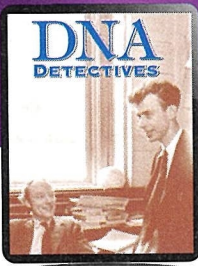
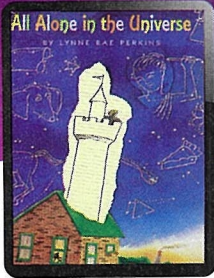


Lesson 21

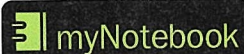
Vocabulary in Context



LANGUAGE DETECTIVE

Talk About the Writer's Words

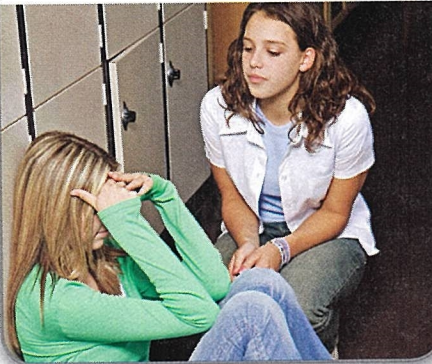
Work with a partner. Take turns asking and answering questions about the photos. Use the blue Vocabulary words in your questions and answers.



Add new words to **myWordList**. Use them in your speaking and writing.

1 jeopardy

If two friends can't talk about problems, their friendship may be in **jeopardy**. It may be in danger of ending.



2 stable

In a **stable** relationship, family members stick together through good times and bad.



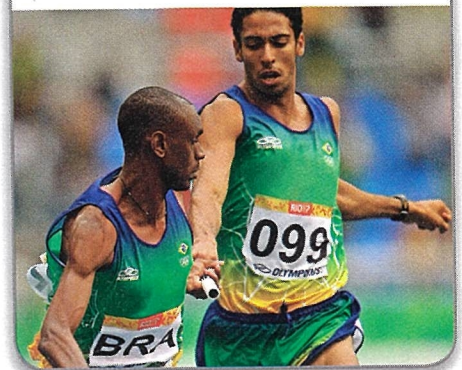
3 blurted

A friend who has **blurted** a remark, saying it without thinking, may regret it afterwards.



4 eventually

On a relay race team, the last runner has to wait but **eventually** receives the baton from a teammate.



- ▶ Study each **Context Card**.
- ▶ Use two Vocabulary words to tell about an experience you had.

5 **scrounged**

When friends drop in unexpectedly, someone might serve a meal **scrounged** together from leftovers.



6 **spiteful**

Spiteful words are spoken or written for the purpose of hurting or angering someone.



7 **comprehension**

In a classroom, a teacher might feel relieved when a smile of **comprehension** shows that a pupil understands.



8 **abrupt**

A bus driver who has to come to an **abrupt**, or sudden, stop might call out a warning to the passengers.



9 **exhilaration**

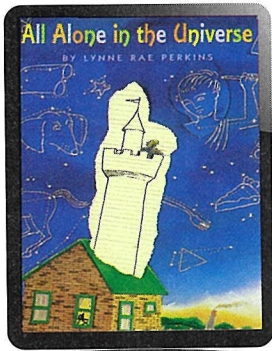
A volunteer might feel a lift of **exhilaration**, or joy, after finishing a job that others appreciate.



10 **oracle**

You wouldn't need the Greek **oracle** at Delphi to predict that being kind and attentive will keep a friendship going. frame.

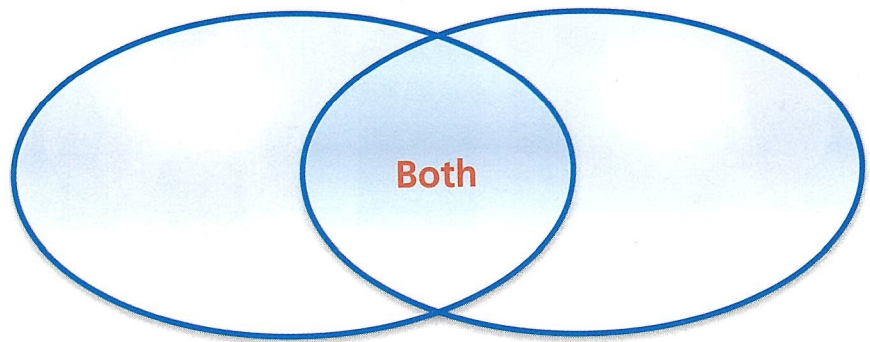




Read and Comprehend

✓ TARGET SKILL

Compare and Contrast As you read “All Alone in the Universe,” think about how the characters in the story are alike and different. Note what the characters say and do as well as their feelings and reactions toward each other as the plot moves along. Use text evidence about the characters, along with inferences about what you have read in the story, to help you **compare** and **contrast**. Use a graphic organizer like the one below to help you compare and contrast story characters.



✓ TARGET STRATEGY

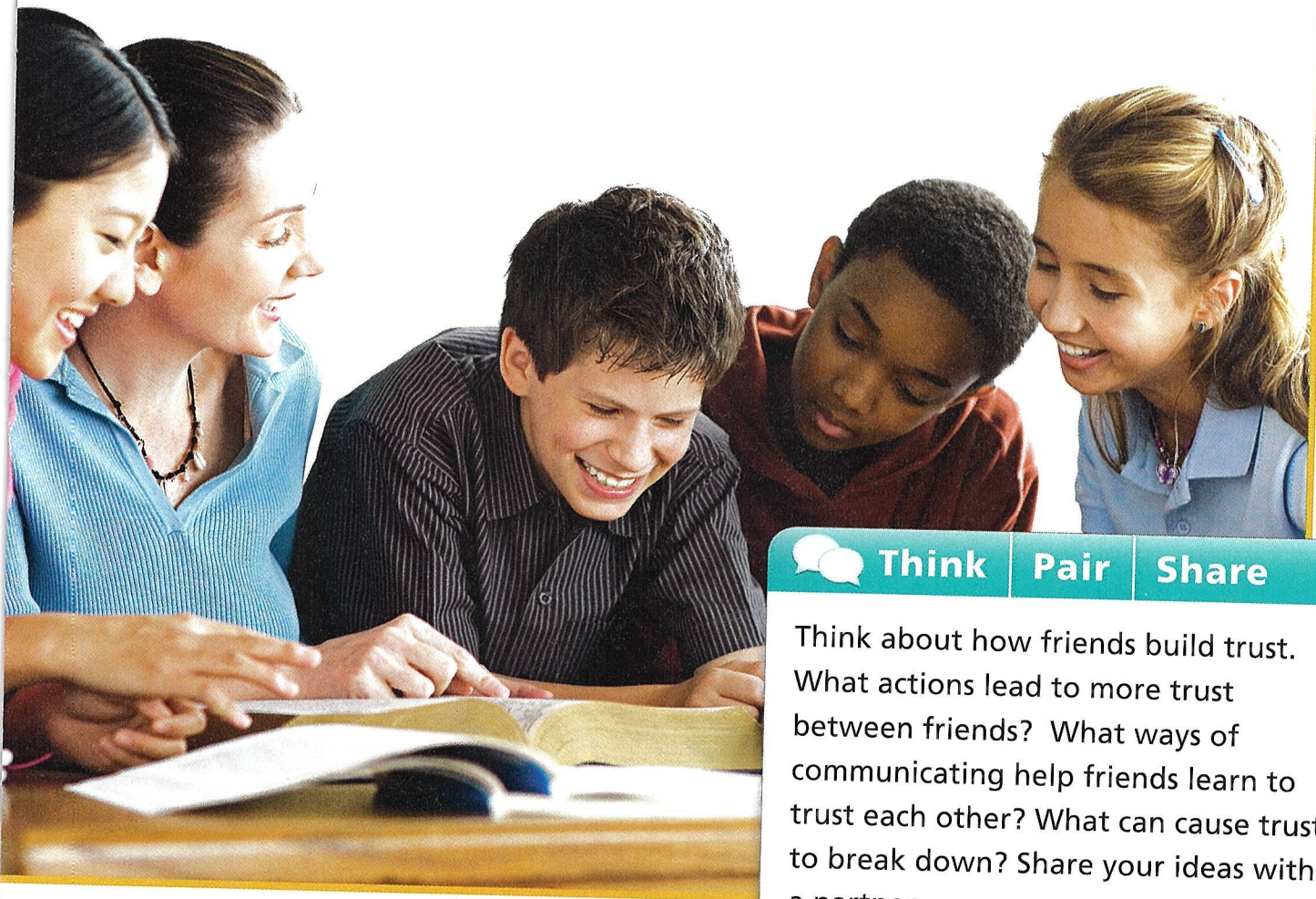
Infer/Predict Combine what you already know with text evidence to help you **infer**, or figure out, what the author means and to **predict**, or guess, what might happen in the future.

