



Grades 4-5 Text Exemplars

Literature Sample Texts

From the Common Core Standards Appendix B pdf

http://www.corestandards.org/assets/Appendix_B.pdf

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Grades 4–5 Text Exemplars

Stories

Carroll, Lewis. *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*. Illustrated by John Tenniel. New York: William Morrow, 1992. (1865)
From Chapter 1: “Down the Rabbit-Hole”

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, ‘and what is the use of a book,’ thought Alice ‘without pictures or conversation?’

So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so VERY remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so VERY much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, ‘Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!’ (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the Rabbit actually TOOK A WATCH OUT OF ITS WAISTCOAT-POCKET, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket, or a watch to take out of it, and burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and fortunately was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

Burnett, Frances Hodgson. *The Secret Garden*. New York: HarperCollins, 1985. (1911)
From “There’s No One Left”

When Mary Lennox was sent to Misselthwaite Manor to live with her uncle everybody said she was the most disagreeable-looking child ever seen. It was true, too. She had a little thin face and a little thin body, thin light hair and a sour expression. Her hair was yellow, and her face was yellow because she had been born in India and had always been ill in one way or another. Her father had held a position under the English Government and had always been busy and ill himself, and her mother had been a great beauty who cared only to go to parties and amuse herself with gay people. She had not wanted a little girl at all, and when Mary was born she handed her over to the care of an Ayah, who was made to understand that if she wished to please the Mem Sahib she must keep the child out of sight as much as possible. So when she was a sickly, fretful, ugly little baby she was kept out of the way, and when she became a sickly, fretful, toddling thing she was kept out of the way also. She never remembered seeing familiarly anything but the dark faces of her Ayah and the other native servants, and as they always obeyed her and gave her her own way in everything, because the Mem Sahib would be angry if she was disturbed by her crying, by the time she was six years old she was as tyrannical and selfish a little pig as ever lived. The young English governess who came to teach her to read and write disliked her so much that she gave up her place in three months, and when other governesses came to try to fill it they always went away in a shorter time than the first one. So if Mary had not chosen to really want to know how to read books she would never have learned her letters at all.

One frightfully hot morning, when she was about nine years old, she awakened feeling very cross, and she became crosser still when she saw that the servant who stood by her bedside was not her Ayah.

“Why did you come?” she said to the strange woman. “I will not let you stay. Send my Ayah to me.”

The woman looked frightened, but she only stammered that the Ayah could not come and when Mary threw herself into a passion and beat and kicked her, she looked only more frightened and repeated that it was not possible for the Ayah to come to Missie Sahib.

There was something mysterious in the air that morning. Nothing was done in its regular order and several of the native servants seemed missing, while those whom Mary saw slunk or hurried about with ashy and scared faces. But no one would tell her anything and her Ayah did not come. She was actually left alone as the morning went on, and at last she wandered out into the garden and began to play by herself under a tree near the veranda. She pretended that she was making a flower-bed, and she stuck big scarlet hibiscus blossoms into little heaps of earth, all the time

growing more and more angry and muttering to herself the things she would say and the names she would call Saidie when she returned.

**Farley, Walter. *The Black Stallion*. New York: Random House Books for Young Readers, 2008. (1941)
From Chapter 1: “Homeward Bound”**

The tramp steamer *Drake* plowed away from the coast of India and pushed its blunt prow into the Arabian Sea, homeward bound. Slowly it made its way west toward the Gulf of Aden. Its hold was loaded with coffee, rice, tea, oil seeds and jute. Black smoke poured from its one stack, darkening the hot cloudless sky.

Alexander Ramsay, Jr., known to his friends back home in New York City as Alec, leaned over the rail and watched the water slide away from the sides of the boat. His red hair blazed redder than ever in the hot sun, his tanned elbows rested heavily on the rail as he turned his freckled face back toward the fast-disappearing shore.

