

Name:
Due: April 7th 2020

Spring Break Assignment
Pride of 2025

English Spring Break Assignment:
DUE TUESDAY, April 7th, 2020!

Dear Pride,

Over Spring Break, I will be spending time in my apartment with my dog, reading, writing, and crafting! I can't wait to relax and enjoy that time ☺ I hope you all enjoy your breaks and come back ready for an awesome quarter (YOUR LAST OF 7th GRADE!)

Over your break, eat, relax and READ, BABY, READ!
Much love,



Ms. Morrison

Directions: Use the Reading Log on the back to record the dates and times that you read over break!

- You need to read Number the Stars by Lois Lowry and be ready for an AR upon returning on **Tuesday, April 7th 2020.**
- Complete the ten questions listed for Number the Stars using complete sentences and your work habits.
- If you're still hungry for knowledge, KEEP READING! Read your independent book!
- Earn your Spring Break sticker by earning a 80% or higher on Number the Stars AR test!

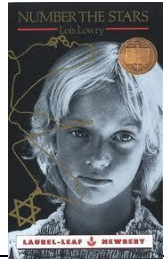
Above and Beyond: See above and beyond passages and questions attached on the back of the break packet. ***These texts/questions are above and beyond questions to sharpen your skills when we return on April 7th. If we were to be out longer than through April 7th for any reason, these are no longer Above and Beyond and should be completed by all students.***

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Number the Stars

by Lois Lowry



Score out of 10 _____ Percent Correct: _____

Conversion Scores: (The performance level circled indicates what was earned on this assignment.)

90% - 100% = 4

80% - 89% = 3

70% - 79% = 2

Below 69% = 1

Objectives: 1. Readers will be to accurately answer comprehension questions about a text.	Performance Level Ratings: 4 - Student consistently exceeds the expected understanding of the content area/ skill. 3 - Student consistently demonstrates the expected understanding of the content area/ skill. Student functions with minimal teacher assistance and support. 2 - Student demonstrates partial understanding of the content area/skill. Student requires frequent teacher assistance and support. 1 - Student demonstrates limited understanding of the content area/skill. Student requires intensive teacher assistance, direction and support.
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Parent Signature _____

Work Habits

Strategies for Multiple Choice Questions:

- Did I underline and define key words in the question?
- Did I disprove answers and slash the trash for multiple choice?
- Did I disprove multiple choice wrong answers?
- Did I write in complete sentences and answer both parts of the each question?
- Did I go back to the TEXT of the book before answering each question?**

- ✓ + (100) I used all of my strategies
- ✓ (85) I used most of my strategies
- ✓ - (70) I didn't use many of my strategies

Key vocabulary: **Rationing:** when the government limits or controls the amount of a certain product or service

Nazi: German officers that came after Jews in Europe

To occupy (a country): when soldiers from another country come into your land and carry out the orders of their government

1) Who is the narrator of this text? a.) Annemarie b.) Ellen c.) Kirsti d.) Third person

2) Why does Ellen end up staying with Annemarie and the Johansons? _____

3) When the soldiers arrive at the Johnson's, what does Annemarie do to keep Ellen safe? _____

4) What code do Annemarie's father and Uncle Henrik use on the phone? What are they really discussing?

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5) How do they explain how many people are at Uncle Henrik's house to the soldiers? _____

6) How are the families transported to Sweden? Why are they going there? _____

7) What does Annemarie find out about both Peter and Lise at the end of the book?

- 8.) With which theme would Lois Lowry most likely agree?
- a.) Dreams can come true if you put your mind to it!
 - b.) Blood is thicker than water.
 - c.) Violence is the only way to truly make changes happen.
 - d.) Being brave means persisting in the face of fear.

Find a piece of evidence that supports this: _____

- 9.) Which best describes Kirsti?
- a.) Spirited
 - b.) Sympathetic
 - c.) Hostile
 - d.) Solemn

Find a piece of evidence that supports this: _____

- 10.) On page 93, what does *lighthearted* mean?
- a.) peaceful
 - b.) anxious
 - c.) mysterious
 - d.) carefree

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Prompt: How does the author use symbolism in the text?

