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It should be noted that most of the pages are identifiable as having been processed by me.

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I put a lot of time into producing these files which is why you are met with this page when you open the file.

In order to generate this file, I need to scan the pages, split the double pages and remove any edge marks such as punch holes, clean up the pages, set the relevant pages to be all the same size and alignment. I then run Omnipage (OCR) to generate the searchable text and then generate the pdf file.

Hopefully after all that, I end up with a presentable file. If you find missing pages, pages in the wrong order, anything else wrong with the file or simply want to make a comment, please drop me a line (see above).

It is my hope that you find the file of use to you personally – I know that I would have liked to have found some of these files years ago – they would have saved me a lot of time !

Colin Hinson

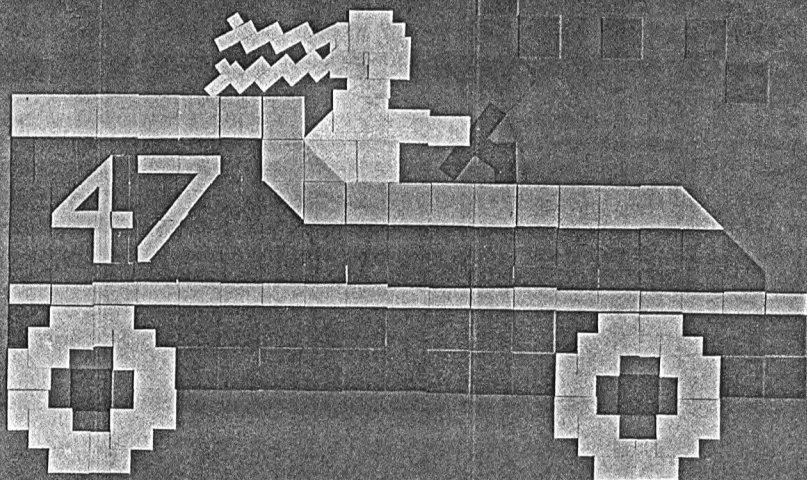
In the village of Blunham, Bedfordshire.

# READING ADVENTURES READER

Scott, Foresman

Ages 7-9

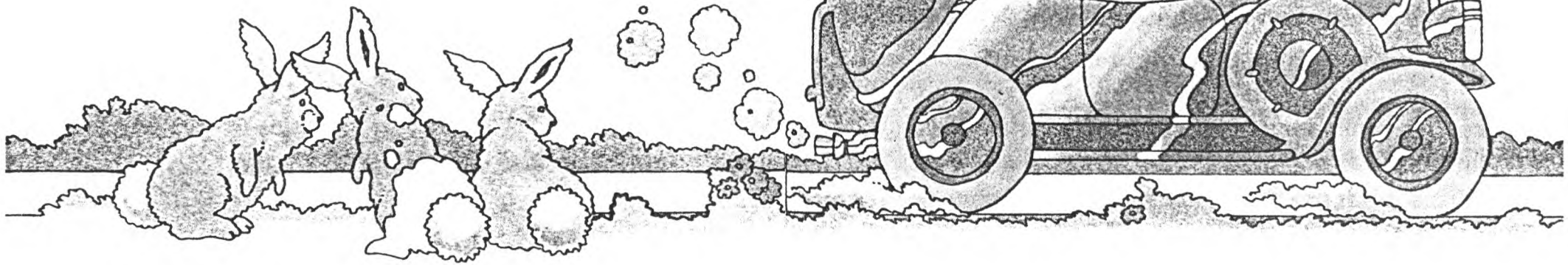
Grade 3 Reading Level





# COUNT BRUNO AND THE OLD JALOPY

by Carol Behun



*Is Grandpa's old car haunted? Think about the main ideas and supporting details to help you find out.*

"Ouch! It's hot in here! Let me out!"

"Grandpa, did you say something?"

"No, Kathy, you're just hearing all the squeaks and groans this old jalopy of mine always makes. This car is a beauty, but it lets me know how old it is," Grandpa said with a laugh.

"Let me out of here! It's too hot!"

This time I knew it wasn't Grandpa talking. But who could it be?

The old car managed to coast to the curb with a puff of smoke coming from the engine. Grandpa opened his door. "Kathy, please wait for me. I want to buy a few things before we go home."

As soon as Grandpa went into the store, I hurried and felt under the seat. I pulled open the glove compartment and searched through all the junk. Then I jumped into the back seat and looked everywhere. I saw nothing. Then, just as I climbed back into the front seat, I heard the voice again. "It's hot in here! Let me out!"

