

READ ALOUD RESOURCE OUTLINE:

- Passage with the word count for teachers to track students' oral reading practice.
- Additional information about the passage and other resources.
- Passage for students to practice reading aloud.

Where the Red Fern Grows, Chapter 1

When I left my office that beautiful spring day, I had no idea	13
what was in store for me. To begin with, everything was too	25
perfect for anything unusual to happen. It was one of those days	37
when a man feels good, feels like speaking to his neighbor, is	49
glad to live in a country like ours, and proud of his government.	62
You know what I mean, one of those rare days when everything	74
is right and nothing is wrong.	80
I was walking along whistling when I heard the dogfight. At	91
first I paid no attention to it. After all it wasn't anything to get	105
excited about, just another dogfight in a residential section.	114
As the sound of the fight grew nearer, I could tell there were	127
quite a few dogs mixed up in it. They boiled out of an alley,	141
turned, and headed straight toward me. Not wanting to get	151
bitten or run over, I moved over to the edge of the sidewalk.	164
I could see that all the dogs were fighting one. About twenty-five	176
feet from me they caught him and down he went. I felt sorry	189

for the unfortunate one. I knew if something wasn't done quickly	200
the sanitation department would have to pick up a dead dog.	211
I was trying to make up my mind to help when I got a surprise.	226
Up out of that snarling, growling, slashing mass reared an old	237
redbone hound. For a second I saw him. I caught my breath. I	250
couldn't believe what I had seen.	256

Where the Red Fern Grows

By Wilson Rawls

- Lexile® oral readability measure of the oral reading excerpt (256 words): 700L
- Lexile® text measure of the complete book: 700L

Words to Practice:

- government
- residential
- alley
- unfortunate
- sanitation
- snarling

Other Books By Wilson Rawls:

Summer of the Monkeys (1992) | Lexile text measure: 810L

Where the Red Fern Grows

When I left my office that beautiful spring day, I had no idea what was in store for me. To begin with, everything was too perfect for anything unusual to happen. It was one of those days when a man feels good, feels like speaking to his neighbor, is glad to live in a country like ours, and proud of his government. You know what I mean, one of those rare days when everything is right and nothing is wrong.

I was walking along whistling when I heard the dogfight. At first I paid no attention to it. After all it wasn't anything to get excited about, just another dogfight in a residential section. As the sound of the fight grew nearer, I could tell there were quite a few dogs mixed up in it. They boiled out of an alley, turned, and headed straight toward me. Not wanting to get bitten or run over, I moved over to the edge of the sidewalk. I could see that all the dogs were fighting one. About twenty-five feet from me they caught him and down he went. I felt sorry for the unfortunate one. I knew if something wasn't done quickly the sanitation department would have to pick up a dead dog.

I was trying to make up my mind to help when I got a surprise. Up out of that snarling, growling, slashing mass reared an old redbone hound. For a second I saw him. I caught my breath. I couldn't believe what I had seen.