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The Soggy, Foggy Campout #8 (Here's Hank)



Synopsis

Here's Hank, the bestselling series written by Henry Winkler and Lin Oliver, is the perfect series for the transitional reader. It's easy-to-read font, simple and funny stories, and characters every kid would want to be friends with. "We Love Nature Day" is fast approaching, and everyone in Hank's class gets to write and perform a poem. One problem: Hank has no idea where to start. Luckily his mom has a great idea. The family will go camping. Out in nature, Hank will be able to find plenty of inspiration. But when a rainstorm threatens to ruin their night, it's up to Hank to make sure the night doesn't turn into a soggy, foggy failure. Can he find the words for his nature poem and the courage to help his family survive the night?

Book Information

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Age Range: 6 - 8 years

Grade Level: 1 - 3

Customer Reviews

Henry Winkler is an actor, producer, and director, and he speaks publicly all over the world. In addition, he has a star on Hollywood Boulevard, was presented with the Order of the British Empire by the Queen of England, and the jacket he wore as the Fonz hangs in the Smithsonian Museum in Washington, DC. But if you asked him what he was proudest of, he would say, "Writing the Hank

Zipzer books with my partner, Lin Oliver." He lives in Los Angeles with his wife, Stacey. They have three children named Jed, Zoe, and Max. Lin Oliver is a writer and producer of movies, books, and television series for children and families. She has written more than twenty-five novels for children, and one hundred episodes of television. She is cofounder and executive director of the Society of Children's Book Writers and Illustrators, an international organization of twenty thousand authors and illustrators of children's books. Scott Garrett is a freelance illustrator whose work has appeared in GQ, The Guardian, Los Angeles Times, The Boston Globe, Businessweek, and more.

Chapter 1 "What rhymes with orange?" I asked my best friend Frankie Townsend. We were sitting in Riverside Park having an after-school snack. "Nothing," he said. "There isn't one word in the English language that rhymes with orange." "How about orange?" I asked. My other best friend, Ashley Wong, burst out laughing. "Can I just point out that orange isn't a word in any language?" she said. "Then I give up." I threw my hands in the air. "Writing poetry is too hard. I quit." Our teacher, Ms. Flowers, had told us the day before that everyone in our class had to write a poem about nature. We were going to read them at the We Love Nature assembly on Monday in the auditorium. Frankie and Ashley wrote theirs right away. They never have a problem at school in any subject. I have a problem with every subject. I'm bad at reading, spelling, math, and science. But I'm great at lunch. The night before I had sat at my desk forever, staring at a blank piece of paper. There wasn't a poem in my head or anywhere else in my body. So this morning my mom suggested that we all go to the park after school. She said that maybe looking at the flowers and trees would help me come up with an idea. But it wasn't working. "Hank, you can't just give up," my mom said. "You have an assignment to write a poem. Quitting is not a choice." "Okay, Mom," I said. "I'll try one more time." "Look around you and enjoy nature," she said. "Something will come to you." I concentrated on some bright purple flowers. They were just starting to bloom. "Okay, I've got the first lines for a poem," I said. "Ashley, would you please write these down when I say them?" Ashley took a pencil from behind her ear and pulled out her little spiral notebook that was covered in rhinestones. "I'm ready. Let it rip." I cleared my throat and began: "Oh pretty flowers so bright and purple . . ."

“I love your smell, it is so gurple.” “I’ve got to hand it to you, Zip,” Frankie said. “Purple is the only other word I can think of that doesn’t rhyme with anything.” “What about gurple?” “I said.” “That rhymes.” “But it’s not a word,” Ashley said. I sighed loudly. This was just too frustrating. “I think the problem, honey,” my mom said, “is that you’re not inspired. Do you know what inspired means?” “I do,” Ashley said. “It means you’re full of thoughts and ideas, and they just come pouring out.” “How am I supposed to get inspired about some purple flowers?” I asked. “I think we need to take you out into real nature,” my mom said. “I know a beautiful campsite a few hours north of the city called Harmony Acres. I’ll bet you could write a poem there. Maybe we could go this weekend.” “Cool! Could we sleep over?” I asked. “In a tent and everything? Can Frankie and Ashley come?” “I can’t, Ashley said. “It’s my grandmother’s birthday this weekend.” “But I’d love to come, if it’s okay with my parents,” Frankie said. “We have to talk to Hank’s dad,” my mom said. “If he says yes, we’ll leave Saturday morning.” “Let’s go talk to Dad,” I said. “This is going to be great.” We jumped up and hurried home. My dad was sitting at the dining-room table staring at his computer. He works at home. There’s a desk in the bedroom where he’s supposed to work, but he says he thinks better when he’s dipping pretzels in sour cream. Mom doesn’t like pretzel crumbs all over the bedroom rug, so he spends a lot of time in the dining room. “Dad! Dad!” I said as I raced in. “We want to go on a family camping trip!” “Have a wonderful time, Hank. I can’t wait to hear all the details. I’ll be right here.” “No, Dad! The whole family is going. That means you, too!” My dad looked over at my mom. He didn’t look happy. “Whose idea was this?” he asked her. “Well, Hank needs to write a nature poem by Monday,” she said. “And I thought that being out in nature would inspire him.” “You don’t have to drive all the way upstate to write a poem,” he said. “But I need to smell the trees to be inspired,” I told him. “Nonsense, Hank. I can write a poem without getting up from this table.” He took one of his mechanical pencils out of his pocket

