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| Mr. and Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_\_had one child. They called Leroy, and so did his teachers. Everyone else in Idaville called him \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. | The small man in a shabby green coat and gray trousers tries to make himself as small as possible as he squeezes between the massive wooden choir chairs.  | “Where’s Papa going with that ax?” said Fern to her mother as they were setting the table for breakfast. | He was the best of Toms. He was the worst of Toms. Fleet of foot, sleek and solitary, Skilley was a cat among cats.  |
| Most of the time John Midas was a very nice boy. Every now and then, of course, he broke a rule, such as the rule against pretending to be a tiger when his sister, Mary, was supposed to be getting to sleep.  | Here is \_\_\_\_Henry Trotter when he was about four years old. Up until this time, he had had a happy life, living peacefully with his mother and father in a beautiful house beside the sea.  | One moment she’s calm and cozy with a knee in her nose and a tail around her neck. And then push comes to shove and she’s out! But she doesn’t have fur to keep her skin warm. | In the Tickham Kitchen, late on a summer afternoon… “Happy Birthday to You.” “What’s this Donald?” “This is your birthday present. It is a Ulysses Super-Suction, Multi-Terrain 2000X. Happy Birthday.” |
| It was not that Omri didn’t appreciate Patrick’s birthday to him far from it. He was really very grateful - sort of.  | The \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ occurred a very long time ago — so long ago that most people have forgotten why it happened in the first place.  | The door to Hank’s room flew open. “It’s ready!” a voice called out. Hank looked up from his drawing. “What’s ready?” he asked.  | Vasya Kandinsky spent his days learning to be a proper Russian boy. He studied books full of math, science, and history.  |
| Our story begins on the ocean, with wind and rain and thunder and lightning and waves. A hurricane roared and raged through the night. And the middle of the chaos, a cargo ship was sinking down down down to the ocean floor.  | Billy Gillfoyle’s dad shifted gears and gunned the gas. “Hang on kiddo,” he shouted over the roar of the engine. “Sign says ‘Curves Up Ahead.’” The convertible rocketed up the winding the country road like it was The Space Lizard’s Galaxy Blaster from Billy’s favorite comic books. | A long time ago, when all the grandfathers and grandmothers of today were little boys and little girls or very small babies, or perhaps not even born, Pa and Ma and Mary and Laura and Baby Carrie left\_\_\_\_\_of Wisconsin. | Every evening my brother Tad and I run over to Father’s office on the corner of Adams Street. We huck handfuls of pebbles up at the window panes so Father knows we are coming.  |
| Mitsi Kashino packed her sketch pad, her binder, and her worry in her book bag.  | Once there were four children whose names were Peter, Susan, Edmund, and Lucy. | Many years ago in a country across the sea there lived an inquisitive mouse. | Once, in a house on Egypt Street, there lived a rabbit who was made almost entirely of china.  |
| My ordeal began on a Friday early in September. In school that morning, I glanced at the clock often, eager for the Homecoming parade at four o’clock. | It’s a funny thing about mothers and fathers. Even when their own child is the most disgusting little blister you could ever imagine, they still think that he or she is wonderful. | In Ghana, West Africa, a baby boy was born: two bright eyes blinked in the light, two healthy lungs let out a powerful cry, two tiny fists opened and closed, but only one strong leg kicked. | When my great-grandmother Anna was a little girl, long before she came to America, she lived in a small shtetl with her mother, papa, and baby sister, Magia, near Iver in Russia. |
| To the children of the world, Thank you for sending me your letters. It brings me joy to read them all.  | After the war, there was little left in the tiny Dutch town of Olst. | It befell that on the first day of Lent, he could not return his library book.  | \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ had traveled all the way from Paris to visit their Aunt Cecile. |
| One day in class, Duncan went to take out his \_\_\_\_\_\_and found a stack of letters with his name on them.  | Even if they’d wanted to, the ancient Egyptians couldn’t have painted their pyramids a green that glowed in the desert sun.  | Dear Sir/Madam: Would you please send a catalog of your products to our school? We need a new \_\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_\_\_.  | The blind basket-maker knew someone had stopped outside his door. His ears were very sharp and not a sound that echoed through the busy streets ever escaped him. |
| In those days of powdered wigs and petticoats, England was brimming with books. Books of pirates and monsters and miniature people. Tales of travels and quests and shipwrecks and crimes … But not for children  | Within the beautiful city of Prague, fierce hatreds have raged for a thousand years. People of differing beliefs in God and nation have clashed violently here: Czech against German, Protestant against Catholic, Christian against Jew.  | A thin crescent moon, high in the sky, she faint white light over Dimwood Forest. Stars glowed. Breezes full of ripe summer fragrance floated over nearby meadow and hill. Dimwood itself, veiled in darkness, lay utterly still.   | It was just a \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_… but it brought tears of pride / to my Uncle John’s eyes / the Veterans Day / he came for dinner / and stood by it / set for one person / even though nobody would be eating at it. |
