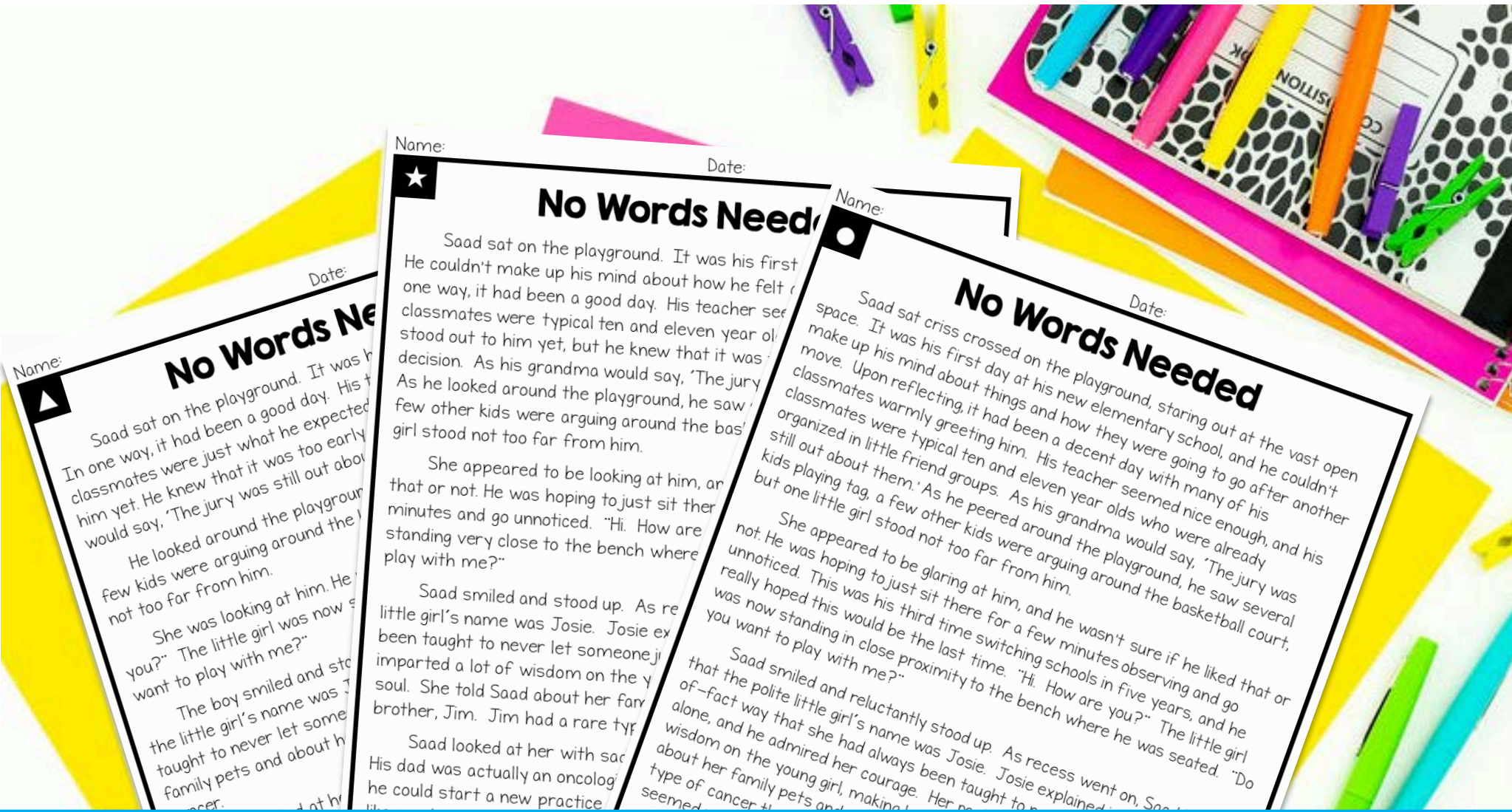


# Differentiated Reading Passages

## UNDERSTANDING CHARACTERS

Same Story, 3 Different Reading Levels



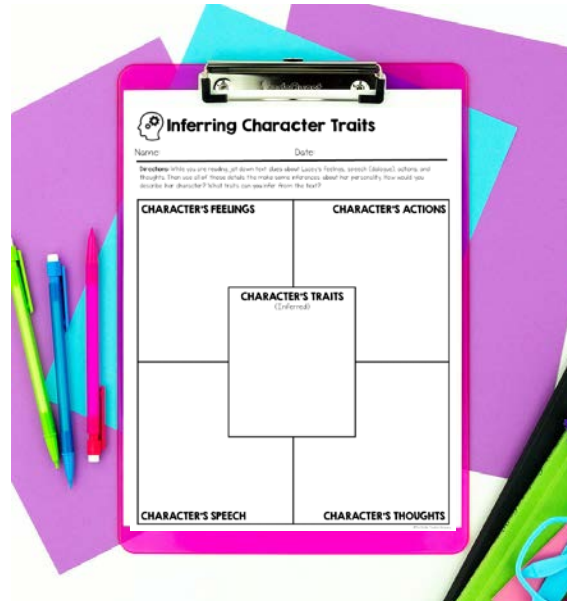
# WHAT'S INCLUDED?

This resource includes differentiated reading passages, skill-based graphic organizers, and comprehension passages based on the passages.



