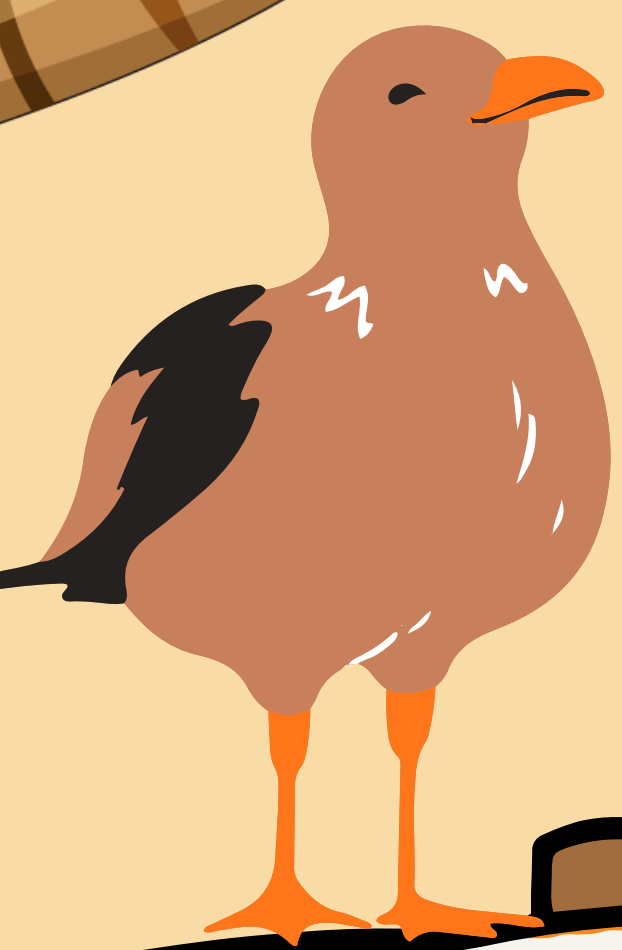


MARION P. THOMAS



SUMMER

LEARNING PACKET



Name: _____

Make sure your child submits work on the 1st day of school!

SUMMER

READING BOOK LIST

Summer reading is a wonderful opportunity for students to continue their learning journey outside the classroom. It helps maintain and improve literacy skills, fosters a love for books, and opens up new worlds of imagination and knowledge. By exploring various genres and topics, students can broaden their horizons and keep their minds active, ensuring they return to school ready to succeed.

Rising Kindergarten	Jabari Jumps by Gala Cornwall
Rising First Grade	Just Ask!: Be Different, Be Brave, Be You by Sonia Sotomayor
Rising Second Grade	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Surf's Up by Kwame Alexander• The Water Princess by Susan Verde
Rising Third Grade	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Barack by Jonah Winter• Ada Twist and the Perilous Pants by Andrea Beaty
Rising Fourth Grade	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Ellray Jakes is not a Chicken by Sally Warner• J.D. and the Great Barber Battle by J. Dillard
Rising Fifth Grade	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• ReStart by Gordan Korman• The Last Kids on Earth by Max Brallier
Rising Sixth Grade	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• The Dreamer by Paul Munoz Ryan• Becoming Muhammad Ali by James Paterson
Rising Seventh Grade	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Long Walk to Water by Linda Sue Park• Esperanza Rising by Pam Munoz Ryan
Rising Eighth Grade	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• One Crazy Summer by Rita Williams Garcia• We Beat the Street by Sampson Davis, George Jenks, Rameck Hunt, Sharon Draper

Jam Session

by Frances Killea



"Aren't you a little old to be playing make-believe?"

I, myself, had given up on play-acting when I was nine. It was kid's stuff, and I didn't feel very much like a kid anymore. My mother, however, seemed to have absorbed everything about childhood that I'd left behind. Now she was dancing around the living room with the handle of a dust mop in her hand, held at an angle like a rock star's microphone, singing.

When I said that, though, she stopped.

"Hey, Monica, you like movies, right? Some people make a living out of playing make-believe."

She wasn't wrong. I did like movies, and actors did make a living dressing up, and pretending they were someone else. The fact that Mom was right annoyed me. I didn't say anything, but picked up a stack of magazines that was on the kitchen floor, and put it on the table.

"Thanks, honey. I don't think this dust mop could handle those." Mom hummed a few lines of the music she had on.

