



Name \_\_\_\_\_

# 5<sup>th</sup> Grade ELA Remote Learning Packet

## Week 16



Dear Educator,

My signature is proof that I have reviewed my scholar's work and supported him to the best of my ability to complete all assignments.

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Parent Signature)

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Date)

Parents please note that all academic packets are also available on our website at [www.brighterchoice.org](http://www.brighterchoice.org) under the heading "Remote Learning." All academic packet assignments are mandatory and must be completed by all scholars.



Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Week 16 Day 1 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

1. What is the difference between ascend and descend?

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**Unit 2, Module 2**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RI.5.3: Understand relationships in a scientific text.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>How can _____ deepen my comprehension of a text?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can make describe the _____ between bromeliads and creatures in the rainforest.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Exit Ticket (Google Form)</b>

**Input: Vocabulary**

hoist	larvae	epiphyte
lift, raise, pull	immature insects, insects in the early stages of their lives	a plant that grows on another but is not a parasite
		

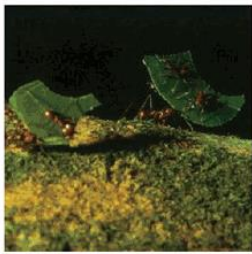
**Input/CFU: “The Most Beautiful Roof in the World”: Today’s Excerpt**

**Underline “bull-horn acacia tree”. What rainforest creature protects it? Underline the evidence.**

**What protects the leafcutter ants while working? Underline the evidence.**

There are many such interlocking relationships within the rainforest, and ants often play a major role. Sometimes epiphytic growth can become too much and literally strangle a tree. The bull-horn acacia tree has a very effective defense against epiphytic growth. With its hollow stems it cannot tolerate the stranglehold of many epiphytes. Therefore, it has become the home for a special breed of ants that live in its stems and protect it fiercely. Whenever the tree is even slightly disturbed, the ants charge out of a pinhole on the thorn and attack. In return they feast on the sugar in the tree.

Other ants visit the canopy but live underground in great fungus factories. The leafcutter ants do their farming in reverse, trudging up to the canopy day and night to cut dime-size disks. They then hoist the pieces overhead and carry them back down to underground chambered caverns. In the dark damp maze of tunnels and caves, the leaves begin to grow mold and fungi, which in turn feed the ants. The long, silent lines of tiny, quivering green disks move across the rainforest floor. If you peer closely, you notice that on each disk rides an even smaller ant. This one protects the carrier ant from attacks by deadly micro wasps. For lateral protection alongside the column march lines of larger soldier ants. Each leaf disk, no bigger than a dime and only a fraction of a gram in weight, must get to the fungus factory. Once there, other ants will check the leaves to see if they are right for the kind



of fungus the ants are producing. If they are not, the disks are discarded and the ants must turn around and climb one hundred or more feet (thirty meters) into the canopy again in search of the right kind of leaf.



Meg carefully edges her way toward a bromeliad, another kind of epiphyte. An owl butterfly alights on a leaf, then flutters off. A dragonfly hovers like a small jeweled helicopter. At the end of this branch lies a world within a world, a pond within the canopy, a pool hovering midair within a bromeliad.



Bromeliads have spiky leaves, which form a fibrous hollow tank. The outer leaves are bright green, but often the inner leaves are a fiery red and erupt like tongues of flame from a volcano. Rather than lava, however, there is water, and within the water there is life—the larvae of mosquitoes and the tiny tadpoles of a frog, temporarily using the plant's pond as a nursery. The tadpoles, hatched on the ground, slithered onto their mother's back. She then began the long climb in the canopy in search of one of these water nurseries.

**Underline  
the  
creatures  
that use  
the  
bromeliad.**

Other creatures lurk in the overlapping leaves of the bromeliad. In this bromeliad Meg finds no frogs. Maybe the frog and its tadpoles have been eaten by the little venomous snake she spots coiled among the outer leaves. Perhaps sensing her presence, it slips out of the bromeliad and scrolls across a nearby philodendron leaf—and then holds perfectly still. With its pretty chain-patterned skin, it appears like a beautiful necklace flung out of nowhere. There is a blur of movement in the corner of Meg's eye. A sudden dark design appears from deep within the bromeliad. It is a tarantula. It bristles at this disturbance, climbs toward the bark of the tree, and comes to rest like black embroidery against the bright green leaves.

**Underline  
the  
creatures  
that use  
the  
bromeliad.**

There is one more bromeliad on this branch. Meg makes her way toward it and peers in. Out creeps a small tree salamander. Meg is excited. She recognizes it as a very rare lungless salamander. She has only heard about them and seen perhaps one or two pictures. Because of their rareness and their inaccessibility in the canopy, these salamanders with their suction-cup feet are one of the canopy's most mysterious inhabitants. No one knows how they breed, what they eat, or how they live. Meg backs away quickly. She does not want to disturb the creature. She hopes it will return to the maze of bromeliad leaves from which it emerged. This is the surprise she has been looking for to show her boys.

### Application

	<b>Rainforest Creature</b> What lives in this part of the bromeliad?	<b>Creature Relationship to Bromeliad</b> How does the creature depend on the bromeliad?
<i>Inner levels</i> of bromeliads		
<i>Overlapping</i> leaves of bromeliads		





Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Week 16 Day 2 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

**Complete the thoughts.**

1. A folktale is \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_.

2. Theme is \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_.

3. One common theme is \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_.

**Unit 2, Module 2**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RL.5.2: I can determine a theme based on details in a literary text.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>LEQ: How can I use the _____ of a text to help determine the theme?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>Objective: I can determine the _____ of a folktale and explain how it connects to Meg Lowman.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Exit Ticket (Google Form)</b>



**Input: Guided Notes**

**Main Idea:** What a text is \_\_\_\_\_

**Theme:** The \_\_\_\_\_ the author wants us to think about after reading the text.

**Synonyms for Main Idea:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Synonyms for Theme:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Topic: Biodiversity**

**Brainstorm Theme Possibilities:**

**Input: “The Wings of the Butterfly”**

On the banks of the Amazon River, in a clearing in the forest, there once lived a girl named Chimidyue. She dwelt with her family and relatives in a big pavilion-house called a maloca.

