Imagine getting students excited about reading while also improving their reading abilities. With the Lexile® Map, students have a chance to match books with their reading levels, and celebrate as they are able to read increasingly complex texts!

**Let your students find books that fit them! Build custom book lists for your students by accessing our “Find a Book” tool at Lexile.com/fab.**

**HOW IT WORKS**

The Lexile® Map provides examples of popular books and sample texts that are matched to various points on the Lexile® scale, from 200L for early reader text to 1600L for more advanced texts. The examples on the map help to define text complexity and help readers identify books of various levels of text complexity. Both literature and informational texts are presented on the Lexile Map.

**HOW TO USE IT**

Lexile reader and text measures can be used together to forecast how well a reader will likely comprehend a text at a specific Lexile level. A Lexile reader measure is usually obtained by having the reader take a reading comprehension test. Numerous tests report Lexile reader measures including many state end-of-year assessments, national norm-referenced assessments, and reading program assessments. A Lexile reader measure places students on the same Lexile scale as the texts. This scale ranges from below 200L to above 1600L. The Lexile website also provides a way to estimate a reader measure by using information about the reader’s grade level and self-reported reading ability.

Individuals reading within their Lexile ranges (100L below to 50L above their Lexile reader measures) are likely to comprehend approximately 75 percent of the text when reading independently. This “targeted reading” rate is the point at which a reader will comprehend enough to understand the text but will also face some reading challenge. The result is growth in reading ability and a rewarding reading experience.

For more guidance concerning targeting readers with books, visit www.Lexile.com/fab to access the “Find a Book” tool. “Find a Book” enables users to search from over 210,000 books to build custom reading lists based on Lexile range and personal interests and to check the availability of books at the local library.

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The Words were to me so many Pearls of Eloquence, and his Voice sweeter to my Ears than Sugar to the Taste. The Reflection on the Misfortune which these Verses brought on me, has often made me applaud Plato’s Design of banishing all Poets from a good and well governed Commonwealth, especially those who write wantonly or lasciviously. For, instead of composing lamentable Verses, like those of the Marquiss of Mantua, that make Women and Children cry by the Fireside, they try their utmost Skill on such soft Strokes as enter the Soul, and wound it, like that Thunder which hurts and consumes all within, yet leaves the Garment sound. Another Time he entertained me with the following Song.

Setting sail once again they kept a sharp look-out for Busse Island, discovered thirty years previously by Martin Frobisher, but the rolling sea mists had grown too thick. Storms and gale—force winds plagued them for days on end and at one point grew so ferocious that the forecast cracked, splintered and was hurled into the sea. It was with considerable relief that the crew sighted the tip of the coast of Newfoundland—a vague geographical term in Hudson’s day—at the beginning of July. They dropped anchor in Penobscot Bay, some one hundred miles west of Nova Scotia.

But from this point on, the citizen-soldiers of Washington’s army were no longer to be fighting only for the defense of their country, or for their rightful liberties as freeborn Englishmen, as they had at Lexington and Concord, Bunker Hill and through the long siege at Boston. It was now a proudly proclaimed, all-out war for an independent America, a new America, and thus a new day of freedom and equality. At his home in Newport, Nathanael Greene’s mentor, the Reverend Ezra Stiles, wrote in his diary almost in disbelief: Thus the Congress has tied a Gordian knot, which the Parlament will find they can neither cut, nor untie. The thirteen united colonies now rise into an Independent Republic among the kingdoms, states, and empires on earth...And have I lived to see such an important and astonishing revolution?
We sing the freedom songs today for the same reason the slaves sang them, because we too are in bondage and the songs add hope to our determination that “We shall overcome, Black and white together, We shall overcome someday.” I have stood in a meeting with hundreds of youngsters and joined in while they sang “Ain’t Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me ‘Round.” It is not just a song; it is a resolve. A few minutes later, I have seen those same youngsters refuse to turn around from the onrush of a police. We sing the freedom songs today for the same reason the slaves sang them, because we too are in bondage and the songs add hope to our determination that “We shall overcome, Black and white together, We shall overcome someday.”

Lydia was a stout, well-grown girl of fifteen, with a fine complexion and good-humoured countenance; a favourite with her mother, whose affection had brought her into public at an early age. She had high animal spirits, and a sort of natural self-consequence, which the attention of the officers, to whom her uncle’s good dinners and her own easy manners recommended her, had increased into assurance. She was very equal therefore to address Mr. Bingley on the subject of the ball, and abruptly reminded him of his promise; adding, that it would be the most shameful thing in the world if he did not keep it. His answer to this sudden attack was delightful to their mother’s ear.

There may be less bacteria on the food that’s picked up quickly, but playing it safe is the best idea. If it hits the floor, the next thing it should hit is the trash. If putting together petri dishes and dealing with incubation seems like a bigger project than you’re ready to take on, there’s a simpler way to observe bacterial growth. Practically all you need is some bread and your own two hands. Cut the edges off each slice of bread so that they’ll fit into the plastic containers. Put one slice of bread into each container. Measure one tablespoon of water and splash it into the first piece of bread. Put the lid on the container and use your pen and tape to label this your control.
Rube ran his ball club like it was a major league team. Most Negro teams back then weren't very well organized. Didn't always have enough equipment or even matching uniforms. Most times they went from game to game scattered among different cars, or sometimes they'd even have to “hobo”—which means hitch a ride on the back of someone's truck to get to the next town for a game. But not Rube's team. They were always well equipped, with clean, new uniforms, bats, and balls. They rode to the games in fancy Pullman cars Rube rented and hitched to the back of the train. It was something to see that group of Negroes stepping out of the train, dressed in suits and hats. They were big-leaguers.

