



Sunshine State Standards Review and Practice Grade 3 Reading Comprehension with Extra Writing Practice

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To the Students

Tips for Answering Selected-Response Questions

Selected-response questions have a **stem**, which is a question or incomplete sentence, followed by four answer choices. You should select only one answer choice. The following are some tips to help you correctly answer selected-response questions on the Grade 3 FCAT Reading Test:

- Read each passage carefully.
- Read each question and think about the answer. You may look back to the reading selection as often as necessary.
- For each question, choose the best answer, and completely fill in the circle in the space provided on your answer sheet.
- If you do not know the answer to a question, skip it and go on. You may return to it later if you have time.
- If you finish the section of the test that you are working on early, you may review your answers in that section only. Don't go on to the next section of the test.

Tips for Answering Constructed-Response Questions

- Read the question carefully. Be sure you understand it before you begin writing.
- Be sure your essay has a main idea. This should be in your introduction.
- Support your main idea with details, explanations, and examples.
- State your ideas in a clear sequence.
- Include an opening and a closing.
- Use a variety of words and vary your sentence structure.
- Check your spelling, capitalization, and punctuation.
- Write neatly.

Read the poem "My Shadow." Then answer Numbers 1 through 6.

"MY SHADOW"

by *Robert Louis Stevenson*

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I can see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant¹ sleepy head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

¹ *arrant*: complete



Now answer Numbers 1 through 6. Base your answers on the poem “My Shadow.”

1. What does the speaker’s shadow do when he jumps into bed?
 - A. gets taller
 - B. gets little
 - C. jumps before him
 - D. sticks to him

You can find the answer to this question right in the poem. In the beginning of the poem, the speaker says, “I can see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.” Answer choice A says that the shadow gets taller. Sometimes the shadow does get taller, but not when the speaker jumps into bed. The shadow also gets smaller at times, but again, it doesn’t do this when the speaker jumps into bed, so answer choice B is not the correct answer. Answer choice C is correct. Answer choice D says that the shadow sticks to the speaker. It does do this, but not when the speaker jumps into bed.

2. What does the shadow do when the speaker gets up before the sun?
 - F. shoots up taller
 - G. stays in bed
 - H. jumps up high
 - I. stays nearby

This question also asks about a detail in the poem. You can find this answer right in the poem. When the speaker gets up before the sun, his shadow stays in bed. Answer choice G is the correct answer. You might find some of the other answer choices in the poem, but they do not describe what the shadow does when the speaker gets up before the sun.

3. Read this line from the poem.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,

What is the meaning of the word *notion*?

- A. need
- B. thought
- C. sight
- D. clue

This question asks about a word that might be new to you. You have to reread a line from the poem above very carefully to figure out this answer. If you put the word need in answer choice A in place of the word notion above, it doesn't make any sense. This is not the correct answer. The word thought in answer choice B is better, but consider every answer choice before making a decision. The word sight in answer choice C does not make any sense. The word clue, in answer choice D, is a good answer. The speaker's shadow doesn't have a clue as to how children play. Answer choice D is the best answer choice.

4. Why does the speaker think his shadow is a coward?
- F. His shadow hides at night.
 - G. His shadow stays close to him.
 - H. His shadow likes to sleep.
 - I. His shadow stays with nursie.

An easy way to find the answer to this question is to look for the word “coward” in the poem. When you find this word, you will find the answer to this question. Line 11 of the poem reads, “He stays so close beside me, he’s a coward you can see.” The speaker calls the shadow a coward because it stays so close beside him (answer choice G). The speaker doesn’t call the shadow a coward because it hides at night (answer choice F), because it likes to sleep (answer choice H), or because it stays with nursie (answer choice I). The best answer is answer choice G.

5. Which BEST tells what the poem is about?
- A. a boy who likes to tell funny stories
 - B. a boy who teaches his shadow a lesson
 - C. a boy who tells about his shadow
 - D. a boy who gets up before the sun

This question asks you to tell the main idea of the poem or what the poem is mainly about. The boy does not tell funny stories (answer choice A). Though he talks about his shadow, he does not teach his shadow a lesson (answer choice B). He does tell about his shadow, so answer choice C is a good choice. While he does get up before the sun (answer choice D), this is not what the whole poem is about. Answer choice C is the best answer. It might also be helpful to look at the title of the poem.

6. Which word BEST describes the speaker's shadow?

F. playful

G. angry

H. hopeful

I. tricky

This question asks you to choose a word that best describes the speaker's shadow. Reread the poem. The speaker does say that his shadow likes to play, so answer choice F might be a good answer. The speaker does not say that his shadow is angry (answer choice G), so this is not the correct answer. The speaker's shadow does not seem to be especially hopeful, so answer choice H is not the right answer. The speaker's shadow also is not tricky (answer choice I). Answer choice F is the best answer.

