Testing Reading Cognitive Load

Sample Paragraphs

**1st**

Balloons are pretty and come in different colors, different shapes, different sizes, and they can even adjust sizes as needed. But don't make them too big or they might just pop, and then bye-bye balloon. It'll be gone and lost for the rest of mankind. They can serve a variety of purposes, from decorating to water balloon wars. You just must use your head to think a little bit about what to do with them.

She nervously peered over the edge. She understood in her mind that the view was supposed to be beautiful, but all she felt was fear. There had always been something about heights that disturbed her, and now she could feel the full force of this unease. She reluctantly crept a little closer with the encouragement of her friends as the fear continued to build. She couldn't help but feel that something horrible was about to happen.

**2nd**

He was after the truth. At least, that's what he told himself. He believed it, but any rational person on the outside could see he was lying to himself. It was apparent he was only after his own truth that he'd already decided and was after this truth because the facts didn't line up with the truth he wanted. So, he continued to tell everyone he was after the truth oblivious to the real truth sitting right in front of him.

She was infatuated with color. She didn't have a favorite color per se, but she did have a fondness for teals and sea greens. You could see it in the clothes she wore that color was an important part of her overall style. She took great pride that color flowed from her, and that color was always all around her. That is why, she explained to her date sitting across the table, that she could never have a serious relationship with him since he was colorblind.

**3rd**

There were only two ways to get out of this mess if they all worked together. The problem was that neither was all that appealing. One would likely cause everyone a huge amount of physical pain while the other would likely end up with everyone in jail. In Sam's mind, there was only one thing to do. He threw everyone else under the bus and he secretly sprinted away leaving the others to take the fall without him.

He hid under the covers hoping that nobody would notice him there. It really didn't make much sense since it would be obvious to anyone who walked into the room there was someone hiding there, but he still held out hope. He heard footsteps coming down the hall and stop in front in front of the bedroom door. He heard the squeak of the door hinges and someone opened the bedroom door. He held his breath waiting for whoever was about to discover him, but they never did.

**Study Paragraphs**

**1st**

(Bionic Font)

I inadvertently went to See's Candy last week (I was in the mall looking for phone repair), and as it turns out, See's Candy now charges a dollar -- a full dollar -- for even the simplest of their wee confection offerings. I bought two chocolate lollipops and two chocolate-caramel-almond things. The total cost was four-something. I mean, the candies were tasty and all, but let's be real: A Snickers bar is fifty cents.

Life isn't always beautiful. That was a lesson that Dan was learning. He also realized that life wasn't easy. This had come as a shock since he had lived a charmed life. He hated that this was the truth and he struggled to be happy knowing that his assumptions weren't correct. He wouldn't realize until much later in life that the difficult obstacles he was facing that were taking away the beauty in his life at this moment would ultimately make his life much more beautiful.

The picket fence had stood for years without any issue. That's all it was. A simple, white, picket fence. Why it had all of a sudden become a lightning rod within the community was still unbelievable to most. Yet a community that had once lived in harmony was now divided in bitter hatred and it had everything to do with the white picket fence.

There were little things that she simply could not stand. The sound of someone tapping their nails on the table. A person chewing with their mouth open. Another human imposing themselves into her space. She couldn't stand any of these things, but none of them compared to the number one thing she couldn't stand which topped all of them combined.

He couldn't move. His head throbbed and spun. He couldn't decide if it was the flu or the drinking last night. It was probably a combination of both. Little Timmy never drank again.

**2nd**

(Times New Roman)

She didn't like the food. She never did. She made the usual complaints and started the tantrum he knew was coming. But this time was different. Instead of trying to placate her and her unreasonable demands, he just stared at her and watched her meltdown without saying a word.

What were the chances? It would have to be a lot more than 100 to 1. It was likely even more than 1,000 to 1. The more he thought about it, the odds of it happening had to be more than 10,000 to 1 and even 100,000 to 1. People often threw around the chances of something happening as being 1,000,000 to 1 as an exaggeration of an unlikely event, but he could see that they may actually be accurate in this situation. Whatever the odds of it happening, he knew they were big. What he didn't know was whether this happening was lucky or unlucky.

My pincher collar is snapped on. Then comes the electric zapper collar. Finally, my purple at-home collar is taken off and I know I’m going for a walk to the dog park. I’m so excited to see my friends. They’re just the best! I hope Spike or Thunder are there already. They're the most fun to chase and tumble with. My human is pretty strict with me. I’m only allowed on the grass and not on the sidewalks. I think she’s afraid I’m going to jump on the other humans. I don’t understand why everyone else gets to jump on the benches and run wild on the sidewalks. They don’t listen to their humans. I know I could ignore mine but if I do she may zap me and it’s just not worth it. She probably wouldn’t let me back at the dog park if I didn’t listen to her. I just love the dog park.

**3rd**

(Some other font)

He slowly poured the drink over a large chunk of ice he has especially chiseled off a larger block. He didn't particularly like his drinks cold, but he knew that the drama of chiseling the ice and then pouring a drink over it looked far more impressive than how he liked it. It was all about image and he'd managed to perfect the image that he wanted to project.

There were two things that were important to Tracey. The first was her dog. Anyone that had ever met Tracey knew how much she loved her dog. Most would say that she treated it as her child. The dog went everywhere with her, and it had been her best friend for the past five years. The second thing that was important to Tracey, however, would be a lot more surprising to most people. She loved to collect thumb tacks of all different colors and display them on the fireplace mantel.

The red glow of taillights indicating another long drive home from work after an even longer 24-hour shift at the hospital. The shift hadn’t been horrible but the constant stream of patients entering the ER meant there was no downtime. She had some of the “regulars” in tonight with new ailments they were sure were going to kill them. It’s amazing what a couple of Tylenol and a physical exam from the doctor did to eliminate their pain, nausea, headache, or whatever other mild symptoms they had. Sometimes she wondered if all they really needed was some interaction with others.

Barbara had been waiting at the table for twenty minutes. it had been twenty long and excruciating minutes. David had promised that he would be on time today. He never was, but he had promised this one time. She had made him repeat the promise multiple times over the last week until she'd believed his promise. Now she was paying the price.