PREVIEW THE TOPIC

Working Together

Think about a shared goal you may have had with a friend, a classmate, or a family member. To achieve the goal, you both had to collaborate, or work together, to accomplish what you set out to do.

Friendship is much like a shared goal. Friends work together to maintain trust and communication. In "All Alone in the Universe," you'll learn about two best friends who experience a change in their close friendship.



Think

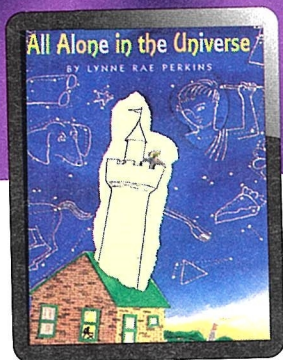
Pair

Share

Think about how friends build trust. What actions lead to more trust between friends? What ways of communicating help friends learn to trust each other? What can cause trust to break down? Share your ideas with a partner.

Lesson 21

ANCHOR TEXT



✓ GENRE

Realistic fiction has characters and events that are like people and events in real life. As you read, look for:

- ▶ settings like those in real life
- ▶ characters who have feelings that real people have
- ▶ real-life challenges and problems

MEET THE AUTHOR

Lynne Rae Perkins



Lynne Rae Perkins spent her youth in Cheswick, Pennsylvania, a town on the Allegheny River—in her words, "a paradise of uninterrupted backyards with unlimited playmates." Although she considers her hometown idyllic, Perkins vividly recalls the more anxiety-ridden aspects of adolescence and recaptures those moments, counterbalanced with moments of peaceful reflection, in her novels for young adults. Perkins's hometown of Cheswick forms the setting of both this selection and its companion novel *Criss Cross*, for which Perkins won the 2006 Newbery Medal. Both *Criss Cross* and *All Alone in the Universe* use poetic devices, drawings, and experimental writing techniques to develop realistic narratives about friendship, identity, transformation, adolescence, and coming of age. Says Perkins, who writes and illustrates picture books as well as writing novels for older readers, "I think making books is a way of having conversations with people."

MEET THE ILLUSTRATOR

Margaret Lee



Margaret Lee lives and works in Toronto, Canada. To create an illustration, she often photographs a subject and then manipulates the photograph to create a new image, using computer and collage techniques. Lee has also worked in animation and created title sequences for movies.



All Alone in the Universe

by Lynne Rae Perkins

selection illustrated by Margaret Lee



ESSENTIAL QUESTION

How does a new
friendship affect an
old one?

Debbie and her best friend, Maureen Berck, have grown up together in the same small town, and it seems as if they will be inseparable forever. One summer, though, Maureen's new relationship with classmate Glenna Flaiber puts their friendship in jeopardy. The day after Debbie returns from a family vacation, the three girls go to a carnival.

Three is a lousy number in a lot of ways. One of those ways is that carnivals always have rides with seats that hold two people, so one person has to act as if she doesn't mind waiting by the fence or riding in a seat by herself or with some other leftover. This is why the Three Musketeers became friends with D'Artagnan. Not because of carnivals but because the number three is not a happy number. I know that in geometry the triangle is supposed to be an extremely stable shape, as in the pyramids, but in real life triangles are almost never equilateral. There are always two corners that are closer together, while the third is off a little ways by itself.

I was off a little ways eating some french fries from a paper boat, watching Glenna and Maureen ride the Calypso, when the idea first came to me that Maureen actually liked Glenna. Glenna was shouting over the noise and music of the ride. Whatever she shouted, it made Maureen laugh, and Glenna was laughing, too. They were spinning around together and laughing, their hands up in the air, slammed together by centrifugal force against the painted metal shell of their twirling car. I was in some other not-laughing universe, leaning on a fence that was standing perfectly still. The ride ended, and they tumbled and spun, still laughing, out of the car and through the gate. It seemed as if they might tumble right past me then, and I blurted out, "Anyone want a french fry?"

Maureen spun my way and said, "Oh, yum!"

Glenna said, "No, thanks, I don't like greasy food."



This was wise, because I was planning to put a curse on her french fry that would make her throw up on the next ride.

"Oh, well." I shrugged. "More for us."

Then I said, "I love greasy food."

"Especially when it's salty," added Maureen.

We gobbled up the french fries, and now it was Maureen and I who were together while Glenna remained on her greaseless, unsalted planet.

"Let's go on the Zipper," I said to Maureen.


"Okay," she said.

So we did, and then we all played a game of tossing quarters onto plates balanced on bottle tops. I won a lime green cross-eyed bunny, which I gave to Maureen. I said, "Here, I want you to have this because you mean so much to me. And because I don't want to carry it around."

She grinned and said, "Oh, wow. Thanks a lot."

She glanced down at the bunny as she took it, then held it up to Glenna and said, "Does this remind you of anything?" Glenna crossed her eyes, they both laughed, and that was one for Glenna. Then it was her turn to ride with Maureen, and that was two. Glenna and I weren't taking any turns together, but no one mentioned that.





Maureen was too busy having a great time to notice. Glenna was having a great time, too. I wasn't exactly having a great time. I felt off-balance, as if someone kept borrowing my right foot for a few minutes. As if someone were moving into my house while I still lived there.

