

**Grade Seven**

## Show Me What You Know

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**Directions:** Read the excerpt from *The Dark is Rising* by Susan Cooper. Then, answer the questions that follow. Draw a picture of your favorite presidential leader above the date.

From "Midwinter Day"

He was woken by music. It beckoned him, lilting and insistent; delicate music, played by delicate instruments that he could not identify, with one rippling, bell-like phrase running through it in a gold thread of delight. There was in this music so much of the deepest enchantment of all his dreams and imaginings that he woke smiling in pure happiness

at the sound. In the moment of his waking, it began to fade, beckoning as it went, and then as he opened his eyes it was gone. He had only the memory of that one rippling phrase still echoing in his head, and itself fading so fast that he sat up abruptly in bed and reached his arm out to the air, as if he could bring it back.

The room was very still, and there was no music, and yet Will knew that it had not been a dream. He was in the twins' room still; he could hear Robin's breathing, slow and deep, from the other bed. Cold light glimmered round the edge of the curtains, but no one was stirring anywhere; it was very early. Will pulled on his rumpled clothes from the day before, and slipped out of the room. He crossed the landing to the central window, and looked down.

In the first shining moment he saw the whole strange-familial world, glistening white; the roofs of the outbuildings mounded into square towers of snow, and beyond

them all the fields and hedge: buried, merged into one great flat expanse, unbroken white to the horizon's brim. Will drew in a long, happy breath, silently rejoicing. Then, very faintly, he heard the music again, the same phrase. He swung round vainly searching for it in the air, as if he might see it somewhere like a flickering light.

"Where are you?"

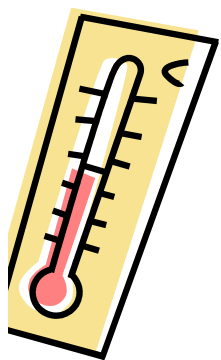
**1. Reread the following sentence (Monday's lesson):**

He swung round vainly searching for it in the air, as if he might see it somewhere like a flickering light.

**Using clues from the sentence and the sentences around it, what could vainly mean?  
Circle the appropriate clues.**

- 
- ☐ Correct part of speech
  - ☐ Makes sense in the sentence
  - ☐ Clues are identified

/3



2. How would you describe the author's writing style in how she uses words?  
(Tuesday's lesson)


- ☐ Used specific details from the text in the answer
- ☐ Answer is an accurate depiction of the author's style or craft
- ☐ No excuses grammar or spelling

/3

**3. Read the following excerpt:**

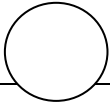
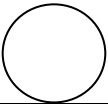
The room was very still, and there was no music, and yet Will knew that it had not been a dream. He was in the twins' room still; he could hear Robin's breathing, slow and deep, from the other bed. Cold light glimmered round the edge of the curtains, but no one was stirring anywhere; it was very early. Will pulled on his rumpled clothes from the day before, and slipped out of the room. He crossed the landing to the central window, and looked down.

**Which words add to the mood of suspense? Circle them. (Wednesday's lesson)**

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4. **Reread the following sentences:** He was woken by music. It beckoned him, lilting and insistent; delicate music, played by delicate instruments that he could not identify, with one rippling, bell-like phrase running through it in a gold thread of delight.

**List types of figurative language does the author employ? In your answer, cite the text. (Thursday's lesson)**

- ☐ Accurately identifies two examples of figurative language  
☐ Cites accurately  
☐ No excuses grammar or spelling

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# May I Have Some More Cake, Please?

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**Directions:** Read the following *excerpt* from *Jabberwocky* then answer the questions that follow.

Carroll, Lewis. "Jabberwocky." *Alice Through the Looking Glass*. Cambridge, Mass.: Candlewick, 2005. (1872)

From Chapter 1: "Looking-Glass House"

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.  
'Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!'  
He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
Long time the manxome foe he sought  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
And stood awhile in thought.  
And as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!  
One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.  
'And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!'  
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.



*I'm impressed  
with how hard  
you are  
working.*

**6. Reread the following lines (Monday's lesson):**

Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!  
He chortled in his joy.

**Using clues from the sentence and the sentences around it, what could vainly mean?  
Circle the appropriate clues.**

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- ☐ Correct part of speech
- ☐ Makes sense in the sentence
- ☐ Clues are identified

**7. Read the following excerpt:**

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.  
'Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!

