

## Reading Inventory

## Decoding Isolate

### A

met  
like  
one  
paint  
money  
truck

### D

weird  
majesty  
foster  
echo  
incredible  
politely

### G

squeamish  
sergeant  
philosophy  
diagnosed  
preliminary  
anonymous

### B

crying  
large  
speak  
kitchen  
quiet  
coins

### E

marine  
immigrants  
prediction  
soothingly  
obedient  
pyramid

### H

conservative  
grimaced  
intangible  
cuisine  
asphalt  
humility

### C

ditch  
eagle  
important  
cheerfulness  
mystery  
fashion

### F

vehicles  
commercial  
oasis  
inferior  
geranium  
dimension

### I

paraphernalia  
stoicism  
adamant  
pernicious  
blasphemy  
perennial

"Let's play a game," said Bev.

"I want to play hide and seek," Mike said.  
"You try to find me. Will you hold my hat?"

"I'll play," Bev said. "But you hold your own hat, Mike." Bev shut her eyes and began to count. Mike ran around the house. He climbed up a big tree.

Soon Bev called, "Ready or not, here I come!"  
Bev ran around the house. She saw a hat under a tree.

Nancy ran out the door to the school bus. She was going to the zoo with her class.

"You didn't eat your breakfast," said Nancy's mother.

"I'll eat later," Nancy called back.

The class arrived at the zoo. It was feeding time. Nancy and her friends watched the animals enjoying their lunch. The monkeys were gobbling bananas. The lions were eating meat. The rabbits were nibbling lettuce. They all looked very happy.

"Oh," said Nancy, "I wish I had eaten my breakfast. I'm so hungry!"

A crisp October wind blew across the playground. Sharon and her classmates went out for recess. She was glad that she had worn her coat with the warm lining.

All around the playground, boys and girls gathered into groups to play. One of Sharon's friends waved to her to join a kickball game.

Sharon crossed the school yard. She noticed Mary standing alone next to the swings. Mary and Sharon had been best friends until they had fought two days ago. They had called each other names.

"I can't even remember why we fought," Sharon thought. "If I ask her to play, will she say yes?"

The conductor shouted, "All aboard!" and the train moved slowly down the track. Seth snuggled into his comfortable seat and quickly forgot how cold it had been outside. It felt good to be inside a warm train.

The holidays were here! Seth was excited about seeing his uncle. He recalled how his uncle read to him as they sat in his big armchair. He thought about all the delicious food they would eat.

Seth was almost asleep when the conductor called, "Tickets, please!" Seth reached into his coat pockets, but there was nothing there. Quickly he searched his pants pockets.

"It's gone!" he cried. "I can't find my ticket!"

The conductor smiled and said, "Why don't you look in your bag?" Seth took a deep breath and opened his suitcase.

CP  
D

Gary was not happy. He was waiting to see the doctor. Every time Gary went to see Dr. Fenton, she had bad news for him. Once she had told him that he couldn't go skating for the rest of the winter because of his broken ankle. Another time she had looked into his sore throat and told him that his tonsils would have to be removed. He would never forget the visit six months ago. At that time Dr. Fenton had told him he was too heavy. It had been hard to give up cookies and cakes, but he had done it.

After the nurse took his height and weight, Gary sat watching the tropical fish swim about in their tank. A catfish flashed past a swordtail and darted behind a stone. Gary was sure that they never worried about doctors or diets.

Just then, Dr. Fenton opened her door and asked Gary to come into her office. She looked at him with a big smile and said, "I have some good news for you today, young man."

The wagon train came over the hill and into the valley on a warm summer night. The settlers got off their horses and began to set up camp. Soon a roaring fire brightened the campsite.

After a dinner of stew and cornmeal bread, Miriam walked down to a nearby river. As she stepped around the underbrush, she tried to imagine what life would be like in faraway California. That was her family's destination. She was eager to meet new friends. She also looked forward to playing with the puppy her mother had promised her.

Just then, Miriam heard a whimpering sound. Underneath an old withered tree she saw a small, frightened animal. Excited by her discovery, she ran swiftly to find her mother.



All the store owners in town knew Beth. In the last year, she had become the undisputed leader of the bottle return crews. She had organized teams of classmates to scour the neighborhood for bottles and return them for nickel and dime refunds.

Every weekend, Beth called her troops together and gave out orders. Each block had a captain to whom the collectors brought their bottles. Beth and the captains then returned them to the stores.

As manager of this venture, Beth reserved for herself a penny from each nickel return and two cents from each dime. Her captains wondered what she did with her money, which was often a substantial amount.

After a long day of collecting, Beth presided over the distribution of income and then walked home. She always stopped to purchase groceries and a carnation for her father, who had been unemployed for the last twelve months. The flower never failed to cheer him.



Chris and Joe were fanatical collectors of comic books. Every month they rode their bicycles to the magazine stand. The proprietor reserved mint-condition copies of the new titles for them.

Although they shared many interests, the two friends had different ideas about neatness, and nothing demonstrated this more clearly than their comic book collections.

After reading the adventures of his favorite superheroes, Chris stored his books carefully. First, he smoothed out the comics' covers. Next, he slid each into a plastic jacket and sealed it. Finally, he filed the books alphabetically in a trunk at the foot of his bed.

Joe's cataloging system was not as well-organized; in fact, it was quite sloppy. After reading his comics, Joe threw them into a big box in the corner of his room. Although his tattered books looked as if they had been read by a treeful of monkeys, he could find any title within seconds.

Joe was not bothered by this contrast, as he considered his friend's orderly habits quite amusing. He recalled with a silent chuckle the look on Chris's face when he had proposed that they combine their collections and rent them for profit.

Steve leaned back on an orange crate and looked at the grimy ceiling of the Save-It Supermarket storeroom. As he stared up at its peeling surface, he imagined a relaxed, luxurious life when this nightmare of a summer job ended.

The morning had proceeded in its usual unappealing manner. The assistant manager had ordered him to drag twelve boxes of spoiling avocados across the steaming parking lot to the dumpster. His next task had been the daily shopping cart roundup, which at least allowed him to use his roller skates. The final straw had been the arrival of the produce truck, carrying cartons of rotting vegetables.

As Steve relaxed and concealed himself behind the perishables, he imagined a scenario in which the assistant manager caught his tie in the cash register. Then he would be left in peace. Steve knew that he was fortunate to have a summer job when so many of his friends did not, but that awareness did not make him a more willing employee.