

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

Date: \_\_\_\_\_



# Classroom Cereal

## Story 4

## Part 1 of 5

### “Squirm Worms”

#### Part 1 of 5: Mr. Nitman’s Complaint

Worms were everywhere. Mr. Nitman looked over his classroom and watched them dance on the desks. He knew by now they were called Squirm Worms. They were electronic toy worms, about the size of a crayon, that danced. They had two legs and two arms attached to a wormy body, and they boogied around on any flat surface. The makers of Squirm Worms claimed the toys helped squirmly children feel more comfortable in school.

“We all know about baseball, but doesn’t acidball sound way more exciting?” Mr. Nitman asked with an awkward chuckle. He expected to hear several jeers of disgust after his awful science jok, but he didnt. He looked at the class. A few students were trying to pay attention, but most couldn’t help but stare lazily at the wiggling worms in front of them.

Mr. Nitman became annoyed. He knew he had only about a week left before holiday break to finish his unit on acids and bases. Just then, it hit him. Holiday break! Any child who didn’t yet already have a Squirm Worm would get one over the Holidays. Then every student would be hypnotized.

Mr. Nitman needed to find a way to get Squirm Worms banned from Fairview Middle.

### BONUS ACTIVITY

*What do you imagine  
Squirm Worms look like?*

**Draw one in the box to  
the right!**



#### Directions

1. Read the story
2. Find the five errors
3. Mark the errors using the key

#### Key

- Spelling error
- Add punctuation
- Capitalize letter
- Remove word
- Wrong word
- Move word
- Make letter lower case

#### Checklist

1. ☐
2. ☐
3. ☐
4. ☐
5. ☐

#### Question

What are Squirm Worms?  
Underline the lines in the  
text that tell you.

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

Date: \_\_\_\_\_



# Classroom Cereal

## Story 4

## Part 2 of 5

### “Squirm Worms”

#### Part 2 of 5: School Rules

#### Directions

1. Read the story
2. Find the five errors
3. Mark the errors using the key

After school, Mr. Nitman went to talk to Principal Mellon about Squirm Worms. When he walked into the principal’s office Nitman immediately saw four worms wiggling on Mellon’s desk. He was relieved.

“Ah, I see you are familiar with Squirm Worms to,” Nitman said. “You’ve had to confiscate a few, hm?”

“Oh, no,” Mellon replied. “These are mine.” Principal Mellon wore the smile of a youngster on Christmas morning. He gazed at the band of dancing worms on his desk, bobbing his head to match their rhythm. Nitman scowled.

“Sir, I’ve been having some problems with these worms in my classes. Students are...” Nitman waved his hand, trying to get the principal’s attention. “They’re...distracted. I think the worms should be banned.”

“No can do,” Mellon said, finally looking up. “They say these little guys actually help kids who have trouble sitting still. I couldnt ban them from school. Parents might get upset. We can only items ban that are dangerous.”

Mr. Nitman had been staring at the wispy snow starting to fall outside Principal Mellon’s window. With the word “dangerous,” his attention snapped back to the principle. Mr. Nitman had an idea.

#### Key

- Spelling error
- Add punctuation
- Capitalize letter
- Remove word
- Wrong word
- Move word
- Make letter lower case

#### Checklist

1. ☐
2. ☐
3. ☐
4. ☐
5. ☐

#### Question

Mr. Nitman has an idea.  
What do you think it is?

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



# Classroom Cereal

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

## Story 4

## Part 3 of 5

### “Squirm Worms”

#### Part 3 of 5: The Spill

#### Directions

1. Read the story
2. Find the five errors
3. Mark the errors using the key

“Students, this acid is very dangerous,” Mr. Nitman said to his class the next day. He walked around the room showing the kids a fizzing green juice inside a glass cup. The juice was strange enough to distract most of them from the Squirm Worms still grooving around on the tables.

“Children! Look!” Nitman declared suddenly. “It has begun to snow! Everyone, to the window!”








