

Passage Oral Reading - Grade 2

Student Forms Booklet

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FARM ANIMALS

After Mr. Jones showed Billy the cows, he took him over to see the chickens. Billy had never seen so many chickens in his life. Billy had started to count, but soon ran out of numbers. The farmer told him all about chickens—that the mother chickens were called hens and that father chickens were called roosters. Then he took Billy to the hen house where all the eggs were picked up every day.

“How many eggs do you find every day?” asked Billy.

“Well,” said the farmer, “some days are over one hundred.”

Next, they went over to the pig pen. Billy thought the pigs were really loud. “Are they always this loud?” asked Billy.

“Yes, they sure are,” said the farmer.

Billy then asked the farmer what other animals were on the farm. Mr. Jones said he had some horses and told Billy he could have a ride. “Wow, that would be fun! Let’s go.”

Mr. Jones helped Billy up onto the horse. “Hold on tight,” he warned. “This horse has a lot of spirit. He likes to gallop and doesn’t stop right away.”

THE TOOTH FAIRY

Have you ever had a wiggly tooth? I had one just last week. At first I was scared that something was wrong. Then, my sister told me it happens to everybody. She told me it was fun to have a wiggly tooth. When the wiggly tooth comes out, the tooth fairy comes.

I had never before seen a tooth fairy. I wanted the fairy to come, so I tried and tried to pull out my tooth. It wouldn't come. I tried to push it with my tongue. I tied a string around it and pulled the string. My tooth would not come out. Then, one day, my sister gave me an apple. "Here, bite into this," she said.

I took a bite and nothing happened. I ate the whole apple and my wiggly tooth was still there. "I'll never get to see the tooth fairy," I said.

That night, we went out to eat. After the meal, the server gave us each some candy. I took the wrapper off and popped the candy into my mouth. The candy made my teeth stick together.

"It's saltwater taffy," my sister told me.

As I was chewing the candy, I felt something funny. There was something hard in the soft candy. I reached in my mouth and there was my tooth. It didn't even hurt!

PACK YOUR BAGS

“We’re going on a trip!” said Dad when we sat down for breakfast. “We only have two days to get ready. Everyone will have to help out.”

“Where are we going?” asked Sarah.

“We’re going to the city,” Dad answered.

“What city?” asked Anthony.

“Boston,” said Dad. “It will take us about three hours to drive there by car. There is a lot you can learn about our country’s past in Boston. Now, let’s start planning.”

Dad gave us each a bag and told us to pack enough clothes for three days. Since it was summer, we didn’t have to worry about coats and boots. When Dad checked Sarah’s bag, he said she should take the outfit she liked to wear when we went someplace fancy. When he checked my bag he said, “Don’t forget your toothbrush!” He got to Anthony’s bag and found it full of toys. “Anthony, where are your clothes?” He helped Anthony decide which toys to leave behind so he could fit some clothes in the bag.

That night, we talked about our trip. “Where will we stay when we get to Boston?” I asked.

“We’ll stay in a hotel right across from Copley Square,” said Dad.

THE REST

Bill sat on a rock on the bank. The lake was as smooth as glass. He took off his shoes and socks and dangled his feet in the cool water. The sun felt warm on his face. He leaned back against the bank and closed his eyes.

He listened to the sounds coming from the woods. He heard a crow calling in the distance. He heard leaves rustling. He heard squirrels chasing each other through the leaves. He heard the buzzing of a bug flying nearby.

Then he sat up and watched the bug. It flew from one rock to another as if looking for something. Its buzzing grew softer as it flew farther away from him. Suddenly a gull flew down in front of him. It skimmed the water for a second. Bill could see part of a fish hanging from its beak. It flew down from the beach with its catch. Bill watched it as it flew out of sight. A butterfly fluttered close to him. It landed on his arm. It was yellow and black. It waved its wing to steady itself. Then it continued its journey.

CHANGING ROOMS

Have you ever changed bedrooms? My dad had me switch my bedroom today. What a job that was. But I liked setting up my new room. He had me move into the old den.

First, we had to move the den things into the basement. That took about three hours. We had to move the desk and the books. We moved the rest of the things until the room was empty, and then we had to clean it. When we were done, the room looked very big. I could see that it was a lot bigger than my old room.

