

Hattie in the Attic

A Reading A-Z Level Q Leveled Book
Word Count: 1,064

Connections

Writing

Who is telling this story? Write a paper that describes how the story would be different if it was told by someone else.

Math

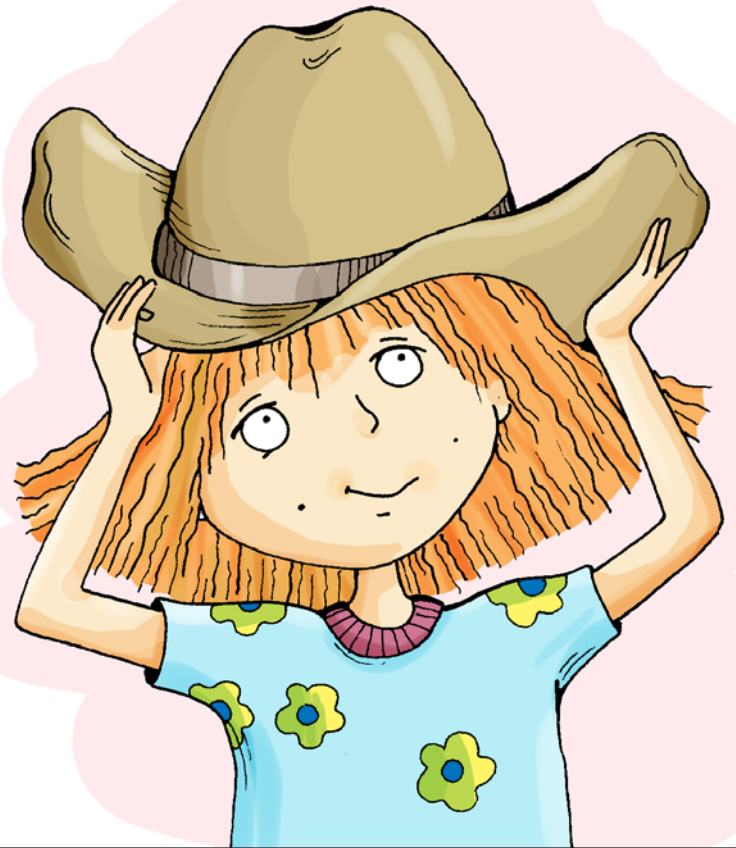
On a calendar, mark the dates of your summer break from school. How long is your summer break in days, weeks, and months?

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LEVELED BOOK • Q

Hattie in the Attic

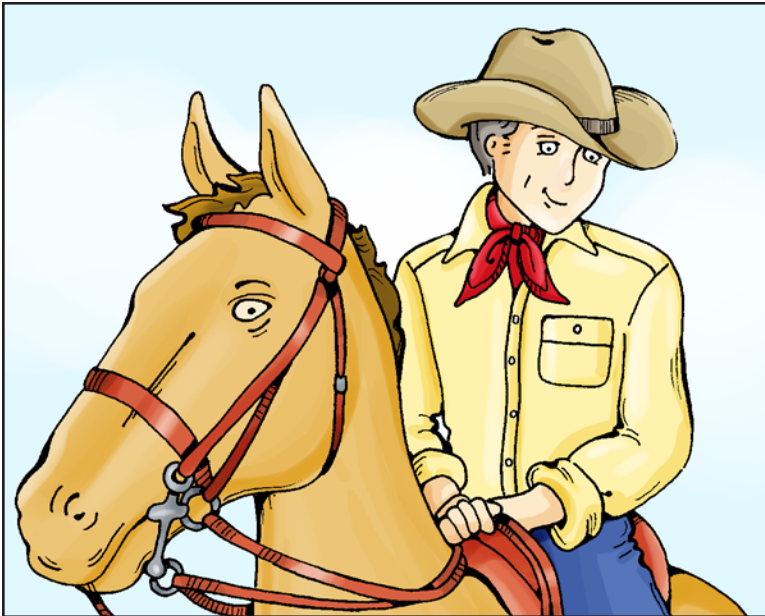


Written by Stephen Cosgrove
Illustrated by Carolyn LaPorte

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Hattie in the Attic

A story from Hattie MacGruder's diary



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Focus Question

Did Hattie's vacation turn out the way she expected? Why or why not?

