

Name _____

Word Count: 248

The Statue

Mama squeezed Helena’s arm tightly, almost as tightly	8
as Helena squeezed her doll. They stared over the railing	18
of the boat at the same gray ocean and gray sky that had	31
surrounded them since they left Europe. Helena buried her	40
nose in the doll’s hair and smelled the familiar scents of	51
wood smoke, Mama’s stew, and her own dear feather bed.	61
This was the only one of Grandmother’s hand-made dolls	70
she had been able to take from the house in Poland. There	82
just wasn’t room in the suitcases for any more. She had so	94
many feelings jumbled up in her chest as she stared through	105
the gray fog—sadness about leaving home, fear about going	115
to a new place, excitement about starting a new life.	125
Suddenly, she could hear shouts from the rear of the boat.	136
People were looking up and pointing, crying, “There she is!	146
Isn’t she magnificent?”	149

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“See, Helena?” Mama said, and pointed up, too. Helena	158
peered at the sky through the fog and saw the strangest	169
thing—an enormous arm. Then, she began to make out a	180
pointed crown and a large, stern face. For a moment, she	191
forgot to breathe. She had always thought of statues as being	202
about the size of Papa, but this was the largest thing she had	215
ever seen—larger even than their boat. Her heart fluttered,	225
and suddenly it seemed like the excitement in her chest	235
grew and grew while the sadness and fear shrank. “She’s	245
beautiful,” Helena said.	248

Number of Errors

1	2	3	4	5	6

Accuracy (%):

Reading Rate (Words Per Minute):

