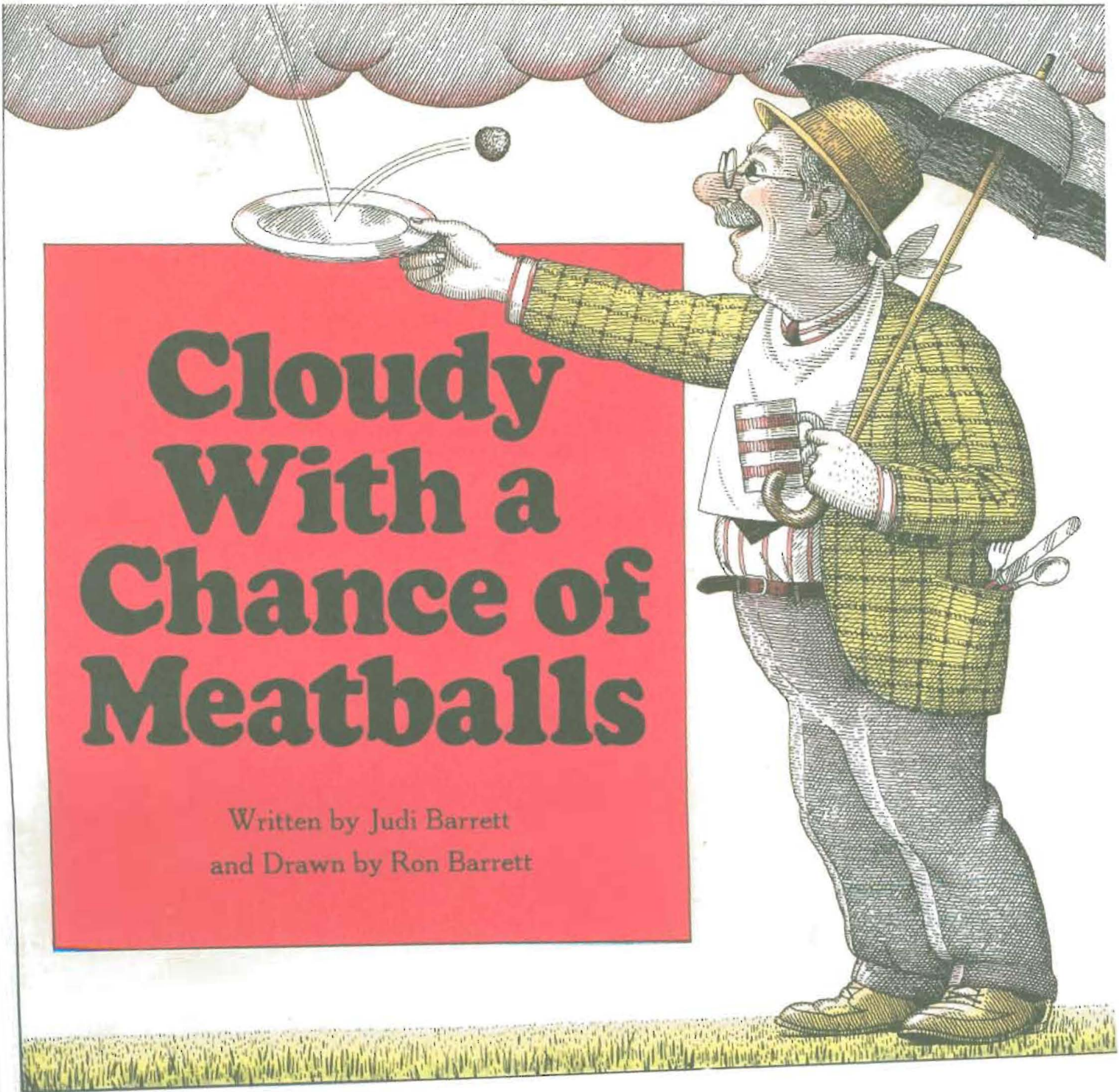


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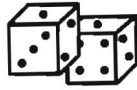
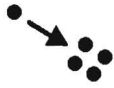


Paul V. Sherlock Center on Disabilities @ Rhode Island College
600 Mt. Pleasant Avenue, Providence RI 02908
401 456-8072 Ph. 401 456-8773 TDD 401 456-8150 FAX
www.sherlockcenter.org



Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs

Written by Judi Barrett
and Drawn by Ron Barrett



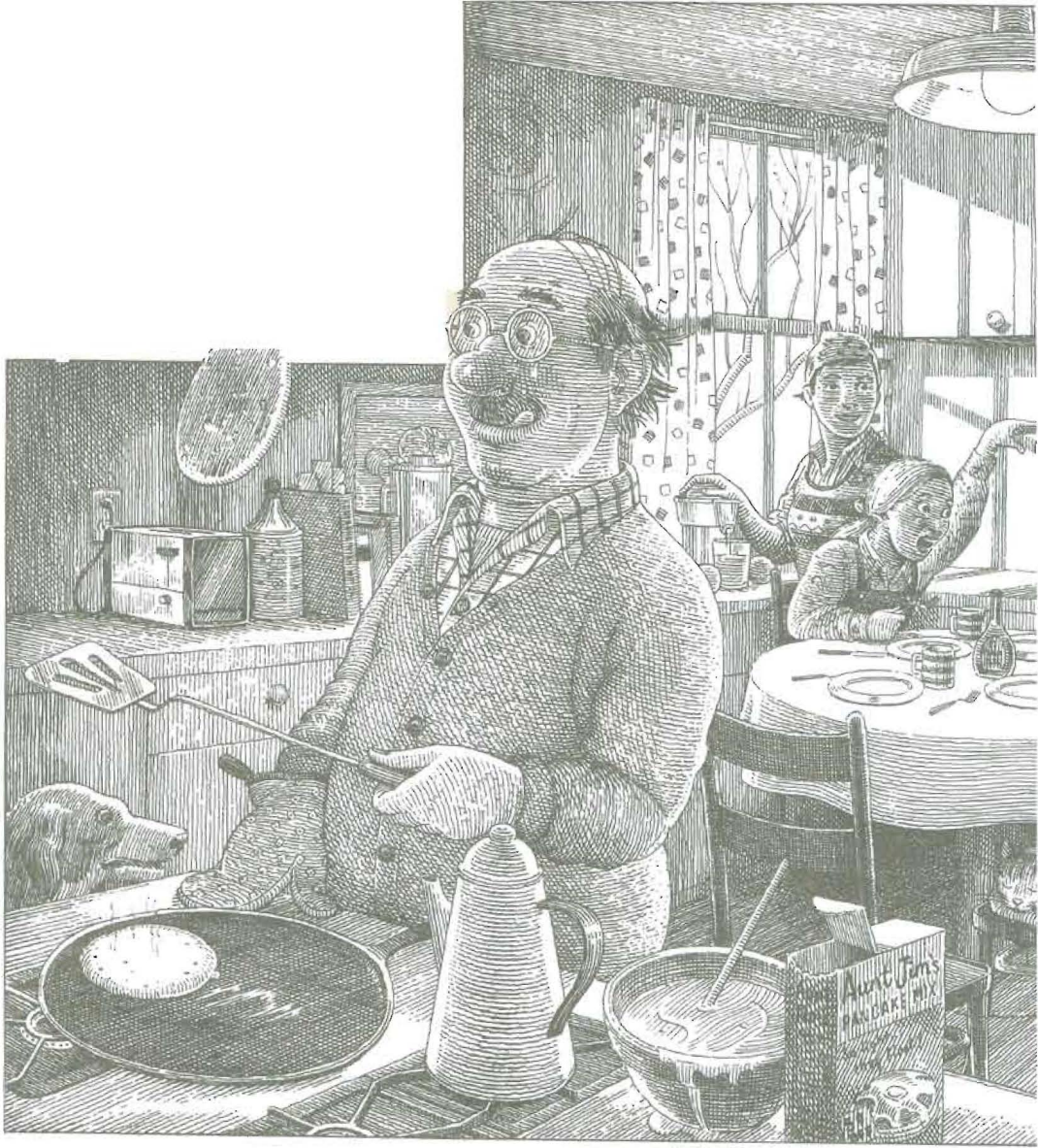
Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs



Written by: Judy Barrett



Illustrated by: Ron Barret



Adapted from the original text, Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs, by Judi Barrett



It was breakfast time.

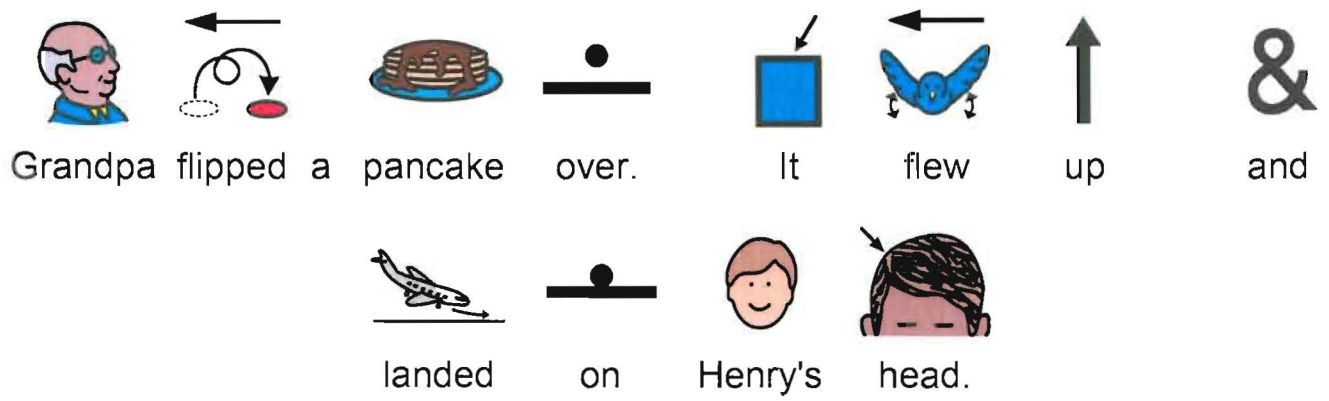


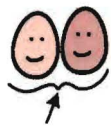
Grandpa was cooking pancakes for



us.







We



all laughed.



It



was



really



funny!



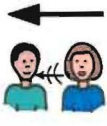
Adapted from the original text, Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs, by Judi Barrett



Later,



Grandpa



told



us



a bedtime



story.