Words to Know

annual
attic
bandanna
chaps
clutched

diary
proof
prowling
skidded

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Level Q Leveled Book
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Correlation

LEVEL Q

Fountas & Pinnell	N
Reading Recovery	30
DRA	30



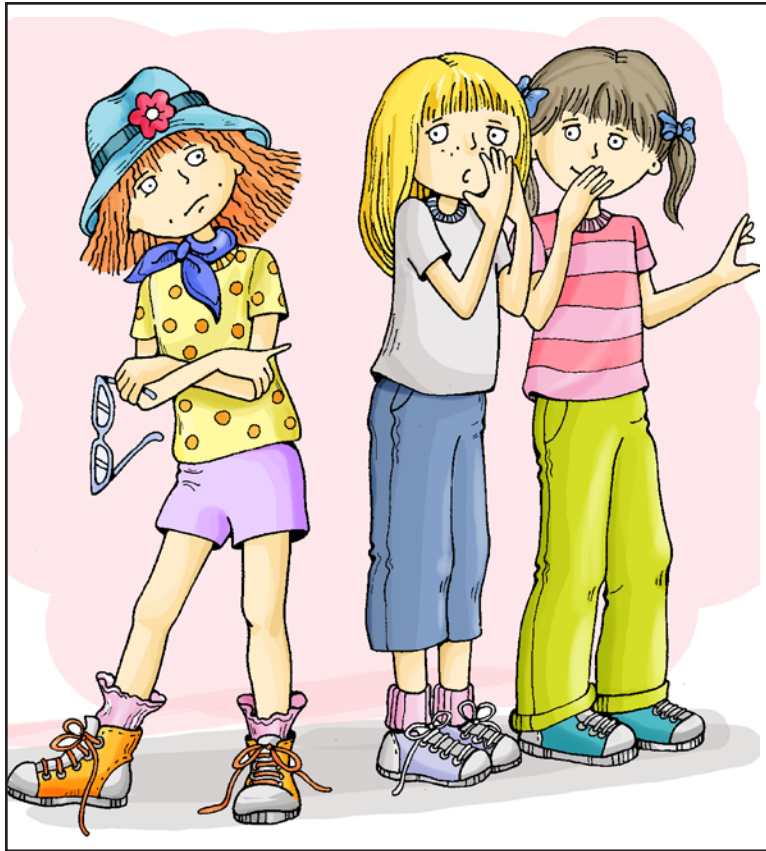
My name is Hattie MacGruder, and I am special.

At least that's what my Grandma Nettie says. I spent two weeks with her this summer. I didn't want to go, but by the time I got back I was glad I had.

On the last day I was there, I found a hat in my grandma's attic. It was a magical hat.

I'm not making this up. It really was magical!





When I got back, I told my friends Sybil and Sarah what had happened, but they said I was lying. Well, I wasn't, and they're liars and fibbers and tellers of untruth.

I have proof that the hat was magical. The proof is in my diary.

Special Note:

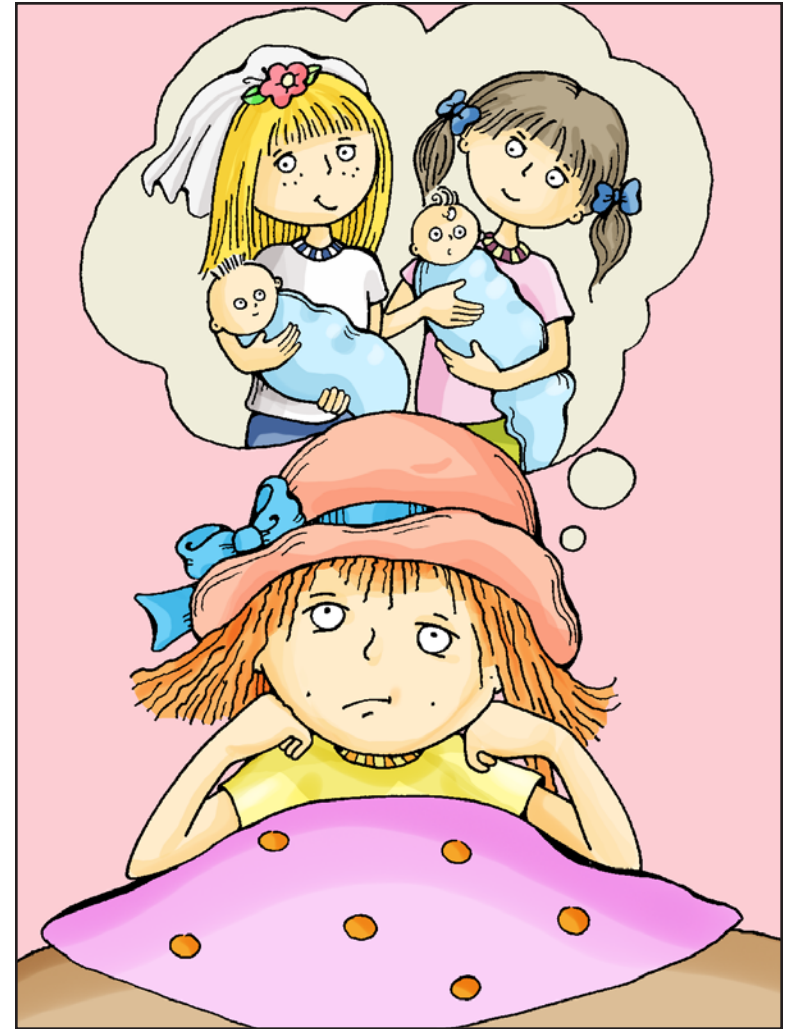
I'm not going to let you read that Eric Ledbetter wrote a love note to Sarah. Even though she is a liar and a fibber and a teller of untruths, Sarah would be so embarrassed if anyone knew Eric had written the love note. Even she doesn't deserve that.



