

Name That Book!

Trivia Game

Use these sentences from the Grades 3-5 current
Sunshine State Young Readers Award Program for a great trivia game!

Attack of the Mutant Underwear

“Varoom! I’m off and running! Look! It’s a bird! It’s a plane! No, it’s ace-brilliant-type-Question-Man!” (p. 72 HB)

“So I started worrying. What if my surveys are too short? Or silly? Or weird? Or there are just too many of them? What if Ms. B thinks they’re stupid? WHAT IF SHE GIVES ME ANOTHER OLD ME C?” (p. 84 HB)

“Moral of the story: Don’t try to argue with your mom, *especially* if she’s a librarian” (p. 97 HB)

“But here’s the really cool thing: instead of mean laughter, what I hear is the sound of clapping. Yep, applause.” (p. 194 HB)

Attack of the Tagger

“You can’t be too careful when your secret identities are at stake!” (p. 26 PB)

“Usually when I hear people laughing kind of mean like that, they’re laughing at *me*.” (p. 50 PB)

“By the time I got to Old Town Square, I swear there was a superhero cape flapping in the wind behind me.” (p. 48 PB)

“I was doing this to catch a villain!” (p. 115 PB)

Because of Anya

“*I’m glad I have hair*, she thought, *I’m glad I don’t have to wear a wig*.” (p. 11 HB)

“She hated King Arthur and Lancelot and, most of all, Queen Guinevere. They all had hair. Queen Guinevere had a lot of it.” (p. 30 HB)

“She could practically see the lies piling up, like they were something tangible. Bricks being laid on mortar, maybe. Tell enough lies and she wouldn’t need the wig anymore, she’d have a whole wall built around her.” (p. 44 HB)

“One minute she was trying not to fall, the next minute the gym was filled with such an unearthly silence that she had to look up. It seemed like her head automatically jerked in the same direction as everyone else’s.” (p. 64 HB)

The Beloved Dearly

“Cookie dough, chocolate, calendars! Don’t even mention magazine subscriptions!” (p. 3 PB)

“He almost *looked* like a real businessman, wearing his dad’s old sport coat with the sleeves rolled, standing on the top step of his back stoop and barking into a cell phone.” (p. 30 PB)

“And when the loved ones you love leave you behind,’ he began, ‘and you don’t know where they’re going but they’re not coming back and you don’t know why and nobody tells you nothing—and your heart is kind of breaking...” (p. 71 PB)

“He’d been balancing books on the business. And the good news was that it was all profit.” (p. 104 PB)

The Boy Who Spoke Dog

“Fangos! It’s the fangos! The fangos are here!” (p. 6 PB)

“More days passed, and Jack drew more tattoos. He didn’t draw pictures, just lines and points. And waves and zigzags. They were handsome, he thought.” (p. 110 PB)

“*We are dogs*, his spirit said.”

“*We are dogs*, Moxie echoed.” (p. 156 PB)

“She breathed in a full nose’s worth of his scent – sweat, smoke, tears, onions, and mutton.” (p. 166 PB)

Chasing the Falconers

“Aiden jumped up and fled the barn, feeling sick and breathless, his tan jumpsuit drenched with sweat.” (p. 3 PB)

“Milking was an art that he seemed incapable of mastering.” (p. 3 PB)

“The dog came out of nowhere, an oversize German Shepherd in full flight.” (p. 35 PB)

“Flashing lights played off the tops of a parking lot of stopped cars, clogging the roadway. There, before the ramp, were stationed four uniformed policemen, shining flashlights into windshields.” (p. 95 PB)

Colder Than Ice

“‘We can be the rookie table,’ she said.” (p. 21 PB)

“The road angled right, dead-ended into a clearing, and suddenly there it was. The pond. Almost like the picture, but not quite.” (p. 77 PB)

“‘Snow, soon. And ice. And cold that will test your heart.’” (p. 73 PB)

“‘He wished he’d gone easier on the Thanksgiving dinner and the leftovers and all the other junk he’d put away the last few days. He could feel the fat cells multiplying, pushing against the waist of his jeans like rising bread dough.’” (p. 78 PB)

Cryptid Hunters

“‘Walk on a high wire? Of course you could. The only way to overcome fears is to get over them a little at a time.’” (p. 81 PB)

“‘A few of my instructors said I knew more about wilderness survival than they did. And cooking . . . I don’t want to brag, but I can make boa constrictor taste like chicken cordon bleu.’” (p. 85 PB)

