Nature in the City: Plants

Joan Elma Rahn

How often have you admired the flowers in the window of a florist’s shop? Most likely, every time you pass one. How many times have you admired the plants growing in the alley next to a florist’s shop? Most likely, not very often. Yet, if you looked closely at some of these wild plants, you might find them very pretty, too.

Often we call plants growing in the country wild flowers. We call plants growing wild in the city weeds. But, a weed is simply a plant that is growing where it is not wanted. Pretty roses might be considered weeds if they grew in a lawn. Flowers in a vegetable garden might be called weeds if they shade the beans and carrots. If a plant made an alley pretty, why would you call it a weed?

In any city, you can find many weeds or wild flowers. Use whichever name pleases you. This selection describes two of the plants that grow wild in many cities. They may be hard to find where you live. Perhaps you will see them when you visit a friend or take a trip.

You can find many of these plants growing along streets and alleys. They also grow under fire escapes, in vacant lots, and in gardens and lawns. Some grow in the cracks in sidewalks. Others grow between the bricks of a street. People rarely mow closer than within an inch or two of telephone poles, traffic signs, fire hydrants, or fences. Check these places for interesting plants. School yards and city parks are other places to look.

Now answer the questions about this part of the story.
1. Where would you most likely find plants growing wild in the city?
   - A. window ledges
   - B. a florist’s shop
   - C. the countryside
   - D. vacant lots

2. Based on the text, the best definition of a weed is
   - A. a wild flower growing in the country.
   - B. a plant growing in the park.
   - C. a plant growing where it is not wanted.
   - D. flowers in the window of a florist’s shop.

3. The author says you should look closely at weeds growing in alleys or sidewalk cracks because
   - A. weeds can be beautiful.
   - B. some weeds are poisonous.
   - C. some weeds have stickers.
   - D. weeds are not very interesting.

4. Fences and telephone poles are good places to look for wild flowers because
   - A. they only grow around fences and telephone poles.
   - B. fences and telephone poles are shady places.
   - C. these areas are seldom bothered by people.
   - D. people plant wild flower seeds beside fences and telephone poles.
The two plants described below are considered weeds in the city. You don’t have to worry about getting into trouble if you pick them. However, there are places where you are not allowed to pick any plants. This includes weeds. Of course, you should never trespass or walk onto private property without permission.

Dandelion

If you asked people to name just one weed, most would say the dandelion. Almost everyone knows about dandelions. They are among the most common weeds found in lawns and gardens.

The edge of each dandelion leaf is notched. The leaf looks like a row of teeth. These notches gave dandelions their name. Our English name for them comes from the French name *dent de lion*. This means, “tooth of the lion.” The leaves are good to eat in the spring when they are still small and tender. You can eat the leaves raw in a salad or cooked as a vegetable. Later in the year, they become tough and bitter.

A dandelion plant has several stems, each with a head of flowers at its tip. When the heads become older, they close. Then, small fruits with tiny seeds form. When the fruits are ripe, the heads open again. Each fruit is topped by a parachute of fine hairs. The hairs make the head look white and fluffy. The parachute helps the fruit to be carried by the wind. Another name for dandelion is blowball.

*Now answer the questions about this part of the story.*
5. The story mentions that you should never trespass on private property. In this sentence, *trespass* means

- A. entering property without being told it is okay.
- B. finding plants growing along streets.
- C. planting flowers on someone’s property.
- D. picking weeds on your property.

6. What does the name *dandelion* mean?

- A. mane of the lion
- B. hair of the lion
- C. tooth of the lion
- D. tail of the lion
Tree-of-Heaven

In the United States, the tree-of-heaven is more common in cities than the country. The tree-of-heaven comes from China and Japan. It did not grow in the United States until 1820 when a few trees were planted in New York City. They grew so well in the smoke and pollution that they were planted in other cities. The seeds from the trees often grew into new trees.

