

THIRD GRADE READING PASSAGES

Created by
Isla Hearts Teaching

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THE Sweet LITTLE SISTER

Berji couldn't understand why there was such a big fuss when his sister was born. People would come over to the house in droves. They would pick Sammie up in their arms. They would rock her back and forth until she went to sleep. Occasionally, they would glance at Berji and make some kind of remark, but it wasn't like it used to be. Although Berji considered himself a pretty nice boy, he couldn't help being jealous of the "little bundle of joy" who had taken all the attention away from him.

One afternoon, Berji decided that he was going to take matters into his own hands. When no one was looking, Berji went to find Sammie. She was asleep. He decided that it was the perfect time to get rid of his annoying little sister. He dragged her bed outside into the yard. He dragged it all the way down to the back garden. But he didn't stop there. He dragged Sammie's bed across the dirt and left it against the fence. Then, feeling quite pleased with himself, Berji walked back to the house. He'd already decided that he was going to pretend that nothing had happened.

Of course, everyone panicked when they discovered that Sammie was missing. Berji couldn't understand why they were so worried. He walked back and forth in front of them, but it was useless. They didn't come about him. They pushed him away. They kept asking out for Sammie as though Berji didn't even exist!

Finally, someone found Sammie. She was fine. She was scooped up into loving arms and cuddled until she was fast asleep again! After they'd taken her back into the house, Berji found that two pairs of accusing eyes were focused on him.



WHEN the DOOR OPENED...

It was Friday night. I was sitting at the kitchen table (minding my own business) when a loud knock sounded on our front door. Dad was chopping carrots and loading lettuce and fiddling with the vegetable peeler, so he didn't rush to answer the door. Instead, he tilted his head of me if to say: *Hey, Jack! You're almost ten. That's more than old enough to see who's there.*

Setting my book down, I walked up the corridor and peered my eye to the peephole. I saw anyone standing on the porch. I frowned. Miss Lamons had taught us about stranger week and I must admit I was a little nervous that someone was out there, possibly had not hoping to catch a small book-loving ten-year-old named Jack Evans.

"Who is it?" yelled Dad.

"No one," I said, trotting quickly back to the kitchen to reclaim my book.

Knock. Knock!

I nearly jumped clean out of my skin. Dad was now grating cheese, but he stopped and craned his left ear at me.

"Are you sure no one was there?"

Perhaps I shouldn't have been such a security-obsessed. Maybe someone had perfectly in front of the peephole, right? I dropped my book for a moment, the front door. Taking a deep breath, I placed my fingers on the handle.

"Mom?" Her car was parked in the driveway and the trunk was lifted. I glances shopping bags, bulging with fruit, vegetables and bread, ready to be carried. "Didn't you hear me knock the first time?" she grumbled. "Help me in."

Answer: the gist/overall in complete sentences

1) What was Dad doing when the knock sounded for the first time?

2) Why was Jack scared to open the door?

3) Why do you think Jack's mom knocked a few times?

4) Do you like helping your parents with grocery shopping? Why/Why not?

THE Magic BALLOON

Lyanna dreamed of adventure. She was always getting into trouble for sitting on the grass, staring at the clouds passing by in the sky. According to her big sister, Danka, Lyanna should have been doing something more productive with her time. That was easy for Danka to say, of course. Danka was a star athlete. She broke the cross-country record every year.

One day, Lyanna was outside, thinking that the shape of the clouds looked terribly like a ship on the ocean, when she saw a little black speck in the distance. At first she didn't pay it much heed, but the speck grew larger and larger. It seemed to be flying through the clouds. When it passed through the tail of Lyanna's 'cloud ship', its outline began to take shape. It was a hot air balloon, and it wasn't black at all. It was red, blue, yellow and green with a brown wicker basket hanging below.

"Lyanna!"

Lyanna tore her eyes from the balloon, only to see Danka coming out of the house, hands on hips. Although that kind of stance usually meant that she was in hot water, Lyanna thought that the balloon would make her sister forget about being angry.

