

Incoming 8th Grade English Summer Work

Dear Students,

Welcome to 8th grade! In the next year, you will work with me to 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
 - "Salvation" by Langston Hughes
 - "The Bass, the River, and Sheila Mant" by W.D. Wetherell
- write a letter to the main character of "The Bass, the River, and Sheila Mant"
- write an essay using the graphic organizer
- 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,



Mrs. Ellwanger
nellwanger@parkcityprep.org

"Salvation"

By Langston Hughes

I was saved from sin when I was going on thirteen. But not really saved. It happened like this. There was a big revival at my Auntie Reed's church. Every night for weeks there had been much preaching, singing, praying, and shouting, and some very hardened sinners had been brought to Christ, and the membership of the church had grown by leaps and bounds. Then just before the revival ended, they held a special meeting for children, "to bring the young lambs to the fold." My aunt spoke of it for days ahead. That night I was escorted to the front row and placed on the mourners' bench with all the other young sinners, who had not yet been brought to Jesus.

My aunt told me that when you were saved you saw a light, and something happened to you inside! And Jesus came into your life! And God was with you from then on! She said you could see and hear and feel Jesus in your soul. I believed her. I had heard a great many old people say the same thing and it seemed to me they ought to know. So I sat there calmly in the hot, crowded church, waiting for Jesus to come to me.

The preacher preached a wonderful rhythmical sermon, all moans and shouts and lonely cries and dire pictures of hell, and then he sang a song about the ninety and nine safe in the fold, but one little lamb was left out in the cold. Then he said: "Won't you come? Won't you come to Jesus? Young lambs, won't you come?" And he held out his arms to all us young sinners there on the mourners' bench. And the little girls cried. And some of them jumped up and went to Jesus right away. But most of us just sat there.

A great many old people came and knelt around us and prayed, old women with jet-black faces and braided hair, old men with work-gnarled hands. And the church sang a song about the lower lights are burning, some poor sinners to be saved. And the whole building rocked with prayer and song.

Still I kept waiting to see Jesus.

Finally all the young people had gone to the altar and were saved, but one boy and me. He was a rounder's son named Westley. Westley and I were surrounded by sisters and deacons praying. It was very hot in the church, and getting late now. Finally Westley said to me in a whisper: "God damn! I'm tired o' sitting here. Let's get up and be saved." So he got up and was saved.

Then I was left all alone on the mourners' bench. My aunt came and knelt at my knees and cried, while prayers and song swirled all around me in the little church. The whole congregation prayed for me alone, in a mighty wail of moans and voices. And I kept waiting serenely for Jesus, waiting, waiting - but he didn't come. I wanted to see him, but nothing happened to me. Nothing! I wanted something to happen to me, but nothing happened. I heard the songs and the minister saying: "Why don't you come? My dear child, why don't you come to Jesus? Jesus is waiting for you. He wants you. Why don't you come? Sister Reed, what is this child's name?"

"Langston," my aunt sobbed.

"Langston, why don't you come? Why don't you come and be saved? Oh, Lamb of God! Why don't you come?"

Now it was really getting late. I began to be ashamed of myself, holding everything up so long. I began to wonder what God thought about Westley, who certainly hadn't seen Jesus either, but who was now sitting proudly on the platform, swinging his knickerbockered legs and grinning down at me, surrounded by deacons and old women on their knees praying. God had not struck Westley dead for taking his name in vain or for lying in the temple. So I decided that maybe to save further trouble, I'd better lie, too, and say that Jesus had come, and get up and be saved.

So I got up.

Suddenly the whole room broke into a sea of shouting, as they saw me rise. Waves of rejoicing swept the place. Women leaped in the air. My aunt threw her arms around me. The minister took me by the hand and led me to the platform.

When things quieted down, in a hushed silence, punctuated by a few ecstatic "Amens," all the new young lambs were blessed in the name of God. Then joyous singing filled the room.

That night, for the first time in my life but one for I was a big boy twelve years old - I cried. I cried, in bed alone, and couldn't stop. I buried my head under the quilts, but my aunt heard me. She woke up and told my uncle I was crying because the Holy Ghost had come into my life, and because I had seen Jesus. But I was really crying because I couldn't bear to tell her that I had lied, that I had deceived everybody in the church, that I hadn't seen Jesus, and that now I didn't believe there was a Jesus anymore, since he didn't come to help me.

The Bass, The River, and Sheila Mant - W. D. Wetherell

There was a summer in my life when the only creature that seemed lovelier to me than a largemouth bass was Sheila Mant. I was fourteen. The Mants had rented the cottage next to ours on the river; with their parties, their frantic games of softball, their constant comings and goings, they appeared to me denizens of a brilliant existence. “Too noisy by half,” my mother quickly decided, but I would have given anything to be invited to one of their parties, and when my parents went to bed I would sneak through the woods to their hedge and stare enchanted at the candlelit swirl of white dresses and bright, paisley skirts.

