

The Cinnamon Bun Mystery

A Reading A-Z Level J Leveled Book
Word Count: 313



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LEVELED BOOK • J

The Cinnamon Bun Mystery



Written by Susan Markowitz Meredith
Illustrated by Len Epstein

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Glossary

- baker** a person who bakes bread, pastries, or cakes (p. 6)
- bakery** a place that makes and sells bread, pastries, or cakes (p. 3)
- cinnamon bun** a snail-shaped pastry flavored with cinnamon and coated with a sugar glaze (p. 3)
- scooter** a motorized vehicle having two or three wheels; similar to a child's scooter, but having a seat (p. 8)
- usual** something that is common, or the habit of an individual (p. 6)

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Correlation

LEVEL J

Fountas & Pinnell	J
Reading Recovery	17
DRA	18



Erica walks into the room.

“Hello, Erica,” says Mrs. Garcia,
the art center teacher.

“Help yourself to a cinnamon bun,”
she says.

“Then come help us paint.”

They had found the cinnamon
buns, and Erica felt happy.



The bag is empty.

“We’ll have to use our noses to find the cinnamon buns,” Dad says. Erica smells the smell of cinnamon coming from a room down the hall.



It is Saturday morning.

Erica and her dad ride bikes to the **bakery** every Saturday. Erica always gets a hot **cinnamon bun**.



“Bye, Mom,” Erica says as she runs out the door.

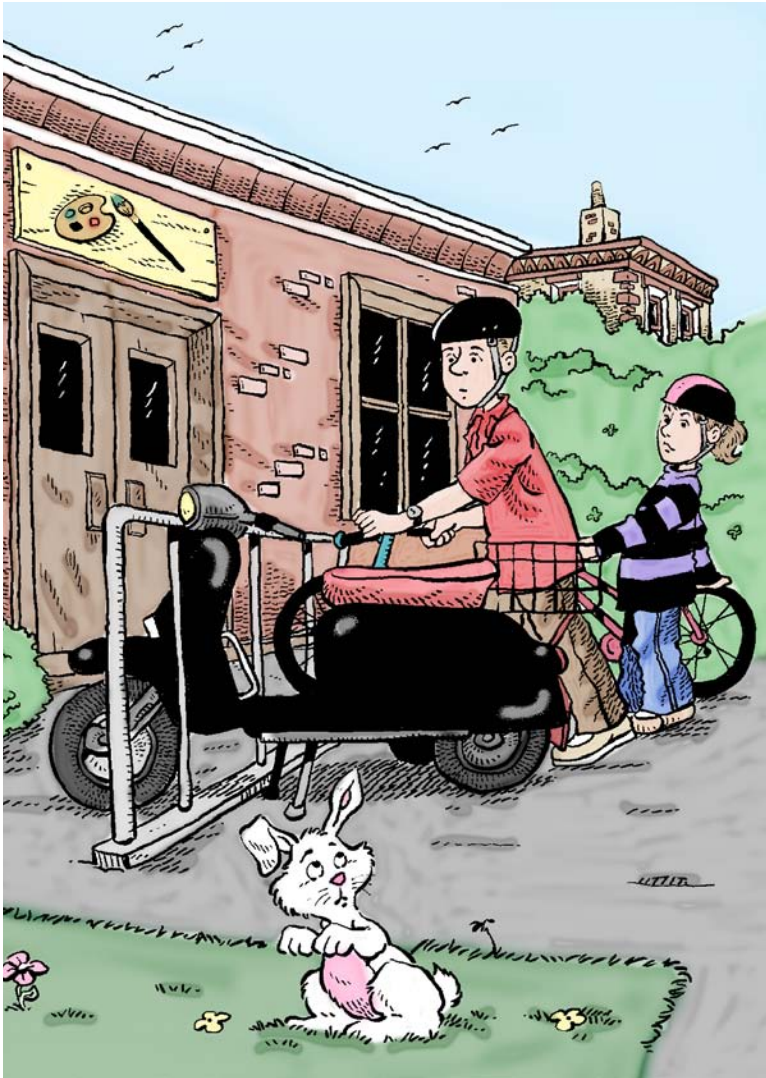
“See you later,” Mom says.