We started moving my things into the room. First, we moved the bed. Then we moved the dresser and desk. It was beginning to look like my room. The best part was deciding where to put my treasures. I had enough room on the shelves to show my shell and rock collections. I put a little bookcase by my bed with my best books on it. Best of all, I set up a little reading place behind the bed. Moving bedrooms is a lot of work, but it was worth it.

GO TO THE STORE

Mom wanted me to go to the store. She gave me a list. On the list was milk, butter, bread, and jam. She also wanted me to get some apples. I rode my bike to the store.

I needed a basket for all the items. I found most of the items. A clerk helped me find the jam. I had to decide between strawberry and raspberry jam. I chose strawberry.

I had ten dollars with me. The bill was nine dollars and thirty cents. The clerk gave me seventy cents for change. I put the items in a bag. Then I put the bag in the basket on my bike.

When I got home, my mom said I did a good job. I had all the items my mom had on the list. The next morning, I had my favorite breakfast. I had toast with strawberry jam. It pays to help out with family jobs. I look forward to the next time my mom asks me to help out.

GOING TO BED

“I don’t want to go to bed!” Have you ever said that? Have you ever heard a child say that? My little boy says that. He says he does not want to go to bed. My son does not just say this once in a while. He says this every night. He says this at bedtime. Why don’t children want to go to bed? I think I know why.

In the day, there are many things to do. Going to bed means we have to stop playing. Kids may not want to stop playing. Kids don’t want to wait until tomorrow. Tomorrow seems too far away. Adults sometimes think time goes by quickly. Kids may think one hour is a long time.

I tell my son that going to sleep will help. He will have more fun playing tomorrow. Then he closes his eyes and falls asleep.

GOING TO THE LAKE

In the summer my family goes to the lake. Sometimes we go for a week. Sometimes we go longer. It takes us two days to get ready.

All the clothes have to be packed. I pack my own clothes. Mom helps my little sister pack her things. One year I forgot to pack my shorts. But I never forget the good stuff. I remember my fishing pole.

We find someone to take care of our house when we go. That's where I come in. I find a friend to take care of my hamster. I find another friend to take care of the cat. I find a friend to cut the lawn. Then I find another friend to get the mail. Sometimes a friend wants a lot of jobs. Then I can get one person to do all four jobs.

I like to help my dad pack up the car. Then I know we're almost on our way. My dad is good at packing the car. He finds room for the things we want to bring. I hand him all the stuff. He packs it in the car. When the car is all packed, we can leave for the lake.

I LIKE TO SING

I like to sing. The sound of a song makes me feel good. I really like to sing songs that I know well. Songs that I sing many times are my favorite songs. That's strange. You might think that I would not like a song that I have sung many times. You know, now that I think about it, I usually don't like a song the first time that I hear it.

The same is true about songs that I learn to sing. The first time that I try to sing the song, I usually don't enjoy singing it. Maybe many things are like that. Maybe it takes some time to learn how to enjoy something.

Maybe people are like songs. When we first meet them, we don't know them. Since we don't know them, we don't enjoy them as much as we will after we get to know them. I like that. People are like songs. It makes me think about what kind of song I'd like to be.

OCTOBER LEAVES

October is a good time to play outside. All the leaves are lying on the ground. The leaves look pretty. Orange and brown and yellow are the colors I see. I like to rake the leaves into a big pile. Underneath, the grass is still green.

My friend Jimmy and I like to jump on the pile of leaves. We get leaves in our hair and in our shoes. Pretty soon, the leaves are all over the lawn again. Then we pick up our rakes and rake some more. Pushing and pulling on the rake makes our arms tired. We put all the leaves in bags so they will not blow away.

Jimmy is surprised when I bring him a big glass of lemonade to drink. I tell him I am pleased that he helped rake my lawn. We sit down on the steps and drink our lemonade. The lawn looks nice and green again. But I did like the orange, yellow and brown colors on the grass.

Tomorrow, Jimmy wants me to help rake his lawn. I tell him that sounds fair, as long as I get some lemonade when we finish! He says fine, and I know we'll have fun raking the colored leaves again.

PEPPY

Peppy was Rosa's dog. He was always digging holes in the ground. Rosa's mother and father did not like this. "Rosa, you have to teach him to stop digging."

"I do tell him," said Rosa. "He will not stop. Peppy likes to hide bones in the ground."

