

Week of May 4th- May 8th

Hello families,

I hope all is well. This week in the packet there will be the leveled reader for your student to read. Once this is read, please complete the Inference Map in response to the leveled reader. On the Map, your student will list details from the leveled reader. Once your student has done this, they will come up with a theme that correlates with the details. This can be completed all in one day or they can break it up into chunks.

The reading menu can be completed with either a personal book that is being read, or through a book on Epic. The class Epic code is ych1028.

In this week's packet, there will be a MAZE reading passage. Your child will read through this and choose the word that makes the most sense within the sentence.

There will be a vocabulary four square page as well. Your student will complete the four square that has already been started. Once they have done this, they will do the same thing on a separate piece of paper with three vocabulary words of their choice.

During the phone check in call I will be discussing with your student the question that they chose for the reading menu from week 3. In addition, I will also ask to check in about the math and how the lessons went through Khan Academy. We will also talk about the assignments on Vocabulary Spelling City.

For feedback for week 4, I will need a picture of the Inference Map and the MAZE passage. That can either be before our check in call so that I can help go over any questions or it can be after, as long as it is turned in by Sunday the 10th. It can be sent to me through DOJO or through email at [jschwartz@vernoniak12.org](mailto:jschwartz@vernoniak12.org).

Packet will have:

- Leveled reader
- Reading Menu
- Inference Map
- MAZE Passage
- Vocabulary Four Square

Keep reading, practice math fact fluency with the flashcards or moby max, ask questions, and remember to keep your heads up and hands washed! Have a wonderful week!

Sincerely,

Mrs. Schwartz

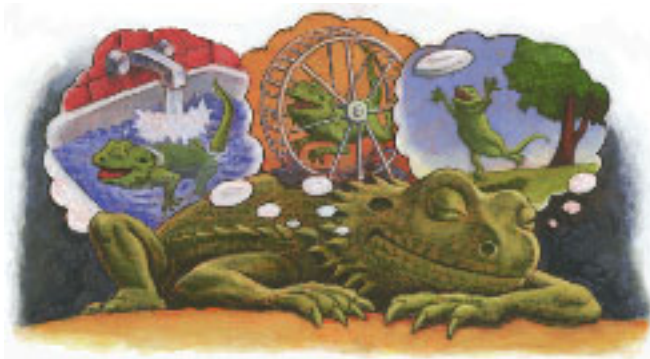


# A DRAGON'S VIEW

by Jennifer Weinstein  
illustrated by Gideon Kendall

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN HARCOURT

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School Publishers

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 **G**ood day, mate! Let me **introduce** myself—the name's Beardy. I am a bearded dragon. You may not know this, but a bearded dragon is not a dragon at all. No, mate, I'm a lizard. They call me a bearded dragon because I have this flap of skin under my jaw. When I get upset, I can puff it up or turn it black. But usually that doesn't happen. I'm quite sweet and docile. I'm ten years old, which is pretty old for a bearded dragon, but I don't feel a day over six. I'm an Aussie—that's what you call someone from Australia—but now I live in Room 121 at Newman Elementary School.

Well, *usually* I live in Room 121. However, this week I am on vacation with Manuel.




Let me start from the beginning. Room 121 is a good place to live. There's always something going on, which keeps my days pretty interesting. The kids have been really good about taking care of me. In fact, for the first few weeks of school, everyone kept coming over to my aquarium and watching me. They all wanted to help, but Mr. Garrett had them take turns. It was exciting—I felt very important. I have to admit, though, that Room 121 can be a busy place, and sometimes that makes it hard for me to get a nap. However, I've learned a lot of interesting stuff. I even found out I've got a knack for mental math—who knows when that might come in handy!



Anyway, yesterday I was in my aquarium doing my morning stretches—puffing out my beard and that sort of thing—when Mr. Garrett came in with a woman I had not seen before.


“I appreciate this, Mrs. Gonzalez,” I heard him say. “I am so happy you're willing to take him over the winter break. I'll be out of town while school is out, and I can't leave him alone.”