"Look in the sky," said Lyanna. "Do you see the hot air balloon?"

Danka glanced up. "What hot air balloon?"

"Can't you see it?" Lyanna was most alarmed. The balloon was so close that it cast a shadow on the lawn. A few seconds later, it landed with a gentle bump in the middle of their backyard.

"Are you making up stories again?" asked Danka.

Lyanna blinked. The sunlight blazed bright in her line of vision. Suddenly, the world spun and when Lyanna opened her eyes, she was on her back on the grass, waking from a dream. She sat up and looked up to the sky. There was no hot air balloon, but the clouds were in the shape of a ship on the ocean.

Answer: the gist/overall in complete sentences

1) What did the clouds look like to Lyanna?

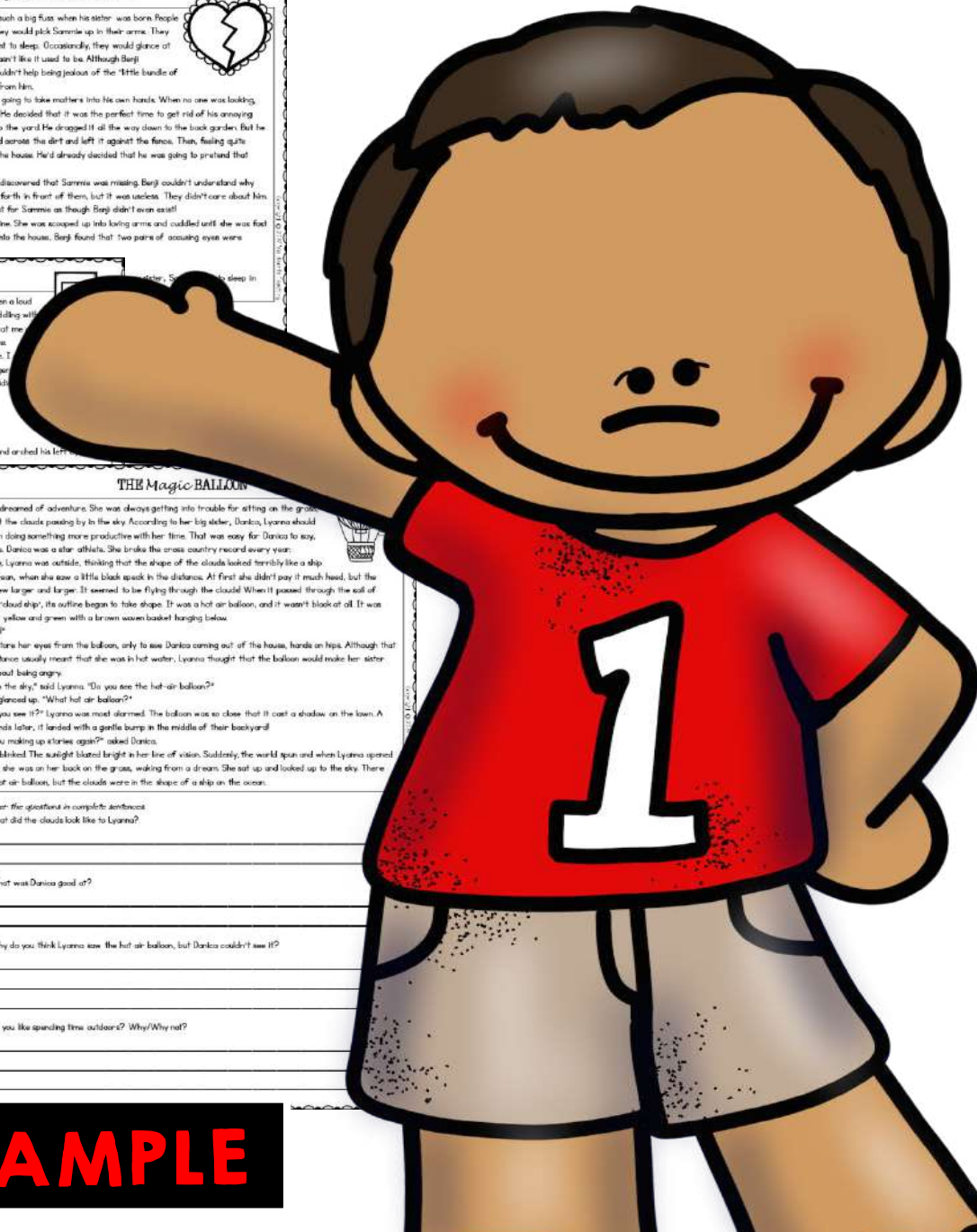
2) What was Danka good at?

