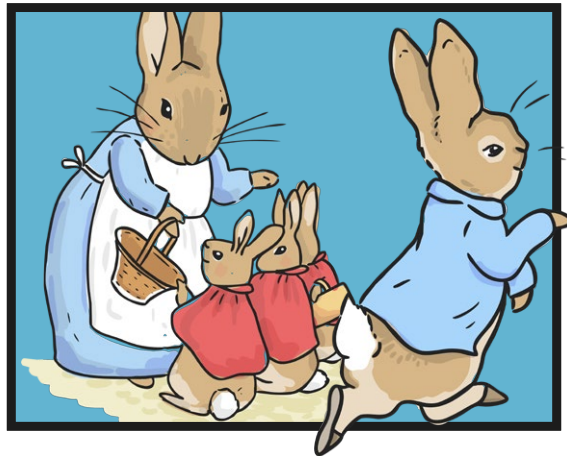


Reading Booklet

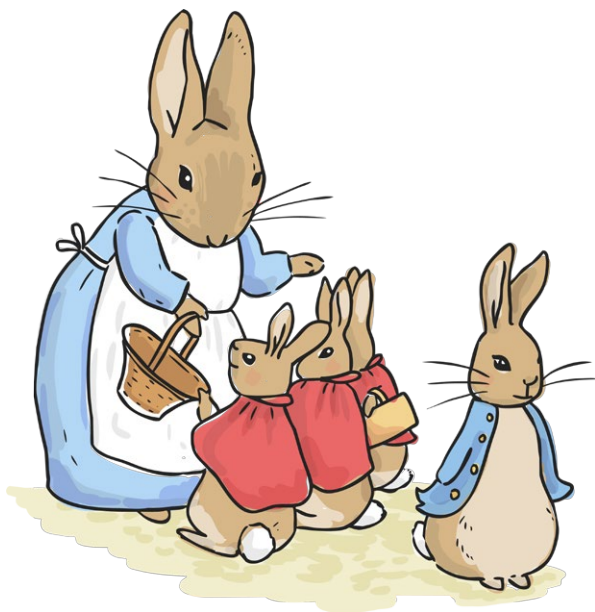
Year 3 Reading Assessment - Fiction



The Tale of Peter Rabbit

THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT

by Beatrix Potter, adapted by Twinkl

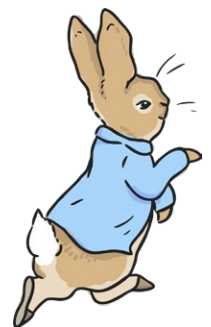


Once upon a time there were four little Rabbits, and their names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cottontail, and Peter. They lived with their Mother in a sand-bank, underneath the root of a very big fir-tree.

“Now, my dears,” said old Mrs. Rabbit one morning, “you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don’t go into Mr. McGregor’s garden: your Father had an accident there; he was put in a pie by Mrs. McGregor.”

“Now run along, and don’t get into mischief. I am going out.” Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella, and went through the wood to the baker’s. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.

Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail, who were good little bunnies, went down the lane to gather blackberries; but Peter, who was very naughty, ran straight away to Mr. McGregor’s garden, and squeezed under the gate! First he ate some lettuces and some French beans; and then he ate some radishes; and then, feeling rather sick, he went to look for some parsley. But round the end of a cucumber frame, whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor!



The Tale of Peter Rabbit

Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees planting out young cabbages, but he jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out, "Stop thief!"

Peter was most dreadfully frightened; he rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate. He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages, and the other shoe amongst the potatoes. After losing them, he ran on four legs and went faster, so that I think he might have got away altogether if he had not unfortunately run into a gooseberry net, and got caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons, quite new. Peter gave himself up for lost, and shed big tears; but his sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrows, who flew to him in great excitement, and implored him to exert himself. Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve, which he intended to pop upon the top of Peter; but Peter wriggled out just in time, leaving his jacket behind him and rushed into the toolshed, and jumped into a can. It would have been a beautiful thing to hide in, if it had not had so much water in it. Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the tool shed, perhaps hidden underneath a flowerpot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each.



Presently Peter sneezed, "Kertyschoo!"

Mr. McGregor was after him in no time, and tried to put his foot upon Peter, who jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants. The window was too small for Mr. McGregor, and he was tired of running after Peter. He went back to his work. Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath and trembling with fright, and he had not the least idea which way to go. Also he was very damp with sitting in that can.

The Tale of Peter Rabbit

Quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe - scr-r-ritch, scratch, scratch, scritch. The first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor hoeing onions. His back was turned towards Peter, and beyond him was the gate! Peter got down very quietly off the wheelbarrow, and started running as fast as he could go, along a straight walk behind some blackcurrant bushes. Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the shoes for a scarecrow to frighten the blackbirds. Peter never stopped running or looked behind him till he got home to the big fir-tree. He was so tired that he flopped down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit-hole, and shut his eyes. His mother was busy cooking; she wondered what he had done with his clothes. It was the second little jacket and pair of shoes that Peter had lost in a fortnight!

