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How to Use This Book *(cont.)*

Title	ELL Level	Below Level	On level	Above level
Setting Passages	 1.5–2.2	 3.0–3.5	 5.0–5.5	 6.5–7.2
<i>Robinson Crusoe</i>	2.0	3.5	5.4	7.2*
<i>Hans Brinker</i>	2.1	3.4	5.0	7.1*
<i>The Adventures of Tom Sawyer</i>	2.1	3.4	5.1*	6.5
Character Passages				
<i>The Swiss Family Robinson</i>	2.1	3.3	5.3	6.5*
<i>The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn</i>	1.8	3.0	5.3*	6.5
<i>The Railway Children</i>	2.2	3.5*	5.0	6.5
<i>Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm</i>	2.2	3.5	5.4*	6.5
Plot Passages				
<i>Treasure Island</i>	2.0	3.3	5.0*	7.0
<i>Tarzan of the Apes</i>	2.2	3.5	5.1	6.5*
<i>The Count of Monte Cristo</i>	1.5	3.2	5.0	6.9*
<i>The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood</i>	2.2	3.5	5.0	7.0*
Language Usage Passages				
<i>The Jungle Book</i>	2.0	3.5	5.5	6.5*
<i>What Katy Did</i>	2.1	3.4*	5.0	7.0
<i>Call of the Wild</i>	2.2	3.5	5.1	7.0*
<i>Kidnapped</i>	2.2	3.2	5.0	6.7*

* The passages with an asterisk indicate the reading passage from the original work of fiction.

Excerpt from

Call of the Wild

by Jack London

.....

Buck did not read the paper. If he had, he would have known that trouble was coming. All dogs on the West Coast, strong of muscle and with warm hair, were in danger. Men had found gold in the Arctic. When ships told of the find, thousands of men rushed North. These men wanted dogs. The dogs they wanted were heavy, with strong muscles and thick fur coats.

Buck lived at a big house. It was in the sunny Santa Clara Valley. Judge Miller's place stood back from the road. It was half hidden among trees. Through the trees, glances could be caught of the wide porch. It ran around on four sides. A driveway led to the house. It wound through a wide lawn and under the branches of tall trees. Things were even more spread out in the back. In the big stables, a dozen grooms and boys worked. There were rows of vine-covered cabins. There were grape arbors and green fields. There were orchards and berry patches. There was a well pump and a big swimming tank. There, Judge Miller's boys took a morning dip and kept cool in the afternoons.



Over this whole place Buck ruled. Here he was born. Here he had lived the four years of his life. There were other dogs. There had to be other dogs on such a big place. But those dogs did not count. They came and went. They lived in the kennels or in the house. There was Toots. He was a Japanese chin. There was Ysabel. She was a Mexican hairless. These house dogs rarely put nose outdoors or set foot to ground. There were twenty fox terriers, too. They yelped threats at the house dogs, who looked out of the windows.

Buck was neither a house dog nor a kennel dog. The whole place was his. He jumped into the swimming tank with the Judge's sons. He went hunting with them. He went with the Judge's daughters on long walks. On cold nights, he lay at the Judge's feet in front of a warm fire. He carried the Judge's grandsons on his back. He rolled them in the grass. He watched over their adventures in the stable and the berry patches. Among the terriers he walked like royalty. Toots and Ysabel he ignored. He was king over all things of Judge Miller's place. That included the people.

His father was a huge St. Bernard. He had been the Judge's favorite dog. Buck meant to follow in his father's place. He was not as big. He weighed just 140 pounds. His mother had been a Scotch shepherd dog. Even so, 140 pounds, plus the dignity that comes of respect, let Buck carry himself in a regal manner. In the years since his birth, he had developed a pride that was a bit selfish, as men sometimes are. Hunting and running had kept him lean and hardened his muscles. He loved to swim. This was Buck in the fall of 1897. That was when the Klondike strike drew men into the frozen North.



Element Focus: Language Usage

How would you have described Buck differently?

