

Harold the Hungry Plant

A Reading A-Z Level L Leveled Book
Word Count: 612

Connections

Writing

Write about how the story might be different if April had not given Harold what he wanted.

Science

Make a poster showing how to care for a plant. Include a picture and at least three ideas.

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LEVELED BOOK • L

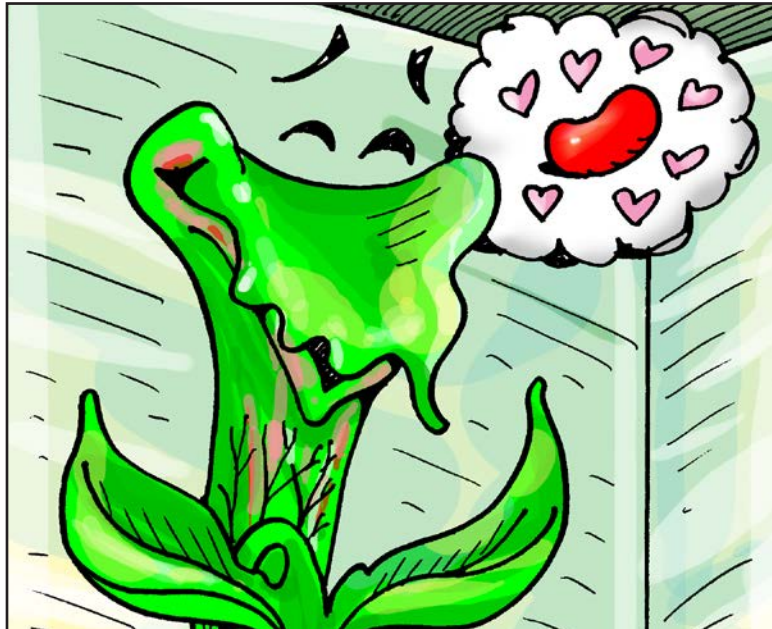
Harold the Hungry Plant



Written by William Harryman
Illustrated by John Kastner

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Focus Question

Is this story real or fiction? How do you know?

Words to Know

insects
jellybeans
ooze

pitcher plant
tank
tasty

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Level L Leveled Book
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Correlation

LEVEL L	
Fountas & Pinnell	K
Reading Recovery	18
DRA	20



One afternoon, April was doing her homework when her father brought her a present. He handed her a funny-looking plant, called a pitcher plant. "This is a special plant," he told her. "It eats insects."

"Wow," April replied, "that's cool."

April took the plant up to her room and set it on the windowsill. She wanted it to get some sun.

"I'll name you Harold," she said to the plant.





She began to look at the little book that came with the plant. It showed pictures of flies and spiders being eaten by the plant. April learned that she was only supposed to feed Harold once a week.



April went downstairs and outside. She looked around the yard and found a small anthill. She caught some of the ants in a jar and took them to her room.

April poured the ants into the plant tank and waited. One ant crawled into the plant's pitcher and got stuck. It was trapped by hairs inside of the pitcher.



April thought the way Harold ate insects was really strange, but she liked him. On her way out of her room, she grabbed some jellybeans from a jar on her dresser.





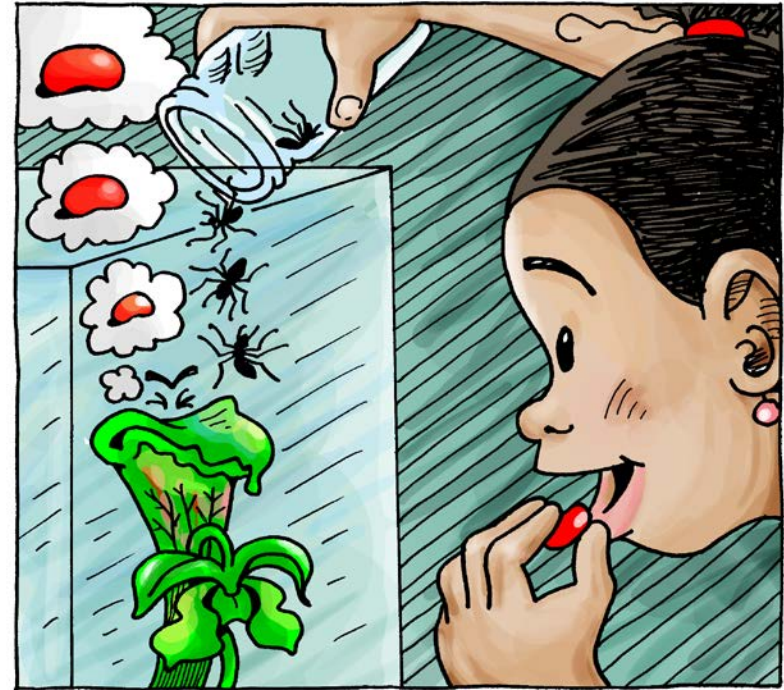
Harold saw this and wondered what a jellybean might taste like. Flies and ants are nice, but a red jellybean would be very nice.