| This picture book has been canceled. | It was only ten months until the next World’s Fair. | \_\_\_\_\_ never wanted to be \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. | \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_\_ was the youngest of the three \_\_\_\_\_\_ sisters.  |
| Most \_\_\_\_\_\_ rely on their \_\_\_\_\_, more than any other sense, to find out what is going on around them.  | A Crocodile became increasingly fond of the wallpaper in his bedroom. He stared at it for hours and hours. | \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ was born to be a runner. Her mother always said that \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ had learned to run before she could walk.  | Mondays, there were hogs to slop, meals to train, and logs to chop. Slavery was no ways fair. |
| Where y’at? Where y’at? | I am princess Gie Gie. | Once there were four lads. | \_\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ are cheap and easy to use. |
| Darcy has plans. She and her friend are going to play dress up, do each other’s hair, and polish their nails.  | I was four years old when Papa brought home a \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. | Skeletons riding bicycles… skeletons wearing fancy hats… skeletons dancing and strumming on guitars.  | One hundred twenty years ago, my grandfather fled his home in Latvia, thousands of miles away. |
| I am on \_\_\_\_. I have traveled a long way from Earth. | I do not like to read. Not books, not magazines, not even the menu on the ice cream truck. | I mourn the passing of my husband, Cado Fairchilds. He managed our estate alone. |  |
| From his perch behind the clock, he could see everything. He rubbed his fingers nervously against the small notebook in his pocket and told himself to be patient. | Once upon a time, a king betrothed to a queen from a faraway land consented to be married in the cathedral even though he knew that only a handful of old women would attend the wedding. | It was the morning of Christmas Eve, the last day before Christmas. The toys in Mr. Blossom’s toy shop in the little country town stirred and shook themselves after the long night. | In the kitchen the bare bulb is burning. Dad has been up for a while, making sandwiches and packing the car. “Can I help?” I asked. “Sure,” my dad whispers and hands me the tackle box.  |
| We finished bringing supplies aboard early this morning. At midday we left on the tide and found a fresh breeze just outside the harbor. | It all started when Ma and Pa promised I could stay a spell with Grandma Mary, who lived a million miles away in the rough old Idaho mountains. | One late August day, Mercedes slipped her hand under the white chickens she kept in the small courtyard garden behind her apartment building. | It was November 1776, a time of trouble for our young country. We were fighting for our independence from Britain, and the war was not going well.  |
|  | This story begins within the walls of a castle, with the birth of a mouse. A small mouse.  | When Harry Colebourn saw a baby bear for sale at a Canadian train station he knew he could care for it. | When \_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ opened her \_\_\_\_ \_\_ \_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_, she didn’t know if anyone would come. |
| \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_ led the National League in stolen bases in his rookie year.  | The winds hiss over desert sand. The moon shines down on empty land.  | Well, hello. Welcome to this planet. We call it earth. | Whenever Castle Glower became bored, it would grow a new room or two. |
| Do you believe in \_\_\_\_\_? When I was younger, I used to watch a TV show about a boy who had a \_\_\_\_ pencil. | He went down to breakfast. He peered out the kitchen and checked the temperature. | Many, many years ago during WWI, there lived a real dog who began life in an alleyway of a Paris cafe.  | “See you after recess,” Mr. Birks said over the electronic sound of the St. Anne’s lunch bell. |
| Rancher Hicks lived out west. As the eye could see there was nothing… not even a roaming buffalo. So nothing much ever happened. |  | “I am a man,” \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ told a crowded Omaha courtroom. Then he declared that his blood was the same color as that of any person in the room. | Like a caterpillar, the roller coaster inched toward the top of the hill. I looked at my father. Because he was deaf, he spoke with his hands, shaping words into pictures painted in air.  |
| Do you believe in \_\_\_\_\_\_? When I was younger, I used to watch a TV show about a boy who had a \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_. | Mitsi Kashino packed her sketch pad, her binder, and her worry in her book bag.  | In a small house in Paris, nearly six hundred years ago, lived a man who made beautiful books. |  |