Dear Famílies,

EAD Fluency is the ability to read a text accurately and quickly, while using expression. Fluency is important because it allows students to focus on making meaning rather than devoting time and energy to sounding out words. Fluency can be developed and improved by modeling fluent reading and by engaging students in repeated oral reading.

This fluency folder contains poems and short stories for your child to practice.

- 1. Read the poem/short story to your child to demonstrate what a fluent reader sounds like. They will get a kick out of this!
- 2. Read the poem/short story together with your child. (Read at a normal pace. Do not slow down to let your child "keep up" with you. Reading should match our normal speech rate. It should reflect the way we talk. For example: We...don't...talk...like...this...So...we...don't...Want...to...read...like...this...either!)
- 3. Listen as your child reads the poem/short story to you 2-3 times. Remind your reader to practice one of the fluency focus areas each week (expression & volume, phrasing, pace or smoothness). These elements of fluency are explained on the Fluency Folder Resource Sheet.

Thank you in advance for all of the time you will spend reading and doing these activities with your child!

Síncerely, Mrs. Combí

Fluency Folder Resource Sheet

(Please keep this resource sheet in your folder!)

What is fluency? Fluency is the ability to read a text accurately and quickly while using expression.

Why is fluency important? Fluency is important because it allows students to focus on making meaning rather than sounding out words.

How can fluency be developed and improved? Model fluent reading and engage children in repeated oral reading.

Fluency has important elements to focus on (Aim for #4 in each category!)

Expression & Volume: Reader is reading the passage with feeling, paying attention to punctuation marks. Reader is also loud enough for the audience to hear with correct emotion.

- 1. No expression with a quiet voice.
- 2. Some expression with a quiet voice.
- *3. Some expression with an appropriate volume.*
- 4. Appropriate expression and volume.

<u>Phrasing:</u> Reader is using punctuation and meaning to read complete thoughts. (Reader stops at periods and pauses at commas.)

- 1. Monotone, no pauses
- 2. Choppy, ignores commas and end punctuation.
- 3. Some choppiness, pauses for breath mid-sentence.
- 4. Well-phrased in correct units with correct stress.

<u>Smoothness:</u> Reader can read smoothly without having to sound out words as they read.

- 1. Frequent pausing, sounding out words, or repeating words.
- 2. Several pauses and hesitations causing the passage to sound broken.
- 3. Occasional breaks in reading due to difficult words.
- 4. Smooth reading with some breaks that are quickly corrected.

<u>Pace:</u> Reader is reading at a normal pace. Reading sounds like a conversation. It's not slow or choppy.

- 1. Slow and hard to follow.
- 2. Slow.
- 3. Mixture of slow and fast reading.
- 4. Consistent speed and easy to follow.

Fluency folder directions:

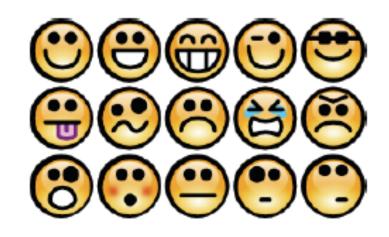
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Read "just right"!

Not too quickly!

Not too slowly!









Date	Listener's Name	Title of Text

Thank you for being a great listener!

Problem Solved

by Annette Gulati

I'm tired of my sister

chasing me around.

Following me everywhere,

Up the stairs and down.





She'll have to look much harder,

to track me down today.

'Cause I just solved my problem--

A secret hideaway.

Superhero Joey

by Katherine Rollins

Joey put on his mask. He flapped his cape in front of the mirror. This is the best costume, he thought. I'm sure to win the contest.

Joey skipped downstairs.

"Here I come to rescue you!" Joey shouted. "Nice costume," said Joey's dad. "I'm a superhero," said Joey.



"Joey," said Mom, "I need you to watch Mindy at the party." Joey looked at his little sister. "But Mom, superheroes don't have kid sisters."

