The Wonderful World of Gum

Something to Chew On

People have been chewing gum for thousands of years. For most of this time, people have chewed natural gum. This comes from trees. Ancient Greeks chewed mastiche. This was made from the mastic tree. Ancient Mayans chewed chicle. This was made from the sap of the sapodilla tree. North American Indians chewed the sap from spruce trees. They shared this with the early settlers. The settlers enjoyed chewing gum. They used sap and beeswax to make their own gum.

Chewing Gum Changes

For many years, natural chewing gum saw no major changes. The settlers who added wax to the sap made the first change to gum in thousands of years. The biggest change for chewing gum took place in 1869, when the Mexican general Santa Anna told Thomas Adams about chicle. He suggested Adams make a new kind of rubber using the chicle. Adams tried to make the rubber, but he was not successful. Still, he did not want to waste all of the tons of chicle he had bought. He used the chicle to make his own gum. This first modern chewing gum had no flavor. He called it "Adams New York No. 1." The gum sticks were sold at drugstores. The public was amazed by the gum sticks, and they were a huge sensation.

Flavors, Bubbles, and More

Adams made one of the first gums with flavor in the 1870s. Soon, many new gums were made. William Wrigley’s flavored gums came in the late 1800s. Different shapes of gum were also made. There were tiny pieces. There were small balls of gum, called gumballs, too. The public loved the new gums! Many gum makers tried to make bubble gum. It was a flop. It was too sticky and weak to blow bubbles. Then, Walter Diemer made a better bubble gum in 1928. It could stretch without breaking when filled with air. This was a big improvement for gum. Then, sugarless gum was made in the 1950s. Gum had gone through many changes since "Adams New York No. 1."

Gum Today

Today, gum is more popular than ever. There are over a thousand kinds of gum. The flavors, shapes, sizes, and colors seem to be endless. There is some kind of gum for everyone!

1. Based on the passage, with which statement would the author most likely agree?
   a. It is difficult for people to decide which kind of gum they like to chew.
   b. Chewing gum has made this a wonderful world.
   c. Improving today’s gum will be a simple task.
   d. Gum will continue to be changed to suit people’s tastes.

2. Why did Thomas Adams want to find a way to use the chicle?
   a. He could not think of a good way to get rid of the chicle.
   b. He thought that the general would be angry.
   c. He had bought a lot of the raw material for his rubber business.
   d. He was proud of the fact that he was not a quitter.
3. Why did Thomas Adams become a gum maker?
   a. He had always liked the taste of gum when he was little.
   b. General Santa Anna asked him to make a new kind of rubber out of the chicle.
   c. Adams did not want the chicle he had bought to go to waste.
   d. He wanted people in New York to be able to chew gum.

   **Behold the Butterfly**

   Most people know that butterflies are flying insects with large, beautiful wings. However, most people do not know about other things that make butterflies special.

   **Butterfly Needs**

   Butterflies live all over the world in warm places. If the temperature is too cold, a butterfly cannot fly. It must warm its body by basking in the sun. Butterflies get their food in liquid form. Some drink juices from fruits, using their tongues like a straw.

   **Special Senses**

   Like humans, butterflies have five senses. They are able to see, hear, taste, touch, and smell. It's hard to believe, but a butterfly actually uses its feet to help it taste. This is how it tells if a certain juice is good to drink. Butterflies also have special eyes called compound eyes. These eyes see things very differently from the way human eyes see things. Tiny hairs cover a butterfly's body. These hairs help butterflies feel the wind when they fly. A butterfly can also hear sounds through its wings.

   **Staying Safe**

   Butterflies are small and fragile. This makes it hard for them to look after themselves. A butterfly does different things to keep safe. Flying is one way it can protect itself. Butterflies also have wings that blend into their background. The wings have small scales that come off. If a butterfly gets caught in a spider's web, its scales can fall off, allowing the butterfly to escape. Some butterflies are poisonous. Other animals stay away from these types of butterflies.

   **Size and Speed**

   Butterflies are many different sizes. Their open wings can measure from one-eighth inch to 12 inches across. They can fly at different speeds. One butterfly can fly as fast as 30 miles per hour. The slowest butterfly can fly only about 5 miles per hour.

   A butterfly is a small creature. As you can see, it has many special ways of living in the wild.

4. What happens if a butterfly gets caught in a spider’s web?
   a. The butterfly stays stuck in the web.
   b. It uses its poison to escape the spider.
   c. Scales on the butterfly’s wings can fall off.
   d. It can do different things to stay safe.
5. According to the passage, how are all butterflies alike?
   a. They are all poisonous.
   b. They are all the same size.
   c. They all have wings.
   d. They can all fly around the world.

**Ben’s Experiment**

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston in 1706. His family was poor. He went to school for only two years. Still, he became a printer, an inventor, a writer, and a leader of our country. Whatever he did, he did well! He was one of the best-loved men of his day. To learn all about him, you would have to read a library full of books. Here are a few facts about Ben.

**Ben’s Early Years**

When he was a boy, Ben Franklin loved to read and to experiment. He found lots of exciting ideas in books. He was always searching for a better way to do things. As he read and watched the world around him, his genius for inventing things grew by leaps and bounds.

**Ben’s Kite Experiments**

One interesting idea of Ben’s helped him to have fun the easy way. When he was young, he loved to swim. He found a way to make this sport even more fun. One day he attached a kite string to a stick that he held with both hands. Then he lay on his back in the pond. As the wind moved the kite, the kite pulled him through the water. That, of course, was only his first experiment with a kite.

Another kite experiment of Ben’s is supposed to have taken place many years later. On a stormy night in June of 1752, Ben went out to prove that lightning and electricity were the same. He knew that electricity was drawn toward metal. He also knew that it could travel along cotton, but not along silk. So he made a kite and attached a piece of wire to the top. The wire acted as the metal point. He attached a long cotton string to the other end of the kite. Finally, he tied a piece of silk and a key to the end. He went out with his son William to see what would happen when he flew the kite. When Ben Franklin touched the metal key after lightning struck the kite, he felt a shock. He had proved that lightning was electricity. This was an amazing discovery!

**How Ben Helped Others**

Of course, Ben Franklin's famous experiment was not done just for fun. He used it to solve a serious problem. At the time in which Ben lived, lightning often struck houses and set them on fire. Ben’s new discovery made him think of putting lightning rods on the tops of houses. In this way, the lightning would strike the rod. Then the rod would carry the electricity into the ground. There it would do no harm to the house. This is just one example of the many ways Ben Franklin helped others with his talent. No one else has ever done so much to help so many people.

6. What can you tell about Ben Franklin from reading this article?
   a. He was the most famous man of his time.
   b. He was a man who had a brilliant mind.
   c. He told funny stories to his friends about his experiments.
   d. He was the first man in Boston to fly a kite.
As soon as I opened the door, I sensed something mysterious. I stood in front of the stairs leading up to the attic of Grandma's old house. I could see particles of floating dust in the narrow ray of light shining down the steep stairway from above. "It's only an attic," I told myself, but the butterflies in my stomach didn't listen.

Grandma had asked me to find her old sewing box. She hadn't sewn anything in years, but she wanted to mend an old quilt her mother had made for her when Grandma was my age. The box was somewhere in the nooks and crannies of her cobweb-draped attic.

