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Read the passage and answer the following question(s).

From the Diary of Anne Frank

Saturday, 11 July, 1942

Dear Kitty,

I expect you will be interested to hear what it feels like to 'disappear;' well, all I can say is that I don't know myself quite yet. I don't think I shall ever feel really at home in this house, but that does not mean that I loathe it here, it is more like being on vacation in a very peculiar boardinghouse. Rather a mad idea, perhaps, but that is how it strikes me. The 'Secret Annex' is an ideal hiding place. Although it leans to one side and is damp, you'd never find such a comfortable hiding place anywhere in Amsterdam, no, perhaps not even in the whole of Holland. Our little room looked very bare at first, with nothing on the walls; but thanks to Daddy who had brought my film-star collection and picture post-cards on beforehand, and with the aid of paste pot and brush, I have transformed the walls into one gigantic picture. This makes it look much more cheerful, and, when the Van Daans come, we'll get some wood from the attic and make a few little cupboards for the walls and other odds and ends to make it look more lively.

(Question 1)

1

Which of the following quotes from Anne's diary BEST summarizes her reaction to living in the Annex?

- A** I don't know myself quite yet.
- B** I don't think I shall ever feel really at home in this house.
- C** Our little room looked very bare at first.
- D** The Secret Annex is an ideal hiding place.

Read the passage and answer the following question(s).

Paper Route

Jameson decided that he despised his newspaper route and always would. It was piercingly cold that morning and a winter storm rumbled threateningly overhead.

"It's like I'm stuck in Dad's generation! Who delivers newspapers anymore, and why do I have to get up at four in the morning just because he says it builds character?!" he raged for the hundredth time that morning. He flung a paper, angrily, much too hard, and it glanced off Mrs. Lincolnshire's porch, striking one of her terra cotta planters. It shattered, scattering the rich, dark soil around a thriving miniature rosebush.

"Great," fumed Jameson sarcastically, "there goes part of my measly paycheck for this route."

"When I was your age, I had a paper route. It did me good, and besides, it gave me an appreciation for the miracles that happen in nature so early in the morning. Take a look around you between deliveries, Jameson, and you'll see what I mean," his father had advised just last night at dinner.

"Pass the green beans," Jameson had muttered back, with a surly expression.

It was five o'clock now and there was no miracle in sight. He sighed, wishing that he hadn't thrown that paper so hard and broken Mrs. Lincolnshire's pot. It would be like getting water from the moon, if she didn't hold him responsible for it.

Steering his bicycle into Larchmont Alley, the shortcut to the last street on his route, Jameson rubbed his sleepy eyes with one hand and yawned immensely. He'd give his right hand to be back in his warm bed right now, beneath the quiet comfort of his goose-down comforter. A small meow from a dark corner of the alley jerked him from his reverie. Stopping his bicycle, Jameson peered into the early morning gloom and watched as a greasy cardboard box shifted slightly in the corner. Suddenly curious, Jameson parked his bike and moved toward the box. Looking inside, he saw a scrawny, damp mother cat and a full litter of newborn kittens nestling blindly and anxiously beside her. She opened her mouth, her jaw shivering, and cried out to him piteously. Her eyes pleaded with him, and Jameson suddenly realized that he had just encountered his first paper route miracle.

"It's amazing you're alive," he murmured reassuringly at the mother cat, "but, I'll be back in a few minutes with milk and blankets for you and your kittens."

Bicycling home after delivering papers to the last street on his route, Jameson thought about the mother cat's plight. His heart filled with an odd mixture of shame, relief, and gratitude; he decided then that he would ask his parents if he could bring the cat family home with him later after he'd fed and blanketed them. He pedaled faster, realizing that he'd need to hurry before the storm broke. The mother cat, with her perseverance and sense of responsibility, had just taught Jameson an important lesson.

(Questions 2-3)

2 **Based on the passage, which statement BEST reveals what the author feels about taking advice from parents?**

- A Parental advice is easy to understand and can teach children about nature.
- B Parental advice is always correct because parents have already experienced so much.
- C Parental advice may not be easy to follow at first but children will often learn something.
- D Parental advice usually leads to hard work but will teach children responsibility.

3 **Based on the passage, which statement BEST captures the author's beliefs about responsibility?**

- A Responsibility is a necessary evil.
- B Responsibility has its own unexpected rewards.
- C To become a grown up, you need to learn responsibility.
- D To keep a job, you need to learn responsibility.

