



Name _____

5th Grade ELA Remote Learning Packet

Week 36



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)

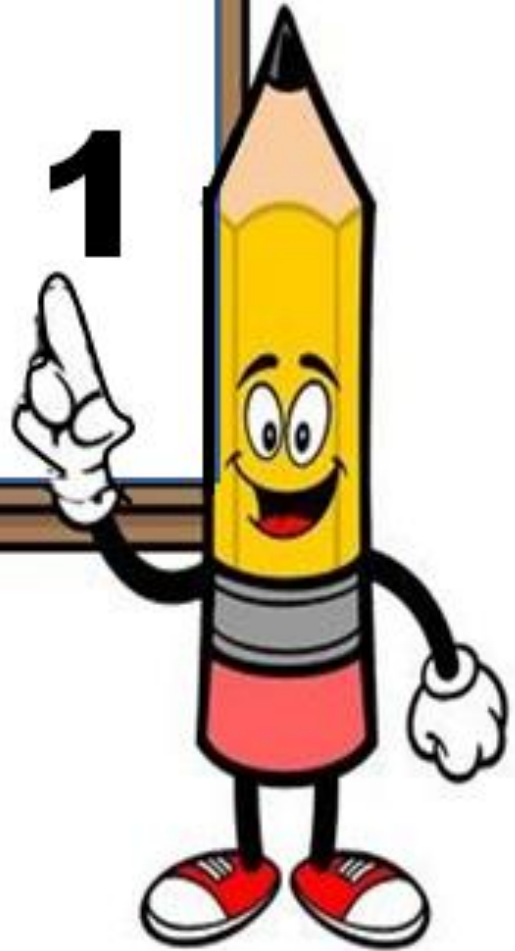
(Date)

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



Day # 1

Sub Plans





Name: _____

Week 36 Day 2 Date: _____

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

Do Now

1. What makes a PSA “effective” or good?

Module 4: Natural Disasters

Standard	SL.5.4: Report on a topic or text or present an opinion, sequencing ideas logically and using appropriate facts and relevant, descriptive details to support main ideas or themes; speak clearly at an understandable pace.
LEQ	What can I learn about natural disasters from a literary text?
Objective	I can write and _____ a PSA teaching people about my natural disaster and how to stay safe.
Assignment to Submit	Flipgrid

Video Focus: What makes this PSA effective?

Directions: Today you will finish up the assignment. Here are the steps.

- 1. Finish your writing on the Google Doc.**
- 2. Practice speaking aloud and with emotion.**
- 3. Record your PSA on Flip grid.**

Oral Presentation Rubric : PSA

Teacher Name: Erin DeRouville

Student Name: _____

CATEGORY	4	3	2	1
Preparedness	Student is completely prepared and has obviously rehearsed.	Student seems pretty prepared but might have needed a couple more rehearsals.	The student is somewhat prepared, but it is clear that rehearsal was lacking.	Student does not seem at all prepared to present.
Speaks Clearly	Speaks clearly and distinctly all (100-95%) the time, and mispronounces no words.	Speaks clearly and distinctly all (100-95%) the time, but mispronounces one word.	Speaks clearly and distinctly most (94-85%) of the time. Mispronounces no more than one word.	Often mumbles or can not be understood OR mispronounces more than one word.
Content	Shows a full understanding of the topic and uses effective vocabulary specific to the natural disaster.	Shows a good understanding of the topic and uses vocabulary specific to the natural disaster.	Shows a good understanding of parts of the topic and attempts to use vocabulary specific to the natural disaster.	Does not seem to understand the topic very well and does not attempt to use natural disaster specific vocabulary.
Presentation	Maintains eye contact with the camera, shows emotion about the topic, and adds flair to their presentation.	Maintains eye contact with the camera, shows emotion about the topic.	Attempts to maintain eye contact with the camera and show emotion about the topic.	Does not attempt to maintain eye contact or show emotion about the topic.



Name: _____

Week 36 Day 3 Date: _____

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

Do Now

1. Where do hurricanes most commonly hit?

2. How could a hurricane affect a person?

Module 4: Natural Disasters

Standard	RL.5.1: Make inferences in a literary text.
LEQ	What can I learn about natural disasters from a literary text?
Objective	I can _____ how people's lives can be impacted by earthquakes after reading <u>Eight Days</u>.
Assignment to Submit	Nearpod

Vocabulary Notes:

	Haiti	Caribbean Sea	Atlantic Ocean
Definition	A _____ in the Caribbean Sea on the island of Hispaniola.	A _____ body of _____ next to the Atlantic Ocean and bordered by Mexico and Central America.	The _____ largest of the world’s oceans. Connects Europe and Africa to the Americas.

