



Hello Grade 5 students!

We are looking forward to welcoming you to the middle school next year. We want to tell you about one of our important assignments so you can work on it over the vacation and start your Grade 6 year in a successful and organized way!

Summer Reading for your English class

While you are relaxing during the break, we would like you to take the time to enjoy reading TWO short texts (either short stories or informational texts). We have included 4 at the bottom of this packet!

We strongly believe that reading even some short texts in English during the summer months can improve your vocabulary and thinking skills.

This year, your summer reading assessment will be in THREE parts:

- 1) Read **TWO** of the short texts at the end of this information packet
- 2) Using the two short texts you have read, complete a vocabulary worksheet and hand it to your Grade 6 English Teacher on the first day back at school in August
- 3) During the first week of Grade 6, you will have to write something about these two short texts you have read. The questions will be based on **themes that you found interesting or important, plot development, choices that the author made to make the text more interesting etc.**

***The summer reading material will be available on the school's website throughout the summer.**

We hope that you have a relaxing break and that the summer reading assignment can be an enjoyable part of your holiday,

Sincerely, **ADNOC Schools MS English Department.**

***Every student must hand this to their G6 English teacher on August 28th**

The texts I read were: _____ and _____.

Part One: Vocabulary

Vocab word, page number, and sentence from the text	Actual definition of the word as it is used in context	Write a unique, sophisticated, grade level appropriate sentence about the topic below using the vocabulary word correctly. Be sure to clearly show the meaning of the word through the context of the sentence.
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2.		Sports: <div style="border: 1px solid black; height: 30px; width: 100%;"></div> <div style="border: 1px solid black; height: 30px; width: 100%;"></div> <div style="border: 1px solid black; height: 30px; width: 100%;"></div>
3.		Family: <div style="border: 1px solid black; height: 30px; width: 100%;"></div> <div style="border: 1px solid black; height: 30px; width: 100%;"></div> <div style="border: 1px solid black; height: 30px; width: 100%;"></div>
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Grade 5 students; please choose to read TWO of these short stories below:

**Story #1:
Eli's Mission**
By ReadWorks

Eli looked up at the sky. It was bright blue, his favorite color. As he lay on his back, prickly green grass scratched at his bare arms and legs. He covered his eyes with his hand; the sun was too bright. But the cool breeze kept him at the perfect temperature. That's what he loved about summers in upstate New York—the weather was just right for playing outside. He and his family drove to the small city of Ithaca every summer to visit his mom's family.

Just as Eli was starting to fall asleep in the backyard, his stomach growled. *Time for dinner*, he thought. So he rolled over onto his stomach and pushed himself up on his legs. He started to walk back to the house. But, all of a sudden, he noticed something move in the corner of his eye. It was near the woods by the backyard. Then he heard some tall grass rustle. So he went to check what it was. When he got closer, the mystery object stopped moving. He tiptoed over until he could see something laying in the grass—it was a baby deer!

Even though Eli wasn't standing very close to the animal, he found it strange that the fawn didn't try running away. He ran into the house and told his mother what he had found.

"Well, we should check to see if the fawn is injured. If not, we shouldn't do anything because its mother will come back and take care of it," she told Eli. So the two of them walked back outside to the baby animal. Eli's mother walked very slowly and eventually got close enough to look at the fawn.

Eli watched his mother frown as she looked at the baby deer. She walked back to Eli. "I think its back leg is injured," she said. "But we'll wait for a few hours and see if the fawn's mother comes back for it. If we do anything now, we might scare it and hurt it more." Eli wanted to help the baby right then, but he knew his mother was right. They went back into the house and ate dinner. They both kept checking the clock. They wanted to make sure the injured fawn was okay.



Before the sun set, the two walked back outside to where the fawn was laying earlier. It was still there. “Alright, I think we need to call the wildlife rescue so that they can come pick the fawn up,” Eli’s mother said. She pulled her phone out of her pocket and called the rescue.