The three of us wobbled around the dinky midway like a triangle trying to walk. I could see the grass already turning yellow under the parked trailers and their thick, tangled piles of extension cords. I could feel some odd new feelings—uneasy, spiteful, shapeless ones—creeping in.

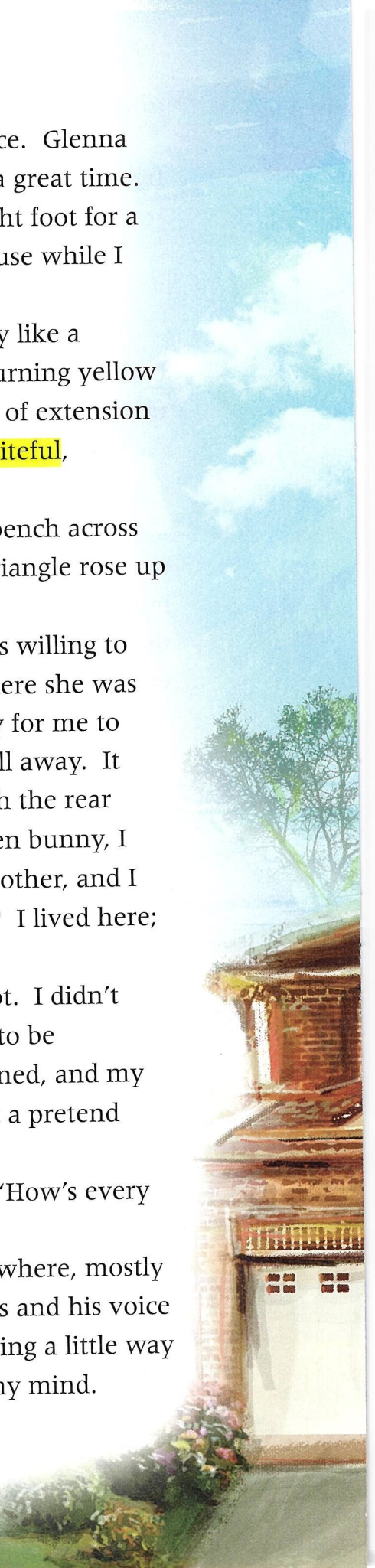
I hate this stupid carnival, I thought, sitting on a bench across from the Ferris wheel as the other two points of the triangle rose up into the blue sky.

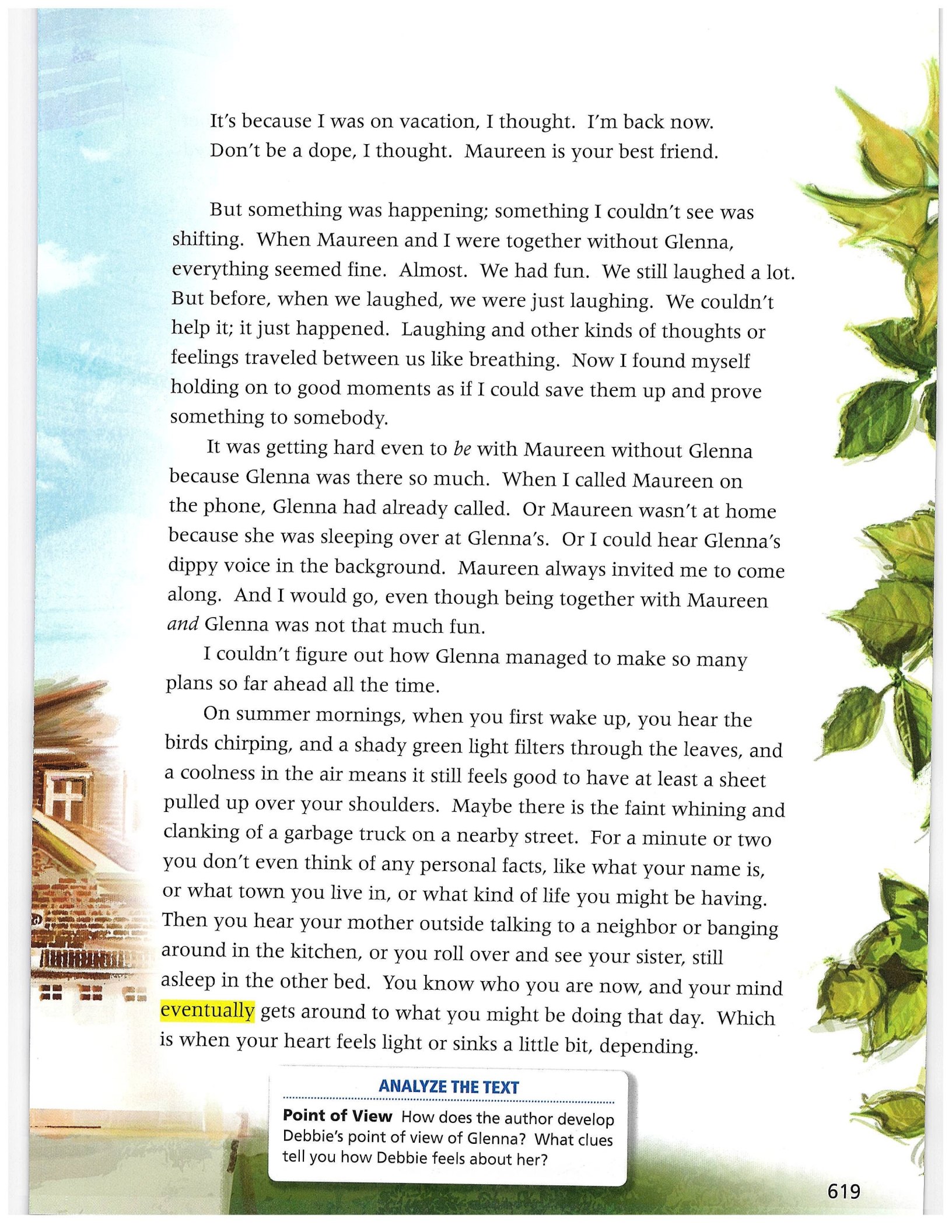
When we had spent all the money Mrs. Berck was willing to throw down the drain, we walked back to the car, where she was waiting, reading a book. It made sense geographically for me to be dropped off first. I got out and watched the car pull away. It was no different from a million times before. Through the rear window, beyond the collapsed tissue box and the green bunny, I saw Maureen's and Glenna's heads turn toward each other, and I felt myself falling away behind. But what could I do? I lived here; it was where I had to get out.

I walked over to rinse my feet off under the spigot. I didn't know how to wash away a crumminess that seemed to be swimming around in my heart. The garage door opened, and my dad pushed the lawn mower out from inside. He put a pretend surprised look on his face.

"Why, hello there, long-lost daughter," he said. "How's every little thing?"

"Okay," I said. I mustered up a smile from somewhere, mostly from his words and the sound of his voice. His words and his voice and my scrounged-up smile pushed the crummy feeling a little way off to the side, and I thought, Probably it was all in my mind.





It's because I was on vacation, I thought. I'm back now.
Don't be a dope, I thought. Maureen is your best friend.

