

# **Mastery Evaluation**

**For Beyond *All About*® Reading Level 4**

*by Marie Rippel*

# Mastery Evaluation for Beyond Level 4

This Placement Test will help you determine if your student has mastered the concepts taught in Levels 1-4 of *All About Reading*.

Have your student read the last 5 stories of *All About Reading* Level 4 (see pages 4-44). Evaluate your student in the areas listed below (without correcting the student). Use the chart to keep track of your child's progress.

	Decoding	Comprehension	Vocabulary	Fluency
"The Bargain Tomatoes"				
"Charlie's Sick Day"				
"Pirate Food"				
"Llama Has a Fiesta"				
"Ditto the Rhyming Echo"				

**Decoding** - Ability to **decode words** in the story

**Comprehension** - Ability to **comprehend** the story

**Vocabulary** - Ability to **understand the words** from a vocabulary standpoint

**Fluency** - Ability to **fluently read** the story with expression

## How did your student do?

Were you able to put a checkmark in all the boxes?

**Yes:** Your student has a rock-solid foundation on which to grow in reading ability.  
Continue to page 45-46 for suggestions on what to do next.

**No:** If your student had difficulty reading any of the stories, check out the *All About Reading* placement tests located at [allaboutlearningpress.com/placement](http://allaboutlearningpress.com/placement).

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(cumulative review of all concepts taught in Levels 1-4, with an emphasis on word endings AIN, TURE, and SURE)



## **“Charlie’s Sick Day”** ..... pages 12-19

(cumulative review of all concepts taught in Levels 1-4, with an emphasis on Greek words)



## **“Pirate Food”** ..... pages 20-28

(cumulative review of all concepts taught in Levels 1-4, with an emphasis on words with French influences)



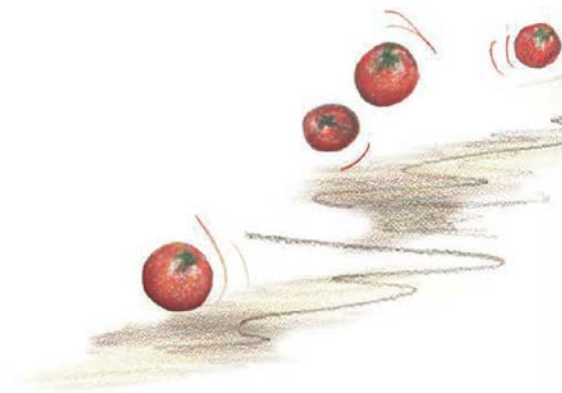
## **“Llama Has a Fiesta”** ..... pages 29-36

(cumulative review of all concepts taught in Levels 1-4, with an emphasis on words with Spanish influences)



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(cumulative review of all concepts taught in Levels 1-4, with an emphasis on words with Italian influences)



## The Bargain Tomatoes

Everything in Miss Violet's resale shop was a bargain, but one day I found the best deal ever. Nestled on a shelf between a chipped teacup and a cuckoo clock was a packet of tomato seeds for five cents. The picture on the packet showed a big red tomato, which happened to be one of my favorite things to eat.



I picked up the seed packet and read the words "perfect taste and texture." How could I go wrong? I dug into my pocket for a nickel and brought the seed packet up to the cash register.

And that's how my tomato adventure began.

When I got home, I read the back of the seed packet. It said that tomatoes do best in rich, well-drained soil, so I decided to plant the seeds in paper cups with holes punctured in the bottom for drainage.

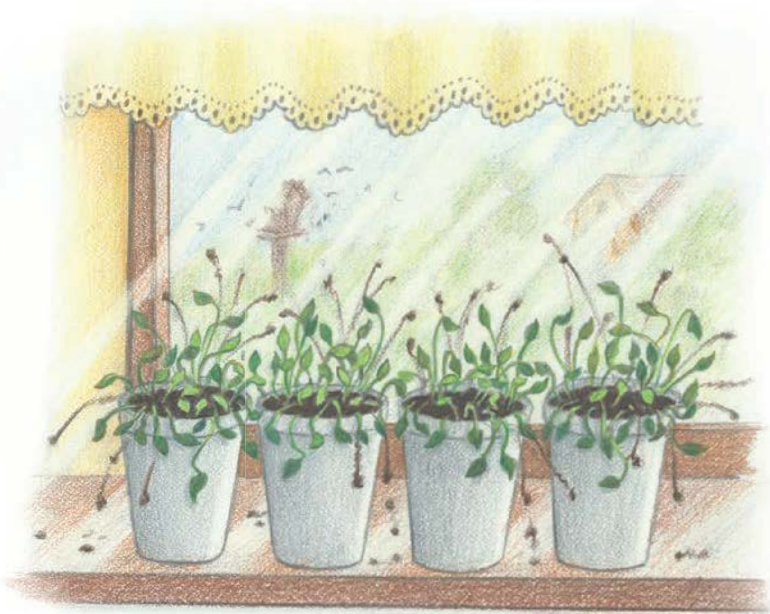
I dug around my backyard but only found a mixture of dry sand and gravel. There was no rich soil in sight. Then I remembered the compost pile where we dump kitchen scraps each day. That would be the perfect soil! My first experiment in horticulture wouldn't be a failure after all. I scooped up some dark, crumbly compost and filled the cups.





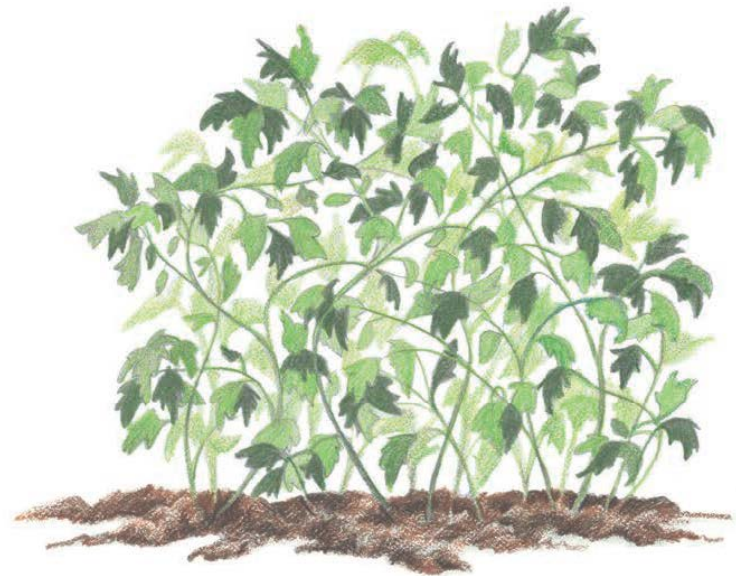
When I tore open the seed packet, I was surprised to discover that the seeds were very small. I figured I'd have to use a lot of them! So I shook a bunch of seeds into each cup, patted them down, and set the cups on a sunny windowsill.

I kept the seeds watered and watched for signs of life. Then one day—pop! The little seedlings poked through the soil.



For the first few weeks, the immature seedlings were thin and gangly. When they outgrew their cups, I transplanted them to the garden beds I had prepared outside. There seemed to be an awful lot of seedlings, but I figured I'd get just a few tomatoes from each one.

The temperature that summer was hot, but I nurtured my plants as carefully as I could. I must have done something right, because they grew like crazy. Sometimes it seemed as if they doubled in size overnight!



It wasn't long before tomato plants sprawled all over the lawn. I tied the vines and branches to stakes with twine, but the supports quickly toppled over. So I built some sturdy structures that would be worthy of these monstrous plants.



My backyard transformed into a jungle as the plants grew. A tangled web of plants, leaves, and blossoms stretched overhead in all directions. To be honest, I was almost afraid to venture into the garden for fear I might never come out!





Then I spotted the first round, green tomatoes. I hovered over the plants like a vulture, waiting for the tomatoes to turn from green to orange to red. Finally, one did! I held up that first shiny, ripe fruit to admire it, and then enjoyed its juicy goodness on a sandwich.

