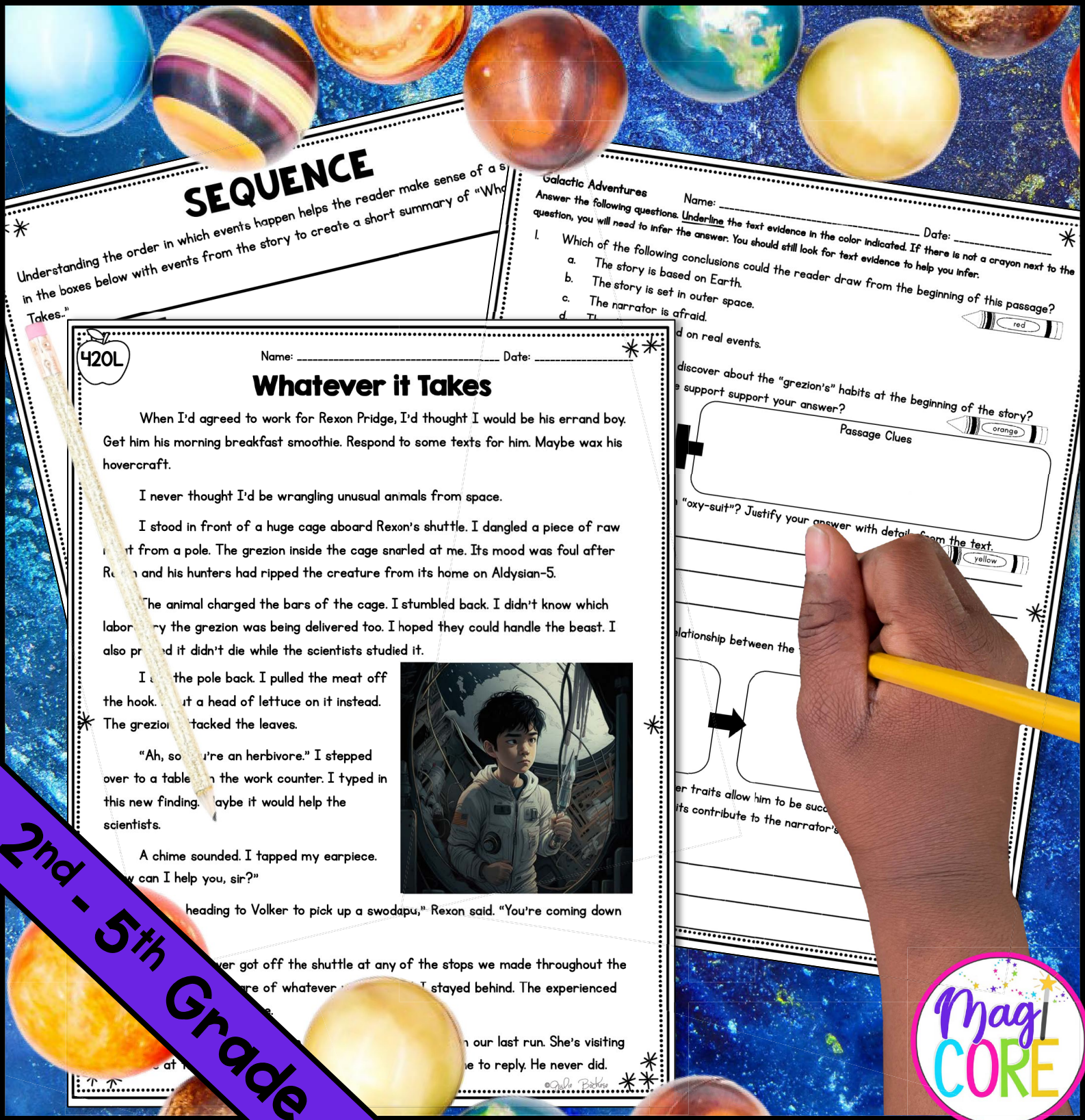
GALACTIC ADVENTURES

Differentiated Passages

LEXILE

RELUCTANT READERS



GALACTIC ADVENTURES PASSAGES

2nd- 5th grade

Table of Contents

*This product includes 10 differentiated leveled passages in the 2nd-3rd and 4th-5th Grade Text Complexity Bands (the range for 2nd-3rd is 420-820 and 4th-5th grade is 740-1010). Each passage is available on three levels and comes with general comprehension questions, a skill-based activity, and a reading response activity.

This product line, Reluctant Readers, is designed to foster an interest in reading, even your most resistant readers. With interest based topics, these passages can help build excitement and investment around reading.

1. Whatever It Takes (420L, 780L, 920L)
2. Fried Chicken with Aliens (460L, 770L, 970L)
3. Another Day in the Space Mines (430L, 800L, 1010L)
4. Off Course (450L, 810L, 970L)
5. My Life on Mars (480L, 770L, 920L)
6. The Great Alien Road Trip (430L, 730L, 940L)
7. The Wall: An Alien Fairytale (450L, 760L, 930L)
8. First Mission (480L, 770L, 930L)
9. A Venture Vacation (460L, 750L, 980L)
10. The Go-Rocket Space Race (520L, 760L, 920L)

ABOUT LEXILE LEVELS

MagiCore is a certified Lexile® Partner. These texts are officially measured and approved by Lexile and MetaMetrics® to ensure appropriate rigor and differentiation for students.

The Lexile Framework® for Reading measures are scientific, quantitative text levels. When the Lexile of a text is measured, specific, measurable attributes of the text are considered, including, but not limited to, word frequency, sentence length, and text cohesion. These are difficult attributes for humans to evaluate, so a computer measures them.

Common Core State Standards uses Lexile level bands as one measure of text complexity. Text complexity ranges ensure students are college and career ready by the end of 12th grade. Lexile measures help educators scaffold and differentiate instruction as well as monitor reading growth.

Grade Band	Lexile® Bands Aligned to Common Core Expectations
K-1	N/A
2-3	420L-820L
4-5	740L-1010L
6-8	925L-1185L

Keep in mind when using any leveled text that many students will need scaffolding and support to reach text at the high end of their grade band. According to Appendix A of the Common Core Standards, "It is important to recognize that scaffolding often is entirely appropriate. The expectation that scaffolding will occur with particularly challenging texts is built into the Standards' grade-by-grade text complexity expectations, for example. The general movement, however, should be toward decreasing scaffolding and increasing independence both within and across the text complexity bands defined in the Standards."

430L

Name: _____ Date: _____

Another Day in the Space Mines

I hit pause on the historical fiction book I was listening to. It was hard to believe children my age used to sit behind desks all day. An adult taught them things. Schools aren't needed now. Artificial intelligence is available to everyone instead. You just type in your question on any smart device. The internet bots then give you all the information you need. That's how you learn.

The internet bots couldn't mine other planets for resources, though. That was what I did with my time. I joined a team a few years ago. We'd been to many galaxies. We'd searched for new fuels. Earth's were nearly gone.

I boarded the carrier ship with my teammates. We joked around with each other on the trip to some E-Class galaxy. The area was thought to have tons of lominite. This new mineral had been discovered by an astronaut. It had been tested by scientists. It showed signs of being a clean energy. The leaders of Earth countries wanted more of the mineral. It was our mission to get it.

"Did you get to the part where they eat pizza? It happens in the cafeteria." Joel pointed to the earbud stuck in my right ear. He'd been the one to recommend the historical fiction book to me.



"Yeah. Pizza sounds yummy." I rubbed my stomach. I regretted that I hadn't eaten breakfast.

"Too bad we can't grow tomatoes on Earth anymore," Joel said. "I'd try making pizza if we could."

"I'd try eating it." I elbowed Joel. "It's got to be better than the protein bars and nutrient drinks we have now."

"We should be mining for food," Joel said, "not minerals."

©Julie Bochorse

I didn't disagree. All our food tasted like nothing. To hear the characters in the book describe pizza and ice cream and tacos made my mouth water. It must have been amazing to have all those choices. I wasn't sure what *flavor* was. I wanted to try it all, though.

"Okay, listen up, team. We've got another day in the space mines," our leader, Malcolm, said. "We need to be focused today on the drilling. Our employers want tons of lominite on Earth by tonight."

We all grunted at his orders. The carrier landed. We divided into teams of four. We grabbed the equipment we needed. We headed to the surface.



Joel and I buddied up with Trent and Letisha as usual. We had everything set up in no time. We'd done this very thing hundreds of times. I tapped the control panel on the drill. It roared to life. It busted into the rocky surface. The first pieces of lominite broke free. Letisha and I climbed down into the hole. We tossed the pieces up to Joel and Trent. They boxed them for carrying.

I bent to pick up the next piece. The loose soil at my feet shifted. I slipped. I put my hand down to help myself back up. My teammates' voices filled my helmet. They asked if I was all right.

"I'm–"

Something wrapped around my wrist, my ankle, and my waist. It pulled me down into the rubble. Orange tentacles had a tight grip on me.

"We woke something up down there!" Joel yelled into my helmet mic.

I heard him contact Malcolm. He asked for help. More tentacles shot through the hole we'd made. The tentacles holding me stretched from the ground. They lifted me up in the air. A beast rose up from the rocks. It had more tentacles than I could count. It looked like an octopus. I'd only seen a picture of an octopus. Most of Earth's marine animals were extinct now. That was due to too much plastic in the oceans.

