



Name \_\_\_\_\_

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

### Week 27



---

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 27 Day 1 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

**1. What is the definition of theme?**

---

---

---

---

**2. What is a theme in “Baseball in April”?**

---

---

---

**Short Story Unit**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RL.5.2: Determine a theme of a story, drama, or poem from details in the text, including how characters in a story or drama respond to challenges or how the speaker in a poem reflects upon a topic; summarize the text.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>How is _____ developed in realistic fiction?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can identify the existing _____ in “Two Dreamers”.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Google Form</b>

# TWO DREAMERS

## Input: Introduction

**Theme:** the moral, lesson, or message of a story that you can apply to your own life

- The author won't explicitly state it – you often have to \_\_\_\_\_ the theme.
- There can be \_\_\_\_\_ than \_\_\_\_\_ theme.
- It's \_\_\_\_\_ specific to the story you're reading.
- The theme of a story is \_\_\_\_\_. It applies to everyone.
- Theme can often be inferred based on a lesson that \_\_\_\_\_ character learns.

Hector's grandfather Luis Molina was born in the small town of Jalapa, but left Mexico to come to the United States when he was in his late twenties. Often, during quiet summer days, he sat in his backyard and remembered his hometown with its clip-clop of horse and donkey hooves, its cleanliness and dusty twilights, the crickets, and the night sky studded with stars. He also remembered his father, a barber who enjoyed listening to his radio, and his mother, who wore flower-print dresses and loved card games.

But that was many years ago, in the land of childhood. Now he lived in Fresno, on a shady street with quiet homes. He had five children, more grandchildren than he had

## BASEBALL IN APRIL

fingers and toes, and was a night watchman at Sun-Maid Raisin.

Luis's favorite grandson was Hector, who was like himself, dreamy and quiet. After work, Luis would sleep until noon, shower, and sit down to his *comida*. Hector, who spent summers with his grandparents, would join Grandfather at the table and watch him eat plates of *frijoles* with *guisado de carne* smothered in chili.

Luis and Hector never said much at the table. It wasn't until his grandfather was finished and sitting in his favorite chair that Hector would begin asking him questions about the world, questions like, "What do Egyptians look like? Is the world really round like a ball? How come we eat chickens and they don't eat us?"

By the time Hector was nine, it was the grandfather who was asking the questions. He had become interested in real estate since he heard that by selling a house his son-in-law had made enough money to buy a brand-new car and put a brick fence around his yard. It impressed him that a young man like Genaro could buy one house, wait a month or two, sell it, and make enough to buy a car and build a brick fence.

After lunch the grandfather would beckon his grandson to come sit with him. "Ven, Hector. Come. I want to talk to you. *Quiero hablar contigo.*"

They would sit near the window in silence until the grandfather would sigh and begin questioning his grandson. "How much do you think that house is worth? *Mucho dinero, no? A lot?*"

"Grandfather, you asked me that question yesterday," Hector would say, craning his neck to look at the house. It

## Two Dreamers

was the yellow one whose porch light was kept on night and day.

"Yes, but that was yesterday. Yesterday I had five dollars in my pocket and now I have only three. Things change, *bijo. Entiendes?*"

Hector stared at the house a long time before making a wild guess. "Thirty thousand?"

"Do you really think so, my boy?" His grandfather would go dreamy with hope. If that house was worth thirty thousand, then his own house, which was better kept and recently painted, would be worth much more. And in Mexico, even thirty thousand dollars would buy a lot of houses. It was his hope that after he retired, he and his wife would return to Mexico, to Jalapa, where all the people would look on them with respect. Not one day would pass without the butcher or barber or pharmacist or ambitious children with dollar signs in their eyes waving to "*El Millonario.*"

One day after lunch his grandfather told Hector they were going to go see a house.

"What house?"

Hector's grandmother, who was wiping the table, scolded, "*Viejo, estás chiflado, you're crazy. Why do you want to buy a house when you already have one?*"

The old man ignored her and went to the bathroom to splash cologne on his face and comb his hair. Gently prodding Hector in front of him, he left his house to see another house two blocks away.

Hector and his grandfather stopped in front of a pink house with a "For Sale" sign. The old man took a pencil and little notepad from his shirt pocket and asked Hector to write down the telephone number.

## BASEBALL IN APRIL

The grandfather paced off the length of the house along the sidewalk and noted the cracks in the stucco.

"*Está bonita, no?*" he asked Hector.

"I guess so."

"*Claro que está bonita, son. Of course it's pretty. And it's probably not so much money, no crees?*"

"I guess. If you think so."

"How much, do you think?"

"I don't know."

"Sure you do. *A ver, dime.*"

"Thirty thousand?"

"Thirty thousand? Do you think so?" His grandfather ran his hand slowly along the stubble of his jaw. Perhaps he could buy it. Perhaps he could put down eight thousand dollars, his life savings, and pay a little each month. He could repaint the house, put up a wrought-iron fence, and plant a lemon tree under the front window. He would also put in a redwood tree that would grow tall and dark so people driving on his street would see it and know Luis Salvador Molina lived in that beautiful house.

Later, while his grandmother was shopping at Hanoian's supermarket, his grandfather prodded Hector to pick up the phone and call the number. Hector, uncomfortable about talking to a grown-up, especially one who sold things, refused to get involved. He went out to the backyard to play fetch with Bon-Bon, his grandmother's poodle. His grandfather followed him into the yard and fiddled with his tomato plants. Finally, he walked over to Hector and said, "I'll give you two dollars."

Thinking it was a pretty good deal, Hector left the poodle sitting up on its hind legs and holding a slobbery

## Two Dreamers

tennis ball in his mouth. Hector followed his anxious grandfather inside the house.

"Son, just ask how much. *Es no problema,*" his grandfather assured him. Hector dialed the number with a clumsy finger.

He held his breath as the phone on the other end began to ring. Then there was a click and a voice saying, "Sunny Days Realty." Before the person could ask, May I help you, Hector, who felt faint and was having second thoughts about whether the phone call was worth two dollars, asked, "How much?"

"What?"

"How much money?" Hector repeated, cradling the phone nervously in both hands.

"Which property are you speaking of?" The lady seemed calm. Her voice was like the voice of his teacher, which scared Hector because she knew all the answers, more answers about the world than his grandfather, who knew a lot.

"It's a pink one on Orange Street."

"Please hold, and I'll look up that information."

Hector looked at his grandfather, who was combing his hair in the hallway mirror. "She's checking on the house."

After a minute, the woman came back. "That address is six forty-three South Orange, a charming little house. Two bedrooms, large yard, with appliances, and the owners are willing to carry, with a substantial down payment. The house also comes with—"

But Hector, his hands clenched tightly around the telephone, interrupted her and asked, "How much?"

<b>Character</b>	<b>Evidence</b>	<b>Inference</b>
<b>Luis Molina</b>	“He became interested in real estate since he heard that by selling a house his son-in-law had made enough money to buy a brand-new-car and put a brick fence around his yard.”	
<b>Luis Molina</b>	“It was his hope that after he retired, he and his wife would return to Mexico, to Jalapa, where all the people would look on them with respect.”	
<b>Hector</b>	“It wasn’t until his grandfather was finished and sitting in his favorite chair that Hector would begin asking him questions about the world, questions like, “What do Egyptians look like? Is the world really round like a ball? How come we eat chickens and they don’t eat us?”	
<b>Hector</b>	“Thinking it was a pretty good deal, Hector left the poodle sitting up on its hind legs and holding a slobbery tennis ball in his mouth.”	



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

Week 27 Day 2 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

1. What is Luis Molina like?

---

---

---

2. Is Hector similar or different than his grandfather? Explain.

---

---

---

**Short Story Unit**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RL.5.2: Determine a theme of a story, drama, or poem from details in the text, including how characters in a story or drama respond to challenges or how the speaker in a poem reflects upon a topic; summarize the text.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>How is _____ developed in realistic fiction?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can identify the existing _____ in “Two Dreamers”.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Google Form</b>

BASEBALL IN APRIL

There was a moment of silence. Then the woman said, "Forty-three thousand. The owners are anxious and perhaps may settle for less, maybe forty-one five."

"Wait a minute," he said to the woman. Hector looked up to his grandfather. "She says forty-three thousand."

His grandfather groaned and his dream went out like a lightbulb. He put his comb in his back pocket.

"You said thirty thousand, Son."

"I didn't know—I was just guessing."

"But it's so much. *Es demasiado.*"

"Well, I didn't know."

"But you go to school and know about things."

Hector looked at the telephone in his hand. Why did he have to listen to his grandfather and call a person he didn't even know? He was conscious of his grandfather groaning at his side and of a woman's gnat-like voice coming from the telephone, asking, "Would you like to see the house? I can arrange it this afternoon, at two perhaps. And please, may I have your name?"

Hector placed the receiver to his ear and bluntly said, "It costs too much money."

"May I have your name?"

"I'm calling for my grandfather."

His grandfather put a finger before his mouth and let out a "Sshhhhh." He didn't want to let her know who he was for fear that she would call him later and his wife would scold him for pretending to be a big shot like their son-in-law, Genaro. He took the receiver from Hector and hung up.

Hector didn't bother to ask for his two dollars. He went outside and played fetch with Bon-Bon until his

*Two Dreamers*

grandmother came home, a bulky grocery bag in her arms. He carried it into the house for her and snuck a peek at his grandfather, who was playing solitaire on a TV tray near the window. He didn't seem disturbed. His face was long and cool, and his eyes were no longer filled with the excitement of money.

While his grandmother started dinner, Hector slouched on the couch reading a comic book until his grandfather whispered, "Hector, come here."

Hector looked over his comic book. His grandfather's eyes once again had that moist wildness of wealth and pink houses. He got up and said loudly, "What do you want, Grandpa?"

"Sshhhhh," the old man said, pulling him close. "I want you to call and ask how come the stucco has cracks and why so much money."

"I don't want to," Hector said, trying to pull away from his grandfather's grip.

"Listen, I'll give you something very, very special. It'll be worth a lot of money, Son, when you are old. Now it's only worth some money, but later it will be worth *muchísimo dinero.*" He whistled and waved his hand. "Lots of money, my boy."

"I don't know, Grandfather, I'm scared."

"Yes, but, you know, you are going to be a rich man, Son."

"What are you going to give me?"

His grandfather rose, pulled his coin purse from his pants pocket, and took a thousand-dollar Confederate bill from a secret fold in his purse. The bill was green, large, and had a picture of a soldier with a long beard.

Hector was impressed. He had seen his grandfather's collection of old bottles and photographs, but this was new. He bit his lower lip and said, "OK."

His grandfather tiptoed to the telephone and stretched the cord into the hallway, away from the kitchen. "Now, you call, and remember to ask how come the cracks, *¿y por qué cuesta tanto?*, how come it costs so much?"

Hector was beginning to sweat. His grandmother was in the next room, and if she caught them trying to be big-shot land barons, she would scold both of them. Grandfather would get the worst of it, of course. The bickering would never end between the two.

He dialed, waited two rings, and heard a man say, "Sunny Days Realty."

"I want to talk to the woman."

"Woman?" the salesman asked.

"The lady. I called her a while ago about the pink house."

Without another word, he put Hector on hold. Hector looked at his grandfather, who was watching out for his wife. "He put us on hold."

The phone clicked and the woman came on. "May I help you?"

"Yeah. I called you about the pink house, remember?"

"Yes. Why did you hang up?"

"My grandfather hung up, not me."

"Well, then, how can I be of help?" Her voice seemed to snap at Hector.

"My grandfather wants to know why the house has so many cracks and how come it's so expensive?"

"What?"

"My grandfather said he seen cracks."

Just then the grandmother's insistent voice rang out: "*Viejo, dónde estás?* I want you to open this bottle."

Terror filled their eyes. Grandfather hung up the phone as the woman was asking, in that faint gnat of a voice, "What in the world are you talking about?"

"*Viejo*, what are you doing?"

Hector wanted to hide inside the hall closet but knew it was stuffed with coats and the ironing board. Instead, he bent down and pretended to tie his shoe. His grandfather stared at the mirror and began combing his hair.

Grandmother came into the hallway with a jar of *nopeles*. She wrinkled her brow and asked, "What are you *locos* doing?"

"*Nada*," they said in unison.

"You two are up to something. Your faces are dirty with shame." She looked at the phone as if it were a thing she had never seen before and asked, "What is this doing here? You calling a girlfriend, *viejo*?"

"No, no, *viejita*. I don't know how it got here." He shrugged his shoulders and whispered softly to Hector, "Four dollars." Then, in a loud voice, he said, "Do you know, *bijó*?"

Hector was glad to save his grandfather from a scolding that would go on for years. "Oh, I was calling my friend Alfonso about coming over to play."

She eyed both of them. "*Mentiroso!*"

"*Es verdad, mi vida*," the grandfather said. "It's true. I heard him call his friend. He said, 'Alfonso, come over and play.'"

"Yeah, Grandma."

They argued, but the grandmother finally let them off the hook. They were glad to open the jar of *nopeles* and

**BASEBALL IN APRIL**

delighted to go out, at the grandmother's suggestion, to mow the lawn before dinner.

Hector and his grandfather mowed with gusto, sweating up a dark storm in the folds of their armpits. They even went down on their knees to clip bunches of grass the mower had missed.

Hector was reluctant to ask his grandfather for the four dollars, but as he swept the driveway and sidewalk, he began to think that maybe his grandfather did owe him the money. He did call the lady, he argued with himself, not once but twice. It wasn't his fault the house cost too much money. As they were finishing up, Hector asked, "How about my four dollars?"

His grandfather, who was pushing the mower into the garage, pursed his lips and thought for a moment. "What is money to a young man like you?" he said finally. "You have no needs, do you?"

"I want my money!"

"What money?"

"You know what I mean. I'm going to tell Grandma."

"Son, I was just kidding." The last thing he wanted was his wife nagging him over dinner. He dug into his coin purse and brought out eight quarters.

"This is only two dollars," Hector complained.

"Yes, but you get the rest when I buy the pink house. You wait, Son, you'll be a rich man one of these days. One day it will all be yours."

Hector didn't say anything. He was glad to have the money and even gladder that his grandmother didn't scold them. After setting the sprinkler on the lawn, the two hard-working men went in for dinner.