Saint-Exupéry, Antoine de. *The Little Prince*. Translated by Richard Howard. Orlando: Harcourt, 2000. (1943)

**Babbitt, Natalie. *Tuck Everlasting*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1975. (1975)
From Chapter 12**

The sky was a ragged blaze of red and pink and orange, and its double trembled on the surface of the pond like color spilled from a paintbox. The sun was dropping fast now, a soft red sliding egg yolk, and already to the east there was a darkening to purple. Winnie, newly brave with her thoughts of being rescued, climbed boldly into the rowboat. The hard heels of her buttoned boots made a hollow banging sound against its wet boards, loud in the warm and breathless quiet. Across the pond a bullfrog spoke a deep note of warning. Tuck climbed in, too, pushing off, and, settling the oars into their locks, dipped them into the silty bottom in one strong pull. The rowboat slipped from the bank then, silently, and glided out, tall water grasses whispering away from its sides, releasing it.

Here and there the still surface of the water dimpled, and bright rings spread noiselessly and vanished. “Feeding time,” said Tuck softly. And Winnie, looking down, saw hosts of tiny insects skittering and skating on the surface. “Best time of all for fishing,” he said, “when they come up to feed.”

He dragged on the oars. The rowboat slowed and began to drift gently toward the farthest end of the pond. It was so quiet that Winnie almost jumped when the bullfrog spoke again. And then, from the tall pines and birches that ringed the pond, a wood thrush caroled. The silver notes were pure and clear and lovely.

“Know what that is, all around us, Winnie?” said Tuck, his voice low. “Life. Moving, growing, changing, never the same two minutes together. This water, you look out at it every morning, and it looks the same, but it ain’t. All night long it’s been moving, coming in through the stream back there to the west, slipping out through the stream down east here, always quiet, always new, moving on. You can’t hardly see the current, can you? And sometimes the wind makes it look like it’s going the other way. But it’s always there, the water’s always moving on, and someday, after a long while, it comes to the ocean.”

Singer, Isaac Bashevis. “Zlateh the Goat.” *Zlateh the Goat and Other Stories*. New York: HarperCollins, 2001. (1984)

The snow fell for three days, though after the first day it was not as thick and the wind quieted down. Sometimes Aaron felt that there could never have been a summer, that the snow had always fallen, ever since he could remember. He, Aaron, never had a father or mother or sisters. He was a snow child, born of the snow, and so was Zlateh. It was so quiet in the hay that his ears rang in the stillness. Aaron and Zlateh slept all night and a good part of the day. As for Aaron’s dreams, they were all about warm weather. He dreamed of green fields, trees covered with blossoms, clear brooks, and singing birds. By the third night the snow had stopped, but Aaron did not dare to find his way home in the darkness. The sky became clear and the moon shone, casting silvery nets on the snow. Aaron dug his way out and looked at the world. It was all white, quiet, dreaming dreams of heavenly splendor. The stars were large and close. The moon swam in the sky as in a sea.

**Hamilton, Virginia. *M. C. Higgins, the Great*. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1999. (1993)
From Chapter 1**

Mayo Cornelius Higgins raised his arms high to the sky and spread them wide. He glanced furtively around. It was all right. There was no one to see him greeting the coming sunrise. But the motion of his arms caused a flutter of lettuce leaves he had bound to his wrists with rubber bands. Like bracelets of green feathers, the leaves commenced to wave.

M. C., as he was called, felt warm, moist air surround him. Humidity trapped in the hills clung to the mountainside

as the night passed on. In seconds, his skin grew clammy. But he paid no attention to the oppressive heat with its odors of summer growth and decay. For he was staring out over a grand sweep of hill, whose rolling outlines grew clearer by the minute. As he stood on the gallery of his home, the outcropping on which he lived on the mountainside seemed to fade out from under him.

I'm standing in midair, he thought.

He saw dim light touch clouds clustered behind the eastern hills.

Bounce the sun beside me if I want.

All others of his family were still asleep in the house. To be by himself in the perfect quiet was reason enough for him to wake up way early. Alone for half an hour, he could believe he had been chosen to remain forever suspended, facing the hills. He could pretend there was nothing terrible behind him, above his head. Arms outstretched, picture-framed by pine uprights supporting the gallery roof, he was M.C. Higgins, higher than everything.