I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening. His mother put him to bed, and made some camomile tea; and she gave a dose of it to Peter!

“One table-spoonful to be taken at bed-time.”

But Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail had bread and milk and blackberries for supper.

Reading Booklet

Year 3 Reading Assessment - Non-Fiction



Cowboys

Cowboys



Cowboys were men who often lived in the American west during the 19th century. The land where they lived was an enormous open space and they lived lonely lives on horseback. In fact, cowboys still exist today, but they behave quite differently, now using technology to help them do their jobs. Cowgirls were first described in the 19th century also, but their roles attracted much less attention so we know a lot less about these women.

Living in the American West Many Years Ago

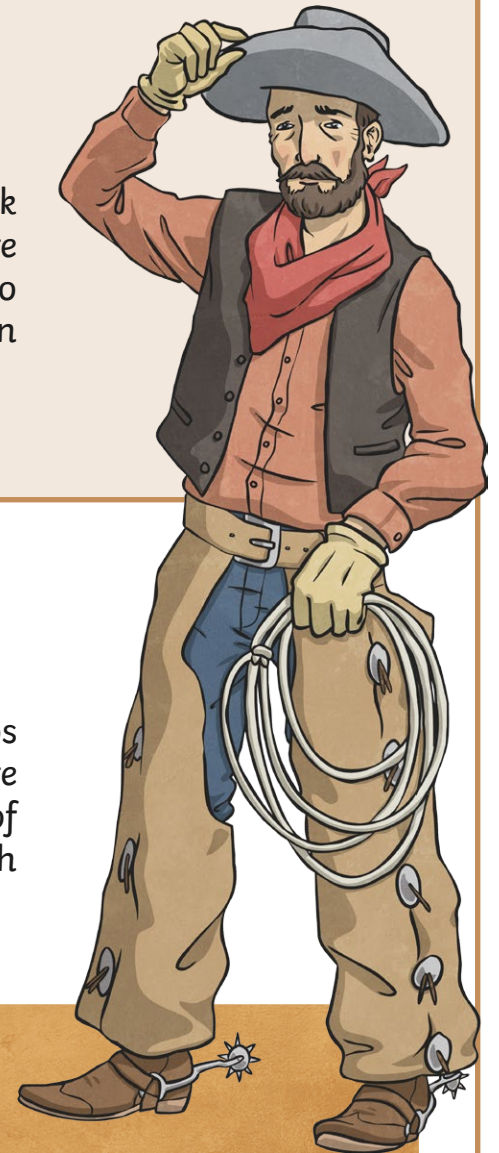
Life was hard – many men began training as a cowboy at the ages of 12 or 13. Cowboys lived in dry and often wild conditions. They could die of thirst if they didn't find water to drink. Cowboys often caused trouble in the towns that they encountered because they were quick gun shooters and liked having fun.

The Job of a Cowboy

In the past, cowboys were drawn to the open lands of the west because the men were often young, wanting adventures and freedom. They didn't get paid much for their job and worked long, physically tiring days, often alone. Their jobs included herding cows to a ranch and guarding cows from rustlers, so they usually camped out in the open air near the animals. Some cowboys took cows on trail drives. These were long journeys taken by the cowboys and the cows they looked after. These could last for months and were really tiring, but they were useful for taking the cows to sell in other parts of the country.

How did Cowboys Travel Around?

It is thought that cowboys preferred not to walk anywhere, but rather rode on horses. Their horses were very important because they helped the cowboys to do their job properly and were also their companions on the long, lonely cattle trail drives.



What Did Cowboys Wear?

Cowboys were well known for wearing big hats, lassos and tall brown leather boots with spurs. The spurs were small, jagged discs of metal attached to the back of their boots. The cowboys could kick their horses with these to make them run faster in a chase.

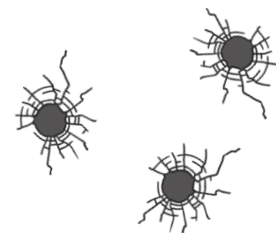
Cowboys in Films

Many films have been made about the lives and adventures of cowboys in the Wild West. These are called 'Westerns'. Actors such as John Wayne and Clint Eastwood were made famous through their cowboy characters.