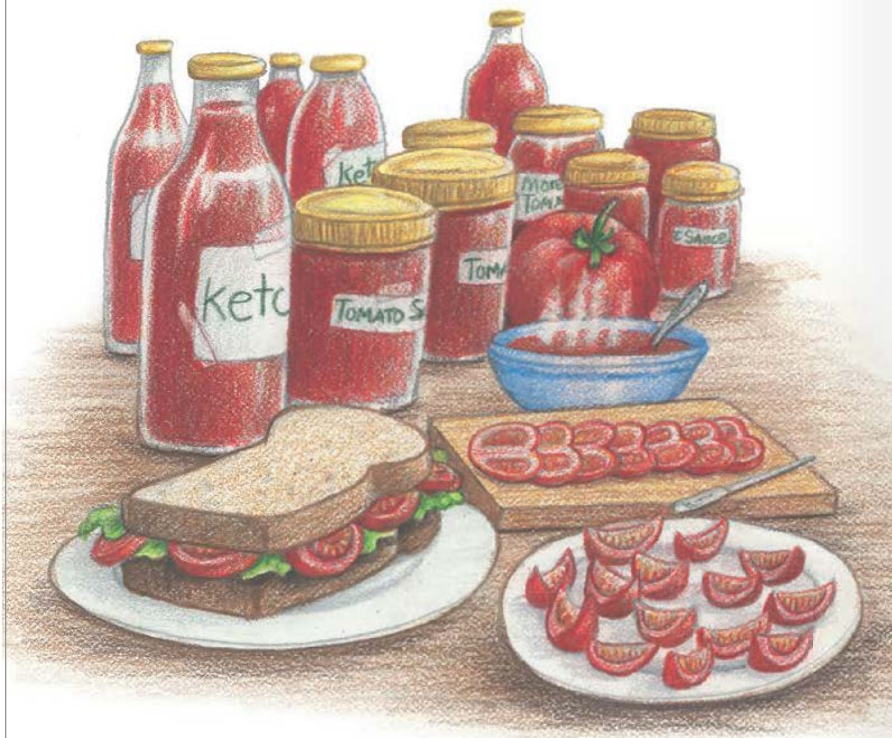


At first, each new tomato was like a treasure because only one would ripen at a time. But then they sped up! Two tomatoes would ripen, and then four, and then eight, and then sixteen! Before I knew it there were ripe tomatoes hanging on every plant.





And they were great—until I had to see them on my plate three times a day for days on end. They were maturing faster than I could eat them! I made tomato salads, tomato sandwiches, tomato juice, and tomato soup. I even tried tomato pancakes. Then I made sauce and ketchup, and still the tomatoes kept coming.

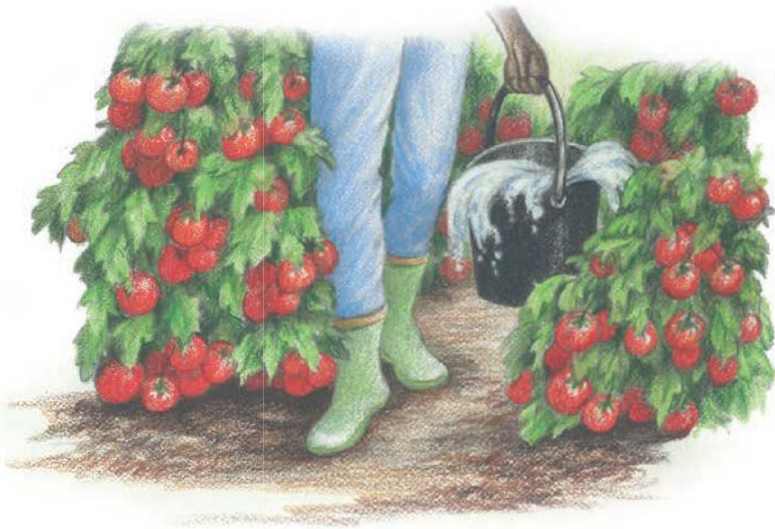


I gave away as many as I could to neighbors and friends, but the mountain of ripe tomatoes seemed to get bigger instead of smaller. All I could picture were gallons and gallons of tomato soup in my future. People even started calling me Captain Tomato. At first I thought it was funny, but once I figured out how many tomatoes I was going to be stuck with at the end of the summer, it didn't seem quite so humorous.

Who knew that one little packet of seeds could produce so many tomatoes?



It got to the point that I was spending all my spare time in the garden, weeding and harvesting tomatoes. As soon as I'd finish one task, it was time to start another one. And I haven't even mentioned the watering yet! I had only one bucket and lots of thirsty plants.



I trudged back and forth to the house. After what felt like the millionth trip for water, I began to wish that I'd never picked up that packet of seeds at Miss Violet's place. I was so exhausted that I could barely put one foot in front of the other. Then it hit me: maybe I could sell the tomatoes at Miss Violet's shop!

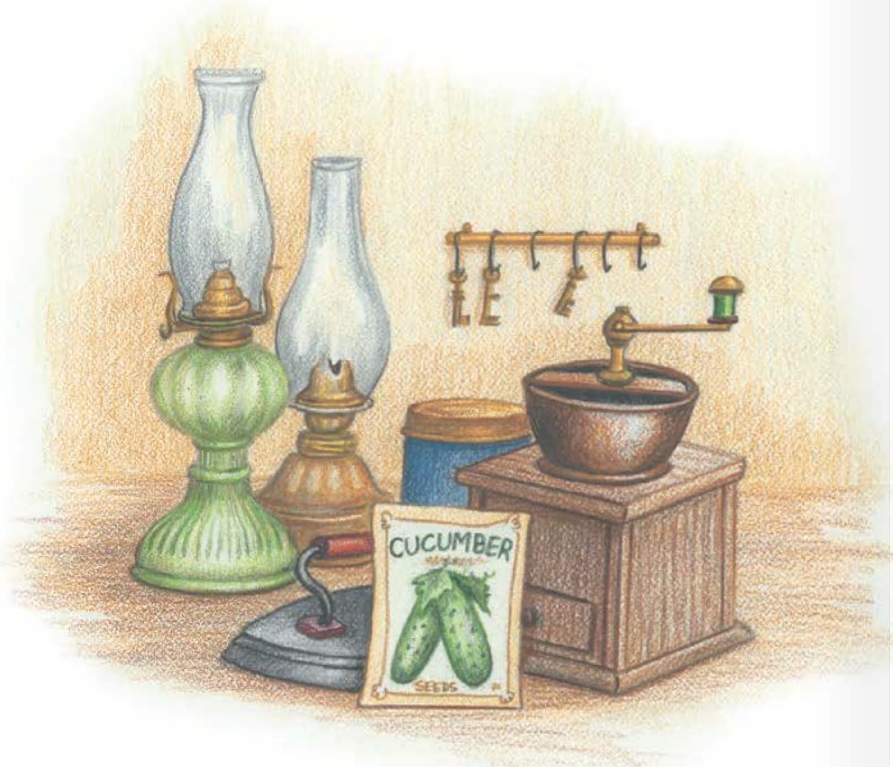
I gathered up all my strength and all my tomatoes and pulled my wagon to the shop.



Miss Violet gave me permission to set up a sign on her sidewalk, and pretty soon people were stopping to look at my tomatoes. Everyone said they were beautiful and that they had never seen such lovely, large red tomatoes. Within an hour, I'd sold a hundred tomatoes, and a hundred nickels jingled in my pocket. And best of all, I knew that I wouldn't have to eat tomatoes that day.

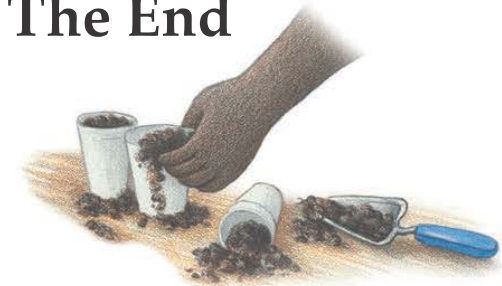


When I went back into the shop to thank Miss Violet, I spied a packet of cucumber seeds for five cents. What a bargain! A few cucumber plants couldn't be that much trouble, could they?



I left the shop with the cucumber seeds in my hand, ninety-nine nickels in my pocket, and a smile on my face.

**The End**







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## Charlie's Sick Day

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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.

