New York State Testing Program

English
Language Arts
Listening Selection

Grade 3

January 9–13, 2006
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.
The Mystery in Grandma’s Garden
by Marilyn Kratz

Emma knew all about gardens because she helped Grandma in her garden.
Emma knew which roses smelled like Mama’s perfume.
She knew how fat a pea pod should be before she pulled its string to let the round green peas roll into her mouth.
She even knew which plants had bright red radishes under them and which grew over bumpy brown potatoes.

But something in Grandma’s garden puzzled Emma. Here and there, between the rows of vegetables and flowers, big flat rocks squatted like enormous sleeping toads.

“Why do you have big rocks in your garden, Grandma?” Emma asked.

Grandma smiled mysteriously. “Keep your eyes open,” she said. “Someday you will see why.”

Emma looked at the rocks every time she went into Grandma’s garden. They just sat there, as if they were waiting for her to discover their secret.

One morning Emma went into Grandma’s garden to pick peas. It had rained the night before, so the air was chilly. But now the sun was beaming down warmly.

Suddenly Emma stopped and stared. On a big rock near her sat two beautiful yellow-and-black butterflies.

As Emma watched, the butterflies slowly fanned their wings. Soon they flew away.

Emma looked closely at the rocks. They looked like ordinary rocks.

She touched one. Emma smiled. She picked the peas quickly and hurried back into Grandma’s house.

“I know why you have big rocks in your garden, Grandma!” she called.

Grandma laughed. “This cool morning gave you the answer, didn’t it?” she said.
“Yes,” said Emma. “I saw butterflies sitting on the rocks, warming themselves so they could fly.”

“That’s it,” said Grandma. “They can’t fly when their bodies are cold.”

“I wonder how they know the sun warms the rocks,” said Emily.

“Another mystery!” said Grandma.

Emma laughed. “I’ll have to work on that one,” she said. “But I know one thing, Grandma. When I grow up, I’m going to have a garden just like yours. And it will have lots and lots of butterfly rocks!”
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