Best Practices in Reading

Targeted Instruction in These Key Reading Strategies:
- Draw Conclusions
- Make Connections
- Make Inferences
- Make Predictions
- Question
- Understand Genre
- Visualize

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Think About Genre

One type of literature is fiction. Fiction stories are made up by authors, but they may tell about events that could really happen. That is true for this adventure story, “Dangerous Storm.”

Write two sentences that tell about an adventure story.

A. It may be exciting.
B. It tells about something that really happened.
C. It tells how to make something.
D. The characters may face danger.

Think About the Topic

Read the introduction to “Dangerous Storm” again. Ask yourself: What kinds of storms are dangerous? Write two kinds of storms below.

1. 
2. 

Preview and Predict

Look at the story. Read the title and look at the pictures. Write what you think “Dangerous Storm” will be about.
“I don’t like the look of that sky,” said Grandpa. “Let’s go home.”

“Can’t we stay here at the lake and let the rain cool us off?” asked Alex.

The weather was hot and sticky. Fishing in Grandpa’s boat was the best thing to happen all day.

“I think we’re in for quite a storm,” Grandpa said. By the time they reached shore, a breeze was stirring the air. Suddenly, a flash of lightning ran across the sky. Then they heard loud thunder.

“I’d say we got out of the lake just in time!” said Grandpa.

“Yeah,” Alex agreed. He knew it was dangerous to be in the water during a thunderstorm.

The sky looked black. Grandpa’s old truck bumped along the gravel road. Before he and Alex reached the highway, **hailstones** were beating down everywhere.

**hailstones** (HALE-stohnz)  
small round pieces of ice that fall like rain
“It’s not safe to be on the road,” said Grandpa.
“Let’s head for Aunt Lou’s farm.”

Aunt Lou lived on a farm just outside of town. As they pulled into her driveway, Alex saw a strange, dark, V-shaped cloud.

“Tornado!” shouted Grandpa as he jumped from the truck. “Head for the cellar. I’ll help Aunt Lou!”

Aunt Lou called from her porch. “Where’s Lady?”

“I’ll get her,” said Alex. “I saw her go into the shed.”

Lady was Aunt Lou’s German shepherd. Alex ran toward the shed. Two voices called him back, but he didn’t hear them.

Just then the shed door flew off and sailed up. The wind roared like a jet plane. There was no time to run back into the cellar. The tornado was here!
Alex thought fast. He remembered an old root cellar next to the shed. It was like a small cave.
“Here, Lady,” he called. “Come with me!” He pulled the big dog out of the shed and into the cellar. Lady was shaking.

The storm crashed and roared over their heads. Alex gently stroked Lady’s fur.

Then the wind became quiet. Alex looked out. He stared, surprised. The shed was gone! Aunt Lou and Grandpa were coming toward him.

They could not believe what the tornado left behind. Aunt Lou’s porch was in ruins. Power lines were down. Broken boards, tree branches, and smashed flowerpots lay everywhere in her yard.

“You’ve got a lot of damage here, Lou,” said Grandpa.

Aunt Lou just smiled. “We’re all safe,” she said. “That’s what really matters!”