

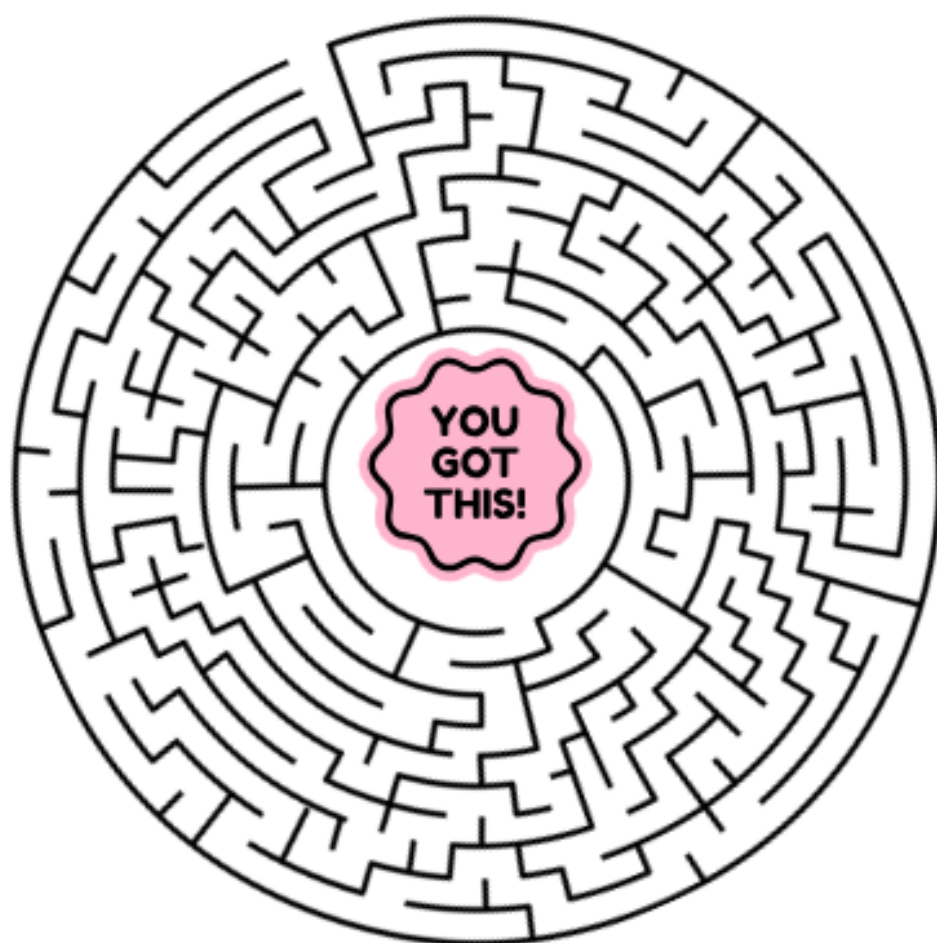
SUMMER LEARNING PACKET

BRIDGEPORT PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Current 7th -8th Grade Students

Find your way out of the maze

SUMMER



June 2025

Dear Bridgeport, Public School Families,

Can you believe summer is almost here? It is hard to believe! As the end of the year approaches, we want to take a moment to share some daily activities to keep your child engaged during the summer. The attached Summer Learning contains reading comprehension and activities that incorporate science and art. The Summer Learning Packet provides additional practice that will reinforce what was learned this school year. It will help your child stay prepared and geared up for the next grade level. Students should complete their work and return to their classroom teacher on the first day of school. Please encourage students to complete the activities and also read at least 30 minutes daily to complete the Governor's Reading Challenge. Also, your child can practice their reading skills by using the Lexia program they used this school year. Be sure to put your child's first name, last name, and grade level on the front of their notebook. When the new school year starts, s/he will bring the notebook to their teacher during the first week of school. Students will earn a certificate for completing the Summer Learning Packet. Let's keep our skills sharp. Have a great summer. We can't wait to see everyone again!

Thank you for sharing your children with us

Sincerely,
Bridgeport Public Schools, Academic Directors

Summer Literacy & Learning Packet Activities Directions:

1. Reading: Directions: Read each passage using your close reading strategies. You may need to read it more than once. Then answer the matching question completely
2. Bingo Board Activity: Complete at least 5-7 activities and mark off that you completed by putting a star, dot or checkmark on the activity you did.
3. Hopes and Dreams- Think about Goals for the Upcoming School Year 25-26.

Name: _____ Class: _____

Simone Biles

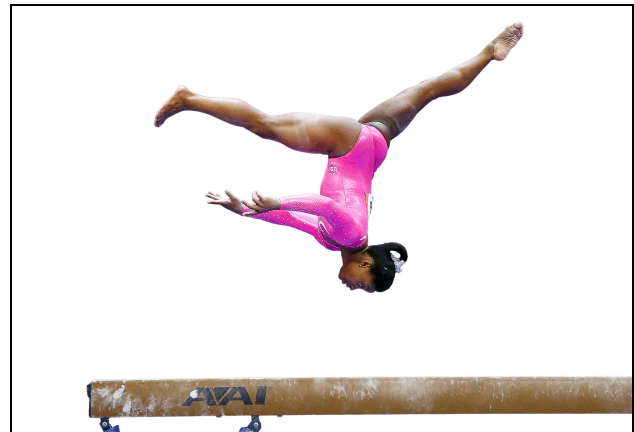
This gymnast lets her power and personality shine.

By Marty Kaminsky
2016

Simone Biles is an American gymnast who competed in the 2016 Summer Olympics. In this informational text, Marty Kaminsky discusses Biles' life and success in gymnastics. As you read, take notes on how Biles became an Olympic gymnast.

- [1] The crowd stirs as 16-year-old gymnast Simone Biles mounts the balance beam at the 2013 World Artistic Gymnastics Championships in Belgium.

The beam is 4 feet high, 16 feet 5 inches long, and only 4 inches wide. Walking across its surface would be a challenge for most people, but Simone must do far more than that to earn a gold medal. During her 90-second performance, Simone must leap high in the air, spin completely around on one foot, and execute handsprings¹ and flips without falling off the beam or landing awkwardly.



"Simone Biles" by Courtesy of iStock/mustafahacalaki and iStock/KrizzDaPaul is used with permission.

To start her routine, the 4-foot-8-inch athlete pirouettes² on one foot two and a half times, then pulls off a flawless split leap. The audience gasps with each move, but Simone is calm as she dances on the beam. She completes her routine with a full twisting double back.³ After flying high through the air, Simone lands on her feet, and the crowd roars.

The judges are impressed, too, rewarding Simone with her first All-Around⁴ title.

Making Her Mark

- [5] Since then, Simone has taken the gymnastics world by storm. She is the first female to win three straight All-Around World Championships, earning a total of 14 medals, 10 of them gold.

At the 2016 Olympics in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, Simone added five medals to her total: golds in team, individual all-around, vault, and floor exercise, and bronze on beam.

1. a jump through the air onto one's hands, followed by springing over onto one's feet
2. a spin
3. a jump from a backwards position into a back flip in a stretched out position with a full 360 degree rotation that occurs during the flip, followed by a second back flip
4. "all-around" refers to a gymnast who competes in every gymnast event

Talent at a Young Age

Life was not always easy for Simone. Her birth mother was unable to care for her children. Simone's grandparents, Ron and Nellie Biles, adopted Simone and her younger sister, Adria. Their new dad and mom moved the girls from Ohio to their home in Texas.

Simone loved to climb their five-foot-high mailbox and somersault to the ground. On a field trip with her daycare class, six-year-old Simone was introduced to her sport at Bannon's Gymnastix. In no time flat,⁵ she started copying the gymnasts, drawing the attention of the instructors.

"I loved the idea of flipping around, and the center saw something in me, so they sent home a letter to my parents encouraging me to join," Simone explains. "Right from the start, I was fearless and willing to try anything and everything."

- [10] Simone advanced quickly. At age seven, she began performing competitively. In 2011, she placed first on vault and balance beam at the American Classic. Her debut⁶ as an international gymnast was in March 2013 at a World Cup event.

Bubbly and Genuine

Simone is known for her power and upbeat personality. She often plays to the crowd, flashing a big smile as she performs in the floor exercise.

In order to master the variety of skills needed to excel⁷ at the four events in her sport, Simone trains five to six hours a day, year-round.

Simone's coach, Aimee Boorman, appreciates her hard work and personality. "Simone is bubbly. She loves to laugh, is genuine and real. When she wins and is given flowers on the medal podium, she searches out the shyest child in the crowd and gives her the flowers."

How does Simone handle the pressures of life as an athlete? "It is important to embrace the moment," she says. "Remember to have as much fun as you can, but keep in mind, win or lose, you still have your whole life ahead. You can achieve anything that you put your mind to."

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5. a phrase meaning "very quickly"
6. a person's first appearance or performance in a role
7. **Excel (verb):** to pass others in skill

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which statement best expresses the central idea of the text?
 - A. Simone Biles' positive attitude has come from her success in gymnastics and relatively easygoing life.
 - B. From a young age, Simone Biles was a natural gymnast and often didn't have to train for competitions.
 - C. Simone Biles' great attitude and commitment to the sport has helped her succeed in gymnastics.
 - D. Competitors are often frightened of Simone Biles because of her skills and serious attitude.

2. PART B: Which TWO details from the text best support the answer to Part A?
 - A. "She completes her routine with a full twisting double back. After flying high through the air, Simone lands on her feet, and the crowd roars." (Paragraph 3)
 - B. "Life was not always easy for Simone. Her birth mother was unable to care for her children." (Paragraph 7)
 - C. "On a field trip with her daycare class, six-year-old Simone was introduced to her sport at Bannon's Gymnastix." (Paragraph 8)
 - D. "'I loved the idea of flipping around, and the center saw something in me, so they sent home a letter to my parents encouraging me to join'" (Paragraph 9)
 - E. "In order to master the variety of skills needed to excel at the four events in her sport, Simone trains five to six hours a day, year-round." (Paragraph 12)
 - F. "'Remember to have as much fun as you can, but keep in mind, win or lose, you still have your whole life ahead. You can achieve anything that you put your mind to.'" (Paragraph 14)

3. Which of the following describes how the author introduces Simone Biles?
 - A. as a talented gymnast who impresses the crowd and judges
 - B. as a committed athlete who works nonstop for what she has
 - C. as a talented gymnast who isn't treated fairly by the judges
 - D. as a serious athlete who values winning over all else

4. How do paragraphs 5-6 contribute to the development of ideas in the text?
 - A. They show how long Simone Biles has been competing in gymnastics.
 - B. They help readers understand how hard Simone Biles has worked.
 - C. They stress that sometimes even Simone Biles doesn't win gold.
 - D. They emphasize Simone Biles' widespread success in gymnastics.