But something was happening; something I couldn't see was shifting. When Maureen and I were together without Glenna, everything seemed fine. Almost. We had fun. We still laughed a lot. But before, when we laughed, we were just laughing. We couldn't help it; it just happened. Laughing and other kinds of thoughts or feelings traveled between us like breathing. Now I found myself holding on to good moments as if I could save them up and prove something to somebody.

It was getting hard even to *be* with Maureen without Glenna because Glenna was there so much. When I called Maureen on the phone, Glenna had already called. Or Maureen wasn't at home because she was sleeping over at Glenna's. Or I could hear Glenna's dippy voice in the background. Maureen always invited me to come along. And I would go, even though being together with Maureen *and* Glenna was not that much fun.

I couldn't figure out how Glenna managed to make so many plans so far ahead all the time.

On summer mornings, when you first wake up, you hear the birds chirping, and a shady green light filters through the leaves, and a coolness in the air means it still feels good to have at least a sheet pulled up over your shoulders. Maybe there is the faint whining and clanking of a garbage truck on a nearby street. For a minute or two you don't even think of any personal facts, like what your name is, or what town you live in, or what kind of life you might be having. Then you hear your mother outside talking to a neighbor or banging around in the kitchen, or you roll over and see your sister, still asleep in the other bed. You know who you are now, and your mind **eventually** gets around to what you might be doing that day. Which is when your heart feels light or sinks a little bit, depending.

ANALYZE THE TEXT

Point of View How does the author develop Debbie's point of view of Glenna? What clues tell you how Debbie feels about her?

From the backseat of the Flaibers' car, Glenna asked her mother what day they would be leaving for their vacation. My ears pricked up. An unexpected ray of hope lit up little dioramas in my head: happy pictures of a week (or two?) without Glenna. A scrap of song from a passing radio furlled through the open window.

Finally, I thought. Finally.

Trying to keep my face calm, I waited for Mrs. Flaiber's answer.

"Saturday," she said. "But early. So probably Maureen should stay over Friday night."

What for? I thought giddily. So she can wave good-bye?

"That way she'll be sure to get up in time," Mrs. Flaiber went on. She threw a quick grin over her shoulder at Maureen. Maureen and Glenna grinned at each other. "We'll just roll you out of bed and into the car, Maureen!" said Mrs. Flaiber in a jolly way.

A tide of **comprehension** rushed in all around me, separating my little island from the shore where the three of them stood, getting into the car to drive away.

"Where are you going?" I couldn't help asking.

Apparently they could still hear my voice, although it sounded far away, even to me. At least Mrs. Flaiber could.

ANALYZE THE TEXT

Characters' Motivations What does Debbie say and do when she finds out Maureen will be going on vacation with Glenna's family?



“Borth Lake!” she answered. “We have a camp up there! We decided to let Glenna take along a friend this year! We’ll be sitting on each other’s laps, but we figure, the more the merrier!”

I don’t know what else she said, but all the sentences had exclamation points at the end. The water rose over my island and lapped around my ankles. I pressed my fingers into my knees, then lifted them and watched the yellow-white spots disappear. Maureen’s knees were right next to mine. There was her hand on the car seat, with the fingernails bitten down below the nubs, as familiar to me as my own. I looked out the window at whatever was passing by. I felt mean and small, like something wadded up. Weightless, like something that doesn’t even matter.

Mrs. Flaiber’s voice chorbled merrily away, cramming the air with colorful pictures of capsizing rowboats and dinners of fish fried with their heads still on and the eyeballs looking right at you. I could hear Glenna telling Maureen that Borth Lake was the seventh largest man-made lake in the state.

“Really?” I heard myself say. “That is so interesting.”

Suddenly it seemed to me that if I didn’t get out of the car, I might completely disappear, and I said, “Mrs. Flaiber, can you let me off here?”

All three heads turned my way, and the **abrupt** quiet told me that I had probably interrupted someone.



"I just remembered," I said. "There's something I have to do. For my mom. I have to pick something up for her."

"Where do you need to go?" she asked. "We can take you there and wait while you run inside."

"No, no—that's okay," I said. "Actually I feel like walking."

"Are you sure?" she said, pulling adroitly over to the curb.

"Yep," I said. "Thanks. See you guys later. Have fun on your vacation."

Then, looking right into Maureen's eyes, I said, "Call me when you get back."

I tried to keep my voice steady, but my eyes were shooting out messages and questions and SOSs. I saw them reach her eyes and spark there in a flash of surprise. She turned to Mrs. Flaiber and Glenna and said, "I'm going to get out here, too."

She was out of the car and closing the door before Glenna could follow. She leaned her head inside to say good-bye. Glenna and her mother wore the startled expression of fish twitching in the bottom of a rowboat or fried on plates. Mrs. Flaiber turned forward, and the car moved slowly back into traffic, crunching pebbles and grit musically beneath its tires.

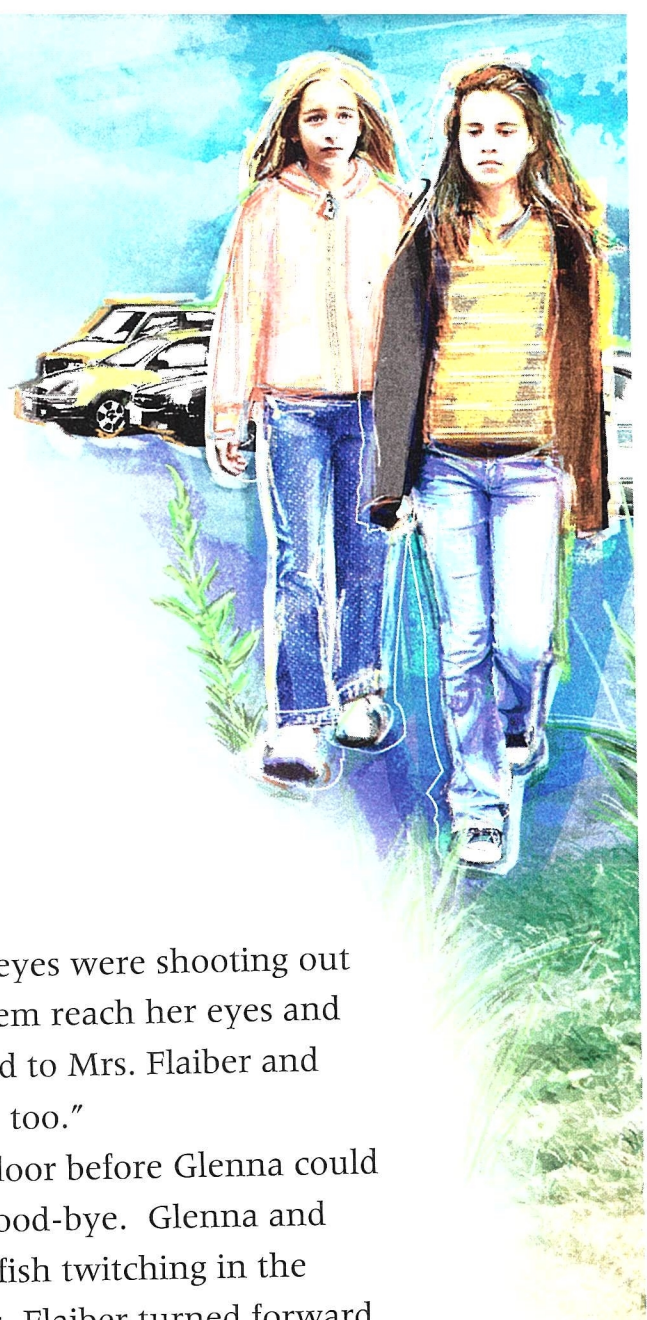
I was surprised, too. A rush of **exhilaration** went through me. Maybe Maureen just hadn't seen what was happening, what Glenna was doing. Maybe I just needed to tell her. She dropped her beat-up tennis shoes onto the sidewalk and slid her toes inside.


