

Name:

Nonfiction: Structure of a Text – Q3:1

Date:

As you answer this week's questions, highlight your evidence in the text.

A Tiny Girl with a Big Dream

Bullying is a hot topic these days. Psychology experts research it, motivational speakers give speeches about it, parents discuss it with their children, and kids of all ages deal with it. Even adults sometimes have problems with bullying at home or work. People with physical abnormalities are often targets, but almost everyone has been bullied at some time in their lives.

Being bullied can lead to mental health problems such as depression. It can also cause physical health problems and academic issues. Children who bully their peers are more likely than others to engage in dangerous behaviors as adults. It's a problem that we all live with, and it's a problem that we must all work together to solve.

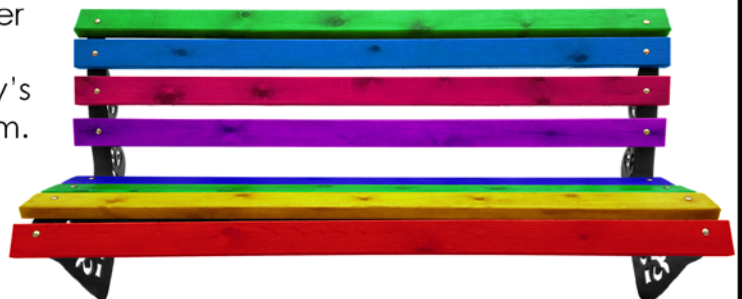
When ten-year-old Acacia Woodley was bullied at school, she discovered a unique solution. Acacia was born with part of her right arm missing and just two fingers on her left hand. She never let that stop her, though. There were many things, like tying her shoes and writing, that most people thought she would never be able to do. Time after time, Acacia proved them wrong. Despite her positive attitude and abilities, however, she sometimes had to deal with bullies who made fun of her for being different.

When Acacia's family moved from Colorado to Florida, Acacia found herself in a new school, surrounded by people who didn't know her well. After Acacia was picked on by a schoolmate, she **mulled over** the problem and decided on a solution. She would invite the girl who had been bullying her to talk. Through that conversation, Acacia discovered that the other girl had been having trouble at home. She had numerous stressors in her life and needed someone to talk to. This experience inspired Acacia to find a solution that would help everyone.

Acacia had discovered something significant: Helping people connect with each other is an effective way to stop bullying. She decided that everyone at school—including people who bullied others—needed a safe place where they could find a friend. Acacia came up with the idea of a bench where students who needed a friend could sit. This would let other students and adults know that the person sitting there wanted someone to play with or talk to.

Acacia worked to have a friendship bench installed at her school. Right away, she started thinking about going even further. She wanted to get benches into as many schools as possible. Her brother, Cade, built the first benches, and her mother, Amber, helped with administrative tasks like ordering materials and getting approvals. Acacia even formed her own company, "Tiny Girl, Big Dream," to distribute Friendship Benches and friendship bracelets to as many schools as possible. The Friendship Benches, which are made of recycled plastic, are painted in many bright colors to help them stand out and bring cheer to everyone who looks at them. When someone purchases a bench, it comes with paint markers, which can be used to add motivational words to it.

Communication is a great way to combat bullying; it helps people get to know each other and find common ground. But sometimes it's hard to start communicating. Acacia Woodley's Friendship Bench is one solution to that problem. The tiny girl with a big dream has made a difference in schools all over the United States, and she hopes to make her dream a reality all over the world.



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Name:

Nonfiction: Structure of a Text – Q3:2

Date:

As you answer this week's questions, highlight your evidence in the text.

Internal War: Becoming Immune to a Virus

Most of us experience some form of illness a few times a year. The last time you suffered from coughing, sneezing, sore throat, runny nose, or a headache, you may have been sick with a cold or the flu. Colds and influenza are both viral infections, which means viruses cause them. Nearly all illnesses make the infected person uncomfortable, and most can be spread easily from person to person. Colds and flu are especially contagious.

To get an idea of how a virus spreads, think about a door handle in a library. When an infected person touches the door handle, some of the germs come off his or her hands and stay on the handle. When the next library visitor opens the door, the virus moves from the handle to the new hand. Not knowing that they have picked up a virus, the person may touch their face, allowing the virus to move into their nose or mouth.

Another way viruses move from person to person is through droplets of mucus. When an infected person coughs or sneezes, around 2,000 tiny droplets of mucus fly from the person's nose and mouth into the air. These droplets are microscopic and can't be seen by the human eye. Someone else may **unwittingly** inhale them, bringing the virus into their own body.

The last time you got a cold or the flu, you probably took the virus into your body in one of these two ways. Here's what happened next: The virus settled into your **respiratory tract** (the parts of your body that help you breathe) and started to multiply. If it was a cold, it stayed in your nose and throat. If it was influenza, it traveled to your lungs.