3) Why do you think Lyanna saw the hot air balloon, but Danka couldn't see it?

4) Do you like spending time outdoors? Why/Why not?

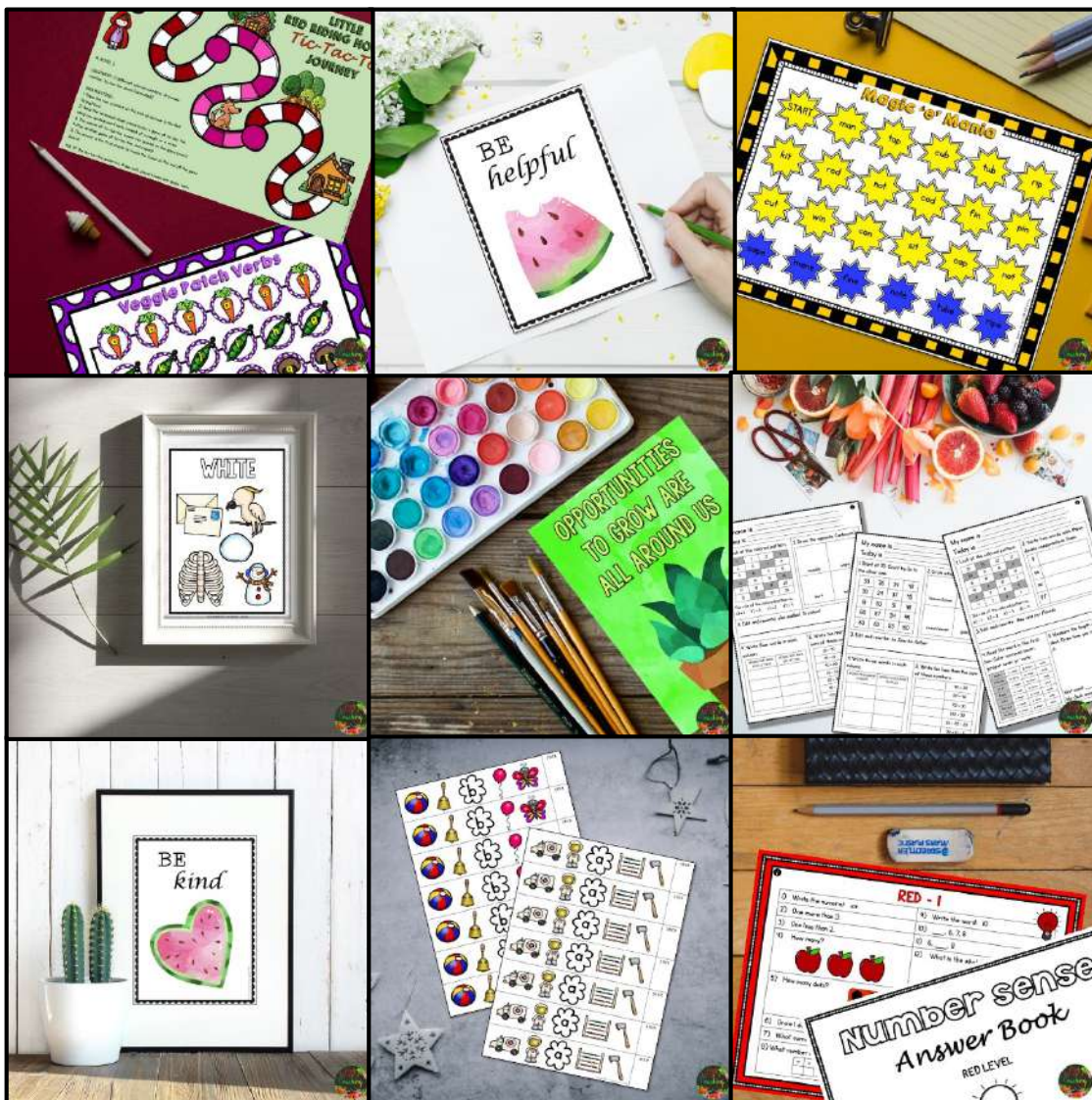


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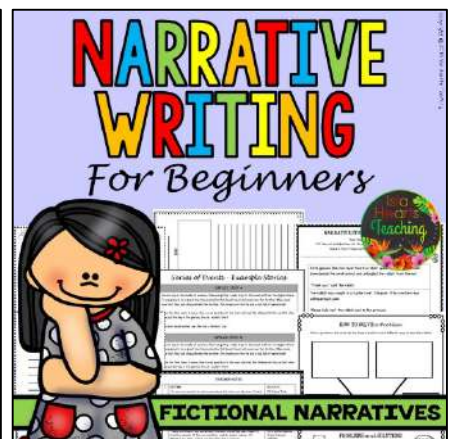
