

# **D**irections

Read this passage. Then answer questions 1 through 7.

## **Talking with Artists: David Wiesner**

*compiled and edited by Pat Cummings*

### **MY STORY**

- 1 I think that I always knew I wanted to become an artist. I can't remember a time when I wasn't drawing and painting pictures. My oldest sister and my brother were artistic, and watching them draw fascinated me. They had many different art supplies around the house. There was, and still is, something very appealing about art materials: Boxes of pastels, with incredibly colored, thin, square sticks, fitting snugly into the slots in their trays. Little ink bottles with rubber stoppers and pens with interchangeable metal tips. The look, smell, and feel of rich black ink going onto bright white paper in broad, flat strokes or thin, sharp lines. I found this captivating.
- 2 In our town, the housepaint and wallpaper store also sold art supplies. I loved looking at all the exotic things they had for sale. Sandpaper blocks to sharpen pencils. Rows of numbered pencils, and erasers that could be pulled like taffy. Thin drawers full of tubes of paint that seemed so much more grown up than the kind we used at school. Complicated easels and wooden boxes to hold everything.
- 3 My parents and friends soon saw that I had more than a passing interest in art. It came to define much of my image. Relatives gave me art-related birthday gifts. At school I became "the kid who could draw," a unique distinction, like "brainiest" or "best athlete"—but somehow different. A little weird, actually. I like that.
- 4 In my kindergarten class, we had an "art corner." There was an easel with a large pad of paper and poster paints. One day I was painting a picture of a red house. I can vividly recall my intense frustration because this picture just didn't look like I wanted it to.
- 5 As I got a little older, I began copying pictures: cartoons, comic books, and magazine illustrations. But mostly dinosaurs. I loved them. The *World Book Encyclopedia* published a book about the history of the earth, full of very realistic dinosaur pictures that I drew over and over again. They were in black and white and had a hazy quality to them (bad printing, I think). For a long time, even after I should have known better, I thought they were photographs of dinosaurs.
- 6 I found out a few years ago that these particular paintings are murals in the Chicago Field Museum. I've since seen them in person. They were painted by Charles Knight, the first and most famous painter of dinosaurs. They are still impressive, and they are in color!

**GO ON**

- 7     My third-grade class wrote essays on what we wanted to be when we grew up. To me it was obvious. We read them aloud, and I told about the types of paintings I would some day try. I'd have turtles with paintbrushes tied to their backs walking around on a big sheet of paper (I got chuckles from the class and the teacher). Or I'd fill squirt guns with different colored paints and shoot at the canvas. I actually tried this with friends! Well, it *sounded* like a good idea.
- 8     One of the only discouraging childhood experiences about my artwork happened in the fourth grade. During study time I was drawing a picture. My teacher took it away and wrote an angry note home to my mother. "David would rather be drawing pictures than doing his work!!!" I couldn't believe it, *three* exclamation points. We didn't get along well for the rest of the year. School "art classes" were pretty uninspiring. I did my best work on textbook covers I made. Art never seemed to be taken as seriously as other subjects.
- 9     In the eighth grade, a big career day was held. Months before, we wrote suggestions for careers we wanted to hear about. On the big day, guest speakers from many fields came to talk. We each chose two sessions to attend, but there wasn't one that came close to an art-related field. I saw some guy talk about oceanography.
- 10    In high school it actually sank in that I was going to be an artist. My friends read catalogs and saw guidance counselors to pick what they'd study in college. I felt something was wrong. I already knew. I'd always known. I half expected to hear, "No, put away those paints and choose a *real* career." My parents were excited about my choice, too. As I looked into art schools, I felt like doors were being thrown wide open. Until then my art was a private thing, but at art school I found a place where everyone was "the kid who could draw."

1 Why did Wiesner become interested in art?

- A He enjoyed watching family members draw.
- B He experimented with the birthday gifts he received.
- C He found fun pictures in comic books and magazines.
- D He browsed the supplies at the housepaint and wallpaper store.

2 Which quote **best** expresses the main idea of paragraphs 1 and 2?

- A “They had many different art supplies around the house.” (paragraph 1)
- B “There was, and still is, something very appealing about art materials . . .” (paragraph 1)
- C “I loved looking at all the exotic things they had for sale.” (paragraph 2)
- D “. . . paint that seemed so much more grown up than the kind we used at school.” (paragraph 2)

3 Read this sentence from paragraph 7.

Well, it *sounded* like a good idea.

What does the sentence suggest?

- A The teacher did not approve of Wiesner’s future painting plans.
- B The class was curious about the paintings Wiesner hoped to create.
- C Wiesner and his friends liked painting a canvas with squirt guns.
- D Painting with squirt guns did not turn out the way Wiesner expected.

**GO ON**

**4** Which statement describes how Wiesner's parents felt about his college and career plans?

- A** His parents encouraged him to go to art school, yet they worried about his future career choices.
- B** His parents allowed him to choose his career, and they were glad he decided to go to art school.
- C** His parents knew he would rather do art than school work, and they accepted his choices.
- D** His parents raised him to be an artist, so they expected him to choose the right school.

**5** Read this sentence from paragraph 10.

**As I looked into art schools, I felt like doors were being thrown wide open.**

What does the phrase “doors were being thrown wide open” suggest?

- A** Wiesner had always known that he would go to art school.
- B** Wiesner's parents decided to allow him to attend art school.
- C** Wiesner found that art school offered many possibilities.
- D** Wiesner was invited by a large number of art schools.

**6** Paragraphs 10 and 3 are connected because

- A** paragraph 10 confirms how surprised Wiesner felt about the label he was given as a child
- B** paragraph 10 shows how Wiesner's friends responded to his childhood interest
- C** paragraph 10 tells how Wiesner finally found others who shared his creativity
- D** paragraph 10 describes how Wiesner's image had changed

**7** Which statement is **most** important to include in a summary of the passage?

- A** Wiesner was always interested in drawing and painting pictures.
- B** Wiesner was entertained by the process of drawing with black ink on white paper.
- C** Wiesner was always pleased to receive art-related gifts for his birthday.
- D** Wiesner was disappointed because no speaker came to talk about art-related fields.

