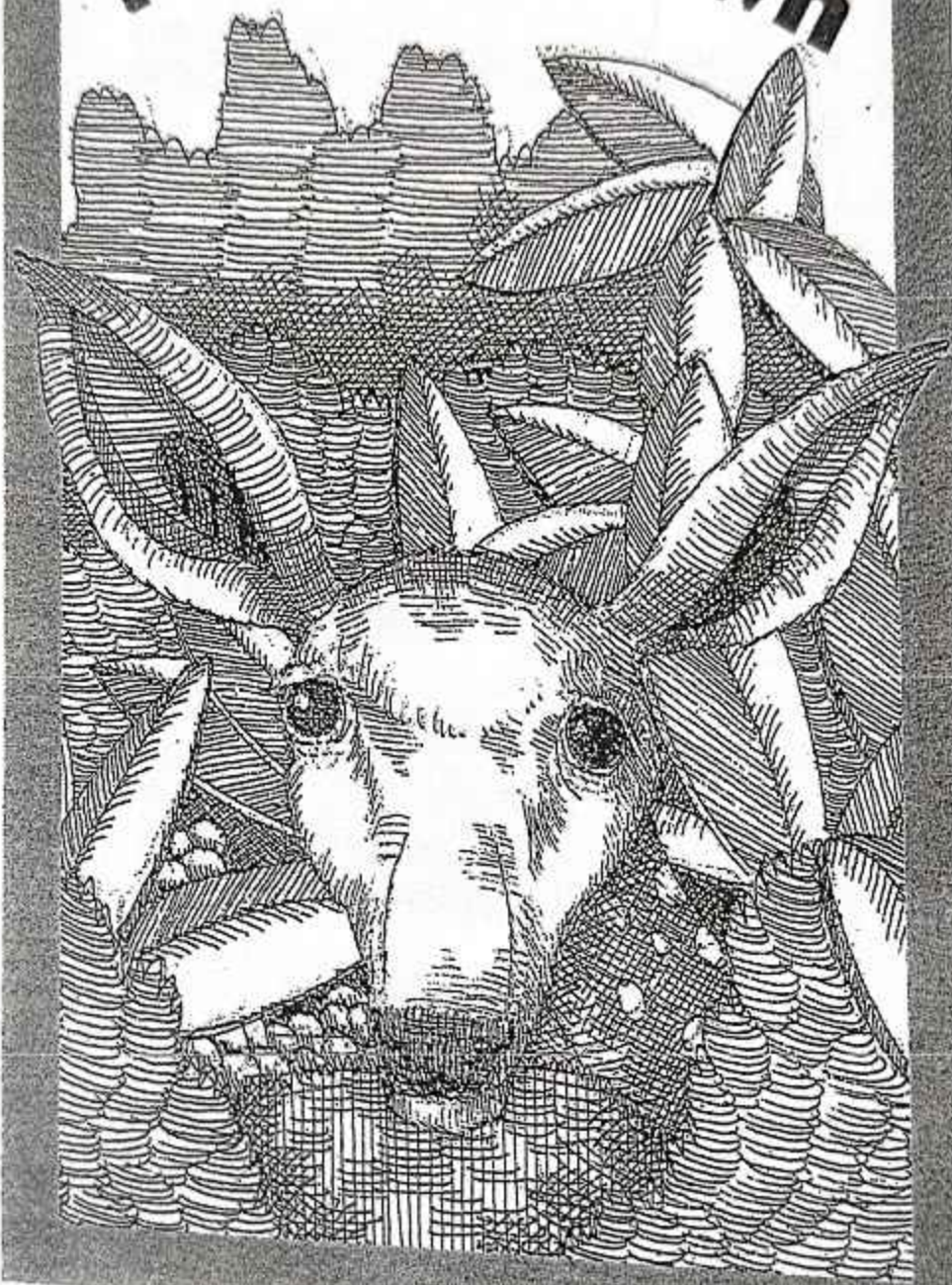


# Fawn at Dawn



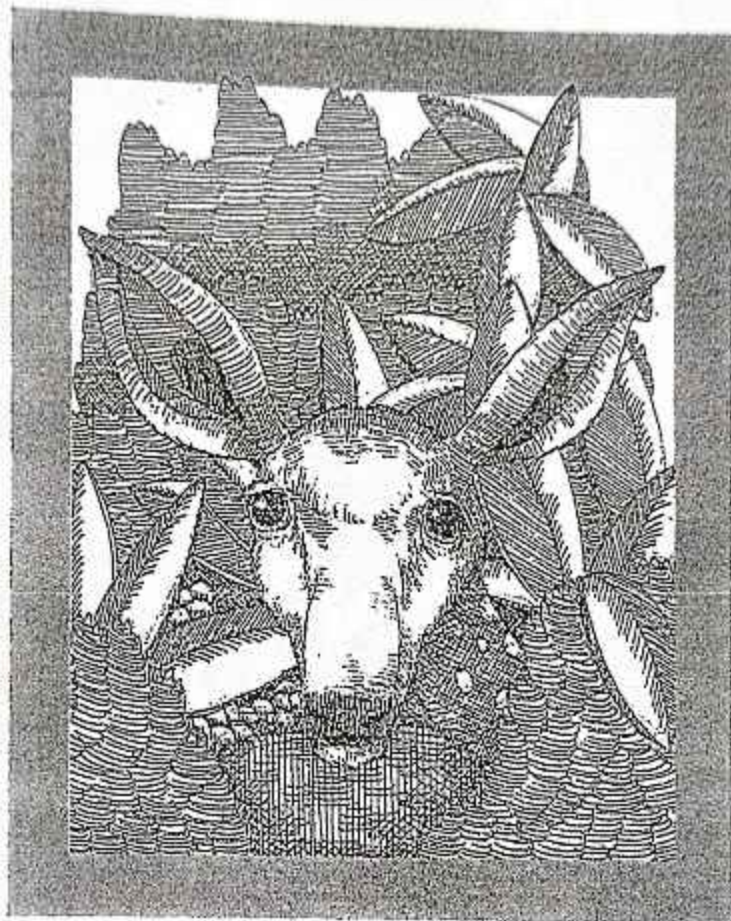
by Maggie Bridger  
illustrated by Lane Yerkes

This book belongs to

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# Fawn at Dawn



by Maggie Bridger  
illustrated by Lane Yerkes

Scott Foresman

Editorial Offices: Glenview, Illinois • New York, New York  
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I saw a fawn yesterday. I really,  