While the boys of the maloca fished and hunted with the men, Chimidyue and the other girls helped the women with household chores or in the farm plots nearby. Like the other girls, Chimidyue never stepped far into the forest. She knew how full it was of fierce animals and harmful spirits, and how easy it was to get lost in.

Still, she would listen wide-eyed when the elders told stories about that other world. And sometimes she would go just a little way in, gazing among the giant trees and wondering what she might find farther on.

One day as Chimidyue was making a basket, she looked up and saw a big morpho butterfly hovering right before her. Sunlight danced on its shimmering blue wings.

“You are the most magical creature in the world,” Chimidyue said dreamily. “I wish I could be like you.”

The butterfly dipped as if in answer, then flew toward the edge of the clearing.

Chimidyue set down her basket and started after it, imitating its lazy flight. Among the trees she followed, swooping and circling and flapping her arms.

She played like this for a long time, until the butterfly passed between some vines and disappeared. Suddenly Chimidyue realized she had gone too far into the forest. There was no path, and the leaves of the tall trees made a canopy that hid the sun. She could not tell which way she had come.

“Mother! Father! Anyone!” she shouted. But no one came.

“Oh no,” she said softly. “How will I find my way back?”

Chimidyue wandered anxiously about, hoping to find a path. After a while she heard a tap-tap-tapping. “Someone must be working in the forest,” she said hopefully, and she followed the sound. But when she got close, she saw it was just a woodpecker.

Chimidyue sadly shook her head. “If only you were human,” she said, “you could show me the way home.”

“Why would I have to be human?” asked the woodpecker indignantly. “I could show you just as I am!”

Startled but glad to hear it talk, Chimidyue said eagerly, “Oh, would you?”

“Can’t you see I’m busy?” said the woodpecker. “You humans are so conceited, you think everyone else is here to serve you. But in the forest, a woodpecker is just as important as a human.” And it flew off.

“I didn’t mean anything bad,” said Chimidyue to herself. “I just want to go home.”

More uneasy than ever, Chimidyue walked farther. All at once she came upon a maloca, and sitting within it was a woman weaving a hammock.

“Oh, grandmother!” cried Chimidyue joyfully, addressing the woman with the term proper for an elder. “I’m so glad to find someone here. I was afraid I would die in the forest!”

But just as she stepped into the maloca, the roof began to flap, and the maloca and the woman together rose into the air. Then Chimidyue saw it was really a tinamou bird that had taken a magical form. It flew to a branch above.

“Don’t you ‘grandmother’ me!” screeched the bird. “How many of my people have your relatives hunted and killed? How many have you cooked and eaten? Don’t you dare ask for my help.” And it too flew away.

“The animals here all seem to hate me,” said Chimidyue sorrowfully. “But I can’t help being a human!”

Chimidyue wandered on, feeling more and more hopeless, and hungry now as well. Suddenly, a sorva fruit dropped to the ground. She picked it up and ate it greedily. Then another dropped nearby.

Chimidyue looked up and saw why. A band of spider monkeys was feeding in the forest canopy high above, and now and then a fruit would slip from their hands.

“I’ll just follow the monkeys,” Chimidyue told herself. “Then at least I won’t starve.” And for the rest of that day she walked along beneath them, eating any fruit they dropped. But her fears grew fresh as daylight faded and night came to the forest.

In the deepening darkness, Chimidyue saw the monkeys start to climb down, and she hid herself to watch. To her amazement, as the monkeys reached the ground, each one changed to the form of a human.

Chimidyue could not help but gasp, and within a moment the monkey people had surrounded her.

“Why, it’s Chimidyue!” said a monkey man with a friendly voice. “What are you doing here?” Chimidyue stammered, “I followed a butterfly into the forest, and I can’t find my way home.”

“You poor girl!” said a monkey woman. “Don’t worry. We’ll bring you there tomorrow.”

“Oh, thank you!” cried Chimidyue. “But where will I stay tonight?”

“Why don’t you come with us to the festival?” asked the monkey man. “We’ve been invited by the Lord of Monkeys.”

They soon arrived at a big maloca. When the Monkey Lord saw Chimidyue, he demanded, “Human, why have you come uninvited?”

“We found her and brought her along,” the monkey woman told him.

The Monkey Lord grunted and said nothing more. But he eyed the girl in a way that made her shiver.

Many more monkey people had arrived, all in human form. Some wore animal costumes of bark cloth with wooden masks. Others had designs painted on their faces with black genipa dye. Everyone drank from gourds full of manioc beer.

Then some of the monkey people rose to begin the dance. With the Monkey Lord at their head, they marched in torchlight around the inside of the maloca, beating drums and shaking rattle sticks. Others sang softly or played bone flutes.

Chimidyue watched it all in wonder. She told her friend the monkey woman, “This is just like the festivals of my own people!”

Late that night, when all had retired to their hammocks, Chimidyue was kept awake by the snoring of the Monkey Lord. After a while, something about it caught her ear. “That’s strange,” she told herself. “It sounds almost like words.”

The girl listened carefully and heard, “I will devour Chimidyue. I will devour Chimidyue.”

“Grandfather!” she cried in terror.

“What? Who’s that?” said the Monkey Lord, starting from his sleep.

“It’s Chimidyue,” said the girl. “You said in your sleep you would devour me!”