**GO ON**

# Directions

Read this story. Then answer questions 8 through 14.

## Yasmeen's Turn

by Carol Fraser Hagen

- 1 Yasmeen squirmed at her desk. She felt sweat beads forming along her neck.
- 2 Mrs. Cross, Yasmeen's third grade teacher, announced, "Boys and girls, you have been learning about world customs. Be ready to share one of your family's customs, tomorrow."
- 3 After school, Yasmeen dragged her backpack along, thinking about the day's assignment. *"I'm the only Indian student in my class,"* she thought, *"what will everyone think about my family's customs?"*
- 4 At home, Yasmeen moped through the kitchen door. Her heart fluttered when she saw her *amma*, her mother, busily crushing henna leaves.
- 5 "How was school today?" her *amma* asked, in her soft Indian accent.
- 6 "Fine," Yasmeen said. She dropped her backpack and slid into a kitchen chair.
- 7 "Ready for *Eid-ul-Fitr* tonight?" *Amma* smiled.
- 8 Yasmeen shrugged. Normally, she'd be tickled with excitement inside when her aunts, uncles and cousins came to celebrate the end of Ramadan, the ninth month of the Islamic year. This holy month is observed with prayers and fasting during daylight hours.
- 9 Yasmeen slid down further in her seat. She twirled a strand of her long hair around her finger, while *Amma* crushed more leaves into a powder. *"What am I going to share tomorrow?"* Yasmeen wondered.
- 10 Later, Yasmeen explored the house, trying to find an idea for her assignment. She found her *abba's* Koran. She flipped through the worn pages of her father's leather-bound book. Maybe I'll take this to school, she thought.
- 11 But then she shook her head. The Koran isn't a custom. She carefully laid down the holy book. Anyway, *Abba* would never let me take it to school.
- 12 A beautiful *salwar kameez* hung on *Amma's* bedroom door. *Salwar kameez* is a long-sleeved shirt and baggy pants, with a thin, silky shawl. All three are ornately decorated with sparkling beads, sequins and colorful embroidery, in a variety of colors. The colorful sequins and beads on *Amma's* dress and shawl glistened. Tonight, *Amma* would wear her new dress to the party.
- 13 *Maybe I'll wear my salwar kameez to school. Wrong! Everybody might laugh at me.* Tears filled Yasmeen's deep brown eyes as she tried to figure out what to share.
- 14 Yasmeen walked into the kitchen. Leaning in the doorway, she wiped a tear from her cheek.

**GO ON**

She watched *Amma* stir henna powder into a smooth paste, adding lemon juice and tamarind water. *Amma* then filled cones with the henna paste, to be used at the party.

15 Yasmeen coiled her hair around her pinkie. *I'll ask Tahira. She'll know what I can share,* she thought.

16 "I have to share a family custom tomorrow," Yasmeen said, peeking into her older sister's bedroom. Her eyes explored the top of Tahira's dresser. It overflowed with sparkling earrings and necklaces. Mixed among the other jewelry, golden bangles shimmered.

17 "Show some jewelry," Tahira suggested, jangling several shiny bangles on her wrist.

18 "I guess," Yasmeen said, tugging at strands of her hair. "Except, everybody wears jewelry."

19 That night at the party the aroma of herbs from the henna filled the living room. All the girls and ladies in their glittering dresses gathered around the sofa to visit and have their hands painted with *mehndi* (henna paste).

20 It was Yasmeen's turn. With a cone of henna paste, Amma painted tiny flowers, paisley designs, and intricate patterns on Yasmeen's hands.

21 Seconds later, Yasmeen sat straight up. "That's it," she blurted out, "*Mehndi!*"

22 At school the next day, Yasmeen waited for her turn to share. Her face didn't blush. She didn't even feel hot. *I'm not nervous anymore*, she thought. With a wide smile, Yasmeen stood before the class.

23 "On special Muslim holidays," Yasmeen explained, "it's an Indian tradition to paint women's hands with intricate *mehndi* designs. Last night, my mother painted my hands." Yasmeen proudly displayed the delicate curly cues, tiny flowers, and paisley patterns on her hands. Yasmeen also held up a bowl of crushed henna leaves and a henna-filled cone, for the class to see. Yasmeen then described how her mother prepared henna paste.

24 "Could you paint a *mehndi* design on my hand?" Mrs. Cross asked.

25 Yasmeen felt herself gasp at Mrs. Cross's question. Her mouth opened and stayed open as classmates held out their hands. "Me, too! Will you draw on my hands, too?"

26 "And mine!"

27 "Mine, too!"

28 Yasmeen's feet danced her home, her hands waving in the air to lead the way. The spicy scent of tamarind and henna filled her nose. "*Amma! Amma!* You will never believe what happened today."



**8** In paragraph 3, what does the phrase “dragged her backpack along” suggest about Yasmeen?

- A** She is nervous about the upcoming holiday.
- B** She treats her possessions carelessly.
- C** She is in an unhappy mood.
- D** She carries heavy books.

**9** As her family prepares for the holiday *Eid-ul-Fitr*, how is Yasmeen’s experience this year different from other years?

- A** She feels proud of her family this year.
- B** She feels worried about school this year.
- C** She thinks about getting dressed up this year.
- D** She wants to spend time with the other ladies this year.

**10** Based on paragraphs 10 and 11, what does Yasmeen understand about her father?

- A** He prefers old books over new books.
- B** The Koran is very precious to him.
- C** Reading is one of his favorite activities.
- D** He thinks the Koran is too delicate to take to school.

