Ways to Improve Reading Fluency

Presented by:
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Urban League of Pgh. Charter School

LEADERS Project
Ways to use poetry for repeated reading

*Pace Reading* - uses repeated readings, teacher modeling, and progress monitoring to improve fluency. The teacher selects a poem. Students read the poem aloud and chart the number of words read correctly. Students then practice reading the poem with the teacher. They begin by reading slowly, then moderately, and finally fluently. Students continue to practice at home. Students are tested the following day to note improved fluency.

*Partner Reading* - uses repeated reading and progress monitoring to build fluency. This strategy allows students to practice reading a poem to one another. One student reads the poem while the other student acts as a reading coach. Partners switch roles. Each partner should read the poem at least three times.

*Switching Circles* - uses repeated readings to build fluency. Students pair up and form an inner circle and an outer circle. Students in the inner circle read poems to their partners to see how many times they can read through a poem in one minute. When time is up, the outer circle moves clockwise. Partners switch and the poetry reading continues. Once all of the readers have read to all of the listeners, the circles switch. Readers become the listeners and the switching resumes.

*Phrase Flash Cards* - helps students to see words as parts of a sentence. Teacher chooses a poem and breaks it up into phrases. Then puts the phrases from the poem on flash cards. These flash cards can be used in a few different ways. When there is a free moment or while students are waiting in line to use the restroom, students may play "Around the World". The teacher flashes a phrase flash card for two students. The student who correctly states the phrase moves on to play with the next student in line. Students can also use these flash cards by flashing the cards to one another to see who gets the most correct.

*Reader's Theater* - There are many poetry reader's theater sites on the internet. Search for reader's theater using poetry and they should be found. Practice using these reader's theater poems for repeated reading.
"Partner Reading with a Twist"

List two 'o'vations and a 're'commendation on the OREO recording sheet.

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"Partner Reading with a Twist"

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### Partner Reading Checklist

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Please Pass the Poetry:

A monthly serving of poetry

for repeated reading practice
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Just Me
by Margaret Hillert

Nobody sees what I can see,
For back of my eyes there is only me.
And nobody knows how my thoughts begin,
For there's only myself inside my skin.
Isn't it strange how everyone owns
Just enough skin to cover his bones?
My father's would be too big to fit----
I'd be all wrinkled inside of it.
And my baby brother's is much too small----
It just wouldn't cover me up at all.
But I feel just right in the skin I wear,
And there's nobody like me anywhere.
What is a Family?
by Mary Ann Hoberman

What is a family?
Who is a family?
One and another makes two is a family!
Baby and father and mother: a family!
Parents and sister and brother: a family!
All kinds of people can make up a family.
All kinds of mixtures can make up a family.

What is a family?
Who is a family?
The children who lived in the shoe is a family!
A pair like kanga and roo is a family!
All kinds of creatures can make up a family.
All kinds of numbers can make up a family.

What is a family?
Who is a family?
Either a lot or a few is a family.
But whether there’s ten or there’s two in your family,
All of your family plus you is a family.
No Yearning For Learning
Author Unknown

Why do I need to learn math
When I’ve got a calculator?
Why do I need to learn spelling
When I’m such a great orator?

Why do I need to learn science
When most scientists are mad?
Why do I need to learn reading
When I hear stories from my dad?

Why do I need to learn anything?
Why do I go to school?
I asked these questions all my life
Until I met a fool.
Homework! Oh, Homework!
by Jack Prelutsky

Homework! Oh, homework!
I hate you! You stink!
I wish I could wash you
Away in the sink,
If only a bomb
Would explode you to bits
Homework! Oh, homework!
You’re giving me fits.

I’d rather take baths
With a man-eating shark,
Or wrestle a lion
Alone in the dark,
Eat spinach and liver,
Pet ten porcupines,
Than tackle the homework
My teacher assigns.