really did!

I woke up early and looked out  
my window. There on the lawn was a  
tiny spotted fawn.

I didn't move. I didn't even yawn.  
But, suddenly, it was gone.





I told my brother. He didn't believe me.

"You thought you saw a fawn," he said.

"I saw a fawn. I really, really did!" I said.

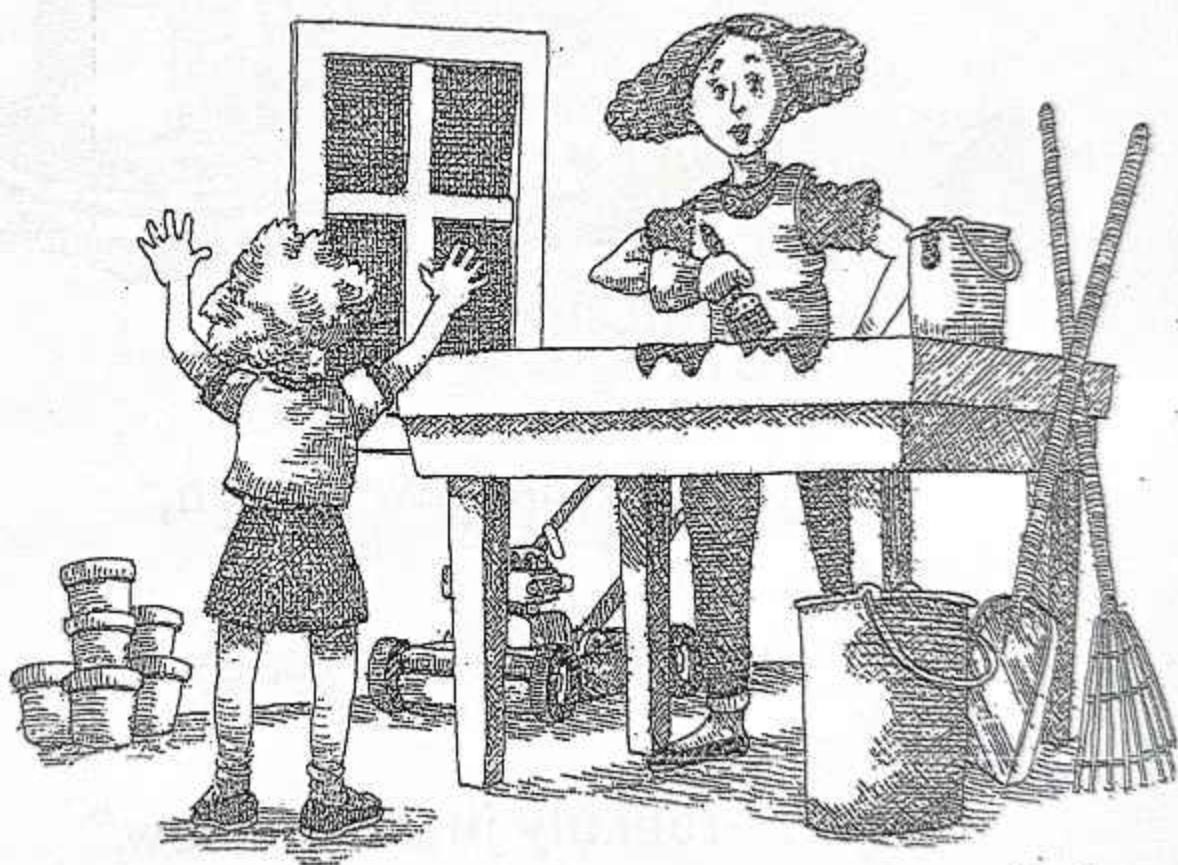
"It was probably just a shadow," Paul said.

