

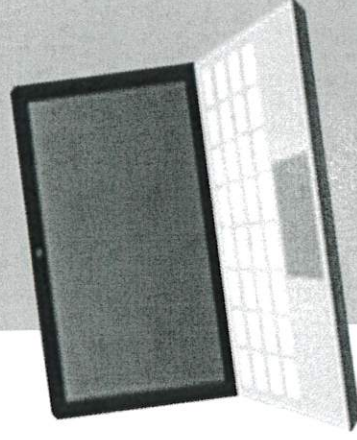
Days 1-2

3rd Grade eLearning

English Language Arts

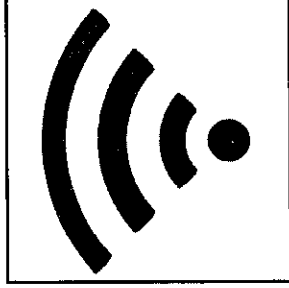


@nadinegilkinson

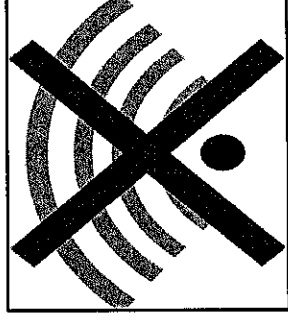


Activities may or may not require internet access. Each activity is labeled with the following.

Requires internet access!



Does not require internet access.



ELA Grade 3

Days 1-2

Materials and

Resources:

1. eLearning Days 1-2 PowerPoint

I Can...

- I **can** infer character's traits as revealed through their actions.
- I **can** determine the theme and key details of a text.

Standard(s)

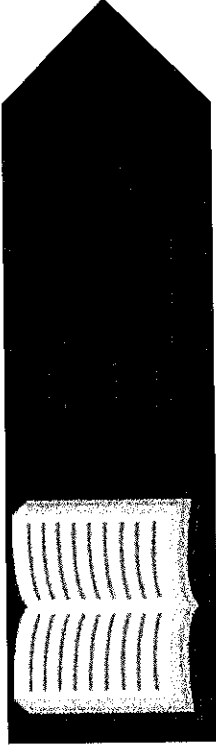
- 3.RL.6.1** Determine the theme by recalling key details that support the theme.
- 3.RL.8.1** Use text evidence to:
- a. describe characters' traits, motivations, and feelings and explain how their actions contribute to the development of the plot;

Essential Question:

How does the author's choice of words emphasize aspects of a character and develop the theme?

Activities:

1. Interactive Read Along: The Paperboy
2. Independent Reading
3. Independent Reading Response

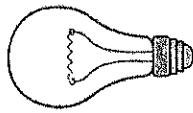


Today we are going to read a story and examine how the author's choice of words emphasize aspects of a character and develop the theme.

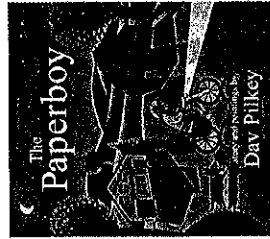
Let's review... Explain the terms below to your parent, grandparent, brother, sister, or friend.

➤ **Character Traits**

➤ **Theme**



ACTIVITIES



Click [here](#) to listen to the book online. Then, answer the question [here](#).



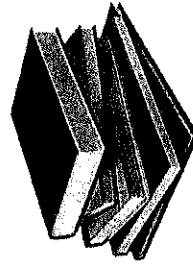
OR

Click the [here](#) to read [The Paperboy](#). As you read, answer the questions throughout the story.

Choose One:



Read a story on EPIC, BookFlix, or Raz-Kids. Click [here](#) to type your teacher a message below about what you read.

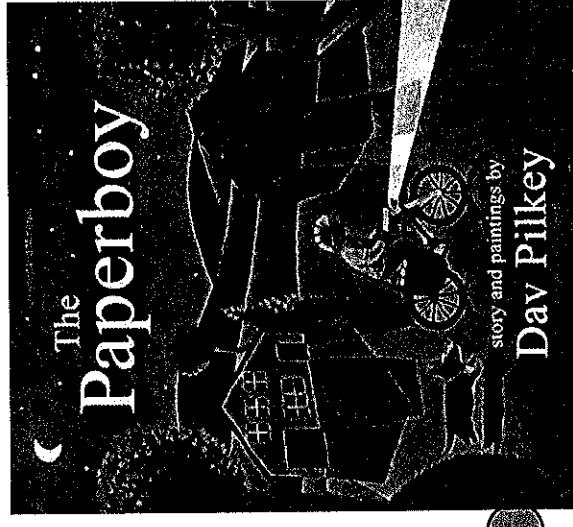


OR

Read a book with your parent, grandparent, brother, sister, or friend. Click [here](#) to type your teacher a message below about what you read.

What does a paperboy do?

A paperboy delivers newspapers to people's houses. Today this job is often done by adults who toss newspapers from a car, but it used to be done by older children or teenagers on bikes. In fact, Dav Pilkey, the author of this book, was a paperboy when he was young. In this book, he tells a story about a boy who works as a paperboy.



... ..

The Paperboy



story and paintings by

Dav Pilkey

The Paperboy



story and paintings by

Dav Pilkey

Orchard Books

An Imprint of Scholastic Inc. • New York

Copyright © 1986 by Don Piley

www.piley.com

All rights reserved. Published by Orchard Books, an imprint of Pickstone Inc. Orchard Books is a registered trademark of Pickstone Inc. and is used under license. Orchard Books and the Orchard Books logo are registered trademarks of Pickstone Inc.

The publisher does not have any control over and does not assume any responsibility for any or third-party websites or their content. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without written permission of the publisher for information regarding permissions, write to: Permissions Department, 457 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Piley, Don. 1946-. The boy who says the gods are gone / by Don Piley. p. cm. "A Richard Jackson book." -- HJ214.

Summary: A boy who says the gods are gone is the only one who can save the world from disaster. ISBN 0-765-54571-0 (hbk).

1. Novels. I. Piley, Don. II. Title. III. Title. IV. Title. PZ7.P6312747 1986. 92-50641.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4

18 19 20

Printed in Malaysia

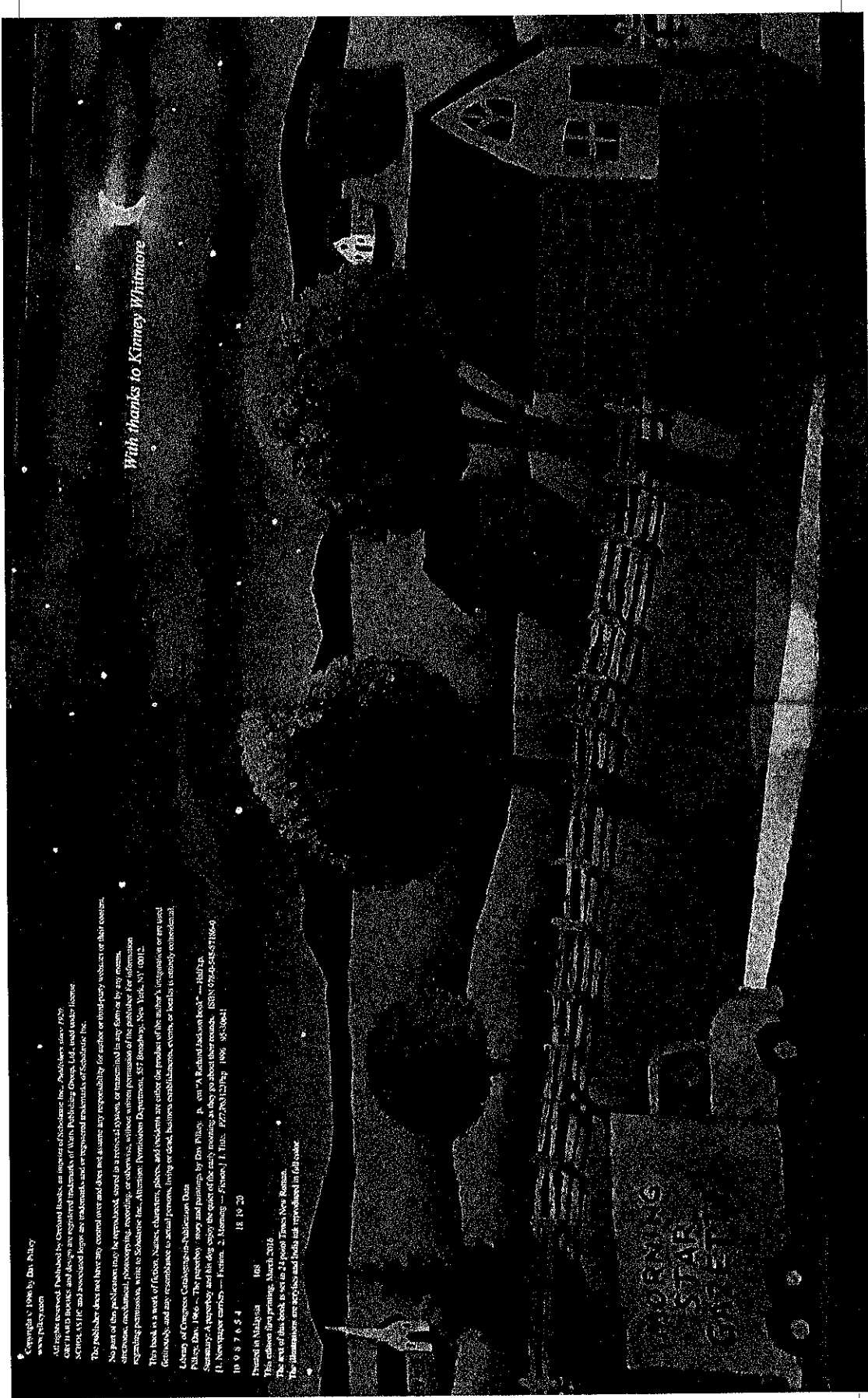
108

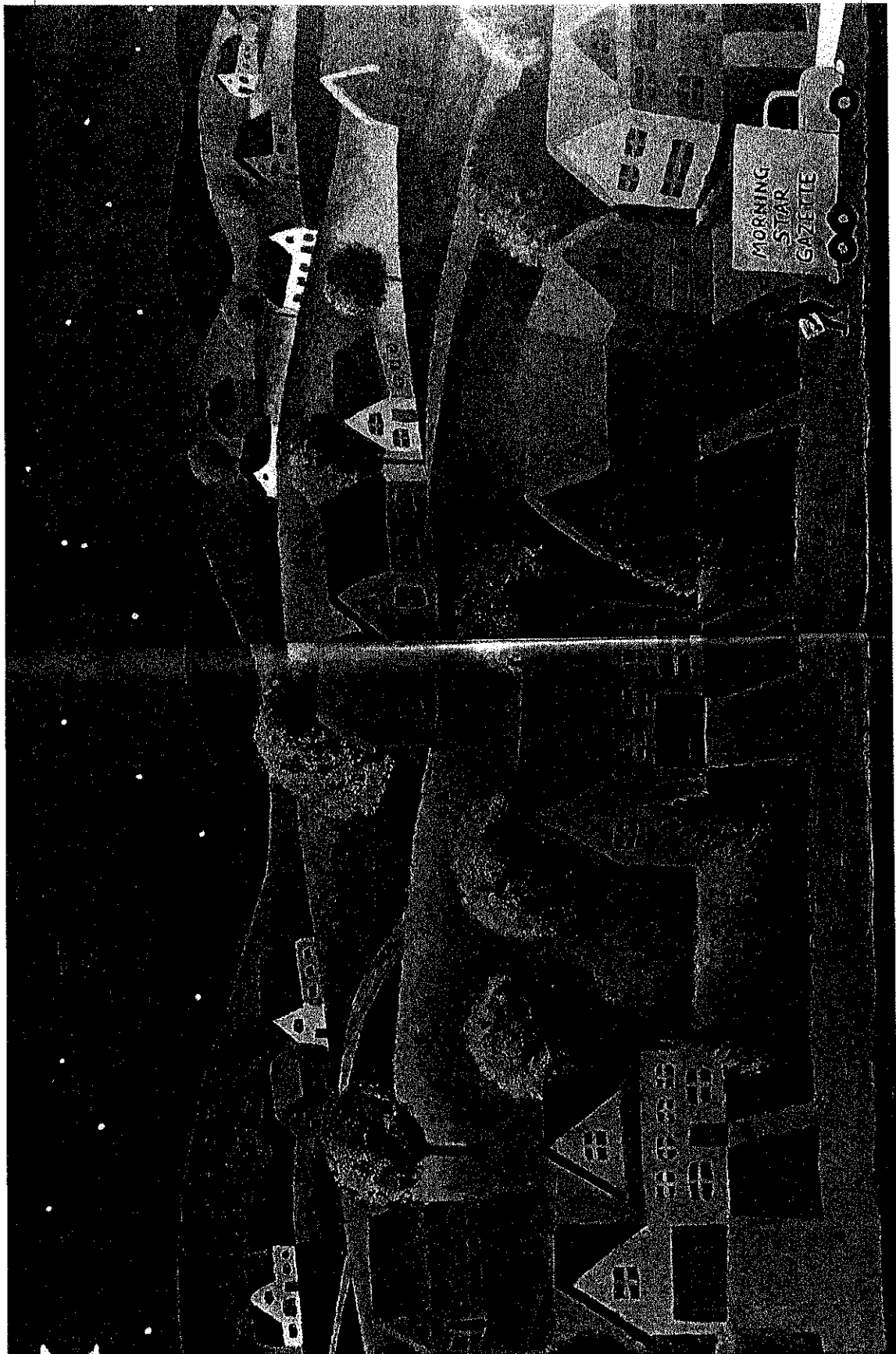
This edition first printed, March 2016.

The text of this book is set in a 12 point Times New Roman.

The illustrations are set in a 12 point Times New Roman.

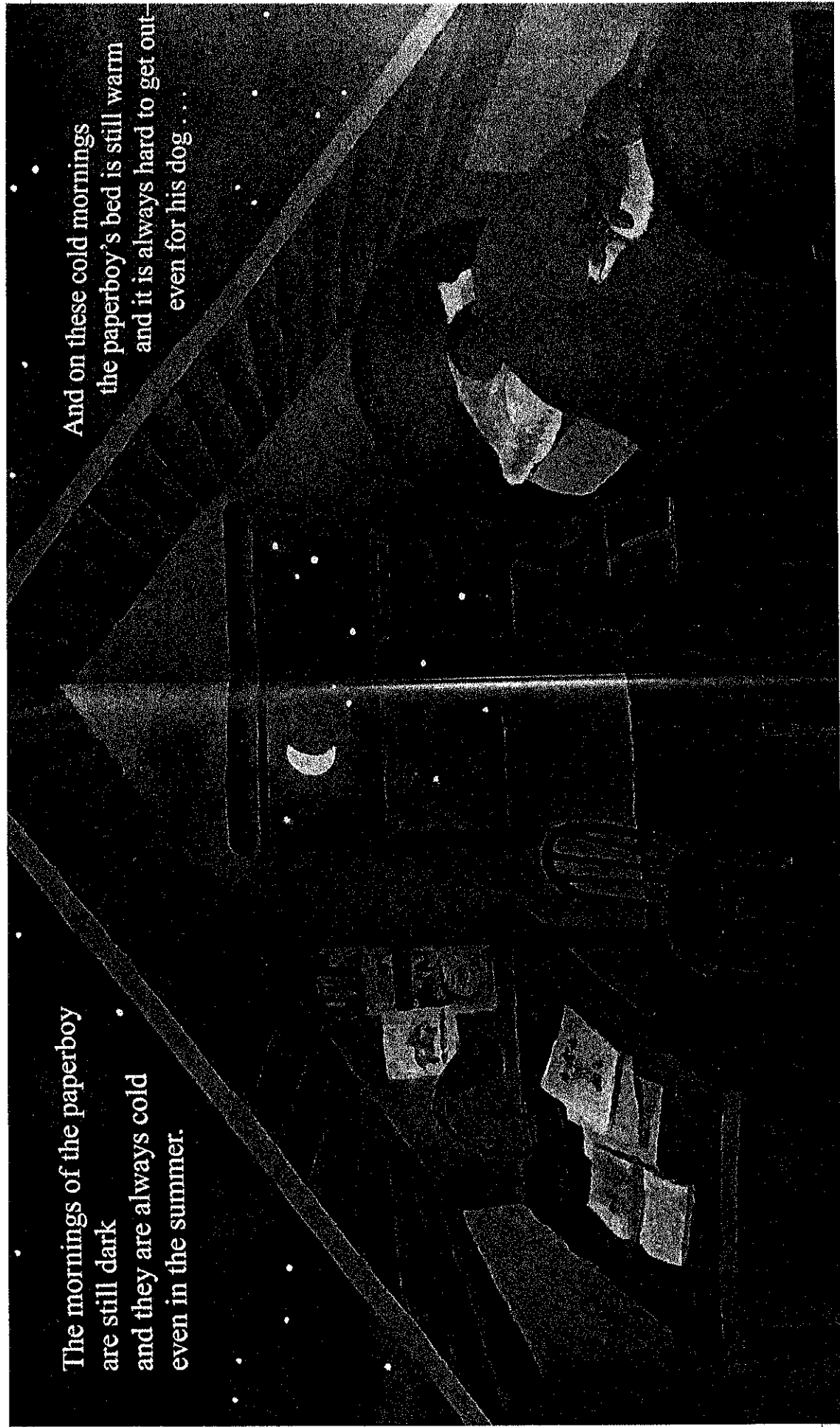
With thanks to Kinney Whitmore



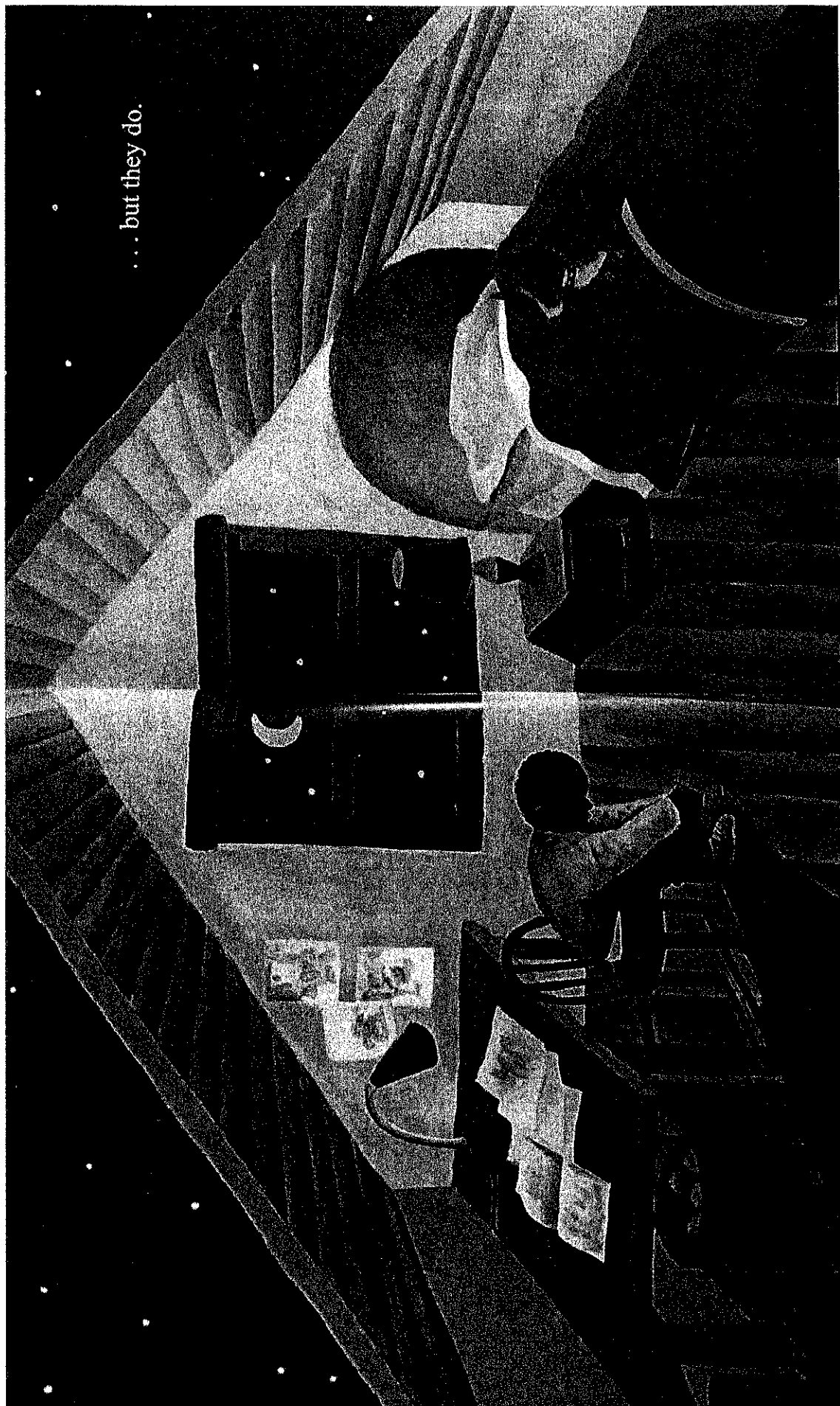


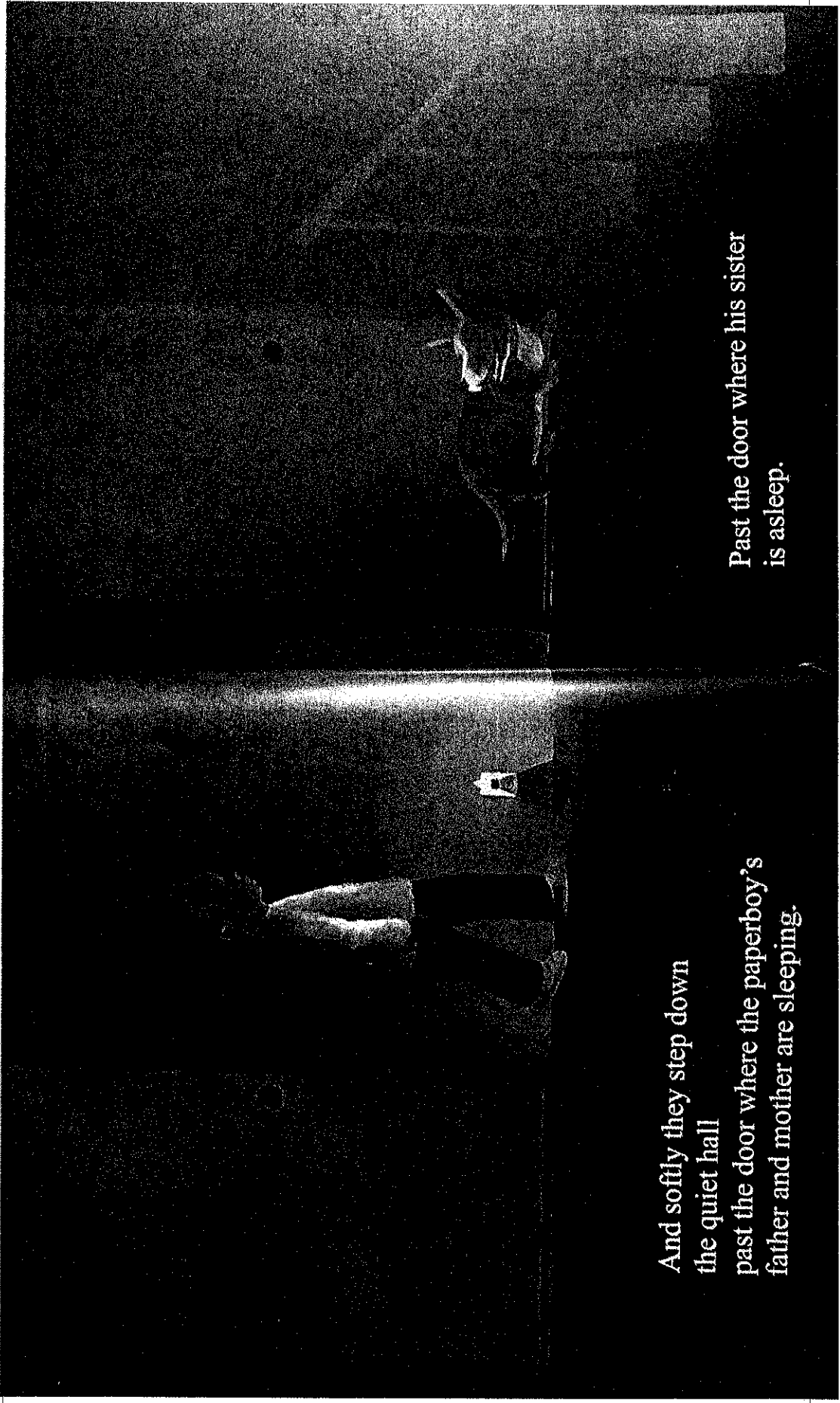
The mornings of the paperboy
are still dark
and they are always cold
even in the summer.

