

I Can Read!™

BEGINNING

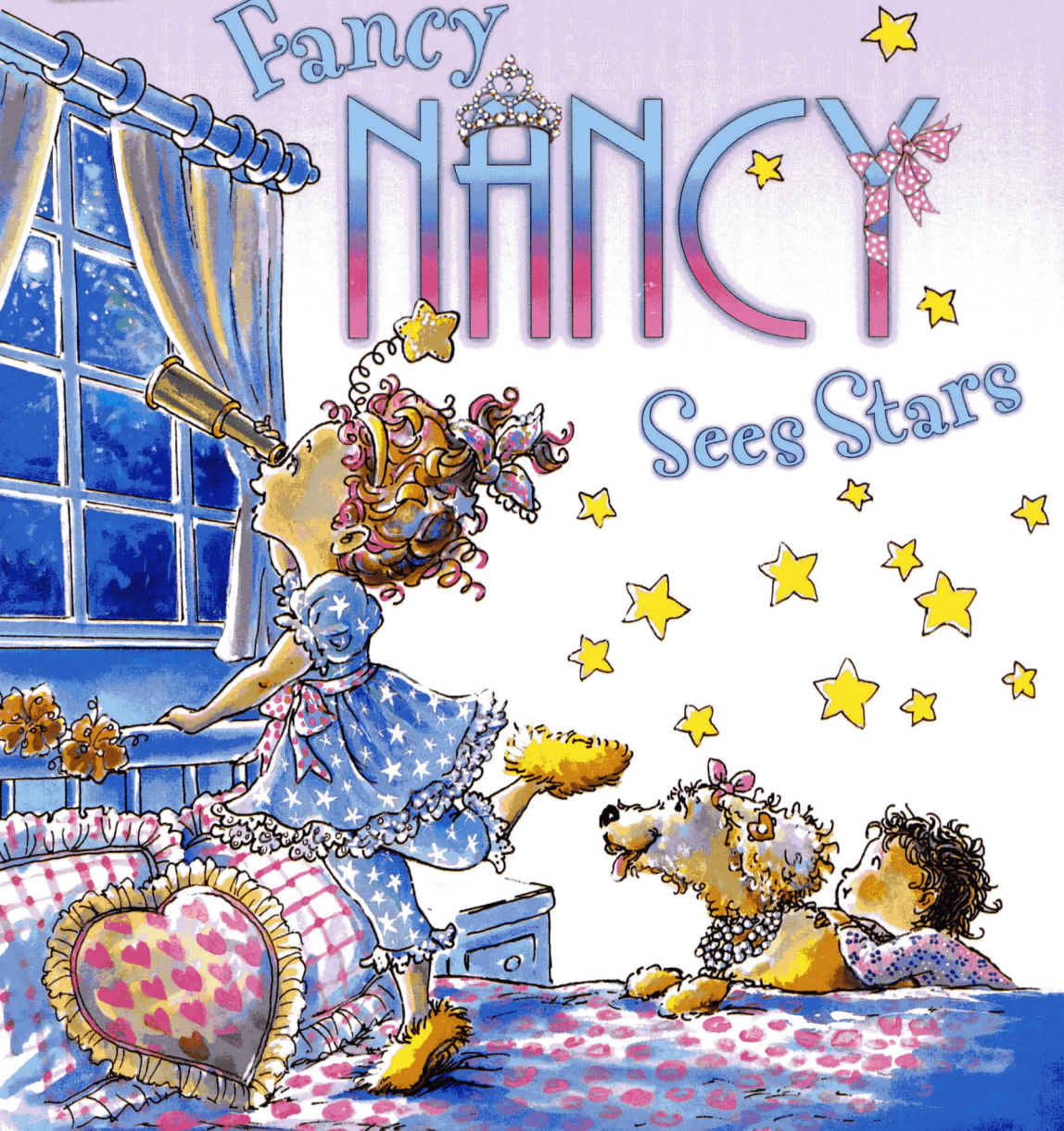
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READING

Fancy

NANCY

Sees Stars



by Jane O'Connor
pictures based on the art of Robin Preiss Glasser



Stars are so fascinating.

