

5th
Grade
Weeks

3 & 4

ELA

April 13 - April 17

RECOMMENDED PACING GUIDE:

Monday April 13: Review strategies, concepts and vocabulary

Tuesday April 14: Read Miguel in the Middle and complete questions

Wednesday April 15: Read Ida B and answer the text evidence questions.

Thursday April 16: Work on Your Turn Pages

Friday April 17: Finish Your Turn Pages

Essential Question: What experiences can change the way you see yourself and the world around you?

Unit 5 Week 1

Story

"Ida B....."

Genre

Realistic Fiction

Story

"A Dusty Ride"

Genre

Realistic Fiction

Story

"Miguel in the Middle"

Genre

Realistic Fiction

Comprehension Strategy

make predictions

Comprehension Skill

character, setting, plot: compare and contrast

Vocabulary Strategy

context clues

Writing Traits

organization-strong openings

Grammar

clauses

Other Skills

fluency: expression

Genre

Realistic Fiction

**SPELLING/
PHONICS**

suffixes

serious
furious
eruption
usually
direction
position
forgetful
comfortable
finally
destruction
apparently
completely
eventually
carefully
microscopic
allergic
scientific
safety
activity
sickness

Vocabulary

disdain- contempt or dislike for something or someone thought of as unworthy

focused- fixed on; concentrated

genius- a person with high mental powers, especially creativity or inventiveness

perspective- a point of view

prospect- something looked forward to or expected

stunned- overwhelmed, shocked, or bewildered

superb- very fine; excellent

transition- a passage from one state, position, condition, or activity to another



Vocabulary

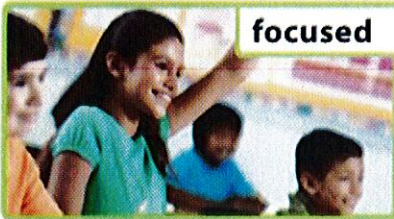
Use the picture and the sentences to talk with a partner about each word.



disdain

Rebecca likes to eat many vegetables, but she always shows **disdain** for broccoli.

What is a synonym for disdain?



focused

Ellie pays attention and stays **focused** during class discussions.

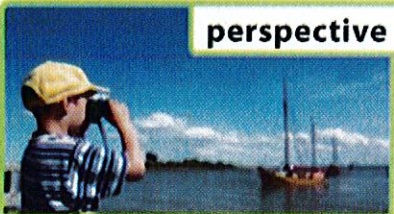
What is an antonym for focused?



genius

My sister is a **genius** when it comes to fixing computer problems.

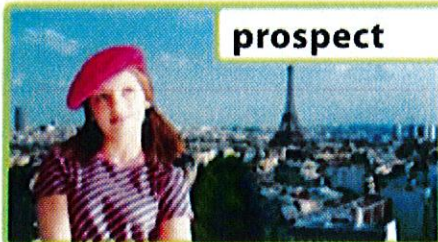
How might a mechanical genius help other people?



perspective

Binoculars gave Kyle a closer **perspective** of the boat in the harbor.

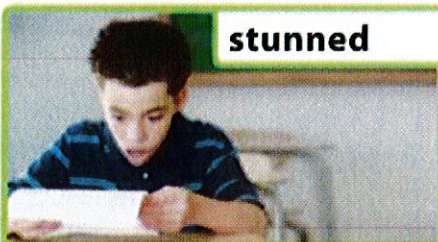
How does a telescope affect your perspective of the moon?



prospect

Gillian was happy at the **prospect** of traveling to Paris next year.

Why might the prospect of moving be both exciting and scary?



stunned

Luis was **stunned** by the unexpected test grade.

What kinds of events have stunned you?



superb

The cooking teacher praised his student for the **superb** dish.

What is a synonym for superb?



transition

Max was afraid to make the **transition** from walking to riding a bus to school.

How might you prepare a young child for this transition?



Your Turn

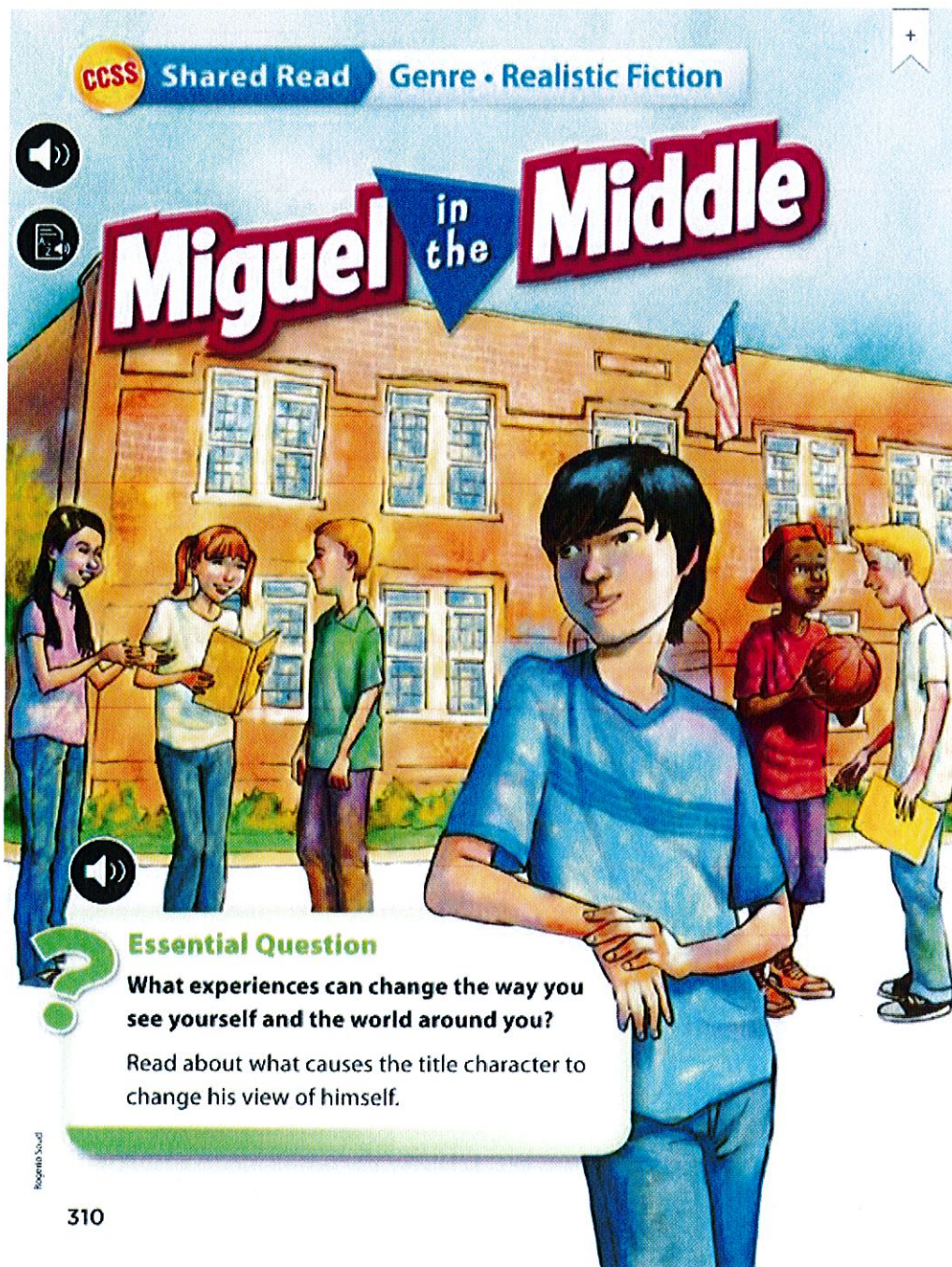


Pick three words. Write three questions for your partner to answer.

