

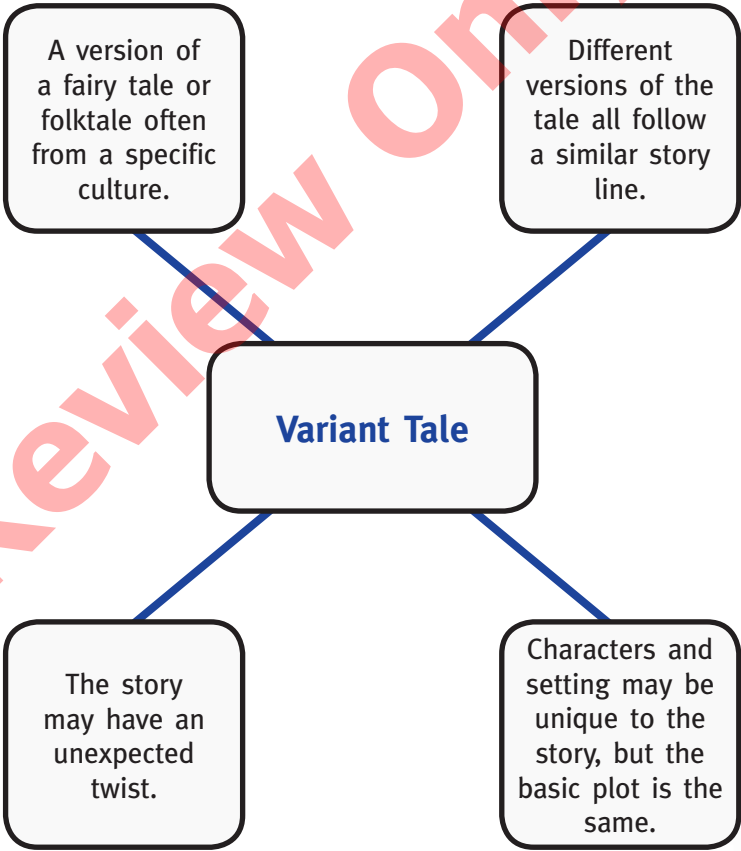
Make Way for the
**Boston
Duckling**

by Jane Yolen • illustrated by Steve Stone



Variant Tale

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



© Benchmark Education Company, LLC. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, or any information storage or retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. Printed in Guangzhou, China. XXXX-XX-XXXX

LEXILE® is a trademark of MetaMetrics, Inc., and is registered in the United States and abroad.

E-books and additional digital resources available at benchmarkuniverse.com.

ISBN: 978-1-5322-5653-0

Toll-Free 1-877-236-2465
www.benchmarkeducation.com
www.benchmarkuniverse.com

BENCHMARK EDUCATION COMPANY
145 Huguenot Street • New Rochelle, NY • 10801

What a Honker

Mama Duck's nest at the Boston Public Garden pond was within eyesight of the famous Make Way for Ducklings statue. She had chosen that spot with great care. "My great-great gran was written into a book!" She told anyone who could understand Boston Duck. It's an odd accent, but it's the way she spoke.



Mama Duck hoped to have a statue of her own someday. She was already something of a reality star. She had her own website, a live duck cam, and a social media fan page. Every year, she posed with tourists at the statue, showing off her own ducklings before they plunged into the pond, avoiding the swan boats.

Right now, her nest was filled with broken shells. Five eggs had already hatched. Only the sixth egg was still whole.

“Keep an eye on that egg,” she told the five. “I’m going to greet my fans.”

The five ducklings crowded around the last egg.



“That egg is awfully big,” said the oldest, Quick.

A small zigzag ran across one side of the egg. Suddenly, a black beak pushed through.

“The beak is odd-colored, too,” added Quink.

“Beaks are supposed to be orange,” noted Quaak.

After the beak came a gray head.

“Wow!” said Queek. “That’s a funny shade of bird. And just look at the size of that honker!” He meant the beak. The other ducklings laughed.

The sixth duckling pulled back into his shell, eyes bright with unshed tears. He’d thought that he’d be greeted with cheers and a birthday cake.

Just then, Mama Duck returned. “Say hello to Quark, my darlings. No pushing. No shoving. Play nice.” She headed off to the statue to make a speech.

“Hello, Quark,” the five ducklings muttered, though their hellos didn’t sound very welcoming.



Quark Cries

Not long after that, it was time for Mama Duck to give her fans a bigger show. “Get ready for your first swim, little ones,” she said. “Don’t be alarmed by the loud clicks and the lights.”

The five yellow ducklings waddled after her—soft, fluffy, and cute.

Waddling behind came Quark—spiky-gray, with his big black beak.



Soon they all came to the pond. The ducklings headed straight into the water. Quark slid in, too, surprised that he knew how to swim.

The crowd of people took pictures and threw food to the ducks. The other ducklings all gobbled it up. But, somehow, Quark didn't get any food. The others kept pushing him out of the way.



Finally someone on shore called: “Hey Big Honker, try this.” A silvery thing flew through the air. It landed right in front of Quark. He crunched down on it, spitting it right out again. It tasted awful and made a terrible noise.

“Joey,” someone said, “How many times do I have to tell you ducks can’t eat foil wrappers.”

“Joey whined, “But Ma, he’s such an ugly duckling! You know, like that story you always read to me.”

And there it was. Quark was ugly. As ugly as a duck in a story. He turned around and swam back to the shore. Crawling into part of his old eggshell, he began to cry.