I told my mother.

"Oh, dear," Mom said. "I ought to have the doctor look at your eyes. Maybe you need glasses."

"I saw a fawn! I really, really did!" I said.

"It was probably just some leaves by the seesaw," Mom said.





I told my father.

At first, I didn't think he even heard me. He was reading the morning paper.

"I saw a fawn. I really, really did!" I said.





This was awful. No one in my family believed me!

Then Dad put his paper down.

"Well, Jenny, can you draw a picture of what you saw?"





I tried, but it came out all wrong. I tried again. I filled nine whole pages. But I couldn't make my picture look like the fawn I had seen.

Finally, I got an idea!

Maybe if I went out on the lawn  
and crawled around, I might find a  
sign that the fawn had been there.

I crawled around the seesaw.

I crawled near the garden.

I found nothing!



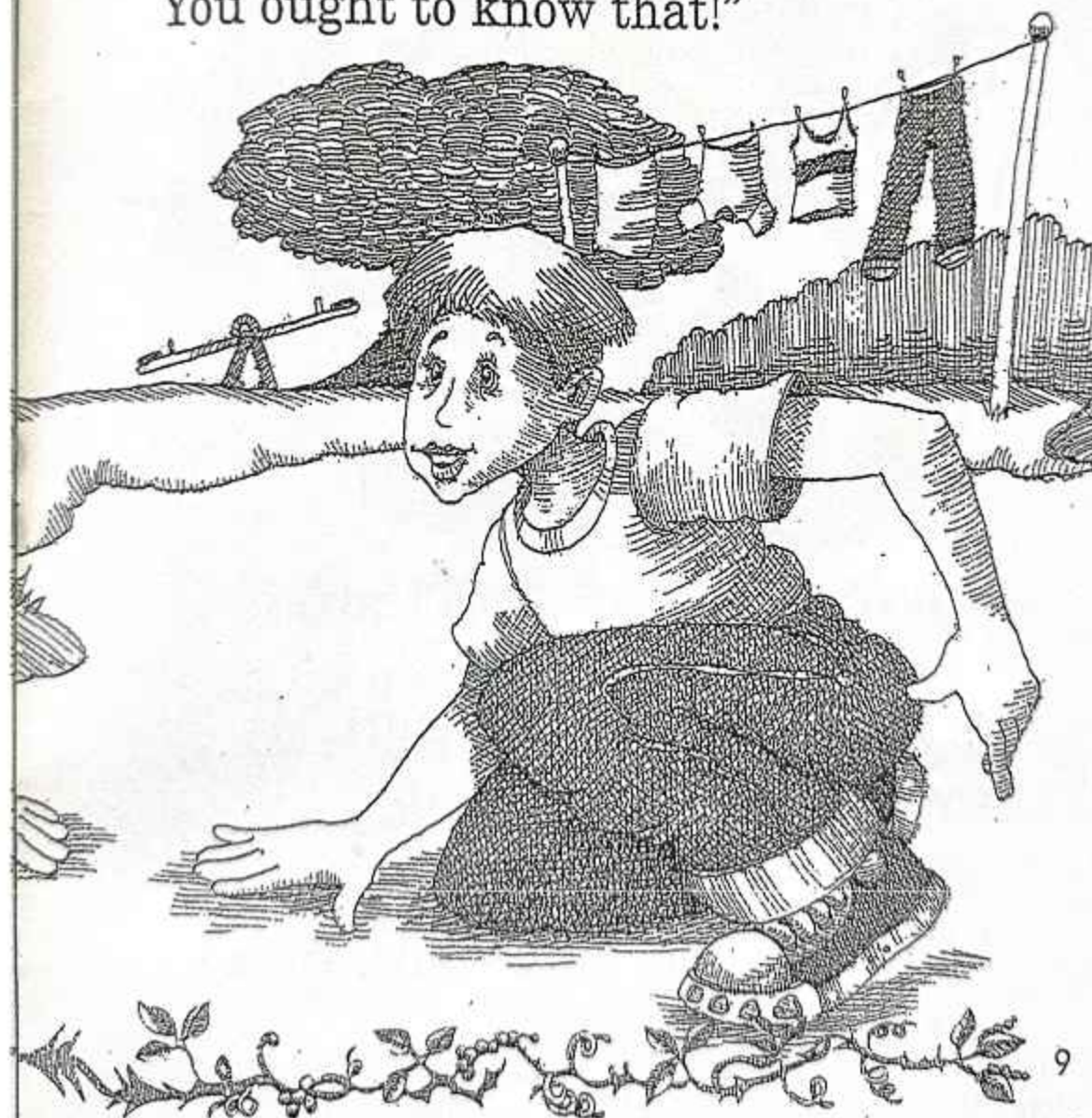


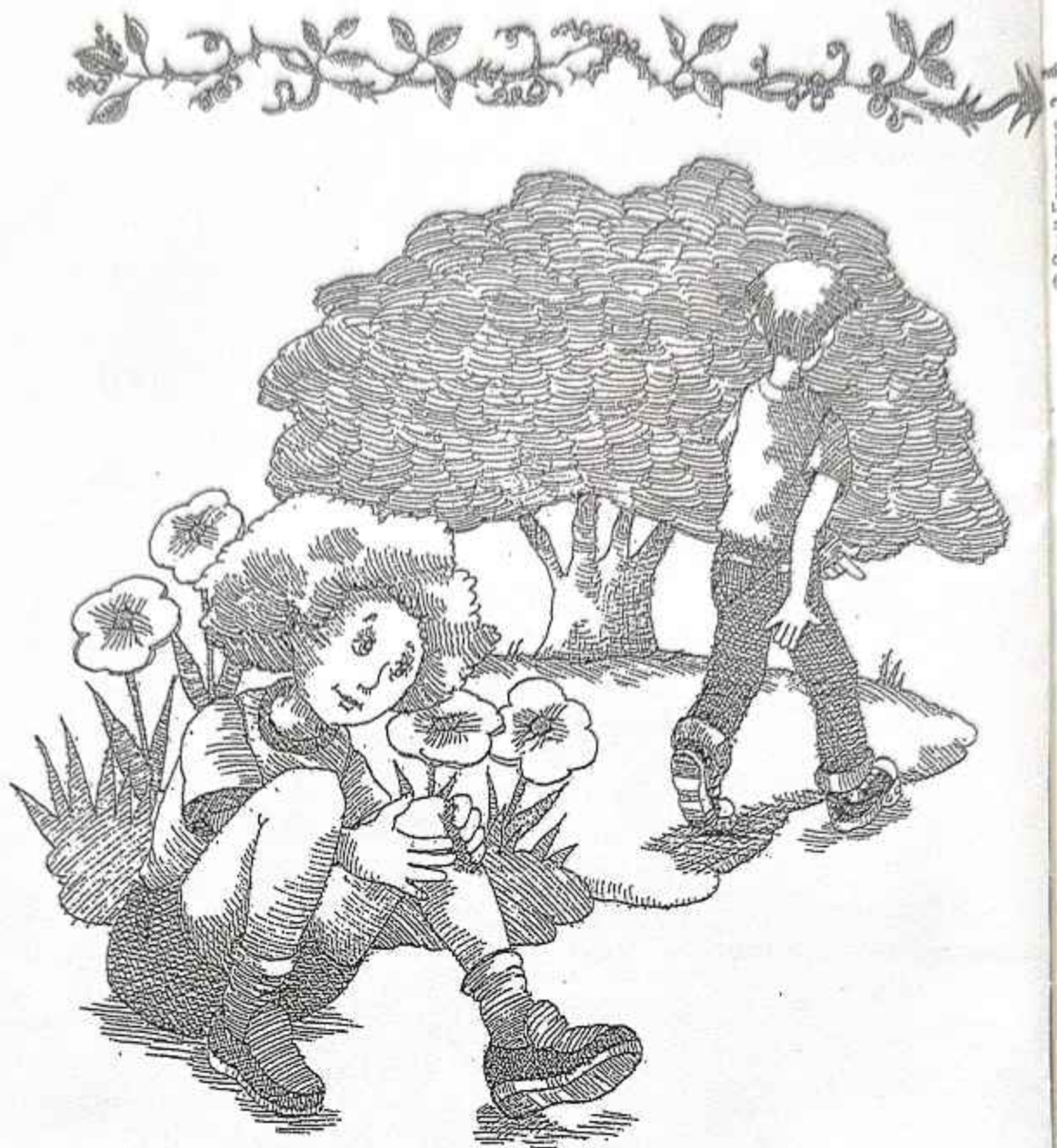
© Scott Foreman 2

"What are you doing?" Paul asked me.