One day, Peppy was digging outside. "Stop," called Rosa. "Stop digging." But Peppy did not stop. He was hiding a bone. "Father, you have to help me," said Rosa.

"We will not give him any more bones," said Rosa's father. "Then he will stop." The next day Peppy did not dig holes. This made Rosa's mother and father happy.

Peppy liked to go for walks. Every day after school, Rosa took him to the park. He chased squirrels until they were all up in the trees. Then, Rosa would throw a stick and Peppy would run to get it.

One day, Peppy ran away. Rosa called and called for him. He did not come. Rosa walked up and down the street, but she did not see him. With tears in her eyes, she walked home. When she got to her yard, there was Peppy, sitting on the step. "Peppy!" Rosa yelled, "You came home!"

SATURDAY

Saturday is the best day of the week. That is the day that you have free time. It is also the day that you can sleep in the morning. It can be kind of hard to sleep. My little brother is loud in the morning!

I have a hard time staying in bed. There are too many things I want to do. When Saturday comes, I want to call my friends. They are just as happy about Saturday as I am. We start calling each other on the phone. We find out that one of us has a job to do. Someone else may have some place to go with their family. It's hard finding time on Saturday to play at the same time.

Sometimes my parents make plans for me on Saturday. I don't like it. I don't want to do what they want me to do. This takes away all the fun of Saturday. I wish my parents would not make plans on Saturday. All kids should have free time.

SUNDAY

Sunday is not like Saturday. It has a different name. But that's not all.

Sunday seems quiet. My dad likes to read the Sunday paper. The Sunday paper is very big. It takes a long time.

Dad likes the sports page best. He doesn't like it if someone else takes the sports section. We have many teams in our city. In the fall, our football team is all my dad talks about. He talks about football so much that my mom gets mad. My sister and I like to hear about our teams. We wait until Mom is gone. Then we ask Dad about sports when he was our age. Our city did not have a football team when Dad was little. That must have been a long time ago.

On Sunday we go for a ride in our car. My sister and I don't like to go. After about ten minutes we get bored. We ask, "Are we almost there?" My mom and dad love going for a Sunday drive. When we get home, we eat a big meal. It seems like Sundays are too short.

THE BIG FAMILY

I have a big family. There are five boys and three girls. We live in a little house in the city. I am the oldest boy. I am fifteen years old. I take care of my little brothers and sisters. My mom and dad have to work. Soon, I can get a job. My baby sister is only one year old. She can walk now! She tries to run after the cat. The twins are five years old. They will go to school in the fall. They do not look like twins. One is a girl with brown hair and the other is a boy with black hair. They like to go to the park and swing.

Sometimes, when I want to be with my friends, my grandma will come over. She brings candy for the children. She tells them stories about when she was a little girl. She had a big family too. Most of her brothers and sisters are gone. She has three grown up children that all live in the same city.

When one of us has a birthday, we have a big party with all of the aunts and uncles and cousins. When we all get together, there are about twenty-five of us. We go to the park and play baseball and basketball. My brothers and sisters like to swim in the little pool. At lunch time we all eat hot dogs and chips and fruit. Then, we eat the birthday cake! It's fun having a big family. We have a lot of fun together!

THE NEW SLED

Yoshi had a new sled. He waited until Saturday to try it. It had snowed the day before. Everything was perfect.

He climbed the hill behind Mr. Smith's house. It was very high. When Yoshi got to the top he could see far, far away. This was going to be fun.

Yoshi liked the new sled. It was red with silver stripes. He pushed the sled to the edge of the hill and got on. Soon the sled started down the hill. Faster and faster it went. Yoshi laughed as snow flew into his face.

The sled ride went faster than he wanted. The ride was over too soon. Now Yoshi was at the bottom of the hill and looking up. I don't want to climb that hill, he thought. It's too hard. But he knew if he wanted another ride, he'd have to walk up the hill.

Up the high hill Yoshi walked. Behind was the sled that he pulled with him. There has to be an easier way, he thought to himself. Just wait. I will think of a new way soon.

And pretty soon Yoshi did think of a new plan. The next time he went sledding, he brought his little brother along. They took turns pulling the sled up the hill and had lots of fun.

THE OWL

I was taking a walk by the lake. It was morning. It was very quiet out. The day was beginning to get warm. There was just a little breeze. The leaves in the trees were just barely moving. I was enjoying this walk.

