

Kate's Book

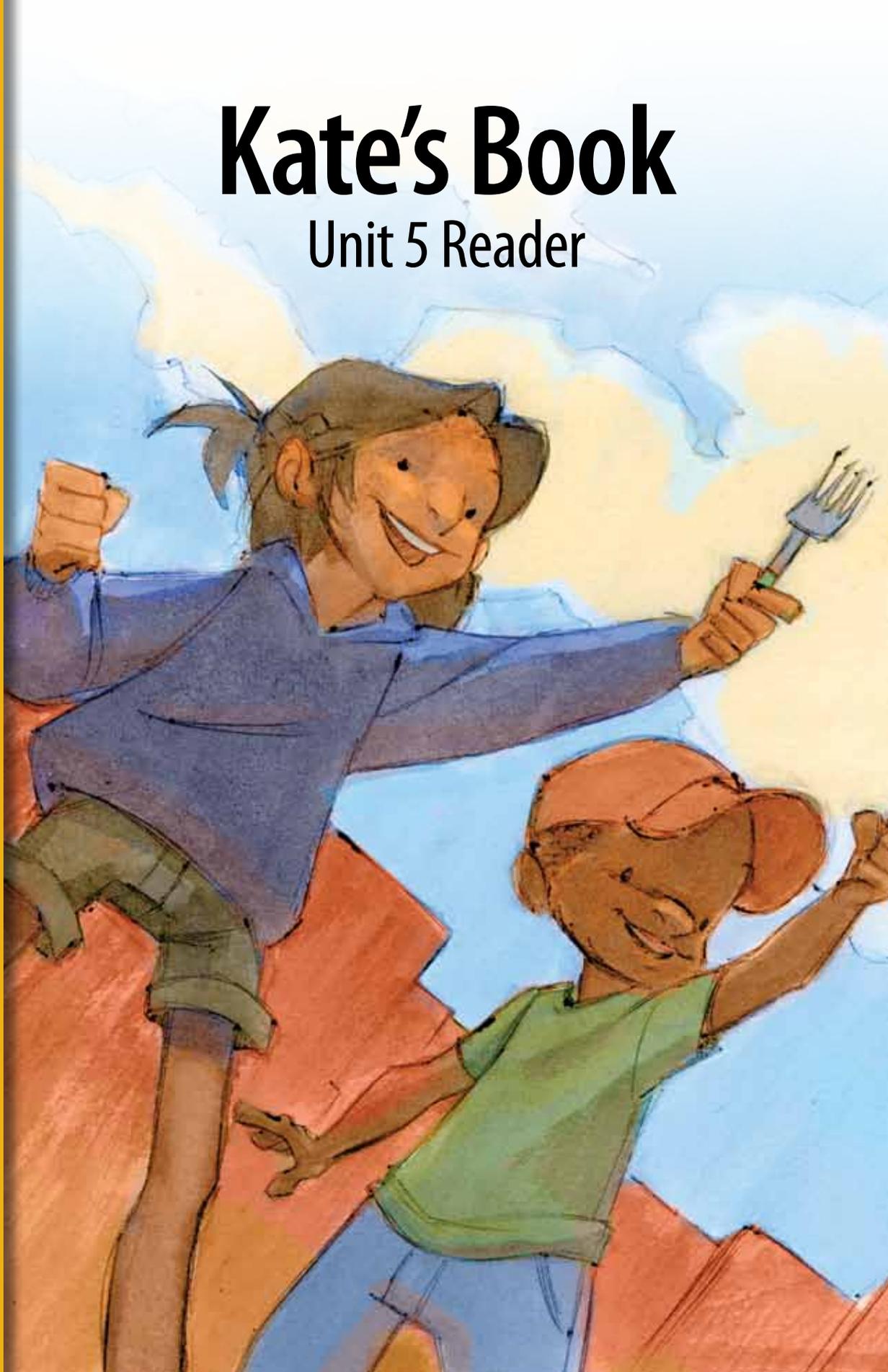
Unit 5 Reader

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A Letter from Kate

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

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

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

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

Kate Skipper

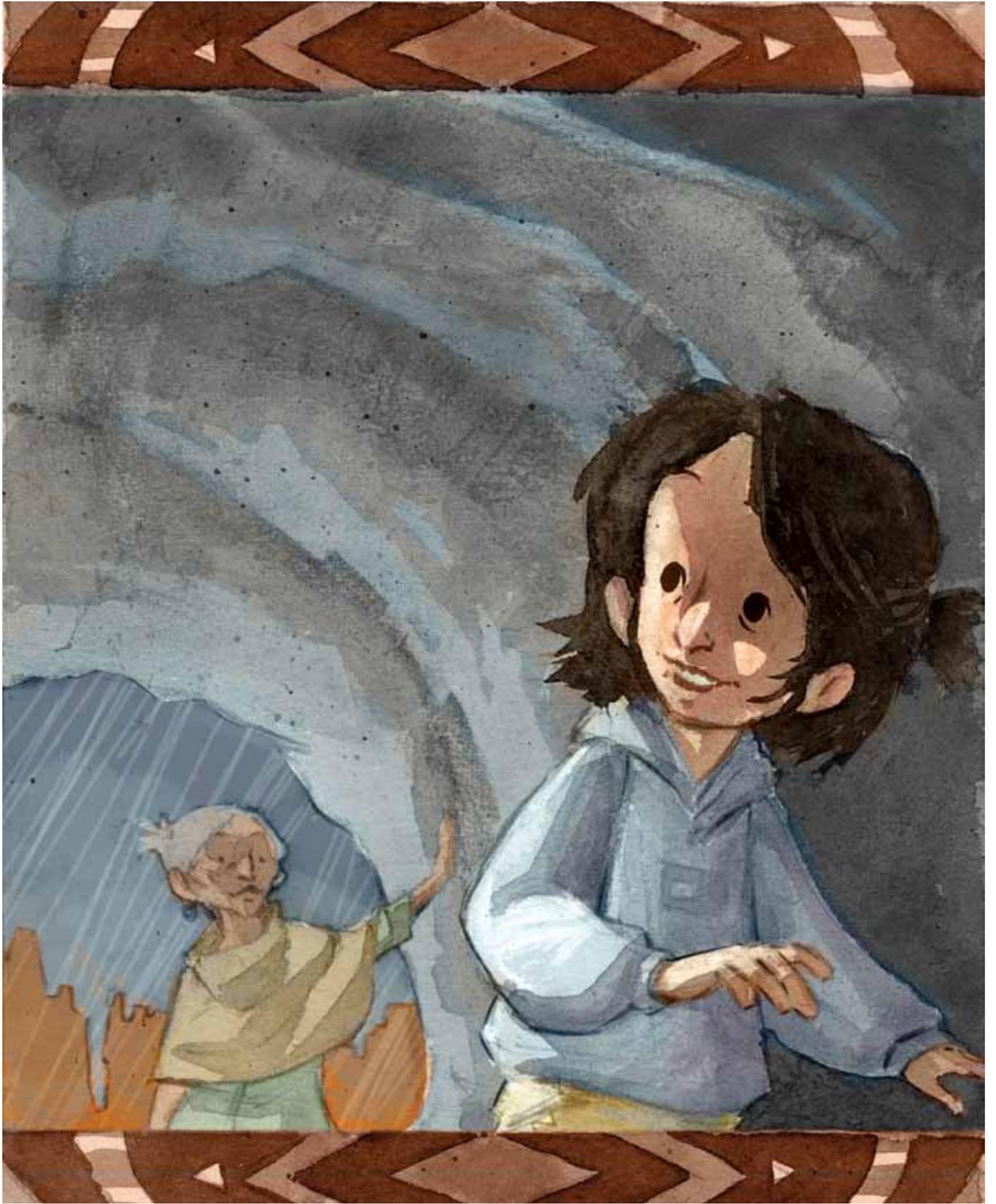


In the Cave

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 some·thing shimmer in the dark.

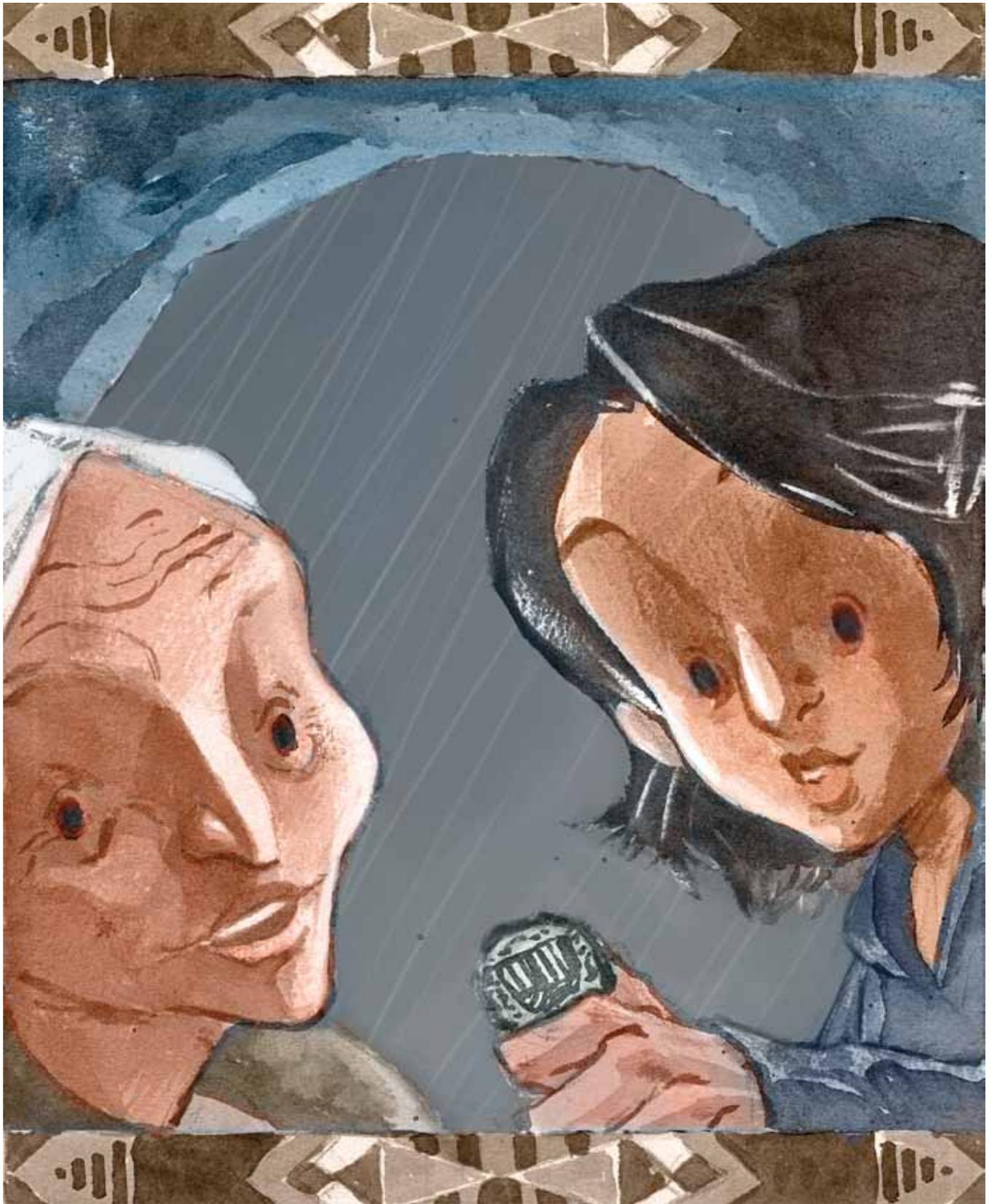
“Nan,” I said, pointing at the spot, “what’s that?”

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

We looked and saw some·thing 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 sil·ver.”

Then she said, “I have a pal, Jack, 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

Nan drove us to the coin shop.

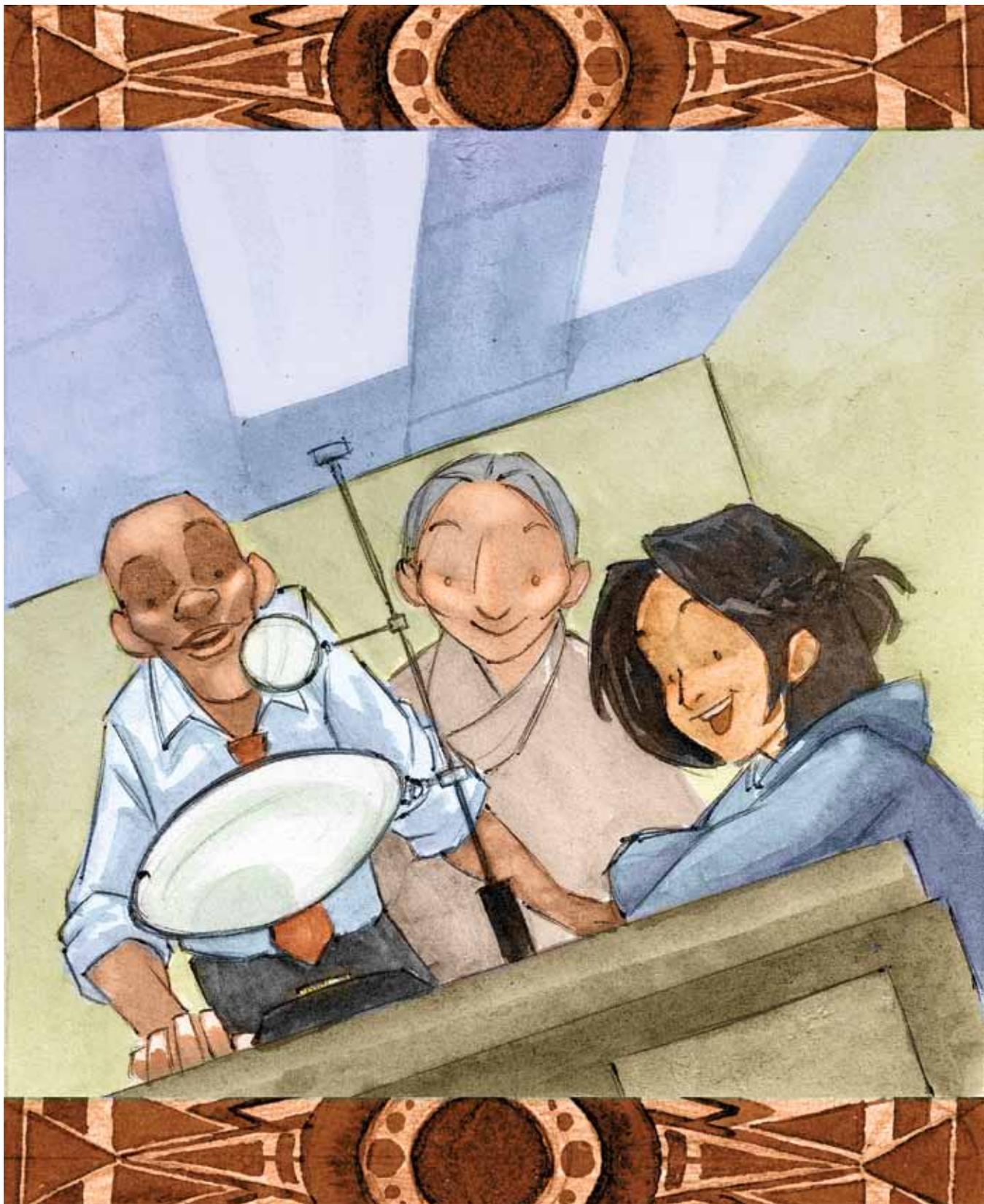
The man in the coin shop was a pal of hers. His name was Jack.