BRAINSTORM

A symbol in the text is _____ It represents _____

ANEZZ C

Grade	4	3	2	1
Overall Effect of Content and Body Paragraph Evidence and Analysis	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Overall, paragraph is compelling and has a single focus. The evidence works to <i>build</i> the argument, giving it a strong sense of unity and flow. <input type="checkbox"/> All explanation of the evidence is effective, strong, and sophisticated, demonstrating <i>how</i> and <i>why</i> inferences about how the evidence connects with the topic sentence. <input type="checkbox"/> All of the analysis is insightful, zooming in on a specific piece of diction and zooming out to relate this idea to the author's purpose. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Overall, paragraph has a clear focus. The evidence works to <i>support</i> the argument stated in the topic sentence. <input type="checkbox"/> Some explanation of the evidence is clear and makes <i>how</i> and <i>why</i> inferences about the evidence. The explanation connects with and proves the topic sentence. <input type="checkbox"/> Some of the analysis is insightful, either successfully zooming in on a specific piece of diction, or zooming out. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Overall, the paragraph's focus may have some lapses or flaws. However, the evidence basically supports the argument. <input type="checkbox"/> Most explanation of the evidence is basic. Most explanation demonstrates comprehension of the text and prompt (<i>who, what, when & where</i>), but does not provide <i>how</i> and <i>why</i> inferences. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Overall, the paragraph's focus shifts or drifts. The evidence does not support the argument stated in the topic sentence. <input type="checkbox"/> Explanation of the evidence is consistently inaccurate and/or unclear. The paragraph does not reflect a general understanding of the prompt or text.
Topic Sentence	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Argument <input type="checkbox"/> Provable <input type="checkbox"/> Focused <input type="checkbox"/> Sophisticated 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Argument <input type="checkbox"/> That is... <input type="checkbox"/> Provable <input type="checkbox"/> Focused 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Argument <input type="checkbox"/> But is not necessarily... <input type="checkbox"/> Provable. <input type="checkbox"/> Focused. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Topic sentence (S) does not develop a provable argument.
Name it	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Mentions a relevant literary device. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Mentions a literary device. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Mentions a technique. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Does not mention literary device.
Explain it	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Contextualizes. <input type="checkbox"/> Cites evidence. <input type="checkbox"/> Chunks evidence. <input type="checkbox"/> Clarifies evidence. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Contextualizes. <input type="checkbox"/> Cites evidence. <input type="checkbox"/> Chunks evidence. <input type="checkbox"/> But does not... <input type="checkbox"/> Clarify. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Contextualizes. <input type="checkbox"/> Cites evidence. <input type="checkbox"/> But does not necessarily... <input type="checkbox"/> Chunk evidence. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Explain It (E) fails to contextualize the Name It.
Zoom in	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Looks at one juicy word or phrase. <input type="checkbox"/> Considers the word's significance within the scene/stanza/ paragraph. <input type="checkbox"/> Integrates using strong and sophisticated language. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Looks at one juicy word or phrase. <input type="checkbox"/> Considers the word's significance within the scene/stanza/ paragraph. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Looks at one juicy word or phrase <input type="checkbox"/> But does not necessarily... <input type="checkbox"/> Consider the word's significance within the specific scene/stanza/ paragraph. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> ZOOM IN (Zi) fails to contextualize one juicy word or phrase.
Zoom out	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Looks at the author's purpose. <input type="checkbox"/> Consider the word's significance within the book/poem/play. <input type="checkbox"/> Integrates using strong and sophisticated. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Looks at the author's purpose. <input type="checkbox"/> Considers the word's significance within the book/poem/play. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Looks at the author's purpose <input type="checkbox"/> But does not... <input type="checkbox"/> Consider the word's significance within the book. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> ZOOM OUT (Zo) fails to contextualize the author's purpose.
Clincher	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Clincher Reaffirms central argument. <input type="checkbox"/> Synthesizes evidence. <input type="checkbox"/> Answers the "So what" question. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Clincher Reaffirms central argument. <input type="checkbox"/> Synthesizes evidence. <input type="checkbox"/> But does not... <input type="checkbox"/> Answers the "So what" question. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Clincher Reaffirms central argument. <input type="checkbox"/> But does not synthesize evidence. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Clincher fails to reaffirms central argument.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

*****These texts/questions are above and beyond questions to sharpen your skills when we return on April 7th. If we were to be out longer than through April 7th for any reason, these are no longer Above and Beyond and should be completed by all students.**

Passage Work Habits Checklist

- GTQs
- Written Annotations
- Main Idea

PASSAGE 1: AUSCHWITZ

by The United States Holocaust Memorial Museum

[1]The Auschwitz concentration camp complex was the largest one established by the Nazi regime.¹ It included three main camps, all of which used prisoners for forced labor. One camp also functioned as a killing center. Construction began at Auschwitz (approximately 37 miles west of Krakow, Poland) in May 1940. It is estimated that the SS² and German police deported at minimum 1.3 million people to the Auschwitz complex between 1940 and 1945. Of these, the camp authorities murdered 1.1 million people.

Construction of Auschwitz II, or Auschwitz-Birkenau, began in October 1941. Of the three camps, Auschwitz-Birkenau had the largest total prisoner population and also contained the facilities for a killing center. It played a central role in the German plan to kill the Jews of Europe, using Zyklon B gas³ for mass murder. Eventually, four large crematorium⁴ buildings were built from March-June 1943. Each had three components: a disrobing area, a large gas chamber, and crematorium ovens. The SS continued gassing operations at Auschwitz-Birkenau until November 1944.

From 1942 to the end of summer 1944, trains arrived at Auschwitz-Birkenau with transports of Jews from virtually every country in Europe occupied⁵ by or allied⁶ to Germany. In total, approximately 1.1 million Jews were deported to Auschwitz. SS and police authorities deported approximately 200,000 other victims to Auschwitz, including 140,000-150,000 non-Jewish Poles, 23,000 Roma (Gypsies), and 15,000 Soviet prisoners of war.

New arrivals at Auschwitz-Birkenau underwent selection. The SS staff determined the majority to be unfit for forced labor and sent them immediately to the gas chambers, which were disguised as shower installations. At least 960,000 Jews were killed in Auschwitz. Also murdered were approximately 74,000 Poles, 21,000 Roma (Gypsies), 15,000 Soviet prisoners of war, and 10,000-15,000 of other nationalities (Czech, Yugoslav, French, German, and Austrian).

[5]Auschwitz III, also called Buna or Monowitz, was established in October 1942 to house prisoners assigned to forced labor at rubber works owned by the German conglomerate⁷ I.G. Farben. Between 1942 and 1944, the SS authorities at Auschwitz established 39 subcamps. Inmates were forced to work in coal mines and in armaments⁸ industries. Some were tattooed with identification numbers on their left arms. If the SS judged prisoners too weak to continue with forced labor, they were transported to Auschwitz-Birkenau and killed.

