

## Oral Reading Test

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- ▶ I guess Mom was right about the vegetables. All summer I ate veggies of every color of the rainbow, from bright green broccoli to deep, burgundy beets. And now I was finally tall enough to ride the Colossal Coaster at the amusement park. I had been waiting to ride it for three summers. Year after year, a ride operator had pulled out a measuring stick only to tell me that I wasn't going to make the cut. Now I couldn't wait for him to measure me again so I could smile and walk right onto the ride.

My friend Ryan and I piled into my mother's van, and we set off for the park. Inside, we went right to the line for the roller coaster. As I walked toward the turnstile, I couldn't shake my nerves. Ryan went through without any problem. But then, grinning, the ride operator pulled out the familiar measuring stick. The five-foot mark was indicated in red. The operator held the stick beside me, checking my height. I stretched every muscle in my body upward and stood as tall as I could.

"Enjoy the ride," he said.

"Yes!" I cheered. My heart raced. I jumped into a seat beside Ryan and pulled down the lap bar.

The coaster was incredible! There were two loops and several sharp turns. Then the car climbed upward along the track before plunging down so fast I felt myself lift up off the seat.

When I got off the ride, my legs were shaking and I had a funny feeling in my stomach. Mom said my skin looked a little green. It didn't matter because I finally rode the Colossal Coaster. But maybe next time I'll start with the carousel.