Go Digital! Use the online visual glossary



INSTRUCTIONS: Read the story and complete the make connections questions, then practice the weekly strategies by reading pages 314-317 and answering the questions on each page. (There is a space to answer all questions after pg 317).





For as long as I can remember, I've always been in the middle. I'm the middle child in my family. I've always sat in the middle of the classroom in school. Even my first and last names, Miguel Martinez, start with an M—the middle letter of the alphabet.

Luckily, I'm also in the middle of a large circle of friends. Most of them are classmates in school—well, at least they were until now. You see, I started middle school in September, and the **transition** from elementary school caused some painful changes for me. All of my closest friends go to a different middle school in the area, because of the way our school district is mapped out. The only classmate I know from my old school is Jake, who's a **genius** in math, but since it's not my favorite subject, we never became friends.

Another big change is that I'm no longer situated in the middle of the classroom. My seat is now in the front row. Also, my new teachers shovel tons more homework at us (especially in math) than we used to get. So you can imagine why my heart wasn't exactly dancing when middle school began.





By the end of October, Jake and I had become good friends. It happened because I was so hopeless trying to do my math homework. I have a **disdain** for math—especially fractions. To me, fractions are a foreign language—I may as well be trying to learn Greek or Latin. So one day, I approached Jake after school.

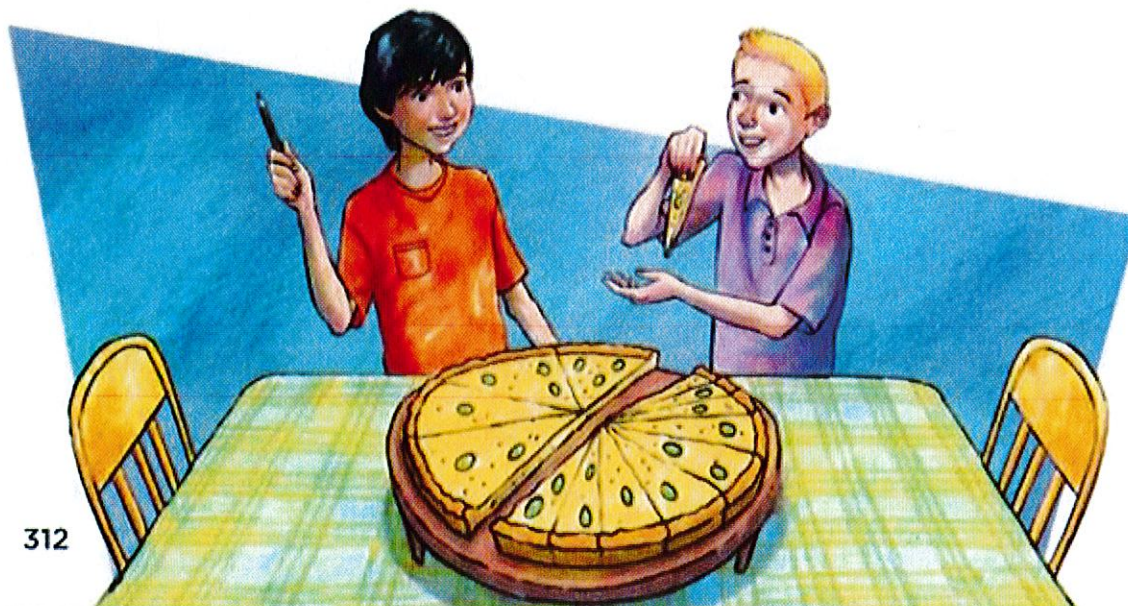
“Hey, Jake,” I began, “I was wondering if you could—”

“Help you with the math homework, right?” he said, completing my sentence. “Sure, I’d be happy to help you, Miguel.”

I was **stunned** because, to be truthful, I wasn’t sure until that moment if Jake even knew my name. And yet here he was, happy to save me from drowning in my sea of math problems.

That night, Jake and I had a study session, and it was time well spent. I must admit that Jake’s a **superb** math teacher. He used slices of a pizza pie to explain the idea of eighths and sixteenths, and by the end of the night, I finally understood why eight-sixteenths is the same as one-half!

The next day in class, I was even able to answer one of the math problems our teacher put on the chalkboard. She was surprised when I raised my hand, and guess what—so was I!



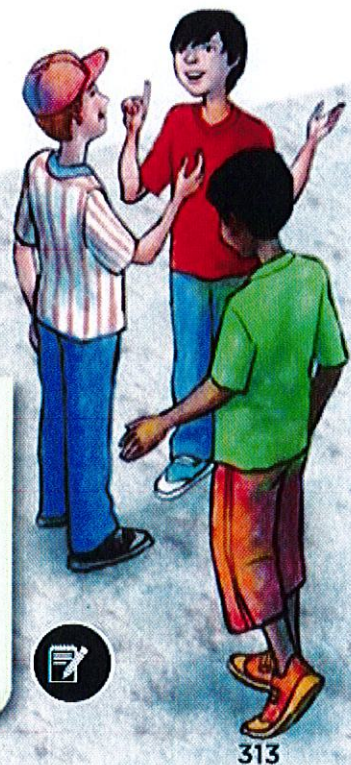


They say time flies when you're having fun, and I guess it's really true. I can't believe winter vacation is almost here! The school days have been flying by like a jet plane. I suppose it's because I'm a much more **focused** student—especially in math—than I ever was before. Until this year, I always looked forward to the **prospect** of a school break. Now, I actually feel sad that I'll be away from middle school for two weeks.

The other day, the most amazing thing happened when our teacher gave us a math brainteaser. She asked, "If you wrote all the numbers from one to one hundred, how many times would you write a nine?" The question was harder than it seemed.

Most of the students said ten, although some clever kids said eleven, because they realized that ninety-nine has two nines, not just one. But Jake and I were the only students with the correct answer—twenty! Everyone else forgot to count all the nineties.

Jake and I plan to hang out together during winter break. He promised to show me the Math Museum downtown. It won't just be us, however, since all my new friends from middle school will come, too. You see, even though I now have a completely different **perspective** on math, some things haven't changed. I'm still in the middle of a large circle of friends!



Make Connections



Discuss the ways that Miguel changed after entering middle school. What caused him to change? **ESSENTIAL QUESTION**

When has a new place changed the way you see yourself or the world around you? **TEXT TO SELF**





Make Predictions

When you **make predictions** as you read text, you use text details to help you think about what might happen next. You can confirm your predictions if they are correct. If they are not correct, you can revise them.



Find Text Evidence

When you read the second paragraph of “Miguel in the Middle” on page 311, you might make a prediction about how Miguel will feel in his new school.

page 311

For as long as I can remember, I’ve always been in the middle. I’m the middle child in my family. I’ve always sat in the middle of the classroom in school. Even my first and last names, Miguel Martínez, start with an M—the middle letter of the alphabet.

Luckily, I’m also in the middle of a large circle of friends. Most of them are classmates in school—well, at least they were until now. You see, I started middle school in September, and the **transition** from elementary school caused some painful changes for me. All of my closest friends go to a different middle school in the area, because of the way our school district is mapped out. The only classmate I know from my old school is Jake, who’s a **genius** in math, but since it’s not my favorite subject, we never became friends.

When I read that all of Miguel’s friends had gone to a different school, I predicted that Miguel will be unhappy in his new school. When Miguel mentioned Jake, I revised this by predicting that Jake may become a friend.



Your Turn

COLLABORATE



What did you predict would happen after the first page?
Point to the text evidence that supported your prediction.
As you read, use the strategy Make Predictions.





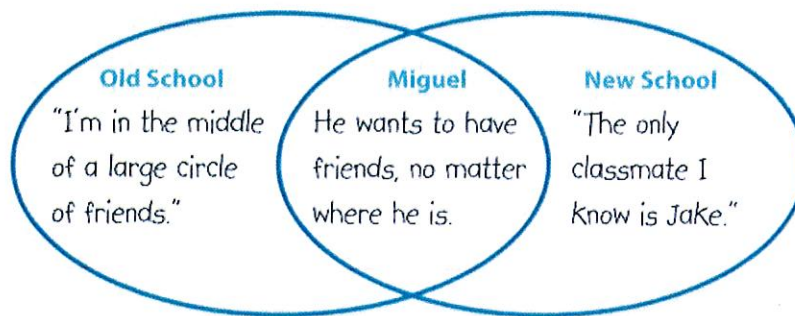
Compare and Contrast

When you **compare and contrast settings** in a story, you figure out how the places and times are alike and different. In a story with more than one setting, you can compare and contrast the effects of the different settings on the characters.



Find Text Evidence

By contrasting the settings in "Miguel in the Middle" on page 311, I find that Miguel was happy in his old school and unhappy in the new one. However, he wants to have friends no matter where he is.



Your Turn

COLLABORATE



Reread the rest of "Miguel in the Middle." Record details about Miguel's old school and new school in the graphic organizer. In the center, describe how Miguel remains the same in both places.

Go Digital! Use the interactive graphic organizer





Realistic Fiction

The selection “Miguel in the Middle” is realistic fiction.

Realistic fiction:

- Has characters and settings that could actually exist
- May have a first-person narrator
- May include figurative language, such as hyperbole and metaphor



Find Text Evidence

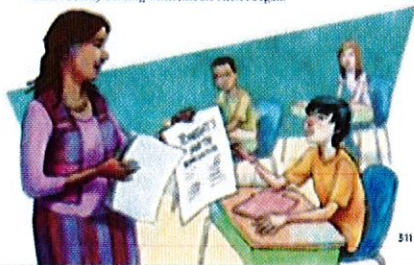
I see that “Miguel in the Middle” is realistic fiction. Miguel attends middle school. When Miguel says that teachers shovel tons more homework, he is using hyperbole, as people do. Shovel is used as a metaphor to show how the homework seems to be assigned.

page 311

For as long as I can remember, I've been in the middle. I'm the middle child in my family. I've always sat in the middle of the classroom in school. Even my first and last names, Miguel Martinez, start with an M—the middle letter of the alphabet.

Luckily, I'm also in the middle of a large circle of friends. Most of them are classmates in school—well, at least they were until now. You see, I started middle school in September, and the transition from elementary school caused some painful changes for me. All of my closest friends go to a different middle school in the area, because of the way our school district is mapped out. The only classmate I knew from my old school is Jake, who's a genius in math, but since it's not my favorite subject, we never became friends.

Another big change is that I'm no longer situated in the middle of the classroom. My seat is now in the front row. Also, my new teachers shovel tons more homework at us (especially in math) than we used to get. So you can imagine why my heart wasn't exactly dancing when middle school began.



Narrator The narrator is the person who tells the story.

Figurative Language Figurative language paints a word picture. Hyperbole exaggerates, and metaphors compare unlike things.



Your Turn

COLLABORATE



How does the narrator's point of view affect “Miguel in the Middle”? Point out any figurative language.





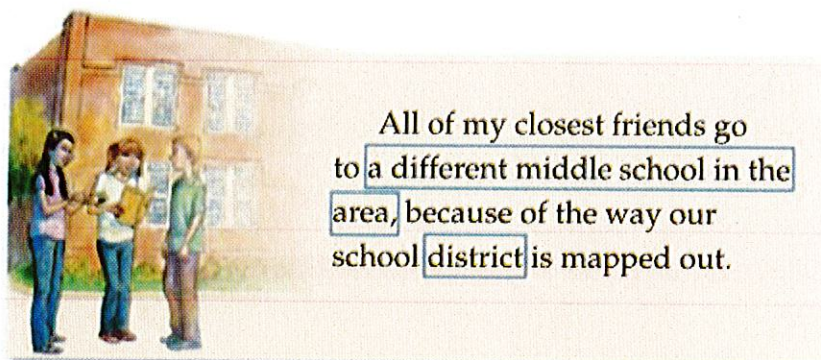
Context Clues

When you find an unfamiliar or multiple meaning word in a sentence, you can look for sentence clues such as **comparisons** to help you figure out the meaning.



Find Text Evidence

When I read the second paragraph of "Miguel in the Middle," I can use the comparison a different middle school in the area to figure out the meaning of district in school district. District must mean the same as "area."



Your Turn



Use context clues to figure out the meanings of the following words in "Miguel in the Middle."

situated, page 311

session, page 312

brainteaser, page 313



Make Connections 1 (pg 313): Discuss the ways that Miguel changed after entering middle school. What caused him to change?

Make Connections 2 (pg 313): When has a new place changed the way you see yourself or the world around you?

Your Turn (pg. 314): What did you predict would happen after the first page? Point to the text evidence that supported your prediction. As you read, use the strategy "Make Predictions."

Your Turn (pg. 315):

Reread the rest of "Miguel in the Middle." Record details about Miguel's old school and new school in the graphic organizer. In the center describe how Miguel remains the same in both places.

Old School	How remains Miguel remains the same in both places	New School

Your Turn (pg. 316): How does the narrator's point of view affect "Miguel in the Middle"? Point out any figurative language.

