

**Social Studies NTI Work**

<b><u>Day 1</u></b>	<b><u>Warm Up: Read "Nothing But Firing" and complete the Comprehensive questions</u></b> <ol style="list-style-type: none"><li><b><u>1. Fill out the Northeast Region of the United States Map</u></b></li><li><b><u>2. Complete the Map skills worksheets</u></b></li></ol>
<b><u>Day 2</u></b>	<b><u>Warm up: read " An Urgent Message" and complete the Comprehensive Questions</u></b> <ol style="list-style-type: none"><li><b><u>1. Fill out the Northeast Region of the US capitals and the matching worksheet</u></b></li><li><b><u>2. Complete the Map Skills reading and vocabulary Worksheets</u></b></li></ol>
<b><u>Day 3</u></b>	<b><u>Warm Up: read " A Day at Angkor Wat" and complete the Comprehensive Questions</u></b> <ol style="list-style-type: none"><li><b><u>1. Fill out the southwest region of US worksheet and 4 facts</u></b></li><li><b><u>2. Complete the Map Skills worksheets</u></b></li></ol>
<b><u>Day 4</u></b>	<b><u>Warm Up: read " The Center of the City" and complete the Comprehensive Questions</u></b> <ol style="list-style-type: none"><li><b><u>1. Complete the Northeast Region scramble worksheet</u></b></li><li><b><u>2. Complete the map skills Color by number worksheet</u></b></li></ol>
<b><u>Day 5</u></b>	<b><u>Warm up: read "Ta Prohm's Trees" and complete the comprehensive questions</u></b> <ol style="list-style-type: none"><li><b><u>1. Complete the Northeast regions labeling worksheet</u></b></li><li><b><u>2. Complete the map skills and longitude and latitude worksheet</u></b></li></ol>
<b><u>Day 6</u></b>	<b><u>Warm up: read "Shedding Skin" and complete the comprehensive questions.</u></b> <ol style="list-style-type: none"><li><b><u>1. Complete the states and capitols crossword puzzle</u></b></li><li><b><u>2. Complete the map skills-Grid maps and the marina worksheets</u></b></li></ol>
<b><u>Day 7</u></b>	<b><u>Warm up: Read "Another Missing Person"</u></b>



Day 1

# Nothing But Firing

by ReadWorks



David De Vries was never sure what to make of his boss, William Kieft. The man's fiery red hair and thick, long moustache, which he was constantly twirling, stood out like a flaming torch wherever he went and made De Vries want to run in the other direction. Still, he knew his place in this new land. He was under Kieft's authority and had to obey his instructions as they set up New Netherland on this land so far away from home, all the way across the Atlantic. De Vries had agreed to this expedition not realizing what was expected of him. Others back home had spoken of America as a land full of promise, rich with green fields, crops that never spoiled, flowing rivers, and the whitest and most pointed of mountains. Who could refuse a land like that? But De Vries had been mistaken. Well before he stepped off the boat onto the new land, he could smell the sewage and rot of a country that wasn't under any kind of proper rule and regulation. Nothing like the Netherlands. No matter, he thought. He knew William Kieft's reputation and his ability to whip people into shape. There were rumors of people already living in the new land. Back home they called them savages, and when De Vries first laid eyes on the Native Americans, he wasn't surprised at all. Their skin was much darker, the color of mud. They wore strange garments, not at all civilized or uniform, and treated the land like it was a person, not material to be controlled and forced to yield life.

De Vries had come to the new land hearing about New Netherland that Kieft was busily, ruthlessly developing. From the window of his small cabin, he could see all the development that Kieft had put into place. The natives stood off to the side, watching, staying on their territory but obviously unhappy with how Kieft was overrunning the land. De Vries thought to speak up about it, but no one else in the crew seemed to care, and Kieft was his employer, after all; he had come to the new land because Kieft needed more men.

And so, on February 25, 1643, when Kieft invited some men and women over for a dinner party, De Vries did not think anything of it. At Kieft's spacious home, De Vries didn't notice that Kieft was being more restless than usual. He snapped at his servants and seemed impatient with the women, even Adrienne, the wife of one of the other men. Dinner was long and delicious. But soon De Vries could

tell that something was on Kieft's mind. He wrote later in his diary, "I remained that night at the Governor's sitting up."

The night deepened, De Vries became tired, but then a lot of noise, bursts of sound, screaming, and shots assaulted his ears at midnight, and he snapped back into focus. He saw, from the edges of the fort where Kieft lived, "nothing but firing, and heard the shrieks of savages murdered in their sleep." Before he knew it, 120 Native Americans in Pavonia, across the Hudson River in modern day New Jersey, had been killed. A plot hatched by Kieft that had taken the Indians-and him, De Vries-completely by surprise. It was a day he, and history, would not forget.

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

1. Why does De Vries travel to "New Netherland"?

- A. because Kieft asked for him personally
- B. to take part in a raid on Native Americans
- C. to help develop and set up the new land
- D. to attend a dinner party at Kieft's house

2. How does the author describe the way William Kieft is developing New Netherland?

- A. patient
- B. ruthless
- C. moral
- D. intelligent

3. New Netherland is not yet developed. What evidence from the passage best supports this evidence?

- A. "He could smell the sewage and rot of a country that wasn't under any kind of proper rule and regulation."
- B. "Others back home had spoken of America as a land full of promise, rich with green fields."
- C. "There were rumors of people already living in the new land. Back home they called them savages..."
- D. "No matter, he thought. He knew William Kieft's reputation and his ability to whip people into shape."

4. Why is Kieft restless during the house party?

- A. because he is nervous his guests wouldn't like the food
- B. because he is bored with the party and the people
- C. because he is not used to having guests in his home
- D. because he is anticipating the upcoming raid

5. What is this passage mostly about?

- A. the slaughter of Native Americans
- B. how Kieft developed New Netherland
- C. the relationship between De Vries and Kieft
- D. how Kieft destroyed Native American land

6. Read the following sentences: "From the window of his small cabin, he could see all the development that Kieft had put into place. The natives stood off to the side, watching, staying on their territory but obviously unhappy with how Kieft was **overrunning** the land."

As used in this sentence, what does "**overrunning**" mean?

- A. walking over something
- B. invading and occupying
- C. cooperating with someone
- D. working hard at something

7. Choose the answer that best completes the sentence below.

De Vries thought about talking to Kieft about the unhappiness of the Native Americans; \_\_\_\_\_, he did not take action.

- A. therefore
- B. for example
- C. however
- D. finally

8. What plan does Kieft hatch?

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9. Compare how Native Americans and Kieft treat the land.

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10. The word "savage" is used to refer to someone who is violent and not advanced. In the passage, De Vries describes the Native Americans as "savages." Explain whether this description better fits the Native Americans or Kieft. Support your answer with information from the passage.

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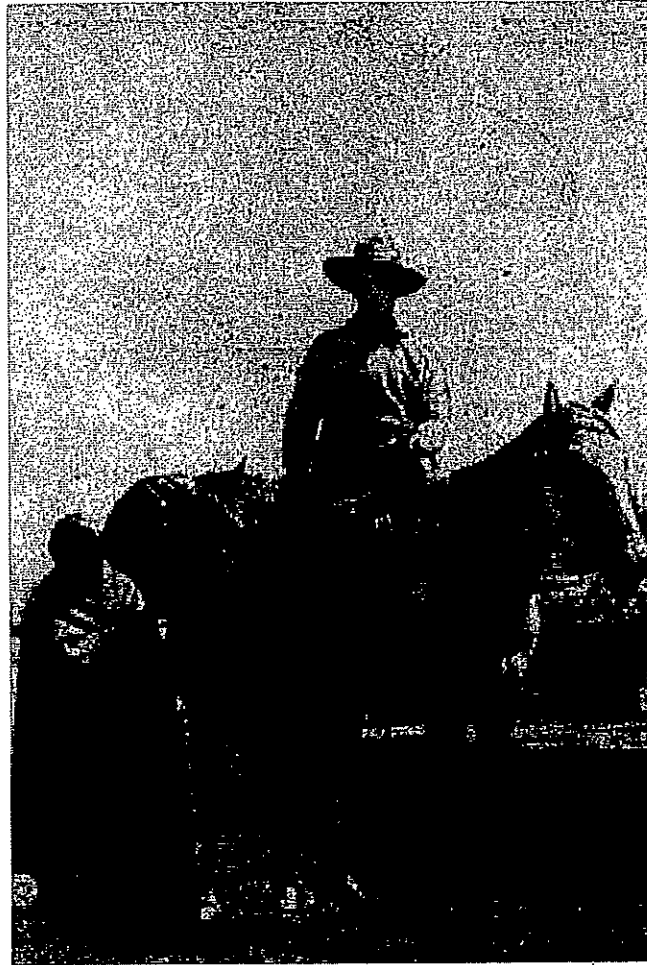