“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 hand·ed him the coin.

Jack set it un·der a look·ing glass and **switch**ed 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.

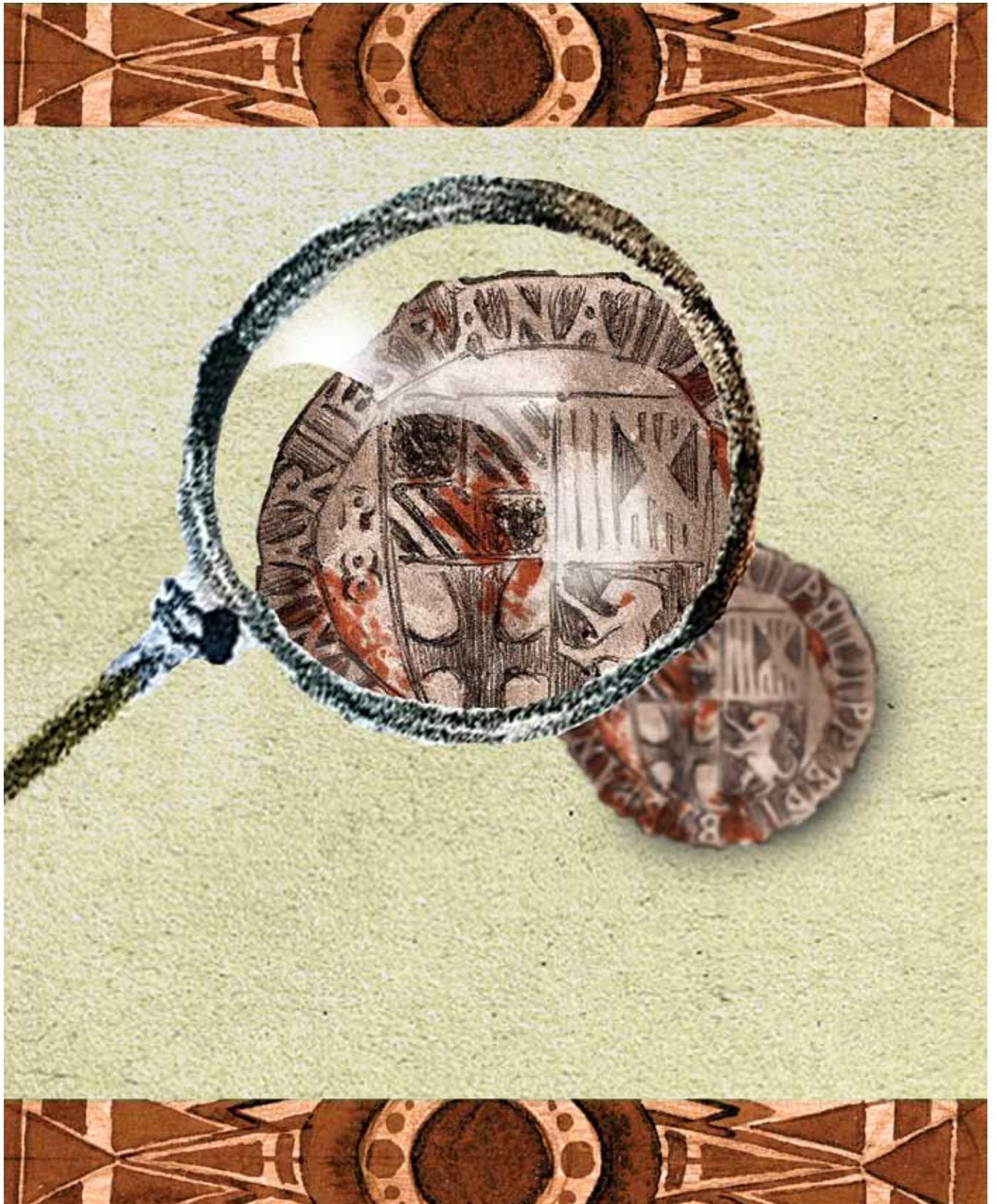
“There’s no date on the coin,” said Jack. “But I’ll bet it dates back to the six·teen hun·dreds. The Span·ish mint·ed a big **batch** of coins like this one back then.”

“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.

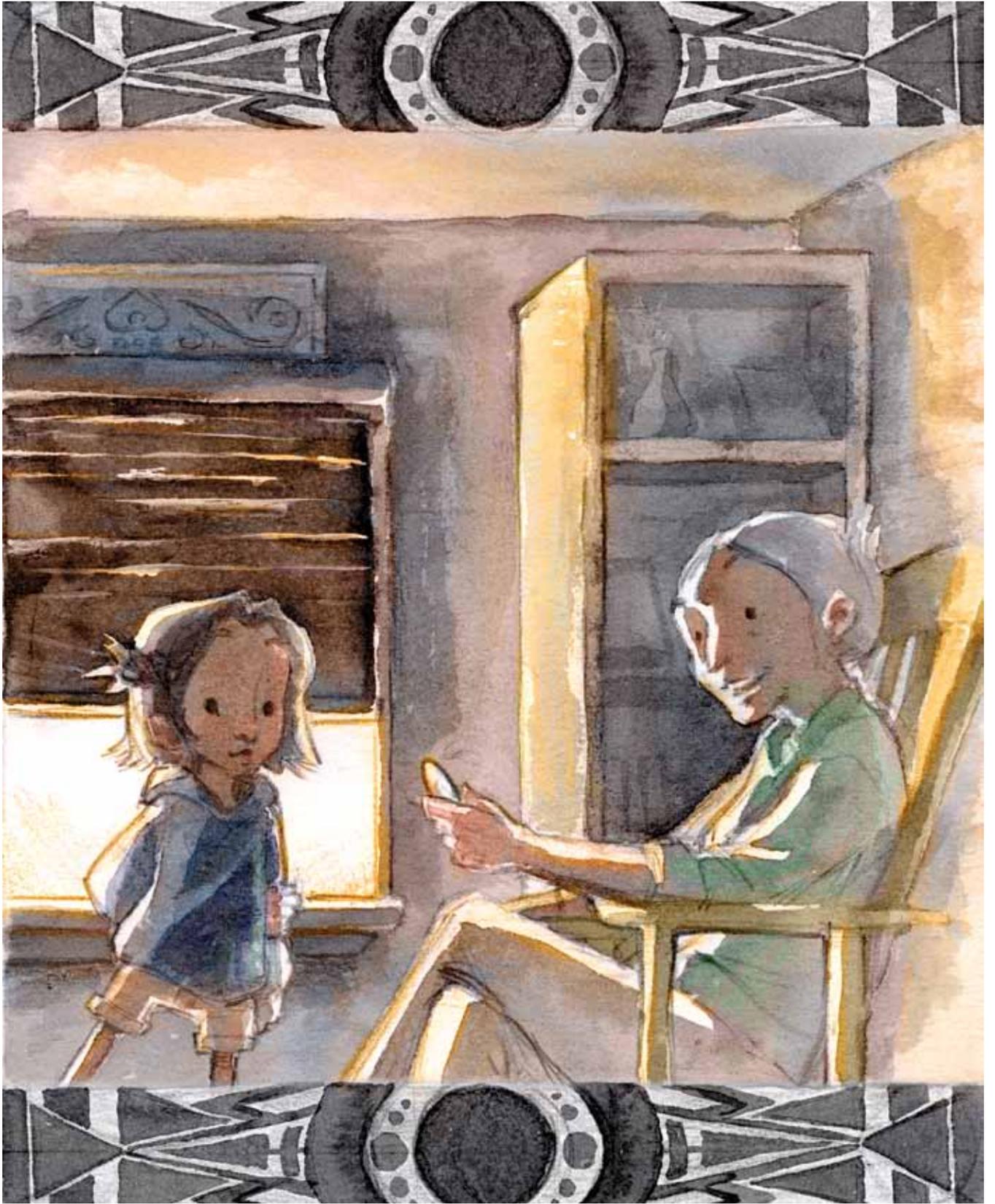
"Can I see the coin?" Nan asked.

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 robb·ers back then?”

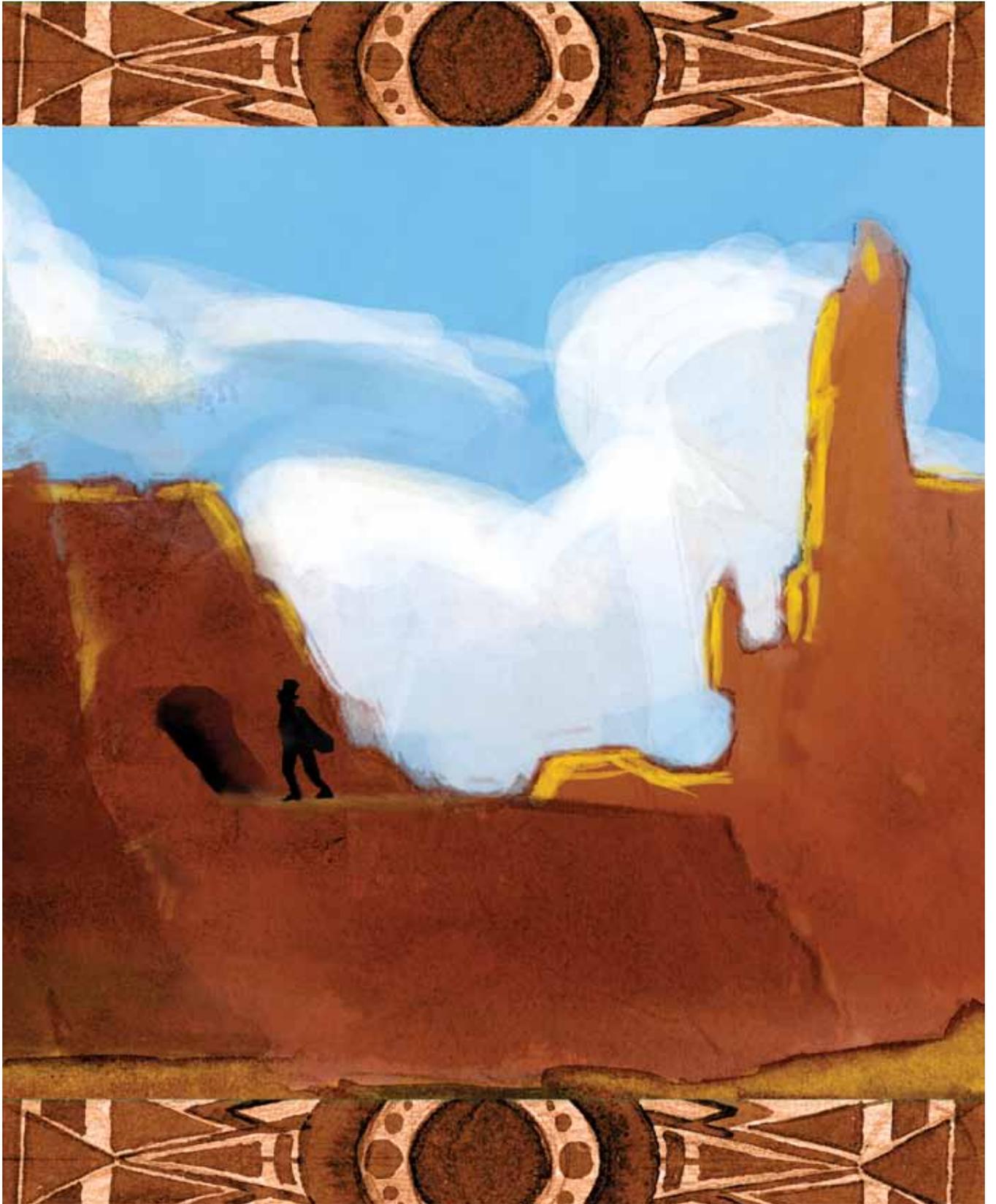
“You bet they did,” said Nan. “But why would the robb·er hide just one coin? It seems like he would hide a **large batch** of coins.”

“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 granddad.”

“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.

