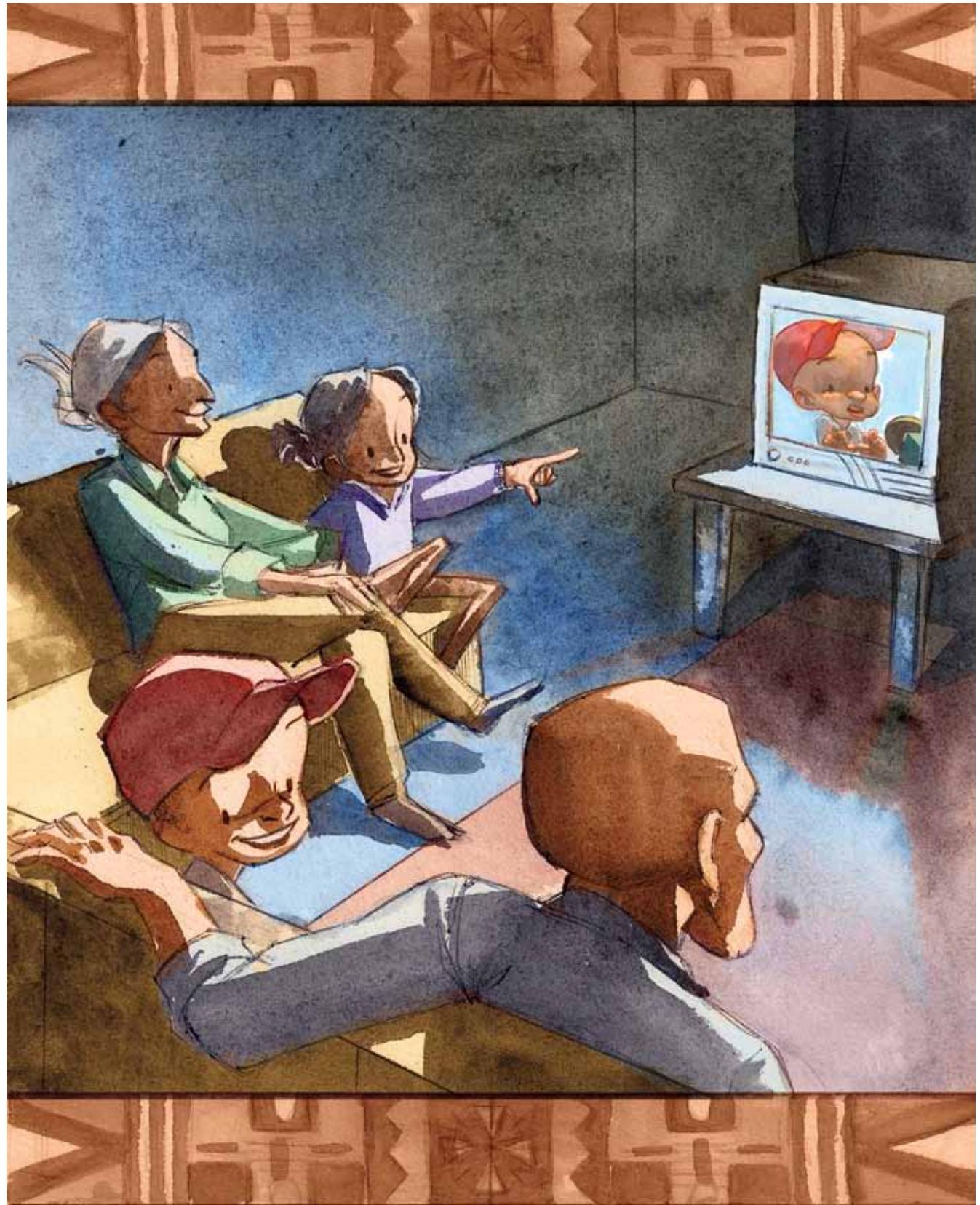
Then Max and I saw ourselves on TV.

"Woo-hoo!" I shouted. "We are TV stars!"

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

"Max, you goof!" I said. "Why did you jump back like that?"

Max just shrugged.



Next the TV man asked me my name.

I said, “I’m Kate.” Then I waved.