If anything enlivens middle schoolers, it is falling snow during school hours. Every student immediately ran to the window. Once everyone was staring outside, Mr. Nitman quietly placed the glass cup of fizzing juice on a table covered with Squirm Worms. He made sure to place it right on the table’s edge. Then he joined his class at the window.

“Blast! I suppose I was mistaken,” Mr. Nitman said, craning his neck toward the sky. Not a single snowflake fluttered down.

A chilling crash brought everyone’s attention back to the classroom. The cup of green juice had fallen and shattered. The acid started eating away at the floor.

“The dancing worms have spilt the acid!” Mr. Nitman yelled, faking shock. “Quick! Someone please go alert Principal Mellon of this incredibly dangerous accident!”

#### Key

-  - Spelling error
-  - Add punctuation
-  - Capitalize letter
-  - Remove word
-  - Wrong word
-  - Move word
-  - Make letter lower case

#### Checklist

1. ☐
2. ☐
3. ☐
4. ☐
5. ☐

#### Question

How do you think Principal Mellon is going to react to the spill?

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

Date: \_\_\_\_\_



# Classroom Cereal

## Story 4

## Part 4 of 5

### “Squirm Worms”

#### Part 4 of 5: Two Holiday Wishes

The next morning, Mr. Nitman’s holiday wish came true.

“Attention, students and staff,” Principal Mellon’s voice scratched through the loudspeaker. “Squirm Worms are no longer permitted at Fairview Middle School. It pains me to say it, but those cute little bugs have proven themselves dangerous. As I saw yesterday, their adorable dancing can cause destruction if they get too close to chemicals. Please don’t bring Squirm Worms to school anymore. And please never dance near chemicals. That is all.”

That afternoon, Mr. Nitman practically skipped to his car. In the parking lot, he ran into Mrs. Fincher, Eric’s mother. Eric was one of Mr. Nitman’s best students.”

“Oh, Mr. Nitman,” Mrs. Fincher said. “I’m just coming from Principal Mellon’s office. Eric told me about the new Squirm Worm rule. He is devastated. You see, a Squirm Worm is all Eric wants for Christmas. He says he’s just about the only boy in school without one and, well, he’s felt left out. I was hoping Principal Mellon might lift the ban so Eric’s Christmas won’t be so disappointing.”

Mr. Nitman’s heart sank. As his holiday wish came true, Eric Fincher’s was ruined.

#### Directions

1. Read the story
2. Find the five errors
3. Mark the errors using the key

#### Key

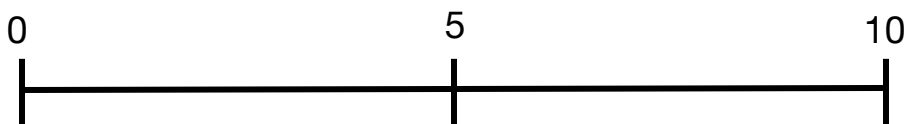
- Spelling error
- Add punctuation
- Capitalize letter
- Remove word
- Wrong word
- Move word
- Make letter lower case

#### Checklist

1. ☐
2. ☐
3. ☐
4. ☐
5. ☐

### Scrooge Scale

Deep down, how much of a Scrooge is Mr. Nitman?



*Kind and caring*

*Totally heartless*

#### Question

Based on your answer for the Scrooge Scale, how do you think this story will end?

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

Date: \_\_\_\_\_



# Classroom Cereal

## Story 4

## Part 5 of 5

### “Squirm Worms”

#### Part 5 of 5: Jolly Old Saint Nitman

#### Directions

1. Read the story
2. Find the five errors
3. Mark the errors using the key

After speaking with Mrs. Fincher, Mr. Nitman returned to his classroom. He the table examined from the acid accident. Then he took a screwdriver from his desk and got to work.

When Eric Fincher’s class arrived the next day, Mr. Nitman was holding another glass cup. This time, the cup was filled with a muddy-looking liquid.

