

# 5th Grade Bulletin #21

## Week 4-Class News

**Khan Academy:** This week in math we will be doing the volume review and unit test. We will also be starting the introduction of our new topic coordinate planes, how shapes fit into the space around. If you have not already done so, please connect with our class on Khan Academy. Please let me know if you have trouble connecting.

**Distance Learning Packets:** Our packets this week include a Reading Menu #21, cursive practice writing either their graphic organizer or reading menu in cursive. Also graphic organizer for practicing the reading focus skill, a leveled reader and a Daze passage. This week, we will use the leveled reader for fluency practice and skill practice.

**Fluency Practice:** This means repeated reading out loud of the first section of the text. Please read out loud with your student each day from the leveled reader, pages two through five. Repeated reading of the same passage builds reading fluency.

**Skill Practice:** This week we are practicing figurative language, and the author's word choice in the story. Please support your student with completing the story map identifying the story elements you find in the leveled reader, "text evidence".

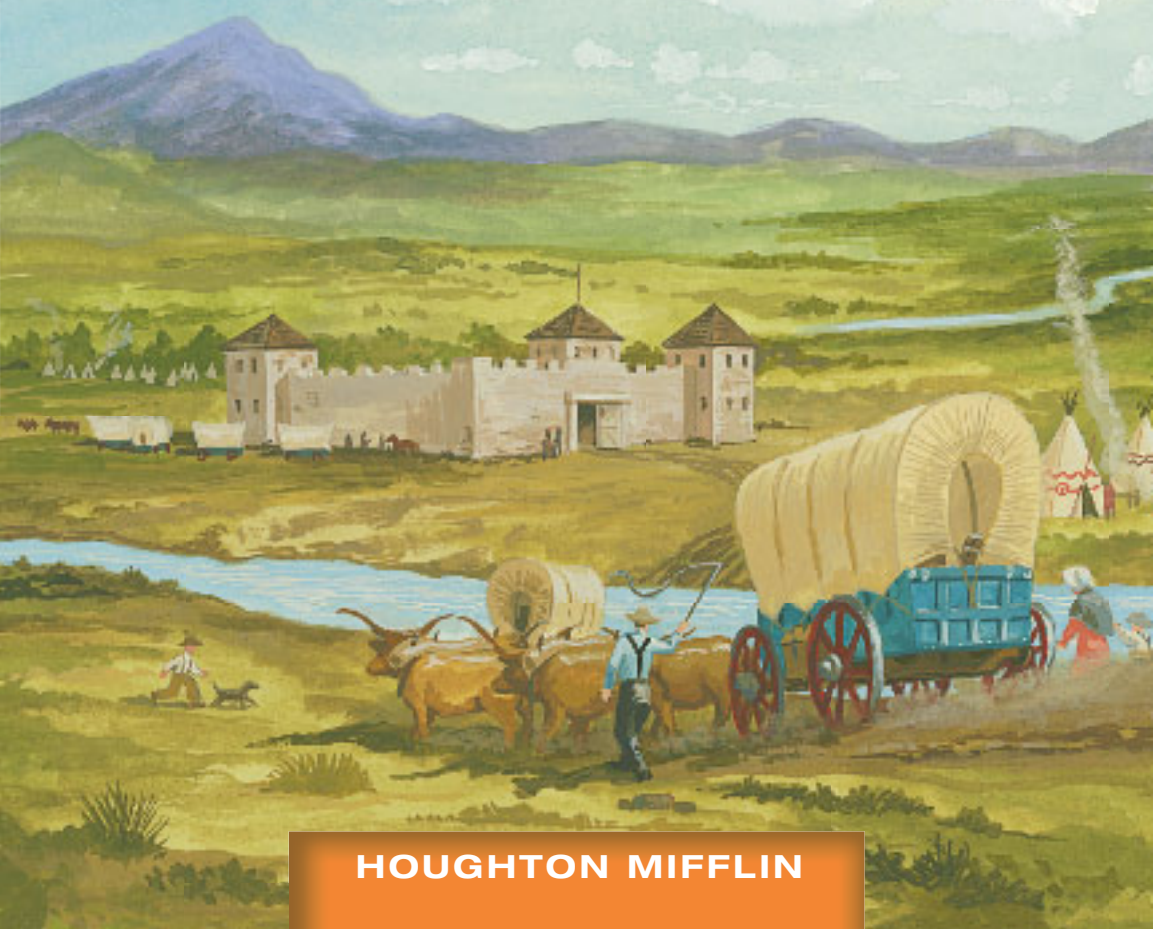
## Homework

1. Khan Academy math assignments
2. Read leveled reader pages 3-6 each day out loud
3. Finish leveled reader at least twice
4. Complete graphic organizer "Story Structure: Story Map"
5. Reading Menu 21
6. Daze #10
7. Cursive practice- write your reading menu or graphic organizer in cursive!
8. Read at least 20 minutes each day

9. Vocabulary Spelling city word practice

# *Decision at Fort Laramie*

by Innes McElrath  
illustrated by Ralph Canaday



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

# Decision at Fort Laramie



by Innes McElrath  
illustrated by Ralph Canaday



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Printed in China

ISBN-13: 978-0-547-01675-7

ISBN-10: 0-547-01675-1

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 0940 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11


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## Foreword

The year 1843 was the beginning of “the great migration” in the United States. Over the next 25 years, about half a million people moved west. They traveled to the California goldfields. They traveled to Utah for religious freedom. More than 100,000 traveled the Oregon Trail in covered wagons to Oregon Territory, lured by the promise of free, fertile farmland.