And on these cold mornings
the paperboy's bed is still warm
and it is always hard to get out—
even for his dog . . .



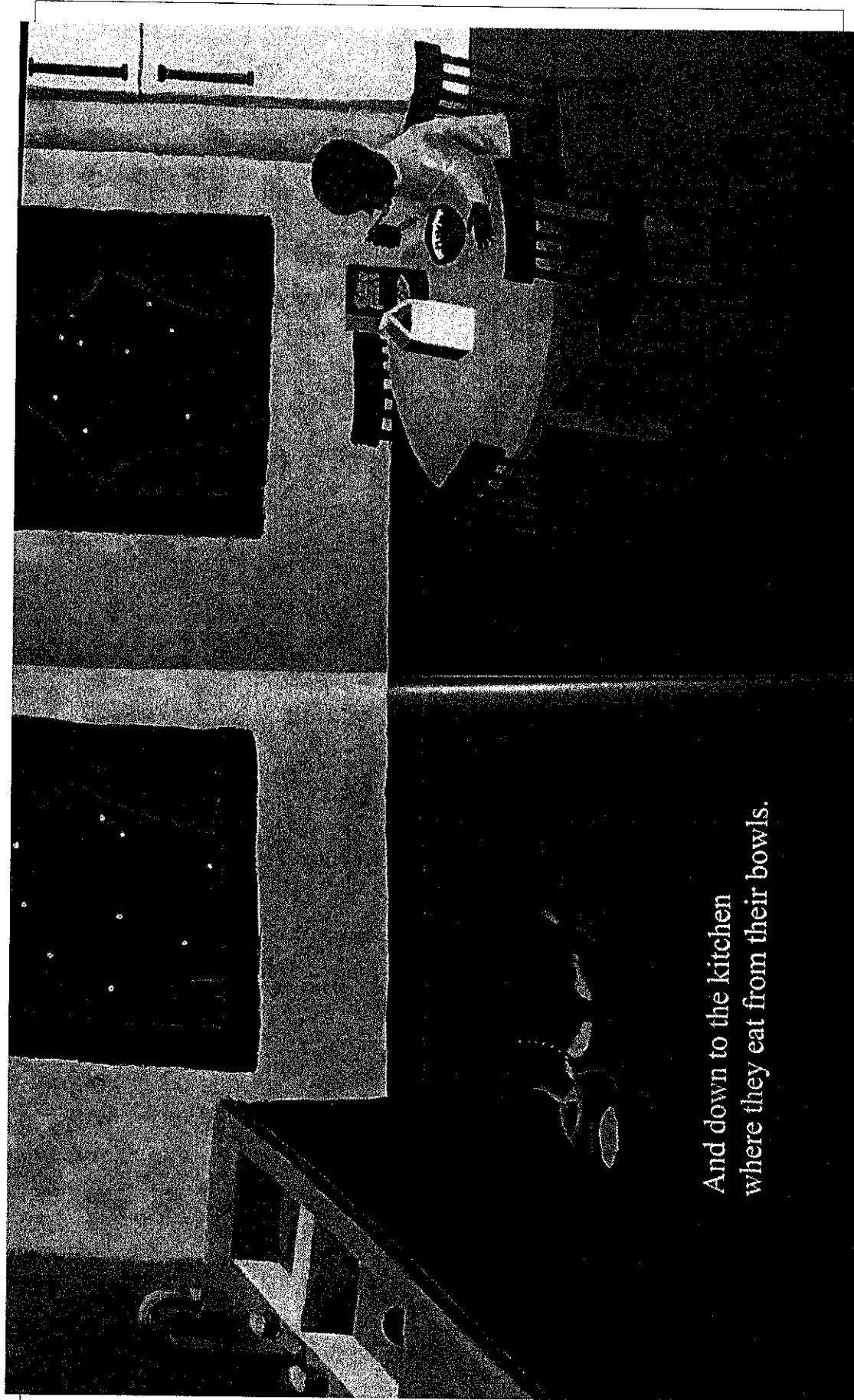
... but they do.



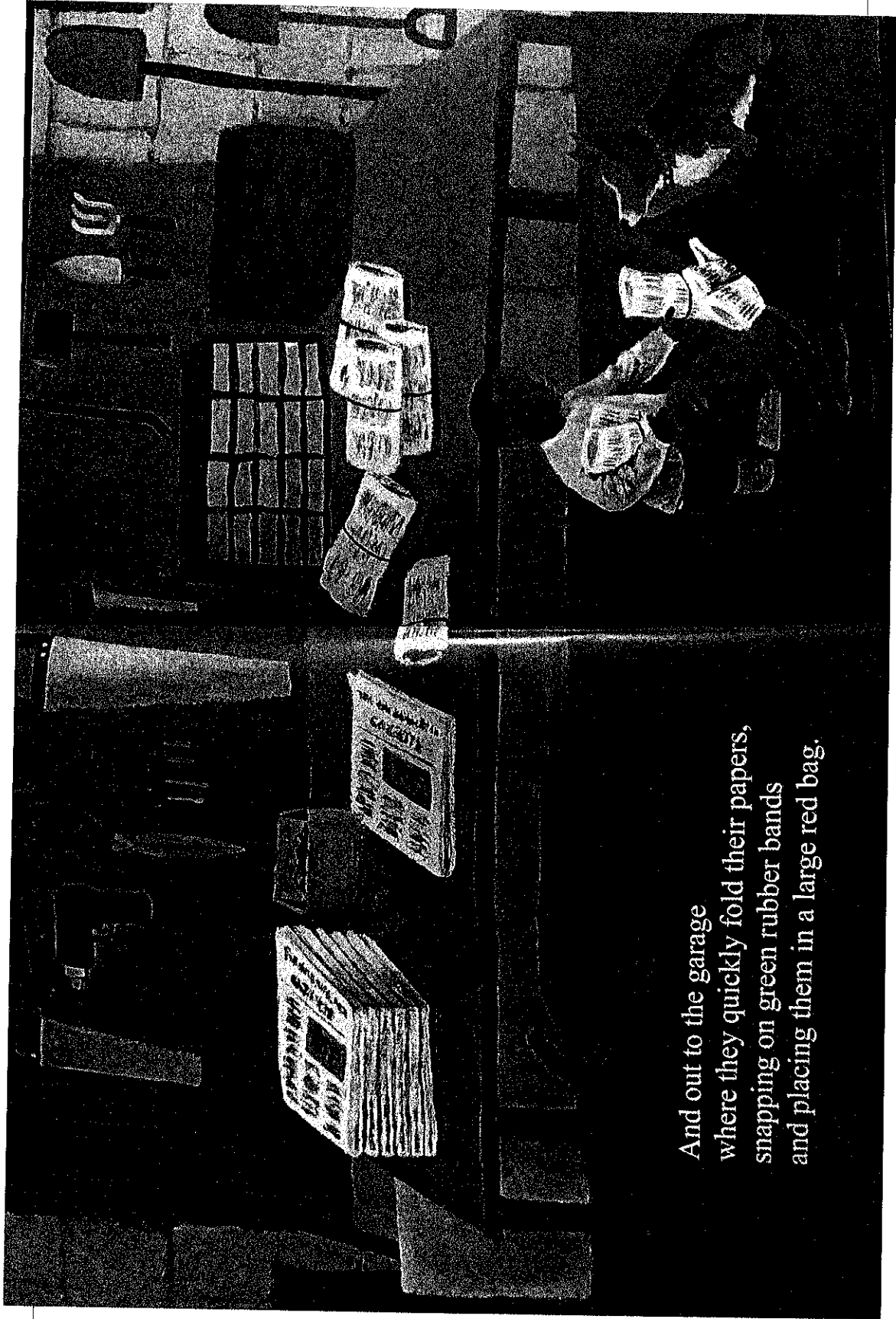


And softly they step down
the quiet hall
past the door where the paperboy's
father and mother are sleeping.

Past the door where his sister
is asleep.

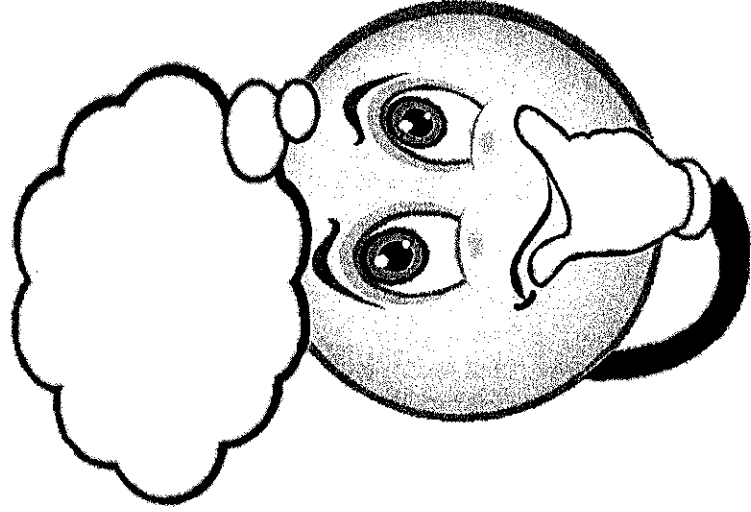


And down to the kitchen
where they eat from their bowls.

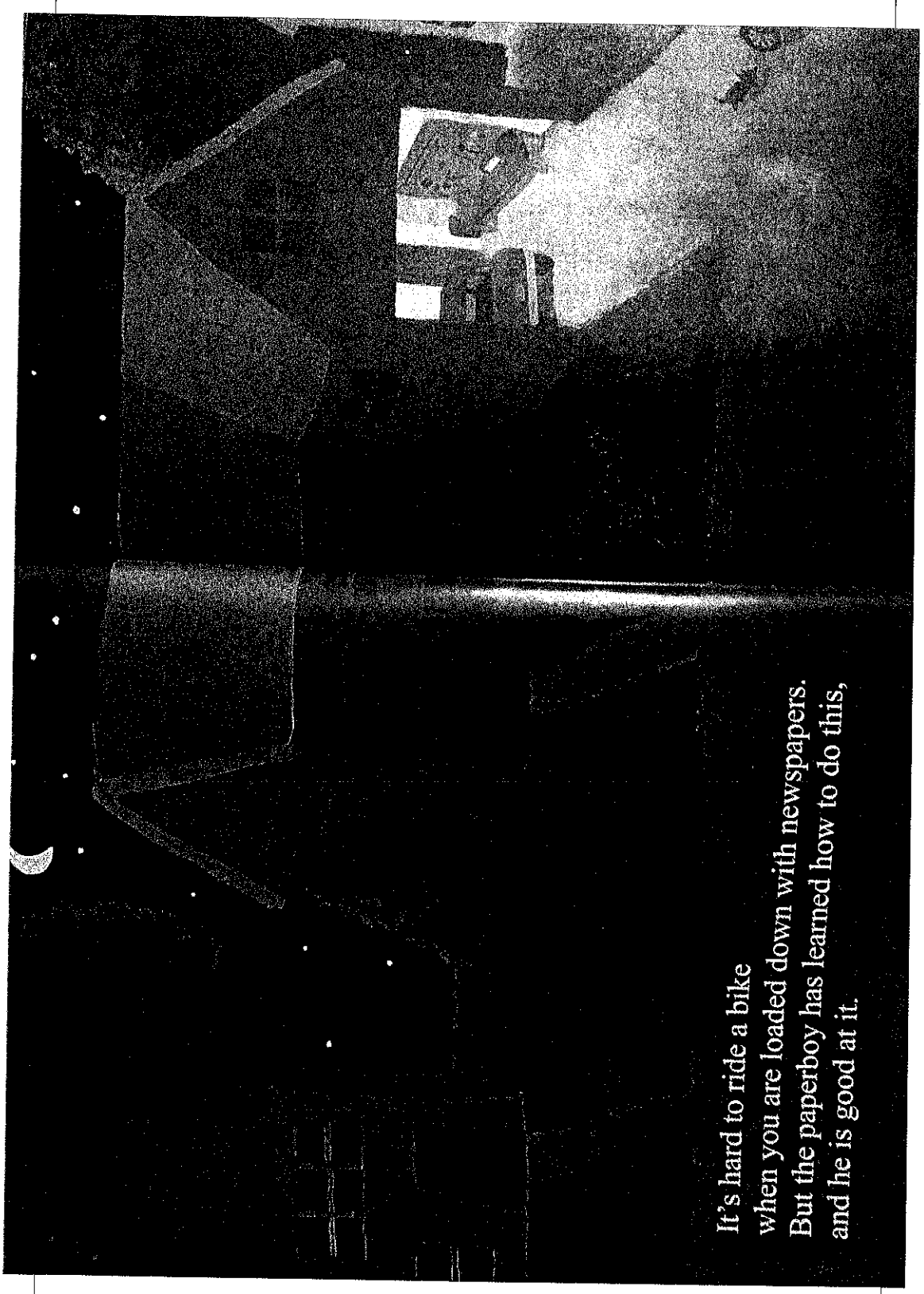


And out to the garage
where they quickly fold their papers,
snapping on green rubber bands
and placing them in a large red bag.

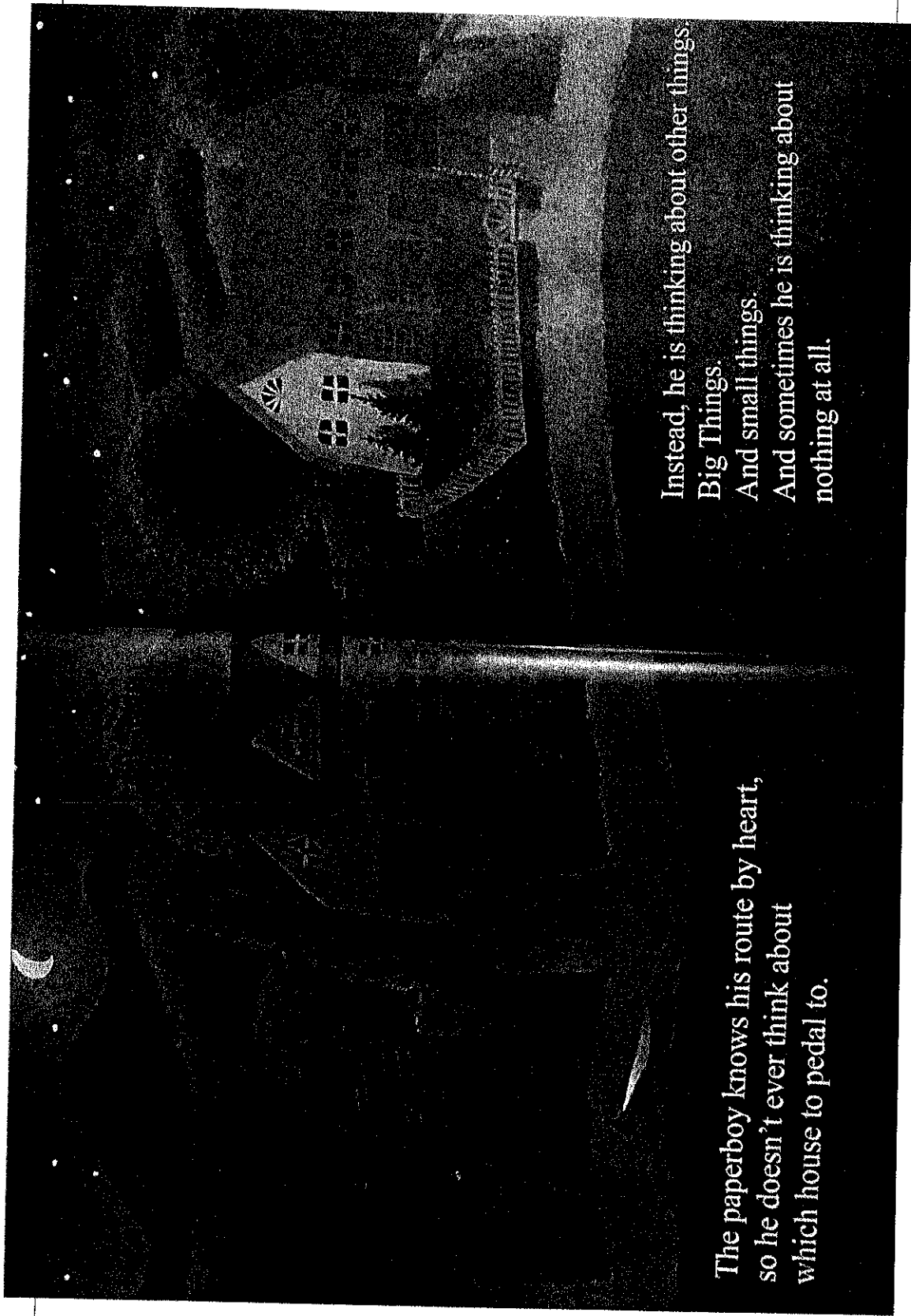
This boy is very independent. What has he done so far?



Write your response here.

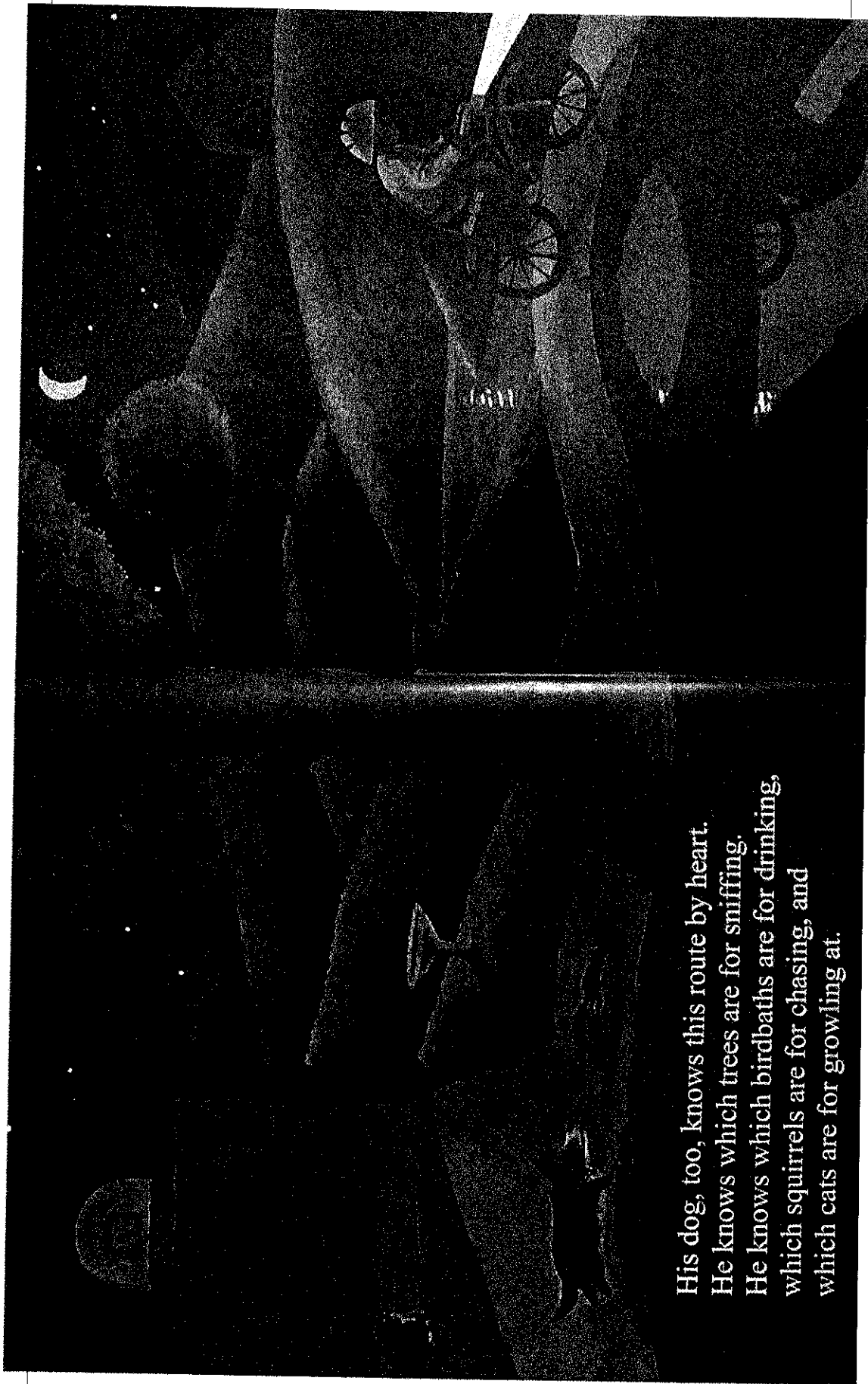


It's hard to ride a bike
when you are loaded down with newspapers.
But the paperboy has learned how to do this,
and he is good at it.



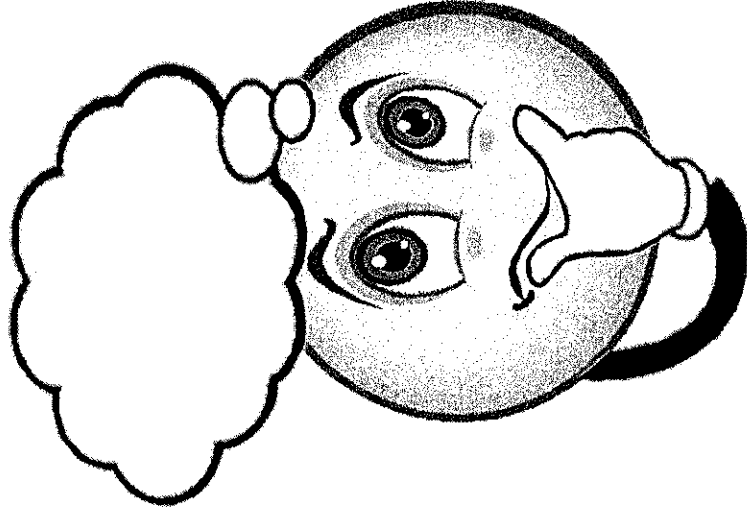
The paperboy knows his route by heart,
so he doesn't ever think about
which house to pedal to.

