

English Language Arts Summer Assignment: Grade 8

In preparation for your work in your 8th grade ELA class, you must complete this summer reading assignment. It is imperative that you take this work seriously, that you read carefully, and complete all parts of the assignment.

This work is due on the first day of school, Wednesday September 5th.

The assignment:

- Read and annotate “Introduction to Shelf Life” and “The Dogs Could Teach Me.”
- Your annotations must show:
 - Gist/Central idea throughout the text (every 1-3 paragraphs)
 - Overall Gist/Central idea of the piece
 - Key ideas/important details for every paragraph
 - Questions you have regarding the text
 - Vocabulary
- Answer the written response questions fully on loose-leaf *in ink*, or typed on computer paper.
- Your written responses **must**:
 - Include a claim.
 - Include 3 pieces of evidence cited from the text.
 - Include your elaboration that logically connects the evidence you are using to the claim you are making.
 - Use transitions.
 - Use your 7th grade academic vocabulary where appropriate.
 - Be at least 2 paragraphs in length.
- Your annotations and written responses must represent your absolute best effort and your serious approach to the task.
- This work will be graded and will be included in your first marking period average.
- When turning in your work, you must include:
 - Your annotated readings.
 - Your written responses

Questions: "Introduction to *Shelf Life*"

Answer each question fully in paragraph form, stating a valid claim, citing at least three pieces of concrete evidence, and providing clear elaboration

1. What do we learn about Paulsen's childhood? How does the author reveal this information?
2. What is a possible theme being presented in "Shelf Life"? Provide evidence and elaboration to support your theme.
3. In what ways do the teacher and the librarian differ from Paulsen's mother? How does Paulsen establish this contrast? How does this contrast help contribute to the theme of the piece?

Questions: "The Dogs Could Teach Me."

Answer each question fully in paragraph form, stating a valid claim, citing at least three pieces of concrete evidence, and providing clear elaboration.

1. In the first three paragraphs of the text Paulsen focuses on the cold's severity and beauty. Using specific evidence from the text, describe why Paulsen begins with this and why this information is essential to the remainder of the narrative.
2. In paragraphs 11-20, how does Paulsen describe and characterize the dogs? What is unexpected regarding this characterization? Cite specific evidence to demonstrate this characterization.
3. How does Paulsen's view of animals change after seeing Columbia interact with Olaf? What impact does this change have on the rest of the text?

Introduction to *Shelf Life*

By Gary Paulsen

1

Books saved my life.

2

First reading them, then writing them.

3

As surely as my lead dog Cookie pulled me from the bottom of a lake after I fell through the ice, books are the reason I survived my miserable childhood. As certainly as my sloop Scallywag has safely taken me through storms and huge seas, books have sustained me as an adult.

4

The awfulness of my childhood has been well covered. But I remember two women who took the time to help me when I was a boy and both women, not so coincidentally, helped me with books.

5

Because I lived from the age of seven to when I was nearly ten in the Philippine Islands and had a private military tutor, I had never been to a public school.

6

We came back to the States when I was just short of ten and moved to Washington D.C. so my father, who was in the army, could work at the Pentagon. My mother promptly enrolled me in public school, took me there the first morning, handed me over to a teacher, and left.

7

I was painfully shy, terrified at the mob of kids and could not go into the room. It was an old school and at the back of the classroom, there was a cloakroom, a shallow closet the width of the room but closed in except for one door. I went in the closet and took my coat off with the rest of the children

but then I could not leave, simply could not make my legs move to walk out into the classroom. I was too frightened.

8

There were many things the teacher could have done wrong. She could have forced me out, dragged me into the classroom, could have made me leave. Instead she did everything right.

9

She looked into the closet, saw me sitting back in the corner and disappeared for a moment and said something to the children. Then she came back into the closet and sat down next to me in the corner and put her arm around me.

10

She had a book, a picture book. I cannot recall the contents of the book except that it had a horse's head on the cover and she sat next to me quietly for a time and read to me softly and let me turn the pages. I was lost in the quiet of the cloakroom, lost in the book so deeply that everything else fell away.

11

After a time, it could have been ten minutes or an hour or my whole life, she asked me if I thought I could come out into the room and take my seat at a desk. I nodded and she stood and took my hand and led me into the classroom.

12

A few years later, when I was thirteen, another woman, a librarian, gave me another book and I consider every good thing that has ever happened to me since then a result of that woman handing me that book.

