

Fountas & Pinnell

Leveled Literacy Intervention



Fiction

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ISBN-13: 978-0-325-01691-7
ISBN-10: 0-325-01691-7

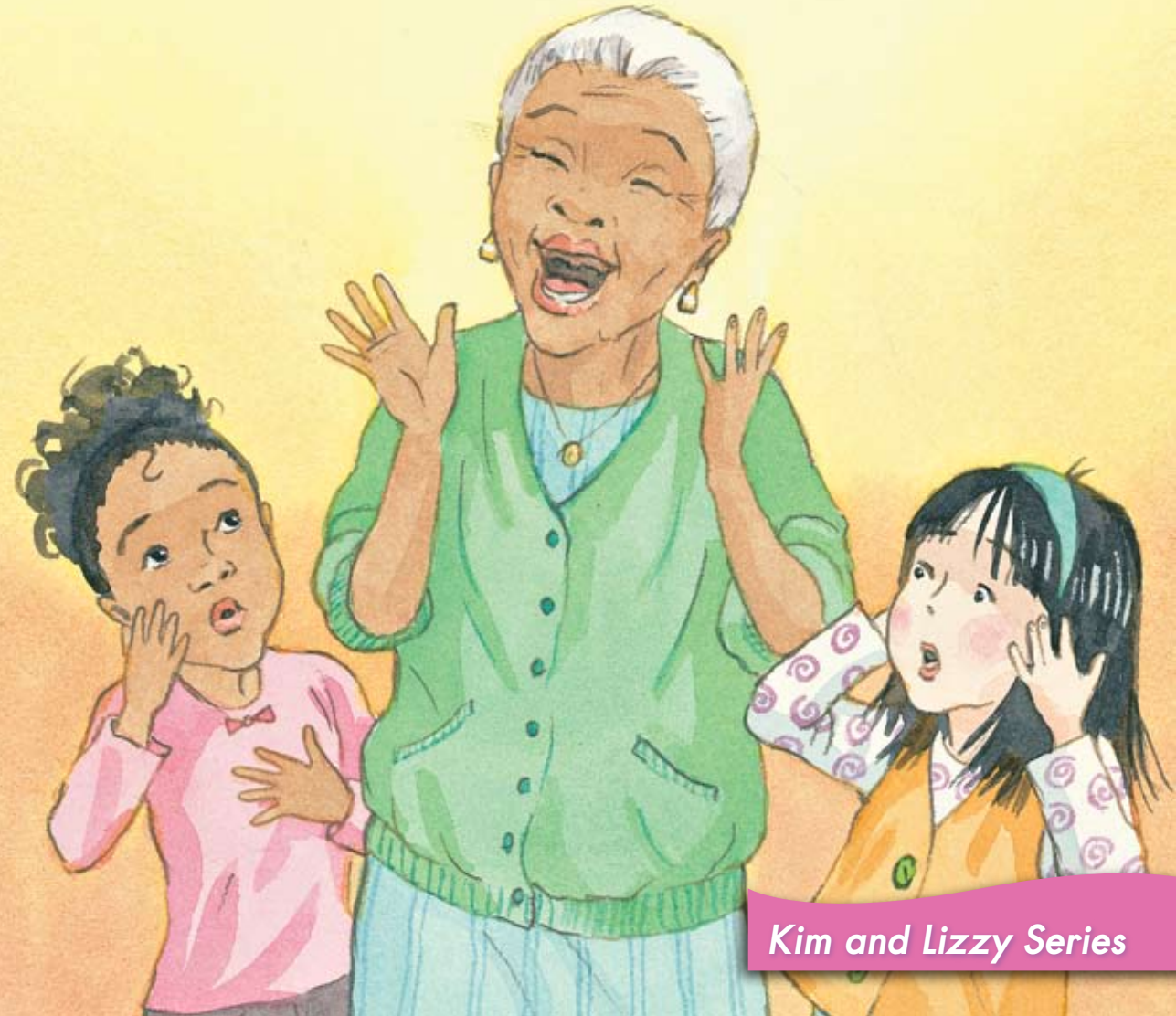


Book 110

Level K

The Scream

by Susan Blackaby
illustrated by Philomena O'Neill



Kim and Lizzy Series

The Scream

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Heinemann

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Offices and agents throughout the world

Fountas and Pinnell Leveled Literacy Intervention Books
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ISBN-13: 978-0-325-01691-7 ISBN-10: 0-325-01691-7

Editorial Development, Design, and Production by Brown Publishing Network

Credits

Illustrations: Philomena O'Neill

Printed in China

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

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Kim



Lizzy

Lizzy's grandma was making soup. Lizzy and Kim were watching. Grandma's cat Babs was watching, too.