After the virus took hold in your body, it declared war. (Not officially, of course. It just started to attack.) It began the assault by using your cells to make copies of itself. First, a virus entered a healthy cell. Next, the virus used the cell's structures and nutrients to reproduce. After a while, the cell was destroyed, and the new viruses spilled out, moving on to other cells. It became an all-out invasion.

You may have felt weak, but that's because your cells were under attack. While the virus was trying to take over, your amazing body was fighting back. When the infection took hold, your white blood cells, which attempt to stop germs as soon as they arrive, began working overtime. "Kill the virus!" they cried, fanning out through your bloodstream. (Well, that's what they would have said if blood cells could talk.) Specialized white blood cells known as B cells started making antibodies. The antibodies stopped the viruses from replicating themselves and put a microscopic marker on them. Your T cells, another form of white blood cell, helped to find and kill the virus in your body.

Your immune system eventually won the war, bringing peace and harmony back to your body. They even kept a souvenir—your B cells and T cells retained a sort of memory of the virus. That information helps keep you safe from that virus in the future. If it tries to infiltrate your body again, these cells will recognize and destroy it immediately, and you'll never notice.

When your white blood cells declared victory, you became immune to that particular virus. If you get a cold or the flu again, it's because a different virus has infected your system. Unfortunately, flu viruses change over time, and there are always several strains of influenza circulating. There are hundreds of different cold viruses. You'll probably get sick again, but you can trust your immune system to stand up for you once more.

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Name:

Fiction: Craft & Structure - Poetry – Q3:3

Date:

As you answer this week's questions, highlight your evidence in the text.

My Forecast

Every puddle
I look into
Shows me a different future
Every puddle
Like a crystal ball
Lets me glimpse
What I can be
Astronaut me in the drain
By the mailbox
Doctor me in the pothole
By the streetlamp.
Author me in the splash
By the stop sign.
Puddle, puddle silver gray
Who will I become some day?



Pluviophile (Lover of Rain)

There's no denying
The sky is crying
Plop, plop, plopping
Drops are dropping
Washing, splashing all away
Plans for walks and plans for play

It's no use weeping
Or slug abed sleeping
Let's go puddle jumping
And rain bead thumping
Spring is bringing up the flowers
Let's go dancing in the showers.



The Rainy Day

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Rain Haiku

Quivering in clouds
raindrops wait for their moment
to at last be mud

Name:

Nonfiction: Argument & Support – Q3:4

Date:

As you answer this week's questions, highlight your evidence in the text.

Should Voting Be Mandatory?

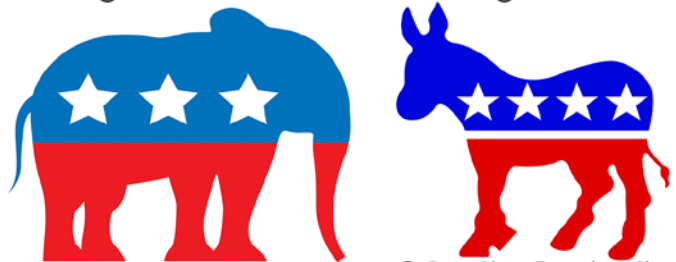
The United States was one of the first democracies in the world. The word democracy means a government **“by the people and for the people.”** In a democratic government, citizens make decisions about who leads their country and what laws they live under. Any American citizen over the age of 18 is allowed to vote. Citizens make their voice heard by voting in local, state, and national elections. Voting ensures that citizens can shape their future. Voting also gives citizens a chance to remove leaders that are no longer good for America. Voting truly is the cornerstone of democracy. This is why it should be mandatory for all Americans to vote.

However, despite the importance of voting, only 61.4% of adult Americans showed up to the polls for the 2016 presidential election. The numbers are even more worrisome for elections where no president is being chosen. A mere 36.4% of Americans voted in the 2014 midterm elections. During midterm elections, Americans have an opportunity to vote for members of Congress. Congress is the group of people responsible for making our laws. Congress is made up of representatives from every state in America. Laws created by Congress impact every single American. Congress makes laws about our military, our education system, our taxes, our health care, and much more. Despite this, very few people participate in choosing their lawmakers! But the most shocking numbers come when we look at local elections. In local elections, citizens choose their mayor, select their city council members, and decide on local laws. Despite the direct effect these elections have on our towns and cities, just 15% of Americans vote nationwide.

Voting should be mandatory because in a democracy, the government should represent the interests of the people. The government cannot represent all Americans if less than half vote in most elections. Instead of a rule by majority, the nation is actually governed by just a small group of voters. As of this month, only 28% of Americans hold a positive view of the government. Perhaps Americans would feel better about the government's actions if they all exerted their influence through voting!