Instead, he is thinking about other things.
Big Things.
And small things.
And sometimes he is thinking about
nothing at all.

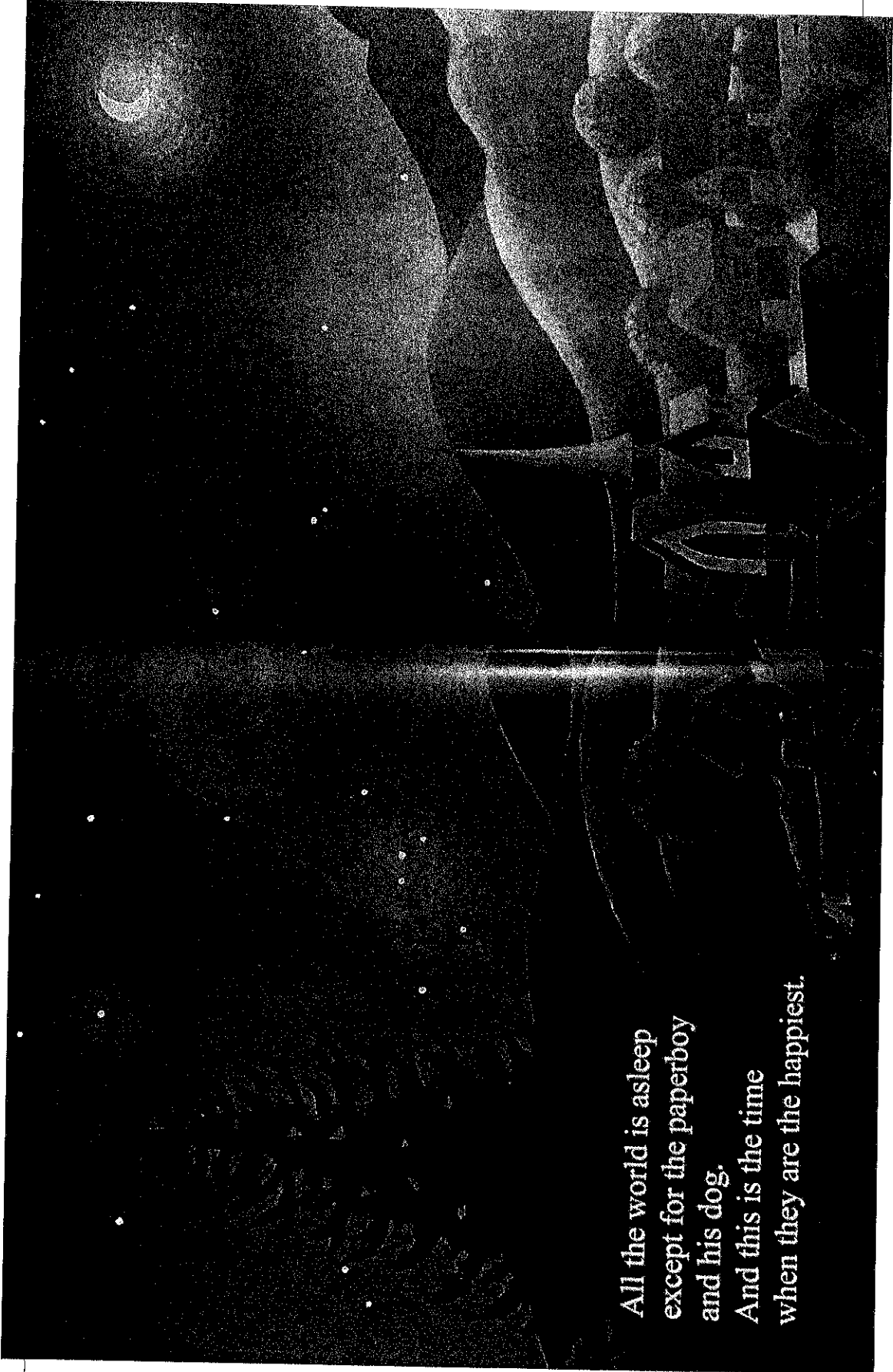


His dog, too, knows this route by heart.
He knows which trees are for sniffing.
He knows which birdbaths are for drinking,
which squirrels are for chasing, and
which cats are for growling at.

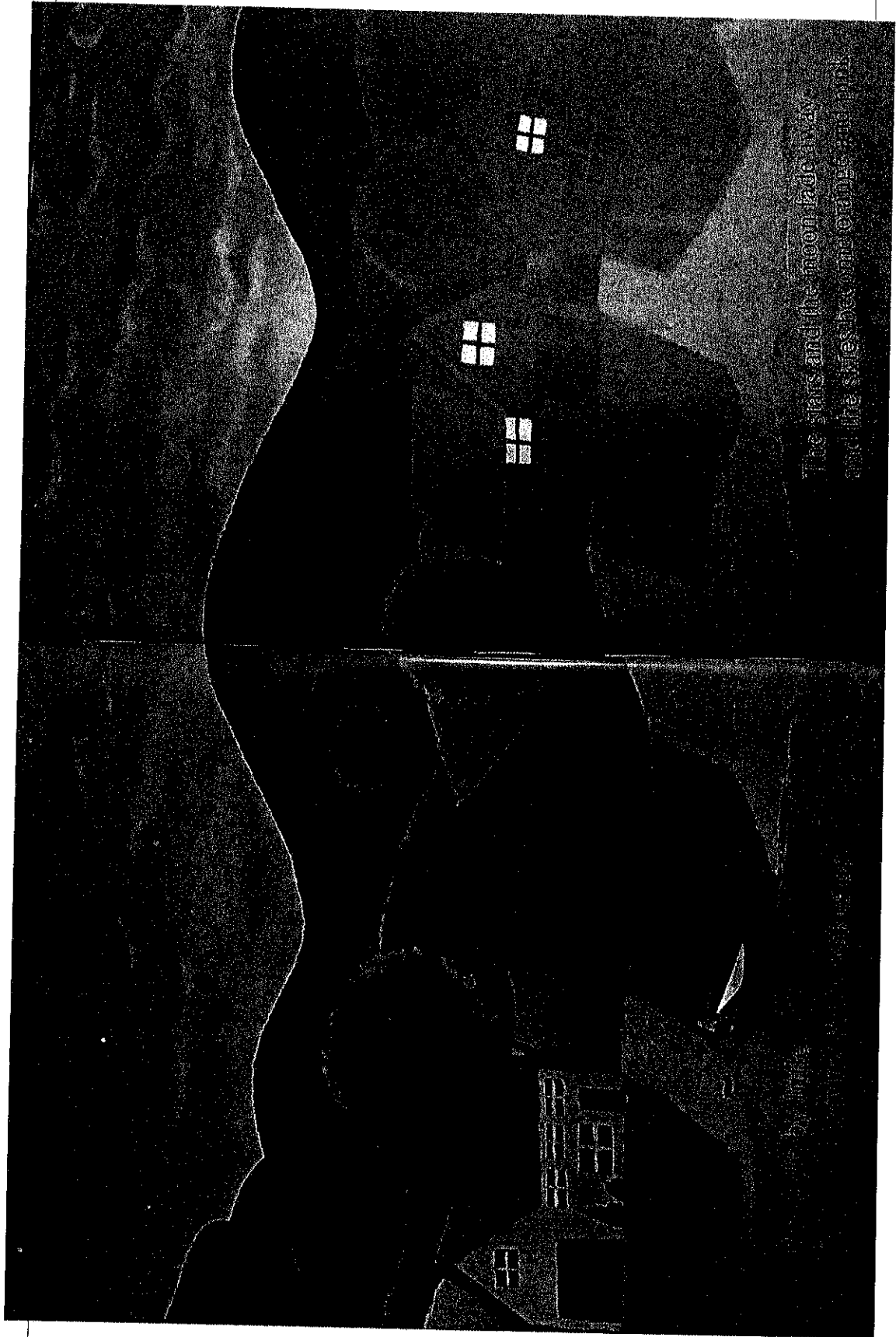
Based on what we've read, how do you think the paperboy feels about his route? Why?



Write your response here.

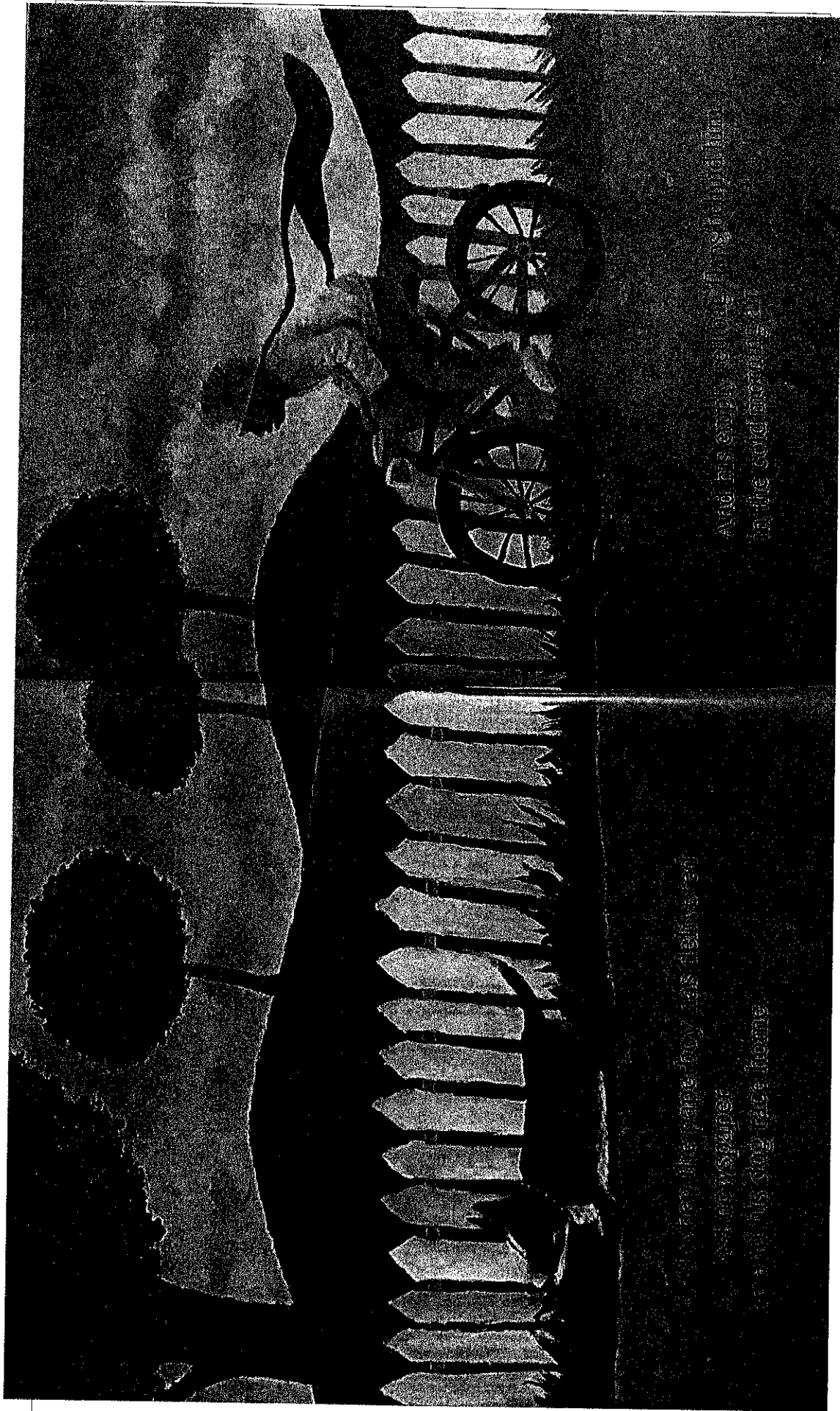


All the world is asleep
except for the paperboy
and his dog.
And this is the time
when they are the happiest.



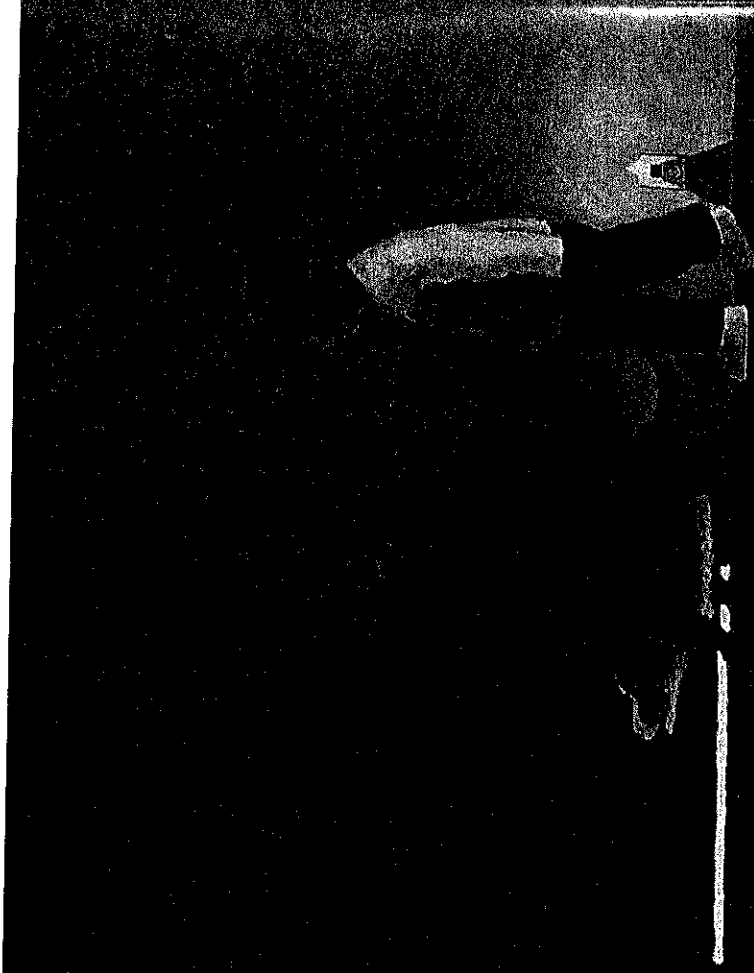
The stars and the moon fade away
and the skies become empty and dark

By night
the stars are
the only light

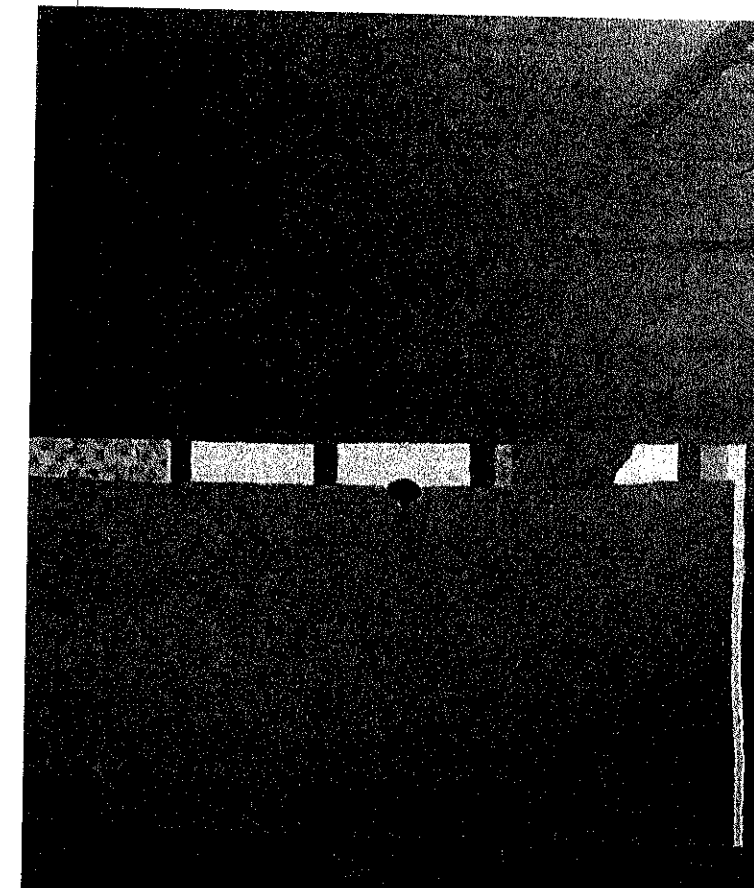


When the paper boy is delivered
the newspaper
and his dog race home

And his empty shoes find a home
in the cold morning air



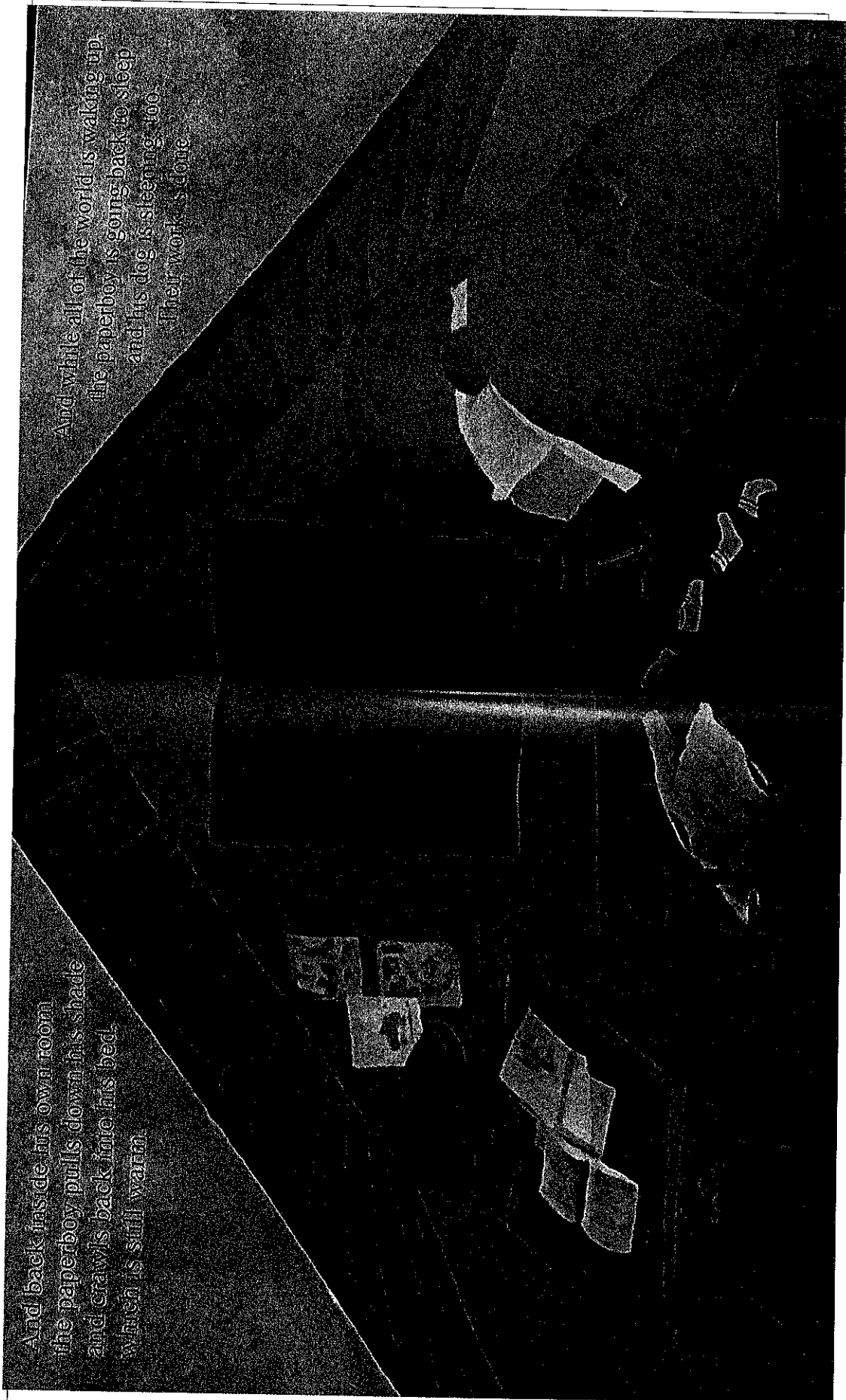
Soon they are back home.
It is still dark inside,
but the sounds of morning are all around.
His father and mother are awake
and talking softly in their bed,



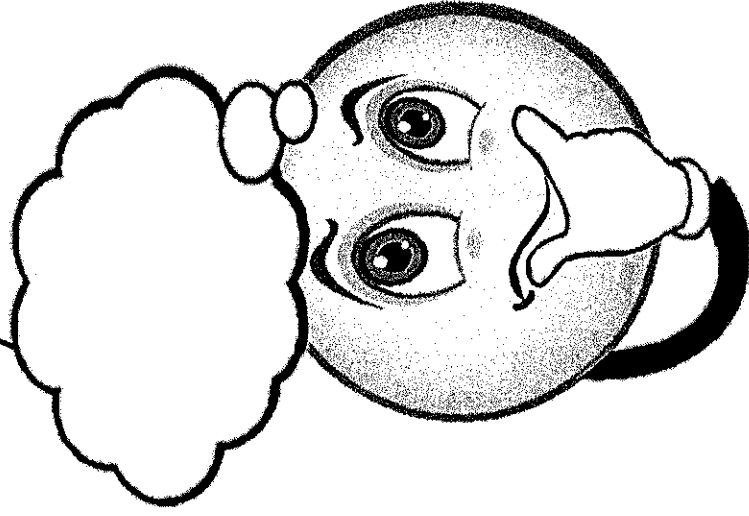
and his sister is downstairs
watching cartoons.

And back inside his own room
the paperboy pulls down his shade
and crawls back into his bed
which is still warm.

