

Name: _____

Summer Work for the 8th Grade (High-Level Class)

Part 1. The Story "Growing Up" by Gary Soto

1. Read the story and answer the questions after the story.
2. Write the answers in the Word Document.

Part 2. The Story "Mama and her Bank Account" by Kathryn Forbes

1. Read the story.
2. Do the worksheets 1-8 and write the answers in the Word Document.

Part 3. Final Stage.

1. Check whether you did all the assignments from Part 1 and Part 2.

Enjoy your Vacation and Keep Calm!



Part 1: Growing Up by Gary Soto, 2008. From *Baseball in April and other stories* (pp. 97-107).

Now that Maria was a tenth-grader, she felt she was too grown-up to have to go on family vacation. Last year, the family had driven three hundred miles to see their uncle in West Covina. There was nothing to do.

The days were hot, with a yellow sky thick with smog they could feel on their fingertips. They played cards and watched game shows on television. After the first four days of doing nothing while the grown-ups sat around

talking, the kids finally got to go to Disneyland.

Disneyland stood tall with castles and bright flags. The Matterhorn had wild dips and curves that took your breath away if you closed your eyes and screamed. The Pirates of the Caribbean didn't scare anyone but was fun anyway, and so were the teacups, and It's a Small World. The parents spoiled the kids, giving each of the five dollars to spend on trinkets.

Maria's younger sister, Irma, bought a Pinocchio coloring book and a candy bracelet. Her brothers, Rudy and John, spent their money on candy that made their teeth blue.

Maria saved her money. She knew everything was overpriced, like the Mickey Mouse balloons you could get for a fraction of the price in Fresno. Of course, the balloon at Hanoian's supermarket didn't have a Mickey Mouse Face, but it would bounce and float and eventually pop like any other balloon.

Maria folded her five dollars, tucked it in her red purse, and went on rides until she got sick. After that, she sat on a bench, jealously watching other teenage girls who seemed much better dressed than she was. She felt stricken by poverty. All the screaming kids in nice clothes probably came from homes with swimming pools in their backyards, she thought. Yes, her father was a foreman at a paper mill, and yes, she had a Dough-boy swimming pool in her backyard, but still, things were not the same. She had felt poor, and her sundress, which seemed snappy in Fresno, was out of style at Disneyland, where every other kid was wearing Esprit shirts and Guess jeans.

This year Maria's family planned to visit an uncle in San Jose. Her father

promised to take them to Great America, but she knew that the grown-ups would sit around talking for days before they remembered the kids and finally got up and did something. They would have to wait until the last day before they could go to Great America. It wasn't worth the boredom.

"Dad, I'm not going this year," Maria said to her father. He sat at the table with the newspaper in front of him.

"What do you mean?" he asked, slowly looking up. He thought a moment and said, "When I was a kid we didn't have money for vacations. I would have been happy to go with my father."

"I know, I know. You've said that a hundred times," she snapped.

"What did you say?" he asked, pushing his newspaper aside.

Everything went quiet. Maria could hear the hum of the refrigerator and her brothers out in the front yard arguing over a popsicle stick, and her mother in the backyard watering the strip of grass that ran along the patio.

Her father's eyes locked on her with a dark stare. Maria had seen that stare before. She pleaded in a soft daughterly voice, "We never do anything. It's boring. Don't you understand?"

"No, I don't understand. I work all year, and if I want to go on a vacation, then I go. And my family goes too." He took a swallow of ice water, and glared.

"You have it so easy," he continued. "In Chihuahua, my town, we worked hard. You worked, even los chavalos! And you showed respect to your parents, something you haven't learned."

Here it comes, Maria thought, stories about his childhood in Mexico. She wanted to stuff her ears with wads of newspaper to keep from hearing him. She could recite his stories word-for-word. She couldn't wait until she was in college and away from them.

"Do you know my father worked in the mines? That he nearly lost his life? And today his lungs are bad." He pounded his chest with hard, dirt-creased knuckles.