Where is it?



What kind of natural disaster would most likely occur in Haiti? _____

Why?

First Read

Eight Days by Edwidge Danticat

Gist Statement:

Who is the narrator? _____

Second Read

1. What is the natural disaster that took place in this story? What happened to the narrator as a result?

2. On page 1, the narrator, Junior, says, “I played in my mind.” What does he mean by this?

3. On page 3, Junior says, “It was the biggest game of marbles ever played in our neighborhood, in the entire country, in the entire world!” What does the word *entire* mean?

4. Reread pages 3 and 11. Who is Oscar, and what can you infer happened to him?



Name: _____

Week 36 Day 4 Date: _____

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

Do Now

1. How did repeated readings of Eight Days help you to understand the text?

2. After reading Eight Days, how are people impacted by natural disasters like earthquakes?

Module 4: Natural Disasters

Standard	RL.5.7: Analyze images that correspond with the text. L.5.5: Analyze figurative language and the meaning they convey.
LEQ	What can I learn about natural disasters from a literary text?
Objective	I can describe Junior's _____ and analyze language and illustrations in <u>Eight Days</u>.
Assignment to Submit	Nearpod

Vocabulary Notes:

	Visual	Tone	Beauty
Definition	A _____, piece of film or display used to illustrate or accompany something.	The general character or _____ of a piece of writing.	A combination of _____ that pleases the sight.

Point of View Notes:

First Person vs. Third Person Point of View

- * **First person** uses the pronouns _____, _____, and _____. It's told from the _____ own view and we only _____, _____, or _____ what the narrator shares or describes.
- * **Third person** uses the pronouns _____, _____, or _____ and it tells _____ characters' views and feelings—what they hear and see.

Question: Is **Eight Days** told from a first person or third person perspective? How do you know? Use evidence from the text.

Why is this important?

Authors choose to tell stories from particular points of view, or perspectives, because it helps them give an “experience” to the reader by using a narrator who describes and focuses on certain details and emotions associated with a major event. The narrator is created by the author to tell the story, and the narrator’s point of view influences *how* the event is described.



Name: _____

Week 36 Day 5 Date: _____

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford




Do Now

1. How could a hurricane impact a person differently than an earthquake?

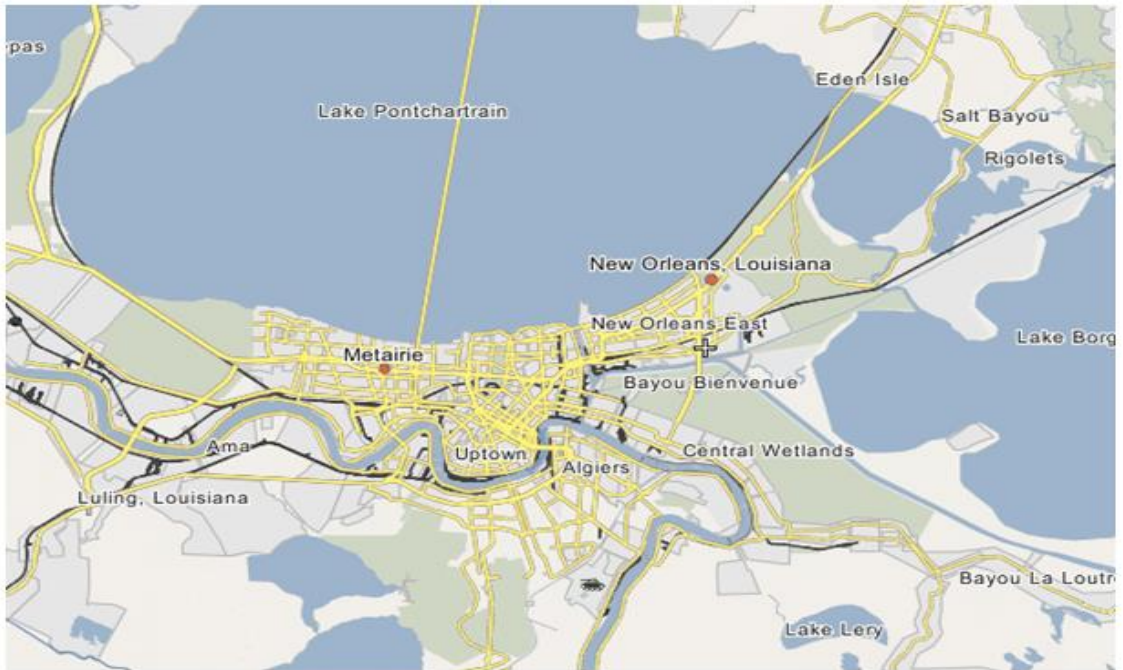
Module 4: Natural Disasters

Standard	RI.5.1: Make inferences.
LEQ	What can I learn about natural disasters from a literary text?
Objective	I can complete a first read of “Save Bella” and state the _____ _____.
Assignment to Submit	Nearpod