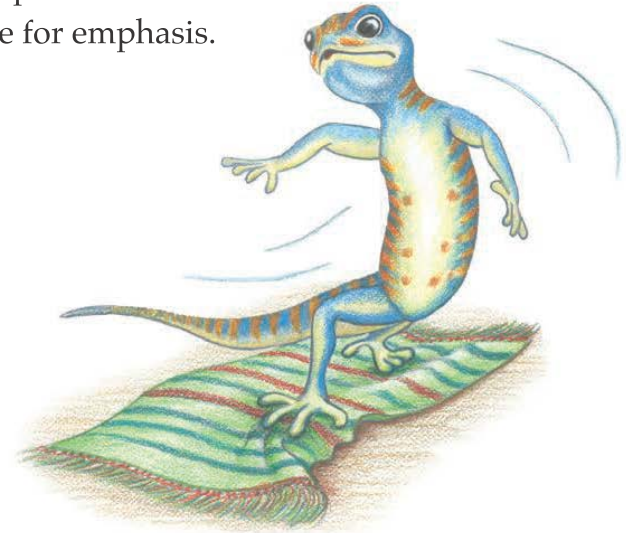


“Hush now. This is the best treatment for a curly tail,” Gilbert said firmly as he started to walk away. “Believe me, your tail will feel better in no time.”



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.

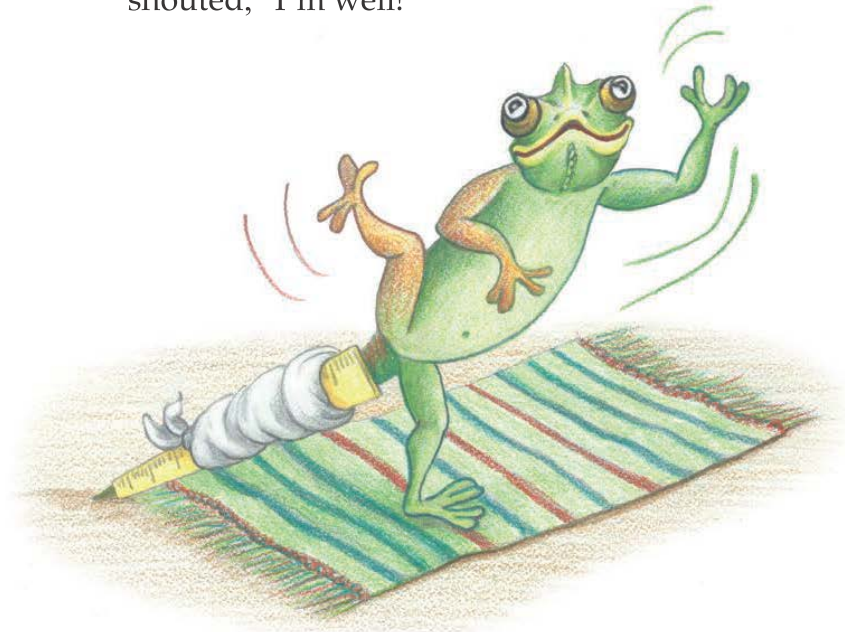
Do I have a cough? No.

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!”

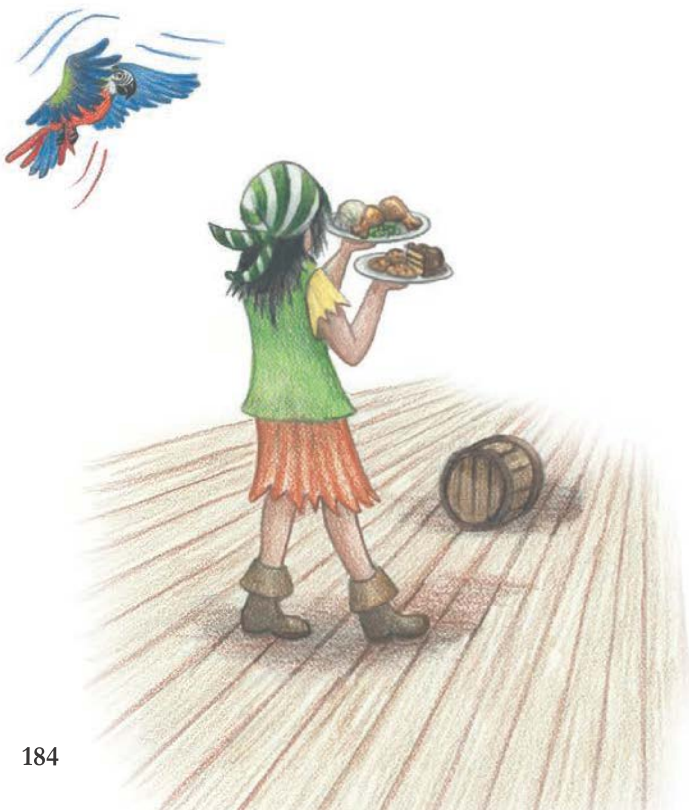


“But Charlie!” Gilbert mumbled through a mouthful of food. “You must be sick. Now you’re turning green!”

“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**





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## Pirate Food

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The parrot squawked, signaling the end of swashbuckling class. Marianne lumbered across the deck to her next class, How to See with an Eyepatch.



She couldn't believe how interested all the other student pirates were. They took notes. They practiced tilting their heads to look out from under their patches. They discussed fabric and elastic. But Marianne didn't care. Marianne was dreaming about omelettes.

In particular, she was dreaming about the omelette she had eaten the day before. She often jumped ship during lunch hour and rowed ashore in a canoe. Once on land, she'd savor the latest meringue desserts and cheese casseroles at the chic village restaurants.

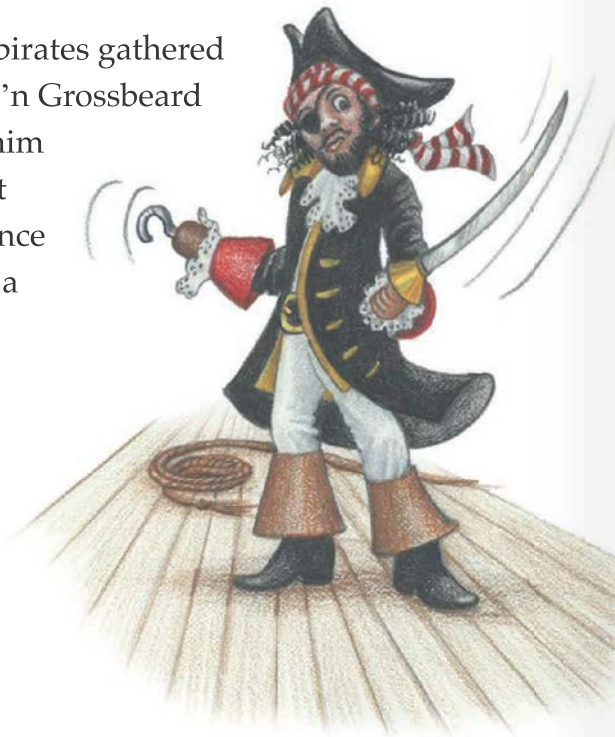


During every meal, she scribbled her thoughts in a notebook. "The red pepper in the sardine sauté leaves a hint of intrigue on the tongue," she'd write. "But the real star of the meal is the praline pie, which adds just the right dash of pizzazz."

Then she'd put away her notes, shove a few morsels in her pocket as a souvenir, and head back to the pirate ship just in time for sword fighting class. As she paddled, Marianne always thought about how there had to be more to life than swabbing decks and lugging treasure chests up from the briny deep.

So when career day rolled around, it was her big chance to reveal her secret dream.

The young pirates gathered around Cap'n Grossbeard to listen to him jabber about the importance of choosing a career.