Diary, Day 14

Sarah, Sybil, and I had our summer all planned. But Mom, who probably has never had a summer vacation, told me tonight that I had to go to Grandma Nettie's for two weeks.

Two weeks? It might as well be two years.

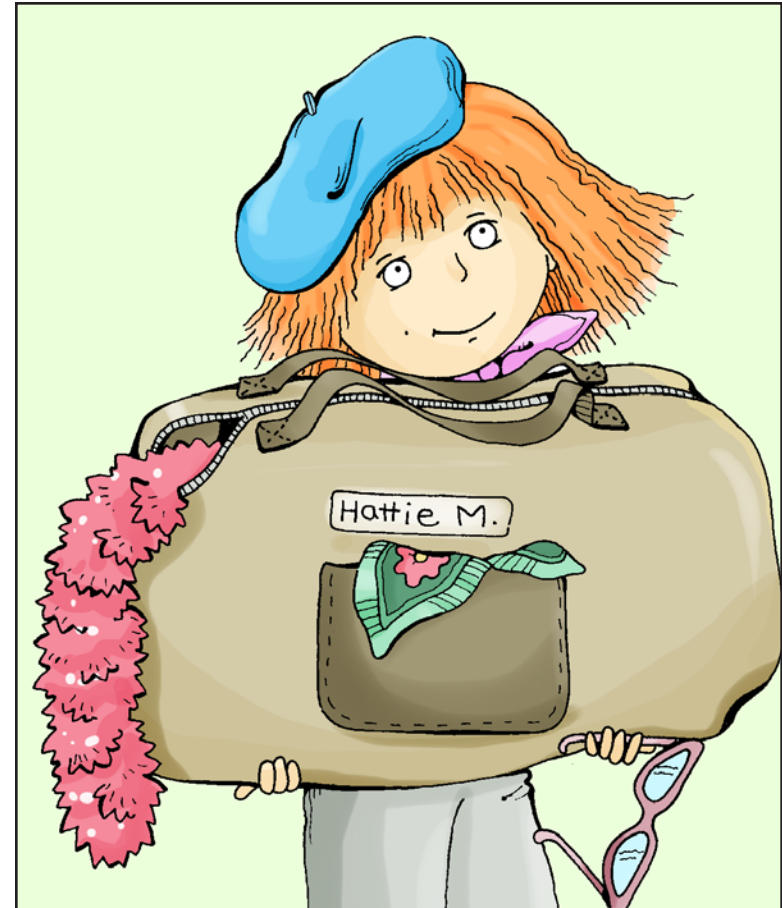


The whole summer will be gone. Sarah and Sybil will be married and have kids by the time I get back.

I don't want to go.

Mom, who probably has never had a summer vacation, just came in and told me to go to sleep. "Big day tomorrow, sweetie!" she croaked.

Yeah, right! I'll write longer later.