“Today,” Mr. Nitman said as he strolled toward the seen of the acid spill, “I thought we’d explore a few common acids.” Holding up the cup with one hand, Nitman casually leaned on the table with the other. CRASH!!!








The table collapsed and Mr. Nitman tumbled to the floor, spilling the muddy liquid all over himself. The class rushed over. Principal Mellon, who had heard the crash from the hallway stormed in.

“Not to worry, everyone. It is only chocolate milk, a slightly acidic and delicious beverage,” Mr. Nitman said from the floor. But it appears this table is broken. I suppose it were this wobbly leg, not the Squirm Worms, that caused the acid to fall the other day. The worms appear innocent.”

“Sir,” Eric Fincher said, turning to Principal Mellon. “Does this mean Squirm Worms may return?”

The principal gave Eric the good news. Mr. Nitman returned to his desk and hid the screwdriver, the instrument of his good holiday deed.

#### Key

-  - Spelling error
-  - Add punctuation
-  - Capitalize letter
-  - Remove word
-  - Wrong word
-  - Move word
-  - Make letter lower case

#### Checklist

1. ☐
2. ☐
3. ☐
4. ☐
5. ☐

#### Questions

What was Mr. Nitman’s “good holiday deed”?

If you could write a Christmas card to Mr. Nitman, what would it say?

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



# Classroom Cereal

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Story 14

Part 1 of 5

## “Ultimate Holiday Baking Championship”

### Part 1 of 5: The Joke

#### Directions

1. Read the story
2. Find the five errors
3. Mark the errors using the key

“Don’t do it,” Cooper said.

“I’m doing it,” Rodgers replied.

It was the last day of school before holiday break and Cooper, Rodgers, and their friend Tony were sitting at a table in the back of Mrs. Comstock’s room. Mrs. Comstock was their american history teacher and, for an older person, she was obsessed with technology. Her favorite classroom technology was named Andrew. Andrew was a pyramidshaped electronic assistant that sat on a desk in the center of the classroom. Mrs. Comstock would say things like “Andrew, tell the class to quiet down!” Andrew would glow neon green and say, in his proper British accent, “Very good. Class, kindly reduse your volume!”

“Don’t do it,” Cooper repeated. “Tony, tell him not to do it.”

The rest of the class was merrily decorating Christmas cards as Mrs. Comstock sat at her desk and Andrew played Christmas songs. Tony, though, had his head burried in his arm across his desk.








“I’m doing it,” Rodgers said. He wore an evil smirk and his eyes darted from Mrs. Comstock to Andrew and back to Mrs. Comstock. He opened his mouth and filled his lungs with air. Just as he was about to call out, Tony lifted his head.

“Andrew wish Mr. Nitman a merry Christmas,” Tony said. The music stopped. The class went silent.

“Very good,” Andrew responded. “Calling Mr. Nitman.”

The class erupted in laughter. Tony put his head back down. Rodgers looked furious.

#### Key

-  - Spelling error
-  - Add punctuation
-  - Capitalize letter
-  - Remove word
-  - Wrong word
-  - Move word
-  - Make letter lower case

#### Checklist

1. ☐
2. ☐
3. ☐
4. ☐
5. ☐

#### Questions

How does Rodgers feel at the end of Part 1?

Why does he feel this way?



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

Date: \_\_\_\_\_



# Classroom Cereal

Story 14

Part 2 of 5

## “Ultimate Holiday Baking Championship”

### Part 2 of 5: Tony’s Note

#### Directions

1. Read the story
2. Find the five errors
3. Mark the errors using the key

#### Key

- Spelling error
- Add punctuation
- Capitalize letter
- Remove word
- Wrong word
- Move word
- Make letter lower case

#### Checklist

1. ☐
2. ☐
3. ☐
4. ☐
5. ☐

#### Questions

Why is Tony in such a bad mood?

Does he have reason to be?

The bell rang and the class, still in an uproar over Tony’s prank, flooded into the hallway. A few kids were trying to pat him on the back, but Tony plowed through the crowd, his head down and his backpack flung over his shoulder.