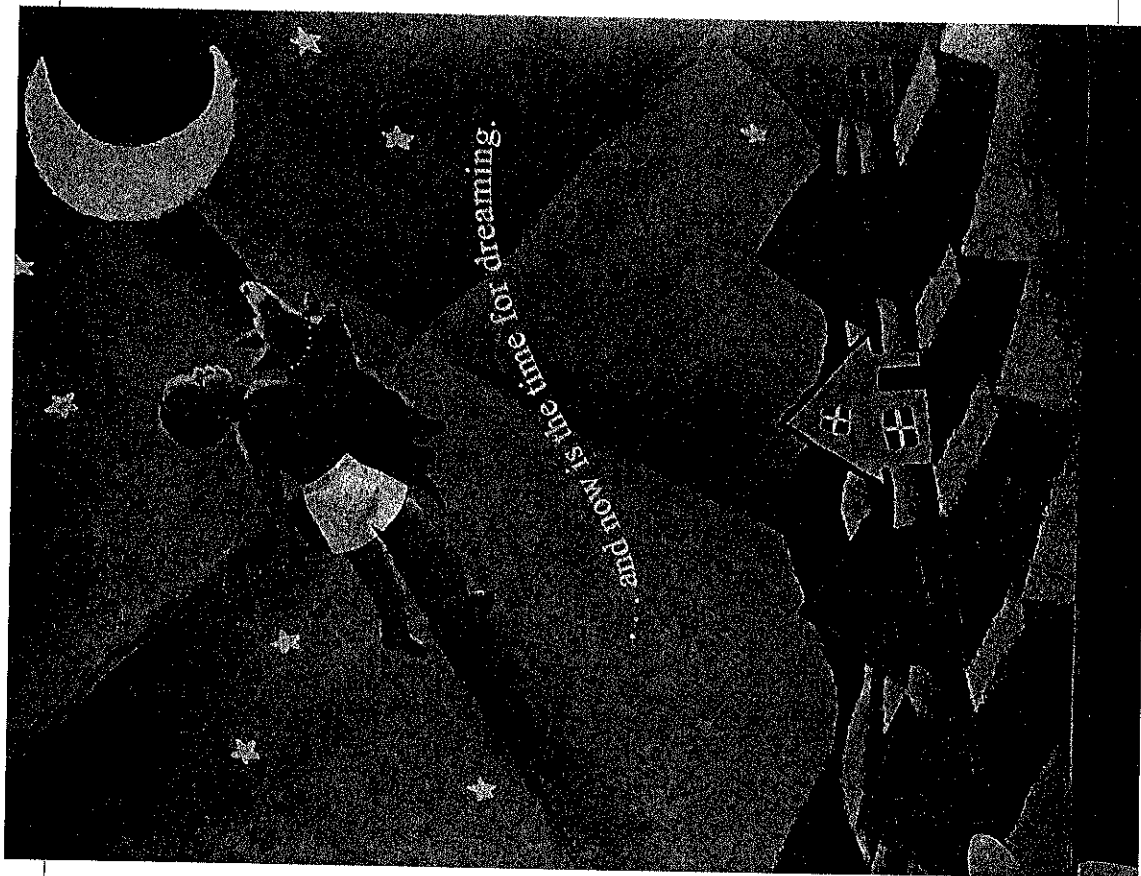
And while all of the world is waking up
the paperboy is going back to sleep
and his dog is sleeping too.
Their work is done.



Look at the illustrations on the previous slide.
What do these two pictures tell you about the
paperboy and his dog?

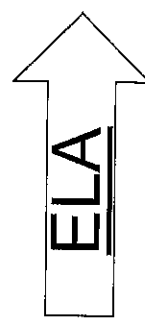


Write your response here.



...and now is the time for dreaming.

What message or theme do you think the author, Dav Pilkey, wants readers to take from this story?

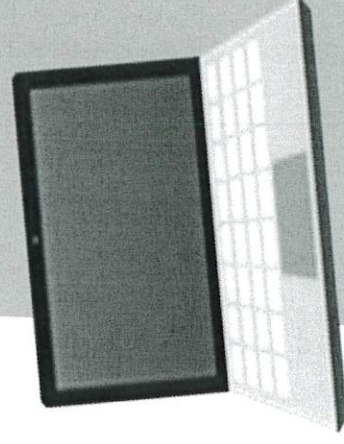
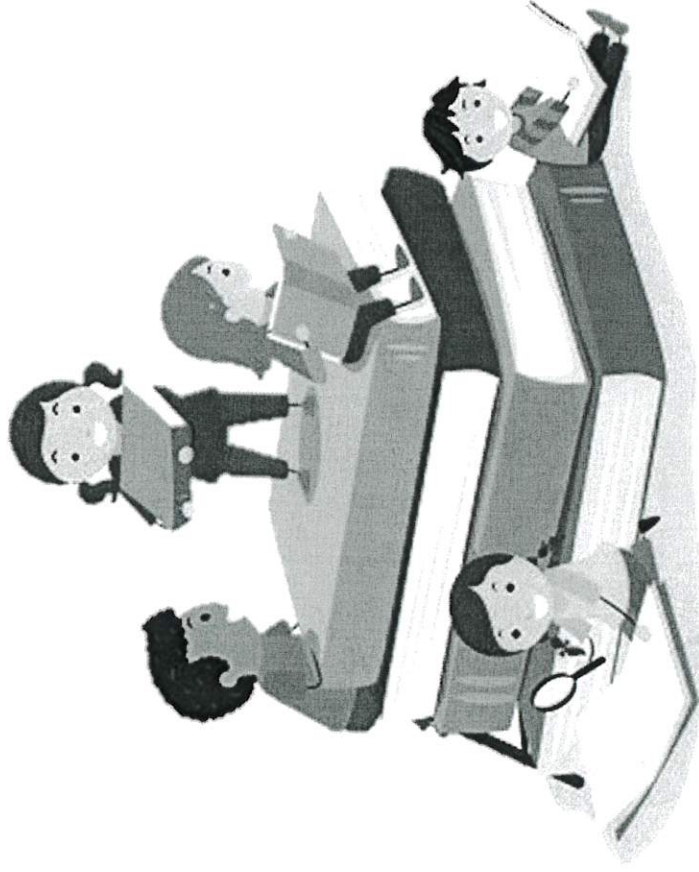


Days 3-4

3rd Grade eLearning

English Language Arts

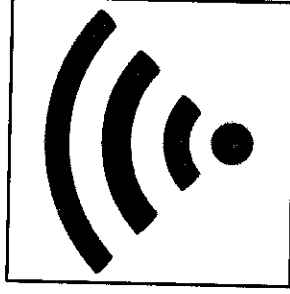
3rd Grade



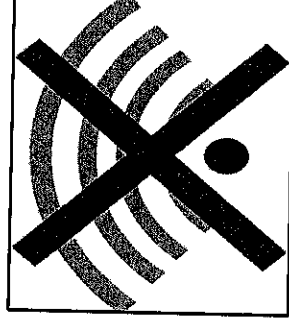
@nadinegilkison

Activities may or may not require internet access. Each activity is labeled with the following.

Requires internet access!



Does not require internet access.



ELA Grade 3

Days 3-4

Materials and Resources:

1. eLearning Days 3-4 PowerPoint

I Can....

I can define point of view and identify the point of view of Thunder Cake.

I can describe the structure of the story Thunder Cake

Standard(s)

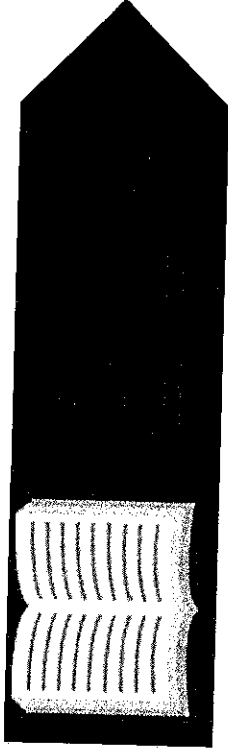
3.RL.8.1 Use text evidence to:
a. describe characters' traits, motivations, and feelings and explain how their actions contribute to the development of the plot; **3.RL.CS.10**. Analyze and provide evidence of how the author's choice of purpose and perspective shapes content, meaning, and style. **3.RL.CS.10.1**. State the author's purpose; distinguish one's own perspective from that of the author.

Essential Question:

How can we come to understand an author's purpose and perspective or point of view, as well as their impact on the reader/listener?

Activities:

1. Interactive Read Along: Thundercake
2. Independent Reading
3. Independent Reading Response



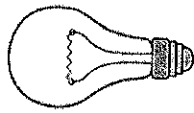
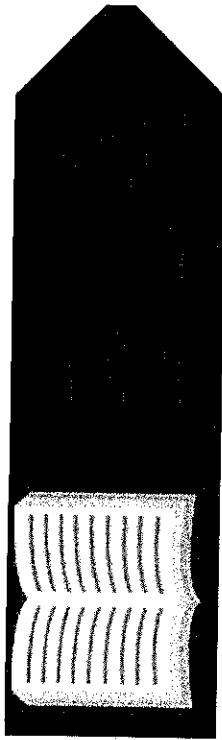
Today we are going to read a story and how the author's choice of words emphasize aspects of a character and develop the theme.

Let's review... Explain the terms below to your parent, grandparent, brother, sister, or friend.

➤ **Character Traits**

➤ **Theme**

@nadinegilkison



ACTIVITIES



Click here to listen to the book online. Then, answer the question here.



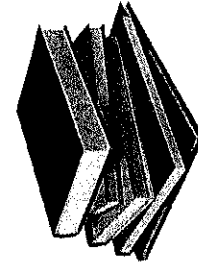
OR

Click the here to read Thundercake. As you read, answer the questions throughout the story.

Choose One:



Read a story on EPIC, BookFlix, or Raz-Kids. Click here to type your teacher a message below about what you read.



OR



Read a book with your parent, grandparent, brother, sister, or friend. Click here to type your teacher a message below about what you read.

How do you overcome your fears?

When the air gets heavy and dark clouds drift low over the fields of Grandma's farm, her frightened granddaughter hides under the bed. But Grandma insists that this is Thunder Cake-baking weather and the two are soon scrambling to gather the ingredients to make the cake and get it into the oven before the storm arrives. The author of this book, Patricia Polacco tells this story about a time she was scared and her grandmother helped her overcome her fears.

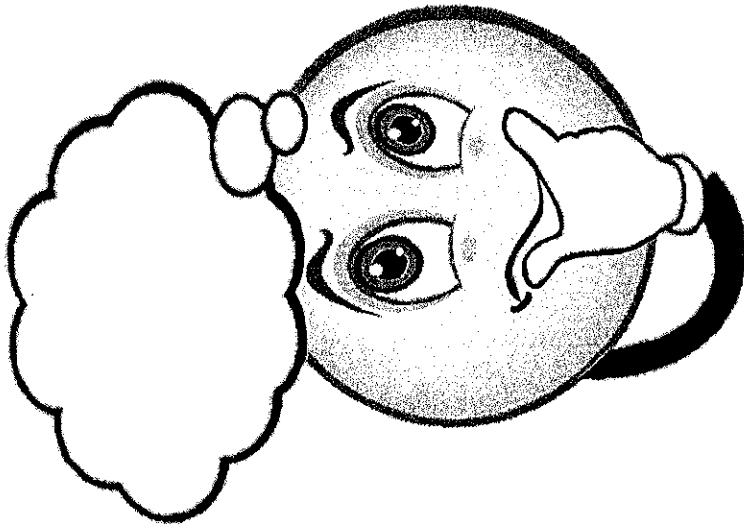


Thunder cake

PATRICIA POLACCO



How do you feel when you see lightning and hear
loud thunder?



Write your response here.

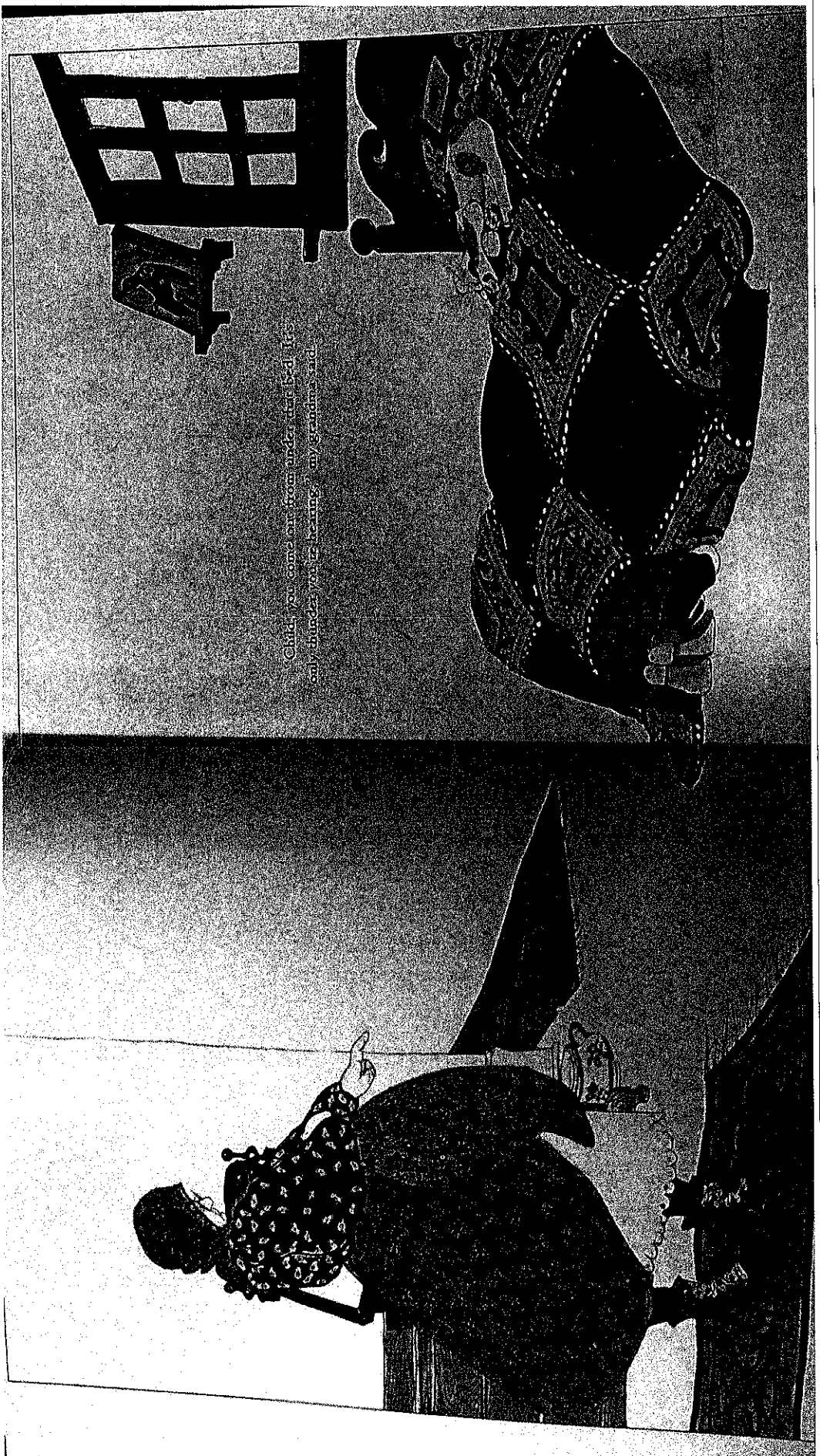
Thunder cake

PATRICIA POLACCO



Grandma looked at the horizon, drew a
deep breath, and said, "This is Thunder Cake
baking weather, all right. Looks like a storm coming
to me."





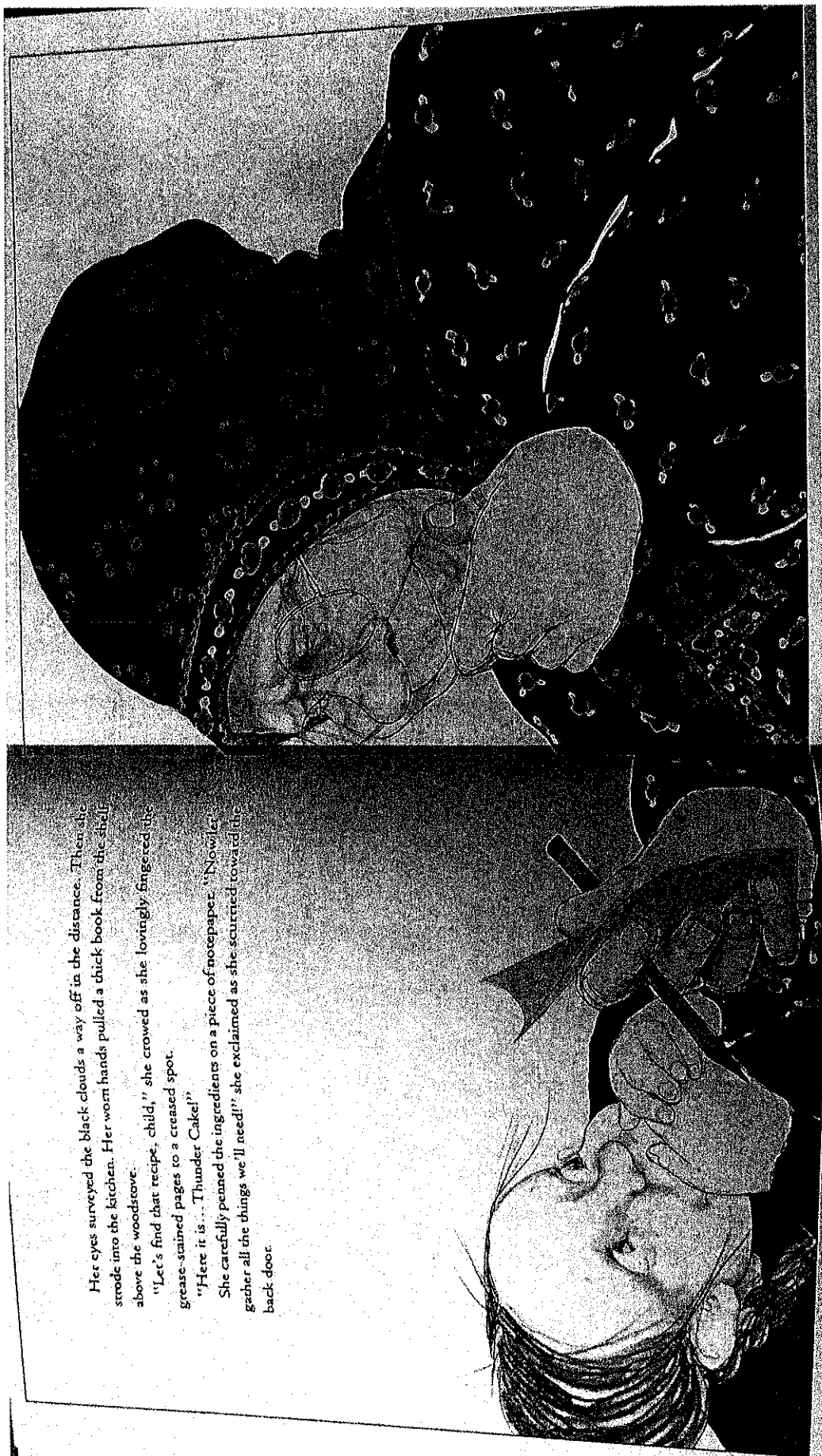
Chick, you come on from under that bed. It's
only thunder, you're hearing. my grandma said.

Her eyes surveyed the black clouds a way off in the distance. Then she strode into the kitchen. Her worn hands pulled a thick book from the shelf above the woodstove.

"Let's find that recipe, child," she crowed as she lovingly fingered the grease-stained pages to a creased spot.

"Here it is... Thunder Cake!"

She carefully penned the ingredients on a piece of newspaper. "Now let's gather all the things we'll need!" she exclaimed as she scurried toward the back door.



We were by the barn door when a huge bolt of lightning flashed. I started counting, like Grandma told me to, "1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10."

Then the thunder ROARED! "Ten miles... it's ten miles away," Grandma said as she looked at the sky. "About an hour away; I'd say. You'll have to hurry, child. Gather them eggs careful-like," she said.

Eggs from mean old Nellie Peck Hen. I was scared. I knew she would try to peck me.

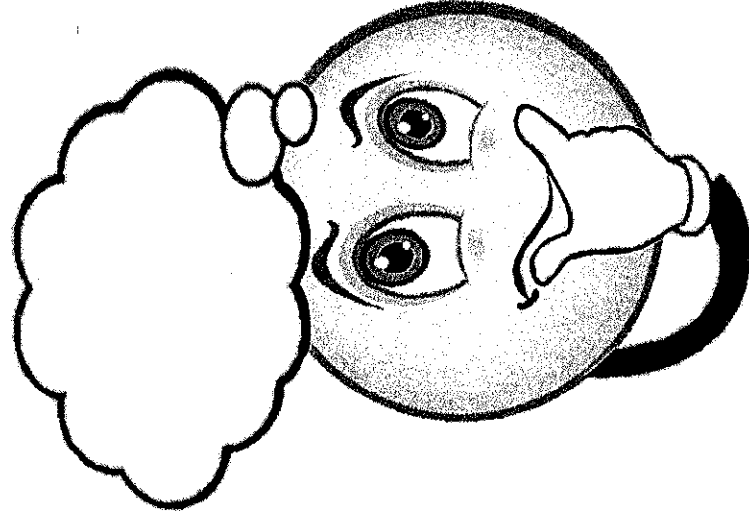
"I'm here, she won't hurt you. Just get them eggs," Grandma said softly.

The lightning flashed again. "1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9" I counted.

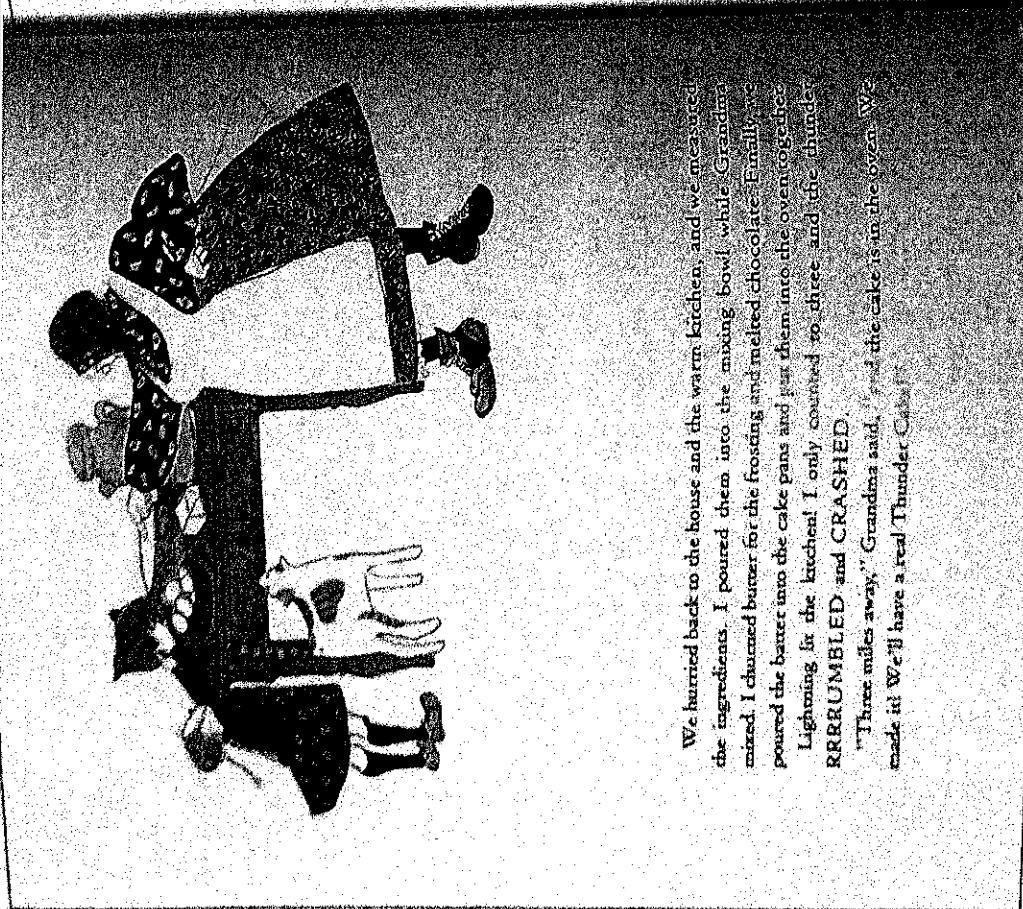
"Nine miles," Grandma reminded me.