You may find tree-of-heaven in two different kinds of places in cities. Some of them grow along streets where they were planted. Many more grow as weeds in vacant lots. You can also find them under fire escapes, along alleys, and in cracks in sidewalks.

When they are young, trees-of-heaven look a little like smooth sumac. Unlike the smooth sumac, they grow into large trees. The leaves have eleven to forty-one leaflets. Each leaf may be as long as three feet.

The flowers are small and greenish. They occur in large, loose sprays. The twisted fruits have one seed in the center. The fruits turn yellow or orange by midsummer. They stay on the tree until winter.

Trees-of-heaven grow rapidly. They can provide a great deal of shade in just a few years.

Now answer the questions about the story.
7. How can you recognize the tree-of-heaven?

- A. by its rough bark
- B. by its leaves that grow up to three feet in length
- C. by its large, red flowers
- D. by its small, red berries

8. What is the **main** reason the tree-of-heaven grows well in cities?

- A. People plant it for shade.
- B. It has hard bark.
- C. It grows rapidly.
- D. Smoke and pollution don’t bother it.

9. How is the tree-of-heaven different from the sumac?

- A. When it is young, its bark is smoother than the sumac.
- B. It grows bigger than the sumac.
- C. The sumac doesn’t have flowers.
- D. The sumac grows faster.

10. In the story, *Nature in the City: Plants*, the **main** idea is

- A. people should plant more wild flowers.
- B. the dandelion is a pesky, city weed.
- C. the tree-of-heaven is a beautiful shade tree.
- D. people should take joy in all plants that grow in the city.

STOP

*Please do not turn the page.*

*You may go back and check your work.*
Passage #1

Refer to “General Directions for One-Minute Administration of Reading Passages.”

Say these specific directions to the student:
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Dawn did not like vegetables! Once, she took an oath claiming she would never try them again. In fact, she disliked vegetables so much she wouldn’t feed them to Ming, her pet turtle. She fed Ming the same foods she liked to eat. She even fed her turtle her favorite dessert, blueberry cobbler. Now, Dawn loves vegetables! What happened that made her change her mind?

Ming had become sluggish and slept all the time, refusing to come out of his shell. Dawn didn’t know what was wrong. She carried him to her mother and exclaimed, “Ming is sick and won’t eat! What’s the matter with him?” Her mother immediately knew why Ming didn’t feel well. Mother told her to feed him fresh vegetables and assured her Ming would soon feel better.

After several weeks, Ming was the active turtle he had been. Helping Ming get well was much easier than Dawn thought. She had learned how important vegetables were to a healthy diet. They were also quite tasty. Dawn started going to the store with her mother every Friday to buy fresh produce. She enjoyed making salads for her family.

EVALUATING CODES FOR ORAL READING

sky (/) word read incorrectly
blue (   ) inserted word
(   ) after the last word read

Errors include: 1) words read incorrectly; 2) words left out or inserted; 3) mispronounced words; 4) dropped endings or sounds; and 5) reversals. Self-corrections and word repetitions are NOT marked as errors.

FLUENCY SCORE

Number of Words
Read Per Minute: ______
Number of Errors: — ______
Number of Words
Read Correctly: ______
Passing Criterion (50th %ile) = 105

Comments:
Daylight was just breaking. The sun was beginning to peek over the horizon. Jessie sat quietly in his tree house. He was looking down on his backyard. He noticed that heavy dew had settled on the lawn overnight. Jessie pulled his coat tighter around him. He thought about his class assignment. It was to study animals that had adapted to city life. He had chosen squirrels because of their ability to survive.

Jessie watched as squirrels slowly crept out of their nests. The youngest ones chased each other. They scampered from limb to limb. Older squirrels busily gathered supplies for the winter. The first frost was only a few weeks away. Leaves were turning brilliant, fall colors. Soon snow would cover the ground. Then, it would be too late for the squirrels to hide acorns.

