

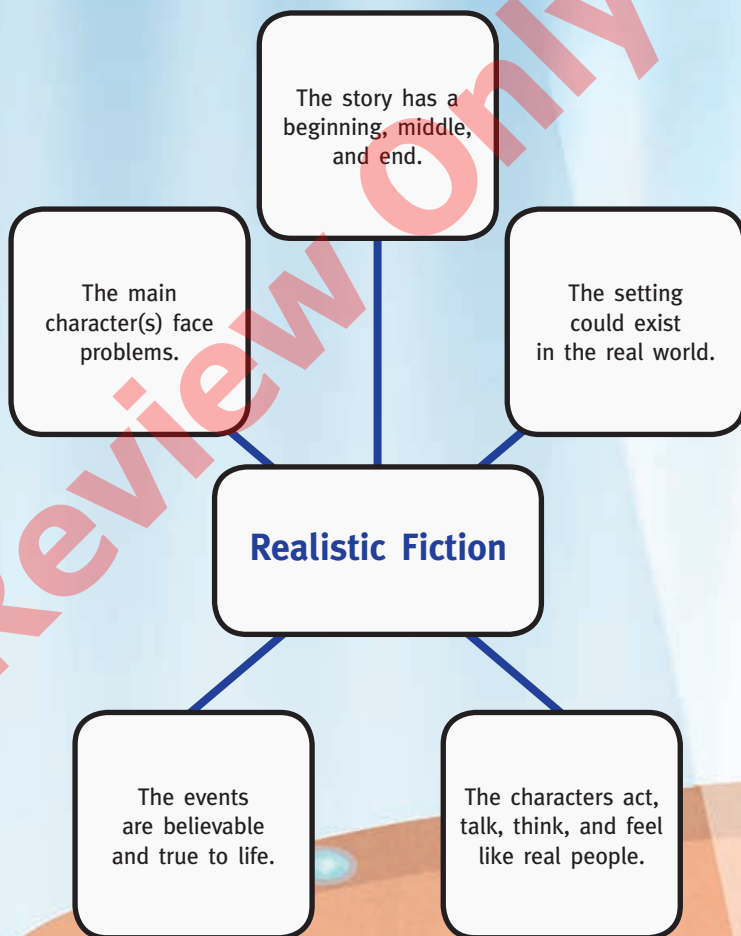
Gabriela Saves the Concert

by Paco Correa • illustrated by Lydia Mba Blázquez



Realistic Fiction

Look for the genre features noted below as you read this book. Use the features to help you understand the text.



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My name is Gabriela and I'm eight years old. I go to school, I'm very good at science and math, and I even eat broccoli! I like to play soccer with my friends. However, there's something that I enjoy doing that not all eight-year-olds do.



I'm not a famous painter or a movie actor. I'm a guitarist and a singer. I have a big imagination and I love to dream!





It all started a few years ago. I was six years old. My parents gave me a guitar. It was a professional guitar with special wood and a beautiful sound. I remember that it didn't sound very good the first time I played it.

"Why does it sound so bad?" I asked my mom.

"Well, first you have to tune it," she answered. "And then you have to learn to play it."

I started playing my guitar every day. I would wake up and play it before getting dressed. I'd come home from school and play it a little before doing my homework. I practiced for hours and hours. My dad knew how to play the guitar, so he taught me. I learned a lot from him. He taught me to play and to sing many songs. My favorites were Mexican folk songs.



One day I heard some terrific news.
A big star named Selena was coming to my
town. I liked her very much and asked my
parents to take me to her concert.

I couldn't wait to see Selena. The night
before the concert, I went to bed early.





The stadium was full of people when we arrived. Everyone wanted to see the great star. There were people selling programs and T-shirts. A picture of Selena's face was on all of them.



We took our seats. They were in the first row! The show would start in ten minutes.

The wait seemed endless to me. It felt unreal that in a little while I would hear Selena sing.

All of a sudden, the announcer came out on the stage. Instead of looking excited, he looked worried.

“Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls,” he said seriously. “I’m sorry to inform you that there won’t be a concert tonight.”