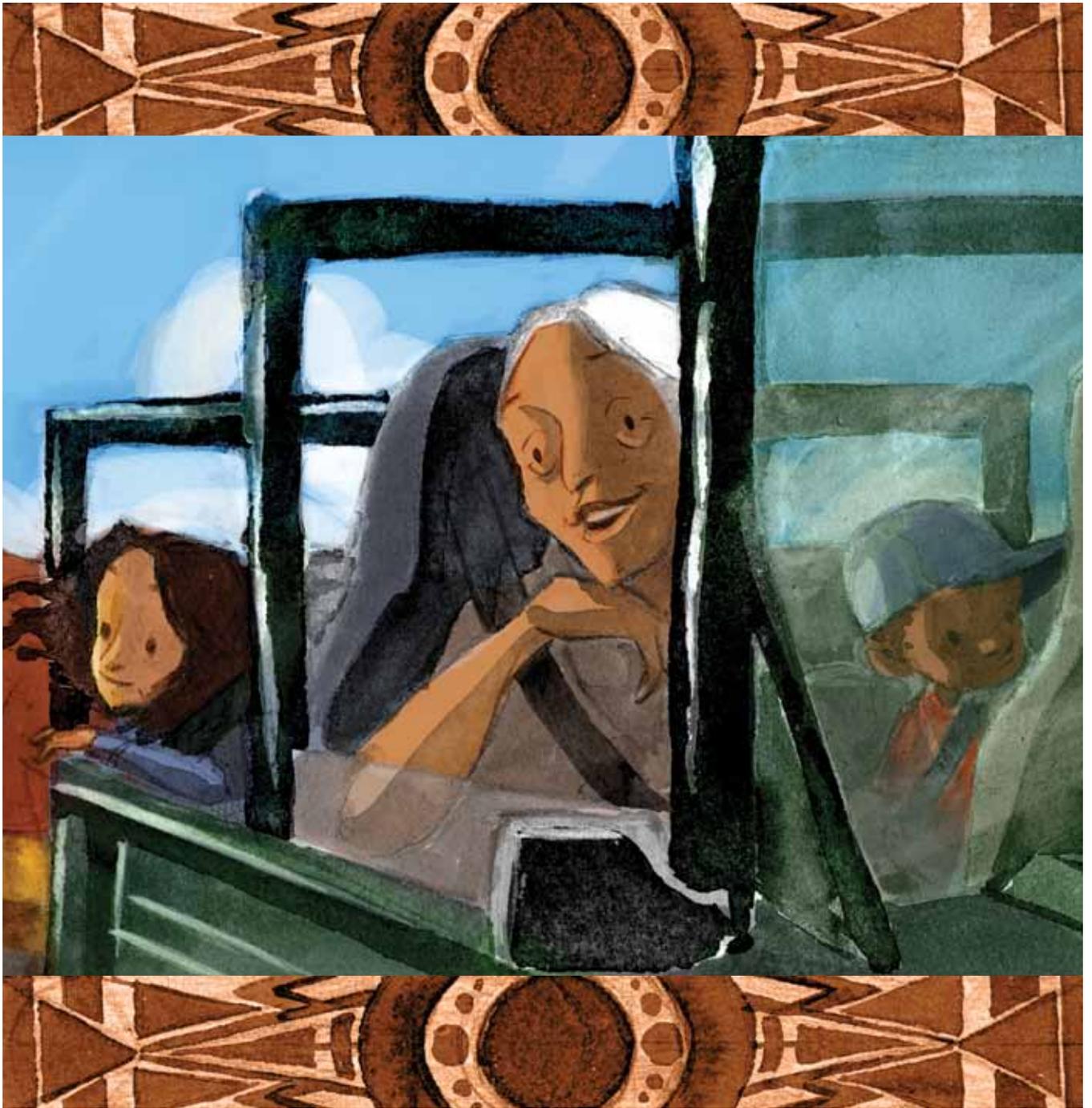
The Campsite

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 look·ing 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 un·pack sleep·ing bags, tents, lan·terns, **match**·es, and lots of food. We lugged 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 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. Max gave me one of his.

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

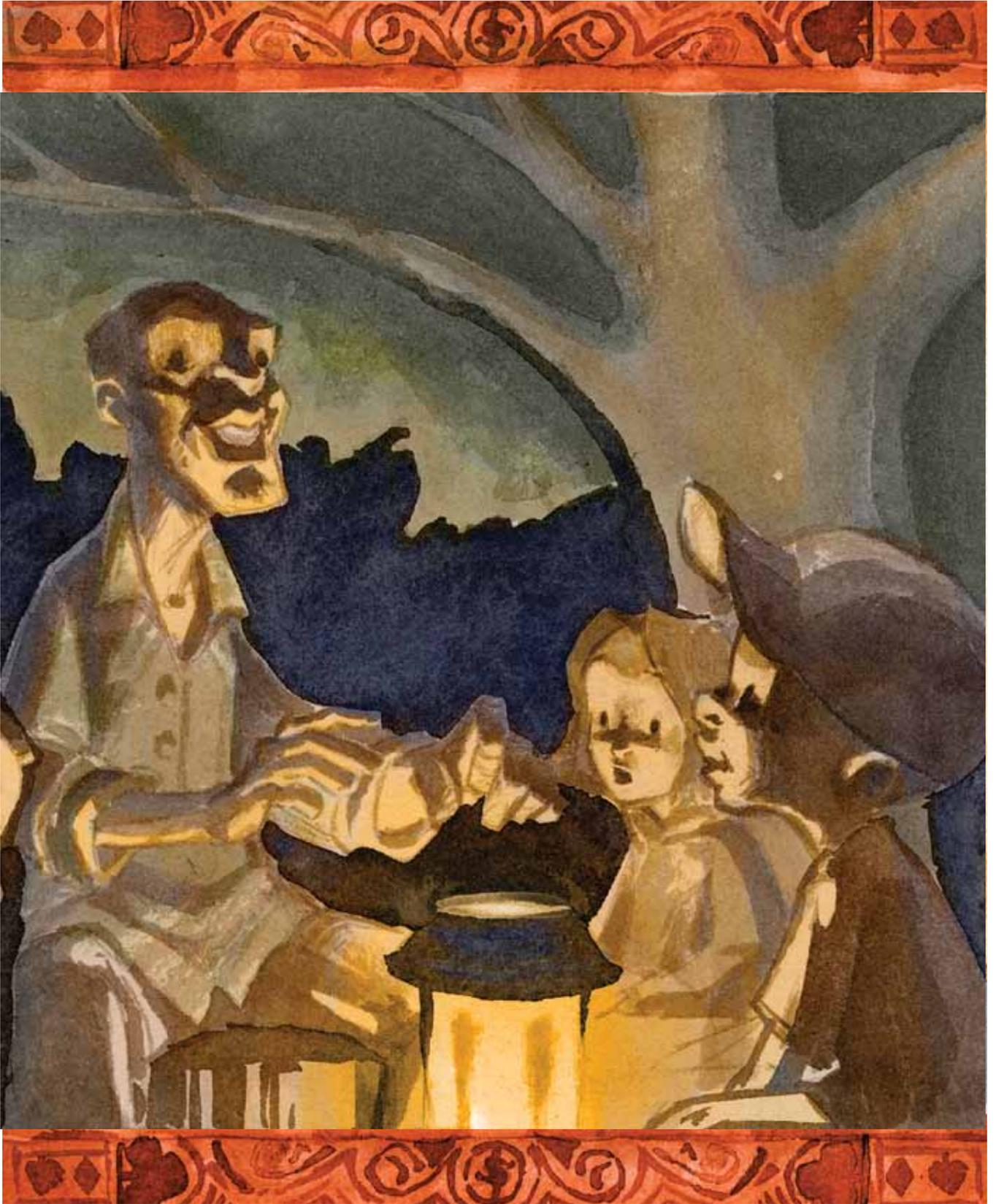


Jack's Tale

After dinner we munched on some **ginger** snaps. Then Jack shared an out-law 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**.”

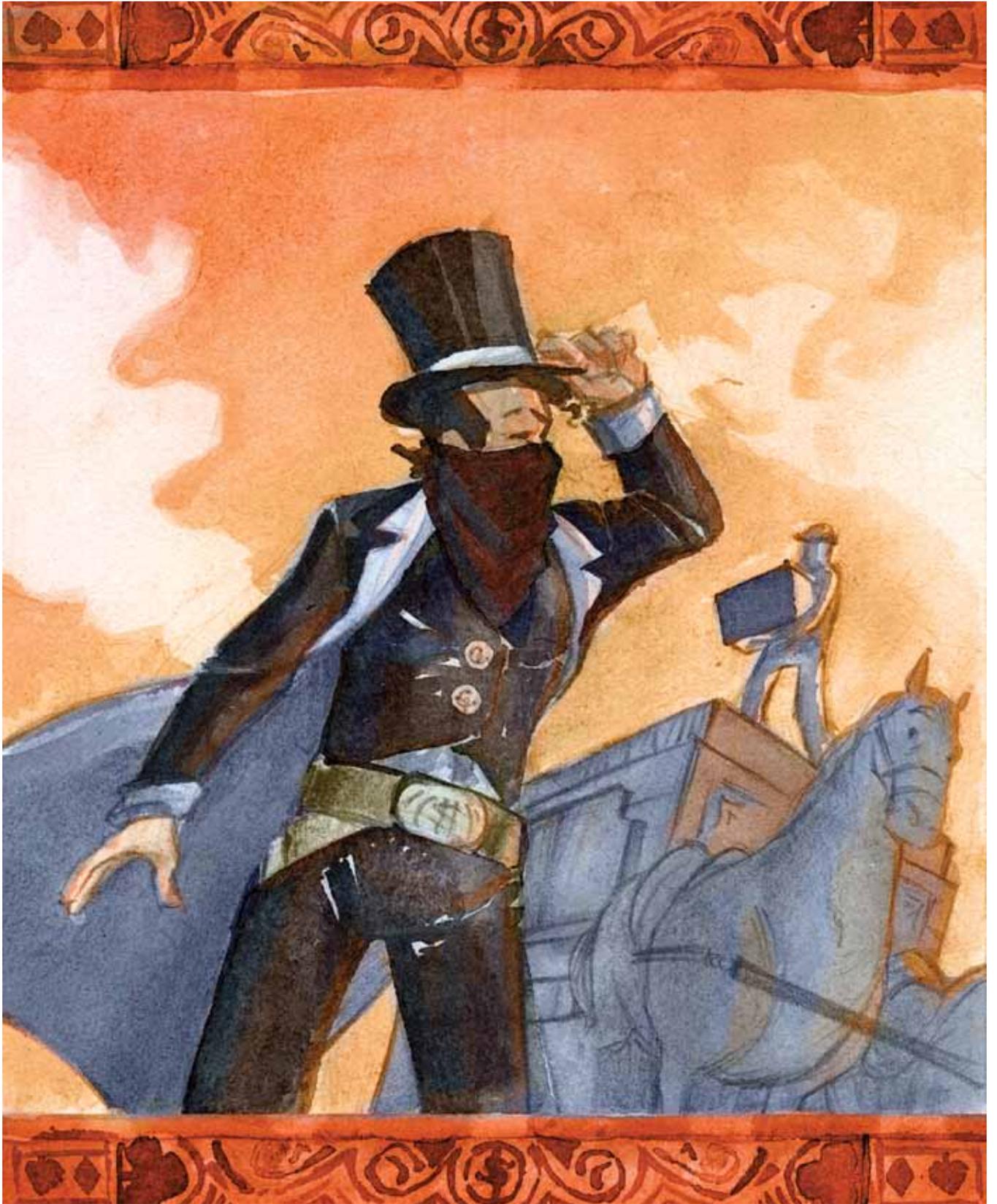
“The **stage-coach** was sort of like a car, but it was drawn by horses. There was a place where men could sit inside. But the man who drove the **stage-coach** sat outside up on top.”



“The man who drove the stage·coach kept the strong·box next to him. The strong·box was a locked box where he kept the cash.”

“Some·times out·laws would rob the stage·coach. 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 jack·et and a black top hat. He had the best mann·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, ‘Ex·cuse me, **g**ents. 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 leg·end. It’s a fact. You can look it up!”

“Did they catch him?” Max asked.

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

“Did they ev·er **catch** him?” I asked.

“Yes, af·ter a long hunt, they nabbed him. They char**ge**d him with theft and locked him up for a long time. He did his time. Then they let him back out.”

“Then what happ·ened?” 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.



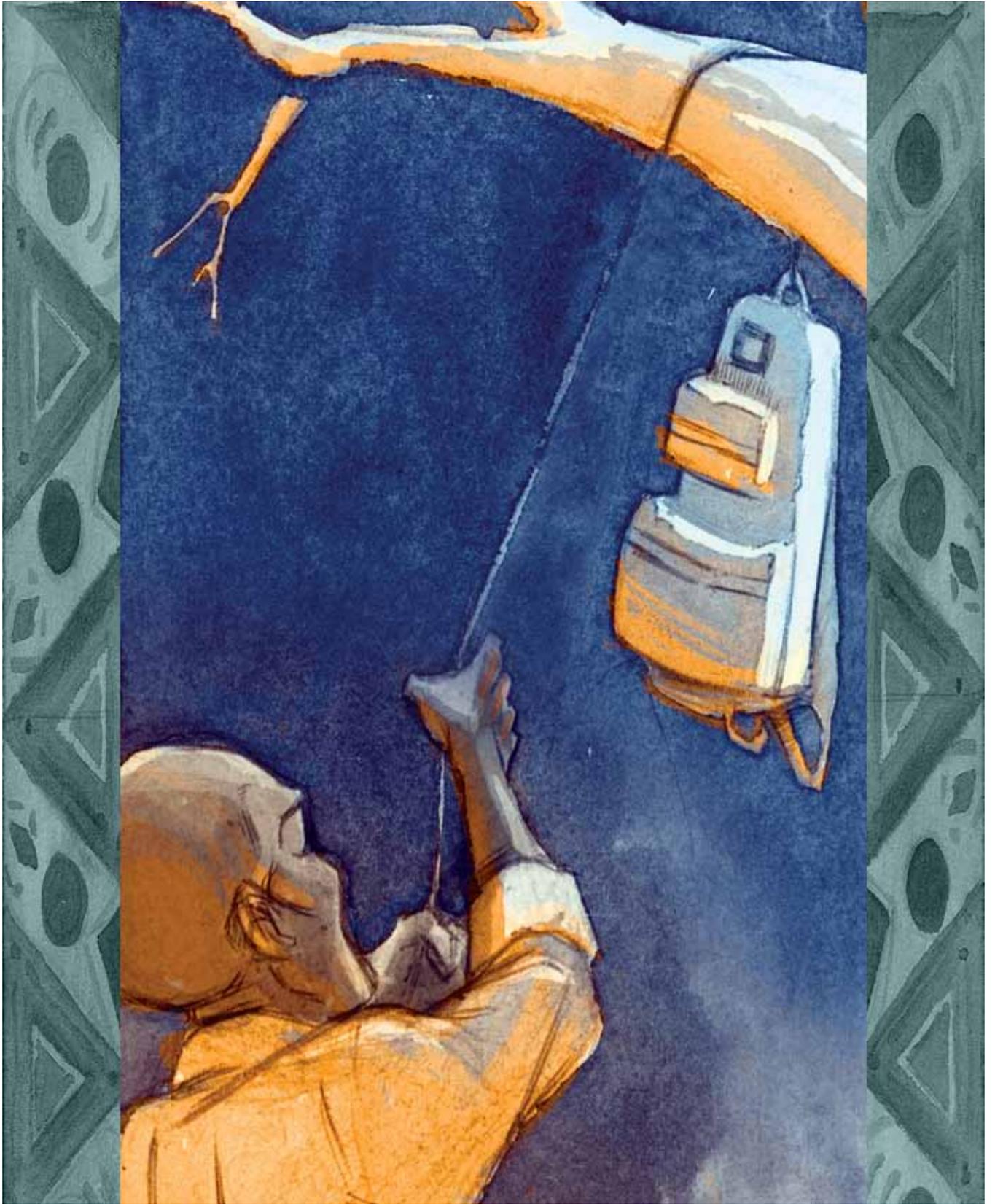
The Visit

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?”

