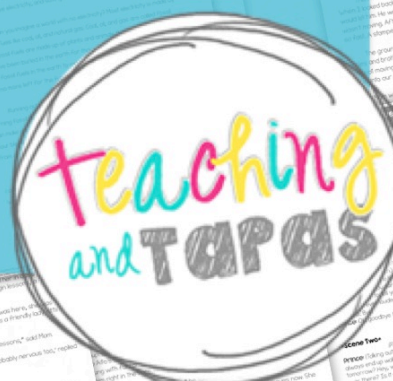


Common Core Aligned CLOSE READING Passages and Activities Literature



50 Original Fiction Reading Passages
2 Pages of Close Reading and Text Dependent Responses per Passage

5 Passages for EACH 5th Grade CCSS Literature Standard



What is in here?

50 Original 5th grade level reading passages. Each passage falls within the Lexile Level of 770-980, which is the Common Core State Standards expectation for 5th grade. The Lexile Level is marked at the top of each passage.

Standards **RL.5.1, 5.2, 5.3, 5.4, 5.5, 5.7** EACH have **5** passages and activities specifically dedicated to that standard. Standards **RL.5.6** and **RL.5.9** are extra special (you know, the ones where you compare two texts on the same topic) because they have a total of **10** passages each so that your students can compare away!

Each passage has **2** pages of carefully written and consistent close reading tasks and text dependent questions. The first page of tasks are specifically aligned to the standard identified at the top of the page.

The second page of activities is a **spiral** of all the 5th Grade RL standards. This is perfect for holding those kids accountable for everything they have already learned! No skill slipping on your watch!

Sneak Peek...

**Lexile
Level**

RL.5.1 •The Big One•

#4 Lexile Level - 800 Words - 760

Page 1

The Big One

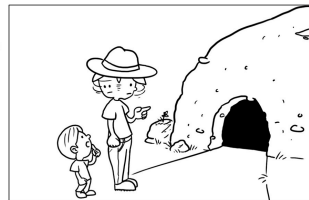
An unlikely pair were trapped together in the Amazon rainforest. Yuri, the tall and muscular outdoorsman who could handle anything nature threw at him, was stuck with a 12 year old stowaway named Sinda. Sinda grew up on the edge of the Amazon rainforest. Sneaky Sinda was always looking for an adventure. He didn't know what he was in for when he snuck onto Yuri's boat headed out to the deepest part of the rainforest on an important mission requested by the president himself.

Yuri was not having a good day. They were lost. Yuri had work to do and adventures to seek. Yet here he was holding the hand of a little kid. He wanted to get this kid back to his parents as soon as possible so he could continue with his work. He knew how dangerous the Amazon rainforest could be. Sinda, on the other hand, was secretly excited about being lost in the rainforest. He tried to hide his smile from Yuri because he loved being on such an exciting adventure.

Before they knew it, Yuri and Sinda were standing in front of a cave entrance. It looked like the door to a secret world. From the entrance, only rocks were visible. The rest was darkness. It was black like space. It was black like a crow. It was black like a black hole that sucked up all the light around the universe.

Yuri looked down at him. He knew this kid needed to get home to his parents. He also knew that you don't always randomly find a cave. That happens only a few times in a lifetime. He looked at the cave, then back at him, at the cave, and then back at him.

"Sinda," he said, "we have two choices. Either we can get on the boat and get you home, or we can very quickly explore this cave. The choice is yours." He looked at the helpless kid very honestly. Sinda smiled. The choice was his. He didn't even have to think about it.



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Custom Illustrations by Britney Gargano

Page 1

RL.5.1 •The Big One•

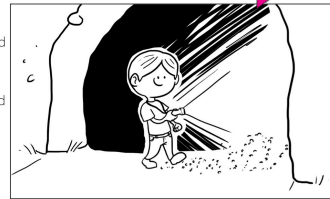
#4 Lexile Level - 800 Words - 760

Page 2

"Mister Woodland. I'm an explorer," he yelped. "Let's go climb that cave." Yuri let out a big grin. He even let out a WOO-HOO. They were going to do some exploring. They started to walk in and then Yuri stopped.

"Oh no, I don't have my flashlight. I forgot it in all the commotion," said Yuri. He was a boy scout, and a boy scout is always prepared. He, however, didn't have a flashlight.

"Yuri, Yuri. What would your Mama think?" said Sinda. He then pulled a necklace out from underneath his shirt. On one end of the necklace was a mini flashlight. He turned it on. "Now let's go!"



They walked into the cave. The ground was rocky in the first few steps. After that, it smoothed out. Then they saw it. Paintings. On the rock face to their right, there was a big painting - a cave painting. It was tremendous and twice as big as a car. It was carved out of rocks. It was a wonder that it survived.

The painting showed several things. There were stick figures. The woman, and dancing, and a painting of a big river with ripples. This is what they saw. It was so weird.



RL.5.1
#4

•RESPOND• The Big One

NAME: _____

3. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

4. Describe the **THEME** of this text.



Color in a **DETAILED** response that supports the theme.

6. In what ways are Sinda and Yuri **SIMILAR**?

7. In what ways are Sinda and Yuri **DIFFERENT**?

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**Includes
custom
illustrations**

Page 1

**Questions
specifically
focused on a
certain
standard...**

**All
standards
clearly
marked**

Page 2

**Spiral of all
common core
standards**

**There are 5
activities just like
this for each 5th
Grade Common
Core Standard**

Need Lower Level Texts?

The texts in this product are meant to be
challenging!

They are perfect for 5th graders who read at grade level. But what about your struggling readers or students reading
below grade level?

**COMING
SOON!**

I will have an **extension pack** in my store that has all of these texts **shortened** and written at a **lower** Lexile level. You just add them to this product!

Every text in the extension pack will have a Lexile level between **LL 500 - 760**



Mr. Cactus

I lived in Arizona. It was hot and dry as a bone in my town. The air was so dry that no plants really grew there... except for Mr. Cactus. Mr. Cactus was a giant Saguaro Cactus. It was ten feet tall, big, and green, and it had spikes all over. It was in my yard, in the dust, and I didn't like him.

"Come on honey, it's just a plant," said my stepdad Earl. "The thing would probably be more afraid of you than you are of it."

Exhibit A: When I was 2 years old, I was running around the yard in my foot scooter. When I scooted too close to the cactus, I stepped on one of the cactus spikes that was on the ground. The thing went right through my little toddler foot.

Exhibit B: I was playing hide and go seek with Ronald, my friend from down the road. Ronald decided it would be funny if he hid behind the cactus. He knew I wouldn't go anywhere near it. While Ronald was hiding, a scorpion crawled into Ronald's shoe. When he felt it on his ankle, he FREAKED! (who wouldn't?) He jumped up and hit his head SMACK on one of the arms of the giant Saguaro. Earl spent 2 hours getting out all the cactus needles out of Ronald's scalp.

Exhibit C: My little dog, Pico, and I were playing catch with a Frisbee. The Frisbee flew on top of the cactus. It got stuck on the needles, and Pico, the poor dog, tried to jump up and get the Frisbee. That was the last time Pico ever got within 30 feet of the cactus.

"Earl," I said to my stepdad, "You may not believe me, but I think that THAT cactus is ONE evil thing!"

Earl just rolled his eyes, then gave me a sloppy kiss on my forehead. Poor guy... That cactus might be coming for him next. We both walked outside. Earl cut through the yard and walked by Mr. Cactus to get to his truck. As usual, I took the the long way. I always kept my distance from that monster. Earl put on his construction hat and got into his pick-up truck. "Stay safe, kiddo," he said to me, "I'll see you when I come home."

I started walking back to the house when I heard a strange sound. "Cheee cheee." What was that? I've never heard that noise before. It was coming from the front yard... the cactus part of the yard. It's probably that evil cactus, trying to call

me over with its thorns! One way or another, I bolted for the house, and then I heard it again.

"Chee cheel!" It sounded smaller this time. I decided to swallow my fear, and went over to the cactus. It was just me and Mr. Cactus. "Hello again, old friend," I said with my voice shaking.

"Chee cheel!" I realized it was coming from the bottom of the cactus. "Chee cheel!" I tip-toed over, and there, in the thorns was a tiny, brown and white woodpecker.

"Hey little guy," I said, "what are you doing down here?" Suddenly, a bird swooped and almost hit my head. "What was that?!" I screamed. Then another swoop. It was a momma woodpecker, and it glided, and swished, and then returned into a hole in the cactus.

Oh my gosh, I thought, this cactus is a nest... and this little birdie fell out. It all hit me in that moment. I guess Mr. Cactus isn't an evil torture machine. I guess he's just a house, trying to protect these woodpeckers from me and my dog with its annoying spikes.

"Don't worry, little birdie," I said as I ran into the barn. In no time, I got Earl's stepladder out, and opened it up. I put it right by the cactus. I then got a piece of newspaper and carefully scooped up the little woodpecker. "Chee Cheeeel!" It was scared.

"I said don't worry little one, you're almost home." I got up on the ladder with the birdie, and climbed all the way to the top. It still wasn't high enough. I got on my tippy toes. The bird was so close to its hole. "Chee ChEEEE!" I got on my final tippy toe, as far as I could reach and I jumped. I put the bird right in the hole. I got it!

Then I missed the ladder. I fell backwards and my butt hit the ground. I lay there, about to cry. But then, I looked up and saw the birdies all chirping together. I realized Mr. Cactus wasn't so bad after all.

1. Do you think the kid's level of fear is reasonable? Why or why not? **QUOTE** the text in your response. Suggested phrases: "The author said..." or "According to the text..."



Color the details in the text that help you answer the question.

Reread the text you have colored. Describe its overall tone or feeling.

2. How did the kid change in the story? **QUOTE** the text in your response. Suggested phrases: "The author said..." or "According to the text..."



Color the details in the text that help you answer the question.

RL.5.2

3. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.2

4. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

5. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how the kid reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	THE KID'S REACTION
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6. Does the kid's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

The Bulldogs

Barry was a football player. He was the quarterback on the Newberg Lions. The team was not doing so well. All of their players had been tired because of the heat wave in town.

They lived in California, and that year, it was a serious drought. There was no water in town. This was bad for football because football players needed water. When they were practicing in the heat, the players would sweat out all of the water in their bodies. That summer, they could only have a little drinking water at practice.

"We need to get more water, Coach!" yelled Oscar, the running back. "If I don't have my water, I won't be able to run the ball."

"Same goes for me, Coach," said Fritz, the Nose Tackle. "If I'm not hydrated, I can't break a tackle, and I ABSOLUTELY won't be able to sack the other team's quarterback." The whole team agreed. No water meant no football.

Coach Marman, who looked like a mean old bulldog, put up his hand. The room immediately fell silent. "I know this is tough," he said, "It's been a hard season, and you all have worked hard. Tomorrow we face our rivals, the Oldtown Otters. We've lost to them the past three years, but tomorrow we will get our victory."

"But how can we do it without any water?" asked Barry.

"You leave that to me, son. You leave that to me."

Barry lived on the edge of Newberg and Oldtown. There was a water tower in Oldtown. It was the water that went to the entire city. It was for all the houses, all the hospitals, and all the schools. It was a tough summer, and both Newberg and Oldtown had to limit their water. If someone took too much, then no one would have enough.

One night, Barry was out walking his bulldog, Rex. He always walked the same path, which went around the water tower. It was dark by the time they reached the green tower when Barry saw Coach Marman's truck. There were barrels of water in it. Barry was suspicious.

He tied his bulldog to a post on the road, and went to investigate. To his surprise, he saw what looked like another bulldog. It was Coach Marman. He was stealing the water from the Oldtown water tower.

"What are you doing here? Is this what you meant by 'leave that to me'?" asked Barry. Coach Marman was shocked, and barked when he heard a voice.

"I'm walking my bulldog, but I should ask you the same. What are you doing here?" said Coach Marman. Coach Marman knew he was guilty and caught. "Look son, if I don't steal this water, then we are going to lose the game. Do you want to win or not?" Coach Marman asked with a guilty smile.

Barry thought for a moment. He wanted to win, but stealing was wrong. He did not want to let down his team, but he did not want the people of Oldtown to suffer either.

"Coach... if you don't give this water back, then you just lost a quarterback." Coach Marman turned his smile upside down. He couldn't believe Barry would turn himself around.

"I don't know how I could live with myself," Barry said. "We're only playing a game, but Oldtown needs that water. I'll play for you, I'll give it my best, but not as long as we are stealing water. Make your choice."

Barry didn't end up playing that game. The Newberg Lions ended up beating the Oldtown Otters. Barry was never the happier, because he knew, deep down, that he was true to himself. His friends forgave him, the right ones, anyway. He never forgot that on that fateful night, he chose the right bulldog.

1. What kind of kid is Barry? Is he a character you like or connect to? **QUOTE** the text in your response. Suggested phrases: "The author said..." or "According to the text..."



Color the details in the text that help you answer the question.

Reread the text you have colored. Describe its overall tone or feeling.

2. What does it mean in the text when it says, "on that fateful night, he chose the right bulldog"? **QUOTE** the text in your response. Suggested phrases: "The author said..." or "According to the text..."



Color the details in the text that help you answer the question.

RL.5.2

3. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.2

4. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

5. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how Barry reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	BARRY'S REACTION
<hr/>	<hr/>
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6. Does Barry's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

The Heat

Carla was being incredibly fussy. Mom was not in the mood to deal with her moodiness. Carla was exactly 2 years old today. It was her birthday. In her whole life, all two years of it, there was one thing that Carla loved more than anything in the world. She loved to eat beef stroganoff. She would run around the house, yelling, "Beef rogan! Beef rogan!"

Today, however, things were different. It was her birthday, but she was not happy. She was fussy and difficult. Dad tried to play blocks with her, but she kept breaking everything that he put together. Mom gave her a juice box, but instead of drinking it, she poured it on the floor and said, "You clean, me birthday!"

Mom cleaned the juice even though she really didn't want to, but birthday's were special. When Mom was a little girl, she was always treated like a princess on her birthday. She wanted to give her daughter the same thing. She bought her a tiara, baked her a cake, and was making her favorite meal. However, this was not enough for Carla. She wanted more. She would soon learn that it was not a good thing to want too much on her birthday.

While Mom was cooking the meal, Carla walked up. She stared up at Mom. Mom tried to focus on the cooking, but then looked down. Carla didn't say a word. She just pointed her finger to make Mom come down on her level. Mom bent down.

"Up!" said Carla, and put her arms up. Carla was not in a mood for playing. Mom still said "no". Carla then started to whine and cry and throw another tantrum. Mom put down the cooking spoon and picked up Carla.

"Okay, okay honey, you can see what Mom is making for you," said Mom, balancing Carla and dinner with her strong mom arms. "You see I'm making your favorite meal."

"Faster!" said Carla.

"Carla, I'm going as fast as I can."

"No Mom, I want faster! Now!"

Mom was trying her best, but it was getting tough. She wanted a princess, but not this bossy little princess. She was starting to get a little annoyed. Then Carla reached to touch the hot pot lid on the stove. Mom instantly stepped away.

"Carla, no, that's hot!"

Carla looked at Mom, about to yell. "I want to touch the hot," she said.

"No you don't Carla," said Mom, really trying to save her daughter from touching the hot pot. "It's going to hurt."

"Mom, you don't know. It's my birthday and I want to touch hot," said Carla, with command.

"Honey, you can't touch that," Mom pulled Carla away and as she did, Carla started to scream and cry.

"It's MY BIRTHDAY and I WANT to TOUCH HOT!" yelled Carla. Mom was impressed that Carla could use so many words. She knew Carla had her mind set. She also knew there was one way to teach her what hot means.

"Okay dear, you can touch it, but you're not going to like it."

Carla was happy. She smiled at the hot pot of water sitting on the stove, reached out her hand and grabbed the the hot lid...

It was a birthday the whole family would never forget. For the rest of Carla's life, on every birthday, Mom and Dad would tell all of Carla's birthday party guests about her 2nd birthday: about her special birthday tiara, her special birthday beef stroganoff, and of course, her extra special birthday bandage she wore on her finger for the rest of the day.

"And that," said Mom, "was how Carla learned what hot was."

1. Why do you think the mother let Carla touch the hot plate? **QUOTE** the text in your response.
Suggested phrases: "The author said..." or "According to the text..."



Color the details in the text that help you answer the question.

Reread the text you have colored. Describe its overall tone or feeling.

2. What is Carla like? What can you infer about her personality? **QUOTE** the text in your response.
Suggested phrases: "The author said..." or "According to the text..."



Color the details in the text that help you answer the question.

RL.5.2

3. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.2

5. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

5. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how the mother reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	THE MOTHER'S REACTION
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

6. Does the mother's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

The Big One

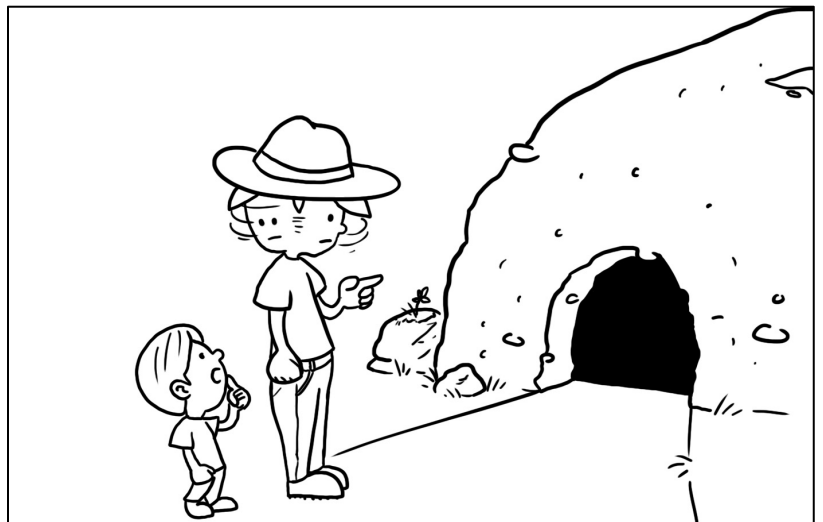
An unlikely pair were trapped together in the Amazon rainforest. Yuri, the tall and muscular outdoorsman who could handle anything nature threw at him, was stuck with a 12 year old stowaway named Sinai. Sinai grew up on the edge of the Amazon rainforest. Sneaky Sinai was always looking for an adventure. He didn't know what he was in for when he snuck onto Yuri's boat headed out to the deepest part of the rainforest on an important mission requested by the president himself.

Yuri was not having a good day. They were lost. Yuri had work to do and adventures to seek. Yet, here he was holding the hand of a little kid. He wanted to get this kid back to his parents as soon as possible so he could continue with his work. He knew how dangerous the Amazon rainforest could be. Sinai, on the other hand, was secretly excited about being lost in the rainforest. He tried to hide his smile from Yuri because he loved being on such an exciting adventure.

Before they knew it, Yuri and Sinai were standing in front of a cave entrance. It looked like the door to a secret world. From the entrance, only rocks were visible. The rest was darkness. It was black like space. It was black like a crow. It was black like a black hole that sucked up all the light around the universe.

Yuri looked down at him. He knew this kid needed to get home to his parents. He also knew that you don't always randomly find a cave. That happens only a few times in a lifetime. He looked at the cave, then back at him, at the cave, and then back at him.

"Sinai," he said, "We have two choices. Either we can get on the boat and get you home, or we can very quickly explore this cave. The choice is yours." He looked at the helpless kid very honestly. Sinai smiled. The choice was his. He didn't even have to think about it.



"Mister Woodland. I'm an explorer," he yelled. "Let's go check out that cave. Yuri let out a big grin. He even let out a WOO-HOO. They were going to do some exploring. They started to walk in and then Yuri stopped.

"Oh no, I don't have my flashlight. I forgot it in all the commotion," said Yuri. He was a boy scout, and a boy scout is always prepared. He, however, didn't have a flashlight.

"Yuri, Yuri, Yuri. What would your Mama think?" said Sinai. He then pulled a necklace out from underneath his shirt. On one end of the necklace was a mini flashlight. He turned it on. "Now let's go!"

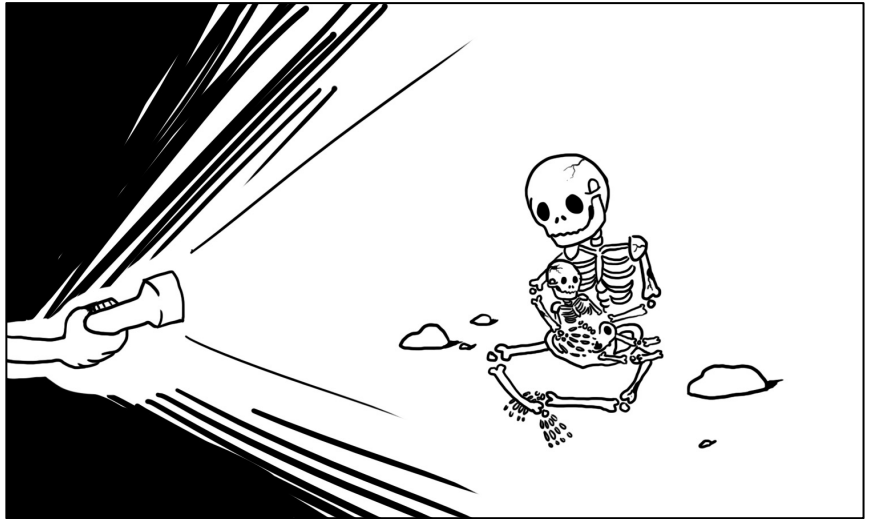


They walked into the cave. The ground was rocky in the first few steps. After that, it smoothed out. Then they saw it. Paintings. On the rock face to their right, there was a big painting - a cave painting. It was tremendous and twice as big as a car. It was carved out of rocks. It was a wonder that it survived. The painting showed several things. There were thick stick figures. They showed a man, woman, and child. They were dancing around a fire. A painting on another wall showed a big river, with lots of ripples. "You see this Sinai? This is the river we just crossed. It hasn't changed since these were made."



Sinai was beyond words. He had completely forgotten missing his parents. He looked to the end of the cave and then gasped. Yuri looked at him. He was trying to see what was wrong, then he saw that Sinai's eyes were glued to something. He shined the light over to the end of the cave.

In the corner of the cave were two very, very, very old skeletons. One was big, maybe a man skeleton. The other was smaller. It was a child skeleton. It looked like the big skeleton was holding the child skeleton in his arms. They looked comfortable, even though they were just bones.



"From the looks of it, they may be older than any skeleton we've found in this part of the rainforest. What do you want to name them?" asked Yuri.

"Me?" said Sinai.

"Well Sinai, you found them. You're officially an archeologist. You name them."

Sinai thought for only a second then said, "I got it! They are Sinai and Yuri. Yuri's the little one, and Sinai, of course, is the big one."

1. Is Yuri lucky to have Sinai? Is Sinai luckier to have Yuri? Support your answer with details, including **QUOTES**, from the text. Suggested phrases: "The author said..." or "According to the text..."



Color the details in the text that help you answer the question.

Reread the text you have colored. Describe its overall tone or feeling.

2. Choose a sentence from the text that most shows what Sinai is like. Write the sentence below.

Explain how this sentence shows what Sinai is like.

RL.5.2

3. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

4. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

5.  Color in a **DETAIL OR SENTENCE** that supports the theme.
Explain in your own words how this detail supports the theme.

RL.5.3

6. In what ways are Sinai and Yuri **SIMILAR**?

7. In what ways are Sinai and Yuri **DIFFERENT**?

425 Morrison St.

Every time Dominic rode his bike home from school, he passed 425 Morrison Street. There was something that pulled his imagination toward this place. He did not know why he was so curious about it. From the outside, it was run down, but otherwise plain as day. It was a dark shade of blue, and it had not been repainted since before the Internet was invented. There were holes in the walls, no bigger than a tennis ball, but large enough for mice to crawl in at night. The lawn was unruly, and the tall green grass had started to turn yellow with autumn. Dominic noticed that he never saw anyone go in or out. However, the lights were always on at night. The thing that really made the house on 425 stand out was the large airplane propeller on the front lawn.

Dominic, cycling past day after day, would imagine where the airplane propeller had come from. Maybe it had fallen off a plane that crashed over the house, he thought, and the owner never moved it. Maybe it was a secret plan by the army to make sure that if there were any spies in the neighborhood, they would be too scared to stay. Dominic, who everyone knew had a wild imagination, loved thinking about this mystery.

Dominic lived six houses down from 425 on the other side of the street. He would always bike around back and enter his house through the garage door. When he came to the door, he would always have to turn the knob left, because the old, weathered knob had broke a long time ago. When he entered, the outside light would only show for the first couple feet, so Dominic would have to put up his hands and feel around in the dark until he reached the light switch. At this point, he had done this so many times that he knew where everything was in the over-packed garage, so he didn't need to put his hands up anymore.

One day Dominic put his bike away and went into his house. He took off this jacket and his matching red shoes and put his backpack down in the kitchen. His mom was already making dinner, and when she saw her son, she came over, hugged him, and gave him a kiss on the forehead.

"Mom, I really want to go and see if anyone lives in 425," said Dominic. "I have never seen anyone there. I am really curious about that airplane propeller. Why has it been on that front lawn for so long? For some reason, I think a soldier lives there. I just wanna know more."

"No Dommy," she said, going over to a boiling pot and stirring it with a large wooden spoon, "Your curiosity has gotten you into trouble before. I don't want to hear that you were messing around in someone else's business again."

"Okay..." said Dominic.

"Alright, now go upstairs and clean that mess you left in the bathroom. There's toothpaste everywhere and I am not going to clean it up again. Now get to it mister."

Dominic walked past the kitchen, letting out a sigh, and began to head toward the stairs. His grandma, Nellie, was watching TV. It was one of her soap operas. He looked at her, and she silently locked eyes with him. Using her index finger, she quietly gestured to him, telling him to come over. He tip-toed in his socks to his grandma, making sure his mom couldn't hear anything.

"Dommy, I heard what you just said, about 425," she whispered. "The man that lives there...he is a spy."

Dominic's brown eyes lit up. He knew there was a reason there was a propeller.

"Don't tell your mom I told you," she said, smiled, and got back to her show.