"We have to go to see the doctor tomorrow," Grandma told Lizzy. "It's time for your check-up and your shot."

"I don't **need** to get a shot," Lizzy said. "I'm not sick!"

"Lizzy, every little girl needs her shots. You know that," said Grandma.

"I know that it will **hurt!**" said Lizzy.

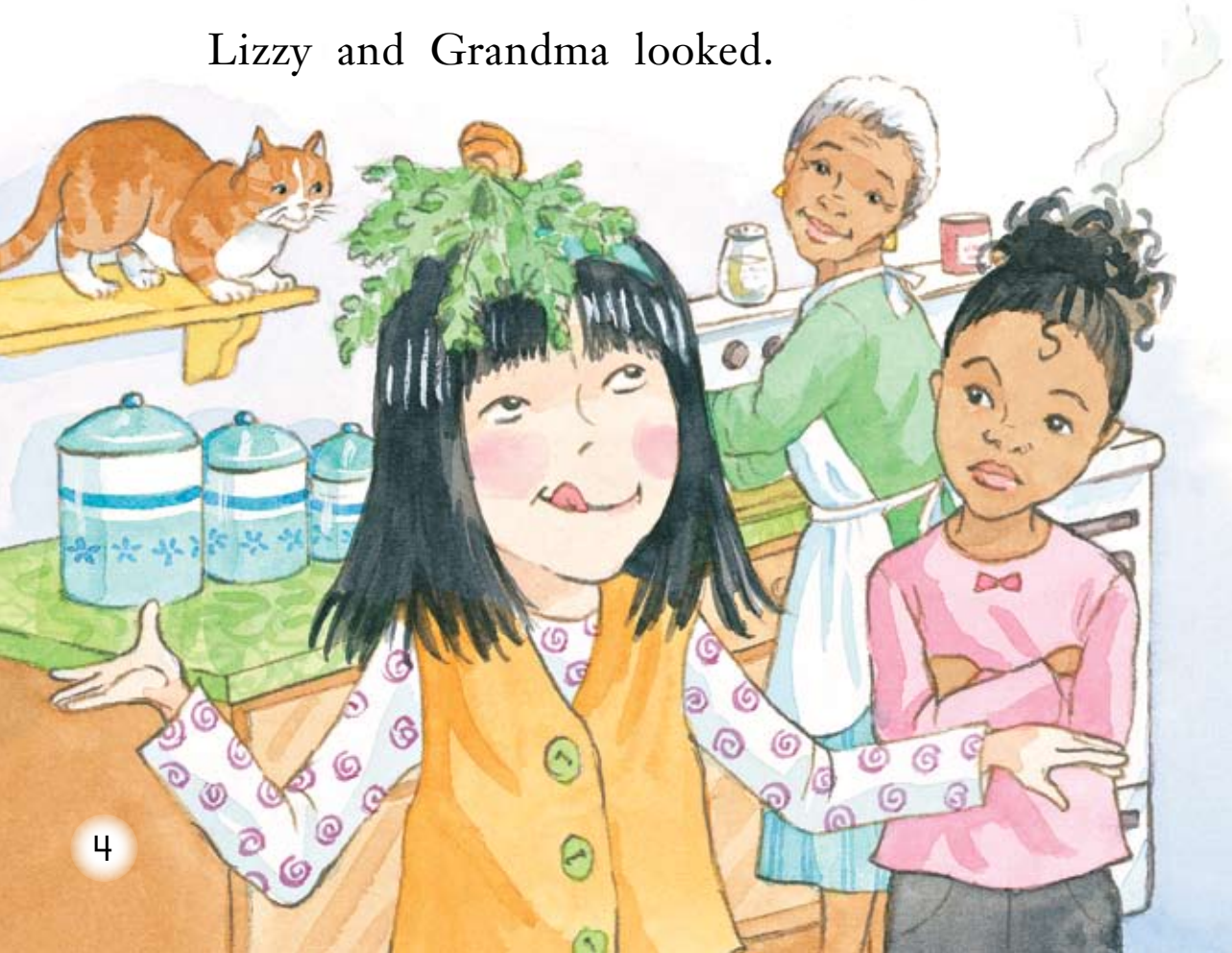


“A shot is not so bad,” Kim said. “I just close my eyes and say ‘snake spit’ three times.”

