



Name \_\_\_\_\_

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

## Week 25



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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 25 Day 1 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

1. Do you prefer to read stories written in the first person or stories that are narrated by an outsider (third person)? Why?

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2. What is realistic fiction?

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**Short Story Unit**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RL.5.6:</b> Describe how a narrator’s or speaker’s point of view influences how events are described.
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>How does point of view impact how the _____ in a story unfold?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can identify the _____ of _____ in “Broken Chain” and take notes on the impact it has on the story.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Google Form</b>

## Input: Introduction

**Short Story:** a fictional story shorter than a novel usually dealing with a few characters, one plot, and one central theme

**Genre:** how something is grouped together based on certain characteristics

Genre of Fiction	Characteristics
Realistic Fiction	Characters and/or events that could be real
Historical Fiction	Story takes place in the past and is based on real events and/or people
Fantasy	Characters and/or events that could not be real
Mystery	Story is that based on a puzzling event
Science Fiction	Story based on characters and/or events that are futuristic, technological, or environmental

### Point of View

Point of View	Definition	Pronouns	Effect
First Person	Story is told by a character _____ the story	I, _____, we, us	Gives the reader access to the main character's thoughts and feelings.
Second Person	Story is being told directly to the _____	You	Makes the reader a character in the story
Third Person Omniscient	Story is told by a _____ outside of the story but gives some thoughts and feelings of _____ the characters	He, _____, they, them	Provides a larger picture of what is happening in the story.
Third Person Limited	Story is told by a narrator of the story but gives the thoughts and feelings of _____ character	He, she, _____, them	Reader has a close connection to the main character because we learn their thoughts and feelings.

## BROKEN CHAIN

Alfonso sat on the porch trying to push his crooked teeth to where he thought they belonged. He hated the way he looked. Last week he did fifty sit-ups a day, thinking that he would burn those already apparent ripples on his stomach to even deeper ripples, dark ones, so when he went swimming at the canal next summer, girls in cut-offs would notice. And the guys would think he was tough, someone who could take a punch and give it back. He wanted "cuts" like those he had seen on a calendar of an Aztec warrior standing on a pyramid with a woman in his arms. (Even she had cuts he could see beneath her thin dress.) The calendar hung above the cash register at La Plaza. Orsua, the owner, said Alfonso could have the calendar at the end of the year if the waitress, Yolanda, didn't take it first.

Alfonso studied the magazine pictures of rock stars for a hairstyle. He liked the way Prince looked—and the bass player from Los Lobos. Alfonso thought he would look cool with his hair razored into a V in the back and streaked purple. But he knew his mother wouldn't go for it. And his father, who was *puro Mexicano*, would sit in his chair after work, sullen as a toad, and call him "sissy."

Alfonso didn't dare color his hair. But one day he had had it butched on the top, like in the magazines. His father had come home that evening from a softball game, happy that his team had drilled four homers in a thirteen-to-five bashing of Color Tile. He'd swaggered into the living room, but had stopped cold when he saw Alfonso and asked, not joking but with real concern, "Did you hurt your head at school? *Qué pasó?*"

Alfonso had pretended not to hear his father and had gone to his room, where he studied his hair from all angles in the mirror. He liked what he saw until he smiled and realized for the first time that his teeth were crooked, like a pile of wrecked cars. He grew depressed and turned away from the mirror. He sat on his bed and leafed through the rock magazine until he came to the rock star with the butched top. His mouth was closed, but Alfonso was sure his teeth weren't crooked.

Alfonso didn't want to be the handsomest kid at school, but he was determined to be better-looking than average. The next day he spent his lawn-mowing money on a new shirt, and, with a pocketknife, scooped the moons of dirt from under his fingernails.

He spent hours in front of the mirror trying to herd his teeth into place with his thumb. He asked his mother if he could have braces, like Frankie Molina, her godson, but he

asked at the wrong time. She was at the kitchen table licking the envelope to the house payment. She glared up at him. "Do you think money grows on trees?"

His mother clipped coupons from magazines and newspapers, kept a vegetable garden in the summer, and shopped at Penney's and K-Mart. Their family ate a lot of *frijoles*, which was OK because nothing else tasted so good, though one time Alfonso had had Chinese pot stickers and thought they were the next best food in the world.

He didn't ask his mother for braces again, even when she was in a better mood. He decided to fix his teeth by pushing on them with his thumbs. After breakfast that Saturday he went to his room, closed the door quietly, turned the radio on, and pushed for three hours straight.

He pushed for ten minutes, rested for five, and every half hour, during a radio commercial, checked to see if his smile had improved. It hadn't.

Eventually he grew bored and went outside with an old gym sock to wipe down his bike, a ten-speed from Montgomery Ward. His thumbs were tired and wrinkled and pink, the way they got when he stayed in the bathtub too long.

Alfonso's older brother, Ernie, rode up on his Montgomery Ward bicycle looking depressed. He parked his bike against the peach tree and sat on the back steps, keeping his head down and stepping on ants that came too close.

Alfonso knew better than to say anything when Ernie looked mad. He turned his bike over, balancing it on the handlebars and seat, and flossed the spokes with the sock. When he was finished, he pressed a knuckle to his teeth until they tingled.

Ernie groaned and said, "Ah, man."

Alfonso waited a few minutes before asking, "What's the matter?" He pretended not to be too interested. He picked up a wad of steel wool and continued cleaning the spokes.

Ernie hesitated, not sure if Alfonso would laugh. But it came out. "Those girls didn't show up. And you better not laugh."

"What girls?"

Then Alfonso remembered his brother bragging about how he and Frostie met two girls from Kings Canyon Junior High last week on Halloween night. They were dressed as gypsies, the costume for all poor Chicanas—they just had to borrow scarves and gaudy red lipstick from their *abuelitas*.

Alfonso walked over to his brother. He compared their two bikes: his gleamed like a handful of dimes, while Ernie's looked dirty.

"They said we were supposed to wait at the corner. But they didn't show up. Me and Frostie waited and waited like *pendéjos*. They were playing games with us."

Alfonso thought that was a pretty dirty trick but sort of funny too. He would have to try that some day.

"Were they cute?" Alfonso asked.

"I guess so."

"Do you think you could recognize them?"

"If they were wearing red lipstick, maybe."

Alfonso sat with his brother in silence, both of them smearing ants with their floppy high tops. Girls could sure act weird, especially the ones you meet on Halloween.

Later that day, Alfonso sat on the porch pressing on his teeth. Press, relax; press, relax. His portable radio was on, but not loud enough to make Mr. Rojas come down the steps and wave his cane at him.

Alfonso's father drove up. Alfonso could tell by the way he sat in his truck, a Datsun with a different-colored front fender, that his team had lost their softball game. Alfonso got off the porch in a hurry because he knew his father would be in a bad mood. He went to the backyard, where he unlocked his bike, sat on it with the kickstand down, and pressed on his teeth. He punched himself in the stomach, and growled, "Cuts." Then he patted his butch and whispered, "Fresh."

