

Dear Parents/Teachers:

Yay! Your child/student is interested in learning to read!
The goal: reading on their own and loving it!

Waldorf Readers are designed to help your child/student enjoy the learning process. Our Readers have 4 levels to guide your child/student to independent reading.

Each level collection has interesting stories, unique characters and colorful illustrations. All Waldorf Readers are original works with characters your child/student will enjoy. Waldorf Publishing strives to accommodate a full reading experience for any child/student at any reading level.

Waldorf Readers will entertain your child/student level by level.



Spark Reading

Preschool-Kindergarten

- Large font and easy words
- Illustrations to accompany the storyline
- No more than two syllables

Level 1 Waldorf Readers introduce children/students to reading. Sentences are short and simple. Using phonics skills, children/students will sound out words.



Read Together

Preschool-Grade 1

- Short sentences
- Easy to understand stories
- Simple vocabulary
- No more than two syllables

Level 2 Waldorf Readers keep the excitement for reading strong. Sentences will include bigger words and more in depth story lines, which are sure to entertain.



Independent Reading

Grade 1-3

- Exciting and relatable characters
- Plots and story lines that are relatable and easy to follow
- Topics children enjoy
- No more than 3 syllable words

Level 3 Waldorf Readers have larger paragraphs and words that will challenge and engage children/students.



Advanced Independent Reading

Grade 2-4

- In depth plot and story lines
- Larger blocks of text
- Full color illustration
- Words with 3+ syllables

Level 4 Waldorf Readers are more challenging and lengthy. These books are perfect for children/students who want to read longer books and still enjoy colorful illustrations. Level 4 Waldorf Readers are the last level before advancing to Waldorf Chapter Books.

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The Adventures of Bertie Banana and the Compost Bucket:
A Tale of Recycling

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Illustrations by
Design by

The Adventures of Bertie Banana and the Compost Bucket: A Tale of Recycling



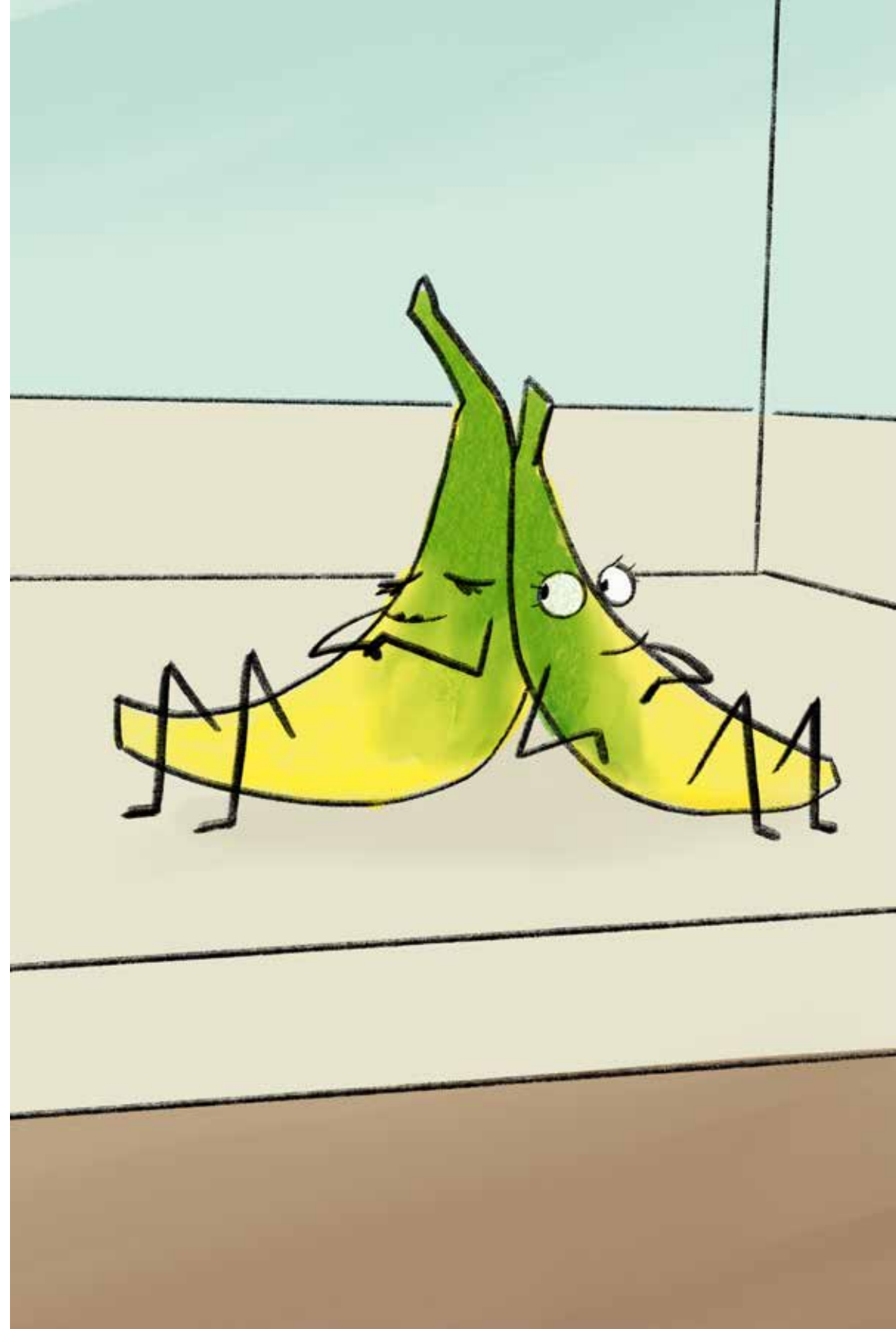
Bertie and Nana Banana ripened on the sunny kitchen counter near three bins.