"Well this superhero has a sister," said Mom. "What will Mindy's costume be?" asked Dad. "I'm not sure," said Mom. Joey got an idea. "I know!"

Joey took Mindy upstairs to his room. He dug through his closets.

Joey found his baby blanket.

He put it around Mindy's shoulders.

At the party, Superhero Joey and his sidekick Supergirl Mindy won first prize!

First Airplane Trip

Jake is going on a trip. He and Mom take a taxi to the airport.

"It's my first plane trip," he tells the

taxi driver.

"That's great!" the taxi driver says.

Jake rolls his suitcase onto the plane.

"It's my first plane trip," he tells the



pilot.

"Welcome aboard," the pilot says.

Jake finds his seat and buckles his seatbelt. The plane's engines

rumble and roar. Jake opens his backpack and pulls out Panda.

"It's my first plane trip," he whispers. He holds Panda's paw.

The plane moves faster and faster. Then—Whoosh! On the

ground, cars and houses look like toys.

Jake smiles. "Guess what, Panda?" he says. "Flying is fun!"

Fifteen Minutes of Pie

By Nikki Aksamit

The Everson family- Mr. and Mrs. Everson, their sons Ethan and Jason, and daughters Hannah and Emily- were gathered around their dining room table finishing up Sunday dinner. "What's for dessert, Mom?" Ethan asked as he helped his mother clear away the last of the plates.



"Your dad baked an apple pie." Mrs. Everson answered.

"Yummy!" exclaimed Ethan's sister Emily from her high chair at the end of the table, clapping her hands.

"Well, I would like fifteen minutes of pie please." Ethan said with a big grin as he sat back down at the table.

"Fifteen minutes of pie, what does that mean?" Asked his brother Jason, who was a couple of years younger than Ethan. He was very confused.

"Mr. Lavel is teaching us about time in school." Ethan replied. He was in second grade and they were just starting to learn how to tell the time on a clock. "He told us that the clock



can be divided into four fifteen minute sections, like the pieces of a pie. Fifteen times four is sixty and there are sixty minutes in an hour."

"Very good son!" Mr. Everson said smiling.

"So then may I have fifteen minutes of pie please?" Ethan asked again as his mother placed the dessert on the table.

Hands on her hips, Mrs. Everson looked at her son. "How about you have ten minutes of pie and save some for the rest of us!" she answered.

The Closet Creature

by Kelly Hashway

Bump! Bump! Scratch!

Adam opened his eyes and pulled the covers up to his chin. He stared around his room, searching the darkness for the thing that was making those scary sounds.

The closet door moved as something banged on it from the inside.

"Who's there?" Adam asked in a shaky voice.

The closet slowly began to open. Adam jumped out of bed and ran to the closet door, slamming it shut with his palms. He grabbed his desk chair and propped it against



the door handle. Then he ran out of his room and down the hall. His brother's door was wide open, and Adam jumped onto David's bed.

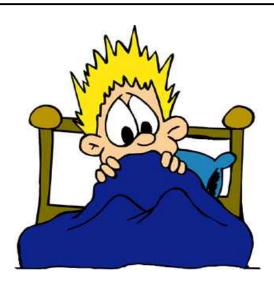
"Adam?" David asked in a groggy voice. "What are you doing in here?"

Adam tugged on David's arm. "There's something in my closet!"

"You probably had a bad dream. Go back to bed."

Adam yanked the blankets off the bed. "It wasn't a dream. I was awake, and the closet door starting opening by itself!"

David sighed. "Fine. But when we don't find anything, you have to promise to leave me alone for the rest of the night."



Adam nodded. David reached into his desk drawer and pulled out a flashlight. Then they headed to Adam's room. Adam stopped in the doorway. He could hear something scratching his closet door.

"Do you hear that?" Adam asked.

David nodded. He walked over to Adam's bed and pulled

the case off one of the pillows. He opened the pillowcase.