“How could I say that?” he demanded. “Monkeys don’t eat people. No, that was just foolish talk of this mouth of mine. Pay no attention!” He took a long swig of manioc beer and went back to sleep.

Soon the girl heard again, “I will devour Chimidyue. I will devour Chimidyue.” But this time the snores were more like growls. Chimidyue looked over at the Monkey Lord’s hammock. To her horror, she saw not a human form but a powerful animal with black spots.

The Lord of Monkeys was not a monkey at all. He was a jaguar!

Chimidyue’s heart beat wildly. As quietly as she could, she slipped from her hammock and grabbed a torch. Then she ran headlong through the night.

When Chimidyue stopped at last to rest, daylight had begun to filter through the forest canopy. She sat down among the root buttresses of a kapok tree and began to cry.

“I hate this forest!” she said fiercely. “Nothing here makes any sense!”

“Are you sure?” asked a tiny voice.

Quickly wiping her eyes, Chimidyue looked up. On a branch of the kapok was a morpho butterfly, the largest she had ever seen. It waved at her with brilliant blue wings.

“Oh, grandmother,” said Chimidyue, “nothing here is what it seems. Everything changes into something else!”

“Dear Chimidyue,” said the butterfly gently, “that is the way of the forest. Among your own people, things change slowly and are mostly what they seem. But your human world is a tiny one. All around it lies a much larger world, and you can’t expect it to behave the same.”

“But if I can’t understand the forest,” cried Chimidyue, “how will I ever get home?”

“I will lead you there myself,” said the butterfly.

“Oh, grandmother, will you?” said Chimidyue.

“Certainly,” said the butterfly. “Just follow me.”

It wasn’t long till they came to the banks of the Amazon. Then Chimidyue saw with astonishment that the boat landing of her people was on the other side.

“I crossed the river without knowing it!” she cried. “But that’s impossible!”

“Impossible?” said the butterfly.

“I mean,” said Chimidyue carefully, “I don’t understand how it happened. But now, how will I get back across?”

“That’s simple,” said the morpho. “I’ll change you to a butterfly.” And it began to chant over and over,

Wings of blue, drinks the dew.

Wings of blue, drinks the dew.

Wings of blue, drinks the dew.

Chimidyue felt herself grow smaller, while her arms grew wide and thin. Soon she was fluttering and hovering beside the other.

“I’m a butterfly!” she cried.

They started across the wide water, their wings glistening in the sun. “I feel so light and graceful,” said Chimidyue. “I wish this would never end.”

Before long they reached the landing, where a path to the maloca led into the forest. The instant Chimidyue touched the ground, she was changed back to human form.

“I will leave you here,” said the butterfly. “Farewell, Chimidyue.”

“Oh, grandmother,” cried the girl, “take me with you. I want to be a butterfly forever!”

“That would not be right,” said the butterfly. “You belong with your people, who love you and care for you. But never mind, Chimidyue. Now that you have been one of us, you will always have something of the forest within you.”

The girl waved as the butterfly flew off. “Good-bye, grandmother!”

Then Chimidyue turned home, with a heart that had wings of a butterfly.

### Application

**Line:** Chimidyue watched it all in wonder. She told her friend the monkey woman, “This is just like the festivals of my own people!”

**Theme:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Main Idea of “The Wings of the Butterfly”**

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**Theme of “The Wings of the Butterfly”**

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**\*\*\*Underline 2 pieces of evidence that prove your theme.\*\*\***



Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Week 16 Day 3 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

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**Do Now**

1. Were there examples of biodiversity in “The Wings of the Butterfly”?

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2. Describe at least 2 examples.

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**Unit 2, Module 2**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RI.5.2: Summarize the main points of a nonfiction text.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>How can close reading help develop my _____ of an informational text?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can explain the purpose of a _____ in the rainforest.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Exit Ticket (Google Form)</b>



**Input: Vocabulary**

column	biological diversity	to inventory
a post; pillar; pole; or a shape like a post, pillar, or pole	various and different living things that are found within a community or a particular area of land	to list; to count; to record
		

**Input/CFU: Today's Excerpt**

Underline "ferry".  
 What do you think it means?

Underline the definition of biological diversity.

MEG AND HER SONS will wait until late afternoon to go up. For this is often when there is a flurry of activity in the canopy as the macaws and toucans fly home to their roosts after foraging and the spider monkeys show off with aerial leaps as the day cools.

So first the boys show Meg the jade green pool in the shadows of a limestone cave carved out by the creek. They swim in and out of its shadows, resting on mossy rocks. Just outside the cave, over the surface of the water, epiphytes drop their aerial roots from one hundred feet (thirty meters) overhead. The banks of the creek here grow thick with moss and strange ferns. And the immense buttressed tree roots are covered with thin veils of bright orange lichen. After swimming, James stands in a slender arrow of sunlight; an owl butterfly lands on his head. He holds very still for almost a minute. He wonders if the butterfly thinks his bright blond hair is a weird flower.

The boys help their mom ferry equipment in the old leaky canoe to the other side of the creek, where she will set up the gear for a column study. Biological diversity means the various and different living things that are found within a



Underline  
“column”.  
Why is she  
marking  
off a  
column?  
Underline  
the  
evidence.

community. Although Meg’s work is focused on the canopy and the creatures and processes of life that occur within it, she must be able to make a comparison with something else in order to have a true picture of how this part of the machine works. Therefore, on the other side of the river she has marked off several five-meter (16-foot) squares on the forest floor that are situated directly under some of the key observation platforms on the walkway. In Meg’s mind this square is like a column that stretches straight up to the canopy. It is her aim to try to inventory, or count, the different species of plants and insects, starting from the ground up.