Key Event	Description
1	Hector is staying with his grandparents for the summer and his grandfather is interested in real estate.
2	Hector and his grandfather go to look at a _____ .
3	Luis offers Hector _____ to call and see how much the house _____ .
4	
5	
6	



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

Week 27 Day 3 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

1. How can you apply the theme of “Two Dreamers” to your own life?

---

---

---

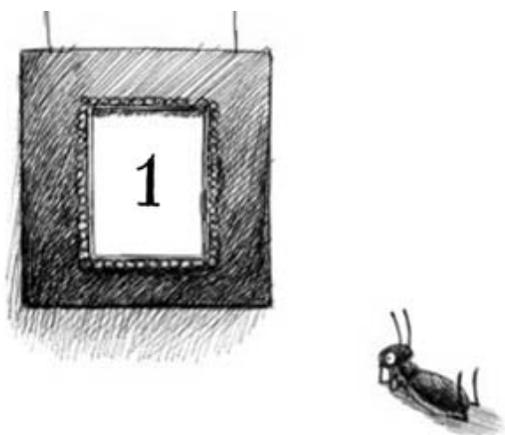
---

---

---

**Short Story Unit**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RL.5.2: Determine a theme of a story, drama, or poem from details in the text, including how characters in a story or drama respond to challenges or how the speaker in a poem reflects upon a topic; summarize the text.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>What connections can I make between _____.</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can make connections between “Two Dreamers” and a related piece of fiction.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Google Form</b>



## A Family Emergency

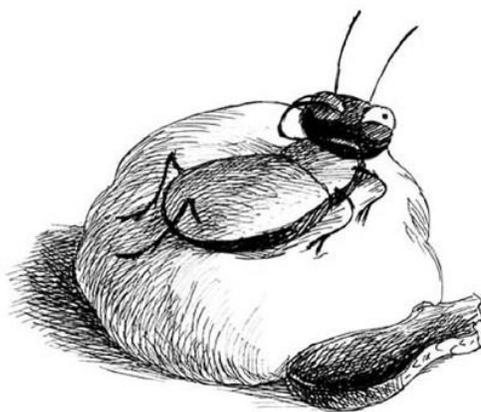
Home, for Marvin's family, was a damp corner of the cupboard beneath the kitchen sink. Here, a leaking pipe had softened the plaster and caused it to crumble away. Just behind the wall, Marvin's family had hollowed out three spacious rooms, and, as his parents often remarked, it was a perfect location. It was warm, because of the hot-water pipes embedded in the wall; moist, to make burrowing easy; and dark and musty, like all the other homes the family had lived in. Best of all, the white plastic wastebasket that loomed on one side offered a constant litter of apple cores, bread crumbs, onion skins, and candy wrappers, making the cupboard an ideal foraging ground.

Marvin and his relatives were beetles. They had shiny black shells, six legs, and excellent night vision. They were medium-sized, as beetles go, not much bigger than a raisin. But they were very agile: good at climbing walls, scurrying across countertops, and slipping under closed doors. They lived in the large apartment of a human family, the Pompadays, in New York City.

One morning, Marvin awoke to find the household in an uproar. Usually the first sounds of the day were the gentle rustlings of his parents in the next room and, in the distance, the clank of pots in the Pompaday kitchen sink. But today he heard the frantic clicking of Mrs. Pompaday's high heels, and her voice, anxious and shrill. Just as he was beginning to wonder what had happened, his mother came looking for him in a great hurry.

"Marvin!" she cried. "Come quickly, darling! We have an emergency."

Marvin crawled out of the soft cotton ball that was his bed and, still only half-awake, followed her into the living room. There, his father, his uncle Albert, and his cousin Elaine were deep in conversation. Elaine ran to him and grabbed one of his legs.



“Mrs. Pompaday has lost her contact lens! Down the bathroom sink! And since you’re the only one who knows how to swim, we need *you* to fish it out!”

Marvin drew back in surprise, but his cousin continued happily. “Oh! What if you drown?”

Marvin was not nearly as thrilled at this prospect as Elaine. “I won’t drown,” he said firmly. “I’m a good swimmer.”

He’d practiced swimming for almost a month now, in an old juice bottle cap filled with water. He was the only member of his entire family who could swim, a skill his parents both marveled at and took credit for.

“Marvin has exceptional coordination, such fine control over his legs,” Mama often remarked. “It reminds me of my days in the ballet.”

“When he sets his mind to something, there’s no stopping him,” Papa would add smugly. “He’s a chip off the old block.”

But right now, these words were little comfort to Marvin. Swimming in a bottle cap was one thing—it was half an inch deep. Swimming inside a drainpipe was something else altogether. He paced the room nervously.

Mama was talking to Uncle Albert, looking mad. “Well, I should think not!” she exclaimed. “He’s just a child. I say let the Pompadays call a plumber.”

Papa shook his head. “It’s too risky. If a plumber goes poking around in there, he’ll see that the wall is rotting away. He’ll say they need to replace it, and that’ll be the end of Albert and Edith’s home.”



Uncle Albert nodded vigorously and beckoned to Marvin. “Marvin, my boy, what do you say? You’ll have to go down the bathroom pipe and find that contact lens. Think you can handle it?”

Marvin hesitated. Mama and Papa were still arguing. Now Papa looked at him unhappily. “I’d go myself, son—you know I would—if I could swim.”

“No one can swim like Marvin,” Elaine declared. “But even Marvin may not be able to swim well enough. There’s probably a lot of water in that pipe by now. Who knows how far down he’ll have to go?” She paused dramatically. “Maybe he’ll never make it back up to the surface.”

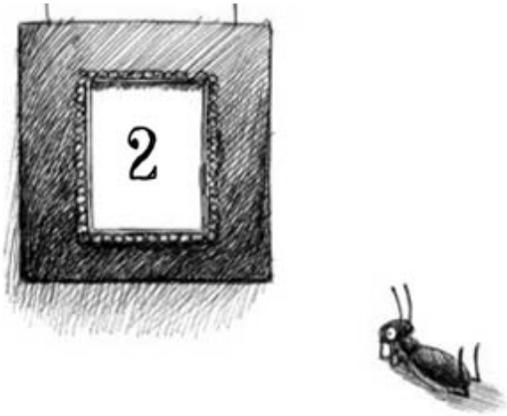
“Hush, Elaine,” said Uncle Albert.

Marvin grabbed the fragment of peanut shell that he used as a float when he swam in his own pool at home. He took a deep breath.

“I can try, at least,” he said to his parents. “I’ll be careful.”

“Then I’m going with you,” Mama decided, “to make sure you aren’t foolhardy. And if it looks the least bit dangerous, we won’t risk it.”

And so they set off for the Pompadays’ bathroom, with Uncle Albert leading the way. Marvin followed close behind his mother, the peanut shell tucked awkwardly under one of his legs.



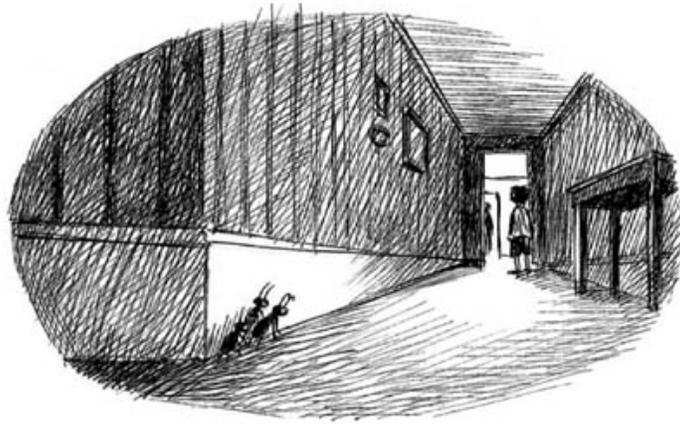
## Down the Drain

It took them a fair bit of time to reach the bathroom. First they had to crawl out of the cupboard into the bright morning light of the Pompadays’ kitchen. There, baby William was banging on his high chair with a spoon, scattering Cheerios all over the floor. Ordinarily, the beetles might have waited in the shadows to snatch one and carry it off for lunch, but today there were more important tasks ahead. They scuttled along the baseboard to the living room, and then began the exhausting journey over the Oriental rug, which at least was dark blue, so they didn’t have to worry about being seen.

All the way to the bathroom, Marvin could hear Mr. and Mrs. Pompaday yelling at each other.

“I don’t understand why you can’t just take the pipe apart and find it,” Mrs. Pompaday complained. “That’s what Karl would have done.” Karl was Mrs. Pompaday’s first husband.

“You take the pipe apart and find it. And flood the bathroom. Then we’ll have to replace more than your contact lens,” Mr. Pompaday fumed. He stomped to the phone. “I’m calling a plumber.”



“Oh, fine,” said Mrs. Pompaday. “He’ll take all day to get here. I have to leave for work in twenty minutes, and I won’t be able to find my way to the door without my contact lenses.”

James, Mrs. Pompaday’s son from her first marriage, stood in the doorway. He was ten years old, a thin boy with big feet, serious gray eyes, and a scattering of freckles across his cheeks. He would be eleven tomorrow, and Marvin and his family had been trying to think of something nice to do for his birthday, since they infinitely preferred him to the rest of the Pompaday family. He was quiet and reasonable, unlikely to make sudden movements or raise his voice.

Seeing him now, Marvin remembered how James had caught sight of him once, a few weeks ago, when Marvin was dragging home an M&M he’d found for the family dessert. Marvin had been so excited about his good luck that he’d forgotten to stay close to the baseboard. There he was, out in the open sea of cream-colored tile in the kitchen, when James’s blue sneaker stopped alongside him. Marvin panicked, dropped the M&M, and ran for his life. But James only crouched down and watched him, never saying a word.

Marvin hadn’t told his parents about that particular close call. He’d vowed to himself that he’d be more careful in the future.

Now James shifted thoughtfully on those same blue sneakers. “You could wear your glasses, Mom,” he said.

“Oh, fine,” said Mrs. Pompaday. “Wear my glasses. Fine. I guess it doesn’t matter what I look like

when I meet clients. Maybe I should just go to work in my bathrobe.”

By this time, Uncle Albert, Marvin, and his mother had reached the door of the bedroom, and the bathroom lay just beyond. Unfortunately, the three humans were effectively blocking the route. Three jittery pairs of feet—one in sneakers, one in high heels, and one in loafers—made it hard to find a safe path.

“Stay close to me,” Mama told Marvin. She hurried along the door frame. Dodging the spikes of Mrs. Pompaday’s heels, Marvin and Uncle Albert followed.

They made it up the bathroom wall to the sink without mishap. Normally, the light tile would have made them easy targets for a rolled-up newspaper or the bottom of a slipper. But the Pompadays were so engrossed in their argument that they didn’t notice three shiny black beetles scrambling onto the sink.

"I'll keep a lookout," Uncle Albert said. "You two go ahead."

Marvin and his mother tumbled and slid down the smooth side of the sink to the drain. They ducked under the silver stopper and stood on the edge of the open pipe, staring into blackness.

Marvin could hear a distant trickling sound. As his eyes adjusted, he saw water, murky and uninviting, a few inches below. He thought of Cousin Elaine's grim prediction and shuddered. Why hadn't his mother taken a firmer stand against this?

"Well . . . here I go," he said to Mama, who promptly grabbed his leg and held fast.

"Now don't do anything rash, darling," she told him. "Go slowly, and come right back to me if it seems dangerous."

"Okay," Marvin promised. He clutched his peanut-shell float and took a deep breath. Then he launched himself into the void.

He barely remembered to shut his eyes before the cold water closed over his head. Pedaling his legs frantically, he came bobbing back up to the surface. The cloudy water tasted vaguely of toothpaste. It smelled horrible.

"Marvin? Marvin, are you all right?" Mama's voice echoed thinly in the pipe.

"I'm fine," he called back.

He swam through the scummy water, which was littered with every nasty thing that might wash down a human's drain: bits of food, hair, slivers of soap. He wanted to throw up.

"Do you see it yet?" his mother called.

"No," Marvin answered. He suddenly realized he had no idea what a contact lens looked like.

Then, as he was about to turn back, he *did* see something: a thin plastic disc, stuck to the side of the pipe. It looked just like the fruit bowl Mama used at home. Out of breath, he shot back up to the surface.

"I found it, Mama!" he yelled.

"Oh, good, darling." His mother breathed a sigh of relief. "Now we'd better hurry, before someone turns on the faucet and washes us both away."

Marvin discovered he couldn't hold on to the contact lens and the peanut shell at the same time. Reluctantly, he let go of his float, took a deep breath, and plunged under the water again.

In the distance, he heard his mother cry, "Marvin! Your float!" But he moved his legs swiftly, unburdened by the peanut shell, and glided down through the dark water. He swam straight to the contact lens and clasped it with his front two legs. Pulling it away from the side of the pipe, he shot quickly back to the surface. Through the lens, he could see his mother, wavy and distorted, looming above him. She'd crawled down the side of the pipe to the water's edge, beckoning to him.



“Oh, Marvin, thank heavens. You are a wonder, darling. What leg control. I wish my old ballet crowd could see you.” She took the lens from him. “Whew! The water smells positively vile. And what a fuss over this little thing! Why, it looks exactly like my fruit bowl.”

Holding it gingerly on her back, Mama crawled up the pipe. She scooted under the stopper, with Marvin close behind her, and together they dragged the lens up the side of the sink.

Uncle Albert rushed down to meet them. “By George, you’ve done it!” he cried. “Marvin, my boy, you’re a hero! A hero! Wait till I tell your aunt Edith!”

Marvin beamed modestly. He flexed his legs and shook them dry.

“Let’s see, where shall we put it?” Mama asked.

They looked around. “By the faucet, maybe,” Marvin suggested. “That way, it won’t get washed down the drain again.”

They placed the lens near the hot-water handle and dashed behind a green water glass just as James walked into the bathroom.

“After all this trouble, they’d better find it,” Mama whispered grimly. Marvin kept his eyes on the contact lens. It glistened in the morning light, a faint blue color.

They could hear Mr. Pompaday on the phone with the plumber. “What’s that? Oh, okay, I’ll look.” He bellowed, “James! Are you in the bathroom? Make yourself useful. Are the pipes in there copper or galvanized steel?”

James stood at the sink. “I don’t know,” he said. “But, Mom, I found your contact lens. It’s right here by the faucet.”

And then what a commotion: Mrs. Pompaday rushing into the bathroom in disbelief, Mr. Pompaday loudly apologizing to the plumber, and James lifting the contact lens in his outstretched palm.