Dominic went upstairs to clean up the toothpaste from the morning fight with his brother. But at that moment, he knew he had to meet the spy.

To be continued...

1. Do you think Dominic should find out if a spy is living in 425 Morrison St.? Why or why not? **QUOTE** the text in your response. Suggested phrases: "The author said..." or "According to the text..."



Color the details in the text that support your response.

Reread the text you have colored. Describe its overall tone or feeling.

2. Choose a sentence from the text that most shows what Dominic is like. Write the sentence below.

Explain how this sentence shows what Dominic is like.

RL.5.2

3. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

4. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

5.  Color in a **DETAIL OR SENTENCE** that supports the theme.
Explain in your own words how this detail supports the theme.

RL.5.3

6. Describe Dominic's **MOTHER**.

7. In what ways are Dominic and his mother **DIFFERENT** from each other?

The Kitten

Sophie had always wanted a pet. Her mom told her that she was not responsible enough for a pet. Sophie knew deep inside that if she only had a pet, she would do everything she was supposed to. She would wake up early for feedings, and she would clean up when her pet made a mess. She would play with her pet, and she would never have to be told to take care of it. Sophie could not understand why her mom thought she wasn't ready.

One day, Sophie was walking home from school when she heard a whimpering in the bushes. Curiously, Sophie looked inside of the bushes. To her surprise, there was a tiny kitten. The kitten was grey, and very fuzzy. It was all alone and looked scared and hungry. Sophie knew she had to help the kitten. She leaned down and scooped it into her arms. "I am going to call you Ghost," Sophie whispered.

Sophie ran home with Ghost in her arms. Her mom wouldn't be home for an hour, so Sophie set her plan into motion. She took Ghost into the bathroom and ran some warm, soapy water in the bathtub. She leaned down and tried to put Ghost into the water, but Ghost began scratching and meowing at Sophie. Sophie decided she was going to have to take things slowly. She got a cup and gently began to pour the water over Ghost's grey fur, while she spoke soothingly to the kitten. Ghost immediately calmed down and let Sophie give her a bath. Sophie used her coconut shampoo to wash Ghost, and soon she smelled fresh and clean. Sophie grabbed her pink, fluffy bath towel and dried Ghost. She laughed as Ghost's fur stuck up wildly. "I bet you're hungry, Ghost," said Sophie. "Let's go to the kitchen and get food."

Sophie and Ghost went to the kitchen and opened the pantry door. "Yes, I think I will give you some tuna," said Sophie to Ghost. She opened the can and put a small amount onto a plate. Ghost looked a bit confused at first, but as soon as she smelled the tuna, she hungrily began to eat, and eat, and eat! In a matter of seconds, Ghost had eaten all of the tuna. "I don't want to give you too much, Ghost," said Sophie. "We will have more in a while."

About that time, the front door opened and in walked Sophie's mom.

Sophie met her mom at the door with the kitten gently sitting in her arms. "Don't be mad. Well, um, it's just that, I found this scared kitten in the bushes and I brought her home" Sophie said quickly.

Sophie's heart was beating so quickly. She was worried that her mom was angry. She wanted to keep Ghost so bad, but was sure her mom was going to make her get rid of the kitten.

"Sophie, we've talked about this. I don't think you're ready for the responsibility of a pet. Pets are so much work. They need to be bathed, and fed, and have their messes cleaned up. It is a huge job to have a pet," Sophie's mom said.

"Mom, I know having a pet is a big responsibility, but I am ready for it. I found Ghost in a bush on my way home from school. She needed me. I brought her home, gave her a bath, dried her, and fed her some tuna. I promise I will be responsible for her. You won't have to do anything at all," Sophie said hurriedly. "Please, please, please can I keep her?"

Sophie's mom looked at the grey, fuzzy kitten in her kitchen. She looked at the hopeful expression on Sophie's face.

"I guess you better go get your wet clothes changed, Sophie, so we can get going," said Sophie's mom seriously.

"So we can take her to the animal shelter, you mean," said Sophie sadly.

"I think you better get your clothes changed so that we can run to the pet store and get Ghost some supplies. We can also ask the pet store for a recommendation for a veterinarian. Ghost will need a check-up and some shots," her mother said with a smile.

"You mean I can keep her?" Sophie squealed. "Oh Mom, this is the best day ever! I promise to care for Ghost. You won't be sorry," promised Sophie, hugging her mom. Sophie ran to her room to change her clothes. Her dreams had finally come true.

1. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

2.  Color in a **DETAIL OR SENTENCE** that supports the theme.
Explain in your own words how this detail supports the theme.

3.  Color in a **DETAIL OR SENTENCE** that supports the theme.
Explain in your own words how this detail supports the theme.

4. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how Sophie reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	SOPHIE'S REACTION
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

5. Does Sophie's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

RL.5.2

6. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.1

7. Why did Sophie's mother let her keep the kitten? **QUOTE** the text in your response. Suggested phrases: "The author said..." or "According to the text..."

8.  Choose a sentence from the text that most shows what Sophie is like.

Explain how this sentence shows what Sophie is like.

The Climb

They were halfway up the mountain when Anne called a time-out. She sat on a rock in the shade. She gulped water out of her bottle, but it still wasn't enough to quench her thirst. Anne was exhausted, yet she had bet her friend Lydia that she could make it all the way to the top.

The mountain really was not very big. It was more like a hill with five miles of hiking to the top. Anne, however, was more of an indoor person. She liked to read books and knit. This trek up the mountain was to prove that she was not a recluse. In some ways, Lydia was the opposite. She was an outdoor person who spent most of her free time outside. A hike like this was no big deal to her.

"You ready, lazy bones?" Lydia asked.

"Maybe we were not meant to climb this mountain," said Anne. "Like how the Olympians never climbed Mount Olympus because they believed their Gods lived at the top."

"We are not in mythical times," said Lydia. "Stop wasting time and let's keep going."

Anne took Lydia's hand and stood up. They began walking further uphill and into the sun. The landscape of the climb was not very appealing. Most of the grass had been beaten down by other hikers and there were hardly any trees. As they reached the ten mile marker, some other hikers came down from the top of the mountain.

"Howdy," said one of the hikers. "It's a beautiful day. You heading to the top?"

"Unfortunately," said Anne after taking another long drink of her water.

"It's worth the hike," said the hiker. "Such a beautiful view of the town and the valley."

They continued on their way up. Anne was intrigued by the view of the town. She had lived there all her life. She had never seen it from above, unless you count the time she got on top of the roof to clean out the gutters. That was a horrifying experience that she did not want to repeat. She did not do well being so high off the

ground. Now here she was, headed up into the clouds like some great explorer.

"I better be a hero at the end of this," Anne muttered as she climbed over a pile of rocks. She figured if she imagined that she was climbing Mount Olympus she would be made a hero when she reached the top and live in the clouds with Zeus and the other Greek gods and goddesses. "Not that I'd ever look down."

"You say something?" Lydia asked from the top of the rock pile.

"Nope, not me," said Anne.

When Anne stood at the top of the rocks she just climbed, she realized the last section of the hike was practically vertical. The rest of the hike, up until the rocks, had been nearly flat. It was manageable for someone who did not ever think that climbing a mountain would be any fun. Lydia had already marched ahead.

For the last mile, Anne thought of what her hero name might be. Perhaps it would be "Anne, Mountain Climber," or perhaps, "Anne, Undefeated Hiker." She would be gifted with the winged shoes of Hermes, the messenger for the Gods. She would never have to walk again. She could just float around reading.

"Look," said Lydia with a proud smile. "You made it." Lydia closed her eyes and took in a deep breath of the fresh air. She seemed to be at peace on top of that mountain.

At the end of the path, there was one bench looking out past the edge. There were no clouds surrounding the peak. It was a clear day and from the bench you could see most of the town. The red roofs were bright in the fading sun and you could pinpoint which homes had swimming pools. Anne sat there quiet for a long time before Lydia said they should head back down to the car. During the 30 min drive back to town, Anne knew that she had changed. She was not going to be just an indoor girl anymore. She had found her peace. It was at the top of that mountain.

1. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

2.  Color in a **DETAIL OR SENTENCE** that supports the theme.
Explain in your own words how this detail supports the theme.

3.  Color in a **DETAIL OR SENTENCE** that supports the theme.
Explain in your own words how this detail supports the theme.

4. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how Anne reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	ANNE'S REACTION
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

5. Does Anne's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

RL.5.2

6. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.3

7. Describe the characters.

Anne

Lydia

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8. In what ways are Anne and Lydia **SIMILAR**?

9. In what ways are Anne and Lydia **DIFFERENT**?

Dynamite Jones

Dynamite Jones was the biggest rodeo bull that lived in Fort Martin County. It had to be the size of a rhino, with the power of a dragon. It was explosive! Whenever Dynamite Jones was in the rodeo ring, it was like watching a hurricane in a firework factory. It would whip, it would tear, it would swing, it would sway, and within seconds, anyone who rode Dynamite Jones would fly off.

Cletus was a cowboy. He had never known anything else except for riding bulls and being a cowhand. Since he was little, Cletus worked the Fort Martin County Bull Farm. Life as a cowboy was not all fun and games. Since he could remember, he would wake up before the sunrise, feed the cows, and then clean up their droppings. And cows had a TON of droppings.

So why would Cletus want to be a cowboy for so many years? The rodeo, the smell of the bulls, the heavy clanks of the giant steel fences, the crowds cheering as the brave cowboys would ride the beasts, and of course, the golden belt buckle.

You see, in Fort Martin County, if you could ride a bull longer than anyone else, you won a solid gold belt buckle. With that buckle, you could do anything. You could go to Ms. Waxter's chicken coup and take as many eggs as you pleased. You could go down to Candyland and get anything your sweet tooth desired. You could even get a horse at Madame Fay's and ride it into the sunset like a true cowboy.

There was only one problem. The only bull in Fort Martin County was Dynamite Jones. Now Cletus wasn't a big guy. He was hardly tall enough to even hop up on a pony, much less be able to ride a bull the size of a mammoth. The boy knew that he was most likely never going to get anywhere near that bull. He never told anyone, but the bull scared him silly.

One day, he came home to Ma and the farm. It was a run down farm. He looked in the refrigerator and saw a couple of measly looking eggs. He looked outside at the ranch and saw that there were no horses milling about, and he saw that Ma was too old to tend the place.

"Ma, I wish I could get you a horse, and some eggs, maybe even a chicken, but I just don't know how," said Cletus. He put his head down into his cowboy hat.

"Well, there is one way that I could win it. I know I could do it, but it sure scares me."

"Cletus," said Ma, "Why are you so scared a that bull? He's big, but nothing more than that. You're never gonna know what life has for you if you don't hop on. Maybe you might surprise yourself."

Cletus couldn't sleep that night. He laid in bed thinking about his fears and what Ma said. The next night, he decided to face his fears. He signed up to ride Dynamite Jones.

"Up next," said the announcer, "We have our own Cletus Jackson riding the rumbling, the tumbling, the exploding, Dynamite Jones!"

Cletus was in the steel pen. He was sitting on top of Dynamite. He could feel the beast ready to burst. He gulped. His heart was beating like a jackhammer. "Ma, I hope you were right," he whispered to himself.

In a flash, the steel gate opened, and Dynamite began to whip around. He was jumping and stomping and making a storm of dust. Cletus was hanging on as if his hands were tied to the bull. To his surprise, he was staying on. What was happening?

Dynamite thrashed and zipped, but could not get Cletus off. You see, Cletus was a small man, and the bull was huge. Cletus was so small that the bull could not get him off. Dynamite bucked, and chucked, but, like a flea, Cletus would not come off. Every cowboy and cow gal in the rodeo cheered. Then they became silent because they were in awe.

The bull thrashed so hard that it got tired, and sat down on the ground, and dropped. Cletus not only survived, he defeated the beast! More importantly, he defeated his fears.

"Ladies and gents, I don't believe my eyes. Our very own Cletus has taken down Dynamite Jones. This has never been done before!"

Cletus couldn't believe it. He looked into the crowd and saw his Ma. Her smile was beaming and proud. That day, he did not just get a golden buckle, he became the most legendary rider in town: Dynamite Cletus Jones.

RL.5.2

1. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

2.  Color in a **DETAIL OR SENTENCE** that supports the theme.
Explain in your own words how this detail supports the theme.

3.  Color in a **DETAIL OR SENTENCE** that supports the theme.
Explain in your own words how this detail supports the theme.

4. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how Cletus reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	CLETUS' REACTION
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

5. Does Cletus' reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

RL.5.2

6. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.4

7.  Color all of the words and phrases in the text that are examples of **FIGURATIVE** language.

8. Choose three **FIGURATIVE** phrases in the text. Explain the meaning in your own words.

1. phrase: _____
meaning: _____

2. phrase: _____
meaning: _____

3. phrase: _____
meaning: _____

Scared Kelly

My family and I go on vacation every summer. We always drove our tan station wagon on our trips. My parents would sit in the front. My little sister, Kelly, and I, would sit in the back, letting the hot wind hit our faces from the open windows. The car would be full of potato chips, soda, fruit, sun block, and music. We always have so much fun on these trips. Two summer's ago, we went to the Grand Canyon. This past summer, we went to Disneyland and we were very excited. There was one thing that could spoil the trip, though, and that was the fact that Kelly was afraid to get on rides because she was scared of heights.

I know this because one summer we went to a water park. When Kelly got to the top of the water slide, she froze. A long line of kids waited while she stood there frozen with fear. She cried her eyes out while Mom walked her down, away from the angry eyes of the other kids. My parents really wanted her to get over her fear, though, and hoped she could do so at Disneyland, the "happiest place on Earth."

After a beautiful drive that lasted two days, we reached our destination. Dad and Kelly hopped out of the car and ran towards the front gates. It was a perfect day outside with plenty of sunshine. Kelly and I had eaten a tiny breakfast, so when we saw all of the food stands, we couldn't help but tug our parents towards them. We scarfed down egg sandwiches and bagels. After our stomachs were full, our family went to see some of the live shows. We enjoyed watching the Disney characters dancing and singing some of our favorite songs.

By the time we finished watching a second show, we were ready to find an arcade. I loved playing games and Kelly loved watching me play. We found one near the Matterhorn, one of Disneyland's roller coasters. While we played in the arcade, our parents went shopping.

One of the games I played was a water game, where I had to shoot water

into the mouth of a clown in order to make the balloon pop on its head. A stuffed bear with a large grin was one of the possible prizes.

Kelly tugged at my sleeve, "Please win one for me, Thomas!" She loved stuffed bears, but she was way too little to win one herself. The thing is, I liked the stuffed bears too, and I wanted to keep them for myself.

"You will have to win one yourself Kelly," I said. There was a part of me that was a bit greedy because I knew there was no way she could win since she was barely able to see over the counter.

While I was trying the game a third time, my parents came back. I still had not won the bear for Kelly. Kelly was really disappointed. Our parents thought getting on a ride might cheer her up. Our whole family, even Kelly, thought this sounded like a great idea. My parents and I secretly pretended like going on a ride was totally normal. We didn't want to make it a big deal so that maybe Kelly would forget about her fear.

Since we were right by the Matterhorn, a roller coaster that went through a mountain, we decided to try it first. As soon as we got to the front of the line, Kelly froze with fear, much like she had at the water slide. We feared it would happen. Right then, I thought of something that might get her on the ride.

"If we go on the ride together Kelly, I promise to go and win you a bear as soon as it is over," I said.

Kelly smiled and got on the ride. Sitting next to me, she screamed her little lungs out during the whole ride! My parents and I yelled and laughed too. When we got off the ride, I kept my word and took my sister back to the game. On my first try, I was able to win the bear for her. From that day on, Kelly was not scared of rides or heights anymore.

1. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

2.  Color in a **DETAIL OR SENTENCE** that supports the theme.
Explain in your own words how this detail supports the theme.

3.  Color in a **DETAIL OR SENTENCE** that supports the theme.
Explain in your own words how this detail supports the theme.

4. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how Thomas reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	THOMAS' REACTION
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

5. Does Thomas' reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

RL.5.2

6. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.3

1. Describe the characters.

Kelly

Thomas

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2. In what ways are Kelly and Thomas **SIMILAR**?

3. In what ways are Kelly and Thomas **DIFFERENT**?

The Legend of the Goop Monster

Olivia Penn loved ducklings. She was always at Altman Park feeding the ducklings that would come and swim by the creek that ran through the thick brush. It was her favorite thing to do. The ducklings were the best part of her visits to the creek. She started to come by once a day on her walk back from baseball practice. She always snuck a piece of bread to feed to the ducks.

"You know that bread isn't good for the ducklings," her mother would say, "they will get used to you feeding them bread and then they won't eat anything else. Ducks are the pickiest eaters in the whole animal kingdom."

"Well then I guess I'm just going to have to feed them every day now, or else they will starve!" she replied to her mother. Mother sighed, but smiled. "At least you're taking care of them."

Around the first day of June, Olivia started to notice a pattern. A terrible pattern. Every time that she came to the creek, there was another plastic ring in the creek. It looked like the kind that came off of water jugs. She would collect them into her baseball cap, and throw them away in the garbage.

On the second week, one of the ducklings came up out of the water and nestled into Olivia's hat. It was so fuzzy and furry that she couldn't help it. The next week, one of the little duckling's friend's came. The two water birds shared the hat.

The week after that, something bad happened. When Olivia got to the park, she saw a horrific sight. The two ducklings, who were now getting a little bigger, were stuck together. They both had their necks caught inside one of those water bottle rings. They were choking and thrashing in the water by the edge of the shore.

"Oh no!" yelled Olivia. "Calm down, you little things," and she hopped into the water and nestled the choking ducks into her arms. She pinched and pulled delicately, the ducks trying to quack, and in the final moment, she pulled the ducks free. They bellowed for some air, and quacked weakly as they regained their breath.

"You poor little ducklets!" Olivia said, and she took each one, and petted and kissed them. She was happy they were safe, but sad that they were in danger. She looked around, and saw that there was a lot of plastic in the water and on the

shore. She couldn't see where it was coming from because the brush was grown in.

"I'm going to get to the bottom of this," she told the ducklets, and took off her shoes, and got into the creek. She started to swim upstream, underneath the brush. The water was green and covered with goop. It was very dirty, and Olivia was less than pleased that she would have to wash it out. "It's for the ducklets," she said as she pressed on. She swam a little further, around a bend, or two, or five, and then she came to the edge of a factory.

It was some kind of bottling facility. There were workers in hard hats walking all around. There were trucks with big smoke, and workers on their break. She saw two big men talking, and laughing. They didn't seem too bad. Then she saw a man open a bottle of water. He uncapped his drink, and took off the plastic ring.

"Gotchya!" she whispered to herself, hiding in the creek, underneath a shrub.

The worker laughed, then aimed at the water, and gave the ring a big throw.

"STOP!!!!" yelled Olivia, and jumped up out of the bush. She was covered in green creek goop, and looked like a monster. The workers yelped like babies. "Stay back!" one yelled.

The plastic ring was still in the air, and Olivia caught it, right onto her finger. "You see this!" she said to the workers, "This is hurting the ducks that live down stream!"

The workers were still frightened. "We're sorry, we're sorry," they moaned in fear. Olivia looked down, and saw that she looked like a monster. Then she knew that she was in control. "That's right you're sorry. Never EVER do it again... Or I'll haunt your dreams and turn you into stew!" They replied with a yes, and never did it again. So lives the legend of the Goop Monster Olivia Penn.

1. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

- 2.



Color in a **DETAIL OR SENTENCE** that supports the theme.
Explain in your own words how this detail supports the theme.

- 3.



Color in a **DETAIL OR SENTENCE** that supports the theme.
Explain in your own words how this detail supports the theme.

4. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how Olivia reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	OLIVIA'S REACTION
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

5. Does Olivia's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

RL.5.2

6. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.1

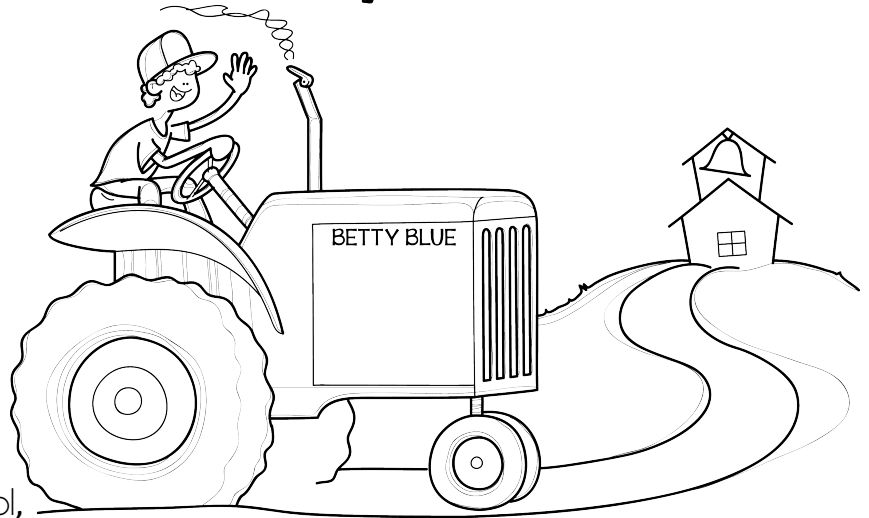
7. In the third paragraph, Olivia's mother said, "At least you're taking care of them." Do you agree that Olivia is taking care of the ducks and helping them? Explain your reasoning and include **QUOTES** from the text. Suggested phrases: "The author said..." or "According to the text..."

8.  Choose a sentence from the text that most shows what Olivia is like.

Explain how this sentence shows what Olivia is like.

The Unbreakable Betty Blue

Ol' Jeremy Bucklesworth had the biggest tractor in all of Tennessee. It was big, and old, and the bluest blue you've ever seen. Jeremy named her "Betty Blue". He drove that tractor everywhere he went.



When Jeremy went to school, he would ride his tractor. When Jeremy went to the store, his tractor he would ride. When Jeremy went to the country square dance championship, Jeremy rode his tractor. Jeremy loved that truck, and the truck loved Jeremy. He would fix it when he had to, but boy, would he ride it all over when it was working. One day, he rode from the second the sun rose up to the minute the sun set. When he slept, he would always sleep with the keys in his hand. When he wasn't riding his tractor, he was dreaming about it.

Then one day, Larson moved to town. Larson owned a tractor, too. Larson was short. His hands were too big for his body. Whenever he shook someone's hand, he would break it. In his first day he broke six people's hands. On his second day, he broke ten. Within the first week, Larson had broken fifty-five hands. Before long, the whole town's hands were broken, and no one could do anything. No one could do homework, drive cars, throw footballs, or open jars. In one month's time, there was no one with working hands, except for Ol' Jeremy Bucklesworth. He never got off his



tractor for long enough to shake Larson's hand. The people of the town walked to the Bucklesworth farm, and approached Ol' Jeremy to ask him a favor.

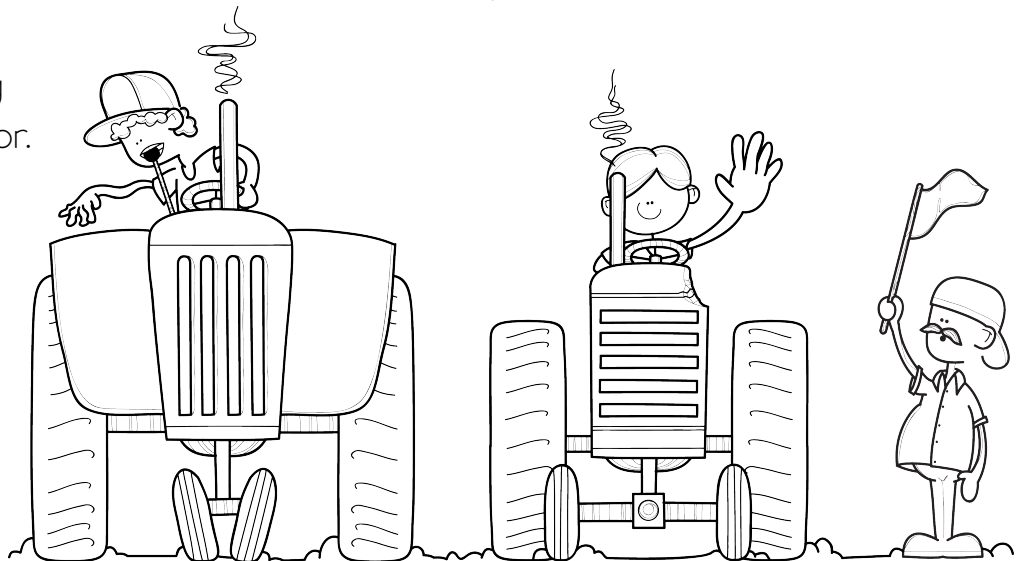
"Jeremy, please drive him out of town. You have Betty Blue, the best tractor around. He's broken all of our hands and we don't know what to do. Won't you help us beat him with your Betty Blue?"

Jeremy thought of what he could do. "Doesn't Larson have a tractor, too?" Jeremy asked. Of course he did. Within an hour, Jeremy and the townspeople had a plan. He would challenge Larson to a tractor race. The winner could stay, and the loser would have to leave town.

The next day at noon, the whole town came to Main Street. Larson was there with his tractor ready to go. It was red, and it had a big dent. Larson was looking at his big hands with a mean grin. He hadn't broken anyone's hand in a while. Jeremy got off his tractor and walked up to him.

"May the best man win," said Larson, and they shook hands. Jeremy was caught off guard, and accidentally shook Larson's hand. He was only trying to show some sportsmanship, but he heard the crunch. Jeremy Bucklesworth's hand was broken. The whole town gasped. Larson let out a chuckle, then ran to his tractor. Jeremy held his hand, and began to wonder. "Was this the end?" he thought to himself. "Am I about to lose this town to that mean bully?"