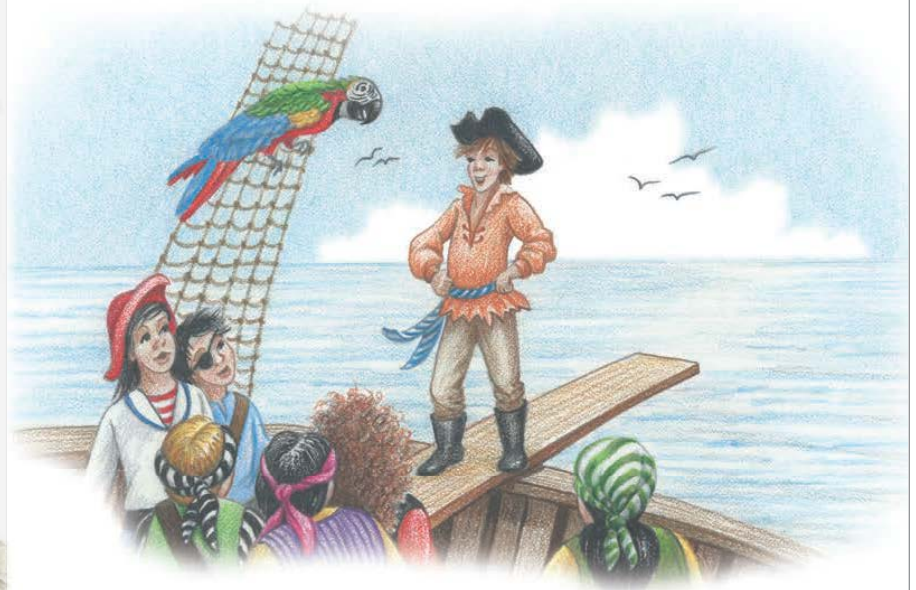
After his speech, Cap'n snarled, "Now, ye bunch o' worthless scallywags, get up on that plank and tell me what ye plan to do with yer scurvy lives."

One by one, the students bounded onto the plank, full of pride and fire.

"I be the peg leg maker!"

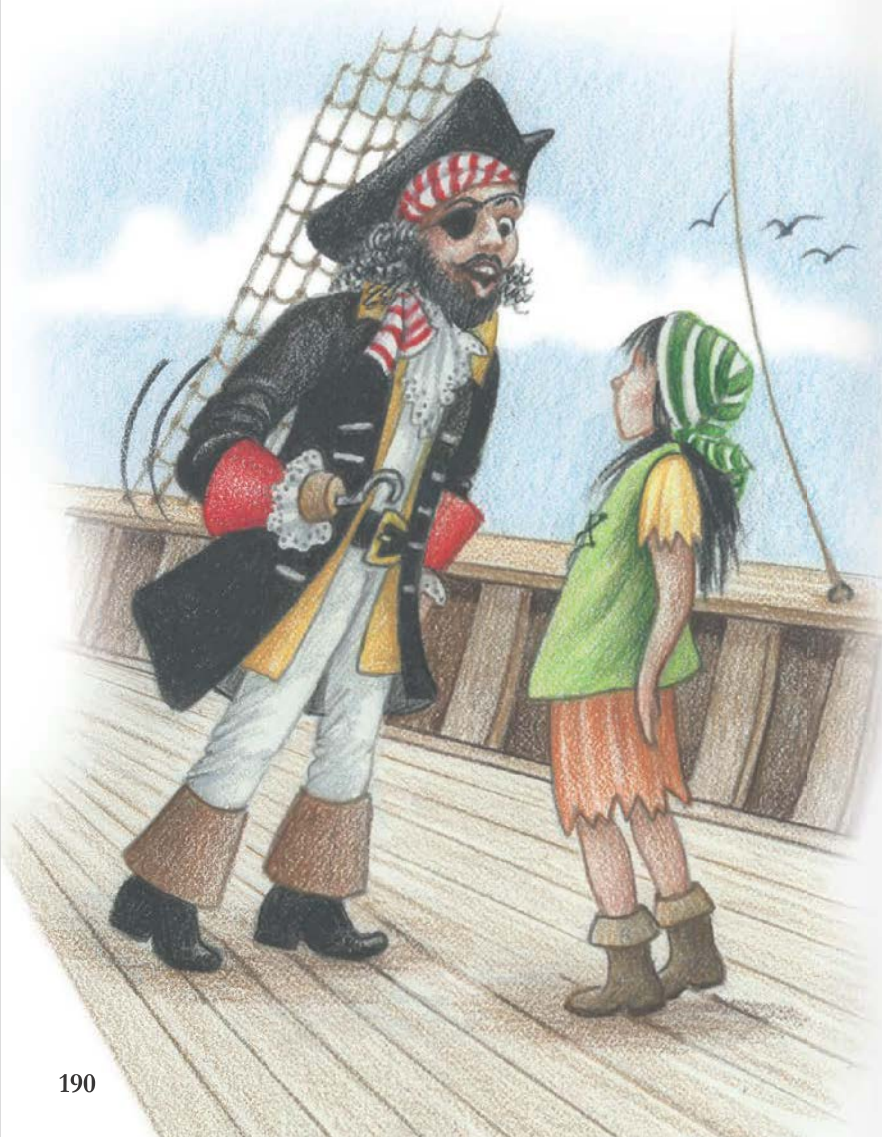
"I be the mender of sails!"

"And I be guard of the booty!"



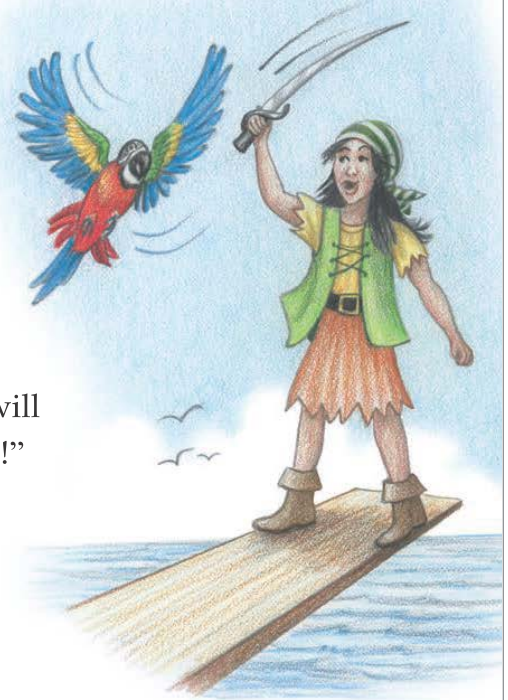


Cap'n Grossbeard gloated over his students' choices. Then he poked at Marianne with his hook. "And ye, lass?"



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Marianne ambled onto the plank. She swung around, stabbed her sword in the air, and declared, "I will be a ... food critic!"



Snorts of laughter rose from all sides. "Food critic? What ye be writing a critique about? How mushy our porridge be? How scurvy our fruit be? Food critic. Arr!"

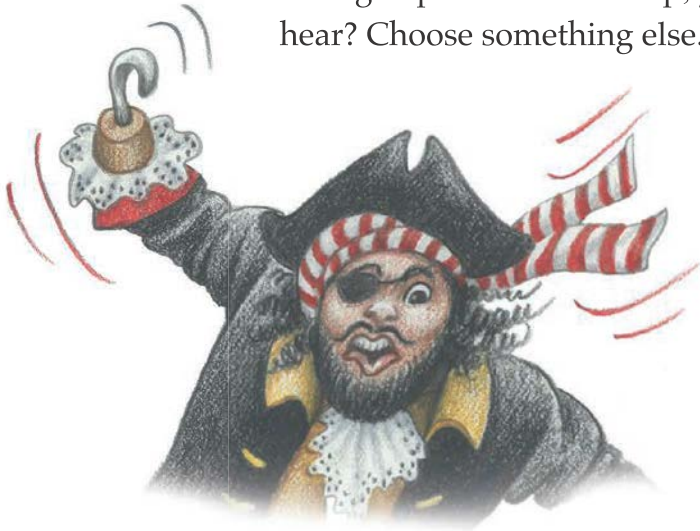
"That's right," Marianne shouted above the din. "There's more in the world to delight your taste buds. The crumbly crackers and pasty hardtack offered on this ship are pitiful!"

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Cap'n rapped his hook on the rail and growled. "Ye rascal! Our food be good enough for any able body. You be a blight upon the good name of pirates!"

He leaned in so close that Marianne could smell the sardines on his breath. "There'll be no rogue pirates on me ship, ye hear? Choose something else."



Marianne's eyes narrowed and her mouth twitched. Then she growled as growly as Cap'n Grossbeard.

"I will be a food critic and you can't stop me."