“I know the insects seem to be terrified of you, but all it takes is one bite from an infected mosquito and you’ll get malaria.’ He took a piece of netting he had cut out, draped it over his head, and scrunched his baseball cap on top of it.” (p. 175 PB)

“Where are they? She sat up and saw that the parrot had followed her. He was perched on the lower branch of a tree, calmly preening his feathers.” (p. 285 PB)

The Frog Princess

“You’re a frog, use your tongue,’ suggested Frog.” (p. 40 PB)

“Wings folded, the glass butterflies rested on the crystalline blossoms. I made myself comfortable beneath the nodding bloom of a large amethyst-colored rose.” (p. 163 PB)

“There really was an owl and it really did almost get me.” (p. 132 PB)

“However, bats traditionally sleep during daylight hours and we have asked much of her today.” (p. 143 PB)

Lily’s Ghosts

“Did I tell you that the house has been in the family for more than a hundred years?” (p. 5 PB)

“Cape May’s outdoor mall was a cheerful strip of ice-cream, T-shirt, jewelry, and souvenir shops lining a brick pedestrian walkway.” (p. 37 PB)

“That’s not what happened. I didn’t move my books. I didn’t bring the doll up from the basement. And I didn’t forget.” (p. 41 PB)

“Her hair was pink.

Not just pink, but bright hot pink from root to tip, as if someone had leached out all the natural color first and dumped dye on afterward.” (p. 173 PB)

Lowji Discovers America

“In Bombay we did most of our shopping in our neighborhood.” (p. 26 HB)

“You should call him King,’ I say, ‘after your King Elvis.” (p. 65 HB)

“I cannot keep the excitement out of my voice as I exclaim, ‘We both wear sacred items.” (p. 88 HB)

“I feel like a missing part of me is back again. . . like I am a jigsaw puzzle that once had a big piece missing from its middle but is now whole.” (p. 140 HB)

Made You Look

“If you don’t follow your own dream, you will follow someone else’s. That dream would never belong to Ambie. It would always be mine.” (p. 146 PB)

“I know about mummies,’ he said. ‘They are *dead serious* about winning prizes. Don’t you agree?’” (p. 137 PB)

“Mom was going to be a real hazard in the woods. No Vent-A-Hood. No firemen. Smokey the Bear was not going to consider her a friend.” (p. 47 PB)

“Anyone who has the nerve to wear their sister’s tutu and dye their hair bubble-gum pink is a shoo-in for a game show contestant. You were the perfect color coordinated ballerina.” (pp. 7-8 PB)

My Brother’s Hero

“We’re a mess all right. Black, white, short, tall, fat, thin, different ages.” (p. 1 HB)

“Gold, huh?’ Dad eyed the drippy toolbox as we pulled in behind the *Martina*. ‘Funny thing,’ he said, hoisting the box up to the dock. ‘Gold feels about as heavy as tools.’” (p. 76 HB)

“Portuguese man-of-war, Latin name, *Physalia physalis*, *Physalia physalis*.’ Suddenly she sat. ‘My lips are tingling.’ She rocked in her seat. ‘I feel all jangly and electric. I bet I would glow in the dark.’” (p. 151 HB)

“Except for a couple of the brighter lights the shore had about disappeared, but it seemed like we were going slower.” (p. 172 HB)

Quake! Disaster in San Francisco, 1906

“The roaring drowned all other sounds. Crouching beside the wagon, holding tight to the dog, Jacob watched the cobblestones vibrate and buildings cave in.” (p. 25 PB)

“Women hovered over campfires and stirred cooking pots. Some men read or smoked; others lounged on trunks or strolled through greenery.” (p. 86 PB)

“Every day people wandered through the campsites asking about this or that person. There were signs tacked up all over the park that requested information about lost relatives.” (p. 124 PB)

“The people around them watched the family reunion. Some of them even cheered and clapped.” (p. 137 PB)

Runt

“To be able to hunt was a gift. It was, perhaps, the most important gift of all. If he was going to learn to be a good hunter, he needed to begin.” (p. 25 PB)

“He sang of the storm that had driven him here. He sang of being the smallest, the least in the pack. He sang of the disappointment he knew would be waiting in his father’s eyes when the son who ran from storms found his way back home.” (p. 45 PB)

“The two threw themselves at each other, gnashing their teeth, rolling on the ground, locked together until the black fur and the white fur seemed like separate parts of the same being.” (p. 114 PB)

“Singer. He would be Singer. And surely he did have a song to sing, a unique and sad and beautiful song, given especially to him.” (p. 131 PB)