Your Turn (pg. 317) : Use context clues to figure out the meanings of the following words in "Miguel in the Middle."

situated, pg. 311 _____

session, pg. 312 _____

brainteaser pg. 313 _____



Ida B

...and Her Plans to Maximize
Fun, Avoid Disaster, and
(Possibly) Save the World

by Katherine Hannigan
illustrated by Steven Mach

Bookmarks



Essential Question

What experiences can change the way you see yourself and the world around you?

Read about how Ida B's experience at school gives her a new perspective.

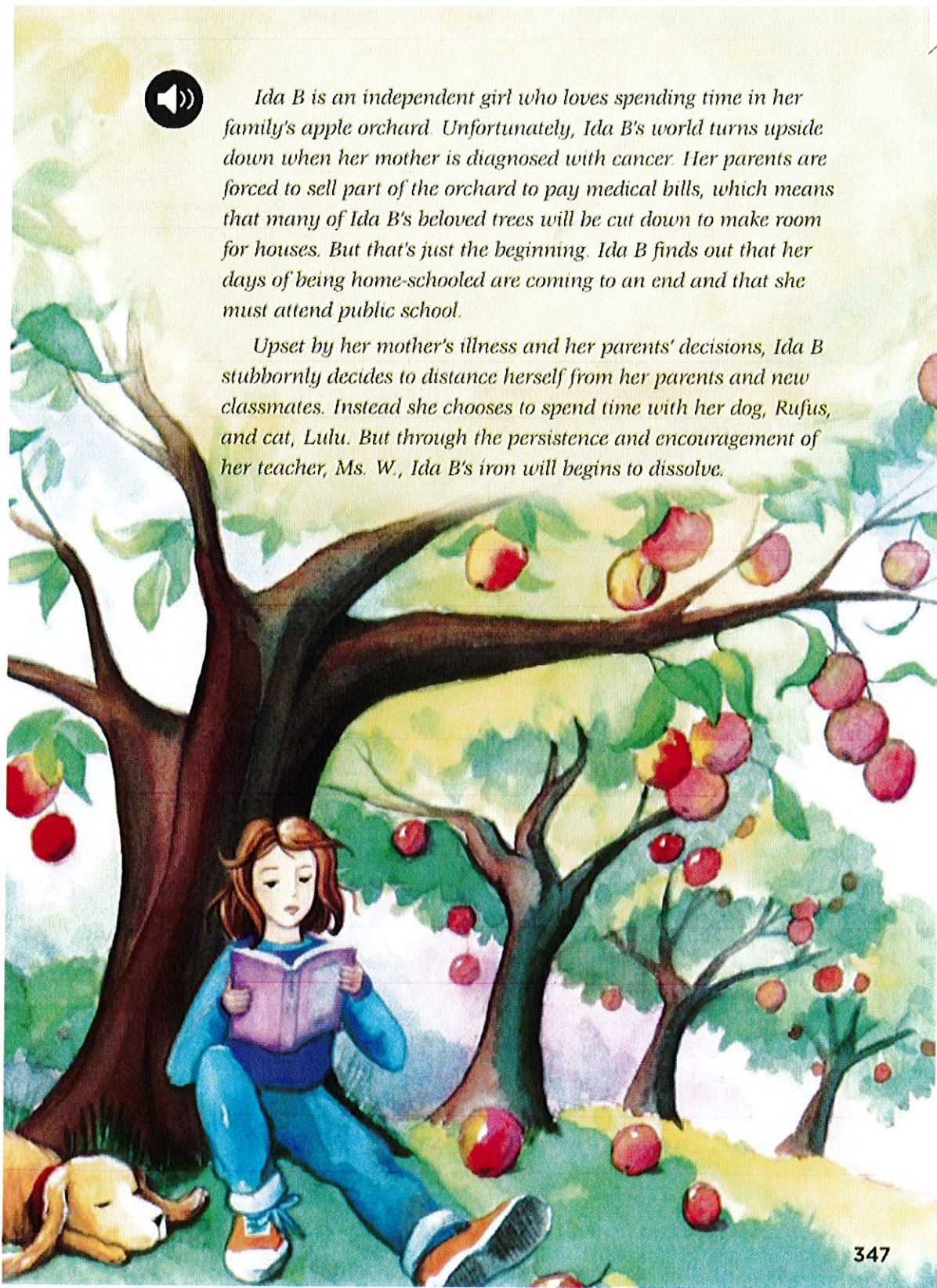


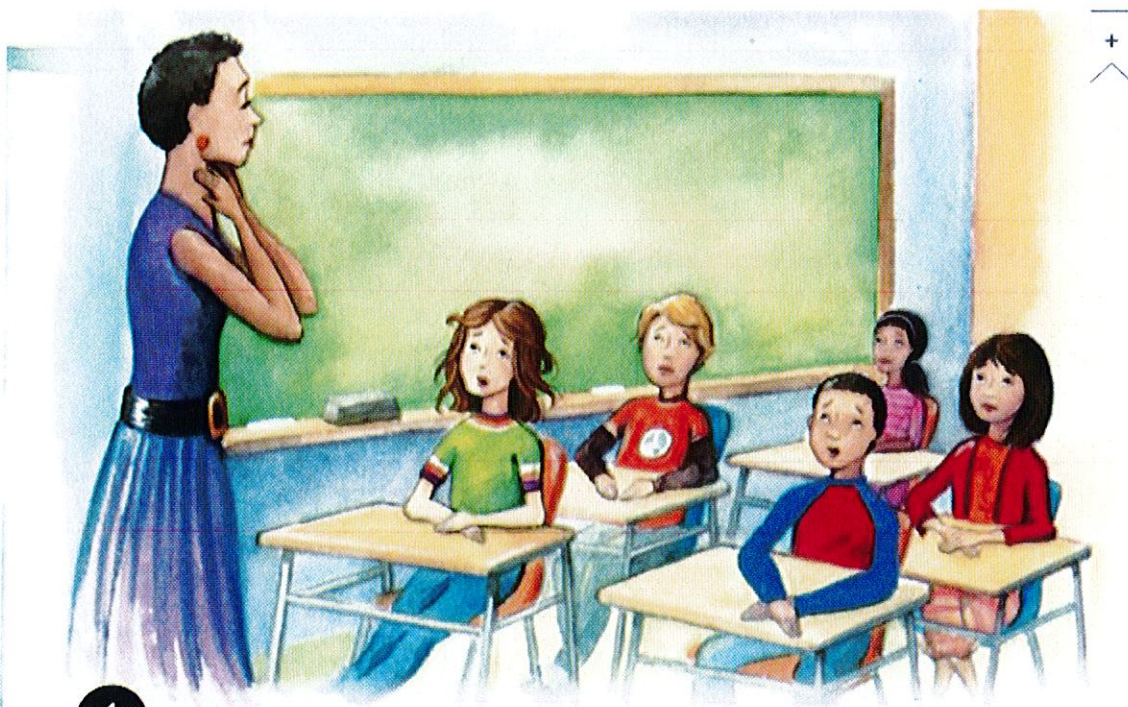
Go Digital!



