NAME:	
DATE:	

Movie / Music Review

Congratulations! You have landed one of the most coveted jobs on the market today. You are getting paid to give your opinion!

That's right, you're a movie and music reviewer for a weekly magazine called *The Good Stuff.* Your latest work assignment is to write a review of a movie or an album of music of your choice. This means, you need to sit down and enjoy a movie (at least 1hr. long) or an album of music (at least 30 min. long) and write a 1-page review for the magazine.

Important details:

- 1. The audience of *The Good Stuff* consists mostly of teen and young-adult readers. Make sure you keep the interests of your audience in mind.
- 2. Your review should be at least 300 words in length.
- 3. Decorate your review with colors and pictures, printed and/or drawn, like a magazine page.
- 4. Your reviews will be put up on walls or bulletin boards in the classroom/school, so make sure you are doing your best work.
- 5. Here are some suggestions to get started writing:
 - -What is your overall impression of the movie/album?
 - -What are the strengths and weaknesses of the movie/album?
 - -Describe some key scenes or songs.
 - -Give it a rating out of 10 and explain your reasons for your rating.
 - -Who would you recommend it to? Why?

On the Way Home

J.L.F.

She had never seen people dance this way before. Janie guessed that the performers ranged in age between ten and fifteen years old. The youngest, a boy with ringlets that clung tightly to his head, was moving his shoulders in one direction and his hips in the other. His body seemed disconnected, as though it were really two bodies spliced together. One of the other boys, closer to fifteen, Janie guessed, was hanging upside down from one of the subway car's poles and tapping his feet on the ceiling as the car rattled.

The music emanating from their boom box increased in tempo, and one of the boys there were five in total—took off his baseball cap and began to roll it up and down one of his arms. It balanced precariously on the tip of his elbow but did not tumble, and in a few swift moves he tossed it into the air and caught it on his head.

Janie had tried not to gawk at first, looking down occasionally at her copy of *The Giver* by Lois Lowry. It was one of the first books she'd been assigned to read for school that she actually looked forward to reading. She liked the protagonist Jonas and his compassion and sensitivity. Having just begun middle school, where it seemed like everyone was always trying to look like someone else, to act carelessly cool even though they most definitely cared about being cool, she felt turning to her book was like taking a breath of fresh air. She hated the way that people talked behind each other's backs, said mean things about classmates they hardly knew, and sometimes even meaner things about those whom they called their friends.

Yes, Janie looked forward to reading, and normally she would lose herself in the story, block out strangers' music pulsing from their headphones, clicking pens, and other distractions. These dancers had managed to distract her, though, and she was glad for it. Janie now let herself stare unabashedly at the performance, which was coming to an end. In a last climactic act, one of the older boys took one of the younger ones by the ankles and launched him toward the ceiling. He grabbed onto the bars that ran along the top of the car, swung himself forward, somersaulted in the air on the way back down, and landed on his two feet in the middle of the car. Everyone applauded, and some reached for their wallets. Then the train screeched to a slow stop and Janie's eyes shifted up to the window. Her stomach sank. She had missed her stop, two stops back.

She shoved her book in her backpack and hurried off the train in a daze. Then she snapped out of it, noticing a train on the opposite tracks. Janie sprinted down the stairs, through the walkway under the tracks, and back up to the other side, just in time to watch the doors shut. Paper signs informed her that there was construction this weekend, and trains would be running less frequently than normal—just one every thirty minutes.

It had been three months since Janie started riding the train on her own, and in that time she had followed her mother's instruction to go only between home and school. She felt comfortable, cool, and empowered riding the train alone, so she was surprised by how unsettled it made her to be in a new station by herself. The station was stuffy and sweltering, and it smelled of sweat and trash. Janie studied the subway map behind a plastic wall scratched with names, initials, and other little messages. She recognized this neighborhood. Her friend Derek lived here. Feeling reassured, she checked her watch and decided to go outside for twenty minutes or so.

There was a warm breeze. She breathed it in gratefully, taking account of her surroundings. To her left, a toothless man sat smiling wide beside a cardboard sign. She expected it to say something about being hungry and homeless. It didn't say anything at all; a picture of two stick figures holding hands did all the talking. To her right, a woman coaxed a pigtailed girl to stop crying. "You'll get two treats once we get home if we just run this one last errand."

Janie moved with the crowd across the street, finding herself in front of a small drum shop. Wooden drums, just like the ones she sometimes saw two men play in the subway station, sat behind the window. Their bases were intricately carved, and vibrant braided bands wrapped around them. Long strands of red, yellow, green, and black beads hung in front of the door.

Without thinking, she opened the door and stepped in.

