

Gr. 2, Theme 3, Story 3
Big Bushy Mustache, Fluency

people	beautiful	guard	frowning	teacher
ceiling	holiday	victory	settled	sword
wear	again	captain's	tiny	Mexican

People always said Ricky looked just like his mother.
“He has beautiful eyes, exactly like yours, Rosa!” said Mrs. Sanchez,
the crossing guard, as his mother took him to school one morning.
“Thanks!” Ricky’s mother shouted and turned a big smile on him.
“Have a good day, mi’jo.” Then she gave him a kiss. Ricky went
into school frowning. He was a boy. Why didn’t people say he looked
like his father? That morning his teacher, Mrs. Cortez,
brought out a large box from the closet and set it on her desk.
She took out a hat and a serape. She took out a sword and raised it
toward the ceiling. “Class,” for our next unit we’re going to do a play
about Cinco de Mayo. That’s a holiday that celebrates the Mexican victory
over the French army.” Mrs. Cortez looked around the room.
Her eyes settled on Ricky. “Ricky, do you want
to carry the sword?” Ricky shook his head no. “Do you want to wear
this white shirt?” she asked. Again Ricky shook his head no.

And he shook his head to the sombrero, the captain's hat,
the purple cape, the tiny Mexican flag.

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