

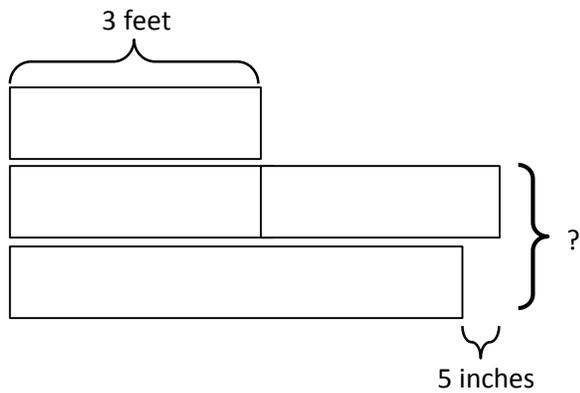
# 4th Grade

Day 5

Name \_\_\_\_\_

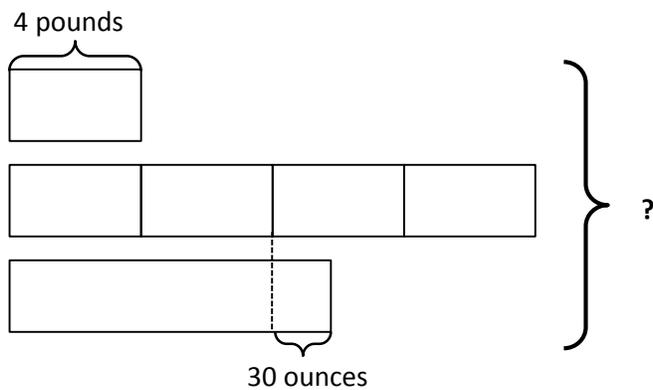
Date \_\_\_\_\_

1. a. Label the rest of the tape diagram below. Solve for the unknown.



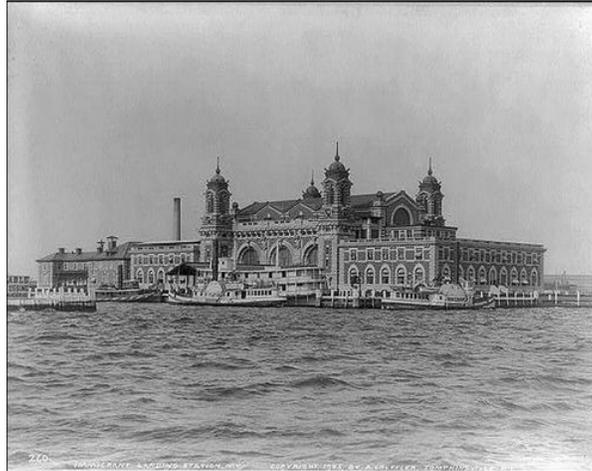
- b. Write a problem of your own that could be solved using the diagram above.

2. Create a problem of your own using the diagram below, and solve for the unknown.



# Lost on Ellis Island

by W.M. Akers



To get to Ellis Island, you have to take a boat. From 1892 to 1954, many people came here from across the ocean. Millions of immigrants from Europe and beyond came to America through this tiny little island, where they were processed, checked for disease, and sometimes given a new, more American-sounding name. Stepping onto Ellis Island was the end of a long journey, and the beginning of a new life.

But for Emily Dalton, it was just another day on a family vacation. Emily, her parents, and little brother, Max, had been to New York City before, but they had never visited the museum on Ellis Island. They took a boat there, too-coming not from Europe, but in a little ferry from the southern tip of Manhattan. Emily had wanted to see the Statue of Liberty, but the family outvoted her.

"Think of it this way, Em," said her father. "You can look at the Statue of Liberty on the boat ride over!"

Emily stared at the big green statue as their ferry docked at Ellis Island. More than anything else, she wanted to climb to the top of Lady Liberty and look at New York harbor from high up there. Instead, it was time to visit another museum.

"See you later," she said to the statue as they disembarked. "Maybe next summer."

Emily and her family had been in New York for four days. In that time, they'd done nothing but walk, walk, walk, and visit more museums than she could count. They saw art museums, science museums and history museums. There was even one boring museum all about pieces of paper. Between all the museums and crushing July heat, Emily was nearly asleep on her feet as they walked onto Ellis Island.

The main building on Ellis Island has four big turrets, and looks a little bit like a castle. Inside is a huge main room, the Registry Room, where immigrants once waited in line for permission to enter the country. To the sides are lots of smaller rooms, which hold different exhibits about the island's history.

"Oh wow," Emily said. "Exhibits."

"Emily, if you're going to grump your whole way through this museum," said her mother, before pausing for a few moments. "Well...just don't!"

"Oh my gosh, Dad!" squealed Max. "They have an exhibit all about maps!"

Max loved maps. Emily did not. The thought of spending two hours watching Max coo over 100-year-old maps made Emily fear she would actually fall asleep where she stood.

"You guys go on ahead," she said. "I'm going to poke around in the gift shop."

"Okay," said her dad. "We'll meet you back here at four to take the last ferry back."

"Sounds great."

As Emily's family walked excitedly toward the map room, Emily felt her chest loosen slightly. She loved her parents and brother, but there was such a thing as too much family vacation. Now that she was by herself, Ellis Island didn't feel so bad. She was walking toward the gift shop, thinking about purchasing a new mug, when a machine caught her eye. The sign said "Family Records," and it made something stir inside Emily's brain.

She remembered two Thanksgivings ago, when her grandfather told the story about how he immigrated to the United States as a child. He was only seven years old, but he remembered standing in line in a long room in a building that reminded him of a castle—he said Zamek—back in Poland.

"I wonder if this is the same room!" said Emily, as she began navigating the computer screen on the records machine. Without her family there, she was allowed to feel excited. She typed in her grandfather's name, last name first: Dalton, Stanley.

"No records in the archive match your search," said the machine.

"Darn!" said Emily. She was sure her grandfather had described Ellis Island. "Wait a minute..."

She remembered what her dad had told her about people's names being changed when they got to the island. The American government forced people to take new names, as a way of making them fit in better in their new country. Stanley Dalton wasn't a very Polish-sounding name. That Thanksgiving, her grandfather had told them his given name. Emily bit her knuckle as she tried to remember.

"Stan...Stanislaus...Stanislaus Dombrowski!" A name like that, Emily thought, you don't forget. She typed it in, and there he was! A picture of an old piece of paper came up covered in squiggly handwriting from January 12, 1930. On line 12, Emily found her grandfather: Stanislaus Dombrowski, whose name was changed to Stanley Dalton. He was from Warsaw, it said, and had never been to the United States before. He was seven years old, and in good health. There was information about his parents, too, and his younger sister. Emily read everything she could about the Dombrowski family, and then started searching for other people. She searched for her friends' families, for famous people, and any random name that came into her head. And many of them had come through this hall.

She was so engrossed that she forgot the time, and was shocked to hear the announcement: "It is four o'clock. The last boat leaves in five minutes."

Emily looked up, and saw that the hall was nearly empty. Her family was nowhere to be seen. She ran down the hall, peering into the exhibit rooms, bathrooms and the coat check.

"Max!" she shouted. "Mom? Dad? Dalton family? Dombrowskis?!"

When she realized she was the last person in the hall, she panicked. She ran out of the main entrance and up the ramp to the ferry, getting there just fifteen seconds before it left the island. She found her parents sitting in the front of the boat.

"Hey, Emily," said her mom.

"You left me behind!"

"Oh, baby, I'm so sorry. We thought you were on the upper deck with your brother."

"We were supposed to meet in the great hall at four."

"I think we said we would meet in the boat, dear."

Emily knew her mother was wrong, but she was too tired to argue. Her vacation stress had returned. She slumped into her seat, watching the castle of Ellis Island grow smaller behind her. As Stanislaus Dombrowski had learned nearly 100 years earlier, she realized then that as nice as it is to get to Ellis Island, it's even better to catch the boat to Manhattan.

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

1. Where does Emily's family visit?

- A. the Statue of Liberty
- B. an art museum
- C. Ellis Island
- D. Staten Island

2. How do Emily's feelings about Ellis Island change in the story?

- A. At first she is bored and then she is excited.
- B. At first she is interested and then she is scared.
- C. At first she is scared and then she is bored.
- D. At first she is excited and then she is bored.

3. Emily is tired of spending time with her family. What evidence from the passage best supports this conclusion?

- A. "Between all the museums and crushing July heat, Emily was nearly asleep on her feet as they walked onto Ellis Island."
- B. "In that time, they'd done nothing but walk, walk, walk, and visit more museums than she could count."
- C. "The thought of spending two hours watching Max coo over 100-year-old maps made Emily fear she would actually fall asleep where she stood."
- D. "She loved her parents and brother, but there was such a thing as too much family vacation."

4. How can Emily best be described?

- A. lonely
- B. independent
- C. fashionable
- D. unintelligent

5. What is this story mostly about?

- A. how Emily learns more about her grandfather at Ellis Island
- B. Emily's family vacation in Manhattan
- C. the differences between Emily and her brother Max
- D. a girl who misses the boat and gets left behind on Ellis Island

6. Read the following sentences:

"She searched for her friends' families, for famous people, and any random name that came into her head. And many of them had come through this hall.

"She was so **engrossed** that she forgot the time, and was shocked to hear the announcement: 'It is four o'clock. The last boat leaves in five minutes.'"

What does "**engrossed**" mean as used in the passage?

- A. uninterested and distant
- B. disgusted by something
- C. absorbed in something
- D. forgetful and silly

7. Choose the answer that best completes the sentence below.

Immigrants to America were often given new names \_\_\_\_\_ they would fit in better in their new country.

- A. but
- B. so
- C. like
- D. after

8. Where does Emily want to visit at the beginning of the story?

9. Why are there no records of "Dalton, Stanley" in the archive?

10. Explain how and why Emily's feelings about Ellis Island change in the story.

# Mother Cats and Their Kittens

by ReadWorks



Have you ever watched a mother cat with her babies? Mother cats are very protective of their kittens, even before they are born. Mother cats have to protect their babies so that they can grow up to be big cats.

First, a mother cat chooses a safe place to give birth to her kittens. Unlike a human, the mother cat can't go to a hospital to have her babies, so she must look for someplace near home that is right for her babies. A safe place for kittens can't be too loud, too busy, or too bright. If she lives inside a house with humans, the mother cat might go underneath a bed or staircase, inside a closet, or into a basement area that is nice and quiet. There, she will make a soft nest for her kittens.

Next, the mother cat will give birth to her babies and nurse them right away with her milk. When a kitten is born, it doesn't have very much fur and is "blind" for a few days. (Kittens' eyes usually open up after about eight days.) Like human infants and other mammal babies, the kittens need a lot of help from their mother when they are first born, since they are very weak and small. Their mother spends a lot of time feeding them and giving them baths by licking them.

After a few days, the mother cat might choose to move her kittens to another safe place so that predators, like owls or coyotes, cannot find them by their smell. When she finds the right place, she will carry her kittens to their new home in her mouth, very gently. If a kitten gets lost along the way, it can help its mother find her way back by calling her ("*mew mew!*"). Soon, all of the kittens will be safe and sound in their new nest.

There are usually many kittens in a cat family. A group of kittens in a cat family is called a litter. When the kittens are big enough to open their eyes and move around, they will begin to play and fight with one another, just like human brothers and sisters. Though these games are fun, they also have a serious purpose. When kittens play, they are practicing many skills they will need later on, like jumping, pouncing, and biting. This will help them catch prey for food and fight against predators.

As the kittens grow bigger, the mother will continue to protect them from enemies and even her human friends! Mother cats do not like it when adult humans or children play with their kittens, and they may attack. Kittens may also bite and scratch to protect themselves against harm. So even though they can be very cute, you must always be careful around mother cats and their litters of kittens, and you must respect their safe spaces. Remember that these cat families are only doing what they need to do to survive.

# The Chicken and the Egg

by Aditi Sriram



For her eighth birthday, Kit's parents gave her a large purple box with holes in the top. Was there an animal inside the box that needed air to breathe? Was it a baby hamster, like the one in Mrs. Bernstein's classroom? She held the box carefully, but it didn't seem heavy enough. With her mother's help she cut the ribbon off the top of the box and removed the lid. Inside was a scrawny, golden chick!

"What are you going to name it?" Mom asked.

"Is it a boy chick or a girl chick?" Kit asked.

"We asked at the farm, and they told us it's a girl," Dad said.

Kit thought for a minute. The chick's feathers were yellow and bright, and reminded her of her best friend at school. "I'm going to name her Annabelle," she said, "because they have the same color hair."

Kit cradled Annabelle in her hands carefully, stroking the chick's soft, fluffy feathers with her fingers. "She's so soft," Kit said to Mom.

"Annabelle is covered with special feathers called down. They keep the chick warm."

Kit watched Annabelle grow week after week. She did not worry about letting Annabelle walk all over her hands and arms, because chicks do not have teeth. As Annabelle's little body became bigger, she grew larger feathers. She pointed out the new feathers to her father.

"Those are called contour feathers, and the long ones on her sides are flight feathers," Dad said.

It was becoming harder to play with Annabelle. She was 12 weeks old now and much faster on her feet. Annabelle would dart around the garden when Kit let her out of her coop and peck at everything on the ground in front of her. She was always clucking at everyone and would dip her head into the grass to grab a worm. Kit would run behind her and try to catch Annabelle with her hands, and it would take minutes to finally get ahold of her. Mom would watch Kit running around and laugh. Dad would make clucking sounds to distract Annabelle, and then Kit would catch her.

When Annabelle was 16 weeks old, Kit's once little chick was now five times as big, a strong, healthy hen, with all kinds of beautiful feathers and a much larger beak, and laying eggs. One day, a rooster, an adult version of a boy chick, who belonged to Kit's neighbor, went to Annabelle's coop. After a few days, Kit saw Annabelle sitting on some eggs. When Annabelle moved, she used her beak to turn the eggs around underneath her. Kit understood what was going to happen. Annabelle was going to become a mom! Kit made sure Annabelle's water and food were nearby, and she was excited.

Annabelle was a lot more patient than Kit. For 21 days she sat on her eggs, covering them with her feathers to keep them warm. Finally, Kit heard a *crack*. She looked closely. Annabelle had moved aside, and there was one of her eggs, white and grey, and a tiny, tiny beak poking through it. Kit wanted to watch the baby slowly poke its way out of the egg, but it was getting very late. Kit went to sleep and returned to watch the baby hatch the next day. By the time it came out, it looked very tired and wet. Kit watched Annabelle peck at her baby until the baby fell asleep.

Over dinner, Kit told her parents about Annabelle's baby hatching. Mom and Dad explained that this was the life cycle of a chicken, starting as a baby that comes out of an egg, growing bigger and fluffier, becoming a hen, and then laying eggs. Kit picked at the vegetables on her plate-carrots, beans, and cabbage-and wondered, "Do vegetables lay eggs, too?"

"No, they don't," Mom said, "but it's a good question. We plant seeds in the ground, where they stay warm and get water, and when they are ready to germinate, they begin growing out

of the ground where we can see them, and get bigger and stronger, with more leaves and thicker stems, and then they produce fruits and flowers. Plants, like animals, have a life cycle that repeats and repeats."

Kit nodded her head. The hamster in her classroom had gotten older and bigger; and now that Annabelle was a mother, she was excited to have a new baby chick to play with, all over again.

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

**Use the article "Mother Cats and Their Kittens" to answer questions 1 to 2.**

1. What is one thing that mother cats do to help kittens grow bigger and stronger?
2. What does this article mainly describe?

**Use the article "The Chicken and the Egg" to answer questions 3 to 4.**

3. What was Annabelle like when she was 16 weeks old?
4. What main topic does this story teach readers about? Support your answer using details from the story.

**Use the articles "The Chicken and the Egg" and "Mother Cats and Their Kittens" to answer questions 5 to 6.**

5. How are the main ideas of these two texts similar?
6. How are the main ideas of these two texts different?