 Most emigrants on the Oregon Trail walked the entire way—over 2,000 miles. They traveled four to six months, covering an average of 10 to 15 miles a day. They forded deep rivers, crossed vast plains, and climbed high mountains. They were rained on, snowed on, and scorched by the sun. They battled diseases and fell victim to accidents. Cholera, a disease caused by bacteria in dirty water, was the worst killer on the trail. Despite the challenges, the promise of a better life out west kept them moving forward.

This is the story of a fictional family traveling west on the Oregon Trail in 1851.




## A Near Disaster

“Roll the wagons!” shouted Luke Farnsworth, the wagon train captain. It was seven o’clock in the morning, and the first prairie schooner was moving out of camp. A few wagons back, James Wheaten cracked his bullwhip above the heads of his oxen. Ponderously, the family wagon began to roll forward.

 Four-year-old Harry Wheaten stood beside the wagon with his older siblings, Alice and George. “I want to sit in the wagon with Mother!” he shouted suddenly. He darted to the front of the wagon and tried to leap onto its empty seat.

“Harry, STOP!” shouted Alice. It was too late. With a shriek, Harry missed the seat and fell directly into the path of the rolling prairie schooner.




 Desperately, Harry rolled away from the oncoming wheels and barely escaped being crushed by the heavy wagon.


Alice grabbed Harry and lifted him to his feet. "You could have killed yourself!" she scolded him angrily. Hearing her tone, Ollie, the family dog, whimpered.

Now that the danger was past, Harry was shaking uncontrollably. "I just wanted to see Mother!" he cried.

"You know Mother isn't well," George told him. "She and baby Emma are resting inside the wagon."

 Father hastened over to make sure Harry was safe. "Be grateful for your **salvation**," he told Harry soberly. He added, "Alice, you must mind your brother better."


Alice bit her lip to keep from responding disrespectfully. It was not her fault that Harry had been reckless. Since Mother had fallen ill, Alice's responsibilities had increased drastically. In addition to her usual chores, she had been doing most of the cooking, cleaning, and childcare for the family. It was a heavy burden, and the family was not even one third of the way to Oregon Territory. Already her "Oregon Fever" had subsided.


 Father returned to his place beside the oxen. "Gee!" and "Haw!" he commanded, directing them right and left.

For five long hours, the Wheatens trudged along. Ahead of and behind them, 60 other families did the same.

## Sights Along the Trail

As the wagon train continued westward, signs of distressed pioneers who had gone before them were **evident**. Abandoned objects littered the sides of the trail. Alice saw stoves, rocking chairs, and trunks filled with fine china that had been discarded by earlier parties. Their weight had proved too burdensome for the oxen.

 Once, Alice bent to pick up a diary that had been left on a pile of abandoned books. She remembered her mother telling her that diaries showed history in the making. Alice's mother kept a diary, though she hadn't written in it since she had taken ill. Thankfully, she had a minor illness, though Alice still worried. But it wasn't the dreaded cholera. People died from that in a day. Already the outfit had lost ten people, including their first captain.

 As the wagon slowly moved forward, the milk bucket attached to the outside jumped and jolted. Alice knew that she would be spared at least one of her chores—butter churning. By the time the outfit stopped for the night, the milk would have churned *itself* into fat balls of butter.


The day was hot, and Alice's clothes felt uncomfortable. The wagon passed a water hole with water **seeping** to the surface. Sun-bleached bones stuck into the nearby ground had words of warning written on them. "WATER IS POISONOUS. DO NOT DRINK!" Countless oxen had died after drinking the alkali water in holes like this, and emigrants used this "road-side telegraph" system to alert others.

At last it was time for nooning. The whole outfit stopped for an hour-long rest. The oxen were released, and families ate a cold meal of breakfast leftovers. The younger children toddled about, and the older children visited their friends in the other wagons. George and his friend Eugene Brown, followed closely by Ollie, ran off to gather buffalo chips. Most of them had to be saved to burn for fuel, but the two boys could not resist flinging some to see who could throw the farthest.

Alice would have liked to visit with Eugene's sisters, Minnie and Effie Brown, but she had to stay at the wagon to mind Harry and baby Emma. She showed Mother the diary she had found, wondering aloud who would have abandoned such a valued item. The answer had to wait, however, as Harry was begging her to play a game with him.

