KIPPster Packet:
Passages and Questions Grade 5

Name: ____________________________________________________________
Homeroom: _______________________________________________________
Teacher: __________________________________________________________

Table of Contents:

March 24 Passage and Questions..............................................................Pages 2-5
March 25 Passage and Questions..............................................................Pages 6-8
March 26 Passage and Questions..............................................................Pages 9-11
March 27 Passage and Questions..............................................................Pages 12-15
March 30 Passage and Questions..............................................................Pages 16-18
March 31 Passage and Questions..............................................................Pages 19-23
April 1 Passage and Questions.................................................................Pages 24-27
April 2 Passage and Questions.................................................................Pages 28-34
April 3 Passage and Questions.................................................................Pages 35-46
Extra Day of Passage and Questions.......................................................Pages 47-51
Directions:

We're excited to keep your brains engaged while we're experiencing this unique situation with COVID-19.

There are two different ways to complete this work:

Packet (whether it was picked up at school or printed from home):

- Annotate the passage -- just like we've done all year (3-5 words per paragraph-ish)
- Complete the GBTJ in the answer packet
- Answer the MC questions / the writing prompts in the answer packet

Reading off a computer/phone screen:

- Pause after each paragraph & complete the annotation in your head as you read the passage
- Use notebook paper to capture your answers--you can copy the format from the answer sheet if that's helpful. It should include:
  - Your GBTJ for each passage
  - Your MC answers / your written response to all questions / prompts

If you have specific questions, please reach out to your reading / writing / ELA teacher for guidance!

We're excited to see how hard you work -- it'll keep your brain sharp.

Stay healthy, & we're excited to see you (hopefully) soon!
What Are Wind Tunnels?

by David Hitt

1 Wind tunnels are large tubes with air moving inside. The tunnels are used to copy the actions of an object in flight. Researchers use wind tunnels to learn more about how an aircraft will fly. NASA uses wind tunnels to test scale models of aircraft and spacecraft. Some wind tunnels are big enough to hold full-size versions of vehicles. The wind tunnel moves air around an object, making it seem like the object is really flying.

How do Wind Tunnels Work?

2 Most of the time, powerful fans move air through the tube. The object to be tested is fastened in the tunnel so that it will not move. The object can be a small model of a vehicle. It can be just a piece of a vehicle. It can be a full-size aircraft or spacecraft. It can even be a common object like a tennis ball. The air moving around the still object shows what would happen if the object were moving through the air. How the air moves can be studied in different ways. Smoke or dye can be placed in the air and can be seen as it moves. Threads can be attached to the object to show how the air is moving. Special instruments are often used to measure the force of the air on the object.

How Does NASA Use Wind Tunnels for Aircraft?

3 NASA has more wind tunnels than any other group. The agency uses the wind tunnels in a lot of ways. One of the main ways NASA uses wind tunnels is to learn more about airplanes and how things move through the air. One of NASA’s jobs is to improve air transportation. Wind tunnels help NASA test ideas for ways to make aircraft better and safer. Engineers can test new materials or shapes for airplane parts. Then, before flying a new airplane, NASA will test it in a wind tunnel to make sure it will fly as it should.

4 NASA also works with others that need to use wind tunnels. That way, companies that are building new airplanes can test how the planes will fly. By letting these companies use the wind tunnels, NASA helps to make air travel safer.
How Can Wind Tunnels Help Spacecraft?

5 NASA also uses wind tunnels to test spacecraft and rockets. These vehicles are made to operate in space. Space has no atmosphere. Spacecraft and rockets have to travel through the atmosphere to get to space. Vehicles that take humans into space also must come back through the atmosphere to Earth.

6 Wind tunnels have been important in making the Ares rockets and Orion spacecraft. Ares and Orion are vehicles that will take astronauts into space. NASA engineers tested ideas for the design of Ares in wind tunnels. They needed to see how well Ares would fly. Engineers tested Orion models. They needed to know what would happen to different designs when the spacecraft came back through the atmosphere.

7 Long after the first design work is finished, NASA can still use wind tunnels. Wind tunnel tests have helped NASA change the space shuttle to make it safer. Wind tunnels will keep helping make all spacecraft and rockets better.

8 Wind tunnels can even help engineers design spacecraft to work on other worlds. Mars has a thin atmosphere. It is important to know what the Martian atmosphere will do to vehicles that are landing there. Spacecraft designs and parachutes are tested in wind tunnels set up to be like the Martian atmosphere.

9 NASA has many different types of wind tunnels. They are located at NASA centers all around the country. The wind tunnels come in a lot of sizes. Some are only a few inches square, and some are large enough to test a full-size airplane. Some wind tunnels test aircraft at very slow speeds. But some wind tunnels are made to test at hypersonic speeds. That is more than 4,000 miles per hour!
Directions: Answer the following questions based on passage you just read.

1. Which of the following best summarizes the main idea of the passage?

   A  “Researchers use wind tunnels to learn more about how an aircraft will fly.” (paragraph 1)
   B  “Special instruments are often used to measure the force of the air on the object.” (paragraph 2)
   C  “NASA engineers tested ideas for the design of Ares in wind tunnels.” (paragraph 6)
   D  “Long after the first design work is finished, NASA can still use wind tunnels.” (paragraph 7)

2. Which key detail helps the reader understand the importance of using wind tunnels?

   A  Wind tunnels can move air more than 4,000 miles per hour.
   B  Wind tunnels are design tools that help make safer aircraft vehicles.
   C  Wind tunnels can create different atmospheres.
   D  Wind tunnels are large tubes that show how air moves.

3. The statement that “NASA also works with others that need to use wind tunnels” most strongly suggests that

   A  many different groups are developing space shuttles
   B  NASA hopes to buy vehicles made by other agencies
   C  NASA has the largest wind tunnels in existence
   D  many companies do not have their own wind tunnels
4. The most important feature of a wind tunnel used to test vehicles that can land on Mars is the ability to test how

A  gravity affects vehicles
B  a thin atmosphere affects vehicles
C  high-speed winds affect vehicles
D  freezing temperatures affect vehicles

5. Which sentence from the passage best explains why NASA uses wind tunnels to test spacecraft models?

A  “These vehicles are made to operate in space.” (paragraph 5)
B  “Spacecraft and rockets have to travel through the atmosphere to get to space.” (paragraph 5)
C  “They needed to know what would happen to different designs when the spacecraft came back through the atmosphere.” (paragraph 6)
D  “Some are only a few inches square, and some are large enough to test a full-size airplane.” (paragraph 9)

6. Which sentence from the passage best explains how a wind tunnel works?

A  “NASA uses wind tunnels to test scale models of aircraft and spacecraft.” (paragraph 1)
B  “The object to be tested is fastened in the tunnel so that it will not move.” (paragraph 2)
C  “The air moving around the still object shows what would happen if the object were moving through the air.” (paragraph 2)
D  “Smoke or dye can be placed in the air and can be seen as it moves.” (paragraph 2)

7. What is the central idea of the article? Support your answer with details from the article.
Read this passage. Then answer the question that follows.

The Discontented Rock

an Iroquois tale by Frances Jenkins Olcott

1 FROM the beginning of the Earth, Gustahote, the great Rock, had overhung the valley. He watched and guarded the land, but he was not content, and longed to be something mightier and stronger than he was.