Vocabulary Notes:

	levee	prohibited	meteorologist
Definition	A _____ built to prevent the overflow of a river.	_____ or banned	A _____ forecaster.
Image			

Map of _____



A Hurricane Katrina Story
by Jayson Fleischer



1.

Daddy was whistling to himself while he climbed the pull-down ladder into the attic, balancing boxes of Saints memorabilia as he maneuvered them to safety. Mama wrung her hands together anxiously and peered through gaps in the boarded-up front window. Studying them both, it struck me again how much Cherie took after Daddy, and how much like Mama I was. Daddy and Cherie were both impulsive and stubborn, while Mama and I tended to be cautious and reasonable.

It was late Sunday night, August 28, 2005, and Hurricane Katrina was barreling toward New Orleans. We were still at home in the city's Lower Ninth Ward, despite the governor's order to evacuate. Granny refused to go, claiming that she was too old to run from a storm. Mama was concerned about not having the money for temporary lodging, while Daddy said that we wouldn't get very far without a car anyway. My twin sister, Cherie, just didn't want to leave our dog, Bella, behind. Although I wanted desperately to go, I didn't want to leave Bella either, plus I needed to be there to make sure Cherie didn't do anything reckless.

"Darren," Daddy's muffled voice came down from the attic, "Hand me that box in the corner." I picked up the dusty box and passed it up the ladder.

"Maybe we *should* go to the Superdome," Mama offered, rehashing an argument from earlier in the day.

"We can't take Bella." Cherie sounded exasperated as she paged through a worn copy of *People* magazine.

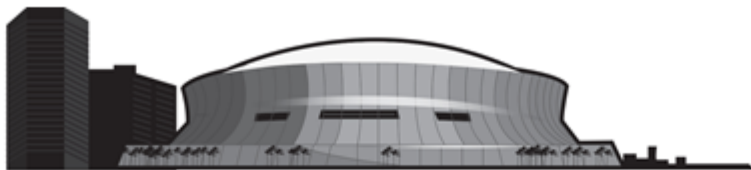
"Plenty of folks are headed for the stadium," Daddy said, stepping off the ladder. "I've seen this kind of thing before; rations will be scarce, and without enough food and water it's going to get ugly. We're better off staying right where we are, you'll see." I liked to believe that Daddy was right, but at the moment I had some serious doubts.

Granny must have noticed the alarmed look on my face. "Don't you worry," she smiled, patting my hand as I sat down at the kitchen table, "the levees will keep us safe." She sipped from a cup of peppermint tea and dealt herself another hand of Solitaire. I wasn't very reassured, because Granny always claimed that someone else would protect us; if it wasn't God, the saints, or the angels, it was the president, the governor, or the army. Once she claimed that Grandpa's ghost was watching over us, which I thought was kind of creepy.

The problem was that I didn't have much faith in the city's levee system. Much of New Orleans was below sea level; it was like a giant bowl just waiting to be filled. The levee walls kept the water at bay, but I'd heard a powerful storm surge could overtop them. It was only a matter of time before the city experienced some major flooding. Earlier, when I voiced my concerns to Cherie, she just shrugged and said, "Granny says the army built the levees, so we'll be fine." I rolled my eyes in response.



If meteorologists were right, Katrina could be the worst storm in the city's almost 300-year history. Plenty of people decided to stay in town for one reason or another. Many were going to the Superdome, the Convention Center, or other makeshift shelters—places where pets were prohibited. Even over the whistling wind I could hear the distant chorus of neighborhood dogs abandoned by their fleeing owners. Bella joined in to howl along with them.



"Bella, shush!" Granny said. The old beagle yawned nervously. Daddy often claimed that Bella had raised Cherie and me. He would joke that her nurturing made us into a couple of wild animals. (Which wasn't fair at all—the only reason I ever got *into* trouble was from trying to keep Cherie *out* of trouble!) Bella was hardly wild, though; she spent most of her time lounging under the kitchen table, silently begging for table scraps or simply overseeing the house like a queen surveying her domain.