In mid-January 1945, as Soviet forces approached, the SS destroyed the remaining gassing installations and began evacuating⁹ Auschwitz. SS guards forced nearly 60,000 prisoners to march west and shot anyone who fell behind. Prisoners also suffered from starvation and exposure and as many as 15,000 prisoners died during the evacuation marches from Auschwitz. Thousands were also killed in the camps in the days before the evacuations. On January 27, 1945, the Soviet army entered Auschwitz and liberated¹⁰ around 7,000 prisoners, most of whom were ill and dying.

“Auschwitz” from *The Holocaust Encyclopedia* by The United States Holocaust Memorial Museum. Copyright © 2016 by The United States Holocaust Memorial Museum. Used with permission. All rights reserved.

Question Work Habits Checklist

- Own Answer
- Label TE in the TEXT
- Cross out key words in the answer choices

1. Which statement identifies the central idea of the text?

- A. The Auschwitz concentration camp was the most inhumane of the camps, as it was the only one with a killing center.
- B. Not all of the Auschwitz concentration camps treated prisoners inhumanely.
- C. Despite the differing purposes of the three main camps of Auschwitz, they all treated prisoners inhumanely.
- D. The Auschwitz concentration camps provided prisoners with the means to live, so they could provide useful labor.

2. Which detail from the text best supports the central idea?

- A. "It included three main camps, all of which used prisoners for forced labor. One camp also functioned as a killing center." (Paragraph 1)
- B. "In total, approximately 1.1 million Jews were deported to Auschwitz." (Paragraph 3)
- C. "Auschwitz III, also called Buna or Monowitz, was established in October 1942 to house prisoners assigned to forced labor at rubber works owned by the German conglomerate I.G. Farben." (Paragraph 5)
- D. "Some were tattooed with identification numbers on their left arms." (Paragraph 5)

3. How does paragraph 2 contribute to the development of ideas in the text?

- A. It proves that the Nazi Party had help in constructing the camps.
- B. It shows how efficiently Auschwitz II could kill prisoners.
- C. It shows the variety of treatment prisoners experienced between camps.
- D. It proves that the Nazi Party knew that what it was doing was wrong.

4. Which quote from the text best supports the development of the ideas in the text?

- A. "It played a central role in the German plan to kill the Jews of Europe, using Zyklon B gas for mass murder." (Paragraph 2)
- B. "The SS continued gassing operations at Auschwitz-Birkenau until November 1944." (Paragraph 2)
- C. "...trains arrived at Auschwitz-Birkenau with transports of Jews from virtually every country in Europe occupied by or allied to Germany." (Paragraph 3)
- D. "In total, approximately 1.1 million Jews were deported to Auschwitz." (Paragraph 3)

Passage Work Habits Checklist

- GTQs
- Written Annotations
- Main Idea

PASSAGE 2: ELIE WIESEL

by The United States Holocaust Memorial Museum

[1]Elie Wiesel (1928-2016) was born in Sighet, Romania, on September 30, 1928. A Nobel Peace Prize winner¹ and Boston University professor, Wiesel worked on behalf of oppressed people for much of his adult life. His personal experience of the Holocaust led him to use his talents as an author, teacher, and storyteller to defend human rights and peace throughout the world.

A native of Sighet, Transylvania (Romania, from 1940-1945 Hungary), Wiesel and his family were deported by the Nazis to Auschwitz² when he was 15 years old. His mother and younger sister perished³ there, his two older sisters survived. Wiesel and his father were later transported to Buchenwald,⁴ where his father died.

After the war, Wiesel studied in Paris and later became a journalist in that city, yet he remained silent about what he endured as an inmate in the camps. During an interview with the French writer Francois Mauriac, Wiesel was persuaded to end that silence. He subsequently wrote *La Nuit (Night)*. Since its publication in 1958, *La Nuit* has been translated into 30 languages and millions of copies have been sold. In *Night*, Wiesel describes his experiences and emotions at the hands of the Nazis during the Holocaust: the roundup of his family and neighbors in the Romanian town of Sighet; deportation by cattle car to the concentration camp Auschwitz-Birkenau; the division of his family forever during the selection process;⁵ the mental and physical anguish he and his fellow prisoners experienced as they were stripped of their humanity; and the death march from Auschwitz-Birkenau to the concentration camp at Buchenwald.

[5]In 1978, President Jimmy Carter appointed him Chairman of the President's Commission on the Holocaust. In 1980, he became Founding Chairman of the United States Holocaust Memorial Council. Wiesel was also the founding president of the Paris-based Universal Academy of Cultures.

Wiesel's efforts to defend human rights and peace throughout the world earned him the Presidential Medal of Freedom, the United States Congressional Gold Medal and the Medal of Liberty Award, the rank of Grand-Croix⁶ in the French Legion of Honor, and in 1986, the Nobel Peace Prize. He received more than 100 honorary degrees from institutions of higher learning.

Three months after he received the Nobel Peace Prize, Elie Wiesel and his wife Marion established The Elie Wiesel Foundation for Humanity. Its mission is to advance the cause of human rights and peace throughout the world by creating a new forum for the discussion of urgent ethical issues confronting humanity.

His more than 40 books have won numerous awards, including the *Prix Medicis for A Beggar in Jerusalem*, the *Prix Livre Inter for The Testament*, and the Grand Prize for Literature from the City of Paris for *The Fifth Son*. The first volume of Wiesel's memoirs, *All Rivers Run to the Sea*, was published in New York (Knopf) in December 1995. The second volume, *And the Sea is Never Full*, was published in New York (Knopf) in November 1999.

Elie Wiesel was Distinguished Professor of Judaic Studies⁷ at the City University of New York (1972-1976), and first Henry Luce Visiting Scholar in the Humanities and Social Thought at Yale University (1982-1983). In 1976, he became the Andrew W. Mellon Professor in the Humanities at Boston University where he also held the title of University Professor.

