

5th Grade Bulletin #24

Week 7-Class News

Khan Academy: This week in math we will be continuing our coordinate plane module (6). This week it will be more of interpreting the quadrants on the graph, and using that information. Please let me know if you have trouble connecting with Khan Academy.

Distance Learning Packets: Our packets this week include a Reading Menu #24, 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.

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 finding cause and effect examples 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 24 (answer 2 questions this week if you finish all other parts).
6. Daze #13
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
10. There is always Moby Max practice and Epic!

*The school website has so many art, and other activities &resources.

Dear Cousin



by Jaden Jameson
illustrated by Marcy Ramsey

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN



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 July 14, 1871

Dear Cousin Sarah,

At last, here we are in New Mexico. I have been begging Mama for days to let me write you, but she is hoarding our paper. We are running low on other supplies as well—corn-meal, salt pork, even sorghum. We haven't had sugar for weeks. I told Mama that since we have finally arrived in New Mexico, why ration? We can buy what we need. She frowned to show me how ignorant I am and **lectured** me about how we have to live off the land now. Rudy says Mama is out of sorts because the baby is due any day, and we still don't have a place to live. Goodness, I suppose I should have started with the news about the baby right off!

 We finally made it to the end of the Santa Fe Trail. I'm so relieved to be here. There were times I thought New Mexico did not really exist, that we would drag along through the dust forever without end. Despite all the warnings we heard in Missouri, we had no trouble whatsoever with Indians. Father says all the trappers, traders, gold miners, and soldiers who came through before us must have smoothed the way.

 When we got to Santa Fe, we were supposed to meet a man who would help Father secure his land claim. We set up camp on the outskirts of town. The very next day, Father and Rudy went to inspect the homestead. But when they returned, I could see at once from Father's worried face that some **mishap** had occurred.

🔊 A stranger was with them, a man with caramel brown skin and a wide hat. He greeted my mother with “*Buenas tardes, Señora.*”

🔊 Then Father explained that Mr. Nuñez was the person he had written to before we left Illinois. Mr. Nuñez was supposed to be helping us claim our homestead. But there was some problem with the deed. Mr. Nuñez assured my mother that she didn’t need to worry. He said that he would fix everything.

🔊 Rudy, being 16 and practically grown up, made a serious face and stood with the adults and ignored all my questions. “Are there snakes on the homestead?” I wanted to know. “Is there a creek? Did he spy any Indians?”

🔊 “You’ll see soon enough,” was all he said. I felt most annoyed. His teasing can be such a **torment** sometimes!

🔊 Well, Cousin, what I’ve seen so far is lots of clay-red dirt, hardly any trees, enough lizards to give your mother fits, prickly shrubs that jab your skin with thistles so tiny you can never find them, and clouds that fill the whole sky every afternoon. We’ve had three thunderstorms. I have never seen so much water pour from the sky all at once.



 But I miss Chicago. I miss crowds, noise, plumbing, gaslights, trolleys, and the shouts of the newsies on the street corner as we walk to school. I even miss school!

 And I miss you terribly, Sarah. Please write me as soon as you can.

Your lonely cousin,
Anna

 August 27, 1871

Dear Anna,

How I wish I could be in New Mexico with you! It has been unbearably hot here in Chicago lately, and everyone complains about the weather. Ma allows Riley and me to go to the lake on Sunday afternoons after church, but only if Toby goes with us. Most days, Toby is too tired from working at the meatpacking plant to take us, and we don't dare ask Pa. There have been problems at the rail yard lately, and he is often out of sorts. I hear him complaining to Ma late at night about the rail bosses, something about unions. Ma worries he might lose his job.

 I have been practicing my penmanship lately. Can you tell? Right this very moment, I am sitting in proper position—forefinger flat upon the barrel of the penholder, my middle fingernail supporting it, thumb directly opposite the first joint of my forefinger. I hold my wrist straight off the desk. I keep my paper in the front position, and my left foot six inches in front of my right, both flat on the floor.

🔊 School started once again, and we have been drilling every day. Mary Banes is in my class again this year. She took extra elocution lessons over the summer and memorized some long poems. All day she walks around school with her arm in the air, reciting verses, and showing off dramatic poses. I shall not be able to bear her this year without you here.

🔊 Anna, the most amazing event took place in July—the LaSalle Street Tunnel was opened to the public. Ma wouldn't let Pa take us through it for a whole month. She said that walking underneath a river is downright unnatural. Pa told us that Ma has always **balked** at anything new. She didn't trust telegraphs or toilets in the beginning, either, and look how much better we **fared** once those inventions came along.



 Last week, she finally agreed to let us take the wagon through the tunnel. It is the strangest feeling, ducking down out of daylight, knowing that a river is flowing right over your head. We clopped along in the dim light with a dozen other wagons and then emerged into the sunlight on the other side. Modern engineering is miraculous!

 I decided after that day that I want to become an engineer. Toby says that only men can do that sort of work. I suppose he's right. Who ever heard of a woman engineer? Still, I keep thinking about the former slave, Sojourner Truth. She came to Chicago a few months ago and gave a lecture that was written up in the newspaper. Aunt Kate went, and she told us all about it. Sojourner Truth preaches rights for *everyone*, not just for white men. If she can say those things, then why shouldn't I be able to study whatever I want? But Pa says Toby is right, and I should get such silly thoughts out of my head.

