KIPPster Packet: Passages and Questions
Grade 7

Name: ________________________________
Homeroom: __________________________
Teacher: _____________________________

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Directions:

We're excited to keep your brains engaged while we're experiencing this unique situation with COVID-19. There are two sets of directions for how to complete this work depending on your method of completion:

**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!
Earth and Water and Sky

by Brian Bushemi

It was a long hike through the woods to the Thinking Pond, but David Brenner didn't mind. He'd been going there for three years, ever since he was ten and had found the lonely, stream-fed pool while exploring one summer afternoon. He liked to spend time there more than he liked doing almost anything else.

The other kids thought he was kind of weird for going off into the woods by himself so often. David couldn't understand why he seemed to be the only one who saw how amazing it was for a squirrel to run down a tree head first, or how unique each day's sky full of clouds was. His mom said he was more sensitive and thoughtful than other kids his age, but David just felt lonely and left out most of the time.

About a quarter of a mile from the pond, David caught sight of the huge, gnarled oak tree he'd nicknamed the Old Giant for its rough, craggy bark and tall, thick trunk.

When he reached the giant tree, David sat down and shrugged off his backpack. He unscrewed the lid from his thermos and thirstily drank the cool, tart juice inside. Then he leaned back against the wide trunk to rest for a few minutes.

Today David planned to sketch some interesting fallen trees near the Thinking Pond.

David stood up and continued toward the Thinking Pond. Suddenly, he heard a sharp, whining sound like the engine of a high-flying jet airplane. It was followed by a crack! like a whip being snapped, only a thousand times louder. Then a ball of fire roared overhead, followed by a searing gust of wind.

The shock wave knocked David to the ground, his ears ringing. A second later, he heard an explosive, hissing crash up ahead. A rush of air and hot steam billowed through the trees, and he covered his head as it washed over him.
After several minutes, David looked up. The warm, wet mist had dispersed, leaving the woods damp and sparkling with little droplets of water.

*What the heck just happened?!* he wondered as he got to his feet. Cautiously but curiously, he headed in the direction of the Thinking Pond. By now David could usually see the shine of sunlight on the gently rippling water, but today something was different. Covering the last hundred yards quickly, David stopped at the edge of the meadow where the pond lay.

“Whoa!” he said in amazement. Before him stretched a dry, cracked-mud crater, all that was left of the Thinking Pond. The water in the fifty-foot-diameter pool had evaporated, leaving a huge hole in the forest floor. The baked mud rippled out from the center in wide, shallow waves. In the middle of the crater, half buried in the ground, was a rounded, melted lump of something that looked like rock. It was a little larger than a basketball.

“I can’t believe it!” David whispered, awe-struck. “It’s a meteorite!”

It was indeed a meteorite. Amazingly, the extraterrestrial rock had landed almost exactly in the center of the Thinking Pond, its immense heat and force evaporating the water within a split second. But the water had slowed the meteorite down just enough so it hadn’t smashed to pieces when it hit the ground.

The wet dirt hissed and popped, then dried and stuck. The meteorite was definitely too hot to touch.

While he waited for it to cool down, David crouched and took his sketch pad out of his backpack. With quick, sure lines, he made an accurate drawing of the rock.

Even as he was drawing, David could hardly believe he was looking at something that had been flying through space only a few minutes before. He wondered where the meteorite had come from. Maybe an asteroid or a comet had passed too close to a planet or the Sun, and a chunk of it had been pulled off by gravity. Maybe it had been floating through space for millions of years before Earth’s gravitational field had caught it and dragged it in.

David sat on the ground beside the Thinking Pond and watched as the water slowly refilled the hole. It was getting dark when he finally got up to head back home. He could faintly see the meteorite in the darkening water, which was still rising. When he’d come here tomorrow, the rock would be under ten feet of water, and he probably wouldn’t be able to see it at all.

As he walked home through the woods, David hoped that nobody would come looking for the meteorite. Probably no one knew that part of it had survived its fiery journey through the earth’s atmosphere. He hoped that the meteorite would stay at the bottom of the Thinking Pond forever, in a place where the earth, the water, and a piece of the sky all touched each other.
Directions: Answer the following questions based on your understanding of the passage.

1. Which sentence from the passage best shows how powerful the meteorite was?
   A  “Suddenly, he heard a sharp, whining sound like the engine of a high-flying jet airplane.” (lines 25 and 26)
   B  “Then a ball of fire roared overhead, followed by a searing gust of wind.” (lines 27 and 28)
   C  “The shock wave knocked David to the ground, his ears ringing.” (line 29)
   D  “A second later, he heard an explosive, hissing crash up ahead.” (lines 29 and 30)

2. What does the meteorite event mainly represent to David?
   A  the wonder of nature
   B  the vastness of the universe
   C  the beauty of the landscape
   D  the violence of natural events

3. What does the author mean by the phrase “a piece of the sky” in lines 68 and 69?
   A  a cloud reflected in the pond
   B  an asteroid half-buried in a muddy crater
   C  a comet orbiting the Earth
   D  a meteorite under the water
4.

How is David’s view of himself different from his mother’s view of him?

A  David feels left out, but his mother thinks he’s sensitive.
B  David feels most comfortable alone, but his mother thinks he’s lonely.
C  David thinks of himself as thoughtful, but his mother thinks he’s too serious.
D  David thinks of himself as odd, but his mother thinks he’s just more mature than other kids.

5.

Which lines from the passage best support the idea that David thinks like a scientist?

A  lines 15 through 20
B  lines 29 through 31
C  lines 54 through 59
D  lines 65 through 69

6.

Read the last sentence of the passage.

He hoped that the meteorite would stay at the bottom of the Thinking Pond forever, in a place where the earth, the water, and a piece of the sky all touched each other.

Which sentence from the passage best matches this characterization of David?

A  “David couldn’t understand why he seemed to be the only one who saw how amazing it was for a squirrel to run down a tree head first, or how unique each day’s sky full of clouds was.” (lines 6 through 8)
B  “His mom said he was more sensitive and thoughtful than other kids his age, but David just felt lonely and left out most of the time.” (lines 8 and 9)
C  “About a quarter of a mile from the pond, David caught sight of the huge, gnarled oak tree he’d nicknamed the Old Giant for its rough, craggy bark and tall, thick trunk.” (lines 10 through 14)
D  “By now David could usually see the shine of sunlight on the gently rippling water, but today something was different.” (lines 35 and 36)
7.

Read this sentence from lines 30 and 31 of the passage.

A rush of air and hot steam billowed through the trees, and he covered his head as it washed over him.

What do the words “billowed” and “washed” suggest about the steam?

A that it shrunk in size and speed
B that it thinned out and disappeared
C that it spread quickly and in waves
D that it was lightweight and remained close to the ground
Race to the Klondike

by Lester David

Robert Henderson had searched for it all his life, all over the world. Now, in 1896, he could hardly believe what he saw shining in the bottom of his miner's pan.

Gold!

Henderson scrambled back to the nearest settlement in the remote Klondike region of northwest Canada and staked a claim. He called the site Gold Bottom.

The Great Rush Begins

Henderson may have been the first to find gold. But soon, George Washington Carmack made a strike at nearby Rabbit Creek and found enough gold to make him wealthy.

The discoveries triggered history’s greatest gold rush. People caught gold fever, then joined what became known as the “great stampede.” There probably will never be another like it.

Lure of Quick Riches

The stunning news of gold flashed across the United States and Canada. Men left their homes and families, lured northward by dreams of quick riches. Never mind that the journey was dangerous, as was the Klondike itself.

Gold-seekers jammed ships from around the world. Thousands made the grueling trip around Cape Horn at the tip of South America and sailed up to the Gulf of Alaska.

An endless line of stampeders trudged over Alaska's rugged Chilkoot Pass and the somewhat easier White Pass. From Skagway and Dyea, in southeastern Alaska, they struggled inland more than 30 miles, then had to build boats that would take them to the goldfields near Dawson, more than 500 miles away. Today, a historic park and hiking trail mark the location of the Chilkoot Pass.