5. Which of the following describes the connection between Biles' training and her success?

Name: _____ Class: _____

The Drive-In Movies

By Gary Soto
1990

Gary Soto is an American poet, novelist, and memoirist. In this short story, Soto describes his desire to go to the drive-in movies as a kid. As you read, take notes on what the narrator does to get what he wants.

[1] For our family, moviegoing was rare. But if our mom, tired from a week of candling eggs,¹ woke up happy on a Saturday morning, there was a chance we might later scramble to our blue Chevy and beat nightfall to the Starlight Drive-In. My brother and sister knew this. I knew this. So on Saturday we tried to be good. We sat in the cool shadows of the TV with the volume low and watched cartoons, a prelude² of what was to come.



"Drive In" by Stefani is licensed under CC BY-NC-SA 2.0.

One Saturday I decided to be extra good. When she came out of the bedroom tying her robe, she yawned a hat-sized yawn and blinked red eyes at the weak brew of coffee I had fixed for her. I made her toast with strawberry jam spread to all the corners and set three boxes of cereal in front of her. If she didn't care to eat cereal, she could always look at the back of the boxes as she drank her coffee.

I went outside. The lawn was tall but too wet with dew to mow. I picked up a trowel³ and began to weed the flower bed. The weeds were really bermuda grass,⁴ long stringers that ran finger-deep in the ground. I got to work quickly and in no time crescents of earth began rising under my fingernails. I was sweaty hot. My knees hurt from kneeling, and my brain was dull from making the trowel go up and down, dribbling crumbs of earth. I dug for a half an hour, then stopped to play with the neighbor's dog and pop ticks from his poor snout.

I then mowed the lawn, which was still beaded with dew and noisy with bees hovering over clover. This job was less dull because as I pushed the mower over the shaggy lawn, I could see it looked tidier. My brother and sister watched from the window. Their faces were fat with cereal, a third helping. I made a face at them when they asked how come I was working. Rick pointed to part of the lawn.

[5] "You missed some over there." I ignored him and kept my attention on the windmill of grassy blades.

While I was emptying the catcher, a bee stung the bottom of my foot. I danced on one leg and was ready to cry when Mother showed her face at the window. I sat down on the grass and examined my foot: the stinger was pulsating.⁵ I pulled it out quickly, ran water over the sting and packed it with mud, Grandmother's remedy.

1. to test an egg for freshness or fertility by holding it to a light
2. an action or event serving as an introduction to something larger
3. a small handheld tool with a curved scoop for lifting plants out of the ground
4. a type of grass common in warmer parts of the world

Hobbling, I returned to the flower bed where I pulled more stringers and again played with the dog. More ticks had migrated⁶ to his snout. I swept the front steps, took out the garbage, cleaned the lint filter to the dryer (easy), plucked hair from the industrial wash basin⁷ in the garage (also easy), hosed off the patio, smashed three snails sucking paint from the house (disgusting but fun), tied a bundle of newspapers, put away toys, and, finally, seeing that almost everything was done and the sun was not too high, started waxing the car.

My brother joined me with an old gym sock, and our sister watched us while sucking on a cherry Kool-Aid cube. The liquid wax drooled onto the sock, and we began to swirl the white slop on the chrome. My arms ached from buffing, which though less boring than weeding, was harder. But the beauty was evident. The shine, hurting our eyes and glinting like an armful of dimes, brought Mother out. She looked around the yard and said, "Pretty good." She winced at the grille and returned inside the house.

We began to wax the paint. My brother applied the liquid and I followed him rubbing hard in wide circles as we moved around the car. I began to hurry because my arms were hurting and my stung foot looked like a water balloon. We were working around the trunk when Rick pounded on the bottle of wax. He squeezed the bottle and it sneezed a few more white drops.

[10] We looked at each other. "There's some on the sock," I said. "Let's keep going."

We polished and buffed, sweat weeping on our brows. We got scared when we noticed that the gym sock was now blue. The paint was coming off. Our sister fit ice cubes into our mouths and we worked harder, more intently, more dedicated to the car and our mother. We ran the sock over the chrome, trying to pick up extra wax. But there wasn't enough to cover the entire car. Only half got waxed, but we thought it was better than nothing and went inside for lunch. After lunch, we returned outside with tasty sandwiches.

Rick and I nearly jumped. The waxed side of the car was foggy white. We took a rag and began to polish vigorously⁸ and nearly in tears, but the fog wouldn't come off. I blamed Rick and he blamed me. Debra stood at the window, not wanting to get involved. Now, not only would we not go to the movies, but Mom would surely snap a branch from the plum tree and chase us around the yard.

Mom came out and looked at us with hands on her aproned hips. Finally, she said, "you boys worked so hard." She turned on the garden hose and washed the car. That night we did go to the drive-in. The first feature was about nothing, and the second feature, starring Jerry Lewis, was *Cinderfella*.⁹ I tried to stay awake. I kept a wad of homemade popcorn in my cheek and laughed when Jerry Lewis fit golf tees in his nose. I rubbed my watery eyes. I laughed and looked at my mom. I promised myself I would remember that scene with the golf tees and promised myself not to work so hard the coming Saturday.

Twenty minutes into the movie, I fell asleep with one hand in the popcorn.

"The Drive-In Movies" by Gary Soto © 1990. Used by permission of the author.

5. to vibrate; to expand and contract repeatedly

6. **Migrate (verb):** to move from one region to another

7. a very large wash basin or tub, suitable for use in a factory

8. **Vigorous (adjective):** done with force and energy

9. a comedy film adaption of the classic Cinderella story, released in 1960

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: How do the narrator's actions develop the story's theme?
 - A. He does chores because he wants to go to the movies, which shows the value of working toward one's goals.
 - B. He misses out on his reward by falling asleep, which makes him believe that hard work is not worth it.
 - C. He works hard and realizes that it is better to earn rewards rather than just to receive them.
 - D. He goes against his mother's rules, which suggests that breaking rules can make people happy.

2. PART B: Which quote from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
 - A. "She looked around the yard and said, 'Pretty good.' She winced at the grille and returned inside the house." (Paragraph 8)
 - B. "We polished and buffed, sweat weeping on our brows. We got scared when we noticed that the gym sock was now blue. The paint was coming off." (Paragraph 11)
 - C. "Finally, she said, 'you boys worked so hard.' She turned on the garden hose and washed the car. That night we did go to the drive-in." (Paragraph 13)
 - D. "Twenty minutes into the movie, I fell asleep with one hand in the popcorn." (Paragraph 14)

3. PART A: How is the narrator affected when parts of the car turn white?
 - A. He is embarrassed that the family will now be seen in an ugly car.
 - B. He feels proud of how hard he and his brother worked on the car.
 - C. He feels guilty for getting his siblings involved in his own plans.
 - D. He is worried that all of his hard work will actually anger his mother.

4. PART B: Which quote from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
 - A. "But the beauty was evident. The shine, hurting our eyes and glinting like an armful of dimes, brought Mother out." (Paragraph 8)
 - B. "I blamed Rick and he blamed me. Debra stood at the window, not wanting to get involved." (Paragraph 12)
 - C. "Now, not only would we not go to the movies, but Mom would surely snap a branch from the plum tree and chase us around the yard." (Paragraph 12)
 - D. "I promised myself I would remember that scene with the golf tees and promised myself not to work so hard the coming Saturday." (Paragraph 13)

5. How does paragraph 7 help develop the plot of the story?

Discussion Questions

Directions: Brainstorm your answers to the following questions in the space provided. Be prepared to share your original ideas in a class discussion.

1. Do you have chores? Why or why not? Does the reward ever turn out differently than you expect?
2. In the context of the story, what does it mean to be grown up? In your opinion, is the narrator "grown up"? Cite evidence from this text, your own experience, and other literature, art, or history in your answer.
3. In the context of the story, what makes a family? How would you describe the narrator, his siblings, and his mother's interactions? What about them reminds you of a family? Cite evidence from this text, your own experience, and other literature, art, or history in your answer.

Name: _____ Class: _____

Seventh Grade

By Gary Soto
1990

Gary Soto is an American poet, novelist, and memoirist. In this short story, a boy tries to impress a girl on the first day of seventh grade. As you read, take notes on what Victor does to try to impress Teresa.

- [1] On the first day of school, Victor stood in line half an hour before he came to a wobbly card table. He was handed a packet of papers and a computer card on which he listed his one elective, French. He already spoke Spanish and English, but he thought someday he might travel to France, where it was cool; not like Fresno, where summer days reached 110 degrees in the shade. There were rivers in France, and huge churches, and fair-skinned people everywhere, the way there were brown people all around Victor.



["IMG_1128"](#) by xMizLitx is licensed under CC BY 2.0.

Besides, Teresa, a girl he had liked since they were in catechism¹ classes at Saint Theresa's, was taking French, too. With any luck they would be in the same class. Teresa is going to be my girl this year, he promised himself as he left the gym full of students in their new fall clothes. She was cute. And good in math, too, Victor thought as he walked down the hall to his homeroom. He ran into his friend, Michael Torres, by the water fountain that never turned off.

They shook hands, *raza*-style,² and jerked their heads at one another in a *saludo de vato*.³ "How come you're making a face?" asked Victor.

"I ain't making a face, *ese*."⁴ This is my face." Michael said his face had changed during the summer. He had read a *GQ* magazine⁵ that his older brother had borrowed from the Book Mobile and noticed that the male models all had the same look on their faces. They would stand, one arm around a beautiful woman, and scowl. They would sit at the pool, their rippled stomachs dark with shadow, and scowl. They would sit at dinner tables, cool drinks in their hands, and scowl.

- [5] "I think it works," Michael said. He scowled and let his upper lip quiver. His teeth showed along with the ferocity of his soul. "Belinda Reyes walked by a while ago and looked at me," he said.

Victor didn't say anything, though he thought his friend looked pretty strange. They talked about recent movies, baseball, their parents, and the horrors of picking grapes in order to buy their fall clothes. Picking grapes was like living in Siberia, except hot and more boring.

1. a summary of the principles of Christian religion in the form of questions and answers
2. Spanish for "between friends," meaning they shared a secret handshake
3. Spanish for "greeting between dudes"
4. Spanish slang meaning "man"
5. a men's fashion and style magazine

"What classes are you taking?" Michael said, scowling.

"French. How 'bout you?"

"Spanish. I ain't so good at it, even if I'm Mexican."

[10] "I'm not either, but I'm better at it than math, that's for sure."

A tiny, three-beat bell propelled students to their homerooms. The two friends socked each other in the arm and went their ways, Victor thinking, man, that's weird. Michael thinks making a face makes him handsome.