I liked rock best, and she liked musicals. But today was *West Side Story*, which I loved. I'd caught my mother in the middle of a very animated version of the song "Maria."

"Also, Monica, we're going blueberry picking after I finish the kitchen," Mom said, without looking up from her pile of dust, which she was now sweeping into the dustpan.

"We're WHAT?" I had just finished putting all of the books on my bedroom floor back on my bookshelves. Plus, I'd made my bed, and changed my hamster's water and food bowls. I was tired. "What am I? Your

personal assistant?"

"Ha! You're a lucky eleven-year-old girl who gets to be responsible for her very own bedroom in a safe house, in a safe neighborhood, in a free country. And you have the summer off, and a mom who is really good at making blueberry jam, but needs another set of hands."

I was about to protest, but she interrupted. "And you have full use of those hands. You're not sick or weak -so be thankful for that. You are far, far from oppressed, my friend."

Mom dumped a pan of crumbs and dust into the trash. I stared at her. She was pretty awesome, most days. I really did love her. Still...dancing in the kitchen, pretending to be a star? *Blueberry picking?* She was known to sing out loud a lot. The berry-picking thing was new.

"Why don't we just go to the store?" I asked.

Mom threw a rag at me, and I automatically started wiping down the counters. "Because, number one, the berries there are shipped in from across the country, and they don't taste as fresh or as flavorful as the ones we can pick ourselves. And number two..." she paused to slam a drawer full of silverware shut, which just about broke my eardrums with clashing forks. "...it's fun."

So that was that. I grumbled my way through putting the clean dishes away, and then grumbled my way into the car, staying silent as we drove out east. It felt like forever. I had looked at the car clock when we left the house, and when we rolled up to the blueberry farm, it had only been half an hour. It's funny how quickly the scenery changed. We'd gone from our little town and neighborhood-not a city, by any stretch, but at least *populated*-to the country, where a house seemed surrounded by a mile of corn on every side.

My mother pointed to a small barn. The big sliding door was open, and inside was an old man standing hunched over a cash register. Mom went to speak to him as I rounded the back of the building to explore. I found a wooden table full of white buckets, a few empty wooden crates stacked near a coil of hose and a dog bowl filled with water. A bumblebee was struggling in the water, and I picked up a stick to help it out.

"Monica, grab a couple of buckets. Those are what we'll pick into." Mom came around the corner, and I reached for a pail from the stacks on the table.

"They're stuck," I huffed, wrestling with two that didn't want to come apart. "Help me!"

Mom grabbed the end of one, and I held the handle on the other; and we yanked. The buckets slid free, and I fell over from the force of the pull.

"Okay," I said, dusting myself off and frowning. We started walking past rows of blueberry bushes, a lot of them taller than Mom. "How do we do this?"

"Well, just like how you'd think," my mother replied. She ducked into the path between two rows of bushes, and I followed.

"Just go for the ones that are dark all around. Don't pick anything with white or pink on it. Those aren't

ready yet, and they're going to be sour." Mom handed me an unripe berry.

"Duh, I know that, I've had blueberries before," I said, and didn't take it.

"Huh," Mom looked at me. "Not as sour as you, though, I bet." She turned away. "Let's divide and conquer, shall we? I'll pick here, and you can find your own row to work on, and we'll meet somewhere in the middle."

"Fine." I stomped away.

The grass itched my ankles. I wanted to sit down, but the sun was hot, and the shade under the bushes helped a little. So I found my own row, and started picking a short way into the patch. Almost immediately, reaching into the branches for a particularly juicy-looking berry, a yellowjacket stung my finger.

"OUCH!" I yelled. "STUPID BEE!" I swallowed to keep from crying. I listened, but didn't hear my mother reply to me.

She must not have heard. Or maybe she's ignoring me, I thought. My face felt hot, and I could feel anger bubbling up from my stomach to my chest. I kicked the near-empty pail by my feet, and screamed in frustration.

All I could hear in response were birds. I sniffed and wiped my eyes. My finger hurt, and it looked puffy. I picked up my bucket, and ran back up to where I thought my mom had been working. She wasn't there anymore. When I ran down the row calling out and looking for her, I saw no one, and heard nothing. I flipped the bucket upside down and sat on it, resting my face in my hands for a moment while I let a few tears slide down my nose.

There was nothing else to do but pick, I thought.