“No shots!” said Lizzy.

“I can cheer you up,” Kim said. She put a carrot top on her head like a hat. “Look!” she said.

Lizzy and Grandma looked.



Lizzy turned around. “Watch out!” she said. “Babs is going to jump on the counter.”

Then Grandma screamed! It was a loud scream. It was a scream that rattled the pots and pans.

That cat got out of there, fast!

“Grandma! What is it?” Lizzy asked.

“That’s how I keep that cat off my clean counter,” Grandma said. “She **hates** loud noises. Besides, I enjoy a good scream now and then.”

“I think she scratched you,” Kim said. She pointed at Grandma’s arm.

Grandma looked down at her arm. “I guess she did. But she didn’t mean to scratch me. And it’s just a tiny scratch.”



The girls got a bandage for Grandma's arm.

"Does it hurt?" Lizzy asked.

"Not a bit," said Grandma. She smiled at them. "I was screaming so hard, I didn't feel a thing!"

"That was a very good scream, Mrs.

Tubbs," said Kim.

Grandma smiled. "Well," she said, "we are all good screamers in our family. You should hear Lizzy. She is as loud as a train whistle!"





Lizzy leaned on her grandma's arm.
"I love you, Grandma," she said.
"And I love you, kiddo," said Grandma.
"But I have to take you to the doctor!"
Lizzy thought about it.
"Okay," she said. "I'll go. But I won't like it!"

The next day, Grandma took Lizzy to see the doctor. Dr. Reed looked in Lizzy's ears. He listened to her heart, and he thumped her on the back.

"You're in good shape!" he said.
"You just need a little shot."