(That's a fancy word
for interesting.)

I love how they sparkle in the sky.



Tonight is our class trip.

Yes! It's a class trip at night!

We are going to the planetarium.

That is a museum

about stars and planets.



Ms. Glass tells us,

“The show starts at eight.

We will all meet there.”

I smile at my friend Robert.

My parents are taking Robert and me.

Then Ms. Glass asks,
“What star is closest to Earth?”

That’s easy.

It’s the sun.



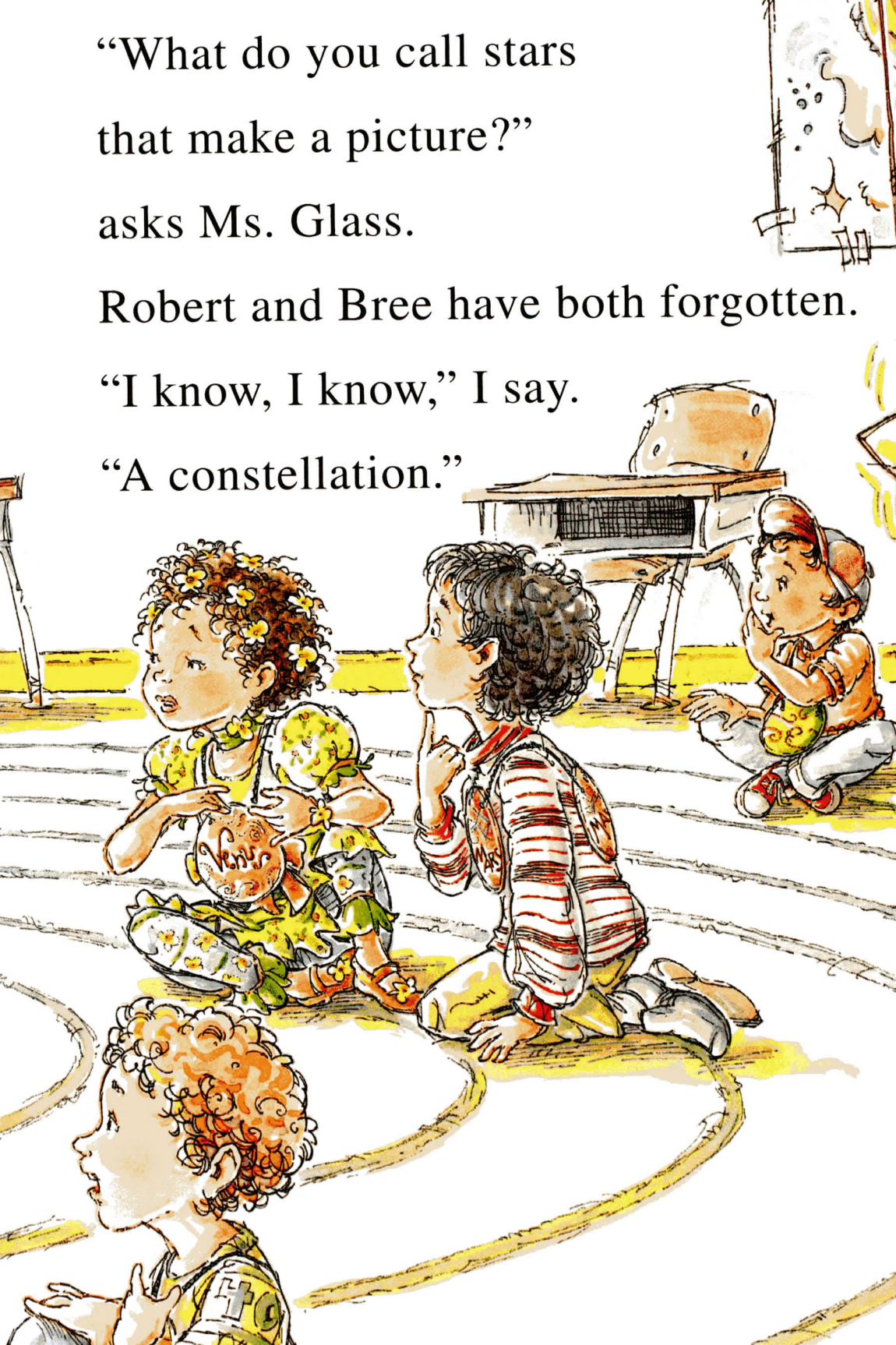
“What do you call stars
that make a picture?”

asks Ms. Glass.