As I slowly climbed the attic stairs, I felt a musty breeze touch my face. A tiny, broken window allowed a sliver of light to cut through the darkness, illuminating a string hanging from a single light bulb mounted on the low ceiling. When I pulled the cord, a dull, yellow light revealed the jumbled contents of the attic.

"Ah!" I jumped nervously as I found myself in front of a headless mannequin wearing an old, dusty cloak. Just beyond the headless dress dummy were several large boxes, each carefully taped and labeled. On top of the boxes was an assortment of old objects. On the other side of the stairs, an orderly row of dusty black suitcases with old-fashioned leather straps and metal buckles waited for the next time they would be of use. Behind these, barely visible in the dark recess formed by the sloped ceiling, was a large trunk. It was very dusty and obviously old.

As soon as I saw the trunk, my mind filled with images of forgotten treasures secreted away by someone long ago. I wanted to find Grandma's sewing box, but even more I wanted to open that trunk and discover what was hidden inside. Quickly walking over to it, I dropped to my knees on the wooden floorboards and gripped the front edge of the rounded lid. I pushed with all my might, but it didn't budge. Leaning back on my heels, I squinted in the dim light, searching for what prevented me from opening my treasure chest. On the front of the chest, a metal plate with a rusty keyhole in its center held the lid tightly to the base.

My wave of disappointment was interrupted by my grandmother's faint voice floating up the stairs from the floor below. "Is everything OK?"

"Just looking for your sewing box, Grandma," I shouted back.

Looking around quickly, I spotted Grandma's sewing box among the clutter. Casting a quick glance over my shoulder at the locked trunk, I climbed down the stairs, leaving the attic and its undiscovered treasures behind.

"I'm so happy that you were able to find it," Grandma said, taking the box from my hands. "That attic is so cluttered, I was afraid my sewing box would be lost forever. I hope it wasn't too much of a bother," she said, looking up from sorting through the contents of the box to give me an apologetic glance.

"Not at all, Grandma," I said, smiling slightly. Then I told her about the trunk and asked if she knew what was in it. Sensing my anticipation, Grandma closed her sewing box and looked at me thoughtfully.
"That trunk sounds interesting," she said, her eyes shining with curiosity. "Why don't we investigate? I have some old keys down in the kitchen, and I have long since forgotten what they open."

In a cluttered drawer in the kitchen, we discovered a very large key, like the kind that were made when locks were a new invention. I grabbed it and eagerly rushed back up the stairs.

I inserted the key into the rusty lock and turned. Nothing happened. Another wave of disappointment welled up inside me, but I was determined to open that trunk. I tried again, this time pushing the key all the way in and holding the lock while turning it. To my surprise, it opened with a groan.

A cloud of dust and stale-smelling air escaped from the trunk. The single light cast my own shadow over the trunk so that the contents were barely visible. Quickly rummaging through the contents, I discovered that the trunk contained nothing but old clothes.

My search was interrupted by Grandma's voice floating up from below. "Did the key work?" she called.

Quickly I gathered an armload of the contents and carried them down to show Grandma.

In the kitchen, we began laying the clothes out on the table. Grandma was smiling. "I forgot about all this," she said. "These are my father's army uniforms. Look, his name is sewn across his right-hand pocket." Then she picked up a wooden box and held it close to her heart.

"These are his medals," she said, setting the box down on the table. "He received several medals for bravery." Grandma arranged the medals on the uniform that was draped across the table. There was a photograph of several soldiers standing together with their left hands at their hips and their right hands in a crisp salute at the camera. Tears had formed in Grandma's eyes.

"My father is the one on the left," she explained. She beamed as she gazed at the image of her father.

As Grandma's stories about her father and the wonderful things he did began to unravel, I came to realize I really had discovered a treasure. It was much more than a trunk of old clothes. It was a treasure worth far more than anything I could have imagined.

7. How does the title “Hidden Treasure” affect the reader's understanding of the story?
   a. It identifies the lesson the narrator learns in the story.
   b. It describes how the narrator keeps his riches a secret.
   c. It tells the reader that the narrator will find buried treasure.
   d. It describes the grandmother's feelings about the narrator.
May 6, 1848

Independence, Missouri

Dear Diary,

Tomorrow our wagon train heads west for Oregon Country. We are in Independence, our starting point. We have been here for two weeks. Mama has been sewing the canvas cover for our wagon, and Papa has been buying supplies. He has also been meeting with the wagon master, the leader of our journey.

There is not much for me to do. Matthew goes on errands with Papa, and Lucy helps Mama with the sewing. I would like to visit the shops and walk along the river, but Mama says that I am too young to do those things alone. I am old enough to take care of David, so I have spent most of my time watching him.

The prairie grass has grown enough so that the oxen pulling our wagons can eat it. We can now start our travel. "This will be a hard trip, Abigail," Papa has told me. "It may take six months to reach the Willamette Valley." I miss Uncle George, Aunt Hannah, and my cousins already. I especially miss Susan, my best friend. Will I ever see any of them again?

Everyone is excited about our trip. But I do not care if this is a "grand adventure." I wish we were not going!

May 29, 1848

Fort Kearny, Nebraska

Dear Diary,

As Papa warned, this has been a hard trip. Mr. Polk, the wagon master, gave us bad news the same day we left Independence. "Your wagons are overloaded and too heavy," he announced. "Go through your belongings. Get rid of anything that you do not need. After today, any family that falls behind gets left behind." Soon tables, chairs, and other furniture lay beside the trail. Mama and Papa left a table and their iron bed frame. Even food was left behind. Since that day, we have had to walk most of the time. I do not like it, but I am getting used to it.
I am also getting to know the other people in our group. There are two other girls my age. Their names are Agnes and Jane. We often walk and talk together. We have been walking along the Platte River for many days now. What astonishing things we have seen! The wind ripples through the grass, making the prairie look like an ocean. Thousands of big bison have passed us. On Saturday, three Native Americans stopped to trade with us. Even the thunderstorms have a special beauty.

In the evenings, the grown-ups talk around the campfire. They are excited about making new lives for themselves. I think about what I have seen on our journey across this wonderful country. I am beginning to understand my parents' excitement about our destination.

July 4, 1848

Independence Rock, Wyoming

Dear Diary,

It is Independence Day at Independence Rock! We arrived yesterday. I am glad we stayed! Two other wagon trains have come. We will have a big party tonight. My family explored Independence Rock this morning. It is the biggest rock I have ever seen! Papa carved PERKINS into the rock. "Now people will know that we were here," he said.

(9) We are almost halfway through our journey. Soon we will reach South Pass. Then we will cross the mountains into Oregon Country. There will be weeks of travel. I no longer mind. Even though I miss our old home, I still have my family. Together we will make a great new home in Oregon!

8. Why is paragraph 9 important to this selection?
   a. It tells that Abigail's family is close to South Pass.
   b. It tells how Abigail thinks the adventure will end.
   c. It describes how hard the journey has been.
   d. It describes the mountains in Oregon.

**The Jackal and the Tiger**

One day a tiger who greatly admired himself was swishing through the jungle. He was so busy thinking about his own greatness that he did not watch where he was going. He stepped right into a trap that had been set by hunters. As hard as he tried, the tiger could not bend the bars of the cage. "If my strength won't get me out, I will just have to beg a passing stranger to help me," he thought.