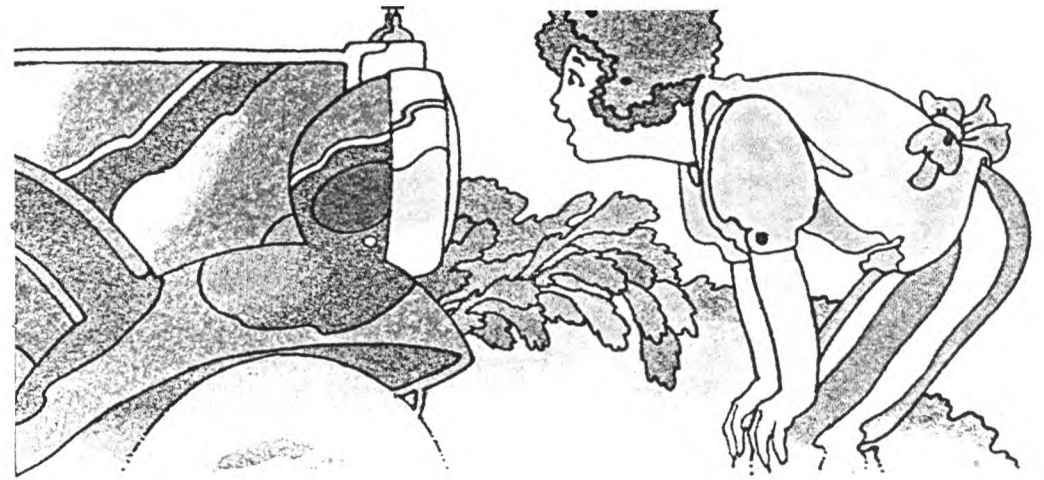
That did it. "All right. Who are you? Where are you?" I asked boldly.

"My name," the voice said, "is Count Bruno Brunafulsom. I'm trapped under the hood of this pile of junk. I was on the windshield getting a moontan last night when a nosy squirrel pulled the blanket I was lying on. As I rolled away from the squirrel, I fell through a tiny slit and slid onto this spark plug. I tried to climb out, but it's slippery down here. Do you think you can help me?"

Before I could say anything, Grandpa came out of the store. As he opened the jalopy's door, it creaked as loudly as the old engine had sputtered. "Sorry I took so long. Let's go," he said.

As Grandpa and I chugged along, I kept waiting anxiously for Count Bruno to say something. When he didn't, I began to wonder if he was safe.

Finally, the old jalopy turned onto Newport Street where we lived. Grandpa decided to coast to the garage, but the old jalopy didn't quite make it. It crawled to a halt in front of our house. Grandpa and I got out and carried the packages inside.



Later that afternoon, Grandpa fell asleep on the couch. Great! I thought to myself. This would give me a chance to try and talk to Count Bruno again. I walked quietly to the front door and opened it slowly. Once out of the house, I ran straight to the hood of Grandpa's car. "Count Bruno, are you all right? I've come to help you."

His voice sounded very weak as he whispered, "Oh, Kathy! It's so dark and oily down here, and I am so small you won't be able to see me. You must go to the park and look for my brothers. You will need a magnifying glass to help you. When you find them, bring them back to help me. Now let me tell you where to find our house."

I listened carefully to the directions. Then I quickly ran back into my house for my magnifying glass.

I followed Count Bruno's directions and headed for the park. On the way, I kept wondering what kind of house I would find and what his brothers would be like.

When I reached the park, I crawled through the grass for at least an hour. I was dirty and tired, but I knew I had to keep looking.

Suddenly, I saw something glowing. I immediately fell on my hands and knees and slowly moved toward the light. To my surprise, I found myself staring at two yellow matchboxes. One was on top of the other, and they were partially hidden by a fallen oak leaf. This must be Count Bruno's house, I thought to myself. I whispered softly, "Count Bruno is in trouble. Please come with me to help him."

Through my magnifying glass, I saw a small piece of wood move and open like a door. I gasped when I saw what looked like two tiny men standing in the light. They looked and were dressed alike. It was impossible to tell them apart. I wondered if Count Bruno looked like them.

I quickly explained about Count Bruno and the old jalopy. They agreed to help, so I



picked them up gently and placed them in my pocket. When we got back to the car, I took them out and stood them on the hood.

It was amazing to watch them face each other, close their eyes, and snap their fingers. Instantly, a tiny brown pouch appeared at their feet. Then, each cousin reached into the bag and pulled out a handful of sparkling powder. They sprinkled it over the old bent hood and mumbled three words, "Graphle, snozzle, poof!"