On the way to his homeroom, Victor tried a scowl. He felt foolish, until out of the corner of his eye he saw a girl looking at him. Umm, he thought, maybe it does work. He scowled with greater conviction.⁶

In the homeroom, roll was taken, emergency cards were passed out, and they were given a bulletin to take home to their parents. The principal, Mr. Belton, spoke over the crackling loudspeaker, welcoming the students to a new year, new experiences, and new friendships. The students squirmed in their chairs and ignored him, they were anxious to go to first period. Victor sat calmly, thinking of Teresa, who sat two rows away, reading a paperback novel. This would be his lucky year. She was in his homeroom, and would probably be in his English and math classes. And, of course, French.

The bell rang for first period, and the students herded noisily through the door. Only Teresa lingered, talking with the homeroom teacher.

[15] "So you think I should talk to Mrs. Gaines?" she asked the teacher. "She would know about ballet?"

"She would be a good bet," the teacher said. Then added, "Or the gym teacher, Mrs. Garza."

Victor lingered, keeping his head down and staring at his desk. He wanted to leave when she did so he could bump into her and say something clever.

He watched her on the sly. As she turned to leave, he stood up and hurried to the door, where he managed to catch her eye. She smiled and said, "Hi, Victor."

He smiled back and said, "Yeah, that's me." His brown face blushed. Why hadn't he said, "Hi, Teresa," or "How was your summer?" or something nice.

[20] As Teresa walked down the hall, Victor walked the other way, looking back, admiring how gracefully she walked, one foot in front of the other. So much for being in the same class, he thought. As he trudged⁷ to English, he practiced scowling.

In English they reviewed the parts of speech. Mr. Lucas, a portly⁸ man, waddled down the aisle, asking, "What is a noun?"

6. the quality of showing that one is firmly convinced of what one believes or says

7. **Trudge (verb):** to walk slowly and with heavy steps

8. having a round body; somewhat fat

"A person, place, or thing," said the class in unison.

"Yes, now somebody give me an example of a person — you, Victor Rodriguez."

"Teresa," Victor said automatically. Some of the girls giggled. They knew he had a crush on Teresa. He felt himself blushing again.

[25] "Correct," Mr. Lucas said. "Now provide me with a place."

Mr. Lucas called on a freckled kid who answered, "Teresa's house with a kitchen full of big brothers."

After English, Victor had math, his weakest subject. He sat in the back by the window, hoping that he would not be called on. Victor understood most of the problems, but some of the stuff looked like the teacher made it up as she went along. It was confusing, like the inside of a watch.

After math he had a fifteen-minute break, then social studies, and finally lunch. He bought a tuna casserole with buttered rolls, some fruit cocktail, and milk. He sat with Michael, who practiced scowling between bites. Girls walked by and looked at him.

"See what I mean, Vic?" Michael scowled. "They love it."

[30] "Yeah, I guess so."

They ate slowly, Victor scanning the horizon for a glimpse of Teresa. He didn't see her. She must have brought lunch, he thought, and is eating outside. Victor scraped his plate and left Michael, who was busy scowling at a girl two tables away.

The small, triangle-shaped campus bustled with students talking about their new classes. Everyone was in a sunny mood. Victor hurried to the bag lunch area, where he sat down and opened his math book. He moved his lips as if he were reading, but his mind was somewhere else. He raised his eyes slowly and looked around. No Teresa.

He lowered his eyes, pretending to study, then looked slowly to the left. No Teresa. He turned a page in the book and stared at some math problems that scared him because he knew he would have to do them eventually. He looked at the right. Still no sign of her. He stretched out lazily in an attempt to disguise his snooping.

Then he saw her. She was sitting with a girlfriend under a plum tree. Victor moved to a table near her and daydreamed about taking her to a movie. When the bell sounded, Teresa looked up, and their eyes met. She smiled sweetly and gathered her books. Her next class was French, same as Victor's.

[35] They were among the last students to arrive in class, so all the good desks in the back had already been taken. Victor was forced to sit near the front, a few desks away from Teresa, while Mr. Bueller wrote French words on the chalkboard. The bell rang, and Mr. Bueller wiped his hands, turned to the class, and said, "*Bonjour*."

"*Bonjour*," braved a few students.

"*Bonjour*" Victor whispered. He wondered if Teresa heard him.

Mr. Bueller said that if the students studied hard, at the end of the year they could go to France and be understood by the populace.

One kid raised his hand and asked, "'What's 'populace?'"

[40] "The people, the people of France."

Mr. Bueller asked if anyone knew French. Victor raised his hand, wanting to impress Teresa. The teacher beamed⁹ and said, "*Tres bien. Parlez-vous francais?*"¹⁰

Victor didn't know what to say. The teacher wet his lips and asked something else in French. The room grew silent. Victor felt all eyes staring at him. He tried to bluff his way out by making noises that sounded French.

"La me vave me con le grandma," he said uncertainly.

Mr. Bueller, wrinkling his face in curiosity, asked him to speak up.

[45] Great rosebushes of red bloomed on Victor's cheeks. A river of nervous sweat ran down his palms. He felt awful. Teresa sat a few desks away, no doubt thinking he was a fool.

Without looking at Mr. Bueller, Victor mumbled, 'Frenchie oh weve gee in September.'

Mr. Bueller asked Victor to repeat what he said.

"Frenchie oh weve gee in September," Victor repeated.

Mr. Bueller understood that the boy didn't know French and turned away. He walked to the blackboard and pointed to the words on the board with his steel-edged ruler.

[50] "*Le bateau*,"¹¹ he sang.

"*Le bateau*," the students repeated.

"*Le bateau est sur l'eau*,"¹² he sang.

"*Le bateau est sur l'eau*."

Victor was too weak from failure to join the class. He stared at the board and wished he had taken Spanish, not French. Better yet, he wished he could start his life over. He had never been so embarrassed. He bit his thumb until he tore off a sliver of skin.

9. **Beam (verb):** to smile brightly

10. French for "very good. Do you speak French?"

11. French for "the boat"

12. French for "the boat is on the water"

[55] The bell sounded for fifth period, and Victor shot out of the room, avoiding the stares of the other kids, but had to return for his math book. He looked sheepishly at the teacher, who was erasing the board, then widened his eyes in terror at Teresa who stood in front of him. "I didn't know you knew French," she said. "That was good."

Mr. Bueller looked at Victor, and Victor looked back. Oh please, don't say anything, Victor pleaded with his eyes. I'll wash your car, mow your lawn, walk your dog — anything! I'll be your best student, and I'll clean your erasers after school.

Mr. Bueller shuffled through the papers on his desk. He smiled and hummed as he sat down to work. He remembered his college years when he dated a girlfriend in borrowed cars. She thought he was rich because each time he picked her up he had a different car. It was fun until he had spent all his money on her and had to write home to his parents because he was broke.

Victor couldn't stand to look at Teresa. He was sweaty with shame. "Yeah, well, I picked up a few things from movies and books and stuff like that." They left the class together. Teresa asked him if he would help her with her French.

"Sure, anytime," Victor said.

[60] "I won't be bothering you, will I?"

"Oh no, I like being bothered."

"*Bonjour*," Teresa said, leaving him outside her next class. She smiled and pushed wisps of hair from her face.

"Yeah, right, *bonjour*," Victor said. He turned and headed to his class. The rosebuds of shame on his face became bouquets of love. Teresa is a great girl, he thought. And Mr. Bueller is a good guy.

He raced to metal shop. After metal shop there was biology, and after biology a long sprint to the public library, where he checked out three French textbooks.

[65] He was going to like seventh grade.

"Seventh Grade" from In Baseball in April and Other Stories ©1990 by Gary Soto. Reprinted with permission of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt.

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: How do Victor's actions develop the story's theme? [RL.2]
 - A. Victor makes funny faces throughout the school day, as he believes that making people laugh is the most important thing.
 - B. Victor is willing to do anything to get Teresa's attention, even if it means lying, because he likes her so much.
 - C. Victor goes as far as lying to get Teresa's attention, but finds that honesty is the best way to make a good first impression.
 - D. Victor spends his first day of school trying so hard to be someone that Teresa would like that he realizes he is no longer being true to himself.
2. PART B: Which detail from the text best supports the answer to Part A? [RL.1]
 - A. "On the way to his homeroom, Victor tried a scowl. He felt foolish, until out of the corner of his eye he saw a girl looking at him." (Paragraph 12)
 - B. "Mr. Bueller asked if anyone knew French. Victor raised his hand, wanting to impress Teresa. The teacher beamed and said, 'Tres bien. Parlez-vous francais?'" (Paragraph 41)
 - C. "A river of nervous sweat ran down his palms. He felt awful. Teresa sat a few desks away, no doubt thinking he was a fool." (Paragraph 45)
 - D. "Victor couldn't stand to look at Teresa. He was sweaty with shame. 'Yeah, well, I picked up a few things from movies and books and stuff like that.'" (Paragraph 58)
3. How does the phrase "Great rosebushes of red bloomed on Victor's cheeks" contribute to the text in paragraph 45? [RL.4]
 - A. It stresses how excited he is to show off his French skills to Teresa.
 - B. It reveals that Victor does not enjoy being the center of attention.
 - C. It emphasizes how embarrassed Victor feels as he tries to impress Teresa.
 - D. It shows how worried Victor is that he will get in trouble with the teacher.
4. PART A: Which of the following best describes how Teresa responds to Victor speaking up in French class? [RL.3]
 - A. She thinks he was joking and finds his comments funny.
 - B. She knows he was lying, but she pretends to be impressed.
 - C. She believes he is speaking French and admires his abilities.
 - D. She realizes that he can't speak French and teases him.
5. PART B: Which quote from the text best supports the answer to Part A? [RL.1]
 - A. "'I didn't know you knew French,' she said. 'That was good.'" (Paragraph 55)
 - B. "He remembered his college years when he dated a girlfriend in borrowed cars." (Paragraph 57)
 - C. "Victor couldn't stand to look at Teresa. He was sweaty with shame." (Paragraph 58)
 - D. "'Bonjour,' Teresa said, leaving him outside her next class. She smiled and pushed wisps of hair from her face." (Paragraph 62)

6. How does Paragraph 57 contribute to the meaning of the short story? [RL.5]

Name: _____ Class: _____

Growing Up

By Gary Soto
1990

Gary Soto is an American poet, novelist, and memoirist. In this short story, a teenage girl decides not to go on vacation with her family. As you read, take notes on Maria's emotions throughout the story.

[1] Now that Maria was a tenth-grader, she felt she was too grown-up to have to go on family vacation. Last year, the family had driven three hundred miles to see their uncle in West Covina. There was nothing to do. The days were hot, with a yellow sky thick with smog they could feel on their fingertips. They played cards and watched game shows on television. After the first four days of doing nothing while the grown-ups sat around talking, the kids finally got to go to Disneyland.



