4th Grade Reading Log

Name: ____________________________ Date: ____________

Directions: Read 20 minutes every day/night. Record the title of the book they read, the time and the pages. **Adult signs.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Title of book(s) you read (student records this)</th>
<th>Time/Pages read</th>
<th>Signature of adult</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Monday</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Time:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Pages:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuesday</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Time:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Pages:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Time:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Pages:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thursday</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Time:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Pages:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday and</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weekend</td>
<td></td>
<td>Time:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Pages:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Time:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Pages:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Directions
Read this story. Then answer questions 25 through 31.

Sarah's grandfather is a retired marine biologist. Today he and Sarah are going to release a tiger shark that is tied to the side of the boat.

Excerpt from
Swimming with Sharks
by Twig C. George

1 “You’re serious, aren’t you?” Sarah asked. “What will happen?”

2 “If we’re lucky, he’ll stay around long enough for us to get in and watch him leave.” He watched his granddaughter closely. Joe Santos had been swimming with sharks for many years as part of his work. He had never felt he was in any danger. But he was no fool and knew there were always risks when you were near any wild animal. And sharks were not just “any animal.”

3 Sarah looked carefully at the shark again. She knew from her grandfather that the stories about sharks as killers who ate anything in their path were wrong. She knew it, but she wasn’t sure she really believed it.

4 Sarah felt so . . . bare and . . . unprotected next to the shark with all his senses, his knifelike teeth and his rough, thick skin. Then again, this was a chance to get closer to a tiger shark than almost any other person in the entire world! And he was a big tiger shark at that! She looked at her grandfather. He knew more than anyone about sharks. He would never put her in danger. Well, not dangerous danger.

5 “I’ll get ready,” said Sarah, scared but determined. “I have my snorkeling things in my bag.” Her grandfather flashed her another rare smile. Immediately he was back to business.

6 “This is what we’ll do,” he said in his matter-of-fact voice. “I’ll take out the hook. Then I’ll release the rope on his tail and get in the water. You slip off the back of the boat behind me. If the shark comes toward us, just stay calm and don’t wave your hands or feet in front of him. He’s tired now and won’t bother us if we move
slowly. It's perfectly natural for you to be scared. You need to pay attention to those feelings. If you feel you need to get out, slowly take off your flippers and use the step on the back of the boat. I'll help you. It's better to leave than to panic. All set?"

“Yes, Granddad,” Sarah croaked. She was excited and scared. Her insides felt queasy.

He released the shark and slid after it into the water. Still aboard the boat, Sarah was shaking. Her arms and legs felt weak. As she looked at the water, her teeth started to chatter. Sarah thought about all the times she had worried about sharks when she dove off a boat or through a wave. Now she knew a shark was below her. A big shark. The kind of shark that many people called a “floating garbage pit” because it could eat almost anything—nails, boards, people, you name it.

Sarah shook her head and looked down. Granddad was in the water and the “garbage pit” hadn't eaten him.

“Come now or he'll be gone,” her grandfather urged quietly.

Sarah was ready. She slipped off the back of the boat behind him. All of her experience swimming in the bay paid off—she hardly made a ripple. Reaching out, she grabbed her grandfather’s hand. They floated on the ocean surface, bobbing up and down in the waves.

The tiger shark rested on the bottom not ten feet from them. In an effort to forget how scared she was, Sarah tried to imagine how it would feel to be the shark. The lateral lines that ran down her sides would feel pressure and vibrations around her—like reaching out with long, invisible hands. She would feel the two people above. She would feel the boat and the reef ahead of her. She would see clearly the world around her. She would smell the scents of the sea and perhaps wonder in some sharklike way at the scent of the humans above her. She would hear the waves slapping against the boat and the fish nibbling on the coral.

Sarah watched as the shark’s gills pumped and his eyes focused. His specialized pores tuned in to the Earth’s magnetic fields. The big tiger shark took in all the information he could using each of his senses. Then he located himself on the planet and slowly moved toward deeper water.

