

Middle-of-Year Assessment – Reading Comprehension

You will read four passages. After reading the first passage, you will answer several questions based on it. Then, you will read the second passage and answer several questions based on it. Next, you will read the third passage and answer several questions based on it. Finally, you will read the fourth passage and answer several questions based on it. Some of the questions have two parts. You should answer Part A of the question before you answer Part B.

Passage 1:

All-Ball, Part I

Mary Pope Osborne

- 1 I remember the first time I got really bad news.
- 2 I was eight years old, and my family was living in white wooden army quarters at the edge of a thick pine forest in Fort Eustis, Virginia. All my life we had lived on military posts, and I loved them. I loved the neat lawns, clean streets, trim houses, and starched uniforms. I loved parade bands, marching troops, green jeeps, tanks, and transport trucks. I loved having military police at the entrance gate. When I was four, I dreamed that the M.P.'s guarding the gate chased away a couple of ghosts that tried to come onto our post. It is one of the most vivid dreams I've ever had, and to this day, it makes me feel good to remember it.
- 3 Living on an army post in those days was so safe that in all the early summers of our lives the children of our family were let out each morning like dandelions to the wind. My teenage sister went off with her friends while my brothers and I filled our time playing with our toy soldiers, including my favorite—a small silver statue of General Omar Bradley. We played “maneuvers” by carrying large cardboard boxes around the parade field, stopping every hundred yards to “bivouac” by making grass beds and napping inside our boxes.
- 4 At five o'clock, when the bugle played and the flag was lowered, we went home. Our return was often punctuated by the joyous sight of our dad stepping out of a chauffeured military car, his arms raised to embrace us.

5 But one spring night when I was eight, bad news changed everything. I remember my dad was helping me prepare my bath. I was sitting on the edge of the tub while the water ran, and Dad was standing in the doorway, wearing his summer khaki uniform. “Sis—” he always called me Sis or Little Bits—“in six weeks, Daddy is going to Korea.”

6 I looked at him and burst into tears. I knew we wouldn’t be going with him. Though the Korean War had ended eight years earlier, U.S. soldiers were still sent there for tours of duty—without their families.

7 “Don’t cry,” he said. “I’ll only be gone for a year.”

8 Only a year?

9 “While I’m gone, you’ll live in Florida, in Daytona Beach, near the ocean.”

10 *Daytona Beach? Away from an army post?*

11 “You’ll have a wonderful time.”

12 “No I won’t!” I hated this news. And to prove it, I pushed him out of the bathroom.

13 Of course, I was right and he was wrong. A few weeks later, when Dad drove our family to Daytona Beach to get us settled, I didn’t find our new life wonderful at all.

14 Our house was low to the ground, flamingo-pink, and made of stucco. There were no kids in the whole neighborhood. There were no real trees in our small yard—just a few scrubby ones. There was no wide open parade field to play on.

15 I recoiled from this new life—especially when I discovered lizards scampering across our cement driveway, a huge water bug scuttling across the floor of the TV room, and a gigantic black spider hovering in the corner of the garage. Such monsters didn’t exist on army posts—neither did the crazy variety of houses, the litter, the tawdry seaside billboards.

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- 16 Adding to the trauma of adjusting to life off a military post was the awareness that my dad was leaving in just three weeks. At first, I tried to manage my grief by taking a little time out of every day to cry. In those days, I was very organized. I kept a daily list of things to do like:
- 17 *Wash hands*
Play with dolls
Practice writing
Practice running
- 18 I added “Cry for Daddy” to the list. But as I counted down the days till his departure, I began to cry even when it wasn’t scheduled. Worse, I abandoned the other things on my list to keep a watch on my dad. I studied everything he did—from buying a vanilla ice-cream cone at the Dairy Queen to playing catch with my brothers—because I felt I had to store up enough memories of him to last through the coming year.
- 19 The pressure became unbearable and soon forced me into the strangest relationship of my life. Just thinking about this relationship now can bring tears to my eyes. Was it with a wonderful girl? Boy? Grown-up? Dog, cat, parakeet?
- 20 No. It was with a *ball*.
- 21 About two weeks before Dad left, he took my brothers and me to a Rose’s Five & Dime store. He gave us fifty cents each to buy whatever we wanted.
- 22 This is the most precious fifty cents I will ever spend, I thought. Slowly, I wandered the rows of comics, coloring books, plastic dolls, and bags of candy, looking for an object worthy of the last-fifty-cents-my-father-gave-me-before-he-went-to-Korea.
- 23 When I came to the ball section, I saw, amidst a variety of balls, a truly unique specimen: a nubby rubber ball, bigger than a softball and smaller than a kickball. It was made up of swirling pastel colors—pink, blue, green.
- 24 I picked up the ball and bounced it.

- 25 It was the best bouncing ball I'd ever encountered. Barely did it touch the wooden floor before it sprang back into my hands. The ball felt friendly, spunky, and vibrant. It had such a positive and strong personality that I named it before we even got home: All-Ball.
- 26 For the next twelve days, All-Ball and I were inseparable. I bounced him on the driveway and on the sidewalk. Standing apart from everyone, deep in my own world, I bounced him for hours. And while I bounced, I talked to myself. I invented stories. Not dramatic stories of high-adventure. But stories about ordinary families—families in which everyone stayed together and everyone was safe and secure.
- 27 In these families, there was perfect order. The children all had names that began with the same letter—David, Danny, and Doris; Paul, Peter, and Patsy; Anne, Alice, Adam, and Ace.
- 28 I gave the children ages, personalities, and dialogue. I played all the parts. I was John joking with Jane; Jane laughing with Jack; Adam telling a story to Ace; Alice describing her school outfits to Anne.
- 29 I lived in different families morning, afternoon, and twilight. I could only create these worlds with All-Ball's help. His sprightly, joyous attitude gave me confidence. The sound of his rhythmic bounce banished my fears. His constant presence eased the sorrow of Dad's leaving. In fact, whenever Dad tried to engage me in conversation or play, I turned away from him. I stopped paying attention to him altogether.
- I had fallen in love with a ball.
-

1. According to "All-Ball, Part I," why does the narrator have to move?
 - A. because she is changing schools
 - B. because her father is going away
 - C. because her neighbors are upset with her
 - D. because she is afraid of the animals in the area

Answer _____

Passage 2:**All-Ball, Part II***Mary Pope Osborne*

30 Though everyone in my family must have thought my behavior odd, they adjusted quickly. Within a day or two, they were treating “Sis’s ball” sort of like a family pet.

31 No one, however, was fully aware of the depth of my attachment until the morning All-Ball was destroyed.

32 It was a hot, bright July morning—just two days before Dad was to leave for Korea. I was outside before everyone else, bouncing All-Ball on the sidewalk, inventing a family with a neat number of years between each child. I liked the children to be ten, eight, six, four. Boy, girl, boy, girl. John, Jane, Jed, Joy.

33 While I was bouncing All-Ball in the early warm air, a small black dog wandered down the sidewalk to see what was up, a little dog I paid no attention to—until it was too late. And then everything happened so fast, I couldn’t stop it.



34 I fumbled a bounce. The black dog charged and grabbed All-Ball in his mouth. He punctured the rubber skin with his teeth, then shook the deflated ball with glee, tearing it to pieces. I started to scream. I screamed and screamed.

35 Everyone rushed out to their yards—old people from all the quiet, lonely houses. My parents, brothers, sister. I couldn’t stop screaming as I ran around, picking up all the torn patches of All-Ball. I clutched them to my chest and howled at the top of my lungs.

36 My mother explained to the neighbors that my ball had popped. My brothers and sister watched me in horror—my father in confusion. “We’ll get you another ball,” he said.

37 He couldn’t have uttered crueler words. There was no other ball like All-Ball. Not in the whole world. Not with his spirit, his bounce, his steadfastness. I screamed “No!” with such rage that everyone retreated.

38 I ran inside, and, clutching the pieces of All-Ball, I went to bed, yelling at everyone to leave us alone. I kissed the pastel- colored nubby skin and sobbed and sobbed.

39 I did not get up all day. I grieved for the death of All-Ball with all the grief my eight years could muster. I was brought lunch, cool drinks, newspaper comics, wet washcloths for my head, children’s aspirin. But nothing worked. I would not get up. I would not let go of the torn pieces of the ball.

40 At twilight, I could hear the family having dinner in the dining room. My mother had the decency to allow me to work out my sorrow on my own. I don’t think she even allowed anyone to laugh.

41 As light faded across my room, I could hear sprinklers spritzing outside, and an old woman calling to her cats. By now, my eyes stung and were nearly swollen shut. My throat burned. My heart had not stopped hurting all day.

42 “Little Bits?” My father stood in my doorway. He was holding a ball. It was mostly white with a little bit of blue.

43 I moaned and turned my face to the wall as he walked toward the bed.

44 “You won’t let me give you this new ball?” he said.

45 “No!” I said, gasping with another wave of grief. “Go away!”

46 “This ball’s pretty nice,” he said.

47 Closing my eyes, I shook my head emphatically, furious he did not understand the difference between the ball he held and All-Ball. “I hate it! Go away!”

48 He didn’t. He sat on the edge of the bed.

49 But I would not look at him. My burning eyes stared at the wall. My body was stiff with anger.

50 “I like your barrette,” he said softly.

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51 He was referring to a pink Scottie dog barrette locked onto my tangled hair.

52 I didn't speak.

53 He cleared his throat. "I hope you'll wear that the day I come home."

54 I blinked. The truth was I hadn't thought much about his coming home. Only about his leaving.

55 "I'll bring you a ring when I come back," he said.

56 I didn't move. Just blinked again.

57 "What kind of ring would you like?"

58 I mumbled something.

59 "What?" he asked.

60 "A pearl," I said hoarsely.

61 "A pearl ring. Okay. On the day I come home, I'll bring you a pearl ring. And a music box. How's that? I'll hide in the bushes, and when you ride up on your bike, home from school, I'll jump out and surprise you. How's that?"

62 He cleared his throat again. I turned just a little to look at him. I saw he had tears in his eyes. I didn't want him to feel sad too. That was almost worse than anything.

63 I reluctantly rolled over onto my back. I looked at the ball he held. It was still a stupid ball, no doubt about that. But I mumbled something about it being pretty.

64 "Will you play with this one?" he said.

65 I touched it with my finger. I let out a quivering sigh, then nodded, accepting the complications of the moment. All-Ball would know that he could never be replaced. Ever. He was the one and only ball for me. But I could pretend to like this other one. Even play with it. For Dad's sake.

66 He handed me the white ball and I embraced it and smiled feebly.

67 He smiled back. “Come eat some dinner with us now,” he said.

68 I was ready. I wanted to leave my room. The light of day was nearly gone.

69 “Come on.” He helped me off the bed, and, clutching pieces of All-Ball along with the new white ball, I joined the family.

70 My dad left soon after that. We entered a new school. Ball-bouncing was replaced with friends, homework, and writing letters to Korea. Still—and this is weird, I’ll admit—I slept with a torn piece of All-Ball under my pillow for the next year, until after my dad came home.

2. Which sentence best states the theme of “All-Ball”?

- A. Life is full of surprises.
- B. Friendship is necessary.
- C. Imagination can be powerful.
- D. Gifts can bring a lifetime of happiness.

Answer _____

3. How does the illustration of the dog under paragraph 33 of “All-Ball, Part II” mainly help the reader to understand the story?

- A. by showing the way All-Ball looked
- B. by showing the many uses for All-Ball
- C. by showing how All-Ball was destroyed
- D. by showing how fun it was to play with All-Ball

Answer _____

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4. **Part A:** Based on paragraph 34 of “All-Ball, Part II,” what does the word *puncture* mean?

- A. to hold
- B. to swallow
- C. to wrap around
- D. to put a hole in

Answer _____

Part B: Which words from paragraph 34 best support the answer to Part A?

- A. “with glee” and “shook”
- B. “charged” and “grabbed”
- C. “rubber skin” and “pieces”
- D. “with his teeth” and “deflated”

Answer _____

5. How does the reader of “All-Ball” mainly understand the narrator’s attachment to her ball?

- A. through the narrator’s lists and letters
- B. through the narrator’s thoughts and actions
- C. through the narrator’s conversations with family
- D. through the narrator’s conversations with friends

Answer _____

6. Based on “All-Ball, Part I” and “All-Ball, Part II,” explain how the narrator’s feelings change from the beginning to the end of the story. Support your response with details from the story.

Passage 3:
Marshfield Dreams, Part I*Ralph Fletcher***Marshfield**

- 1 There's a town called Marshfield in the state of Vermont. You can also find a Marshfield in Maine, one in Missouri, and one in Wisconsin. I grew up in Marshfield, Massachusetts. The curly part of Massachusetts that sticks out into the ocean is Cape Cod. Marshfield sits on the ocean, just above that curl.
- 2 I lived on Acorn Street in a regular house bordered by forest on two sides. Dad owned seven acres of woods in back. Across a dirt driveway we had Ale's Woods, a forest of pine trees. The pines dropped millions of needles, which gave the forest floor a nice, springy feel. Those trees were great for climbing. If I crawled out too far on a limb and fell, the soft needles cushioned my fall, so I never got hurt.
- 3 The woods held magical things. We found snake skins, real Indian arrowheads, box turtles, beehives, snake spit on tall grass. We dug up the buried trash from people who lived there many years before. We saw gravestones so old we could no longer read the names carved in them. We found all kinds of mushrooms. Some were edible, and others were poisonous toadstools. Mom said to think of them as strangers—some are good, some are bad, and since you couldn't tell the difference it was best to leave them alone. One morning in the woods I stepped into a fairy ring of mushrooms, a big circle ten feet across.
- 4 There was a tiny stream in our backyard small enough so you could step from one bank to the other. This stream flowed under the dirt driveway and formed a swamp at the edge of Ale's Woods. I loved the dank smell of that swamp and all the things that lived there: mossy logs and goggle-eyed frogs, bloodsuckers and eels and foul-smelling skunk cabbage. Half the swamp was underwater, and the other half contained thick, dense mud. It was impossible to walk through that muck without getting stuck. More than once I tried and left behind one of my sneakers, a lost sole sunk forever at the bottom of the swamp. I got in trouble for that. But today I'm glad to know that something of mine was left behind in Marshfield.
- 5 Here is my story.

Junior

- 6 As the oldest of nine, I was named after my father and my grandfather. Some kids on Acorn Street teased me, calling: “Hey, Juuuu-nioooooor!” not that I minded. I liked having the same name as my father, but it did cause confusion in the house.
- 7 Whenever Mom called out, “Ralph!” Dad and I would both answer, “Yeah?”
- 8 “No, Big Ralph!” or, “Little Ralph!” she yelled back, to clarify things. I guess that would have annoyed some people, but it didn’t really bother me. Dad was tall and handsome. I bragged to my friends that my father was so cool he had three jobs: teacher, milkman, bartender. I was proud of him. I loved knowing that Ralph could fit us both in one snug syllable.
- 9 By the time I was three I already had a brother, Jimmy, who was a year younger than me. My sister Elaine was a year younger than Jim. Dad worked as a traveling book salesman, and Mom took care of us when Dad was away. Dad came home on Friday nights. On Saturdays, after breakfast, the whole family would play outside.
- 10 As soon as I saw Mom and Dad coming out the door, I’d get excited and run to the big boulder in the front yard. We were about to play my favorite game, Statue. I arranged my body in a certain pose and froze. Then I closed my eyes, waiting. My heart beat faster as they came closer.
- 11 “What’s this?” Dad asked.
- 12 “It looks like a statue!” Mom said. She had Jimmy and Lainie in the stroller and pushed them closer.
- 13 “A statue of a little boy!” Dad exclaimed. “It’s beautiful! It’s absolutely perfect! Amazing!”
- 14 Mom knelt to touch my nose. I could feel the eyes of my whole family studying me closely. Jimmy laughed. The baby just stared.
- 15 “A little boy, carved in stone!” Mom exclaimed. “You think we could buy it?”

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16 “Hey, look!” Dad said. “There’s a price tag right here on the sleeve!”

17 I remained absolutely still, barely breathing, while Dad examined the invisible tag.

18 “How much?” Mom asked impatiently. “How much is it?”

19 “It’s a lot—one hundred dollars!” Dad told her. “But who cares? It’s worth every penny! I’d pay five hundred dollars for a statue like this! I’d pay a thousand!”

20 I tried hard not to smile.

21 “Excuse me, madam,” Dad said to baby Lainie. “Is this your store? My wife and I would like to buy this statue here. A hundred dollars? Certainly. Here you go. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, one hundred. What? Ship it? No, no thank you. We’ll just put it in our car and drive it home.”

22 He handed Lainie to Mom and picked me up. With me in his lap, stiff as a board, he sat on the boulder. Mom sat beside him. Dad pretended to turn on the car ignition.

23 “Drive carefully,” Mom said. “We don’t want the statue to get damaged.”

24 “Don’t worry,” Dad replied, while turning the steering wheel. He pretended to park the car. “Here we are.”

25 “Where should we put the statue?” Mom asked.

26 “I’ve got the perfect place for it,” he said. “Right here in our front yard.”

27 “How wonderful,” Mom exclaimed. “We’ve got two boys, but I’ve always wanted another.”

28 “Look at the detail on the face.” Dad bent down to examine me closely. “It almost looks alive!”

29 That was my cue. Slowly, I lifted my chin and looked up, first at my father, then at my mother.

30 “My goodness!” they shouted. “He’s alive!”

31 Hugs! Kisses!

32 “It’s a real boy!” Dad exclaimed. “Would you like to live with us?”

33 Shyly, I nodded. With more hugs and kisses, they welcomed me into the family.

34 “It’s a miracle,” Dad kept saying. “An absolute miracle.”

7. Based on “Marshfield Dreams, Part I,” what is the main idea of the section “Statue”?

- A. The narrator and his family admire works of art and are creative.
- B. The narrator and his family are confused about imagination and reality.
- C. The narrator and his family are silly and like to play tricks on each other.
- D. The narrator and his family love each other and have fun playing together.

Answer _____

8. Based on “Marshfield Dreams, Part I,” which word best describes the author’s parents?

- A. caring
- B. courageous
- C. determined
- D. dependable

Answer _____

9. Based on “Marshfield Dreams, Part I,” how are the author and his father similar?

- A. They share the same name.
- B. They share a love of animals.
- C. They both enjoy nature walks.
- D. They both are good salespeople.

Answer _____

Passage 4:
Marshfield Dreams, Part II*Ralph Fletcher***Jimmy**

35 When Jimmy and I were in our bunk beds, we talked about everything. Most of the time I knew what he was thinking, and he knew my thoughts too.

36 One time, Jimmy led a bunch of kids through a part of Ale's Woods we'd never explored before. It was hot, and the rest of us wore shorts, but Jimmy always wore heavy jeans because he liked to climb through thickets of briars and prickles. His face was sweaty and streaked with dirt. We'd just entered a sunny meadow, running full speed, when Jimmy suddenly slammed on the brakes. He pointed at a wooden shack caved in on one side.

37 "C'mon!" he yelled.

38 Jimmy climbed in. I heard a muffled cry, and then he climbed out again. Everyone gasped: He was triumphantly holding two fistfuls of snakes! There must have been six of them in each hand, garter snakes twisting in the sunlight, furious that their sleeping place had been disturbed.

39 Another time, after a bad windstorm, Jimmy and I went hiking through a swampy part of the woods. The storm had knocked over a tree, and a shallow pool had formed in the crater left by the mass of uplifted roots. We went for a closer look, and as I moved to the water's edge, something lurched into the water.

40 "Did you see that?" Jimmy asked.

41 "Yeah." I nodded. "Looked like some kind of newt or salamander."

42 "That was no ordinary salamander," Jimmy informed me. "Didn't you see the red on its gills?"

43 At home Jimmy searched through the World Book Encyclopedia to find the animal he'd seen. For a long time he sat on the living room floor paging through volumes A (amphibians), L (lizards), and R (reptiles).

44 "Found it," he said, showing me the page. "A mud puppy. That's it. We saw a mud puppy."

45 Mud puppy! I fell in love with the odd name, the funny picture it made in my head. The name clicked. Pretty soon all the neighborhood kids were calling that uprooted tree Mud Puppy Place, although we never did see any mud puppies after that day in the woods.

School

46 It was time for me to start first grade. Jimmy stood with me at the bus stop. Mom waited with us.

47 "What are you going to do in school?" Jimmy asked, frowning.

48 "I don't know," I said. "Learn stuff."

49 "Why can't I come too?"

50 "You're not old enough," I told him.

51 "Next year," Mom said.

52 Jimmy kicked a stone across the street. Finally, the bus rumbled up, huge and yellow. It opened its doors; Jimmy stepped back as I climbed the stairs. I found a seat next to my friend Steve Fishman and waved through the window. Mom waved and flashed a big smile, but my brother kept both hands at his sides.

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A.1
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53 I liked school. And on that first day I knew I'd be good at it. I could just tell. I was good at figuring out what the teacher wanted me to do and exactly how she wanted me to do it— add, read, copy letters (though my handwriting was terrible). I even liked the hot dog, wax beans, and fried potatoes they served for lunch. The day flew by. That afternoon when I got off the bus, Jimmy was at the bus stop, tapping his feet, eagerly waiting for me.

54 “Look!” He had a small animal skull in his hands.

55 “What is it?”

56 “I think it’s a beaver,” he said. “Too big to be a cat. I found the bones in the woods. Here. It’s for you.”

57 The next day when I stepped off the bus he gave me an old wasp nest. Every day, as soon as I got off the bus, he'd hand me a treasure he'd found in the woods.

58 I knew Jimmy would be going to school soon, and I was worried about him. I tried to get him ready for it.

59 “It’s not like home,” I said. “You’ve got to follow the rules, or you’ll get in trouble.”

60 “What rules?”

61 “Like, you can’t just talk whenever you want,” I explained. “You raise your hand if you want to say something. Okay?”

62 “Okay!” Eyes closed, he raised his hand and pointed straight up.

63 “This is serious,” I told him. “Do you know the Pledge of Allegiance?”

64 “The what?” he asked. I made him stand with me in the kitchen, put his hand on his heart, and pledge allegiance to an imaginary flag on the wall. Jimmy groaned and rolled his eyes.

65 “They say the Pledge every morning, so you’ve got to know it, and you’ve got to know it by heart,” I said, jabbing him lightly in the chest. “Better learn it now.”

66 The following September, the big day came. Jimmy held my hand and giggled nervously when the bus arrived. We ran up the stairs together, and Jimmy sat on the edge of his seat all the way to school. When we got there, a woman met us and pinned a paper circle to his shirt. My brother shot me one last look before the lady led him away.

67 That day I spotted Jimmy only once, walking in a line with other kids, headed into the cafeteria. In the woods he always knew exactly where he was. But standing in that noisy cafeteria, with his freckles and thick glasses and cowlicky hair, Jimmy looked lost.

68 When Jimmy got off the bus that afternoon he went straight to the woods. I didn’t see him again until supper time.

69 That night I asked Jimmy if he liked school.

70 “Boring.” He didn’t want to talk about it.

71 And that’s the way it was for him every day. He’d come home and go straight to the woods. He didn’t even wait to change out of his school clothes or eat a snack.

72 School was fine for a kid like me, because I knew how to shut up and listen. But it seemed wrong to take an outside kid like Jimmy and lock him inside for six hours a day. They should have had a different kind of school for Jimmy, maybe a place with acres of unexplored woods and streams and swamps and steep rocky cliffs where he could spend hours making forts or digging for fossils and animal bones.



- 73 In November we got report cards. I sneaked a peek at Jimmy's. His grades were lower than mine, a lot lower, which didn't make any sense. I knew that Jimmy was smarter than me, but on that report card, there was no grade for knowing where snakes sleep in the heat of day, for being able to tell the difference between the skull of a cat or a beaver, a salamander or a mud puppy. It wasn't fair, but I told myself that the woods would always be the place where Jimmy learned best. In that school he would always be a straight-A student.

10. How are the passages "Marshfield Dreams" mainly organized?

- A. by cause and effect
- B. by problem and solution
- C. by a series of descriptive memories
- D. by comparing many different adventures

Answer _____

11. Based on "Marshfield Dreams, Part II," what are the main differences in how the author and his brother feel about school?

- A. The author finds school challenging, but his brother finds school easy.
- B. The author finds school frustrating, but his brother finds school helpful.
- C. The author finds school exciting, but his brother finds school frightening.
- D. The author finds school enjoyable, but his brother finds school uninteresting.

Answer _____

12. Based on “Marshfield Dreams, Part II,” how do Jimmy’s ideas about school change over time?
- A. At first he is excited to go to school, but later he finds it disappointing.
 - B. At first he is lonely at school, but later he finds himself more comfortable.
 - C. At first he thinks school is too difficult, but later he finds he can do the work.
 - D. At first he believes he is too shy to go to school, but later he realizes that he fits right in.

Answer _____

13. In “Marshfield Dreams, Part II,” how does the illustration of the report cards next to paragraph 73 mainly help the reader to understand the story?
- A. by showing that the author and his brother both work hard in school
 - B. by illustrating that the author and his brother have different abilities in school
 - C. by illustrating that the author and his brother enjoy different subjects in school
 - D. by showing that the author and his brother both need to pay more attention in school

Answer _____

14. What is the main idea of the section “School”?
- A. People learn differently.
 - B. Learning is a long process.
 - C. Learning can provide many new opportunities.
 - D. What a person learns will change his or her life forever.

Answer _____

Answer

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15. Read the author’s statement about Jimmy in the box below.

“It wasn’t fair, but I told myself that the woods would always be the place where Jimmy learned best. In that school he would always be a straight-A student.”

What do the sentences mainly reveal about the author’s feelings toward Jimmy?

- A. The author respects Jimmy.
- B. The author is grateful to Jimmy.
- C. The author is jealous of Jimmy.
- D. The author worries about Jimmy.

Answer _____