**11** What is the **most** important way that paragraphs 13 and 14 develop the story?

- A** They show the process of making henna paste.
- B** They provide additional details about the setting.
- C** They present a hint about how the problem will be solved.
- D** They provide information about the characters’ appearance.

**GO ON**

12

In paragraphs 12 and 19, what does the reader learn about how Yasmeen's family celebrates *Eid-ul-Fitr*?

- A Jewelry is exchanged at the celebration.
- B Hand painting is done first at the celebration.
- C Herbs are used for cooking during the celebration.
- D Dressing in fine clothing is part of the celebration.

13

In paragraph 25, the narrator explains that Yasmeen "felt herself gasp" to show that Yasmeen feels

- A surprised by the teacher's response
- B nervous about what will happen next
- C confused by her classmates' requests
- D afraid to tell her parents about what happened

14

What is the **most** important lesson that Yasmeen learns in the story?

- A Family belongings should be treated with respect.
- B Sharing family traditions can be rewarding.
- C Sharing holidays with family is important.
- D Family traditions change over time.

**GO ON**

# Directions

Read this story. Then answer questions 15 through 21.

*Tom is spending the summer on his aunt and uncle's farm. He misses his friend Petie, so he writes letters to Petie describing events on the farm.*

## Excerpt from *The Midnight Fox*

by Betsy Byars

- 1 I had just finished writing this letter and was waiting for a minute to see if I would think of anything to add when I looked up and saw the black fox.
- 2 I did not believe it for a minute. It was like my eyes were playing a trick or something, because I was just sort of staring across this field, thinking about my letter, and then in the distance, where the grass was very green, I saw a fox leaping over the crest of the field. The grass moved and the fox sprang toward the movement, and then, seeing that it was just the wind that had caused the grass to move, she ran straight for the grove of trees where I was sitting.
- 3 It was so great that I wanted it to start over again, like you can turn movie film back and see yourself repeat some fine thing you have done, and I wanted to see the fox leaping over the grass again. In all my life I have never been so excited.
- 4 I did not move at all, but I could hear the paper in my hand shaking, and my heart seemed to have moved up in my body and got stuck in my throat.
- 5 The fox came straight toward the grove of trees. She wasn't afraid, and I knew she had not seen me against the tree. I stayed absolutely still even though I felt like jumping up and screaming, "Aunt Millie! Uncle Fred! Come see this. It's a fox, a fox!"
- 6 Her steps as she crossed the field were lighter and quicker than a cat's. As she came closer I could see that her black fur was tipped with white. It was as if it were midnight and the moon were shining on her fur, frosting it. The wind parted her fur as it changed directions. Suddenly she stopped. She was ten feet away now, and with the changing of the wind she had got my scent. She looked right at me.
- 7 I did not move for a moment and neither did she. Her head was cocked to one side, her tail curled up, her front left foot raised. In all my life I never saw anything like that fox standing there with her pale golden eyes on me and this great black fur being blown by the wind.
- 8 Suddenly her nose quivered. It was such a slight movement I almost didn't see it, and then her mouth opened and I could see the pink tip of her tongue. She turned. She still was not afraid, but with a bound that was lighter than the wind—it was as if she was being blown away over the field—she was gone.

**GO ON**

- 9        Still I didn't move. I couldn't. I couldn't believe that I had really seen the fox.
- 10      I had seen foxes before in zoos, but I was always in such a great hurry to get on to the good stuff that I was saying stupid things like, "I want to see the go-rillllllas," and not once had I ever really looked at a fox. Still, I could never remember seeing a black fox, not even in a zoo.
- 11      Also, there was a great deal of difference between seeing an animal in the zoo in front of painted fake rocks and trees and seeing one natural and free in the woods. It was like seeing a kite on the floor and then, later, seeing one up in the sky where it was supposed to be, pulling at the wind.
- 12      I started to pick up my pencil and write as quickly as I could, "P.S. Today I saw a black fox." But I didn't. This was the most exciting thing that had happened to me, and "P.S. Today I saw a black fox" made it nothing. "So what else is happening?" Petie Burkis would probably write back. I folded my letter, put it in an envelope, and sat there.
- 13      I thought about this old newspaper that my dad had had in his desk drawer for years. It was orange and the headline was just one word, very big, the letters about twelve inches high. WAR! And I mean it was awesome to see that word like that, because you knew it was a word that was going to change your whole life, the whole world even. And every time I would see that newspaper, even though I wasn't even born when it was printed, I couldn't say anything for a minute or two.
- 14      Well, this was the way I felt right then about the black fox. I thought about a newspaper with just one word for a headline, very big, very black letters, twelve inches high. FOX! And even that did not show how awesome it had really been to me.

15

How are paragraphs 2 through 6 important to the structure of the story?

- A They describe the setting and the main characters.
- B They describe an event that is later repeated.
- C They explain why the fox is in the field.
- D They introduce a problem into the plot.

16

Read this phrase from paragraph 4.

... my heart seemed to have moved up in my body and got stuck in my throat.

What does this phrase suggest about Tom?

- A He is having trouble standing still.
- B He is having difficulty speaking.
- C He is experiencing a thrill.
- D He is feeling affection.

17

How are the events described in paragraphs 6 and 7 different from earlier events?

- A The fox is moving through an open area.
- B The fox is acting with less certainty.
- C The fox is moving at a faster pace.
- D The fox is aware of Tom.

18

How is Tom's experience in the field different from his experience in zoos?

- A He is able to observe a black fox in the wild.
- B He is able to observe the way a black fox moves at the zoo.
- C He spends time observing a black fox at the zoo.
- D He is frightened to see a black fox in the wild.

**GO ON**

19

In paragraph 12, why does Tom hesitate over his letter?

- A He does not want other people finding out about the fox.
- B He is not sure his friend will believe him about the fox.
- C He is not sure how to capture his experience in words.
- D He does not have time to explain what he witnessed.