Sarah was no longer scared. The shark’s behavior hadn't frightened her. When her grandfather signaled that they should follow the shark, she swam forward fearlessly.
After a few minutes the shark's movements quickened. Sarah and her grandfather stopped at a respectful distance. An instant later the giant that had seemed to fill the sea was gone. He had vanished. There was nothing left but the brilliant blue water of Florida Bay as far as they could see.
How does paragraph 5 relate to paragraph 4?

A Paragraph 5 explains why Sarah feels helpless in paragraph 4.
B Paragraph 5 shows how Sarah is brave even though she is afraid in paragraph 4.
C Paragraph 5 explains why the grandfather is concerned about Sarah in paragraph 4.
D Paragraph 5 reveals how the grandfather keeps Sarah out of the danger described in paragraph 4.

In paragraph 7, the word "croaked" shows that Sarah

A does not want the shark to notice her
B does not want to scare the shark away
C has difficulty getting the words out
D wants to hide her feelings

How is Sarah helped by her previous swimming experience?

A She knows how to get in the water without disturbing the shark.
B She knows which supplies to bring with her on the boat.
C It helps her to pretend that she is the shark.
D It helps her to feel calm in the water.

Which detail best shows that the stories about sharks being killers are wrong?

A "But he was no fool and knew there were always risks when you were near any wild animal." (paragraph 2)
B "If the shark comes toward us, just stay calm and don't wave your hands or feet in front of him." (paragraph 6)
C "Now she knew a shark was below her." (paragraph 8)
D "The tiger shark rested on the bottom not ten feet from them." (paragraph 12)
How does paragraph 12 contribute to the rest of the story?

A It shows the reason for the change in a character.
B It gives important details about the story’s setting.
C It gives new details about the shark’s condition.
D It shows why people are able to get close to sharks.

Which sentence describes how Sarah’s grandfather feels about sharks in the ocean?

A He thinks sharks will never harm humans who swim with them.
B He respects sharks as wild animals and is careful around them.
C He knows sharks are smarter than humans and can sense fear.
D He admires sharks’ ability to eat almost anything they find.

Which detail would be most important to include in a summary of the story?

A Sharks can eat boards and even nails.
B Sharks depend on their strong sense of smell.
C Sarah notices that the shark is bigger than average.
D Sarah is nervous but she is prepared to swim with the shark.
Directions
Read this article. Then answer questions 32 and 33.

The California Gold Rush started in 1848 after gold was first found near Sacramento, California. It lasted through 1855. Many prospectors, or people hoping to become wealthy by finding gold, made the trip. These prospectors were also called forty-niners because so many of them came to California in 1849.

Rushing West
by Joan Holub

1. There were three main ways to get to California from the eastern United States. Each way was hard and dangerous. In 1848 and 1849, about forty-one thousand people went by sea in 697 ships. About forty-eight thousand went overland.

2. Going overland was the cheapest way. To stay safe, travelers formed groups called wagon trains. Trails were rugged, so wagons pulled by oxen went slowly. If you walked, you could keep up with the wagons. But your shoes wore out fast, and your feet would get awfully sore.

3. Wagons crossed rivers, prairies, deserts, and steep mountains on the trip. West of Ohio, the country was mostly unsettled. There were no people or houses for many miles around.

4. It took seven months to get to California from East Coast cities such as New York. Two other major starting points were the Missouri cities of St. Joseph and Independence. From the Midwest, the trip was two thousand miles long and took five months. The Oregon, California, and Santa Fe Trails were the most popular wagon routes to the West.

GO ON
Most overland travelers made it to California if they stayed on schedule. They had to leave Missouri by the end of April in order to make it through the Sierra Nevada mountains before winter came. Otherwise, they might get trapped in the snow.

Many “overlanders” faced plenty of problems. Like accidents and snakebites. Or running out of food and water. Or broken wagons and injured oxen. Cholera was caused by drinking water polluted by bacteria. It killed 1,500 travelers in 1849.

Prospectors who could afford it went to California by sea. They paid fares of $200 to $1,000. Going by ship was faster than traveling by wagon train.

