Practice texts

Read it. Read it again. Make it sound like talking.



Puddle Day Years 1 and 2

A Splish! I jump in a puddle.

B Splash! My boots get wet.

All Splish, splash, splosh!

A A duck swims up to me.

B Quack! Can the duck jump too?

All Splish, splash, splosh!

The Night Train Years 3 and 4

A The night train hums along the track,

B past sleeping farms and fields of black.

A A fox looks up. An owl calls “Who?”

B The train just rumbles, rumbles through.

All Clickety-clack, clickety-clack,

All into the dark and never back!

A Then dawn comes pink across the hill,

B the station waits, the train stands still.

The Fog Years 5 and 6

Nobody saw the fog arrive. One minute, the harbour was bright and busy; the next, it had vanished. Boats became grey shapes, then nothing at all. Somewhere out there, a bell rang once, slowly. Mira gripped the rail. Her brother’s boat was still out, and the tide was turning. “He knows the way,” she whispered. “He always knows the way.” Then, through the grey, came a small, steady light.

My reading voice

	1st read	2nd read	3rd read
I knew the words.	☐	☐	☐
I stopped at the full stops.	☐	☐	☐
My voice went up and down.	☐	☐	☐
It sounded like talking.	☐	☐	☐