Before I could blink an eye, the hood of the old jalopy began to disappear and the inside lit up. I took my magnifying glass from my pocket and looked inside for the spark plug.



Then I saw him! Count Bruno looked as unusual as his brothers. He was dressed in a polka-dot bow tie with green balloon trousers and a lavender jacket. His shoes were bright orange and curled at the toes. Here and there oily spots smudged his colorful clothes. There was even a drop of oil at the tip of his nose. "Count Bruno, it's you!" I exclaimed.

I reached inside, and Count Bruno stepped onto my finger. I slowly lifted him up. "Kathy, you've saved my life. What can I do to thank you? I know. I'll show you how. . . ."

Suddenly I felt someone shaking me. "Kathy, honey, wake up now. It's all over. You'll feel fine in a few minutes."

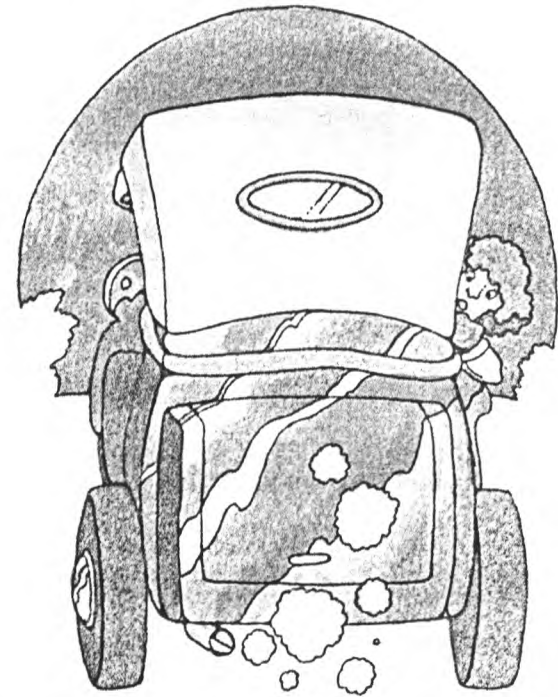
I woke up and saw Grandpa and the dentist leaning over me. "That nasty tooth

gave me a great deal of trouble," said Dr. George, "but I took care of it for you."

I felt shaky when I stood up. Grandpa helped me to walk until I felt better. After thanking the dentist, Grandpa and I left.

"Come on, Kathy, let's get into the old jalopy and go home." I opened the car door and sat down. I was anxious to get home. I rested my head on the back of the seat. Just before Grandpa opened the door, I heard it!

"Ouch! It's hot in here! Let me out!"



# METRO CALLING

by Clovis Bordeaux

*Is there an unidentified flying object out there? As you read Carey's record, try to draw conclusions from the information she gives you.*

Monday, 9:00 A.M.

My job as our school's newspaper reporter has brought me here to the Metro Airport control tower. I'm spending the morning with Ann Fisher, an air traffic controller.

9:10 A.M.

There is no air traffic this morning so it is very still outside the control tower. A thick fog is slowly creeping over the airport, and the sky is very cloudy.

9:30 A.M.

Ann Fisher has completed checking all the equipment. Now we hear a loud "BEEP" coming from the radar system. As I look at the radar, I see a bright dot moving across the screen. It appears to be a very large object flying slowly at about twelve hundred feet. Ann sends a message. "This is Metro calling. Come in, come in." She repeats this message several times, but there's no answer.

9:45 A.M.

I am looking at a map of the surrounding area. It shows a railroad yard, golf course, and shopping center to the south of the airport. So far, none of these places has reported an unidentified object flying overhead.

10:00 A.M.

Ann continues calling because she hopes the flying object has radio equipment aboard. "This is Metro calling. Come in, come in." Still, there is no answer.



10:10 A.M.

Ann just received a telephone call from the golf course. Some of the golfers caught glimpses of a large, round object moving slowly above the golf course. They couldn't tell what it was because of the clouds.

10:20 A.M.

I am helping Ann check the weather radar. The wind is coming from the south. The sky is still cloudy, and the fog has not lifted. According to the radar screen, the object is now coming from the south and moving at the same speed as the wind.

10:45 A.M.

The sun is coming out, and the fog is beginning to lift. Maybe I'll be able to spot the UFO with my binoculars.

11:00 A.M.

The fog is gradually disappearing, but there are still many clouds in the sky. Still, there is no sign of the flying object.

