

**Grade 7**

**ELA Remote Learning Assignments**

**Week 3: April 6th through April 10th**

This week we are launching a new ELA unit entitled: “Family and Friendships”. For each day’s work be sure to continue to use all the strategies that you have learned thus far! If you do not have a printed copy of the passages, be sure to annotate the text on a piece of paper and also include a main idea for each passage. Reach out to your teacher if you have questions.

DAY	ASSIGNMENT	LINKS
<b>MONDAY</b> 4/6/20	<p><b>Part I:</b> Read the following passage and <b>only complete multiple choice questions 1-4:</b></p> <p>1. “On Reverence For Parents”</p> <p><b>Part 2:</b> Log into NewsELA through your <a href="#">Clever account</a> and read one <b>article</b> of your choice and complete the <b>accompanying multiple choice questions.</b></p>	<p><b>Part 1</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• <a href="#">On Reverence For Parents</a></li><li>• Submit your multiple choice answers on <b>Google Classroom</b><ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>◦ <a href="#">Bronx Campus</a></li><li>◦ <a href="#">LES Campus</a></li></ul></li></ul> <p><b>Part II</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Click here to read an article on <a href="#">newsela.com</a></li></ul>
<b>TUESDAY</b> 4/7/20	<p><b>Part I:</b> Reread the following passage and <b>complete the short response question</b> found after the multiple choice:</p> <p>1. “On Reverence For Parents”</p> <p><b>Part 2:</b> Log into NewsELA through your <a href="#">Clever account</a> and read one <b>article</b> of your choice and complete the <b>accompanying multiple choice questions.</b></p>	<p><b>Part 1</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• <a href="#">On Reverence For Parents</a></li><li>• Submit your short response on <b>Google Classroom</b><ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>◦ <a href="#">Bronx Campus</a></li><li>◦ <a href="#">LES Campus</a></li></ul></li></ul> <p><b>Part II</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Click here to read an article on <a href="#">newsela.com</a></li></ul>
<b>WEDNESDAY</b> 4/8/20	<p><b>Part I:</b> Read the following passage and <b>only complete multiple choice questions 1-4:</b></p> <p>2. “Blue”</p> <p><b>Part 2:</b> Log into NewsELA through your <a href="#">Clever account</a> and read one <b>article</b> of your choice and complete the <b>accompanying multiple choice questions.</b></p>	<p><b>Part 1</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• <a href="#">Blue</a></li><li>• Submit your multiple choice answers on <b>Google Classroom</b><ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>◦ <a href="#">Bronx Campus</a></li><li>◦ <a href="#">LES Campus</a></li></ul></li></ul> <p><b>Part II</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Click here to read an article on <a href="#">newsela.com</a></li></ul>
<b>THURSDAY</b>	<p><b>Part I:</b> Reread the following passage</p>	<p><b>Part 1</b></p>

<p><b>4/9/20</b></p>	<p>and  <b>complete the short response question</b>  found after the multiple choice:  2. “Blue”</p> <p><b>Part 2:</b> Log into NewsELA through your <a href="#">Clever account</a> and read one <b>article</b> of your choice and complete the <b>accompanying multiple choice questions</b>.</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <a href="#">Blue</a></li> <li>• Submit your short response on <b>Google Classroom</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>○ <a href="#">Bronx Campus</a></li> <li>○ <a href="#">LES Campus</a></li> </ul> </li> </ul> <p><b>Part II</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Click here to read an article on <a href="#">newsela.com</a></li> </ul>
<p><b>FRIDAY 4/10/20</b></p>	<p><b>NO SCHOOL</b></p>	

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Class: \_\_\_\_\_

## On Reverence for Parents

By Zhao Ban

c. 49 - c. 120

*Zhao Ban (45-116 CE) was the first known female Chinese historian. She wrote extensively about the ideal way in which girls and women should conduct themselves. Her works on this subject were extremely influential in China. The concept of filial piety, or respect for one's parents and ancestors, is central to Chinese culture, dating back to the philosopher Confucius (551-479 BC). Because this piece was written hundreds of years ago in another language, the sentence structure may be difficult to understand at first. Read the text carefully, paying attention to the punctuation and rereading lines when necessary. As you read, take notes on the author's diction (word choice) and how it contributes to the tone of the text.*

