



Fiction





Out for Lunch

by Anna Keyes photographed by Robert Reynolds



Book 84 Level F

Out for Lunch

Author: Anna Keyes

Heinemann

361 Hanover Street Portsmouth, NH 03801–3912 www.heinemann.com

Offices and agents throughout the world

Fountas and Pinnell Leveled Literacy Intervention Books Copyright © 2009 by Irene C. Fountas, Gay Su Pinnell, and Heinemann

All rights reserved. No portion of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without permission in writing from the publisher. Requests for permission should be mailed to the Permissions Department at Heinemann, 361 Hanover Street, Portsmouth, NH 03801.

ISBN-13: 978-0-325-01541-5 ISBN-10: 0-325-01541-4

Editorial Development, Design, and Production by Brown Publishing Network

Credits

Photographs: © Robert Reynolds/LightShed Photography Studio/ www.lightshedphoto.com.

Printed in China 09 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 RRD 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Out for Lunch

by Anna Keyes photographed by Robert Reynolds



Grandma



Dad



Mom



Brother



Me



Sister

"Let's go out to eat," said my mom. So Mom and I went out for lunch.

My grandma and my brother went, too.



"I like pizza," said my mom. "I think I'll have a cheese pizza." "I like soup,"said my grandma."I think I'll havesome chicken soup."



"I like hot dogs," said my brother. "I think I'll have a hot dog on a bun."

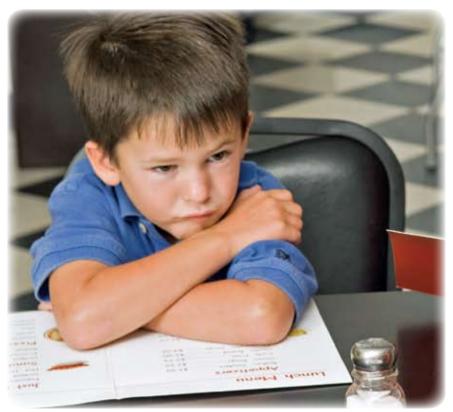




"I like peanut butter and jelly," I said. "I'll have some peanut butter and jelly."



"They don't have peanut butter and jelly,"
said my mom.
"Do you want a pizza?
Do you want a hot dog or some chicken soup?" "No," I said. "I just want peanut butter and jelly. I'll have lunch at home."





We got the food. It smelled good. "May I try your pizza?" I asked my mom.

"Sure," she said. She put a slice of pizza on my plate.



"May I try your chicken soup?" I asked my grandma.

"Yes," she said. She gave me some chicken soup in a cup.





"May I try your hot dog?" I asked my brother.

"Okay," he said. Then he gave me some of his hot dog. "That was a good lunch," said my grandma. "Let's go home. I'll give you some peanut butter and jelly."



"No thanks," I said. "I had a little pizza and a little soup and a little hot dog. I had a big lunch!"

