

*Raygor Readability Estimate  
For The Westing Game*

*By: Ellen Raskin  
New York, NY Puffin, 1978*

**Passage One (page 6)**

On September first the chosen ones (and the mistake) moved in. A wire fence had been erected along the north side of the building; on it a sign warned: NO TRESPASSING – Property of the Westing estate. The newly paved driveway curved sharply and doubled back on itself rather than breach the city-county line. Sunset Towers stood at the far edge of town.

On September second Shin Hoo's Restaurant, specializing in authentic Chinese cuisine, held its grand opening. Only three people came. It was, indeed, an exclusive neighborhood; too exclusive for Mr. Hoo. However, the less expensive coffee shop that opened on the parking lot was kept busy servicing breakfast, lunch, and dinner to tenants "ordering up" and to workers from nearby Westingtown.

**Passage Two (page 111)**

Grace Wexler slammed the door on the delivery boy's silly face and returned to her party with a pink-ribboned gift. The gossiping guests were sipping jasmine tea from Westing Paper Party Cups, nibbling on tidbits from Westing Paper Party Plates, and wiping their fingers on Westing Paper Party Napkins. Madame Hoo served in a tight-fitting silk gown slit high up her thigh, a costume as old-fashioned and impractical as bound feet. Women in China wore blouses and pants and jackets. That's what she would wear when she got home.

Grace clapped her hands for attention. "Girls, girls! It's time for the bride-to-be to open her presents. Angela, you sit here and everybody gather round."

**Passage Three (page 206)**

Julian R. Eastman rose. He looked stern. And very proper. He wore a gray business suit with a vest, a striped tie. His shoes were shined. He limped as he walked toward her, not the crooked limp of Doctor Sikes, just a small limp, a painful limp. Again Turtle was gripped by panic. He seemed so different, so important. She shouldn't have kicked him (the Barney Northrup him). He was coming closer. His watery blue eyes stared at her over his rimless half-glasses. Hard eyes. His teeth were white, not quite even (no one would ever guess they were false). He was smiling. He wasn't angry with her, he was smiling.

	<u>Sentences</u>	<u>Words</u>
Passage One	7.3	36
Passage Two	7.3	27
Passage Three	<u>13</u>	<u>27</u>
Total	27.6	90
Average	9.2	30



This gives you a readability of 7<sup>th</sup> grade.