



MAMA, IS IT SUMMER YET?

Nikki McClure



Modeling Concepts of Print

- Track the print from left to right and top to bottom as you read each page. As you read page 11, remind children that when we get to the end of a line we move our finger down and to the left and start reading the next line. Model and have children practice the return sweep.
- When you read the first line on page 19, have children try to match what is said to what is written. Children should point to the words "Not yet, my little one" as you read them.
- When you read page 31, review with children that sentences begin with a capital letter and end with a punctuation mark. Have children point out the capital letter and punctuation mark in the second and third sentences.



Table of Contents



Mama, Is It Summer Yet? . . . 4

Fiction

by Nikki McClure



Paired read
Poetry About the

Seasons 34





For my mother.

—N.M.

Thank you to Susan Van Metre and Georgia Manger
for their help with finding the right words and pictures.

Nikki McClure

MAMA, IS IT SUMMER YET?



 Education

Illustration by [unreadable]

Mama, is it summer yet?



Not yet, my little one.
But the buds are swelling.
Soon new leaves will unfold.



Mama, is it summer yet?





Not yet, my little one.
But the squirrel is building her nest.
Soon her babies will be born.

Mama, is it summer yet?





Not yet, my little one.
But the earth is soft.
Soon the seeds will sprout and root.



Mama, is it summer yet?

16



17

Not yet, my little one.
But the swallows are singing.
Soon warmer winds will blow.



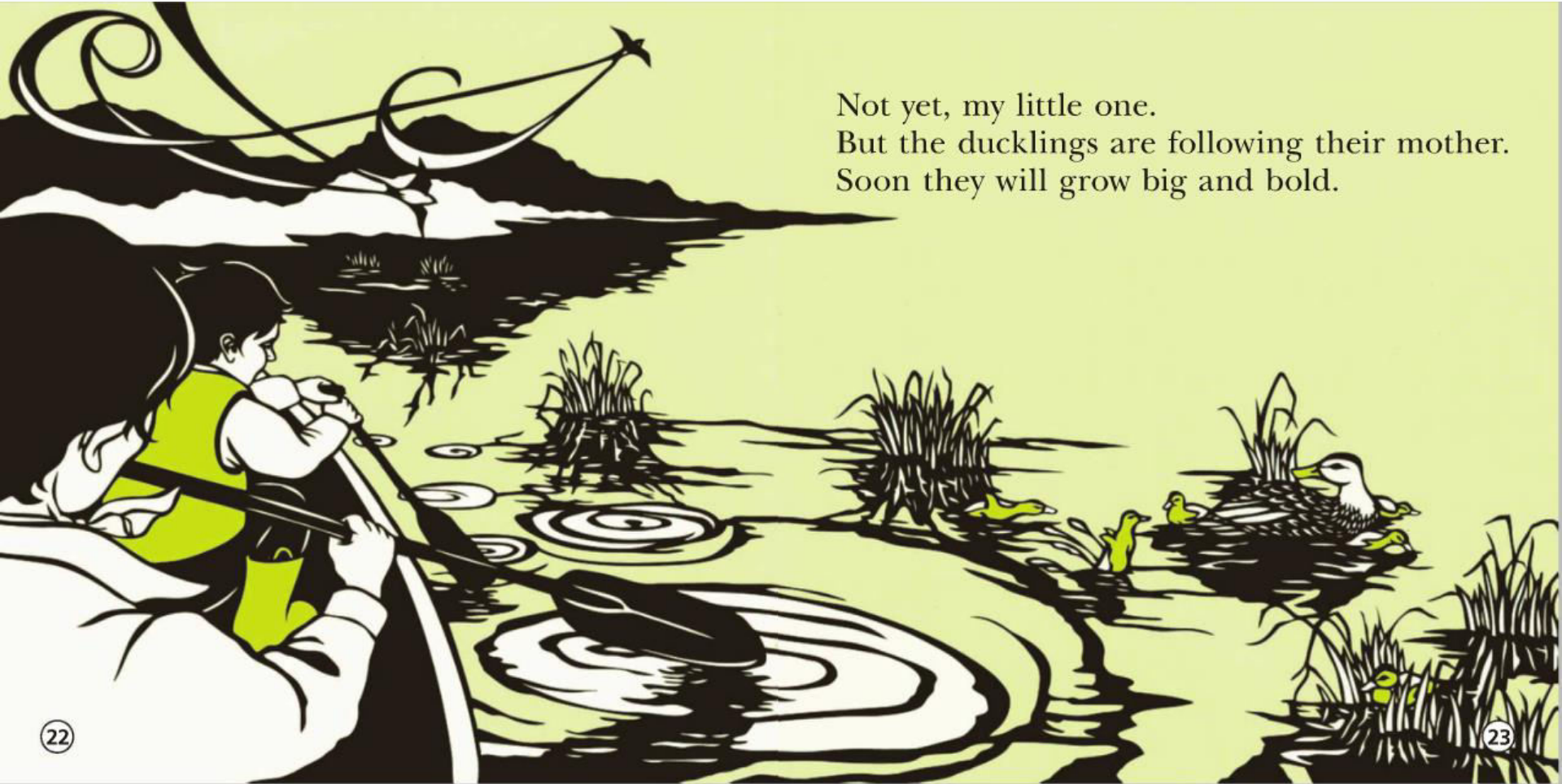
Mama, is it summer yet?