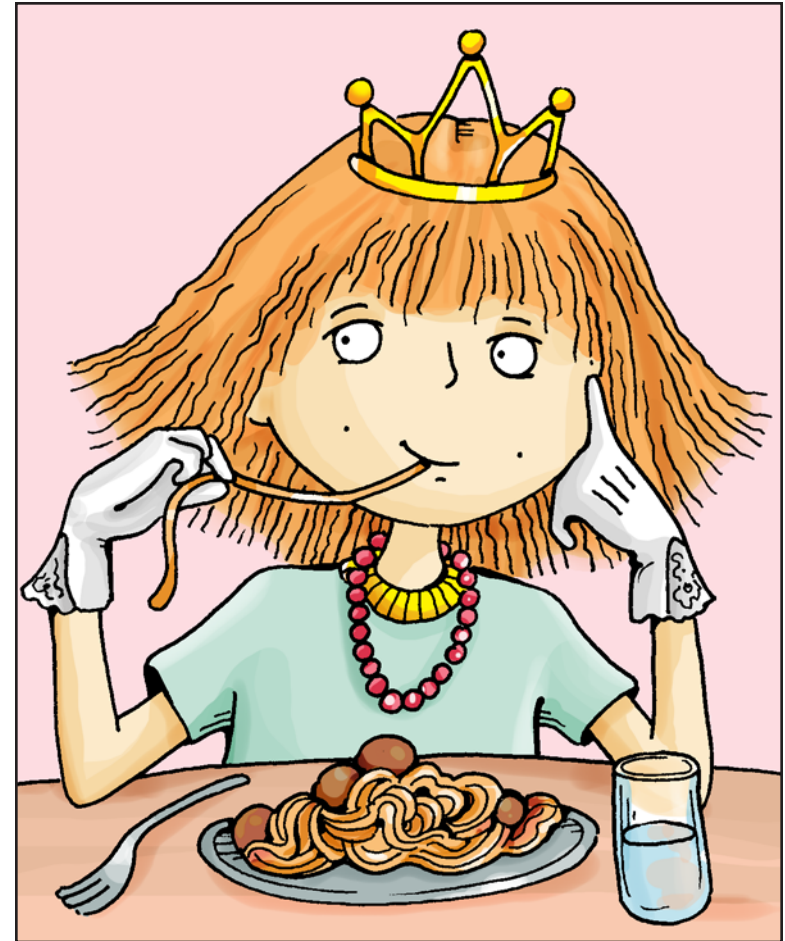
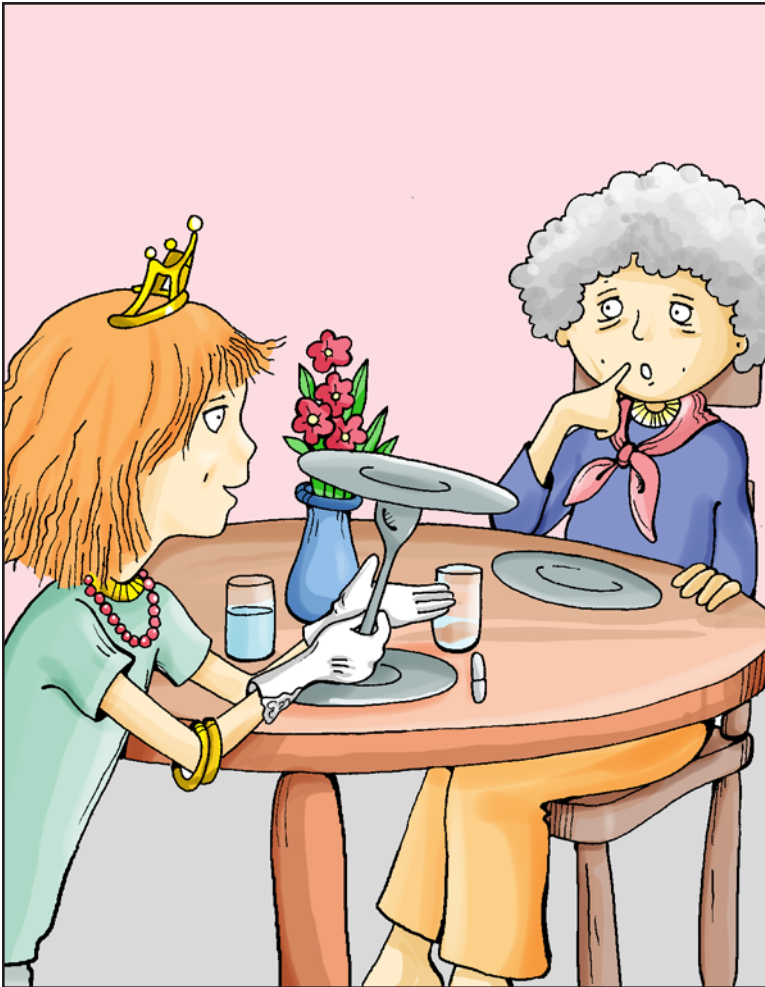
Diary, Day 28 (later . . . a lot later)

I am back!

All right, so I forgot my diary. I forgot to pack my toothbrush, too!

The two weeks went pretty fast.