“Tony!!! Our you kidding me???” yelled Rodgers, his face red with angry. He weaved through the crowded hallway, trying to catch up to the speeding Tony. “You stole my joke!!!” he called. “I want answers!!!”

Rodgers arrived at Tonies locker, followed closely by Cooper, who was trying to catch his breath from simultaneously laughing and chasing. Tony was violently shoving the contents of his backpack into his locker. Rodgers was livid.

“What,” Rodgers said, “is your problem?”

Tony slammed his shut locker and shoved past Rodgers and Cooper. With the slamming locker door, a few stray papers flew into the air.

“Thief!!!” Rodgers yelled.

Cooper bent down to pick up the stray papers. One of they was a note.

Tony,

Your Christmas Eve dinner is in the fridge. Put it in the oven for 10 minutes. I’ll be at Gary’s. Have a good Christmas!

Mom

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

Date: \_\_\_\_\_



# Classroom Cereal

Story 14

Part 3 of 5

## “Ultimate Holiday Baking Championship”

### Part 3 of 5: At Tony’s House

#### Directions

1. Read the story
2. Find the five errors
3. Mark the errors using the key

#### Key

- Spelling error
- Add punctuation
- Capitalize letter
- Remove word
- Wrong word
- Move word
- Make letter lower case

#### Checklist

1. ☐
2. ☐
3. ☐
4. ☐
5. ☐

#### Question

What would you do if you were Rodgers?

Cooper insisted they go to Tony’s house to talk to him. Despite the note, Rodgers didn’t feel sorry for Tony. He was still fury and he complained the whole way. When they arrived, Cooper and Rodgers saw Tony through the kitchen window. He was by himself, putting a tray of cookies in the oven. Tony loved to cook. In fact, he and Rodgers had both competed in the Fairview Middle School Student Cook Off last June. Rodgers had won, but the competition was close.

“We can’t let are friend be alone on Christmas,” Cooper said. He marched up to the front door and knocked.

“Oh good, you’re here,” Cooper said, faking surprise, when Tony opened the door. “We were trying to tell you at school. We’re going to have a Cook Off rematch. In the old home economics classroom. Tomorrow night. We’re calling it...um...ultimate...holiday...baking... championship. Ultimate Holiday Baking Championship. You versus Rodgers. What do you say?”

“tomorrow night is Christmas Eve,” Tony replied.

“It will be a Christmas cookie competition. Can you make it?”

“Um, yeah...”

“Sweet! Rodgers says he cant wait to beat you again.”

“Why did you do that?” Rodgers demanded when Cooper returned to the sidewalk. “I’m not going to some maximum baking holiday whatever tomorrow night. My mom makes icelandic frozen yogurt on Christmas Eve and I’m not missing it for that joke-stealing jerk.”



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



# Classroom Cereal

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Story 14

Part 4 of 5

## “Ultimate Holiday Baking Championship”

### Part 4 of 5: Christmas Eve

#### Directions

1. Read the story
2. Find the five errors
3. Mark the errors using the key

When the sun started to go down the next evening, Cooper knocked on Tony’s front door once more. Tony answered immediately. His coat was already zipped and his backpack, filled with his baking supplies, was slung over his shoulder.

“Let’s do this,” Tony said merrily. “Where’s Rodgers.”

“Meeting us there,” Cooper replied. He let Tony lead the way to the sidewalk and slyly took out his phone to text Rodgers.

*On are way. Do the right thing.*

A gentle snow started to fall not long after the boys left Tony’s house. By the time they reached the fields behind Fairview Middle School, their boots crunched the snow-dusted grass. The trees of the haunted woods were dusted too, and Cooper couldn’t decide if the light snow made them look peacefully beautiful or especially creepy.

