

Name: _____ Date: _____

Use context clues to determine the meaning of the underlined words in the following passage. Use the passage to answer the questions on the following pages.

What Stinks?

Opening the door into my house was like bumping into a wall of the nastiest smell in the whole world.

"Mom?" I called.

There was no answer, so I proceeded to the kitchen in search of clues. Could it be rotten food in the refrigerator? Hesitantly, I pulled the refrigerator door open, but quickly realized that the odor wasn't coming from the fridge. It was just too revolting to be rotting vegetables or rotten milk.

"Dad?" I yelled.

I was met with silence. The putrid smell seemed to be intensifying. I felt like my nose hairs were starting to singe and burn.

"Sam?" I screamed in a much more desperate tone. Surely he would be home from school. While I waited for a reply, I crept slowly down the hall towards his bedroom. Pulling the front of my shirt over my nose, I rapped on his door, quietly at first, then with more trepidation.

"Brother, you here?" I called.

Yet again, no answer.

Feeling defeated, I made my way back down the hall towards the kitchen and wondered what could be going on. The odor wasn't like anything I had ever smelled before.

Just as I placed my backpack on the back of the kitchen chair, my mom busted through the back door.

"GET OUT!" she screeched.

I didn't even have a chance to respond. She clutched my arm and virtually threw me right out the back door.

"Where have you been?" she said, with a sense of urgency in her voice.

"Um, where have you been?" I retorted, "and what's that terrible smell?"

Just then, a truck pulled up in front of the house.

"I drove to your school to pick you up because I didn't want you to come home. I must have missed you. Dad and Sam are at the neighbors," she replied.

A man appeared at the back gate.

"We're here to investigate a gas leak," he said.

"A gas leak?" I mumbled.

Wow! Gas really does stink, I thought.