As she spoke to a wildlife rescue representative, Eli walked toward the fawn, making sure not to make any noise. He looked at the white spots across the baby’s back. It was still awake, but couldn’t move. Its leg was too injured. Eli wished that they could bring the baby deer into their home. “Come on, Eli!” his mother called out. “The rescue will be here soon.”

Twenty minutes later, a big pick-up truck drove into their driveway. On the side of the truck, Eli read “Wild Things Sanctuary” in big, red lettering. A man climbed out of the truck and walked over to where the two were standing and introduced himself as Greg. Eli’s mom guided him to the fawn. Greg put on a pair of gloves and gently picked up the fawn. He slowly took the deer to the truck and placed it in the back. “We’ll be able to take care of it!” Greg told Eli and his mother. He thanked them and then hopped back into the truck and drove away. Eli’s mother patted Eli on the back and smiled at him. “You just helped save that baby’s life!”

Info Text #1

Bird Man

By Readworks

Winging It

Who?! Felix Baumgartner, 34, is not Superman. He's a stuntman from Austria, a country in Europe. In July of 2003, Felix made history. He became the first person to fly across the English Channel without an aircraft. The English Channel is a body of water that separates England from France.

"I felt like a bird," he said.

First, Felix rode in an airplane to 30,000 feet over the coast of England. That is higher than Mount Everest, the world's highest peak. Then he jumped out.

Felix wore a special suit. He had gliding wings strapped to his back. The wings helped him ride the wind while dropping through the clouds. He also carried oxygen with him to help him breathe. The air that high up is very thin.

Felix took 14 minutes to glide 21 miles across the English Channel. He flew as fast as 217 miles per hour.

When Felix got close to the ground in France, he used a parachute to make a safe landing.

"It's exactly 100 years ago that the Wright brothers were doing the first flight with a plane," Felix said. "And now I'm here, with my little wing."

Let's face it. People are not made to fly. We don't have wings. And humans have dense bones that weigh us down. Our small shoulder muscles don't allow us to flap our arms fast enough to lift us off the ground.

Gravity always wins. That is, unless you are Jari Kuosma. He is known as the world's best sky flier. Kuosma even has a nickname.

Call him "Bird Man."

Kuosma is a sky diver in DeLand, Florida. He jumps out of planes for fun. He

has designed a "wing suit" that gives him the sensation of swooping. When he is not soaring through the air, Bird Man's wing suit looks kind of odd. There are bright red flaps hanging from both his armpits and between his legs.

After jumping, Bird Man spreads his arms and legs. The red fabric unfurls and catches air like a parachute. The wings increase his surface area and slow his drop speed. From the ground, Bird Man looks like he's floating. Regular sky divers fall to Earth at about 120 miles per hour (mph). They can plummet 10,500 feet in about one minute.

With his special suit, Bird Man takes about three minutes to fall the same distance. He falls at slower than 40 mph. The design of his suit also allows him to "steer" somewhat.

"It's an incredible experience," Bird Man says. "You pick a spot, like a canyon between two clouds, and you fly there. You can play with your own shadow against the cloud."

(The wing suit might seem familiar to movie fans. Angelina Jolie wore one of the suits in the movie *Lara Croft Tomb Raider*.)

Humans have always dreamed of soaring like birds. But it has been a dangerous dream. Sky divers have been trying to fly with fake wings since the 1920s. From 1930 to the early 1960s, 72 out of 75 people died trying. Bird Man's suit has an excellent safety record. But even with his suit on, Bird Man falls much too fast to make a safe landing. He pulls a ripcord and opens a parachute for a soft landing.

One day, Bird Man hopes to land with no parachute. Until then, he'll just have fun flying like a bird.

Info Text #2

By ReadWorks

The Amazing Flying Machine

More than one hundred years ago, two brothers stood on a sand dune at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Nearby was a big, odd-looking machine they had built. The brothers were Orville and Wilbur Wright. The machine was the world's first powered airplane.