It



was

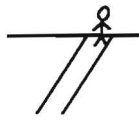
about a



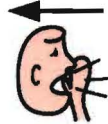
town



far



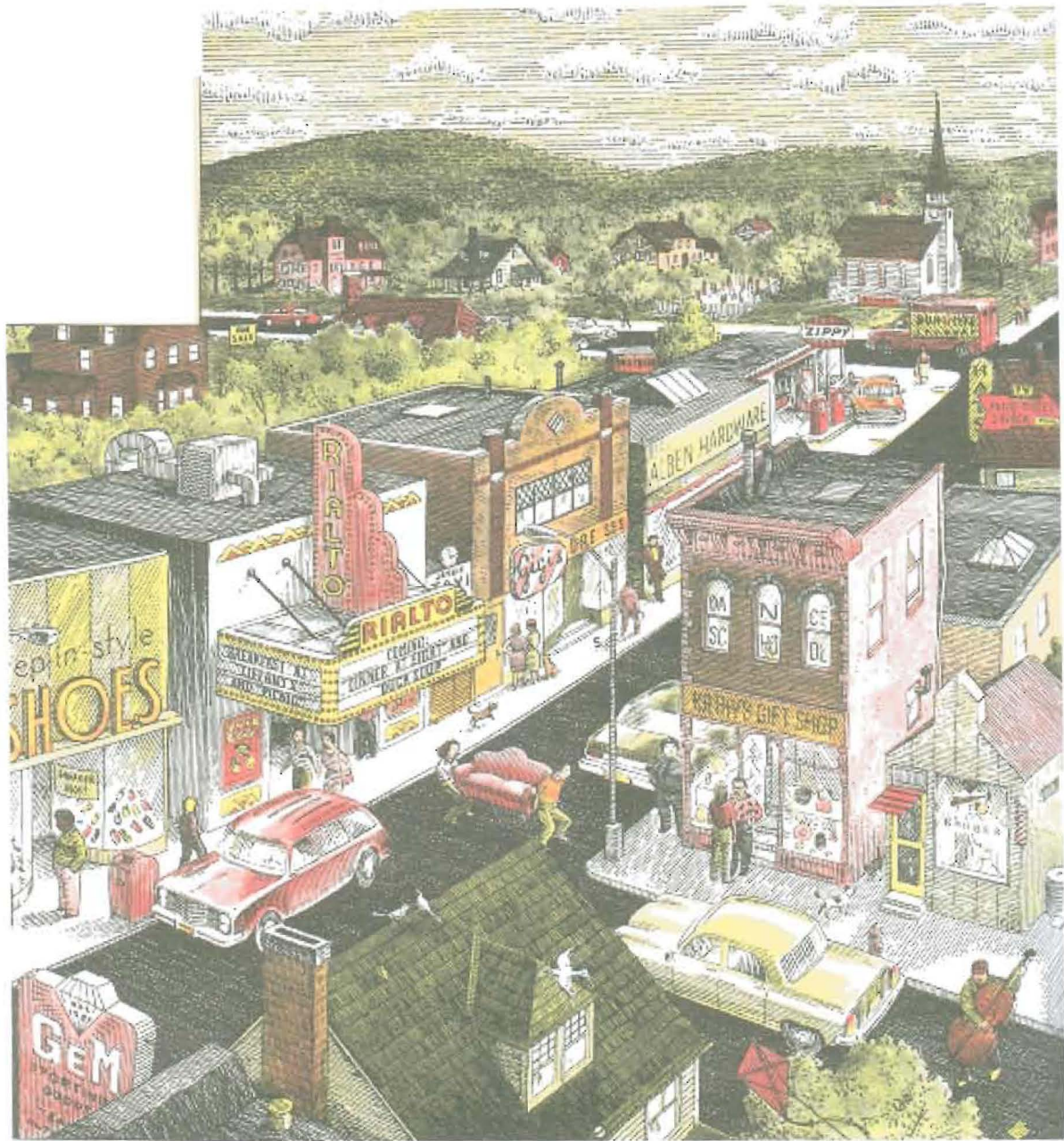
away



called



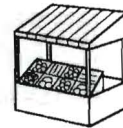
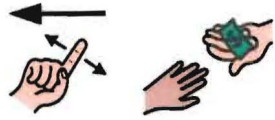
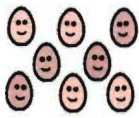
Chewandswallow.



Adapted from the original text, Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs, by Judi Barrett



Chewandswallow was different .



People did not buy food at a market.

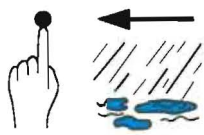


Adapted from the original text, Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs, by Judi Barrett

Everything that everyone ate came from the sky. the
weather rained and snowed food and drinks.



Adapted from the original text, Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs, by Judi Barrett



It



rained



soup

and



juice.



it



snowed



mashed potatoes and



green



peas.

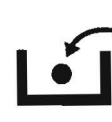
The



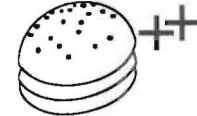
wind



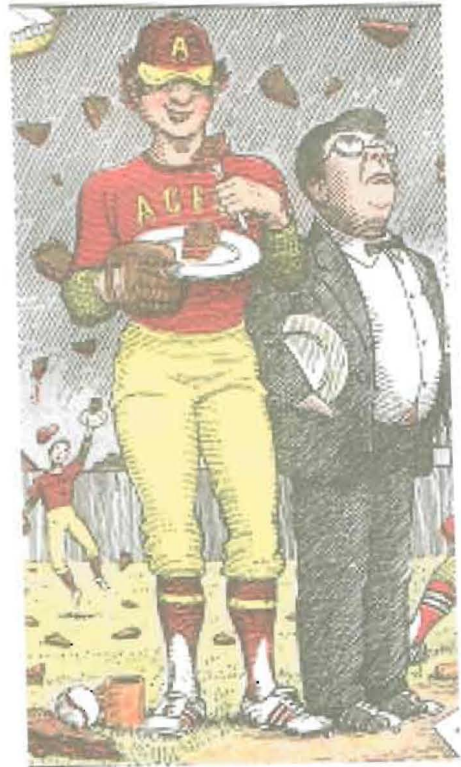
blew

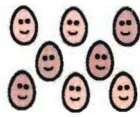





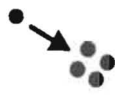


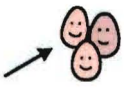
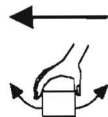



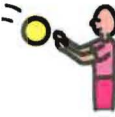
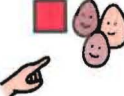

in







hamburgers.

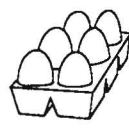
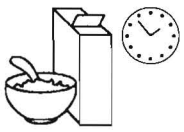


      
People took dishes and cups outside with them.

       
They used the dishes and cups to catch their food

   
that fell from the sky.





At

breakfast time,

it

rained

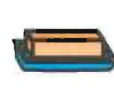
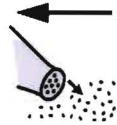
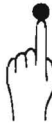
juice

and

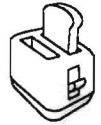
snowed

eggs

and



the



toast.

Later

it

sprinkled

jelly

and

butter

for

toast.





For



lunch,



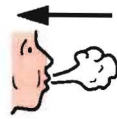
hot dogs

&

and



beans



blew



in



with



clouds

>



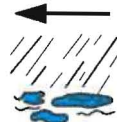
of mustard.