Day 2



# An Urgent Message

by ReadWorks



In California, Charlie had plans to make it big. It was June 1860, and Charlie had arrived in Sacramento two months earlier, after a long, difficult journey in a covered wagon from Missouri. He had left behind his mother and his little brother, Jim. His father had died a few years ago when Cherokee Indians attacked the frontier town he was helping to build. Charlie desperately wanted to make money quickly so his mom and brother could have an easier life. When he heard rumors that the gold mines in California promised a quick and easy fortune to anyone who got there fast enough, Charlie immediately boarded the next wagon train west.

Once he got to Sacramento and witnessed the throngs of greedy crowds set to pounce on the streams and rivers around the city, and sift for gold, Charlie realized there was simply too much competition for those precious little nuggets. He had come a few years too late—the gold was disappearing. If he was going to make a quick fortune, he would have to think of some other way. He studied the rugged miners, who carried flimsy little mesh pans to strain gold out from the riverbeds, and after a few days, an idea struck him. If he could devise a new and improved mining tool to sell to the hordes of prospectors, he could easily become a millionaire.

These people would buy anything if it could help them discover their prized metal. For the next two

months Charlie lived off the meager savings he had brought with him from Missouri, and labored day in and day out in the bare little room he rented from an old widow. He was busy constructing his new invention. It was to be a giant wood-and-mesh dredge, which could gather up large amounts of soil from the riverbeds at once and sift through the rocks mechanically. It folded up when not in use, so it was also easy to carry around. If gold-miners used this device instead of the small handheld mesh pans, the whole process would be much less time-consuming, Charlie thought. Sure, there were other mining machines being invented, but none of them were easily portable like Charlie's, nor were they affordable to the common man. Once he had given the machine its finishing touches, Charlie hired a covered wagon, and secretly loaded his dredge into it. He went to an out-of-the-way stream and tested it out. It really did separate the heavy rocks (gold would be one of these) from the lighter ones! Charlie now knew for sure that his invention would be a success.

He kept his dredge secret for the time being and wrote a letter to his pal Ted in Texas, who was planning to set out for California in two months and join Charlie in the quest for riches. Ted's father was a wealthy rancher, and in his letter, Charlie asked Ted if he wanted to go into business together. They could open a shop to sell tools to the miners, but first they would need Ted's dad to lend them money so they could rent a space for the shop. Charlie asked Ted if he could send part of the money along right away, so he could get started. As soon as he finished writing the letter, Charlie took it to a station in Sacramento with a sign that read "Pony Express."

Inside, a slight, wiry young man, not much older than 16, took the letter and put it into a saddle pouch filled with a pile of others just like it. "Guaranteed 14-day delivery to Missouri," the boy said. "And local mail service from there to Texas. That'll be five dollars." Charlie winced as he took the money out of his bag. His savings were dwindling fast.

"Take good care of that letter, now," said Charlie. "It's really important and needs to get there quick." He was beginning to feel a little nervous about leaving his precious letter in the hands of a mere boy. If the message didn't get to Ted in time, Charlie would run out of money and be forced to live on the streets. He needed Ted to let him know quickly whether he was willing to put up the money and go along with the plan.

"We'll do our very best for you," said the young horse rider. "I give you my word."

Charlie looked the young man up and down. His honest, direct stare made him feel a bit more comfortable. He'd heard stories of how Pony Express riders had to vow on oath not to use bad words, gamble, or drink while they worked for the company. They always had to be in tip-top physical shape in case they encountered any vicious Indians along the way. The Indian tribes were furious that more and more of their land was being invaded, so they were striking back by attacking caravans and riders moving west. Several Pony Express riders had so far been killed *en route*. Charlie prayed that no disaster would strike the string of riders who would ferry his letter along.

Later that evening, the young rider, Johnny Gray, rode the first leg of the journey to Texas. The letters were secured firmly under his saddle, in a pouch called a *mochila*. He rode 100 miles at a fast gallop, and then passed the *mochila* along to another rider who took it through the dangerous territory of the Sierra Nevada Mountains before passing it onto the next man. Each rider would stop several times along the way to change horses, because a single horse would not be able to keep up such a fast galloping speed (around 25 miles an hour) for the 1,900-mile journey to Texas. After a few more turnovers, the package finally reached St. Joseph, Missouri, and the local mailman delivered it to the cattle ranch where Ted lived. It arrived at his doorstep, as promised, just over two weeks after Charlie

sent it.

Ted, a young man always up for adventure, felt his heart race with excitement when he read about Charlie's invention and the possibility of starting a business with his friend. He believed that Charlie had indeed invented a useful tool-his friend had always been good with science and machines. Ted told his father all about the plan, and the old man liked Charlie's idea too. He gave a hefty sum of money to Ted for the business, and Ted set out to California right away, a month and a half earlier than he had planned. He sent Charlie the news and a bit of extra cash, via the Pony Express, so Charlie would know as soon as possible that Ted was already on his way.

This time, though, there was trouble as Ted's letter made its way back to California. When the Pony Express rider, Bill Cody, arrived with the letter at the Nevada station where he was supposed to hand off the *mochila* to the next rider, he found the station had been ransacked by the local Paiute Indian tribe. The stationmaster and the next rider were both killed-Bill found their bodies riddled with Indian arrows. Bill decided not to think of the devastation in front of him and just kept riding, driving his horse hard until he got to the next station. For a good part of the way fierce Indian warriors chased him, but luckily his powerful horse was fast enough to outrun them. The *mochila* continued on the Pony Express trail, and Ted's letter reached the Sacramento office right on time.

Charlie had been waiting in nervous anticipation at the door of the Pony Express office when the letter arrived. He was down to his last few dollars and was surviving on only bread and cheap coffee. When the stationmaster handed him the envelope, he tore it open right away. As he scanned the message, a smile broke out onto his face and he pumped his fist in the air.

"Hooray," he shouted, jumping up and down. "It's all going to be ok!" He approached the Express rider who had just landed with the mail and heartily shook his hand. "Thanks so much," he said. "You've just helped my business plans come to life!"

The rider just smiled and nodded. He chose not to tell Charlie that his letter could have been lost along the way had he ended up in a dispute with the Native Americans. What mattered was that in the end, Charlie's letter had arrived on time. As far as the rider was concerned, it was a job well done, and there was nothing more to say about it.

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

1. What did Charlie invent?

- A. Charlie invented the system for the Pony Express.
- B. Charlie invented a dredge to help sift gold from rocks.
- C. Charlie invented a wagon for transporting gold.
- D. Charlie invented a machine that created gold.

2. What motivated Charlie to make his invention?

- A. He wanted an easier way to transport gold.
- B. He wanted a more efficient system for carrying mail.
- C. He wanted money to bring Ted to California.
- D. He wanted to make a fortune and there was too much competition mining for gold.

3. In the story, the author describes Charlie as very nervous to hand his letter to the Pony Express rider. Based on this evidence, what conclusion can be made?

- A. Charlie is beginning to go insane.
- B. The Pony Express rider was an irresponsible person.
- C. The Pony Express is not always reliable.
- D. The letter does not contain any important information.

