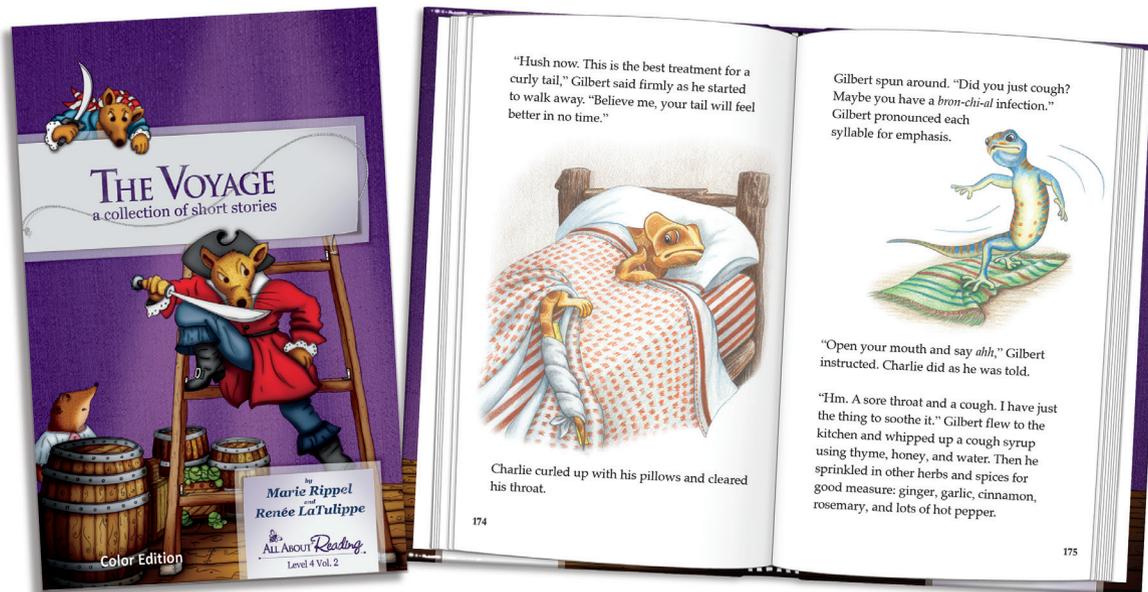
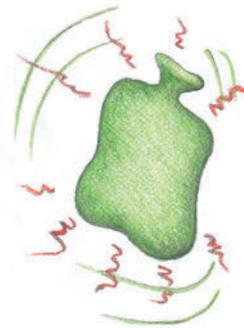


Level 4 *The Voyage* Sample

In this sample you will find:

- Chapter 11: “Charlie’s Sick Day” *The Voyage* pages 168-183
Chapter 14: “Ditto, the Rhyming Echo” *The Voyage* pages 218-233





Charlie's Sick Day

Gilbert leaned his bicycle against the side of Charlie's house. "Hello!" he called to his friend.



"Hello!" Charlie echoed back cheerfully.
"Come in! Make yourself at home!"

Gilbert helped himself to some orange juice and pulled up a chair at the kitchen table. Then he stopped and stared at Charlie.

"Hey, you're all orange and splotchy. What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing is wrong with me," Charlie started to say, but Gilbert kept talking.

"Charlie, you look so sick. You really ought to be in bed."



The more Gilbert talked about how sick Charlie looked, the more Charlie began to think that maybe he *did* feel a bit odd today. He couldn't quite put his finger on it. So he crawled into bed and covered up his head. "You're right," he said. "I'm sick! What do you think is wrong with me, Gilbert?"



"Let's look at your symptoms," said Gilbert. "I studied biology in school. I'm sure I can figure out this mystery."

"Thank you, Gilbert," said Charlie. "You're a good friend."

Gilbert went right to work. First he made Charlie as comfortable as possible. He found extra pillows in the closet and propped up his friend in bed. But as he tucked Charlie in, Gilbert noticed something.