Read the article “Seashells.” Then answer Numbers 1 through 5.

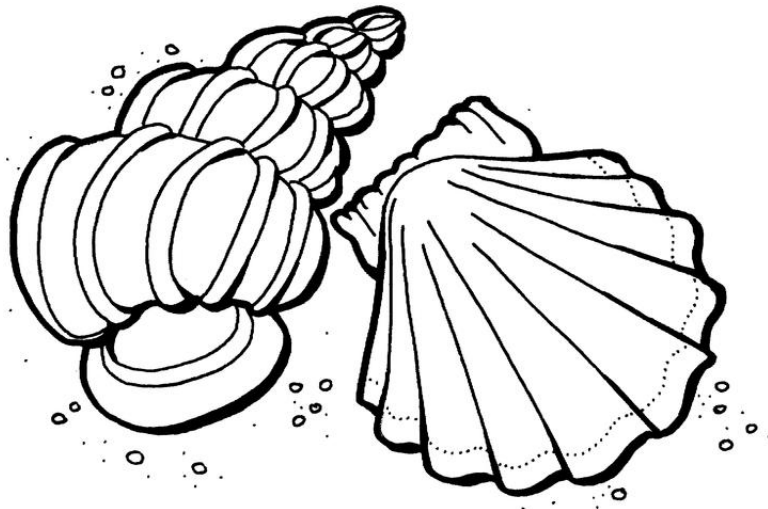
SEASHELLS

Walking along a beach, you’re sure to see a variety of beautiful seashells. However, where did they all come from?

Every single seashell once belonged to a mollusk. A mollusk is an animal that has no skeleton. It is soft and fragile. In order to protect itself, it grows a shell that acts as a kind of outer skeleton. Over the course of its life, a mollusk uses this shell for protection. Some mollusks even learn to use their shells as tools or as ways to help them move around.

When a mollusk dies, the shell is left behind. It often washes up on the seashore—where we come along and pick it up!

So the next time you find a seashell, you can think about the little creature that left it behind for all the world to admire.



Now answer Numbers 1 through 5. Base your answers on the article "Seashells."

1. What happens AFTER a mollusk dies?
 - A. It grows a new shell.
 - B. It leaves its shell behind.
 - C. The color of its shell changes.
 - D. Another mollusk takes its shell.

2. Read this sentence from the article.

Walking along a beach, you're sure to see a variety of beautiful seashells.

What is the meaning of the word *variety*?

- F. piles
 - G. kinds
 - H. sizes
 - I. colors
-
3. Why does a mollusk grow a seashell?
 - A. It doesn't have a skeleton.
 - B. It needs a place to swim.
 - C. It needs to reach the seashore.
 - D. It doesn't have a home.

Read the story “Black Beauty.” Then answer Numbers 1 through 6..

from “**BLACK BEAUTY**”

by Anna Sewell

CHAPTER 1

My Early Home

The first place that I can well remember was a large pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water in it. Some shady trees leaned over the pond. Rushes and water-lilies grew at the deep end of the pond. Over the hedge on one side we looked into a plowed field. On the other we looked over a gate at our master’s house. It stood by the roadside. At the top of the meadow was a grove of fir trees. At the bottom was a running brook overhung by a steep bank.

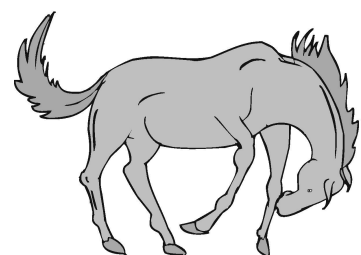
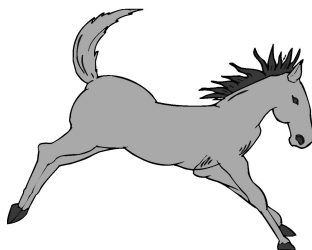
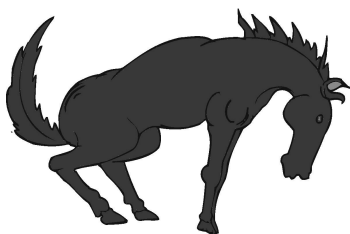
While I was young I lived upon my mother’s milk, as I could not eat grass. In the daytime I ran by her side. At night I lay down close by her. When it was hot we used to stand by the pond in the shade of the trees. When it was cold we had a nice warm shed near the grove.

As soon as I was old enough to eat grass my mother used to go out to work in the daytime, and come back in the evening.