*Take him?* I thought. *Take who? Me?* I looked at the two big people looking at me. I waved my left forefoot at them to suggest that I meant them no harm.




Mrs. Gonzalez smiled. “Hello there, little guy,” she said in a soothing voice. “You’re going to come home with Manuel and me this week.”

I stopped in mid-wave. Manuel? The bloke—that’s the Aussie word for *guy*—who always loses his lunch ticket? The bloke who always forgets to turn off the water after he washes up? *That* Manuel? I was suddenly very nervous.



Mr. Garrett put my aquarium on a wagon and pulled me through the school and outside. There was snow on the ground, and I shivered when a little breath of cold air puffed into the top of my house. Brrrr! I come from the desert, and I am cold-blooded. This means my body cannot generate heat on its own the way humans can. My body is at the mercy of whatever temperature the air around me is at—and I just can’t get used to cold weather!



“I gave Manuel instructions on how to care for Beardy,” Mr. Garrett told Mrs. Gonzalez. “I will give him some reptile food and other supplies to bring home today.”


“Okay, thank you,” Mrs. Gonzalez said as she put me in the back seat of the car. “I’m sure we’ll all be fine.” I wasn’t so sure about that.

She waved to Mr. Garrett as we drove away. “See you next week!”


🔊 *A whole week away from Room 121, I gulped to myself. That's a long time.* I was getting so nervous that I was afraid I might start to molt, or shed my skin, early. I just hoped the Gonzalez family was ready for me.

🔊 In the car, I held my legs stiff in the middle of the aquarium in an **effort** to steady myself. It felt like I was in an earthquake as I jostled and bumped along. The ride seemed to take forever. The other cars were **blaring** their horns at each other and swerving this way and that. Twice Mrs. Gonzalez stopped fast, and I went sprawling across the aquarium. Kangaroos were meant to jump, but not bearded dragons. I've never been so nervous in my life!




 Finally, to my relief, I was carried into the house and put in Manuel’s room, which was nothing like I had imagined. It was neat and tidy. *Interesting*, I thought. *Maybe this bloke isn’t so bad.*

I curled up in a corner of the aquarium and dozed. It was wonderful to be in a quiet place at last, away from all the racket of that traffic—and Room 121. When I woke, I could smell food.

 *Mmmmm, tucker*, I thought. *Tucker* is the word we Aussies use for food. I was thinking about some fat, juicy crickets or a cockroach when Manuel burst in.

“Hi there, Beardy,” he said to me.

I promptly waved my forefoot at him as I wave to all the kids in Room 121. I appreciate that they give me my tucker and water so I don’t suffer from starvation or dehydration.

 “I brought home your stuff,” he told me, putting a box down on the bed. He pulled out a small plastic bag of pellets and put some in the aquarium. I didn’t recognize them, but they smelled like food. They were not the reptile protein snacks I usually ate. I had once overheard Mr. Garrett say that he bought my snacks from the same pet store where he bought snacks for the hamster that is kept with the second-graders down the hall. I ate a few of the pellets. They were odd, but tasty.





“Unfortunately,” Manuel continued, “Mr. Garrett didn’t have time to tell me everything because **SOMEBODY** kept interrupting him. So he just handed me this box with a note on top.”

I guessed that the **SOMEBODY** was Jacob, the bloke who sits near Manuel. Those two boys are always bickering, and Mr. Garrett often has to separate them.

Manuel went on to read the note to me: “Caring for Your Classroom Pet.

1. Feed your classroom pet every day. Limit snacks.
2. Make sure your pet has plenty of clean water.
3. Make sure your pet gets exercise every day.
4. Change your pet’s bedding frequently.”

He finished reading and looked at me. “Let’s start with feeding you.”



Suddenly, Manuel lifted me out of the aquarium and took me into the kitchen.

“Sorry, but we don’t have any crickets,” he explained as he put me on the floor by a bowl of food. “My grandma has a dog that eats scraps for dinner, so I thought you could do the same with these steak scraps.”

Being an omnivore, I’ll eat almost anything. Tucker is tucker, after all. The scraps were actually pretty good.