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

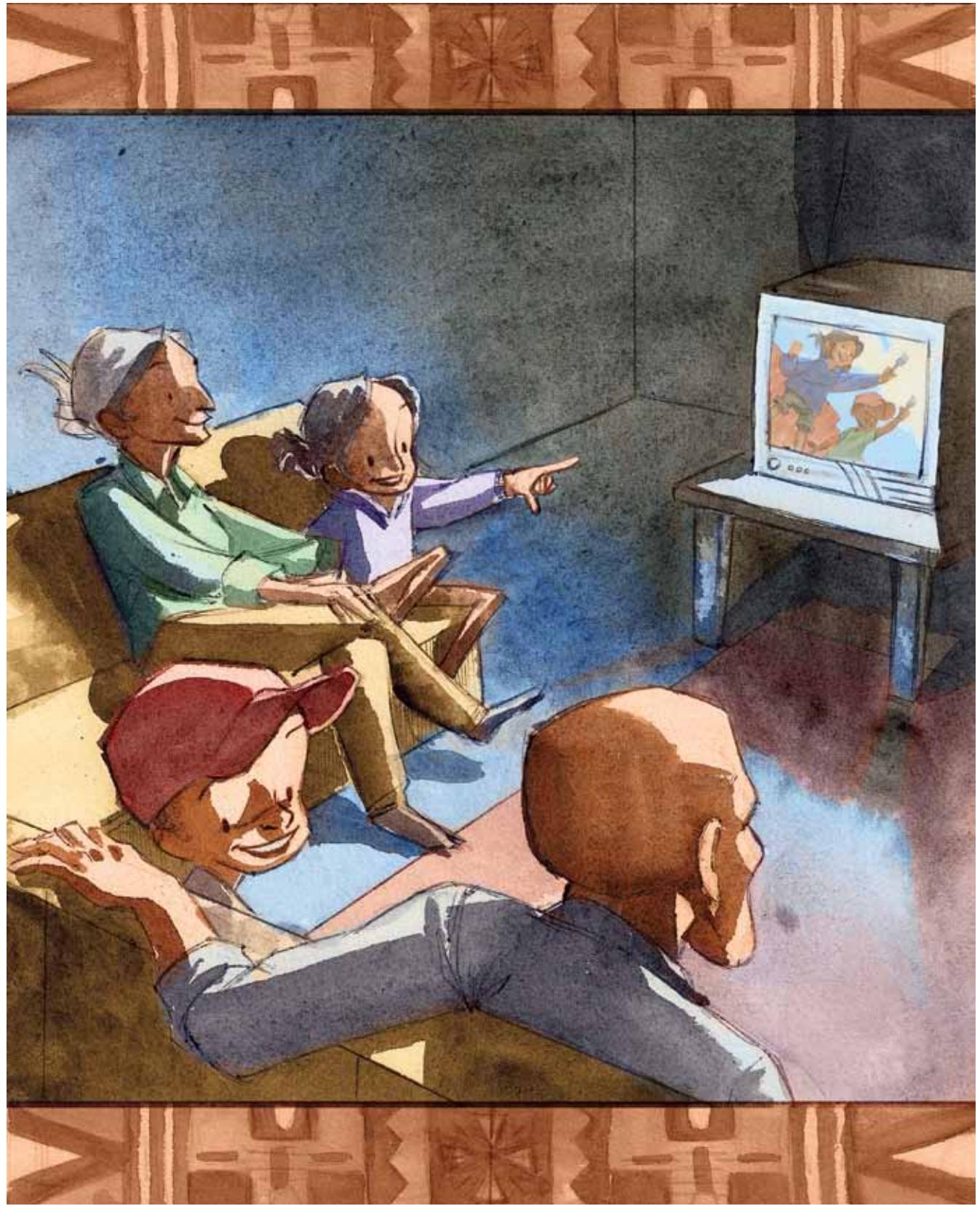
Max said, “It was sticking out of the side of a cliff.”

“What did you use to dig it out?”

“We used our forks!” said Max.

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

“So there you have it!” said the TV man. “I’m Roger Fletch·er with a tale of two chil·dren, two forks, and one large T. rex!”



