

Name Exam is Friday June 15th.

Date _____

ELA Teacher _____

GRADE 5

ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS

PRACTICE

2018

Multiple Choice (18 points)

- Poem (6 MC - 1 point each)
- NonFiction (6 MC - 1 point each)
- Fiction (6 MC - 1 point each)

Short Response (4 points)

- 2 Short Response (2 points each)

Extended Response (8 points)

- 1 Extended Response
(4 point rubric x 2 = 8 points)

Total: ____/30pts = ____%

Directions: Read the poem below and choose the best choice for each question. Circle your answers in this booklet.

I Am the Book

By: Tom Robert Shields

I'll be your friend,
 stay by your side,
 contradict you,
 make you laugh or teary-eyed
On a sun-summer morning.

I'll spark you,
 help you sleep,
 bring dreams
 you'll forever keep
On a dappled-autumn afternoon.

I'll warm you,
 keep you kindled,
 dazzle you
 till storms have dwindled
On a snow-flaked winter evening.

I'll plant in you
 a spring-seedling
 with bursting life
 while you are reading.

I am the book
You are needing.

Multiple Choice

Directions: Refer to the poem to choose the best answer for each question. Circle your answers in this booklet.

1. In what way does the narrator of the poem speak to the reader?
 - A) angrily
 - B) sadly
 - C) caringly
 - D) jokingly

2. In stanza 2, the phrase "I'll **spark you**," most likely implies
 - A) books will harm you
 - B) books will inspire you
 - C) books will last forever
 - D) books will be forgotten

3. When does the poem take place?
 - A) in the summer and fall
 - B) in the spring
 - C) in winter and summer
 - D) throughout the year

4. Based on the poem, how do you think the writer feels about books?
 - A) He thinks they are an important part of school.
 - B) He thinks they are a good thing to read instead of playing video games.
 - C) He thinks they are a necessary part of everyone's life.
 - D) He thinks they are good thing to read to help you fall asleep.

5. What is similar about each stanza?
 - A) They all talk about what a book can do for the reader.
 - B) They all have the same number of words.
 - C) They all have the same number of lines.
 - D) They are talk about the different months of the year.

6. What is the main idea of this poem?

- A) Books are your friends.
- B) Books keep you warm.
- C) Books give you new ideas.
- D) Books can do many different things.

Directions: Read the fictional story below and choose the best choice for each question. Circle your answers in this booklet.

Sahar and the Tiger Cub

By: Michael Northrop

Sahar glanced out at the Red Sea. It wasn't really red at all. Even in the early morning light, it was already a pleasing blue. She unwrapped her long, canary-yellow robe and quickly stripped down to her bathing suit. It was a big, boxy one-piece with a color like the sand. She'd gotten it for her 12th birthday a few months earlier, and it was by far her most prized possession. Because more than anything else, Sahar liked to swim. She loved the feeling of churning through the water under her own power, her smooth strokes almost as fluid as the sea itself. More than that, her daily swims were just about the only time she had to herself. Life in her small village was a busy bustle of endless chores, and it would all begin again very soon.

Sahar lumped her clothing into a ball and hid it on the shady side of the lone palm tree on the barren beach. She stood up tall and let the sun warm her dark-brown skin and the breeze blew through her messy hair. Then she turned and began walking toward the water. She kicked up a spray of sand and thought about the day ahead. She would help her mother, Panni, make breakfast, and then help her older twin brothers, Yaalon and Jafar, with the morning chores.

There might be some school after that—if the school was open. It hadn't been the day before. Even if it was, there wouldn't be enough books for everyone, and she knew by now that she lacked the confidence to fight for one. "No, you have it," she'd say to whomever it was this time. "That's OK." Then she'd hang back and try to read over her classmate's shoulder until she was shooed away.

Sahar reached the water and dipped her toes into the little waves of the inland sea. Warm, as always. She waded out deeper. Why couldn't she be more confident? It bothered her. How many times had she seen her brothers climb up the date palm trees, barefoot and with knives between their teeth like pirates, to harvest the dates? How were they even related to her? They didn't understand it either. "You are one of us," they'd say. "Be strong, be brave—like us!"

But it was easy for them. Even in her earliest memories, they'd been fearless acrobats, climbing everything in sight. The only time she felt in her element was here, wading deeper into the Red Sea and even that had its limits. Almost despite herself, she lifted her eyes and looked at the water farther out. She saw the swirls and dimples on the surface, out where the shallow seafloor fell away to the deep-blue depths out where the currents were strongest. Even though she was standing in warm water under a hot sun, she shivered. The Red Sea was "known for strong winds and unpredictable local currents." She'd read that once and laughed. The currents here weren't unpredictable. They were predictably bad!

Her father, Jaco, was off seeking work on the docks, but before he'd left, he'd warned her: "You should never swim out past the shallows." "Never ever," she'd said. He didn't need to convince her. The strong currents and deep water scared her. She doubted she'd ever be able to swim out that far—at least not if she intended to come back. The water was up past her belly now. Time to dive in. She bent her knees, raised her arms above her head, and took a deep breath. But as she leaned forward, she saw something: a flash of a color that should not have been there. Orange.

She let the breath leak out of her puffed-up cheeks and straightened up. "What on Earth?" she whispered to herself. She squinted into the distance. The water swirled and the sun glittered, and for a moment, she lost sight of it. And then, there it was. She couldn't believe her eyes. She stepped closer and squinted harder, but it was still there. A small animal, its wet fur orange and black. Impossible, she thought.

But a moment later, the little creature raised its head up higher, struggling to get a breath of air. In that moment, in the clear light of morning, she knew it was a tiger cub. But how? Tigers had never lived anywhere near the Red Sea. It could have escaped from a zoo, she thought. Maybe it came from one of the luxury resorts that dotted the coastline like diamonds in the dust. She had never met a rich person before, but she knew from the village's one television that they were very strange and owned many rare things. Sahar knew something else too. The tiger cub was drowning. Wet and miserable, it could barely keep its head above the water. It was out there where the currents were strongest. Though she'd been warned never to swim out that far, she bent her knees once more and leaned forward. She had to try to save it. She hesitated for one precious moment more—and then she dove in!

Sahar kicked hard under the water and began swinging her arms as soon as she surfaced. She headed straight for the spot where she'd seen the tiger cub. At first, the water soothed her, like slipping into a warm bath. But as her limbs continued to churn, the blue waters could offer no more comfort. Swimming fast was hard work, and she grew tired quickly. **Fatigue** became pain, but still she pushed on. She raised her head to try to locate the little cub. She was sure she was close by now. But when she saw the flash of orange, it still seemed so far off. Could she make it? Her doubts clawed at her, but she had to keep going. The cub was struggling to stay afloat. Sahar forced herself onward, kicking her leaden legs and swinging her aching arms.

Finally, she risked another look—and there it was, barely 10 feet away. Only its black nose and scared, wide-open eyes were above the water now. But as she watched, the glittering surface of the sea swirled and again the little cub disappeared, pulled under by the wicked current.

"No!" Sahar sputtered. Adrenaline surged through her, and she swung her arms forward. She swam harder than she ever had before. She would not abandon this cub. In just a few strokes, she reached the spot where it had been. Nothing. She took a deep breath and dove down, lifting her legs up high behind her and sliding down into the deep blue. She looked all around, letting the salt water sting her eyes. But the water was darker here, and she saw nothing—no, wait! There! A flash of deep orange. She kicked, she reached - she had it! She grabbed its soft

fur and squirming body with both hands. She turned and looked up. The sun was blazing on the surface, and she kicked hard for it. The tiger cub was heavier than she thought. Her lungs screamed at her, demanding she take a deadly, watery breath. She kicked wildly instead. The cub had stopped struggling now and was limp in her hands. She thrust it up toward the sun. They broke the surface together. Sun and air and life.

Sahar turned toward the shore. It seemed so far! Desperate to keep the little cub out of the water, Sahar flopped over onto her back. Then, with the little animal cradled against her chest, she began to kick. The strong currents grabbed at her legs, trying to pull her back, trying to pull her down. She kicked harder, and slowly the sun above her began to shift. She was moving. And then, when she was sure she could go no farther, she heard a pair of familiar voices. "Be strong!" they called. "Be brave - like us!" Her brothers! She kicked again. Their voices were so strong that she was sure they were right behind her, cheering her on. It gave her strength to keep going.

Suddenly, her back hit the sand. She had reached the beach. She just lay there gulping air and letting the little waves wash against her. She turned her head to look behind her, but her brothers were nowhere in sight. It was only her memory of them that had saved her. She was alone.

Well, not quite. The tiger cub squirmed in her arms and spat up seawater in a series of little baby coughs. It was alive. She had no doubt about that. She felt its little heart beating against her own. "I would never let you drown," she whispered. "Never ever."

Multiple Choice

Directions: Refer to the fictional story to choose the best answer for each question. Circle your answer in this booklet.

- 7) Which line from the story supports that Sahar lacked confidence?
- A) "Even though she was standing in warm water under a hot sun, she shivered."
 - B) "Then she turned and began walking toward the water."
 - C) "Sahar forced herself onward, kicking her leaden legs and swinging her aching arms."
 - D) "Then she'd hang back and try to read over her classmates's shoulder until she was shooed away."
- 8) Which of the following best describes where Sahar lives?
- A) a small village by the Red Sea
 - B) a city by the Red Sea
 - C) a village by the Mediterranean Sea
 - D) a small town in Florida

9) Why is Sahar determined to save the tiger?

- A) Her she knows her brothers will help her if she can't save the tiger.
- B) If she returns the tiger to its owner, she will receive the reward money to help her village.
- C) She is a caring and kind-hearted person, and she discovers her inner strength.
- D) She remembers learning that tigers are endangered animals.

10) What does the word **fatigue** mean in the sentences below:

“Swimming fast was hard work, and she grew tired quickly. **Fatigue** became pain, but still she pushed on.”

- A) fear
- B) tiredness
- C) joy
- D) hopelessness

11) How does Sahar manage to reach the shore?

- A) Her brothers cheer her on, giving her the strength to keep going.
- B) Her thoughts about her family give her an extra burst of energy.
- C) Her father sends a boat to rescue her and the tiger.
- D) The tiger takes over and swims them to shore after Sahar becomes too tired.

12) What is the main idea of this story?

- A) You are able to do much more than you think.
- B) Tigers should not swim.
- C) It is important to take swimming lessons.
- D) Brothers take more chances than sisters.

Directions: Read the nonfiction article below and choose the best choice for each question. Circle your answers in this booklet.

Fire and Fury

By: Kristin Lewis

At 3:30 am. on a fall morning in 2003, sixth-grader Kevin Conaway was jolted awake by his mom, Diane. "Get up," she said. Her tense face was barely visible in the darkness. Immediately, Kevin noticed a powerful, choking smell coming through the open window. And then he realized what it was: smoke. What happened next is a blur. Kevin's mom handed him a flashlight because the power was out. She told him to wait in her room with his 4-year-old brother, Chris. Dazed, Kevin did as he was told. He had no idea what was going on out there in his town of Valley Center, California. Clearly, there was a fire. But where was it? And how close? While Kevin waited with his brother, his parents went outside to see what was going on. On the main road at the end of their street, they came across a spooky sight: a long line of cars, all heading in the same direction, stretched as far as they could see. Everyone was fleeing. Kevin's parents could hear the fire roaring like a train in the distance. The air was thick with smoke. But there were no alarms, no flashing lights, no firefighters with hoses. Kevin and his family were in the path of the deadliest series of wildfires in the history of California. And they were completely on their own.

Wildfires are treacherous. These fires start in the wilderness, often fueled by dry plant life and wind. Within minutes, a few embers left at a campsite can grow into a huge fire. Wildfires can move at speeds of up to 60 miles an hour, as fast as a car on the highway. They burn as hot as 2,600 degrees fahrenheit - hot enough to melt gold. The front of a wildfire is an invisible wave of heat that blisters skin and turns hair to ash in one second. After four seconds, clothing bursts into flame. And this is all before the actual blaze arrives. Wildfires occur on every continent except Antarctica. In the U.S, California has the most. Every year, fire crews put out hundreds of fires long before the flames can move into areas where people live. The wildfire that woke Kevin, however, was different. It was far more dangerous than anything California had ever seen.

In fall 2003, dry weather conditions in San Diego County were ideal for a big fire. It wouldn't take much to start one - a single spark from a forgotten campfire, a cigarette dropped by a careless hiker, a lightning strike. On October 25, 2003, a man lost in Cleveland National Forest, east of San Diego, lit a fire at sunset. He was hoping to signal rescuers. His fire quickly spread to the surrounding trees and plants. Within a few hours, flames covered 5,000 acres of land, destroying everything in its path. Because it was fire season, firefighters were already prepared with extra workers and equipment. But things were about to get far worse than they had expected. As fire crews set out for Cleveland National Forest, an arsonist started another fire 25

miles north. This fire, later named the Paradise Fire, was heading straight for Kevin's town. Valley Center had no warning system to alert its 20,000 sleeping residents. And with crews to the south already busy, few firefighters were available to rush to the scene.

Kevin and his family had no idea that they were in the middle of an epic disaster - a series of fires that would later be called the Fire Siege of 2003. But Kevin's parents' instincts told them to leave the area at once. They did not waste time worrying about what to take with them. Kevin quickly gathered his guitar, his schoolbooks, and some clothes. He got the dogs and cats into crates. His mom grabbed water and food, and his dad loaded their three frightened horses into the trailer. As the family piled into the car, black smoke rose into the sky. They drove up and down their street, honking the horn to wake anyone who might still be asleep. All the while, the fire was getting closer and closer. Then they joined the line of cars inching away from the fire at a painfully slow five miles per hour. Kevin remembers that he was not afraid. He didn't think that his house might burn to the ground, or that his family and friends were in serious danger. He had no way of knowing that the firestorm had already killed more than 10 people, or that entire neighborhoods had been wiped off the map. Soon, 14 different fires were raging across Southern California. Some people died while trapped in their cars. Some did not wake up in time and died in their homes. One breath of the toxic air could suffocate a person. In the town of Lakeview, one couple survived by jumping into their swimming pool.

Kevin and his family made it safely to a restaurant parking lot on the other side of town. They stayed there for hours, confused and shocked, trying to figure out where to go next. Kevin tried to comfort his frightened cats. "There was so much uncertainty," Kevin says. Eventually, they found shelter at a friend's house. They waited for days. The Conaways saw endless news reports of burning houses. They wondered if theirs was still standing. In the end, it took more than 14,000 firefighters to extinguish the fires. By then, the blazes had scorched 750,000 acres of land, destroyed 3,710 homes, and killed 22 people. At last, on October 29, the roads reopened. It was finally safe to go home. When they pulled onto their street, Kevin saw the most comforting thing he'd seen since the ordeal had begun: his home. Firefighters had arrived in time to save it. It was one of the greatest moments of his life. "That will always stay with me," Kevin says. Even though their house wasn't damaged, Kevin and his family were saddened by all that was lost in the fire. Entire neighborhoods had burned to the ground. Debris littered the streets. Kevin's middle school became a shelter for families whose homes had been destroyed. Eight years later, Kevin still thinks about the fire. But he also remembers how he and his family worked together with their neighbors to help each other, to clean up their town, to share clothing and supplies. After all the smoke and fire and fear, lives began to heal. Families in Valley Center started rebuilding their houses. The town created an alert system in the event of another disaster. When more wildfires started in 2007, the system worked, and everyone was safely evacuated. Nature

also began to recover. New life sprouted from the ash. Within five months, bright wildflowers were blooming on the burned hillsides. Nature was healing itself.

Multiple Choice

Directions: Refer to the nonfiction article to choose the best answer for each question. Circle your answer in this booklet.

13. What does the word **fury** mean in the title?
- A) extreme sadness
 - B) out of control destruction
 - C) natural happening
 - D) bad luck
14. How did Kevin feel when the fire first started?
- A) frightened
 - B) guilty
 - C) confused
 - D) suspicious
15. What can you conclude about the facts about wildfires mentioned in this story?
- A) Wildfires can be unpredictable and dangerous.
 - B) Wildfires can be destructive but easily manageable.
 - C) Most wildfires have natural causes.
 - D) Wildfires are not usually a problem in the United States.
16. How did the fire that reached Kevin's neighborhood start?
- A) A person intentionally set a fire.
 - B) A campfire got out of control.
 - C) A hiker dropped a lit cigarette.
 - D) A lightning bolt hit a tree.

17. What is the meaning of the phrase, "Kevin's parents could hear the fire roaring like a train in the distance?"

- A) There was a train station in Kevin's hometown.
- B) Kevin's parents had incredible hearing ability.
- C) There was lightning during the storm.
- D) The fire sounded very loud.

18. Why did the author write this story?

- A) to criticize California fire departments
- B) to show how difficult it is to be a firefighter
- C) to retell one family's experience during a wildfire
- D) to show you ways to avoid wildfires

Short Response

(2 points each)

Directions: Refer to the nonfiction story, "The Fury of Fire," to complete the short responses. Be sure to support your responses with text evidence. (2 points each)

19. What is a main idea in the article, "The Fury of Fire?" Support your response with text evidence.

20. What are some causes of wildfires? Support your response with text evidence.

(8 points total)

- Describe how the wildfire affected Kevin's family.
- Explain an important lesson Kevin learned from this experience.
- Support your response with evidence from the text.