"Charlie, your tail seems to be extra curly today."

"Oh no! What does that mean?" Charlie asked weakly. He closed his eyes.

"It means that we'll have to put your tail in a splint to straighten it out." Gilbert fashioned a padded splint from a ruler and a kitchen towel and tucked Charlie back into bed.

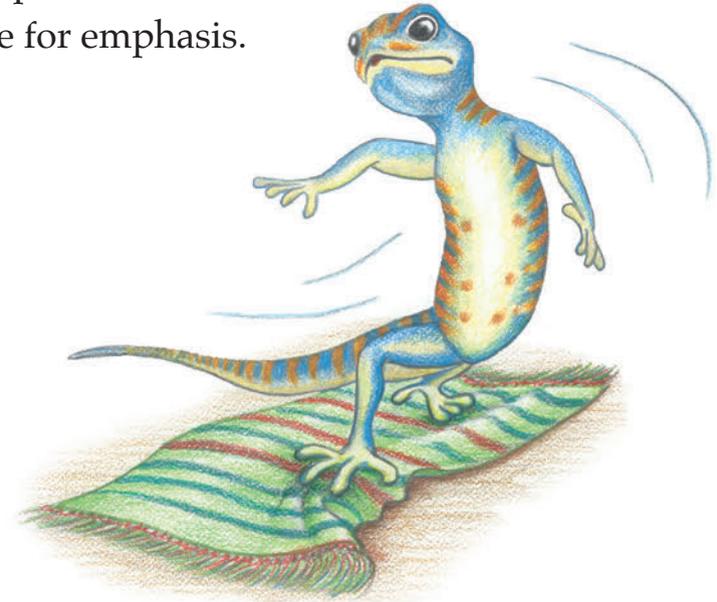
"But wait ... my tail is *supposed* to be curly," said Charlie.

“Hush now. This is the best treatment for a curly tail,” Gilbert said firmly as he started to walk away. “Believe me, your tail will feel better in no time.”



Charlie curled up with his pillows and cleared his throat.

Gilbert spun around. “Did you just cough? Maybe you have a *bron-chi-al* infection.” Gilbert pronounced each syllable for emphasis.



“Open your mouth and say *ahh*,” Gilbert instructed. Charlie did as he was told.

“Hm. A sore throat and a cough. I have just the thing to soothe it.” Gilbert flew to the kitchen and whipped up a cough syrup using thyme, honey, and water. Then he sprinkled in other herbs and spices for good measure: ginger, garlic, cinnamon, rosemary, and lots of hot pepper.

Gilbert carried the glass back to Charlie's room, stirring the thick mixture with a spoon. "Now," he said. "Drink this right up and you'll feel better in no time."

It took a Herculean effort, but Charlie drank the thick, brown syrup in two big gulps. It tasted awful! Charlie doubled over, clutching his throat with one hand and his stomach with the other.



Gilbert's eyes filled with alarm. "You have a stomachache!" He pressed on Charlie's stomach. "Does this hurt?"

Charlie winced. "Well, it hurts now that you're pressing on it." Charlie tossed his head from side to side and moaned. "I need some help, Gilbert!"

"Your stomach hurts, so you must have some type of chronic physical ailment. Do you have a thermometer? Perhaps you have a fever?"



Then Gilbert had an idea. "I've got it! I saw this on television once and I think it will work. I'll bring you a hot water bottle and you can lie next to it until you feel better."

Gilbert boiled some water on the stove and filled the water bottle.

“Now, lie in bed and hug the hot water bottle, Charlie.”

Charlie did as he was told, but drew back with a yelp. It was HOT!



“Just do as I say,” said Gilbert. “And you’ll feel better in no time.” Charlie gritted his teeth and carefully hugged the bottle.

Gilbert went back to the kitchen to fix himself something to eat.