2 “If I could be the wide river that flows through the valley,” he thought, “then surely I should be mighty and strong! The river winds happy and free through its broad lands; and green grass and flowers follow its course. If I could only be that river!”

3 And instantly Gustahote the Rock became the river. Down the valley he sped, leaping with joy, and the singing brooks from the hills ran into his stream. Through rocky gorges he tossed his foaming waves toward the Sky, and they returned to him in a rainbow spray. He wound around the bases of lofty mountains, and leaped down precipices. Then through the silent forest he glided, and the trees dipped their branches in his cool waters.

4 On and on he hastened, faster and faster, growing wider as he went, until at last he plunged into the billowing ocean. It encircled him with its broad, hungry arms, and drew him down and mingled his waters with the deep, so that he was the river no longer.

5 Then suddenly Gustahote found himself again the Rock, overhanging and guarding the valley. And he rejoiced to have escaped from the hungry deep.

6 But he was not content. He still longed to be something mightier and stronger than he was.

7 “If I could have wings, and live in the Sky,” he thought, “then surely I should be mighty and strong! The Sky is open and pathless, and leads to unseen heights. It has no billowing deep to swallow the unfortunate.”

8 And even as he thought thus, Gustahote the Rock became a bird, and the air was caressing and delicious as he tried his wings. He plumed them, and fluttered them, and spreading them wide, soared into the Sky. Beneath him were the valleys and the forests and the mountains, growing smaller and smaller as he flew upward.

9 The air became cold, as he rose above the clouds and entered the Land of Mists. A whirling wind rushed past him, breaking his wings. They drooped at his sides, and he fell heavily toward the Earth. But a fiercer blast caught him, and tore his body to fragments, and whirled the pieces over and over through the endless grey Sky.
Then suddenly Gustahote found himself again the Rock, overhanging and guarding the valley. And he rejoiced that he had escaped from the pathless Sky.

But still he was not content. He longed to be something mightier and stronger than he was.

“If I could be a creature, and wander about on the Earth,” thought he, “then surely I should be mighty and strong. Fair are the valleys of the Earth, and wide its green forests, and beautiful and fruitful its meadows. It has no fierce rushing wind to rend in pieces the unfortunate.”

And even as he thought thus, Gustahote the Rock became a creature walking upon the Earth. He wandered up and down the world, so strange to him, and soon grew lonely and desired a companion.

First he sought the beasts, but they were too busy getting their food to stop and talk to a strange creature. After that he went to the birds, but they were nesting, and could not stop to talk to a strange creature. Weary, lonely, and despairing, he wandered about.

Then suddenly Gustahote found himself again the Rock overhanging and guarding the valley. And he rejoiced that he was a Rock once more. And he heard a voice whisper:—

“Be content, O Gustahote the Rock! The waters may overflow you, but they cannot drown you. The Sun may look upon you with its hottest rays, but he cannot burn you. The tempest may strike you, but it cannot rend you. Old age cannot wrinkle you. The rivers may dry up in their beds, the forests may fall into dust, but you will stand stanch and true, and always watching, and forever remain unchanged and changeless.”

So Gustahote the Rock rejoiced exceedingly; and he still overhangs and guards the valley. The river flows from him, and the Sky smiles or frowns, and the Earth heeds him not. But he is content.
What makes Gustahote lonely while he's an Earth creature? Use two details or examples from the passage to support why Gustahote is lonely.

Directions: Answer the following question based on your reading of the text.
The Unfortunate Fireflies

by Clara Dillingham Pierson

SEVERAL very large families of Fireflies lived in the marsh and were much admired by their friends who were awake at night. The older Fireflies told the younger ones that they should get all the sleep they could during the daytime if they were to flutter and frisk all night. Most of them did this, but two young Fireflies, who cared more about seeing the world than they did about minding their elders, used to run away while the rest were dreaming. Each thought herself very important, and was sure that if the others missed her they wouldn’t sleep a wink all day.

One night they planned to go by daylight to the farthest corner of the marsh. They went to bed when the rest did and pretended to fall asleep. When she was sure that the older Fireflies were dreaming, one of them reached over with her right hind leg and touched the other just below the edge of her left wing-cover. “Are you ready?” she whispered.

“Yes,” answered the friend, who happened to be the smaller of the two.

When well away from their sleeping relatives, they lifted their wing-covers, spread their wings, and flew.

“Oh, wouldn’t they make a fuss if they knew!” exclaimed the Larger Firefly.

“They think we need to be told every single thing,” said the Smaller Firefly.

Just then a Flycatcher darted toward them and they had to hide. He had come so near that they could look down his throat as he flew along with his beak open. The Fireflies were so scared that their feelers shook.

“I wish that bird would mind his own business,” grumbled the Larger Firefly.

“That’s just what he was doing,” said a voice beside them, as a Garter Snake drew himself through the grass. Then their feelers shook again, for they knew that snakes do not breakfast on grass and berries.

“Did you ever see such luck?” said the Smaller Firefly. “If it isn’t birds it is snakes.”

“Perfectly dreadful!” answered the other. “I never knew the marsh to be so full of horrid people.”

Then they reached the farther corner of the marsh and crawled around to see what they could find. Their eyes bothered them so that they could not see unless they were
close to things, so it was useless to fly. They peeped into the cool dark corners under the skunk cabbage leaves, and lay down to rest on a bed of soft moss.

13 While they were resting, they noticed a plant growing near. It had a flower of green and dark red which was unlike any other blossom they had ever seen. Each leaf was stiff and hollow and grew right out of the ground instead of coming from a stalk.

14 “I’m going to crawl into one of them,” said the Larger Firefly. She balanced herself on the top of a fresh green leaf.

15 “I’m going into this one,” said the other Firefly, as she alighted on the edge of a brown-tipped leaf. “It looks nice and dark inside.” Each dropped quickly into her own leaf.

16 Then there was a queer sputtering, choking voice in the fresh green leaf and exactly the same in the brown-tipped one. After that a weak little voice in the green leaf said, “I fell into water.”

17 Another weak voice from the brown-tipped one replied, “So did I.”

18 On the inside of each leaf were many stiff hairs, all pointing downward. Now that they wanted to get out, these same hairs stuck into their eyes and pushed against their legs and made them exceedingly uncomfortable.

19 After a while they gave up trying to get out until they should be rested. It was after sunset when they tried the last time, and the light that shone from their bellies brightened the little green rooms where they were. They went at it carefully. Slowly, one foot at a time, they managed to climb out of the doorway at the top. As they came out, they heard the squeaky voice of a young Mouse say, “Oh, where did those bright things come from?”

20 They also heard his mother answer, “Those are only a couple of foolish Fireflies who have been in the leaves of the pitcher-plant all day.”

21 They flew toward home. “I’m dreadfully tired,” said one, “but I suppose we shall have to dance in the air with the rest or they will make a fuss.”

22 “Yes,” said the other. “It spoils everything if we are not there.”

23 As they came near the middle of the marsh they were surprised to see the mild summer air twinkling with hundreds of tiny lights as their friends and relatives flew to and fro in the dusk. “Well,” said the Larger Firefly, “I think they might have waited for us!”