Finally he saw a man in the distance. The man was a Brahman, someone known for his kindness. The tiger quickly called, "Oh, please let me out of this cage, dear sir. It will take no time at all to help me, and I will never forget your generosity."

"I am sorry, strong tiger," said the kind Brahman, "but if I let you out of your cage, you will make me wish that I had not taken pity on you."

"Oh my goodness, no!" said the tiger. "Do you think I could be so cruel?" He continued to cry and plead. Finally the Brahman could no longer refuse to let him out. He opened the trap. The tiger jumped out of the cage like a bolt of lightning. He pounced on the Brahman, ready to break his promise without a second thought.
The Brahman pleaded for mercy. "Oh mighty tiger," said the Brahman. "Who am I to quarrel with such a powerful beast? Another beast of the jungle should settle this matter."

The tiger unwillingly let the Brahman go. "Find a beast and return quickly," snarled the tiger.

The Brahman hurried off, his face a mask of fear. He soon came across a jackal. "Why are you crying so, good Brahman?" asked the jackal.

"Oh, poor me," wailed the man. "I just escaped a tiger's jaws by the skin of my teeth." He explained everything that had happened as a result of his kindness to the trapped tiger. At last he told the jackal about the bargain he had made with the tiger. The Brahman asked the jackal if he would agree to help him.

"Take me to this tiger," said the clever jackal.

So the Brahman and the jackal went back to the cage where the tiger was waiting. The tiger told his story to the jackal, hoping that the jackal would favor him. The jackal said, "Your story is most confusing, Tiger. Explain it to me again."

"I was in the cage, you foolish animal," screamed the tiger. "I was outside the cage, and then I got in it."

"Please," the jackal said agreeably, "how could you get in the cage when you were outside the cage?"

"How did I get in the cage? Did you ask me that? I'll show you how I got in the cage!" The tiger jumped into the cage. "Now do you see how it happened?"

"I see clearly now," smiled the jackal as he closed and locked the cage door. "I see how it was, how it is, and how it will stay from now on!"

9. What is the message of “The Jackal and the Tiger”?
   a. Animals in the jungle need to get along with each other.
   b. Those who help animals are sometimes surprised.
   c. Tigers often do not keep their promises to others.
   d. Those who play tricks often receive tricks in return.

10. Which of the following best describes the plots of stories like “The Jackal and the Tiger”?
   a. The main character is helped by a long-time friend.
   b. The main character is outsmarted by another character.
   c. The main character has a change in feelings about others.
   d. The main character learns an important lesson.

Mateo’s Bunny

Mateo had wanted a dog for as long as he could remember. He had always dreamed of having a puppy to love and play with, but Mom wasn't too happy about having a dog.

"No," Mom said when Mateo asked her for the millionth time.
"But Dad's working on the fence right now, Mom. You said we might get a dog when he's finished," Mateo reminded her.

"Yes, but taking care of a dog means much more than simply leaving it in the yard," Mom said. "You have to feed it, bathe it, and brush its coat. And you can't take the day off because you're tired or you want to go out and play. The dog would depend on you, Mateo. I don't think you are ready to take on such a big job yet."

With that, Mom walked away as Mateo stared after her. Mateo wished he could somehow prove that Mom could trust him not to let her down.

Soon the day came when the fence was almost finished. The yard was now surrounded except for the gates, which Dad would finish very soon. That night, Mateo was in the kitchen eating an apple and looking out the window. He was imagining what it would be like to be playing with his dog in the yard. Suddenly, he noticed something stir under the oak tree. There was a little cottontail rabbit eating some grass. Except for its munching, the rabbit was very still and watchful, alert to any possible danger.

"Mom!" Mateo cried. "Come look!"

Mom hurried to the window, and they watched the rabbit for a little while.

"I guess it wandered in through the open gate and thought it would have a snack," Mom said.

"Maybe the rabbit will come back tomorrow night. Do you think I should leave it some carrots to eat and a bowl of water?" Mateo asked.

"That sounds like a good idea," Mom replied. She smiled and left Mateo to watch the rabbit.

The next evening Mateo laid some carrots in the grass under the oak tree and put a bowl of water next to them so the rabbit could get a drink. Then he went up to his bedroom window to watch for the rabbit. Sure enough, later that night it came hopping across the lawn to where Mateo left the food and water. Each night, Mateo faithfully put out food and water for the rabbit. Mateo's mother quietly observed her son's efforts.

The day Dad hung the gates, Mateo stood watching him. Mom pulled up in the car and called to Mateo.

"Come and help me carry this in, please," she said.

Mateo ran over to the car. Mom smiled as a very surprised Mateo and a very wiggly puppy met for the first time.

"You've done such a wonderful job of feeding the rabbit that I've decided you deserve a chance to show how reliable you can be with a dog," she said. "I'm very proud of you, Mateo."

"Wow!" Mateo shouted. He couldn't believe it—he finally had his own dog. He thought for a moment, then said, "I think I'll call her Bunny. But, now that the gates are hung, the rabbit won't be able to get in the yard. I'll leave its carrots outside of the yard."
"Good idea," Mom said. She laughed as she watched Mateo run off with the puppy following him. Turning to go inside, she had a feeling that they would take very good care of each other.

11. What lesson can be learned from Mateo’s Bunny?
   a. Your actions tell others about you.
   b. Be happy with what you have,
   c. Look at the world around you.
   d. Hard work is a good exercise.

**Mouse-Deer and Crocodile: A Polynesian Tale**

Long ago a tiny deer lived on a tropical island. This miniature deer was so small that he was often mistaken for a mouse. In fact, the people on the island called him Mouse-deer.

An enormous crocodile also lived on the island. His teeth were like razors. His eyes were burning lumps of coal. Crocodile was so big and so fierce that he frightened all of the animals on the island. Only tiny Mouse-deer was not afraid of this great beast.

One sizzling summer day Mouse-deer came to drink from the river. Crocodile decided to teach him a lesson. He opened his huge jaws. Snap! He grabbed one of Mouse-deer’s legs in his mouth. The trapped animal calmly picked up a nearby branch that had fallen from a tree.

"Ha!" said the little deer, his leg in the crocodile's mouth. "You have been fooled again, Crocodile. That is not my leg in your mouth but only a piece of wood." He held up the limb from the tree. "Here is my leg."

Of course, Crocodile did just as Mouse-deer expected. He dropped the little deer’s leg and snapped up the branch. As soon as his leg was free, Mouse-deer scampered away. Crocodile was left with a tree limb hanging from his mouth.

Now Crocodile was angrier than ever. He thrashed his long tail. He roared until the sky shook. Even the river flowed over its banks to get away from the furious beast. Crocodile promised himself that he would catch Mouse-deer the next time the little trickster came to the river. He decided to disguise himself as a big, floating log and hide in the plants along the river’s bank.

Mouse-deer remembered his close shave with Crocodile’s sharp teeth. He knew he had to be unusually careful. The next time he came to drink at the river's edge, he looked around cautiously. Hidden in the plants was a huge, floating log with scales. This is very peculiar, Mouse-deer thought to himself. Then he said aloud, "If that log is really Crocodile, he will certainly float downstream."

Crocodile heard Mouse-deer's words, but he lay very still. He knew he would catch the tricky deer this time.

"However," Mouse-deer continued, "if that is just a log it will certainly float upstream."

I must float upstream then, thought the foolish crocodile. Closing his eyes, he started swimming slowly against the pull of the current. He smiled at his own cleverness. Mouse-deer would never play another trick on him.

Mouse-deer laughed as he watched Crocodile swim away. "He who plays a trick must be ready to be tricked in return!" he called to Crocodile.
Crocodile heard Mouse-deer and looked around in astonishment. He watched as the tip of the tiny deer's tail disappeared into the jungle.

12. What is the main message in “Mouse-deer and Crocodile”

a. Clever thinking can sometime trick an enemy.
b. Being strong can fool weaker enemies.
c. Working together often solves problems.
d. Being small often scares others.

I Know It Can Be Done

The Gateway Arch was completed in 1965. It was built to honor the people who helped settle the American West. The Arch is located near the place where explorers Lewis and Clark began their journey up the Missouri River. The information they brought back from their trip was important in helping the United States grow westward.

The beautiful Arch towers 630 feet over the city of St. Louis, Missouri. It is located in a 90-acre park on the banks of the Mississippi River. The Arch represents a doorway to the American West. Windows placed near the top of the Arch were intended to allow visitors to see as far as 30 miles away. There was a problem, though. In 1965, there was no way to get people to the top of the Arch.

The Arch is made of stainless steel and has a hollow middle. "Is it possible to make an elevator that will go up a curve?" people wondered. Dick Bowser's answer was "Yes." Dick Bowser was a builder who had spent many hours with his father designing and installing elevators. He was sure a way could be found to carry visitors to the top of the Gateway Arch. But how?

He began to think about this big problem. His first idea was to build an elevator that would travel straight up. Passengers would ride to the top of the elevator. There they would get off and walk over to a second elevator. The second elevator would take them even higher up into the Arch. Bowser decided this idea would not work, though. There was not enough waiting space inside the Arch. People would find it difficult to move from one elevator to the next.

His second idea was to put moving stairs inside the Arch. This idea had to be thrown out too. He learned that the stairs would be too expensive. They would also not work well near the top of the Arch.
Bowser thought and thought. Finally, he pictured a Ferris wheel in his mind. He thought about the carnival ride's moving seats that never tipped the riders over. After measuring the Arch, Bowser continued to think about the problem.

Two weeks later, Bowser combined two of his ideas into one. He would create an elevator that worked much like a Ferris wheel. His plan was to make a little tram—a chain of small, round wheels. Sandwiched between the two sides of each wheel were eight drums. Inside each drum were five seats. The wheels moved up a cable like little Ferris wheels. The drums inside turned so the riders never tipped over. The idea worked beautifully.

Today, after more than 40 years, Bowser's elevator is still carrying visitors to the top of the Arch. There, people can enjoy a bird's-eye view of the gateway city to the west.

13. In which book would this passage most likely be found?
   a. The Gateway Arch, An American Landmark
   b. The Man Who Invented the Ferris Wheel
   c. Visiting the American Gateway
   d. How Elevators Work

Wilma Rudolph, a Special Hero

Wilma Glodean Rudolph is a hero to many people. She is famous because she won three gold medals in the Olympics. She was the first American woman to do this. That is only a small part of why she is a hero, though.

Winning gold medals would be very special to anyone, but it was even more special to Wilma and her family. Wilma was very sick as a child. She did not think she was ever going to be able to walk. She certainly did not realize she would do so well in sports.

Wilma was born in Tennessee in 1940. She was born too early, so she was very small. She also had a disease called polio. The disease caused her left leg and foot to be weak. The doctors told her family that there was no hope for improvement. Wilma wore a leg support from the time she was 6 until she was 11 years old. She had to go to the hospital every week for extra care.

There was something else special about Wilma. She had 21 brothers and sisters. Her large family worked to help her to get better. The family learned how to help her do special exercises for her leg. Wilma could finally walk normally at the age of 11.

Wilma decided she wanted to play sports. She played basketball in high school and became a star. Wilma also wanted to run track. She always seemed to be "buzzing around," so her coach gave her the nickname of "Skeeter."

Wilma went to her first Olympic games at the age of 16. She won a bronze medal for third place in the 4 × 100 meter relay.

Four years later, Wilma won three gold medals at the Rome Olympics. She won both the 100-meter dash and the 200-meter dash. She also won the 400-meter relay. She was the anchor of the successful relay team which means she was the last of four runners. The anchor is a very important role.
The gold medals made Wilma very famous. Her town wanted to celebrate her victory. The people wanted to give her a parade to welcome her home. Before then, black and white people in her town had not gone to celebrations together. Wilma insisted that her parade would be for all people. It was the first event in the town where black and white people celebrated together. This event was very special to her.

Soon after the Olympics, Wilma went to college at Tennessee State University. She became a teacher and a coach. She got married and had four children. She liked to give speeches at worldwide track events. She also spoke to students about her life. Wilma worked on sports television and radio shows. She started a program that gave free coaching in all sports to children in need.

In 1993, the President of the United States gave Wilma a special award. She was the first woman ever to receive the National Sports Award. She died only one year later at the age of 54.

Wilma Rudolph is still a hero today. She had to work much harder than most to follow her dreams. During her life, she earned many awards. She is a member of the Black Sports Hall of Fame and the National Track and Field Hall of Fame. Her name can also be found in the hall of fame for United States Olympic athletes.

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14. In which book would this selection most likely be found?
   a. Tops for How to Make the Track Team
   b. People Who Followed Their Dreams
   c. Exercises for Building Strong Legs
   d. The History of Olympic Swimming

15. Which of these is the best summary of this selection?
   a. Wilma Rudolph is an American hero. She worked hard to defeat health problems and become an Olympic champion. She is also respected for helping others through her word as a teacher, coach, and public speaker.
   b. Wilma Rudolph was the first American woman to win three Olympic gold medals. She was the first person to receive the National Sports Award. Her name is in the hall of fame.
c. Wilma Rudolph was born with problems that left her unable to walk normally, but she and her family did not give up. Hard work helped Wilma learn to walk and reach her goals.

d. Wilma Rudolph won three Olympic gold medals. A parade was held in her hometown to celebrate her victory. She insisted that the event would be for everyone in the town.

The Man Who Named Plants

Carl Linnaeus was born about 300 years ago. He grew up in Sweden, which is a country on the continent of Europe. As a boy, Carl was fascinated with flowers. He studied them closely. Then he wrote notes about what he learned.

People gave Carl a nickname when he was very young. They called him "the little botanist." A botanist is a scientist who studies plants. When he became an adult, Carl took his love of plants to a university in his country. While in school, he studied medicine. Back then, doctors made their own cures from plants. By studying medicine, Carl was able to learn even more about his beloved flowers.

While still a student, Carl was chosen to explore an area called Lapland. He spent five months walking across this cold and beautiful land near the North Pole. His hike covered 1000 miles. As he walked, Carl studied and collected rare plants.

After he returned, Carl wrote a book about what he found. His book described his system of organizing plants. He wanted everyone to know how he grouped the new plants. The book made him famous. He continued to research plants and medicine.

Before Carl Linnaeus, plant names were confusing. Many plant names had several parts and were difficult to remember. Some plants even had different names given by different people. If a person did not like the name, he or she would change it.

Linnaeus's system was an orderly way to classify and name plants. He decided to give every plant a two-part name, just as people in his country had two-part names. For example, Linnaeus was Carl's family name. It meant that he was one member of a family, or a related group. Carl was his given name. It helped tell him apart from other family members. However, the names Carl gave to plants would be in Latin, the language of the ancient Romans.

"Why not shorten plant names?" Carl thought. One part would be the genus, or the group name, just as Linnaeus was his family's group name. For example, one large group of related trees such as maples would have one Latin name. Another group of trees such as oaks would have a different Latin name.

The second part of the name would be the species. The species helps tell one member of a group from other members of that group. This worked the same way Carl's first name helped tell him apart from his cousin. For example, the tree commonly known as a sugar maple is one kind of tree in the maple group. A red maple is another member of the maple group. In Carl's two-part naming system, they would share the same Latin genus name but have different Latin species names.

Carl studied every plant he could find. He gave them all two-part names. He continued to write about plants. The first book he wrote grew from one small book to several books. People can study his writings today to learn even more about his ideas. People everywhere began to use Carl's plan to
name plants. Plant names now are easier to remember because everyone uses the same name. Carl is famous even now because of his great idea!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Carl Linnaeus</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1707 – Born in Sweden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1727 – Enters a university to study medicine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1732 – Goes to Lapland to collect plants that might be used to make medicines</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1734 – Goes to central Sweden to collect plants that might be used to make medicines</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1735 – Publishes a book on classifying life forms called Systema Naturae</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1737 – Publishes Flora Lapponica, a book about hunting plants in Lapland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1738 – Begins to practice medicine in Sweden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1741 – Becomes a professor at a university in Sweden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1758 – Republishes Systema Naturae, labeling all 4,000 species with his two-part system</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1758 – Builds a museum to hold all of his plant samples and books</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1761 – Is named a knight by Sweden’s king, Adolf Frederick</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

16. Which sentence from the article supports the idea that Carl Linnaeus wrote about much of what he learned?
   a. The second part of the name would be the species.
   b. A red maple is another member of the maple group.
   c. The first book he wrote grew from one small book to several books.
   d. As a boy, Carl was fascinated with flowers.

**Polar Bears**

Everyone knows that polar bears have white fur, right? Actually, the answer is no. The hairs on their body are hollow tubes. These tube-like hairs reflect light. Since their surroundings are a backdrop of snow and ice, the bears look white to a person’s eyes.

Polar bears are hunters. That means they eat other animals. The main food a polar bear eats is seals. They also eat walruses, whales, and even some plants. In one way polar bears are like bears that live in warmer climates, raccoons, and people. All of these animals will eat both meat and plants. Raccoons often steal food from people’s trash cans.

For many reasons a polar bear is well-suited to its Arctic home. Its thick fur coat keeps it warm and makes it difficult for the bears to be seen. The polar bear is a great swimmer. It also has thick, webbed feet that help it walk on cold, frozen turf and swim in the icy water. However, polar bears are in trouble. Their numbers keep going down. If the bears are so well-suited to their homes, why are they in danger? Some of the danger comes from hunters, but the main problem is loss of habitat. As the polar ice melts, the bears have less and less space to live and hunt. Many people are now worried about the melting ice.
17. Which is the best new title for this passage?
   a. Swimming Star
   b. Life in the Arctic
   c. Melting Polar Ice
   d. Seals for Lunch

The Trip

The twins could not have been more excited. Andy was smiling from ear to ear as he got into the car. His sister Jan and their mother were already inside with their seatbelts fastened. The day my children had been waiting for had finally arrived. I felt like teasing them as I got behind the wheel in the driver’s seat. “So where are we going?” I asked as if I did not remember. Of course I remembered perfectly. We had been planning this trip for a month.

Jan wanted to try the roller coaster even though she was a bit scared. Andy was eager to go on slides and tube rides in the water part of the park. I told Jan to take a notepad and pen from the pocket on the car door. I helped the twins make notes about their ideas. “You will have about six hours,” I told them. “If you plan things out in advance, you will not waste time. We will be there when the park first opens. Be smart and start with the rides that will get busy later in the day.”

When we arrived at the park, we all agreed to meet for lunch at 12:00. At noon sharp, we met at the food court for pizzas and salads. Then we all went our separate ways for the rest of the morning. Mom went with Andy. He spent his time on water rides. I followed Jan as she worked up her nerve and rode on the roller coaster. She thought it was thrilling. Then she rode on other rides right up until lunch time.

After lunch, the twins switched what they did. Jan and I tried out the rides in the water park. Andy and his mom went on the roller coaster. At 4:00, I went to get the car. At three o’clock, we all met as we had planned at lunch. The children begged for more time. Their mom and I agreed to give them one more hour. By ten minutes after four o’clock, we were on our way home. On Monday we would be back to our usual school and work schedules. It had been a wonderful day for us all!

18. Which would be the best new title for this passage?
   a. The Family’s Car Trip
   b. A Scary Roller Coaster
   c. How to Earn a Fun Reward
   d. A Day at the Amusement Park

The Recital

Jen twirled in front of the mirror, watching the hem of her chiffon skirt chase itself around her strong legs. She planted her feet in first position, standing erect like a wooden toy soldier. She pushed her shoulders back, inhaling deeply. As she exhaled, the music began.
She closed her eyes and began swaying and bending to the slow, quiet notes of the piano. As the rhythm quickened, Jen’s movements came alive with powerful taps, kicks and twirls. She lost herself in the music with every leap and twirl, ending her perfect routine with a deep curtsy. Jen panted as her mouth decided on a satisfied smile. “I did it,” she thought, “a perfect routine! Now if I can only get rid of the butterflies in my stomach for the performance tomorrow night.”

Jen was a dedicated dancer, spending most of her free time practicing ballet. Each year her dance school held a spring recital. She was honored to perform and share her love of ballet with everyone. The only problem was, she had a severe case of stage fright. The thought of all those eyes eating up her every movement made Jen dizzy with anxiety. Jen’s smile curled down into a worried frown as she pondered the recital.

Her friend, Mark, bounded into the studio on pogo stick legs, startling Jen. “What’s up, Ballerina Pants?” Mark teased. “Need a little pep talk for tomorrow’s performance? Just be like me: fearless as a lion, ready to take the performance by the tail and put it in my pocket!” Mark and Jen plopped down against the studio’s wall of mirrors like two rag dolls tossed aside by a child. Jen wished she could be more like Mark, able to dance his way through every performance without a bit of uncertainty. “Seriously, Mark,” Jen said, “How do you do it? How can you not be the least bit nervous before a performance?” “You’re way off base on that, Jen,” Mark replied. “Of course I’m nervous! Are you kidding? Hundreds of eyes feasting on me and my every movement? I’d have to be crazy to not be nervous. But, I can give you my secret.”

Jen nodded eagerly at Mark, urging him on. Mark grinned, “It’s like my granddaddy always told me, Ballerina Pants, all you have to do is take the bull by its horns.” Jen rolled her eyes at Mark. “Great advice, Mark, but I have no idea what that means. I need practical advice here.

Do you picture the audience wearing nothing but their birthday suits, do you meditate for 10 minutes before each show? What do you do?” Jen’s eyes searched Mark’s for an answer. “Look,” he said, “just be confident in yourself. You are a great dancer. Forget about the audience. Lose yourself in the music and let your body take over. Stop thinking. Switch your brain off. Take a few deep breaths before you get out there and tell yourself you can do it. Then do it. It really is that simple, Ballerina Pants.” Jen thought for a long time about Mark’s advice.

The night of the performance came as quick as a wink, and Jen found herself backstage moments before show time. The last notes from the girl ahead of her died away as the crowd erupted in thunderous applause. Jen took a deep breath in, filling up her lungs as if it were her last breath before diving into icy cool waters. The crowd quieted as Jen tiptoed to the middle of the stage. She placed herself firmly in starting position and waited for the music to begin. The first notes seeped like waves under the chairs, trickling down the aisle and gaining momentum as they crashed into the stage. Jen felt the music and hardly realized her body was moving in perfect harmony with it.

Her performance played out like a dream where everything seemed sort of foggy to Jen, but came off clear as a bell to the audience. As the music slowed, Jen’s performance wrapped up in perfect timing.

She held her curtsy a few seconds longer than necessary, eating up the applause the audience was giving. Jen raised her head, grinned and dashed off the stage where Mark waited with his arm in the air to give Jen the sweetest high five of her life.

19. What type of figurative language is the following sentence?
“She planted her feet in first position standing erect like a wooden toy soldier.” (RL.4)

A. metaphor
B. simile
C. idiom
D. personification
20. Which of the following choices best illustrates a simile? (RL.4)

A. The first night of the performance came as quick as a wink.
B. Take the bull by its horns
C. The thought of all those eyes eating up her every movement.
D. Jen’s smile curled down into a worried frown as she pondered the recital

21. What is the meaning of the following underlined idiom? (RL.4)
“Your way off base on that....”

A. Nervous
B. Not standing tall
C. Not correct in thinking
D. Your attitude is not appropriate

Those Terrible “Terror Birds”!
How would you describe the birds you see today? Some words that come to mind might be graceful, pretty, and small. Birds have not always been this way. In fact, scientists have found fossils that show that many prehistoric birds were creatures out of a nightmare.

The earliest of these “terror birds” lived about 60 million years ago. Many were ten feet tall, weighed 600 pounds, and could run 40 miles an hour. They did not fly. They were meat eaters, and they probably dined on prey as large as a horse. Scientists believe that they killed their prey by giving it a nasty kick to knock it down. Their powerful claws were knives, which they used to rip and carve their meals.

Much later, about six million years ago, Argentavis magnificent lived. Unlike its earlier relatives, this 155-pound giant could fly. Its wingspan was 23 feet! Scientists were baffled about how a bird this big and heavy could ever get off the ground. Its wings would have been too weak to flap. Now scientists think it must have been a glider that took off by dropping from a cliff, spreading its wings, and holding them in a fixed position. In other words, it was a small airplane soaring through the skies!

The prehistoric thunderbird was a relative of the modern goose. It stood ten feet tall and its legs were tree trunks. Its body was like a wooden barrel, and its enormous head showed off a huge beak. Despite its frightening looks and powerful body, this bird probably ate fruits and vegetables rather than meat. Its clawless toes were shaped like the hooves of a cow, suitable for standing and grazing rather than chasing and killing.

Some “terror birds” lived in more modern times. Elephant birds lived until about a thousand years ago. They were ten feet tall, weighed about a thousand pounds, and laid huge eggs. Imagine if your refrigerator offered you eggs that were each three feet around!

22. What does the author suggest by using the phrase, “their powerful claws were knives.” (RL.4)

a. Their claws were thin and flat
b. Their claws were long and weak
c. Their claws were strong and sharp
d. Their claws had to be sharpened often
23. The passage contains the phrase “its legs were tree trunks.” What does the author mean? (RL.4)
   a. It is a simile that tells why the bird’s legs were rough
   b. It is a simile that shows how thick the bird’s legs were
   c. It is a metaphor that tells why the bird’s legs were rough
   d. It is a metaphor that shows how thick the bird’s legs were

24. Why does the author compare the thunderbird’s body to a wooden barrel? (RL.4)
   a. To explain that it could store a lot of food
   b. To explain that its skin was as hard as wool
   c. To help the reader visualize the size of its body
   d. To help the reader understand how it moved as it ate

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**Kelsey's Flight**

Kelsey is flying to Florida for the summer. She is excited to see her favorite aunt again, but she is nervous because this is her first time to fly. Her dad takes her to the airport and helps her put tags on her luggage. They print her name and address on the tags so the luggage will not get lost. Then they walk up to the ticket counter.

The ticket agent checks in Kelsey's bags and gives her the boarding pass. "You need to find Gate C4," the ticket agent tells Kelsey. "Look at the signs over your head. They will show you how to find Gate C4. That is where your plane will be." Kelsey and her dad read the signs overhead. They see that Gate C4 is to the right. Kelsey hugs her dad good-bye.

Airport security is the next stop. Kelsey passes through the metal detector. Then she turns and waves to her dad who is watching from a few yards away. After she passes through the security checkpoint, she looks again at the signs hanging overhead. She follows the signs to Gate C4.

Soon Kelsey is on the plane. "My name is Jane," the flight attendant tells her. Jane lets Kelsey sit close to the front. She gives Kelsey a blanket and a pillow. As the plane climbs higher in the air, Kelsey looks out the window.

"Wow," Kelsey says to herself, "the cars and houses are tiny! They look like little toys." She watches them become smaller and smaller until they disappear in the distance. Then Kelsey leans back in her seat and closes her eyes.

An hour later, the captain's voice comes over the speaker and wakes her up. "Ladies and gentlemen, we are about to make our final descent," the voice says. Jane tells Kelsey that they are about to land. "I was dreaming about the ocean," Kelsey tells Jane. "My aunt and I were swimming. I was like a dolphin, swimming really fast." The flight attendant smiles and winks at Kelsey. "When we land, I will help you find your aunt," Jane tells her. "Then you can swim in the ocean—just like the dolphins." Jane winks at her again.

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25. How are Kelsey and Jane different? (RL.3)
   A. Jane is travelling to visit her parents, but Kelsey is flying to visit her aunt.
   B. Jane is travelling to visit her aunt, but Kelsey is flying to visit her parents.
   C. Jane sleeps on the plane, while Kelsey works on the flight.
   D. Kelsey sleeps on the plane, while Jane works during the flight.

---

**The Orphan Boy**
Long ago, an army was preparing for battle against an enemy. The enemy army had a fierce monster fighting on its side. He was taller and stronger than any other man, and every soldier feared him. He was very ugly but also very smart.

As the armies lined up on the battlefield, the monster walked out from the enemy line and yelled, "Don’t fight!" He offered to settle the battle by fighting the other side’s best soldier. The battle would go to the side of whoever won the one-on-one fight. Who would be brave enough to fight the monster, though? The soldiers were all afraid. Finally, a poor orphan boy stepped forward and offered to fight the monster. The soldiers looked at him in disbelief. However, the orphan boy was unafraid. He had been taking care of himself for a long time by using a rope to catch wild pigs to sell. He knew he could use his rope to cause the big monster to fall. The king agreed to let him try.

The armies stood on each side as the monster carried his spear, sword, and shield onto the field. The orphan boy carried nothing but his rope, but he was so eager to meet the monster that he ran out onto the battlefield. Before the giant could get ready, the boy roped his legs and made him fall. Then the orphan boy quickly tied him up. The battle was over, and the orphan boy was a hero.

The diagram below compares and contrasts the orphan boy and the monster from the story.

26. What fact could be added to the diagram that describes the orphan boy but not the monster? (RL.3)
A. feared by other soldiers
B. fearful of the monster
C. strongest soldier in the army
D. quick-acting

27. Which of the following could be added to the middle of the diagram because it is true about both the orphan boy and the monster? (RL.3)
A. afraid to fight
B. wanted to win
C. inexperienced
D. good with spear

Passage 1

My first day of high school was years ago, but I still remember it like it was yesterday. I had just gotten a new haircut and outfit. I wanted to look nice, of course. I arrived a little early so that I could organize my locker and hang up some pictures in the door. I made it to homeroom before the bell rang and sat next to a couple of kids I knew from eighth grade. The teacher came in with a briefcase,
and we quieted down. We listened to the principal over the loudspeaker. Soon it was time for my first class. I was nervous that it might be really hard, but I had math first and it was all review. I was so relieved.

**Passage 2**

I got up early and put on a new skirt and sweater. I'm not sure if I like my new haircut. It is so short! Brushing it forever wouldn't make it get any longer, though, so I put down the brush and jumped into the car. I arrived at my new school early and headed to my locker. I had the combination memorized already because they gave it to us during orientation. Of course, it wouldn't open. A sophomore had to help me...how embarrassing! I carefully hung up some pictures and then walked to homeroom. I didn't know what to bring, so I just grabbed a pen and a notebook. Now, here I am, sitting next to Joey and Aimee, two of my friends from last year. The teacher walks in, and we are staring at him. He looks so official with a briefcase and a tie! The principal comes on over the loudspeaker and welcomes us to the first day of class. Some kids don't look too excited. They are already practically asleep at their desks. Soon, homeroom is over, and I look at my schedule. Math! My heart is beginning to pound a little. Not my best subject. I sit quietly in the new room and smile as the teacher speaks. It is all review! High school is going to be a piece of cake.

28. Which of these is a detail found only in one of the stories?

A. The girl has a new haircut and outfit for the first day.

B. The girl has trouble opening up her locker.

C. The principal speaks over the loudspeaker.

D. The teacher enters the classroom carrying a briefcase

**Passage 3**

"What's this?" She picked up a small metal box.

"I don't know," said Jacob. "Should we try to open it?"

"Definitely. I can't stand the suspense," Sara cried.

And so, they ran back to the house and went into the garage to find a screwdriver. They pried open the little box and some yellow papers, coins, and old photos spilled out.

"I think it's a time capsule!" yelled Jacob.

"What's that?" asked Sara.

"You know, a box with stuff meant to be discovered in the future."

"Oh. Cool! So, anything interesting?"

They rifled through the contents, stopping to look at the pictures. A boy and girl appeared in clothing from about eighty years ago. Sure enough, the date on the coins was from the 1920s. The papers looked like pages from a diary.

"Boring!" said Jacob. "If you're going to sit here all day and read this junk, I'm going over to Paul's."
“Fine. I don’t care. You know, it’s not every day you find stuff like this,” replied Sara.
“Whatever. I’ll see you later.” Jacob left.

Sara sat down on the stoop in the garage and continued reading. It was an interesting account of daily life written by someone about her age. Sara couldn’t believe how much things had changed in less than a century. She got an idea. Her local museum would probably love to get its hands on this stuff. She showed it to her mom, who was amazed. Together, they called the museum, and a special exhibit was set up. Sara even got to take her classmates to see it during a field trip.

Passage 4

One day, Jacob and Sara went outside to explore the field behind their house. On the way, they found an old well and began to check it out. Sara kicked at the dirt and hit something hard.

“What’s this?” She picked up a small metal box.

“I don’t know,” said Jacob. “Should we try to open it?”

“Definitely. I can’t stand the suspense,” Sara cried.

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About a year after the time capsule find, the siblings decided to bury a time capsule of their own. They went to the store with their dad to pick out a sturdy waterproof box. They filled it with some newspapers, magazines, and photos. Jacob put in his favorite CD, and Sara contributed several written pages about their lives. It was all set! They buried it and tried to forget about it.

29. Time plays a major part in both stories. How is time different in these two stories?

A. Passage 2 takes place over a longer period of time than Passage 1.
B. Passage 2 goes back in time to show Sara and Jacob as babies.
C. Passage 1 shows Sara and Jacob older than they are in Passage 2.
D. Passage 1 takes place many years in the future.

**Passage A**

Do you know how Maryland and the city of Baltimore got their names? In 1634, King Charles I of England gave land to Lord Baltimore. He named the land after the kind king’s wife, Mary. Lord Baltimore ruled the land, but he had to pay some money to the king. He gave the king a share of the gold or silver that was found on the land. Now, on March 25, some people celebrate Maryland Day to honor the arrival of the first colonists to the area.

**Passage B**

The Chesapeake Bay splits Maryland into two sections. The area east of the bay is called the Eastern Shore. The area west of the bay is called the Western Shore.

One main land region is the Atlantic Coastal Plain. It covers about one-half of Maryland’s land area. It stops at the Piedmont Plateau at a fall line. This line runs from the northern tip of the District of Columbia through Baltimore and up to the corner of the state. The Catoctin ridgeline in the west forms the gateway to the Appalachians.

30. How is passage A similar to passage 3?

A. Both passages describe a special holiday.

B. Both passages tell the importance of Lord Baltimore.

C. Both passages describe what the natural features look like.

D. Both passages discuss topics about Maryland.

**The Portrait**

1 As Tyrell pored over his homework, I busied myself with an appealing oversized coffee table book about bridges. For some reason, I’ve always loved bridges. There’s something about the idea of going where it should be impossible to go, of walking across sky or water, which fascinates me.

As I fingered the glossy pages, a fine, loose sheet of paper fluttered from the book. “Hey, look at this,” I said, holding it aloft for Tyrell to examine. Yellowed and crisp with age, the paper displayed a faded pencil drawing.

“It looks like a sketch of a city bridge,” said Tyrell.
4 “It has to be the Waddell Bridge. See the two tall structures in the center? Waddell’s the only bridge in our city with that feature, a span that lifts.”

“You mean the drawbridge?” asked Tyrell.

“Yes, the drawbridge—which also known as a vertical lift bridge to those of us who care,” I replied with a sly teasing look.

7 “This sketch looks pretty old. Do you think it’s antique?” Tyrell asked, his eyes widening with a sense of adventure. My teasing didn’t slow Tyrell’s thought process. Nothing could stop him if he sensed a mystery, just like his idols from the Daring Detectives mystery comic books.

I studied the sketch. “Let’s see . . .” I mused, “There are no bicycle lanes, which means it had to have been finished before 1970. But this is curious . . .”

I pointed to the part of the sketch depicting the control office, where mechanical controls for raising and lowering the drawbridge are kept. An arrow pointed to the office, with smudged, handwritten text beneath it. I could barely make out the words: “LOCATION OF HIDDEN DOCUMENT: NW PORTRAIT.”