As I ate, the doorbell rang, and Mrs. Gonzalez came into the kitchen followed by a boy in a coat and a red cap.

Who was it? I scampered across the tile floor, trying to remain unnoticed. It was Jacob!

When Manuel saw that it was Jacob, his face got bright red. “What do *you* want?” he asked.

“My mom made me come over,” explained Jacob. “Mr. Garrett called her and asked if I could help you with Beardy.”

Reluctantly, Manuel said, “Fine, you can help me. He just had supper and now he needs some exercise.”

“What did he eat?” Jacob inquired.

“He had steak,” said Manuel. “I know he eats crickets at school, but I didn’t have any, so I thought about what might be healthy and tasty and shared my dinner with him.”

At that moment, I felt proud of Manuel. He wasn’t the scatter-brained bloke he seemed to be in Room 121. He was really trying to take good care of me.


Jacob was smiling. “Okay, so you said now he needs his exercise, right?”

“That’s what the note said,” answered Manuel.

“How in the world does a bearded dragon exercise?”

Exercise? I’m not really a jog-a-mile, lift-a-few-weights kind of lizard. My idea of exercise is puffing out my beard or bulging my eyes. There’s not much need for running when you live in an aquarium.


“My grandma takes her dog, Pixie, for a walk every evening after dinner,” replied Manuel. “So I’m going to take Beardy for a walk as soon as I find him a leash.”

 “You’re going to take a lizard for a walk?” Jacob asked. There was a **combination** of surprise and amusement in his voice.


“Sure,” said Manuel. “Walking is a good way to exercise, right?”

Jacob shrugged his shoulders. Manuel left the room and returned carrying a pink leash and a collar with sparkly stones on it.

“My sister had a cat that liked to go for walks,” he told Jacob, showing him the leash.

 As Manuel came toward me with the pink leash, I tried skittering away. Unfortunately, I backed into a corner, and Manuel easily scooped me up. He put the collar around my neck and attached the leash. How humiliating!

Besides being embarrassed at how I must look wearing a collar and a leash, I was worried about something else that was much more important—the cold. I could only hope that the boys would remember that reptiles aren’t meant to be out in the cold. Happily, they did.

 “Wait a minute,” said Jacob. “Remember how Mr. Garrett once told us that the only way an alligator can warm itself is to lie out in the sun on a hot day?”

“You’re right,” Manuel replied. “We can’t take Beardy out in weather like this.”