"You open the door very slowly, and I'll grab whatever it is."

Adam slid the chair to the side and pulled the closet door open a crack. Something

banged against the door, trying to force it open. Adam took a deep breath and opened the

door a few more inches. A small furry creature ran right into the pillowcase.

"I got it!" David said, closing the pillowcase and holding it in the air.

"What is it?" Adam moved closer as David peeked inside.

David put the pillowcase on the bed and an orange cat climbed out.

Adam scooped the cat up. "Apricot? How did you get trapped in my closet?"

David laughed. "The poor cat. If I was locked in your closet with your stinky shoes, I'd be

banging on the door to get out, too!"

"Poor, Apricot," Adam said. "You were probably more scared than I was."

About the the Author Kelly Hashway

Kelly Hashway is a children's book author. You may enjoy reading her latest book, May the Best Dog Win, which will be available in Spring 2011.

MAGICIAN OF THE SEA

by Kelly Hashway

What do three hearts, eight arms, and one huge brain add up to? An octopus, a creature that can do amazing things.

Octopuses are extremely intelligent. They can learn new things just like humans. They've even learned a few tricks to get them out of sticky situations. If an octopus is threatened by a predator, such as a shark or bird, it can



use some pretty incredible skills to get away. Octopuses don't have teeth or sharp claws to defend themselves. Instead, they use more clever ways to fool their attackers. Octopuses like to hide themselves in the sand on the bottom of the ocean floor. How you ask? Well, the octopus is like a chameleon because it can change the color of its skin to match the sand. And this color change, or camouflage, happens in less than a minute.

Some octopuses like to stay in more shallow water where there are rocks and coral. Because octopuses are invertebrates, meaning they don't have backbones, they can squeeze themselves into small spaces between the rocks to get out of reach of their predators. Another way an octopus can hide is by shooting ink. An octopus uses a part of its body called a siphon to shoot ink into the water. The ink forms a cloud that hides the octopus. By the time the ink clears and the predator can see again, the octopus has swum away or hidden. It's very much like a magician doing a vanishing act.

If you think that's a neat trick, then you'll love what else these creatures have up their sleeves. If an octopus is being attacked, it can actually make itself look like a venomous sea snake. It will bury itself in the sand, keeping two arms visible. It will change the color of those arms to match a sea snake. But what if there's no time to hide? If an octopus is in trouble, it can break off one of its arms. The arm will then change colors and squirm around in the water to distract the predator while the octopus swims away to safety. Don't worry though. The octopus's arm will grow back.

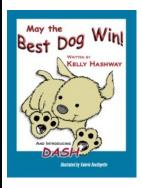
There is one kind of octopus that has venom to use in defense. The blue-ringed octopus is tiny; it could fit in the palm of your hand. Predators might think this size makes the octopus a great snack, but they know to stay away. The blue-ringed octopus is very poisonous and can



kill predators much larger than itself, including humans.

So the next time you see an octopus in the aquarium or while you're snorkeling, remember that inside that oversized head is a very large brain, making them a clever addition to the sea.

About the Author



Kelly Hashway's latest book, May the Best Dog Win, is now available!

Dash has the perfect life until the Super Sweeper 5000 shows up. Sweeper runs all over the house sucking up the leftover food scraps, and he even gets his own room! But Dash won't give up his place as the favorite dog without a fight.

Hashway, Kelly. May the Best Dog Win. ISBN: 9780984589081

Raccoon Rex

by Ruth Donnelly

I walk by night, in darkness. I sneak without a sound. I overturn the garbage can. Oh! What a treat I've found!

