

Name: _____

The Campfire Visitor



Directions: Read the following passage, then answer the questions.

My parents send me to Camp Hullabaloo every summer. Don't worry, I had trouble saying the name at first, too. You can pronounce it as hull-uh-buh-loo. It basically means a wild or angry fuss. It describes camp perfectly at times.

Last summer, Camp Hullabaloo set its new record for the wildest fuss. It happened one night at the camp fire. Everyone got together there at the end of the day to sing songs and eat marshmallows. Usually it was the time when we could all relax and enjoy the night. I learned that it didn't always happen that way.

Our head counselor, Mike, was in the middle of a song on his guitar. During the second chorus, he suddenly froze. He slowly set down his guitar and held up the SHH finger to his lips.

"Ok...nobody scream..." he whispered. "There's a bear fifteen feet away in that bush."

"Ahhh!" screamed everyone.

We all jumped up off the logs and made a mad dash to get away. The bear started to follow the group. My friend and I ran to a tree and climbed up as fast as we could. The bear changed directions and headed our way.

"Why's he following us?!" I cried.

"He wants the candy bars in my pocket!" cried my friend. "My mom just sent these. He can't have them!"

"Dude, don't be crazy!" I shouted. "If he doesn't eat those candy bars, he might try to eat *us*. Throw them down, now!"

1) What does the term "Hullabaloo" mean?

2) What happened when Mike asked kids not to scream?

3) Why did the bear follow two friends to the tree?

4) Make a prediction what happens next:

Name: _____

Directions: Read the following passage, then answer the questions.

Braxton and his pet house-bear, Baroony, were enjoying a summer picnic with their family. Baroony's favorite part about picnics was always the hot food off the grill. Braxton helped him put together a plate of hamburgers, hot dogs, chicken, ribs, chips, potato salad, and coleslaw. When they got to the condiments, Baroony growled.

"What is it, boy?" asked Braxton.

"Rawr-rawrrr," growled Baroony.

"What do you mean there's no mustard?" asked Braxton. He checked the other tables but couldn't find a single bottle. He went over to ask his mom and came back with bad news.

"Really sorry, boy," said Braxton. "Mom says they accidentally forgot to buy mustard. But there's ketchup and mayo."

"Rawwrrr..." whined Baroony.

He looked sad but not for long. He stuck his nose up into the air and began to sniff. Once he caught wind of something, he dashed off toward another picnic shelter. Braxton couldn't keep up with Baroony when there was food on the other side. When Braxton finally got there, the family didn't look happy.

"Have you—" he panted, "have you seen a bear around?"

"You mean that one...?" grumbled the dad.

He pointed his finger to a mustard covered bear. Baroony was rolling around in an open tray of it with a huge smile.

"Baroony!" shouted Braxton. "Now there's going to be mustard in your fur all day. You're getting a timeout."

Baroony and the Mustard Problem



1) What makes Baroony growl at the picnic?

2) Why does Baroony run off?

3) How did Baroony solve his mustard problem?

4) What would you do if a bear was in your mustard tray?

Name: _____

Directions: Read the following passage, then answer the questions.

The best part of summer break is the freedom. The worst part is the heat in July. I love that the sun helps us grow and stuff, but I wish it would turn it down a bit during summer. On the hottest days, bad things can happen. You won't believe the time my new shoes melted!

My friends and I were shooting hoops at the park. It was the top of the afternoon in the middle of July. It was so hot, you could've grilled steak on your face. Kids would be calling you steak-face and you'd have to move.

We were smart and brought water bottles to drink during our game. They didn't last long. We played for an hour before we called it quits. It was too hard to keep running around without water, so we left. The problem happened on the walk home.

My friends needed to stop in the park's bathroom. I waited outside on the blacktop with our stuff. They were only in there for a minute, but it felt like forever in the heat. I felt like a gooey marshmallow roasting on a campfire. They came outside, grabbed their stuff, and began walking ahead of me.