World's Roughest Place

Skagway was dubbed “the roughest place in the world” by Canadian North West Mounted Police. Thieves, pickpockets, gamblers and swindlers packed the town.

Within days of the first gold find, the area was in chaos. Towns sprung up. In six months, 500 new houses were built in Dawson, the Klondike’s capital. Food and supplies became scarce, and prices shot sky high.
Sled dogs cost $350 each and soon were unavailable. Miners were lucky to buy tired old horses. A breakfast of ham and eggs cost $10, enough in those days to buy a fine dinner for eight back East.

**Battling the Numbing Cold**

With the risk of starvation increasing, Mounted Police ordered that every man heading for the trails must have a year’s supply of provisions. This meant each had to carry hundreds of pounds of food and gear.

A gold-seeker who lacked a horse or sled would haul about 65 of pounds of supplies, set it down and go back for the rest. Then he’d have to dig out his first load from under the drifting snow. He’d eventually walk more than 2,500 miles to get his gear over the Chilkoot Pass.

Sometimes, the temperature plunged to 50 below, but the prospectors forged ahead. They huddled in caves during blizzards.

**They Struck It Rich**

Plenty of folks found pay dirt.

Louis Rhodes, a quiet, soft-spoken miner, recovered enough gold in just one year to enable him to live in luxury for the rest of his long life.

Charley Anderson did even better. A clever swindler convinced him to pay $800 for a claim he said would be worth a fortune. Actually, it was considered to be a total dud. In a few months, though, Charley discovered his “worthless” claim was worth millions.

Then there was Alex McDonald, who took pity on a starving miner and traded a sack of flour for a claim neither thought was worth a cent. McDonald bought up several more claims like these and wound up with a bonanza of $20 million.

Historians estimate that more than 100,000 men, as well as a large number of women, set out to find Klondike gold. Between 30,000 and 40,000 eventually got there.

Just two months after the first strikes, about $5 million in gold was recovered. But by 1899, three years after it had started, the great stampede was over. All the streams had been claimed. People began leaving. Twenty years later, hastily built buildings were empty and crumbling, and machinery was rusting in the streets and canyons.

By 1904, $100 million in gold had been wrested from the region. All that remains today is the memory of the last great rush for the elusive yellow metal.
### A HEAVY LOAD

A gold prospector had to be well armed before heading into the Klondike. Harsh winters and scarce supplies made extra provisions valuable. Some miners carried up to 2,500 pounds of goods over the rugged trails. A typical year's supply of goods a Klondike miner might have carried:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Food</th>
<th>Equipment</th>
<th>Clothing</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Bacon</strong>, 100 to 200 lbs.</td>
<td><strong>Stove</strong></td>
<td>1 heavy mackinaw coat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Flour</strong>, 400 lbs.</td>
<td><strong>Miner’s pan</strong></td>
<td>3 suits heavy underwear</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Dried fruits</strong>, 75 to 100 lbs.</td>
<td><strong>Granite buckets</strong></td>
<td>2 pairs heavy mackinaw</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Cornmeal</strong>, 50 lbs.</td>
<td><strong>Tin cups and plates</strong></td>
<td>trousers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Rice</strong>, 20 to 40 lbs.</td>
<td><strong>Knifes, forks and spoons</strong></td>
<td>12 pairs heavy wool socks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Coffee</strong>, 10 to 25 lbs.</td>
<td><strong>Coffee pot</strong></td>
<td>6 pairs heavy wool mittens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Tea</strong>, 5 to 10 lbs.</td>
<td><strong>Picks</strong></td>
<td>2 heavy overshirts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sugar</strong>, 25 to 100 lbs.</td>
<td><strong>Handles</strong></td>
<td>2 pairs rubber boots</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Beans</strong>, 100 lbs.</td>
<td><strong>Saws</strong></td>
<td>2 pairs heavy shoes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Condensed milk</strong>, 1 case</td>
<td><strong>Chisels</strong></td>
<td>6 heavy blankets</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Salt</strong>, 10 to 15 lbs.</td>
<td><strong>Hatchet</strong></td>
<td>2 rubber blankets</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Pepper</strong>, 1 lb.</td>
<td><strong>Shovels</strong></td>
<td>4 towels</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Rolled oats</strong>, 25 to 50 lbs.</td>
<td><strong>Drawknife</strong></td>
<td>2 pairs overalls</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Potatoes</strong>, 25 to 100 lbs.</td>
<td><strong>Compass</strong></td>
<td>1 suit of oil clothing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Butter</strong>, 25 cans</td>
<td><strong>Frying pan</strong></td>
<td>Assorted summer clothing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Evaporated meats</strong></td>
<td><strong>Matches</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Evaporated vegetables</strong></td>
<td><strong>Medicines</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
1. Explain why the author of the article “Race to the Klondike” included the section entitled “A HEAVY LOAD.” Use two details from the article to support your answer.

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

Read this article. Then answer question 1.

All About the Klondyke Gold Mines

by J. Armoy Knox and J. G. Pratt

“The man who wants the Yukon gold should know what he is going to tackle before he starts. If there is an easy part of the trip I haven’t struck it yet.

“Eight of us made the trip from Juneau to Dyea, 100 miles, on the little steam launch Alert. The steamer Mexico reached Dyea the same morning with 423 men. As she drew so much water she had to stay about three miles off shore and land her passengers and freight as best she might in more or less inaccessible places on the rocky shores. Then up came the twenty-two foot tide and many poor fellows saw their entire outfits swept into the sea.

“We camped the first night at Dyea. It is a most enjoyable thing, this making camp in the snow. First you must shovel down from three to six feet to find a solid crust. Then you must go out in the snow up to your neck to find branches with which to make a bed, and then comes the hunt for a dead tree for firewood. Dinner is cooked on a small sheet-iron stove.

“Always keep an eye on the ‘grub,’ especially the bacon, for the dogs are like so many ravenous wolves, and it is not considered just the proper thing to be left without anything to eat in this frostbitten land. At night it is necessary to tie up the sacks of bacon in the trees or build trestles¹ for them. But to the trip.

“The second day we went up Dyea canon. It is only three miles long, but seems fully thirty. This is true of all distances in this country. About one hundred pounds is about all a man wants to pull in this canon, as the way is steep and the ice slippery. So camps must be made short distances apart, as you have to go over the trail several times in bringing up your outfit. Remember an ordinary outfit weighs from 500 to 800 pounds, and some of them much more.

¹trestles: a framework of horizontal and vertical bars used to raise something off the ground
“But the summit of Chilcoot Pass—that’s the place that puts the yellow fear into many a man’s heart. Some took one look at it, sold their outfits for what they would bring and turned back. This pass is over the ridge which skirts the coast. It is only about 1,200 feet from base to tip, but it is almost straight up and down—a sheer steep of snow and ice. There is a blizzard blowing there most of the time, and when it is at its height, no man may cross. For days at a time the summit is impassable. An enterprising man named Burns has rigged a windlass\(^2\) and cable there, and with this he hoists up some freight at a cent a pound.”

\[^2\text{windlass:}\] a machine used for hoisting or hauling
1. Explain which part of the journey to the Klondyke the authors of both articles would most likely agree was the most dangerous to make. Use one detail from each article to support your answer.

NOTE: You can use this page to plan your response, but please write your final answer in your answer sheet packet.
March 27 Passages and Questions

Directions: Please read the two passages below and then answer the questions that follow.

“The Tomorrow Seeds”
By Diane L. Burns

Text 1: Author's Note

1 When Spanish explorers first reached the desert Southwest in 1539, they were welcomed peacefully by the pueblo Indians calling themselves Hopituh Shi-nu-mu, which means “the peaceable people” or just “the People.” But by 1675, the time of this story, the People, known as Hopi to outsiders, has come to resent the intrusion of the Spanish settlers and governor, and even more strongly, of the missionaries, or Black Robes, who tried to impose a new religion and language. The Spanish were often brutal, but they had also introduced new plants for cultivation, such as watermelon, called kawayvatnga in Hopi. Eventually, the People outlawed even the black robes’ garden seeds in the effort to reject the new ways.