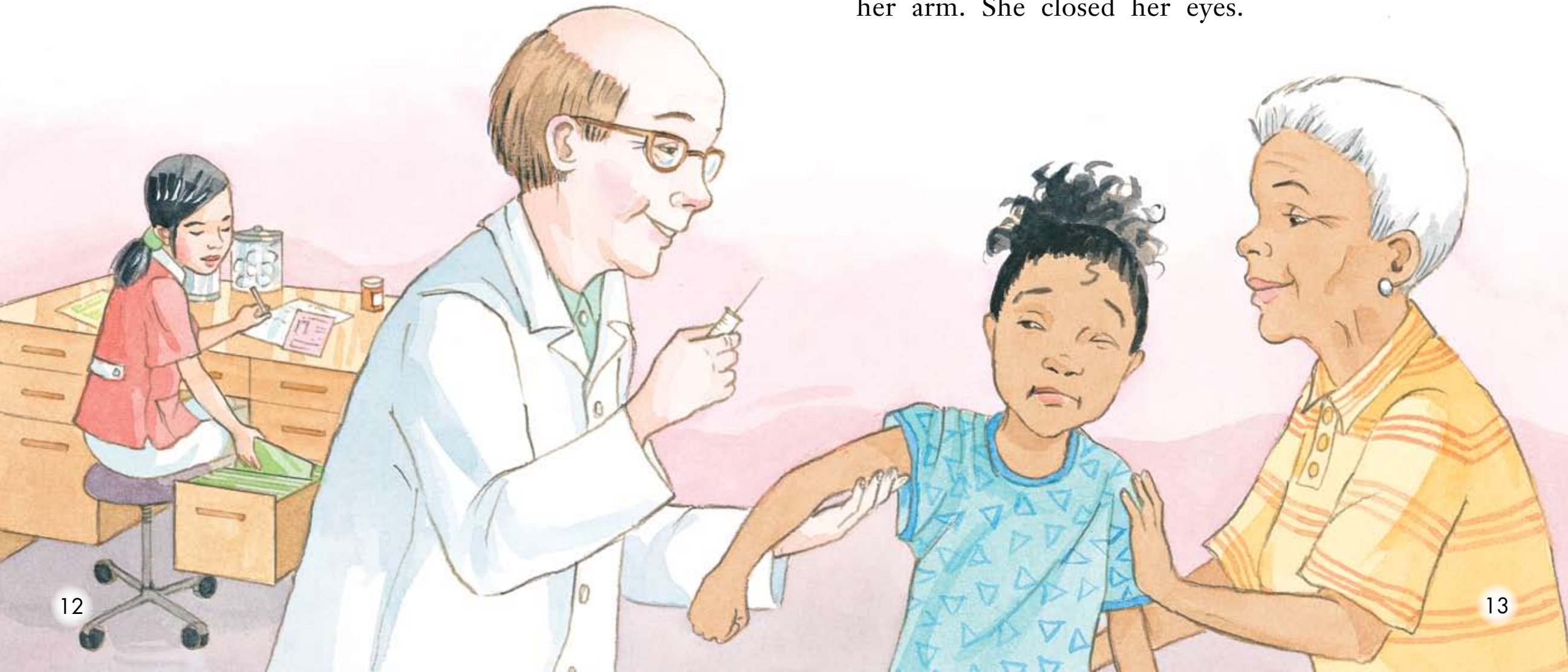


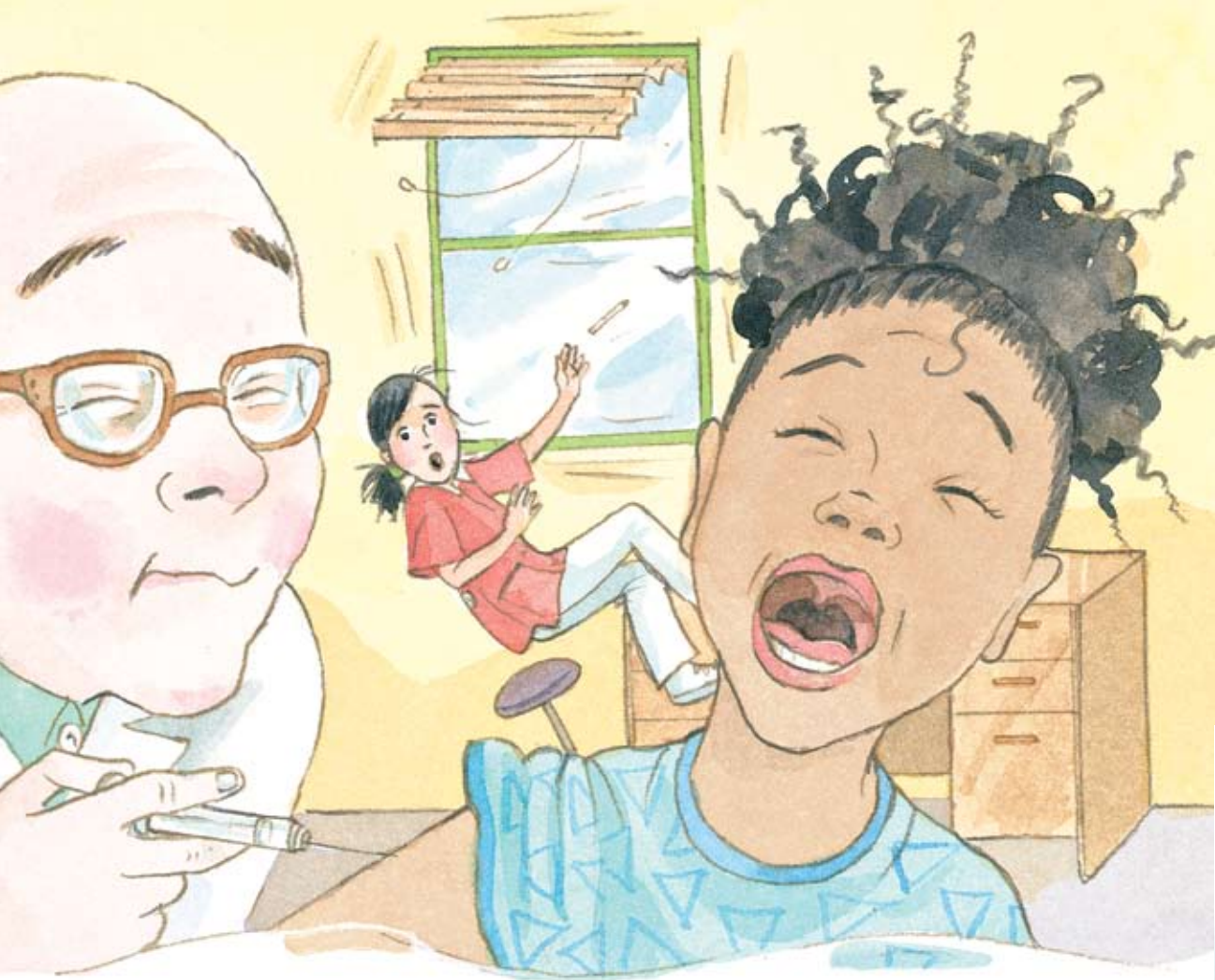
“I don’t want a shot,” said Lizzy.
She wanted to run and hide.

“Don’t worry,” said Dr. Reed.
“You’ll just feel a little pinch.”

The doctor cleaned Lizzy’s skin with
a cold little wipe. Then he picked up
a needle.

Lizzy saw the tip of the needle near
her arm. She closed her eyes.





And she screamed!

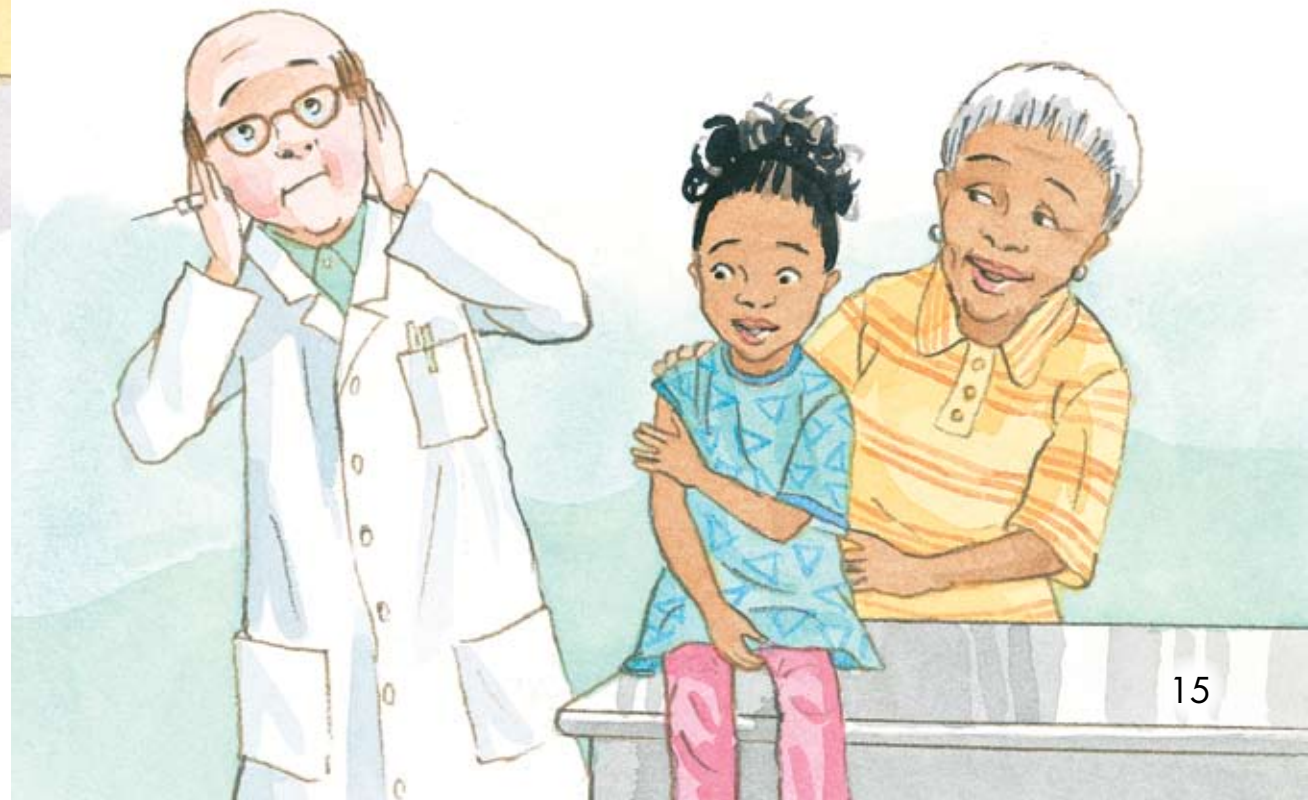
It was a big, loud scream. It frightened the nurse, and it rattled the windows. It was a scream as loud as a train whistle!

“Lizzy! Lizzy!” said Dr. Reed. “Stop screaming. It’s over. We are all done here.”

Lizzy opened her eyes.

“Really?” she asked. “We’re done?” But Dr. Reed had turned away. He was rubbing his ears.

“Lizzy, are you all right?” Grandma asked.



“I’m fine, Grandma!” Lizzy said.

“I screamed so hard, I didn’t feel a thing!”