A shadow glided across the treetops. It was a hawk hungrily exploring for food. The bird saw the squirrels in the huge, old, oak tree. The hawk plunged down to pursue a tasty morning meal, but it was too late. The squirrels had already taken cover. They were hiding in their homes. Jessie sighed with relief. He had given many of them names, and he considered them friends.
DIRECTIONS: Read the story carefully. Then read each question and fill in the bubble next to the correct answer.

Stories from a Time Before

Valiska Gregory

Always there were stories. We ate them with our daily bread. We swallowed them whole and begged for more. “Tell us about the Old Country,” my brothers and I would say at supper. “Tell us about when you came over on the boat from Czechoslovakia.”

“But I’ve already told you that one,” Papa would say. Then he’d smile as if he knew more stories than he’d ever have time to tell. I loved the Old Country stories because they came from a time before. It was a time I could barely taste, yet wanted to know more.

Mama was spooning vanilla ice cream into bowls. “Of course,” Papa said, “we didn’t have refrigerators in the Old Country. We kept our vegetables outside during the winter, in a pit covered with straw.”

“Is that why you came? To get a refrigerator?” asked my brother.

Papa laughed. “Well, partly yes, and partly no. We did hope for a better life, but we weren’t absolutely sure we’d get one. We lived in a small village of about two hundred people, near the city of Palin. Our house had a dirt floor that your grandma swept clean every day. We were called *kmetz*, peasants. We had a small farm, but the taxes on the land were very high.”

“Is that why you came? So you wouldn’t have to pay such high taxes?” asked my brother.

“Well,” said my papa, “partly yes, and partly no.”

*Now answer the question about this part of the story.*
1. Why did the children want to hear the “Old Country” stories?

Circle the correct answer.

○ A. They wanted to learn about Papa’s past.
○ B. They wanted to avoid doing their homework.
○ C. They wanted to write a story about Papa.
○ D. They wanted to eat more ice cream.
“Everybody said the streets of America were paved with gold. But not everyone believed it. More important than money was the chance to be what we wanted to be. In the Old Country, if a man was a farmer, his son was a farmer. We were allowed to go to school, but not past the sixth grade. At school we had to speak Hungarian. At home we spoke only Slovak. I got spanked once for mixing up the two languages.”

We giggled because we couldn’t imagine Papa being spanked. “I wanted to stay in school more than anything,” Papa said. “Your grandma said that I was such a bookworm. I’d rock my brother’s cradle with my feet so I could turn book pages with my hands.”

“Is that why you came? So you could go to school?” I asked.

“Well,” said Papa, “partly yes, and partly no. That’s why I wanted to come. But that’s not why your grandpa wanted to come. In the Old Country, if you were the oldest son, you inherited all your father’s property. If you were a younger son, you had to make your own fortune. Your grandpa was a younger son in a very poor family. So he decided to try America.”

“That doesn’t seem fair to the youngest son,” I said.

“But that was the custom,” Papa said. “Your grandpa went to America alone and lived with some relatives. He needed to save enough money to send for the rest of us. He took a job setting dynamite in the Pennsylvania coal mines. Lighting fuses was dangerous. It paid only $3.62 for ten long hours of work each day. But to my Pa, the money seemed like a fortune. We couldn’t leave Czechoslovakia until we could buy the proper stamps for our passports. It took Pa a few years to save enough for the steamship tickets. While we waited, we heard stories about people who had taken the long voyage and died on board.”

“Were those stories true? Did people really die?” I asked.

Now answer the questions about this part of the story.
2. The main reason people wanted to live in America was because

○ A. people had refrigerators.
○ B. taxes were lower.
○ C. the streets were paved with gold.
○ D. people had the opportunity to be what they wanted to be.

3. Which statement was not part of Papa’s story?

○ A. Teachers spoke Hungarian, not Slovak.
○ B. Grandpa wanted to be a farmer.
○ C. Grandpa had to make his own fortune.
○ D. Papa could only get a sixth-grade education in the Old Country.