- [1] Girls not yet gone out from their homes<sup>1</sup>  
Must carefully reverence<sup>2</sup> their parents;  
Early rise, and to them  
The morning salutations<sup>3</sup> present.
- [5] If cold, build a fire to warm them;  
If warm, use the fan to cool them;  
If they are hungry, hasten<sup>4</sup> to supply them  
food;  
If thirsty, prepare from them the tea.  
If your parents rebuke you,
- [10] Receive it not impatiently,  
But, standing in their presence,  
Hear with reverence and obedient heart,  
And repent of and forsake<sup>5</sup> the wrong.  
The words of your parents,
- [15] Regard as beyond all others important;  
Obey their instructions;  
Turn not away your head,  
And be not stiff-necked.  
If you do wrong, confess to your parents,
- [20] Requesting instruction and reproof.<sup>6</sup>  
When your parents become old,  
Morning and night be sorrowful and fearful;  
Their clothes, food, and drink,  
With the utmost care provide,
- [25] Observing the demands  
Of the four seasons in your care for them.  
If your parents are sick,  
Leave not their bedside,



*"Image from Page 450 of 'The Missionary Visitor'" by General*

*Mission Board of the Church of the Brethren is in the public domain.*

1. In other words, girls who are not yet married
2. **Reverence (verb):** to regard or treat with deep respect
3. **Salutation (noun):** greeting
4. **Hasten (verb):** to hurry
5. to give up or renounce
6. an expression of blame or disapproval

- Loosen not your girdle<sup>7</sup> to lie down;  
[30] The tea and the medicine,  
Yourself first taste  
To be sure that it is just right.  
Cease<sup>8</sup> not to cry unto heaven,  
Or to pray in the ancestral temple,  
[35] That they may be restored.  
Never let it be said  
That your parents died  
For lack of attention from you.  
When they die  
[40] Your very bones should grieve,  
And to your life's end cease not to mourn.  
Grief's clothing, for your parents,  
Three years you must wear;  
The sacrificial offering to them,  
[45] You must never cease to make.  
Thus should you honor your ancestors.

*On Reverence for Parents by Zhao Ban is in the public domain.*

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7. An elasticized corset extending from waist to thigh

8. **Cease (verb):** to stop

Submit answers on Google Classroom:

- [Bronx Campus](#)
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## Text-Dependent Questions

**Directions:** For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which of the following statements best describes the central theme of the text?
  - A. Children owe their parents their devotion because of the great effort required to bear and raise a child.
  - B. Someone who treats his or her parents well is more likely to be a respectable and morally upright person.
  - C. Unmarried girls should devote themselves to painstakingly caring for their parents and demonstrating great respect for them.
  - D. Girls should take care to choose their spouses carefully to ensure that they will maintain a good relationship with their parents.
2. PART B: Which phrase from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
  - A. "Girls not yet gone out from their homes [not married] / Must carefully reverence their parents" (Lines 1-2)
  - B. "Hear with reverence and obedient heart, / And repent of and forsake the wrong" (Lines 12-13)
  - C. "The words of your parents, / Regard as beyond all others important" (Lines 14-15)
  - D. "When your parents become old, / Morning and night be sorrowful and fearful" (Lines 21-22)
3. PART A: What does the word "rebuke" most closely mean as it is used in Line 9?
  - A. to criticize without cause or reason
  - B. to overly stress a point or argument
  - C. to punish someone for disobeying an order
  - D. to express sharp disapproval of someone's behavior
4. PART B: Which of the following phrases from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
  - A. "Receive it not impatiently" (Line 10)
  - B. "standing in their presence" (Line 11)
  - C. "And repent of and forsake the wrong" (Line 13)
  - D. "Obey their instructions" (Line 16)

5. Explain how the diction used in the text contribute to the development of its theme and tone. Cite evidence from the text in your response.

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Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Class: \_\_\_\_\_

## Blue

By Francesca Lia Block

1996

*Francesca Lia Block is an American writer of adult and young adult fiction, short stories, screenplays, and poetry. In this short story, a blue creature appears before a young girl after her mother leaves. As you read, take notes on the relationship between La and Blue.*

- [1] La's mother wasn't there, waiting in front of the school in the dusty white Volvo station wagon. La sat on the lawn and watched all the other mothers gathering their children. When the sun started to go down, she walked home along the broad streets lined with small houses, thick, white, leaf-like magnolia blossoms crisping brown at the edges, deadly pink oleander, eucalyptus trees grayed with car exhaust. The air smelled of gasoline, chlorine, and fast food meat, with an occasional whiff of mock orange too faint to disguise much with its sweetness.



