Spring Break Packet

Miss Woodson’s class

Packet is due April 17, 2017

No excuses and no late packets accepted

The entire packet must be completed in order to receive a grade.

Student name: __________________________

Class period: __________________________

Packet Goal: __________%
Avoiding Word Errors: Definition Match

For each word below, write the letter of its correct definition.

1. ________  anonymous  A  accept; make as one own

2. ________  insure  B  protect against loss or damage

3. ________  adopt  C  go before

4. ________  unanimous  D  arrive in a new country to live

5. ________  emigrate  E  guarantee

6. ________  precede  F  total agreement

7. ________  adept  G  alter or change

8. ________  proceed  H  give confidence or comfort

9. ________  assure  I  continue or move forward

10. ________  adapt  J  leave one's homeland to live elsewhere

11. ________  immigrate  K  unknown or unnamed

12. ________  ensure  L  skilled; expert
Below are the opening stanzas of Edgar Allan Poe's 1845 poem "The Raven." Read the passage and pay special attention to the underlined words. Complete the grid at the bottom of the page.

**THE RAVEN - EDGAR ALLAN POE**

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore——
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping — rapping at my chamber door.
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow — vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

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Correct the Homophones

Recall that homophones are words that sound the same but have different meanings. For example, a stake is a wooden post, and a steak is a piece of meat.

Read each sentence. If you find a misused homophone, rewrite the sentence correctly. If there is no error, write: The sentence is correct as it is.

1. I went to bed so late that I had trouble falling asleep last knight.

2. You're lucky that you will sail to Europe on vacation this summer.

3. Our fruit salad had apples, oranges, and pairs.

4. Don't stare at me!

5. There are too people in line in front of us.

6. Her cousin is always hungry an our after eating lunch!

7. Eric had to read many books in college.

8. As we drove threw the countryside, we saw a heard of cattle in a field.

9. I could not find everything that I knead at the grocery store.

10. The building was made of concrete and steal.

11. The busy bee flew around the garden, gathering pollen from all of the flowers.

12. He is always responsible when it comes to his bills, paying them as soon as they are dew.
A Misunderstanding
By ReadWorks

Because her medicine was so expensive, when Isis fell sick, Darius took a second job. He went to his day job, then ate a sandwich on his way to the second job, then ate dinner (a second sandwich) at two in the morning on his way back to the apartment he shared with Isis in a run-down section of the city. Isis would be awake. She slept during the day, she told him, but Darius didn't think she slept at all. Her face looked bruised with insomnia, especially around the eyes. He imagined her coughing until she lost all strength and color, or pacing the room, feverishly. "You have to sleep," he said. The only way to stay healthy in this world is to leave it every day, just for a few hours. No one can be in this world all the time.

Darius's second job was as a night watchman at a medium-level hotel, not so expensive that he was closely watched, but not so cheap that he had to deal with troublemakers on a regular basis. "The Goldilocks Hotel," he called it, because it was just right. After coming up with a name like that, he allowed himself, in his boredom, to imagine the hotel guests as bears, especially the guests who lumbered in late at night. He thought: That one's a brown bear; that one's a cute little black bear; that one's a ferocious grizzly. When his guests were thin, or short, or weren't bearlike for whatever reason—a squeaky voice, a bald head, a jumpy demeanor—he preferred to think of them as bears in training, wannabes. Or else he saw them as hunters, trappers, or poachers.

One night, one of these poachers asked Darius to do him a favor. The poacher was a regular. Though he never stayed for more than a night, he tipped well. Suspiciously well, Darius thought, like he wanted to smother any questions with cash.

Not too long before Darius's shift was scheduled to end, the man entered the hotel lobby alone. He was both too short and too thin to resemble a bear, and his well-trimmed facial hair revealed a far greater attention to detail than a bear was capable of.