So I stood up, and walked a few rows back, parking myself next to a particularly tall blueberry shrub, making sure it was relatively bee-free. With both hands, I started yanking every ripe blueberry from the branches, fueled by anger. Gradually, though, I slowed down, feeling calmer as the sun shifted, and a breeze cooled off my shoulders.

"These are weird," I said to myself, looking at a handful of berries.

They were dusty-looking, like they'd been frosted. However, the dust rubbed off when I wiped them against my shirt. I'd never picked blueberries before; I'd actually never picked any berries before, and being out there was annoyingly hot and full of bugs. But I was beginning to relax. I caught myself humming one of the songs from the soundtrack my mother had been listening to that morning, and made myself stop.

I moved to the next bush, and started on that one. Shortly after, I walked to another, and then another; picking a handful of fruit from each before looking for new territory. My bucket was only a third of-the-way full, and my finger was hot and red, but I had to admit, I was having fun.

I didn't hear my mother when she walked up. I had filled my bucket another third of-the-way to the top, and I was singing and dancing in place under the branches.

"Who's making-believe now?" My mom laughed.

I was embarrassed. "Yeah...but I'm eleven. I'm allowed to do this."

"Newsflash, honey: people never get too old to pretend."

"I got stung," I said, and suddenly needed a hug. I almost tipped over my harvest, but jumped over it before kicking the pail.

Mom set hers down and hugged me back. "Let's head home, shall we?"

We paid for our berries by weight. Mom got me a can of Coke from a rickety, old machine in the barn, which I put on my finger before I popped the tab. We shared it in the car on the way home.

When we got back, Mom gave me some first-aid cream for my sting, and I curled up on the living room couch with a book. I don't remember which song exactly, because I was drifting in and out of a nap, but I heard my mom singing along to *West Side Story* again. Only this time, it made me smile, and when I woke up, there were five jars of jam on the counter, and the house smelled like vanilla, sugar, and fruit.

Name: _____ Date: _____

1. What activity do Monica and her mom go out to do in the country?
 - A. Monica and her mom go out to sing songs from *West Side Story* in the country.
 - B. Monica and her mom go out to clean houses in the country.
 - C. Monica and her mom go out to catch bees in the country.
 - D. Monica and her mom go out to pick blueberries in the country.

2. What is a turning point in the story?
 - A. Monica's mom dances around the living room with the dust mop.
 - B. Monica's mom slams shut a drawer full of silverware.
 - C. Monica gets stung by a yellowjacket.
 - D. Monica grumbles as she gets into the car.

3. While picking blueberries, Monica begins to relax. She catches herself humming a song. She dances in place under the branches.

What can be concluded from this evidence?

- A. Monica enjoys picking blueberries.
 - B. Monica hates picking blueberries.
 - C. Monica wants to go back home.
 - D. Monica is hot and sweaty.

4. How does Monica's mood change between the beginning and end of the story?
 - A. She goes from being in a bad mood to being in a good mood.
 - B. She goes from being in a good mood to being in a bad mood.
 - C. She goes from being a bad mood to being in a terrible mood.
 - D. She goes from being in a good mood to being in a great mood.

5. What is a theme of this story?
 - A. how boring blueberry picking can be
 - B. how beautiful the song "Maria" is
 - C. how awesome a mother can be

D. how easy cleaning a house is

6. Read the following sentence: "I **grumbled** my way through putting the clean dishes away, and then **grumbled** my way into the car, staying silent as we drove out east."

Why does the author use the word **grumbled** twice in this sentence?

- A. to show how long the drive out east took
- B. to show how excited the main character is about going for a drive
- C. to show how many dishes there are in the main character's house
- D. to show how grumpy the main character is feeling

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

Monica plays make-believe when picking blueberries _____ she felt like she was too old for make-believe at home.

- A. in conclusion
- B. although
- C. for instance
- D. above all

8. What does Monica ask her mother when she sees her singing and dancing to a *West Side Story* song at the beginning of the story?

9. When she hears her mother singing along to *West Side Story* at the end of the story, what does Monica do?

10. Why does Monica's response to her mother singing along to *West Side Story* change between the beginning and end of the story? Support your answer with evidence from the passage.

Take Me Out to the Ball Game

by ReadWorks

Corinne skipped through the parking lot. She couldn't hold back her excitement. Her family was going to the baseball stadium for the first time!

"Corinne, chill out," said her brother, Jake. Jake was only two years older than Corinne, but he thought that gave him the authority to boss her around. Corinne slowed to a walk and waited for her family to catch up.

"I can't help it," she said. "I've never been to a baseball game before."

Corinne had watched countless baseball games on television. Baseball was her favorite sport, and she had been a Chicago Cubs fan as long as she could remember. Corinne thought that the best moment of her life would be when the Cubs finally broke their curse and won the World Series. The team had been losing for decades, but she knew that sooner or later, they had to win.

But tonight her family wasn't going to see the Cubs. They were going to see the Cougars, a new minor league team that had come to their town. Jake wasn't excited about the game. He thought the minor leagues didn't count. "The minor league is for players who aren't good enough for the major league," Jake always said. But Corinne liked the idea that these players weren't famous yet. They were still training and learning, just like her. Maybe she'd see baseball's next big star. Maybe he'd even sign a baseball for her.

"Mom," Corinne said, "Can we wait outside the dugout after the game? I want to get some autographs."

"Sure, we can," said Corinne's mother. "But let's enjoy the game first."

They pulled out their tickets and walked into the stadium. The stadium security guard checked Corinne's mother's purse and waved them through. "Mmmm," Corinne breathed in deeply. The air smelled like a delicious mix of popcorn and soda. Corinne looked at the tickets and saw that they were sitting on the upper level, just past third base. They walked up the concrete stairs and found their seats as the first inning was beginning.

Corinne couldn't decide whether to watch the field itself or the enormous screen behind the outfield. Her eyes darted back and forth between the two. The Cougars were pitching first.

She cheered at the top of her lungs for every strike and booed when anyone on the other team, the Cyclones, got a hit. Even Jake looked like he was having fun, cheering just as loudly as Corinne.

The game was close. The Cougars would score, and then the Cyclones would score. Back and forth, the two teams battled. The Cyclones had a better pitcher, but the Cougars were quicker. Corinne especially liked the shortstop. He was short, like her, and he was really agile. No matter where the ball was, he was there first. He seemed to have a magic ability to predict its path.

"Mom," said Corinne, tugging on her mother's sleeve. "What's the shortstop's name?"

Her mother looked through the program, searching. "Cory Alvarez," she said. "Cory!" thought Corinne. "Just like me."

By the end of the ninth inning, the teams were still tied, and the Cougars were up to bat. "This is it," Corinne said to Jake. "If the Cougars can manage to score just one run, then we'll win!"

"Don't be such a baby," said Jake. "It doesn't really matter. It's just the minor leagues."

Corinne noticed, though, that Jake was leaning forward in his seat and watching the batter with interest. Jake could pretend to be as cool as a cucumber, but inside he was just as excited as Corinne.

The batter turned, and Corinne saw that it was her favorite player, Cory Alvarez. "Come on Cory," she thought, "You can do it!"

Cory walked up to the home plate and tapped the bat on the ground twice. Then he lifted the bat and waited. The pitcher wound up and then threw a ball so fast, Corinne didn't even see it. She heard the crack when the bat hit the ball, though, and saw the ball flying through the air toward third base. The ball sailed past the base, then over the stands and straight toward Corinne's family. Corinne climbed up on her seat and put her hands out. She felt a sting and tumbled backwards as the baseball slammed into her palms. She tumbled out of the chair, and her parents kneeled over her. "Corinne! Corinne! Are you okay?"

Corinne held up the baseball and smiled. "I'm much more than okay," she said.

Name: _____ **Date:** _____

1. Which team is Corinne hoping will win this baseball game?

2. Where does this story take place?

3. Corinne is completely enjoying herself at the baseball game. What evidence from the story supports this conclusion?

4. Why is Corinne so very excited about this baseball game?

5. What is the main idea of this story?

6. Read the sentences and answer the question.

"Corinne noticed, though, that Jake was leaning forward in his seat and watching the batter with interest. Jake could pretend to be cool as a cucumber, but inside he was just as excited as Corinne."

What does the phrase "cool as a cucumber" mean in this text?

7. What word or phrase best completes the sentence?

Corinne especially likes Cory Alvarez _____ he seems to have the ability to predict where the ball will go and get there first.

8. What happens to the baseball that Cory Alvarez hits?

9. At the end of the story, Corinne says, "I'm much more than okay." What does Corinne mean by this? Use evidence from the text to support your answer.

10. Why might Corinne be feeling "much more than okay" at the end of the story? Use evidence from the text to support your answer.

Writing Prompt: Using the narrative writing rubric on a separate sheet of paper, Imagine you are Corinne. Write a journal entry about your first experience at the baseball stadium. Include details about what you saw, heard, and felt throughout the game.

Narrative Writing Rubric: First Experience at the Baseball Stadium

Criteria	4 - Exceeds Standard	3 - Meets Standard	2 - Approaches Standard	1 - Below Standard
Focus and Organization	The narrative has a clear beginning, middle, and end, and the events are sequenced in a logical order that enhances the story.	The narrative has a clear beginning, middle, and end, and the events are mostly sequenced in a logical order.	The narrative has an attempt at a beginning, middle, and end, but the sequencing of events is somewhat disjointed.	The narrative lacks a clear beginning, middle, and end, and the sequencing of events is confusing or illogical.
Descriptive Details	The narrative includes vivid and specific details about what the writer saw, heard, and felt throughout the game, painting a clear picture for the reader.	The narrative includes some descriptive details about what the writer saw, heard, and felt, but more detail could be added to enhance the reader's understanding.	The narrative includes limited descriptive details about what the writer saw, heard, and felt, making it difficult for the reader to visualize the experience.	The narrative lacks descriptive details about what the writer saw, heard, and felt, leaving the reader with a vague understanding of the experience.
Voice and Engagement	The narrative is written in an engaging and authentic voice that draws the reader in and makes them feel a part of the experience.	The narrative is written in a mostly engaging voice, but there are some moments where the voice feels less authentic or the reader's interest wanes.	The narrative is written in a somewhat flat or unengaging voice, making it difficult for the reader to connect with the experience.	The narrative is written in a flat, unengaging voice that fails to draw the reader in or make them feel invested in the experience.
Conventions	The narrative is free of errors in spelling, grammar, and punctuation, making it easy to read and understand.	The narrative has a few minor errors in spelling, grammar, or punctuation, but they do not significantly interfere with the reader's understanding.	The narrative has several errors in spelling, grammar, or punctuation that sometimes interfere with the reader's understanding.	The narrative has significant errors in spelling, grammar, or punctuation that make it difficult for the reader to understand.

Butterflies in Culture

This text is provided courtesy of OLogy, the American Museum of Natural History's website for kids.



The annual Yellow Butterfly Festival celebrates and protects butterflies and their habitats. Organized by local people and conservation groups, the festival features performances, costumes, butterfly-watching hikes, and ceremonies to honor butterflies.

To understand why butterflies are such popular symbols, look at the Chinese characters for "butterfly." The first character 蝴 (hú) has a similar sound as the character 福 (fú) for "good fortune." This is why butterflies are symbols of good luck. The second character 蝶 (dié) has the same sound as the character 耄 for "the elders." So butterflies are often seen in artwork celebrating a long life.



In the Rukai tribe, wearing a butterfly headdress is a great honor granted by the chief. These men run so swiftly, they have won the title "lyalivarane." It means "butterfly"!

Butterflies carry meaning for Taiwan's indigenous groups, too. For the Rukai people, the butterfly is a symbol of swiftness when used on headdresses. It is a symbol of diligence when used on clothes. The Paiwan people use tribal beads of the Swallowtail to decorate a person who is fast and nimble. And the Tao tribe believe that Magellan's Iridescent Birdwing represents evil spirits.

Name: _____ **Date:** _____

1. What is one thing that butterflies are symbols of?

2. Butterflies can mean many different things to people in Taiwan.

Support this conclusion with at least two pieces of evidence from the text.

3. What is the main idea of this text?

Recycling & Conservation: Why Recycle?

by ReadWorks



Recycling is a process where something is reused rather than thrown away. Common items that are recycled include aluminum and steel cans, glass, and newspapers. Recycling can be time-consuming and dirty work. For example, recyclable objects have to be sorted from trash. Then the objects have to be cleaned. Afterwards, the objects are turned into materials that can be used by people and companies. Why should people bother to recycle even though it takes a lot of work?

Recycling helps protect the earth. Recycling means less garbage in landfills. These are places where garbage is taken and buried. Recycling also helps conserve the earth's resources. For example, factories use less energy by recycling steel cans than by making new ones. Recycling paper saves trees from being cut down. Trees are used to make paper.

Every time you are about to drop a plastic bottle in the garbage, stop and think. Is it worth harming the earth? Your actions now can help preserve the environment for generations to come. All you have to do is throw that bottle into a recycling bin.