There wasn't much left in the tree fort from previous dwellers. Just an old hammer and a few rusted tin cans holding some even rustier nails. A couple of wood crates with the salt girl holding her umbrella painted on top. And a shabby plaque dangling sideways on one nail, FORT TREECONDEROGA. Probably named after the famous fort from Revolutionary War days. Anything else that might have been left behind had probably been weathered to bits and fallen through the cracks. No matter. I'd have this place whipped into shape lickety-split. First off, I picked out the straightest nail I could find and fixed that sign up right. Fort Treeconderoga was open for business.

Edward, for lack of anything better to do, began to think. He thought about the stars. He remembered what they looked like from his bedroom window. What made them shine so brightly, he wondered, and were they still shining somewhere even though he could not see them? Never in my life, he thought, have I been farther away from the stars than I am now. He considered, too, the fate of the beautiful princess who had become a warthog. Why had she become a warthog? Because the ugly witch turned her into one—that was why. And then the rabbit thought about Pellegrina. He felt, in some way that he could not explain to himself, that she was responsible for what had happened to him. It was almost as if it was she, and not the boys, who had thrown Edward overboard.
600L  **You’re on Your Way, Teddy Roosevelt**

But from his first workout in Wood’s Gymnasium he had been determined to control his asthma and illnesses rather than letting his asthma and illnesses control him. And he had. On that hot summer day in August he had proved to himself—and everyone else—that he had taken charge of his own life. In 1876 Teedie—now known as Teddy—entered Harvard College. He was on his own ...without Papa. That was all right. “I am to do everything for myself,” he wrote in his diary. Why not? He was stronger and in better health than he had ever been. And ready and eager for the adventures and opportunities that lay ahead.

500L  **A Germ’s Journey**

Excuse me! Let’s blow out of this place! In real life, germs are very small. They can’t be seen without a microscope. Rudy forgot to use a tissue. His cold germs fly across the room at more than 100 miles an hour. Whee! I can fly! Best ride ever! A few germs land on Ernie. But skin acts like a suit of armor. It protects against harm. The germs won’t find a new home there. Healthy skin keeps germs out. But germs can sneak into the body through cuts, scrapes, or cracks in the skin. Most germs enter through a person’s mouth or nose. Rudy’s germs continue to fall on nearly everything in the room—including Brenda’s candy.

400L  **How Not to Babysit Your Brother**

I continued to search. I checked under Steve’s bed. Then I checked under my bed. I searched the basement, the garage, and my closet. There was no sign of Steve. This was going to be harder than I thought. Where was Steve hiding? CRASH! Uh-oh, I thought. I heard Buster barking in the kitchen. I ran to see what was going on. When I got there, the dog food bin was tipped over. Steve’s head and shoulders were sticking out of the top. Dog food was stuck in his hair, on his clothes, and up his nose. He looked like an alien from the planet Yuck. He giggled as Buster licked some crumbs off his ear.
“We have to stop now,” said Miss Lee. “It’s time for reading.” “Ohhh...” A disappointed sound went up around the circle. “Here’s what we’ll do,” Miss Lee stood up. “You are all very interested in dogs. So this week, you can write a story about your own dog or pet. Then you can read it to the class.” Everyone got excited again. Except Posey. She didn’t have a pet. Not a dog. Not a cat. Not a hamster. “Those of you who don’t have a pet,” Miss Lee said, “can write about the pet you hope to own someday.” Miss Lee had saved the day! Now Posey had something to write about, too. Posey told her mom about Luca’s puppy on the way home.

He smacked the ball with the bat. The ball flew across the field. “Good,” said Mr. Spano. “Great, Slugger!” I yelled. “We’ll win every game. It was my turn next. I put on the helmet, and stood at home plate. “Ronald Morgan,” said Rosemary. “You’re holding the wrong end of the bat.” Quickly I turned it around. I clutched it close to the end. Whoosh went the first ball. Whoosh went the second one. Wham went the third. It hit me in the knee. “Are you all right?” asked Michael. But I went the second one. Wham went the third. It hit me in the knee. “Are you all right?” asked Michael. But I heard Tom say, “I knew it. Ronald Morgan’s the worst.” We have to stop now,” said Miss Lee. “It’s time for reading.” “Ohhh...” A disappointed sound went up around the circle. “Here’s what we’ll do,” Miss Lee stood up. “You are all very interested in dogs. So this week, you can write a story about your own dog or pet. Then you can read it to the class.” Everyone got excited again. Except Posey. She didn’t have a pet. Not a dog. Not a cat. Not a hamster. “Those of you who don’t have a pet,” Miss Lee said, “can write about the pet you hope to own someday.” Miss Lee had saved the day! Now Posey had something to write about, too. Posey told her mom about Luca’s puppy on the way home.

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