He approached the front desk. Darius looked up from his book without a word. He neither closed the book nor marked his place with his bookmark. He didn't even put a finger between the pages and close the cover. He simply looked up over the top of the book, into the greenish eyes of the poacher, and waited.

"I need a favor," the man said. "It's the sort of favor that pays. Do you understand?"
Darius nodded.

All Darius had to do was hold onto a briefcase until a man came down from a room upstairs—ten, fifteen minutes probably, half an hour at the most—and then Darius had to give the briefcase to the man.

"Don't try and look inside. Don't ask questions. Put the briefcase behind your little desk there, and give it to the man with red hair who asks you, 'Have you seen my dog?'"
Darius nodded.

"Red hair, got it? 'Have you seen my dog,' got it? Got it? Say something then!"
“I got it.”

The man handed over the briefcase and strolled out through the front door. Darius looked at his watch. The time was 1:18.

Not a single person passed through the lobby. Though he’d been staring at his book from the time the man with the precise facial hair had left, he was still on the same page. Page 145. He checked his watch. 1:45. Fifteen minutes before the end of his shift. Darius asked himself if he was the sort to believe in omens. Not yet, he decided.

He contemplated the lobby. The floor, ceiling, and pillars were of white stone. The only noise came from a fountain near the door. (If you could call a miserable stream of water that resembled nothing so much as a drinking fountain in an elementary school a “fountain.” It must have been installed not for the way it looked, or any sense of dignity it lent to the lobby, but so brochures and advertisements and owners could boast that their lobby had a fountain.) The soft splash resonated in Darius’s ear.

Darius was getting nervous. At 2:00 his replacement would arrive. He had to control himself. His replacement would surely ask questions and report him to hotel management. He checked his watch. 1:48. Darius would lose his job. Or worse, perhaps his replacement would report him to the police. Who knew what was in the briefcase?

At 1:51, while Darius stared at the briefcase that he had tucked into a desk compartment, a man entered the lobby and took off his hat, revealing red hair.

Or—wait. Was it red hair? Would it be considered blonde? Strawberry blonde? Was it just the light in here?

Plus, hold up—the man entered from the street, not from upstairs, as described by the man whose goatee looked like it had been trimmed with an X-Acto knife.

The man with reddish hair approached the front desk. He ran a hand through his hair that may or may not have been red. He placed both hands on the desk and leaned forward.

“Have you seen my cat?” he asked.

“Your cat?”

“That’s right. Have you seen my cat?”

He spoke it this time like it wasn’t even a question. Behind the desk, Darius had one hand on the briefcase. Should he give it? Is “close” close enough?

Darius looked at his watch. 1:58. Yes, “close” is close enough! He just wanted to rid himself of this burden and wash his hands clean of the whole thing.

“Yes!” Darius announced, throwing the briefcase onto the table.

The man’s face revealed a slight smile.

“Thank you,” he said. “I’m so very glad you’ve found my cat.”

With that, the man with reddish hair left carrying the briefcase.

Darius was sweating, and his head seemed to be pounding. He felt like he needed to sit down. He thought, “Did I make a mistake? Or was it all just a misunderstanding?”
Name: ____________________________________ Date: ________________________

1. What is Darius's job at the hotel?
   _______________________________________
   _______________________________________
   _______________________________________
   _______________________________________ 

2. The poacher asks Darius to do a favor for him, and Darius accepts. What motivates Darius's actions?
   _______________________________________
   _______________________________________
   _______________________________________
   _______________________________________ 

3. Read these sentences from the story.
   "The poacher was a regular. Though he never stayed for more than a night, he tipped well. Suspiciously well, Darius thought, like he wanted to smother any questions with cash."

   Based on this evidence, what can you conclude about the poacher?
   _______________________________________
   _______________________________________
   _______________________________________
   _______________________________________
4. Why is Darius unsure whether the red-headed man who approaches him is the one he is supposed to give the briefcase to?

