

WHAT'S THE IDEA IN THE SNOWSHOEING DAY?

Reading Comprehension

Read the given story and solve the worksheet that follows.

The Snowshoeing Day by Angela Cannon Yeatman Art by Ann Strugnell

This winter, when we visit Grandma Mary, she has a special present for me. In the corner of the kitchen are a pair of snowshoes tied up with a red bow. She says they are for me. My new shoes are small, red, and oval shaped. Grandma Mary's snowshoes are old and wooden. She says her snowshoes are called bearpaws because they are as round as a paw print.

My mother is snowshoeing with my little brother on her back. He can walk now, but not very well yet. I thought snowshoeing would be difficult, like learning to walk. But it isn't hard—not really. Once I get the hang of it, I can practically run across the top of the snow. Our black dog, Moon, is so big and heavy that he falls into the deep snow every few steps or so. Pat, pat, ploof! Pat, pat, ploof, ploof! He needs his own pair of snowshoes.

Grandma Mary says we are going to snowshoe to the stream. We usually go there only in the summertime, and I wonder why she wants to go there today. The four of us, with my little brother riding up high, head across the winter field and down the logging road blanketed in white. It is so much easier to walk on snow this way! We can walk on top instead of sinking in. I am not even tired, not yet.



Along the way, we find rabbit tracks on top of the snow. Each track has two long back feet and two round front paws. Grandma Mary says they are the tracks of a rabbit called the snowshoe hare.

“My shoes look like a rabbit’s back feet!” I exclaim.

“That’s right,” Grandma says with a smile. “Long, long ago, the Native Americans who lived here thought rabbit’s feet looked like a great way to get around in the snow. That is how they got the idea to invent snowshoes for people.”

Before we get to the stream, I am thinking about how much we like to swim and float in it wearing our inner tubes on hot summer days. But what a surprise I see! The stream is solid ice on top! There are frozen waterfalls over the rocks. Here and there, the surface of the water looks like glass, and in other places, frosty lines look like someone drew pictures of fern leaves on the ice. The stream is beautiful, surrounded by snow.



Grandma Mary has brought a thermos of hot spiced cider and little cubes of cheese in her daypack. We sit on a log to rest. My little brother is sound asleep. It is very quiet here. Tiny black-and-white birds dart back and forth around us. They sing, chick-a-dee-dee-dee. I am glad we took a winter walk. “Thank you,” I say to Grandma Mary. “Thank you for the snowshoes!”

Complete the graphic organizer with the main idea and supporting details from the story.

The Snowshoeing Day

Main Idea
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Key Detail A

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Key Detail B

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Key Detail C