"Are you mad?" she asked.

I just needed to explain it to her. Make her see. That was all. "Not mad," I said. Then I said it, what was in my heart:

"I just miss when we were friends."

I waited for her to get it.





"We're still friends," she said, standing on one foot to pull the back of her shoe up over her heel. She looked at me as if I had said something really humorous. "You goof," she said. "Hey, let's go down by the river."

She started off across the spongy, shimmering parking lot of the Seldem Plaza, leading the way through the canyons of wavy heat made by the parked cars. I followed her, like maybe I had my whole life. But wanting only to keep on doing that.

"You know what I mean," I said. A few shades less certain, though, that she would. "I miss the way we used to be friends. Before Glenna."

It crossed my mind that to anyone who happened to see us there, we would look the same as we always had. Debbie and Maureen. There they are. "Frick and Frack," my dad said. We would look the same. Did that mean something?

"You should give Glenna a chance," said Maureen. "She tries to be nice to you."

We moved through a short tent of shade next to the supermarket and then the scrubby weeds that are the native flora of Seldem, the kind that can grow up through concrete as long as it's not the middle part that cars drive over all the time. The kinds of scratchy weeds that grow about ten inches high, then branch out and blossom forth in stiff, itchy exploded seedpods.

"Glenna doesn't want to be my friend," I said. "Glenna wants to be *your* friend. Glenna would be happy if I disappeared from the face of the earth in a puff of smoke."

We looked at each other. We both knew it was sort of true, and we smiled a little bit the way you can smile at something that is true when it is said out loud for the first time. It was a relief, in a way, to know that Maureen saw that part of it.

For the moment that seemed enough. Going further seemed dangerous, like stepping off a cliff. Because I could also tell that Maureen wasn't going to be deciding right then and there to dump Glenna. She didn't see why she should.

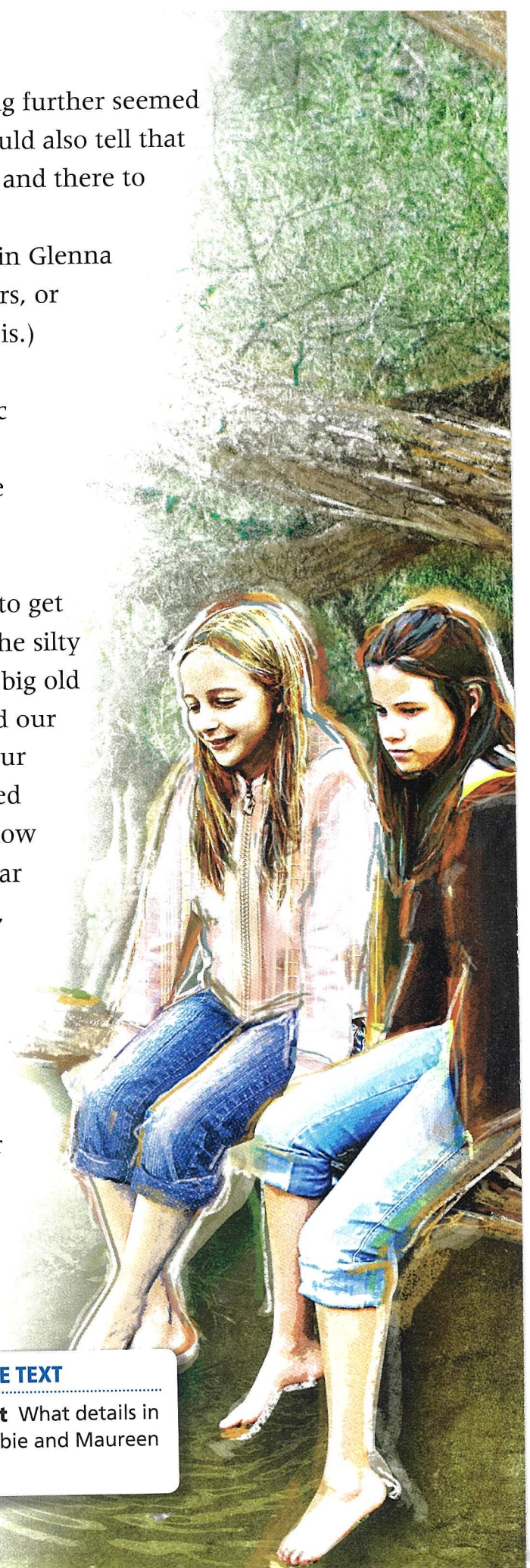
I realize now that Maureen saw something in Glenna that I could not see. (I leave it to her biographers, or maybe to microbiologists, to discover what that is.) Not that I was trying too hard.

Anyhow, it felt safer then to leave that topic behind and take this bit of time with Maureen any way I could get it. To add it to the little pile of proofs that I hoped would add up to some charm that could eventually ward off Glenna.

So we squeezed between the dusty bushes to get to the riverbank, where we sank our feet into the silty mud, and sat on the low, bouncing branch of a big old tree that leaned out over the water. We crossed our legs like yogis and tried to balance there with our eyes closed. The shallow part of the river flowed along steadily, but in no hurry, about a foot below our branch, greenish brown, the color of a dollar bill. We opened our eyes and dangled our feet, making whirls and eddies form around them, talking about whatever, one thing or another. The sun must have been moving along up above the trees because the patches of sunlight shifted bit by bit over the moving surface of the water, lighting up patches of our shoulders and legs and the tops of our heads. In a way it was the best afternoon of the summer. But it was also like a prediction from the **oracle** at Delphi; it could mean practically anything.

ANALYZE THE TEXT

Compare and Contrast What details in the story show how Debbie and Maureen are alike and different?



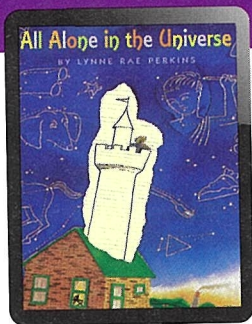
Award-Winning Literature for Independent Reading

If you enjoyed this excerpt from Lynne Rae Perkins's *All Alone in the Universe*, you might want to read the rest of the novel—and perhaps also seek out other novels by the same author. Reading additional works by the authors you encounter in this anthology is one way to find literature you might appreciate outside of school. One other way to find worthwhile literary and informational texts for independent reading purposes is to seek out award-winning pieces in your local library.