The next time Harold saw April bringing him some ants, he thought about the jellybeans she always ate. He wanted a red one. But when she opened the lid, it was just more ants. At least they were the spicy, red kind.





The next week, April brought Harold a fat, wiggly worm. She dropped the worm straight into his pitcher. It was a nice treat for Harold after only eating ants for the last few weeks. But he still wanted a red jellybean.



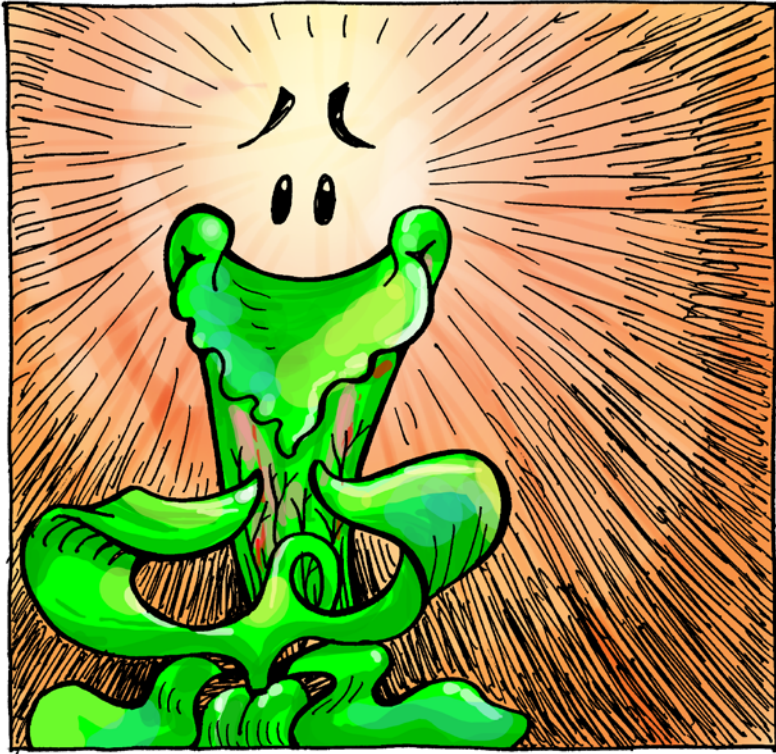
A week later, April brought Harold more insects. Harold thought about jellybeans. He thought and thought as hard as he could. *Jellybeans. Jellybeans. Jellybeans. Jellybeans.* He repeated the thought over and over. April ate a couple of jellybeans before feeding Harold more insects.

When April opened the lid to Harold's home, she only had a couple of small spiders. Harold was disappointed that she didn't feed him a red jellybean. But he was very hungry. He felt grateful that April fed him so well. Yet, he really wanted a jellybean.



That night, when April was going to bed, she ate a jellybean before brushing her teeth. Then she took another one—a red one—and placed it into Harold's pitcher.

