



ELA/Literacy
Released Item 2015

Grade 5
Narrative
Effect of the Table
2187

Sample Student Responses
(no annotations included)

Today you will read a passage from *The Bread Winner*. As you read, pay close attention to the point of view of the characters as you answer the questions to prepare to write a narrative story.

Read the passage from *The Bread Winner*. Then answer the questions.

from *The Bread Winner*

by Arvella Whitmore

1 "Ma'am," he said, "I have a big table in my truck here. I thought since you folks were in the baking business, you might want it. It's been in our basement a long time and we don't need it."

2 "That's ever so nice of you," said Mama. "I'd be happy to take it, but I'll have to ask my husband and daughter what they think." Sarah followed the man outside while Mama went to get Daddy, who was kneading dough in the back. The table was lying on its side, and it was huge. It must be seven or eight feet long and at least four feet wide, thought Sarah. Strong looking, too, with its thick, swirled oak legs. They'd have to keep it in the front of the store since there wouldn't be room in back. But it would be just right for kneading dough. The tables they owned were too small.

3 Sarah smiled as Daddy came out, wiping his hands on his apron. A week ago you couldn't have paid him to step out on Main Street in an apron. Sarah guessed he'd been so busy he forgot.

4 "What do you think?" asked Sarah. "It would be perfect for kneading dough and shaping loaves."

5 "It looks good to me," said Mama.

6 Daddy shook his head. "I don't know. We don't have room for it in the back."

7 "But we could put it in front," said Sarah. "Those tables in back are too small."

8 Daddy frowned. "In front o' the big windows?"

9 "Why not?" Mama said. "I don't care if people watch me make bread." She winked at Sarah behind Daddy's back. Though Daddy had never said a word about it, they both knew that he would rather people didn't see him work with dough. It was silly, thought Sarah, and the sooner he got over it, the better.

10 "Please, Daddy," Sarah cried, "let's take the table. Besides, the front of the store looks bare, and when the shop is open we can use the table as a counter."

11 Daddy nodded to the man and grinned. "Seems I'm outnumbered. Guess we'll take it. Mighty thoughtful of you. Here, let me give you a hand."

12 The two men placed the big dusty table in the front part of the store, in full view of the large show windows. With brushes and soapy water, Sarah and Mama scrubbed it down to its pale oak finish. Then they spread flour on top. Sarah took some of Daddy's dough from the back, brought it out to the big table, and started kneading it.

13 Soon a small crowd gathered in the street outside the window to watch her. When Daddy came out from behind the privacy curtain, Sarah expected him to duck behind it, but he didn't. When he saw all the people out there, he grinned and waved. Leaning over the table, he scrawled a message on a brown paper sack: OPEN AT NOON. He clipped it to the red-checked window curtain with a clothespin, then disappeared into the back of the store. A few seconds later he came out again with a big pan and set it down on the table between himself and Sarah. He grabbed some dough and started kneading it. Sarah couldn't believe her eyes!

14 "You were right," Daddy said. "We needed this table." Once in a while he looked up and waved at the crowd on the street. "Pretty good advertising, wouldn't you say?" he asked.

15 "The best," said Sarah.

16 "Yep," said Daddy, "nobody's gonna say our bread isn't homemade. No sirree."

17 Mama looked on and smiled. A minute later she brought out a pan of dough and started making cinnamon rolls. "When we get settled in," she said. "I might try my hand at cakes and pies. Just a few at first, to see how they go. I used to be good at it."

18 "That would be wonderful," said Sarah.

19 "What do you think we oughta call our bakery?" asked Daddy. "Every business oughta have a name".

20 "Gee, I don't know," said Sarah. "I never thought about it."

21 "I have an idea," he said. "After all, Sarah, you won that blue ribbon at the fair a while back." He glanced across the table at Mama. "If it wasn't for our champ here, we might have ended up in the poorhouse. I think we oughta call it the Blue Ribbon Bakery."

22 Sarah grinned. Daddy must be proud of her to suggest that name. But to her, it didn't seem quite right.

23 "That's nice, Daddy," she said. "But I think we ought to call it Pucketts' Blue Ribbon Bakery. It's a family business now."

2187

Item: "The Bread Winner"

Write a journal entry about the day the table arrived from the point of view of either Sarah, Daddy, or Mama. Use details from the story to describe how the table was used, the emotional effect the table had on the family member chosen, and thoughts about how the table will affect business in the future.

B	<i>I</i>	<u>U</u>	☰	☷	↶	↷

Anchor Set

A1 – A8

It was a sunny day outside. Kids were playin' outside, I wanted to play too, but I'm only 11 years old. They look to be maybe 16. It was very hot outside, I wished I could've afforded a nice cold, sweet and refreshing glass of lemonade, but those things are expensive. My house was quiet. It seemed like a dead day. Boring in many ways. I was sitting on my chair in my room, thinking of how I won that beautiful blue ribbon that shimmered with the gold circle on top with the words imprinted, *1st Prize Winner, Sarah*. I heard my ma' callin' me, so I lifted myself up from the chair and headed towards the loft.

"Hello Darlin'," said Ma'.

"Hi ma'," I replied as the doorbell rang.

We glanced at the window to find a man carrying a large, cardboard box. We rushed to the door and opened it, only to find the man struggling to hold the box.

"Need a hand?" Ma' asked.

"Sure thing!" the man shakingly said.

As ma' helped the man set the big, heavy box down, Daddy came in with a cutting knife. He knelt down and shoved the knife into an opening where the tape held the box together. Slitting the tape, the box flaps flung open and our table was in it!

"Oh boy!" I yipped.

"We've been waitin' for this for bout' a month now!" Daddy happily cheered.

"Thank you very much sir," Ma' said and shook the mans hand.

The man nodded in return and shook ma's hand. When the man left, we carried the table to the large show of windows and began scrubbing and washing it off. Daddy began working on it with bread and a large crowd of people came looking.

Ten Years Later

After our table was put in and we attracted people, our shop began growing. We agreed on calling it *Pucketts' Blue Ribbon Bakery*. Over a period of about 5 years, our bakery grew employees, and managers that ordered more of our building around the U.S. Either way, the real family bakery is right in our town. Every day, we met people, made friends, hired people, and made additions to spice up our bakery. Eventually, it got into magazines and ads on TV. The *Pucketts' Blue Ribbon Bakery* was a huge success. And it still-Oops, hold on I got a customer!

"Hi! And welcome to *Pucketts' Blue Ribbon Bakery*, how may I help you?" I greet.

"Hello, I'd like a slice of whole wheat bread with your freshly picked strawberry-made jam, please," The woman requests.

"Coming right up, ma'am!" I say.

As I make the bread and jam, let's talk still. Anyway, so our buisness is still taking it's run of fame. It is a friendly place which is mainly why it became very popular, not to mention, great food. Well, it looks like I got a

busy day today in the bakery, so I might want to wrap it up soon.

Hopefully, our buisness will stay successful for a very long time. I seem very optimistic, hm... well, I better get on now. Remember though, we are an example for this, even the trashiest seeming, worst of things, can make you completely successful, and we got ours all from a dusty table.

Epilouge

Never trash what seems ignorant. That is how I started with my ol' daddy. My family began the bakery, and now it is time to end it. Someday, my children will hold onto the bakery. I know *I* did, and it was one heck of a ride. But my friend, time flies by you before y'know it! I remember the day you and I talked in the bakery, that was a busy day. Although I've told you my past, and my present, now it's time to tell you my future. My name is Sarah Puckett, and I owned the *Pucketts' Blue Ribbon Bakery*. I am now a candle that's been blown out...

Annotations
Anchor Paper 1
Written Expression: Score Point 3

I woke up feeling ready and excited for a new day in the beginning of a bakery business. I got dressed and had a little breakfast before going out to my workshop in the back of the house. No sooner had I started kneading dough, that my wife came over to get me. She said that a man was at the front and was offering us a huge table. I wiped my hands on my apron as I walked out. "What do you think?" asked my daughter, Sarah. "I don't know. we don't have room for it in the back," I said. "We could put it in the front," Sarah said. "Those tables in the back are too small." "In front of the big windows?" I asked. They know I don't like being watched while I work. "Why not?" asked Mama. "I don't care if people watch me while I work." "Please, Daddy," Sarah cried. I looked at

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the man and grinned, "Seems I'm outnumbered, I guess we'll take it. That's very thoughtful of you. Here, let me give you a hand." We placed the large table in the front part of the store, in full view of the large show windows. Sarah and Mama washed and scrubbed the table and then spread flour on top. I went behind my privacy curtain to work without anyone watching me. It got kind of lonely back there, so I went to try the new table out. There were so many people outside, and I waved to them. Then I grabbed some dough and started kneading it. "You were right," I said, "we needed this table." I think in the future we will become a five-star bakery because of our homemade bread and that table.

Annotations

Anchor Paper 2

Written Expression: Score Point 3

Today the table arrived! The bakery finally won't seem as dull as it did, in fact I bet we're even going to get more costumers. Two men were placing the big dusty table outside in front of the store, me and Mama had to clean it off until it was completly clean. Afterwards we spread flour on top and I took some of Daddy's dough from the back of the bakery and brought it out to the big table and started to knead it.

After just a little bit a small crowd gathered in the street to watch me. But, what was even more important than that is the fact that Daddy came out from behind the privacy curtain and actaully grinned and waved! He leaned and wrote a message onto a brown paper sack. The message read "OPEN AT NOON" he clipped it to our red checked window curtain with a clothespin and than went back into the back of the store.

What suprired me is that a few seconds later he came back out with a big pan and set it down on the table between me and him. Now, I couldn't believe what comes next. He actaully started to knead some dough himself. After a little bit he told me I was right about needing the table. So it was all thanks to me that our bakery is in buisness.

Annotations

Anchor Paper 3

Written Expression: Score Point 2

WE

A4

Sarah's journal

We got the table for the buisness and im really really happy!!!

First we went over to a man's home. He was wondering if wew wanted a table truck. Only my mom was was talking to him at the time. Dad and I were outside at the time. Mom asked us if we wanted it, it was seven or eight feet!!! I thought we could put it in at least one place. Mom thought we could bring it home. Dad thought it would not fit but because it was 2 againaist 1 we brouht it to the bakery. We put it exactaly where I wanted it to. I was happy this whole time. WE then got customers looking through the window.dad said the bakery opens at noon. I feel he was happy because the bakery was popular. I was happy because I had the idea.

I was so happy that we got the table!!!!!!

Score Point 2

Annotations
Anchor Paper 4
Written Expression: Score Point 2

Dear journal,

Our table justn arived and were are ready to put it in frony of the bakery. There's only one problem and thats Dad dosen't want to put the table in the front of the bakery. As soon as we put the table at front people came ,and thought it was a good place for the table. Dad soon thought it was a good place and it should stay at the place. In the future I think it will be still good place for the table and I think there will be more custermers.

Annotations
Anchor Paper 5
Written Expression: Score Point 1

Dear Journal,

Sarah is a sweet little girl. She will help if help is needed. They were going to get a table and go somewhere and make some stuff with ~~dough~~. She loves to help out her mom and her dad. She wanted to go and see what her dad can do with dough.

I believe that the table will be all messed up with some cracks and all sorts of other stuff happening to it.

Annotations

Anchor Paper 6

Written Expression: Score Point 1

WE

A7

well theres this man that said ma,am i have a table you might wont and there father said i dont no then sara said pleas daddy the thay get the table and start a family buiesnes

Score Point 0

Annotations

Anchor Paper 7

Written Expression: Score Point 0

the table arrived when daddy and Sarah
was kneading, and the table was used for
nothing until they got it then it was
used for making bread.

Score Point 0

Annotations

Anchor Paper 8

Written Expression: Score Point 0

Practice Set

P101 - P105

May 6

Dear Journal,

Today, I felt like a fool of a father in front of my daughter and wife. We got a new table today, and it really looks magnificent, but it is so big, we had to put it in the front of the store, right by the big window. You see, at first, I wasn't so sure because with the table in front of the window, every person out on the street walking by is going to see me working with dough, though I'd rather they don't! Of course, my wife, lovely as she is, teased me in her sneaky little way. When we were discussing the matter in front the man, we were talking about where we would put the big thing, when my daughter Sarah suggested that we put it in front. I asked if she meant in front of the big windows. Mama, sensing my little predicament, said "Why not? I don't care if people watch me make bread." It took all the will power in me to stop from turning red as the freshest apple in spring time calling you to turn it into a juicy apple pie. The little sneak! But I am not that mad at her. I know that she is just messing with me. She's a clever, one she is. But I managed to hold it in, thankfully. Well, with both of them against me, I had to of course agree. So we took the table and put it right in front of that big o' window. Then, after it was all fixed up, I went out from behind the privacy curtain, and saw all of them people out there crowded around watching Sarah and Mama make bread, and then the strangest thing happened. I suprised myself. I walked right on up there and wrote on a paper sack OPEN AT NOON and clipped it to the curtain. Then I went back behind the store, grabed myself a big ol' slab o' dough, and joined Mama and Sarah at the window. As I began to knead it out, I realized just how good this table will be for our buisness. I said to 'em "Pretty good advertising, wouldn't you say?" "The best." Sarah then replied to me. Then I said "Yep. Nobody's gonna say our bread isn't homemade. No sirree." And you know what? I'm glad we got that big o' table. Not only is it good for buisness, but I have come over my, ah, *uncomfortableniss*.

Well, see you next journal entry.

From, a happy father.

The day the table came I was glad because most of the tables we had were too small to knead bread with. So when we moved it in front of the big old window, everybody could say "It is homemade."

-Sarah

Dear Journal,

Today we got a brand new table. Daddy thought it was too small. I think Mama really liked it though. We really needed a new table because the ones we have now are too small. I think this will help us now and in the future. Daddy didn't agree with it because he thought we wouldn't have room for it in the back. Then, I came up with how about we use it in the front. Then we decided to take the deal.

After that, Daddy opened the store at noon. I couldn't believe my eyes. Daddy started making bread getting ready for it to open.

Sincerely, Sarah

In the text it says that Sarah smiled as Daddy came out, wiping his hands on his apron. A week ago you couldn't have paid him to step out on Main Street in an apron. Sarah guessed he'd been so busy he forgot. "That's ever so nice of you", said Mama. "I'd be happy to take it, but I'll have to ask my husband and daughter what they think." Sarah followed the man outside while Mama went to get Daddy, who was kneading dough in the back. The table was lying on its side, and at least four feet wide, thought Sarah. Strong looking, too, with its thick, swirled oak legs. They'd have to keep it in the front of the store since there wouldn't be room in back. But it would be just right for kneading dough. The tables they owned were too small. What do you think? asked Sarah. "It would be perfect for kneading dough and shaping loaves." "It looks good to me," said Mama.

One day there was this truck pulling up and this man got out. He said "I have this table that I don't use any more so would you like to have it?". I said "I would love to have it, but let me go check with my husband and daughter.". The table looked pretty. It is 7 feet long and curly oak legs. My husband really didn't want to put it in front of the store because he didn't want any one watch him make stuff, but he got used to it. He said that people can't say that it's not home made. That was the best day because that's when we came up with the name for the bakery. It took us a while, but we got the name. The name is Puckett's Blue Ribbon Bakery. The reason why we called it that is when my daughter won this blue ribbon and we won this bakery, and we added Puckett's because Sarah wanted

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it to be a family bakery. That was the
best day of this family.

Practice Set

(order of scores: Written Expression, Conventions)

Paper	Score
P101	3,3
P102	1,1
P103	2,2
P104	0,0
P105	2,2