After a while Alfonso pedaled up the street, hands in his pockets, toward Foster's Freeze, where he was chased by a ratlike Chihuahua. At his old school, John Burroughs Elementary, he found a kid hanging upside down on the top of a barbed-wire fence with a girl looking up at him. Alfonso skidded to a stop and helped the kid untangle his pants from the barbed wire. The kid was grateful. He had been afraid he would have to stay up there all night. His sister, who was Alfonso's age, was also grateful. If she had to go home and tell her mother that Frankie was stuck on a fence and couldn't get down, she would get scolded.

"Thanks," she said. "What's your name?"

Alfonso remembered her from his school and noticed that she was kind of cute, with ponytails and straight teeth.

"Alfonso. You go to my school, huh?"

"Yeah. I've seen you around. You live nearby?"

"Over on Madison."

"My uncle used to live on that street, but he moved to Stockton."

"Stockton's near Sacramento, isn't it?"

"You been there?"

"No." Alfonso looked down at his shoes. He wanted to say something clever the way people do on TV. But the

## BASEBALL IN APRIL

only thing he could think to say was that the governor lived in Sacramento. As soon as he shared this observation, he winced inside.

Alfonso walked with the girl and the boy as they started for home. They didn't talk much. Every few steps, the girl, whose name was Sandra, would look at him out of the corner of her eye, and Alfonso would look away. He learned that she was in seventh grade, just like him, and that she had a pet terrier named Queenie. Her father was a mechanic at Rudy's Speedy Repair, and her mother was a teacher's aide at Jefferson Elementary.

When they came to the street, Alfonso and Sandra stopped at her corner, but her brother ran home. Alfonso watched him stop in the front yard to talk to a lady he guessed was their mother. She was raking leaves into a pile.

"I live over there," she said, pointing.

Alfonso looked over her shoulder for a long time, trying to muster enough nerve to ask her if she'd like to go bike riding tomorrow.

Shyly, he asked, "You wanna go bike riding?"

"Maybe." She played with a ponytail and crossed one leg in front of the other. "But my bike has a flat."

"I can get my brother's bike. He won't mind."

She thought a moment before she said, "OK. But not tomorrow. I have to go to my aunt's."

"How about after school on Monday?"

"I have to take care of my brother until my mom comes home from work. How 'bout four-thirty?"

"OK," he said. "Four-thirty." Instead of parting immediately, they talked for a while, asking questions like,

## Broken Chain

"Who's your favorite group?" "Have you ever been on the Big Dipper at Santa Cruz?" and "Have you ever tasted pot stickers?" But the question-and-answer period ended when Sandra's mother called her home.

Alfonso took off as fast he could on his bike, jumped the curb, and, cool as he could be, raced away with his hands stuffed in his pockets. But when he looked back over his shoulder, the wind raking through his butch, Sandra wasn't even looking. She was already on her lawn, heading for the porch.

That night he took a bath, pampered his hair into place, and did more than his usual set of exercises. In bed, in between the push-and-rest on his teeth, he pestered his brother to let him borrow his bike.

"Come on, Ernie," he whined. "Just for an hour."

"Chale, I might want to use it."

"Come on, man, I'll let you have my trick-or-treat candy."

"What you got?"

"Three baby Milky Ways and some Skittles."

"Who's going to use it?"

Alfonso hesitated, then risked the truth. "I met this girl. She doesn't live too far."

Ernie rolled over on his stomach and stared at the outline of his brother, whose head was resting on his elbow. "You got a girlfriend?"

"She ain't my girlfriend, just a girl."

"What does she look like?"

"Like a girl."

"Come on, what does she look like?"

"She's got ponytails and a little brother."





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

Week 25 Day 2 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

1. Why is “Broken Chain” an example of realistic fiction?

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2. What is the point of view of the short story? How do we know that?

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**Short Story Unit**

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<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Google Form</b>

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"She ain't my girlfriend, just a girl."

"What does she look like?"

"Like a girl."

"Come on, what does she look like?"

"She's got ponytails and a little brother."

"Ponytails! Those girls who messed with Frostie and me had ponytails. Is she cool?"

"I think so."

Ernie sat up in bed. "I bet you that's her."

Alfonso felt his stomach knot up. "She's going to be my girlfriend, not yours!"

"I'm going to get even with her!"

"You better not touch her," Alfonso snarled, throwing a wadded Kleenex at him. "I'll run you over with my bike."

For the next hour, until their mother threatened them from the living room to be quiet or else, they argued whether it was the same girl who had stood Ernie up. Alfonso said over and over that she was too nice to pull a stunt like that. But Ernie argued that she lived only two blocks from where those girls had told them to wait, that she was in the same grade, and, the clincher, that she had ponytails. Secretly, however, Ernie was jealous that his brother, two years younger than himself, might have found a girlfriend.

Sunday morning, Ernie and Alfonso stayed away from each other, though over breakfast they fought over the last tortilla. Their mother, sewing at the kitchen table, warned them to knock it off. At church they made faces at one another when the priest, Father Jerry, wasn't looking. Ernie punched Alfonso in the arm, and Alfonso, his eyes wide with anger, punched back.

Monday morning they hurried to school on their bikes, neither saying a word, though they rode side by side. In first period, Alfonso worried himself sick. How would he borrow a bike for her? He considered asking his best friend, Raul, for his bike. But Alfonso knew Raul, a paper boy with dollar signs in his eyes, would charge him, and he had less than sixty cents, counting the soda bottles he could cash.

Between history and math, Alfonso saw Sandra and her girlfriend huddling at their lockers. He hurried by without being seen.

During lunch Alfonso hid in metal shop so he wouldn't run into Sandra. What would he say to her? If he weren't mad at his brother, he could ask Ernie what girls and guys talk about. But he *was* mad, and anyway, Ernie was pitching nickels with his friends.

Alfonso hurried home after school. He did the morning dishes as his mother had asked and raked the leaves. After finishing his chores, he did a hundred sit-ups, pushed on his teeth until they hurt, showered, and combed his hair into a perfect butch. He then stepped out to the patio to clean his bike. On an impulse, he removed the chain to wipe off the gritty oil. But while he was unhooking it from the back sprocket, it snapped. The chain lay in his hand like a dead snake.

Alfonso couldn't believe his luck. Now, not only did he not have an extra bike for Sandra, he had no bike for himself. Frustrated, and on the verge of tears, he flung the chain as far as he could. It landed with a hard slap against the back fence and spooked his sleeping cat, Benny. Benny looked around, blinking his soft gray eyes, and went back to sleep.

Alfonso retrieved the chain, which was hopelessly broken. He cursed himself for being stupid, yelled at his bike for being cheap, and slammed the chain onto the cement. The chain snapped in another place and hit him when it popped up, slicing his hand like a snake's fang.

"Ow!" he cried, his mouth immediately going to his hand to suck on the wound.

After a dab of iodine, which only made his cut hurt

more, and a lot of thought, he went to the bedroom to plead with Ernie, who was changing to his after-school clothes.

"Come on, man, let me use it," Alfonso pleaded. "Please, Ernie, I'll do anything."

Although Ernie could see Alfonso's desperation, he had plans with his friend Raymundo. They were going to catch frogs at the Mayfair canal. He felt sorry for his brother, and gave him a stick of gum to make him feel better, but there was nothing he could do. The canal was three miles away, and the frogs were waiting.

Alfonso took the stick of gum, placed it in his shirt pocket, and left the bedroom with his head down. He went outside, slamming the screen door behind him, and sat in the alley behind his house. A sparrow landed in the weeds, and when it tried to come close, Alfonso screamed for it to scam. The sparrow responded with a squeaky chirp and flew away.

At four he decided to get it over with and started walking to Sandra's house, trudging slowly, as if he were waist-deep in water. Shame colored his face. How could he disappoint his first date? She would probably laugh. She might even call him *menso*.

He stopped at the corner where they were supposed to meet and watched her house. But there was no one outside, only a rake leaning against the steps.

Why did he have to take the chain off? he scolded himself. He always messed things up when he tried to take them apart, like the time he tried to repad his baseball mitt. He had unlaced the mitt and filled the pocket with cotton balls. But when he tried to put it back together, he had forgotten how it laced up. Everything became tangled like

kite string. When he showed the mess to his mother, who was at the stove cooking dinner, she scolded him but put it back together and didn't tell his father what a dumb thing he had done.

Now he had to face Sandra and say, "I broke my bike, and my stingy brother took off on his."

He waited at the corner a few minutes, hiding behind a hedge for what seemed like forever. Just as he was starting to think about going home, he heard footsteps and knew it was too late. His hands, moist from worry, hung at his sides, and a thread of sweat raced down his armpit.

He peeked through the hedge. She was wearing a sweater with a checkerboard pattern. A red purse was slung over her shoulder. He could see her looking for him, standing on tiptoe to see if he was coming around the corner.

What have I done? Alfonso thought. He bit his lip, called himself *menso*, and pounded his palm against his forehead. Someone slapped the back of his head. He turned around and saw Ernie.

"We got the frogs, Alfonso," he said, holding up a wiggling plastic bag. "I'll show you later."

Ernie looked through the hedge, with one eye closed, at the girl. "She's not the one who messed with Frostie and me," he said finally. "You still wanna borrow my bike?"

Alfonso couldn't believe his luck. What a brother! What a pal! He promised to take Ernie's turn next time it was his turn to do the dishes. Ernie hopped on Raymundo's handlebars and said he would remember that promise. Then he was gone as they took off without looking back.

Free of worry now that his brother had come through, Alfonso emerged from behind the hedge with Ernie's bike,

**BASEBALL IN APRIL**

which was mud-splashed but better than nothing. Sandra waved.

"Hi," she said.

"Hi," he said back.

She looked cheerful. Alfonso told her his bike was broken and asked if she wanted to ride with him.

"Sounds good," she said, and jumped on the crossbar. It took all of Alfonso's strength to steady the bike. He started off slowly, gritting his teeth, because she was heavier than he thought. But once he got going, it got easier. He pedaled smoothly, sometimes with only one hand on the handlebars, as they sped up one street and down another. Whenever he ran over a pothole, which was often, she screamed with delight, and once, when it looked like they were going to crash, she placed her hand over his, and it felt like love.

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**Application: Text-Dependent Questions**

1. What color did Alfonso think would like great streaked in his hair?
  - a. pink
  - b. blue
  - c. purple
  - d. red
  
2. How was Alfonso straightening his teeth?
  - a. by getting braces
  - b. by applying pressure on them everyday
  - c. by hoping he would get hit in the mouth with a bat
  - d. by praying for a miracle
  
3. Who took better care of their bike?
  - a. Ernie
  - b. Gary
  - c. Mr. Rojas
  - d. Alfonso

- 4. How did Alfonso meet Sandra?**
  - a. they were neighbors, he had known her all his life**
  - b. his brother, Ernie, introduced them**
  - c. he helped get her brother untangled from barbed wire**
  - d. he had saved her from a near car accident**
  
- 5. What was Alfonso and Sandra's "first date"?**
  - a. they met at the movies to watch "The Karate Kid"**
  - b. they went bike riding with her on the handlebars**
  - c. they went riding side by side with their own bike**
  - d. they played Monopoly in Alfonso's kitchen**





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

Week 25 Day 3 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

1. “Broken Chain” was told in a 3<sup>rd</sup> person limited point of view. Whose thoughts and feelings did we hear? Why is that important?

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**Short Story Unit**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RL.5.6:</b> Describe how a narrator’s or speaker’s point of view influences how events are described.
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>How does point of view impact how the _____ in a story unfold?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can identify and take notes on the _____ of _____ in “Seventh Grade”.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Google Form</b>

the gym full of students in their new fall clothes. She was cute. And good at math, too, Victor thought as he walked down the hall to his homeroom. He ran into his friend, Michael Torres, by the water fountain that never turned off.

They shook hands, *raza*-style, and jerked their heads at one another in a *saludo de vato*. "How come you're making a face?" asked Victor.

"I ain't making a face, *ete*. This *is* my face." Michael said his face had changed during the summer. He had read a *GQ* magazine that his older brother borrowed from the Book Mobile and noticed that the male models all had the same look on their faces. They would stand, one arm around a beautiful woman, and *scowl*. They would sit at a pool, their rippled stomachs dark with shadow, and *scowl*. They would sit at dinner tables, cool drinks in their hands, and *scowl*.

"I think it works," Michael said. He scowled and let his upper lip quiver. His teeth showed along with the ferocity of his soul. "Belinda Reyes walked by a while ago and looked at me," he said.

Victor didn't say anything, though he thought his friend looked pretty strange. They talked about recent movies, baseball, their parents, and the horrors of picking grapes in order to buy their fall clothes. Picking grapes was like living in Siberia, except hot and more boring.

"What classes are you taking?" Michael said, scowling.

"French. How 'bout you?"

"Spanish. I ain't so good at it, even if I'm Mexican."

"I'm not either, but I'm better at it than math, that's for sure."

A tinny, three-beat bell propelled students to their

## SEVENTH GRADE

On the first day of school, Victor stood in line half an hour before he came to a wobbly card table. He was handed a packet of papers and a computer card on which he listed his one elective, French. He already spoke Spanish and English, but he thought some day he might travel to France, where it was cool; not like Fresno, where summer days reached 110 degrees in the shade. There were rivers in France, and huge churches, and fair-skinned people everywhere, the way there were brown people all around Victor.

Besides, Teresa, a girl he had liked since they were in catechism classes at Saint Theresa's, was taking French, too. With any luck they would be in the same class. Teresa is going to be my girl this year, he promised himself as he left

homerooms. The two friends socked each other in the arm and went their ways, Victor thinking, man, that's weird. Michael thinks making a face makes him handsome.

On the way to his homeroom, Victor tried a scowl. He felt foolish, until out of the corner of his eye he saw a girl looking at him. Umm, he thought, maybe it does work. He scowled with greater conviction.

In homeroom, roll was taken, emergency cards were passed out, and they were given a bulletin to take home to their parents. The principal, Mr. Belton, spoke over the crackling loudspeaker, welcoming the students to a new year, new experiences, and new friendships. The students squirmed in their chairs and ignored him. They were anxious to go to first period. Victor sat calmly, thinking of Teresa, who sat two rows away, reading a paperback novel. This would be his lucky year. She was in his homeroom, and would probably be in his English and math classes. And, of course, French.

The bell rang for first period, and the students herded noisily through the door. Only Teresa lingered, talking with the homeroom teacher.

"So you think I should talk to Mrs. Gaines?" she asked the teacher. "She would know about ballet?"

"She would be a good bet," the teacher said. Then added, "Or the gym teacher, Mrs. Garza."

Victor lingered, keeping his head down and staring at his desk. He wanted to leave when she did so he could bump into her and say something clever.

He watched her on the sly. As she turned to leave, he stood up and hurried to the door, where he managed to catch her eye. She smiled and said, "Hi, Victor."

He smiled back and said, "Yeah, that's me." His brown face blushed. Why hadn't he said, "Hi, Teresa," or "How was your summer?" or something nice?

As Teresa walked down the hall, Victor walked the other way, looking back, admiring how gracefully she walked, one foot in front of the other. So much for being in the same class, he thought. As he trudged to English, he practiced scowling.

In English they reviewed the parts of speech. Mr. Lucas, a portly man, waddled down the aisle, asking, "What is a noun?"

"A person, place, or thing," said the class in unison.

"Yes, now somebody give me an example of a person—you, Victor Rodriguez."

"Teresa," Victor said automatically. Some of the girls giggled. They knew he had a crush on Teresa. He felt himself blushing again.

"Correct," Mr. Lucas said. "Now provide me with a place."

Mr. Lucas called on a freckled kid who answered, "Teresa's house with a kitchen full of big brothers."

After English, Victor had math, his weakest subject. He sat in the back by the window, hoping that he would not be called on. Victor understood most of the problems, but some of the stuff looked like the teacher made it up as she went along. It was confusing, like the inside of a watch.

After math he had a fifteen-minute break, then social studies, and, finally, lunch. He bought a tuna casserole with buttered rolls, some fruit cocktail, and milk. He sat with Michael, who practiced scowling between bites.

Girls walked by and looked at him.

"See what I mean, Vic?" Michael scowled. "They love it."

"Yeah, I guess so."

They ate slowly, Victor scanning the horizon for a glimpse of Teresa. He didn't see her. She must have brought lunch, he thought, and is eating outside. Victor scraped his plate and left Michael, who was busy scowling at a girl two tables away.

The small, triangle-shaped campus bustled with students talking about their new classes. Everyone was in a sunny mood. Victor hurried to the bag lunch area, where he sat down and opened his math book. He moved his lips as if he were reading, but his mind was somewhere else. He raised his eyes slowly and looked around. No Teresa.

He lowered his eyes, pretending to study, then looked slowly to the left. No Teresa. He turned a page in the book and stared at some math problems that scared him because he knew he would have to do them eventually. He looked to the right. Still no sign of her. He stretched out lazily in an attempt to disguise his snooping.

Then he saw her. She was sitting with a girlfriend under a plum tree. Victor moved to a table near her and daydreamed about taking her to a movie. When the bell sounded, Teresa looked up, and their eyes met. She smiled sweetly and gathered her books. Her next class was French, same as Victor's.

They were among the last students to arrive in class, so all the good desks in the back had already been taken. Victor was forced to sit near the front, a few desks away from Teresa, while Mr. Bueller wrote French words on the chalkboard. The bell rang, and Mr. Bueller wiped his hands, turned to the class, and said, "*Bonjour*."

"*Bonjour*," braved a few students.

"*Bonjour*," Victor whispered. He wondered if Teresa heard him.

Mr. Bueller said that if the students studied hard, at the end of the year they could go to France and be understood by the populace.

One kid raised his hand and asked, "What's 'populace'?"

"The people, the people of France."

Mr. Bueller asked if anyone knew French. Victor raised his hand, wanting to impress Teresa. The teacher beamed and said, "*Très bien. Parlez-vous français?*"

Victor didn't know what to say. The teacher wet his lips and asked something else in French. The room grew silent. Victor felt all eyes staring at him. He tried to bluff his way out by making noises that sounded French.

"La me vava me con le grandma," he said uncertainly.

Mr. Bueller, wrinkling his face in curiosity, asked him to speak up.

Great rosebushes of red bloomed on Victor's cheeks. A river of nervous sweat ran down his palms. He felt awful. Teresa sat a few desks away, no doubt thinking he was a fool. Without looking at Mr. Bueller, Victor mumbled, "Frenchie oh wewe gee in September."

Mr. Bueller asked Victor to repeat what he had said.

"Frenchie oh wewe gee in September," Victor repeated.

Mr. Bueller understood that the boy didn't know French and turned away. He walked to the blackboard and pointed to the words on the board with his steel-edged ruler.

"*Le bateau*," he sang.

"Le bateau," the students repeated.

"Le bateau est sur l'eau," he sang.

"Le bateau est sur l'eau."

Victor was too weak from failure to join the class. He stared at the board and wished he had taken Spanish, not French. Better yet, he wished he could start his life over. He had never been so embarrassed. He bit his thumb until he tore off a sliver of skin.

The bell sounded for fifth period, and Victor shot out of the room, avoiding the stares of the other kids, but had to return for his math book. He looked sheepishly at the teacher, who was erasing the board, then widened his eyes in terror at Teresa who stood in front of him. "I didn't know you knew French," she said. "That was good."

Mr. Bueller looked at Victor, and Victor looked back. Oh please, don't say anything, Victor pleaded with his eyes. I'll wash your car, mow your lawn, walk your dog—anything! I'll be your best student, and I'll clean your erasers after school.

Mr. Bueller shuffled through the papers on his desk. He smiled and hummed as he sat down to work. He remembered his college years when he dated a girlfriend in borrowed cars. She thought he was rich because each time he picked her up he had a different car. It was fun until he had spent all his money on her and had to write home to his parents because he was broke.

Victor couldn't stand to look at Teresa. He was sweaty with shame. "Yeah, well, I picked up a few things from movies and books and stuff like that." They left the class together. Teresa asked him if he would help her with her French.

"Sure, anytime," Victor said.

"I won't be bothering you, will I?"

"Oh no, I like being bothered."

"*Bonjour*," Teresa said, leaving him outside her next class. She smiled and pushed wisps of hair from her face. "Yeah, right, *bonjour*," Victor said. He turned and headed to his class. The rosebushes of shame on his face became bouquets of love. Teresa is a great girl, he thought. And Mr. Bueller is a good guy.

He raced to metal shop. After metal shop there was biology, and after biology a long sprint to the public library, where he checked out three French textbooks.

He was going to like seventh grade.



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

Week 25 Day 4 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

1. What is the point of view of “Seventh Grade”? Why is that important?

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**Short Story Unit**

<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 _____ my thoughts in an extended response essay?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can determine best _____ to support my claim.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Google Form</b>

**Input: Parts of an Extended Response**

<b>Parts of Response</b>	<b>Description</b>
<b>Introduction</b>	<b>Includes a hook and claim (point, purpose, and thesis).</b>
<b>Body Paragraphs</b>	<b>Provides evidence to support the claim.</b>
<b>Conclusion</b>	<b>Remind the reader of what the claim was.</b>

**Extended Response Prompt:**

The narrator’s point of view often affects the way stories are told. In the “Broken Chain” and the “Seventh Grade” how does the author use narrative point of view to tell their stories? How are these points of view similar and how are they different? Use details from both stories to support your response.