5. What is this story mostly about?

6. Read the sentences and answer the question.

"Darius was getting nervous. At 2:00 his replacement would arrive. He had to control himself. His replacement would surely ask questions, report him to hotel management. He checked his watch. 1:48. Darius would lose his job. Or worse, perhaps his replacement would report him to the police. Who knew what was in the briefcase?"

What does the word "report" mean as used in these texts?
7. What word or phrase best completes the sentence?

Darius was told to give the briefcase to a man with red hair who says, "Have you seen my dog?" ________, the man who approaches Darius only has reddish hair and asks, "Have you seen my cat?"

8. What does Darius decide to do with the briefcase at the end of the story?

9. Why does Darius want to get rid of the briefcase and give it to the man with the reddish hair, even though the man does not perfectly match the poacher's description?

10. Identify a main theme of this text. Use evidence from the text to support your answer.
With the Guys

(1) Hi, my name is Mark. When I left the cafeteria this afternoon, I headed for the gym. It’s where I usually hang with my friends. Tavaris and Nick and the guys shoot hoops, or sometimes we just talk. Well, this time we were just talking a bit, nothing special, ya know. That’s when Josh came up.

Joshua Lewis is a bit of a loner. He’s a nervous kinda guy, always rubbing his arms and legs. Always pushing his glasses back in place. Always on the outs with us kids. Easy to push around. Nick called him the Lone Ranger, and Nick’s right.

“Hey, ya guys. Watcha doin’?” Josh says.

“Nothin’. That’s Tavaris.”

“Shove off, Josh.”

“Yeah, beat it.”

(2) Joshua just hangs by. He waves his arms like some spastic bird and rubs both shoulders. Looks away like he’s going somewhere, right? But he has no place to go. Not really.

“Hey, you deaf, Lewis?” sneers Nick. “Get away, man. You stink!”

Nick muscles over to him, gets his paw on Josh’s chest, and shoves. Joshua stumbles a little but doesn’t fall. He just pushes up his glasses and eyes Nick nervously.

Some girls giggle. No one speaks for Joshua. We just nod. We’re cool.

“Go find Silver, Lone Ranger,” says one kid.

“Yeah, giddyup, little doggie,” Nick goes.

Joshua’s got a red face by now. He’s always getting that way. He’s shakin’ like one of those string puppets, ya know? He actually stares at Nick with a kind of scowl. And the kids, we all say, “Oooh!” And then he scratches his hands, and wrinkles his nose, and galumps off toward the classrooms even though we’ve got another ten minutes, ‘least.

“Man, he’s easy!”

The guys laugh. We get talkin’ about other stuff. Just waitin’ till class starts up. Yeah, we’re all one happy family.

(3) But I don’t know. I mean, when I’m with the guys, I laugh with them. And they’re like my family, ya know?

That’s what I tell myself. But it doesn’t do it right for me. I feel, oh I don’t know, like maybe we shouldn’t a’ messed with Joshua like that. That pickin’ on him brings us down too.

I useta read. Ya know? Stuff about knights and lords and soldiers. Bravery and courage stuff. It was lame, right? But maybe it’s more honest than this.
Use the passages on pages 5 and 6 to answer the questions.

1. What is the main idea of the first section of "With the Guys"?

2. What is the main idea of the second section?

3. What is the main idea of the third section?

4. Describe the four characters using these words: bully, followers, isolated, and thoughtful.
   Mark ____________________ Nick ____________________
   Other students ________________ Joshua ____________________

5. What do you think would be two possible solutions to making this situation better?
   a. ____________________
   b. ____________________

6. Compare and contrast "Understanding Bullying: It's Never Okay" and "With the Guys." How does each author present information on bullying? How are the passages similar? How are they different?