Maria pushed back her hair and looked out the window at her brothers

running around in the front yard.

She couldn't stand it anymore. She got up and walked away, and when he yelled for her to come back, she ignored him. She locked herself in her bedroom and tried to read *Seventeen*, thought she could hear her father complaining to her mother, who had come in when she had heard the yelling.

"Habla con tu mocosa," she heard him say.

She heard the refrigerator door open. He was probably getting a beer, a "cold one," as he would say. She flipped through the pages of her magazine and stopped at a Levi's ad of a girl about her age walking between two happy-looking guys on a beach. She wished she were that girl, that she had another life. She turned the page and thought, I bet you he gets drunk and drives crazy tomorrow. Maria's mother was putting away a pitcher of Kool-Aid the boys had left out. She looked at her husband, who was fumbling with a wadded-up napkin. His eyes were dark, and his thoughts were on Mexico, where a father was respected and his word, right or wrong, was final. "Rafael, she's growing up; she's a teenager. She talks like that, but she still loves you."

"Sure, and that's how she shows her love, by talking back to her father." He rubbed the back of his neck and turned his head, trying to make the stiffness go away. He knew it was true, but he was the man of the house and no daughter of his was going to tell him what to do.

Instead, it was his wife, Eva, who told him what to do. "Let the girl stay. She's big now. She don't want to go on rides no more. She can stay with her nina."

The father drank his beer and argued, but eventually agreed to let his daughter stay. The family rose just after six the next day and was ready to go by seven-thirty. Maria stayed in her room. She wanted to apologize to her father but couldn't. She knew that if she said, "Dad, I'm sorry," she would break into tears. Her father wanted to come into her room and say, "We'll do something really special this vacation. Come with us, honey." But it was hard for him to show his emotions around his children, especially when he tried to make up to them.

The mother kissed Maria. "Maria, I want you to clean the house and then

walk over to your nina's. I want no monkey business while we're gone, do you hear me?"

"Si, Mama."

"Here's the key. You water the plants inside and turn on the sprinkler every couple of days." She handed Maria the key and hugged her. "You be good. Now, come say goodbye to your father."

Reluctantly, she walked out in her robe to the front yard and, looking down at the ground, said goodbye to the garden hose at his feet.

After they left, Maria lounged in her pajamas listening to the radio and thumbing through magazines. Then she got up, fixed herself a bowl of Cocoa Puffs, and watched "American Bandstand." Her dream was to dance on the show, to look at the camera, smile and let everyone in Fresno see that she could have a good time, too. But an ill feeling stirred inside her. She felt awful about arguing with her father. She felt bad for her mother and two brothers, who would have to spend the next three hours in the car with him. Maybe he would do something crazy, like crash the car on purpose to get back at her, or fall asleep and run the car into an irrigation ditch. And it would be her fault.

She turned the radio to a news station. She listened for half an hour, but most of the news was about warships in the Persian Gulf and a tornado in Texas. There was no mention of her family.

Maria began to calm down because, after all, her father was really nice beneath his gruffness. She dressed slowly, made some swishes with the broom in the kitchen, and let the hose run in a flower bed while she painted her toenails with her mother's polish. Afterward, she called her friend Becky to tell her that her parents had let her stay home, that she was free—for five days at least.

"Great," Becky said. "I wish my mom and dad would go away and let me stay by myself."

"No, I have to stay with my godmother." She made a mental note to give her nina a call. "Becky, let's go to the mall and check out the boys."

"All right."

"I'll be over pretty soon."

Maria called her nina, who said it was OK for her to go shopping, but to be at her house for dinnertime by six. After hanging up, Maria took off her jeans and T-Shirt, and changed into a dress. She went through her mother's closet to borrow a pair of shoes and drenched her wrists in Charlie perfume. She put on coral-pink lipstick and smudge of blue eye shadow. She felt beautiful, although a little self-conscious. She took off some of the lipstick and ran water over her wrists to dilute the fragrance.