**In your response, be sure to:**

- explain how point of view affects the way the story is told in “Broken Chain”
- explain how point of view affects the way the story is told in “Seventh Grade”
- describe how these points of view are similar and how they are different
- use details from both stories to support your response

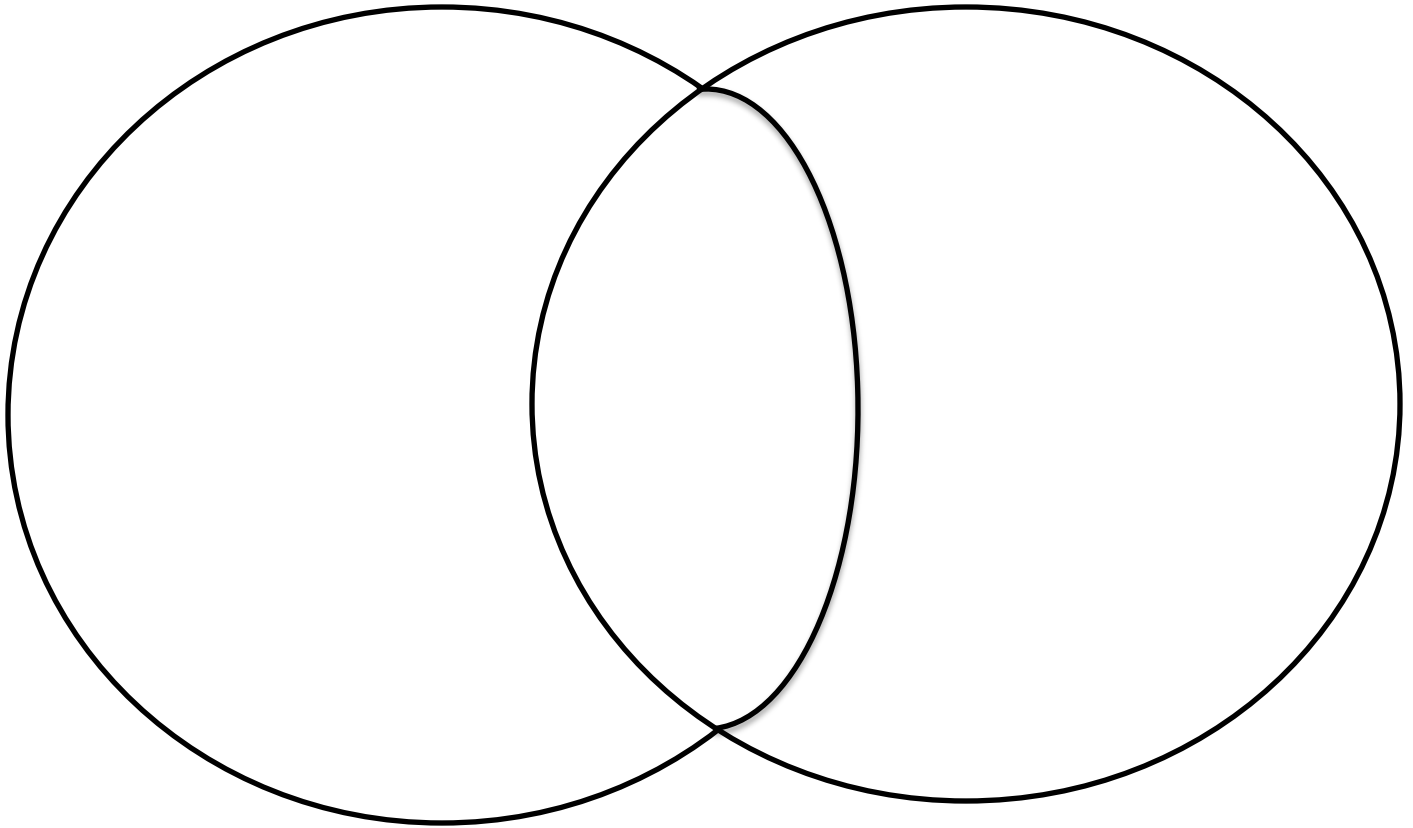
	<b>“Broken Chain”</b>	<b>“Seventh Grade”</b>
<b>Point of View</b>		
<b>How do we know?</b>		



**Point of View: How did it impact the story?**

**“Broken Chain”**

**“Seventh Grade”**



**Claim:**

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<b>“Broken Chain”</b>	<b>“Seventh Grade”</b>



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

Week 25 Day 5 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

1. What are the different parts of an extended response?

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2. Which part do you have the most difficulty with? Why?

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**Short Story Unit**

<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 _____ my thoughts in an extended response essay?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can use _____ and explanations to write a clear literary response essay.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Edlight</b>

**Input: Transition Words**

<b>Compare/Contrast</b>	<b>Sequence</b>	<b>Emphasizing</b>
<b>On the other hand Instead However Different from Same as Similar to Unlike although</b>	<b>Before During After Finally At the start First Last Next Then</b>	<b>Mainly Most important In particular Primarily Especially</b>
<b>Cause &amp; Effect</b>	<b>Listing</b>	<b>Concluding/Summarizing</b>
<b>Because Therefore Consequently As a result of Thus</b>	<b>Also Another For example In addition Likewise</b>	<b>As a result In conclusion In summary</b>

**Hook & Claim:**

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Name \_\_\_\_\_

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

## Week 26



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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 26 Day 1 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

1. Why were both, “Seventh Grade” and “Broken Chain”, considered realistic fiction?

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**Short Story Unit**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RL.5.2: Determine how characters in a story respond to challenges.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>How is _____ developed in realistic fiction?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can _____ existing conflict in “Baseball in April”.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Google Form</b>

**Input: Guided Notes**

**Conflict: a struggle between 2 opposing forces; provides necessary tension and drives the story forward**

	<b>definition</b>
<b>protagonist</b>	
<b>antagonist</b>	
<b>internal conflict</b>	
<b>external conflict</b>	

# BASEBALL IN APRIL

The night before Michael and Jesse were to try out for the Little League team for the third year in a row, the two brothers sat in their bedroom listening to the radio, pounding their fists into their gloves, and talking about how they would bend to pick up grounders or wave off another player and make the pop-up catch. "This is the year," Michael said with the confidence of an older brother. He pretended to scoop up the ball and throw out a man racing to first. He pounded his glove, looked at Jesse, and asked, "How'd you like that?"

When they reached Romain playground the next day there were a hundred kids divided into lines by age group: nine, ten, and eleven. Michael and Jesse stood in line,

both dark and serious as they watched the other boys trot on and off the field.

Finally, the coaches told them to return after lunch for batting tryouts. Michael and Jesse ran home to eat a sandwich and talk about what to expect in the afternoon.

"Don't be scared," Michael said with his mouth full of ham sandwich, though he knew Jesse's batting was no good. He showed him how to stand. He spread his legs, worked his left foot into the carpet as if he were putting out a cigarette, and glared at where the ball would come from, twenty feet in front of him near the kitchen table. He swung an invisible bat, choked up on the handle, and swung again.