Rustlers - people who steal cows

Ranch - farm

Lasso - a rope knotted into a loop at the end for throwing round an animals' neck to capture them



Reading Booklet

Year 3 Reading Assessment - Poetry



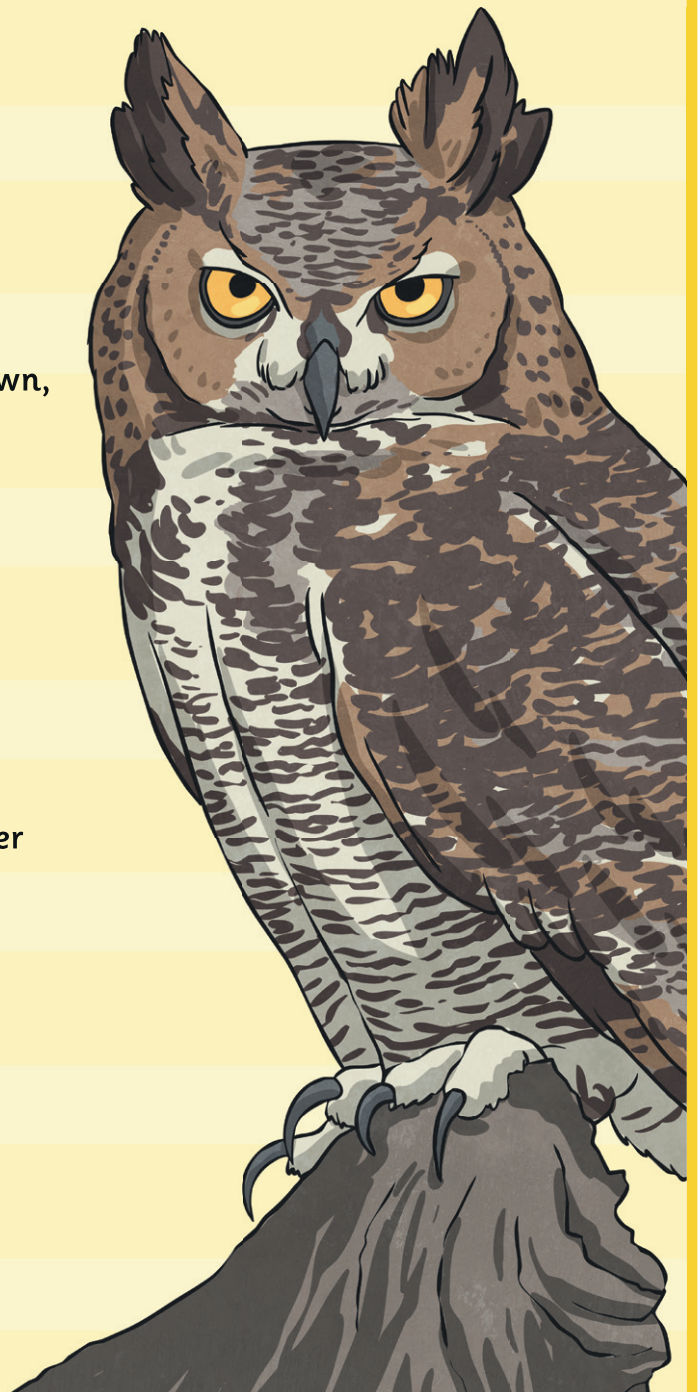
Rathers

Rathers

by Mary Hunter Austin

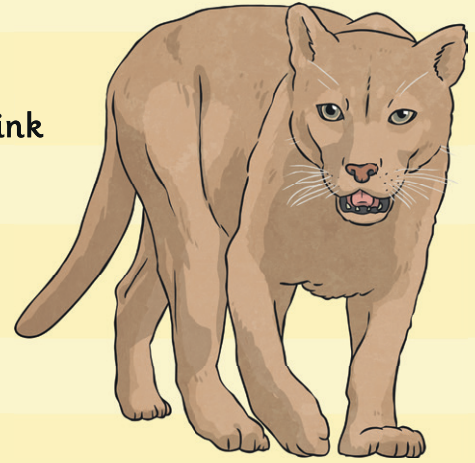
I know very well what I'd rather be
If I didn't always have to be me!
I'd rather be an owl,
A downy feathered owl,
A wink-ity, blink-ity, yellow-eyed owl
In a hole in a hollow tree.
I'd take my dinner in chipmunk town,
And wouldn't I gobble the field mice down,
If I were a wink-ity, blink-ity owl,
And didn't always have to be me!

I know very well what I'd like to do
If I didn't have to do what I do!
I'd go and be a woodpecker,
A rap-ity, tap-ity, red-headed woodpecker
In the top of a tall old tree.
And I'd never take a look
At a lesson or a book,
And I'd scold like a pirate on the sea,
If I only had to do what I like to do,
And didn't always have to be me!



Rathers by Mary Hunter Austin

Or I might be a puma,
A single-coloured puma,
A slinking, sly-foot puma
As fierce as fierce could be!
And I'd wait by the waterholes where antelope drink
In the cool of the morning
And I do
not
think
That ever any antelope could get away from me.



But if I were a hunter,
A red Indian hunter –
I'd like to be a hunter, –
I'd have a bow made of juniper wood
From a lightning-blasted tree,
And I'd creep and I'd creep on that puma asleep
A flint tipped arrow,
An eagle feathered arrow,
For a puma kills calves and a puma kills sheep,
And he'd never eat any more antelope
If he once met up with me!



Red Indian - a dated European phrase that was used to describe the Indigenous peoples of North America. This phrase is no longer used as it is offensive.