Sheila was the middle daughter—at seventeen, all but out of reach. She would spend her days sunbathing on a float my Uncle Sierbert had moored in their cove, and before July was over I had learned all her moods. If she lay flat on the diving board with her hand trailing idly in the water, she was pensive, not to be disturbed. On her side, her head propped up by her arm, she was observant, considering those around her with a look that seemed queenly and severe. Sitting up, arms tucked around her long, suntanned legs, she was approachable, but barely, and it was only in those glorious moments when she stretched herself prior to entering the water that her various suitors found the courage to come near.

These were many. The Dartmouth heavyweight crew would **scull** by her house on their way upriver, and I think all eight of them must have been in love with her at various times during the summer; the **coxswain** would curse them through his megaphone, but without effect—there was always a pause in their pace when they passed Sheila’s float. I suppose to these jaded twenty-year-olds she seemed the incarnation of innocence and youth, while to me she appeared unutterably suave, the **epitome** of sophistication. I was on the swim team at school, and to win her attention would do endless laps between my house and the Vermont shore, hoping she would notice the beauty of my flutter kick, the power of my crawl. Finishing, I would boost myself up onto our dock and glance casually

over toward her, but she was never watching, and the miraculous day she was, I immediately climbed the diving board and did my best tuck and a half for her and continued diving until she had left and the sun went down and my longing was like a madness and I couldn’t stop.

It was late August by the time I got up the nerve to ask her out. The tortured will-I’s, won’t-I’s, the agonized indecision over what to say, the false starts toward her house and embarrassed retreats—the details of these have been seared from my memory, and the only part I remember clearly is emerging from the woods toward dusk while they were playing softball on their lawn, as bashful and frightened as a unicorn.

Sheila was stationed halfway between first and second, well outside the infield. She didn’t seem surprised to see me—as a matter of fact, she didn’t seem to see me at all.

“If you’re playing second base, you should move closer,” I said.

She turned—I took the full brunt of her long red hair and well-spaced freckles.

“I’m playing outfield,” she said, “I don’t like the responsibility of having a base.”

“Yeah, I can understand that,” I said, though I couldn’t. “There’s a band in Dixford tomorrow night at nine. Want to go?”

One of her brothers sent the ball sailing over the left-fielder’s head; she stood and watched it disappear toward the river.

“You have a car?” she said, without looking up.

- Scull – row, as in a rowboat.
- Coxswain – person steering a racing shell and calling out the rhythm of the strokes for the crew.
- Epitome – embodiment; one that is representative of a type or class.

I played my master stroke. “We’ll go by canoe.”

I spent all of the following day polishing it. I turned it upside down on our lawn and rubbed every inch with Brillo, hosing off the dirt, wiping it with **chamois** until it gleamed as bright as aluminum ever gleamed. About five, I slid it into the water, arranging cushions near the bow so Sheila could lean on them if she was in one of her pensive moods, propping up my father’s transistor radio by the **middle thwart** so we could have music when we came back. Automatically, without thinking about it, I mounted my Mitchell reel on my Pflueger spinning rod and stuck it in the stern.

I say automatically, because I never went anywhere that summer without a fishing rod. When I wasn’t swimming laps to impress Sheila, I was back in our driveway practicing casts, and when I wasn’t practicing casts, I was tying the line to Tosca, our springer spaniel, to test the reel’s drag, and when I wasn’t doing any of those things, I was fishing the river for bass.

Too nervous to sit at home, I got in the canoe early and started paddling in a huge circle that would get me to Sheila’s dock around eight. As automatically as I brought along my rod, I tied on a big Rapala plug, let it down into the water, let out some line, and immediately forgot all about it.

It was already dark by the time I glided up to the Mants’ dock. Even by day the river was quiet, most of the summer people preferring Sunapee or one of the other nearby lakes, and at night it was a solitude difficult to believe, a corridor of hidden life that ran between banks like a tunnel. Even the stars were part of it. They weren’t as sharp anywhere else; they seemed to have chosen the river as a guide on their slow wheel toward morning, and in the course of the summer’s fishing, I had learned all their names.

I was there ten minutes before Sheila appeared. I heard the slam of their screen door first, then saw her in the spotlight as she came slowly down the path. As beautiful as she was on the float, she was even lovelier now—her white dress went perfectly with her hair, and complimented her figure even more than her swimsuit.

It was her face that bothered me. It had on its delightful fullness a very dubious expression.

“Look,” she said. “I can get Dad’s car.”

“It’s faster this way,” I lied. “Parking’s tense up there. Hey, it’s safe. I won’t tip it or anything.”

She let herself down reluctantly into the bow. I was glad she wasn’t facing me. When her eyes were on me, I felt like diving in the river again from agony and joy.

I pried the canoe away from the dock and started paddling upstream. There was an extra paddle in the bow, but Sheila made no move to pick it up. She took her shoes off and dangled her feet over the side.

Ten minutes went by.

“What kind of band?” she said.

“It’s sort of like folk music. You’ll like it.”

“Eric Caswell’s going to be there. He strokes number four.”

“No kidding?” I said. I had no idea whom she meant.

“What’s that sound?” she said, pointing toward shore.

“Bass. That splashing sound?”

