

Eat at Joan's

by Frederick Prugh
illustrated by Jane McCreary

Core Decodable 81



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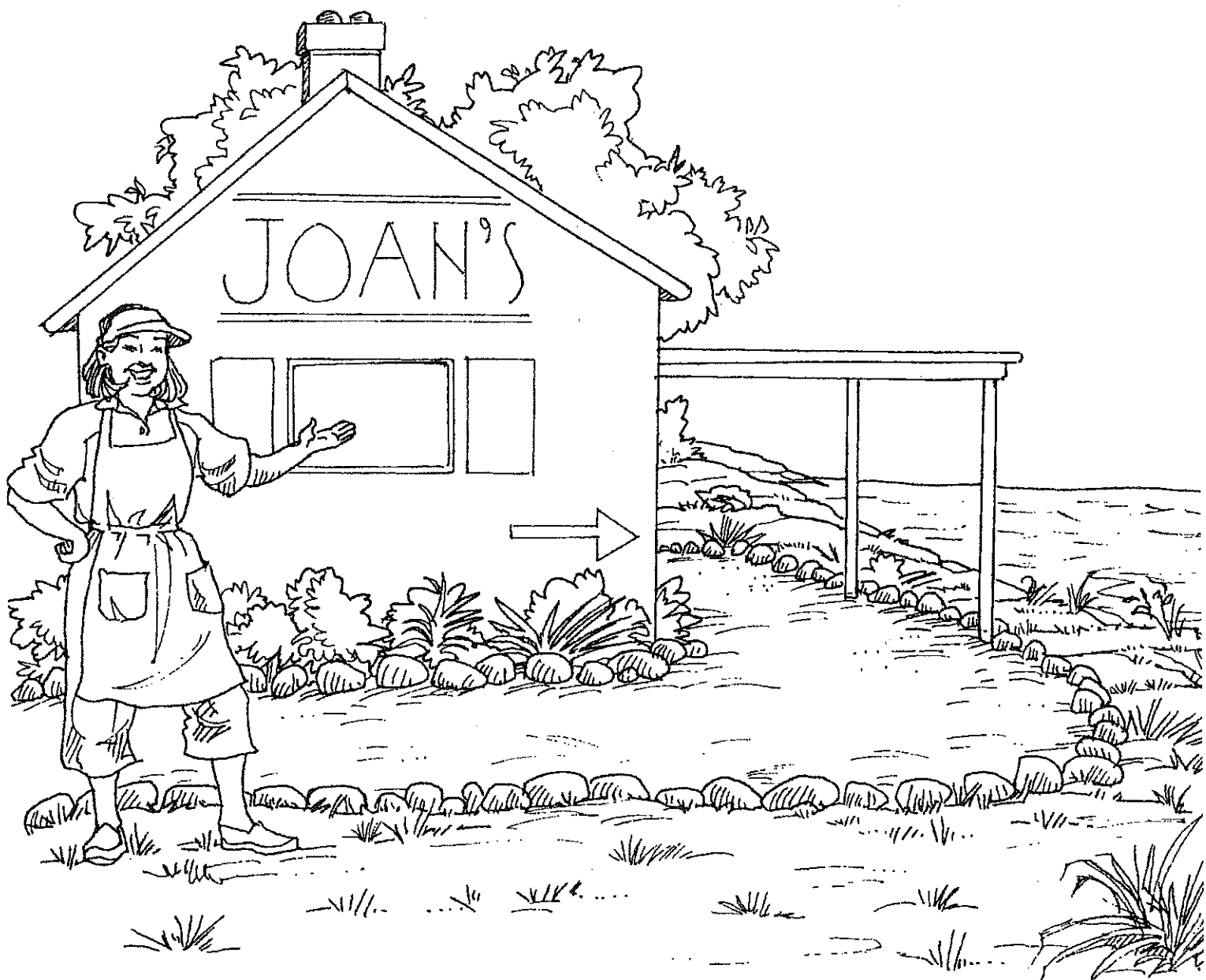
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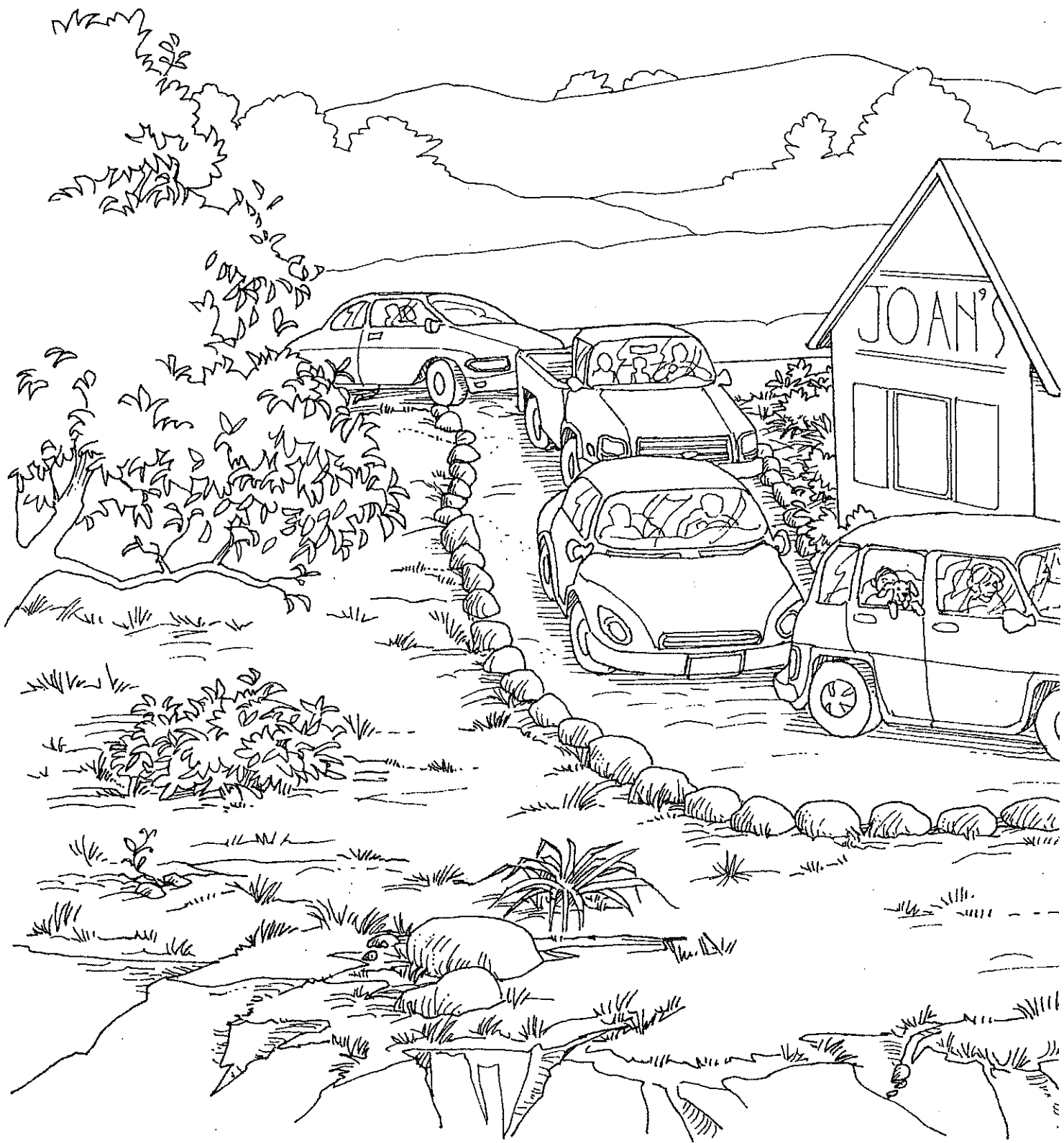
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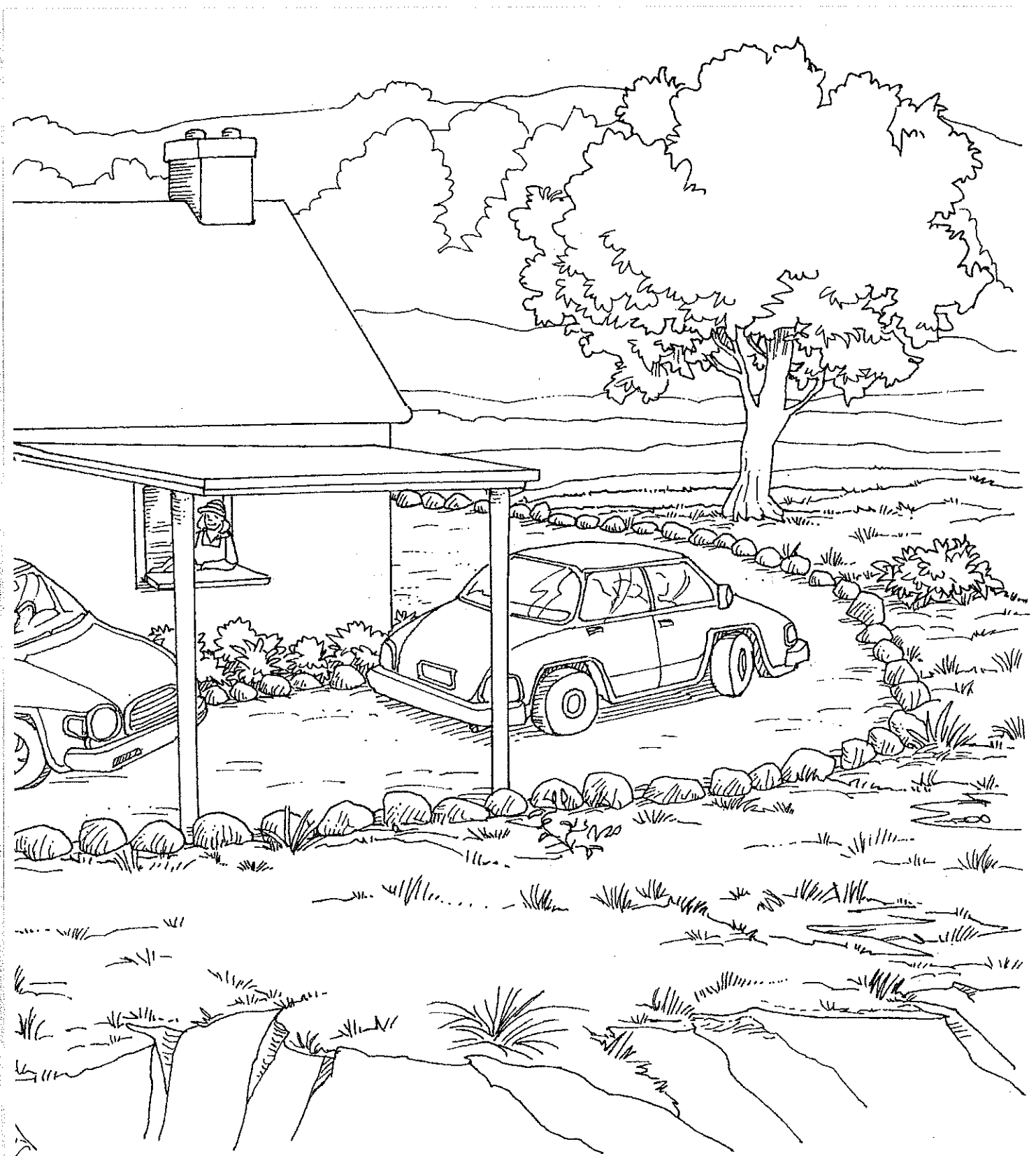
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My name is Joan.
I own this shop.
The shop is on the coast.