Homework! Oh, homework!
You’re last on my list,
I simply can’t see
Why you even exist.
If you just disappeared
It would tickle me pink.
Homework! Oh, homework!
I hate you! You stink!
This is Halloween
by Dorothy Brown Thompson

Goblins on the doorstep,
Phantoms in the air,
Owls on witches’ gateposts
Giving stare for stare,
Cats on flying broomsticks,
Bats against the moon,
Stirrings round of fate-cakes
With a solemn spoon,
Whirling apple parings,
Figures draped in sheets
Dodging, disappearing,
Up and down the streets,
Jack-o’-lanterns grinning,
Shadows on a screen,
Shrieks and starts and laughter----
This is Halloween!
What's That
by Florence Parry Heide

What's that?
Who's there?
There's a great huge horrible horrible
Creeping up the stair!
A huge big terrible terrible
With creepy crawly hair!
There's a ghastly grisly ghastly
With seven slimy eyes!
And flabby grabby tentacles
Of a gigantic side!
He's crept into my room now,
He's leaning over me.
I wonder if he's thinking
How delicious I will be.
Thanksgiving
by Ivy O. Eastwick

Thank You
For all my hands can hold----
   Apples red,
   And melons gold,
   Yellow corn
   Both ripe and sweet,
   Peas and beans so good to eat!

Thank You
For all my eyes can see----
   Lovely sunlight,
   Field and tree,
   White cloud-boats
   In sea-deep sky,
   Soaring bird
   And butterfly.

Thank You
For all my ears can hear----
   Birds’ song echoing far and near,
   Songs of little stream, big sea,
   Cricket, bullfrog,
   Duck and bee!
I Ate Too Much
by Jack Prelutsky

I ate too much turkey,
I ate too much corn,
I ate too much pudding and pie,
I’m stuffed up with muffins
And much too much stuffin’,
I’m probably going to die.

I piled up my plate
And I ate and I ate,
But I wish I had known when to stop,
For I’m so crammed with yams,
Sauces, gravies, and jams
That my buttons are starting to pop.

I’m full of tomatoes
And french fried potatoes,
My stomach is swollen and sore,
But there’s still some dessert,
So I guess it won’t hurt
If I eat just a little bit more.
Magic
By Judith A. Lindberg

It's in the snowflake skies of children's wishes.
It's in the music of children's laughter.
It's in the breathlessness of children's anticipation.
It's in the faith of children's embraces.

The magic of Christmas is here. . .
In the childlike wonder of us all.
The Gift
by Bob Tucker

“Twas a glorious Christmas, all would agree,
Mom thought as she sat adoring the tree.
The dishes done and the hordes tucked away,
She viewed the gifts she’d been given that day.

The crystal pitcher was a sight to behold,
That brand new cologne, a bracelet of gold,
Her gorgeous clothing she will love to wear,
A fancy red comb to adorn her hair.

One object stood out, was her grandest prize.
She held in her hand, as tears filled her eyes.
Her favorite gift, from her child, age six:
A napkin holder of popsicle sticks.
Melinda Made a Snowman
by Kenn Nesbitt and Linda Knaus

Melinda made a snowman,
Which she gave a carrot nose.
She placed some rubber boots
On what she figured were his toes.

Melinda gave him charcoal eyes,
And after one last pat,
Upon her snowman’s frozen head
She placed her father’s hat.

She thought him nearly finished,
And then as a final note,
She took her father’s favorite tie
And draped it ‘round his throat.

Melinda was so proud of him,
She rushed upstairs with glee.
She hollered to her mom and dad
To “Hurry, come and see!”

But by the time they came downstairs
Melinda cried and cried
“Melinda,” Mom and Dad said,
“Snowmen must be made outside.”
Dressing for Snow
by D. M. Rongione

"Sleep late," Mom says. "Stay here in bed."
I pull the blanket 'round my head.
"School's closed today, due to the snow.
No need to rise; no place to go."
"The snow!" I shout. "No sleep today!
It's time to sled! It's time to play!"
"Dress very warmly," mother cries.
"Protect your nose, your toes, your eyes."

Three sets of socks will warm my feet.
Two sweatshirts give my chest some heat.
I pull on jeans----two pairs I'll wear.
My hat and earmuffs hide my hair.

I tug my boots. My feet slide in.
I tie my scarf beneath my chin.
I zip my coat up to my neck.
Next come my gloves. Mom does a check.

I'm dressed to go out in the snow!
But I can't move. Can't walk! Can't go!
Trapped in my clothes and winter gear,
I won't get out 'til spring is here!
Our Classroom Has a Mailbox
by Jack Prelutsky

Our classroom has a mailbox
That we painted red and gold,
We stuffed it with more valentines
Than it was made to hold.

When we opened it this morning
I was nervous as could be,
I wondered if a single one
Had been addressed to me.

But when they’d been delivered
I felt twenty stories tall,
I got so many valentines
I couldn’t hold them all.
The Toothless Wonder
by Phil Bolsta

Last night when I was sound asleep,
My little brother Keith
Tiptoed into my bedroom
And pulled out all my teeth.

