

Name \_\_\_\_\_

## The Scramble in the Woods (/scr/ Blends)

**Instructions:** Read the passage below carefully. As you read, **highlight or underline** all of the words that begin with the /scr/ blend (like “scream,” “scrape,” etc.). There are **13**.

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Olivia and her brother Milo loved spending time at their grandparents’ cabin deep in the forest. Each summer, they would explore the trails, build forts, and discover new parts of the woods. One Saturday morning, after breakfast, the kids ran outside to begin what they called the “Great Forest Scramble”-a scavenger hunt they created with a list of odd and interesting things to find: a pinecone with three points, a rock shaped like a heart, and a scrap of colored fabric tied to a tree.

As they walked the trail, Milo tripped and let out a loud scream. Olivia turned around and saw that he’d scraped his knee on a scraggly root sticking out of the dirt. She opened her backpack, took out a bandage, and gently covered the scratch.

“I’m okay,” Milo said. “Let’s keep going.”

Deeper into the woods, they found a rusted screwdriver half-buried beneath a pile of leaves. Olivia picked it up and examined it. “Weird,” she whispered. “I bet this was left behind by someone fixing a trail sign.” They kept it, thinking it might earn them extra points in the scramble.

Later, they reached the edge of the creek, where the water glistened in the sunlight. Olivia noticed something floating by a rock. “That looks like a piece of the map!” she exclaimed. She had made a map for the hunt earlier that morning, and a piece of it had gone missing. She scrambled down the embankment, being careful not to scrape herself on the jagged stones.

She grabbed the wet paper and climbed back up, her shoes squishing in the mud. As she sat down to dry off, Milo shouted, “Look! A deer!”

The deer sprinted across the clearing, its hooves tapping the earth in a rhythm. Olivia and Milo watched in silence before collecting the rest of their finds. Their backpacks were filled with forest treasures, including scraps of bark, colorful leaves, and a smooth stone Olivia planned to paint later.

As the sun began to set, the siblings returned to the cabin, tired but proud. Their grandparents smiled as they saw the collection. “Looks like the scramble was a success,” Grandpa said, scratching his chin thoughtfully.

Olivia smiled. “We even found a mystery tool!”

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