24 “Humph!” said the Smaller Firefly. “If they can’t be more polite than that, I won’t play.”

25 So two very tired and cross young Fireflies sat on a last year’s cat-tail and sulked. “We were not even missed!” they cried.

26 They were much wiser after that, for they had learned that two young Fireflies were not so wonderfully important after all. And that if they chose to do things which it was never meant young Fireflies should do, they would be likely to have a very disagreeable time, but that other Fireflies would go on eating and dancing and living their own lives. To be happy, they must keep the Firefly laws.
1. Explain why the young fireflies complain about the older fireflies. Use two details from the passage to support your answer.
Excerpts from The Summer of the Swans
A novel by Betsy Byars

Due to an illness, ten-year-old Charlie Godfrey cannot speak or write, but he can understand all that his family tells him. His older sister Sara shows Charlie some swans, and he becomes fascinated with them. Later, in the middle of the night, Charlie goes to visit the swans by himself. The first part of this text is told from Charlie’s point of view. The second part of the text is told from Sara’s point of view.

1 Charlie awoke, but he lay for a moment without opening his eyes. He did not remember where he was, but he had a certain dread of seeing it.

2 There were great parts of his life that were lost to Charlie, blank spaces that he could never fill in. He would find himself in a strange place and not know how he had got there. Like the time Sara had been hit in the nose with a baseball, and the blood and the sight of Sara kneeling on the ground in helpless pain had frightened him so much that he had turned and run without direction, in a frenzy, dashing headlong up the street.

3 By chance Mr. Weicek had seen him, put him in the car, and driven him home, but later he remembered none of this. He had only awakened in bed and looked at the crumpled bit of ice cream cone still clenched in his hand and wondered about it.

4 The first thing he became aware of was the twigs pressing into his face, and he put his hand under his cheek. Still he did not open his eyes. Pictures began to drift into his mind; he saw Aunt Willie’s cigar box which was filled with old jewelry and button and knickknacks, and he found that he could remember every item in that box—the string of white beads without a clasp, the old earrings, the tiny book with souvenir fold-out pictures of New York, the plastic decorations from cakes, the turtle made of sea shells. Every item was so real that he opened his eyes and was surprised to see, instead of the glittering contents of the box, the dull and unfamiliar forest.

5 He raised his head and immediately felt the aching of his body. Slowly he sat up and looked down at his hands.

6 Then he sat up straight. He hands dropped to his lap. His head cocked to the side like a bird listening. Slowly he straightened until he was standing. At his side his fingers twitched at the empty air as if to grasp something. He took a step forward, still with his head to the side. He remained absolutely still.

7 Then he began to cry out in a hoarse excited voice, again and again, screaming now, because he had just heard someone far away calling his name.

* * * * * *

8 At the top of the hill Sara got slowly to her feet and stood looking down at the forest. She pushed the hair back from her forehead and moistened her lips. The wind dried them as she waited.
Scarcely daring to believe her ears, she stepped closer to the edge of the bank. Now she heard it unmistakably—the sharp repeated cry—and she knew it was Charlie.

“Charlie!” she shouted with all her might.

She paused and listened, and his cries were louder and she knew he was not far away after all, just down the slope, in the direction of the ravine.

“It’s Charlie, it’s Charlie!”

A wild joy overtook her and she jumped up and down on the bare earth and she felt that she could crush the whole hill just by jumping if she wanted.

She let out another whoop of pure joy, turned and ran down the hill in great strides, her tennis shoes slapping the ground like rubber paddles, the wind in her face, her hands grabbing one tree trunk after another for support. She felt like a wild creature who had traveled through the forest this way for a lifetime. Nothing could stop her now.

At the edge of the ravine she paused and stood gasping for breath. Her heart was beating so fast it pounded in her ears, and her throat was dry.

She thought for a minute she was going to faint, a thing she had never done before, not even when she broke her nose. She hadn’t even believed people really did faint until this minute when she clung to the tree because her legs were as useless as rubber bands.

There was a ringing in her ears and another sound, a wailing siren-like cry that was painfully familiar.

“Charlie?”

She walked along the edge of the ravine, circling the large boulders. Then she looked down into the ravine where the shadows lay, and she felt as if something had turned over inside her because she saw Charlie.

He was standing in his torn pajamas, face turned upwards, hands raised, shouting with all his might. His face was streaked with dirt and tears. His pajama jacket hung in shreds about his scratched chest.

He opened his eyes and as he saw Sara a strange expression came over his face, an expression of wonder and joy and disbelief, and Sara knew that if she lived to be a hundred no one would ever look at her quite that way again.

She paused, looked down at him, and then, sliding on the seat of her pants, went down the bank and took him in her arms. His arms gripped her like steel.

She could feel his fingers digging into her back as he clutched her shirt. “It’s all right now, Charlie, I’m here and we’re going home.” His face was buried in her shirt and she patted his head, said again, “It’s all right now. Everything’s fine.”
Which phrase from the text best helps the reader determine the meaning of *frenzy* as it is used in paragraph 2?

A. “blank spaces that he could never fill in”
B. “kneeling on the ground in helpless pain”
C. “frightened him so much”
D. “turned and run without direction”

Paragraphs 1 through 7 are told from Charlie’s point of view. How does Charlie’s point of view influence the story?

A. The setting of the story is not revealed until late in the excerpt because Charlie himself does not focus on the setting right away.
B. The small details Charlie remembers become more and more important to him than the situation he is in.
C. The conflict is not revealed until the very end of the excerpt because Charlie remains unaware of the problems he is facing.
D. The challenges Charlie faces in his life appear to be more serious than they really are because Charlie does not understand the details of his situation.

Which statement best expresses one of the themes in paragraphs 8 through 23?

A. When people start exploring nature, they find both challenges and excitement.
B. When people work together as a team, they can eventually solve problems.
C. When people care deeply about someone, they become determined to help them.
D. When people listen to the advice of others, they reach success more easily in whatever they do.
4. Based on information from the entire text, which statement best expresses how Charlie and Sara feel about each other?

A. Charlie is afraid of Sara, and Sara is angry that she must find Charlie.
B. Charlie loves Sara, and Sara loves and wants to take care of Charlie.
C. Charlie wants independence from Sara, and Sara is overprotective of Charlie.
D. Charlie feels abandoned by Sara, and Sara believes she caused Charlie to run away.

5. What is the purpose of the phrase “gripped her like steel” in paragraph 22?

A. To emphasize how calm Charlie feels when he sees Sara
B. To emphasize how strong Charlie’s emotions are when Sara rescues him
C. To emphasize how fearful Charlie still is after Sara finds him
D. To emphasize how fast Charlie’s emotions change after Sara hugs him

6. Paragraphs 1 through 7 are told from the point of view of Charlie while paragraphs 8 through 23 are told from the point of view of his sister, Sara. Compare and contrast how Sara and Charlie react to the event in the story. Use at least two details from the text to support your response.

Write your answer on the lines below.

NOTE: You can use this page to plan your response, but please write your final answer in your answer sheet packet.
Directions
Read this story. Then answer questions that follow.