“Be·cause 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 lanterns, and went to sleep.

Nan and I slept well until a loud clatter outside 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!"

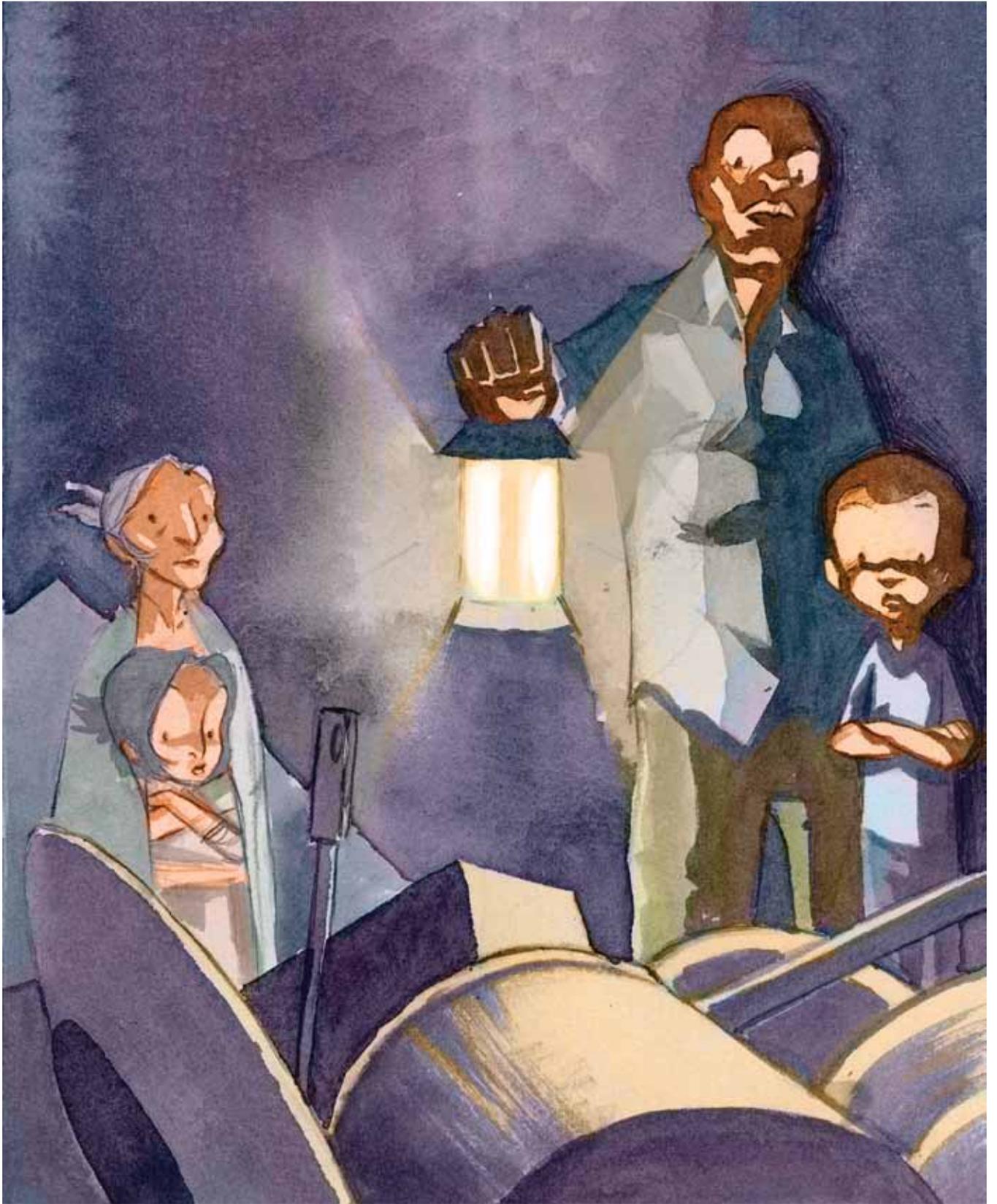
When we went out, we saw Jack and Max standing there. Jack had his lantern.

"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.



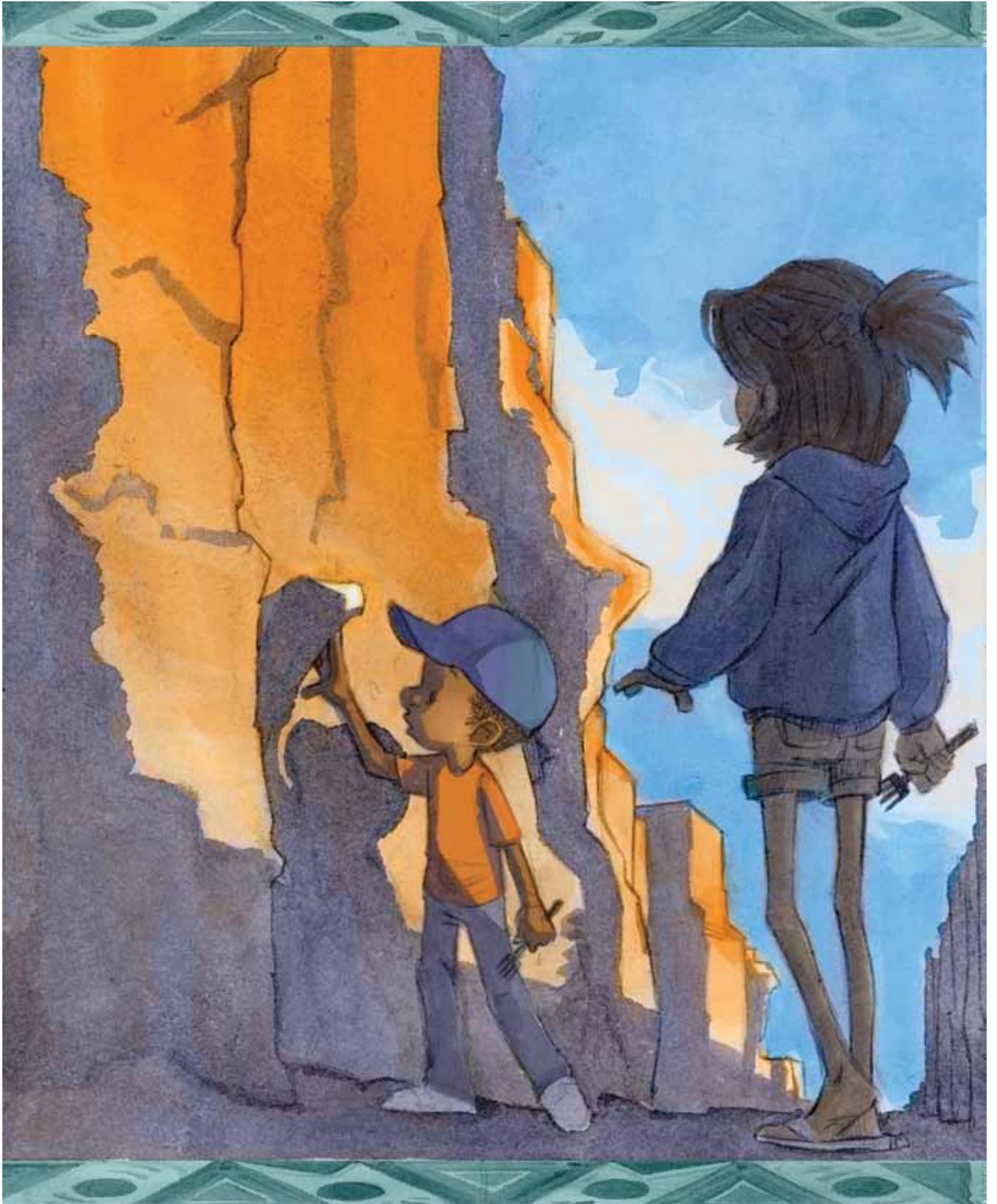
Max pointed at a bump on the side of a cliff and said, “Let’s dig that rock out!”

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 scratching in order to carve it out of the side of the cliff.”

We went on scratching with our forks.

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



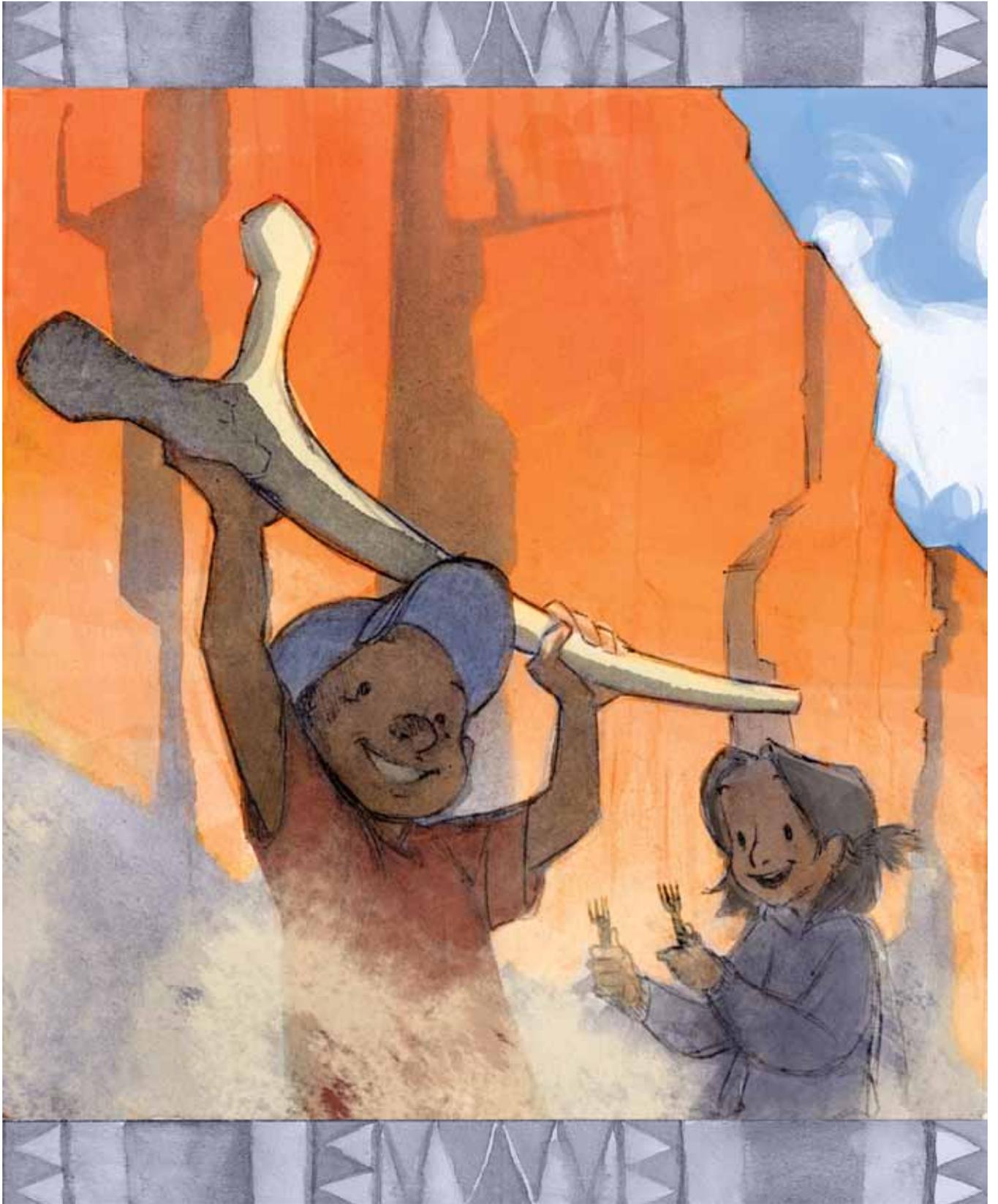
We grabbed and tugged it.

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

Once the dust and sand had drifted off, I saw Max 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!



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 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, 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 **w**ritten 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 **w**rapped 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 **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 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 cool·est, bigg·est rep·tile of all time!”

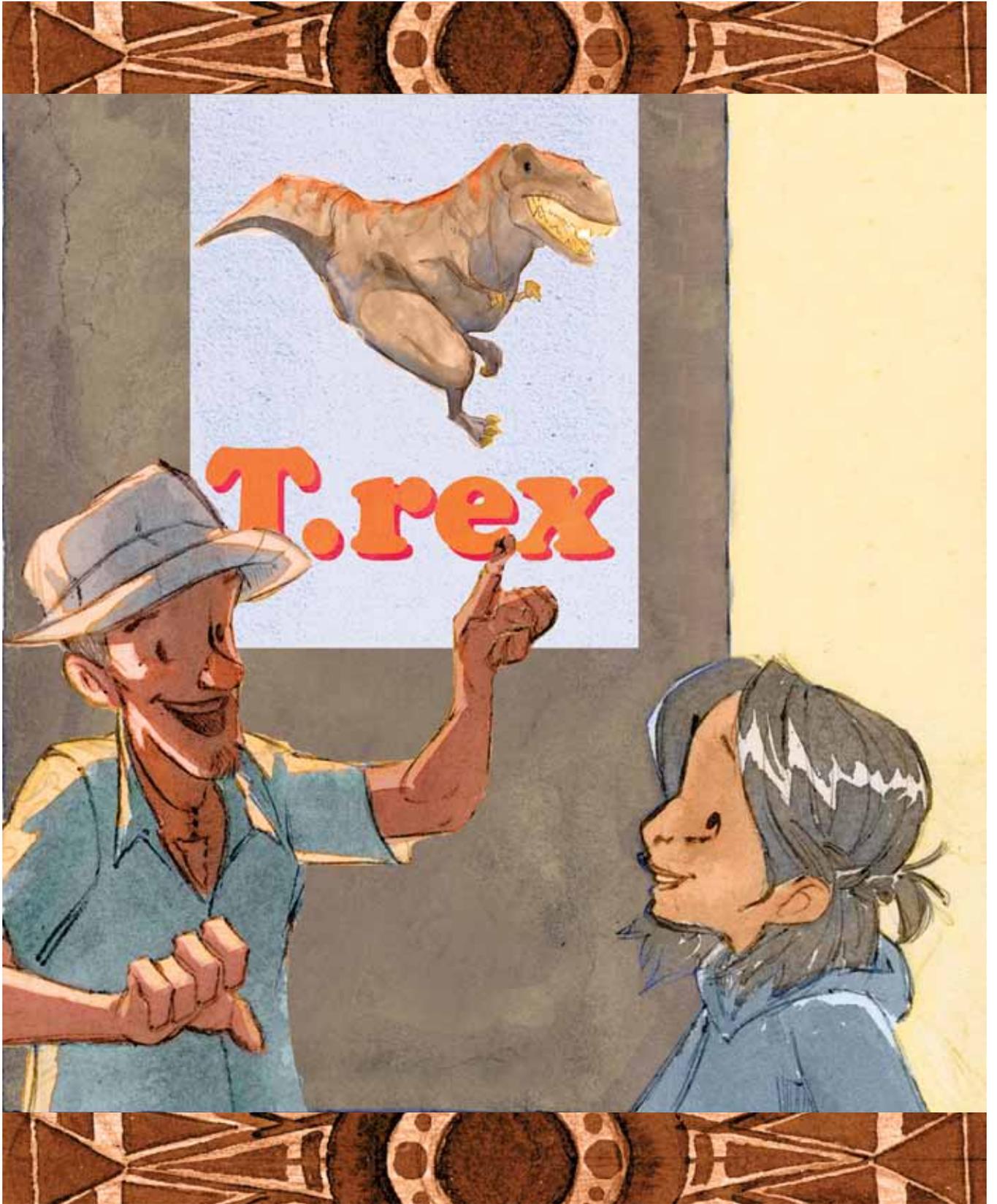
The bone man went and got a book. He point·ed to a **large** pic·ture of a T. rex.