Ida B is an independent girl who loves spending time in her family's apple orchard. Unfortunately, Ida B's world turns upside down when her mother is diagnosed with cancer. Her parents are forced to sell part of the orchard to pay medical bills, which means that many of Ida B's beloved trees will be cut down to make room for houses. But that's just the beginning. Ida B finds out that her days of being home-schooled are coming to an end and that she must attend public school.

Upset by her mother's illness and her parents' decisions, Ida B stubbornly decides to distance herself from her parents and new classmates. Instead she chooses to spend time with her dog, Rufus, and cat, Lulu. But through the persistence and encouragement of her teacher, Ms. W., Ida B's iron will begins to dissolve.





One day after lunch Ms. W. told the class, "I know it's time to read, but I don't think I can do it today. My voice is too tired."

She put her hand on her throat and scrunched up her face like something was painning her. It was the same face she'd make when Simone Martini was just about yelling across the room to Patrice Polinski, and Ms. W. would say, "Simone, use your inside voice. You are hurting my ears."

Everybody looked up from their chattering or worksheets at just about the same time, in exactly the same direction, with the same expression on their faces: a mix of thirty percent shock, twenty percent disbelief, and fifty percent plain old sad.

"Aw, man!" Matthew Dribble said right out loud.

I felt like the bottom had just dropped out of my stomach and everything I ate for lunch was tumbling around in my gut.

"Nope, my voice is just too tired," Ms. W. said, and, sure enough, it was sounding weak and raspy. "And we were going to read *Alexandra Potemkin* and *the Space Shuttle to Planet Z*, too. Well, that's disappointing."



Ms. W. sat down, put her head in her hand, and her body wilted. Like not only was her voice tired, but every bone in her body needed a rest.

"Please?" begged Alice Mae Grunderman.

"Please, Ms. Washington?" asked Patrice and Simone at the same time, with the same moon-eyed face.

And then everybody got the idea, and it became a sort of song with a verse of "Please, Ms. Washington" and a chorus of "Please, please, please."

But Ms. W.'s voice was deteriorating at an alarming speed, because now she could only speak in a hoarse whisper, and everybody had to stop with their "please"ing just to hear her.

"I'm sorry, but I can't."

She paused, and we could all tell by the look on her face that she was thinking hard. So we stayed quiet to give her some room.

"Maybe," she said, looking up and forcing a weak smile, "we could have a guest reader, just for today?"

Well, it was hard to imagine anybody but Ms. W. reading, and we all just sat there for a minute. Then one by one, people started nodding their heads and looking at each other and nodding more and smiling, because nobody wanted to miss story time, not even Tina Poleetie, who usually slept through it.

And after a couple of minutes of that, people started looking at Ms. W., nodding their heads real hard, sticking out their chests, and saying out loud, "I think that's a great idea" and "Yes, let's have a guest reader today," because they were realizing that maybe they could be the Guest Reader and Star Student of the Afternoon. They wanted to remind Ms. Washington that not only were they **superb** readers, but wonderful human beings, too.



Especially Calvin "Big-Headed" Faribault, who actually raised his hand, and I just knew it was to volunteer out of the kindness of his big, fat, big-headed heart.

But Ms. W. didn't even look in Calvin's direction. "Ida, since I know you've read the book," she said to me weakly, like it was her last request, "could you please read the first chapter today?"

Well, I was so shocked and embarrassed, sitting there with my mouth wide open, that I almost couldn't tell that all the other kids were staring at me with their mouths wide open, too. Making words into story music like Ms. W. did was the one thing I wanted to do more than just about anything in the world. But telling a story out loud in front of my class at Ernest B. Lawson Elementary School was nearly the last thing I'd want to do in my entire life. I was so confused about whether I should be happy or scared, I just sat there.

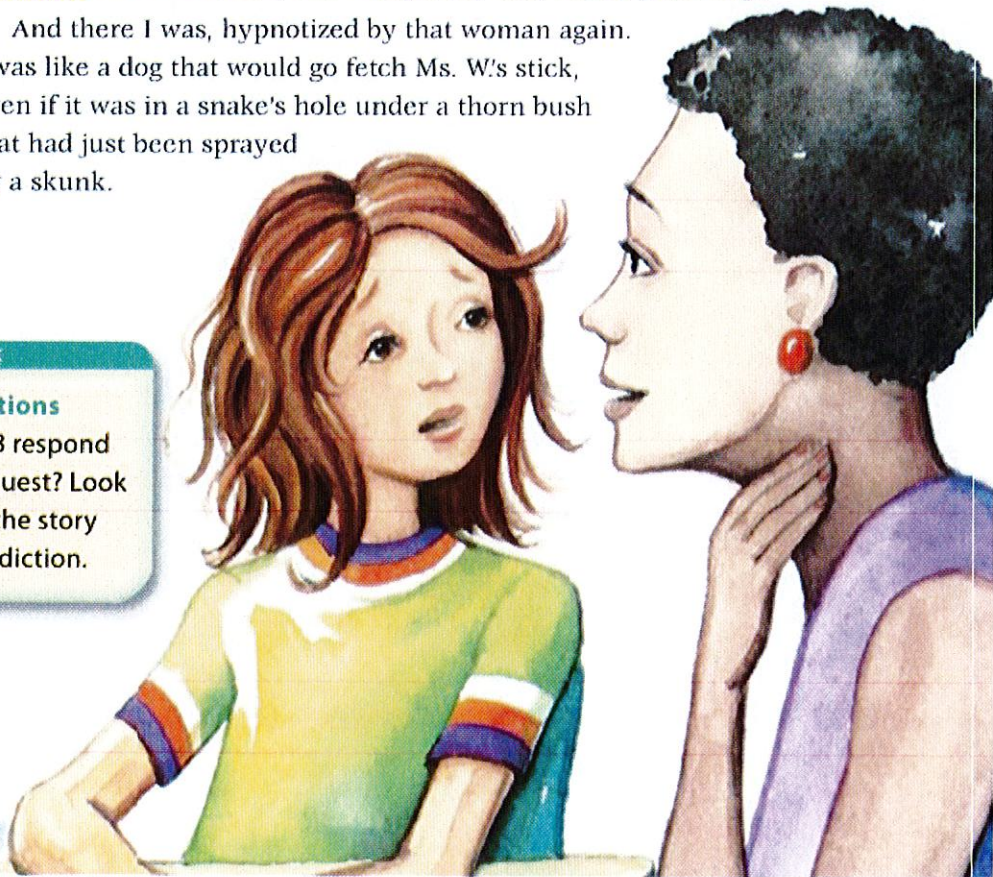
Ms. W. got up, walked over to me, put her face next to my **stunned** and frozen one, and whispered, "Ida, I need your help."

And there I was, hypnotized by that woman again. I was like a dog that would go fetch Ms. W.'s stick, even if it was in a snake's hole under a thorn bush that had just been sprayed by a skunk.

STOP AND CHECK

Make Predictions

How will Ida B respond to Ms. W.'s request? Look for details in the story to Make a Prediction.