He swallowed a big gulp then ran to his tractor. He got on, started the engine, and then wondered how he would use the controls. He saw Larson drive away. "Let's do this, Betty Blue!" he yelled to the town. Then,

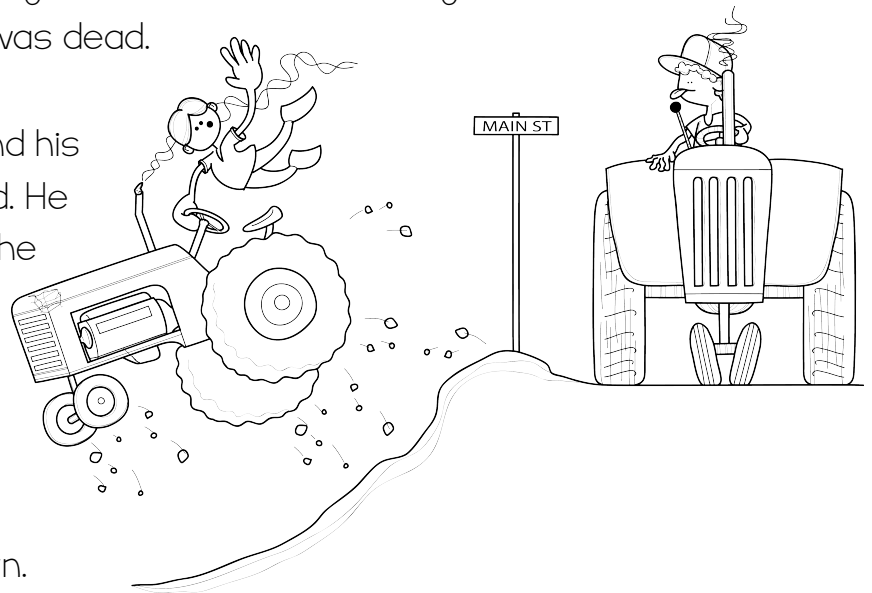


with his teeth, he bit down on the controls, and pushed on the accelerator.

He was biting Betty Blue, but making good speed. Larson saw this and started to get scared. All they had to do was race up and down Main Street. Larson was already half way there. He just had to turn around, drive down, and the town was his. Ol' Jeremy Bucklesworth would not let that happen.

Larson turned his tractor around, and when he did, he saw Jeremy coming for him. He was headed right for Larson's tractor! It was on a collision course. Jeremy was playing chicken with him. Larson wanted to call his bluff, but he swerved at the last second. He went off the road, and drove his tractor right into a ditch. The tractor went flying, then fell with a great thwack. The front right tire on the wheel broke clean off. Larson's tractor was dead.

Ol' Jeremy, with his teeth and his broken hand, slowly turned around. He stuck out his tongue at Larson as he passed, then slowly drove back down Main Street, winning the race. The whole town cheered, with all their broken hands. Larson was so embarrassed, he just left his tractor and ran out of town.



They decided to leave that broken tractor sitting in that ditch as a symbol to everyone in town that there is only one tractor and her name is Betty Blue.



1. Describe the characters.

Jeremy Bucklesworth

Larson

2. In what ways are Jeremy Bucklesworth and Larson **SIMILAR**?

3. In what ways are Jeremy Bucklesworth and Larson **DIFFERENT**?

4.  Color a sentence or detail that most shows what **JEREMY** is like.

5.  Color a sentence or detail that most shows what **LARSON** is like.

6. Explain the **DIFFERENCES** between the characters shown by the sentences you have colored.

RL.5.2

7. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.2

8. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

9. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how Jeremy reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	JEREMY'S REACTION
<hr/>	<hr/>
<hr/>	<hr/>
<hr/>	<hr/>
<hr/>	<hr/>
<hr/>	<hr/>
<hr/>	<hr/>
<hr/>	<hr/>
<hr/>	<hr/>

10. Does Jeremy's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

The Family Champ

Aito and Kimiko were playing ping pong in the basement. Their game was becoming very intense because they both wanted to win. Aito's younger sister, Kimiko, was usually slow. In the past couple of weeks, however, she had started to keep an eye on the ball. Aito used to just hit it hard and fast to her, but she never could hit it back. When he did this, the game would end. However, now he couldn't just whack the ball off the green table like usual because she could hit it back. Now he had competition.

Aito stuck out his tongue at her. He knew this made her really mad. He chucked the ball up, and then gave it a nice whack. The small white ball shot across the green table. To Aito's surprise, Kimiko was more than ready on her side. She stepped back and swung with full force at the white ball coming toward her. The ball shot back to Aito and hit him right in the face. He got mad.

"You're gonna pay for that one," he told her.

Kimiko huffed a deep breath. Her straight black hair was in her eyes now. She was starting to sweat a little bit from the game. "You're just afraid 'cause your little sister is about to beat you," she said.

She was right. Aito was not ready for a little girl to beat him. He thought that he was the best player in the family. He looked at Kimiko standing there with a big smile. She was starting to make him nervous and he didn't like it.

She threw the ball up and hit it to Aito with all her might. She hit it too hard. It zoomed right past Aito's head. He could hear the 'whoosh' as it crossed his right ear. The ball zipped off the table and onto the other side of the basement. It landed somewhere in the corner with all of the boxes full of their parent's stuff.

He set his paddle down and went on the hunt. On that side of the basement, it looked like a cavern of cardboard boxes. Mom and Dad saved everything from when they were kids, so the boxes took up the other half of the basement. As Aito started his quest, he took out his cell phone and turned on his light.

As he reached the back of the basement, he saw the water heater. It was tall, rusty, and the same color as the wall. It was also quiet. Aito looked around the floor by the heater. He saw a tiny dot of white when he put his light on the ground. He bent down to reach for it, when the heater suddenly turned on with a loud boom.

"Ahh!" he squealed. He bumped his head on the heater hard. His sister heard him screech all the way on the other side of the basement. It made her giggle.

He was angry at her. He almost left without the ball, but turned around, and reached for it. Instead of touching the ball, he felt a box. He took a better look and saw an old wooden box. It looked really old and fancy. There were Japanese characters etched on the sides of the wooden box. He got down on his knees and opened it.

Inside was a collection of old, black and white photos, and some trophies. There was also a heavy golden ping pong ball. When Aito looked at the photos, he saw a woman he recognized. She was receiving a trophy. She was standing on top of a trophy stand with men in the second and third place spots. He looked carefully at the background of the photo and saw the words "World Ping-Pong Championships". He knew the face of the woman very well. "Grandma?" said Aito, surprised.

"What are you talking about?" said Kimiko.

Aito looked at the photo and realized he was not the best ping pong player in the family. He wondered if maybe he wasn't even the second best player in the family anymore either.

1. Describe the characters.

Aito

Kimiko

2. In what ways are Aito and Kimiko **SIMILAR**?

3. In what ways are Aito and Kimiko **DIFFERENT**?

4.  Color a sentence or detail that most shows what **AITO** is like.

5.  Color a sentence or detail that most shows what **KIMIKO** is like.

6. Explain the **DIFFERENCES** between the characters shown by the sentences you have colored.

RL.5.2

7. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

8. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

RL.5.1

9. The last paragraph says, "Aito looked at the photo and realized he was not the best ping pong player in the family. He wondered if maybe he wasn't even the second best player in the family anymore either." What does this mean? **QUOTE** the text in your response. Suggested phrases: "The author said..." or "According to the text..."

Steel City Spelling

Cynthia smiled in her seat. She was so close to victory, she could smell it. Cynthia had almost survived the entire city of Cleveland spelling bee championship. The morning started with 1,000 spellers, all like her. There were so many 5th graders in the stadium that it looked like a graduation. There were boy spellers, girl spellers, short spellers, and tall spellers. They came in every shape, color, and size. Cynthia had beaten them all.

All except Nigel, the boy wonder. Nigel Smith was the district champion last year. He came from a long line of champions. His father won in 1981. He had four older brothers who were previous champions. He stood at the microphone. He was tall and thin, and had a loveable British accent. At any other moment, Cynthia might have liked it, but she was in competition. If she was a cat, her fangs would be showing, and her claws ready to pounce. She wanted to win so badly.

Cynthia could hardly feel her feet in her chair. She liked spelling. No, she loved spelling. But she didn't exactly like crowds, and today all eyes were on her. Well, almost, because Nigel was up. She didn't really hear him spelling, because she was focused on making sure she was breathing. Then, she heard the magical words come out of the moderator's mouth.

"I'm sorry, that is incorrect."

Cynthia gasped. Nigel spelled incorrectly. The look on his face gave it away that he did not quite take it in. He smiled at first, and then his eyes bulged. They didn't bulge wide, but enough for Cynthia to have noticed. He stood there for another breath, then turned around. He walked back to his seat, but shot a deadly glance at Cynthia. With his back turned, no one could see that glance, except Cynthia. The glance, very direct, said one thing: Don't you dare spell this right.

Cynthia wished she was listening. She was so focused on her breathing that she didn't even hear the word Nigel misspelled. It was her time. She couldn't get up. It was as if her legs forgot how to work. She was paralyzed in her plastic chair.

The audience was waiting. "Miss Blackwell?" said the moderator. "You're up."

Cynthia tried to move her legs, but they just felt like two big heaps of pins and needles. She wanted to say, "I know, I'm trying," but she could not open her mouth. She was still breathing, miraculously, but she could not move. Frozen in time, she just sat there. "Maybe," she thought, "I just died, up here on stage, and it will be like this forever." Cynthia blinked her eyes closed. In the darkness she felt at peace. A hundred years passed in that blink of an eye. Then she felt a hand pat her left shoulder. She opened them quickly. It was Nigel's hand.

"Are you feeling right?" he asked. She saw his concerned eyes. In that moment, everything came flooding back.

She smiled. Victory didn't seem so far away anymore. She looked at him, and gave him a wink. "Yea," she said nervously. She lifted herself up onto her pins and needle legs. It was like walking on two mushy pillows.

In a deep voice, the moderator said, "The word for the win is semaphore."

"Semaphore," she belted. "S-E-M-A-P-H-O-R-E. Semaphore."

There was a long pause. The room was dead silent. You could hear a pin drop in the stadium. The moderator looked up over his thick glasses. He made out a tiny smile. "That is correct."

The audience roared. Cynthia had gone the distance. Her school, cheering her on in the bleachers, jumped out of their seats. Her parents started to rush the stage, along with everyone else. Cynthia didn't know what to do, but turned around and looked at Nigel.

Nigel now found himself in the stare that had paralyzed Cynthia only a moment earlier. Cynthia felt for him, and she thought in that moment that Nigel was so sweet. She might even ask him to play sometime, but not today. Today was her day. Today, she was the best speller in Cleveland, Ohio.

I. Describe the characters.

Cynthia

Nigel

2. In what ways are Cynthia and Nigel **SIMILAR**?

3. In what ways are Cynthia and Nigel **DIFFERENT**?

4.  Color a sentence or detail that most shows what **CYNTHIA** is like.

5.  Color a sentence or detail that most shows what **NIGEL** is like.

6. Explain the **DIFFERENCES** between the characters shown by the sentences you have colored.

RL.5.2

7. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.2

8. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

9. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how Cynthia reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	CYNTHIA'S REACTION
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10. Does Cynthia's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

Ice Chunks

The air was like ice. The bears were happy that they had their fur. It was so thick that the snow could not get through. When the snow decided to fall, it was always big. Roga, a lady bear, remembers one winter when she and her father got caught in a storm. They dug a hole in the snow and cuddled with each other for almost half a day. She remembers how one side of her body was warm as she hugged her father, and the other side was frozen to the bone. It was winters like those that Roga loved, but those winters were slipping away.

Roga, and her family did not have much snowfall left. That winter, Roga saw more sun than she ever did in her life. The winters got warmer, the summers got hotter. Their home in the Arctic circle started to disappear.

When the family got hungry, they went fishing. Not with fishing poles, but with their teeth. A polar bear was nature's most perfect bear. It could swim in subzero temperatures, and it could still hunt on land. It was brilliant, and Roga knew it.

When her family approached the great Arctic Ocean, she would always run ahead. She loved the ocean, and always wondered what was beyond the great horizon. She tiptoed on the edge of the ice where the water met land. She put her nose to the ocean. She smelled the salty sea, and with her eyes, she watched. It was important for a polar bear to watch the water for any bubbles. If you saw bubbles, a fish was close by. Sure enough, after about 30 seconds, she saw a fishy tail a few feet below the surface. Immediately, she dove in.

Under the water, her vision was a little blurred, but she could still see the fishy tail flipping away. With one, strong reaching chomp, she bit into the fish. She hopped out of the water and showed off her catch. The fish was still wiggling in her mouth. Her family was all happy, except for her little brother, Krekre. He was jealous. He was still just a cub so he did not understand the first rule of hunting: you have to get your own. He jumped at his sister's fish. She pulled it away right as he nipped at the catch. He was close, but he missed.

Roga gestured to the sea, and told him he had to catch his own. He would be a big bear soon, and he had to learn how to hunt for himself. Krekre scoffed, then put his nose to the edge of the ice like the rest of his family. Roga sat down and ate her catch. The rest of her family plopped into the water, leaving her on land.

There were many chunks of ice in the sea. Roga wondered what happened to the ice after it floated away. She saw the water melting. Where would it go? Their home was breaking into chunks and floating away into the sea. Roga had heard of bears riding the ice chunks into the sea and never coming back.

Just then, she heard her brother scream, but it was far off. In the distance, she could see Krekre floating away on a chunk of ice. The chunk was drifting fast into the sea. Krekre didn't swim all that well. He was sure to be taken away.

Roga reacted immediately. Not thinking, she dove between the ice and swam fast. She must have been under the ice for half a minute, stroking in the freezing cold ocean. When she finally surfaced, she started swimming hard against the ocean current. She swam, and swam, and swam until she reached her brother.

He was terrified and clawed his way onto her back as she paddled away. She started to go, but felt something big brush up her foot. She paddled hard, then felt another bump. Suddenly, a tremendous Orca flew out of the water. It was fierce, with eyes like Ares. It wanted Roga and Krekre for lunch.

The Orca tried to crush Roga, but she back paddled. "That's how you hunt," said Roga to herself. Acting quickly, she swam into the ice chunks and zig zagged around them. The Orca could not keep up and got lost in the ice chunks.

Roga came up to the shore where her family was waiting. Before she climbed out of the water, she spit Krekre back onto land. He was crying and ran into his mama's arms.

"You see," said Roga to Krekre, "you have to become a master hunter, or you'll end up being master hunted."

I. Describe the characters.

Roga

Krekre

2. In what ways are Roga and Krekre **SIMILAR**?

3. In what ways are Roga and Krekre **DIFFERENT**?

4.  Color a sentence or detail that most shows what **ROGA** is like.

5.  Color a sentence or detail that most shows what **KREKRE** is like.

6. Explain the **DIFFERENCES** between the characters shown by the sentences you have colored.

RL.5.2

7. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.2

8. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

9. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how Roga reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	ROGA'S REACTION
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10. Does Roga's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

I Drive Fast

Johnny Ray Ratchet could drive a race car. He could drive it fast. He was one of the greatest racecar drivers in all of North Carolina. He won just about every trophy you could make out of metal, and he was the best. Most people did not know that Johnny Ray Ratchet had a brother, Timmy Ray. Timmy Ray was just a kid, but he had quite a big attitude.

"You may be the best driver in the state, but you are nothing like me," said Timmy Ray. "When I'm old enough to drive, I am going to be better than you!" Johnny would smirk when he heard his brother say these things.

"Now Timmy Ray, don't you start with that now. You just drink your milk and be on your way." Timmy Ray would get mad every time Johnny Ray would dismiss him.

One day, Timmy Ray and Johnny Ray were headed to the grocery store. Timmy Ray had been giving his brother a really hard time. He was saying all kinds of trash talk. "No way you could move faster than a turtle if he was stuck in concrete." The car started to move, but something was wrong. Timmy Ray was not wearing wear his seatbelt.

"Timmy Ray, by our grandmammy's name, you put on your seat belt."

Timmy Ray was a piston about to burst. "I don't need a seat belt. It just slows you down!" barked Timmy Ray, "When I am a racecar driver, I'm not going to wear a seat belt. I'll go way faster without it!"

Johnny knew he had a lesson to teach. He shifted the car into gear and put the pedal to the metal. The car hit a good speed and they were off. Both the boys jolted into their seats. Johnny Ray was secure. Timmy Ray was another story.

As they sped down the road, Johnny decided to take the loopy and twisty route. He was getting lots of speed, and then turned his car to the left. Timmy Ray went sliding across the seat.

Timmy Ray wanted to say something, but he had too much pride. Johnny Ray, on the other hand was just getting started. He was moving faster than a jack rabbit in a snake barrel. Left, right, left, right, LEFT, RIGHT.

Johnny then turned down Lee Parkway. It was the bumpiest road in the whole state of North Carolina. As their car went up and down, up and down, UP and DOWN, Johnny Ray was nice and secure. Timmy Ray was bouncing all over the seat.

"Okay! Okay!! Stop the car!" Timmy Ray yelled.

"What was that?" said Johnny Ray, "I can't hear you over the roar of the engine!"

"Stop! Please, " said Timmy Ray!

"One more time, you gotta speak up"

"STOPPP!!!!!" yelled Timmy Ray, and Johnny hit the brakes. Johnny Ray, being the driving genius he was, was already slowing down. He never wanted to hurt his brother. He knew he needed to teach Timmy a lesson. Johnny Ray wanted his brother to learn to wear a seatbelt every time.

"You want to put on your seat belt now?" asked Johnny Ray as he rolled to a stop. The little boy quickly put on his seat belt and wiped the sweat off his forehead. From that day forward, Timmy had learned the lesson to always wear a seat belt.

I. Describe the characters.

Johnny Ray

Timmy Ray

2. In what ways are Johnny Ray and Timmy Ray **SIMILAR**?

3. In what ways are Johnny Ray and Timmy Ray **DIFFERENT**?

4.  Color a sentence or detail that most shows what **JOHNNY RAY** is like.

5.  Color a sentence or detail that most shows what **TIMMY RAY** is like.

6. Explain the **DIFFERENCES** between the characters shown by the sentences you have colored.

RL.5.2

7. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.1

8. Do you think it was a good choice or a bad choice for Johnny Ray to teach his brother a lesson in this way? Explain your reasoning and **QUOTE** the text in your response. Suggested phrases: "The author said..." or "According to the text..."

RL.5.4

9. **Circle** three phrases in the text that are examples of **FIGURATIVE** language.

10. Choose one **FIGURATIVE** phrase from the text. Explain the meaning in your own words.

phrase: _____
meaning: _____

An Extraordinary Day

It was a bright summer morning. The dazzling sun danced in the denim blue sky. Sara's parents were having their morning coffee on the back porch. Sara was anxious to get to the shore to collect seashells. Her parents told her to run ahead and they would catch up soon.

Excitedly, Sara crossed the sand dunes and got to the beach. She could see the house from the shore. Grabbing her pail, Sara began to examine the sand for unique shells. She didn't miss a beat in her search and before long, the pail was half full. She glanced towards the water. At the water's edge she saw a large shell. It was far away, but it was huge and calling her name. She approached the shell. Bending down, Sara picked up the most extraordinary shell she had ever seen. It was shiny and circular. The colors swirled in spirals and looked like a rainbow.

Sara was so absorbed in her discovery that she did not notice the large wave coming ashore. All of a sudden, the wave crashed around Sara, pulling her under. Panic and distress began to take over. Sara could not see anything. Blackness was all around her. Sara flailed her arms frantically, but she was just pulled deeper as if she were in a vacuum. Suddenly, two very strong arms grabbed Sara and swam her swiftly to the surface. Her head was now above the water. Sara tried to adjust her eyes to the sunlight after having been immersed in the water's blackness.

Someone was holding onto Sara tightly. Sara was boosted up so her head was above the surface. She could feel that her rescuer was swimming quickly towards the shore. Turning her head, Sara focused her eyes on her hero. She had Aphrodite-like beauty and Neptune-like strength. She had long, wavy blonde hair that reached far below the water and billowed around them. The woman's eyes were the color of the sea. Her smile was dazzling and kind. The woman did not speak to Sara. She simply nodded her head which made Sara feel safe and secure.

The woman swam Sara strongly towards the shallow water of the shore. When they arrived, the woman placed Sara firmly onto the sand. She paused for a second, nodded again at Sara, then turned and dove under the water. Sara didn't even have time to say "thank you" to the woman. More than the time constraint, Sara was awestruck. In only a few moments, her emotions swung from panic and extreme fear to calm and relaxed because of this woman who happened upon her by chance at exactly the right time. Sara felt extremely lucky.


The woman quickly swam away. Soon she was quite far out into the deep water. Just before she was out of sight, the woman dove under the water. Sara rubbed her eyes. As she looked to where the ocean kisses the sky, she felt she must have been seeing things. She could see the woman in the distance but where her legs should have been, there was a shiny, slippery, sparkling tail! It splashed the water's surface as the woman disappeared from sight.

A beautiful woman with a fish tail could only mean one thing. Sara jumped up and ran like lightning back towards the house. She was dripping wet. No one was going to believe what had just happened to her. Sara couldn't believe her luck in being rescued by a mermaid. This was definitely a scary, strange, and yet extraordinary day that she would never forget!

1. Find the underlined word, Aphrodite, in the text. **EXPLAIN** what this word means. (Circle) any words in the text that are a clue to the meaning of the word.

2. Find the underlined word, Neptune, in the text. **EXPLAIN** what this word means. (Circle) any words in the text that are a clue to the meaning of the word.

3. The second sentence in the story has an example of **FIGURATIVE** language. It says "The dazzling sun danced in the denim blue sky." Explain why the author may have chosen this phrase.

4.  Color all of the words and phrases in the text that are examples of **FIGURATIVE** language.

5. Choose three **FIGURATIVE** phrases in the text. Explain the meaning in your own words.

1. phrase: _____
meaning: _____

2. phrase: _____
meaning: _____

3. phrase: _____
meaning: _____

RL.5.2

6. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.2

7. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

8. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how Sara reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	SARA'S REACTION
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4. Does Sara's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

The Big City

I am Della. This is a story about one of those days you never forget. This memory rises to the top as one of my favorites. It all started when I stepped off of the train after a forty minute ride from my small town in Connecticut to the beautiful city of New York City. I had never been to the busy city before until this day. My older sister, Rebecca, offered to take me for the day as a birthday present. I was overjoyed because I had only seen the city in movies and on TV. I felt so grown up coming here with my big sis.

When I got off of the train, I was instantly amazed by the crowds of people that surrounded us. My eyes were like fireflies as I stood for a couple of minutes just taking in the electricity of the city. I saw business men in a hurry, mothers with their children quickly trying to get to their next destination, and many new and interesting people coming and going. "This is going to be a great day," I whispered to myself.

I guess Rebecca saw that I was in a daze so she poked me, which snapped me out of it. We continued on with our journey by hailing a cab. My sis directed the driver to go to Times Square. I felt like we had all the time in the world to spend together wandering through the amazing city known as the Big Apple.

When we pulled up to Times Square, I was welcomed by the lively lights of the city. I saw endless signs that advertised the upcoming plays. There was a constant stream of music from the sounds of car horns, tour bus microphones, music, and people shuffling around. The scent of hot dogs was in the air. Feeling overwhelmed, I said, "I have no idea what to do first. There is so much going on!" Rebecca knew exactly what to do. My older sister grabbed my hand and guided me through the labyrinth of people who were rushing around.

Our first stop was the FAO Schwartz toy store. This toy store was special because it is the oldest toy store in the United States. It is over 150 years old and really famous. I had always wanted to visit it ever since my mother told me about it when I was a toddler.

When we walked into the store, I was filled with awe. "I can't believe a place like this really exists. This is every kid's dream!" I exclaimed. My eyes were wide as I looked in all directions and saw every toy imaginable. It was full of so many colors, sounds, and happy treasures. I knew I wanted a souvenir to remember this kid paradise. When I saw the pink stuffed elephant with giant eyes, I fell in love. As I set the pink elephant on the check out counter, I proudly paid with the coins I had saved over the past six months.

Next stop was Central Park. It was like a lake after a rain. There were people in all directions. We arrived near lunch time. Both of us were starving. "Mmmm, those hot dogs over there smell yummy," I told my sis as my mouth watered. Rebecca agreed with a smile and hurried over to the hot dog stand. I scarfed it down like a hungry lion. "I did not know a hot dog could be so good!" I exclaimed as I wiped mustard off my lips. As we sauntered through the park, we saw people playing instruments and having a great time.

Soon after our walk, the sun started to say good-night but we still had one last thing left to do. We hailed a cab, then went over to the Statue of Liberty. I had been learning about the enormous statue at school and really looked forward to seeing it in real life. As I looked out the cab window, I thought about how this felt like a dream. It seemed like a set on a movie and I was the star. There were so many spectacular sights.


We got there at the perfect time. The sun was setting over the water. The street lights were turning. Rebecca and I sat on a bench together and admired the monument. Then Rebecca suggested it was time to head home, I felt sad about going back to my regular small town life, but my eyes were feeling heavy and my feet were sore.

We hailed their last cab for the evening and arrived at the train station just minutes before the train left. Seconds after plopping down, I turned to Rebecca and said, "Thank you so much for showing me such a beautiful city, Sis! I will never forget this day with you!"

1. Find the underlined word, labyrinth, in the text. **EXPLAIN** what this word means. (Circle) any words in the text that are a clue to the meaning of the word.

2. Find the underlined word, sauntered, in the text. **EXPLAIN** what this word means. (Circle) any words in the text that are a clue to the meaning of the word.

3. The second sentence in the story has an example of **FIGURATIVE** language. It says, "This memory rises to the top as one of my favorites." Explain why the author may have chosen this phrase.

4.  Color all of the words and phrases in the text that are examples of **FIGURATIVE** language.

5. Choose three **FIGURATIVE** phrases in the text. Explain the meaning in your own words.

1. phrase: _____
meaning: _____

2. phrase: _____
meaning: _____

3. phrase: _____
meaning: _____

RL5.2

6. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL5.1

7. Does this story suggest that Della and Rebecca are sisters who get along well or sisters who fight? **QUOTE** the text in your response. Suggested phrases: "The author said..." or "According to the text..."

8. What can you **INFER** about traveling in and around New York City from this story? **QUOTE** the text in your response. Suggested phrases: "The author said..." or "According to the text..."

Faith in Fate

Like clockwork, Miller stopped by the corner store and bought a lottery ticket every week. He would neatly fold the ticket into four postage stamp sized squares and tuck it in his wallet, right by the picture of his grandmother. He would then walk home, sipping his soda and would repeat the numbers with every step. "14, 8, 34, 6, 9, 12, 19, 84," he muttered, as he rounded the corner to his street.