Then I saw him. He was up on a big branch just ahead of me. He was big—about two feet high. The great horned owl didn't move. His big eyes just stared into mine. I knew the owl had been watching me. His feathers formed funny horns on his head. He looked very majestic. I stopped still in the path and studied him.

He must have been fishing. The lake was clear. From where he sat, he could easily watch for fish. Suddenly his head turned around on his body as he looked away. He was staring at the lake again. He didn't seem to be afraid of me. A chill ran up my back. Maybe I should be afraid of him. He looked like he might weigh more than me. He sure looked big. I had never heard any stories about owls attacking people, though. Now that's a foolish idea.

I bravely walked closer. Then, with majestic grace, he flew up out of sight. I knew I had just seen something rare and beautiful.

THE PAIL

I was in the lake swimming with my brother. It was a very hot day. I had been in the water for about an hour. I wasn't planning to get out for a long time. It felt great. My brother and I had played many games of tag, catch, and inner tube.

I looked up and saw two new boys coming down the path. It looked like we would soon have company. One boy looked like he was around thirteen and the other was a lot younger. They carried a pail. Sure enough, they walked out into the water and began swimming.

Then they stopped playing around in the water. They got the pail and took it in the water. We couldn't figure out what they were doing. They were walking down the shore and soon came near us.

We asked them what was in their pail. They turned it so we could see. Rocks, beautiful rocks! We soon found out the older boy was Reggie and the younger one was his brother, Willie. They had a better game than we did. It didn't take us long to start helping with the collection. We liked swimming under water to find the right stone. We never did find out what the rocks were for, but it was great fun.

THROWING ROCKS

I've thrown a lot of rocks into the pond. I think I've thrown enough to fill in the whole pond. But it never seems to get full. You can tell that I like to throw rocks.

But throwing rocks is more fun with Grandpa. He can make anything a game. He likes to throw rocks, too. He gets me to throw them farther or funnier. Sometimes we throw them at a piece of wood in the pond.

Grandpa is really good at skipping rocks. He taught me how to skip rocks. Skipping means it bounces off the water. I can skip a rock five times. Well, I did once.

Grandpa likes to think of games. We play games skipping rocks. We see who can skip a rock the most times. Sometimes we see who can skip it the highest. Sometimes we see who can skip the rock only twice.

The real trick is finding the right rock. The best rocks are flat. They are the easiest to skip. Sometimes we can't find flat rocks. Then Grandpa thinks of a new game. We see who can skip the roundest rock. It doesn't matter what rocks we find. Grandpa can always make up a game.

WASHING CLOTHES

I like to watch my mother wash the clothes. She sorts all of the clothes into piles. At first, I did not know why she did this. I thought she was just making a pile that would fit into the washing machine. But then I noticed that some of the piles were smaller.

I asked her why she made the piles in different sizes. She told me that the size of the pile did not matter. What was important was the fabric used to make the clothes. I didn't understand. So she showed me. Some of the clothes were made of cotton. I picked up a shirt made of cotton. It felt very soft. Then my mother gave me a pair of pants. They did not feel as soft. She said they were made of rayon. I was happy that my pillowcase was made of cotton!

My mother also sorts the clothes by color. There is one pile for white clothes. There are other piles for dark clothes and light-colored clothes. This is so that they will not stain each other. Washing clothes is harder than I thought.

SHANTEL AND LIZ

Shantel and Liz are playing softball. Shantel is batting. Liz is pitching. Jamal is in the outfield to catch the ball. Jamal is running to catch the ball. Liz is also running toward the ball. Who will catch it? Liz is faster and she catches the softball.

Liz lives in a charming house. The house is in the city. The house is old. It has brick walls and big windows. The trees outside are old. Liz lives with her grandparents. She likes to go to Shantel's house to play.

Shantel lives in the house next to Liz. Shantel's house is painted blue. Her cat, Puff, likes to sleep on the windowsill. The sun comes in and makes Puff warm. There's a tree outside the window. A chipmunk lives in a hole in the tree. Puff spends hours watching the chipmunk run up and down the tree.

Shantel lives with her parents and baby brother. Shantel's baby brother is fun to watch. Shantel and Liz like to take him for walks and read books to him. Puff likes to jump on the book. It's hard to read with a cat on the book! Shantel and Liz enjoy doing things together. They are happy to be friends.