The following awards have earned the respect of reading teachers and librarians around the country for successfully identifying and honoring young people's reading material that is of exceptional quality and likely to be loved by many:

- * The **Newbery Medal** is named for John Newbery, an eighteenth-century bookseller, but there is nothing antiquated or outdated about this honor. Only one title per year is graced with this prestigious award, considered by many librarians and other experts to be the premier award in young people's literature.
- * Several books annually are designated as **American Library Association (ALA) Notable Children's Books**, which ALA defines as worthy of note or notice, important, distinguished, or outstanding. ALA Notable Books are conveniently divided into three categories: for younger children, for children in a middle age group, and for older children. ALA Notable Books include informational texts as well as fiction, although fiction usually dominates each annual list.
- * The American Library Association also administers the **Coretta Scott King Book Awards**, named to commemorate the life and works of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and to honor his widow, Mrs. Coretta Scott King, and the work she has continued to do in the name of peace and brotherhood. The Coretta Scott King Book Awards honor African American authors and illustrators for outstanding educational and inspirational contributions to the field of young people's literature.
- * Each year, the staff of *School Library Journal* (SLJ), a periodical intended for school librarians and media specialists, reviews thousands of books for children and teens and lists those they find most deserving of young readers' attention. The **SLJ Best Books** include dozens of realistic fiction novels, works of fantasy and science fiction, and informational texts on subjects likely to interest many young people.

Of course, the fact that a book has been given an award does not mean that a potential reader will find that book interesting or appropriate. You will still need to investigate for yourself, finding the book in your library or sample pages and reviews online and gauging whether the subject matter and reading level seem right for you. If your school has a librarian or media specialist, he or she can also help steer you toward promising titles. Good luck, and may you open many doors onto the world of great literature and inspiring informational text—for it's a fascinating, enlightening, and often entertaining world to explore!



Dig Deeper

Use Clues to Analyze the Text

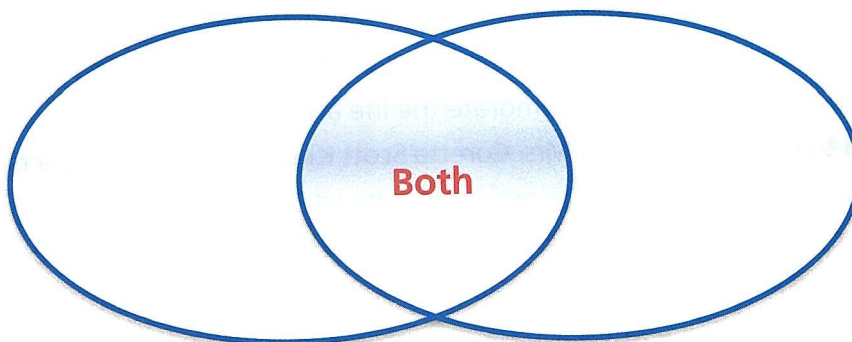
Use these pages to learn about Comparing and Contrasting, Character Motivations, and Point of View. Then read "All Alone in the Universe" again to apply what you learned.

Compare and Contrast

Authors of realistic fiction like "All Alone in the Universe" write stories about challenges and problems that can occur in real life. The characters in these stories are realistic—their thoughts, feelings, and actions are much like those of people in real life.

As you read "All Alone in the Universe," think about what the characters say and do. Use text evidence and make inferences about the characters to **compare** and **contrast** them.

Look back at pages 616–619. Look for details that help you understand Debbie and Glenna. How are Debbie and Glenna alike and different?



Characters' Motivations

When you read realistic fiction, it is important to understand a **character's motivation**, or what the character wants and why the character wants it. Look back at page 617. Debbie feels jealous of Glenna and Maureen's new friendship, so she gives Maureen the carnival prize in order to reach out to her. Debbie is also trying to make the point that she, not Glenna, is Maureen's best friend. In rereading "All Alone in the Universe," analyze each character's motivations as the plot unfolds and the characters respond and change.



Point of View

In "All Alone in the Universe," the narrator is a story character, Debbie. This means that the story is told in first-person **point of view**. In first-person point of view, the narrator is a character who shares his or her thoughts and feelings with readers. As you reread the selection, think about how the author develops Debbie's point of view. For example, look for similes and metaphors in the text that help you understand Debbie's feelings. Also look for places where Debbie's outward reactions and behavior do not reflect what she is feeling inside.



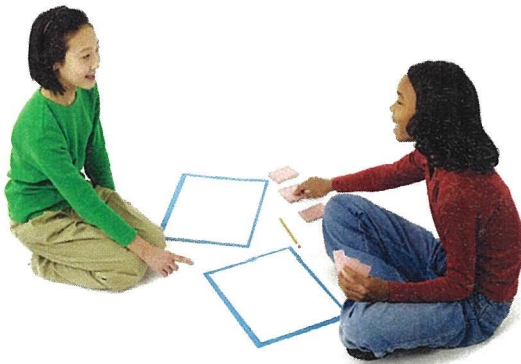
Your Turn

RETURN TO THE ESSENTIAL QUESTION



Review the selection with a partner to prepare to discuss this question:

How does a new friendship affect an old one? Ask clarifying questions as needed to help you understand your partner's answer. Use text evidence to defend your own answer.



Classroom Conversation

Continue your discussion of "All Alone in the Universe" by explaining your answers to these questions:

- 1 What do you think the author of "All Alone in the Universe" wants readers to understand about friendship?
- 2 What do Glenna's actions reveal about her true feelings toward Debbie?
- 3 Do you think Debbie will befriend Glenna in order to stay close to Maureen? Give text evidence to support your answer.

DESCRIPTIVE LANGUAGE

Infer a Character's Feelings The author of "All Alone in the Universe" allows readers to infer Debbie's feelings through the use of descriptive language, including similes and metaphors, instead of simply telling readers how she feels. Write a paragraph in which you evaluate how effective this method is in helping you understand the main character's feelings. Use text evidence and inferences you have made to support your evaluation.



Performance Task

WRITE ABOUT READING



Response Debbie and Maureen's close friendship changes when Maureen and Glenna start up a new friendship. Do you think Maureen continues to be a good friend to Debbie even though she becomes friends with Glenna? Write a paragraph to explain your opinion. Provide evidence stated in the text about how the characters respond to story events, along with your inferences about the characters, to explain your opinion.

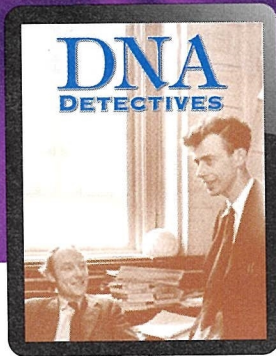


Writing Tip

State your opinion at the beginning of your response. Support your opinion with clear reasons and relevant evidence from the text.

Lesson 21

LITERARY NONFICTION



✓ GENRE

Literary nonfiction, such as this magazine article, gives factual information by telling a true story.