Today, that amazing flying machine is on display at the National Air and Space Museum in Washington, D.C. The museum has the largest collection of historic aircraft and spacecraft in the world.

A new exhibit at the museum marks the 100th anniversary of the Wright brothers' famous flight.

The Wright brothers' flying machine looks something like a box kite with an engine. But it made all future flight possible.

Wheels to Wings

In 1896, the Wright brothers made bicycles in Dayton, Ohio. But they dreamed of wings, not wheels.

At that time, the only way to fly was in a basket under a hot-air balloon. Not many people did so, as the balloons were hard to control.

Orville and Wilbur set out to build a machine that could fly. It would have glider-type wings and an engine.

Designing and building the flying machine took years. When it was finally ready, bad weather set in. The Wrights had to wait months to test their invention.

Flying was a dangerous mission. Other people had died trying to fly. On December 17, 1903, however, the Wright brothers were ready to take their chances.

Orville was the machine's first pilot. His flight lasted only 12 seconds. The flyer traveled just 120 feet and landed with a thud. The flight was short but

very sweet. It proved that humans could fly.
Orville and Wilbur made four flights that day. They took turns as pilots.
Wilbur made the longest flight. He flew for 59 seconds and went a distance
of 852 feet.

Roll, Pitch, and Yaw

The Wright brothers' invention began the age of flight. Their machine was important not only because it flew, but because it could be controlled in the air.

The Wrights could control their craft in three important ways-roll, pitch, and yaw. They could *roll* the wings right or left. They could *pitch* the plane's nose up or down. And they could yaw the nose from side to side.

Being able to control the plane in those three ways made all the difference.
All pilots use those same controls when flying today.

To the Stars

After the Wright brothers' success, flying really took off.
In May 1927, Charles Lindbergh flew a small, one-seater plane across the Atlantic Ocean. He was the first person to do such a feat alone.
That plane, the *Spirit of St. Louis*, can be seen at the Air and Space Museum.

The museum also displays a jet named *Glamorous Glennis*. Its pilot was Chuck Yeager. In October 1947, Yeager flew the plane 700 miles per hour. It was the first plane to fly faster than the speed of sound. With jets, humankind pushed toward the edge of space and beyond!

In 1962, John Glenn became the first man to orbit Earth. He flew in the Mercury *Friendship 7* space capsule. That tiny craft is now at the museum.

The craft that first flew men to the moon is there, too.

For the Wright brothers, flight was an amazing adventure. Today, the adventure goes on. In the past hundred years, human flight has soared from Kitty Hawk to the moon!

Story #2:

A Kid in a Candy Store

By ReadWorks

It wasn't the candy he wanted. It was the skateboard. Tommy had been staring at it for weeks, every day on his way home from school, admiring it through the window of the skate shop on Market Street. It was a longboard—a serious skateboard, not meant for tricks or speed, but for long rides down hills, on busy roads, or all the way across town. This was a skateboard that could change Tommy's life forever. No longer would his parents have to pick him up after school, or at the movies or the mall. The longboard would be able to take him home. It was ocean blue, with chrome wheels and an elaborate drawing of a rocket ship on the underside. Each time he pressed his face against the glass of the skate shop, he felt himself fall into that picture, and his dreams of riding the longboard became mixed up with dreams of interstellar travel. He wasn't just going to the mall. He was going to Mars, to Alpha Centauri, to anywhere in the galaxy he felt like. He was going to conquer the stars. Or he would have, anyway, if his dad weren't such a cheapskate. There's something about fathers that makes it impossible for them to understand skateboards.

"Dad," Tommy said. "It's the world's finest skateboard. It could change my life forever." "That's great," said Dad.

"I'm all for kids having hobbies. But that's an expensive little toy, and—" "It's not a toy!" Tommy felt himself about to lose his temper. If he shouted, he knew he would never come close to owning his board. He collected himself. "It's a whole new way of life. When you were my age, what was the thing you wanted more than anything else? The thing you dreamed about? The thing you promised yourself you would get, no matter what?"