How will they know how far away the storm is?



Write your response here.



We hurried back to the house and the warm kitchen, and we measured the ingredients. I poured them into the mixing bowl while Grandma mixed. I churned butter for the frosting and melted chocolate. Finally, we poured the batter into the cake pans and put them into the oven together. Lightning lit the kitchen! I only counted to three and the thunder RRRUMBLED and CRASHED.

"Three miles away," Grandma said, "and the cake is in the oven. We made it! We'll have a real Thunder Cake!"

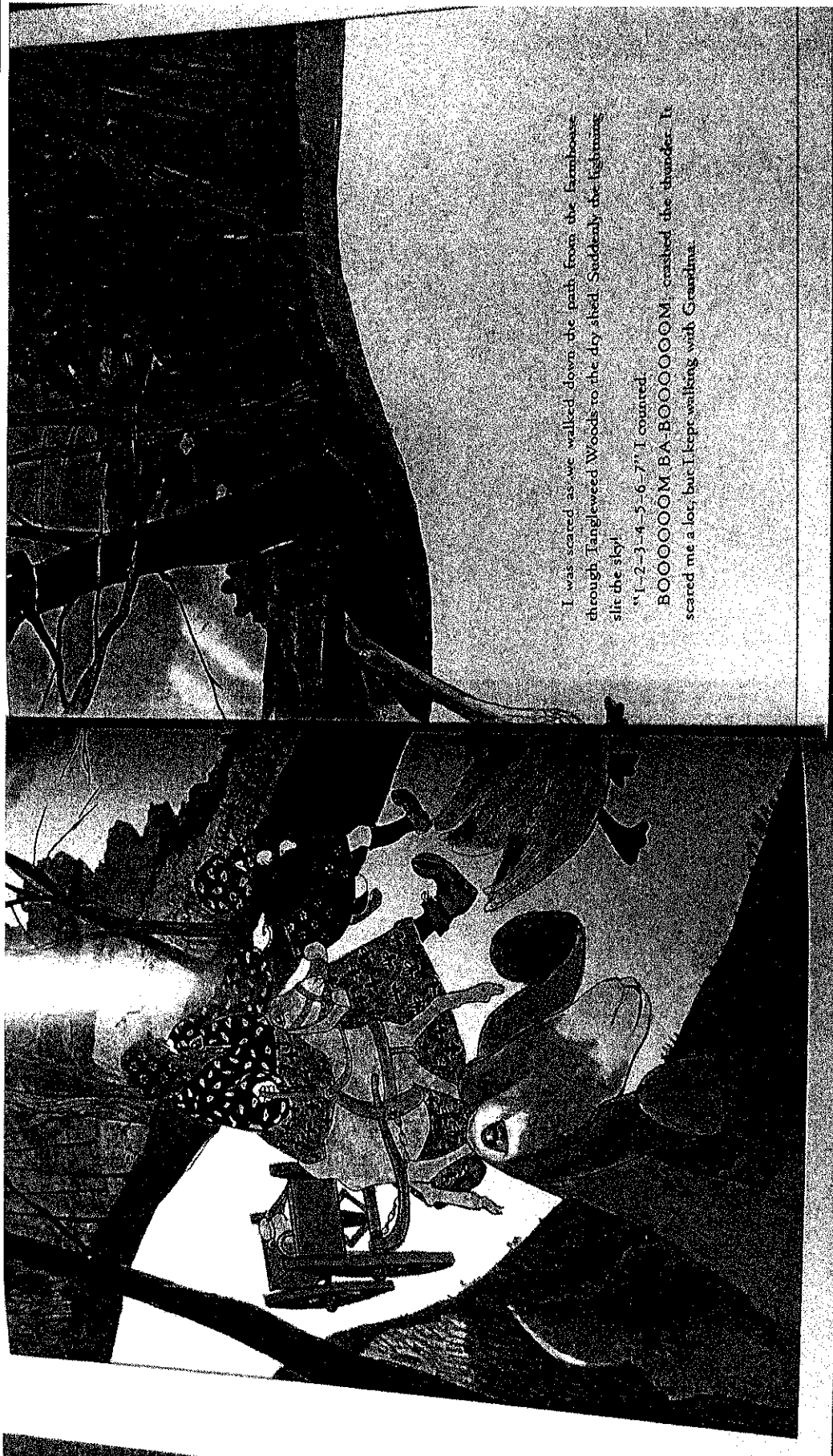
Milk was next. Milk from old Kick Cow. As Grandma milked her, Kick Cow turned and looked mean, right at me. I was scared. She looked so big.

ZIP went the lightning. "1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8" I counted.

BAROOOOOOOOOM went the thunder.

"Eight miles, child." Grandma croaked. "Now we have to get chocolate and sugar and flour from the dry shed."



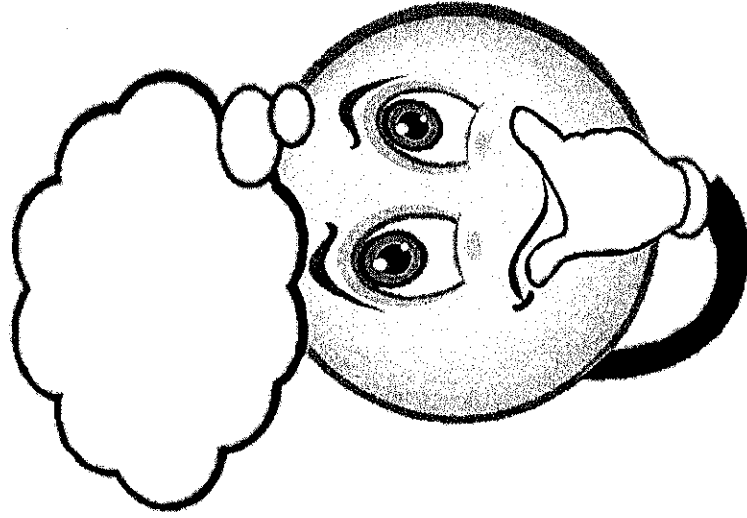


I was scared as we walked down the path from the farmhouse through Tangleweed Woods to the dry shed. Suddenly the lightning slit the sky!

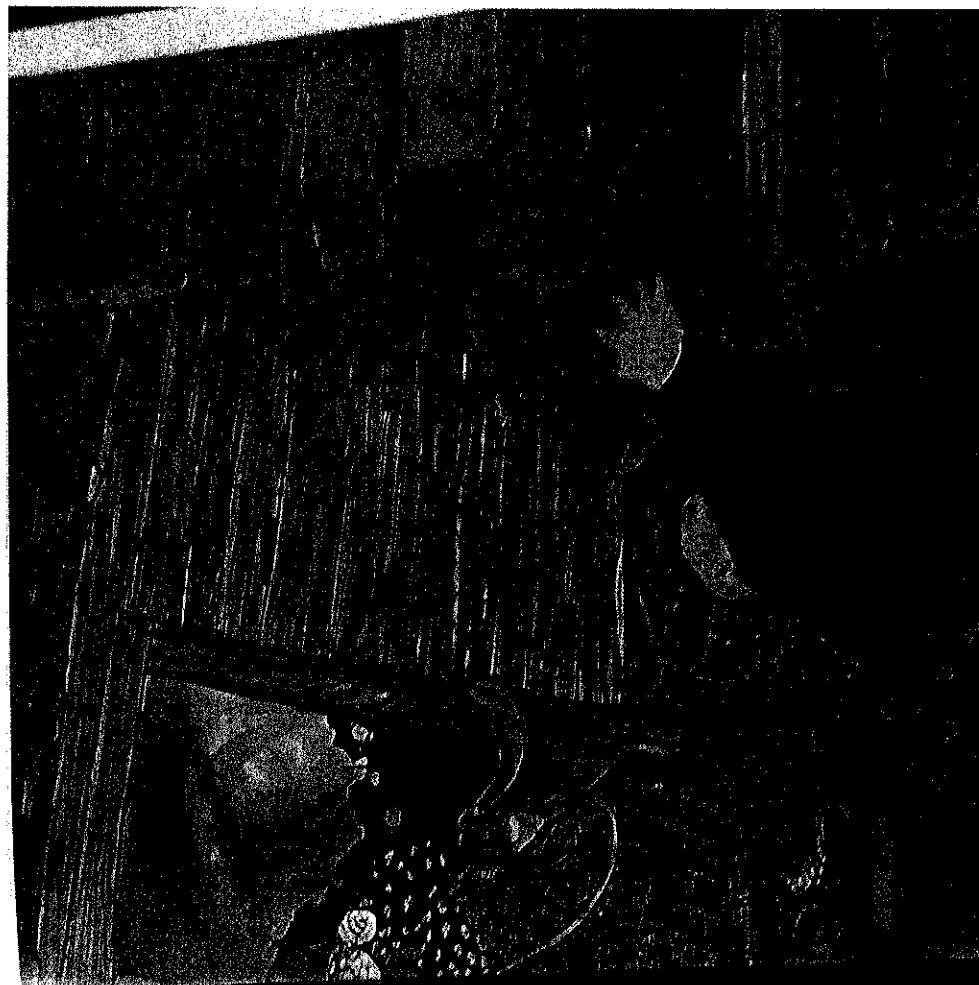
"1-2-3-4-5-6-7," I counted.

BOOOOOOM BA-BOOOOOOM! crashed the thunder. It scared me a lot, but I kept walking with Grandma.

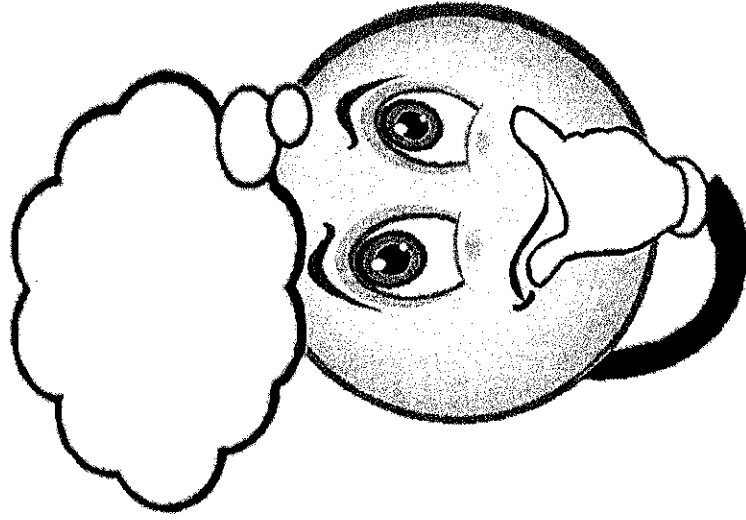
They have eggs, milk, chocolate, sugar and flour.
What could the secret ingredient be?



Write your response here.



Tomatoes? I don't think I've ever had a cake with tomatoes. What do you think of that?



Write your response here.

"Three overripe tomatoes and some strawberries," Grandma whispered as she squinted at the list.

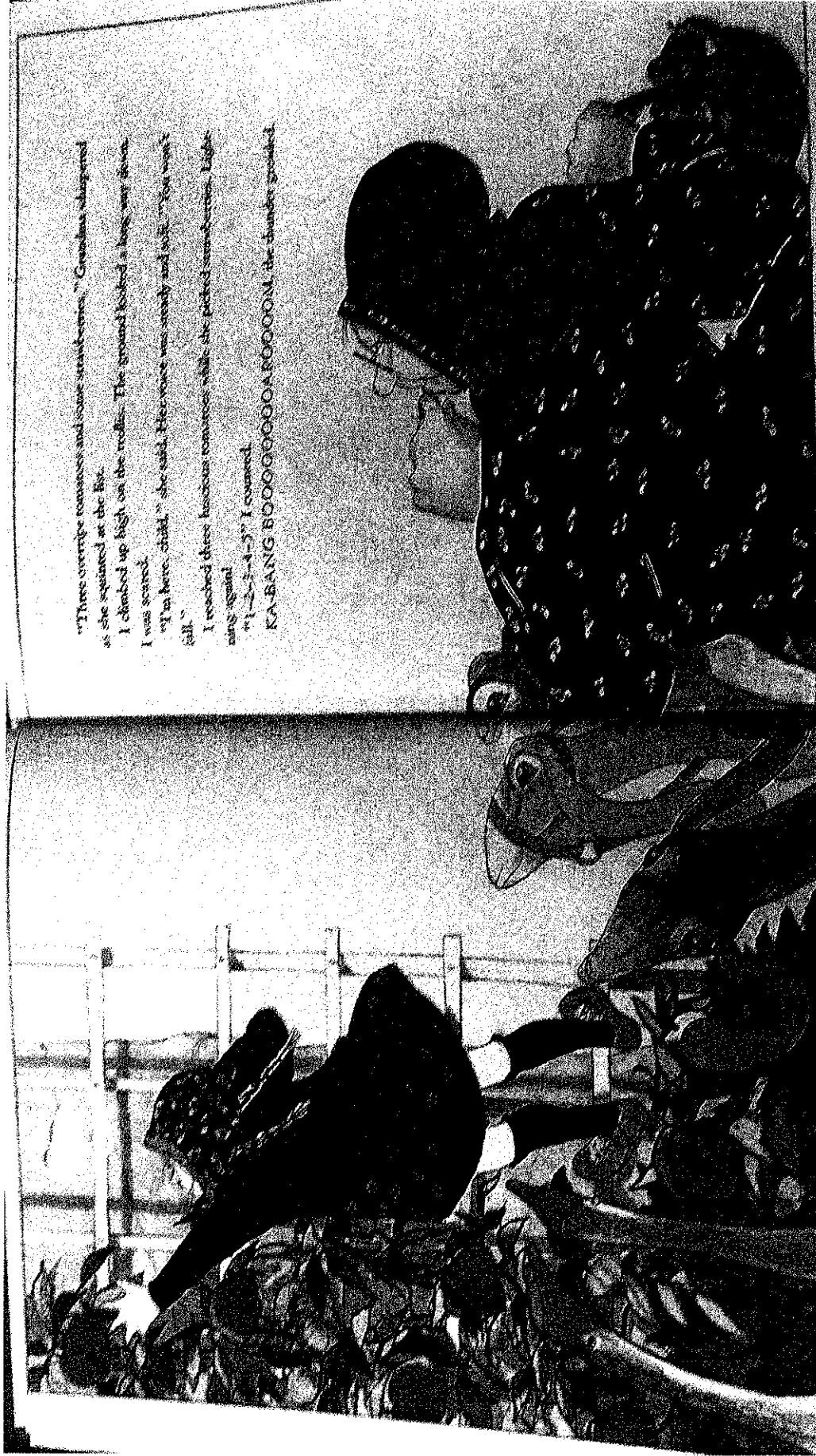
I climbed up high on the table. The ground looked a long way down. I was scared.

"I'm here, child," she said. Her voice was steady and soft. "You won't fall."

I reached three luscious tomatoes while she picked strawberries. Lightning again!

"1-2-3-4-5!" I counted.

KA-BANG BOOOOOOOOOOOOM. The thunder growled.



As we waited for the cake, Grandma looked out the window for a long time. "Why, you aren't afraid of thunder. You're too brave!" she said as she looked right at me.

"I'm not brave, Grandma," I said. "I was under the bed! Remember?"

"But you got out from under it," she answered. "and

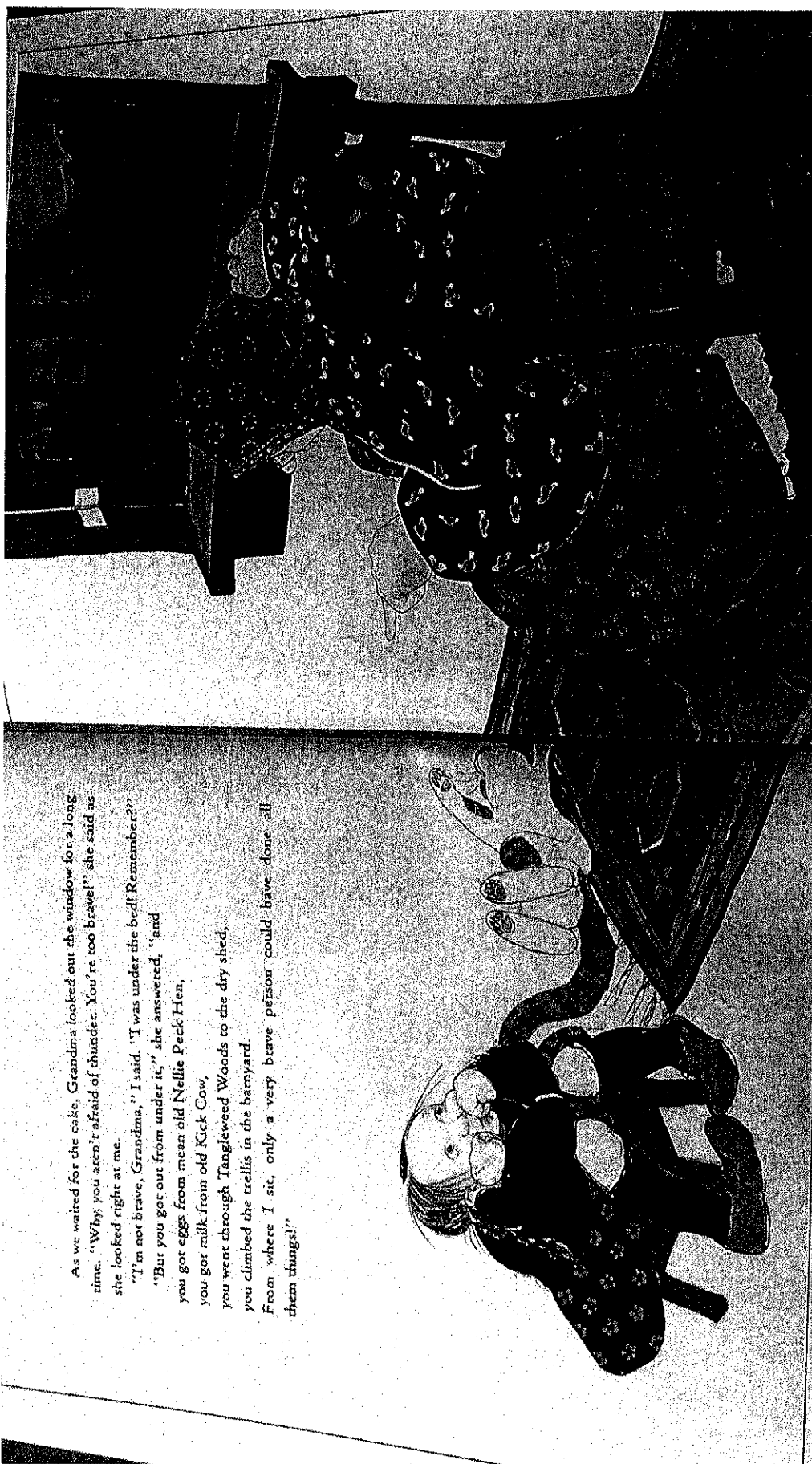
you got eggs from mean old Nellie Peck Hen,

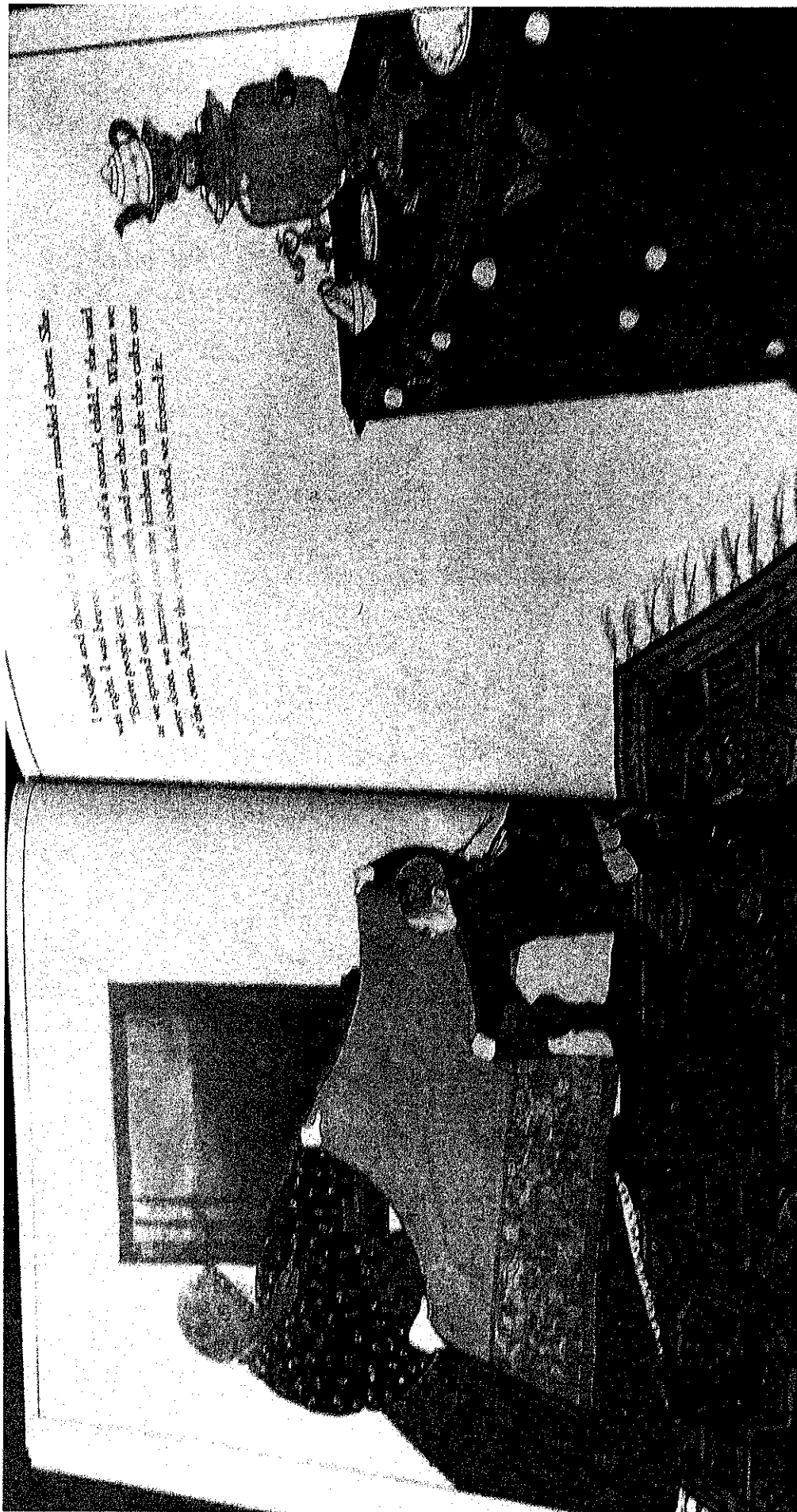
you got milk from old Kick Cow,

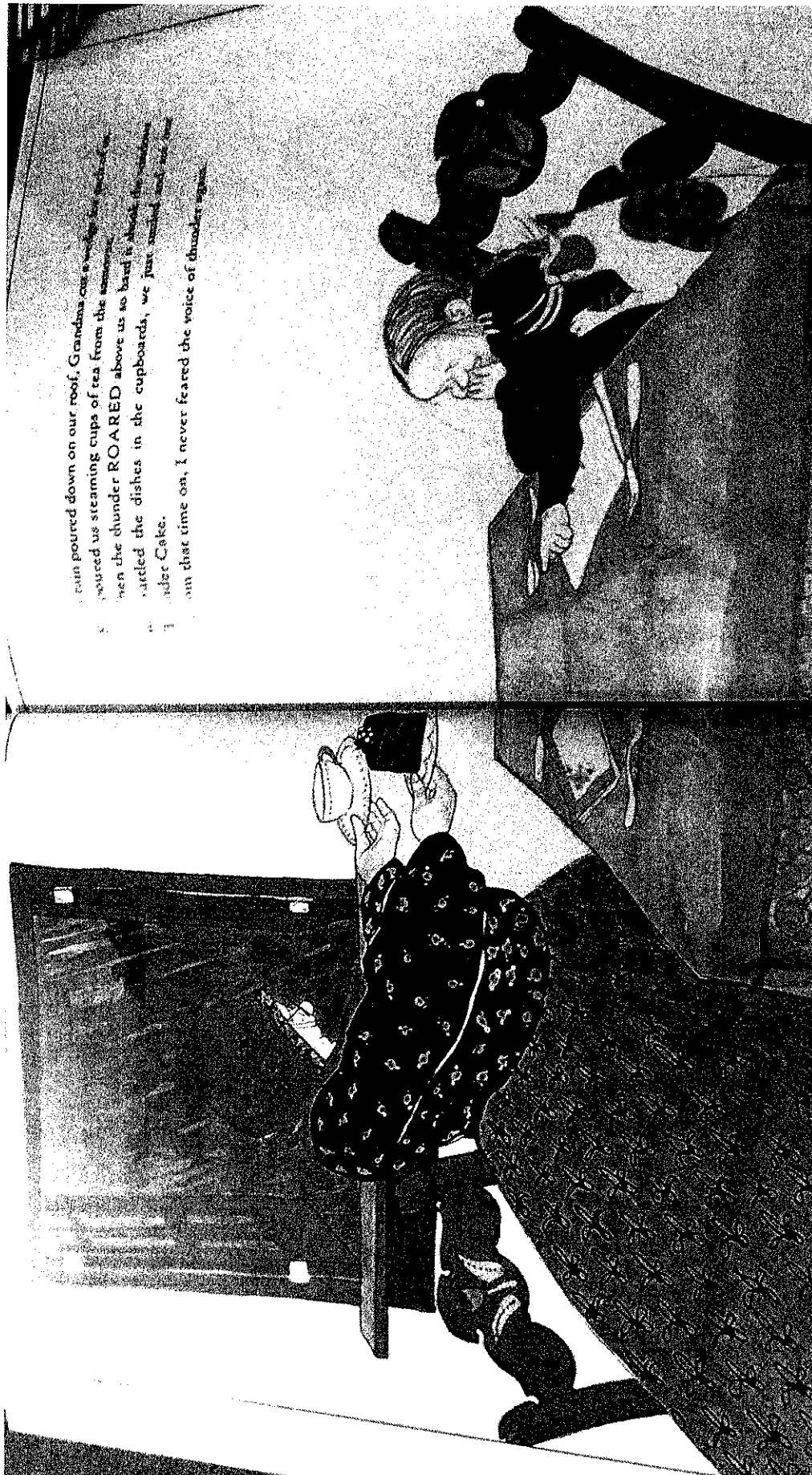
you went through Tangleweed Woods to the dry shed,