protector. He always has three pencils lined up in a row, in case one of them runs out of lead. He stared at it for a second and made up a poem on the spot. "A pencil like this sure comes in handy. But don't you eat it like cotton candy. Use it to write your ABC's. Then write your poem. Who needs trees? "Wow, Dad! I said. "That's terrific. You're a poet and you didn't even know it! "You see, Hank? Who needs camping? "My sister, Emily, wandered in. As usual, she was carrying her pet iguana, Katherine, around her neck like a scarf. "Did I hear the word 'camping'?" she asked. "Katherine doesn't like to camp out. Sleeping bags make her scales itch. "For the first time ever, I agree with Katherine," my dad said. "But, Dad, I said, "you don't have scales. At least not that I can see. "I was talking about camping," he said. "I'm a city guy. I need pavement under my feet. "This is just for one night, Stan. We'll sleep under the stars and sit around the fire and tell stories. "And swat bugs," my dad added. I took a deep breath. "Dad, I began, "you're always telling me that I don't do well in school. "That's because you don't try hard enough, Hank. "And also because you put pencils in your ears instead of listening to the teacher," Emily chimed in. Katherine shot her tongue out at me and started to hiss. She always takes Emily's side. "Emily," my mom said. "Please let Hank finish. You too, Katherine. "I want to try harder," I said to my dad. "And here is a chance for me to finally do well. Think about it. We're at the We Love Nature assembly on Monday. I stand up to read my poem. It's great, and the crowd goes wild. My teacher gives me an A. And you were part of it, because you said yes to camping. "Everyone was quiet for a minute. I think they were impressed with my speech. To be honest, I was, too. "My dad took off his glasses and put them in his shirt pocket. He stared at me for what seemed like a month and a half. "I'll think about it," he said, "but don't hold your breath. "That wasn't exactly a yes. But it wasn't exactly a no, either. Chapter 2 Four Reasons I Gave My Dad for Why We Should All Go Camping 1. All that fresh air would help my feet grow into a new shoe size. (He said, "Shoes are expensive. Who wants to buy new ones? ") 2. All that fresh air would feed my brain, and then maybe I could finally learn to do subtraction. (He said, "I have subtraction worksheets that

you haven't even started yet." 3. All that fresh air would make me so hungry, I'd want to eat all the broccoli we always have at dinner. (He said broccoli gives him gas.) 4. All that fresh air would give us a chance to go for a really nice father-son hike. (That one got him. He thought about it, sighed, and finally said, "All right, Hank, I'll go.")

One of the best Here's Hank books, because he finally gets some understanding and appreciation from his father. Hank shows great bravery and awesome problem solving skills in this book. He saves the day.

sent to a fifth grade classroom. This is a great tool for teachers in the grade schools to help students that might be struggling with Dyslexia.

love everyone of these

A great series. I bought this series to inspire a beautiful, clever little boy (who happens to have dyslexia) to read. We take turns in reading sections and he is enjoying this immensely. Well done Henry Winkler and Lin Oliver on a great idea.

Great book! My grandson read it through twice first day!

My eight-year old loves these books. Funny, cute, engaging and well-written.

I was a big fan of the original Hank Zipzer series, (about 17 books from 2003 to 2010), and was sorry to see it wind up, although it guess a break made sense. I was surprised and pleased, then, to find this book #8 from the newer "Here's Hank" series, (which started up in 2014). It still features Hank Z. and his family, and is as good as ever. In this one Hank goes off camping with his Mom, Dad, sister, dog Cheerio, and best pal Frankie. Dad is extremely reluctant to go camping and is very grouchy about it. Mom is chipper, and the kids rally around. A lot of ground is covered in this tale. Dad is not happy about leaving home to go outdoors, and he whines and gripes incessantly. It was so over the top that I started to wonder why this was such a featured part of the story. When the family gets to the campground Dad is a nebbishy baby, and he ultimately leaves the family in order to stay at a motel. What? MILD SPOILERS. This turns out to be the setup that allows Hank to step up and be responsible and mature when a thunder storm threatens to wipe out their campout.

And, Dad has an attack of conscience and returns in time to see Hank in action and to complement him unconditionally. So, everyone ends up looking good, Dad and Hank have a bonding moment, and Cheerio eats all of the pickles. So, what felt a little awkward in the premise and build up actually plays out nicely. As Hank concludes, "What had begun as a soggy, foggy disaster [turned] out to be one of the best nights of my life". So, these are friendly, clear, appealing books for all readers, not just reluctant readers or kids with difficulty reading, and this is an especially good number. The "dyslexie" font, which helps to keep the letters distinct and "tied down", is actually helpful for all kid readers. A nice find, and welcome back Hank.

I wasn't sure about Henry Winkler as a writer when my mom bought the first two books for my son, but we ended up really enjoying this series and the stories are well-written and easy to read out loud for parents of younger kids.

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