In 1888, Sky, a member of the Apache Nation, has jumped off a train in Alabama so he can return home rather than be taken to an area reserved for Native Americans. He becomes very ill and is found by a young African-American girl. Her family takes him in and nurses him back to health, even though hiding him from the authorities is against the law. Now that he is well, the family knows that they should turn Sky over to Mr. Wratten, the lawman who has been searching for him.

Excerpt from Run Away Home
by Patricia C. McKissack

1 I hadn’t been truthful with Sky. And it was bothering me. We were going to do him harm and turn him into Mr. Wratten as soon as he was well. After another week passed, Sky was fine, but none of us wanted to see him leave.

2 I helped Mama take down the quilts that had made the sickroom, wash them, and put them away until they were needed again. Sky had slept outside all week, where he seemed to be most comfortable. He’d found a piece of hickory and was using Papa’s tools to make a bow and arrows.

3 Although Sky never spoke the words thank you, he expressed his gratitude in so many thank-you ways. If a fence needed mending, he mended it. If Big Two needed feeding, he fed him. If a hole needed digging, he dug it. This pleased Papa. But Sky flat out would not do a chore that he considered woman’s work. I couldn’t get over the way he watched me struggling with a bucket of water and wouldn’t offer to help, saying, “Less water would make it easier to carry.”

4 “That is his way,” Mama told me when I complained. “We can’t expect him to change who he is to suit us. That’s what’s wrong with those schools that try to de-Indian his people.”

5 In spite of herself, Mama had grown fond of Sky, too, and Sky was slowly allowing himself to smile more—and even talk more, too.

6 One day, while he was working on his bow and Buster lay between us, his tail thump, thump, thumping against the wooden floor, Sky turned to me and said, “Yes.”

7 “Yes? Yes what?”

8 “Girls can have their ears pierced.”

9 We both laughed. I couldn’t be sure, but I felt that Sky was giving me permission to ask him a few things. And so I did.

10 Since the first night I’d seen the Apaches, I’d been curious about the woman who had risen to defend Geronimo.
“Who is Lozen?” I asked.

“Lozen,” he began, still filing away on the wooden bow, “is sister of Victorio.” I had heard Mr. Wratten talk about Victorio, so at least I knew who he was. “She is a war woman,” Sky continued, “one who is equal to anyone in battle. She fought with her brother until he was killed, then she rode with Geronimo and she has great powers. I rode with her against the Mexicans and the whites. She was with us when we surrendered.”

Lozen reminded me of a story Papa had told me about Harriet Tubman, a slave woman who had been a conductor on the Underground Railroad. Papa said she stood no taller than me, but she was strong and brave. She even served as a spy for the Union Army during the war.

Suddenly Buster took off down the path, chasing some critter he had no plans to hurt. “Most people don’t understand him, because he’s so wild,” I said.

“There is a difference between what is wild and what is free,” Sky said softly.

I knew he was thinking about his own people. They had been called wild because they fought so hard to stay free. A terrible war had been fought so we black people could be free. That should have included Indians, too. Now that I had gotten to know Sky, it bothered me that we were doing what all the others had done to his people. I didn’t like it, but my word is out to Mama.

My mind returned to Lozen, and I imagined myself riding with her, the wind at my back, the sun in my face.

“What time of year is this?” Sky had to ask me three times to bring me out of my wonderful daydream. “Your mind is in too many places,” he said.

“There you go, sounding just like Papa,” I said. “It is June of 1888,” I added. Clearly that meant nothing to him. Looking for a better way to answer, I decided to show him the farm. He had seen it, but not through my eyes.

First we went to the kitchen garden where Mama had set out turnips, collards, beans, corn, tomatoes, okra, sweet potatoes, goobers, and peppers. “We’ll eat out of this garden all summer, then we’ll can or dry a lot of it come fall.”

“What’s a goober?” he asked.

“Goobers are peanuts, and just wait ‘til you taste them.” Sky knew a lot of the foods I named, and even told me how his mother had used peppers and corn to make his favorite dishes.

Next we visited the orchards, where I showed him peach, apple, and pecan trees. “My grandpa planted these trees when he got this land. Papa says you don’t plant a pecan tree for yourself, but for your grandchildren, because it takes near about fifteen years for it to bear nuts.”
#1

How are the narrator and Sky alike? Use two details from the story to support your response.

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NOTE: You can use this page to plan your response, but please write your final answer in your answer sheet packet.

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#2

What does the narrator think of Sky’s view of women? Use two details from the story to support your response.

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NOTE: You can use this page to plan your response, but please write your final answer in your answer sheet packet.
March 31 Passage and Questions

Directions
Read this story. Then answer the questions that follow.

Just Like Home

by Mathangi Subramanian

1 When the recess bell rang, Priya sighed and slowly hung up her smock. At her old school, she spent recess climbing the monkey bars and sharing secrets with her friends. Now she sat in the corner of the field and watched the other kids play without her.

2 The only thing Priya liked about her new school was art. They hadn't had art at her old school, but here, art was a whole hour. The studio had the most wonderful things, like aluminum pie tins, plaster of paris and India ink. During art, Priya forgot that she didn't have any friends at her new school. All she thought about was whatever she was working on.

3 As she cleared her table, Priya noticed a box of sidewalk chalk sitting on the counter by the window. She grabbed and stuffed it in her pockets. Then she took her usual place at the end of the recess line.

4 While she and her classmates filed through the halls and out into the yard, Priya thought about how she and her mother used to draw chalk patterns on the long driveway leading up to their old apartment building. The patterns were called rangoli, and they looked like stars and roses. Priya's mother said that the drawings were to welcome guests to their home. All the families in India, where Priya's family was from, did rangoli every morning, just like Priya and her mother. Their new apartment had barely any sidewalk in front of it, and there was no room for rangoli. Priya missed the early mornings she and her mother would spend drawing feathery, colorful patterns on the cement.

5 Priya walked over to the basketball court and sat on the hot pavement. She was glad to have something to do besides sit in her corner. She pulled the box out of her pocket and took out a bright red piece of chalk and began drawing the rangoli patterns she loved best. She drew flowers with huge, swirling petals and stars with eight points. She colored them green, yellow and blue, all colors her mother had used. She liked the soft, solid feeling of the chalk in her hand, and the way that the dust left patterns on her fingers.

6 “That's pretty,” a voice said.
She turned around and saw that Enrique, a boy in her class, was watching her.

“It’s called rangoli,” she said. “They do this in India, where my parents are from.”

“You know what that reminds me of?” he asked, kneeling down beside her. “The floor of my grandmother’s house in Mexico has tiles that have designs like that.”

“What do you mean?” Priya asked.

“Hand me a piece of chalk,” Enrique said. “I’ll show you.” Enrique sat down on the pavement and began to draw. He used the green, orange, and yellow chalk to draw flowers that were more detailed than Priya’s, but still had huge, curvy petals. Then he drew circles inside circles, and surrounded them with small diamonds. Priya kept drawing too, in between and around Enrique’s designs.

“What are you guys doing?” a voice asked.

Priya and Enrique had been so absorbed in drawing that they hadn’t noticed that their classmate Farah had been watching them.

