

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



# Classroom Cereal

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

Story 24

Part 3 of 5

## “Kettle Cross Christmas”

### Part 3 of 5: Bumps

#### Directions

1. Read the story
2. Find the five errors
3. Mark the errors using the key

“Back in the nineteenth century,” bellowed a man in a fur hat at the front of the sleigh, “President Martin Van Buren was a frequent Fairview visitor. The path of tonight’s sleigh ride is the same path he woulda taken on his way in from Washington. Now, hold on tight!”

The clydesdales picked up their feet and the carriage jolted forward, causing Charles and Raymond to cling to the back of the seat in front of them. Once they were steady, Charles smoothed the front of his sweatshirt and pressed his gloved finger’s to the lettering on the sleeve.

“Guess what,” he said. “We had basketball tryouts a few weeks ago, and—” But he stopped when he looked over at Raymond, who was craning his neck, trying to see the eighth graders at the front of the carriage.

“Oh, cool. My School has a wrestling team. Some of my friends are on it,” Raymond said, still trying to see what was going on at the front of the sleigh. They hit a bump and both of they instinctively flung their arms around the seat in front of them.

“Soon we’ll be coming to the bridge over Kettle Creek, or Kettle Cross, as visitors to Fairview called it,” shouted the old man in the fur hat.

Charles tugged his sleeve. “Check out—”

They hit another, bigger bump, sending Charles and Raymond flying out of their makeshift seats and off of the carriage. Sprawled in the dirt they looked up to see the carriage continuing onward, further into the forest and eventually out of sight.

#### Key

- Spelling error
- Add punctuation
- Capitalize letter
- Remove word
- Wrong word
- Move word
- Make letter lower case

#### Checklist

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.

#### Questions

How would you feel if you were Charles?

Why?