

Oral Reading Test

- ▶ We had been walking for hours, but I still felt energetic. I couldn't understand why my parents and my little sister were groaning. We had already been to the petting zoo, looked at the elephants and giraffes, and watched the dog and pony show. What I really wanted to see were the anacondas and the boa constrictor—and hopefully before lunch.

The only problem was that right now we were stuck behind a crowd of people gawking at panda cubs. A man, his head dwarfed by an immense camera, was pushing his way to the front to get the best possible shots. My sister couldn't stop squealing about how cute the pandas were. Tugging on my dad's sleeve, she demanded to be hoisted onto his shoulders so she could get a better look.

Shoved into a corner, I started to lose my cool. I knew that very soon, everyone would stop complaining about their feet and start focusing on their stomachs. We'd have to stop to eat at Safari Station on our way to the Reptile House. While we munched on messy burgers and greasy fries, we'd miss the boa's daily feeding!

Taking a deep breath, I looked at the map. We weren't that far away from the Reptile House. Mom looked over at me, poked Dad's arm, and pointed at her wrist. Then she edged over to me from the crowd. Leaning down, Mom said, "Let's head over to see the snakes, and we'll meet Dad and your sister at the restaurant. Sound good?"

It was like she read my mind! I'd get to see the boa presentation after all. Then after lunch, I'd ask if we could head straight for the African Reserve to watch the wild cats.