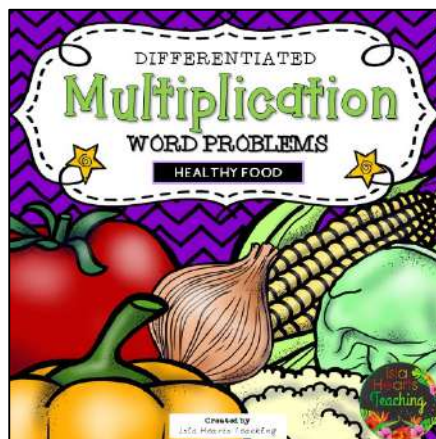
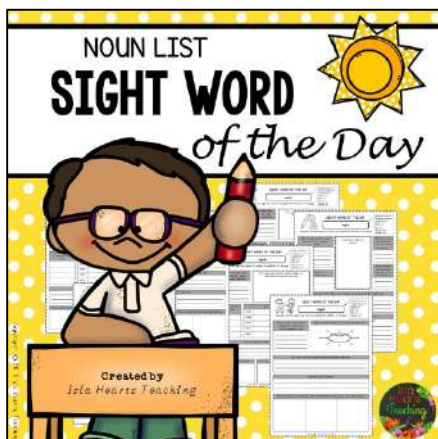
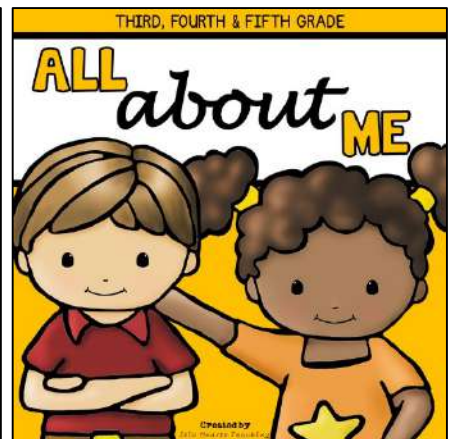
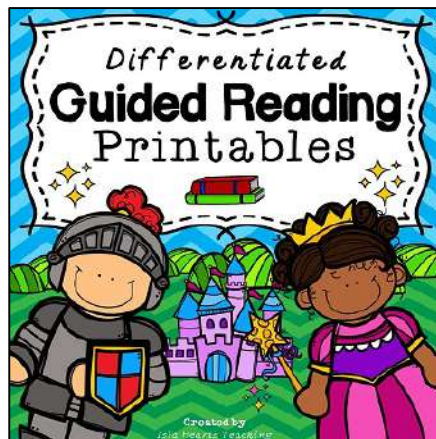
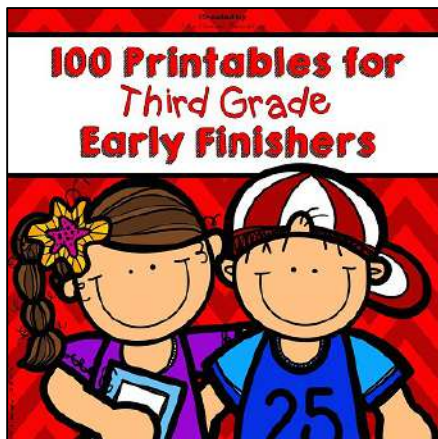