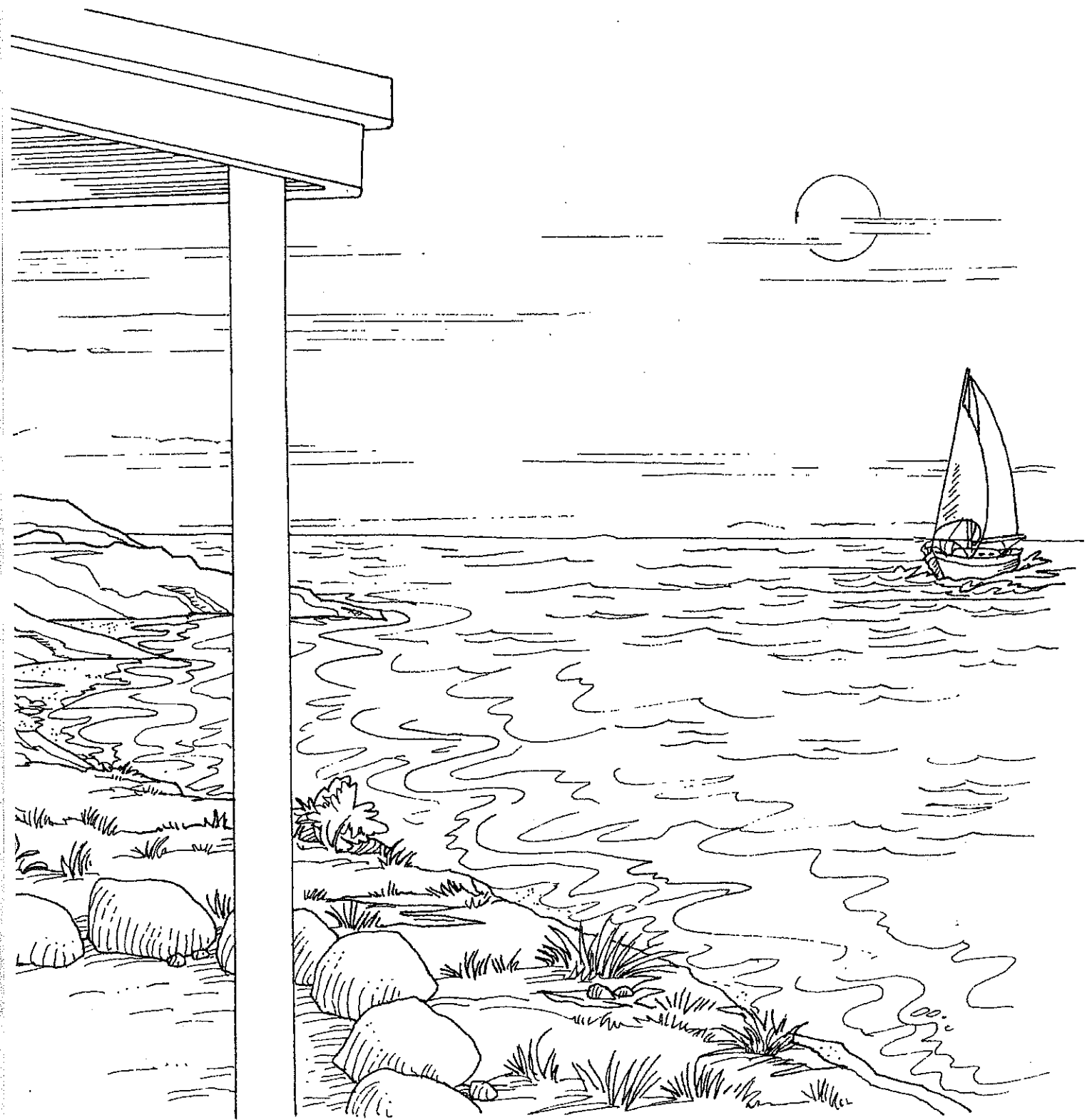
My shop is a drive-in.
Cars drive in and out.
Drivers get a meal at a value price.



