Section 1

The RX Program Individual Diagnostic Stories
This section of the manual is designed to help you learn about your students’ individual reading abilities. To do this, you must follow these steps:

1. Read *Ray and His Bad Cat* aloud to the child, pointing to each line with your finger so that he or she can follow it with you.

2. Have the child read the diagnostic story, *Ray and His Cat Come Back*, which contains a wide range of the word and syllable structures that create difficulty for beginning readers.

3. Record the child’s reading errors on the diagnostic sheet following *Ray and the Rat Come Back*.

4. From the information on your student’s reading errors, the RX program will help you to plan your reading instruction. You’ll be able to see which decoding skills each child has mastered or has trouble with, and you’ll know how to focus the majority of your time on helping him/her with any trouble spots.
Ray and His Bad Cat
by Michael LeeYow and Bill Labov

This kid Ray had a big, bad cat.
The cat was bigger than the mat where it sat.
One day, I met Ray.
He had the cat with him that day.
Ray had the cat in a sack that he had on his back.
He and his cat went in back of me.
Ray put the cat in my sack, but I did not see.

He said, “Do you have a pencil?”
I said, “No, I have a pen.”
Ray said, “Give me that then!”
I put my hand in my bag and said, “Dag! What’s in my bag?”
The cat fell out, and it made me mad.
I was mad, but Ray was madder
The cat bit Ray and went up a ladder.
So Ray sat and told me to get his cat. I yelled back, “I don’t have to do that!” He said, “Yes, you do! I’m bigger than you! Go get my cat, or it’s me and you!” I said, “Your cat may be big, my man, But you are no bigger than a bug in my hand.” He got all mad and picked up a rock. I said, “Ray, look at your sock.” The cat came back, and that was that. It bit Ray on his leg, and Ray fell on his back.
I told you all about Ray and his bad cat. I didn’t know that they were going to come back. On Friday, I was in Aunt Brenda’s store, and Ray was with the same old cat that I saw before. Ray and his cat were a pain in the rear. Ray sneaked up on Matt and put the cat in his ear. Matt flew about a mile in the air.
Then Ray said, “Matt, my cat wants a treat!” Ray grabbed Matt’s chips and let his cat eat. The cat took a small bite of the chips, and that was it. Ray said, “Those chips are stale! I see that you bought them on sale. Those chips taste like food that’s served in a jail.”

The cat spit out the chips and jumped in Ray’s coat. Poor little Matt had his heart in his throat. He stood up straight and pulled in his belt. We all could see how hungry he felt. And Matt didn’t reach up to his throat. But Ray was kind of big, not just tall, you know, wide. So Matt got on his bike and went for a ride. Next Ray turned around and he looked at me. My blood began to boil, I thought, “Yo, who is he?”
But I played it cool and took a sip of my coke. Ray came by and opened his coat. He said, "You may be bad, but I am the worst, and my mean old cat has a super class thirst. Only one thing will cure it, a taste of your coke!"

I said, "Hey, Ray, that's a very good joke. Look here, Ray, my man. Drinking with cats is not in my plan, but I don't want to listen to your cat moan. Here's a coin so it can buy its own."

I pulled out a dirty, old dime. Ray stared at me and said, "A dime? I'm going to have to have what is mine."

He snatched the can right out of my hand. Then poured the coke on the ground and said, "Cat, it is time to get down."

The cat slipped down and started to drink. I brought my knee back, and then kicked the can—right at the cat, and told it to "SCRAM!"
But the cat came back to try to score.
I said to Ray, “Oh, your cat wants more?”
This was the very last straw.
I gave a little whistle and opened the door.
Ray screamed, “Wait! What’s that coming at me?”
I said, “That’s my dog, Black. Now you will see.
His teeth are as sharp as the edge of a knife; your cat stays here at the risk of his life. Don’t worry Ray it’s no big deal. I’ll count to three and Black has his meal.”
When I got to two, Ray and his cat ran.
Ray really fell for my new cat plan.
Hey, Black doesn’t eat cats—not even one.
He just likes to growl, and watch them run.
Ray and His Cat Come Back - Diagnostic

I told you all about Ray and his bad cat. I didn’t know that they were going to come back. On Friday, I was in Aunt Brenda’s store, and Ray was with the same old cat that I saw before. Ray and his cat were a pain in the rear. Ray sneaked up on Matt and put the cat in his ear. Matt flew about a mile in the air. Then Ray said, “Matt, my cat wants a treat!” Ray grabbed Matt’s chips and let his cat eat. The cat took a small bite of the chips, and that was it. Ray said, “Those chips are stale! I see that you bought them on sale. Those chips taste like food that’s served in a jail.” The cat spit out the
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