20



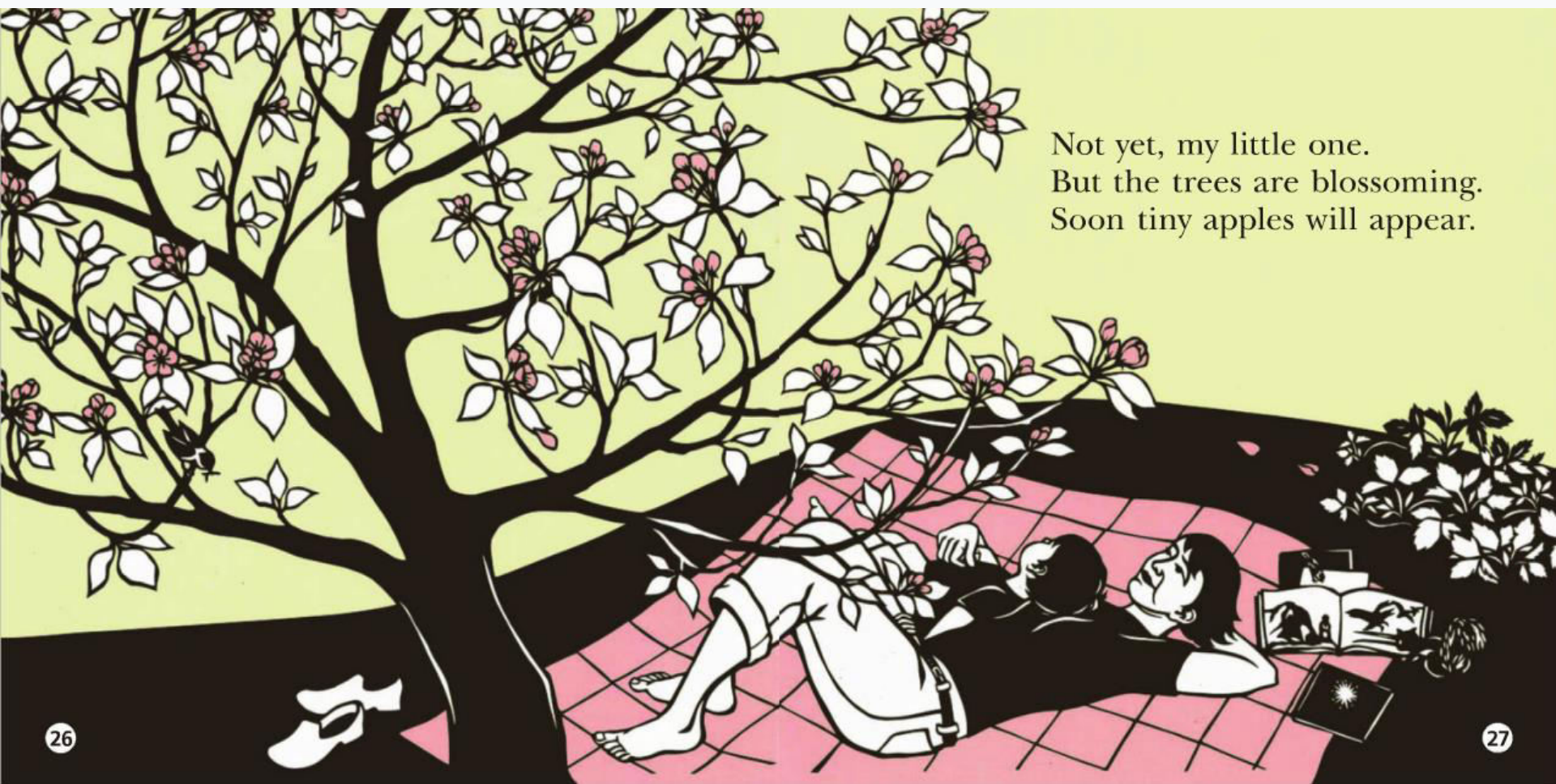
21

Not yet, my little one.
But the ducklings are following their mother.
Soon they will grow big and bold.



Mama, is it summer yet?





Not yet, my little one.
But the trees are blossoming.
Soon tiny apples will appear.

Mama, is it summer now?





Yes! Oh yes, my little one!
The honeybees are in the flowers.
The sun is warm on your round belly.
The berries are juicy and sweet.





My little one, it is summer now!



New Snow

The new new snow
is sparkling
in the sun.

Wherever I go
in the new new snow
I am
the
very
first one!

Lilian Moore

Rain Song

Spring rain is pink rain,
For petals sweet and fair,
Summer rain is rainbow rain,
With colors everywhere.