you climbed the trellis in the barnyard.

From where I sit, only a very brave person could have done all them things!"

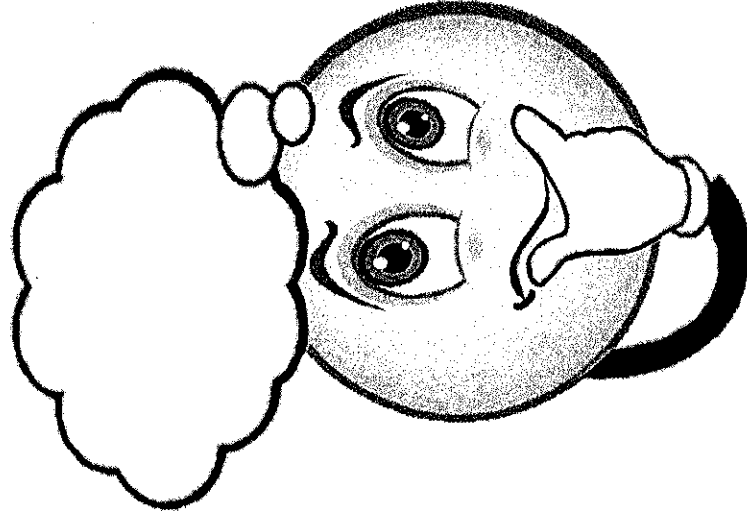






rain poured down on our roof. Grandma cut a wedge from the loaf and
poured us steaming cups of tea from the teapot.
When the thunder ROARED above us so loud it shook the windows
I started the dishes in the cupboard, we just stumbled back and
under the table.
From that time on, I never feared the voice of thunder again.

This story puts me in the mood for a thunderstorm.
What about you?



Write your response here.

My Grandma's Thunder Cake

Cream together, one at a time

1 cup shortening

1 1/2 cup sugar

1 teaspoon vanilla

3 eggs, separated

(Blend yolks in. Beat whites

until they are stiff, then fold in.)

1 cup cold water

1/4 cup pureed tomatoes

Sift together

2 1/2 cups cake flour

1/2 cup dry cocoa

1 1/2 teaspoons baking soda

1 teaspoon salt

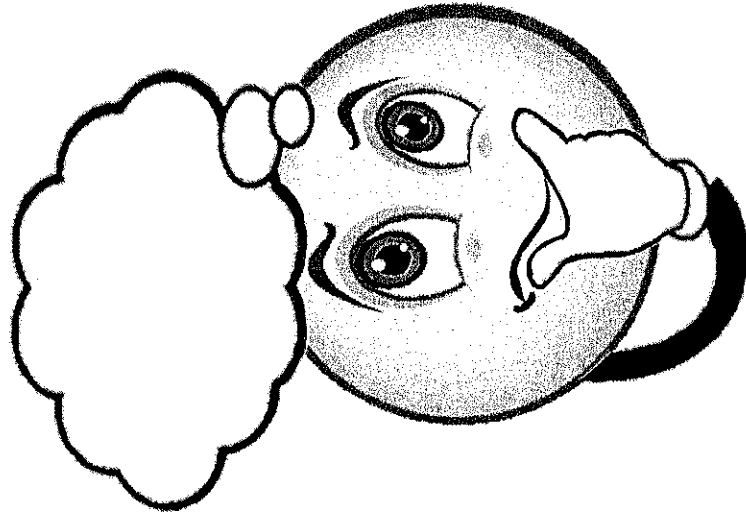
Mix dry mixture into creamy mixture.

Bake in two greased and floured 8 1/2-inch round pans at 350° for 35 to 40 minutes.

Frost with chocolate butter frosting. Top with strawberries.



Only a very brave person could have done all them things! Patricia was very brave. Even though she was scared of the thunder, she went outside and gathered supplies for the thunder cake. Can you think of a time when you did something that was brave?



Write your response here.

Using the blank lined page on the page,
answer the following question:

What message or theme do you think
the author, Patricia Polacco, wants
readers to take from this story?

ELA

Tell about the story in just a few sentences.

- 1.What problem does the girl have at the beginning?**
- 2.How do you know she has changed by the end of the story?**
- 3.Why did she change?**

Tell about the story in just a few sentences.

- 1.What problem does the girl have at the beginning?**
- 2.How do you know she has changed by the end of the story?**
- 3.Why did she change?**

Tell about the story in just a few sentences.

- 1.What problem does the girl have at the beginning?**
- 2.How do you know she has changed by the end of the story?**
- 3.Why did she change?**

Tell about the story in just a few sentences.

- 1.What problem does the girl have at the beginning?**
- 2.How do you know she has changed by the end of the story?**
- 3.Why did she change?**

Tell about the story in just a few sentences.

- 1.What problem does the girl have at the beginning?**
- 2.How do you know she has changed by the end of the story?**
- 3.Why did she change?**

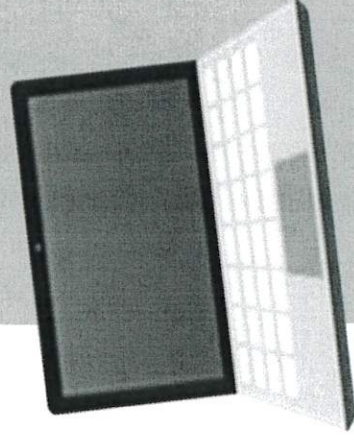
Days 5-6

3rd Grade eLearning

English Language Arts

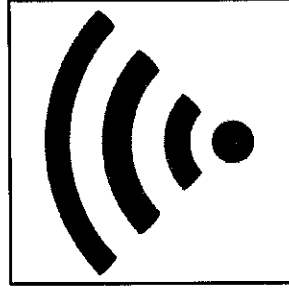


@nadinegilkison

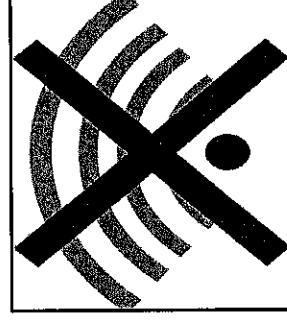


Activities may or may not require internet access. Each activity is labeled with the following.

Requires internet access!



Does not require internet access.



ELA Grade 3

Days 5-6

Materials and

Resources:

1. eLearning Days 5-6 PowerPoint

I Can....

I can define and identify the author's purpose and point of view of BEDHEAD.

I can describe what will happen next in the story and outcomes to the plot

Standard(s)

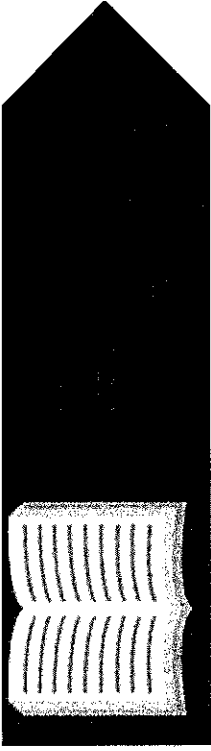
3.RL.8.1 Use text evidence to:
a. describe characters' traits, motivations, and feelings and explain how their actions contribute to the development of the plot; **3.RI.LCS.10**. Analyze and provide evidence of how the author's choice of purpose and perspective shapes content, meaning, and style. **3.RI.LCS.10.1**. State the author's purpose; distinguish one's own perspective from that of the author.

Essential Question:

How can we come to understand an author's purpose and perspective or point of view, as well as the outcome to the plot?

Activities:

1. Interactive Read Along: BEDHEAD
2. Independent Reading
3. Independent Reading Response



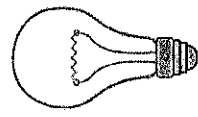
Today we are going to read a story, think about the author's purpose for writing the text, as well as predict what will happen next in the story and outcomes of the plot.

Let's review... Explain the terms below to your parent, grandparent, brother, sister, or friend.

➤ **Character Traits**

➤ **Plot and Story Settings**

@nadinegilkinson



ACTIVITIES



Click [here](#) to listen to the book online. Then, answer the question [here](#).

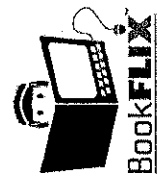


OR

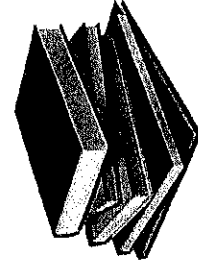
Click the [here](#) to read [BEDHEAD](#). As you read, answer the questions throughout the story.



Choose One:



Read a story on EPIC, BookFlix, or Raz-Kids. Click [here](#) to type your teacher a message below about what you read.



OR

Read a book with your parent, grandparent, brother, sister, or friend. Click [here](#) to type your teacher a message below about what you read.

How YOU ever had a bad hair day?

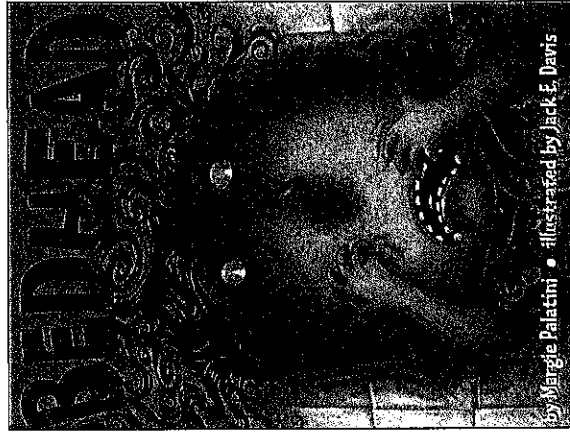
It was BIG.

It was BAD.

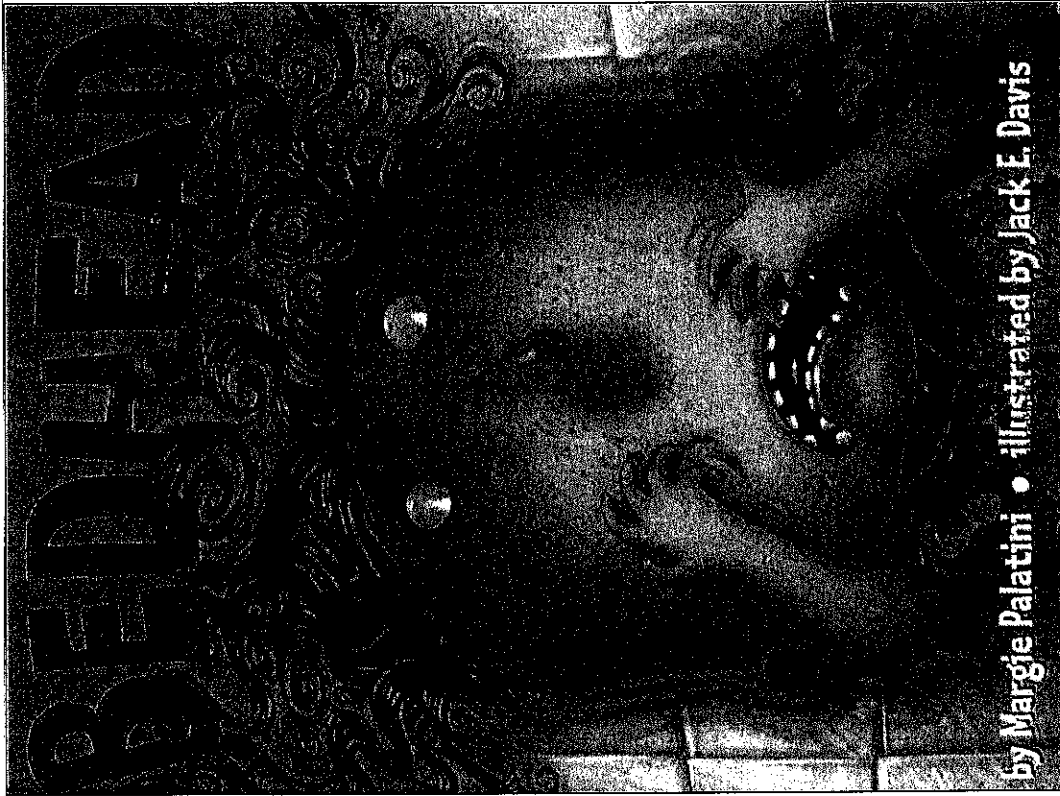
It was...BEDHEAD!

No doubt about it, Oliver's having a very bad hair day. His parents and sister try to help. They push, they pull, they spritz and they spray; they goop, they glop, and they mousse. But Oliver's hair is still way out of control. And today's class picture day!

What's a boy to do?

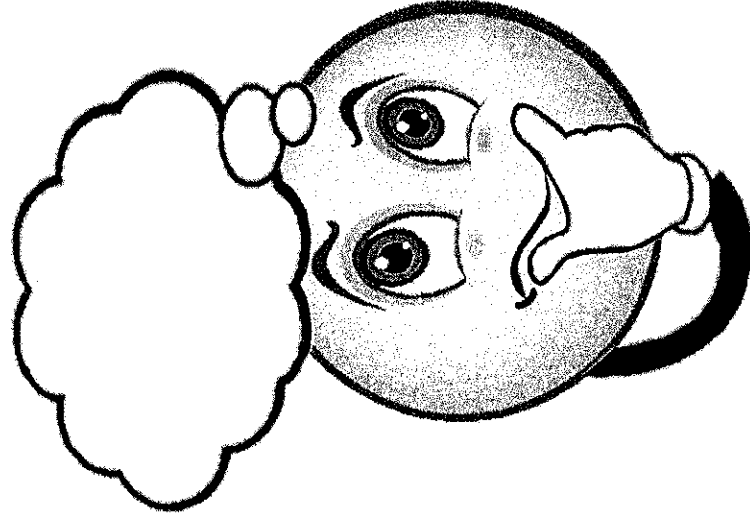


by Margie Palatini • illustrated by Jack E. Davis

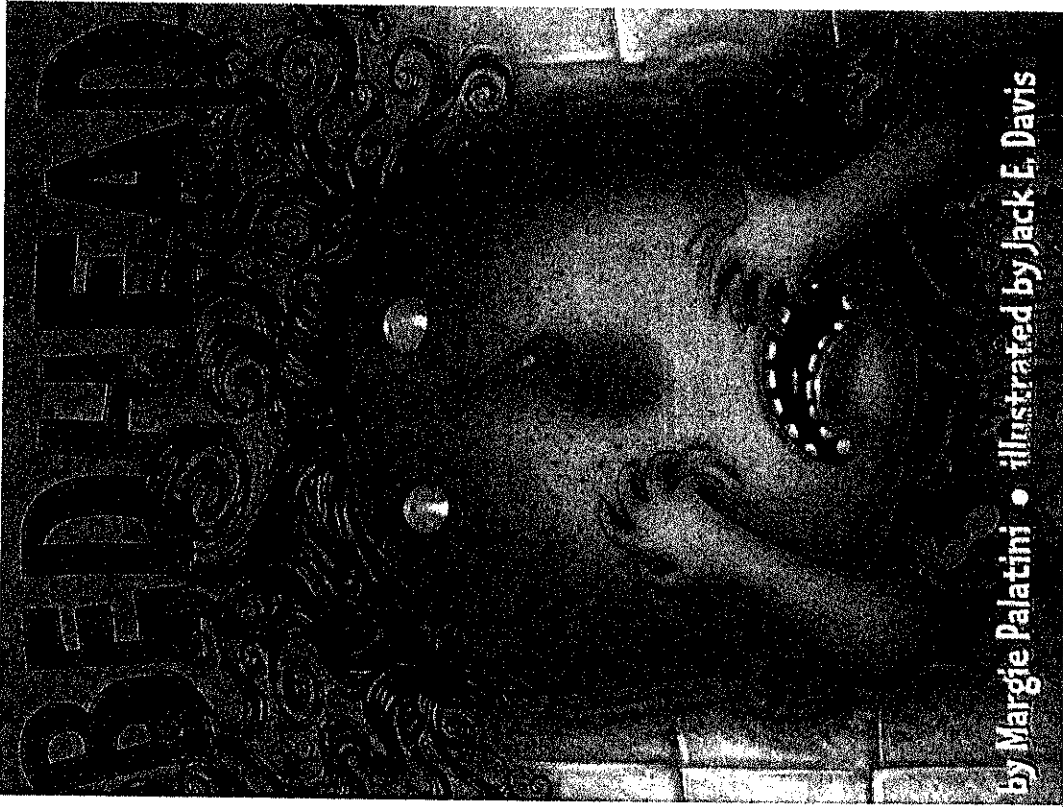


by Margie Palatini • illustrated by Jack E. Davis

Have you ever gotten out of bed in the morning, looked in the mirror, and wondered what happened to your hair? What do you think may have happened overnight?



Write your response here.



by Margie Palatini • illustrated by Jack E. Davis

For my boy with the Redhead

—M. P.

For John, Michael, and Jason

—J. E. D.

REDHEAD

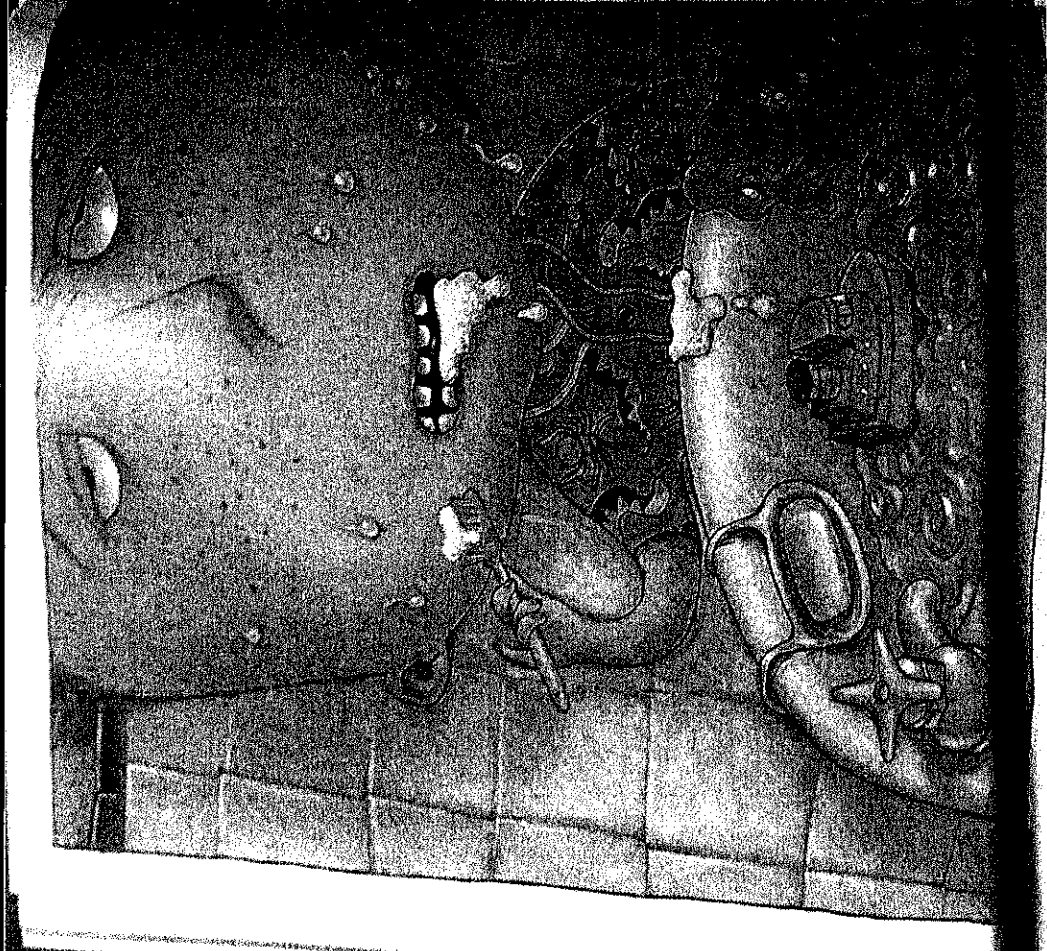
by Margie Palatini

•

illustrated by Jack E. Davis

New York London Toronto Sydney Singapore

Shuffle-shlump. Shuffle-shlump. Shuffle-shlump,
shlumped blary-eyed Driver out of bed, down the
hall, and into the bathroom.
He yawned.
He yanked.
Splashed some water.
Swished some mouthwash.
Gave his front teeth a passable brushing.
And then ...
In a gunkless corner of the soapy silver soap
dish ... in a fogless smidgen of his father's foggy
shaving mirror ... right there on the hot water
faucet, for heaven's sake ... he saw it!
It was BIG.
It was BAD.
It was ...