That afternoon, the wagon train came within sight of Chimney Rock. "It makes me feel like an insect!" gasped Alice, stunned at its magnitude.




 “It looks like a haystack with a pole stuck through it,” grumbled George, who was out of sorts because he hadn’t seen Ollie for hours. He wasn’t too worried though, since he assumed Ollie was with Eugene. The Browns and the Wheatens had been friends back home in Indiana, and Ollie frequently roamed between their wagons.

“Alice, have you seen Ollie?” George asked.

Alice didn’t answer. Her attention had been distracted by yet another trailside grave. It was a sight she was accustomed to. On some parts of the trail, there were graves every mile.


Their own outfit had left several graves behind. There were the ten who had died of cholera. There were Mr. and Mrs. McKay, who had drowned in a difficult river crossing. Poor Mrs. Crandall had died in childbirth. There had been accidents, too. A boy named David Stanley had not been so fortunate as Harry; his leg had been crushed under the wheels of a prairie schooner.

 Determinedly, Alice shook off her discouragement. “Harry, have you heard about the pigs in Oregon?” she asked, turning to her little brother with a smile.

“Tell me, tell me!” he cried.


“In Oregon, the pigs are big and round, and they’re already cooked! They scurry about under the great green trees, with knives and forks stuck in them so you can cut off a slice whenever you’re hungry!” Harry’s eyes grew large as Alice related more of the tall tales she had heard about the wonders of Oregon Territory.






The outfit maintained a steady **pace** throughout the afternoon. When the bugle sounded at six o'clock, Mr. Farnsworth guided the wagon train into a neat circle, and the emigrants made camp.

Father and George unyoked the oxen and drove them to pasture. They watered the horses and set up the sleeping tents. Meanwhile, Alice got the fire started for supper, using the buffalo chips that had been gathered that day. She cooked cornbread and beans, and fried meat with gravy. She put out dried fruits to stave off scurvy, and fresh milk provided by Thomasina, the family cow.



Mother made an appearance at supper, looking wan but improved. Emma cooed happily in her lap as Alice and Harry scoured the dishes.

George hastened to Eugene's wagon to retrieve Ollie. He returned with terrible news. "Ollie is missing!" he said. "He wasn't with Eugene after all. We've looked everywhere!" George was inconsolable. Dogs that disappeared on the trail were seldom seen again.



That night, Alice was stricken by a sudden illness. It began with a grievous headache and sore throat. Soon her whole body ached. One moment she was boiling and beaded in sweat; the next, her teeth were chattering with cold. When morning arrived, she could not even muster the strength to rise.

Father lifted her gently and placed her inside the wagon. "We must hasten to Fort Laramie to see a doctor," he told Mother. "I fear Alice has the grippe."


*The grippe.* Alice knew that the grippe could be fatal.




## Arrival at Fort Laramie

It took two days to reach Fort Laramie, but Alice remembered none of it. By that time, she was delirious with fever. As the wagon train drew closer to the fort, she perceived it as nothing more than a wavering **mirage**.

The area around the fort was bustling with people and settlements. There were several other wagon trains that had stopped to rest and resupply. There were Indian villages, too. Sioux and other Plains Indians engaged in lively trade with the westward-bound emigrants.


 The wagon train made camp near the river, among **stunted** pines. Laramie Peak loomed in the distance. It was a magnificent but sobering forerunner of what they would have to traverse on the next stage of the journey.



 Directing George to see to the livestock, Father rushed off to find a doctor for Alice. Mother, who had regained considerable strength over the past two days, set Harry to chores. She fed Emma and tried to make Alice more comfortable. Once, a Sioux approached the wagon desiring to trade. Mother gave him some cakes in exchange for some moccasins. Weeks of walking had long since worn out everyone's shoes, and the moccasins would prove useful.


Father returned with a doctor from the fort. After examining Alice, he confirmed Father's diagnosis. "It's influenza," he pronounced. He gave Alice some medicine he had procured at the fort's general store. "Time will tell whether this medicine has an effect," he added gravely.

That night, through a haze of pain, Alice heard her parents talking.


 "We should consider turning back," Father said. "There has been too much illness and death on this journey. There will undoubtedly be more if we continue."

Mother replied, using the phrase that so many emigrants spoke after facing death on the trail. "I have seen the elephant myself," she said. "But the dangers of going back are as great as those of continuing. Indeed, we have nothing to go back *to*. We have sold our farm and spent the money outfitting our journey. In Oregon, we will receive 640 acres of free land."

Father rubbed his eyes wearily. "There are many factors to consider before making a decision," he said. "For now, we must rest and hope for our daughter's recovery."

 When she awoke the next morning, Alice's eyes hurt, and she was dizzy. For the first time in days, though, she didn't feel as if she were on fire. She was even able to sip a bit of tea and take a bite or two of Mother's pancakes.