["Eyes tell no lies"](#) by Amanda Dalbjörn is licensed under CC0

La walked up the brick path under the birch tree that shivered in the last rays of sun and went into the pale-blue wood frame house. She found her father sitting in the dark.

"Daddy?" she whispered.

He looked up, and his swollen, unshaven face made her step backward as if she had been hit.

- [5] "What's wrong?" La asked. "Where's Mom?" She wanted to say Mommy, but she didn't want to use baby words.

"Your mother left." He sounded as though there were wet tissues in his throat. "Where's Mommy?" she asked again.

"How many times do I have to tell you?" He never raised his voice to her. "She left us.

She's gone." "Where did she go?"

- [10] "I don't know."

La took a step toward her father, but the look in his eyes made her back away into her bedroom and shut the door. She sat on her bed and stared at the wall she had helped her mother paint with wildflowers, pale and heathery; now they seemed poisonous. La looked at Emily, H.D., Sylvia, Ann, Christina, and Elizabeth sitting on the love seat. Her mother had named them after her favorite poets. They stared back with blank doll eyes.

La wanted to cry, but she couldn't. She felt like a Tiny Tears doll with no water inside.

"La," said a voice.

She jumped and turned around. The closet door was open a crack. La never left the closet door open. She was afraid that demons would come out and get her in the night.

[15] "La," the voice

whispered. She held her  
breath.

The closet door opened a little more, and a tiny shadow tiptoed out.

Maybe, she thought later, Blue was really her tears. Maybe Blue was the tears that didn't come.

The creature came into the light. It had thin, pale, slightly bluish skin. It blinked at La with blue eyes under glittery eyelashes.

[20] "Who are you?" La felt a slice of fear. "Why are  
you here?" "For you."

La rubbed her eyes. "Are you a demon?"

The creature looked about to cry. La shook her head, trying to make it go away.

"Now you should sleep, I think," and the creature reached out its tiny blue fingers with the bitten nails and touched La's forehead.

[25] Almost immediately La was asleep.

She dreamed about the creature holding her mother's hand and running through a field of wildflowers. "Blue," La's mother said in the dream. "Your name is Blue."

\* \* \*



The house where La lived looked completely different now. When La's mother was living there, the garden had been wild, but a garden — now the flowers were burnt up; crabgrass stitched the dirt. There had been bread-baking, bowls of fruit, Joni Mitchell singing on the stereo, light coming through the windows. Now, the only light in the living room was from the television's glow. La's father stopped writing the novel he had been working on. Every night after he got home from college, he corrected papers and watched TV. La's mother had been a student in his English class, and he had fallen in love with her when he read her poetry. Wanting to protect her from a world that seemed too harsh, he had not understood how she dreamed of living in a commune,<sup>1</sup> dancing barefoot in parks, and reading her poems, wearing silver Indian bells and gypsy shawls, even though these were the things that had drawn him to her.

La remembered when she was a little girl, how her mother held her close and said, "Can you see the little dolls in Mommy's eyes?" La had seen two tiny Las there. As she got older, she still looked for herself inside her mother. Now she tried to find that La in her father, but his eyes were closed to her, dull and blind.

[30] La fixed herself a bowl of cornflakes and went into her room to talk

to Blue. "Did you know my mother?" La asked

"I can tell you things about her."

"How do you know?" La was suspicious.

"I know because I know you."

[35] "Like what?"

"She wrote poetry."

La thought about the journals with the stiff, creamy paper and thick, bumpy black covers that her mother hid at the bottom of the closet. La had looked for them after her mother had left, but they were gone. She had tried to remember some of the poems her mother had read to her from the books. She had opened a tiny bottle of French perfume that was sitting on her mother's marble-top dressing table. As she put a drop to her throat, she remembered something about a girl dancing in a garden while a black swan watched her with hating eyes and one poem about a woman with black roses tattooed on her body. Something about a blue child calling to a frightened woman from out of the mists — begging.

"Did she want me?" La asked Blue.

"At first she was scared of you. You were so red and noisy, and you needed so much."

[40] La could feel her eyes stinging, but Blue said, "Then she changed her mind. After a while, you were all she really cared about."

"Then why did she leave?"