There were six young colts in the meadow besides me. They were older than I was. Some were nearly as large as grown-up horses. I used to run with them, and had great fun. We used to gallop all together round and round the field as hard as we could go. Sometimes we had rather rough play, for they would frequently bite and kick as well as gallop.

One day, when there was a good deal of kicking, my mother whinnied to me to come to her. She said:

“I wish you to pay attention to what I am going to say to you. The colts who live here are very good colts, but they are cart-horse colts. Of course they have not learned manners. You have been well-bred and well-born. Your father has a great name in these parts. Your grandfather won the cup two years at the Newmarket races. Your grandmother had the sweetest temper of any horse I ever knew. I think you have never



seen me kick or bite. I hope you will grow up gentle and good, and never learn bad ways. Do your work with a good will, lift your feet up well when you trot, and never bite or kick even in play.”

I have never forgotten my mother’s advice. I knew she was a wise old horse, and our master thought a great deal of her. Her name was Duchess, but he often called her Pet.

Our master was a good, kind man. He gave us good food, good lodging, and kind words. He spoke as kindly to us as he did to his little children. We were all fond of him. My mother loved him very much. When she saw him at the gate she would neigh with joy, and trot up to him. He would pat and stroke her and say, “Well, old Pet, and how is your little Darkie?” I was a dull black, so he called me Darkie. Then he would give me a piece of bread, which was very good. Sometimes he brought a carrot for my mother. All the horses would come to him, but I think we were his favorites. My mother always took him to the town on a market day in a light gig.

There was a plowboy, Dick, who sometimes came into our field to pluck blackberries from the hedge. When he had eaten all he wanted he would have what he called fun with the colts, throwing stones and sticks at them to make them gallop. We did not much mind him, for we could gallop off; but sometimes a stone would hit and hurt us.



One day he was at this game, and did not know that the master was in the next field. But he was there, watching what was going on. Over the hedge he jumped in a snap. Catching Dick by the arm, he gave him such a box on the ear as made him roar with the pain and surprise. As soon as we saw the master we trotted up nearer to see what went on.

“Bad boy!” he said, “bad boy! to chase the colts. This is not the first time, nor the second, but it shall be the last. There—take your money and go home. I shall not want you on my farm again.” So we never saw Dick anymore. Old Daniel, the man who looked after the horses, was just as gentle as our master, so we were well off.

CHAPTER 2

The Hunt

Before I was two years old a circumstance happened which I have never forgotten. It was early in the spring. There had been a little frost in the night. A light mist

still hung over the woods and meadows. I and the other colts were feeding at the lower part of the field when we heard, quite in the distance, what sounded like the cry of dogs. The oldest of the colts raised his head, pricked his ears, and said, "There are the hounds!"

He immediately cantered off, followed by the rest of us to the upper part of the field. From there we could look over the hedge and see several fields beyond. My mother and an old riding horse of our master's were also standing near, and seemed to know all about it.

"They have found a hare," said my mother, "and if they come this way we shall see the hunt."

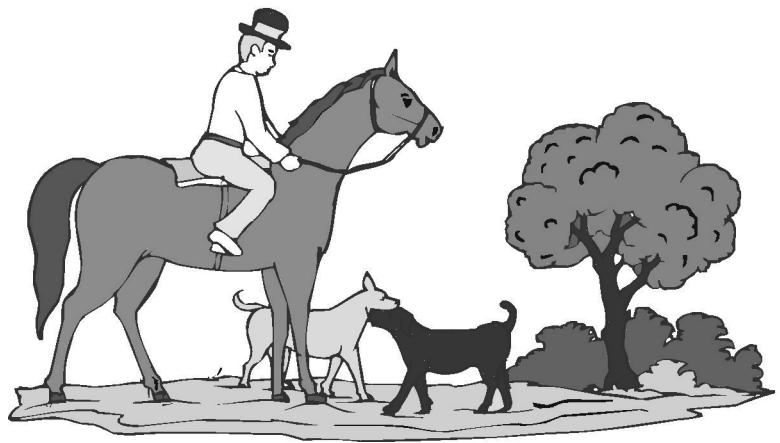
And soon the dogs were all tearing down the field of young wheat next to ours. I never heard such a noise as they made. They did not bark, nor howl, nor whine, but kept on a "yo! yo, o, o! yo! yo, o, o!" at the top of their voices. After them came a number of men on horseback. Some of them were in green coats. All were galloping as fast as they could.

The old horse snorted and looked eagerly after them. We young colts wanted to be galloping with them, but they were soon away into the fields lower down. Here it seemed as if they had come to a stand. The dogs left off barking, and ran about every way with their noses to the ground.

"They have lost the scent," said the old horse. "Perhaps the hare will get off."

"What hare?" I said.