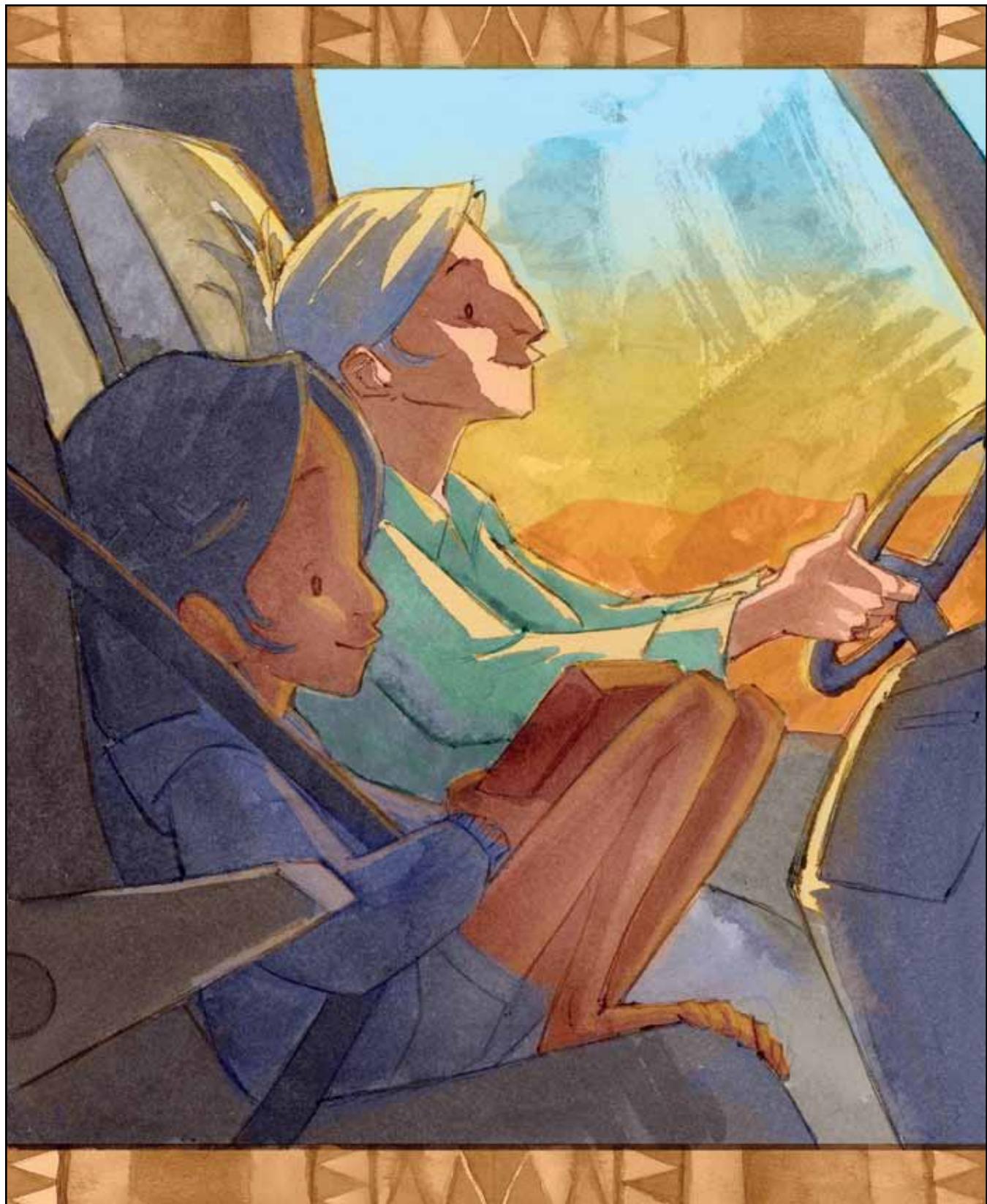
Nan's Book

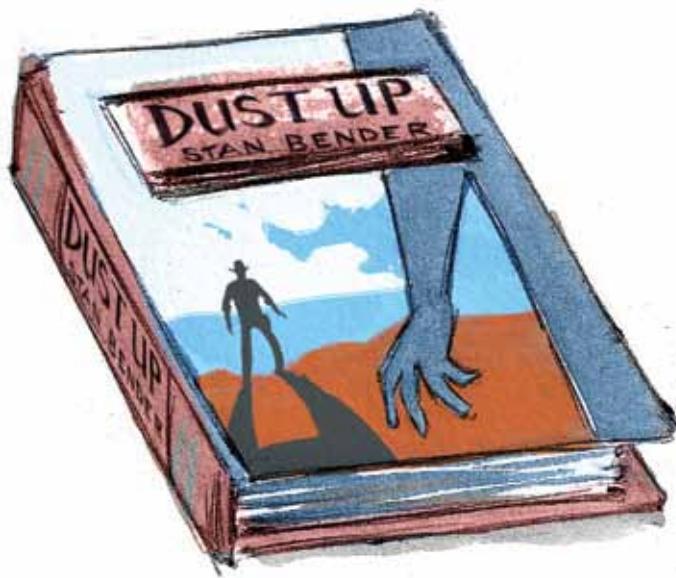
Max and I and the T. rex were on TV six times. I was glad when it came to an end. After you smile and wave a fork six times, it gets to be less fun.

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

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

“I just finished that one,” Nan 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 Stan Bender.”