[10]The Elie Wiesel Award recognizes internationally prominent individuals whose actions have advanced the Museum's vision of a world where people confront hatred, prevent genocide,⁸ and promote human dignity. Established in 2011 as the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum Award and renamed for inaugural⁹ recipient Elie Wiesel, it is the Museum's highest honor.

Question Work Habits Checklist

- Own Answer
- Label TE in the TEXT
- Cross out key words in the answer choices

1. Which statement best identifies the central idea of the text?

- A. Wiesel endured horrible things as a child in a concentration camp, but has not allowed his life to be shaped by this.
- B. Wiesel has been recognized for sharing his experiences in the Holocaust as a way to advocate for human rights.
- C. Wiesel's impressive writing and teaching career makes him worthy of the Holocaust Memorial Museum's highest honor.
- D. Wiesel's importance in the history of human rights activism is owed entirely to the powerful people who have supported him.

2. Which of the following quotes best supports the central idea?

- A. "His personal experience of the Holocaust led him to use his talents as an author, teacher, and storyteller to defend human rights and peace throughout the world." (Paragraph 2)
- B. "After the war, Wiesel studied in Paris and later became a journalist in that city, yet he remained silent about what he endured as an inmate in the camps." (Paragraph 4)
- C. "Since its publication in 1958, *La Nuit* has been translated into 30 languages and millions of copies have been sold." (Paragraph 4)
- D. "In 1978, President Jimmy Carter appointed him Chairman of the President's Commission on the Holocaust." (Paragraph 5)

3. What impact does the phrase "deportation by cattle car" in paragraph 4 have on the reader's understanding of the text?

- A. It emphasizes the degrading treatment Wiesel and other Holocaust victims faced.
- B. It emphasizes the limited resources the Nazis had during the war.
- C. It illustrates the large number of prisoners that had to be moved.
- D. It reinforces the idea that the Holocaust was kept secret from everyone outside the camps.

4. Which quote from paragraph 4 best supports the impact on the reader?

- A. "roundup of his family"
- B. "the division of his family forever"
- C. "during the selection process"
- D. "stripped of their humanity"

Passage Work Habits Checklist

- GTQs
- Written Annotations
 - Main Idea

PASSAGE 3: EXAMINATION DAY

by Henry Slesar

[1]The Jordans never spoke of the exam, not until their son, Dickie, was twelve years old. It was on his birthday that Mrs. Jordan first mentioned the subject in his presence, and the anxious manner of her speech caused her husband to answer sharply.

“Forget about it,” he said. “He’ll do all right.”

They were at the breakfast table, and the boy looked up from his plate curiously. He was an alert-eyed youngster with flat blond hair and a quick, nervous manner. He didn’t understand what the sudden tension was about, but he did know that today was his birthday, and he wanted harmony above all. Somewhere in the little apartment there were wrapped, beribboned packages waiting to be opened, and in the tiny wall-kitchen something warm and sweet was being prepared in the automatic stove. He wanted the day to be happy, and the moistness of his mother’s eyes, the scowl on his father’s face, spoiled the mood of fluttering expectation with which he had greeted the morning.

“What exam?” he asked.

[5]His mother looked at the tablecloth. “It’s just a sort of Government Intelligence test they give children at the age of twelve. You’ll be taking it next week. It’s nothing to worry about.”

“You mean a test like in school?”

“Something like that,” his father said, getting up from the table. “Go and read your comics, Dickie.” The boy rose and wandered towards that part of the living room which had been “his” corner since infancy. He fingered the topmost comic of the stack, but seemed uninterested in the colorful squares of fast-paced action. He wandered towards the window, and peered gloomily at the veil of mist that shrouded¹ the glass.

“Why did it have to rain today?” he said. “Why couldn’t it rain tomorrow?”

His father, now slumped into an armchair with the Government newspaper rattled the sheets in vexation.² “Because it just did, that’s all. Rain makes the grass grow.”

[10]“Why, Dad?”

“Because it does, that’s all.”

Dickie puckered his brow. “What makes it green, though? The grass?”

“Nobody knows,” his father snapped, then immediately regretted his abruptness.

Later in the day, it was birthday time again. His mother beamed as she handed over the gaily-colored³ packages, and even his father managed a grin and a rumple-of-the-hair. He kissed his mother and shook hands gravely with his father. Then the birthday cake was brought forth, and the ceremonies concluded.

[15]An hour later, seated by the window, he watched the sun force its way between the clouds.

“Dad,” he said, “how far away is the sun?”

“Five thousand miles,” his father said.

Dickie sat at the breakfast table and again saw moisture in his mother’s eyes. He didn’t connect her tears with the exam until his father suddenly brought the subject to light again.

“Well, Dickie,” he said, with a manly frown, “you’ve got an appointment today.”

[20]“I know Dad. I hope — ”

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“Now, it’s nothing to worry about. Thousands of children take this test every day. The Government wants to know how smart you are, Dickie. That’s all there is to it.”

“I get good marks in school,” he said hesitantly.

“This is different. This is a — special kind of test. They give you this stuff to drink, you see, and then you go into a room where there’s a sort of machine — ”

“What stuff to drink?” Dickie said.

[25]“It’s nothing. It tastes like peppermint. It’s just to make sure you answer the questions truthfully. Not that the Government thinks you won’t tell the truth, but it makes sure.”

Dickie’s face showed puzzlement, and a touch of fright. He looked at his mother, and she composed her face into a misty smile.

“Everything will be all right,” she said.

“Of course, it will,” his father agreed. “You’re a good boy, Dickie; you’ll make out fine. Then we’ll come home and celebrate. All right?”