Later



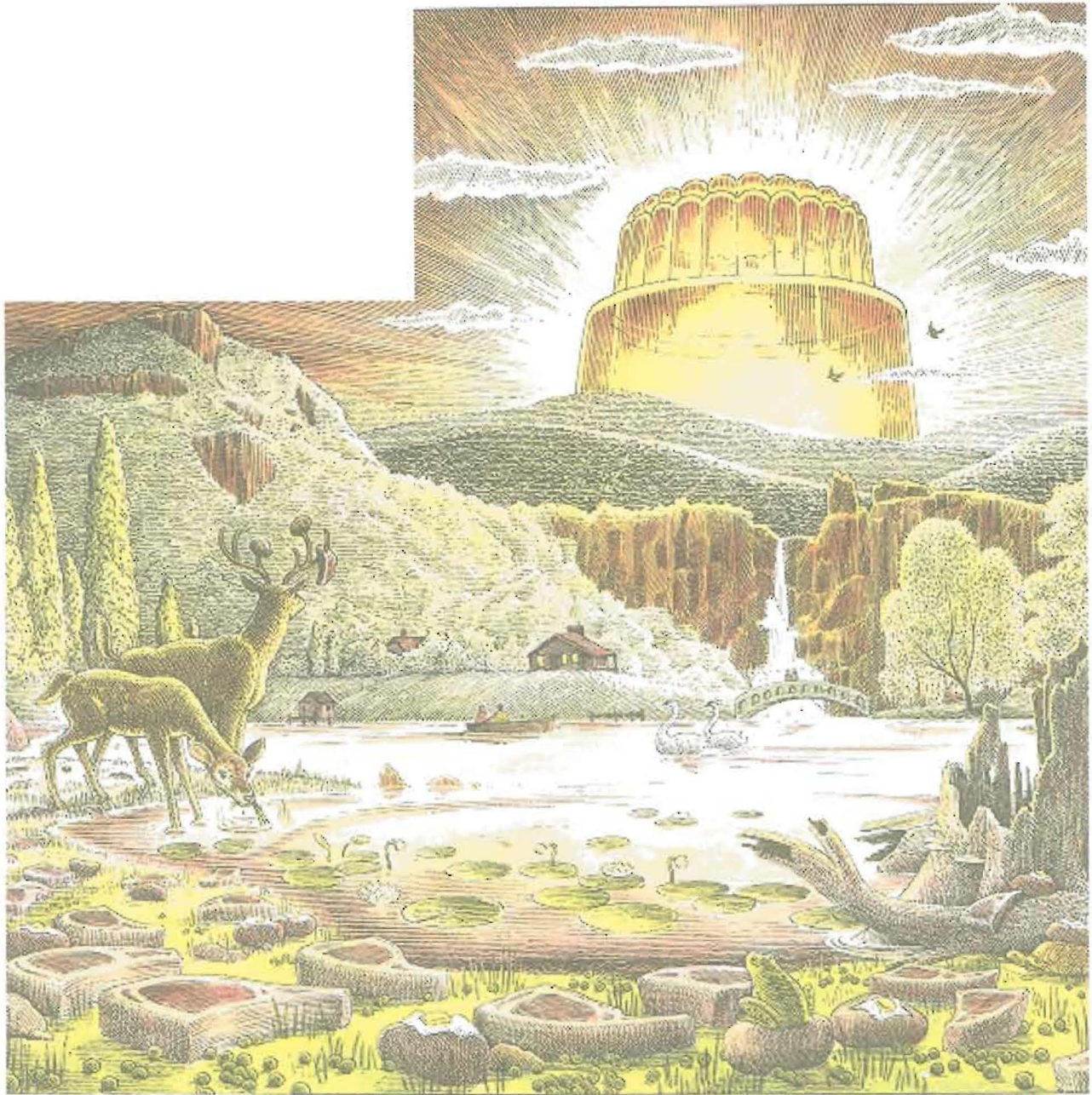
it





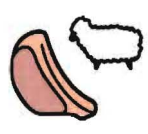








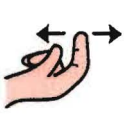

rained

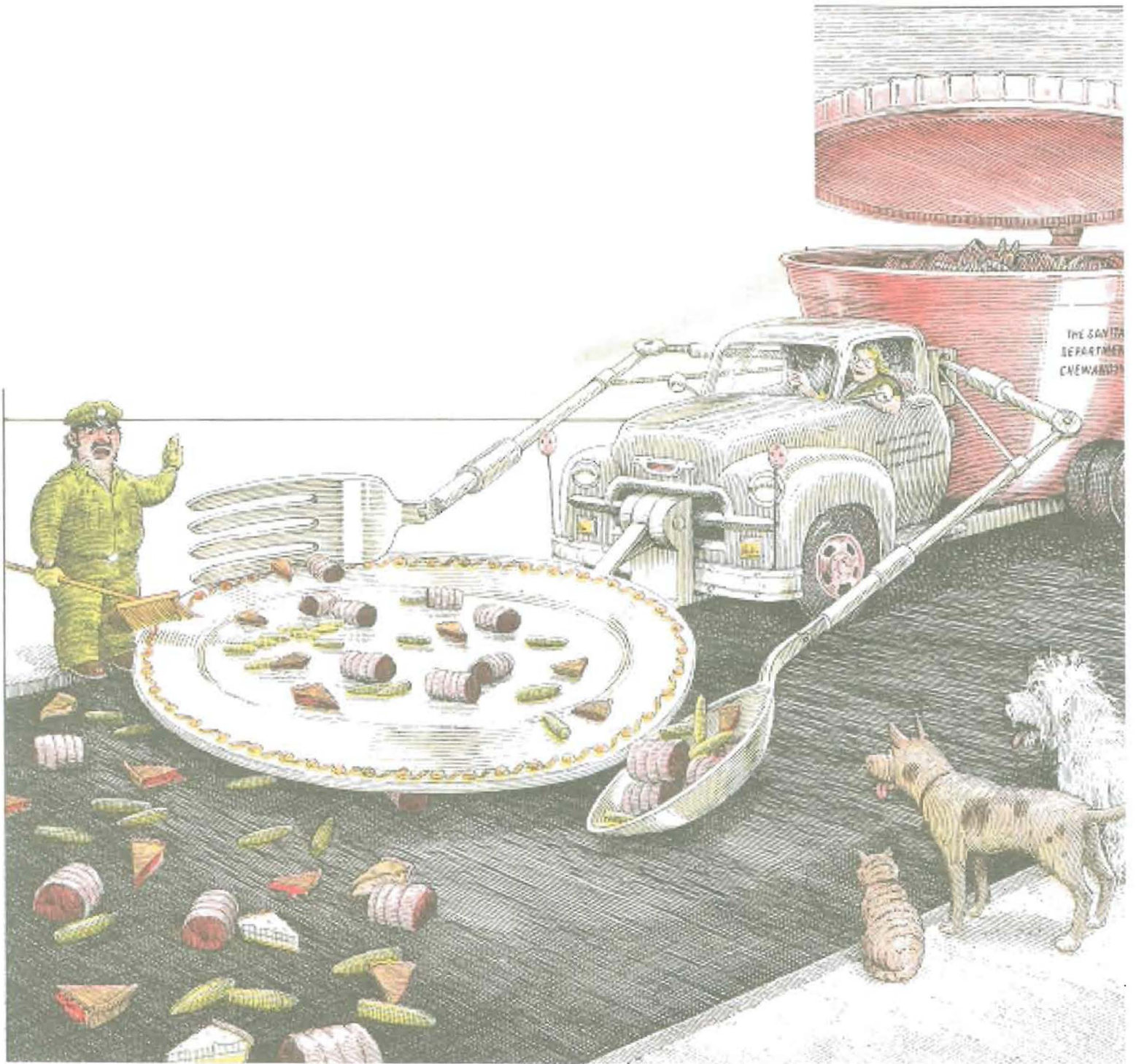


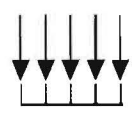
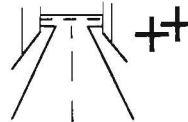
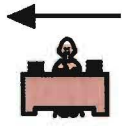
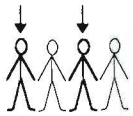
soda.