“What sort of book is this?” I asked.

“It’s a western,” said Nan.

“What’s a western?”

“It’s a book set out here in the West.”

“Is there an outlaw in the book like Bart?”

“There’s an out·law,” said Nan, “but he’s not like Bart.”

“Why not?”

“He has bad mann·ers!” said Nan.

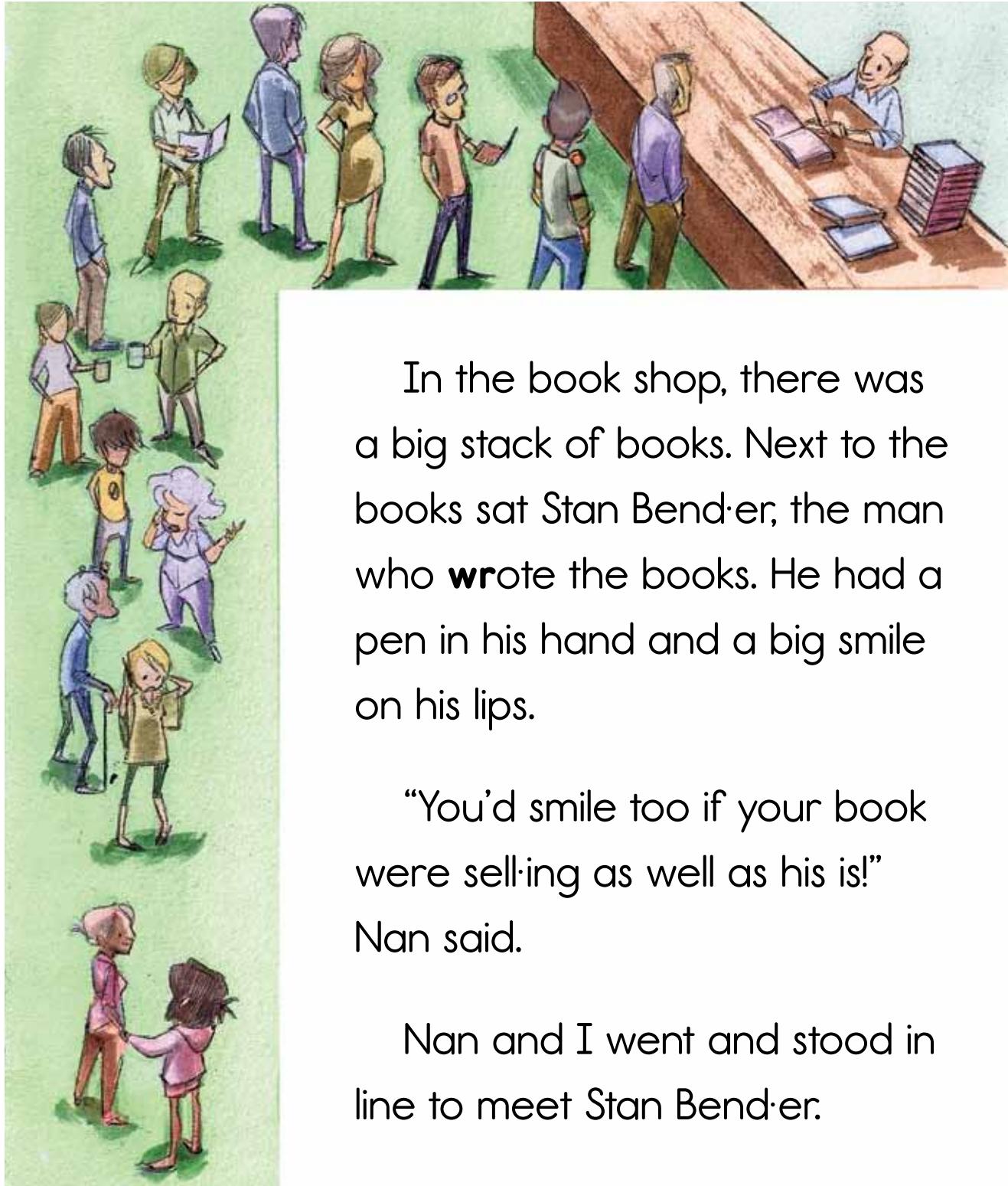
I looked at the last page and saw the page number: 305.

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

“It is,” said Nan. “But it felt short to me because 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 Nan said, “Here we are!”

The Book Shop



In the book shop, there was a big stack of books. Next to the books sat Stan Bender, 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!” Nan said.

Nan and I went and stood in line to meet Stan Bender.

Nan 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 Nan.