Meanwhile, alone in his room, Charlie was feeling too warm lying next to that hot water bottle. He wasn’t even sure that his stomach hurt, plus he was hungry and bored and wanted to play. But then Charlie remembered he was sick, so he leaned back against his pillow.

He could hear Gilbert rustling around in the cupboards and fridge. He thought he heard Gilbert making himself a sandwich. Then he was sure he could smell hot chocolate.

Hot chocolate would taste really good right now, but I probably shouldn't have any because I'm sick. But I don't really feel sick. Maybe I should analyze the situation, Charlie thought.

He went over the symptoms that Gilbert had talked about.

Do I have a sore throat? No.

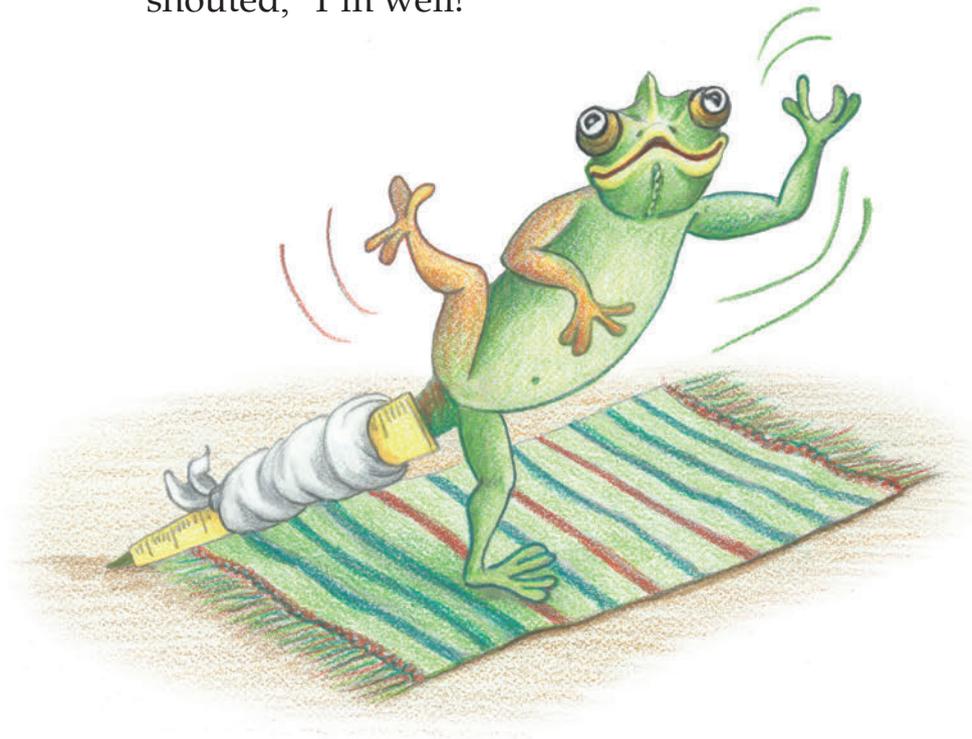
Do I have a cough? No.

Do I have a stomachache? No.

Is my tail curly? It's *always* curly.

Charlie, he said to himself, *you are well!*

Leaping from his bed with joy, Charlie shouted, "I'm well!"



Then he pulled the splint off his tail and ran to the bathroom sink. He drained the hot water bottle and rinsed the spicy syrup out of his mouth with cold water.

When Charlie skipped into the kitchen, Gilbert looked up from his enormous sandwich. "Charlie? What are you doing?"

“Gilbert, look at me! I’m well! Your cures worked!”



“But Charlie!” Gilbert mumbled through a mouthful of food. “You must be sick. Now you’re turning green!”

“Of course I’m turning green. I’m a chameleon!” said Charlie. “And I’m a chameleon with a very good friend. May I have part of your sandwich?”

