

Student Name: _____

**Incoming Seventh Grade
ELA Summer Learning Packet
Due when you return to school in
August**



Instructions:

1. Read the story below and take annotations in the margins, where you Ask questions, Respond to the text, or Track what is happening. *5 pts*
2. Answer the multiple choice quiz questions after you are finished reading *5 pts*
3. Complete the short answer questions *10 pts*

Questions or concerns? Email Mr. Hohl at ahohl4623@columbus.k12.oh.us

From *Woodsong*, by Gary Paulsen. Take notes in the margins

From Chapter One

I lived in innocence for a long time. I believed in the fairy-tale version of the forest until I was close to forty years old.

Gulled by Disney and others, I believed Bambi always got out of the fire. Nothing ever really got hurt. Though I hunted and killed it was always somehow clean and removed from reality. I killed yet thought that every story had a happy ending.

Until a December morning...

I was running a dog team around the side of a large lake, just starting out on my trapline. It was early winter and the ice on the lake wasn't thick enough to support the sled and team or I would have gone across the middle. There was a rough trail around the edge of the lake and I was running a fresh eight-dog team so the small loop, which added five or so miles, presented no great difficulty.

It was a grandly beautiful winter morning. The temperature was perhaps ten below, with a bright sun that shone through ice crystals in the air so that everything seemed to sparkle. The dogs were working evenly, the gangline up through the middle of them thrumming with the rhythm it has when they are working in perfect tandem. We skirted the lake, which lay below and to the right. To the left and rising higher were willows and brush, which made something like a wall next to the trail.

The dogs were still running at a lope, though we had come over seven miles, and I was full of them; my life was full of them. We were, as it happens sometimes, dancing with winter. I could not help smiling, just smiling idiotically at the grandness of it. Part of the chant of an ancient Navajo prayer rolled through my mind:

Beauty above me

Beauty below me

Beauty before me...

That is how I felt then and frequently still feel when I am running dogs. I was in and of beauty and at that precise moment a doe, a white-tailed deer, exploded out of some willows on the left side of the team, heading down the bank toward the lake.

The snow alongside the trail was about two feet deep and powdery and it followed her in a white shower that covered everything. She literally flew over the lead dog who was a big, white, wolfy-looking male named Dollar. He was so surprised that he dropped, ducked, for part of an instant, then rose—almost like a rock skipping on the trail—and continued running. We were moving so fast and the deer was moving so fast that within a second or two we were several yards past where it happened and yet everything seemed suspended in slow motion.

Above all, in the deer, was the stink of fear. Even in that split part of a second, it could be smelled. It could be seen. The doe's eyes were so wide they seemed to come out of her head. Her mouth was jacked open and her tongue hung out to the side. Her jaw and neck were covered with spit, and she stunk of fear.

Dogs smell fear at once but I have not always been able to, even when I was afraid. There is something coppery about it, a metallic smell mixed with the smell of urine and feces, when something, when somebody, is afraid. No, not just afraid but ripped with fear, and it was on the doe.

The smell excited the dogs and they began to run faster, although continuing down the trail; I turned to look back from the sled and saw why the doe was frightened.

Wolves.

They bounded over the trail after the doe even as I watched. These were not the large timber wolves but the smaller northern brush wolves, perhaps weighing forty or fifty pounds each, about as large as most of my team. I think they are called northern coyotes.

Except that they act as wolves. They pack and have pack social structures like timber wolves, and hunt in packs like timber wolves.

And they were hunting the doe.

There were seven of them and not one looked down the trail to see me as they jumped across the sled tracks after the deer. They were so intent on her, and the smell of her, that I might as well not have existed.

And they were gaining on her.

I stood on the brakes to stop the sled and set the snow-hook to hold the dogs and turned. The dogs immediately swung down off the trail toward the lake, trying to get at the wolves and deer. The snowhook came loose and we began to slide down the lake bank. I jerked the hook from the snow and hooked it on a small poplar that held us.

The doe, in horror now, and knowing what was coming, left the bank of the lake and bounded out onto the bad ice. Her tail was fully erect, a white flash as she tried to reach out and get speed, but the ice was too thin.

Too thin for all the weight of her on the small, pointed hooves and she went through and down in a huge spray of shattered ice and water.