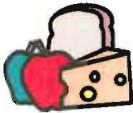
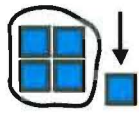
        ++
At dinner timem it snowed lambchops, peas, and baked potatoes.

     
Later, jello would come for dessert.

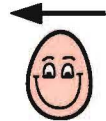




Some people worked by cleaning up the streets from all of



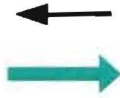
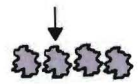
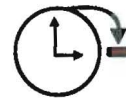
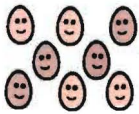
the extra food.

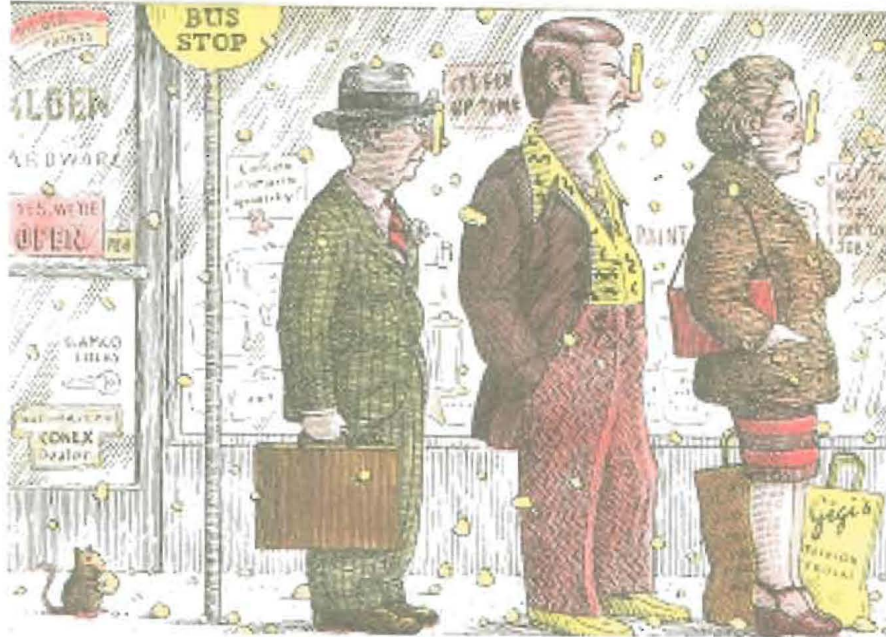


The animals liked to eat the leftovers, too.



The people from Chewandswallow were happy until something
went wrong.





Adapted from the original text, Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs, by Judi Barrett



One day



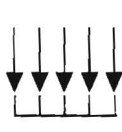
it



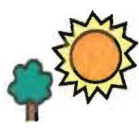
rained



cheese



all



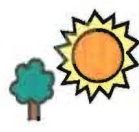
day



long.



Another



day



there



was



pea



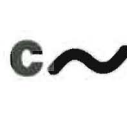
soup



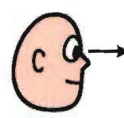
fog.



Nobody



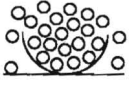






could





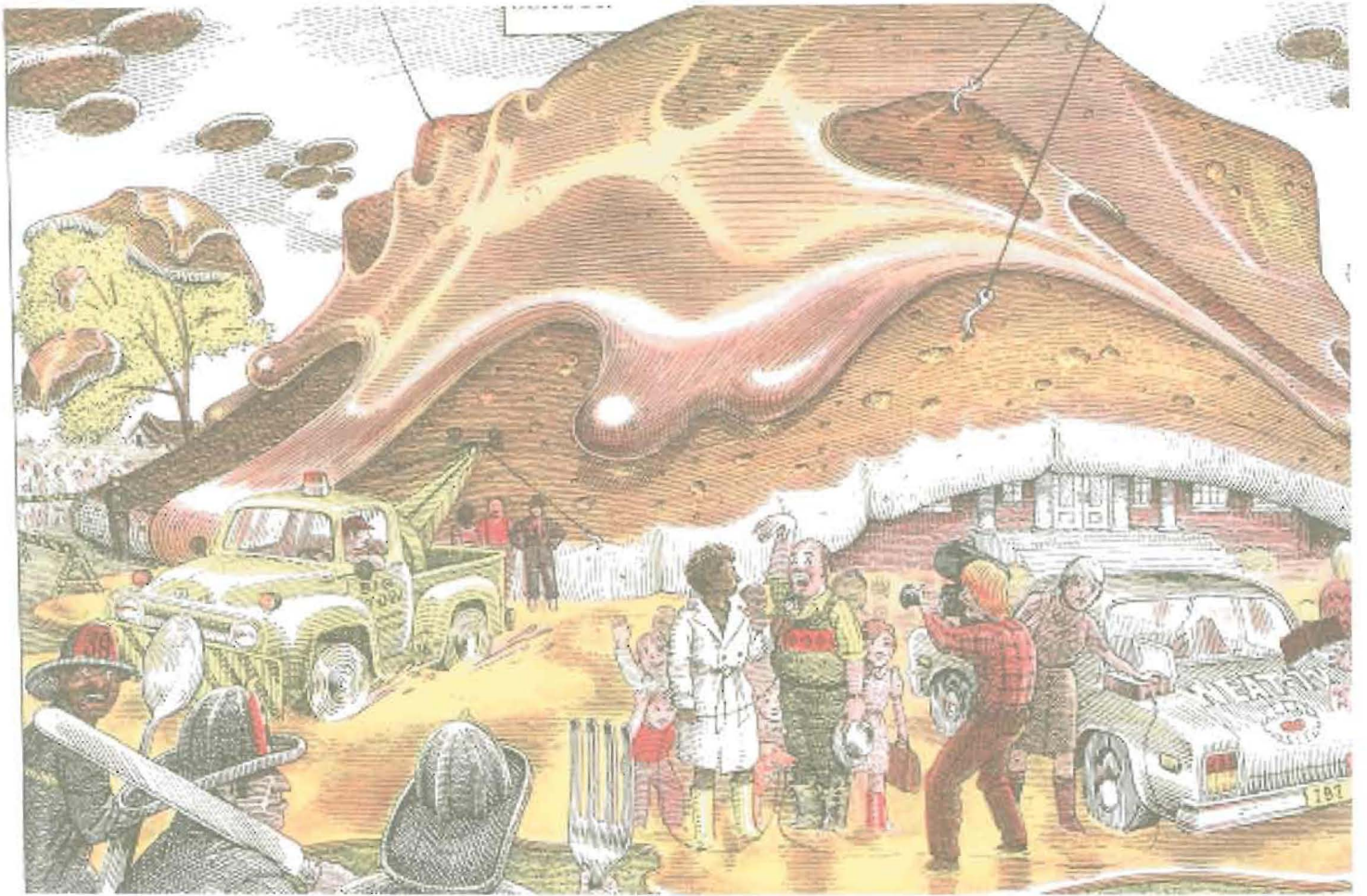
see.