4. How long did it take Grandpa to save enough money so his family could come to America?

○ A. three months
○ B. six months
○ C. one year
○ D. more than two years
“Yes,” said Papa. “The boats were so crowded with people. There were many diseases. Sometimes whole families died before they ever got to America. It was not an easy journey. We traveled first by train. Then we got on a huge ship at Cherbourg, France. We took from home only what we could carry. To save space, we all wore as many clothes as we could—sweaters and coats and shawls. I even wore two hats. We carried food wrapped in a linen tablecloth.”

“Were you scared, Papa?” asked my brother.

“Well,” said Papa, “partly yes, and partly no. I was twelve. I was big enough to be a man, I thought. I’d never been to a big city. I had never seen an ocean nor traveled on a boat before. I was much more excited than scared. We had steerage tickets. This meant our cabins were far below and very crowded. The berths where we slept were bunk beds. The beds were made of iron, and the mattresses were filled with straw. On our boat, steerage had only two washrooms for almost two hundred people. When the weather was bad, many people got seasick. The smell was awful. When the weather was good, we would all climb the stairs and spend the day on deck where the air was fresh.”

“Tell us about the Statue of Liberty,” I begged.

“I could never forget the Statue of Liberty,” he said. “She was what we all talked about during the long days on board the boat. When she finally came in sight, we all cheered and waved. Ma told me to hold my brother up though he was just a baby then. She wanted him to see her, too.

“Before we could actually set foot in America, we had to go through customs at Ellis Island. It seemed a fearsome place. It had huge red-and-white brick buildings. We waited with hundreds of other immigrants in a large, white room. The center of the room was like a maze. There were bars between the lines of people to keep the lines straight. You could hear a dozen languages being spoken all at once.

Now answer the questions about this part of the story.
5. The longest and most dangerous part of the journey to America was

- A. the train ride to Cherbourg.
- B. the ocean voyage to New York.
- C. waiting in line at Ellis Island.
- D. the train ride to Chicago.

6. How did the family react when they saw the Statue of Liberty?

- A. They worried about landing on shore.
- B. They were surprised.
- C. They cheered and waved.
- D. They huddled together.

7. Based on the story, what is the best definition of the word *steerage*?

- A. A place where passengers went when the weather was bad
- B. A crowded cabin on a lower level of a ship
- C. The wheel used for steering a ship
- D. A ship’s cabin with a view of the ocean
Finally we filled out our papers and had our medical examinations. When the last man finally stamped our papers, Ma told us all to stand tall. “Boh je dobrotivy,” she said, “God is kind.”

Mama sat down with us at the table, and Papa took her hand in his. “At first,” he said, “we stayed with relatives, first in New York, and then in Pennsylvania, but work was scarce there. My father decided to move on. ‘Get off the train when you see smokestacks,’ our relatives said. ‘Where there are smokestacks you can always find work.’ And so we did. A family from our village had settled here in Chicago, and we stayed with them until your grandpa found a job in the steel mill and could afford a house.”

“Is that why you came to America?” my brother asked. “So Grandpa could buy a house?”

“Well,” said Papa, squeezing Mama’s hand, “partly yes, and partly no. We did want a home, a place, as my pa used to say, where our children’s children could be happy. It was also the excitement we were after, the chance to start a new life. The minute we saw the Statue of Liberty, we knew we would find the strength to make it through the hard times. She was the most beautiful lady I’ve ever seen—except for your mother, of course.”

Mama smiled and gave Papa a quick kiss on the cheek. Papa looked at each of us, studying our faces as if we were letters in a book. “Now for this,” he said as he wrapped my brothers and me in a giant hug, “it was worth coming to America.”

Now answer the questions about this part of the story.
8. Why did Papa’s relatives suggest that the family get off the train when they saw smokestacks?