Robert and Bree have both forgotten.

“I know, I know,” I say.

“A constellation.”



Ms. Glass nods.

On the wall are pictures.

There's the hunter and the crab
and the Big Dipper.

It looks like a big spoon.



We will see all of them at the show.

I can hardly wait.



At home, Robert and I
put glow-in-the-dark stickers
on our T-shirts.

Mine has the Big Dipper.

Robert has the hunter on his.







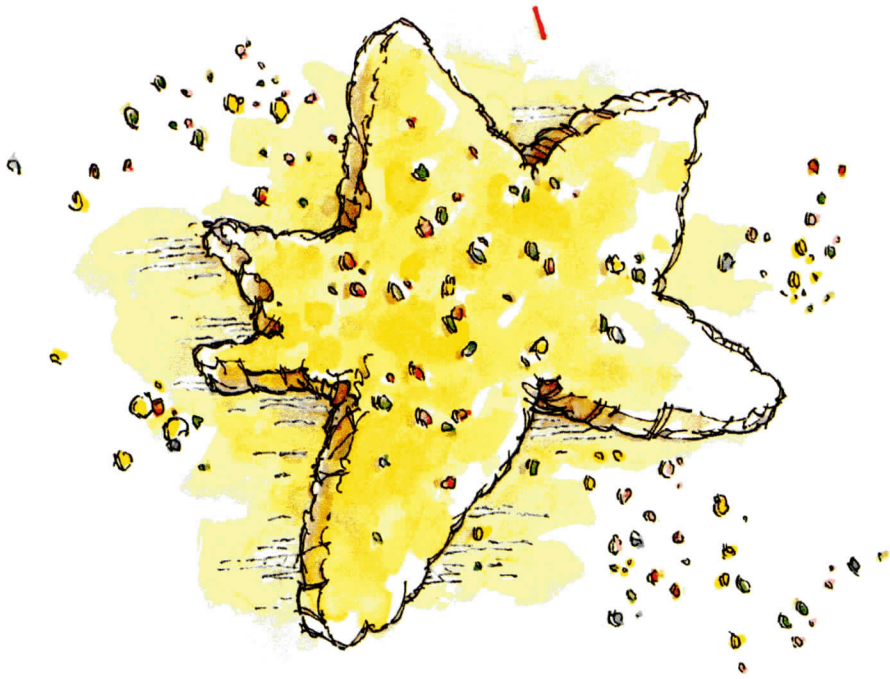
We spin my mobile
and watch the planets orbit the sun.

(Orbit is a fancy word.

It means to travel in a circle.)



Then we pretend to orbit
until we get dizzy.



Later, we bake star cookies.

Sprinkles make them sparkle.

“The sun is a star,”

I tell my sister.

“It is the closest star,
so we see it in the day.”



After dinner,
we wait for the baby-sitter.
She is very late.
Dad says not to worry.
We have plenty of time.