"I'm looking for paw prints from the fawn," I said.

My brother shook his head. "Are you sure you saw a fawn?" he asked. "Fawns don't have paws. You ought to know that!"

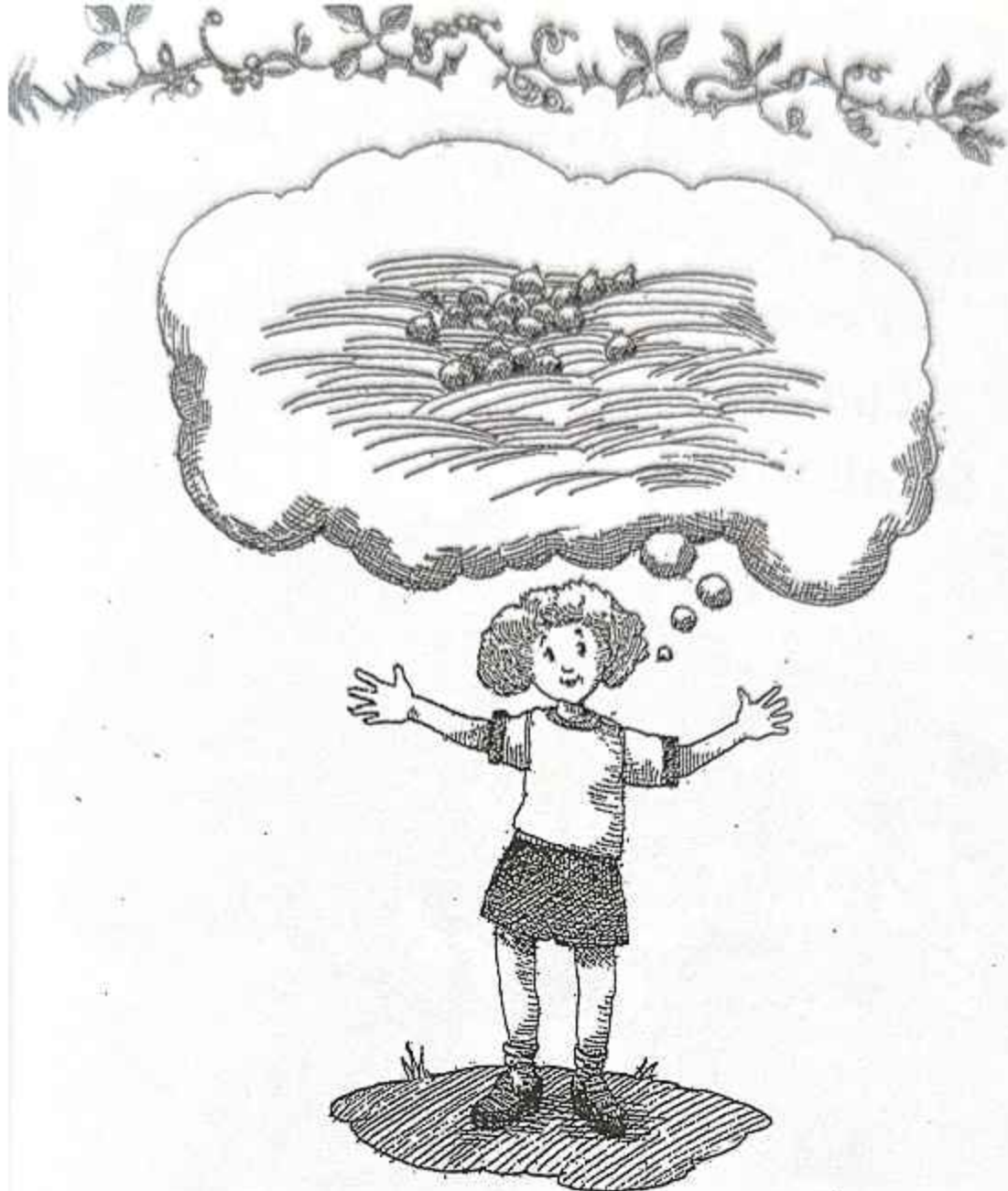




I sat back. My knees hurt. My wrists hurt. I was a wreck!

Who would ever believe me now?  
I gnawed at my fingernails. Then I  
got another idea!





Maybe I could design a perfect spot for a fawn. I could make a straw bed. I could find food it likes. I know fawns like berries. Then maybe the fawn would smell the berries and come back.

But we had no straw. And Mom  
hadn't bought any berries this week.

"Fawns like salt," Paul said.

I put some salt on the lawn, but it  
felt all wrong.