Instituting **mandatory** voting might also make the government less **polarized**. Polarization means when a group is divided into two extreme opposites. Right now, our government is polarized. There are two political parties called Democrats and Republicans that have government power. These two parties have incredibly different views on major issues. This makes it very hard for them to cooperate and get things done. The government is polarized because the small amount of Americans who DO vote typically have strong views. People with more moderate or “middle of the road” views might not feel strongly enough to bother voting. If voting was mandatory, the full range of views would be represented, and the government could become more moderate. This might make it easier for the government to work together and make decisions.

The Democratic donkey and the Republican elephant have been the symbol of the two major political parties in the United States since the 1800's.



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Finally, if voting was mandatory, it would be easier for people to vote. Right now, elections are held on weekdays. There are certain hours when people can show up and vote. This makes it difficult for citizens who work long hours, work multiple jobs, or care for their children in the evenings to make it to the polls. Many Americans would like to vote, but they are unable to take time off work. If voting was mandatory, the government would have to make voting more accessible. Perhaps Americans could all mail their votes in. Perhaps Election Day would become a national holiday so that citizens didn't have to work.



Some argue that mandatory voting takes away a citizen's right to freedom. However, experience has shown that without mandatory voting most Americans just won't show up to the polls. By NOT voting, Americans give up their right to participate in government. They give up their right to shape their own lives. A government cannot be "for the people" unless it is chosen "by the people." Mandatory voting is the best way to keep American democracy strong.

Name:

Nonfiction: Argument & Support – Q3:5

Date:

As you answer this week's questions, highlight your evidence in the text.

Tech in the Classroom: Terrible or Terrific?

A Student's Perspective

It seems like every school is embracing technology in the classroom these days. Schools roll out initiatives to give each student their own laptop or iPad. Teachers post assignments on Google Classroom. Apps and games add excitement to activities. I certainly enjoy being able to log on and access my assignments in one place. But is all this technology improving learning? Technology in the classroom actually increases distractions and decreases community.

Technology makes it easier to access information. Often that's a good thing. If I need some background information on a topic from class, I can find the answer in a few seconds. I can find articles, videos, graphs, and images to help me understand just about anything. However, this unlimited access can also be incredibly distracting. Often, as I'm sitting in my classroom, I see my fellow students on websites that have nothing to do with our assignment. I see students reading blogs, watching YouTube videos and playing games. My teachers walk around and check on students, but they don't always catch us! I have to admit that I've gotten off task on my laptop more than once. It's tough to resist the temptation when internet access is at your fingertips.

Another challenge is **inequality**. My family is always on a budget. However, my parents were able to save up to purchase a computer. I have to share the computer with my two brothers, but I can use it to complete my homework. I know I'm lucky to have a computer and internet access at home because not all of my classmates do. Some students in my class don't have a computer at home. Others don't get internet service. For these students, completing online assignments are more difficult. They have to stay after school or go to the public library. This adds a barrier that prevents some students from completing their work. Students from low-income families already face many challenges. Why add another?

The biggest problem with technology in the classroom is its impact on communication. Before we all had a laptop in the classroom, teachers facilitated interesting face to face discussions and debates. Students had to practice effectively communicating with one another. Now, a teacher will post a discussion question online and we all type in our answers and responses. We all stare into our screens instead of interacting face to face. We are not practicing how to engage in intelligent conversation. We are also not practicing appropriate social interactions! Many teens already spend all their time at home on their phones or iPads, playing games or scrolling through social media. Now that we have screens in school, our whole lives are taking place online.

An increasing reliance on technology to teach us also harms school community. A teacher shouldn't just be responsible for teaching academics. They should also help us feel supported, understood and connected to each other. A computer program cannot build a healthy relationship with a student. A computer program cannot adapt its behavior based on a student's individual needs. A computer program cannot make spontaneous jokes during a class discussion or figure out how to build up a shy student's self-confidence.

It is true that technology can increase access to information and help students get quicker and more frequent feedback. However, technology is not the **panacea** to our education problems. Tech should be used deliberately and infrequently only when there is a clear benefit. A room full of students engrossed in their screens should not become our new normal. A good education requires communication and community, not just computer algorithms.

Tech in the Classroom: Terrible or Terrific?

A Student's Perspective: Counterargument

Today's schools are rapidly increasing their use of technology. New and exciting programs are in constant development. Our teachers are eagerly bringing these tools into their teaching. Tech is making classroom learning more dynamic than ever before. Students are learning vital skills and making global connections. Plus, students like me are more engaged than ever!

