



Name \_\_\_\_\_

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

### Week 32



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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 32 Day 1 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

**1. What is setting?**

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**2. How is setting important to the plot of a story?**

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**Short Story Unit**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RL.5.5: Explain how a series of chapters, scenes, or stanzas fits together to provide the overall structure of a particular story, drama, or poem.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>How are story _____ developed in realistic fiction?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can identify the story elements of “La Bamba” and analyze use of _____.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Google Form</b>

Input: Plot (Conflict) & Dialogue

## Let's DIG into Character Conflict



**Desire** (what the protagonist \_\_\_\_\_)

**Interferes** (what \_\_\_\_\_ in the \_\_\_\_\_ of what they want)

**Guilty** (what the antagonist is \_\_\_\_\_ that interferes)



"I'm not kidding anymore, Mrs. Snyder-you have our book, we have your son!"

**Desire** (the librarian wants the \_\_\_\_\_)

**Interferes** (the book is not being \_\_\_\_\_)

**Guilty** (the \_\_\_\_\_ is guilty of not simply returning the book)

The librarian has a \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ conflict with the \_\_\_\_\_ because he won't return the library book.

## LA BAMBA

Manuel was the fourth of seven children and looked like a lot of kids in his neighborhood: black hair, brown face, and skinny legs scuffed from summer play. But summer was giving way to fall: the trees were turning red, the lawns brown, and the pomegranate trees were heavy with fruit. Manuel walked to school in the frosty morning, kicking leaves and thinking of tomorrow's talent show. He was still amazed that he had volunteered. He was going to pretend to sing Ritchie Valens's "La Bamba" before the entire school.

Why did I raise my hand? he asked himself, but in his heart he knew the answer. He yearned for the limelight. He wanted applause as loud as a thunderstorm, and to hear his

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## BASEBALL IN APRIL

friends say, "Man, that was bad!" And he wanted to impress the girls, especially Petra Lopez, the second- prettiest girl in his class. The prettiest was already taken by his friend Ernie. Manuel knew he should be reasonable, since he himself was not great-looking, just average.

Manuel kicked through the fresh-fallen leaves. When he got to school he realized he had forgotten his math workbook. If the teacher found out, he would have to stay after school and miss practice for the talent show. But fortunately for him, they did drills that morning.

During lunch Manuel hung around with Benny, who was also in the talent show. Benny was going to play the trumpet in spite of the fat lip he had gotten playing football.

"How do I look?" Manuel asked. He cleared his throat and started moving his lips in pantomime. No words came out, just a hiss that sounded like a snake. Manuel tried to look emotional, flailing his arms on the high notes and opening his eyes and mouth as wide as he could when he came to "*Para bailar la bamba*."

After Manuel finished, Benny said it looked all right, but suggested Manuel dance while he sang. Manuel thought for a moment and decided it was a good idea.

"Yeah, just think you're like Michael Jackson or someone like that," Benny suggested. "But don't get carried away."

During rehearsal, Mr. Roybal, nervous about his debut as the school's talent coordinator, cursed under his breath when the lever that controlled the speed on the record player jammed.

"Damn," he growled, trying to force the lever. "What's wrong with you?"

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"Is it broken?" Manuel asked, bending over for a closer look. It looked all right to him.

Mr. Roybal assured Manuel that he would have a good record player at the talent show, even if it meant bringing his own stereo from home.

Manuel sat in a folding chair, twirling his record on his thumb. He watched a skit about personal hygiene, a mother-and-daughter violin duo, five first-grade girls jumping rope, a karate kid breaking boards, three girls singing "Like a Virgin," and a skit about the pilgrims. If the record player hadn't been broken, he would have gone after the karate kid, an easy act to follow, he told himself.

As he twirled his forty-five record, Manuel thought they had a great talent show. The entire school would be amazed. His mother and father would be proud, and his brothers and sisters would be jealous and pout. It would be a night to remember.

Benny walked onto the stage, raised his trumpet to his mouth, and waited for his cue. Mr. Roybal raised his hand like a symphony conductor and let it fall dramatically. Benny inhaled and blew so loud that Manuel dropped his record, which rolled across the cafeteria floor until it hit a wall. Manuel raced after it, picked it up, and wiped it clean.

"Boy, I'm glad it didn't break," he said with a sigh. That night Manuel had to do the dishes and a lot of homework, so he could only practice in the shower. In bed he prayed that he wouldn't mess up. He prayed that it wouldn't be like when he was a first-grader. For Science Week he had wired together a C battery and a bulb, and told everyone he had discovered how a flashlight worked. He was so pleased with himself that he practiced for hours

pressing the wire to the battery, making the bulb wink a dim, orangish light. He showed it to so many kids in his neighborhood that when it was time to show his class how a flashlight worked, the battery was dead. He pressed the wire to the battery, but the bulb didn't respond. He pressed until his thumb hurt and some kids in the back started snickering.

But Manuel fell asleep confident that nothing would go wrong this time.

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

**Story Map**

**Instructions:** Fill in the boxes to show how your story developed.

Characters:	Setting:	Problem:
How the Characters Tried to Solve the Problem:	Title: Author:	Solution:

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

Week 32 Day 2 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

1. What is the definition of central idea?

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2. After stating the central idea, how do I prove that it is true?

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**Short Story Unit**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RL.5.5: Explain how a series of chapters, scenes, or stanzas fits together to provide the overall structure of a particular story, drama, or poem.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>How are story elements developed in _____ fiction?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can map out _____ and draft my own piece of realistic fiction.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Google Form</b>

Input: Plot (Conflict) & Dialogue

## Let's DIG into Character Conflict



**Desire** (what the protagonist \_\_\_\_\_)

**Interferes** (what \_\_\_\_\_ in the \_\_\_\_\_ of what they want)

**Guilty** (what the antagonist is \_\_\_\_\_ that interferes)



**Desire** (Marcie wants \_\_\_\_\_)

**Interferes** (Peppermint Patty asks \_\_\_\_\_)

**Guilty** ( \_\_\_\_\_ should just return the things when she is done with them. )

Marcie has a person to person \_\_\_\_\_ with Peppermint Patty because \_\_\_\_\_.

pressing the wire to the battery, making the bulb wink a dim, orangish light. He showed it to so many kids in his neighborhood that when it was time to show his class how a flashlight worked, the battery was dead. He pressed the wire to the battery, but the bulb didn't respond. He pressed until his thumb hurt and some kids in the back started snickering.

But Manuel fell asleep confident that nothing would go wrong this time.

The next morning his father and mother beamed at him. They were proud that he was going to be in the talent show.

"I wish you would tell us what you're doing," his mother said. His father, a pharmacist who wore a blue smock with his name on a plastic rectangle, looked up from the newspaper and sided with his wife. "Yes, what are you doing in the talent show?"

"You'll see," Manuel said with his mouth full of Cheerios.

The day whizzed by, and so did his afternoon chores and dinner. Suddenly he was dressed in his best clothes and standing next to Benny backstage, listening to the commotion as the cafeteria filled with school kids and parents. The lights dimmed, and Mr. Roybal, sweaty in a tight suit and a necktie with a large knot, wet his lips and parted the stage curtains.

"Good evening, everyone," the kids behind the curtain heard him say. "Good evening to you," some of the smart-alecky kids said back to him.

"Tonight we bring you the best John Burroughs Elementary has to offer, and I'm sure that you'll be both

pleased and amazed that our little school houses so much talent. And now, without further ado, let's get on with the show." He turned and, with a swish of his hand, commanded, "Part the curtain." The curtains parted in jerks. A girl dressed as a toothbrush and a boy dressed as a dirty gray tooth walked onto the stage and sang:

*Brush, brush, brush*

*Floss, floss, floss*

*Gargle the germs away—hey! hey! hey!*

After they finished singing, they turned to Mr. Roybal, who dropped his hand. The toothbrush dashed around the stage after the dirty tooth, which was laughing and having a great time until it slipped and nearly rolled off the stage.

Mr. Roybal jumped out and caught it just in time. "Are you OK?"