“Yes sir,” Dickie said.

[30]They entered the Government Educational Building fifteen minutes before the appointed hour. They crossed the marble floors of the great pillared lobby, passed beneath an archway and entered an automatic lift⁴ that brought them to the fourth floor. There was a young man wearing an insignia-less⁵ tunic, seated at a polished desk in front of Room 404. He held a clipboard in his hand, and he checked the list down to the Js and permitted the Jordans to enter.

The room was as cold and official as a courtroom, with long benches flanking metal tables. There were several fathers and sons already there, and a thin-lipped woman with cropped black hair was passing out sheets of paper.

Mr. Jordan filled out the form and returned it to the clerk. Then he told Dickie: “It won’t be long now. When they call your name, you just go through the doorway at the end of the room.” He indicated the portal with his finger.

A concealed loudspeaker crackled and called off the first name. Dickie saw a boy leave his father’s side reluctantly and walk slowly towards the door.

At five minutes to eleven, they called the name of Jordan.

[35]“Good luck, son,” his father said, without looking at him. “I’ll call for you when the test is over.”

Dickie walked to the door and turned the knob. The room inside was dim, and he could barely make out the features of the grey-tunicked attendant who greeted him.

“Sit down,” the man said softly. He indicated a high stool beside his desk. “Your name’s Richard Jordan?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Your classification number is 600-115. Drink this, Richard.”

[40]He lifted a plastic cup from the desk and handed it to the boy. The liquid inside had the consistency of buttermilk, tasted only vaguely of the promised peppermint. Dickie downed it and handed the man the empty cup.

He sat in silence, feeling drowsy, while the man wrote busily on a sheet of paper. Then the attendant looked at his watch and rose to stand only inches from Dickie’s face. He unclipped a penlike object from the pocket of his tunic and flashed a tiny light into the boy’s eyes.

“All right,” he said. “Come with me, Richard.”

He led Dickie to the end of the room, where a single wooden armchair faced a multi-dialed computing machine. There was a microphone on the left arm of the chair, and when the boy sat down, he found its pinpoint head conveniently at his mouth.

“Now just relax, Richard. You’ll be asked some questions, and you think them over carefully. Then give your answers into the microphone. The machine will take care of the rest.”

[45]“Yes, sir.”

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"I'll leave you alone now. Whenever you want to start, just say "ready" into the microphone."

"Yes, sir."

The man squeezed his shoulder and left.

Dickie said, "Ready."

[50]Lights appeared on the machine, and a mechanism whirred. A voice said: "Complete this sequence. One, four, seven, ten..."

Mr. and Mrs. Jordan were in the living room, not speaking, not even speculating.⁶

It was almost four o'clock when the telephone rang. The woman tried to reach it first, but her husband was quicker.

"Mr. Jordan?"

The voice was clipped: a brisk, official voice.

[55]"Yes, speaking."

"This is the Government Educational Service. Your son, Richard M Jordan, Classification 600-115 has completed the Government examination. We regret to inform you that his intelligence quotient⁷ is above the Government regulation, according to Rule 84 Section 5 of the New Code."

Across the room, the woman cried out, knowing nothing except the emotion she read on her husband's face.

"You may specify by telephone," the voice droned on, "whether you wish his body interred⁸ by the Government, or would you prefer a private burial place? The fee for Government burial is ten dollars."

Question Work Habits Checklist

- Own Answer
- Label TE in the TEXT
- Cross out key words in the answer choices

1. Which statement best expresses a theme of the short story?

- A. It's better to downplay your own intelligence.
- B. The government has been known to violate people's rights.
- C. High intelligence can be viewed as a dangerous thing.
- D. People have higher expectations for children as they grow up.

2. Which detail from the text best supports the answer to Part A?

- A. "They were at breakfast table, and the boy looked up from his plate curiously. He was an alert-eyed youngster with flat blond hair and a quick, nervous manner." (Paragraph 3)
- B. "Now, it's nothing to worry about. Thousands of children take this test every day. The Government wants to know how smart you are, Dickie. That's all there is to it." (Paragraph 20)
- C. "Now just relax, Richard. You'll be asked some questions, and you think them over carefully. Then give your answers into the microphone. The machine will take care of the rest." (Paragraph 42)
- D. "We regret to inform you that his intelligence quotient is above the Government regulation, according to Rule 84 Section 5 of the New Code." (Paragraph 54)

3. What do the questions Dickie asks his father between paragraphs 6-16 reveal about Dickie's character?

- A. They suggest that Dickie doesn't usually get along with his father.
- B. They show how curious Dickie is about how the world works.
- C. They stress that Dickie isn't as intelligent as he claims.
- D. They show how much Dickie relies on his father for simple ideas.

4. How does knowledge of the exam affect Dickie's mom and dad?

- A. Dickie's mom becomes anxious and sad, while Dickie's dad becomes easily irritated.
- B. Dickie's mom and dad express doubt that their son is ready for the exam.
- C. Dickie's mom and dad stress about preparing their son for the exam.
- D. Dickie's mom is not bothered by the exam, while Dickie's dad is upset about it.

Passage Work Habits Checklist

- GTQs
- Written Annotations
- Main Idea

PASSAGE FOUR: THE WAR OF THE WALL

by Toni Cade Bambara

[1]Me and Lou had no time for courtesies. We were late for school. So we just flat out told the painter lady to quit messing with the wall. It was our wall, and she had no right coming into our neighborhood painting on it. Stirring in the paint bucket and not even looking at us, she mumbled something about Mr. Eubanks, the barber, giving her permission. That had nothing to do with it as far as we were concerned. We've been pitching pennies against that wall since we were little kids. Old folks have been dragging their chairs out to sit in the shade of the wall for years. Big kids have been playing handball against the wall since so-called integration¹ when the crazies 'cross town poured cement in our pool so we couldn't use it. I'd sprained my neck one time boosting my cousin Lou up to chisel Jimmy Lyons's name into the wall when we found out he was never coming home from the war in Vietnam to take us fishing.