"You'll keep us safe, won't you old girl?" Granny reached under the table and scratched Bella's head. "You need to go outside?" she asked.

2.

We spent the night in uneasy anticipation of Katrina's arrival. Cherie and I were drowsing on opposite ends of the couch. Mama flipped distractedly through Cherie's magazine. Daddy pretended to snore in his leather chair, but I knew he wasn't really sleeping because of the tap-tap-tap of his finger on the chair's armrest. Only Granny seemed unconcerned; she'd gone to bed as if our home wasn't directly in the path of a rampaging miles-wide monster.

Despite the constant howling of the wind, I must have fallen asleep, because my sister was frantically shaking me awake. The electricity had gone out sometime during the night; it was dark, but candles were lit. I sat up and felt water splash over my feet as they touched the floor. Water was gushing in around the front door and trickling down from the window sills, too. Rain hammered against the side of the house, and the wind was like a thousand hungry ghosts shrieking to be let in. It sounded like the walls would be torn off at any moment, and suddenly I wished Grandpa's spirit was actually here. For a brief second, I imagined him standing in the middle of the room, hands raised like a magician, using his ghostly powers to hold the house together.

Returning to reality, I noticed Cherie looking around wildly. "Where's Bella?" she shouted over the gale. The water was knee-deep and rising fast. Mama was yelling down from the attic, while Daddy helped Granny up the ladder. I waded over to Daddy and tugged on his sleeve. "Did you put Bella in the attic?" I had to shout it twice before he understood me. He shook his head and boosted Granny toward Mama's outstretched hands. Cherie and I splashed down the hallway toward the bedrooms. We called out, but there was no sign of the old beagle. Cherie hurried over to a window and peeked through the boards.



“Darren,” she pointed toward the back yard, “she’s outside!”

“Cherie! Don’t—” but before I could stop her, she wrenched open the back door. Water surged in, knocking us off our feet. The deluge slammed me against a wall, but Cherie was still clinging to the door. Somehow, she managed to pull herself through the torrent and escape into the river that was once our back yard. I couldn’t see much in the gloom, but as a flash of lightning tore through the sky I caught sight of Bella, clawing to keep a hold on the roof of her doghouse. The roiling water knocked Cherie around like a buoy as she swam toward the dog. *We should be in the attic*, I said to myself, *but instead, we’re going outside, into the storm! How does this always happen?* Shaking my head, I struggled through the doorway to follow my sister.

3.

Cherie held onto the doghouse with one arm and Bella with the other. We were exhausted, but there was no time to rest. The doghouse was disappearing rapidly beneath the rising water. Turning back toward the house, we watched in horror as the back door was swallowed up as well.

Looking around desperately for somewhere to go, we spotted a familiar tree across the street and swam toward it. On a normal day neither of us could reach its lowest branches, but the flood allowed Cherie to climb easily into a wedge between its limbs. I lifted Bella up to her and then quickly followed. The wind was deafening, and rain pelted us like BBs. Our tree swayed angrily, and many of the smaller branches lashed around like whips. Settling into the questionable protection of the tree, I shouted in Cherie’s ear, “If we don’t die out here, I’m going to kill you myself!” She laughed and hugged Bella close.

We huddled together for hours against the storm. As the water continued to rise beneath us, we had to climb higher. Eventually, the wind and rain gradually stopped and the storm clouds retreated. Murky water still churned below us, and across the flooded street, the water had stopped rising just inches below our roof. I hoped our family was safe in the attic. All manner of debris floated past: furniture, clothes, broken pieces of houses—we even saw a few cars bobbing lazily down the street. Bella started to growl as a log drifted toward our tree. When it was directly beneath us, we realized it was the ridged back of an alligator. It passed harmlessly below, but it was a while before we worked up the courage to swim home.

4.

We could hear thumping and muffled shouting as we climbed onto the roof. I tore up a section of shingles until a small hole was made in the roof.

“Thank God you’re both safe!” Daddy reached up through the gap and took each of our hands, as if to convince himself we weren’t some elaborate mirage. Waves of heat poured out of the hole; the attic was broiling in the sun. With Daddy’s help, we made the opening bigger. Mama climbed out and tears of joy flowed down her cheeks as she hugged us. Daddy lifted Grammy out next. She was suffering from heat exhaustion, so Mama gave her some food and water taken from the supplies we’d put in the attic. Daddy made a sunshade out of a tarp, and we spent the rest of the day out of the sun’s punishing glare.