 Ma is calling. Time to help with supper, so I had better end this letter. I think of you often, Cousin. I can't believe, in all those months on the trail, that you never had any Indian trouble. Pa says that's because so many of them have been put on reservations that there aren't any left to fight. If you do see an Indian, you have to tell me right away. I want to know everything, absolutely everything that happens. Promise.

 I will now use the spelling word we learned last week as a closing.

Cordially yours,
Sarah

 September 25, 1871

Dear Sarah,

Good news! We have a homestead—and a new baby girl named Margaret Ellen! But there is bad news, too. Mama is sick.

 Señor Nuñez (that's what Mr. Nuñez is called around these parts) found us another plot of land to homestead. He says this sort of problem happens often these days. Cattlemen come into the territory, graze their herds, and chase off anyone who challenges them.

 Señor Nuñez has lived on a ranch in New Mexico his whole life. His father was killed in the Mexican War against the United States. He has friends who are Navajo, but the Americans put them on a reservation. The Apaches are supposed to be on a reservation, too, but they are still fighting.

 Señor Nuñez says that people are always fighting over New Mexico. “It is because she is so beautiful. *Tan hermosa*,” he told me.

When I asked him what he meant by “she,” he said that he was talking about the land. Then he gestured at the waving grasslands, the hills in the distance, and the sky that seems to grow bluer every day. He is right. New Mexico is beautiful.

Father purchased 30 head of cattle, and now that our clay house is built, we will start building a barn. Señor Nuñez has found us some *vaqueros*—cowboys—to help with the livestock.

🔊 All my energy is spent on Mama, the baby, and the house. Mama developed a fever several days after the baby was born, and she's been bedridden ever since. The doctor has been out from Santa Fe twice to see her. He says she caught an infection from giving birth. I was so worried that she might have cholera. We passed a family on the trail who had lost a mother and three children to that horrible disease.

🔊 Since I am 12 now, Father says I'm old enough to step in and fill Mama's shoes. So in the mornings, I get up before dawn. I bake bread, make coffee, and care for the baby. I tend to Mama, too. Rudy has been milking Jezebel—our milk cow—for me. After the men leave to work on the ranch, I sweep, wash dishes, prepare the noontime meal, take care of the chickens, and work the tiny garden we are trying to grow. We have very little water, and I must carry bucketloads from the pump to the yard. I call it a "yard," but really, it's just a piece of earth we've cleared of rocks and grass. There are precious few trees around, so we have no wood to build fences. The cattle graze freely, though Father and Señor Nuñez have plans to pen them in with barbed wire.



 By the end of every day, I'm so weary I can hardly stand. To tell the truth, I'm scared, Sarah. I can't fill Mama's shoes. No one can. I fall asleep aching every night and fear that I will not be able to rise again the next day.

I'm hearing a **rustling** from baby Margaret, which means that she is waking and will commence to wail in a moment, so I had better close this letter while I still can.

Your penmanship is much improved, Cousin. Please drive through the LaSalle Street Tunnel for me. Pray for Mama, and keep me in your thoughts. You are always in mine.

Lovingly yours,
Anna

 November 1, 1871

Dear Anna,

Catastrophe has struck! I hardly know how to begin. There has been a terrible fire, the most fearsome Chicago has ever known. Even though several weeks have passed, I am still **quaking** at the memory.

 The night of October 8th, I was sound asleep when Pa shook my shoulder—"Get up, get up." I blinked awake. For a moment, I was confused. And then I heard the fire bell clanging. Fear **surged** through me.

Ma stood in the doorway and motioned for me to come. She was fully dressed. She held a candle in one hand. Riley gripped her other hand, his eyes blinking fast. Ma told me to get dressed quickly.



I slipped a dress over my head and struggled with my stockings. I heard shouts outside. The fire bell still clanged. Horses neighed wildly. A baby wailed.

I grabbed my journal, your letters, and my locket with Ma's picture in it. We stepped out the front door into a nightmare.

The skyline to the south billowed with red-lit clouds. Flames roared into the night. Smoke choked the air. It seemed the whole city was on fire. Ash and sparks blew overhead. Riley screamed, then started coughing. Ma pressed a blanket over his mouth as Pa hoisted us into the wagon.



Handing Ma the reins, he told us to head to the school. We would be safe there. I grabbed for Pa's arm and asked him why he wasn't coming. He said that he needed to help the neighbors. "I'll find you as soon as I can," he told me.



Ma clucked at old Nellie. The mare's eyes rolled. She reared back and nearly upset the wagon. Pa slapped her on the rump, and she bolted from the yard. On the street, we almost collided with other wagons. People ran everywhere. Mothers pushed baby carriages loaded with possessions. In the back of the wagon, I saw then, Ma and Pa had stashed as many valuables as they could. Toby sat on top of the load and stamped out burning embers that fell from the sky.

The school was in an uproar. Families poured into the auditorium. People helped one another find a place to settle on the floor, but I was too frightened to sit. I wanted to see outside, but Ma wouldn't let me near the door.

🔊 We had been at the school for about five hours when a man shouted, “Everyone out! Fire’s heading this way!”

🔊 Panic. People pushed for the door. Someone trampled my foot. An elbow jabbed me. Our neighbor, Mr. Wilson, cleared a path for us. We made it outside, found Toby and the wagon, and scrambled back in. We heard that folks were heading for the lake, so that’s what Ma decided to do. I asked her how Pa would find us, but she didn’t answer.

🔊 When we got to the lake, we drove old Nellie right up to the water’s edge. All around us, other folks did the same. It was mid-morning now, but smoke blotted out the sun. Buildings burned several blocks away. Flames were creeping closer. Loose cows and horses scrambled past us. A mother hollered from shore—she couldn’t find her daughter. A dog with a singed tail tore around in circles till someone picked him up and threw him in the water.



 We waited and watched. All that day and on into the night, we waited. When flames got close enough for us to feel their heat, Toby drove the wagon right into the water.

 It was morning when Pa found us. His face was black from smoke, and there were holes in his clothes where sparks had burned through. He told us the fire had burned nearly four square miles of Chicago to the ground. It is utterly unrecognizable. Our home was one of those destroyed. There was nothing Pa could do to save it.

 Now, dear Cousin, I write you from Aunt Kate's house, which, thankfully, was spared. We are not the only family to have lost so much. Thousands like us are homeless. Hundreds of people have perished. I cannot bear to think of it.

 The people who are left will have to rebuild the city. Toby has been given an advance on his wages at the meatpacking company, and Pa quit his rail yard job to work as a laborer for two dollars a day, an excellent salary. At this rate, he says, we will be back on our feet in no time.

 I wish I could feel hopeful, but I am very sad. Maybe I am still in shock. I have heard rumors that the fire was lit on purpose, though why someone would want to do such a horrid thing makes no sense to me. Remember Mrs. O'Leary from down the street? Some people say her cow accidentally kicked over a lantern in the barn. Whatever its cause, I still can't believe the fire happened. It has been almost a month now, and I can't get the taste of ash out of my mouth. My hair still smells like smoke.

 I miss you more than ever, dear Anna, but I am so thankful that you are safe in New Mexico. If you had still been living in your old house, all your things would have burned up, too. I hope your mama is well. Write to me at Aunt Kate's when you are able.

With love,
Sarah



 December 15, 1871

Dear Cousin,

You poor, poor thing! I am horrified to hear all you have been through. Mama and Father have written your parents, I know, and offered you a place to stay here. We don't have a great deal of space, but of course, we could make do until your pa is able to build a home for you. Oh, I do so hope you come! Wouldn't that be wonderful? I have so much to show you here, so much to tell you.

 To begin with, Mama is well again at last. I have never been so glad of anything in my life. Baby Margaret is three months old now, and it is still my job to look after her most of the day. Her cheeks are filling out, her little frog legs look roly-poly, and she has the sweetest smile you ever saw.

Sarah, you will be excited to know that I have finally met an Indian! More than one, in fact. Señor Nuñez brought his family to meet us. His wife is a Navajo woman. He married her when her people still lived free on the land. They have four children.

Señora Nuñez speaks English, Spanish, and her Indian tongue. She is very beautiful, with thick, long black hair twisted in a knot at the nape of her neck, and she wears jewelry made from a rock called turquoise. When she first visited, she brought us a lovely blanket that she wove on a loom. It is made from sheep's wool dyed deep reds and browns and blues. She promised to teach me how to weave.



 Pedro is Señor Nuñez's oldest son; he is one year older than I am. He rides a horse as if he'd been born on one. He has been teaching me. Like me, Pedro has lessons at home, since we are too far away from the school in Santa Fe. He speaks English well. I asked him once if it bothers him that the whites have settled in New Mexico. He shrugged and told me that he'd rather be alive and friendly with the white man than on the run like Cochise and his Apaches.

 When I asked him if he thought the Apaches would be caught and killed, he frowned and said, "My mother says white men are like grains of sand stuck in your shoe. You can take your shoe off, shake it out, and put it back on, but just when you think you've finally gotten rid of the sand, you realize the whole earth is covered with it. Take another step, and your shoe fills right back up again." I didn't know what to say after that.

 It is strange to think that it is wintertime in Chicago. Here it is cool, but the sun keeps shining. I wonder if it will feel like Christmas without Chicago's wintry cold. It will certainly feel odd to celebrate without you, dear Cousin. I send you heartfelt wishes for a merry Christmas!

Con cariño (that means
"with deepest affection"),
Anna

 January 7, 1872

Dear Anna,

Happy New Year!

Thank you for your Christmas letter. It was a sparse holiday this year, but somehow it was the best ever. Just having Ma and Pa and Riley and Toby and Aunt Kate and Uncle Thomas and the little cousins all in the same room made it perfect. Aunt Kate cooked a goose, and Ma and Pa gave us each an orange and a peppermint candy, and we sang carols till our voices gave out.

 Today, we awoke to fresh snow. On our walk back from church, we could see the lake, icy and sparkling like a **beacon** of hope for the days to come. The fire burned our old school, so I have been on vacation for months, but Aunt Kate just found me a position in a school only blocks from here. I cannot wait to start. Toby and I argued the other day about whether women should be allowed to vote and be educated and have careers outside the home. He says no, of course. I say that the world may think it is a **disadvantage** to be a girl, but I will prove everyone wrong.