Excerpt from

Call of the Wild

by Jack London

Buck did not read the newspaper. If he had, he would have known that trouble was brewing. Every dog, strong of muscle and with warm hair, from Puget Sound to San Diego, was in danger. Men had found a yellow metal in the Arctic. When steamships told of the find, thousands of men rushed North. These men wanted dogs. The dogs they wanted were heavy, with strong muscles for toil and thick fur coats to keep them from the cold.

Buck lived at a big house in the sunny Santa Clara Valley. It was Judge Miller's place. It stood back from the road, half hidden among trees. Through the trees, glimpses could be caught of the wide porch. It ran around its four sides. The house was reached by a driveway. It wound through a wide lawn and under the boughs of tall trees. Things were even more spacious in the rear. In the large stables, a dozen grooms and boys worked. There were rows of vine-covered servants' cottages. There were long grape arbors and green fields. There were orchards and berry patches. There was a well pump and a big cement swimming tank. There Judge Miller's boys took their morning plunge and kept cool in the afternoons.



Over this whole domain Buck ruled. Here he was born. Here he had lived the four years of his life. There were other dogs. There could not help but be other dogs on so vast a place. But those dogs did not count. They came and went. They lived in the kennels or in the house. There was Toots, the Japanese chin, and Ysabel, the Mexican hairless. These odd creatures rarely put nose outdoors or set foot to ground. On the other hand, there were the fox terriers, twenty of them. They yelped fearful threats at Toots and Ysabel, who looked out of the windows.

Buck was neither a house dog nor a kennel dog. The whole realm was his. He plunged into the swimming tank or went hunting with the Judge's sons. He went with Molly and Alice, the Judge's daughters, on long walks. On cold nights, he lay at the Judge's feet before the roaring fire. He carried the Judge's grandsons on his back or rolled them in the grass. He guarded them in their adventures down to the stable and the berry patches. Among the terriers he walked like royalty. Toots and Ysabel he ignored. He was king over all things of Judge Miller's place, humans included.

His father, Elmo, was a huge St. Bernard. He had been the Judge's favorite companion. Buck meant to follow in his father's place. He was not as large; he weighed just 140 pounds. His mother had been a Scotch shepherd dog. Even so, 140 pounds, to which was added the dignity that comes of universal respect, let him carry himself in a regal manner. During the years since his birth, he had developed a pride that was a bit selfish, like country gentlemen sometimes are. Hunting and running had kept down the fat and hardened his muscles. He loved to swim. This was Buck in the fall of 1897, when the Klondike strike drew men from all the world into the frozen North.



Element Focus: Language Usage

What are some comparisons you could add to the story?

Excerpt from

Call of the Wild

by Jack London

Buck did not read the newspapers, or he would have known that trouble was brewing. Every dog, strong of muscle and with warm hair, from Puget Sound to San Diego was in danger. Men groping in the Arctic darkness had found a yellow metal. When steamship companies had boasted the find, thousands of men rushed North. These men wanted dogs—heavy dogs, with strong muscles by which to toil and thick fur coats to protect them from the bitter cold.

Buck lived at a big house in the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley. It was called Judge Miller's place. It stood back from the road, half hidden among the trees. Through the trees, glimpses could be caught of the wide porch that ran around its four sides. The house was reached by a driveway which wound through a wide-spreading lawn and under the boughs of tall poplars. Things were even more spacious in the rear. There were large stables, where a dozen grooms and boys worked, rows of vine-covered servants' cottages, long grape arbors, green pastures, orchards, and berry patches. There was the pump for the well, and a big cement swimming tank. There Judge Miller's boys took their morning plunge and kept cool in the hot afternoons.



Over this whole domain Buck ruled. Here he was born, and here he had lived the four years of his life. There were other dogs. There could not help but be other dogs on so vast a place. But they did not count. They came and went, resided in the kennels, or lived in the house. There was Toots, the Japanese chin, and Ysabel, the Mexican hairless. These strange creatures rarely put nose out of doors or set foot to ground. On the other hand, there were the fox terriers, twenty of them. They yelped fearful threats at Toots and Ysabel, who looked out of the windows.

Buck was neither a house dog nor a kennel dog. The whole realm was his. He plunged into the swimming tank or went hunting with the Judge's sons. He escorted Molly and Alice, the Judge's daughters, on their twilight or early morning walks. On wintry nights he lay at the Judge's feet before the roaring fire. He carried the Judge's grandsons on his back or rolled them in the grass. He guarded them in their wild adventures down to the stable yard and the berry patches. Among the terriers he stalked like royalty. Toots and Ysabel he ignored. He was king over all things of Judge Miller's place, humans included.

His father was Elmo, a huge St. Bernard. He had been the Judge's favorite companion, and Buck meant to follow in his father's footsteps. He was not as large; he weighed only 140 pounds. His mother had been a Scotch shepherd dog. Nevertheless, 140 pounds, to which was added the dignity that comes of universal respect, allowed him to carry himself in a regal manner. During the years since his birth, he had developed a pride in himself that was a bit egotistical, as country gentlemen sometimes are. Hunting and running had kept down the fat and hardened his muscles, and he loved to swim. This was Buck in the fall of 1897, when the Klondike strike pulled men from all the world into the frozen North.



Element Focus: Language Usage

What words could be substituted for others in the story?

Excerpt from

Call of the Wild

by Jack London

.....

Buck did not read the newspapers, or he would have known that trouble was brewing. It was not just for himself, but for every dog, strong of muscle and with warm hair, from Puget Sound to San Diego. Men groping in the Arctic darkness had found a yellow metal. When steamship companies had boasted the find, thousands of men went rushing North. These men wanted dogs—heavy dogs, with strong muscles by which to toil and thick fur coats to protect them from the bitter cold.

Buck lived at a big house in the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley called Judge Miller's place. It stood back from the road, half hidden among the trees, through which glimpses could be caught of the wide porch that ran around its four sides. The house was approached by a driveway which wound through a wide-spreading lawn and under the boughs of tall poplars. Things were even more spacious in the rear. There were large stables, where a dozen grooms and boys worked, rows of vine-covered servants' cottages, long grape arbors, green pastures, orchards, and berry patches. There was the pump for the well, and a big cement swimming tank where Judge Miller's boys took their morning plunge and kept cool in the hot afternoons.



Over this whole domain Buck ruled. Here he was born, and here he had lived the four years of his life. There were other dogs—there could not help but be other dogs on so vast a place—but they did not count. They came and went, resided in the kennels, or lived in the house. There was Toots, the Japanese chin, and Ysabel, the Mexican hairless,—strange creatures that rarely put nose out of doors or set foot to ground. On the other hand, there were the fox terriers—twenty of them. They yelped fearful threats at Toots and Ysabel, who looked out of the windows.

Buck was neither a house dog nor a kennel dog. The whole realm was his. He plunged into the swimming tank or went hunting with the Judge's sons. He escorted Molly and Alice, the Judge's daughters, on long twilight or early morning walks. On wintry nights he lay at the Judge's feet before the roaring fire. He carried the Judge's grandsons on his back, or rolled them in the grass, and guarded their footsteps on their wild adventures down to the stable yard and the berry patches. Among the terriers he stalked imperiously. Toots and Ysabel he ignored, for he was king over all things of Judge Miller's place, humans included.

His father, Elmo, a huge St. Bernard, had been the Judge's favorite companion, and Buck meant to follow in his father's footsteps. He was not as large—he weighed only 140 pounds—for his mother had been a Scotch shepherd dog. Nevertheless, 140 pounds, to which was added the dignity that comes of universal respect, enabled him to carry himself in a regal manner. During the four years since his birth, he had developed a pride in himself and was even a bit egotistical, as country gentlemen sometimes become. Hunting and running had kept down the fat and hardened his muscles, and he loved to swim. This was Buck in the fall of 1897, when the Klondike strike pulled men from all the world into the frozen North.



Element Focus: Language Usage

In what ways did language usage help you understand the description of each dog?