





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How to Use This Book *(cont.)*

	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>Our Little Celtic Cousin of Long Ago</i>	2.2	3.5	5.0	6.7*
<i>The Store Boy</i>	2.2	3.5	5.5*	6.6
<i>The Rover Boys at School</i>	2.1	3.2	5.1*	6.7
Character Passages				
<i>The Prince and the Pauper</i>	2.2	3.5	5.3*	6.5
<i>A Little Princess</i>	2.2	3.5	5.5	6.6*
<i>Rainbow Valley</i>	2.2	3.4	5.0*	6.6
<i>Little Women</i>	1.5	3.5*	5.0	6.7
Plot Passages				
<i>The Lords of the Wild</i>	2.2	3.4	5.3*	6.5
<i>Kidnapped</i>	2.2	3.0	5.5*	7.2
<i>In the Days of the Guild</i>	2.2	3.4	5.0	6.6*
<i>Anne of Green Gables</i>	2.2	3.4	5.0	7.1*
Language Usage Passages				
<i>The Puritan Twins</i>	2.2	3.5	5.0	6.5*
<i>The Red Badge of Courage</i>	2.2	3.5	5.2*	6.5
<i>The Secret Garden</i>	1.9	3.2	5.0	6.5*
<i>The Guns of Bull Run</i>	2.2	3.5	5.0	7.1*

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

Excerpt from

The Red Badge of Courage

by Stephen Crane

A fat soldier tried to steal a horse. He planned to load his backpack upon it. He was escaping with his prize. A young girl rushed from the house. She grabbed the animal's mane. There followed a wrangle. The young girl had pink cheeks. She had shining eyes. She stood like a statue.

The regiment was observant. The soldiers were in the roadway. They whooped at once. They were on the side of the girl. The men became engrossed in this affair. They entirely ceased to remember their own large war. They jeered the piratical private. They called attention to various defects in his personal appearance. They were wildly enthusiastic in support of the young girl.

Someone spoke to her. The words came from some distance. It was bold advice. "Hit him with a stick!"

There were crows. There were catcalls. They were showered upon him. He retreated without the horse. The regiment rejoiced at his downfall. Loud congratulations were showered upon the girl. She stood panting. She regarded the troops with defiance.

It was nightfall. The column broke into regimental pieces. The fragments camped the fields. Tents sprang up like strange plants. Campfires were like red, strange blossoms. They dotted the night.

The youth stayed away from his companions. In the evening, he wandered a few paces into the gloom. He saw the many fires. There were black forms of men passing to and fro before the crimson rays. The forms made weird effects.



The boy lay down in the grass. The blades pressed kindly against his cheek. The moon had been lighted. It was hung in a treetop. The night was a liquid stillness. It made him feel vast pity for himself. There was a caress in the soft winds. The whole mood of the darkness was one of sympathy for himself in his distress.

He wished that he was at home. He wanted to make endless rounds. He would go from the house to the barn to the field and back. He had often cursed the brindle cow. He also cursed her mates. He had sometimes flung milking stools. Now there was a halo of happiness about each of their heads. He would have sacrificed a lot to be able to return to them. He told himself that he was not formed for a soldier. He thought about his differences. He was not like the men who were dodging implike around the fires.

He heard the rustle of grass. He turned his head. He discovered the loud soldier. He called out, "Oh, Wilson!"



The latter approached. He looked down. "Why, hello Henry. Is it you? What you doing here?"

"Oh, thinking," said the youth.

The other sat down. He lighted his pipe. He did this carefully. "You are getting blue, my boy. What the dickens is wrong with you?"

"Oh, nothing," said the youth.

The loud soldier launched into the subject of the coming fight. "Oh, we have got them now!" He had a boyish face. It showed a gleeful smile. His voice had an exultant ring. "We have got them now. We will lick them good!"

"The truth may be known," he added. This time he said it more soberly. "They have licked US about every clip up to now. This time we will lick them good!"

Element Focus: Language Usage

What is the setting that is detailed using descriptive language?

Excerpt from

The Red Badge of Courage

by Stephen Crane

A rather fat soldier attempted to pilfer a horse from a dooryard. He planned to load his backpack upon it. He was escaping with his prize. A young girl rushed from the house. She grabbed the animal's mane. There followed a wrangle. The young girl had pink cheeks and shining eyes. She stood like a bold statue.