"A Black Shadow."

"A what?"

"A Vincent Black Shadow—the world's finest motorcycle. A more beautiful piece of machinery has never been designed." "So yeah, this board is like the Vincent Black Shadow for the 21st Century. So you see why I have to have it." "You know what my dad told me when I asked for a Black Shadow?"

"What?"

"Nothing. I didn't ask him, because I knew he'd think it was nothing more than an expensive toy. I went out, got a job, and started saving."

"Man," said Tommy. "I was afraid you'd say something like that."

"Dads are the worst, aren't they?"

Tommy walked up and down Market Street looking for someplace to work. The pizzeria wasn't hiring. The coffee shop said he was too young. The comic book store said he didn't have enough experience. "But how can I get experience," Tommy asked, "if nobody will give me a job?!" The comic book clerk didn't answer. Tommy composed himself, said thank you, and left. The only store with a "HELP WANTED" sign was the one he had been dreading most: Orson's Confectionaries.

The candy store.

Whoever thinks that all kids love candy stores has never been to Orson's. It had been in the town since the dawn of time, and hadn't been updated much since. A dark, winding dungeon of a store, its shelves were filled with jars of weird, sticky gums and sucking candies so hard they could crack your teeth.

Over all of it stood Mr. Orson, a hard-eyed skeleton of a man whose long grey hair and baggy clothes made him look like an out-of-work wizard. Tommy didn't know how the confectionary stayed in business. He'd never seen a kid go in or out, and he'd never heard anyone talk about buying something there. How could that store turn a profit? And why would a store with no customers need an extra employee? Tommy didn't want to find out, but the skateboard demanded he try. He pushed on the creaky old door, sucked in his breath, and plunged in.

"How may I help you?" said Mr. Orson. He sounded like a snake with a cold.

"I, uh, uh...I—"

"You're looking for sweets?"

"No, well, uh—"

"Some raspberry rope, perhaps?"

"No thank you. Actually, I—"

"A chocolate lover, are we? Perhaps you'd prefer a chunk of Carlsberg Chew? It's the finest dark chocolate made in Germany. It has real hazelnuts inside!"

"That sounds good, but actually—"

"I see," said Mr. Orson, and his eyes went wide. His mouth crinkled up like a dead leaf, and Tommy got the impression that he was either about to scream at him, or sneeze.

"I understand completely now."

"Understand what?"

"You are a boy...with a sour tooth."

He reached behind him, to the highest shelf on a rickety bookcase, and presented Tommy with a star-shaped, tiny yellow candy.

"Try this. A Sunburst Express—a sour candy of my own design."

"Yeah?"

"Free of charge."

Tommy licked his lips. If there was one thing in life he loved more than skateboarding, it was sour candy. The grosser the better, he thought.

A candy wasn't any good unless it made you squeeze your face together, shut your eyes, and want to cry. That's how you knew it was nice and sour.

"It's pretty sour?"

"It will make your tongue turn inside out."

Tommy reached for the candy and popped it into his mouth. At first, he tasted nothing. But then, as he began to chew, it was like an oil tanker had spilled in his throat. His gums were on fire. His tonsils were tap-dancing. And his tongue...his tongue felt like it was about to turn itself inside out!

"Oh my goodness!" he gasped. "This is the best candy I ever tasted."

"Why thank you," said Mr. Orson.

"Have a sip of Fizzberry Soda. It will ease the sensation. Now, you're looking for a job?"

"How did you know?"

"I could just tell. Desperate for a new toy, are you?"

"It's not a toy! It's...well, yes. That's right."

"The Sunburst was a test. I don't want anyone working here who doesn't love sour sweets."

"I love 'em more than anything!"

Tommy remembered the skateboard. "Well, practically anything."

"Good," said Mr. Orson, as he handed Tommy an apron. "Then you'll be getting your new toy very soon indeed."