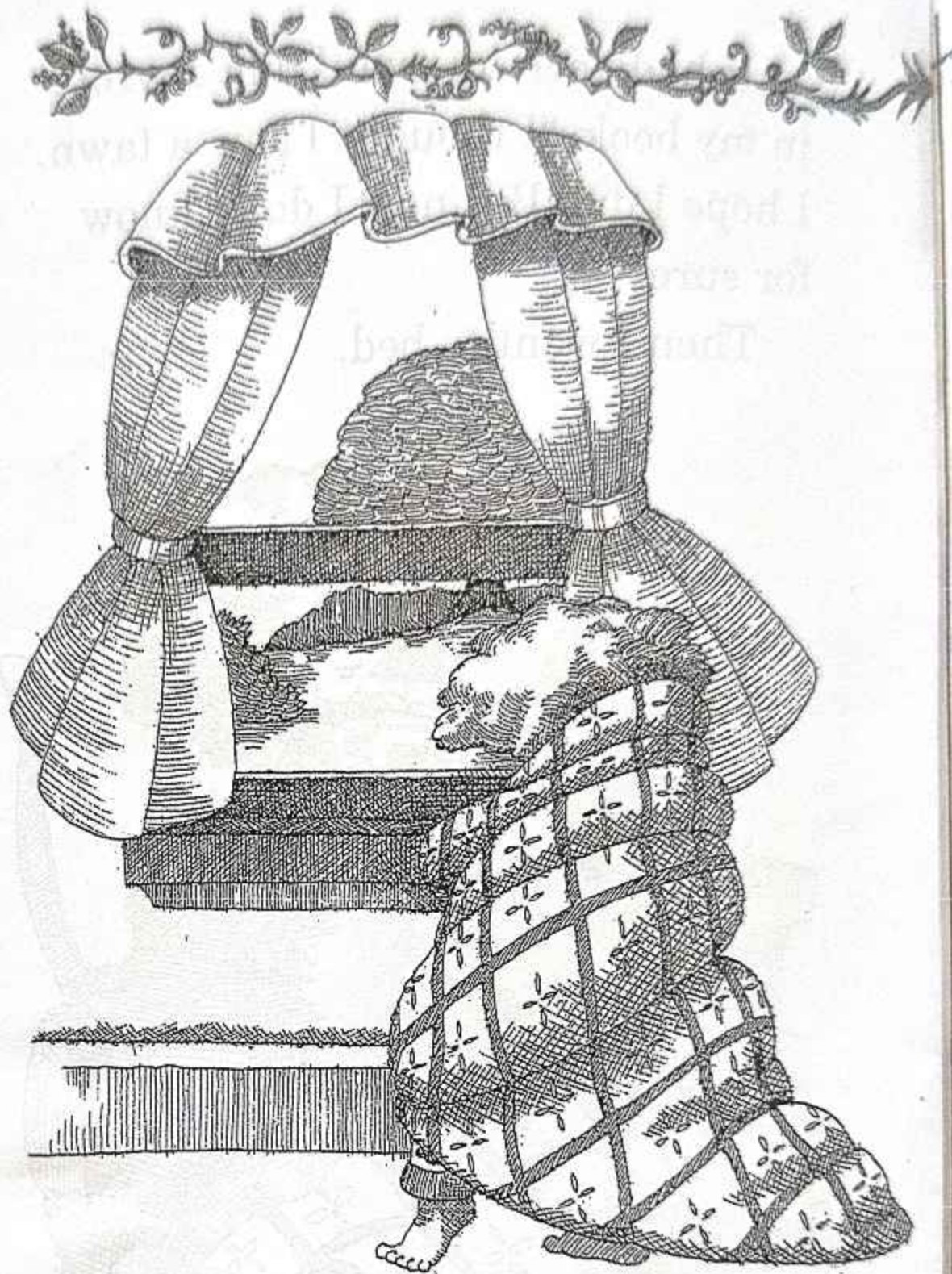


It had been an awful day. I wrote  
in my book, "I thought I saw a fawn.  
I hope I did. But now I don't know  
for sure."

Then I went to bed.