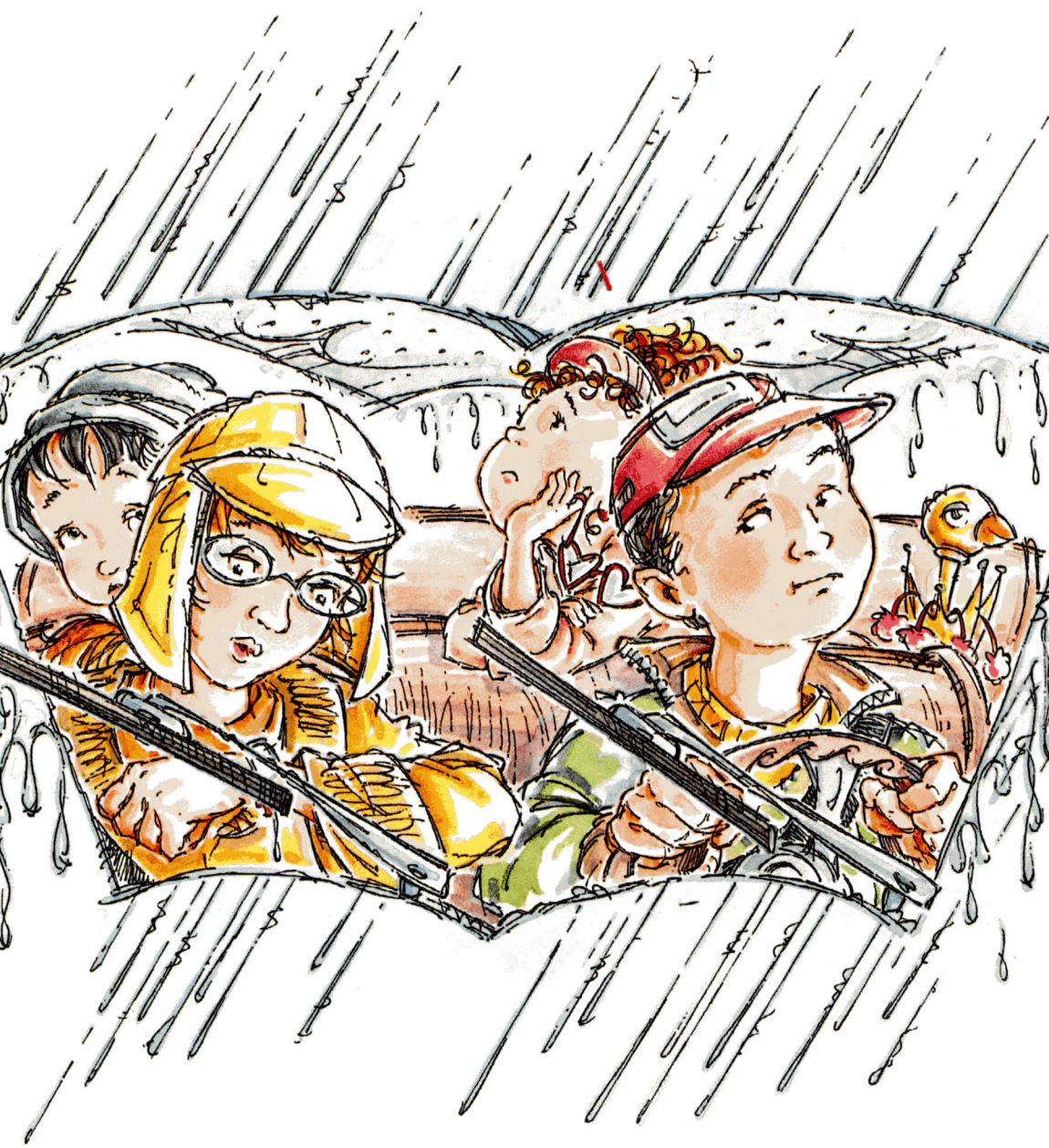




At last we get in the car.

Drip, drip, drip.

It is raining.



The rain comes down
harder and harder.

Dad drives slower and slower.

It is getting later and later.

A policeman comes over.

