

New Paradigm for Education  
Daily Read & Respond Homework

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

Reading Level: \_\_\_\_\_

Wings: 5th Grade  
Week of October 23<sup>rd</sup> - October 27<sup>th</sup>, 2017  
Genre: Literature Story

\*\*\*Please be advised we have changed the genre for Read & Respond for the month of October to match the genres reflected in the Achievement Network Test students will take at the end of Quarter #1\*\*\*

**Genres for the A1/Q1 Grade 5: Informational—Literary Non-Fiction and Literature—Story**

Monday	Minutes Read: _____	Listeners Initials: _____	Week of: _____
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Title: \_\_\_\_\_

Author: \_\_\_\_\_

After reading the attached passage, complete the graphic organizer below.

Setting	Problem
Theme	Solution
Characters	

*Handwritten signature*  
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<b>Tuesday</b>	<b>Minutes Read:</b> _____	<b>Listeners Initials:</b> _____	<b>Week of:</b> _____
<b>Constructed Response</b>			
<b>Directions:</b> Read the question below, using the attached passage, write your answer in complete sentences on a separate piece of paper and attach it to the back of your Read & Respond (RI.5.2/RL.5.2)			
Summarize the main idea of the text/passage. Support your answer with key details from the text and explain how the key details you chose support the main idea.			

<b>Wednesday</b>	<b>Minutes Read:</b> _____	<b>Listeners Initials:</b> _____	<b>Week of:</b> _____
<b>Clarification</b>			
<b>Directions:</b> Use the strategies listed below to clarify a word or sentence you had a difficult time with or think others may have difficulty reading. Write your answers in complete sentences on a separate piece of paper and attach it to the back of your Read & Respond.			
<b>If you can't say a word:</b>		<b>If you don't know what a word means:</b>	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Blend it</li> <li>• Chunk it</li> <li>• Look for a base word</li> <li>• Reread it</li> </ul>		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Use context clues</li> <li>• Reread or Read on</li> <li>• Use your background knowledge</li> <li>• Make a mind movie</li> </ul>	
Word / Sentence:			
I struggled to <u>read the word / sentence</u> or to <u>understand the meaning of the word / sentence</u> :			
Strategy I used to clarify:			
What does the word / sentence mean? (In your own words):			
Meaningful Sentence (if you chose a word):			

<b>Thursday</b>	<b>Minutes Read:</b> _____	<b>Listeners Initials:</b> _____	<b>Week of:</b> _____
<b>College Bound Questions</b>			
<b>Directions:</b> At this point you have read the entire passage. Please complete the College Bound Section. Write your answers in complete sentences on a separate piece of paper and attach it to the back of your Read & Respond.			
1. Which quotation best explains how Katie and Lynn are similar?			
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>a. "I did not care where she sent me, so long as Lynn came along."</li> <li>b. "We screamed and jumped up."</li> <li>c. "Even if you tried to kill her and bite off her leg, she still forgave you."</li> <li>d. "If she had not saved my life first, I would have not been able to save her life."</li> </ul>			
2. Describe the relationship between Katie and her sister. Use evidence from the text to support your answer.			
3. How does Katie's viewpoint affect how the stories are told? How do you know? Make sure to use textual evidence from the passage to support your claim.			

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# Kira-Kira

Cynthia Kadohata

My sister, Lynn, taught me my first word: *kira-kira*. I pronounced it *ka-aahhh*, but she knew what I meant. *Kira-kira* means “glittering” in Japanese. Lynn told me that when I was a baby, she used to take me onto our empty road at night, where we would lie on our backs and look at the stars while she said over and over, “Katie, say ‘*kira-kira, kira-kira.*’” I loved that word! When I grew older, I used “*kira-kira*” to describe everything I liked: the beautiful blue sky, puppies, kittens, butterflies, colored Kleenex.

My mother said we were misusing the word; you could not call a Kleenex *kira-kira*. She was dismayed over how un-Japanese we were and vowed to send us to Japan one day. I did not care where she sent me, so long as Lynn came along. I was born in Iowa in 1951. I know a lot about when I was a little girl, because my sister used to keep a diary. Today I keep her diary in a drawer next to my bed.

I like to see how her memories were the same as mine, but also different. For instance, one of my earliest memories is of the day Lynn saved my life. I was almost five, and she was almost nine. We were playing on the empty road near our house. Fields of tall corn stretched into the distance wherever you looked. A dirty gray dog ran out of the field near us, and then he ran back in. Lynn loved animals.

Her long black hair disappeared into the corn as she chased the dog. The summer sky was clear and blue. I felt a brief fear as Lynn disappeared into the cornstalks. When she was not in school, she stayed with me constantly. Both our parents worked. Officially, I stayed all day with a lady from down the road, but unofficially, Lynn was the one who took care of me.

After Lynn ran into the field, I could not see anything but corn.

“Lynn!” I shouted. We were not that far from our house, but I felt scared. I burst into tears. Somehow or other, Lynn got behind me and said, “Boo!” and I cried some more. She just laughed and hugged me and said, “You’re the best little sister in the world!” I liked it when she said that, so I stopped crying.

The dog ran off. We lay on our backs in the middle of the road and stared at the blue sky. Some days nobody at all drove down our little road. We could have lain on our backs all day and never got hit. Lynn said, “The blue of the sky is one of the most special colors in the world, because the color is deep but see-through both at the same time. What did I just say?”

“The sky is special.”

“The ocean is like that too, and people’s eyes.”

She turned her head toward me and waited. I said, “The ocean and people’s eyes are special, too.” That is how I learned about eyes, sky, and ocean: the three special, deep, colored, see-through things. I turned to Lynn. Her eyes were deep and black, like mine.

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The dog burst from the field suddenly, growling and snarling. Its teeth were long and yellow. We screamed and jumped up. The dog grabbed at my pants. As I pulled away, the dog ripped my pants and his cold teeth touched my skin.

“Aaahhhhh!” I screamed.

Lynn pulled at the dog’s tail and shouted at me, “Run, Katie, run!” I ran, hearing the dog growling and Lynn grunting. When I got to the house, I turned around and saw the dog tearing at Lynn’s pants as she huddled over into a ball. I ran inside and looked for a weapon. I could not think straight. I got a milk bottle out of the fridge, ran toward Lynn, and threw the bottle at the dog. The bottle missed the dog and broke on the street. The dog rushed to lap up the milk. Lynn and I ran toward the house, but she stopped on the porch. I pulled at her.

“Come on!”

She looked worried. “He’s going to cut his tongue on the glass.”

“Who cares?”

But she got the water hose and chased the dog away with the water, so it would not hurt its tongue. That’s the way Lynn was. Even if you tried to kill her and bite off her leg, she still forgave you.

This is what Lynn said in her diary from that day:

*The corn was so pretty. When it was all around me, I felt like I wanted to stay there forever. Then I heard Katie crying, and I ran out as fast as I could. I was so scared. I thought something had happened to her!  
Later, when the dog attacked me, Katie saved my life.*

I didn’t really see things that way. If she had not saved my life first, I would not have been able to save her life. So, really, she’s the one who saved a life.