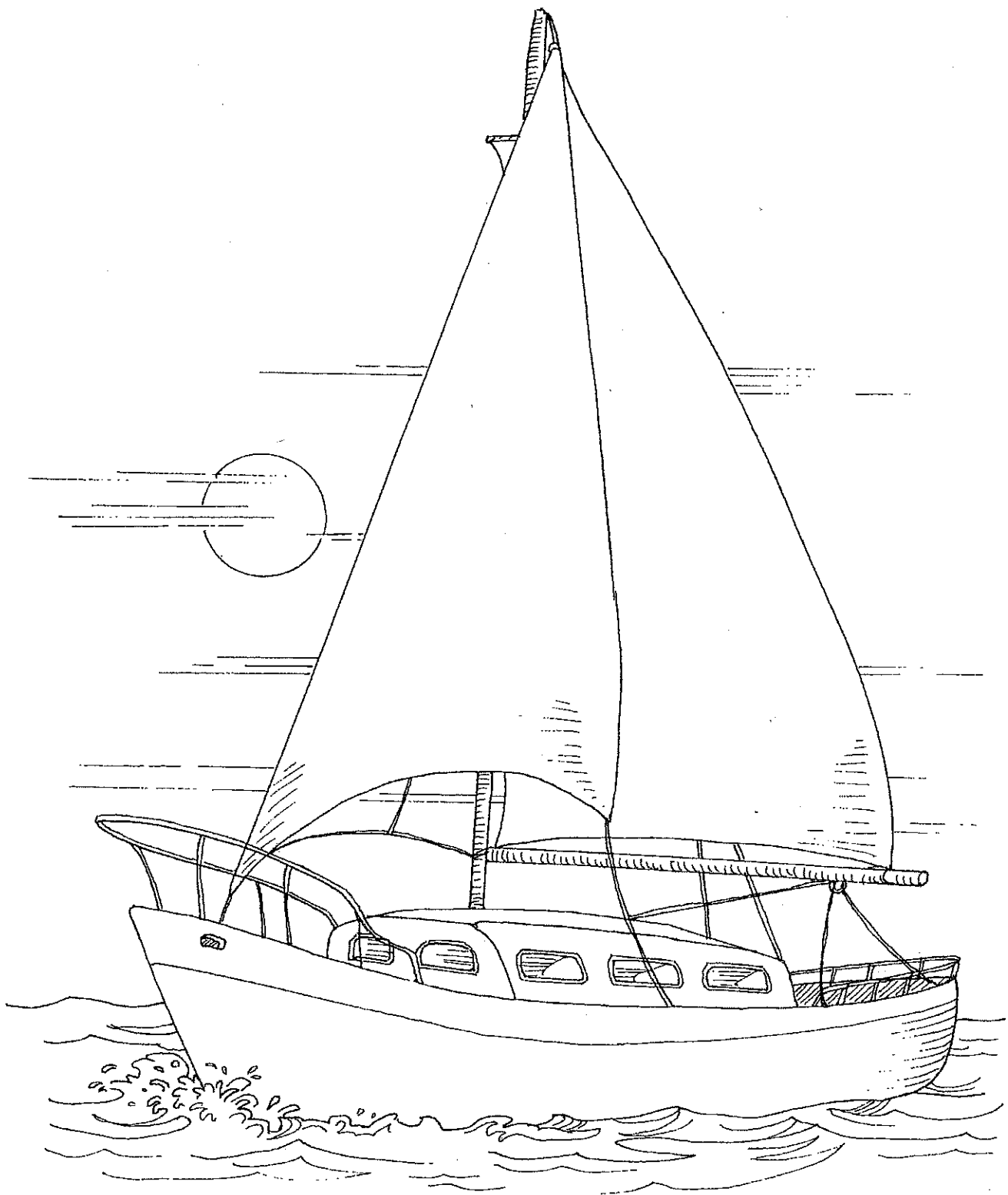
I make a few yummy dishes.
I make my own veggie roast.
I make my own meatloaf.