4. Based on the story, what is the biggest threat to Pony Express riders?

- A. conflicts with Native Americans
- B. extreme weather conditions
- C. disease and hunger
- D. other Pony Express riders

5. What is the main idea of the story?

- A. Charlie needed to get a message to Ted in order to start his business.
- B. Ted's father is very wealthy and likes to invest his money.
- C. The Pony Express allows for long distance communication.
- D. Charlie makes a fortune from collecting gold.

6. Read the following sentence: "If he could **devise** a new and improved mining tool to sell to the hordes of prospectors, he could easily become a millionaire."

As used in the passage, what does the word "**devise**" mean?

- A. remember
- B. invent
- C. repair
- D. buy

7. Choose the answer that best completes the sentence below.

Charlie was nervous about sending a letter through the Pony Express \_\_\_\_\_  
the riders often encounter attacks from Indian tribes.

- A. nevertheless
- B. but
- C. particularly
- D. because

8. Why did Charlie need to get a letter to his friend Ted?

9. Was it easy for Charlie's letter to be sent to Ted? Use evidence from the story to support your answer.

10. Explain whether Charlie was able to start making his business dream come true on his own. Use evidence from the story to support your answer.



Day 3

# A Day at Angkor Wat

by ReadWorks



Maly took a big swig from her water bottle and vigorously fanned her face with her newly acquired pamphlet. She had only just skimmed the information within, since she always got sick when she attempted to read on buses. She peered out the window to try to take her mind off of her stomachache. Far in the distance, she could just make out the tops of trees—a speckle of green in a vast sea of brown. During the hot spring months of April and May, it can often be difficult to find vegetation in the city of Siem Reap in Cambodia. The bus carrying Maly and her class constantly churned up dust as it wobbled through the streets of the city, steadily making its way toward Angkor Wat, the destination for the class field trip.

The pamphlet Maly was using to fan herself detailed the history of the United Nations World Heritage site, one of the most significant archaeological sites in southeast Asia. During the thirty-minute bus ride from their school to Angkor Wat, Maly and her classmates were supposed to read a little bit about the site in order to familiarize themselves with what they were about to see. But Maly already knew plenty about the monument, as her father was an archaeologist who had previously worked there. He had told her numerous stories about its history—how the actual site is comprised of several ancient temples and monuments, even reservoirs and canals, and how Angkor Wat is just one of many temples within the ancient Khmer civilization of Angkor.

"A lot of people get it wrong," he had said. "Angkor isn't just Angkor Wat—it's a site spanning 400 square kilometers that used to be an entire city!"

Maly thought of her father as the bus pulled into the parking lot of the archaeological site. As the students stepped off the bus, their teacher, Mr. Reynolds, rattled off a few facts in his booming voice. "This wonderful place you're about to see was the start of the Khmer Empire!" he said excitedly. "Construction of Angkor began in the twelfth century under the rule of King Indravarman and

continued under the rule of his son, Yasovarman."

Maly and her friend Chet passed Mr. Reynolds and looked out at Angkor Wat. The massive temple stood stately in the distance at the end of a long stone path. One large stone pillar marked the center of the temple, and the rest of the structure spread out in a square formation so that four shorter pillars surrounded the central one. From their vantage point, the building looked small, but as they approached it, they were overwhelmed by its size.

"The construction of this temple was commanded by King Suryavarman II, who dedicated the building to the Hindu god Vishnu," yelled Mr. Reynolds, in hopes of reaching his students, who had already scattered in excitement. The class trekked down the path, sweating more and more as the sun reached its peak. When they reached the entrance, Mr. Reynolds gathered everyone around. "Now, since this temple is so old, there's a lot we still don't know about it," he said. "First of all, Angkor Wat isn't its original name, and we don't know what it was despite the numerous historians who have tried to find it in ancient inscriptions. Then there's the actual structure itself—we don't know why it was built the way it was. Some scholars think it has something to do with astronomy, since the ground plan of the building aligns itself with the Draco constellation, which is named after its dragon-like shape."

Chet, Maly, and their classmates walked up the stairs into the building. "Wow," Chet said, his jaw dropping. Maly smiled. She had been to the temple before, but was always amazed by the sophistication of the building despite its age. Even though some of the stones were nearly black now, they still showed signs of their former glory in intricate carvings. Maly wondered how the stonemasons had carved such hard material back when they were first constructing the temple.

Mr. Reynolds approached the two students, whom were seemingly entranced by one of the carved entrances. The stones depicted a scene from an ancient Hindu myth. "You know, this is one of the most well-preserved temples in Asia," Mr. Reynolds told Chet and Maly. "The government is working on restoring the parts that have been ruined by weather or purposeful destruction. It's called 'anastylosis restoration'-to use the original materials of the building to reconstruct damaged sections," he explained.

Maly had noticed some old stones on the ground outside of the courtyard when she had first walked in. "So they'll use some of those big stones laying outside?" she asked her teacher.

"Absolutely! That way the structure will continue to look as it originally did," replied Mr. Reynolds.

Chet and Maly wandered around the grounds, increasingly amazed by the size, carvings, and statues of the temple. The two of them tried to imagine it as it was back in the twelfth century, with people coming in and out to pray to Vishnu. Now, tourists and tour guides roamed in their place.



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

1. Where do Maly and her classmates go on a field trip?

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2. In what country does the story take place?

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3. Read these sentences from the story.

"The massive temple stood stately in the distance at the end of a long stone path. One large stone pillar marked the center of the temple, and the rest of the structure spread out in a square formation so that four shorter pillars surrounded the central one. From their vantage point, the building looked small, but as they approached it, they were overwhelmed by its size."

What can be concluded about the temple from this information?

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4. What does the Cambodian government probably think about Angkor Wat?

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5. What is this story mostly about?

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6. Read the sentences and answer the question.

"You know, this is one of the most well-preserved temples in Asia," Mr. Reynolds told Chet and Maly. "The government is working on restoring the parts that have been ruined by weather or purposeful destruction. It's called 'anastylosis restoration'-to use the original materials of the building to reconstruct damaged sections," he explained."

What does the word "restoring" most nearly mean as used in this text?

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7. What word or phrase best completes the sentence?

There is a lot about Angkor Wat historians don't know. \_\_\_\_\_, they don't know its original name or why it was built the way it was.

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8. King Suryavarman II dedicated Angkor Wat to which Hindu god?

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9. What does the ground plan of the temple align with?

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10. Think about the description of Angkor Wat and the reason for its construction. Based on this information, what can you conclude about the values of the Khmer civilization?

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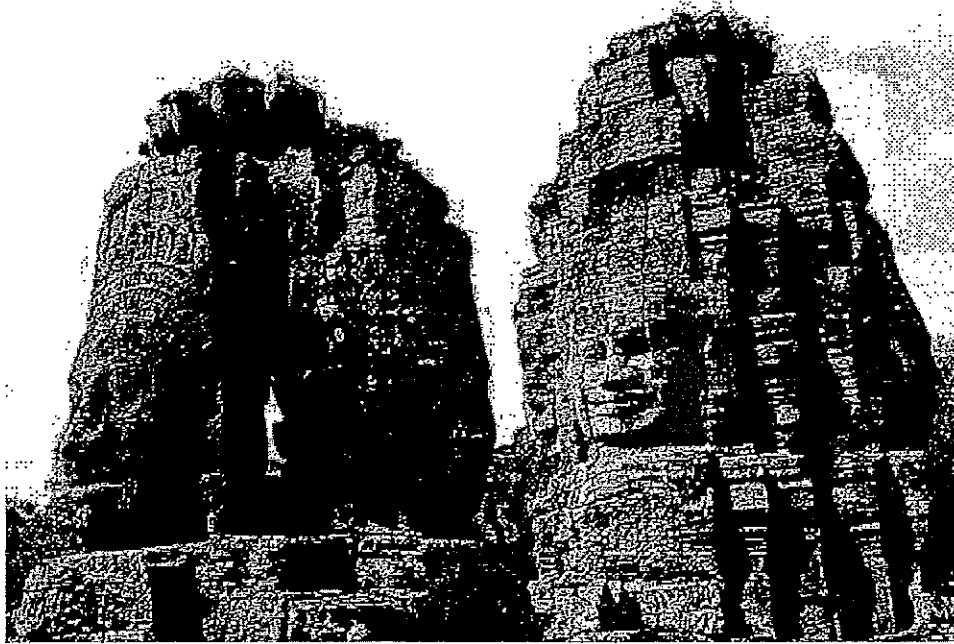
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Day 4

# The Center of the City

by ReadWorks



The sun was sinking in the sky as Chet, Maly, and their classmates visited the last stop on their school field trip to Angkor Wat, one of the most significant U.N. World Heritage Sites in Southeast Asia. They had already seen the main attraction, Angkor Wat itself, the large twelfth-century temple. They had wandered along the stone paths, exploring the various buildings-not only temples, but reservoirs, canals, communication routes, and monastic universities. Maly was amazed at the sophistication of the historical site, and wished she could see Angkor in its former glory days. Looters as well as the destructive effects of nature had inevitably ruined parts of the stone structures, but nothing could distract from the beautiful architecture that was left behind.