One of the bins was blue with a triangle on the side. Another was labeled COMPOST. The third had a plastic bag over its rim.



Bertie and Nana had just come from the market.
They set their bright green peels on the cool counter.

Bertie leaned against Nana.
Nana felt sturdy and strong.



Bertie and Nana watched the busy comings and goings in the kitchen.

In the morning, there was a roasted smell of fresh coffee. Nana nodded to the coffee grounds that plopped into the compost bin.



Later, there were letters and papers from the mail. Bertie giggled as they cartwheeled into the recycle bin.

Around mid-morning, Harley Hanger was tossed in the trash. He looked bent out of shape.



"Why are there three bins?" Bertie asked Nana.
"Each bin takes our friends to different homes," Nana said.

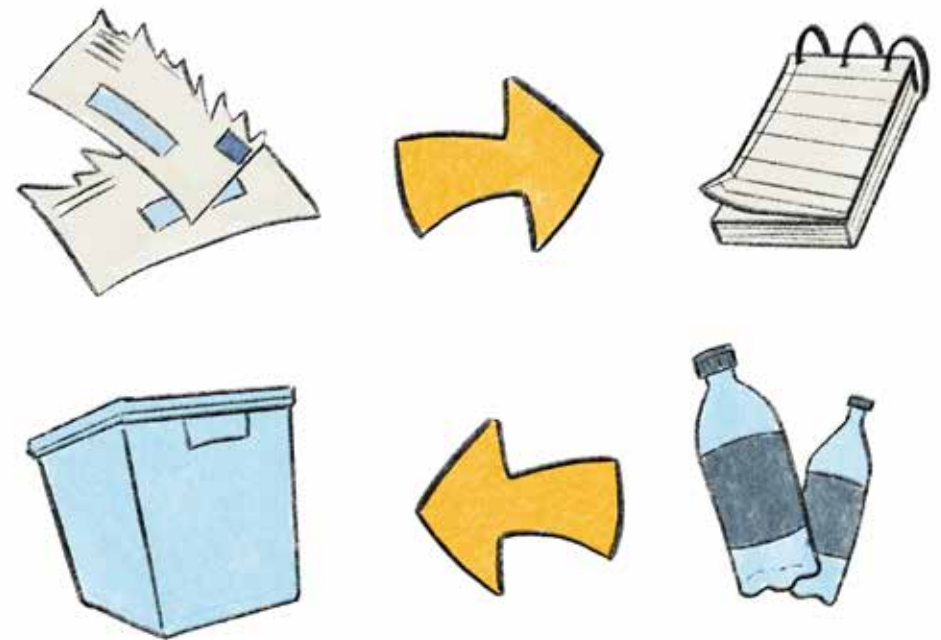
"The blue recycle bin is for plastic bottles, cardboard boxes, and old mail. They'll go to new homes and be turned into new things."