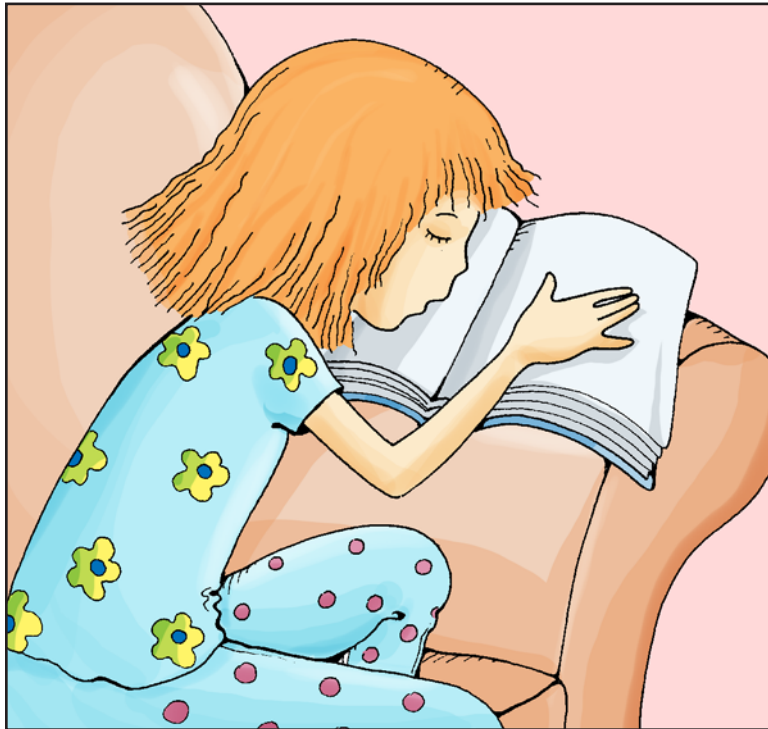
*The last night before I flew home,
Grandma Nettie cooked a special dinner,
and I set the table. My grandpa died when
I was three, but Grandma Nettie always
set a place for him.*



*I don't remember Grandpa very well, but
he loved horses and had a horse of his very
own. He loved wearing leather chaps and
his cowboy hat. Grandma said he took
me for a ride on his horse once. I kind
of remember that, but not very well.*

After dinner we went into the living room, and both of us read a book. Grandma Nettie fell asleep after only two pages of her book.

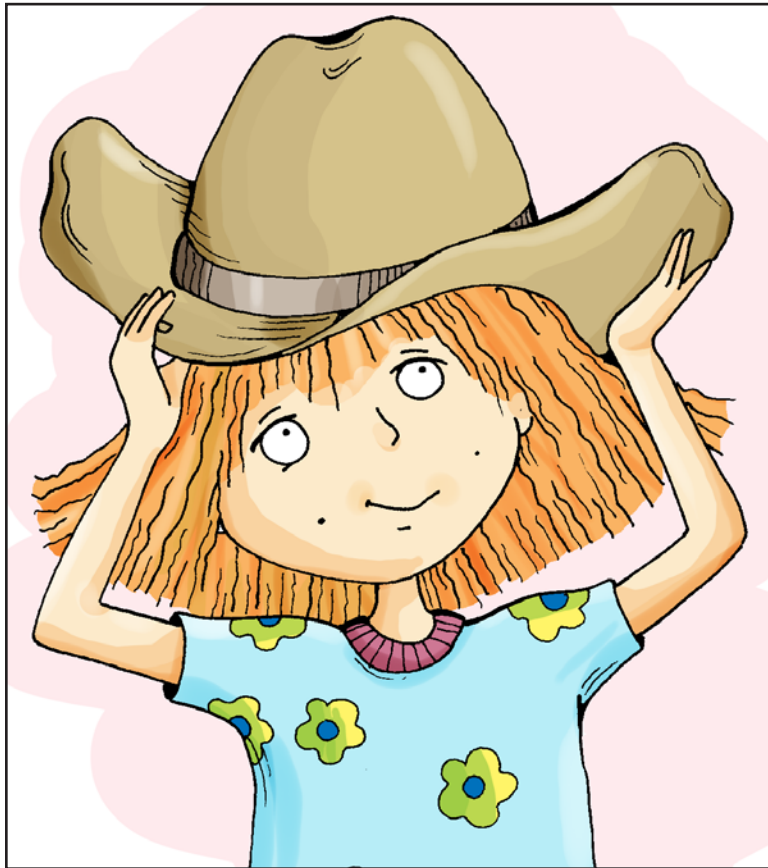
I must have fallen asleep too, because I woke up with my nose smashed on page 34, the very same page where this brainless girl is so scared that she pulls the covers over her head, like that's going to save her.