20

Based on paragraphs 13 and 14, how are the words “WAR!” and “FOX!” similar?

- A They inspire a powerful response in Tom.
- B They provide Tom with a physical reminder.
- C They help promote Tom’s interest in writing.
- D They create connections within Tom’s family.

21

Which statement **best** summarizes how the fox affects Tom?

- A Tom regrets not being able to share his experience.
- B Tom feels as though he is in a movie.
- C Tom is deeply moved by the event.
- D Tom can no longer concentrate.

**GO ON**

# **D**irections

Read this article. Then answer questions 36 through 42.

## **Two Days With No Phone**

by Sarah Jane Brian

Experts worry that teen texting is out of control. Could *you* give up your phone for 48 hours? Our brave volunteers did.

- 1 Instead of sleeping, Kenny Alarcon, 16, often texts with his friends through the night. "You get an urge," explains the teen, who lives in the Bronx in New York City. "When I get a text, I'm itching to respond to it even if I want to sleep."
- 2 Francesca Garcia, a high school senior from Providence, Rhode Island, has also felt the need to stay constantly connected. We asked how many texts she sent and received each day. "I don't know . . . maybe 1,000?" she answered. "It's too many to count."
- 3 It probably won't surprise you that teens are texting more than ever before. Some experts are worried about how all that texting is affecting teenagers' lives.

### **Teens in Trouble?**

- 4 One concern is that students might not learn correct grammar and spelling if most of the writing they do is made up of text messages. Some people also worry that because teens text so much, they don't spend enough time talking with others face-to-face. That could be hurting their relationships with friends and family.
- 5 Plus, all that texting (and time on social media) takes away from hours that could be spent studying, exercising, pursuing a hobby, or just relaxing.
- 6 Dr. Elizabeth Dowdell is a professor at Villanova University in Pennsylvania. She says that many people expect to be able to access anyone or to be accessed by anyone at any time. "It's very appealing, especially to a middle or high school student," she explains. "The problem is, there's no downtime." And people need downtime—especially when it comes to sleep.

### **Sleep Texting**

- 7 Both Francesca and Kenny told us that they wake up several times during the night to text. Kenny even sleeps with his phone beneath his pillow.
- 8 Dr. Dowdell says that it's common for teens' sleep to be interrupted by texts. Sometimes teens even send texts filled with nonsense words when they don't wake up all the way. She has been studying this trend, which she calls "sleep texting."

**GO ON**

9     Why is sleep texting a problem? “Adolescents need a solid 8, 10, even 11 hours of sleep to really function and to think clearly,” reports Dr. Dowdell. If they regularly lose sleep, she adds, teens may start having trouble in school. They may become grumpy, angry, or depressed. A lack of sleep can lead to weight gain and even obesity. That’s because many people turn to junk food for quick energy when they are tired.

### **The 48-Hour Challenge**

10    According to Dr. Dowdell, teens need to learn that they can—and should—turn off their phones sometimes. So we decided to have Kenny and Franchesca do an experiment.

11    These were the rules: No phone for 48 hours. No computer or Internet either, unless it was for schoolwork. No Twitter, no Instagram.

12    Would these two teenagers be able to do it?

13    “I think I’m going to feel really isolated,” Kenny worried. Franchesca was nervous but brave. “I’m excited for the challenge,” she said. “I don’t know what’s going to happen.”

14    Kenny and Franchesca handed their phones to their mothers for safekeeping. The challenge was on.

### **The Results**

15    We caught up with Kenny and Franchesca after 48 phone-free hours. “Wow, it was pure torture,” Kenny joked. But though life with no phone wasn’t easy, he admitted “it had benefits.”

16    Sure, Kenny missed his friends, and he was sad at times. But he also felt relief from the constant texting. “Sometimes it’s teenager drama, people gossiping,” he explained. “I felt less stressed because I didn’t have to be involved.”

17    Instead of texting, Kenny went to the gym and caught up on schoolwork. The first night, he told us, “I slept for 18 hours!” He also spent time sitting with his family and talking. Kenny’s mom helped him with homework for the first time in two years. Said Kenny, “I felt closer to my parents.”

18    Franchesca had an even happier result when she put away her phone. “I loved it!” she said. “I was going to the gym and hanging out with friends and playing basketball. I had a wonderful experience.” She slept better too.

19    Franchesca decided to continue the experiment for a while. “I think I’ll be so much smarter and healthier,” she explained. “Everybody in the world should try it.”

20    Kenny doesn’t plan to give up his phone again. But he now knows that he *can* live without it. Said the teen, “It was a reality check.”

**36** Which evidence **best** supports the claims the author makes in paragraph 4?

- A** “They may become grumpy, angry, or depressed.” (paragraph 9)
- B** “Sure, Kenny missed his friends, and he was sad at times.” (paragraph 16)
- C** “Kenny’s mom helped him with homework for the first time in two years.” (paragraph 17)
- D** “I had a wonderful experience.” (paragraph 18)

**37** What does Dr. Elizabeth Dowdell suggest when she says “people expect to be able to access anyone or to *be* accessed by anyone at any time”? (paragraph 6)

- A** Teens need to stay available by phone at all times.
- B** Many teens want to own a phone that receives texts.
- C** Constant phone use is a behavior of teens that cannot be changed.
- D** Teens are so used to having phones that nonstop texting has become a habit.

**38** How does the author organize paragraphs 15 through 20?

- A** by describing the events of the experiment in the order that they happened
- B** by explaining the goals and directions of the experiment
- C** by showing the reasons for doing the experiment with the two teens
- D** by comparing the effects that the experiment had on the two teens

**39** What can the reader infer from paragraphs 17 through 20?

- A** Asking teens to live without their phones will help them become smarter.
- B** Teens may not realize how different their lives can be without their phones.
- C** Teens around the world will enjoy experimenting with their phone use.
- D** Expecting teens to give up their phones is not realistic.

