

Quick and Easy Adult Reading Assessments: Form A

Teacher and Student Copies

Adapted by Dianna Baycich and Nancy Padak

Three-Minute Reading Assessments, Scholastic Books, Inc.

By Tim Rasinski and Nancy Padak (2005)

1A

On Sunday I went to the park. I took my son. He had so much fun. The park was big. There were lots of things to do. He went on the swings first. He flew high in the air. I told him not to go so high. He told me birds fly higher than him. Then he went on the slide. It was the little one. I went with him. He said I looked silly. I thought so too. He was afraid of the big slide. It was as high as a mountain. I went on it to show him it was OK. He still didn't want to go on it. There was a pond at the park. We fed the ducks there. All the ducks were quacking. They sounded like a traffic jam. Then I sat on a bench. He played in the sand. It was a great day. My son can't wait to go again.

Word Count: 157

2A

This weekend we went to the zoo. It was awesome. Our son went with us. His sister came too. The zoo was in the city. It took a long time to drive there. My son and his sister complained a lot. My wife said they sounded like broken records. When we got there my kids were excited. They wanted to see the seals first. They loved the seals. They put on a show. The seals could balance balls on their noses. We clapped so hard our hands turned red. They looked like they had sun burn. Next we went to see the lions. They were just lying around. My son called them lazy bones. My wife wanted to see the monkeys. She says my son and I remind her of them. The monkeys were cool. They were swinging on ropes like the kids do at recess. Then we got ice cream. It tasted so good I could have eaten ten more. Our trip to the zoo was super.

Word Count: 168

3A

Family trips can be fun, but some are not. Last month our family went to the beach, but it was not a fun trip. The trip took ten hours in the car. Those ten hours felt like ten days. It was plain torture. When we arrived the house looked like it hadn't been lived in for several years. The paint on the house was peeling off in little yellow flakes. In fact, it looked like the house was painted in sticky notes. The stairs to the front door shook when you stepped on them, like walking on a boat in a storm. My son had to share a room with his little sister, which was awful.

The weather was the worst part of the trip. Every day during the entire week was overcast. The skies looked like the gray of our garage floor. It rained day and night, and so we had to stay inside. We did walk down to the beach a couple of times. One day it was so windy I felt like I was a kite being blown around the beach. The sand whipped through the air and stung our faces like tiny bees. We had fun a few times. My son and I went for a walk on the beach, and he found a hermit crab on the jetty. That was really cool.

Next year when we are going to the beach we will be hoping for better weather.

Word Count: 243

4A

Family outings are very important to my family. We go lots of places together. Last weekend we went to a museum in the city. It was an art museum, but it had a lot of other things in it, too. The museum itself was a beautiful building. Stone arches covered the steps to get inside. It felt like walking through a tunnel. The front door was huge. It was so big an elephant could have fit through it. It was an exciting walk just to get in.

We saw a medieval exhibit at the museum. Our kids studied medieval times in school, so they knew a lot about it. The first room was filled with suits of armor. There were all types, not only the kind I had seen before. My wife said it was like a department store for knights. My favorite suit was one like from the books I had read. It was silver and shiny and would cover your whole body. It made me think of a haunted house and how people sometimes hide in armor and spy on you. It was kind of creepy.

Then we went into a room of paintings from that time period. They were nice. The museum was very quiet when we were there. It reminded me of the library. There were lots more rooms in the exhibit. We went to almost all of them. The armor one was my favorite though.

Word Count: 240

5A

Last week, my family went to the county fair. My brother is a volunteer fireman, so he was working at the fair. My children and I went to meet him. I am very glad we did; it was a great night. When we arrived the fair was very crowded, and finding my brother was like finding a needle in a haystack. We finally found him because we heard the fire truck siren blaring and knew it was him. Showing off the fire truck is his favorite pastime; that truck is his pride and joy. There was a feeling of excitement at the fair. Everyone was happy and having fun, just like how the children feel on their birthdays.

First, my children went on a Ferris wheel that was over a hundred feet high. They said they could see the whole town when they were at the top. I was truly nervous when they stopped at the top because the car they were in swayed back and forth like a flag whipping in the wind. Shutting my eyes and pretending they were on the ground helped calm me down, but it felt like forever until they started down again. I was relieved when the ride was over, but, of course, they wanted to go again.