©Julie Rowan-Zoch

This thing was much bigger than an octopus. More of the team got captured. Drilling equipment was crushed in its tentacles.

"Head for the carrier!" Malcom's voice blared in my ear. The rapid pulse of the carrier's laser cannons sounded.

One of the tentacles holding me was sliced through. The beast let out a shriek. The other tentacles holding me loosened up a bit. That allowed me to kick out with my foot. I connected with the beast. The main part of its body lunged at me.

Another laser cannon beam cut into the monster. I was dropped to the ground. I had a moment where the wind had gotten knocked out of me. I recovered and ran for the carrier. Its thrusters fired up. It hovered above the ground. A few of us were still trying to make our way to the spacecraft.

"You're not leaving without me!" I jumped up to grab onto one of the carrier's landing legs. I climbed up the steel structure. I pounded a fist on the side airlock door.

A tentacle circled my ankle again. The airlock opened. Joel reached out a hand to pull me up by the back of my suit. We both spilled onto the floor of the airlock chamber. Letisha slammed a fist on the door's control panel. It closed. The tentacle was cut. It twitched on the floor beside us.

Trent took out his taser. He shocked the limb. It didn't move anymore.

All four of us rested on the floor. We breathed heavily. I didn't know what that was we disturbed, but it could keep its lominite.

"Change of plans," Malcom's voice said through our mics. "We're returning to Earth. Everyone's getting a few days off. We'll regroup next week. Our employers will have a chance to study this incident."

Escaping death from an angry space creature sounded like more than an *incident* to me. What did I know?

I took a seat next to Joel. I turned my book back on. Those characters sure had it easy. They got to sit behind desks all day and eat pizza.

©Julie Rowan

800L

Name: _____ Date: _____

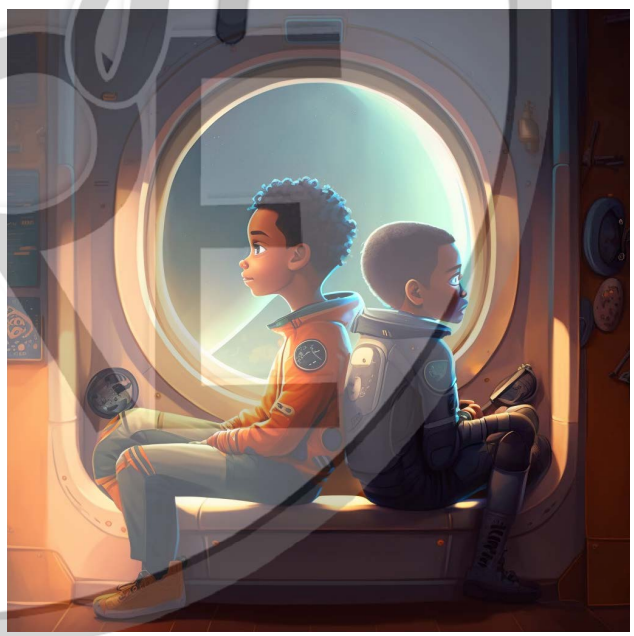
Another Day in the Space Mines

I hit pause on the historical fiction book I was listening to. I found it hard to believe children my age used to sit behind desks all day while an adult taught them things. Once artificial intelligence became available to everyone, schools weren't needed anymore. Now if you want to learn something, you just type in your question on any smart device. The internet bots then give you all the information you need.

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"If you made pizza, I'd try eating it." I elbowed Joel. "It's got to be better than the protein bars and nutrient drinks we have now."

"We should be mining for food," Joel said, "not minerals."

I didn't disagree. The main reason I hadn't eaten breakfast was all our food tasted like nothing. To hear the characters in the book describe pizza and ice cream and tacos made my mouth water. It must have been amazing to have all those choices. I wasn't sure what *flavor* was, but I wanted to try it all.

©Julie Bochose

"Okay, listen up, team. We've got another day in the space mines," our leader, Malcolm, said. "We need to be focused today on the drilling. Our employers want a large haul of lominite heading back to Earth by tonight."

We all grunted at his orders. When the carrier landed, we divided ourselves into teams of four. We grabbed the equipment we needed and headed to the surface.



Joel and I buddied up with Trent and Letisha as usual. We had everything set up in no time because we'd done this very thing hundreds of times. I tapped the control panel on the drill, and it roared to life. It busted into the rocky surface beneath our boots. When the first pieces of lominite broke free, Letisha and I climbed down into the hole. We tossed them up to Joel and Trent who boxed them for carrying.

I bent to pick up the next piece, but the loose soil at my feet shifted suddenly and I slipped. I put my hand down to help myself back up while my teammates' voices fill my helmet, asking if I was all right.

"I'm–"

Something wrapped around my wrist, my ankle, and my waist. It pulled me down into the rubble from our drilling. Thick, orange tentacles had a tight grip on me.

"We woke something up down there!" Joel hollered into my helmet mic.

I heard him contact Malcolm to ask for help, but more tentacles shot through the hole we'd made. The tentacles holding me stretched from the ground. They lifted me up in the air as a beast rose up from the rocks. It had more tentacles than I could count and looked like an octopus. I'd only seen a picture of an octopus because most of Earth's marine animals were extinct now. That was due to too much plastic in the oceans.

This thing that had a hold of me now, though, was much bigger than an octopus. As more of it rose from the ground, more of the team got captured. Drilling equipment was crushed in its tentacles.

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©Julie Rodgers

One of the tentacles holding me was sliced clean through, and the beast let out an ear-piercing shriek. The other tentacles holding me loosened up a bit. That allowed me to kick out with my foot and connect with the beast. The main part of its body lunged at me, and I'd be seeing its crazed red eyes and the rows of shark-like teeth in my nightmares.

Another laser cannon beam cut into the monster, and I was dropped to the ground. I had a moment where the wind had gotten knocked out of me. I recovered and ran for the carrier. Its thrusters fired up and it hovered above the ground as a few of us were still trying to make our way to the spacecraft.

"You're not leaving without me!" I jumped up to grab onto one of the carrier's landing legs. I climbed up the steel structure and pounded a fist on the side airlock door.

A tentacle circled my ankle again, but the airlock opened, and Joel reached out a hand to pull me up by the back of my suit. We both spilled onto the floor of the airlock chamber. Letisha slammed a fist on the door's control panel. It closed, cutting the tentacle and leaving it twitching on the floor beside us.

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©Julie Rowan

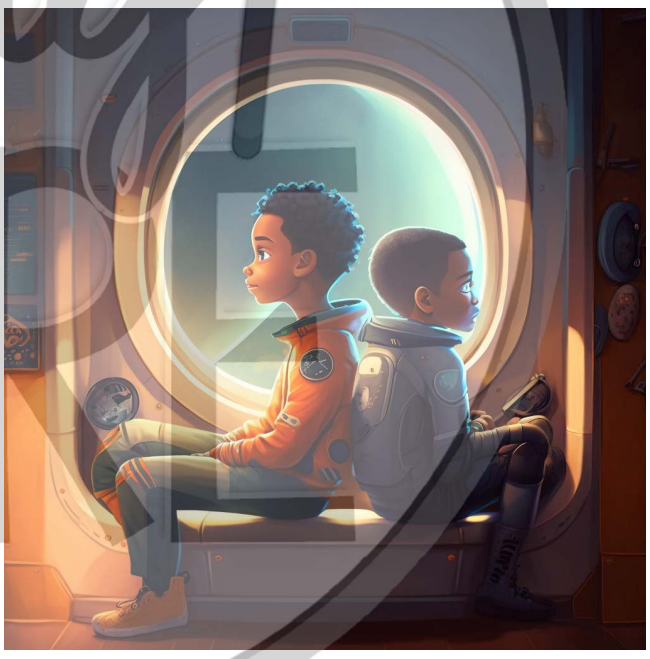
Name: _____ Date: _____

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"Yeah. Pizza sounds delicious." I rubbed my stomach, regretting that I hadn't eaten breakfast this morning.

"Too bad we can't grow tomatoes on Earth anymore," Joel said. "If we could, I'd try making pizza."

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©Julie Bochorse

"Okay, listen up, team. We've got another day in the space mines," our leader, Malcolm, said. "We need to be aggressive today on the drilling. Our employers want a sizable haul of lominite heading back to Earth by tonight."

We all grunted our understanding of his orders, and when the carrier landed, we divided ourselves into teams of four, grabbed the equipment we needed, and headed to the surface to drill.



Joel and I buddied up with Trent and Letisha as usual, and we had everything set up in no time because we'd done this very thing hundreds of times by now. I tapped the control panel on the drill, and it roared to life, immediately busting into the rocky surface beneath our boots. When the first pieces of lominite broke free, Letisha and I climbed down into the hole and tossed them up to Joel and Trent who boxed them for transport.

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©Julie Bell

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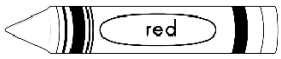
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©Julie Rowan

Galactic Adventures Name: _____ Date: _____

Answer the following questions. Underline the text evidence in the color indicated. If there is not a crayon next to the question, you will need to infer the answer. You should still look for text evidence to help you infer.

1. What significant difference between our reality and the reality of the story is established in paragraph 1?



_____

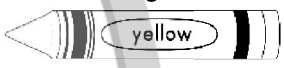
_____

2. What point of view is this story told from?



   a. third person
   b. fourth person
   c. second person
   d. first person

3. Why do the narrator and Joel consider pizza to be a delicacy? Describe their reasoning and use details from the text to support your response.

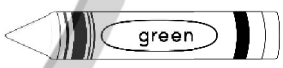


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4. What inference can you make about why the space monster would attack the lominite mine? Justify your inference with evidence from the text.

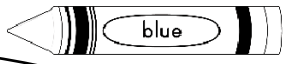


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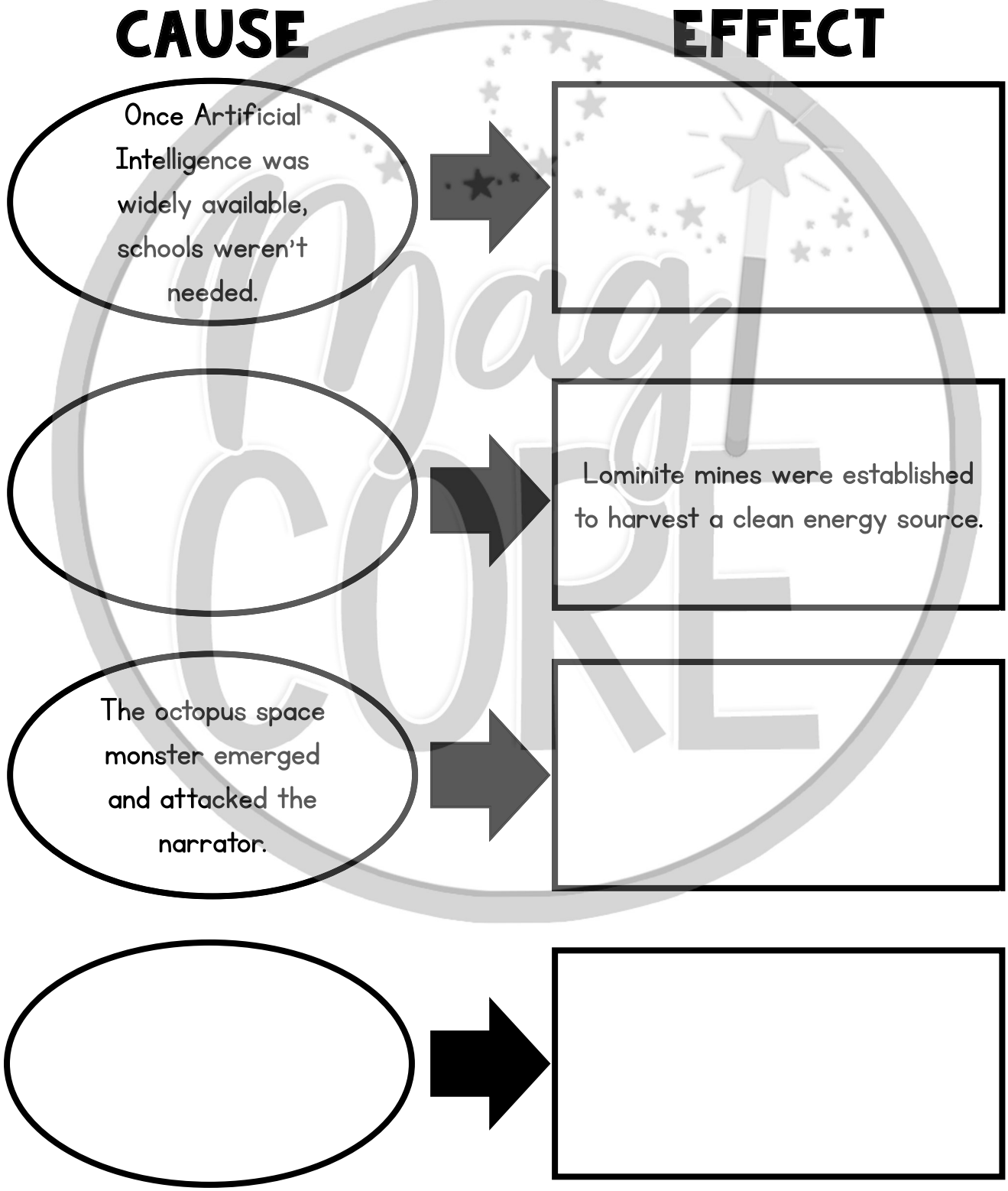
5. Compare and contrast the reality of Earth in this story and our reality on Earth now.



©Julie Bond

CAUSE AND EFFECT

A cause is something that makes something else happen. An effect is the result of a cause. Cause-and-effect relationships keep a story flowing from one event to the next. Fill in the blank shapes below with details from the story to show cause-and-effect relationships in "Another Day in the Space Mines."



©Julie Bachosa

ANOTHER DAY IN THE SPACE MINES RESPONSE

While this passage has an exciting and action-packed storyline, there is more to it than just an entertaining read. What is the underlining message the author is trying to get across throughout the story? Use evidence from the text to justify your answer.

©Julie Bochosi

450L

Name: _____ Date: _____

Off Course

Captain Simone DuPrelle entered the cockpit. It was time to take her shift piloting the shuttle *Curiosity*. The shuttle was full of passengers, but none of them were awake. They were all in a frozen state. This made traveling to the Umbridia Galaxy easier. The journey was five years long. The passengers aboard had all agreed to sacrifice five years of their lives sleeping. They would then be guaranteed a safe life on a planet full of resources. Other people would make the same trip once the new planet was set up.

"She's all yours," Captain Timothy Minnow told Simone. He got up from the pilot's chair. There were ten pilots on board the shuttle. They took turns navigating. They flew and slept in shifts. That system appeared to be working well.

"Thanks," Simone said. "Any problems?" She slid into the pilot's chair and adjusted the seat.



"Not one," Timothy said. He stretched his arms over his head and yawned. "We're on course. The flying was easy."

"Excellent. Have a good snooze." She gave Timothy a wave as he left the cockpit. She then turned all her attention to the controls. Simone made small course corrections here and there. It was just as Timothy had said. Easy flying.

The shuttle was on autopilot for the next few hours. No large masses were in their path. Simone tapped her tablet. She brought up videos of her family. She missed them. She was sure they missed her too. They were all proud of her for becoming a pilot on this important mission.

Seeing her family made her feel lonely, though. Simone shut down the tablet and tucked it away. The hum of the shuttle's engine was the only noise now.

Simone tried to perk herself up. She had many hours left on her turn at the controls. Getting mopey wouldn't make the time pass any faster.

©Julie Bochose

She rotated the outside camera on top of the shuttle. Nothing but open space was in front of them. It was the same to the left and right. A blinking light behind the ship caught Simone's attention, though.

She increased the zoom on the camera. Simone gasped when *many* blinking lights came into focus. Large silver spacecrafts were attached to those lights. She didn't recognize their design. That meant they weren't from any of the planets Earth already knew.

Why are there so many of them?

Simone got up from her chair. She jogged to the pilot's sleeping quarters. She knocked on the door.

"Timothy, are you still awake?"

Footsteps sounded on the other side of the door, then it opened. Timothy hadn't changed out of his pilot's jumpsuit yet.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"There are ships behind us. I don't recognize them," she said. "You didn't get any messages that we were going to have company out here, did you?"

Timothy shook his head. Worry creased his forehead. He stepped out into the hallway. "Show me."

They both headed for the cockpit. Simone hoped she'd imagined seeing those ships. They still filled the screen when she showed Timothy, though.



"Let's increase our speed." He hit the controls. That boosted their thruster power.

They both watched the screen. Those ships behind them matched their new pace. Simone looked out the front window. She clamped a hand onto Timothy's arm.

"There are more ships in front of us now," she said.

©Julie Bochorsi

Timothy rotated the camera. Ships had taken up spots on either side of *Curiosity* too. "We're surrounded, Simone."

A soft ding from the dashboard signaled an incoming call. Simone hit the switch to answer it.

"This is Captain Simone DuPrelle of the Earth shuttle *Curiosity*," she said. "How can we help you?"

"It's more like how can *we* help *you*?" a deep, gravelly voice said. "For example, we can help you lighten your load by taking all your cargo."

"Our cargo is humans," Timothy said. "We've got passengers and little else."

"Humans are just what we're on the hunt for," the voice said. "They make excellent workers. We send them to our colonies."

Timothy shut down the line. "I think it's time to test this shuttle's newest upgrade."

Simone nodded. She pressed her fingertip to a small screen on the dashboard. Her fingerprint unlocked a small box. There was a hidden set of controls in it. "Where should we release it?"

"Below us. Those ships have us surrounded." Timothy sat in the pilot's chair. "On three, you hit the controls to release it. I'll navigate us."

Simone had her hand ready over the controls. Timothy slowed the shuttle's speed. She prayed this worked. She feared what would happen if it didn't. These other ships outnumbered them. *Curiosity* wasn't a fighting ship. It was for transport only.

And there were hundreds of lives on board.

"One . . . two . . . three!"

Timothy sent the shuttle into a dive. Simone hit the controls. A giant wormhole opened up below them. *Curiosity* dropped into it. Simone hit the controls again. This sealed the hole. Timothy leveled the shuttle. The two pilots flew silently. They waited for signs of being followed by those other ships. They didn't pick up any other crafts around them. Simone and Timothy let out the breaths they'd been holding.

"It worked!" Simone pumped a fist in the air. "We made it out of there!"

"We did," Timothy said, "but where are we now?"

©Julie Rodgers

810L

Name: _____ Date: _____

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Captain Simone DuPrelle entered the cockpit to take her shift piloting the shuttle *Curiosity*. The shuttle was full of passengers, but none of them were awake. They were all in a frozen state to make traveling to the Umbridia Galaxy easier. The journey was five years long, and the passengers aboard had all agreed to sacrifice five years of their lives sleeping in order to be guaranteed a safe life on a planet full of resources. Other people would make the same journey once the new planet was properly established.

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"Not one," Timothy said, stretching his arms over his head and yawning. "We're on course and the flying was easy through this bit of space."

"Excellent. Have a good snooze." She gave Timothy a wave as he left the cockpit then turned all her attention to the dashboard of controls in front of her. Simone made small course corrections here and there, but for the most part, it was just as Timothy had said. Easy flying.

With the shuttle on autopilot for the next few hours and no large masses detected in their path, Simone tapped her tablet and brought up videos of her family. She missed them and was sure they missed her too. At least she knew they were all proud of her for becoming a pilot and taking on this important mission.

Seeing her family made her feel incredibly lonely, though, especially on a shuttle full of sleeping people. Simone shut down the tablet and tucked it away, the hum of the shuttle's engine the only noise now. It was strange that hundreds of people were on board with her, but it was as quiet as a tomb with all of them asleep.

Shaking her head, Simone tried to perk herself up. She had many hours left on her turn at the controls. Getting mopey wouldn't make the time pass any faster.

©Julie Bochose

She leaned forward and rotated the outside camera on top of the shuttle. Nothing but open space stretched on in front of them and to the left and right. When the camera angle reached behind the ship, however, a blinking light caught Simone's attention.

Increasing the zoom on the camera, Simone gasped when *several* blinking lights came into focus. Large silver spacecrafts were attached to those lights. She didn't recognize their design, which meant they weren't from any of the planets Earth already interacted with.

Why are there so many of them?

Simone got up from her chair and jogged to the pilot's sleeping quarters. She knocked on the door.

"Timothy, are you still awake?"

Footsteps sounded on the other side of the door then it opened. Timothy hadn't even changed out of his pilot's jumpsuit yet. It could be hard to unwind right after completing a shift at the controls.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"There are ships behind us that I don't recognize," she said. "You didn't get any communications that we were going to have company out here, did you?"

Timothy shook his head, worry creasing his forehead as he stepped out into the hallway. "Show me."

They both headed for the cockpit and as much as Simone had hoped she'd imagined seeing those ships, they still filled the screen when she showed Timothy.



"Let's increase our speed." He hit the controls and boosted their thruster power.

They both watched the screen, but the ships behind them matched their new pace. When Simone looked through the cockpit's front window, she clamped a hand onto Timothy's arm.

"There are more ships in front of us now," she said.

Timothy rotated the camera, and sure enough, ships had taken up spots on either side of *Curiosity* too. "We're surrounded, Simone."

A soft ding from the dashboard signaled an incoming call. Simone hit the switch to answer it.

©Julie Bozza

"This is Captain Simone DuPrelle of the Earth shuttle *Curiosity*," she said, hoping she sounded full of authority. "How can we help you?"

"It's more like how can *we* help *you*?" a deep, gravelly voice said. "For example, we can help you lighten your load by taking all your cargo."

"Our cargo is humans," Timothy said. "We've got passengers and little else."

"Humans are just what we're on the hunt for," the voice said. "They make excellent workers for our numerous colonies throughout this galaxy. Once we properly train them, of course."

Timothy shut off the communication line. "I think it's time to test this shuttle's newest upgrade."

Simone nodded and immediately pressed her fingertip to a small screen on the dashboard. Her fingerprint unlocked a small box with a hidden set of controls in it. "Where should we release it?"

"Below us. Those ships have too tight of a perimeter around us to put it anywhere else." Timothy sat in the pilot's chair. "On three, you hit the controls to release it and I'll navigate us."

Simone had her hand ready over the controls while Timothy slowed the shuttle's forward speed. She prayed this worked. If not, she feared what would happen. These other ships outnumbered them, and *Curiosity* wasn't a fighting ship anyway. It was a transport vessel.

One with hundreds of lives on board.

"One . . . two . . . three!"

Timothy sent the shuttle into a dive as Simone hit the controls. A giant wormhole opened up below them, and *Curiosity* plunged into it. Simone hit the controls again to seal the hole, while Timothy leveled the shuttle. The two pilots flew silently, waiting for signs of being followed by those other ships. After several moments of turning the outside camera and not picking up any other crafts around them, Simone and Timothy both let out the breaths they'd been holding.

"It worked!" Simone pumped a fist in the air. "We made it out of there!"

"We did," Timothy said, "but where are we now?"

©Julie Rowan

970L

Name: _____ Date: _____

Off Course

Captain Simone DuPrelle entered the cockpit to take her shift piloting the shuttle *Curiosity*. The shuttle was full of passengers, but none of them were currently awake. They were all in a frozen state to make traveling to the faraway Umbridia Galaxy easier for them. The journey was five years long, and the passengers aboard had all agreed to sacrifice five years of their lives sleeping in order to be guaranteed a safe life on a planet with abundant resources. Other people would make the same journey once the new planet was properly established by these first travelers.

"She's all yours," Captain Timothy Minnow told Simone as he vacated the pilot's chair. There were ten pilots on board the shuttle who were taking turns navigating. They flew and slept in shifts, and so far, that system appeared to be working well.

"Thanks," Simone said as she slid into the pilot's chair and adjusted the seat to her liking. "Any problems I need to know about?"

"Not a single one," Timothy said, stretching his arms over his head, rolling his neck side to side, and yawning. "We're on course and the flying was easy through this bit of space."

"Excellent. Have a good snooze." She gave Timothy a wave as he exited the cockpit, then turned all her attention to the dashboard of controls in front of her. Simone made small course corrections occasionally, but for the most part, it was just as Timothy had said. Easy flying.



With the shuttle on autopilot for the next few hours and no large masses detected in their path, Simone tapped her tablet and brought up videos of her family. She missed them and was certain they missed her, too, but at least she knew they were all proud of her for becoming a pilot and taking on this important mission to save humanity.

Seeing her family made her feel homesick and incredibly lonely, though, especially on a shuttle full of sleeping people. Simone shut down the tablet and tucked it away, the hum of the shuttle's engine the only noise now. It was strange that hundreds of people were on board with her, but it was as quiet as a tomb with all of them asleep. She almost forgot what it was like to have long conversations with people, to hear laughter, and to be in the company of friends and family.

©Julie Bochose

Shaking her head, Simone tried to perk herself up because she had many hours left on her turn at the controls. Getting mopey wouldn't make the time pass any faster.

She leaned forward and rotated the outside camera on top of the shuttle just to have something to do. Nothing but open space, full of stars, stretched on in front of them and to the left and right. When the camera angle reached behind the ship, however, a blinking light caught Simone's attention.

Increasing the zoom on the camera, Simone gasped when *several* blinking lights came into focus. Large silver spacecrafts were attached to those lights, and she didn't recognize their design, which meant they weren't from any of the planets Earth already interacted with.

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Simone got up from her chair, jogged to the pilot's sleeping quarters, and knocked on the door.

"Timothy, are you still awake?" she asked.

Footsteps sounded on the other side of the door then it opened. Timothy hadn't even changed out of his pilot's jumpsuit yet. Simone understood it could be hard to unwind right after completing a shift at the controls.

"What's wrong?" he asked, rubbing his tired eyes.

"There are ships behind us that I don't recognize," she said. "You didn't get any communications from command that we were going to have company out here, did you?"

Timothy shook his head, worry creasing his forehead as he stepped out into the hallway. "Show me."

They both headed for the cockpit and as much as Simone had hoped she'd imagined seeing those ships, they still filled the screen when she showed Timothy.

"Let's accelerate the ship." He hit the controls and boosted their thruster power, the ship letting out a roar at the increase in speed.

They both watched the screen, but the ships behind them easily matched their new pace. When Simone looked through the cockpit's front window, she clamped a hand onto Timothy's arm.



©Julie Bochorse

"There are more ships in front of us now," she said, her heart rate speeding up and a fresh sweat breaking out on her skin.

Timothy rotated the camera, and sure enough, more of these strange ships had taken up spots on either side of *Curiosity* and behind it too. "We're surrounded, Simone."

A soft ding from the dashboard signaled an incoming call so Simone hit the switch to answer it.

"This is Captain Simone DuPrelle of the Earth shuttle *Curiosity*," she said, hoping she sounded full of authority and not at all intimidated. "How can we help you?"

"It's more like how can *we* help *you*?" a deep, gravelly voice said. "For example, we can help you lighten your load by taking all your cargo."

"Our cargo is humans," Timothy said. "We've got passengers and little else of interest."

"Humans are just what we're on the hunt for," the voice said. "They make excellent workers for our numerous colonies throughout this galaxy... once we properly train them, of course. You will surrender to us and we will board your ship."

Timothy shut off the communication line. "I think it's time to test this shuttle's newest upgrade."

Simone nodded and immediately pressed her fingertip to a screen on the dashboard. Her fingerprint unlocked a small box with a hidden set of controls in it. "Where should we release it?"

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Timothy sent the shuttle into a spiraling dive as Simone hit the controls. A giant, swirling wormhole opened up below them, and *Curiosity* plunged into it. Simone hit the controls again to seal the hole behind them, while Timothy fought with the controls to level the shuttle. The two pilots flew silently, waiting for signs of being followed by those aggressive ships. After several moments of turning the outside camera around and around and not picking up any other crafts around them, Simone and Timothy both let out the breaths they'd been holding.

"It worked!" Simone pumped a fist in the air. "We made it out of there alive!"

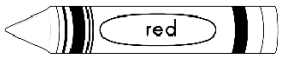
"We did," Timothy said, surveying the charts on the dashboard, "but where are we now?"

©Julie Bochsa

Galactic Adventures Name: _____ Date: _____

Answer the following questions. Underline the text evidence in the color indicated. If there is not a crayon next to the question, you will need to infer the answer. You should still look for text evidence to help you infer.

1. Why were the passengers on the *Curiosity* frozen? What was the purpose of this?



_____

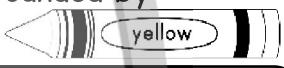
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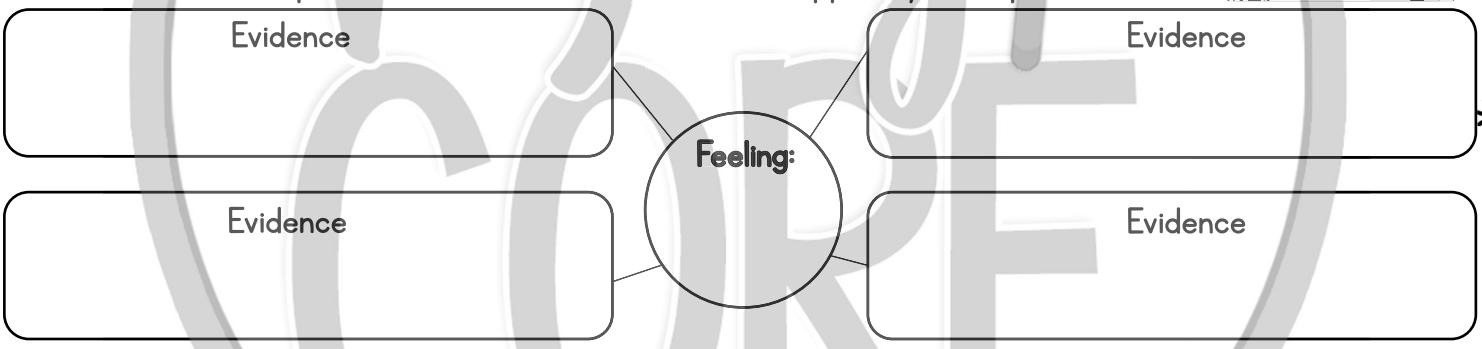
2. Read the following sentence from the text. What can you determine based on these details about Simone? *"Seeing her family made her feel lonely, though. Simone shut down the tablet and tucked it away."*



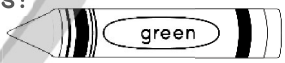
   a. Simone wishes she wasn't a pilot anymore so she could go back home.
   b. Simone never knew her family very well.
   c. Simone is close to her family and loves them deeply.
   d. Simone's family is frozen on the shuttle.

3. Examine how Simone is feeling as she and Timothy realize their shuttle is surrounded by unidentified ships. Use evidence from the text to support your explanation.





4. How did Simone and Timothy know that the unidentified ships were dangerous?

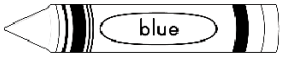


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5. What can you infer about the characters and the shuttle, *Curiosity*, based on the final line of the passage?



_____

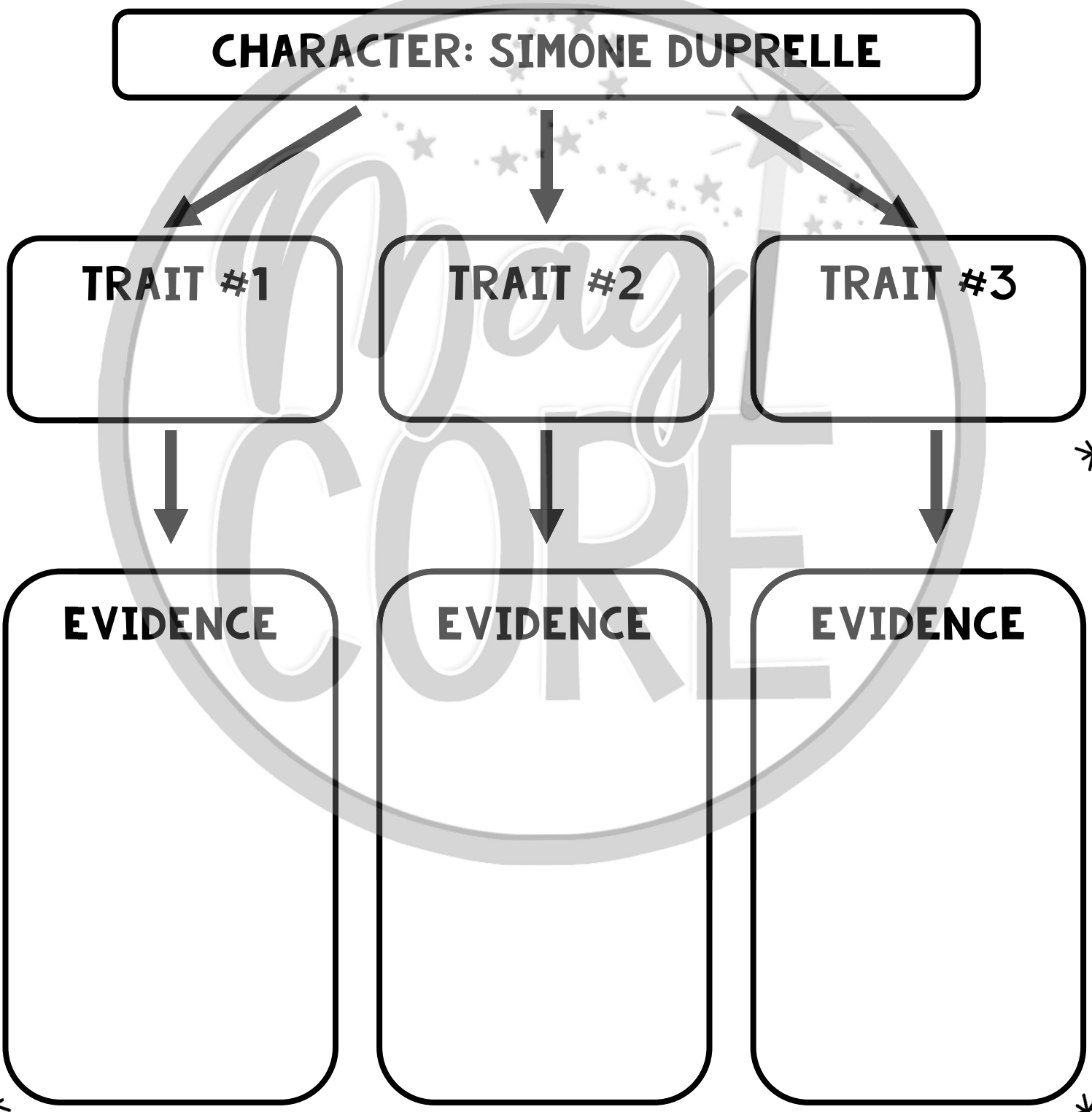
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_____

©Julie Bowman

CHARACTER TRAITS

Authors give traits to characters to develop them. Traits make characters more interesting, and readers can better understand the characters through their traits. Choose three traits to describe Simone in "Off Course." Include evidence from the text to support each trait choice.



©Julie Bachosa

OFF COURSE RESPONSE

How does the main character, Simone DuPrelle, exemplify the character traits of leadership and bravery? Write a response to answer this question. Support your answer with evidence from the text.

©Julie Bochosi

480L

Name: _____ Date: _____

My Life on Mars

Day 1:

We arrived at the Mars colony. We only had a few things we were allowed to take with us. Diana and I fought over the bigger bedroom in our dome. Dad settled it with a guessing game. He wrote a number on his tablet. He told Diana and me to guess what number it was. I guessed 6. Diana guessed 9. Dad's number was 6. I got the bigger room. Diana whined about it. Mom then got her involved in setting up our farm patch.

I don't even know why I want the bigger room. I don't have enough things to fill it. I suppose it was just the principle of it. I am, after all, a minute older than Diana.

So far, Mars isn't anything wonderful. I've only been at the shuttle's landing pad and inside our dome, though. Looking out the dome's windows doesn't make this planet look exciting. Lots of dirt and rocks. Kind of reddish. No beaches with palm trees or the ocean. No seagulls flying overhead.

I might hate it here.

Day 4:



We've been here for a few days now. I miss Earth. That planet was falling apart. We had to go. Mars doesn't have anything fun, though. There are our domes. There are laboratories and greenhouses. That's it. Dad says there are plans to build other things. He doesn't mean *fun* things. There won't be Any amusement parks. No virtual reality arcades. He means factories for food products. He means drilling stations to mine Mars' resources.

Diana and I spend most of our daytime hours learning. We use our tablets for our lessons. Sometimes we work on projects together. We have the same assignments. Other times we don't want to be near each other. We already spend too much time together in our dome. Today was a don't-want-to-be-near-each-other day. It started when Diana forgot to compost the trash. Dad asked me to do it instead. I said it wasn't my chore today. That only earned me a glare from Dad.

I wish something exciting would happen.

©Julie Bochose

Day 6:

Be careful what you wish for. I wanted something exciting to happen. That wish came true. One of the volcanoes erupted yesterday! We'd all been told that the planet's core was not hot enough for the volcanoes to be active. There have been teams of workers drilling into the planet's surface for weeks, however. This drilling reached into some lava pockets. The pockets were trapped underground. That lava has been seeping out. It's slowly heating things up below the surface. It got hot enough to make one of the volcanoes blow some steam and ash into the air.

We were all protected in our individual domes. The larger dome that covers the colony also kept us safe. It was still exciting – and a little scary – to see that volcano come to life. Dad says he doesn't trust some of the companies that are drilling. He thinks they aren't safe. He thinks someone might get hurt.

Day 10:

Things continue to heat up outside the domes. Three more volcanoes erupted in the last few days. It's gotten hotter. More than steam and ash have come out of the volcanoes. A thin trail of lava rolled down the side of the closest volcano two days ago. The stream hasn't stopped since. All drilling has stopped. The scientists are trying to come up with ways to cool things down again so no more volcanoes become active. I feel as if we all have our eyes on those mountains now.

Day 14:

Now the earthquakes have started. Two of our neighbors' domes have come crashing down. Diana and I aren't fighting as much anymore. We're trying to keep each other calm instead. This colony wasn't built to handle volcanoes or earthquakes. The domes only keep us safe from the atmosphere. Everyone has been wearing their space suits inside the domes just in case. Even a small crack in a dome could kill us.

I never wanted to come to Mars. I wanted to stick it out on Earth. My parents said we'd be safer on Mars.

Mistake.

©Julie Rodgers

Day 20:

Two other families have moved into our dome. Theirs were destroyed by a huge dust storm. The storm hit the colony yesterday. It ripped up a communications tower. It sent the tower through their domes. Everything is coated in a layer of dust. The gears on the generators stopped working for a few hours. Dust particles stuck to surfaces. Too many got caught up on the gears. They could no longer turn. That shut down all our power for a day. Workers cleared away all the caked-on particles.

We knew life here would be different from life on Earth. We never expected it to be one problem after another, though.



Day 25:

The colony is a wreck. Most of the domes have been damaged. We try to make repairs. Then something else gets broken. We're all trying to survive again. The greenhouses got hit last night. A strange mold spread through the crops. It killed the food we'd been growing for the colony. We have nothing to eat here but the small amounts we have in storage already. That will only last us another few months or so.

Dad is leading a team. They will look at other parts of the planet that are farther away from the volcanoes. Those parts may be safer. We're all worried about him traveling. We're also worried about what might happen next in the colony. We're pretty much worried all the time. We want to leave.

I don't know how long we're going to last here on Mars. If you're a space explorer who stops here sometime in the future and you discover this journal, learn from it. Don't stay here. Get back in your ship. Find somewhere better.

I thought Mars was going to be boring. Turns out it's deadly instead.

©Julie Rodgers

770L

Name: _____ Date: _____

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Day 1:

We arrived at the Mars colony with what little stuff we were allowed to bring with us. Diana and I fought over the bigger bedroom in our dome. Dad settled it with a guessing game. He wrote a number on his tablet, then had Diana and I guess what number it was. I guessed 6, and Diana guessed 9. Dad's number was 6 so I got the bigger room. Diana whined about it until Mom got her involved in setting up our farm patch.

I don't even know why I want the bigger room. It isn't as if I have enough things to fill it. I suppose it was just the principle of it. I am, after all, a minute older than Diana.

So far, Mars isn't anything wonderful, but I've only been at the shuttle's landing pad and inside our dome. Looking out the dome's windows, however, doesn't make this planet look all that exciting. Lots of dirt and rocks. Kind of reddish. Definitely no beaches with palm trees or the ocean. There are no seagulls flying overhead.

I might hate it here.

Day 4:



We've been here for a few days now and I miss Earth. Sure, that planet was falling apart and we had to go, but Mars doesn't have anything fun on it. Aside from our domes, there are only laboratories and greenhouses. Dad says there are plans to build other things soon, but he doesn't mean *fun* things. There won't be any amusement parks or virtual reality arcades. He means factories to process all the food growing in the greenhouses or drilling stations to mine Mars' resources.

Diana and I spend most of our daytime hours on our tablets with our lessons. Sometimes we work on projects together because we have the same assignments. Other times we don't want to be near each other. We already spend too much time together in our dome. Today was a don't-want-to-be-near-each-other day. It started when Diana forgot to compost the trash, and Dad asked me to do it instead. I said it wasn't my chore today, but that only earned me a glare from Dad.

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We were all protected in our individual domes and the larger dome that covers the entire colony. It was still exciting – and a little scary – to see that volcano come to life. Dad says he doesn't trust some of the companies that are drilling. He thinks they don't have all the proper safety checks in place. He thinks someone might get hurt out there.

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Things continue to heat up outside the domes. Three more volcanoes erupted in the last few days. It's gotten hot enough that more than steam and ash have come out of the volcanoes. A thin trail of lava rolled down the side of the closest volcano two days ago, and the stream hasn't stopped since. All drilling has stopped and the scientists are trying to come up with ways to cool things down again so no more volcanoes become active. I feel as if we all have our eyes on those mountains now.

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Mistake.

©Julie Faulk

Day 20:

Two other families have moved into our dome because theirs were destroyed by a huge dust storm that hit the colony yesterday. The storm ripped up a communications tower and sent it through their domes. Everything is coated in a layer of dust, and the gears on the generators stopped working for a few hours. Dust particles stick to surfaces. Too many got caught up in the gears that they could no longer turn. That shut down all our power for a day until workers could clear away all the caked-on particles.

We knew life here would be different from life on Earth. We never expected it to be one problem after another, though.



Day 25:

After less than a month here, the colony is a wreck. Most of the domes have been damaged in some way. We try to make repairs, but then something else gets broken and we're all trying to survive again. The greenhouses got hit last night when a strange mold spread throughout the crops. It killed the food we'd been growing for the colony. Without that, we have nothing to eat here but the small amounts we have in storage already. That will only last us another few months or so.

Dad is leading a team to look at other parts of the planet that are farther away from the volcanoes and may be safer. We're all worried about him traveling. We're also worried about what might happen next in the colony. We're pretty much worried all the time and want to leave.

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920L

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So far, Mars isn't anything spectacular, but I've only been at the shuttle's landing pad and inside our dome. Looking out the dome's windows, however, doesn't make this planet look all that exciting. Lots of dirt and rocks cover the surface. It's all kind of reddish. There are definitely no beaches with palm trees, the ocean, or seagulls flying overhead like we used to have back on Earth.

I might hate it here.

Day 4:



We've been here for a few days now and I miss Earth. Sure, that planet was falling apart and we had to flee, but Mars doesn't have anything entertaining on it. Aside from our domes, there are only laboratories and greenhouses. Dad says there are plans to build other structures soon, but he doesn't mean *fun* structures such as amusement parks, virtual reality arcades, or rover racetracks. He means factories to process all the food growing in the greenhouses or drilling stations to mine Mars for its usable resources.

Diana and I spend most of our daytime hours on our tablets with our lessons. Sometimes we work on projects together because we have the same assignments. Other times we don't want to be near each other because we already spend too much time together in our small dome. Today was a don't-want-to-be-near-each-other day. It started when Diana forgot to compost the trash, and Dad asked me to do it instead. I politely informed him it wasn't my chore today, but that only earned me a glare from Dad.

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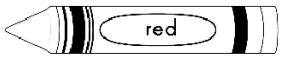
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Galactic Adventures Name: _____ Date: _____

Answer the following questions. <u>Underline</u> the text evidence in the color indicated. If there is not a crayon next to the question, you will need to infer the answer. You should still look for text evidence to help you infer.

1. Describe the setting of the story.



_____

_____

_____

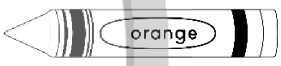
2. Examine the writing style and format the author chose for this story. Why do you think the author chose to tell the story in this way? Why is it effective?

_____

_____

_____

3. Sequence the events in the story.



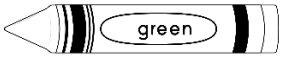
	The first volcano erupted!		

4. Analyze the cause-and-effect relationship between the extreme events on Mars and the conclusions of the story.



CAUSE	EFFECT	EFFECT

5. What is the overall message the author is hoping to convey in this passage? Use evidence from the text to support your response.



_____

_____

_____

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CHANGING FEELINGS

Characters often feel different ways throughout a story because of the events that happen. Fill in the chart below to show how the narrator's feelings change throughout "My Life on Mars."

EVENT #1	HOW DOES THE CHARACTER FEEL?
Our narrator moves to the Mars colony.	The narrator feels **pessimistic** about his situation and move to Mars.
EVENT #2	**HOW DOES THE CHARACTER FEEL?**
EVENT #3	**HOW DOES THE CHARACTER FEEL?**
EVENT #4	**HOW DOES THE CHARACTER FEEL?**
EVENT #5	**HOW DOES THE CHARACTER FEEL?**
EVENT #6	**HOW DOES THE CHARACTER FEEL?**

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MY LIFE ON MARS RESPONSE

This story is written in first person point of view and in the style of journal entries. Using details and evidence from the passage, write a new journal entry from the point of view of the author. Your journal entry should be for "Day 30" and include details from the text.