"And here it is, the Bayon Temple!" said their teacher, Mr. Reynolds, as they came to a massive stone building, smaller than Angkor Wat, but similar, marked by its pillars-the tallest in the middle, decreasing in height as they spread out further from the center. As the students walked closer and closer, they noticed something unique about these pillars. Huge stone faces were carved on the top of the towers, each with a calm smile. "The Bayon Temple is most famous for those faces that depict the bodhisattva Avalokiteshvara-quite a mouthful, huh!" Mr. Reynolds told his students.

"So this is a Buddhist temple?" asked Maly. She recognized the word "bodhisattva," which her father had told her meant enlightened being.

"Absolutely!" replied Mr. Reynolds.

The students soon scattered to take a closer look at the stone carvings. A few wandered along the outskirts, where long carved walls depicted scenes from everyday life, historical events, and legends. Mr. Reynolds said that the intricate carvings were most likely painted and gilded back when the city was populated by civilians, but they had worn down with age. Chet was still impressed by the detail

that had survived centuries, and lightly traced the carvings with his fingertips.

"You know," Mr. Reynolds started, "this temple is actually located in the exact center of the city of Angkor Thom." Chet looked away from the stone reliefs and up at his teacher.

"So this was the center of the ancient Khmer empire?" Chet asked.

"Exactly! It actually was the capital city. And they placed the Bayon Temple here because it represented the location where heaven and earth intersected. It was a very sacred place," Mr. Reynolds explained.

Chet looked around. The surrounding grounds were quiet, like Ta Prohm, the temple they had just visited before this one. His classmates walked in silence, peering at the gigantic faces that loomed above. There were a few other groups that tagged along behind four guides, who rattled off facts about the site. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed three small Cambodian children chatting to each other, watching the tourists move from wall to wall. They giggled occasionally, but mostly just whispered to each other in Khmer, the official language of Cambodia. Chet had previously noticed young children running around the grounds of the historical site, some selling small paper animals, others just talking with the tourists.

Mr. Reynolds had been speaking to another student about the history of the Bayon temple when he saw Chet looking over at the kids. "A lot of young Cambodian children come here instead of going to school because they can make much more money for their families," he explained to Chet. "Some sell little trinkets to the tourists, and others will act as mini-tour guides," Mr. Reynolds said.

Chet dug his hand around his pocket in search of extra change. He figured he could spare some of his own money for these children in need. But would that be encouraging them to miss school? Perhaps if they weren't earning money here, they would return to their classes. Then they might be able to learn more and use their increased knowledge for a future with more opportunities.

Mr. Reynolds noticed Chet's confused expression. "It's a tough situation—you just want to help, but often you're dealing with a much larger problem. If you're concerned about their wellbeing, sometimes it's better to give food and clothes, since you know that will help them directly," Mr. Reynolds said. Then he looked at his watch. "But we have to run! The bus will be waiting for us!" He ran off to gather the students. Chet continued to watch the kids and wished he could do something to help.

On his way back to the bus, he told Maly about the discussion he had had with Mr. Reynolds about the children. "I'm sure you can find a way to help the kids! It's not easy, but I'm sure you can do it," she told him. As he boarded the bus, Chet was busy brainstorming, smiling at the thought of possibly returning to this ancient site.

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

1. What significant U.N. World Heritage Site do Chet, Maly, and their classmates visit?

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2. Who are the main characters in the story?

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3. The Bayon Temple is located in the exact center of the ancient Khmer empire. This center represented the location where it was believed heaven and earth intersected. What can be concluded about the Bayon Temple based on this information?

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4. Chet wants to help the Cambodian children he sees at Angkor Wat. Based on this information, what can you infer about Chet's character?

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5. What is this story mostly about?

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6. Read the sentences and answer the question.

"Mr. Reynolds said that the intricate carvings were most likely painted and gilded back when the city was populated by civilians, but they had worn down with age. Chet was still impressed by the detail that had survived centuries, and lightly traced the carvings with his fingertips."

What does the word "intricate" indicate about the carvings as used in this text?

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7. What word or phrase best completes the sentence?

Chet wants to help the Cambodian children in need; \_\_\_\_\_, he is not sure how exactly he should help.

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8. Describe the carvings on the Bayon Temple.

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9. According to Mr. Reynolds, why do a lot of Cambodian children go to Angkor Wat?

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10. People or things of both the past and present can be part of one's experience at Angkor Wat. Use evidence from the text to support or argue against this conclusion.

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Day 5

# Ta Prohm's Trees

by ReadWorks



Ta Prohm

Maly and Chet gradually fell behind the group of their classmates as they wandered through the grounds around Angkor Wat in the city of Siem Reap, Cambodia. The two friends could hardly keep up with their class field trip; they were too entranced by the scattered stone buildings that decorated the 400 square kilometers that used to be home to an entire civilization. Mr. Reynolds, their teacher, called out to them from ahead. "Come on, guys, don't get lost!"

They picked up their pace for a while, but eventually slowed down again. The day was growing hot, and their legs were tired after walking such distances. Just as they were about to ask for a short resting break, Mr. Reynolds gathered the class together. "Okay, guys, we're about to see one of the most famous sites of Angkor, the Ta Prohm temple," he said. The name struck a chord in Maly. She wondered where she had heard it before as the class walked toward the temple. Maly noticed that the world around her had grown quiet—all she could hear was the faint chirping of birds and the hushed whispers of tourists and their guides nearby.

The class reached the entrance to the temple, which was inside a square enclosure. Maly realized why she had remembered the name from somewhere. Her father had shown her photographs of Ta Prohm before, of the giant fig tree that had enveloped the stone structure with its roots without crushing the building. But what was in front of her was vastly different from the few small pictures she had seen.

"So this temple was built in 1186 A.D. under King Jayavarman VII's rule. He dedicated it to his mother," Mr. Reynolds said quietly. The ancient temple had an eerie quality to it, and visitors within felt like they had been transported back in time. Banyan and fig trees provided much-needed shade for the students, and Chet and Maly soon forgot about the heat and their tired legs. "There are 39 towers

in here, with the deity Prajnaparamita's statue in the center," he added.

Chet's hand shot up in the air. Mr. Reynolds nodded his head in his direction. "What does Prajnaparamita mean?" Chet asked. "It means perfection of wisdom," Mr. Reynolds replied. "Fitting, right?" The students nodded their heads silently while looking around at Ta Prohm's towers. Maly followed the trees' roots with her eyes, noticing the parts where the powerful vines had broken through stone over centuries of growth. She wondered how nature could overtake such a powerful and elegant structure.

Mr. Reynolds noticed her gaze. "Those trees there, the ones that seem to be sitting on top of the temple's walls-those are called strangler figs," he told her. Both looked toward the trees whose giant roots had climbed down the side of the temple's walls. "That makes perfect sense," she replied. "It almost looks as if the tree is strangling the life out of the building."

"Another fun fact," Mr. Reynolds started. "There are Sanskrit inscriptions on the stones here that say that it took nearly 80,000 workers to build and maintain the temple!" Chet was walking aimlessly around when he heard his teacher and his head immediately snapped around to look at him. "No way," he said. "How is that possible?"