13

I'd been wandering the streets of the small Minnesota town we lived in one bitter winter evening, waiting for the drunks

in the bars to get juiced. I sold newspapers, trying to scrape together a little money so that I could buy better clothes, believing, as kids do, that the right clothes might somehow lift me from my wretchedly unpopular social life. And if I waited for the men who hung around in the bars to get a few drinks in them, I could hustle them for extra change.

14 I stopped in the library to warm up. The librarian noticed me, called me over, and asked if I wanted a library card. Then she handed me a card with my name on it and gave me a book.

15 Later that night back at home, or what passed for home - a crummy apartment in the bad part of town - I took the book, a box of crackers, and a jar of grape jelly down to the basement, to a hideaway I'd created behind the furnace where someone had abandoned a creaky old armchair under a bare lightbulb.

16 I sat in the corner, eating jelly-smearing crackers, plodding through the book. It took me forever to read. I was such a poor reader that, by the time I'd finished a page, I'd have forgotten what I'd read on the page before and I'd have to go back. That first book must have taken me over a month to finish, hunched over the pages late at night.

17 I wish I could remember the name of that first book - I can't even remember what it was about. What I do remember about that evening at the library was that it marked the first of many nights the librarian would give me a book. "Here," she'd say,

handing me a few battered volumes. "I think you'll like these." She would hand select books that she thought would interest me - Westerns, mysteries, survival tales, science fiction, Edgar Rice Burroughs. I would take them home to hide in the basement and read, I'd bring them back and we'd talk about them, and she'd give me more books.

18 But she wasn't just giving me books, she was giving me...everything. She gave me the first hint I'd ever had in my entire life that there was something other than my drunken parents screaming at each other in the kitchen. She handed me a world where I wasn't going to get beaten up by the school bullies. She showed me places where it didn't hurt all the time.

19 I read terribly at first but as I did more of it, the books became more a part of me and within a short time they gave me a life, a look at life outside myself that made me look forward instead of backward.

20 Years later, after I'd graduated from high school, joined the army, gotten married, had children, and made a career as an electronics engineer working in satellite tracking, books once again changed the course of my life. This time, though, I wrote them.

21 I was sitting in a satellite tracking station at about nine o'clock at night when suddenly I knew that I had to be a writer. In that instant, I gave up or lost everything that had made up my life until that point - my work, my family, certainly my earning potential.

22 Writing had suddenly become
everything...everything...to me.

23 I stood up from the console, handed
in my security badge, and headed for
Hollywood. I had to go to a place where I
knew writers were; I had to be near them,
had to learn from them. I got a job as a
proofreader of a men's magazine, going
from earning \$500 a week to \$400 a month,
and apprenticed myself to a couple of
editors.

24 These two men gave me writing
assignments, and in order to continue
receiving their help, I had to write an article,
a chapter of a book, or a short story every
night, every single night, no exceptions, no
excuses, for them to critique. If I missed a
single day, they would no longer help me.

25 I have been writing for over thirty
years, spent most of it starving, trying to
make it work for me, in my mind; trying to
make words come together in the right
patterns, movements, what some have called
the loops and whorls of the story dance, and
it has always been hard. It is, sometimes,
still difficult. But I love writing more now, I
think, than I ever have. The way the stories
dance, the rhythms and movements of them,
is grandly exciting to me.

26 I remember the first acceptance
letter, the first time a publisher told me my
writing was worthy of publication, the first
after many, many rejections. There will
never be another first like this one; not first
love nor first hope nor first time never, no
never like this.

27 Dear author: We have decided to
publish your book.

28 Can you imagine? Your life, your
work, your hopes and thoughts and songs
and breath, we have decided to publish your
book. We have decided to publish you. Such
words thunder, burn into your mind, your
soul.

29 Since then I have written every day
and I have told many stories. Stories of love
and death and cold and heat and ice and
flame, stories sad and stories happy and
stories of laughter and tears and places soft
and hard, of dogs and the white-blink of
arctic ice, stories of great men and beautiful
women and souls and devils and gods,
stories of lost dreams and found joys and
aches and torture and great rolling hills and
towering storms and things quick and hot
and slow and dull, stories of graves and
horses, pigs and kings, war and the times
between wars, stories of children's cheeks
and the soft hair at a woman's temple when
it is moist, stories of rage and spirit and spit
and blood and bodies on fences and hay so
sweet you could eat the grass.