While she walked the four blocks to Becky's house, she beamed appiness until she passed a man who was on his knees pulling weeds from his flower bed. At his side, a radio was reporting a traffic accident. A big rig had overturned after hitting a car near Salinas, twenty miles from San Jose. A wave of fear ran through her. Maybe it was them. Her smile disappeared, and her shoulders slouched. No, it couldn't be, she thought. Salinas is not that close to San Jose. Then again, maybe her father wanted to travel through Salinas because it was a pretty valley with wide plains and oak trees, and horses and cows that stared as you passed them in your speeding car. But maybe it did happen; maybe they had gotten in an awful wreck.

By the time she got to Becky's house, she was riddled with guilt, since it was she who would have disturbed her father and made him crash. "Hi," she said to Becky, trying to look cheerful. "You look terrific, Maria," Becky said. "Mom, look at Maria. Come inside for a bit." Maria blushed when Becky's mother said she looked gorgeous. She didn't know what to do except stare at the carpet and say, "Thank you, Mrs. Ledesma."

Becky's mother gave them a ride to the mall, but they'd have to take a bus back. The girls first went to Macy's, where they hunted for a sweater, something flashy but not too flashy. Then they left to have a Coke and sit by the fountain under an artificial tree. They watched people walk by, especially the boys, who they agreed, were dumb but cute nevertheless. They went to Gap, where they tried on some skirts, and ventured into The Limited, where they walked up and down the aisles breathing in the rich smells of 100-percent wool and silk. They were about to leave, when Maria heard once again on someone's portable radio that a family had

been killed in an auto accident near Salinas. Maria stopped smiling for a moment as she pictured her family's overturned Malibu station wagon.

Becky sensed that something was wrong and asked, "How come you're so quiet?" Maria forced a smile. "Oh, nothing, I was just thinking."

" 'bout what?"

Maria thought quickly. "Oh, I think I left the water on at home." This could have been true. Maria remembered pulling the hose from the flower bed, but couldn't remember if she had turned the water off.

Afterward they rode the bus home with nothing to show for their three hours of shopping except a small bag of See's candies. But it had been a good day. Two boys had followed them, joking and flirting, and they had flirted back. The girls gave them made-up telephone numbers, then turned away and laughed into their hands.

"They're fools," Becky said, "but cute."

Maria left Becky when they got off the bus, and started off to her nina's house. Then she remembered that the garden hose might still be running at home. She hurried home, clip-clopping clumsily in her mother's

shoes. The garden hose was rolled neatly against the trellis. Maria decided to check the mail and went inside. When she pushed open the door, the living room gave off a quietness she had never heard before.

Usually the

TV was on, her younger brothers and sister were playing, and her mother could be heard in the kitchen. When the telephone rang, Maria jumped. She kicked off her shoes, ran to the phone, and picked up the receiver only to hear a distant clicking sound.

"Hello, hello?" Maria's heart began to thump. Her mind went wild with possibilities. An accident, she thought, they're in an accident, and it's all my fault. "Who is it? Dad? Mom?"

She hung up and looked around the room. The clock on the television set glowed 5:15. She gathered the mail, changed into jeans, and left for her nina's house with a shopping bag containing her nightie and a toothbrush.

Her nina was happy to see her. She took Maria's head in her hands and

gave it a loud kiss. "Dinner is almost ready," she said, gently pulling her inside. "Oh, good. Becky and I only had popcorn for lunch." They had a quiet evening together. After dinner, they sat on the porch watching the stars. Maria wanted to ask her nina if she had heard from her parents. She wanted to know if the police had called to report that they had gotten into an accident. But she just sat on the porch swing, letting anxiety eat a hole in her soul.

The family was gone for four days. Maria prayed for them, prayed that she would not wake up to a phone call saying that their car had been found in a ditch. She made a list of the ways she could be nicer to them: doing the dishes without being asked, watering the lawn, hugging her father after work, and playing with her youngest brother, even if it bored her to tears.