"Well, those numbers were most likely exaggerated in order to make the king look good," explained Mr. Reynolds. "But even if it was half of that, it's still very impressive." Mr. Reynolds buried his nose in his guidebook and started excitedly reading off facts for the class. "There's actually another temple nearby called Preah Khan, which the king dedicated to his father," he recited. "And although some restoration has taken place, this temple is one of few in Angkor that has hardly been touched by archaeologists and academics; they don't want to destroy it more than it already has been by looters and nature," he said. "So what you're seeing now is similar to what explorers found in the nineteenth century when they came across this beautiful site!"

The entire class listened to their teacher in silence, afraid to disrupt the atmosphere of the ancient temple. Mr. Reynolds looked at his watch. "All right, guys, time to move on," he said. Maly didn't want to leave. She wished she could stay on the temple's grounds all day. Her teacher noticed her reluctance. "We could stay here, but this whole site that includes Angkor Wat, the surrounding temples, and other ancient structures is huge-it would take a week for us to tour it if we took our sweet time!" She nodded her head in agreement. As she followed her class outside of Ta Prohm, she looked back one last time at the strangler fig sitting on top of the temple's wall. It was like looking back into the twelfth century.

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

1. What famous temple does Maly's class visit?

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2. Where does the story take place?

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3. Read these sentences from the story.

"Maly followed the trees' roots with her eyes, noticing the parts where the powerful vines had broken through stone over centuries of growth. She wondered how nature could overtake such a powerful and elegant structure."

What can be concluded about how Maly feels about the Ta Prohm trees based on this evidence?

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4. Why do the visitors of the Ta Prohm temple speak in "hushed whispers"?

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5. What is the main idea of this story?

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6. Read the sentences and answer the question.

"Those trees there, the ones that seem to be sitting on top of the temple's walls—those are called strangler figs," he told her. Both looked toward the trees whose giant roots had climbed down the side of the temple's walls. "That makes perfect sense," she replied. "It almost looks as if the tree is strangling the life out of the building."

What does the word "strangling" mean as used in this text?

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7. What word or phrase best completes the sentence?

Archeologists do not want to destroy the ruins of Ta Prohm; \_\_\_\_\_, the temple has hardly been touched and looks much as it did when it was discovered in the 19th century.

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8. What has grown around Ta Prohm without crushing the temple?

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9. Why is visiting Ta Prohm like looking back into the twelfth century? Support your answer using evidence from the text.

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10. What might create the eerie, mysterious atmosphere at Ta Prohm? Support your answer using evidence from the text.

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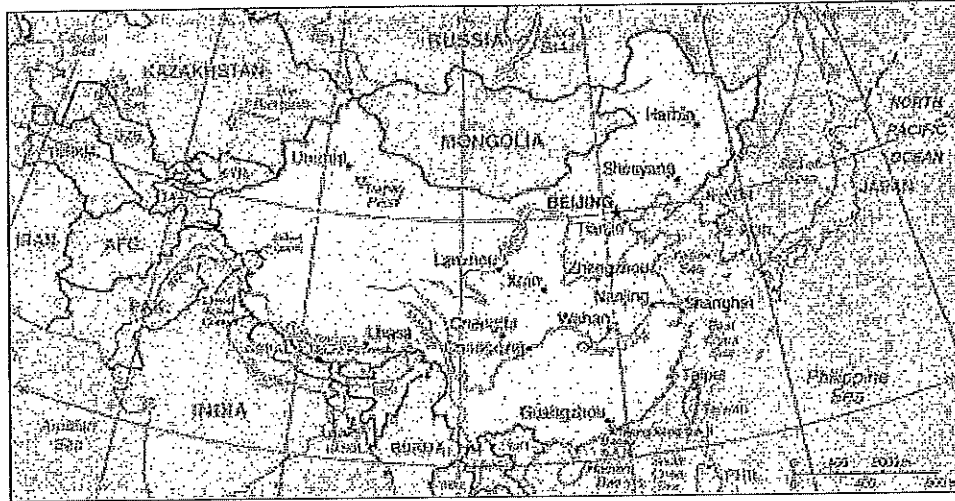
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Day 6

# Shedding Skin

by ReadWorks



Louise realized she was no longer Louise. For the next month, anyway, she would go by Xiufen, her Chinese name. Was that weird? Most of her life she had been Xiufen, but becoming Xiufen again, now, seemed strange. From the passenger's seat, she could see her dad peeking over at her as he drove them north from Beijing, through Shandong province, through Dingtao County, through the town of Rangu, to Nanzhong, the village in which she was born and raised.

It was a poor village. The roads were badly kept; the ride was slow and bumpy. And unlike the scenic towns to the south, or along the coast, her home was not much to look at. The young people lived a lot like the old people did when the old people were young. In Nanzhong, few people had laptops. Many didn't have TVs, or their TVs were from the 1980s: small and square, with a fuzzy picture. No one had Apple products.

Xiufen knew her dad was nervous because of her quietness. That was why he kept sneaking quick glances, as if looking at her would offend her. He wanted her to be comfortable. How could she be uncomfortable in the place where she was born, where she had gone to school and made friends, where her family lived, where she was loved? Was she uncomfortable? It was hard to tell.

That's another thing that's weird: people sometimes can't even make out their own feelings. Xiufen considered this as they drove.

The drive from Jining Qufu Airport to Nanzhong took two and a half hours. Though it was spring, the land was still mostly brown. Plains stretched on and on to mountains barely visible through air that was smoggy or hazy with pollution. Closer mountains rose up suddenly out of the earth like the armored spine of a stegosaurus. The highway was straight. Telephone lines kept them company; houses were sparse. In some places, whole industries seemed to have popped up while Xiufen was away; in others, the land looked as though it hadn't changed in ten thousand years.

Xiufen thought maybe she was feeling depressed. The past week she had been texting and emailing at a furious rate, telling old friends and family members she was coming home. But now that she was here she didn't want to look at her phone, and the sudden responsibility of *having* to see so many

people made her nervous. What if they had changed? What if she had changed and she would offend them somehow? Or what if she no longer enjoyed their company? What if leaving home was permanent?

But when they finally entered the village of Nanzhong and crawled at 10 mph through the unpaved streets, Xiufen's feelings began to change. Despite the trash in the streets and the houses that were abandoned and falling in on themselves, she felt her spirits lift.

She saw things she hadn't seen in a decade, things she had forgotten she might ever see again.

Children crouched in huddles, their heads bent together. They scattered in all directions when they saw the car approach, and they regrouped as soon as it passed, talking excitedly, waving their arms.

Men and women on bicycles waved as Xiufen and her dad passed. They all knew Xiufen's dad. It was a small village. Xiufen recognized some of them—a teacher, a farmer, a fisherman—and some of them recognized her, waving with real excitement when they did.

A group of old men sat around a folding table, playing Mahjong. Some leaned forward as though drawn by the tiles; some reclined, looking peaceful. They all seemed to be holding their smiles in, as though someone had told an inappropriate but hilarious joke.

Finally, Xiufen and her dad reached home. *Home* home. This was Xiufen's actual home, after a decade of living in Beijing, Seoul, and New York. The entire family was waiting for her outside: her mom, her grandparents, and her younger brother, Li. They stood in a line, smiling. Her mom hopped up and down, and her brother waved and laughed. Her grandmother hugged her grandfather in joy.

Their house was one story, built of stone. The shingled roof was in need of repair. The yard was dirt, worn a little deeper where people most often walked. Clay pottery was jumbled on stone slabs by the door. On the other side of the door was a small garden where Xiufen knew her mother grew herbs and vegetables. Spring flowers bloomed in pots on the windowsill. Xiufen hadn't seen her home in ten years; everything felt the same, and then somehow everything felt different. She couldn't have pointed out one major difference, and yet neither could she have pointed to anything that definitely hadn't changed. Time had passed, and her mother, grandparents, and brother had aged (grown heavier, more tired, or more stooped, but seemingly happier in spite of it). The pear tree and the house had aged, and even the sky seemed to have aged.

Xiufen's dad parked the car under the pear tree that had stood since before Xiufen's birth. He looked over at her, without hiding it this time. Xiufen was quiet, looking straight ahead. "Ready to go in?" he asked her. She took a deep breath and felt the past wash over her. "Ready."