Technology is now vital for career success in a professional industry. It would be irresponsible for schools to keep students ignorant of all the diverse ways that technology can be used. Tech can enhance research, provide information about the world and help communication. People are required to use technology in almost any career track that requires a college degree. Teachers themselves are a great example. A decade or two ago, a teacher could easily get away with limited computer skills. Now our teachers are expected to know how to use online learning platforms. They must use technology to keep track of student progress, as well as use a variety of engaging games and apps to help us learn better.

Technology also enhances students' ability to communicate with our communities and the world. My history teacher asks us to keep our discussions going outside of class by posting questions on Google Classroom. I use Google Documents to plan and create projects with my classmates. Beyond my school community, I read blogs and participate in forums that discuss topics I'm interested in. I keep up with current events through a range of social media and news websites. I watch YouTube videos that help me learn new skills. I can also share my own knowledge with the globe. My most recent project has been starting a YouTube channel where I review and compare books with their movie adaptations. I'm getting comments from people across the planet!

I also find learning with technology to be much more engaging. From what my parents tell me, when they were in school teachers just had them read and answer questions from a textbook. That sounds pretty boring to me! My teachers expose me to lots of interesting sources of information. We watch exciting videos online and use interactive quiz competition games to review. We do research online and pull information from a wide range of sources. When it's time to show our understanding, we don't just make a poster or write a paper. We are making videos, infographics, and presentations! Some of my classmates who usually don't like school get much more involved when we create something interesting using technology.

I've heard my teachers use the term "**differentiation**" to describe how they tailor lessons to meet the needs of different students. I believe technology makes it easier to do this well. I've noticed that sometimes my classmates and I are assigned the same readings on the same topic-- however, when I look over at their screen, the reading levels are different! My teachers also give my peers and I different amounts of support on assignments. For example, when we had a big essay assigned last week, I was given an online template because sometimes it's hard for me to organize my thoughts. My best friend didn't get a template-- instead, she got a checklist of important criteria to include. In math class, we often play games that give us different questions based on our level. I don't think all this would be possible without technology.

Some say that technology in the classroom distracts students, but that's not my experience. Technology has transformed my school into a place of engagement and exploration. Through technology, I have access to the whole world's knowledge to support my learning in school.

A Sacrifice for Freedom

It was on the road to Illinois—the road to freedom—that I first met William, Betsey, and their young daughter, Abigail. There was no actual road, of course. No railroad, either, though I expect you've heard some call it that. It was a journey based on rumors and secrets, and it was hard to trust anyone along the way.

I came upon the small family as they walked through the woods. They stopped when they saw me, and the man, one of the largest I've ever seen, got between me and the others, raising his fists.

"Name's Simon," I said to break the silence.

"Are you running from your master?" the child asked. She couldn't have been more than four years old. "We are."

"Hush, Abigail," the woman said.

"Been on the road about twenty days now," I said, hoping to gain their trust.

The woman looked to the man, who was still in a fighting stance. "William, relax," she said. "He's nothing but a boy."

At fifteen, I was a man, but I didn't correct her.

"My name is Betsey," the woman said, walking toward me. "I'm William's wife. And this here is our daughter, Abigail. Would you like to join us?"

I nodded. "Thank you, ma'am."

William grunted, staring at me. As the head of the family, he had to be cautious. I realized that I'd have to earn his trust.

We made slow progress through the forested land of Missouri. Betsey treated me kindly from the beginning, but William didn't quite trust me. I was good at trapping animals for food, though, and I think that's why he let me travel with them.

One warm evening, we found a stream and set up camp. We thought we were far enough into the woods to travel during the day and rest at night, which was a welcome change.

After dinner—a couple of rabbits we'd managed to ensnare—William looked at me. "You take the first watch," he said, lying down beside his family.

A few hours later, my eyes were trying to close. Just as I was about to give in, the sound of barking caught my attention.

"William!" I hissed. He was on his feet faster than anyone I've ever seen. "Someone's out there," I said. "They have dogs."

"Betsey," William said, shaking his wife's arm, "we have to go."

In an instant, Betsey was up and waking her child. "Shhhh," she said. "Stay quiet and follow your father."

Abigail did as she was told and stayed silent. We stumbled through the woods as fast as we could in the dark. Every so often, we would stop and listen. The dogs always seemed to be nearby.

It was during one of these short pauses that a man appeared out of nowhere and put the barrel of a musket into William's back.

"Everyone on the ground," he snarled. Betsey and William did as he said, pulling Abigail down with them. The girl gasped and began to cry.

"James! Over here!" the man yelled into the woods. "Runaways!" Then he turned his musket on me. "I said get down!"

"Sir, please," I said, getting down on my knees. "We have passes."

"Liar," the man said. "You headed north?"

"No, sir," I said. "We're looking for our master's horse."

He came closer, close enough for me to smell the tobacco on his breath, and I knew I had to act now before his **reinforcements** arrived.

"Please, sir," I said. "If you'll let me take the papers from my pocket..." I moved my hand slowly toward my shirt pocket, hoping he would take the bait.