“Well, I guess that’s that,” Mama said to Marvin as soon as the bathroom emptied. “We’d better head back and let your father know you’re all right.”

So Mama, Uncle Albert, and Marvin ambled home, where everyone greeted them joyfully. Papa, Aunt Edith, and Elaine all patted Marvin on his shell, but nobody wanted to hug him. He was wet and slimy, and smelled overpoweringly of the drain water.

“I think I need a bath,” Marvin said.

And then Mama and Papa fussed over him, filling the bottle cap with warm water and adding a single grain of turquoise dishwashing detergent. Marvin sank into the bubbles and floated in the pool to his heart’s content, until he was shiny and clean again.

<b>Character</b>	<b>Evidence</b>	<b>Inference</b>
<b>Marvin</b>	“I can try at least,” he said to his parents, “I’ll be careful.”	
<b>Marvin</b>	Reluctantly, he let go of his float, took a deep breath, and plunged under the water again.	
<b>His Family</b>	“No one can swim like Marvin,” Elaine declared.	
<b>His Family</b>	“When he sets his mind to something, there’s no stopping him,” Papa would add smugly. “He’s a chip off the old block.	



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

Week 27 Day 4 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

1. How is an essay organized?

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

**Short Story Unit**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>W.5.9: Draw evidence from literary or informational texts to support analysis, reflection, and research</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	How can I _____ my thoughts in an extended response essay?
<b>Objective</b>	I can make connections between “Two Dreamers” and the excerpt from “Masterpiece” in an _____ response.
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	Google Form









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

Week 27 Day 5 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

### March SPA

**Directions:** Closely read the following passages and answer the questions that follow. Submit the corresponding Google Form with your answers.

#### Dreaming about a Houseboat

Declan worked on his report for school. It was about the Illinois and Michigan Canal. Declan had made good progress so far. Normally, he became distracted by something halfway through and started daydreaming. But not this time.

The canal connected Chicago and the southern tip of Lake Michigan with the upper Illinois River valley. Before the canal was built, the northern part of Illinois was a frontier area with few people living in it. After the canal was built, farms, stores, and factories started appearing in this part of the state. They supplied the people of Chicago with many things. Boats carrying people and goods traveled through the canal until the late 1890s. In its later years, it was used more for pleasure than business.

Declan stopped reading. He got up from his desk and paced around his room. He had learned a great deal about the canal, not now he thought about something else. While doing research for his report, he had read about houseboats. They're just like houses, except they're boats that people live on. Some stay at a dock and don't go anywhere. Some have engines and travel across lakes, rivers, or canals.

*Imagine living on a houseboat, thought Declan. You could travel over water, right from where you live.* The more he thought about it, the more fun it seemed. He decided he wanted to learn more about houseboats. He went online and started doing more research.

One of the first things Declan learned was that people live in houseboats all over the world. They're extremely common in Europe, especially in the city of Amsterdam. The city has many canals, and there are houseboats moored all along them. In fact, there are about 2,400 houseboats tied up along Amsterdam's canals. There are even houseboats that are hotels. And one is a flower market.

Shaking himself out of his daydreams, Declan decided to see where in the United States people live in houseboats. He soon found out that people live in houseboats all over the country. Houseboats are very popular in Seattle, Washington, where there are about 500 of them. They're also popular in Sausalito, California and Lake Powell in Utah.



Declan stopped reading again. He imagined steering his own houseboat to a dock and having lunch with a neighbor. That would be fun!

What Declan read next surprised him. In some places, boats are just like stores. There's a floating bank in Virginia. There's even a floating post office in Alaska.

*Will I ever get to live on a houseboat?*

Declan wondered. What he read next made him think he might, if only for a short time. There are lakes and rivers where people can rent houseboats by the week or month. Declan began to get an idea. Would his parents consider going to Lake Powell for vacation this summer? If they did, would they be willing to rent a houseboat? The more Declan thought about it, the more excited he became. He could see himself on the boat, cruising on the lake, at the bottom of a canyon.

"Declan! Time for dinner!" his mother called out. Declan ran to wash his hands and went into the kitchen. His mom and dad sat at the table, waiting for him. Declan's smile was like a torch, right there in the dining room.

"How are you doing on your report?" his father asked. Suddenly, Declan's smile faded as he realized what had happened. He'd lost about an hour of time with his daydream.

"Is something wrong?" his mom asked.

"No...not really..." he said, as he thought about what was going to happen next. He wouldn't finish the report. He'd get points taken off. He'd get a bad grade. And then...the houseboat trip? Not a chance.

"Well, actually...I think I might need some help," he said. His father had helped him before, and hopefully he would help him again.

"Let me guess," his dad said. "Hmmm...this isn't about your report, is it?"

"How'd you guess?" said Declan.

"You seemed way too cheerful to be thinking about your homework," said his father grinning.

1. This passage is written from which point of view? (R.5.6)
  - A. first person
  - B. second person
  - C. third person omniscient
  - D. third person limited
  
2. What does the first paragraph reveal about Declan? (RL.5.1)
  - A. He likes to change his mind.
  - B. He often daydreams.
  - C. He finished his report.
  - D. He likes doing his homework.
  
3. Which statement BEST provides an inference that can be made about the narrator's attitude toward Declan in the first paragraph? (RL.5.6)
  - A. The narrator thinks that Declan will not be distracted by his daydreams.
  - B. The narrator explains that Declan wants to live on a houseboat.
  - C. The narrator says that Declan is always distracted by daydreams.
  - D. The narrator doesn't think that Declan will finish his report.
  
4. What does the following sentence mean? (RL.5.4)

Declan's smile was like a torch, right there in the dining room.

  - A. Declan's smile cheers up the room.
  - B. Declan is very warm.
  - C. Declan is smart and bright.
  - D. Declan's smile makes him sweat.

5. Read the sentence.

This city has many canals, and there are houseboats moored all along them.

What is the meaning of the underlined word? (RL.5.4)

- A. to steer a boat to a dock
- B. to sail a boat
- C. to drive a boat in a canal
- D. to hold a boat in place

6. Reread the following paragraph:

“No...not really...,” he said, as he thought about what was going to happen next. He wouldn’t finish the report. He’d get points taken off. He’d get a bad grade. And then...the houseboat trip? Not a chance.

What type of conflict does this paragraph reveal? (RL.5.2)

- A. Internal Conflict: Man vs. Himself
- B. External Conflict: Man vs. Man
- C. External Conflict: Man vs. Society
- D. External Conflict: Man vs. Animal

7. Which sentence(s) BEST express Declan’s point of view? (RL.5.6)

- A. Declan had made good progress so far.
- B. *Imagine living on a houseboat, thought Declan. You could travel over water, right from where you live.*
- C. Declan decided to see where in the United States people live on houseboats.
- D. “How’d you guess?” said Declan.



## Gertrude's Colorful Surprise

Gertrude dipped her paintbrush into the water and then gave it an ample coating of crimson paint. She held it over the clean white paper, but something stopped her from touching the paper with her brush.

"Is something wrong?" her teacher, Mrs. Montgomery, asked.

"I don't know what to paint," Gertrude said, watching enviously as Aaron smiled and began to apply broad, blue strokes to his paper.

"You can paint whatever you want," Mrs. Montgomery said.

Gertrude didn't find this advice helpful. She looked around the room at the walls of paintings that students had made, including pictures of apples, dogs, trees, and cars. She spent so much time looking everywhere else for an idea that she didn't notice her brush dripping red paint onto the paper. She looked down and gasped. Like a sponge, the thick paper had absorbed the bright red drops. "I've ruined it," she sighed, mortified.

"Of course it isn't ruined," Mrs. Montgomery said, coming over to look at Gertrude's work. But her words were a distant echo as Gertrude watched Aaron's paint strokes turn into the image of a blue jay.

"Here," Mrs. Montgomery said, taking Gertrude's brush, "try this." Gertrude watched in horror as her teacher, with the flick of her wrist, lobbed three more red drops on the page.

"What are you doing? You're making it worse!"

"We're making it better."

"But that doesn't look like anything."

"Paintings don't have to look like anything. They can be abstract."

Jenny the girl beside Gertrude, quietly said, "When you look at an abstract painting, you are able to use your imagination and see different things."

"I guess," Gertrude sighed. She wasn't sure she trusted her teacher, but the drops were almost dry, and she knew she couldn't erase them. She dipped her brush back in the water.

Later, Gertrude's hands shook as she clipped her red and white painting between a picture of a snake and a picture of a swimming pool. After the students gathered their

stools in a semicircle around the tiny exhibition, Mrs. Montgomery asked, "What would you say in the most unusual watercolor?"

"Gertrude's," Jenny whispered.

"I agree, Jenny. I think Gertrude's watercolor is very unusual. What makes it different?" she asked.

"It doesn't look like anything?" someone asked.

"Yes it does," someone else chimed in. "It looks like rubies,"

"Oh, yes, doesn't it? What else does it look like?" Mrs. Montgomery asked.

Aaron raised his hand, eyes twinkling. "I think it looks like confetti for a party!"

As the class discussed the red and white painting, Mrs. Montgomery smiled at Gertrude, and gradually, Gertrude began to smile, too.

**9. From which point of view is this story told, and how does the point of view affect the reader's understanding of the story? (RL.5.6)**

- A. first person; reader sees events from Mrs. Montgomery's perspective**
- B. second person; readers know only what Gertrude tells them**
- C. third-person omniscient; readers see what all the characters are thinking and feeling**
- D. third-person limited; readers know what Gertrude is thinking and feeling**

**10. Read the following sentence from the passage.**

Gertrude dipped her paintbrush into the water and then gave it an ample coating of crimson paint.

**What do the underlined words mean in this sentence? (RL.5.4)**

- A. a blob of paint**
- B. plenty of paint**
- C. a little bit of paint**
- D. hardly any paint**





Name \_\_\_\_\_

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

### Week 28



---

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 28 Day 1 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

**1. What is an inference?**

---

---

---

---

---

**Test Prep Unit**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RL.5.1: Make inferences while reading a literary text and support them with relevant details.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>What strategies can I use to better _____ a literary text?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can determine use _____ to support my inferences when reading a literary text.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Google Form</b>

### Input: Supported Inferences

A logical \_\_\_\_\_ is an idea that makes sense based on what you read and what you know from experience. Always support an inference with \_\_\_\_\_. Strong evidence includes \_\_\_\_\_ details from the text that are closely connected to your idea about the story.

#### Comic Strip Inferencing

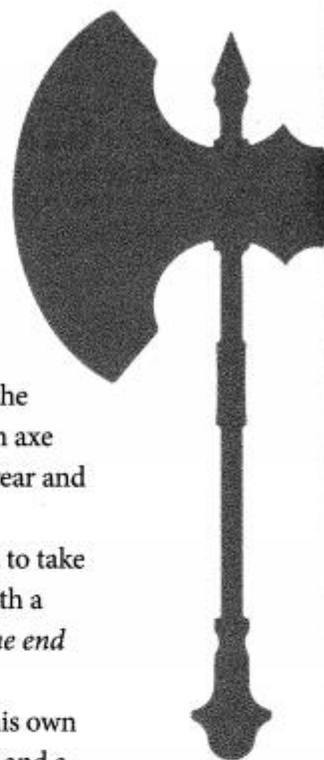
What's in the image?	What I know...	My Inference

#### Sir Gawain Inferencing

What's in the Text	What I know...	My Inference

# Sir Gawain and the Green Knight

by Chris Bartlett



- 1 On New Year's Day, the mysterious Green Knight rode into the heart of King Arthur's castle and issued a challenge to the Knights of the Round Table. He would grant any knight a single stroke with his green axe against his neck—but only if that knight would return the favor, one year and one day later.
- 2 King Arthur began to accept the challenge, but Sir Gawain offered to take his king's place. Gawain then took up the enormous green axe and, with a mighty swing, sliced off the Green Knight's head. *Surely that will be the end of it*, Gawain thought. *Surely my king is now safe*.
- 3 But the Green Knight, still very much alive, stood and picked up his own head. He reminded Gawain that they had an appointment in one year and a day, and he rode quickly away on his horse.
- 4 Gawain's fellow knights gathered around him. "We are sorry we let you take on this burden," they said. "We will not let you face the Green Knight alone."
- 5 But Gawain replied, "This is no burden, and I am not sorry. I do what I do for my king and for my honor. I will face the Green Knight alone, and I will do so with all good cheer."
- 6 One year and one day later, Gawain met the Green Knight as he had promised. He lay aside his sword, shield, and helmet, and then strode toward the Green Knight. Gawain bent low to receive the blow from the axe. At the stroke of the axe, Gawain flinched.
- 7 "Are you afraid?" asked the Green Knight.
- 8 "Get on with the business," Gawain snapped. Again, the Green Knight raised his axe. He took aim and swung, but Gawain was unharmed.
- 9 *Surely that will not be the end of it*, Gawain thought, as he readied himself again. But the Green Knight presented Gawain with his great axe, bowed low to the ground, and rode away.

## Close Reader Habits

What kind of person does Sir Gawain seem to be? As you reread, **underline** any details that suggest what sort of person he is.

*Sir Gawain had a younger brother named Gareth. Gareth also wanted to be a knight, but his mother, fearing for his safety, made him promise to serve only as a kitchen-boy in Arthur's palace.*

From

# ➤ The Story of ➤ Sir Gareth & Lynette

by Maude L. Radford

1 Gareth served in the kitchen of the king only one month, for his mother became sorry for the promise she had asked of him, and sent armor for him to Arthur's Court, with a letter to the king telling who the youth was. With great joy Gareth then went to Arthur and said, "My lord, I can fight as well as my brother Gawain. At home we have proved it. Then make me a knight, in secret, for I do not want the other knights to know my name. Make me a knight, and give me permission to right the first wrong that we hear of."

2 The king said gravely, "You know all that my knights must promise?"

3 "Yes, my lord Arthur. I am willing to promise all."

4 "I will make you my knight in secret, since you wish it," Arthur said. . . . Then Gareth was secretly made a knight.

5 That same day a beautiful young damsel came into Arthur's hall. She had cheeks as pink as apple blossoms, and very sharp eyes.

6 "Who are you, damsel?" asked the king, "and what do you need?"

7 "My name is Lynette," she said, "and I am of noble blood. I need a knight to fight for my sister Lyonors, a lady, also noble, rich, and most beautiful."

