

Reading for Fluency

Read the passage with prosody. Chunk the words into phrases and create an image in your head as you read.

Stuck in the Mud

The red van is a mess. It was stuck in the mud. We had fun, but my dad and mom are mad.

My pals Ted and Sam got into my van. I said it is fun to run laps in the mud and ruts by the rocks at the mill. We slid in the ruts and mud. It was fun. There was a fast stop.

The van was stuck. I backed it up just a bit. Ted and Sam pulled and pulled. Ted and Sam huffed and puffed. The van quit backing up. We had no gas, and it was stuck in the muck. What a mess. It was not fun. The clock said six and the red van was stuck. What do we do when it gets past dusk? We are not big buff men. We are just kids. I said, "I will get my dad." Where can I go to call? I said to my pals, "I will jog up to the top of the hill. Dad will get us, but he will be mad and will fuss."

I called Dad. I said, "The van is stuck."

He asked, "Where are you? Are you lost? Are kids with you?"

I said, "I am with Ted and Sam. We are up on the hill by the mill, and there is no gas in the van."

Dad is yelling, but he is not telling Mom yet. He will get us. But, there is not one dab of gas in his rig. He will get gas and get a can for the van as well.

He called Mom and said, "I will pick them up in a bit."

The van is back. Mom is mad and fussing. She said, "There will not be one spot or one speck of mud on the van. It will not still smell of mud. You will wax it. You will fill it with gas. Do you get it?"

Yes, we get it. Here are rags for the van, Sam. Here are suds, Ted. What a mess! That is the last of the fun in the mud for us.