   ____________________
   ____________________
   ____________________
   ____________________

7. How does the author of "With the Guys" use a fictional story to teach a lesson about a real world topic?

   ____________________
   ____________________
   ____________________
   ____________________
American Graffiti

Stuck in front of the tube again. Just stuck.
No energy to stop being lazy and go play ball. No will to get up and do his house chores. Not even enough gumption to raid the fridge for a snack.
Not that the TV had much to offer.
There was that stupid soap about all these lovelorn grownups acting like...well, actually acting younger than he felt. There was that weird courtroom drama where adults yelled and screamed at each other as though they were really angry. Like it was the end of the world or something. As if we really cared.
He flipped to another station. Oh, yeah, a game show. The host had a slicked-back pompadour. His sidekick was a blond whose thick mane swished back and forth whenever she knew the camera was pointing her way.
Futility. Wasted time.
He punched the remote again.
“...And now this tragic news from Beijing. Twenty million are believed to be dead following the worst natural disaster in written history. A tsunami, whose wave heights reached upwards of one hundred feet, roared up from the southeast, slamming into the port cities of Macau, Shantow, and the former English enclave of Hong Kong. China’s government officials, world relief agencies, and United Nations delegates are scrambling to assess the damage and to begin rescue and relief efforts...”
He dropped the remote and stared intently at the screen.
Whoah! This was bad! Since fifth grade when he’d first read and researched the nation of China, he had been fascinated by any news pertaining to that country.
“...The following scenes may be too graphic and disturbing for some of our viewers. Parental discretion is advised...”
The camera zoomed in on the destruction of buildings, of forests and fields, of animals, and of human life. Muddy rivers of water and debris pulled back to the sea. The water washed away much of the landscape’s former beauty and left a desolate scene of mud, decay, and despair. Trees had snapped off. Roots were wrapped around branches. An animal, perhaps an ox, bobbed up and down as the swirling current shoved it out of the camera’s view.
The boy’s hands shook. What a price these people had to pay! What awful, awesome power the earthquake under the ocean’s floor had unleashed. But he could bear it no more. He had to escape the sights and sounds of this news broadcast.
He intended to push the power switch. He missed.
“I’d like to buy a vowel, Tripp,” the twangy mid-western voice moaned.
Click.
“Don’t your raise your voice in this court, young lady!”
“I was just...”
Click.
Use the reports on page 36 to complete the activities. Highlight evidence from the text to support your answers.

1. How would you describe these five people?
   Hannah Daniels
   Emmett King
   Sally Southpaugh
   George Johnson
   Paige Palmer

2. Circle the central ideas of Fiona’s three television reports.
   Report 1
   weather sports national news advertising death
   Report 2
   weather sports national news advertising death
   Report 3
   weather sports national news advertising death

3. Write a word from each report to match the definition of the words below.
   Report 1
   extremely hot day
   weather scientist
   Report 2
   feline
   tender
   Report 3
   three times
   competition, game
American Graffiti

Stuck in front of the tube again. Just stuck.
No energy to stop being lazy and go play ball. No will to get up and do his house chores. Not even enough gumption to raid the fridge for a snack.
Not that the TV had much to offer.
There was that stupid soap about all these lovelorn grownups acting like...well, actually acting younger than he felt. There was that weird courtroom drama where adults yelled and screamed at each other as though they were really angry. Like it was the end of the world or something. As if we really cared.
He blipped to another station. Oh, yeah, a game show. The host had a slicked-back pompadour. His sidekick was a blond whose thick mane swished back and forth whenever she knew the camera was pointing her way.
Futility. Wasted time.
He punched the remote again.
"...And now this tragic news from Beijing. Twenty million are believed to be dead following the worst natural disaster in written history. A tsunami, whose wave heights reached upwards of one hundred feet, roared up from the southeast, slamming into the port cities of Macau, Shantow, and the former English enclave of Hong Kong. China’s government officials, world relief agencies, and United Nations delegates are scrambling to assess the damage and to begin rescue and relief efforts...."
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"...The following scenes may be too graphic and disturbing for some of our viewers. Parental discretion is advised...."