Get in the habit. Be proud of recycling. Encourage others to recycle. You can make a difference!

Name: _____ Date: _____

1. What is recycling?

- A. a process where something is reused
- B. a process where something is thrown away
- C. a process where something is taken and buried
- D. a process where something harms the earth

2. How does the author organize the information in this passage?

- A. The author explains the problems with recycling and suggests different solutions.
- B. The author describes similarities and differences between recycling and throwing things away.
- C. The author lists information about recycling in order of importance, from most to least important.
- D. The author describes recycling and shares an argument about why it's important.

3. Read these sentences.

"... recyclable objects have to be sorted from trash. Then the objects have to be cleaned."

These sentences can be used to support which conclusion below?

- A. "... the objects are turned into materials that can be used by people and companies."
- B. "Recycling can be time-consuming and dirty work."
- C. "Recycling helps protect the earth."
- D. "Be proud of recycling."

4. What can be concluded from this passage?

- A. The author works for a recycling plant.
- B. The author does not believe in recycling.
- C. The author believes that all you have to do to save the environment is throw a bottle in a bin.
- D. The author believes that everyday people can help the earth.

5. What is the main idea of this passage?

- A. Recycling helps protect the earth and conserve its resources.
- B. Many people avoid recycling because it is too difficult.
- C. People must make decisions what to recycle.
- D. Only certain things can be recycled.

6. At the end of paragraph one, the author asks, "Why should people bother to recycle even though it takes a lot of work?" Why does the author include this question?

- A. to transition the reader to the next paragraph, which answers the question
- B. to question the reader's knowledge about recycling
- C. to summarize the major points in paragraph one
- D. to allow the reader to demonstrate understanding

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

Recycling takes work, _____ it is good for the environment.

- A. instead
- B. before
- C. so
- D. but

8. What does the author suggest you do when you are about to throw a plastic bottle in the garbage?

9. What examples does the author provide to show that recycling helps conserve the earth's resources?

10. Read these sentences from the text.

"Get in the habit. Be proud of recycling. Encourage others to recycle."

How can these actions make a difference? Use evidence from the text to support your answer.

Writing Prompt: Using the informational writing rubric on a separate sheet of paper, why is recycling important for our environment? Write an essay explaining the benefits of recycling and why people should bother to recycle, providing evidence from the text to support your points.

Informational Essay Rubric: Recycling & Conservation: Why Recycle?

Criteria	4 - Exceeds Standard	3 - Meets Standard	2 - Approaches Standard	1 - Below Standard
Focus and Organization	The essay has a clear, focused thesis statement that addresses all aspects of the prompt. Ideas are logically organized with effective use of transitions to guide the reader.	The essay has a clear thesis statement that addresses the prompt. Ideas are generally organized with some use of transitions.	The essay has a thesis statement, but it may be unclear or only partially address the prompt. Organization is attempted but may lack coherence in places.	The essay lacks a clear thesis statement. Organization is unclear, and transitions are missing or ineffective.
Use of Evidence	The essay provides multiple, well-chosen pieces of evidence from the text to support the thesis. Evidence is thoroughly explained and integrated seamlessly.	The essay provides relevant evidence from the text to support the thesis. Evidence is explained, though integration could be stronger.	The essay provides some evidence from the text, but it may be limited or not fully relevant to the thesis. Explanation of evidence is basic.	The essay lacks sufficient evidence from the text, or the evidence provided does not support the thesis.
Elaboration and Analysis	The essay demonstrates a deep understanding of the benefits of recycling and why it is important for the environment. Analysis is insightful and explores multiple perspectives.	The essay demonstrates a good understanding of the benefits of recycling and why it is important for the environment. Analysis is logical and thoughtful.	The essay demonstrates a basic understanding of the benefits of recycling and why it is important for the environment. Analysis is limited or underdeveloped.	The essay demonstrates little understanding of the benefits of recycling or why it is important for the environment. Analysis is missing or flawed.
Conventions	The essay is free of errors in grammar, spelling, and punctuation. Sentence structure is varied and enhances the writing.	The essay has few errors in grammar, spelling, and punctuation. Sentence structure is generally correct.	The essay has several errors in grammar, spelling, and punctuation that may interfere with meaning. Sentence structure is sometimes awkward.	The essay has numerous errors in grammar, spelling, and punctuation that significantly interfere with meaning. Sentence structure is consistently problematic.