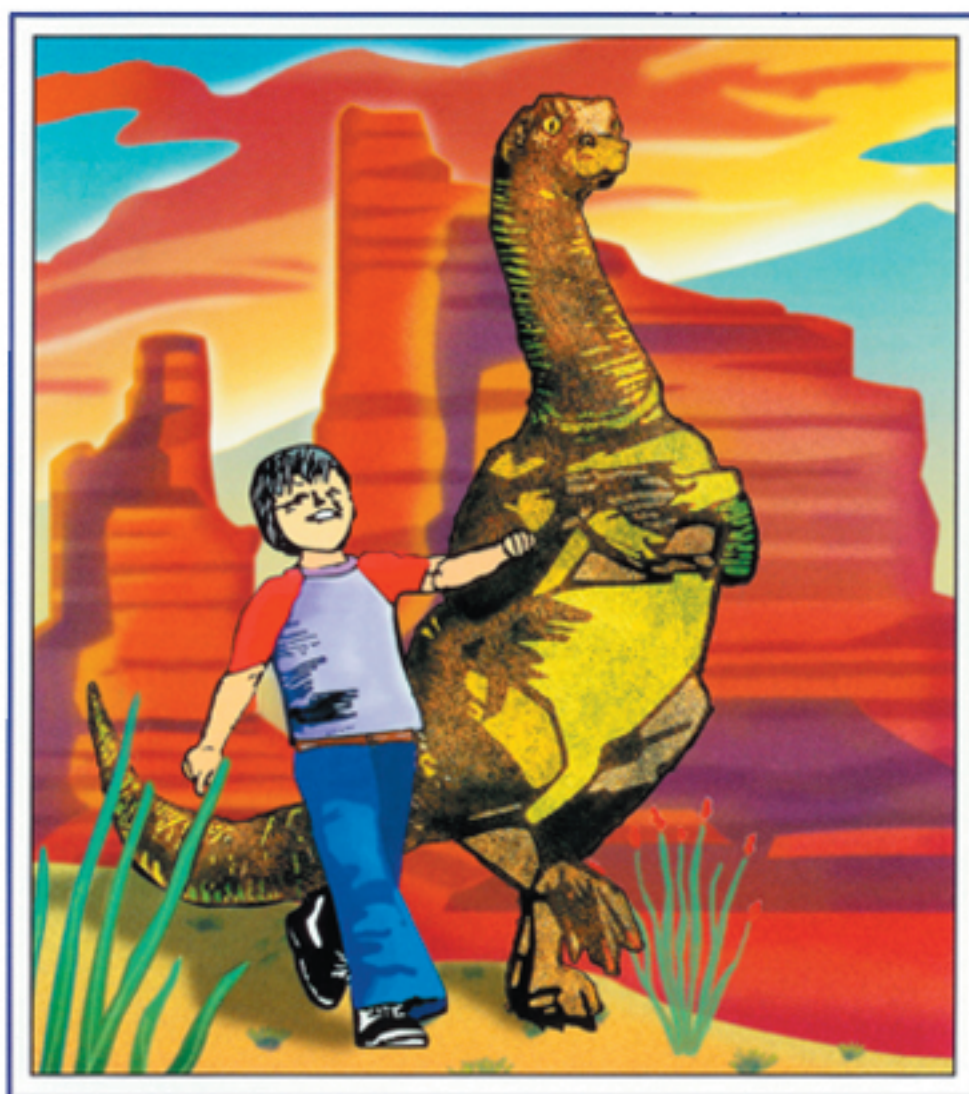
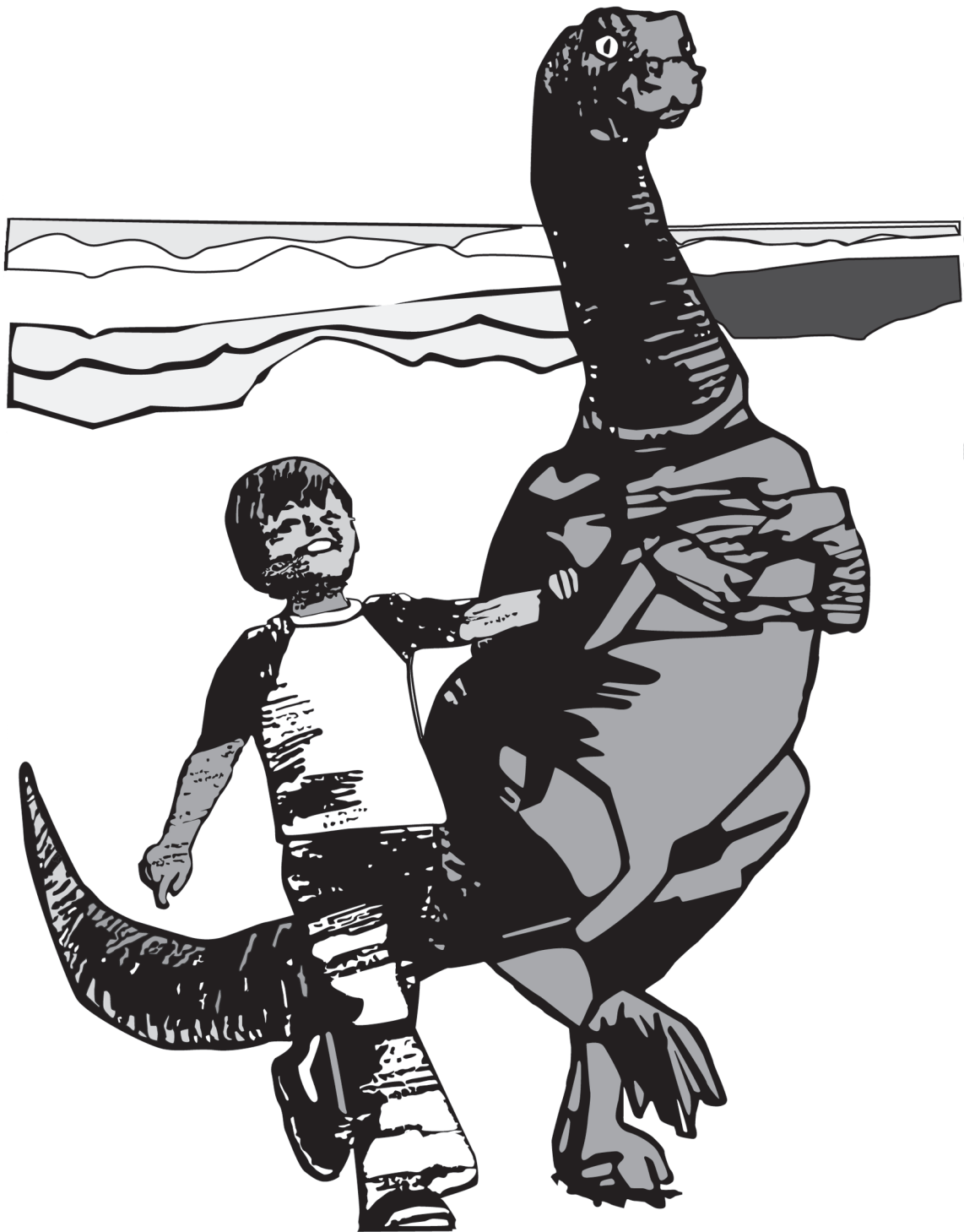