I tried to take a step with my right foot. It couldn't move. I pulled my leg harder, then tried the left one. Both of my new shoes were stuck to the ground for some reason. I leaned over for a closer look. The rubber soles were bubbling and melty like cheese on the blacktop.

I yelled for my friends, but they didn't turn around. We liked playing jokes on each other, so they must've thought I was trying to trick them. I tried pulling my feet with both hands. My shoes were melted and melted GOOD.

I finally gave up. I had no choice but to pull my feet out of my shoes. I dashed across the hot blacktop in my socks. It was like stepping on hot coals. My mom wasn't going to be happy...

My Shoes Got Melty!



1) Why did the friends have to stop shooting hoops?

2) What happened to the main character's new shoes?

3) How did the main character handle the problem?

4) How would you explain this to your parents at home?

Name: _____

Directions: Read the following passage, then answer the questions.

Let me clear something up right off the bat. This is NOT a story about a pet dog. If you wanted to read about something furry that barks, you're going to be sad. I'm sorry. Go ahead and put this passage down.

Are you still reading? Excellent—welcome to the fun! It's true that this story isn't about a pet dog. It's summertime. We're here today to talk about a hot dog. Not just any old hot dog! I'm here to tell you about The Mountain Dog.

The Mountain Dog is an invention of mine. It has nothing to do with the mountains. I didn't invent it on a mountain. I don't even go hiking. It's called The Mountain Dog for a different reason—the size.

The Mountain Dog is the biggest hot dog any barbecue has ever seen. The hot dog itself is the normal size. The ones that your mom or dad grill up in summertime are fine.

You're probably wondering how we turn our regular hot dog into The Mountain Dog? It's all about the toppings! You'll need to visit the grocery store for a few of these items. Some of them will be in your fridge. Make sure to use a strong plate!

First, take rainbow frosting and spread it along the inside of your hot dog bun. Sprinkle on pieces of sour candy, then cover them in mustard and ketchup. Next, add pretzels flat along the bun to help keep it strong on the bottom.

After that, add your grilled hot dog. Drench it with chili and cheese, then cover it with big marshmallows. Add your second layer of chili, then cover that with barbecue chips. Finally, cover it in sliced pickles, shredded cheese, pink cotton candy, and hot gravy.

Brace yourself, then take a monster bite. It's going to change your life. You'll wonder how you lived without it. It might look and sound gross, but don't doubt the power of the dog.

The Mountain Dog



1) What size hot dog does this invention need?

2) Why does The Mountain Dog need pretzels?

3) What goes on the top layer?

4) Would you try The Mountain Dog? Why or why not?

Name: _____

Directions: Read the following passage, then answer the questions.

“Why do older brothers called it the ‘Scare-Us Wheel?’” I asked my friend.

“Because it’s supposed to scare us, I think?” he said.

We were standing in front of the Ferris wheel at the carnival. They came every summer. It looked like the top of it went into the sky and shared secrets with the clouds. My neck hurt from staring straight up at it.

“It’s now or never, dude,” said my friend. “Tonight’s the last night. The carnival leaves tomorrow. If we don’t do this, we have to wait another year. You know what that means?”

“Yeah,” I grumbled. “It means our brothers will be making fun of us for another year until it comes back. I can’t take another winter of that!”

“Me either,” said my friend. “Let’s do this!”

I nodded. We headed for the back of the line. I could feel a lump in my throat the size of Kansas. The Ferris wheel looked even taller up close. It looked like the top of it could kiss the moon. We had no choice but to go through with it.

We made it to the front of the line after about ten minutes of nervous waiting. We handed our tickets to the bearded carnival guy. He pulled a lever and the Ferris wheel stopped spinning. Two kids stepped out of the backside of the car.

My legs wobbled as I stepped up to it. It swayed back and forth. I sat down and held onto the center pole for dear life. There was no turning back.

The Scare-Us Wheel



1) Why are the two friends scared of the Ferris wheel?

2) What will happen if they don't ride it that night?

3) How do you feel if there's a lump in your throat?

4) Are you scared of any theme park rides? Tell about it:
