



DISTANCE LEARNING PACKET

7TH GRADE

ELA

CHAPTER 1**The Parts of Speech** (pages 2-29)

Day 1

Finding Nouns

A **noun** is the name of a person, place, thing, or idea.

◆ Underline the nouns in each sentence.

1. Coral comes from an animal in the ocean that is known as a coral polyp.
2. The polyp can be smaller than a fingernail.
3. The polyp secretes a chemical to form a skeletal "house."
4. When a polyp dies, a new generation grows on the skeleton.
5. Millions of these skeletons form reefs of coral.
6. The reefs grow in the shallow oceans near the equator.
7. Reefs provide homes to billions of creatures.
8. Living reefs host one of every four species that live in the ocean.
9. At half an inch a year, colonies of coral grow slowly.
10. Commercial fishers, chemical runoff, and the aquarium industry are destroying the beauty of the reefs.

CHAPTER 1**The Parts of Speech** (pages 2–29)

Day 2

Finding Common and Proper Nouns

Nouns may also be classified as common and proper nouns. A **common noun** names any person, place, or thing. A **proper noun** names a particular person, place, or thing.

- ◆ Underline the nouns in each sentence. Above each one, label *C* for common noun or *P* for proper noun. (A date is considered a proper noun.)

1. Franz Joseph Haydn was born in Rohrau, Austria.
2. "Papa" Haydn was one of the greatest composers of the classical period.
3. Mozart and Beethoven were influenced by Haydn's development of the sonata form.
4. Young Haydn studied in Vienna, a city in Austria.
5. In 1762, Haydn entered the service of Prince Nicolaus, who helped Haydn develop as a composer.
6. The prince gave Haydn a huge musical staff.
7. Haydn's schedule included daily performances of chamber music and four weekly performances.
8. For these occasions Haydn composed new works.
9. Haydn's fame spread, first to Vienna and then throughout Europe.
10. His most famous choral work is entitled *The Creation*.

Name _____

Date _____

Reading and
LiteratureEnglish/
Language Arts

Identifying Genre

Day 3

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Genre is a type, or category, of literature. Some examples of genre include fiction, nonfiction, biographies, poetry, and fables.

DIRECTIONS: Based on the passages below, identify the genre of literature of each.

1. Act IV

Timothy enters his apartment and finds the furniture overturned and things thrown from the drawers. He picks up the telephone and dials 9-1-1.

TIMOTHY: (fearfully) Yes, I need to report a break-in! (pause) No, I haven't searched the entire apartment. (pause) Do you really think they could still be here?!

2. The children awoke to a happy sight.

While they were sleeping, the world had turned white.

Their mother peered into their room and said, "No school today. Go back to bed!"

3. Raccoon sat on the beach eating his potato. Before each bite he dipped the potato into the water. Monkey watched him from his perch in the tree and wondered about this curious habit.

4. The Himalayas are sometimes called the tallest mountains on Earth. The truth is that several underwater ranges are even higher. A passage like this would most likely be found in a book of _____.

- (A) fables
- (B) facts
- (C) tall tales
- (D) adventure stories

DIRECTIONS: Based on the titles below, identify the genre of literature of each.

5. *King Arthur and the Blazing Sword*

- (F) novel
- (G) play
- (H) legend
- (J) folktale

6. *Adventure to Venus*

- (A) novel
- (B) play
- (C) legend
- (D) folktale

7. "Ode to an Owl, the Wisest of Fowl!"

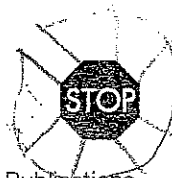
- (F) play
- (G) legend
- (H) novel
- (J) poetry

8. *How Zebra Got His Stripes*

- (A) legend
- (B) folktale
- (C) poetry
- (D) novel

9. *Abraham Lincoln: His Life Story*

- (F) legend
- (G) poem
- (H) novel
- (J) biography



Identifying Sensory Details

Day 4

The Escape

Into the shady glen the small figure rode on a pony little larger than a dog. The pony's breath misted in the crisp air as the beast blew air out of its nostrils. The green-mantled figure patted the neck of the beast, whispering words of comfort into the animal's ear. In response, the faithful steed nickered, thumped his wide hoofs twice upon the soft bed of the forest floor, and ceased its shaking.

"We've left the raiders behind, old friend," said Rowan, as she removed her hooded mantle and tossed her head back and forth, bringing peace to her own troubled mind. Rowan was one of four daughters of Sylvia, guide of all wood folk.

Suddenly, shouts of rough men cut through the glade's peace.

"In here, I tell ya. The maid's gone to hiding in this grove."

"Nah, ya lunk. She'd never wait for us here. Not after she dunked old Stefan at the marsh. No! She's a gone on to her crazy folk, don'tcha know."

The two gray-cloaked riders dismounted, still arguing as they examined the earth for traces of the child's flight.

"Who was the lout who let her escape?" asked the first.

"'Tis one who no longer breathes the air so freely," returned the second grimly. "The lord nearly choked the fool, even as the knave begged for mercy. Ah, there's little patience for one who lets a mystic escape, to be true!"

Five nobly dressed horsemen wove through the trees to the clearing where these two rustics still squatted. In the lead came the fierce lord, a huge form with scarlet and gray finery worn over his coat of mail.

"What say you?" he roared. "Have you found the trail of Rowan?"

"No, sire," spoke the first gray, trembling, "though I was certain the child headed into this wood. Shall I continue to search, lord?"

"Aye, indeed," replied the master calmly, controlled. "She is here. I know it, too. You have a keen sense for the hunt, Mikkel. Be at ready with your blade. And you too, Short Brush! Though a child, our Rowan is vicious with her weapon."

"Yes, sire," agreed Mikkel and Short Brush.

The two grays beat the bushes in the search. Closer and closer they came to the child's hiding place, a small earthen scoop created when the roots of a wind-blown tree pulled free of the earth.

The evil lord and his lot remained mounted, ready to pursue should the young girl determine to take flight once more. And so, they were not prepared for the child's play.

Rowan softly, softly sang, "You wind-whipped branches shudder, shake. You oaks and cedars, tremble. Take these men and beasts who do us wrong. Not in these woods do they belong."

As a mighty gust of wind roared, nearby trees slapped their branches to the point of breaking, reaching out and grasping the five mounted men. An immense gaping cavern opened in the trunk of an ancient oak and swallowed the five surprised mail-clad men whole.

Mikkel and Short Brush, too, were lifted high into the air by a white pine and a blue spruce. Lifted high. Kept high. For a while.

"Return from whence you came. Go to your families, and tell them of the wrath of Sylvia," commanded Rowan. "She would not wish you to come to her land again!"

The pine and spruce tossed the two gray trackers over the trees of the forest and into the field beyond. The field was already harvested and soggy with the rains of autumn. Mikkel and Short Brush, unhurt but shaken by their arboreal flight, rose and fled immediately to tell their master of the strange doings of this wood.

Name _____ Date _____

Day 5

DIRECTIONS: Read the story on the previous page and then answer the questions.

1. What details tell the reader that Rowan is very small?

2. What details help you picture the fierce lord?

3. What details convey that Rowan is in great danger if caught?

4. Draw a sketch of your idea of what the oak tree swallowing the five horsemen looks like.