The observant regiment was standing at rest in the roadway. They whooped at once. They entered whole-souled upon the side of the maiden. The men became very engrossed in this affair. They entirely ceased to remember their own large war. They jeered the piratical private. They called attention to various defects in his personal appearance. They were wildly excited in support of the young girl.

To her, from some distance, came bold advice. "Hit him with a stick!"

There were crows and catcalls showered upon him when he retreated without the horse. The regiment cheered at his downfall. Loud and vociferous congratulations were showered upon the girl. She stood panting and regarding the troops with defiance.

At nightfall, the column broke into regimental pieces. The fragments went into the fields to camp. Tents sprang up like strange plants. Campfires, like red, strange blossoms, dotted the night.

The youth kept from contact with his companions as much as circumstances would allow him. In the evening, he wandered a few paces into the gloom. From this little distance, he saw the many fires. The black forms of men passing to and fro before the crimson rays made weird and satanic effects.



He lay down in the grass. The blades pressed tenderly against his cheek. The moon had been lighted. It was hung in a treetop. The liquid stillness of the night enveloping him made him feel vast pity for himself. There was a caress in the soft winds. The whole mood of the darkness, he thought, was one of sympathy for himself in his distress.

He wished, without reserve, that he was at home again. He wanted to make the endless rounds from the house to the barn. Then he would go from the barn to the fields. Then from the fields to the barn. Finally, he would go from the barn to the house. He remembered he had often cursed the brindle cow and her mates. He had sometimes flung milking stools. But, from his present point of view, there was a halo of happiness about each of their heads. He would have sacrificed all the brass buttons on the continent to have been enabled to return to them. He told himself that he was not formed for a soldier. He mused seriously upon the radical differences between himself and those men who were dodging implike around the fires.

As he mused thus, he heard the rustle of grass. Upon turning his head, he discovered the loud soldier. He called out, "Oh, Wilson!"



The latter approached and looked down. "Why, hello Henry. Is it you? What you doing here?"

"Oh, thinking," said the youth.

The other sat down. He carefully lighted his pipe. "You are getting blue, my boy. You are looking thundering peek-ed. What the dickens is wrong with you?"

"Oh, nothing," said the youth.

The loud soldier launched then into the subject of the expected fight. "Oh, we've got 'em now!" As he spoke, his boyish face was wreathed in a thrilled smile. His voice had a happy ring. "We have got 'em now. At last, by the eternal thunders, we'll lick 'em good!"

"If the truth was known," he added, more soberly, "they've licked US about every clip up to now. This time we will lick 'em good!"

Element Focus: Language Usage

What do you visualize when you read about Henry lying down in the grass?

Excerpt from

The Red Badge of Courage

by Stephen Crane

A rather fat soldier tried to steal a horse from a dooryard. He planned to load his knapsack upon it. He was escaping with his prize when a young girl rushed from the house and grabbed the animal's mane. There followed a wrangle. The young girl, with pink cheeks and shining eyes, stood like a dauntless statue.

The observant regiment, standing at rest in the roadway, whooped at once, and entered whole-souled upon the side of the maiden. The men became so engrossed in this affair that they fully ceased to remember their own large war. They jeered the piratical private, and called attention to various defects in his personal appearance; and they were wildly enthusiastic in support of the young girl.

To her, from some distance, came bold advice. "Hit him with a stick."

There were crows and catcalls showered upon him when he retreated without the horse. The regiment rejoiced at his downfall. Loud and vociferous congratulations were showered upon the maiden, who stood panting and regarding the troops with defiance.

At nightfall, the column broke into regimental pieces, and the fragments went into the fields to camp. Tents sprang up like strange plants. Campfires, like red, peculiar blossoms, dotted the night.

The youth kept from contact with his companions as much as circumstances would allow him. In the evening, he wandered a few paces into the gloom. From this little distance, the many fires with the black forms of men passing to and fro before the crimson rays made weird and satanic effects.



He lay down in the grass. The blades pressed kindly against his cheek. The moon had been lighted and was hung in a treetop. The liquid stillness of the night enveloping him made him feel vast pity for himself. There was a caress in the soft winds; and the whole mood of the darkness, he thought, was one of sympathy for himself in his distress.