"If you lean close," Lou said, leaning hipshot² against her beat-up car, "you'll get a whiff of bubble gum and kids' sweat. And that'll tell you something—that this wall belongs to the kids of Taliaferro Street." I thought Lou sounded very convincing. But the painter lady paid us no mind. She just snapped the brim of her straw hat down and hauled her bucket up the ladder.

"You're not even from around here," I hollered up after her. The license plates on her old piece of car said "New York." Lou dragged me away because I was about to grab hold of that ladder and shake it. And then we'd really be late for school.

When we came from school, the wall was slick with white. The painter lady was running string across the wall and taping it here and there. Me and Lou leaned against the gumball machine outside the pool hall and watched. She had strings up and down and back and forth. Then she began chalking them with a hunk of blue chalk.

[5]The Morris twins crossed the street, hanging back at the curb next to the beat-up car. The twin with the red ribbons was hugging a jug of cloudy lemonade. The one with yellow ribbons was holding a plate of dinner away from her dress. The painter lady began snapping the strings. The blue chalk dust measured off halves and quarters up and down and sideways too. Lou was about to say how hip it all was, but I dropped my book satchel on his toes to remind him we were at war.

Some good aromas³ were drifting our way from the plate leaking pot likker⁴ onto the Morris girl's white socks. I could tell from where I stood that under the tinfoil was baked ham, collard greens, and candied yams. And knowing Mrs. Morris, who sometimes bakes for my mama's restaurant, a slab of buttered cornbread was probably up under there too, sopping up some of the pot likker. Me and Lou rolled our eyes, wishing somebody would send us some dinner. But the painter lady didn't even turn around. She was pulling the strings down and prying bits of tape loose.

Side Pocket came strolling out of the pool hall to see what Lou and me were studying so hard. He gave the painter lady the once-over, checking out her paint-spattered jeans, her chalky T-shirt, her floppy-brimmed straw hat. He hitched up his pants and glided over toward the painter lady, who kept right on with what she was doing.

"Whatcha got there, sweetheart?" he asked the twin with the plate.

"Suppah," she said all soft and countrylike.

[10]"For her," the one with the jug added, jerking her chin toward the painter lady's back.

Still she didn't turn around. She was rearing back on her heels, her hands jammed into her back pockets, her face squinched up like the masterpiece she had in mind was taking shape on the wall by magic. We could have been gophers crawled up into a rotten hollow for all she cared. She didn't even say hello to anybody. Lou was muttering something about how great her concentration was. I butt him with my hip, and his elbow slid off the gum machine.

"Good evening," Side Pocket said in his best ain't-I-fine voice. But the painter lady was moving from the milk crate to the step stool to the ladder, moving up and down fast, scribbling all over the wall like a crazy person. We looked at Side Pocket. He looked at the twins. The twins looked at us. The painter lady was giving a show. It was like those oldtimey music movies where the dancer taps on the tabletop and then starts jumping all over the furniture, kicking chairs over and not skipping a beat. She didn't even look where she was stepping. And for a minute there, hanging on the ladder to reach a far spot, she looked like she was going to tip right over.

"Ahh," Side Pocket cleared his throat and moved fast to catch the ladder.

"These young ladies here have brought you some supper."

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[15]“Ma’am?” The twins stepped forward. Finally the painter turned around, her eyes “full of sky,” as my grandmama would say. Then she stepped down like she was in a trance. She wiped her hands on her jeans as the Morris twins offered up the plate and the jug. She rolled back the tinfoil, then wagged her head as though something terrible was on the plate.

“Thank your mother very much,” she said, sounding like her mouth was full of sky too. “I’ve brought my own dinner along.” And then, without even excusing herself, she went back up the ladder, drawing on the wall in a wild way. Side Pocket whistled one of those oh-brother breathy whistles and went back into the pool hall. The Morris twins shifted their weight from one foot to the other, then crossed the street and went home. Lou had to drag me away, I was so mad. We couldn’t wait to get to the firehouse to tell my daddy all about this rude woman who’d stolen our wall.

All the way back to the block to help my mama out at the restaurant, me and Lou kept asking my daddy for ways to run the painter lady out of town. But my daddy was busy talking about the trip to the country and telling Lou he could come too because Grandmama can always use an extra pair of hands on the farm.

Later that night, while me and Lou were in the back doing our chores, we found out that the painter lady was a liar. She came into the restaurant and leaned against the glass of the steam table, talking about how starved she was. I was scrubbing pots and Lou was chopping onions, but we could hear her through the service window. She was asking Mama was that a ham hock in the greens, and was that a neck bone in the pole beans, and were there any vegetables cooked without meat, especially pork.

“I don’t care who your spiritual leader is,” Mama said in that way of hers. “If you eat in the community, sistuh, you gonna eat pig by-and-by, one way or t’other.”

[20]Me and Lou were cracking up in the kitchen, and several customers at the counter were clearing their throats, waiting for Mama to really fix her wagon⁵ for not speaking to the elders when she came in. The painter lady took a stool at the counter and went right on with her questions. Was there cheese in the baked macaroni, she wanted to know? Were there eggs in the salad? Was it honey or sugar in the iced tea? Mama was fixing Pop Johnson’s plate. And every time the painter lady asked a fool question, Mama would dump another spoonful of rice on the pile. She was tapping her foot and heating up in a dangerous way. But Pop Johnson was happy as he could be. Me and Lou peeked through the service window, wondering what planet the painter lady came from. Who ever heard of baked macaroni without cheese, or potato salad without eggs?