✓ TEXT FOCUS

Photos and Captions

Nonfiction articles often contain photos to illustrate the text and captions to tell more about what is in the photos.

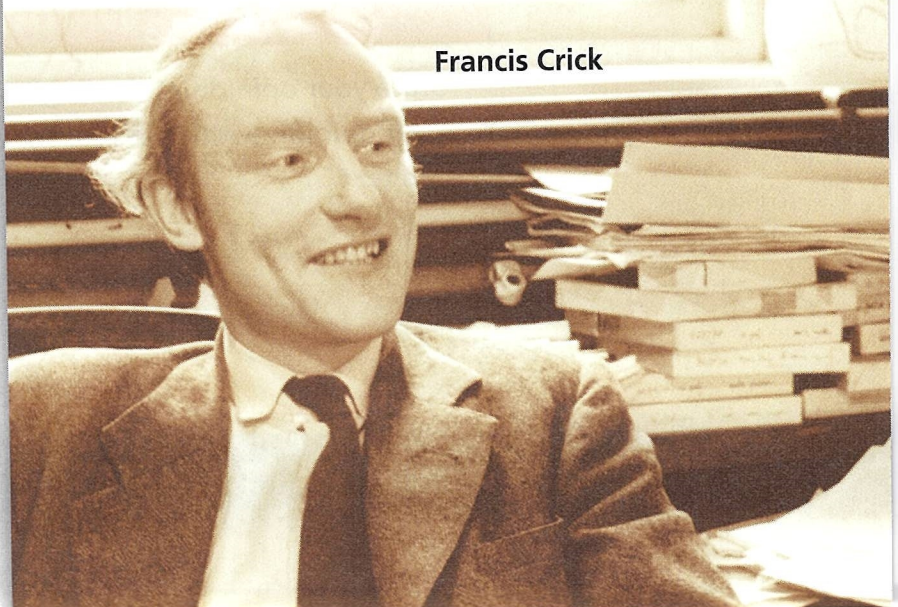
DNA DETECTIVES

BY DOLORES HURLEY

In the 1950s, a race was taking place in England. Two teams of scientists, including one researcher who worked alone, were on their way to making one of the most important discoveries of the century: the structure of the DNA molecule. DNA carries the chemical code that determines the characteristics of all living things.

At Cambridge University, James Watson, an American, and Francis Crick, an Englishman, were friends and partners. Watson and Crick knew what DNA was, but they didn't know how its parts were connected. They built models of the molecule, using materials scrounged around their lab, but they couldn't make all the pieces fit.

Francis Crick



THE TWISTED LADDER

Meanwhile, at King's College in London, Rosalind Franklin was using x-rays to try to photograph a DNA molecule. Unlike Watson and Crick, Franklin did not have a friendly, stable relationship with her colleague, Maurice Wilkins. Wilkins had an abrupt manner and often treated Franklin like an assistant.

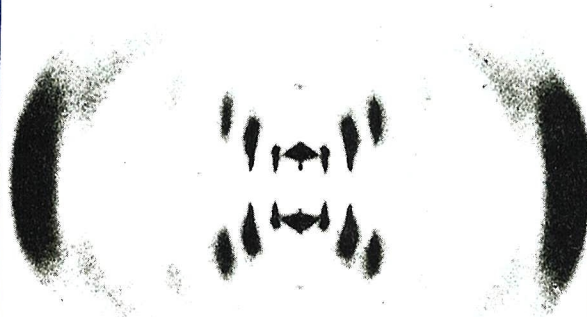
Despite the tension, Franklin continued to work. It took one hundred tries, but eventually, in 1952, she was able to create a clear photograph of DNA. Without her knowledge, however, Wilkins showed the photo to Watson. Some believe that Wilkins did this to be spiteful because of his dislike for Franklin.

Franklin's photo showed a blurry "X." It was a moment of exhilaration for Watson. "The instant I saw the picture my mouth fell open," he said. The photo led Watson and Crick to a new comprehension. It helped them build a twisting, ladder-shaped model of the DNA molecule. On February 28, 1953, Crick walked into a Cambridge restaurant and blurted that he and Watson "had found the secret of life."



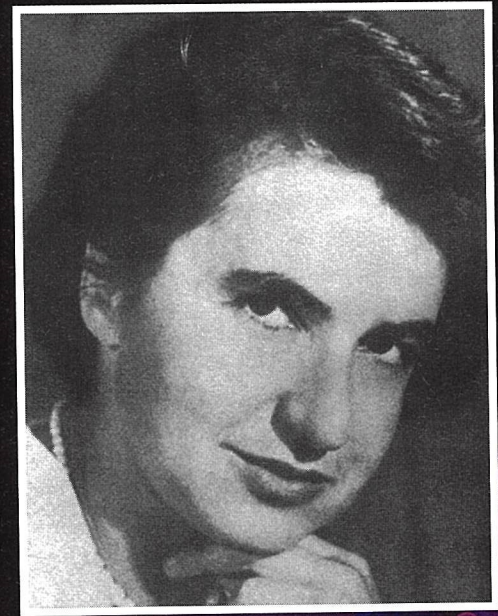
James Watson

Rosalind Franklin's famous x-ray, "Photograph 51," of a DNA molecule



THE MISSING NOBELIST

In 1962 a Nobel Prize in Medicine was awarded to James Watson, Francis Crick, and Maurice Wilkins for their work on DNA. Sadly, the woman whose photo was important to their success was not awarded the prize. Rosalind Franklin had died of cancer in 1958, and the Nobel Prize is given only to living recipients. Some people think that Franklin's work with x-rays put her health in jeopardy. Crick has said that, had she been alive, Franklin should have received the prize because "she did the key experimental work."

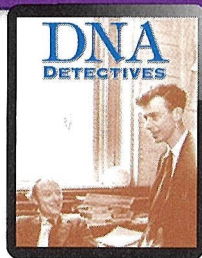
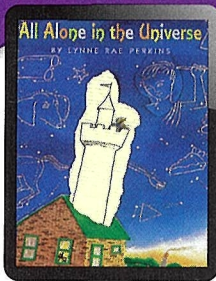


Rosalind Franklin

WHAT IS DNA?

DNA is like an instruction book for creating living things. DNA molecules contain four chemicals that attach to each other across the twisted-ladder shape known as a double helix. The pairs of chemicals are the "steps" on the "ladder," and the chemicals can pair up in different patterns. Each pattern is a kind of oracle, predicting what many of the features of a plant or animal will be.

The double helix structure of a DNA molecule



Compare Texts

TEXT TO TEXT

Draw Parallels “DNA Detectives” explains that “DNA is like an instruction book for creating living things.” Think about how “All Alone in the Universe” might be an instruction book for friendships. Do you believe that a friendship can be considered a living thing? Are there similarities between the two? Explain your opinion to a partner. Use details and inferences drawn from both selections as evidence to support your ideas.



