



The School for Global Leaders

Grade 8
ELA Midwinter Packet

Due Wednesday February 26, 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...

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**.

<p>Stop and Jot Date: _____</p> <p>Strategy: _____</p>	<p>Stop and Jot Date: _____</p> <p>Strategy: _____</p>
<p>Stop and Jot Date: _____</p> <p>Strategy: _____</p>	<p>Stop and Jot Date: _____</p> <p>Strategy: _____</p>

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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: _____

[illegible]

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 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.

Directions

Read this story. Then answer questions 46 and 47.

It is 1866 and Malachy, only 13 years old, has been hired to help build the Pacific Railroad. In this excerpt, he describes his first train ride as he heads to Cisco, California, where his work will begin.

Excerpt from *Tracks*

by Diane Lee Wilson

The man in Sacramento had said it was ninety-two miles out to the little mountain town of Cisco. Hard to believe we were going to travel that many miles in less than a day! Like most of the others in the car, I perched at the edge of my seat once we got going, because I had one cheek pressed flat to the window to see what was coming.

5 Brina, on the other hand, was fighting a losing battle to stay awake and had balanced her jaw on my knee. She blinked and yawned, her pink tongue curling around her muzzle like a wet leaf. Occasionally she looked up at me for reassurance, then blinked some more. Finally giving in, she sank to the floor and curled up at my feet, her chin secure on my boot. I stroked her fur absently, entranced by the ever-changing spectacle framed within
10 my window.

For a while the rushing scenery was an inviting expanse of grass-covered valley baked to an autumnal gold, and we rolled along smoothly. But bit by bit my insides shifted. An unseen force pushed me back into my seat as the locomotive began chugging with more determination. It seemed we were climbing away from the earth.

15 I felt like a genie on a flying carpet then, because as we picked up speed we traveled above the land and below it, skirting over gullies and tunneling through solid rock. The man-made wonders piled one upon the other, and between each town lay yet another: a chiseled passage so narrow you held your breath until the car squeezed through or a shallow gorge dammed with the soil of ten thousand wheelbarrows. But surpassing them
20 all were the trestles—man alive, the trestles! Wildly impossible, they were. Time and again we trusted our lives to a scaffold of toothpicks and this metal monster rumbling across them. The trestle at Newcastle, in particular, sent some children screeching in wide-eyed terror. Some of the women even, catching sight of the ambitious aerial feat, shut their eyes and moved their lips in prayer. There were fools among us, of course, who looked down
25 and marveled at the height, at the sheer audacity of it all. Me? I was curious, as usual, but when my hesitant peek shot down, down, and down, meeting nothing but air, I settled back against my seat and left the looking to others.

30 The scenery continued to change its costumes. It proceeded from grassland to hill and valley, then to bolder hills, and soon enough I saw this was a hard land we were entering, a world of coarse-cut mountains and rock-strewn drop-offs. Vistas and gulches. A world of up and down, and these twin iron rails we clung to had been hammered onto the earth's backbone wherever they could fit without falling off into a gulley or rockslide or rushing river.

35 Twists and turns slowed our progress but at each new climb the engine strained to pull us up the heights, and I felt myself straining with it. Seemed that if I didn't, we might lose our momentum and go whooshing backward all the way to Sacramento. There were times when it felt like I was a child hanging at the tippy top of a swing, at that one moment when you're suspended face-first in the air and hovering without wings. My insides sort of hung in the air like that, expectant, and it was tiring work to make sure we didn't fall back. Before long, I was as exhausted as Brina, even though she wasn't working as hard as I was to keep the train going and, in fact, slept soundly.

45 We were well into the mountains now, and the spectacular, brilliantly painted scenery on both sides of the train kept everyone in high spirits. Chatter crowded the car. The smaller ones, ignoring the knees of strangers even, ran from window to window to ooh and aah at the splendors. Since I was no child, I only turned my head to look out the opposite windows as well as my own, and kept my oohs and aahs to myself.

I'd not been much of a student in the time that I'd gone to school, and I'd certainly never taken to poetry, but in gazing at the outsize beauty spread in every direction I got an inkling of what drove a man to speak in perfumed words.

50 Brina lifted her head off my boot at that moment to give me a solemn look, and I felt my cheeks grow hot. She couldn't know my thoughts, of course, but still I put a stopper on that bottle.

55 We braked to a halt at several towns on our climb, more passengers getting off than getting on. Shortly thereafter we'd lurch forward and return to chugging toward the skies. Bits of ash and the occasional orange ember swept past the windows.

60 After a while, the rumble and sway got to swishing stomachs, at least it did mine, and I gritted my teeth against the queasiness fingering my throat. Luckily the mountain air delivered a bracing tonic. Clean and cold, like an ice shaving on your tongue, it was laced with the astringent scent of pine trees. Welcome to the wilderness, the wind hailed, though a keen ear would have heeded the scornful laugh underlying its whistle.

47

In “Excerpt from *Tracks*,” how does the narrator’s point of view create wonder? Use **two** details from the story to support your response.

What impact does the statement “I felt like a genie on a flying carpet” (line 15) have on the story? Use **two** details from the story to support your response.