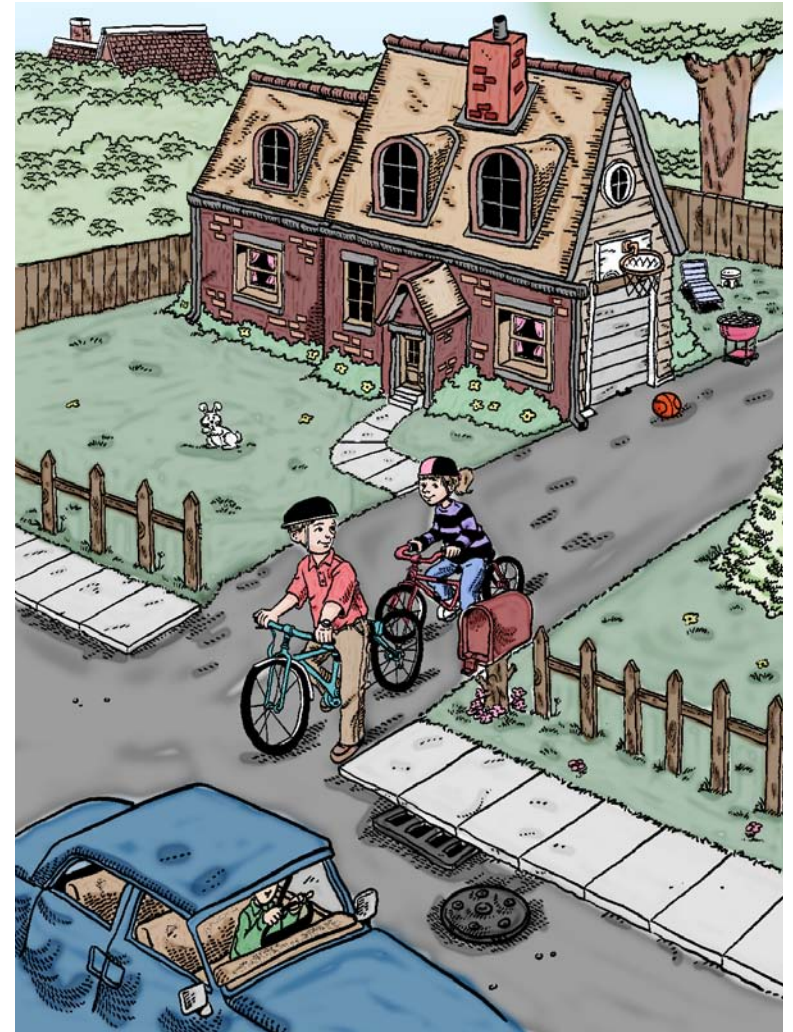
They go inside and see a bag on a table.

“That looks like a bag from the bakery,” Erica says.

“I think you’re right,” says Dad.



They see a black scooter
in front of the art center.
They park their bikes next to it.



Erica's dad waits at the end
of the drive with his bike.
Erica jumps on her bike,
and they ride to the bakery.



When they get there,
Erica parks her bike.
She runs inside and says,
“I’ll have my **usual**, Mr. Hoffman.”
“I’m so sorry,” the **baker** says.
“A lady just bought all the
cinnamon buns.”



Erica and her dad turn right
at the corner.



Soon, they ride past a woman on the sidewalk. Erica asks, "Did you see a lady in a polka-dot dress?" "She turned right at the corner," the woman says.



Erica runs out of the bakery. "Dad, someone bought all the cinnamon buns," she explains. "A lady with a big bag just came out of the bakery," says Dad.



“She was wearing a polka-dot dress,” says another man.
“Does anyone know where she went?” asks Erica.
“I saw her go down the street on a black scooter,” says a boy.



Erica and her dad ride after the lady on their bikes.