The dirty tooth answered, "Ask my dentist," which drew laughter and applause from the audience.

The violin duo played next, and except for one time when the girl got lost, they sounded fine. People applauded, and some even stood up. Then the first-grade girls maneuvered onto the stage while jumping rope. They were all smiles and bouncing ponytails as a hundred cameras flashed at once. Mothers "awhed" and fathers sat up proudly.

The karate kid was next. He did a few kicks, yells, and chops, and finally, when his father held up a board, punched it in two. The audience clapped and looked at each other, wide-eyed with respect. The boy bowed to the audience, and father and son ran off the stage.

Manuel remained behind the stage shivering with fear. He mouthed the words to "La Bamba" and swayed from left to right. Why did he raise his hand and volunteer? Why couldn't he have just sat there like the rest of the kids and not said anything? While the karate kid was on stage, Mr. Roybal, more sweaty than before, took Manuel's forty-five record and placed it on a new record player.

"You ready?" Mr. Roybal asked.

"Yeah . . ."

Mr. Roybal walked back on stage and announced that Manuel Gomez, a fifth-grader in Mrs. Knight's class, was going to pantomime Richie Valens's classic hit "La Bamba."

The cafeteria roared with applause. Manuel was nervous but loved the noisy crowd. He pictured his mother and father applauding loudly and his brothers and sister also clapping, though not as energetically.

Manuel walked on stage and the song started immediately. Glassy-eyed from the shock of being in front of so many people, Manuel moved his lips and swayed in a made-up dance step. He couldn't see his parents, but he could see his brother Mario, who was a year younger, thumb-wrestling with a friend. Mario was wearing Manuel's favorite shirt; he would deal with Mario later. He saw some other kids get up and head for the drinking fountain, and a baby sitting in the middle of an aisle sucking her thumb and watching him intently.

What am I doing here? thought Manuel. This is no fun at all. Everyone was just sitting there. Some people were moving to the beat, but most were just watching him, like they would a monkey at the zoo.

## La Bamba

But when Manuel did a fancy dance step, there was a burst of applause and some girls screamed. Manuel tried another dance step. He heard more applause and screams and started getting into the groove as he shivered and snaked like Michael Jackson around the stage. But the record got stuck, and he had to sing

*Para bailar la bamba*  
*Para bailar la bamba*  
*Para bailar la bamba*  
*Para bailar la bamba*

again and again.

Manuel couldn't believe his bad luck. The audience began to laugh and stand up in their chairs. Manuel remembered how the forty-five record had dropped from his hand and rolled across the cafeteria floor. It probably got scratched, he thought, and now it was stuck, and he was stuck dancing and moving his lips to the same words over and over. He had never been so embarrassed. He would have to ask his parents to move the family out of town.

After Mr. Roybal ripped the needle across the record, Manuel slowed his dance steps to a halt. He didn't know what to do except bow to the audience, which applauded wildly, and scoot off the stage, on the verge of tears. This was worse than the homemade flashlight. At least no one laughed then, they just snickered.

Manuel stood alone, trying hard to hold back the tears as Benny, center stage, played his trumpet. Manuel was jealous because he sounded great, then mad as he recalled that it was Benny's loud trumpet playing that made the

forty-five record fly out of his hands. But when the entire cast lined up for a curtain call, Manuel received a burst of applause that was so loud it shook the walls of the cafeteria. Later, as he mingled with the kids and parents, everyone patted him on the shoulder and told him, "Way to go. You were really funny."

Funny? Manuel thought. Did he do something funny? Funny. Crazy. Hilarious. These were the words people said to him. He was confused, but beyond caring. All he knew was that people were paying attention to him, and his brother and sisters looked at him with a mixture of jealousy and awe. He was going to pull Mario aside and punch him in the arm for wearing his shirt, but he cooled it. He was enjoying the limelight. A teacher brought him cookies and punch, and the popular kids who had never before given him the time of day now clustered around him. Ricardo, the editor of the school bulletin, asked him how he made the needle stick.

"It just happened," Manuel said, crunching on a star-shaped cookie.

At home that night his father, eager to undo the buttons on his shirt and ease into his Le-Z-Boy recliner, asked Manuel the same thing, how he managed to make the song stick on the words "*Para bailar la bambola*."

Manuel thought quickly and reached for scientific jargon he had read in magazines. "Easy, Dad. I used laser tracking with high optics and low functional decibels per channel." His proud but confused father told him to be quiet and go to bed.

"Ah, *que niños tan truchas*," he said as he walked to the kitchen for a glass of milk. "I don't know how you kids nowadays get so smart."

Manuel, feeling happy, went to his bedroom, undressed, and slipped into his pajamas. He looked in the mirror and began to pantomime "La Bamba," but stopped because he was tired of the song. He crawled into bed. The sheets were as cold as the moon that stood over the peach tree in their backyard.

He was relieved that the day was over. Next year, when they asked for volunteers for the talent show, he wouldn't raise his hand. Probably.

**Story Map**

Instructions: Fill in the boxes to show how your story developed.

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

<p>Characters:</p>	<p>Setting:</p>	<p>Problem:</p>
<p>Title: _____</p> <p>Author: _____</p>		<p>Solution:</p>
<p>How the Characters Tried to Solve the Problem:</p>		

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# Day # 3

NYS Math Test: No ELA



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

Week 32 Day 3 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

**BCCS Boys**

**MIT/Stanford**

**Do Now**

Directions: Revise each sentence below, adding quotation marks and other punctuation where necessary.

**Sample Revision**

**The view from up here is absolutely amazing Iris exclaimed.**

**“The view from up here is absolutely amazing,” Iris exclaimed.**

1. Now you know why I couldn't wait to get here said Esteban.

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

2. Wouldn't it be wonderful to stay and watch the sunset Peter asked.

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

3. I'd love to do that said Gilda but we forgot to bring flashlights to guide us back down.

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Short Story Unit**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>W.5.3: Write narratives to develop real or imagined experiences or events using effective technique, descriptive details, and clear event sequences.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>How are _____ developed in realistic fiction?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can _____, _____, and publish my own piece of realistic fiction.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Google Form</b>



## REVISE

A

R

M

S

A

dd

Better sentences, words, or phrases:

- Details
- Descriptions
- Senses
- Lively, active words

R

emove

Unneeded sentences or words:

- Boring, inactive words
- Non-descriptive words
- Repeating statements
- Sentences that don't fit in with the idea

M

ove

Sentences or words to:

- Make a clear thought
- Give a better description of events
- Provide a story flow

S

ubstitute

Sentences or words:

- "dead" to "alive"
- Vague to specific
- Bland to descriptive
- Unclear to clear

## EDIT

C

U

P

S

C

apitalize

- First word of sentence
- Pronoun "I"
- Days, months, places, names
- Holidays
- Titles

U

sage

- Verb agreement
- Noun agreement
- Adjective
- Adverbs
- Prepositions
- Pronouns
- neither/nor; either/or
- Transition words
- Subject- predicate
- Subject- verb agreement

P

unctuation


- End of sentence punctuation marks
- Commas
- Apostrophes
- Dialogue

S

PELLING

- Check all words
- Know common words
- Use dictionary when needed

Narrative Writing with focus on Dialogue: Rubric

Narrative Story 				
	Poor 1 pts	Fair 2 pts	Good 3 pts	Very Good 4 pts
Story Elements	<p>Poor</p> <p>Has characters May be missing three of the following: a clear setting, problem, and solution.</p>	<p>Fair</p> <p>Has characters May be missing two of the following: a clear setting, problem, and solution.</p>	<p>Good</p> <p>Has characters May be missing one of the following: a clear setting, problem, and solution.</p>	<p>Very Good</p> <p>Has characters along with a clear setting, problem, and solution.</p>
Details	<p>Poor</p> <p>Details contain no description and are not relevant to the plot.</p>	<p>Fair</p> <p>Details contain little description or are not relevant to the plot.</p>	<p>Good</p> <p>A few details contain description and are relevant to the plot.</p>	<p>Very Good</p> <p>Most details contain description and are relevant to the plot.</p>
Sequencing	<p>Poor</p> <p>The sequence of the story is unclear and does not make sense.</p>	<p>Fair</p> <p>The sequence of the story is unclear or does not make sense.</p>	<p>Good</p> <p>The sequence of the story is clear and mostly makes sense.</p>	<p>Very Good</p> <p>The sequence of the story is clear and makes sense.</p>
Dialogue	<p>Poor</p> <p>Dialogue is punctuated and used correctly none of the time.</p>	<p>Fair</p> <p>Dialogue is punctuated and used correctly little of the time.</p>	<p>Good</p> <p>Dialogue is punctuated and used correctly about half of the time.</p>	<p>Very Good</p> <p>Dialogue is punctuated and used correctly most of the time.</p>

Total: \_\_\_\_\_/16



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

Week 32 Day 4 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

**BCCS Boys**

**MIT/Stanford**

**Do Now**

Directions: Revise each sentence below, adding quotation marks and other punctuation where necessary.