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

1. What is Louise's Chinese name?

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2. The author states that "people sometimes can't even make out their own feelings."  
About what can't Xiufen make out her feelings?

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3. Xiufen isn't sure she wants to see old friends and family. What sentences from the story supports this statement?

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4. Why might going by her Chinese name seem strange to Xiufen?

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5. What is a main theme of the story?

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6. Read these sentences from the text.

Was she uncomfortable? It was hard to tell. That's another thing that's weird: people sometimes can't even make out their own feelings. Xiufen **considered** this as they drove.

What does the word "**considered**" mean as used in this text?

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7. What word or phrase best completes the sentence?

\_\_\_\_\_ the poor conditions in Nanzhong, Xiufen feels her spirits lift as she enters the village.

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8. Where had Xiufen lived during the ten years she had been away from Nanzhong?

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9. When Xiufen sees her home after 10 years away, what feels different, and what feels the same?

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10. How does Xiufen likely feel about being home at the end of the story? Use evidence from the text to support your answer.

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Day 7



## Another Missing Person



Anne Frank, 1940

Ulrich's friend Anne was missing at school. His mother said that perhaps she had gone into hiding. That was the hope anyway--that the family had left on their own and had not been sent on one of the prison trains to Germany or Poland. So many people in his city had disappeared since the Nazis came to Amsterdam in 1940. "It's not our home anymore," Ulrich thought. The streets, once brimming with busy shoppers, were now filled with tanks and soldiers. No one felt safe, except maybe the collaborators.

Who were they? Who would betray their friends and let their neighbors be captured? Ulrich remembered his friend Anne; her father had a small business right down the road from his house. Her sister, Margot, was in the upper school, where Ulrich's sister was in her class.

When he walked to or from school, Ulrich studied the faces of the people on the street. Some looked concerned and cast their eyes downward as they walked, trying not to be noticed. His own parents had that look, like ghosts walking and wondering what had happened to them. The ones that bothered him were those who smiled, who acted like nothing was wrong. "Were they blind?" he wondered. Worse were those who moved into the houses and took the businesses of their missing

neighbors. They seemed too assured, too content. They may be Dutch, Ulrich thought, but they are the enemy, too. They were the ones who made the occupation easy. He hoped that when the war was over, the rightful owners would come back and toss them out on their ears.

School was not the same either. It was more than the missing students, though that was the biggest part of it. The teachers, who once seemed to know everything, were different, too. They seemed afraid to teach history, afraid that the authorities would not like what they said. They jumped when a student dropped a book. It was as if they all had to hold their breath.

It was nearly spring. Already tulips were fighting their way out of the cold ground. How many more winters, springs, summers, and falls would go by until they were free? Ulrich waited, and hoped that his friend Anne would soon come home.

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

1. Who is Ulrich?

- A. a soldier
- B. a parent
- C. a teacher
- D. a student

2. After the occupation of Nazi soldiers in Amsterdam, Ulrich describes all of the following effects EXCEPT

- A. people in his city disappearing
- B. teachers being afraid to teach history
- C. busy shoppers filling the streets
- D. people on the street trying to walk unnoticed

3. Which of the following conclusions about Ulrich is supported by the passage?

- A. He misses his friend Anne and continues to hope for her safe return.
- B. He plans to drop out of school and become a soldier within the next year.
- C. Once the war is over, he is going to move to Poland or Germany.
- D. When spring comes, he will plot to find a way to outsmart the enemies.

4. Read this sentence from the passage:

"He hoped that when the war was over, the rightful owners would come back and toss them out on their ears."

What does the word **rightful** mean in this context?

- A. lonely
- B. quiet
- C. true
- D. young

5. Which statement best expresses the main idea of this passage?

- A. Teachers are afraid of the authorities and now jump when a student drops a book.
- B. Some of the Dutch people betrayed their friends and neighbors during the war.
- C. Life in Amsterdam since the Nazi occupation is unsafe and frightening.
- D. Not much has changed in Amsterdam since the Nazi occupation in 1940.

6. To what does Ulrich compare his parents?

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7. Who are the collaborators Ulrich describes? What do you know about them? Give specific examples from the article that support your answer.

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8. The question below is an incomplete sentence. Choose the word that best completes the sentence.

When Ulrich walked to or from school, he studied the faces \_\_\_\_\_ the people on the street.

- A. like
- B. but
- C. of
- D. for



Day 8

# Father Frost in Jerusalem

by Hannah Trager

## Excerpt from *Pictures of Jewish Home-Life Fifty Years Ago*

The next Friday evening Mr. Jacob read the following letter.

"My Dear Cousin Mill,-I have not yet written to tell you how we manage during cold weather. Before we arrived, we were under the impression that it was always warm in Palestine. Certainly the sun does shine more in winter here than in England, and while it shines the weather is very pleasant; but we get very cold weather, too, especially in Jerusalem. We get very little snow, but a good deal of frost, which no one enjoys. No doubt you wonder why, because we all enjoyed the cold and frost in England, and loved the skating and the snowballing.

"The reason is very clear, for here we have no cheery open fireplaces, which give out so much heat in England; in fact there are not even any steel or iron ovens, and the result is, the Palestinian houses are intensely cold in frosty weather. The ceilings are all lofty and in the shape of a dome, which, with the very thick stone walls is very pleasant in summer but very cold in the winter. Then there is very little firewood to be had here, as the Turks try to prevent much tree-planting, so fire wood is a luxury which very few can afford. Instead, we have all copper buckets pierced with holes standing on a tripod and filled with burning charcoal, which is placed in the middle of the room.

"How we all eagerly cluster round it and watch the red hot charcoal, hoping that by looking at it the warmth will go into our bodies! Such a small amount of charcoal as we can afford does not warm a room very much, so all the windows are closed tightly to prevent any cold air coming in. This also prevents the fumes of the burning charcoal from escaping, so naturally the air gets very stuffy, and many suffer from headaches or fall into a heavy sleep.

"You will wonder why it is many people do not get frozen. Well, the old proverb holds good here, that 'Necessity is the mother of invention,' so even in the coldest weather we have a remedy; for we heat also our brass samovar, which holds about thirty glasses of tea, and we drink a glass of hot tea every now and then.

"As the samovar boils all day the steam also sends out some warmth into the room.

"Then, again, the younger children are during the very cold weather kept warm in bed with feather coverlets and pillows, which the elder people try to keep warm in doing the necessary household duties. Very few go out in the streets, except the men when they go to Shule, and the elder boys when they go to the Yeshiba or Cheder, and even they are very often kept at home.

"One comfort is that 'Father Frost' does not stay long, so we can manage to bear his icy breath: the greatest hardship is when he visits us on a Sabbath, for of course on that day we cannot heat the samovar and so we have to do with less tea.

"We prepare our Sabbath meals in a small scullery, or porch, in which a small brick oven is built to keep the food hot for the Sabbath. A few pieces of wood are put in, and, when well lighted, the oven is half-filled with charcoal-dust-this again is covered by pieces of tin or lime, and, on top of all, the saucepans are put containing food for the Sabbath meals: also bottles or jars of water are thus kept

hot for tea or coffee. Neighbours who are not lucky enough to have such an oven bring in their food, and we let them put it in our ovens. In this way we have enough for every one to drink who may come in. Sometimes twenty poor people come in on a Sabbath day and say: 'Spare me, please, a little hot water?' No one would think of refusing to give them some, even if they had to share their last glass with them.

"Generally on cold Sabbath afternoons our parents have a nap after eating the nice hot cholent, and we girls and the young married women go and spend a few hours with our old lady friend, who always entertains us with stories and discussions on various interesting subjects. So the time passes very quickly and so pleasantly that we forget how cold it is. About twenty or thirty of us all sit close together on her divan covered up with rugs, and this with the excitement over the tales she tells us, helps to keep us warm...

"In my next letter I will tell you of our friend's engagement and marriage. Your loving cousin, Millie."