After that we each got something to eat. My son got bright blue cotton candy, blue like a lollipop, not like the sky. I don't know how he could eat it. It was so sweet it tasted like sugar straight from the sugar bowl, and it made his tongue turn blue. My daughter got funnel cake covered in sugar. She got so much powdered sugar on her face that she looked like a mime. I thought it was funny, but she didn't. We rode on several more rides and looked at lots of interesting stuff before we left. It really was a fantastic night.

Word Count: 319

6A

Have you ever been to an amusement park? Over Labor Day, our family went to the largest one in our state. We rode many rides and saw some fantastic shows. The greatest parts were the roller coasters. My children's mission was to go on every coaster at least once, and they accomplished it. They even went on several twice.

The recently constructed Shredder was the first they tried. It is the tallest, largest, and most daunting coaster I have ever seen. Despite my better judgment, I agreed to accompany them on the ride. We didn't have to wait in line too long to experience The Shredder. Once on board, a large metal bar held my body in place, and two pads surrounded either side of my head. It was intimidating to stand there and look up, knowing the ride was about to begin. My heart was beating like drums at a rock concert, and as we slowly climbed up the coaster, it felt like the volume of my heartbeat was being turned up louder and louder. Suddenly, the climb was over, and we began to plunge. It felt as if we were free falling to the ground. I was afraid that the safety bar would release. But to my relief, it didn't.

Upon reaching the bottom, we started to whip around bends and fly upside down like we were a balloon losing air. My head was knocked back and forth between the pads like a pinball. Up and down we went, round and round, upside down and back again. It seemed like the ride would never stop, and then all of a sudden it was over. I was ready to take a break after this adventure, but after my children regained their composure, they were ready for more.

Word Count: 298

7A

Our family has always loved the water. My father, in particular, should probably have been born a fish. Recently, he took us on a fishing trip in the Atlantic Ocean. My children, 8 and 10, are both good swimmers, so he decided it was time to introduce them to the joys of big sea fishing. The drive to the coast only took two hours, but the children were so excited that it really seemed interminable to them. I bet we heard "Are we there yet?" 100 times! My dad's excitement grew as we neared the coast as well. The instant we arrived at the hotel, he headed straight for the docks.

After carefully comparing prices and sizes, he selected a vessel to charter, and we were off. Grayish blue and calm, the waters seemed to be inviting us for an adventure. Our captain was both efficient and an excellent teacher. He involved the children in equipment preparation; they helped him organize rods, reels, lines and bait. They also learned about the importance of staying buckled in while their poles were in the water and saw illustrations of the big fish they might catch. By the time we left the dock, the children were as excited as their grandfather to get out to sea.

We sat down, buckled up, and took off. After about 10 minutes, the captain cut the engines, and we cast our lines into the sea. It was a beautiful morning and quite pleasant waiting for our bait to tempt some aquatic creature. My dad regaled us with stories of the past and the big fish that always seemed to get away. His stories were no doubt exaggerated, but we all enjoyed listening to them. My children got to see a new side of their grandfather. I enjoyed watching the three of them interact.

With a few nibbles here and there and even a few catches, the morning passed quickly. We may not have caught the whopper, but it was great nevertheless. My father, my children, and I have decided to make this an annual trip. We are all anxiously awaiting next year already.

Word Count: 356

8A

As recent immigrants to the United States, my family and I decided to take a trip to see the Statue of Liberty. This symbol of freedom and strength was something we had read about for many years. We wanted to experience it firsthand. Waiting for the ferry to take us to Liberty Island was a wonderful opportunity for "people watching." We were not alone in our interest to see this landmark. All types of people from all corners of the world seemed to be crushed together on the dock.

The trip to the island was both exhilarating and fascinating. The smells of sea and city blended together in the wind, which seemed to blow a feeling of history and vitality. The statue herself was an awesome sight to behold. Standing at her feet, I found it difficult to comprehend the masses of people who had stood there before me.