**Erdrich, Louise. *The Birchbark House*. New York: Hyperion, 1999. (1999)
From Chapter 1: "The Birchbark House"**

She was named Omaykayas, or Little Frog, because her first step was a hop. She grew into a nimble young girl of seven winters, a thoughtful girl with shining brown eyes and a wide grin, only missing her two top front teeth. She touched her upper lip. She wasn't used to those teeth gone, and was impatient for new, grown-up teeth to complete her smile. Just like her namesake, Omaykayas now stared long at a silky patch of bog before she gathered herself and jumped. One hummock. Safety. Omaykayas sprang wide again. This time she landed on the very tip-top of a pointed old stump. She balanced there, looking all around. The lagoon water moved in sparkling crescents. Thick swales of swamp grass rippled. Mud turtles napped in the sun. The world was so calm that Omaykayas could hear herself blink. Only the sweet call of a solitary white-throated sparrow pierced the cool of the woods beyond.

All of a sudden Grandma yelled.

"I found it!"

Startled, Omaykayas slipped and spun her arms in wheels. She teetered, but somehow kept her balance. Two big, skipping hops, another leap, and she was on dry land. She stepped over spongy leaves and moss, into the woods where the sparrows sang nesting songs in delicate relays.

"Where are you?" Nokomis yelled again. "I found the tree!"

"I'm coming," Omaykayas called back to her grandmother.

It was spring, time to cut Birchbark.

**Curtis, Christopher Paul. *Bud, Not Buddy*. New York: Delacorte Books for Young Readers, 1999. (1999)
(Also listed as a read-aloud narrative for grades 2-3)
From Chapter 1**

Here we go again. We were all standing in line waiting for breakfast when one of the caseworkers came in and tap-tap-tapped down the line. Uh-oh, this meant bad news, either they'd found a foster home for somebody or somebody was about to get paddled. All the kids watched the woman as she moved along the line, her high-heeled shoes sounding like little fire-crackers going off on the wooden floor.

Shoot! She stopped at me and said, "Are you Buddy Caldwell?"

I said, "It's Bud, not Buddy, ma'am."

She put her hand on my shoulder and took me out of the line. Then she pulled Jerry, one of the littler boys, over. "Aren't you Jerry Clark?" He nodded.

"Boys, good news! Now that the school year has ended, you both have been accepted in new temporary-care homes starting this afternoon!"

Jerry asked the same thing I was thinking, "Together?"

She said, "Why no, Jerry, you'll be in a family with three little girls..."

Jerry looked like he'd just found out they were going to dip him in a pot of boiling milk.

"...and Bud..." She looked at some papers she was holding. "Oh, yes, the Amoses, you'll be with Mr. and Mrs. Amos and their son, who's twelve years old, that makes him just two years older than you, doesn't it, Bud?"

"Yes, ma'am."

She said, "I'm sure you'll both be very happy."

Me and Jerry looked at each other.

The woman said, "Now, now, boys, no need to look so glum, I know you don't understand what it means, but there's a depression going on all over this country. People can't find jobs and these are very, very difficult times for everybody. We've been lucky enough to find two wonderful families who've opened their doors for you. I think it's best that we show our new foster families that we're very..."

She dragged out the word very, waiting for us to finish her sentence for her.

Jerry said, "Cheerful, helpful and grateful." I moved my lips and mumbled.

**Lin, Grace. *Where the Mountain Meets the Moon*. New York: Little, Brown, 2009. (2009)
From Chapter 1**

Far away from here, following the Jade River, there was once a black mountain that cut into the sky like a jagged piece of rough metal. The villagers called it Fruitless Mountain because nothing grew on it and birds and animals did not rest there.

Crowded in the corner of where Fruitless Mountain and the Jade River met was a village that was a shade of faded brown. This was because the land around the village was hard and poor. To coax rice out of the stubborn land, the field had to be flooded with water. The villagers had to tramp in the mud, bending and stooping and planting day after day. Working in the mud so much made it spread everywhere and the hot sun dried it onto their clothes and hair and homes. Over time, everything in the village had become the dull color of dried mud.

One of the houses in this village was so small that its wood boards, held together by the roof, made one think of a bunch of matches tied with a piece of twine. Inside, there was barely enough room for three people to sit around the table—which was lucky because only three people lived there. One of them was a young girl called Minli.

