



Read-Aloud Impossible

2



Kenny squeezed his eyes and blew into the harmonica. *SQUAWK!*

He took it from his lips and stared at it. He was practicing a new song. It was supposed to sound like warm honey. This was more like a rusty duck.

3



He tried again and again it squawked. Kenny let out a growl. "This is impossible!" he cried.

His mom came in from the next room. "What's wrong, Kenny?"

Kenny put the harmonica down. "I can't learn this song. I'm quitting the harmonica!!"

 **Ask:** "What do you notice? What do you wonder?"

4



"Quitting? But you love the harmonica," his mom said.

"I don't anymore," Kenny said.

His mom looked at Kenny. Then she went to the shelf and took out a book that looked like a photo album.

"What is that?" Kenny asked.

"It's a scrapbook. People use them to collect pictures and other reminders of things that matter to them."

5



“What are you going to do with that?” Kenny asked.

Kenny’s mom smiled. “I thought it’d be nice to make one celebrating all the things you did this year that you thought were *impossible* at first.”

She took out a few shoeboxes from the closet. There were lots of things inside them: photos, stickers, different pieces of paper...

Ask: “What do you notice? What do you wonder?”

6



Kenny’s mom handed him a small orange ticket stub. “Remember this?” It was the ticket for the Bijou Twins concert he went to with his cousin Jules.

“That was so cool,” Kenny said. Kenny slipped the ticket into the sleeves of the scrapbook. “That was the night Jules and I decided to start our band.”

7



Next, Mom pulled up a long piece of paper.

“What’s that?” Kenny asked.

“It’s the receipt for your harmonica,” she said. “When your dad and I wanted to buy it for you, do you remember what you said?”

“I said I wanted to buy it myself,” Kenny said.

“That’s right. You said the music would be sweeter that way.”

Kenny remembered. He’d mowed lawns and walked Mrs. Finnerman’s dog for three weeks to save up for the one he wanted. He added the receipt to the scrapbook.

Ask: “What do you notice? What do you wonder?”

8



Together, Kenny and his mom went through the box, adding more items to the scrapbook.

There was a photo of Kenny practicing with his music teacher. She was amazing; she could blow a single note for fifteen whole seconds using a single breath.

It seemed impossible to Kenny. Whenever he played, he was always gasping for air. But she showed him how to breathe calmly from his stomach. Kenny practiced for two weeks doing breathing exercises. He went from barely being able to blow for three seconds to blowing for twelve!

9



There was also the program from Kenny and Jules' first recital. They even played a song together—*Camptown Races*.

This was an easy song for Kenny now, but at the time, it had also felt impossible. He and Jules practiced together every day. By the night of the recital, they were ready.

10



As Kenny filled the scrapbook, he was amazed by how much he'd accomplished over the last year. No one was great at an instrument right away. You had to put in time—hour by hour, day by day.

Suddenly, Kenny stood up.

11



"Where are you going?" his mom asked. She'd drawn a picture of him and Jules and was taping it into the scrapbook.

Kenny picked up the harmonica. He grinned at his mom. "To practice, of course."

 **Ask:** "What do you notice? What do you wonder?"