I looked at Ms. W., just scared now, because I knew I was going to do it but I didn't know how.

"I know you'll be great," she croaked.

And in my head I was already trotting off, looking for that stick, even though I could smell the stink and the thorns were pricking me.

"Do you want to sit there, or in my chair?" Ms. W. asked.

"I'll sit here," I mumbled.

She set the book down on my desk, brought her chair over, sat down next to me, put her head back, and closed her eyes.

"Whenever you're ready, Ida," she rasped.

Ms. W. had given me quite a few books to read already because it only took me one or two days at the most to read them, unless I was working on my Terrify the People Who Bought Our Land Project. *Alexandra Potemkin and the Space Shuttle to Planet Z* was my favorite so far. It was Rufus's favorite, too.

I got tingly in my fingers thinking about opening up the book and reading those words out loud, making my voice go high and low, rough and smooth, like I did in my room. But my legs were shivering like they were out in a blizzard, and my stomach was flipping forward, then backward, forward, then backward, thinking about all of those people looking at me and hearing my voice.

I closed my eyes, put my right hand on top of the book, and passed it lightly across the cover. It was cool and smooth like a stone from the bottom of the brook, and it stilled me. A whole other world is inside there, I thought to myself, and that's where I want to be.

I opened the book and got ready to read the title, but I could feel everybody's eyes on me, crowding me so there was hardly any air. The only sounds that came out of me were little peeps, like a baby bird chirping "*Alexandra Potemkin and the Space Shuttle to Planet Z.*"



Ms. Washington, with her eyes still closed, leaned over and whispered, "You'll have to read louder, honey, so everyone can hear."

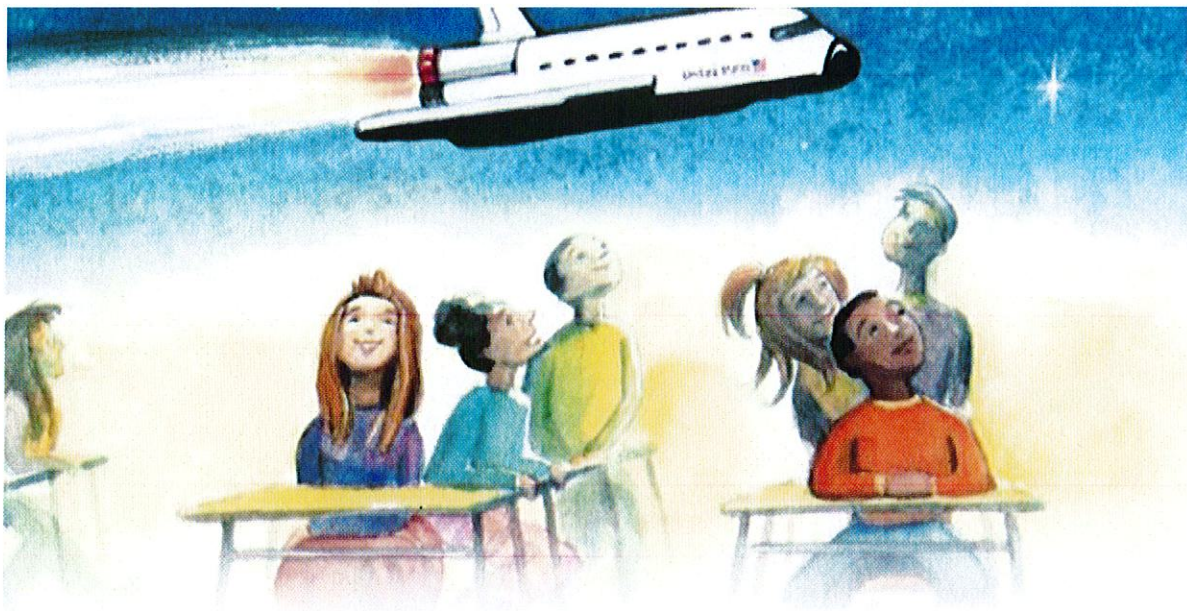
"Yes, ma'am," I whispered back. I took a deep breath, filled my stomach up with air, and then made my muscles squeeze it out, so it pushed a big gust of wind over my voice box and out my mouth.

"Chapter One," I bellowed. My voice was so loud it surprised me, and I jumped back a little in my chair.

But nobody laughed. They were listening.

The book is about Alexandra, and her parents think she is quite difficult, but actually she is a **genius** who is assisting the also-genius scientist Professor Zelinski in her quest to explore the lost planet Z. Alexandra gets into some trouble, but really she is just a very **focused** person.

At first, I was worrying about all of those people watching and listening. But after a few minutes, I left that classroom and went into the story. I was in Alexandra's laboratory instead of at school, and I was just saying out loud everything I saw her do or felt her feel. I let my voice tell the way she did it and saw it and felt it.



And I was so looking forward to seeing what happened next, I forgot that I was reading. All of a sudden it was the end of the chapter and it was like I was snatched out of a dream and couldn't quite recall where I was. I looked around and saw I was sitting at a desk, there was a book in front of me, kids were staring at me, and slowly I remembered.

I glanced over at Ms. W., and she smiled and whispered, "Thank you very much, Ida. That was lovely."

I handed Ms. W. the book, and we got back to work and everything was just like always, except that Ms. W. had to write all the instructions on the board instead of talking them.

At study time when I went to Ronnie's desk, he looked right in my eyes and said, "You read real good, Ida." And this time it was me staring down at my shoes like they might disappear if I didn't keep watching them.

My throat got stopped up so I could hardly say, "Thank you."

Nothing was different except the warm glow that was in my belly and my arms and my legs and my head and wouldn't go away. Even on the long, cruddy bus ride home.



STOP AND CHECK

Confirm or Revise Predictions How does Ida B respond to the challenge of reading in front of the class? What does this tell about her? Use the strategy Confirm or Revise Predictions.



"How was school today, Ida B?" Mama and Daddy would ask me every day after I first went back to Ernest B. Lawson Elementary School.

And every day I'd say, "It was O.K.," which now also stood for Overwhelming Kalamity.

"Well, what did you do?"

And I would just tell them the facts, hard and cold like my heart. "We had English, then we had science, then we went to the gym..." with no ups or downs or any part of the real me in there.

It was the same thing every day, and it was so boring and old and dry like stale bread I couldn't believe they kept trying for as long as they did.

After a while, though, they gave up. They'd just say, "How are you doing, Ida B?"

"O.K.," I'd mumble.

And that would be it. I didn't think they needed any more words than that to let them know that there was nothing close to joy floating around inside me.

But this day was different. The good feeling I had from reading that story out loud had been growing bit by bit all afternoon, till it ended up being a full-blown happiness by the time I got home. I'd keep thinking about what I did, and how it felt, and the warm brightness in me would get bigger and stronger and shinier every time.





My legs wanted to skip down the drive instead of walk. My mouth wanted to smile instead of scowl. My arms wanted to hug somebody instead of holding my backpack to my chest like a shield. My heart was horrified.