Inside Miller's house, everything was just as he liked it. All the pictures of his family lined the halls of his house in the order that they were taken. His living room was sparse with only one small couch, one lamp, one table, one antique radio and one television. Miller had clustered all of these items into one corner of the room, leaving the rest empty. He did not feel like he needed to fill this emptiness. He enjoyed the feeling of space. He liked it that way and didn't want it to change.

His purchase of the lottery ticket, however, tempted fate. If he won, which he never did, he knew that his life would fill up with all sorts of people, stuff,...and problems. The empty corners of his house would soon be cluttered with gifts and furniture and numerous other things that he didn't need. His grandmother always told him that by keeping still, he was teasing the fates of past, present, and future. The myth was that there were three women who controlled every human's lifeline and that they kept their destiny, whatever that may be, on track.

Miller's grandmother had hammered this belief deep inside him. This led him to believe that every single thing that happened to him, either good or bad, was because of fate. To keep himself from always doing what these mythical women decided for him, he bought his lottery ticket and waited to hear the result.

There was a knock at the door. When Miller opened it, there was no face, only brown grocery bags.

"Could you take one of these please," came a voice from behind the bags. "My arms are about to buckle. I brought you lots of vegetables today. You need to eat

better and these super healthy for you," said Lisa. She was his niece and she was the only one who didn't think that he was crazy. She delivered his groceries every week.

"Did you get another lottery ticket?" Lisa asked.

"Yep," said Miller as he placed cans of green beans in the pantry.

"You know, three million people enter into the lottery," said Lisa. "She folded up the bags and placed them neatly under the sink.

"I let fate decide if I win or not," Miller said. "Not that I care if I win, mind you."

Lisa laughed and hugged her uncle. She left him with one last thought before she headed out the door and back to her busy life: "Everyone cares, Uncle, that's why they buy the ticket."

A week later, Miller powered up his old television and landed on the channel where the lottery would be shown. There is a lot of lead up to the actual drawing of the numbers: people talk about how much money is in the pot, past winners are interviewed, evaluations of sales numbers are shown. It was the third week without a winner, which always creates a pseudo excitement for the hosts. Miller knows they don't care about the lottery, probably because they can't enter it themselves.

When the numbers were about to be drawn out of the big globe, Miller pulled out his ticket. He smoothed the paper on the table and sat back. It is a ritual he has done many times. It is his way of telling the fates, "Go ahead and have them pick my numbers." But tonight, as the light on the screen illuminated the number balls, he heard Lisa's voice in his head. He tried to push it aside and focus on the TV, but he couldn't. Did he really want the money? The announcers called numbers 14 and 8. Was he tricking himself into thinking that he had made the choice to buy the ticket and not the fates? The numbers 34 and 6 were the next to be picked. What would he do if he got the money? The next two numbers were 9 and 12. Just before the final numbers were announced, Miller turned off the TV and ripped up his ticket.

1. Find the underlined word, fate, in the text. **EXPLAIN** what this word means. Circle any words in the text that are a clue to the meaning of the word.

2. Find the underlined word, pseudo in the text. **EXPLAIN** what this word means. Circle any words in the text that are a clue to the meaning of the word.

3. The first sentence in the story has an example of **FIGURATIVE** language. It says, "Like clockwork, Miller stopped by the corner store and bought a lottery ticket every week." Explain why the author may have chosen this phrase.

4.  Color all of the words and phrases in the text that are examples of **FIGURATIVE** language.

5. Choose three **FIGURATIVE** phrases in the text. Explain the meaning in your own words.

1. phrase: _____
meaning: _____

2. phrase: _____
meaning: _____

3. phrase: _____
meaning: _____

RL.5.2

6. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.1

7. The text says, "Miller turned off the TV and ripped up his ticket." Why do you think he did that? **QUOTE** the text in your response. Suggested phrases: "The author said..." or "According to the text..."



8. Color a sentence from the text that most shows what Miller is like. Write the sentence below.

Explain how this sentence shows what Miller is like.

The City Streets

Half way through the day, Maria's phone battery died. She felt herself knocking on frustration's door. Like many people, she used her phone for everything. Today, her entire itinerary was on there. She could remember some of the details, but definitely not everything. First, she was supposed to go to the city library and drop off her books. Then, she was supposed to go pick up posters from the copy shop. After that, she could not remember. The nail in the coffin was that since she was on foot, it was unlikely that she would be able to find any of the locations without the map on her phone.

Feeling like a deflated balloon, she found a small coffee shop and sat at a table near a window. She watched as the people around her looked content playing on their phones or tablets. She ordered coffee and sat feeling anxious. How was she supposed to manage the rest of her day without her phone? She couldn't even figure out the bus schedule to get home without the transit app. She felt like a helplessly lost puppy.

As the waitress brought Maria her coffee, she had one glimmer of hope. She dug through her bag, pulling out the books she was supposed to return, a collection of random pens, an empty tube of chap stick, and a dozen old recipes. There was no phone charger to save the day. Maria slumped in her chair like a sack of rice.

"Missing something?" The waitress set the coffee on the table.

"My phone died and it had everything on it," said Maria. "I don't know this city well enough to manage without it. I only moved here two weeks ago."

"Well, if you don't mind my two cents, I think this is an opportunity to get to know the city a little more," said the waitress. "We have maps at the front. Why don't you get one and try to navigate that way?"

The waitress got up and continued to move through the café. Maria sipped

her coffee and thought about what she said. Maria always used to think that using paper maps to navigate cities was for tourists and other people. By the time she reached the bottom of her first cup, she decided to buy a map.

Maria spread the map across the table. Looking at the lines and dashes, she felt the weight of the world. She imagined that this is what Atlas felt like every day. He was the Titan who was condemned to hold up the sky for eternity after losing a battle against Zeus. And while the map she was looking at was much more portable than the atlases which were named for the Titan, it was still embarrassing to carry it around, folding and unfolding the pages when needed.

Maria ordered another coffee and started figuring out the rest of her excursion in downtown. She traced lines from one location to the next. Soon, she not only began to remember all of the items from her list, but also to make sense out of the jumbled chaos that had been her day thus far.

"Making sense of it?" The waitress asked as she picked up the empty cup.

"I think so," Maria said. "I'm still pretty certain I'm going to get lost."

"Well, as long as you know how to get back here I think you'll be fine," she said. "Best of luck."

When Maria set out onto the street, she began to follow the path she had drawn out for herself. She soon came to the library and after dropping off all her books, she felt lighter and a little more confident in her ability to navigate the streets. She zipped to her next stop and soon realized that she could figure out the streets almost entirely without the map.

When Maria completed all of her errands, she folded the map away and decided to figure out her way back to the café on her own. her feet felt lighter as she felt energized by her success. She wanted to share it with the waitress who convinced her to set out on her own. No longer would she feel like Atlas, holding up the sky.

1. Find the underlined word, atlases, in the text. **EXPLAIN** what this word means. Circle any words in the text that are a clue to the meaning of the word.

2. Explain how the word, atlas, is related to the Titan named Atlas.

3. The second sentence in the story has an example of **FIGURATIVE** language. It says, "She felt herself knocking on frustration's door." Explain why the author may have chosen this phrase.

4.  Color all of the words and phrases in the text that are examples of **FIGURATIVE** language.

5. Choose three **FIGURATIVE** phrases in the text. Explain the meaning in your own words.

1. phrase: _____
meaning: _____

2. phrase: _____
meaning: _____

3. phrase: _____
meaning: _____

RL.5.2

6. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.2

7. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

8. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how Maria reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	MARIA'S REACTION
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

9. Does Maria's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

Practice Makes Perfect

The summer had been hot and dry as a bone. Green lawns with soft grass were replaced with dry, prickly patches, and dust kicked up with every step. Most families opted to buy air conditioners because there seemed to be no end to the heat wave. Brian's father, Mr. Havish, was known for being very stingy with his money. This year, the heat was even too much for him to handle so he shelled out the cash to have an air conditioner installed. The machine cooled off the house perfectly. Walking into the house from outside was like walking into a refreshing cooler.

Baseball was Brian's sport. He practiced it year round. He would sometimes wake up early and run laps at the track followed by hours of pitching practice. It was impossible for his coach to ignore his hard work. At the last practice, coach said, "If you do well, you might even get to pitch the whole game. All nine innings."

"Wow! I'll make sure to practice every day this week at home," said Brian. "My dad set up a target for me in the backyard last summer." Pitching an entire game would be a dream come true. Brian could not wait to help his team win with his excellent pitching skills.

The only problem was that Brian had not really used the target much lately. He helped his father make it by measuring out the strike zone and the average height of most of the players on the team. Brian used it every day for about two weeks and then abandoned it for a new video game he had bought with his allowance.

Today, Brian dressed in his uniform, tiptoed past the den door, and opened the backdoor leading to the yard. As soon as the door swung open, a wave of heat hit Brian and he instantly started to sweat. He knew he needed to practice for the game, but the heat was simply overbearing. Just one day inside wouldn't hurt, he thought and he laid his glove on the table, kicked off his cleats, and dug out a video game from his collection.

The next day, Brian again was full of intention to go outside to practice. He

could see the target in the yard, brown grass growing around the base. When Brian opened the door, he was able to take one step outside before retreating into the refreshing igloo that was his house. It seemed to him that it was even hotter outside than yesterday and there was no way he was going to be able to focus on his pitching with the sun bearing down on him with an evil smile.

Brian popped in a baseball video game. When his father emerged from his den, he watched Brian play his game for a while. "You better be careful," said Mr. Havish. "If you don't watch out, these video games will become your Achilles heel."

The next three days followed the same pattern as before. Every time, Brian would shut the door on the heat and play his video games. By Friday, he had managed to play through every game he owned at least once and still hadn't actually thrown a baseball since practice the week before.

On Saturday, Brian dressed in his uniform and trudged to the car with his father. As he sat in the car, he stared down at his glove while his stomach twisted in knots.

"You never practiced did you?" Mr. Havish asked knowingly. "I told you to be careful, those video games were going to become your weakness."

Brian just stared out the window.


When they arrived, Brian went straight to his coach and said, "I am so embarrassed to tell you that I didn't practice all week so I think you should put someone else as the pitcher."

The coach smiled and told Brian to at least try pitching and that he would switch out players if he needed to. Brian stepped up to the mound and tossed his first strike of the game. He managed to get through about three innings before his arm started to get tired and he asked to have a break. Coach put in another kid to finish the game. Brian told himself that he would not allow his Achilles heel to trick him again. Next time, he would be ready to pitch the entire game.

1. Find the underlined phrase, Achilles heel, in the text. **EXPLAIN** what this word means. Circle any words in the text that are a clue to the meaning of the word.

2. Find the underlined word, trudged, in the text. **EXPLAIN** what this word means. Circle any words in the text that are a clue to the meaning of the word.

3. The first sentence in the story has an example of **FIGURATIVE** language. It says, "The summer had been hot and dry as a bone." Explain why the author may have chosen this phrase.

4.  Color all of the words and phrases in the text that are examples of **FIGURATIVE** language.

5. Choose three **FIGURATIVE** phrases in the text. Explain the meaning in your own words.

1. phrase: _____
meaning: _____

2. phrase: _____
meaning: _____

3. phrase: _____
meaning: _____

RL.5.2

6. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.2

7. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

8. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how Brian reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	BRIAN'S REACTION
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

9. Does Brian's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

Annie's Kitchen

A Play (Page 1 of 2)

Cast: Annie and Mom	Setting: In the kitchen and dining room
-------------------------------	---

Scene One

(Annie greets her mom at the door.)

Annie: Welcome to Annie's Kitchen! What would you like for dinner?

Mom: Wow! Annie's Kitchen! How exciting! Can I have a menu? (Mom sits down at the dining room table.)

Annie: Sure. (Hands mom a handwritten menu)

Mom: Everything sounds great on this menu. Prime rib... cheeseburger... spinach lasagna...YUM! Isn't spinach lasagna your favorite? What do you recommend?

Annie: I recommend the ham sandwich with pickles and mustard.

Mom: OK then, I'll take one ham sandwich.

Annie: Good choice! I'll be right back. (Annie leaves the room but comes back immediately.)

Mom: Wow! That was fast!

Annie: Yes, I already had the sandwich made. I knew you would choose that item on the menu.

Scene Two

(Mom is still sitting at the dining room table. Annie walks into the room.)

Annie: Welcome to Annie's Dessert Diner! What would you like for dessert?

Mom: Annie's Dessert Diner? I thought I was at Annie's Kitchen?

Annie: You were, but now you are in Annie's Dessert Diner. What would you like for dessert?

Mom: Do you have a menu?

Annie: Of course! (Hands mom a different handwritten menu.)

Mom: Oh wow! These desserts sound yummy! Berry cheesecake... chocolate cake... apple pie... YUM! I know apple pie is your favorite, but what do you recommend?

Annie: I recommend one scoop of vanilla ice cream.

Mom: OK then, one scoop of vanilla ice cream for me, please!

Annie: Excellent! Hold on. (Annie leaves the room but comes back immediately.)

Mom: Wow! Fast again! Let me guess. You already had this dessert chosen for me?

Annie: Right again!

Continued on
Next Page

Annie's Kitchen

A Play (Page 2 of 2)

Mom: How did you know what I would choose? The menus were filled with great choices.

Annie: Can I tell you a secret?

Mom: Sure! What is it?

Annie: I don't really know how to make all those dinners and desserts, so I pretended that I did.

Mom: How clever of you! I'm sure one day soon you will know how to make something from your menu. You just wait and see.

Annie: Yeah, that would be great.

Scene Three

(Mom is sitting at dining room table, making a shopping list.

Annie walks into the room as if she just woke up.)

Mom: Good morning, sleepy head! I'm glad you are awake. Today we are going shopping!

Annie: Huh? Shopping? What?

Mom: Yes! Shopping!

Annie: Mom, why are you so excited to go shopping?

Mom: You'll see. Now come on and eat your breakfast so we can start our big day.

Scene Four

(Mom and Annie enter the dining room with full grocery bags.)

Annie: Oh, I'm so excited!

Mom: Are you really? I'm excited, too!

Annie: Are you sure we bought everything we will need?

Mom: Yes, I made a shopping list and you checked it off. I think we are ready. Annie, can you get out the pasta and the spinach while I peel the apples?

Annie: Absolutely, Mom! I'm so excited! Mom, are we really making spinach lasagna and apple pie? My favorite dishes?

Mom: Yes, we are! And best of all, you are going to make the meal with me! You will learn how to make your favorite meal!

Annie: This is awesome, Mom. Annie's Kitchen and Annie's Dessert Diner will serve the best food on Earth tonight!

Mom: You know what, Annie? I think you are right. With spinach lasagna and apple pie made by Annie, it will definitely be the best food on Earth! Now let's get cooking!

HELPFUL WORD BANK

characters

setting

descriptions

dialogue

stage directions

1. Explain what the FIRST **SCENE** is about.

2. Explain what the SECOND **SCENE** is about.

3. How does the second **SCENE** build upon the first **SCENE**?

4. Explain how scenes one, two, three, and four fit together to provide the **OVERALL STRUCTURE** of the play.

RL.5.2

5. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.1

6. What can you infer about the mom's personality? **QUOTE** the text in your response. Suggested phrases: "The author said..." or "According to the text..."



Color the details in the text that help you understand her personality.

Reread the text you have colored. Describe its overall tone or feeling.

The Prince Who Questioned Everything

A Play (Page 1 of 2)

Cast: Narrator, Prince, King, Grant	Setting: In and around a castle
---	---

Scene One

Narrator: Once upon a time, in a land far away, a young prince lived in a lovely castle. He was The Prince Who Questioned Everything.

(Prince enters the room. King is sitting on the throne.)

Prince: Hello! How are you doing today, King Dad? What is happening in the kingdom today? Have you been outside yet and did you like the weather? What is for dinner?

King: (Sighs loudly.) Good afternoon, son. I'm feeling wonderful today and the weather looks nice. I think we are having a roast for dinner, but maybe you should check with your mom.

Prince: Fabulous! I am going for a walk. Want to join me? Want to know where I am going? What are you going to do today?

King: (Sighs loudly again.) No, son. I am fine. I will stay here in the castle today because I have to manage the kingdom and keep everyone safe. Have fun out in the woods.

Prince: Ok. Are you sure? Want me to bring something back for you? Would you like me to stop by later to tell you where I went?

King: (Sighs even louder.) Yes, I'm sure. I'll stay home in the castle today but you enjoy your walk. Bye!

Prince: Ok, goodbye then. (Prince leaves.)

Scene Two

(Prince is walking in the wilderness outside the castle.)

Prince: (Talking out loud to himself.) I love going for long nature walks. I wonder why I always end up walking alone? I wonder if I can get my mom, the Queen, to walk with me tomorrow? Hey, what is over there? Have I ever seen that thing before? Should I walk over there? Is it a boulder or is it a person?

Giant: (Speaking with a commanding voice.) Stop! This is my land and you are trespassing! Stop! I am a mean giant and no one is allowed to be on my land.

Prince: A giant? An actual real-life giant? Exactly how tall are you and how did you get to be so big? Do you have a giant family and do you enjoy being a giant?

Giant: (Giant is confused and quiet.) Uh, yeah. Uh, wait. (Speaks in a loud and booming voice.) I'm a real giant and this is my land so you must STOP! You are trespassing on my land and no one is allowed to be on my land.

Prince: No one? No one is allowed to walk on your land? Can someone dance on your land? Can they do cartwheels or can they sprint across your land? Why is no one allowed to trespass on your land?

The Prince Who Questioned Everything

A Play (Page 2 of 2)

Giant: (Giant is confused and quiet again.) Huh? Uh, no, I guess no one is allowed to dance on my land either. OK, let me try this again. (Speaks again in a loud voice.) I am actually a giant and this is my land. No one is allowed to be on my land.

Prince: Why?

Giant: (Speaks in loud voice.) I am a giant. This is my land, but I'm going to take over the whole kingdom and nothing can stop me! NOTHING!

Prince: Nothing can stop you at all? Do you really mean that nothing can stop you? Can a furry gorilla or a squeaky mouse stop you? Can a jagged lightning bolt or a slippery banana peel stop you?

Giant: (Loud voice) NOTHING! Nothing can stop me from taking over the whole kingdom.

Prince: Nothing? Can a painful bee sting or a roaring dinosaur stop you? Can an aggressive shark or an erupting volcano stop you?

(Scene fades out with the prince still asking questions.)

Scene Three

(Opens with Prince standing next to Giant, still asking questions.

Giant is sitting on the ground, looking exhausted.)

Prince: Can a humongous tidal wave or a ferocious lion stop you? Can a beautiful butterfly or a swirling tornado stop you?

Giant: (Sighs loudly like the King did in Scene One.) OK! OK! You win! I give up! I am not going to try to take over the kingdom anymore. I am leaving.

Prince: You are leaving? You aren't going to take over the kingdom? Why? What happened?

Giant: (Sighs loudly again.) You stopped me!

Prince: Me?

Giant: Yes, you and endless your questions! You have worn me out so I am giving up. I am leaving.

Prince: Too many questions? Why? What did I do?

(Giant sighs loudly one more time and rushes to get off the stage.)

Prince: (Slowly leaves the stage as he talks to himself out loud.) Wow. Wonder what his problem was? Why did he leave? Why did he think I asked too many questions? Did I ask too many questions?

The end

HELPFUL WORD BANK

characters

setting

descriptions

dialogue

stage directions

1. Explain what the FIRST **SCENE** is about.

2. Explain what the SECOND **SCENE** is about.

3. How does the second **SCENE** build upon the first **SCENE**?

4. Explain how scenes one, two, and three fit together to provide the **OVERALL STRUCTURE** of the play.

RL.5.2

5. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.1

6. What can you infer about the prince's personality? **QUOTE** the text in your response.
Suggested phrases: "The author said..." or "According to the text..."



Color the details in the text that help understand his personality.

Reread the text you have colored. Describe its overall tone or feeling.

My Shadow

By Robert Louis Stevenson

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow-
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward, you can see:
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

HELPFUL WORD BANK

stanza meter rhyming meter verse

RL.5.5

1. Explain what the FIRST **STANZA** is about.

2. Explain what the SECOND **STANZA** is about.

3. How does the second **STANZA** build upon the first **STANZA**?


4. Explain how stanzas one, two, three, and four fit together to provide the **OVERALL STRUCTURE** of the poem.

RL.5.2

5. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.2

6. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

7.  Color in a **DETAIL OR SENTENCE** that supports the theme.
Explain in your own words how this detail supports the theme.

8. Describe how the speaker of the poem **REFLECTS** on the topic of his shadow.

RL.5.4

9. Find the underlined phrase, india-rubber ball, in the text. Use the context clues to explain what this phrase means. (Circle) any words in the text that are a clue to the meaning of the phrase.

Little White Lily

By George Macdonald

Little White Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little White Lily
Sunshine has fed:
Little White Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little White Lily
Drooping with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little White Lily
Holds her cup:
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

Little White Lily
Said: "Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have the nice rain.
Now I am stronger,
Now I am cool:
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

Little White Lily
Smells very sweet:
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the rain,
Little White Lily
Is happy again.



HELPFUL WORD BANK

stanza meter rhyming meter verse

RL.5.5

1. Explain what the FIRST **STANZA** is about.

2. Explain what the SECOND **STANZA** is about.

3. How does the second **STANZA** build upon the first **STANZA**?

4. Explain how stanzas one, two, three, and four fit together to provide the **OVERALL STRUCTURE** of the poem.

RL.5.2

5. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

6. Some people say that this poem is a **METAPHOR** for life as a human. How could it be interpreted as a metaphor for human life? **QUOTE** the text in your response. Suggested phrases: "The author said..." or "According to the text..."

RL.5.1

7. In the fourth stanza, the poem says, "Little White Lily is happy again." What does this mean? Why was Little White Lily unhappy before? **QUOTE** the text in your response. Suggested phrases: "The author said..." or "According to the text..."

How the Leaves Came Down

By Susan Coolidge

"I'll tell you how the leaves came down,"
The great Tree to his children said:
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red.
It is quite time to go to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay:
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief!
'Tis such a very pleasant day,
We do not want to go away."

So, for just one more merry day
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced, and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among-

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg, and coax, and fret."
But the great Tree did no such thing:
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed," he cried:
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them: on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm

"The great bare Tree looked down and smiled.
"Good-night, dear little leaves," he said.
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good-night," and murmured,
"It is so nice to go to bed!"

HELPFUL WORD BANK

stanza meter rhyming meter verse

RL.5.5

1. Explain what the FIRST **STANZA** is about.

2. Explain what the SECOND **STANZA** is about.

3. How does the second **STANZA** build upon the first **STANZA**?

4. Explain how each stanza fits together to provide the **OVERALL STRUCTURE** of the poem.

RL.5.2

5. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.1

6. In the sixth stanza, the poem says,

I saw them: on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm

What does this mean?

RL.5.4

7. Do leaves go to bed in real life? What does the **METAPHOR** of a leaf going to bed mean?

The Extra Passenger

Yuri Woodland was an explorer. He was the kind of person who you would take anywhere dangerous. Whether you were swimming in Shark Alley, or hiking through Grizzly bear country, Yuri Woodland was your man. He was a pilot, a hunter, a farmer, a boat captain, and a true outdoorsman. Standing six-feet tall, he was a big man, with a bushy red beard. He wore a green hat, and always, ALWAYS wore his hiking boots, even to bed.

Yuri was on an expedition to Brazil. The president of Brazil himself asked Yuri to explore the rainforest. His mission was to track the Amazon River. There had been more snakes slithering into the cities. It was Yuri's job to find out where the snakes were coming from. The Amazon River was dangerous. Many, many people got lost. Some never came back. This was naturally a job for Yuri.

When he arrived in Brazil, Yuri went to the first explorer store he could find. He prepared himself a backpack full of survival gear including a tent, fine rope, a knife, matches, swimming gear, a GPS tracker, and of course, a boat. While in the store, a little kid started talking to him. "I can survive anything," the boy said. "My dad used to take me all around the jungle. I can help you."

Yuri laughed. "I do things alone, kid," he said. He left the store and packed his gear and boat onto to the back of his Jeep. He was off to the Amazon.

After he got his boat into the water, he started on his expedition. His destination was 100 miles up the Amazon River. As he went further and further into the Amazon, he saw fewer people along the river. At first, there were some fishermen in their fishing boats. By the end of the day, there was no one in sight for at least 10 miles. He landed his boat along the river and tied it to shore. Within minutes, he had a fire, a tent, and was cooking dinner.

Suddenly, he heard a rustle on his boat. It sounded like a snort. Maybe something crawled in, thought Yuri. He pulled out his knife for protection, and then

he approached the boat slowly. He raised his knife, screamed, threw the nets off the creature and nearly had a heart attack. To his surprise, the creature was actually a little kid. It was the same kid from the store.

"Hello!" belted the kid. "I am Sinai. Put your knife down. I ain't gonna hurt ya."

Yuri was ticked. This was no place for a kid, and he had work to do. He was already a day into the trip and he couldn't just leave him. "You're really grinding my gears," said Yuri, "I'll have to take you... but you better have your own food. I only pack for one."

To Yuri's surprise, the kid was very prepared. He brought his own backpack, and even had his own tent. It was good, because the moment Yuri saw his tent, he felt a single rain drop on his nose. Within moments, it was a downpour. They both sat in their tents all night, Yuri trying to figure out what to do with this kid.

In the morning, the rain let up. It didn't stop, but it slowed. When Yuri started to make his fire, he thought, "How lazy Sinai must be. He's still asleep in his tent." Suddenly, Yuri heard a scream from inside the jungle. He grabbed his knife and his compass and booked it into the forest. As he ran, the rain started to fall harder. Even though the leaves, the rain was piercing. He heard more cries, and ran further in. He heard the rush of a river. It got louder and louder, and before he knew it, there was Sinai.

He was just barely clinging on to a log. The log was covered with white rapids. The kid had clearly tried to cross the river and fell. Thank goodness he was still there. Yuri ran to the log. It was slippery, and it was raining harder. He took his knife and stabbed it into the wood. He then hugged the log and shuffled down to where Sinai was holding on.

"Help me!" he cried.

