

Gloria Who Might Be My Best Friend

By: Ann Cameron

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If you have a girl for a friend, people find out and tease you. That's why I didn't want a girl for a friend- not until this summer, when I met Gloria.	23 36 42
It happened one afternoon when I was walking down the street by myself. My mother was visiting a friend of hers, and Huey was visiting a friend of his. Huey's friend is five and so I think he is too young to play with. And there aren't any kids just my age. I was walking down the street feeling lonely.	52 63 75 88 100 102
A block from our house I saw a moving van in front of a brown house, and men were carrying in chairs and tables and bookcases and boxes full of I don't know what. I watched for a while, and suddenly I heard a voice right behind me.	116 126 137 148 150
"Who are you?"	153
I turned around and there was a girl in a yellow dress. She looked the same age as me. She had curly hair that was braided into two pigtails with red ribbons at the ends.	165 177 188
"I'm Julian," I said. "Who are you?"	195
"I'm Gloria," she said. "I come from Newport. Do you know where Newport is?"	205 209
I wasn't sure, but I didn't tell Gloria. "It's a town on the ocean," I said.	221 225
"Right," Gloria said. "Can you turn a cartwheel?"	233
She turned sideways herself and did two cartwheels on the grass.	242 244
I had never tried a cartwheel before, but I tried to copy Gloria. My hands went down in the grass, my feet went in the air, and - I fell over.	255 266 274

Angel Child, Dragon Child 4  
By: Michele Maria Surat 8

My sisters skipped through the stone gate two by two. Mother was not there to skip with me. Mother was far away in Vietnam. She could not say, "Ut, my little one, be an Angel Child. Be happy in your new American school." 17  
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I hugged the wall and peeked around the corner. A boy with fire-colored hair pointed his finger. "Pajamas!" he shouted. "They wore white pajamas to school!" The American children tilted back their long noses, laughing. 60  
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I turned away. "I want to go home to Father and Little Quang," I said. 98  
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Chi Han's hands curved over my shoulders. "Children stay where parents place them, Ut. We stay." 109  
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Somewhere, a loud bell jangled. I lost my sisters in a swirl of rushing children. "Pa-jaa-mas!" they teased. 127  
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Inside the children did not sit together and chant as I was taught. Instead, they waved their hands and said their lessons one by one. I hid my hands, but the teacher called my name. "Nguyen Hoa." 147  
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"Hoa," the teacher said slowly. "Write your name, please." She pressed the chalk-piece to my hand and wrote in the air. 183  
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"I not understand," I whispered. The round-eyed children twittered. The red-haired boy poked my back. 205  
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I stood up and bowed. "Chao buoi sang." I said like an Angel Child. The children screeched like bluejays. 224  
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The Tree House

By: Lois Lowry

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It was a terrific tree house. Better than terrific:	15
It was marvelous, magnificent, one-of-a-kind tree	24
house, with wooden walls painted bright blue. It had	33
two windows, with red shutters on each, and a yellow	43
door with two shiny brass hinges and a small brass bell	54
that rang when you pulled a string. There was a little	65
porch where you could sit with your legs dangling.	74
Inside were a table, a chair, a small rug with	84
fringe on each end, and two fat pillows so that you could	96
lie on the rug and read.	102
You reached it by climbing a ladder- a ladder to	112
the best tree house ever. And it belonged to Chrissy.	122
"It's all mine, isn't it?" she had asked her	131
grandfather after he built the house for her. "Just	140
mine, and nobody else's?"	144
Grandpa was washing his paintbrush. He nodded.	151
"I built it just for you," he said.	159
So Chrissy used her markers and made a sign.	168
CHRISSY'S HOUSE, the sign said. KEEP OUT! She	176
tacked it to the door. Then she took her favorite	186
books into the tree house, curled up on the pillows, and	197
began to read.	200
"Chrissy?" The voice came from the yard, from	208
across the fence.	211
Chrissy got up and looked through the tree house	220
window. "Hi, Leah," she said to the girl who lived next	231
door. "How do you like my tree house, now that it's all	243
done?"	244