Then the man wrote, “Best wishes, Stan Bender,” in Nan’s book.

“Mister Bender,” 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 harder.”

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

“What sort of book would it be?” Nan asked.

“Well,” I said, “Max and I found the T. rex.”

“Yes, you did,” said Nan.

“And you and I found that coin.”

“Yes,” said Nan.

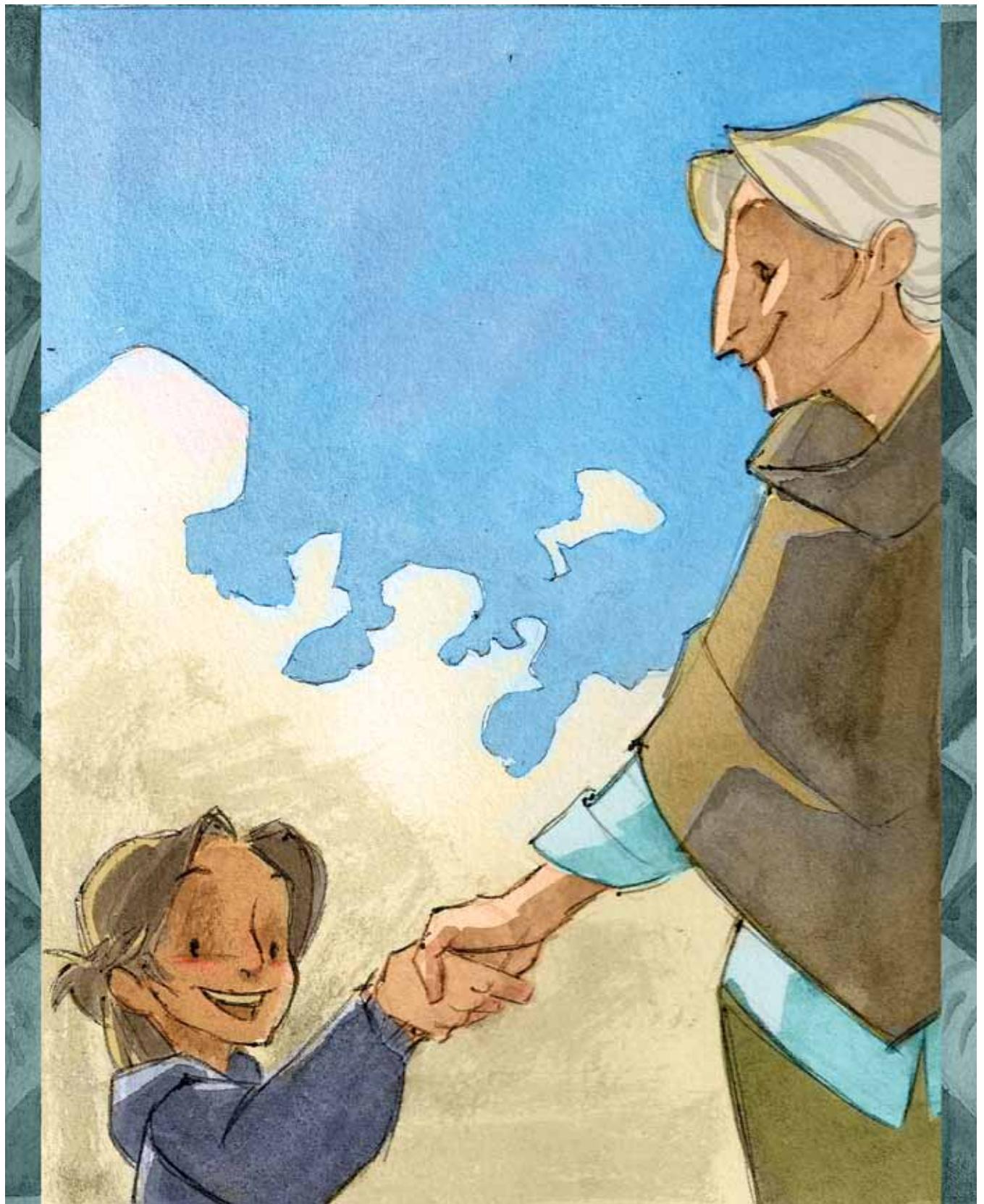
“And we are out here in the West.”

“Yes.”

“So it could be a bones and coins and western sort of book.”

“Why not?” said Nan. “If you write it, I will make the pictures.”

