

Gloucester Township Public Schools
Charles W. Lewis Middle School Summer Reading 2023

6th Grade: Fiction and Nonfiction

Hello and Happy Reading! This year, incoming 6th, 7th, and 8th grade students attending Charles W. Lewis Middle School will be required to participate in our summer reading program.

Our summer program is designed to create a shared reading experience across our school community. For this summer's reading, we have chosen two texts, one fiction "Sometimes a Dream Needs a Push", and one nonfiction "Soccer Speaks Many Languages". Each incoming 6th grade CWL student will be given their own copy of the texts and questions. Please bring your packets every day to your ELA class starting on the first day of school.

Our program aims to promote literacy, build comprehension skills, develop and expand critical thinking, encourage a love for reading, and create a sense of community among our students. We believe that having students read these texts over the summer will allow teachers to "jump right into" the curriculum come September.

The Summer Reading Program is designed to help students understand the following:

- ❖ *Reading is an important skill that must be practiced regularly.*
- ❖ *Reading is something that people do for pleasure.*
- ❖ *Students with a solid foundation of reading skills are better equipped to reach high levels of academic success.*

Attached are the materials needed to complete the assignment which accompanies the fiction article reading:

1. Text-Dependent questions for "Soccer Speaks Many Languages" which are to be answered in the packet
2. A One-Pager template. A One-Pager is a visually attractive representation of the critical thinking involved in reading, as well as a display of each student's originality and perspective.
3. Step-by-step instructions that explain how to thoroughly complete the attached One-Pager.
4. A rubric that explains the grading criteria for the One-Pager assignment.
5. The One-Pager is to be completed for "Sometimes A Dream Needs a Push".

* Please note-This assignment will count as a test towards your first MP ELA grade. The One-Pager is to be turned in to your ELA teacher by Monday, September 18, 2023.

Gloucester Township Public Schools 2023

Middle School Summer Open Library

*Attention incoming 6th, 7th, and 8th grade GTPS students!!!



- ❖ Renew your library book.
- ❖ Check out another good read.
- ❖ Work on your "You Choose!" summer reading assignments.

*Stop by any middle school library during open library hours!

Each middle school library will have 2 open library dates during the summer break.

Mark your calendars!

Summer 2023 Open Library Schedule

Hours: 12:00 pm-3:00 pm

A.A Mullen	Charles W. Lewis	Glen Landing
July 12th	July 19th	July 26th
August 2nd	August 9th	August 16th

Name: _____

Class: _____

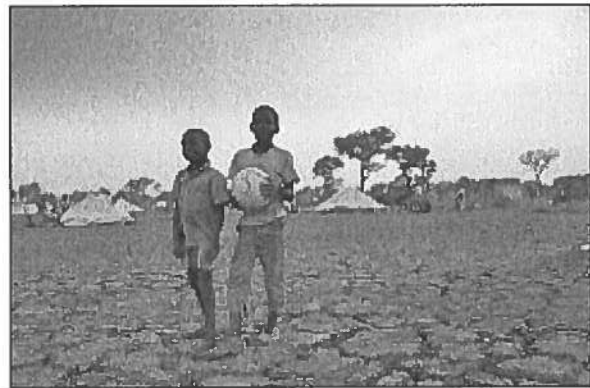
Soccer Speaks Many Languages

By Dianna Geers

2008

Innocent Ndayizeye is a refugee, meaning that he was forced to leave his home country because it was no longer safe to live there. In this informational text, Dianna Geers discusses Innocent's love for playing soccer while living in a refugee camp and after he relocates to America. As you read, take notes on how soccer helped Innocent make friends, no matter where he was.

- [1] Innocent Ndayizeye scrunched an old plastic bag into a tiny clump, tied it with string, and stuffed it into another plastic bag. He continued doing this until the crumpled bags became large enough to be the ball for a football¹ game with his friends. For goalposts, the boys took off their shirts and laid them on the parched land.



"Playing football" by Oxfam East Africa is licensed under CC BY-NC 2.0.

A Sport for Everyone

Innocent and his friends lived in the Mkugwa refugee camp in Tanzania.² The children formed football teams, had competitions, and played at every chance.

The refugee families in the camp were separated based on ethnicity³ — the Tutsis in one section, the Hutus in another, and the families with both Tutsis and Hutus in their own section. This was because the Tutsis and Hutus were fighting each other in a civil war. Despite this, all of the children played together.

"We didn't worry if the other kids were Tutsis or Hutus," recalls Innocent. "We just thought of them as our friends." Playing football gave all the children a common bond.

Life in a Refugee Camp

- [5] Refugee camps such as Mkugwa exist around the world. They are places where groups of people live when their homeland is unsafe because of natural disaster, famine,⁴ or war. When people flee their country to escape persecution⁵ or violence, they are called refugees. International laws protect them.

1. The author is referring to soccer, as soccer is called football in many other parts of the world.
2. an East African country
3. **Ethnicity** (*noun*) a state of belonging to a group that has a common national or cultural tradition
4. **Famine** (*noun*) extreme shortage of food

When Innocent was four years old, he and his family left their home country of Burundi.⁶ The civil war had made it too dangerous to stay there. They walked until they reached the Mkugwa refugee camp. Innocent's dad built a two-room house for his family out of mud and sticks that they gathered.

Since Innocent's family had left many of their belongings behind, they needed food and clothing. People from around the world donated these items to the refugee camp. If it weren't for such help from others, "I would probably not be alive today," Innocent says.

Innocent's parents lined up once a month to receive food and clothing for the family. They cooked their food on a wood fire outside of their house. Most of the time, all they had was rice.

While living in the camp, Innocent's dad fixed radios and helped build mud homes for other refugees. Innocent's mother worked as a nurse, helping to care for the sick. Innocent went to school in the camp. His favorite part was recess, when he would play football.

Moving to America

- [10] After five years of living in the refugee camp, Innocent's family moved to the United States with the help of a charitable organization. When they reached the United States, Innocent's family went first to Kentucky and then to Iowa.

Everyone in Innocent's family spoke Kirundi and French, but not English. A church group was helping them, and a few of its members began to teach them English. They also helped Innocent's family set up an apartment, buy groceries, and enroll the children in school.

Friendship Through Soccer

Innocent was nine when he began school in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. He knew none of the other kids, and he didn't speak the language of his classmates very well. At recess, though, there was something he understood. Kids played his favorite game, but in the United States they called it soccer instead of football. Through soccer, Innocent made friends. They helped him learn English words and American games. Innocent found that people everywhere can be friendly and helpful. It didn't matter if they spoke a different language or were from a different place.

A Bright Future

Over the years, Innocent's family has adjusted to life in America. Now an American citizen and a freshman at Iowa State University, Innocent gets good grades and speaks English fluently.⁷ He earned a scholarship,⁸ and he

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5. **Persecution** (*noun*) cruel or unfair treatment, especially because of race or political or religious beliefs
 6. a country in East Africa that suffered a civil war from 1993 to 2006
 7. able to speak or write easily
 8. a payment made to support a student's education

is majoring in construction engineering so that he can learn to build houses, as his father did. He plays American football, basketball, and — you guessed it — soccer.

Innocent has played soccer for as long as he can remember, and it has helped him in many ways. The game brought him together with children from different backgrounds while he lived in a refugee camp. It helped him feel at home when he was a new arrival in America. And through the opportunities it has created for him, it is helping him to fulfill his dreams.

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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 identifies the central idea of the text?
 - A. Playing sports can help people develop necessary life skills.
 - B. No matter where you go in the world, all sports are the same.
 - C. Sports can bring people together, despite all of their differences.
 - D. Remaining physically active is important to being happy and healthy.

2. PART B: Which detail from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
 - A. "Innocent Ndayizeye scrunched an old plastic bag into a tiny clump, tied it with string, and stuffed it into another plastic bag." (Paragraph 1)
 - B. "Innocent went to school in the camp. His favorite part was recess, when he would play football." (Paragraph 9)
 - C. "Through soccer, Innocent made friends. They helped him learn English words and American games. Innocent found that people everywhere can be friendly and helpful." (Paragraph 12)
 - D. "And through the opportunities it has created for him, it is helping him to fulfill his dreams." (Paragraph 14)

3. PART A: Which of the following describes the kids at the Mkugwa refugee camp?
 - A. They are accepting and supportive of one another.
 - B. They are discouraged from their experiences as refugees.
 - C. They are cold and exclusive towards one another.
 - D. They are unable to relax and have fun like other kids.

4. PART B: Which quote from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
 - A. "He continued doing this until the crumpled bags became large enough to be the ball for a football game with his friends." (Paragraph 1)
 - B. "The children formed football teams, had competitions, and played at every chance." (Paragraph 2)
 - C. "The refugee families in the camp were separated based on ethnicity — the Tutsis in one section, the Hutus in another" (Paragraph 3)
 - D. "'We didn't worry if the other kids were Tutsis or Hutus,' recalls Innocent. 'We just thought of them as our friends.'" (Paragraph 4)

5. What is the relationship between Innocent's love for soccer and his later success in America?

Name: _____

Class: _____

Sometimes a Dream Needs a Push

By Walter Dean Myers

2007

Walter Dean Myers (1937-2014) was an American writer of children's books and young adult literature. Myers wrote over one hundred books and received many awards, including five Coretta Scott King Awards. In this short story, a boy must find a new way to accomplish his dreams after his life changes. As you read, take notes on Chris' dad's attitude throughout the text.

- [1] You might have heard of my dad, Jim Blair. He's 6'5" and played a year of good basketball in the pros before tearing his knee up in his second year. The knee took forever to heal and was never quite the same again. Still, he played pro ball in Europe for five years before giving it up and becoming an executive with a high-tech company.



"Basketball" by Chilli Head is licensed under CC BY 2.0.

Dad loved basketball and hoped that one day I would play the game. He taught me a lot, and I was pretty good until the accident. It was raining and we were on the highway, approaching the turnoff toward our house in Hartsdale, when a truck skidded across the road and hit our rear bumper. Our little car spun off the road, squealing as Dad tried to bring it under control. But he couldn't avoid the light pole. I remember seeing the broken windows, hearing Mom yelling, amazingly bright lights flashing crazily in front of me. Then everything was suddenly dark. The next thing I remember is waking up in the hospital. There were surgeries and weeks in the hospital, but the important thing was that I wasn't going to be walking again.

I didn't like the idea, but Mom and I learned to live with it. Dad took it hard, real hard. He was never much of a talker, Mom said, but he talked even less since I was hurt.

"Sometimes I think he blames himself," Mom said. "Whenever he sees you in the wheelchair he wants to put it out of his mind."

- [5] I hadn't thought about that when Mr. Evans, an elder in our church, asked me if I wanted to join a wheelchair basketball team he was starting.

"We won't have the experience of the other teams in the league," he said. "But it'll be fun."

When I told Mom, she was all for it, but Dad just looked at me and mumbled something under his breath. He does that sometimes. Mom said that he's chewing up his words to see how they taste before he lets them out.

Our van is equipped with safety harnesses for my chair, and we used it on the drive to see a game between Madison and Rosedale. It was awesome to see guys my age zipping around in their chairs playing ball. I liked the chairs, too. They were specially built with rear stabilizing wheels and side wheels that slanted in. Very cool. I

couldn't wait to start practicing. At the game, Mom sat next to me, but Dad went and sat next to the concession stand. I saw him reading a newspaper and only looking up at the game once in a while.

"Jim, have you actually seen wheelchair games before?" Mom asked on the way home.

- [10] Dad made a little motion with his head and said something that sounded like "Grumpa-grumpa" and then mentioned that he had to get up early in the morning. Mom looked at me, and her mouth tightened just a little.

That was okay with me because I didn't want him to talk about the game if he didn't like it. After washing and getting into my pj's I wheeled into my room, transferred to the bed, and tried to make sense of the day. I didn't know what to make of Dad's reaction, but I knew I wanted to play.

The next day at school, tall Sarah told me there was a message for me on the bulletin board. Sarah is cool but the nosiest person in school.

"What did it say?" I asked.

"How would I know?" she answered. "I don't read people's messages."

- [15] "Probably nothing important," I said, spinning my chair to head down the hall.

"Just something about you guys going to play Madison in a practice game and they haven't lost all season," Sarah said. "From Nicky G."

"Oh."

The school has a special bus for wheelchairs and the driver always takes the long way to my house, which is a little irritating when you've got a ton of homework that needs to get done, and I had a ton and a half. When I got home, Mom had the entire living room filled with purple lace and flower things she was putting together for a wedding and was lettering nameplates for them. I threw her a quick "Hey" and headed for my room.

"Chris, your coach called," Mom said.

- [20] "Mr. Evans?"

"Yes, he said your father had left a message for him," Mom answered. She had a big piece of the purple stuff around her neck as she leaned against the doorjamb. "Anything up?"

"I don't know," I said with a shrug. My heart sank. I went into my room and started on my homework, trying not to think of why Dad would call Mr. Evans.

With all the wedding stuff in the living room and Mom looking so busy, I was hoping that we'd have pizza again. No such luck. Somewhere in the afternoon she had found time to bake a chicken. Dad didn't get home until nearly 7:30, so we ate late.

While we ate Mom was talking about how some woman was trying to convince all her bridesmaids to put a pink streak in their hair for her wedding. She asked us what we thought of that. Dad grunted under his breath and went back to his chicken. He didn't see the face that Mom made at him.

[25] “By the way” — Mom gave me a quick look — “Mr. Evans called. He said he had missed your call earlier.”

“I spoke to him late this afternoon,” Dad said.

“Are the computers down at school?” Mom asked.

“No, I was just telling him that I didn’t think that the Madison team was all that good,” Dad said. “I heard the kids saying they were great. They’re okay, but they’re not great. I’m going to talk to him again at practice tomorrow.”

“Oh,” Mom said. I could see the surprise in her face and felt it in my stomach.

[30] The next day zoomed by. It was like the bells to change classes were ringing every two minutes. I hadn’t told any of the kids about my father coming to practice. I wasn’t even sure he was going to show up. He had made promises before and then gotten called away to work. This time he had said he was coming to practice, which was at 2:30, in the middle of his day.

He was there. He sat in the stands and watched us go through our drills and a minigame. I was so nervous, I couldn’t do anything right. I couldn’t catch the ball at all, and the one shot I took was an air ball from just behind the foul line. We finished our regular practice, and Mr. Evans motioned for my father to come down to the court.

“Your dad’s a giant!” Kwame whispered as Dad came onto the court.

“That’s how big Chris is going to be,” Nicky G said.

I couldn’t imagine ever being as tall as my father.

[35] “I was watching the teams play the other day.” Dad had both hands jammed into his pockets. “And I saw that neither of them were running baseline¹ plays and almost all the shots were aimed for the rims. Shots off the backboards are going to go in a lot more than rim shots if you’re shooting from the floor.”

Dad picked up a basketball and threw it casually against the backboard. It rolled around the rim and fell through. He did it again. And again. He didn’t miss once.

“I happen to know that you played pro ball,” Mr. Evans said, “and you’re good. But I think shooting from a wheelchair is a bit harder.”

“You have another chair?” Dad asked.

Mr. Evans pointed to his regular chair sitting by the watercooler. Dad took four long steps over to it, sat down, and wheeled himself back onto the floor. He put his hands up and looked at me. I realized I was holding a ball and tossed it to him. He tried to turn his chair back toward the basket, and it spun all the way around. For a moment he looked absolutely lost, as if he didn’t know what had happened to him. He seemed a little

1. the line marking each end of the court

embarrassed as he glanced toward me.

[40] "That happens sometimes," I said. "No problem."

He nodded, exhaled slowly, then turned and shot a long, lazy arc that hit the backboard and fell through.

"The backboard takes the energy out of the ball," he said. "So if it does hit the rim, it won't be so quick to bounce off. Madison made about 20 percent of its shots the other day. That doesn't win basketball games, no matter how good they look making them."

There are six baskets in our gym, and we spread out and practiced shooting against the backboards. At first I wasn't good at it. I was hitting the underside of the rim.

"That's because you're still thinking about the rim," Dad said when he came over to me. "Start thinking about a spot on the backboard. When you find your spot, really own it, you'll be knocking down your shots on a regular basis."

[45] Nicky G got it first, and then Kwame, and then Bobby. I was too nervous to even hit the backboard half the time, but Dad didn't get mad or anything. He didn't even mumble. He just said it would come to me after a while.

Baseline plays were even harder. Dad wanted us to get guys wheeling for position under and slightly behind the basket.

"There are four feet of space behind the backboard," Dad said. "If you can use those four feet, you have an advantage."

We tried wheeling plays along the baseline but just kept getting in each other's way.

"That's the point," Dad said. "When you learn to move without running into each other you're going to have a big advantage over a team that's trying to keep up with you."

[50] Okay, so most of the guys are pretty good wheeling their chairs up and down the court. But our baseline plays looked more like a collision derby.² Dad shook his head and Mr. Evans laughed.

We practiced all week. Dad came again and said we were improving.

"I thought you were terrible at first," he said, smiling. I didn't believe he actually smiled. "Now you're just pretty bad. But I think you can play with that Madison team."

Madison had agreed to come to our school to play, and when they arrived they were wearing jackets with their school colors and CLIPPERS across the back.

We started the game and Madison got the tip-off.³ The guy I was holding blocked me off so their guard, once he

2. a competition in which cars are driven into each other until only one is left running

got past Nicky G, had a clear path to the basket. The first score against us came with only 10 seconds off the clock.

- [55] I looked up in the stands to see where Mom was. I found her and saw Dad sitting next to her. I waved and she waved back, and Dad just sat there with his arms folded.

Madison stopped us cold on the next play, and when Bobby and Lou bumped their chairs at the top of the key, there was a man open. A quick pass inside and Madison was up by four.

We settled down a little, but nothing worked that well. We made a lot of wild passes for turnovers,⁴ and once, when I was actually leading a fast break, I got called for traveling⁵ when the ball got ahead of me, and I touched the wheels twice before dribbling. The guys from Madison were having a good time, and we were feeling miserable. At halftime, we rolled into the locker room feeling dejected.⁶ When Dad showed up, I felt bad. He was used to winning, not losing.

"Our kids looked a little overmatched in the first half," Mr. Evans said.

"I think they played okay," Dad said. "just a little nervous. But look at the score. It's 22 to 14. With all their shooting, Madison is just eight points ahead. We can catch up."

- [60] I looked at Dad to see if he was kidding. He wasn't. He wasn't kidding, and he had said "we." I liked that.

We came out in the second half all fired up. We ran a few plays along the baseline, but it still seemed more like bumper cars than basketball with all the congestion. Madison took 23 shots in the second half and made eight of them plus three foul shots for a total score of 41 points. We took 17 shots and made 11 of them, all layups⁷ off the backboard, and two foul shots for a total of 38 points. We had lost the game, but everyone felt great about how we had played. We lined up our chairs, gave Madison high fives before they left, and waited until we got to the locker room to give ourselves high fives.

Afterward, the team voted, and the Hartsdale Posse all agreed that we wanted to play in the league. Dad had shown us that we could play, and even though we had lost we knew we would be ready for the next season.

Dad only comes to practice once in a while, but he comes to the games when they're on the weekend. At practice he shows us fundamentals,⁸ stuff like how to line your wrist up for a shot, and how the ball should touch your hand when you're ready to shoot. That made me feel good even if he would never talk about the games when he wasn't in the gym. I didn't want to push it too much because I liked him coming to practice. I didn't want to push him, but Mom didn't mind at all.

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3. a jump ball in basketball, between one player from each side, that's used to begin the game with the official tossing the ball in the air
 4. when a player loses the ball to the other team
 5. to go too far with the ball without dribbling it
 6. **Dejected** (*adjective*) sad and depressed
 7. a one-handed shot made from near the basket
 8. a basic principle that serves as the groundwork of a system

"Jim, if you were in a wheelchair," she asked, "do you think you could play as well as Chris?"

- [65] Dad was on his laptop and looked over the screen at Mom, then looked over at me. Then he looked back down at the screen and grumbled something. I figured he was saying that there was no way he could play as well as me in a chair, but I didn't ask him to repeat it.

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This activity is for "Sometimes a Dream Needs a Push"

6th Grade One-Pager Directions:

A one-pager is a way to visually share key ideas and information about what you have read. When you create a one-pager, you are using both visual symbols and important words to clearly and concisely share the most important literary elements from the novel.

Below are directions that tell you what information to put into each numbered section of your one-pager. You can also use the link below as a guide to add color and creativity to your one-pager. Use the *Wonder* example to help as well.

- 1. Write the title of the novel in a creative way!
- 2. Write a sentence about the theme of this novel AND a sentence about how this theme relates to the world around you.
- 3. Write the main conflict of the novel and how the characters resolve it.
- 4. Write two pieces of figurative language from this novel. Then explain what those two pieces of text mean.
- 5. Pick three characters from this novel and write a sentence to describe each one of them. Be sure to use an adjective in each sentence.
- 6. Write about a cause and effect situation in the novel.
- 7. Pick a quote or piece of text from the novel and tell why it's important.