Mother was immensely relieved to see improvement in Alice's condition. After speaking with Mrs. Brown, who promised to check on Alice frequently, she put Emma on her hip and set off to the fort to post letters to family in Indiana. Father went with her, as he needed to see the blacksmith about a repair. George and Harry stayed close by. They only ventured off when Mrs. Brown was with Alice.

 Such was the situation when there was a sudden commotion. A loudly barking dog rushed into camp, trailed by an unkempt-looking boy of about 14. Following the boy, shouting gleefully, were George and Harry.

As Alice struggled to sit up, the dog made a huge leap into the wagon and onto her lap. It was Ollie!





Alice buried her face in Ollie's coat. "Where did you come from, boy?" she murmured.

The new boy looked startled. "I came from the fort, Miss," he stammered. "My name is Martin Campbell."

George guffawed. "She was talking to the dog," he told Martin. "Where did you find him?"

Martin smiled sheepishly at his mistake. Then he explained that he was on his daily walk earlier that morning when he saw Ollie. "Your dog was bound and determined to get somewhere. I wanted to know where, so I followed him. Now I know that he was searching for his people!"



"Where's your family?" George asked.

Martin's smile faded as he related his story. He had arrived at Fort Laramie two weeks ago, as part of a wagon train heading to Oregon Territory. Upon arrival, his parents had been stricken with cholera and died within the day. He himself had contracted the disease and been terribly ill. The others in the wagon train hadn't lingered to see if he would be one of the few to survive the disease. They had departed the fort, leaving him in the care of soldiers.



Harry was perplexed. "Are you an orphan now?"

Then George asked, "Where will you live?"

Martin answered both questions without hesitation. "Yes, but I will live in Oregon Territory," he said. "I just need to find a way to get there."

As Martin shuffled slowly away, Alice realized how much he had exerted himself pursuing Ollie. "Thank you," she said quietly. "Please visit us again."



The commotion had taxed Alice's strength, but she was too excited to sleep. She decided to read the diary she had found on the trail.



*April 12. Started from home in Monroe County, Iowa. Fair weather. Traveled 12 miles today. All here are filled with Oregon Fever.*

*April 13. Woke to rain. Ewes bleating from cold feet. Road muddy and travel unpleasant. Ruth and Jacob out of humor and clamoring for "home sweet home."*

*April 14. Windy today. Traveled over lovely rolling prairie, which is covered with wagons headed for Independence. Came 24 miles before making camp.*



Alice's head began to ache, but she continued reading. Because her family had followed the same trail, she knew every landmark, every sight—and, it seemed, every emotion—that the diary writer had experienced. She turned to the last entry, and was dismayed by its content.




*June 1. Feeling very sick. Caused by drinking dirty water? Oregon must be wonderful to be worth such hardship. I begin to think it is a **vain** hope that I shall ever reach it...*


## A Decision Is Made

Alice slept fitfully through the afternoon. Her dreams were plagued with visions of rushing rivers in filthy shades of brown, and dogs fleeing from howling wolves. Once, she cried out in her sleep and woke to find her mother beside her.

Wordlessly, she handed over the diary.

 When she awoke next, it was suppertime. Outside the wagon, George and Harry were telling their parents about Ollie's amazing return and about the boy who had found him. Alice heard utensils scraping on dishes, and then Mother's voice. "There was a letter from my sister waiting at the fort," she said. "Boys, you have a new cousin, a baby girl." She sighed. "How wonderful it would be for Emma to grow up with a girl her own age."

Mr. Wheaten touched his wife's shoulder briefly. "We still have a decision to make," he said. "We must decide whether to continue our journey."

 With great effort, Alice rose and joined her family. "We met a boy today who wants to go to Oregon more than anything," she began. She continued, her voice faltering slightly. "And I read a diary today that was written by a mother who will never get there. I think we owe it to both of them to go. And I think we should bring Martin with us."

There was silence as the Wheatens considered Alice's unexpected proposal. At last, Father spoke. "I could use another strong hand on the farm," he said warmly.



🔊 The wagon train was due to leave Fort Laramie in two days' time. Now that they had decided to continue the journey west, the Wheatens had many preparations to make. Flour, beans, coffee, canned goods, and other provisions needed to be purchased, as did medicines, lotions, and muslin for clothing and such. A blacksmith at the fort made repairs to the wagon. The journey through the mountains would be treacherous, and the vehicle needed to be in excellent condition.


🔊 There were less necessary things to be done, too. A photographer had set up shop at the fort, and the whole family, now including Martin, dressed up and posed for a picture. Mother sent the photograph to her sister with a note explaining that they, too, had a new addition to the family.






## Back on the Trail

On a bright morning in late June, the wagon train left Fort Laramie. Alice was greatly recovered and had enough strength to walk for some hours each day. Martin, who had been exceedingly grateful when the Wheatens invited him to join their party, soon proved himself to be a hard worker and a pleasant companion on the trail.