Underline  
“pitfall  
traps”.  
What are  
they?  
Underline  
evidence.

There have been many methods devised for doing just this. The boys begin by helping another one of Meg’s graduate student assistants dig pitfall traps within the square. With spoons and small garden trowels, they dig holes seven or eight inches (18 to 20 centimeters) deep. Into each hole they sink a plastic cup with one inch of alcohol in the bottom of it. By morning they should have a fair sampling of insects that creep across this portion of the forest floor and drop into the cup. With another graduate student Meg counts the trees. She begins at the top of the column with the biggest trees. There are two tall trees, the tops of which reach the canopy. Inside the region known as the understory, which reaches approximately thirty feet (ten meters) in height, there are four different species of trees—a gria, a palm, an acacia, and one she does not know the name of but will look up when she returns to Selby Gardens. These understory trees might someday emerge into the canopy, or they might be crowded out by the young saplings of the next layer down. There are forty-one saplings four or five feet in height struggling toward the filtered light. Among these forty-one are five different species. Then, just inches above the ground, Meg and her assistant count 197 seedlings. They, too, have begun their struggle toward the light at the top of the canopy.

Underline  
the names  
of the  
species  
found in  
the trees.

What is the result of the inventory? Underline evidence. How would it compare to the Great Bear Rainforest?

Underline “beating tray”. What is it? Underline evidence.

Underline “sweeps”. What is it? Underline evidence. What did they find?

Continuing to count, Meg finds ten ferns of three different species and forty-one lycopods, or mosses, of which there are five different species. There are also three different kinds of lichen, and on the grias there are thirty-seven epiphytes. By the time Meg and her assistant finish the inventory, they will have counted some 350 plants and two hundred different plant species within this five-meter square. In a temperate forest, such an area might hold a total of fifty plants and at the most thirty different species.

Next Meg needs to sample the kind of insect life that lives just above the ground in the shrubbery. To do this she gets out a beating tray, a shallow screen tray that measures one square meter (nine square feet). While the boys and her graduate assistant hold the tray, she shakes what she estimates to be a cubic meter of foliage for ten seconds. They all count together. At the end of ten seconds, they set down the tray and see what fell from the shrubbery.

“One leafhopper,” Meg says, pointing to an insect frantically hopping about on the screen.

“Here’s one with really weird jaws,” James says as he squints closely at the tray. In this first shake of the foliage, there are also ants, cockroaches, springtails, spiders, and a caterpillar.

They do this two more times with different foliage, all at the same level within the five-meter square.

Next the boys help their mother do a set of sweeps. Sweeping is another technique for sampling insects in the column. The sweeps, however, unlike the pitfall traps or the beating tray, are aimed more at flying insects. Using a butterfly net, Meg aims at a cubic meter of air three or four feet up from the ground. She sweeps the net to the right then to the left. She does this four times, then sets the net down to count her catch. There is one leafhopper, three diptera (flies), and three beetles.

The sweeps, the beating trays, the pitfall traps, and the counting of seedlings, saplings, and trees are all ways for Meg to take “snapshots” of diverse rainforest life.



Finally, when it seems everything in the five-meter square has been accounted for, it is time for the boys to go to the top of the column, to the canopy. They climb expertly into their harnesses. With their mom in the lead and their uncle Ed behind, they begin their ascent. The boys are not in the least nervous, though Meg is. She has left behind all of her note-taking equipment so she can concentrate on the boys' safety. They know not to fool around, argue, or whine. They must think and climb and pay attention.

**Application:**

Visualize how Meg Lowman starts at the tops of trees, in the understory, and works her way down the column to the air just above the forest floor. What does she see?

<b>Part of Column</b>	<b>List the Species and Counts of the Inventory</b>



Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Week 16 Day 4 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

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### Do Now

1. What strategies does Meg Lowman use to collect insects to study in a canopy study?

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2. Why are the boys excited to ascend into the canopy?

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### Unit 2, Module 2

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RF.5.3: I can read fifth-grade texts with purpose and understanding.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>How can _____ help develop my comprehension of a text.</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can make connections between a _____ and an informational text.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Exit Ticket (Google Form)</b>

**Input: Vocabulary**

poem	venomous	teeming
a short piece of rhythmic writing	capable of transmitting venom through a bite or sting	to be filled with
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Your Best</b></p> <p style="font-size: small;">If you always try your best Then you'll never have to wonder About what you could have done. If you'd summoned all your thunder.</p> <p style="font-size: small;">And if your best Was not so good As you hoped it would be, You still could say, "I gave today All that I had in me."</p>		

**Input/CFU: “The Most Beautiful Roof in the World”: Today’s Excerpt**

James and Edward are very excited, for now at last they are going to the place where their mother has gone five days a month, every month of the year, for as long as they can remember. It is a special world. They think of this high, secret place as their mother’s world, but they know it is only where she works—it is the canopy, and it belongs to rainforests all over the world on the planet earth. But still they like to think of it as their mom’s own special place, and finally, finally they have grown big enough to be let in.

“Oh man, oh man!” exclaims James. He is 87 feet (27 meters) high; his feet are so small he can rest both of them easily on a staple. He has come nose to nose with a bark beetle glittering like an armored knight. It looks like something out of one of his science-fiction comic books. “Weird! Weird! Totally awesome.”

“What is it, James?” Meg calls down.

“A beetle. It’s beautiful. It’s kind of purple—no, sort of gold. Its back is like polished metal, and it’s got this weird Darth Vader head on it. Maybe it’s poisonous.”

“Oh gee, I hope not. Don’t touch it. Keep on climbing.”

At last they reach the walkway. Meg finds a pen she had left behind and has them help her number a few leaves. Then they climb onto platform three. With their uncle’s help they inch out toward the bromeliad.