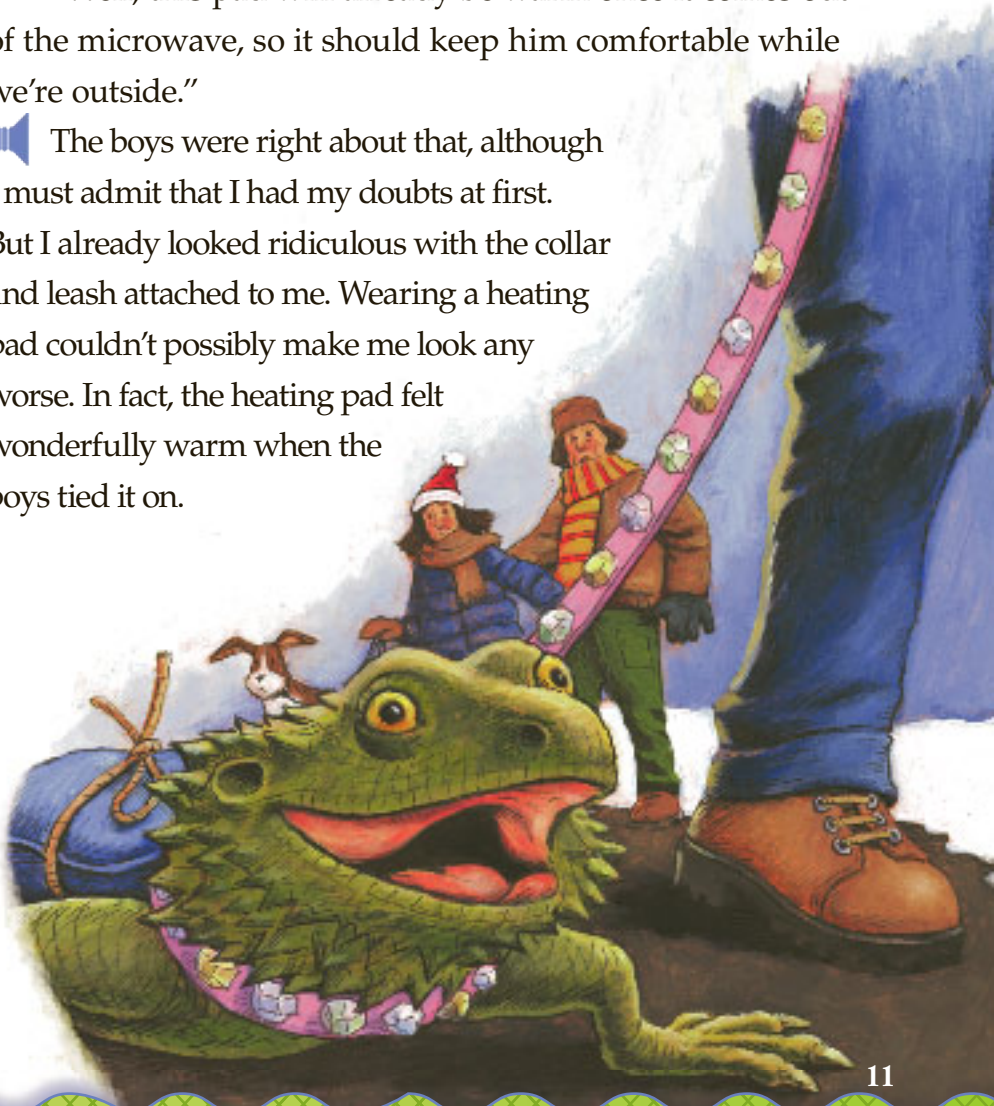
🔊 Jacob lifted something off a table by the wall.

“Isn’t this one of those heating pads that can be warmed in the microwave?”

“Yes, my mother heated it up for me when I had a stiff neck. It stays warm for a long time after you heat it.”

“Well, this pad will already be warm once it comes out of the microwave, so it should keep him comfortable while we’re outside.”

🔊 The boys were right about that, although I must admit that I had my doubts at first. But I already looked ridiculous with the collar and leash attached to me. Wearing a heating pad couldn’t possibly make me look any worse. In fact, the heating pad felt wonderfully warm when the boys tied it on.



Outside, Jacob, Manuel, and I stayed on the sidewalk, away from the snow. There were a few other people out walking dogs. When they came close to us, they all did the same thing. First, they said, "Good evening, boys." Then they would look down at me. Suddenly, the smiles would vanish, and their eyes would get enormous. They would step off the sidewalk trying to get away from me!

Jacob and Manuel laughed every time. I thought it was quite a jolly time myself. I even started to strut a bit.

When we finally got back to the house, Jacob and Manuel were talking. It turns out that both of them like old science fiction movies. They had never talked about that in class. I wondered what else they might have in common.


Manuel put me in my aquarium and turned on the desk lamp, which felt nice and toasty after the cold. I basked in the warm light while listening to the boys talk.

Later Jacob asked, "What are you doing tomorrow?" "Taking care of Beardy," Manuel answered. "Do you want to help? We could try some different exercises with him because I don't think he really liked the snow."

*You think right!* I thought as I dozed.

"Manuel," Jacob asked, "Did you look in this box Mr. Garrett gave you?"

"No, not yet," said Manuel.




This caught my interest, and I peered through the side of the aquarium. Jacob was holding a small box with writing on it. “This says *Hamster Snacks*.”

Manuel rushed over to Jacob.


“Oh no! These are the same kind of pellets I gave Beardy as soon as I got home today. Mr. Garrett had put some in a plastic bag without a label. I didn’t know they were actually hamster treats!”