"Vocho 1" by Sara Garnica is licensed under CC0

Disneyland stood tall with castles and bright flags. The Matterhorn had wild dips and curves that took your breath away if you closed your eyes and screamed. The Pirates of the Caribbean didn't scare anyone but was fun anyway, and so were the teacups, and It's a Small World. The parents spoiled the kids, giving each of them five dollars to spend on trinkets.¹ Maria's younger sister, Irma, bought a Pinocchio coloring book and a candy bracelet. Her brothers, Rudy and John, spent their money on candy that made their teeth blue.

Maria saved her money. She knew everything was overpriced, like the Mickey Mouse balloons you could get for a fraction of the price in Fresno. Of course, the balloon at Hanoian's supermarket didn't have a Mickey Mouse Face, but it would bounce and float and eventually pop like any other balloon.

Maria folded her five dollars, tucked it in her red purse, and went on rides until she got sick. After that, she sat on a bench, jealously watching other teenage girls who seemed much better dressed than she was. She felt stricken by poverty.² All the screaming kids in nice clothes probably came from homes with swimming pools in their backyards, she thought. Yes, her father was a foreman³ at a paper mill, and yes, she had a Dough-boy swimming pool⁴ in her backyard, but still, things were not the same. She had felt poor, and her sundress, which seemed snappy in Fresno, was out of style at Disneyland, where every other kid was wearing Esprit shirts and Guess jeans.

1. a small toy
2. **Poverty** (*noun*): the state of being extremely poor
3. a worker who supervises others
4. a brand of above-ground pools

- [5] This year Maria's family planned to visit an uncle in San Jose. Her father promised to take them to Great America,⁵ but she knew that the grown-ups would sit around talking for days before they remembered the kids and finally got up and did something. They would have to wait until the last day before they could go to Great America. It wasn't worth the boredom.

"Dad, I'm not going this year," Maria said to her father. He sat at the table with the newspaper in front of him.

"What do you mean?" he asked, slowly looking up. He thought a moment and said, "When I was a kid we didn't have money for vacations. I would have been happy to go with my father."

"I know, I know. You've said that a hundred times," she snapped.

"What did you say?" he asked, pushing his newspaper aside.

- [10] Everything went quiet. Maria could hear the hum of the refrigerator and her brothers out in the front yard arguing over a popsicle stick, and her mother in the backyard watering the strip of grass that ran along the patio.

Her father's eyes locked on her with a dark stare. Maria had seen that stare before. She pleaded in a soft daughterly voice, "We never do anything. It's boring. Don't you understand?"

"No, I don't understand. I work all year, and if I want to go on a vacation, then I go. And my family goes too." He took a swallow of ice water, and glared.

"You have it so easy," he continued. "In Chihuahua, my town, we worked hard. You worked, even los chavalos!⁶ And you showed respect to your parents, something you haven't learned."

Here it comes, Maria thought, stories about his childhood in Mexico. She wanted to stuff her ears with wads of newspaper to keep from hearing him. She could recite his stories word-for-word. She couldn't wait until she was in college and away from them.

- [15] "Do you know my father worked in the mines? That he nearly lost his life? And today his lungs are bad." He pounded his chest with hard, dirt-creased knuckles.

Maria pushed back her hair and looked out the window at her brothers running around in the front yard. She couldn't stand it anymore. She got up and walked away, and when he yelled for her to come back, she ignored him. She locked herself in her bedroom and tried to read *Seventeen*, thought she could hear her father complaining to her mother, who had come in when she had heard the yelling.

"Habla con tu mocosa,"⁷ she heard him say.

5. an amusement park

6. Spanish for "the kids"

7. Spanish for "talk to your brat"

She heard the refrigerator door open. He was probably getting a beer, a “cold one,” as he would say. She flipped through the pages of her magazine and stopped at a Levi’s ad of a girl about her age walking between two happy-looking guys on a beach. She wished she were that girl, that she had another life. She turned the page and thought, I bet you he gets drunk and drives crazy tomorrow.

Maria’s mother was putting away a pitcher of Kool-Aid the boys had left out. She looked at her husband, who was fumbling with a wadded-up napkin. His eyes were dark, and his thoughts were on Mexico, where a father was respected and his word, right or wrong, was final. “Rafael, she’s growing up; she’s a teenager. She talks like that, but she still loves you.”

- [20] “Sure, and that’s how she shows her love, by talking back to her father.” He rubbed the back of his neck and turned his head, trying to make the stiffness go away. He knew it was true, but he was the man of the house and no daughter of his was going to tell him what to do.

Instead, it was his wife, Eva, who told him what to do. “Let the girl stay. She’s big now. She don’t want to go on rides no more. She can stay with her nina.”⁸

The father drank his beer and argued, but eventually agreed to let his daughter stay.

The family rose just after six the next day and was ready to go by seven-thirty. Maria stayed in her room. She wanted to apologize to her father but couldn’t. She knew that if she said, “Dad, I’m sorry,” she would break into tears. Her father wanted to come into her room and say, “We’ll do something really special this vacation. Come with us, honey.” But it was hard for him to show his emotions around his children, especially when he tried to make up to them.

The mother kissed Maria. “Maria, I want you to clean the house and then walk over to your nina’s. I want no monkey business while we’re gone, do you hear me?”

- [25] “Si, Mama.”

“Here’s the key. You water the plants inside and turn on the sprinkler every couple of days.” She handed Maria the key and hugged her. “You be good. Now, come say goodbye to your father.”

Reluctantly, she walked out in her robe to the front yard and, looking down at the ground, said goodbye to the garden hose at his feet.

After they left, Maria lounged in her pajamas listening to the radio and thumbing through magazines. Then she got up, fixed herself a bowl of Cocoa Puffs, and watched “American Bandstand.” Her dream was to dance on the show, to look at the camera, smile and let everyone in Fresno see that she could have a good time, too.

But an ill feeling stirred inside her. She felt awful about arguing with her father. She felt bad for her mother and two brothers, who would have to spend the next three hours in the car with him. Maybe he would do something crazy, like crash the car on purpose to get back at her, or fall asleep and run the car into an irrigation ditch. And it would be her fault.

- [30] She turned the radio to a news station. She listened for half an hour, but most of the news was about warships in the Persian Gulf and a tornado in Texas. There was no mention of her family.

Maria began to calm down because, after all, her father was really nice beneath his gruffness. She dressed slowly, made some swishes with the broom in the kitchen, and let the hose run in a flower bed while she painted her toenails with her mother's polish. Afterward, she called her friend Becky to tell her that her parents had let her stay home, that she was free — for five days at least.

"Great," Becky said. "I wish my mom and dad would go away and let me stay by myself."

"No, I have to stay with my godmother." She made a mental note to give her nina a call. "Becky, let's go to the mall and check out the boys."

"All right."

- [35] "I'll be over pretty soon."

Maria called her nina, who said it was OK for her to go shopping, but to be at her house for dinnertime by six. After hanging up, Maria took off her jeans and T-Shirt, and changed into a dress. She went through her mother's closet to borrow a pair of shoes and drenched her wrists in Charlie perfume. She put on coral-pink lipstick and smudge of blue eye shadow. She felt beautiful, although a little self-conscious. She took off some of the lipstick and ran water over her wrists to dilute⁹ the fragrance.

While she walked the four blocks to Becky's house, she beamed happiness until she passed a man who was on his knees pulling weeds from his flower bed. At his side, a radio was reporting a traffic accident. A big rid had overturned after hitting a car near Salinas, twenty miles from San Jose.

A wave of fear ran through her. Maybe it was them. Her smile disappeared, and her shoulders slouched. No, it couldn't be, she thought. Salinas is not that close to San Jose. Then again, maybe her father wanted to travel through Salinas because it was a pretty valley with wide plains and oak trees, and horses and cows that stared as you passed them in your speeding car. But maybe it did happen; maybe they had gotten in an awful wreck.

By the time she got to Becky's house, she was riddled¹⁰ with guilt, since it was she who would have disturbed her father and made him crash.

- [40] "Hi," she said to Becky, trying to look cheerful.

"You look terrific, Maria," Becky said. "Mom, look at Maria. Come inside for a bit."

Maria blushed when Becky's mother said she looked gorgeous. She didn't know what to do except stare at the carpet and say, "Thank you, Mrs. Ledesma."

9. **Dilute (verb):** to make something thinner or weaker by adding water

10. **Riddle (verb):** to fill with something undesirable or unpleasant

Becky's mother gave them a ride to the mall, but they'd have to take a bus back. The girls first went to Macy's, where they hunted for a sweater, something flashy but not too flashy. Then they left to have a Coke and sit by the fountain under an artificial tree. They watched people walk by, especially the boys, who they agreed, were dumb but cute nevertheless.

They went to The Gap, where they tried on some skirts, and ventured into The Limited, where they walked up and down the aisles breathing in the rich smells of 100-percent wool and silk. They were about to leave, when Maria heard once again on someone's portable radio that a family had been killed in an auto accident near Salinas. Maria stopped smiling for a moment as she pictured her family's overturned Malibu station wagon.

[45] Becky sensed that something was wrong and asked, "How come you're so quiet?"

Maria forced a smile. "Oh, nothing, I was just thinking."

"'bout what?"

Maria thought quickly. "Oh, I think I left the water on at home." This could have been true. Maria remembered pulling the hose from the flower bed, but couldn't remember if she had turned the water off.

Afterward they rode the bus home with nothing to show for their three hours of shopping except a small bag of See's candies. But it had been a good day. Two boys had followed them, joking and flirting, and they had flirted back. The girls gave them made-up telephone numbers, then turned away and laughed into their hands.

[50] "They're fools," Becky said, "but cute."

Maria left Becky when they got off the bus, and started off to her nina's house. Then she remembered that the garden hose might still be running at home. She hurried home, clip-clopping clumsily in her mother's shoes.

The garden hose was rolled neatly against the trellis.¹¹ Maria decided to check the mail and went inside. When she pushed open the door, the living room gave off a quietness she had never heard before. Usually the TV was on, her younger brothers and sister were playing, and her mother could be heard in the kitchen. When the telephone rang, Maria jumped. She kicked off her shoes, ran to the phone, and picked up the receiver only to hear a distant clicking sound.

"Hello, hello?" Maria's heart began to thump. Her mind went wild with possibilities. An accident, she thought, they're in an accident, and it's all my fault. "Who is it? Dad? Mom?"

She hung up and looked around the room. The clock on the television set glowed 5:15. She gathered the mail, changed into jeans, and left for her nina's house with a shopping bag containing her nightie¹² and a toothbrush.

[55] Her nina was happy to see her. She took Maria's head in her hands and gave it a loud kiss.

11. a framework of wood or metal for trees or climbing plants

12. pajamas

"Dinner is almost ready," she said, gently pulling her inside.

"Oh, good. Becky and I only had popcorn for lunch."