 Anna, as much as I would love to see you and your ranch, we will not be moving to New Mexico. After the fire, at first, Ma and Pa could not decide what to do. Thank goodness, Aunt Kate and Uncle Thomas took us in. Now Pa has found new work as a carpenter. He makes a whole five dollars a day! And the city is rebuilding. Streetcars and railways and shipyards and newspapers and schools and churches are all up and running

again. We even have a new public library in the basement of a church. Pa says there is talk of a local carpenter's union organizing, and maybe a meat-packer's union, which would mean better wages and better work conditions for him and Toby.

Toby complains about his job all the time lately. He hates the stench of blood, the squealing pigs, the long hours. He comes home every day bloodstained and bone-weary. But Pa says quitting a job that makes good money would be foolish, especially at a time like this, when the whole city is struggling to pull itself together.

As for me, I want to stay here in Chicago. I want to be a part of making it thrive once again. There is so much to attend to. Maybe I could be like Clara Barton, that woman who helped all the soldiers during the Civil War. Maybe I could become a nurse, like she is. I could take care of all the poor children on the streets of Chicago.

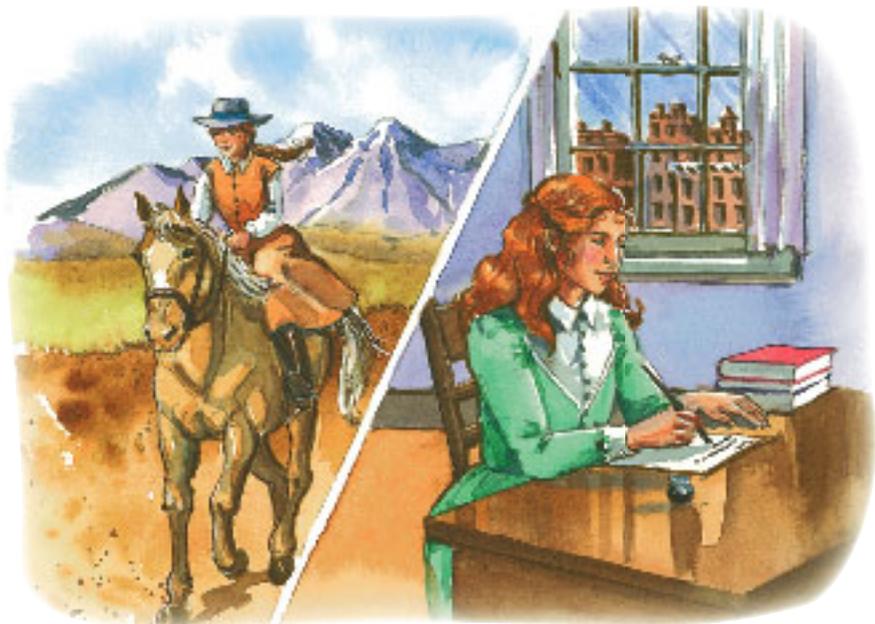


Then I could write about it in the newspaper. Do you think a woman could be a reporter? If you can learn to ride a horse, I could learn to use one of those new writing machines, couldn't I? I think they are called typewriters. Maybe someday, I will even typewrite you a letter.

I had better stop my "scratching," as Pa says, and get ready for bed. I've been sharing a bed with Riley, which may or may not be better than sleeping on the floor, which Toby has to do. Riley kicks all night long, so I never get a decent rest. I'll try hard tonight, though. Tomorrow, I go back to school.

I look forward to receiving your next letter. Give my regards to your family, tell Pedro hello for me, and give baby Margaret an extra squeeze from her Chicago cousin.

With love always,
Sarah



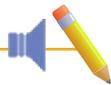
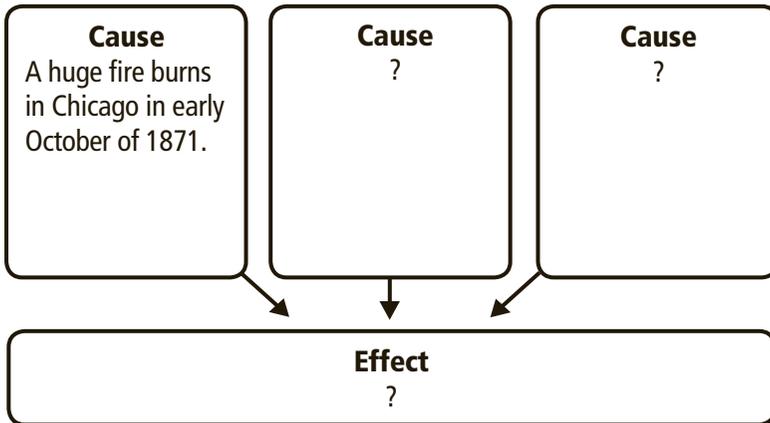
Responding



TARGET SKILL

Cause and Effect

What are the effects of the huge fire in Chicago that Sarah describes in her November 1 letter? Copy and complete the chart below.



Write About It

Text To World Think of an event you have read or heard about recently that has had an effect on many people. Write a few paragraphs in which you describe the event and explain its multiple effects.



TARGET VOCABULARY

balked

beacon

disadvantage

fared

lectured

mishap

quaking

rustling

surged

torment



EXPAND YOUR VOCABULARY

deed

gaslights

homestead

land claim

lantern

livestock

sorghum



TARGET SKILL

Cause and Effect Tell how events are related and how one event causes another.



