



# ***New York State Testing Program***

**English**

**Language Arts Test**

**Listening Selection**

Grade **4**

**January 8–12, 2007**

This listening selection is to be used in administering Book 2 of the English Language Arts Test. The entire selection is to be read aloud twice to the students. For complete directions, please follow the instructions in the *Teacher's Directions*.

Remember: This is a secure test. You are not to discuss this test, show it to anyone, or photocopy these materials, as the security of the test could be breached.

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**Listening Selection*****Hand-Me-Down Crayons***

*by Dori Hillestad Butler*

Molly frowned at the stack of school supplies on her desk. Her older sister's lunch bag, her older brother's half-used notebooks, last year's folders, and a huge plastic bag of old crayons.

Couldn't she have gotten *something* brand-new? Just one box of new crayons?

"New crayons!" her mom cried. "There must be five hundred crayons there."

"But they're old and broken," Molly said. "They don't change color. And they don't smell. Sara Marten has crayons that smell like different kinds of fruit!"

"That's fine for Sara Marten," Mom said. "But when we have this many crayons lying around, I don't see any reason to buy more."

The next morning, Molly's mom drove Molly and Sara Marten to school. Sara held a stack of brand-new school supplies on her lap. Sara glanced at Molly's hand-me-down school supplies without saying anything. But Molly could tell what she was thinking. *Poor Molly never gets anything new.*

If only she could "lose" her crayons, then her mom would have to buy her a new box of crayons, wouldn't she?

When Molly got to school, she took her bag of crayons to the bathroom. She was going to stuff the bag into the garbage can. But when she got there, she couldn't do it. Her mom always said they couldn't afford to throw things away.

Then she noticed the radiator. She could leave her bag on the radiator. Justin Klimo had done that last year. Molly remembered how the crayons had melted into a heart-shaped puddle.

No. That was practically the same as throwing them away. Besides, it might start a fire.

But the radiator gave Molly another idea. After school, she brought her bag of crayons home. She told her mother what she wanted to do.

**Go On**

“That’s a great idea,” her mother said, smiling.

Molly got out a pan and filled it with water. Then she and her mom sat at the kitchen table and peeled the paper off each crayon.

“Everyone’s going to be so surprised when they see my crayons tomorrow!” Molly said.

The next morning, Sara’s mom drove them to school. Molly held her bag of crayons proudly on her lap.

Sara noticed them right away. “Wow!” she gasped, reaching for a black-and-white swirled crayon that was shaped like a cat. Molly also had an orange pumpkin-shaped crayon, a green tree-shaped crayon, and a red-and-blue swirled crayon that spelled the word *LOVE*.

“Where did you buy these?” asked Sara.

“I didn’t buy them,” Molly replied with a smile. “I made them.”

“How?”

“I put my old crayons in a coffee can, and my mom helped me melt them in a pan of water on the stove. Then I spooned the melted wax into my mom’s candy molds, and they hardened.”

“Wow. I’m going to try that with my crayons,” Sara said.

Sara’s mother glanced in the rearview mirror. “Oh no, you’re not!” she said. “I didn’t buy you brand-new crayons just so you could melt them.”

Sara slumped back against the seat and crossed her arms. “You’re lucky to have hand-me-down crayons,” she muttered to Molly.

“I know,” Molly said, grinning in spite of herself.

**STOP**









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