At night Maria worried herself sick listening to the radio for news of an accident. She thought of her uncle Shorty and how he fell asleep and crashed his car in the small town of Medota. He lived confined to a motorized wheelchair and was scarred with burns on the left side of his face. "Oh, please, don't let anything like that happen to them," she prayed.

In the morning she could barely look at the newspaper. She feared that if she unfolded it, the front page would feature a story about a family from Fresno who had flown off the roller coaster at Great America. Or that a shark had attacked them as they bobbed happily among the white-tipped waves. Something awful is going happen, she said to herself as she poured Rice Krispies into a bowl. But nothing happened. Her family returned home, dark from lying on the beach and full of great stories about the Santa Cruz boardwalk and Great America and an Egyptian Museum. They had done more this year than in all their previous vacations. "Oh, we had fun," her mother said, pounding sand from her shoes before entering the house. Her father gave her a tight hug as her brothers ran by, dark from hours of swimming. Maria stared at the floor, miffed. How dare they have so much fun? While she worried herself sick about them, they had splashed in the waves, stayed at Great America until nightfall, and eaten at all kinds of restaurants. They even went shopping

for fall school clothes.

Feeling resentful as Johnny described a ride that dropped straight down and threw your stomach into your

mouth, Maria turned away and went off to her bedroom, where she kicked off her shoes and thumbed through an old Seventeen. Her family was alive and as obnoxious as ever. She took back all her promises. From now on she would keep to herself and ignore them. When they asked, “Maria, would you help me?” she would pretend not to hear and walk away. “They’re heartless,” she muttered. “Here I am worrying about them, and there they are having fun.” She thought of the rides they had gone on, the hours of body surfing, the handsome boys she didn’t get to see, the restaurants, and the museum. Her eyes filled with tears. For the first time in years, she hugged a doll, the one her grandmother Lupe had stitched together from rags to old clothes.

“Something’s wrong with me,” she cried softly. She turned on her radio and heard about a single-engine plane that had crashed in Cupertino, a city not far from San Jose. She thought of the plane and the people inside, how the pilot’s family would suffer. She hugged her doll. Something was happening to her, and it might be that she was growing up. When the news ended, and a song started playing, she got up and washed her face without looking in the mirror.

That night the family went out for Chinese food. Although her brothers fooled around, cracked jokes, and spilled a soda, she was happy. She ate a lot, and when her fortune cookie said, “You are mature and sensible,” she had to agree. And her father and mother did too. The family drove home singing the words to “La Bamba” along with the car radio.

Please answer the following questions in complete sentences in the second section of your composition book.

1. Where does Maria’s family live?
2. What do we learn about Maria and her family on the first page?

Provide as much information as possible.

3. Why doesn't Maria want to go to San Jose?
4. Put yourself in Maria's father's shoes and describe his emotions regarding Maria and her decision to stay home. How is he feeling, and why?
5. Why do you think Maria felt bad about staying at home, long before she heard about the accident?
6. Maria says "something's wrong with [her]" at the end of the story. What's wrong with her? Think about, and write about, Maria's emotions throughout the story.

Mama and Her Bank Account

MAMA AND HER BANK ACCOUNT

FOR as long as I could remember, the small cottage on Castro Street had been home. The familiar background was there; Mama, Papa, my only brother, Nels. There was' my sister Christine, closest to me in age, yet ever secret and withdrawn— and the littlest sister, Dagmar.

There, too, came the Aunts, Mama's four sisters. Aunt Jenny, who was the oldest and the bossiest; Aunt Sigrid; Aunt Marta; and our maiden Aunt, Trina.

The Aunts' old bachelor uncle, my Great-uncle Chris— the "black Norwegian"— came with his great impatience, his shouting and stamping. And brought mystery and excitement to our humdrum days.

But the first awareness was of Mama.

I remember that every Saturday night Mama would sit down by the scrubbed kitchen table and with much wrinkling of usually placid brows count out the money Papa had brought home in the little envelope.

There would be various stacks.