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430L

Name: _____ Date: _____

The Wall
An Alien Fairytale

Once upon a future time, two spaceships landed on the same planet in a distant galaxy. The aliens who were flying the spaceships were the Trimians and the Glastors. They fought about who could claim the planet as their own. The fighting lasted many years. Finally, a truce was announced. The two groups decided to share the planet. Each alien species would keep to its own side. A border was agreed upon. A wall was erected. To keep the peace, no one dared to cross it.

Until someone did.

Princess Yesilo of the Trimians took her daily walk along the Dogge River. Its purple waters ran swiftly. The river cut through the valley of blue grasses. She gathered pink veranta flowers to bring back to the palace for her mother, the queen.

She kneeled to pick some white poplees to add to her bouquet. Something at the top of the steel wall that separated the Trimians from the Glastors caught her eye. She recognized the pale green skin of a Glastor, a male one. He sat on the wall. His long legs were clearly on the Trimian side. He was bent as he looked over something in his lap. His feet were bare, and they swayed back and forth.



This was the first time Princess Yesilo had been able to take a good look at a Glastor. They usually stayed far away from the wall. She was really the only Trimian that walked this close to the border. All the prettiest flowers grew here. She also liked the sound of the river as it flowed. She wasn't breaking any rules either. She always stayed on the Trimian side. She'd never sit upon that wall as this Glastor was. She wouldn't dangle her legs onto their side.

She decided her bouquet was complete. Princess Yesilo gave the river one more fond look. She turned to walk back to the palace.

©Julie Bochose

"Don't go!" a voice called. She turned back to the wall. The Glastor raised his hand in greeting. Sunlight showed the thin webbing between his long fingers. "I was drawing you. I'm not quite finished yet." He wiggled what had been on his lap. Princess Yesilo realized it was a piece of romcara tree bark. That bark was good for sketching. "Won't you stay a few moments longer, please?"

It was the *please* that got her. Her father, the king, had always described Glastors as rude and unintelligent. This one, however, seemed pleasant and well-spoken. He was also a bit daring by sitting facing the Trimian side and speaking to her. What harm could it do to remain in her favorite place for a bit longer?

She nodded once at him and wandered closer to the wall. She picked some shivini ferns to add to her bouquet.

"Who are the flowers for?" The Glastor bent over the tree bark in his lap again. His hand moved over the bark. A sharpened gogia reed was in his hand. A bottle of crepsin ink was beside him.

"My mother," Princess Yesilo replied. "They make her happy."

"Of course they do," he said. "They're stunning flowers. I've made many drawings of them." He glanced up. The light from the three suns reflected in his eyes. It turned them a golden color.

Princess Yesilo rather liked that color. She might even call it *stunning*. She wandered closer to the wall. Soon, she was close enough to see that the Glastor was dressed in fine fabrics. Three silver rings lined the top rim of his pointed left ear. "Are you a prince?"

He looked up from his drawing. "Yes. My name is Prince Brogyn. How did you know I was a prince?"

She tapped her ear. "The male royalty of my people decorate their ears as well."

"I see." He smiled. That word *stunning* spun through Princess Yesilo's mind again. "Perhaps Trimians and Glastors are not so different. We both love flowers and royal jewelry." He turned his attention back to his sketch. "What's your name?"

"Princess Yesilo." She gave him a slight bow. This was custom when introducing oneself. At least it was for Trimians.

"Lovely to meet you, Princess Yesilo." He surprised her by jumping down to *her* side of the wall.

©Julie Bochorse

She flicked her gaze around. His soft laughter made her focus back on him.

"Don't worry," he said. "No one is out here but us."

"I guess I knew that already," she said. "I come out here every day. I'm always the only one around."

"Same for me on the Glastor side of the wall." He turned the bark around. She could see the drawing he'd made.

A gasp escaped from her throat. He'd drawn her standing by the river's edge. She had an armful of flowers. Her long hair appeared to be in motion from a breeze. There was no color in the sketch. He'd used shading instead. It looked like sunlight sparkling around her and in the water.



"Oh, it's beautiful."

"As are you," he said.

Her cheeks heated. She dropped her flowers. Prince Brogyn caught them before they fell to the ground. Their hands brushed against each other's for the briefest of moments when he returned the bouquet to her.

"Will I see you here tomorrow?" His voice was barely above a whisper.

"I think you will." She gestured to the flowers all around them. "I have more bouquets to gather."

He gave the sketch to her to take. "And I have more drawings to do." He plucked one pink veranta flower from her bouquet. He stuck it in the chest pocket of his coat. He dashed to the wall and scaled it with ease. He gave her a wave. He grabbed his bottle of ink and then he was gone.

Princess Yesilo stood there. She stared at the wall. She wondered if she'd dreamed of that meeting. The romcara bark in her hand with the lovely drawing, however, was proof that she had not.

She walked back to the palace. She hummed and looked forward to tomorrow's trip to the wall.

©Julie Reed

730L

Name: _____ Date: _____

The Wall
An Alien Fairytale

Once upon a future time, two spaceships landed on the same planet in a distant galaxy. The aliens who were flying the spaceships were the Trimians and the Glastors. They fought about who could claim the planet as their own. The fighting lasted many years until a truce was finally announced. The two groups decided to share the planet, but each alien species would keep to its own side. A border was agreed upon, and a wall was erected. To keep the peace, no one dared to cross it.

Until someone did.

Princess Yesilo of the Trimians took her daily walk along the Dogge River. Its purple waters ran swiftly, cutting through the valley of blue grasses. She gathered pink veranta flowers to bring back to the palace for her mother, the queen.



As she kneeled to pick some white poplees to add to her bouquet, something at the top of the steel wall that separated the Trimians from the Glastors caught her eye. She recognized the pale green skin of a Glastor, a male one. He sat on the wall, his long legs clearly on the Trimian side. He was bent as he looked over something in his lap. His feet were bare. Every now and then, they swayed back and forth as if to music.

This was the first time Princess Yesilo had been able to take a good look at a Glastor. Normally, they stayed far away from the wall. She was really the only Trimian that walked this close to the border, but all the prettiest flowers grew here, and she liked the sound of the river as it flowed. She wasn't breaking any rules either by being here on the Trimian side. She'd never be so bold as to sit upon that wall as this Glastor was, though. She definitely wouldn't dangle her legs over onto their side.

Deciding her bouquet was complete, Princess Yesilo gave the river one more fond look and then turned to walk back to the palace.

"Don't go!" a voice called, and when she turned back to the wall, the Glastor raised his hand in greeting. Sunlight illuminated the thin webbing between his long, sturdy fingers. "I was drawing you, and I'm not quite finished yet." He wiggled what had been on his lap, and Princess Yesilo realized it was a piece of romcara tree bark, good for sketching. "Won't you stay a few moments longer, please?"

©Julie Bochorse

It was the *please* that got her. Her father, the king, had always described Glastors as rude and unintelligent. This one, however, seemed pleasant and well-spoken, if also a bit daring by sitting facing the Trimian side and actually speaking to her. What harm could it do to remain in her favorite place in her kingdom for a bit longer?

She nodded once at him and wandered closer to the wall. Finding some shivini ferns, she plucked them from the ground and added them to her bouquet.

"Who are the flowers for?" The Glastor bent over the tree bark in his lap again. His hand moved over the bark, a sharpened gogia reed in his hand and a bottle of crepsin ink beside him.

"My mother," Princess Yesilo replied. "They make her happy."

"Of course they do," he said. "They're stunning flowers. I've made many drawings of them." He glanced up and the light from the three suns reflected in his eyes, turning them a golden color.

Princess Yesilo rather liked that color. She might even call it *stunning*. She wandered closer to the wall. Soon, she was close enough to see that the Glastor was dressed in fine fabrics. Three silver rings lined the top rim of his pointed left ear. "Are you a prince?"

He looked up from his drawing. "Yes. My name is Prince Brogyn. How did you know I was a prince?"

She tapped her ear. "The male royalty of my people decorate their ears as well."

"I see." He smiled, that word *stunning* spinning through Princess Yesilo's mind again. "Perhaps Trimians and Glastors are not so different with our love of flowers and royal jewelry." He turned his attention back to his sketch. "What's your name?"

"Princess Yesilo." She gave him a slight bow as was the custom when introducing oneself. At least it was for Trimians.

"Lovely to meet you, Princess Yesilo." He surprised her even further by jumping down to *her* side of the wall.

She flicked her gaze around, but his soft laughter made her focus back on him.

"Don't worry," he said. "No one is out here but us."

"I guess I knew that already," she said. "I come out here every day. I'm always the only one around."

"Same for me on the Glastor side of the wall." He turned the bark around so she could see the drawing he'd made.

©Julie Bochorse

A gasp escaped from her throat. He'd drawn her standing by the river's edge with an armful of flowers. Her long hair appeared to be in motion from a breeze. Though there was no color in the sketch, he'd used shading to give the impression of sunlight sparkling around her and in the water.

"Oh, it's beautiful."

"As are you," he said.



Her cheeks heated and she dropped her flowers, but Prince Brogyn caught them before they fell to the ground. Their hands brushed against each other's for the briefest of moments when he returned the bouquet to her.

"Will I see you here tomorrow?" he asked in a voice barely above a whisper.

"I think you will." She gestured to the flowers all around them. "I have more bouquets to gather."

He presented the sketch to her to take. "And I have more drawings to do." He plucked one pink veranta flower from her bouquet, stuck it in the chest pocket of his coat, and dashed to the wall. He scaled it with ease and gave her a wave. He grabbed his bottle of ink then he was gone.

Princess Yesilo stood there staring at the wall, wondering if she'd dreamed of that meeting. The romcara bark in her hand with the lovely drawing, however, was proof that she had not.

She walked back to the palace, humming and looking forward to tomorrow's trip to the wall.

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930L

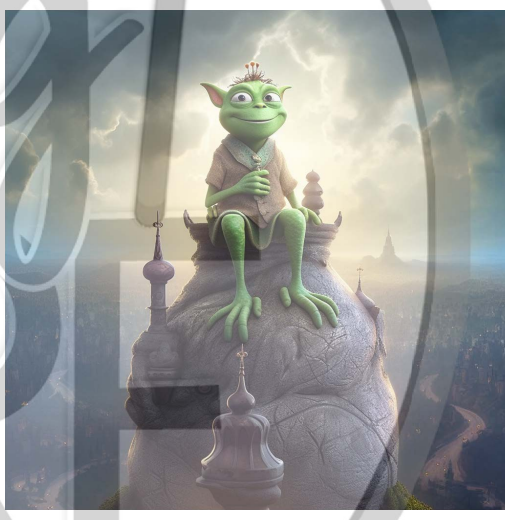
Name: _____ Date: _____

The Wall
An Alien Fairytale

Once upon a future time, two spaceships landed on the same planet in a distant galaxy. The aliens who were flying the spaceships, the Trimians and the Glastors, quarreled about who could claim the planet as their own. The fighting lasted several years with many lives lost until a truce was finally announced. The two groups decided to share the planet, but each alien species would keep to its own side. A border was agreed upon, a wall was erected, and to keep the peace, no one dared to cross it.

Until someone did.

Princess Yesilo of the Trimians took her daily walk along the Dogge River. Its purple waters ran swiftly, cutting through the valley of blue grasses, and she gathered pink veranta flowers to bring back to the palace as a gift for her mother, the queen.



As she kneeled to pick some white poplees to add to her growing bouquet, something at the top of the steel wall that separated the Trimians from the Glastors caught her eye. She recognized the pale green skin of a Glastor, a male one. He sat on the wall, his long legs clearly on the Trimian side. He was bent as he looked over something in his lap. His feet were bare, and every now and then, they swayed back and forth as if to music only he could hear.

This was the first time Princess Yesilo had been able to examine a Glastor in detail. Normally, they stayed far away from the wall. She was really the only Trimian that walked this close to the border, but all the prettiest flowers grew here, and she enjoyed the sound of the river as it flowed and cascaded over rocks. She wasn't breaking any rules of the truce either by being here on the Trimian side. She'd never be so bold as to sit upon that wall as this Glastor was, though, and she definitely wouldn't dangle her legs onto their side.

Deciding her bouquet was complete, Princess Yesilo gave the river one more fond glance and then turned to journey back to the palace.

"Don't go!" a voice called, and when she turned back to the wall, the Glastor raised his hand in greeting. Sunlight illuminated the thin webbing between his long, sturdy fingers. "I was drawing you, and I'm not quite finished with my illustration yet." He wiggled what had been on his lap, and Princess Yesilo realized it was a piece of romcara tree bark, an excellent material for sketching. "Won't you stay a few moments longer so I may complete it, please?"

©Julie Bochose

It was the *please* that got her. Her father, the king, had always described Glastors as rude and unintelligent, but this one seemed pleasant and well-spoken, if also a bit daring by sitting facing the Trimian side and actually speaking to her. What harm could it do to remain in her favorite place in her kingdom for a bit longer?

She nodded once at him and wandered closer to the wall. Finding some shivini ferns, she plucked them from the ground and added them to her bouquet so it looked nice and full now.

"Who are the flowers for?" the Glastor asked as he bent over the tree bark in his lap again. His hand moved expertly over the bark, a sharpened gogia reed in his hand and a bottle of crepsin ink beside him.

"My mother," Princess Yesilo replied as she inspected the flowers. "They make her happy."

"Of course they do," he said. "They're stunning flowers, and I've made many drawings of them." He glanced up and the light from the three suns reflected in his eyes, turning them a golden color.

Princess Yesilo rather liked that color, and she might even call it *stunning*. She wandered closer to the wall, and soon, she was close enough to see that the Glastor was dressed in fine fabrics and three small, silver rings adorned the top rim of his pointed left ear. "Are you a prince?"

He looked up from his drawing, his dark brows creased as he gazed at her. "Yes. My name is Prince Brogyn, but how did you know I was a prince?"

She tapped her ear and then pointed to him. "The male royalty of my people decorate their ears as well."

"I see." He smiled, that word *stunning* spinning through Princess Yesilo's mind once again. "Perhaps Trimians and Glastors are not so different with our love of flowers and royal jewelry." He turned his attention back to his sketch, his hand making sweeping motions with the inked reed on the bark. "What's your name?"

"Princess Yesilo." She gave him a slight bow as was the custom when introducing oneself. At least it was for Trimians.

"Lovely to meet you, Princess Yesilo." He surprised her even further by jumping down to *her* side of the wall and landing noiselessly on his bare feet.

She flicked her gaze around, but his soft laughter made her focus back on him.

"Don't worry," he said. "No one is out here but us."

"I guess I knew that already," she said. "I come out here every day, and I'm always the only one around to enjoy the scenery."

©Julie Bochorse

"Same for me on the Glastor side of the wall." He turned the bark around so she could see the drawing he'd made.

A gasp escaped from her throat. He'd drawn her standing by the river's edge with an armful of flowers, and her long hair appeared to be in motion from a gentle breeze. Though there was no color in the sketch, he'd used shading to give the impression of sunlight sparkling around her and in the water. The entire scene was positively enchanting.

"Oh, you have such talent, Prince Brogyn, and it's absolutely beautiful."



"As are you, Princess Yesilo," he said.

Her cheeks heated and she dropped her flowers, but Prince Brogyn caught them before they fell to the ground. Their hands brushed against each other's for the briefest of moments when he returned the bouquet to her.

"Will I see you here tomorrow?" he asked in a voice barely above a whisper.

"I think you will." She gestured to the flowers yet to be picked all around them. "I have more bouquets to gather."

He presented the sketch to her to take. "And I have more drawings to do." He plucked one pink veranta flower from her bouquet, stuck it in the chest pocket of his coat, and dashed to the wall. He scaled it with ease, gave her a wave, grabbed his bottle of ink, then vanished to the Glastor side.

Princess Yesilo stood there staring at the wall, wondering if she'd dreamed of that entire interaction with the Glastor. The romcara bark in her hand with the lovely drawing of herself, however, was proof that she had not.

She walked back to the palace, humming and looking forward to tomorrow's trip to the wall.

©Julie Bochese

Galactic Adventures Name: _____ Date: _____

Answer the following questions. <u>Underline</u> the text evidence in the color indicated. If there is not a crayon next to the question, you will need to infer the answer. You should still look for text evidence to help you infer.

1. What is the purpose of paragraph 1?



   a. To confuse readers.
   b. To provide background and set the stage for the story.
   c. To make readers emotionally invested in the rivalry between the Trimians and the Glastors.
   d. To explain who the main character is.

2. Why is Princess Yesilo surprised to see a Glastor sitting on the wall?

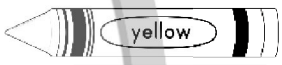


_____

_____

_____

3. Sequence the events of the story.



	Princess Yesilo spots a Glastor sitting atop the wall.			

4. How do Princess Yeslio's impression and ideas about Glastors evolve over the story? Support your answer with evidence from the text.

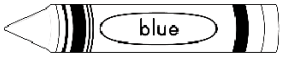


_____

_____

_____

5. Why does Princess Yeslio look "forward to tomorrow's trip to the wall?" Support your answer with evidence from the text.



_____

_____

_____

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CHECKING PREDICTIONS

Readers take in text evidence and use it to make predictions about what will happen next in a story. It's important to go back and check these predictions when new information is learned from reading a story. Use this graphic organizer to make predictions as you read. Then check your predictions as you continue reading and gain new information.

PASSAGE FROM TEXT	YOUR PREDICTION	NEW TEXT EVIDENCE	WAS YOUR PREDICTION CORRECT? ☑	✗

Magi CORE

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THE WALL RESPONSE

What lesson can you learn from this story? Write a response detailing an important lesson you can draw from this story. Use information from the text to support your thinking and illustrate the lesson you have drawn.

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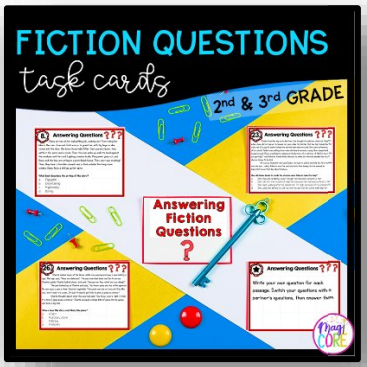
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