Found Out of the Past



Found Out of the Past



Alan M. Hofmeister

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Alan Hofmeister, author

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Chapter 1:

The Strange Car

Mr. Benson's automobile rattled and banged as it came down the street.

"Our car doesn't sound very good," said Mr. Benson, turning to his son, Bobby. "I hope we can make it home before it breaks down."

Just then the car backfired. A big puff of black smoke shot out from the back. The car rattled to a stop. Mr. Benson got out and looked at it, shaking his head.

"That backfire really did it," he said. "This car has had it. It'll never run again."

"What are we going to do without a car?" asked Bobby. "How will we get home?"

"We'll walk," said Mr. Benson. "We have no choice."

Mr. Benson took a few things out of the car. He and Bobby trekked down the road.



It was a hot day. After walking many miles, Bobby and his father needed to rest. "There's a little park up ahead," said Mr. Benson. "That will be a good place to stop."

The park was empty. They picked out a spot under a large tree and sat down in the cool grass.

They had rested a short while when they saw a strange-looking man riding in a strange car. It looked like an upside-down soup bowl with wheels. The man had a long mustache; he was wearing a tall hat. He stopped his vehicle and called over to Bobby's father.

"Do you know if there's a used-car lot in this town?" he asked. "I need to sell my car."

"No, there is no used-car lot around here," Mr. Benson answered. "However, my son and I need a car. May we buy yours?"

Bobby was curious about the man's car. "This is about the strangest-looking automobile I've ever seen," said Bobby. "Did you get it around here?"

"Oh, no. I bought this car years ago in a place far, far away," he said. "This is the only one ever made."

"Is it in good condition? Does it drive well?" asked Mr. Benson.

"Yes, it drives very well," said the man, "and it is in fine shape. I've been everywhere in it."

"Well, it is a weird-looking vehicle," said Bobby's father. "But we need a car. We'll buy it. How much money do you want for it?"

"Thirty dollars," said the man.



"Only \$30? That sounds more than fair," said Mr. Benson. "We'll take it."

He gave the man \$30, as he and Bobby climbed into the car.

Mr. Benson pushed a button, and the car started. As he drove away, he noticed the man jumping up and down and waving his arms.

"Wait!" the man was shouting. "There is something I forgot to tell you. Whatever you do, don't turn the red knob on the dashboard!"

The car was making so much noise that Mr. Benson did not hear what the man said. It looked like the man was waving goodbye.

"Goodbye!" shouted Mr. Benson, waving back.

"Goodbye!" shouted Bobby excitedly.

