

FOR THE STUDENT



Comprehensive Assessment of Reading Strategies II (CARS Series II) is a reading series that gives you practice with 12 reading strategies. You will complete four reading lessons. Each lesson has a reading passage and 12 questions about the passage. Each question helps you practise a certain reading strategy.

Once you have completed the four lessons, you will complete a self-assessment. This self-assessment will help you see how well you did.

Comprehensive Assessment of Reading Strategies II will help you become a better reader. You will also better understand what to look for as you read. This will help you get the most from your reading.

This *Comprehensive Assessment of Reading Strategies II* book was prepared for students by Deborah Adcock.

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Illustrations page 9 and 10 by Marie Skitt



Here is a folktale from the islands of Fiji. Read the folktale.
Then do Numbers 1 through 12.

Long ago, the small Pacific island of Kambara was infested with thousands upon thousands of mosquitoes. The islanders were worn down and weary from trying to avoid being bitten by the annoying insects. Things were much worse in the evening after the sun had gone down. That's when the insects appeared in droves. During the day, the women of the island spent long hours making screens to keep the mosquitoes at bay.

Now it happened that a prince from the island of Oneata was sailing throughout the South Pacific in search of treasures to bring back to his people. One day, he landed on Kambara, where he was welcomed by the chief as an honoured guest. After enjoying a great feast, the chief showed the prince to a room where he could sleep for the night.

All around the room hung beautifully painted cloth screens. The prince had never seen anything like them before.

'Tell me, chief,' said the prince, 'why do you hang such lovely cloth all about the room?'

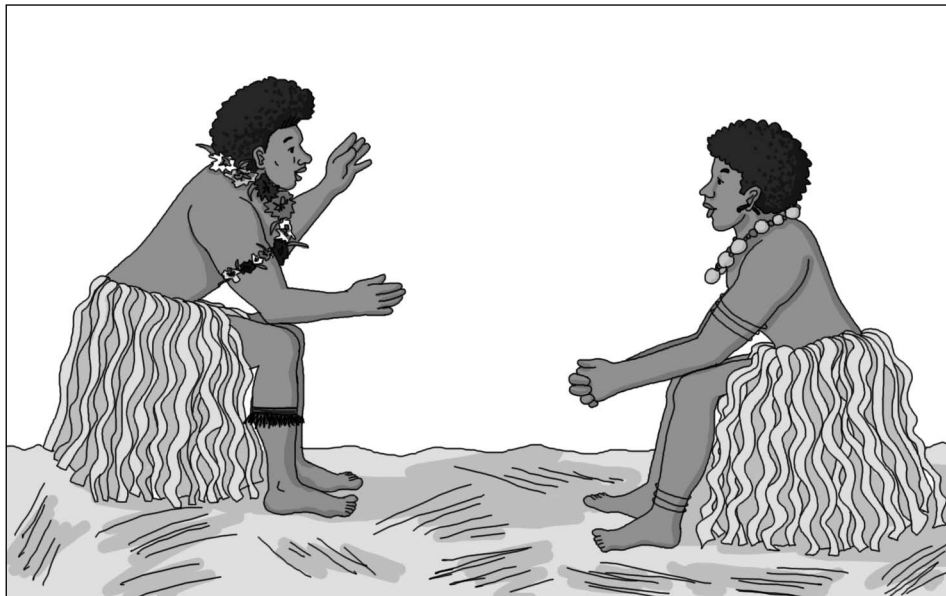
'That is for the mosquitoes,' replied the chief.

'Mosquitoes? What are mosquitoes?' asked the prince.

'Mosquitoes are . . . our little friends of the night. They come out in the evening and . . . sing us to sleep each night. They are like a tiny chorus,' said the chief. He was too embarrassed to reveal the truth, especially to a prince.

'How nice,' said the prince. 'We have nothing like mosquitoes on Oneata.'

'That is unfortunate,' said the chief. 'We happen to have more than we need.'





The prince yawned and excused himself to retire for the night. Just as he began to fall asleep, the night air filled with the hum and buzz of hungry mosquitoes swarming outside the screens. ‘Such a soothing, peaceful sound,’ the prince muttered. ‘Mosquitoes are a rare treasure, indeed.’

The next morning, the prince approached the chief and asked if he could take some mosquitoes back to Oneata with him.

The chief thought for a moment and then a grin slowly grew across his face. ‘You would have to take all of them,’ replied the chief. ‘They are a close-knit family and would be heartbroken if they were to be separated.’ The chief could hardly keep a straight face as he continued to string the prince along.

‘But what about your people?’ asked the prince. ‘Wouldn’t they be unhappy if I took all of their wonderful mosquitoes?’

‘Yes, they would,’ replied the chief, ‘but if you were to give us something in return, I think my people would be satisfied.’

‘I have a magic conch shell in my canoe,’ said the prince, excitedly. ‘If you blow into the shell like a trumpet, fish swim to shore and let themselves be caught. You and your people will never be hungry!’

‘Then it’s a deal,’ said the chief, happily. ‘Our mosquitoes for your magic shell!’