The sun was going down when we heard a boat engine approaching. We shouted and waved our hands until its driver saw us. Our relief didn’t last long though—the man would help us, but he couldn’t take Bella. I was afraid that Cherie would refuse to go, but after a brief argument, Daddy decided to stay behind instead. A few days later, rescuers forced all remaining survivors to evacuate their homes. Daddy had to leave Bella in the attic. He explained later that he’d used the tarp and some duct tape to make a sign that read, “Save our dog Bella! Stranded in the attic!”

5.

A week after the storm, animal rescue teams were finally allowed into the city to search for pets abandoned during the evacuation. We feared the worst, and another week passed without word. Just as we were about to lose hope, we learned that Bella had been found and taken to an animal shelter. She was weak and malnourished, but the vet reassured us that she would make a full recovery.

It was nearly a month after Katrina before we saw Bella again. Cherie raced to meet her, and I wasn't far behind. Bella whined and licked our faces excitedly. Her whole body shook from the frantic wagging of her tail, and I thought that maybe Daddy was right all along; she really did act like a mama reunited with her lost pups.

Historical Note: Before Hurricane Katrina, large-scale emergency preparation didn't often include animal rescue efforts. FEMA (the Federal Emergency Management Agency) was unprepared for the number of Katrina victims who wouldn't abandon their pets. Some residents of affected areas refused to evacuate, risking injury or death to avoid leaving their animals behind. Other people snuck pets onto transportation or into shelters where they were prohibited. After Katrina, public outcry led to the passing of the Pets Evacuation and Transportation Standards Act (PETS) in 2006. This law requires all states that want FEMA's help to include pets and service animals in their planning for emergencies. In 2012, the law helped save the lives of many pets—and pet owners—during Superstorm Sandy.

By [Janice Ustinov](#). Copyright © 2015 by the American Reading Company



Name _____

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Week 37



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(Parent Signature)

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Name: _____

Week 37 Day 2 Date: _____

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

Do Now

1. How did Hurricane Katrina impact Darren’s life?

2. What was surprising about Darren’s experience?

Module 4: Natural Disasters

Standard	RL.5.1: Make inferences.
LEQ	What can I learn about natural disasters from a literary text?
Objective	I can complete my _____ read of “Save Bella” and make inferences about the narrator’s experience.
Assignment to Submit	Nearpod

Video Focus: Why was Hurricane Katrina so devastating for New Orleans?

Annotation Focus:

1. How did Hurricane Katrina impact the narrator's life?
2. Did emergency plans include plans for pets?

Save Bella!

A Hurricane Katrina Story
by Jayson Fleischer



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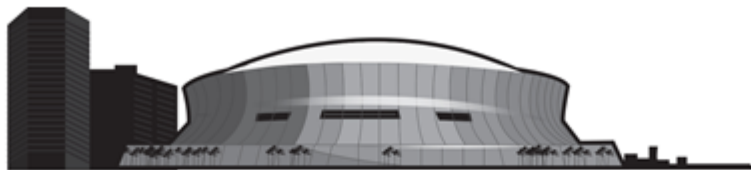
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Name: _____

Week 37 Day 3 Date: _____

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

Mid-Unit Quiz

Directions: Read the following literary text and answer the questions that follow.

In the Middle of the Storm

By Reyna Eisenstark

1 We knew all about it before it happened. Everyone told us it was coming. The schools even closed early. My mom says that when she was a kid growing up in New York City, school was *never* closed. It was a big deal. It was October, 29, 2012, and it was my tenth birthday, but that wasn't the big deal. Hurricane Sandy was the big deal. It was going to hit the city. Of course I always knew that New York was very close to the ocean, but a hurricane coming seemed weird. Hurricanes seemed like foreign, tropical things, something that happens where it's hot and humid, where there are palm trees, places like Florida, not New York.

2 My grandma used to live in Florida and is obsessed with the ocean. She always says that when she first came to New York, the thing she loved most was how you could take the subway to the ocean. She loves taking my sister and me on the subway all the way out to Coney Island. We walk along the beach, but we also go to the aquarium. I have to admit the ocean makes me a little nervous, but I love the aquarium. I love how quiet and dark it is downstairs with the huge tanks of fish. It helps ease my worries and makes me feel incredibly peaceful. I like to sit in front of the big tanks and imagine I am a sea creature too, floating serenely along in the calm water, that is, when I'm not chasing after my sister Janie. Once she ran off by herself in search of sharks. Luckily, we finally found her at the octopus tank with her face stuck to the glass like a starfish. She's sweet, but a little unpredictable.