We had hoped to walk up to the statue's crown. However, this was not to be. It was once possible to climb the stairs or take an elevator to the top of the statue. However, recent renovations coupled with security concerns now prohibit going beyond the statue's base. Instead, our family stood outside at the bottom of Lady Liberty, looking up. We marveled at how high the top of the statue appeared from below. We also spent some time on the grounds observing the magnificent skyline of New York City. It took our breath away.

Visiting this symbol of freedom was an experience I will never forget. It is easy to see why the Statue of Liberty is one of the most important symbols of freedom and democracy in the world.

Word Count: 287

Quick and Easy Adult Reading Assessments: Form B

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By Tim Rasinski and Nancy Padak (2005)

1B

It is hot. The sun is out, and I am very hot. I tell my son to play outside. He says it is too hot to play ball. It is too hot to ride bikes. It is way too hot to play tag. He wants to be cool. He wants to swim, but the pool is not open yet. We have to wait till the pool opens before we can swim. I tell him to go sit under the tree. He says it is too hot to play, and it is hot under the tree. The grass is hot and makes him itchy. He comes in the house. The air is cool in there. Soon we can go to the pool. It is too hot to play.

Word Count: 127

2B

It is so cold today! I went for a walk with the dog, and it was freezing. When I went outside the air hurt my eyes. My eyes were filled with tears, but I was not crying. My ears hurt too. The cold air made them feel like ice cubes in the freezer. I could hear bells ringing that were not ringing. I did not wear gloves even though I should have. My fingers got so cold they felt hot. What a surprise to feel so cold that you begin to feel hot! My body was not cold. I had a big coat on that kept me warm like when I am snuggled up in bed. The dog was cold too. She kept pulling on her leash to go back to the house. Our walk was not very long. I don't like it when it is this cold. My dog does not like it either.

Word Count: 155

3B

Blown around like a kite is how I felt when I was walking to the bus stop today. It was hard to walk in a straight line because the wind pushed me from here to there. It was like being a yoyo on a string going back and forth. Each time I thought I was safe, another gust blew me off in another direction. I saw some children trying to play kick ball, but the ball kept blowing away. It was like a funny movie. I also saw a woman pushing two little girls on the swings. It was an easy job; the wind did most of the work.

I was glad when the bus came, but no one seemed happy on the bus. Many people combed or patted their hair. Others just looked exhausted. When I left the bus, I saw a man lose all his papers; the wind just blew them away. He looked so helpless. I tried to help him catch the papers, but it was hard. We did get all the pieces, but I think they were ruined. The wind seemed to help me arrive at my job. I was glad it was blowing on my back instead of at my face. What a windy day!

Word Count: 210

4B

Today is a dark, dreary, and rainy day. It has been raining ever since I woke up. It rained all day at work. It rained the whole way home on the bus. It rained the entire walk home from the bus stop, and it is still raining even now. Outside there is a rippling layer of water that covers the ground. It is like the whole world has turned into a baby swimming pool that only comes up to your ankles.

There are leaves covering all the lawns and streets. They have been ripped from their branches by rain drops that have been endlessly falling, taking with them everything in their path. The leaves just lay on the ground and they seem to be wondering what they did to deserve this; it wasn't their time to fall yet.

Cars drive by with their headlights on, even though it is not night time. They seem to be confused. The sun has disappeared, and I'm not sure it will ever return. Silently I sit by my window, waiting for the rain to stop. I hope to be freed soon from my indoor prison. Winter is coming; every day before the cold arrives needs to be spent enjoying the outdoors. Today is a dark, dreary, and rainy day. It has been raining ever since I woke up.

Word Count: 224

5B

Lightening crashes, thunder booms, and the earth shakes with the power of the storm. This storm is holding us captive in the lobby of the grocery store. Looking out the huge glass windows we see an angry sky, a sky that seems to be daring us to come outside and make a mad dash for our car. Through the pelting rains we see our brave little minivan. It is just waiting for us to fill her trunk with the week's food and her seats with our bodies.