They entered the school through the always-unlocked door behind the cafeteria that Cooper had discovered as a sixth grader. Minutes later, they were inside the abandoned home economics classroom on the third floor. The classroom was made up of miniature kitchen stations used for home economics classes that hadn’t been taught at Fairview Middle for decades. Right away, Tony began to prepare his cooking station. He carefully arranged his supplies on the counter and preheated the ancient oven. He hummed a Christmas song as he found his measuring cups and began pouring flour and sugary.

As Tony worked, Cooper nervously watched the door, waiting to see Rodgers come through it. He kept his hand wrapped around his phone, hoping to feel the buzz of a text. He prepared himself to break the news to Tony. Rodgers wasn’t coming and Ultimate Holiday Baking Championship wasn’t happening.

#### Key

- Spelling error
- Add punctuation
- Capitalize letter
- Remove word
- Wrong word
- Move word
- Make letter lower case

#### Checklist

1. ☐
2. ☐
3. ☐
4. ☐
5. ☐

#### Questions

How is Tony feeling now? How do you know?

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

Date: \_\_\_\_\_



# Classroom Cereal

Story 14

Part 5 of 5

## “Ultimate Holiday Baking Championship”

### Part 5 of 5: Feliz Navidad

#### Directions

1. Read the story
2. Find the five errors
3. Mark the errors using the key

#### Key

- Spelling error
- Add punctuation
- Capitalize letter
- Remove word
- Wrong word
- Move word
- Make letter lower case

“Tony, here’s the deal,” Cooper said as he tentatively approached Tony’s cooking station. “I don’t think Rodg—”

The classroom door swung open and a familiar figure stood in the doorway. It was Rodgers. He was holding something pyramid-shaped under his arm.

“Sorry I’m late,” he said. “I stopped in Mrs. Comstock’s room to pick up a present.” He placed, Andrew on the counter next to Tony’s cooking station and began unpacking his own backpack of cooking supplies. “Andrew, play Christmas music.”

Andrew glowed neon green. “Very good,” he said in his proper british accent. “Playing ‘Feliz Navidad’ by Jose Feliciano.”

The song’s guitars and trumpets filled the room. Laughing, joking, and singing the whole time, Rodgers and Tony made their Christmas cookies as Cooper officiated the competition. When the cookies were finished, Tony blindfolded Cooper and had him try one from each batch. The blind taste test declared Rodgers the winner, but Cooper and Rodgers knew that weren’t the point of Ultimate Holiday Baking Championship. The point was to give their friend a merry Christmas Eve when he otherwise would have had a loneliness one.

“Goodnight, Andrew!” Tony said as they bundled up for the snowy walk home.

“Goodnight,” said Andrew, “and happy Christmas!”

#### Checklist

1. ☐
2. ☐
3. ☐
4. ☐
5. ☐

#### Questions

What was the point of Ultimate Holiday Baking Championship?

How does Rodgers change throughout the story?

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

Date: \_\_\_\_\_



# Classroom Cereal

## Story 24 Part 1 of 5

### “Kettle Cross Christmas”

#### Part 1 of 5: Layers

#### Directions

1. Read the story
2. Find the five errors
3. Mark the errors using the key

“Layers, son,” said Charles’s dad. “It’s all about the layers.”

Their car was inching along a back road somewhere on the south side of Fairview. The final school bell of December had rung only an hour earlier, but the sun was already all most all the way down, leaving behind a purplish winter sky that looked like it was ready to burst. White and gold Christmas lights were beginning to blink to life along the street. Charles was in the passenger seat, squirming out of the puffy jacket he’d been forced to put on before leaving the house.

“That’s the most important layer,” his dad said. “Especially tonight. The snow’s supposed to start soon”

“I don’t need it,” Charles said. He smoothed the front of his sweatshirt so the shiny ironed-on words were lying flat. *Fairview Middle School Basketball*. Charles gently reached for his sleeve and grazed his fingers over the stiched cursive lettering. *C h a r l e s*.

His dad glanced over. He understood.

“Here’s the deal,” he said. “Tonight you can reverse layer. Jacket *under* sweatshirt. How’s that?”