"Stop!" he yelled. "I'll get them." He lowered his musket, came over to me, and grabbed my arm in his enormous hand.

I threw myself backward as hard as I could, slipping from his grip. "Go!" I shouted to William and Betsey. The man brought the musket up again, aiming at me. A shot rang out just as I rolled hard to my left, but I wasn't hit. I didn't give him a chance to reload. I leaped to my feet, my ears ringing, and attacked.

Betsey and Abigail took off into the woods, but William came to my aid. He hit the man hard on the head, knocking him to the ground, unconscious but still breathing.

"Go with your family," I hissed. I spotted a few lanterns in the trees and heard barking. They were getting closer.

"Come with us," William said.

"No," I insisted. "I'm faster. I'll distract them. Just go. I'll be fine."

William grabbed my hands, and in the thin moonlight, I thought I could see a tear on his cheek. "Thank you," he said. Then he took off like a shot after his wife and daughter.

I tore through the trees in the opposite direction, making as much noise as I could. When I was sure I had the dogs' attention, I waded into the creek and made my way upstream, my heart pounding hard.

I got away that night; I eventually made it all the way to Canada. That was the last I saw of William and his family, but I like to think they made it to freedom, too.

A New Frontier

The old saying goes “Nothing goes according to plan.” Experiences have taught us that it is true. Despite that, we thought our plan was different. We had contingencies for our contingencies. Nothing was going to stop us from getting everyone to our new home on the planet Portunus. Just like time and time before, even the best plan can fail.

The first thing to go was communications with Earth. When the solar flare hit our ship, everything went dark. Computers, lights, and every system on board.

Then we all felt the ship rumble. It was an explosion in the biolab. Despite many fail safes, including automatic fire extinguishers, force fields, and alarms, nothing worked correctly. As a result, something was released into the ship. Everyone got sick. Well, everyone but me. I happened to be in my sleep pod recovering from an injury and avoided the airborne virus.

After a few days, everyone was showing symptoms of exposure to the virus. Fevers, cold sweats, trembling, and eventually paralysis. Without their lab, doctors could not decipher the virus, nor its cure. One by one, they all began showing symptoms.

My best friend Dax had just started to show early signs when he warned me of whispers he had heard accusing me of sabotage to the ship. Before I could even tell him how ridiculous that was, several passengers came into our room, handcuffed me, and took me to lock up. I tried explaining, but the truth is, I did not have an explanation as to why I was not sick. Perhaps the sleep pod saved me from getting the worst of it. Maybe I was just lucky. Either way, I did not do anything to cause this, but I could not prove it.

“Andeel?”

The voice startled me. I did not recognize it, but it sounded familiar.

“Andeel, it’s me, Dax.”

“Dax, is that you?” As Dax opened the door, he fell into the room. I could not recognize the man that lay before me. What once was a young man, was now frail and lacked the energy to stand on his own. His voice is scratchy. His eyes sunken and his hair in clumps. My best friend was almost unrecognizable.

“What is happening out there?” I asked.

With the little bit of energy, he had left he explained that the rest of the passengers were all in stasis chambers, frozen, and waiting to be thawed back on Earth where the virus could be treated. Showing the least symptoms, Dax was chosen to pilot the ship back to Earth. But now that his condition had worsened, he could no longer do it.

“I need you to pilot the ship back to Earth. You must save everyone, including myself.”

“Why should I save them? They locked me up like a criminal. They did not give me the benefit of the doubt. They put me in here without a blink of an eye. Now they want me to save them? And if I take them all back to Earth, they will be saved, but what about me? I will have to stand trial for something I did not do. I will be put in prison for something I had nothing to do with. I cannot think of one good reason why I should save them.”

In between a few coughs, Dax replied, “Because I know you. You are a good person, and if you don’t save them, then you are the monster they think you are.” That was the last thing my best friend said to me.

I took my motionless friend to his stasis chamber. As I watched his body begin to freeze in hopes that he would survive the virus, I knew I had only one choice. I had to save my friend. Whatever my fate would be, I would accept it. I would return to Earth.

Name:

Fiction: Compare & Contrast 2 Texts – Q3:7

Date:

As you answer this week's questions, highlight your evidence in the text.

The Prelude of Nathan's Violin

Nathan watched the notes dance over the treble clef. He could hear the music in his head. He didn't need to read the music. He had memorized his recital piece weeks ago, but now, with a few hours to go, he felt unsure. Some strange animal was in his stomach, dancing. He felt cold, even though it was a **balmy** June afternoon.

"I don't think I can do this," Nathan stammered. "Alone on the stage, with eyes on me."