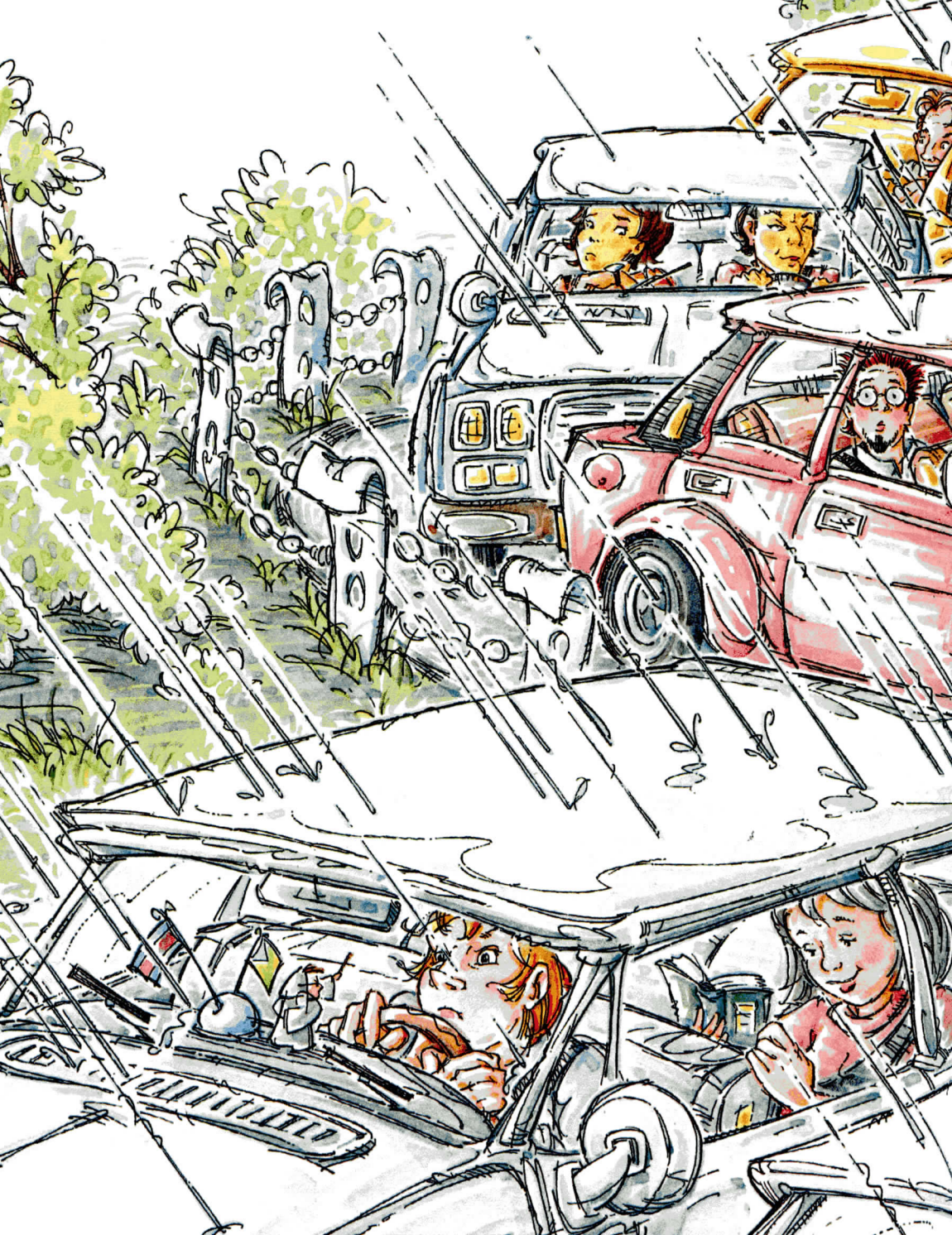
“The road is closed,”
he tells my parents.

“There is too much water.”



Oh no!

There are cars in front of us.



There are cars behind us.

We are stuck!



“The show is starting soon!”

Robert says.

“We will not make it.”

Drip, drip, drip goes the rain.

Drip, drip, drip go my tears.

Robert and I are so sad.

We do not even want any cookies.

At last the cars move

and the rain stops.

But it is too late.

The night sky show is over.