“Over there.”

“Yeah, bass. They come into the shallows at night to chase frogs and moths and things. Big largemouths. **Micropterus salmoides**,” I added, showing off.

⇒ Chamois – soft leather used for polishing.

⇒ Middle thwart – brace across the middle of a canoe.

⇒ *Micropterus salmoides* – the scientific name for a largemouth bass.

“I think fishing’s dumb,” she said, making a face. “I mean, it’s boring and all. Definitely dumb.”

Now I have spent a great deal of time in the years since wondering why Sheila Mant should come down so hard on fishing. Was her father a fisherman? Her antipathy toward fishing nothing more than normal filial rebellion? Had she tried it once? A messy encounter with worms? It doesn’t matter. What does is that at that fragile moment in time I would have given anything not to appear dumb in Sheila’s severe and unforgiving eyes.

She hadn’t seen my equipment yet. What I should have done, of course, was push the canoe in closer to shore and carefully slide the rod into some branches where I could pick it up again in the morning. Failing that, I could have surreptitiously dumped the whole outfit overboard, written off the forty or so dollars as love’s tribute. What I actually did do was gently lean forward, and slowly, ever so slowly, push the rod back through my legs toward the stern where it would be less conspicuous.

It must have been just exactly what the bass was waiting for. Fish will trail a lure sometimes, trying to make up their mind whether or not to attack, and the slight pause in the plug’s speed caused by my adjustment was tantalizing enough to overcome the bass’s inhibitions. My rod, safely out of sight at last, bent double. The line, tightly coiled, peeled off the spool with the shrill, tearing zip of a high-speed drill.

Four things occurred to me at once. One, that it was a bass. Two, that it was a big bass. Three, that it was the biggest bass I had ever hooked. Four, that Sheila Mant must not know. “What was that?” she said, turning half around.

“Uh, what was what?”

“That buzzing noise.”

“Bats.”

She shuddered, quickly drew her feet back into the canoe. Every instinct I had told me to pick up the rod and strike back at the bass, but there was no

need to—it was already solidly hooked. Downstream, an awesome distance downstream, it jumped clear of the water, landing with a concussion heavy enough to ripple the entire river. For a moment, I thought it was gone, but then the rod was bending again, the tip dancing into the water. Slowly, not making any motion that might alert Sheila, I reached down to tighten the drag.

While all this was going on, Sheila had begun talking, and it was a few minutes before I was able to catch up with her train of thought.

“I went to a party there. These fraternity men. Katherine says I could get in there if I wanted. I’m thinking more of **UVM or Bennington**. Somewhere I can ski.”

The bass was slanting toward the rocks on the New Hampshire side by the ruins of Donaldson’s boathouse. It had to be an old bass—a young one probably wouldn’t have known the rocks were there. I brought the canoe back into the middle of the river, hoping to head it off.

“That’s neat,” I mumbled. “Skiing. Yeah, I can see that.”

“Eric said I have the figure to model, but I thought I should get an education first. I mean, it might be a while before I get started and all. I was thinking of getting my hair styled, more swept back? I mean, **Ann-Margret**? Like hers, only shorter.”

She hesitated. “Are we going backward?”

We were. I had managed to keep the bass in the middle of the river away from the rocks, but it had plenty of room there, and for the first time a chance to exert its full strength. I quickly computed the weight necessary to draw a fully loaded canoe backward—the thought of it made me feel faint.

“It’s just the current,” I said hoarsely. “No sweat or anything.”

⇒ UVM or Bennington – University of Vermont or Bennington College, Bennington Vermont.

⇒ Ann-Margret – (1941-) Movie star, very popular at the time of this story.

I dug in deeper with my paddle. Reassured, Sheila began talking about something else, but all my attention was taken up now with the fish. I could feel its desperation as the water grew shallower. I could sense the extra strain on the line, the frantic way it cut back and forth in the water. I could visualize what it looked like—the gape of its mouth, the flared gills and thick, vertical tail. The bass couldn't have encountered many forces in its long life that it wasn't capable of handling, and the unrelenting tug at its mouth must have been a source of great puzzlement and mounting panic.

Me, I had problems of my own. To get to Dixford, I had to paddle up a sluggish stream that came into the river beneath a covered bridge. There was a shallow sandbar at the mouth of this stream—weeds on one side, rocks on the other. Without doubt, this is where I would lose the fish.

"I have to be careful with my complexion. I tan, but in segments. I can't figure out if it's even worth it. I wouldn't even do it probably. I saw **Jackie Kennedy** in Boston, and she wasn't tan at all."

Taking a deep breath, I paddled as hard as I could for the middle, deepest part of the bar. I could have threaded the eye of a needle with the canoe, but the pull on the stern threw me off, and I overcompensated—the canoe veered left and scraped bottom. I pushed the paddle down and shoved. A moment of hesitation . . . a moment more. . . . The canoe shot clear into the deeper water of the stream. I immediately looked down at the rod. It was bent in the same tight arc—miraculously, the bass was still on.