Cap'n grinned. "Is that right, matey? Choose a career befitting a proper pirate or march yer hide right off that plank."

"As you wish, Cap'n," Marianne sneered. And amid the jeers of her peers, she cannonballed into the drink and swam for her canoe.



Cap'n chortled and said, "Aye, if ye be forced to walk the plank, ye might as well do it with style." He turned to the young pirates. "Now get back to yer learnin', ye scurvy bilge rats."

Down near the hull of the ship, Marianne hauled herself into the canoe and paddled to a nearby island. After a fine meal among the landlubbers, she once again stuffed some morsels into her pocket to enjoy later.

Marianne expected Cap'n to blubber at her some more when she returned, but instead she found him pacing the deck.

"C'mere, lass!" He shook a handwritten note in her face. "It's from me mother!"



Cap'n Grossbeard pulled at his beard and groaned. "Says right here she be visiting for a fortnight. She'll expect a shipshape ship and gourmet goodies. I can't feed her hardtack and cackle-fruit!"

"Why not?" Marianne smirked. "I heard tell that our food be good enough for any able body. Your mother will love the slimy burgoo and stinky cackle-fruit."



Cap'n Grossbeard moaned. "Ye don't know me mother, lass. She be tough as they come. She'll tweak me nose and box me ears!"

As Cap'n sniffled and paced, Marianne reached into her pocket and pulled out a few morsels of lemon chicken sprinkled with cracked pepper and chives.

"What be that?" sputtered Cap'n. He swiped the chicken from Marianne's hands and tore off a chunk with his ragged teeth.



Then he leaned in so close that Marianne could see the bits of chicken stuck in his beard. He narrowed his eyes and hissed. "Get in yer canoe. Go to the village. Bring me more ... with extra mayonnaise."

Marianne met his glare. "I can bring back a feast that will turn your mother into a sweet little lamb. But you and I need to reach an understanding first."

As she spoke, Marianne backed Cap'n Grossbeard onto the plank.



"I'm a food critic, so I won't be practicing any more parrot wrangling or eyepatching, ye hear? I'll be spending my time scouring the villages for the finest flavors and the best chefs. Are you with me so far?"



“Aye, lass. But ye better shake a leg. Me mother be arriving at four o’clock sharp.”

“Not so fast, Cap’n,” Marianne hissed. “You also have to get my critiques published in *Pirates’ Life* magazine, put a motor on my canoe, and promise to never sabotage my career as a food critic.”

Cap’n Grossbeard nervously checked the position of the sun. Time was slipping away. “Shiver me timbers!” he finally roared. “You’ve backed me into a rough spot, ye scallywag. Ye be as tough as me mother. Now off with ye—and hurry!”



Marianne didn’t have to be told twice. She hopped in her canoe and paddled to town.

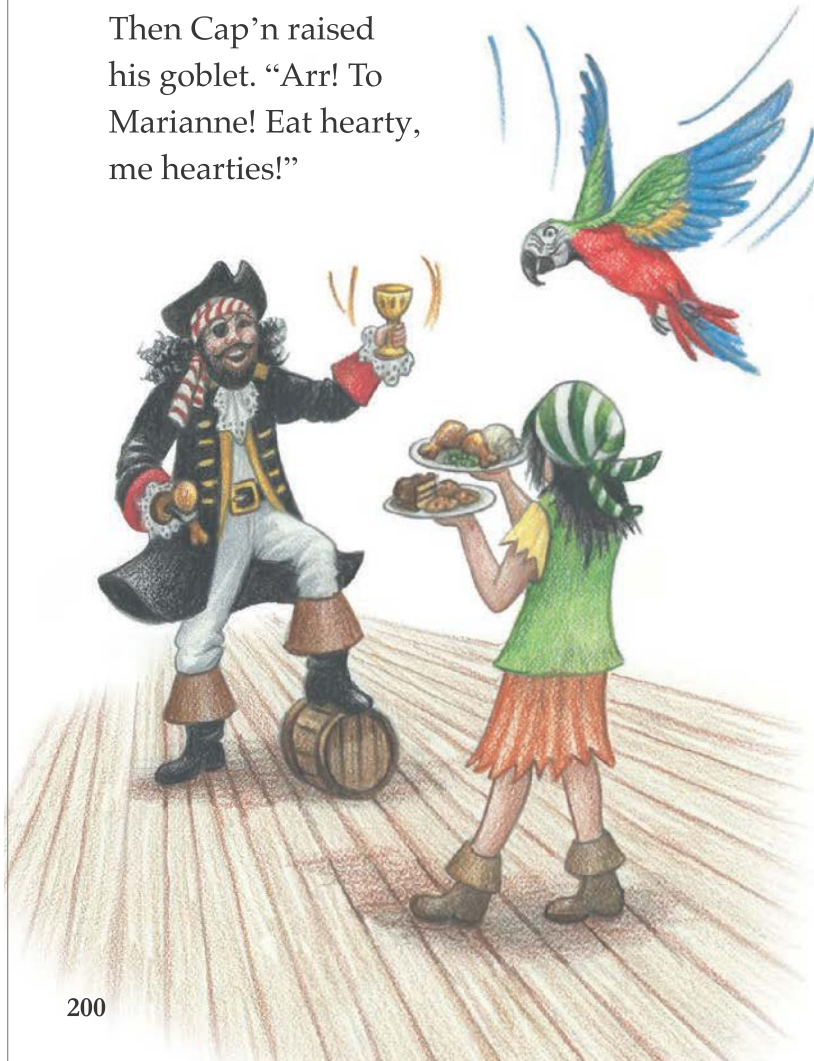
When she returned, the canoe was loaded with enough takeout dishes and doggie bags to feed the whole pirate gang and the toughest mother ever to set foot on a pirate ship.



The students cheered and feasted. They clapped Marianne on the back, thrust their swords in the air, and sang sea shanties in her honor.

“Blimey!” burped Cap’n Grossbeard as he finished off his meal. “I was too hard on ye, lass. That marinated lamb satisfied me mother, and the endive salad enticed me tongue.”

Then Cap’n raised his goblet. “Arr! To Marianne! Eat hearty, me hearties!”



**The End**





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## Llama Has a Fiesta



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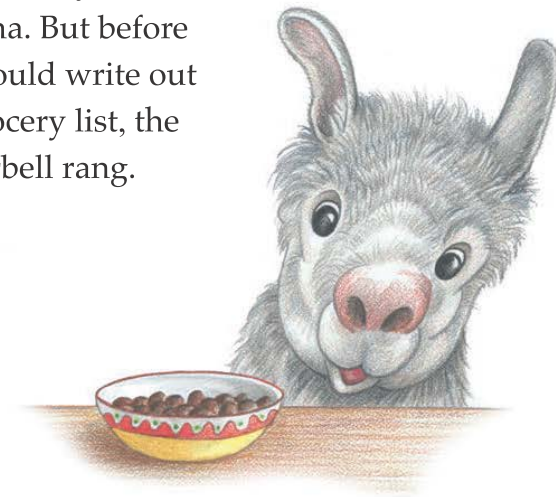
Llama plunked a box on the floor and wiped his brow. "Phew!" he sighed. "Finally done!"



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It was Llama's first day in his new house and he'd spent the entire morning unloading boxes from the moving truck. He was hot and tired and ready for a relaxing lunch.

There was only one problem. Llama had not gone grocery shopping yet, and his pantry was bare. All that he had to eat were some leftover beans. "It's hardly a meal fit for a special day," said Llama. But before he could write out a grocery list, the doorbell rang.



"Who could that be?" Llama wondered. "I don't know anybody in this town yet." Llama shuffled through the cardboard boxes and made his way to the door.

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A small dog stood on the front step. “Good afternoon!” she said.



“I’m Maria. I live across the street. I couldn’t help but notice that your truck has Colorado license plates, so you must be my new neighbor! I brought you some of my homemade salsa. It has chili peppers and oregano in it. If you happen to have some chips, maybe we could sit down for a bite to eat.”

“I’m sorry, but all I have are some leftover beans. Would you like some?” Llama wished he had something better to offer.

“What? No chips?” Maria seemed shocked. “Here’s what we’re going to do. I’ll call a friend of mine, Iguana. He’s bound to have some chips.”