2 Though an uneasy peace lasted for several more years, the People, led by Popé, drove out the Spanish settlers and their black robes in the Pueblo Revolt of 1680. During the bloody conflict, lives were lost on both sides, churches and homes were razed, and fields destroyed.

3 Afterwards, the people restored their dances and other religious customs, but their old way of life could not be reclaimed fully. The valley had, in some ways, been damaged beyond healing by the conflict and upheaval. The people eventually moved to the mesa top, where they live to this day.

4 Recent archaeological digs in Southwestern caves have uncovered caches of native garden seeds — squash, melons, and corn — still able to grow after hundreds of years.
SILENT AS A DOVE’S WING, the desert night lifted toward dawn. Taw! Now! Now was the safe, sacred time Moki had seen in his dreams. Time to disobey the village elders. Time to follow the visions he’d been given.

Rising from his blanket in the kiva, or sleep house, Moki cradled a leather pouch, hoping to keep silent the seeds inside. But seeds have their own life, especially these — the People's bumpy blue seeds of corn, sakwaq’a ö, and the red, forbidden kaway•vatnga of the Black Robes, the Spanish missionaries. Clutched in Moki’s hand, they whispered as he moved.

Moki held his breath. Perhaps the gentle rattle of the seeds would betray him. But no, the visions held faithful. As he silently climbed the ladder out of the kiva, the men of the village slept on.

Chilled by the desert night air, Moki slipped quickly through the darkness, scampering up ladders that led from his pueblo to the base of the steep mesa wall. There he found an ancient path, visible to the hawks soaring above the canyon but hidden from below. Cautiously hugging the cliff face, he felt the way with his feet until the ledge narrowed to a rocky splinter. Then, grasping for hand and toeholds, Moki scaled the wall of rock, pulling himself up and still up, clutching the bag of seeds in his teeth.

On top of the mesa the sky was a tipped bowl of gray blue. Surrounded by red and yellow cliffs, sheltered from the dry desert wind, this was the hidden place Moki had seen in his dream.

Breathing a prayer, Moki prepared the ground to receive the gift of seeds. He knew well how to plant; the People’s men tended all growing things. To honor the number of visions he’d seen, his hands formed four central mounds where the forbidden seeds would grow into the strange, delicious fruit brought by the Black Robes. Around the kawayvatnga like a fence Moki planted sixteen hills of the People's corn, four on each side.
As Moki’s fingers carefully smoothed a blanket of earth over the seeds, his ears detected a gentle patter, like rain on leaves. Nearby, from deep within the rock, water dripped through a crack in the cliff. Touching the cool, wet seep, he channeled its trickle to the hidden garden.

“Drink, little seeds of tomorrow,” Moki said. “Grow strong.”

With night melting into the many colors of dawn, Moki hurried to retrace his steps to the village before the others awoke. Silently, he lay down again in the kiva, but he did not sleep.

EVERY MORNING, before the dawn, Moki climbed above-mesa to tend the seeds in secret, as the visions told him he must. Soon, shoots of corn speared through the damp earth, and vines of glossy melon leaves nestled around the young stalks. A rare rain shower rinsed the dusty valley below. Desert winds dried the gardens of the Black Robes and the People. Hidden on the mesa, charmed by the sun and watered gently by the split rock, Moki’s corn and melon garden grew through the summer. Grew and flowered. Flowered and set fruit. Tiny, at first, then bigger and bigger.

In the valley something else was growing — angry feelings between the Black Robes and the People. Unspoken thoughts hung in the air, thick as smoke. If any angry words were uttered by the People, it was Popé who said them — loud, and hot as fire. There was the People’s way, he argued, and the way of the Spanish settlers who did what they wanted to the earth. Even their spirit leaders, the Black Robes, were thoughtless. Hadn’t they outlawed the People’s seasonal dances that maintained the harmony of earth? Hadn’t they told the People to abandon their language and speak the invaders’ Spanish? The People were expected to work the farms of the settlers and Black Robes; how could they also care for their own families?

For speaking against the rules of the Black Robes, Popé and other medicine men from the pueblos had been put in the governor’s jail, where four died. Popé was free now, but not silent. He talked even more strongly of pushing the Black Robes and settlers out of the People’s valley.

Quietly, the People talked and wondered what to do. “At the birth of the People, we were given this valley. If all the intruders stay, where will we go? If we are pushed from the valley, where will we be safe?”
MOKI KNEW. The visions had shown him two ways to live. The first — with seeds for tomorrow — was a way of sharing. The second was not a way of sharing at all. Which was right? Moki had watched the Black Robes quietly tending their gardens. They were careful in their planting. Careful in their weeding and harvesting. So were the People. Popé did not believe that the Black Robes did anything carefully. Either the People lived in the valley, or the Black Robes did, Popé said. Moki knew the People listened to his words. No one talked anymore as if the two groups could get along.

Every day, as Moki pulled weeds from the melon vines and guided the rustling corn leaves toward the sky, he wondered, was it wise to choose only one way and ignore another? Earth shared day and night; each had its place. They didn't fight. Together they made the People's world complete. Perhaps the Black Robes and the People could live side by side, if each were as careful with each other as they were with their gardens.

Once corn and melon had grown in harmony in the People's gardens. Moki remembered the first harvest: the ripe melon rind splitting with a sound like thunder, its pink flesh dribbling juice, sweeter than spring rain, down the People's chins. Not everything, then, about the Black Robes was bad. The melon seeds had been a good gift. In the manner of the People, the village women had saved the best of those tomorrow seeds for the next year's growing season. And the next, and next.

But not now. Because the Black Robes did not allow the People to live their old way, no one remembered the good gift. No one saved the Black Robes' seeds now, except Moki.

And if the village elders knew of his hidden garden? His disobedience could bring trouble raging like a storm wind. But trouble might come anyway, and with it, the second path shown in his dreams.

The thought of this second choice always ended Moki's gardening time. After slipping unnoticed into the kiva, he would lie with pounding heart until the men and other boys awoke, comforting himself that he was following the first choice of the god of visions. As to the other way? For now it was as secret as the garden itself. He would not — could not — speak of it to the elders. What if they did not believe a boy's dreams?

IT WAS NEARLY the day of harvest when clouds, boiling black and furious, rolled across the valley. Wolflike winds howled through the villages of the People and the Black Robes. Flying sand stung both white skin and brown.

Shreds of green corn leaves, ripped by the wind, spiraled down from the top of the rain-washed mesa. Puzzled, the People looked up, and up. Battered corn stalks hung over the edge of the cliff.

Moki's heart twisted at the sight. The tomorrow seeds! He raced to the ladders and the secret path on the cliffside. The windstorm had wrecked the corn, but were the melons destroyed, too? He had to know.
The answer lay scattered across the mesa top. Ragged stalks and tufted ears of blue corn littered the ground. Tangled melon vines crisscrossed everywhere, torn from the earth. And then he saw them, in the middle of the wreck of a garden — the crook-necked melon fruit, far, round . . . And unhurt.

Relieved, Moki turned to find that the People — Popé, too — had followed him. In a glance Popé took in the garden site and closed his face with anger. Moki's heart stuck in his throat. How could he save the tomorrow seeds now? The storm hadn't destroyed the forbidden ones, but surely the village elders would. What could he do? Nothing in the visions had prepared him for this.

Popé pointed an accusing finger. “You! And the forbidden seeds!” He pulled one of the hated melons into his arms. How to explain this treachery?

“It . . . it was the way of my dreams,” Moki began. “I saw the People's corn like a shelter around the Black Robes' melons.”


Moki spoke calmly, but his heart pounded as if he'd run a footrace. “One for each time the vision came to me.” He nodded toward the fat melon in Popé's arms. “They have grown well together,” he said. “Perhaps we can, too, if we choose to try again. It was one way shown in the visions.”

The People murmured. Truly, melons and corn flourished side by side. Was it still possible for the People to live with the Black Robes?

Popé nudged a twisted corn stalk with his toe. “Is it the wish of the People to sacrifice sakwaq'a o so the Black Robes' kawayvatnga can grow?” he stormed. Popé held the melon overhead. Moki stared. The unthinkable would happen. Popé would smash the melon, and with it, the tomorrow seeds and any hope of sharing the valley. Was it time to speak of the vision's second choice?

A hand gripped Popé's upstretched arm. “Hold,” said an elder of the People. He turned to Moki. “The visions showed you this place?”
“Yes,” Moki said. An inner voice poured words from his heart and lips before he could stop them. “Here is ground for us, high above the Black Robes. With water even in time of drought and shelter in the cliffs. It is a good place, a hidden place.” He took a deep breath and said the rest. “If peace cannot be, we have this place out of reach.” There! At last he’d revealed the secret of the vision. If peace cannot be. Would the People abandon their gardens and pueblo in the valley to live high atop the mesa?

The elders looked. They saw it was true. Ground and water enough for all of the People. Popé, too, saw a place of safety. He did not smile, but he held out the melon to Moki, who cradled it.

The elder spoke. “It is true that the seeds of the People and the Black Robes grow well together. Perhaps we can share the valley. It is not for today to know if this hidden place will be needed tomorrow. For now,” he rescued another melon from its bed among the fallen stalks, “we will give thanks for the good harvest Moki has brought.” The People nodded.

IN THE HARVEST CEREMONY, the People gave thanks for the gift of the Black Robes’ seeds as for their own corn. The women would save the best seeds, both kawayvatnga and sakwaq’a o. The men would plant and tend them. The gods would see them grow . . . together. For another season, the People and the Black Robes would share the valley.

With his own silent prayer of thanks, Moki touched a hand to his leather pouch. It would again hold tomorrow seeds, both blue corn and melon, and not in secret. It was good, just as the visions had promised.

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QUESTIONS:

1. Which statement describes the central idea of the Author’s Note (Text 1)?
   A. The Hopi were accepting of the Spanish settlers.
   B. The Spanish settlers changed Hopi culture forever.
   C. The Hopi returned to their traditions after defeating the Spanish.
   D. Seeds recovered during archeological digs are all that remains of the Hopi culture.

2. Which sentence from Text 1 best supports the correct answer to question #1?
   A. “When Spanish explorers first reached the desert Southwest in 1539, they were welcomed peacefully by the pueblo Indians calling themselves Hopituh Shi-nu-mu, which means ‘the peaceable people’ or just ‘the People.’”
   B. “Eventually, the People outlawed even the black robes garden seeds in the effort to reject the new ways.”
   C. “Afterwards, the people restored their dances and other religious customs, but their old way of life could not be reclaimed fully.”
   D. “Recent archaeological digs in Southwestern caves have uncovered caches of native garden seeds-squash, melons, and corn still able to grow after hundreds of years.”

3. In paragraph 26 of “The Tomorrow Seeds” (Text 2), Moki wonders how he will “explain this treachery.” What is the meaning of the word treachery?
   A. mission from a divine force
   B. long-term plan
   C. betrayal of trust
   D. combination of two beliefs

4. Which sentence from Text 2 best helps the reader determine the meaning of treachery?
   A. “The windstorm had wrecked the corn, but were the melons destroyed, too?”
   B. “Popé pointed an accusing finger.”
   C. “It . . . it was the way of my dreams.”
   D. “I saw the People’s corn like a shelter around the Black Robes’ melons.”
5. Which statement best expresses a main theme of Text 2?
   A. While the future may be uncertain, it is best to prepare for whatever may come.
   B. Different ways of life cannot be combined successfully.
   C. Children do not always fully understand the actions of those around them.
   D. It takes time and patience to grow a garden.

6. Which lines from Text 2 best illustrate the theme in question #5?
   A. “Every morning, before dawn, Moki climbed above-mesa to tend the seeds in secret, as the visions told him he must.”
   B. “In the valley something else was growing — angry feelings between the Black Robes and the People.
   C. “The storm hadn’t destroyed the forbidden ones, but surely the village elders would.”
   D. “If peace cannot be, we have this place out of reach.”

7. Based on the information in Text 2, what are two ways the Black Robes changed the Hopi lifestyle?
   A. They taught Hopi children to care for plants.
   B. They made the Hopi dress like the Spanish.
   C. They introduced new crops, like watermelon.
   D. They required the Hopi to live on the mesa top.
   E. They forced the Hopi to work their farms.
   F. They passed seeds down to new generations.
   G. They shared the visions they had received.

8. In Text 2, how do paragraphs 14–19, in which Moki asks himself many questions, contribute to the development of the passage?
   A. These questions demonstrate Moki’s need for guidance from the elders.
   B. These questions help Moki determine what to do next.
   C. These questions illustrate Moki’s struggle to determine the best vision.
   D. These questions show Moki the importance of his visions.

9. What is the main purpose of Text 1 and how does it contribute to the development of ideas in Text 2?
   A. Text 1 describes the crops the Spanish brought to the People, helping the reader understand Popé’s dislike of their ways in Text 2.
   B. Text 1 puts forth a different perspective of the Spanish involvement, showing how the Spanish did not have a negative impact on the people as shown in Text 2.
   C. Text 1 explains why the Spanish wanted to change the People, supporting Moki’s idea in Text 2 that the Spanish ideas were not all bad.
   D. Text 1 explains the conflict between the People and the Spanish, showing how Text 2 is based on historical events.
Read the passage from “The Bike.” Then answer the questions.

from “The Bike”

by Gary Soto

1 My first bike got me nowhere, though the shadow I cast as I pedaled raced along my side. The leaves of bird-filled trees stirred a warm breeze and litter scuttled out of the way. Our orange cats looked on from the fence, their tails up like antennas. I opened my mouth, and wind tickled the back of my throat. When I squinted, I could see past the end of the block. My hair flicked like black fire, and I thought I was pretty cool riding up and down the block, age five, in my brother’s hand-me-down shirt.

2 Going up and down the block was one thing, but taking the first curve, out of sight of Mom and the house, was another. I was scared of riding on Sarah Street. Mom said hungry dogs lived on that street, and red anger lived in their eyes. Their throats were hard with extra bones from biting kids on bikes, she said.

3 But I took the corner anyway. I didn’t believe Mom. Once she had said that pointing at rainbows caused freckles, and after a rain had moved in and drenched the streets, after the sparrows flitted onto the lawn, a rainbow washed over the junkyard and reached the dark barrels of Coleman pickle. I stood at the window, looking out, amazed and devious, with the devilish horns of my butcher haircut standing up. From behind the window, I let my finger slowly uncurl like a bean plant rising from earth. I uncurled it, then curled it back and made a fist. I should remember this day, I told myself.

4 I pedaled my squeaky bike around the curve onto Sarah Street, but returned immediately. I braked and looked back at where I had gone. My face was hot, my hair sweaty, but nothing scary seemed to happen. The street had looked like our street: parked cars, tall trees, a sprinkler hissing on a lawn, and an old woman bending over her garden. I started again, and again I rode the curve, my eyes open as wide as they could go. After a few circle eights I returned to our street. There ain’t no dogs, I told myself. I began to think that maybe this was like one of those false rainbow warnings.
I turned my bike around and rode a few times in front of our house, just in case Mom was looking for me. I called out, "Hi Mom. I haven’t gone anywhere." I saw her face in the window, curlers piled high, and she waved a dish towel at me. I waved back, and when she disappeared, I again tore my bike around the curve onto Sarah Street. I was free. The wind flicked my hair and cooled my ears. I did figure eights, rode up the curbs and onto lawns, bumped into trees, and rode over a garden hose a hundred times because I liked the way the water sprang up from the sprinkler after the pressure of my tires. I stopped when I saw a kid my age come down a porch. His machinery for getting around was a tricycle. Big baby, I thought, and said, "You can run over my leg with your trike if you want." I lay down on the sidewalk, and the kid, with fingers in his mouth, said, "OK."

He backed up and slowly, like a tank, advanced. I folded my arms behind my head and watched a jay swoop by with what looked like a cracker in its beak, when the tire climbed over my ankle and sparks of pain cut through my skin. I sat up quickly, my eyes flinging tears like a sprinkler.

The boy asked, "Did it hurt?"

"No," I said, almost crying.

The kid could see that it did. He could see my face strain to hold back a sob, two tears dropping like dimes into the dust. He pedaled away on his bucket of bolts and tossed it on his front lawn. He looked back before climbing the stairs and disappeared into the house.

Part A
What does the word **tore** in paragraph 5 suggest?
- A. unsteady balance
- B. reckless speed
- C. screeching sounds
- D. something breaking

Part B
Which **two** details from the passage support the answer in Part A?
- A. “I haven’t gone anywhere.” (paragraph 5)
- B. “I was free.” (paragraph 5)
- C. “The wind flicked my hair . . . .” (paragraph 5)
- D. “. . . I liked the way the water sprang up from the sprinkler after the pressure of my tires.” (paragraph 5)
- E. “You can run over my leg with your trike if you want.” (paragraph 5)
- F. “I folded my arms behind my head and watched a jay . . . .” (paragraph 6)
Part A
How does the mother's perspective about the neighboring street affect the narrator?

- A. He stays within his mother's view.
- B. He questions his mother's concerns.
- C. He desires a better bicycle that will go faster.
- D. He becomes dependent on his mother.

Part B
Which two details support the answer to Part A?

- A. “My first bike got me nowhere, though the shadow I cast as I pedaled raced along my side.” (paragraph 1)
- B. “I didn’t believe Mom.” (paragraph 3)
- C. “I braked and looked back at where I had gone.” (paragraph 4)
- D. “After a few circle eights I returned to our street.” (paragraph 4)
- E. “I began to think that maybe this was like one of those false rainbow warnings.” (paragraph 4)
- F. “I saw her face in the window, curlers piled high, and she waved a dish towel at me.” (paragraph 5)
Part A

Which sentence best states a central idea of the passage?

- A. The narrator pretends to listen to the warnings from his parents.
- B. The narrator thinks that riding a bike seems more grown-up than riding a trike.
- C. The narrator discovers that adventures away from home can be dangerous.
- D. The narrator uses his bike to gain a sense of independence.

Part B

Which two details from the passage support the answer to Part A?

- A. “Going up and down the block was one thing, but taking the first curve, out of sight of Mom and the house, was another.” (paragraph 2)
- B. “Mom said hungry dogs lived on that street, and red anger lived in their eyes.” (paragraph 2)
- C. “But I took the corner anyway.” (paragraph 3)
- D. “… a rainbow washed over the junkyard and reached the dark barrels of Coleman pickle.” (paragraph 3)
- E. “From behind the window, I let my finger slowly uncurl like a bean plant . . . .” (paragraph 3)
- F. “I should remember this day . . . .” (paragraph 3)
Part A
What is a theme in the passage?

- A. A feeling of independence is difficult to achieve.
- B. Revenge can be satisfying.
- C. Overconfidence can lead to unexpected results.
- D. Freedom is a personal choice.

Part B
Which detail from the passage best supports the theme from Part A?

- A. “. . . I thought I was pretty cool riding up and down the block, age five, in my brother’s hand-me-down shirt.” (paragraph 1)
- B. “I was scared of riding on Sarah Street. Mom said hungry dogs lived on that street . . . .” (paragraph 2)
- C. “. . . I liked the way the water sprang up from the sprinkler . . . .” (paragraph 5)
- D. “Big baby, I thought, and said, ‘You can run over my leg with your trike if you want.’” (paragraph 5)
Part A
Which detail uses figurative language to express the narrator’s pain?

- A. “My hair flicked like black fire . . . .” (paragraph 1)
- B. “. . . red anger lived in their eyes.” (paragraph 2)
- C. “. . . the devilish horns of my butch haircut . . . .” (paragraph 3)
- D. “. . . my eyes flinging tears like a sprinkler.” (paragraph 6)

Part B
In which detail does the author also use figurative language to express the narrator’s pain?

- A. “When I squinted, I could see . . . .” (paragraph 1)
- B. “. . . looking out, amazed and devious . . . .” (paragraph 3)
- C. “. . . I let my finger slowly uncurl like a bean plant rising from earth.” (paragraph 3)
- D. “. . . two tears dropping like dimes into the dust.” (paragraph 9)
Directions: Read the article “Voyage of Hope, Voyage of Tears,” which describes the journey many immigrants made from Europe to America by ship. Then, answer the questions that follow.

Voyage of Hope, Voyage of Tears
by Mimi Boelter

1   Hope was the one guiding star that led millions of people to immigrate to America, but those people had to endure a lot even before they arrived on this country’s shores. Their journey began when they said good-bye to their ancestral homes and set out—by train or wagon or on foot—for a seaside port and a ship that would take them to their new country.

2   By 1880, an Atlantic Ocean crossing on a steamship lasted eight to 14 days—not bad, compared with the one- to three-month expeditions of the earlier sailing ships. Shipping lines actually competed for emigrating passengers, who were considered highly profitable, self-loading cargo. Some ships, for example, could hold more than 2,000 emigrants in steerage. At 10 to 40 dollars per traveler, those ships could make a good profit carrying many people in the least expensive and least luxurious way.

3   When emigrants arrived at European port cities, such as Antwerp (Belgium), Liverpool (England), or Naples (Italy), to name just a few, they often had to wait up to two weeks for a ship that was departing for the United States. So, shipping companies made even more money by building hotels where travelers had to pay to stay while they waited. The Hamburg-Amerika Shipping Line maintained an entire village on the outskirts of Hamburg, Germany, that included two churches, a synagogue, a kosher1 kitchen, and accommodations for 5,000 people.

4   Steamship companies required steerage passengers to take an antiseptic2 bath, have their baggage fumigated3, and be examined by doctors before boarding. The emigrants also answered questions—such as name, age, occupation, native country, and destination—for the ship’s manifest. At the other end of the trip, Ellis Island officials would use such information to verify and group the immigrants.

5   Once the ship was underway, first- and second-class passengers ate meals in a dining hall and enjoyed private cabins through which fresh sea breezes could blow. Steerage passengers, on the other hand, had food brought to them, as they traveled in the dark bowels of the ship where there was no privacy. Keeping clean was difficult, as fresh water was often available only on deck. “That hope to be in America was so great and so sunny, that it colored all the pain that we had during our trip,” remembered Gertrude Yellin about her voyage in 1922.

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1 Kosher – food prepared in accordance with certain Jewish dietary laws
2 Antiseptic – germ-killing or cleaning
3 Fumigated – disinfected by smoke or fumes
Steerage passengers slept in narrow bunks, usually three beds across and two or three deep. Burlap-covered mattresses were filled with straw or seaweed. During fierce North Atlantic storms, all hatches\(^4\) were sealed to prevent water from getting in, making the already stuffy air below unbearable.

Many children died when contagious illnesses, such as measles, broke out onboard ship. Their lifeless bodies were taken from their mothers’ arms and dropped into the ocean. Throughout their 1905 voyage, Fannie Kligerman’s mother hid Fannie’s infant sister in an apron, hoping the child would stay healthy. She did.

Outbreaks of seasickness also were present on every ship, keeping hundreds of passengers in their beds through most of the ocean crossing. And the lack of sanitation in steerage made cleaning up vomit impossible. As time went on, the stench of the unventilated cargo area would grow worse. Bertha Devlin, who immigrated in 1923, recalled a particularly bad Atlantic crossing: “One night I prayed to God that [the boat] would go down . . . I was that sick . . . . And everybody else was the same way.”

Immigrants often crowded on the deck of the ship at the end of the trip when the Statue of Liberty was sighted in New York Harbor. Steamships made their first stop at a pier on the mainland. There, the first- and second-class passengers were free to leave the ship, with little or no medical examination. Afterward, steerage passengers were crowded onto a barge or ferry, often with standing room only, and taken to Ellis Island. On a busy day, immigrants might have to wait their turn to disembark\(^5\), standing for several hours with no food or drink. The ordeal of the ocean voyage was over, but the unknowns of the Ellis Island examination process were just ahead.

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**“Emigrate” and “Immigrate”**

The words *emigrate* and *immigrate* are both used of people involved in a permanent move, generally across a political boundary. *Emigrate* refers to the point of departure: *He emigrated from Germany* (that is, left Germany). By contrast, *immigrate* refers to the new location: *The promise of prosperity in the United States encouraged many people to immigrate* (that is, move to the United States).

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\(^4\) Hatches – coverings for the openings on the deck of a ship

\(^5\) Disembark – leave a ship
1. Read the sentence from paragraph 1 of the article below.

Their journey began when they said good-bye to their ancestral homes and set out—by train or wagon or on foot—for a seaside port and a ship that would take them to their new country

In the sentence, the dashes are used to

a. cite a primary source
b. introduce the main idea
c. indicate a shift in setting
d. provide specific examples

2. In the second paragraph of the article, the description “highly profitable, self-loading cargo” mainly suggests that the shipping lines

a. had little concern for steerage passengers
b. charged low fares for steerage passengers
c. carried freight instead of steerage passengers
d. were effective at handling steerage passengers

3. What is the main purpose of paragraphs 4 through 8 of the article?

a. to compare the voyages of the time with the voyages of today
b. to explain why many passengers lost their lives during the voyages
c. to describe what the immigrants’ experience on the voyage was like
d. to show that the immigrants’ spirits remained high during the voyage

4. Reread the paragraph from the article.

Steamship companies required steerage passengers to take an antiseptic bath, have their baggage fumigated, and be examined by doctors before boarding. The emigrants also answered questions—such as name, age, occupation, native country, and destination—for the ship’s manifest. At the other end of the trip, Ellis Island officials would use such information to verify and group the immigrants.

Based on this paragraph, a manifest is most likely

a. a ticket for passengers
b. a record for passengers
c. a fee to enter a country
d. a request to become a citizen
5. Which of the following details would be most important to include in a summary of the article?

a. Hope was the one guiding star that led millions of people to immigrate to America, but those people had to endure a lot even before they arrived on this country’s shores.

b. By 1880, an Atlantic Ocean crossing on a steamship lasted eight to 14 days— not bad, compared with the one- to three-month expeditions of the earlier sailing ships.

c. Steamship companies required steerage passengers to take an antiseptic bath, have their baggage fumigated, and be examined by doctors before boarding.

d. Keeping clean was difficult, as fresh water was often available only on deck.

6. What connection does the article make about wealth and immigrating to America by ship? Support your response with two 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.
1. Sometimes when you fall off your horse, you just don’t want to get right back on. Let’s say he started bucking and you did all the things you knew to do, like pull his head up from between his knees and make him go forward, then use a pulley rein on the left to stop him. Most horses would settle at that point and come down to a walk. Then you could turn him again and trot off—it’s always harder for the horse to buck at the trot than at the lope. But if, right when you let up on the reins, your horse put his head between his knees again and took off bucking, kicking higher and higher until he finally dropped you and went tearing off to the other end of the ring, well, you might lie there, as I did, with the wind knocked out of you and think about how nice it would be not to get back on, because that horse is just dedicated to bucking you off.

2. So I did lie there, looking up at the branches of the oak tree that grew beside the ring, and I did wait for Daddy to come trotting over with that horse by the bridle, and I did stare up at both their faces, the face of that horse flicking his ears back and forth and snorting a little bit, and the face of my father, red-cheeked and blue-eyed, and I did listen to him say, “Abby? You okay, honey? Sure you are. I saw you bounce! Get up, now.”

3. I sighed.

4. “How am I going to tell these folks who are looking to buy these horses that a little girl can ride them, if you don’t get up and ride them?”

5. I sat up. I said, “I don’t know, Daddy.” My elbow hurt, but not too badly. Otherwise I was okay.

6. “Well, then.”

7. I stood up, and he brushed off the back of my jeans. Then he tossed me on the horse again.

8. Some horses buck you off. Some horses spook you off—they see something scary and drop a shoulder and spin and run away. Some horses stop all of a sudden, and there you are, head over heels and sitting on the ground. I had a horse rear so high once that I just slid down over her tail and landed in the grass easy as you please, watching her run back to the barn. I started riding when I was three. I started training horses for my dad when I was eight. I wasn’t the only
one – my brother, Danny, was thirteen at the time, and he did most of the riding (Kid’s Horse for Sale), but I’m the only one now.

9. Which is not to say that there aren’t good horses and fun horses. I ride plenty of those, too. But they don’t last, because Daddy turns those over fast. I had one year ago, a sweet bay mare. We got her because her owner had died and Daddy picked her up for a song from the bank. I rode her every day, and she never put a foot wrong. Her lope was as easy as flying. One of the days she was with us, I had a twenty-four-virus, so when I went out to ride, I tacked her up and took her down to the crick at the bottom of the pasture, out of sight of the house.

10. I knew Daddy had to go into town and would be gone for the afternoon, so when I got down there, I just took off the saddle and hung it over a tree limb, and the bridle, too, and I lay down in the grass and fell asleep. I knew she would graze, and she did for a while, I suppose. But when I woke up (and feeling much better, thank you), there she was, curled up next to me like a dog, kind of pressed against me but sweet and large and soft. I lay there feeling how warm she was and smelling her fragrance and I thought, I’ve never heard of this before. I don’t know why she did that, but now when Daddy tells me that horses only know two things, the carrots and the stick, and not to fill my head with silly ideas about them, I just remember that mare (she had a star shaped like a triangle and a little snip down by her left nostril). We sold her for a nice piece of change within a month, and I wish I knew where she was.
1) What is the meaning of **tearing** as it is used in paragraph 1 of the passage from *The Georges and the Jewels*?
   a. ripping
   b. pulling
   c. speeding
   d. crying

2) Look back to your answer to question #1. Which phrase in paragraph 1 helps the reader understand the meaning of **tearing**?
   a. “...let up the reins...”
   b. “...put his head between his knees...”
   c. “...off to the other end of the ring...”
   d. “...kicking higher and higher...”

3) In the passage from *The Georges and the Jewels*, how do the father’s actions affect the narrator’s life?
   a. The father’s kindness causes him to carry the narrator into the house after she falls off the horse.
   b. The father’s love of horses causes him to show the narrator how beautiful the animals are when they walk.
   c. The father’s desire to sell horses causes him to quickly place the narrator back on the horse after she falls.
   d. The father’s expectation of obedience causes him to require the narrator to keep trying.

4) Look back to your answer to question #3. Which piece of evidence from the text best supports your answer?
   a. “...and I did wait for Daddy to come trotting over with that horse...” (paragraph 2)
   b. “...and the face of my father, red-cheeked and blue-eyed...” (paragraph 2)
   c. “Abby? You okay, honey?” (paragraph 2)
   d. “...he tossed me on the horse again.” (paragraph 7)

5) In the passage from *The Georges and the Jewels*, how are the father’s and narrator’s points of view toward horses different?
   a. The father thinks horses are easy to tame, while the narrator believes horses are dangerous animals.
   b. The father believes horses only respond to punishment and reward, while the narrator thinks horses have feelings.
   c. The father thinks only boys should ride horses, while the narrator thinks girls should be able to ride them, too.
   d. The father wants his daughter to ride horses more, but the narrator worries about getting hurt.
April 2 Passage and Questions

Excerpt from *Black Beauty: The Autobiography of a Horse*

By Anna Sewell

1) Every one may not know what breaking in is, therefore I will describe it. It means to teach a horse to wear a saddle and bridle, and to carry on his back a man, woman or child; to go just the way they wish, and to go quietly. Besides this he has to learn to wear a collar, a crupper, and a breeching, and to stand still while they are put on; then to have a cart or chaise fixed behind, so that he cannot walk or trot without dragging it after him; and he must go fast or slow, just as his driver wishes. He must never start at what he sees, nor speak to other horses, nor bite, nor kick, nor have any will of his own; but always do his master’s will, even though he may be very tired or hungry; but the worst of all is, when his harness is once on, he may neither jump for joy nor lie down for weariness. So you see this breaking in is a great thing.

