

Red IN THE Face

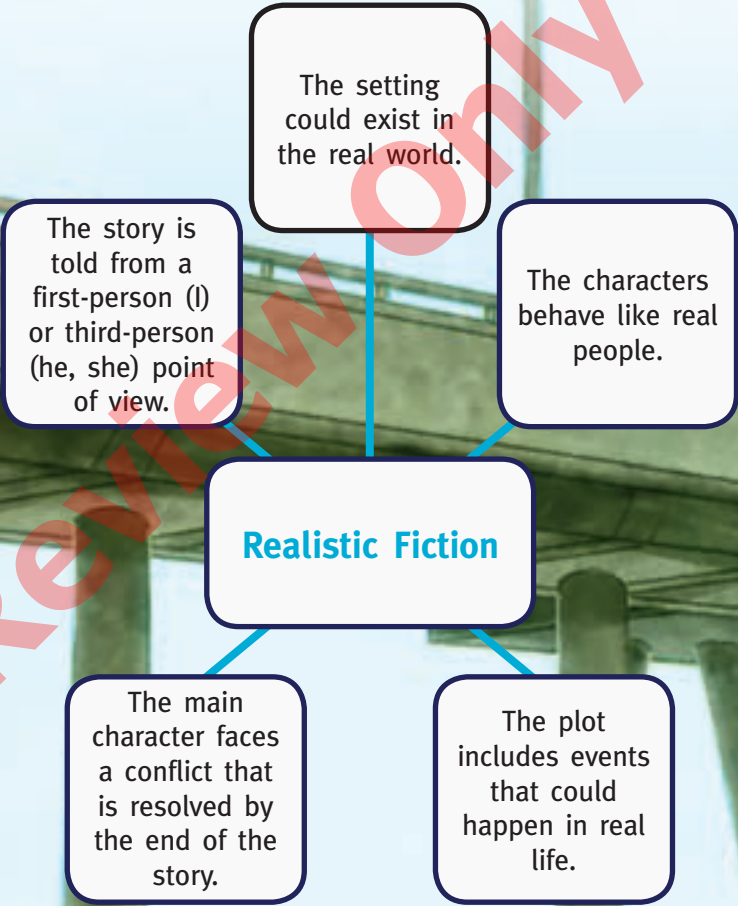
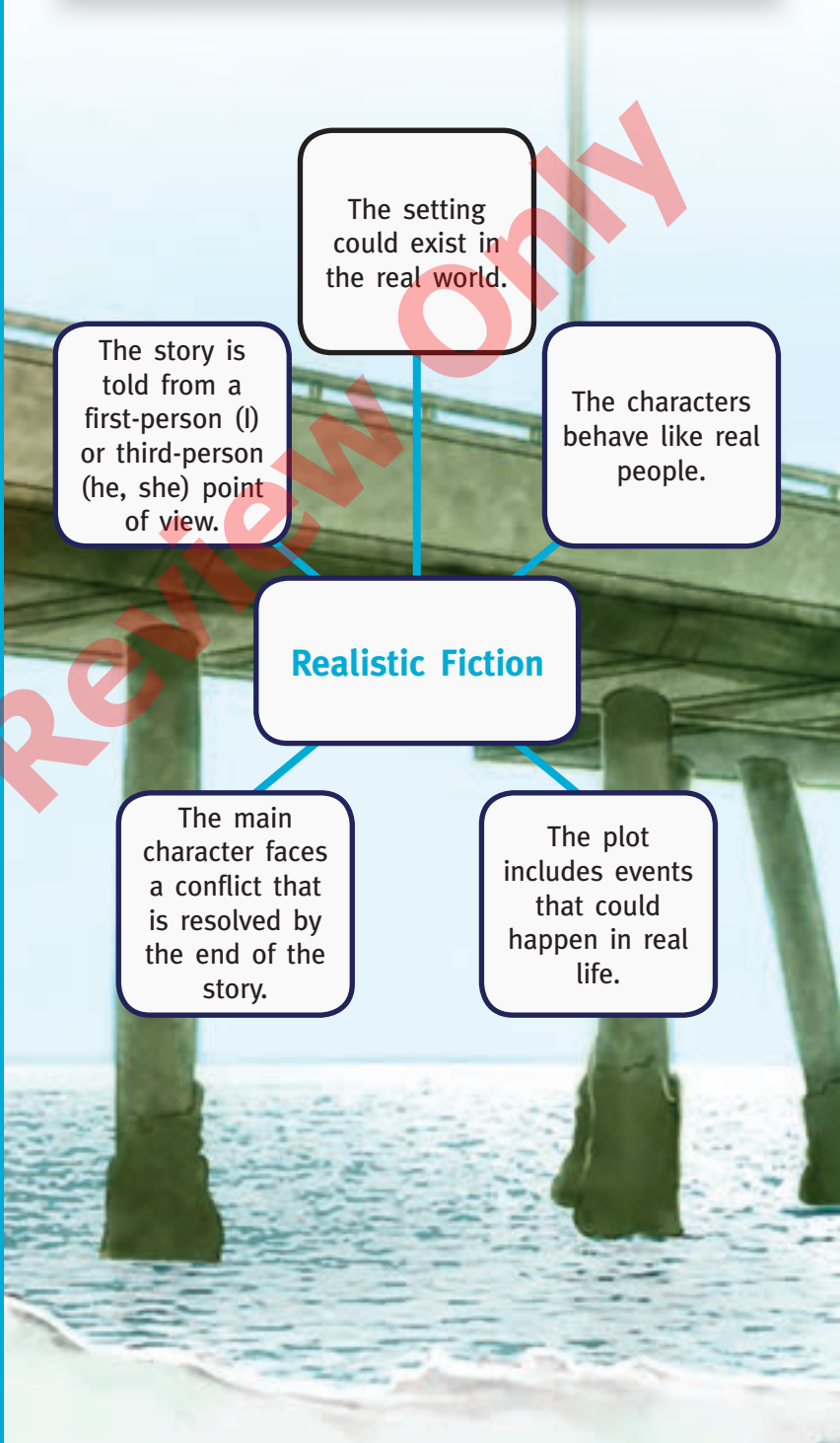