They had a quiet evening together. After dinner, they sat on the porch watching the stars. Maria wanted to ask her nina if she had heard from her parents. She wanted to know if the police had called to report that they had gotten into an accident. But she just sat on the porch swing, letting anxiety eat a hole in her soul.

The family was gone for four days. Maria prayed for them, prayed that she would not wake up to a phone call saying that their car had been found in a ditch. She made a list of the ways she could be nicer to them: doing the dishes without being asked, watering the lawn, hugging her father after work, and playing with her youngest brother, even if it bored her to tears.

- [60] At night Maria worried herself sick listening to the radio for news of an accident. She thought of her uncle Shorty and how he fell asleep and crashed his car in the small town of Medota. He lived confined to a motorized wheelchair and was scarred with burns on the left side of his face.

"Oh, please, don't let anything like that happen to them," she prayed.

In the morning she could barely look at the newspaper. She feared that if she unfolded it, the front page would feature a story about a family from Fresno who had flown off the roller coaster at Great America. Or that a shark had attacked them as they bobbed happily among the white-tipped waves. Something awful is going happen, she said to herself as she poured Rice Krispies into a bowl.

But nothing happened. Her family returned home, dark from lying on the beach and full of great stories about the Santa Cruz boardwalk and Great America and an Egyptian Museum. They had done more this year than in all their previous vacations.

"Oh, we had fun," her mother said, pounding sand from her shoes before entering the house.

- [65] Her father gave her a tight hug as her brothers ran by, dark from hours of swimming.

Maria stared at the floor, miffed.¹³ How dare they have so much fun? While she worried herself sick about them, they had splashed in the waves, stayed at Great America until nightfall, and eaten at all kinds of restaurants. They even went shopping for fall school clothes.

Feeling resentful¹⁴ as Johnny described a ride that dropped straight down and threw your stomach into your mouth, Maria turned away and went off to her bedroom, where she kicked off her shoes and thumbed through an old Seventeen. Her family was alive and as obnoxious as ever. She took back all her promises. From now on she would keep to herself and ignore them. When they asked, "Maria, would you help me?" she would pretend not to hear and walk away.

13. annoyed

14. **Resentful** (*adjective*): feeling or expressing bitterness or irritation

"They're heartless," she muttered. "Here I am worrying about them, and there they are having fun." She thought of the rides they had gone on, the hours of body surfing, the handsome boys she didn't get to see, the restaurants, and the museum. Her eyes filled with tears. For the first time in years, she hugged a doll, the one her grandmother Lupe had stitched together from rags to old clothes.

"Something's wrong with me," she cried softly. She turned on her radio and heard about a single-engine plane that had crashed in Cupertino, a city not far from San Jose. She thought of the plane and the people inside, how the pilot's family would suffer.

[70] She hugged her doll. Something was happening to her, and it might be that she was growing up. When the news ended, and a song started playing, she got up and washed her face without looking in the mirror.

That night the family went out for Chinese food. Although her brothers fooled around, cracked jokes, and spilled a soda, she was happy. She ate a lot, and when her fortune cookie said, "You are mature and sensible," she had to agree. And her father and mother did too. The family drove home singing the words to "La Bamba" along with the car radio.

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Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which statement best expresses a theme of the short story?
 - A. Being a teenager can be a difficult and confusing time.
 - B. Family vacations are a good way to keep family members close.
 - C. The world encourages kids to grow up too quickly.
 - D. Most teenagers aren't ready for the independence they are given.

2. PART B: Which detail from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
 - A. "She felt stricken by poverty. All the screaming kids in nice clothes probably came from homes with swimming pools in their backyards, she thought." (Paragraph 4)
 - B. "'I work all year, and if I want to go on a vacation, then I go. And my family goes too.' He took a swallow of ice water, and glared." (Paragraph 12)
 - C. "'Let the girl stay. She's big now. She don't want to go on rides no more. She can stay with her nina.'" (Paragraph 21)
 - D. "Her eyes filled with tears. For the first time in years, she hugged a doll, the one her grandmother Lupe had stitched together from rags to old clothes." (Paragraph 68)

3. Which option describes the main purpose of paragraphs 14-16 in the story?
 - A. They suggest that Maria and her father have never had a good relationship.
 - B. They suggest that Maria gets her short temper from her father.
 - C. They show how Maria and her father struggle to understand each other's experiences.
 - D. They show how Maria is a spoiled child who has never had to listen to her parents.

4. How does Maria's attitude towards her family change throughout the text?
 - A. Maria's attitude swings between feeling loved by her family to feeling unappreciated.
 - B. Maria's attitude shifts from worrying about her family to being incredibly angry with them.
 - C. Maria remains angry with her family from when they leave for vacation until they return.
 - D. Maria feels guilty throughout the text, for being mean to her family and not going on vacation with them.

5. How does Maria's changing attitude emphasize the theme of the short story? Use details from the text to support your answer.

Name: _____ Class: _____

The Scholarship Jacket

By Marta Salinas
1986

"The Scholarship Jacket" is one of the best-known stories by Mexican American author Marta Salinas. It describes a difficult situation that Marta, called "Martha" by her teacher, is faced with after she earns excellent grades in school.

As you read this story, take notes on the descriptive language and word choice that help reveal Marta's point of view.

- [1] The small Texas school that I went to had a tradition carried out every year during the eighth-grade graduation: a beautiful gold and green jacket (the school colors) was awarded to the class valedictorian, the student who had maintained the highest grades for eight years. The scholarship jacket had a big gold S on the left front side and your name written in gold letters on the pocket.

My oldest sister, Rosie, had won the jacket a few years back, and I fully expected to also. I was fourteen and in the eighth grade. I had been a straight A student since the first grade and this last year had looked forward very much to owning that jacket. My father was a farm laborer who couldn't earn enough money to feed eight children, so when I was six I was given to my grandparents to raise. We couldn't participate in sports at school because there were registration fees, uniform costs, and trips out of town; so, even though our family was quite agile¹ and athletic there would never be a school sports jacket for us. This one, the scholarship jacket, was our only chance.



["SC1048 AM-1979-13.2"](#) by stanford_archives is licensed under CC BY-NC 2.0.

1. **Agile (adjective):** able to move quickly and easily

In May, close to graduation, spring fever had struck as usual with a vengeance.² No one paid any attention in class; instead we stared out the windows and at each other, wanting to speed up the last few weeks of school. I despaired³ every time I looked in the mirror. Pencil thin, not a curve anywhere. I was called “beanpole” and “string bean,” and I knew that’s what I looked like. A flat chest, no hips, and a brain; that’s what I had. That really wasn’t much for a fourteen-year-old to work with, I thought, as I absent-mindedly wandered from my history class to the gym. Another hour of sweating in basketball and displaying my toothpick legs was coming up. Then I remembered my P.E. shorts were still in a bag under my desk where I’d forgotten them. I had to walk all the way back and get them. Coach Thompson was a real bear if someone wasn’t dressed for P.E. She had said I was a good forward and even tried to talk Grandma into letting me join the team once. Of course Grandma said no.



I was almost back at my classroom door when I heard voices raised in anger as if in some sort of argument. I stopped. I didn’t mean to eavesdrop,⁴ I just hesitated, not knowing what to do. I needed those shorts and I was going to be late, but I didn’t want to interrupt an argument between my teachers. I recognized the voices: Mr. Schmidt, my history teacher, and Mr. Boone, my math teacher. They seemed to be arguing about me. I couldn’t believe it. I still remember the feeling of shock that rooted me flat against the wall as if I were trying to blend in with the graffiti written there.

- [5] “I refuse to do it! I don’t care who her father is, her grades don’t even begin to compare to Martha’s. I won’t lie or falsify⁵ records. Martha has a straight A-plus average and you know it.” That was Mr. Schmidt and he sounded very angry. Mr. Boone’s voice sounded calm and quiet.

“Look. Joann’s father is not only on the Board,⁶ he owns the only store in town: we could say it was a close tie and—”

The pounding in my ears drowned out the rest of the words, only a word here and there filtered through. “... Martha is Mexican ... resign⁷ ... won’t do it...” Mr. Schmidt came rushing out and luckily for me went down the opposite way toward the auditorium, so he didn’t see me. Shaking, I waited a few minutes and then went in and grabbed my bag and fled from the room. Mr. Boone looked up when I came in but didn’t say anything. To this day I don’t remember if I got in trouble in P.E. for being late or how I made it through the rest of the afternoon. I went home very sad and cried into my pillow that night so Grandmother wouldn’t hear me. It seemed a cruel coincidence that I had overheard that conversation.

The next day when the principal called me into his office I knew what it would be about. He looked uncomfortable and unhappy. I decided I wasn’t going to make it any easier for him, so I looked him straight in the eyes. He looked away and fidgeted with the papers on his desk.

2. “With a vengeance” is an idiom that means “with great force, energy, violence, or power”

3. **Despair (verb):** to feel that everything is wrong and that nothing will improve

4. **Eavesdrop (verb):** to listen secretly to what someone else is saying

5. **Falsify (verb):** to add untrue or made-up details; to fake

6. A reference to the School Board, a group of important people who are in charge of making big decisions about a school.

7. **Resign (verb):** to formally announce that one is leaving a job or position

"Martha," he said, "there's been a change in policy this year regarding the scholarship jacket. As you know, it has always been free." He cleared his throat and continued. "This year the Board has decided to charge fifteen dollars, which still won't cover the complete cost of the jacket."

- [10] I stared at him in shock, and a small sound of dismay⁸ escaped my throat. I hadn't expected this. He still avoided looking in my eyes.

"So if you are unable to pay the fifteen dollars for the jacket it will be given to the next one in line." I didn't need to ask who that was.

Standing with all the dignity⁹ I could muster,¹⁰ I said, "I'll speak to my grandfather about it, sir, and let you know tomorrow." I cried on the walk home from the bus stop. The dirt road was a quarter mile from the highway, so by the time I got home, my eyes were red and puffy.

"Where's Grandpa?" I asked Grandma, looking down at the floor so she wouldn't ask me why I'd been crying. She was sewing on a quilt as usual and didn't look up.

"I think he's out back working in the bean field."



- [15] I went outside and looked out at the fields. There he was. I could see him walking between the rows, his body bent over the little plants, hoe¹¹ in hand. I walked slowly out to him, trying to think how I could best ask him for the money. There was a cool breeze blowing and a sweet smell of mesquite fruit¹² in the air, but I didn't appreciate it. I kicked at a dirt clod. I wanted that jacket so much. It was more than just being a valedictorian and giving a little thank you speech for the jacket on graduation night. It represented eight years of hard work and expectation. I knew I had to be honest with Grandpa; it was my only chance. He saw my shadow and looked up.