3 My mom and Janie and I live in Brooklyn, not as far out as Coney Island. We live in a brownstone. It's just what it sounds like, a building made out of brown stone. Our whole block is brownstones. We live on the very top floor, which is the fourth floor. There are two bedrooms. Janie and I share the bigger room, which isn't really very big. My narrow bed is next to the window, though, and this suits me just fine. At night, if I'm having trouble sleeping, I can peek under the curtain. I love to look at the enormous old trees that line our entire block. These protectors stand with their huge arms holding everyone on our block. I feel like keep us safe. My mom says that some of the biggest trees have been here for over a hundred years. She says they have seen more than we will ever know. Looking at those big old trees makes me feel peaceful too.

4 On the morning of October 29, 2012, I woke up excited. It was my tenth birthday! If it had been a regular day, I would have gone to school and my mom would have brought in her famous cupcakes; but school was closed and this made my birthday feel a little more special. Not only was I getting a day off for my birthday, but a hurricane was coming too. I was excited, but also a little anxious. My mom had prepared me a special fruit salad for breakfast, but I had too many butterflies in my stomach to eat all that much. It's when she flicked on the news that I started getting pretty nervous. I began asking her lots of questions.

5 “Will the storm be bad? Is it a hurricane like the kinds they get in Florida? Do we have to leave our apartment? A lot of people are leaving!” My mom told us that we wouldn’t have to leave, but that we would have to stay inside to be safe. “Safe from what? Are we in real danger?” I kept thinking. My mom said it would be a severe storm. No one knew how strong it would be, but everyone was taking precautions. People who lived closer to the water were being told to evacuate their homes, and those who lived farther from the ocean, like us, were told to stay indoors. I was glad we could stay in our apartment, but the excitement for my birthday was quickly beginning to evaporate.

6 I don’t remember exactly when it started, but at some point the rain and wind came. It was like a regular thunderstorm at first. Nothing too bad, really. Janie asked my mom to tell us about that time that she was waiting for a bus during high school when a really bad storm started. The wind was so strong that she and her two friends were being blown around the street like loose newspaper. They ran to an ice cream truck parked on the corner and begged the man inside to let them come in. They waited out the storm in the back of the truck, sneaking sprinkles when the ice cream man wasn’t looking. After the story, Janie looked out the window and I knew she wanted to go outside. She was probably wondering what it would be like to blow around like loose paper in the wind. I was fine not knowing.

7 Then we heard what sounded like an enormous crack. I had never heard anything so loud in my life. It made us all jump and cry out. The crack made me think that the sky had actually torn in half! I was pretty sure that wasn’t possible, but I couldn’t imagine what the sound was. And then, we heard a huge crash outside. We rushed to the window in the living room that looked out onto our block. A tree had been ripped out of the ground by its roots! Those enormous trees on our block were our neighbors, our protectors, but now one of them had fallen right across the street and landed on a parked blue car. The car alarm screeched and screeched. It sounded like the car was in agony, crying out for help. The sounds from outside roared in our ears: the fierce wind, the crashing trees, the screaming alarms. For a while, all we could do was stare outside in amazement. We didn’t know whose car had been crushed, but it looked terrifying. Luckily, no one had been outside when the tree crashed. And luckily, we didn’t even have a car!

8 My mom started taking pictures of our block from the window. She showed us some pictures on her phone from her friend Miguel. He was driving in Queens not far from his house. He had driven right up to this bridge when he had to turn around. You could see the water churning under the bridge. No one had expected the water levels to rise so high! The water was crashing into people’s houses! Janie wanted to see more pictures, but I think my mom saw the worried look on my face. She said, “No more pictures right now, girls!” and put her phone away.



Photo used with permission by Miguel Chavez.

9 All of a sudden, we felt a shaking right in our apartment. I screamed, "What's happening?" We could see that the windows in the living room were bending in from the force of the wind, almost the way cards bend when you shuffle them. Except that windows are not supposed to bend. "Mom!" I shouted. "Are the windows going to break?" "No, Rosa, of course not!" she shouted back. But I could see she was just as scared as I was. Janie looked like she wanted to get a closer look.