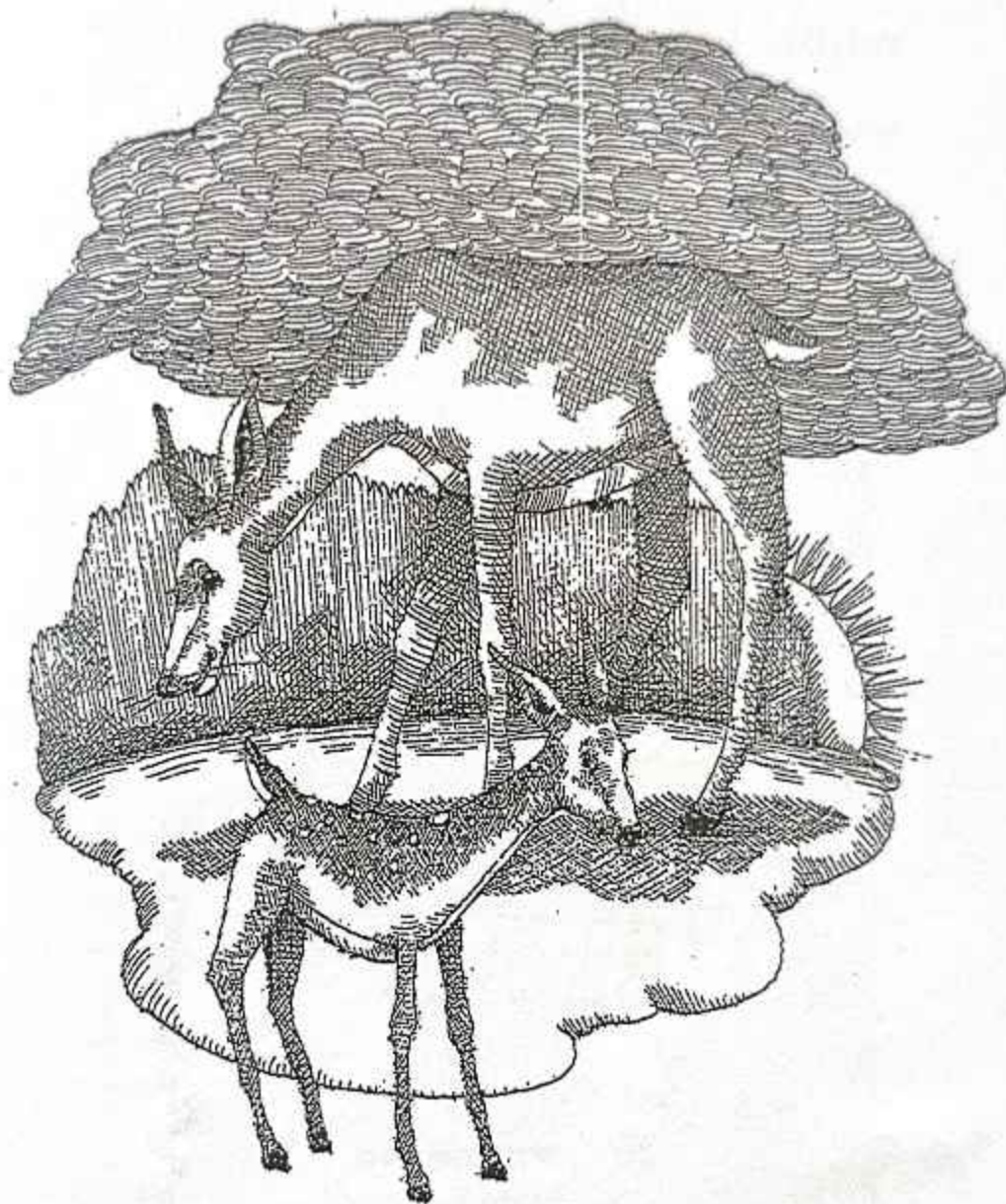






The next morning I woke up at dawn. I wrapped a shawl around me. I tiptoed to the window. I looked out.