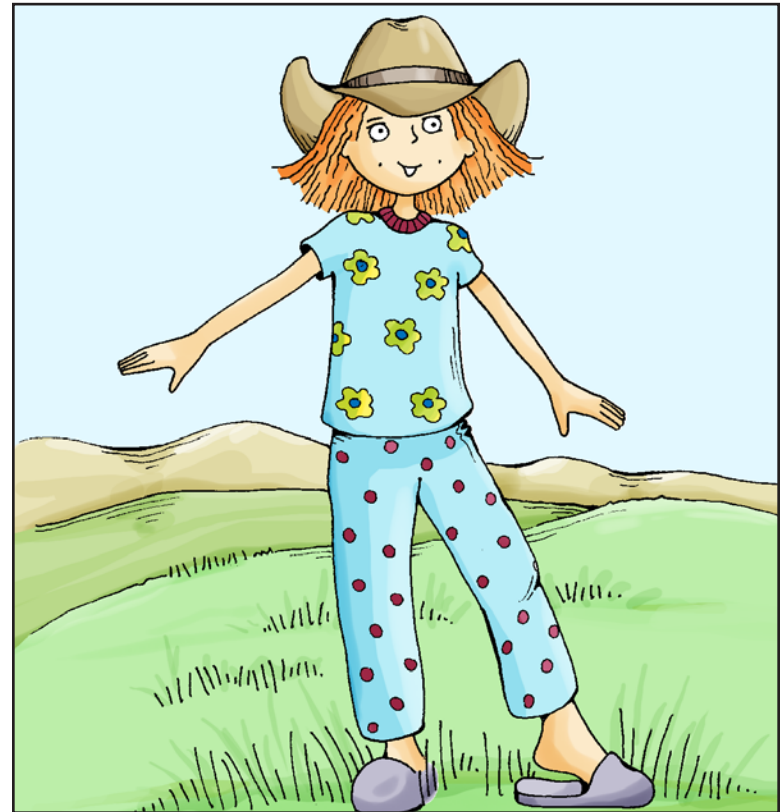
Grandma Nettie was sound asleep in her chair, so I started prowling around. Grandma calls this “getting into mischief.” I call it prowling around. That’s when I went up into the attic.

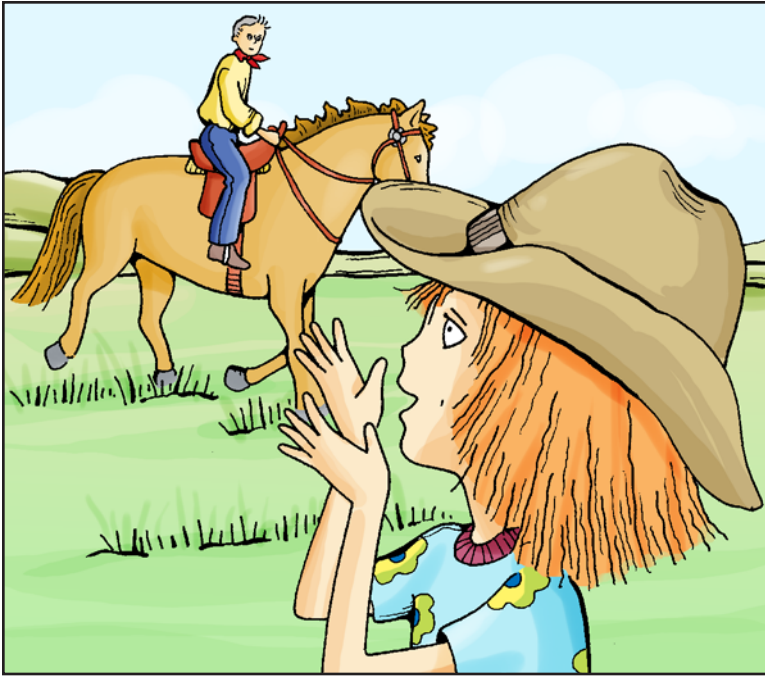
In all the times that I had been to Grandma’s house, I never went up to the attic. I guess that I thought the door was just a closet.

I climbed up the stairs. It was really spooky, just like the book I was reading, but I wasn't scared, not at all. The attic was empty except for an old sweat-stained cowboy hat just lying there in the middle of the floor. I don't know why I did it, but I put on the hat.



Now this is the hard-to-believe part, but suddenly I wasn't in the attic anymore. I was standing in the middle of a grassy meadow. I heard the pounding of a horse's hooves and turned around. Up rode a man on a horse with a red bandanna tied around his neck. His hair was blowing back, and he had a big smile on his face.





The horse was so beautiful. It was gold colored and had a golden mane and tail. It ran with its head up high and its tail snapping in the wind.