Another brilliant flash of lightening illuminates the sky. All of us prisoners of the storm gasp together and change our minds about risking the run. Babies cry and toddlers whimper. Even my son, a brave fifth grader, moves closer to me as if to keep me safe. I am getting restless; I need to get home. The ice cream is melting. The crowd at the front of the store is getting bigger. Every now and then a young man darts out into the weather. We all watch as he gets beaten by the rains and struggles to make it into his car. Then we all watch as he drives away, freed from the stuffy store that we are trapped in.

I decide to make that courageous run. I tell my children to hold hands and not to move. They watch in amazement as I run into the rain. I run like an Olympic athlete and reach the car in no time at all. The children watch as our brave little minivan drives to the door. Grocery bags in hand, the children make their dangerous trip. We have beaten the storm. I feel like I have saved the day.

Word Count: 285

6B

The air was crisp and clear after last night's rain. It was one of those fall days that you wait for. Everything was perfect. The leaves that still clung to the trees were a kaleidoscope of colors: red, yellow, orange, brown, and green. The fallen leaves littered the street like remnants of a party that had gone on the night before.

Stepping out of my warm house for my early morning walk was like stepping into a memory of days that had gone before. The cool air met me. I took a deep breath, drawing in the lovely scents of the season. The crispness of this air is what makes this type of day so special. I thought of backyard football, leaf piles, and warm coats and hats as I crunched down the leaf covered sidewalk. I had a small start of excitement and anticipation as I thought of the warm turkey and gravy I would eat at next week's Thanksgiving feast. A few birds called to me from the trees. Squirrels darted out of my path as they hunted for those final nuts to keep them fat and full over the winter.

The few cars that ventured down this street drove slowly, aware that wet leaves are a deceptive hazard. The cars seemed to be showing their own form of respect for this special morning. It was the type of fall day you dream of, the type that you remember for the rest of your life.

Word Count: 246

7B

The word “freezing” cannot sufficiently explain the biting cold that encompasses my body at this very moment. My bones are frigid, stiff, and sore; my inner being is so frozen and dark that no warmth at all remains in my body. Were you to take my temperature right now, it would register 32 degrees or below.

The wait for the bus has seemed interminable and intolerable. I stand out here alone, forlorn and solitary, waiting for the vehicle that represents relief and safety. The air around me seems to crackle like ice breaking apart with each breath I inhale. The condensation coming from my mouth is like the vapor from a locomotive. It hangs in the air like a speech bubble from a cartoon character. My thoughts, muddled by the intense cold, somehow arrive at the idea to stomp my feet to help sensation return. As each foot meets the pavement, a wave of pain travels up my leg like lightning. Although it hurts, I am relieved by the pain, as it means my legs still have the capacity to feel!

I twist around to look at my house, and there, inside the steamy window, is my roommate watching me. She seems surreal as she waves gaily to me; she is dressed only in her pajamas and looks completely comfortable. Is it possible that she cannot be experiencing this torturous cold, that she has escaped this? I turn away, not wanting her to see that I am jealous of her comfort. Off in the distance, I see a metallic glint. Is it possible that I will survive this frozen ordeal? Yes, the bus has arrived, I’m on my way to work, and I am saved for another day.

Word Count: 288

8B

The intense heat sears my back as I slowly cross the parking lot to enter the shopping mall. The black pavement, a sea of molten tar, seems to boil beneath my sneakers. It licks the soles of my shoes trying to melt them with its dark, fiery breath. The air has turned hazy, and everywhere I look seems blurred and watery. The sun, a bright circle, appears to be floating just inches from the top of my head. Its heat emanates in pulses, pushing through the thick atmosphere like waves pounding against my body.

Broadcast from every surrounding car are voices predicting the day's record high temperatures. These reporters, no doubt sitting in air conditioned comfort, warn me to drink plenty of water, stay indoors, and take care of the elderly and my pets.

Each step is such an effort that I am in conflict as to whether to hurry to my destination or to stop right where I am. The double doors to the mall are within sight. They are calling to me, offering solace from this nightmare I am living. I use all my will and determination and force my legs to carry me through the last stretch of heated wind that is pushing me back. Finally, I enter through the doors of the mall and am greeted with a blast of frigid air that meets me like my family after years of separation. I know what awaits me outside, but for now I am encompassed within a cocoon of comfort and safety.

Word Count: 254