**GO ON**

40

How were Kenny's and Franchesca's reactions to the 48-hour challenge different?

- A Only Franchesca benefitted from better sleep with no texting interruptions.
- B Only Franchesca fully appreciated the freedom of having no phone.
- C Only Kenny participated in physical activities instead of constant texting.
- D Only Kenny spent time talking with people after giving up the phone.

41

Which statement **best** expresses a main idea of the article?

- A "Some experts are worried about how all that texting is affecting teenagers' lives." (paragraph 3)
- B "If they regularly lose sleep, she adds, teens may start having trouble in school." (paragraph 9)
- C "Kenny and Franchesca handed their phones to their mothers for safekeeping." (paragraph 14)
- D "Franchesca decided to continue the experiment for a while." (paragraph 19)

42

Which detail would be **most** important to include in a summary of the article?

- A Kenny admits to sleeping with his phone under his pillow.
- B Franchesca claims to exchange a thousand texts per day.
- C The teens engage in gossip and drama without their phones.
- D The teens have more free time when they give up texting.

**GO ON**

# **D**irections

Read this article. Then answer questions 43 and 44.

## The Fejee Mermaid

by Elaine Pascoe

- 1 In the summer of 1842, New York City newspapers received a series of curious reports from the South. Writers from several cities wrote that Dr. J. Griffin, a British naturalist, had in his possession something truly amazing—an actual mermaid “taken among the Fejee Islands” in the Pacific Ocean. He was bringing the preserved specimen to New York on his way home to London from China, where he had bought it for the Lyceum of Natural History.
- 2 The newspapers jumped on the story, and curiosity began to build. Could the naturalist really have found a mermaid? The city would soon find out. Ads and flyers appeared, announcing an exhibition. For “one week only,” the public would have a chance to see a creature that had been known only through stories.
- 3 The mermaid was the talk of New York. People lined up to see it and to hear the scholarly Dr. Griffin speak about it. Most people had a bit of a shock when they actually laid eyes on the specimen, though. The Fejee Mermaid was not like the mermaids of fairy tales. Nor was it anything like the beautiful creatures pictured in the flyers advertising the exhibit. It was a small, dried, ugly thing—“the most odd of all oddities earth or the sea had ever produced,” one newspaper wrote. Its upper body looked more like that of a monkey than a maiden.
- 4 Some people said it *was* a monkey’s torso, joined to a fish’s tail. But other people were sure it was real. There was no telltale seam between the body parts. And on display alongside the mermaid were specimens of other unlikely animals. There was a flying fish, for example, and a platypus—a mammal with a duck’s bill and poisonous spurs on its rear legs. Naturalists had once thought the platypus was a hoax, but it turned out to be real. Perhaps the mermaid and the platypus were both what the announcements for the exhibit claimed: “links in the great chain which connects the whole animal kingdom.” After the weeklong exhibition, the Fejee Mermaid moved to the American Museum on Broadway. It drew crowds there for a month and went on tour to other cities. Everywhere the mermaid went, people paid to see it—whether they believed it was real or not. That was just what P. T. Barnum, the proprietor of the American Museum, had planned.

**telltale:** something that indicates or reveals information

### “People Love to Be Humbled”

- 5 Phineas T. Barnum was probably the greatest showman in American history. In 1842 he had just bought the American Museum, which housed a dusty collection of oddities. He was determined to make it New York’s leading attraction. And when he saw the Fejee Mermaid, he knew he had found a way to bring people through the museum’s door.

**GO ON**

- 6      The “mermaid” was just what it looked like—a dried monkey’s body stitched to a dried fish’s tail. Fake mermaids like this were nothing new. Sailors had been bringing similar curiosities back to America and Europe for many years. This one had been around since 1817, when a sea captain bought it in the Pacific. Believing that it was real, the captain paid a small fortune for it. He never made money from his investment. After he died, his family sold the mermaid to Moses Kimball, a Boston showman. Kimball leased it to Barnum for \$12.50 a week.
- 7      How was Barnum able to turn this crude fake into an overnight sensation? With shameless hype. Barnum was a master at promotion. He didn’t care whether people believed the mermaid was real or not. He knew that if he could create enough buzz about it, people would pay to see it.
- 8      The reports that appeared in New York newspapers were actually written by Barnum. He sent them to friends in Southern towns. The friends then mailed them to the New York papers over a period of weeks, in time with Dr. Griffin’s supposed journey toward the city.
- 9      Griffin was no more real than the mermaid. The scholarly naturalist was actually Levi Lyman, a friend of Barnum’s. He first took on the role in Philadelphia, where he allowed a small group of newspaper editors to have a peek at the mermaid. The stories they wrote helped build “mermaid fever” in New York. So did the flyers showing beautiful mermaids, which Barnum had printed.
- 10     Trumped-up science was part of the promotion, too. The first half of the 1800s saw a flowering of new theories and research in natural history. Barnum made his hoax more believable by having a “scientist” present it and by including actual animals such as the platypus in the exhibit. Of course, real scientists were quick to spot the fake. But that didn’t stop Barnum. New ads urged people to see the mermaid and draw their own conclusions. “Who is to decide when doctors disagree?” the ads declared.
- 11     The Fejee Mermaid helped make Barnum’s museum a huge success. It was just one of countless curiosities that filled the museum’s five floors. Like the mermaid, many of the exhibits were fake. No one seemed to mind. As Barnum said, “People love to be humbugged.”

43

Why did one newspaper say the mermaid was “the most odd of all oddities earth or the sea had ever produced” (paragraph 3)? Use two details from the article to support your response.

## **GO ON**

44

What main idea of “The Fejee Mermaid” is supported by paragraphs 8 through 10? Use two details from the article to support your response.

**GO ON**

# **D**irections

Read this article. Then answer question 45.

