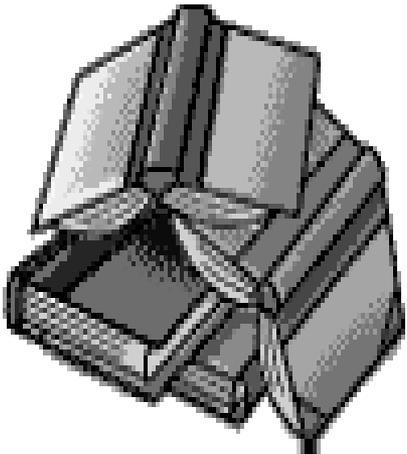


# **READING SKILLS**

*Reading is the  
Mother of All Study  
Skills*



**Are you a good  
reader?**



# What makes a good reader?

- Makes connections
- Asks questions
- Visualizes
- Draws inferences and predicts
- Determines important ideas
- Synthesizes information
- Monitors comprehension and clarifies



# All because you kissed me goodnight

## by Sandy Roistan

- I climbed the door, and opened the stairs,  
Said my pajamas and put on my prayers,  
Then turned off the bed and crawled into the light,  
All because you kissed me goodnight.
- Next morning, I woke and scrambled my shoes,  
Polished my eggs and toasted the news,  
I couldn't tell my left from my right,  
All because you kissed me goodnight.
- That evening at last, I felt normal again,  
So I picked up my mother, and called up the phone,  
I spoke to the puppy and threw dad a bone  
Even at midnight, the sun was still bright,  
All because you kissed me goodnight.

# Love at First Sight

## By Wislawa Szymborska

*They're both convinced  
that a surge of emotions bound them together.  
Such certainty is beautiful,  
but uncertainty is more beautiful still.*

*Since they'd never met before, they're sure  
that there'd been nothing between them.  
But what's the word from the streets, staircases,  
hallways--  
perhaps they've passed by each other a million  
times?*

*I want to ask them  
if they don't remember--  
a moment face to face  
in some revolving door?  
perhaps a "sorry" muttered in a crowd?  
a curt "wrong number" caught in the receiver?--  
but I know the answer.  
No, they don't remember.*

*They'd be amazed to hear  
that Chance has been toying with them  
now for years.*

*Not quite ready yet  
to become their Destiny,  
it pushed them close, drove them apart,  
it barred their path,  
stifling a laugh,  
and then leaped aside.*

*There were signs and signals,  
even if they couldn't read them yet.  
Perhaps three years ago  
or just last Tuesday  
a certain leaf fluttered  
from one shoulder to another?  
Something was dropped and then picked up.  
Who knows, maybe the ball that vanished  
into childhood's thicket?*

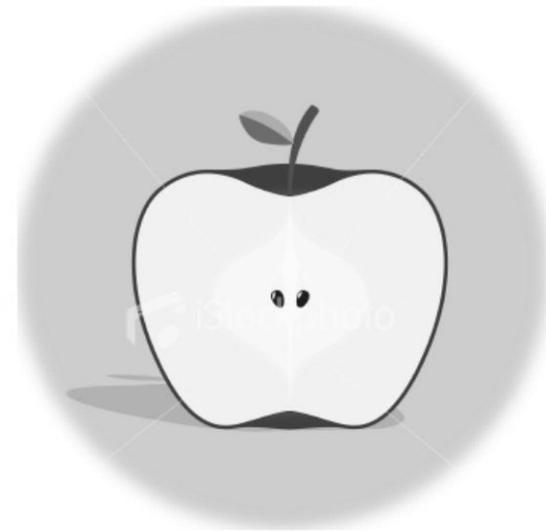
*There were doorknobs and doorbells  
where one touch had covered another  
beforehand.*

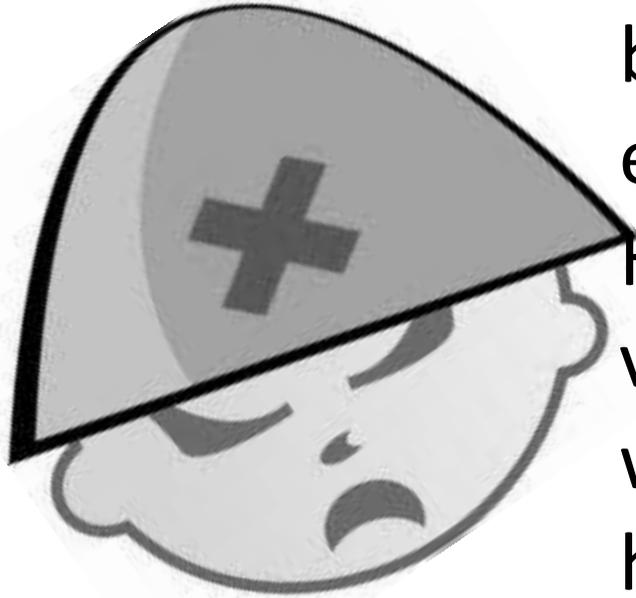
*Suitcases checked and standing side by side.  
One night. perhaps, the same dream,  
grown hazy by morning.*

*Every beginning  
is only a sequel, after all,  
and the book of events  
is always open halfway through.*

**From the Diary of An  
Almost Four Year Old  
by Hanan Mikhail Ashwari**

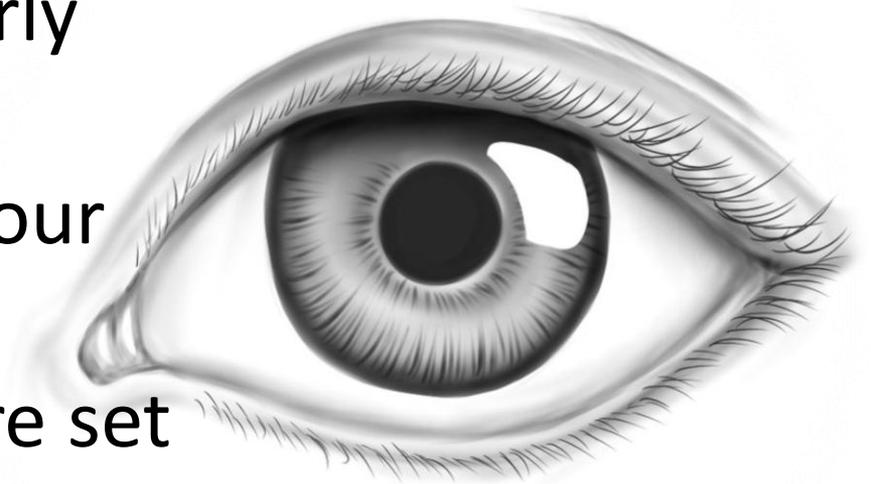
Tomorrow, the bandages  
will come off. I wonder  
will I see half an orange,  
half an apple, half my  
mother's face  
with my one remaining  
eye?





I did not see the bullet  
but felt its pain  
exploding in my head.  
His image did not  
vanish, the soldier  
with a big gun, unsteady  
hands, and a look in  
his eyes  
I could not understand.

If I can see him so clearly  
with my eyes closed,  
it could be that inside our  
heads  
we each have one spare set  
of eyes  
to make up for the ones we  
lose.





Next month, on my birthday,  
I'll have a brand new glass eye,  
maybe things will look round  
and fat in the middle—  
I've gazed through marbles,  
they made the world look strange.

I hear a nine-month old  
has also lost an eye,  
I wonder if my soldier  
shot her too—a soldier  
looking for little girls who  
look him in the eye—  
I'm old enough, almost four,  
I've seen enough of life,  
but she's just a baby  
who didn't know any better.



