

I Can Read!™

BEGINNING

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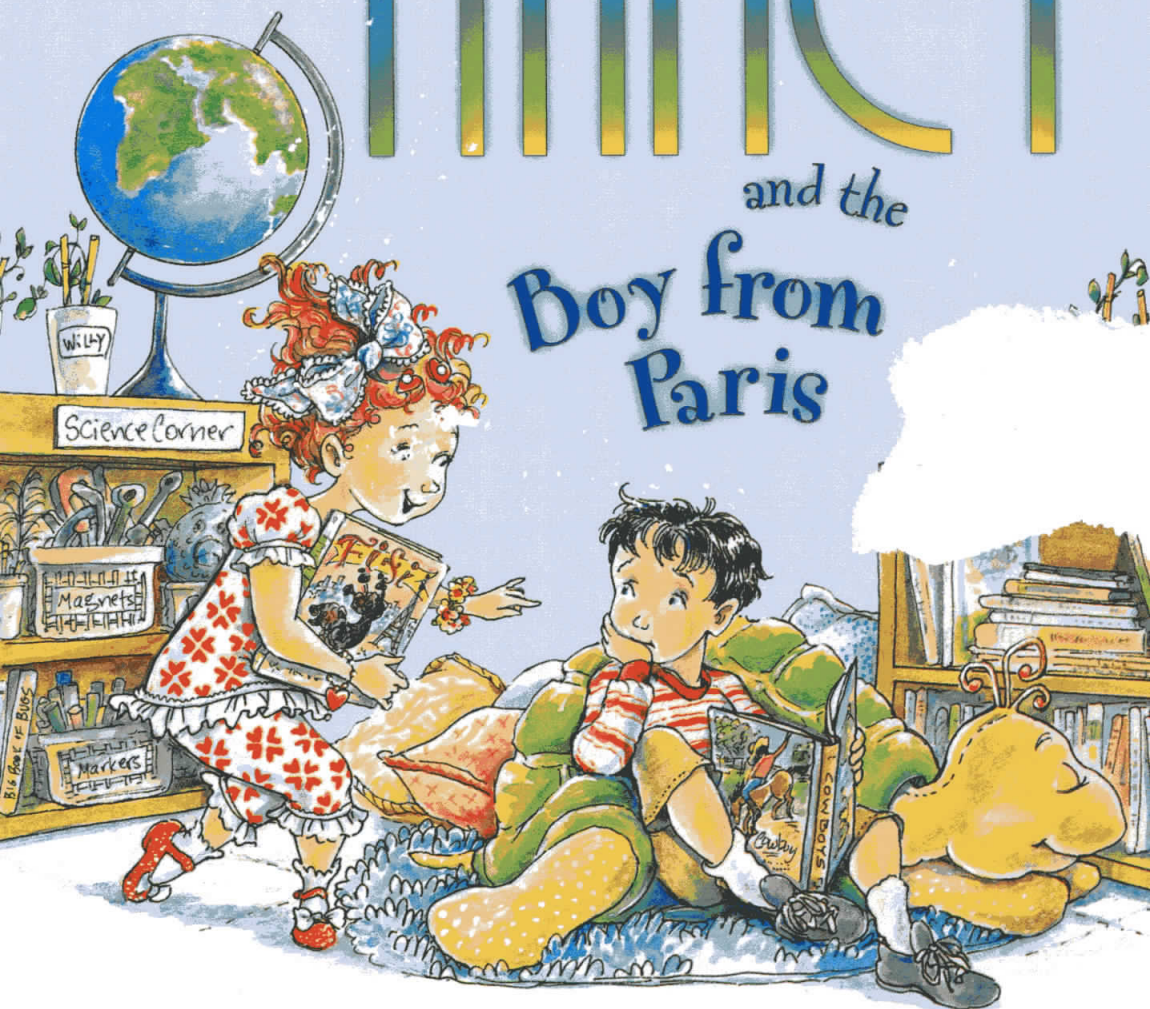
READING

Fancy

NANCY

and the

Boy from
Paris



by Jane O'Connor

pictures based on the art of Robin Preiss Glasser

I almost always get to school early.

But on Monday I am tardy.

(That's a fancy word for late.)

I come in and see a new kid.

He is standing next to Ms. Glass.





“Robert comes from Paris!”

Ms. Glass is telling everyone.

“He just moved here.”