"For the landlord," Mama would say, piling up the big silver pieces.

"For the grocer." Another group of coins.

"For Katrin's shoes to be half-soled." And Mama would count out the little silver.

"Teacher says this week I'll need a notebook."

That would be Christine or Nels or I.

Mama would solemnly detach a nickel or a dime

and set it aside.

We would watch the diminishing pile with breathless interest.

At last, Papa would ask, "Is all?"

And when Mama nodded, we could relax a little and reach for schoolbooks and homework. For Mama would look up then and smile. "Is good", she'd murmur. "We do not have to go to the Bank."

It was a wonderful thing, that Bank Account of Mama's. We were all so proud of it. It gave us such a warm, secure feeling. No one else we knew had money in a big bank downtown.

I remember when the Jensens down the street were put out because they couldn't pay their rent. We children watched the big strange men carry out the furniture, took furtive notice of poor Mrs. Jensen's shamed tears, and I was choked with sudden fear. This, then, happened to people who did not have the stack of coins marked "Landlord." Might this, could this, violence happen to us?

I clutched Christine's hands. "We have a Bank Account," she reassured me calmly, and suddenly I could breathe again.

When Nels graduated from grammar school he wanted to go on to High. "Is good," Mama said, and Papa nodded approvingly.

"It will cost a little money," Nels said.

Eagerly we brought up chairs and gathered around the table. I took down the gaily painted box that Aunt Sigrid had sent us from Norway one Christmas

and laid it carefully in front of Mama.

This was the "Little Bank." Not to be confused, you understand, with the big Bank downtown. The "Little Bank" was used for sudden emergencies, such as the time Christine broke her arm and had to be taken to a doctor, or when Dagmar got croup and Papa had to go to the drugstore for medicine to put into the steam kettle.

Nels had it all written out neatly. So much for carfare, for clothes, for notebooks and supplies. Mama looked at the figures for a long time. Then she counted out the money in the Little Bank. There was not enough.

She pursed her lips. "We do not," she reminded us gently, "want to have to go to the Bank."

We all shook our heads.

"I will work in Dillon's grocery after school," Nels volunteered.

Mama gave him a bright smile and laboriously wrote down a sum and added and subtracted. Papa did it in his head. He was very quick on arithmetic. "Is not enough," he said. Then he took his pipe out of his mouth and looked at it for a long time. "I give up tobacco," he said suddenly.

Mama reached across the table and touched Papa's sleeve, but she didn't say anything. Just wrote down another figure.

"I will mind the Elvington children every Friday night," I said. "Christine can help me."

"Is good," Mama said.

'We all felt very good. We had passed another milestone without having to go downtown and draw money out .of Mama's Bank Account. The Little Bank was sufficient for the present.

So many things, I remember, came out of the Little Bank that year. Christine's costume for the school play, Dagmar's tonsil operation, my Girl Scout uniform. And always, in the background, was the comforting knowledge that should our efforts fail, we still had the Bank to depend upon.

Even when the Strike came, Mama would not let us worry unduly. We all worked together so that the momentous trip downtown could be postponed. It was almost like a game.

During that time Mama "helped out" at Kxuper's bakery for a big sack of only slightly stale bread and coffeecake. And as Mama said, fresh bread was not too good for a person and if you put the coffeecake into the hot oven it was nearly as nice as when first baked.

Papa washed bottles at the Castro Creamery every night and they gave him three quarts of fresh milk and all the sour milk he could carry away. Mama made fine cheese.

The day the Strike was over and Papa went back to work, I saw Mama stand a little straighter, as if to get a kink out of her back.

She looked around at us proudly. "Is good," she smiled. "See? We did not have to go down to the Bank."

That was twenty years ago.

Last year I sold my first story. When the check came I hurried over to Mama's and put the long green slip of paper in her lap. "For you," I said, "to put in your Bank Account."

And I noticed for the first time how old Mama and Papa looked. Papa seemed shorter, now, and Mama's wheaten braids were sheened with silver.