He turned to his younger brother. "Got it?"

Jesse said he thought he did and imitated Michael's swing until Michael said, "Yeah, you got it."

Jesse felt proud walking to the playground because the smaller kids were in awe of the paper number on his back. It was as if he were a soldier going off to war.

"Where you goin'?" asked Rosie, sister of Johnnie Serna, the playground bully. She had a large bag of sunflower seeds, and spat out a shell.

"Tryouts," Jesse said, barely looking at her as he kept stride with Michael.

At the diamond, Jesse once again grew nervous. He got into the line of nine-year-olds and waited for his turn at bat. Fathers clung to the fence, giving last-minute instructions to their kids.

By the time it was Jesse's turn, he was trembling and trying to catch Michael's eye for reassurance. He walked to the batter's box, tapped the bat on the plate—something he

## BASEBALL IN APRIL

gloves hanging limp from their hands, and waited to have a large paper number pinned to their backs so that the field coaches would know who they were.

Jesse chewed his palm as he moved up the line. When his number was called he ran out onto the field to the sound of his black sneakers smacking against the clay. He looked at the kids still in line, then at Michael who yelled, "You can do it!" The first grounder, a three-bouncer, spun off his glove into center field. Another grounder cracked off the bat, and he scooped it up, but the ball rolled off his glove. Jesse stared at it before he picked it up and hurled it to first base. The next one he managed to pick up cleanly, but his throw made the first baseman leap into the air with an exaggerated grunt that made *him* look good. Three more balls were hit to Jesse, and he came up with one.

His number flapped like a broken wing as he ran off the field to sit in the bleachers and wait for Michael to trot onto the field.

Michael raced after the first grounder and threw it on the run. On the next grounder, he lowered himself to one knee and threw nonchalantly to first. As his number, a crooked seventeen, flapped on his back, he saw a coach make a mark on his clipboard.

Michael lunged at the next hit but missed, and it skidded into center field. He shaded his eyes after the next hit, a high pop-up, and when the ball came down he was there to slap it into his glove. His mouth grew fat from trying to hold back a smile. The coach made another mark on his clipboard.

When the next number was called, Michael jogged off the field with his head held high. He sat next to his brother,

had seen many times on television—and waited. The first pitch was outside and over his head. The coach laughed.

He swung hard at the next pitch, spinning the ball foul. He tapped his bat again, kicked the dirt, and stepped into the batter's box. He swung at a low ball. Then he wound up and sliced the next ball foul to the edge of the infield grass, which surprised him because he didn't know he had the strength to send it that far.

Jesse was given ten pitches and got three hits, all of them grounders to the right side. One grounder kicked up into the face of a kid trying to field the ball. The kid tried to hang tough as he trotted off the field, head bowed, but Jesse knew tears were welling up in his eyes.

Jesse handed the bat to the next kid and went to sit in the bleachers to wait for the ten-year-olds to bat. He was feeling better than after that morning's fielding tryout because he had gotten three hits. He also thought he looked strong standing at the plate, bat high over his shoulder.

Michael came up to the plate and hit the first pitch to third base. He sent the next pitch into left field. He talked to himself as he stood in the box, bouncing slightly before the next pitch, which he smacked into the outfield. The coach marked his clipboard.

After his ten hits, he jogged off the field and joined his brother in the bleachers. His mouth was again fat from holding back a smile. Jesse was jealous of his brother's athletic display. He thought to himself, Yeah, he'll make the team, and I'll just watch from the bleachers. He imagined Michael running home with a uniform under his arm while he walked home empty-handed.

They watched other kids come to the plate and whack, foul, chop, slice, dribble, and hook balls all over the field.

When a foul ball bounced into the bleachers, Jesse got it. He weighed the ball in his palm, like a pound of bologna, and then hurled it back onto the field. An uninterested coach watched it roll by his feet.

After it was over, they were told to expect a phone call by the end of the week if they had made the team.

By Monday afternoon they were already anxious for the phone to ring. They slouched in the living room after school and watched "Double Dare" on TV. Every time Jesse went into the kitchen, he stole a glance at the telephone. Once, when no one was looking, he picked it up to see if it was working and heard a long buzz.

By Friday, when it was clear the call would never come, they went outside to the front yard to play catch and practice bunting.

"I should have made the team," Michael said as he made a stab at Jesse's bunt. Jesse agreed with him. If anyone should have made the team, it should have been his brother. He was the best one there.

They hit grounders to each other. A few popped off Jesse's chest, but most disappeared neatly into his glove. Why couldn't I do this last Saturday? he wondered. He grew angry at himself, then sad. They stopped playing and returned inside to watch "Double Dare."

Michael and Jesse didn't make Little League that year, but Pete, a friend from school, told them about a team of kids from their school that practiced at Hobo Park near downtown. After school Michael and Jesse raced to the park. They laid their bikes on the grass and took the field. Michael ran to the outfield, and Jesse took second base to practice grounders.

"Give me a baby roller," Danny Lopez, the third base-



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

Week 26 Day 2 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

1. Who is the protagonist in “Baseball in April”?

\_\_\_\_\_

2. What is his conflict?

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

3. Is this an internal or external conflict?

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Short Story Unit**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RL.5.2: Determine how characters in a story respond to challenges.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	How is _____ developed in realistic fiction?
<b>Objective</b>	I can _____ existing conflict in “Baseball in April”.
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	Google Slide

## BASEBALL IN APRIL

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## Baseball in April

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"Give me a baby roller," Danny Lopez, the third base-

17



## BASEBALL IN APRIL

man, called. Jesse sidearmed a roller, which Danny picked up on the third bounce. "Good pickup," Jesse yelled. Danny looked pleased, slapping his glove against his pants as he hustled back to third.

Michael practiced catching pop-ups with Billy Reeves until Manuel, the coach, arrived in his pickup. Most of the kids ran to let him know they wanted to play first, to play second, to hit first, to hit third. Michael and Jesse were quiet and stood back from the racket.

Manuel pulled a duffel bag from the back of his pickup and walked over to the palm tree that served as a backstop. He dropped the bag with a grunt, clapped his hands, and told the kids to take the field.

The two brothers didn't move. When Pete told the coach that Michael and Jesse wanted to play, Jesse stiffened up and tried to look strong. Because he was older, and wiser, Michael stood with his arms crossed over his chest.

"You guys are in the outfield," the coach shouted before turning to pull a bat and a ball from the bag.

Manuel was middle-aged, patient, and fatherly. He bent down on his haunches to talk to the kids, spoke softly and listened to what they had to say. He cooed "Good" when they made catches, even routine ones. The kids knew he was good to them because most of them didn't have fathers, or had fathers who were so beaten from hard work that they came home and fell asleep in front of the TV set. The team practiced for two weeks before Manuel announced their first game.

"Who we playing?" asked Pete.

"The Red Caps," he answered. "West Fresno kids."

"What's our name?" two kids asked.

## Baseball in April

"The Hobos," the coach said, smiling.

In two weeks Jesse had gotten better. But Michael quit the team because he found a girlfriend, a slow walker who hugged her books against her chest while gazing dreamily into Michael's equally dazed face. What fools, Jesse thought as he rode off to practice.