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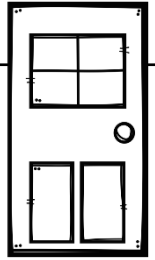
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WHEN *the* DOOR OPENED...



It was Friday night. I was sitting at the kitchen table (minding my own business) when a loud knock sounded on our front door. Dad was chopping tomato, tossing lettuce and fiddling with the vegetable peeler, so he didn't rush to answer the door. Instead, he tilted his head at me as if to say: *Hey, Jack! You're almost ten. That's more than old enough to see who's there.*

Setting my book down, I walked up the corridor and jammed my eye to the peephole. I couldn't see anyone standing on the porch. I frowned. Miss Lemons had taught us about stranger danger at school last week and I must admit I was a little nervous that someone was out there, possibly hiding in the bushes with a net, hoping to catch a small book-loving-almost-ten-year-old named Jack Evans.

"Who is it?" yelled Dad.

"No one," I said, trotting quickly back to the kitchen to reclaim my book.

Knock, knock!

I nearly jumped clean out of my skin. Dad was now grating cheese, but he stopped and arched his left eyebrow at me.

"Are you sure no one was there?"

Perhaps I shouldn't have been such a scaredy-cat. Maybe someone *had* been there. Not everyone stood perfectly in front of the peephole, right? I dropped my book for a second time and retraced my footsteps to the front door. Taking a deep breath, I placed my fingers on the handle and pulled it open.

"Mom?"

Her car was parked in the driveway and the trunk was open. I glanced down at my feet. She had left a row of shopping bags—bulging with fruit, vegetables and bread—on the ground, ready to be carried into the house.

"Didn't you hear me knock the first time?" she grumbled. "Help me in with these groceries."

Answer the questions in complete sentences.

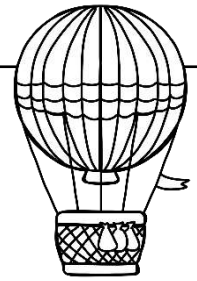
1) What was Dad doing when the knock sounded for the first time?

2) Why was Jack scared to open the door?

3) Why do you think Jack's mom knocked a few times?

4) Do you like helping your parents with grocery shopping? Why/Why not?

THE *Magic* BALLOON



Lyanna dreamed of adventure. She was always getting into trouble for sitting on the grass, staring at the clouds passing by in the sky. According to her big sister, Danica, Lyanna should have been doing something more productive with her time. That was easy for Danica to say. Danica was a star athlete. She broke the cross country record every year.

One day, Lyanna was outside, thinking that the shape of the clouds looked terribly like a ship on the ocean, when she saw a little black speck in the distance. At first, she didn't pay it much heed, but the speck grew larger and larger. It seemed to be flying through the clouds! When it passed through the sail of Lyanna's 'cloud ship', its outline began to take shape. It was a hot air balloon, and it wasn't black at all. It was red, blue, yellow and green with a brown woven basket hanging below.

"Lyanna!"

Lyanna tore her eyes from the balloon, only to see Danica coming out of the house, hands on hips. Although that kind of stance usually meant that she was in hot water, Lyanna thought that the balloon would make her sister forget about being angry.

"Look in the sky," said Lyanna. "Do you see the hot air balloon?"

Danica glanced up. "What hot air balloon?"

"Can't you see it?" Lyanna was most alarmed. The balloon was so close that it cast a shadow on the lawn. A few seconds later, it landed with a gentle bump in the middle of their backyard!