“Hey,” Farah said, sitting down beside them, “that looks like the rugs in my uncle’s house in Iran. Except on the rugs, the shapes are bigger, and aren’t as curly.”

“Show us,” said Enrique, handing her a piece of chalk.

Farah took the chalk and began drawing. She drew shapes that were full of straight lines and bold colors. They were bigger than the shapes Priya and Enrique had drawn, and they overlapped each other in diagonals to form new shapes. She colored the drawings purple, dark blue, and white.

“Wow!” Ms. Lopez, Priya’s teacher, said. “That’s beautiful!”

Priya, Enrique and Farah stood up and looked at what they had done. The pavement was covered in bright colors and shapes: triangles, circles, squares and diamonds, all mixed together. Their classmates began to drift over to see what was happening.

“It looks like a universe, with lots of planets and stars,” said Lily.

“It looks like a coral reef full of tropical fish,” said Jasper.

“What do you think it looks like Priya?” asked Enrique.

Priya looked at Enrique and Farah. Their knees, elbows, and fingers were covered in red, yellow, green and blue chalk dust. Priya smiled and said, “It looks like home.”
How are Priya’s feelings about recess at her old school and her new school different? Use two details from the story to support your response.

NOTE: You can use this page to plan your response, but please write your final answer in your answer sheet packet.
What do Lily and Jasper’s points of view reveal about the drawing? Use two details from the story to support your response.

NOTE: You can use this page to plan your response, but please write your final answer in your answer sheet packet.
How do Priya's actions in paragraph 5 help develop the theme of the story? Use two details from the story to support your response.

NOTE: You can use this page to plan your response, but please write your final answer in your answer sheet packet.
April 1 Passage and Questions

Directions
Read this story. Then, answer the questions that follow.

Joe Jones has been assigned to write a Friendly Letter to an author, seeking answers to four questions. When the author's response is not helpful, he has to write to the author again.

Excerpt from
Your Question for Author Here
by Kate DiCamillo and Jon Scieszka

1  Dear Maureen O'Toople,
2    What the heck kind of author letter was that? I am supposed to ask the questions. You are supposed to send back the author answers. That's how the assignment goes. That is all you have to do.
3    There's nothing in the assignment about writing a Perfunctory¹ Letter. But maybe I can get some extra credit because I did that, too.
4    So here are the questions, right off the board, just how Mrs. Bund wrote them.
5    1. Why do you write books?
   2. Where do you get your ideas?
   3. What got you started writing?
   4. Your question for author here.
6    Please send some good author answers or Mrs. Bund will give me another C– and then my mom will freak out again and say I'm not applying myself and my dad will ground me and I will miss my baseball team playoffs and have to do whatever they say for the next week.
7    I'm not kidding.
8    Joe Jones
9  Dear Joe Jones,
10   No one gets credit for writing Perfunctory Letters. They are an insult to the human spirit. What we humans crave is connection. Perfunctory Letters work counter to that.
11   But I digress; I digress!

¹ perfunctory: lacking in interest or enthusiasm
You have posed some questions. And you want some answers, answers that will result in you receiving a grade higher than a C-. I don’t know if I can help you, Joe, because I don’t feel like answering questions. The older you get, the more questions you get asked, and the more weary you become of answering the questions and the more elusive the answers—any answer, every answer—seem.

What I would like to do is ask a question. I would like to ask you a question. So, let’s make a deal, Joe. I’ll ask you a question and you answer it. And then, if I feel like it, I’ll answer one of your questions. How does that sound?

Here’s my first question for you: Are you afraid of thunderstorms?

Yours cordially and only somewhat perfunctorily and more than a little curiously,

Maureen O’Toole

P.S. I’m no fool, Joe. I’m betting good money that you haven’t read one single book I’ve written. Prove me wrong.

Maureen O’Toole,

Aw, come on. It’s bad enough I have to do this lame assignment. Now I have to write extra? I thought authors were supposed to like getting letters from their kid fans.

But if I don’t get these answers, I am hosed. That’s what my dad says. Hosed. I don’t know what that really means. Like, what does a hose have to do with anything? But I do know it means no TV, no computer time, no baseball, no comics, no music, no phone, no hanging out with my friend James. Basically it means nothing that is really the good part of living.

Why would they do that to me? Do people just get meaner when they get older?

Okay, here’s my answer. I am kind of afraid of thunderstorms. Not the rain part. That sounds great on the roof. It’s the part between the flash of lightning and the BAM of thunder. It’s waiting for the BAM that weirds me out. You just don’t know when it’s going to happen.

So please send me some author answers. As soon as you can.

Really,

Joe Jones

P.S. I didn’t get a chance to read any of your books yet. I actually picked you mostly to annoy Jennifer, because she is all crazy about your books and always talking about the horses or the princesses or whatever is in them. I usually only read history books that really tell you something. And books that are funny.

Dear Joe,

Thank you for answering my question. I, too, like the sound of the rain on the roof. I also like the lightning. It’s like some great cosmic flashlight. It makes me think that someone is searching for me. And I don’t mind the BAM of thunder because that makes me think that, perhaps, I have been found. That’s the way a good book makes me feel, as if I have been found, understood, seen.

Oh, I’m sneaky, Joe. Right there, in the first paragraph, I have answered your first question. And you know what that means: Now I get to ask you another question. Are you ready?
What's in your sock drawer besides socks?

That's the question. Answer it and I'll answer another question of yours. Quid pro quo.

Amusing myself

and delighted to be a part of your “lame assignment”

I remain,

Maureen

P.S. “Whatever is in them” is a truly alarming phrase to use in reference to my books. But, as an interesting aside, I am happy to inform you that none of my books (not one) features princesses or horses. Toads, tidal waves, arachnid revolutions, yes. Princesses, no. Horses, no. Do your research, Joe.

P.P.S. Yes. People do get meaner as they get older.
1. What is a theme of the "Excerpt from Your Question for Author Here"? Support your answer with details from the story.
Read the passage below. Then answer the questions that follow.

from *The Wild Robot*

*by* Peter Brown

**THE OCEAN**

1. Our story begins on the ocean, with wind and rain and thunder and lightning and waves. A hurricane roared and raged through the night. And in the middle of the chaos, a cargo ship was sinking down down down to the ocean floor.

2. The ship left hundreds of crates floating on the surface. But as the hurricane thrashed and swirled and knocked them around, the crates also began sinking into the depths. One after another, they were swallowed up by the waves, until only five crates remained.
3 By morning the hurricane was gone. There were no clouds, no ships, no land in sight. There was only calm water and clear skies and those five crates lazily bobbing along an ocean current. Days passed. And then a smudge of green appeared on the horizon. As the crates drifted closer, the soft green shapes slowly sharpened into the hard edges of a wild, rocky island.

4 The first crate rode to shore on a tumbling, rumbling wave and then crashed against the rocks with such force that the whole thing burst apart.

5 Now, reader, what I haven’t mentioned is that tightly packed inside each crate was a brand-new robot. The cargo ship had been transporting hundreds of them before it was swept up in the storm. Now only five robots were left. Actually, only four were left, because when that first crate crashed against the rocks, the robot inside shattered to pieces.

