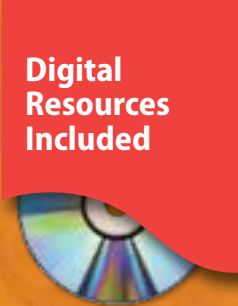




Leveled Texts  
for  
Classic Fiction



# Fantasy & Science Fiction









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# How to Use This Book (cont.)

Title	ELL Level	Below Level	On level	Above level
<b>Setting Passages</b>	 1.5–2.2	 3.0–3.5	 5.0–5.5	 6.5–7.2
<i>Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland</i>	2.2	3.4	5.0	6.8*
<i>The Wonderful Wizard of Oz</i>	2.2	3.5	5.1	7.2*
<i>The Adventures of Peter Pan</i>	2.2	3.2	5.3*	6.5
<b>Character Passages</b>				
<i>A Princess of Mars</i>	2.2	3.4	5.0	6.5*
<i>Frankenstein, or the Modern Prometheus</i>	2.2	3.3	5.4	7.1*
<i>The Lost World</i>	2.2	3.5	5.3*	6.5
<i>The Wind in the Willows</i>	1.8	3.0	5.0*	6.5
<b>Plot Passages</b>				
<i>A Journey into the Center of the Earth</i>	2.2	3.5	5.3*	6.8
<i>The Jungle Book</i>	2.0	3.5	5.5*	6.5
<i>The Legend of Sleepy Hollow</i>	2.2	3.5	5.4	7.1*
<i>The Time Machine</i>	2.2	3.4	5.4*	6.6
<b>Language Usage Passages</b>				
<i>The Tale of Peter Rabbit</i>	2.2	3.4	5.1*	6.5
<i>The Story of Doctor Dolittle</i>	2.2	3.5	5.1*	6.5
<i>The Secret Garden</i>	2.2	3.5	5.3	6.5*
<i>Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea: An Underwater Tour of the World</i>	2.2	3.4	5.2*	6.5

\* The passages with an asterisk indicate the reading passage from the original work of fiction.



Excerpt from

# The Secret Garden

by Frances Hodgson Burnett

---

She walked away. She was slowly thinking. She had begun to like the garden. And she had begun to like the robin. She had begun to like Dickon. And she had begun to like Martha's mother. She was beginning to like Martha, too. That seemed a lot of people to like. That is, when you were not used to liking people. She thought of the robin as one of the people. She walked outside the long, ivy-covered wall. She could see the treetops over it. The second time that she walked up and down the most interesting thing happened to her. It was very exciting. And it was all because of Ben Weatherstaff's robin.

She heard a chirp and a twitter. She looked at the bare flower bed at her left side. And there he was hopping about. He was pretending to peck things out of the earth. He was trying to pretend that he had not followed her. But she knew he had followed her. The surprise made her happy! She almost shook a little.

"You do remember me!" she cried out. "You do! You are prettier than anything else in the world!"

She chirped. She talked. And she coaxed. He hopped. He flirted his tail. And he twittered. It was as if he were talking. His red waistcoat was like satin. He puffed his tiny breast out. He was so fine! He was so grand! He was so pretty! It was really like he were showing her how important he was. He wanted her to know how like a human person a robin could be. Mistress Mary forgot that she had ever been unfriendly in her life. The robin let her get closer and closer to him. She bent down. She talked. She tried to make robin sounds.

Oh! How nice that he should let her come so close to him! He knew nothing would make her touch him. She would never scare him at all. He knew it because he was a real person. Only he was nicer than any other person in the world. She was so happy that she didn't even want to breathe.



The flower bed was not quite bare. It was bare of flowers because the plants had been cut down for their winter rest. But there were tall shrubs and low ones which grew together at the back of the bed. The robin hopped about under them. She saw him hop over a small pile of freshly turned up earth. He stopped on it to look for a worm. The earth had been turned up because a dog had been trying to dig up a mole. The dog had scratched a deep hole.