“I’m sorry I gave you the wrong pellets, Beardy,” said Manuel.



I wished then that I could talk. I would have told the boys not to worry. The hamster snacks had tasted fine, and I was very grateful that Manuel and Jacob were working so hard to take care of me.

“And look at this,” continued Jacob. “Here’s an exercise wheel for hamsters. Beardy is much too big to use a hamster wheel. Mr. Garrett must have given you the wrong box!”



Manuel and Jacob stared at each other and then at me. There was a long, worried pause. Finally, Manuel said, “I think he’ll be okay. He’s an omnivore, so hamster food shouldn’t hurt him. We can do some research about the best way to take care of him from now on. Between the two of us, we can figure it out!”



🔊 Jacob went home soon after that, and Manuel and I were alone. I thought about how Jacob and Manuel never got along at school, but how tonight it seemed that they actually liked each other.

🔊 Well, it has been a long, cold day. I think I'll curl up under Manuel's desk lamp and get some shut-eye. I know I ate hamster snacks, but that doesn't make me **nocturnal** like a hamster. Bearded dragons are diurnal, so I'm going to get my rest at night like any good human. Who knows what strange **feats** those boys will have me doing tomorrow. Swimming laps in the bathtub, maybe. Or, running around in some sort of silly exercise wheel for bearded lizards. I guess I'll find out soon enough. Goodnight, mate.



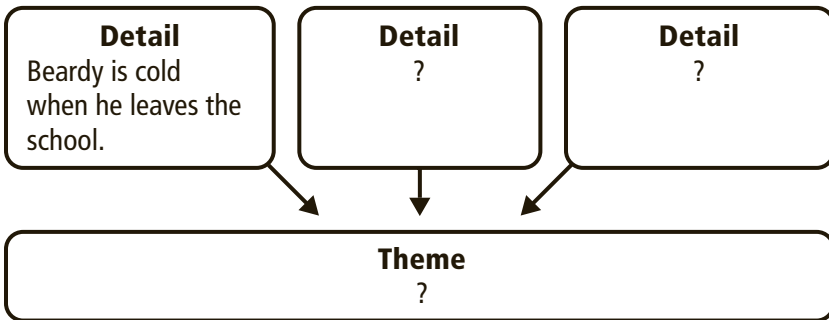
# Responding



## TARGET SKILL

### Theme

How do Beardy's thoughts and Manuel's actions suggest the theme of the story? What details contribute to the theme? Copy and complete the chart below.



## Write About It

**Text to Text** Think of another book you have read in which a character changes in different settings. Write two paragraphs comparing and contrasting the character's behaviors and actions.



