

Name: \_\_\_\_\_



# Classroom Cereal

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Story 24

Part 1 of 5

## “Kettle Cross Christmas”

### Part 1 of 5: Layers

“Layers, son,” said Charles’s dad. “It’s all about the layers.”

Their car was inching along a back road somewhere on the south side of Fairview. The final school bell of December had rung only an hour earlier, but the sun was already all most all the way down, leaving behind a purplish winter sky that looked like it was ready to burst. White and gold Christmas lights were beginning to blink to life along the street. Charles was in the passenger seat, squirming out of the puffy jacket he’d been forced to put on before leaving the house.

“That’s the most important layer,” his dad said. “Especially tonight. The snow’s supposed to start soon”

“I don’t need it,” Charles said. He smoothed the front of his sweatshirt so the shiny ironed-on words were lying flat. *Fairview Middle School Basketball*. Charles gently reached for his sleeve and grazed his fingers over the stiched cursive lettering. *Charles*.

His dad glanced over. He understood.

“Here’s the deal,” he said. “Tonight you can reverse layer. Jacket *under* sweatshirt. How’s that?”

They pulled into the parking lot of Kettle Cross Middle school, the other middle school in Fairview. Charles slithered into his new layer arrangement and reached for the door.

“Thanks, dad.”

“You no it, pal. Have fun, be safe, and give Raymond a fist bump for me.”

#### Directions

1. Read the story
2. Find the five errors
3. Mark the errors using the key

#### Key

-  - Spelling error
-  - Add punctuation
-  - Capitalize letter
-  - Remove word
-  - Wrong word
-  - Move word
-  - Make letter lower case

#### Checklist

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.

#### Question

Why does Charles not want to wear his jacket?

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_



# Classroom Cereal

## Story 24 Part 2 of 5

### “Kettle Cross Christmas”

#### Part 2 of 5: The Kettle Cross Christmas Sleigh Ride

Raymond was Charles’s best friend from elementary school. After fifth grade, Charles went to Fairview Middle and Raymond went to Kettle Cross. They hadn’t seen each other much since School started. On this night, though, Raymond had invited Charles to his new school’s favorite tradition — the Kettle Cross Christmas Sleigh Ride.

“That’s the gym,” Raymond said proudly, pointing at the school. He was leading Charles across the bus loop, which was aglow with strands of Christmas lights stretching around the perimeter. “We have a really good wrestling team. One of my friends is on it. That’s the cafeteria. You can get fries every day.”

They around the corner went of the building and came to a cluster of tennis courts. Spread across the courts were groups of people huddled around small barrel fires. They were all bundled up, holding cups of hot chocolate. The same type of lights that illuminated the bus loop were strung across the tennis courts. Behind the courts sat a huge old-fashioned carriage, complete with actual sleigh bells and two real clydesdale horses to pull it. The carriage was packed with, kids.

“Come on!” Raymond said. “My friends are saving us a spot. They’re eighth graders.”

They ran to the carriage and Raymond waved at a group of boys near the front. They didn’t see him, though, and there were know free seats around them. There were no free seats at all. Raymond and Charles had to sneak onto the very back of the carriage, onto a part that wasn’t even meant to be used as a seat.

“We’ll catch up with them later,” Raymond said, but his voice had lost some of its excitement.

#### Directions

1. Read the story
2. Find the five errors
3. Mark the errors using the key

#### Key

- Spelling error
- Add punctuation
- Capitalize letter
- Remove word
- Wrong word
- Move word
- Make letter lower case

#### Checklist

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.

#### Question

Raymond keeps talking about his “friends.” What do we know about them?

Name: \_\_\_\_\_



# Classroom Cereal

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Story 24

Part 3 of 5

## “Kettle Cross Christmas”

### Part 3 of 5: Bumps

#### Directions

1. Read the story
2. Find the five errors
3. Mark the errors using the key

“Back in the nineteenth century,” bellowed a man in a fur hat at the front of the sleigh, “President Martin Van Buren was a frequent Fairview visitor. The path of tonight’s sleigh ride is the same path he woulda taken on his way in from Washington. Now, hold on tight!”

The clydesdales picked up their feet and the carriage jolted forward, causing Charles and Raymond to cling to the back of the seat in front of them. Once they were steady, Charles smoothed the front of his sweatshirt and pressed his gloved finger’s to the lettering on the sleeve.

“Guess what,” he said. “We had basketball tryouts a few weeks ago, and—” But he stopped when he looked over at Raymond, who was craning his neck, trying to see the eighth graders at the front of the carriage.

“Oh, cool. My School has a wrestling team. Some of my friends are on it,” Raymond said, still trying to see what was going on at the front of the sleigh. They hit a bump and both of they instinctively flung their arms around the seat in front of them.

“Soon we’ll be coming to the bridge over Kettle Creek, or Kettle Cross, as visitors to Fairview called it,” shouted the old man in the fur hat.

Charles tugged his sleeve. “Check out—”

They hit another, bigger bump, sending Charles and Raymond flying out of their makeshift seats and off of the carriage. Sprawled in the dirt they looked up to see the carriage continuing onward, further into the forest and eventually out of sight.

#### Key

- Spelling error
- Add punctuation
- Capitalize letter
- Remove word
- Wrong word
- Move word
- Make letter lower case

#### Checklist

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.

#### Questions

How would you feel if you were Charles?

Why?

Name: \_\_\_\_\_



# Classroom Cereal

## Story 24 Part 4 of 5

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

### “Kettle Cross Christmas”

#### Part 4 of 5: Blame Game

Charles pushed himself up and Charles reached automatically for his sleeve.

“My sweatshirt!” he yelled, feeling the beginning of tears deep in his throat. There was a hole in the elbow where it had scraped against the dirt. “My basketball sweatshirt is ruined because we couldn’t even get real seats for your *stupid* sleigh ride!”

“You think this is *my* fault?” Raymond replied, still on the ground. “If you hadn’t gotten here so late, my friends coulda saved us seats and we wouldn’t have had to sneak on the back!”

Charles felt the tears surging to the surface. He put his gloved fingers through the hole in his sweatshirt, a few inches above the stitched-on *C h a r l e s*. Then he was hit with a whole new emotion. Fear.

“we snuck on the sleigh,” he said. “That means no one even knew we were on it. That means no one nos we fell off.”

The once-purple sky was now totally black. The clop of the trotting clydesdales was now a slight echo far off in the forest.

“What do we do?” Raymond asked, his voice shaky.

“We walk out,” Charles said, straightening up. “The man said we were almost to the bridge. Maybe they stopped there”

Charles started marching down the path, not bothering to wait for Raymond to get to his feet.

#### Directions

1. Read the story
2. Find the five errors
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#### Key

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- Wrong word
- Move word
- Make letter lower case

#### Checklist

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.

#### Question

Why are Charles and Raymond in trouble?

Name: \_\_\_\_\_



# Classroom Cereal

Story 24

Part 5 of 5

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

## “Kettle Cross Christmas”

### Part 5 of 5: Ray Charles

#### Directions

1. Read the story
2. Find the five errors
3. Mark the errors using the key

After what felt like a mile of silence, Raymond finally spoke up.

“Those eighth graders aren’t really my friends,” he said.

Charles slowed down a little kicked at the dirt. “I figured.”

“I’m sorry about your sweatshirt. Wait, you made Fairview’s basketball team? That’s awesome, man!”

“Well,” Charles said, coming to a stop. “Know. My dad bought me this sweatshirt and sewed my name on the sleeve” He kicked a rock into the trees. “I guess I wanted you to think I was on the team.”

Without another word, they kept trudging down the dark dirt path. Soon they came to an old wooden bridge. Underneath was a silvery creek, its steady flowing water fighting off the ice trying to form on its edges. Charles and Raymond leaned against the rail of the bridge and looked down.

“Do you remember how we became friends?” Raymond asked.

“Second grade,” Charles said. “We sat next to each other. Raymond and Charles. Are teacher called us Ray Charles.”

They gazed down into Kettle Cross long enough to see more frost accumulate on the banks. Suddenly, they swore they saw something glittering through the water on the bottom of the creek. Then, when flakes began appearing on the surface and melting into the water, they decided it musta just been the snow. They remembered it was almost Christmas. But instead of thinking about all the new things they might soon be getting, they were just happy in that moment to have an old friend.

#### Key

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-  - Add punctuation
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#### Checklist

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.

#### Questions

In this story, what were Raymond and Charles both trying to do?

Did they learn any lessons?