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1. a place where a group of people live together and share possessions and responsibilities

Blue went and perched on the window sill. “That I don’t know.”

\* \* \*

One day at lunch, Chelsea Fox came and sat next to La. Chelsea had a shiny lemonade-colored hair tied up high in a ponytail, and she was wearing pink lip gloss that smelled like bubble gum. La thought she was the most beautiful girl she had ever seen. She made you want to give her things.

“Don’t you have any friends?” Chelsea demanded.

[45] La

shrugged.

“Why not?”

La said, “I like to play by myself.”

“I used to be that way,” Chelsea said. “I started talking when I was real little, and the other kids didn’t understand what I was saying. They just sat in the sandbox and stared at me. So I made up an imaginary friend I talked to. But my mother told me it wasn’t healthy.”

“I do have one friend.” La had been wanting to talk about Blue so much. And now Chelsea Fox was asking! La’s heart started to pound against her. She felt as if she were made of something thin and breakable, with this one heavy thing inside of her. “Blue is blue and lives in my closet.”

[50] Chelsea laughed, all tiny teeth like mean pearls. “You still have an imaginary friend?” “Blue is real.”

Chelsea made a face at La, flipped her hair, picked up her metal Barbie lunch box, and walked away. La crushed her brown paper bag with her fist on the table where she sat alone now. Milk from the small carton inside the bag seeped onto the peeling, scratched table and dripped down.

After that, no one talked to La at all. Chelsea Fox had a birthday party. La saw the invitations with the ballerinas on them. She waited and waited. But she was the only girl who didn’t get one.

When Miss Rose found out, she asked La and Chelsea to stay after school. Miss Rose was a very thin, freckled, red-haired woman who always wore shades of green or pink.

[55] “Chelsea, don’t you think you think you should invite La to your birthday party?” Miss Rose said.

La looked down to hide her red face. She remembered what Blue had told her about how red she had been as a baby, how it had frightened her mother.

Chelsea shrugged.

“Go ahead, Chelsea, ask La. It isn’t nice to leave her out.”

Chelsea smiled so her small white teeth showed. They reminded La's of a doll's. "La, would you like to come to my party?"

[60] La was afraid to look up or move. She hated Miss

Rose then. "She doesn't want to," Chelsea said.

"I think she does," said Miss Rose. "Don't you, La?"

"Okay," La whispered, wanting her teacher to shut up.

"Why don't you bring an invitation in tomorrow?" Miss Rose said.

[65] "Just don't bring any imaginary friends," Chelsea hissed when they were dismissed onto the burning asphalt. La imagined Chelsea spitting her teeth out like weapons. The air smelled grimy and hot like the pink rubber handballs.

La walked past some boys playing volleyball. The insides of her wrists were chafed from trying to serve at recess; her knees were scraped from falling down in softball; her knuckles raw from jacks. Sometimes her knees and knuckles were embedded with bits of gravel, speckled with blood. She had mosquito bites on her back.

"There goes Wacko," one of the boys shouted.

La felt chafed, scraped, raw, and bitten inside too.

\* \* \*

La wasn't planning to go to Chelsea Fox's birthday party, but she saved the invitation anyway. La's father saw it. He hardly spoke to his daughter anymore, but that morning, he said, "Is that a party invitation?"

[70] La nodded.

"Good," said her father. "It's about time you did something like that."

La went mostly because her father had seemed interested in her again and she wanted to please him — she wanted him to see her. But the next weekend, when he drove her to Chelsea's tall house with the bright lawn, camellia-and-rose-filled garden, the balloons tied to the mailbox, and the powder-blue Mercedes in the driveway, he was as far away as ever.

Maybe it is better that he doesn't offer to walk me in, she thought. I don't want them to see him anyway.

She wanted to go home and play with Blue, but instead, she jumped out of the car and went up to the door where a group of girls waited with their mothers.

- [75] Chelsea answered, wearing a pastel jeans outfit. The girls kissed her cheek and gave her presents. When it was La's turn, she gulped and brushed her lips against Chelsea's face. Chelsea reached up to her cheek and rubbed away the kiss with the back of her hand.