Adapted from the original text, Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs, by Judi Barrett

 Too much  food  was  falling  from  the sky.  The people

  became scared.





One day



there



was



a storm



of



pancakes



and



syrup.



It



was

too



heavy

to



lift



off

the


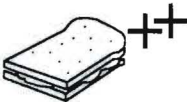










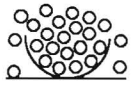
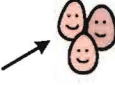
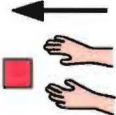

school.



Adapted from the original text, Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs, by Judi Barrett

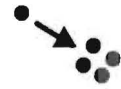
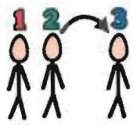
 Another  day  it  snowed **15**  inches   of creamcheese  and

 jelly  sandwiches.  The people  tried to  eat  some of the

 food  but  there  was  too much.  They  got  sick!



Adapted from the original text, *Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs*, by Judi Barrett



The next day, there was a tomato tornado with



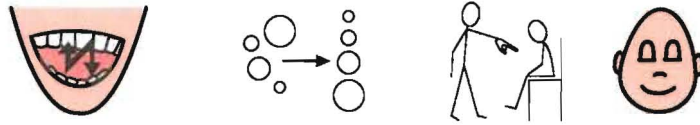
salt and pepper winds. The town was a mess.



Adapted from the original text, Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs, by Judi Barrett



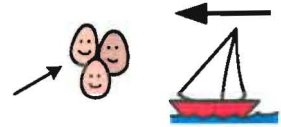
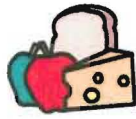
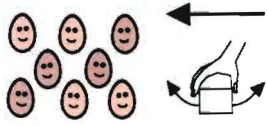
The town became too dangerous. The people decided to leave



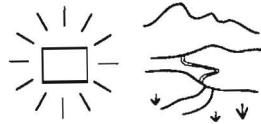
Chew and swallow in order to stay safe.



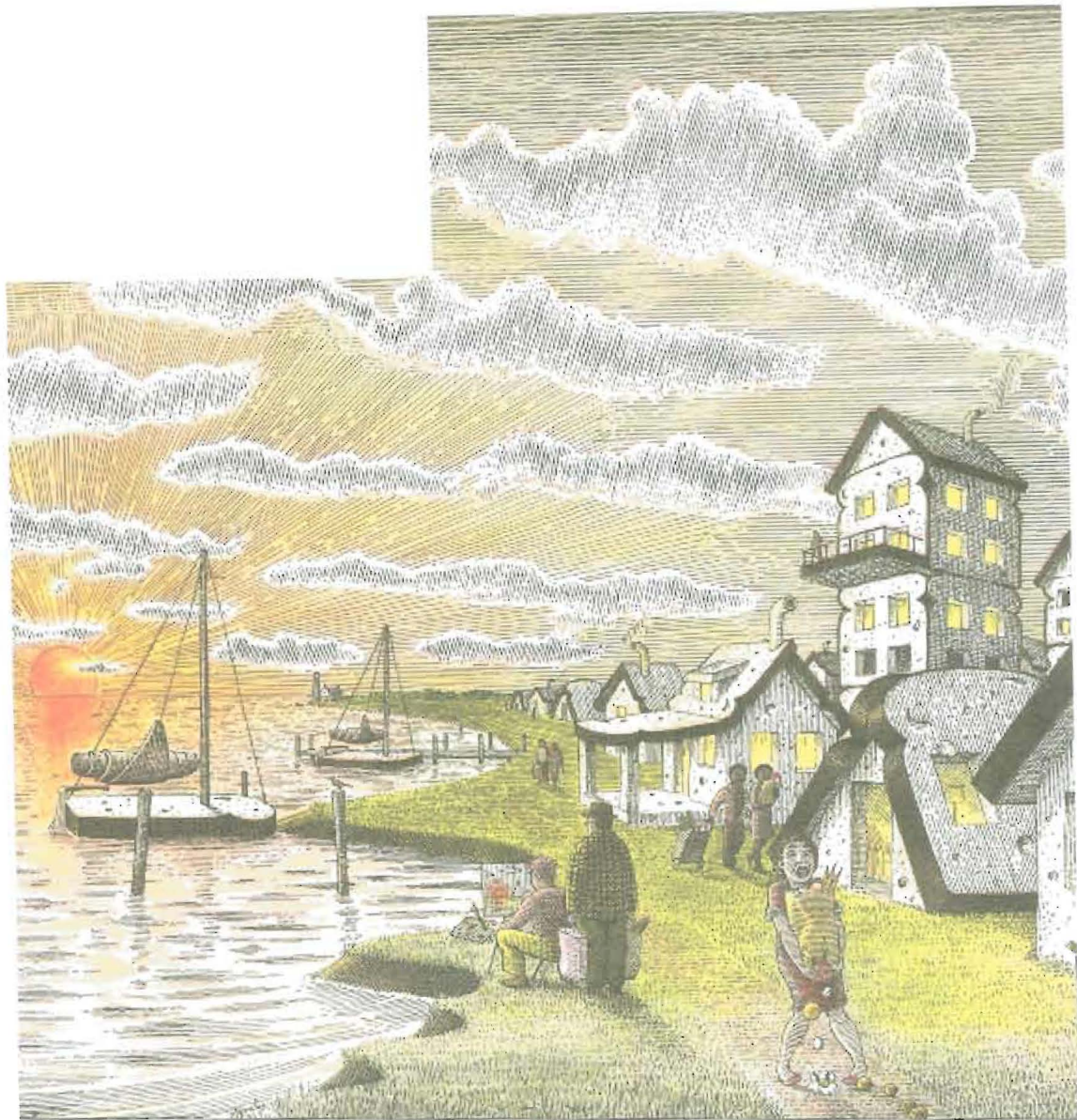
Adapted from the original text, Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs, by Judi Barrett



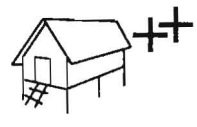
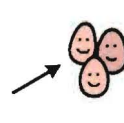
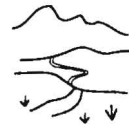
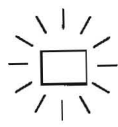
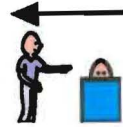
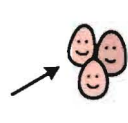
The people used the food to build a boat. They sailed to



a new land.