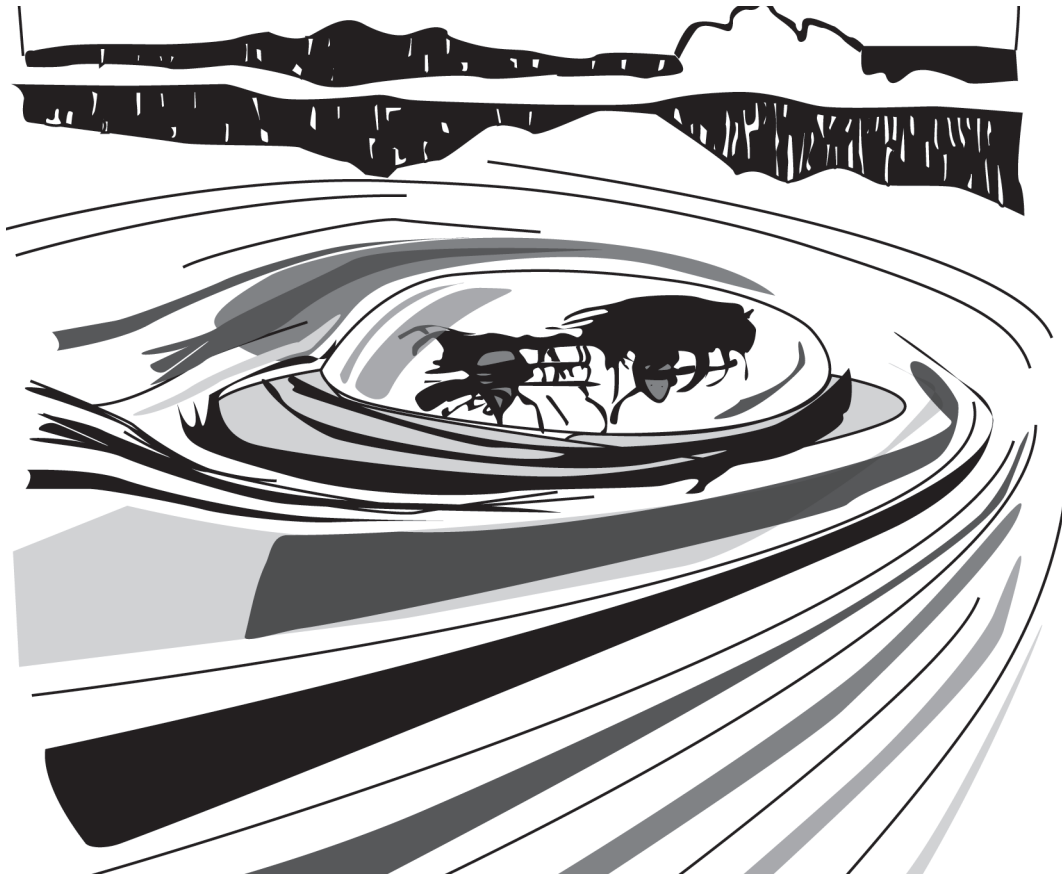
Mr. Benson drove cautiously down the street.

"Let's go faster," said Bobby, after they had gone a short distance.

"Let's see," said Mr. Benson. "I'm curious about these knobs on the dashboard. I can't tell which one I turn to go faster."

"I'll find out," said Bobby. He started to turn some knobs. "One of these must be the right one."

None of the knobs seemed to do anything. Then Bobby twisted the red knob; instantly, the car went into a wild spin. Around and around it whirled, faster and faster.



"I don't like to whirl around like this," screamed Bobby. "I'm getting dizzy."

"So am I," Mr. Benson shouted back, "but I cannot stop."

"Are we going to crash?" shouted Bobby.

"I don't know!" said Mr. Benson. "I don't know!"

It seemed that they would never stop wildly turning. Around and around they went.

Chapter 2:

Creatures of the Past

Everything was whirling by so fast that Bobby and his father could no longer distinguish the trees from the sky. They had no idea where they were or where they were going.

After spinning for what seemed like hours, the car slowed and came to a gentle stop. For a while, Bobby and his father were too dizzy to see anything. Finally, the spinning stopped in Bobby's head. He sat up and looked around.

"Dad, look!" he screamed. "We're in the middle of a jungle!"

Mr. Benson shook his head and looked up. Bobby was right. On all sides, there was nothing but jungle. There was no sign at all of the town behind them nor the road they had traveled.

While Bobby and his dad were wondering how they got here, a terrible roar shook the jungle.

"A tiger!" said Bobby, grabbing his father's arm. "That sounds like a tiger."

Immediately, a huge beast emerged from the jungle. It was a tiger all right... a very strange-looking tiger. On each side of its mouth was a huge, curved, long tooth.



Bobby and his father ducked down, hoping the tiger would neither see nor smell them. "I've never seen teeth like that," said Bobby. "Each tooth must be at least a foot long."

"It looks like the saber-toothed tiger," said his dad, "but I don't understand what it's doing here."

"What do you mean?" asked Bobby.

"There are no saber-toothed tigers left on earth," said Mr. Benson. "The last of them disappeared years ago. They're extinct."

The saber-toothed tiger sniffed around, obviously hungry, and looking for something to eat. Step by step he worked his way toward Bobby and his father, who were hiding in the car.

Mr. Benson peered at the tiger warily as it came nearer.

"Let's get out of here," said Mr. Benson in a loud whisper. "That saber-toothed tiger can smell us, and he looks awfully hungry."

Quickly, Bobby and his father leaped from the car and scrambled into the thick, green jungle. They ran as fast as they could, hoping that the tiger was not in hot pursuit.



After running for what seemed like miles, they stumbled into a large, dark cave.

"This looks like a good place to hide," said Mr. Benson. "I hope the tiger can't smell us in here."

They crawled into the cave and hunched down. It had been a long, tiring run.

After Bobby had a chance to catch his breath, he looked around the cave. Over in a corner he spotted huge tracks.

"Dad, come over here," he called. "Look at these tracks. They're bigger than any I have ever seen."

Mr. Benson came over and bent down. The tracks were big all right... as big as the top of a table.

"This is stranger than seeing a saber-toothed tiger," said Mr. Benson, shaking his head. "These tracks appear to belong to a dinosaur."

"A dinosaur!" said Bobby. "Are you certain? Haven't dinosaurs been extinct for years?"

"I know it sounds incredible," said Mr. Benson, scratching his chin. "I think we've gone back in time. How else could we have seen extinct creatures?"

"Back in time!" said Bobby. "How?"

Mr. Benson sat down.

"You know," he said. "I think that weird car we bought was a time machine. When you twisted that red knob, we were flung back in time."

"Well, if it sent us here, it should be able to send us back," said Bobby.

"I think you could be right," said Mr. Benson. "Let's try turning the knob forward instead of backward."

When they cautiously emerged from the cave to search for the car, Bobby found an unusually large, round, white rock just outside the cave entrance.

"What a beautiful rock," said Bobby. "Can I take it back with me?"

"Great idea," said his father. "How incredible to have a relic from the past. It may even have great value; but if not, it will be a terrific way to remember our trip."

As Bobby and his father struggled back through the jungle, they heard many strange, wierd sounds, but, luckily, avoided running into other hungry beasts.

After they had hiked for some time, they finally reached their strange-looking car. Bobby carelessly tossed his white rock in the back seat as he and his father quickly climbed into the car. Mr. Benson reached forward and turned the red knob on the dashboard.

“Hang on,” he shouted to Bobby. “With luck, we’ll move forward and out of the past.”

Slowly the car again began to spin. Faster and faster it turned. Again, they could see nothing but bright, whirling colors. Bobby was clinging onto his seat as tightly as he could, hoping with all his might that the car was heading the right direction--back to his own time.



Chapter 3:

The White Rock

When the spinning stopped, Bobby and his father found themselves back on the road at the exact spot they had left. The jungle, with its dinosaurs and saber-toothed tigers, was behind them forever, in the distant past. Bobby and his father were so excited to be back.

“Wow, it looks like we’re back where we belong,” said Mr. Benson, recognizing the familiar road.

But Bobby said, “I won’t believe it until we get home and see Mom again.”

“Well let’s be on our way,” said an excited Mr. Benson, starting the car. “Your mother must be worried and frightened, wondering why we are so late.”

As the car pulled into the driveway, Bobby’s mother frantically ran out of the house.

“Where have you been, and what are you doing in that weird car?” she exclaimed. “I was so relieved when you drove in.”

“This strange car is the reason we’re so late,” said Mr. Benson.

“What do you mean?” she asked.

“This car spun us into the past,” said Bobby. “It really did, Mom. We met a saber-toothed tiger, almost fell into huge dinosaur tracks, and . . .”

“Now, Bobby, don’t make up stories because you came home late,” said his mom.

“Oh Mom, it really happened,” said Bobby.

“He’s absolutely right,” said Bobby’s father. “I know it sounds unbelievable, but we were thrown, spinning and hurling into the past.”

“Mom, look at my big white rock,” said Bobby.

“I found this rock in the past. Have you ever seen anything like it?”

“It looks strange,” said Mrs. Benson. “Bring it inside. I must hear this entire, incredible tale.”

Bobby and his father stayed up very late retelling all the remarkable things they had seen and done while in the past. At midnight, Bobby yawned and got up from the table.

“It’s been such a long, unbelievable day,” he said. “I’m going to bed now.”

“It is very late,” said Dad. “Take your white rock with you. You’ll see it each morning as you awaken and recall our adventure.”



“What a good idea,” said Bobby, picking up his rock. As Bobby said good night, he eagerly looked forward to his soft bed and familiar, friendly room.

The following morning when Bobby awoke, he saw a terrible sight. The white rock had been broken in half! “Oh, no!” he yelled.

His mother ran in. “What’s wrong?” she asked. “Did something startle you? What is it?”

“Look,” said Bobby. “The minute I awoke I saw my rock. Someone has broken my beautiful white rock.”

“How could this have happened,” said his worried mother.

Mrs. Benson reached down and picked up part of the rock. She was about to speak, when suddenly, she saw something that made her quickly drop the rock.

“Bobby!” she said, fearfully. “There’s a creature under your bed! Get out of bed now!”

Bobby leaped out of bed and fearfully looked underneath it. His mother was right! Something was under his bed. Just then Bobby’s father burst into the room.

“What’s happening?” he shouted.

“There’s a beast under my bed,” yelled Bobby. “He’s dangerous. Look how he broke my rock.”

“That isn’t a rock,” said Mrs. Benson, taking a closer look. “It appears to be a shell.”

"You mean like an eggshell?" asked Bobby.

"That's just what I mean," she said. "What you found in the past wasn't a rock. It was an egg. The creature under your bed came out of this egg."

Just then the creature emerged from under the bed. It looked like a giant green lizard, but Bobby's father knew exactly what it was.

"What an awesome sight! That's a baby dinosaur," he said. "That egg you thought was a rock was a real dinosaur egg."

"A dinosaur," said Bobby, jumping up and down. "Wow! A dinosaur of my very own."



Bobby named the dinosaur “Dizzy,” and they became close friends. Every day they ran and played in the open fields near Bobby’s home. Every night Dizzy slept at the foot of Bobby’s bed.

Dizzy was growing quickly. Within a month he had grown from the size of a dog to the size of a horse!

Having a growing, frisky dinosaur around the house caused many problems for the Bensons. Dizzy ate a lot of food. Many, many people came to stare at him. Day and night the Benson house was crowded with newspaper, TV, and media people. They asked so many questions about Dizzy, Mr. and Mrs. Benson never got a chance to rest. They knew they had to do something about Dizzy, but they didn’t know what!

One day, while Bobby was outside playing with Dizzy, Mr. Benson called him over.

“Bobby, come here,” he said. “There’s something we want to discuss with you.”

“What is it?” asked Bobby.

“I’m afraid we will have to put Dizzy in the strange car and send him back to the distant past,” said Mr. Benson. “I know you don’t want to see him go, but I’m afraid we have no choice. He doesn’t belong here. He belongs with other dinosaurs.”

“No,” said Bobby, starting to cry. “Don’t send Dizzy back. He’s my friend.”

“It’s not fair to keep him here,” said Mr. Benson. “He will only suffer if he stays. They’ll put him in a zoo because he’s too big to live with us.”

“He won’t suffer if he stays with me,” cried Bobby. “We’re best friends. Nobody’s taking Dizzy away from me! Nobody! And if we have to, we’ll run away. I mean it! We will!”

Chapter 4:

Dizzy, the Famous Dinosaur

The Bensons were convinced Bobby would run away if Dizzy returned to the past. The Bensons also loved Bobby's best friend, so they agreed to let Dizzy stay.

"Bobby, I know how much you love Dizzy, so we're going to let him stay," said Mr. Benson. "But if he gets into trouble, he'll have to go back."

"Oh thank you," said Bobby. "I'll make certain he stays near home. That way he can't get into any trouble."

"That won't be easy," said his mother. "Dizzy is becoming very famous. Everybody wants to see him."

"Don't worry, I won't let anyone take him away," said Bobby. "He's going to stay right here with me."

"I hope you can do it," said Mr. Benson, watching Dizzy playing in the grass. "I really do."

Bobby's mother was right. Everybody wanted Dizzy. Night and day the house was crowded with people scheming to make money with Dizzy. One wanted Dizzy to perform in the circus. Another wanted him to perform on TV. Still another wanted to use him as a mascot for the Dinosaurs football team. One by one Bobby turned down each request for Dizzy.

Every day people flocked to Bobby's house. Each day someone presented a new plan for making money.

One day, while Bobby was riding around on Dizzy, he heard someone shout his name.

"Bobby! Bobby!" called the voice. "I want to talk to you."

Bobby looked all around. He couldn't see anyone. "Where are you?" he asked.

"Up here, above you," came the answer. "Look up. Here I am."

Bobby looked up to see a very strange sight. There, sitting in a basket under a long silver blimp, was a very large man with a big mustache.

"Wait there," said the man. "I'm coming down."

Bobby watched as the blimp dropped silently to the ground.

"How do you do?" said the very large man, hopping out of the blimp. "My name is Harold J. Butterspoon."

"What do you want?" asked Bobby.



"I have a plan I'd like to discuss with you," said Mr. Butterspoon. "Sit down, and I'll tell you about it."

Bobby sat down beside the man. "What is it you want?" asked Bobby suspiciously.

"I have a simple request," said Mr. Butterspoon. "I want to take Dizzy around the country in my blimp."

"That's the silliest thing I've ever heard," said Bobby. "Dizzy's much too big to get into your blimp."

"Oh, no. Dizzy won't ride inside the blimp," he said. "I'll tie ropes around him and carry him under it. Everybody on the ground will be able to see him."

"I don't think Dizzy would like this plan--nor do I!" said Bobby.

"Forget about Dizzy," said Mr. Butterspoon. "Think of all the money we can make. Everybody will pay to see him."

"Money!" cried Bobby angrily. He got to his feet. "That's all anyone cares about. What's wrong with people?" he asked. "Doesn't anyone care about Dizzy, except me?"

"Well, I guess I'd better be on my way," said Harold Butterspoon. "It looks like I'm wasting my time talking to you."

"You certainly are," said Bobby, clinging to Dizzy. "I wouldn't give up Dizzy for all the money on earth!"

Mr. Butterspoon climbed back into his blimp. Then he pulled a few handles, and the blimp slowly drifted up into the sky.

As Bobby watched the blimp drift away, a woman in a red and white car drove toward him. When she saw Bobby and Dizzy, she pulled over.

"Are you Bobby Benson?" she asked.

"Yes, I am. What do you want?" Bobby asked nervously.

"I want you," said the woman. "You're in a lot of trouble."

"Trouble," said Bobby. "What kind of trouble?"

"I'll explain later," said the woman. "In the meantime you'd better come with me."

Bobby swallowed hard. "This sounds bad," he said to himself. "What have I done?"





Chapter 5: Trouble!

Bobby walked to the woman's car. "You said I'm in trouble. Are you going to take me to jail?" asked Bobby.

"No, no. You're not in that kind of trouble," said the woman. "Don't you know who I am?"

Bobby took a long look at the woman. Until now he hadn't noticed the gold star stuck on her hat. Now he looked at it closely. Across the top it said "Pet Inspector."

"Pet Inspector!" said Bobby. "Did Dizzy do something wrong?"

"I'm afraid so," said the woman. "We may have to lock him up. Mr. Barker called to notify me about the trouble. He wanted me to do an inspection."

"What did Dizzy do?" asked Bobby.

"I'll let Mr. Barker explain that to you," she said. "He's waiting at his house."

"Mr. Barker? You mean the man who lives down the street?" said Bobby.



"What could Dizzy do to him? Dizzy doesn't even know him."

"He'll tell you," said the woman. "Now come along."

Bobby climbed into the car and they started off down the road. Since there wasn't enough room for Dizzy, he had to run along behind the car.

When they reached Mr. Barker's house, they found him standing outside.

"That's the creature," he shouted, wildly pointing a finger at Dizzy. "That's the terrible creature that ruined all my flowers. He's not difficult to identify."

Bobby jumped out of the car. "Don't call Dizzy a terrible creature," he said.

"Now, now," said the pet inspector, climbing out of the car. "Please take it easy. It doesn't help to get angry."

"I don't like people calling Dizzy names," said Bobby angrily.

"Well, let's sit down and talk this over," said the pet inspector.

After everyone was seated on the lawn, Mr. Barker told his side of the story.

"I was cleaning when I heard someone outside," he began. "I ran to the window and there, just starting to nibble on my flowers, was a big green creature. I was so frightened, I notified the pet inspector."



"By the time I arrived, Dizzy was gone," said the pet inspector. "I inspected the yard and found his tracks everywhere."

"Well, maybe he was here," said Bobby. "But he didn't mean to hurt anything."

"I'm afraid that doesn't matter," said the pet inspector. "What does matter is that your dinosaur ruined Mr. Barker's flowers. For that, he will have to be locked up."

"Locked up!" cried Bobby. "Oh, no!"

"We will have to put Dizzy in the zoo," said the pet inspector. "We just can't have

a dinosaur running loose. He scares too many people. He nibbles too many flowers. He ruins too many lawns."

"Please don't lock Dizzy in a cage," said Bobby. "Dizzy needs to be outside. He needs space to run around and play. He will be very unhappy locked in a cage."

"I have no choice," said the woman. "He's getting too big, and he's getting dangerous."

"He's not dangerous," said Bobby. "Dizzy is as gentle as a kitten."

When Dizzy heard his name, he looked up. His big brown eyes looked very sad. Bobby ran to his side, clinging to his neck.

"You can't take him away," said Bobby. "You just can't."

"I can, and I must," said the woman. "I'm going to the zoo to pick up a large truck. Wait here until I get back."

Bobby was so upset he couldn't speak. In silence he watched the woman drive away.

Bobby looked sadly over at Dizzy, reaching up and patting Dizzy on the neck. "Don't you worry, I won't let anyone take you away."

Bobby sat for a while, thinking silently. Then, suddenly, he got an idea. "I have it!" he said, pulling himself up onto Dizzy's back. "We'll run away. I know a place where they'll never find us."



Excited by his plan, they started off. As they left town, Bobby turned his head and looked back down the long, dusty road.

"Goodbye, Mom. Goodbye, Dad," he said sadly. "Someday I'll see you again."



Chapter 6:

Farewell

Dizzy and Bobby travelled a long way. They finally turned onto a dirt path. The path led up a steep hill.

"There's a cave at the top of this hill," Bobby told Dizzy. "No one else knows about it. It'll be a good place to hide."

They climbed and climbed. Finally they reached the cave. "This is it," said Bobby, jumping from Dizzy's back. "Do you like it?"

Bobby looked up at Dizzy. The dinosaur's face seemed sad. "What's wrong?" asked Bobby. "Has all this attention been difficult for you?"

It had been very difficult for the dinosaur. Dizzy was upset about all the people trying to take him away. But he had new feelings too. He was lonely!

That night Dizzy couldn't sleep. Long after Bobby had drifted off to sleep, Dizzy was still awake. He kept thinking about how great it would be to have another dinosaur for a friend.

As the first light of dawn shined into the cave, Bobby slowly woke up. He yawned twice and rolled over.

"Dizzy, wake up," he said. "It's dawn. Let's go out and see if we can find something to eat."

There was no answer. Not even a sound. Quickly Bobby looked all around the large cave for Dizzy. Dizzy was nowhere in sight. Bobby leaped to his feet and ran out of the cave.

"Maybe he went to look for food," thought Bobby.

Bobby shouted Dizzy's name, but there was no answer... only a distant echo.

Bobby was worried. Dizzy had never disappeared like this before. "I must find Dizzy," thought Bobby. "Is he in some kind of trouble? Otherwise, he would have answered my call."

Once Bobby found Dizzy's tracks, he followed them down the hill. The tracks took him back to the road. "It looks like he's heading back to town," said Bobby. "Now why would he do that?"

Bobby got his answer soon enough. As he rounded a turn in the road, he came upon Dizzy sitting before a huge billboard. Bobby couldn't see what was on the billboard. Whatever it was, he knew Dizzy liked it. Otherwise, Dizzy would

not be smiling.

Bobby came around the billboard and looked up at the picture on it. On one side of the billboard was a picture of a chocolate bar. On the other side was a picture of a dinosaur. Across the top it said: "Eat Dinosaur Candy—The Biggest Candy Bar on Earth!"

"No wonder you like this billboard," said Bobby. "There's a dinosaur on it."

Dizzy wasn't listening to Bobby. All he could think about was the big, beautiful dinosaur on the billboard.

After a while, Bobby urged him to leave. "Dizzy, come on," he said. "We have to go back to the cave now."

Dizzy didn't move. He just stared at the dinosaur. He had wanted a dinosaur friend. Now he had one. It was just a picture, but he wasn't going to leave it for anything.

Bobby tried everything to get Dizzy away from the billboard. Nothing worked. After a while, he gave up trying and sat down. "Until now, I didn't realize how much you missed other dinosaurs," said Bobby. "I guess I just never stopped to think how lonely it was being the only dinosaur on earth."

Dizzy came over to where Bobby was sitting. He put his head down, and Bobby patted it. "I'm going to send you back into your own time," said Bobby. "You don't belong here. You belong in the past. You'll be happier there." Bobby stood up and put his arms around Dizzy's neck.

"I'm going to miss you," he said. "I really am." He tried not to cry.

Bobby and Dizzy walked back to Bobby's house. The time-machine car was in the back yard. They went straight to it. Dizzy was too big to get inside the car. He could only sit on top of it.

"Hold on tight," said Bobby, reaching inside the car. He turned the red knob on the car's dashboard backward. "This car really spins fast," he warned Dizzy.

Slowly the car began to turn. "Goodbye," shouted Bobby. He stood back and watched as the car began to spin faster and faster.

The last Bobby saw of Dizzy, he had picked up one of his feet and was waving goodbye.

"I'll miss you too," Dizzy seemed to say.

Just then there was a giant puff of smoke and the car disappeared. Dizzy was on his way back to his home in the past.



Bobby stood in sorrowful silence and watched the last of the smoke drift away over the trees.

Suddenly Bobby heard someone shouting his name. He turned around. It was his mom and dad.

“Bobby, where have you been?” cried his mother.

“I’ve been with Dizzy,” said Bobby.

“Where is he now?” asked Bobby’s father.

“I sent him back to the past,” said Bobby. “I didn’t want to send him back, but I knew it was for the best.”

“I think it was too,” said Mrs. Benson, putting her arm around Bobby. “After all, making Dizzy happy was the most important thing, wasn’t it?”

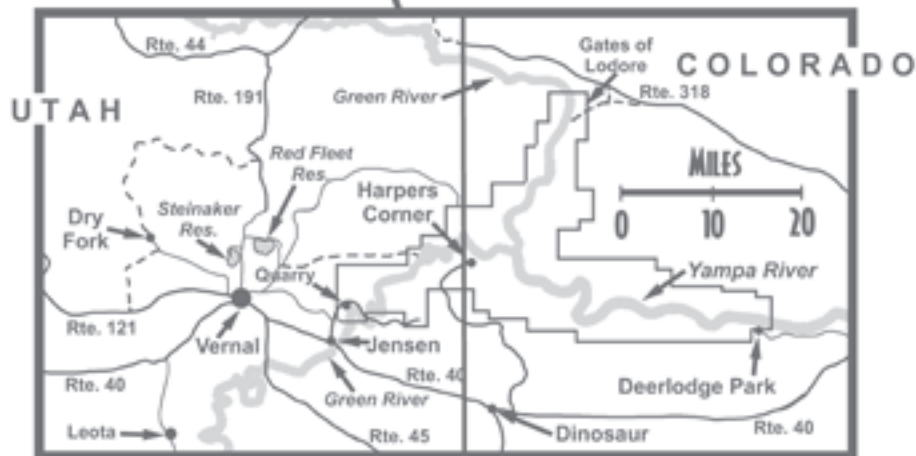
“It was,” said Bobby, looking up at his mom with tear-filled eyes. “I know he’s happy now.”



DINOSAUR COUNTRY

KEY

	roads
	rivers and reservoirs
	facilities, towns, & cities



Reading for All Learners – Fluency Builders Series This map may be copied for non-profit purposes.

“Fluency Builders”

Model Lesson Plan Summary: Fluency, Vocabulary and Comprehension

Step 1. Review of Vocabulary from the Previous Chapter (*approximately 2 minutes*). The instructor reviews the 10 most difficult words from the previous chapter. See Step 7 of this Lesson Plan for more information. Any very difficult words should be added to the Step 7 list for further review.

Step 2. Overview and Vocabulary Check for the Chapter (*approximately 5 minutes*). Students read the chapter and prepare their own written list of words they cannot pronounce, decode, or understand. The instructor discusses and explains these words. Students demonstrate their understanding of difficult words by using the word in a sentence in another context. Building on the discussion of the vocabulary, the teacher asks questions to elicit the main ideas of the chapter and generate a summary of the actions, major characters, or concepts. This discussion should serve as a brief, introductory overview of the chapter.

Step 3. Fluency Practice in Speed and Accuracy (*approximately 10 to 15 minutes*). The instructor should model the appropriate fluency skills by reading the first paragraph at an appropriate pace. That is, approximately 120 words per minute and with appropriate expression. The instructor should “randomly” select students to read a paragraph aloud. To ensure active participation by all students, the instructor should occasionally stop the student reading in mid-paragraph and ask another student to finish the paragraph.

Step 4. Comprehension Instruction (*approximately 5 minutes*). Assign each student to prepare a comprehension question for the group. Students should be assigned to prepare either a “how,” “what,” “why,” “when,” or “where” question. Each student should then pose a comprehension question to the group; the answer should be discussed by the group.

Step 5. Oral Comprehension Check (*approximately 5 minutes*). This is a discussion session that explicitly applies comprehension concepts to the chapter. The teacher should generate questions to elicit such issues as “What is the main idea?” “What was the motive?” “What was the sequence?” “What happened first? Last?” “Summarize the chapter.” The instructor should ensure that students have practice with literal, inferential, and evaluative comprehension questions. The discussion for Step 5 should serve as a gentle, yet firm, reminder that students are accountable for reading with understanding.

Step 6. Reading with Expression (*approximately 5 minutes*). Students should practice reading individual paragraphs with expression. This should be a fun experience. Focus on expression, not on speed and accuracy. Students may practice using different voices for different characters, changing intonation to indicate a question, and reading with pauses to build interest and anticipation. Each student should be given an opportunity to read at least one paragraph to the group.

Step 7. Prepare a Vocabulary Review List for the Chapter (*approximately 3 minutes*). The teacher and group should prepare a list of the chapter’s most difficult words to decode and understand. This should be a 10-word list based on difficult words encountered in the lesson. Each student should be required to review this list of 10 words as a homework assignment and be prepared to read and use each word in a sentence to demonstrate understanding. This review will be done as Step 1 of the next lesson on the next chapter.

Step 8. Individual Rate and Accuracy Assessment (*approximately 5 minutes*). Using “Assessment Step Sample” for the chapter, assess students on rate and accuracy. Record data for each student for each chapter. Check to see that students continue to meet the assessment standards from chapter to chapter. Do the reteaching when needed for individuals or the group.

Reading for All Learners Programs

- Programs are cost effective, direct, explicit, intensive, and tested for tutorial and group instruction.
- Based on 30 years of programmatic research on phonemic awareness, decoding, comprehension, fluency, vocabulary, spelling, and writing.
- **Examples of programs:**
 - **“Phonemic Awareness Program”** A preschool and kindergarten program to open the gateway to reading. The research states: “No one becomes a competent reader without phonemic awareness.”
 - **“Little Books” Program** A beginning reading program for teaching core decoding and comprehension for K-4 learners. The program uses a sequence of 140 decodable readers.
 - **“Fluency Builders”** A program for Grades 3-8, to teach fluency, vocabulary, comprehension, and reading with expression.
 - **“Decoding For All Ages”** A reading program for learners from Grade 5 to Adult. The program teaches phonics, fluency, vocabulary, and comprehension through 175 lessons.
 - **“Word Demons”** A program for Grades 8-12, to teach high school literacy, vocabulary, spelling, and writing.
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