

Reading Selection

The Very Big Umbrella

It was raining outside and Marcus was looking out the window. He was trying to think of a birthday present for his father. Suddenly, his father came running in the house. He was very wet. “I lost my umbrella and now I’m wet,” said Mr. Hill. Marcus said to himself, “That’s it! I’ll get Poppa a big, new umbrella.”

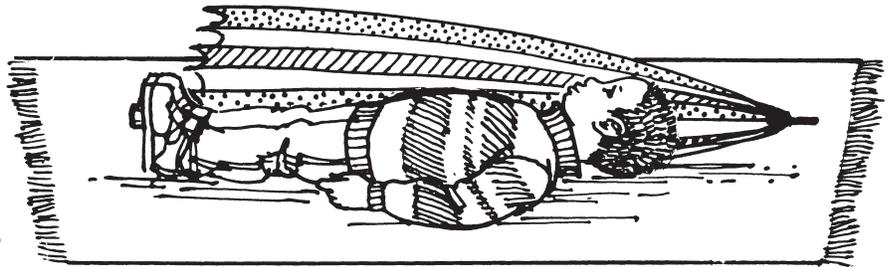
The next day, Marcus went to the store to look for a big umbrella. He found one that was just the right size, but it was too much money. Marcus felt sad. “What will I do now?” he thought. As he walked home, he had an idea. “I will make an umbrella for Poppa.”

In the garage, Marcus found an old beach umbrella. It was very big, but it had many holes in it. Marcus put some tape on the holes. He found some paint and painted it. Marcus looked at the umbrella and smiled. “Poppa will really like this umbrella, and it is so big, he won’t lose it.”

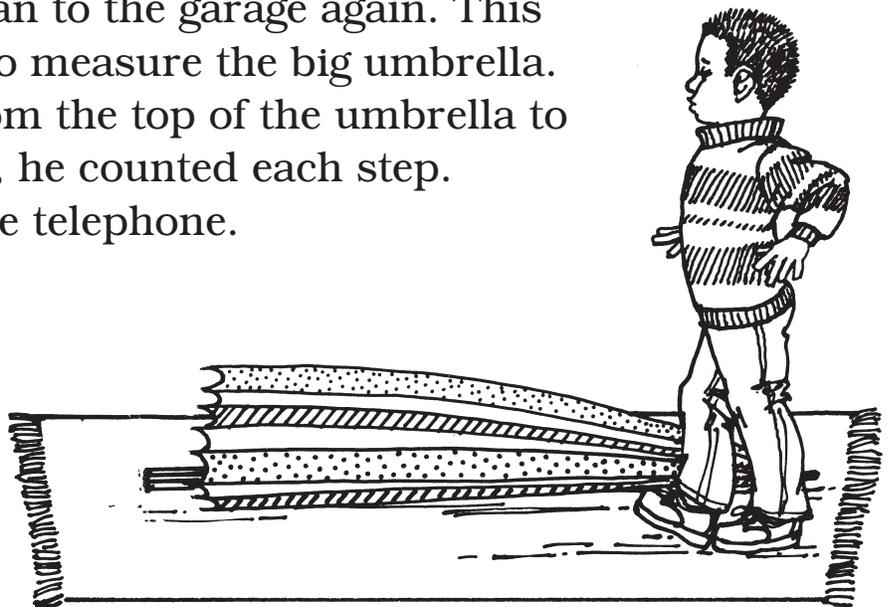


“Now I will have to find a box to put it in,” he said. Marcus looked in the house and the garage but all the boxes were too small. Marcus had an idea. “I will call Kate and ask her for a box.”

Marcus called Kate on the telephone and told her about the umbrella. “I need a big box to put it in,” he said. “How big is the umbrella?” asked Kate. Marcus put the telephone down and ran to the garage. “Hmm,” he thought. “How can I measure this?” Marcus put the umbrella on the floor and lay down next to it. The umbrella was longer than Marcus. He ran back to the telephone.



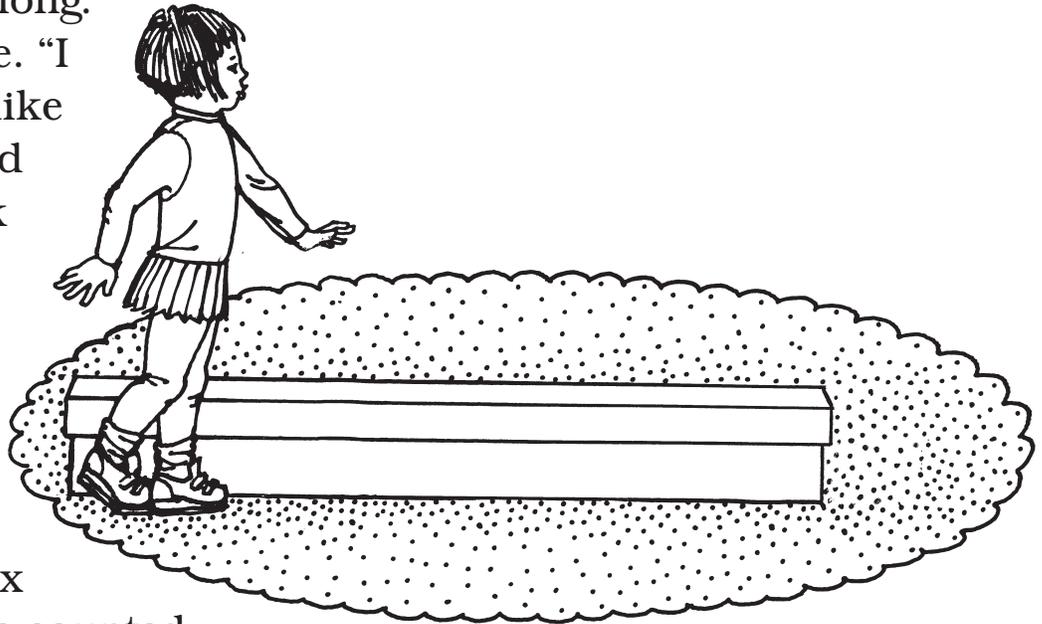
“Kate, the umbrella is longer than me,” he said. “But Marcus,” said Kate. “I still don’t know how big the box should be.” Marcus put the telephone down and ran to the garage again. This time he used his feet to measure the big umbrella. He went heel to toe from the top of the umbrella to the end. As he walked, he counted each step. Marcus ran back to the telephone.



“Kate, this time I measured the umbrella with my feet and counted as I walked,” said Marcus. “What did you get?” asked Kate. “Nine of my feet,” he said. “Okay,” said Kate. “I will look for a box that the umbrella will fit in.”

Later, Kate brought the box over and they went into the garage. Marcus and Kate tried to put the umbrella into the box. It did not fit. The box was too small! “Oh, no,” said Marcus. “This box is too small. How could that be? I told you it had to be nine of my feet long.”

“It is,” said Kate. “I measured just like you and counted each step I took until I counted to nine.”



Marcus decided to measure the box with his feet. He counted each step as he measured. When he got to the end of the box, he had only counted eight steps. “Kate,” said Marcus, “This box is not nine feet—it’s only eight feet. The box is too short.” Kate decided to measure the box again. She counted as she took each step. When Kate got to the end of the box, she counted nine steps and said, “Marcus, it is nine feet. I measured just the same as you.”