"Even the great violinists have nerves," his grandmother said. Baba had come to visit just to see the recital, flying all the way in from Florida. *No pressure*, Nathan thought. Everyone said he shouldn't worry, but he knew the whole family was waiting to see the fourth generation of Goldbergs play the violin.

He didn't feel worthy. Somehow, his older brother Ruben, at two years old, had escaped the family tradition by showing talent at banging on the living room piano. The two-hundred-year-old violin was now Nathan's responsibility.

Nathan knew he could play. His teacher was not the kind of person who would tell you lies to make you feel better.

"You know this piece," Mrs. Adams said. "You own it. It is in your heart now."

It was in his heart. He loved the sad melody, and his fingers found the notes without thinking, fast and sure. As long as he didn't think about what he was doing, he was fine.

The problem came when he thought about it. When Nathan thought about looking out from the stage they had practiced on last week, where those empty seats would now be filled with people, the strange animal in his stomach did flips.



"Are you afraid?" asked Baba. "Shall I tell you a story that will make you feel better?"

Nathan wasn't sure Baba's story would make him feel better. She had so many stories, and some of them were sad. All of them were true, however, and he enjoyed learning about his family history through her stories.

"Okay," said Nathan, putting his violin back in its case, carefully. "Tell me a story, Baba."

He sat on the sofa beside her and did not cringe when she kissed his cheek with her red lipstick.

"Do you know where your violin came from? The one you play now?" she asked.

Nathan shrugged. "Dad says it was his first full size. Dad says I can play his Italian violin tonight if I want to, but I'm not sure."

"That one you are playing is German. But it is not just any old German violin. It came from Germany itself, on a boat, with your Great Grandfather Solomon. When he fled from Europe, he brought only a small suitcase of clothes and that violin. Someone stole the suitcase, but he slept with his arms around that violin, and it wasn't taken."

Nathan swallowed. He had tuned the violin a thousand times, but he had never considered where it came from.

"His uncle Jacob made that violin, and Solomon received it as a twelfth birthday present. It may not be a grand instrument, like the Italian one your father loves so much, but it was much beloved in our family," Baba said. "That violin was how your Great Grandfather made money when he came to New York. He played in little orchestras. He gave violin lessons. That violin made it possible for him to survive, and for all of us to be here. He had to be very brave indeed, to perform in a strange country where he knew no one."

"How old was Great Grandfather Solomon? When he came on the boat?" asked Nathan.

"He was fifteen. He turned fifteen on the boat—not much older than you are now," Baba said. "But do you know what he used to say? He said he asked the violin to help him, and it did. He said if you ask an instrument to help you, a wise and old instrument will always **oblige**."

"That's silly, Baba," Nathan said, "How can an instrument help you play?"

"Who has played that Bach piece more? You or that old violin?" Baba asked. "You have a friend on that stage with you, a friend who has performed hundreds of times before. With your violin in your arms, you are not alone."

That evening, before he walked on the stage, the animal in Nathan's stomach did a triple summersault when he looked out at the packed auditorium. *So many faces*, he thought, *especially Goldberg faces*. He glanced down at the violin. He had chosen to play Great-grandfather Solomon's instrument. After all, that violin had been part of the Goldberg family longer than Nathan had.

"You've been in our family longer than I have," Nathan whispered to the violin. "Help me make all the Goldbergs proud."

"We can do this," Nathan whispered to the violin. "Let's go out there together and make the Goldbergs proud."

He could feel the animal in his stomach falling peacefully asleep as he played his opening notes. His fingers sang over the strings.

With you on the stage, I will never be alone, Nathan thought, glancing at his violin as he bowed to thunderous applause.

Name:

Fiction: Compare & Contrast 2 Texts – Q3:7
As you answer this week's questions, highlight your evidence in the text.

Date:

The Ballad of a Violin

Long, long ago when I was only wood
A craftsman looked at me and found me good
He said, "The heart of that one will be sound."
He sharpened his ax and cut me down.

Carefully, so carefully, he carved my frame,
My solid back, my sides, my neck, I came
To be no longer straight, but deftly bent
Into a fine and hollow instrument.

With care, taut on the pegs, my strings were strung-
Tuned to the notes that someday would be sung.
I was paired with a slender horsehair bow.
And sold for a fortune to a virtuoso.

I find my first home, within his skilled hands.
They cradle my curves, and he understands
Where all the notes are hidden in my soul
He gave me my voice, and I was made whole.