TARGET STRATEGY

Analyze/Evaluate Think carefully about the text and form an opinion about it.



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:
Analyze/Evaluate

Skill:
Cause and Effect

Word Count: 3,804

5.5.24

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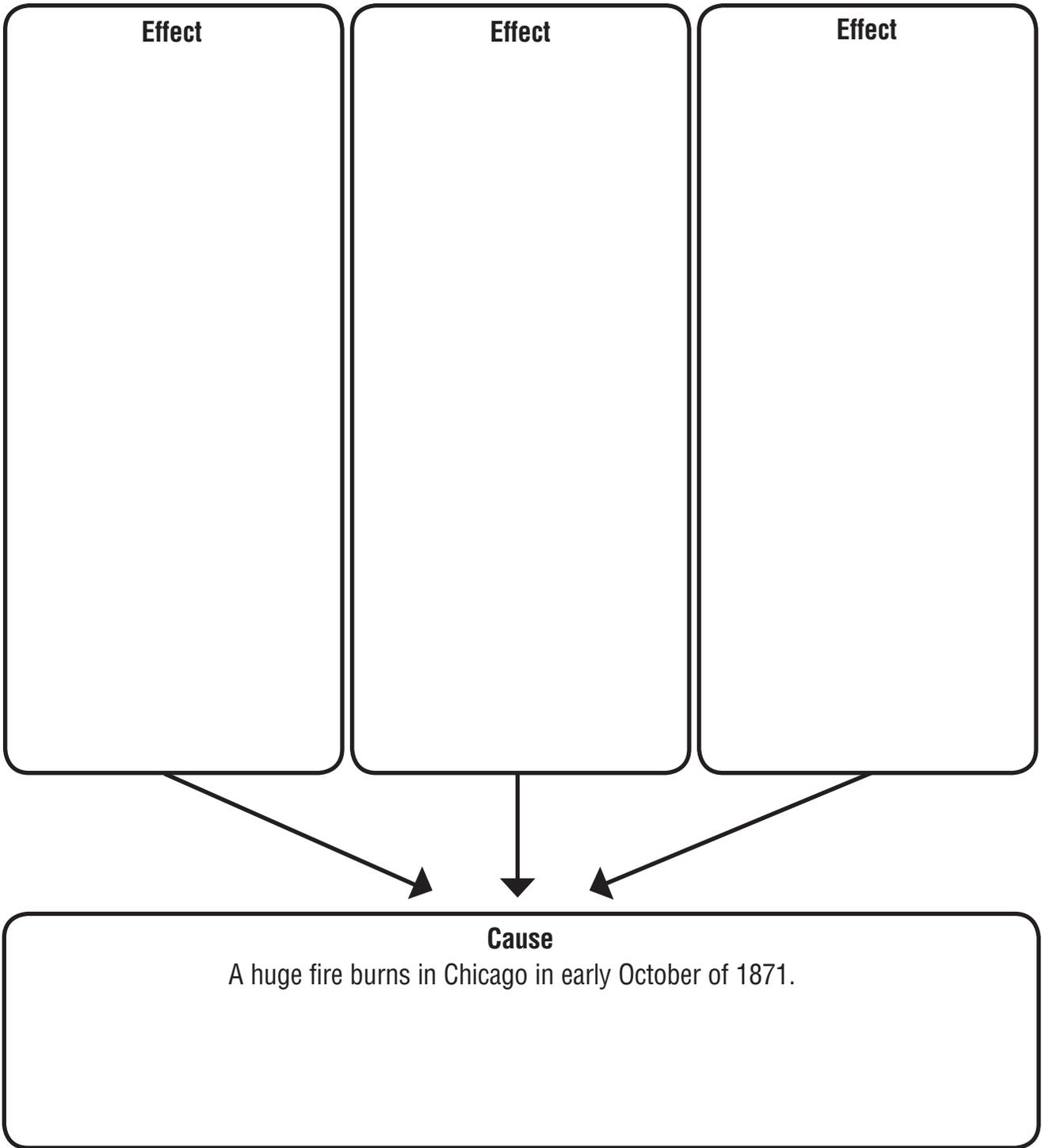
1031523

Name _____ Date _____

Inference Map: _____

Dear Cousin
Graphic Organizer 8

Title or Topic _____



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

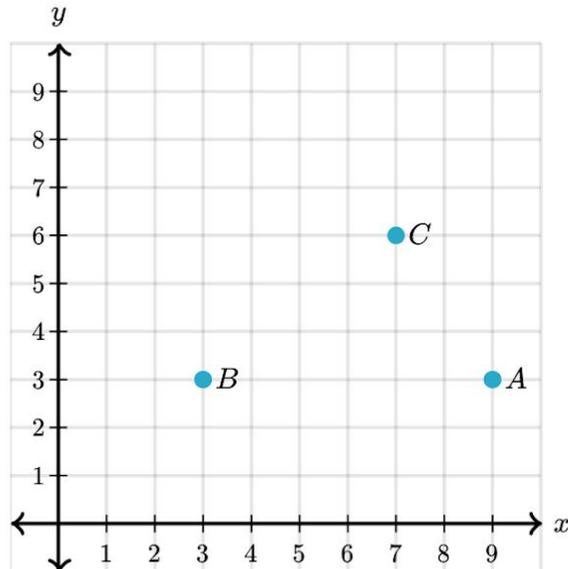
- I answered the entire question that I chose.
- I wrote in complete sentences.
- I used evidence and examples from the text to support my answer.
- I edited my work to make sure that it makes sense.

This week is the last week of Module 6, below is the Unit test for coordinate planes. Do your very best work and good luck! There are still videos on khan acadmey, and dojo to help you review before taking this test.

These next 3 problems are practice and review for solving expressions with parentheses.
**** Remember: PEMDAS: (Parentheses, exponent, multiplication, division, addition, subtraction)**

This week is the last week of Module 6, below is the Unit test for coordinate planes. Do your very best work and good luck! There are still videos on khan acadmey, and dojo to help you review before taking this test.

Point M is located at $(7, 1)$.



What is located 5 units from point M ?

Choose 1 answer:

(A) Point A

(B) Point B

(C) Point C

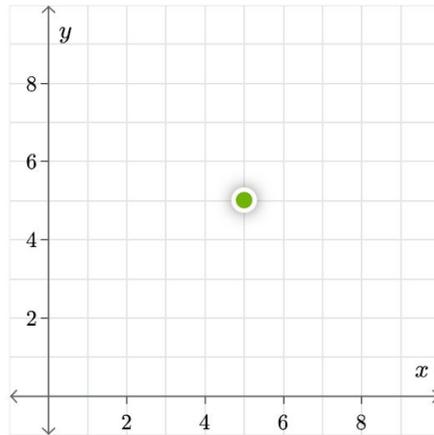
(D) Origin

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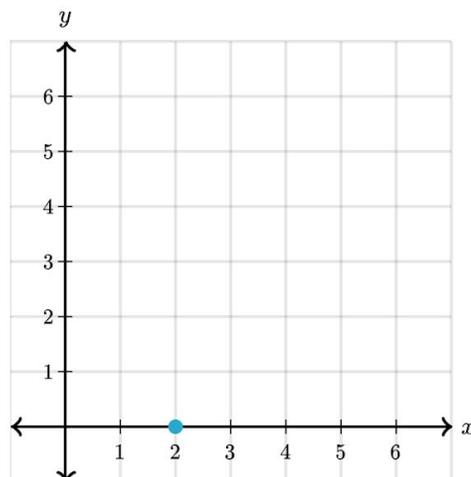
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Plot the point $(2, 2)$.



What is the x -coordinate of the point plotted below?

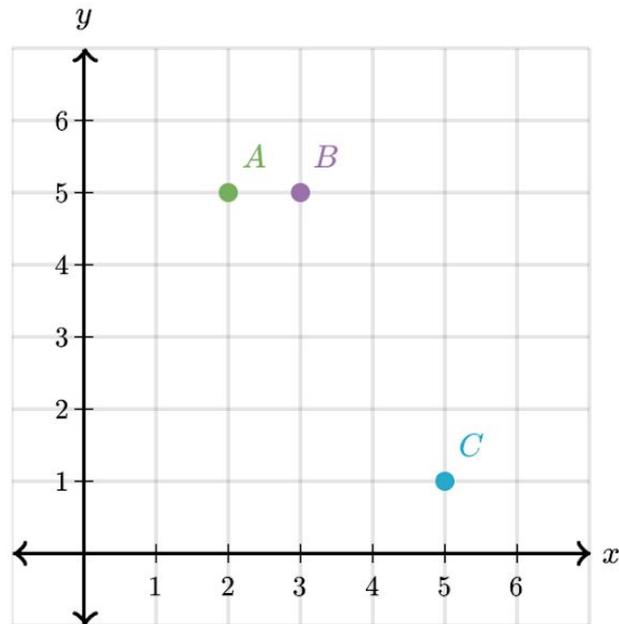


These next 3 problems a
**** Remember: PEMDA!**
subtraction)

with parentheses.
vision, addition,

This week is the last week of Module 6, below is the Unit test for coordinate planes. Do your very best work and good luck! There are still videos on khan acadmey, and dojo to help you review before taking this test.

Use the following coordinate plane to write the ordered pair for each point.



Point

Ordered pair

A (,)

B (,)

C (,)

These next 3 problems are practice and review for solving expressions with parentheses.

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This week is the last week of Module 6, below is the Unit test for coordinate planes. Do your very best work and good luck! There are still videos on khan acadmey, and dojo to help you review before taking this test.

Coach Fernández is tracking the soccer players' performance. Each ordered pair represents the number of goals and number of assists, respectively, from one player.