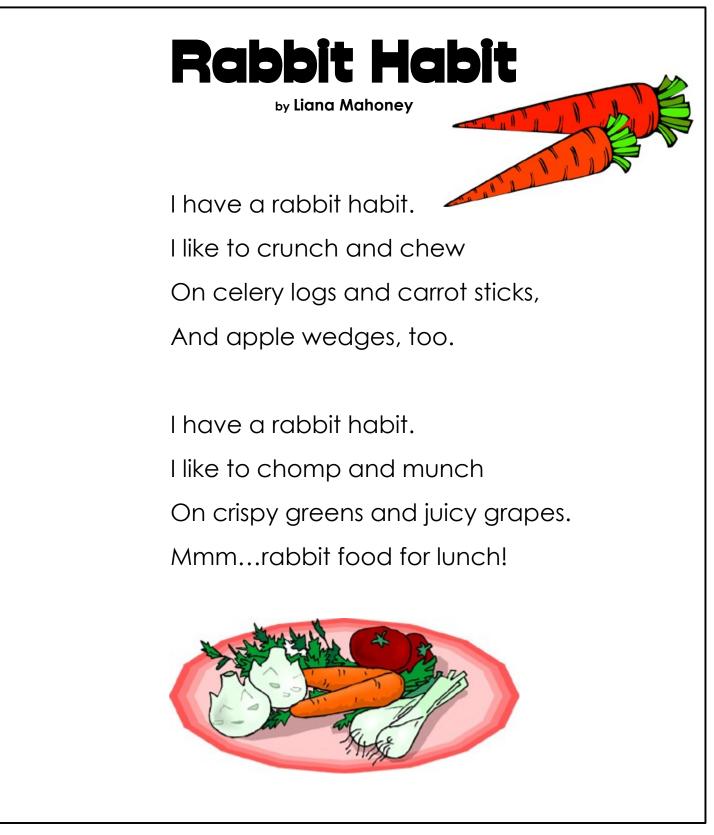
I grab the picnic sandwiches. (I haven't yet been seen.) I take my bounty to the brook, And wash it squeaky clean.

I creep up to the campers' tent And snatch a hot dog bun. The campers yell. They scream and shout. But I'm just having fun!

A mask of fur around my eyes, A smile upon my face, My paws can open garbage cans. I move with stealth and grace.

I steal from people's garden plots, From porches and from decks. Yes, I'm a fearless bandit--And my name is Raccoon Rex!

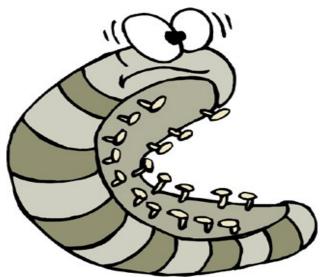




Name:

Roly-Poly Pill Bugs

by Cynthia Sherwood

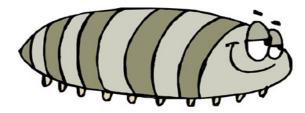


Some people are afraid of bugs such as spiders or beetles. But there is one bug that just about everybody likes—pill bugs. If you ever pick one up, you know why its nickname is "roly-poly." A pill bug rolls up into a tight little ball to protect itself. This bug is scared of you, not the other way around!

These little gray or brown bugs can be found almost everywhere in the United States except the desert. That is because they need to stay moist. But they can live in dry places like California thanks to lawn sprinklers. One of their favorite hang-outs is under damp flower pots. Did you know that pill bugs have something in common with kangaroos? After her eggs hatch, the mother pill bug carries her young in a pouch under her belly. The little pill bugs stay there until they are big enough to be on their own.

Pill bugs also have something in common with snakes. Just as snakes shed their skin when it gets too small, pill bugs do too. This is called "molting." A pill bug molts about five times until it is full-grown.

Pill bugs are a little like owls, too. Pill bugs are nocturnal, meaning they are most active at night. That is when they most like to wander around and look for food. And just like earthworms, pill bugs help break down plants in the soil. Pill bugs aren't just nice bugs. They are also interesting ones!



Foggy Figure

Justin and Mary woke up early, even though they were vacationing at their uncle's lake house. The night before, Uncle Thomas told them about the Foggy Figure that haunts the lake. Justin and Mary were determined to see the ghostly creature before their vacation was over.