You’d think that I would be upset
And jump and spit and swear.
You’d think that I would tackle Keith
And pull out all his hair.

But no! I’m glad he did it.
So what if people stare.
Now, thanks to the Tooth Fairy,
I’ll be a millionaire!
The March Wind
Anonymous

I come to work as well as play;
   I'll tell you what I do;
I whistle all the live-long day,
   "Woo-oo-oo-oo! Woo-oo!"

I toss the branches up and down
   And shake them to and fro,
I whirl the leaves in flocks of brown,
   And send them high and low.

I strewn the twigs upon the ground,
   The frozen earth I sweep:
I blow the children round and round
   And wake the flowers from sleep.
Wearing of the Green
by Aileen Fisher

It ought to come in April,
Or, better yet, in May
When everything is green as green-
I mean St. Patrick’s Day.

With still a week of winter
This wearing of the green
Seems rather out of season-
It’s rushing things, I mean.

But maybe March is better
When all is done and said:
St. Patrick brings a promise,
A four-leaf-clover promise,
A green-all-over promise
Of springtime just ahead!
Spring Rain
by Marchette Chute

The storm came up so very quick
   It couldn't have been quicker.
I should have brought my hat along,
   I should have brought my slicker.

My hair is wet, my feet are wet,
   I couldn't be much wetter.
I fell into a river once
   But this is even better.
Daylight Saving Time
by Phyllis McGinley

In Spring when maple buds are red,
We turn the Clock an hour ahead;
Which means, each April that arrives,
We lose an hour
Out of our lives.

Who care? When Autumn birds in flocks
Fly southward, back we turn the Clocks,
And so regain a lovely thing-
That missing hour
We lost last Spring.
On Mother’s Day
by Aileen Fisher

On Mother’s Day we got up first,
So full of plans we almost burst.

We started breakfast right away
As our surprise for Mother’s Day.

We picked some flowers, then hurried back
To make the coffee—rather black.

We wrapped our gifts and wrote a card
And boiled the eggs—a little hard.

And then we sang a serenade,
Which burned the toast, I am afraid.

But Mother said, amidst our cheers,
“Oh, what a big surprise, my dears.
I’ve not had such a treat in years.”
And she was smiling to her ears!
Favorite Flower
by Nancy White Carlstrom

Flowers in a bed
Flowers in a row
Flowers on the fence
Watch them grow.

Some stand tiny
Some stand tall
Some hang over
And others crawl.

Bee flowers
Tree flowers
Flowers on a vine
Flowers in the morning
Flowers all the time.

Yellow flowers
Orange flowers
Purple, red and blue.

I pick my favorite flower
And give it to you.
I Wonder Why Dad Is So Thoroughly Mad
by Jack Prelutsky

I wonder why Dad is so thoroughly mad,
I can’t understand it at all,
Unless it’s the bee still afloat in his tea,
Or his underwear, pinned to the wall.

Perhaps it’s the dye on his favorite tie,
Or the mousetrap that snapped in his shoe,
Or the pipeful of gum that he found with his thumb,
Or the toilet, sealed tightly with glue.

It can’t be the bread crumbled up in his bed,
Or the slugs someone left in the hall,
I wonder why Dad is so thoroughly mad,
I can’t understand it at all.
Open Hydrant
by Marci Ridlon

Water rushes up
and gushes,
cooling summer's sizzle.

In a sudden whoosh
it rushes,
not a little drizzle.

First a hush and down
it crashes,
over curbs it swishes.

Just a luscious waterfall
for
cooling city fishes.
Abusement Park
by Kenn Nesbitt

We went to an amusement park,
my family and I.
We rode on rides so scary,
I expected I would die.

I’m really looking forward
To the day we go again.

We rode a roller coaster
called The Homicidal Comet.
It had so many loop-de-loops
it nearly made us vomit.

We rode The Crazed Tornado,
and it jerked us hard and quick.
If it were any longer,
we would certainly be sick.

We rode The Psycho Octopus,
which packed a nasty punch.
I think we’re pretty lucky
that we didn’t lose our lunch.

And last we rode repeatedly
The Flailing Tilt-a-Whirl.
It shook us all so sharply,
I’m surprised we didn’t hurl.

I haven’t felt that nauseous
since I can’t remember when.
O Flag of our Union
unknown

O flag of our Union,
To you we'll be true,
To your red and white stripes,
And your stars on the blue;
The emblem of freedom,
The symbol of right,
We children salute you,
O flag fair and bright!