8 "Why must she have a knight?" questioned Arthur.

9 "My Lord King, she lives in Castle Perilous. Around this castle a river circles three times, and there are three passing-places, one over each circle of the river. Three knights, who are brothers, keep a constant guard over these passing-places. A fourth knight, also a brother, clad in black armor, stands guard in front of my sister's castle. We have never seen this knight's face or heard his voice, but his brothers tell us he is the most powerful and daring knight in the world. All these four keep my sister a prisoner."

## Close Reader Habits

What inference can you make about what will happen later in the story? Reread the story.

**Underline** details that support your inference.

**1** This question has two parts. Answer Part A. Then answer Part B.

**Part A**

Which inference about Gareth is **best** supported by the text?

- A Gareth likes working in the kitchen.
- B Gareth is eager to prove himself to the king.
- C Gareth is angry about the promise he made to his mother.
- D Gareth wants to prove that he is a better knight than his brother.

**Part B**

What evidence **best** supports your answer in Part A? Select **two** options.

- A "Then make me a knight, in secret, for I do not want the other knights to know my name." (paragraph 1)
- B "Make me a knight, and give me permission to right the first wrong that we hear of." (paragraph 1)
- C "Yes, my lord Arthur. I am willing to promise all." (paragraph 3)
- D "I will make you my knight in secret, since you wish it," Arthur said." (paragraph 4)
- E "Who are you, damsel?" asked the king, "and what do you need?" (paragraph 6)
- F "I need a knight to fight for my sister Lyonors, a lady, also noble, rich, and most beautiful." (paragraph 7)

Read carefully to figure out why Gareth acts as he does. Why does he want to be a knight? What does he say he will do if he becomes one?

**Gareth Inferencing**

What's in the Text	What I know...	My Inference



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

Week 28 Day 2 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

1. Why is it important to use relevant details to support your inferences?

---

---

---

2. What is the difference between main idea and theme?

---

---

---

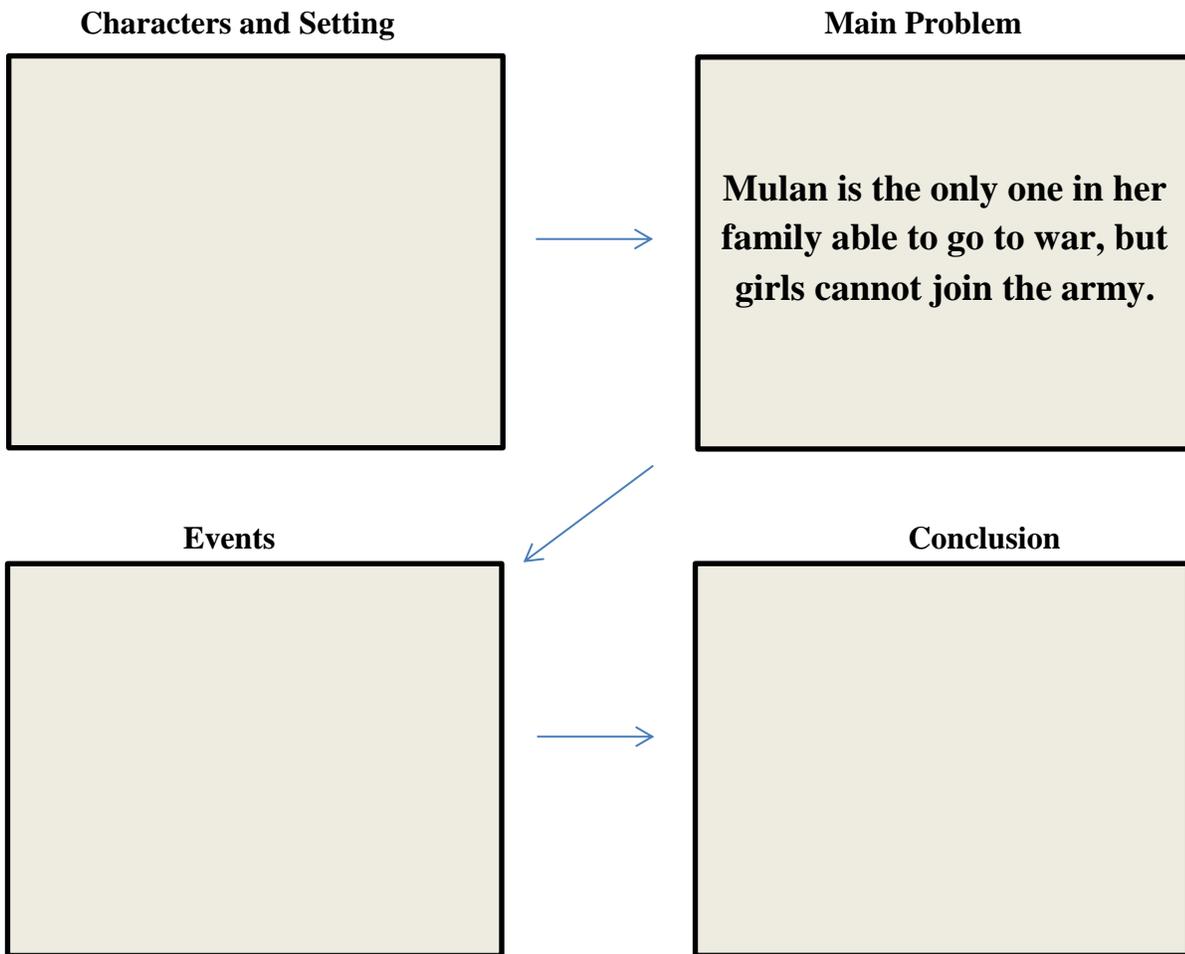
**Test Prep Unit**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RL.5.2: Summarize a text.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	What strategies can I use to better comprehend a _____ text.
<b>Objective</b>	I can _____ a text by describing its key details.
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	Google Form

**Input: Summarizing**

When you \_\_\_\_\_ a story or drama, you briefly retell its \_\_\_\_\_ details. Key details are those that are most \_\_\_\_\_ about the characters, setting, the main problem, and the events.

**“The Legend of Hua Mulan”**



# The Adventures of MONTGOMERY MAY



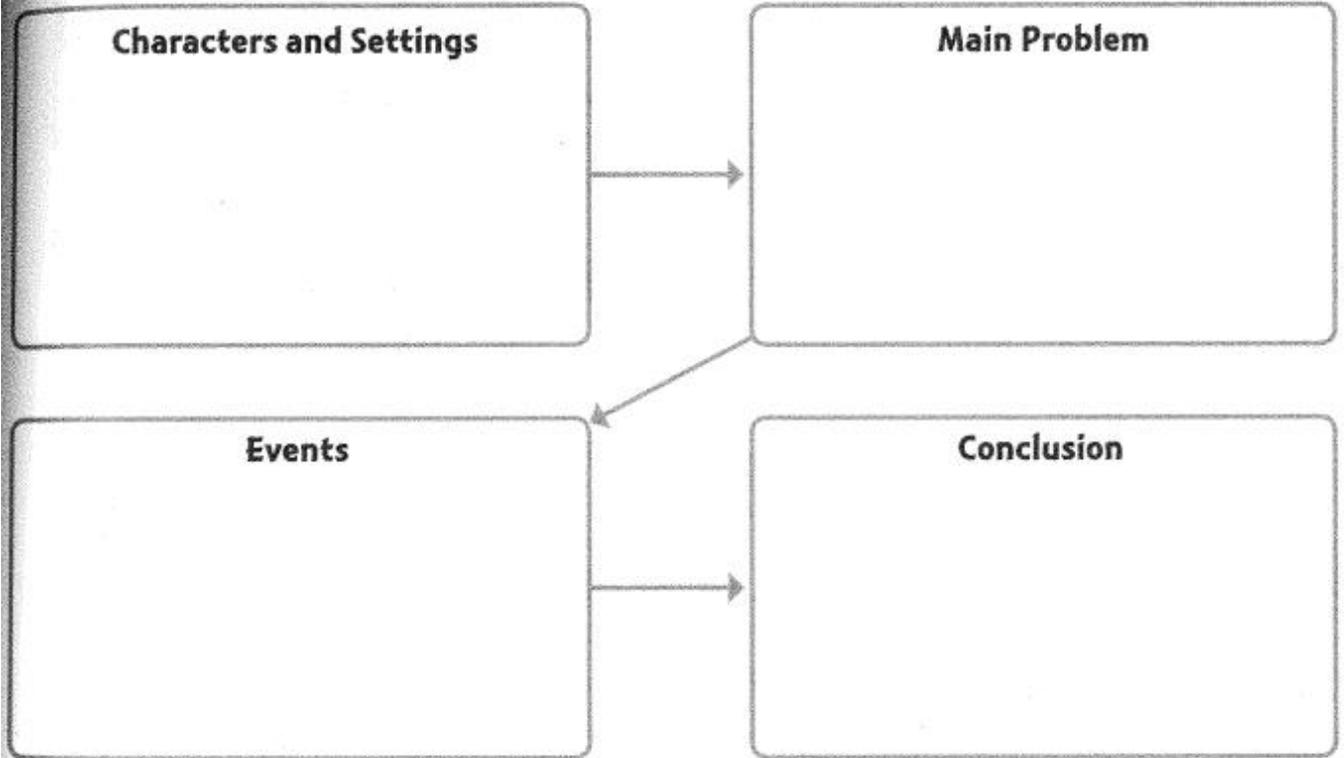
by Anna Blum

- 1 For ten years, Montgomery May traveled the world in a battered old ship. When he returned home, he told everyone about the adventures he'd had and the feats he had accomplished.
- 2 One of his most renowned feats was a leap. "I leaped from the island of Rhodes to the mainland of Turkey, the great sea nipping at my ankles the whole way," Montgomery boasted one day to a crowd in the town square. "Hundreds of people saw me do it. I leaped a greater distance than any man has ever leaped. Anyone who saw me would tell you so."
- 3 Cecil Saunders, Montgomery's old rival, smiled. "No need to wait for those people, Montgomery," he said. "Pretend you are in Rhodes and show us how far you can jump."
- 4 Montgomery paused for only a moment. "Gladly, Cecil. If it meets with your approval, I shall leap from Partridge Point"—and here he pointed to a rocky outcrop where his ship was anchored—"to Isla's Island."
- 5 Cecil peered at the black dot far out at sea. "Hmph. Not quite the distance from Rhodes to Turkey, but I suppose it will have to do."
- 6 "Tomorrow morning at 7 A.M. sharp," said Montgomery. "But such a leap requires considerable sustenance and ample rest beforehand." He now raised his voice to the crowd. "Who among you will fuel me to my success?"
- 7 The townspeople cheered and crowded around him, each competing to feed and house such an honored guest for the night. After much effort, the wealthiest man in town persuaded Montgomery to come and sup and sleep at his home.
- 8 And that was how Montgomery May came to eat a rich meal and sleep in a vast featherbed before sneaking out to his boat at 6 A.M. and sailing into the sunrise—doubtless to have more adventures and accomplish more feats.

## Close Reader Habits

When you reread the story, **underline** key details about the characters, setting, problem, events, and conclusion.

## "The Adventures of Montgomery May"



# ELLIS ISLAND



by Giovanni Tesani

1 **CHARACTERS:** ROSA FERRARI, 8 years old; VIOLETTA FERRARI, 12 years old; an OFFICIAL; PAPA

2 **SETTING:** *Ellis Island in New York Harbor, 1911.*

**SCENE 1:** The Great Hall. Rosa and Violetta are at the head of a long line of people waiting to see an official seated at a table.

3 **OFFICIAL:** [*looks over the papers they are carrying*] So, you are Rose and Violet Ferry, ages 8 and 12. Where is Mama Ferry?

4 **ROSA:** No, sir, we are Rosa and Violetta Ferrari. The doctor took our mama to the hospital, but our papa is waiting for us.

5 **OFFICIAL:** [*hands back their papers*] All right, I will discharge you to your father. But remember, girls, you're in America now. You must have American names, Rose and Violet.

6 **VIOLETTA:** [*angrily, under her breath*] I don't believe this, Rosa! We came for a new home in a new country, not new names!

7 **SCENE 2:** Just outside the Great Hall. Rosa and Violetta are part of a large crowd of people looking for their loved ones. People are shouting, crying, hugging, and laughing.

8 **VIOLETTA:** [*looking around*] Do you think we will recognize Papa? He has been in America for three years.

9 **ROSA:** We will look at the picture of him that Mama gave us. Then we'll just look for the same man.

10 **PAPA:** [*runs to them*] Rosa, Violetta, it is I, Papa! Where is Mama?

11 **VIOLETTA:** Papa, you haven't changed at all!

12 **ROSA:** Oh, Papa, they took Mama to the hospital.

13 **PAPA:** Do not worry. We will come back every day until your mama is with us for good.



## Close Reader Habits

Who are the main characters? What is the setting? Reread the drama. **Circle** any text that answers these questions.

1 This question has two parts. Answer Part A. Then answer Part B.

**Part A**

Which pair of sentences provides the **best** summary of Scene 1?

- A Rosa is 8 years old and Violetta is 12 years old. The doctor took their mother to the hospital, and they are waiting to see an official on Ellis Island.
- B The official questions Rosa and Violetta. Then he sends them to find their father.
- C Rosa and Violetta have arrived on Ellis Island. An official questions them, gives them American names, and releases them.
- D The official takes Rosa and Violetta's mother to the hospital. Then he gives them American names and takes them to find their father.