Inside, the house was decorated in floral fabrics — huge peonies and chrysanthemums — and lit up with what seemed like hundreds of lamps. Little pastel girls were running around screaming. There was one room all made of glass and filled with plants and leafy, white iron furniture. In the middle was a long table heaped with presents. La sat in a corner of the room by herself. After a while, Chelsea's mother came in, leading a chorus of "Happy Birthday" and holding a huge cake covered in wet-looking pink-frosting roses. Chelsea's mother had a face like a model on a magazine cover — cat eyes, high cheekbones, and full pouting lips. She was tall and slender, her blonde hair piled on top of her head, with little wisps brushing down against her long pearly neck. La watched Chelsea blow out eleven candles in one breath.

"I'll get my wish!"

She probably did get her wish, La thought, watching Chelsea's small hands tearing open the presents — Barbies, Barbie clothes, Barbie cars, stuffed toys, roller skates, jeans, T-shirts, a glittery magenta bike with a white lattice<sup>2</sup> basket covered with pink plastic flowers.

La had brought the almost-empty bottle of perfume that had belonged to her mother. Even though the fragrance inside it was the only thing that seemed to bring La's mother back, La had decided to give it to Chelsea. Maybe it would make Chelsea like her, La thought. It was her greatest treasure.

- [80] When Chelsea opened it, she said, "What's this? It's been used!" and threw it aside.

Chelsea's mother let the girls stay up until midnight, and then she told them to get their sleeping bags. La's belonged to her father — blue with red flannel ducks on the inside. The other girls had pastel sleeping bags with Snoopy or Barbie on them. La put her bag down in a corner and listened to the sugar-wild giggles all around her.

Suddenly, she heard Chelsea say, "La, tell us about your imaginary friend. La has an imaginary friend."

"She gave you an imaginary present," Amanda Warner said.

Snickers. They sounded mean with too much cake. La was silent.

- [85] "Come on." The girls squealed.

"Tell us." La said, "No, I don't."

"Your mom left because you are so weird," said Katie Dell.

"I think her mom was pretty weird too. She was a hippy," said

Chelsea. La buried down in the musty red flannel of her sleeping bag.

[90] Blue, she thought, to keep herself from crying.

Near morning, when the other girls were finally quiet, warm thin arms the color of Chelsea Fox's eyes wrapped around La's waist.

"Write about it," Blue whispered. "Write it all."

That was the same thing Miss Rose said the next day in class. "I want us all to write about someone we love." She looked straight at La. She noticed for the first time how sad Miss Rose's brown eyes were.

La went home and shut the door of her room. She lay down on her belly on the floor, with a pen and a piece of paper. There was a creaking sound, and the closet door opened. Blue came out.

[95] "What are you doing?"

"I'm supposed to write about someone I love. I want to write about my mom, but I'm afraid." Blue began to whisper things in La's ear. She picked up her pen and wrote.

\* \* \*

La wrote how she had been named La for the musical sound and also for the city they lived in — not for the dry, flat, chain-linked-fenced, train-track-lined, used-car-lot-full valley where their house was, but for the city over the hill. La's mother — wearing a paisley dress, her long hair hanging to her waist

— took La to eat honey-colored cornbread at a restaurant with a mural of an Indian temple on the outdoor courtyard wall and soft candle cubes flickering like chants on every table. She took La to the museum where they saw jewelry in the shapes of fairies with stained-glass wings; to a temple in the hills full of gentle-faced Buddha statues and people planting trees, the air almost lavender with clouds of incense. They walked around the lake tucked into the Hollywood hills, feeling the cool, wet air on their cheeks, looking out at the expanse of water and the small, magical bridge lined with white globes; La imagined a princess receiving her guests there. They rode wooden horses on the carousel at the pier, feeling the smooth, wooden horse flanks, caressing the ridges of wooden roses on the saddles, watching the circle of lights that seemed to make the tinkling music. On dusty trails, they rode real horses, and La's mother pointed out the wildflowers peeking at them from behind the rocks. When they got home, they zigzagged handfuls of wildflower seeds into the earth — primrose, columbine, lupine, and cornflower. They painted wildflowers on the walls of La's room — "So you will always have them," her mother said.

La wrote about her mother coming into her room at night sometimes, to read La poetry by Emily and H.D. in the pinkish light, the words like her mother's perfume wafting around them. Sometimes, La's mother read her own poems. La felt the secret of sadness bonding them together then.

[100] "I will love you forever," La's mother had said. "No matter where I am on the planet, I am always loving you."

La wrote about all of that and about the perfume bottle shaped like a teardrop that had brought her mother back.

