



# R.E.A.D.® ON!

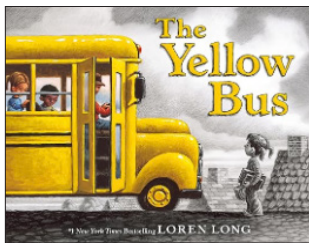
Continuing Education for R.E.A.D. Teams

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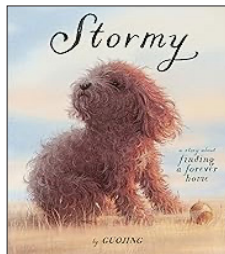
NOVEMBER 2024

## More Cool Books to Explore!

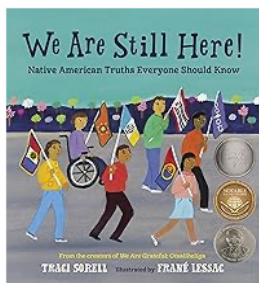
Still looking for some inspiring new children's books? Here are some more great suggestions that we've heard folks talking about lately:



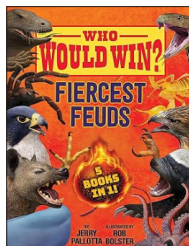
Hop on board *The Yellow Bus*, Loren Long's #1 New York Times bestselling modern classic about a forgotten school bus that finds happiness and purpose in the most unexpected places—and the journey along the way!



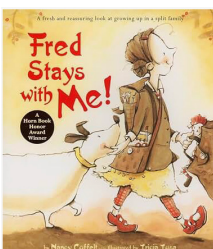
*Stormy*, by Guojing, is another gorgeously illustrated *wordless* book that not only describes a rescue, but goes deeper into the nuances that are an important part of a frightened, lonely dog being able to trust a new home.



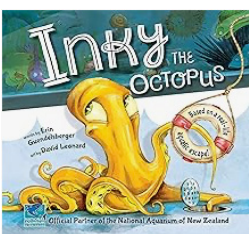
Too often, Native American history is treated as a finished chapter instead of relevant and ongoing. There are actually several books with this name, *We Are Still Here*, but in this kids' version, 12 Native American kids present historical and contemporary laws, policies, struggles, and victories in Native life. It offers readers everything they never learned in school about Native American people's past, present, and future. An ideal nonfiction picture book for 7-10-year-olds.



The extensive *Who Would Win?* series (30 books so far) is wildly popular with boys, especially, helping kids learn about each animal's anatomy, behavior, and more, alongside photos, charts, illustrations, and amazing facts.



*Fred Stays with Me* follows a girl and her dog, Fred, from one parent's house to the other's, giving her a sense of continuity and stability. With a simple text and childlike language, the story expresses and addresses a child's concerns, highlights the friendship between child and pet, presents a common ground for the parents, and resolves conflict in a positive way. Tricia Tusa's charming and whimsical artwork adds a light, happy feel to this poignant—but not overly sentimental—story.



Another popular and informative octopus book is this one, *Inky*. Readers can follow Inky the octopus as he escapes from his tank at the National Aquarium of New Zealand to the open ocean. Based on a true story, this ocean picture book for children ages 4-7 chronicles the adventure that the real-life Inky might have taken on his escape to freedom. Highly recommended for kids looking to learn more about aquatic animals, marine biology, and aquariums.

INTERMOUNTAIN THERAPY ANIMALS / R.E.A.D. ~ [www.therapyanimals.org](http://www.therapyanimals.org)

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## Saying Goodbye (Frank Bruni in the NYTimes, 8/1/24)

The dog on the left is Marlin, my sister's flat-coated retriever. That's my Regan on the right. I took the picture just 10 days ago, and you could justly wonder why: Neither dog is in some eye-catching pose. Neither's beauty really comes through.

But the fact that Marlin was on that bed — that he'd jumped up there to join his longtime playmate — was in itself remarkable. He had little strength. He was barely eating. He'd be dead (cancer) five days later.

Nothing mattered more to Marlin than being as close as possible to the objects of his love. Well, maybe food mattered more, and Marlin's appetites were eclectic. I remember looking down one evening four or five years ago to find him beside me on the couch, sneakily lowering his tongue into my martini. I figured he'd recoil at the taste and wish he'd been more discerning. He took a second slurp.

I also remember his bafflement whenever he was consigned to the back seat of the car: In what sane world should he be kept at such a

distance from the humans up front? Like Kristen Wiig in "Bridesmaids," he'd keep popping up uninvited in first class. Surely there was room for all 65 pounds of him in someone's lap.



It was my good fortune to be able to visit my sister and spend a few days with Marlin while he was still hanging in there. Mostly, he slept. He wheezed when he breathed. He didn't trail my sister, her husband and me from room to room, the way

he always had in the past. He seldom stirred when one of us walked by.

But when I sat down on the floor next to him and told him that he was the sweetest, best boy in all the world? His tail wagged. Not much. Not for long. But there was no mistaking it.

He was murmuring hello.

And whispering goodbye.