The moon was out now. It was low and full enough that its beam shone directly on Sheila there ahead of me in the canoe, washing her in a creamy, luminous glow. I could see the lithe, easy shape of her figure. I could see the way her hair curled down off her shoulders, the proud, alert tilt of her head, and all these things were as a tug on my heart. Not just Sheila, but the aura she carried about her of parties and casual touchings and grace. Behind me, I could feel the strain of the bass, steadier now, growing weaker, and this was another tug on my heart, not just the bass but the beat of the river and the slant of the stars and the smell of the night, until finally it

seemed I would be torn apart between longings, split in half. Twenty yards ahead of us was the road, and once I pulled the canoe up on shore, the bass would be gone, irretrievably gone. If instead I stood up, grabbed the rod, and started pumping, I would have it—as tired as the bass was, there was no chance it could get away. I reached down for the rod, hesitated, looked up to where Sheila was stretching herself lazily toward the sky, her small breasts rising beneath the soft fabric of her dress, and the tug was too much for me, and quicker than it takes to write down, I pulled a penknife from my pocket and cut the line in half.

With a sick, nauseous feeling in my stomach, I saw the rod unbend.

"My legs are sore," Sheila whined. "Are we there yet?"

Through a superhuman effort of self-control, I was able to beach the canoe and help Sheila off. The rest of the night is much foggier. We walked to the fair—there was the smell of popcorn, the sound of guitars. I may have danced once or twice with her, but all I really remember is her coming over to me once the music was done to explain that she would be going home in Eric Caswell's Corvette.

"Okay," I mumbled.

For the first time that night she looked at me, really looked at me.

"You're a funny kid, you know that?"

Funny. Different. Dreamy. Odd. How many times was I to hear that in the years to come, all spoken with the same quizzical, half-accusatory tone Sheila used then. Poor Sheila! Before the month was over, the spell she cast over me was gone, but the memory of that lost bass haunted me all summer and haunts me still. There would be other Sheila Mants in my life, other fish, and though I came close once or twice, it was these secret, hidden tuggings in the night that claimed me, and I never made the same mistake again.

⇒ Jackie Kennedy (1929-1994) First Lady during the administration of President John F. Kennedy, greatly admired by the public for her dignity and sense of style.

Incoming 8th Grade
English Summer Work

Theme Essay

Choose one story, "Salvation" or "The Bass, the River, and Sheila Mant."

Determine what the theme of the story is. To do this, ask yourself, **what lesson did the main character learn?** If you need extra help, search "theme" on Google, or watch any educational videos on YouTube to help you remember what it means.

Write an essay that includes an introduction, body paragraph, and conclusion. Use the graphic organizer first, and then write your final draft on the lined paper given.

Introduction

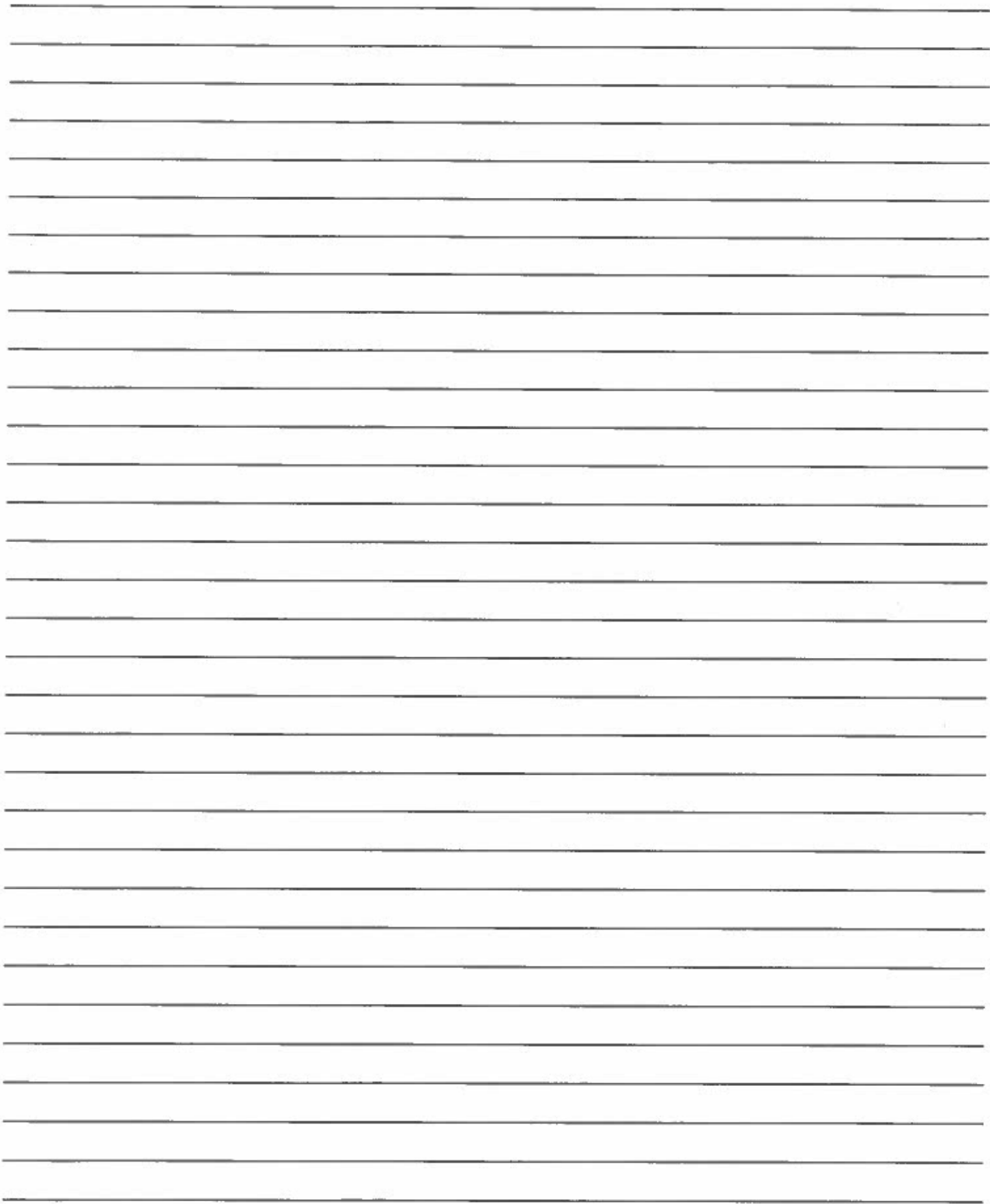
Title	You must introduce the text you are analyzing. Start your essay with the title and author.	Example: "Thank You Ma'am" by Langston Hughes...	
Central Idea	You must give a brief explanation of what the story is about.	...is about a young boy who gets caught stealing from a woman late at night.	
Thesis	You must make a claim about the text. You are arguing what the theme of the story is.	The theme of the story is people should learn to forgive and understand that kids can learn from their mistakes.	