**Part B**

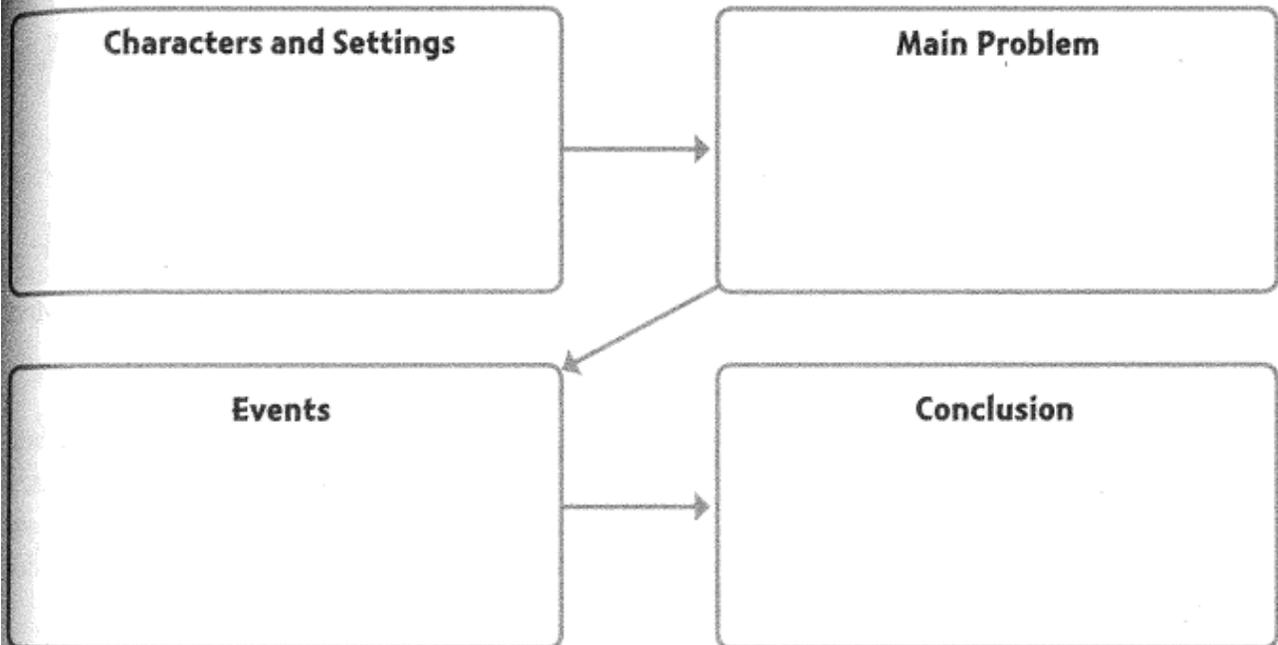
Which **two** sentences from the drama **best** support the answer to Part A?

- A "Where is Mama Ferry?"
- B "The doctor took our mama to the hospital, but our papa is waiting for us."
- C "No sir, we are Rosa and Violetta Ferrari."
- D "All right, I will discharge you to your father."
- E "You must have American names, Rose and Violet."
- F "I don't believe this, Rosa!"

Many dramas are split into scenes that occur in different settings. Dramas also have stage directions that tell readers what the characters do or feel.

2 Use the summary organizer below to organize your ideas.

**Scene 2 of *Ellis Island***





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

Week 28 Day 3 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

**Do Now**

**1. How are poems organized?**

---

---

---

**2. How are dramas organized?**

---

---

---

**Short Story Unit**

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RI.5.5: Explain how stanzas or scenes fit together to determine the overall structure of a literary text.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	What _____ can I use to better comprehend a literary text?
<b>Objective</b>	I can make connections between certain _____ or stanzas in a literary text.
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	Google Form

**Input: Understanding Literary Structure**

Dramas and poems have \_\_\_\_\_ that organize what they say and help the reader understand what they mean.

- Dramas are divided into \_\_\_\_\_. Each act tells a main part of the drama. Acts are often divided into \_\_\_\_\_, which show different times and places.
- Poems are often organized in \_\_\_\_\_, or groups of lines that have something in common.

**Dramas vs. Poems**

<b>Drama (Features &amp; Purpose)</b>	<b>Both</b>	<b>Poem (Features &amp; Purpose)</b>
<b>Acts:</b>	<b>The features organize what the text says. The features help the reader understand what the text means.</b>	<b>Stanzas:</b>
<b>Scenes:</b>		

# A Very Tall Tale

a play in one act, by Tina Frank



- 1 **CAST OF CHARACTERS:** TODD, a fifth-grade student, and SALLY, his older sister
- 2 **SCENE 1:** *[A hallway outside a door marked PRINCIPAL. Tall windows line the hall. Two children sit on chairs. The boy seems calm. The girl seems restless and upset.]*
- 3 SALLY: *[She jumps from her chair, paces back and forth, then stops.]* How can you just calmly sit there, Todd? I told you that you'd get in trouble if you kept making things up. You'd better tell the truth to Ms. Johnson.
- 4 TODD: But, Sally, I'm not making things up. I keep seeing a dinosaur outside the school. I'm not sure, but I think it's an *Apatosaurus*.
- 5 SALLY: And it's hiding from everyone else? How can that be? *[She drops back in her chair, crosses her arms, and sighs. The door opens and TODD stands up.]*
- 6 TODD: I wish I knew. *[He stops, facing the windows, where a huge shadow that looks like a small head on a long neck moves past and then disappears. TODD goes into the principal's office.]*
- 7 **SCENE 2:** *[TODD's classroom, on a second story of the school. SALLY stands with her back to the windows. TODD faces them.]*
- 8 SALLY: *[shaking her head]* I can't believe you wouldn't change your story for Ms. Johnson! *[As she speaks, the head and neck of a huge dinosaur rise in the window behind her.]* I've had enough of your tall tales for one day! *[She storms out of the room. The dinosaur's head comes through an open window. It stretches its long neck toward TODD and lowers its head to him. TODD cautiously pets the dinosaur's head, which moves under his hand as if it likes it.]*
- 9 TODD: Well, I guess I'll be seeing you tomorrow. *[He picks up his backpack and races after his sister as the dinosaur looks on.]*

## Close Reader Habits

When you reread the drama, **underline** details in Scene 1 that feel suspenseful and details in Scene 2 that bring an end to that suspense.

**Think**

- 1** Complete the chart below by writing about Scene 1 in the first column and Scene 2 in the second column.

In a drama, each scene has a purpose. Use details from each scene to support your ideas about their purposes.

Scene 1	Scene 2
<p><b>Setting:</b></p>  <p><b>What happens:</b></p>	<p><b>Setting:</b></p>  <p><b>What happens:</b></p>

# Three Wise Old Women

by Elizabeth T. Corbett

1 Three wise old women were they, were they,  
Who went to walk on a winter day:

One carried a basket to hold some berries,  
One carried a ladder to climb for cherries,

5 The third, and she was the wisest one,  
Carried a fan to keep off the sun.

But they went so far, and they went so fast,  
They quite forgot their way at last,  
So one of the wise women cried in a fright,

10 "Suppose we should meet a bear tonight!  
Suppose he should eat me!" "And me!!" "And me!!!"  
"What is to be done?" cried all the three.

"Dear, dear!" said one, "we'll climb a tree,  
There out of the way of the bears we'll be."

15 But there wasn't a tree for miles around;  
They were too frightened to stay on the ground,  
So they climbed their ladder up to the top,  
And sat there screaming "We'll drop! We'll drop!"

But the wind was strong as the wind could be,  
20 And blew their ladder right out to sea;  
So the three wise women were all afloat  
In a leaky ladder instead of a boat,  
And every time the waves rolled in,  
Of course the poor things were wet to the skin.

25 Then they took their basket, the water to bale,  
They put up their fan instead of a sail:  
But what became of the wise women then,  
Whether they ever sailed home again,  
Whether they saw any bears, or no,

30 You must find out, for I don't know.

## Close Reader Habits

Stanzas 1 through 4 each describe one main event. Reread the poem.

**Underline** one line in *each* stanza that sums up the event the stanza describes.

- 1** This question has two parts. Answer Part A. Then answer Part B.

**Part A**

What purpose do stanzas 1 and 2 serve in "Three Wise Old Women"?

- A** They show the women's fear of meeting a bear.
- B** They introduce all three women and a problem they face.
- C** They show that the third woman was the wisest of the three.
- D** They describe the adventures the three women have after they get lost.

**Part B**

Choose **one** detail from **each** stanza to support your answer to Part A.

- A** "Three wise old women were they, were they" (stanza 1)
- B** "One carried a basket to hold some berries," (stanza 1)
- C** "The third, and she was the wisest one" (stanza 1)
- D** "But they went so far, and they went so fast" (stanza 2)
- E** "They quite forgot their way at last" (stanza 2)
- F** "So one of the wise women cried in a fright" (stanza 2)

Like the early paragraphs of a story, the early stanzas of a narrative poem may introduce the characters, a setting, and a problem.

**2** Use the chart below to organize your ideas.

Stanza 3	Stanza 4



**Write** Use the space below to write your answer to the question on page 285.

**3 Short Response** Explain how stanzas 3 and 4 help to develop the narrative. Using your chart, support your answer with **two** details from the text.

**HINT** First describe what happens in stanzas 3 and 4. Then explain how they connect the beginning to the end of the poem.

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---



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

Week 28 Day 4 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

### Do Now

#### 1. How does narrative point of view impact a story?

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

### Test Prep Unit

<b>Standard</b>	<b>RL.5.6: Explain how a narrator’s or speaker’s point of view influences how events are described.</b>
<b>LEQ</b>	<b>What strategies can I use to better _____ a literary text?</b>
<b>Objective</b>	<b>I can explain how narrative point of view impacts events in a _____ text.</b>
<b>Assignment to Submit</b>	<b>Google Form</b>

**Input: Point of View**

Point of View is how a person \_\_\_\_\_ or \_\_\_\_\_ about something. Both \_\_\_\_\_ in stories and \_\_\_\_\_ in poems have points of view. The background and culture of an author can influence, or \_\_\_\_\_, that author's point of view.

**Comic Strip Point of View**

<b>Character</b>	<b>Character's Point of View about Grouse</b>	<b>Evidence of Character's Point of View</b>
<b>City Cousin</b>		
<b>Country Cousin</b>		

The Pima are a nation of Native Americans that lived in what would eventually become the state of Arizona in the United States. They produced many songs and chants, some of which describe natural events that commonly occur in the American Southwest.

# LIGHTNING SONG

from *The Path on the Rainbow*

See the destructive lightning  
Going to kill the distant tree.  
It is going, my younger brother,  
To split the distant tree.

5 Around the mountain I carry  
My poor younger brother:  
Carry him around the mountain  
And then stand before it.

The lightning like reddish snakes  
10 Tries to lash and shiver the trees.  
The lightning tries to strike them.  
But it fails and they still stand.

Through the roaring darkness I run,  
Carrying my poor younger brother;  
15 From the top of the sky the lightning  
Shoots, and strikes nearby.

## Close Reader Habits

When you reread the poem, **underline** any words and phrases that suggest what the speaker thinks and feels about the lightning.

**Explore**

**What is the speaker's point of view about the lightning?**



**Think**

- 1** In the chart below, describe the speaker's point of view about the lightning. Then provide evidence from the poem of the speaker's point of view.

Imagine you could ask the speaker what he or she thinks of the lightning. What would the speaker tell you?

Speaker	Speaker's Point of View	Evidence of Point of View
<i>an older brother or sister</i>		

# The Letter *from* Sudbury Academy

by William Paigo

- 1 The letter from Sudbury Academy was on the kitchen table, unopened, when Lanie got home from school. It was addressed to “Miss Alana Mercredi.” That was startling, because nobody ever called her “Miss Alana” anything—she was just Lanie.
- 2 Lanie studied the envelope. Metallic blue-and-gold lettering, paper so much brighter than the dingy, gray stuff used at her school—this was an envelope from a place that knew its own worth, which is why Lanie’s father had made her apply. Sudbury Academy was a good school, a school with many *Nehiyaw*, or Cree, like her, but not just Cree—students from all over Canada would be there.
- 3 Lanie shivered. Sudbury wasn’t like the old schools her grandparents talked about, places built to keep First Nation children from their families. The world was different now. But, still, Sudbury was far away, hours from her family and friends.
- 4 Lanie suddenly thought of the large, flat rock she’d found long ago on a mossy forest floor. She’d lifted it and, like a baby, expected to find treasure—a brilliant silver key, maybe. Instead, beetles and millipedes had flooded out and wriggled away.
- 5 Wanting not to think about the letter for a while, Lanie walked to the next room, where her mother and father were watching television. “Mama,” she said. “Papa. How were your days?”
- 6 Lanie’s mother shrugged, not turning from the television, which is what she did when upset. Mama was worried the letter had good news.
- 7 But Lanie’s father rose, smiling, and hugged her grandly. “Lanie-bug,” he said. “The letter came. You saw, eh? What did it say?”
- 8 Lanie wished the letter had never come. No matter what it said, someone in her family would be hurt. But she looked in her father’s proud eyes, smiled, and said, “I haven’t opened it yet, Papa. Let’s find out together.”

## Close Reader Habits

Lanie has a point of view about Sudbury Academy. But does the narrator? Reread the story. **Underline** any clues that suggest what the narrator thinks about the academy.

- 1** This question has two parts. Answer Part A. Then answer Part B.

**Part A**

How does the narrator's point of view influence how the events are described?

- A** By including only Lanie's actions, words, and thoughts, the narrator can't reveal how her parents feel.
- B** By giving the detail about the rock with bugs under it, the narrator shows Lanie doesn't want to face her parents.
- C** By showing Lanie's thoughts about the letter, the narrator reveals that she is worried about each parent's feelings.
- D** By focusing on the letter from the school, the narrator shows how much Lanie hopes she will be accepted there.

**Part B**

Which detail from the passage supports the answer in Part A?

- A** "... from a place that knew its own worth. . . ." (paragraph 2)
- B** "But, still, Sudbury was far away, . . ." (paragraph 3)
- C** "... places built to keep First Nation children from their families." (paragraph 3)
- D** "... someone in her family would be hurt." (paragraph 8)



This story has a third-person narrator, or someone standing outside the story. Look for clues that show the narrator's thoughts and feelings.

# The Letter *from* Sudbury Academy

**2** Use the chart below to organize your ideas and evidence.

Narrator	Narrator's Point of View	Evidence of Narrator's Point of View



**Write** Use the space below to write your answer to the question on page 299.

**3 Short Response** What inference can you make about the narrator's point of view toward Sudbury Academy? Use the details from your chart to support your response.