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

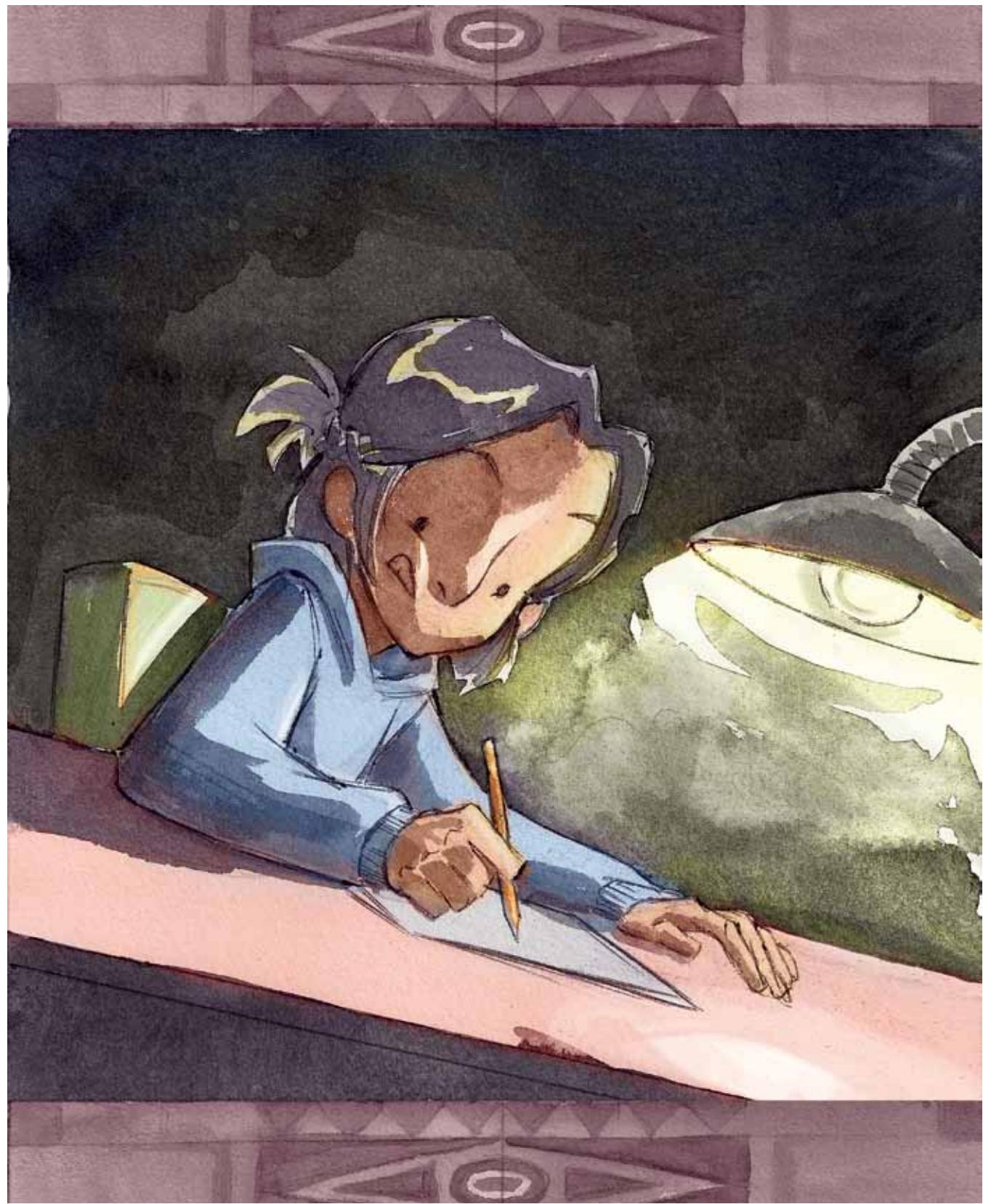


We Make a Book

When we got back to Nan'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 getting started. Once I got started, it went fast.

Nan 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.

Max helped me out, too. He said, "I can help you with spelling. I am the best speller in my class." Max looked at what I had written and fixed a lot of spelling mistakes that I had made.