6 The same thing happened to the next crate. It crashed against the rocks, and robot parts flew everywhere. Then it happened to the next crate. And the next. Robot limbs and torsos were flung onto ledges. A robot head splashed into a tide pool. A robot foot skittered into the waves.

7 And then came the last crate. It followed the same path as the others, but instead of crashing against the rocks, it sloshed against the remains of the first four crates. Soon, more waves were heaving it up out of the water. It soared through the air, spinning and glistening until it slammed down onto a tall shelf of rock. The crate was cracked and crumpled, but the robot inside was safe.

THE OTTERS

8 The island’s northern shore had become something of a robot gravesite. Scattered across the rocks were the broken bodies of four dead robots. They sparkled in the early-morning light. And their sparkles caught the attention of some very curious creatures.
9 A gang of sea otters was romping through the shallows when one of them noticed the sparkling objects. The otters all froze. They raised their noses to the wind. But they smelled only the sea. So they cautiously crept over the rocks to take a closer look.

10 The gang slowly approached a robot torso. The biggest otter stuck out his paw, swatted the heavy thing, and quickly jumped back. But nothing happened. So they wriggled over to a robot hand. Another brave otter stuck out her paw and flipped the hand over. It made a lovely clinking sound on the rocks, and the otters squeaked with delight.

11 They spread out and played with robot arms and legs and feet. More hands were flipped. One of the otters discovered a robot head in a tide pool, and they all dove in and took turns rolling it along the bottom.

12 And then they spotted something else. Overlooking the gravesite was the one surviving crate. Its sides were scraped and dented, and a wide gash ran across its top. The otters scampered up the rocks and climbed onto the big box. Ten furry faces poked through the gash, eager to see what was inside. What they saw was another brand-new robot. But this robot was different from the others. It was still in one piece. And it was surrounded by spongy packing foam.

13 The otters reached through the gash and tore at the foam. It was so soft and squishy! They squeaked as they snatched at the fluffy stuff. Shreds of it floated away on the sea breeze. And in all the excitement, one of their paws accidentally slapped an important little button on the back of the robot’s head.

14 Click.

15 It took a while for the otters to realize that something was happening inside the crate. But a moment later, they heard it. A low whirring sound. Everyone stopped and stared. And then the robot opened her eyes.
Read the sentence from paragraph 3 in the box.

There were no clouds, no ships, no land in sight.

In the sentence, what does the repetition of the word “no” emphasize?

A. how peaceful the sea is
B. how long the storm lasted
C. the remoteness of the setting
D. the determination of the characters

Read the sentence from paragraph 3 in the box.

And then a smudge of green appeared on the horizon.

Which event does the sentence suggest will happen next in the passage?

A. The robot will open its eyes.
B. The crates will land on shore.
C. The otters will look at the crates.
D. The ship will sink into the ocean.
In paragraph 4, what is the effect of the author’s use of the words “tumbling,” “rumbling,” and “crashed”?

A. It helps the reader imagine the power of the waves.
B. It helps the reader determine the depth of the waves.
C. It helps the reader understand the size of the rocks on the island.
D. It helps the reader picture the sharpness of the rocks on the island.

In paragraph 5, what is the most likely reason the author addresses the reader directly?

A. to call attention to important information
B. to explain the strangeness of each robot
C. to provide details about previous key events
D. to highlight the number of items that were lost
5. How does the author **mainly** create a lighthearted mood in the section titled **THE OTTERS**?

- A by explaining what the otters look like
- B by showing how the scenery affects the otters
- C by revealing what the otters learn about the robot parts
- D by describing how the otters interact with the robot parts

6. What is the **main** effect of the single word in paragraph 14?

- A It creates a feeling of joy.
- B It creates a feeling of worry.
- C It creates a feeling of comfort.
- D It creates a feeling of suspense.

7. Based on the passage, what is the **first** sign to the otters that the robot has been turned on?

- A “But this robot was different from the others.” (paragraph 12)
- B “And it was surrounded by spongy packing foam.” (paragraph 12)
- C “But a moment later, they heard it. A low whirring sound.” (paragraph 15)
- D “Everyone stopped and stared. And then the robot opened her eyes.” (paragraph 15)
Determine whether each quotation from the passage appeals mainly to the sense of touch, the sense of sound, or to both senses.

#8A  “A hurricane roared and raged through the night.” (paragraph 1)
   A  sense of touch
   B  sense of sound
   C  both senses

#8B  “It was so soft and squishy!” (paragraph 13)
   A  sense of touch
   B  sense of sound
   C  both senses

#8C  “They squeaked as they snatched at the fluffy stuff.” (paragraph 13)
   A  sense of touch
   B  sense of sound
   C  both senses
Catalina Solis is a young girl living in Chile. Her father works as a mechanic in an observatory, a place where astronomers use telescopes to study the stars. Read this passage about Catalina’s brave act in the observatory.

Lace Round the Sky

by Cecilia Aragon

1 As Papá’s snores boomed off the clapboard walls, Catalina slid from her mattress and groped her way to the front door. The latch clicked softly. The girl waited a moment to see if any of her family would wake, but nobody stirred.

2 Catalina stood on the doorstep of their Cerro Tololo observatory staff housing, drinking in deep lungfuls of the clear night air under the blazing Southern Hemisphere starshine. The Milky Way sprawled across the sky, a swath of pure white lace shadowed by dark blotches.

3 Night was her favorite time. During the day the Chilean mountaintop swarmed with tourists, shouting and calling to each other as breezes spun dust into the thin mountain air. While the visitors were there, Papá could not allow her to help polish the brass fittings of the old refractor telescope nor pour smoking liquid nitrogen into the Dewar vessel that
kept the Schmidt telescope camera cool. During the day she was no one special, just a kid underfoot among the many who made the pilgrimage to the mountaintop to visit the miraculous devices that let scientists learn about the stars.

4 But at night, when everything was quiet, Catalina was one of the few who were allowed beyond the roped-off corridors and the “No Admittance” signs. The night staff all knew her, knew she would keep her hands away from the delicate instruments and could always be counted on to fetch a cup of coffee or grab a toolbox.

5 She loved helping to service the grand telescopes, the eyes that peered out into the universe—even if it was annoying how she was always told not to disturb the astronomers who directed the telescopes through the night, searching the sky in elaborate patterns. Catalina wanted more than anything to confess her secret dream to these great and revered scientists, whose love of astronomy had brought them from all over the world to an isolated mountaintop.

6 Instead, Señor Alfonso, the accountant, told her that if she bothered the scientists she would be banned from the telescopes. Señora Carmen, the head administrator, frowned and scolded her. “Little girls have no place interfering with important work.”

7 Even her father, when she said, “Papá, I want to be an astronomer someday,” laughed and tugged at one of her long black braids. “Maybe if you work hard, you’ll be hired to clean the offices when you’re big enough, like your mother.”

8 But Catalina was curious. The sky did not merely consist of white dots of stars against a black background, like her schoolbooks said. The sky she saw every night was knotted with patterns, from fuzzy balls of fluff to filaments braided and twirling overhead. What were the bright threads that looped in twisting arcs around dark eyelets? And what secret commands did the astronomers type on their computers to persuade the telescopes to rotate and capture the distant, hidden galaxies?

