

PAPA WEASEL



by Teresa Bateman
illustrated by John Joven



POWER UP the read-aloud by pausing briefly at each prompt to support vocabulary and scaffold comprehension.

One spring morning, Sly the weasel popped out of bed ready for **mischief**.

“After all,” he said, “mischief is what weasels do best.”

Before he could pull any tricks, however, he needed breakfast.

Oatmeal? No.

Pancakes? No.

Broccoli? No and no and no.

What his tummy rumbled for was an omelet, and he knew just where to find the eggs.

Sly slipped away to a nearby pond. Hiding behind hills, wading in reeds, at last he spied an **unattended** nest with three duck eggs tucked inside. Yum! Here was his best chance for morning mischief.

He reached out a paw and nabbed one egg, then started to slip away, but...

“A two-egg omelet would be even better,” he decided, grabbing a second egg.

Again he started to leave, but...

“A three-egg omelet it is!” he declared, juggling his **treasures** as he hurried away.

What happens at the beginning of the story? (Sly wakes up ready for mischief and steals three eggs for his breakfast.)

At home he placed the eggs near the warm stove and took out the frying pan.

Suddenly, *crack, crack, crack!*

Out of the eggshells tumbled three surprises.

SUPPORT ENGLISH LEARNERS

Strategy: Use Visuals

Use the illustration on page 107 to identify Sly the weasel and the ducklings. Ask children what they know about these animals.

If something is *unattended*, no one is watching it.

“Papa!” said the first duckling.

“Papa!” said the second duckling.

“Papa!” said the third duckling. *“Quack, quack, quack.”*

Sly leaped back. “I’m not your papa!” he **exclaimed**.

The ducklings crowded closer. He ran outside. They followed him in a quacking line. He led them back to their nest, then dashed home. But there they were, waiting for him outside the door.

What is going on now? *(The eggs hatched, and the ducklings think Sly is their father. He tries but can't get rid of them.)*

Sly looked at the ducklings. Eggs were breakfast, but ducklings were work!

“Hungry,” said the first duckling.

“Hungry,” said the second duckling.

“Hungry,” said the third duckling. *“Quack, quack, quack.”*

Sly sighed. He picked up the frying pan and made a big batch of pancakes.

All spring long, the ducklings followed him everywhere. This made it hard to **swipe** pies from the farmer’s windowsill—until he trained his new flock to cause a **distraction** by riding the farmer’s horse in a three-duck pyramid formation.

The days heated up with the summer sun. The ducklings taught Sly how to swim, and he taught them how to do belly flops, and how to sneak oats from the horse’s feed bag.



Swipe is another word for steal.