

OAT Authentic Test Questions – 4th Grade Reading

Reading Applications: Literary Text Standard

One Little Can Reading Passage Questions

1. " 'Well, Fluffy,' she said to her cat, 'Mr. Lee isn't the only one who can do a bit of outdoor spring cleaning.' "

Who is speaking?

- ☐ A. Rachel
- ☐ B. Mr. Lee
- ☐ C. Fluffy
- ☐ D. Mrs. Polansky

2. What is the major conflict in the selection and how is it resolved?

3. Why does Rachel sing on the way home?

- ☐ A. She feels good about her neighborhood.
- ☐ B. A woman gives her some flowers.
- ☐ C. Mr. Lee gives her a candy bar to eat.
- ☐ D. Mr. Lee thanks her for her help.

4. What is the theme of this selection?
- ☐ A. One good deed can lead to others.
 - ☐ B. A little litter in the street does not matter.
 - ☐ C. Neighborhoods are made of happy people.
 - ☐ D. It feels good to help a friend in need.

The Old Coat Reading Passage Questions

5. Who is the speaker in the poem?
- ☐ A. grandma
 - ☐ B. mother
 - ☐ C. father
 - ☐ D. a child

The Wag-o-meter Study Reading Passage Questions

6. Complete the experiment log to summarize the narrator's experiment.

Wag-o-meter Experiment Log

Hypothesis:

Procedure:

Data:	<u>Count 1</u>	<u>Count 2</u>
Ginger	_____	_____
Gingy	_____	_____
GinGin	_____	_____
Puppy	_____	_____
Cabbage	_____	_____

Conclusion:

7. How does the narrator make sure that her results are correct?
- ☐ A. She does not count all of the tail wags the first time.
 - ☐ B. She uses different names the second time she counts.
 - ☐ C. She changes the order in which she calls the names.
 - ☐ D. She makes sure Ginger is seated for the experiment.
8. What is the main idea of **The Results** section of this experiment?
- ☐ A. what name the puppy likes the most
 - ☐ B. what names the narrator uses in the experiment
 - ☐ C. what the puppy's different nicknames are
 - ☐ D. what name the narrator calls the puppy at home

Tanya's City Garden Reading Passage Questions

9. Why does Tanya decide to make a garden?
- ☐ A. Ramon, her brother, keeps bothering her.
 - ☐ B. She does not see anything good out of her window.
 - ☐ C. Ms. Metoyer tells her she needs to be more creative.
 - ☐ D. She wants to be on television with the mayor.
10. At the beginning of the selection, the alley is dull and gray. Write four things that happen in the selection that change the way the alley looks. Write them in the order that they happen in the selection.
- a. _____
 - b. _____
 - c. _____
 - d. _____

11. "Gerald admired the garden, too. A twinkle came into his eyes. He smiled a mysterious smile."

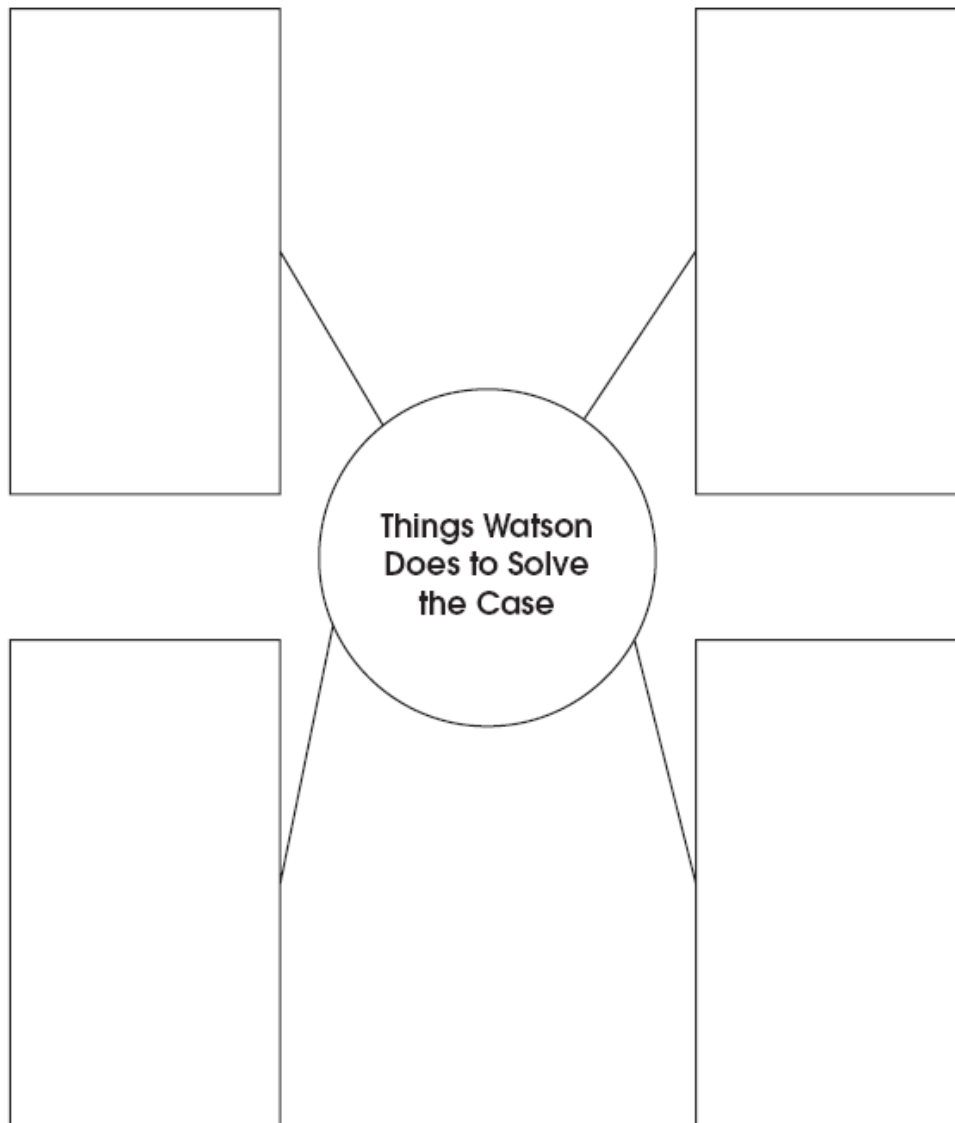
What do these sentences tell us about Gerald?

- ☐ A. He is bored with the garden.
 - ☐ B. He has an idea for the garden.
 - ☐ C. He thinks the garden is funny.
 - ☐ D. He is happy the mayor is coming.
12. What is the theme of this selection?
- ☐ A. News stories are everywhere.
 - ☐ B. Some things are easy to change.
 - ☐ C. Friendships are important to make.
 - ☐ D. One person can make a difference.

Hamburger Me at the Car Reading Passage Questions

13. Who is telling the story in this selection?
- ☐ A. Watson
 - ☐ B. Buddy
 - ☐ C. narrator
 - ☐ D. Ross
14. In the beginning of the selection, what makes Watson race down the stairs and out the front door?
- ☐ A. He wants to catch the school bus.
 - ☐ B. He wants to follow Buddy.
 - ☐ C. He wants to meet Ross at the park.
 - ☐ D. He wants to follow Ross.

15. Complete the web with things Watson does to solve the case.



Grocery Oasis Reading Passage Questions

16. How does the speaker feel when she comes to the grocery store door?
- ☐ A. surprised
 - ☐ B. relieved
 - ☐ C. disappointed
 - ☐ D. angry

17. Which phrase from the poem describes cool temperatures?

- ☐ A. toasts our sneakers
- ☐ B. the pavement shimmers
- ☐ C. what frigid freshness
- ☐ D. roasts our feet

The Parcel Post Kid Reading Passage Questions

18. Using details from the selection, give two reasons May's parents decided to send her as a package.

a. _____

b. _____

19. Why do you think the postmaster checked his book of rules?

- ☐ A. to find the right stamp for May
- ☐ B. to find what it cost to go to Lewiston
- ☐ C. to see if May was tall enough to travel
- ☐ D. to see if he could mail a person

Memory Reading Passage Questions

20.

What is the theme of this poem?

- ☐ A. Some people have better memories than others.
- ☐ B. We should share our memories with each other.
- ☐ C. Memory stores all of our past experiences.
- ☐ D. A memory can easily be forgotten.

21. What characteristic shows that this selection is a poem?

- ☐ A. plot
- ☐ B. rhyme
- ☐ C. information about memory
- ☐ D. the use of the words "we've" and "we're"

Directions: Read the selection.

One Little Can

by David LaRochelle



Rachel scowled in disgust as she walked to the school bus stop. The sidewalk was littered with newspapers and candy wrappers. The front door to Lee's Grocery was covered with ugly graffiti.

"Yuck!" Rachel said as she brought her foot back to kick a soda can off the curb. Then she changed her mind, picked the can up, and tossed it into a litter basket on the corner. She hurried to meet her friends at the bus stop.

Mr. Lee scowled as he looked out his grocery store window. "Hmph," he said as the girl passed by. She's probably another troublemaker, he thought.

To confirm his suspicion, the girl stepped back to kick a piece of garbage into the street. What she did next, though, surprised him. She bent down, picked up the old can, and dropped it into a trash can.

That's a switch, thought Mr. Lee.

All morning, he kept picturing that girl. At noon, when he walked to the corner to mail a letter, he noticed the litter that had piled up in front of his store.

He thought of that girl again, then got a broom and started sweeping the walk.

Mrs. Polansky peered out from between the window blinds in her living room. A crumpled sheet of newspaper blew into her yard and got snagged on a rosebush. She hated living across the street from Lee's Grocery. Customers were always dropping their trash in front of the store, and it would blow into her yard.

Maybe I should write a letter to the city council, she thought. If Mr. Lee is going to let his store be such an eyesore, maybe it should be shut down.

Just then Mr. Lee walked out his door. He was sweeping up the trash on his sidewalk.

That's a change, thought Mrs. Polansky.

A few minutes later, when she went to let her cat out, she noticed that the stray newspaper had unsnagged itself from her rosebush and was tumbling into the next yard.

Mrs. Polansky looked around at her own unkempt yard.

"Well, Fluffy," she said to her cat, "Mr. Lee isn't the only one who can do a bit of outdoor spring cleaning."

She went inside and got her work gloves and a trash bag.

When Rachel got off the school bus that afternoon, the first thing she noticed was the woman planting geraniums around the edges of her front walk. Hadn't that yard been strewn with dead branches and soggy newspapers this morning? Several other yards looked tidier, too.

When she passed Lee's Grocery, Mr. Lee was out front painting his door. He smiled at her as she walked by.

Maybe my neighborhood doesn't look so bad after all, Rachel thought. She knelt down and picked up a lone candy bar wrapper, slam-dunked it into the litter basket, and sang out loud the rest of the way home.

Directions: Read the selection.

The Wag-o-meter Study

by Suzanne M. Baur



I have a puppy named Ginger who likes it when I call her. But sometimes I call her "Gingy" or "GinGin," and sometimes I just say "Puppy." One day I decided to try to figure out which name she likes best.

I wanted to be very scientific about discovering her favorite name, so I decided to do a research experiment. Since Ginger wags her tail whenever she's happy, I would use it as a tool. I called it a *wag-o-meter*. I would count the number of wags on the wag-o-meter when I called her by each name and measure how happy she was.

Ginger knows her name, but does she know her nicknames, too? Which name is her favorite? These are the questions I would answer in The Wag-o-meter Study.

The Hypothesis

A *hypothesis* is an educated guess about what will happen in an experiment. What did I think would happen in The Wag-o-meter Study? I thought that Ginger would wag her tail most when I said "Ginger," because that's her real name. I thought I would get fewer tail wags from Gingy, GinGin, or Puppy,

because they are nicknames, and I don't use her nicknames as often as I use her real name.

The Control Word

But what if Ginger just likes hearing my voice? I decided to throw in a *control word* and say it in exactly the same tone of voice as I said her real name and nicknames. A control word would help me measure other reasons for Ginger's wagging besides the names themselves. I picked "cabbage" to be my control word. Maybe I'd get a few thumps on the wag-o-meter if I called her "Cabbage" just because I would say it as though I was calling her. But there should be fewer wags than when I called her real name or any of her nicknames.

The Data

Now I was ready to gather the *data*. Data is information measured in an experiment, in this case, the number of wags on the wag-o-meter.

Ginger was sitting on the floor. I sat down on a chair near her. "Ginger," I said. *Thump thump thump thump thump thump* went her tail. Six thumps on the wag-o-meter.

"Gingy," I said, trying to use the same tone of voice. *Thump thump thump thump* went her tail. Four wags.

"GinGin," I said. *Thump thump thump*. Three wags. I guess she doesn't like that name as much.

"Puppy," I said. *Thump thump thump thump thump thump thump thump*. Eight wags! That was even more than her real name. She must really like being called Puppy.

"Cabbage," I said, careful to use the same tone of voice as when I called her the other names. *Thump thump*. Two wags, that was all.

I said all the words again: her real name, her nicknames, and the word "cabbage," but this time I switched around the order. The wag-o-meter measured the same number of tail wags for each word as the first time.

The Results

Almost everything happened as I thought it would. I got six wags for Ginger, which was more than the four wags for Gingy or the three for GinGin. I got only two wags for Cabbage. But that was a silly word I said to see if she would use her wag-o-meter just because she heard my voice.

There was one thing I was wrong about. I got eight wags when I called her Puppy. That wasn't her real name. Why did I get eight wags?

The Conclusion

I thought about it for a while. Ginger knows her name, but maybe she doesn't always like to hear her name. Sometimes I say, "Ginger, it's time for your bath," or "Ginger, did you chew up my slippers?"

When I call her "Puppy" though, I'm usually holding her and petting her. The only thing I say with this special nickname is "Puppy, I love you." Maybe that's why she likes it best.

Directions: Read the selection.

The Old Coat

by Siv Cedering

The old coat that hangs on the porch
doesn't seem to think
or dream,

but it goes along
when grandpa walks to the barn
to see that the horse is fed.

It covers grandma's apron
when she goes outside
to give the birds some bread.

It flaps its sleeves
when mother runs to the coop
to check if the hens have laid.

It buttons up tight in the storm
to keep father warm
when he puts the tools away in the shed.

And in the evening, before I go to bed,
it stands with sleeves rolled up
in the yard

looking for coat constellations
or the flapping wings
of some old coat bird.



Directions: Read the selection.

Tanya's City Garden

by Michelle Dionetti



Tanya leaned out her apartment window. She looked down to the cement alley below. The brick walls were old and dirty. The fire hydrant needed paint.

There was nothing good to look at. Tanya sighed and shook her head.

"Look, Ramon," she said to her brother. "Everything out there is gray!"

"What can YOU do about it?" he asked.

"I'm going to make a garden," said Tanya.

"In the cement?" hooted Ramon.

"Just wait and see!" said Tanya.

Tanya pulled a plastic rose out of the vase on her dresser. She put the rose in a jar. Then she grabbed a broom and took the vase down to the sidewalk.

The alley between the buildings was filthy. Tanya's broom stirred up swirls of dust. When the cement was clean, she put her rose in the middle of the alley.

"I have an idea," said Max the artist. He held a box of paints and a fistful of brushes. "You can't grow grass here," said Max. "And you can't see much sky. I'll paint you a view!"

With his paints, Max turned the brick apartment walls into a scene of hills and trees and sky. He let Ramon's class paint in flowers and bugs and birds.

Mrs. Primrose, the florist, came down the sidewalk pulling a wagon. In the wagon was a potted tree, which she placed near the bench.

Then down the street came Miriam Grand, the television executive. *Clip, clip, clip* went the heels of her shoes. When she came to Tanya's garden, she stopped with a jerk.

"What's this?" she cried.

"It's a city garden!" chorused Tanya, Ramon, Ms. Jones, Gerald, Ms. Metoyer, Ramon's class, Mrs. Primrose, and Max.

"It's a *story*!" cried Miriam Grand. "It's *news*!"

And away she ran, her heels *clip-clip-clipping*, to call her office.

Soon a shiny car and a big van stopped at the end of the alley. Out of the car jumped the mayor of the city. Out of the van jumped a camera crew.

"Who started the garden?" they asked.

"Tanya!" everyone shouted, pushing her forward.

The mayor cleared his throat. The cameras started rolling.

"I present this Ribbon of Honor to Tanya," said the mayor, "as an award for beautifying the city!"

Tanya took the award in her hand and looked around her. The brick walls were no longer dirty. The alley was clean. The garden was beautiful to look at.

Then Tanya looked around at her neighbors and smiled.

"Thank you, Mr. Mayor," she said, "but this is not my garden. It's our garden!"

She hung the ribbon on the fire escape. "So this award is for all of us," she cried. And Tanya's neighbors—her fellow city gardeners—cheered.

Directions: Read the selection.

Hamburger Me at the Car!

by Unknown



Watson sat on the edge of his bed and looked out his bedroom window. He glanced at his watch. It was 9:59 a.m. A moment later, at exactly 10:00, he saw Ross Bailey leave his house. Ross strolled down the sidewalk with an empty white sack slung over his shoulder.

Watson felt like a detective on his first case. He raced down the steps to follow Ross. Every Saturday at exactly 10:00 a.m., Ross Bailey left with that empty sack. He always returned later with his friend Buddy and a full sack. *Just where were they going, and what did they put in that sack?* Watson meant to find out!

The front door slammed behind Watson as he left to follow Ross down the street.

Watson raced to the end of the street and looked both ways, but Ross had disappeared.

For the rest of the week, Watson watched Ross on the school bus and in the classroom. He followed him home. But nothing happened.

Then, on Friday afternoon, Watson saw Ross pass a note to Buddy. Buddy read the note, crumpled it up, and tossed it across the room and into the trash can. Then he smiled at Ross and signaled two thumbs up.

A *clue!* Watson thought as he eyed the trash can. When class ended, Watson was the last one out. As he passed the trash can, he scooped up the note.

At home, Watson unfolded the note. This is how it looked:

"Hamburger me at the car on Saturday! The money will be all clock!" Watson read. This makes no sense at all, he thought. *It must be a secret code!*

During dinner, Watson thought about the note. He thought about it as he helped wash dishes and again during his bath. That night, he closed his eyes and tried to sleep, but all he could think about was the note.

A hamburger is meat, Watson thought. The car is parked, and time goes by in hours! All at once, it made sense. **Meet** me at the **park** on Saturday. The **money** will be all **ours!**

Watson jumped out of bed early Saturday morning and hurried to the park. It wasn't long before Ross and Buddy arrived. Ross was carrying the sack. Watson huddled down behind the bush.

Watson watched as Ross and Buddy wandered around the edge of the park. They bent down every now and then to pick up shiny objects and drop them into the sack.

What could the objects be? Watson wondered. *They're too big to be coins. Could they be silver or gold?*

The sack was almost full when Ross and Buddy walked by Watson's hiding place. Suddenly, Watson jumped out.

"I caught you!" he shouted.

The boys jumped and dropped the sack. Ross stared at Watson. "Caught us doing what?" he demanded.

"Getting the money!"

For a moment, Ross and Buddy looked confused. Then Ross began to laugh.

"You must have read my note!" he said.

Buddy laughed too. "But we haven't gotten the money yet," he said as he turned the sack upside down. Aluminum cans spilled to the ground.

Watson looked at the cans, then at the boys.

"We get the money when we take the cans to the recycling center," Buddy explained. "You can help us if you want to."

Watson was quiet for a moment. "Thanks," he said finally, "but I still have some work to do."

Already, Watson was planning his next case. *Just who is dropping empty cans in the park? And why?* Watson meant to find out!

Directions: Read the selection.

Grocery Oasis

By Ruth Haq

When we're tired of tramping on hot concrete
That toasts our sneakers
And roasts our feet,
And the sidewalk sizzles,
And the pavement shimmers
With wavy wiggles of radiant heat,

We come at last to the welcome door
Of the air-conditioned
Grocery store.
What soothing coolness,
What frigid freshness—
From desert sand to oasis floor!

Let's stay all day,
Let's spend a while
In the frozen juice
And ice cream aisle!
Choosing greens
Will be specially nice—
We can dip our hands
In the chips of ice.

Let's not go out again on the street
To the sizzling sidewalk and hot concrete;
We'll be scorched if we stay in that heat anymore—
Let's wait for night in the grocery store!



Directions: Read the selection.

The Parcel Post Kid

by Michael O. Tunnell



On a cold February morning in 1914, Leonard Mochel arrived for work. He was a railroad postal clerk and rode in the mail car that traveled between Grangeville and Lewiston, Idaho. But on this particular morning, he had more than his lunch with him. Accompanying him was his five-year-old cousin, Charlotte May Pierstorff.

When the postmaster saw May and her small traveling bag, he thought that Leonard was going to buy her a train ticket. Imagine his surprise when Leonard announced that he wanted to mail May to her grandmother in Lewiston!

May's train fare would have cost \$1.55, a lot of money in those days. But May's parents had discovered that she could be mailed for only 53¢—if the post office would accept May as a package. Leonard thought it was a crazy idea, but he agreed to try.

We would never think of mailing a human being today, but things were different in 1914. For one thing, sending heavy packages by mail was something new, so who could guess what might be allowed? And in 1914, mail was carried in rolling post offices instead of in the bellies of airplanes or the backs of trucks. Postal

clerks like Leonard Mochel would sort mail while trains traveled between towns. If May were mailed, she would have her cousin Leonard's company as well as a safe and comfortable place to ride.

When the postmaster checked his book of rules, he found several things that he could not mail. No poisons. No insects. No reptiles. Nothing that smelled strongly. According to Leonard, the postmaster had a few funny things to say that morning. Maybe he sniffed May, laughed, and declared that she passed the smell test.

Live animals were also forbidden, but the postmaster found that it was all right to send baby chicks by parcel post. So he classified May as a baby chick, weighed her in at $48\frac{1}{2}$ pounds (which may have included her small suitcase), and attached 53¢ in postage to her bag. As well as being "stamped," May was also "addressed":

Deliver to Mrs. C. G. Vennigerholz

1156 Twelfth Avenue

Lewiston, Idaho

Leonard helped May into the mail car, and at 7:00 A.M., the train chugged out of the station.

As it jolted and swayed over the tracks, May began to get dizzy. She hurried to the door to get some fresh air. Immediately Harry Morris, the conductor, spotted her and demanded to see May's ticket. When Leonard explained that May was actually a parcel and showed him the 53¢ in stamps, Mr. Morris laughed. "I've seen everything now!" he said. He was certain May's adventure would make a terrific story for the newspapers.

Traveling about nineteen miles an hour, the train finally reached Lewiston at 11:00 A.M. Grandma Mary was flabbergasted when May appeared on her doorstep. No one had told her that her granddaughter was coming to visit, and delivery by mail was an extra shock!

Directions: Read the selection.

Memory

by Mary O'Neill



Memory is a tape recorder
And there's one in every head
Storing everything we've ever seen,
Or felt, or heard, or said.
The word, *remember*, simply means
We're playing back a part
Of all that's been recorded there
And lives close to our heart.
Sad thing, sweet thing,
Whatever it be,
The calling it back is a
Memory.