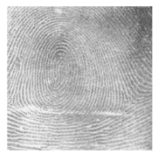


## Fingerprints

### Three Basic Classifications of Fingerprints



**Whorls:** Whorls are circular or oval patterns that resemble whirlpools. The four variants of whorl fingerprints are: plain whorl, double loop whorls, central pocket loop whorl, and accidental whorl.



**Arch:** Ridges flow from one side of the finger to the other in a wave that rises in the center. In plain arch fingerprints, the arch has a gentle slope. In tented arch fingerprints, the slope of the arch is steeper, resembling a tent.

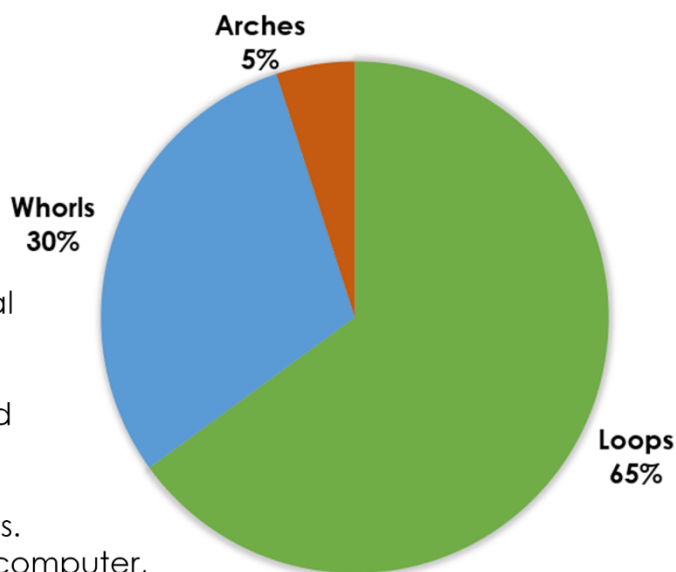


**Loops:** In loop fingerprints, the curved lines start and end on the same side of the finger (i.e. they start on one side, curve toward the center of the finger, then loop back towards the same side). Loops that start and end in the direction of the little finger are called ulnar loops. Loops that start and end in the direction of the thumb are called radial loops. To know whether a loop fingerprint is ulnar or radial, you have to know whether the fingerprint was made by a finger on the left hand or the right hand.

### Fast Facts about Fingerprints

- No two fingerprints are alike. Even identical twins don't have the same fingerprints.
- Fingerprints don't change as a person ages. Fingerprints grow in size, but their pattern stays the same.
- Like humans, other primates, such as gorillas, chimpanzees, and orangutans, have fingerprints. Outside of the primate family, the only other animal that has fingerprints is the koala. In fact, a koala fingerprint is so similar to a human fingerprint that even scientists and crime scene investigators would have a hard time telling them apart. A set of prints from all five fingers would be easier to distinguish because koalas have three fingers and two thumbs.
- In crime tv shows, a fingerprint is scanned into a computer, and seconds later, a match pops up with an individual's face and details about their life. In reality, running a fingerprint through the system could take several hours. And the end result isn't a single positive match. Instead, a list of likely matches is generated. Then a person trained in analyzing fingerprints does a side-by-side comparison to determine which print, if any, is truly a match.

### Frequency of Fingerprint Patterns



### The First Time Fingerprints Helped Solve a Crime

*June, 1892; Nocochea, Argentina*

Francisca Rojas was found wounded along with her two children at their home. The mother survived the cut to her throat, but her children succumbed to their injuries. Rojas claimed that they had been attacked by her neighbor, Pedro Ramón Velázquez. She attested that Velázquez was a former suitor and that he had sought revenge when she rejected him. Police arrested Velázquez and subjected him to intense interrogation, but he did not confess to the crime. Instead, Velázquez insisted that he had been with friends, an **alibi** police were able to confirm.

Stumped, the local police sent for Inspector Eduardo Álvarez to investigate the scene. Álvarez found a bloody fingerprint on the bedroom door at the Rojas home. The Inspector removed the part of the door with the fingerprint and contacted another police official, Juan Vucetich. At the time, Vucetich was working on developing a police system for fingerprint identification and had inaugurated the world's first fingerprint police bureau just one year prior. Vucetich found that Velázquez's fingerprints did not match the one on the door. However, he did find a match with Francisca Rojas's own fingerprint. This evidence was especially revealing because the mother had previously denied touching the bodies of her children.

When presented with this finding, Rojas immediately confessed to the crime and admitted her wounds were self-inflicted. Rojas' motive: she had another suitor who had said he wanted to marry her, except he didn't want children. Rojas was sentenced to life in prison.

Source: [www.obscurehistories.com](http://www.obscurehistories.com)

Julia Chen

### **Where do Fingerprints Come From?**

Scan the QR code below to watch a short video about fingerprints.

*Start with the QR code on the left. If that one doesn't work, scan the QR code on the right.*

*\*\*Both lead to the same video.*



<http://bit.ly/FingerprintVideo1>



<http://bit.ly/FingerprintVideo2>

Name:

Fiction: Review – Q4:2

Date:

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

## **Alone**

### **The Good-bye**

I stand by our front door, shooing my parents toward their car.

My mom glances worriedly up at the dark sky as if it's raining poison and daggers, instead of water droplets. "I wish this concert didn't **coincide** with your brother's Eagle Scouts camping trip. I'd feel a lot better about going if he were home."

"Mom, I'm twelve, not two. I'll be fine."

"Make sure you lock the door, Chelsea," Dad instructs. His eyes canvass the street as if searching for confirmation that no ax murderer or deranged clown is skulking down the sidewalk.

"Got it," I say.

"And hook the latch at the top of the screen door after we leave," Mom adds.

"Got it," I repeat.

But Dad's not done. "And don't answer the door..."

"For anyone," Mom and Dad chorus together.

"Got it," I respond. "If some rain-drenched boogeyman comes staggering up our doorstep, I promise not to invite him in for cocoa."

Mom's mouth arcs into a frown. Dad's lips form a thin, grim line. Uh-oh.

I apologize swiftly. "Sorry, sorry! Just, please, go enjoy your concert and don't worry about me. Nothing is going to happen, and besides, I have Roscoe here to protect me." I pet the wheezy basset hound at my heels. Admittedly, he's not very **menacing**, but he does howl at strangers and backyard creatures, like squirrels. His *a-ooooo* might scare an intruder off, if they happen to be a giant mutant squirrel. As a back-up plan, he could drool on them. Dog slobber is about the strongest repellent I know.

I hug Mom and Dad good-bye, then close and lock the doors behind them, sliding the lock into place.

### **The Intruder**

I make a mad dash for the couch, jumping exuberantly onto the center cushion like a climber who's just conquered Mount Everest.

"Freedom!" I shout.

Roscoe cocks his head to the side, confused by my standing on the furniture he's not allowed onto.

"It's okay, boy. Come on up! No one is here to tell us what to do. We can do whatever we want! And it feels—"

**BANG!**

"Aaaaaah!" Startled, I lose my balance and land face down on a tasseled throw pillow.

"What was that?" my voice muffles into the pillow. That sharp crack wasn't lightning. It had come from the front of our house.

**WHACK!**

There it is again. My imagination runs rampant. I envision a shadowy figure, with rain-slicked dark hair, hacking away at our house with an ax. I turn my head to the side. "Roscoe, go check it out."

Instead of following my command, Roscoe scampers over to his basket of toys and retrieves a squeaky squirrel plushy.

"I said 'check' not 'fetch'."

*THWAP!*

"Roscoe, see who...or what...is out there," my voice quavers.

*Squeak, squeak, squeak*, the matted toy in Roscoe's mouth replies for him.

"Fine, I'll do it, but if I meet a gruesome demise, I'm telling Mom it's your fault." I slide off the couch and inch towards the front door peephole. Roscoe pads behind.

With trepidation, I press my eye to the tiny glass opening and see that the fearsome perpetrator of the banging is...

"The door!" Outside, the screen door flails in the wind. "We forgot to latch it. See, you got all worked up over nothing, Roscoe."

My hands quickly undo the front door locks. I open the front door and lunge at the thrashing screen door. The raindrops pelt against me, stinging my skin like tiny wet pebbles. It takes only seconds to secure the latch and reclose the main entrance, but still, I am soaked.

### My Night, My Way

"How about I start a fire to help us warm up?" I suggest to Roscoe. Logs are stacked by the fireplace beside a pile of old folded newspapers. Black iron tools hang from a stand on the hearth. A red lighter with a long metal arm rests on the mantle next to our family portrait. Maybe it's just my imagination, but the smile in mom's and dad's eyes seem more like a disapproving glare. I decide to change out of my wet clothes, rather than build a fire. Mom and Dad would never let me stay home alone again if I accidentally burn the house down.

I change into sweats, stealing the oversized grey sweatshirt from Brandon's closet, the one he never lets me borrow when I ask. I throw my wet clothes into the washer and even start the load. Mom would be so impressed.

Time for something to eat. Mom had left me leftover pot roast in the fridge, with instructions on how to heat it up in the microwave on a yellow sticky note. Does she really think I don't know to use a microwave? Mom's pot roast is good, but I'm in the mood for something...different. I spoon the pot roast into Roscoe's bowl, and he laps it up like he's feasting on fine dining. I serve myself a heaping bowl of ice cream. It's a pretty well-balanced meal if you think about it. Ice cream is dairy. One scoop of strawberry, for fruits, and one scoop of chocolate peanut butter, for the protein. Food groups covered!

I carry my dinner of champions into the family room and collapse onto the sofa. I pat the cushion beside me, but still Roscoe won't join me. He curls up in a ball at the base of the couch. I speak to the remote as I grab it, "Tonight, you're mine." When Brandon's home, the remote is permanently attached to his hand. I think of poor Brandon camping out in the downpour, but I do enjoy the feel of the remote in my hand.

"What are you in the mood for?" I ask Roscoe, flicking on the TV. Roscoe yawns.

I flip through the channels. Skincare Infomercial. *Boring*. News. *Even more boring*. Old time cartoon about a dog and friends solving mysteries. *Too babyish*. Home remodeling. *No*. Antarctica documentary. *No*. Sitcom re-runs. *No*. A dark screen and white writing:

**THE FOLLOWING PROGRAM CONTAINS MATERIAL THAT  
MAY BE UNSUITABLE FOR CHILDREN UNDER 17.  
PARENTAL DISCRETION IS ADVISED.**

*Perfect!*

Name:

Fiction: Review – Q4:2

Date:

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

## Not Alone

Eerie music plays as the title of the scary movie appears in a creepy font...**ALONE?** The camera zooms through a window at a teenaged girl sitting on a couch, painting her toenails red. Her phone rings. Startled, she drops the red nail polish and it spills on her shirt. I can't help thinking it looks like blood splatter. She answers the phone, with "Hello?" On the other end of the line, there is only heavy breathing. "Who is this?" The breathing continues. "I'm hanging up, jerk!" She hangs up the phone, and it immediately starts ringing again. She declines the call, turns off her cell phone, and sets it on the coffee table in front of her. Even though her phone is powered off, it vibrates on the table. Text messages come through. "Answer the phone." "I'm inside the house, and if you don't answer it, I will."

Click! I'm turning that off...don't want to scare Roscoe.

*Bam. Bam. Bam.*

I scream but then calm myself. It's just the screen door, I rationalize. Only, it can't be the screen door. I've latched it.

*Bam. Bam. Bam.*

I hear my own heart thumping under my sweatshirt. Roscoe barely flinches. He should be howling at the stranger by now. What gives? Oh no, maybe the pot roast has made him ill, and he's too weak to howl.

*Rattle. Rattle.*

Someone is pulling on the screen door handle. Still, Roscoe doesn't stir.

A muffled voice outside says something. It sounded like a swear word. Roscoe doesn't move, other than to thump his tail against the floor.

"Some guard you are," I whisper. "Don't you hear someone at the door?"

Roscoe closes his eyes.

I wrap myself in the afghan blanket on the couch as if it somehow offers me a layer of protection. I tiptoe to the front door. Swallowing hard, I press my eye to the peephole and see...nothing. No one is there.

"It must have been the wind, again, Roscoe," I say. "Nothing to be afraid of, boy."

But as I head back to the sofa, I see a shadow behind the kitchen door that leads to the backyard. It looks like a man is standing on the back porch, peering in through the glass.

Roscoe looks at the door and wags his tail. Normally he would be howling his head off. What has the pot roast done to my dog?