## Planes on the Brain

by Elisabeth Deffner

- 1 Kimberly Anyadike and her older sister, Kelly, have taken sibling rivalry to new heights. Sky-high, in fact.
- 2 On her 16th birthday, Kelly set a world record. She became the youngest African American female to fly four different fixed-wing aircraft in one day. Naturally, that inspired Kimberly to brainstorm ways to top her sister's achievement.
- 3 At age 15, Kimberly became the youngest African American female to pilot a plane from coast to coast. "It was something that had never been done before by someone as young as me," she explains.
- 4 Don't let their friendly rivalry fool you. The Anyadike (pronounced on-yah-DEE-kay) sisters learned to fly together at Tomorrow's Aeronautical Museum (TAM) in Compton, California. They took lessons in the same plane at the same time.
- 5 Their flight achievements earned them each a place in the record books—but at TAM, setting records is nothing new. In fact, the sisters first heard about TAM when they read about another record-breaker who'd learned to fly there. At age 14, Jonathan Strickland became the youngest African American male to pilot a plane and a helicopter on the same day.
- 6 Jonathan's story inspired Kimberly to make one of her biggest dreams come true. She'd always wanted to fly. Ever since she learned to write, she's included "jet pack" on her Christmas list! So she asked her mom if they could check out TAM, where Jonathan had gotten his aviation start. She and her sister took a demo flight—and the rest is history. (Literally!)
- 7 "We've been hooked on flying ever since," says Kimberly, now 17, with a giggle. "We got bit by the flight bug!"
- 8 Movie stunt pilot Robin Petgrave founded TAM in 1998. Kids in the program learn more than just how to fly. They also learn how to set goals and make a plan to achieve them. For example, flight lessons cost money. Future pilots earn "museum dollars" by doing tasks around the museum, going through the flight simulator program, and doing community service. Kids even earn museum dollars when they get tutoring help with their schoolwork! After they've earned enough, they can use those dollars to pay for a flight lesson.
- 9 While they're learning to fly, they're also learning about aviation history.
- 10 They learn about the Tuskegee Airmen, the first African American military airmen in the United States. Kids at TAM have even been able to meet some of them.

**GO ON**

- 11 These pilots trained and fought during World War II, but the dangers of wartime weren't the only challenges they faced. They also encountered racism. In fact, the Army Air Corps called the African American pilot training program "the Tuskegee Experiment" because they weren't sure the trainees could be successful pilots.
- 12 But "they were amazing," says Kimberly. "They beat all odds."
- 13 That's why she dedicated her record-breaking flight to the Tuskegee Airmen: "to show them their legacy still lives on," she explains.
- 14 And they wanted to show her that they supported her as she tried to set an aviation record. Each time Kimberly landed on her flight from California to Virginia, Tuskegee Airmen met her plane.
- 15 The Anyadike sisters didn't set their aviation records at the same time, but two other TAM alumni did. Jimmy Haywood, then 12, and Kenny Roy, then 14, flew together to Canada. There, Roy became the youngest African American in the United States to earn his solo pilot's license. Haywood piloted the plane that flew Roy to Canada and back, making him the youngest African American to pilot a plane on a round-trip international flight.
- 16 "It challenges you, being here [at TAM]," says Roy. Kids at TAM know that if they want to fly, they can—they just have to work for it. They can earn the museum dollars to pay for lessons. They can come up with a plan and break an aviation record. Once they do that, they know they can do anything if they set their minds to it.
- 17 For instance, Kimberly Anyadike plans to become a heart surgeon. Kenny Roy, now 21, is a college student in the Air Force Reserve. He plans to become an Air Force officer and, later, a commercial pilot. (And maybe his little brother, Jeremiah Esters, 7, will follow in his footsteps. He's studying aviation at TAM now.)
- 18 Flying has changed these kids' lives—and setting records was just the icing on the cake.
- 19 That's exactly how it ought to be, says Petgrave. "We're not really all about the records," he explains. "These kids have been exposed to aviation at such a young age, they look at things differently."
- 20 And from their point of view, the sky is no longer the limit.

In paragraph 16, Kenny Roy says, "It challenges you, being here [at TAM]." What are some of the ways kids are challenged in the TAM program? What effects do these challenges have on the kids? Use details from the article to support your response.

In your response, be sure to

- identify ways that kids are challenged in the TAM program
  - explain the effects of these challenges on the kids
  - use details from the article to support your response

**GO ON**

# **D**irections

Read this story. Then answer questions 46 and 47.

*It is the first day of school for Pearl, her friend JBIII (or JBThree), and her older sister, Lexie.*

## **Excerpt from *Ten Good and Bad Things About My Life (So Far)***

*by Ann M. Martin*

- 1 We stepped outside and I looked across Twelfth Street, and there was JBIII coming out of his building with his mother who wanted to take a first-day-of-school picture. JBIII posed for one half of one second, and then joined Dad and me for the walk to Emily Dickinson Elementary.
- 2 “Remember the first day of school last year?” I said to my father. “You walked Justine and me to Emily Dickinson. This year you’re walking JBThree and me.”
- 3 “Things certainly do change,” replied Dad, and I thought he looked a little sad. That was because there had been a lot of changes in our lives besides who I walked to school with.
- 4 We turned the corner onto Sixth Avenue and passed by all the familiar places in our neighborhood: New World, which is a coffee shop, and Steve-Dan’s, which is my all-time favorite store because it sells art supplies, and Cuppa Joe, which is a new coffee shop, and Universal, which is a dry cleaner, and the Daily Grind, which is *another* new coffee shop. Over the summer Lexie and her friends started going to the Daily Grind to order Mocha Moxies, which they say are coffee drinks but which really look like giant milk shakes. Whenever Lexie starts talking about how she’s grown-up enough to drink coffee what I want to say back to her is, “Mom and Dad don’t squirt a tower of whipped cream on top of their coffee,” but one thing I have learned lately is when not to say something.
- 5 When Dad and JBIII and I passed Monk’s, which is a gift store, I could feel JBIII’s eyes on me. Well, not actually on me, which would be gross, but suddenly I could tell he was looking at me and I knew why. We were now one half of a block away from Emily Dickinson, and JBIII and I had decided that no matter what anyone thought, we were simply too old to be walked right up to the door of our school by a parent.
- 6 “Dad,” I said, “JBIII and I are ten years old now.” (JBIII was actually a lot closer to eleven, while I was just barely ten.)
- 7 “Yes, you are,” agreed Dad.