"Give me your hand," said Yuri, calmly. "Give me your hand."

He grabbed a hold of Yuri's hand, but was tugged down. They both dipped into the rapids and were washed with water. Yuri hugged Sinai, and cradled him as they tumbled down the rushing river. He could hardly see anything as he went up and down in the water. Then, when he thought the river might just take them both, he saw a vine hanging down over the river.

Using his great strength, he reached up and grabbed it. He instantly swung out of the water and onto land, carrying Sinai with him. They made it. They were safe. They both knelt on the side of the river. It was still raining.

Yuri looked at Sinai, and Sinai looked back at Yuri. The kid put up a gentle smile. It was the only thing he could do. Then Sinai said something that absolutely irritated Yuri beyond belief.

"Oopsies!"

To be continued...

The Mini Explorer

The river was raging beneath my feet. One slip of my hand and it was all over. "Help me!" I wailed, hoping someone might hear me. Maybe Yuri, but he was already upset with me. I had definitely blown it with him. I was doomed.

"Help me!" I yelled louder. Who could hear me over the raging river though? I should have just stayed home with Mama and Papa and Pablo. This is it, I thought. My fingers slipped a little further. I was holding on just by my finger tips.

Then I saw him. Yuri showed up just in time. "Help me!" I wailed. He told me to give him my hand. He was trying to pick me up out of the water, but his big clumsy fingers and his dumb knife were too slippery. He grabbed my hand, and I grabbed at his coat, and then SWUNK! We fell into the river! I started to panic, and Yuri put his arms around me. We were bumping into everything. I think I saw an alligator in that water. I started to breathe in the water, and I thought again... "I'm doomed!"

Then out of nowhere, we lifted up out of the water and into the air. We were flying for a second. Then, we hit the ground. Hard. The water was knocked right out of my stomach. I bent down to catch my breath. What a ride! That was crazy, I thought, then I looked at Yuri. If looks could kill, I would be one dead little kid.

"Oopsies," I said to him. This didn't help. He stood up and walked off into the forest. I can't repeat what he said, but I can tell you that he was MAD.

"What do we do now, kid?" he yelled. "Where do we go? We might be a mile down the river? What were you thinking? You weren't thinking were you?"

I let him finish, then I looked him good and hard in the eyes, and I told him. "Okay, mister. First of all, I was trying to cross the river because there were some ripe bananas on the other side of the river. I thought that you might like some fresh fruit for breakfast. Second of all, I slipped 'cause it started raining again, so it's not my fault. Third of all, we just have to walk back up the river to get back to where we were. DUH!"

He was not a happy camper. I guess I can't blame him. It was kind of my fault. Yuri thought he knew everything, but he was wrong. He didn't even realize that you can't boat to where he was headed because the trees are so low. He would have known that if he asked a local, but he didn't like to talk to people. He's gonna have to change that.

Along the way, we came upon a mango tree. He took a look at it, and picked a fruit off the tree. "You're not gonna want that one."

"Oh hush you," said Yuri, and went for a bite. Yuri grinned. "When I want a little child's help, I'll ask for it." He bit into the mango, then started spitting it out everywhere. He was rubbing his tongue like a baby.

"I told you, you're not gonna want it, because spiders lay eggs in mangos on the bottom of the tree. You gotta start listening better, mister." This didn't make him any friendlier. I, however, was right.

To be continued...

1. From what point of view are each of the stories written?

THE EXTRA PASSENGER= _____

THE MINI EXPLORER= _____

I know this because _____

2. How are both stories the **SAME**?



Color the details in **THE EXTRA PASSENGER** that match the details in **THE MINI EXPLORER**.

3. How are the details, tone, or feelings **DIFFERENT** between the stories?

4. Describe how the first person point of view affects how the story is told or how it affects the reader's understanding of the events.

1. Describe the characters.

Yuri

Sinai

2. In what ways are Yuri and Sinai **SIMILAR**?

3. In what ways are Yuri and Sinai **DIFFERENT**?

4. Describe how Sinai and Yuri **INTERACT** with each other.

4. What do the **INTERACTIONS** between Sinai and Yuri show you about their personalities?

RL5.2

1. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL5.2

2. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

3. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how Yuri reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	YURI'S REACTION
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4. Does Yuri's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

The Problem

Amanda walked nervously toward the school. Her heart pounded. Her palms were damp from sweat. Her legs were wobbly. Every morning was the same. She didn't like coming to school. She usually started feeling sick to her stomach the night before. When it had first started, her mom had let her stay home sometimes. Lately, though, her mom had been making her come to school. Her mom told her she had to learn how to deal with her problems.

Amanda walked into class and hung up her coat and backpack quickly. She walked to her desk with her head down. Maybe if she ignored them, they would leave her alone. Class began and the teacher started talking about verbs and nouns. Amanda loved learning, and was distracted for a while by the lesson. She had always loved finding out about new things. She enjoyed reading, was good at math, and a whiz at spelling. If it weren't for "the problem," she would not dread coming to school.

Amanda was brought back to reality by the bell ringing. It was lunchtime. It was Amanda's least favorite part of the day. This was the time where it always happened. Amanda walked slowly to her backpack and took out her lunch box. She quickly walked to the cafeteria with her head down. She found an empty table where she hoped no one would notice her. She opened up her lunch box and took out her sandwich. She was just getting ready to take the first bite when a rude boy came up behind her and took it right out of her hands. Then another boy reached around her and took her cookie and banana right out of her lunch box. Finally, a third boy picked up her lunch box and threw it on the floor before they walked away laughing. At a nearby table, a group of girls sat there laughing. Tears streaming down Amanda's cheeks, she ran out of the lunchroom. She headed towards the girls' bathroom and straight into the bathroom stall.

Amanda could not figure out why she was always the subject of the boys' attack. She had never done anything to them. She had never even spoken to them. Every day, the boys stole her lunch and called her names. They seemed to enjoy making her upset. The girls at the table next to Amanda did not seem any better. They were always laughing at their own table. Amanda felt like they were maybe even laughing at her. No one ever defended her.

At Amanda's old school, she had lots of friends. Everyone had been nice to her. They had been together since kindergarten. Then, Amanda's mother got a new job, and they had to move. The kids at this new school were just awful. Amanda didn't fit in, and the kids reminded her of it every day.

The bell rang and Amanda stepped out of the bathroom and headed back to her class. She kept her head down and didn't look at anyone. She made her way back to the classroom and quickly went back to her seat. Thankfully, the teacher was already in the room so the kids would leave her alone. Amanda wished so much that she was back at her old school where she had friends. She wished the kids here would give her a chance. She knew they would like her if they got to know her. Amanda couldn't wait until the school day was over.

The Right Thing

Marie happily walked towards the school. She couldn't wait to get there. Every morning she jumped straight out of bed and got dressed quickly. She loved school. She loved all of her friends. Marie arrived in her classroom and hung up her coat and backpack. She headed towards her seat, saying hello to all of her friends as she went. She noticed a new girl in the back of the room. She wondered what her name was. She had arrived in the middle of the year, and Marie hadn't met her yet.

Perhaps she would introduce herself today at lunchtime. With this happy thought in her head, Marie quickly got to work on the grammar lesson in front of her. Before she knew it, the bell rang for lunchtime. Marie loved school so much that she was always a little sad to see that it was halfway over. Marie walked to get her lunch box out of her backpack. Marie and her group of friends headed toward the cafeteria, laughing and talking on the way. They settled themselves at their favorite table and began to eat their lunches. They were talking about their dance class, and their favorite funny television show. Marie was so absorbed in conversation with her friends that she almost didn't notice the commotion at the table next to her. A group of rude boys was picking on the new girl from class. One boy had stolen her sandwich, one had stolen her cookie and banana, and another boy threw the girls' lunch box on the floor. They were laughing at the girl, and making fun of her. The poor girl got up and ran out of the room.

Marie couldn't believe what she was seeing. Had the girl done something to the boys that Marie hadn't noticed? Or were the boys just being bullies? Marie wasn't sure what she should do. If she confronted the boys, they might turn on her too. Marie thought for a moment about how she would feel if she were all alone and the boys were picking on her. Immediately, Marie knew that she couldn't stand by and do nothing.

Marie stood up and walked towards the table where the girl was being bullied. She got to the table just as the boys were about to walk away. Marie looked right at the boys and told them that if she ever saw them do anything like that again, she was going straight to the teacher. She told them that they had better leave the girl alone unless they wanted trouble. The boys just shrugged and walked away.

Marie went back to class. She saw the girl from the lunchroom sitting at the back of the room. She couldn't stop thinking about how the poor girl must have felt.

The bell rang. School was over. Marie quickly ran up to the girl. Marie introduced herself. Her name was Amanda. Marie could see that Amanda was upset. She could also see that Amanda was very sweet. The girls walked out of class together.

"Why don't you sit with me at lunch tomorrow?" Marie said to Amanda.

Amanda smiled and her face lit up. You could tell that she was grateful for the offer of friendship.

Marie wasn't sure if the boys would leave Amanda alone or not, but she did know that she had just made a new friend. Doing the right thing was hard, but Marie felt really happy about making a good decision.

1. From what point of view are each of the stories written?

THE PROBLEM = _____

THE RIGHT THING = _____

I know this because _____

2. How are both stories the **SAME**?



Color the details in **THE PROBLEM** that match the details in **THE RIGHT THING**.

3. How are the details, tone, or feelings **DIFFERENT** between the stories?

4. Describe how the first person point of view affects how the story is told or how it affects the reader's understanding of the events.

RL5.2

1. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL5.2

2. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

3. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how Amanda reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	AMANDA'S REACTION
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4. Does Amanda's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

RL.5.2

1. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.2

2. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

3. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how Marie reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	MARIE'S REACTION
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4. Does Marie's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

Guardians of the Deep

I love scuba diving. I actually think that I used to be an underwater creature in another life. Well, not just any underwater creature, of course. I used to be a turtle - a sea turtle to be specific. I sometimes have dreams where I'm floating in the ocean. I think that I'm human for a second, afraid to breathe in water. Then I breathe in the ocean water, in my dream of course. I breathe in the ocean water and I'm fine. After I do this, in my dream, I have this feeling. It's this feeling that tells me "You TOTALLY used have gills."

Anyway, that's why I scuba dive. My favorite part is the first jump in. Every time I stand on the edge of the boat, I say to myself, "goodbye air-world." I wiggle my feet over the edge of the boat and then, KA-PLUNK!

I will never forget my first dive in deep water. I was boating with a captain who was tracking dolphins. The dolphins move around the ocean, but they mostly stay in one place at a time. I brought my underwater video camera with me. I wanted to get some footage of dolphins. If I was lucky, I'd get to swim with them.

I swam away from the boat. I wasn't supposed to, but I figured it couldn't hurt if I was only gone for a little bit. As I swam out, kicking one fin after another, I spotted a devil ray skipping along. It was probably around seven feet across. Its eyes were like two scoops of licorice. It swam up beside me for a brief moment, then got scared off.

Suddenly, I saw a small gathering in the distance - some grey figures. It looked like a ball of silver spinning around. "Wow," I thought, "I can't be this lucky." I had stumbled upon dolphins feeding on some sardines. It was extremely rare for this to happen. I exhaled some big air-bubbles as I cheered to myself. I got out my underwater camera and swam down. I didn't want to startle the dolphins. Before I knew it, a dolphin swam up by me. He flashed his tailfin at me and then swam up. It was like he was laughing at me. Too bad, Mr. Dolphin, I'm not leaving 'til I capture something amazing with my camera. The dolphins quickly regrouped.

The silver ball was still circling, but then something changed. I got a bad feeling. A phantom came out of the deep ocean. It plowed right through the silver ball. It was tremendous. A giant, grey Great White shark. It had to be ten feet long. Looking from the fish it just ate, I could see it was hungry. This was not good. I started to panic. Dolphins are faster than humans underwater. Sardines are faster than humans underwater. I'm shark-bait!

The shark whipped its great tail at one of the dolphins, wounding it. The sardines started frantically swimming in every direction. The Great White and the dolphin, the one who had flashed his tail fin, were just looking at each other. The shark went to take a bite out of the dolphin. It reached out its mighty jaws. SNAP! A solid miss, as the dolphin quickly darted out of the way.

Then everything went silent. The Great White spotted me. He gave me a stare down. His jaw was literally the length of my leg. This giant was eyeing me like a steak. I was paralyzed.

I closed my eyes, and heard tussling. I opened them to find that the shark had not eaten me. I looked to my right, and saw an amazing sight. Three dolphins were walloping the Great White. They were hitting him with their tails and beaks while biting him, whipping him, getting him away from me.

The shark had no choice. He shot off into the deep. He was done for. He was defeated. I was saved... by dolphins.

My guardians of the sea glided away, chasing the shark. The further they got, the bluer they got, until they matched the blueness of the ocean. I turned to swim back to the boat. I looked back one last time, and when I did, I had proof, on camera, of my close call.

As I turned, one of the dolphins swam back, and shook his right flipper at me. He waved. I waved back, and then I returned to the air-world above.

The Deep

The sardines were swimming today. The smelly, delicious fish weren't always in deep water. They were today, though. They were silver, fast, and bite-sized. Did I mention they were fast? If I was trying to swim one down myself, just me and the fish, it wouldn't end well. I would probably swim and kick as fast as I could, but the little bugger would have me beat every time.

Luckily, the gang and I had a plan. We always used it when we got hungry. Living in the ocean was not easy, especially when you can't breathe underwater. It doesn't help when you are slower than your food.

When we got hungry, we would find the school of sardines that would swim out into the deep water. It was deep water because you could not see the bottom of the ocean. Finding the school was not always easy.

Then I heard the click. We communicated by clicks. Underwater, us dolphins can't really talk. However, we can click. I heard the click. It was a very low click. *Kyui-Kyui*. It was like a whisper in the blue ocean. It was silent enough so the sardines could not hear. You could not hear it unless you were listening for it. That *Kyui-Kyui* meant one thing: FOOD.

I slid through the water. I could see the gang closing in - Pago on my left and Tuco on my right. I was in the middle. I gave a signal that said: I'm first. Things were about to get crazy.

Above us was the giant school - almost ten thousand succulent, slippery sardines. They looked delicious. Every one was as tasty as the one next to it. In a moment, the waters around us would whirl.

I gave the attack signal. *KI!*

On my signal, Pago and Tuco started to go in a circle upwards. They were swimming up toward the surface, the great beyond with all the air. The sardines instantly kicked up. They were alarmed. Some of them tried to flee, but they were all cowards. They all stuck together. That was their mistake. Pago and Tuco swam swiftly around the school. They were forcing the sardines to swim in a circle. By doing this, the fish would turn into a giant ball of slippery dinner.

As Pago and Tuco circled around the school, I whipped my great dolphin tail back and forth. I headed straight up. I was swimming to the sun. My speed was increasing. Pago, Tuco, and the sardines stopped being so loud. My breath was tremendous. I was kicking my tail with all my might. I had the need for speed. I was going fast.

I whipped my head down and my tail up. It was time for the dive. My beak hit the water. I was like a missile. I kicked my tail faster and faster. I was going twice as fast now. I spotted Pago, then Tuco. Then I knew where I was going.

Right in between the two of them, I dove. You can't really see the fish when you're shooting down on them, so you just have to open your mouth. As I dove further and further, I felt more and more sardines. The ones that didn't go into my big, open mouth skidded off my slimy skin. Before long, I had a belly full. The catching was good.

I turned to go up, and as I did, I saw something big and shiny. It was red, white, blue, and had yellow flippers. "*Kwiiii-aa*," I said "Humans". This one looked really small. It was holding a small box and pointing it at us. The box didn't look dangerous, like a harpoon or anything, so I figured it was just one of those weird humans that secretly wanted to be a fish. Humans are strange, strange creatures.

I turned up and showed the human my tailfin. In the dolphin world, that was the same as sticking my tongue out at it. I turned back and headed for Tuco. He was still swimming like a maelstrom. The sardines were still swirling. I swam faster to match Tuco's speed. I was relieving him of his post. He usually would reply with a click for: Thank you. I didn't hear a click. Tuco wasn't happy with me. He swam down, and I took his place.

I was only there for a moment when I saw the danger. From under the depths of the ocean, a big, grey blob swam up. I couldn't hardly see what it was before it hit us. From the depths of the ocean, a Great White shark exploded up, through the sardines and into our feeding ground. It roared through our meal, and then whipped its big tail right at Pago. Pago let out a yelp. The Great White turned and eyed me.

It was just the shark and me. It was go time.

To be continued...

1. From what point of view are each of the stories written?

GUARDIANS OF THE DEEP = _____

THE DEEP = _____

I know this because _____

2. How are both stories the **SAME**?



Color the details in **GUARDIANS OF THE DEEP** that match the details in **THE DEEP**.

3. How are the details, tone, or feelings **DIFFERENT** between the stories?

4. Describe how the first person point of view affects how the story is told or how it affects the reader's understanding of the events.

RL.5.2

1. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.1

2. **SETTING CLOSE UP:** Use details and quotes from the text to describe the setting in this story.

3. **MAIN EVENT CLOSE UP:** Use details and quotes from the text to describe the main event in this story.

RL.5.2

1. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.1

2. What do you think will happen next in the story? Why do you think that? Refer to the details found in the text in your response.

3. Do you think the main character is afraid of humans? Why or why not? **QUOTE** the text in your response. Suggested phrases: "The author said..." or "According to the text..."

The Bike

I stared at the bike in the window everyday for two weeks. The poster announced to the world, "Pegasus! The bike that flies!" I didn't know what this meant, but I wanted it all the same.

Behind the glass, the silver frame glittered, which accented the white and blue stripes running down the crossbar and through the wheels. This was a definite improvement on my brother's hand-me-down. When I finally got the bike, the frame was rusting and the tires needed to be replaced. It was probably because my brother left it out on the grass during too many summer storms. It didn't matter. I scrubbed the frame as best I could and did three weeks of babysitting to pay for the new tires. But now I wanted Pegasus.

I once went into the shop to inquire about the price.

"You wouldn't be able to afford it, kid," said the owner. He looked like an over-ripe grapefruit and smelled like gear grease.

"I won't know that until you tell me how much it is, sir," I said. To be honest, I had expected this type of treatment. I was small for my age, barely 5 feet tall, but I was the smartest in my class. I kept a steady job babysitting for a few families in the neighborhood and mowed lawns when Dad would let me borrow the mower.

"It's four hundred dollars," the owner said gruffly.

I calculated in my head how many hours of babysitting I would need to do to raise that much money. With the fifty dollars I had in my safe at home, I would need to work for another month before I would be able to buy the bike.

"You're right," I told the owner. "I can't buy it right now, but how about a deal?"

"What kind of a deal?" The owner looked amused.

"What if I give you fifty dollars now. Then I work for you for the rest of it?" I asked. Behind my back I was crossing my fingers. The owner thought about it for a minute, looking from me to the bike and back again. He then looked over my shoulder at my current ride leaning against the wall.

"Alright," he said. "You bring me the fifty today and you can start working tomorrow. How does twenty bucks a day sound?"

"Sounds like a deal," I said as I shook his hand. I remained calm until I began to pedal away. I couldn't help but let out a shout of hurray for the prospect of getting my bike. I took him the fifty dollars just before the store closed.

At the table, I told my dad about the deal I made with the bike shop owner. He was very proud of my ability to negotiate for the bike. He then told me the story of Pegasus and how he was the winged horse of the Greek myths. He was a messenger for the head honcho Zeus and delivered lightning bolts and thunder. I was working for the Greek god of bikes.

Over the next few weeks, I worked in the bike shop. I helped customers find items they were looking for. I collected items from other stores for the owner. I even got to learn how to fix elements on bikes, like the brakes or the lights, from one of the other builders who worked in the back. Every day I passed the Pegasus bike and every day I imagined it coming down from the rack and being placed in my hands.

When I got home at night I would cross off the days. When I got to the last day, I took my jar of money in with me. I worked my normal day and when I was done, I went up to the bike owner with the jar.

"Three hundred and fifty dollars," I said.

"So it is," he said. He went to the window and brought the bike down. I adjusted the seat and the handle bars for my height with tools from the shop.

"Hey, you think you want to keep the job for the summer?" The owner asked. "You've been a good little worker bee for me so far and I could use the help."

"That would be great!" I said and then headed home.

As I rode the bike home, I could feel how easy it was to move over the pavement. The wind moved through my hair and for a second, it almost felt as if I was being carried off by the great Pegasus himself.

The Little Worker

Pegasus was not your average bike. When Mr. Varkos saw it in his order catalog, he was blown away. "What a beautiful bike," he muttered. It was shiny and proud. He knew exactly where he could display it in his shop. There was a store front window that he hadn't used in almost two years.

He had owned the shop since he came to America forty years ago. Back then, he was a young lad from Athens. If there was one thing he knew, it was bikes. He spent his life making Varkos Bikes, the best shop in all of Bellville. He didn't have a wife, he didn't have children, he didn't have anyone who worked with him... and he was starting to get old.

He began to clean up the display window, and while picking up a box of oil, he felt a painful tug in his back. "OI!" he yelled. It hurt him so. He realized that it wasn't going to be easy to change things around in his shop. If only he had someone else who could help. No, he had run the shop for over 40 years, and he could handle it.

The day Pegasus arrived, he almost fainted. The bike was even more glorious in person. The silver frame glittered, which accented the white and blue stripes running down the crossbar and through the wheels. As he rummaged through the packaging, he found a poster, and proudly displayed it in the window.

"Pegasus! The bike that flies!"

It was so beautiful that he really didn't want to sell it. He wanted to keep it forever. That's why he made it one of the most expensive bikes in the town: \$400. The bike drew in crowds. It made so many people come into his shop. Most just stared at its glory. Every now and again, people would ask about the bike, but when they heard the price, they laughed and would say, "okay, when pigs fly, I'll buy your bike and fly with them." Everyone would laugh at the bike, except for one girl.

Susanna was a nice little thing, barely tall enough to climb up on great Pegasus' wings, but she loved looking at the bike. One day she came in, and asked for the price.

"You wouldn't be able to afford it, kid," said Mr. Varkos. He smirked and laughed.

"I won't know that until you tell me how much it is, sir," said Susanna.

"It's four hundred dollars," the bike shop owner said gruffly.

Susanna, very quickly, mustered up some courage and offered a deal. She would give Mr. Varkos \$50, and then work for his shop. The offer surprised Mr. Varkos. He could use the help, but a little kid in his shop might break everything. He thought about this for a silent moment. Then he gave her a deal.

"You bring me the fifty today and you can start working tomorrow. How does twenty bucks a day sound?" Susanna smiled and took the deal. She ran out of the shop and Mr. Varkos sighed.

"Well Peggy," he said to his prize bike, "you may have just found a new owner."

Mr. Varkos hesitated at first, but Susanna was quite the helper. She cleaned out the back room, polished every spoke and bell in the shop, repainted the walls, and even fixed the toilet! Quite the little helper indeed. Mr. Varkos worked her to the bone, but she always left with a smile.

One day, Susanna came in. "Here it is!" she said holding a jar, "three hundred fifty dollars." She had proved herself. She was now free to ride off on Pegasus. Mr. Varkos, however, didn't want to see her go. He'd taken a liking to how positive she was.

"Hey, you think you want to keep the job for the summer?" he said with a little hesitation.

She thought for a second, smiled and said, "That would be great!"

Later that summer, after Susanna had helped him sell 50 bikes before Labor Day, he put up another poster. It read: Varkos (and Susanna's) Bikes.

1. From what point of view are each of the stories written?

THE BIKE = _____

THE LITTLE WORKER = _____

I know this because _____

2. How are both stories the **SAME**?



Color the details in **THE BIKE** that match the details in **THE LITTLE WORKER**.

3. How are the details, tone, or feelings **DIFFERENT** between the stories?

4. Describe how the first person point of view affects how the story is told or how it affects the reader's understanding of the events.

1. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

2. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

3. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how the narrator (Susanna) reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	NARRATOR'S REACTION
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4. Does the narrator's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

RL.5.2

1. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.1

2. **SETTING CLOSE UP:** Use details and quotes from the text to describe the setting in this story.

3. **CHARACTER CLOSE UP:** Use details and quotes from the text to describe Mr. Varkos.

Red and Green Uniforms

My dad was not a good person. I remember the first time I realized this. We were on a secret hunting trip in Mozambique. I remember being in the back seat of the Land Cruiser. I was only seven at the time. All my dad talked about was the hunt. He made it sound like it was such a great thing.

My dad stopped the car. "Go get the equipment," he told me. I rushed. I wanted to impress my dad. "Hurry up!" he said.

The guns were heavy. I remember that just one of them felt like it was a hundred pounds. I could barely lift it with my hands. I had to do this for him and his two friends. I think that my dad wanted me to be a part of the group, but that was the day I would turn and never look back.

We took that equipment and moved to the vantage point where we could see the prey. "There's a lot of money where we're going, my boy," Dad would say. "But it's not about the money, well not all about it. It's about the trophy," he said with an angry smile.

We finally sat down. Dad grabbed the gun. "You've got to remember one thing when you're on the hunt," he said, motioning to his equipment. "You always shoot to win. You always shoot for the kill."

He set up the gun. He threw me a pair of binoculars. "Watch this." He pointed out into a clearing. It was the most spectacular sight I've ever seen. A whole memory of elephants. There was a giant one out in front, and a bigger one coming up behind him. There must have been fifteen in all, coming up through a clearing. They were stomping the bushes. Their grey skin was shining in the sunshine. Then I saw one of the big elephants playfully smack the other with his tusk. I started laughing. I fell in love with those creatures right then. I wanted to jump up and run through the bushes with them, but my dreams were cut short with a nightmare.

"Pull," whispered Dad. A great bang rang out of his gun. My ears were buzzing with a bell sound. "Got him!" yelled my dad. He was smiling. When I thought of what happened, I started to cry. I wept silently as I looked through the binoculars. I didn't dare want Dad to hear me.

Through the binoculars I saw the elephant, the one who had playfully hit the leader on the ground, motionless. The rest of them started to stampede. I looked back through the binoculars. They were stampeding away in a fury of dust. All except a little baby elephant. It was so innocent, but Dad uttered hate with what he said next. In a flash, he said, "We've got a live child coming towards to the mother." I stared at him. He wouldn't. "Taking the shot." I saw his finger hit the trigger, but I acted like lightning. I took my small hands and pushed the big stock of the gun right as it fired. The bullet shot through the trees, but couldn't possibly have touched the baby elephant.