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---





Name \_\_\_\_\_

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

### Week 29



---

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)

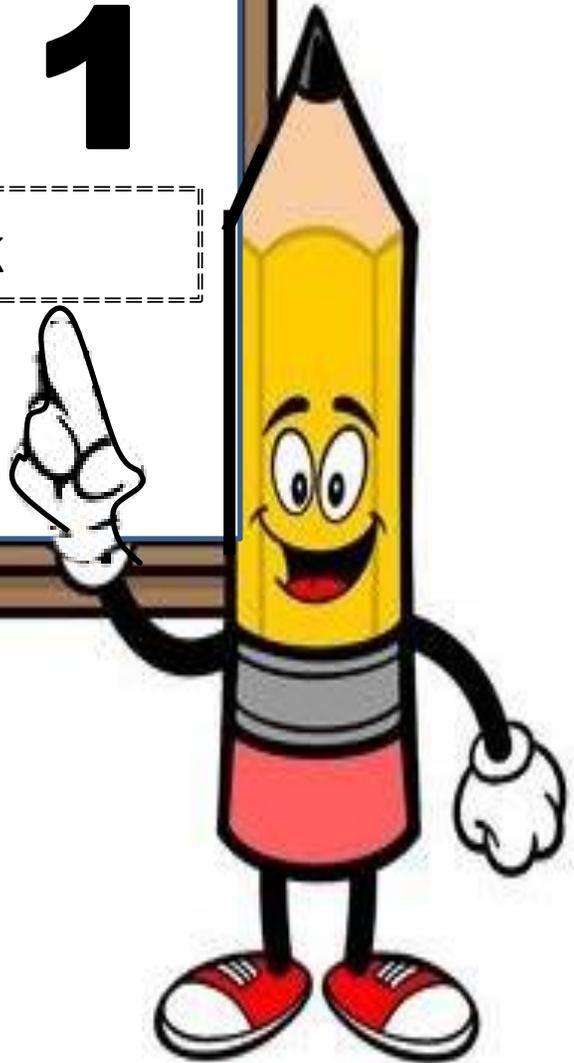
\_\_\_\_\_  
(Date)

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.



# Day # 1

**Spring Break**



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

Week 29 Day 1 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

Directions: Read and annotate the text.

#### WORDS TO KNOW

As you read, look inside, around, and beyond these words to figure out what they mean.

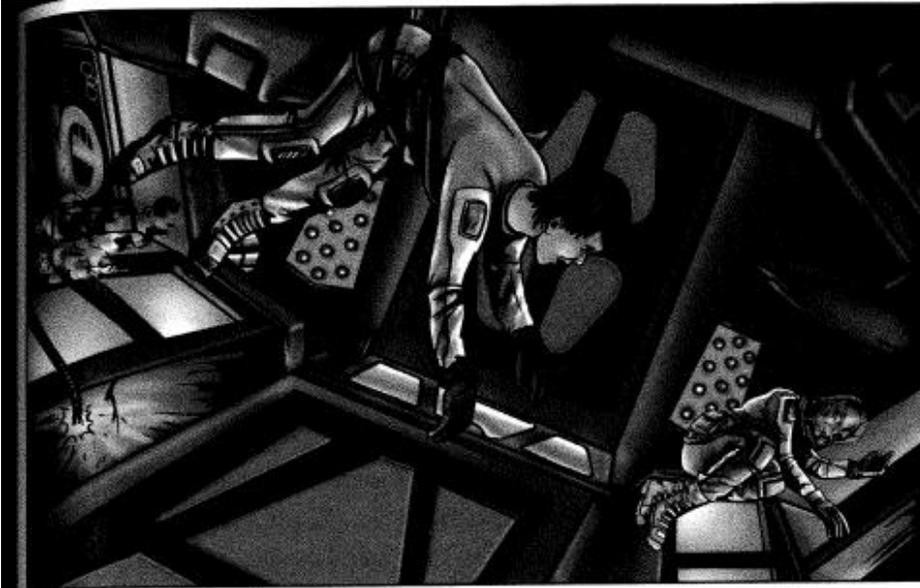
- **expressions**
- **anticipated**
- **assess**

# SANDSTORM

by Rhonda Roberts, *Highlights*

- 1 The storm slammed into our two-passenger sand crawler, the howling wind buffeting us so viciously we nearly tipped over. I clutched my safety harness like a life raft and watched Bindor's dad at the controls. Centini expressions are hard to read, and the enviro-suit didn't help, but Mr. Dama looked calm.
- 2 *How does he do that? I'd be scared to death. I AM scared to death, and I'm not even driving!*
- 3 The trip from New Madrid Station to Centini City had turned into a nightmare. Sandstorms were common on Luyten Three, but satellite imagery hadn't anticipated this one. Sand and rocks battered the vehicle as the wind roared in 100-mile-per-hour gusts. . . .
- 4 When Bindor's dad offered to take me to Centini City for a visit, I jumped at the chance to visit my best friend. Odd, having an alien as a best friend, but when the human colonists and the Centini combined schools, Bindor and I hit it off from the start. It doesn't matter that one of us always has to wear an enviro-suit. We just take turns. Oxygen is as deadly to Bindor as sulfur dioxide is to me.
- 5 The crawler rocked, its back tread losing traction, causing us to fishtail. We hadn't had any reason to worry about the weather when we left, but we sure did now.





- 6 Mr. Dama said something I didn't catch. Before I could ask him to repeat what he'd said, a tremendous gust flipped us over. We tumbled end over end for what seemed like forever.
- 7 When we stopped, I was dangling upside down, held in midair by my safety harness. The air smelled like a locker room after a really tough game, and I felt as if I'd just ridden the new Black Hole ride at Cosmic Adventureland. I looked over at Mr. Dama. What I saw made my heart skip a beat. Mr. Dama's safety harness had broken loose. He was crumpled in a corner of the cabin, motionless.
- 8 "Mr. Dama!" Fumbling with the latch, I finally released my harness and sprawled onto the roof of the crawler, which was now our floor. "Mr. Dama!" I crawled toward him, then froze. I heard the sound that brought fear into the heart of every colonist—the whistle of atmosphere leaking from an enviro-suit.
- 9 Mr. Dama had worn his suit so I wouldn't have to. *If he loses his suit atmosphere, he'll die. If too much of the sulfur dioxide in his suit vents into the cabin, I'll die.*
- 10 I felt as if icy hands were choking me. *What am I going to do? I can't handle this!* I took a ragged breath. *What is it that Mrs. Nadale always says in Emergency Preparedness Class?* I could barely remember my own name, let alone emergency procedures. *1. Stay calm. Too late for that! 2. Assess the situation. OK. We've crashed, and my best friend's dad is going to die if I don't do something. 3. Take stock of your resources.*



11 I searched the jumbled mess until I found my backpack, and I pulled out the emergency kit I take everywhere. *I'll never gripe about carrying it again, Mom, I promise.*

12 4. *Form a strategy and act on it.*

13 It seemed to take forever to use materials from my kit to patch Mr. Dama's suit. A search of the cabin yielded a spare bottle of Centini air, and I topped off his tank.

14 What a relief when Mr. Dama groaned and looked up at me!

15 "Everything is going to be OK, sir!" I tried to smile, but I was shaking all over. Fortunately, the radio was still working and I was able to get through to Centini City for help.

16 At the hospital, it was my turn to wear the enviro-suit. Bindor whacked me on the shoulder, nearly knocking me down. "You're a hero, Jason!"

17 "Nah, your dad's the hero, Bindor. You should've seen how calm he was, driving in that storm. He was great." . . .

18 Mr. Dama set his hands on my shoulders. His eyes were serious. "Jason, you saved my life. What can I do to repay you?"

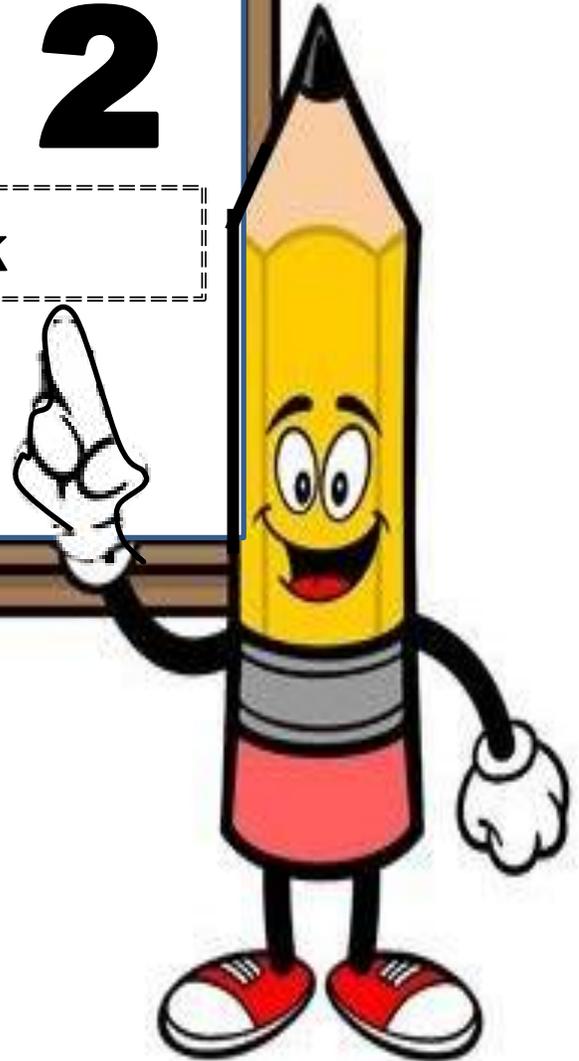
19 I grinned. "How about telling Mrs. Nadale I paid attention in Emergency Preparedness Class!"





# Day # 2

**Spring Break**



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

Week 29 Day 2 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

Directions: Answer the questions based on the Day 1 text.

**1** Which sentence **best** summarizes how Jason reacts after the crawler crashes?

- A He gives in to the urge to panic.
- B He deals with the situation as best he can.
- C He imagines what it will be like to be a hero.
- D He goes looking for his backpack.

**2** Which sentence should be included in a summary of paragraphs 1 through 9?

- A Jason, a human, and Bindor, a Centini, are best friends despite being very different.
- B Jason is on a trip to visit his best friend when fierce winds blow his craft around.
- C Imagery from the weather satellites did not predict the sandstorm on Luyten Three.
- D Jason hangs on to his safety harness, and Mr. Dama works the sand crawler's controls.

**3 Short Response** What is the meaning of the word atmosphere in paragraph 8? Use **two** details from the story to support your response.

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

- 4 Why is Jason's emergency kit a key detail?
- A It contains a bottle of Centini air.
  - B Jason complains about carrying it.
  - C It gives Jason a place to store items.
  - D Jason uses it to save Mr. Dama's life.
- 5 Which statement **best** summarizes the central idea of the story?
- A New experiences sometimes bring danger.
  - B It is important to take care of the people you care for.
  - C People from very different backgrounds can be friends.
  - D In an emergency, stay calm and think before taking action.

6 **Short Response** Which details should be included in a summary of what happens after Jason realizes Mr. Dama's enviro-suit is leaking? Use at least **two** details from the story in your response.

---

---

---

---

---

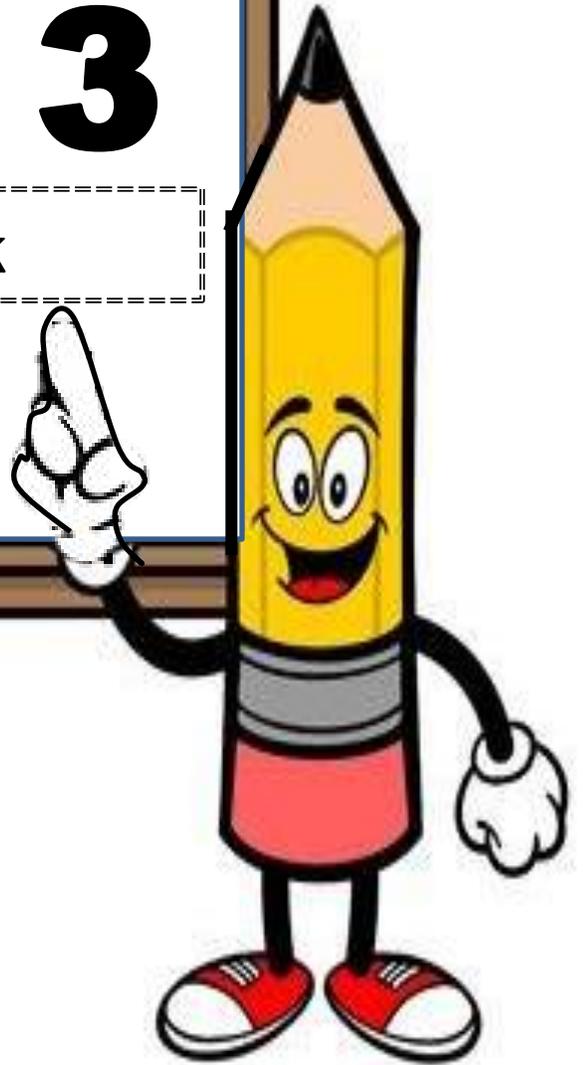
---

---

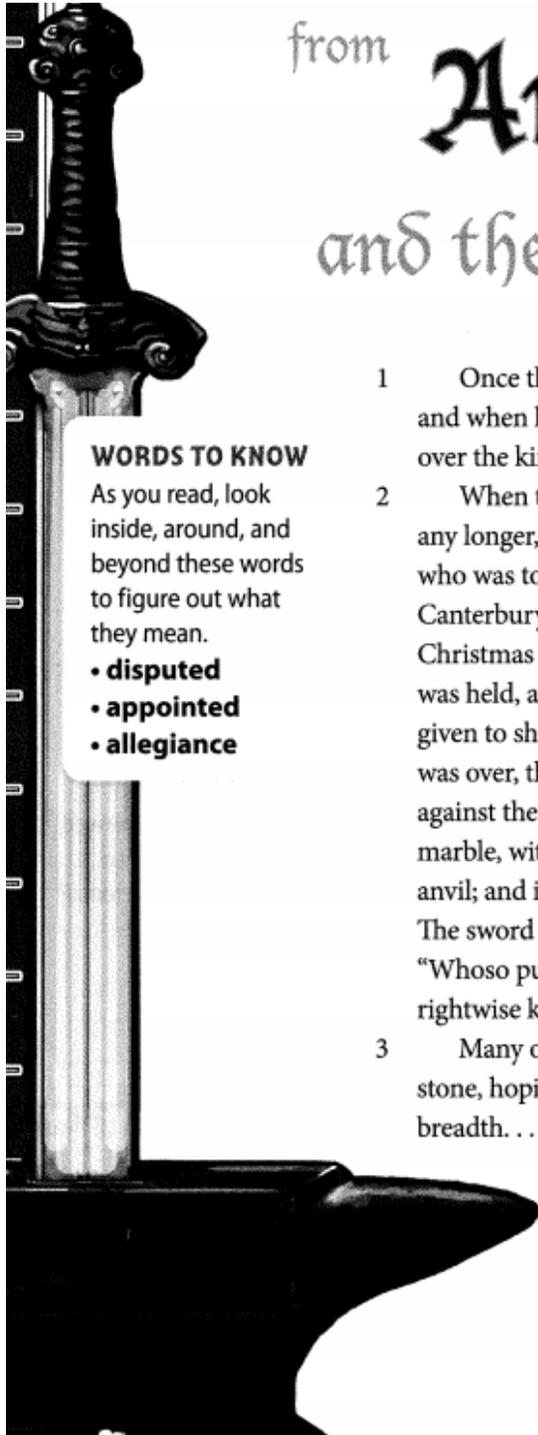


# Day # 3

**Spring Break**



Directions: Read and annotate the story.

