Oral Reading Fluency

When I say “Begin,” start reading aloud at the top of the page (point). Read across the page (point). Try to read each word. If you come to a word you don’t know, I’ll tell it to you. Be sure to do your best reading. Ready, begin.

Treasure Hunters

Tom squinted against the sun, legs braced against the gentle rolling of the boat. The water off of Fort Pierce, Florida, was a turquoise green as clear as colored glass. The distant coast formed a dark line behind him. They had been searching for treasure for the past three days, but hadn’t found anything yet.

A sputtering pump brought the past into the boat through a thick rubber hose that disappeared into the water. This “vacuum cleaner” sent muddy sand and splinters of barnacle-clad timbers spilling into the wooden box of the holding area.

Several hundred feet below the surface lay the wrecks of at least three ships from the famed Flota de Nova España, including the flagship, the Capitana. Tom’s dad and uncle were both down there now, looking for treasure. Tom’s job was to sort through whatever his dad and uncle sent up through the hose.

Tom’s mom and dad were both in the insurance business, but his dad liked to hunt for treasure on weekends and holidays. Models of old ships Tom and his dad had put together were displayed in the living room. Books about Spanish galleons and pirates lined the walls of their library.

Tom took pride in having read almost as much about the subject as his dad. He knew the history of the Capitana like the back of his hand. Bound for Spain in 1715, the ship and the rest of the fleet had been wrecked on the jagged reefs near Sebastian Inlet because of a hurricane. Treasure hunters had only ever recovered half the treasure.

But it went further than that. Tom really tried to live inside of history. He studied those books like they contained important secrets. That way, he felt even more of an interest in what they were doing. His dad built model ship replicas of the wrecks; Tom studied fiction and nonfiction about the wrecks. In a way, it was the same thing.
When I say “Begin,” start reading aloud at the top of the page (point). Read across the page (point). Try to read each word. If you come to a word you don’t know, I’ll tell it to you. Be sure to do your best reading. Ready, begin.

White Horses

Every summer, Kristy’s family came to the campsite on the hill above St. David’s. On sunny days, they would go for hikes along the cliffs or walk out to the end of the harbor wall. Kristy would feel as if the wind might flip her up and out to sea if Grandpa were not holding her hand. Grandpa was as solid as the harbor itself.

On rainy days, they stayed in the camp playing games or watching the clouds gathering over the town as the sea grew dark and wild. Sometimes, Grandpa would tell them spooky stories. He’d point out the fishing boats in the harbor and tell them tales of drowned sailors. He’d nod at the square tower from the ruins of the abbey and remind them of its prisoner, the Gray Lady, who could still be heard crying for help on stormy nights. But Kristy’s favorite stories were about the horse spirits that lived in the sea. When the sea was rough, the horses came close to shore. The foamy white breakers were their tossing manes. Grandpa said to be careful near the water when you could see the white horses because they might pick you up on their backs and charge back under the water with you.

Grandpa’s stories were spooky, but not really scary. Kristy knew he was just telling them that the sea was dangerous on windy days and that they should be careful. Secretly, she thought that the idea of white horses in the sea was beautiful.

No stories this year though. Grandpa was in the hospital. Mom kept saying there was “nothing to worry about,” but he’d been in the hospital for weeks now. When the time had arrived to come to St. David’s, Dad had stayed home too. That didn’t sound like “nothing to worry about.”

---

Words Attempted _____
Errors _____
Words Read Correctly ____