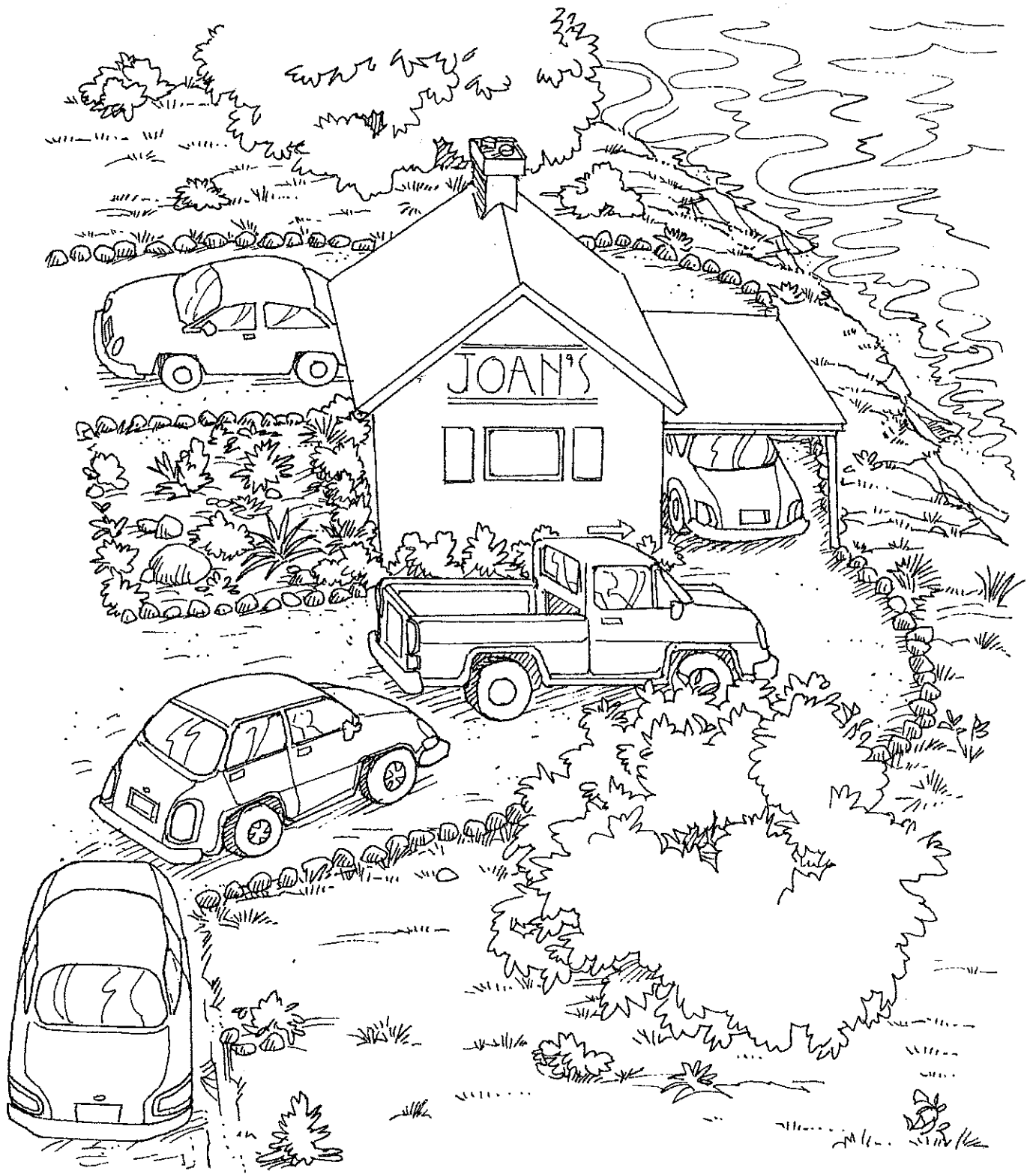
The sun went down slowly.
I looked at the sea.
A lone boat sailed on the waves.



