



Read-Aloud The Heroes of Pineapple Street

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The storm had been fierce. Rain had rattled the windows and wind had shaken the trees. No one had been hurt, but the roof of the Pineapple Street library had been badly damaged.

It was sad news. For as long Kyle remembered, the library had always been his favorite part of town. Now that it was closed, things didn't feel the same anymore.

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"Ready, Kyle?" his dad asked.

Kyle looked at his dad. "Ready for what?"

"For the Pineapple Street Block Party!!" his dad said.

"And grab your allowance money, Kyle!"

Party? Why were they having a party? And why did he have to bring his allowance money? And why Pineapple Street? Every time Kyle saw the boarded up library, it made him gloomy. The library had been a big part of his life. He used to go there every day and disappear into the books.

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His favorite were adventure stories. In the stories, problems were simple. The hero could bop the monster on the nose and roar at it to leave the townsfolk alone! You couldn't do that with a broken roof...

Kyle sighed. Maybe there was no such thing as heroes when it came to real problems.

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

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Together with his dad, Kyle walked out onto Pineapple Street. Kyle could not believe his eyes. Crowds of people were in the road. Bright-colored stands lined the sidewalks. There was music and laughter. And what was that wonderful smell?

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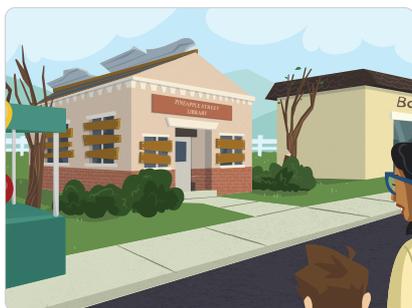


Kyle followed his nose. He came to a table full of treats. There were honey breads, honey bars, honey pops, honey cakes... Everything was made from honey!

“Come to save the library?” a voice asked. Kyle looked up. It was his dad’s friend Val. She owned the bakery near his house.

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

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“What do you mean?” Kyle asked.

“All the money I make from selling these treats will go toward repairing the library’s roof.”

Kyle looked at Val, surprised. “You want to save the library too?”

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“Of course! When I first started farming honey, I had no idea what I was doing. But thanks to the library, I learned how to care for my bees and get the best honey from them,” Val said. “I owe everything to that place.”

Kyle looked again at the treats. They looked tasty, but he couldn’t imagine Val selling enough to repair a whole roof. He’d seen the pictures on the news.

“I don’t know if that’ll be enough,” Kyle said.

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Val clucked her tongue. “Yeah, it’s a big challenge, but I’m not doing it alone.” Val gestured toward the stands. There was Kyle’s neighbor Mr. Cerito. He was always at the library taking out art books. Now he was painting his friend Henry’s face. Across the road was Kyle’s piano teacher Jo. She led sing-alongs in the library’s community room. Now she was selling T-shirts and posters from her band.

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The more Kyle looked, the more people he recognized. Some were selling things, others were making things. There were helpers, setting up tents and unpacking boxes. Customers oohed and ahed, crowding into the stands.

“I don’t know if any one person can fix a problem like the library on their own. But if we work together, there’s no obstacle we can’t overcome,” Val explained.

“Kind of like a team up,” Kyle said.

Val smiled. “Yes, exactly.”

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Kyle looked again at all the people on Pineapple Street. It felt good knowing that the library meant as much to other people as it did to him. Now they were all doing their part. Kyle reached into his pocket.

He was ready to do his part too.

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