Read the passages and answer the following question(s).

The Sound

"Gee Grandpa, I've never heard that hissing sound before. What is that?" asked Randolph during an evening walk through the forest.

"Legend has it that the hissing began over a hundred years ago," responded Grandpa Luke. As Grandpa Luke began telling the story, Randolph listened intently to every word. He strained to understand the story's relationship to the eerie sound that continued to echo through the trees.

According to Grandpa Luke, this local legend involved a woman named Agatha and her son, Charles, who resided together in a nearby house in the late 1800s.

"Legend has it that Charles and Agatha argued about everything they ever did, whether it was something important or something insignificant. One day, they were so angry that they said appalling things to each other. Angered and frustrated, Agatha left the house to journey through the woods alone. She decided that a walk in the snow would cool her off both inside and out.

When Agatha was nearly a mile from her house, the ground beneath her started to shake tremendously. The volcano, which had not been noticed in thousands of years, had decided to show off its power once again. Agatha ran as fast as a fox in an effort to find Charles, whom she believed was at home feeling as dreadful as she did.

'I'm being punished for the despicable things I said to poor Charles!' she yelled loudly in desperation.

After what seemed like hours, Agatha reached her home, and could not find Charles anywhere. She ran outside in a state of panic and advanced up the mountain where Charles liked to spend his afternoons exploring. Agatha struggled to make her way through the snow, which was like powder. She caught sight of Charles in the distance, holding onto a tree and crying audibly. Just as the words 'I'm sorry' exited both of their mouths, the hissing sound of boiling lava melting the snow overpowered them both. No one has ever seen either one of them again."

"So what does that have to do with the hissing sound we're hearing now?" questioned Randolph.

"It is the sound of Agatha and Charles saying that they are sorry and that they love each other," concluded Grandpa Luke.

As Randolph walked back to Grandpa Luke's cabin, he was unable to speak. His mind was occupied with the thoughts of Agatha and Charles, and of all the mean things Randolph had ever said to Grandpa Luke. "I love you, Grandpa, and...I'm sorry," was all he could vocalize. Grandpa Luke glanced in Randolph's direction and smiled with content.

The Harmful Sting

Without remorse, he decided to flee
 After the sting of her tongue
 Had hardly begun
 To insist he had no right to be. Loneliness arrived and forced her to see
 The harm she had done
 To her special someone.
 Did she not know he would disagree? Several years passed by
 Until one faithful moment
 When he happened to drift her way. As she tried to justify
 What she really had meant
 He hugged her and announced he would stay.

(Questions 4-5)

4

What tradition does the author illustrate through Grandpa's actions in "The Sound"?

- A** the responsibility to protect children
- B** the bond between grandparents and grandchildren
- C** the importance of spending time in nature
- D** the use of stories to teach lessons

5

What does the story of "The Sound" say about the author's beliefs about words?

- A** You should be careful how you use your words because you may never have a chance to take them back.
- B** Words will never harm you as much as boiling lava can.
- C** Words are only useful for telling stories.
- D** It is important to use your words all of the time, no matter what it is you say.

Read the following poem and answer the question(s).

An End

by Christina G. Rossetti

Love, strong as Death, is dead.
Come, let us make his bed
Among the dying flowers:
A green turf at his head;
And a stone at his feet,
Whereon we may sit
In the quiet evening hours.

He was born in the Spring,
And died before the harvesting:
On the last warm summer day
He left us; he would not stay
For autumn twilight, cold and gray.
Sit we by his grave, and sing
He is gone away.

To few chords and sad and low
Sing we so:
Be our eyes fixed on the grass
Shadow-veiled as the years pass,
While we think of all that was
In the long ago.

Public Domain

(Questions 6-7)

6

What is the main purpose of "An End"?

- A** to explain that love comes to an end
- B** to tell a story about being in love
- C** to capture the feeling of love
- D** to depict what love is

7

The content of "An End" reveals that the author *most* likely believes that

- A** people should embrace love.
- B** love only begins in the Spring.
- C** people should not fall in love.
- D** love will come and go quickly.

Read the passage and answer the following question(s).

Thursday's Lesson

"Whatever you do, don't step on weird Mrs. Lundstrom's front yard."