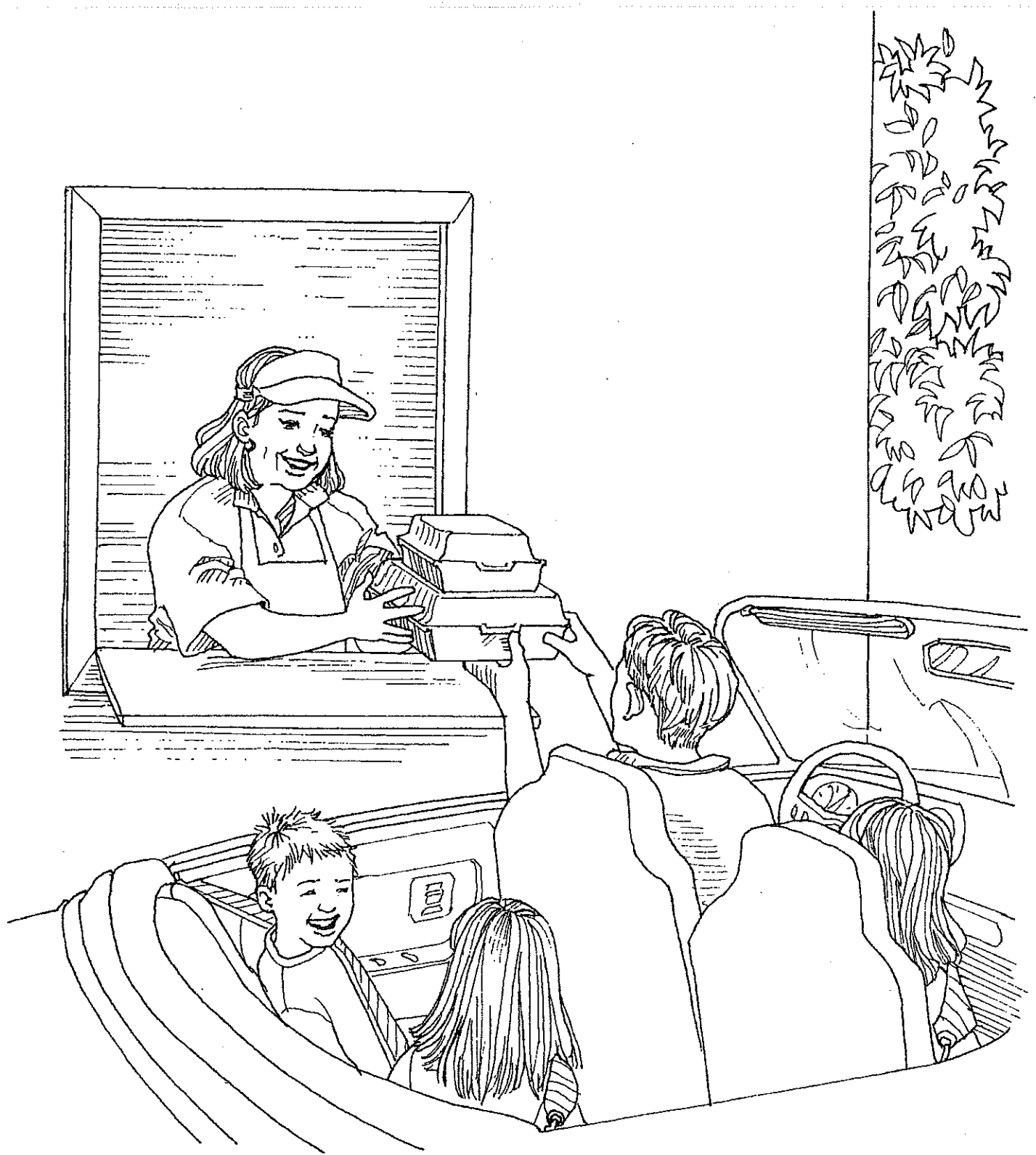
A gentle wind was blowing.
The sailboat was not far away.



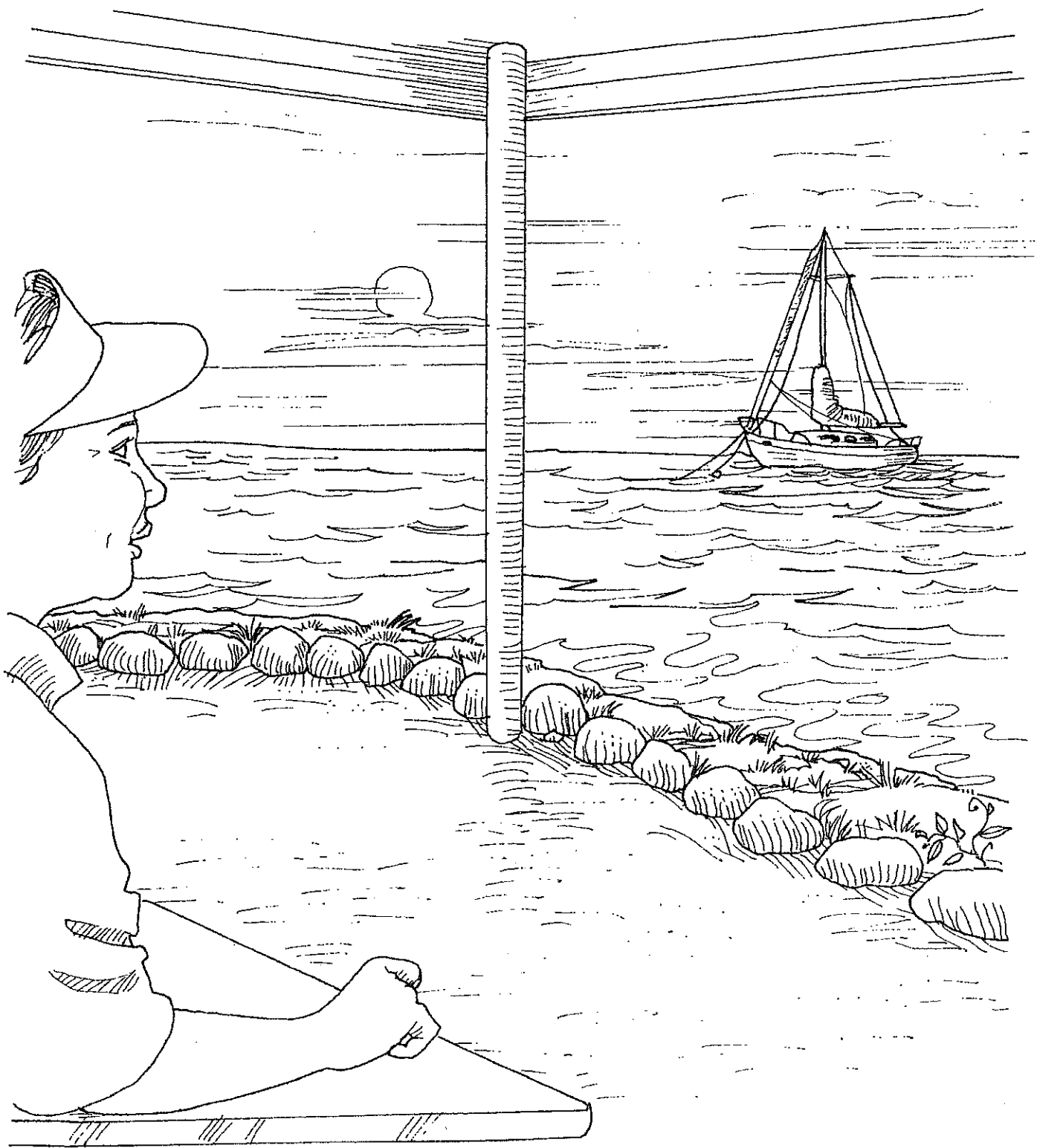
Lots of boats have passed this way.
But few have stopped.
Why did this boat sail closer?



