

I Can Read!™

BEGINNING

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READING

Fancy

NANCY

The Dazzling Book Report



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

Monday is my favorite day.

Why?

Monday is Library Day.





Before we leave, we select a book.

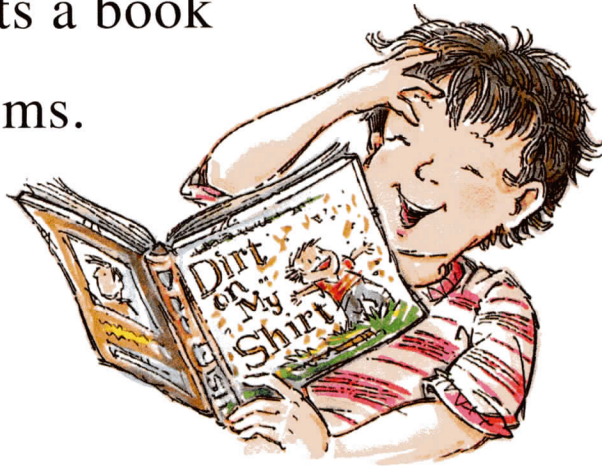
(Select is a fancy word for pick.)

It is like getting a present  
for a week!

Bree selects a book on dinosaurs.



Robert selects a book  
of funny poems.



Teddy selects a scary story.



I select a book  
about an Indian girl.  
She has a fancy name,  
Sacajawea.  
You say it like this:  
**SACK-uh-jah-WAY-ah.**





Later Ms. Glass has  
thrilling news.

(Thrilling is even more exciting  
than exciting.)

We get to do a book report!

“Your first book report.  
How grown up!”  
my mom says at dinner.



“Yes, I know,” I say.

“My book is a biography.

It is about a real person.”





After dinner I read my book.  
Dad helps with the hard words.  
I learn all about Sacajawea.  
Sacajawea was a princess.  
She lived two hundred years ago  
out West.  
She helped two explorers  
reach the Pacific Ocean.



Mom takes me to the art store.

I need stuff for

the cover of my book report.

I want it to be great!



(I am the second-best artist  
in our class.

This isn't bragging.

You can ask anybody.)



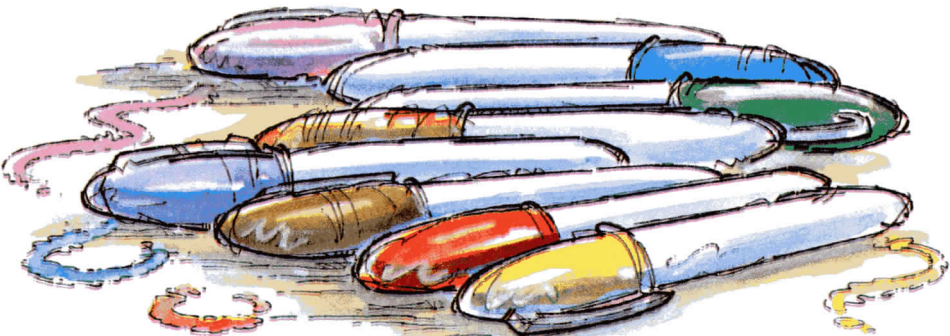
I get a bag of little beads,



some yarn,



and markers.



I start working on the cover.

I work on it every night.

I make Sacajawea look very brave,  
because she was.

She found food for the explorers.

She kept them safe from enemies.



“Just remember to  
leave time for the words,”  
Mom keeps saying.  
“I will. I will,” I tell her.



“Ms. Glass wants you  
to write about the book,”  
Dad says over and over.  
“That’s what a report is.”  
“I know that!” I tell him.  
Writing the words will be easy.







Ta-da! The cover is finished.  
Sacajawea has yarn braids.  
Beads and fringe are glued  
on her clothes.  
I must admit it is dazzling.  
(That is fancy for eye-popping.)

Now I will write my report.

I get out lined paper

and a pen with a plume.

(That's a fancy word for feather.)



The trouble is, I am tired.  
I know all about Sacajawea.  
But the right words won't come.  
What am I going to do?



I have to hand in my report tomorrow!

“I am desperate!” I tell Mom.

(That means I’m in trouble.)



Mom lets me stay up longer.  
Still my report ends up  
only two sentences long.





The next day,  
everyone sees my cover  
and says, “Wow!”

But hearing other reports  
makes me nervous.

All of them are longer  
than mine.

All of them are more interesting.





I read my report.

“Sacajawea was a heroine.

She helped people in trouble.”

Everybody waits to hear more.

But there is no more.



I am crestfallen.

(That is fancy for sad and ashamed.)

“I spent too much time  
on the cover,”

I tell Ms. Glass.



Ms. Glass understands.

“Why don’t you tell the class  
about your book?”





So I do.

I tell them all about

the brave things Sacajawea did.

Sacajawea was a heroine.

Ms. Glass is a heroine too.

At least, she is to me!