Adapted from the original text, Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs, by Judi Barrett



When

they

found

the

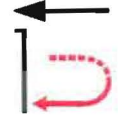
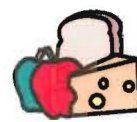
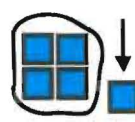
new

land

they

built

houses



out

of

some

of the

extra

food.

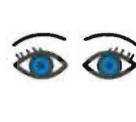
The

children

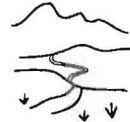
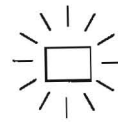
returned to



the



the



school

while

the

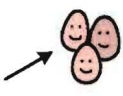





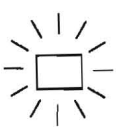

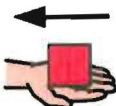
adults

explored

the

new

land.



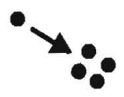


They thought it was strange that the new town had

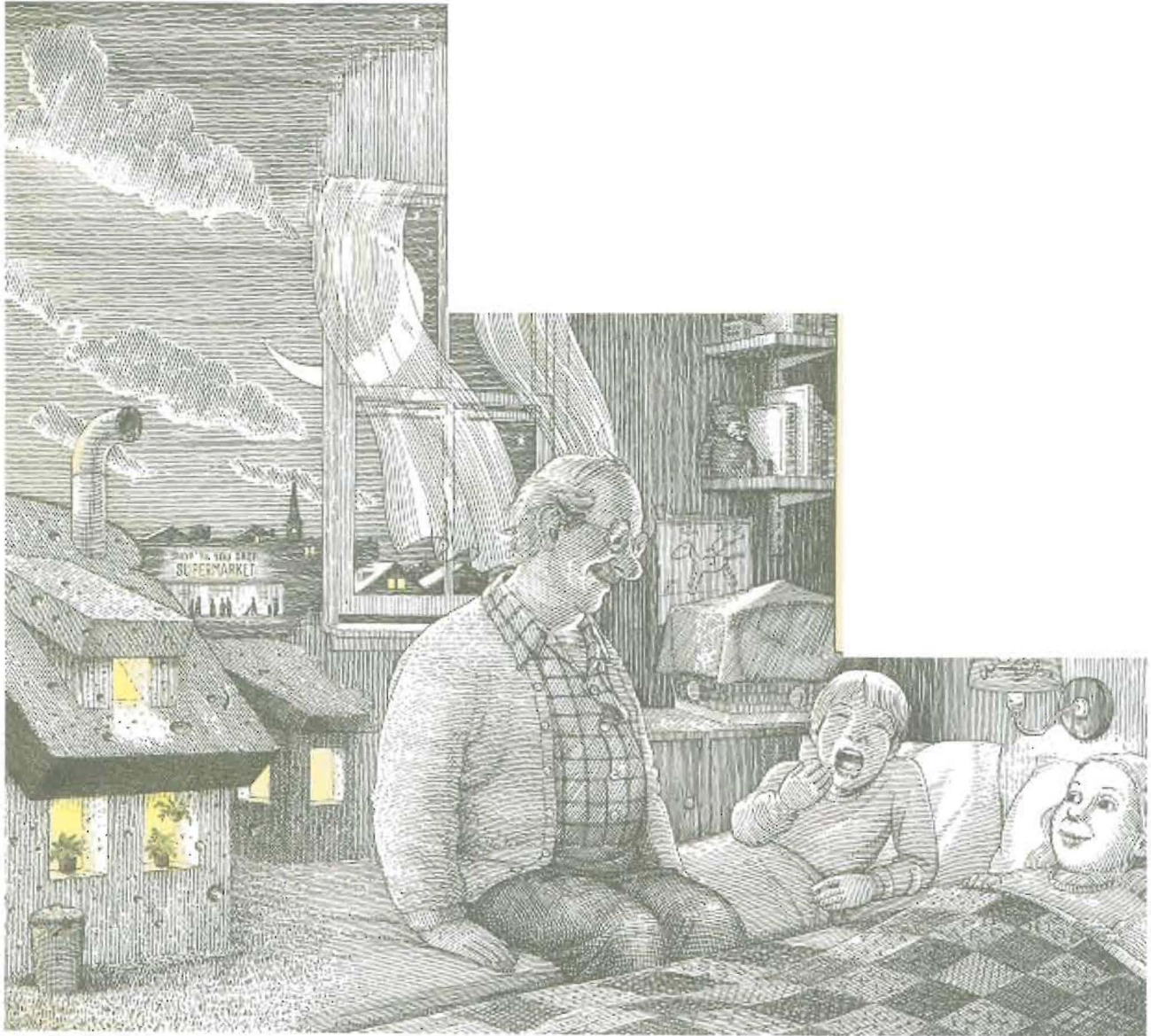
markets to buy food. Nothing came down from the

sky except rain and snow. No one got hit

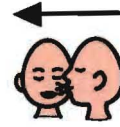
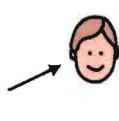
    

in the head with food again!





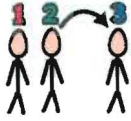







Grandpa finished the story.


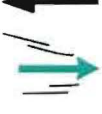

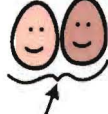







He kissed us good night.