11:10 A.M.

I see something moving from behind the clouds. Here comes the flying object. It looks like a red and orange ball with gold ropes and lines hanging down. It seems to be floating as free as a bird in the wind.

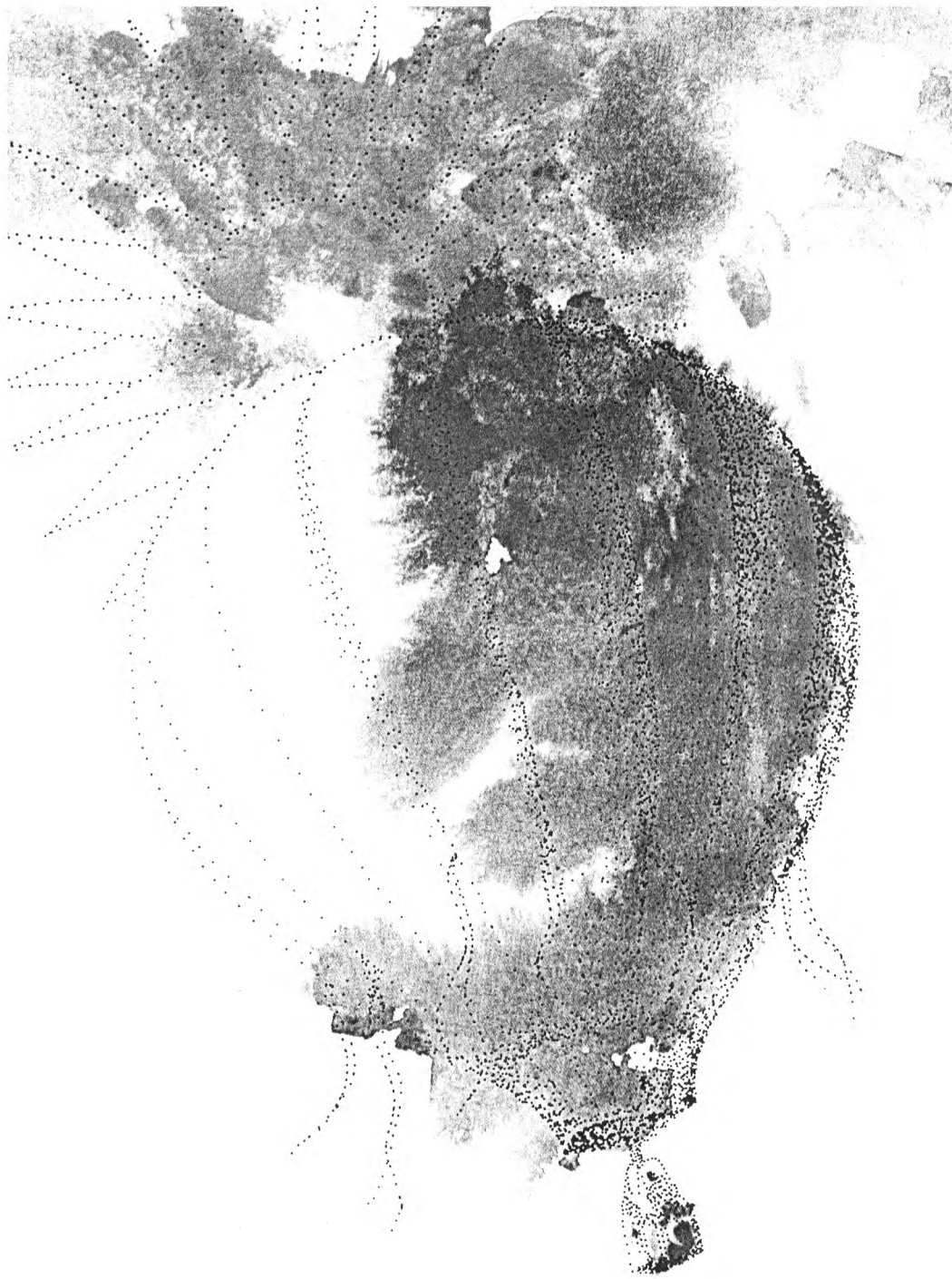
11:17 A.M.

There is no danger. The mystery is solved.