**Sample Revision**

**The view from up here is absolutely amazing Iris exclaimed.**

**“The view from up here is absolutely amazing,” Iris exclaimed.**

1. Maybe you forgot to bring a flashlight said Carol. I never go hiking without one.

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

2. Hooray cheered Gilda. Does that mean we can stay?

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

3. Maybe we should ask Harry said Ray. He's the one who has to carry two backpacks.

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Short Story Unit**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RL.5.3: Compare and contrast two or more characters, settings, or events in a story or drama, drawing on specific details in the text (e.g., how characters interact).</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>How do characters _____ throughout the stories?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can identify _____ change in “Growing Up”.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Google Form</b>

## Input: Plot (Character Change) & Dialogue

Characters have \_\_\_\_\_ (personality type). However, these traits are often not \_\_\_\_\_ (staying the same). They change. They are called \_\_\_\_\_ characters. Often people change depending on their setting or experiences.

Even as a person I change my personality depending on setting and experiences. Example: I am usually pretty shy. When I meet people, I am reserved and don't normally share a lot. However, when I went to Brazil, I went by myself. The experience forced me to become bold. So, my personality was changed by my experience of living on my own in a different country.

Today we are going to notice when our characters \_\_\_\_\_ in our story and why.

# GROWING UP

Now that Maria was a tenth-grader, she felt she was too grown-up to have to go on family vacations. Last year, the family had driven three hundred miles to see their uncle in West Covina. There was nothing to do. The days were hot, with a yellow sky thick with smog they could feel on their fingertips. They played cards and watched game shows on television. After the first four days of doing nothing while the grown-ups sat around talking, the kids finally got to go to Disneyland.

Disneyland stood tall with castles and bright flags. The Matterhorn had wild dips and curves that took your breath away if you closed your eyes and screamed. The Pirates of the Caribbean didn't scare anyone but was fun anyway, and

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so were the tecups and It's a Small World. The parents spoiled the kids, giving each of them five dollars to spend on trinkets. Maria's younger sister, Irma, bought a Pinocchio coloring book and a candy bracelet. Her brothers, Rudy and John, spent their money on candy that made their teeth blue.

Maria saved her money. She knew everything was overpriced, like the Mickey Mouse balloons you could get for a fraction of the price in Fresno. Of course, the balloon at Hanoian's supermarket didn't have a Mickey Mouse face, but it would bounce and float and eventually pop like any other balloon.

Maria folded her five dollars, tucked it in her red purse, and went on rides until she got sick. After that, she sat on a bench, jealously watching other teenage girls who seemed much better dressed than she was. She felt stricken by poverty. All the screaming kids in nice clothes probably came from homes with swimming pools in their backyards, she thought. Yes, her father was a foreman at a paper mill, and yes, she had a Dough-boy swimming pool in her backyard, but *still*, things were not the same. She had felt poor, and her sundress, which seemed snappy in Fresno, was out of style at Disneyland, where every other kid was wearing Esprit shirts and Guess jeans.

This year Maria's family planned to visit an uncle in San Jose. Her father promised to take them to Great America, but she knew that the grown-ups would sit around talking for days before they remembered the kids and finally got up and did something. They would have to wait until the last day before they could go to Great America. It wasn't worth the boredom.

"Dad, I'm not going this year," Maria said to her father. He sat at the table with the newspaper in front of him.

"What do you mean?" he asked, slowly looking up. He thought a moment and said, "When I was a kid we didn't have the money for vacations. I would have been happy to go with my father."

"I know, I know. You've said that a hundred times," she snapped.

"What did you say?" he asked, pushing his newspaper aside.

Everything went quiet. Maria could hear the hum of the refrigerator and her brothers out in the front yard arguing over a popsicle stick, and her mother in the backyard watering the strip of grass that ran along the patio.

Her father's eyes locked on her with a dark stare. Maria had seen that stare before. She pleaded in a soft daughtery voice, "We never do anything. It's boring. Don't you understand?"

"No, I don't understand. I work all year, and if I want to go on a vacation, then I go. And my family goes too." He took a swallow of ice water, and glared.

"You have it so easy," he continued. "In Chihuahua, my town, we worked hard. You worked, even *los chavales*. And you showed respect to your parents, something you haven't learned."

Here it comes, Maria thought, stories about his childhood in Mexico. She wanted to stuff her ears with wads of newspaper to keep from hearing him. She could recite his stories word-for-word. She couldn't wait until she was in college and away from them.

## BASEBALL IN APRIL

"Do you know my father worked in the mines? That he nearly lost his life? And today his lungs are bad." He pounded his chest with hard, dirt-creased knuckles.

Maria pushed back her hair and looked out the window at her brothers running around in the front yard. She couldn't stand it anymore. She got up and walked away, and when he yelled for her to come back, she ignored him. She locked herself in her bedroom and tried to read *Seventeen*, though she could hear her father complaining to her mother, who had come in when she had heard the yelling.

"*Habla con tu mocosa*," she heard him say.

She heard the refrigerator door open. He was probably getting a beer, a "cold one," as he would say. She flipped through the pages of her magazine and stopped at a Levi's ad of a girl about her age walking between two happy-looking guys on a beach. She wished she were that girl, that she had another life. She turned the page and thought, I bet you he gets drunk and drives crazy tomorrow.

Maria's mother was putting away a pitcher of Kool-Aid the boys had left out. She looked at her husband, who was fumbling with a wadded-up napkin. His eyes were dark, and his thoughts were on Mexico, where a father was respected and his word, right or wrong, was final. "Rafael, she's growing up; she's a teenager. She talks like that, but she still loves you."

"Sure, and that's how she shows her love, by talking back to her father." He rubbed the back of his neck and turned his head trying to make the stiffness go away. He knew it was true, but he was the man of the house and no daughter of his was going to tell him what to do.

Instead, it was his wife, Eva, who told him what to do.

## Growing Up

"Let the girl stay. She's big now. She don't want to go on rides no more. She can stay with her *nina*."

The father drank his beer and argued, but eventually agreed to let his daughter stay.

The family rose just after six the next day and was ready to go by seven-thirty. Maria stayed in her room. She wanted to apologize to her father but couldn't. She knew that if she said, "Dad, I'm sorry," she would break into tears. Her father wanted to come into her room and say, "We'll do something really special this vacation. Come with us, honey." But it was hard for him to show his emotions around his children, especially when he tried to make up to them.

The mother kissed Maria. "Maria, I want you to clean the house and then walk over to your *nina*'s. I want no monkey business while we're gone, do you hear me?"

"Sí, Mama."

"Here's the key. You water the plants inside and turn on the sprinkler every couple of days." She handed Maria the key and hugged her. "You be good. Now, come say goodbye to your father."

Reluctantly, she walked out in her robe to the front yard and, looking down at the ground, said goodbye to her father. The father looked down and said goodbye to the garden hose at his feet.