Mary looked at it. She didn't really know why the hole was there. As she looked, she saw something. It was almost buried in the dug up dirt. It looked like a ring of rusty iron or brass. The robin flew up into a tree nearby. So she put out her hand and picked the ring up. It was more than a ring, though. It was an old key. It looked as if it had been buried a long time.



Mistress Mary stood up. She looked at the key. She had an almost scared face as it hung from her finger.

“Maybe it has been buried for ten years,” she said in a whisper. “Maybe it is the key to the garden!”

The robin flew from his branch of ivy to the top of the wall. He opened his beak. And he sang! He made a loud, lovely song, just to show off. Nothing in the world is quite as cute and lovely as a robin when he shows off. And they are nearly always doing it.

Mary Lennox had heard a lot about Magic in her Ayah's stories. She always said that what happened next was Magic.

Little gusts of wind rushed down the walk. One gust was stronger than the rest. It was strong enough to wave the branches of the trees. And it was more than strong enough to blow the ivy hanging from the wall. Mary had stepped close to the robin. Suddenly the gust of wind pushed away some loose ivy stems. More suddenly still, she jumped toward the ivy! She caught it in her hand. This she did because she had seen something under it. It was a round knob. The knob been covered by the leaves hanging over it. It was the knob of a door.

## Element Focus: Language Usage

Explain why Mary thinks of the robin as a real person.

Excerpt from

# The Secret Garden

by Frances Hodgson Burnett

---

She walked away, slowly thinking. She had begun to like the garden. And she had begun to like the robin and Dickon and Martha's mother. She was beginning to like Martha, too. That seemed a good many people to like. That is, when you were not used to liking. She thought of the robin as one of the people. She walked outside the long, ivy-covered wall. She could see the treetops over it. And the second time she walked up and down the most interesting and exciting thing happened to her. And it was all because of Ben Weatherstaff's robin.

She heard a chirp and a twitter. And when she looked at the bare flower bed at her left side, there he was hopping about. He was pretending to peck things out of the earth. He was trying to convince her that he had not followed her. But she knew he had followed her. The surprise filled her with delight. She almost trembled a little.

"You do remember me!" she cried out. "You do! You are prettier than anything else in the world!"

She chirped and talked and coaxed. And he hopped, and flirted his tail and twittered. It was as if he were talking. His red waistcoat was like satin. He puffed his tiny breast out. He was so fine and so grand and so pretty! He was trying to show her how important and how like a human person a robin could be. Mistress Mary forgot that she had ever been contrary in her life when he let her get closer and closer to him. She bent down and talked and tried to make robin sounds.

Oh! To think that he should actually let her come as near to him as that! He knew nothing in the world would make her put out her hand toward him or startle him in the least tiniest way. He knew it because he was a real person. Only he was nicer than any other person in the world. She was so happy that she scarcely dared to breathe.



The flower bed was not quite bare. It was bare of flowers because the perennial plants had been cut down for their winter rest. But there were tall shrubs and low ones which grew together at the back of the bed. The robin hopped about under them. She saw him hop over a small pile of freshly turned up earth. He stopped on it to look for a worm. The earth had been turned up because a dog had been trying to dig up a mole and had scratched a deep hole.

Mary looked at it, not really knowing why the hole was there. And as she looked, she saw something almost buried in the newly-turned soil. It was something like a ring of rusty iron or brass. When the robin flew up into a tree nearby, she put out her hand and picked the ring up. It was more than a ring, however. It was an old key which looked as if it had been buried a long time.



Mistress Mary stood up and looked at it. She had an almost frightened face as it hung from her finger.

“Perhaps it has been buried for ten years,” she said in a whisper. “Perhaps it is the key to the garden!”

The robin flew from his swinging branch of ivy to the top of the wall. He opened his beak and sang! He made a loud, lovely trill, merely to show off. Nothing in the world is quite as cute and lovely as a robin when he shows off. And they are nearly always doing it.

Mary Lennox had heard a lot about Magic in her Ayah’s stories. And she always said that what happened almost at that moment was Magic.