- A. Chicago needed bakers.
- B. The weather was better in cities with smokestacks.
- C. Smokestacks indicated a job might be available.
- D. Houses were cheaper in cities with smokestacks.

9. At the end of the story, Papa said, “Now for this, it was worth coming to America.” What did he mean by this?

- A. a chance to have a better job
- B. a chance to have a better education
- C. a chance to have a better life for his children
- D. a chance to have a larger house

10. *Stories from a Time Before* is an example of

- A. realistic fiction.
- B. fable.
- C. drama.
- D. fantasy.

STOP

*Please do not turn the page.*

*You may go back and check your work.*
Everyone called him Gramps. Of course, he wasn’t everyone’s grandfather. However, he did have nineteen grandchildren. It just seemed natural to call him Gramps.

He wanted to buy a new Model T Ford. The car had just been invented. It was the first auto ever offered for sale.

He thought he would enjoy taking the children for a ride.

Gramps hurried to the dealership. There was no problem choosing the color. The motor company had told its work crew to paint all of the automobiles black.

With much fanfare, Gramps came chugging home.

He proudly honked the car’s horn. He rapidly approached the driveway. Just then, he realized he didn’t know how to stop! Luckily, the coal wagon was not parked in front of the house. Wildly waving his arms, Gramps went bouncing between his home and the next-door neighbor’s house. He narrowly missed them. The skinny car wheels straddled Grandma’s row of gooseberry bushes. The car rolled across her garden. It destroyed bunches of tomatoes before crashing through the side of the chicken coop. All the while Gramps was yelling, “Whoa! Whoa! You crazy Tin Lizzy!”

The automobile didn’t understand. It kept going.

After many huffs and hisses, the engine died. The auto finally came to a stop. There it sat covered with tomatoes and dripping with juice. Chickens and feathers were scattered everywhere in the yard.
Passage #2

Refer to “General Directions for One-Minute Administration of Reading Passages.”

Say these specific directions to the student:
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The girl sat quietly in her tire swing watching her great uncle. She was anxious for him to finish making her a new wooden flute. He was carving on a thin, straight branch. He hollowed out the center of the stick and peeled back the loose bark. As he created the instrument, he retold a story about his childhood.

“Many people did not have jobs in the 1930s. This desperate time was called the Depression,” he said. The girl’s uncle skillfully dug holes along the top of the flute. He sliced one end at an angle and plugged the other end with a wooden peg. He spoke again saying, “Many kids didn’t have warm coats. They wore shoes with holes in the bottoms during icy, cold winters. Times were tough for everyone. To save money, people planted gardens. They gathered nuts and fruit in the woods. Women cooked and stored the food in tightly sealed, sterilized, mason jars.”

“Some people found work with the government. They joined a work force and built bridges, dams, roads, and parks all across the country. Men with families found jobs with local city projects. They dug sewers, laid water pipes, and paved streets.”

The Depression was hard for families. Yet, people were resourceful and worked together. That is how they were able to survive.
Lenny could hardly believe his ears when his Uncle Ed called. He asked, “How would you like to spend the summer on the farm with Aunt Susan and me?” Lenny jumped at the chance. He had read many books about animals and life on a farm.

His family lived in the city. They rented an apartment on the third floor of a large building. When Lenny looked out his bedroom window, all he could see was the building across the street. He often daydreamed about visiting his uncle’s farm.

Early Saturday morning, Lenny and his family got in the car. It was a long day’s drive to the farm, but Lenny didn’t mind. From the back seat he watched the tall buildings slowly disappear. Telephone poles and fences began to line the highway. Then it narrowed and became a two-lane road. White farmhouses with red barns dotted the countryside. It was all very exciting to him.

Lenny’s mother turned around in the front seat and said, “We’re almost there. It’s just around the next curve.” A minute later his father said, “That’s Uncle Ed’s farm over there. It’s the one surrounded by those tall oak trees.”

