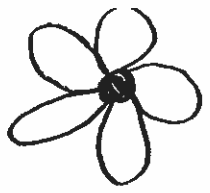


5th grade - final packet

Mrs. Heintl included enough work in the previous packet to make it to the end of the year, but there is some additional work here from Mrs. San Rocco for language



5th Grade Language (Round 5)

1st Week Mon. May 18 - Friday, May 22

- M - p. 125 (Direction 1 & 2 only) (HINT: There is only one imperative sentence. Can you find it? Write the invisible (you) before the sentence number.)
- T - p. 126 (You can do Rem. C right in the book)
- W - p. 127 and p. 128
- R - p. 129 (*RETURN TO ME)
- F - Creative Writing (Cliffhanger) Write at least 3 paragraphs.

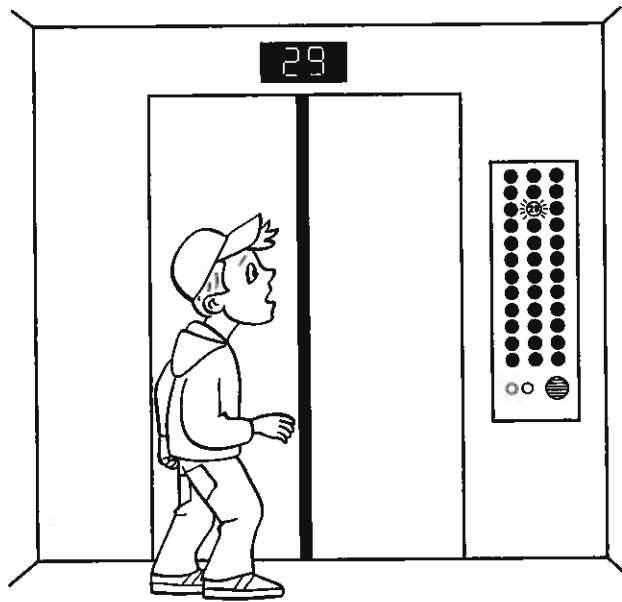
2nd Week Mon. May 25 - Friday, May 29

- M - p. 130 > ^{*Return} p. 129 & 130 to me.
 - T - p. 131
 - W - p. 132
 - R - } Creative Writing (Cliffhanger)
 - F - } Write at least 3 paragraphs.
- NOTE: "Both" creative writing assignments will be *returned to me at last drop off/pick up.

We did it; we made it to the end of the year! Remember to do your work "carefully" ... "looking back" whenever you need help. Stay well and God Bless & Mrs. SanRocco

1st WK
May 22

Going Up



Daniel wasn't really thrilled about the new apartment building his family had moved into. The only cool thing about it was the elevator. His old building didn't have one, but now they lived on the fourth floor, so he got to ride it every day.

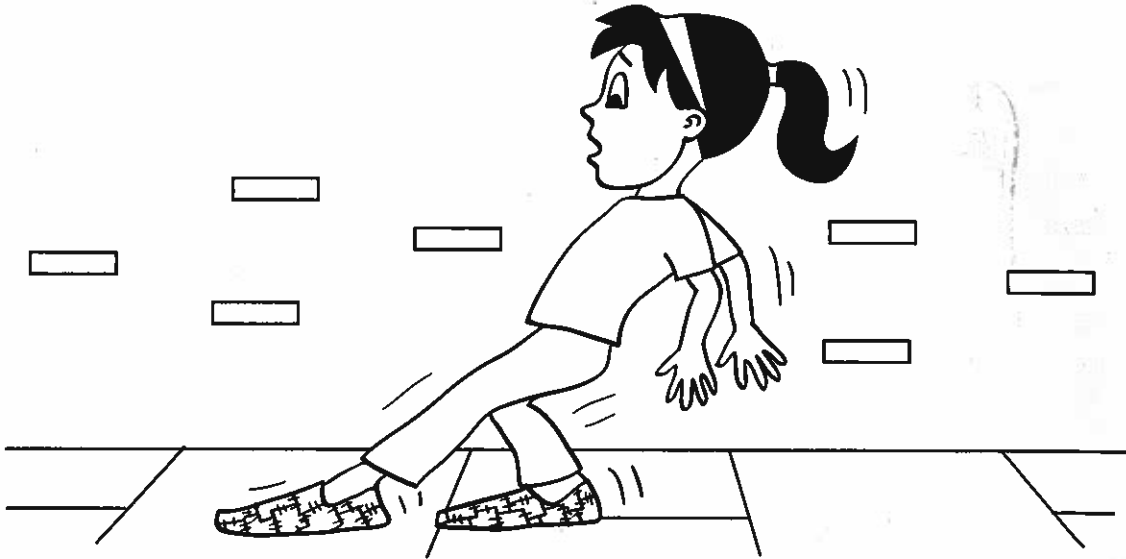
Today he was going home and was about to turn right to his hall elevator when he decided to mix things up and turn left instead. There was an elevator for this hall, too, so why not give it a try? He pushed the up arrow and stepped in. *Good! No one else going up.* He reached for button number four but was suddenly confused by the panel. There were lots more than four numbers. In fact, the numbers went all the way to 36! *How can there be thirty-six numbers? There aren't thirty-six floors. Maybe it's a spare-parts elevator, and only the first four buttons work.* But since he was in a mix-it-up mood, he decided to push a spare-part number. *Let's try number 29.* The number lit up, the doors closed, and the elevator started to rise. The display panel above the door read "2," then "3," then "4," and kept going. Daniel's heart started to pound. 15, 16, 17. His hands started to sweat. *How do I get out of here?* 22, 23, 24. The elevator slowed, then stopped when the panel read "29." The doors dinged and slid open.

"Hello, Daniel. Welcome to floor number 29."

And then . . .

2nd wk
May 29

A Mind of Their Own



Kaya dumped her backpack at the front door and headed for the kitchen, lured by the smell of brownies. “Mom, you’re the greatest!” she said, as her mom pulled the pan from the oven.

“I know,” her mom replied. “And that’s not all. I got some shoes at a garage sale since you wrecked your old ones in that mud puddle incident.”

“A garage sale?”

“Yes, that will have to do until we go shopping. Am I still the greatest?”

“I guess,” said Kaya, biting into a warm brownie.

A few seconds later, she wiped her mouth and went to her room. Next to her bed sat odd-looking shoes, made of little colored squares sewn together with black thread. They were soft and lightweight, so she stuck her feet in them. Perfect!

“I’m going to Avery’s house,” she called, slamming the front door. But when she turned right at the sidewalk, she couldn’t move. Her feet felt frozen to the cement. She strained to lift her legs, first one, then the other. It was useless. She couldn’t move forward. She stared at her feet. *Those SHOES are doing this!* Her next impulse was to get home, and she was relieved to be able to turn around. She took a step, then another. *That’s better.* But when she turned towards the front door, her feet, or those shoes, kept going straight. “Stop!” she yelled, but the shoes kept walking.

And then . . .