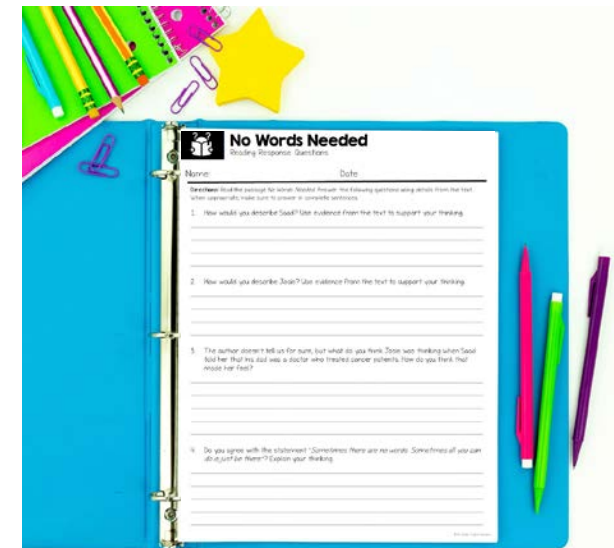
## 3 Sets of Differentiated Reading Passages

Each set includes the same story written at three different levels for a total of 9 passages.



## Graphic Organizer

Each story has a graphic organizer students can use in response to that story, OR, it can be used with any text to practice the same skill.



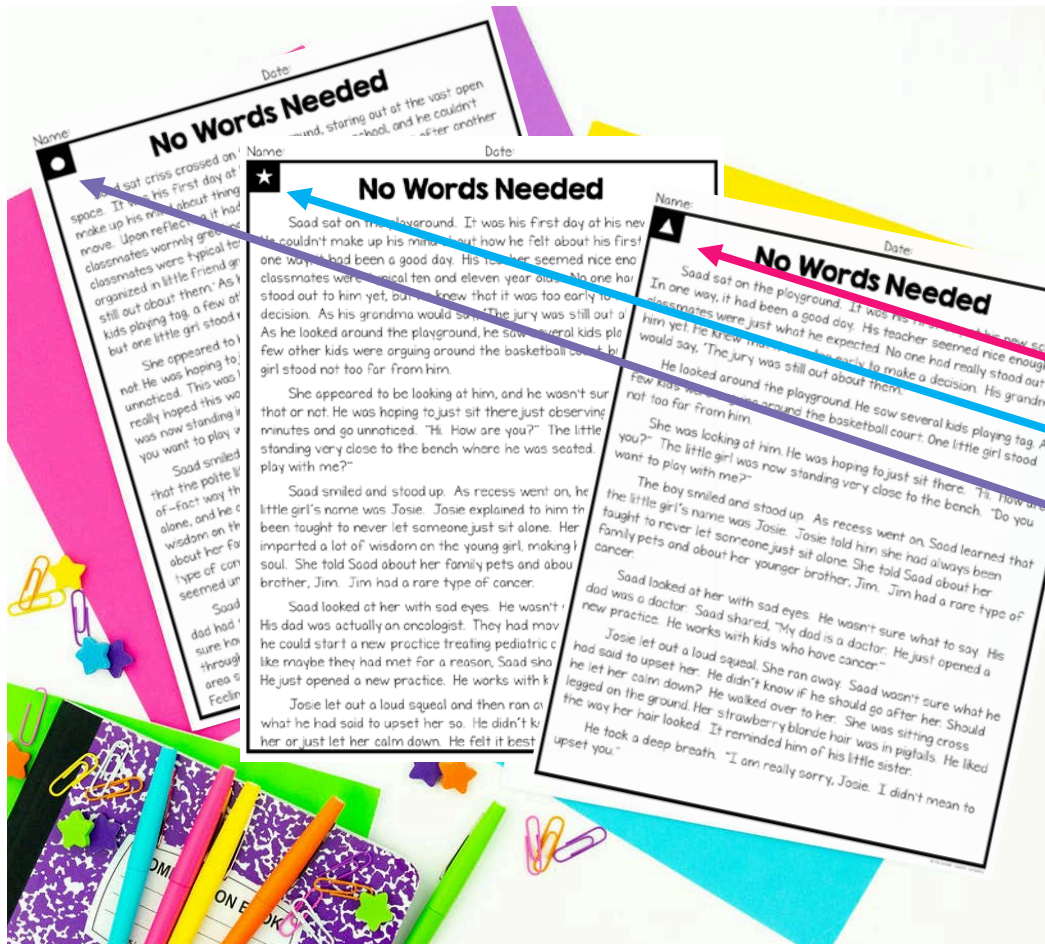
## Reading Response Questions

Each story also includes a set of reading response question that could be answered using any level of passages, so it doesn't matter if your students are reading level A, B, or C, the answer to the questions will still be the same.

**\*Digital versions are included for all templates.\***

# EASY TO DIFFERENTIATE

Each story is written at three different levels. You can select the level that is best for your entire class, or you can let students choose the level they want to read. This makes discussing the same text whole group so much easier.



**Each text is written at 3 different levels to make it easy to differentiate.**

- ▲ Level A: 420L - 610L
- ★ Level B: 6:10L - 810L
- ● Level C: 810L - 1100L

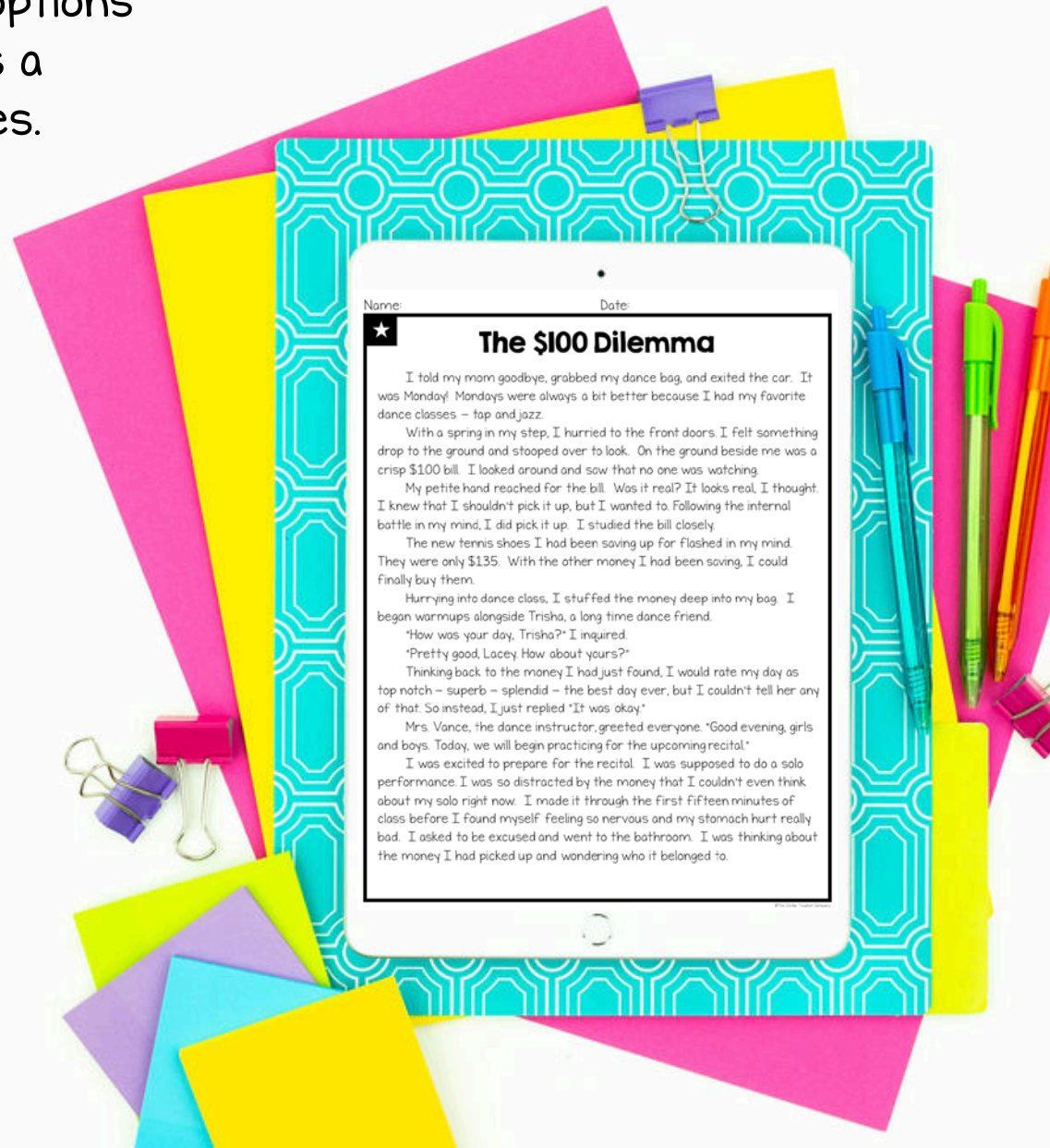
\*Digital versions are included for all passages and response pages.\*

# Includes Digital Versions

I love to provide both print and digital options in my resources. This resource includes a digital version created using Google Slides.

In addition to the print version, you get a digital version created using Google Slides for all the passages, response pages, and graphic organizers.

Rest assured, you can use this resource in both face-to-face and virtual classrooms.



# A LOOK INSIDE... STORY #1

## Passage A - Level 420L - 610L

She wiped at her eyes. He couldn't tell if she was crying. "You didn't. Not really," she replied.

He wanted to say he didn't understand then. He wanted to say that it made no sense why she would run away if it wasn't something he had said. But he knew that would not be nice.

He did the only thing he knew to do. He sat down beside her.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

**No Words Needed**

Saad sat on the playground. It was his first day at his new school. In one way, it had been a good day. His teacher seemed nice enough. His classmates were just what he expected. No one had really stood out to him yet. He knew that it was too early to make a decision. His grandma would say, "The jury was still out about them."

He looked around the playground. He saw several kids playing tag. A few kids were arguing around the basketball court. One little girl stood not too far from him.

She was looking at him. He was hoping to just sit there. "Hi. How are you?" The little girl was now standing very close to the bench. "Do you want to play with me?"

The boy smiled and stood up. As recess went on, Saad learned that the little girl's name was Josie. Josie told him she had always been taught to never let someone just sit alone. She told Saad about her family pets and about her younger brother, Jim. Jim had a rare type of cancer.

Saad looked at her with sad eyes. He wasn't sure what to say. His dad was a doctor. Saad's dad had moved to a new practice. He works with kids who have cancer.

Josie let out a loud squeal and then ran away. Saad wasn't sure he had let her calm down? He legged on the ground. Her strawberry blonde hair was in pigtails. He liked the way her hair looked. It reminded him of his little sister.

He took a deep breath. "I am really sorry, Josie. I didn't mean to upset you."

**No Words Needed**  
Reading Response Questions

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

**Directions:** Read the passage. No Words Needed. Answer the following questions using details from the text. When appropriate, make sure to answer in complete sentences.

- How would you describe Saad? Use evidence from the text to support your thinking.  
\_\_\_\_\_
- How would you describe Josie? Use evidence from the text to support your thinking.  
\_\_\_\_\_
- The author doesn't tell us for sure, but what do you think Josie was thinking when Saad told her that his dad was a doctor who treated cancer patients. How do you think that made her feel?  
\_\_\_\_\_
- Do you agree with the statement "Sometimes there are no words. Sometimes all you can do is just be there"? Explain your thinking.  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Passage B - Level 610L - 810L

situation, so he walked over to her. She was sitting cross legged on the ground. Her strawberry blonde hair was in pigtails. He liked the way her hair looked. It reminded him of his little sister.

He took a deep breath. "I am really sorry, Josie. I didn't mean to upset you."

She wiped at her eyes. He couldn't tell if she was crying or just trying to play with him.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

**No Words Needed**

Saad sat on the playground. It was his first day at his new school. He couldn't make up his mind about how he felt about his first day. In one way, it had been a good day. His teacher seemed nice enough. His classmates were typical ten and eleven year olds. No one had really stood out to him yet, but he knew that it was too early to make a decision. As his grandma would say, "The jury was still out about them." As he looked around the playground, he saw several kids playing tag, a few other kids were arguing around the basketball court, but one little girl stood not too far from him.

She appeared to be looking at him, and he wasn't sure if he liked that or not. He was hoping to just sit there just observing for a few minutes and go unnoticed. "Hi. How are you?" The little girl was now standing very close to the bench where he was seated. "Do you want to play with me?"

Saad smiled and stood up. As recess went on, he learned that the little girl's name was Josie. Josie explained to him that she had always been taught to never let someone just sit alone. Her mother had imparted a lot of wisdom on the young girl, making her a bit of an old pro. Jim had a rare type of cancer.

Saad looked at her with sad eyes. He wasn't sure how to respond. He was actually an oncologist. They had moved to the new area and start a new practice treating pediatric cancer patients. Feeling like they had met for a reason, Saad shared, "My dad is a doctor who opened a new practice. He works with kids who have cancer."

Josie let out a loud squeal and then ran away. Saad wasn't sure he had said to upset her so. He didn't know if he should go after her. He just let her calm down. He felt it best to try to resolve the

## Passage C - Level 810L - 110L

situation, so he walked over to her. She was sitting cross legged on the ground. Her strawberry blonde hair was in pigtails. He liked the way her hair looked. It reminded him of his little sister.

He took a deep breath. "I am really sorry, Josie. I didn't mean to upset you."

She wiped at her eyes. He couldn't tell if she was crying or just trying to play with him.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

**No Words Needed**

Saad sat cross crossed on the playground, staring out at the vast open space. It was his first day at his new elementary school, and he couldn't make up his mind about things and how they were going to go after another move. Upon reflecting, it had been a decent day with many of his classmates warmly greeting him. His teacher seemed nice enough, and his classmates were typical ten and eleven year olds who were already organized in little friend groups. As his grandma would say, "The jury was still out about them." As he peered around the playground, he saw several kids playing tag, a few other kids were arguing around the basketball court, but one little girl stood not too far from him.

She appeared to be glaring at him, and he wasn't sure if he liked that or not. He was hoping to just sit there for a few minutes observing and go unnoticed. This was his third time switching schools in five years, and he really hoped this would be the last time. "Hi. How are you?" The little girl was now standing in close proximity to the bench where he was seated. "Do you want to play with me?"

Saad smiled and reluctantly stood up. As recess went on, Saad learned that the polite little girl's name was Josie. Josie explained in a very matter-of-fact way that she had always been taught to never let someone just sit alone.

Saad looked at her with sad eyes. He wasn't sure how to respond. He was actually an oncologist. They had moved to the new area and start a new practice treating pediatric cancer patients. Feeling like they had met for a reason, Saad shared, "My dad is a doctor who opened a new practice. He works with kids who have cancer."

Josie let out a loud squeal and then ran away. Saad wasn't sure he had said to upset her so. He didn't know if he should go after her. He just let her calm down. He felt it best to try to resolve the

**Compare & Contrast Characters**

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

**Directions:** Read the passage. Think about Saad and Josie from the story. Use the Venn Diagram below to highlight some of their similarities and differences... Think beyond just their basic traits and try to dig deep.

The Response Sheet and Graphic Organizer work with ALL 3 Passages!



# A LOOK INSIDE... STORY #2

Passage A - Level 420L - 610L

Passage B - Level 610L - 810L

Passage C - Level 810L - 110L

Taking a deep breath, I washed my hands and walked back to class. The teacher noticed I seemed a bit off. "Do you want to call your mom?" asked Mrs. Vance. I didn't. I wasn't sure how to explain my problem. During the final seconds of class, the secretary walked in. I could see her and Mrs. Vance eyeing me. Did they know? They called me over to the edge of the stage. Mrs. Vance came over. I just today, I was Reaching explain I before I The right bef guessed I gu me. The security Tear I knew I made a v sad not d mine.

Was it the money someone was going to use to pay their dance tuition? Had they intended to use it for groceries later that day? Taking a deep breath, I washed my hands and walked back to dance class. The teacher noticed I seemed a bit off and asked if I wanted to call my mom. I didn't. I wasn't sure how to explain my dilemma. During the final seconds of class, the secretary walked in. I could see her and Mrs. Vance eyeing me. Did they know? They called me over to the edge of the stage. Mrs. Vance came over. I just today, I was Reaching explain I before I The right bef guessed I gu me. The security Tear I knew I made a v sad not d mine.

Was it the money someone was going to use to pay their dance tuition? Had they intended to use it for groceries later that day? Taking a deep breath, I exhaled, washed my hands, walked back to dance class, and tried to focus. The teacher noticed I seemed a bit off and asked if I wanted to call my mom. I didn't. I wasn't sure how to explain my predicament. During the final seconds of class, the secretary walked in. I could see her and Mrs. Vance eyeing me. Did they know? They called me over to the edge of the stage. Mrs. Vance came over. I just today, I was Reaching explain I before I The right bef guessed I gu me. The security Tear I knew I made a v sad not d mine.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

## The \$100 Dilemma

I told my mom goodbye. Then I grabbed my dance bag and got out of the car. It was Monday! Mondays were always a bit better. Why? Because I had my favorite classes - tap and jazz. I hurried to the front doors. I felt something drop to the ground. I stooped over to look. On the ground beside me was a crisp \$100 bill. I looked around and saw that no one was watching. My small hand reached for the bill. Was it real? It looks real, I thought. I knew that I shouldn't pick it up. I wanted to though. Following the battle in my mind, I did pick it up. I closely looked at the bill. The new tennis shoes I had been saving up for popped in my mind. They were only \$135. This \$100 with my other money would be enough. I could finally buy them. I stuffed the money deep into my bag and went into dance class. I began warmups. Trisha, a long time dance friend, stood beside me. "How was your day, Trisha?" I asked her. "Pretty good, Lacey. How about yours?" I was thinking about the money I had just found. I would rate my day as top notch because...

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

## The \$100 Dilemma

I told my mom goodbye, grabbed my dance bag, and exited the car. It was Monday! Mondays were always a bit better because I had my favorite dance classes - tap and jazz. With a spring in my step, I hurried to the front doors. I felt something drop to the ground and stooped over to look. On the ground beside me was a crisp \$100 bill. I looked around and saw that no one was watching. My petite hand reached for the bill. Was it real? It looks real, I thought. I knew that I shouldn't pick it up, but I wanted to. Following the internal battle in my mind, I did pick it up. I studied the bill closely. The new tennis shoes I had been saving up for flashed in my mind. They were only \$135. With the other money I had been saving, I could finally buy them. Hurrying into dance class, I stuffed the money deep into my bag. I began warmups alongside Trisha, a long time dance friend. "How was your day, Trisha?" I inquired. "Pretty good, Lacey. How about yours?" Thinking back to the money I had just found, I would rate my day as top notch - superb - splendid - the best day ever, but I couldn't tell her any...

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

## The \$100 Dilemma

I enthusiastically told my mom goodbye, grabbed my dance bag, and jumped out of the car. It was Monday! Mondays were always a bit better because I had my favorite extracurricular activity - tap and jazz. With a spring in my step, I hurried to the front doors. I felt something descend to the ground and stooped over to peer. On the ground adjacent to me was a crisp \$100 bill. I looked around and saw that no one was watching. My petite hand reached for the bill. Was it real? It looks real, I thought. I knew that I shouldn't pick it up, but I desperately want to. Following the internal battle in my mind, I picked it up and intently studied its appearance. The new tennis shoes I had been saving up for flashed in my mind because I knew this amount combined with my savings would be enough to finally buy them. They were only \$135, and I had at least \$35 of my own money saved. Hurrying into dance class, I stuffed the money deep into my bag. I began warmups alongside Trisha, a long time dance friend of mine. "How was your day, Trisha?" I asked out of breath. "Pretty good, Lacey. How about yours?" Thinking back to the money I had stumbled upon, I would rate my day as top notch - superb - splendid - the best day ever, but I couldn't tell her any...

**The \$100 Dilemma**  
Reading Response Questions

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Directions: Read the passage "The \$100 Dilemma." Answer the following questions using details from the text. When appropriate, make sure to answer in complete sentences.

- Why did Lacey tell Trisha that her day was just ok when really she felt like it was top-notch? Explain your thinking.
- At what point did Lacey's feelings about finding the \$100 bill change? How do you know?
- Think about ALL of Lacey's personality traits. What are some of her positive traits and what are some of her negative traits. Identify at least one positive and one negative trait and use evidence from the text to support your thinking.
- What would you have done if you were Lacey and had found a \$100 bill?

**Inferring Character Traits**

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Directions: While you are reading, jot down text clues about Lacey's feelings, speech (dialogue), actions, and thoughts. Then use all of those details to make some inferences about her personality. How would you describe her character? What traits can you infer from the text?

CHARACTER'S FEELINGS	CHARACTER'S ACTIONS
CHARACTER'S TRAITS (Inferred)	
CHARACTER'S SPEECH	CHARACTER'S THOUGHTS

The Response Sheet and Graphic Organizer work with ALL 3 Passages!

# A LOOK INSIDE... STORY #3

## Passage A - Level 420L - 610L

## Passage B - Level 610L - 810L

## Passage C - Level 810L - 110L

"Look at this little one," his grandfather said. He picked up what appeared to be the runt of the litter. He handed it to Pablo.

"He is so little."

"Yep. He will need a lot of extra care."

Pablo had tears in his eyes. There were nine little piglets all wandering around without anyone to care for them. "I can do it."

"Look at this little one," his grandfather said. He picked up what appeared to be the runt of the litter. He handed it to Pablo.

"He is so little."

"Yep. He will need a lot of extra care."

Pablo had tears in his eyes. There were nine little piglets all wandering around without anyone to care for them. "I can do it."

Pablo sprang to his feet and sprinted to the smaller barn up in the meadow behind the house. The young boy learned that the piglets' mom had passed away, so they were required around the clock feedings.

"Look at this little one," his grandpa declared. He swooped up what appeared to be the runt of the litter and placed it in Pablo's hands.

"He is so little," Pablo quietly exclaimed.

"Yep. He will need a lot of extra care if he is going to make it." His grandpa

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Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

### Summer at the Farm

Pablo sat staring out the window. The drive to his grandparents' house was taking forever. It had been months since his last visit. He was so eager to step foot in the old farmhouse. He had so many great memories from past summers spent there.

His dad teased, "Just a few more hours, son, and we will be there." Pablo sighed. He knew his dad was joking.

The road got bumpy. The houses got farther and farther apart. Pablo knew it wouldn't be long now. He saw the gravel driveway and the barn first.

Moments later he was walking up the creaky steps. His grandmother came to meet him first. Her face was just as he remembered. She was aged by time but radiant and glowing with love. "Come here, and let me see how big you are," she exclaimed.

He threw his arms around her. He let go when he saw his grandfather.

"I thought I heard you." Pablo ran to greet his grandfather.

He did not care that he was covered in farm work. His overalls were grimy and his smell said it all.

With the greetings of a quick meal before heading out.

"Do you wanna help?"

Pablo jumped to his feet.

He ran to the smaller barn up in the meadow behind the house. The young boy learned that the piglets' mom had passed away. As a result,

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

### Summer at the Farm

Pablo sat in the car staring out the window. The drive to his grandparents' house was taking forever. It had been months since his last visit, and he was so eager to step foot in the old farmhouse that was surrounded with vintage memorabilia and nostalgia. Even more valuable than the antiques his grandma collected were the memories that he had made in the house over the last several summers. Since he turned eight, his parents had been allowing him to spend a few weeks in the summer at his grandparents' home.

Sensing his readiness to be there and vacate the car, his dad teased, "Just a few more hours, son, and we will be there." Pablo sighed. He knew that his dad was joking. Only because this time, he had his own phone and could track the trip on his GPS.

As the road got bumpy and the houses got farther and farther apart, Pablo knew it wouldn't be long now. He saw the long gravel driveway and the barn first. The barn wasn't used for much now, but his grandfather had told him stories about the hard work that used to go within that old structure.

Only moments later, he was walking up the creaky steps. His heart was racing, and he was bursting with excitement. His grandmother came out to meet him first. Her face just was as he remembered - aged by time but radiant and glowing with love for her family. "Come here, and let me see how big you are," she excitedly exclaimed.

He threw his arms around her and only let go when his grandfather emerged from the backyard. "I thought I heard you." Pablo ran to greet his grandfather. He did not care that he was covered in farm work. His overalls were grimy and his smell said it all. He and his small signified that he had been working with the pigs again. Pablo knew it wouldn't be long now. He saw the long gravel driveway and the barn first. The barn wasn't used for much now, but his grandfather had told him stories about the hard work that used to go within that old structure.

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Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

### Summer at the Farm

Pablo sat in the stylish car staring out the window at the changing landscape. The drive to his grandparents' house was taking forever. It had been months since his last visit, and he was so eager to step foot in the old farmhouse that was surrounded with vintage memorabilia and nostalgia. Even more valuable than the antiques his grandma collected were the memories that he had made in the house over the last several summers. For the past five years, since turning eight, his parents had been allowing him to spend a few weeks in the summer at their home.

Sensing his readiness to vacate the car, his dad teased, "Just a few more hours, son, and we will be there." Pablo sighed, but he knew his dad was joking - only because this time, he had his own phone and could track the trip on his GPS.

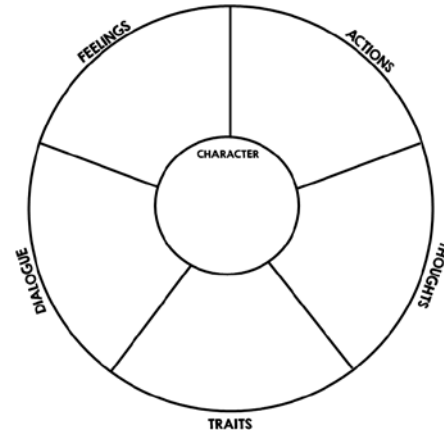
As the road's smoothness transitioned to a bumpy ride, the houses got farther and farther apart, and Pablo knew it wouldn't be long now. He saw the long gravel driveway and the barn that wasn't used for much now, but his grandfather had told him stories about the hard work that used to go within that old structure.

Only moments later, he was walking up the creaky steps. His heart was racing, and he was bursting with excitement. His grandmother came out to meet him first, and her face just was as he remembered - aged by time but radiant and glowing with love for her family. "Come here, and let me see how big you are," she excitedly exclaimed.

### Character Analysis

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Directions: Read the passage. Use details from the text to describe Pablo. Make sure you think about and describe his feelings, actions, thoughts, traits and even identify key dialogue from the text.



The Response Sheet and Graphic Organizer work with ALL 3 Passages!



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