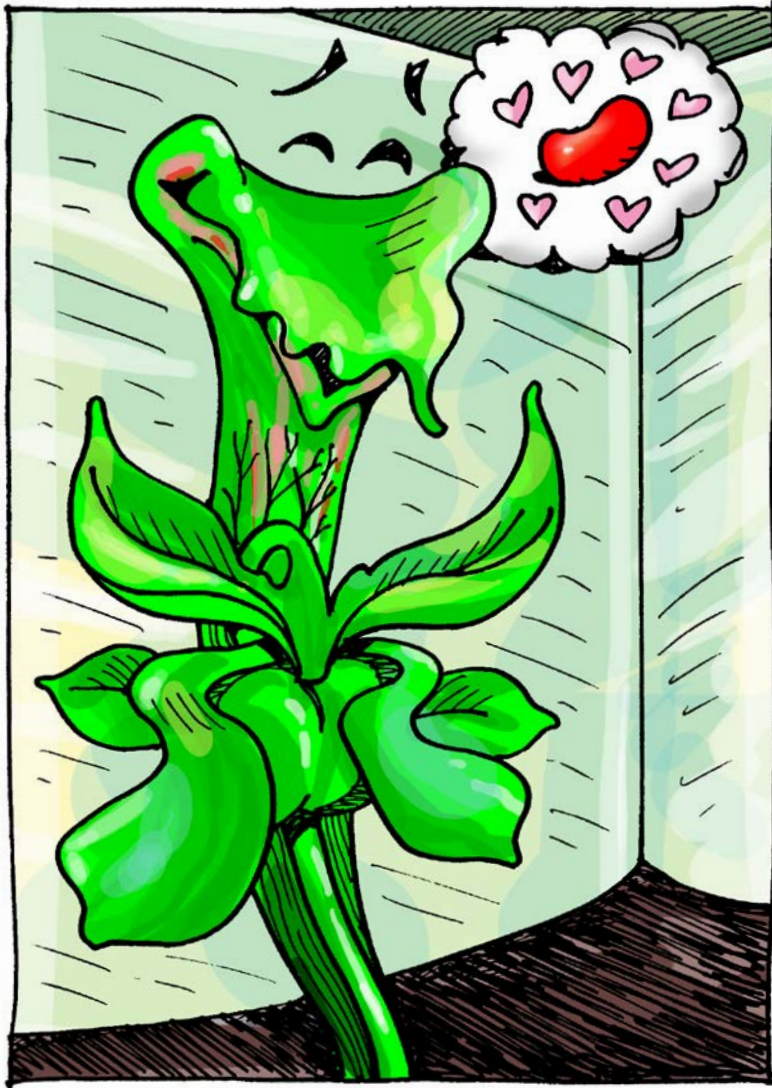




Harold was so excited that his leaves began to shake. The jellybean was smooth and kind of hard. As it sat inside the pitcher, it became soft and sticky. The flavor began to ooze out. It tasted so sweet, so wonderful. He felt himself glowing with joy.

The next day April noticed that Harold looked happy. “Hi there, Harold,” she said. “You sure look happy today. Did you like the jellybean?”

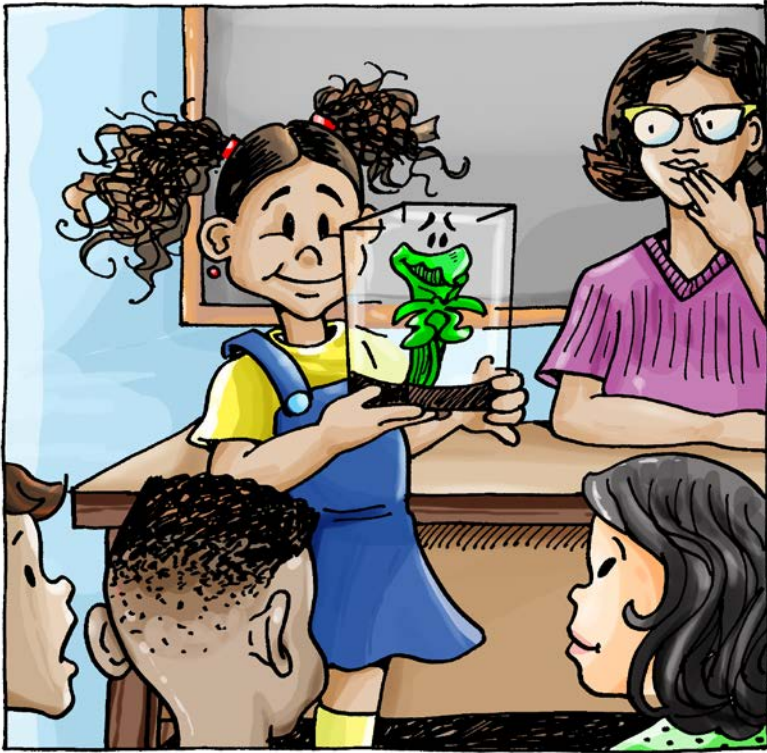




Harold tried to smile by curling one of his leaves. He felt very happy. He really enjoyed his jellybean.

From that day on, Harold got one red jellybean each week. It was a midweek treat between regular meals. He grew bigger and stronger. Soon, he was big enough to eat crickets and grasshoppers.





April and Harold were good friends. Harold even got to go to school with her once for show-and-tell. That day he only got a cricket to eat. A couple of days later, though, he got a green jellybean. *Wow*, thought Harold, *all the colors are tasty*.

As much as Harold loved all the colors of jellybeans, red ones were still his favorites.