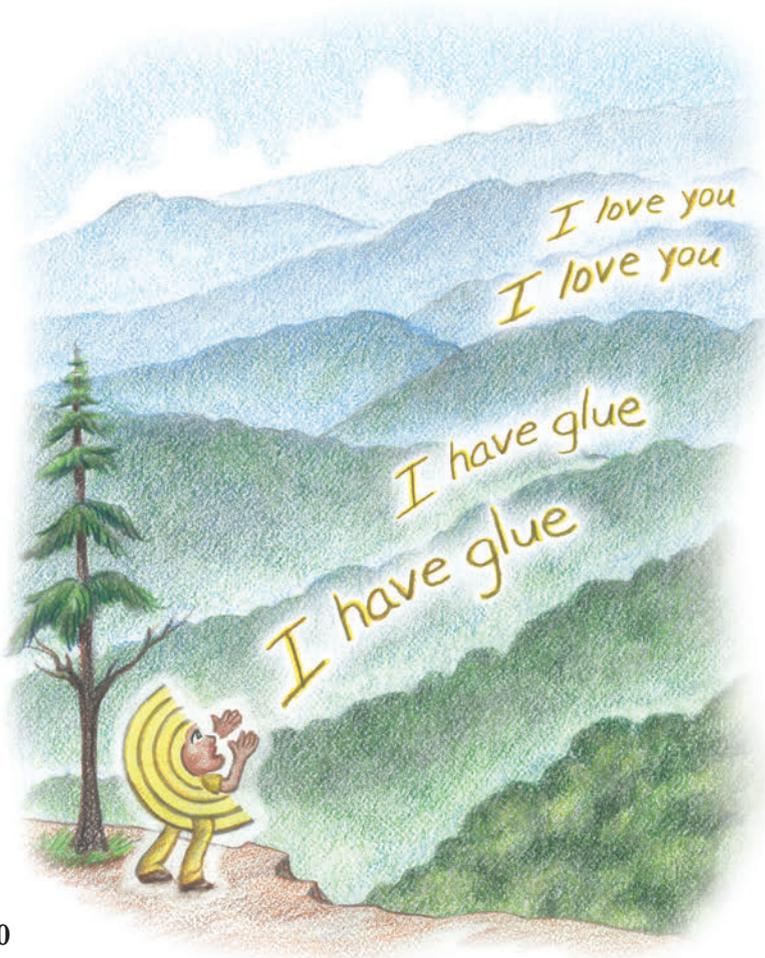
The End





Ditto, the Rhyming Echo

Ditto was an echo, but he wasn't very good at his job. No matter how hard he tried—and he tried *really* hard—he could never get his echoes quite right. Instead of sending back a proper echo, Ditto always sent back a rhyme. If someone shouted “I love you,” Ditto sent back “I have glue” or “Cows say moo.” He just couldn't stop rhyming.



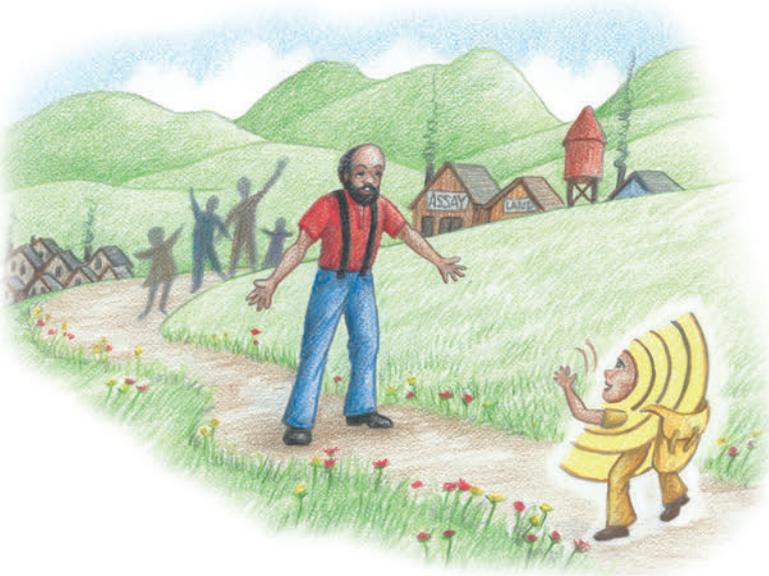
Ditto had worked at some of the most famous places on earth. His work portfolio included the Grand Canyon, the Bell Caves, and the Swiss Alps, but none of those jobs had lasted more than a few weeks. There were always too many complaints from tourists. When they yelled “I'm on top of the world!” from a mountaintop, they didn't want to hear “My toes are curled!” coming back at them.