## Rugby and Rosie

By: Nan Parson Rossiter

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Rugby is my dog. He is a chocolate Labrador, and we have had him for as long as I can remember.	17 28
He walks with me to the school-bus stop in the morning, and he meets me there when I get home. He follows me around when I do my chores, and he sleeps beside my bed at night. He is my best friend.	39 50 61 71
We used to do everything together- just the two of us.	80 82
Then Rosie came.	85
One fall day, my dad brought home a little yellow puppy. Her name was Rosie. She was so cute that I loved her right away. But she wasn't an ordinary puppy. She was coming to live with my family for only a year.	95 106 116 128
Then Rosie would be old enough to go to a special school. There she would learn how to be a guide dog for a blind person. She and her new owner would always be together. They would be best friends. Just like Rugby and me.	139 151 162 171 173
I knew all this before Rosie came, but Rugby didn't. I held the puppy out to him to see how he would greet Rosie. She leaned forward eagerly and licked Rugby right on the nose.	182 195 203 208
Rugby gave one sniff and turned away. He made it very clear he wasn't interested in being friends.	218 226
"Come on, Rugby," I said. "She wants to play with you." And it was true. Rosie did want to play. But Rugby wasn't in the mood.	236 247 252
My mom and dad told me to be patient with Rugby, that he'd get used to having another dog around the house. But I wasn't sure. He looked so sad.	263 273 282

<u>Teammate</u>	1
By: Peter Golenbock	4
Once upon a time in American, when automobiles were black and looked like tanks and laundry was white and hung on clothesline to dry, there were two wonderful baseball leagues that no longer exist. They were called the Negro Leagues.	12 22 31 39 44
The Negro Leagues had extraordinary players, and adoring fans came to see them wherever they played. They were heroes, but players in the Negro Leagues didn't make much money and their lives on the road were hard.	51 60 69 79 81
Laws against segregation didn't exist in the 1940's. In many places in this country, black people were not allowed to go to the same schools and churches as white people. They couldn't sit in the front of a bus or trolley car. They couldn't drink from the same drinking fountains that white people drank from.	88 97 107 117 128 136
Back then, many hotels didn't rent rooms to black people, so the Negro League players slept in their cars. Many towns had no restaurants that would serve them, so they often had to eat meals that they could buy and carry with them.	145 155 164 176 179
Life was very different for the players in the Major Leagues. They were the leagues for white players. Compared to the Negro Leagues players, white players were very well paid. They stayed in good hotels and ate in fine restaurants. Their pictures were put on baseball cards and the best players became famous all over the world.	188 196 204 214 224 233 236

The Legend of Damon and Pythias

By: Fan Kissen

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A: Hello, listeners! It's story time again. "Today's story is about the strong friendship between two men. Listen, and you'll hear how one of these men was ready to give up his life for his friend's sake.	16 25 36 45
N: Long, long ago there lived on the island of Sicily two young men named Damon and Pythias. They were known far and wide for the strong friendship each had for the other. Their names have come down to our own times to mean true friendship. You may hear it said of two persons.	56 65 76 86 97 98
FV: Those two? Why, they're like Damon and Pythias!	106
N: The King of that country was a cruel tyrant. He made cruel laws, and he showed no mercy toward anyone who broke his laws. Now, you might very well wonder.	116 126 136
SV: Why do people rebel?	140
N: Well, the people didn't dare rebel, because they feared the King's great and powerful army. No one dared say a word against the King or his laws- except Damon and Pythias. One day a soldier overheard Pythias speaking against a new law the King had proclaimed.	148 157 168 176 185 186

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Third Grade: Unit 1- Friendship  
Anthology 2002: Fluency Practice

	Gloria Who Might Be My Best Friend	Angel Child, Dragon Child	The Tree House	Rugby & Rosie	Teammates	The Legend of Damon and Pythias
My Goal						
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