“You don’t need to go to all of this trouble on my account,” said Llama.

Maria brushed the statement aside. “Hush, Llama. It’s no trouble at all! I want to welcome you to the neighborhood! I’ll call Iguana right now.”

A few minutes later the doorbell rang again. Llama and Maria waded through the boxes to answer it.

A stout iguana held out two bags of chips. “Hi! I’m Iguana. Nice to meet you, neighbor!”



“Thanks for the chips,” said Llama as Iguana marched into the house.

“Nothing says ‘welcome to the neighborhood’ like chips and guacamole!” Iguana winked at Llama. “I can never say no to guacamole!”

“Oh, I’m sorry, we don’t have any guacamole. We only have salsa,” said Llama.

“What? No guacamole?” Iguana slapped his forehead in shock. “You can’t have chips and salsa without GUACAMOLE! No worries. I’ll call my friend, Burro. He makes the best guacamole in the world.”

“Oh, yes!” Maria was enthused. “Burro’s guacamole is famous! We really must have some for our fiesta.”

“Ooh. What fiesta?” asked Llama. A fiesta sounded fun!

Maria looked at him, puzzled. “Why, the fiesta we’re having right now, of course!”



*Just what have I gotten myself into?* thought Llama. He looked around at the cardboard boxes still waiting to be unpacked.

As if on cue, the doorbell rang again. Llama, Maria, and Iguana went to the front door to greet their next guest.

There was Burro, wearing a sombrero and carrying more guacamole than Llama had ever seen in his life.



“Hi. I’m Burro. I came as quickly as I could. Iguana said it was a guacamole emergency. This is all I could carry. Is it enough?”

“Perfect!” said Maria as she corralled everyone into Llama’s kitchen. “Burro, bring in the guacamole and set it on the table next to my salsa and Iguana’s chips and Llama’s beans. We’ll have a merry fiesta to celebrate our new neighbor,” Maria gushed. But as she gazed at the food on Llama’s kitchen table, her face fell. “If only we had some tacos, this fiesta would be perfect.”

“We don’t need tacos—” Llama started to say, but Burro interrupted.

“What? No tacos? I’ll call my friend, Ocelot. She makes the best tacos on the planet.”

In no time at all, Llama’s doorbell rang again. This time the whole gang went to the door to meet Ocelot. She carried an enormous plate of tacos.



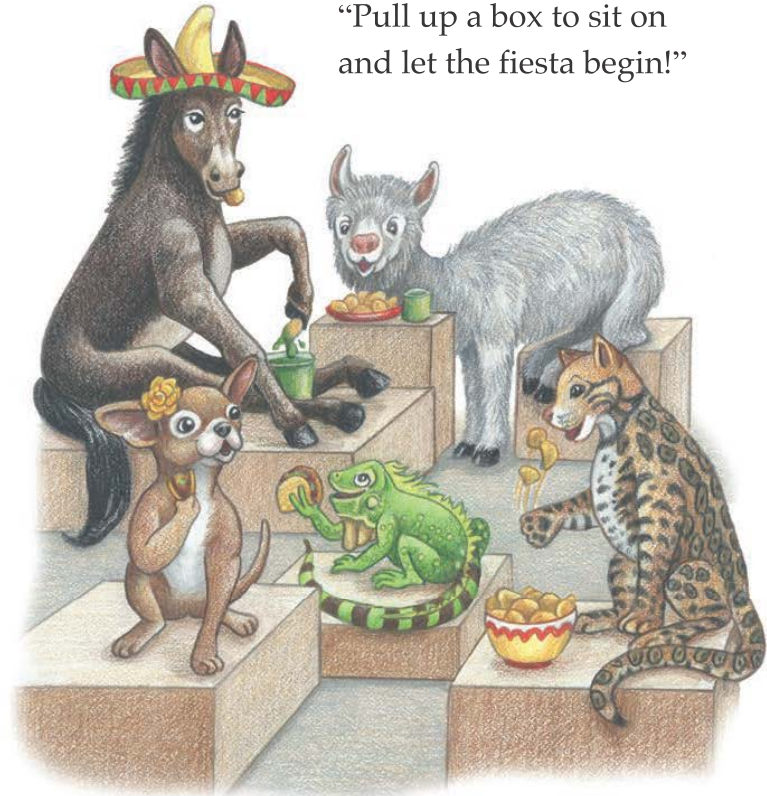
“You must be Llama. Glad to meet you! We could use more llamas in the neighborhood.”

Ocelot set down her plate and looked around at the crowded kitchen filled with boxes. “Why are we sitting in this tiny kitchen? Let’s eat out on the patio!”

“But I don’t have any patio furniture,” Llama sighed.

“Who needs furniture?” laughed Ocelot.

“Pull up a box to sit on and let the fiesta begin!”

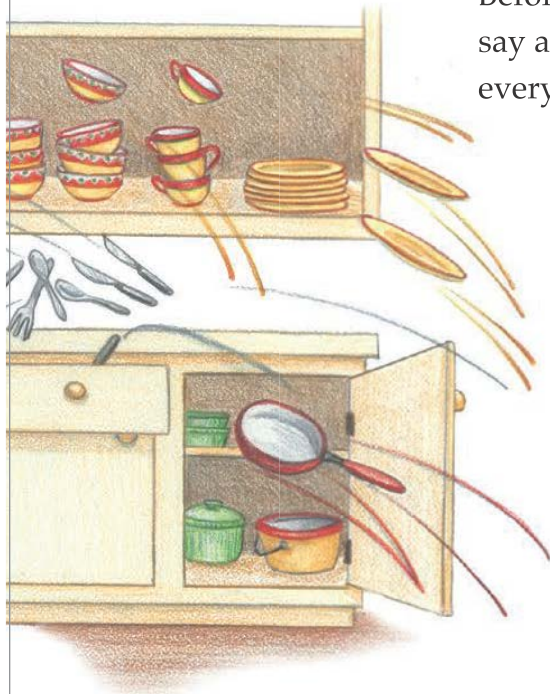


There was lots of joking and laughter as they all enjoyed the good food and good company.

Soon nothing was left.

“I’m stuffed!” said Iguana as he polished off the last of the guacamole. “Now, about these boxes—I think we have some unpacking to do! You can tell us where to put everything, Llama.”

Before Llama could say anything, everyone got to work.



After the last box had been unpacked, Llama walked back into his kitchen. He was surprised to see that Burro was sleeping soundly on the floor with his head propped up against an empty cardboard box.

Ocelot was fast asleep on the fridge and Iguana was conked out on the counter.



Llama couldn’t believe his eyes! It was his first fiesta and all his guests had fallen asleep!



*They must have gotten bored,* Llama said to himself. *I guess it was a bad fiesta.*

Maria opened one eye, saw Llama's sad face, and chuckled kindly. "We always end the fiesta with a siesta, Llama! It's the way we do things around here!" She closed her eyes to continue her nap.

Relieved, Llama looked around at his new friends. *What a nice custom!* he thought.

So Llama took a nap, too.