**Which words add to the mood? Circle them. What is the  
mood? (Wednesday's lesson) \_\_\_\_\_**

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# Review a Few

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8. Write a sentence in dialect that a kindergartener would use.

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☐ Demonstrates understanding of dialect

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9. Write prose in the lines below about a cricket and a top hat.

- ☐ Demonstrates understanding of prose
- ☐ Follows the above directions

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# Take That and Rewind it Back

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Read the following excerpt from *Words by Heart* by Ouida Sebestyan and answer the questions (*from July*) that follow:

Old Bullet had guessed they were going somewhere – Lena’s folks – before they came out the door. He stood under the wagon like a spare horse, wagging hopefully. Ben Sill’s family hadn’t mingled much since they came from Scattercreek, where everyone was black, to this town where no one was. But tonight was a special night, Lena’s night, when her Magic Mind was going to matter, not her skin.

As they were leaving, a firefly winked out over the roof of the rent-house they had lived in that summer. Lena looked up at it, Is tonight when my whole life changes? Wishing on it for the thing she wanted would have been admitting she doubted herself. So she only asked.

Her papa and step-mama rode on the wagon seat. Lena sat in the back with the little kids, jouncing like a meal sack while her stiff-starched dress mashed to smithers. Bethel Springs Schoolhouse, where they were going for the contest, was used for grade school on weekdays and for church on Sundays, now that the dance hall was gone. Before that, folks had gone to church in the big solid-floored Melodyland with a real piano up front. But the congregation prayed mightily every Sunday that this blight on the community would be banished, and one afternoon during an electrical storm, it was. Of course, they didn’t have a church either after that, and had to use the schoolhouse...

**10. What is the most likely setting of the above passage?**

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Be sure to include the time period as well

**11. The phrase “jouncing like a meal sack” is what type of figurative language?**

- a. personification
- b. simile
- c. metaphor

# Soar to a Four

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**D**irections: The following passage on silkworms. Then do numbers 12-16.

## Silk from Silkworms

Don't be fooled by its name. The silkworm is an insect, not a worm. A silkworm (scientific name: *Bombyx mori*) is the larva, or caterpillar, stage of the silk moth. Silkworms are raised on silk farms, where they produce the silk thread used to make cloth. Long ago silk making was a carefully guarded Chinese secret. Today there are silk farms in China, Japan, India, Korea, Thailand, Brazil, Spain, France, and Italy. On the silk farm, the silkworm larvae hatch from tiny eggs. Because the skin of a larva does not stretch as it grows, the larva must molt to grow larger. In the molting process, the old skin splits, and the silkworm wriggles out of it. Silkworm

larvae molt four times, growing in size until they are about as long as your finger. After the fourth molt, when the larva is about a month old, it is

ready to spin a cocoon.



The silkworm's two large silk glands produce a liquid that becomes the silk fiber. For three days the silkworm spins this fiber around itself, moving its head in a figure eight pattern. The end result is a

cocoon that resembles a silk shell. It is made from just one sticky silk thread. It is as

thin as a spider web and can be as long as a mile.

To make silk cloth, the thin threads are first unwound from the cocoons. Then machines twist several threads together to make a single strand of silk. Finally, the strands are woven into beautiful silk cloth.

**12.** Silk making was once a guarded secret. What does the word "guarded" tell you about the importance of the secret?

- A** It was very protected and very important.
- B** It was kept in a fenced yard.
- C** It was known only to soldiers.
- D** It was slightly protected and not very important.

**13.** What is the cocoon compared to?

- A** Finger
- B** Spinning wheel
- C** Silk shell
- D** Fiber

**14.** Which statement states a conclusion one could draw after reading this passage?

- A** Silkworms are useless.
- B** Silkworms are useful.
- C** Silkworms are an endangered species.
- D** How to raise silkworms is a secret.

**15.** Which of the following is the second stage in the life cycle of a silkworm?

**A** Cocoon

**B** Egg

**C** Larva

**D** Silk cloth

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☐ Underlined and labeled all proof

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# Survey Says

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1. What was your favorite moment this week in reading class?

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2. Do you get enough time to independently read?

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3. On a scale of 1-5, how did you feel about this week's aims?

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4. What book are you dying to read next?

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