



# Read-Aloud Just for Fun

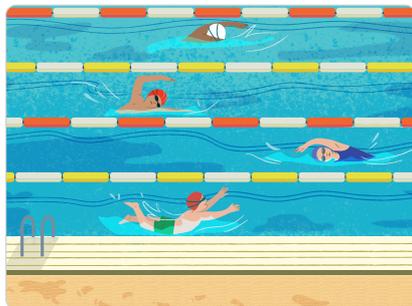
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My sister was a star swimmer. She practiced with her team at the community center.

Today, I was joining her! I couldn't wait. Maybe I'd be awesome at swimming, too.

3



We met Coach Karla at the biggest pool I'd ever seen.

"I'll be in the lane right next to you, Lucas!" Penny said. She dove in with a splash.

I jumped into the cold water, and then I was off! I kicked as hard as I could.

Penny whizzed past me four times as I made my way to the other side of the pool. She was fast and graceful.

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

4



"Isn't swimming the best?" Penny said after practice.

"It's hard," I grumbled, shaking water out of my ear. "Maybe tomorrow will be better."

But after a few days of trying, I was still a slow and clumsy swimmer.

"I'm no good at this," I finally said, and gave Penny her goggles back.

Penny rolled her eyes. "Well, try something else." She handed me a long list of activities the recreation center offered.

There was plenty to choose from. I found something I might be good at. "Soccer, please!"

5



The next day, I met Coach Reena and the soccer team.

The players were dribbling, kicking, and running. Some of them even scored.

But when it was my turn to kick the ball into the goal, I missed.

After a few days of trying, I *still* hadn't scored. Ugh, I thought. I liked being on the team. But I wasn't good at soccer, either.

I was going to try something else.

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

6



"I don't know what class to take next," I grumbled to Penny during lunch.

"Why not try the cooking class?" Penny said. "You love being in the kitchen."

Maybe Penny was right. Maybe I could be an amazing chef.

7



I was excited for class! The cooking teacher Julian passed out the recipe for vegetarian chili.

My partner, Ziggy, chopped vegetables, while I measured beans. We stirred the steaming pot. The chili smelled so good. But then I took a bite. YUCK. The beans were raw and the tomatoes were mush.

I sighed. I wasn't great at cooking, either.

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

8



After that, I tried an art class, disc throwing, and roller skating. But I wasn't good at those, either!

9



After another day at the community center, Penny and I rode our bikes home.

"You're lucky," I told her, sulking. "You're great at swimming. I'm not even a little good at anything."

"You know, Lucas," Penny said, "At first, I was much slower, got water up my nose, and belly flopped when I tried to dive! But I had so much fun learning! Sometimes, having fun is what matters most."

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

10



"Really" I asked.

"Like soccer," she asked. "What was fun about it?"

I slumped. "Nothing," I said.

"There must be *something*," Penny said.

"I did like bouncing the ball on my knees," I finally mumbled.

"And what about painting?" Penny asked.

I smiled at the memory. "I liked mixing the paint colors."

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Penny smiled back. “And what about...” she began.

I finished her thought.

“In cooking class, it was fun to work with Ziggy. Swimming was fun because I got to do it with you, Penny!”

Maybe I *could* do things just for fun.

I thought about what I’d do next.

“Tomorrow, archery!” I said