After they left, Maria lounged in her pajamas listening to the radio and thumbing through magazines. Then she got up, fixed herself a bowl of Cocoa Puffs, and watched "American Bandstand." Her dream was to dance on the show, to look at the camera, smile, and let everyone in Fresno see that she could have a good time, too.

But an ill feeling stirred inside her. She felt awful about





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

Week 32 Day 5 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

### Do Now

**Directions:** Read the following story excerpt. Explain how the character changes below.

*James had never gotten to play in a basketball game. He showed up to all of the practices, did everything the coach told him to, and was dripping with sweat due to the effort he put into every lay-up. He wasn't the best one on the team, but he certainly outworked them. The whole situation infuriated him, but he didn't want to upset the coach, so he kept quiet. One day a new kid showed up to practice and joined the team. He wasn't very good and he didn't try very hard. James knew he was better than him, so he was shocked that the coach played him in the very first game. He noticed a man come out of the stands and approach the coach. They greeted each other like they were old friends, patting each other on the back and talking about how much the new player had grown since the coach has seen him last. His dad was friends with the coach! James realized that was the reason the coach played him. He stomped up to the coach and said boldly, "I deserve to play." The coach stared at him a second, shook his head in agreement, and said, "You're right. I will get you in on the next play."*

**How did James change? What event changed him?**

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### Short Story Unit

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RL.5.3: Compare and contrast two or more characters, settings, or events in a story or drama, drawing on specific details in the text (e.g., how characters interact).</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>How do characters _____ throughout the stories?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can analyze the character change that takes place in "_____".</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Google Form</b>

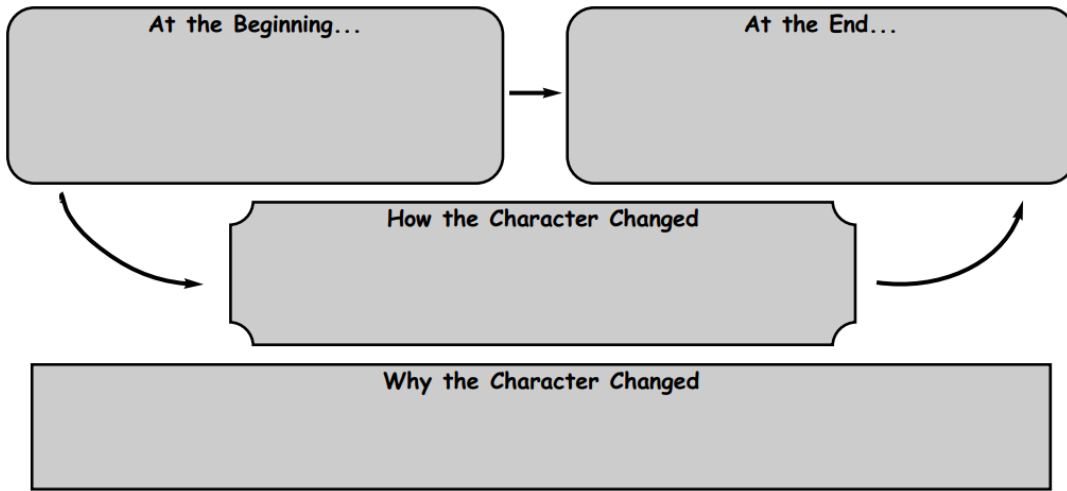
# Input: Character Change Graphic Organizer

## HOW AND WHY CHARACTERS CHANGE

Title of Text: \_\_\_\_\_ Author: \_\_\_\_\_

Character's Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Directions: Provide evidence from the story to support your conclusions.



### *Growing Up*

"Let the girl stay. She's big now. She don't want to go on rides no more. She can stay with her *nina*."

The father drank his beer and argued, but eventually agreed to let his daughter stay.

The family rose just after six the next day and was ready to go by seven-thirty. Maria stayed in her room. She wanted to apologize to her father but couldn't. She knew that if she said, "Dad, I'm sorry," she would break into tears. Her father wanted to come into her room and say, "We'll do something really special this vacation. Come with us, honey." But it was hard for him to show his emotions around his children, especially when he tried to make up to them.

The mother kissed Maria. "Maria, I want you to clean the house and then walk over to your *nina*'s. I want no monkey business while we're gone, do you hear me?" "Sí, Mama."

"Here's the key. You water the plants inside and turn on the sprinkler every couple of days." She handed Maria the key and hugged her. "You be good. Now, come say goodbye to your father."

Reluctantly, she walked out in her robe to the front yard and, looking down at the ground, said goodbye to her father. The father looked down and said goodbye to the garden hose at his feet.

After they left, Maria lounged in her pajamas listening to the radio and thumbing through magazines. Then she got up, fixed herself a bowl of Cocoa Puffs, and watched "American Bandstand." Her dream was to dance on the show, to look at the camera, smile, and let everyone in Fresno see that she could have a good time, too.

But an ill feeling stirred inside her. She felt awful about

## BASEBALL IN APRIL

arguing with her father. She felt bad for her mother and two brothers, who would have to spend the next three hours in the car with him. Maybe he would do something crazy, like crash the car on purpose to get back at her, or fall asleep and run the car into an irrigation ditch. And it would be her fault.

She turned the radio to a news station. She listened for half an hour, but most of the news was about warships in the Persian Gulf and a tornado in Texas. There was no mention of her family.

Maria began to calm down because, after all, her father was really nice beneath his gruffness. She dressed slowly, made some swishes with the broom in the kitchen, and let the hose run in a flower bed while she painted her toenails with her mother's polish. Afterward, she called her friend Becky to tell her that her parents had let her stay home, that she was free—for five days at least.

"Great," Becky said. "I wish my mom and dad would go away and let me stay by myself."

"No, I have to stay with my godmother." She made a mental note to give her *nina* a call. "Becky, let's go to the mall and check out the boys."

"All right."

"I'll be over pretty soon."

Maria called her *nina*, who said it was OK for her to go shopping, but to be at her house for dinnertime by six. After hanging up, Maria took off her jeans and T-shirt, and changed into a dress. She went through her mother's closet to borrow a pair of shoes and drenched her wrists in Charlie perfume. She put on coral-pink lipstick and a smudge of blue eyeshadow. She felt beautiful, although a little self-

## Growing Up

conscious. She took off some of the lipstick and ran water over her wrists to dilute the fragrance.

While she walked the four blocks to Becky's house, she beamed happiness until she passed a man who was on his knees pulling weeds from his flower bed. At his side, a radio was reporting a traffic accident. A big rig had overturned after hitting a car near Salinas, twenty miles from San Jose.

A wave of fear ran through her. Maybe it was *ibem*. Her smile disappeared, and her shoulders slouched. No, it couldn't be, she thought. Salinas is not that close to San Jose. Then again, maybe her father wanted to travel through Salinas because it was a pretty valley with wide plains and oak trees, and horses and cows that stared as you passed them in your speeding car. But maybe it did happen; maybe they had gotten in an awful wreck.

By the time she got to Becky's house, she was riddled with guilt, since it was she who would have disturbed her father and made him crash.

"Hi," she said to Becky, trying to look cheerful.

"You look terrific, Maria," Becky said. "Mom, look at Maria. Come inside for a bit."

Maria blushed when Becky's mother said she looked gorgeous. She didn't know what to do except stare at the carpet and say, "Thank you, Mrs. Ledesma."

Becky's mother gave them a ride to the mall, but they'd have to take a bus back. The girls first went to Macy's, where they hunted for a sweater, something flashy but not too flashy. Then they left to have a Coke and sit by the fountain under an artificial tree. They watched people walk by, especially the boys, who, they agreed, were dumb but cute nevertheless.

They went to The Gap, where they tried on some skirts, and ventured into The Limited, where they walked up and down the aisles breathing in the rich smells of 100-percent wool and silk. They were about to leave, when Maria heard once again on someone's portable radio that a family had been killed in an auto accident near Salinas. Maria stopped smiling for a moment as she pictured her family's overturned Malibu station wagon.

Becky sensed that something was wrong and asked, "How come you're so quiet?"

