

Week of April 20th-24th

Hello families,

I hope all is well. This week in the packet there will be the leveled reader for your student to read and practice the comprehension questions at the end of the book. They can read it all in one day or they can break it up into chunks. If they would like to respond to the reading menu writing response piece using the leveled reader as the text they may or they can use whichever book they are currently reading or a book they are using on Epic!

During the phone check in call I will be asking your student to read a page of the leveled reader so that I can hear their fluency. I will also ask to check in about the math on Khan Academy and how the lesson went.

For feedback, I will need a picture of the reading menu once complete. It can be sent to me through DoJO or through email.

Packet will have:

- Leveled reader
- Reading Skill Worksheet (respond to text-to-text questions on the lined paper after the leveled reader in the packet).
- Reading Menu 19
- Cursive practice page

Math- Khan Academy links for videos will be posted on DoJO.

Keep reading, Practice math fact fluency with the flashcards or Moby Max, ask questions, and remember to keep your heads up!

If for any reason the time that I am calling for check in's does not work for you and you need to change, please feel free to let me know and we will find a time that works.

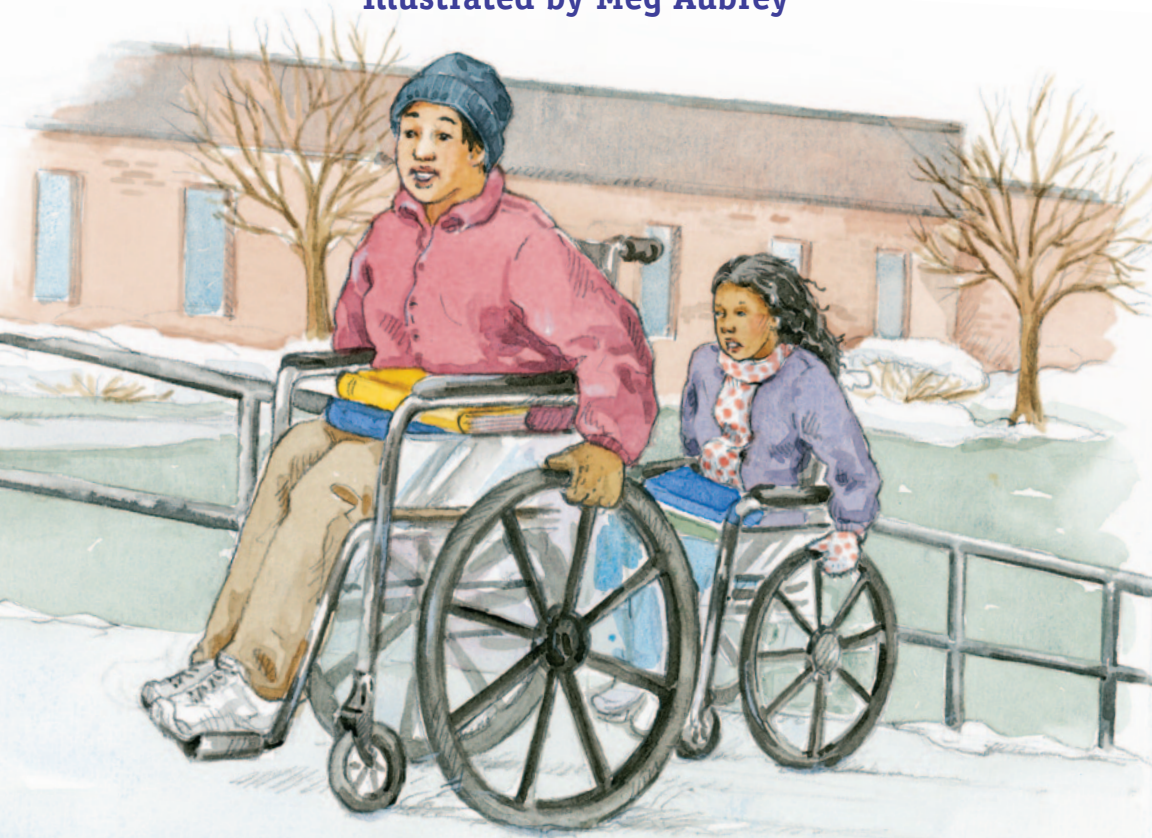
Sincerely,

Ms. Burdulis & Mr. Hunt



Another View

by Peter W. Scott
illustrated by Meg Aubrey



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN HARCOURT



Another View



by Peter W. Scott
illustrated by Meg Aubrey



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN HARCOURT

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 **M**inutes before the noon bell, Mr. Evans's seventh-grade class was working quietly. Tyler Chen tried to concentrate on finishing his math homework, but his mind was wandering. Tomorrow the playoffs started for his after-school basketball league, and he couldn't help thinking about his team's new zone defense.


Suddenly the classroom door swung open, and Mrs. Singh, the school newspaper advisor, peeked into the room, attempting not to disturb the studious atmosphere. In her arms she held a tall stack of papers. Twenty-six sets of eyes looked up automatically from their homework, noting the arrival of the latest edition of the *Maybrook Messenger*, the school newspaper. Mr. Evans nodded, and Mrs. Singh placed the stack on the counter near the classroom door before disappearing back into the hall.

 Feeling a gentle kick against his wheelchair, Tyler turned around and looked at his friend Heidi Clark, who sat at the desk behind him. She leaned forward and whispered, "Where do you want to eat lunch today?"

He was about to reply when suddenly he heard Mr. Evans's voice calling his name. *Uh-oh*, thought Tyler. Mr. Evans could be particularly strict sometimes.


Mr. Evans spoke again, "Tyler, why don't you hand out the *Messenger* as everyone leaves?"

"Will do, Mr. Evans," Tyler replied, feeling relieved. Leaving his work on the desk, he spun his wheelchair around, grabbed the stack of newspapers from the counter, and stationed himself by the classroom door.


 The lunch bell rang, and suddenly the air was filled with the din of students chattering and collecting their books. As his classmates filed out the door, Tyler handed out copies of the *Messenger*. Then he grabbed a newspaper for himself, quickly returned to his desk, packed up his books, and headed out of the classroom. Heidi stood waiting for him in the hallway.

“I’m starving,” she said. “Let’s eat inside the cafeteria.”

“Sounds good,” Tyler agreed, pulling on his gloves and hat. “It’s too cold to eat outside today.”


 They used the far door, as it was the only one leading to a ramp. Popping the front wheels of his chair up into a “wheelie,” balancing neatly on the two large rear wheels, Tyler coasted smoothly and rapidly down the ramp, enjoying the fresh, cold breeze created by speeding downhill. Heidi bounded down the stairs, running to reach the ramp’s end at the same time as Tyler.



 Going around the building, they crossed the quad to the cafeteria. Once inside, Tyler pulled his chair up to the end of a table, and Heidi sat next to him. Idly munching celery sticks and peanut butter, she began flipping through the pages of the *Messenger*. Tyler did the same.

“Check out this article about the biology class trip,” Heidi said. “It says we hiked just two miles to the butterfly habitat, but that can’t be right! We must have hiked a **minimum** of four miles, and it felt like it was *all* uphill.”

Tyler responded with a gruntlike “Hmmmh!” and pretended to be engrossed in another article. Then he started scanning each page, turning them rapidly, as if hunting for something. “Yeah,” he said, with the slightest edge in his voice. “There’s the class trip to the mountains, here’s the beach cleanup day, and there are the usual reports about the track and football teams.”


 “So what’s your point?” asked Heidi. “Is something bugging you about the newspaper?”

“Well, yeah,” Tyler replied. “Have you ever noticed that the *Messenger* never seems to have articles that include disabled students? I can’t remember the last time I read something that I could really relate to.”


Heidi stopped crunching on her celery and looked thoughtful. “That never occurred to me before,” she said, and with new energy, she started flipping through the paper, skimming the headlines.

 “Think about it,” Tyler said. “I know there aren’t as many of us, but disabled students are part of this school just like every other student. It’s true that we can’t always participate in certain school activities—like the hike or the beach cleanup—for obvious reasons. My wheelchair doesn’t handle off-road so well. But disabled students are here, and we do plenty of cool stuff, too.”

Tyler paused, indignant, and then continued, “I mean, look at my wheelchair basketball team. We’re in the play-offs this year! It just seems that the *Messenger* could do a better job representing the entire student body.”

 “Do you think that you might be overreacting just a little bit, Tyler?” asked Heidi. “I know it’s annoying, but I don’t think that the newspaper reporters are purposely trying to exclude disabled students. After all, Maybrook has at least 400 hundred students. I can see it now—Heidi’s page, Tyler’s page, and so on. The paper would be huge, and it would take all year to publish!” She laughed at the thought of a 400-page student newspaper.


Tyler smiled faintly but shook his head. “Sure, I know it’s not possible to publish articles about everybody all the time. But come on, Heidi—over the course of a whole year, don’t you think all groups of students should get *some* coverage in the *Messenger*?”

 “Okay, that’s a good point,” Heidi said, closing her newspaper. “But what are you going to do? It sounds like you’re turning into an activist like your mom!”

Ever since Tyler had started using a wheelchair several years earlier, his mother had worked tirelessly to raise awareness about the **issue** of wheelchair access in public places. She had lobbied to get a town **ordinance** passed requiring ramps at all new intersections.

Even though he was proud of his mom, Tyler sometimes felt embarrassed by her outspokenness. If anything, he just wanted to go about his life and not call additional attention to himself.

Tyler shifted his weight uneasily in his chair; his brow furrowed, and his frown grew more pronounced.

 Interrupting his thoughts, Heidi said, “If you feel that strongly, you should tell the *Messenger* what you think. Why don’t you write a letter to the editor, Tyler? That’s the purpose of an opinion page, isn’t it?”

“I’ll think about it,” Tyler replied, but inwardly, he felt uncertain about speaking out. If there was one thing he couldn’t stand, it was people feeling all gooey and sorry for kids with physical differences.

During his afternoon classes, Tyler tried to focus on his assignments, but then he’d see students reading the *Messenger*, and his thoughts would get stirred up again.


After school, as usual, he loaded into the special services bus, and it dropped him off at home. The cold winds had brought in a layer of clouds. Tyler wanted to get inside before it began to rain. Pushing himself up the ramp to the door of the house, Tyler unlocked the door and let himself in.

After cleaning off his wheels with an old towel, he hung his jacket, gloves, and hat on a low peg.

Usually Tyler would come home, turn on some music, and work out with free weights until his mom came home from work, but today he was restless. He couldn't get the *Messenger* out of his head; he had to do something. Moving quickly, he wheeled through the kitchen and into the living room.


After locking the brakes on the wheelchair, he used his arms to swing his body in one smooth, practiced motion from the chair onto the couch. He pulled one leg up with both hands and flopped it on the sofa, leaving the other foot resting on the ground. Fishing out the newspaper from his bag, he turned to the column of "letters to the editor." If he were going to write a letter, what would he say?




 On the one hand, disabled kids couldn't help but attract people's attention. Tyler was used to that; it was a fact that his life was different in some basic ways.

But reading today's paper had made him feel as if disabled people were invisible—as if he and every other disabled person he knew didn't exist. Tyler guessed most people wouldn't have a clue about the real, day-to-day differences for a person whose mobility was dependent upon a wheelchair. Wasn't the issue worth bringing up?

Opening his notebook, Tyler began drafting some thoughts. Even if he did submit a letter to the editor, would the newspaper print it? He looked through the *Messenger* again, this time noticing an e-mail address for submitting letters and articles. He moved back into his wheelchair, rolled to the computer desk, and started typing.


 An hour later, Tyler was done. He ran spell-check on his e-mail and read it again. For a few seconds, he hesitated as questions raced through his head. *What am I doing? Do I really want my opinion in print, in the Messenger, for everyone to read? What if people really disagreed?*

I can handle it, Tyler told himself. Then he took a deep breath, grasped the computer mouse, and carefully clicked “Send.”

 One day about a month later, as Tyler got out of the bus at school, Heidi ran up to him, looking clearly excited. “Tyler, guess what! You missed the paper!”

Tyler couldn’t figure out what she was talking about. “What paper?” he asked. He had left school early the day before because he and his mom had driven out of town for his basketball league’s semi-finals.

“The *Messenger*! It came out late yesterday, after you left. You did it! You wrote that letter, and now it’s in the paper, and everyone is talking about it. Why didn’t you tell me?”

 “Oh, yeah,” Tyler confessed, half mumbling. He hadn’t told anyone about the letter, in case it didn’t get printed.

“It’s great, Tyler, and I snagged an extra copy for you.” She tossed the paper at him. “And guess what? One of the reporters is looking for you! Do you know Chantel Smythe? She asked me where she could find you.”

“Did she say what about?”

“No, but I told her you’d be here today. Let’s get inside and I’ll show you.”

Heidi ran ahead and opened the door, and Tyler wheeled through it.

“Your letter’s right here, on page 5,” Heidi pointed out.

MESSENGER




Dear Editor,

Our school has lots of great activities for students, and the *Maybrook Messenger* seems to cover them pretty well, but perhaps it can do better. Our student body includes people with various disabilities. For example, a number of students (including myself) use wheelchairs. However, the *Messenger's* coverage rarely includes the experiences and viewpoints of disabled students. Sure, many disabled students are members of various school clubs and teams that you cover. But we also represent a group among ourselves.



As a Maybrook student who is also a wheelchair user, I can't help but feel that this lack of coverage must be an oversight. To be most **effective** and to truly serve the entire school, shouldn't you write about the interests and experiences of all student groups? We disabled students may represent a small and exceptional group, but that doesn't mean we should be an **exception** to the paper's standards of fair reporting. I **urge** you to correct this oversight.

Sincerely,
Tyler Chen

 As Tyler read his letter, he wavered between a feeling of pride and a desire to go home and hide. He had hoped that the *Messenger* staff would print his letter but hadn't really thought about what might happen if they did. What if other disabled students didn't like him speaking up? What if people felt sorry for him? And what could the reporter want? He had a sudden, disturbing vision of a landslide rolling down a steep hill. Had he started something that would be hard to stop?

 "There you are!" an unfamiliar voice called out. "Tyler! Tyler Chen!"

"It's Chantel!" said Heidi.

A girl with a big smile and friendly look strode toward them and said, "Tyler? I'm Chantel Smythe, a reporter for the *Messenger*. I see you have the latest edition."

Tyler, uncertain what to say, just answered, "Um, yes."

"You know, your letter is causing quite a stir."



“What you wrote was really gutsy,” Chantel told Tyler, as Heidi slapped her friend on the back. “And you were right on. The *Messenger* hasn’t done enough to represent the perspectives of disabled students, but we want to start now.”

Tyler nodded, feeling thrilled and terrified all at once. What did Chantel have in mind?

“Would you consider co-writing an article with me for the next issue?” Chantel asked hopefully. “The byline would list both of us. The editors have some ideas about what we might do, but we wanted to involve you in the process. Would you meet with us at lunchtime today in Mrs. Singh’s room?”


Heidi was grinning from ear to ear, but Tyler was frozen with indecision. He had no one to blame but himself for setting all this in motion. Co-write an article? Did he really want to get that visible? Wasn’t his letter enough? Maybe invisibility was preferable after all; it was certainly easier.

He felt something like a countdown ticking off inside as Chantel waited for his response—3 . . . 2 . . . 1 . . .

 “Okay, sure,” he heard himself say.

The last issue of the *Messenger* was in print, and the deadline for the next issue was coming up. So, by the end of the lunchtime meeting, Tyler and Chantel had a plan for their article. Tyler would spend an entire day with Chantel, guiding her around campus to all her classes and activities. But their article would have a twist... Chantel would also be in a wheelchair.

The next day, Mrs. Singh helped Chantel and Tyler take their proposal through the necessary channels, getting permission to vary Tyler’s schedule for Chantel’s day of investigative reporting. A local medical equipment company **granted** them free use of a wheelchair and even arranged to have Chantel picked up by the special services bus.


 The following day, patches of slushy snow remained on the ground from a recent storm. Tyler, bundled up for the weather, waited on the sidewalk as the mechanical lift on the bus lowered Chantel, in her wheelchair, to the pavement. “Hey, Speedy!” called Tyler, his breath making puffs of condensation, “Ready to roll?”

Chantel grabbed both wheels and began to push, but her chair went nowhere. “Silly me,” she laughed. “It helps to undo the brakes.” She released the two wheel brakes and with some effort pushed up the short ramp to the sidewalk. “I’ve already spent half my time trying to *not* roll backward on a slope, and trying to roll with the brakes still on,” she admitted with a smile.

“Since we have to go the long way to get to the ramp, I’d suggest we get started so we can get indoors.” Tyler pumped strongly with his arms, and Chantel attempted to keep up. She was out of breath by the time they got around to the side of the building and finished pushing up the long ramp. Tyler muscled the door open for Chantel.

“If you’re by yourself and can’t open a door, you have to wait for someone to come along,” Tyler explained. “And sometimes, because we can’t take the stairs, we have to go by long twisty routes to get to class. We really have to calculate how long it’s going to take us to get across campus to the next class. And although most of the restrooms have wheelchair access, not all of them do—so that can take longer too, depending on where you are.”




 “By the way, you’re going to need more than those mittens,” Tyler added, once they were indoors. “I brought an extra pair of waterproof gloves.”

“Thanks, my hands are already completely wet and freezing!” exclaimed Chantel. “I didn’t realize how messy the wheels would be, but every time they go round in the puddles and slush, more water comes up with the wheel.”

“You two want company?” Heidi had come up behind them, unnoticed. They turned their heads, mouths falling open. Heidi sat in a wheelchair, too.

“What...? How...?” Tyler was tongue-tied.

 “Hey, I didn’t want to be left out! This used to be my grandfather’s wheelchair, and my grandmother still had it in her garage. I hope you don’t mind. Besides, I thought it might be more fun if Chantel and I both tried to keep up with you, Tyler, rather than just her. Don’t worry, I got permission, and besides, you need someone to take photographs for your article, don’t you?”

With a flourish, she pulled a camera out of her pocket as Tyler and Chantel laughed and applauded.

“Okay, let’s go!” Tyler said. “It may be tricky to fit three wheelchairs in some of the classrooms, but we’ll manage.”


 “Wouldn’t that be some sort of building code violation?” asked Chantel. “I thought everyplace had to have wheelchair access.”

“Well, older, deteriorating buildings may have only the minimum changes to get by legally,” Tyler explained. “Often there is more that still could be done. I guess that’s why my mom keeps working on getting more wheelchair access around town.”

“You know, I’ve already found an improvement that could be made right here at school,” Heidi remarked.

“What is it?” Chantel asked, whipping out her spiral-bound reporter’s notebook and a pen.

“I never noticed this before, but the girls’ restrooms near the principal’s office could use a lower mirror. I couldn’t even see myself in the mirror sitting in the wheelchair,” Heidi told her.

 “Let’s figure out how to get ourselves to Chantel’s first class,” said Tyler. “It looks like we have to go out in the wet weather again and down that same ramp.”

“Why don’t you show Chantel how to pop a wheelie and go speeding down the ramp on two wheels, while I take your picture?” suggested Heidi.

Tyler popped his front wheels up and balanced on his back wheels, as Heidi snapped a photo. “It’s not too hard,” he told Chantel, “with practice!”

“Uh, maybe I’ll try that later,” said Chantel. “Right now, I’ll just work on getting up and down the ramps through the slush! Besides, I have a feeling I’m going to need all my



upper-body strength just to get through the day. This is a real workout, and my arms are definitely not used to this kind of activity.”

▶ The day whizzed by. Everyone in Chantel’s classes was curious about the reporting project, peppering Heidi, Chantel, and especially Tyler with questions. Tyler was amazed to hear how many people were impressed by his letter to the editor.

At three o’clock, the three friends boarded the special services bus to go home. With a grin, Tyler swiveled around and surveyed Heidi and Chantel, both of whom looked tired but exhilarated. “So,” he asked, his eyes twinkling, “how are you two feeling?”

▶ “Whew!” Chantel exclaimed, slumping back into her chair. “I’m exhausted, but it was great. Tyler, we couldn’t have gotten through the day without you!”

“Yeah, absolutely,” Heidi agreed. “And people are already so excited about this article—just wait until it’s published!”

Three weeks later, the new issue of the *Messenger* was out, and Tyler and Chantel's article had been tacked up behind the glass window of the school display case. "Another View," proclaimed the headline, "by Tyler Chen and Chantel Smythe. Photography by Heidi Clark." A crowd of students hovered around Tyler, Chantel, and Heidi, eagerly asking questions.

"You know, I was impressed by Chantel's and Heidi's determination," Tyler was saying. "Getting around in a wheelchair can be tough."

Chantel nodded and said, "It was an eye-opening experience. I'd never realized what hard work it is to get around school; it was humbling. Most students can take the shortest route to their next class, but it isn't that simple when you're in a wheelchair."

"Tyler does it every day," Heidi added. "And that's not all—he's also a star player on his wheelchair basketball team!"

"Hey," cried Chantel, turning to Tyler with a look of admiration and surprise. "You never told me that!"

"Well, I was saving it for our next article," Tyler replied with a grin. "My team rocked the semis, and now we're in the finals. The first game is this Friday. So, you two want to come and do some courtside reporting?"



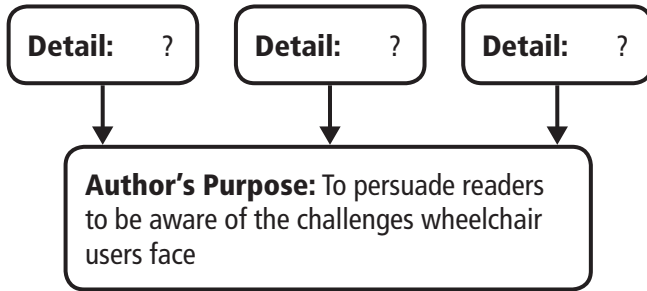
Responding



TARGET SKILL

Author's Purpose

What was the author's purpose in writing *Another View*? Copy the chart below. Summarize the author's purpose. Then list details that support that purpose.



Write About It

Text to Text Think of another selection you have read about a character who fights for his or her rights. How did you feel about that character? Write two paragraphs that tell about your reaction.

**TARGET VOCABULARY**




dependent
deteriorating
effective
exception
granted

issue
minimum
ordinance
urge
violations

**EXPAND YOUR VOCABULARY**

activist
byline
column
coverage

drafting
headline
investigative reporting
mobility

**TARGET SKILL** **Author's Purpose** Use text details to figure out the author's viewpoint and reasons for writing.**TARGET STRATEGY** **Summarize** Briefly tell the important parts of the text in your own words.**GENRE** **Realistic Fiction** is a present-day story with events that could take place in real life.

Level: X

DRA: 60

Genre:

Realistic Fiction

Strategy:

Summarize

Skill:

Author's Purpose

Word Count: 3,231

5.4.19

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

Online Levelled Books



ISBN: 978-0-547-89050-0



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN HARCOURT

1508025

Name: _____

Book Title: _____

Book Author: _____

Ruled area for writing with 20 horizontal lines.

Name _____ Date _____

Story Map: _____

Title _____

Setting	Characters
<p style="text-align: center;">Plot</p> <p>Beginning</p> <p>Middle</p> <p>End</p>	

READING MENU 19

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.



<p>1. Compare and contrast the setting of this story to the setting of the last story you read.</p>	<p>2. If you were giving a gift to the main character, what would you give? Why?</p>	<p>3. Retell the beginning, middle and end of your story.</p>
<p>4. Find words in your text that have prefixes or suffixes. Explain their meaning.</p>	<p>5. What is the theme, or central message, of the story. How do you know?</p>	<p>6. How do the illustrations in the story help you to understand what is happening? Give some specific examples.</p>
<p>7. Will you read more books about this topic? Why or why not?</p>	<p>8. Write a letter to persuade your teacher to teach about the topic of your text. Give specific reasons.</p>	<p>9. What new facts have you learned from your book?</p>

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: _____

Lined writing area with 20 horizontal lines for text entry.

Name: _____

Date: _____

Cursive Writing: White Snow Bright Snow

White Snow, Bright Snow

*Softly, gently in the secret night,
Down from the North
came the quiet white
Drifting, sitting, silent flight,
Softly, gently, in the secret night.*

*White snow, bright snow,
smooth and deep.
Light snow, night snow,
quiet as sleep.
Down, down, without a sound:
Down, down to the
frozen ground.*

Name: _____

Date: _____

Cursive Writing: White Snow Bright Snow

*Covering roads and
hiding fences,
Sifting in cracks and
filling up trenches.
Millions of snowflakes,
tiny and light,
Softly, gently, in
the secret night.*

By Alvin Tresselt