### TARGET VOCABULARY

appreciate  
blaring  
combination  
effort  
feats

introduce  
nocturnal  
promptly  
racket  
suggest



### EXPAND YOUR VOCABULARY

basked  
dehydration  
diurnal

docile  
molt



**TARGET SKILL** **Theme** Understand character's qualities, motives, and actions to recognize the theme of the story.



**TARGET STRATEGY** **Summarize** Briefly tell the important parts of the text in your own words.



**GENRE** A **fantasy** is a story with details that could not happen but seem real.

**Level:** S

**DRA:** 40

**Genre:**

Fantasy

**Strategy:**

Summarize

**Skill:**

Theme

**Word Count:** 2,317

4.5.21

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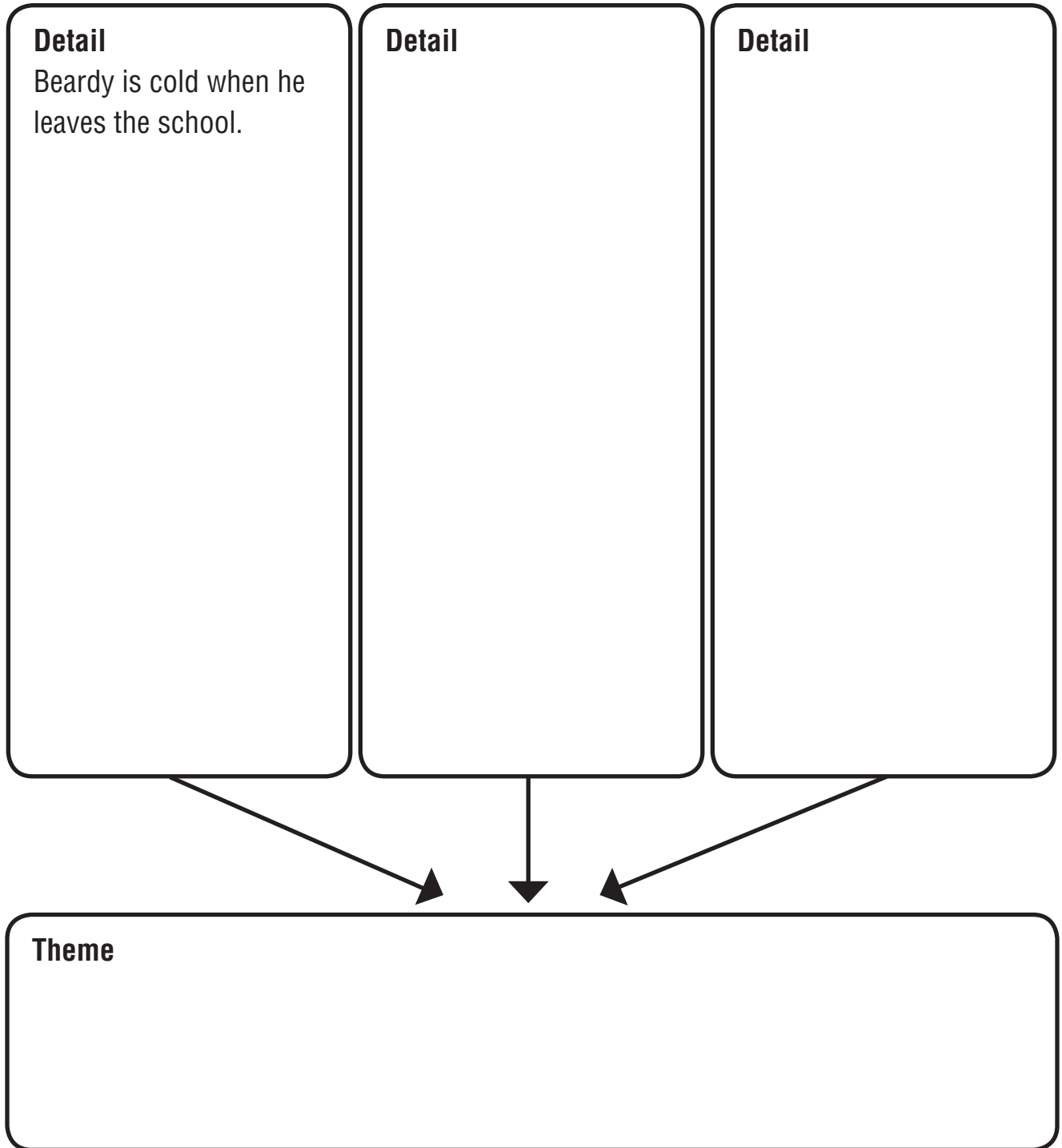
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Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

# Inference Map: \_\_\_\_\_

**A Dragon's View**  
Graphic Organizer 8

Title or Topic \_\_\_\_\_



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

# Target Vocabulary

**The Truth About Rodents**  
Target Vocabulary

Fill in two more examples and non-examples for *blaring*.  
Then create your own Four-Square Map for three more Target Vocabulary words of your choice.

**Vocabulary**

blaring	effort	feats
appreciate	racket	suggest
combination	promptly	introduce
nocturnal		

<p><b>Definition</b> making a loud, unpleasant noise</p>	<p><b>Example</b> • a police siren</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p>
<b>blaring</b>	
<p><b>Sentence</b> The blaring car horn hurt our ears.</p>	<p><b>Non-example</b> • a radio with the volume turned down</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p>

# READING MENU 24



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. What is the problem in the story? Explain a time that you had a similar problem.	2. Write about a part of the story that was surprising to you.	3. If you were giving a gift to the main character, what would you give? Why?
4. Who is important to the main character? Explain how you know.	5. If you were the author, what would you change about the story? Why?	6. Find words in your text that have prefixes or suffixes. Explain their meaning.
7. What was the most surprising fact that the author shared? Why did it surprise you?	8. How does the author show that he or she is an expert on the topic? Give examples.	9. Write a one sentence summary about each chapter in the book.