"Are you making up stories again?" asked Danica.

Lyanna blinked. The sunlight blazed bright in her line of vision. Suddenly the world spun, and when Lyanna opened her eyes, she was on her back on the grass, waking from a dream. She sat up and looked up to the sky. There was no hot air balloon, but the clouds were in the shape of a ship on the ocean.

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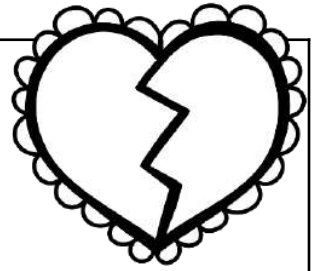
1) What was Danica good at?

2) What did the hot air balloon look like?

3) Why do you think Lyanna saw the hot air balloon, but Danica couldn't see it?

4) Do you like spending time outdoors? Why/Why not?

THE *Sweet* LITTLE SISTER



Benji couldn't understand why there was such a big fuss when his sister was born. People would come over to the house in droves. They would pick Sammie up in their arms. They would rock her back and forth until she went to sleep. Occasionally, they would glance at Benji and make some kind remark, but it wasn't like it used to be. Although Benji considered himself a pretty nice boy, he couldn't help being jealous of the "little bundle of joy" who had taken all the attention away from him.

One afternoon, Benji decided that he was going to take matters into his own hands. When no one was looking, Benji went to find Sammie. She was asleep. He decided that it was the perfect time to get rid of his annoying little sister. He dragged her bed outside into the yard. He dragged it all the way down to the back garden. But he didn't stop there. He dragged Sammie's bed across the dirt and left it against the fence. Then, feeling quite pleased with himself, Benji walked back to the house. He'd already decided that he was going to pretend that nothing had happened.

Of course, everyone panicked when they discovered that Sammie was missing. Benji couldn't understand why they were so worried. He walked back and forth in front of them, but it was useless. They didn't care about him. They pushed him away. They kept calling out for Sammie as though Benji didn't even exist!

Finally, someone found Sammie. She was fine. She was scooped up into loving arms and cuddled until she was fast asleep again! After they'd taken her back into the house, Benji found that two pairs of accusing eyes were focused on him.

"Naughty, Benji!" said Fred.

And Benji, the dog, was taken by the collar and tied up outside. His little puppy sister, Sammie, got to sleep in the laundry on her soft puppy bed.