Mama fingered the check and looked at Papa. "Is good," she said, and her eyes were proud. "Tomorrow," I told her, "you must take it down to the Bank."

"You will go with me, Katrin?"

"That won't be necessary. Mama. See? I've endorsed the check to you. Just hand it to the teller, he'll deposit it to your account."

Mama looked at me. "Is no account," she said. "In all my life, I never been inside a Bank."

And when I didn't-couldn't- answer, Mama said earnestly: Is not good for little ones to be afraid- to not feel secure."

Worksheet No.1: Vocabulary Exercises - Lines 59-89

Match the words in A to the words in B to form expressions that are in the text. Write the number of the word that completes the expression.

A	B
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1. fine	___background
2. comforting	___insecure
3. a slip of	___upon
4. always in the	___teller
5. to feel	___straighter
6. to depend	___uniform
7. to stand	___knowledge
8. Girl Scout	___check
9. Bank	___paper
10. the back of the	<u>1</u> cheese

Now write and translate the expressions.

Expression	Translation
1. Example: fine cheese	דוגמא: גבינה איכותית
2.	
3.	
4.	
5.	
6.	
7.	
8.	
9.	
10.	

After reading lines 63-66, circle the correct word according to the story.

During the strike (-).

1. Papa worked in a (creamery / bank).
2. It was (bad / important) to save money.
3. Mama went to work in a (store / bakery).
4. Mama was very proud that she didn't have to (go to the bank / carry bottles).
5. Papa couldn't work in the (store / factory).
6. Mama didn't want the children to feel (happy / insecure).

Worksheet No.2: Comprehension Questions

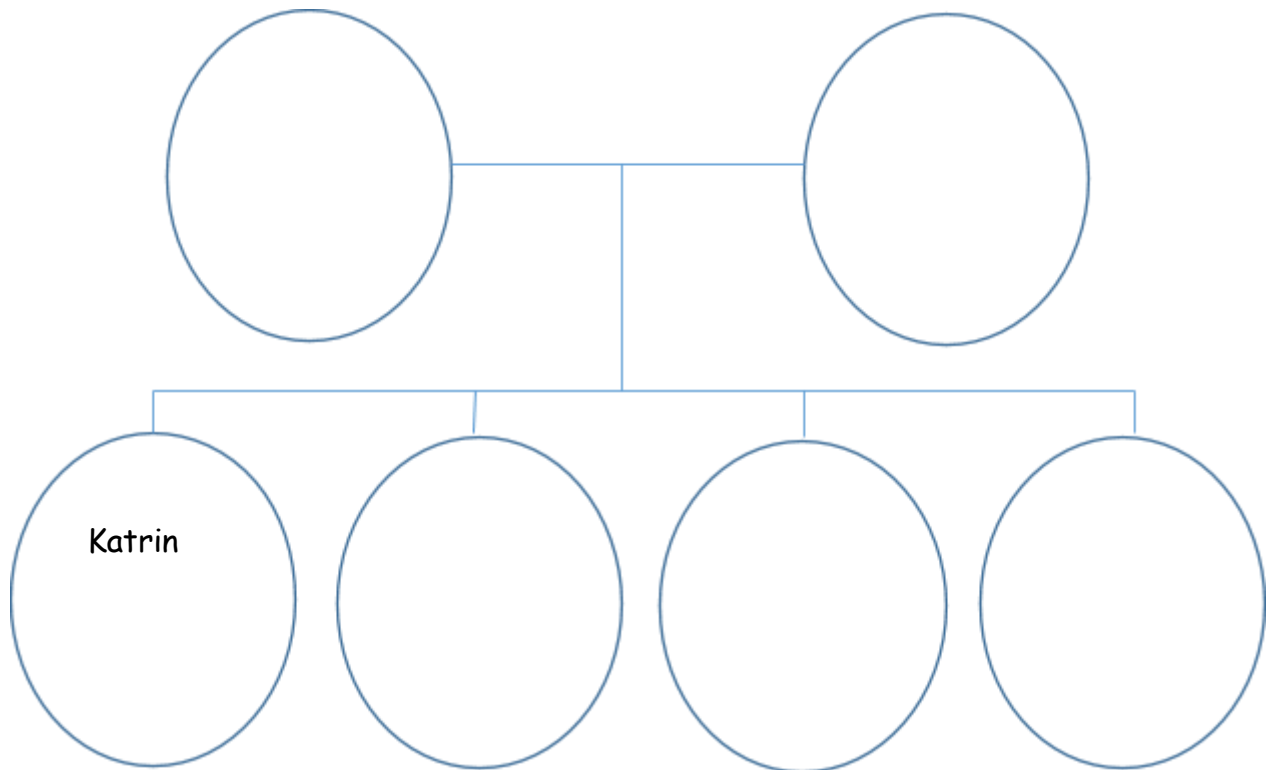
1. What is the setting of the story?