"Ay, darlin'!" said a man sitting on a stool, stretching material over the hollow top of a drum base. He glanced up at her as he spoke, his warm voice and smile welcoming her like an old friend. He continued working as if he'd been expecting her, as if they always chatted as he went about his business.

"I told them not to play with jewelry on, but do they listen to me? No. One free fix is all I can offer. Next time, they must pay me or find someone else. Or maybe I'll just take it back. The *djembe* is fun to play, but it's not a toy. No sticks. No rings. No watches. Just hands."

"Jem-bay," she repeated under her breath.

"Yeah, diembe. You ever play one, darlin'?" he asked, twisting and wrapping rope with an easy sort of focus.

"Nope. The top of the drum. What is that?"

"It's the skin. Goat skin."

"Wow. Where from?" Janie pictured the goats she used to play with at the petting zoo, with their bulging eyes, miniature beards, and sweet, silly crooning.

"From my country. Senegal." Senegal. She had heard of the place but had never heard someone from Senegal say the word. There was something beautiful in the way he said it, swift and soft yet distinct.

"You know where that is?"

"Africa," Janie said, racking her brain for the map she had memorized in social studies class only a month ago. "Somewhere in...west Africa! Near Mali, right?"

"Look at you! I think you're the first American to come into this shop who knows a little something about this here map," he said, nodding toward a map of Africa in the corner.

Janie smiled. "For the record, I didn't see the map before."

"Okay, okay," he laughed a slow belly laugh. "I believe you."

He started to tap the drum, using the heel of his hand near the outside of the skin and slapping closer to the center with his fingers. "Bap bum bap!" he echoed the beats.

The notes got louder, closer together, until his hands were moving faster than Janie's eyes could follow. He broke up the pattern with an occasional improvisation. He made it look easy.

He slowed down, and the music softened, but the room still pulsed with energy.

"So, you ready, darlin'?" he smiled wide.

"Mmhmm," Janie answered, waiting for him to begin again.

"Well, then what are you waiting for? Come on over." He patted the stool beside him.

"Oh! Well, I don't know if I'm much of a musician." She thought back to her one painful winter of trying the violin. She was more of a pottery kind of girl.

"And I don't know if I'm much of a teacher. Let's see what we can do, though."

Janie glanced at her watch and thought of the dancers in the subway car. She wished she had some sort of talent that could captivate a group of people in that way. Five more minutes until she had to head back to the train. It was just enough time for a few beats of the drumand for her to decide that she'd be adding one more subway stop to her usual repertoire.

Name:	Date:

- 1. Whom is Janie watching at the beginning of the story?
 - A) She is watching someone read *The Giver* by Lois Lowry.
 - B) She is watching young boys sell baseball caps on the subway.
 - C) She is watching a group of young boys dance on the subway.
 - D) She is watching a man in the seat next to her play a wooden drum.
- 2. What is the result of Janie missing her stop?
 - A) She sprints to the other side of the tracks and jumps on a different train.
 - B) She leaves the subway station and gets lost in a crowd across the street.
 - c) She decides to read a book about Senegal.
 - D) She decides to wait outside and finds a wooden drum shop.
- 3. Read this sentence from the text.

"It had been three months since Janie started riding the train on her own, and in that time she had followed her mother's instruction to go only between home and school."

Based on this evidence, what conclusion can be made about Janie?

- A) Janie doesn't like riding the train on her own.
- B) Janie is not allowed to walk to school by herself.
- c) Janie feels concerned about the construction going on this weekend.
- D) Janie is normally careful about where she gets off the train.
- 4. How does lanie feel when she enters the wooden drum store?
 - A) She feels suspicious of the man fixing the drum.
 - B) She feels comfortable in the store.
 - c) She feels confused about the map of Africa.
 - D) She feels worried that she should not be in the store.
- 5. What is the main idea of this story?
 - A) Janie Jearns that the djembe drum is made of goat skin from Senegal.
 - B) Janie discovers an interesting drum shop when she misses her usual subway stop.
 - c) Janie listens to the man in the drum shop play the djembe.
 - D) Janie Jearns that it is important to get off at the right subway stop.

ReadWorks.org "On the Way Home
6. Read these sentences from the text.
"Then the train screeched to a slow stop and Janie's eyes shifted up to the window. Her stomach sank. She had missed her stop, two stops back.
She shoved her book in her backpack and hurried off the train in a daze."
What does the author mean by the phrase "Her stomach sank"?
A) Janie felt like she would vomit. B) Janie felt excited. C) Janie felt panicked. D) Janie felt confused.
7. Choose the answer that best completes the sentence. The man slowed his hands down and the music softened;, the room still pulsed with the energy of his drum.
A) meanwhile B) previously C) especially D) such as
8. What does the man in the wooden drum shop offer Janie?

9. Why does Janie decide to spend her last five minutes in the shop?

2. written or printed series of questions

4. causing horror; shocking; dreadful

5. to have or make room for

3. to represent a thing as greater than it is

LESSON 3 continued

Proofreading Practice

Read the paragraph. Find the five misspelled words and circle them. Then, on the numbered lines below, write the correct spelling for each circled word.

Exentric was a word often used to describe Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, a woman far ahead of her time. Born in 1689, Lady Mary was considered odd because of her brilliant mind. Did she embaras her husband, a government diplomat, by traveling with him to Turkey? Other Englishwomen of her era aparently disdained visiting that "heathen" land. Lady Mary found that Turkey had much to recomend it. There she learned how to vacinate children against smallpox, a practice that she later pioneered in England.

1			
l -			

4.	

2		
4.1	 	

3. _____

Spelling Application

Listed below are eight additional words. Circle the double consonants in each. Write 1 after each word whose double consonants represent one unit of sound and 2 after each word whose double consonants represent two units of sound. Then use the words to fill in the crossword puzzle.

attend occasion

attitude successor dilemma warranty necessary withhold

Across

- **3.** an important event
- 7. to keep something back
- 8. a promise of soundness or performance

Down

- 1. one who replaces someone else in office
- 2. a situation involving a difficult choice
- **4.** to be present
- **5.** needed or required
- 6. a state of mind or a feeling about something

		ı			
				2	
	3		4		5
6					
7					
	8				

Copyright © by The McGraw-Hill Companies, Inc

Spelling Power

Lesson 4: Silent Consonants

Word Bank

		The second secon				
	debut	psychology	adjourn	acquaintance	mortgage	
	descend	subtle	acknowledgment	knoll	pneumonia	THE STATE OF
1						

Key Concepts

- 1. Some silent consonants reflect earlier English pronunciations. In Middle English, the k in knee was sounded. Modern English drops the \k\ sound but keeps the spelling.
 acknowledgement knoll
- 2. Some silent consonants reflect patterns of other languages. Psychic comes from Greek psyche, "soul." English speakers find \ps\ and \k\ hard to pronounce, so English drops the \p\ and \h\ sounds but keeps the spelling. psychology
- **3.** Look for common letter combinations that include a silent letter. Some of these combinations include the following: *cq* (drop the \k\ sound); *pn* (drop the \p\ sound); *sc* (the letters sound a single \s\); *bt* (drop the \b\ sound).
 - acquaintance <u>pn</u>eumonia de<u>sc</u>end su<u>bt</u>le
- **4.** Some words end with a silent letter. In *debut*, the *t* is not sounded. debu<u>t</u>
- **5.** Other words you should commit to memory. mortgage adjourn

Spelling Practice

Choose the word from the Word Bank that comes from each source shown below. Write your choices on the lines. Circle the silent consonants in the words you write.

1.	Greek <i>psyche,</i> "soul," + <i>logy,</i> "study"
2.	Greek pneumonia, "lung disease," from pneuma, "wind, breath"
3.	Old French mort, "death," + gage, "pledge"
4.	Latin de, "down," + scandere, "to climb"
5.	Old French ad, "to," $+$ jour, "day"
6.	Latin subtilis, "thin, fine"
7.	Old English <i>cnoll,</i> "mound, small hill"
8.	Old French acointier, "to familiarize"
9.	Old English ad, "toward," + cnawan, "to know"
10.	French debuter, "to make a first move in a game," from de, "away" $+$ but, "goal"

Nam	ne		D	ate	Class	
•	ESSON 4 co	ontinued				
Fill	elling in Col in each tongue nclude silent co	twister with the v	vord whose sound	l is shown. As you	write the words, r	emember
				classes.		
				Mor	t George's morgue?	
			now known's so sw		o o	
			a ge			
				patier	nts.	
Pro	oofreading l	Practice				
					en, on the number	ed lines
beid	ow, write the co	rrect spennig for	each circled word	l .		
1.	and beautiful.	Acnowledgement oglass armonica.		ame from Mozart, w	and chords were sund the composed two	
_			4			
2.		•	44.	· · · · · · ·		
Sho Uns	cramble each s	ive additional wo	rrectly spell the w		hat you have learn Then circle the sile	
	acquittal	ascending	pneumatic	psychiatrist	subtlety	
1.	telytubs	-	· · · · ·			
2.	claitutaq					
3.	sattiphirscy	W-1				
4.	gincandes		waa			
5.	cemutapin					

8 Grade 8

Copyright © by The McGraw-Hill Companies, Inc.

Spelling Power