**REALISTIC FICTION
LITERATURE**

Level	P/38
Lexile®	600L

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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From Snow to Sun

Jillian's dad walked into her room holding up his phone. Jillian saw surfers on the screen.

"There are surfing lessons down at Nokomis Beach!" He was so excited that Jillian couldn't help but feel the same way.

"Do you think surfing is like snowboarding?" She imagined her best friends, Louise and Nya, back in Maine, speeding down the slopes.



“Let’s find out. Get up and put on your bathing suit!” He tossed a bottle of sunblock to her. “Don’t forget to wear lots of sunblock.”

“I know, Dad,” Jillian said, rolling her eyes. Then she had a horrible thought that made her curl back up under her favorite bedspread.

She had just moved to Venice, Florida. What if she didn’t meet anyone in Florida as awesome as Louise and Nya?



A little while later, Jillian looked out at the ocean. She watched the foam on top of the breaking waves. Then she sprinted as fast as she could across the sand. It was as hot as lava!

She noticed a woman in a wet suit that said Surf School and a girl who had a smile the size of the sun.

“Hi! My name’s Carmen. I’ve never seen you before. Are you new here?” the girl asked Jillian.

Jillian opened her mouth, but at first nothing came out. She wasn’t very good at making friends.

“Oh, umm, hi. My name is Jillian. My family just moved here from Maine.”

“Well, you’re going to love Venice! Marisol is the best surfing teacher ever! I’ve had only one lesson so far, but I’ve been dying to learn how to surf for a year. So far, I am the only girl in the class. I’m glad you’re here now, anyway.”

Carmen hardly took a breath before she said, “You’re looking a little pink. Do you have sunblock on?” She gently poked Jillian’s arm.

“I put some on this morning,” Jillian said, but her skin felt like roasting marshmallows.

“Still, maybe you should put on some more. You don’t want to get burned, and the sun isn’t even at its hottest yet,” Carmen warned.

But just then, the teacher called to the girls, and Jillian forgot all about sunblock.





Jillian pushed out into the water. When she caught a wave, she jumped up, planted her feet on the board—and fell in the water! The salt water burned inside her nose.

She got up again and again and wiped out again and again! She now knew that if she didn't plant her feet in exactly the right spot, she would wipe out every time.

Jillian found out quickly that surfing wasn't very much like snowboarding. "Boy, I miss snowboarding," she mumbled.

After twenty minutes of trying and failing, Jillian was exhausted. *Surfing is really tiring*, she thought. She sat on her board and watched as Marisol caught a wave from start to finish.

Finally, Jillian felt ready to try again. She waited for her wave, paddled, and then jumped onto the board at just the right moment.

She couldn't believe it! She spread her arms and smiled into the salty spray. She was actually surfing!

Maybe this isn't so bad, thought Jillian.



The Saddest Sunburn

When Jillian woke up the next morning, she remembered the salty spray in her face. She couldn't wait to surf again, and she hoped that she and Carmen could be friends.

Then she remembered it was the first day of school. *How will I introduce myself to a class full of strangers?* she thought.

Jillian yawned and stretched. "Ouch!" Her shoulders hurt. *Oh, no, she thought, I forgot to put on more sunblock yesterday!*



Reluctantly, she got up and looked in the mirror. Her skin was as red as a Maine lobster. She was covered in one of the worst sunburns of her life.

“Are you ready for your first day of school?” Jillian’s mom said, breezing into the room. Jillian looked like she was about to cry.

“Oh, no! You’re so sunburned!” she said. “Does it hurt? Take a cool shower to soothe that skin, and I’ll find the aloe vera.”

