



# Fluency Packet

Skills Strand

**GRADE 3**

Core Knowledge Language Arts®



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# Fluency Packet

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This fluency packet was created to accompany Core Knowledge Language Arts Grade 3 materials. It consists of poetry, folklore, and fables. These additional text selections provide opportunities for students to practice reading with fluency and expression (prosody). The selections can be used in any order, though they are arranged in this packet according to word count, starting with the shortest selections. At the beginning of the week, the teacher should make sufficient copies of the week's selection for each student. The teacher should take time to model reading the selection aloud to all students. Then, students take the selection home to practice reading aloud throughout the week. The expectation for all students should be that they are prepared to read the selection fluently and with prosody by Friday. At the end of the week, the teacher should select a few students to individually read the selection aloud. Teachers may also wish to have a few students choral read the selection. Be sure to provide opportunities for different students to read aloud each week.

You will want to establish audience guidelines for all students. These are some ideas but you will want to make guidelines that work for your students:

- Listen respectfully to your classmates.
- Listen without talking.
- Ask students to give their classmate(s) a round of applause and sincere compliments on their reading. Model compliments by saying, "I liked it when you..."



## Dear Family Member,

Throughout Grade 3, your child will be bringing home short text selections on a weekly basis to practice reading. Your child should read the selection aloud each night to help him/her become increasingly fluent and able to read without hesitation. You or another family member may want to read the selection aloud first to model reading with fluency and expression.

At the end of each week, your child may be called upon to practice reading the selection aloud in class.

Repeated readings of text help build reading fluency, which includes automatic word recognition, expression, accuracy, and speed. The goal of using these short text selections is to help your child continue to strengthen his/her reading skills.



## 1. **"The Crocodile"**

by Lewis Carroll

How doth the little crocodile  
Improve his shining tail,  
And pour the waters of the Nile  
On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin!  
How neatly spreads his claws,  
And welcomes little fishes in,  
With gently smiling jaws!

Word Count: 40 words



## 2. "Trees"

by Sergeant Joyce Kilmer

I think that I shall never see

A poem lovely as a tree

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;  
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.

Word Count: 80 words



#### 4. **"Winter Night"**

by Mary F. Butts

Blow, wind, blow!  
Drift the flying snow!  
Send it twirling, whirling overhead!  
There's a bedroom in a tree,  
Where, snug as a snug can be,  
The squirrel nests in his cozy bed.

Shriek, wind, shriek!  
Make the branches creak!  
Battle with the boughs till break of day!  
In a snow cave warm and tight,  
Through the icy winter night,  
The rabbit sleeps the peaceful hours away.

Scold, wind, scold!  
So bitter and so bold!  
Shake the windows with your tap, tap, tap!  
With half-shut, dreamy eyes  
The drowsy baby lies,  
Cuddled close in his mother's lap.

Word Count: 96 words



## 5. **"The Sleeping Beauty"**

by Walter Ramal

The scent of bramble sweets the air,  
Amid her folded sheets she lies,  
The gold of evening in her hair,  
The blue of morn shut in her eyes.

How many a changing moon hath lit  
The unchanging roses of her face!  
Her mirror ever broods on it  
In silver stillness of the days.

Oft flits the moth on filmy wings  
Into his solitary lair;  
Shrill evensong the cricket sings  
From some still shadow in her hair.

In heat, in snow, in wind, in flood,  
She sleeps in lovely loneliness,  
Half folded like an April bud  
On winter-haunted trees.

Word Count: 98 words



## 6. "The Horse"

by F. Wyville Home

Oh a strange and curious thing is a horse,  
Believe or not, as you choose.  
For he takes it quite as a matter of course  
That he goes to bed in his shoes.

And his shoes, which are iron and not soft leather,  
Are nailed to his feet with pegs  
And he falls asleep without minding the weather,  
As he stands upright on his legs

And his hair doesn't grow in the proper place  
But out of his neck instead  
And his ears are not at the side of his face,  
But stand on the top of his head.