9 One day last summer, she had been curled up on a dingy green vinyl sofa in the small library. Magazine pages flapped on battered wooden side tables as fans swung back and forth. Flipping through the pages of a botany journal, she had stopped at the picture of an intricate white flower.
“It’s called wild carrot, or Queen Anne’s Lace.” One of the foreign astronomers, pallid and tall in an expensive suit, stood behind her. His Spanish was heavily accented. She stared up at him, panicked. “Pretty, isn’t it? I’ve always liked that flower, because I think it looks like a galaxy. Nature repeats itself.”

She looked down at the page. It did look familiar. “A flocculent spiral galaxy,” she whispered.

Blond eyebrows climbed his reddened forehead. “Indeed. And what is your name, young lady?” he asked, his light blue eyes focusing on her with disconcerting intensity.

“I’m Catalina Solis.”

“Eduardo Solis’s daughter? The mechanic?”

“Yes.” She slanted a look at him. “I want to be an astronomer when I grow up.”

He laughed genially, no longer meeting her eyes, and patted her on the shoulder. “Yes, of course, my dear. Work hard in school, and it could happen.”

No one believed she would be a scientist one day. But why? She knew she could be a good scientist. She knew it!
18 She danced along the dirt road, bare feet soundless against the gravel, a practiced eye scanning the half-dozen domes at the mountaintop’s summit. Then she stopped suddenly. The one-meter telescope’s dome slit was open, but its angle was unusual. Cautiously, she wandered nearer. The telescope was pointed down, almost at the ground, lower than she had ever seen it.

19 She bit her lip, shifting from foot to foot. The red light over the entrance door indicated that it was forbidden to enter and disturb the scientists at work.

20 She looked back along the darkened road. No adults were around. Quickly making up her mind, she ran to the dining hall. Dim yellow light framed blackout curtains behind narrow, wired-glass windows. The cooks must still be cleaning up after dinner.

21 Bursting through the door, she cried, “Señora Silvia, I need your help. I think there’s a problem with one of the telescopes.”

22 Inside, dishes clattered loudly against the cast-iron sinks. The head cook put one soapy hand on her apron and glared. “Girl, what does someone like you know about telescopes?”
Catalina explained, but Silvia only shook her head. “Nonsense. I’m sure they’re just doing something different tonight. It’s not our place to interrupt. Now shoo!” She flapped her apron at the girl.

Back out under the starlight, Catalina stared at the offending dome. A strand of unease twisted in her gut. Something was wrong, she was sure of it. But what could she do?

She sucked in her breath as the thought came to her. She could check for herself. It was dark outside. Opening the door wouldn’t allow too much light into the dome, and she knew how to move in the dark without banging into any of the equipment.

But if she was wrong, the scientists running the telescope would be angry. Staff children did not belong in the off-limits areas.

Gritting her teeth, she gave one last glance around the mountaintop, hoping she could make her plea to a sympathetic adult. But there was no one. So, taking a deep breath, she turned the handle and slipped inside.

It was dark within the dome, and her eyes took a moment to adjust. The telescope mount was emitting a faint grinding noise. That wasn’t normal. She took a cautious step forward and saw an irregular shape hunched on the floor.

She inhaled sharply. It was a man. Coming closer, she saw that one leg was bent under him at an awkward angle.

“Señor?” she whispered. “Are you all right?”

The man groaned. He canted his head, skin pale in the low light, eyes glittering beneath half-closed lids. She recognized him: the scientist she had met in the library. “Fell,” he gasped in his accented Spanish, gesturing at the platform above. “I think . . . broke leg. Need to . . . uh . . .” His voice trailed off.

Catalina balanced on the balls of her feet. “I’ll run and get the night operator,” she promised, already backing toward the door.

“No!” His voice was sharp. “First, need to . . . fix the telescope.” He muttered to himself for a moment in English. “In two minutes, the . . . scope will move past its limit and . . . be damaged. I’ll tell you how . . .”

Catalina’s eyes lifted to the clock drive lit by a blinking yellow light. She had often helped her father reset this device. Quickly, she walked to
the controller and flipped the two switches her father used to stop the telescope.

35 The man behind her was still gasping out directions.

36 “Shh, it’s all right,” she soothed, coming to his side. “I fixed it. No more problems, OK?”

37 “You what . . . ?” he muttered, confused. “Already?” Then his head lolled to one side. Catalina stared at his unconscious figure a moment and then jumped to her feet.

38 Her braids thumped her back rhythmically as she ran all the way to the night operator’s office. She burst into the low brown structure without knocking, for the man could be grumpy sometimes.

39 “Señor Rojas, there’s an emergency,” she called out as the big man swiveled his beat-up wooden chair to face her. “The astronomer using the one-meter had an accident. He fell and broke his leg. You need to get help!”

* * *

40 Later that night, Catalina crouched behind one of the junction boxes as the astronomer was carried out on a stretcher.

41 “Wait!” he called as he was about to be loaded into the ambulance. “Wait! Catalina!”

42 Catalina straightened and crept into the ring of lights. He remembered her name?

43 The man’s leg had been splinted, and his eyes were bright with pain. “How did you know?” he asked.

44 “Know what?” she whispered, puzzled.

45 “That something was wrong.” He lifted a hand to gesture vaguely in the direction of the one-meter.

46 She scuffed the dirt with her toe. “Um, I saw the barrel pointing down, and I knew . . . it wasn’t normal.”

47 His eyes sharpened. “That was observant of you. Then you knew how to shut down the equatorial mount.”

48 Shyly, she nodded.
His gaze remained on her as they lifted the stretcher and began to slide it into the ambulance. “A good scientist,” he continued, “is always observant.” Then the door slammed behind him.

* * *

“Mail Call!” yelled Arturo, Señor Rojas’s son. He tossed a padded envelope plastered with foreign stamps onto Catalina’s doorstep. She was helping Mamá make mote con huesillos, one of her favorite desserts. Scooping up the envelope, she tore open the flap.

Out fell a pressed and dried white flower in wax paper. Queen Anne’s lace, she remembered, tracing the edges with her fingertip. Like a spiral galaxy.

“Dear Catalina,” the letter began, “I wanted to thank you for not only saving (possibly) my life, or at least my dignity, but also something far more valuable: the one-meter telescope mount. In return, I thought I might offer a budding scientist some advice.”

She continued reading, heart pummeling her ribs. He listed several addresses he said were of the best schools in Chile for young scientists. “The scholarship applications aren’t easy, but if you attempt them, I’d be happy to give you my feedback.”

She clutched the letter to her chest, an absurd joy exploding like a supernova. It was going to happen. She would become an astronomer. She knew it now.

That night, when she ran out under the stars, she called, “I’ll discover all your secrets someday!” She spun the delicate, galactic flower in her hand. Patterns in the sky, patterns on the earth; humans laced them together. Circling above her, the intricate sky no longer seemed quite so remote.

“Lace Round the Sky” by Cecilia Aragon, illustrated by Heidi Younger, from Cricket Magazine (September 2014). Text and illustrations copyright © 2014 by Carus Publishing Company d/b/a Cricket Media, Inc. Reprinted by permission of Cricket Media, Inc.
Read the poem below.