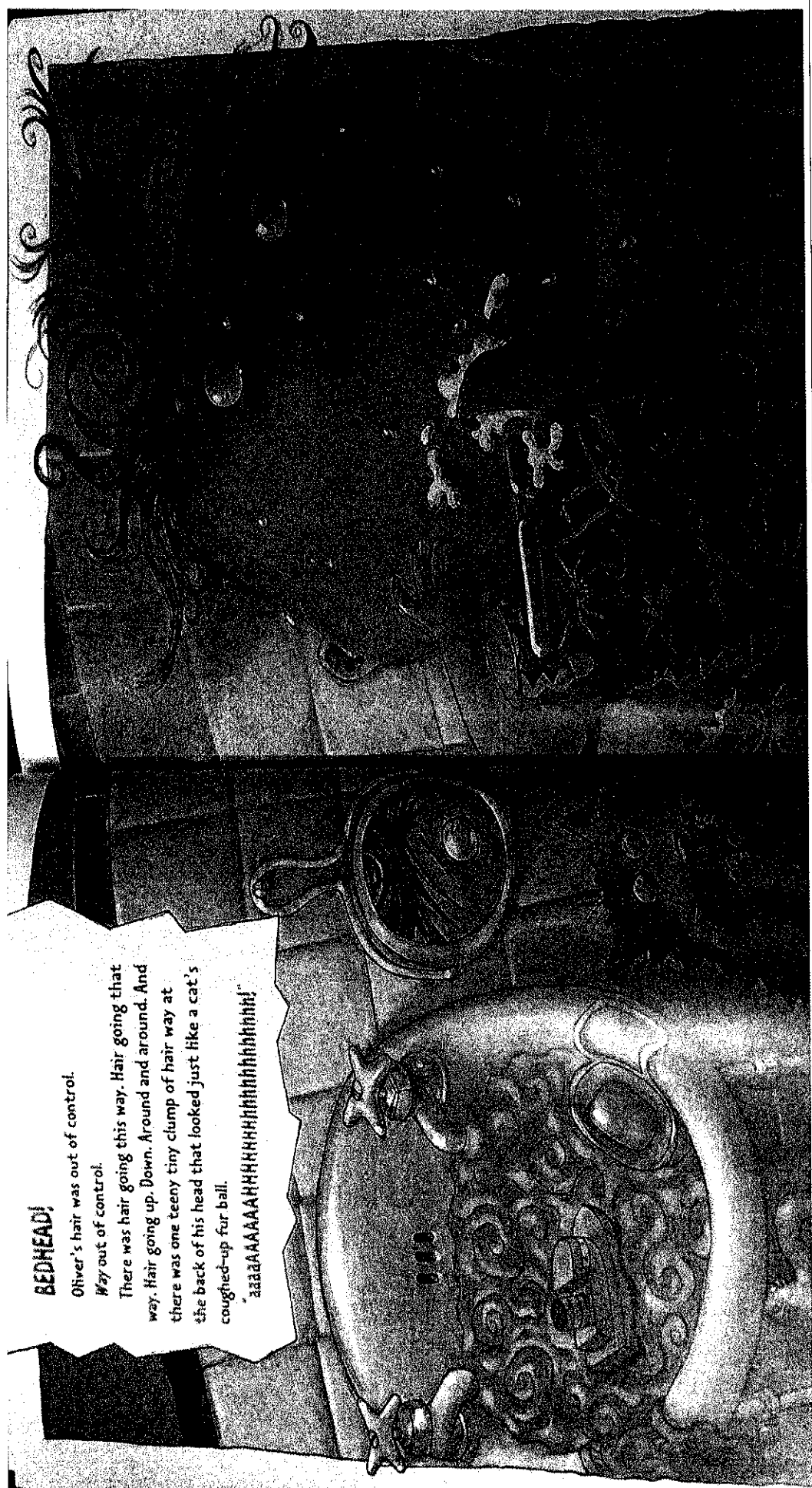
BEDHEAD!

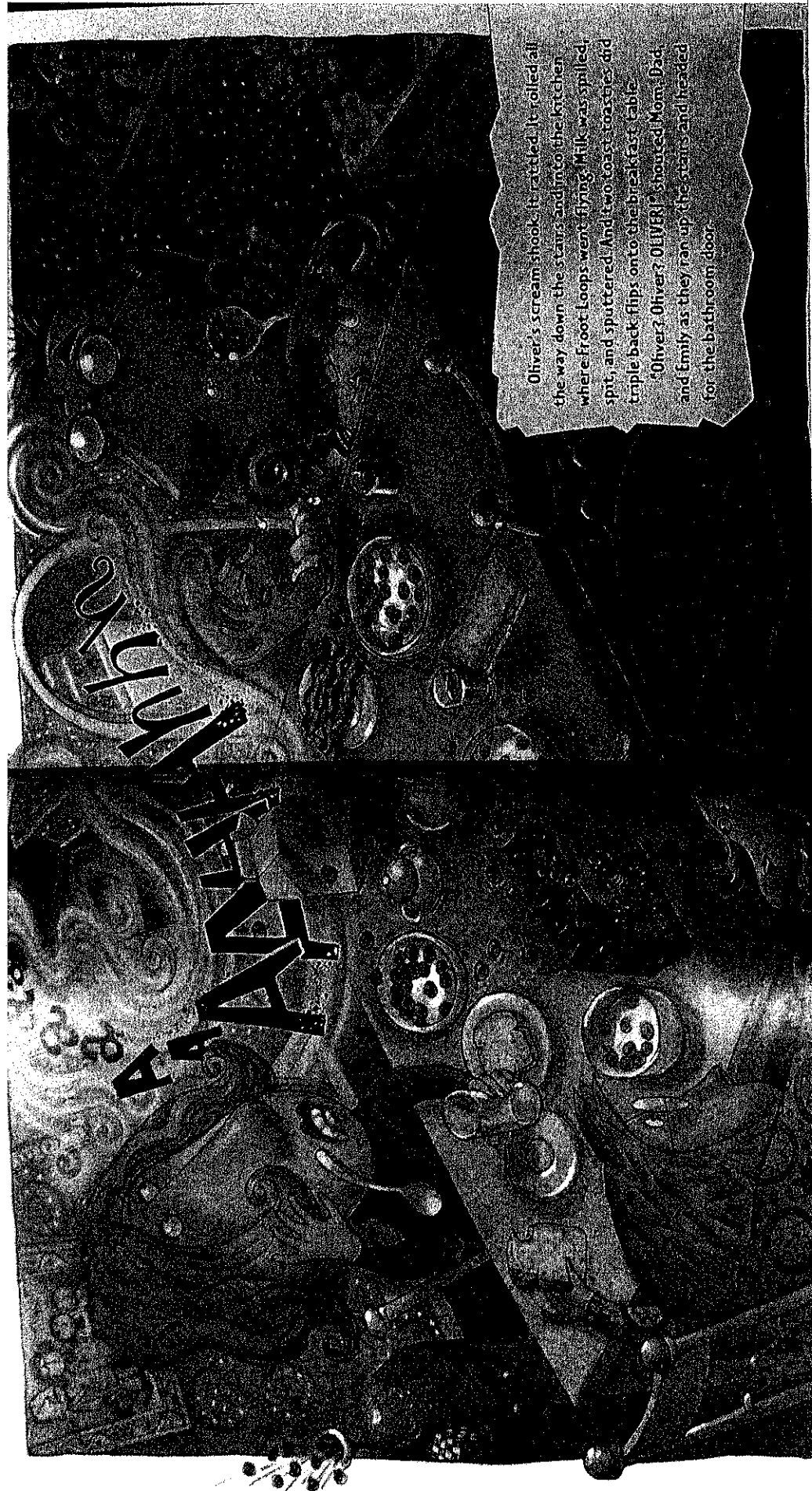
Oliver's hair was out of control.

Way out of control.

There was hair going this way. Hair going that way. Hair going up. Down. Around and around. And there was one teeny tiny clump of hair way at the back of his head that looked just like a cat's coughed-up fur ball.

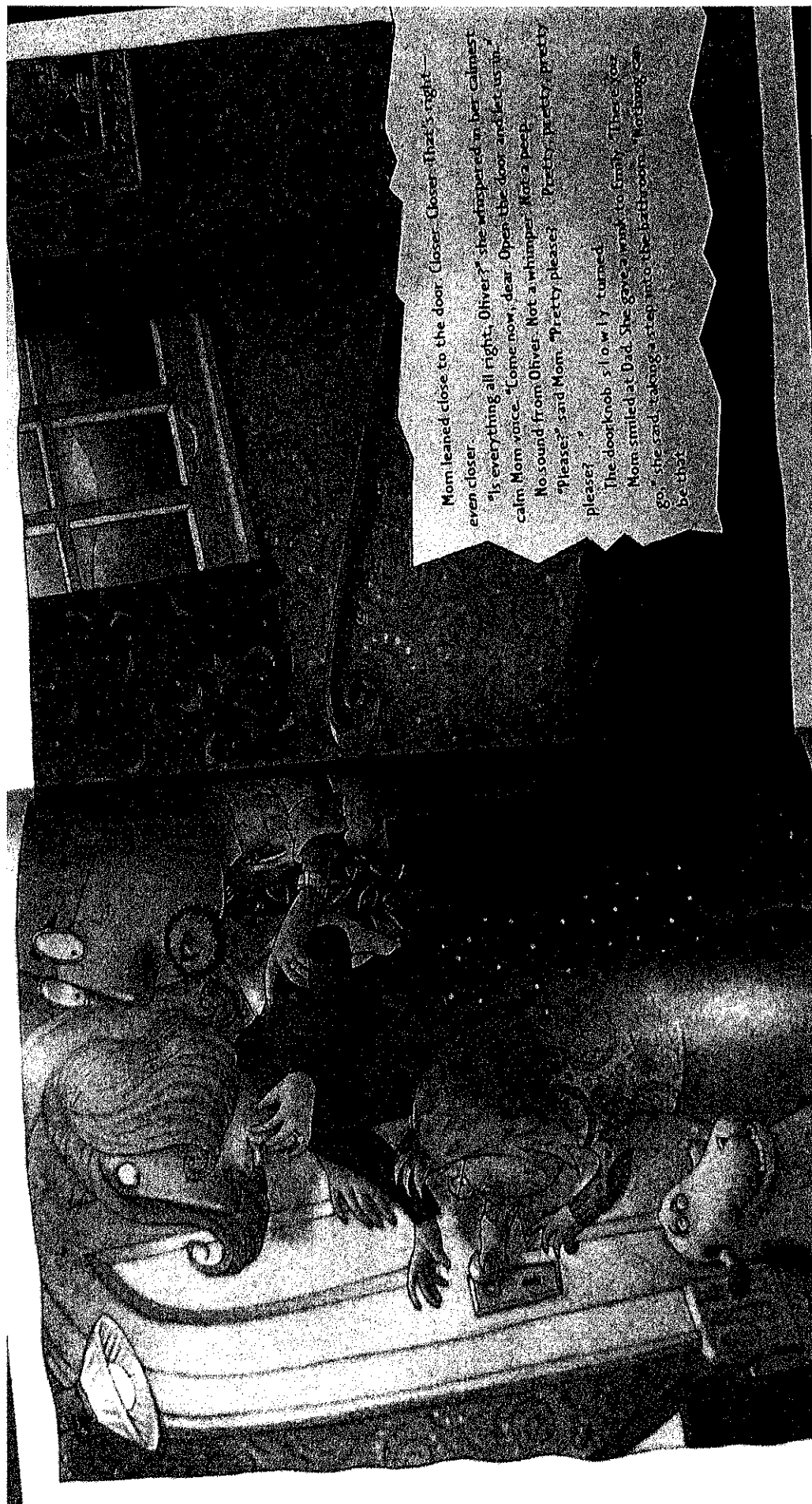
"aaaaaHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"





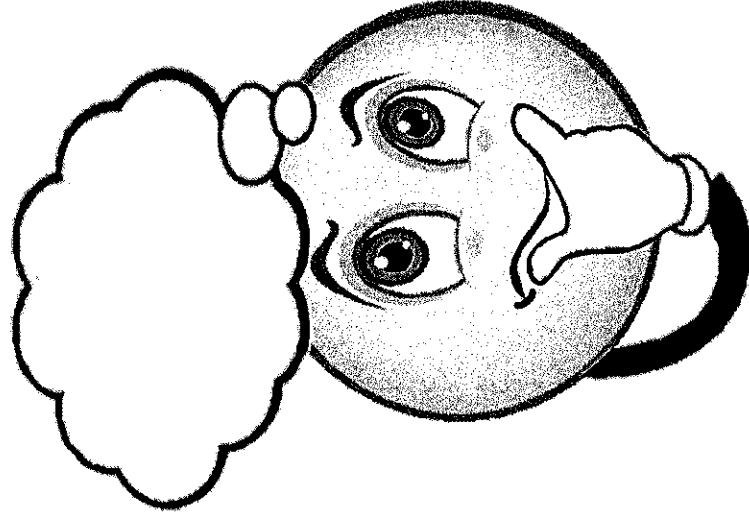
Oliver's scream shook the rattle. It rolled all the way down the stairs and into the kitchen where Floor Loops were flying Milk was spilled spit, and sputtered. And two toast toasts and triple back flips onto the breakfast table.

"Oliver? Oliver? OLIVER!" shouted Mom, Dad and Emily as they ran up the stairs and headed for the bathroom door.

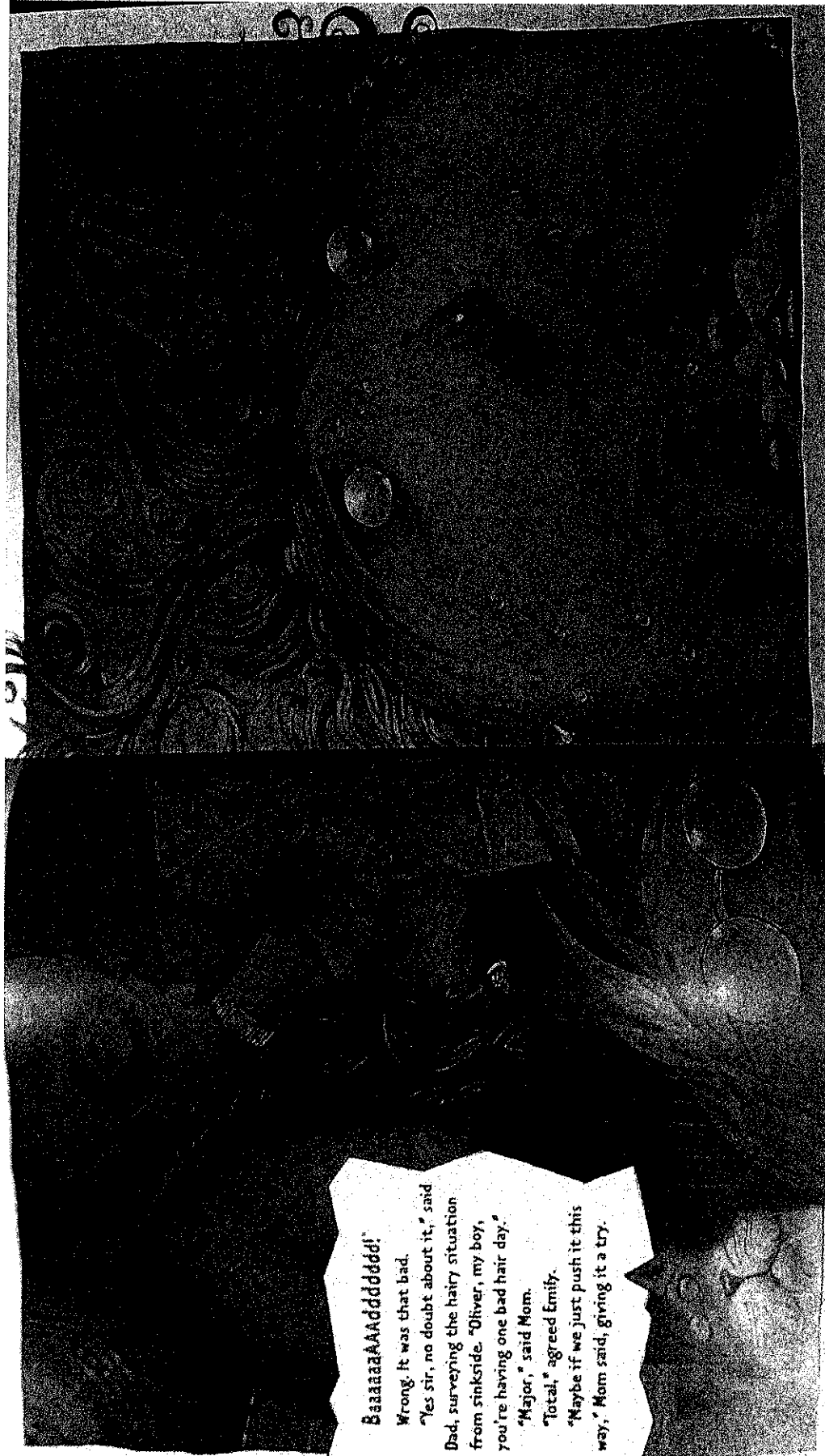


Mom leaned close to the door. Closer. Closer. That's right—
even closer.
"Is everything all right, Oliver?" she whispered in her calmest
calm Mom voice. "Come now, dear. Open the door and let us in."
No sound from Oliver. Not a whimper. Not a peep.
"Please?" said Mom. "Pretty please?" "Pretty, pretty, pretty
please?"
The doorknob slowly turned.
Mom smiled at Dad. She gave a wink to Emily. "There you
go," she said, taking a step into the bath room. "Nothing can
be there."

Is that what you expected Oliver's mom
and dad to say?



Write your response here.



BaaaaaaAAdddddd!

Wrong. It was that bad.

"Yes sir, no doubt about it," said Dad, surveying the hairy situation from sinkside. "Oliver, my boy, you're having one bad hair day."

"Major," said Mom.

"Total," agreed Emily.

"Maybe if we just push it this way," Mom said, giving it a try.



BOING

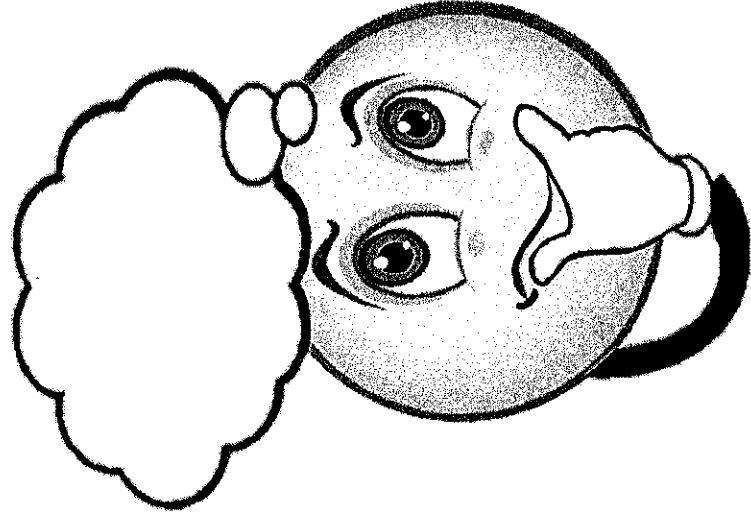
"Been there. Done that," moaned Oliver.
"Perhaps if we just pull it that way," said Dad.

BOING

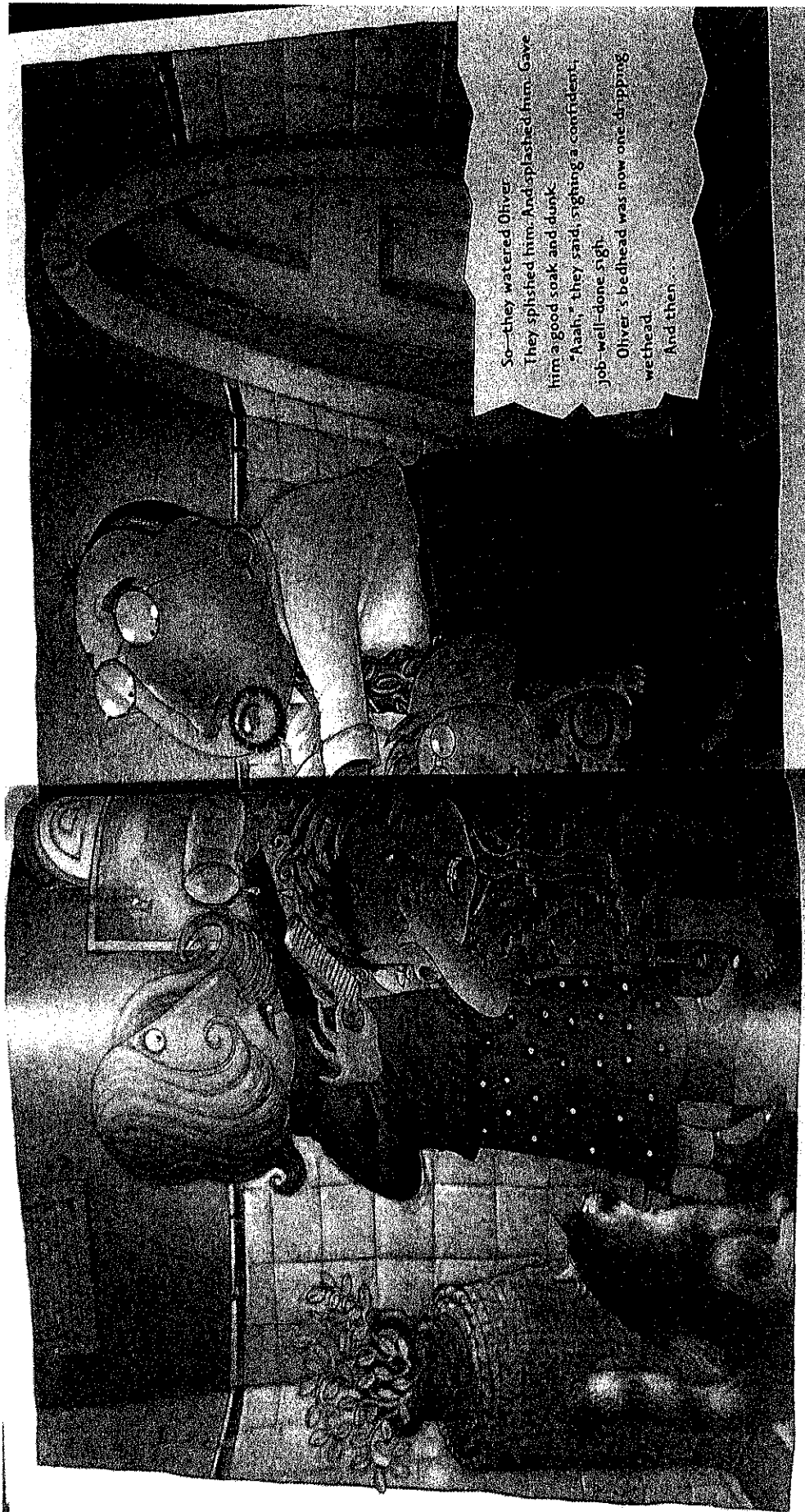
"Been there. Done that," groaned Oliver.
"I could cut it off," offered Emily, ready to roll.
Oliver stared at Emily, stared at his sister. He
didn't think so.