Word Count: 99 words



## 7. **“Twenty Little Snowflakes”**

by Leroy F. Jackson

Twenty little snowflakes climbing up a wire.

“Now, listen,” said their mother, “don’t you climb up any higher.

The sun will surely catch you, and scorch you with his fire.”

But the naughty little snowflakes didn’t mind a word she said,

Each tried to clamber faster than his fellow just ahead;

They thought that they’d be back in time enough to go to bed.

But they found out that their mother wasn’t quite the dunce  
they thought her,

The sun bobbed up—remember this, my little son and  
daughter—

And turned those twenty snowflakes into twenty drops of  
water.

Word Count: 99 words



## 8. **"Sacajawea Saves the Captains' Goods"**

by Katherine Chandler

Going up the Missouri, the compass, the books, and the maps were in one canoe.

The captains had the compass to find the West.

One day a big wind hit this canoe and turned it nearly over.

Sacajawea's husband was at the rudder.

He was afraid and let go. The water came into the canoe.

The maps and books came up to the top of the water.

Sacajawea saw them going out into the river.

She took the compass into her lap.

She caught the books.

She called to her husband.

He took the rudder again.

He straightened the boat again.

Then Sacajawea caught the maps that were on top of the river.

Word Count: 113 words



## 9. **“The World Tree and the End of the World”**

Traditional Viking Myth

The Vikings believed that a giant “world tree” called Yggdrasil [IG-druh-sil] held up the universe. Yggdrasil had three roots. One root stretched to the land of ice. One root reached to Asgard, the land of the gods. And one root stretched to the land of the giants. Three sisters who lived beside the tree controlled everyone’s past, present, and future. A giant serpent chewed at the roots of the tree. One day the tree would fall and bring down the world, causing a second great battle between the gods and the giants. The Vikings predicted that the giants would win this battle. The world would be destroyed, then begin again—but this time, everything would be perfect.

Word Count: 117 words



## 10. "Foreign Lands"

by Robert Louis Stevenson

Up into the cherry tree  
Who should climb but little me?  
I held the trunk with both my hands  
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,  
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,  
And many pleasant places more  
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass  
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;  
The dusty roads go up and down  
With people tramping into town.

If I could find a higher tree  
Farther and farther I should see,  
To where the grown-up river slips  
Into the sea among the ships,

To where the roads on either hand  
Lead onward into fairy land,  
Where all the children dine at five,  
And all the playthings come alive.

Word Count: 123 words



## 11. "The Brook"

by Alfred Tennyson

I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
I slide by hazel covers;  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows;  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses;  
I linger by my shingly bars;  
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

Word Count: 138 words



## 12. "A Great Lady"

by Carolyn Wells

This is the Queen of Nonsense Land,  
She wears her bonnet on her hand;  
She carpets her ceilings and frescos her floors,  
She eats on her windows and sleeps on her doors.  
Oh, ho! Oh, ho! to think there could be  
A lady so silly-down-dilly as she!

She goes for a walk on an ocean wave,  
She fishes for cats in a coral cave;  
She drinks from an empty glass of milk,  
And lines her potato trees with silk.  
I'm sure that fornever and never was seen  
So foolish a thing as the Nonsense Queen!

She ordered a wig for a blue bottle fly,  
And she wrote a note to a pumpkin pie;  
She makes all the oysters wear emerald rings,  
And does dozens of other nonsensible things.  
Oh! the scatterbrained, shatterbrained lady so grand,  
Her Royal Skyhighness of Nonsense Land!

Word Count: 141 words



### 13. **"To the Pacific Ocean"**

by Katherine Chandler

The party went down the Columbia River in canoes.

It was a hard trip.

It rained all the time.

Each day the men were wet to the skin.

They had to carry their goods around some rapids.

They could not be very cheerful.

One day it stopped raining for a little time.

The low clouds went away.

The party saw that the river was very wide.

They rowed on.