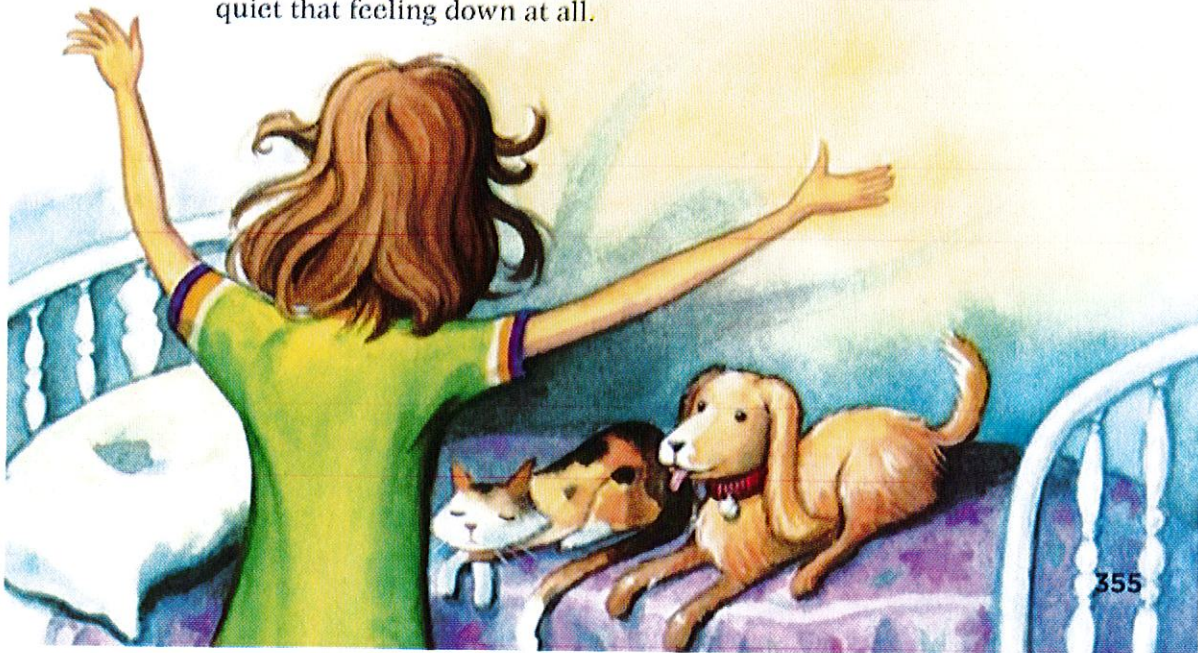
That happiness would not be satisfied staying inside me, either. It wanted to be shared. And it didn't mind who it shared itself with, including Mama and Daddy.

I could just imagine having dinner with the two of them and all kinds of good feelings spilling out of me. There I'd be, grinning and gabbing, and the next thing you'd know Mama and Daddy would be thinking that I had transformed into my old perky self, that school was the best thing that ever happened to me, and maybe everything had worked out just fine after all.

And that would not be acceptable.

I was not going to let that happiness compromise my stand that, even though good things might happen in the world from time to time, nothing was right in my family or in my valley.

So I tried to get rid of some of it before dinnertime by telling Rufus and Lulu about my Out Loud Reading Adventure. I sat them both on my bed, and while Lulu glared at Rufus with the deadliest **disdain**, I told them my story. Two thumps of Rufus's tail and a bored yawn from Lulu, though, didn't quiet that feeling down at all.





By the time I sat down to dinner, that happiness was doing somersaults of excitement in my stomach. It was jiggling with delight at the **prospect** of telling Mama and Daddy about my day. It was itching to talk about how pleased I was with Ms. W. and the stories she gave me, and reading *Alexandra Potemkin and the Space Shuttle to Planet Z* most of all. It even wanted to start chatting about Ronnie.

I tried to get away before any of the pleasure leaked out of me.

"I'm not hungry. Can I be excused?" I asked.

Daddy, however, was prepared to spoil my plan. "You need to eat your dinner, Ida B," he said.

"Eat a little bit, honey," Mama added.

Well, by that point my heart was beating extra hard trying to keep that happiness down and quiet, and it was losing ground fast. I realized I'd have to let some of it out so I could rein the rest of it in and get control of my insides again.

I focused on my carrots, lining them up with my fork vertically, then horizontally, then zigzag. And I released one tiny tidbit of cheer.

"I read a book out loud to my class today," I said, struggling to keep my voice low and even.

Daddy looked up and stared, like he didn't quite know what to do with a bit of conversation from me.

"Oh, Ida B, did you like it?" Mama asked, smiling at me.

I just nodded my head.

"What did you read?" Mama kept on.

"Just a book about a girl," I told those carrots.

"Did you know the book, or was that the first time you read it?"

"I read it before."

"Were you scared reading in front of all of those people, Ida B?"

I shrugged, like it was such a not-big-deal I could hardly recall. "Not really."



"Was it wonderful, baby?" Mama asked.

And as soon as Mama said it, I felt every drop of the goodness from reading that story. It flooded my insides, and I couldn't stop the happiness from pouring out of me.

"Yes," I said.

Then I looked right at Mama, for the first time in what seemed like forever, and she wasn't looking at me, but into me. She was pulling me to her with her eyes, like she used to do. All of a sudden I could see the light that was Mama's shining out of her eyes. I couldn't help smiling at it.

"Be careful," my heart warned me.

But I was having a hard time remembering that there was anything to be careful about. Because if I just looked at Mama's eyes, and not her bald head or her pale skin, I could tell that the part of her I thought had gone away forever was still there and glowing, only from deep down inside her.



STOP AND CHECK

Visualize How does Ida B's behavior toward her parents change? Visualizing her actions may help you.

Text Evidence

1. How is Ida B a realistic character? Give examples of what she says and does that show she is a realistic character. **GENRE**
2. How does each setting affect Ida B's behavior? Explain how her behavior is similar and different in each place.
COMPARE AND CONTRAST
3. What is the meaning of the word *hypnotized* in the last paragraph of page 350? Use the comparison in the surrounding sentences to help you figure out the word's meaning. **CONTEXT CLUES: COMPARISON**

Text Evidence Question #1 Response:

What Ida B. Says: _____

What Ida B does (how she acts): _____

Text Evidence Question #2 Response:

Similar: _____

Different: _____

Text Evidence Question #3 Response:

Meaning of hypnotized: _____

Context clue and how it was used: _____

Vocabulary

Name _____

disdain

prospect

focused

superb

genius

stunned

perspective

transition

Finish each sentence using the vocabulary word provided.

1. (perspective) We looked at the problem from _____

2. (disdain) When he said he didn't like any of my favorite things, _____

3. (superb) She liked all the food, but _____

4. (transition) My little sister will soon _____

5. (genius) We each have our own talents, but _____

6. (stunned) When the best runner slipped on the track, _____

7. (prospect) After working hard all year, _____

8. (focused) The dog was sitting at the window _____

Name _____

Read the passage. Use the make predictions strategy to help you understand what you are reading.