He wished, without reserve, that he was at home again making the endless rounds from the house to the barn, from the barn to the fields, from the fields to the barn, from the barn to the house. He remembered he had often cursed the brindle cow and her mates, and had sometimes flung milking stools. But, from his present point of view, there was a halo of happiness about each of their heads, and he would have sacrificed all the brass buttons on the continent to have been enabled to return to them. He told himself that he was not formed for a soldier. And he mused seriously upon the radical differences between himself and those men who were dodging implike around the fires.

As he mused thus he heard the rustle of grass, and, upon turning his head, discovered the loud soldier. He called out, "Oh, Wilson!"



The latter approached and looked down. "Why, hello, Henry; is it you? What you doing here?"

"Oh, thinking," said the youth.

The other sat down and carefully lighted his pipe. "You're getting blue my boy. You're looking thundering peek-ed. What the dickens is wrong with you?"

"Oh, nothing," said the youth.

The loud soldier launched then into the subject of the anticipated fight. "Oh, we've got 'em now!" As he spoke his boyish face was wreathed in a gleeful smile, and his voice had an exultant ring. "We've got 'em now. At last, by the eternal thunders, we'll lick 'em good!"

"If the truth was known," he added, more soberly, "they've licked US about every clip up to now; but this time—this time—we'll lick 'em good!"

Element Focus: Language Usage

What words does the author use to describe the tents and campfires, and what does this description make you visualize as you read?

Excerpt from

The Red Badge of Courage

by Stephen Crane

A rather fat soldier attempted to pilfer a horse from a dooryard as he planned to load his knapsack upon it. He was escaping with his prize when a young girl rushed from the house and grabbed the animal's mane, and there followed a wrangle. The young girl, with pink cheeks and shining eyes, stood like a dauntless statue.

The observant regiment, standing at rest in the roadway, whooped at once, and entered whole-souled upon the side of the maiden. The men became so engrossed in this affair that they entirely ceased to remember their own large war while they jeered the piratical private, and called attention to various defects in his personal appearance; and they were wildly enthusiastic in support of the young girl.

To her, from some distance, came bold advice. "Hit him with a stick!"

There were crows and catcalls showered upon him when he retreated without the horse as the regiment rejoiced at his downfall. Loud and vociferous congratulations were showered upon the maiden, who stood panting and regarding the troops with defiance.

At nightfall, the column broke into regimental pieces, and the fragments went into the fields to camp. Tents sprang up like strange plants. Campfires, like red, peculiar blossoms, dotted the night.

The youth kept from contact with his companions as much as circumstances would allow him. In the evening, he wandered a few paces into the gloom. From this little distance, the many fires with the black forms of men passing to and fro before the crimson rays made weird and satanic effects.



He lay down in the grass while the blades pressed tenderly against his cheek. The moon had been lighted and was hung in a treetop. The liquid stillness of the night enveloping him made him feel vast pity for himself. There was a caress in the soft winds; and the whole mood of the darkness, he thought, was one of sympathy for himself in his distress.

He wished, without reserve, that he was at home again making the endless rounds from the house to the barn, from the barn to the fields, from the fields to the barn, from the barn to the house. He remembered he had often cursed the brindle cow and her mates, and had sometimes flung milking stools—but, from his present point of view, there was a halo of happiness about each of their heads, and he would have sacrificed all the brass buttons on the continent to have been enabled to return to them. He told himself that he was not formed for a soldier, and he mused seriously upon the radical differences between himself and those men who were dodging implike around the fires.

As he mused thus, he heard the rustle of grass, and, upon turning his head, discovered the loud soldier as he called out, “Oh, Wilson!”



The latter approached and looked down. “Why, hello, Henry; is it you? What you doing here?”

“Oh, thinking,” said the youth.

The other sat down and carefully lighted his pipe. “You’re getting blue, my boy; you’re looking thundering peek-ed. What the dickens is wrong with you?”

“Oh, nothing,” said the youth.

The loud soldier launched then into the subject of the anticipated fight. “Oh, we’ve got ’em now!” As he spoke, his boyish face was wreathed in a gleeful smile, and his voice had an exultant ring. “We’ve got ’em now, at last, by the eternal thunders, we’ll lick ’em good!”

“If the truth was known,” he added, more soberly, “they’ve licked US about every clip up to now; but this time—this time—we’ll lick ’em good!”

Element Focus: Language Usage

What examples of simile and metaphor can you find in this story? Why do you think the author used this style of writing?