The camera zoomed in on the destruction of buildings, of forests and fields, of animals, and of human life. Muddy rivers of water and debris pulled back to the sea. The water washed away much of the landscape’s former beauty and left a desolate scene of mud, decay, and despair. Trees had snapped off. Roofs were wrapped around branches. An animal, perhaps an ox, bobbed up and down as the swirling current shoved it out of the camera’s view.

The boy’s hands shook. What a price these people had to pay! What awful, awesome power the earthquake under the ocean’s floor had unleashed. But he could bear it no more. He had to escape the sights and sounds of this news broadcast.
He intended to push the power switch. He missed.
"I’d like to buy a vowel, Tripp," the twangy mid-western voice moaned.
Click.
"Don’t your raise your voice in this court, young lady!"
"I was just..."
Click.
Use the passage on page 38 to answer the questions. Highlight evidence from the text to support your answers.

1. What is the "tube"?  

2. Write a synonym for *gumption*.  

3. What do you think *parental discretion* means?  

4. Why does the narrator keep changing the television channel?  

5. What was the one thing that interested the narrator on the television? Why?  

6. Why does the narrator change the channel from the program that interests him the most?  

7. What can you infer about the narrator?  

Read the passage. Choose a word from the word bank to replace each underlined word.

Can It Get Any Better?

Andante  carafe  gentleman  mirth  rust  adventures

demise  investigator  paillette  turret  bellowing  detritus
jade  pretentious  bistro  flicker  mass  repel

As I sit outside a (1) **small** restaurant in the village of Gagne, I must share a moment of (2) **laughter**, recalling my recent (3) **feats**.

You see, I am the famous (4) **researcher**, Jean LeSimpel. Yes, I am the one who rediscovered the Angolan (5) **woodpecker**. I am the brave soul who survived the 50-foot drop from a (6) **small** tower outside Amsterdam. Ah, and I can see your heart is beginning to (7) **throb** as you recall the *Washington Post*'s story of my escape from the pile of (8) **loose** rock fragments as a (9) **large** crowd of (10) **superior**-assuming snobs planned my (11) **ruin**.

Yes, as I pour myself a drink of water from this (12) **glass** bottle and play the (13) **moderately** slow movement from my beloved Verdi's *Mass*, I am indeed thankful. If not for the mysterious young (14) **fellow** in the (15) **brown** and (16) **green** colored topcoat who drove into the midst of that (17) **screaming** crowd, I would not have been able to (18) **drive** back their ringleaders with my trusty umbrella.

Some day I shall tell you the entire story.

1. __________________________  10. __________________________
2. __________________________  11. __________________________
3. __________________________  12. __________________________
4. __________________________  13. __________________________
5. __________________________  14. __________________________
6. __________________________  15. __________________________
7. __________________________  16. __________________________
8. __________________________  17. __________________________
9. __________________________  18. __________________________
Letters from the Past
By ReadWorks

In the muggy heat of late July in Washington, D.C., it is easy to remember that our nation’s capital is built on top of a swamp. The temperature and the humidity battle each other to see which can reach 100 first. Businesspeople suffer through their commutes, red-faced and moist from the heat, dripping with sweat that stubbornly refuses to evaporate. Jamal and Lisa were familiar with the D.C. heat waves. Every summer they came to stay with their grandmother for the month of July. Every summer the heat was miserable. This summer was no exception.

Jamal lay on the screened-in porch, his body draped over a chair. He held a glass of sweet tea to his forehead, trying to absorb some of the cool. It was early afternoon, and his grandmother had lain down for her daily nap. The heat in the middle of the day gave her migraines, and she had learned that sleep was the best escape.

“Jamal! Jamal!” said Lisa, trying to get his attention.

“What?” he asked, irritated at the interruption.

“I’m going to sort out the attic. Want to come?” she asked, unperturbed. Lisa was two years younger than Jamal and was used to being blown off.

“You’re crazy,” Jamal said. “It’s got to be 100 degrees up there, not to mention that it’s dusty and full of spiders and who knows what else.”