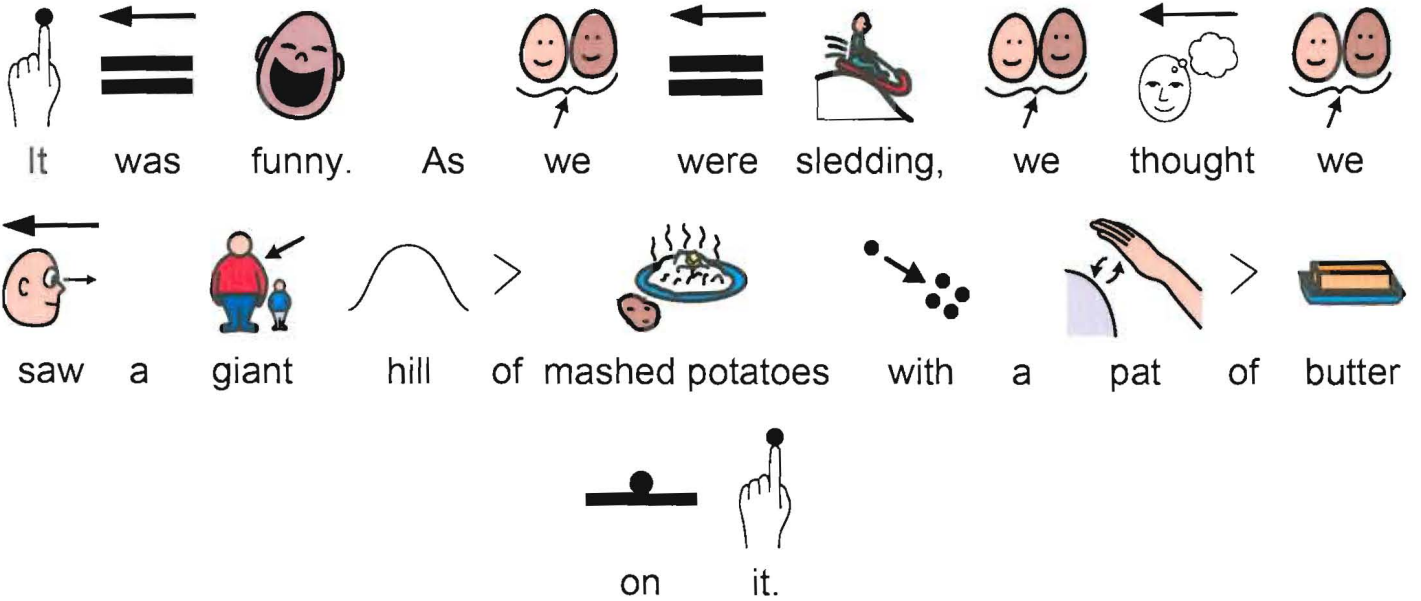
Adapted from the original text, Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs, by Judi Barrett









 The next morning it was snowing outside. We quickly ate

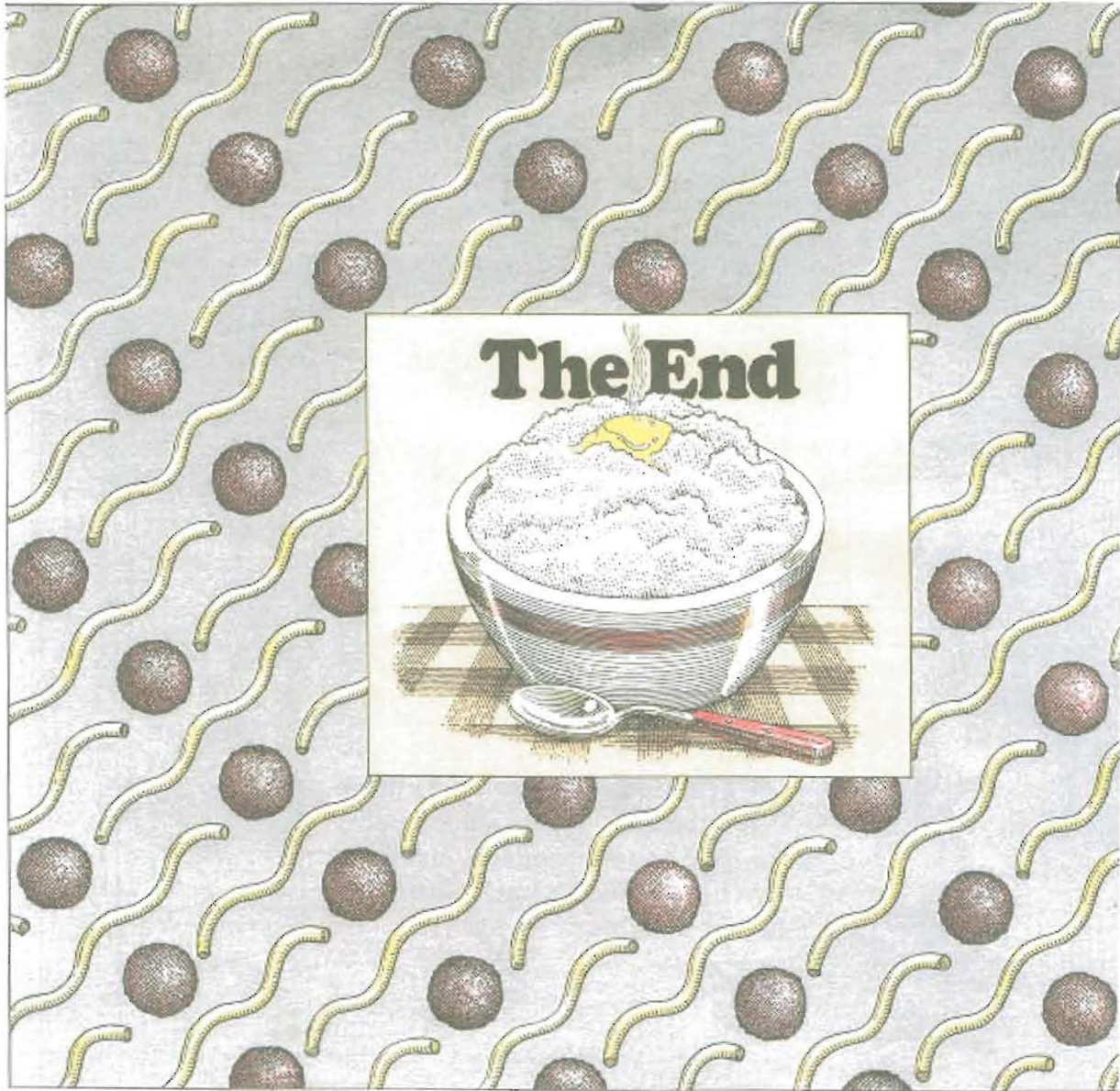







 breakfast and hurried outside. We wanted to go sledding



 with Grandpa.





It was funny. As we were sledding, we thought we saw a giant hill of mashed potatoes with a pat of butter on it.





The End