Then they saw the great ocean lying in the sun.

They became very happy.

They cheered and laughed and sang.

They rowed on very fast.

Captain Lewis wrote in his book:

"Ocean in view! O! the joy! We are in VIEW of the Ocean, this great Pacific Ocean, which we have been so long anxious to see. The noise made by the waves breaking on the rocky shores may be heard distinctly."

Word Count: 141 words



## 14. "The Wind and the Sun"

by Aesop

A dispute once arose betwixt the North Wind and the Sun about the superiority of their power; and they agreed to try their strength upon a traveller, which should be able to get off his cloak first.

The North Wind began, and blew a very cold blast, accompanied with a sharp, driving shower. But this, and whatever else he could do, instead of making the man quit his cloak, obliged him to gird it about his body as close as possible.

Next came the Sun, who, breaking out from the thick, watery cloud, drove away the cold vapours from the sky, and darted his warm, sultry beams upon the head of the poor weather-beaten traveller. The man, growing faint with the heat, and unable to endure it any longer, first throws off his heavy cloak, and then flies for protection to the shade of a neighbouring grove.

Word Count: 147 words

### **Moral:**

*Soft and gentle means will often accomplish what force and fury can never effect.*

Word Count: 162 words



## 15. “The Philosopher and the Acorn”

by Marmaduke Park

A philosopher, proud of his wit and his reason,  
Sat him under an oak in a hot summer season.  
On the oak grew an acorn or two, it is said:  
On the ground grew a pumpkin as big as his head.  
Thought the sage, “What’s the reason this oak is so strong  
A few acorns to bear that are scarce an inch long;  
While this poor feeble plant has a weight to sustain,  
Which had much better hang on the tree, it is plain?”  
But just at the time the philosopher spoke  
An acorn dropp’d down on his head from the oak;  
Then, said he, who just now thought *his* plan was so clever,  
“I am glad that *this* was not a pumpkin, however.”

Word Count: 124 words

### **Moral:**

The sage would no doubt have looked grievously dull,  
Had a pumpkin descended with force on his skull.  
Of his folly then let us in future beware,  
And believe that *such matters are best as they are:*  
Leave the manners and customs of oak trees alone,  
Of acorns, and pumpkins—and look to our own.

Word Count: 180 words



## 16. **"My Shadow"**

by Robert Louis Stevenson

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,  
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.  
He is very, very like me, from the heels up to the head;  
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—  
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;  
For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an india-rubber ball,  
And he sometimes goes so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,  
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.  
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;  
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,  
I 'rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;  
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,  
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

Word Count: 187 words



## 17. **"How the Leaves Came Down"**

by Susan Coolidge

"I'll tell you how the leaves came down,"  
The great Tree to his children said,  
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,  
Yes, very sleepy, little Red;  
It is quite time you went to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,  
"Let us a little longer stay;  
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief,  
'Tis such a very pleasant day  
We do not want to go away."

So, for just one more merry day  
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,  
Frolicked and danced, and had their way,  
Upon the autumn breezes swung,  
Whispering all their sports among,

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget  
And let us stay until the spring  
If we all beg and coax and fret."  
But the great Tree did no such thing;  
He smiled to hear their whispering.

“Come, children all, to bed,” he cried;  
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer  
He shook his head, and far and wide,  
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,  
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,  
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,  
Waiting till one from far away,  
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,  
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled.  
“Good-night, dear little leaves,” he said;  
And from below each sleepy child  
Replied “Good-night,” and murmured,  
“It is so nice to go to bed!”

Word Count: 231 words



## 18. **"The Landing of the Pilgrims"**

by Felicia Hemans

The breaking waves dashed high,  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted came;  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear—  
They shook the depths of the desert gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard, and the sea;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared  
From his nest by the white wave's foam;  
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—  
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair  
Amid that pilgrim band:  
Why had *they* come to wither there,  
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth;  
There was manhood's brow serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—  
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod.  
They have left unstained what there they found—  
Freedom to worship God.