Paris!

Paris is a city in France.

It is gorgeous.

(That is a fancy word for beautiful.)

“Bonjour,” I say in the book nook.

(In French that means “hello.”)

“I am Nancy.

I never met anybody

from Paris before.”

I speak slowly so he will understand.



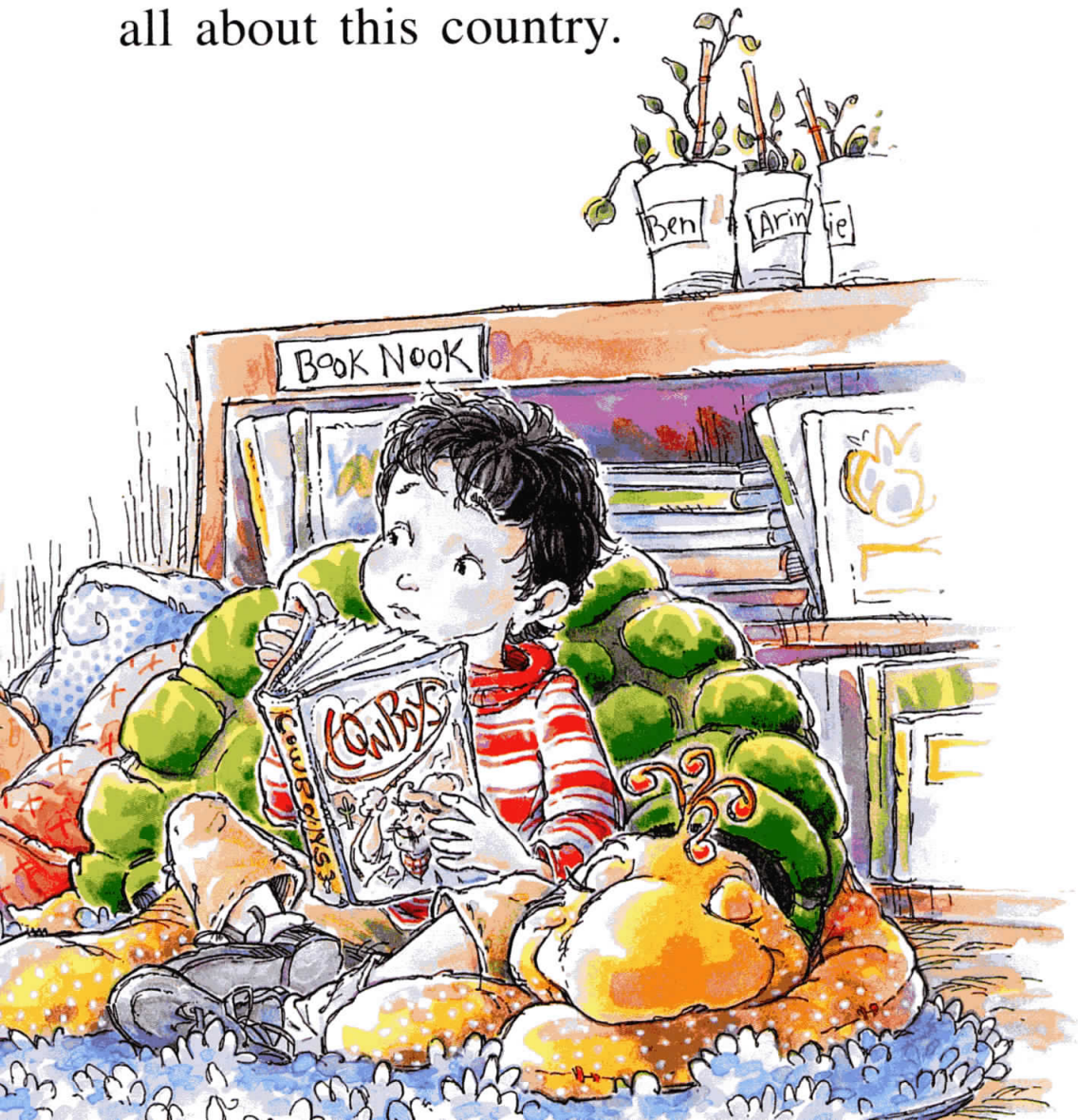
“It’s really nice there,” Robert says.

“I miss it.”

He has a book on cowboys.

He probably wants to learn

all about this country.





“I want to go there someday.”

I show him my book.

It is about a dog in Paris.

“Do you like the United States?”

“Yes,” says Robert. “Don’t you?”

“Yes, I do,” I say.

“I’ve lived here all my life.”

Then Ms. Glass puts a finger
to her mouth.

“This is not talking time,” she says.

“This is reading time.”





On Tuesday

I sit next to Robert at lunch.

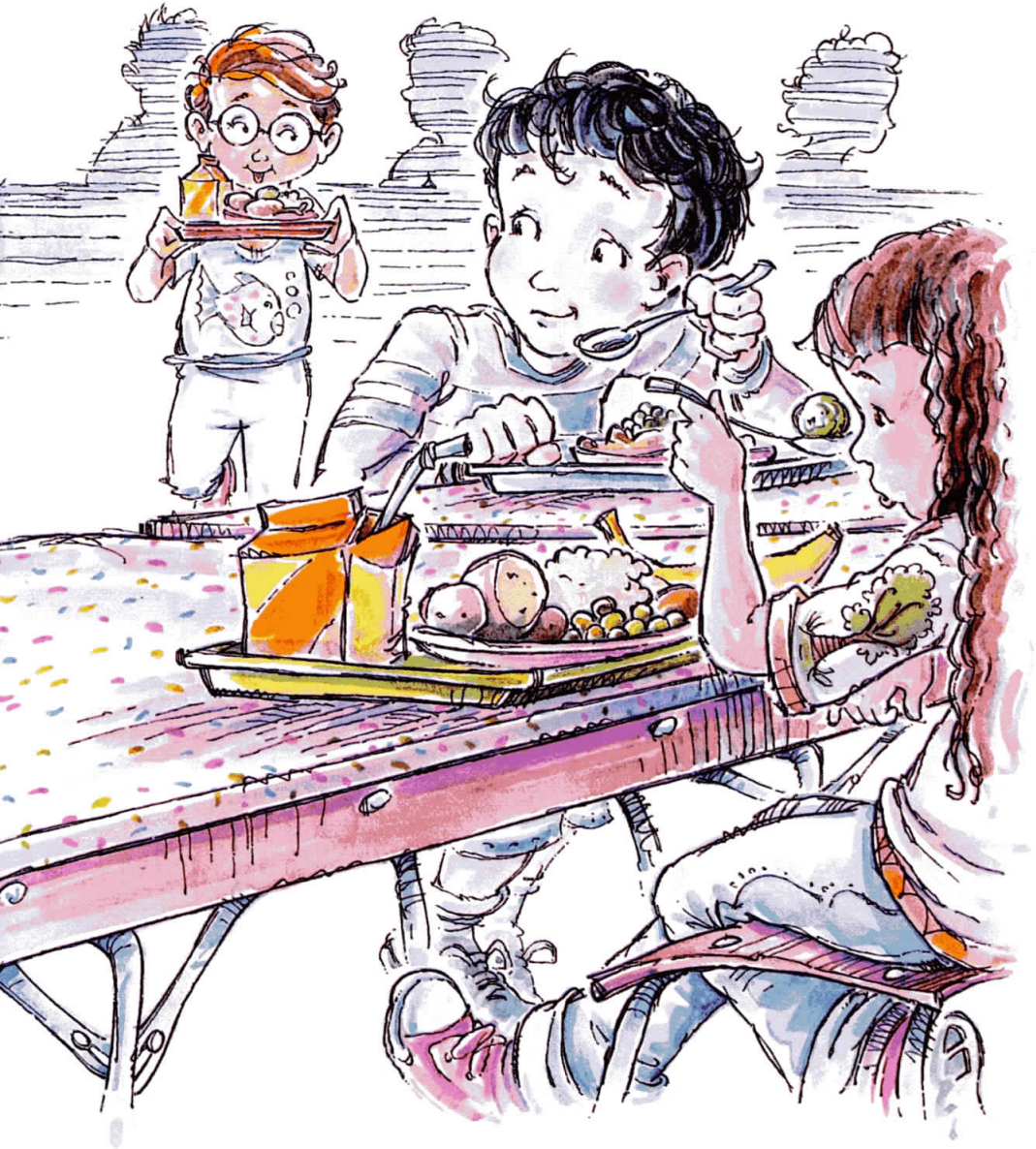
“Have you ever been
to the Eiffel Tower?”

I ask him.

Robert nods and swallows.

“Lots of times.

Our house was near it.”



I tell Robert,
“I know about the Eiffel Tower.
There’s a poster of it in my room.
I know lots about Paris.”



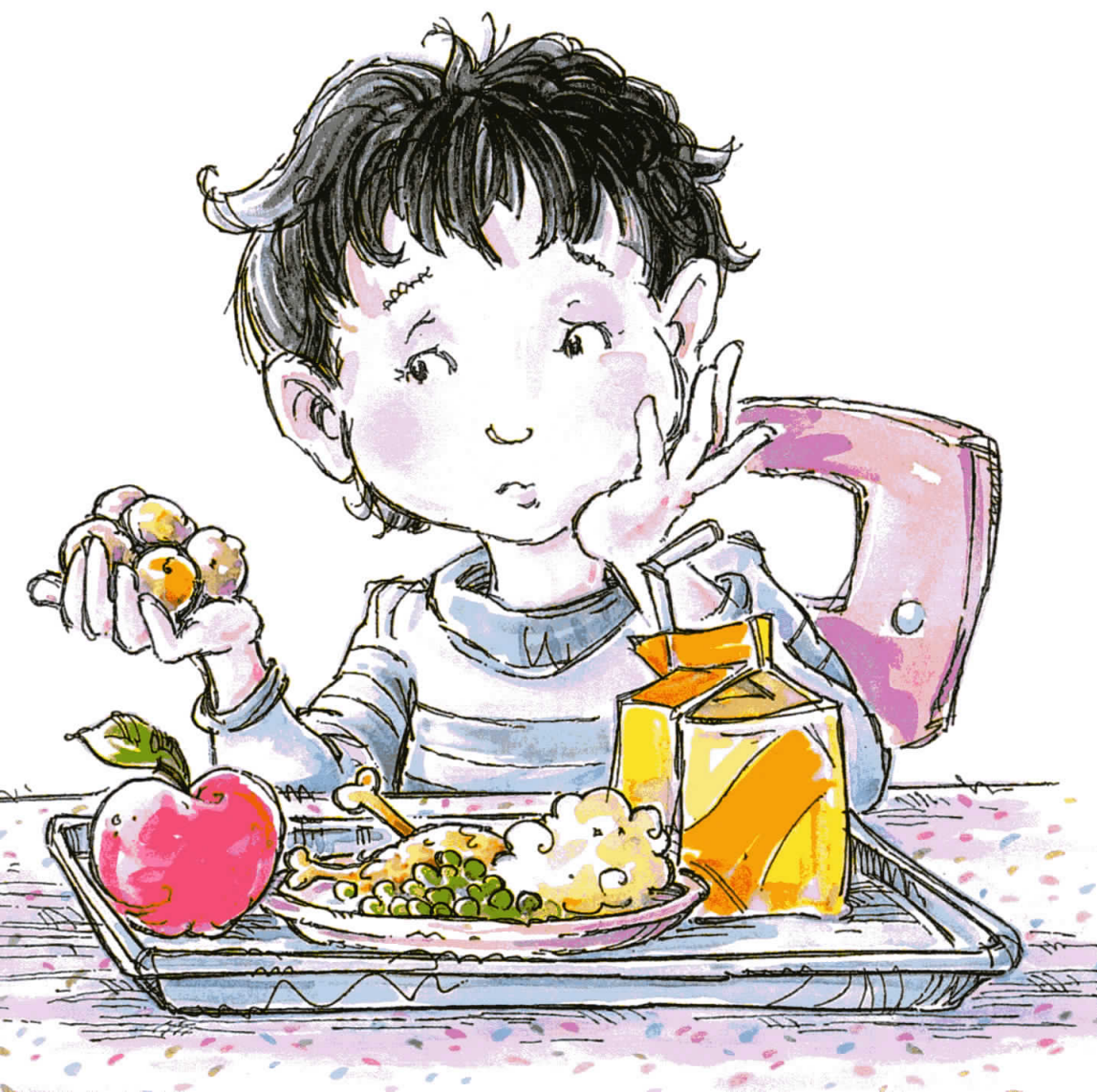
I share some of my lunch.

“These are donut holes,” I say.

Robert gives me a funny look.

“I know that.

I have eaten donut holes before.”



That night

I tell my mom and dad about Robert.

“He is very nice.

He already speaks English.

I want to be his friend.

How do you say friend in French?”

“The word is *ami*,” my mom says.

“You say it like this: ah-mee.”

I love French.

Everything sounds so fancy!

“Why don’t you ask him

over to play?” my dad says.





So the next day I do.

“We can play soccer.

Did you play soccer in Paris?”



“Sure. All the time,” Robert says.

“I am a good kicker.

I can come on Friday.”

On Thursday it is Show and Share.
Robert brings in a toy horse.
It is brown and white.

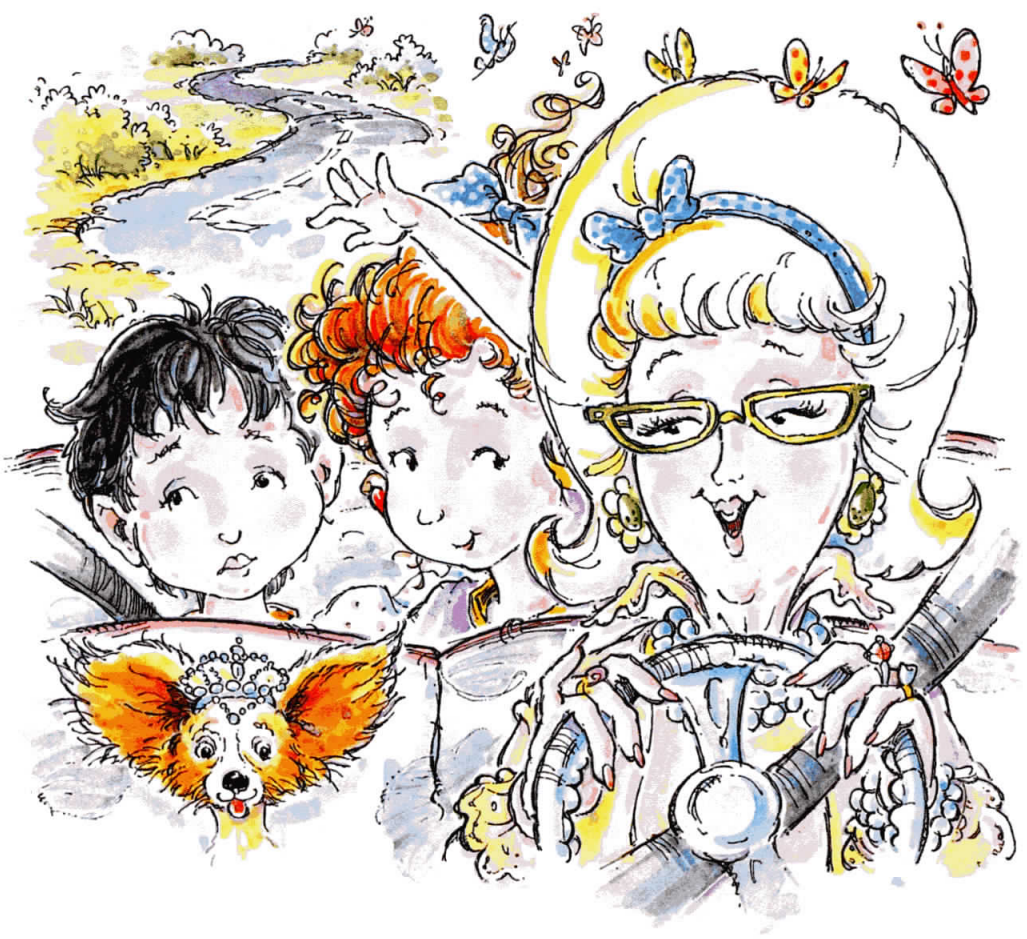


“My grandpa has a horse like this.”
Then Robert passes around a photo.
“I miss her a lot.
Her name is Belle.
In French that means beautiful.”

“Belle,” I say to myself.

Now I know another French word.





On Friday Mom is at work.

Mrs. DeVine picks us up from school.

“Mrs. DeVine lives next door,”

I tell Robert.

“Robert is from Paris,”

I tell Mrs. DeVine.

At home

we make a tent in the yard.

We pretend bears are outside.

We pretend to be terrified.

(That's a fancy word for scared.)



Then we play soccer.

We let my little sister play too.

Robert is a great kicker.

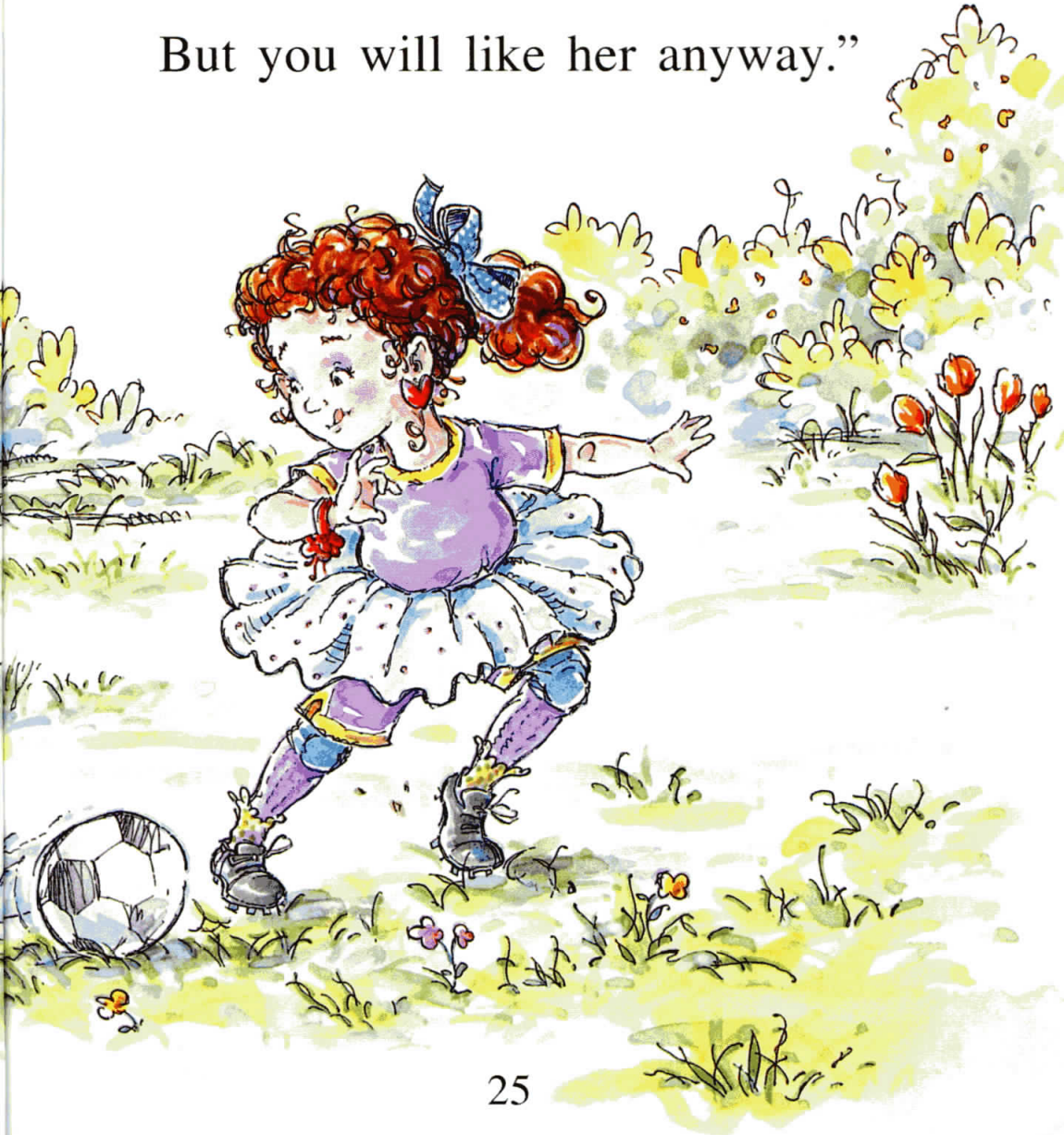


My dog runs around the yard.

“That’s Frenchy,” I tell Robert.

“She is not really French.

But you will like her anyway.”



We go inside and

I show Robert my room.

“See? There’s the Eiffel Tower,”

I say.



“Yes,” says Robert.

“But that one does not
have a cowboy hat on it.

That Eiffel Tower is in Paris, France.

It is taller, and it is more famous.

But we have an Eiffel Tower too.

Our Eiffel Tower has a cowboy hat
on the top.”



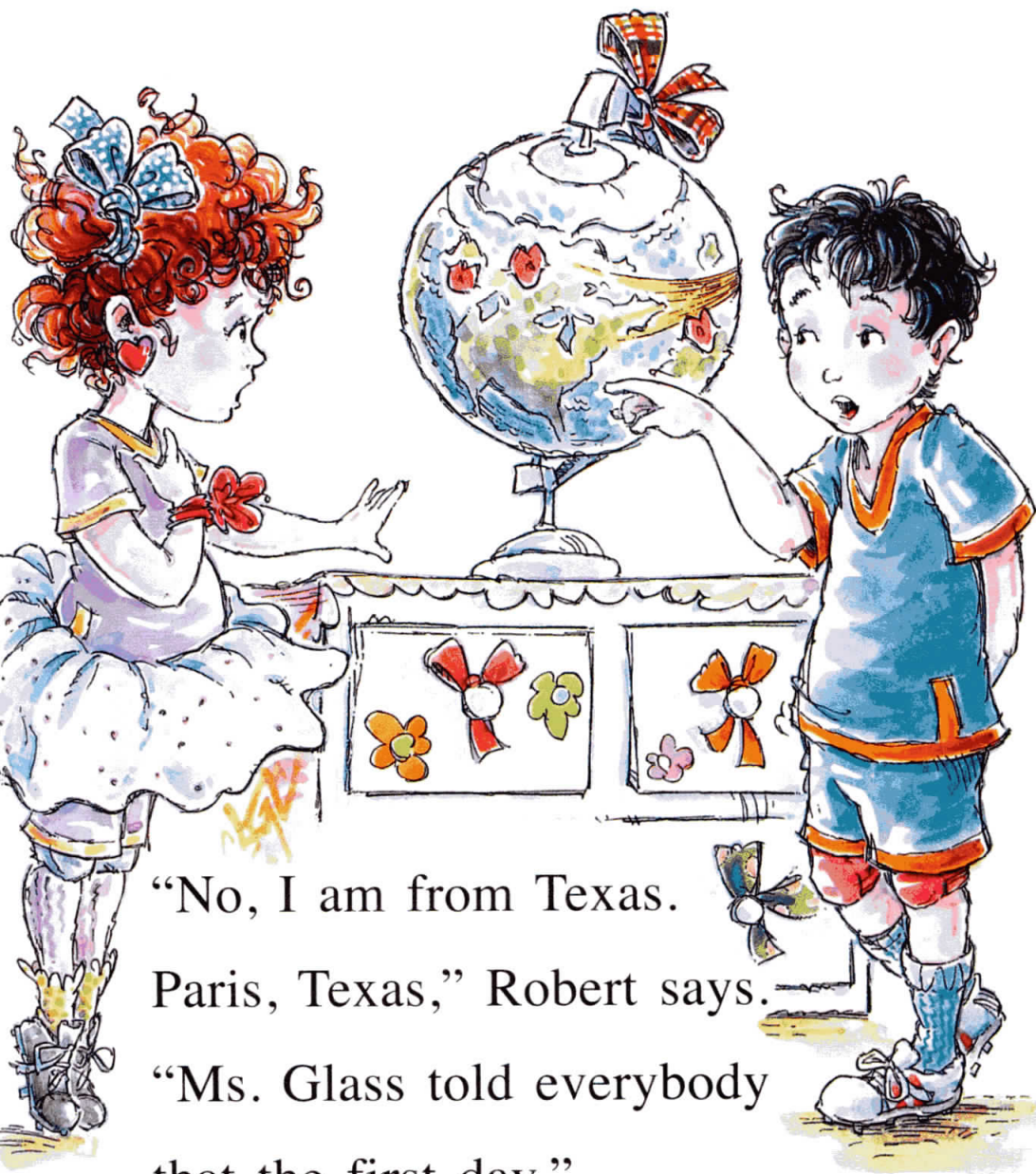
Wait a minute! I am very perplexed.

(That's a fancy word for mixed up.)

“But you're from Paris, France,” I say.

“Aren't you?”





“No, I am from Texas.
Paris, Texas,” Robert says.

“Ms. Glass told everybody
that the first day.”

Robert shows me Paris, Texas,
on my globe.

Oh!

I guess I missed that part.

And I feel a little silly.

But not for long.



After all,
I have a new *ami*,
even if he isn't French.