"Is it foggy outside?" Mary asked, as Justin peered out the window.

"Yup! Let's go!" Justin let go of the curtain and rushed to the door with Mary on his heels.



It was only 5:00AM, so everyone else in the house was still asleep. As they crept through the kitchen to the back door, Mary sniffed the air. It had the faint scent of coffee and something sweet. She shrugged it off and followed Justin out the door, down the back steps, and out onto the boat dock. The fog had settled over the lake, making it impossible to see anything.

"Do you see anything?" Mary asked, leaning forward for a closer look.

"Nothing. Do you think Uncle Thomas was just trying to scare us with that story?"

Uncle Thomas did have a good imagination. He'd been telling Justin and Mary stories for years, but this was the first scary story. Mary had a feeling it wasn't made up.

Mary shook her head. "Remember what Uncle Thomas said? The Foggy Figure haunts the lake. We're on the dock. Maybe that's why we can't see him. The people in the story were in boats."

"You want to go out on the water?" Justin asked.

Mary looked around, trying to find Uncle Thomas's boat, but the fog was too thick.

"Mom and Dad will be really angry if we go out on the lake alone in this fog," Justin said. Mary shrugged. "Maybe we don't have to go anywhere. We could sit in the boat while it's docked. That wouldn't be dangerous."

"Okay." Justin crept toward the end of the dock. He could barely see the outline of the boat. "I'll go first." He carefully lowered himself into the boat and then reached for Mary's hand. Mary climbed into the boat and sat beside him. She was getting nervous now that they were on the water. "See anything?"

They looked around, and gradually, the fog began to lift. Mary turned around and screamed. "The Foggy Figure!" It was in the boat with them!

Justin and Mary hugged each other in fear, but then they heard a laugh. Justin leaned toward the Foggy Figure. "Uncle Thomas?"

"I knew that story would get you two out of bed early enough to take a boat ride with me."

Mary sighed, happy there was no Foggy Figure after all. Justin looked relieved, too.

Uncle Thomas laughed. "What do you say? I packed a breakfast for us."

Mary smiled. She had smelled coffee. And Uncle Thomas had packed pastries for them,

About the Author

"Let's do it," Mary and Justin said.

too.

Kelly Hashway Kelly Hashway Dash has the p Sweeper runs of

Kelly Hashway's picture book, May the Best Dog Win, is now available!

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The Skeleton Key

by Kelly Hashway

Erik rang his grandparents' doorbell and silently wished the next four hours would go by quickly. He didn't want to give up his entire Saturday afternoon at his grandparents' house where there were no kids in the neighborhood.



"You're right on time," Grandma Bethany said, opening the door. "There's tea and cake in the dining room."

Cake? At least the first ten minutes would go by quickly. Erik hung his coat on the rack by the door and saw a strange looking key hanging on a hook. "Grandpa Bill, what's this funny key for?"

"That's a skeleton key. It opens the best room in this house," Grandpa Bill whispered so no one else could hear. "It's the room I go to when your grandmother tries to make me help with the dishes."

"What's so special about the room?" Erik asked.

"It's a game room," Grandpa Bill said. "Take the key and see if you can find the room by the time I finish my tea."

Erik grabbed the key and stared at it. "A skeleton key? It looks old." Erik decided the oldest things in the house were probably upstairs in the walk-up attic. He headed past the dining room and to the stairs. Grandpa Bill sipped his tea and shook his head.

Erik knew that meant he was going the wrong way. He headed back to the front door where he'd found the key.

Erik thought about the oldest part of a house. "The basement! It's the first part that's built." He rushed to the basement door and looked at the lock. It was different from a normal lock. He slid the key inside and turned it. With a click, the door opened.

Erik switched on the light and walked down the stairs. The basement was one giant room with a pool table in the middle and a dartboard on the far wall.