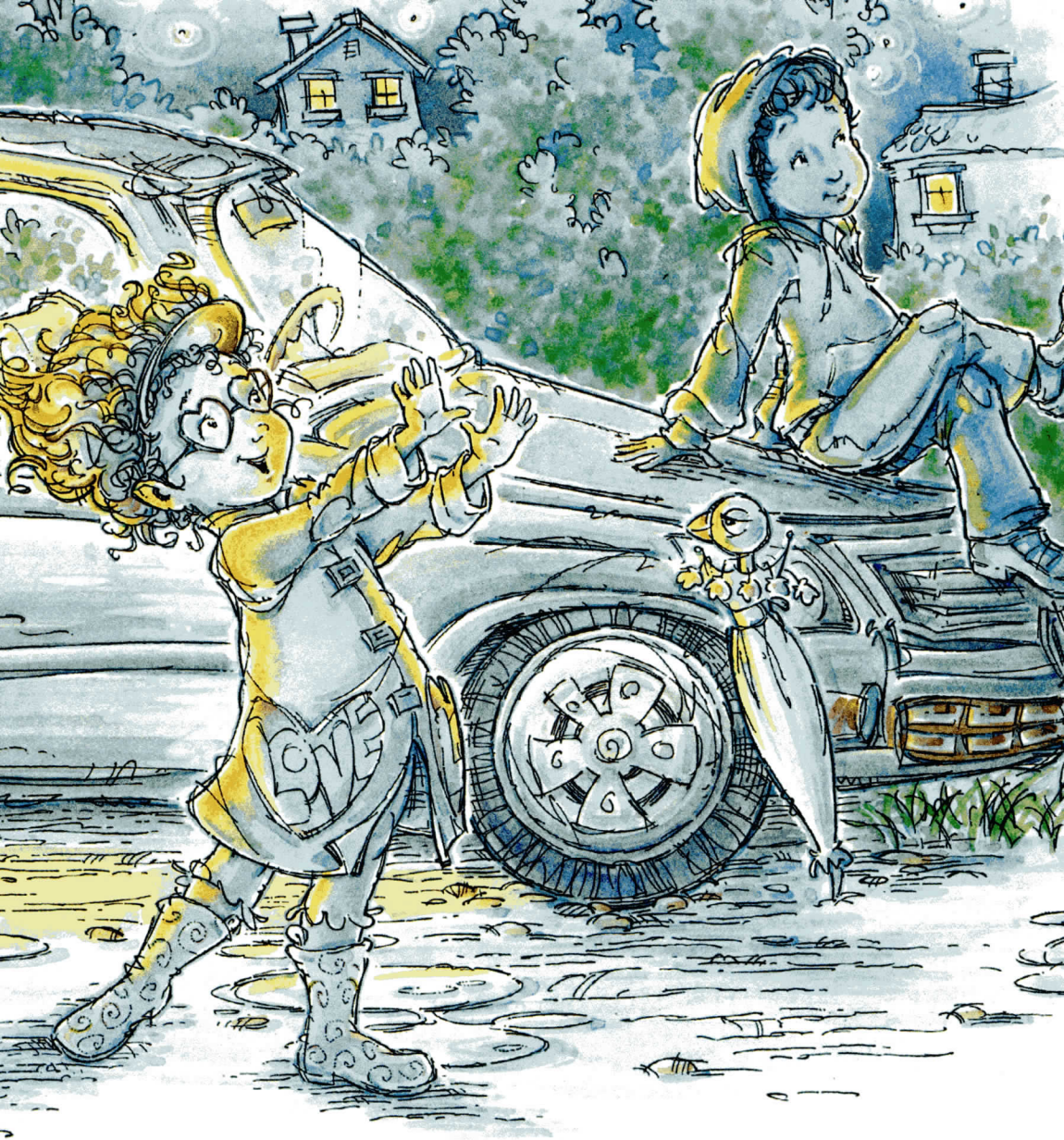




By the time we get home,
the sky is full of stars.

They are brilliant!

(That's a fancy word
for shiny and bright.)