Bringing Home Laddie

12 "Papa, let's go!" Sofia was dressed and waiting on the shabby wooden
24 porch. Her father couldn't hear her. He was in the neighbor's garden,
38 digging up an ancient tree stump. Sofia shifted her feet and picked at the
51 peeling paint on the railing. The sun hammered down on the porch, so
66 that it was not merely hot, but sweltering. It would serve Papa right if she
80 melted away like the Wicked Witch of the West. Why should Sofia have to
91 wait? Why couldn't their neighbor, Mrs. Stone, wait instead? Then Papa
could drive Sofia to the animal shelter now to adopt her new dog.

104 Sofia peered into the shadows of the house. "Mom," she yelled, "Papa
116 promised we could go early. Do I have to walk?" She could imagine how
130 unhappy she'd look—just another stray dog trudging dejectedly down
140 the road.

142 Her mother came to the door, a damp dish towel in her hand. "Sofia,
156 come help me." Sofia stayed where she was, as rooted as the neighbor's
169 tree stump. "Standing here won't make your father finish any sooner. If
181 you help me, he'll be here before you know it."

191 Sofia gave a sigh of profound suffering and followed her mother
202 through the cool house into the spotless, lemony kitchen. She leaned
213 against the counter and dried the dishes her mother handed her—along
225 with a reminder of the promise she'd made to take care of the dog herself.
240 "I know, Mom, I know," Sofia whined. To her surprise, by the time the
254 dishes were dry, Papa was back. The time really had passed quickly, just as
268 Mom had said it would.

273 When Sofia and her parents arrived at the shelter, an attendant escorted
285 them to the dogs' quarters, a glaring concrete courtyard lined with tiny
297 cages on all four sides. Its smell was revolting—a mixture of mouthwash
310 and Papa's old fishing bucket.

Name _____

"Go look at them, Sweetie," said her father with a smile. Sofia was already heading toward one of the cages. As she neared it, the gaunt gray dog inside bared its teeth, backing away and growling. Sofia stared at it blankly. Didn't the dog like her? Maybe none of them would! Tears crowded her eyes, making them ache.

The attendant, who had followed Sofia, offered an explanation, "That poor thing's just skin and bones, and she's terrified of people. I think she's been mistreated. Let's go meet Laddie." Sofia looked back at the forlorn little dog, and she could see now how sad it looked.

Laddie was larger than the first dog, and his black and white fur was shaggier. When he saw Sofia, he rushed to the front of his cage, lifted his front legs, and scrambled at the wire with his forepaws. One of his eyes was sky blue, and the other was chocolate brown. "You can pet him," the woman said to Sofia. "He won't bite." Sofia reached toward Laddie's smiling muzzle. The little sheepdog whined and gently licked her fingers. Sofia felt a tug at her heart and realized that Laddie had just slipped a leash over it.



The attendant took Laddie from his cage. He rolled onto his back, wagging his tail and gazing devotedly at Sofia. She rubbed his belly. The attendant showed how to hold his leash in two hands when she walked Laddie and reminded her to clean up after him. "Never leave his mess on other people's lawns," the attendant instructed. Sofia nodded, smiling.

As soon as they arrived home, Sofia got bowls of water and food for Laddie. She set them on a rubber mat on the kitchen floor and watched while Laddie ate. When he was done, she washed his food bowl and put it back on the shelf. "Well," said her mother with a proud smile, "it seems like you'll be looking after someone else for a change." Sofia grinned, petting the head of her contented dog.

Stuffing some plastic bags into her pocket, she picked up Laddie's leash. "Want to go meet Mrs. Stone?" As Laddie bounded beside her, his tail waved hello to all his new neighbors.

Name _____

A. Reread the passage and answer the questions.

1. Contrast the first dog and Laddie. How are they different?

2. How does Sofia change from the beginning of the story to the end?

3. What causes the change in Sofia?

4. How are the settings of the animal shelter and Sofia's kitchen different?

B. Work with a partner. Read the passage aloud. Pay attention to expression. Stop after one minute. Fill out the chart.

	Words Read	—	Number of Errors	=	Words Correct Score
First Read		—		=	
Second Read		—		=	

Name _____

The Spelling Bee

Gabe stood in the wings of the high school auditorium. The stage was huge, with chairs for 45 students. There were 3,000 people in the audience. "This is very different from our school's auditorium," he thought. "Ours holds only 300 people, and our stage isn't big enough to hold a fly." Gabe had won his school's spelling bee, but he doubted he would do well here. "I'll do the best I can," Gabe said to himself as he stepped onto the stage and focused on the spelling bee. By the end of the day, Gabe had made it to the state finals, and he felt a lot better about himself.

Answer the questions about the text.

1. How do you know this text is realistic fiction? What makes the characters, events, and dialogue realistic?

2. Write an example of figurative language found in the text. Explain why it is figurative language.

3. Who is the narrator of the story? Explain how you know.

4. Write a descriptive detail from the text that tells how Gabe felt after the spelling bee. How does this detail help you experience the text as realistic?

Name _____

Read each sentence. Underline the context clues in the sentence that help you define each word in bold. Then, in your own words, write the definition of the word in bold.

1. The sun hammered down on the porch, so that it was not merely hot, but **sweltering**.

2. Its smell was **revolting**—a mixture of mouthwash and Papa's old fishing bucket.

3. As she neared it, the **gaunt** gray dog inside bared its teeth, backing away and growling. . . . The attendant, who had followed Sofia, offered an explanation. "That poor thing's just skin and bones, and she's terrified of people."

4. Sofia looked back at the **forlorn** little dog, and she could see now how sad it looked.

5. As soon as he saw Sofia, he rushed to the front of his cage, lifted his front legs, and scrabbled at the wire with his **forepaws**.

Name _____

A. Add the suffix in parentheses to the word in bold.

New Word

1. (less) **weight** _____
2. (ist) **violin** _____
3. (ion) **express** _____
4. (ist) **art** _____
5. (ful) **forget** _____

B. Circle the suffix in each word. Then write a definition of the word based on the suffix.

6. narration _____
7. thoughtful _____
8. biologist _____
9. eruption _____
10. limitless _____

Name _____

Evidence is details and examples from a text that support a writer's opinion. The student who wrote the paragraph below cited evidence to show how well the author used details to show setting.

Topic sentence	→	I think the author of "Bringing Home Laddie" did a good job of using details to show different settings. At the beginning, Sofia waits on a wooden porch at home. It is sweltering. Then Sofia goes inside to help her mother in the kitchen. It is cool, spotless, and lemony. Finally, Sofia goes to the shelter to get a dog. The shelter has a concrete courtyard lined with cages on all sides. It smells like mouthwash and a fishing bucket. I can clearly imagine each place. I think the author did a good job of using details to show setting.
Evidence	→	
Concluding statement	→	

Write a paragraph about a realistic fiction story. Cite evidence from the text to support your opinion as to how well the author used details to show different settings.

Write a topic sentence: _____

Cite evidence from the text: _____

End with a concluding statement: _____