

Name _____

Word Count: 250

Every Little Part

Amanda lay on her back in the driveway, staring into 10
 the gears of Chris’s motorcycle. Chris was mostly silent, 19
 nodding at the toolbox and muttering the size of the 29
 wrench or screwdriver he wanted. He would wait patiently 38
 for Amanda to read the stamp on each tool until she found 50
 the right one. Every once in a while, he would burst out 62
 with what seemed like an enormous speech. 69

“Gears control how fast and how powerful it goes. Low 79
 gear is slow and strong. High gear is fast, but not powerful.” 91

Amanda’s mom sometimes complained that Chris spent 98
 more time with his motorcycle than he did with Amanda, 108
 his new stepdaughter. But Amanda didn’t mind. She also 117
 didn’t mind that Chris’s hands had grease on them or that 128
 there were always parts lying around. In fact, she loved 138
 watching the way every little piece fit together just so. Each 149
 part did its own job. Each worked with all the others. Each 161
 one was important, and without it, the bike wouldn’t run. 171

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She especially loved when Chris put everything together, 179
 cleaned up, and then started the bike with a tremendous 189
 roar. 190

Years later, when Amanda was a surgeon, she often 199
 thought about Chris and his bike. He had taught her to be 211
 patient and careful with moving parts, whether they were 220
 the parts of a motorcycle or a human body. And when 231
 she saw her patients sitting up and feeling well again, she 242
 couldn't help imagining the roar of a motorcycle. 250

Number of Errors

1	2	3	4	5	6

Accuracy (%):

Reading Rate (Words Per Minute):