2) I had of course been used to a halter and a headstall, and to be led about in the fields and lanes quietly, but now I was to have a bit and bridle; my master gave me some oats as usual, and after a good deal of coaxing he got the bit into my mouth, and the bridle fixed, but it was a nasty thing! Those who have never had a bit in their mouths cannot think how bad it feels; a great piece of cold hard steel as thick as a man’s finger to be pushed into one’s mouth, between one’s teeth, and over one’s tongue, with the ends coming out at the corner of your mouth, and held fast there by straps over your head, under your throat, round your nose, and under your chin; so that no way in the world can you get rid of the nasty hard thing; it is very bad! Yes, very bad! At least I thought so; but I knew my mother aways wore one when she went out, and all horses did when they were grown up; and so, what with the nice oats, and what with my master’s pats, kind words, and gentle ways, I got to wear my bit and bridle.

3) Next came the saddle, but that was not half so bad; my master put it on my back very gently, while old Daniel held my head; he then made the girths fast under my body and talking to me all the time; then I had a few oats and the saddle. At length, one morning, my master got on my back and rode me round the meadow on the soft grass. It certainly did feel queer; but I must say I felt rather proud to carry my master, and as he continued to ride me a little every day I soon became accustomed to it.
1) What is the meaning of the word fast as it is used in paragraph 2 of the excerpt from *Black Beauty: The Autobiography of a Horse*?
   a. cheerfully
   b. securely
   c. carefully
   d. quickly

2) Look back to your answer for question #1. Which of the following phrases best support the meaning of the word fast?
   a. “…cannot think how bad it feels…”
   b. “…no way in the world can you get rid of the nasty hard thing…”
   c. “…I knew my mother always wore one when she went out…”
   d. “…and what with my master’s pats, kind words, and gentle ways…”

3) How does the horse feel about wearing riding gear in the excerpt from *Black Beauty: The Autobiography of a Horse*?
   a. The horse dislikes wearing the gear and will never get used to wearing it.
   b. The horse is displeased with wearing the gear but learns to accept it.
   c. The horse believes the saddle is the worst part of wearing the gear.
   d. The horse wishes to be like his mother and enjoy wearing the gear.

4) Which statement best support your answer to question #3?
   a. Being broken in means to carry a man, woman, or child on one’s back.
   b. A bit is placed in the horse’s mouth and is held by a strap over the head.
   c. The horse’s mother always wore a bit when she went out.
   d. The horse enjoys the attention he receives from wearing his saddle.

5) Which paragraph is the best summary of the passage?
   a. The narrator is upset by having to be broken in. Although he eventually lets his master ride him, he never gets used to the feeling of having to wear a bit and bridle.
   b. The narrator explains what is involved when breaking in a horse and warns that horses must always follow their master’s wishes. He describes how unpleasant it is to wear a bridle. Eventually, he gets used to being broken in and feels proud to be ridden by his master.
   c. The narrator describes how nice it is to be broken in and to be led around by a rider. As a treat for wearing a bit and bridle, his master gives him oats to eat. Eventually, the narrator begins to look forward to wearing a saddle and being ridden by his master.
   d. The narrator is thinking about how he was broken in so that his master can ride him. He explains that he had been used to a halter and harness but now he has to wear a bit and bridle.
All through the month of August, Melanie and April were together almost every day. They played the paper-families game and other games both in the Rosses’ apartment and in Caroline’s. They took Marshall for walks and to the park while Mrs. Ross was gone to her class, and almost every day they went to the library. It was in the library in August that the seeds were planted that grew into the Egypt Game in September in the Professor’s deserted yard.

It all started when April found a new book about Egypt, an especially interesting one about the life of a young pharaoh. She passed it on to Melanie, and with it a lot of her interest in all sorts of ancient stuff. Melanie was soon as fascinated by the valley of the Nile as April had been. Before long, with the help of a sympathetic librarian, they had found and read just about everything the library had to offer on Egypt—both fact and fiction.

They read about Egypt in the library during the day, and at home in the evening, and in bed late at night when they were supposed to be asleep. Then in the mornings while they helped each other with their chores they discussed the things they had found out. In a very short time they had accumulated all sorts of fascinating facts about tombs and temples, pharaohs and pyramids, mummies and monoliths, and dozens of other exotic topics. They decided that the Egyptians couldn’t have been more interesting if they had done it on purpose. Everything, from their love of beauty and mystery, to their fascinating habit of getting married when they were only eleven years old, made good stuff to talk about. By the end of the month, April and Melanie were beginning to work on their own alphabet of hieroglyphic for writing secret messages, and at the library they were beginning to be called the Egypt Girls.

But in between all the good times, both April and Melanie were spending some bad moments worrying about the beginning of school. April was worried because she knew from experience—lots of it—that it isn’t easy to face a new class in a new school. She didn’t admit it, not even to Melanie, but she was having nightmares about the first day of school. There were classroom nightmares, and schoolyard nightmares and principal’s office nightmares; but there was another kind, too, that had to do with an empty mailbox.

In the whole month of August she had had only one very short postcard from Dorothea.
Melanie was worried, too, but in a different way. School had always been easy for Melanie; and even though she wasn’t the kind who got elected class president, she’d always had plenty of friends. But now there was April to think about.

April was the most exciting friend that Melanie had ever had. No one else knew about so many fascinating things, or could think up such marvelous things to do. With April, a walk to the library could become an exploration of a forbidden land, or a shiny pebble on the sidewalk could be a magic token from an invisible power. When April got that imagining gleam in her eye there was no telling what was going to happen next. Just about any interesting subject you could mention, April was sure to know a lot of weird and wonderful facts about it. And if she didn’t, you could always count on her to make up a few, just to keep things going.

There was only one thing that April didn’t seem to know much about—that was getting along with people. Most people, anyhow. With Melanie, April was herself, new and different from anyone, wild and daring and terribly brave. But with other people she was often quite different. With other kids she usually put on her Hollywood act, terribly grown-up and bored with everything. And with most grown-ups April’s eyes got narrow and you couldn’t believe a word she said.

Melanie had gone to Wilson School all her life, and she knew what it was like. There were all different kinds of kids at Wilson; kids who looked and talked all sorts of ways. Wilson was used to that. But there were some things that Wilson kids just wouldn’t stand for, and Melanie was afraid that April’s Hollywood act was one of them.

And Melanie wasn’t entirely just guessing about how her schoolmates would react to April. A couple of times when April and Melanie had been at the library or in the park they’d run into some of the Wilson kids that Melanie knew; and you could see right away that April wasn’t making the right kind of impression. And it was going to be worse at school, where every kid would feel duty bound to do his part in trimming the new kid down to size. Melanie had a feeling that April wasn’t going to trim easily.
The idea of understanding other people is important in “Excerpt from The Egypt Game.” Why is understanding other people important to the story? How is this idea developed throughout the story? Use details from the story to support your response.

In your response, be sure to

- explain why understanding other people is important to the story
- explain how this idea is developed throughout the story
- use 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.
In the first half of the 1800s, many girls between the ages of 10 and 14 were sent by their families to work in the large mills in Lowell, Massachusetts. Read the historical article and a passage from a novel about this experience, and then answer the questions that follow.

The article “Lucy Larcom and Harriet Hanson: Voices of the Mills” describes the true story of two girls who worked in the mills.