The rain of fall is brown rain,
With leaves that whirl and blow,
And the winter rain is white rain,
But we call it snow.

Leland B. Jacobs



Covers

Glass covers windows
to keep the cold away

Clouds cover the sky
to make a rainy day

Nighttime covers
all the things that creep

Blankets cover me
when I'm asleep

Nikki Giovanni



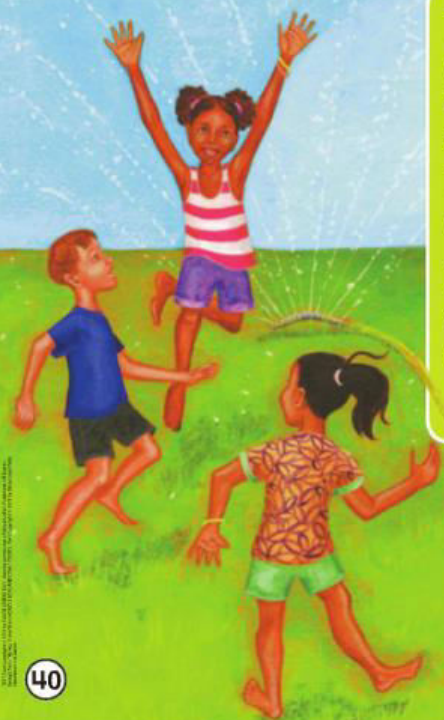
An excerpt from the poem

Honey, I Love

The day is hot and icky
and the sun sticks to my skin
Mr. Davis turns the hose on,
everybody jumps right in
The water stings my stomach
and I feel so nice and cool

Honey, let me tell you
that I LOVE a flying pool
I love to feel a flying pool.

Eloise Greenfield





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