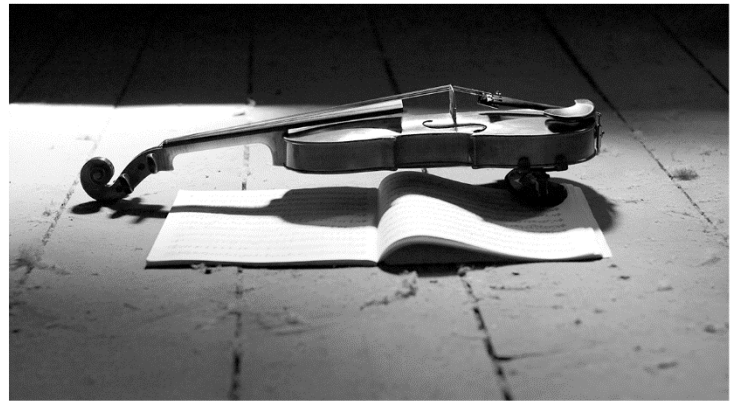
We were a harmonious duo, my maestro and me,
We played to packed houses in the symphony.
But one ominous night, our duet ended in a flash.
A thief stole me away and pawned me off for quick cash.

My next owner played me for folk to dance
At weddings, parties, music for romance.
He played me for coins on crowded street corners.
He played me at funerals, comforting mourners.

When he, himself died, I was bequeathed
To his rowdy, outdoorsy, tomboy niece.
I was torture to that young girl of nine
She played me slowly, struggling every line.

Her fingers were destined for throwing balls,
Not bowing concertos in concert halls.
I was soon banished to a dark attic nook
Silent years ticked by, as I lay, forsook.

Abandoned, I had no voice in soliloquy.
Only a player can breathe song into me.
For years I slept and dreamed someone would find
The lonely violin they'd left behind.



Fiction: Compare & Contrast 2 Texts – Q3:7

As you answer this week's questions, highlight your evidence in the text.

I was sold in a yard sale, in "as-is" condition
Purchased for a dollar, by a young musician
He polished me, and he mended the crack
That age had made in my poor maple back

Today this young man stands upon a stage,
He holds me straight, and now despite my age
I sing a fresh, young song—sweet, clear and fine.
I am his violin and he is mine.



TUESDAY 16th APRIL 1912

TITANIC SINKS

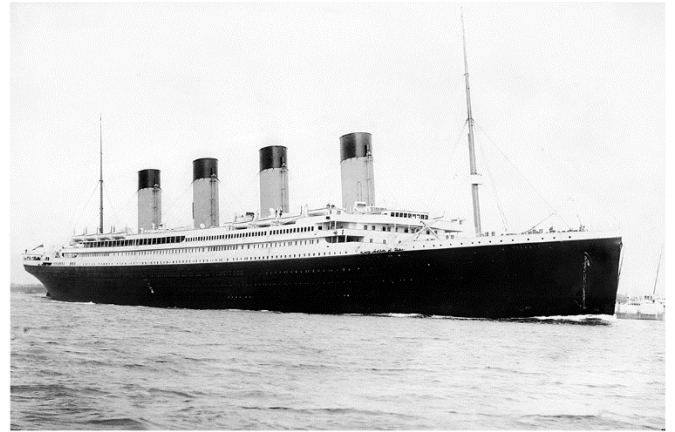
Great loss of life

World's Greatest Liner Strikes Iceberg

RMS Titanic, the world's greatest liner, and the pride of the White Star Fleet hit an iceberg yesterday morning in the greatest ever disaster at sea. Over 1600 passengers and crew perished with the ship.

Titanic was supposed to be unsinkable, but she disappeared into the black depths of the Atlantic Ocean within hours of being struck. Lifeboats were launched but only around 800 men, women, and children are believed to have survived.

Those who were able to obtain seats in the lifeboats watched helplessly as the great ship broke in half and plunged to the bottom of the ocean with all the lights blinking and with the band still playing on deck.



RMS Titanic, departing from Southampton, England on April 10, 1912

Titanic - The Tragic Story

The fatal iceberg was sighted at 23:40 on April 14th and it first appeared as if Titanic would be able to alter her path enough to steer clear. In fact, survivors report that when the hard spur of ice struck below the sea's surface, the blow was so insignificant that many passengers were not even aware the ship had been holed. So great was the faith in Titanic's "unsinkable" qualities that some passengers even had a snowball fight with the pieces of ice which the strike had thrown onto the deck.

SOS

Down below, the scale of damage was more obvious. The iceberg tore a hole 300 feet long, which cut across five watertight compartments. Freezing water poured in at such a rate that Captain Edward Smith immediately ordered his crew to issue an SOS and to launch lifeboats or an immediate evacuation of the ship.

Lifeboats

We learn from members of the crew that the initial order that "Women and Children Only" should board the lifeboats was soon ignored and **skirmishes** began as some male passengers tried to fight their way onto the boats. One lady passenger had her ribs dislocated when three men jumped into her lifeboat as it was being lowered.