There were two main sea routes from the East Coast. Both usually sailed southward on the Atlantic Ocean from New York or Boston.

The longer route went around Cape Horn. That’s at the southern tip of South America. From there, ships sailed north on the Pacific Ocean to San Francisco. This route was almost 15,000 miles long. It usually took five or six months to complete the journey. Fast clipper ships like the Flying Cloud could make the trip in three months. But there weren’t enough of them to take everyone who wanted to go.

The shorter sea route (only 5,300 miles) went down the Atlantic coastline only as far as the Isthmus of Panama. The isthmus was a fifty-mile-wide strip of land connecting North America and South America. The east coast of Panama is on the Atlantic Ocean. Its west coast is on the Pacific.

At the isthmus, passengers got off their ships. They went forty miles up Panama’s Chagres River in wooden canoes. Then, they traveled on mules through a jungle to Panama City on the Pacific side. There were wild animals such as crocodiles and monkeys in the jungle. Panama is near the equator. It was hot and humid. Some travelers caught diseases such as malaria and yellow fever from mosquitoes.

GO ON
If all went well, the trip across the isthmus took only six weeks. However, prospectors might have to wait weeks in Panama City before a ship would arrive that was bound for San Francisco.

Today, traveling by ship often means enjoying a floating vacation. But life aboard a ship in the 1840s and 1850s was very different. The food had bugs and mold. The drinking water wasn’t always clean. Sometimes ships ran out of both before the trip was over. There were rats on board. If passengers were injured or sick, they were on their own. There might not be a doctor to help them. There were terrible storms, especially near Cape Horn. Some ships sank.

Still, ships left for California almost every day in 1849. Shipping companies advertised all around the world for passengers. This fueled gold fever in faraway places such as China, Australia, and Europe. But the ads didn’t mention the problems passengers would face on the voyage.

Many prospectors kept diaries and sent letters home. A man named S. Shufelt, who sailed from New York to California in 1849, wrote in a letter to his cousin, “I have left those that I love as my own life behind & risked every thing and endured many hardships to get here, & I want to make enough to live easier & do some good with, before I return.”

Like all forty-niners, he hoped his struggles would pay off. In gold!
32 How does the first map contribute to the understanding of "Rushing West"? Use two details from the article to support your response.

________________________________________________________________________

________________________________________________________________________

________________________________________________________________________

________________________________________________________________________

________________________________________________________________________

33 Why is the letter included in paragraph 15 of "Rushing West"? Use two details from the article to support your response.

________________________________________________________________________

________________________________________________________________________

________________________________________________________________________

________________________________________________________________________

________________________________________________________________________
The Magic Brocade

A hero's knees do not buckle at the first problem

Many years ago, in a small village in China, lived a weaver and her three sons: Zhu, Shen, and the youngest, Wang Xing.

Now the weaver was a widow and had to support her family by herself. However, she was very skilled—especially at weaving brocade with silver, gold, and silk threads running through. It was said that the animals and birds in her brocades were so lifelike, they looked as if they were ready to leap off the cloth and run into the woods. So, by selling all that she wove, the weaver and her sons lived comfortably, though they were far from rich.

One day, as the widow went through the market carrying her latest weavings, her eye fell upon a beautiful painting. It was of an exquisite white house sitting in the middle of a glorious garden. Among the bushes fluttered red birds, the likes of which she had never seen. A silver river coiled around house and garden, and beyond the river was a forest full of green and gold trees.

"Ah!" she sighed. "I must have this picture." She traded all of her weavings for it and took the picture home.

Placing the picture on the table, she sat down and stared at it, sighing

brocade: a heavy woven fabric with rich designs
exquisite: of special beauty or charm
again and again. When her sons came in from the fields, she showed the picture to them. "How I wish we could live in such a place."

Zhu and Shen laughed. "Mother, it is only a painting."

But Wang Xing put his arms about her shoulders. "Why not weave a copy of the picture in a piece of cloth?" he said. "That will be almost like living in it."

