

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

7<sup>th</sup> Grade

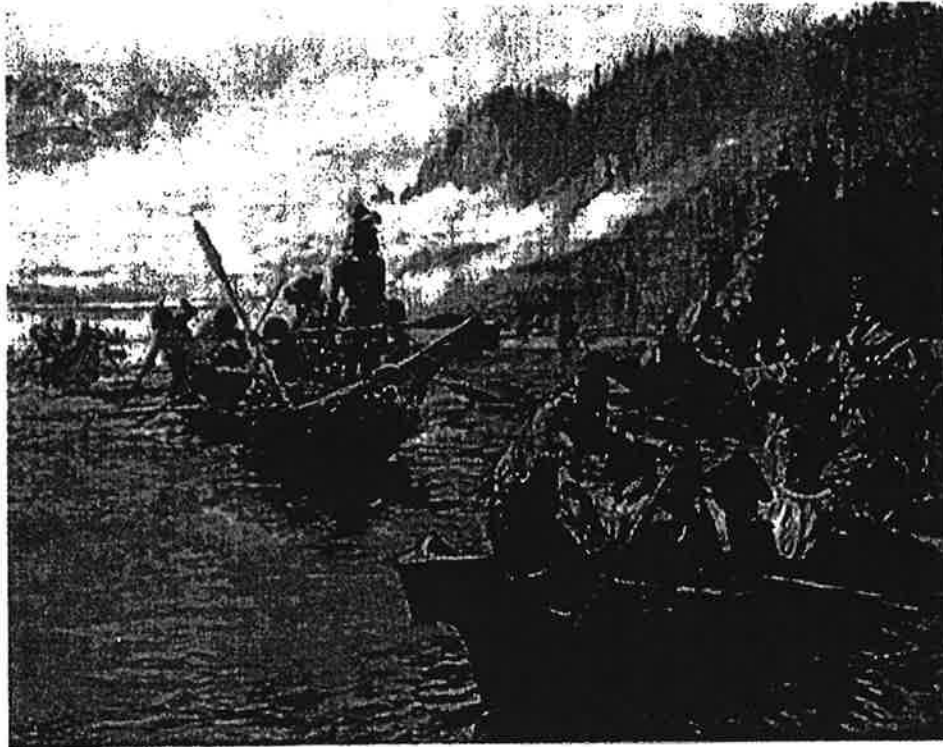
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April 1<sup>st</sup> Packet

Due: April 9<sup>th</sup>

# Mapping the West: The Journey of Lewis and Clark

by Michael Stahl



The United States of America is one of the largest countries on the planet. Much of America today is located between Canada and Mexico, stretching from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific Ocean. This part of the United States is called the continental U.S. It did not always stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific, though.

After the Revolutionary War, when the U.S. won its independence from England and became its own small country, there were thirteen states that bordered the Atlantic Ocean. France and Spain owned a lot of the land that would eventually become the rest of the continental U.S. That changed in 1803 when the president of the United States at the time, Thomas Jefferson, bought a large chunk of land from France's ruler, Napoleon Bonaparte, in what was called The Louisiana Purchase. However, Americans knew very little about the land that was west of the Mississippi. Therefore, Jefferson asked two men to lead an exploration of that area. Their names were Meriwether Lewis and William Clark.

Jefferson felt that Americans needed to explore their new territory for a few reasons. First, and most importantly, he wanted Lewis and Clark to find a "water route" to the Pacific Ocean from the Mississippi River. Jefferson knew that if Americans could travel by river all the way west to the ocean, they could settle there and establish trade with Native Americans in the West. Second, Jefferson wanted to claim the northwestern portion of the continent's midsection before another country did. Lastly, he thought that knowledge of the area's geography would be needed for all of the other goals to come true. Jefferson knew that whomever he chose for the exploration would be in for a dangerous trip. In fact, he, along with many others, figured that the west was home to gigantic volcanoes, huge

woolly mammoth animals, and a mountain made of pure salt.

Jefferson chose a group of men named the Corps of Discovery and named Lewis, a captain in the U.S. military, its leader because he was an expert in surviving in the wilderness and was familiar with the lifestyles of Native Americans. Lewis would choose Clark, his old friend, as co-leader.

In May of 1804, Lewis and Clark and the Corps of Discovery began their journey on the Missouri River, leaving St. Louis and sailing northwest. Lewis' main job, besides leading the men, was to collect rocks, plants, and animals along the route to be studied. Clark would make maps and charts of the geography of the unknown land.

Lewis and Clark headed deeper and deeper into uncharted land. As the trip continued, one of their men became ill and died. They also had to do their best to find food and stay healthy during the winter months.

Lewis and Clark were worried there would be battles with many Native Americans. Some tribes were hostile toward the group. However, they were able to make alliances with many Native American tribes. Sacagawea, a Native American woman, joined the Corps of Discovery in the spring of 1805. Sacagawea's knowledge of Native American cultures and her ability to speak Hidatsa and Shoshone, two Native American languages, made her a valuable asset to the expeditionary group. She played a key role in establishing relations between the Corps of Discovery and some of the Native American tribes the Corps of Discovery encountered.

Lewis and Clark would eventually reach the Pacific Ocean after traveling through several rivers, including the Clearwater, Snake, and Columbia Rivers. However, they did not discover one direct water route that could lead boats straight to the Pacific from the Mississippi.

Still, the trip was incredibly beneficial. It lasted three years and covered 8,000 miles. The members of this expedition had discovered the Rocky Mountains, which were not volcanoes nor made of salt. Clark and his crew had learned about over two hundred plants and animals that were new to the Americans, though they did not see any woolly mammoths. Lewis and Clark were the first to trade with dozens and dozens of Native American tribes that had never met the Americans before. Finally, Lewis and his men drew about 140 of the first maps of most of the western United States. It has been said that the maps provided a fill-in of what was mostly a general outline of the area. Therefore, Lewis and Clark made it much more possible for the United States to stretch all the way "from sea to shining sea."

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

1. Who led an exploration of the land west of the Mississippi River?

- A. soldiers from France and Spain
- B. Native Americans
- C. Meriwether Lewis and William Clark
- D. Thomas Jefferson and Napoleon Bonaparte

2. What does this passage describe?

- A. This passage describes life during the Revolutionary War.
- B. This passage describes the childhood of William Clark.
- C. This passage describes the death of Meriwether Lewis.
- D. This passage describes the trip taken by Lewis and Clark.

3. Lewis and Clark's trip was a success.

What evidence from the passage supports this statement?

- A. Lewis and Clark's team discovered the Rocky Mountains, learned about two hundred plants and animals, and drew the first maps of the western United States.
- B. Thomas Jefferson wanted Lewis and Clark to find a water route from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean that would increase trade with Native Americans.
- C. During their trip, Lewis and Clark headed deeper and deeper into uncharted land, worrying that there would be battles with Native Americans.
- D. In May of 1804, Lewis, Clark, and The Corps of Discovery began their journey by sailing northwest on the Missouri River.

4. Why might Americans have known little about the land west of the Mississippi River in 1803?

- A. The part of the U.S. between Canada and Mexico is the continental U.S.
- B. Americans had not lived west of the Mississippi River before 1803.
- C. Meriwether Lewis was a captain in the U.S. military.
- D. Meriwether Lewis and his men drew about 140 maps of the western United States.

5. What is this passage mainly about?

- A. the reasons Napoleon Bonaparte sold land to Thomas Jefferson
- B. how the United States won its independence from England
- C. gigantic volcanoes, woolly mammoths, and a mountain made of salt
- D. Lewis and Clark's exploration of the western United States

6. Read the following sentences: "However, Americans knew very little about the land that was west of the Mississippi. Therefore, Jefferson asked two men to lead an **exploration** of that area."

What does the word **exploration** mean in the sentence above?

- A. attacking people for the purpose of taking over their land
- B. going somewhere new and looking around
- C. building new homes in an area that is already crowded
- D. asking questions in order to learn more about a topic

7. Choose the answer that best completes the sentence below.

Jefferson and other Americans expected that the West would be dangerous; \_\_\_\_\_, they expected there to be volcanoes and mammoths.

- A. otherwise
- B. meanwhile
- C. in particular
- D. although

8. Who asked Lewis and Clark to lead an exploration of the western United States?

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9. What were Jefferson's three goals for Lewis and Clark's trip?

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10. Did Lewis and Clark's trip achieve Jefferson's goals? Explain why or why not, using evidence from the passage.

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# English

## The Friday Everything Changed Anne Hart

Tradition. In Miss Ralston's class the boys have always carried the water bucket. Until one day, the girls decide it's time to challenge the rule. ..

The last hour of school on Friday afternoons was for Junior Red Cross. The little kids would get out their Junior Red Cross pins and put them on and us big kids would start elbowing down the aisles to the book cupboard at the back to see who would get the interesting magazines. There was a big pile of them and they were of two kinds: the National Geographic and the Junior Red Cross News. Because the boys were stronger and sat near the back they usually got the National Geographics first, which meant they could spend the rest of Red Cross looking at African ladies wearing nothing on top, while us girls had to be satisfied with the Junior Red Cross News, which showed little African kids wearing lots of clothes and learning how to read. Apart from the magazines for the big kids and maybe the teacher reading a story to the little kids, about the only other thing that happened regularly during Red Cross was picking the two boys who would carry water the next week.

In our school the water bucket always stood on a shelf at the front of the room just behind the teacher's desk. First you'd make a paper cup out of a piece of scribbler paper, then you'd grab the teacher's attention from wherever it happened to be and then up you'd go to the front of the room for a drink from the water bucket.

It was kind of interesting to stand at the front of the room behind the teacher's desk and drink water. The school looked different from up there and sometimes you could get just a glimpse of an idea of what the teacher thought she was all about. I mean, from the front, looking down on those rows of kids with their heads bent over their desks and the sun coming in the windows and the blackboards and all that stuff on the walls, you might almost think, at first glance, that you were looking at one of those real city schools -like in the health books-where the kids were all so neat and all the same size. But after the first strange moment it just became our school again, because you had to start adding in things like the coal stove and the scarred old double desks and the kids themselves. I mean, we just didn't look like the kids in those pictures. Maybe it was because we were so many different sizes-from the kids snuffling in the front rows over their Nan and Dan readers to the big boys hunched over their desks at the back-maybe it was because we wore so many heavy clothes all the time, or maybe it was because of something that wasn't even there at all but seemed to be on the faces of the kids in those city pictures: a look as if they liked being where they were.

But all that's a long way from Junior Red Cross and who would carry the water.

The water for our school came from a pump at the railway station, which was about a quarter of a mile away. One day long ago a health inspector had come around and had announced that water must be made available to the school. For a while there had been some talk of digging a well but in the end we got a big, shiny, galvanized water bucket and permission to use the railway station pump. And from that day on-for all the boys-the most important thing that happened at school, even more important than softball, was who would get to carry the water.

If you were a boy it was something you started dreaming about in Grade I, even though there was not the remotest chance it could ever happen to you before at least Grade 5, and only then if the teacher thought you were big and strong enough. You dreamed about it partly because carrying the water meant you were one of the big guys, and carrying the water meant you could get away from school for maybe half an hour at a time. But mostly you dreamed about it because carrying the water was something real, and had absolutely nothing whatever to do with Nan and Dan and all that stuff. So every Friday afternoon toward the end of Red Cross, when it got to be time for the teacher to pick the two boys who would go for water the next week, all the National Geographics came to rest like huge butterflies folding up their yellow wings and a big hush fell all over the back rows. And that's the

way it had always been until one extraordinary afternoon when, right out of the blue, just after the teacher had picked Ernie Chapman and Garnet Dixon to carry the water, my seatmate, Alma Niles, put up her hand and said: "Why can't girls go for the water, too?"

If one of those German planes, like in the war movies, had suddenly appeared over the school and dropped a bomb, we all couldn't have been more surprised. A silence fell over the room and in that silence everyone looked at the teacher.

Now our teacher that year was named Miss Ralston and even though she came from River Hibbert we all liked her quite a lot. She was strict but she was never really mean like some of the teachers we'd had. Because she was young (she'd just finished Grade 11 the year before herself-River Hibbert had fancy things like Grade 11) she'd had quite a rough time the first week of school with the bigger boys. But she was pretty big herself and after she'd strapped most of them up at the front of the room before our very eyes (and even the little kids could see that it really hurt) things had settled down. The boys kind of admired Miss Ralston for strapping so hard, and us girls admired her because she was so pretty and wore nylon stockings and loafers all the time. But the really unusual thing about Miss Ralston was the way she sometimes stopped in the middle of a lesson and looked at us as if we were real people, instead of just a lot of kids who had to be pushed through to their next grades. And that was why, on that Friday afternoon when Alma Niles put up her hand and said: "Why can't girls go for the water, too?" we all turned and looked at Miss Ralston first instead of just bursting out laughing at Alma right away.

And Miss Ralston, instead of saying, "Whoever heard of girls going for the water?" or, "Are you trying to be saucy, Alma?" like any other teacher would, said nothing at all for a moment but just looked very hard at Alma, who had gone quite white with the shock of dropping such a bombshell.

After a long moment, when she finally spoke, Miss Ralston, instead of saying, "Why that's out of the question, Alma," threw a bombshell of her own: "I'll think about that," she said-as if, you know, she would-"and I'll let you know next Friday."

The trouble started right away as soon as we got into the school yard, because all the boys knew, from the moment Miss Ralston had spoken, that something of theirs was being threatened and that, as long as there was the remotest chance that any girl might get to carry the water, they had to do everything in their power to stop it. Like driving a tractor or playing hockey for the Toronto Maple Leafs, carrying water was real, and because it was real it belonged to them.

So they went right for Alma as soon as she came out of school and that was when another funny thing happened. Instead of just standing back and watching Alma get beaten up, as we usually did when the boys were after someone, the girls rushed right in to try and help her. In the first place we all liked Alma, and in the second place we all had seen, as clearly as the boys, what our carrying the water might mean; that, incredibly, we, too, might get to skip school for half an hour at a time, that we, too, might get to sneak into Rowsell's store on the way back and, most dizzying thought of all, that we too might get to do something real.

And, because we were so intoxicated by the whole idea, and took the boys so much by surprise by standing up to them, we somehow managed to get Alma and ourselves out of the schoolyard with only a few bruises and torn stockings, leaving the boys in possession of the schoolyard where, as we could glimpse over our shoulders as we ran down the hill, they had begun to gather together in a single ominous knot.

And for the rest of that weekend, though of course we never talked about it in front of our parents, all we could think of, both boys and girls, was what was going to happen at school that coming week.

The first thing, clearly evident by recess on Monday morning, was that the boys had decided not to let us girls field at softball any more.

Softball at our school used to go like this: every Monday morning at recess two of the bigger boys-that year it was usually Ernie Chapman and Junior LeBlanc-used to pick their teams for the week.



Whoever came out on top in laddering hands up the softball bat got to pick first and the loser second and so it went-back and forth-until all the boys who were considered good enough to be on a team had been picked. Then Ernie and Junior laddered the bat again to see which side would get up first and the losing side took to the field to be joined by the little boys who hadn't been picked and us older girls who were allowed to act as sort of permanent supplementary fielders. And for the rest of the week the teams remained locked, at every recess and lunchtime, in one long softball game which had, as we discovered to our surprise several years later when the television came through, some strange rules.

The way we played, for example, every single boy had to get out before the other team could come in. And any boy hitting a home run not only had the right to bat straight away again but also to bring back into the game any boy who had got out. Which led to kids who couldn't remember their six-times table properly being able to announce-say, by noon on Thursday-"The score's now 46 to 39 because, in the last inning starting Tuesday lunchtime, Junior's team was all out except for Irving Snell, who hit three homers in a row off of Lorne Ripley, and brought in Ira and Jim and Elton who brought in the rest except for Austin who got out for the second time on Wednesday with a foul ball one of the girls caught behind third base. ..."

Some days it got so exciting that at noon we couldn't wait to eat our lunches but would rush straight into the schoolyard, gobbling our sandwiches as we ran, toward that aching moment when the ball, snaking across the yellow grass or arching toward us from the marsh sky, might meet our open, eager hands.

So it was a hard blow, Monday morning recess, when Ernie Chapman whirled the bat around his head, slammed it down as hard as he could on home base and announced. "The first girl that goes out to field, we break her neck." We clustered forlornly around the girls' entry door knowing there was nothing we could really do.

"Oh Alma," mourned Minnie Halliday, biting the ends of her long, brown braids, "why couldn't you just have kept your mouth shut?" It was a bad moment. If we'd tried to go out to field they'd have picked us off one by one. We couldn't even play softball on our own. None of us owned a bat and ball.

If it hadn't been for Doris Pomeroy, we might have broken rank right there and then. Doris, who was in Grade 9 and had had a home permanent and sometimes wore nail polish and had even, it was rumored, gone swimming in the quarry all alone with Elton Lawrence, flicked a rock against the schoolhouse wall in the silence following Minnie's remark and steadied us all by saying: "Don't be foolish, Minnie. All we have to do is wait. They need us to field and, besides, they kind of like to have us out there looking at them when they get up to bat."

But it was a long, hard week. Besides not letting us field, the boys picked on us whenever they got the chance. I guess they figured that if they made things bad enough for us, sooner or later we'd go to Miss Ralston and ask her to forget the whole thing. But all their picking on and bullying did was to keep us together. Whenever one of us was tripped going down the aisle or got an ink ball in her hair or got trapped in the outhouse by a bunch of boys it was as if it was happening to all of us. And looking back on that week-when there were so many bad feelings and so many new feelings in the air-it was kind of nice, too, because for the first time us girls found ourselves telling each other our troubles and even our thoughts without worrying about being laughed at. And that was something new at our school.

As for Alma, who kept getting notes thrown on her desk promising her everything from a bloody nose to having her pants pulled down, we stuck to her like burrs. But maybe Alma's hardest moment had nothing to do with bullying at all. It was when her cousin Arnold came over to see her Wednesday after school and asked her to drop the whole idea of girls going for the water.

"If they find out about it, Alma," said Arnold. "they'll probably take away the water bucket."

"Who's they?" asked Alma. She and Arnold had played a lot together when they were little kids and she was used to listening to his opinions on most things.

"Well, the health inspector," said Arnold, "and guys like that."

"They'll never take away that water bucket," said Alma, though she wasn't all that sure. "They

don't care who carries the water as long as it gets carried."

"Alma," said Arnold earnestly, "the other guys would kill me if they ever found out I told you this but sometimes carrying the water isn't that much fun. On cold days it's real hard work. You're better off in the warm school."

Alma knew what it cost Arnold to tell her this but she stood firm. "I'm sorry, Arnold," she said. "but I'm used to cold weather. In winter I walk to school the same as you." So Arnold went away.

If Miss Ralston, as the week wore on, noticed anything unusual going on in her school, she gave little sign of it. She passed out the usual punishments for ink balls, she intercepted threatening notes and tore them up unread, she looked at Alma's white face, and all she asked about were the principal rivers of Europe. Nor were we surprised. Nothing in our experience had led us to believe the grown-ups had the slightest inkling-or interest-in what really went on with kids.

Only Doris Pomeroy thought differently. "Miss Ralston looks real mad," said Doris as we trailed in thankfully from Friday morning recess.

"Mad?" a couple of us asked.

"Yeah. Like when she comes out to ring the bell and we're all hanging around the entry door like a lot of scared chickens. She rings that old handbell as if she wished all those yelling boy's heads were under it. Of course they do things differently in River Hibbert. I know for a fact that girls there get to play on softball teams just like the boys."

"On teams? Just like the boys?" But it was all too much for us to take in at that moment, so preoccupied were we with that after-noon's decision on the water. All that long, hard week it was as if Friday afternoon and Junior Red Cross would never come again. Now that it was almost upon us most of us forgot, in our excitement, at least for the time being, Doris' heady remark about softball.

So at lunchtime, just as the boys were winding up their week's game ("And real great, eh? Without the girls?" Ernie Chapman was gloating loudly from the pitcher's mound), when Miss Ralston, without her bell, leaped through our clustered huddles at the entry door and headed straight toward the softball field, she took us all completely by surprise. Crunch, crunch, crunch went Miss Ralston's bright red loafers against the cinders and the next thing we knew she'd grabbed the bat from Irving Snell and, squinting against the sun, was twirling and lining it before our astonished eyes.

"Come on! Come on!" cried Miss Ralston impatiently to Ernie who stood transfixed before her on the pitcher's mound. "Come on! Come on!" she cried again and she banged the bat against the ground.

"Come on! Come on!" cried Doris Pomeroy and we rushed after her across the cinders. The first ball Ernie threw was pretty wobbly and Miss Ralston hit it at an angle so that it fell sideways, a foul ball, toward George Fowler's outstretched hands. "Ah-h-h-h-h," we moaned from the sidelines and some of us closed our eyes so we wouldn't have to look. But George jumped too eagerly for such an easy ball and it fell right through his fingers and rolled harmlessly along the ground.

Ernie took a lot more time over his second pitch. He was getting over the first shock of finding Miss Ralston opposite him at bat and by this time he was receiving shouts of encouragement from all over the field.

"Get her! Get her!" the boys yelled recklessly at Ernie and they all fanned out behind the bases. Ernie took aim slowly. None of us had ever seen the pirouettings of professional pitchers but there was a certain awesome ceremony, nevertheless, as Ernie spat savagely on the ball, glared hard at Miss Ralston, slowly swung back his big right arm and, poised for one long moment, his whole body outstretched, threw the ball as hard as he could toward home base where Miss Ralston waited, her body rocking with the bat.

For a fleeting moment we had a glimpse of what life might be like in River Hibbert and then Miss Ralston hit the ball.

"Ah-h-h-h-h-h," we cried as it rose high in the air, borne by the marsh wind, and flew like a bird against the sun, across the road and out of sight, into the ox pasture on the other side.

" Ah-h-h-h-h ..."

We all stared at Miss Ralston. "School's in," she announced over her shoulder, walking away. Hitting the ball into the ox pasture happened maybe once a year .

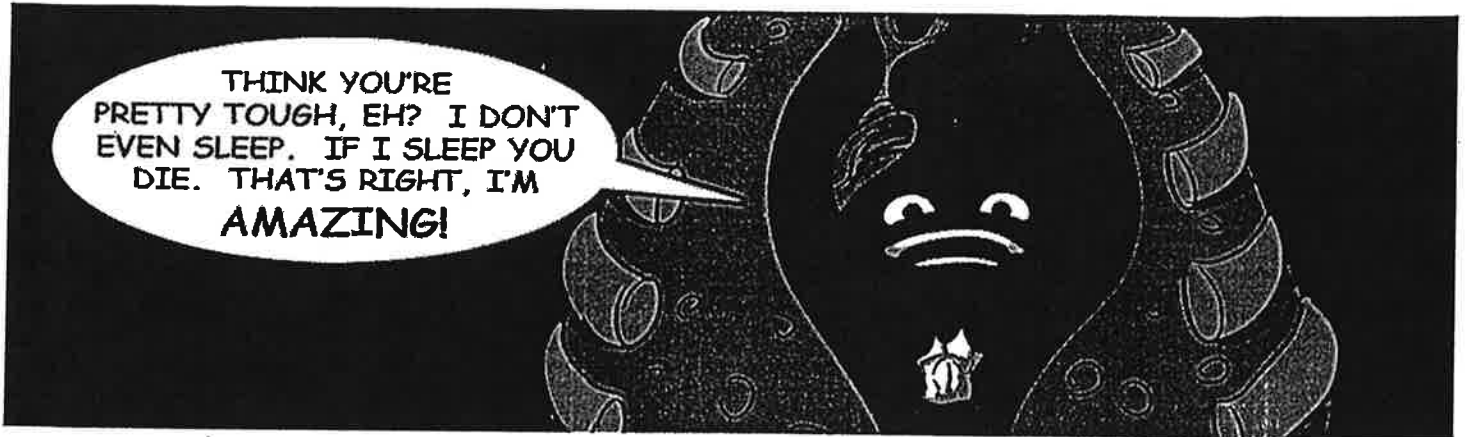
That afternoon, toward the end of Red Cross, there was a big hush all over the room.

"Next week," said Miss Ralston, closing the school register, tidying her books, "next week Alma Niles and Joyce Shipley will go for the water ."

She swept her hand over the top of her desk and tiny dust motes danced in the slanting sun.

After reading, "The Friday Everything Changed", write a summary using the S.W.B.S.T. method.

<b>Somebody</b> (Who is the main character of this story?)	
<b>Wanted</b> (What did that character want?)	
<b>But</b> (What was the problem/ what was standing in their way?)	
<b>So</b> (How did this character try to solve the problem?)	
<b>Then</b> (How did the story end?)	



## I Heart You

atrium, ventricle, aorta, blood pressure

Circulatory System Unit

When you think about a person who is very strong, you might picture someone who has large arms and six pack abs. Maybe you picture a body builder or your favorite Ultimate Fighting Championship fighter. In either case, you probably do not picture a person who runs for a long time, like your friend on the track team. However, there is a pretty good chance that the runner has one muscle that is stronger than the body builder's same muscle. This muscle is very important, even though it is only about the size of your fist; without it nobody could live. Can you guess what it is?

If you said "heart," then you were correct. Your heart is the muscle that makes life possible because it keeps blood pumping throughout your body. Unlike the muscles in your arms and legs, your heart is actually always being used; not once in your life does it get to rest. In fact, your heart is so important that it works on its own; you never have to tell your heart to work. It keeps going even when you are resting at night.

Your heart has four different parts or chambers in it, just like a house or apartment has different rooms. Since your heart also has two sides to it, the left side and the right side, it has two of these chambers on each side. The right side of your heart pumps blood to your lungs. The left side of your heart pumps blood to the rest of your body.

An **atrium** is a chamber of the heart that brings blood into the heart from the rest of the body. You can think of it as being like the part of a water gun that gets filled with water before shooting it out. The two atriums are called atria. They form the top part of your heart. You have one atrium on the right side of your heart and one on the left side.

A **ventricle** is a part on the bottom of the heart that pushes blood out of the heart. Just like you have two atria, you also have two ventricles — one on each side of the bottom part of your heart. Your blood flows to these parts after it goes through your atrium. Then it is the job of these lower parts of your heart to push out this blood. If the upper parts of your heart are like the part of a water gun that gets filled with water, then the lower heart parts are like the part of the water gun that shoots the water out of it after it has been filled. The shape of your heart changes as the upper and lower parts work together to make sure that your blood gets to and from all of the cells in your body.

When your blood is pumped out of your heart by your ventricles it goes into your arteries. The **aorta** is the biggest artery in your body. It carries the blood that is pumped out of the left ventricle of your heart to almost all the cells in your body. This large artery then divides into smaller ones that carry your blood through the rest of your body. Think of it as being like a river that divides into small creeks.

As you might have guessed, your heart has to use a lot of power to pump all of your blood through your body. After all, it only takes about ten seconds for blood to get from your heart to your toes and back when you are running! You can measure how hard your heart is working is by taking your blood pressure. Your **blood pressure** tells you how much your blood is pushing on the walls of your blood vessels. The harder your heart is working, the more power it is using to pump your blood. The more power your heart uses, the higher your blood pressure number will be.

To help yourself remember the direction of the flow of your blood through your heart, think of a slide at a water park. To enjoy the slide, you have to start at the top of it, just like your blood enters your heart through the atrium, or top parts. Then, just like you go down a slide, your blood gets pumped down through your heart to the ventricles, or bottom parts of your heart. Next, your ventricles pump your blood out of your heart and into your arteries, such as your aorta. You can picture this part to be like a set of fun tunnels that you would swim through after going down the water park slide. Finally, just like you would want to climb up to the top of the slide to go down again, your blood goes back to the top of your heart. It then gets pumped through your whole body all over again.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Period \_\_\_\_\_

# Blood Pressure Graphing Practice

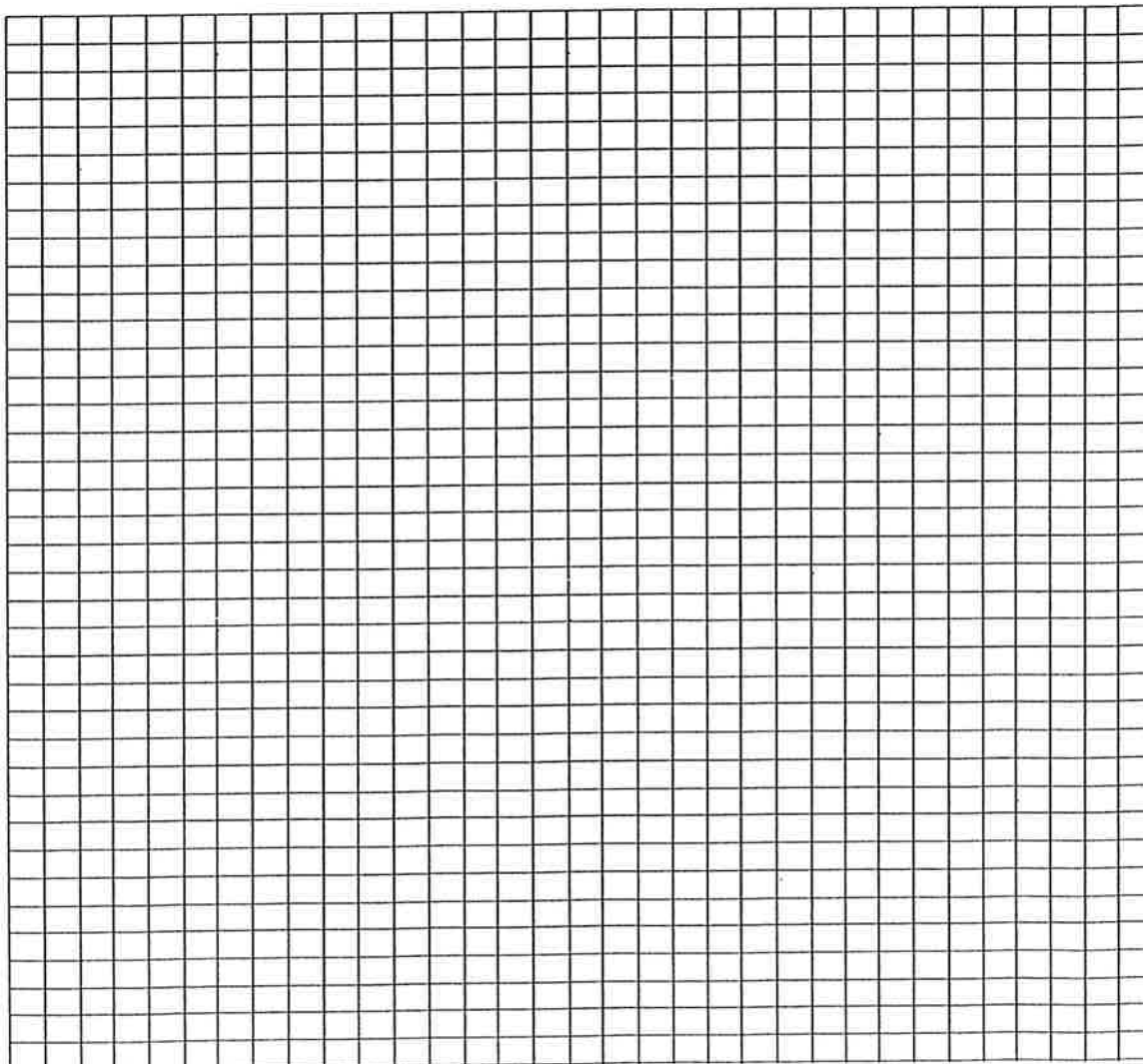
Math

Read the following information, analyze the data, line graph, and then answer the questions that follow.

A new blood pressure medicine is ready to be tested to determine their effectiveness in lowering blood pressure. A controlled experiment was undertaken to collect data to determine if these drugs could control high blood pressure. 500 men and women, with high blood pressure, were chosen to conduct the experiment. 250 of them were given a placebo while the other 250 were given the new medicine. Diet and exercise were kept the same for both groups. Complete the chart and review the results below.

Group given the Drug				Group Given the Placebo		
Age of Subject	Original Average Blood Pressure (O)	Average Blood Pressure after One Year (F)	Difference in Blood Pressure (O - F)	Original Average Blood Pressure (O)	Average Blood Pressure after One Year (F)	Difference in Blood Pressure (O - F)
20 - 30	150 / 95	125 / 86		150 / 95	150 / 95	
31 - 40	155 / 98	130 / 88		160 / 97	157 / 95	
41 - 50	160 / 98	133 / 84		155 / 95	153 / 93	
51 - 60	155 / 96	129 / 85		159 / 96	155 / 97	
61 - 70	163 / 95	128 / 83		160 / 95	160 / 94	
71 - 80	166 / 99	120 / 80		166 / 98	166 / 95	

Graph Title: \_\_\_\_\_



1. What is the independent variable? \_\_\_\_\_
2. What is the average difference in blood pressure in the group given the drug? \_\_\_\_\_
3. What is the average difference in blood pressure in the group given the placebo? \_\_\_\_\_.
4. Based on the above data, does it support the hypothesis? \_\_\_\_\_.
5. Explain your answer. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



# Explorer

Student Learning Day Activities for PE, Explorers, and other non-classroom functional areas to be completed by students as part of their learning packet.

Students can choose any one of the activities from this Tic Tac Toe board to be completed on a Home Learning Day. Please place an x in the activity box after completing an activity.

<b>Technology</b>  Go to typing.com and type complete one intermediate level lesson.	<b>Choir</b>  Go to website below and complete vocal warmup.	<b>Band</b>  Practice for at least ½ with your instrument or a homemade instrument.
<b>Stem</b>  Explain how you can use the engineering design process to solve the problem of needing to make lunch at home on a snow day.	<b>Music</b>  Trace your hand and use the fingers as the musical staff to label the lines and spaces.	<b>P.E.</b>  Completed 20 pushups and 25 sit-ups and do some physical play (outside if you can).
<b>Art</b>  Draw a simple picture of how you spent your day.	<b>Counselors</b>  List 5 activities you can do to feel better when stressed or angry or list 5 things that you like about yourself.	<b>Speech</b>  Define one new word that you have not heard before.

Choir warmup YouTube link: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ml\\_51kN72rY](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ml_51kN72rY)