**GO ON**

8        “And we think that—” JBIII frowned fiercely at me and I tried to remember the exact speech he had made me memorize the day before. “I mean,” I said, backing up, “and we feel strongly that we should be allowed”—JBIII poked my arm—“that, um, we’re responsible enough to walk the rest of the way to school by ourselves. Every day.”

9        “You can stand here and watch us,” said JBIII. And then he added quickly, “Sir.”

10        “Well . . . ,” said my father.

11        Dad has let me do this 2x before, but now JBIII and I were asking to do it regularly, and my father has a teensy problem with change, whether it’s good or bad.

12        “*Please?*” I said, and now JBIII glared at me. He had also warned me not to whine. “Please, Father?” I said calmly.

13        “I suppose so.”

14        “Yes!” I exclaimed.

15        “Thank you, sir,” said JBIII.

16        “But remember—I’ll be watching you.”

17        “I know,” I said. “Don’t kiss me,” I added, and JBIII and I ran down the block. Just before we reached Emily Dickinson I waved backward over my shoulder to Dad.

18        JBIII and I wound our way through the halls of Emily Dickinson. We passed by the first-grade room that Justine Lebarro had been in the year before, and then we passed our old fourth-grade room. There was Mr. Potter, our teacher from last year, talking to his new students.

19        We kept on walking until we came to room 5A. I peeked through the doorway, then stepped back and flattened myself against the wall like a spy. “She’s in there,” I whispered to JBIII. “Ms. Brody.”

20        Our teacher was new to Emily Dickinson. All we knew about her was her name.

21        JBIII peeked in, too. “She looks all right,” he whispered to me.

22        The truth was that she looked very, very young, like if you switched her pants and her shirt for a white dress and a veil she could be a bride. I kept that thought to myself, though, because I could just hear Lexie clucking her tongue and saying to me, “A person can get married at any age, Pearl.” But still in my head all brides were young.

23        “Afraid to go in?” said a voice from behind JBIII and me, and we both jumped.

24        I turned around to see Jill DiNunzio, who is a person I could live without.

25        “No,” I said, doing an eye roll.

26        “So what are you waiting for?” she asked.

27        “Well, not you. Come on, JBThree.”

28        JBIII and I marched into our new classroom, leaving Jill behind.

29        Fifth grade had officially begun.

46

How does Pearl's father feel about Pearl and JBIII walking to school by themselves? Use two details from the story to support your response.

**GO ON**

47

How does paragraph 28 relate to paragraphs 23 and 24? Use **two** details from “Excerpt from *Ten Good and Bad Things About My Life (So Far)*” to support your response.

**GO ON**

# Directions

Read this story. Then answer questions 48 and 49.

*Seven-year-old Juan lives in San Pablo, Guatemala, with his grandmother. Many children in the region do not attend school, but Juan has started first grade.*

## Excerpt from *The Most Beautiful Place in the World*

by Ann Cameron

- 1 When I'd been in school two months, Doña Irene sent me home with a note to my grandmother. I showed it to her after supper, and she got my aunt Tina to read it to her, even though I told her I could read it myself.
- 2 "No, Juan," my grandmother said. "It's about you, so you're not the one to read it."
- 3 The note said that, with my grandmother's permission, the teachers wanted to move me into the second grade. Doña Irene said that they had never had a student who had learned to read like I did, by myself, before ever starting school. She said that it would be a tragedy if such a good student had to leave school, and that if my grandmother ever could not keep me in school, the teachers would help to keep me there.
- 4 When Aunt Tina stopped reading, she looked at me as if she had never really seen me before, and was looking to see what was so special about me, and still couldn't see it, and gave up.
- 5 "Well, congratulations!" she said.
- 6 And I thought my grandmother would congratulate me too. But she didn't, she started to cry, and threw her arms around me.
- 7 She said, "When I was seven, the teachers went from house to house, looking for children to enroll in school, but when they got to my house, my parents hid me in the woodshed. I watched between cracks in the boards, and listened. They told the teachers that they didn't have any school-age children, not one. They did it because they were afraid if I went to school, I wouldn't learn to work. They did it for my good, and I didn't say anything or complain, but I always knew it was a mistake."
- 8 She dried her eyes, and she told me she would help me study even all the way to university in the capital. As long as she lived she would help me, she said, if I did my best.
- 9 And she looked at me as if I were a man already, and said that maybe by studying I could find out why some people were rich, and some were poor, and some countries were rich, and some were poor, because she had thought about it a lot, but she could never figure it out.

**GO ON**

10        And I felt very proud, but also scared, because just more or less by accident I had taught myself to read, but that didn't mean I was so smart.

11        I said to my grandmother, "I might not always do everything special."

12        "You don't have to do everything special," my grandmother said. "Just your best. That's all."

13        I was proud, but I wasn't so sure I wanted to do my best all the time. I thought it could get pretty inconvenient. If people started expecting a lot of me, I would have to do more and more.

14        "You ask more from me than Doña Irene and all the teachers," I said. "They don't expect so much."

15        My grandmother glared at me. "They don't love you the way I do either," she said.

16        Then she said, "Come on, let's go for a walk."

17        She put on her best shawl, and she and I went down the street together, and she walked the way she always walks, taller and straighter than anybody else. And I walked with my arm around her.