“Grandma said that if we see anything we want up there, we can keep it,” said Lisa.

“What makes you think I want any of that old junk?” asked Jamal.

“Suit yourself,” said Lisa. She went to the bedroom to change into old clothes that could get covered in sweat, dust, and possibly dead spiders.

Up in the attic, Lisa began to see Jamal’s point. The heat in the house rose upwards, only to be trapped in the small attic. Everything was covered in a fine layer of dust, mummified by the passing of time and inattention.

Lisa thought briefly about turning around and heading downstairs, spending the rest of the day lounging on the porch with Jamal. Maybe they would play a game or find a movie on the television. But something pushed her to investigate the attic further. A tingling in her body suggested that in these dusty boxes stacked against the walls something important was waiting for her.

As Lisa began going through the boxes, she realized that no one had touched them for years. The first boxes held memorabilia from her grandparents’ youth: old family photographs that had turned yellow around the edges, diplomas from high school and college, even pictures of a pet pig that one of her grandmother’s sisters had kept for several years. Lisa came across a picture of a pretty girl with “Maud” written across the bottom. She stared at the photograph. Maud was her grandmother, and it was hard to believe that the wrinkled woman downstairs had been this laughing, vivacious girl.
She sorted through the boxes, labeling them more clearly and throwing out anything that seemed useless. After a couple of hours, Lisa’s back ached, and her shirt was drenched.

“Lisa, honey!” she heard her grandmother call. “Come take a break and have some tea.” Lisa went downstairs and took the picture with her. “Grandma, is this really you?”

Her grandmother laughed. “What, you can’t believe it? Yes, that’s me; that was taken at my homecoming almost sixty years ago.”

“You were beautiful, Grandma,” said Lisa admiringly.

“You’d be surprised, Lisa,” her grandmother responded. “Adults, all of us, were once young and irresponsible like you.”

“I don’t think Mom was ever like that...” said Lisa. She couldn’t imagine her stern, hardworking mother doing anything remotely irresponsible. Her mother held the family together and took care of Lisa and Jamal. But no one would ever call her the life of a party.

“Your mother...” her grandmother’s voice trailed off as she carefully chose her words.

“When your father died in the service, your mother was still just a girl herself. You were a baby, and Jamal was only two. She had to grow up real fast. She loves you two so much, and that’s why she’s so strict.”

Lisa nodded. She knew her grandmother was right. She just wished that she could see a glimpse of the fun-loving, carefree woman her mother had once been. Lisa finished her tea, thanked her grandmother, and turned to go back upstairs.

“Lisa,” her grandmother called, as Lisa climbed the stairs. “There’s a box of your parents’ things in the corner up there. Maybe it will help you understand better.”

Lisa looked through several of the boxes before she found the one her grandmother had mentioned. It was smaller than the others, with “Laura,” her mother’s name, written on it in cursive. When she opened the box, she found a pack of old letters, tied together with a faded blue ribbon.

Opening the first letter, she skimmed through until she saw the signature: Daryl. These were love letters between her father and her mother. Lisa’s father had been in the army when he’d first met her mother, and had written her from every duty station. Lisa read through the letters voraciously. Her mother was witty and charming in the letters, teasing Daryl and citing inside jokes they had. It was a side of her mother that Lisa had never before seen. She was so full of hope, so optimistic about the life that they would have together when he returned.

Lisa took the packet of letters downstairs to the den, where her grandmother was watching TV. She curled up almost in her grandmother’s lap, even though she was too old to be doing that anymore. Her grandmother put her arm around Lisa and began to stroke her hair.

“Grandma?” Lisa asked. “Will it be okay with Mom that I read the letters?”

“Oh, honey,” said her grandmother. “She was the one who asked me to show them to you.”
1. Who goes up to the attic in this story?