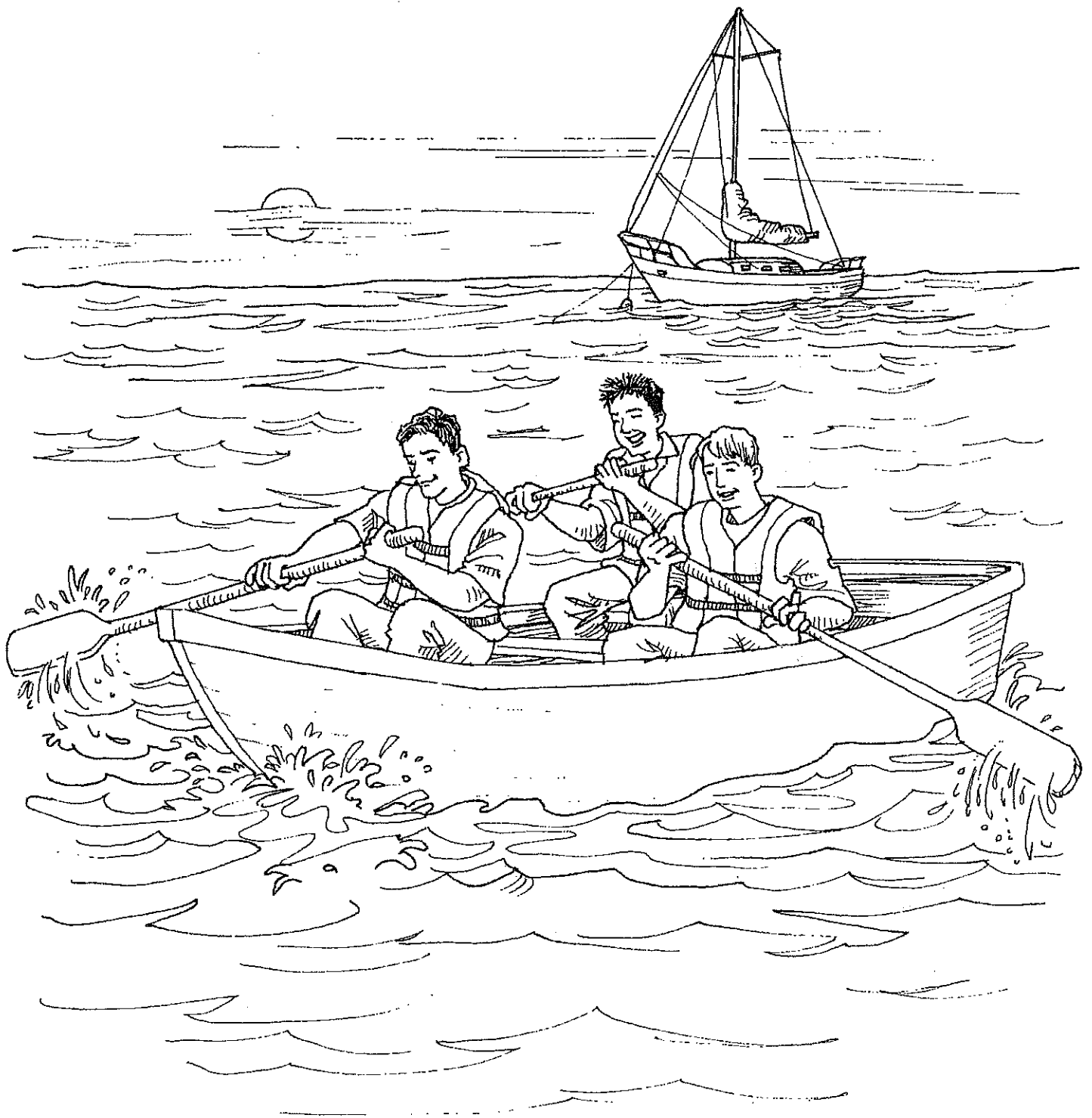
But I could not look.
Lots of cars were in line.
They filled the road.



