

Incoming 7th Grade English Summer Work

Dear Students,

Welcome to 7th grade! In the next year, you will work to improve your skills in English and prepare for high school. A high school student is expected to read carefully, discuss their ideas, and write about them. We will read stories, books, articles, and poems together. Throughout the year, you will be graded on your ability to talk about a text, answer questions, and write essays. Another major focus of our schoolwork will be grammar. It is very important for you to understand how our English language works, and you will improve your writing by following grammar rules.

Over the summer, you are asked to do the following:

- read two short stories
 - “Seventh Grade” & “You Decide” by Gary Soto
- write a letter to a main character
- write an extended response
- complete 6 grammar worksheets

This work will be collected on the first day you arrive to class. It will count as a project grade, which is 10% of your term one grade. If you lose the packet, you should check the school website to print a new copy. You are allowed to receive help on this work! You can work with a classmate, a sibling, parent, or friend!

If you want to communicate with me over the summer, please email me! I really look forward to working with you next year!

Sincerely,

Ms. Johnson
kjohnson@parkcityprep.org

"Seventh Grade"

Gary Soto

In *Baseball in April and Other Stories* (1990)

On the first day of school, Victor stood in line half an hour before he came to a wobbly card table. He was handed a packet of papers and a computer card on which he listed his one elective, French. He already spoke Spanish and English, but he thought some day he might travel to France, where it was cool; not like Fresno, where summer days reached 110 degrees in the shade. There were rivers in France, and huge churches, and fair-skinned people everywhere, the way there were brown people all around Victor

Besides, Teresa, a girl he had liked since they were in catechism classes at Saint Theresa's, was taking French, too. With any luck they would be in the same class. Teresa is going to be my girl this year, he promised himself as he left the gym full of students in their new fall clothes. She was cute. And good in math, too, Victor thought as he walked down the hall to his homeroom. He ran into his friend, Michael Torres, by the water fountain that never turned off.

They shook hands, *raza-style*, and jerked their heads at one another in a *saludo de vato*. "How come you're making a face?" asked Victor.

"I ain't making a face, ese. This is my face." Michael said his face had changed during the summer. He had read a GQ magazine that his older brother had borrowed from the Book Mobile and noticed that the male models all had the same look on their faces. They would stand, one arm around a beautiful woman, and scowl. They would sit at the pool, their rippled stomachs dark with shadow, and scowl. They would sit at dinner tables, cool drinks in their hands, and scowl,

"I think it works," Michael said. He scowled and let his upper lip quiver. His teeth showed along with the ferocity of his soul. "Belinda Reyes walked by a while ago and looked at me," he said.

Victor didn't say anything, though he thought his friend looked pretty strange. They talked about recent movies, baseball, their parents, and the horrors of picking grapes in order to buy their fall clothes. Picking grapes was like living in Siberia, except hot and more boring.

"What classes are you taking?" Michael said, scowling.

"French. How 'bout you?"

"Spanish. L ain't so good at it, even if I'm Mexican."

"I'm not either, but I'm better at it than math, that's for sure."

A tiny, three-beat bell propelled students to their homerooms. The two friends socked each other in the arm and went their ways, Victor thinking, man, that's weird. Michael thinks making a face makes him handsome.

On the way to his homeroom, Victor tried a scowl. He felt foolish, until out of the corner of his eye he saw a girl looking at him. Umm, he thought, maybe it does work. He scowled with greater conviction.

In the homeroom, roll was taken, emergency cards were passed out, and they were given a bulletin to take home to their parents. The principal, Mr. Belton, spoke over the crackling loudspeaker, welcoming the students to a new year, new experiences, and new friendships. The students squirmed in their chairs and ignored him, they were anxious to go to first period. Victor sat calmly, thinking of Teresa, who sat two rows away, reading a paperback novel. This would be his lucky year. She was in his homeroom, and would probably be in his English and math classes. And, of course, French.

The bell rang for first period, and the students herded noisily through the door. Only Teresa lingered, talking with the homeroom teacher.

"So you think I should talk to Mrs. Gaines?" she asked the teacher. "She would know about ballet?"

"She would be a good bet," the teacher said. Then added, "Or the gym teacher, Mrs. Garza."

Victor lingered, keeping his head down and staring at his desk. He wanted to leave when she did so he could bump into her and say something clever.

He watched her on the sly. As she turned to leave, he stood up and hurried to the door, where he managed to catch her eye. She smiled and said, "Hi, Victor."

He smiled back and said, "Yeah, that's me." His brown face blushed. Why hadn't he said, "Hi, Teresa," or "How was your summer?" or something nice.

As Teresa walked down the hall, Victor walked the other way, looking back, admiring how gracefully she walked, one foot in front of the other. So much for being in the same class, he thought. As he trudged to English, he practiced scowling.

In English they reviewed the parts of speech. Mr. Lucas, a portly man, waddled down the aisle, asking, "What is a noun?"

"A person, place, or thing," said the class in unison.

Yes, now somebody give me an example of a person--you, Victor Rodriguez."

"Teresa," Victor said automatically. Some of the girls giggled. They knew he had a crush on Teresa. He felt himself blushing again.

"Correct," Mr. Lucas said. "Now provide me with a place."

Mr. Lucas called on a freckled kid who answered, "Teresa's house with a kitchen full of big brothers."

After English, Victor had math, his weakest subject. He sat in the back by the window, hoping that he would not be called on. Victor understood most of the problems, but some of the stuff looked like the teacher made it up as she went along. It was confusing, like the inside of a watch.

After math he had a fifteen-minute break, then social studies, and finally lunch. He bought a tuna casserole with

buttered rolls, some fruit cocktail, and milk. He sat with Michael, who practiced scowling between bites,

Girls walked by and looked at him, "See what I mean, Vic?" Michael scowled. "They love it."

Yeah, I guess so.

They ate slowly, Victor scanning the horizon for a glimpse of Teresa. He didn't see her. She must have brought lunch, he thought, and is eating outside. Victor scraped his plate and left Michael, who was busy scowling at a girl two tables away.

The small, triangle-shaped campus bustled with students talking about their new classes. Everyone was in a sunny mood. Victor hurried to the bag lunch area, where he sat down and opened his math book. He moved his lips as if he were reading, but his mind was somewhere else. He raised his eyes slowly and looked around. No Teresa.

He lowered his eyes, pretending to study, then looked slowly to the left. No Teresa. He turned a page in the book and stared at some math problems that scared him because he knew he would have to do them eventually. He looked at the right. Still no sign of her. He stretched out lazily in an attempt to disguise his snooping.

Then he saw her. She was sitting with a girlfriend under a plum tree. Victor moved to a table near her and daydreamed about taking her to a movie. When the bell sounded, Teresa looked up, and their eyes met. She smiled sweetly and gathered her books. Her next class was French, same as Victor's.

They were among the last students to arrive in class, so all the good desks in the back had already been taken. Victor was forced to sit near the front, a few desks away from Teresa, while Mr. Bueller wrote French words on the chalkboard. The bell rang, and Mr. Bueller wiped his hands, turned to the class, and said, "*Bonjour*."

"*Bonjour*," braved a few students.

"*Bonjour*" Victor whispered. He wondered if Teresa heard him.

Mr. Bueller said that if the students studied hard, at the end of the year they could go to France and be understood by the populace.

One kid raised his hand and asked, "'What's 'populace'?"

"The people, the people of France."

Mr. Bueller asked if anyone knew French. Victor raised his hand, wanting to impress Teresa. The teacher beamed and said, "*Tres bien. Parlez-vous francais?*"

Victor didn't know what to say. The teacher wet his lips and asked something else in French. The room grew silent. Victor felt all eyes staring at him. He tried to bluff his way out by making noises that sounded French.

"*La me vave me con le grandma,*" he said uncertainly.

Mr. Bueller, wrinkling his face in curiosity, asked him to speak up.

Great rosebushes of red bloomed on Victor's cheeks. A river of nervous sweat ran down his palms. He felt awful. Teresa sat a few desks away, no doubt thinking he was a fool. Without looking at Mr. Bueller, Victor mumbled, "*Frenchie oh wewe gee in September.*"

Mr. Bueller asked Victor to repeat what he said.

"*Frenchie oh wewe gee in September,*" Victor repeated.

Mr. Bueller understood that the boy didn't know French and turned away. He walked to the blackboard and pointed to the words on the board with his steel-edged ruler.

"*Le bateau,*" he sang.

"*Le bateau,*" the students repeated.

"*Le bateau est sur l'eau,*" he sang.

"Le bateau est sur l'eau."

Victor was too weak from failure to join the class. He stared at the board and wished he had taken Spanish, not French. Better yet, he wished he could start his life over. He had never been so embarrassed. He bit his thumb until he tore off a sliver of skin.

The bell sounded for fifth period, and Victor shot out of the room, avoiding the stares of the other kids, but had to return for his math book. He looked sheepishly at the teacher, who was erasing the board, then widened his eyes in terror at Teresa who stood in front of him. "I didn't know you knew French," she said. "That was good."

Mr. Bueller looked at Victor, and Victor looked back. Oh please, don't say anything, Victor pleaded with his eyes. I'll wash your car, mow your lawn, walk your dog—anything! I'll be your best student, and I'll clean your erasers after school.

Mr. Bueller shuffled through the papers on his desk. He smiled and hummed as he sat down to work. He remembered his college years when he dated a girlfriend in borrowed cars. She thought he was rich because each time he picked her up he had a different car. It was fun until he had spent all his money on her and had to write home to his parents because he was broke.

Victor couldn't stand to look at Teresa. He was sweaty with shame. "Yeah, well, I picked up a few things from movies and books and stuff like that." They left the class together. Teresa asked him if he would help her with her French.

"Sure, anytime," Victor said.

"I won't be bothering you, will I?"

"Oh no, I like being bothered."

"*Bonjour*," Teresa said, leaving him outside her next class. She smiled and pushed wisps of hair from her face.

"Yeah, right, *bonjour*," Victor said. He turned and headed to his class. The rosebuds of shame on his face became

bouquets of love. Teresa is a great girl, he thought. And Mr. Bueller is a good guy.

He raced to metal shop. After metal shop there was biology, and after biology a long sprint to the public library, where he checked out three French textbooks.

He was going to like seventh grade.

"You Decide" from FACTS OF LIFE by Gary Soto.

From his bedroom, thirteen-year-old Hector Bustos could hear his parents' voices. They echoed like voices coming down a concrete hallway at a baseball stadium, at a hospital, or the back entrance of a hotel, where bundled trash is tossed into a Dumpster. You open the door, hear freeway noises, and toss.

They were discussing him. He could make out his name, but they might as well have been saying "toast" or "bobby pin" or "Doritos." There was not much passion, or nerve, or anything like a tug-of-war. He could never remember them fighting. For years, there had just been a lot of sighing over a toilet seat not put down, or a hand closing like a stone at the kitchen sink when one of them discovered a poorly washed fork. And the laundry? Why did he always hang his shirts so sloppily on the line? And their Lexus? Didn't she know not to park next to a Ford Taurus sure to ding their door?

Hector heard a coffee cup setting back into the saucer. That's how his parents were, nice and tidy, with no rings on their maple furniture. The flowers in the vase were artificial, and the "Great Writers" leather-bound books on the shelf had never been opened. There was an ormolu clock on the mantel, but a spring inside had broken. "Hector," he heard his mom calling. She called a second time, and her voice grew slightly angry; "Hector, we want to talk with you."

He had already concluded that it involved their divorce. All of his friends' parents were divorced or divorcing. It was nothing new.

"Coming!" he shouted. He breathed in deeply, blew out a lungful of air, opened the door of his bedroom, and walked down the hallway into the living room.

They were there, looking neither happy nor unhappy. It was something in between, like when you get in your car and just drive, your eyes lifting to see in the rearview mirror where you've been.

That's what he was thinking. They get in their car and drive a lot—to work, to the store, to a pastry shop to put sweets in their mouths, to places where he imagined they sat and looked straight ahead. They would look into the rearview mirror now and then and see nothing but blackness.

“Yeah,” he said. He stood like a penguin, his arms like useless wings at his sides.

His parents’ mouths retracted into small puckers. Neither liked the word yeah, but they contained their displeasure. They had more important things to say.

“Hector,” his mother started, then paused.

Hector noticed her smoothing her lap, as if she were inviting him to come and sit. But the last time he had climbed into her lap —he was five, he remembered, and he was holding a baby tooth that had just fallen out —she had told him to get down, that he was big enough to sit in a chair. He did as he was told. From across the living room, he’d held up the tooth and said, “See?”

“Hector,” his father began. His face was moist with something that was not tears. What is it? Hector wondered. Worry?

“Hector,” his mother repeated. “You decide.”

Hector had been prepared by Trent Johnson, a friend at school. Trent’s parents were divorced and he’d had to decide who he wanted to live with. Trent had decided to live with his father, who had promised him a bow-and-arrow set. He would get a car when he turned seventeen.

“Yeah, I know,” remarked Hector, the new taste of bitterness in his mouth.

At the use of the word yeah, his mother winced and crumpled the Kleenex in her grip. It looked like a white carnation.

“What do you mean you know?” his father asked. His tie was loosened, but he still seemed choked by work.

“I just know. You want me to decide who I should live with.”

“So you know everything?” his mother nearly snapped. She crushed the Kleenex again.

“I didn’t say that,” Hector risked arguing and added snidely, “I’m only getting Bs.” He was surprised how that came out. Was he getting braver?

His father sighed, leaned forward, and palms out, said that they both loved him. Hector had to be mature and decide who he would like to live with. Would an hour be long enough?

"Yes," Hector answered this time.

He returned to his bedroom, where he sat on his bed, a little mousy squeak coming from the springs. He pressed a flashlight against his palm: blood bright, blood dark, blood bright, blood dark. It was a signal to someone far away, a beacon to commandos to land and retake the shore. But he stopped the flashlight game and took a drink of his soda, a hardy gulp that burned his throat and misted his eyes.

"I don't want to be with either of them," he muttered. He looked up at the poster of Alex Smith, quarterback for the 49ers, once a great team but now full of players who fell over like bowling pins. Still, he wished Alex Smith were more than a picture on a poster, wished he could say "Hector, meet me out back."

Hector had the urge to crawl out his bedroom window into the evening's darkness. The urge became real when he unlatched the screen and backed out, feet first, wiggling for the touch of ground. He scraped his elbow when he leaped to the lawn, as soft as a grave. He dabbed spit on his scrape and moved quickly away from the safety light that had come on.

Alex Smith wasn't waiting in the yard with a squirt bottle in his hand asking, "Thirsty?" There was no one, just a small plum tree tossing its head back and forth in the autumn breeze. Hector had helped plant the tree the year before and was scolded because his shovel had grazed the ball of roots. His father complained under his breath that the tree was now ruined, and if it didn't

have plums in two years, they would know why.

Hector left by the side gate and hurried away, thankful that the neighbors' dog didn't bark, that his parents were in the living room looking straight ahead or maybe at the floor, the shag rug crushed underfoot.

He jogged for a block and then slowed to a walk. The houses, Hector realized, stayed after a family split up. True, the lawns browned for a while, but there was always fertilizer to bring them back. Flowers could

be plugged into the ground and new families would applaud the colors. The sound of the water features outside could hide the screaming inside.

And who ventured out for Halloween? Hector had dressed up as Batman for two years and every time he flew up the steps of a house, porch lights turned off. He could see the flicker of televisions and people ghosting about in their bathrobes. But they wouldn't answer the door. One woman had opened her mail slot and passed him a packet of chewing gum, but she was the only one.

No one is nice here, Hector brooded after that experience. You can fall off your bike, and your neighbor turns the other way.

Hector thought of his Uncle Rudy, a cowboy type, rough from banging tumbleweeds out of his way, wrestling steer, bucking hay, and spitting into the wind. He didn't think twice about dropping a hatchet on a chicken's neck or about bats hanging in the barn, their eyes red as coals. He hissed at rattlesnakes, hammered fences into the earth, and stared down coyotes that raised their lean heads from the arroyo. He'd told Hector that once, when he couldn't find a razor, he broke a beer bottle and used it to shave his stubble.

Hector wondered how far he had to walk to get to Uncle Rudy's place across town and beyond the railroad tracks. Where he lived was kind of like the Wild West—neighbors yelling, dogs and roosters fighting, radios screaming, mud and mosquitoes everywhere, and the moon always orange and hanging over them. Kids with rickets ate oatmeal morning, noon, and night.

"I want to live with you," he muttered under his breath. He spat. That's what his uncle would have done if he'd been told, "You decide." He should have spat right on the rug, and maybe released a bigger one on the plasma TV.

It seemed to Hector that the orange moon, muscling itself into the tainted sky, was a good sign. That would be his big flashlight, his beacon, his shiny path sparkling with glass. His uncle would be sitting on his

back steps, his boots off. Who cared if his socks didn't match or were full of holes or if they smelled mightier than the skunks that came to visit?

"I'm going there," Hector moaned. "I'll live with Uncle." He pictured himself opening a can of spaghetti and eating right out of the can. So what if it was cold? So what if he ate that slop with a knife? He would sleep on the floor and read westerns in which the heroes used barbed wire to floss their teeth. Their combs for their dusty pompadour hairstyles? Big old pitchforks.

He was debating how to find Uncle (follow the banged-up moon to the poor part of town?) when out of the shadows appeared a ragged dog the color of dirty water. Leaves were hooked in his fur. His left ear was nearly gone, one eye was half closed, and fur was missing around his neck. The dog was a refugee, but from where? He had certainly known fights in his time.

"Hey pooch," Hector greeted and snapped his fingers. But the dog didn't have time for Hector. He began limping down the street, his eyes shifty in his small head, determined to get somewhere.

"You know where you're going, huh?" Hector sang as he trailed the dog, whose nails clicked on the asphalt. He was determined to keep up with the dog; whether he got to his uncle's place became unimportant. He just felt the urge to journey with a dog that frolicked, fought, and tramped through his years.

A year ago, they had a dalmatian, which had always made Hector think of illness. The dog was quiet. His nose was dry as a leaf. When you showed him his bowl of water, he whimpered. When you petted him, fur came off in your palm. They got rid of the dog when his mother bought new living room furniture.

Hector tagged along, and the dog hurried, scared not by Hector but by something from the east—the coming night when the bats would unlatch themselves and circle the hairdos of pretty girls. The dog was rushing away from badness, or toward goodness, following some dog philosophy of survival.

Hector began to think that the dog had fallen out of the back of a truck and that his instincts were telling him, Go this way. This way is home. His own instincts told him to lick a finger and hold it up. Go where the

wind blows, where all the debris gathers along a fence, he told himself. Cows will bellow beyond the fence and become your friends.

The dog suddenly stopped to drink from a puddle. He rolled his purplish tongue over his chops. He sniffed the wind, let his stream flow down the trunk of a tree, and chewed at a flea in his fur. Finished with his doggy business, he began to trot, with Hector in tow.

But three blocks later, Hector paused when he heard a voice call, "Yoo-hoo." An elderly woman was in her driveway, a small stool at her side, in the near dark.

"Me?" Hector replied, pointing a finger like a gun at his heart. He ran over to her.

The woman had locked her keys in her car and had been trying to work a coat hanger inside the window to lift the knob of the lock. She would try, fail, sit down on her stool, weep because no one would help, and try again. She had been at it for nearly an hour.

"Silly me," she chimed, lowering herself onto her three-legged stool and smoothing her lap in a motherly way. Her face was overly painted, her teeth red from lipstick. Clouds of perfume rose from the folds in her neck. She dabbed her brow with a handkerchief and whimpered, "Poor me, silly me."

"Nah, ma'am, it happens all the time," argued Hector. "It really does."

Hector was schooled on what to do with a coat hanger. Uncle Rudy had taught him. It was something, Uncle Rudy had argued, that every man—and woman—needed to master. The old bird of an uncle had also taught Hector to hot-wire a car and siphon gas.

"My son lives in Turlock," the woman said absently. She confessed that he didn't have time for her, that he was a fertilizer salesman always on the road.

Hector noticed that her own lawn was brownish. Couldn't her son come by and sprinkle pellets on her lawn? he wondered. Then an awful thought struck him. Was he going to be like her son, on the road forever? Would he be a fertilizer salesman throwing pellets on every lawn except his mothers? The image evaporated as he realized this elderly woman smelled like a flower

Lesson 1

Nouns

L.2.1: Demonstrate command of the conventions of standard English grammar and usage when writing or speaking.



Introduction A **noun** is a word that names a person, place, or thing.

- A **common noun** names any person, place, or thing.
- A **proper noun** names a certain person, place, or thing. It begins with a capital letter.

	Common Nouns	Proper Nouns
Person	boy, aunt	Daniel, Aunt Maria
Place	street, store	King Street, Super Toy Shop
Thing	dog, game	Sparky, Crazy Cards



Guided Practice

Underline the noun or nouns in each sentence. Then write each noun in the chart to tell what it names.

HINT A proper noun can be more than one word. Each important word in a proper noun begins with a capital letter.

- 1 Uncle Marco needs a new hat.
- 2 We take the bus to the Top Shop.
- 3 A woman sells us a green Cappy Cap.
- 4 We leave the store and walk to the park.

Person	Place	Thing



Independent Practice

Choose the correct word or words to answer each question.

- 1 Which words in this sentence are **nouns**?

My friends went to the mall.

- A friends, went
- B My, friends
- C friends, mall
- D went, mall

- 2 Which noun in this sentence names a **person**?

Lilly got a new shirt for school.

- A Lilly
- B new
- C shirt
- D school

- 3 Which noun in this sentence names a **place**?

Raj got a big pretzel at the Snacky Shack.

- A Raj
- B big
- C pretzel
- D Snacky Shack

- 4 Which noun in this sentence names a **thing**?

Cleo got a gift for her friend Pablo.

- A Cleo
- B gift
- C friend
- D Pablo

Lesson 6

Verbs

L.2.1: Demonstrate command of the conventions of standard English grammar and usage when writing or speaking.

Introduction A **verb** is a word that tells what someone or something does or is. A verb can tell what is happening now.

- An **action verb** tells what someone or something **does**.

I **throw** the ball.

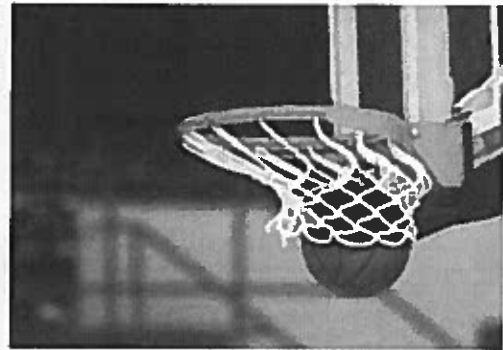
The ball **drops** through the hoop.

- A **linking verb** tells what someone or something **is** or **is like**. The words *is*, *are*, and *am* are linking verbs.

Chrissy **is** our tallest player.

Are all basketball players tall?

I **am** on a basketball team.



Guided Practice Circle the verb in each sentence.

HINT The linking verbs *is*, *are*, and *am* can be the first word of a question.

Example:
Is the game over?

- 1 This game is exciting.
- 2 Our players run down the court.
- 3 Chrissy catches the ball.
- 4 She jumps high.
- 5 The ball bounces on the rim.
- 6 Are we the winners?

Independent Practice

Choose the word that answers each question.

1 Which word in this sentence is a **verb**?

Jacob and Chrissy are the best players.

- A Jacob
- B are
- C best
- D players

2 Which word in this sentence is a **verb**?

Our team wins every basketball game.

- A team
- B wins
- C every
- D game

3 Which of these words is an **action verb**?

The crowd cheers when the game is over.

- A cheers
- B game
- C is
- D over

4 Which word in this sentence is a **linking verb**?


I am so happy!

- A happy
- B I
- C am
- D so

Lesson 8

Adjectives and Adverbs

L.2.1e: Use adjectives and adverbs, and choose between them depending on what is to be modified.

 **Introduction** An **adjective** is a word that tells more about a noun. Adjectives usually tell “what kind” or “how many.”

My jacket is green. It has two pockets.

What Kind	red, loud, old, sweet, happy
How Many	one, ten, few, some, many

An **adverb** is a word that tells more about a verb.


- Adverbs often tell “how.” These adverbs usually end in *-ly*.

I quickly zip my jacket. I tie my shoes tightly.

- Adverbs can also tell “when” or “where.”

I soon leave. I run outside.

How	slowly, loudly, lightly, carefully
When	later, next, soon, yesterday
Where	there, nearby, somewhere

 **Guided Practice** Write “adjective” or “adverb” to name each underlined word. Then circle the noun or verb that it tells about.

HINT Adjectives and adverbs do not always go beside the word they tell about.

- 1 Tia has lost her purple scarf. _____
- 2 She wore it to school yesterday. _____
- 3 Two friends look for it. _____
- 4 They look everywhere. _____

Independent Practice

Choose the word that answers each question.

- 1 Which word in this sentence is an **adjective**?

The friends quickly find the purple scarf.

- A purple
- B scarf
- C find
- D quickly

- 2 Which word in this sentence is an **adverb**?

Tia thanks her good friends gladly.

- A good
- B thanks
- C friends
- D gladly

Write the correct word from the box to complete each sentence.

widely three

- 3 My jeans have _____ holes in them.

today warm

- 4 Bring a scarf with you _____.

Complete Sentences

L.2.1: Demonstrate command of the conventions of standard English grammar and usage when writing or speaking.

Introduction A **sentence** is a group of words that tells a complete thought.

- Every sentence has a **subject**.
The subject names the person or thing that the sentence is about.

subject
The **children** play in the park.

- Every sentence has a **predicate**.
The predicate tells what the subject does or is.

predicate
They **love the big playground**.



- A sentence begins with a **capital letter**. It ends with a **period**.

Guided Practice Read each sentence. Above the underlined words, write "S" for "Subject" or "P" for "Predicate."

HINT The subject can name more than one person or thing.

- 1 The kids run on the playground.
- 2 Gracie goes down the slide.
- 3 Two children swing from the bars.
- 4 Mom and Uncle Ray sit on a bench.
- 5 A black dog runs across the playground.

Choose the correct group of words to answer each question.

1 What is the **subject** of this sentence?

Two teams play kickball.

- A play kickball
- B teams play
- C Two teams
- D kickball

2 What is the **predicate** of this sentence?

Kevin and Maria chase the ball.

- A chase the ball
- B Kevin and Maria chase
- C Kevin and Maria
- D the ball

3 Which of these is a complete sentence?

- A The red ball.
- B Rolls into a puddle.
- C Right into a big puddle.
- D The ball rolls into a puddle.


4 Which of these is a complete sentence?

- A The cute little dog.
- B The dog stands by the ball.
- C The little dog and the red ball.
- D Stands by the red ball.

Lesson 11

Capitalization in Holidays, Product Names, and Geographic Names

L.2.2a: Capitalize holidays, product names, and geographic names.

 **Introduction** The names of **holidays**, **products**, and **places** like towns, states, and countries are proper nouns. Use capital letters correctly when you write them.

- Begin each word of a holiday, product, or place with a capital letter.
- Do not begin words such as *for* and *of* with a capital letter.

Holidays	Thanksgiving, Presidents' Day, Fourth of July
Products	Speedy Sneakers, Kites for Kids, Tummy Yums
Places	Hilltown, North Carolina, United States of America

 **Guided Practice** Read each sentence. Write the name of each underlined holiday, product, or place correctly.

HINT The word *day* is part of the name of many holidays. Remember to begin it with a capital letter.

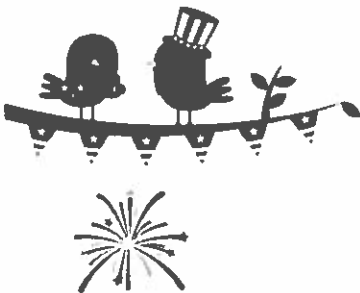
1 The fourth of july is a fun holiday.

2 People in the united states of america celebrate every year.

3 Some cities, such as boston, have fireworks.

4 My family eats treats called freezy pops.

5 This holiday is also called independence day.



 Independent Practice

Choose the correct way to write the underlined words in each sentence.

- 1 Two other American holidays are Thanksgiving and flag day.
 - A flag day
 - B flag Day
 - C Flag day
 - D Flag Day

- 2 The city of new orleans has parades on some holidays.
 - A New orleans
 - B new Orleans
 - C New Orleans
 - D new orleans

- 3 Kids blow loud horns called happy honkers.
 - A Happy honkers
 - B Happy Honkers
 - C happy Honkers
 - D happy honkers

Read the sentence. Circle the three words that should begin with a capital letter.

- 4 I like to stay up late on new year's eve.

Possessive Nouns

L.2.2c: Use an apostrophe to form . . . frequently occurring possessives.

Introduction A **possessive noun** names a person or thing that something belongs to.

a tail belonging to a whale = a whale's tail

A possessive noun has an **apostrophe (')**.

- If a noun is singular, add an apostrophe and **-s** to the end of the word.

whale + 's = A whale's tail is very strong.

- If a noun is plural and already ends with **-s**, just add the apostrophe after the **-s**.

whales + ' = Look at those whales' tails!



Guided Practice Add an apostrophe and **-s** or just an apostrophe to make the correct possessive noun in each sentence.

HINT A plural noun names more than one person, place, or thing, and usually ends with **-s**.

- 1 A whale ____ baby is called a calf.
- 2 The two babies ____ faces are very cute.
- 3 The three scientists ____ job is to study whales.
- 4 Special fat keeps these animals ____ bodies warm.
- 5 A whale does not have teeth like a shark ____ teeth.

Independent Practice

Choose the correct way to write each underlined noun.

- 1 Lindas teacher told the class about whales.

 - A Lindas'
 - B Linda's
 - C Lindas's
 - D Linda's'
- 2 The teachers photos of whales were amazing.

 - A teachers's
 - B teache'rs
 - C teachers
 - D teacher's
- 3 Many students reports had drawings of whales.

 - A students'
 - B students's
 - C student's
 - D students

Write the correct word from the box to complete the sentence.

Jason's'
Jason's
Jasons's
Jasons

- 4 _____ mother studies sharks.

7th Grade Summer Grading Sheet

	A	B	C	D	F
Letter to a Main Character	The work is complete, there may be a couple errors, but the student's effort is clear.	The work is mostly complete, although there may be a few errors.	The work is partially complete, but not enough effort is shown.	The work is incomplete and shows little effort.	Did not turn in.
Extended Response	The work is complete, there may be a couple errors, but the student's effort is clear.	The work is mostly complete, although there may be a few errors.	The work is partially complete, but not enough effort is shown.	The work is incomplete and shows little effort.	Did not turn in.
6 Grammar Worksheets	The work is complete, there may be a couple errors, but the student's effort is clear.	The work is mostly complete, although there may be a few errors.	The work is partially complete, but not enough effort is shown.	The work is incomplete and shows little effort.	Did not turn in.