Minli was not brown and dull like the rest of the village. She had glossy black hair with pink cheeks, shining eyes always eager for adventure, and a fast smile that flashed from her face. When people saw her lively and impulsive spirit, they thought her name, which meant quick thinking, suited her well. "Too well," her mother sighed, as Minli had a habit of quick acting as well.

Poetry

Blake, William. "The Echoing Green." *Songs of Innocence*. New York: Dover, 1971. (1789)

The sun does arise,
And make happy the skies;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound;
While our sports shall be seen
On the echoing green.

Old John, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,

And soon they all say,
 'Such, such were the joys
 When we all—girls and boys—
 In our youth-time were seen
 On the echoing green.'

Till the little ones, weary,
 No more can be merry:
 The sun does descend,
 And our sports have an end.
 Round the laps of their mothers
 Many sisters and brothers,
 Like birds in their nest,
 Are ready for rest,
 And sport no more seen
 On the darkening green.

Lazarus, Emma. "The New Colossus." *Favorite Poems Old and New*. Edited by Helen Ferris. New York: Doubleday, 1957. (1883)

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame
 With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
 Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
 A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
 Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
 Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
 Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
 The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
 "Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
 With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
 Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
 The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
 Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me,
 I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

Media Text

Photos, multimedia, and a virtual tour of the Statue of Liberty, hosted on the National Parks Service's Web site: <http://www.nps.gov/stli/photosmultimedia/index.htm>

Thayer, Ernest Lawrence. "Casey at the Bat." *Favorite Poems Old and New*. Edited by Helen Ferris. New York: Doubleday, 1957. (1888)

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day;
 The score stood four to two with but one inning more to play.
 And then when Cooney died at first, and Barrows did the same,
 A sickly silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go in deep despair. The rest
 Clung to that hope which springs eternal in the human breast;
 They thought if only Casey could but get a whack at that—
 We'd put up even money now with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake,
 And the former was a lulu and the latter was a cake;
 So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,
 For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,
 And Blake, the much despised, tore the cover off the ball;
 And when the dust had lifted, and the men saw what had occurred,
 There was Johnnie safe at second and Flynn a-hugging third.

Then from 5,000 throats and more there rose a lusty yell;
 It rumbled through the valley, it rattled in the dell;
 It knocked upon the mountain and recoiled upon the flat,

For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place;
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face.
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt;
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt.
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance flashed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore.
"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted some one on the stand;
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew;
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and echo answered fraud;
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed.
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clenched in hate;
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate.
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

Dickinson, Emily. "A Bird Came Down the Walk." *The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*. Boston: Little, Brown, 1960. (1893)

A Bird came down the walk—

He did not know I saw;
He bit an angleworm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a dew
From a convenient grass,
And then hopped sidewise to the wall
To let a beetle pass.

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all abroad—
They looked like frightened beads, I thought—
He stirred his velvet head —

Like one in danger; cautious,
I offered him a crumb,
And he unrolled his feathers

And rowed him softer home
 Than oars divide the ocean,
 Too silver for a seam,
 Or butterflies, off banks of noon,
 Leap, splashless, as they swim.

Sandburg, Carl. "Fog." *Chicago Poems*. New York: Henry Holt, 1916. (1916)

The fog comes
 on little cat feet.

It sits looking
 over harbor and city
 on silent haunches
 and then moves on.

Frost, Robert. "Dust of Snow." *The Poetry of Robert Frost: The Collected Poems, Complete and Unabridged*. New York: Henry Holt, 1969. (1923)

Dahl, Roald. "Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf." *Roald Dahl's Revolting Rhymes*. New York: Knopf, 2002. (1982)

Nichols, Grace. "They Were My People." *Come On Into My Tropical Garden*. New York: HarperCollins, 1990. (1988)

Mora, Pat. "Words Free As Confetti." *Confetti: Poems for Children*. Illustrated by Enrique O. Sanchez. New York: Lee and Low, 1999. (1996)

