

# READING COMPREHENSION



## MOSQUITO MADNESS

I'm drifting off to sleep, listening to the summer night's breeze rustling the leaves of the lignum vitae tree outside my window. I'm almost asleep when a loud buzzing sound fills my ear. A

disturbing annoyance cancels all thoughts of sleep, disturbs all peace.

Buzzzzzzzz...buzzzzzzzz... buzzzzzzzz! Only a mosquito can make that sound. How did it get in here? Buzzzzzzzz...buzzzzzzzz.

I swat and slap at this annoying creature. I'll knock it down in midair and put it out of its misery. That itchy – bitsy pest can't survive my powerful swipes. So I swing to the left, to the right, above my head, over my stomach, everywhere. I don't miss an inch in the darkness. Nothing could survive this extreme attack of mine! I probably look like a crazed wind turbine. There, I'm certain now it has to be dead.

Slowly my panting fades. Tranquility is returning. Then I realize my body is tensing. It is becoming so uptight my muscles start to weaken. I'm listening so hard my ears feel like they're twitching. There is silence. No nasty creature here to bother me anymore. The breeze rustles the leaves; I'm on Goodman's Bay – blue water, giant white clouds like full – blooming hibiscus, warm sand. Suddenly, I snap awake: buzzzzzzzz...buzzzzzzzz... buzzzzzzzz! No, no, no!

Okay, this time I will get it. I swing my feet onto the floor, turn on the light, pick up a t-shirt, and listen. I peer everywhere like an eagle. I look carefully into the light, and see nothing. Do lights attract mosquitoes I wonder? I scan the walls, and ceiling with my t-shirt gripped as hard possible ready for the assault.

I decide to crawl back into bed. Leaving the light on. I cling to my t-shirt, I wait and listen. A car goes by. The breeze crackles the leaves. How can I hear the buzz with this racket? I close the window and pick up my deadly weapon. Yes, now I can hear better, I am ready. I was born ready for this adventurous game.

I ball up my t-shirt. I'm ready and waiting. One swipe and this war will be over. Then I see it, clinging to the wall like super glue, waiting for me to just smack it. On the count of three, I am going to kill it. One...two...THREE! SWAT! SWAP! SMACK! SWIPE! Ahhhhh, at last.

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

GRADE: 5

1. What is the **setting** of the story? Tell **where** and **when**.

where: \_\_\_\_\_ when: \_\_\_\_\_

2. According to information presented in paragraphs **THREE** and **FOUR** of the passage, to what does the author compare the following?

I. giant white clouds \_\_\_\_\_

II. her eyes \_\_\_\_\_

3. "**Slowly my panting fades. Tranquility is returning.**" Which word best defines the word *tranquility* as used in the sentence?

A. chaos

B. peacefulness

C. commotion

4. "**Then I realize my body is tensing. It is becoming so uptight my muscles start to weaken.**" These symptoms indicate that the narrator is experiencing...

A. a heart attack

B. an anxiety attack

C. the flu

5. Choose the letter next to the word pairs that are synonyms.

A. attack and assault

B. crawl and swipe

C. peer and pant

6. Using the numbers **1, 2, 3,** and **4** number the sentences below to show the order in which they happened in the story.

\_\_\_\_\_ close the window

\_\_\_\_\_ starts to dream

\_\_\_\_\_ checked the walls and the ceiling

\_\_\_\_\_ turn on the light



NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

GRADE: 5