Maria forced a smile. "Oh, nothing, I was just thinking."

"'bout what?"

Maria thought quickly. "Oh, I think I left the water on at home." This could have been true. Maria remembered pulling the hose from the flower bed, but couldn't remember if she had turned the water off.

Afterward they rode the bus home with nothing to show for their three hours of shopping except a small bag of See's candies. But it had been a good day. Two boys had followed them, joking and flirting, and they had flirted back. The girls gave them made-up telephone numbers, then turned away and laughed into their hands.

"They're fools," Becky said, "but cute."

Maria left Becky when they got off the bus, and started off to her *nina's* house. Then she remembered that the garden hose might still be running at home. She hurried home, clip-clopping clumsily in her mother's shoes.

The garden hose was rolled neatly against the trellis. Maria decided to check the mail and went inside. When she pushed open the door, the living room gave off a quietness she had never heard before. Usually the TV was on, her

younger brothers and sister were playing, and her mother could be heard in the kitchen. When the telephone rang, Maria jumped. She kicked off her shoes, ran to the phone, and picked up the receiver only to hear a distant clicking sound.

"Hello, hello?" Maria's heart began to thump. Her mind went wild with possibilities. An accident, she thought, they're in an accident, and it's all my fault. "Who is it? Dad? Mom?"

She hung up and looked around the room. The clock on the television set glowed 5:15. She gathered the mail, changed into jeans, and left for her *nina's* house with a shopping bag containing her nightie and a toothbrush.

Her *nina* was happy to see her. She took Maria's head in her hands and gave it a loud kiss.

"Dinner is almost ready," she said, gently pulling her inside.

"Oh, good. Becky and I only had popcorn for lunch."

They had a quiet evening together. After dinner, they sat on the porch watching the stars. Maria wanted to ask her *nina* if she had heard from her parents. She wanted to know if the police had called to report that they had gotten into an accident. But she just sat on the porch swing, letting anxiety eat a hole in her soul.

The family was gone for four days. Maria prayed for them, prayed that she would not wake up to a phone call saying that their car had been found in a ditch. She made a list of the ways she could be nicer to them: doing the dishes without being asked, watering the lawn, hugging her father after work, and playing with her youngest brother, even if it bored her to tears.

At night Maria worried herself sick listening to the

## BASEBALL IN APRIL

radio for news of an accident. She thought of her uncle Shorry and how he fell asleep and crashed his car in the small town of Mendota. He lived confined to a motorized wheelchair and was scarred with burns on the left side of his face.

"Oh, please, don't let anything like that happen to them," she prayed.

In the morning she could barely look at the newspaper. She feared that if she unfolded it, the front page would feature a story about a family from Fresno who had flown off the roller coaster at Great America. Or that a shark had attacked them as they bobbed happily among the white-tipped waves. Something awful is going to happen, she said to herself as she poured Rice Krispies into a bowl.

But nothing happened. Her family returned home, dark from lying on the beach and full of great stories about the Santa Cruz boardwalk and Great America and an Egyptian museum. They had done more this year than in all their previous vacations.

"Oh, we had fun," her mother said, pounding sand from her shoes before entering the house.

Her father gave her a tight hug as her brothers ran by, dark from hours of swimming.

Maria stared at the floor, miffed. How dare they have so much fun? While she worried herself sick about them, they had splashed in the waves, stayed at Great America until nightfall, and eaten at all kinds of restaurants. They even went shopping for fall school clothes.

Feeling resentful as Johnny described a ride that dropped straight down and threw your stomach into your mouth, Maria turned away and went off to her bedroom,

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## Growing Up

where she kicked off her shoes and thumbed through an old *Seventeen*. Her family was alive and as obnoxious as ever. She took back all her promises. From now on she would keep to herself and ignore them. When they asked, "Maria, would you help me," she would pretend not to hear and walk away.

"They're heartless," she muttered. "Here I am worrying about them, and there they are having fun." She thought of the rides they had gone on, the hours of body surfing, the handsome boys she didn't get to see, the restaurants, and the museum. Her eyes filled with tears. For the first time in years, she hugged a doll, the one her grandmother Lupe had stitched together from rags and old clothes.

"Something's wrong with me," she cried softly. She turned on her radio and heard about a single-engine plane that had crashed in Cupertino, a city not far from San Jose. She thought of the plane and the people inside, how the pilot's family would suffer.

She hugged her doll. Something was happening to her, and it might be that she was growing up. When the news ended, and a song started playing, she got up and washed her face without looking in the mirror.

That night the family went out for Chinese food. Although her brothers fooled around, cracked jokes, and spilled a soda, she was happy. She ate a lot, and when her fortune cookie said, "You are mature and sensible," she had to agree. And her father and mother did too. The family drove home singing the words to "La Bamba" along with the car radio.

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Name \_\_\_\_\_

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

## Week 33



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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 33 Day 1 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

1. **Who is your favorite book or movie character? Why do you like them?**

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**Short Story Unit**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>W.5.3: Write narratives to develop real or imagined experiences or events using effective technique, descriptive details, and clear event sequences.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>How do characters change throughout _____?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can story map and draft a piece of fiction that includes a _____.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Google Form</b>

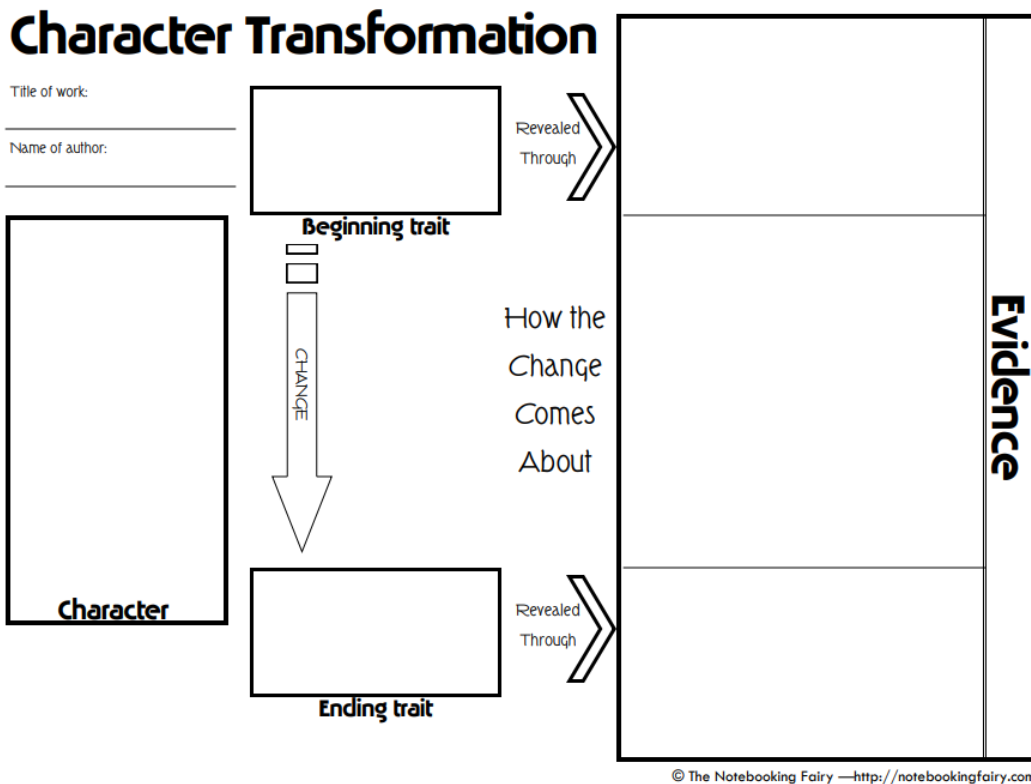


## Input: Creating Engaging Characters & Character Mapping

What do engaging characters have in common?