“Jeep·ers,” I said, “he is big! Why have I nev·er 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

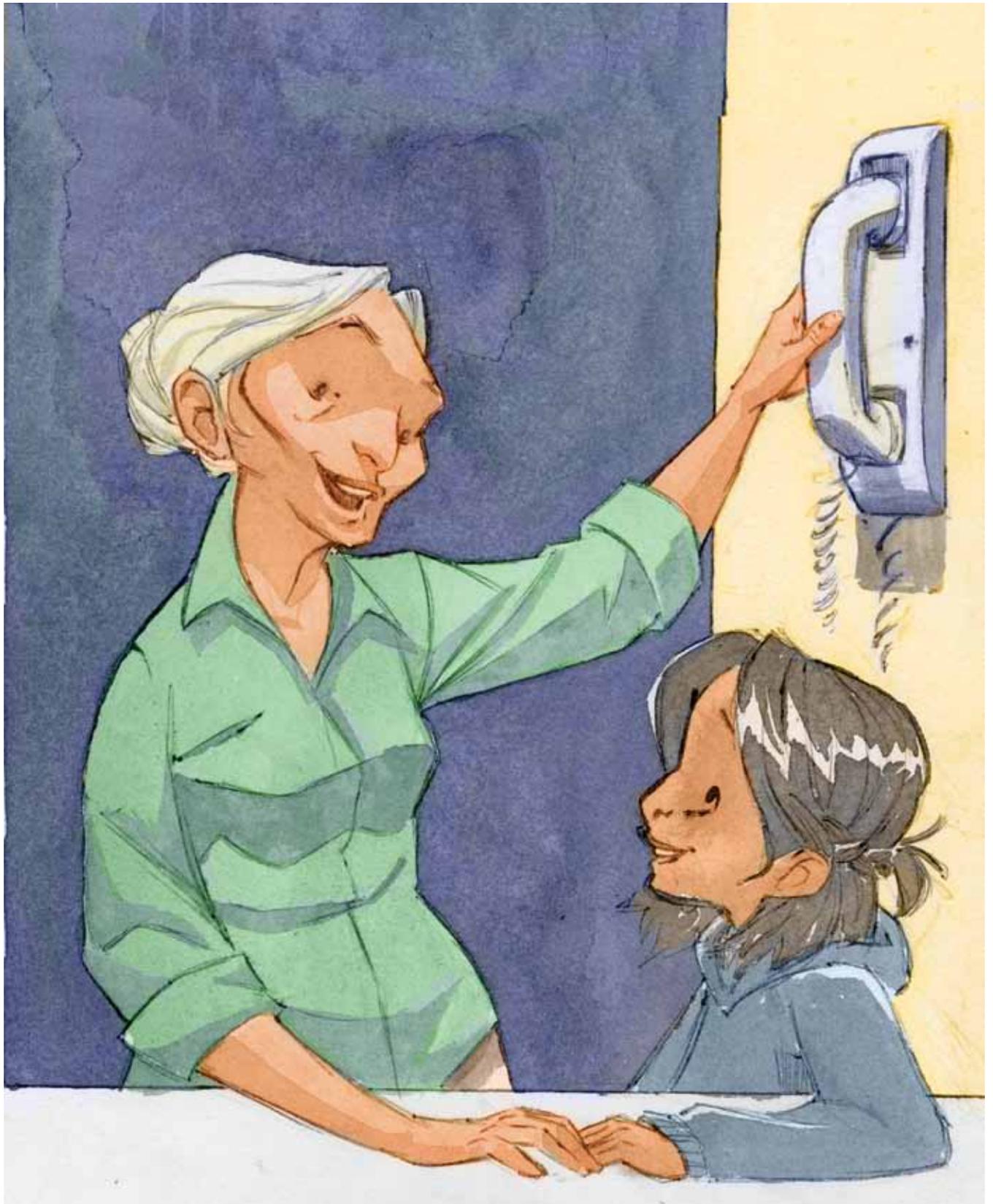
The next week, Nan said, “I just spoke with Ron **Fitch**, the bone man. I’ve got three things to tell you. Two of them are good things that you will like. One is a bad thing that you will not like.”

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

“Mis·ter **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 solv·ed. 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, **scratching** my **wrist**.

“The bad thing is that you and Max will not get to keep the bone for yourselves.”

“Why not? Did we do something **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 yourself.”

“Bummer!” I said. “So who gets to keep it?”

“The state. **Mister Fitch** and his helpers 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.

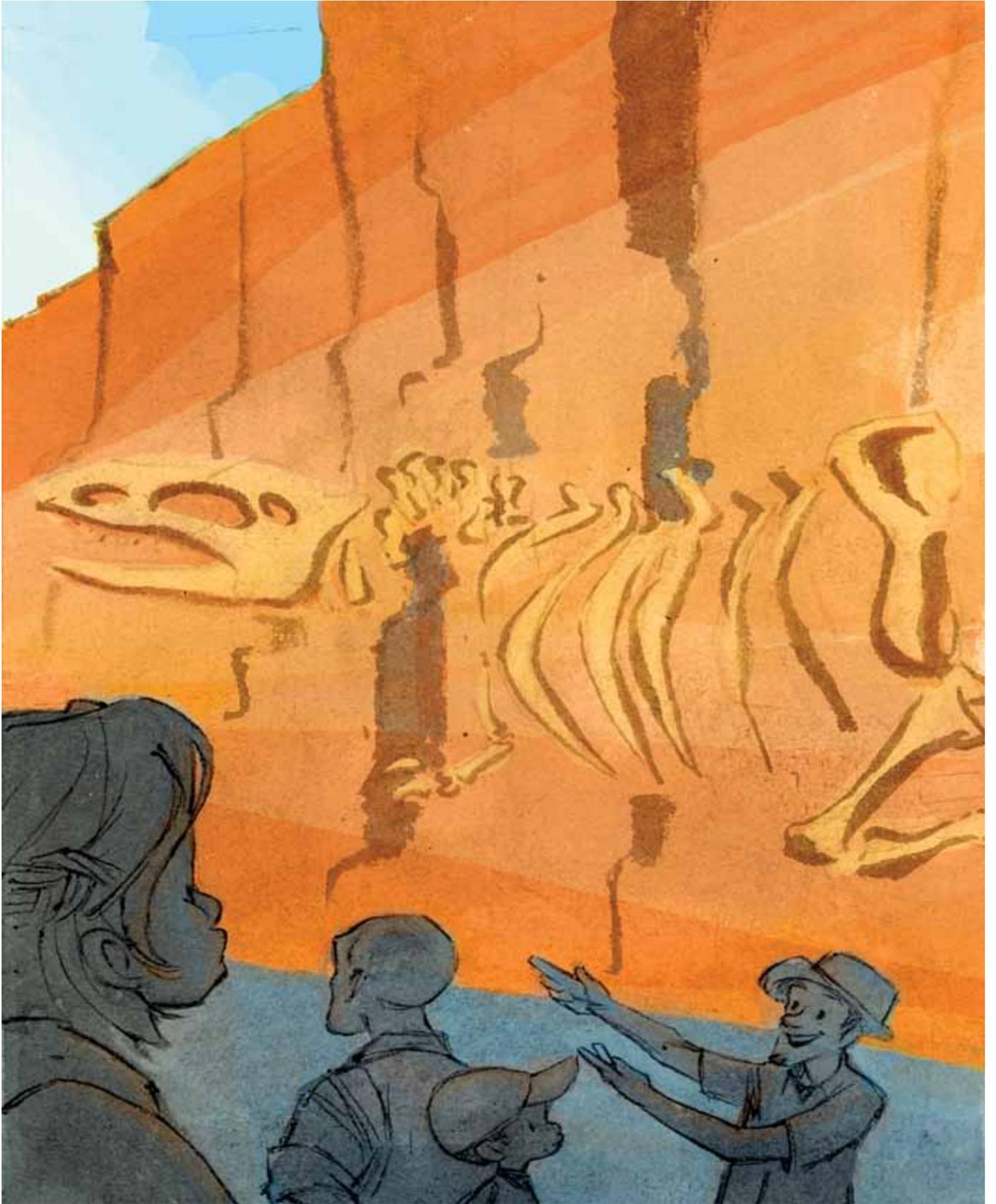


The Big Dig

When we went back to the cliff, the bone man was there with some help·ers. They had scraped the side of the cliff to ex·pose 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 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 dig·ing 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 den·tists use
on teeth—brush·es and sharp picks.”

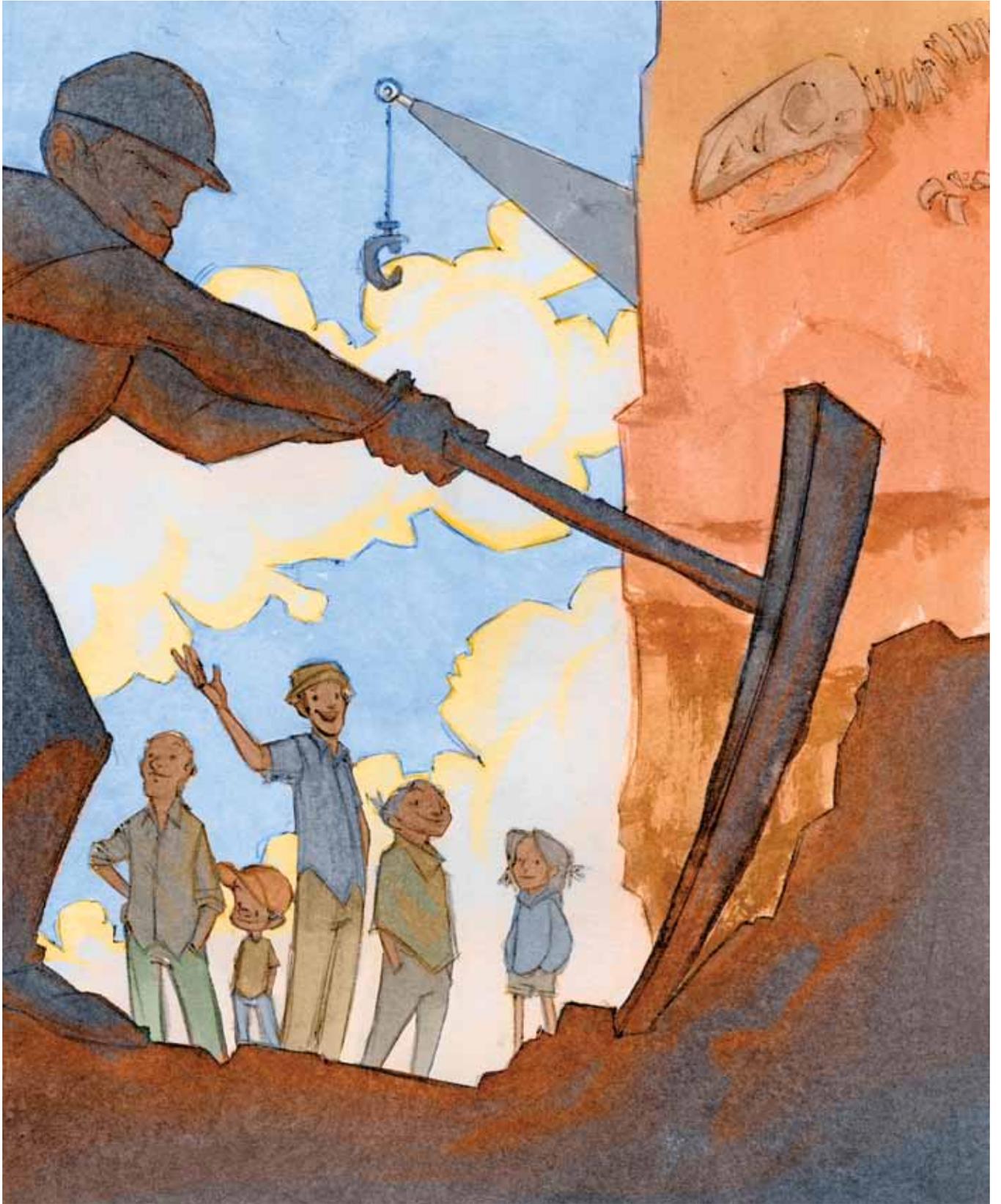
“Kate and I used forks!” said Max.

“How long will it take to car**ve** 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 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 Max 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 T. rex?”