They pulled into the parking lot of Kettle Cross Middle school, the other middle school in Fairview. Charles slithered into his new layer arrangement and reached for the door.

“Thanks, dad.”

“You no it, pal. Have fun, be safe, and give Raymond a fist bump for me.”

#### Key

- Spelling error
- Add punctuation
- Capitalize letter
- Remove word
- Wrong word
- Move word
- Make letter lower case

#### Checklist

1. ☐
2. ☐
3. ☐
4. ☐
5. ☐

#### Question

Why does Charles not want to wear his jacket?

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

Date: \_\_\_\_\_



# Classroom Cereal

## Story 24

## Part 2 of 5

### “Kettle Cross Christmas”

#### Part 2 of 5: The Kettle Cross Christmas Sleigh Ride

##### Directions

1. Read the story
2. Find the five errors
3. Mark the errors using the key

Raymond was Charles’s best friend from elementary school. After fifth grade, Charles went to Fairview Middle and Raymond went to Kettle Cross. They hadn’t seen each other much since School started. On this night, though, Raymond had invited Charles to his new school’s favorite tradition — the Kettle Cross Christmas Sleigh Ride.

“That’s the gym,” Raymond said proudly, pointing at the school. He was leading Charles across the bus loop, which was aglow with strands of Christmas lights stretching around the perimeter. “We have a really good wrestling team. One of my friends is on it. That’s the cafeteria. You can get fries every day.”

They around the corner went of the building and came to a cluster of tennis courts. Spread across the courts were groups of people huddled around small barrel fires. They were all bundled up, holding cups of hot chocolate. The same type of lights that illuminated the bus loop were strung across the tennis courts. Behind the courts sat a huge old-fashioned carriage, complete with actual sleigh bells and two real clydesdale horses to pull it. The carriage was packed with, kids.

“Come on!” Raymond said. “My friends are saving us a spot. They’re eighth graders.”

They ran to the carriage and Raymond waved at a group of boys near the front. They didn’t see him, though, and there were know free seats around them. There were no free seats at all. Raymond and Charles had to sneak onto the very back of the carriage, onto a part that wasn’t even meant to be used as a seat.

“We’ll catch up with them later,” Raymond said, but his voice had lost some of its excitement.

##### Key

- Spelling error
- Add punctuation
- Capitalize letter
- Remove word
- Wrong word
- Move word
- Make letter lower case

##### Checklist

1. ☐
2. ☐
3. ☐
4. ☐
5. ☐

##### Question

Raymond keeps talking about his “friends.” What do we know about them?

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

Date: \_\_\_\_\_



# Classroom Cereal

## Story 24 Part 3 of 5

### “Kettle Cross Christmas”

#### Part 3 of 5: Bumps

#### Directions

1. Read the story
2. Find the five errors
3. Mark the errors using the key

#### Key

- Spelling error
- Add punctuation
- Capitalize letter
- Remove word
- Wrong word
- Move word
- Make letter lower case

“Back in the nineteenth century,” bellowed a man in a fur hat at the front of the sleigh, “President Martin Van Buren was a frequent Fairview visitor. The path of tonight’s sleigh ride is the same path he woulda taken on his way in from Washington. Now, hold on tight!”

The clydesdales picked up their feet and the carriage jolted forward, causing Charles and Raymond to cling to the back of the seat in front of them. Once they were steady, Charles smoothed the front of his sweatshirt and pressed his gloved finger’s to the lettering on the sleeve.

“Guess what,” he said. “We had basketball tryouts a few weeks ago, and—” But he stopped when he looked over at Raymond, who was craning his neck, trying to see the eighth graders at the front of the carriage.

“Oh, cool. My School has a wrestling team. Some of my friends are on it,” Raymond said, still trying to see what was going on at the front of the sleigh. They hit a bump and both of they instinctively flung their arms around the seat in front of them.

“Soon we’ll be coming to the bridge over Kettle Creek, or Kettle Cross, as visitors to Fairview called it,” shouted the old man in the fur hat.