Answer: _____

2. Who are the characters in the story?

Answer: _____

3. How is everyone related? Fill in the names in the family tree. One name is given.



4. What happens every Saturday night?
Number the sentences in the correct order. The first one is done for you.

- Mama makes piles of coins for the landlord and the grocer.
- Mama says, "We do not have to go to the bank."
- Mama counts the money and puts it in piles.
- Papa says, "Is all?"
- 1 Mama sits at the kitchen table.
- Mama smiles and says "Is good."

5. What was the Little Bank used for?

- _____
- _____
- _____

6. True or False? Correct the false sentences.

- a. Every Sunday night the family sat in the kitchen. **T / F**
- b. Mrs. Jensen cried when the family had to leave their house. **T / F**
- c. Nels wanted to continue studying. **T / F**
- d. The family had an account in the bank downtown. **T / F**
- e. Katrin became an author. **T / F**

Worksheet No. 3: Explaining Cause and Effect

1. Katrin says, "I held onto Christine tightly."

<u>CAUSE</u> What makes her feel this way? _____ _____ _____ _____

<u>EFFECT</u> How did she feel? _____ _____
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2. Every Saturday night the family sat at the table and watched how Mama counted out the money for the week's expenses. After she put the coins into the piles she would say, "Is good."

a. What effect did that have on the children? How did the children feel?

b. What effect did that have on Mama? How did she feel?

3. Why did Mama say, "We don't have to go down to the bank."?

Choose the correct answer:

- a. Mama wanted her children to worry.
- b. Mama didn't have time to go down to the bank.
- c. Mama wanted her children to feel secure.

Now complete the diagram with your answer.

CAUSE

Mama said, "We don't have to go down to the bank."



EFFECT

4. "And when I didn't-couldn't-answer..."

Why couldn't Katrin answer?

Circle the correct answer and then complete the sentence.

Katrin was (scared / happy / surprised) because

5. Fill in the chart.

The strike began.



Papa didn't go to work.



Papa didn't _____.



Mama went to _____ because she wanted to _____.



Katrin's family was able to get through the difficult time.

Worksheet No. 4 – Post-Reading Activity

Choose **ONE** of the following tasks.

1. Draw a comic strip showing the conversation that takes place in the kitchen between the mother, father and the children at the family's Saturday night meeting. You can use this site to help you.

<http://www.makebeliefscomix.com/Comix/>

Prepare a strip of at **least four boxes** using the think balloons and talk balloons.

2. a. What do you do to help your family? Write five sentences. You may use the examples below:

- I take...
- I help with...
- I help my...
- I play...
- I try to...
- I give...
- I go...
- I visit...
- I work...

- b. Who in the story does something similar to what you do?

Write a note from this character in the story explaining what he/she did to help.

Dear _____

I want to tell you what I did to help at home.

First, _____

Then I _____

My (mother/father) was happy because _____

I will write again soon

Love _____

2. Make a collage (a collection of words and pictures) of **two** different scenes in the story. Write 2-3 sentences in your own words that describe the scenes.