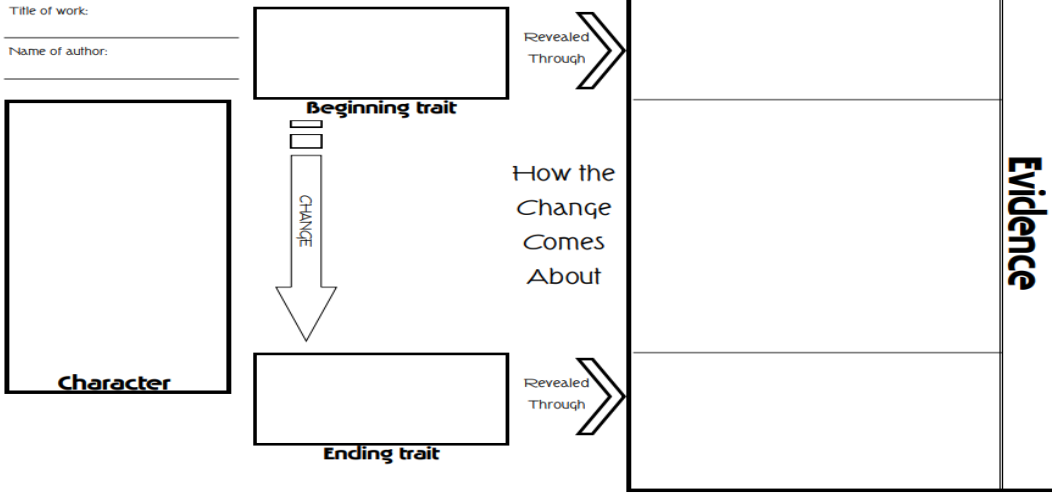
- A. They have a \_\_\_\_\_ of admirable strengths and traits.
- B. They are \_\_\_\_\_. This means that they \_\_\_\_\_.
- C. They have strong \_\_\_\_\_ conflict.
- D. They are \_\_\_\_\_. This means they go after what they \_\_\_\_\_.

### Character Mapping: Mrs. D's Model



# CFU: Character Mapping & Story Map

## Character Transformation



© The Notebooking Fairy —<http://notebookingfairy.com>

<b>Story Map</b>		<b>Instructions:</b> Fill in the boxes to show how your story developed.	Name: _____
Characters:	Setting:	Problem:	
Title: Author:			
How the Characters Tried to Solve the Problem:		Solution:	

© Teacherfiles.com Graphic Organizers



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

Week 33 Day 2 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

1. **What is the difference between editing and revising?**

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**Short Story Unit**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>W.5.3: Write narratives to develop real or imagined experiences or events using effective technique, descriptive details, and clear event sequences.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>How do characters _____ throughout stories?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can _____, revise, and _____ my piece of “character change” realistic fiction.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Google Form</b>

## REVISE

A

R

M

S

A

dd

Better sentences, words, or phrases:

- Details
- Descriptions
- Senses
- Lively, active words

R

emove

Unneeded sentences or words:

- Boring, inactive words
- Non-descriptive words
- Repeating statements
- Sentences that don't fit in with the idea

M

ove

Sentences or words to:

- Make a clear thought
- Give a better description of events
- Provide a story flow

S

ubstitute

Sentences or words:

- "dead" to "alive"
- Vague to specific
- Bland to descriptive
- Unclear to clear

## EDIT

C

U

P

S

C

apitalize

- First word of sentence
- Pronoun "I"
- Days, months, places, names
- Holidays
- Titles

U

sage

- Verb agreement
- Noun agreement
- Adjective
- Adverbs
- Prepositions
- Pronouns
- neither/nor; either/or
- Transition words
- Subject- predicate
- Subject- verb agreement

P

unctuation

- End of sentence punctuation marks
- Commas
- Apostrophes
- Dialogue

S

PELLING

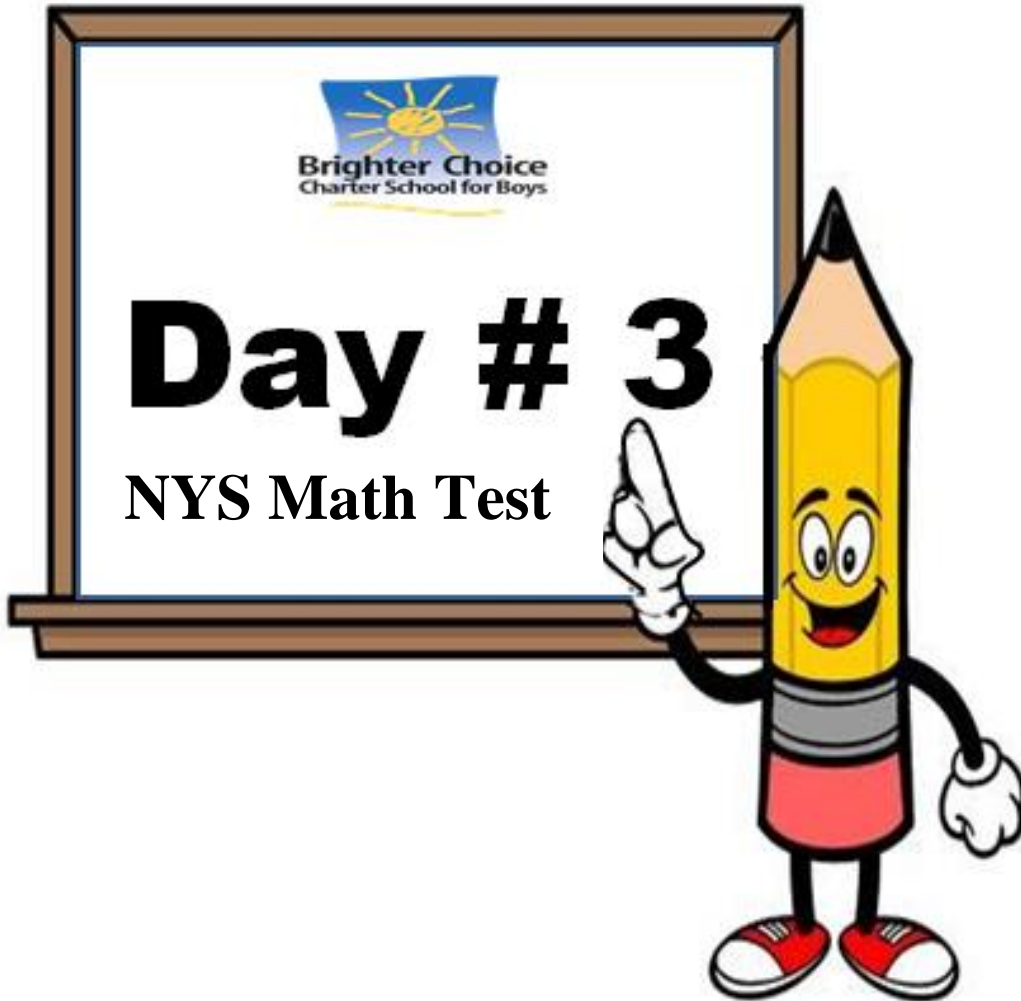
- Check all words
- Know common words
- Use dictionary when needed

## Narrative Story



	Poor 1 pts	Fair 2 pts	Good 3 pts	Very Good 4 pts
Story Elements	<p>Poor</p> <p>Has characters May be missing three of the following: a clear setting, problem, and solution.</p>	<p>Fair</p> <p>Has characters May be missing two of the following: a clear setting, problem, and solution.</p>	<p>Good</p> <p>Has characters May be missing one of the following: a clear setting, problem, and solution.</p>	<p>Very Good</p> <p>Has characters along with a clear setting, problem, and solution.</p>
Details	<p>Poor</p> <p>Details contain no description and are not relevant to the plot.</p>	<p>Fair</p> <p>Details contain little description or are not relevant to the plot.</p>	<p>Good</p> <p>A few details contain description and are relevant to the plot.</p>	<p>Very Good</p> <p>Most details contain description and are relevant to the plot.</p>
Sequencing	<p>Poor</p> <p>The sequence of the story is unclear and does not make sense.</p>	<p>Fair</p> <p>The sequence of the story is unclear or does not make sense.</p>	<p>Good</p> <p>The sequence of the story is clear and mostly makes sense.</p>	<p>Very Good</p> <p>The sequence of the story is clear and makes sense.</p>
Dialogue	<p>Poor</p> <p>Dialogue is punctuated and used correctly none of the time.</p>	<p>Fair</p> <p>Dialogue is punctuated and used correctly little of the time.</p>	<p>Good</p> <p>Dialogue is punctuated and used correctly about half of the time.</p>	<p>Very Good</p> <p>Dialogue is punctuated and used correctly most of the time.</p>

Total: \_\_\_\_\_/16







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

Week 33 Day 4 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

1. Is the protagonist the only important character? Explain.

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**Short Story Unit**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RL.5.3: Compare and contrast two or more characters, settings, or events in a story or drama, drawing on specific details in the text (e.g., how characters interact).</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>How do characters affect the _____?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can read “Mother and Daughter” and being _____ the plot.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Google Form</b>

closed but sprang open when her mother screamed, "Look, Yollie! Oh, you missed a scary part. The guy's face was all ugly!"