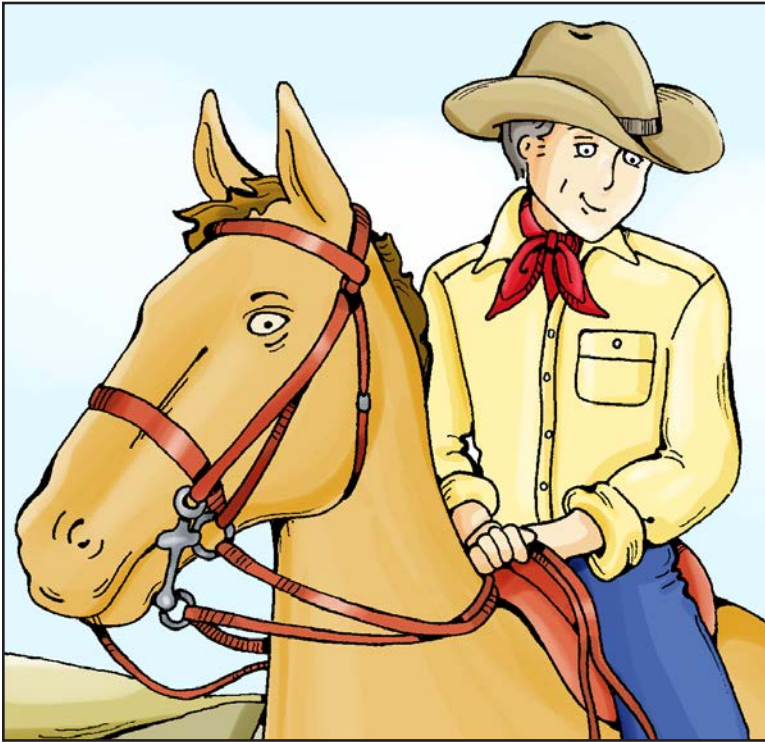
The man rode right up to me and skidded to a stop. The horse shuffled its hooves like it wanted to run some more. The man looked down at me, and as if it were possible, his smile seemed to grow even brighter.

“Hi,” he said. “You must be Hattie. You sure have grown.”

I didn’t say anything. My heart was in my mouth.

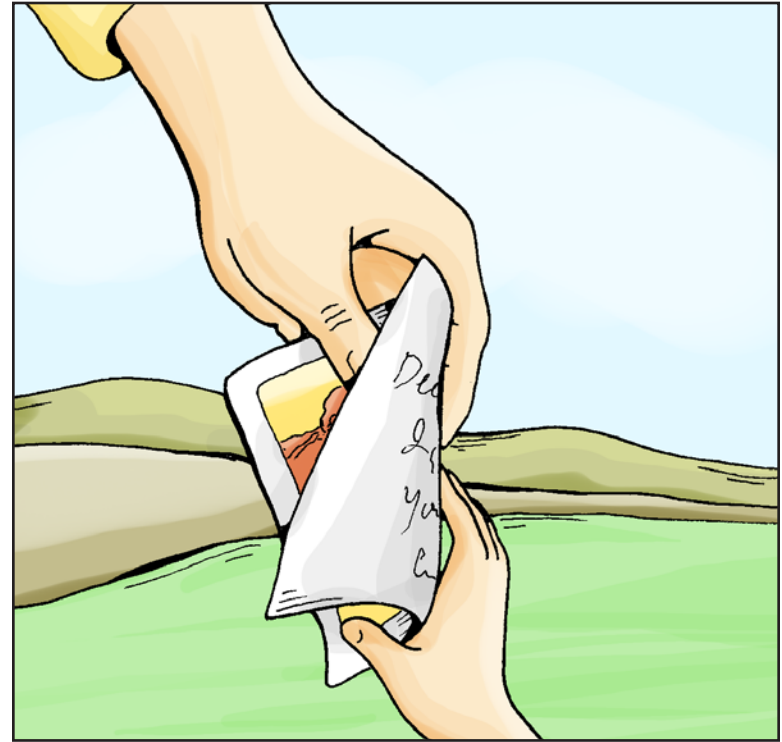
The man laughed. Not a mean laugh, but a low, happy laugh that made me feel good. “You know,” he said, “I sure could use your hat.”





With that he reached down and grabbed it. "This will do just fine," he said as he put it on. "Tell you what, I'll trade you."

He pulled the bandanna off his neck, reached down, and tied it around my neck. "Isn't much," he said, "but when you wear it, you'll never forget me."



He spun his horse, ready to ride away, but he stopped. Then he reached into his shirt pocket and pulled out a picture.