As they drove up the long gravel driveway, they saw Uncle Ed and Aunt Susan. They were standing on the front porch steps waving excitedly. As soon as the car stopped, Lenny jumped out. He gave his aunt and uncle a quick hug and ran to the barnyard. There were ducks, geese, and chickens pecking in the grass. Milk cows were heading toward the barn for their evening milking. A horse with her baby foal stood in the shade under a tree. It was just as he imagined it would be; what a great summer vacation he would have.

Now answer the questions about this part of the story.
1. Where does Lenny live?

- A. In the country
- B. In the city
- C. On a farm
- D. In the mountains

2. What does the author mean when she wrote, “he watched the tall buildings slowly disappear”?

- A. Magic made the buildings disappear.
- B. Lenny could always see the buildings from the car.
- C. As the car got farther from the buildings, they appeared to get smaller.
- D. The buildings were imaginary.

3. How did Lenny’s parents describe which farm belonged to Uncle Ed and Aunt Susan?

- A. It was near the highway and around a curve.
- B. It had a white farmhouse.
- C. It had a red barn.
- D. It was surrounded by tall oak trees.
The next morning, Lenny could smell a delicious aroma coming from the kitchen. Aunt Susan had fixed homemade biscuits and gravy, sausage, scrambled eggs, and fried potatoes. They all sat down together. What a feast!

After breakfast, Lenny said good-bye to his parents. He would miss his mom and dad, but he knew his summer vacation would be an adventure. Lenny watched as his parents drove out of sight. Just as he was imagining the fun he was about to have, his thoughts were interrupted. “OK, son, it’s time to get to work,” his uncle said. Lenny’s dad had explained to him that there would be lots of farm chores, and he would need to help. His mom told him there would still be time for fun.

Uncle Ed said, “I’ll feed the cows while you feed the chickens.”
“Come along, Lenny,” said Aunt Susan. “I’ll show you where the cracked corn is and how to put it in the chicken feeders.” After showing Lenny how to feed the chickens, Aunt Susan went back to the farmhouse.

Lenny cleaned the feeders and filled them with corn. He then opened the coop to let the chickens out. As he walked to the house, he heard the chickens clucking. Looking back, he saw he’d left the gate to the pen open and chickens were running all over the barnyard. Lenny discovered chasing chickens was easier said than done. The minute some were back inside, others had gotten out. Finally, after dashing and diving for chickens, Lenny collapsed on the ground. Breathlessly, he began to laugh and thought how funny he must have looked. But at least all the chickens were safe in the pen.

Just as Lenny was standing up and brushing off his jeans, Uncle Ed walked out of the barn. He laughingly called out, “Those chickens can be a handful!” Then Uncle Ed asked, “How would you like to ride on the tractor with me? I have to drive down to the lower field to mend fences, and I could use your help.” Uncle Ed quickly gathered the tools needed to repair the fences. He handed a thermos of cold water to Lenny as they both climbed onto the tractor. Uncle Ed let Lenny steer the tractor as they drove out of the barn and down the hill.

Now answer the questions about this part of the story.
4. When did Lenny’s parents leave the farm?

○ A. After Lenny got out of the car
○ B. In the morning after breakfast
○ C. At the end of the week
○ D. In the evening after dinner

5. Lenny thought his vacation would be

○ A. adventurous.
○ B. dangerous.
○ C. uneventful.
○ D. mysterious.

6. How did the chickens get out of the pen?

○ A. Aunt Susan let them out of the pen when she fed them.
○ B. The gate to the chicken pen was always open.
○ C. The chicken pen didn’t have a gate.
○ D. Lenny didn’t close the gate when he left the chicken pen.

7. Uncle Ed asked Lenny to help him mend the fences.  
The word mend means to

○ A. repair.
○ B. build.
○ C. gather.
○ D. brush.
After several hours of fixing fences, they had worked up an appetite. Uncle Ed said, “Aunt Susan will have a hearty lunch waiting for us by the time we get back to the house.” That sounded good to Lenny. He was starving!