Anger filled my father's eyes. I knew he was mad. Right then, I heard police sirens. It was the poaching rangers. In moments, we were surrounded by the rangers.

"Retreat," yelled Hiragi, "To the car, To the car." They picked up what they could and ran. Dad was still glaring at me. I glared back at him. That picture of my father is burned into my memory. It was the last time I ever saw him. Without words, he packed his rifle, and ran away. I stayed there. I sat down and started to cry.

The sirens were blaring as I sat there. Men were running past me in uniforms, chasing after my dad and his friends. I just sat there. A man approached me, in uniform. He had the big wide nostrils over a bushy mustache.

"Son, are you okay?" he asked.

I looked up and saw his uniform, green and red. It was the first man I had ever seen in a uniform. Even though they never caught my dad, I grew up to protect those elephants. I proudly wear that uniform today.

Wake Up

Mom and Dad were walking together with their giant grey ears flapping in the wind. They had curled their trunks together as they walked. I was walking behind them, I always love to watch Dad's big steps. He wasn't afraid of anything. As we walked on the path, the dust under our big feet, he would stomp around the thick brush. In single steps, he could stomp out entire bushes. He did this when he wanted to show off, to impress our family's friends.

I even started to stomp more when Dad was at it. My little feet weren't as big as Dad's. My knees were hardly above the bushes, but I still tried as hard as I could. If I could jump, I would, but we weren't designed that way, not like the birds, or the lions, or the gazelles. Mom always told me, "We're just not designed that way, little one. We're big," she said, "and we're strong, but that's just not who we are. Now stop trying to stomp those bushes." I wouldn't. I wanted to be just like Dad, stomping where I wanted.

Then it happened. A mighty roar sounded in the front of the pack. It was Dad. When I looked back, Dad had turned left. He was trotting, as fast as his big body would let him. He was trotting towards the forest. Mom was lying on the ground. She wasn't moving. After that, I heard a loud bang echo through the sky. It all happened so fast. A stampede started.

The ground behind me started to shake. Mom wasn't moving. All my aunts and uncles and brothers and sisters turned to run. They were following Dad. Mom still was not moving. The ground started to fill with dust. It was like a mini storm had blown into our patch of the world. More bangs rang out into the sky.

Mom wasn't moving. I knew I had to follow Dad. He always led us to safety, and he always knew what to do. But Mom wasn't moving. I trotted over, dust everywhere. I knelt down beside mom.

Her big ears had flapped over her head. I could only see that she was sitting on the ground. She was slumped over. I could feel that she was holding herself

together, but I didn't know how. The only thing she was really moving was her eyes. She looked at me, and swung her trunk over my head. She blew a trunk kiss into my ear. I felt her trunk squeeze me tight. More bangs rang out, and the dust began to settle. The bangs became faster, and there was shouting. It was human shouting. Something big had happened.

When I looked up again, Mom's trunk had lost some of its strength. I could see the big human wheel contraptions. There were four of them, as big as us, but without the ears, or the trunk, or the tusks. The contraptions had flashing lights. They were green and red. The humans were walking around with other contraptions in their hands. They saw me. Two of them came over. Mom had lost more strength. I didn't want to leave her. I waited for her to get up and protect me from the men as they walked over. I didn't feel her move. I didn't feel her try to protect me. She just laid there, waiting for the dust to settle all the way down.

The humans walked up. They were so small, smaller than I ever thought they could be. When they saw me sitting by Mom, they put down their contraptions, got down on their knees, and put their hands on me. I looked at them, wondering what they might do. They said some things to each other. They didn't hurt me. They didn't do anything. They just stood there, sad, looking at Mom.

1. From what point of view are each of the stories written?

RED AND GREEN UNIFORMS = _____

WAKE UP = _____

I know this because _____

2. How are both stories the **SAME**?



Color the details in **RED AND GREEN UNIFORMS** that match the details in **WAKE UP**.

3. How are the details, tone, or feelings **DIFFERENT** between the stories?

4. Describe how the first person point of view affects how the story is told or how it affects the reader's understanding of the events.

RL5.2

1. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL5.3

2. Describe the characters.

The Kid

Dad

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3. Describe how the kid and his dad **INTERACT** with each other.

4. What do the **INTERACTIONS** between the kid and his dad tell you about their personalities?

RL.5.2

1. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.1

2. **SETTING CLOSE UP:** Use details and quotes from the text to describe the setting in this story.

3. **MAIN EVENT CLOSE UP:** Use details and quotes from the text to describe the main event.

The Wise Little Hen

Out in the country, there lived a hen with many small young chicks. They lived in a lovely little house. The chickens had two neighbors. One neighbor was a pig and the other was a duck.

One day, the hen decided it was time to plant some corn. She gathered up her family of chicks and filled a basket with corn seeds to be planted in the field. The hen and her chicks were happy to be outside and heading to the corn field. The chicken family was dancing in their yard.

Along the way to the field, the hen and her family passed the houses of her neighbors. The first place the chickens visited was the home of Donald Duck. When the chickens arrived at the duck's home on the water, they saw the duck dancing. The hen asked Donald Duck if he would help the family plant the corn. The duck grabbed his stomach and cried out in pain. Quickly, the duck ran back to his home, hiding from the hen. The duck was only pretending to have a stomach ache. However, the hen did not know this. She was sad that she could not count on the duck's help.

The hen and her chicks continued up the road towards the field. Along the way, they stopped at the home of Peter Pig. As the hen and her chicks approached Peter Pig's home, they saw the pig dancing in his yard. He was also playing an instrument and singing. Peter Pig greeted the hen nicely and she asked the pig if he would help the family plant the corn. Immediately, the pig doubled-over in pain, just as the duck had done. He said he could not help plant the corn because he had a stomach ache. Crying in pain, the pig ran away. He hid from the hen and her family behind his little shack. The pig was only pretending to be sick, however. The hen did not know the pig was faking, though. The hen was sad that she could not count on the pig to help her plant the corn.

The chicken family continued on to the corn field. All of the chickens, even the little ones, worked very hard to help the corn grow. The chicks plowed the soil and created the rows for the corn. The mother hen planted the seeds while all of the little chicks watered the field. Eventually, the corn grew tall and the chickens were very pleased.

When the time came for the corn to be harvested, the hen and her family once again visited Peter Pig and Donald Duck. Just as they had seen before, the

chickens saw the pig and the duck dancing outside. The mother hen approached the pair to ask them if they would help her family harvest the corn. Immediately, however, the pig and duck both began to complain again about their terrible stomach pain. The pig and the duck moaned and wailed loudly about their pain. Quickly, the pair ran off to their clubhouse. This time, however, the hen realized that the pair had faked their stomach aches. She knew they weren't really sick, but that they were just too lazy to help harvest the corn.

The chicken family harvested the corn all by themselves. Once the chickens harvested their corn, they began to prepare a large corn feast. They baked cornbread and made corn chowder. The hen also prepared muffins and corn cakes. Their table was filled with many corn dishes.

The hen then began to wonder who would help her family eat all of the corn. Then she remembered her two neighbors, the pig and the duck. She went outside to visit the pair. When they saw her approaching, they both began to wail in pain about their stomach aches.

The hen politely asked the pig and the duck if they would like to help her eat the corn. The pair began to dance and cheer as soon as they heard that the hen needed help eating the corn. The pig and the duck no longer needed to pretend to be sick, now that the hard work was finished.

Immediately, the pig and the duck rushed over to the hen's home. The little chicks brought out a large bowl covered with a cloth to give to the pair. The pig and the duck began to fight over the bowl, tugging back and forth. Eventually, the pig won the fight. He was very excited to see what the hen had put in the covered bowl. The pig and duck grabbed their spoons so they could begin to eat the hen's food right away. As they uncovered the dish, however, they realized that the only thing in the bowl was a bottle of Castor Oil, a horrible-tasting medicine that would only help their stomach aches. The pig and the duck learned that the hen knew they were only pretending to be sick in order to avoid the hard work of farming corn. The hen had taught them a lesson.

The chicken family enjoyed the benefits of their hard work. Their dining table was filled with food and the home had plenty of corn for every chick. They ate a large corn feast while the pig and the duck watched through the window. When the pair realized that they would not get any of the hen's corn, the pig and the duck then took turns kicking each other as punishment.

For this activity, you will need access to the internet where you will watch a video version of this story. You can find a video version at <http://www.teachingandtapas.com/p/videos.html> or on youtube.com using the search terms "The Wise Little Hen 1934".

- I. **READ** the story, then watch the **VIDEO**. As you watch the video, look for three places where the **tone** of the story is evident. Explain how the visual or musical elements contribute to the tone of the story. Use phrases such as, "The illustrator...", "In the video...", "The music...", "The visual shows...", etc.

Time (minute)	Describe what you see in the video.	How does this contribute to the tone of the text?

For this activity, you will need access to the internet where you will watch a video version of this story. You can find a video version at <http://www.teachingandtapas.com/p/videos.html> or on youtube.com using the search terms "The Wise Little Hen 1934".

2. After you have **READ** the story, watch the **VIDEO** and stop at the times indicated below. Explain how the visual elements contribute to the tone of the story. Use phrases such as, "The illustrator...", "In the video...", "The visual shows...", etc.

What you see in the video.

How does this scene contribute to the TONE and MEANING of the text?

Stop the video at **2:47**.
It is right after the duck tells the hen he is unable to help.



Stop the video at **4:42**.
It is right after the pig tells the hen he is unable to help.



3. Describe how the video clarifies or contributes to the meaning or tone of the text.

RL.5.2

4. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.2

5. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

6. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how the hen reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	THE HEN'S REACTION
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7. Does the hen's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

How Whale Got His Throat

Out in the middle of the ocean, there once lived a whale that had an amazing appetite. He ate every type of fish that could be found in the sea. The whale ate large fish and starfish and every other sort of fish in between. The whale ate and ate and ate until one day, all the fish in the sea were gone. The whale had eaten every fish in the sea.

One small fish, however, had managed to not be eaten by the whale. He was a small little fish that swam behind the whale's ear in order to not be eaten.

The whale was very hungry after he had devoured all the fish in the sea. He moaned and complained to the one small fish that had not been eaten. The small fish knew that the whale needed to eat something soon.

Thinking long and hard about what the whale could eat, the small fish realized the whale was large enough to eat a man. The small fish remembered a shipwrecked sailor that was floating on a raft in the sea. The small fish told the whale exactly where the man could be found.

The whale swam quickly to the spot where the small fish had said the man could be found. The whale opened his mouth very wide as he approached the man on the raft. The whale was able to swallow the man and his raft in one bite because the whale's mouth was so large.

Although the man was surprised to be inside the whale's belly, he was not scared. Instead, the man began to dance and play. He jumped and hopped all over his raft. The man created a wild scene inside the whale's belly.

The whale did not know what was happening inside his belly, since the whale had never eaten a man before. Soon, the whale began to demand that the man come out of his belly. The man had created such a ruckus in the whale's belly that the whale had developed a horrible case of the hiccups. The only cure for whale hiccups was for the man to leave the whale's belly.

The man, however, was smart. He didn't want to leave the whale's belly only to be stranded on a raft in middle of the ocean again. Instead, the man told the whale that he would not leave the belly until the whale swam to Scotland, which was the country where the man had once lived. The man explained that his family was waiting for him in Scotland. He also told the whale that a girl he planned to marry was waiting for him in Scotland.

The whale knew that Scotland was a long swim away, but the whale also knew he had no choice. With the dancing man inside the whale's belly, the whale's hiccups continued both day and night. The hiccupping whale agreed to swim all the way to Scotland, if the man agreed to leave the whale's belly once they arrived there. The man danced even harder because he was excited to be going home to Scotland.

As the whale headed off towards Scotland, the man in his belly began to think about all the fish in the ocean that the whale had eaten. The man remembered that the whale had eaten every single fish in the sea, except for the small little fish that had swum safely behind the whale's ear. The man knew that the whale should not be allowed to continue to eat all of the fish in the sea.

The man thought about how he could prevent the whale from eating every fish. The whale's wide mouth and big throat made it possible for the whale to eat fish of every size, however. Soon the man realized that the whale only ate fish of every size simply because the whale's throat was so big. The man decided that he needed to make the whale's throat much smaller. With a smaller throat, the whale would never be able to eat all the fish in the sea ever again.

The man was not able to find many supplies inside the belly of the whale, but the man did know that he could use his own raft. The man began to work on his raft immediately. The man began to carve small holes in the raft, creating openings up and down each of the raft's planks.

After swimming across the giant ocean, the hiccupping whale arrived on the shore of Scotland. Between the hiccups, the whale begged the man to finally leave his belly.

The man agreed to leave at once. Before he actually stepped on to the shore of Scotland, however, the man placed his raft with the newly carved holes right inside the throat of the whale. The man even used the suspenders from his own pants to hold the raft in place.

The whale was quite surprised to find a raft full of holes inside his throat. The man explained to the whale that the raft was to be used as a grate. The raft would act like a storm drain. Water would be able to easily pass through the grate. The fish, however, would not be able to pass through the grate. The man told the whale that the grate would only allow the smallest of fish in the entire ocean to pass into the whale's belly. The whale could no longer eat the large fish or the starfish. Most importantly, the whale could no longer eat every single fish in the sea.

As for the man, he was extremely happy to be back in Scotland. His family was excited to see that he was back home once again. The girl he had planned to marry was waiting in Scotland for him, too. The couple married quickly and they all lived happily ever after.

For this activity, you will need access to the internet where you will watch a video version of this story. You can find a video version at <http://www.teachingandtapas.com/p/videos.html> or on youtube.com using the search terms "How Whale Got His Throat by Sheila Graber".

- I. **READ** the story, then watch the **VIDEO**. As you watch the video, look for three places where the **tone** of the story is evident. Explain how the visual or musical elements contribute to the tone of the story. Use phrases such as, "The illustrator...", "In the video...", "The music...", "The visual shows...", etc.

Time (minute)	Describe what you see in the video.	How does this contribute to the tone of the text?

For this activity, you will need access to the internet where you will watch a video version of this story. You can find a video version at <http://www.teachingandtapas.com/p/videos.html> or on youtube.com using the search terms "How Whale Got His Throat by Sheila Graber".

2. After you have **READ** the story, watch the **VIDEO** and stop at the times indicated below. Explain how the visual elements contribute to the tone of the story. Use phrases such as, "The illustrator...", "In the video...", "The visual shows...", etc.

What you see in the video.

How does this scene contribute to the TONE and MEANING of the text?

Stop the video at **4:15**.
It is when the mariner is inside the whale's belly.



Stop the video at **6:06**.
It is when the mariner tells the whale he is not leaving yet.



3. Describe how the video clarifies or contributes to the meaning or tone of the text.

RL.5.2

4. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.2

5. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

6. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how the whale reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	THE WHALE'S REACTION
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7. Does the whale's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

The Elephant's Child

A long time ago, elephants did not have beautiful long trunks. Their trunks were actually bulging little noses that were black and not all that useful. The elephants could move their noses from side-to-side, but they could not pick things up with their short little noses.

One day, a baby elephant was born. He was known as the elephant's child. This young elephant was different from all of the other elephants because he was very curious about the world.

The elephant's child asked many questions to all sorts of animals about every subject. He asked why the giraffe had so many spots. He tried to find out why the hippopotamus had such red eyes. The elephant's child also wondered why the ostrich tail feathers grew out like they did. He even asked the baboon why melons tasted like melons.

Unfortunately, the animals were not very patient with the elephant's child and his endless questions. In fact, the elephant's child would be spanked by his family members whenever he inquired about something new.

The elephant's child continued to ask questions, though. He asked about everything, but one day he wondered about what crocodiles ate for dinner. The elephant's child asked all of his family members if they knew what crocodiles ate for dinner. Instead of answering his question, his family members spanked the elephant's child even more.

The elephant's child was still curious as to what crocodiles ate for dinner so he decided to ask the Kolokolo bird. For once, the elephant's child was not spanked when he asked a question. Instead the Kolokolo bird told the young elephant to travel to the dark banks of the Limpopo River. Crocodiles live along the banks of the river, the bird explained. The elephant's child was excited to visit the river in order to find out directly from a crocodile exactly what crocodiles eat for dinner.

The very next morning, the young elephant's child headed out on a trek to the banks of the Limpopo River. He took with him some sugar cane, bananas, and a few melons. He ate the food along the way as he traveled north and east across Africa to get to the banks of the Limpopo River.

At last, when he arrived at the river, the elephant's child realized that he had never seen a crocodile at all. Even so, he was still very curious to find out what crocodiles ate for dinner.

The first animal that the young elephant spotted along the banks of the river was not a crocodile. It was, in fact, a bi-colored Python. The elephant's child asked the snake if crocodiles did actually live in the area. The elephant also asked the snake if he knew what crocodiles ate for dinner.

Instead of responding to the youngster's question, the snake uncoiled itself and spanked the elephant's child. The young elephant was confused by the snake's response and so he decided to wander off further down the river.

Shortly, the elephant's child rested on a log that was near the river bank. It was actually not a log, however. It was a crocodile! The elephant's child did not know it was a crocodile, however, since the elephant's child had never actually seen a crocodile before.

The elephant's child was very curious, so he asked the strange animal if he knew where the crocodiles lived. The sneaky crocodile told the elephant's child to come closer, then the animal whispered that he was actually a crocodile.

The young elephant was very excited to finally meet a crocodile. Immediately, the elephant's child asked what crocodiles ate for dinner. The crocodile told the young elephant to come closer. When the elephant's child leaned over the water, the crocodile grabbed the young elephant's small bulging nose!

The elephant's child screamed for help as the crocodile pulled on his short, tiny nose. Quickly, the bi-colored Python slithered over to help rescue the young elephant. As the crocodile held onto the elephant's nose, the snake twisted around the young elephant's feet while pulling in the opposite direction. The animals tugged and fought, then finally the young elephant was free from the crocodile's grasp.

When the elephant's child realized he was safe, he was quite happy. The young elephant was not happy about his nose, however. With all of the pulling and tugging, the elephant's nose had been stretched into a very long trunk.

The elephant's child first wrapped the long trunk in banana leaves, hoping to shrink the nose back down to its original size. When the banana leaves didn't work,

the young elephant sat on the bank of the river to wait until the nose was the correct size. The nose did not shrink, however. It was permanently a very long trunk.

The elephant's child was very sad. The long nose looked quite silly. Near the young elephant, was the bi-colored Python snake. The snake told the young elephant that the longer trunk was probably a very good thing to have. The snake explained that the young elephant could use the trunk for picking up things or even for swatting other things.

This idea cheered up the young elephant very much. He decided to trek back across Africa to see his family. When he arrived home, his family was excited to see him, but they thought the young elephant's new nose was quite silly. The elephant's child was quick to show them how the new long trunk was quite helpful. The young elephant was also able to use his trunk to spank his own brothers. Soon all of the elephants wanted long trunks that were just like the elephant child's trunk. The elephants traveled to the banks of the Limpopo River so the crocodile could also give them long, helpful trunks. And now, all the elephants of the world have trunks exactly like the one that the elephant's child had first.

For this activity, you will need access to the internet where you will watch a video version of this story. You can find a video version at <http://www.teachingandtapas.com/p/videos.html> or on youtube.com using the search terms "The Elephant's Child by Sheila Graber".

I. **READ** the story, then watch the **VIDEO**. As you watch the video, look for three places where the **tone** of the story is evident. Explain how the visual or musical elements contribute to the tone of the story. Use phrases such as, "The illustrator...", "In the video...", "The music...", "The visual shows...", etc.

Time (minute)	Describe what you see in the video.	How does this contribute to the tone of the text?

For this activity, you will need access to the internet where you will watch a video version of this story. You can find a video version at <http://www.teachingandtapas.com/p/videos.html> or on youtube.com using the search terms "The Elephant's Child by Sheila Graber".

2. After you have **READ** the story, watch the **VIDEO** and stop at the times indicated below. Explain how the visual elements contribute to the tone of the story. Use phrases such as, "The illustrator..."; "In the video..."; "The visual shows..."; etc.

What you see in the video.

How does this scene contribute to the TONE and MEANING of the text?

Stop the video at **4:49**.
It is when the elephant's child asks the crocodile a question.



Stop the video at **6:19**.
It is when crocodile is pulling on the elephant child's nose..



3. Describe how the video clarifies or contributes to the meaning or tone of the text.

RL.5.2

4. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.2

5. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

6. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how the elephant's child reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	THE ELEPHANT CHILD'S REACTION
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7. Does the elephant child's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

The Tortoise and the Hare

One day, all the animals gathered at the track for a big race between the tortoise and the hare. The stadium was filled with creatures of all kinds, including pigs and squirrels. Even a few owls and skunks were on-hand to watch the big race.

The first contestant to arrive at the starting line was the hare. His name was Max Hare and he was also known as The Blue Streak. He stepped confidently through the curtain that led out to the field from his training quarters. Max Hare waved triumphantly to the large crowd. All of the animals in the stadium cheered wildly as Max Hare strode up to the starting line of the big race.

The other contestant of the big race was slower to arrive. After a delay, Toby Tortoise peeked his head out of the door of his training quarters. Toby Tortoise was also known as Slow But Sure. So slowly, but surely, Toby Tortoise meandered up to the starting line of the big race. The crowd laughed at Toby Tortoise as he readied himself for the big race.

Max Hare tossed his robe off to the side of the track as Toby Tortoise arrived by his side. Toby Tortoise politely removed his hat as he greeted Max Hare with a handshake. Toby Tortoise said that he hoped the best man would win the race. Max Hare, however, was rude as he teased Toby Tortoise and would not shake his hand properly. The crowd laughed as Max Hare continued to humiliate Toby Tortoise.

Finally, the race was ready to begin. The race official blew a whistle that let the contestants know it was time to line up at the starting line. Max Hare was quick to line up, but Toby Tortoise took a bit longer to prepare for the race.

When the starter pistol fired, the race began. Max Hare was off in a flash. In fact, Max Hare was so fast, he literally made Toby Tortoise's head spin. Toby's start was slow, but he surely made his way down the race track.

Max Hare was so fast that he was almost impossible to see as he ran down the track. Soon Max Hare was extremely far in front of Toby Tortoise. It looked as if Max Hare was going to win the race without a doubt. Max Hare was so convinced

that he was going to win, that he decided to stop alongside the race track in order to take a rest. Slowly but surely, Toby Tortoise caught up to Max Hare because Toby Tortoise never stopped to take a break. Max Hare laughed loudly as Toby Tortoise passed him because Toby Tortoise was still walking incredibly slowly.

Once Toby Tortoise had walked past the fast rabbit, Max Hare jumped to his feet. Quick as he could, Max Hare raced right by Toby Tortoise. Again, it looked as if Max Hare would definitely win the big race.

After running a bit, Max Hare eventually rushed right by a group of lady rabbits. The girls were all waiting along a fence to cheer for Max Hare. When Max Hare saw the girls, he decided to stop again. It was the second break that Max Hare had taken during the big race.

The female bunnies were very interested in Max Hare. They asked him questions and wanted to know how fast he really was. Max Hare loved showing off to the ladies, so he took the time to demonstrate how fast he was. Max showed the ladies his quick archery skills and his ability to play baseball with speed.

While Max Hare was bragging about himself to the ladies, Toby Tortoise trotted past the rabbits. Toby was moving very slowly, but surely. The ladies called out to Toby Tortoise and asked him to take a break as well. Toby Tortoise politely declined, explaining to the girls that he need to concentrate on the big race. Toby Tortoise continued on with the race at the exact same time that Max Hare had stopped to talk about himself.

Max Hare continued to show off as he demonstrated his superior tennis skills to the lady rabbits. Next, Max Hare heard the stadium crowd begin to yell and cheer. The big race was almost over and Max Hare was nowhere near the finish line.

Max Hare waved goodbye to the lady rabbits and then took off running towards the finish line as fast as he could. He ran faster than he had ever run before. Toby Tortoise was closing in the on the finish line, too. Toby Tortoise was looking tired, but he was still running the race as slowly and surely as he knew he could race.

Toby Tortoise saw that Max Hare was catching up to him quite quickly. Toby Tortoise even began to run a bit faster himself. The race to the finish was close. Max Hare was almost there, but Toby Tortoise was still in the lead. At the very last second, Toby Tortoise stretched out his very long neck as he strained for the finish. Even with Max Hare still close behind, Toby Tortoise crossed the finish line first. Toby Tortoise had won the big race!

Max Hare could not believe what he was seeing. Toby Tortoise had beat him in a race! The crowd went wild as they cheered loudly for Toby Tortoise. On that day, Toby Tortoise was a hero because he had won the big race.

For this activity, you will need access to the internet where you will watch a video version of this story. You can find a video version at <http://www.teachingandtapas.com/p/videos.html> or on youtube.com using the search terms "The Tortoise and the Hare Disney 1934".

I. **READ** the story, then watch the **VIDEO**. As you watch the video, look for three places where the **tone** of the story is evident. Explain how the visual or musical elements contribute to the tone of the story. Use phrases such as, "The illustrator...", "In the video...", "The music...", "The visual shows...", etc.

Time (minute)	Describe what you see in the video.	How does this contribute to the tone of the text?

For this activity, you will need access to the internet where you will watch a video version of this story. You can find a video version at <http://www.teachingandtapas.com/p/videos.html> or on youtube.com using the search terms "The Tortoise and the Hare Disney 1934".

2. After you have **READ** the story, watch the **VIDEO** and stop at the times indicated below. Explain how the visual elements contribute to the tone of the story. Use phrases such as, "The illustrator...", "In the video...", "The visual shows...", etc.

What you see in the video.

How does this scene contribute to the TONE and MEANING of the text?

Watch from **1:24-1:53**

It is when the hare tricks the tortoise by not shaking his hand.



Stop the video at **4:41**.

It is when the hare stops to show off for the girl rabbits.