10 My mom backed us out of the living room into the kitchen. And at that moment, all the lights went out. Janie and I both cried out. "It's okay, it's okay," said my mom, hugging us both. "We just lost power! That's all." She ran over to what she calls the "utility drawer." It is full of all sorts of things, papers and menus and things like that. Luckily, it also had candles, which is what she was looking for. She found the big box of matches we use for the stove sometimes and started to light the small round candles. In the middle of lighting them, she said to me, "Well! It is your birthday, after all! This is a good time to have candles, don't you think?" I smiled at her, but I wasn't feeling all that happy about my birthday anymore. I kept thinking about the windows. What if they crashed in and then all the wind and rain came into our apartment? I was so glad we lived on the top floor. But I started worrying about our neighbors. What would happen if their apartments filled with water? And my grandma, was she safe? Were her windows bending like cards?

11 My mom's phone rang then, and it was Grandma. Mom and I had been worried about her, but Grandma was totally fine. She lived in a very high apartment building in Manhattan. It was the same building my mom had grown up in. So far, all that happened there was that her building had been shaken a bit from the wind. She still had power, at least. My mom took the phone into her bedroom to talk to Grandma. I followed her to the door and heard her say that she wasn't sure if she'd have cell service much longer.

12 When I turned back around, Janie was opening our front door just a crack. Was she crazy? What was she doing? "Wow!" she said, her voice sounding thrilled and excited. "It's so black in the hallway!" But just then our small black cat, Maxine, shot out through the open door into the hallway. "No!" I hissed, but it was too late. Maxine had never left our apartment before. I wonder if the darkness and the howling wind had frightened her. Maybe she was trying to get away from it all. But where would she go?

13 The hallway was so dark that I could only see Maxine's eyes glowing for a single second. Then she was gone. Janie immediately started running down the hallway following her. "What are you doing? Come back here!" I whispered hoarsely, even though I felt like shouting. I didn't want our mom to hear me. "We have to go after Maxine!" called back Janie. I saw her dark shape bobbing down the black hallway, and then she too was gone. "Janie!" I hissed. But she didn't answer back.

14 I didn't know what to do. First Maxine, and now Janie was gone! I knew our mom was going to be angry. At first, I thought I should just go back in and tell her what happened. But I didn't want to get Janie into trouble. She was *always* getting into trouble. Plus, what if she went outside? I had to catch up with her and bring her back.

15 I started walking down the hallway, slowly. I thought that if I could just call Janie back, we could go back inside and our mom could help us find Maxine. But I didn't see Janie anywhere. When I finally got to the end of the hallway, I noticed that someone had propped open the stairwell. And this meant that Maxine must have run down the stairs. And Janie must have gone down after her. So now I had to go after them both.

16 I held onto the wall as I made my way down to the next floor. It was so dark on the staircase that I couldn't even see my hand in front of my face. I could hear the roaring wind from outside. It kept getting louder and louder as I slithered down the stairs along the wall. Once I called out, "Janie!" But the fear in my own voice frightened me so much that I stopped immediately. And of course she couldn't hear me.

17 When I got to the bottom of the staircase, I stopped. The front door was wide open. The wind must have blown it open. Janie was standing in the doorway, looking out. "Janie!" I shouted. She spun around, looking shocked. Then without saying a word, she just pointed outside. We both stood there in the doorway, looking out at the tree ripped up by its roots crushing the car, dark water swirling in the street in front of us. Could Maxine be out there? It was too terrible to think about.

18 Suddenly we heard our mom's frantic voice. "Girls? Girls!" she shouted. "Are you here?" "Mom!" we shouted. She ran to us and pushed the door closed. "What are you doing?" she demanded. "You *cannot* go out there! Come back upstairs with me!" By then, Janie and I were both crying. "But Maxine! Maxine!" Janie kept saying. Our mom had come out of her bedroom and searched for us in our dark apartment. She had run all the way down the stairs to find us.

19 Our mom took our hands in each of hers and helped us back up the stairs. She led us back into the apartment. We went into my bedroom and the three of us sat on my bed, looking outside at the crazy mess our street had become. The tree branches that had once looked like loving arms now looked like arms flung every which way in confusion. I couldn't believe I'd ever felt peaceful looking out of that window.

20 "I'm sure Maxine didn't go outside," said Mom. "I'm sure she is hidden somewhere in this building." We were so worried about Maxine, but we knew there was nothing we could do at the time. Our gas stove was working, and my mom decided to make her famous cupcakes by candlelight.