Signing off,

Carey

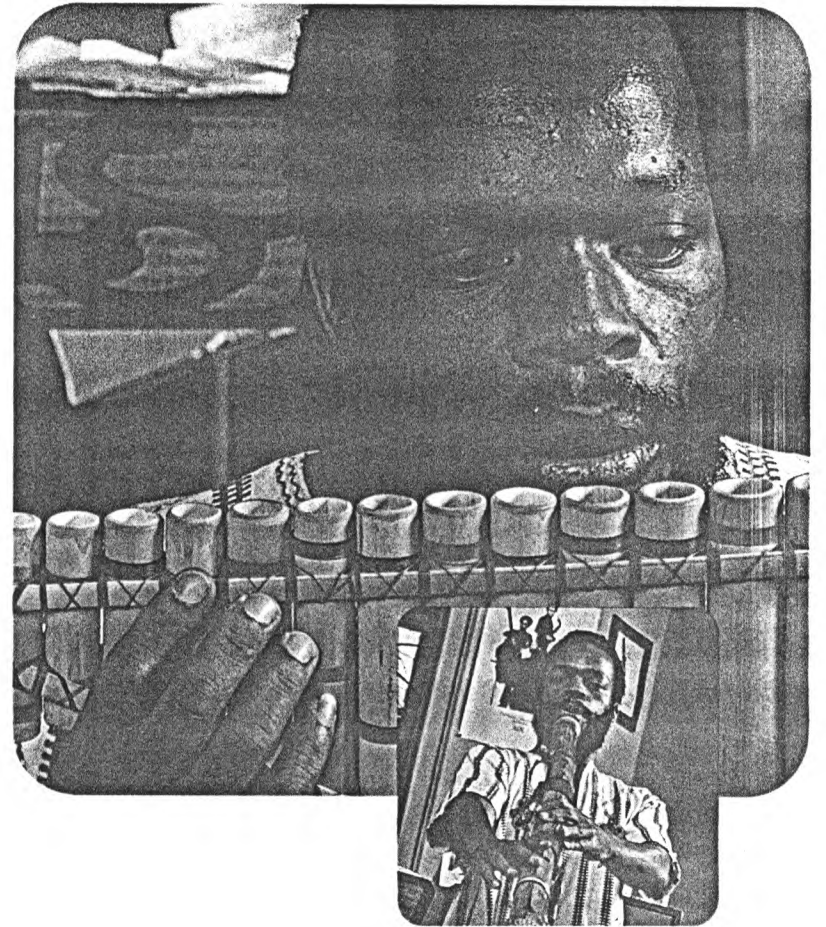
Decide what Carey saw before you turn the page.



## A FLUTE MAKER AND HIS FLUTE

by Douglas Ewart

*Meet Douglas Ewart, a flute maker. Read about the steps he follows to make a bamboo flute.*

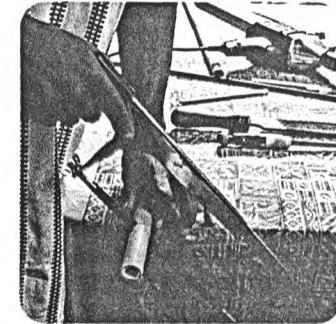


The flute is a musical instrument. It can be made of metal, clay, stone, or wood. I make flutes out of bamboo, a treelike grass. To make a bamboo flute, I use many materials:

- |               |                            |
|---------------|----------------------------|
| a bamboo tube | a saw                      |
| a steel rod   | a ruler                    |
| a drill       | sandpaper                  |
| a pencil      | a cork as wide as the tube |



First, I cut the tube of bamboo to the length I want.