Bertie was baffled.

"Plastic bottles become new containers, clothing, or even countertops like this one," Nana explained. "Mail and cardboard turn into new paper. Only recyclable items go into the blue bin. They must be clean so they do not spoil the entire batch."

"The compost bucket is for fruits and veggies like us," Nana went on. "After we feed our friends, we'll go there. When the bucket is full, we'll be carried outside to the compost pile where we'll turn into rich soil to help other plants grow."



"Wow," Bertie Banana breathed. "Can I play with Harley in the third one?"

Nana Banana looked bothered. "Harley is in the trash, Bertie. The trash gets taken to a landfill."



"What's wrong with a landfill?" Bertie asked.

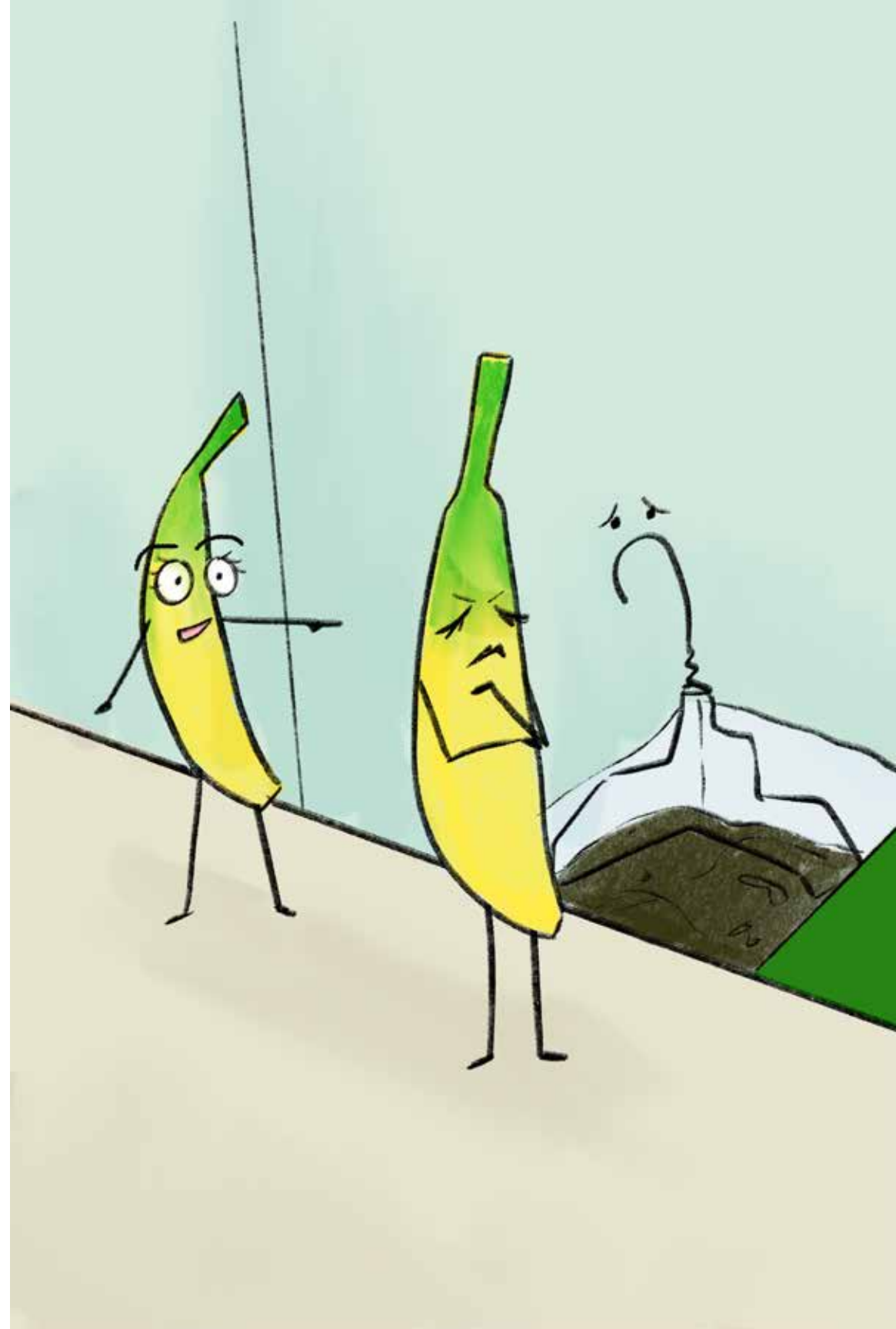
"It's an ugly place where unloved things go," Nana said. "There are yucky gasses and liquids that pollute the air and ground."