30 I write from my life, from what I
see and hear and smell and feel, from
personal inspection at zero altitude and I
write because it is, simply, all that I am,
because in the end I do not want to do any
other thing as much as I want to write. But
the force behind it, the thing that pushes me
to write, that wakes me at night with story
ideas, that makes the hair on the back of my
neck go up when a story works, that causes
my breath to stop and hold with a sentence

that comes right, and that makes coming to the computer or the pad of paper every morning with a cup of tea and a feeling of wonderful newness and expectations, the engine that drives me to write is, surely, love.

31 I personally want just two things. I want to write and I want as many young readers as possible to see what I write. That's it. To write and to have readers.

32 I work all the time. I get up at four thirty in the morning, meditate for half an hour, then start working. Not always writing, but working. If I'm not writing, I read and study and write until I fall asleep at night.

33 I owe everything I am and everything that I will ever be to books.

“The Dogs Could Teach Me” by Gary Paulsen

- 1 Cold can be very strange. Not the cold felt running from the house to the bus or the car to the store, not the chill in the air on a fall morning, but deep cold.
- 2 Serious cold.
- 3 Forty, fifty, even sixty below zero—actual temperature, not wind chill—seems to change everything. Steel becomes brittle and breaks, shatters; breath taken straight into the throat will freeze the lining and burst blood vessels; eyes exposed too long will freeze; fingers and toes freeze, turn black, and break off. These are all known, normal parts of intense cold.
- 4 But it changes beauty as well. Things are steeped in a new clarity, a clear focus. Sound seems to ring and the very air seems to be filled with diamonds when ice crystals form.
- 5 On a river in Alaska, while training, I once saw a place where a whirlpool had frozen into a cone, open at the bottom, like a beautiful trap waiting to suck the whole team down. When I stopped to look at it, with the water roaring through at the bottom, the dogs became nervous and stared down into the center as if mystified and were very glad when we moved on.
- 6 After a time I stopped trapping. That change—as with many changes—occurred because of the dogs. As mentioned, I had hunted when I was young, trapping and killing many animals. I never thought it wrong until the dogs came. And then it was a simple thing,

almost a silly thing, that caused the change.

- 7 Columbia had a sense of humor and I saw it.
- 8 In the summer the dogs live in the kennel area, each dog with his own house, on a chain that allows him to move in a circle. They can run only with the wheeled carts on cool nights, and sometimes they get bored being tied up. To alleviate the boredom, we give the dogs large beef bones to chew and play with. They get a new bone every other day or so. These bones are the center of much contention—we call them Bone Wars. Sometimes dogs clear across the kennel will hold their bones up in the air, look at each other, raise their hair, and start growling at each other, posturing and bragging about their bones.
- 9 But not Columbia.
- 10 Usually Columbia just chewed on his bone until the meat was gone. Then he buried it and waited for the next bone. I never saw him fight or get involved in Bone Wars and I always thought him a simple—perhaps a better word would be primitive—dog, basic and very wolf-like, until one day when I was sitting in the kennel.
- 11 I had a notebook and I was sitting on the side of Cookie’s roof, writing—the dogs are good company for working—when I happened to notice Columbia doing something strange.
- 12 He was sitting quietly on the outside edge of his circle, at the maximum length of his chain. With one paw he was pushing his bone—which still had a small bit of meat on it—out and away

from him, toward the next circle.

- 13** Next to Columbia was a dog named Olaf. While Columbia was relatively passive, Olaf was very aggressive. Olaf always wanted to fight and he spent much time arguing over bones, females, the weather— anything and everything that caught his fancy. He was much scarred from fighting, with notched ears and lines on his muzzle, but he was a very good dog—strong and honest—and we liked him.
- 14** Being next to Columbia, Olaf had tried many times to get him to argue or bluster, but Columbia always ignored him.
- 15** Until this morning.
- 16** Carefully, slowly, Columbia pushed the bone toward Olaf's circle.
- 17** And of all the things that Olaf was—tough, strong, honest—he wasn't smart. As they say, some are smarter than others, and some are still not so smart, and then there was Olaf. It wouldn't be fair to call Olaf dumb—dogs don't measure those things like people— but even in the dog world he would not be known as a whip. Kind of a big bully who was also a bit of a doofus.
- 18** When he saw Columbia pushing the bone toward him, he began to reach for it. Straining against his chain, turning and trying to get farther and farther, he reached as far as he could with the middle toe on his right front foot, the claw going out as far as possible.
- 19** But not quite far enough. Columbia had measured it to the millimeter. He slowly pushed

the bone until it was so close that Olaf's claw— with Olaf straining so hard his eyes bulged—just barely touched it.