 Eight days after leaving Fort Laramie, on the Fourth of July, the wagon train came to Independence Rock. The travelers were especially pleased to have arrived that day. It was said that if you reached Independence Rock by the Fourth of July, you were right on schedule. Arriving at a later date meant that you might not get through the mountains before the snows started.


The travelers were excited for another reason, too. Independence Rock was famous for being a wonderful place to have a Fourth of July celebration.






Although it was still early in the afternoon, the emigrants made camp. There was a great bustle of activity. The men went out to hunt for meat. The women unloaded provisions and began to bake pies, cakes, and other treats.

Mother insisted that since it was the Fourth of July, they must have a flag. Several of the women took out their sewing goods. They found scraps of red, white, and blue cloth, and made a flag. They put thirty-one stars on it, including the newest star that had been added for California. When it was finished, they put the homemade flag on a makeshift pole and flew it in the middle of the encampment.





Some of the children and young people dressed themselves up in costumes. They played games and had sack races and other contests. One of the contests was to see who could best remember the words of the Declaration of Independence. George, with his excellent memory and oratory skills, won this competition.



All of the young people were eager to climb Independence Rock and sign their names on it. Alice, George, Harry, and Martin procured some axle grease and ascended the huge piece of granite. Over the years, thousands of other passing emigrants had carved or painted their names on this "Register of the Desert." For a long time, the youngsters read the names that were already there. Then they found a spot that faced the trail and added their own names.



 At the camp below, the feast was ready. Alice and the others descended the rock and hastened to join the rest of the emigrants. The sideboards of the wagons were groaning under the weight of the food. There were all kinds of meat, including buffalo, antelope, rabbit, and sage hen. There were baked beans, rice, and—as a special treat—potatoes. There were freshly baked breads of all kinds. To follow it up, there was an array of cakes and pies. There was even some chocolate that had been saved for a special occasion.

 By the time the eating was over, the cleanup finished, and the animals cared for, it was nighttime. The moon was bright, lighting up Independence Rock and the plain all around. Mr. Wheaten got out his fiddle and joined the other musicians. Everyone sang patriotic songs and danced to the accompaniment of fiddles, harmonicas, and accordions.

Alice knew that the memories of that magical night would carry her through the inevitable hardships to come. She was content.

# Responding



## **TARGET SKILL**

**Sequence of Events** What events lead up to Martin joining the Wheaten family on their trip to Oregon Territory? Copy and complete the chart below, adding additional boxes as necessary.

**Event:** Ollie goes missing on the trail before Fort Laramie.



## **Write About It**

**Text to Self** The Wheaten family buys provisions and has their wagon repaired at Fort Laramie. Think about the preparations your family makes before taking a trip. Write several paragraphs explaining how to prepare for such a trip.



### TARGET VOCABULARY

evident  
factor  
mirages  
pace  
salvation

seep  
shuffled  
stunted  
undoubtedly  
vain



### EXPAND YOUR VOCABULARY

buffalo chips  
cholera  
emigrants

encampment  
grippe  
prairie schooner



**TARGET SKILL** **Sequence of Events** Identify the time order in which events take place.



**TARGET STRATEGY** **Visualize** Use text details to form pictures in your mind of what you are reading.



**GENRE** **Historical Fiction** is a story whose characters and events are set in a real period of history.

**Level:** W

**DRA:** 60

**Genre:**  
Historical Fiction

**Strategy:**  
Visualize

**Skill:**  
Sequence of Events

**Word Count:** 3,453

5.5.21

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ISBN-13: 978-0-547-01675-7

ISBN-10: 0-547-01675-1



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Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

**Flow Chart:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Decision at Fort Laramie**  
Graphic Organizer 4

Title \_\_\_\_\_

**Event:** Ollie goes missing on the trail before Fort Laramie.



**Event:**



**Event:**



**Event:**



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

Book Title: \_\_\_\_\_ Book Author: \_\_\_\_\_

# Proofreading for Spelling

Find the misspelled words and circle them. Write them correctly on the lines below.

Dear Grandma,

It is a real plezure being out here in nachure. A major feacher in the landscape is a mountin up ahead, and we see a new wild creecture almost every day. Our kaptain puts our wagon train into a big circle every afternoon, and then we cook supper. We seem to meazure out our long days in meals. The nights are becoming colder. There is so much furnitur in our wagon that I have little room to sit. Sometimes I walk alongside the wagon. It has been five weeks since our deparchur from St. Louis, and we have many weeks to go. I keep my eyes open for natural springs that spout water like a fountin. I am certin I'll find one in the near futur. Water from natural springs is a trezure. What an adventur it has been! I miss you.

Yours truly,  
Molly

- |          |           |
|----------|-----------|
| 1. _____ | 8. _____  |
| 2. _____ | 9. _____  |
| 3. _____ | 10. _____ |
| 4. _____ | 11. _____ |
| 5. _____ | 12. _____ |
| 6. _____ | 13. _____ |
| 7. _____ | 14. _____ |

## Tucket's Travels

Spelling: Final /n/ or /an/,  
/char/, /zhar/

### Spelling Words

1. nature
2. certain
3. future
4. villain
5. mountain
6. mixture
7. pleasure
8. captain
9. departure
10. surgeon
11. texture
12. curtain
13. creature
14. treasure
15. gesture
16. fountain
17. furniture
18. measure
19. feature
20. adventure

### Challenge

leisure  
sculpture  
architecture  
chieftain  
enclosure

## Module 5: Volume

Do your very best, you can watch the help videos on khan academy that are also on DoJo. Do your very best work. Have a Great week!

### Unit test

---

Which statements about **squares** and **rectangles** are true?

Choose 2 answers:

- ☐ (A) Both shapes have 4 right angles.
  - ☐ (B) Both shapes are quadrilaterals.
  - ☐ (C) Both shapes have all sides of equal length.
-

---

Which THREE of the following shapes are rectangles?

Choose 3 answers:



---

I bought a box from the post office that has a volume of 24 cubic centimeters.

Which of the following could be the dimensions of my box?

Choose all answers that apply:

---

☐ A 8 cm long, 1 cm wide, 3 cm high

---

☐ B 10 cm long, 4 cm wide, 10 cm high

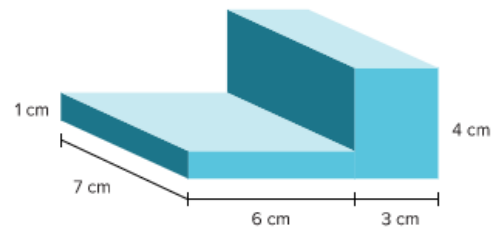
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☐ C 2 cm long, 2 cm wide, 6 cm high

---

The figure below is made of 2 rectangular prisms.

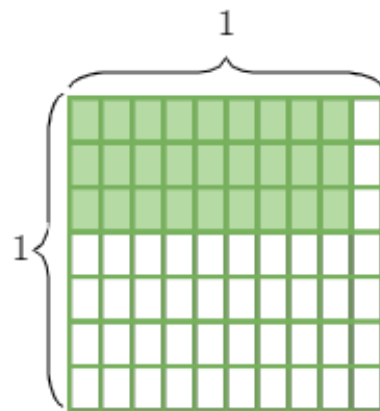
What is the volume of this figure?



cubic cm

---

The area of the entire figure below is 1 square unit.



What is the area of the shaded rectangle?

Write your answer as a fraction.

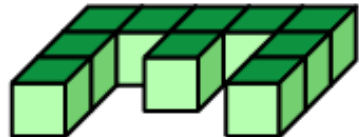
of a square unit



is 1 cubic unit.

What is the volume of the following figure?

*All of the cubes are visible.*



cubic units

---

All parallelograms have opposite sides that are equal in length and parallel.

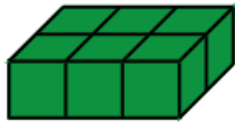
Which of these quadrilaterals are parallelograms?

*The matching arrow labels indicate that two opposite sides are parallel.*

Quadrilateral	Parallelogram/Not parallelogram
	<input type="text"/>
	<input type="text"/>
	<input type="text"/>

---

Gene is creating a rectangular prism. The base of his prism is shown below. He plans to have a height of 5 cubes.



What will the volume of the completed figure be?

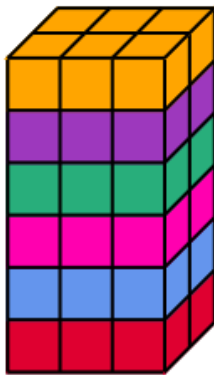
cubic units

---

The rectangular prism has  layers separated by color.

Each colored layer is made up of  unit cubes.

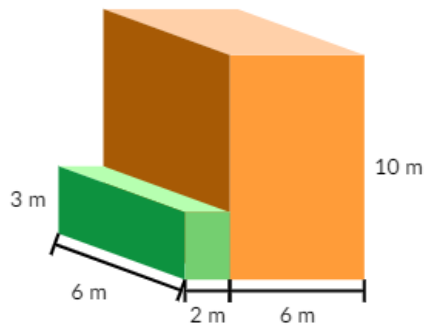
What is the volume of the rectangular prism?  cubic units





---

Which expression can be used to find the volume of the figure below?



Choose 1 answer:

---

(A) 36 cubic meters + 360 cubic meters

---

(B) 12 cubic meters + 60 cubic meters

---

(C) 18 cubic meters + 60 cubic meters

---

(D) 18 cubic meters + 120 cubic meters

---

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These prisms are made from the same size unit cubes.

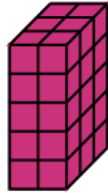
Which rectangular prism has greater volume?

*Some of the cubes might be hidden behind other cubes. Try to visualize all of the cubes.*

Choose 1 answer:

- 
- ☐ A The 2 prisms have equal volume.

☐ B



☐ C



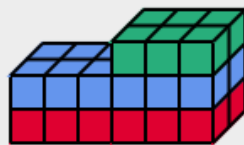
Unit cube:



What is the volume of the following figure?

cubic units

Front View



Back View

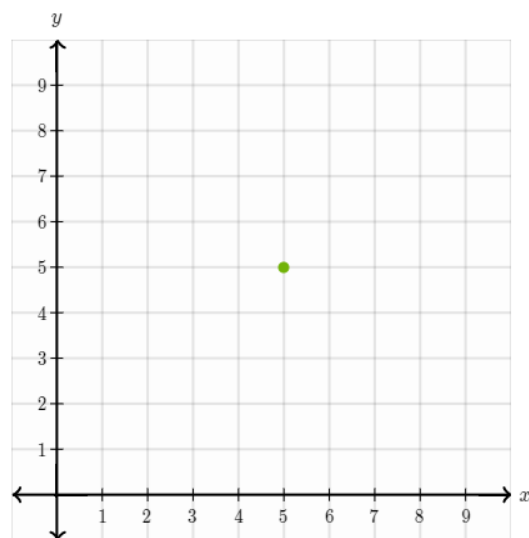


This is the new unit of coordinate plane:

Try some of these problems. There are khan academy help videos on Dojo as well.

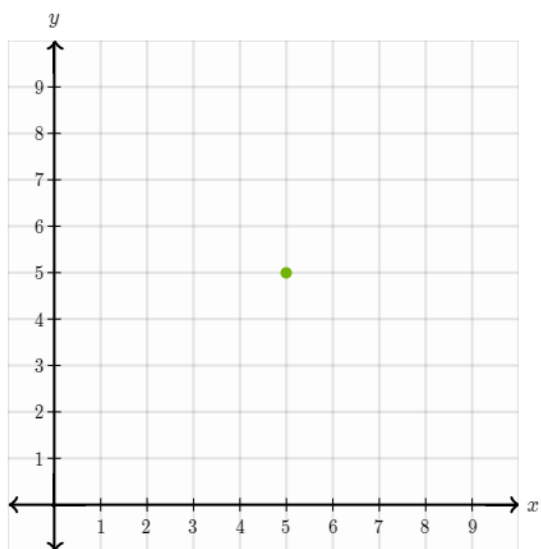
### Graph points

Plot the point  $(9, 6)$ .

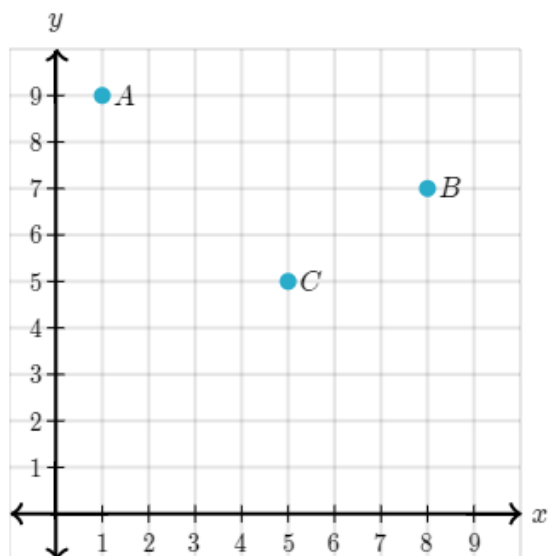


## Graph points

Plot the point  $(6, 0)$ .



Point  $M$  is located at  $(5, 7)$ .



What is located 3 units from point  $M$ ?

Choose 1 answer:

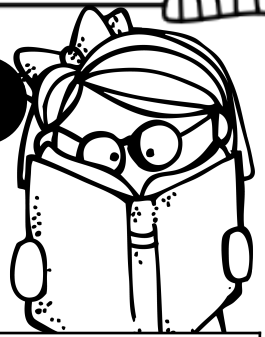
☐ A Point  $A$

☐ B Point  $B$

☐ C Point  $C$

☐ D Origin

# READING MENU 21



After reading, choose 1 question and circle it. Questions 1-6 are best for fiction stories and questions 7-9 are best for nonfiction books. Record your answer to the question in complete sentences.

1. Retell the three events that you think are the most important events in the story.	2. If you have not finished the story, what do you predict will happen next?	3. Would you be friends with the main character? Why or why not?
4. Compare and contrast this story to another story that you have read.	5. Who are the secondary characters? Are they important to the story? Why or why not?	6. Why is the setting important to the story? Explain how the story would have changed if the setting was different.
7. What is the topic of your book? Why did you choose to read about this topic?	8. Share examples of the author's opinions. How do you know they are opinions and not facts?	9. Do some research on the author. Write a paragraph with important facts about the author.

## SELF CHECK

- ☐ I answered the entire question that I chose.
- ☐ I wrote in complete sentences.
- ☐ I used evidence and examples from the text to support my answer.
- ☐ I edited my work to make sure that it makes sense.

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

Book Title: \_\_\_\_\_ Book Author: \_\_\_\_\_

[illegible]

	0	1	2
<b>Completion</b>	Question is not answered.	Question is partially answered.	Answer is complete.
<b>Sentences</b>	Answer is not in complete sentences.	Answer is in complete sentences.	Answer is in complete sentences and part of the question is used in the answer.
<b>Thoughtfulness</b>	Answer shows little effort or thought.	Answer shows limited thought.	Answer is thoughtful.
<b>Text Evidence</b>	Answer does not include text evidence.	Answer has limited use of text evidence.	Answer is supported with significant text evidence.
<b>Editing</b>	Answer has many errors.	Answer has some errors.	Answer has very few errors.



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

## Practice 1

After playing in the dirt, Sam went

home  
summer  
was

to wash her hands.

## Practice 2

On her way home, she

chair  
sleep  
saw

an ice cream truck.

**STOP**

C: \_\_\_\_\_

I: \_\_\_\_\_

AS: \_\_\_\_\_

## Coach Jenny

Some things don't turn out the way you would expect. My first day as a swim

coach  
rain  
kids'

is a good

example of this. I

wisdom  
learned  
was

a big lesson that day, which

became  
swim  
is

that I have a lot to

way  
learn  
maintaining

especially when it comes to coaching

kids  
respected  
help

For several years, I swam with

so  
teams  
fine

guided by coaches. The coach I

teams  
most  
well

admired was Jan

MacDonald. I admired her for her

kindness  
begin  
never

, her enthusiasm and her wisdom. I

achieve  
especially  
all

loved her

ability to inspire me to

achieve  
swimmers  
same

more than I could've ever done on my

own  
everyone  
big

. I wanted to be

like her, which

insult  
naturally  
let

led to my wanting to be a

could've  
swim  
counselor

coach.

Coach Mac said that her job

boys  
was  
seeming

to create the right conditions for

finally  
learning  
expect

and to keep

her athletes motivated. As I

good  
made  
watched

her coach, I began to see

all  
cried  
right

of her various roles. Coach Mac

was a

teacher  
talk  
admired

, friend, mentor, demonstrator, advisor, supporter, cheerleader,

such  
morning's  
counselor

, and

organizer.

When I became a

because  
day  
teenager

, Coach Mac let me help her coach

stubbed  
children  
voice

during the summers. I

was "Coach Jenny" to the some girls lesson and boys. This made me feel phone first proud and humble at the same time.

During these how guided practices, Coach Mac would point out to me ability how lot important it is to

communicate well with coach needed swimmers of all ages. "Never talk down to a swimmer take told, regardless of his or

her age," she told marbles said me. Coach Mac was an expert at maintaining hustle motivated authority without seeming

bossy. All the swimmers than have respected her.

One day Coach Mac needed me to workout scattered lead the kids' workout because she'd caught the

flu keep practices. In a weak voice, she dictated the morning's one leading workout to me over the phone. She great final told me,

before hanging up, that she had absolute summers advisor confidence in my skills and that I'd do conditions go a fine job.

Well, in spite of Coach Mac's confidence done blow, I didn't do such a great obviously job see. One of the boys

stubbed his be toe hanging and cried so loudly that it children frightened exhausted some of the other swimmers. Then,

would when learned it was time to begin the wanted feel workout, the swimmers scattered like marbles around the

pool organizer cheerleader deck. I finally had to blow my whistle coaches job loudly to get them to pay is point attention.

After that, I asked them to 

even  
something  
practice

 kicking in the water. Several of them 

experience  
learn  
protested

 and

refused, something they never did 

attention  
when  
skills

 Coach Mac was leading the workout. And for the 

final  
roles  
refused

insult, just when the kids were 

actually  
regardless  
dictated

 doing what I asked of them, it 

ever  
pool  
began

 to rain. I had to hustle

get  
everyone  
loudly

 out of the pool.

I was 

so  
loved  
actually

 exhausted after this that I had to 

don't  
bossy  
go

 home and take a nap. Obviously, it

takes  
asked  
turn

 time to become a good swim 

coach  
just  
absolute

, or even a passable one. I 

example  
most  
already

 had a lot of respect

for Coach Mac, but after this 

pay  
inspire  
experience

, I have even more.



# Cursive Alphabet

Aa Bb Cc Dd

Ee Ff Gg Hh

Ii Jj Kk Ll

Mm Nn Oo

Pp Qq Rr Ss

Tt Uu Vv Ww

Xx Yy Zz