When they were done clearing the table after lunch, Aunt Susan asked Lenny if he had ever ridden a horse. Lenny responded that he never had but would love to learn. The two of them walked to the barn where there was a chestnut-colored horse named Red. Aunt Susan explained how to feed and safely work around horses. Lenny petted Red and gave him some apple slices. Then Lenny brushed Red’s coat and got him ready to be saddled.

A brown, leather saddle hung on a stall. Lenny helped put the saddle on Red. Aunt Susan pulled the cinch tightly around the horse’s stomach. Then the reins were placed over Red’s head and the bit was gently put in his mouth. Lenny climbed onto the saddle. He felt like a real cowboy. Aunt Susan said, “Lenny, you need to wear this.” Then she handed him his very own, brand-new, cowboy hat. Lenny grinned from ear to ear as Aunt Susan led them out of the barn and into the corral. He looked forward to being able to ride Red all summer long.

That evening as the sun began to set, Lenny and his uncle went out to milk the cows. While they were milking, two little kittens came up and started meowing. When they opened their mouths, Uncle Ed squirted a stream of milk at them. Lenny tried to mimic what his uncle had done, but he missed the cats and squirted his uncle instead. They both laughed out loud.

After dinner when all the chores of the day were done, they sat in the swing on the front porch. Lenny was very quiet. Finally he said, “I really like the farm. This is going to be the best summer of my life.”

His uncle agreed, “It will be for us, too.”

*Now answer the questions about this part of the story.*
8. Before he ate lunch, Lenny was starving because

- A. he hadn’t eaten all day.
- B. lunch was served later than usual.
- C. he had been working for several hours.
- D. Lenny was always hungry.

9. Aunt Susan gave Lenny a

- A. new pony.
- B. saddle.
- C. cowboy hat.
- D. kitten.

10. This story is about

- A. driving to the country.
- B. Lenny’s adventures on his uncle’s farm.
- C. chasing chickens around the farmyard.
- D. riding horses.

STOP

Please do not turn the page.
You may go back and check your work.
Lou was the oldest of three children. He thought he was ready to learn how to budget money. He asked his parents for a weekly allowance. The boy’s parents were not very excited about the idea. Lou explained the subject was important. After all, he was ten years old. He wanted to learn how to be responsible.

Lou’s parents decided to have a meeting. Family talks usually took place after dinner. The boy helped clear the table. He put away the leftover food. Finally, they were seated. Everyone was ready to discuss the boy’s request. To Lou’s surprise, the first issue was not about his allowance. Instead, they talked about sharing chores. This had not been part of his plan. He just wanted them to say he could have some spending money, but his parents offered to pay him for doing chores.

His parents listed several jobs. They asked him to choose at least three. He could help carry out the garbage. He might choose to wash the dishes on weekends. Perhaps he’d watch his baby brother when his mother needed help. The other choices were dusting the furniture or sweeping the sidewalks. Lou began to realize that money did not grow on trees. He was going to have to earn his allowance.
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Ginny laid a handful of coins on the table. There were quarters, nickels, and pennies. She studied them for a while. Ginny planned to write about the history of money for a school project. She had been doing research at the library. She pulled out her notebook and reread the information.

Long ago, many different items were used for money. This idea amazed Ginny. People in some cultures paid for goods with beads and shells. For instance, brightly colored shells were used in India. Some nations traded with whales’ teeth or large stone disks.

She had learned the first metal coins were a mixture of gold and silver. They were made in little, round nuggets. These ancient coins were invented nearly three thousand years ago. Later, money was made from various metals. Their value depended on the size and weight of the object. These coins had to be weighed each time they changed hands. This process was not practical. Finally, coins were weighed and stamped with their value. That was the beginning of money as we know it today.

Her planning phase was finished. She had learned a lot about the history of money. Now Ginny was ready to start drafting her report.