But Yollie couldn't keep her eyes open. They fell shut again and stayed shut, even when her mother screamed and slammed a heavy palm on the arm of her chair.

"Mom, wake me up when the movie's over so I can go to bed," mumbled Yollie.

"OK, Yollie, I wake you," said her mother through a mouthful of popcorn.

But after the movie ended, instead of waking her daughter, Mrs. Moreno laughed under her breath, turned the TV and lights off, and tiptoed to bed. Yollie woke up in the middle of the night and didn't know where she was. For a moment she thought she was dead. Maybe something from the underworld had lifted her from her house and carried her into the earth's belly. She blinked her sleepy eyes, looked around at the darkness, and called, "Mom? Mom, where are you?" But there was no answer, just the throbbing hum of the refrigerator.

Finally, Yollie's grogginess cleared and she realized her mother had gone to bed, leaving her on the couch. Another of her little jokes.

But Yollie wasn't laughing. She tiptoed into her mother's bedroom with a glass of water and set it on the nightstand next to the alarm clock. The next morning, Yollie woke to screams. When her mother reached to turn off the alarm, she had overturned the glass of water.

Yollie burned her mother's morning toast and gloated. "Ha! Ha! I got you back. Why did you leave me on the couch when I told you to wake me up?"

## MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Yollie's mother, Mrs. Moreno, was a large woman who wore a muumuu and butterfly-shaped glasses. She liked to water her lawn in the evening and wave at low-riders, who would stare at her behind their smoky sunglasses and laugh. Now and then a low-rider from Belmont Avenue would make his car jump and shout "*Mamactia!*" But most of the time they just stared and wondered how she got so large.

Mrs. Moreno had a strange sense of humor. Once, Yollie and her mother were watching a late-night movie called "They Came to Look." It was about creatures from the underworld who had climbed through molten lava to walk the earth. But Yollie, who had played soccer all day with the kids next door, was too tired to be scared. Her eyes

## BASEBALL IN APRIL

Despite their jokes, mother and daughter usually got along. They watched bargain matinees together, and played croquet in the summer and checkers in the winter. Mrs. Moreno encouraged Yollie to study hard because she wanted her daughter to be a doctor. She bought Yollie a desk, a typewriter, and a lamp that cut glare so her eyes would not grow tired from hours of studying.

Yollie was slender as a tulip, pretty, and one of the smartest kids at Saint Theresa's. She was captain of crossing guards, an altar girl, and a whiz in the school's monthly spelling bees.

"*Tienes que estudiar mucho*," Mrs. Moreno said every time she propped her work-weary feet on the hassock. "You have to study a lot, then you can get a good job and take care of me."

"Yes, Mama," Yollie would respond, her face buried in a book. If she gave her mother any sympathy, she would begin her stories about how she had come with her family from Mexico with nothing on her back but a sack with three skirts, all of which were too large by the time she crossed the border because she had lost weight from not having enough to eat.

Everyone thought Yollie's mother was a riot. Even the nuns laughed at her antics. Her brother Raul, a nightclub owner, thought she was funny enough to go into show business.

But there was nothing funny about Yollie needing a new outfit for the eighth-grade fall dance. They couldn't afford one. It was late October, with Christmas around the corner, and their dented Chevy Nova had gobbled up almost one hundred dollars in repairs.

"We don't have the money," said her mother, genu-

## Mother and Daughter

inely sad because they couldn't buy the outfit, even though there was a little money stashed away for college. Mrs. Moreno remembered her teenage years and her hardworking parents, who picked grapes and oranges, and chopped beets and cotton for meager pay around Kerman. Those were the days when "new clothes" meant limp and out-of-style dresses from Saint Vincent de Paul.

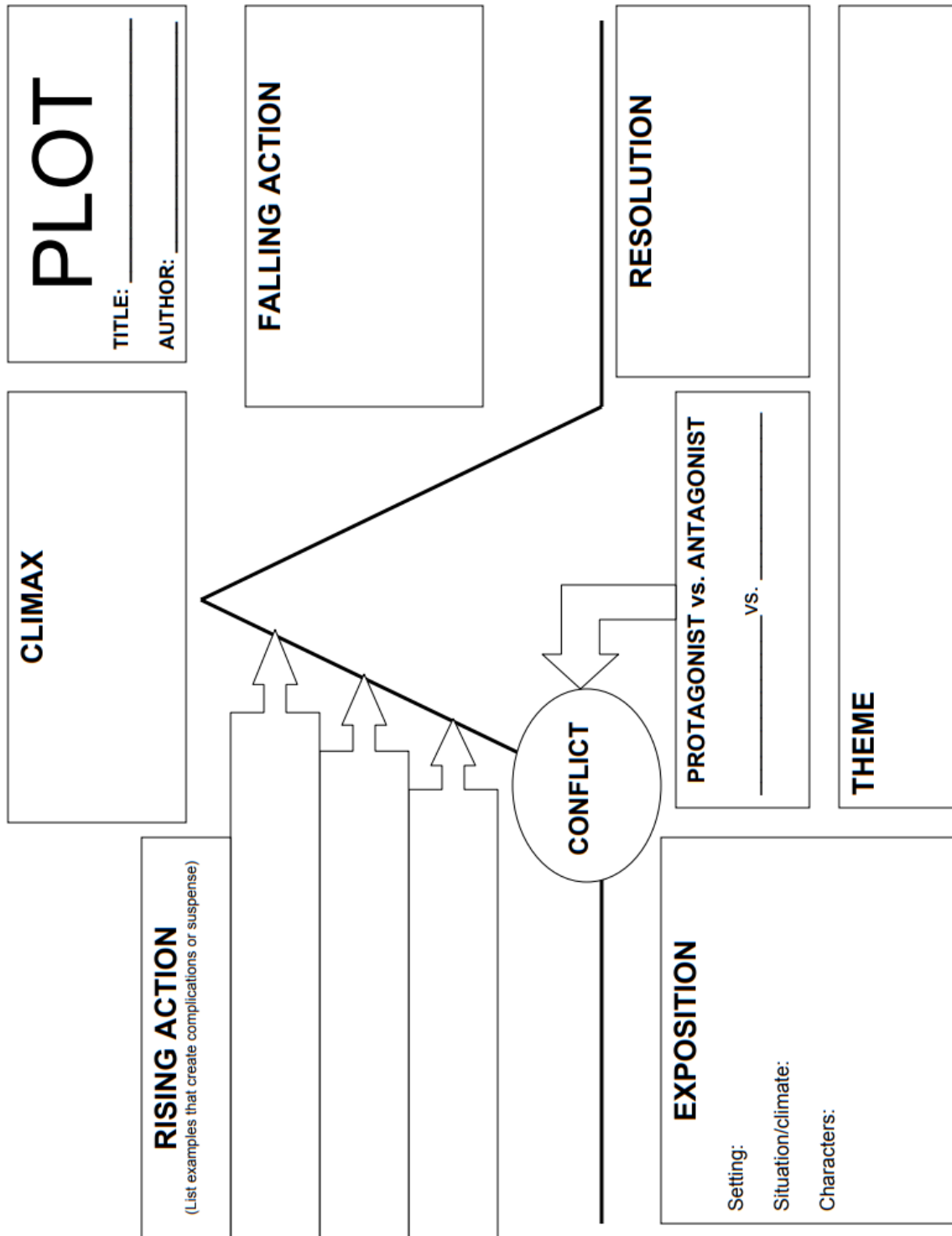
The best Mrs. Moreno could do was buy Yollie a pair of black shoes with velvet bows and fabric dye to color her white summer dress black.

"We can color your dress so it will look brand-new," her mother said brightly, shaking the bottle of dye as she ran hot water into a plastic dish tub. She poured the black liquid into the tub and stirred it with a pencil. Then, slowly and carefully, she lowered the dress into the tub.

Yollie couldn't stand to watch. She *knew* it wouldn't work. It would be like the time her mother stirred up a batch of molasses for candy apples on Yollie's birthday. She'd dipped the apples into the goo and swirled them and seemed to taunt Yollie by singing "*Las Marianitas*" to her. When she was through, she set the apples on wax paper. They were hard as rocks and hurt the kids' teeth. Finally they had a contest to see who could break the apples open by throwing them against the side of the house. The apples shattered like grenades, sending the kids scurrying for cover, and in an odd way the birthday party turned out to be a success. At least everyone went home happy.

To Yollie's surprise, the dress came out shiny black. It looked brand-new and sophisticated, like what people in New York wear. She beamed at her mother, who hugged Yollie and said, "See, what did I tell you?"

The dance was important to Yollie because she was in





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

Week 33 Day 5 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

1. Is Mrs. Moreno an important character in “Mother and Daughter”? Why?

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**Short Story Unit**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RL.5.3: Compare and contrast two or more characters, settings, or events in a story or drama, drawing on specific details in the text (e.g., how characters interact).</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>How do characters _____ the plot?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can read “Mother and Daughter” and _____ how Mrs. Moreno impacts the _____.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Google Form</b>

## BASEBALL IN APRIL

love with Ernie Castillo, the third-best speller in the class. She bathed, dressed, did her hair and nails, and primped until her mother yelled, "All right already." Yollie sprayed her neck and wrists with Mrs. Moreno's Avon perfume and bounced into the car.

Mrs. Moreno let Yollie out in front of the school. She waved and told her to have a good time but behave herself, then roared off, blue smoke trailing from the tail pipe of the old Nova.

Yollie ran into her best friend, Janice. They didn't say it, but each thought the other was the most beautiful girl at the dance; the boys would fall over themselves asking them to dance.

The evening was warm but thick with clouds. Gusts of wind picked up the paper lanterns hanging in the trees and swung them, blurring the night with reds and yellows. The lanterns made the evening seem romantic, like a scene from a movie. Everyone danced, sipped punch, and stood in knots of threes and fours, talking. Sister Kelly got up and jitterbugged with some kid's father. When the record ended, students broke into applause.

Janice had her eye on Frankie Ledesma, and Yollie, who kept smoothing her dress down when the wind picked up, had her eye on Ernie. It turned out that Ernie had his mind on Yollie, too. He ate a handful of cookies nervously, then asked her for a dance.

"Sure," she said, nearly throwing herself into his arms. They danced two fast ones before they got a slow one. As they circled under the lanterns, rain began falling, lightly at first. Yollie loved the sound of the raindrops ticking against the leaves. She leaned her head on Ernie's

*Mother and Daughter*

shoulder, though his sweater was scratchy. He felt warm and tender. Yollie could tell that he was in love, and with her, of course. The dance continued successfully, romantically, until it began to pour.

"Everyone, let's go inside—and, boys, carry in the table and the record player," Sister Kelly commanded.

The girls and boys raced into the cafeteria. Inside, the girls, drenched to the bone, hurried to the restrooms to brush their hair and dry themselves. One girl cried because her velvet dress was ruined. Yollie felt sorry for her and helped her dry the dress off with paper towels, but it was no use. The dress was ruined.

Yollie went to a mirror. She looked a little gray now that her mother's makeup had washed away but not as bad as some of the other girls. She combed her damp hair, careful not to pull too hard. She couldn't wait to get back to Ernie.

Yollie bent over to pick up a bobby pin, and shame spread across her face. A black puddle was forming at her feet. Drip, black drip. Drip, black drip. The dye was falling from her dress like black tears. Yollie stood up. Her dress was now the color of ash. She looked around the room. The other girls, unaware of Yollie's problem, were busy grooming themselves. What could she do? Everyone would laugh. They would know she dyed an old dress because she couldn't afford a new one. She hurried from the restroom with her head down, across the cafeteria floor and out the door. She raced through the storm, crying as the rain mixed with her tears and ran into twig-choked gutters.

When she arrived home, her mother was on the couch eating cookies and watching TV.

"How was the dance, *m'ija*? Come watch the show with me. It's really good."

Yollie stomped, head down, to her bedroom. She undressed and threw the dress on the floor.

Her mother came into the room. "What's going on? What's all this racket, baby?"

"The dress. It's cheap! It's no good!" Yollie kicked the dress at her mother and watched it land in her hands. Mrs. Moreno studied it closely but couldn't see what was wrong. "What's the matter? It's just little bit wet."

"The dye came out, that's what."

Mrs. Moreno looked at her hands and saw the grayish dye puddling in the shallow lines of her palms. Poor baby, she thought, her brow darkening as she made a sad face. She wanted to tell her daughter how sorry she was, but she knew it wouldn't help. She walked back to the living room and cried.

The next morning, mother and daughter stayed away from each other. Yollie sat in her room turning the pages of an old *Seventeen*, while her mother watered her plants with a Pepsi bottle.

"Drink, my children," she said loud enough for Yollie to hear. She let the water slurp into pots of coleus and cacti. "Water is all you need. My daughter needs clothes, but I don't have no money."

Yollie tossed her *Seventeen* on her bed. She was embarrassed at last night's tirade. It wasn't her mother's fault that they were poor.

When they sat down together for lunch, they felt awkward about the night before. But Mrs. Moreno had made a fresh stack of tortillas and cooked up a pan of *chile verde*,

and that broke the ice. She licked her thumb and smacked her lips.

"You know, honey, we gotta figure a way to make money," Yollie's mother said. "You and me. We don't have to be poor. Remember the Garcias. They made this stupid little tool that fixes cars. They moved away because they're rich. That's why we don't see them no more."

"What can we make?" asked Yollie. She took another tortilla and tore it in half.

"Maybe a screwdriver that works on both ends? Something like that." The mother looked around the room for ideas, but then shrugged. "Let's forget it. It's better to get an education. If you get a good job and have spare time then maybe you can invent something." She rolled her tongue over her lips and cleared her throat. "The county fair hires people. We can get a job there. It will be here next week."

Yollie hated the idea. What would Ernie say if he saw her pitching hay at the cows? How could she go to school smelling like an armful of chickens? "No, they wouldn't hire us," she said.

The phone rang. Yollie lurched from her chair to answer it, thinking it would be Janice wanting to know why she had left. But it was Ernie wondering the same thing. When he found out she wasn't mad at him, he asked if she would like to go to a movie.

"I'll ask," Yollie said, smiling. She covered the phone with her hand and counted to ten. She uncovered the receiver and said, "My mom says it's OK. What are we going to see?"

After Yollie hung up, her mother climbed, grunting,



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onto a chair to reach the top shelf in the hall closet. She wondered why she hadn't done it earlier. She reached behind a stack of towels and pushed her chubby hand into the cigar box where she kept her secret stash of money.

"I've been saving a little every month," said Mrs. Moreno. "For you, *m'ija*." Her mother held up five twenties, a blossom of green that smelled sweeter than flowers on that Saturday. They drove to Macy's and bought a blouse, shoes, and a skirt that would not bleed in rain or any other kind of weather.