Dear Parents,

Happy Valentines Day and I hope you guys have a restful break. Attached is a copy of the 2017 ELA exam short response and essay question. This is their midwinter break packet. When we return from break we are jumping into test prep for this years NYS ELA exam.

If you can make sure your child tries their best with the packet, this will help me when I plan instruction to build on their strengths and the things they do well and support them where they need help when we return to school.

Again I hope everyone has a restful break.

Sincerely,

Ms. alvaker

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Read this article. Then answer questions 43 and 44.

Excerpt from No Horizon Is So Far: Two Women and Their Extraordinary Journey Across Antarctica

by Liv Arnesen and Ann Bancroft with Cheryl Dahle

Ann woke me at 7:30 on our first morning on the ice. I hadn't slept well. I was still jittery and apprehensive from the wait, like a runner poised in the starting blocks too long. My muscles tingled with pent-up nervous energy. It would be several days into our trek up the Sigyn Glacier before I slept well. Ann fired up the stove to melt ice for the coffee and cocoa mixture that was to become our staple pick-me-up in the morning. It took four hours every day (two hours each morning and two hours each evening) to melt enough ice for one day for the two of us. We would keep the water in insulated thermoses to prevent it from freezing again. We used that water to make all our hot drinks, as well as prepare our food, 80 percent of which consisted of dehydrated meals.

My least favorite of the dried food was the dreaded oatmeal. Neither Ann nor I was particularly fond of oatmeal, especially when it was laced with cooking oil to add extra fat. It tasted like oat-flavored glue and left an oily residue in my mouth. But it was the most efficient way to make a dent in the high-calorie diet we had to consume each day to stay healthy. Each of us burned between 4,200 and 5,000 calories a day—more than twice the average amount—and if we didn't raise our food intake accordingly, our bodies would start to consume themselves, feeding on muscle to avoid starvation. Still, we would spend a few days hauling our sleds on the ice before we were hungry enough to stomach our full morning ration.

Our tent was a red tunnel of fabric with two small foyers, one at the tent opening and the other at the rear. It was about 3.5 feet (1.1 m) tall, so one could sit up inside but walk only hunched far over. We designated the rear foyer as our "kitchen"; this way, whoever was on cooking duty could have space to move about. While Ann sorted through our color-coded food bags for oatmeal packets. I slipped out of my sleeping bag and out of the tent. The view was just breathtaking, like nothing I had seen during my first trip to the continent. Queen Maud Land is rockier than my previous starting point had been. Everywhere I looked, I could see jagged black rocks and glinting white ice and snow. Hidden by that beauty was much danger as well: bottomless chasms in the ice that could swallow us and our sleds with one false step. The intense duality of this place was for me part of its lure.

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- When I met Ann, her plan then was to begin the crossing from Berkner Island, the most common starting point for trans-Antarctic expeditions. Berkner is at the narrowest span of the continent, where it seems as if the land had been cinched in by a belt, making for the shortest route across. But I had just read *In the Teeth of the Wind*, a book about two Belgians who had skied and sailed a trek that began in Queen Maud Land. I was fascinated by this route, partly because it was relatively unexplored, and partly because of the challenge it presented as the farthest region from our destination point. Starting there would make our route one of the longest ever attempted. And because Ann and I represented the United States and Norway, I thought it would be fun to start from the Norwegian sector of Antarctica, go through the Amundsen-Scott Base at the South Pole (an American research station) to the final point of McMurdo, another American scientific station. I was happy that Ann was intrigued enough by the same points to agree on the different starting location.
- I looked south toward Sigyn Glacier. I wished we had time to detour and touch the mountains on either side of the glacier. It was more than tempting. But we were already behind schedule, so we would merely pass between them. By Antarctic standards, the weather was balmy: 10°F (-12°C). I was comfortable standing outside in my long woolen underwear. I couldn't believe we were finally here. The waiting weeks in Cape Town had been frustrating for Einar as well as for me. I could hear the relief in his voice in the last phone call from Cape Town. He loves skiing as much as I do and I hoped for his sake that the winter would come early in Norway. I knew that on the trek ahead, when I would be putting all my weight and strength into pulling my sled through the sticky snow, I would catch myself wishing I were at home gliding behind Einar through the forest with light cross-country equipment and in perfect ski tracks.

"Haaaloh!"

I was pulled from my reverie by Stannie, the Slovakian whose food had spoiled while 55 he waited for transport in Punta Arenas and had shared the plane with us. He was attempting to travel across the continent by himself and had camped about sixty feet from us for the first night. He was a small skinny man, and though he spoke little English, Ann and I had exchanged friendly gestures and smiles with him. He was very sweet, and we were intrigued by his equipment, which was so different from ours. He had constructed a strange contraption to get him across the ice, a sort of tractor seat on shocks that was lashed to skis and harnessed to a sail. His idea was to sit down while the wind pulled him along. Ann and I were a little skeptical. That sitting position would give him no ability to shift his weight, steer properly, or react quickly if he fell into a crevasse. The idea would've 65 worked on a flat, frozen sea, but for this rough terrain it was very optimistic—like trying to ski across Antarctica in a La-Z-Boy recliner. But what he lacked in experience he more than made up for in enthusiasm and childlike wonder. Watching him stand outside his tent and wave both arms above his head, I had to smile.

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Excerpt from World Without Fish

by Mark Kurlansky

It would seem that the simplest and surest solution to helping fish repopulate the oceans would be to just stop all fishing. After all, a complete end to fishing would remove a constant and important predator from the food chain. But while it might save the fish in the short term, we can't predict what the environmental impact of suddenly removing a major predator from the ocean would do to the Earth's natural order.

What's more, fish have been a staple of the human diet for hundreds of thousands of years. It is an extremely healthy source of protein, and fish, especially the mid-water varieties, are often prescribed by cardiologists to patients with heart disease. And lastly, of course, completely eliminating fishing would destroy peoples' lives.

To see this requires only a glimpse at modern Newfoundland. After the codfish ban in the 1990s, Newfoundland lost its way of life. Not only were the fishermen put out of work, so were the people who processed fish, and the people who marketed fish, and the people who transported fish. Most of the population, in fact, was out of work, supported solely by the money handed out from the Canadian government to help them.

The cod never returned to Newfoundland and life changed. Where there had been cod, there was now crab. The fishermen were not certain if these crab had moved in because of the absence of the predator, cod, or if they had simply always been there but no one had cared until the cod was gone.

Inshore fishermen who had been getting eighteen and a half cents a pound for cod were now getting a dollar and sixty cents Canadian for crab. Gone were the thirty-foot open-deck skiffs from which the inshore fishermen trapped cod. Now the inshore fishermen drag up their skiffs to lie in the weeds, and buy bigger boats to go farther out and set baited traps. The offshore fishermen started crabbing, too. The draggers removed the huge spools of net from their sterns and hauled in crab traps on pulleys fixed on the sides of the boats. The fish-processing plants were now all crab-processing plants. But it was a short season—about two months in the summer, and only 25,000 pounds of crab were allowed for each license.

Along with the environmental loss, Newfoundland lost its culture. Human beings are part of the natural order, so it's not surprising to find human society follows the same natural laws as biology. Just as species need diversity in order to survive and prosper, it may be that human civilization needs a wide variety of cultures, different ways of life, in order to survive and prosper. We live in a world in which cultures and ways of life are vanishing at an enormous rate. In the United States alone, thousands of family farms

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are closed down every year, changing the relationship of people to the land, the nature of rural life, and the kind of food we eat. Online shopping is threatening the culture of shopkeepers. The world is losing many of its languages. Only eighty-three out of 7,000 languages are commonly spoken today, and linguists estimate that a language from somewhere on earth dies as frequently as every other week.

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Many things, not just fish, are in danger of extinction. Fishermen are in danger of extinction. As with animal species, whenever anything is threatened with extinction, it is worthwhile to ask what will take its place. In the case of fishermen, it appears to be tourism.

In Newfoundland, that's already happened. The grocery stores and little shops in just about every little fishing village have started selling souvenirs to visitors. What kind of souvenirs? Cod. Cod hats, cod T-shirts, cod-shaped chocolates, cod-shaped cookies, cod ornaments and sculptures and business-card holders. One line of cod cookies was labeled "endangered species." In the ultimate irony, the restaurants that cater to tourists import cod for their menus because when people travel to Newfoundland, they want to eat cod.

When the parks department of Canada proposed turning Bonavista Bay, a one-time inshore fishing ground, into an aquatic reserve for tourists, the fishermen rebelled. This is one of fishermen's most dreaded scenarios—that their boats will end up in museums and their fishing grounds will be used only for viewing sea life, like the great African plains where tourists go to view animals. The Bonavista Bay fishermen mounted such a vociferous opposition to this plan for their future that the project was dropped.

This tension between the tourism and fishing industries, really a struggle for the character and culture of coastlines, can be seen along many of the seasides of the world.

Fishing has always attracted people. Many of the most famous fishing ports have drawn artists and writers. One of the most important movements in modern art, fauvism, began in May of 1905 when French painters Henri Matisse and André Derain went to the Mediterranean anchovy port of Collioure and painted the colorful fishing boats in pure, bright colors. Rudyard Kipling's famous book, *Captains Courageous*, is about a boy who accidentally serves on a Gloucester schooner to the Grand Banks, and the American classic *Moby Dick* by Herman Melville starts in the New Bedford and Nantucket whale fisheries.

Fishing has always been at the heart of the culture of nations with coastlines. And at first glance, it would seem that tourism and fishing could coexist well. Tourists, like artists, love working fishing towns. But in the conflict between the interests of tourism and fishing, waterfront space becomes a vital issue. Yacht owners pay prices fishermen can't afford for harbor-front mooring and dock space. In the end, they compete for almost everything. A world without fishing would be sad. Coastlines would lose their meaning and coastal people would lose their culture and their primary way of earning money. It was a way of life for thousands of years without destroying the environment. And so governments, fishermen, and scientists need to work together to find a way to fish without destroying the fish.

In "Excerpt from *World Without Fish*," the author states that after the codfish ban, "Newfoundland lost its way of life" (line 11). How did the way of life in Newfoundland change? How did these changes affect both fishermen and other people in Newfoundland? Use details from the article to support your response.

In your response, be sure to

- · explain how the way of life in Newfoundland changed after the codfish ban
- explain how these changes affected both fishermen and other people in Newfoundland
- use details from the article to support your response

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