The door knob rattles, and I stifle a scream. Screaming offers very little protection from a crazed maniac. I look around for Mom's big cooking knife.

"Chelsea!" a voice yelled. "Chelsea is that you? Let me in! I forgot my house keys!" calls my brother Brandon.

"Brandon?" I call back. "What are you doing here?"

I open the back door, and my dripping wet big brother stumbles in, carrying his sodden backpack. "Camping trip got rained out. It was like sleeping in a river bed."

"Well, you scared, Roscoe half to death," I say.

Roscoe trots happily over to Brandon and gives him a big slobbery lick on the hand.

"It's a good thing for you I was home," I say.

"Yeah, I'm surprised though. When I didn't see the car in the driveway, I figured no one was here. Mom and Dad have never left you home alone at night before."

"Well, they do now, starting tonight," I say.

"Guess my little sister is growing up," Brandon says.

"I am," I confirm. I wrap the afghan tightly around me, hoping he doesn't notice I'm wearing his sweatshirt.

"Hey, Chelsea," Brandon says, and I'm pretty sure he's about to bust me. But he doesn't. "After I shower and change, want to watch TV together?"

"Sure," I say. "But I call the remote."

I know just what I want us to watch...the cartoon marathon of that mystery-solving dog.

Name:

The author

Nonfiction: Review – Q4:3

Date:

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

## **The Pledge of Allegiance: An American Tradition**

*written by a 6th Grade student*

The Pledge of Allegiance has been an American tradition since its creation in 1892. Each morning, across America, students of all backgrounds stand together and participate in this respectful ritual. The Pledge of Allegiance is a vital part of our American school culture. However, I've noticed a concerning trend in my school. More and more students are choosing to stay seated and quiet during the Pledge. Some of my teachers try to encourage students to stand and recite. Other teachers just allow students to opt out. I believe that students should not be allowed to sit out the Pledge of Allegiance. In fact, I argue that the Pledge should be required in public schools. The Pledge teaches and reinforces American values. It builds a stronger community. It shows respect for those who have worked and fought to protect our liberty.

The morning ritual of the Pledge of Allegiance builds community and unites Americans of all backgrounds. Students across America may be different in many ways. But we all share one thing in common-- we all benefit from America's focus on liberty and justice for all. When we stand together every morning and recite the same well-known words, we strengthen our sense of unity. We are reminded of what brings us together as a nation.

In addition, the Pledge reminds us of American values. The pledge states that we are a nation with "**liberty** and justice for all." These values come from our founding documents. The Declaration of Independence tells us that we have the rights to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Our Constitution reinforces the importance of liberty and includes the importance of justice. The Preamble to the US Constitution explains that the Constitution is intended to "establish justice ... and secure the blessings of liberty." By reciting the Pledge of Allegiance, students learn that liberty and justice are our rights as Americans. Students learn that they can and should expect liberty and justice to be upheld in America. Our nation may not always uphold these values, but through the Pledge students learn that they should fight to defend "liberty and justice for all."

The Pledge of Allegiance also teaches respect. Living in America brings us many advantages that young people in other parts of the world don't have. It is important that students reflect on those advantages and pay respect to those who have protected our land of liberty. Saying the Pledge is an easy way to honor soldiers and politicians who have dedicated their lives to upholding the values of our nation. Many have sacrificed themselves so that we can have liberty and justice for all. Students should take time each morning to remember and respect those sacrifices.

Some argue that requiring the pledge violates a students' constitutional right to free speech. However, schools already limit free speech on a regular basis. Students who choose to use inappropriate language or argue with teachers will be subject to consequences. Students are required to participate in class activities or speak in front of their classmates for presentations. Students that choose not to speak in these circumstances will see their grades suffer as a result. Free speech is already limited in schools in many ways beyond the Pledge.

The Pledge of Allegiance is a simple way to make sure that American students respect the American values of "liberty and justice" that unite us as a nation. Requiring the Pledge of Allegiance in schools helps keep our values alive from generation to generation.

## **The Pledge of Allegiance: Violating Our Rights**

*written by a 6th Grade student*

The Pledge of Allegiance is an American tradition. Since 1892, students have stood and delivered the famous lines pledging their loyalty "to the flag and the United States of America" and affirming our national belief in "liberty and justice for all." Since 1954, students have also recited an additional line stating that we are "one nation, under God."

Over half a century ago, the Supreme Court of the United States ruled that the Pledge of Allegiance was optional for students. However, schools across America still ask students to stand each morning, face their flag, and solemnly repeat the Pledge. Even though they technically have a choice, most students in my school don't feel comfortable opting out of the Pledge. Students who do choose to sit out are often scolded by teachers. I believe that the Pledge of Allegiance should be optional or completely removed from schools. Requiring the Pledge of Allegiance limits free speech. It violates the "separation of church and state," and takes away our right to peaceful protest. Plus, the Pledge of Allegiance fails to recognize the fact that America does not have "liberty and justice for all."

Requiring the Pledge of Allegiance is a clear violation of our constitutional right to free speech. The first amendment states that "Congress shall make no law.... abridging the freedom of speech." This means that Americans have a legal right to speak or not speak whatever and whenever they choose. In 1969, the Supreme Court decided that schools could NOT limit freedom of speech unless it caused disruption to learning. A student refusing to speak the Pledge of Allegiance does not disrupt learning. A teacher who decides to lead their class in the Pledge of Allegiance should make it clear to students that they have a right not to participate.

Today's wording of the Pledge of Allegiance also violates another section of the first amendment. The first amendment states that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion." This means that religion should be separate from government. People often call this ideal the "separation of church and state." However, in 1954 President Eisenhower added the words "under God" to the Pledge of Allegiance. This means that when students say the Pledge, they are ALSO pledging their loyalty to God. This is a problem because it violates the Constitution. It is also a problem because American students come from many religious backgrounds and some are not religious at all. It is unfair and unconstitutional to ask students to pledge allegiance to a God they don't believe in.

The Pledge of Allegiance states that we are "one nation, under God, with liberty and justice for all." However, our nation does not have and has never had "liberty and justice for all." Many students, myself included, feel uncomfortable reciting words that we know are untrue. In our history class, we've learned how the legacy of slavery has led to continued discrimination and a lack of justice for African Americans. We've learned about how unfairly the US government treated Native Americans. We've learned how American women were not able to vote for much of our nation's history. Stop asking us to pledge allegiance to the United States every morning. Instead, give us the skills to create justice for all!

Finally, schools must respect that non-violent peaceful protest is also an American tradition. If a teacher or school decides to continue leading students in the Pledge of Allegiance, then they must also respect students' right to express themselves peacefully. The first amendment tells us that Americans can use their freedom of speech to ask for a "redress of grievances." This means Americans can peacefully ask the government to make changes. When a student chooses to sit down during the Pledge of Allegiance, they are exercising their rights as Americans.

Requiring the Pledge of Allegiance in schools directly violates the United States Constitution. The Pledge should be immediately removed from schools. If a school chooses to continue this tradition, they must make it clear to students that they always have the right to stay seated.



Name:

Fiction: Review – Q4:4

Date:

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

## **The Day Children Changed the World**

As the morning light crept into my room, I slowly opened my eyes and stretched. For those first few moments of consciousness, today felt just like any other day. I'd get dressed, have breakfast with Mama, and rush off to a long day of school with my friends. But then I remembered-- today was not going to be normal after all. Today would change everything.

My stomach fluttered with nerves as I hustled about my room. I needed to prepare, but I also needed to make sure Mama didn't find out my plan! I carefully picked out my nicest school outfit-- a yellow dress with a matching cardigan, rolled socks and bowling shoes. I added a yellow headband to my dark curly hair to complete my look. It was important to look good today because I might end up on television! Instead of adding my schoolbooks to my schoolbag, I quickly tossed in a change of clothing, a toothbrush, and a hairbrush. I wasn't planning on coming home that night.

When I walked downstairs to the kitchen, Mama had prepared a lovely breakfast of eggs and toast for me. I sat down and tried to stay calm as I ate. If Mama knew my plan, she would never let me leave the house. After I ate, I kissed Mama on the cheek, gave her my love, and hurried out the door.

On my way to the school building, I stopped by Susie and Karen's house. Susie and Karen were twins, and they were my best friends. We always walked to school together. When I knocked on their door, the twins threw it open and rushed out. Their eyes sparkled with excitement.

"Abby, today's the day! I can't believe it's really happening!"

We began the short walk to school and reviewed our plan.

Ok," said Karen. "We have all our stuff, right? Clothing and toothbrush?"

"Yes!" Susie and I replied.

Karen continued. "When we get the signal this morning, we will need to sneak out of class and hurry to the church. That's where the meeting place will be. Once we are there, hopefully Reverend Bevel will tell us what to do next."

"What if the teachers try to stop us?"

"We just have to figure it out. We have no choice. We HAVE to march today."

"You're right," said Susie. "Birmingham, Alabama needs to desegregate, and nothing else has worked. It's 1963, for crying out loud! It is so shameful that our city still segregates black and white people. I don't want to be forced to go to a segregated school just because of my skin color. I don't want to be forced to drink from segregated water fountains."

"And don't forget what Ms. Thomas taught us," Susie continued. "The Constitution of the United States promises every American 'equal protection of the law.' The government is already supposed to be giving us equal rights. We must demand that they fulfill their promises!"

I exclaimed, "I really want to be able to sit down at the counter of Joe's Diner and order a hamburger just like the white kids can do! North Carolina and Tennessee already desegregated their restaurants-- now it's our turn!"

Karen added, "I just want to walk down the street without feeling in danger. We've had 60 unsolved bombings these past few years. It is not safe for black people living here. Bull Conner, the Commissioner of Public Safety, doesn't do anything to protect us from hate groups like the Ku Klux Klan."

As we arrived at school that day, we felt a deep sense of pride. Reverend Martin Luther King had been trying to get a big march going in Birmingham for a long time, but it hadn't worked. It was a big risk for adults to march, because they might get arrested. Mama told me

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that she wanted to march, but she was afraid her boss would fire her from the cleaning company she worked for. If she were fired over this, it would be hard to find another job. My mother had raised me alone since my father died, and she couldn't risk unemployment.

Our parents couldn't march for justice. But we could! That's why we packed overnight bags. Today, children would fill the streets and demand the equality and justice that our government should guarantee us. We would march, and we would probably be arrested and thrown in prison. We were willing to face these consequences because we knew the segregation laws were wrong.

The school day started normally, but during second period we looked outside and saw a teen boy holding up a sign that said, "It's Time." Our eyes widened, and we looked at our teacher to see how she would react. She smiled at us knowingly.

"Now students," said Ms. Thomas. "I'm going to turn around and write on the blackboard for a moment."

She turned her back and stood. She was giving us an opportunity to escape! All of a sudden, every student in the room stood up and rushed to the windows to jump right out. Can you imagine? I never thought I'd feel so proud for skipping school.

As we ran towards the church, we saw children and teenagers flooding down the streets from every direction. We saw teenagers hopping out of cars and de-boarding buses. Teenagers had traveled to Birmingham from other towns in Alabama! This was going to be huge.

"This is our moment," Karen said breathlessly. "How can they stop us?"

"Yes!" Susie yelled. "May 2nd, 1963 is going to be in the history books, and we will be a part of it!"

I was still nervous. I'd seen images on TV of civil rights marchers and protesters being beaten by mobs, and I wasn't sure I could handle something so intense. But I didn't feel like I had a choice.

We all packed into the church. It was like a big pep rally! The Reverend was speaking to the crowd, getting everyone excited. Children were dancing, singing and clapping. The energy in the room was electric. You could feel the hope in the air. With all these other children around me, I started feeling a bit less scared.

Then we started marching. The Reverend sent us out in groups of 50 at a time. We marched and sang, holding signs with our message. We'd been instructed to use no violence and not to resist arrest. So when the police arrested us, we kept singing. We sang in the police van and sang right into the prison cells.

When I was pushed into the prison cell, I realized my whole 8th-grade class was there! We could see children and teenagers of all ages. We lay down on the floor, using our cardigans as blankets and tried to get some sleep.

The next morning, the children in my cell were released. We stepped out into the morning sun and looked around. We could see more children running towards the park. Instead of going home, Karen, Susie and I hurried to join them. We didn't want to miss a single moment! Plus, we'd already been arrested once. We were not afraid anymore.

As we arrived in the park, we were met with a startling scene. The police were there, but they also had big scary dogs. And fire trucks were there too.

"Why are the fire trucks here?" asked Susie.

Susie's question was answered right away. The police officers unrolled big hoses from the truck and started to spray heavy water into the crowds of children. Before we knew it, we were being hit with the water too.

Name:

Fiction: Review – Q4:4

Date:

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

I had no idea that water could hurt so much. I was knocked right off my feet into the wet grass. I felt like I'd been hit by a car. Water was in my eyes and I could barely see straight. I felt out of control and helpless. I didn't know what to do. I could hear children screaming all over the park. Was it over? Was this the moment they defeated us?

Then I felt a hand grab mine. I was pulled to my feet. Another hand grabbed my other side. I blinked the water from my eyes and saw that I was standing strong with nine other children at my sides. We held hands tight and started singing out "freedom" as loud as we could. We didn't move, and we didn't stop singing until the officers came and grabbed us.

And just like that, I was back in prison for another night.

And then another.

I stayed in prison for seven more nights. We tried to keep our spirits up by singing and talking, but we started to wonder if we'd ever get out.

Then, on May 10th, an officer came and started opening cells. We all flooded out onto the streets. I realized they were releasing everyone! We had won! It was a victory march!

I marched down the main street with my friends and classmates, waves of emotion coming over us. What does this mean, I wondered? Have we really accomplished our goal?

When I got back home, Mama was standing on the porch. I'd never seen such a look on her face. Pride was mingled with anger and relief.

"Abby!" she gasped. "Oh my goodness. You scared me half to death."

That night, over dinner, Mama filled me in on what happened. The federal government had come down to Birmingham and insisted that the city desegregate.

A month later, I sat on the couch in front of our small television. President Kennedy was about to speak.

"This Nation was founded by men of many nations and backgrounds," he said. "It was founded on the principle that all men are created equal, and that the rights of every man are diminished when the rights of one man are threatened....Now the time has come for this Nation to fulfill its promise."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. The president had seen our march. The world had seen our march. And finally, change was coming-- not just for Birmingham, but for the whole country.

Name:

Fiction: Review – Q4:5

Date:

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

## Beyond the Valley

Albert and Ada lived in a small village in a valley at the foot of three great towering mountains. The valley was full of **fertile** land, perfect for growing crops. Dark evergreen forests crept their way up to the craggily mountain peaks. Rain or shine, the valley was beautiful. A big river flowed down from the western mountain and cut across the land to the south. The only way out of the valley was to cross that big fast-moving river of icy mountain water.

It didn't matter much that the river was so big and dangerous because nobody from Albert and Ada's village ever left and nobody new ever came to visit. In fact, Albert and Ada were twelve years old, and they'd never met an outsider before.

Albert and Ada lived in a small but comfortable cabin with their Mama and Papa. Mama was the leader of the village council, and Papa was a teacher. Albert and Ada would frequently ask, "Papa, tell us about the world outside the valley!"

Papa would shake his head. "Oh children," he would say. "The world outside the valley is not so different. The world is mostly wilderness like we have here. People in the outside world live in their own villages just like we do. They are just like us."

So they'd go ask Mama.

"Mama, why can't we leave the village? Why aren't we allowed?"

"Children, you already know. The wilderness is dangerous to travel through. Enough questions."

Albert and Ada had a long list of chores to complete each day. After school, they had to weed the garden, pick and chop vegetables for dinner, sweep the floors in the house, and tidy their bedrooms.

One day, while doing their chores, they started talking about the rules.

"Albert, I think it is very unfair that we are not allowed to explore outside the valley. I just know there must be so much to discover out there! I want to see and meet different kinds of people!"

As Ada talked, she used her wand to cast a quick weeding spell. With a flick of her wrist, she made all the dandelion weeds fly out of the ground. She spun them around in the air and then directed them to a nearby bucket.

"Ada, I'm sure the rule is there for a reason," Albert replied. "I think Mama and Papa and the other adults are just trying to keep us safe."

Albert was using his wand to pluck tomatoes off the biggest tomato plant. He sent the tomatoes flying across the garden and through the kitchen window, where they landed on the cutting board ready for Mama to cook with.

"Well," Ada said. "I think we should leave the valley anyway. I think we should leave early tomorrow morning. We can cross the river and find out what the world is all about!"