Come, words, come in your every color.
 I'll toss you in storm or breeze.
 I'll say, say, say you,
 Taste you sweet as plump plums,
 bitter as old lemons,
 I'll sniff you, words, warm
 as almonds or tart as apple-red,
 feel you green
 and soft as new grass,
 lightweight as dandelion plumes,
 or thorngray as cactus,
 heavy as black cement,
 cold blue as icicles,
 warm as *abuelita's* yellowlap.
 I'll hear you, words, loud as searoar's
 Purple crash, hushed
 as *gatitos* curled in sleep,
 as the last goldlullaby.
 I'll see you long and dark as tunnels,
 bright as rainbows,
 playful as chestnutwind.
 I'll watch you, words, rise and dance and spin.
 I'll say, say, say you
 in English,
 in Spanish,
 I'll find you.
 Hold you.
 Toss you.
 I'm free too.
 I say *yo soy libre*,
 I am free
 free, free,
 free as confetti.

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Sample Performance Tasks for Stories and Poetry

- Students *make connections between the visual presentation* of John Tenniel’s illustrations in Lewis Carroll’s *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland* and the text of the story to *identify* how the pictures of Alice reflect *specific descriptions* of her in the text. [RL.4.7]
- Students *explain* the selfish behavior by Mary and make *inferences* regarding the impact of the cholera outbreak in Frances Hodgson Burnett’s *The Secret Garden* by *explicitly referring to details and examples from the text*. [RL.4.1]
- Students *describe how the narrator’s point of view* in Walter Farley’s *The Black Stallion* influences *how events are described* and how the reader perceives the character of Alexander Ramsay, Jr. [RL.5.6]
- Students *summarize* the plot of Antoine de Saint-Exupéry’s *The Little Prince* and then reflect on the *challenges* facing the *characters in the story* while employing those and other *details in the text* to discuss the value of inquisitiveness and exploration as a *theme* of the story. [RL.5.2]
- Students read Natalie Babbitt’s *Tuck Everlasting* and *describe in depth* the idyllic *setting* of the story, *drawing on specific details in the text*, from the color of the sky to the sounds of the pond, to describe the scene. [RL.4.3]
- Students *compare and contrast* coming-of-age stories by Christopher Paul Curtis (*Bud, Not Buddy*) and Louise Erdrich (*The Birchbark House*) by identifying *similar themes* and examining the stories’ *approach* to the topic of growing up. [RL.5.9]
- Students *refer to the structural elements* (e.g., *verse, rhythm, meter*) of Ernest Lawrence Thayer’s “Casey at the Bat” when analyzing the *poem* and contrasting the impact and *differences* of those *elements* to a *prose* summary of the *poem*. [RL.4.5]
- Students *determine the meaning of the metaphor* of a cat in Carl Sandburg’s poem “Fog” and contrast that *figurative language* to the meaning of the *simile* in William Blake’s “The Echoing Green.” [RL.5.4]

Informational Texts

Berger, Melvin. *Discovering Mars: The Amazing Story of the Red Planet*. New York: Scholastic, 1992. (1992)

Mars is very cold and very dry. Scattered across the surface are many giant volcanoes. Lava covers much of the land.

In Mars’ northern half, or hemisphere, is a huge raised area. It is about 2,500 miles wide. Astronomers call this the Great Tharsis Bulge.

There are four mammoth volcanoes on the Great Tharsis Bulge. The largest one is Mount Olympus, or Olympus Mons. It is the biggest mountain on Mars. Some think it may be the largest mountain in the entire solar system.

Mount Olympus is 15 miles high. At its peak is a 50 mile wide basin. Its base is 375 miles across. That’s nearly as big as the state of Texas!

Mauna Loa, in Hawaii, is the largest volcano on earth. Yet, compared to Mount Olympus, Mauna Loa looks like a little hill. The Hawaiian volcano is only 5½ miles high. Its base, on the bottom of the Pacific Ocean, is just 124 miles wide.

Each of the three other volcanoes in the Great Tharsis Bulge are over 10 miles high. They are named Arsia Mons, Pavonis Mons, and Ascreaus Mons.

Media Text

NASA’s illustrated fact sheet on Mars: http://www.nasa.gov/worldbook/mars_worldbook.html