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

1. When is the family unable to light the samovar?

- A. during the day
- B. during the night
- C. during the winter
- D. during Sabbath

2. Which of the following does the passage NOT state as a way the family keeps warm in their home?

- A. drink tea
- B. coverlets and pillows
- C. burning charcoal
- D. burning firewood

3. Based on the passage, what might Millie discuss in her next letter?

- A. the summers in Palestine
- B. engagement and marriage
- C. how to make tea in a samovar
- D. where to find firewood

4. Read the following sentence:

"The ceilings are all lofty and in the shape of a dome, which, with the very thick stone walls is very pleasant in summer but very cold in the winter."

What does the word **lofty** mean?

- A. wide
- B. thick
- C. tall
- D. round

5. Why is Millie most likely writing this letter?

- A. to describe life and the winter in England
- B. to describe cooking practices in Palestine
- C. to describe life and the winter in Palestine
- D. to describe her social circles and activities in Palestine

6. Why are Palestinian houses cold in the winter?

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7. Based on its use in the story, what does the following proverb most likely mean: "Necessity is the mother of invention"? Use evidence from the story to support your answer.

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8. The question below is an incomplete sentence. Choose the word that best completes the sentence.

The sun does shine more in winter in Palestine than in England, \_\_\_\_\_  
Jerusalem gets very cold too.

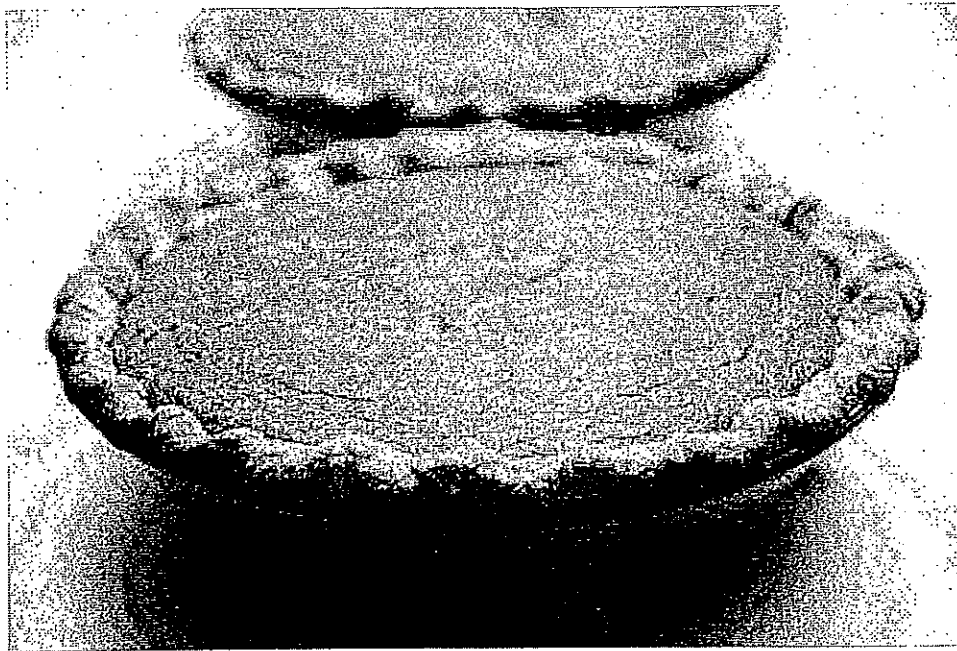
- A. and
- B. so
- C. because
- D. but



Day 9

# A Food Discovery

by Carolyn Edgar



sweet potato pie  
Paul Goyette on Flickr

Simone beamed when Ms. Murphy handed back the previous week's social studies essay—*another A!*—but her excitement turned to dread as her teacher described their next assignment.

"I want all of you to write about a food that is part of your family's culture and traditions," Ms. Murphy announced, "and be creative!"

Melissa, one of Simone's best friends, raised her hand. "I already know what I'm going to write about—making *hamantaschen* for Purim with my grandma and my mom!"

"And I'm going to write about my mom's *songpyeon*, these amazing little sweet dumplings we eat for Chuseok, which is like Korean Thanksgiving," Jisoo, Simone's other best friend, chimed in.

Soon, everyone in class was talking about the foods they planned to highlight in their essays. But while her classmates kept chattering about their food stories, Simone was feeling grumpy and unsettled. She couldn't think of a single food to write about that she considered special to her African American culture.

Simone bolted out of the room as soon as class ended, but Melissa and Jisoo soon caught up with her.

"Hey!" Melissa said. "Why didn't you wait for us?"

Without looking at either of her friends, Simone responded, "Because I didn't want to hear one more thing about that stupid essay."

"Are you kidding?" Jisoo asked. "Why not?"

"Because you and Melissa both have interesting foods to write about. I don't."

Melissa and Jisoo replied at the same time, "That's not true!"

"Wait a minute, Simone," said Melissa, "your dad's sweet potato pie could win awards! Why don't you write about that?"

"Because sweet potato pie isn't really an African American dish," Simone answered, frustrated, "it's just basic Southern food. And like those other foods people think of—fried chicken, black-eyed peas, watermelon—same thing, it's Southern, they're nothing unique to *my* culture."

"I don't know about that," Melissa said as they walked into the science lab. But Simone wasn't listening—she was in a funk, and her bad mood lasted all day, even after the bell rang to signal the end of the school day.

As soon as Simone got home, she went to find her father, Jerry, in his study. She said a quick hello, but then, feeling miserable, sat down on the sofa without saying a word and stared at the wall.

"Okay, Simone," her father said, "I can see something's up. What happened?"

"Nothing happened, Daddy. It's just that I have this awful paper to write for school and I don't want to do it."

"Tell me about it."

Simone went on to describe the assignment, and when she finished, Jerry looked surprised. "That doesn't sound bad," he told her. "What's the problem?"

"There's nothing for me to write about!" Simone protested. "Melissa and Jisoo both knew

exactly what they were going to write about, but there's nothing special about *our* food: Watermelon, okra, black-eyed peas, even your sweet potato pie-it's all just Southern food, and that's not special to us. I don't know what to do."

"Okay, first of all, my sweet potato pie is an *extremely* special family recipe, and as its biggest fan I'd expect you to know that!" Jerry chuckled. Then, seeing Simone's face, he rubbed the bridge of his nose and sighed. "My dearest daughter, your information is incomplete. Don't you know that our enslaved ancestors brought some of those foods-like okra and black-eyed peas-to America? And besides, many of those dishes you call 'just Southern food' were actually created by African American chefs."

Jerry was a history professor who studied and wrote about slavery in the Americas. Simone had learned a lot about African American history and culture from her father. But she had never heard this before.

"Is that true, Daddy?"

Simone's father stood up and walked over to the bookshelves that lined the walls of his study. He picked a book off the shelf and handed it to Simone.

"*High on the Hog?* What is this?" Simone asked.

"It's one of the first books that talked about food and the African American experience. It tells a lot of the history of African foods and how our ancestors grew them; it even includes some recipes. Now take watermelon-apart from being delicious, it's full of nutrients. Perfect for someone who's laboring for hours in the hot sun, right? Our enslaved ancestors had incredible survival skills. And our foods helped make it possible."

Simone flipped through the book. Its subtitle was "A Culinary Journey from Africa to America," and it was filled with stories and pictures. She could feel her bad mood dissipating as she leafed through the pages of the book. After a while, she looked up and told her dad, "I know what I'll do! Instead of just writing about one special food, I'm going to write about how African American food is special."

"That," said Jerry, "sounds excellent."

"One more thing, Daddy-can you teach me how to make your sweet potato pie?"

"You bet!" Jerry laughed, and added, "How about after dinner tonight?"

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

1. What is Simone's new social studies writing assignment?

- A. to write about a food that is part of her family's culture and traditions
- B. to interview someone in her family about their childhood experiences
- C. to pick a country and write about the meaning and history of its flag
- D. to pretend to write a letter to someone who lived a hundred years ago

2. Why is Simone feeling upset about her writing assignment?

- A. She doesn't think she has any special food from her culture to write about.
- B. She wanted to write about *hamantaschen* but Melissa already picked it.
- C. She has too many options to pick from and cannot decide on just one thing.
- D. She does not know how to spell out the name of the food she has picked.



3. Read the following sentences from the text.

"My dearest daughter, your information is incomplete. Don't you know that our enslaved ancestors brought some of those foods-like okra and black-eyed peas-to America? And besides, many of those dishes you call 'just Southern food' were actually created by African American chefs...."

'*High on the Hog?* What is this?' Simone asked.

'It's one of the first books that talked about food and the African American experience. It tells a lot of the history of African foods and how our ancestors grew them; it even includes some recipes. Now take watermelon-apart from being delicious, it's full of nutrients. Perfect for someone who's laboring for hours in the hot sun, right? Our enslaved ancestors had incredible survival skills. And our foods helped make it possible.'

What conclusion can you draw from this evidence?

A. Simone's dad agrees with her that there is no African American food that she can write about for her assignment.

B. Simone's dad shows her that the foods that she thought weren't special actually had unique histories tied to her ancestors.

C. Simone isn't convinced by what her dad is saying even though she sees that there is an entire book on African American food.

D. Simone's teacher called her dad and warned him that Simone was upset so he had time to go to the library and get a book.

4. How does Simone's attitude about African American food change?

A. It changes from thinking that all African American food is spicy to learning that there are different flavors.

B. It changes from feeling that African American food doesn't taste good to really enjoying it.

C. It changes from thinking that African American food is too hard to make to asking her dad to teach her.

D. It changes from feeling that no African American food is special to learning that many African American dishes have important histories.

5. What is one main theme of this story?

- A. It is interesting to learn about different types of cultures and traditions before you travel around the world.
- B. It is important to respect people who belong to cultures that are different from your own.
- C. Studying the history of your culture's traditions can help you understand the importance of things that might seem ordinary.
- D. Many fruits have a lot of nutrients and are good to eat so your body can handle working long hours in the sun.

6. Read the following sentences from the text.

"My ~~dearest~~ daughter, your information is **incomplete**. Don't you know that our enslaved ancestors brought some of those foods-like okra and black-eyed peas-to America?"

As used in this excerpt, what does the word "**incomplete**" most closely mean?

- A. things you eat
- B. detailed
- C. missing pieces
- D. familiar

7. Choose the answer that best completes the sentence below.

Simone's dad explains to her that some foods were brought to America from Africa \_\_\_\_\_ many Southern dishes were created by African American chefs.

- A. third
- B. but
- C. last
- D. and

8. What is *High on the Hog*?

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9. How does watermelon connect to African American culture?

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10. What makes Simone change her mind about African American food? Use evidence from the text to support your answer.

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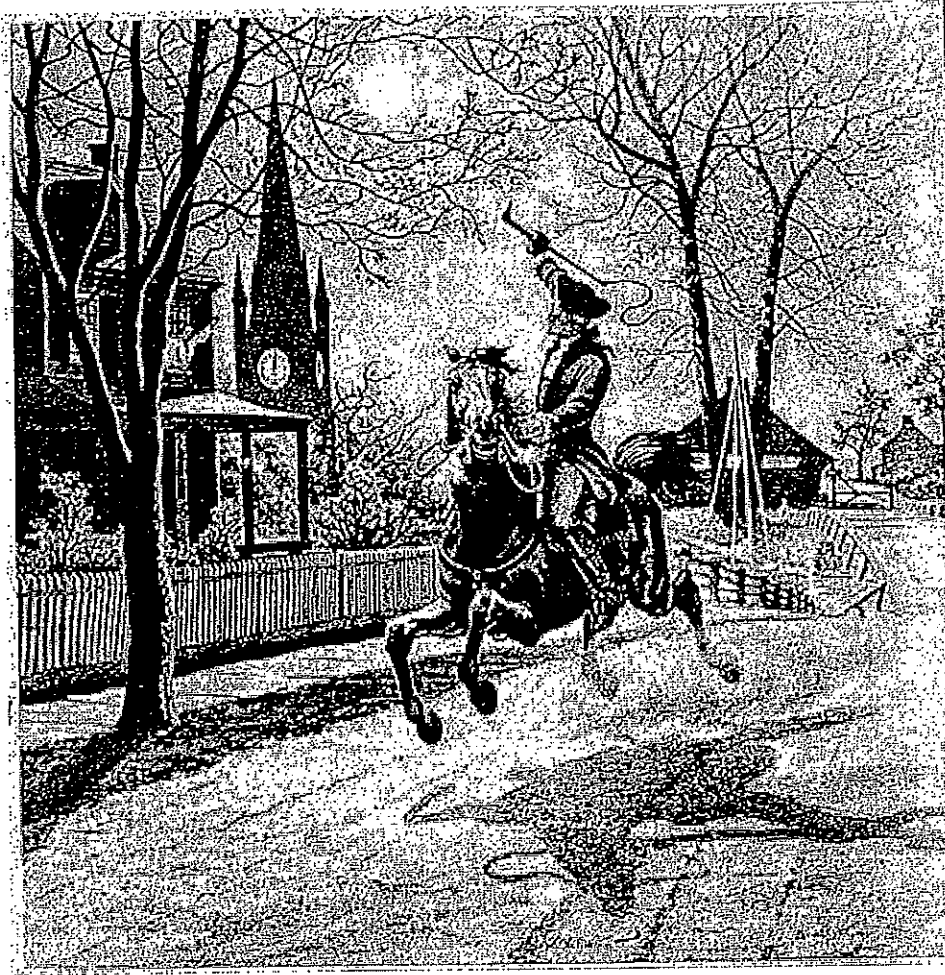
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Day 10

## The British Are Coming!



Paul Revere's Ride

It was April 18. Winter still hung in the air, but the snows had melted. The inside of the cabin was warm, and the fire in the hearth made an orange glow. Mary and Jonah looked forward to evenings. This was the time of day that their parents sat and talked, while Mary and Jonah listened in.

"There's more talk of war," their father said. He went into town every Tuesday, all the way to Lexington, to bring in some of his carvings to sell. Even though he had given up life as a sailor and settled down to farm when he came to America, he still liked to carve things, as sailors do to pass the time. On a good week, he could earn a few shillings. Once he bought peppermint sweets at the general store.

Their mother, who was born in the Colonies, had mixed feelings about the war. Like many others whose parents and grandparents had been born in New England, she didn't think of

herself as British. But still, she didn't like the idea of war. "People will be hurt. And, if we don't win, things could get very bad for us. They hang traitors, you know." Their father nodded. And even though he had been born in England and still sounded English, he was more inclined toward freedom. "What can a king thousands of miles away know about life here?" he asked.

As their parents talked, Mary and Jonah gathered up the wax that had fallen onto the table. They scraped wax from the sconces that were nailed to the wall. They would put these scraps into the ball of wax that their mother kept under the washbasin. In another week or so, they would melt it down again for new candles.

The fire in the fireplace turned to embers. The family trooped to bed. As she fell asleep, Mary had a feeling that something was about to happen that would change her life.

She was awakened a few hours later by the pounding of hoof-beats coming from the road. She heard her father jump from bed. She could hear him grab his gun from the place by the door. "It's so late. Who could it be?" their mother asked. Soon the rider was upon them.

"The British are coming! The British are coming!" the rider shouted.

With that, their father rushed outside and unhitched his horse. Then he rode toward Lexington.

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

1. This passage is an example of

- A. nonfiction.
- B. historical fiction.
- C. poetry.
- D. a newspaper article.

2. Although this story takes place on April 18th, the setting is described as

- A. raining.
- B. snowing.
- C. spring.
- D. winter.

3. We know the story takes place right before the Revolutionary War, because

- A. a rider says, "The British are coming."
- B. their mother was born in the New England colonies.
- C. Mary and Jonah's father mentions "talk of war."
- D. all of the above.

4. The climax in the passage is when

- A. their father bought peppermint sweets.
- B. their parents talk about war.
- C. their father grabs his gun and rides toward Lexington.
- D. Mary and Jonah collect wax for candles.

5. Where does the story take place? How do you know?

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