Babies and children were wrapped in towels and sheets and thrown to safety to the women already in the boats. One older boy who tried to get onto one of the boats concealed in his mother's dresses was sent back with the order to "Be a Man". The officers in charge of the lifeboats failed to fill each sufficiently, and whilst each boat was equipped for 60 people, most left Titanic with only around 40 and one held only 12. The third-class passengers are believed to have been locked below deck until the first-class women had been seated in the boats and a riot began until the locked doors had been broken down.

Explosion

Water continued to pour into the ship as each of the supposedly watertight compartments was overcome by the force of the sea. Sinking lower and lower in the water, Titanic was finally overcome at 2:20am.

With an enormous roar, the vast ship, perhaps the greatest machine ever built, was pulled almost upright in the ocean, before plunging vertically to the bottom.

Plunge

With the ship died over 1500 men, women, and children. As she went down, the decks were thronged with praying and sobbing passengers and the band still playing the Episcopal hymn, "Autumn" as Titanic sank below the waves. Captain Smith, and almost all of his senior officers, died with the ship.

Those in the lifeboats were rescued between 4:00 and 8:30am by the liner Carpathia. There was not a single survivor left in the sea.

The Titanic - First-hand Account

These are excerpts from letters believed to have been written by Titanic survivor, Rose Amelie Icard. Icard was 38 when she travelled on the Titanic as the maid to wealthy American, Mrs. (George) Martha Evelyn Stone. She was 83 when she wrote her first-hand account of the sinking of the Titanic. The [...] within the passage indicates sections that have been omitted. Words in (parentheses) have been added or re-ordered for clarity.

Towards eleven o'clock, Mrs. Stone and I went to bed. Three quarters of an hour later, as the liner was cruising at full speed, a terrifying shock threw us out of bed.

We were intending to find out what was happening when a passing officer told us "It is nothing. Return to your cabin."

I answered, "Listen to that loud noise. It sounds like water is flowing into the ship."

Upon our return to the cabin I saw that our neighbor from across the passageway had gone back to bed. Her daughter arrived in a panic, yelling "Mommy, quick, quick, get up! It's very serious!"

I helped Mrs. Stone get dressed. She took her life jacket and told me "come quickly." I was trembling, and still in my dressing gown. I took a coat, my life jacket, and followed her on deck. There I found my travel blanket and my fur coat, left on my lounge chair. [...]

We felt beneath our feet the deck lean towards the depths.

I went back below decks to retrieve Mrs. Stone's jewelry, but, fortunately, I chose the wrong stairwell. Halfway down, (I realized my mistake) and I returned to deck. Fortunately for me, for I would have never made it back up again (had I gone all the way back down to our cabin).

At this moment, we witnessed unforgettable scenes, where horror mixed with the most sublime heroism.

Women, still in evening gowns, some just out of bed, barely clothed, disheveled, distraught, scrambled for the lifeboats.

Commander Smith yelled, "Women and children first!"

Firm and calm, in the throng, officers and sailors were taking the women and children by the arm and directing them towards the lifeboats.

Near me were two handsome elderly people, Mr. and Mrs. Straus, proprietors of the great store Macy's of New-York. (Mrs. Straus) refused to go into the boat after having helped her maid in. She put her arms around her husband's neck, telling him, "We have been married 50 years. We have never left each other. I want to die with you."

Semi-conscious, in a neighboring boat was put the young wife of the millionaire J. Jacob Astor, returning from their honeymoon voyage. She was 20 years old, him 50. She latches on to him. He was obliged to push her away with force.

[...]

The lifeboats were quickly lowered. By miracle, Mrs. Stone and I found ourselves in the same boat, where we were about thirty people.

The officer said, "Row strongly, you only have twenty-five minutes to save your life."

I took the oars and rowed with so much energy that my hands were bleeding and my wrists were paralyzed; because we had to hurry to escape the huge chasm that was going to be opened when the Titanic would sink. It was at this moment that I noticed that someone was hidden underneath me. I didn't have the strength to reveal his presence. I've never known who the man was who saved his own life this way.

As we were receding in an almost calm sea, weakly lit by the lantern that the officer was holding, I didn't take my eyes off the shining Titanic.

Suddenly, there was darkness, whole and inscrutable, shouts, horrible yells, rose in the middle of the creaks of the boat, then that was it. (The waters were calm and bare, and nothing could suggest that the sea giant was engulfed there.)

Sometimes, 43 years after the tragedy, I still dream about it.

From the 2,229 passengers and crew, only 745 were saved.

* In 2012, 100 years after the sinking of the Titanic, US Marine Mike Delgado bought the passport and letters of Rose Amelie Icard at a Titanic auction. The letters were written in French. Delgado posted the letters online on Reddit, asking for help translating them. This passage comes from the Reddit users' translation of Icard's hand-written letters. The grammatical errors in the original letters or their translation have been corrected for the purposes of this passage.

Photographs of Original Letters

2 out of 9 pages shown

