

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

Blake loved to go fishing with his Grandpa Jim. Every year, they would pack up the fishing rods, grab their tackle boxes, and head out on the first Saturday after school was out. Knowing his trip was coming up made Blake even more anxious for school to end. He couldn't wait.

After the final bell rang on the last day of school, Blake ran home as fast as he could. He didn't even wait for his sister, Ella, like he was supposed to. She got very mad at Blake, but he didn't care. He just wanted to get home and get everything ready. Grandpa Jim was coming first thing in the morning.

Blake ran into the garage and grabbed his blue fishing rod and grey tackle box. He looked inside - everything was still exactly as he left it. Last summer, he saved all of his chore money to buy to new bobbers, spinners, and lures. He hadn't even tried them out yet. He couldn't wait to open the packages.

Blake set his fishing equipment by the door, found his lucky fishing hat, and grabbed his life vest. He wasn't sure if his fishing hat was actually lucky or not, but he didn't want to take any chances. Grandpa Jim had a hat, and so did he.

The next morning, Grandpa Jim picked him up before it was even light out. By the time the sun came up, they were already on the water. Blake opened one of his new lures and watched his grandpa carefully put it on the line. "That looks like a good one," he said. "You might catch the first fish this year."

The one that caught the first fish every year got a dollar. Blake had never beaten his grandpa. Even though Grandpa Jim always won, Blake never had to give him a dollar. He would have had to give him three dollars by now.

When Blake's line was ready, he put on his lucky fishing hat and carefully casted his line into the water. Before he had even gotten comfortable, there was a bite. "I got one," he screamed. "Grandpa look, I got one." Blake carefully reeled in the fish. It was a beautiful Walleye.

"Nice job," Grandpa said. "I am very proud of you. I knew you'd beat me one of these years."

While Blake was admiring his fish, his grandpa was getting out a crisp one dollar bill.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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Blake loved to go fishing with his Uncle Tom. Every year, they would pack up the fishing rods, grab their tackle boxes, and head out on the first Sunday after school was out. Knowing his trip was coming up made Blake even more anxious for school to end. He couldn't wait.

After the final bell rang on the last day of school, Blake ran home as fast as he could. He didn't even wait for his sister, Ella, like he was supposed to. She got very mad at Blake, but he didn't care. He just wanted to get home and get everything ready. Uncle Tom was coming first thing in the morning.

Blake ran into the garage and grabbed his red fishing rod and grey tackle box. He looked inside - everything was still exactly as he left it. Last summer, he got new bobbers, spinners, and lures for his birthday. He hadn't even tried them out yet. He couldn't wait to open the packages.

Blake set his fishing equipment by the door, found his lucky fishing hat, and made some sandwiches. He wasn't sure if his fishing hat was actually lucky or not, but he didn't want to take any chances. Grandpa Jim had a hat, and so did he.

The next morning, Uncle Tom picked him up before it was even light out. By the time the sun came up, they were already on the water. Blake opened one of his new lures and watched his uncle carefully put it on the line. "That looks like a good one," he said. "You might catch the first fish this year."

The one that caught the first fish every year got a five dollar bill. Blake had never beaten his uncle. Even though Uncle Tom always won, Blake never had to give him five dollars. He would have had to give him fifteen dollars by now.

When Blake's line was ready, he put on his lucky fishing hat and carefully casted his line into the water. Before he had even gotten comfortable, there was a bite. "I got one," he screamed. "Uncle look, I got one." Blake carefully reeled in the fish. It was a beautiful Northern.

"Nice job," Uncle Tom said. "I am very proud of you. I knew you'd beat me one of these years." While Blake was admiring his fish, his grandpa was getting out a crisp five dollar bill.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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**Blake's Dollar Bill Questions:**

1. Name two things that are the same in each story:

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\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

2. Name two things that are the different in each story:

1. \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

### **Blake's Dollar Bill Answer Guide:**

1. Name two things that are the same in each story:

Answers may include any of the following:

- a. The boy's name is Blake
- b. He went fishing every summer
- c. Blake has a sister named Ella
- d. Blake and his Grandpa both have a lucky fishing hat
- e. Blake had never caught the first fish
- f. This year, Blake did catch the first fish

2. Name two things that are the different in each story:

Answers may include any of the following:

- a. Blake went fishing with his Grandpa Joe vs. Uncle Tom
- b. They went fishing on a Saturday vs. a Sunday
- c. Blake's fishing rod was blue vs. red
- d. Blake saved his chore money for new tackle vs. got it for his birthday
- e. Blake grabbed a life vest before leaving vs. made sandwiches
- f. The person who caught the first fish got \$1 vs. \$5
- g. Blake caught a Walleye vs. a Northern