

# COSMIC READER PRACTICE TEXT

## Chicken Licken

### Chapter 1

Chicken Licken was eating lunch one day, when something fell on her head.

"Ow!" she said. "What was that?" She looked up. All she saw was the sky.

"The sky is falling!" said Chicken Licken. "I should tell somebody!" She ran till she saw Squirmy Wormy.

"The sky is falling!" said Chicken Licken.

"Dig for your life!" said Squirmy Wormy, and wiggled into a hole.

Chicken Licken tried to wiggle in after him. But the hole was too small. She saw Crowy Joey sitting in a tree.

"The sky is falling!" said Chicken Licken.

"Fly for your life!" said Crowy Joey.

He flapped his wings and flew away. Chicken Licken tried to fly, but her wings were too small. She ran all the way to Henny Penny's house.

### Chapter 2

Chicken Licken knocked on the door. Henny Penny was counting sheep.

"Go away," she said. "I'm trying to sleep."

Chicken Licken knocked again.

"Come back later," shouted Henny Penny. "I'm laying an egg."

Chicken Licken knocked again.

"I'm not buying anything!" shouted Henny Penny.

"I'm not selling anything!" shouted Chicken Licken. "The sky is falling!"

Henny Penny jumped up so fast she almost knocked over the fish bowl.

"Call 9-1-1!" she cried. She ran to her desk and picked up the telephone.

## Chicken Licken cont.

### Chapter 3

Henny Penny dialed 9-1-1. Ducky Lucky answered.

"What's the problem?" he asked.

"Chicken Licken said the sky is falling!" shouted Henny Penny.

"Stay calm, Ma'am," said Ducky Lucky. He called his assistant, Holey Moley, who was tickling an ant. "Take notes," he said. "Any injuries, Ms. Penny?"

"Any injuries?" asked Henny Penny.

"My head hurts," said Chicken Licken.

"Her head hurts," said Henny Penny.

"Her head hurts," said Ducky Lucky.

'Her head hurts,' Holey Moley wrote in his notebook.

"What's your address?" said Ducky Lucky.

"One Egg Lane," said Henny Penny.

"One Egg Lane," said Ducky Lucky.

'One Egg Lane,' wrote Holey Moley.

Ducky Lucky called police headquarters. Officer Loosey Goosey answered.

"Goosey here."

"This is Ducky Lucky at 911 Dispatch. Chicken Licken was hit by falling sky near the home of Henny Penny, One Egg Lane. With head injuries."

"I'll get right on it," said Officer Goosey.

### Chapter 4

Officer Goosey called his deputies together. "Listen up!" he said. "Ducky Lucky reports that Henny Penny reports that Chicken Licken reports the sky is falling. We have injuries. Take extreme care."

An ambulance was rushed to One Egg Lane. Officer Goosey followed in his police car with lights flashing. More police cars followed. Egg Lane was blocked off in all directions. Chicken Licken was rushed to the hospital.

Dr. Foxy Loxy took x-rays and performed tests. Henny Penny sat in the waiting room, counting fish in the fish tank to pass the time. She heard the news on the radio.

"Chicken Licken and Henny Penny filed a false report that the sky was falling. Officer Goosey, who found only a small acorn, says charges may be brought against Ms. Licken and Ms. Penny. More news at eleven."

Dr. Loxy came into the waiting room and gave Henny a hug. "Good news," she said. "Chicken Licken is going to be just fine." Henny stomped out the door. "Not when I get through with her!" she said.

# Big Bad Pigs

## Chapter 1

This is the story of three pigs. I'm the wolf in the story. I'm the good one. The three pigs are big and bad. I don't hate pigs. Most pigs are cool. I don't hunt them—or eat them. I'm a vegetarian. So they should have been nice, right? Wrong. It happened like this.

There were three pigs: Pinky Pig, her sister Paddle Pig, and her brother Punk Pig. They came to build a house next door. That's cool. I like neighbors. I just don't like noise. So one day I was eating peas and listening to music. But I couldn't hear it. The pigs were next door yelling—about what kind of house to build. Punk Pig did not like to work.

"Let's use straw, sisters," he said. "We'll be done by noon."

"Straw, my curly tail!" said Paddle Pig. "If it rains we'll drown. Let's use sticks. They float."

"It's not a boat!" shouted Pinky Pig. "We need a house that won't blow over. We'll use bricks."

"No, straw!"

"Sticks, sticks!"

"Bricks, I tell you!"

It was driving me crazy, I went over there. "I'm your neighbor, the Wolf," I said. "I don't want to interfere, but would you please decide?"

"Who asked you, Wolf?" they said. "Go home!" Nice neighbors. Anyway, they decided. On three houses.

## Chapter 2

Punk Pig made a straw house. He threw it together and tied it with a rope. "Finished!" he said to the other pigs. Then he rolled in the mud. Paddle Pig made a stick house. She hammered all day—hammered her Hand ("OW!"), and her foot ("YOW!"). Finally she got it built. Then she paddled her boat around the pond.

Pinky Pig made a brick house. She worked all day and all night. She dropped some bricks and fell off the ladder. She made so much noise, even the sheep couldn't sleep (they tried counting pigs). But in the morning Pinky Pig was finished. And very proud of herself.

"I have the best house of all," she said. Punk Pig thought he had the best house. Paddle Pig thought she had the best house. The pigs started yelling again. It was driving me crazy. I went over there.