3. Describe how the video clarifies or contributes to the meaning or tone of the text.

RL.5.2

4. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.3

5. Describe the characters.

Tortoise

Hare

--	--

6. Describe how the tortoise and the hare **INTERACT** with each other.

7. What do the **INTERACTIONS** between the tortoise and the hare show you about them?

The Grasshopper and the Ants

One beautiful spring morning, a lively grasshopper danced through the forest. The grasshopper skipped and pranced through the fields of gorgeous flower blossoms. The grasshopper also played a happy tune on his fiddle that he carried in his hands.

All day long, the joyful grasshopper enjoyed dancing and playing without a care in the world. The grasshopper jumped on flower blossoms and confidently stood atop the mushrooms in the forest.

Once the grasshopper's dancing was over, he stopped for a bite to eat. Without a care in the world, he even used his tail as a seat. Plucking a nice green leaf from a nearby bush, the grasshopper took one large bite then threw the rest of the leaf away. The grasshopper also sipped the nectar from a lovely flower. He drank all the nectar, then tossed the flower aside just as he had thrown away the leaf.

While grabbing another leaf but not bothering to take a bite, the grasshopper noticed a flurry of activity around a nearby tree. A large army of ants was working feverishly, piling up food and transporting it into the tree for storage.

The tiny ants were carrying large carrots and cherries galore. Working as a team, the ants chopped the carrots into smaller pieces that were easier to carry. Other ants were popping kernels of corn off the husks while still more ants lugged radishes, peas, and acorns towards the tree's storage area. The ants worked hard and tirelessly as a team.

One small ant in particular was working hard to transport his collection of cherries to the storage tree. The little ant pushed and pulled, but soon fell on his face as he stumbled because of the weight of the cherries.

The grasshopper was watching the tiny ant with the cherries. The grasshopper rudely laughed when the little ant fell down in the mud. Once he stopped giggling, the grasshopper called the little ant over for a chat.

The wide-eyed ant listened intently to the grasshopper. The larger grasshopper explained that it really wasn't important to work so hard. The grasshopper believed that everything that would ever be needed would be

provided. The grasshopper also said that he never worries or works. This plea convinced the ant to join him in singing, playing, and dancing.

Soon, the queen ant and her footmen paraded by the small ant and the dancing grasshopper. When the tiny ant saw the regal queen, he bowed immediately towards her and ran back to his work. Turning next to address the grasshopper, the queen ant began to scold the lazy grasshopper. She warned him about surviving in the forest when the ground was covered in snow.

The grasshopper didn't listen to the queen's warning. He told her that winter was a long time away and for now, everyone should take time to enjoy the day. The grasshopper then picked up his fiddle and danced away.

Eventually, the weather did begin to turn colder. As the leaves changed into dark fall colors and began to fall, the grasshopper continued to play his fiddle while dancing through the woods. When the autumn winds began to blow harder, the ants rushed to the shelter of the tree. The ants carried the last of their winter supplies with them as they rushed to their safe shelter.

Soon, the snow began to fall. The ants' shelter was safe and warm. On the other hand, the grasshopper was cold and quite hungry. He searched throughout the woods for green leaves to eat and flower nectar to sip, but none could be found. Despite looking everywhere, all the grasshopper found was snow and empty branches. The fierce winter winds blew and the grasshopper grew quite cold.

At last, the grasshopper spotted the warm shelter that the ants had prepared in the tree. Looking through the window, the grasshopper saw ants dancing and feasting on all of the food that they had stored in the tree during the summer months.

The grasshopper knocked weakly on the shelter door. A small team of ants rushed outside to rescue the cold and tired grasshopper. Bringing him inside their home, the ants began to nurse the grasshopper back to health. They warmed his feet and wrapped him in a blanket. They even fed him some broth made from their stored supplies.

After a while, the grasshopper began to feel better. When he was finally well, the queen ant approached the grasshopper. Humbly, the grasshopper begged the queen to be kind and have mercy. The grasshopper did not want the queen to

throw him back outside in the snow.

The queen ant explained to the grasshopper the rules of the tree shelter. She told the grasshopper that the only ones allowed to stay in the shelter must work. Upon hearing those words, the grasshopper slowly grabbed his belongings as he headed for the door.

The queen ant stopped him, however. She asked the grasshopper to get out his fiddle. She wanted him to play the instrument so all of the ants could dance. The ant queen decided that the grasshopper's work would be to keep the ants entertained with his fiddle music.

The grasshopper happily played a song for the ants. He danced and sang with the ants, as well. The grasshopper had realized that he had played too much during the year. He finally knew that hard work and helping the team were very important things to do.

For this activity, you will need access to the internet where you will watch a video version of this story. You can find a video version at <http://www.teachingandtapas.com/p/videos.html> or on youtube.com using the search terms "The Grasshopper and the Ants Disney 1934".

- I. **READ** the story, then watch the **VIDEO**. As you watch the video, look for three places where the **tone** of the story is evident. Explain how the visual or musical elements contribute to the tone of the story. Use phrases such as, "The illustrator...", "In the video...", "The music...", "The visual shows...", etc.

Time (minute)	Describe what you see in the video.	How does this contribute to the tone of the text?

For this activity, you will need access to the internet where you will watch a video version of this story. You can find a video version at <http://www.teachingandtapas.com/p/videos.html> or on youtube.com using the search terms "The Grasshopper and the Ants Disney 1934".

2. After you have **READ** the story, watch the **VIDEO** and stop at the times indicated below. Explain how the visual elements contribute to the tone of the story. Use phrases such as, "The illustrator...", "In the video...", "The visual shows...", etc.

What you see in the video.

How does this scene contribute to the TONE and MEANING of the text?

Watch the video from **1:43-1:46**.
It is when the grasshopper laughs at the working ant.



Watch the video from **3:11-3:22**.
It is when the playing ant sees the queen ant.



3. Describe how the video clarifies or contributes to the meaning or tone of the text.

RL.5.2

4. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.2

5. Describe the **THEME** of the text.

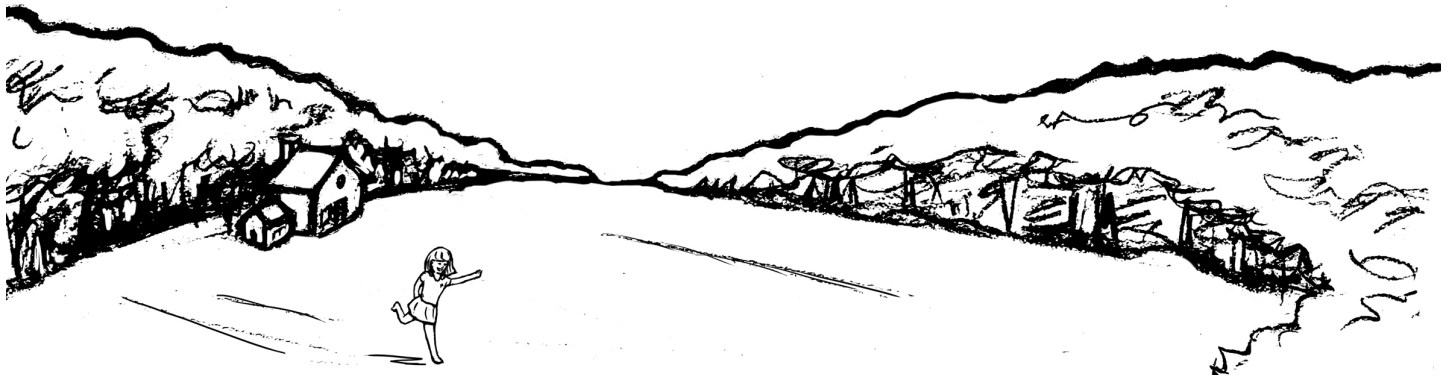
6. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how the grasshopper reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	THE GRASSHOPPER'S REACTION
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

7. Does the grasshopper's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

Three Wishes

Sara woke up early. She liked to be awake when everyone else was asleep. She quietly padded down the hallway in her bare feet. She crept silently, being sure not to wake anyone. Approaching the front door, she carefully opened it just far enough to squeeze through. She closed the door without a sound. At last, she made it outside.



Sara loved exploring nature early in the morning. She heard the crickets chirping, the grass was damp with morning dew, and she felt free. This was her special time. She ran across the yard towards the woods that surrounded her house. A lot of people were afraid of the woods, but not Sara. The woods were the place where Sara felt at home. She had taught herself to creep silently through the trees like one of the woodland creatures.

Finding her favorite spot, in the velvety grass below the large oak tree, Sara sat down. She quietly looked at her surroundings. The sun was not up yet, but her eyes had adjusted to the semi-darkness. All of a sudden, she heard movement. She became very still. Sara thought it was probably a squirrel, so she wasn't worried.

She was just about to start daydreaming again when she saw something run behind the tree. That was definitely not a squirrel. It was far too big. Sara started to feel uneasy for the first time. Determined now, she followed the movement. Looking around the tree, she spotted it. She couldn't believe what she was seeing. It wasn't possible, was it?

Blinking her eyes, she looked again. Right in front of her was a fairy. Sara had never seen a fairy before, but she knew that's what she was. She was about the size of a groundhog, with a silver tutu, and shiny purple wings. To top it all off, she was carrying a magic wand.



"What's your name?" asked the fairy.

In shock Sara answered, "I'm Sara, are you really a fairy?" Sara felt so confused because she knew there was no such thing as a real life fairy. But what else could this be? What was this miniature magical creature talking to her?

"Yes, I am Fiona. I'm a fairy. Are you a fairy?" asked Fiona.

Sara laughed and stammered, "I am a human, not a fairy. There is no such thing as... well, I am human. Let's leave it at that." The two sat talking for quite some time. Fiona told Sara that she was the first human she had ever met. Sara assured Fiona that she had never met a fairy before either.



Fiona and Sara spent the next hour running through the woods, laughing and playing together. Sara thought that it was much more fun spending time in the woods with a friend. Before she knew it, the sun was coming up. Sara knew her mom and dad would be worried if they woke up

and she wasn't in her bed. She explained to Fiona that she had to go, but assured her that they could meet again tomorrow.

"Before you go, Sara, I should tell you about one special power I have," said Fiona. "I can grant you three wishes."

Sara giggled out loud. She had her parents, her home, her woods, and now a fairy for a friend.

"Fiona, I have everything I could ever wish for. Maybe you should give my wishes away to someone who really needs it," she laughed.

Sara and Fiona said goodbye, and planned their meeting place for tomorrow morning. Sara ran towards home bursting with happiness at her special secret.



What Ella Saw

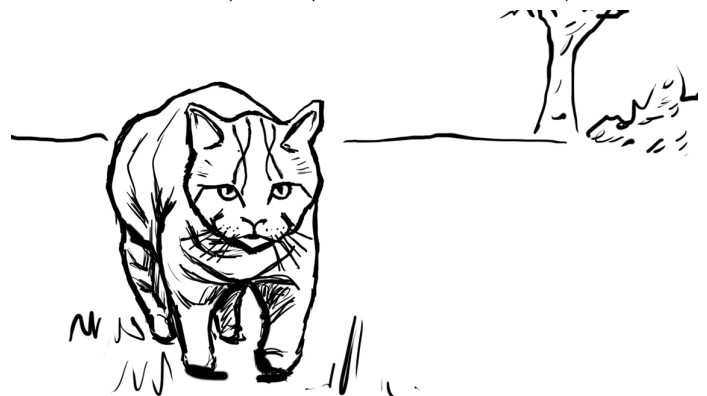
Ella hurried out the back door, letting the screen door slam behind her. She was in a hurry to pick raspberries from the back fence. The raspberries had just begun to ripen. They were so delicious fresh from the canes. She had to be careful reaching in to pick them. The stems were pokey and the leaves were kind of scratchy. What she loved most was when there was still dew on the berries and spider webs spun in the early daylight glistened like tiny diamonds in the morning sun.



Spiders didn't scare her. Mom always said spiders were just interested in catching insects in their webs and if you leave them alone, they will leave you alone. Ella thought the webs and the different colors on the spiders were really beautiful. Still, she was careful to look first before reaching into the raspberry bramble. Nobody wants to stick their hand into a spider web, so she used a stick to push the leaves aside so she could see better.

She carried her favorite bowl made of wood. Picking the berries was a kind of ritual for her. They were so beautiful they deserved a beautiful bowl, she thought. Ella had an artistic streak in her. She hoped to be a professional artist when she grew up. Her friends all knew she would get all dreamy watching the sky change colors, or she would go on and on about all the many greens in everyday shrubs. They would sometimes roll their eyes and smile. Secretly they loved how Ella pointed out things they might have missed.

She had the bowl about half full of berries when she noticed Scruffy, their orange tomcat. He was frozen in motion with fixed attention on something a few yards away in the garden. She set the bowl in the grass and slowly approached Scruffy to see what he



was watching. It took her a minute to find his target in the shadows, a tiny brown bird trying to be very still in an attempt to avoid the cat's full on attack.

The bird was obviously very frightened, injured, and possibly moments from death. Scruffy was a natural born hunter. Ella and her mom had put who knows how many bells on him to give birds warning. He seemed to shed the bells every time. Cats will be cats. However, since he had been in the family, they did their best to keep him from catching birds. It didn't take the birds long to figure out to give him a wide berth.

"Scruffy!" Ella shouted. Scruffy looked up. His attention was diverted long enough for Ella to swoop in and pick him up in her arms. She held him against her shoulder as she tried to check out the tiny bird. She quickly took the cat to the house and shut him inside. Ella slowly re-crossed the yard to the little brown creature,



wondering why it hadn't flown away already. She moved very slowly as she got closer, peering into the tangle of green growth and shadows.

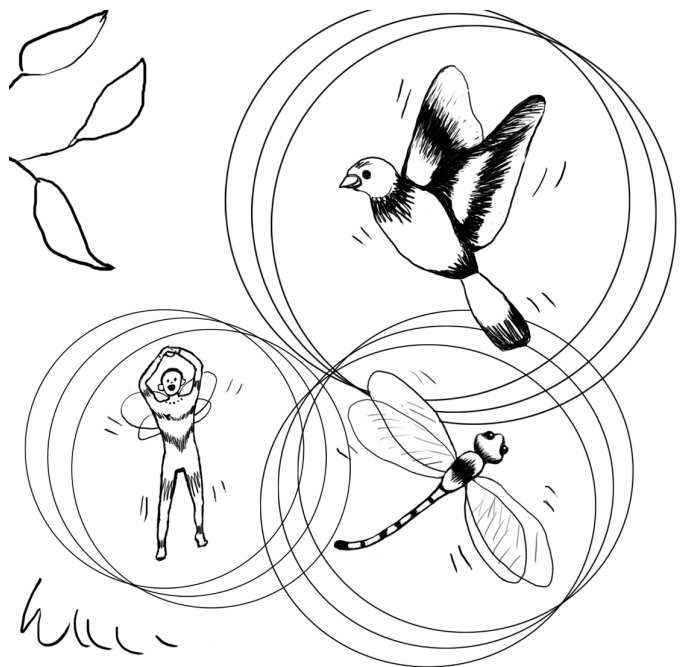
What she saw shocked her. The little brown bird was no longer a bird. There under the leaves was a tiny figure, humanlike but only about two inches tall. It glowed with light and had tiny wings. Ella had heard the term "gossamer wings" and now she knew this was more beautiful than she could have ever imagined. She sank slowly onto the ground and watched in amazement. The colors around the tiny being shifted and changed. She couldn't name them, they were the colors of light through a prism, only even softer. The little figure stared back at her, seemingly not frightened by the difference in their sizes. It stretched and danced a bit in the shifting light. She could swear it smiled and wagged its head at her. The little figure

just stared back at her, moving ever so slightly as if it couldn't stand completely still.

"Nobody is ever gonna believe this..." Ella breathed.

Raspberries and wooden bowl forgotten for the moment, Ella sat enchanted by the phenomenon before her. So tiny, so beautiful, and so mysterious. Was this real? Was she still asleep in her bed and dreaming? No, Ella didn't feel as if she was dreaming, just witnessing a rare miracle. Thank goodness she had spotted Scruffy's hunting focus. Maybe, she thought, maybe he wasn't hunting after all.

As she sat there, the little figure morphed into a blue-green dragonfly which lazily fanned its wings. After a moment, the dragonfly turned back into a little brown bird, a warbler perhaps. The bird looked at Ella a long moment, then lifted its wings, and quickly flew away, disappearing over the fence and into the sky. She sat there for a long while, wondering what people would think if she told them this story. Lifting the bowl from the grass, Ella walked slowly back into the house.



Choose one **GENRE** that best describes both Three Wishes and What Ella Saw.

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Adventure | <input type="checkbox"/> Mystery | <input type="checkbox"/> Fairy Tale | <input type="checkbox"/> Science Fiction |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fable | <input type="checkbox"/> Historical Fiction | <input type="checkbox"/> Realistic Fiction | <input type="checkbox"/> Fantasy |

Three Wishes

Why does this story
fit the **GENRE** you have chosen above?

What Ella Saw

Why does this story
fit the **GENRE** you have chosen above?

Describe the **THEME** of the text.

Describe the **THEME** of the text.

Describe how the approach to the theme or main elements of both texts is **SIMILAR**.

Describe how the approach to the theme or main elements of both texts is **DIFFERENT**.

RL.5.2

1. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.1

2. **SETTING CLOSE UP:** Use details and quotes from the text to describe the setting in this story.

3. **CHARACTER CLOSE UP:** Use details and quotes from the text to describe **SARA**.

RL.5.2

4. How do the **ILLUSTRATIONS** add to meaning, tone, or your understanding of this text?

RL.5.2

1. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.1

2. **SETTING CLOSE UP:** Use details and quotes from the text to describe the setting in this story.

3. **CHARACTER CLOSE UP:** Use details and quotes from the text to describe **ELLA**.

RL.5.7

4. How do the **ILLUSTRATIONS** add to the meaning, tone, or your understanding of this text?

The Keys

"Gah! Where are my keys?" yelled Dad. He was going to be late to pick up Becky from soccer practice. You see, Dad sometimes had a bad habit. He would sit in front of the TV right when ESPN started playing baseball. Dad loved baseball, but for some reason, he always fell asleep after the 3rd inning.

Dad ran all around the kitchen, looking under papers, under pots, pans, forks and knives. Dad looked everywhere but he couldn't find his keys.

Today was not the day to be late. Becky had soccer practice at 3:00. It ended at 5:00. Normally this wouldn't be an issue. Becky would just wait for him inside the school. Today, however, was the big dance. Becky told him every day this week, "Dad, remember, you HAVE to pick me up after practice on time. I have to shower before the big dance!"

"Why do the keys always get lost in this house?" Dad howled. No one was in the house except for him, the cat named Mr. Meow, and of course, Junior. Dad went from the kitchen into the bathroom. He looked all around. It wasn't by the soap he used to wash his hands. It wasn't by the toothbrush holder. Where could these keys have gone?

4:45.

"Oh no," Dad said, "I only have ten minutes or I'm toast!"

He started to run for the living room, then stopped. He composed himself for a moment. "Wait a minute," he thought, "you need to calm down and recollect your thoughts. Where was the last place you had your keys?"

Dad started from the beginning. He walked outside to his car and then turned around. "Okay, we can do this." He started to walk to the house. "I was carrying my briefcase, and I went to grab the mail." Dad immediately jumped for the mailbox. He

flung it open. Empty. "Nope! Okay, what else did I do?"

Dad walked into the house. "I unlocked the door, then set my briefcase down, and opened it to give Junior his pacifier! A-HA!" Dad leapt for his briefcase. It was right by the door. He tore it open, thinking he might have put it in there. Nothing.

"Nope! Okay, what's next... I went over to Junior and changed his diaper and gave him his pacifier." Dad walked into the family room and was staring at the baby. Junior was a little asleep and a little awake. He was in his rocker. Dad went over and picked up Junior. He looked underneath him. He looked in his diaper. He pulled out Junior's pacifier. Junior started to cry, and Dad looked inside his mouth to see if Junior had it in there. Nothing.

"Welp, it's not there," he said, and put the pacifier back in Junior's mouth.

"Okay, after that, I went to the bathroom, already checked there, and then I went and... made a sandwich!" Dad went into the kitchen and flung open the doors to the refrigerator. He started to pull out everything. The mayo, the mustard, the ketchup, the chicken, the turkey, the pizza, the oranges, the apples, the salad. He looked through everything, and he couldn't find it.

Dad was starting to lose it. "Oh gosh! I'm gonna be late. Why can't I just pierce these keys to my ears so I'll never lose them?" he wailed. "Okay, okay, after the sandwich, I went and I started watching the game. Hey, I wonder if the Indians won... probably."

He waltzed over to the couch where he had been sleeping. It was a mess of pillows, cushions, crumbs, and blankets. "Lets do this," said Dad, and jumped on the furniture. He threw the pillows, ripped the blankets up, and unhatched the cushions. He did find \$0.37 in change under the couch... but no keys!

"Oh no! I'm the worst dad in the world!" he said. He was about to cry. He walked around, then went back to his car. He opened the door, sat into his driver's seat, and closed the door. He sat there for a moment. He wondered what would happen to him. He wondered what Becky would think of him. He also wondered

who won the Indian's game.

"Hmm. Let's check the radio." He reached into his pants pocket, pulled out a set of keys, and started the car to turn on the radio. As he tuned the radio to the sports channel, he screamed!

"Ahhhhh! They were in my pocket the entire time!"

Dad threw the car into reverse and then sped out of the driveway to Becky's. He then came zooming back to the house and got out.

"Annnd I almost forgot Junior..."

The Case of the Missing Cat

Mr. Miggles was missing. I was supposed to be watching him all weekend, but I fell asleep. I've been cat sitting for my next-door neighbor, Dr. Masny. He's a fun guy, but he has a mean temper. Once, when my brother and I were little, we left a baseball on his lawn. He yelled up such a storm.

Now, I lost his cat. He's gonna kill me! I've got to find Mr. Miggles, or it'll be my head. Think: where would I be if I were a cat? I instantly went to the cat food bowl. No Miggles. I then went to the bedroom. He wasn't there either. Not in the kitchen, not in the living room. Oh no, maybe he ran away.

Wait a minute! The litter box! How silly of me, of course, he would be at the litter box. I immediately went down to the basement and turned on the lights. As I went down the stairs, I saw Dr. Masny's giant poster from the movie, *Rocky*. "What a weirdo," I said out loud, talking about the doctor. He really had an obsession with boxers, but needed to focus. I've got to find that cat.

I went to the litter box. My heart sank. Nothing. I just saw the image of the litter box. I really needed to clean it out. Oh man, I was dead. Then I noticed something funny. There was a trail of cat litter pieces going from the litter box deep into the basement. Hmmm, I thought, maybe this is a clue. I walked further, checking the trail. It weaved in and out of boxes, around more *Rocky* memorabilia, and then lead to a window. The window was just the tiniest bit open.

"Oh no!" I yelped. He must've run away. I bolted up the stairs. I swished through the front door. The window was on the north side of the house, the side that face the Finleys. "No, no, no, NO!" I hissed. The Finleys had a dog. A big dog. A big Siberian Husky named Dragov. He was a mean dog - an absolute beast. Once, Dragov ate a coyote that was walking down the street.

I ran over to the side of the house. There wasn't a fence, but there was a sign - BEWARE OF DRAGOV.

I had to find Mr. Miggles. I just had to. I risked it and ran into the backyard of the Finleys and called out, "Mr. Miggles!"

I heard a bark. Then I heard the scurrying of feet. I also heard the jingle of a bell. It was Mr. Miggles' bell. I turned quickly and saw Dragov running right for me. I barreled back. This is it, I thought, I'm dog food. I was running as fast as I could. I cowered right at the side of the house and suddenly the dog couldn't reach me. It was inches from my face. It was snarling its teeth at me, but it wasn't able to get me.

That's right, I remembered, the Finleys have an invisible fence for the dog. I was alive, for now. Dragov showed its teeth. Inside its menacing jaws was a leash. A purple leash, with a bell in it. "Oh no," I said, "Mr. Miggles!" Dragov ate Mr. Miggles!

Well, it was nice knowing ya. I'm toast. Poor Mr. Miggles was now in Dragov's stomach. I was going to suffer a worse fate once Dr. Masny got home. Dragov snarled once more, then walked away. His tail was wagging. I noticed something funny. He had a scratch on his back left leg. It looked painful. It almost looked like a cat scratch. Mr. Miggles put up a fight.

I got up. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed some claw marks on the side of the house. They looked just like the ones on Dragov. They went all the way to a drainpipe, and all the way up to a window. It was the bathroom window, and it was just the slightest bit open.

"You classy lad!" I squealed. Mr. Miggles wasn't dead. He climbed out of harm's way and back into the house.

I ran back inside and upstairs to the bathroom. In there, I saw a tube of toothpaste that had been scratched open. There was paste all over the floor. There was also a trail of paw prints.

"Mr. Miggles," I thought, "after this I'm gonna kill you for this mess you made!" Geez Louise! I followed the toothpaste trail down the stairs, and into the kitchen. It stopped right on the stove. Hmm, I thought, where could he be? I looked up at the cabinets. They all looked normal, except for one that was just a little bit open. I opened it, and there was Mr. Miggles, scratching a hole in the cat food bag.

I grabbed him immediately. "Oh Mr. Miggles," I said, kissing him on the head. "You are SO grounded!"

Choose one **GENRE** that best describes both The Keys and The Case of the Missing Cat.

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Adventure | <input type="checkbox"/> Mystery | <input type="checkbox"/> Fairy Tale | <input type="checkbox"/> Science Fiction |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fable | <input type="checkbox"/> Historical Fiction | <input type="checkbox"/> Realistic Fiction | <input type="checkbox"/> Fantasy |

The Keys

Why does this story
fit the **GENRE** you have chosen above?

The Case of the Missing Cat

Why does this story
fit the **GENRE** you have chosen above?


Describe the **THEME** of the text.

Describe the **THEME** of the text.

Describe how the approach to the theme or main elements of both texts is **SIMILAR**.

Describe how the approach to the theme or main elements of both texts is **DIFFERENT**.

RL.5.1

1.  Color a sentence from the text that most shows what Dad is like. Explain how this sentence shows what Dad is like.

RL.5.2

2. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

3. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how Dad reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	DAD'S REACTION
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

4. Does Dad's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

RL.5.1

1.  Color a sentence from the text that most shows what the narrator is like. Explain how this sentence shows what the narrator is like.