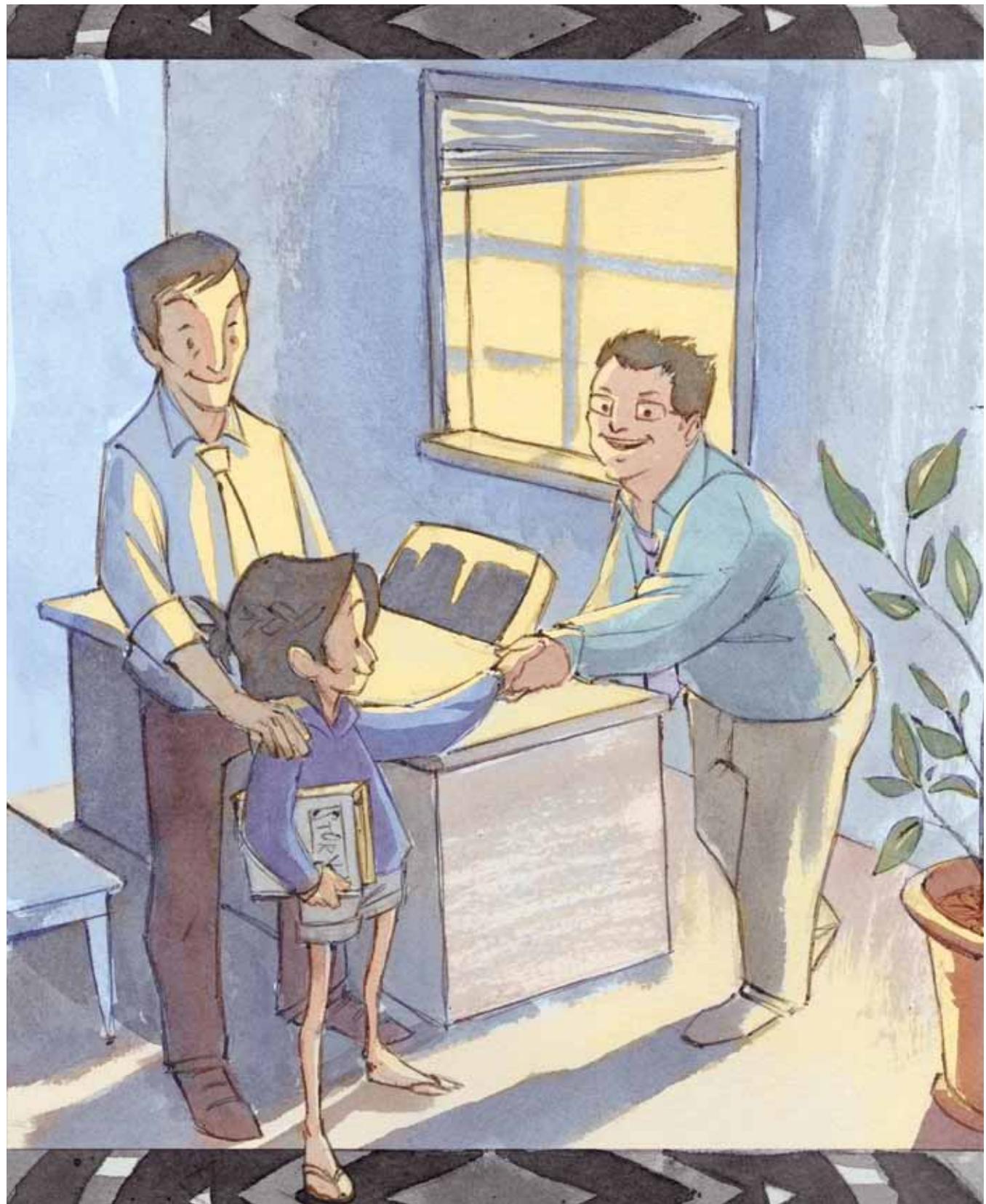


When I had **writt·en** the words, Nan got out her brush and start·ed to make the art. It took her a long time. She sent the pic·tures to me three weeks af·ter I went home.

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!”



The man and his staff got the book all set to publish. Then they sent it to a printer.

I hope you liked the book.