He waited for me to speak. I cleared my throat nervously and clasped my hands behind my back so he wouldn't see them shaking. "Grandpa, I have a big favor to ask you," I said in Spanish, the only language he knew. He still waited silently. I tried again. "Grandpa, this year the principal said the scholarship jacket is not going to be free. It's going to cost fifteen dollars, and I have to take the money in tomorrow, otherwise it'll be given to someone else." The last words came out in an eager rush. Grandpa straightened up tiredly and leaned his chin on the hoe handle. He looked out over the field that was filled with the tiny green bean plants. I waited, desperately hoping he'd say I could have the money.

He turned to me and asked quietly, "What does a scholarship jacket mean?"

8. **Dismay (noun):** a strong feeling of fear, worry, or sadness that is caused by something unpleasant and unexpected
9. **Dignity (noun):** a sense of importance and value; pride; self-respect
10. **Muster (verb):** to gather up (emotions)
11. A gardening tool used to remove small weeds and break up the surface of soil
12. Mesquite is a bean plant that grows in the southwest US and Mexico

I answered quickly; maybe there was a chance. "It means you've earned it by having the highest grades for eight years and that's why they're giving it to you." Too late I realized the significance¹³ of my words. Grandpa knew that I understood it was not a matter of money. It wasn't that. He went back to hoeing the weeds that sprang up between the delicate little bean plants. It was a time-consuming job; sometimes the small shoots were right next to each other. Finally he spoke again as I turned to leave, crying.

"Then if you pay for it, Marta, it's not a scholarship jacket, is it? Tell your principal I will not pay the fifteen dollars."

- [20] I walked back to the house and locked myself in the bathroom for a long time. I was angry with Grandfather even though I knew he was right, and I was angry with the Board, whoever they were. Why did they have to change the rules just when it was my turn to win the jacket? Those were the days of belief and innocence.



It was a very sad and withdrawn¹⁴ girl who dragged into the principal's office the next day. This time he did look me in the eyes.

"What did your grandfather say?"

I sat very straight in my chair.

"He said to tell you he won't pay the fifteen dollars."

- [25] The principal muttered something I couldn't understand under his breath and walked over to the window. He stood looking out at something outside. He looked bigger than usual when he stood up; he was a tall, gaunt¹⁵ man with gray hair, and I watched the back of his head while I waited for him to speak.

"Why?" he finally asked. "Your grandfather has the money. He owns a two-hundred acre ranch."

I looked at him, forcing my eyes to stay dry. "I know, sir, but he said if I had to pay for it, then it wouldn't be a scholarship jacket." I stood up to leave. "I guess you'll just have to give it to Joann." I hadn't meant to say that, it had just slipped out. I was almost to the door when he stopped me.

"Martha—wait."

I turned and looked at him, waiting. What did he want now? I could feel my heart pounding loudly in my chest and see my blouse fluttering where my breasts should have been. Something bitter and vile¹⁶ tasting was coming up in my mouth; I was afraid I was going to be sick. I didn't need any sympathy speeches. He sighed loudly and went back to his big desk. He watched me, biting his lip.

13. **Significance** (*noun*): the importance that something has, usually because it will have an effect on a situation or shows something about a situation

14. **Withdrawn** (*adjective*): very quiet; not wanting to talk to others

15. **Gaunt** (*adjective*): very thin

16. **Vile** (*adjective*): unpleasant, disgusting

[30] "Okay. We'll make an exception in your case. I'll tell the Board, you'll get your jacket."

I could hardly believe my ears. I spoke in a trembling rush. "Oh, thank you, sir!" Suddenly I felt great. I didn't know about adrenaline in those days, but I knew something was pumping through me, making me feel as tall as the sky. I wanted to yell, jump, run the mile, do something. I ran out so I could cry in the hall where there was no one to see me.

At the end of the day, Mr. Schmidt winked at me and said, "I hear you're getting the scholarship jacket this year."

His face looked as happy and innocent as a baby's, but I knew better. Without answering I gave him a quick hug and ran to the bus. I cried on the walk home again, but this time because I was so happy. I couldn't wait to tell Grandpa and ran straight to the field. I joined him in the row where he was working, and without saying anything I crouched down and started pulling up the weeds with my hands. Grandpa worked alongside me for a few minutes, and he didn't ask what had happened. After I had a little pile of weeds between the rows, I stood up and faced him.

"The principal said he's making an exception for me, Grandpa, and I'm getting the jacket after all. That's after I told him what you said."

[35] Grandpa didn't say anything; he just gave me a pat on the shoulder and a smile. He pulled out the crumpled red handkerchief that he always carried in his back pocket and wiped the sweat off his forehead.

"Better go see if your grandmother needs any help with supper."

I gave him a big grin. He didn't fool me. I skipped and ran back to the house whistling some silly tune.

"The Scholarship Jacket" from Nosotras: Latina Literature Today, © 1986, Marta Salinas. Reprinted with permission, all rights reserved.

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which of the following best identifies a major theme of this story?
 - A. It is best to focus on one's education without worrying about recognition.
 - B. Being an American means acting with respect for hard work and justice.
 - C. One should respect the wisdom of elders when solving problems.
 - D. It is difficult but important to stand up for what is fair and right.

2. PART B: Which quote from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
 - A. "I had been a straight A student since the first grade and this last year had looked forward very much to owning that jacket." (Paragraph 2)
 - B. "My father was a farm laborer who couldn't earn enough money to feed eight children, so when I was six I was given to my grandparents to raise." (Paragraph 2)
 - C. "It was more than just being a valedictorian and giving a little thank you speech for the jacket on graduation night. It represented eight years of hard work and expectation." (Paragraph 15)
 - D. "Then if you pay for it, Marta, it's not a scholarship jacket, is it? Tell your principal I will not pay the fifteen dollars." (Paragraph 19)

3. In paragraph 8 and paragraph 10, why is it significant that the principal cannot look Marta in the eyes?
 - A. It reveals that he knows what he is doing is wrong, and he is ashamed.
 - B. It reveals that he is blind to justice and does not believe he is doing anything wrong.
 - C. It reveals that he is actually distracted by more important things than who gets the jacket.
 - D. It reveals that he doesn't care about what the scholarship jacket means to Marta.

4. How do Marta's feelings change over the course of the story? Cite evidence from at least 3 examples in the story.

5. How does the principal's point of view towards Marta change throughout the story? Cite evidence from the story in your response.

Name: _____ Class: _____

President Obama's National Address to America's Schoolchildren

By President Barack Obama
2009

President Barack Obama addressed students across America from Wakefield High School to discuss the importance of education. While President Obama discussed the roles of parents, teachers, and the government, he explains the role of students in the education system. As you read, take notes on why President Obama believes education is important in America.

- [1] Hello, everybody! Thank you. Thank you. Thank you, everybody. All right, everybody go ahead and have a seat. How is everybody doing today? How about Tim Spicer?¹ I am here with students at Wakefield High School in Arlington, Virginia. And we've got students tuning in from all across America, from kindergarten through 12th grade. And I am just so glad that all could join us today. And I want to thank Wakefield for being such an outstanding host. Give yourselves a big round of applause.



["P101909PS-0253"](#) by Pete Souza is in the public domain.

I know that for many of you, today is the first day of school. And for those of you in kindergarten, or starting middle or high school, it's your first day in a new school, so it's understandable if you're a little nervous. I imagine there are some seniors out there who are feeling pretty good right now with just one more year to go. And no matter what grade you're in, some of you are probably wishing it were still summer and you could've stayed in bed just a little bit longer this morning.

I know that feeling. When I was young, my family lived overseas. I lived in Indonesia for a few years. And my mother, she didn't have the money to send me where all the American kids went to school, but she thought it was important for me to keep up with an American education. So she decided to teach me extra lessons herself, Monday through Friday. But because she had to go to work, the only time she could do it was at 4:30 in the morning.

Now, as you might imagine, I wasn't too happy about getting up that early. And a lot of times, I'd fall asleep right there at the kitchen table. But whenever I'd complain, my mother would just give me one of those looks and she'd say, "This is no picnic for me either, buster."

- [5] So I know that some of you are still adjusting to being back at school. But I'm here today because I have something important to discuss with you. I'm here because I want to talk with you about your education and what's expected of all of you in this new school year.

Now, I've given a lot of speeches about education. And I've talked about responsibility a lot.

1. The Wakefield High School student who introduced President Obama

I've talked about teachers' responsibility for inspiring students and pushing you to learn.

I've talked about your parents' responsibility for making sure you stay on track, and you get your homework done, and don't spend every waking hour in front of the TV or with the Xbox.

I've talked a lot about your government's responsibility for setting high standards, and supporting teachers and principals, and turning around schools that aren't working, where students aren't getting the opportunities that they deserve.

- [10] But at the end of the day, we can have the most dedicated teachers, the most supportive parents, the best schools in the world — and none of it will make a difference, none of it will matter unless all of you fulfill your responsibilities, unless you show up to those schools, unless you pay attention to those teachers, unless you listen to your parents and grandparents and other adults and put in the hard work it takes to succeed. That's what I want to focus on today: the responsibility each of you has for your education.

I want to start with the responsibility you have to yourself. Every single one of you has something that you're good at. Every single one of you has something to offer. And you have a responsibility to yourself to discover what that is. That's the opportunity an education can provide.

Maybe you could be a great writer — maybe even good enough to write a book or articles in a newspaper — but you might not know it until you write that English paper — that English class paper that's assigned to you. Maybe you could be an innovator² or an inventor — maybe even good enough to come up with the next iPhone or the new medicine or vaccine — but you might not know it until you do your project for your science class. Maybe you could be a mayor or a senator or a Supreme Court justice — but you might not know that until you join student government or the debate team.

And no matter what you want to do with your life, I guarantee that you'll need an education to do it. You want to be a doctor, or a teacher, or a police officer? You want to be a nurse or an architect, a lawyer or a member of our military? You're going to need a good education for every single one of those careers. You cannot drop out of school and just drop into a good job. You've got to train for it and work for it and learn for it.

And this isn't just important for your own life and your own future. What you make of your education will decide nothing less than the future of this country. The future of America depends on you. What you're learning in school today will determine whether we as a nation can meet our greatest challenges in the future.

- [15] You'll need the knowledge and problem-solving skills you learn in science and math to cure diseases like cancer and AIDS, and to develop new energy technologies and protect our environment. You'll need the insights and critical-thinking skills you gain in history and social studies to fight poverty and homelessness, crime and discrimination, and make our nation more fair and more free. You'll need the creativity and ingenuity³ you develop in all your classes to build new companies that will create new jobs and boost our economy.

2. **Innovator (noun):** a person who introduces new methods, ideas, or products

3. **Ingenuity (noun):** the quality of being clever, original, and inventive

We need every single one of you to develop your talents and your skills and your intellect so you can help us old folks solve our most difficult problems. If you don't do that — if you quit on school — you're not just quitting on yourself, you're quitting on your country.

Now, I know it's not always easy to do well in school. I know a lot of you have challenges in your lives right now that can make it hard to focus on your schoolwork.

I get it. I know what it's like. My father left my family when I was two years old, and I was raised by a single mom who had to work and who struggled at times to pay the bills and wasn't always able to give us the things that other kids had. There were times when I missed having a father in my life. There were times when I was lonely and I felt like I didn't fit in.

So I wasn't always as focused as I should have been on school, and I did some things I'm not proud of, and I got in more trouble than I should have. And my life could have easily taken a turn for the worse.

- [20] But I was — I was lucky. I got a lot of second chances, and I had the opportunity to go to college and law school and follow my dreams. My wife, our First Lady Michelle Obama, she has a similar story. Neither of her parents had gone to college, and they didn't have a lot of money. But they worked hard, and she worked hard, so that she could go to the best schools in this country.

Some of you might not have those advantages. Maybe you don't have adults in your life who give you the support that you need. Maybe someone in your family has lost their job and there's not enough money to go around. Maybe you live in a neighborhood where you don't feel safe, or have friends who are pressuring you to do things you know aren't right.

But at the end of the day, the circumstances of your life — what you look like, where you come from, how much money you have, what you've got going on at home — none of that is an excuse for neglecting your homework or having a bad attitude in school. That's no excuse for talking back to your teacher, or cutting class, or dropping out of school. There is no excuse for not trying.

Where you are right now doesn't have to determine where you'll end up. No one's written your destiny for you, because here in America, you write your own destiny. You make your own future.

That's what young people like you are doing every day, all across America.

- [25] Young people like Jazmin Perez, from Roma, Texas. Jazmin didn't speak English when she first started school. Neither of her parents had gone to college. But she worked hard, earned good grades, and got a scholarship to Brown University — is now in graduate school, studying public health, on her way to becoming Dr. Jazmin Perez.

I'm thinking about Andoni Schultz, from Los Altos, California, who's fought brain cancer since he was three. He's had to endure all sorts of treatments and surgeries, one of which affected his memory, so it took him much longer — hundreds of extra hours — to do his schoolwork. But he never fell behind. He's headed to college this fall.

And then there's Shantell Steve, from my hometown of Chicago, Illinois. Even when bouncing from foster home to foster home in the toughest neighborhoods in the city, she managed to get a job at a local health care center, start a program to keep young people out of gangs, and she's on track to graduate high school with honors and go on to college.

And Jazmin, Andoni, and Shantell aren't any different from any of you. They face challenges in their lives just like you do. In some cases they've got it a lot worse off than many of you. But they refused to give up. They chose to take responsibility for their lives, for their education, and set goals for themselves. And I expect all of you to do the same.

That's why today I'm calling on each of you to set your own goals for your education — and do everything you can to meet them. Your goal can be something as simple as doing all your homework, paying attention in class, or spending some time each day reading a book. Maybe you'll decide to get involved in an extracurricular activity or volunteer in your community. Maybe you'll decide to stand up for kids who are being teased or bullied because of who they are or how they look, because you believe, like I do, that all young people deserve a safe environment to study and learn. Maybe you'll decide to take better care of yourself so you can be more ready to learn. And along those lines, by the way, I hope all of you are washing your hands a lot, and that you stay home from school when you don't feel well, so we can keep people from getting the flu this fall and winter.

[30] But whatever you resolve to do, I want you to commit to it. I want you to really work at it.

I know that sometimes you get that sense from TV that you can be rich and successful without any hard work — that your ticket to success is through rapping or basketball or being a reality TV star. Chances are you're not going to be any of those things.

The truth is, being successful is hard. You won't love every subject that you study. You won't click with every teacher that you have. Not every homework assignment will seem completely relevant to your life right at this minute. And you won't necessarily succeed at everything the first time you try.

That's okay. Some of the most successful people in the world are the ones who've had the most failures. J.K. Rowling's — who wrote *Harry Potter* — her first Harry Potter book was rejected 12 times before it was finally published. Michael Jordan was cut from his high school basketball team. He lost hundreds of games and missed thousands of shots during his career. But he once said, "I have failed over and over and over again in my life. And that's why I succeed."

These people succeeded because they understood that you can't let your failures define you — you have to let your failures teach you. You have to let them show you what to do differently the next time. So if you get into trouble, that doesn't mean you're a troublemaker, it means you need to try harder to act right. If you get a bad grade, that doesn't mean you're stupid, it just means you need to spend more time studying.

[35] No one's born being good at all things. You become good at things through hard work. You're not a varsity athlete the first time you play a new sport. You don't hit every note the first time you sing a song. You've got to practice. The same principle applies to your schoolwork. You might have to do a math problem a few times before you get it right. You might have to read something a few times before you understand it. You definitely have to do a few drafts of a paper before it's good enough to hand in.

Don't be afraid to ask questions. Don't be afraid to ask for help when you need it. I do that every day. Asking for help isn't a sign of weakness, it's a sign of strength because it shows you have the courage to admit when you don't know something, and that then allows you to learn something new. So find an adult that you trust — a parent, a grandparent or teacher, a coach or a counselor — and ask them to help you stay on track to meet your goals.

And even when you're struggling, even when you're discouraged, and you feel like other people have given up on you, don't ever give up on yourself, because when you give up on yourself, you give up on your country.

The story of America isn't about people who quit when things got tough. It's about people who kept going, who tried harder, who loved their country too much to do anything less than their best.

It's the story of students who sat where you sit 250 years ago and went on to wage a revolution, and they founded this nation. Young people. Students who sat where you sit 75 years ago who overcame a Depression and won a world war; who fought for civil rights and put a man on the moon. Students who sat where you sit 20 years ago who founded Google and Twitter and Facebook and changed the way we communicate with each other.

- [40] So today, I want to ask all of you, what's your contribution going to be? What problems are you going to solve? What discoveries will you make? What will a President who comes here in 20 or 50 or 100 years say about what all of you did for this country?

Now, your families, your teachers, and I are doing everything we can to make sure you have the education you need to answer these questions. I'm working hard to fix up your classrooms and get you the books and the equipment and the computers you need to learn. But you've got to do your part, too. So I expect all of you to get serious this year. I expect you to put your best effort into everything you do. I expect great things from each of you. So don't let us down. Don't let your family down or your country down. Most of all, don't let yourself down. Make us all proud.

Thank you very much, everybody. God bless you. God bless America. Thank you.

"President Obama's National Address to America's Schoolchildren" by Barack Obama (2009) is in the public domain.

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which statement identifies the central idea of the text?
 - A. Teachers should understand that some students come from difficult backgrounds, and teachers should support them more.
 - B. President Obama wants students to focus on education like he did so they will have the knowledge they need to run the country one day.
 - C. By getting a good education, students can avoid repeating the same mistakes their parents made that prevented them from meeting their potential.
 - D. Focusing on education, despite any challenges one may face, is a personal responsibility and the key to the nation's future success.

2. PART B: Which quote from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
 - A. "I'm here because I want to talk with you about your education and what's expected of all of you in this new school year." (Paragraph 5)
 - B. "And this isn't just important for your own life and your own future. What you make of your education will decide nothing less than the future of this country." (Paragraph 14)
 - C. "Neither of her parents had gone to college, and they didn't have a lot of money. But they worked hard, and she worked hard, so that she could go to the best schools" (Paragraph 20)
 - D. "Maybe you don't have adults in your life who give you the support that you need." (Paragraph 21)

3. PART A: How does paragraph 29 contribute to the development of ideas in the text?
 - A. It criticizes students for not being more involved in school.
 - B. It suggests actions students can take in school to pursue their future careers.
 - C. It reminds students that their future is at stake if they quit trying in school.
 - D. It encourages students to set goals and take responsibility for their education.

4. PART B: Which detail from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
 - A. "They chose to take responsibility for their lives, for their education, and set goals for themselves. And I expect all of you to do the same." (Paragraph 28)
 - B. "I hope all of you are washing your hands a lot, and that you stay home from school when you don't feel well" (Paragraph 29)
 - C. "I know that sometimes you get that sense from TV that you can be rich and successful without any hard work" (Paragraph 31)
 - D. "And you won't necessarily succeed at everything the first time you try." (Paragraph 32)

5. PART A: Which statement best describes the relationship between education and a student's future?
- A. Students have to get an education so they can fail, because without failure you can't succeed.
 - B. Students who think about the future of America are the best students.
 - C. Students can prepare for their future careers by first exploring their talents in school.
 - D. Students who pursue careers in sports or entertainment will never succeed.
6. PART B: Which paragraph from the text best supports the answer to PART A?
- A. Paragraph 12
 - B. Paragraph 16
 - C. Paragraph 31
 - D. Paragraph 34
7. How does President Barack Obama express his point of view on students pursuing education? Cite evidence from the text to support your answer.

Name: _____ Class: _____

The Rose That Grew from Concrete

By Tupac Shakur
1999

Tupac Shakur (1971-1996) was an African American rapper, actor, poet, and activist. Shakur continues to be considered an influential rapper today and has been inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. As you read, take notes on how the speaker feels about the rose.

- [1] Did you hear about the rose that grew
from a crack in the concrete?
Proving nature's laws wrong it
learned to walk without having feet.
- [5] Funny it seems, but by keeping its dreams,
it learned to breathe fresh air.
Long live the rose that grew from concrete
when no one else ever cared.



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"The Rose That Grew from Concrete" from The Rose That Grew from Concrete by Tupac Shakur. Copyright © 1999. Used with permission. All rights reserved.

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which of the following identifies a main theme of the text?
 - A. All living things need support from others in order to grow.
 - B. We must learn and grow from our failures.
 - C. People can overcome difficulties and succeed.
 - D. Nature can overcome problems better than people.
2. PART B: Which detail from the poem best supports the answer to Part A?
 - A. "Did you hear about the rose that grew" (Lines 1)
 - B. "learned to walk without having feet." (Line 4)
 - C. "Long live the rose that grew from concrete" (Line 7)
 - D. "when no one else ever cared." (Line 8)
3. How does the speaker's point of view influence how the rose is described?
 - A. Curious about the rose, the speaker asks several questions about it.
 - B. Believing that the rose is not real, the speaker exaggerates its qualities.
 - C. Feeling pity for the rose, the speaker lists all of the hardships it has faced.
 - D. Impressed by the rose, the speaker explains what makes it so admirable.
4. What does the phrase "the rose that grew from concrete" mean figuratively as used in this poem?

Name: _____

Bridgeport Public Schools

Summer Science Experiences 2025

Welcome to Science Bingo!

How to Play:

- ★ **Pick Your Activities:** Look at the bingo card and choose the science experiences you want to try. You don't have to do them all—just pick the ones that sound fun to you!
- ★ **Get Creative:** Use your imagination and creativity for each activity. There are no right or wrong ways to explore science, so have fun and experiment!
- ★ **Mark Your Card:** When you complete an activity, mark the box on your bingo card. You can use stickers, stamps, or just draw a big checkmark.
- ★ **Reflection Questions:** After completing your BINGO card, answer the reflection question.

Tips for Success:

- ★ **Be Curious:** Ask questions and wonder about how things work. Curiosity is the heart of science!
- ★ **Stay Safe:** Always follow safety rules, especially when doing experiments. Ask an adult for help if you need it.
- ★ **Explore Together:** Invite friends or family to join you in your science adventures. It's more fun when you explore together!

Summer Science Experience 2025

Science B	Science I	Science N	Science G	Science O
Observe insects in a park	Make a paper airplane and test it	Observe and draw the phases of the moon	Identify and draw different types of clouds	Plant a seed in a cup and watch it grow
Build a simple circuit with a battery and bulb	Visit a local museum or science center	Make a homemade volcano with baking soda and vinegar	Find and identify different leaves	Create a rainbow with a glass of water and sunlight
Watch a science documentary	Make a weather diary for a week	Explore the properties of magnets	Build a sandcastle and explore the properties of wet and dry sand	Draw a map of your neighborhood
Look at the stars and identify constellations	Make a balloon rocket	Learn about recycling and sort items	Create a simple pulley system	Observe birds and make a list of different species
At the beach, find different shells and learn about the animals that made them	Build a structure with marshmallows and toothpicks	Learn about the water cycle and draw it	Make a sound experiment with different materials	Read a non-fiction book
Create a simple sundial and track the sun's movements	Participate in a beach or park clean-up	Test different materials for buoyancy (ability to float)	Learn about different types of rocks	Make a wind vane to measure wind direction
Experiment with static electricity using a balloon	Make a simple water filter	Learn about animal habitats and draw one	Read a science news article	Make a homemade barometer

Summer Science Experience 2025

Reflection Questions

1. What was your favorite activity and why?

2. What did you learn from the activities you completed?

3. Did any activity surprise you? How?

4. How did you use your creativity in the activities?

5. What questions do you still have about the science topics you explored?

Figurative Language Word Search 3

1. First, write the correct clue number to the left of each word in the Word Bank. Then, circle the words that have been hidden vertically, horizontally, and diagonally.

P	E	R	S	O	N	I	F	I	C	A	T	I	O	N	Y	X	A	Z	L	T	V
Z	R	A	H	U	X	I	M	A	G	E	R	Y	Y	R	U	B	N	O	V	Y	J
H	C	S	P	O	X	Y	M	C	D	S	F	B	O	R	Z	O	B	J	Z	S	Q
A	J	S	R	D	G	S	I	M	I	L	E	G	M	D	R	M	I	D	I	O	M
L	Z	O	N	O	M	A	T	O	P	O	E	I	A	O	Y	C	L	I	C	H	E
E	R	N	L	Q	E	Q	N	P	I	L	L	K	M	S	V	O	F	P	Z	P	U
H	T	A	S	D	A	H	H	E	L	I	U	Y	R	E	U	X	D	Q	P	S	V
M	N	N	Y	C	S	L	J	A	N	Y	X	E	M	E	T	A	P	H	O	R	E
A	L	C	I	R	O	N	Y	L	J	O	B	H	Y	P	E	R	B	O	L	E	J
E	K	E	T	A	L	L	I	T	E	R	A	T	I	O	N	V	E	J	I	A	I

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. A symbolic narrative in which the characters and events are symbols that stand for a spiritual, historical, or political situation. | 9. A comparison of two things based on their being alike in some way. |
| 2. Comparing two things using "like" or "as." | 10. Descriptive language that creates a picture in your mind. |
| 3. Two contradictory words joined together. | 11. A commonly used phrase or expression whose literal meaning is different from its figurative meaning. |
| 4. The use of words that mean the opposite of what you really mean, especially in order to be funny. A situation in which the opposite of what is expected happens. | 12. Giving human qualities to inanimate objects. |
| 5. Comparing two things without using "like" or "as." | 13. A person, place, or object which has a meaning in itself but suggests another meaning as well. |
| 6. The repetition of vowel sounds. | 14. Extreme exaggeration. |
| 7. The formation of a word from a sound associated with what is named. | 15. The repetition of beginning sounds. |
| 8. An overused phrase or expression used so often that it's no longer original, interesting, or effective. | 16. A play on words using double meaning for fun. |

allegory
hyperbole
metaphor
oxymoron

alliteration
idiom
imagery
cliche

onomatopoeia
personification
pun
simile

assonance
irony
symbol
analogy

Figurative Language Word Search 4

1. First, write the correct clue number to the left of each word in the Word Bank. Then, circle the words that have been hidden vertically, horizontally, and diagonally.

A	F	V	E	R	M	A	L	L	I	T	E	R	A	T	I	O	N	R	A	C	T
N	X	Q	N	L	S	N	P	S	A	I	I	D	I	O	M	C	O	I	L	I	Y
A	J	J	O	A	M	E	U	H	Q	Z	M	I	L	R	E	H	C	G	B	R	R
L	A	S	S	O	N	A	N	C	E	A	L	A	H	Y	P	E	R	B	O	L	E
O	O	N	O	M	A	T	O	P	O	E	I	A	G	A	O	E	I	G	O	S	O
G	F	Y	P	H	G	R	B	Q	L	K	W	H	T	E	D	E	E	H	S	L	U
Y	O	E	V	G	P	H	Q	I	B	W	W	E	E	A	R	L	U	V	M	H	G
S	J	O	X	Y	M	O	R	O	N	S	M	R	K	A	L	Y	T	S	K	U	O
W	S	Y	M	B	O	L	S	I	M	I	L	E	E	A	I	R	O	N	Y	W	S
P	E	R	S	O	N	I	F	I	C	A	T	I	O	N	C	L	I	C	H	E	O

1. A commonly used phrase or expression whose literal meaning is different from its figurative meaning.
2. Comparing two things without using "like" or "as."
3. A symbolic narrative in which the characters and events are symbols that stand for a spiritual, historical, or political situation.
4. The repetition of beginning sounds.
5. Comparing two things using "like" or "as."
6. The formation of a word from a sound associated with what is named.
7. Two contradictory words joined together.
8. A play on words using double meaning for fun.
9. The repetition of vowel sounds.
10. A person, place, or object which has a meaning in itself but suggests another meaning as well.
11. A comparison of two things based on their being alike in some way.
12. Extreme exaggeration.
13. The use of words that mean the opposite of what you really mean, especially in order to be funny. A situation in which the opposite of what is expected happens.
14. Giving human qualities to inanimate objects.
15. An overused phrase or expression used so often that it's no longer original, interesting, or effective.
16. Descriptive language that creates a picture in your mind.

alliteration

idiom

analogy

cliche

allegory

hyperbole

irony

imagery

pun

personification

oxymoron

symbol

simile

assonance

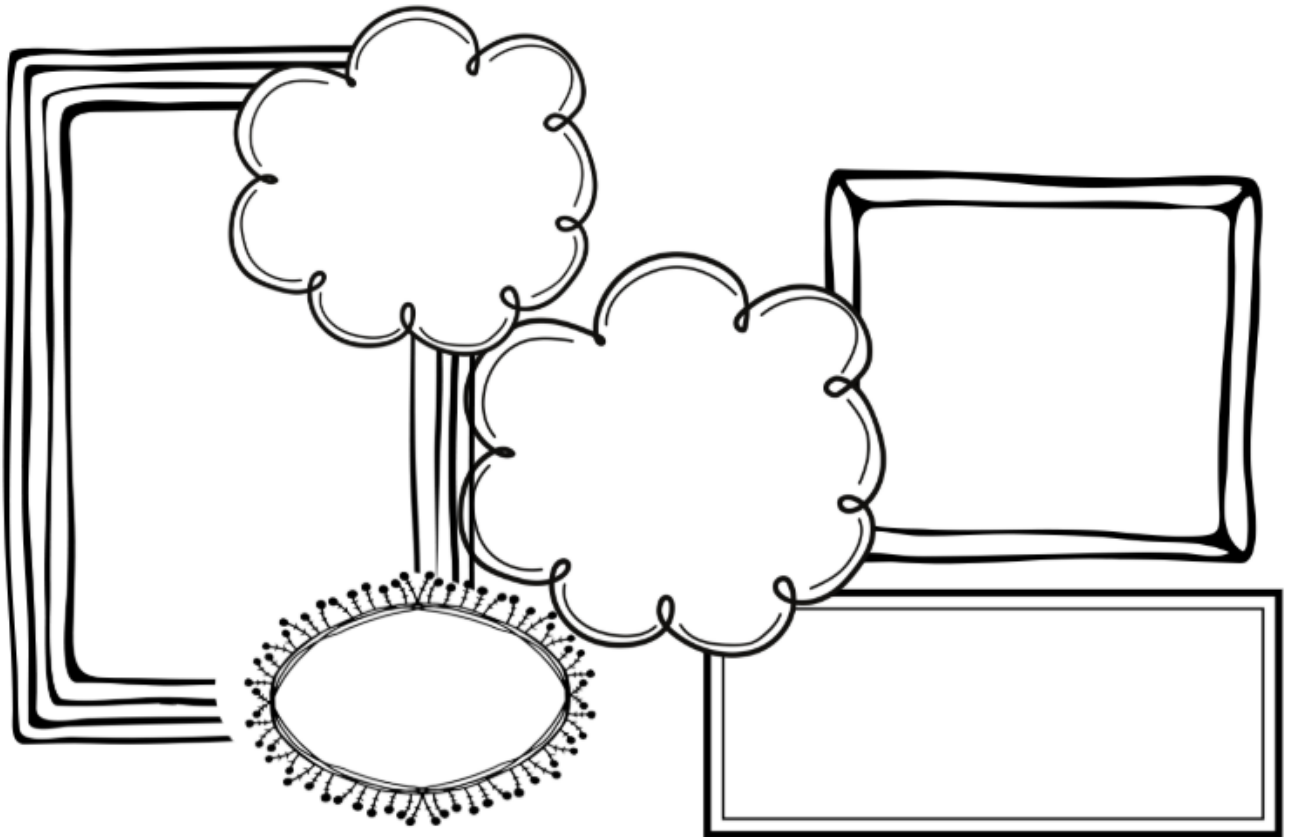
onomatopoeia

metaphor

Hopes and Dreams Activity Instructions:

Using the clouds and picture frames, think about your dreams and hopes for the coming school year and write them down or draw/sketch objects, symbols and words (appropriate for school). They can be big or small, short-term or long-term. Write one thing on your hope cloud that you will do to get closer to your dream. Also think about one person that you could ask for help. This can be a family member, friend or a staff member at your school you connect with.

HOPES & DREAMS



PERSON TO ASK FOR HELP: