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## Grades 4–5 Text Exemplars

### Stories

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**Carroll, Lewis.** *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.* Illustrated by John Tenniel. New York: William Morrow, 1992. (1865)

**From Chapter 1: “Down the Rabbit-Hole”**

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, ‘and what is the use of a book,’ thought Alice ‘without pictures or conversation?’

So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so VERY remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so VERY much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, ‘Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!’ (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the Rabbit actually TOOK A WATCH OUT OF ITS WAISTCOAT-POCKET, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket, or a watch to take out of it, and burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and fortunately was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

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**Burnett, Frances Hodgson.** *The Secret Garden.* New York: HarperCollins, 1985. (1911)

**From “There’s No One Left”**

When Mary Lennox was sent to Misselthwaite Manor to live with her uncle everybody said she was the most disagreeable-looking child ever seen. It was true, too. She had a little thin face and a little thin body, thin light hair and a sour expression. Her hair was yellow, and her face was yellow because she had been born in India and had always been ill in one way or another. Her father had held a position under the English Government and had always been busy and ill himself, and her mother had been a great beauty who cared only to go to parties and amuse herself with gay people. She had not wanted a little girl at all, and when Mary was born she handed her over to the care of an Ayah, who was made to understand that if she wished to please the Mem Sahib she must keep the child out of sight as much as possible. So when she was a sickly, fretful, ugly little baby she was kept out of the way, and when she became a sickly, fretful, toddling thing she was kept out of the way also. She never remembered seeing familiarly anything but the dark faces of her Ayah and the other native servants, and as they always obeyed her and gave her her own way in everything, because the Mem Sahib would be angry if she was disturbed by her crying, by the time she was six years old she was as tyrannical and selfish a little pig as ever lived. The young English governess who came to teach her to read and write disliked her so much that she gave up her place in three months, and when other governesses came to try to fill it they always went away in a shorter time than the first one. So if Mary had not chosen to really want to know how to read books she would never have learned her letters at all.

One frightfully hot morning, when she was about nine years old, she awakened feeling very cross, and she became crosser still when she saw that the servant who stood by her bedside was not her Ayah.

“Why did you come?” she said to the strange woman. “I will not let you stay. Send my Ayah to me.”

The woman looked frightened, but she only stammered that the Ayah could not come and when Mary threw herself into a passion and beat and kicked her, she looked only more frightened and repeated that it was not possible for the Ayah to come to Missie Sahib.

There was something mysterious in the air that morning. Nothing was done in its regular order and several of the native servants seemed missing, while those whom Mary saw slunk or hurried about with ashy and scared faces. But no one would tell her anything and her Ayah did not come. She was actually left alone as the morning went on, and at last she wandered out into the garden and began to play by herself under a tree near the veranda. She pretended that she was making a flower-bed, and she stuck big scarlet hibiscus blossoms into little heaps of earth, all the time

growing more and more angry and muttering to herself the things she would say and the names she would call Saidie when she returned.

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**Farley, Walter. *The Black Stallion*. New York: Random House Books for Young Readers, 2008. (1941)  
From Chapter 1: “Homeward Bound”**

The tramp steamer *Drake* plowed away from the coast of India and pushed its blunt prow into the Arabian Sea, homeward bound. Slowly it made its way west toward the Gulf of Aden. Its hold was loaded with coffee, rice, tea, oil seeds and jute. Black smoke poured from its one stack, darkening the hot cloudless sky.

Alexander Ramsay, Jr., known to his friends back home in New York City as Alec, leaned over the rail and watched the water slide away from the sides of the boat. His red hair blazed redder than ever in the hot sun, his tanned elbows rested heavily on the rail as he turned his freckled face back toward the fast-disappearing shore.

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**Saint-Exupéry, Antoine de. *The Little Prince*. Translated by Richard Howard. Orlando: Harcourt, 2000. (1943)**

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**Babbitt, Natalie. *Tuck Everlasting*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1975. (1975)  
From Chapter 12**

The sky was a ragged blaze of red and pink and orange, and its double trembled on the surface of the pond like color spilled from a paintbox. The sun was dropping fast now, a soft red sliding egg yolk, and already to the east there was a darkening to purple. Winnie, newly brave with her thoughts of being rescued, climbed boldly into the rowboat. The hard heels of her buttoned boots made a hollow banging sound against its wet boards, loud in the warm and breathless quiet. Across the pond a bullfrog spoke a deep note of warning. Tuck climbed in, too, pushing off, and, settling the oars into their locks, dipped them into the silty bottom in one strong pull. The rowboat slipped from the bank then, silently, and glided out, tall water grasses whispering away from its sides, releasing it.

Here and there the still surface of the water dimpled, and bright rings spread noiselessly and vanished. “Feeding time,” said Tuck softly. And Winnie, looking down, saw hosts of tiny insects skittering and skating on the surface. “Best time of all for fishing,” he said, “when they come up to feed.”

He dragged on the oars. The rowboat slowed and began to drift gently toward the farthest end of the pond. It was so quiet that Winnie almost jumped when the bullfrog spoke again. And then, from the tall pines and birches that ringed the pond, a wood thrush caroled. The silver notes were pure and clear and lovely.

“Know what that is, all around us, Winnie?” said Tuck, his voice low. “Life. Moving, growing, changing, never the same two minutes together. This water, you look out at it every morning, and it looks the same, but it ain’t. All night long it’s been moving, coming in through the stream back there to the west, slipping out through the stream down east here, always quiet, always new, moving on. You can’t hardly see the current, can you? And sometimes the wind makes it look like it’s going the other way. But it’s always there, the water’s always moving on, and someday, after a long while, it comes to the ocean.”

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**Singer, Isaac Bashevis. “Zlateh the Goat.” *Zlateh the Goat and Other Stories*. New York: HarperCollins, 2001. (1984)**

The snow fell for three days, though after the first day it was not as thick and the wind quieted down. Sometimes Aaron felt that there could never have been a summer, that the snow had always fallen, ever since he could remember. He, Aaron, never had a father or mother or sisters. He was a snow child, born of the snow, and so was Zlateh. It was so quiet in the hay that his ears rang in the stillness. Aaron and Zlateh slept all night and a good part of the day. As for Aaron’s dreams, they were all about warm weather. He dreamed of green fields, trees covered with blossoms, clear brooks, and singing birds. By the third night the snow had stopped, but Aaron did not dare to find his way home in the darkness. The sky became clear and the moon shone, casting silvery nets on the snow. Aaron dug his way out and looked at the world. It was all white, quiet, dreaming dreams of heavenly splendor. The stars were large and close. The moon swam in the sky as in a sea.

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**Hamilton, Virginia. *M. C. Higgins, the Great*. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1999. (1993)  
From Chapter 1**

Mayo Cornelius Higgins raised his arms high to the sky and spread them wide. He glanced furtively around. It was all right. There was no one to see him greeting the coming sunrise. But the motion of his arms caused a flutter of lettuce leaves he had bound to his wrists with rubber bands. Like bracelets of green feathers, the leaves commenced to wave.

M. C., as he was called, felt warm, moist air surround him. Humidity trapped in the hills clung to the mountainside

as the night passed on. In seconds, his skin grew clammy. But he paid no attention to the oppressive heat with its odors of summer growth and decay. For he was staring out over a grand sweep of hill, whose rolling outlines grew clearer by the minute. As he stood on the gallery of his home, the outcropping on which he lived on the mountainside seemed to fade out from under him.

I'm standing in midair, he thought.

He saw dim light touch clouds clustered behind the eastern hills.

Bounce the sun beside me if I want.

All others of his family were still asleep in the house. To be by himself in the perfect quiet was reason enough for him to wake up way early. Alone for half an hour, he could believe he had been chosen to remain forever suspended, facing the hills. He could pretend there was nothing terrible behind him, above his head. Arms outstretched, picture-framed by pine uprights supporting the gallery roof, he was M.C. Higgins, higher than everything.

**Erdrich, Louise. *The Birchbark House*. New York: Hyperion, 1999. (1999)  
From Chapter 1: "The Birchbark House"**

She was named Omakayas, or Little Frog, because her first step was a hop. She grew into a nimble young girl of seven winters, a thoughtful girl with shining brown eyes and a wide grin, only missing her two top front teeth. She touched her upper lip. She wasn't used to those teeth gone, and was impatient for new, grown-up teeth to complete her smile. Just like her namesake, Omakayas now stared long at a silky patch of bog before she gathered herself and jumped. One hummock. Safety. Omaykayas sprang wide again. This time she landed on the very tip-top of a pointed old stump. She balanced there, looking all around. The lagoon water moved in sparkling crescents. Thick swales of swamp grass rippled. Mud turtles napped in the sun. The world was so calm that Omakayas could hear herself blink. Only the sweet call of a solitary white-throated sparrow pierced the cool of the woods beyond.

All of a sudden Grandma yelled.

"I found it!"

Startled, Omakayas slipped and spun her arms in wheels. She teetered, but somehow kept her balance. Two big, skipping hops, another leap, and she was on dry land. She stepped over spongy leaves and moss, into the woods where the sparrows sang nesting songs in delicate relays.

"Where are you?" Nokomis yelled again. "I found the tree!"

"I'm coming," Omakayas called back to her grandmother.

It was spring, time to cut Birchbark.

**Curtis, Christopher Paul. *Bud, Not Buddy*. New York: Delacorte Books for Young Readers, 1999. (1999)  
(Also listed as a read-aloud narrative for grades 2–3)  
From Chapter 1**

Here we go again. We were all standing in line waiting for breakfast when one of the caseworkers came in and tap-tap-tapped down the line. Uh-oh, this meant bad news, either they'd found a foster home for somebody or somebody was about to get paddled. All the kids watched the woman as she moved along the line, her high-heeled shoes sounding like little fire-crackers going off on the wooden floor.

Shoot! She stopped at me and said, "Are you Buddy Caldwell?"

I said, "It's Bud, not Buddy, ma'am."

She put her hand on my shoulder and took me out of the line. Then she pulled Jerry, one of the littler boys, over. "Aren't you Jerry Clark?" He nodded.

"Boys, good news! Now that the school year has ended, you both have been accepted in new temporary-care homes starting this afternoon!"

Jerry asked the same thing I was thinking, "Together?"

She said, "Why no, Jerry, you'll be in a family with three little girls..."

Jerry looked like he'd just found out they were going to dip him in a pot of boiling milk.

"...and Bud..." She looked at some papers she was holding. "Oh, yes, the Amoses, you'll be with Mr. and Mrs. Amos and their son, who's twelve years old, that makes him just two years older than you, doesn't it, Bud?"

"Yes, ma'am."

She said, "I'm sure you'll both be very happy."

Me and Jerry looked at each other.

The woman said, "Now, now, boys, no need to look so glum, I know you don't understand what it means, but there's a depression going on all over this country. People can't find jobs and these are very, very difficult times for everybody. We've been lucky enough to find two wonderful families who've opened their doors for you. I think it's best that we show our new foster families that we're very..."

She dragged out the word very, waiting for us to finish her sentence for her.

Jerry said, "Cheerful, helpful and grateful." I moved my lips and mumbled.

**Lin, Grace.** *Where the Mountain Meets the Moon.* New York: Little, Brown, 2009. (2009)  
From Chapter 1

Far away from here, following the Jade River, there was once a black mountain that cut into the sky like a jagged piece of rough metal. The villagers called it Fruitless Mountain because nothing grew on it and birds and animals did not rest there.

Crowded in the corner of where Fruitless Mountain and the Jade River met was a village that was a shade of faded brown. This was because the land around the village was hard and poor. To coax rice out of the stubborn land, the field had to be flooded with water. The villagers had to tramp in the mud, bending and stooping and planting day after day. Working in the mud so much made it spread everywhere and the hot sun dried it onto their clothes and hair and homes. Over time, everything in the village had become the dull color of dried mud.

One of the houses in this village was so small that its wood boards, held together by the roof, made one think of a bunch of matches tied with a piece of twine. Inside, there was barely enough room for three people to sit around the table—which was lucky because only three people lived there. One of them was a young girl called Minli.

Minli was not brown and dull like the rest of the village. She had glossy black hair with pink cheeks, shining eyes always eager for adventure, and a fast smile that flashed from her face. When people saw her lively and impulsive spirit, they thought her name, which meant quick thinking, suited her well. "Too well," her mother sighed, as Minli had a habit of quick acting as well.

## Poetry

**Blake, William.** "The Echoing Green." *Songs of Innocence.* New York: Dover, 1971. (1789)

The sun does arise,  
And make happy the skies;  
The merry bells ring  
To welcome the Spring;  
The skylark and thrush,  
The birds of the bush,  
Sing louder around  
To the bells' cheerful sound;  
While our sports shall be seen  
On the echoing green.

Old John, with white hair,  
Does laugh away care,  
Sitting under the oak,  
Among the old folk.  
They laugh at our play,

And soon they all say,  
 ‘Such, such were the joys  
 When we all—girls and boys—  
 In our youth-time were seen  
 On the echoing green.’

Till the little ones, weary,  
 No more can be merry:  
 The sun does descend,  
 And our sports have an end.  
 Round the laps of their mothers  
 Many sisters and brothers,  
 Like birds in their nest,  
 Are ready for rest,  
 And sport no more seen  
 On the darkening green.

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**Lazarus, Emma. “The New Colossus.”** *Favorite Poems Old and New*. Edited by Helen Ferris. New York: Doubleday, 1957. (1883)

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame  
 With conquering limbs astride from land to land;  
 Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand  
 A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame  
 Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name  
 Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand  
 Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command  
 The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.  
 “Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!” cries she  
 With silent lips. “Give me your tired, your poor,  
 Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
 The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.  
 Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me,  
 I lift my lamp beside the golden door!”

*Media Text*

*Photos, multimedia, and a virtual tour of the Statue of Liberty, hosted on the National Parks Service’s Web site: <http://www.nps.gov/stli/photosmultimedia/index.htm>*

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**Thayer, Ernest Lawrence. “Casey at the Bat.”** *Favorite Poems Old and New*. Edited by Helen Ferris. New York: Doubleday, 1957. (1888)

The outlook wasn’t brilliant for the Mudville nine that day;  
 The score stood four to two with but one inning more to play.  
 And then when Cooney died at first, and Barrows did the same,  
 A sickly silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go in deep despair. The rest  
 Clung to that hope which springs eternal in the human breast;  
 They thought if only Casey could but get a whack at that—  
 We’d put up even money now with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake,  
 And the former was a lulu and the latter was a cake;  
 So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,  
 For there seemed but little chance of Casey’s getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,  
 And Blake, the much despised, tore the cover off the ball;  
 And when the dust had lifted, and the men saw what had occurred,  
 There was Johnnie safe at second and Flynn a-hugging third.

Then from 5,000 throats and more there rose a lusty yell;  
 It rumbled through the valley, it rattled in the dell;  
 It knocked upon the mountain and recoiled upon the flat,

For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place;  
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face.  
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,  
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt;  
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt.  
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,  
Defiance flashed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,  
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.  
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—  
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,  
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore.  
"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted some one on the stand;  
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;  
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;  
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew;  
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and echo answered fraud;  
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed.  
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,  
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clenched in hate;  
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate.  
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,  
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;  
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light,  
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;  
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

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**Dickinson, Emily. "A Bird Came Down the Walk." *The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*. Boston: Little, Brown, 1960. (1893)**

A Bird came down the walk—

He did not know I saw;  
He bit an angleworm in halves  
And ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a dew  
From a convenient grass,  
And then hopped sidewise to the wall  
To let a beetle pass.

He glanced with rapid eyes  
That hurried all abroad—  
They looked like frightened beads, I thought—  
He stirred his velvet head—

Like one in danger; cautious,  
I offered him a crumb,  
And he unrolled his feathers

And rowed him softer home

Than oars divide the ocean,  
Too silver for a seam,  
Or butterflies, off banks of noon,

Leap, splashless, as they swim.

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**Sandburg, Carl. "Fog." *Chicago Poems*. New York: Henry Holt, 1916. (1916)**

The fog comes  
on little cat feet.

It sits looking  
over harbor and city  
on silent haunches  
and then moves on.

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**Frost, Robert. "Dust of Snow." *The Poetry of Robert Frost: The Collected Poems, Complete and Unabridged*. New York: Henry Holt, 1969. (1923)**

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**Dahl, Roald. "Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf." *Roald Dahl's Revolting Rhymes*. New York: Knopf, 2002. (1982)**

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**Nichols, Grace. "They Were My People." *Come On Into My Tropical Garden*. New York: HarperCollins, 1990. (1988)**

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**Mora, Pat. "Words Free As Confetti." *Confetti: Poems for Children*. Illustrated by Enrique O. Sanchez. New York: Lee and Low, 1999. (1996)**

Come, words, come in your every color.  
I'll toss you in storm or breeze.  
I'll say, say, say you,  
Taste you sweet as plump plums,  
bitter as old lemons,  
I'll sniff you, words, warm  
as almonds or tart as apple-red,  
feel you green  
and soft as new grass,  
lightweight as dandelion plumes,  
or thorngray as cactus,  
heavy as black cement,  
cold blue as icicles,  
warm as *abuelita's* yellowlap.  
I'll hear you, words, loud as searoar's  
Purple crash, hushed  
as *gatitos* curled in sleep,  
as the last goldlullaby.  
I'll see you long and dark as tunnels,  
bright as rainbows,  
playful as chestnutwind.  
I'll watch you, words, rise and dance and spin.  
I'll say, say, say you  
in English,  
in Spanish,  
I'll find you.  
Hold you.  
Toss you.  
I'm free too.  
I say *yo soy libre*,  
I am free  
free, free,  
free as confetti.

*Words Free As Confetti* from the book *Confetti, Poems For Children* text copyright © 1996 by Pat Mora. Permission arranged with Lee & Low Books Inc, New York, NY 10016.

## Sample Performance Tasks for Stories and Poetry

Students *make connections between the visual presentation* of John Tenniel’s illustrations in Lewis Carroll’s *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland* and the text of the story to *identify* how the pictures of Alice reflect *specific descriptions* of her in the text. [RL.4.7]

Students *explain* the selfish behavior by Mary and make *inferences* regarding the impact of the cholera outbreak in Frances Hodgson Burnett’s *The Secret Garden* by *explicitly referring to details and examples from the text*. [RL.4.1]

Students *describe how the narrator’s point of view* in Walter Farley’s *The Black Stallion* *influences how events are described* and how the reader perceives the character of Alexander Ramsay, Jr. [RL.5.6]

Students *summarize* the plot of Antoine de Saint-Exupéry’s *The Little Prince* and then reflect on the *challenges* facing the *characters in the story* while employing those and other *details in the text* to discuss the value of inquisitiveness and exploration as *a theme of the story*. [RL.5.2]

Students read Natalie Babbitt’s *Tuck Everlasting* and *describe in depth* the idyllic *setting* of the story, *drawing on specific details in the text*, from the color of the sky to the sounds of the pond, to describe the scene. [RL.4.3]

Students *compare and contrast* coming-of-age stories by Christopher Paul Curtis (*Bud, Not Buddy*) and Louise Erdrich (*The Birchbark House*) by identifying *similar themes* and examining the stories’ *approach* to the topic of growing up. [RL.5.9]

Students *refer to the structural elements* (e.g., *verse, rhythm, meter*) of Ernest Lawrence Thayer’s “Casey at the Bat” when analyzing the *poem* and contrasting the impact and *differences* of those *elements* to a *prose* summary of the *poem*. [RL.4.5]

Students *determine the meaning of the metaphor* of a cat in Carl Sandburg’s poem “Fog” and contrast that *figurative language* to the meaning of the *simile* in William Blake’s “The Echoing Green.” [RL.5.4]

## Informational Texts

**Berger, Melvin. *Discovering Mars: The Amazing Story of the Red Planet*. New York: Scholastic, 1992. (1992)**

Mars is very cold and very dry. Scattered across the surface are many giant volcanoes. Lava covers much of the land.

In Mars’ northern half, or hemisphere, is a huge raised area. It is about 2,500 miles wide. Astronomers call this the Great Tharsis Bulge.

There are four mammoth volcanoes on the Great Tharsis Bulge. The largest one is Mount Olympus, or Olympus Mons. It is the biggest mountain on Mars. Some think it may be the largest mountain in the entire solar system.

Mount Olympus is 15 miles high. At its peak is a 50 mile wide basin. Its base is 375 miles across. That’s nearly as big as the state of Texas!

Mauna Loa, in Hawaii, is the largest volcano on earth. Yet, compared to Mount Olympus, Mauna Loa looks like a little hill. The Hawaiian volcano is only 5½ miles high. Its base, on the bottom of the Pacific Ocean, is just 124 miles wide.

Each of the three other volcanoes in the Great Tharsis Bulge are over 10 miles high. They are named Arsia Mons, Pavonis Mons, and Ascraeus Mons.

*Media Text*

*NASA’s illustrated fact sheet on Mars: [http://www.nasa.gov/worldbook/mars\\_worldbook.html](http://www.nasa.gov/worldbook/mars_worldbook.html)*

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**Carlisle, Madelyn Wood.** *Let's Investigate Marvelously Meaningful Maps*. Hauppauge, New York: Barrons, 1992. (1992)

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**Lauber, Patricia.** *Hurricanes: Earth's Mightiest Storms*. New York: Scholastic, 1996. (1996)  
From "The Making of a Hurricane"

Great whirling storms roar out of the oceans in many parts of the world. They are called by several names—hurricane, typhoon, and cyclone are the three most familiar ones. But no matter what they are called, they are all the same sort of storm. They are born in the same way, in tropical waters. They develop the same way, feeding on warm, moist air. And they do the same kind of damage, both ashore and at sea. Other storms may cover a bigger area or have higher winds, but none can match both the size and the fury of hurricanes. They are earth's mightiest storms.

Like all storms, they take place in the atmosphere, the envelope of air that surrounds the earth and presses on its surface. The pressure at any one place is always changing. There are days when air is sinking and the atmosphere presses harder on the surface. These are the times of high pressure. There are days when a lot of air is rising and the atmosphere does not press down as hard. These are times of low pressure. Low-pressure areas over warm oceans give birth to hurricanes.

*From: HURRICANES: EARTH'S MIGHTIEST STORMS by Patricia Lauber. Copyright © 1996 by Patricia Lauber. Used by permission of Scholastic, Inc.*

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**Otfinoski, Steve.** *The Kid's Guide to Money: Earning It, Saving It, Spending It, Growing It, Sharing It*. New York: Scholastic, 1996. (1996)

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**Wulfson, Don.** *Toys!: Amazing Stories Behind Some Great Inventions*. New York: Henry Holt, 2000. (2000)

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**Schleichert, Elizabeth.** "Good Pet, Bad Pet." *Ranger Rick* June 2002. (2002)

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**Kavash, E. Barrie.** "Ancient Mound Builders." *Cobblestone* October 2003. (2003)

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**Koscielniak, Bruce.** *About Time: A First Look at Time and Clocks*. Orlando: Houghton Mifflin, 2004. (2004)

Sometime around 1440, the spring-powered clock was invented. Instead of depending on the pull of weights for power, this type of clock used a flat metal spring wound tightly into a coil. The escapement allowed the spring to unwind by turning one gear tooth at a time. With the use of a spring, smaller, truly portable clocks could be made.

The first well-known watches, made in Germany around 1510 by Peter Henlein, were so named because guards or "watchmen" carried small clocks to keep track of how long to stay at a particular duty post.

Many different skills went into making a clock, and new tools and methods were constantly being invented to make ever smaller, more complicated mechanisms that worked with greater precision.

Founders melted and poured metal into a mold to make clock parts.

Spring makers hand-forged (heated and pounded into shape) and polished steel clock springs.

Screw makers cut screws used to fasten clocks together by using a small lathe devised by a German clockmaker in 1480. Earlier, only wedges or pegs were used.

Gear-tooth cutting had been done by hand until the mid-1500s, when Giannelo Torriano of Cremona, Italy, invented a machine that could cut perfect gear teeth. Brass replaced iron for clock making.

Engravers, gilders, and enamellers decorated clock cases and dials.

Glass-making shops made and cut glass.

Woodworkers made clock cases.

*Excerpt from ABOUT TIME: A First Look at Time and Clocks by Bruce Koscielniak. Copyright © 2004 by Bruce Koscielniak. Used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company. All rights reserved.*

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**Banting, Erinn. *England the Land*. New York: Crabtree, 2004. (2004)**  
**From “Living Fences”**

Low fences, some of which are thousands of years old, divide much of England’s countryside. These fences, called hedgerows, were first built by the Anglo-Saxons, a group of warriors from Germany and Scandinavia who arrived in England around 410 A.D. As they gained control of sections of land, they protected their property with walls made from wooden stakes and spiny plants. Dead hedgerows, as these fences were called, were eventually replaced by fences made from live bushes and trees.

Recently, people building large farms and homes in the countryside have destroyed many live hedgerows. Other people are working to save the hedgerows, which are home to a variety of wildlife, including birds, butterflies, hedgehogs, and hares.

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**Hakim, Joy. *A History of US*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2005. (2005)**  
**From Book 1: The First Americans, Prehistory to 1600; Chapter 7: “The Show-Offs”**

In case you forgot, you’re still in that time-and-space capsule, but you’re not a baby anymore. You’re 10 years old and able to work the controls yourself. So get going; we want to head northwest, to the very edge of the land, to the region that will be the states of Washington and Oregon. The time? We were in the 13<sup>th</sup> century; let’s try the 14<sup>th</sup> century for this visit.

Life is easy for the Indians here in the Northwest near the great ocean. They are affluent (AF-flew-ent –it means “wealthy”) Americans. For them the world is bountiful: the rivers hold salmon and sturgeon; the ocean is full of seals, whales, fish, and shellfish; the woods are swarming with game animals. And there are berries and nuts and wild roots to be gathered. They are not farmers. They don’t need to farm.

Those Americans go to sea in giant canoes; some are 60 feet long. (How long is your bedroom? Your schoolroom?) Using stone tools and fire, Indians of the Northwest cut down gigantic fir trees and hollow out the logs to make their boats. The trees tower 200 feet and are 10 feet across at the base. There are so many of them, so close together, with a tangle of undergrowth, that it is sometimes hard for hunters to get through the forest. Tall as these trees are, there are not as big as the redwoods that grow in a vast forest to the south (in the land that will become California).

*Media Text*

“American Indians of the Pacific Northwest Collection,” a digital archive of images and documents hosted by the University of Washington: <http://content.lib.washington.edu/aipnw/>

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**Ruurs, Margriet. *My Librarian Is a Camel: How Books Are Brought to Children Around the World*. Honesdale, Penn.: Boyds Mills Press, 2005. (2005)**  
**From “Peru”**

Children in Peru can receive their book in several different, innovative ways.

CEDILI-IBBY Peru is an institution that delivers books in bags to families in Lima. Each bag contains twenty books, which families can keep for a month. The books come in four different reading levels so that children really learn how to read. This project in Spanish is called El Libro Compartido en Familia and enables parents to share the joy of books with their children.

In small, rural communities, books are delivered in wooden suitcases and plastic bags. These suitcases and bags contain books that the community can keep and share for the next three months. The number of books in each suitcase depends on the size of the community. There are no library buildings in these small towns, and people gather outside, in the plaza, to see books they can check out. In the coastal regions, books are sometimes delivered by donkey cart. The books are stored in the reading promoter’s home.

In the ancient city of Cajamarca, reading promoters from various rural areas select and receive a large collection of books for their area. The program is called Aspaderuc. The reading promoter lends these books to his or her neighbors, and after three months, a new selection of books goes out to each area. Books in this system are for children and adults.

And last but not least, Fe Y Alegria brings a collection of children’s books to rural schools. The books are brought from school to school by wagon. The children, who are excited about browsing through the books when they arrive, are turning into avid readers.

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**Simon, Seymour. *Horses*. New York: HarperCollins, 2006. (2006)**

Horses move in four natural ways, called gaits or paces. They walk, trot, canter, and gallop. The walk is the slowest gait and the gallop is the fastest.

When a horse walks, each hoof leaves the ground at a different time. It moves one hind leg first, and then the front leg on the same side; then the other hind leg and the other front leg. When a horse walks, its body swings gently with each stride.

When a horse trots, its legs move in pairs, left front leg with right hind leg, and right front leg with left hind leg. When a horse canters, the hind legs and one front leg move together, and then the hind legs and the other foreleg move together.

The gallop is like a much faster walk, where each hoof hits the ground one after another. When a horse gallops, all four of its hooves may be flying off the ground at the same time.

Horses are usually described by their coat colors and by the white markings on their faces, bodies, legs, and hooves.

Brown horses range in color from dark brown bays and chestnuts to golden browns, such as palominos, and lighter browns such as roans and duns.

Partly colored horses are called pintos or paints. Colorless, pure-white horses—albinos—are rare. Most horses that look white are actually gray.

Skewbalds have brown-and-white patches. Piebalds have black and white patches. Spottedds have dark spots on a white coat or white spots on a dark coat.

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**Montgomery, Sy. *Quest for the Tree Kangaroo: An Expedition to the Cloud Forest of New Guinea*. Orlando: Houghton Mifflin, 2006. (2006)**  
**From “Marsupial Mania”**

Stuart Little, the small mouse with big parents, had nothing on baby marsupials. Marsupials (“mar-SOUP-ee-ulz”) are special kinds of mammals. Even the biggest ones give birth to babies that are incredibly small. A two-hundred-pound six-foot mother kangaroo, for instance, gives birth to a baby as small as a lima bean. That’s what makes marsupials marsupials. Their babies are born so tiny that in order to survive they must live in a pouch on the mother’s tummy. The pouch is called a marsupium. (Don’t you wish you had one?)

A baby marsupial lives hidden in the mother’s warm moist pouch for months. There it sucks milk from a nipple like other baby mammals. One day it’s big enough to poke its head out to see the world. The European explorers who saw kangaroos for the first time in Australia reported they had discovered a two-headed animal—with one head on the neck and another in the belly.

North America has only one marsupial. You may have seen it: The Virginia opossum actually lives in most of the United States, not just Virginia. South America also has marsupials. But most marsupials live in or near Australia. They include the koala (which is not a bear), two species of wombat, the toothy black Tasmania devil, four species of black and white spotted “native cats” (though they’re not cats at all), and many others.

The most famous marsupials, however, are the kangaroos. All kangaroos hop—some of them six feet high and faster than forty miles an hour. More than fifty different species of kangaroo hop around on the ground—from the big red kangaroo to the musky rat kangaroo.

*Excerpt from QUEST FOR THE TREE KANGAROO: An Expedition to the Cloud Forest of New Guinea by Sy Montgomery. Text Copyright © 2006 by Sy Montgomery. Used by Permission of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company. All rights reserved.*

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**Simon, Seymour. *Volcanoes*. New York: HarperCollins, 2006. (2006)**

In early times, no one knew how volcanoes formed or why they spouted red-hot molten rock. In modern times, scientists began to study volcanoes. They still don’t know all the answers, but they know much about how a volcano works.

Our planet is made up of many layers of rock. The top layers of solid rock are called the crust. Deep beneath the crust is the mantle, where it is so hot that some rock melts. The melted, or molten, rock is called magma.

Volcanoes are formed when magma pushes its way up through the crack in Earth's crust. This is called a volcanic eruption. When magma pours forth on the surface, it is called lava.

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**Nelson, Kadir. *We Are the Ship: The Story of Negro League Baseball*. New York: Jump at the Sun, 2008. (2008)**  
**From "4th Inning: Racket Ball: Negro League Owners"**

Most of the owners didn't make much money from their teams. Baseball was just a hobby for them, a way to make their illegal money look good. To save money, each team would only carry fifteen or sixteen players. The major league teams each carried about twenty-five. Average salary for each player started at roughly \$125 per month back in '34, and went up to \$500-\$800 during the forties, though there were some who made much more than that, like Satchel Paige and Josh Gibson. The average major league player's salary back then was \$7,000 per month. We also got around fifty cents to a dollar per day for food allowance. Back then you could get a decent meal for about twenty-five cents to seventy-five cents.

Some of the owners didn't treat their players very well. Didn't pay them enough or on time. That's why we would jump from team to team. Other owners would offer us more money, and we would leave our teams and go play for them. We were some of the first unrestricted free agents.

There were, however, a few owners who did know how to treat their ballplayers. Cum Posey was one of them. He always took care of his ballplayers, put them in the best hotels, and paid them well and on time. Buck Leonard said Posey never missed a payday in the seventeen years he played for the Grays.

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**Cutler, Nellie Gonzalez. "Kenya's Long Dry Season." *Time for Kids* September 25, 2009. (2009)**

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**Hall, Leslie. "Seeing Eye to Eye." *National Geographic Explorer* September 2009. (2009)**

A hungry falcon soars high above Earth. Its sharp eyes scan the ground. Suddenly, it spies something moving in the grass. The falcon dives toward it.

Far below, a gray field mouse scurries through the grass. Its dark, beady eyes search constantly for danger. With eyes on either side of its head, the mouse can see almost everything around it.

Will the mouse see the falcon in time to escape? Or, will the speedy falcon catch the prey it spied from far above? Whatever happens, one thing is clear: Without eyes, neither animal has a good chance.

Why? Eyes help many animals make sense of the world around them - and survive. Eyes can guide the falcon to dinner or help the mouse see a perfect place to hide.

Animal eyes come in many different shapes, sizes, colors, and even numbers. Yet they do the same job. They all catch light. With help from the brain, eyes turn light into sight.

Eyes work in the same way for people. Look at this page. You may think you see words and pictures. Believe it or not, you don't. All you see is light bouncing off the page. How is this possible? The secret is in the rules of light.

### **Light Rules**

Light is a form of energy, like heat or sound. It can come from a natural source, like the sun, or artificial sources, like a lamp or a flashlight.

Light is the fastest known thing. It travels in waves and in nearly straight lines. In air, it can speed 299,700 kilometers (186,200 miles) per second. It can race from the sun to Earth in just over eight minutes! Light doesn't always travel so fast. For example, water or glass can slow light down, but just a bit.

Light may seem to break all driving speed laws. Yet there are certain rules it always follows. Light reflects, or bounces off objects. It also refracts, or bends. And it can be absorbed, or soaked up, by objects. These rules of light affect what, and how, we see.

**Light! Eyes!**

Imagine this scene: You're at your desk happily reading Explorer magazine. Light from your desk lamp scatters in all directions.

Light hits the page. Some bounces off the page, or reflects. It changes direction. It's a little like how sound bounces off a wall. Now some of this reflected light is traveling right toward your face. Don't duck! For you to see Explorer, some of this light has to enter your eyes. Objects become visible when light bounces off them.