It was getting harder and harder to find new places that would hire him.



Ditto knew that the bigger ranges, canyons, and gorges wouldn't give him a chance, so he looked high and low for a smaller place that wouldn't mind his rhyming.

After a few days, Ditto came upon a small mining town nestled in the hills. The townspeople welcomed Ditto and said he could start work the next day.



But as always, Ditto rhymed. Each night when six o'clock rolled around, cries of "Come get your spaghetti!" filled the air. But Ditto echoed back "Come throw your confetti!" instead.

After only a week, the irritated townspeople sent Ditto on his way.

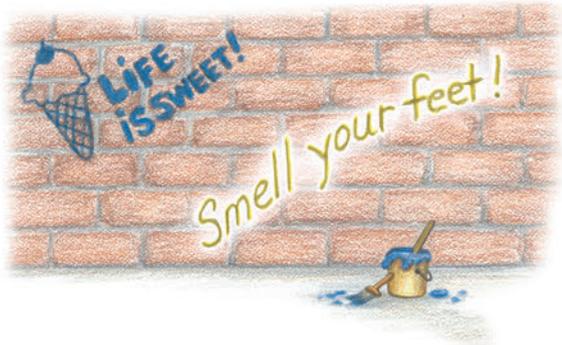


The job at the opera house didn't last long, either. The piano player laughed at Ditto's rhymes and the angry soprano pointed to the door.



The job at the ant hill was the shortest one of all. Ditto's rhyming echoes only confused the ants and disturbed their perfect marching lines.

Fed up with bouncing from job to job, Ditto tried changing careers. But it seemed that he wasn't meant to be a graffiti artist ...



or to toss ballerinas in the air ...



or even to toss pizzas.