"Thank you, my youngest son," said the weaver. Without even cooking the evening meal, she went to her loom and began to work.

From then on, she worked morning, noon, and night on the weaving, sleeping little and eating less.

Zhu and Shen soon grew annoyed. "She is making nothing for the market," they told each other. "There is no food on the table. There are no clean clothes."

Wang Xing took them aside. "Do not trouble our mother, brothers. If you chop wood and sell it, I will do all of her chores. That way Mother can keep her dream. For has she not supported us all these years?"

"Pah!" said Zhu.

"Hah!" said Shen.

But they did as Wang Xing had asked, because he had shamed them.

Weeks passed and still the weaver worked only on the one brocade. Now the older brothers grew tired of chopping wood and hauling it to the market for sale.

Once again, they went to complain to their mother. Once again, Wang Xing stopped them.

"Let me do the chopping and the selling," Wang Xing said. "Let me do all the household chores. Just comfort Mother, and bring her tea."

A year passed. Tears from the weaver's eyes dropped onto the brocade, making the river in the brocade shimmer. "Shine with a soft light."

Another year passed. Blood from her pricked fingers dropped onto the bright birds in the brocade, making them shine.

loom: a machine for weaving fabric
shame: a painful feeling caused by knowing you behaved badly or foolishly
Finally, the third year came and nearly went, and the brocade was finished at last. The white house sat proudly in the middle of the garden. Among the colorful bushes fluttered shining red birds. The coiled silver river shimmered, and behind the river stood a forest full of green and gold trees. And something new—sheep and cattle and goats grazed contentedly in the fields. All this the widow had woven into the brocade. It was a masterpiece.

She took the brocade outside to look at it in the sun, for her eyes had grown so dim with the weaving, she feared she could not see it properly.

"Ah," she said as she spread the great brocade on the grass. "Wang Xing was right; it has almost been like living in my dream house."

Just then, a great wind blew by the weaver's little house, and catching the brocade, it lifted one end up and flung it into the air. Then, blowing steadily, the wind carried the brocade over the hill, and it disappeared into the east.

The weaver gave a scream and tried to follow, but when she got to the crest of the hill and looked to the east, there was no sign of her wonderful brocade

Grasping her breast, she swooned, falling into the tall grass, where she lay until evening when her sons found her. Carefully, they picked her up and brought her into the house and laid her down upon her pallet. bed

Zhu held her hand. Shen rubbed her brow with a damp cloth. Wang Xing made some ginger tea, which he got her to drink one small sip at a time. Finally, she slept, and the boys, exhausted from caring for her, slept by her side.

When morning came, the weaver sat up. "Zhu, as you love your mother, go to the east, where the wind went, and find my brocade, for it means more to me than life itself."

Well, Zhu did love her in his own way. So off he went to the east. He put one foot before the other, and within a month he had come to a stone house at the foot of a high mountain.

An old, wrinkled woman with white hair sat on her stone stoop, a stone horse by the door, close to a berry bush.

coiled: arranged in a sequence of circles
content: a state of satisfaction
"Where do you go, young son, and why go in such a hurry?" the old woman asked.

"East," Zhu said.

"Where the sun rises." She nodded at him.

He was so tired he sat down next to her and told her the entire story of the brocade.

"I know that brocade," the old woman told him. She served him a cup of tea.

"Where is it? I must fetch it home," Zhu said.

The old woman held up her hand. "Ah, ah, the fairies of Sun Mountain have carried it away. It is so beautiful, they want to make a copy."

"How can I get it back?" Zhu demanded.

She smiled at him. "It did not improve her looks. "The way is difficult."

"I am not a boy to have my knees buckle at the first problem. Tell me. Tell me quickly." His voice shook, though whether with anger or with eagerness, it was difficult to tell.

"Well, first you must knock out those pretty front teeth of yours and put them in the mouth of my stone horse. Then he will be able to eat the red berries hanging in front of him," the old woman said.

At this, Zhu's hand went up to his mouth, but he did not say a word.