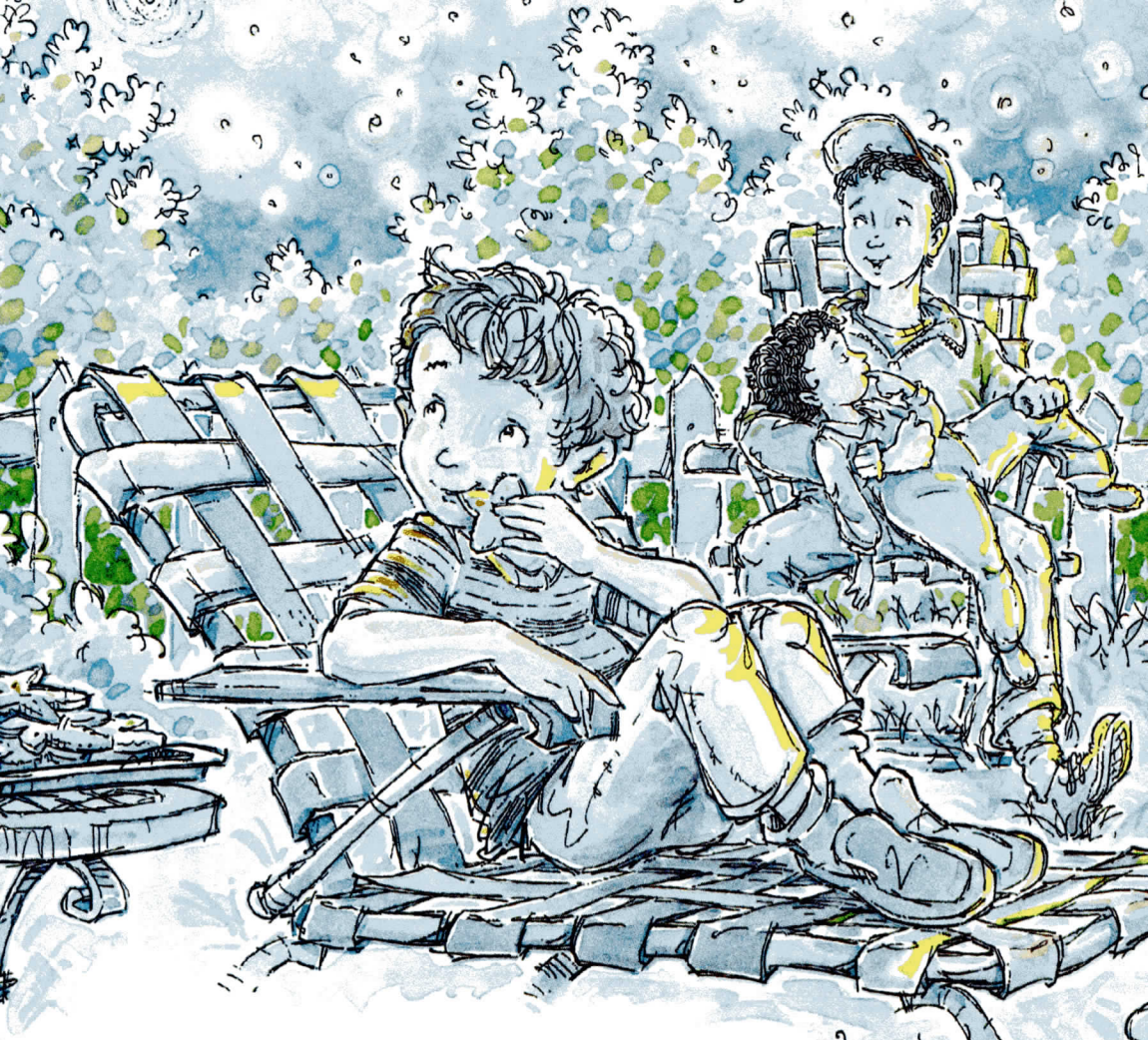


I get a brilliant idea.

(Brilliant also means very smart.)

We can have

our own night sky show.



My parents get my sister.

We set up beach chairs.

Mom lights candles.

Dad puts the cookies on a tray.

We eat alfresco.

(That's fancy for eating outdoors.)



We watch the stars.

We see the North Star.

We see the Big Dipper.



All at once,
something zooms across the sky.

“A shooting star,” Dad says.

“Make a wish!”

I tell Dad it is not a star.

It is a meteor.

But I make a wish anyway.

The next day Ms. Glass says,

“Everyone missed the show
because of the storm.

So we will go next week.”

Everybody is very happy.

And guess what? My wish came true!

