



The School for Global Leaders

Grade 8
ELA Christmas Break Packet

Due FRIDAY January 3, 2020

**NO LATE ASSIGNMENTS
ACCEPTED**

Student Name

Directions: Select a different strategy to practice each night that you read. Cross off the strategy once you have used it!

Noticing unusual settings and analyzing how they impact characters	Tracking an emerging theme	Tracking the tone and mood of a scene, and analyzing how it impacts characters and/or settings
Analyzing the author's criticisms of the real world by noticing what negative characteristics he/she assigns to the society in the text	Analyzing power struggles between characters, or between character(s) and the government/society	Noticing archetypal characters, particularly the Hero and how they contribute to understanding theme
Analyzing how an author's craft move impacts the theme of the text	Tracking surprising scenes, and revising your thinking based on surprises	Using precise, relevant evidence to support a claim
Noticing symbols and how an author uses them to represent bigger ideas	Recognizing author's craft moves and analyzing WHY an author used a technique	Comparing and contrasting a dystopian society to the real world

Reader's Response Prompts

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> -After reading, I wonder... -I was surprised that... -I don't understand why... -If I were _____, I would... -I'm not sure why... -I learned that... -I really don't understand the part when... -My favorite part is when... -I can connect to... 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> -I can't believe... -I felt sad when... -What I think will happen next is... -I felt _____ because... -I wish the author included... -The character, _____, reminds me of _____ because... -The character I most admire is... -The character I dislike the most is... -I'm interested in...
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Read **45 pages** each day. Be sure to record your reading on the reading log provided! For each day, complete **two** stop and jots. Then, complete three reading responses **total**.

Stop and Jot Date: _____

Strategy: _____

Stop and Jot Date: _____

Strategy: _____

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Strategy: _____

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Strategy: _____

Stop and Jot Date: _____
Strategy: _____

Stop and Jot Date: _____
Strategy: _____

Stop and Jot Date: _____
Strategy: _____

Stop and Jot Date: _____
Strategy: _____

Readers' Response

Directions: Provide a brief summary of what you read. Then, select one of the thinking prompts from the first page and write L – O – N – G! Be sure to provide text evidence and at least **two** inferences. If you need more space, attach looseleaf.

Title: _____ Author: _____ pgs read: _____

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

Readers' Response

Directions: Provide a brief summary of what you read. Then, select one of the thinking prompts from the first page and write L – O – N – G! Be sure to provide text evidence and at least **two** inferences. If you need more space, attach looseleaf.

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Directions

Read this story. Then answer questions 43 and 44.

Excerpt from *Stranger from the Tonto*

by Zane Grey

One morning from a black slope of a desolate bluff the old prospector located, away to the southward, three red crags. He had grown tremendously excited and nothing could have held him back. These colourful hills seemed far away to the younger man, who ventured a suggestion that it might be wise, considering the time of year, to make for the cool altitudes instead of taking a risk of being caught in that stark and terrific contact with the hot rock.

They went on down into the labyrinth¹ of black craters and red canyons, and across fields of cactus, ablaze with their varied and vivid blossoms. The *palo verde* shone gold in the sun, the *ocotillo* scarlet, and the dead *palo christi*² like soft clouds of blue smoke in the glaring sand washes. The luxuriance of the desert growths deceived the eye, but at every end of a maze of verdure³ there loomed the appalling desolation and decay of the rock fastnesses of the earth.

From time to time the gold seekers caught a glimpse of the three crags that began to partake of the deceitfulness of desert distance. They grew no closer, apparently, but higher, larger, changing as if by magic into mountains. These glimpses spurred Bill Elway on, and Kent Wingfield, knowing they were lost, grew indifferent to the peril and gave himself fully to the adventure.

They had been marvellously fortunate about locating waterholes. Elway had keenness of sight and the judgment of experience. Added to this was the fact that one of his burros,⁴ Jenester, could scent water at incredible distances. But one night they had to make dry camp. The next day was hot. It took all of it to find water. And that day the crags disappeared as utterly as if the desert had opened to swallow them.

Cool, sweet desert dawn, with a menacing red in the east, found the adventurers doubly lost, for now they did not even have a landmark to strive for. All points of the compass appeared about the same—barren mountains, dark cones, stark and naked shining ridges, pale blue ranges in the distance.

¹ labyrinth: a maze

² *palo verde*, *ocotillo*, and *palo christi*: types of desert trees and shrubs

³ verdure: greenery

⁴ burros: donkeys

GO ON

But Elway pushed on south, more bowed every day, and lame. The burros became troublesome to drive. Jenester wanted to turn back, and the others were dominated by her instinct. Elway, however, was ruthless. Kent watched him, no longer with blind faith, but with the perturbation⁵ of one who saw a man guided by some sixth sense, into which intelligence did not enter.

Nevertheless soon he changed their order of travel, in that they slept in the daytime and went on at night. The early dawn, soft and grey and exquisite, the glorious burst of sunrise, seemed to hold the younger man enthralled, as did the gorgeous sunsets, and the marvellous creeping twilight. As for the other hours, he slept in the shade of an ironwood tree, bathed in sweat and tortured by nightmares, or he stalked silently after the implacable prospector.

They talked but little. Once Elway asked how many days were left in June and Kent replied that he guessed about half.

“August is the hot month. We can still get out,” said the prospector, rolling a pebble in his mouth. And by that he probably meant they could find gold and still escape from the fiery furnace of the desert. But he had ceased to pan sand in the washes or pick at the rocks.

The days multiplied. Spent in the shade they were not unendurable or utterly strength-prostrating. But the noon hours, during which the men invariably awoke, had a solemn menacing austerity.⁶ The nights were pleasant, so far as atmosphere was concerned. Try as Elway might, he could not drive the burros in a straight line. Jenester edged away to the east, which fact was not manifest until daylight.

Another dry camp, with the last of the water in their canteens used up, brought the wanderers to extremity. Elway had pitted his judgment against the instinct of Jenester, and catastrophe faced them.

Darkness brought relief from the sun, if not from overwhelming dread. The moon came up from behind black hills and the desert became a silvered chaos, silent as death, unreal and enchanting in its beauty.

This night Elway gave Jenester her head and with ears up she led to the east. The others followed eagerly. They went so fast that the men had to exert themselves to keep up. At midnight Kent was lending a hand to the older man. The sand dragged at their leaden feet. But they could not head the burros, which they were now following by the tinkling of Jenester’s bell. The moon sank behind the dark horizon. White, blinking, pitiless stars shone piercingly. They paled into grey and when dawn broke the young man was half-supporting the old prospector.

⁵ **perturbation:** uneasiness

⁶ **austerity:** harshness

65 All around, the desert looked precisely as it had for days. The eastern ranges were crowned with fire; those in the west gloomy in purple haze. The burros had travelled uphill. They had passed on out of hearing and had to be trailed. The older man appeared to be fast weakening. But sight of a jack rabbit and the sound of a mockingbird in melodious song saved him from collapse. Where these living creatures were it could not be far to water.

70 Elway sank less weightily upon Kent's strong arm. They climbed, trailing the tracks through the aisles between the cactus thickets, round the corners of cliffs, up a slow-rising ridge above the top of which three round peaks peeped, and rose, and loomed. Elway pointed with a shaking hand and cried out unintelligibly. His spirit was greater than his strength; it was Kent's sturdy arm that gained the summit for him.

"Look—old timer!" panted Kent hoarsely.

75 Three symmetrical mesas, singular in their sameness of size and contour, and magnifying all the mystery and glory of reflected sunrise, dominated a wild and majestic reach of desert.

80 But the exceeding surprise of this sudden and totally unexpected discovery of the three peaks that had lured and betrayed the prospectors instantly gave way to an infinitely more beautiful sensation—the murmur of running water. A little below them ran a swift shallow stream, transparent as glass, yet taking on a tinge of the morning rose. The burros were drinking.

43

In "Excerpt from *Stranger from the Tonto*," how do lines 23 through 26 contribute to the plot? Use **two** details from the story to support your response.

GO ON

44

How does Jenester influence the decisions of the men in the story? Use two details from the story to support your response.

GO ON