She continued. "When the horse has eaten ten berries, you can mount his back and he will carry you over the Mountain of Flame. The fire will burn your feet and burn your hair, but you must not say a word, for to do so will mean your death by that very fire."

Zhu's face went gray. Still he did not say a word.

The old woman went on. "Next you will come to the Ice Sea. The cold will numb your arms and freeze your eyeballs. But if you say a word, you will plunge to the bottom and not come up again."

Zhu's jaw gaped open. And still he did not speak.

The old woman shook her head. "Nah, nah—I can see that you will not be able to stand the test. Never mind. I will give you a small iron box full of gold for coming this far. Take it and live well."

eager: wanting to do something very much
Zhu took the box eagerly and, without a word of thanks, went off, thinking that he had come out of that rather well.

But when he got to the first crossroads, another thought came to his mind: Why should I share this gold with anyone else? After all, did I not earn it on my own? And he turned away from the path that led to home and went over the mountain to the city.

The weaver waited for two months for Zhu to return, and the waiting made her ill. She took to her bed and could barely eat.

"Shen, my son," she said at last, "find your brother and the brocade and bring them both back."

So Shen went the same route as Zhu. And he, too, spent a month walking, till he came to the stone house with the stone horse near the berries and the old woman sitting on the stoop.

Like his brother, he turned gray with fear when he learned what he would have to do to get the brocade back. Instead, he took the box of gold the old woman offered, and off he went to the city without a word of thanks. There he found his brother. Together they spent their gold twice as fast as one could have done alone.

Back home, the weaver had spent the months weeping and had made herself blind with grief.

"Mother, let me go," said Wang Xing. "I will find the brocade and both my brothers and return with everything to make you happy."

His mother nodded weakly. "But if you, too, do not return, my son, then I will surely die."

Wang Xing did not dawdle like his brothers, and within half a month he arrived at the stone house.

He told the old woman the story of the brocade, and she told him of the fairies. Then she told him all that he would have to do to get the brocade.
back. At last she said, "But I will gladly give you a box of gold, instead, just as I gave your brothers."

Wang Xing looked closely at the old woman, and if he wondered why she was so eager to send him away, he did not ask. All he said was, "My mother spent three years of her life weaving that brocade. She will die without it. These things you tell me are but small difficulties."

And with that, he knocked out his two front teeth with a stone he found by the old woman's feet. Then he put the teeth into the stone horse's mouth.

Instantly, the horse whinnied and shook its head, walked two steps to the berry bush, and ate ten red berries.

At that, Wang Xing leaped onto the horse's back and away they went, galloping toward the east. Poor Wang Xing had never ridden a horse before, so he held on tight, his hands twisted in the horse's stone-gray mane.

Three days and three nights they galloped, till they came to the foot of the Mountain of Flame. The fire began to sear Wang Xing's feet, and he felt his hair begin to crackle and burn. Setting his lips together so he would not say a word, Wang Xing kicked the horse, and over the mountain they went.

On the other side was the Ice Sea. As the horse waded in, the cold began to numb Wang Xing's legs. As they went deeper in, his arms began to freeze. But once again he set his lips together so he could not say a word, and the horse swam across.

The minute they got to the other side, there was Sun Mountain. Wang Xing knew it because there was a brilliant warm light everywhere and he was no longer cold.

"Up, good horse, to the top of Sun Mountain," he urged.

So up the horse galloped.

At the top of the mountain, it was already night. Yet the moon shone bright enough so that he could see that here was a palace of jade, with jade turrets and jade windows and a great jade door.
THE MAGIC BROCADE

Wang Xing knocked on the door, and the door opened by itself. He walked in and saw a hundred fairies sitting at looms, each weaving a small part of a copy of his mother's brocade.

The brocade itself was displayed on a jade pedestal, and it was infinitely more beautiful than anything the fairies were making. Wang Xing felt sorry for the fairies then. For all their magic, they did not have the gift his mother had.

One of the fairies, with hair the color of gold, looked over at Wang Xing. "You have ridden the magic horse over the Mountain of Flame and through the Ice Sea."