10 “Hidden document! Hot diggity, this is starting to get exciting!” exclaimed Tyrell. “Maybe it’s a treasure map! Woohoo, just like a real mystery!”

“Hmm, but what do you suppose ‘nw portrait’ means?” I wondered. “Maybe there’s an ‘e’ missing and it means new portrait? Maybe there was a new portrait of the bridge? But what would that have to do with a hidden document?”

“It sounds like a word puzzle, like in ‘The Scrambled Letters Case’ in Issue Did you read that one? I think we need to investigate in person. Let’s go this weekend,” he suggested eagerly.

The following Saturday, we made our way to Waddell Bridge and crossed it in the pedestrian lane. As we walked, I kept reviewing “nw” possibilities in my head: northwest, north wing, new welding, narrow walkway, no water, but ultimately, I thought of nothing worthwhile. Tyrell’s imagination ran wild, suggesting crazy ideas like national wickedness. Traffic zoomed by loudly, making it harder to concentrate.

When we arrived at the drawbridge office, we waved to Mr. Clark, the operator inside, who smiled at me warmly. He and I had talked about bridges during a recent field trip. “Hi Grace, it’s good to see you! You asked some challenging questions last time you were here. What have you got for me this time?”

15 “Well, today the questions are kind of unusual,” I said, hoping to arouse his interest.
“Yeah, how’d you like to help us investigate a mystery related to this very bridge?” piped up Tyrell.

I handed Mr. Clark the sketch. “This was in a book at the library. It suggests there’s a secret document hidden somewhere in your office, wouldn’t you say?”

Mr. Clark inspected the sketch silently, deep in thought.

“We think it might be a clue to an even bigger mystery!” interjected Tyrell. “But we can’t figure out what ‘NW PORTRAIT’ means.”

20“Well, this is very interesting,” said Mr. Clark, pulling at his scruffy, salt-and-pepper beard. “I wonder . . .” he mumbled, and then, suddenly his features became animated as he turned in the direction of the file cabinet. “This ‘NW’ may be referring to Nolan Waddell. His portrait’s right up there,” Mr. Clark pointed to the wall above the file cabinet.

Tyrell and I turned our attention to the smiling countenance of the great engineer, whose eyes were fixed on a point in the distance, as if watching the horizon. We approached the portrait to examine it more carefully but could see nothing unusual, other than Mr. Waddell’s uncanny farsighted gaze.

“Mr. Clark, would it be possible to take the portrait down?” I asked.

23 Sure enough, when we pried open the worn frame, there, between the painting and the frame backing, was a yellowed envelope with a date stamped in the corner, “1910.” In the middle of the envelope were the words “Do Not Open Until the Next Century.”

24 We all looked at each other, and Mr. Clark nodded, handing me the envelope. My heart thumping, I removed a letter and read aloud:

25 “Dear Future Historians:
26 I can only hope that by the time this letter is opened, the world will have made a place for the genius of women such as my wife. Indeed it is Mrs. Eleanor Waddell, not I, who deserves the lion’s share of the credit for the design of the Waddell Bridge. If our attitudes as a society could only keep pace with the extraordinary reach of our inventions, the contributions of many brilliant women—such as Eleanor—might be brought to light.
27 Sincerely,
Nolan Waddell”
31. What does paragraph 7 do for the overall plot of the story? (RL.5)
A. It lets you know that the map is old which will be important later on.
B. It sets up the fact that this is a mystery and will probably include some kind of adventure for the characters.
C. It sets up the action for the story allowing the reader to see conflict.
D. It adds a dramatic affect to the story, putting the reader on the edge of their seat.

32. Why are paragraphs 25-28 important to the overall story? (RL.5)
A. They explain the mystery of the sketch, explaining that a woman designed the bridge
B. They explain the mystery of the sketch, giving the final location of the treasure.
C. They resolve the conflict of the story giving the reader final closure.
D. They resolve the conflict of the story allowing the characters to return home.

The Spider
by Jane Taylor

"Oh, look at that great ugly spider!" said Ann.
And screaming, she brushed it away with her fan.
"Tis a frightful black creature as ever can be,
I wish that it would not come crawling on me."

"Indeed," said her mother, "I'll offer to say,
The poor thing will try to keep out of your way.
For after the fright, and the fall, and the pain,
It has much more reason than you to complain."

"But why are you afraid of the poor insect, my dear?
If it hurt you, there'd be a reason for your fear;
But its little black legs, as it hurried away,
Did but tickle your arm, as they went, I dare say."

"For them to fear us we must agree to be just,
Who in less than a moment can tread them to dust.
But certainly we have no cause for alarm;
For, were they to try, they could do us no harm."

"Now look! It has got to its home do you see,
What a delicate web it has spun in the tree?
Why here, my dear Ann is a lesson for you:
Come learn from this spider what patience can do!"

"And when you are working you're tempted to play,
Recollect what you see in this insect today.
Or else, to your shame, it may seem to be true,
That a poor little spider is wiser than you."
In the Ebony Room
by Isaac Olaleye
1 In my classroom
We study by sunlight.
But when the wind whistles,
And the clouds hurry in front of the sun,
5 The trees bow.
Leaves flutter,
And the pages of our books
Begin flipping by themselves,
And the clouds are full of rain.
10 Then the wooden windows
Of my classroom
Are pulled shut.

In the ebony dark room
Grinning students whisper
15 How wonderful it is
Not to have to do their
Arithmetic, reading, and writing.
The whispering fades.
On wooden desks students rest their heads.
20 On wooden tables teachers rest their heads.
For in the ebony room
The rain sings
A lullaby to students and teachers.

The pit-a-pat of the rain
25 On the wooden windowpanes
And the whistling wind
Get louder.
Pupils wake up and sing:
“Stop, rain, stop.
30 We cannot play on green grass.
We cannot go home to our parents.
   Stop, rain, stop.
   Come back another day."

But the rain, with a mind of its own,
35 Beats against our wooden windows.
   And pit-a-pat we hear it say:
      "I have a rain forest to fill
And grass to keep green!
   I will rain till I'm through.
   40 Children can wait.
       My music will not."
So in the dark room we nod and doze
   To the rain’s lullaby.

34. Who is the main speaker in the poem? (RL.5)
   A. A child
   B. The rain
   C. A teacher
   D. The wind

35. How does the poet organize the descriptions in lines 1-12? (RL.5)
   A. He lists many of the objects found around the room.
   B. He shows a windy day and compares it to a rainy day.
   C. He explains how the students behave in the classroom.
   D. He begins with a sunny day and then shows changing weather.

Regret

Regret is more than just a six letter word;
It fills my heart with such dread.
All night long I lay in bed
And worry about what could have been.

Years have passed me by
And no one is here to say hello.
The words you once wrote have turned yellow
On the page, but in my head they remain.

The words you said are etched
In my brain and in my heart.
I only wish for a brand new start
And to make amends for my wrongful ways.
But years have passed and words will fade,
However your memory remains.
If only I could release myself from these chains
Of this six letter word: regret.

36. Which choice **best** explains how the title of the poem connects to the lines and stanzas that make up the poem? (RL.5)

A. They all refer to the word regret repeating a lot.
B. They all refer to the speaker feeling scared.
C. They all refer to the unknown regret that the speaker feels.
D. All of the above.