- 21 My mom's phone still had service at times, and we checked the news and looked at pictures. People had it so much worse than we did. What was a little darkness? At least our apartment was high above the storm. At least we hadn't gotten trapped in our car somewhere near a bridge. At least the ocean hadn't risen up and burst through our front door.
- 22 Mom put birthday candles on the cupcakes when they came out of the oven, and I made a wish. I probably shouldn't say what the wish was, but of course I wished that Maxine was safe and that she would come back to us.
- 22 When it was time for bed, I realized I couldn't possibly sleep not knowing where Maxine was. Our mom was in the bathroom with Janie, who was crying as she brushed her teeth. She felt the worst because she was the one who had let Maxine out. No one blamed her, but she kept crying and crying. Suddenly I felt braver. Maybe it was my birthday wish or something, but I decided then that I had to find Maxine on my own. I knew Mom was keeping a strict eye on Janie. She had given her a stern lecture about running after Maxine in the dark. But she would never expect me to leave the apartment. I wouldn't go outside, but I wanted to check the hallway once more.
- 23 I snuck over to our front door, opened it a crack, and peered down the hallway. It was just as dark as ever. Maybe it was even darker than before. My heart started pounding as I slipped into the hallway. I started running down the hall in the darkness. I wanted to get it over with as soon as possible. Suddenly, I saw a pair of glowing eyes at the other end of the hall. Was I seeing things? "Maxine!" I hissed. Suddenly I heard a meow in return! The glowing eyes ran toward me down the hallway. I scooped her up and ran back to our apartment. "Mom!" I shouted. "Maxine is back!"
- 24 It took a while, but eventually our block got back to normal. Even so, I felt different somehow. People came in to clear the dead branches strewn all over the street. The crushed blue car was towed away. And our power came back on. My grandma was safe, and thankfully so was my sister. And Maxine was back. No one could believe I had gone out to look for Maxine in the storm. I could tell Janie was impressed. Even though my mom scolded me, I knew she was mostly relieved. And maybe a little bit proud too.
- 25 So that was my tenth birthday. Each birthday since, I take a look out of my window at the enormous old trees left on our block. I don't really think of them as protectors anymore, but as friends. We survived the storm together. We are a little bit older and a little bit stronger.

5. Reread paragraph 2. Reread the sentence, “Luckily, we finally found her at the octopus tank with her face stuck to the glass like a starfish.” Explain what the phrase, “*her face stuck to the glass like a starfish*” literally means. (1 point)

6. Throughout the story, the trees are referred to as “protectors”. For example, in Paragraph 3 the text says, “These protectors stand with their huge arms holding everyone on our block.” Which of the following best explains the meaning of this sentence? (1 point)

- A. The narrator thinks the trees were planted to protect people on her block.
- B. The narrator thinks the trees on her block have arms.
- C. The narrator feels like the trees are protecting people on her block.
- D. The narrator feels scared of the trees and wants their protection.

7. Look at the image next to Paragraph 8. Then reread Paragraph 8. How does this photo add meaning to the narrator's description? (1 point)

8. How does Hurricane Sandy affect Rose and her family? Support with at least 2 details.



Name: _____

Week 37 Day 4 Date: _____

BCCS Boys

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Do Now

1. Think about your researched natural disaster. Where does it occur?

2. How could it impact somebody of your age?

Module 4: Natural Disasters

Standard	W.5.3: Narrative Writing
LEQ	How can I use what I have learned about natural disasters in a literary text
Objective	I can plan and draft a piece of realistic fiction involving _____ natural disaster information.
Assignment to Submit	Edlight Graphic Organizer

Your Assignment:

Write a short story from the perspective of a SURVIVOR of your researched natural disaster.

- **first person narrative from a survivor's point of view**
- **credible setting for your natural disaster**
- **credible sequence of events for your natural disaster**
- **technical vocabulary for your natural disaster**

My natural disaster: _____

Brainstorm appropriate vocabulary:

Additional vocabulary from Expert Group:

Story Map

Instructions: 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:



Name: _____

Week 37 Day 5 Date: _____

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

Do Now

1. What challenge will your main character face in your story?

2. How will they survive the natural disaster?

Module 4: Natural Disasters

Standard	W.5.3: Narrative Writing
LEQ	How can I use what I have learned about natural disasters in a literary text?
Objective	I can _____ my natural disaster short story.
Assignment to Submit	Google Doc

Revising Editing

A - add

- Sentences
- Words

R - remove

- Unneeded Words
- Unneeded Sentences

M - move

- Sentences around
- Words around

S - substitute

- Trade words or sentences for others

C - capitalize

- Names, places, months, titles, "I"

U - usage

- Match nouns & verbs correctly to make sense

P - punctuation

- Periods, quotations, commas, ?, !

S - spelling

- Check all words
- Use dictionary