She was up instantly, clambering and working to get back up on top of the ice next to the hole. Through sheer effort in her panic she made it.

But it slowed her too much.

In those few moments of going through the ice and getting out she lost her lead on the wolves and they were on her.

On her.

In all my time in the woods, in the wondrous dance of it, I have many times seen predators fail. As a matter of fact, they usually fail. I once saw a beaver come out of a hole on the ice near his lodge in the middle of winter and stand off four wolves. He sustained one small bite on his tail and inflicted terrible damage with his teeth on the wolves, killing one and wounding the other three. I have seen rabbits outwit foxes and watched red squirrels tease martens and get away with it, but this time it was not to be.

Excerpted from Woodsong by Gary Paulsen, published by Simon & Schuster.

Multiple Choice: Circle the best answer for each question.

1. Which of the following inferences **best** explains the author's feelings in the first two paragraphs of the excerpt?

I lived in innocence for a long time. I believed in the fairy-tale version of the forest until I was close to forty years old.

Gulled by Disney and others, I believed Bambi always got out of the fire. Nothing ever really got hurt. Though I hunted and killed it was always somehow clean and removed from reality. I killed yet thought that every story had a happy ending.

- A. The author prefers the Disney, fairy-tale ideal of the forest.
- B. The author's mother forced him to hunt.
- C. The author once believed in a version of the forest that was removed from reality.
- D. The author believes hunting is unjust.

2. What does the following passage **most likely** suggest about the author (paragraphs 13-15)?

Wolves.

They bounded over the trail after the doe even as I watched. These were not the large timber wolves but the smaller northern brush wolves, perhaps weighing forty or fifty pounds each, about as large as most of my team. I think they are called northern coyotes.

Except that they act as wolves. They pack and have pack social structures like timber wolves, and hunt in packs like timber wolves.

- A. That he is knowledgeable about the animals he's describing
- B. That he is afraid that the wolves will attack him and his dogs
- C. That he is relieved that these aren't large timber wolves
- D. That he is proud of his team of dogs

3. Which of the following inferences about the author is **best** supported by the following passage (paragraphs 17-20)?

There were seven of them and not one looked down the trail to see me as they jumped across the sled tracks after the deer. They were so intent on her, and the smell of her, that I might as well not have existed.

And they were gaining on her.

I stood on the brakes to stop the sled and set the snow-hook to hold the dogs and turned. The dogs immediately swung down off the trail toward the lake, trying to get at the wolves and deer. The snow-hook came loose and we began to slide down the lake bank. I jerked the hook from the snow and hooked it on a small poplar that held us.

- A. The author hopes the dogs can save the doe.
- B. The author is suddenly afraid for his sled and team.
- C. The author has fallen with his sled before.
- D. The author's dogs are starving.

4. Which passage from the text **best** supports the answer to Question 5?

- A. "The snow-hook came loose and we began to slide down the lake bank. I jerked the hook from the snow and hooked it on a small poplar that held us."
- B. "They were so intent on her, and the smell of her, that I might as well not have existed."
- C. "I stood on the brakes to stop the sled and set the snow-hook to hold the dogs and turned."
- D. "And they were gaining on her."

5. Which meaning of lodge **most closely** matches its meaning in the following excerpt?

In all my time in the woods, in the wondrous dance of it, I have many times seen predators fail. As a matter of fact, they usually fail. I once saw a beaver come out of a hole on the ice near his lodge in the middle of winter and stand off four wolves. He sustained one small bite on his tail and inflicted terrible damage with his teeth on the wolves, killing one and wounding the other three. I have seen rabbits outwit foxes and watched red squirrels tease martens and get away with it, but this time it was not to be.

- A. noun | a branch or meeting place of an organization
- B. noun | a small house typically at the gates of a park or in the yard of an estate
- C. verb | to present a formal complaint or appeal to authorities
- D. verb | to make or become firmly fixed or embedded in a location

Short answer: Make sure to answer both short answer questions thoroughly using complete sentences.

Short answer question #1: What does the reader learn about the ice in paragraph 4? How does this information prepare the reader for what happens later in the story? Cite textual evidence in your response.

Short answer question #2: Use context clues to determine the meaning of **inflicted** as it is used in last paragraph of *Woodsong*. Write your definition here and identify clues that helped you figure out the meaning. Then check the meaning in a dictionary.

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and extend across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.