**WORDS TO KNOW**

As you read, look inside, around, and beyond these words to figure out what they mean.

- **disputed**
- **appointed**
- **allegiance**

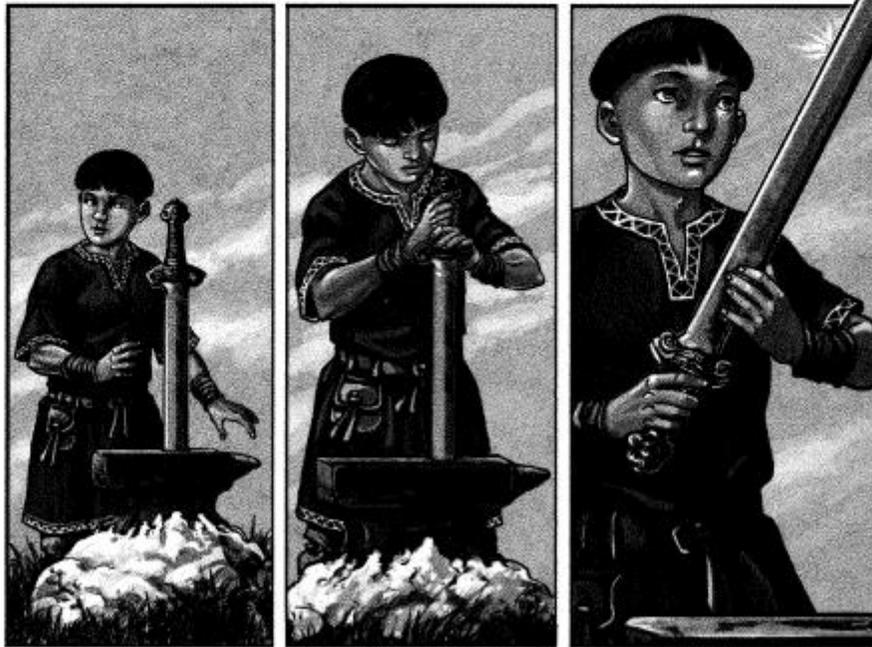
from

# Arthur and the Sword

by Sara Cone Bryant

- 1 Once there was a great king in Britain named Uther, and when he died the other kings and princes disputed over the kingdom, each wanting it for himself. . . .
- 2 When the kings and princes could not be kept in check any longer, and something had to be done to determine who was to be king, Merlin made the Archbishop of Canterbury send for all of them to come to London. It was Christmas time, and in the great cathedral a solemn service was held, and prayer was made that some sign should be given to show who was the rightful king. When the service was over, there appeared a strange stone in the churchyard, against the high altar. It was a great white stone, like marble, with something sunk in it that looked like a steel anvil; and in the anvil was driven a great glistening sword. The sword had letters of gold written on it, which read: "Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil is rightwise king born of all England." . . .
- 3 Many of the knights tried to pull the sword from the stone, hoping to be king. But no one could move it a hair's breadth. . . .
- 4 Then they set a guard of ten knights to keep the stone, and the archbishop appointed a day when all should come together to try at the stone—kings from far and near. In the meantime, splendid jousts were held outside London, and both knights and commons were bidden.

- 5 Sir Ector came up to the jousts, with others, and with him rode Kay and Arthur. Kay had been made a knight at Allhallowmas<sup>1</sup>, and when he found there was to be so fine a joust he wanted a sword to join it. But he had left his sword behind where his father and he had slept the night before. So he asked young Arthur to ride for it.
- 6 "I will well," said Arthur, and rode back for it. But when he came to the castle, the lady and all her household were at the jousting, and there was none to let him in.
- 7 Arthur said to himself, "My brother Sir Kay shall not be without a sword this day." And he remembered the sword he had seen in the churchyard. "I will ride to the churchyard," he said, "and take that sword with me." So he rode into the churchyard, tied his horse to the stile, and went up to the stone. The guards were away to the tourney, and the sword was there, alone.
- 8 Going up to the stone, young Arthur took the great sword by the hilt, and lightly and fiercely he drew it out of the anvil.
- 9 Then he rode straight to Sir Kay and gave it to him.



<sup>1</sup> Allhallowmas: All Saints Day, November 1

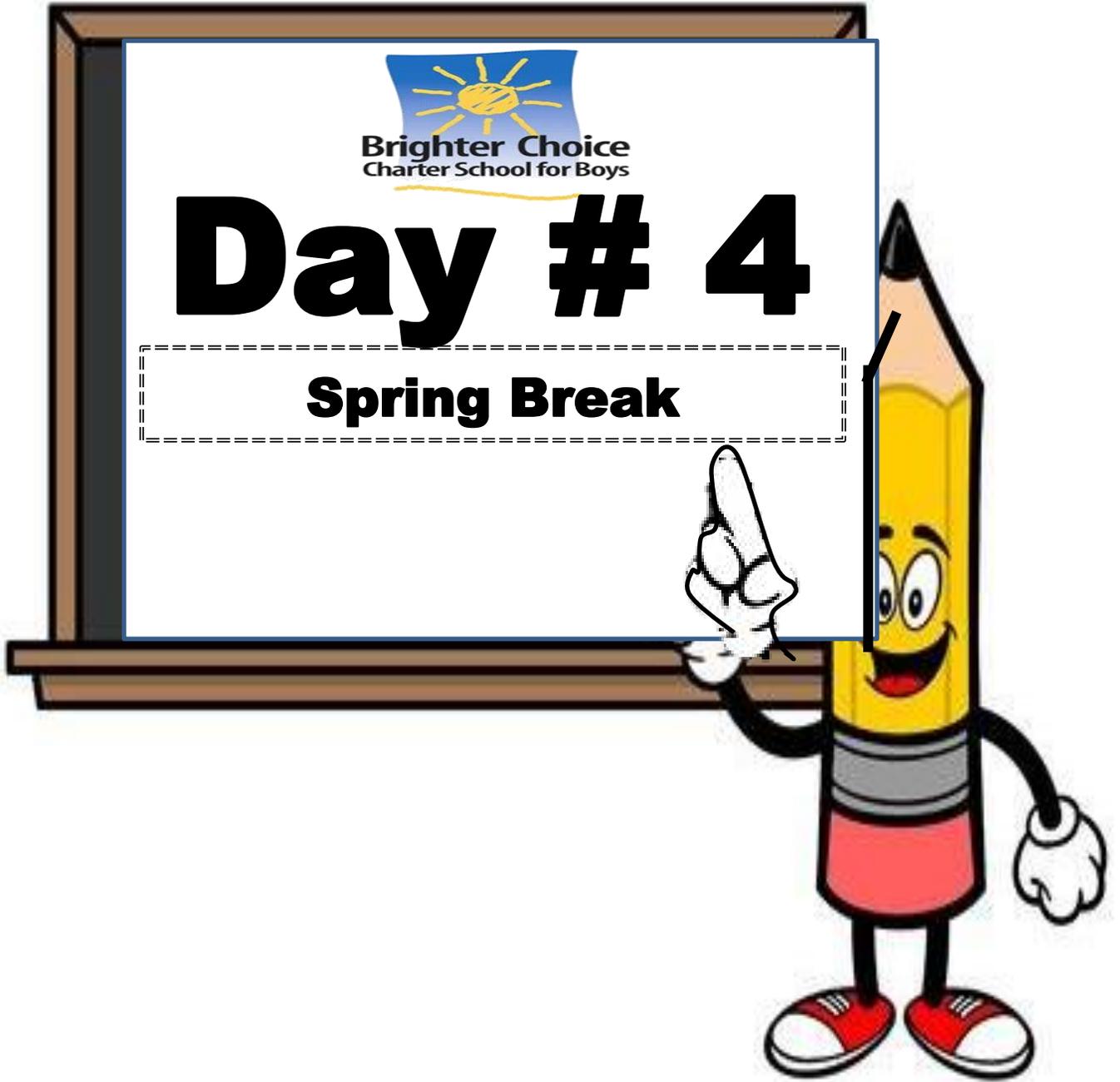
- 10 Sir Kay knew instantly that it was the sword of the stone, and he rode off at once to his father and said, "Sir, lo, here is the sword of the stone; I must be king of the land." But Sir Ector asked him where he got the sword. And when Sir Kay said, "From my brother," he asked Arthur how he got it. When Arthur told him, Sir Ector bowed his head before him. "Now I understand ye must be king of this land," he said to Arthur.
- 11 "Why me?" said Arthur.
- 12 "For God will have it so," said Ector. "Never man should have drawn out this sword but he that shall be rightwise king of this land. Now let me see whether ye can put the sword as it was in the stone, and pull it out again."
- 13 Straightway Arthur put the sword back.
- 14 Then Sir Ector tried to pull it out, and after him Sir Kay; but neither could stir it. Then Arthur pulled it out. Thereupon, Sir Ector and Sir Kay kneeled upon the ground before him. . . .
- 15 So Arthur became king of Britain, and all gave him allegiance.





# Day # 4

Spring Break



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

Week 29 Day 4 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

Directions: Answer the following questions based on the Day 3 text.

- 1** Which sentence **best** supports the inference that Britain needs a peaceful way of finding a new king to replace Uther?
- A** "Once there was a great king in Britain named Uther, and when he died the other kings and princes disputed over the kingdom, each wanting it for himself. . . ." (paragraph 1)
  - B** "When the service was over, there appeared a strange stone in the churchyard, against the high altar." (paragraph 2)
  - C** "It was a great white stone, like marble, with something sunk in it that looked like a steel anvil; and in the anvil was driven a great glistening sword." (paragraph 2)
  - D** "In the meantime, splendid jousts were held outside London, and both knights and commons were bidden." (paragraph 4)
- 2** Based on paragraph 2, what inference can be made about Merlin?
- A** He chooses the cathedral because he lives there.
  - B** He is powerful and respected.
  - C** He wants to become the king himself.
  - D** He thinks the archbishop should be king.
- 3** Which inference about Arthur is supported by paragraph 7?
- A** Arthur believes himself to be rightful king from an early age.
  - B** Arthur is one of ten chosen to guard the stone.
  - C** Arthur is a loyal and resourceful person.
  - D** Arthur will face problems because others want to be king.
- 4** What do paragraphs 10 through 12 suggest about Arthur?
- A** Arthur wants to keep the sword for himself.
  - B** Arthur has not heard about the message on the sword.
  - C** Arthur pulls the sword so that he can become king.
  - D** Arthur wants to participate in the jousts.
- 5** In paragraph 14, what does the word stir mean?
- A** feel thrilled
  - B** mix together
  - C** awaken
  - D** move

**6 Short Response** Why can the reader infer that Sir Kay is a young knight with little experience? Use **two** details from the story to support your response.