18        We walked all the way to the Tourist Office. Then we stopped a minute and looked at the photo of San Pablo with all the houses of our town, pink and turquoise and pale green, and behind them the blue lake and volcanoes and the high, rocky cliffs.

19        My grandmother looked at the writing under the picture. She touched it with her hand.

20        "What does it say?" she asked.

21        I read it to her. "'The Most Beautiful Place in the World.'"

22        My grandmother looked surprised.

23        I started to wonder if San Pablo really was the most beautiful place in the world. I wasn't sure my grandmother had ever been anyplace else, but I still thought she'd know.

24        "Grandma," I said, "is it?"

25        "Is it what?" she said.

26        "Is San Pablo the most beautiful place in the world?"

27        My grandmother made a little face.

28        "The most beautiful place in the world," she said, "is anyplace."

29        "Anyplace?" I repeated.

30        "Anyplace you can hold your head up. Anyplace you can be proud of who you are."

31        "Yes," I said.

32        But I thought, where you love somebody a whole lot, and you know that person loves you, that's the most beautiful place in the world.

In “Excerpt from *The Most Beautiful Place in the World*,” why does Juan’s grandmother react differently than Aunt Tina to the note from Juan’s school? Use **two** details from the story to support your response.

**GO ON**

49

Why is the title phrase “the most beautiful place in the world” important to the story? Use two details from the story to support your response.

**GO ON**

# Directions

Read this story. Then answer questions 50 and 51.

*In this science-fiction excerpt, the Nom is a private community located on an island. The Noble Warriors who live there are called the Noma.*

## Excerpt from Seeker

by William Nicholson

- 1 Seeker woke earlier than usual, long before dawn, and lay in the darkness thinking about the day ahead. It was high summer, with less than a week to go before the longest day of the year. In school it was the day of the monthly test.
- 2 And it was his sixteenth birthday.
- 3 Unable to sleep, he rose and dressed quietly so as not to wake his parents, and went out into the silent street. By the light of the stars, he made his way to the steps that zigzagged up the steep hillside, and began to climb. As he did so he watched the eastern sky, and saw there the first pale silver gleams on the horizon that heralded the coming dawn.
- 4 He had decided to watch the sun rise.
- 5 At the top of the steps the path flattened out and led into the stone-flagged Nom square. To his right rose the great dark mass of the Nom, the castle-monastery that dominated the island; to his left, the avenue of old storm-blasted pine trees that led to the overlook. He knew these trees well; they were his friends. He came to this place often, to be alone and to look out over the boundless ocean to the very farthest edges of the world.
- 6 There was a wooden railing at the far end of the avenue, to warn those who walked here to go no further. Beyond the railing the land fell away, at first at a steep slope, and then in a sheer vertical cliff. Hundreds of feet below, past nesting falcons and the circling flight of gulls, the waves broke against dark rocks. This was the most southerly face of the island. From here there was nothing but sea and sky.
- 7 Seeker stood by the railing and watched the light trickle into the sky and shivered. The band of gold now glowing on the horizon seemed to promise change: a future in which everything would be different. With this dawn he was sixteen years old, a child no longer. His real life, the life for which he had been waiting so long, was about to begin.
- 8 The gold light was now turning red. All across the eastern sky the stars were fading into the light, and the feathery bands of cloud were rimmed with scarlet. Any moment now the sun itself would break the line of the horizon.
- 9 How can a new day begin like this, he thought, and nothing change?

**GO ON**

- 10 Then there it was, a blazing crimson ball bursting the band of sea and sky, hurling beams of brilliance across the water. He looked away, dazzled, and saw the red light on the trunks of the pine trees and on the high stone walls of the Nom. His own hand too, held up before him, was bathed in the rays of the rising sun, familiar but transformed. Moving slowly, he raised both his arms above his head and pointed his forefingers skyward, and touched them together. This was the Nomana salute.
- 11 Those who wished to become Noble Warriors entered the Nom at the age of sixteen.
- 12 He heard a soft sound behind him. Turning, startled, he saw a figure standing in the avenue. He flushed and lowered his arms. Then he gave a respectful bow of his head, because the watcher was a Noma.
- 13 "You're up early."
- 14 A woman. Her voice sounded warm and friendly.
- 15 "I wanted to see the dawn."
- 16 Seeker was embarrassed that she had seen him making the salute to which he was not entitled; but she did not reprimand him. He bowed again, and headed down the avenue, now flooded by the brilliant light of the rising sun. As he passed the Noma, she said, "It's not necessary to be unhappy."
- 17 He stopped and turned back to look at her. Like all the Nomana, she wore a badan over her head, which shadowed her face. But he sensed that she was half smiling as she met his gaze.
- 18 "I am unhappy."
- 19 The Noma went on gazing at him with her gentle smile.
- 20 "Who are you?"
- 21 He gave his full name, the name his father had chosen for him, the name he hated. "Seeker after Truth."
- 22 "Ah, yes. The schoolteacher's son."
- 23 His father was the headmaster of the island's only school. He was raising Seeker to be a teacher like him.
- 24 "Your life is your own," said the Noma. "If it's not the life you want, only you can change it."
- 25 Seeker made his way slowly back to the steps, and down the steps home, his mind filled by the Noma's words. All his life he had done what his father had asked of him. He had always been top of his class, and was now top of the school. He knew his father was proud of him. But he did not want to live his father's life.
- 26 Seeker wanted to be a Noble Warrior.

In “Excerpt from *Seeker*,” what theme is supported by paragraphs 20 through 26? Use **two** details from the story to support your response.

GO ON

51

In “Excerpt from *The Most Beautiful Place in the World*” and “Excerpt from *Seeker*,” what personality trait do Juan and Seeker share? How do both the characters show this personality trait? Use details from both stories to support your response.

In your response, be sure to

- identify a personality trait that Juan and Seeker share
  - explain how both characters show this personality trait
  - use details from both stories to support your response

GO ON