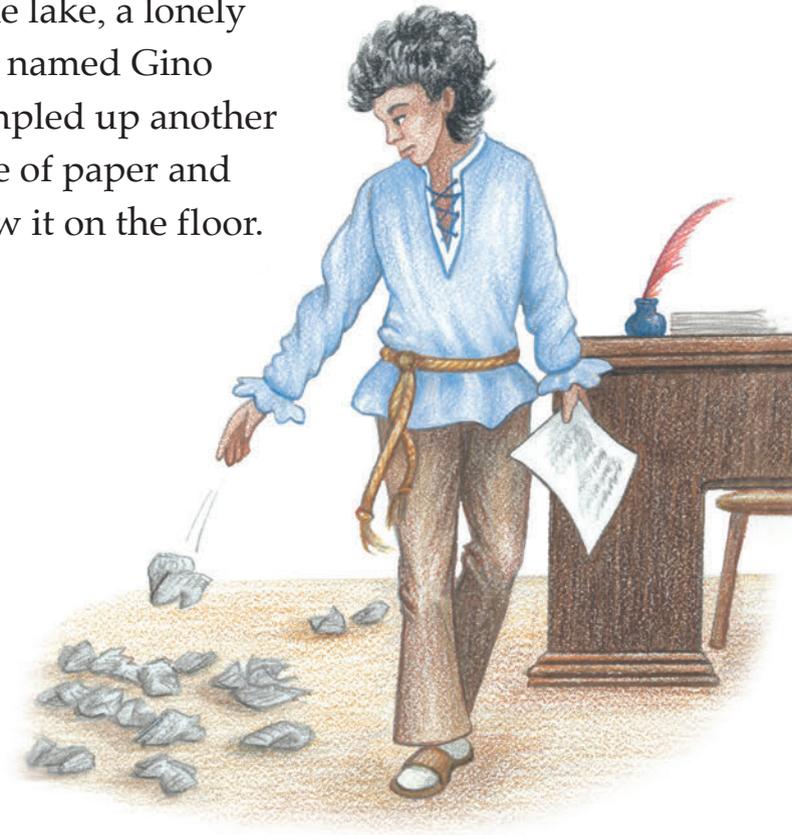


Ditto's work life was a total fiasco. He may have been born an echo, but what he loved most of all was rhyming. But who would ever hire him to rhyme?

Sad and tired, Ditto slumped beside a lake to eat the last of his pepperoni and crackers from the pizza place. The echo in the valley sent back perfect replicas of Ditto's crunches. He sighed.



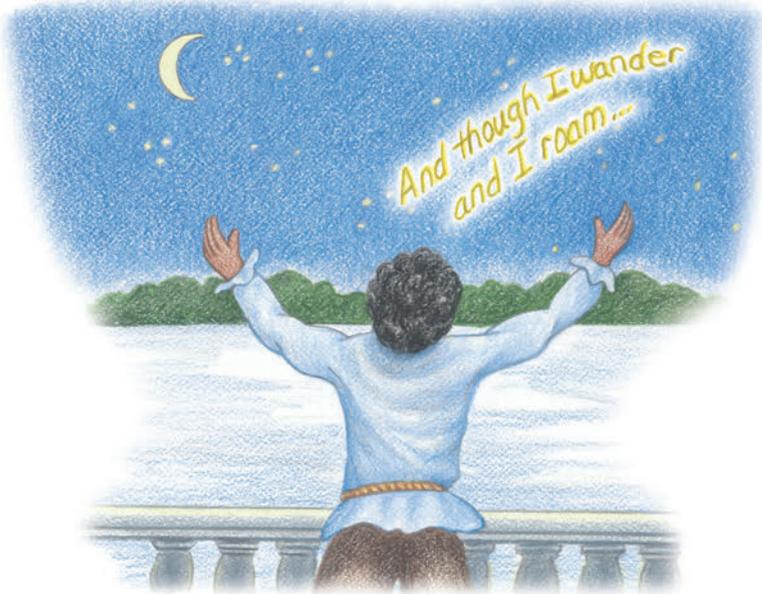
On the other side of the lake, a lonely poet named Gino crumpled up another piece of paper and threw it on the floor.



Gino was the town poet, but he knew he was in danger of getting fired. No matter how hard he tried—and he tried *really* hard—he could not complete a rhyme. If his first line said “The moonlight in the valley,” his second line might say “lights up my life like apples.” That didn’t make any sense, and it didn’t rhyme. What kind of poet can’t rhyme?

Gino didn't want to lose his job, so that night he worked extra hard in his studio, trying to write a perfect stanza. Dizzy with worry, the poet stepped out on his balcony to clear his head. In a moment of desperation, Gino shouted his line across the shining lake.

“And though I wander and I roam ...”



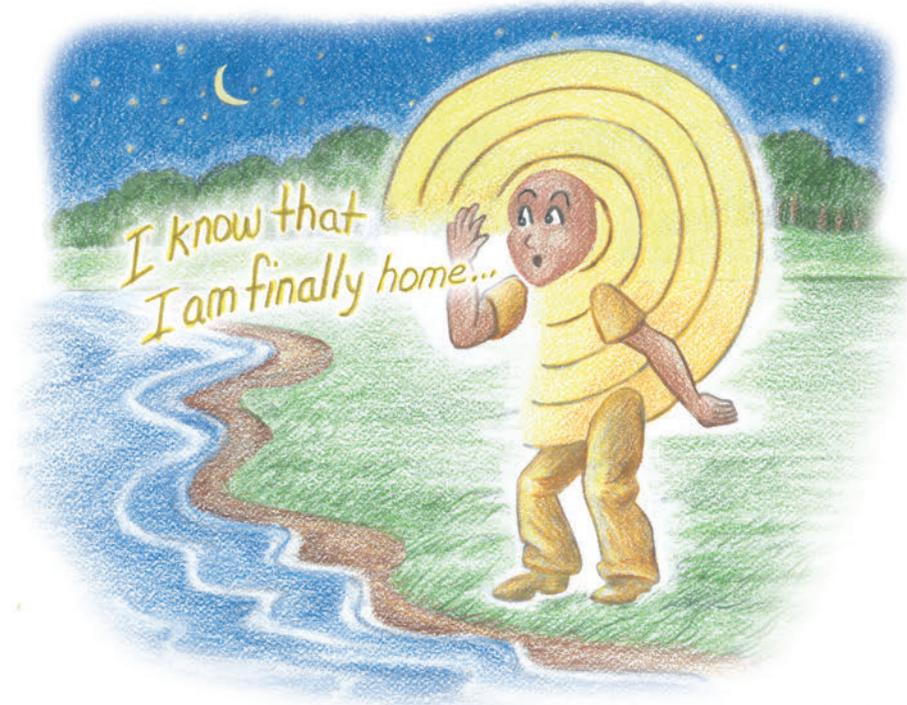
Ditto heard the poet's cry and waited for the echo on duty to respond. But there was only silence. Where was the echo? Had he left early for his dinner break?

The poet's cry came again, and again there was silence.

“That person seems so sad,” Ditto thought. “If he shouts again, I'll send him an echo. A rhyming echo is better than no echo at all.”

A few moments later, Ditto heard the poet's call. “And though I wander and I roam ...”

Ditto hesitated. Then he called back, “I know that I am finally home.”

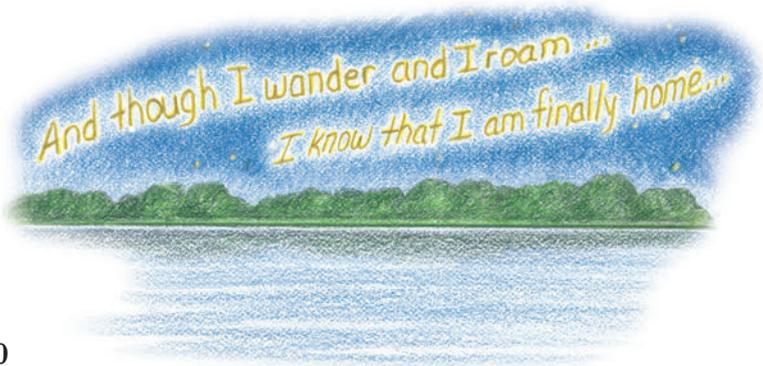


The startled poet jumped. He didn't know what to make of that strange echo.