\* \* \*

"This is wonderful, La," Miss Rose said. "Would you like to read it to the class?" La shook her head, cringing, pressing her back against hard wood and metal. "I really think you should," said Miss Rose.

[105] Chelsea Fox said, "I'd love to hear your story." She said it so sweetly that for a moment La believed her. But then she saw Chelsea glance over at Amanda Warner, and a silent laugh swelled the air between them.

"Go ahead," Miss Rose said.

La couldn't breathe. She felt like throwing up.

But when she started to read, something happened.

She forgot about Chelsea Fox, Amanda Warner, and everyone else in the class. The words La and Blue had written cast their spell — even over La. She could smell the perfume and bittersweet wildflowers; she could hear Joni Mitchell's *For the Roses* playing softly.

[110] When La was finished, she looked up. Everyone was silent,

watching her. "That was beautiful," Miss Rose finally said.

The bell rang and everyone scattered. La went into the fluorescent-lit, brown and beige-pink hallway. Her heart was beating fast but in a different way this time. She felt as if she had physically touched everyone in the room, as if she had played her favorite song for Miss Rose and lifted an open, tear-shaped bottle of fragrance to Chelsea Fox's face.

"Your mom sounds like she was cool," Chelsea said, catching up with La. "My mom isn't like that. She doesn't spend time with me except to go shopping and stuff." La looked into Chelsea's blue eyes. The pupils were big and dark. There was no laughter in them now. La nodded.

Chelsea tossed her hair and ran to catch up with her friends.

[115] When La got home, she ran inside to tell Blue. Her father wasn't on the couch watching TV where La expected him. She heard his typewriter keys and peeked into his office. The windows were open and Vivaldi was playing; he had a cup of coffee at his fingertips.

"Daddy," La said.

When she handed him the story, his eyes changed. "It's about Mom," La said, but she knew he knew.

"I'm writing something about her too," he said. He held out his hand and she went to him. He sat up and kissed her forehead.

[120] "Thank you, honey." He looked as though he hadn't slept or eaten for days. But he took off his glasses then, and La saw two small images of herself swimming in the tears in his eyes.

La went to her room to tell Blue. In the closet, there were only clothes and shoes and shadows now.

*WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE, VOLUME 1. Text of "Blue" copyright (c) 1996 by Francesca Lia Block. Reproduced by permission of the publisher, Candlewick Press, Somerville, MA.*

Submit answers on Google Classroom:

- [Bronx Campus](#)
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## Text-Dependent Questions

**Directions:** For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which statement best expresses a theme of the short story?
  - A. Children often have unrealistic expectations about their parents and view them as perfect.
  - B. Sharing one's feelings through writing can help one overcome emotional stress and connect with others.
  - C. Young people sometimes reject their unique talents because they make them feel different.
  - D. During times of stress or sadness, people sometimes experience hallucinations and a break from reality.
2. PART B: Which detail from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
  - A. "The creature came into the light. It had thin, pale, slightly bluish skin. It blinked at La with blue eyes under glittery eyelashes." (Paragraph 19)
  - B. "'I do have one friend.' La had been wanting to talk about Blue so much. And now Chelsea Fox was asking!" (Paragraph 49)
  - C. "'I will love you forever,' La's mother had said. 'No matter where I am on the planet, I am always loving you.'" (Paragraph 100)
  - D. "She felt as if she had physically touched everyone in the room, as if she had played her favorite song for Miss Rose and lifted an open, tear-shaped bottle of fragrance to Chelsea Fox's face." (Paragraph 112)
3. PART A: How is La affected by her mother's leaving?
  - A. She questions her importance to other people.
  - B. She becomes distrustful of the people she counts on.
  - C. She struggles to process her mother's sudden abandonment.
  - D. She feels a greater sense of connection with her mother.
4. PART B: Which quote from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
  - A. "La took a step toward her father, but the look in his eyes made her back away into her bedroom and shut the door." (Paragraph 11)
  - B. "'Then why did she leave?' / Blue went and perched on the window sill. 'That I don't know.'" (Paragraphs 41-42)
  - C. "La wrote about all of that and about the perfume bottle shaped like a teardrop that had brought her mother back." (Paragraph 101)
  - D. "She could smell the perfume and bittersweet wildflowers; she could hear Joni Mitchell's 'For the Roses' playing softly." (Paragraph 109)



5. How does the resolution of the short story develop the theme? Cite evidence from the text in your response.

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