“Do you have any bread made with unbleached flour?” the painter lady asked Mama. There was a long pause, as though everybody in the restaurant was holding their breath, wondering if Mama would dump the next spoonful on the painter lady’s head. She didn’t. But when she set Pop Johnson’s plate down, it came down with a bang.

When Mama finally took her order, the starving lady all of a sudden couldn’t make up her mind whether she wanted a vegetable plate or fish and a salad. She finally settled on the broiled trout and a tossed salad. But just when Mama reached for a plate to serve her, the painter lady leaned over the counter with her finger all up in the air.

“Excuse me,” she said. “One more thing.” Mama was holding the plate like a Frisbee, tapping that foot, one hand on her hip. “Can I get raw beets in that tossed salad?”

“You will get,” Mama said, leaning her face close to the painter lady’s, “whatever Lou back there tossed. Now sit down.” And the painter lady sat back down on her stool and shut right up.

[25]All the way to the country, me and Lou tried to get Mama to open fire on the painter lady. But Mama said that seeing as how she was from the North, you couldn’t expect her to have any manners. Then Mama said she was sorry she’d been so impatient with the woman because she seemed like a decent person and was simply trying to stick to a very strict diet. Me and Lou didn’t want to hear that. Who did that lady think she was, coming into our neighborhood and taking over our wall?

“Welllllll,” Mama drawled, pulling into the filling station so Daddy could take the wheel, “it’s hard on an artist, ya know. They can’t always get people to look at their work. So she’s just doing her work in the open, that’s all.” Me and Lou definitely did not want to hear that. Why couldn’t she set up an easel downtown or draw on the sidewalk in her own neighborhood? Mama told us to quit fussing so much; she was tired and wanted to rest. She climbed into the back seat and dropped down into the warm hollow Daddy had made in the pillow.

All weekend long, me and Lou tried to scheme up ways to recapture our wall. Daddy and Mama said they were sick of hearing about it. Grandmama turned up the TV to drown us out. On the late news was a story about the New York subways. When a train came roaring into the station all covered from top to bottom, windows too, with writings and drawings done with spray paint, me and Lou slapped five. Mama said it was too bad kids in New York had nothing better to do than spray paint all over the trains. Daddy said that in the cities, even grown-ups wrote all over the trains and buildings too. Daddy called it “graffiti.” Grandmama called it a shame.

We couldn’t wait to get out of school on Monday. We couldn’t find any black spray paint anywhere. But in a junky hardware store downtown we found a can of white epoxy paint, the kind you touch up old refrigerators with when they get splotchy and peely. We spent our whole allowance on it. And because it was too late to use our bus passes, we had to walk all the way home lugging our book satchels and gym shoes, and the bag with the epoxy.

When we reached the corner of Taliaferro and Fifth, it looked like a block party or something. Half the neighborhood was gathered on the sidewalk in front of the wall. I looked at Lou, he looked at me. We both looked at the bag with the epoxy and wondered how we were going to work our scheme. The painter lady’s car was nowhere in sight. But there were too many people standing around to do anything. Side Pocket and his buddies were leaning on their cue sticks, hunching each other. Daddy was there with a lineman⁶ he

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catches a ride with on Mondays. Mrs. Morris had her arms flung around the shoulders of the twins on either side of her. Mama was talking with some of her customers, many of them with napkins still at the throat. Mr. Eubanks came out of the barbershop, followed by a man in a striped poncho, half his face shaved, the other half full of foam.

[30]“She really did it, didn’t she?” Mr. Eubanks huffed out his chest. Lots of folks answered right quick that she surely did when they saw the straight razor in his hand.

Mama beckoned us over. And then we saw it. The wall. Reds, greens, figures outlined in black. Swirls of purple and orange. Storms of blues and yellows. It was something. I recognized some of the faces right off. There was Martin Luther King, Jr. And there was a man with glasses on and his mouth open like he was laying down a heavy rap. Daddy came up alongside and reminded us that that was Minister Malcolm X. The serious woman with a rifle I knew was Harriet Tubman because my grandmama has pictures of her all over the house. And I knew Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer ‘cause a signed photograph of her hangs in the restaurant next to the calendar. Then I let my eyes follow what looked like a vine. It trailed past a man with a horn, a woman with a big white flower in her hair, a handsome dude in a tuxedo seated at a piano, and a man with a goatee holding a book. When I looked more closely, I realized that what had looked like flowers were really faces. One face with yellow petals looked just like Frieda Morris. One with red petals looked just like Hattie Morris. I could hardly believe my eyes.

“Notice,” Side Pocket said, stepping close to the wall with his cue stick like a classroom pointer. “These are the flags of liberation,” he said in a voice I’d never heard him use before. We all stepped closer while he pointed and spoke. “Red, black and green,” he said, his pointer falling on the leaflike flags of the vine. “Our liberation flag.7 And here Ghana, there Tanzania. Guinea-Bissau, Angola, Mozambique.” Side Pocket sounded very tall, as though he’d been waiting all his life to give this lesson. Mama tapped us on the shoulder and pointed to a high section of the wall. There was a fierce-looking man with his arms crossed against his chest guarding a bunch of children. His muscles bulged, and he looked a lot like my daddy. One kid was looking at a row of books. Lou hunched me ‘cause the kid looked like me. The one that looked like Lou was spinning a globe on the tip of his finger like a basketball. There were other kids there with microscopes and compasses. And the more I looked, the more it looked like the fierce man was not so much guarding the kids as defending their right to do what they were doing.