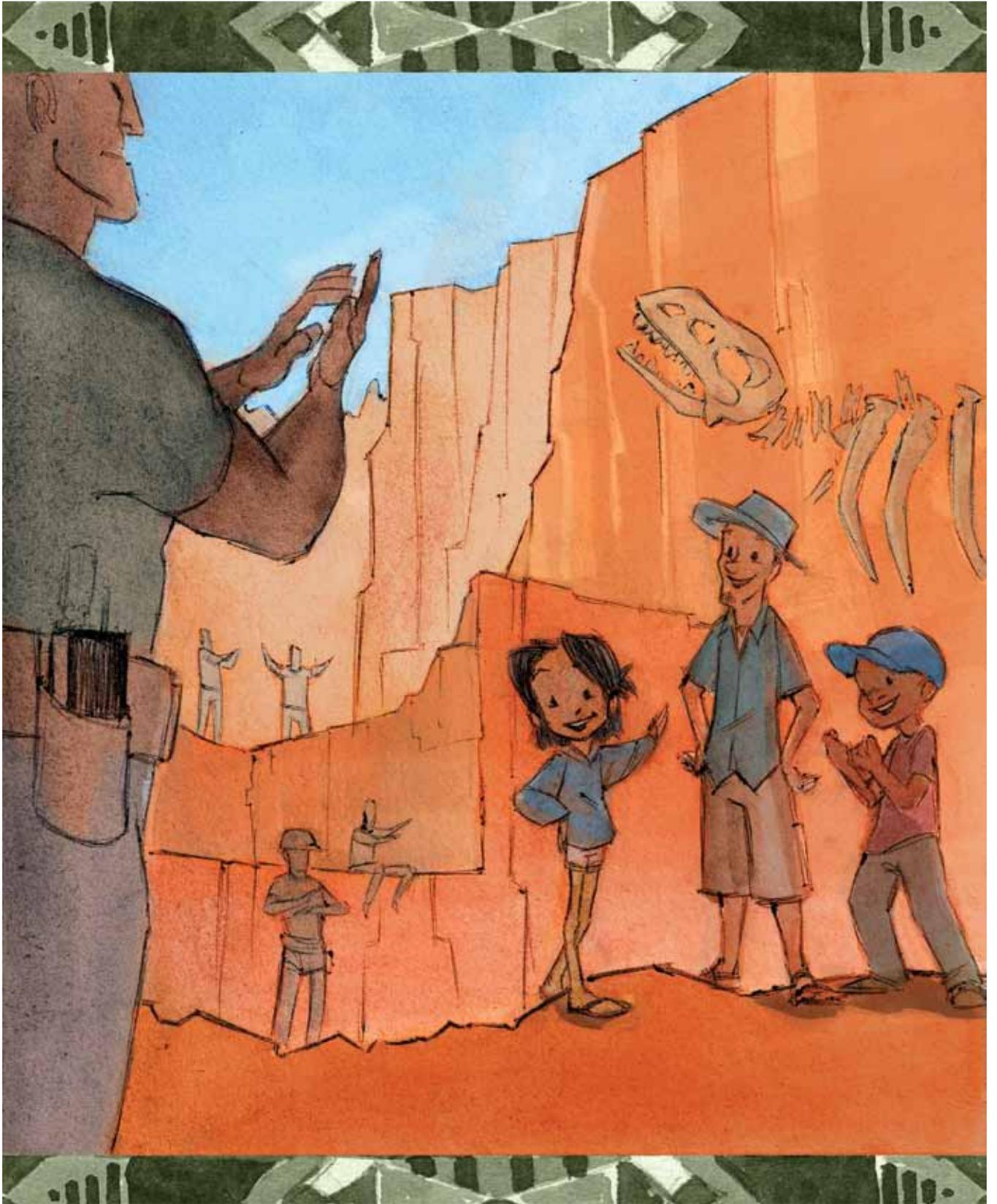
“Yes, I’ve picked one,” I said.

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.

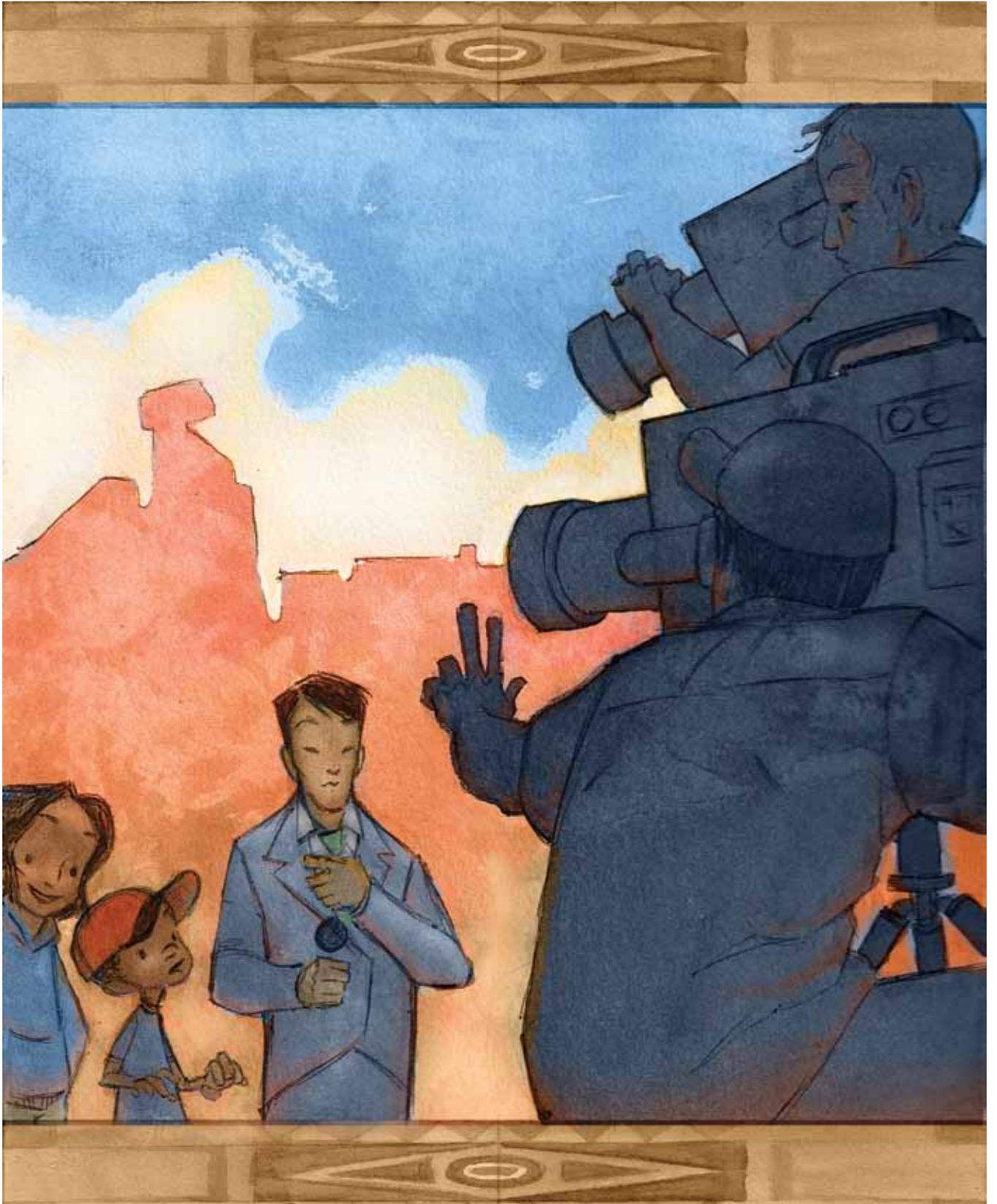
“Can we shoot some film of you for TV?” one of them asked. “It would be a big scoop for us.”

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 Rog·er Flet**ch**·er. I’m standing here in the Bad·lands, where two chil·dren have found the bones of a T. rex.”



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

Max looked like he was scared of the mike. He jumped back a bit. Then he mutt·ered, “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 stick·ing out of the side of a cliff.”



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

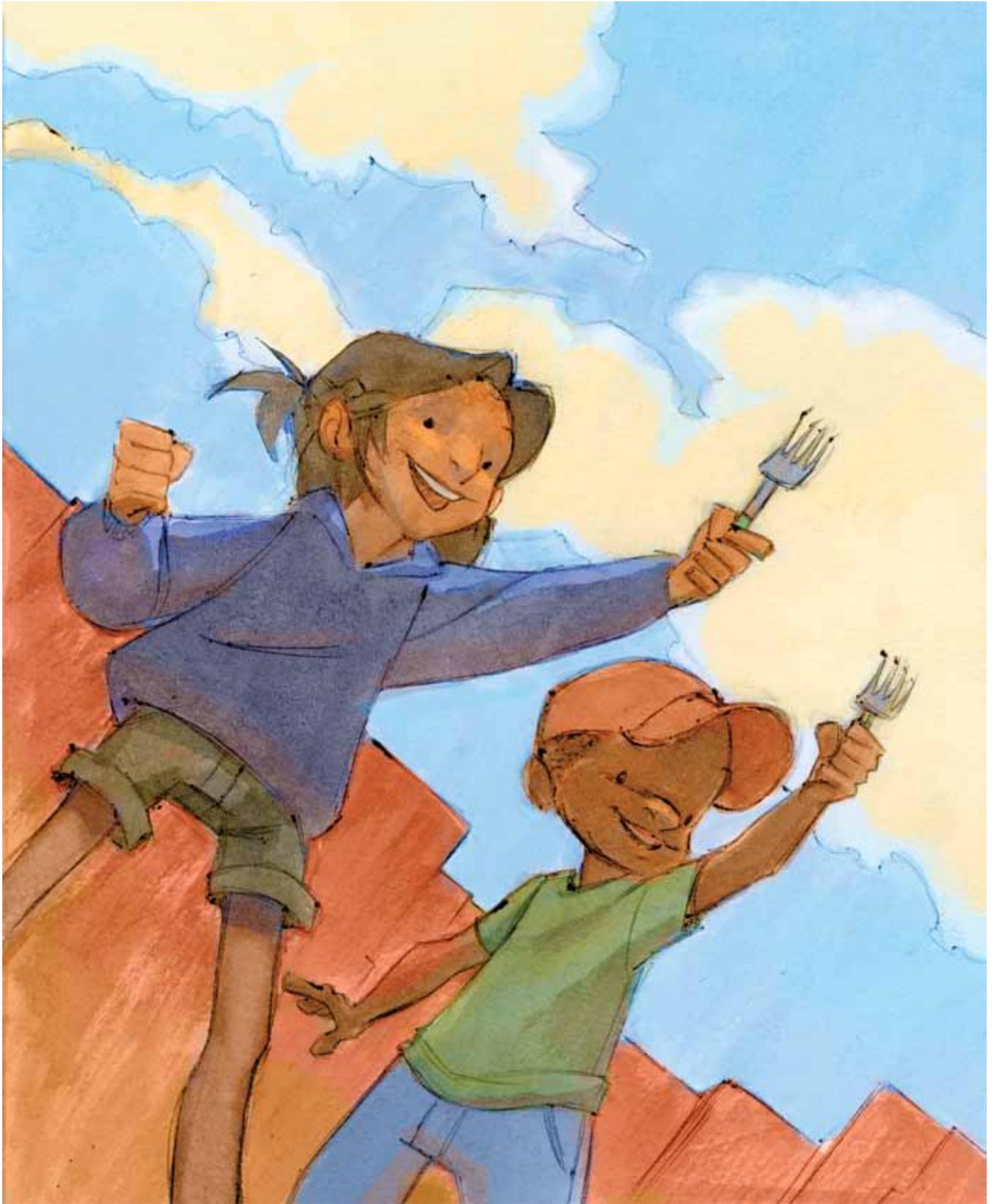
“No,” I said, “it looked like a rock.”

“What did you use to dig it out?”

“We used our forks!” said 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."

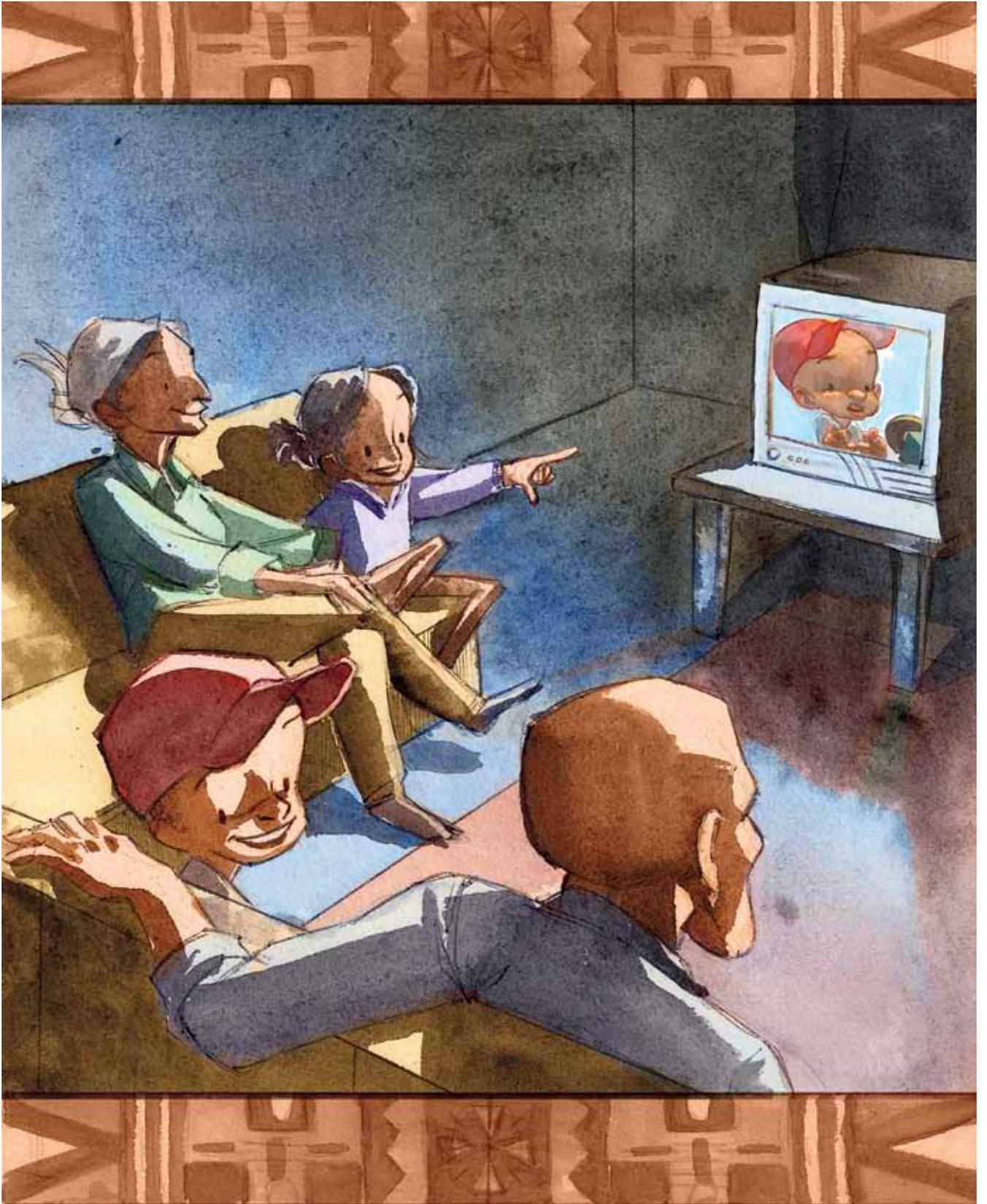
Then Max and I saw ourselves on TV.