"I don't know, Ada. Mama and Papa will be so upset and worried. Plus, we have that big test tomorrow. Mr. Conner wanted us to be able to demonstrate five new spells, including a spell for transforming physical items! Those are so difficult-- I really need to practice tonight."

"Albert, the big spells test is another reason to leave! Come on!"

Albert sighed and nodded his head in consent.

The next morning, instead of packing their school bags with schoolbooks and potions, they packed clothing, a practical spells book, their extra wands, and a bit of food.

They kissed their parents goodbye, hoping they wouldn't notice anything unusual. Then, instead of walking to the schoolhouse, they took a different path going south towards the river.

When they reached the raging river waters, they paused nervously.

"It's OK, I have an idea," said Albert. "Why don't we..."

"Espresso!" Ada interrupted, flicking her wrist at Albert. The force of the spell launched him up into the air and across the river. He landed rather roughly on the other side.

When he had caught his breath, Albert used the same spell to toss Ada across the river, too. Albert sighed, knowing his idea would have been much safer.

"Wow, that was fun!" she laughed.

Then they began their journey into the unknown. The siblings walked for three full days through the wilderness forests without seeing any signs of human life. They walked all day and slept on the mossy ground at night. Albert used a growing spell to create large leaves to use as blankets.

Then, in the late afternoon on the fourth day, they emerged from the forest. In front of them was the most shocking sight! Huge buildings rose up from the ground. Unlike the cabins in the village, these buildings were incredibly tall and shiny and came in all shapes and sizes. There were also such bright lights. It was dazzling. Hundreds and hundreds of sharply dressed people walked up and down the sidewalks. There were also rolling machines with people inside zipping down the streets. As Ada and Albert walked through this huge human settlement, they noticed that people looked at them very suspiciously.

"Let's stop here for food," said Ada, pointing to a coffee shop. At least this was familiar--everyone back in the village loved coffee!

They went inside and tried to make a purchase. But when the clerk saw the money they held out, her eyes widened, and she shook her head.

Confused, Albert and Ada sat down. There was a big flat screen on the wall with moving pictures and sound. The siblings looked at it in wonder. There was a lady talking out of the screen, and her words were terrifying.

"Another 50 illegal wizard rebels have been arrested in our nation's capital. The government has released the following message: All wizard rebels will be found and arrested. The Nation will not tolerate any magical individuals within our borders. Wizards with magical ability are dangerous criminals and must be locked away."

Just then, a man in dark sunglasses approached their table and sat down.

"Children, I saw the money you tried to use at the counter. You are clearly wizards from a rebel village. You are not safe here. The best thing is for you to return to your village, but if you want to join us and fight back against the Nation's unfair laws against magic, you can find the resistance here."

He handed Ada a small card with an address printed on it.

"If you don't use it, destroy it," he said. And with that, he was gone.

Albert and Ada ran out of the coffee shop and into a small alley. They sat down behind a dumpster to be out of sight and discussed everything they'd just learned. Obviously, their parents had lied to them. The rest of the world wasn't just like the village, and the rest of the world wasn't magical like them. Instead, the people of the village were in hiding from a government that wanted to lock them away.

After hours of discussion, Albert said, "Our mother and father were right to lie to us and keep us hidden. This world will never accept us. We must return to the village. It's the only way to be safe."

Ada responded, "Brother, the world will never change if we always retreat. We might feel safer in the valley, but it's a false safety. We will still be living on a planet full of people who don't understand us. The only way to truly be free is to take a risk and fight for our right to exist."

Name:

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Date:

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

Ada reached into her pocket and pulled out the card the strange man had given her.

"I'm going to find this address," she said. "I'm going to find the resistance. I'll live with them, and work with them. Maybe this is a crazy risk, but I can't go back now that I know the truth."

"I understand," said Albert. "I will return to the village and our family, and I will think of you every single day. I will pray that you return to the village someday with news of our freedom."

Ada and Albert gave each other a quick hug and wiped tears from their eyes.

As Ada dashed off down the dark city street, Albert risked taking out his wand. He quickly waved it towards Ada and cast a temporary invisibility spell that he hoped would last until she arrived at the resistance headquarters.

Albert turned and began the long walk back to the valley. Over the course of the next three days, he thought about the choices they each had made. Albert and Ada were different and had chosen different paths to take. Who had decided correctly? Albert was not sure. Only time would tell.