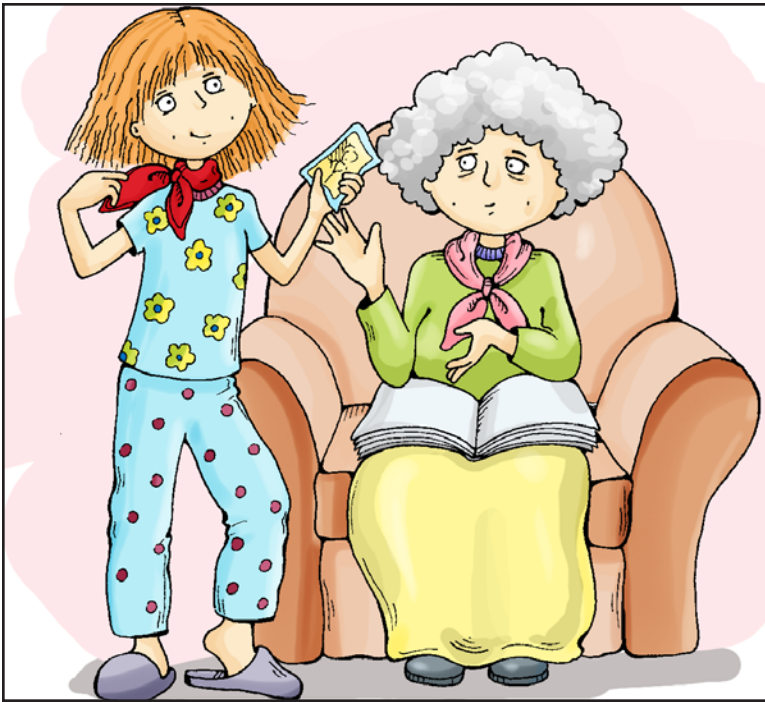
"Give this to your grandma. Tell her there's a note on the back."

He squeezed his legs, and the horse leaped into a gallop. Just like that, he was gone!

And just like that I woke up sitting on the couch with my book flopped over in my lap.

My grandma woke up with a start. She looked over at me, smiling, and then her eyes got really big. "Where did you get that bandanna?" she asked.

I reached up and grabbed the ends of a red bandanna that was tied around my neck.



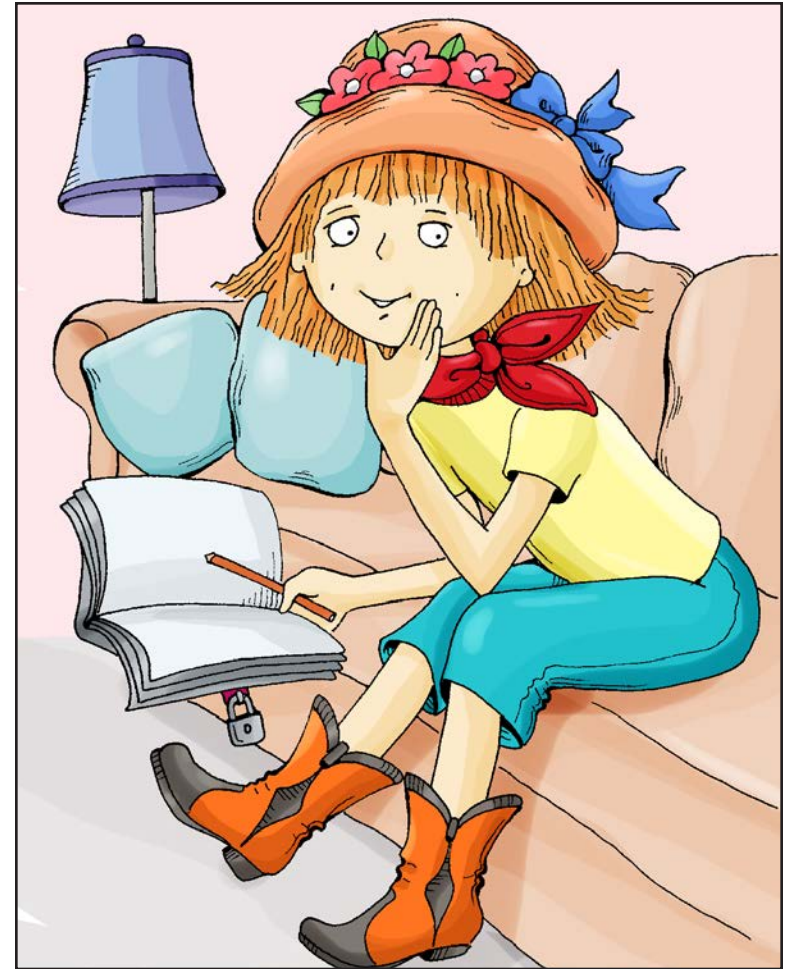
It was then that I realized that I had a picture clutched in my right hand. I unfolded it. The picture was of a handsome man sitting on a horse. I gulped and handed it to my grandma, who had big tears in her eyes.

I could just barely make out the writing on the back, which said, "I love you, Nettie. Always have, always will."

Well, I'm back now, and I wear the bandanna every day so I won't forget.

*Sarah and Sybil don't believe my story.
But who cares? They are liars and fibbers
and tellers of untruth.*

My diary proves it!



*Besides, we are going on our third annual
back-to-school picnic next week. This year
it's not going to be in my back yard. We're
having a real picnic in a park.*

Love, Hattie MacGruder