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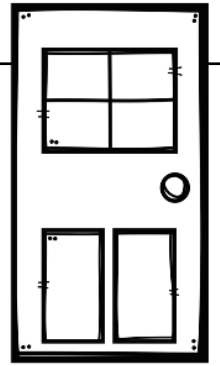
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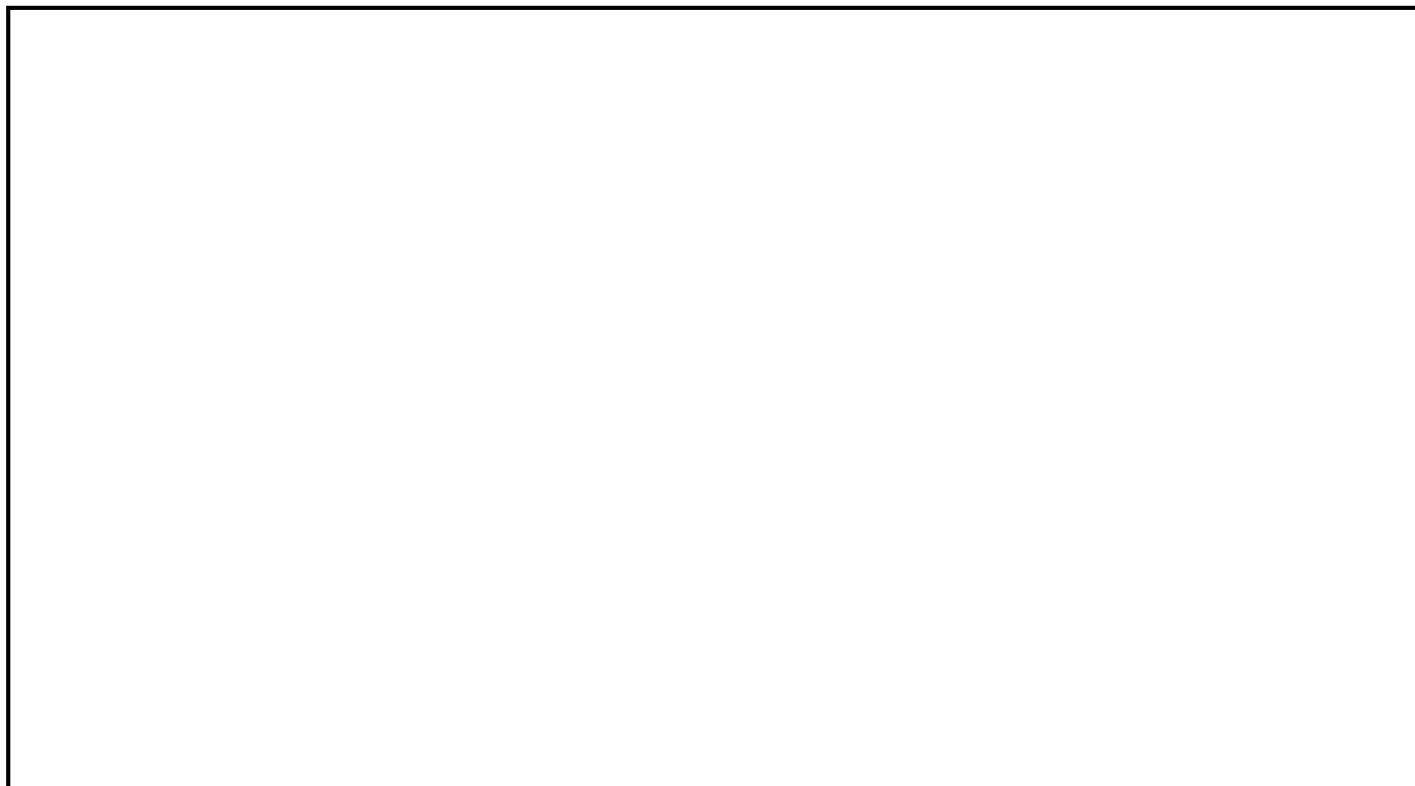
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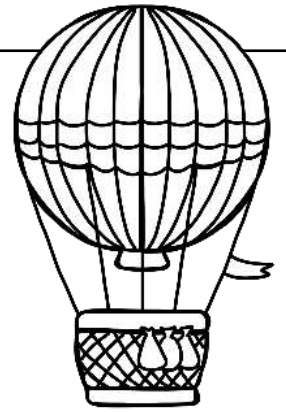