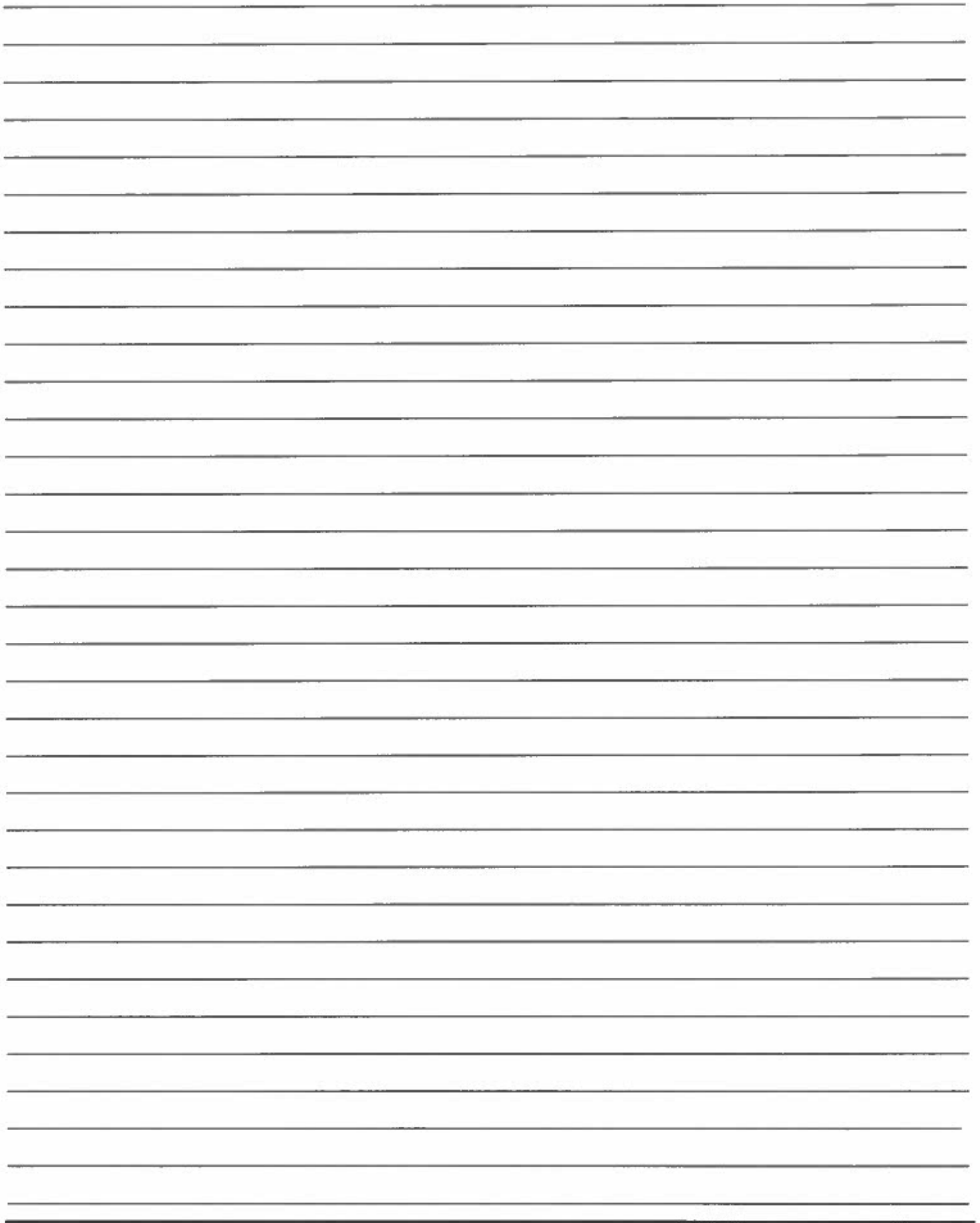
Body Paragraph

<p>Topic Sentence</p>	<p>You must give a reason to support your thesis. Your reason states how you know the thesis is true.</p>	<p>Example: When the woman decides to trust the boy in her home, feed him, and give him money, she shows forgiveness and understanding.</p>	<p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p>
<p>Details</p>	<p>You must support your ideas with text evidence. When you give quotes from the text, you need to follow them with a sentence that explains it. You should give two quotes from the story and two sentences to explain.</p>	<p>The text says, "The woman did not watch the boy to see if he was going to run now, nor did she watch her purse which she left behind her on the day-guard her purse, it shows she believes the boy learned from his mistake. The text also says, "The boy wanted to say something else other than 'Thank you, m'am.'" The boys feelings prove that he wanted to say or do something nice for the woman, which shows that he learned from her.</p>	<p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p>
<p>Closing Sentence</p>	<p>You must give one sentence to summarize your idea.</p>	<p>The woman realized the boy made a mistake and the boy understands that people can forgive.</p>	<p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p>

Conclusion

<p>Restate Thesis</p>	<p>You must summarize the main point of the essay. You should look back to the thesis, and try to say it in a new way.</p>	<p>Example: Langston Hughes shares a message of forgiveness and personal growth.</p>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>
<p>Acknowledge Reasons</p>	<p>You must review the main points that support your thesis. You should look back to your topic sentence, and try to say it in a new way.</p>	<p>In the story, the woman tries to help a young boy, even after he tried to steal from her. The theme is clear when she encourages him to take care of himself and she gives him money.</p>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>
<p>Purpose & Importance</p>	<p>You must describe the purpose and importance of your analysis. Ask yourself, why does this matter?</p>	<p>It is important to track how a character behaves in a story because it can show the theme. Readers can learn the theme from a story and then apply the lesson to their own life. This story teaches us to forgive and learn from mistakes.</p>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>





Lesson 1

Nouns

L.3.1a: Explain the function of nouns ... in general and their functions in particular sentences.

 **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 particular person, place, or thing. A proper noun begins with a capital letter.

	Common Nouns	Proper Nouns
Person	girl, teacher, president	Emily, Mr. Wong, Abraham Lincoln
Place	street, lake, country	Pine Street, Lake Mead, Mexico
Thing	cereal, month, holiday	Crispies, April, Thanksgiving

Guided Practice

Underline the nouns in each sentence. Write *person, place, or thing* above each noun 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 Aunt Lisa takes us to Oak Park.
- 2 The big slide is near Vine Street.
- 3 Nicole climbs the ladder quickly.
- 4 Alex loves the green and blue swing.
- 5 My little brother plays in the sand.
- 6 My sister pulls her wagon beside the pond.
- 7 Our Koby Kite flies high in the sky.
- 8 My aunt always brings a Fruitybar to share.

Independent Practice

For numbers 1–4, choose the correct word or words to answer each question.

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

Chase Pond is in the large park.

- A Chase Pond, is
- B the, park
- C Chase Pond, park
- D in, large

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

Mark and his sister often swim there.

- A Mark, sister
- B and, sister
- C his, often
- D Mark, swim

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

One day Meera saw a frog and a turtle.

- A day
- B Meera
- C frog
- D turtle

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


Ms. Patel and her friend enjoy having a picnic on the beach.

- A Ms. Patel
- B friend
- C picnic
- D beach

Lesson 3

Verbs

L.3.1a: Explain the function of ... verbs ... in general and their functions in particular sentences.

 **Introduction** A **verb** is a word that tells what someone or something *does* or *is*.

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

Squirrels eat nuts and leaves. I watch the squirrels in the tree.

- Some verbs do not show action. The verb *be* tells what someone or something is. The verb *be* has different forms. *Am*, *is*, and *are* are all forms of *be*.

Forms of Be	Examples
am	I am an expert on squirrels.
is	A tree is a good home for squirrels. Is it a safe place to hide? Yes, it is.
are	Most squirrels are brown or gray. They are so cute!

Guided Practice

Underline the verb in each sentence. Write A above the verb if it is an action verb. Write B if it is a form of the verb *be*.

HINT In a question, the verb *be* can come at the beginning of the sentence.

Example:
Is it furry?

- 1 Squirrels live in cities and in the country.
- 2 Are you afraid of squirrels?
- 3 I am not afraid of them.
- 4 I study different kinds of squirrels.
- 5 Indian giant squirrels grow as long as three feet!
- 6 A pygmy squirrel is five inches long.
- 7 Most gray squirrels eat acorns in fall and winter.
- 8 Is that a gray squirrel in the tree?

Independent Practice

For numbers 1–5, choose the word in each sentence that is a verb.

1 Some squirrels glide through the air.

- A Some
- B through
- C glide
- D air

2 They stretch their arms and legs.

- A They
- B arms
- C and
- D stretch

3 Their tails are flat and wide.

- A tails
- B Their
- C wide
- D are

4 Is that a squirrel or a bat?

- A squirrel
- B Is
- C that
- D bat

5 Mary wrote her report about those squirrels.

- A Mary
- B wrote
- C her
- D about

Lesson 4

Adjectives

L.3.1a: Explain the function of . . . adjectives . . . in general and their functions in particular sentences.



Introduction

An **adjective** is a word that tells something about a noun. When you write, you can use adjectives to help your readers picture what you are describing.

Some adjectives tell *what kind*. They describe how something looks, feels, sounds, tastes, or smells. In the example below, *blue* describes the noun *ocean*. *Cold* describes *water*.

We swam in the blue ocean. The water was cold.

Other adjectives tell *how many* there are of something.

We saw three whales. There were many dolphins.

What Kind	old, calm, bright, damp, noisy, sour, smoky
How Many	three, twelve, forty, many, several, some



Guided Practice

Underline the adjective or adjectives in each sentence. Then draw an arrow from each adjective to the noun that it tells about.

HINT Sometimes an adjective comes after the noun it describes. When this happens, other words usually come between the noun and adjective.

- 1 The Davis family goes to a beautiful beach in July.
- 2 The dunes at the beach are huge.
- 3 Maddy loves to feel the soft sand between her toes.
- 4 She likes to jump in the foamy waves.
- 5 The warm air smells salty from the ocean.
- 6 Little Chloe digs in the wet sand.
- 7 Yesterday, she found several shells.
- 8 Three shells were round.

Independent Practice

For numbers 1–3, choose the word in each sentence that is an adjective.

- 1** The cottage they stay in is two blocks from the ocean.
- A two
 - B cottage
 - C stay
 - D ocean
- 2** Father takes the happy children to the beach.
- A to
 - B happy
 - C beach
 - D children
- 3** The children like the smell of the tangy air.
- A The
 - B like
 - C smell
 - D tangy

In numbers 4 and 5, what does the adjective in each sentence describe?

- 4** The hot sand burns in the sun.
- A how the sand looks
 - B how the sand sounds
 - C how the sand smells
 - D how the sand feels
- 5** The water is salty.
- A how the water feels
 - B how the water looks
 - C how the water tastes
 - D how the water sounds

Lesson 8

Simple Verb Tenses

L.3.1e: Form and use the simple (e.g., *I walked*; *I walk*; *I will walk*) verb tenses.

 **Introduction** The **tense** of a verb helps readers know when something is happening.

- The **present tense** shows that something is happening *now*, or in the present.

I walk on the grass.

- The **past tense** shows that something happened *before*, or in the past. To form the past tense of most verbs, add *-ed* at the end.

In 1969, Neil Armstrong walked on the moon.

- The **future tense** shows what *is going to* happen in the future. To form the future tense, put *will* before the verb.

Maybe someday we will walk on Mars.

Look at the table below. Notice how the verbs change when the tense changes.

Present Tense	look	roam	discover
Past Tense	looked	roamed	discovered
Future Tense	will look	will roam	will discover

 **Guided Practice** Write the correct tense of the verb to complete each sentence.

HINT Words and phrases such as *in 1958*, *today*, and *years from now* can help you decide which verb tense to use.

- 1 The NASA space program _____ in 1958.
start
- 2 In 1961, NASA _____ a capsule called *Freedom 7*.
launch
- 3 John Glenn _____ Earth in 1962.
orbit
- 4 Today, astronauts _____ on a space station.
stay
- 5 Years from now, we will _____ to other planets.
travel

Independent Practice

For numbers 1–5, choose the sentence in which the tense of the verb is correct.

- 1** A Our class visited Johnson Space Center next Wednesday.
B Our class will visited Johnson Space Center next Wednesday.
C Our class visit Johnson Space Center next Wednesday.
D Our class will visit Johnson Space Center next Wednesday.
- 2** A Yesterday we learn about a space rover trip to Mars.
B Yesterday we learned about a space rover trip to Mars.
C Tomorrow we learned about a space rover trip to Mars.
D Yesterday we will learn about a space rover trip to Mars.
- 3** A The rover, named *Curiosity*, landed on Mars in August of 2012.
B The rover, named *Curiosity*, land on Mars in August of 2012.
C The rover, named *Curiosity*, will land on Mars in August of 2012.
D The rover, named *Curiosity*, will landed on Mars in August of 2012.
- 4** A Right now, videos from *Curiosity* show the surface of Mars.
B Right now, videos from *Curiosity* will showed the surface of Mars.
C In the future, videos from *Curiosity* showed the surface of Mars.
D In the future, videos from *Curiosity* show the surface of Mars.
- 5** A At the Space Center next week, I ask more about *Curiosity*.
B At the Space Center next week, I asked more about *Curiosity*.
C At the Space Center next week, I will ask more about *Curiosity*.
D At the Space Center next week, I will asked more about *Curiosity*.

