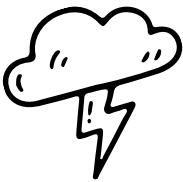


Dark Park



Read this poem and answer the questions on the back

I went for a ride
on my bike in the park.
Some clouds started forming.
It quickly got dark.

The rain pounded down
as the wind began blowing.
The weather turned colder,
and soon it was snowing.

I shivered and shook
as a blizzard was forming,
and thunder and lightning
were suddenly storming.

I tried to escape,
but my bike wouldn't go.
The wheels were both frozen
and stuck in the snow.

I jumped off my bike
and ran out of the park.
The sky was all sunny,
not cloudy and dark.

It's really a puzzle
why out here it's nice,
but inside the park
it's all snowbanks and ice.

I've taken a breath,
and I'm counting to ten,
preparing myself
to go back in again.

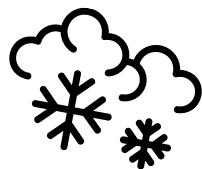
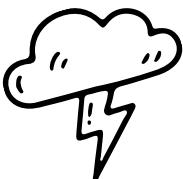
I might sound insane,
like a crazed maniac.
I don't really care, though—
I want my bike back.

— Kenn Nesbitt



Name: _____

Date: _____



Dark Park

What was the narrator doing at the beginning of the poem?

What kinds of weather happened in the park?

Why couldn't the narrator ride their bike out of the park?

Why was the narrator surprised when they left the park?

How do you think the narrator feels at the end of the poem?