Your eyes are light catchers. Yet it takes more than catching light to see an image. Your eyes also have to bend light. Here's how.

First, light hits your cornea. That's the clear covering on the front of your eyeball. The cornea refracts, or bends, light.

**And Action!**

Is your cornea super strong? No! Think about how light travels more slowly through water. The same thing happens in your cornea. As light passes through the cornea, it slows down. That makes the light change direction, or bend.

Next, light enters your pupil, the dark center part of your eye. It passes through your lens. The lens bends light, too. What's the big deal about bending light? That's how your eyes focus, or aim the light to make a clear image.

The image appears on your retina at the back of your eyeball. It's like a movie. Playing Today at a Theater in Your Eye: Explorer magazine! There's only one problem. The image is upside down. Luckily, your brain flips the image right side up. That's pretty smart!

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**Ronan, Colin A. "Telescopes." *The New Book of Knowledge*. New York: Scholastic, 2010. (2010)**

You can see planets, stars, and other objects in space just by looking up on a clear night. But to really see them--to observe the craters on the moon, the rings around Saturn, and the countless other wonders in our sky--you must use a telescope.

A telescope is an instrument used to produce magnified (enlarged) images of distant objects. It does this by gathering and focusing the light or other forms of electromagnetic radiation emitted or reflected by those objects. The word "telescope" comes from two Greek words meaning "far" and "see."

**Kinds of Telescopes**

There are many different types of telescopes, both optical and non-optical. Optical telescopes are designed to focus visible light. Non-optical telescopes are designed to detect kinds of electromagnetic radiation that are invisible to the human eye. These include radio waves, infrared radiation, X rays, ultraviolet radiation, and gamma rays. The word "optical" means "making use of light."

Some telescopes are launched into space. These telescopes gain clearer views. And they can collect forms of electromagnetic radiation that are absorbed by the Earth's atmosphere and do not reach the ground.

**Optical Telescopes**

Different types of optical telescopes gather and focus light in different ways. Refracting telescopes, or refractors, use lenses. Reflecting telescopes, or reflectors, use mirrors. And catadioptric telescopes, or catadioptrics, use a combination of lenses and mirrors. The main lens or mirror in an optical telescope is called the objective.

**Refracting Telescopes.** A refracting telescope is typically a long, tube-shaped instrument. The objective is a system of lenses at the front end of the tube (the end facing the sky). When light strikes the lenses, it is bent and brought to a focus within the tube. This forms an image of a distant object. This image can be magnified by the eyepiece. This consists of a group of small lenses at the back of the tube. A camera can replace or be added to the eyepiece. Then photographs can be taken of celestial objects. For many years, these cameras used film. Today most are equipped with charge-coupled devices (CCD's). These devices use semiconductor chips to electronically capture images. CCD's are similar to the devices in home digital cameras and video camcorders. However, the CCD's used by astronomers are usually extremely sensitive to light.

*From Ronan, Colin A. "Telescopes." Reviewed by William A. Gutsch. The New Book of Knowledge®. Copyright © 2010. Grolier Online. All rights reserved. Reprinted by permission of Scholastic Inc.*

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Buckmaster, Henrietta. "Underground Railroad." *The New Book of Knowledge*. New York: Scholastic, 2010. (2010)

### Sample Performance Tasks for Informational Texts

Students *explain* how Melvin Berger *uses reasons and evidence* in his book *Discovering Mars: The Amazing Story of the Red Planet* to *support particular points* regarding the topology of the planet. [RI.4.8]

Students identify *the overall structure of ideas, concepts, and information* in Seymour Simon's *Horses* (based on factors such as their speed and color) and *compare and contrast* that scheme to the one employed by Patricia Lauber in her book *Hurricanes: Earth's Mightiest Storms*. [RI.5.5]

Students *interpret* the visual *chart* that accompanies Steve Otfinoski's *The Kid's Guide to Money: Earning It, Saving It, Spending It, Growing It, Sharing It* and *explain how the information* found within it *contributes to an understanding of* how to create a budget. [RI.4.7]

Students *explain the relationship between* time and clocks using *specific information* drawn from Bruce Koscielniak's *About Time: A First Look at Time and Clocks*. [RI.5.3]

Students *determine the meaning of domain-specific words or phrases*, such as *crust, mantle, magma, and lava*, and important *general academic words and phrases* that appear in Seymour Simon's *Volcanoes*. [RI.4.4]

Students *compare and contrast a firsthand account* of African American ballplayers in the Negro Leagues to *a secondhand account* of their treatment found in books such as Kadir Nelson's *We Are the Ship: The Story of Negro League Baseball*, attending to the *focus* of each account *and the information provided* by each. [RI.4.6]

Students *quote accurately and explicitly from* Leslie Hall's "Seeing Eye to Eye" to *explain statements* they make and ideas they *infer* regarding sight and light. [RI.5.1]

Students *determine the main idea* of Colin A. Ronan's "Telescopes" and create a *summary* by *explaining how key details support* his distinctions regarding different types of telescopes. [RI.4.2]