"Yes," said Wang Xing.

"Then you are the weaver's son," said another fairy, with hair the color of silver.

"I am."

"We will be done by morning. Will you give us leave to finish?" asked a third fairy, with hair the color of bronze.

He nodded.

They took turns bringing him fairy fruit, as red as the birds in his mother's brocade. He ate and felt refreshed.

"I would like to sleep now," he said. So they made him a bed with the finest silk coverlet and he fell asleep at once. Then they hung a great pearl from the ceiling as a night-light so they could keep on weaving until dawn.

One fairy, with hair the color of midnight, looked at her own work and again at the weaver's brocade. She saw what Wang Xing had seen.

"Ah," she said, "how can I live without the weaver's brocade? If he takes it away, he must take me with it." So she left her own loom and, instead, embroidered a likeness of herself sitting next to a tiny fish pond on the weaver's brocade.

When Wang Xing awoke, the fairies were all gone, vanished like evening stars. But his mother's brocade was still there, under the shining pearl.

He picked up the brocade and clasped it to his chest. Then he leaped onto
the horse's back and away they went, across the Ice Sea, over the Mountain of Flame, and to the stone house where the old woman waited.

"You are quite some boy," she said to him. "Both clever and brave."

He looked down at his feet. He did not feel clever or brave—just tired and longing to be home.

When he dismounted, the old woman took the two teeth from the horse and put them back in Wang Xing's mouth.

In an instant, the horse was stone.

"I am sorry for that," said Wang Xing. "He served me well."

"He will serve another some day," the old woman said. "Wait here." She went into her house and came out with a pair of deerskin shoes.

"These will help you get home," she said. "And it will seem to your mother as if you have been gone only a moment. Clap your heels and toes."

Wang Xing put on the shoes, stood, and holding the brocade in his arms, clapped his heels and toes, and in a moment he was home.

Entering the house, he unrolled the brocade in front of his mother's bed. The brocade gleamed with such a magical light that the old weaver's eyesight was restored at once and she felt full of health.

When she and Wang Xing took the brocade outside to look at it in the light of day, another strange thing happened. The brocade rolled out further and wider until it covered all the land for many lis around. Suddenly all of the threads on the brocade burst into life. The white house stood beside them. The red birds sang in the bushes. Green and gold trees moved in a puzzling breeze. The coiled silver river bubbled and burst its banks. Cows mooed and little lambs frolicked near their ewes. And by a small fishpond sat a lovely maiden with hair as black as midnight, whom neither the weaver nor Wang Xing had ever seen before. It was the fairy who had embroidered herself into the magic brocade.

Wang Xing and the fairy were married, of course, and had seven children, all of whom could weave well. They were taught by their grandmother, who lived with them, honored and adored.
As for the two elder brothers, what of them? Well, one day, two beggars came down the road. They were ragged and tattered, having long ago gambled away all their gold.

They stopped at the white house to beg a bowl of rice from the owner. But when they saw who lived there, happily picnicking in the garden, they were so ashamed they picked up their begging bowls and left, never to return.
"The Magic Brocade"

Directions: Read the Chinese folktale "The Magic Brocade". Respond to the following questions. Remember to use complete answer form. Remember to use evidence from the story to support your answers.

The weaver had three sons named __________, __________, and __________.

What did the weaver bring home from the market?

__________________________

Zhu and Shen _________ when their mother showed them the painting but Wang Xing
__________________________

How did Wang Xing shame Zhu and Shen?

__________________________

__________________________

__________________________

Name the three challenges the old woman explained to each brother in order to get back their mother’s brocade.

__________________________

__________________________

__________________________

How did the fairy with the midnight hair remain with the brocade?

__________________________

__________________________

__________________________

continued
Name two reasons why the brocade is magic.

Who were the beggars at the end of the story? What evidence supports your conclusion?
The Magic Brocade

Write an essay in response to the following prompt.

How was Wang Xing different from his brothers? Use evidence from the text to support your answer.