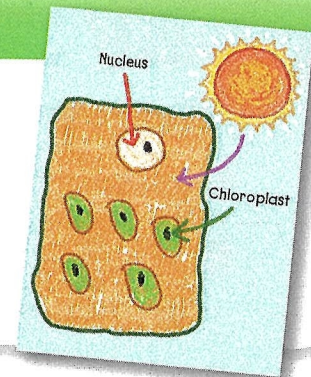
TEXT TO SELF

Write a Letter Maureen seems not to notice that she is ignoring Debbie. Think of or imagine a time when you ignored someone, even if by accident. Write a letter to this person, explaining the situation from your viewpoint. Be sure to keep in mind your audience and your purpose for writing.



TEXT TO WORLD

Research Cells DNA supplies the code for plant cells as well as animal cells. Research and draw a plant cell, including the nucleus and chloroplasts. Show how the cell is involved in the process of photosynthesis. Share your project with a small group.



Grammar

What Are Progressive Forms of Verbs? Verb phrases such as *is running* and *has been sleeping* tell about action that is continuing, or *in progress*. These verb phrases are called **progressive forms**. Each of the six verb tenses has a progressive form.

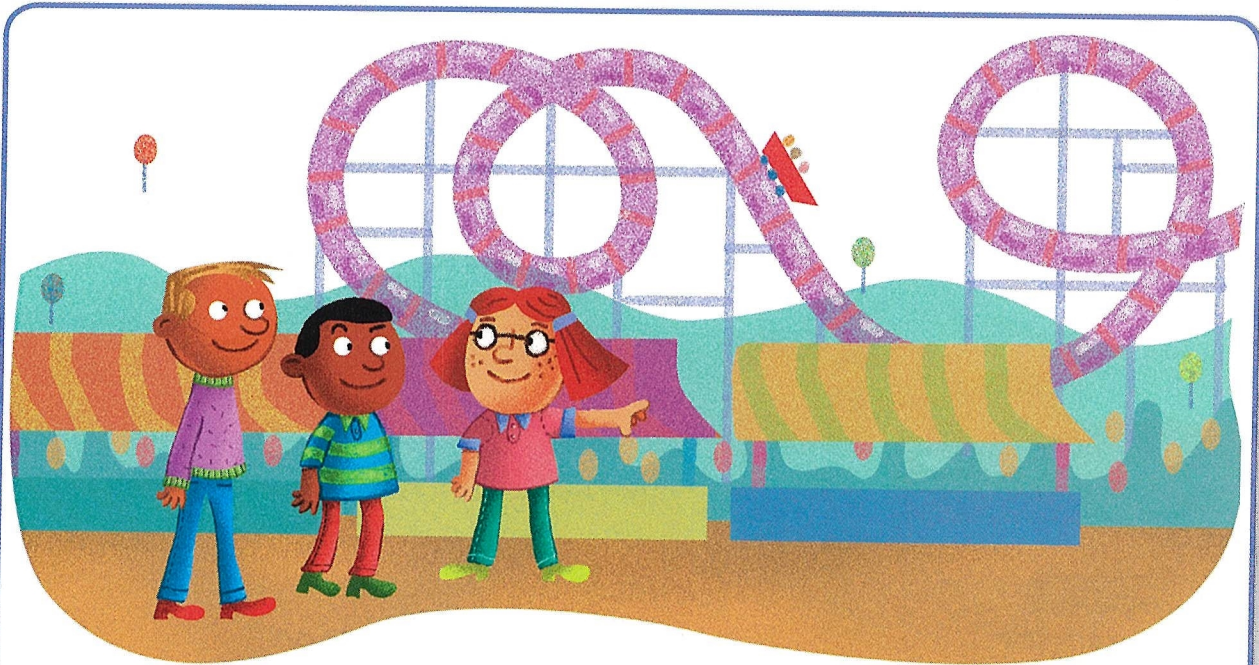
Present Progressive	I <u>am talking</u> with my friend about summer vacation.
Past Progressive	I <u>was talking</u> with her about it yesterday.
Future Progressive	I <u>will be talking</u> with her again later today.
Present Perfect Progressive	I <u>have been talking</u> with her for two hours.
Past Perfect Progressive	I <u>had been talking</u> with her only a few minutes when we had to leave.
Future Perfect Progressive	I <u>will have been talking</u> with her for three weeks by the time vacation starts.

Try This!

With a partner, read each sentence below aloud. Then tell how you would change the verb or verb phrase to the form shown in parentheses.

- 1 My friend and I walked to school. (past progressive)
- 2 I had told her about a cute dog on this street. (past perfect progressive)
- 3 She has taken photos of dogs. (present perfect progressive)
- 4 We will look at the photos together. (future progressive)

Using verb tenses and forms correctly will help you communicate clearly in your writing. If you are writing about events that are occurring at the same time or that are ongoing, use the same tense. Change from one tense to another only if events happen at different points in time.



Inconsistent Tenses

My friends and I have wanted to go to the carnival for ages. We had waited for this day for weeks! After much discussion, we are agreeing on which rides we will try.

Consistent Tenses

My friends and I have wanted to go to the carnival for ages. We have waited for this day for weeks! After much discussion, we have agreed on which rides we will try.

Connect Grammar to Writing

As you edit your opinion essay, look for verbs whose tenses should be changed to make your meaning clear.

Argument Writing



✓ Elaboration In an **opinion essay**, writers voice their feelings about a topic. As you write your opinion essay, state your opinion, or claim, at the beginning. Elaborate on your opinion with reasons that your readers will connect with. Show a clear understanding of the topic by choosing relevant reasons and providing evidence to support them. Use transition words and phrases to clarify the relationships between your ideas.

Oliver drafted an opinion essay on why people should have close friends. Later, he added evidence to support his claim.

Writing Checklist

✓ Elaboration

Did I connect with my readers?

✓ Purpose

Did I state my claim clearly at the beginning of the essay?

✓ Evidence

Did I support my claim with reasons and evidence?

✓ Organization

Did I organize my reasons and evidence?
Did I use transition words to link reasons and evidence?

✓ Conventions

Did I use correct spelling, grammar, and punctuation?

Revised Draft

reason for
Another ~~great thing about~~ having close
friends is that they can cheer you up. They
try to do this whenever you are down. ~~My~~
friends ^e know just the kinds of jokes that
would
[^] make me laugh.

For example, when I got a disappointing grade on my math test last week, my

Nothing Beats Having Close Friends

by Oliver Drummond

Having close friends is one of the best things in life. In fact, everyone should have a couple of close friends. They make life better when it's good, and better when it's not so good.

One reason to have close friends is that you always have someone to do things with. For instance, I like to make up songs. My friends and I often write songs together. One of us thinks of a line of lyrics or the start of a tune. Someone else jumps in. Before long, we've written a great song!

Another reason for having close friends is that they can cheer you up. They try to do this whenever you are down. For example, when I got a disappointing grade on my math test last week, my friends knew just the kinds of jokes that would make me laugh.

Life is better with close friends. They help us enjoy life sometimes and help us get through it at others. The next time your friends do something nice for you, smile and say, "Nothing beats having close friends."

Reading as a Writer

How did Oliver connect with his readers? What can you do to connect with readers in your opinion essay?

In my final paper, I used words that my readers would know. I also used transition words and phrases to connect my reasons and evidence.