Jesse was catcher and winced behind his mask when the batter swung, because he had no chest protector or shin guards. Balls skidded off his arms and chest, but he never let on that they hurt.

His batting, however, did not improve, and the team knew he was a sure out. Some of the older kids tried to give him tips: how to stand, follow through, and push his weight into the ball. Still, when he came up to bat, the outfielders moved in, like wolves moving in for the kill.

Before their first game, some of the team members met early at Hobo Park to talk about how they were going to whip the Red Caps and send them home crying to their mothers. Soon, others showed up to field grounders while they waited for the coach. When they spotted him, they ran to his pickup and climbed the sides. The coach stuck his head from the cab and warned them to be careful. He waited for a few minutes for the slow kids, and waved for them to get in the front with him. As the team drove slowly to the West Side, the wind running through their hair, they thought they looked pretty neat.

When they arrived, they leaped from the pickup and stood by the coach, who waved to the other coach as he hoisted his duffel bag onto his shoulder. Jesse scanned the other team: most were Mexican like his team, but they had a few blacks.

The coach shook hands with the other coach. They talked quietly in Spanish, then roared with laughter and patted each other's shoulder. They turned around and furrowed their brows at the infield, which was muddy from a recent rain.

Jesse and Pete warmed up behind the backstop, throwing gently to each other and trying to stay calm. Jesse envied the Red Caps, who seemed bigger and scarier than his team and wore matching T-shirts and caps. His team wore jeans and mismatched T-shirts.

The Hobos batted first and scored one run on an error and a double to left field. Then the Red Caps batted and scored four runs on three errors. On the last one, Jesse stood in front of the plate, mask in hand, yelling, "I got a play! I got a play!" But the ball sailed over his head. By the time Jesse picked up the ball, the runner was already sitting on the bench, breathing hard and smiling. Jesse carried the ball to the pitcher.

He searched his face and saw that Elias was scared. "C'mon, you can do it," Jesse said, putting his arm around the pitcher's shoulder. He walked back to the plate. He was wearing a chest protector that reached almost to his knees and made him feel important.

The Red Caps failed to score any more that inning. In their second turn at bat, the Hobos scored twice on a hit and an error that hurt the Red Caps' catcher. But by the sixth inning, the Red Caps were ahead, sixteen to nine. The Hobos began arguing with each other. Their play was sloppy, nothing like the cool routines back at their own field. Fly balls to the outfield dropped at the feet of open-minded players. Grounders rolled slowly between their legs. Even the pitching stank.

"You had to mess up, *menso*," Danny Lopez shouted at the shortstop.

"Well, you didn't get a hit, and I did," the shortstop said, pointing to his chest.

From the dugout, the coach told them to be quiet when they started cussing.

Jesse came up to bat for the fourth time that afternoon with two men on and two outs. His teammates moaned because they were sure he was going to strike out or hit a pop-up. To make matters worse, the Red Caps had a new pitcher and he was throwing hard.

Jesse was almost as scared of the pitcher's fast ball as he was of failing. The coach clung to the fence, cooing words of encouragement. His team yelled at Jesse to swing hard. Dig in, they shouted, and he dug in, bat held high over his shoulder. After two balls and a strike, the pitcher threw low and hard toward Jesse's thigh. Jesse stood still because he knew that was the only way he was going to get on base.

The ball hit with a thud, and he went down holding his leg and trying to hold back the tears. The coach ran from the dugout and bent over him, rubbing his leg. A few of the kids on his team came over to ask, "Does it hurt?" "Can I play catcher now?" and "Let me run for him, coach!"

Jesse rose and limped to first. The coach shooed the team back into the dugout and jogged to the coach's box at first. Although his leg hurt, Jesse was happy to be on base. He grinned, looked up, and adjusted his cap. So this is what it's like, he thought. He clapped his hands and encouraged the next batter, their lead-off man. "C'mon, baby, c'mon, you can do it!" The batter hit a high fly ball to deep center. While the outfielder backpedaled and made the catch, Jesse





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

Week 26 Day 3 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

**1. How did Jesse's conflict drive the story forward?**

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**Short Story Unit**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RI.5.9: Compare and contrast texts with similar themes and topics.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>What connections can I make between realistic fiction and _____?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can make _____ between "Baseball in April" and an informational article.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Google Form</b>

# Andrew Luck is not alone: Kids quit sports when they're no longer fun

By Washington Post, adapted by Newsela staff on 09.06.19

Word Count **535**

Level **790L**



Indianapolis Colts quarterback Andrew Luck warms up before an NFL preseason game on August 17, 2019, at Lucas Oil Stadium in Indianapolis, Indiana. A week later, the 29-year-old announced his retirement, stunning the sports world. Photo by: Zach Bolinger/Icon Sportswire via Getty Images

The National Football League (NFL) season has yet to start. However, football fans have already been surprised by something that happened.

Andrew Luck shocked the sports world on August 24. The Indianapolis Colts quarterback said he will retire. That means he plans to stop playing football. He is only 29 years old.

The football star is a four-time Pro Bowl player. Luck may have had his best season last year. He had 39 touchdowns in 2018. He also threw almost 4,600 yards. That is the length of more than 38 football fields.

## **Cycles Of Injury**

However, Luck has had a lot of injuries during his football days. He has hurt his shoulder, ribs, abdomen and kidneys over the years. He has also had a concussion.



A concussion results from a blow, usually to the head. Some of the short-term effects of a concussion are headaches, dizziness, vomiting and disturbed sleep. Studies show concussions also have long-term effects. These include memory and attention difficulties.

Luck also had pain in his calf and ankle injuries this preseason that kept him on the sidelines.

Luck said the cycle of injury, pain and recovery has taken away his joy of the game. That is why he quit.

Luck's situation is different from that of kids who play sports. Kids are not paid millions of dollars. Kids would also not have the long list of serious injuries like the professional football player.

### **Kids Have Something In Common**

However, kids who play sports do have something in common with Luck. They often walk away from their sports sooner than expected. They also walk away for similar reasons.

A poll by the National Alliance of Youth Sports a couple of years ago found that 7 out of 10 kids quit playing sports by age 13. A big reason for kids quitting is because "it's just not fun anymore."

Kids sports and youth leagues are similar to professional sports in some ways. The seasons go on for too long. There is too much intense pressure during games and tournaments. There are also too many adults who take the kids' sports too seriously.

There is also more emphasis on winning and finding the "best" players as kids get older. Those are the athletes who will move on to higher levels of competition, such as high school or traveling teams.

Youth teams and youth leagues do not seem to have space for teenagers who just like to play but may not be the best. It is not surprising that so many of those kids get the message that they are not "good enough" to play.

"Joy" and "fun" are small words, but they are a big deal in sports.

George Washington University conducted a study a few years ago. The study asked young athletes what made sports fun for them. The kids said things like getting playing time, getting along with their teammates and trying their best. Winning games and playing in tournaments were not that important to them.

One thing is clear. Players will walk away when the games stop being fun for them, or stop giving them joy. That is the same for a star NFL quarterback or a 12-year-old midfielder.

