

The Mailman's Hat

A Reading A-Z Level K Leveled Book
Word Count: 333

Connections

Writing

Write a paragraph that describes how Duffy changes by the end of the story.

Social Studies

What does a mailman do? What are some other important jobs in your community? Share your ideas with a partner.

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The Mailman's Hat



Written by Kitty Higgins
Illustrated by Joel Snyder

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Focus Question

How does Mr. Smith solve his problem in the story?

Words to Know

gusty
mailman
porch

pouch
shreds
treat

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Correlation

LEVEL K

Fountas & Pinnell	J
Reading Recovery	17
DRA	18

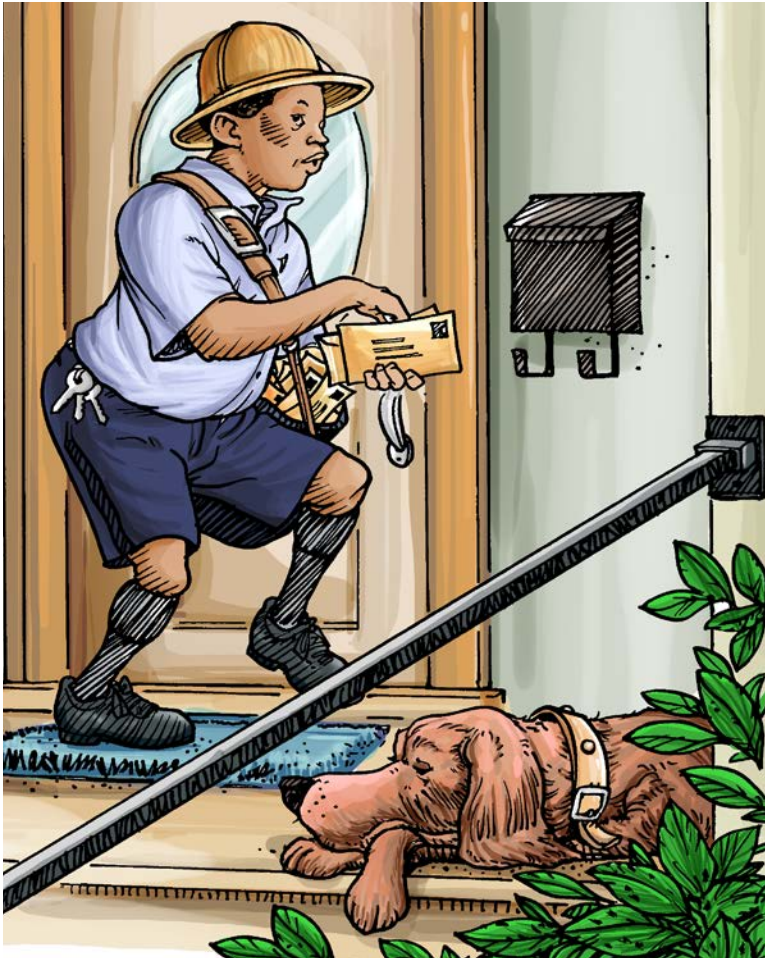


Mr. Smith was a mailman, and he wore a mailman's hat. He carried a pouch full of letters for the people on Dew Melon Way.

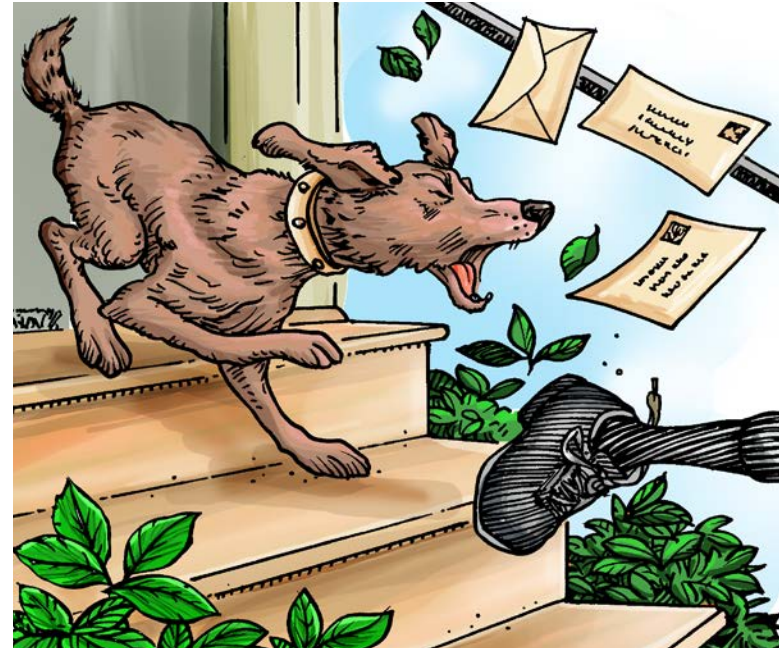
He also had a whistle that he would blow at every stop. When the whistle blew, people would come out of their homes to see if there was mail in their boxes.

But there was one house where the whistle didn't blow. A dog named Duffy lived there. Duffy loved to bark and bite.





Each day, Mr. Smith would tiptoe up the walk to the house where Duffy napped. Trying not to make a sound, he would put the mail in the box.



Duffy was a very light sleeper. He would wake with a bark and a snap. Then he would chase Mr. Smith off the porch and down the block.

Every day, rain or shine, Mr. Smith would bring the mail to Dew Melon Way. And every day, he would get chased by Duffy. That is, until one gusty day in March.

The wind was blowing very hard that morning. Mr. Smith's hat flew off his head and into the air like a kite.



His hat landed right on top of Duffy's dish! Duffy jumped up from a sound sleep, barking at the noise.





Mr. Smith was sure that Duffy would chew his hat to shreds and that he would be a mailman without a hat. But he had an idea.

When Mr. Smith came to the porch, Duffy was waiting. He had the mailman's hat in his mouth. Mr. Smith reached into his pouch for the mail. But what he pulled out was a dog biscuit.





Duffy didn't shred the mailman's hat or bark at Mr. Smith. Instead, he dropped the hat at Mr. Smith's feet, sat quietly, and waited for his treat.

From that day forward, Mr. Smith brought more than just the mail to Dew Melon Way. He brought a biscuit for his friend, Duffy, who wagged his tail whenever the mail whistle blew.