“Don’t touch the tarantula,” Meg calls after them.

They see it climb on its jointed legs out of the bromeliad.

“Any frogs in there?” Meg asks.

“Nope,” James replies, “but I think I see the salamander.”

Edward wishes for the small jeweled venomous snake his mom told him about. There is even a snake that can flatten itself out and sail between the avenues of trees. His mom saw one once when she was working in Cameroon, West Africa.

### **Input/CFU: “I Want to Be a Rainforest Scientist”**

I want to be a rainforest scientist.  
Descending the columns, from  
canopy to floor  
Floating high above pavilion crowns  
And sweeping through the air  
Spying into the depths of foliage  
To see what is there.

I want to be a rainforest scientist.  
Within the branches of the canopy  
Dangling from coiled rafts’ ropes  
Tracing the lace where lines entwine  
To discover the connections  
To this mysterious vine.

I want to be a rainforest scientist.  
Spying on looping spider monkeys,  
As macaws flash brilliantly through  
the air  
To forage in the nearby kapok tree.  
As I stare in amazement  
At the teeming life before me.



I want to be a rainforest scientist.  
Digging deep into the earth,  
Sifting through the shrubbery,  
And capturing insects in my net  
To study these strange inhabitants  
I haven't counted yet.

I want to be a rainforest scientist.  
Peeking into the petals of orchids,  
And fiery red bromeliad leaves  
To see what lurks inside  
And catch rare glimpses of the  
creatures  
Who only want to hide!

I want to be a rainforest scientist.  
Exploring the unknown  
And balancing my curiosity  
With what I know is best.  
To help preserve the world I study  
Will be my greatest test.



Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Week 16 Day 5 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

1. What do the boys find during their climb into the canopy?

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2. Why don't they touch it?

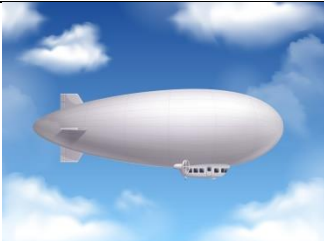


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**Unit 2, Module 2**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RI.5.1: I can explain what a text says using quotes from the text.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>How does _____ reading help develop my comprehension.</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can compare and _____ research methods Meg Lowman has used.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Exit Ticket (Google Form)</b>

**Input: Vocabulary**

dirigible	pontoons	battalion
an airship or balloon	a bridge or a landing supported by rafts	a large body of troops ready for battle
		

**Input/CFU: “The Most Beautiful Roof in the World”: Today’s Excerpt**

**Circle  
Cameroon.  
Underline  
the  
strategies  
Meg used  
to study in  
Cameroon.**

In Cameroon there were no walkways or staples for footholds. Instead there was an immense inflatable raft that a dirigible floated over the rainforest canopy and settled upon the emergent crown of trees. The raft, like a huge mesh trampoline the size of a baseball diamond, stretched across a wheel-shaped frame of rubber pontoons. Meg reached the raft with a rope; once there, she always wore a safety harness as she hung over the side or walked along the pontoon “streets.” The raft made it possible for Meg to sample leaves on the emergent layer of the canopy, a level on which she had never worked before. She also made numerous measurements of a leaf’s qualities, such as its toughness and its water content. Meg found that leaf-eating insects consumed significantly less foliage in the upper crowns of trees among the sun leaves when compared to the shade leaves in the middle of the crowns or within the canopy itself.

As fun as this giant trampoline in the sky was, working from it was also grueling. The sun slammed down upon the scientist like a sledgehammer. Temperatures climbed to 120 degrees Fahrenheit (49 degrees Celsius) every day.

**Circle  
Panama.  
Underline  
the  
strategies  
Meg used  
to study in  
Panama.**

The extreme heat was not the worst thing, though, in Meg's mind. Underneath the platform of the tent where she slept at night lurked one of West Africa's deadliest snakes—the Gabon viper. It did not ease her mind to be told that the snake was very shy. Once, in the middle of the night as she made her way to the outhouse, she stepped smack into a battalion of army ants. She screamed bloody murder and woke the entire camp—everyone was sure the Gabon viper had struck. But the army ants with their fierce jaws can deliver a stinging bite that is very painful.

In Panama, at another site, the Smithsonian Tropical Research Institute, there was no raft or walkway. In order to study the "hitchhiker vines" that serve as highways for leaf-eating insects, Meg had to swing through the canopy on a huge construction crane. Standing in a gondola and keeping in radio contact with the crane operator so that he could steer her where she wanted to go, Meg was able to do a thorough study of the vines that linked the canopy trees. In one place, she found a single vine could lace together sixty-four different canopy trees.

**Application**

<b>Country</b>	<b>Research Method</b>	<b>Text That Describes the Research Method</b>
<b>Cameroon</b>		
<b>Panama</b>		
<b>Belize</b>		



Name \_\_\_\_\_

# 5<sup>th</sup> Grade ELA Remote Learning Packet

## Week 17



Dear Educator,

My signature is proof that I have reviewed my scholar's work and supported him to the best of my ability to complete all assignments.

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Parent Signature)

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Date)

Parents please note that all academic packets are also available on our website at [www.brighterchoice.org](http://www.brighterchoice.org) under the heading "Remote Learning." All academic packet assignments are mandatory and must be completed by all scholars.





Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Week 17 Day 1 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

1. What is a dirigible?

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**Unit 2, Module 2**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RI.5.6: Analyze multiple accounts of the same event or topic, noting important similarities and differences in the point of view they represent.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>How can I explain the importance of _____ in a text?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can explain how perspective of the boys _____ what happens in the text.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Exit Ticket (Google Form)</b>

**Input: Guided Notes/Video**

**INPUT**

**Perspective:**

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**Video: Why is it important to consider perspective?**

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**Input/CFU: “The Most Beautiful Roof in the World”: Today’s Excerpt**

**How does Mom respond when James says the spider web moved? Underline your evidence.**

**What is the web doing that is odd? Underline the evidence.**

That night, after a supper of more beans and rice, peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches, and a surprise of Oreo cookies brought all the way from Sarasota, James and Edward take a walk with their mom along a forest trail. The moon, although full, only appears in pieces, a tiny bit at a time, as if diamond chips were scattered through the leaves of the canopy. It is dark and so humid it feels as if you could hold the air in your hands. Thousands of insects flood the air and ground. Safer at night, they come out to feed, flit, and fly. Streams of leafcutter ants might still be visible in a chip of moonlight; on the underside of a leaf, another armored beetle, burnished bright as gold, goes silently about its work.

“Look at this!” Edward speaks softly. Gleaming in some low brush is a beautiful spiderweb.

“It moved,” whispers James.

“The breeze,” says Meg.

“No, Mom, look!” Something very odd is happening to the web. It is not the wind that is moving it. Through some mysterious power, the web is being drawn back into a funnel shape.

Underline the word “winching”. Using context clues...what does it mean?

How do the boys feel when Meg plucks the spider from its web? Underline your evidence.

What makes Meg a “good” scientist? Underline your evidence.

“It’s the spider, Mom!” James exclaims. Indeed, the spider is winching in its own web by pulling on a line.

Then it is almost as if there is an inaudible *ping*. The web springs back, and at its trembling center is a small insect.

“They must call that a ‘slingshot spider’!” Edward exclaims. The boys are thrilled. Meg is astounded. Never before had she seen or even heard of such a spider. They wait for another ten minutes. Two, three, four more times, the spider takes aim with its cunning web and traps another insect.

Meg gets out one of the insect vials filled with alcohol she always carries. With her tweezers she deftly plucks the spider from its web and puts it into the vial.

“Mom!!!” the boys both cry. “You killed it!”

“But we have to take it back. I’m going to send it to the Smithsonian for identification.”

“But what if it is the last spider—the very last slingshot spider on earth and now it’s dead in a bottle?” James protests.

Meg has an answer for her sons. She points to an identical web and its inhabitant nearby. She has been a scientist working in the field for so long that her first instinct is always to balance the collection of good data with conservation of an unknown species. It is natural curiosity that makes her a scientist, but it is responsible collecting for identification that makes her a *good* scientist. What is permissible, or justifiable, is always a concern—do the ends justify the means? John Audubon, the famous naturalist and bird painter, has always been considered a great artist but today is regarded as an irresponsible environmentalist. He shot thousands of birds, not for identification, not for scientific research, or even for better understanding of a bird’s habits, but simply so he could paint the most beautiful picture possible of that bird—a flamingo, an egret, a tern, a pelican, whatever. He might shoot fifty birds of one species in order to create his illusion of nature.

The boys are quiet as they walk back through the forest. Now it is time for bed. While they brush their teeth, Meg traces a leaf and maps the area eaten by insects on graph paper.

When they are all ready, Meg arranges the mosquito netting and then gets out a book for their bedtime stories. It is about pirates. James and Edward love pirates—one-eyed ones, one-legged ones, and of course, those who steal and bury treasure.



Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Week 17 Day 2 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

**1. What did the boys find on the night walk?**

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**2. Do you consider Meg to be a “good” scientist? Explain.**

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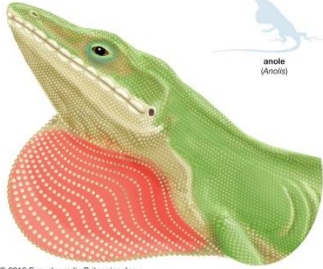

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**Unit 2, Module 2**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RI.5.3: Explain the relationships or interactions between two or more individuals, events, ideas, or concepts in a historical, scientific, or technical text based on specific information in the text.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	How can close reading help develop my _____?
<b>Objective</b>	I can explain how Meg Lowman communicates her _____.
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	Exit Ticket (Google Form)

**Input: Vocabulary**

vial	anole	ocelot
A small container	A small lizard with a throat fan	A medium sized wild cat with patches and spots in its fur
		

**Input/CFU: “The Most Beautiful Roof in the World”: Today’s Excerpt**

“Chapter twenty-nine, ‘The Black Spot Again.’” Their mother’s voice always sounds the same when she reads the chapter number and title. Then it changes. It becomes her real storytelling voice. She begins: *“The council of the buccaneers had lasted some time, when one of them re-entered the house. . . .”* She reads on, *“There’s a breeze coming, Jim,’ said Silver. . . .”*

Soon the boys forget the spider in their mother’s vial of alcohol. They are thinking about Long John Silver. Is he good, or really, really bad? *Don’t trust him, Jim,* they think. *He could kill you.* Both James and Edward think a lot about walking the plank. They often wonder if they could survive, undo the knots. Their mom keeps reading.

The boys’ eyelids grow very heavy. The drone of the mosquitoes does not bother them. Edward remembers the velvety tarantula high in the canopy. He wishes they could have seen the venomous snake that looked like a jeweled necklace, but he did see the Darth Vader beetle James found. They all get mixed up with Long John Silver. Their mother’s voice grows dimmer.