## Big Bad Pigs cont.

### Chapter 3

"Excuse me, but all the houses are nice," I said.

"Oh, it's you," said Paddle Pig. "Since you're so interested in our business, try and blow that straw house down!"

"Yes, blow it down," said Pinky Pig.

"Go ahead and try," said Punk Pig. I wanted to be a good neighbor. So I huffed. I puffed. I blew. The straw house went down—whoosh!

Paddle Pig said, "Nice going."

Pinky Pig said, "Nice blowing." And she hugged me. (What had I gotten myself into?)

"That stick house is no better," said Punk Pig. "Blow it down, Wolf."

"Go for it!" said Pinky Pig. "Go ahead and try," said Paddle Pig.

"Well, okay," I said. "But NO hugging." I huffed again. I puffed again. And blew the stick house right to the ground—clatter—thunk!

"My house is a zero!" said Paddle Pig.

"You're my hero!" said Pinky Pig. And she hugged me. She HUGGED me! AGAIN! I'm a patient guy, but that was too much. I'm a wolf, see? I don't like being hugged.

"I ought to blow down your house, too, Pinky Pig."

### Chapter 4

The three pigs ran inside the brick house and locked the door.

Pinky Pig shouted, "Don't threaten me, Wolf! You'll never blow this house down."

"We'll see about that," I said. I huffed—I puffed—I blew. Nothing happened. I huffed again—and puffed again—and BLEW as HARD as I could. The house never moved. Okay. So it was brick.

It could have been a mess after that. But the sheep sisters from next door ate the straw. The beaver from down the street took the sticks. And the pigs stayed together in the brick house.

They didn't argue after that, so the neighborhood was quiet again.

Of course they hate me. They call me a home wrecker. They throw things at me from their window. Like tomatoes and eggs. But that's cool. I'm a patient wolf. And like I said—I'm a vegetarian.

# Little Red

## Chapter 1

Once upon a time, there was a little girl. She sometimes wore a red cape and hood her Granny had made, so everyone called her Little Red. But then Little Red decided she was too old to wear a silly cape. It was not cool. So, she hid the cape in the back of her closet. One day, her mother came into her room with a basket of treats.

"Granny has a cold," she said. "Be a dear and take this basket to her. And wear that cape she made for you." Little Red was not happy.

"I don't like that cape!" she said. "I don't want to wear it. And, besides, I can't go to Granny's house, now, I'll miss my favorite show!" Her mother put her foot down. "You will go, and you will wear your red cape," she said. "Or no TV for a very long time."

Little Red grumbled, "OK." She pulled out the red cape and put it on.

"It could use a little ironing," said her mother. "But never mind. Go straight to Granny's." Little Red walked out the door carrying the basket for Granny.

## Chapter 2

Little Red walked through the woods to get to Granny's. The woods were cool. There were birds chirping in the trees. Fish jumping in the stream. And deer munching on leaves. It was all very scenic. All except for the scraggly wolf leaning against a tree.

"Hey there," said the wolf. "What's in the basket?"

"I can't talk to you," said Little Red. "And what are you doing here, anyway?"

"I'm part of the story," said the wolf. "Don't you read?"

"Of course I read," said Little Red. "I'm always reading."

"And I'm always hungry," said the wolf. "So you're taking the basket to Granny's house, right?"

"Right," said Little Red.

"I could help you out," said the wolf. "If you help me."

"How's that?" asked Little Red. The wolf whispered his plan in the little girl's ear.

"You're very clever," smiled Little Red.

"I'm a wolf," smiled the wolf.

## Little Red cont.

### Chapter 3

Granny was in bed, sneezing, when she heard a knock at the door. She didn't look so good. Her hair was messy. Her house was dusty. And the goldfish was hungry. But after all, Granny was sick.

"Who is it?" she said.

"It's Little Red," said a voice.

"Come in, child," said Granny. Little Red came inside, carrying the basket. The hood was pulled down clear to her nose.

"How lovely to see you," said Granny. "And what a nice basket of treats you brought."

"It's from my dear mother," said Little Red. "It's lovely to see you, too."

"My, you've gotten tall," said Granny.

"Well," said Little Red. "I'm a growing girl."

"And I can hardly see you. Take off the hood, dear."

"Oh, I love it too much to take it off," said Little Red.

"And your nose," said Granny. "It's very-long." Little Red began to cry. "Do you think it's ugly, Granny?"

"Oh, no, dear, it's a lovely nose," said Granny. It was the longest little girl nose she had ever seen.

### Chapter 4

"Let's dig into that basket," she said, changing the subject. Little Red seemed to like that idea—a lot.

They sat at the kitchen table and dug in. There was vegetable soup, fresh hot bread, and chocolate chip cookies. They ate everything. Then they both felt better.

But Granny was still sick, and—"Ah ah ah—CHOO!" She sneezed. Little Red's hood blew right off her head. "You're not Little Red," cried Granny. "You're a dog!"

"Actually—I'm a wolf," said the wolf.

Granny seemed fine with that. "You are welcome to stay."

"Don't mind if I do," said the wolf.

The wolf moved into Granny's spare room. He dusted and cleaned and kept the goldfish fed. Granny and the wolf became great friends. When visitors came, he wore the cape and hood, and Granny called him "Little Red."

So no one ever knew there was a wolf in the house. They did think, though, that Little Red had the longest little girl nose they had ever seen.