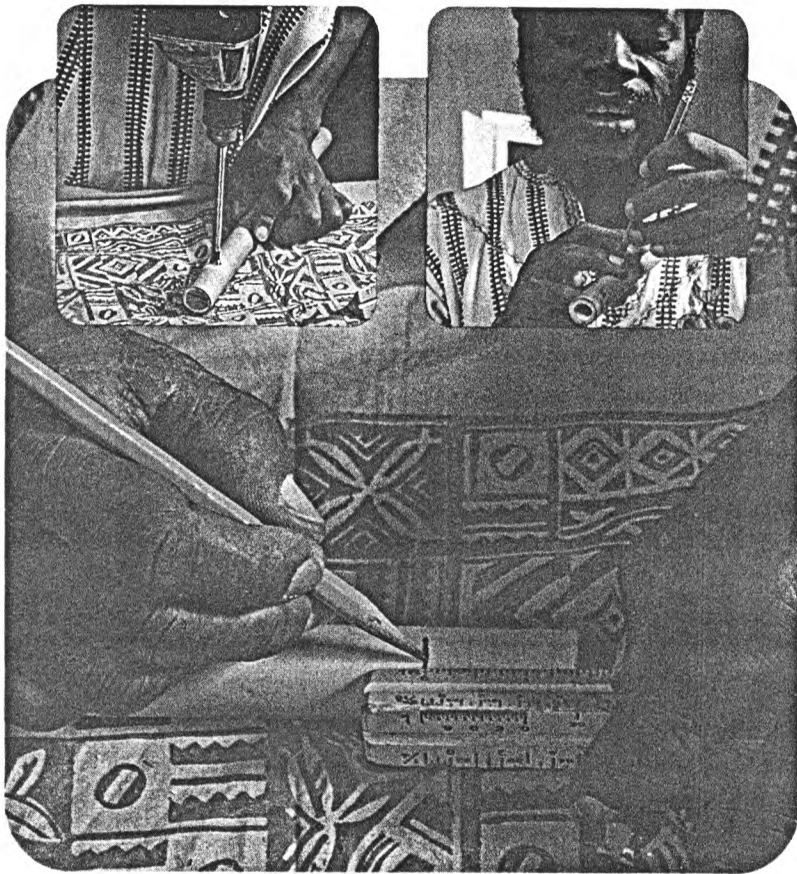


Second, I clear out the tube with a steel rod and place a cork inside one end.



Third, I measure  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches (3.8 cm) from the closed end of the bamboo tube. I drill an egg-shaped hole at this spot. This hole is called the *blow hole*.

Fourth, I place my fingers on the tube and mark where each finger rests comfortably. I drill a round-shaped hole at each of these spots.



Last, I smooth the holes with sandpaper. Then I decorate my flute.

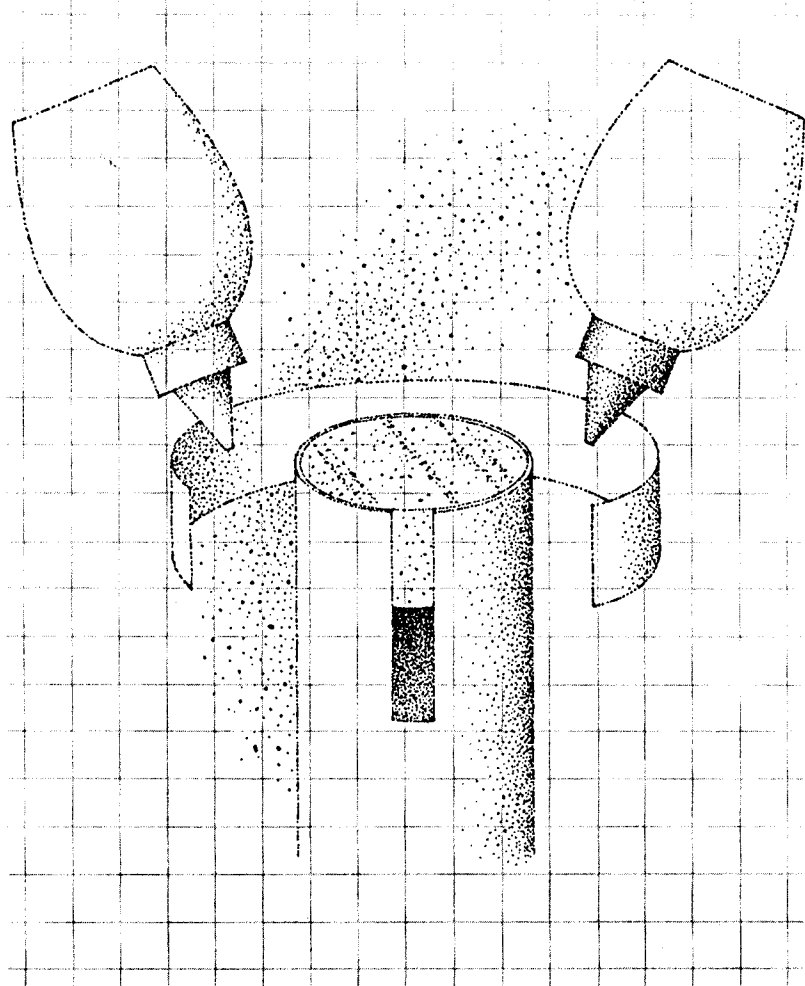


Now the flute is ready to be played.