*“I saw Silver now engaged upon—keeping the mutineers together with one hand, and grasping, with the other, after every means, possible and impossible, to make his peace and save his miserable life. . . .”*

Meg’s voice spins out into the night. The words dissolve into the thick, humid air of the rainforest. They become meaningless sounds in the darkness. The palm viper coiled in the buttressed roots of the acacia tree might hear them, but more meaningful is the flick of an anole’s tail on a nearby philodendron leaf. An ocelot on the prowl has passed the empty web of the slingshot spider and moves toward the strange sounds. A chameleon clamps two toes on one side of a stem and three on the other and listens to the soft burr of noise from inside, the place it cannot see. In the understory, above the chameleon, a frog slaps its sticky padded feet on a palm frond and freezes—are these the sounds of its enemy, the coati? And far overhead, in the canopy, a fruit bat cocks its sonar toward the dark little cabin one hundred feet below as it swoops through the night dropping a seed here, a seed there. The words, the strange sounds, melt into the night as a tiny bromeliad begins to grow in silence and invisibility high above. The bat flies on.

The boys are sound asleep. Meg walks out onto her porch and down the steps to the ground. The rain has begun again, as it so often begins, with single, separate drops, sounding more like thuds than the tinny plinks of city rain. It is a round sound, so round and so liquid that it is easy to imagine the shape of each raindrop as it splashes and flattens on a broad leaf in the top of the canopy. Within these first few seconds, she can actually hear the rain high up before she can feel it. But the drops continue, finding their way down through the layers. The clouds let loose bellyfuls of moisture. One rain sphere slides into another, until the water falls in thin strands. Within minutes it is beating down so hard that the thin silvery strands lose their shape, turning to liquid smoke that clouds the air.

Meg goes back onto her porch and lights her Coleman lamp. She gets out her computer, and in the dim, foggy night of the rainforest a small neon-green rectangle is illuminated. She needs to enter the latest figures on the leaf-eating patterns that she has mapped on the graph paper as well as yesterday's insect inventories.

She is alone. Meg spends much of her time alone in the canopy and then back on the forest floor, pondering what she has seen above. But despite the solitariness of her work, the lonely hum of the computer, and the clicking of the keys, in the back of her mind is the consoling knowledge of other scientists and pioneers. It is easy for her to bridge the chasm of more than one hundred years and reach out toward the one who navigated the path to freedom by feeling for the moss on the north sides of trees. Were Harriet Tubman's experiences so different from her own? Didn't they both have to trust their knowledge of the earth and find their way through a tangled darkness?

It has been a long day, an anxious one with the kids up in the canopy, but the very thought of Harriet Tubman is strangely reassuring. So Meg types on through the next several hours until her computer batteries begin to fade and the gray of a new dawn filters slowly through the canopy. In just another few hours it will be time for her to climb into her safety harness and navigate her way up once more through the understory and into the canopy, for another day of work on this, the last frontier of the rainforest.



Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Week 17 Day 3 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

1. What is an interview?

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2. Why might someone want to interview Meg Lowman?

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**Unit 2, Module 2**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>W.5.9: Draw evidence from literary or informational texts to support analysis, reflection, and research.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>How can I present my learning in a _____ way?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can write both sides of an _____ with Meg Lowman and a journalist.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Writing Assignment (Edlight)</b>

**Input**

**What is an interview?**

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**CFU**

**Make a list of at least 5 things that Meg would want the public to know about her studies:**

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*Make a list of scientific words that should appear in an interview with Meg Lowman.*

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**Interview with Meg Lowman, Rainforest Scientist**

**Name of the scientist interviewing Meg:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Question 1:**

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**Meg's Response:**

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**Question 2:**

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**Meg's Response:**

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**Question 3:**

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**Meg's Response:**

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**Question 4:**

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**Meg's Response:**

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**Question 5:**

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**Meg's Response:**

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Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Week 17 Day 4 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

**1. Do you participate in sports? Which ones?**

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**2. Do sports have a positive or negative impact on your life? Explain.**

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**Unit 1, Module 3**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>SL.5.1: After a discussion, I can explain key ideas about the topic being discussed.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>Why are _____ important in American culture?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can make _____ and ask questions during a Gallery Walk about the importance of sports in American culture.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Exit Ticket (Google Form)</b>

**Input: Video**

**What does the video “Casey at the Bat” say about the importance of sports in American culture?**

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**Input/CFU: Gallery Walk**

**Gallery Walk**

<b>Exhibit</b>	<b>Notice</b>	<b>Wonder</b>	<b>How does this show an athlete breaking barriers and influencing culture?</b>
<b>1</b>			
<b>2</b>			
<b>3</b>			
<b>4</b>			
<b>5</b>			



Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Week 17 Day 5 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

1. Are sports important to US culture? Explain.

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2. List 3 things that sports can teach us.

- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_

**Unit 1, Module 3**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>SL.5.1: After a discussion, I can explain key ideas about the topic being discussed.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	Why are _____ important in American culture?
<b>Objective</b>	I can identify an author's _____ and their supporting evidence in an informational text.
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	Exit Ticket (Google Form)

**Input: Guided Notes**

**Opinion:**

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*Example: I think Esperanza changed from the start of the novel to the end of the novel.*

*Evidence:* \_\_\_\_\_

*Evidence:* \_\_\_\_\_

**Input/CFU: “It’s Not Just a Game”**

**It’s Not Just a Game!**

By Lori Calabrese

Whether you run a race, bounce a basketball, or hurl a baseball home, you do it because it’s fun. Some scientists claim play is a natural instinct—just like sleep. That might explain why sports are likely to be as old as humanity.

Some claim sports began as a form of survival. Prehistoric man ran, jumped, and climbed for his life. Hunters separated themselves by skill, and competition flourished. Wall paintings dating from 1850 B.C., that depict wrestling, dancing, and acrobatics, were discovered in an Egyptian tomb at Bani Hasan. The Ancient Greeks revolutionized sports by holding the world’s first Olympic games at Olympia in 776 B.C. But it wasn’t until the early nineteenth century, that sports as we know them came into play. (Pardon the pun!) Modern sports such as cricket, golf, and horse racing began in England and spread to the United States, Western Europe, and the rest of the world. These sports were the models for the games we play today, including baseball and football.