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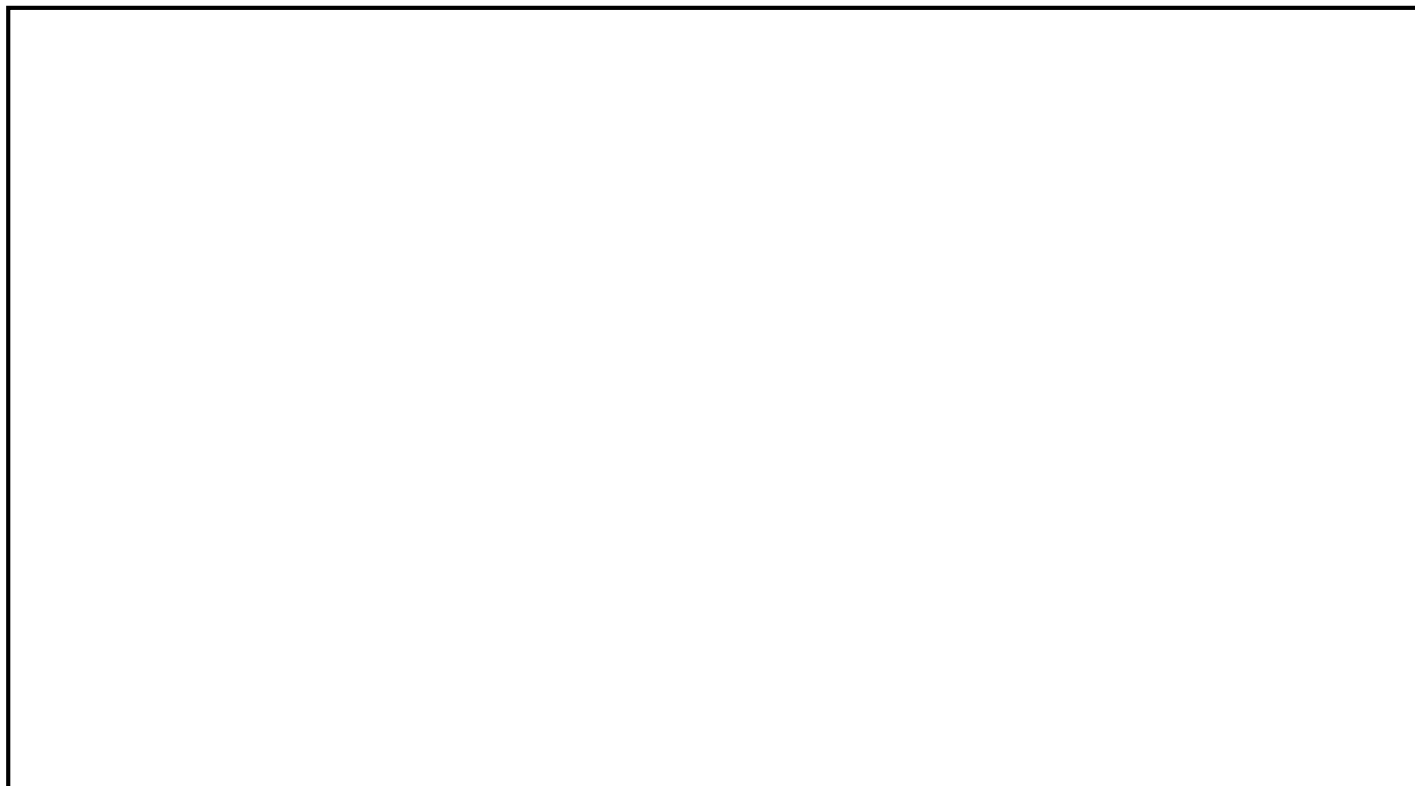
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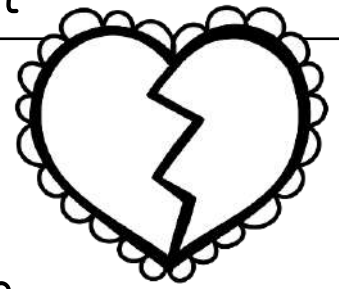
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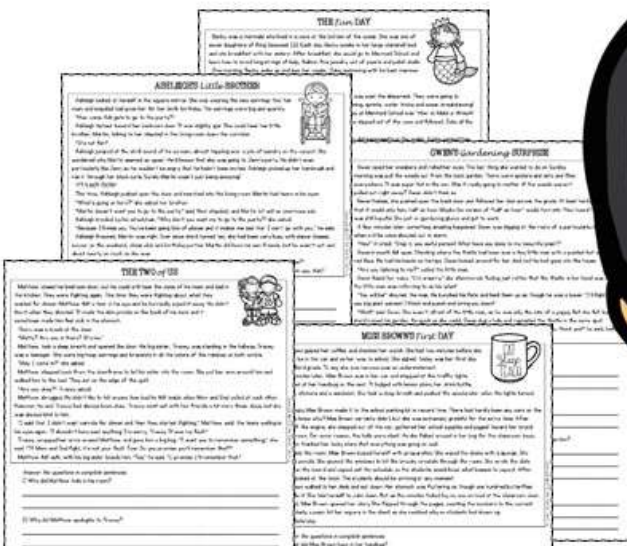
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