Name _____ Date _____

5.5i Word Choice Assessment

Directions: Read the story and answer the questions that follow.

The Spookiest Attic
Adapted by Readworks.org

1. I hear sounds coming from up above my head. I try to sleep, but the tighter I close my eyes, the louder the noises seem to get. It sounds like someone dragging a rake across a chalkboard. Or…no, it's more like a bunch of marbles falling onto a linoleum floor. No, not that either. Tonight the sound could be two dozen maracas, rolling back and forth on a lazily tossing boat.

2. Whatever it is, it's scaring me to death. My name is Drew, and I sleep in the bedroom just underneath the attic. At least, I'm *supposed* to sleep there. Ever since the noise started, I can barely catch four winks, much less 40 of them. It's not the sound that bothers me so much as the pictures it puts in my head. Stuff like a rake on a chalkboard. Who could sleep while that's running through their brain?

3. Well, as my mother likes to say, I've had enough of this nonsense. Tonight I'm getting to the bottom of this. The only problem is, even before the noises started, the attic wasn't my favorite part of the house. In fact, it was my least favorite place—not just in the house, but in the whole world. A lot of people have spooky attics, but ours is the spookiest.

4. We live in a big old house—my dad says it's "rambling"—and the attic is way bigger than it needs to be. The lights don't work very well, and there are all sorts of shadowy corners behind clothes, chests, and boxes that have been there since long before we moved in. We really have *no idea* what is up there, and I can't imagine anything scarier than that.

5. Except, except…except whatever it is that's making these noises.

6. Tonight I'm not going to let my imagination run wild. I grip my dad's most powerful flashlight with my hand and check to make sure the batteries are working. I have spares in my backpack, just in case they run out. I also have a water bottle, a sandwich, some chips, and a few cookies in case I get stranded up there. Most importantly, I have my music player. This is crucial because everyone knows that monsters can't get at you as long as you've got music to keep you safe. I jam the headphones into my ears and turn the music up *loud*.

7. My parents have been asleep for hours when I open the creaky attic door and climb the steps into the darkness. The flashlight beam sweeps ahead of me, illuminating trunks and piles of junk and who knows what else. I creep across the dusty floor, moving slowly and making sure not a single part of the attic escapes my flashlight's glare. I ignore my sweaty palms, pounding heart, and the sickening sensation in my stomach that I am making a *very bad mistake*. This isn't about facing my fears, I tell

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myself. It's about getting some sleep. If I can't sleep, I can't study. If I can't study, I'll flunk out of school and have to join the circus. And the fact is I don't like the circus one bit.

8. I'm thinking so hard about how much I don't want to join the circus that I space out a little and am shocked to find myself all the way at the other end of the attic. I didn't find anything at all. If there are monsters up here, they must be better at hiding than I am at looking. Only now do I realize how far I am from the stairs. This attic is long, dark, and full of secrets. And I have to walk back across. More importantly, I *have* to find out what's making the skittering noise, or this whole trip was a waste. I take out my headphones and wait for the monsters to strike. They leave me alone…for now.

9. I hear the noise coming from far away. It's not just right above my bedroom but seems to be coming from several different directions at once. My ears are playing tricks on me, I think. This is what happens when you don't get enough sleep. I walk toward the place where the noise is the loudest, my quivering flashlight held straight out in front of my body. There are three boxes stacked on top of one another with writing too small for me to read. I get closer, and the noise gets louder. A label on the box, written in faded marker, reads "Toys."

10. Of course! It's a box of old toys, probably from a hundred years ago or more. There are probably some wind-up toys in there, and somehow they've gotten wound. Each night they rattle up against each other, and each night they keep me awake. All I have to do is take the toys out of the box, and they'll quiet down.

11. I stand on my tiptoes, trying to reach the upper box of toys. I'm just getting a grip on it, when it slips out of my sweaty palms. It flips over, dumping its contents all over me. My head takes the blow from a bunch of heavy old toys, and my body is covered in 15 or 20 thousand creepy, crawly, fuzzy spiders.

12. Sometimes, it's not possible to scream loud enough. I run as fast as I can back to the stairs, knocking spiders off my body with both hands. I must have dropped the flashlight along the way, because it's dark when I get back downstairs, and I can't see whether I've gotten all the spiders off me until my mom turns on the hallway light.

13. "Andrew!" she says. "What's wrong?"

14. "I want to switch bedrooms," I tell her. "And you need to hire an exterminator."

1. The author gains the reader's attention in the first paragraph by -

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A. telling a spooky ghost story.
B. asking his mom if he could sleep outside.
C. listening to his dad snore in the next room.
D. describing what the noise sounds like.

2. The author use of "Spookiest" in the title best shows the speaker is -

A. scared of the attic.
B. tired from not sleeping.
C. enjoys scary things.
D. spooked by loud noises.

3. The author includes the sentences below to help the reader understand that-

> "I ignore my sweaty palms, pounding heart, and the sickening sensation in my stomach that I am making a *very bad mistake*. This isn't about facing my fears, I tell myself. It's about getting some sleep. If I can't sleep, I can't study."

A. he enjoys going on adventures.
B. he likes school and wants to study.
C. he is determined to resolve his problem.
D. he is sleep walking in the attic.

4. Which are examples of Figurative Language?
A. A label on the box, written in faded marker, reads "Toys."
B. We live in a big old house—my dad says it's "rambling"—and the attic is way bigger than it needs to be.
C. Stuff like a rake on a chalkboard.
D. I grip my dad's most powerful flashlight with my hand and check to make sure the batteries are working

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Directions: Read the poem and answer the questions that follow.

The Echoing Green

Adapted by Readworks.org

The sun does arise,
And make happy the skies;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring;

The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound;
While our sports shall be seen

On the echoing Green.
Old John, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.

They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say,
"Such, such were the joys
When we all--girls and boys--
In our youth-time were seen

On the echoing Green."
Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry:
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.

Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen

On the darkening green.

5. The author uses a form of figurative language in lines 2 and 4 to -?

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A. contrast birds to humans.
B. create a happy feeling.
C. suggest that nature is dangerous.
D. compare sylarks and thrushes.

6. The author includes information about Old John to show -

A. he spends most of his time worrying about the children.
B. he is remembering how he used to play on the echoing Green.
C. he likes being an old man more than being a boy.
D. he does not get along with other people any more.

7. What is the Rhyme scheme of the poem?

A. ABAB
B. ABCC
C. AABB
D. ABCD

8. What is the setting of this poem?

A. the nest of a bird
B. a bush where birds live
C. the echoing Green
D. the home of Old John

9. Who or what are "the little ones" in line 21?

A. young birds
B. boys and girls
C. mothers
D. old folks

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10. What is the theme of this poem?

A. the disappointments of old age
B. the importance of hard work
C. the power of dreams
D. the joy of playing outdoors

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