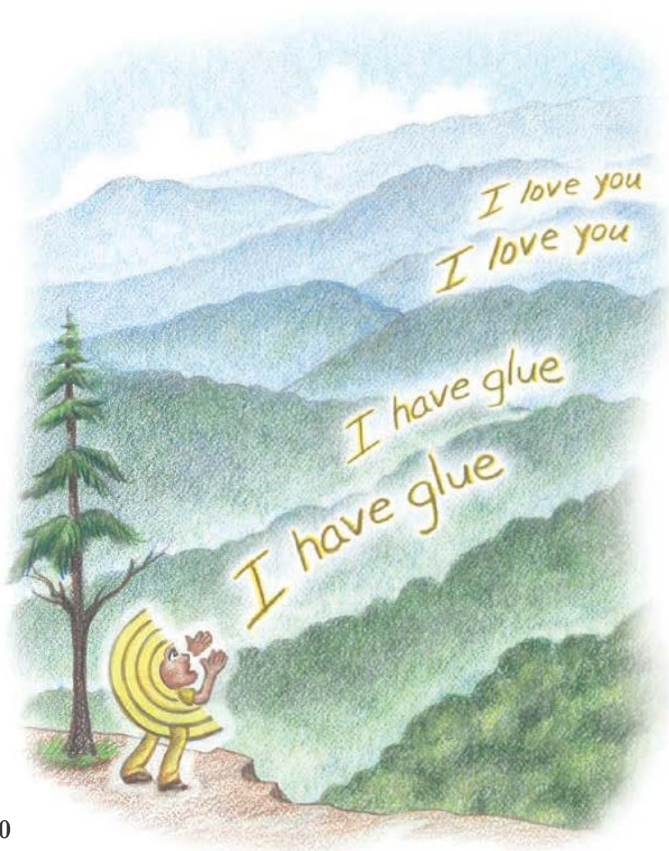
**The End**





## 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.

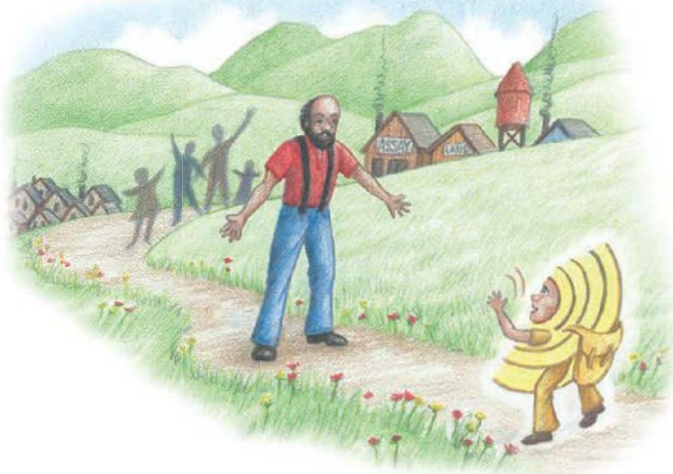
It was getting harder and harder to find new places that would hire him.





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?

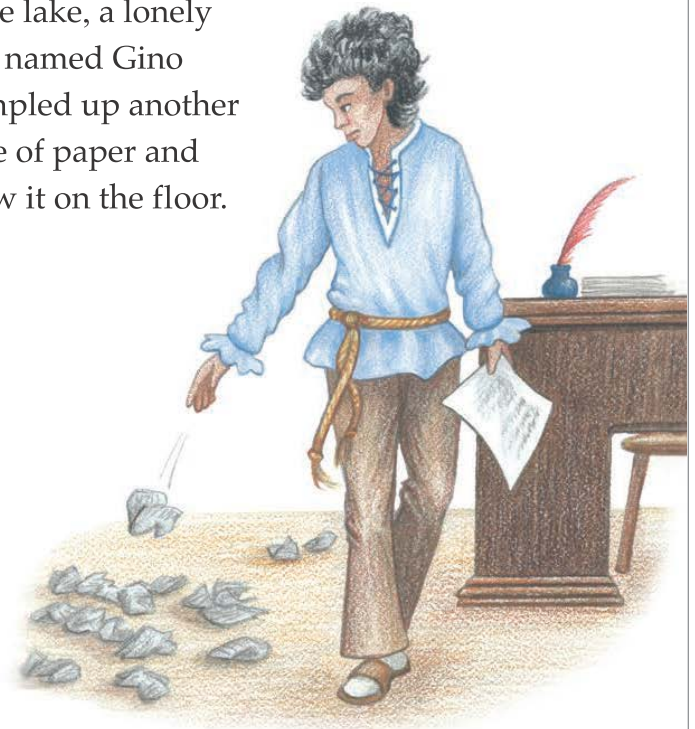


Sad and tired, Ditto slumped beside a lake to eat the last of his pepperoni and crackers from the pizza place. The echo in the valley sent back perfect replicas of Ditto's crunches. He sighed.



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



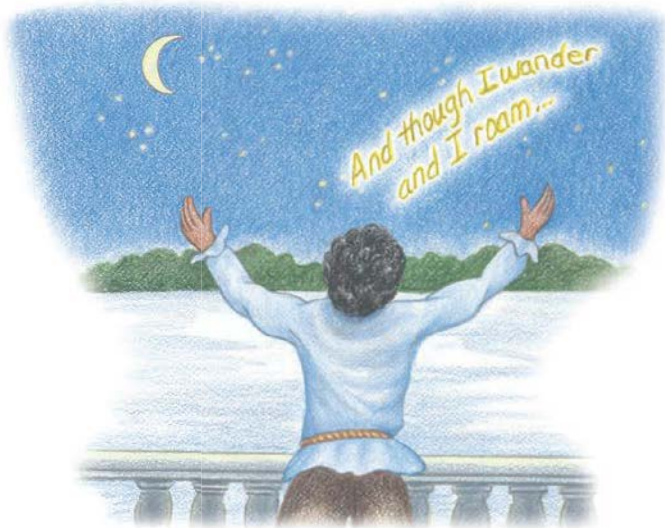
Gino was the town poet, but he knew he was in danger of getting fired. No matter how hard he tried—and he tried *really* hard—he could not complete a rhyme. If his first line said “The moonlight in the valley,” his second line might say “lights up my life like apples.” That didn’t make any sense, and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

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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 ..."



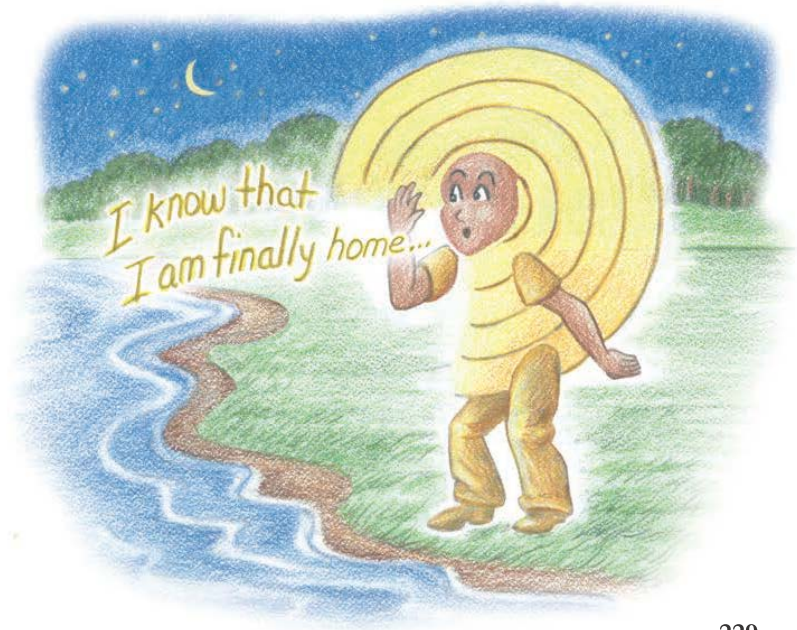
Ditto heard the poet's cry and waited for the echo on duty to respond. But there was only silence. Where was the echo? Had he left early for his dinner break?

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."

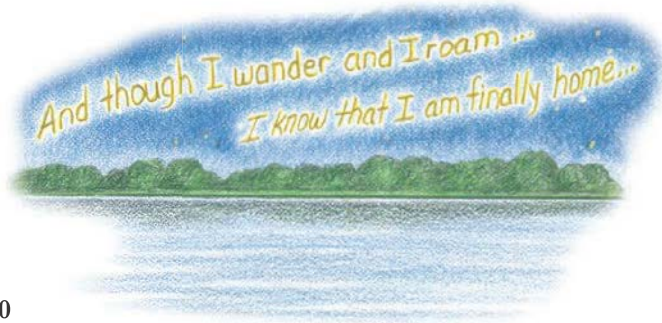


The startled poet jumped. He didn't know what to make of that strange echo.