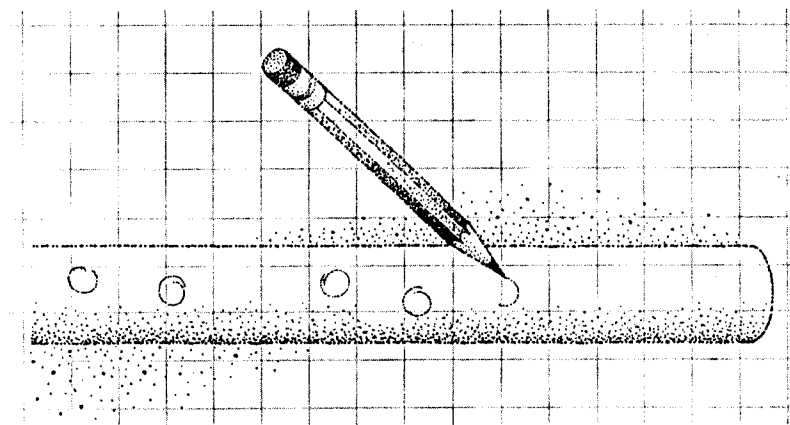


Third, wrap the cardboard strip around the tube and the cork.

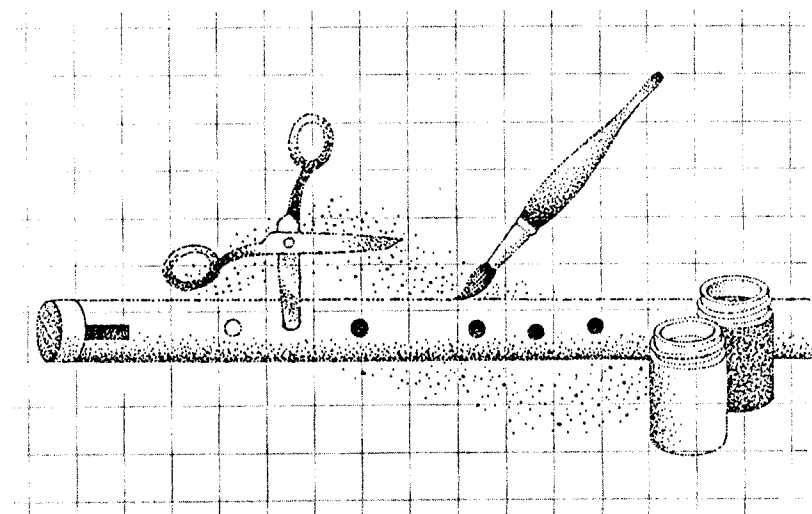
Fourth, glue the strip onto the tube. Be careful not to glue the strip to the cork.



Fifth, place your index, middle, and ring fingers of both hands on the tube. Mark each spot.



Last, use your scissors to cut a marble-sized hole at each of these spots. Then decorate your flute.



Now you are a flute maker with a new flute.



## HECTOR AND FAMILY

by Sharon Daluga

*On the computer, you read a folktale about porcupines. Now read to find out many interesting facts about porcupines.*



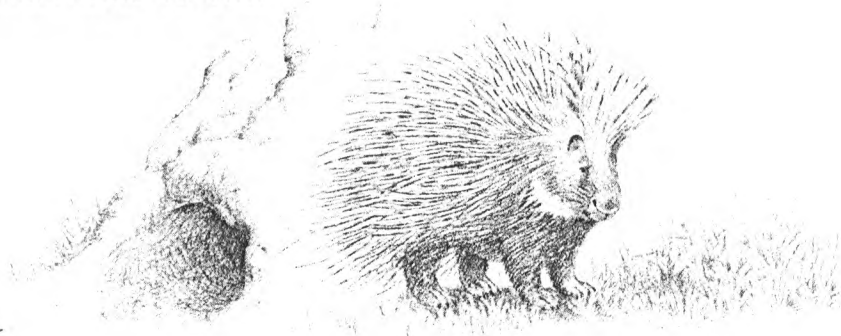
Have you ever gone camping or visited a zoo? If you have, then you've probably met some of my relatives. My name is Hector Porcupine, and I'm here to tell you about my family and myself.

For millions of years, porcupines have lived in the forests of North America, Europe, South America, Asia, and Africa. In fact, many of my relatives were living long before there were people. There are approximately twenty-six kinds of porcupines in my family, but we are slightly different from one another.

My relatives, the tree porcupines, are slow-moving animals that live in South America. They have short quills filled with pith, a soft and spongy substance. They also have long tails that can curl around tree branches. This helps them to travel from tree to tree without slipping.



Unlike the tree porcupines, the crested porcupines move very fast and live in burrows in Europe. They have short tails and white-tipped quills that are long and hollow. These porcupines come out of their burrows at night to look for roots, bulbs, fruit, and fallen nuts to eat.



I also have some relatives with tails that look like paint brushes. They are called brush-tailed porcupines because of the bunches of quills at the end of their tails. These porcupines can be found in China and Africa. There they live under termite mounds and big tree roots.



Although porcupines differ in many ways, you can tell that we are related because of the prickly spines, or quills, on our bodies. This is why we are called porcupines. In Latin our name means “pig with thorns.”

You should know about our quills in case you ever meet one of us. Quills are hairs that have grown together and have become very sharp. Each one of us has more than thirty thousand quills hidden under our fur. The slightest touch will make them stand up. If you're near us when this happens, move quickly. We may think you are an enemy.

You can always tell when I'm angry. First, my quills stick up and I start to growl and chatter. Then I face away from my enemy and start to swing my tail back and forth. This causes loose quills to fly from my tail.



These quills are very hard and have approximately a thousand tiny barbs on each tip. This makes them very dangerous. If a quill goes into the skin, it should be taken out immediately. This is because quills are drawn deeper and deeper into the body and can eventually do damage inside the body.

My quills not only help protect me, but are useful in other ways. Because they are hollow, they help keep me afloat when I'm swimming. My quills are also used to make beautiful necklaces, bracelets, and earrings.





You probably haven't seen me or my family during the day because we're usually sleeping. Since I'm nocturnal, I look for food at night. I am also a vegetarian so I love to eat foods like lily pads, berries, and mushrooms. However, my favorite food is salt. I'll eat anything that has traces of salt on it. I've even been known to gnaw on paddles, so watch out for me if you ever go canoeing.

During the winter, I may climb a tree and nibble away at the bark. I especially like the taste of sugar maple, birch, and pine bark. If I don't feel like going back to my den, I may stay in the tree for several weeks. I don't mind because I have plenty of food to eat, and my thick fur keeps me warm.

## Comprehension Questions

### Count Bruno and the Old Jalopy

1. Describe Count Bruno.
2. What do you think Count Bruno was going to show Kathy?
3. You have read many main ideas in "Count Bruno and the Old Jalopy." Now use them to help you think of another title for this story.
4. Was Grandpa's old car haunted? Give reasons for your answer.

### Metro Calling

1. What clues in Carey's record helped you to draw conclusions about the flying object?
2. What would you do if you saw an unidentified flying object?

### A Flute Maker and His Flute

1. Mr. Ewart makes his flutes out of bamboo. What other materials can flutes be made of?
2. What does Mr. Ewart do next after he cuts the bamboo tube?
3. Optional: Bring something to class that you have made. Then, tell the class the steps you followed to make it.

### Hector and Family

1. Do you think a porcupine would make a good pet? Give your reasons.
2. Draw or list the sequence of events that shows what happens when Hector gets angry.
3. Tell how the tree, crested, and brush-tailed porcupines differ from one another.

### Illustrators

Dev Appleyard  
James Buddenbaum  
Jean Helmer  
Dick Martin

## Answers

### Count Bruno and the Old Jalopy

1. He was dressed in a polka-dot bow tie with green balloon trousers and a lavender jacket. He wore bright orange shoes curled at the toe and had oil smudges on his clothes and the tip of his nose. He was also very tiny.
2. Answers will vary but might include showing Kathy how to make things disappear or other magic tricks.
3. Answers will vary but should show an understanding of the story. Possible titles are: "Kathy's Dream," "Count Bruno," or "Kathy Meets Count Bruno."
4. Answers will vary. Pupils who have understood the story will probably relate the haunted car to Kathy's dream while under anesthetic.

### Metro Calling

1. The object is red and orange. It is also large and round with golden ropes and hanging lines. It is floating slowly from the same direction as the wind. There is no answer to Ann Fisher's call.
2. Answers will vary but might include reporting the UFO to the authorities.

### A Flute Maker and His Flute

1. Other materials are metal, clay, stone, or wood.
2. Mr. Ewart clears the tube with a steel rod, and places a cork inside one end.

### Hector and Family

1. Most pupils will probably conclude that porcupines would not make good pets but all reasonable answers should be accepted.
2. First, his quills stick up. Second, he starts to growl and chatter. Then, he faces away from his enemy and starts to swing his tail. Last, loose quills fly from the tail.
3. These porcupines do not live in the same country, and make their homes in different types of places. Some porcupines move slowly while others move very fast. Some have hollow quills and others have pith-filled ones. Their tails also differ. Some are long, while others are short or brush-like.



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