RL.5.2

2. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

3. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how the narrator reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	THE NARRATOR'S REACTION
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4. Does the narrator's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

Leo the Bunny

There once was a bunny name Leo. He was a very happy bunny who loved to work in his garden. As a bunny, he preferred to grow carrots and lettuce. Being as skilled as he was, he had bucket loads to spare at the end of every harvest. He would store away what he needed to get through the long winter months and then hand out the rest to his friends and neighbors.

One day, just before winter set in and all the bunnies of the neighborhood had closed up their dens, a stranger came to Leo's door.

"Hello," said Leo. "How are you? Heading home for winter?"

"Unfortunately, I have much further to go," said the stranger. "It would be better if I had packed more food for the journey."

"I have some extra carrots if you would like," said Leo.

"Only if you could spare," said the stranger.

"It really is no problem," said Leo. He went into his den, all the way to the back, and collected a bag of the freshest carrots. When he came out, there was another bunny standing with the one Leo had just been talking to. "You have a friend traveling with you I see," said Leo smiling.

"Yes, I should have said before," said the first stranger. "Thank you for this, but would you mind a little more seeing as there are two of us?"

"Not a problem," said Leo. He went back into his home to collect more. He gave the bag to the two strangers and watched them hop into the distance. That night, he went to check his food storage. Even with giving a bag to the travelers, he still had enough for him to survive through the winter.

The next day, Leo was clearing out some weeds from his garden patch so that the freeze wouldn't affect any of his work during the next planting season. He heard a small cough behind him and when he turned around he saw an old woman from his village.

"Hello," he said. "I see you've come back from your visit with your daughter."

"Yes," she said. "I intended to stay with her through winter, but with so many children, there was little room for me so I elected to come home. You wouldn't happen to have some of your wonderful food to share, would you? I know it is unexpected," she said.

"It's no problem. There is enough to share," Leo said. He returned a few minutes later with a bulging bag. The old woman thanked him profusely and returned to her own den. When Leo went back to his food storage room, he knew he was getting close to not having enough for himself. Even with this prospect, he felt good that he had helped out those who needed assistance.

The next morning, Leo decided to take one last walk before he fully closed off his home. He preferred to be outside and winter was a long time for him to stay under ground. As he walked, he saw one of his neighbors, Paul, shoring up the roof of his den.

"Hello, Leo," said Paul.

"Hello," said Leo. "The den is looking good."

"I thought so. Just needed a few final touches," said Paul. "Hey, is something worrying you?"

Leo paused for a moment. "I think I gave too much of my supplies away this year," he said.

"You always think that," said Paul. "You always seem to make it though."

"Yes, but this year I think I really have," he said. The two old friends sat in silence looking at the last sunset.

"You know," said Paul. "You're more than welcome to stay with me and my family this winter. We have more than enough, especially with the extra you gave us."

"Are you sure?" asked Leo.

"Of course," said Paul. "Go collect your things."

Leo thanked his friend and scampered home to collect what food he had left along with a coat. He was so glad and surprised that his friend would offer up his home for the winter. He knew, not only was this a sign of a true community spirit, it was a sign of pure friendship.

Leo spent the winter with Paul and his family. It made the time seem to move much faster and soon Leo was facing the sun and planting his garden for the new season.

A Helping Hand

There was once a farming village that sat in a valley created by two mountains. One side of the valley always got sunlight, while the other would only get shade. Farmer David lived and worked the farm that always received the sun. His farm would always produce the most delicious foods for the village to eat, but he would ask for far too much in return. The other villagers tried to negotiate with him, but when that failed them, they either gave in or settled for the least desirable food from the shaded farm.

Farmer David didn't let their lack of friendship change the way he operated his farm. He had enough food to survive without their business and he couldn't see how his counterpart of the other side of the valley was simply giving away the food for free.

One day, while Farmer David was working in his fields, a small child came up to him. "I was wondering, sir," said the child, "if would you happen to have any fruit that you could spare? It's my sister's birthday and I wanted to give it to her as a present."

Farmer David laughed. "And what do you have to give for this fruit?"

"I only have these two coins," said the boy. The coins in his hand were small and tarnished. It was likely that the boy had been holding onto the coins for a very long time.

"That wouldn't be enough to buy one small apple," said Farmer David. "Go on and get something from the other farm. I'm sure there you could get a whole bag of something for that much."

The boy watched as Farmer David went back to his work and then left empty handed. The next day, he went back to the sunny farm with the coins and some bread his mother had made.

"What do you want now?" asked Farmer David. He wiped his brow with a roughly cut scrap of fabric.

"I have brought you the coins and these loaves of bread in hopes that you might spare a few apples for my sister's birthday," said the boy.

"My apples are worth more than you could provide," said Farmer David. "Go away and don't come back."

The boy left from the angry farmer. When he got to town, he told the entire village what Farmer David had done. Soon, no one was purchasing anything from his farm. It didn't matter to Farmer David though, because he could still produce enough food for himself and he felt that he didn't need anything from people of the village.

Weeks went by and a huge storm hit the valley. The rain came down for several days and many of the homes were washed away. Farmer David also had trouble with the rain. Much of his fields were flooded and those that weren't had their seeds washed away. He had no food in storage and little time to replant before it was too late for the seeds to take root.

He went into the village for the first time in months and began to search for some food to buy. The more he talked to people, the more obvious it became. No one was going to sell anything to him because of the way he had treated the villagers and, more recently, the boy who wanted apples.

One night, he was wandering the streets when he came across the farmer from the other side of the valley.

"Hello," said the farmer. "Nice night."

"I suppose," said Farmer David.

"You don't seem happy," said the other farmer.

"I've lost my farm and the whole village has abandoned me," said Farmer David. "What is there to be happy about?"

"Good question," said the other farmer. "Perhaps be happy that your house still stands."

"Yes, but my land is gone," said Farmer David. "I have no food and no means to live."

They stood in the quiet dark for a few minutes while the other farmer contemplated his next words. Finally, he stood and turned to Farmer David.

"If you'd be willing to help me work through the rest of the season, you are welcome to stay and live on my farm," he said.

"Why would you offer that to me?" asked Farmer David. "I've never once spoken to you before tonight."

"You're still part of this village," said the other farmer. "Perhaps now is the time to make amends with the people."

Farmer David took his neighbor up on his offer and worked with him to provide food and shelter for the rest of the village. He even took the boy two full bags of apples from the last of the sunny farm's stock as a gift. When the next season came round, he asked the villagers if they could spare some time for planting. The whole village came out to assist Farmer David. When the harvest was completed, he and the other farmer divided up the food to the entire village, ending any need for trade.

Choose one **GENRE** that best describes both Leo the Bunny and A Helping Hand.

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Adventure | <input type="checkbox"/> Mystery | <input type="checkbox"/> Fairy Tale | <input type="checkbox"/> Science Fiction |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fable | <input type="checkbox"/> Historical Fiction | <input type="checkbox"/> Realistic Fiction | <input type="checkbox"/> Fantasy |

Leo the Bunny

Why does this story
fit the **GENRE** you have chosen above?

A Helping Hand

Why does this story
fit the **GENRE** you have chosen above?


Describe the **THEME** of the text.

Describe the **THEME** of the text.

Describe how the approach to the theme or main elements of both texts is **SIMILAR**.

Describe how the approach to the theme or main elements of both texts is **DIFFERENT**.

RL.5.1

1.  Color a sentence from the text that most shows what Leo is like. Explain how this sentence shows what Leo is like.

RL.5.2


2. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

3. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how Leo reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	LEO'S REACTION
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

4. Does Leo's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

RL.5.1

1.  Color a sentence from the text that most shows what Farmer David is like. Explain how this sentence shows what Farmer David is like.

RL.5.2

2. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

3. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how Farmer David reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	FARMER DAVID'S REACTION
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4. Does Farmer David's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

Wishes From a Forest

A long time ago, deep in a forest, there lived a young boy who wanted nothing more than to be a prince in a castle. There, he wouldn't have to collect firewood or forage for food in groves of fruit trees. He could simply play the day away, or sleep the day away, whatever he chose to do, whenever he chose to do it.

At night, the boy would describe all his dreams to his father, who worked in a mine many miles from their home.

"A prince's life is not all fun and games," his father said. "There are many responsibilities that they must face day to day."

"But I would sleep on a feather bed and I wouldn't have to hunt or gather food unless I wanted to," said the boy.

"Perhaps one day you will understand that everyone has some responsibilities," said his father and then he sent the boy to bed.

As the weeks passed, the boy wished more and more for his chance to be a prince. Even as he picked the fruit from the tallest trees, he spoke the words, "I wish I could be a prince."

One winter night, a knock came to the door of the hut. The boy's father answered. In from the cold air came an old woman. She was covered in fur from head to toe.

"I don't mean to be a bother, but I saw your light in the distance and hoped you might give aid to an old woman on this cold night," she said. Her voice was creaky, like branches in the wind.

"No bother at all," said the miner. "Please sit by the fire and we will get you a bowl of hot soup."

The old woman shuffled across the threshold, her feet barely lifting off the floor, and heaved herself into the chair. When the boy handed her the bowl of soup, branch-like fingers emerged from the woman's sleeves to accept the dish. The boy looked into the old woman's eyes from under her mat of hair.

"Thank you for being so kind," she said. "How could I repay you?"

"I don't know," said the boy.

"Really? There must be something," she said. "What is your biggest wish?"

The boy paused. He wasn't sure what the old woman was talking about, but something in her eyes told him that he could trust her.

"I wish I was a prince," he said, "and that I didn't have to do any of my chores."

The old woman's face cracked into a smile. She leaned in close so only the boy could hear her speak. "Granted."

At that moment, a bright light filled the hut's single room. It engulfed the boy, his father, and the old woman. When the boy opened his eyes again, he was in a white room twice as big as the hut he knew. It took a minute for him to collect his thoughts, but when he did, he jumped out of the bed and ran to the hall.

Inside the hall, there was a man in a red suit. "Do you need anything, sir?" he asked.

The boy smiled to himself. "I would like some chocolate," he said and then he went back to his bed. A few minutes later, a platter of various chocolate delights were brought to his room. Before now, he had only ever received one or two pieces on very special occasions. Since he was now a prince, he could have as much as he wanted. After having his fill, the boy went to sleep very satisfied and dreamed of what the next day would bring.

In the morning, the man who was in the hall shook the boy awake. "You must get up, sir. Your mother is waiting for you in the great hall."

The boy was then dressed in blue silk and marched into the great hall to see the queen. She was draped in golden furs from head to toe and looked like a much younger version of the woman who came into his hut.

"I hope you enjoyed your day of rest," she said smiling, "but now it is back to work for the both of us. I will be seeing villagers here all day. You must visit all the farmers from our kingdom. After that, you will be required to attend the ball and

dance with the princesses from our nearby kingdoms. Then there is also the talent competition that you will be judging.”

“But I don’t want to do any of that,” said the boy.

“You must. It is your duty,” said the queen. “We all have our responsibilities.”

Throughout the day, the boy conducted his assigned jobs. At the end of each one, he grew more and more tired. All he wanted to do was wake up back in his own hut in the forest. “I just want to go back to the way things were,” he said out loud as he climbed into his bed. As he drifted off to sleep, he heard the old woman’s voice say, “Granted.”

The Prince

A long time ago, there was a prince who lived in a faraway castle on a hill. He lived there with his many servants and his mother, the queen who spent much more time running the kingdom than she did playing games with him.

The prince didn't mind this so much. In fact, he preferred to be left alone to play or to think. Unfortunately, when you are the prince, even being alone meant being surrounded by many people who dressed you, cooked for you, read to you, and told you what the queen wanted you to do that day. He hated all of it and envied the boys of the village who seemed to always be running amuck.

Once a week, the queen allowed the prince to have a day where he could do whatever he chose. The prince longed for his days off. He would climb to the tops of the tallest trees where he thought about his secret wish that he could run away and live where no one knew who he was. He sat in the treetops dreaming of being left alone where he could make up his own daily activities, just like the boys from the village.

One night, when the prince was eating dinner with his mother in the grand dining room, he told her this wish. She paused and took a sip from her glass before answering him with a soft voice.

"Are you not happy being a prince?" She asked. "You have no worries. You have a warm bed and all the love of the kingdom."

"I know," said the prince. He felt slightly ashamed, but continued with his story. "I simply want to be able to make more choices in my life."

The queen continued to eat her dinner and sat thinking all the while. At the end, she walked the prince back to his room. Before he said goodnight to her, she leaned close to his ear and said, "If you would like to experience a life outside of the castle, you can." She gave him a hug and continued to her own room.

The prince went to bed confused. He wasn't sure what his mother meant. The more he thought about it, the more confused he became. Eventually, he fell asleep.

When the prince woke up, he thought he had fallen out of his bed. He was face first on a hard wooden surface. When he ran his hand across the floor to

find his blanket, a splinter embedded into his hand. He sat up quickly, wincing at the pain. It was then that he looked around at his room, but it wasn't his room anymore. He was on the floor of a hut with a fireplace on one side and a stack of seed bags on the other. He was free of the castle at last.

He spent the morning running around the forest, exploring the caves and trees. He followed animals as they collected food and built nests. He didn't have to wear silks or even shoes and he got covered in mud when he chased a rabbit into a small valley. Near the hut was a river in which he was able to rinse off most of the dirt. While he was sitting on the bank, a voice came from behind him.

"There you are," the man said. "You were supposed to be at the apple grove three hours ago. We had to flip the whole day just to look for you."

"I'm sorry," said the prince. He didn't recognize the man or know what he was talking about. "I just woke up in that hut over there alone and thought I was by myself."

"I told you I was leaving early," said the man. "Now come on. We need to pick the apples off the trees before they rot."

The prince followed the man to a grove full of apple trees. There were many workers, some on the ground and others on ladders. In the top branches were children about the same age as the prince.

"Alright, up you get," said the man.

"I can't," said the prince. "I'm, uh, afraid of heights."

"Really," said the man. "You were doing perfectly fine yesterday."

"I was at my castle yesterday," said the prince.

"Very funny, now move," said the man. He picked up the prince and placed him in the tree.

After the day of work, the prince laid under the stars. His body was sore all over. He thought that freedom from the castle would allow him to do whatever he wanted, but instead he realized that everyone has responsibilities no matter who they are.

Choose one **GENRE** that best describes both Wishes From the Forest and The Prince.

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Adventure | <input type="checkbox"/> Mystery | <input type="checkbox"/> Fairy Tale | <input type="checkbox"/> Science Fiction |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fable | <input type="checkbox"/> Historical Fiction | <input type="checkbox"/> Realistic Fiction | <input type="checkbox"/> Fantasy |

Wishes From the Forest

Why does this story
fit the **GENRE** you have chosen above?

Describe the **THEME** of the text.

The Prince

Why does this story
fit the **GENRE** you have chosen above?

Describe the **THEME** of the text.

Describe how the approach to the theme or main elements of both texts is **SIMILAR**.

Describe how the approach to the theme or main elements of both texts is **DIFFERENT**.

RL.5.1

1.  Color a sentence from the text that most shows what the boy is like. Explain how this sentence shows what the boy is like.

RL.5.2


2. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

3. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how the boy reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	THE BOY'S REACTION
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

4. Does the boy's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

RL.5.1

1.  Color a sentence from the text that most shows what the prince is like. Explain how this sentence shows what the prince is like.

RL.5.2

2. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

3. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how the prince reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	THE PRINCE'S REACTION
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4. Does the prince's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

Henry Hockinghill

The legend of Henry Hockinghill starts with him being the tallest Little League baseball player the world has ever known. "He's taller than a house when he stands on his tippy toes," they would say. "He's actually a titan". "He once jumped so high that he grabbed hold of a plane". "He isn't allowed to play in basketball because he couldn't fit inside the stadium". Everyone would make up stories, and then tell them to their friends. Their friends would then make up stories from the stories they heard (which were made up to begin with). Before long, the whole world had a picture of Henry Hockinghill that was larger than life.

Henry was a good batter in baseball. He usually got onto the base, and he usually got back to home plate. One game that season, he got two home runs in a row. He was like a lumberjack chopping down a tree when he swung his bat. GA-DOOSH! The metal bat would sing as it hit the baseball. The crowd would always stand when Henry hit the ball. Kids used to say, "When that ball goes sailing, it's the only thing higher than Henry Hockinghill."

According to legend, even at age 13, Henry was already a giant. He was twice as high as anyone on his team. He was even half a foot taller than the coach. Henry was tall like a sky scraper in New York City. At times, he just looked out into the sky. When anyone looked at him, they would have to stare straight up to see his face. Henry would usually have to stare down at them to see theirs.

The most famous Henry Hockinghill story was when he played in a game in Flint, Michigan. It was the third game of the Little League playoffs, and the Flint Mechaneers were up to bat. They were playing the Parma Potholes. Flint was down by three points and the game was almost over. The bases were loaded. There was little chance that the Mechaneers could win the game, but then Henry Hockinghill grabbed the bat anyway.

The giant approached the plate and tapped his bat against it. He could hear his fans behind him. "Oooo Henry! Henry how you go," they cheered, "Make us

a hit and then run your way home!" They kept chanting this, like birds in a tree.

Coach Mitt was yelling at Henry. "Easy boy, easy. Don't just swing at anything. Easy." Henry could feel Coach Mitt breathing down his neck. While Henry had a big crowd cheering, there was a secret that only Coach Mitt and Henry knew. Henry Hockinghill, the world's tallest baseball player, always closed his eyes when he swung his bat. He couldn't help it. It happened so fast that no one ever noticed. Henry tried and tried and tried to keep his eyes open, but for some reason, he never could. The only reason Coach Mitt knew was because Henry told him. When it came to hitting the ball, Henry was guessing. He never really saw where he was hitting. He would just chop away at the ball. When he hit it, it sailed, but when he didn't, he would lose his mind. Literally, he would feel like he was going crazy.

Henry put up his bat, ready to play. The pitcher for the Parma Potholes, Jimmy Grotenburger, was nicknamed Meatball. He was a short, plump boy with a belly that stretched out to next week. If you blurred your eyes, he would look like a meatball. Despite how round he was, under Meatball's big body was a tank full of muscle. Meatball was as strong as Henry was tall. His pitching arm was incredible. He was ready to win this game and move his team up to the next round of the playoffs. The only problem for Meatball was Henry.

Henry eyed Meatball, and Meatball eyed Henry. It was tense. Meatball wound his arm back, and cranked out a pitch. WHOOSH!

ST-EEE-Rike!

Henry swung but could only feel the ball whiz by. He had no control over his body. He heard the crowd. He heard Coach Mitt. He started to sweat. He felt the dizzy feeling take over his body and he worried he was losing control.

Meatball eyed Henry again. He had a smile on his face. He could taste the victory like he could taste his next dinner. He wound his arm back, even farther, and then WHOOSH!

ST-EEEE-Rike 2!

It was down to the wire. Henry looked back at his fans. They were cheering, but they were nervous. He looked at Coach Mitt. Henry didn't know what to tell him. He looked at Meatball, who was almost laughing. Then he decided that he was going to get the run.

As Meatball winded back, Henry watched the ball to the last second. He closed his eyes and chopped away. GA-DOOSH! The ball thwacked out and up. The ball went high. The ball went deep. The ball... went missing. The crowd looked in amazement as the ball kept going up, and up, and up. It never seemed to go down. Henry did not run the bases that day. He just looked up at the ball. Then, like a giant chasing the sunset, Henry ran to look for it.

He ran straight through the outfield, hopped the mighty stadium fence and into the woods behind the baseball field. Apparently, he went to look for his ball.

Some say the ball flew into space. Some say the ball blew up in the atmosphere. Some say Henry Hockinghill went mad and eats foxes in the forest 'cause he couldn't find his ball. Whatever the case was, that was the last time anyone saw Henry Hockinghill, the world's tallest little league player, and a baseball legend.

Thick Like Sap

Petey McPot was the meanest leprechaun that the world had ever known. He lived under a dark bridge where he groaned and moaned. Petey wore a green suit and green Irish cap. If you made him mad, he would turn you into the sticky liquid that drips out of trees called sap.

One day, a boy named Conner was playing with his dog near the bridge. "Go fetch the stick," said the boy, and he threw a wooden branch. The dog, a golden retriever, yelped in joy. The dog ran on down the trail, his paws hitting the ground. His fur was very puffy, with streaks of red and brown. The stick he threw went under a bridge, but it was no ordinary bridge. It was the bridge Petey called home. When the stick was thrown into Petey's home, Petey got mad.

The dog sniffed his way into Petey's home. The leprechaun took out his magic stick, which he called a Shillelagh. With a groan, he muttered, "Tum tum, into sap you will come!". The dog instantly turned into a sticky puddle of sap.

Next, the leprechaun turned to face Connor. "Don't move," said Petey, "Or I'll let you have it too. Nobody crosses a leprechaun without turning to goo. I have here a magic Shillelagh, and I'm not afraid to use it. Be careful with me, or I'll have to abuse it."

Connor was scared, but more so, he was brave. How could he let a leprechaun misbehave? He started to yell, to rant, and to rave. "Listen here," yelled Connor, like a great tidal wave. "My dog was my best friend, and he did not deserve this kind of end."

"Listen here, young boy, I'll only tell you once. There's a mighty beast in this forest and he's less kind than me. I had myself a pot of gold, but it was stolen by this great big dunce. If you find it, I'll return your dog to thee."

"A promise is a promise, I'll take the words you say, and if I bring you back

that pot of gold, promise me you'll pay." Connor wasn't sure he should make a deal, but there was no way to tell if the leprechaun's promise was real.

"Bring my gold before sunrise or you will forever have a sticky puddle of a pet," sang the Leprechaun.

"Where do I even start? What beast could he possibly mean? Was he talking about a bear, or bigfoot maybe?" Connor ran around the forest, up hills, and down streams. "This park is a lot bigger than it seems."

The sun started to go down. Connor was tired and had to sit down. He found a nice tree to rest his head, and accidentally fell asleep. He woke up in dread. When his eyes opened up he could see the moon, and like a bolt of lightning, shot up in doom.

He ran through the forest, under the moon light. He decided he would give mean ol' Petey the fight of his life. He went to the bridge and picked up a stone. He threw it, with force, at the leprechaun's home. "What's that?" said Petey, confused at the sound.

"It's Connor, you poop, and I challenge you to fight."

"Sorry kid," said Petey, "I already won. I am having fun and your dog is still goop." Connor jumped up like a squirrel and ran for Petey, with hurricane wings that weren't so sweet-y. Petey was surprised, and forgot his cane inside. As he was tackled by Connor, the little green meany became helpless and cried.

"I'm sorry," said the leprechaun, near tears on the ground, "I can still get your dog back, please turn around." With a wink of his eye and snap of his wrist, the dog came alive, and jumped on Connor with a kiss.

"Alright, young boy, I'm sorry for being mean all along. Please don't tell anyone about what I did wrong." Connor hugged his dog, and stared at Petey. "Be lucky that I'm not a meany, cause I'll agree to that treaty."

Choose one **GENRE** that best describes both Henry Hockinghill and Thick Like Sap.

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Adventure | <input type="checkbox"/> Mystery | <input type="checkbox"/> Fairy Tale | <input type="checkbox"/> Science Fiction |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fable | <input type="checkbox"/> Historical Fiction | <input type="checkbox"/> Realistic Fiction | <input type="checkbox"/> Fantasy |

Henry Hockinghill

Why does this story
fit the **GENRE** you have chosen above?

Describe the **THEME** of the text.

Thick Like Sap


Why does this story
fit the **GENRE** you have chosen above?

Describe the **THEME** of the text.

Describe how the approach to the theme or main elements of both texts is **SIMILAR**.

Describe how the approach to the theme or main elements of both texts is **DIFFERENT**.

RL.5.1

1.  Color a sentence from the text that most shows what Henry Hockinghill is like. Explain how this sentence shows what Henry is like.

RL.5.2

2. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

RL.5.1

3. The text says Henry Hockinghill "always closed his eyes when he swung his bat." Describe what happens to Henry when he closed his eyes while swinging the bat. Use details and **QUOTES** from the text in your response.

RL.5.1

1.  Color a sentence from the text that most shows what Petey is like. Explain how this sentence shows what Petey is like.

RL.5.2

2. Write a **SUMMARY** of this text.

3. Describe the challenge in this story, along with how Connor reacted to it.

THE CHALLENGE	CONNOR'S REACTION
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

4. Does Connor's reaction to the challenge support the theme of this story? Explain.

What Levels Are Here?

		Lexile Level	Number of Words
RL.3.1	Mr. Cactus	780	782
	The Bulldogs	770	634
	The Heat	770	613
	The Big One	800	760
	425 Morrison St.	920	640
RL.3.2	The Kitten	770	756
	The Climb	790	650
	Dynamite Jones	800	772
	Scared Kelly	850	711
	The Legend of the Goop Monster	810	741
RL.3.3	The Unbreakable Betty Blue	770	776
	The Family Champ	770	668
	Steel City Spelling	780	695
	Ice Chunks	800	776
	I Drive Fast	820	584
RL.3.4	An Extraordinary Day	770	505
	The Big City	860	770
	Faith in Fate	880	746
	The City Streets	940	659
	Practice Makes Perfect	980	718
RL.3.5	Annie's Kitchen	590	519
	The Prince Who Questioned Everything	600	748
	My Shadow	700	187
	Little White Lily	740	114
	How the Leaves Came Down	900	231

What Levels Are Here?

		Lexile Level	Number of Words
RL.5.6	The Extra Passenger	770	874
	The Mini Explorer	780	585
	The Problem	770	586
	The Right Thing	770	550
	Guardians of the Deep	800	749
	The Deep	790	826
	The Bike	820	765
	The Little Worker	770	685
	Red and Green Uniforms	810	753
	Wake Up	900	724
RL.5.7	The Wise Little Hen	850	936
	How the Whale Got His Tail	930	982
	The Elephant's Child	930	986
	The Tortoise and the Hare	950	917
	The Grasshopper and the Ants	960	919
RL.5.9	Three Wishes	770	600
	What Ella Saw	880	848
	The Keys	790	808
	The Case of the Missing Cat	790	817
	Leo the Bunny	850	732
	A Helping Hand	980	845
	Wishes From a Forest	840	842
	The Prince	940	790
	Henry Hockinghill	800	957
	Thick Like Sap	920	686

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