## 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: \_\_\_\_\_

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Completion	Question is not answered.	Question is partially answered.	Answer is complete.
Sentences	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.
Thoughtfulness	Answer shows little effort or thought.	Answer shows limited thought.	Answer is thoughtful.
Text Evidence	Answer does not include text evidence.	Answer has limited use of text evidence.	Answer is supported with significant text evidence.
Editing	Answer has many errors.	Answer has some errors.	Answer has very few errors.

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

## Practice 1

After playing in the dirt, Sam went \_\_\_\_\_ to wash her hands.

home  
summer  
was

## Practice 2

On her way home, she \_\_\_\_\_ an ice cream truck.

chair  
sleep  
saw



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

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

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



## The Restaurant

It was a busy Saturday evening at Giuseppina's, the best restaurant in town. Waiters in white

shirts and blue    rushed about carrying heavy trays of    food. Tamiqua and her parents

sat at a    table in the corner, waiting for their   . From where they sat, Tamiqua could

the chefs in the kitchen. They    rolling out dough, chopping vegetables, and

dishes from a huge oven. Tamiqua's    growled as she thought of the    with meatballs.

It was her favorite    and she ordered it every time her    came to eat here.

“Why don't you    something different tonight?” her dad asked. Tamiqua    and

shook her head. She thought to   , why should she when she knew the    was tasty?

Her mom enjoyed trying    foods, though, and every time the    went to

Giuseppina's, her mom would    the chef's latest dish. This dish    always new, and usually

included special    that the chef had gained from her   . Tamiqua didn't know why Mom

would    to eat something she had never had before    she didn't know if she would like it.

At **sad** **last** **cook**, the waiter arrived with their food and **set** **town** **head** the plates down on the table. Mom and

Dad **tell** **picked** **face** up their forks, but when Tamiqua **see** **smiled** **looked** at her plate, she saw noodles **try** **covered** **want** with a

white sauce with many **surprise** **strange** **waiting** objects in it. "This isn't spaghetti and **looked** **so** **meatballs**!" she cried.

"Oh dear, we made the **wrong** **when** **special** food for you!" the waiter said.

**Cheesy** **Just** **Chef's** then, the restaurant manager came by and **would** **thought** **saw** Tamiqua's sad face, so she asked

what the **trouble** **forks** **objects** was. When the waiter told her about the **herself** **rolling** **mistake**, the manager looked serious and

promised to **trouble** **fork** **bring** the right dish out as soon as **have** **possible** **shirts**.

Before the manager returned to the **kitchen** **dough** **time**, Dad asked the waiter to explain the **was** **tonight** **dish** they

had brought out. He told them that it **tiny** **new** **was** noodles with chicken and spinach in a **creamy** **table** **shook** cheese

sauce. Dad looked hopefully at Tamiqua, but she **made** **frowned** **brought** and wrinkled her nose.

"Tamiqua, those **don't** **are** **soon** all things that you like, you've **just** **picked** **vegetables** never had them all in one

**tasted** **dish** **family**," Mom said. Dad asked her to **every** **oh** **try** a bite.

Tamiqua sighed, but she 

went
favorite
carrying

 ahead and picked up her fork and 

removing
if
cut

 a tiny bite. She

put it in her 

mouth
wrinkled
knew

. To her surprise, it was good. She 

ordered
promised
took

 another bite. Yum! The cheesy

sauce 

plate
always
tasted

 delicious with the chicken and vegetables. Tamiqua 

serious
blue
smiled

 at the waiter and manager.

She 

many
evening
said

, "Tell the cook I have a 

bite
new
last

 favorite dish!"