A Jamal
B Lisa
C Lisa and Jamal
D Lisa and Jamal's grandmother

2. How does Lisa's perception, or view, of her mother change in the story?

A Lisa sees that her mother used to be more athletic than she is now.
B Lisa sees that her mother used to be more easily scared than she is now.
C Lisa sees that her mother has not always been as stern and strict as she is now.
D Lisa sees that her mother used to be even more stern and strict than she is now.

3. Read these sentences from the text.

"Lisa came across a picture of a pretty girl with 'Maud' written across the bottom. She stared at the photograph. Maud was her grandmother, and it was hard to believe that the wrinkled woman downstairs had been this laughing, vivacious girl.

"She sorted through the boxes, labeling them more clearly and throwing out anything that seemed useless. After a couple of hours, Lisa's back ached, and her shirt was drenched.

"'Lisa, honey!' she heard her grandmother call. 'Come take a break and have some tea.'

"Lisa went downstairs and took the picture with her. 'Grandma, is this really you?'"

Based on this evidence, how does Lisa probably feel when she sees the photograph of her grandmother?

A lonely
B satisfied
C disturbed
D surprised
4. The letters Lisa finds in the attic give her "a glimpse of the fun-loving, carefree woman her mother had once been." What evidence from the story supports this statement?

   A "Lisa looked through several of the boxes before she found the one her grandmother had mentioned. It was smaller than the others, with 'Laura,' her mother's name, written on it in cursive."
   
   B "When she opened the box, she found a pack of old letters, tied together with a faded blue ribbon."
   
   C "Lisa read through the letters voraciously. Her mother was witty and charming in the letters, teasing Daryl and citing inside jokes they had."
   
   D "Lisa took the packet of letters downstairs to the den, where her grandmother was watching TV. She curled up almost in her grandmother's lap, even though she was too old to be doing that anymore."

5. What is a theme of this story?

   A Learning about the past can change your understanding of the present.
   
   B The best way to learn about the past is to watch movies that were made a long time ago.
   
   C Your first impression about someone is always right.
   
   D People are more likely to tell the truth when they speak than when they write.

6. Read these sentences from the text.

   "'I don't think Mom was ever like that...,' said Lisa. She couldn't imagine her stern, hardworking mother doing anything remotely irresponsible. Her mother held the family together and took care of Lisa and Jamal. But no one would ever call her the life of a party.

   "'Your mother...' her grandmother's voice trailed off as she carefully chose her words. 'When your father died in the service, your mother was still just a girl herself. You were a baby, and Jamal was only two. She had to grow up real fast. She loves you two so much, and that's why she's so strict.'"

   What does Lisa's grandmother probably mean when she says that Lisa's mother "had to grow up real fast"?

   A She probably means that Lisa's mother had to drop out of college and start working.
   
   B She probably means that Lisa's mother had to take on more responsibility than she was able to handle.
   
   C She probably means that Lisa's mother had to become responsible and mature very quickly.
   
   D She probably means that Lisa's mother had to become carefree and irresponsible very quickly.
7. Read these sentences from the text.

“Opening the first letter, she skimmed through until she saw the signature: Daryl. These were love letters between her father and her mother. Lisa’s father had been in the army when he’d first met her mother, and had written her from every duty station. Lisa read through the letters voraciously. Her mother was witty and charming in the letters, teasing Daryl and citing inside jokes they had. It was a side of her mother that Lisa had never before seen. She was so full of hope, so optimistic about the life that they would have together when he returned.”

Whom does the pronoun "they" refer to in the last sentence?

A. Lisa’s mother and father
B. Lisa’s mother and grandmother
C. Lisa and her mother
D. Lisa and her father

8. According to Lisa’s grandmother, why is Lisa’s mother so strict?

9. What does Lisa learn about her mother from reading her mother’s old letters? Support your answer with evidence from the text.
10. Why might Lisa's mother have asked Lisa's grandmother to show her old letters to Lisa? Support your answer with evidence from the text.