All organized sports, from swimming to ice hockey, are considered serious play. There are rules to obey, skills and positions to learn, and strategies to carry out. But Peter Smith, a psychology professor at Goldsmiths, University of London, and author of *Understanding Children’s Worlds: Children and Play* (Wiley, 2009), says, “Sport-like play is usually enjoyable, and done for its own sake.”

**Different Sports for Different Folks**

Sports come in many shapes and sizes. Both team and individual sports have advantages and disadvantages, but most people find that from an early age, they are drawn toward one or the other. In a team sport like soccer, you’re part of a group, striving to be a winning team. That means putting the team ahead of your own accomplishments. You must learn to get along with your teammates and share responsibility. In an individual sport like tennis, you’re usually only concerned about your own performance. That can make these sports more challenging.

### **The Ultimate Value of Sports**

Whether it's football or golf, there's little doubt about the value of sports. According to the American Academy of Pediatrics (AAP), "play is essential to the cognitive, physical, social, and emotional well-being of children and youth." Play not only exercises our bodies, it also exercises our minds. Sports teach us about ourselves and our world. We learn how to negotiate plans, settle disagreements, and how to monitor our attitude. The skills we learn playing can be applied to school and work. Since organized sports are a hands-on, minds-on learning process, they stimulate our imagination, curiosity, and creativity. The growing science of play is armed with research claims that play, and thus sports, is important to healthy brain development. We use language during play to solve problems, we use thinking when we follow directions to a game, and we use math skills to recognize averages and odds of each sports play.

Sports also raise our energy level and act as antidepressants. Activity increases the brain's level of chemicals called endorphins, which boost mood. When we start moving and having fun, we feel good about ourselves.

### **Forgetting the Fun**

In a perfect world, everyone would have fun playing sports. But that's not always the case. Sports can get aggressive and cause scrapes, bruises, and broken bones. They can also hurt us psychologically. David Elkind, professor emeritus of Child Development at Tufts University and author of *The Power of Play*, says that when young children play self-initiated games such as tag or hide and seek, "misunderstandings and hurt feelings are part of the learning process, and happen in a context of mutual respect. Those that arise in organized team sports, don't have the same supportive network, the sense of competition outweighs the sense of cooperation, and can be hurtful to the child's sense of self and self-esteem." Playing sports is usually fun, but sometimes we can get frustrated. It might be because of the pressure to win, parents who yell and scream from the stands, or coaches who treat us unfairly. Sports are supposed to bring people together, but they can also drive people apart. When sports are separated into skill level, gender, or ethnicity, some players feel isolated, begin to forget the fun in sports, and even want to quit. Sports may not always be a positive experience, but even when they're not, they give us a dose of how to face life's challenges.

### **Making Sports Work for Us**

Playing sports doesn't mean you have to play on a varsity team. And very few people have what it takes to be a professional athlete. But your school basketball coach or gymnastics teacher has found a way to make play their work. And in doing so, they've found the work best suited to who they are. According to Elkind, "Whenever we combine play with work, as in our hobbies, cooking, gardening, sewing, and carpentry, it is the full utilization and integration of all our interests, talents, and abilities. It's an activity that makes us feel whole."

Play is so important to our development that the United Nations High Commission for Human Rights has included it as a right of every child. In other words, it's your birthright to play! And there's no better place to play and learn about the world than on a sports field. So regardless of your sport—from swimming to soccer—play to have fun and you'll automatically win!



## **Keep Your Eye on the Ball**

Are your eyes glued to the TV when LeBron James takes the court or Derek Jeter steps to the plate? While fans fill arenas, even more click their TVs on at home to watch athletes slam a puck into a net or hit a ball with a fat stick. Play is not only something to do, it's something to watch others do.

Sports are a form of entertainment. The joy you and your teammates get by working together is the same joy your family, friends, and other spectators get when they watch. Fans experience the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat, just like the players on the field. Think of all the applauding, shouting, and yelling that happen at sporting events. It's a way for many of us to live vicariously through the players' actions.

Sports are also social events, opportunities for strangers to cheer together and debate outcomes. A Saturday morning game is a great way to spend time with family.

Sports involve learning, too. Fans research players, teams, and the sports themselves. How many fans do you know who are walking encyclopedias of sports trivia?

Why do so many of us watch sports and have a favorite team? Studies show that it fills both emotional and psychological needs. We feel self-confident and experience joy when our favorite team wins. Sports fulfill our human need to belong, and many fans, whether their team wins or loses, enjoy the suspense that allows them to release their emotions. Where we live, our family background, peer pressure, and our own sense of self (identity) all determine which baseball cap we wear and why we root for our team.

So the next time you put your Red Sox cap on and tune in to the game, remember it's not just about the amazing pitchers and batters, but about the way you feel when you watch your team play.

Baseball—From the 1830s to the late 1850s, Americans played a variety of ball and bat games. The first recorded baseball game took place in 1846 in Hoboken, New Jersey.

Football—Derived from rugby, a game played at public schools in England, football began to develop in Canada and the United States in the mid-1800s. The first game of American intercollegiate football, most resembling today's game, was played between Tufts University and Harvard on June 4, 1875, at Jarvis Field in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Tufts won, 1–0.

Basketball—In 1891, physical education instructor Dr. James Naismith invented the game of basketball in Springfield, Massachusetts. Designed as a sport to be played indoors during cold New England winters, basketball was originally played with a soccer ball and two peach baskets. In 1901, open-ended hoops replaced the game's closed baskets and basketball's "thirteen original rules" were created.

## It's Not Just a Game

**Author's Opinion:**

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**Evidence:**

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**Evidence:**

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