"Oh, then we'll just wet it!" said Mom.
"Yes! Let's just wet it!" they all agreed.

Do you think wetting it is a good idea?
Let's see how that works?



Write your response here.



So—they watered Oliver.
They splashed him. And splashed him. Gave
him a good soak and dunk.
“Aaah,” they said, sighing a confident,
job well-done sigh.
Oliver’s bedhead was now one dripping
wethead.
And then...





"I say we spray!" shouted Dad, taking aim with a squirt.

"Yes! Spray! Spray!" cried out Mom and Emily.

"So spray already!" sputtered Oliver.

So they spritzed him and sprayed him. And they gooped, glopped, and moussed him. They even hair-pinned him flat in five places for good measure.

"Aahh," they said, sighing a confident, job-well-done sigh.

Oliver's bedhead was now one slick gelhead.

And then...

Pins went f-f-flying!
 z-z-zing! B-boing! Bins B-ing B-b-B-bling!
 Hair started going this way. Hair started going
 that way. Then up. Down. Around and around. And
 there was now an even bigger clump of hair way at
 the back of his head that looked just like a cat's
 coughed-up fur ball.

Oliver wondered, "Maybe it's just sort of . . . kind
 of . . . you know, brushed it a bit?"

"No! No!" the three shouted, seeing the boy with
 bristles poised. "Whatever you do, no, no . . . No Brush!"

Pins went f-f-flying!
 z-z-zing! B-boing! Bins B-ing B-b-B-bling!
 Hair started going this way. Hair started going
 that way. Then up. Down. Around and around. And
 there was now an even bigger clump of hair way at
 the back of his head that looked just like a cat's
 coughed-up fur ball.

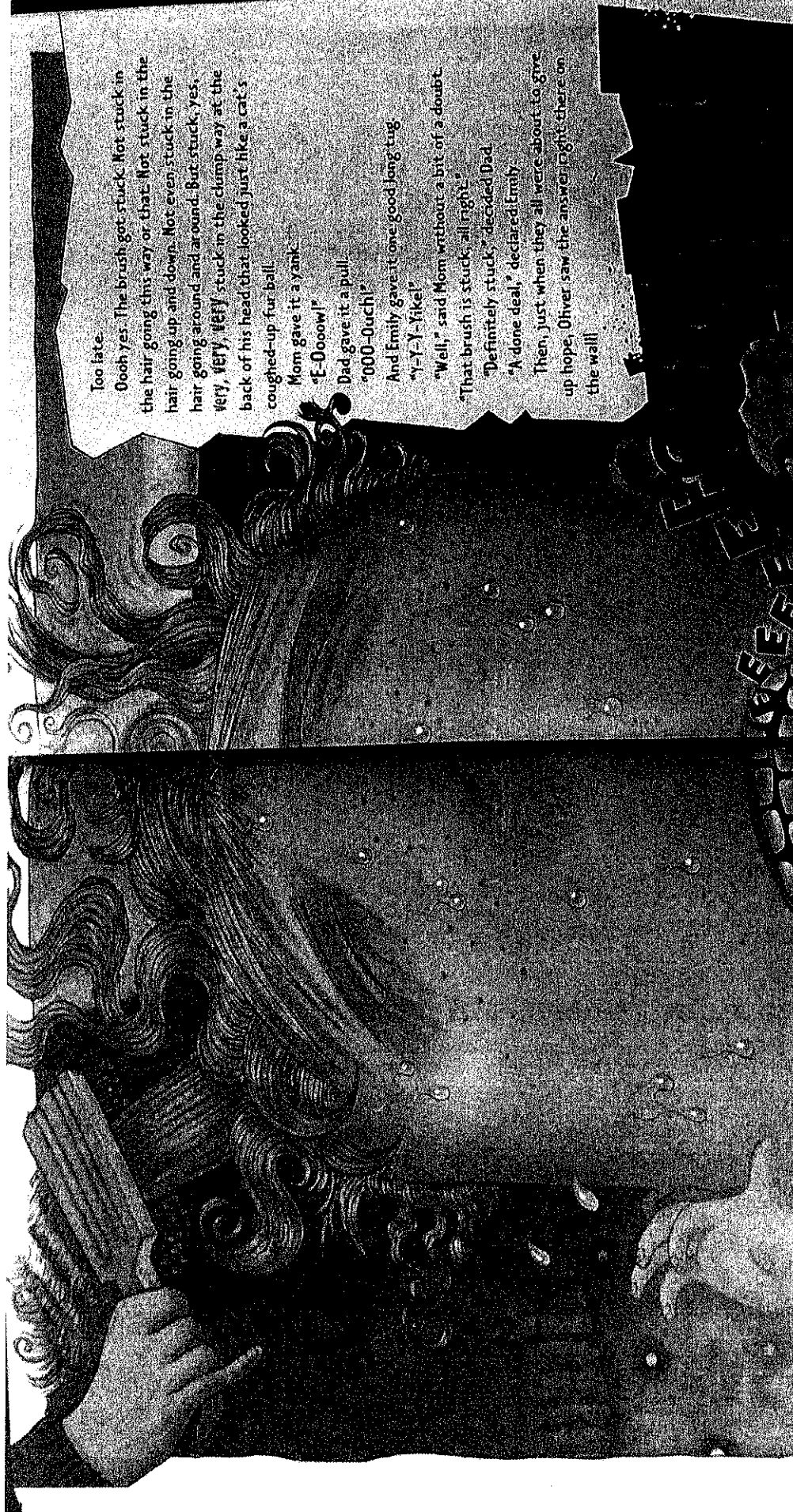
Oliver wondered, "Maybe it's just sort of . . . kind
 of . . . you know, brushed it a bit?"

"No! No!" the three shouted, seeing the boy with
 bristles poised. "Whatever you do, no, no . . . No Brush!"

Pins went f-f-flying!
 z-z-zing! B-boing! Bins B-ing B-b-B-bling!
 Hair started going this way. Hair started going
 that way. Then up. Down. Around and around. And
 there was now an even bigger clump of hair way at
 the back of his head that looked just like a cat's
 coughed-up fur ball.

Oliver wondered, "Maybe it's just sort of . . . kind
 of . . . you know, brushed it a bit?"

"No! No!" the three shouted, seeing the boy with
 bristles poised. "Whatever you do, no, no . . . No Brush!"



Too late.

Oooh, yes. The brush got stuck. Not stuck in the hair going this way or that. Not stuck in the hair going up and down. Not even stuck in the hair going around and around. But stuck, yes, very, very, *very* stuck in the clump way at the back of his head that looked just like a cat's coughed-up fur ball.

Mom gave it a yank.

"E-Dooww!"

Dad gave it a pull.

"Ooo-Ouchi!"

And Emily gave it one good long tug.

"Y-Y-Y-Yikel!"

"Well," said Mom without a bit of a doubt.

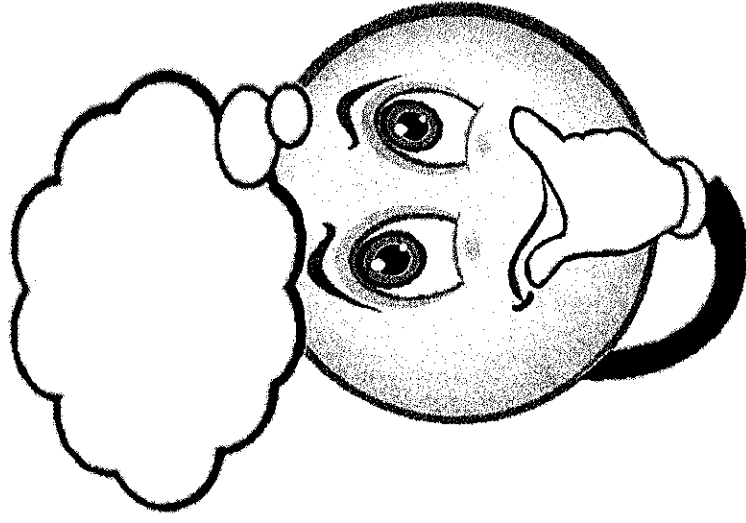
"That brush is stuck, all right."

"Definitely stuck," decided Dad.

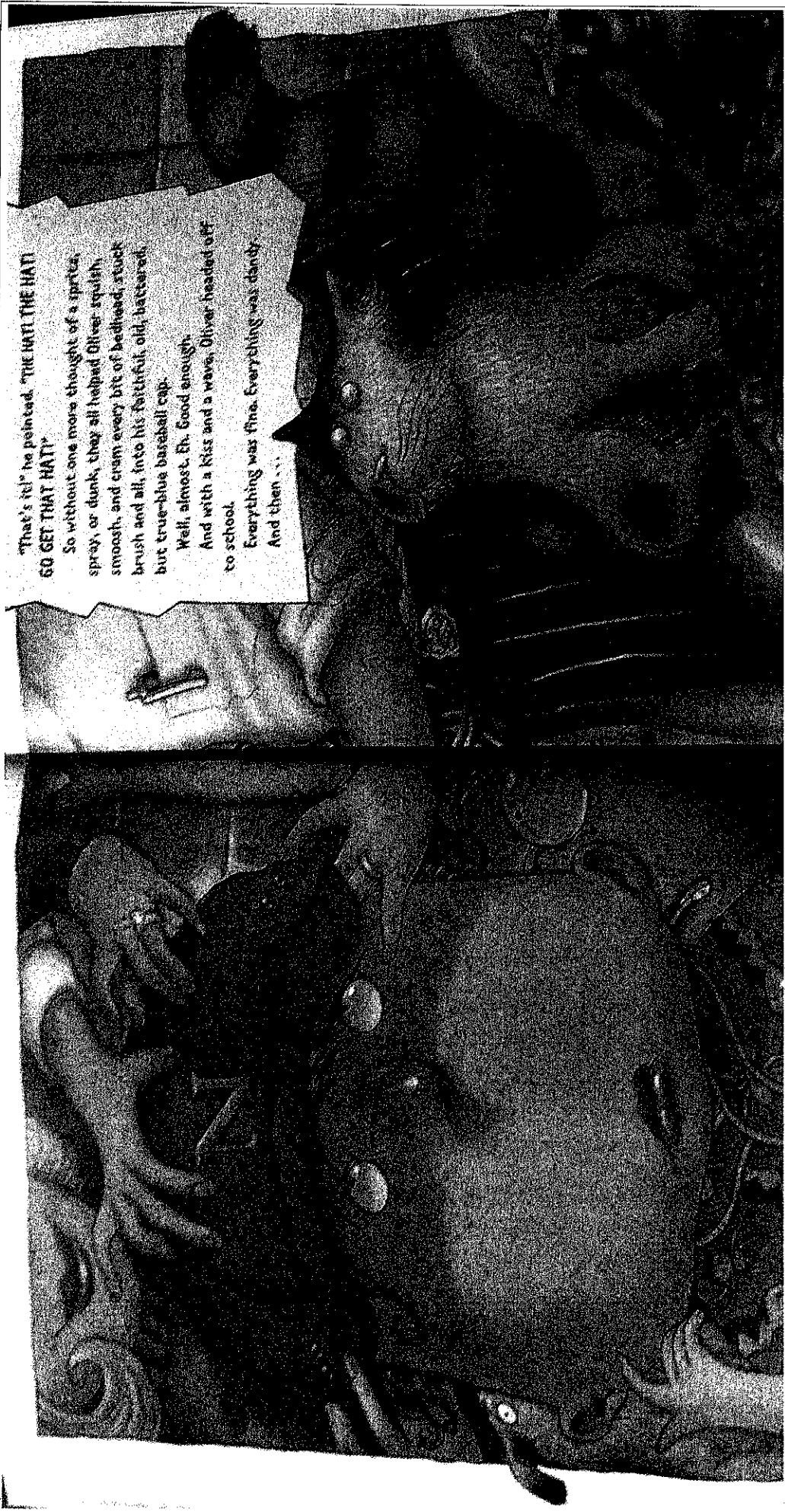
"A done deal," declared Emily.

Then, just when they all were about to give up hope, Oliver saw the answer right there on the wall!

Oliver sees the answer on the wall. What do you think it might be?



Write your response here.



"That's it!" he pointed. "THE HAT! THE HAT!
GO GET THAT HAT!"

So without one more thought of a spritz,
spray, or dunk, they all helped Oliver squish,
smoosh, and cram every bit of bedhead, stuck
brush and all, into his faithful, old, battered,
but true-blue baseball cap.

Well, almost. Eh. Good enough.

And with a kiss and a wave, Oliver headed off
to school.

Everything was fine. Everything was dandy.
And then...



Mary Margaret, who sat in the third row, four seats down, one desk across from Oliver in Mrs. Oppenheimer's class at Biddlemeyer Elementary, looked over to him and said, "You can't wear that hat."

Oliver looked over to Mary Margaret. "Can too?"

"And just, why not?" demanded Oliver, holding tightly on to his hat. Mary Margaret grinned. "Because it's picture day."

"p-p-PICTURE DAY?" stuttered Oliver.

"PICTURE DAY!" sang out Mrs. Oppenheimer, standing in front of the class. "Everyone line up for our class picture! Backs straight. Faces front. Smiles wide. And . . . and . . . HATS OFF!"

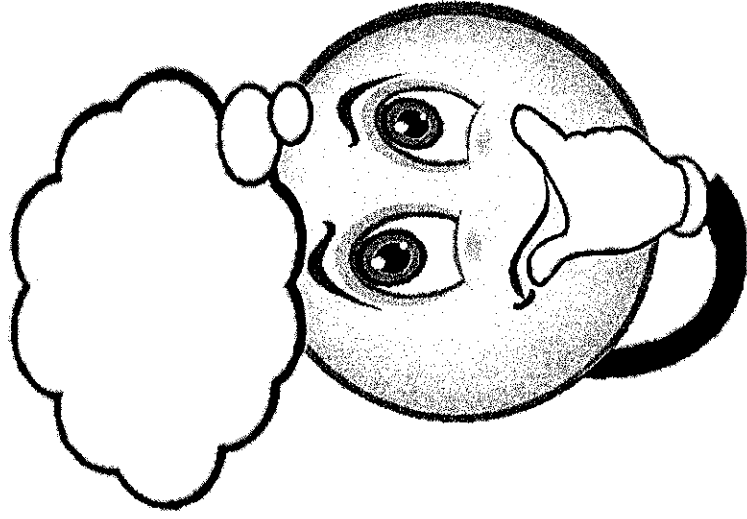
"Uh-oh," said Oliver. "Hats off?"

"We're waiting, Oliver!" said Mrs. Oppenheimer as everyone took their places.

"We're waiting, Oliver!" said Mary Margaret.

"We're waiting, Oliver!" said everyone else.

OH No! It's picture day. Oliver has to take off his hat. What do you think is going to happen?



Write your response here.

"Hey, kid," said the man behind the counter.
"Yeah, you with the lumpy-looking head. Off with
that hat!"

Oliver hemmed. He hawed. But he knew he had
had it. He lifted the brim and slowly took off his
faithful, old, battered, but true-blue baseball cap.

He held his breath. He closed his eyes. And he
waited. He waited some more.

Nothing. Zero. Zilch. Nada.

He opened his eyes and looked up.

There was no hair going this way. No hair going
that way. No hair going up. Down. Not even around
and around. And nobody could see the brush stuck
in the clump of hair way at the back of his head
that looked like a cat's coughed-up fur ball.

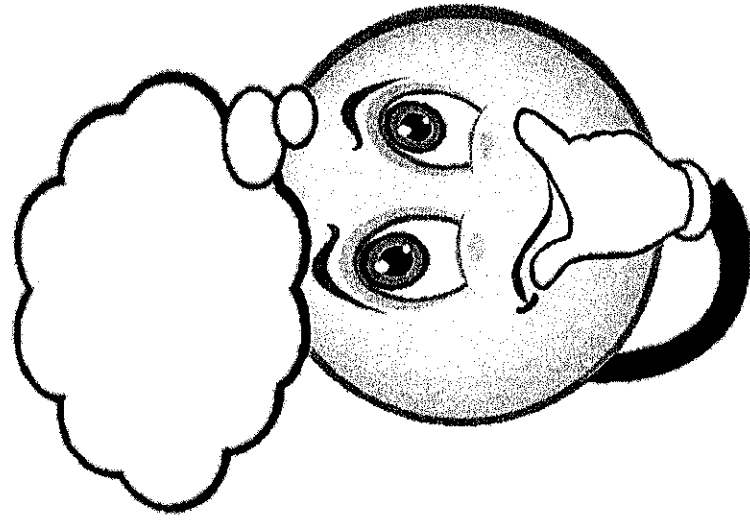
"Aaah," said Oliver, sighing a confident,
job-well-done sigh.

"Ready, everyone?" sang out Mrs. O. "Big
smiles, and say 'Cheese' on the count of three."

"ONE!" she said. "TWO!" she said.

And then ... then ... THEN ...

Is that what you expected? For a second it seemed like it was going to be okay.



Write your response here.

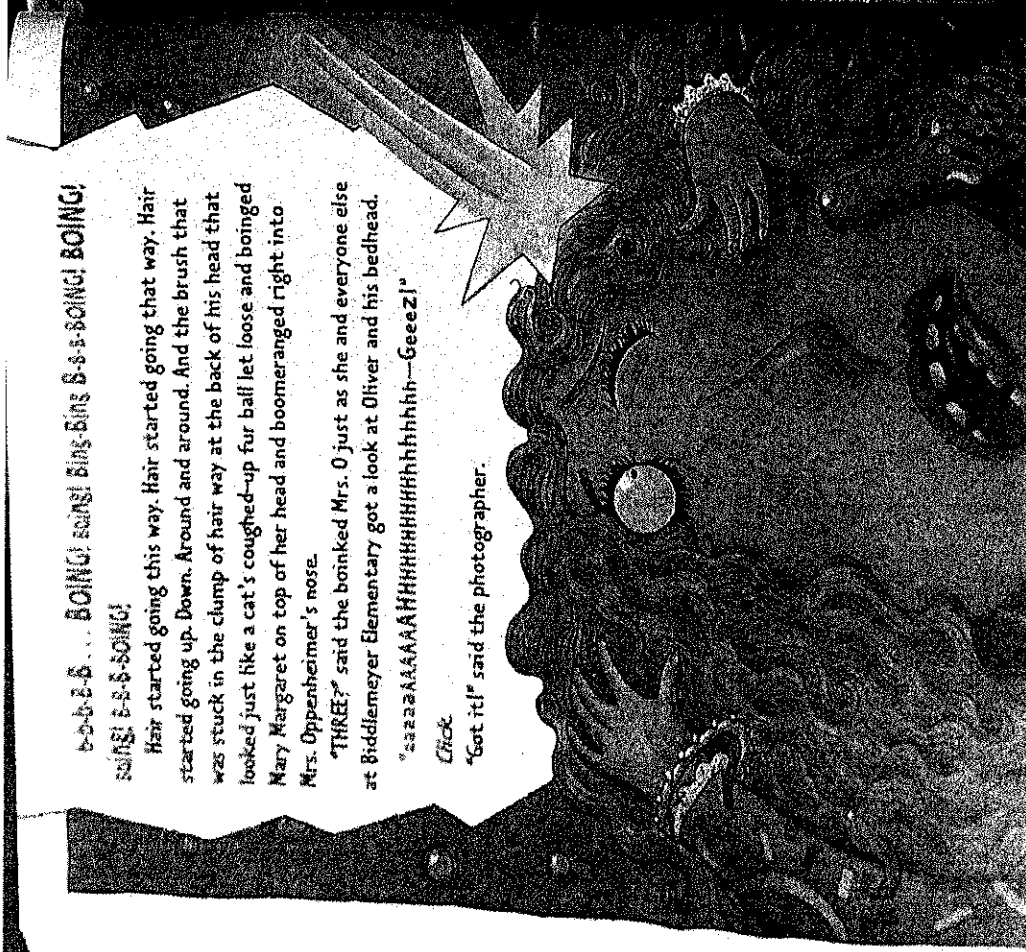
b-o-b-e-s... BOING! BOING! BING-BING B-a-b-BOING! BOING!
SOING! E-E-S-BOING!

Hair started going this way. Hair started going that way. Hair
started going up. Down. Around and around. And the brush that
was stuck in the clump of hair way at the back of his head that
looked just like a cat's coughed-up fur ball let loose and boinged
Mary Margaret on top of her head and boomeranged right into.
Mrs. Oppenheimer's nose.

"THREE?" said the bontiked Mrs. O just as she and everyone else
at Biddlemeyer Elementary got a look at Oliver and his bedhead.

"z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz—Geeez!"
Crick

"Got it!" said the photographer.



"zzzzzzzzzzHHHHHHH—Geez!"

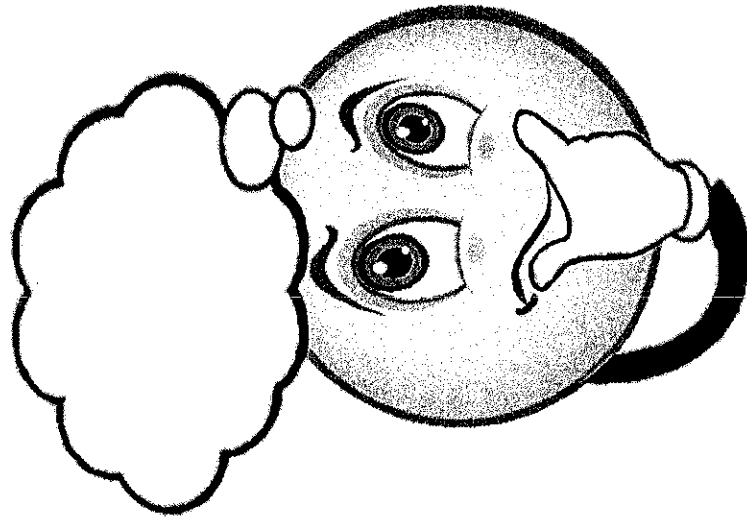
"Got it!" said the photographer.



MRS. OPPENHEIMER'S CLASS (CONT'D.)
DANIEL, GUSTAV, SARAH, JESSICA, MICHAEL
MRS. OPPENHEIMER (MIDDLE ROW), KATHY

BEATRICE, MARION, GERTIE, EMILY, FRANK, BOB
ROBERT, ALISON, ANDREW, ERIN, SORIN
OLIVER, AND OF COURSE OLDEN, BEN, BEATRICE

Sometimes a book is funny because things happen that you don't expect to happen. Did anything happen in this book that you weren't expecting?



Write your response here.

**Why do you think the author wrote this
book?**

**Did you think the book was funny? Why or
Why not?**