"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?"

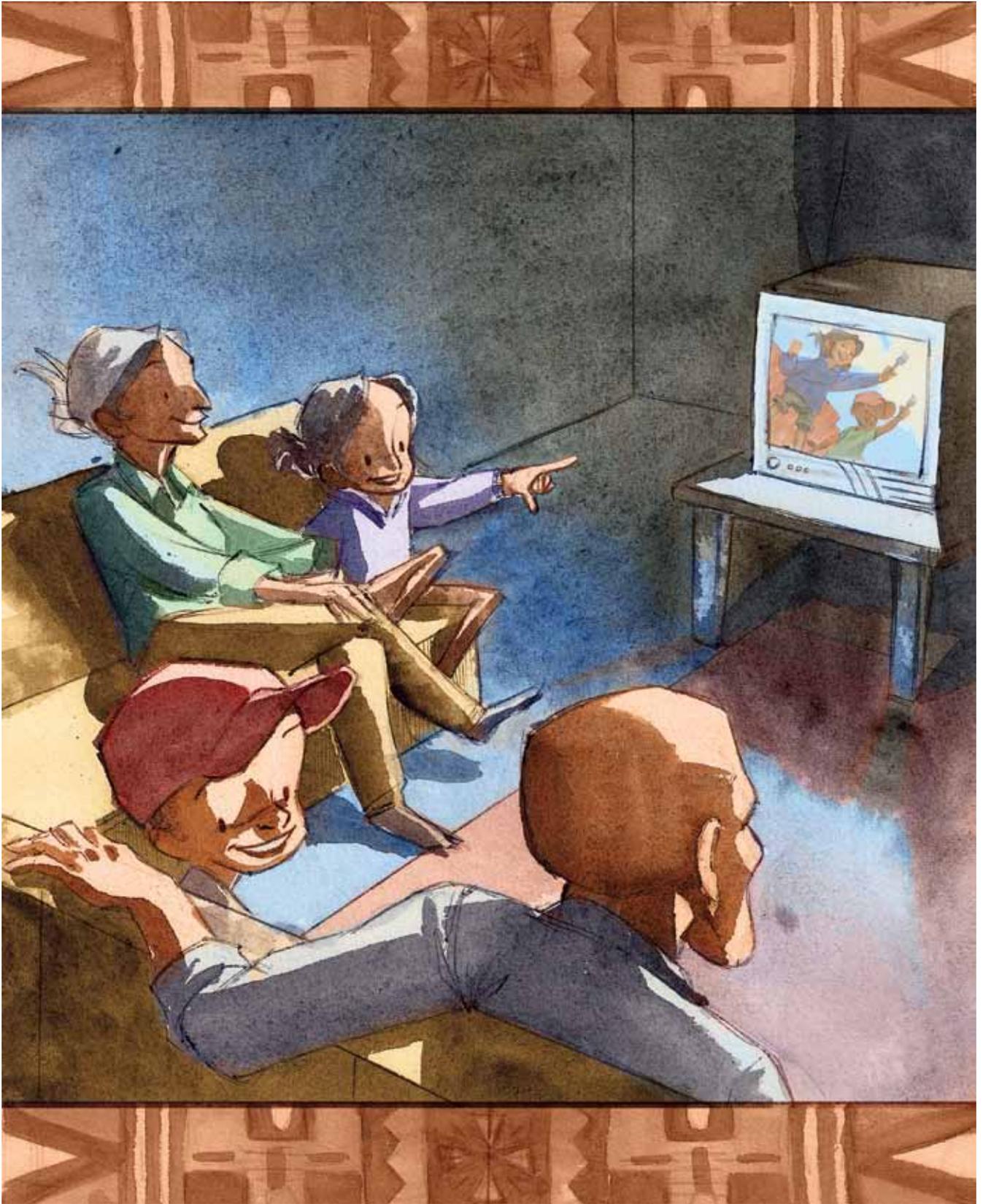
Max said, "It was sticking out of the side of a cliff."

"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 Fletcher with a tale of two children, two forks, and one large T. rex!"



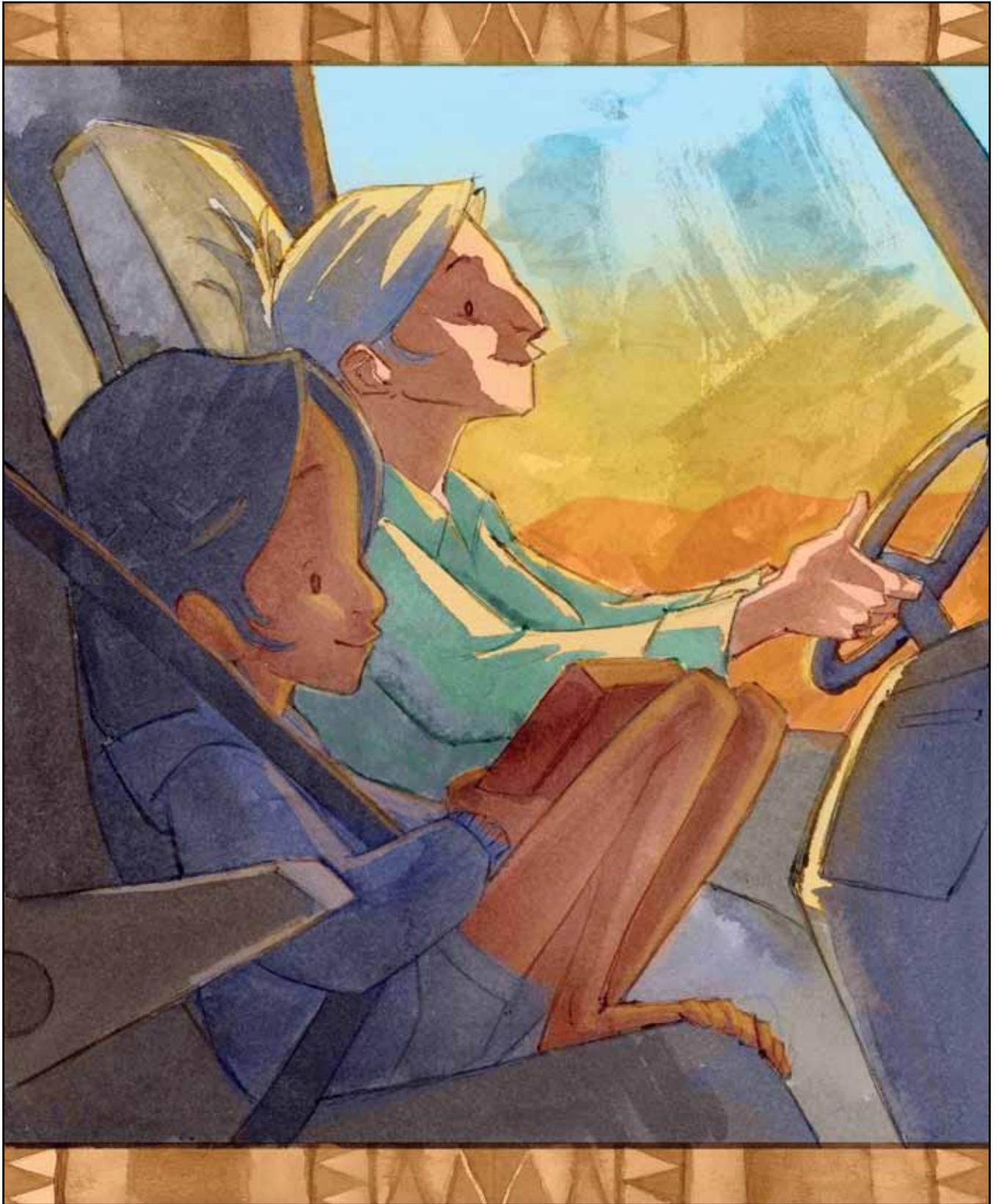
Nan's Book

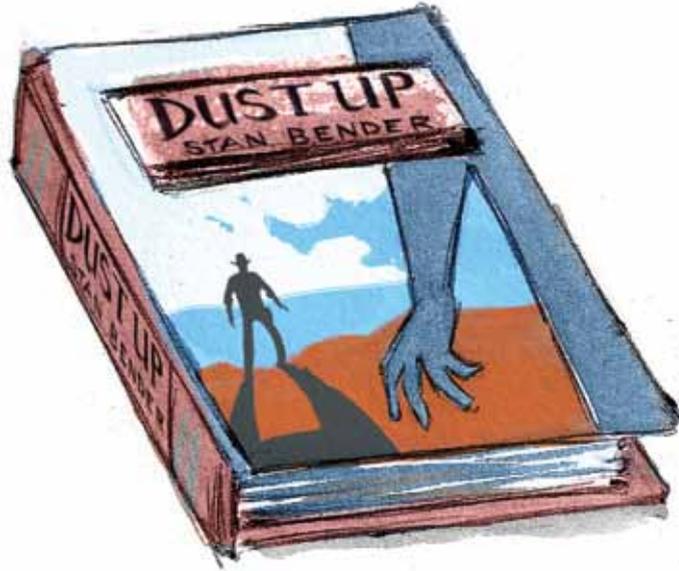
Max and I and the T. rex were on TV six times. I was glad when it came to an end. After you smile and wave a fork six times, it gets to be less fun.

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 today. 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 west-ern,” said Nan.

“What’s a west-ern?”

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

“Is there an out-law 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.

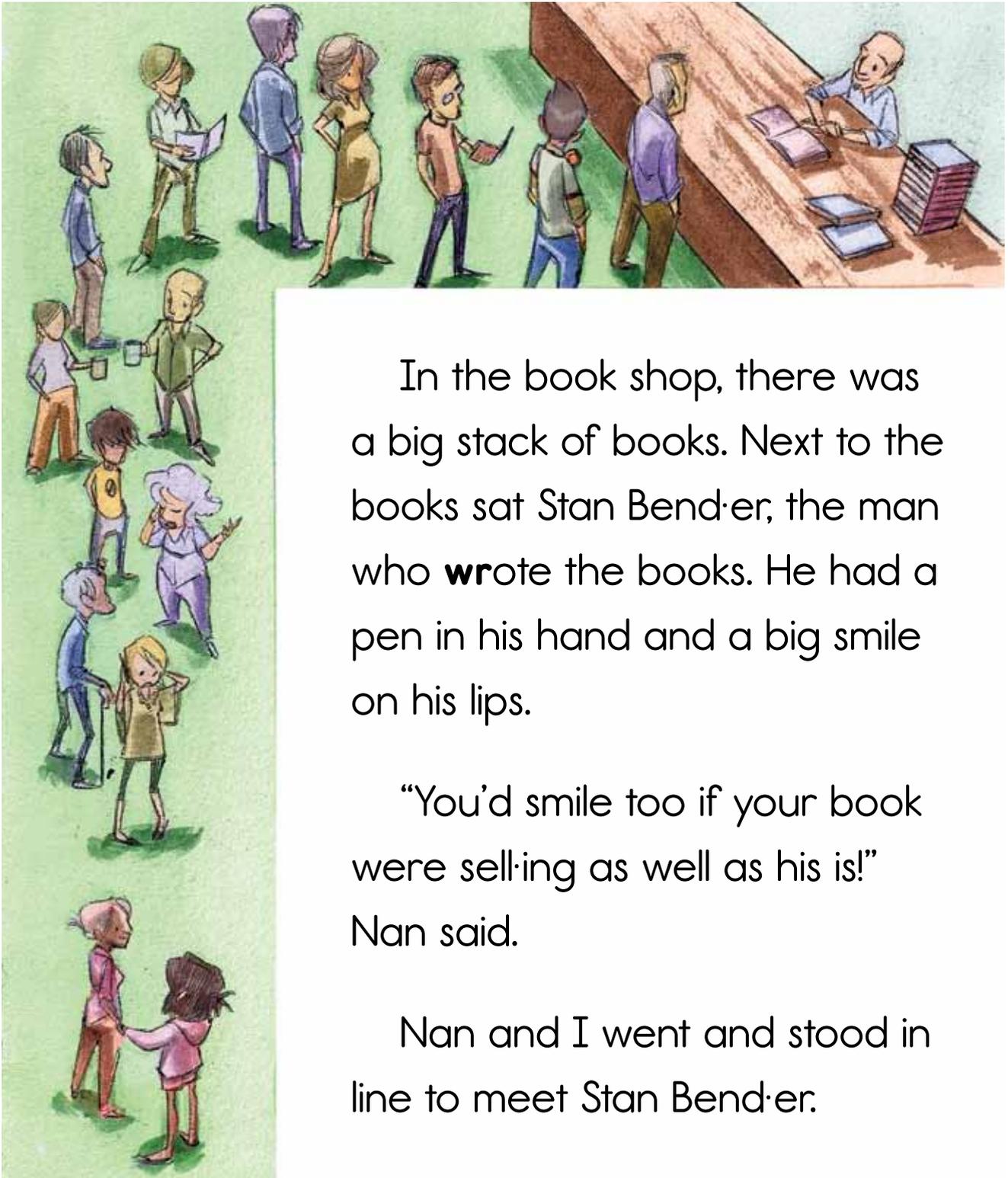
I looked at the last page and saw the page number: 305.

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

“It is,” said Nan. “But it felt short to me 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 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 wish·es, Stan Bend·er,” in Nan’s book.

“Mis·ter Bend·er,” 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, “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.