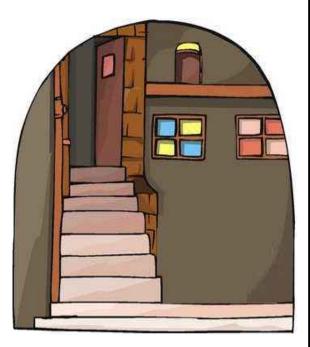
"Awesome!" Erik said.

"Ever learn to play pool?" Grandpa Bill asked, coming down the stairs.

"No," Erik said.

"Well then, grab a cue from the rack and I'll teach you."

Erik smiled. The next four hours were going to



fly by.

Achoo!

by Cynthia Sherwood

Achoo! We all sneeze sometimes. Sneezing is a reflex that your body does automatically. That means you cannot make yourself sneeze or stop one once it has started. When you sneeze, your body is trying to get rid of bad things in your nose, such as bacteria. You have extra germs when you have a cold, so you sneeze a lot more. You might also sneeze when you smell pepper!

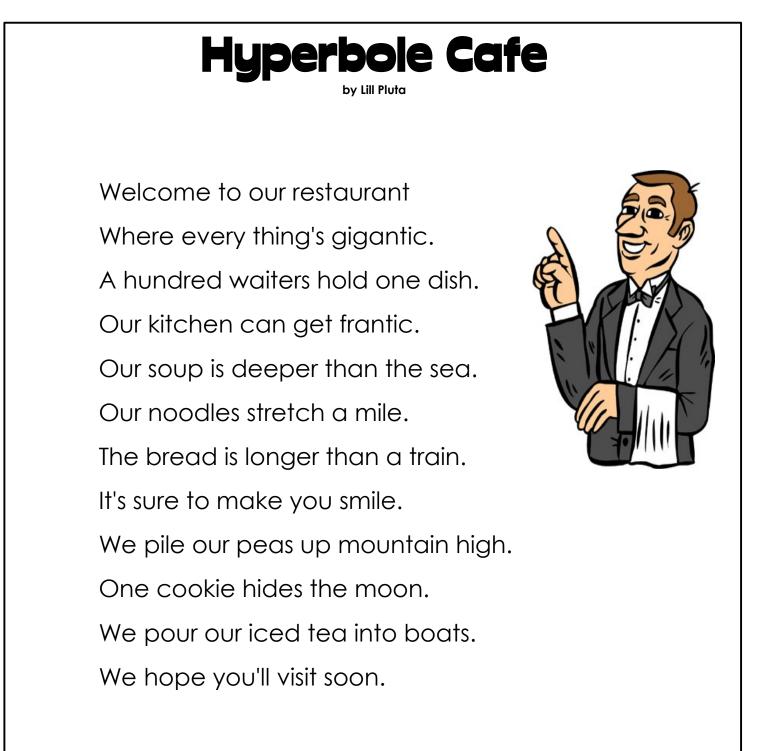
Inside your nose, there are hundreds of tiny hairs. These hairs filter the air you breathe. Sometimes dust and pollen find their way through these hairs and bother your nasal passages. The nerves in the lining of your nose tell your brain that something is invading your body.

Your brain, lungs, nose, mouth, and the muscles of your upper body work together to blow away the invaders with a sneeze. When you sneeze, germs from your nose get blown into the air. Using a tissue or "sneezing into your sleeve" captures most of these germs. It is very important to wash your hands after you sneeze into them, especially during cold and flu season.



Do you ever sneeze when you walk into bright sunlight? Some people say that happens to them often. Scientists believe the UV rays of the sun irritate the nose lining of these people so they sneeze.

If someone nearby sneezes, remember to tell them "Gesundheit!" That is a funny-looking word which is pronounced "gezz-oont-hite." It is the German word that wishes someone good health after sneezing. <u>Hyperbole</u> (pronounced: hy-PER-bol-ee) is a an exaggerated phrase used in writing that is not meant to be taken literally.