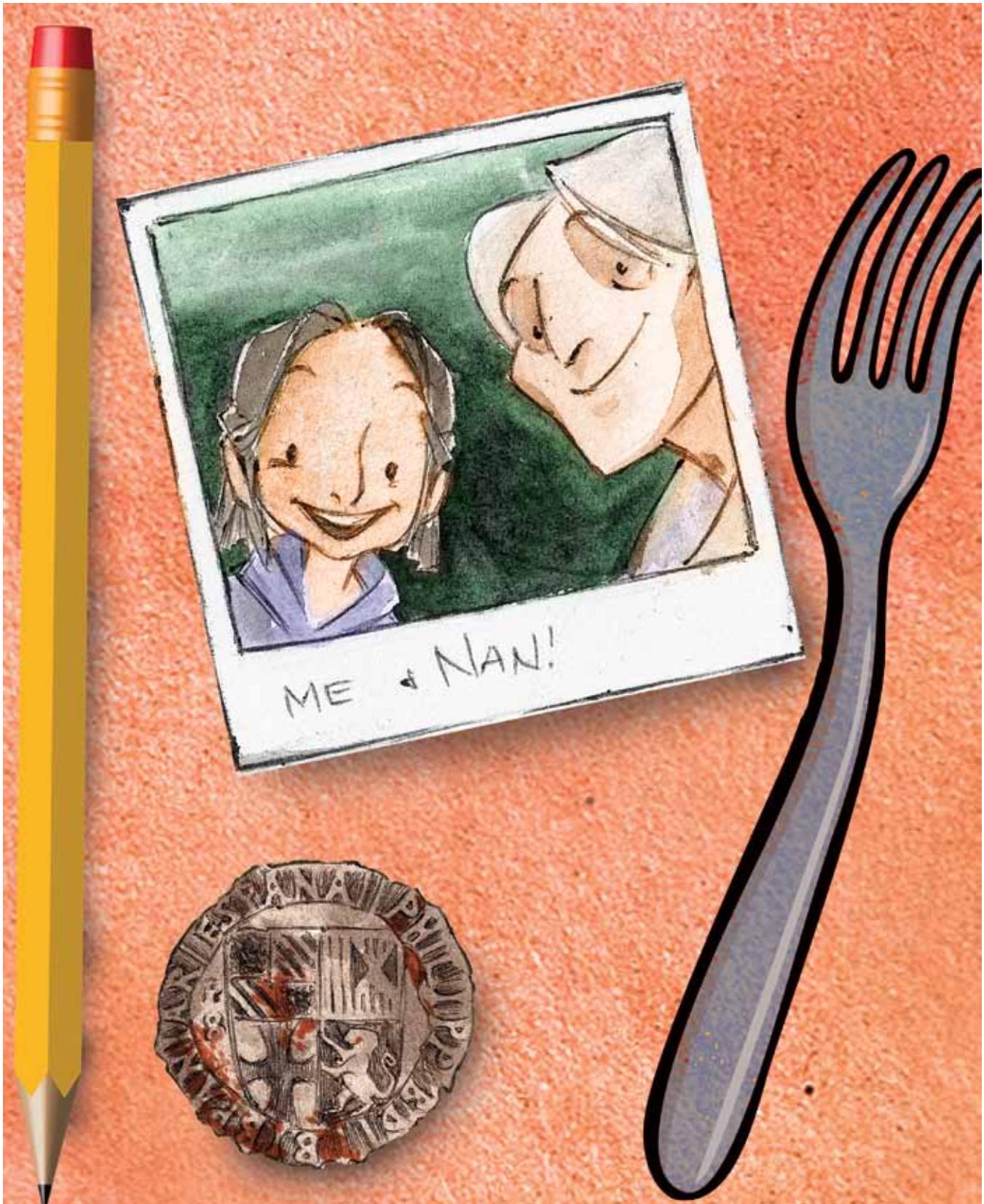
If you'd like to write me a letter, you can send it to me at this address:

Kate Skipper

c/o Core Knowledge Foundation

801 East High Street

Charlottesville, Virginia 22902



About this Book

This book has been created for use by students learning to read with the Core Knowledge Language Arts 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 that 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 that 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 inside back cover 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 inside back cover identify spellings, tricky words, and other topics that are introduced gradually in the unit this reader accompanies.

Visit us on the web at www.coreknowledge.org.



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All illustrations by Jacob Wyatt



Code Knowledge assumed at the beginning of the 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 (or paw)
/ee/ as in bee
/a_e/ as in late
/i_e/ as in time
/o_e/ as in home
/u_e/ 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 Sounds and Spellings:

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

/sh/ as in shop
/x/ as in box
/qu/ as in quit

Tricky Words:

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

Other:

two-syllable words
punctuation (period,
comma, quotation
marks, question mark,
exclamation point,
apostrophe)
hyphen
number (350)
abbreviations (TV, OK)

Code Knowledge added gradually in the unit for this Reader:

- Beginning with "A Letter from Kate": the Tricky Word *how*
- Beginning with "The Coin Shop": the sound /ch/ spelled 'tch' as in *itch*
- Beginning with "You Never Can Tell": the sound /j/ spelled 'g' as in *gem* and 'ge' as in *fringe*
- Beginning with "Jack's Tale": the Tricky Word *coach*
- Beginning with "The Hike": the Tricky Word *picture*; the sound /v/ spelled 've' as in *twelve*
- Beginning with "The Bone Man": the sound /r/ spelled 'wr' as in *wrist*



Kate's Book

Unit 5 Reader

Skills Strand
GRADE 1

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