Word Count: 239 words



## 19. **“The Story of the First Butterflies”**

by Florence Holbrook

The Great Spirit thought, “By and by I will make men, but first I will make a home for them. It shall be very bright and beautiful. There shall be mountains and prairies and forests, and about it all shall be the blue waters of the sea.”

As the Great Spirit had thought, so he did. He gave the earth a soft cloak of green. He made the prairies beautiful with flowers. The forests were bright with birds of many colors, and the sea was the home of wonderful sea-creatures. “My children will love the prairies, the forests, and the seas,” he thought, “but the mountains look dark and cold. They are very dear to me, but how shall I make my children go to them and so learn to love them?”

Long the Great Spirit thought about the mountains. At last, he made many little shining stones. Some were red, some blue, some green, some yellow, and some were shining with all the lovely colors of the beautiful rainbow. “All my children will love what is beautiful,” he thought, “and if I hide the bright stones in the seams of the rocks of the mountains, men will come to find them, and they will learn to love my mountains.”

When the stones were made and the Great Spirit looked upon their beauty, he said, “I will not hide you all away in the seams of the rocks. Some of you shall be out in the sunshine, so that the little children who cannot go to the mountains shall see your colors.” Then the southwind came by, and as he went, he sang softly of forests flecked with light and shadow, of birds and their nests in the leafy trees. He sang of long summer days and the music of waters beating upon the shore. He sang of the moonlight and the starlight. All the wonders of the night, all the beauty of the morning, were in his song.

“Dear southwind,” said the Great Spirit “here are some beautiful things for you to bear away with` you to your summer home. You will love them, and all the little children will love them.” At these words of the Great Spirit, all the stones before him stirred with life and lifted themselves on many-colored wings. They fluttered away in the sunshine, and the southwind sang to them as they went.

So it was that the first butterflies came from a beautiful thought of the Great Spirit, and in their wings were all the colors of the shining stones that he did not wish to hide away.

Word Count: 435 words



## 20. **“Why the Bear Has a Short Tail”**

by Florence Holbrook

One cold morning when the fox was coming up the road with some fish, he met the bear.

“Good-morning, Mr. Fox,” said the bear.

“Good-morning, Mr. Bear,” said the fox. “The morning is brighter because I have met you.”

“Those are very good fish, Mr. Fox,” said the bear. “I have not eaten such fish for many a day. Where do you find them?”

“I have been fishing, Mr. Bear,” answered the fox.

“If I could catch such fish as those, I should like to go fishing, but I do not know how to fish.”

“It would be very easy for you to learn, Mr. Bear,” said the fox. “You are so big and strong that you can do anything.”

“Will you teach me, Mr. Fox?” asked the bear.

“I would not tell everybody, but you are such a good friend that I will teach you. Come to this pond, and I will show you how to fish through the ice.”

So the fox and the bear went to the frozen pond, and the fox showed the bear how to make a hole in the ice.

“That is easy for you,” said the fox, “but many an animal could not have made that hole. Now comes the secret. You must put your tail down into the water and keep it there. That is not easy, and not every animal could do it, for the water is very cold; but you are a learned animal, Mr. Bear, and you know that the secret of catching fish is to keep your tail in the water a long time. Then when you pull it up, you will pull with it as many fish as I have.”

The bear put his tail down into the water, and the fox went away. The sun rose high in the heavens, and still the bear sat with his tail through the hole in the ice. Sunset came, but still the bear sat with his tail through the hole in the ice, for he thought, “When an animal is really learned, he will not fear a little cold.”

It began to be dark, and the bear said, “Now I will pull the fish out of the water. How good they will be!” He pulled and pulled, but not a fish came out. Worse than that, not all of his tail came out, for the end of it was frozen fast to the ice.

He went slowly down the road, growling angrily, “I wish I could find that fox;” but the cunning fox was curled up in his warm nest, and whenever he thought of the bear he laughed.

Word Count: 440 words

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