That was the advice my big sister, Casey, gave me every morning before we left for school. I had heard this almost every day since I was in the first grade; because I always looked up to Casey, I never really questioned her. I didn't know why she called Mrs. Lundstrom "weird." Maybe it had something to do with the fact that her husband died a few years before. I didn't know why I was supposed to stay off that front yard. I just figured that something bad would happen if I trespassed on Mrs. Lundstrom's property, and that was all I needed to know... at least until one particular Thursday.

My best friend, Victor, met me in front of my house at eight o'clock sharp as he had done for the last two years. "Is Casey comin' with us today? Remember what we said. We're in fifth grade now. We can walk alone. Don't ya think?" asked Victor in a soft voice to keep Casey from hearing him.

We'd talked about this for weeks, but today we were finally going to do it.

"Yeah, let's get outta here before she comes out of the house," I said.

Victor and I literally ran down the street to get out of view. When we turned left onto Marcus Lane, we slowed down, thinking we were out of Casey's sight. As we approached the corner, I looked behind me and saw Casey heading in our direction. I looked to the left to see Mrs. Lundstrom's house laughing at us, as if daring us to walk on the yard.



Her house is located on the corner of Marcus Lane and Maple Avenue, the street our school is on. Running through her yard would allow us to cut across the corner, and this would save us time. Her front yard is forested with trees of all sizes and shapes that could hide us if Casey approached. This opportunity would provide the perfect getaway.

"Let's cut across Mrs. Lundstrom's lawn!" I yelled. "Casey's coming, and I just can't stand to listen to another one of her lectures about how I should walk with her to school. If we see her coming, we can hide behind one of those big trees, and Casey will walk right past us."

"Yeah, but this is weird Mrs. Lundstrom's yard and..." began Victor.

"Oh, quit worrying so much. You know Casey. She probably made up that whole thing to scare us."

Victor stood on the sidewalk, waiting for me to make the first move. It tickled me to see how timid he was, but he was never one to try something first. I took one step onto the lawn.

"Do you think Mrs. Lundstrom's mean or something? What if she sees us?" asked Victor.

"Oh, come on. Don't be silly. There are so many trees that we can hide behind. She'll never see us."

I spotted a huge evergreen that would hide me if need be, so I started sprinting in its direction. I suddenly heard a hissing sound coming from the ground. I stopped abruptly in fear of scaring a creature that might be lurking in one of the flower gardens. I looked toward Victor, and there was Casey standing behind him, panting. I was just about to say something when water started spraying all over me. The sprinklers had come on! Mrs. Lundstrom appeared on her front porch.

"Wait just a minute, young man." I could feel my heart thumping. "Let me turn these darn things off. My late husband set them to go off if an intruder came by. You don't appear to be an intruder. In fact, you don't look like you could harm a fly. I'm so sorry. Let me get a towel. Don't go away."

Casey had the broadest smile on her face. I could tell that she and Victor were about to start laughing.

"So this is the big reason to stay off of her yard? How did you know this, Casey? Did this ever happen to you? Huh? Huh?"

Casey just stood there with virtually no expression on her face. I could tell right then that she too had experienced an embarrassing spraying in Mrs. Lundstrom's yard.

(Question 8)

8

After reading "Thursday's Lesson" it could most likely be concluded that the author believes children should

- A** walk to school with someone older so they remain safe.
- B** realize that all older people are kind, even if they have a bad reputation.
- C** heed the advice given by more experienced individuals.
- D** walk the same path to school to stay out of trouble.

Read the passage and answer the following question(s).

The Math Tunnel

This school year is moving along much better than last year. My parents sat me down and talked to me about some changes they had seen in me that were starting to worry them. A part of me felt defensive, and I started to argue with them. However, I also felt relieved after we talked because the results of our conversation changed my school year and how I feel about myself.

Mostly we discussed school grades. While my quarter and semester grades were fine, the grades for my individual assignments varied widely, from an A to an occasional F. I had no explanation for this except that some days I felt so overwhelmed by all the homework I was given that it made me want to stay in my room and not do anything. I added that I often wanted to run away from it all and hang out at the mall with my friends. In math, especially, it did not seem to matter if I studied hard or not; I usually earned no higher than a C minus on the tests.

It was pretty easy to get discouraged, but during our discussion, my mom suggested different strategies she believed would help me. Some of these strategies included making flashcards, taking time every night to review what I had learned that day, and writing down questions to ask the math teacher. She also insisted that I go to my math teacher's "After-School Tutoring Session" on Wednesdays. I tried this for a whole year; however, because this math teacher was the only teacher that offered tutoring, students from all the math teachers' classes attended. This meant there wasn't time to focus on the problems that I did not understand. Usually, the older students monopolized the teacher's time. I would leave the sessions as mystified and frustrated as when I went into the room.

