

Grade 5 Reading OAT Authentic Questions

Reading Applications: Literary Text Standard

Independence Day Reading Passage Questions

1. Who is the speaker in this selection?

- A. Almanzo
- B. a narrator
- C. Mr. Paddock
- D. Frank

2. " 'I'm going to look around,' he said, 'and buy me a good little pig.' "

Give two reasons Almanzo says this at the end of the selection. Write your answer on a separate piece of paper.

3. What is the theme of this selection?

- A. Raising potatoes is hard work.
- B. Money represents hard work.
- C. Asking a parent for money can be scary.
- D. Children are often smarter than adults think.

In Time of Silver Rain Reading Passage Questions

4. What is the mood of the poem?

- A. happy
- B. anxious
- C. hostile
- D. amusing

5. "And flowers lift their heads,"
- What activity is the poet describing?
- A. flowers looking at the sky
 - B. flowers waking up
 - C. flowers blooming
 - D. flowers wilting

Emmaline's Pearl Reading Passage Questions

6. In the beginning of the story, what is the main problem that Julia thinks she faces?
- A. how to persuade her mother to let her have the ring
 - B. how to get Emmaline to show her where the ring is kept
 - C. how to wear the ring to school without losing it
 - D. how to get her friends to like her again
7. Write your answer on a separate piece of paper.
- How does Emmaline feel about Julia getting the ring? Provide at least three examples from the selection that support your answer.
8. What does Julia think having the ring means?
- A. She will get more gifts.
 - B. She is growing up.
 - C. She is very special.
 - D. She will have more friends.

9. How does Julia feel when she wears the ring to school?
- A. She worries that she cannot enjoy the ring while Emmaline is sick.
 - B. She worries that she might have to give the ring back.
 - C. She worries that the ring will turn her finger all green.
 - D. She worries that she might lose the ring.

Katie Kyle and the Thunderhead Reading Passage Questions

10. At the end of the selection Katie makes it rain.
Which of these incidents led to this action?
- A. She forces *The Freedom's* crew to throw their hats at a passing cloud.
 - B. She makes Sal jump on a cloud in the sky.
 - C. She catches a cloud and squeezes rain out of it over the canal.
 - D. She calls the railroaders and asks for their help.
11. Suddenly, another mosquito buzzed by. "Not so fast!" Katie yelled, grabbing it. "We're going after that rain!"
From these sentences, you can tell that Katie feels
- A. scared.
 - B. determined.
 - C. unhappy.
 - D. weak.
12. On a separate piece of paper, identify Katie's problem in the selection. Describe three steps Katie took to solve the problem. (4 points)

Holding Hands Reading Passage Questions

13. Grandfather's fingers
wrap around my hand
and warm me like a mitten.

What type of figurative language is used in this sentence?

- A. idiom
 - B. personification
 - C. simile
 - D. metaphor
14. What does the sentence "His voice grows soft—so soft" mean?
- A. Grandfather speaks to someone else.
 - B. Grandfather must repeat himself.
 - C. Grandfather tells a secret.
 - D. Grandfather's voice fades.
15. Which word suggests the mood of the poem?
- A. excitement
 - B. angry
 - C. confusion
 - D. loving

Mr. No and Miss Rose Reading Passage Questions

16. Why does Bobby probably not laugh at the beginning of the selection?
- A. He is afraid of the pigeons.
 - B. He is worried or unhappy.
 - C. He wants to have a cat.
 - D. He misses the mountains.
17. How does Miss Rose feel about the piano in Bobby's house?
- A. She likes to hear the piano when she visits.
 - B. She likes when the kids sing along to the piano.
 - C. She wants to make a deal with Mama about the piano.
 - D. She complains that it keeps her from getting rest.
18. "Suddenly I heard Bobby give one of his excited gasps. Mr. No had jumped onto Mama's piano. I looked at Mama quickly to see what she would do, but she sat there with an amused expression on her face."
- What mood is the author creating?
- A. relaxed
 - B. bored
 - C. cheerfulness
 - D. disappointment

19. Fill in the chart to describe how each of the following events influences other actions in the selection. (4 points)

Events and Actions Chart

Event	Action
Bobby tries to pet Mr. No, but the cat runs and hides.	
Miss Rose complains about the loud piano playing.	
Bobby lets Mr. No inside his house.	
Mr. No plays the piano.	

Directions: Read the selection.

Independence Day

by Laura Ingalls Wilder



Father was a little way down the street, talking to Mr. Paddock, the wagon-maker. Almanzo walked slowly toward them. The nearer he got to Father, the more he dreaded asking for a nickel. He was sure Father would not give it to him.

He waited till Father stopped talking and looked at him.

"What is it, son?" Father asked.

Almanzo was scared.

"Father," Almanzo said, "would you—would you give me—a nickel?"

He stood there while Father and Mr. Paddock looked at him, and he wished he could get away. Finally Father asked:

"What for?"

Almanzo looked down at his moccasins and muttered:

"Frank had a nickel. He bought pink lemonade."

Father looked at him a long time. Then he took out his wallet and opened it, and slowly he took out a round, big silver half-dollar. He asked:

"Almanzo, do you know what this is?"

"Half a dollar," Almanzo answered.

"Yes. But do you know what half a dollar is?"

Almanzo didn't know it was anything but half a dollar.

"It's work, son," Father said. "That's what money is; it's hard work."

Mr. Paddock chuckled. "The boy's too young, Wilder," he said. "You can't make a youngster understand that."

"Almanzo's smarter than you think," said Father.

Almanzo didn't understand at all. But Father had said that Almanzo was smart, so Almanzo tried to look like a smart boy. Father asked:

"You know how to raise potatoes, Almanzo?"

"Yes," Almanzo said.

"Say you have a **seed potato** in the spring, what do you do with it?"

"You cut it up," Almanzo said.

"Go on, son."

"Then you **harrow**—first you **manure** the field, and plow it. Then you harrow, and mark the ground. And plant the potatoes, and plow them."

"That's right, son. And then?"

"Then you dig them and put them down **cellar**."

"Yes. Then you pick them over all winter; you throw out all the little ones and the rotten ones. Come spring, you sell them. And if you get a good price son, how much do you get to show for all that work? How much do you get for half a **bushel** of potatoes?"

"Half a dollar," Almanzo said.

"Yes," said Father. "That's what's in this half-dollar, Almanzo. The work that raised half a bushel of potatoes is in it."

Almanzo looked at the round piece of money that Father held up. It looked small, compared with all that work.

"You can have it, Almanzo," Father said. Almanzo could hardly believe his ears. Father gave him the heavy half-dollar.

"It's yours," said Father. "You could buy a pig with it, if you want to. You could raise it, and it would raise a litter of pigs, worth four, five dollars apiece. Or you can trade that half dollar for lemonade, and drink it up. You do as you want, it's your money."

Almanzo forgot to say thank you. He held the half-dollar a minute, then he put his hand in his pocket and went back to the boys by the lemonade-stand.

Frank asked Almanzo:

"Where's the nickel?"

"He didn't give me a nickel," said Almanzo, and Frank yelled:

"Yah, yah! I told you he wouldn't. I told you so!"

"He gave me half a dollar," said Almanzo.

The boys wouldn't believe it till he showed them. Then they crowded around, waiting for him to spend it. He showed it to them all, and put it back in his pocket.

"I'm going to look around," he said, "and buy me a good little pig."

Word Bank
bushel — a measure of dry material
cellar — a room below ground, a basement
harrow — to smooth or break up soil
manure — to apply a material that fertilizes land
seed potato — a potato with buds from which new potatoes grow

Directions: Read the selection.

In Time of Silver Rain

by Langston Hughes

In time of silver rain
The earth
Puts forth new life again,
Green grasses grow
And flowers lift their heads,
And over all the plain
The wonder spreads
 Of life,
 Of life,
 Of life!

In time of silver rain
The butterflies
Lift silken wings
To catch a rainbow cry,
And trees put forth
New leaves to sing
In joy beneath the sky
As down the roadway
Passing boys and girls
Go singing, too,
In time of silver rain
 When spring
 And life
 Are new.



Directions: Read the selection.

Emmaline's Pearl

by Rhiannon Puck



It was as big as a pea, and when Julia looked at it long enough, it was like looking at the full moon on a clear night. The more she looked, the more Emmaline's pearl seemed to be made of liquid swirling inside a tiny crystal ball. It rested in the center of an old-fashioned silver ring finely **etched** with ivy and spiraling **acanthus** leaves.

There was nothing in the world that she wished to have more than Emmaline's pearl. And though Emmaline had promised to give it to her one day, that day seemed a hundred years away.

Julia and her mother visited Emmaline often, because Emmaline was her mother's **godmother** and the two were "close as nine is to ten," as Gammy Em liked to tell everyone with a smile.

When they visited Emmaline, they always sat in her sunroom and had tea, while Emmaline talked. But after a while, Julia always had to ask, "Can I see the pearl, Gammy Em?"

Julia's mother always shook her head, but on every visit Emmaline consented. "Here's the key," she would say, retrieving a small brass key from her pocket. "You know where it is. Bring it downstairs, dear."

And Julia would take the key upstairs, unlock the **armoie** drawer where Emmaline's pearl was kept, and run back down the steps with the velvet box in her hand. Just holding it felt special. When Emmaline opened the box, she always looked at the ring quietly for a moment before handing it to Julia. "Go on, then," she whispered. "Try it on."

Carefully, slowly, Julia plucked Emmaline's pearl from its satiny slot and slipped it onto her finger. Instantly, she felt different, as if the pearl had some kind of magic power.

"It's a shame your mother won't let you take it," Emmaline said. "But I understand."

Julia's mother reached for Emmaline's hand. "Julia doesn't need it, Em. She has you." That was what her mother always said.

Later, when they were home, Julia asked her mother why she never let her take the ring. Her mother smiled and shrugged. "Sometimes, wishing for something is more fun than having it," she said.

But that didn't make any sense to Julia. "Why?" she asked.

Her mother was thoughtful for a moment, then replied, "People always want what they don't have, but when they get it, it's never what they expect."

A few weeks later, Emmaline had to go to the hospital to have some surgery, and Julia's mother was frantic. The day before the surgery, Julia and her mother went to Emmaline's to help her pack and get things organized. There was no tea served in the sunroom that day, but something incredible happened. Emmaline gave Julia the ring.

"I know you love it, dear," Emmaline told her, "and it's time for you to have it."

"I'll wear it forever, Gammy Em!"

"I know you *want* to," Emmaline replied quietly.

That night was the first time Julia had ever worried about anything she owned. She was afraid to take the ring off because it could slip down the drain or disappear into the heating vent.

The school bus was another unexpected problem. At first, Julia was proud of wearing Emmaline's pearl, but she soon felt uncomfortable. One girl asked to borrow it, and another said it wasn't real and would turn Julia's finger all green by the end of the day. Julia tucked her hand in her jacket pocket and decided they were just jealous. But her best friends behaved the same way once she got to school.

Carrie accused her of being stuck-up when she saw the ring on Julia's finger. Miriam kept asking to try it on, but after a few times, Julia had to say, "If I keep taking it off, it'll get lost!"

Emmaline's pearl was a problem in her classes, too. In art class, Julia had to fake a stomachache so that she wouldn't get the ring all full of clay. She could have taken it off and slipped it in her pocket, but she was afraid she might lose it. In gym class, she pretended to have a headache, since there was no way to climb the parallel bars or use the monkey rings with Emmaline's pearl on her finger.

On the way home on the bus, she kept her hand deep in her pocket so no one would see the ring and tease her about it. When she got home, she was exhausted.

"What in the world happened today?" her mother asked when Julia came in and plopped down on the sofa.

"What good is having the ring if wearing it isn't any fun?" Julia complained.

Late that afternoon, they went to visit Emmaline at the hospital. "They said I can go home tonight!" Emmaline exclaimed as Julia and her mother came into the room.

"Since you're all right now, can I give the ring back?" Julia asked.

Emmaline looked at her steadily. "But I thought you wanted it more than anything," she said.

Julia shrugged. "I guess I changed my mind," she answered, slipping Emmaline's pearl from her finger. "All I really wanted was to be special," she confessed.

"But you are, dear!" Emmaline said as she took the ring and put it on. "And always *have* been. Now, let's go home and have some tea!"

Word Bank
acanthus — a type of herb or small shrub used in a design pattern
armoire — a large, often showy, cabinet or wardrobe
etched — pressed into or imprinted with
godmother — close family friend who is like or is a relative

Directions: Read the selection.

Katie Kyle and the Thunderhead

by Carol Ottolengh-Barga



Who was Katie Kyle? Do you mean to say you've never heard of the bravest, most fantastic canal-boat captain ever to navigate the Miami-Erie Canal?

Why, she could outswim, outjump, outclimb, and outpull anyone without even getting out of bed in the morning.

No one knows where Katie came from. She just appeared one day, floating up the canal on her **barge**, *The Freedom*. Her hair was like a bright orange sunset, and she was as strong as any six ordinary boaters put together.

She was tender-hearted, too. Many a night, when the mules were worn out from hauling *The Freedom* up the canal, Katie would go down the **towpath** after them. She'd carry them back to the boat, snuggled up in her arms like little babies. Then she'd tuck each mule in its stall and sing its favorite towing song to put it to sleep.

Her lead mule, Sal, was the biggest, strongest, smartest mule on the canal. Sal stood fifteen feet high at the shoulder, and she ate a wagonload of hay every day. Her towing **harness** was so heavy that it took three crew members to put it on her. Once she was harnessed, well, Sal could outpull any four teams of ordinary mules combined.

Well, with Sal as lead mule, *The Freedom* was the fastest boat on the canal. Everyone knew that Katie and her crew always delivered their cargo on time. But once, during the hot, dry summer of 1849, *The Freedom* came mighty close to being late.

That was the summer it didn't rain for forty-three weeks. The canal was so parched that the fish lined up with their towels to take turns swimming in the few remaining water holes. Boats were **mudlarked**—that's stuck in the mud—all the way from the Ohio River up to the four Great Lakes. (There were only four Great Lakes back then; little Lake Ontario hadn't been formed yet.)

Katie was worried. If it didn't rain soon, *The Freedom* couldn't deliver the lumber and steel that folks up north needed to build that **newfangled** railroad they were all talking about. Every once in a while storm clouds appeared on the horizon, but the wind always pushed the clouds away from the canal. It didn't rain, and *The Freedom* stayed mudlarked.

One morning after Katie had finished eating a small breakfast—a dozen apples, thirty-two pancakes, fifty-three pieces of bacon, and six pots of coffee—she called her crew together.

"It's time we got moving," she told them. "But that won't happen until we get some rain. So I'm gonna go find a rain cloud and bring it back here."

Katie mounted Sal, and the two galloped along until they came to a forest. Katie looked at the trees and sighed.

She climbed the tallest tree she could find, a scruffy little pine that only reached a mile or so into the sky. There she stayed, waiting for a likely looking rain cloud to come along.

Katie sat in the tree for four days, watching the sky and fighting off mosquitoes the size of small cows. One of her crew finally brought her an extra-

large frying pan to swat them with. At last, she spotted a cloud. It was a **humdinger** of a thunderhead, dark and billowing and bursting with rain. But the wind was pushing it north, away from *The Freedom*. — —

Suddenly, another mosquito buzzed by. "Not so fast!" Katie yelled, grabbing it. "We're going after that rain!" The mosquito squirmed and bucked and tried to bite, but Katie jumped onto its back and twisted its ears until it realized who was boss. Then Katie and her mosquito flew after the cloud.

Sal galloped along behind them. Her hoofs pounded the ground so loudly that people nine miles away thought they heard thunder and ran to bring their laundry in.

Katie caught up with the cloud and gently looped Sal's reins around it. Then she and Sal towed it back to *The Freedom*. When the crew saw that huge thunderhead, they cheered and threw their hats high into the air. Some of the men were so happy that they did a little dance right there on the deck of *The Freedom*.

Katie began to squeeze the thunderhead just like it was a giant sponge. It began to rain—tiny drops at first, then huge sheets of water. The rain soon filled the canal, and the extra water sloshed over the sides. Katie wrung so much rain out of that cloud that Lake Erie overflowed and formed the fifth Great Lake, Lake Ontario.

When she'd squeezed every drop from the cloud, Katie let it go. She and Sal boarded *The Freedom* and sailed up the canal with their cargo of lumber and steel for the railways. The railroaders were so delighted to see Katie on time that they threw a barn dance in her honor. There was dancing and laughing and fiddle playing, and so much food on the tables that the whole state of Ohio sagged from the weight.

The next day, Katie and her crew waved good-bye to the railroaders and loaded *The Freedom* with new cargo. They then floated off downstream in search of more adventures.

Word Bank

barge — a flat-bottomed boat

harness — the straps by which you can pull a load

humdinger — one that is extraordinary

mudlarked — a boat grounded because the water level is low

newfangled — of the newest style

towpath — a path traveled by people or animals towing boats

Directions: Read the selection.

Holding Hands

by Ann Whitford Paul

Grandfather's fingers
wrap around my hand
and warm me like a mitten.
I feel his fat knobbed knuckles
and see his veins scribble
all the way into his sleeve.

Walking along,
I listen.
He talks about his life on the farm.
His voice grows soft—
so soft—
I cannot hear all the words.
But, in his hand,
I can feel
each cow he milked,
each bale of hay he tied,
and each row of earth he tilled.



Directions: Read the selection.

Mr. No and Miss Rose

by Amy Gerstin Coombs



Bobby came to live with us the same week we moved. He was a boy of five who never laughed. When I talked to him, he'd stare at me with dark eyes, absorbing every word but saying nothing. He seemed to feel even sadder and more lost than I felt.

At first Bobby and I spent our time sitting on the gray front steps and feeding bread to the pigeons. Eventually, though, I made new friends, too. While we hopscotched and jumped rope on the sidewalk, Bobby watched from the stoop.

In the house to our right lived an older woman I was told to call Miss Rose. I waved to her every morning as she caught the bus to her job, yet she never invited me into her home, and I never saw anyone visit her on weekends.

One morning I was sitting outside with Bobby when the front door opened and a large, black-and-white tomcat limped out. The cat managed to jump up onto the porch railing. Bobby gave a small gasp of excitement.

"You want to pet the cat?" I asked. He nodded his head yes. "Go slowly so you don't scare him," I said.

The cat sat there eying us as we approached, but as soon as Bobby lifted his hand, the animal leaped off the railing and scuttled behind a geranium pot. Just then the front door opened again, and out came Miss Rose.

"That there's Mr. No," she said. "Might take him awhile to cotton to you."

"Why do you call him Mr. No?" I asked.

"Used to tell him, 'No, no, don't do them naughty things' but he just turned a deaf ear! Stubborn old mule." She laughed.

"How old is he?"

"Bless me, how old . . .? Thirteen come this July, I believe."

Miss Rose laughed again, a loud, warm, ringing laugh like a song. "Well, we are old, we two! But he keeps me good company. Mr. No's like my own child."

"Yes, sirree, Mr. No thinks he's just like people—it's broiled fish or nothing for dinner every night!" She clapped her hands together. "Now how'd you like to pet him?" She scooped up Mr. No and held him out to Bobby and me.

We were friends with Mr. No after that, and Miss Rose began visiting Sunday afternoons. She seemed especially fond of Bobby, though she complained there was too much commotion in our house with all the kids running wild. Also, she complained about Mama playing the piano every night while we sang along.

"I like music," Miss Rose would say. "But your piano's smack-dab up against the wall to my bedroom, and I have to get my rest."

Pop figured Miss Rose was just used to quiet living and set in her ways. So he moved the heavy piano to another wall.

One Sunday during Miss Rose's usual visit, Mr. No came nosing around the back screen door. We called hello, and Bobby went outside to pet him. It was hot, and soon Bobby came in for some lemonade, leaving Mr. No meowing at the door.

But meowing wasn't enough for Mr. No. Rattling the screen, he jumped up and batted at the metal door handle with his paw.

Mama laughed and said if Mr. No wanted to come in that badly, so be it.

Bobby ran to open the screen door, and Mr. No slunk in. He sniffed the chair and rugs, then examined the corners. Bobby sat on the floor and solemnly observed the cat's progress.

We turned our attention back to Miss Rose, who had been telling a story about her childhood in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Suddenly I heard Bobby give one of his excited gasps. Mr. No had jumped onto Mama's piano. I looked at Mama quickly to see what she would do, but she sat there with an amused expression on her face.

Mr. No took one step onto the D key. *Plink!* Then another onto the A key. *Plink! Then plink plink plink plink*—he skittered across the keys.

Mama and Miss Rose burst out laughing.

"He's playing the piano!" Mama said.

We all laughed, but one laugh rose above everyone else's. It was Bobby's, high-pitched and jagged, as though rusty from lack of use.

He laughed and echoed Mama, "Mr. No's playing the piano!"

Miss Rose and Mama looked at Bobby, and then they looked at each other.

"I'll make you a deal," Mama said to Miss Rose. "You let me move my piano back to its rightful spot, and I'll let Mr. No come over and play the piano anytime he wants."

Miss Rose's eyes narrowed. "I need my peace and quiet," she said. "But I suppose a little less quiet is worth it to hear Bobby laugh."

Bobby ran over and kissed Miss Rose on the cheek.