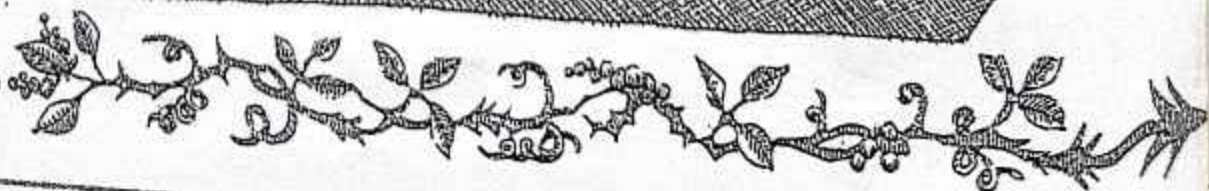
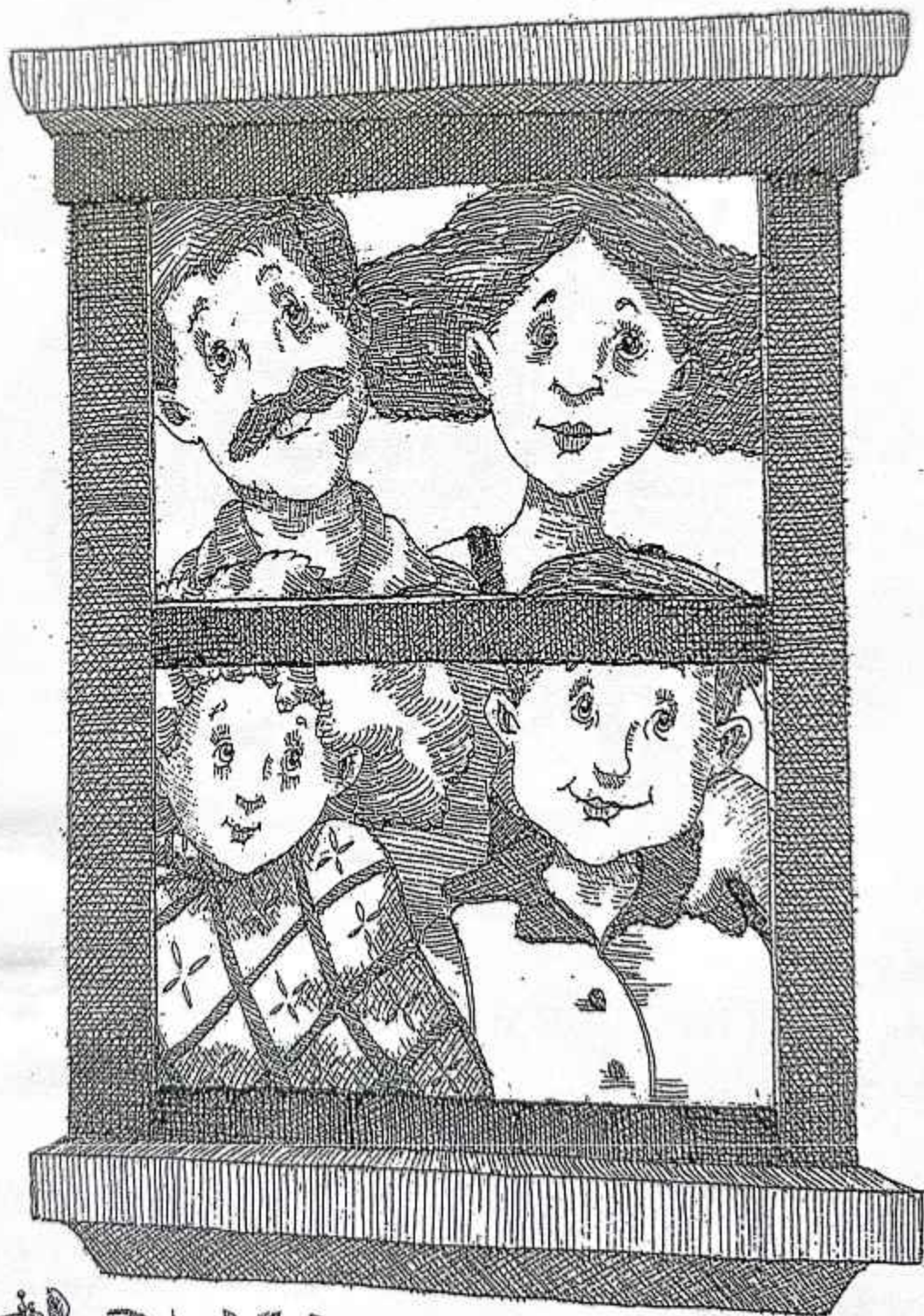




The fawn was there. It wasn't a shadow. It wasn't leaves by the seesaw. And it wasn't alone. Its mother was eating the lawn too.



And I wasn't alone either. My whole family was with me. Finally, we all saw the fawn. We really did!

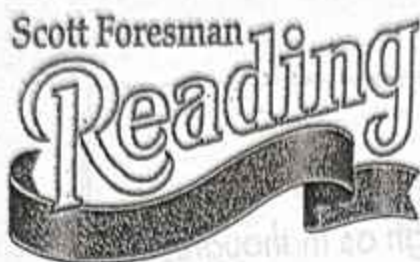




**Phonics for Families:** This book features words with the vowel patterns *aw*, as in *fawn*, and *ough* as in *thought*; and words with silent letters, as in *sign*, *wrote*, and *whole*. It also gives your child practice reading the high-frequency words *family*, *finally*, *morning*, *paper*, and *really*. After reading this book together, talk about something surprising your family has seen.

**Phonics Skills:** /*ô*/ Vowel patterns *aw*, *ough*; Silent letter patterns *gn*, *wh*, *wr*

**High-Frequency Words:** *really*, *morning*, *paper*, *finally*, *family*



**Grade 2**  
**Phonics Reader 20**

**Fawn at Dawn**  
by Maggie Bridger  
illustrated by  
Lane Yerkes

**Phonics Skills:**

- /ô/ vowel patterns  
aw, ough
- Silent letter patterns  
gn, wh, wr