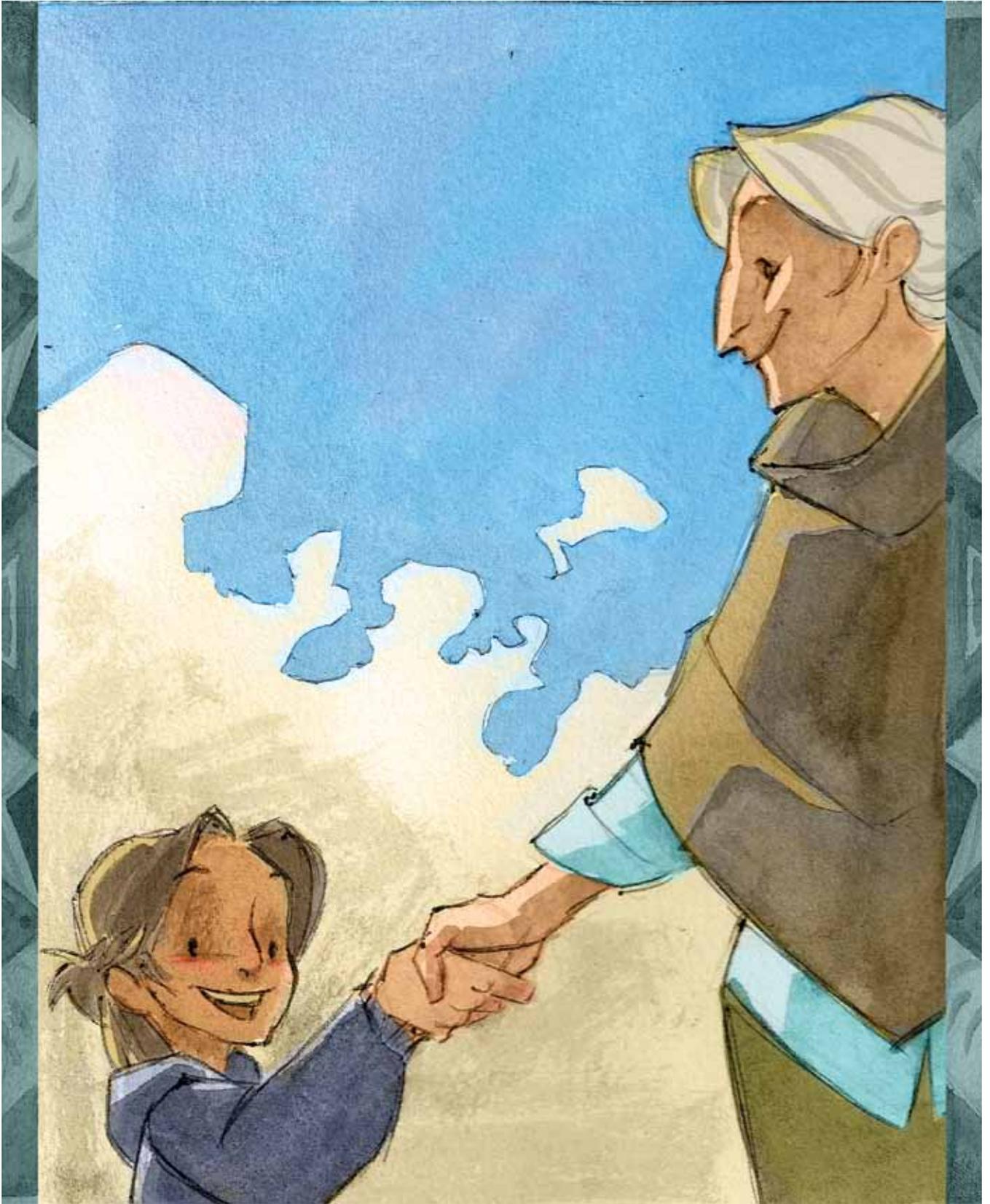
“And we are out here in the West.”

“Yes.”

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

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

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

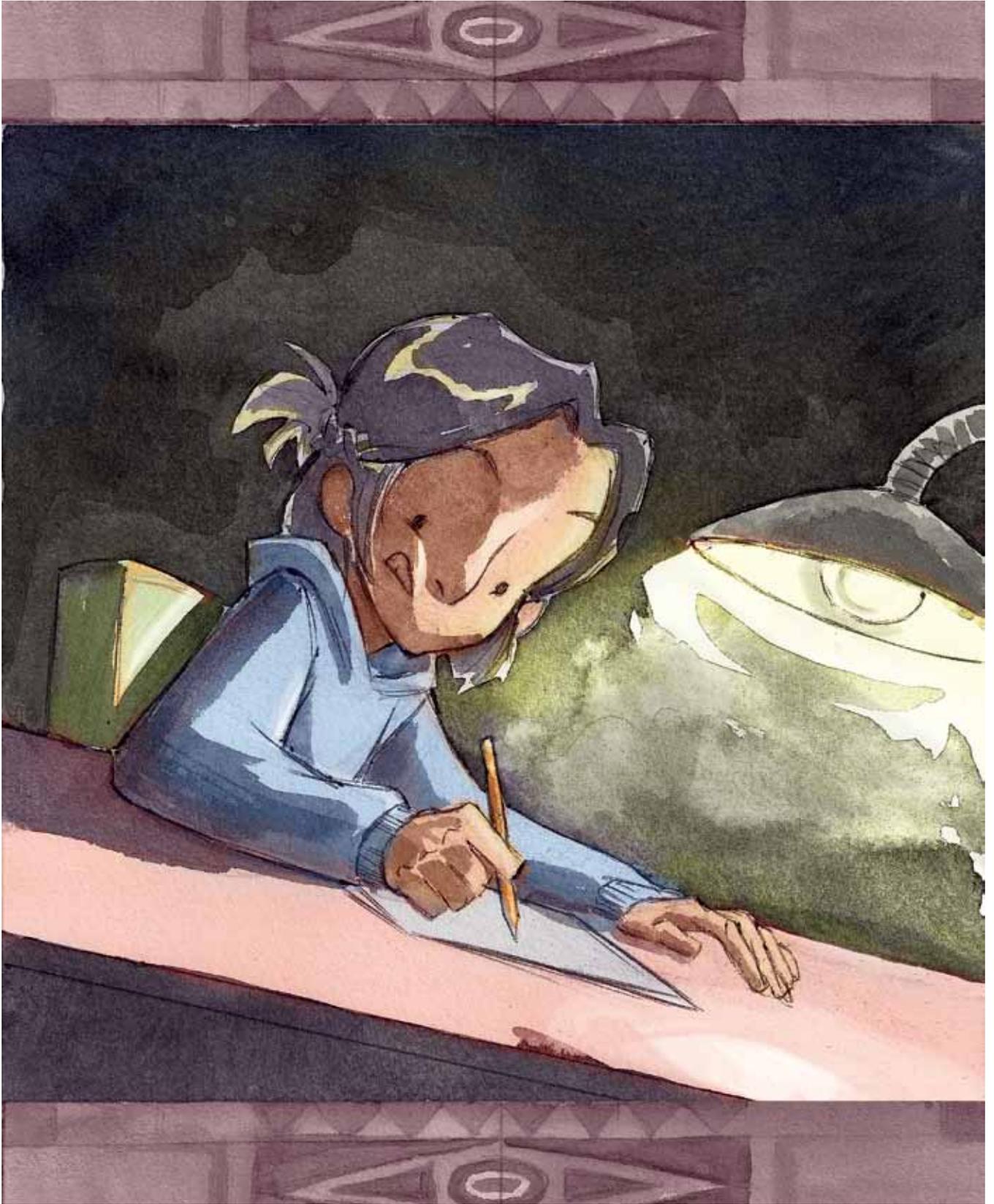


We Make a Book

When we got back to Nan's, I 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.

Nan 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.

Max helped me out, too. He said, "I can help you with spell·ing. I am the best spell·er in my class." Max looked at what I had **w**ritt·en and fixed a lot of spell·ing mis·takes that I had made.

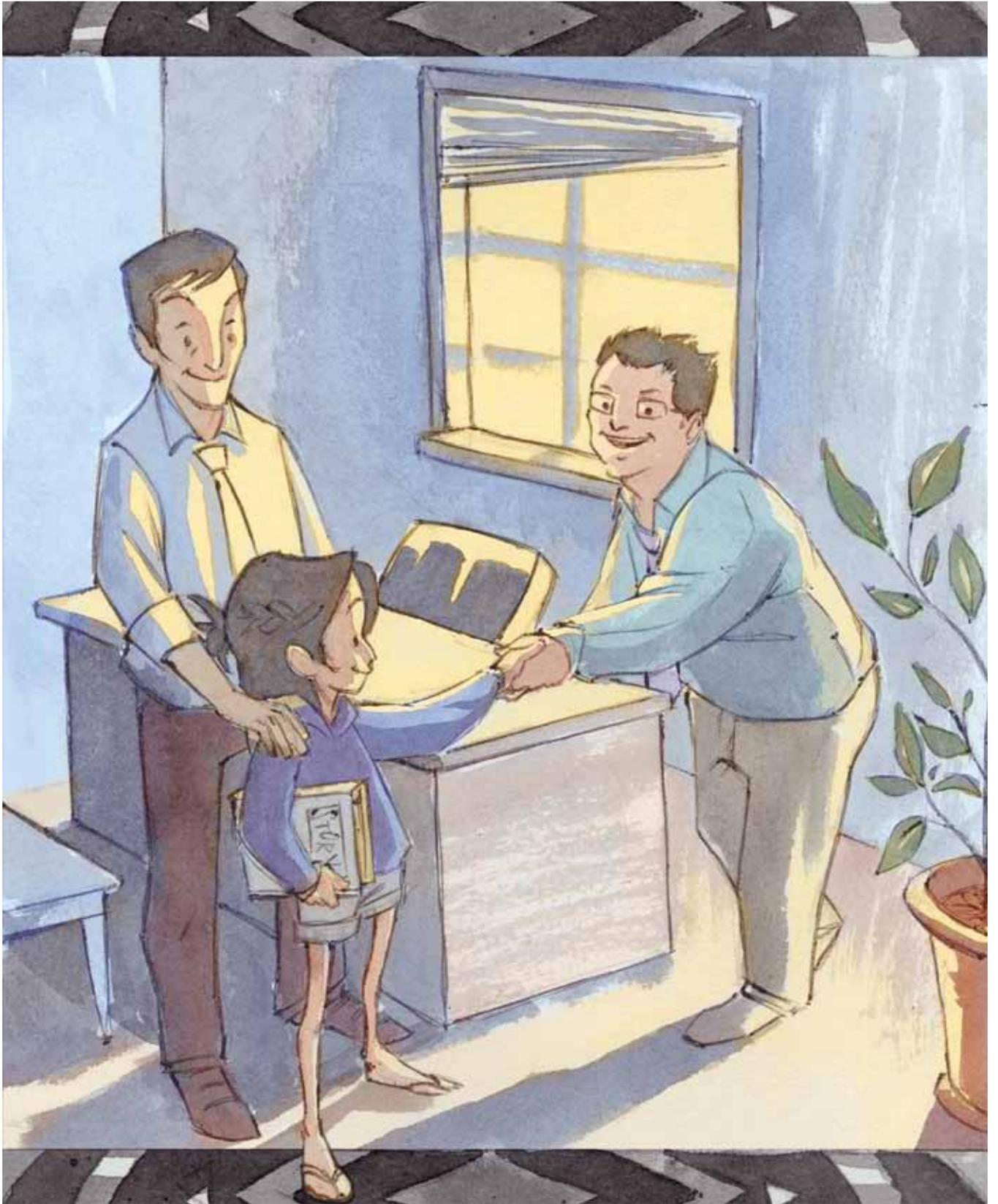


When I had **writt·en** the words, Nan got out her brush and start·ed to make the art. It took her a long time. She sent the pic·tures to me three weeks af·ter I went home.

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.

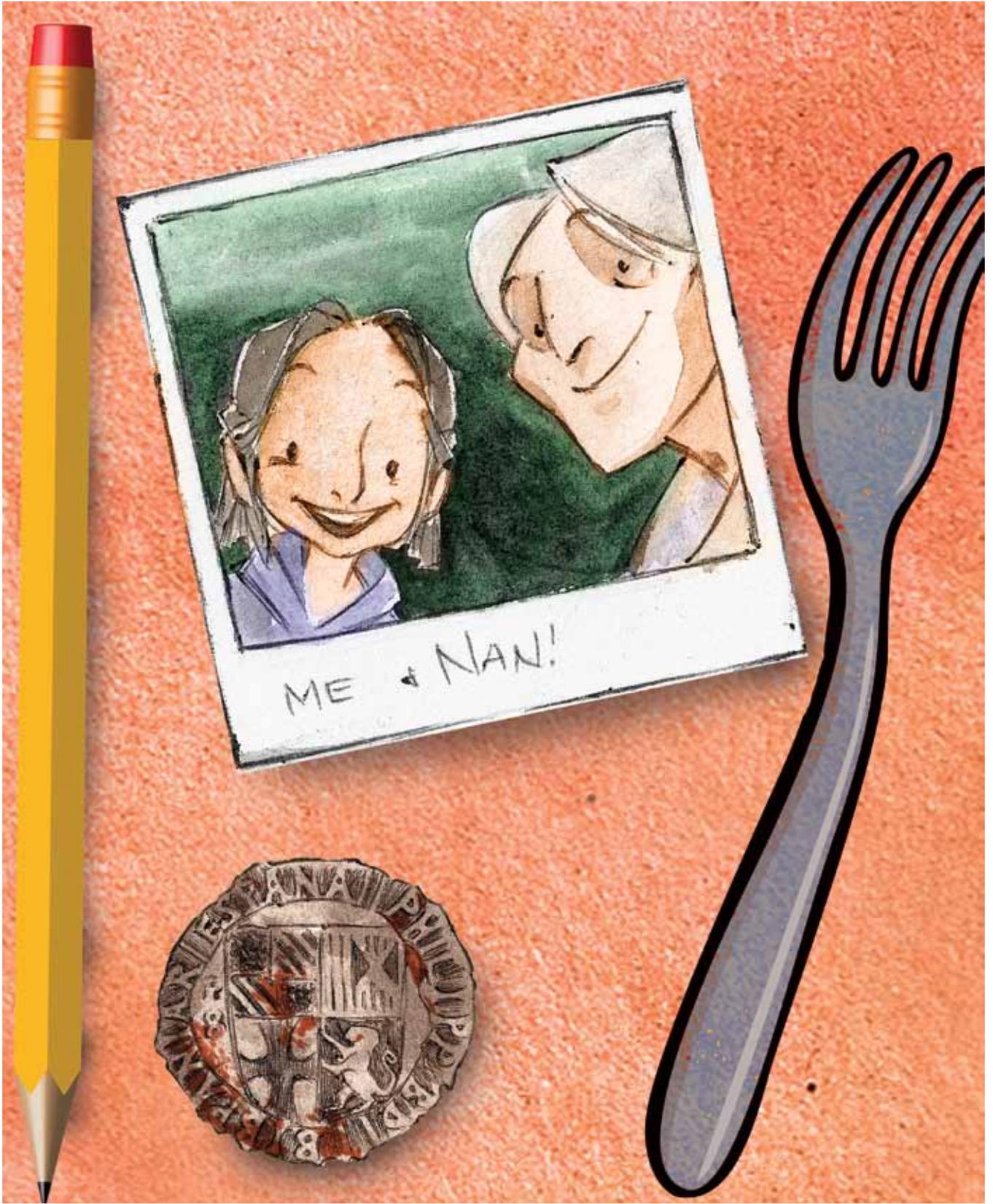
If you'd like to **w**rite me a letter, you can send it to me at this address:

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 *bee*
/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,

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*



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Kate's Book

Unit 5 Reader

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