Name:

Hitchhikers in the Bathroom

by Liana Mahoney

Imagine this. You step up to the sink, wet your toothbrush, and begin cleaning your pearly whites. Out of the corner of your eye, you see something moving on the wall. Suddenly, you realize you're not alone in the bathroom. Your heart pounding, you turn toward the tiny intruder to get a better look.

You're horrified to see that it has eight legs, and a pair of oversized pincers on its front end. Is it some kind of miniature octopus, or a bizarre crab? Is it going to sting you?

Actually, it's a bug, and it's no more harmful to you than a housefly. This tiny bathroom bug is called a pseudoscorpion (SOO-doh-SCOR-peeuhn). But don't be fooled by its name. It's not really a scorpion; it's just a relative. The pseudoscorpion is a kind of arachnid (uh-RAKnid), which means it is closely related to spiders, scorpions, and mites. Like scorpions, pseudoscorpions have a segmented body and two enormous pincers. But pseudoscorpions lack the curved stinger that all true scorpions have. Pseudoscorpions usually live outside in mulch, under tree bark, and in leaf litter. So how do they end up in the bathroom? They use those pincer-like claws to hitch a ride on other bugs, such as flies and beetles. When these insects come in, so do the pseudoscorpions - attached to their legs!

These tiny arachnids prefer moist places. Since the bathroom tends to be humid after bathing and showering, it's a likely place to find them. But they are easily overlooked. Most pseudoscorpions are only about two to eight millimeters long.

Pseudoscorpions don't bite or sting humans, and they can even be helpful. These bugs feed on common household pests, such as carpet beetle larvae, ants, mites, and small flies. Welcoming this hitchhiker into your home may mean there are fewer household pests to "bug" you!

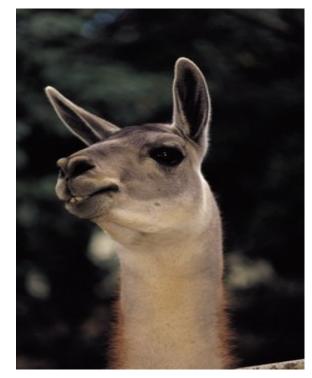
Spitting to Survive

by Liana Mahoney

Spit keeps our mouths moist and softens our food when we chew. Without spit in our mouths, we would have a hard time talking. We would find it even harder to swallow. But for some animals, spit works better after it has left the mouth. Some animals are experts at surviving because they are expert spitters.

Llamas are animals often found in petting zoos and farms. These animals seem to like their personal space. A llama that feels threatened or annoyed will spit slimy gobs at you to get you to leave it alone. Sometimes llamas even spit on each other to steal food! This trick usually works, because llama spit includes food from the llama's stomach, and it can be quite smelly. When a llama spits on another animal, the animal usually loses its appetite and walks away, leaving its food behind.

The archer fish is a very skilled spitter. This fish is like a submarine with a loaded weapon. It takes aim and spits jets of water at insects and other small creatures to knock them into the water. Then it gulps them down quickly. To create such a forceful stream of water, an archer fish closes its gills, and uses its tongue to form a tube in its mouth. Then the fish sticks its snout out of the water and aims. Aim! Launch! Lunch!



Spitting cobras are also known for their expert aim. These snakes spray poisonous venom from their fangs to protect themselves. Scientists believe that these snakes actually aim for the eyes! When the cobra's venom gets into the eyes of an animal, the venom causes terrible pain, and even blindness. This gives the snake plenty of time to get away.

Spitting is considered to be rude behavior in people. But for some animals, spitting can be a smart way to get lunch –or a clever way to avoid becoming lunch!

Portions of this folder borrowed from:

http://www.teacherspayteachers.com/Product/Fluency-Folder

Stories from:

http://www.superteacherworksheets.com/