Lesson 15

Simple and Compound Sentences

L.3.1h: Use coordinating . . . conjunctions.
L.3.1i: Produce . . . compound . . . sentences.

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

- A **simple sentence** has one subject and one predicate. The **subject** tells whom or what the sentence is about. The **predicate** tells what the subject does or is.

subject **predicate**
[Alfredo] [goes to art class on Tuesday and Thursday.]

- A **compound sentence** has two simple sentences joined together by the conjunction *and*, *but*, *or*, or *so*. There is usually a comma before the conjunction.

simple sentence **simple sentence**
[Alfredo likes art class], but [his sister enjoys music class.]

- Combining two short sentences into a compound sentence can make your writing less choppy. It also helps you show that two ideas are connected.

Alfredo painted a picture. His sister sang a song.

Alfredo painted a picture, and his sister sang a song.

Guided Practice

Combine each pair of simple sentences to make a compound sentence. Use the conjunction in parentheses ().

HINT Be sure to put a comma before the conjunction in each compound sentence you write.

- 1** Should we start class? Should we wait? (or)

- 2** I finished my picture. Neil did not finish his. (but)

- 3** Liz has a flute lesson soon. She must practice. (so)


- 4** She made up a song. It sounded great! (and)

 **Independent Practice**

For numbers 1–4, pick the choice that correctly combines the two simple sentences into a compound sentence.

- 1** Mr. Ramirez loves music. He is a great teacher.
- A Mr. Ramirez loves music and he is a great teacher.
 - B Mr. Ramirez loves music, but he is a great teacher.
 - C Mr. Ramirez loves music, and he is a great teacher.
 - D Mr. Ramirez loves music, or he is a great teacher.
- 2** Anita was going to sing. She had a sore throat.
- A Anita was going to sing, but she had a sore throat.
 - B Anita was going to sing, so she had a sore throat.
 - C Anita was going to sing, or she had a sore throat.
 - D Anita was going to sing, and she had a sore throat.
- 3** You may play the piano first. You may play the drums first.
- A You may play the piano first, and you may play the drums first.
 - B You may play the piano first, so you may play the drums first.
 - C You may play the piano first, but you may play the drums first.
 - D You may play the piano first, or you may play the drums first.
- 4** We cannot hear the music. Please make it louder.
- A We cannot hear the music, and please make it louder.
 - B We cannot hear the music, so please make it louder.
 - C We cannot hear the music, but please make it louder.
 - D We cannot hear the music so, please make it louder.

Capitalization in Titles

 **Introduction** There is a special way to write the title of a book, magazine, newspaper, or movie.

- Always capitalize the first word, the last word, and all the important words in a title.
- Do not capitalize short words such as *a*, *an*, *the*, *and*, *of*, *for*, *in*, and *on* unless they are the first or last word of the title.

Book	<i>The Adventures of Peter Vine</i>
Magazine	<i>Fun for You and Me</i>
Newspaper	<i>The Daily News</i>
Movie	<i>Sara Drake and the Secret Cave</i>

Guided Practice

Write each title correctly, adding capital letters where they are needed.

HINT Usually the title of a book, magazine, newspaper, or movie is shown in *italics*. But when you write one of these titles by hand, you should underline it instead.

- oliver in space* (movie)
- abby and the zebra* (book)
- explore and more* (magazine)
- the star county times* (newspaper)
- a dragon in town* (movie)
- lily the lucky ladybug* (book)
- diary of an amazing mouse* (movie)
- sports for healthy kids* (magazine)

1 _____ 5 _____

2 _____ 6 _____

3 _____ 7 _____

4 _____ 8 _____

Independent Practice

For numbers 1–5, choose the correct answer to each question.

- 1** How should the title of this movie be written?
- A *a Hog on a Log*
 - B *A Hog On a Log*
 - C *a Hog on a log*
 - D *A Hog on a Log*
- 2** How should the title of this book be written?
- A *Sam The Storm chaser*
 - B *Sam the Storm Chaser*
 - C *Sam the storm Chaser*
 - D *Sam The Storm Chaser*
- 3** How should the title of this magazine be written?
- A *The Planets And The Stars*
 - B *The planets and the Stars*
 - C *The Planets and the Stars*
 - D *the Planets And the Stars*
- 4** How should the title of this newspaper be written?
- A *Weekly News for All*
 - B *Weekly News For all*
 - C *Weekly news for All*
 - D *Weekly news For all*
- 5** How should the title of this book be written?
- A *And the Cat Wants in*
 - B *And the Cat Wants In*
 - C *and the Cat Wants in*
 - D *And The Cat Wants In*

8th 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.
Theme Essay	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.