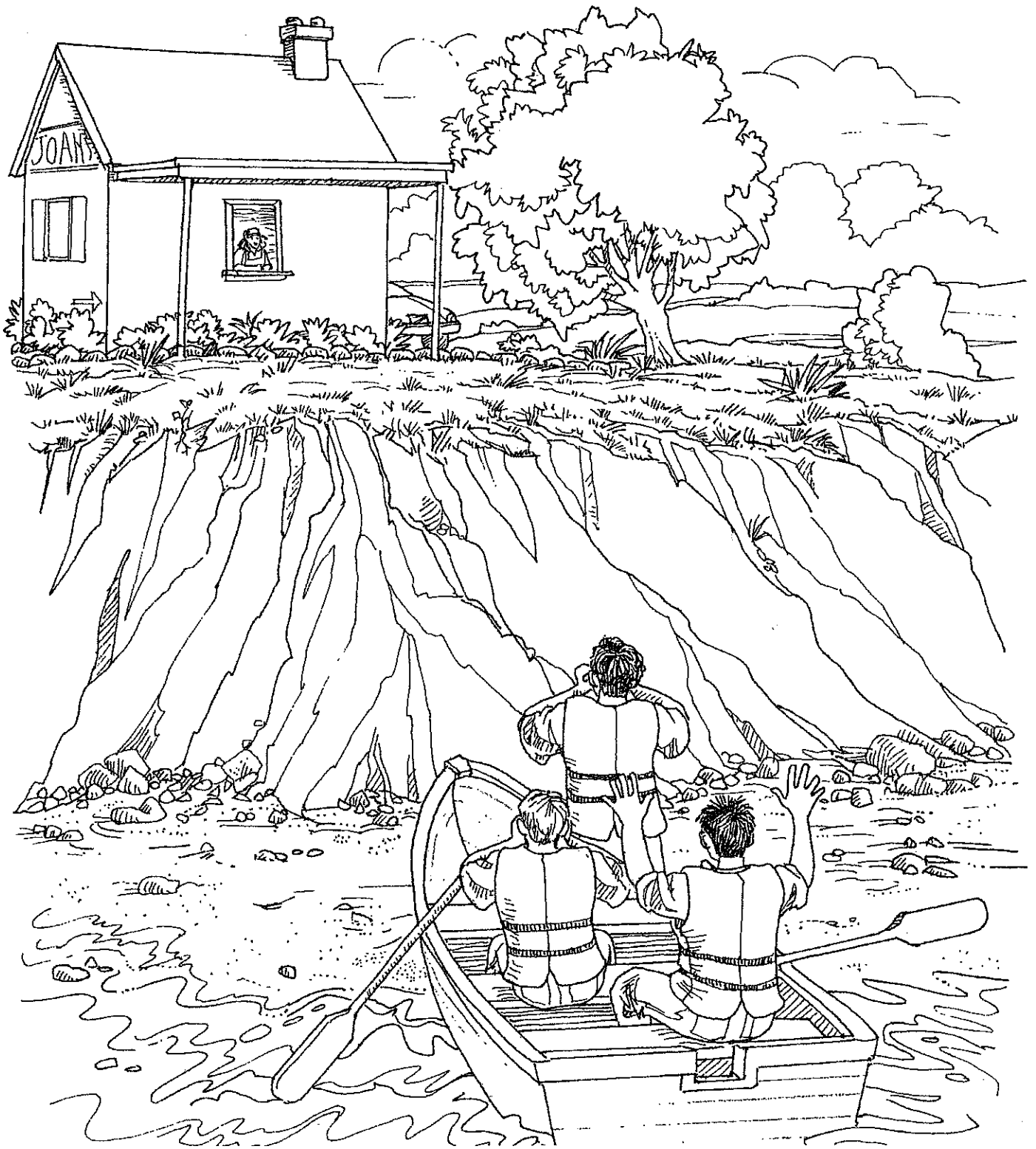
I had to stay at the window.
I had to hand out dinners.
I had to do it fast.



Still I could see the boat.
It was sailing to the coast.
Then it stopped.



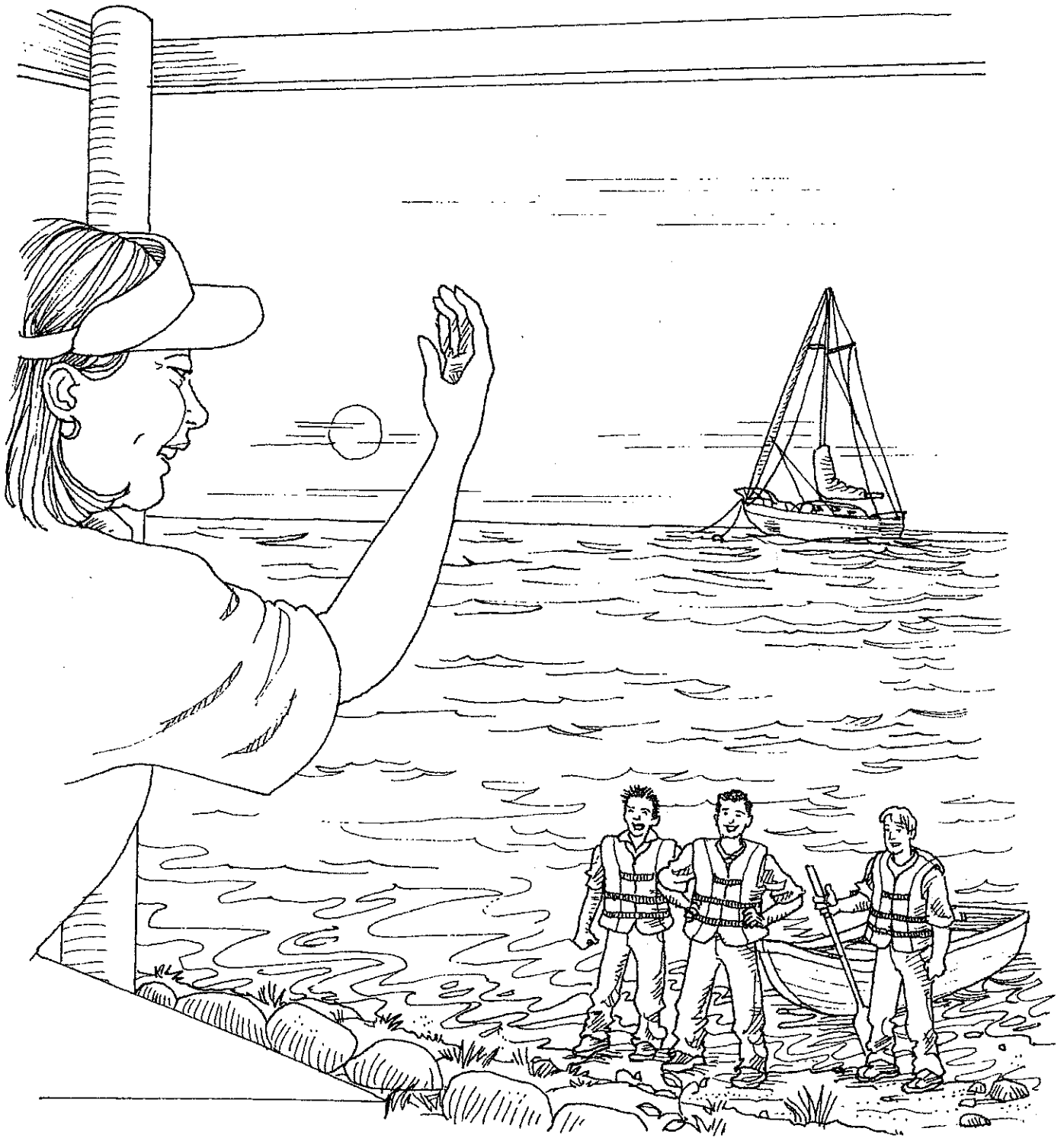
A rowboat left the boat.
Men rowed it to the coast.