Lucy Larcom and Harriet Hanson: Voices of the Mills
Lowell, Massachusetts, 1830s

by Phillip Hoose

“Why it is nothing but fun. It is just like play.”
—Lucy Larcom to her family after her first day of work

1. Textile mills sprang up along rivers throughout New England, their noisy rooms filled with girls and young women from New England farms. They were hardworking girls who left home to help their families and to find adventure in the city. A mill girl arrived in a factory town clutching a single carpetbag or “hair trunk” and walked down treeless streets lined with brick boardinghouses that all looked alike, searching for the address that had been written on a scrap of paper. Upon arrival she would check in with the mistress, throw her bag on a bed, introduce herself to six or eight new roommates, and try to get some sleep. She would need it.
Lucy Larcom was eleven when she and her older sister Linda first walked through the gates of the giant mill at Lowell, Massachusetts. Lucy had agreed to apply for a job because she felt guilty that she was another mouth for her mother to feed. Lucy’s mother ran a boardinghouse for mill girls and women, but there was never enough money. The mill agent had only one job. He offered it to Lucy because she was taller than Linda and he thought that meant she was older. Both girls kept their mouths shut.

Lucy’s aunt had taught her to read and she loved the time she had spent in school. Still, even as a little child, she always expected that she’d wind up in the mill. “As a small child I got the idea that the chief end of woman was to make clothing for mankind,” she later wrote. “I supposed I’d have to grow up and have a husband and put all those little stitches in his coats and pantaloons.”

But, for the sake of the family, Lucy put aside her dreams and took a job as a “bobbin girl” in the spinning room. The windows were nailed shut and the room was hot and damp. Her wage was a dollar a week. Still, she made up her mind to be happy. “I went to my first day’s work in the mill with a light heart,” she wrote. “And it really was not so hard, just to change the bobbins\(^1\) on the spinning frames\(^2\) every three-quarters of an hour or so, with half a dozen other girls who were doing the same thing.”

But after a while the fun wore off. Each day started at five in the morning with a bone-rattling blast from the factory whistle. There was barely enough time to splash cold water on her face, stuff breakfast in one pocket and lunch in another, and sprint to the spinning room on the second floor of the mill. Like the others, Lucy pinned her hair up to make sure it didn’t get caught in the wheels. Then she faced her machine, reminding herself to be careful about where she put her fingers.

As the days wore on, Lucy pasted poems on the nearest window and tried to will the noise away. “I defied the machinery to make me its slave,” she wrote. “Its incessant discourds\(^3\) could not drown the music of my thoughts if I would let them fly high enough.” But sometimes it was hard to make thoughts fly so high. “The buzzing and hissing whizzing of pulleys and rollers and spindles and flyers often grew tiresome. I could not see into their complications or feel interested in them . . . When you do the same thing twenty times—a hundred times a day—it is so dull!”

\(^1\)bobbins—spools that hold yarn for sewing or weaving
\(^2\)spinning frames—machines that twist fibers into yarn
\(^3\)discourds—unpleasant noises
Lowell mill girls got a fifteen-minute breakfast break and another thirty minutes for lunch at noon. Most stood all day. The little ones often fell asleep standing up. But the machines never slept. Mill owners convinced themselves that they were helping children build character through hard work. They fired men and replaced them with women and children, who worked for lower wages. Soon whole families began to live off the wages of their exhausted children.

In the 1830s, the mill women and girls began to stand up for themselves, organizing strikes for more pay and shorter hours. Eleven-year-old Harriet Hanson, also the daughter of a rooming-house keeper, was one of fifteen hundred girls who walked out of the Lowell mill in 1836. They were protesting the company’s plan to raise the fees the workers had to pay to sleep in a company-owned boardinghouse like the one run by Harriet’s mother.

Because the company controlled virtually every part of a mill girl’s life, it took a lot of courage to even think about “turning out,” as they called striking. For weeks, Harriet listened as girls and women on her floor discussed just that, and then, finally, made up their minds to walk out. When the strike day came and the signal to stop working was passed around, so many workers on the upper floors spilled out chanting into the street that the entire mill was shut down. But the girls in Harriet’s spinning room remained frozen in place, glancing nervously at one another and wondering what to do. What if they lost their jobs? What would the company do to them?

Harriet was disgusted. After all their talk about oppression, how could they even think about staying inside? For long minutes they stood indecisively at their looms, whispering among themselves. Finally Harriet faced them. “I don’t care what you do,” she said firmly. “I am going to turn out whether anyone else does or not.”

With that, Harriet marched toward the door, eyes straight ahead. In the next moment she heard a great shuffling of feet. She looked back to see the entire floor lining up behind her. Everyone was turning out. As expected, the company punished Harriet by taking the boardinghouse away from her mother. “Mrs. Hanson,” the agent lectured, “you could not prevent the older girls among your boarders from turning out, but your daughter is a child, and her you could control.”

oppression—a situation in which a group of people are unfairly forced to do something
12 Harriet never regretted what she did. Many years later she said that leading that walkout was the best moment of her life. “As I looked back on the long line that followed me,” she later wrote, “I was more proud than I have ever been since.”

WHAT HAPPENED TO LUCY LARCOM AND HARRIET HANSON?

13 Lucy left Lowell and went west with her sister and brother-in-law. She never stitched a husband’s pantaloons, choosing a life of teaching and writing over marriage. She became a well-known writer and poet. Harriet continued to lead and to fight. She eventually married a newspaper editor, and together they worked to convince people to oppose slavery. In 1882, Harriet became one of the first women to testify before Congress in favor of the right of women to vote.

“Lucy Larcom and Harriet Hanson: Voices of the Mills” by Phillip Hoose, from We Were There Too!: Young People in U.S. History. Text copyright © 2001 by Phillip Hoose. Reprinted by permission of Farrar, Straus and Giroux, LLC. Photograph courtesy of the Library of Congress.
1. What is the most likely reason the author included paragraph 1 of “Lucy Larcom and Harriet Hanson”?

A. to illustrate that many mill workers came from selfish families
B. to demonstrate that many mill workers had negative attitudes
C. to emphasize that many mill workers had similar experiences
D. to highlight that many mill workers lived with supportive roommates

2. Which sentence from “Lucy Larcom and Harriet Hanson” best shows Lucy’s unwillingness to give in to the difficulties of life in the mill?

A. “Still, even as a little child, she always expected that she’d wind up in the mill.” (paragraph 3)
B. “But, for the sake of the family, Lucy put aside her dreams. . . .” (paragraph 4)
C. “I defied the machinery to make me its slave,’ . . .” (paragraph 6)
D. “The buzzing and hissing whizzing of pulleys and rollers and spindles and flyers often grew tiresome.” (paragraph 6)
3. Read the sentences from paragraph 7 of “Lucy Larcom and Harriet Hanson” in the box.

The little ones often fell asleep standing up. But the machines never slept.

What is the main effect of the author’s use of personification?

A. It suggests competition between the child workers and the machines.
B. It emphasizes a contrast between the child workers and the machines.
C. It demonstrates the advantages that the child workers had over the machines.
D. It shows that child workers were important to the proper functioning of the machines.

4. In “Lucy Larcom and Harriet Hanson,” why did the company take the boardinghouse away from Harriet’s mother?

A. Harriet had not paid a fine to the agent.
B. Harriet’s mother had not let Harriet complete her work.
C. Harriet had not allowed the older girls to leave for the day.
D. Harriet’s mother had not stopped Harriet from taking action.
5. Based on "Lucy Larcom and Harriet Hanson," how was Harriet’s life mostly affected by her actions?

A. She was fired by the mill owners.
B. She decided to fight for equality for others.
C. She was determined to demand more money in future jobs.
D. She was motivated by her experience to start her own business.

6. What does the author of "Lucy Larcom and Harriet Hanson" mainly suggest about working in the mills?

A. It taught the workers to be dependable.
B. It was a miserable experience for the workers.
C. It was an easy way for the workers to earn money.
D. It helped the workers learn skills they could use on their farms.