"Oh! I don't know what hare. Likely enough it may be one of our own hares out of the woods. Any hare they can find will do for the dogs and men to run after."



Before long the dogs began their "yo! yo, o, o!" again. Back they came altogether at full speed, making straight for our meadow at the part where the high bank and hedge overhang the brook.

"Now we shall see the hare," said my mother. Just then a hare wild with fright rushed by and made for the woods. On came the dogs. They burst over the bank, leaped the stream, and came dashing across the field followed by the huntsmen. Six or eight men leaped their horses clean over, close upon the dogs. The hare tried to get through the fence. It was too thick. She turned sharp round to make for the road, but it was too late. The dogs were upon her with their wild cries. We heard one shriek, and that was

the end of her. One of the huntsmen rode up and whipped off the dogs, who would soon have torn her to pieces. He held her up by the leg torn and bleeding. All the gentlemen seemed well pleased.

As for me, I was so astonished that I did not at first see what was going on by the brook. When I did look there was a sad sight. Two fine horses were down. One was struggling in the stream. The other was groaning on the grass. One of the riders was getting out of the water covered with mud. The other lay quite still.

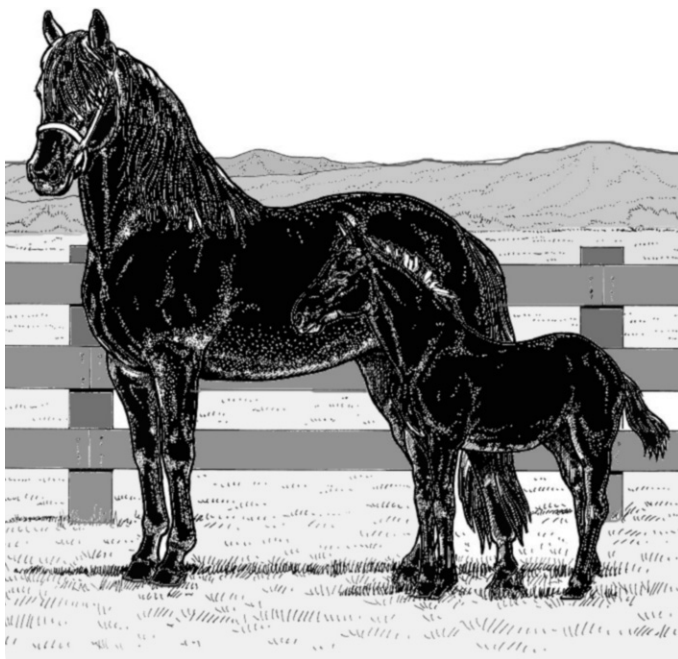
“His neck is broke,” said my mother.

“And serve him right, too,” said one of the colts.

I thought the same, but my mother did not join with us.

“Well, no,” she said, “you must not say that. But though I am an old horse, and have seen and heard a great deal, I never yet could make out why men are so fond of this sport. They often hurt themselves and spoil good horses. They tear up the fields. It’s all for a hare or a fox, or a stag, that they could get more easily some other way. But we are only horses, and don’t know.”

While my mother was saying this we stood and looked on. Many of the riders had gone to the young man; but my master, who had been watching what was going on, was the first to raise him. His head fell back and his arms hung down. Every one looked very serious. There was no noise now. Even the dogs were quiet, and seemed to know that something was wrong. They carried him to our master’s house. I heard afterward that it was young George Gordon, the squire’s only son, a fine, tall young man, and the pride of his family.



Mr. Bond, the farrier, came to look at the black horse that lay groaning on the grass. He felt him all over, and shook his head. One of his legs was broken. Then some one ran to our master’s house and came back with a gun. Presently there was a loud bang and a dreadful shriek. Then all was still. The black horse moved no more.

Now answer Numbers 1 through 6. Base your answers on the story "Black Beauty."

1. Which word BEST describes Duchess?
 - A. quiet
 - B. tired
 - C. wise
 - D. playful

2. What is the BIGGEST problem at the end of the story?
 - F. A rider is muddy.
 - G. The hunt has ended.
 - H. A horse has fallen.
 - I. A young man is hurt.

3. Where does the speaker go when it gets cold?
 - A. in a shed
 - B. in a house
 - C. to the grove
 - D. to the pond

4. What does Duchess tell the speaker never to do?
- F. jump and push
 - G. scream and cry
 - H. cry and hide
 - I. kick and bite
5. How do the speaker and Duchess feel about their master?
- A. They think he is kind.
 - B. They think he is funny.
 - C. They think he is brave.
 - D. They think he is old.

6. Read this sentence from the story.

The other was groaning on the grass.

What is the meaning of the word *groaning*?

- F. running
- G. playing
- H. crying
- I. lying