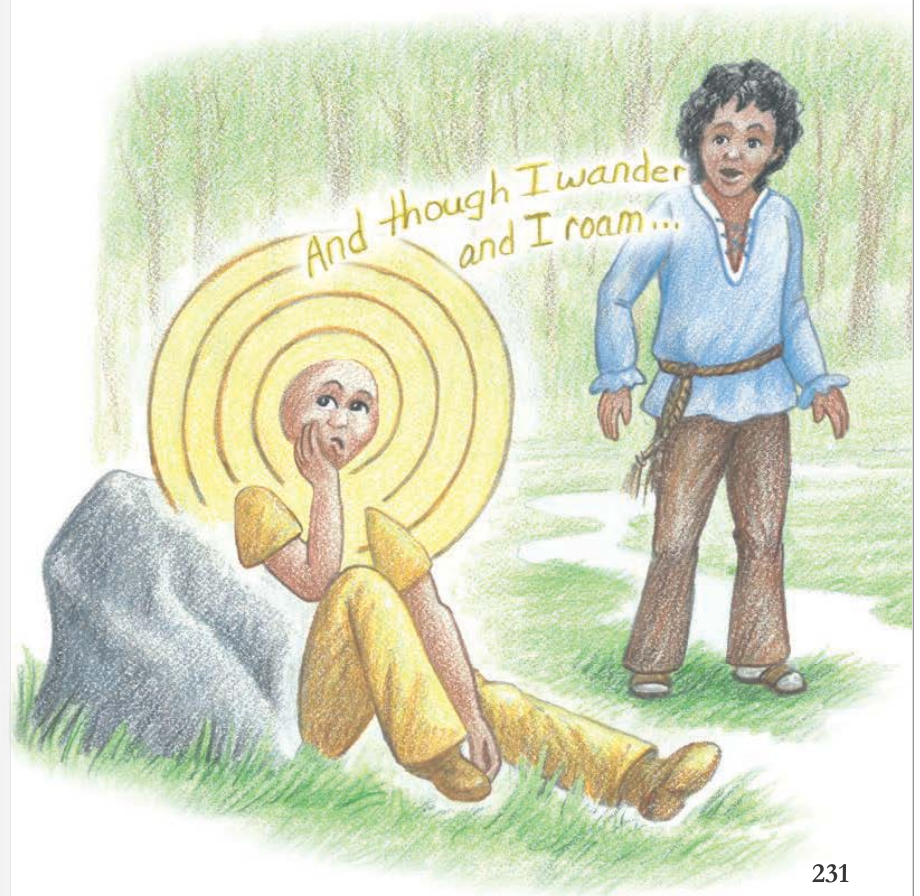


He tried his line again. "And though I wander and I roam ..."

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

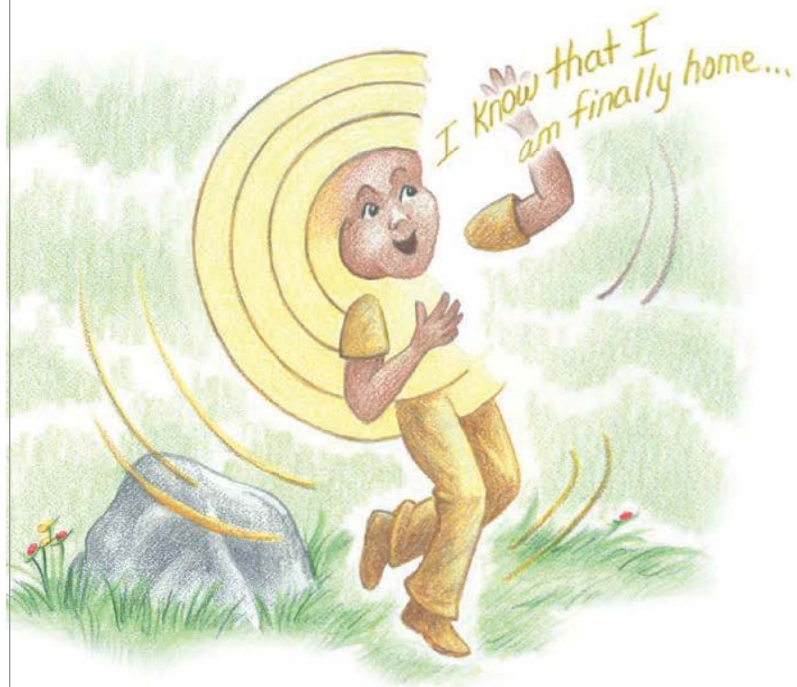


"Bravo!" thought Gino. "That's the best echo I've ever heard. I must find him and make him stay." Gino ran to the other side of the lake. He searched high and low for this wonderful echo. Finally, he found Ditto sitting forlornly by a rock, and he said his line again. "And though I wander and I roam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





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



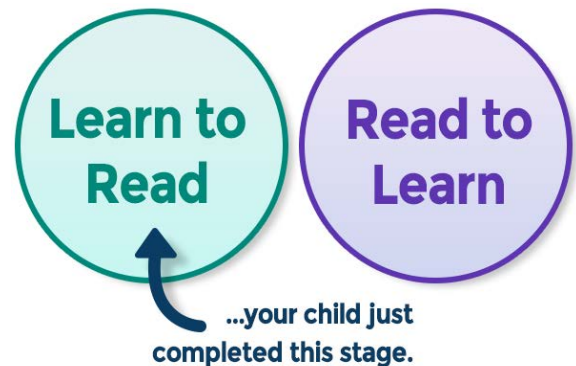


# What Happens **AFTER** *All About Reading*?

Two major stages of learning: “Learn to Read” and “Read to Learn.”

After your child has completed four levels of *All About Reading*, she’s officially done with the “Learn to Read” stage.

She now has the phonics and word attack skills necessary to sound out just about any familiar word. She can figure out words by dividing them into syllables, making analogies to other words, [sounding out the word](#) with the accent on different word parts, and recognizing [suffixes](#) and [prefixes](#).



**Now your child is ready for the next major reading stage: “Read to Learn.”**

At this stage, reading is used to gain knowledge. Your child will grow in her ability to react to information and connect ideas. The possibilities for her to explore the world around her are limitless, and she can embark on this exploration through reference books, trade books, text books, magazines, and an endless array of literature. Ideally, this stage has no end; your child will “read to learn” for the rest of her school career—and beyond.

## Recommendations for the “Read to Learn” Stage



The “Read to Learn” stage does not require formal instruction like the “Learn to Read” stage does. As your child moves away from learning to read, her knowledge and vocabulary should grow and her [reading should become more automatic](#). But that doesn’t always happen entirely on its own. You will need to be proactive to ensure that your child continues to grow as a reader and as a learner.

### 1 Have your child read for 30 minutes every day.

Help your child choose reading material that is interesting to him, both fiction (such as [great chapter books](#)) and nonfiction (such as [kid-friendly magazines](#)).

### 2 Work on building your child’s vocabulary.

For most kids, reading and being read to are the best ways to do this. But for some great practical tips, be sure to check out this comprehensive article about [building your child’s vocabulary](#).



## What About Literature?

A study of literature is an important component of the “Read to Learn” stage, but for many kids, studying literature can easily become a “drag.” Remember, your goal during the “Read to Learn” stage is to encourage reading and to help your child continue to develop fluency and confidence, so it’s important to let your child be drawn into the joy of reading.

How do you make a study of literature more interesting? Here are a few ideas.

- Engage in discussions about things in the book that interest your child.
- Have your child search for great descriptive writing that really pulls her into the story.
- Discuss a character that your child empathizes with. How does she feel about a choice the character makes? Would she make the same choice that the character makes?
- Is there a particularly interesting setting or theme in the story?
- Discuss a character in the story that your child would like to know in real life.
- Discuss how the story relates to an interesting period in history that you have studied with your child. How does understanding that history help you understand the story?



While encouraging your child to read independently is important, reading good literature aloud to your child is a great way to model your own thought processes. This will help your child learn to engage more effectively with what she’s reading, and will help her grow more confident in her own [comprehension ability](#).

Whether your child reads alone or together with you, be sure that your discussions are light and natural. You’ll have a good feel for how well your child is understanding the reading as you talk with her about the book or story. Too much “analysis” can make a child dread reading, or worse, make her think she isn’t doing it “right.”



## Ready to Purchase?

Now that you've finished this mastery evaluation, you can feel confident that you're choosing the level of *All About Reading* that is best for your child.



Dive into this four-level program that teaches encoding skills, reliable rules, and multisensory strategies to help your student become a proficient reader for life. Based on the latest research, this award-winning program provides complete and comprehensive instruction using the [Orton-Gillingham approach](#). We take the struggle out of reading!

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