Charles tugged his sleeve. “Check out—”

They hit another, bigger bump, sending Charles and Raymond flying out of their makeshift seats and off of the carriage. Sprawled in the dirt they looked up to see the carriage continuing onward, further into the forest and eventually out of sight.

#### Checklist

1. ☐
2. ☐
3. ☐
4. ☐
5. ☐

#### Questions

How would you feel if you were Charles?

Why?

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

Date: \_\_\_\_\_



# Classroom Cereal

Story 24

Part 4 of 5

## “Kettle Cross Christmas”

### Part 4 of 5: Blame Game

#### Directions

1. Read the story
2. Find the five errors
3. Mark the errors using the key

Charles pushed himself up and Charles reached automatically for his sleeve.

“My sweatshirt!” he yelled, feeling the beginning of tears deep in his throat. There was a hole in the elbow where it had scraped against the dirt. “My basketball sweatshirt is ruined because we couldn’t even get real seats for your *stupid* sleigh ride!”

“You think this is *my* fault?” Raymond replied, still on the ground. “If you hadn’t gotten here so late, my friends coulda saved us seats and we wouldn’t have had to sneak on the back!”

Charles felt the tears surging to the surface. He put his gloved fingers through the hole in his sweatshirt, a few inches above the stitched-on *C h a r l e s*. Then he was hit with a whole new emotion. Fear.

“we snuck on the sleigh,” he said. “That means no one even knew we were on it. That means no one nos we fell off.”

The once-purple sky was now totally black. The clop of the trotting cyldesdales was now a slight echo far off in the forest.

“What do we do?” Raymond asked, his voice shaky.

“We walk out,” Charles said, straightening up. “The man said we were almost to the bridge. Maybe they stopped there”

Charles started marching down the path, not bothering to wait for Raymond to get to his feet.

#### Key

- Spelling error
- Add punctuation
- Capitalize letter
- Remove word
- Wrong word
- Move word
- Make letter lower case

#### Checklist

1. ☐
2. ☐
3. ☐
4. ☐
5. ☐

#### Question

Why are Charles and Raymond in trouble?



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

Date: \_\_\_\_\_



# Classroom Cereal

Story 24

Part 5 of 5

## “Kettle Cross Christmas”

### Part 5 of 5: Ray Charles

#### Directions

1. Read the story
2. Find the five errors
3. Mark the errors using the key

After what felt like a mile of silence, Raymond finally spoke up.

“Those eighth graders aren’t really my friends,” he said.

Charles slowed down a little kicked at the dirt. “I figured.”

“I’m sorry about your sweatshirt. Wait, you made Fairview’s basketball team? That’s awesome, man!”

“Well,” Charles said, coming to a stop. “Know. My dad bought me this sweatshirt and sewed my name on the sleeve” He kicked a rock into the trees. “I guess I wanted you to think I was on the team.”








Without another word, they kept trudging down the dark dirt path. Soon they came to an old wooden bridge. Underneath was a silvery creek, its steady flowing water fighting off the ice trying to form on its edges. Charles and Raymond leaned against the rail of the bridge and looked down.

“Do you remember how we became friends?” Raymond asked.

“Second grade,” Charles said. “We sat next to each other. Raymond and Charles. Are teacher called us Ray Charles.”

They gazed down into Kettle Cross long enough to see more frost accumulate on the banks. Suddenly, they swore they saw something glittering through the water on the bottom of the creek. Then, when flakes began appearing on the surface and melting into the water, they decided it musta just been the snow. They remembered it was almost Christmas. But instead of thinking about all the new things they might soon be getting, they were just happy in that moment to have an old friend.

#### Key

-  - Spelling error
-  - Add punctuation
-  - Capitalize letter
-  - Remove word
-  - Wrong word
-  - Move word
-  - Make letter lower case

#### Checklist

1. ☐
2. ☐
3. ☐
4. ☐
5. ☐

#### Questions

In this story, what were Raymond and Charles both trying to do?

Did they learn any lessons?