Bertie looked into the trash and saw Harley. She didn't want Harley to go to a place for unloved things.

"Isn't there somewhere he can go instead of a landfill?" Bertie asked.

"Yes there is," Nana said. "He just needs a new job."



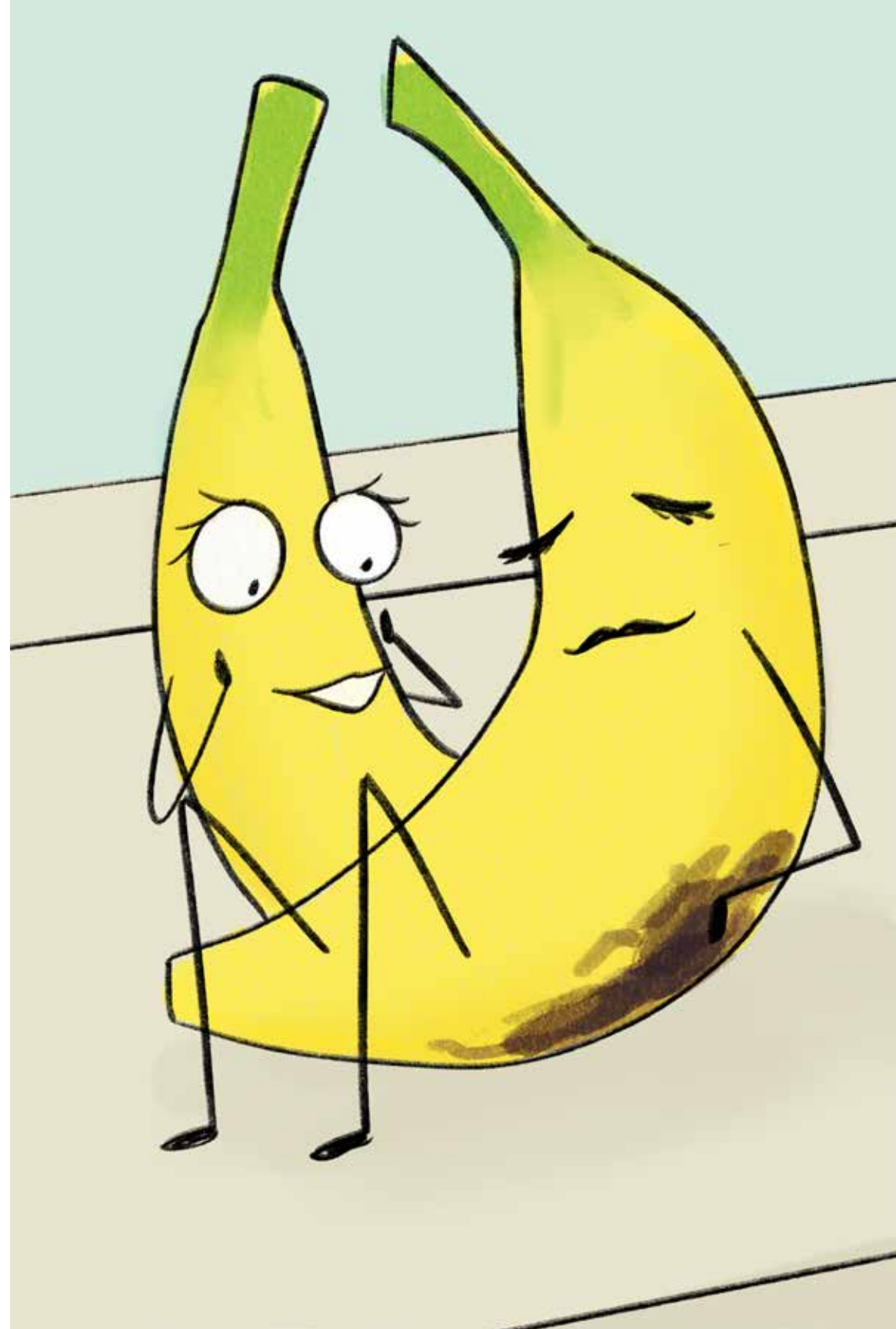
On Sunday, Bertie and Nana watched some carrot tops and potato peels dive into the compost bucket.

They looked happy playing with their friends.
But Harley still looked gloomy.



Nana shifted on the counter. She had a bruise where she'd been resting on her peel. Bertie noticed she had turned a deep yellow.

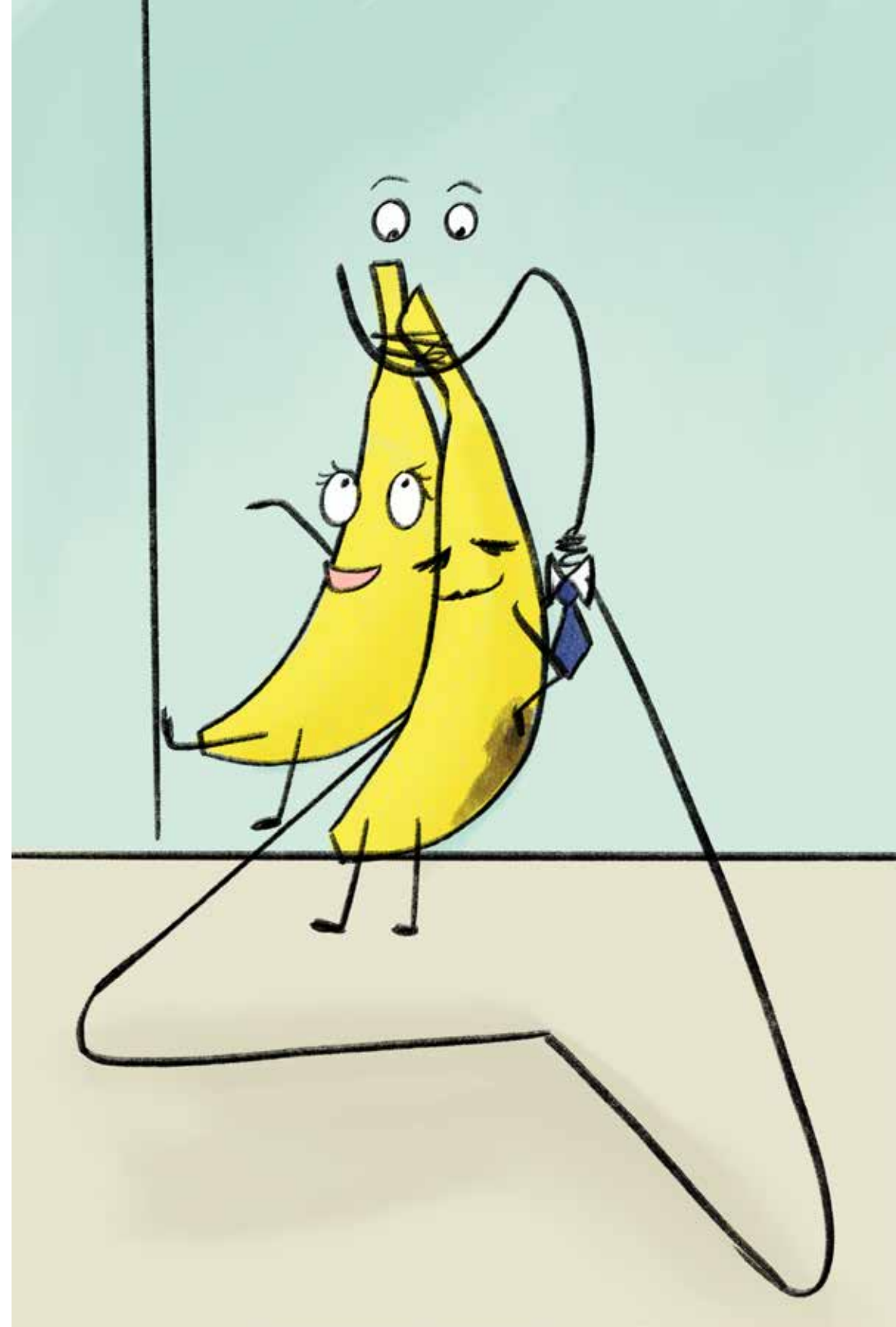
"Nana, you're almost ripe!" Bertie exclaimed.
"Yes," Nana smiled. "We're getting sweeter every day!"



Bertie snuggled closer. She noticed Nana was soft now, like a comfy pillow. She thought again about Harley Hanger.

"Jeepers! I've got it!" Bertie said.

After a sudsy bath and a good stretch, Harley had a new home and a new job. He was now a handsome banana hook. Bertie and Nana rested their stems over his shoulder.



Nana sighed happily.
Her backside felt better.

While Nana and Bertie watched from their new perch,
a can sailed into the recycle bin. Bertie wondered,
would its next job be to hold peas, or pears, or
peaches?



Sunshine streamed in the window. Bertie saw Nana had new brown spots on her peel.

"Today is a special day," Nana Banana said.



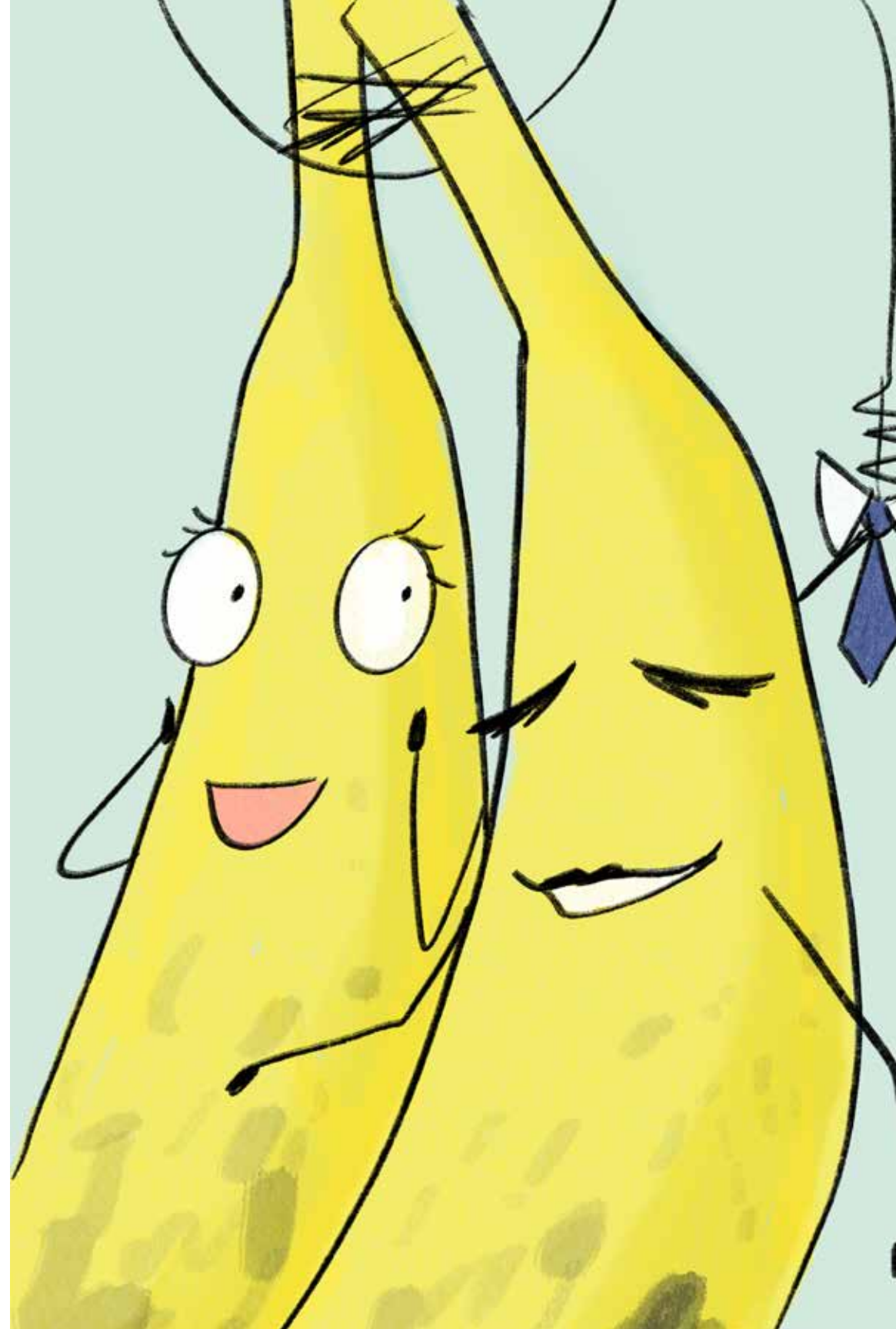
"Why Nana?" Bertie asked.

"Today, we'll feed our friends," Nana replied. "We've been waiting for this day since we were baby bananas on the tree."



"What will it be like?" Bertie asked.

"Oh, it's a wonderful thing," Nana beamed.



Nana's peel opened and a smell, sweet and yummy, filled the kitchen. She was fully ripe!

Nana drank in the smiles as her friends tasted the sweet treat she had made.

Soon, it was Bertie's turn to share her tasty fruit.



Later, Bertie and Nana found themselves together again – in the compost bucket with coffee grounds and carrot tops. Harley gave a friendly wave from the counter.

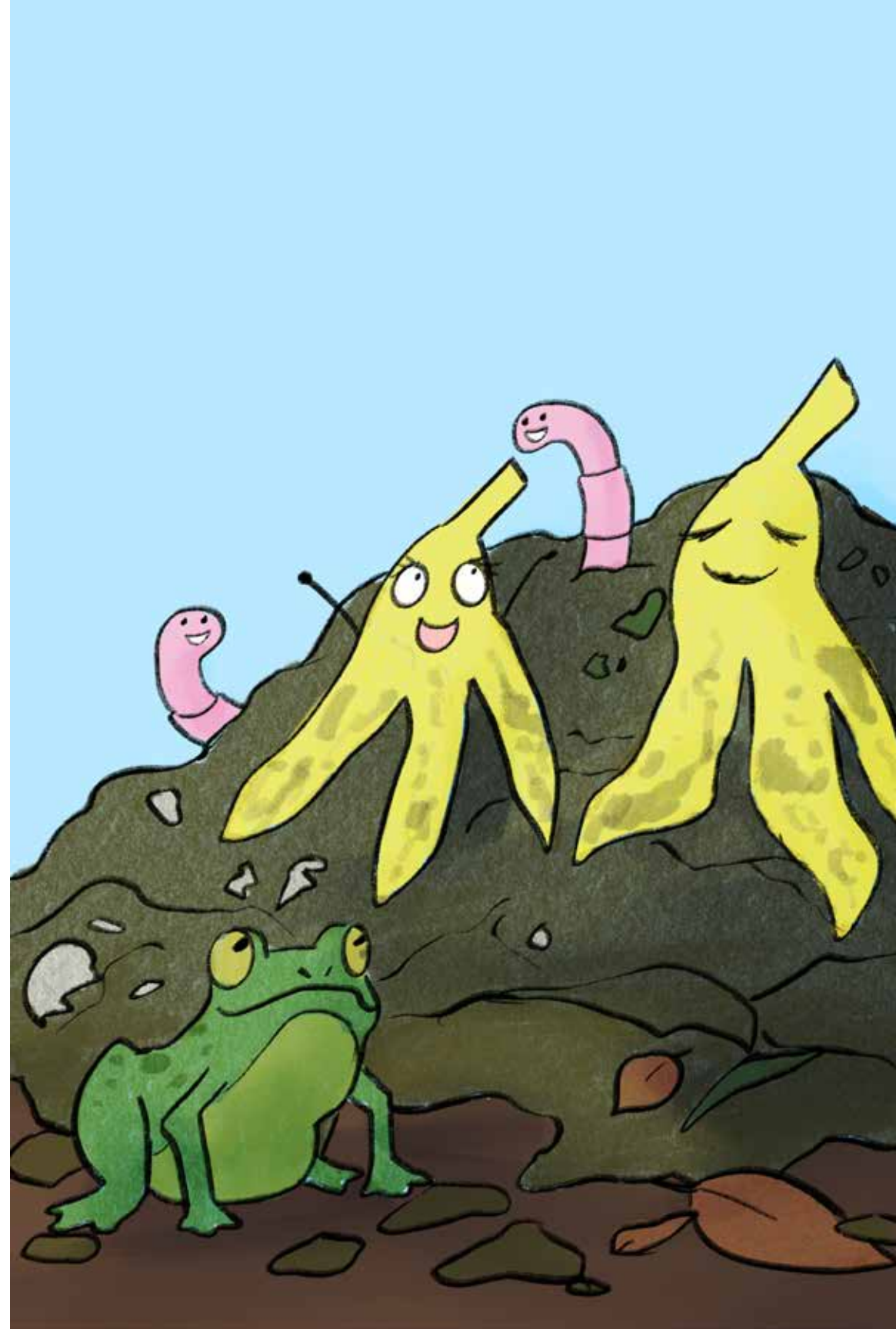
It was good to be with new friends, and they soon moved outside.



The compost pile was abuzz with excitement.

Slippery worms wiggled. Bumpy, jumpy frogs hopped.
Dry leaves crackled.

The pile was alive with adventure.



"Welcome to your new home," said the wiggly worms.

"I'm ready for my new job," Bertie said excitedly.

"I wonder what we will become!"