This year, my parents contacted the math teacher and arranged for me to get individual tutoring. Since I've been getting this extra help, I'm not as stressed out. I still have a lot of homework to do, but I feel smart enough to tackle math. In addition, a flame inside me rekindled my desire to draw. Last year, I didn't do much in my drawing class; I know my art teacher and my parents were disappointed.

The efforts I have put into this year's work have taught me a lot about myself. My pride in myself is now stronger than my fear of failure once was. I submitted one of my art masterpieces into the school art contest. I like the drawing; I feel—no, I know—I did the best I could. I am starting to understand that I can take the same approach to math. I don't think I'll be the next Einstein, although it can still be my goal to know I have done the best I can.

(Question 9)

9

The content of "The Math Tunnel" reveals that the author probably believes that

- A** people know how to believe in themselves.
- B** everyone can do better with a tutor.
- C** people should never give up trying.
- D** most people know how to improve.

Read the following passage and answer the question(s).

Playing Pilgrims

Adapted from *Playing Pilgrims*, a chapter from the book Little Women by Louisa May Alcott, public domain.

Louisa May Alcott was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania in 1832. Living in New England, during the Civil War, Louisa experienced many adventures with her other three sisters. In 1858, Louisa and her family moved to the Orchard House on Lexington Road in Concord. This became the setting for her most famous novel Little Women. The central character, Jo March, is built around Louisa May Alcott herself.

It was another memorable Christmas season filled with velvety snow, toasty fireplaces, and a quaint house in the company of four March sisters – Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy. Alas, this season also took place during the war, a war that stole the sister's beloved father away.

Jo protested, "Christmas will not be the same without any presents."

"I so loathe being poor!" sighed Meg, while looking down at her anciently tattered dress. Amy furthered this with an injured sniff, "I don't think it is fair for some girls to have a whole wardrobe bursting with pretty pinafores, while other girls have nothing at all. However, Beth reminded her sisters that they had a wonderful father and mother as well as each other.

Despite their lack of riches, each sister had a dollar to spend for Christmas. At first, Jo and Amy wanted to spend the money on themselves, but their unselfish sister, Beth, encouraged them to buy something for their mother instead. "I shall get mother some new slippers with my dollar," said Beth. "No, I shall!" cried Amy. Meg chimed in, "I'm the oldest." Then Jo cut in with a decisive, "I'm the head of the family while Papa is away; I shall provide the slippers for Marmee." After much bickering, the girls decided to each buy Marmee their own gift. "Let's let Marmee think we are going into town to shop for ourselves, and then surprise her. There is so much to do before we perform our Christmas play tomorrow night," reminded Jo. Meg rolled her eyes and whined, "Oh, how I love acting in our plays." Amy looked at Meg and sighed.

The four sisters practiced the play for some time. With a little playful banter, they finally came to the end of rehearsal, which ended in a general burst of laughter. "It's the best we've had yet," cheered Meg. They were quieted by a joyous voice at the door. "Glad to find you all so cheerful, my darlings," said Marmee. "I've got a special treat to give you after supper." A smile spread throughout the room like a streak of sunshine spreads across a fresh horizon. Jo exclaimed, "A letter from father!"

Once supper had ended, the four March daughters sat around Marmee as she read their father's letter from the war. The letter was full of love and kind reminders of acting like "little women." Many tears were shed in the room that night. "I'll try and be what he loves to call me, 'a little woman' and not be so rough and wild," cried Jo.

In order to break the cheerless mood, Marmee reminded her daughters of a pastime they used to play as children, called *Pilgrim's Progress*. The March women talked about the tale with much pleasure and acted out the Pilgrim's trials in the story. *Pilgrim's Progress* was followed by Marmee's illustrious singing. She was blessed with such an angelic tone. Ever since the girls were young, Marmee's voice would resonate beautiful melodies in their ears. The March daughters never got too old to hear those familiar lullabies. Nightfall had enveloped their spirits and soon the exhausted girls went to bed.

(Question 10)

10

Based on the passage, what are the author's beliefs about children?

- A** Children should play together to help them forget their difficult circumstances.
- B** Children should learn to be unselfish and give their parents gifts to show appreciation.
- C** When facing hard times in a family, children should bond together and act mature.
- D** Even though times get tough, children should always respect their mother.