Player 1: $(2, 4)$

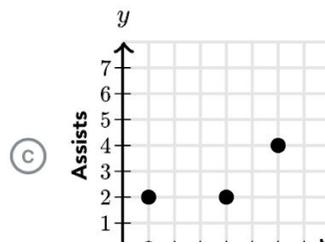
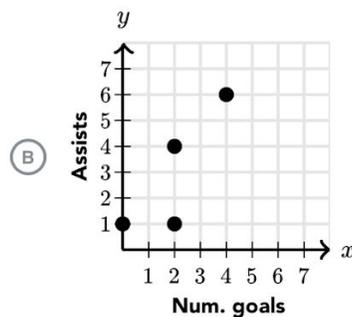
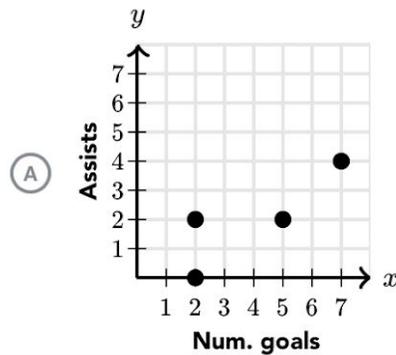
Player 2: $(0, 1)$

Player 3: $(4, 6)$

Player 4: $(2, 1)$

Which coordinate plane correctly shows the goals and assists for the 4 players?

Choose 1 answer:



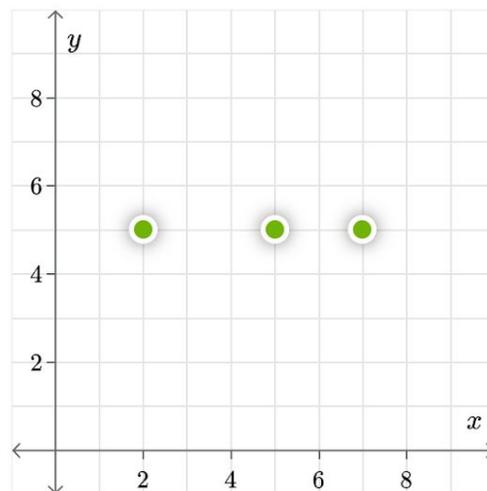
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Ally is excited to compete in a 6-mile race. The race organizers plotted the course on a coordinate map. The starting point is at $(4, 3)$, and the ending point is at $(4, 9)$. Ally's family decides to stand at $(4, 6)$ on the map.

Plot the starting point, ending point, and place where Ally's family stands on the map.



How far along will Ally be in the race when she reaches her family?

Choose 1 answer:

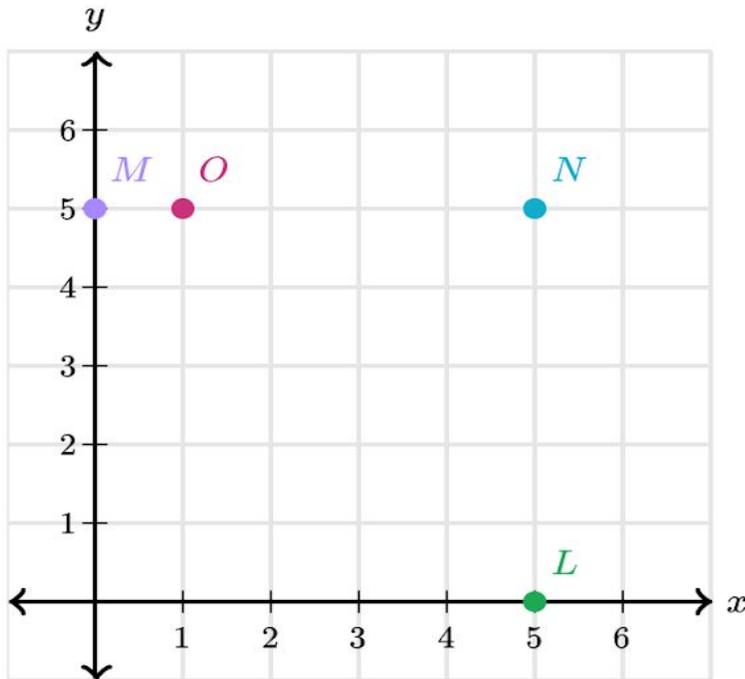
- (A) Less than halfway through the race
- (B) Halfway through the race
- (C) More than halfway through the race

These next 3 problems are practice and review for solving expressions with parentheses.

**** Remember: PEMDAS: (Parentheses, exponent, multiplication, division, addition, subtraction)**

This week is the last week of Module 6, below is the Unit test for coordinate planes. Do your very best work and good luck! There are still videos on khan acadmey, and dojo to help you review before taking this test.

Which point is located at ordered pair $(0, 5)$?



Choose 1 answer:

(A) Point L

(B) Point M

(C) Point N

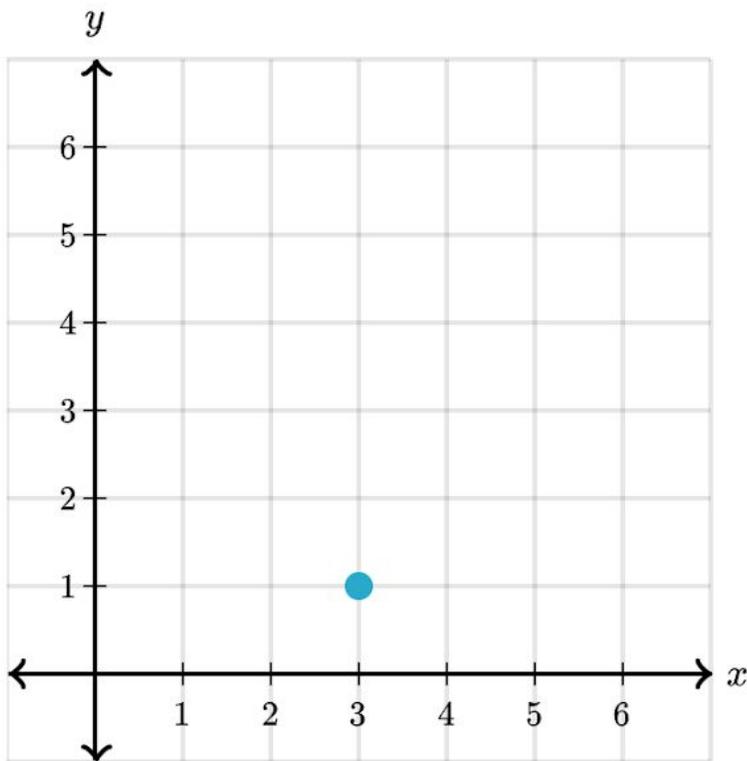
(D) Point O

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What is the y -coordinate of the point plotted below?



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Which expression is 4 times as large as the expression 34 minus 15?

Choose 1 answer:

(A) $(34 - 15) \times 4$

(B) $(4 \times 34) - 15$

(C) $4 \times 34 - 15$

Which expression represents 22 more than the difference between 95 and 63?

Choose 1 answer:

(A) $22 + (95 + 63)$

(B) $(22 + 95) - 63$

These next 3 problems are practice and review for solving expressions with parentheses.

**** Remember: PEMDAS: (Parentheses, exponent, multiplication, division, addition, subtraction) (C) $(95 - 63) + 22$**

This week is the last week of Module 6, below is the Unit test for coordinate planes. Do your very best work and good luck! There are still videos on khan acadmey, and dojo to help you review before taking this test.

Which expression is half as large as the expression $345 + 23$?

Choose 1 answer:

(A) $2 \div (345 + 23)$

(B) $(345 + 23) \div 2$

(C) $(2 \times 345) + 23$

These next 3 problems are practice and review for solving expressions with parentheses.

**** Remember: PEMDAS: (Parentheses, exponent, multiplication, division, addition, subtraction)**

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.



C: _____

I: _____

AS: _____

Faster Than Sound

Have you ever heard a loud “boom” sound as an airplane flies overhead? What you heard was

the sound of the breaking the sound barrier. A sonic is an explosive sound made when

an travels faster than the speed of . How does this work and what a pilot

named Chuck Yeager have to with the sound barrier?

First, let's to the airplane in the sky. As the moves through the air, it pushes

molecules out of the way. This process creates waves, which consist of

and uncompressed air. They spread out from the in all directions. This

process is to the ripples that you make you toss a pebble in a .

Imagine the airplane getting faster and , until it surpasses the speed of .

At , this point, the air pressure build up in front of the plane and , or squeeze together, to

form shock . The process is easier to understand you picture the waves that build up

at the of a fast-moving boat.

The shock overhead waves move away from the plane, toward the ground. You hear the boom

because of a change in pressure when the shock wave because ripples reaches your eardrums. The larger the aircraft

is consulting, the louder and stronger the shock waves are.

What does Chuck Yeager have to do with this? Chuck was the first person to fly faster

than the speed of sound. He was trained as a fighter pilot and later became a test pilot. He

if flipped selected for the flight because of his superb flying skills, his calmness under pressure, and

his ability to recognize and handle aircraft problems during flight seconds.

The plane in which he broke the sound barrier front was designed for maximum speed and had a

rocket engine. Because of its limited fuel, it was spread carried to a flying altitude in the belly of

another aircraft and dropped into the sky reaches decorated.

Years later Chuck trained U.S. military astronaut close candidates. He remained the top test

pilot aircraft received for the military for many years, candidates flying its more than three hundred new types

of aircraft . He had some close calls, including control of one airplane that spun, ,
 and flipped for fifty seconds before Chuck land it safely. On another flight, he out of a
 plane and was when the plane exploded.
 Chuck is of the most decorated pilots of time. He has received the two
 honors that can be given to person in the United States: the Congressional Medal of Honor and
 the Presidential Medal of Freedom. years after he made his historic , Chuck made
 his last flight as a test pilot. He flew an F-15 , and, yes, he broke the
 sound .



Proofreading for Spelling

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

Last night I was unabil to sleep. I heard a sound from an unknone source. I woke my sister, but she had heard nothing. Still, I could not dismis the sound.

The day before, Pa had mislade his saw, so the roof was still incompleet and the house was unstabell. Ma's smile was insinceer as she told us not to worry. We knew she felt it was a disgrase that we didn't have a proper home here in Oklahoma. She didn't want to mislead us, but we knew our future was unsecure. Pa was sure everything would be fine. He always took an undirect path to solve any problem. Usually we would discover that his methods worked. We hoped they would this time.

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

Rachel's Journal: The Story of a Pioneer Girl

Spelling: Prefixes *in-*, *un-*, *dis-*, and *mis-*

Spelling Words

1. mislead
2. dismiss
3. insincere
4. unable
5. indirect
6. mistreat
7. disaster
8. dishonest
9. insecure
10. unknown
11. incomplete
12. unequal
13. unstable
14. misspell
15. disagree
16. informal
17. discover
18. unwise
19. mislaid
20. disgrace

Challenge

invisible
mishap
unfortunate
discourage
unnecessary