Then Lou gasped and dropped the paint bag and ran forward, running his hands over a rainbow. He had to tiptoe and stretch to do it, it was so high. I couldn’t breathe either. The painter lady had found the chisel marks and had painted Jimmy Lyons’s name in a rainbow. “Read the inscription,8 honey,” Mrs. Morris said, urging little Frieda forward. She didn’t have to urge much. Frieda marched right up, bent down, and in a loud voice that made everybody quit oohing and ahing and listen, she read,

To the People of Taliaferro Street

I Dedicate This Wall of Respect

Painted in Memory of My Cousin

Jimmy Lyons

Question Work Habits Checklist

- Own Answer
- Label TE in the TEXT
- Cross out key words in the answer choices

1. Which statement expresses the main idea of the story?

- A. Expressing yourself through art is the best way to heal from a tragedy.
- B. Adults have a hard time understanding what kids find important.
- C. Don’t judge people or assume to understand them before you get to know them.
- D. Ruining someone else’s hard work is never the way to resolve a conflict.

2. Which detail from the text best supports the main idea?

- A. “you’ll get a whiff of bubble gum and kids’ sweat. And that’ll tell you something—that this wall belongs to the kids of Taliaferro Street.” (Paragraph 2)
- B. “When a train came roaring into the station all covered from top to bottom, windows too, with writings and drawings done with spray paint, me and Lou slapped five.” (Paragraph 27)
- C. “The wall. Reds, greens, figures outlined in black. Swirls of purple and orange. Storms of blues and yellows. It was something.” (Paragraph 31)
- D. “To the People of Taliaferro Street / I Dedicate This Wall of Respect / Painted in Memory of My Cousin / Jimmy Lyons”(Paragraph 33)

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3. How does the author establish the painter lady as an outsider?

- A. The author emphasizes that the painter lady is from out of town and acts differently than people in the community.
- B. The author stresses that the painter lady is from out of the country and doesn't look like the people in town.
- C. The author describes the painter lady as trying to connect with the people in the town, but experiencing rejection.
- D. The author stresses how much the painter lady dislikes the narrator to show that she is unable to get along with people in town.

4. How does Mama's perspective on the painter lady affect the narrator?

- A. It prompts the narrator to be sympathetic towards the painter lady.
- B. It discourages the narrator from trying to drive the painter lady out of town.
- C. It fails to change the narrator's opinion about the painter lady and the wall.
- D. It helps the narrator understand why the painter lady is painting her wall.

Passage Work Habits Checklist

- GTQs
- Written Annotations
- Main Idea

PASSAGE 5: WHAT MY FATHER SAID

by Alan King

[1]It was the day I helped dad
clean out the shed, when Sly, Jay Bird
and Rashad darted to our fence
and, still panting, said
[5]they needed a fullback¹
for our neighborhood league.

Back then, we'd snag any open turf.
Uniforms were street clothes
our parents bought the year before.

[10]It was the Saturday of our fantasy
playoffs, two teams of teens
whose lack of coordination meant
the ball slipped through shaky hands
like our chances of making the school squad.

[15]We dreamed of screaming stadiums,
cheerleaders boogying their beautiful bodies,
fans stomping the stands every time
one of us dove toward the end zone.
We were at that age when bragging rights
[20]shined brighter than Super Bowl rings.

They asked if I could kick up the field with them.

I frizzled when dad said, No, he's busy.
That was the Saturday Mrs. Brown mulched
her rose bush and Mr. Graham set sprinklers
[25]in a lawn that looked like AstroTurf.

That was the day I heard my boys
laugh two yards over, yelling touch down!

I went back inside the shed to help dad
move a spool of fat cables
[30]before I saw black billows of smoke
over the shed before Mrs. Brown and

Mr. Graham called us out
to see a planted torch blazing
near the two struck matches.
[35]I watched Sly and Jay Bird break
under the sun's interrogative² gaze. I watched
angry fingers aim blame at one another.
I watched, grateful dad said no,
that accusations weren't huddled over me,
[40]screaming: *Why you lying! You know
you set that fire!*

I lay in the grass, watching
my friends' parents whip them.
Rashad cried loud enough to scatter birds
[45]from the lamp posts. That's
when I ran home.

Question Work Habits Checklist

- Own Answer
- Label TE in the TEXT
- Cross out key words in the answer choices

1. Which statement expresses the theme of the poem?

- A. Working hard is more important than playing with friends.
- B. It can be dangerous to be careless.
- C. Friends often turn on each other during conflict.
- D. Parents often know best, even when we think they don't.

2. Which detail from the poem best supports the theme?

- A. "We were at that age when bragging rights / shined brighter than Super Bowl rings." (Lines 19-20)
- B. "I went back inside the shed to help dad / move a spool of fat cables" (Lines 28-29)
- C. "I watched, grateful dad said no, / that accusations weren't huddled over me" (Lines 38-39)
- D. "Why you lying! You know / you set that fire!" (Lines 40-41)

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3. What does it mean that the speaker “frizzled” in Line 22?

- A. He is upset that he can't join his friends.
- B. He is overheating from all his hard work.
- C. He is embarrassed by his father's words.
- D. He is shocked by his father's words.

4. Which quote from the text best supports the answer?

- A. “They asked if I could kick up the field with them.” (Line 21)
- B. “That was the Saturday Mrs. Brown mulched / her rose bush” (Lines 23-24)
- C. “That was the day I heard my boys / laugh two yards over, yelling touch down!” (Lines 26-27)
- D. “before I saw black billows of smoke / over the shed before Mrs. Brown” (Lines 30-31)