- 1 According to the article, what is the relationship between fun and kids sports?
- (A) Playing sports is mostly fun for kids over the age of 13.
  - (B) Kids think winning is the most fun part of playing sports.
  - (C) Kids will quit playing sports if they stop having fun.
  - (D) Adults want kids to have fun playing sports in leagues.
- 2 Why is Andrew Luck retiring?
- (A) because his injuries took away his joy
  - (B) because he felt that he was not playing well
  - (C) because the Colts wanted to replace him
  - (D) because there were too many games and tournaments
- 3 Read the section "Kids Have Something In Common."  
Which sentence from this section shows why kids stop playing sports?
- (A) They often walk away from their sports sooner than expected.
  - (B) A big reason for kids quitting is because "it's just not fun anymore."
  - (C) Kids sports and youth leagues are similar to professional sports in some ways.
  - (D) The kids said things like getting playing time, getting along with their teammates and trying their best.
- 4 Read the section "Kids Have Something In Common."  
Which detail supports the conclusion that kids sports and professional sports have things in common?
- (A) The seasons go on for too long. There is too much intense pressure during games and tournaments.
  - (B) Those are the athletes who will move on to higher levels of competition, such as high school or traveling teams.
  - (C) Winning games and playing in tournaments were not that important to them.
  - (D) That is the same for a star NFL quarterback or a 12-year-old midfielder.





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

Week 26 Day 4 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

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### Do Now

1. What was the central idea of the article, “Andrew Luck is not alone: Kids quit sports when they are no longer fun”?

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2. How does this connect to “Baseball in April”?

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### Short Story Unit

<b>Standard</b>	<b>W.5.9: Draw evidence from literary or informational texts to support analysis, reflection, and research.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	How can I _____ an extended response?
<b>Objective</b>	I can closely read and plan an _____ response based on “Baseball in April” and the informational article.
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	Google Form

**Input: Parts of an Extended Response**

<b>Parts of Response</b>	<b>Description</b>
<b>Introduction</b>	<b>Includes a hook and claim (point, purpose, and thesis).</b>
<b>Body Paragraphs</b>	<b>Provides evidence to support the claim.</b>
<b>Conclusion</b>	<b>Remind the reader of what the claim was.</b>

**Extended Response Prompt:**

Conflict is present in literature just like it is in real life. In the “Baseball in April” the protagonist has a major conflict and in the article “Andrew Luck is not alone: Kids quit sports when they’re not having fun” Andrew also faces a major conflict. How are these conflicts similar and how are they different? Use details from both stories to support your response.

**In your response, be sure to**

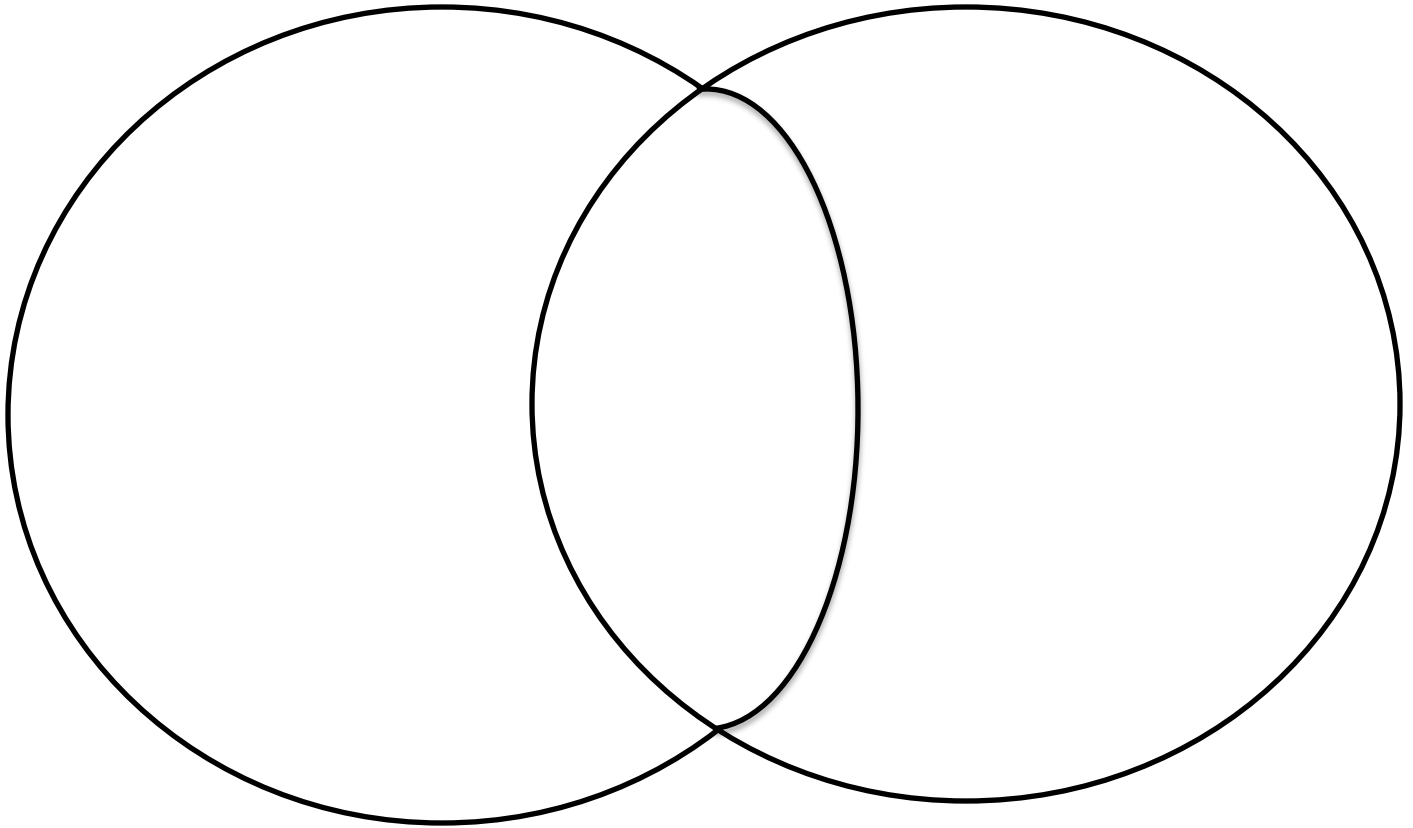
- explain the conflict the protagonist faced in “Baseball in April”
- explain the conflict Andrew Luck faced in “Andrew Luck is not alone: Kids quit sports when they’re not having fun”
- describe how these conflicts are similar and different
- use details from both stories to support your response

	<b>“Baseball in April”</b>	<b>“Andrew Luck”</b>
<b>Conflict</b>		
<b>How do we know?</b>		

**Conflict: How did it impact the story?**

**“Baseball in April”**

**“Andrew Luck”**



**Claim:**

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<b>“Baseball in April”</b>	<b>“Andrew Luck”</b>



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

Week 26 Day 5 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

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### Do Now

1. How is the conflict that Andrew Luck faced similar to Jesse?

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2. How is the conflict that Andrew Luck faced different than Jesse?

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### Short Story Unit

<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 _____ my thoughts in an extended response essay?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can _____ an extended response essay.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Edlight</b>