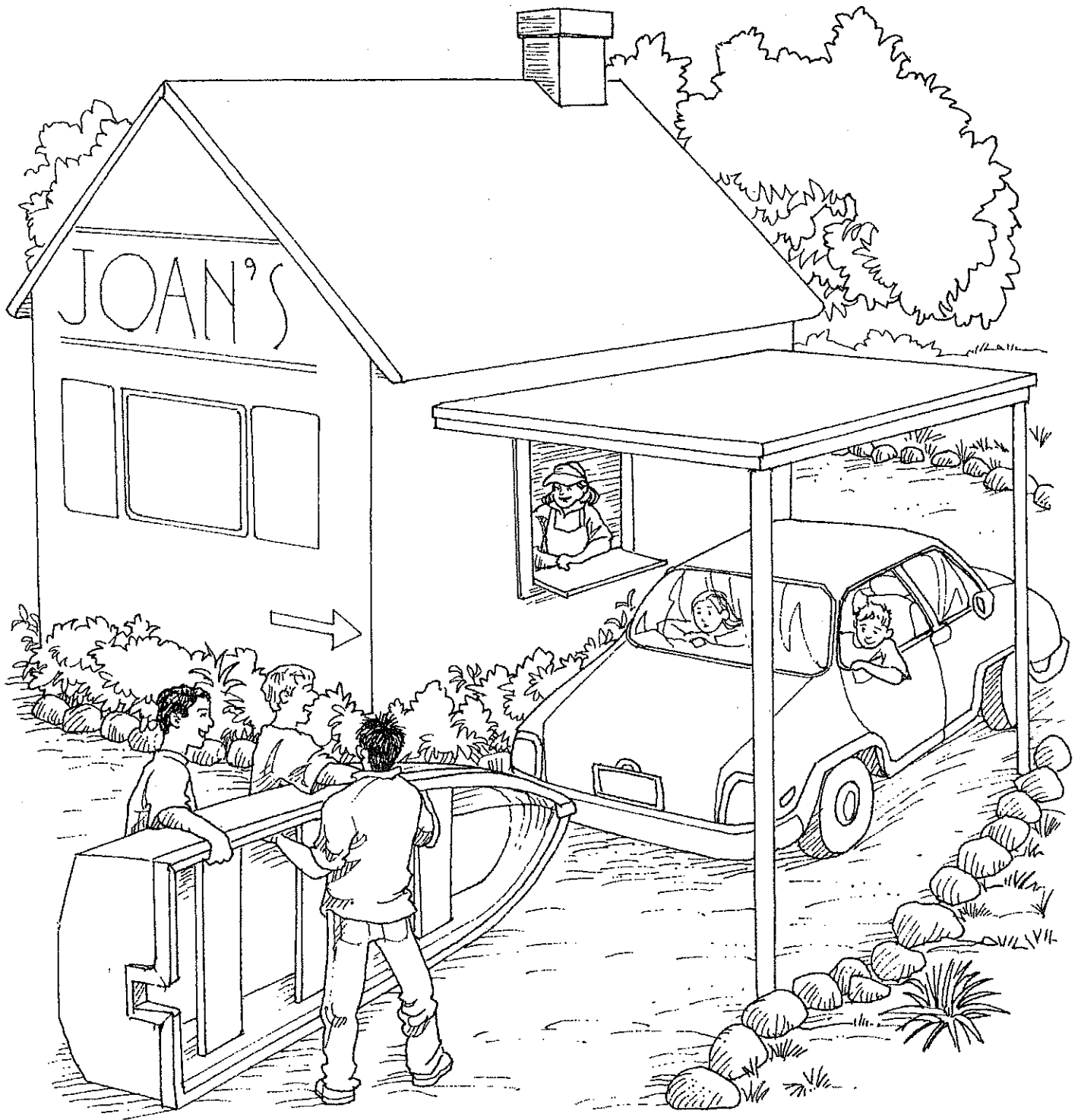
The men talked to me.
“We need fuel,” they said.



I was confused.
Sailboats do not need fuel.
Wind makes sailboats go.



But then I got it.
Fuel meant stuff to eat.
The men were hungry!



“Boat or not,” I said.
“You must wait in line.”
And they did.