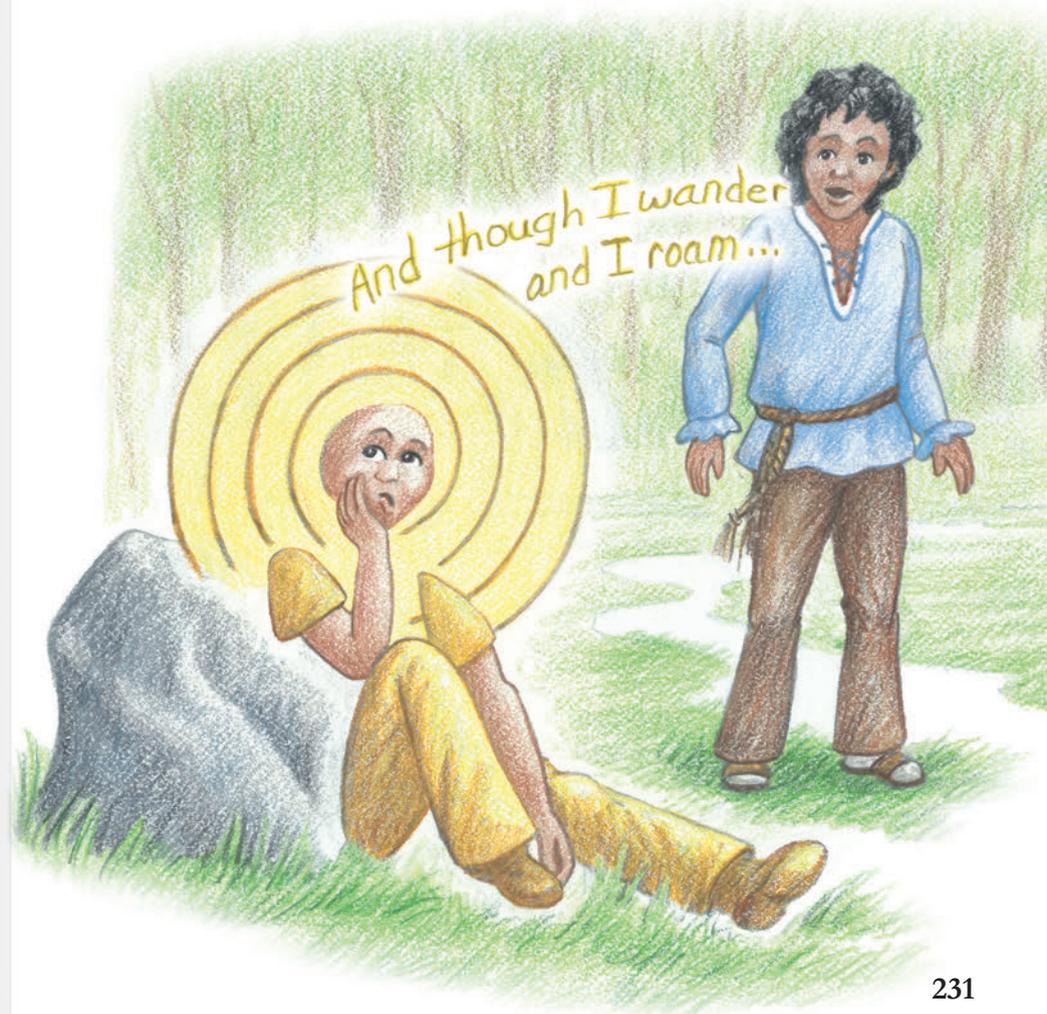


He tried his line again. "And though I wander and I roam ..."

And again Ditto answered, "I know that I am finally home."



"Bravo!" thought Gino. "That's the best echo I've ever heard. I must find him and make him stay." Gino ran to the other side of the lake. He searched high and low for this wonderful echo. Finally, he found Ditto sitting forlornly by a rock, and he said his line again. "And though I wander and I roam ..."



At the sound of the poet's voice, Ditto jumped up and said, "I know that I am finally home."



And he was.

The End





ALL ABOUT® Reading

We hope you enjoyed these decodable stories from *All About® Reading*!

All About Reading is a fun and engaging program that starts with essential pre-reading skills and continues on to teach all five key components of reading. It contains everything your student needs to become a fluent reader for life!

- Multisensory, Orton-Gillingham approach
- Lightly scripted, “open and go” lesson plans
- Mastery-based with no gaps
- Suitable for all ages and learning styles
- 100% guarantee and lifetime support



For info on our complete reading program, please visit us at
www.AllAboutReading.com
715-477-1976