Little gusts of wind rushed down the walk. One gust was a stronger one than the rest. It was strong enough to wave the branches of the trees. And it was more than strong enough to sway the sprays of ivy hanging from the wall. Mary had stepped close to the robin. Suddenly the gust of wind pushed aside some loose ivy. More suddenly still, she jumped toward the ivy and caught it in her hand. She did because she had seen something under it—a round knob which had been covered by the leaves hanging over it. It was the knob of a door.

## Element Focus: Language Usage

Give several examples of ways that the robin is personified in the passage. Why do you think the author did this?



Excerpt from

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by Frances Hodgson Burnett

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She walked away, slowly thinking. She had begun to like the garden, just as she had begun to like the robin and Dickon and Martha's mother. She was beginning to like Martha, too. That seemed a good many people to like—when you were not used to liking. She thought of the robin as one of the people. She went to her walk outside the long, ivy-covered wall over which she could see the treetops. And the second time she walked up and down, the most interesting and exciting thing happened to her. And it was all through Ben Weatherstaff's robin.

She heard a chirp and a twitter, and when she looked at the bare flower bed at her left side, there he was hopping about and pretending to peck things out of the earth to persuade her that he had not followed her. But she knew he had followed her and the surprise so filled her with delight that she almost trembled a little.

"You do remember me!" she cried out. "You do! You are prettier than anything else in the world!"

She chirped and talked and coaxed, and he hopped, and flirted his tail and twittered. It was as if he were talking. His red waistcoat was like satin. He puffed his tiny breast out and was so fine and so grand and so pretty! It was really as if he were showing her how important and like a human person a robin could be. Mistress Mary forgot that she had ever been contrary in her life when he allowed her to draw closer and closer to him. She bent down and talked and tried to make something like robin sounds.

Oh! To think that he should actually let her come as near to him as that! He knew nothing in the world would make her put out her hand toward him or startle him in the least tiniest way. He knew it because he was a real person—only nicer than any other person in the world. She was so happy that she scarcely dared to breathe.





The flower bed was not quite bare. It was bare of flowers because the perennial plants had been cut down for their winter rest. But there were tall shrubs and low ones which grew together at the back of the bed. And as the robin hopped about under them, she saw him hop over a small pile of freshly turned up earth. He stopped on it to look for a worm. The earth had been turned up because a dog had been trying to dig up a mole and he had scratched quite a deep hole.

Mary looked at it, not really knowing why the hole was there. And as she looked, she saw something almost buried in the newly-turned soil. It was something like a ring of rusty iron or brass. When the robin flew up into a tree nearby, she put out her hand and picked the ring up. It was more than a ring, however. It was an old key which looked as if it had been buried a long time.



Mistress Mary stood up and looked at it with an almost frightened face as it hung from her finger.

“Perhaps it has been buried for ten years,” she said in a whisper. “Perhaps it is the key to the garden!”

The robin flew from his swinging spray of ivy on to the top of the wall, and he opened his beak and sang a loud, lovely trill, merely to show off. Nothing in the world is quite as adorably lovely as a robin when he shows off—and they are nearly always doing it.

Mary Lennox had heard a great deal about Magic in her Ayah’s stories, and she always said that what happened almost at that moment was Magic.

One of the nice little gusts of wind rushed down the walk, and it was a stronger one than the rest. It was strong enough to wave the branches of the trees, and it was more than strong enough to sway the trailing sprays of untrimmed ivy hanging from the wall. Mary had stepped close to the robin, and suddenly the gust of wind swung aside some loose ivy trails, and more suddenly still, she jumped toward it and caught it in her hand. This she did because she had seen something under it—a round knob which had been covered by the leaves hanging over it. It was the knob of a door.

### Element Focus: Language Usage

In what ways does Mary’s insistence that the robin “was a real person” explain her feelings and actions in the passage? Describe how her personification of the robin contributes to the sense of Magic.

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### Element Focus: Language Usage

What are some possible explanations for Mary’s insistence that the robin is a real person? How does her relationship with the robin move the plot forward?