Have fun and be creative! You can see examples of great one-pagers at:
<https://nowsparkcreativity.com/2018/03/one-pagers-roundup-examples>

One-Pager Rubric

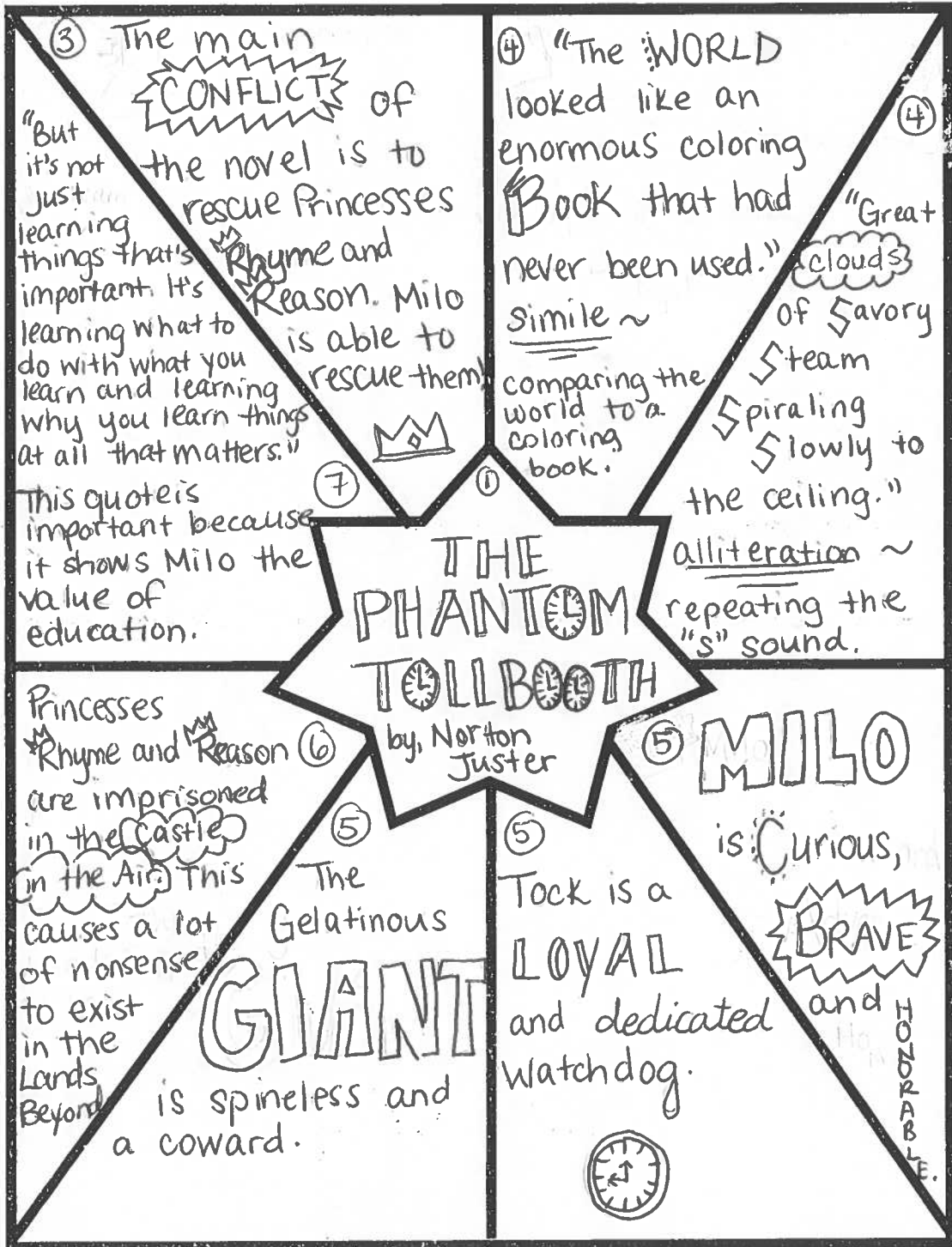
	D Level	C Level	B Level	A Level
Textual Analysis	Not clear whether the maker of this one-pager read the text.	Shows some understanding of the text, though several points seem confused.	Shows a relatively strong understanding of the text.	Shows a deep understanding of the text.
Required Elements	Very few of the required elements are present.	Several key elements are missing. The one-pager is somewhat scattered.	Almost every required element is on the one-pager.	Every required element is included. Additional elements may also have been added.
Thoroughness	This one-pager barely shows an understanding of the text. Very little detail or depth.	There is not much depth or detail present in the various sections.	While this one-pager is fairly thorough, some sections gloss the surface.	This piece is amazing in its attention to detail.

Example One-Pager

② The theme of *The Phantom Tollbooth*

Useful or interesting at the time, it will help later in life.

is that learning is not boring. We are always learning



something, and even if it does not seem

