

# Readings for Reading Lab #16: Review (Gr. 3-5)

## May 22, 2023

### Sub Sandwich

Story By: Andrew Frinkle

Rory was hungry like a wolf. He was ready to destroy some sandwiches. He decided that a sub sandwich was the only thing that could satisfy his intense hunger, so he went to the local sub shop just down the street. This place was nice, because they knew him by name.

The worker called out his name and said hello when he walked in the door. When the door bells chimed and shut behind him, Rory smiled and settled into line, staring at the menu board. There were a lot of choices, and the smell of cheeses and herb breads already had his mouth watering.

When it was his turn, he chose the bread first, having considered his choices while he waited. "I'll take a super 18 inch on Italian Herb and Cheese Bread."

The worker pulled the bread from the warmer, then masterfully sliced and prepared the extra-long loaf of tasty bread. "What kind of meats?"

"I'll have grilled chicken and roast beef today." The ham and turkey looked good, too, as did the meatballs, but he didn't want them this time.

The sliced meats were rolled and placed on the sliced bread. "And what sort of cheese would you like?"

"I want the pepper jack and provolone cheeses mixed together," Rory decided. Those were layered on carefully, alternating as they were spaced out along the sandwich bread. "Toast that for me, if you would."

The worker nodded, grabbed a toaster platter, shoveled the sandwich on there, and then placed it in the toaster oven. A press of a button and a few moments later, it was ready. It came out hot and steaming, with the bread edges turned a nice crusty brown, and the cheese melted and gooey.

"What veggies and sauces will we be putting for this sandwich, Rory?"

"I want everything except pickles and extra tomatoes," Rory answered. He watched hungrily as the lettuce, tomato, onion, green peppers, spinach, olives, and banana peppers were spread across the sandwich. Now it was time for sauces. "I'll take the spicy wasabi mayo and a touch of southwest sauce. Finish it with some parmesan cheese sprinkled on top, oregano, and some black pepper."

"You're going all out today." The worker said, following the directions carefully. When the sandwich was finished, he packed all the toppings in carefully so it could be cut into thirds. Then he wrapped it in waxed paper and slid it into a plastic bag. "Would you like any chips or drinks?"

Rory shook his head. "No, thank you; I just need the sandwich."

The worker nodded, punched a few buttons on the cash register, and announced, "That'll be eight twenty-seven."

Rory paid with a ten, and collected his change, leaving the coins as a tip, while keeping the one dollar bill. Then he waved and headed out to the car for his first bite of a huge sandwich. It tasted just as good as it had smelled and looked. It hit the spot.



## Dirty Canals

Story By: Andrew Frinkle

It had rained ceaselessly. The yards were all soggy, the streets had become shallow lakes in all the low spots, and the drainage ditches formed moats around people's yards. It was muggy, marshy, and buggy outside. All-in-all, it was pretty gross out.

Gross was what Benny liked. He loved running around in the water. He got out his boogie board, what he used when he was in the ocean swimming, and he ran out to the nearest puddles. Along the end of the driveway, there was a puddle several inches deep that ran along the perimeter of his yard. As he ran, he threw the board ahead of him, jumped on it, and skimmed across the water.



He got soaking, sopping wet, but it was fun. His shoes made squelching noises as the wet soaks contracted and expanded with his steps. It was messy fun, surfing the runoff. He worked his way over to the lowest part of the yard, a ditch along the end of the yard, where the asphalt had dumped all its water. It was far too much water for the ground to absorb quickly, so it had pooled up like a pond at that corner of the yard. It was at least ankle deep, maybe partway up his shin here and there.

Benny skidded across the water, hydroplaning on his makeshift surfboard. A wave splashed out away from the epicenter of his landing, and a rooster tail of spray arced over the roadway. He laughed as he crashed down to his knees, soaking up his front. He was drenched to the waist now, and looking for more!

He found it down the street, where the city's canals were. All the rainwater that didn't evaporate or sink into the ground made its way to the system of canals and drainage ditches that ran throughout the city. They were a good six foot deep usually, and eight to ten across in most spots. He was amazed to see them nearly full. They usually only had a trickle of water running through them, enough to keep them muddy. Now, it was a rushing torrent of water, all fed by water running down each street into the canals. Little rivulets joined with the canals that had become like rivers.

It was, of course, too big of a temptation to resist for a thrill-seeker like Benny. He took one look at it and made up his mind. He charted the narrowest spot in the canal and took off full tilt. Again, with the boogie board thrown in front of him, he skated across the rushing water. There was a heart-stopping moment where it looked like he might just carry all the way across on momentum, but it was short-lived.

Benny ended up fully submerged in the rushing runoff, a skuzzy bath of all that had washed down the streets and through people's yards. Fertilizers, animal waste, yard clippings, trash from alongside the roads – they were his bath mates. It was filthy. It was horribly dirty, and he regretted his decision the moment he came up spluttering on the other side, clutching his board.

As he clawed his way through the sodden soil and muddy earth onto the other side of the canal, he knew he'd made an error in judgment. He marched home, stinking of waste water. A foul taste was in his mouth from where he'd accidentally gulped in a bit of water as he splashed down. It was no real surprise a couple days later when he came down with a nice rash on his skin and a pretty bad illness.

After that, he avoided playing in dirty water and especially filthy canals.