One Day I’ll Be
by James McDonald

Today at school my teacher said,
I wonder what you’ll be?
When time has passed and you’ve grown up,
And the world is yours to see.

Right then and there I stood straight up,
And looked her in the face,
And said with pride and confidence,
I plan to live in space.

Like pirates of so long ago,
My ship will take me far,
Around the moon and back again,
And to a distant star.

So when you talk about the world,
And say it’s yours to see,
I believe I’ll have the greatest view,
Upon the cosmic sea.

1. In the passage, how are Catalina and the astronomer similar?
   - They both like working alone.
   - They both enjoy reading magazines.
   - They both are fascinated by the stars.
   - They both think nighttime is the best time.

2. Which detail best supports the answer to question #1?
   - “Catalina wanted more than anything to confess her secret dream to these great and revered scientists, whose love of astronomy had brought them from all over the world to an isolated mountaintop.” (paragraph 5)
   - “. . . she had been curled up on a dingy green vinyl sofa in the small library.” (paragraph 9)
   - “. . . the astronomer was carried out on a stretcher.” (paragraph 40)
   - “‘Dear Catalina,’ the letter began, ‘I wanted to thank you for not only saving (possibly) my life, or at least my dignity, but also something far more valuable: the one-meter telescope mount.’” (paragraph 52)
3. Which sentence best states a theme of the passage?
   A. New opportunities take careful planning.
   B. Inspiration can be found in unlikely places.
   C. Success can be ensured by having many different goals.
   D. Hope should not be limited by the expectations of others.

4. Read the sentences in the box. Determine the correct order of the three sentences that would best create a summary of "Lace Round the Sky."

1. Catalina prevents a telescope from breaking and helps someone in need.
2. Catalina spends times looking at magazines in a small library at the observatory.
3. Catalina enjoys looking at the night sky and dreams of someday becoming an astronomer.
4. Catalina notices something is wrong with one of the telescopes and makes a decision to investigate.

   A. 3, 2, 4
   B. 2, 4, 1
   C. 4, 1, 2
   D. 3, 4, 1
   E. 1, 2, 3
5. What do lines 5–8 of the poem mainly show?
   A. the student’s rude behavior
   B. the student’s bold attitude
   C. the teacher’s creativity
   D. the teacher’s surprise

6. Based on the poem, what is most likely suggested by the phrase “the cosmic sea” in line 16?
   A. an area among the clouds
   B. a place among the stars
   C. an unexplored lake
   D. a faraway ocean
7. Based on paragraphs 52 and 53 of the passage and lines 1–4 of the poem, which sentence best shows a similarity between the astronomer and the teacher?

A. They are both pleased with a young person’s talents.
B. They are both amused by a young person’s thoughts.
C. They are both supportive of a young person’s dreams.
D. They are both sympathetic to a young person’s challenges.

8. Which sentence best describes how Catalina is different from the student in the poem?

A. Catalina prefers to stay near her home, while the student is eager to leave.
B. Catalina wants to repair telescopes, while the student wants to build rockets.
C. Catalina is happiest by herself, while the student would like to live with friends.
D. Catalina wants to observe the night sky, while the student wants to travel in space.
Play puzzles scientists. Why do animals spend time and energy doing silly things that seem to have no purpose?

The struggle for survival in nature is deadly serious. What place is there for play, an activity that doesn’t help animals eat, grow, or reproduce?

And play is risky. Animals can break bones, pull muscles, or get bitten or scratched. Why is play worth the risk? Many scientists believe it’s essential for survival—as important as food or sleep. According to animal play expert Marc Beckoff at the University of Colorado, “play is serious business.”

Getting Ready for the Adult World

Playing lets young animals try out different ways of doing things again and again in a safe environment, where a mistake won’t be fatal. Most scientists believe that when animals play, they are practicing skills they’ll need later in life. This is why different kinds of animals play in different ways. Young predators, such as wolves, lions, and bears, play by stalking, pouncing, biting, and shaking their heads from side to side. They’re honing their skills for when they will run down, catch, and kill prey. When a wolf pup chases its own tail, bites it, and yanks it back and forth, the pup is rehearsing skills it will need one day as a hunter.

Prey animals, such as elk, deer, or antelope, play differently. They dash about like crazy, leaping wildly in the air—twisting, turning, twirling. According to biologist John Byers of the University of Idaho, they act like they have “flies in their brains.” But these animals are rehearsing skills they’ll need one day to escape predators and avoid becoming dinner.

During play, animals constantly monitor their behavior to keep play going. If one animal plays too roughly, the play ends. To keep things fun, they often reverse roles. A stronger or dominant animal will lie on its back, assuming a submissive position, while a weaker animal gets to play “boss.”
Taking Risks

Animals at play are also training for the unexpected. In play, animals learn about the world around them and their own physical limits. The need to test those limits, and experience unpredictable situations, could explain why animals sometimes seem to prefer play that is a bit dangerous.

A study of Siberian ibexes at Brookfield Zoo in Chicago showed that even though half their enclosure was flat and grassy—a perfect place to frolic in safety—the young goats chose to play most of the time on a steep, rocky area where they were much more likely to get hurt. Why did they place themselves in danger?

Beckoff believes that such play helps animals develop flexibility—in their minds as well as their muscles—so that they are better prepared to deal with unexpected or uncontrolled events. In the confusion of fleeing a sudden attack by a predator, an ibex may stumble or crash into another member of the herd. But if it has had lots of practice regaining its footing in play, its misstep is less likely to spell disaster.

Playing for Smarts

Research shows that smarter animals spend more time playing. Elephants play more than horses. Wolves play more than rabbits. And parrots play more than ducks or sparrows. Smarter animals also play in more creative and complex ways. Not surprisingly, humans and chimpanzees are among the most playful species.

Could play actually help the brain grow? Some scientists think so. They believe that play exercises the brain like lifting a weight exercises a muscle. They even call play “brain food.” So play on! Your brain will thank you for it.
1. According to the article, how do animals stay safe when playing?
   A. They follow the rules set by adults.
   B. They keep the play low to the ground.
   C. They avoid changing the games they play.
   D. They quit the game when it gets out of control.

2. Based on the article and the photographs, what is the main reason predators and prey animals play differently from one another?
   A. They live in different areas.
   B. They have different running speeds.
   C. They practice different types of skills.
   D. They have different levels of intelligence.

3. Read the sentence from paragraph 10 in the box below.

   They believe that play exercises the brain like lifting a weight exercises a muscle.

What is the most likely reason the author includes the comparison?
   A. to show that the brain can be flexed
   B. to show that animals must rest after play
   C. to show that strong animals are often smart
   D. to show that the brain can improve through play
4 What is the most likely way the author prepared to write the article?
   A. by taking care of animals in the wild
   B. by studying some notes taken during a class
   C. by gathering information from a variety of sources
   D. by imagining what it would be like to be an animal

5 Which of the following words from paragraphs 3–5 are synonyms?
   A. “safe” and “fatal”
   B. “honing” and “rehearsing”
   C. “escape” and “monitor”
   D. “dominant” and “submissive”
Based on the article, explain why Marc Beckoff claims that “play is serious business.” Support your answer with important details from the article.

NOTE: You can use this page to plan your response, but please write your final answer in your answer sheet packet.