---

---

---

---

---

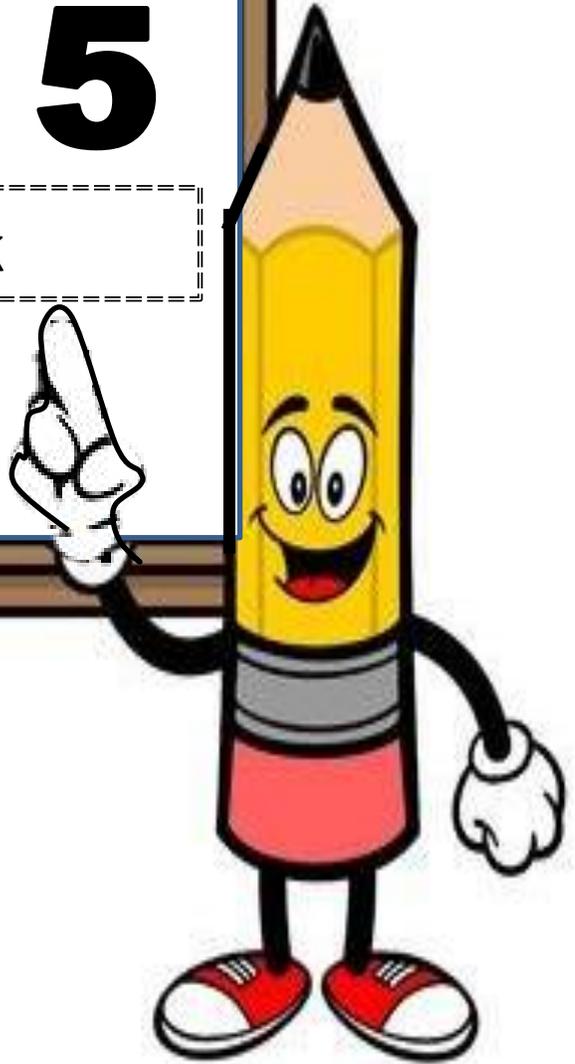
---

---



# Day # 5

**Spring Break**



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

Week 29 Day 5 Date: \_\_\_\_\_

BCCS Boys

MIT/Stanford

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

### WORDS TO KNOW

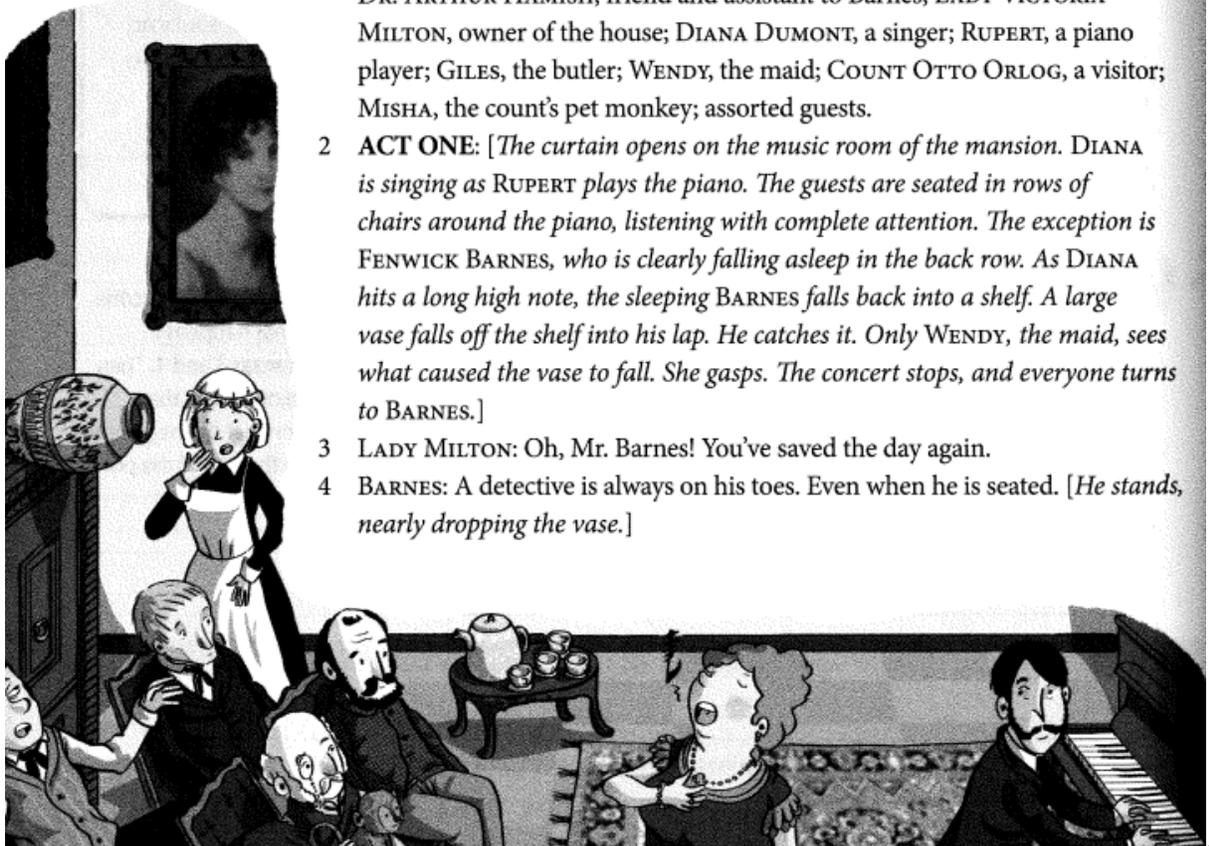
As you read, look inside, around, and beyond these words to figure out what they mean.

- exception
- vibrations
- theory

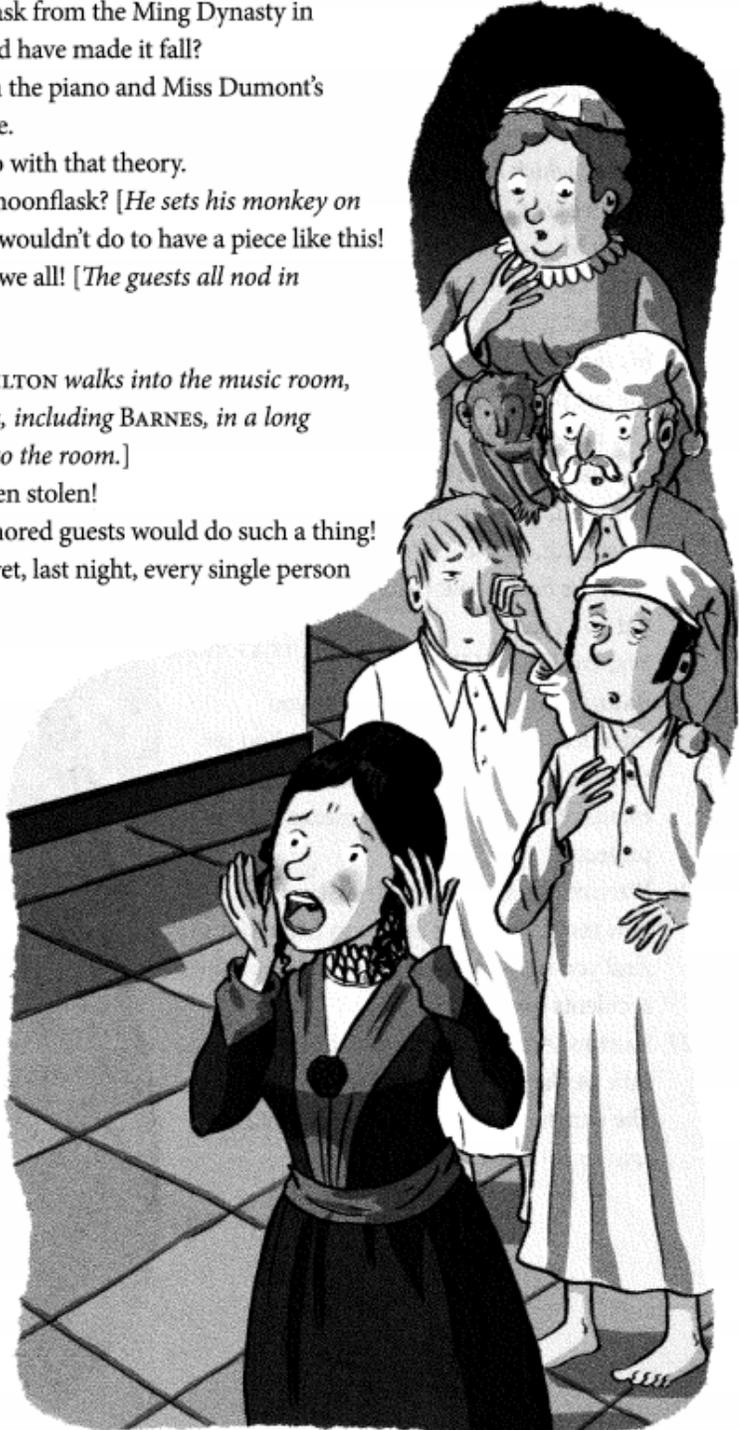
# THE CASE OF THE Missing Ming

by Wendell Riley

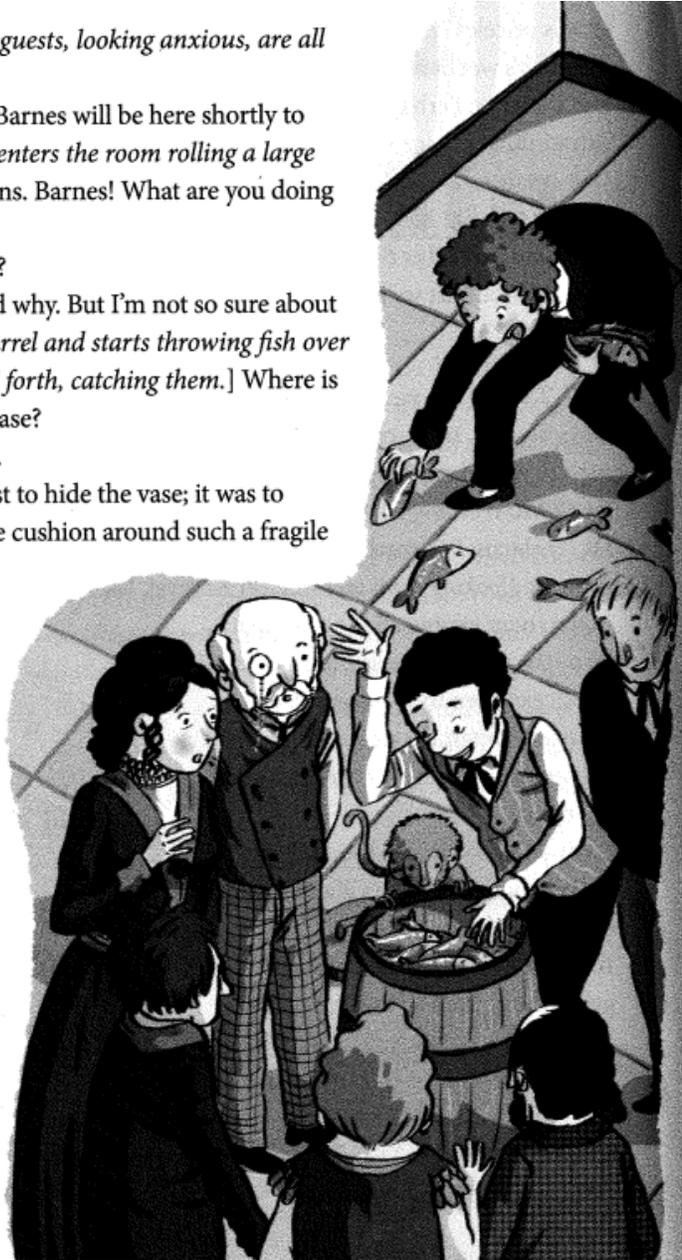
- 1 **CAST OF CHARACTERS:** FENWICK BARNES, a famous detective; DR. ARTHUR HAMISH, friend and assistant to Barnes; LADY VICTORIA MILTON, owner of the house; DIANA DUMONT, a singer; RUPERT, a piano player; GILES, the butler; WENDY, the maid; COUNT OTTO ORLOG, a visitor; MISHA, the count's pet monkey; assorted guests.
- 2 **ACT ONE:** [*The curtain opens on the music room of the mansion. DIANA is singing as RUPERT plays the piano. The guests are seated in rows of chairs around the piano, listening with complete attention. The exception is FENWICK BARNES, who is clearly falling asleep in the back row. As DIANA hits a long high note, the sleeping BARNES falls back into a shelf. A large vase falls off the shelf into his lap. He catches it. Only WENDY, the maid, sees what caused the vase to fall. She gasps. The concert stops, and everyone turns to BARNES.*]
- 3 LADY MILTON: Oh, Mr. Barnes! You've saved the day again.
- 4 BARNES: A detective is always on his toes. Even when he is seated. [*He stands, nearly dropping the vase.*]



- 5 LADY MILTON: *[taking the large blue and white vase from his hands]* This vase is priceless to me! It is a rare moonflask from the Ming Dynasty in China. It's worth millions! Whatever could have made it fall?
- 6 DR. HAMISH: Perhaps the vibrations from the piano and Miss Dumont's extraordinary voice shook it from its place.
- 7 BARNES: Yes, Doctor! Good work! Let's go with that theory.
- 8 COUNT ORLOG: May I see this beautiful moonflask? *[He sets his monkey on the piano and takes the vase.]* Oh, what I wouldn't do to have a piece like this!
- 9 DIANA: Wouldn't we all, Count, wouldn't we all! *[The guests all nod in agreement.]*
- 10 ACT TWO: *[The next morning. LADY MILTON walks into the music room, looks around, then screams. All her guests, including BARNES, in a long nightshirt and nightcap, come running into the room.]*
- 11 LADY MILTON: My Ming! It's gone! It's been stolen!
- 12 DR. HAMISH: But surely none of your honored guests would do such a thing!
- 13 BARNES: *[looking from face to face]* And yet, last night, every single person in the room expressed the wish that he or she might possess such a piece of priceless beauty! *[The guests all mutter amongst themselves, offended.]* Someone is missing. Where is Wendy, the maid?
- 14 LADY MILTON: Why, she left at dawn for her mother's in the village. It's her day off.
- 15 BARNES: Everyone else stays until we get to the bottom of this. *[He turns to DR. HAMISH.]* A private word with you, Doctor. *[He leads him away from the other guests.]* There's one thing you must do for me.
- 16 DR. HAMISH: Anything, Fenwick! You know that!
- 17 BARNES: Don't let me sleep past noon. I've got a case to solve! *[He leaves the room.]*



- 18 **ACT THREE:** *[Evening of the same day. The guests, looking anxious, are all gathered in the music room.]*
- 19 **DR. HAMISH:** Thank you all for coming. Mr. Barnes will be here shortly to solve the mystery. *[At that moment, BARNES enters the room rolling a large barrel, which he stands upright.]* Good heavens. Barnes! What are you doing with a barrel of herring?
- 20 **LADY MILTON:** And have you solved the case?
- 21 **BARNES:** I think I know where the vase is, and why. But I'm not so sure about who put it there. *[He pries the lid from the barrel and starts throwing fish over his shoulder. GILES, the butler, runs back and forth, catching them.]* Where is the last place you would look for a priceless vase?
- 22 **DR. HAMISH:** Why, in a fish barrel, I suppose.
- 23 **BARNES:** Exactly! But the purpose was not just to hide the vase; it was to protect it. The herring provide a perfectly safe cushion around such a fragile object. Ah, I have it! *[Just as he pulls the vase from the barrel, WENDY enters wearing her hat and coat.]*
- 24 **WENDY:** Oh, no! You've found it!
- 25 **BARNES:** Safe and sound, just as you intended. *[He turns to the guests.]* You see, the vase never actually was stolen. After the events of last night, Wendy meant only to protect it.
- 26 **WENDY:** What you say is true, sir. I know how much the Ming means to Lady Milton. And you sir, more than anyone, know how accidents can happen.
- 27 **BARNES:** And that's why you'd best look after this. *[As he walks toward WENDY, he trips. The vase flies high into the air but WENDY catches it.]* Case solved!



- 1** Why did the playwright **most likely** include stage directions in paragraph 2?
- A** to give details about who the characters are
  - B** to let the audience know who stole the Ming vase
  - C** to explain that the play is set in the music room of a wealthy woman's mansion
  - D** to describe the setting and events that happen before the first actor's line
- 2** Why is Act One important to the play?
- A** It explains to the audience why Fenwick Barnes fell asleep.
  - B** It describes the value of, and interest in, the Ming moonflask.
  - C** It explains why Lady Milton thinks Fenwick Barnes is a great detective.
  - D** It describes a theory about how sound vibrations can make things fall.
- 3** What is the meaning of the phrase saved the day as it is used in paragraph 3?
- A** stopped a disaster
  - B** kept the sun from setting
  - C** gave a solution to a problem
  - D** set aside time for planning
- 4** Why is paragraph 13 important to the play?
- A** It shows Lady Milton's distress over the loss.
  - B** It shows that every person is a suspect.
  - C** It shows the guests do not like Barnes.
  - D** It shows that no guest caused the vase's disappearance.