

**Directions:** There are some words missing from the passage below. Luckily, each absent word can be found by selecting the term that *makes the most sense* from three corresponding choices to the right. Fill the blank spaces by writing the correct words in order to complete the story.

## BYRON'S BRAIN FREEZE

As Byron strolled down the sidewalk in his town, he licked his lips. His tongue darted in-and-out of his mouth—anticipating the sugary rush it was about to get. “I am totally going to eat you,” said the young boy while gazing at his blueberry popsicle. The frozen treat had begun to melt in the hot, afternoon sun.

Byron brought the cold dessert to his mouth. As he did so, a loud scream rang forth along the street. “Who’s there?” he yelled. “Show yourself!”

“I’m right here,” replied the popsicle. “My name is *Big Blue* and I would appreciate it very much if you didn’t eat me. I rather enjoy living.”

“A talking popsicle!” chirped Byron as his eyes bounced back-and-forth around the general area in an effort to learn if someone might be playing a practical joke on him. Byron held the glistening treat away from his body as though it might attack him at any moment.

“Yeah. I can talk. Get over it already.”

Byron frowned. He didn’t want to hurt the popsicle, but he really needed his sugar fix. “I’m sorry,” he said after a pause. “But, I must eat you.”

“If you do, I will give you brain freeze,” countered the popsicle as little blue droplets trickled down Byron’s fingers. “How would you like that? Eat me and I’ll bring the pain.”

Byron shrugged and chomped down on the flavorful dessert with great force among its screams. “That was tasty!” said Byron after he had finished his snack, licked his digits clean, and tossed the wooden stick to the ground. Then, quite suddenly, he felt an excruciating, frigid numbing sensation on the roof of his mouth. It was very painful.

Without hesitation, Byron ran around the corner and into a local store. There, he cracked open a bottle of *Crazy Rooster Hot Sauce*—chugging the fiery liquid in one gulp. “Ahhh!” sighed Byron. “I am clearly smarter than a popsicle.”

© Mason Education



A	tank	sidewalk	house
B	pants	was	lips
C	zebra	angry	boy
D	melt	sleep	fall
E	dislike	appreciate	jealous
F	bugs	living	television
G	pretty	practical	forgot
H	attack	love	big
I	eye	hurt	shoot
J	laughing	now	brain
K	tornado	droplets	leaf
L	fingers	lunch	happy
M	chomped	ran	cold
N	cloud	ball	stick
O	pick	roof	nice
P	afterward	store	dentist
Q	chicken	time	liquid