- 20** Columbia sat back and watched Olaf straining and pushing and fighting, and when this had gone on for a long time—many minutes—and Olaf was still straining for all he was worth, Columbia leaned back and laughed.
- 21** “Heh, heh, heh . . .” Then Columbia walked away. And I could not kill or trap any longer.
- 22** It happened almost that fast. I had seen dogs with compassion for each other and their young and with anger and joy and hate and love, but this humor went into me more than the other things.
- 23** It was so complicated.
- 24** To make the joke up in his mind, the joke with the bone and the bully, and then set out to do it, carefully and quietly, to do it, then laugh and walk away—all of it was so complicated, so complex, that it triggered a chain reaction in my mind.
- 25** If Columbia could do that, I thought, if a dog could do that, then a wolf could do that. If a wolf could do that, then a deer could do that. If a deer could do that, then a beaver, and a squirrel, and a bird, and, and, and . . .
- 26** And I quit trapping then. It was wrong for me to kill.
- 27** But I had this problem. I had gone over some kind of line with the dogs, gone back into some primitive state of exaltation that I wanted to study. I wanted to run them and learn from

them. But it seemed to be wasteful (the word *immature* also comes to mind) to just run them. I thought I had to have a trap line to justify running the dogs, so I kept the line.

28 But I did not trap. I ran the country and camped and learned from the dogs and studied where I would have trapped if I were going to trap. I took many imaginary beaver and muskrat but I did no more sets and killed no more animals. I will not kill anymore.

29 Yet the line existed. Somehow in my mind—and until writing this I have never told another person about this—the line still existed and when I had “trapped” in one area, I would extend the line to “trap” in another, as is proper when you actually trap. Somehow the phony trapping gave me a purpose for running the dogs and would until I began to train them for the Iditarod, a dog- sled race across Alaska, which I had read about in *Alaska* magazine.

30 But it was on one of these “trapping” runs that I got my third lesson, or awakening.

31 There was a point where an old logging trail went through a small, sharp-sided gully—a tiny canyon. The trail came down one wall of the gully—a drop of fifty or so feet—then scooted across a frozen stream and up the other side. It might have been a game trail that was slightly widened or an old foot trail that had not caved in. Whatever it was, I came onto it in the middle of January. The dogs were very excited. New trails always get them tuned up and they were fairly smoking as we came to the edge of the

gully.

32 I did not know it was there and had been letting them run, not riding the sled brake to slow them, and we virtually shot off the edge.

33 The dogs stayed on the trail, but I immediately lost all control and went flying out into space with the sled. As I did, I kicked sideways, caught my knee on a sharp snag, and felt the wood enter under the kneecap and tear it loose.

34 I may have screamed then.

35 The dogs ran out on the ice of the stream but I fell onto it. As these things often seem to happen, the disaster snowballed.

36 The trail crossed the stream directly at the top of a small frozen waterfall with about a twenty-foot drop. Later I saw the beauty of it, the falling lobes of blue ice that had grown as the water froze and refroze, layering on itself. . .

37 But at the time I saw nothing. I hit the ice of the stream bed like dropped meat, bounced once, then slithered over the edge of the waterfall and dropped another twenty feet onto the frozen pond below, landing on the torn and separated kneecap.

38 I have been injured several times running dogs—cracked ribs, a broken left leg, a broken left wrist, various parts frozen or cut or bitten while trying to stop fights—but nothing ever felt like landing on that knee.

39 I don’t think I passed out so much as my brain simply exploded.

- 40** Again, I'm relatively certain I must have screamed or grunted, and then I wasn't aware of much for two, perhaps three minutes as I squirmed around trying to regain some part of my mind.
- 41** When things settled down to something I could control, I opened my eyes and saw that my snow pants and the jeans beneath were ripped in a jagged line for about a foot. Blood was welling out of the tear, soaking the cloth and the ice underneath the wound.
- 42** Shock and pain came in waves and I had to close my eyes several times. All of this was in minutes that seemed like hours, and I realized that I was in serious trouble. Contrary to popular belief, dog teams generally do not stop and wait for a musher who falls off. They keep going, often for many miles.
- 43** Lying there on the ice, I knew I could not walk. I didn't think I could stand without some kind of crutch, but I knew I couldn't walk. I was a good twenty miles from home, at least eight or nine miles from any kind of farm or dwelling.
- 44** It may as well have been ten thousand miles.
- 45** There was some self-pity creeping in, and not a little chagrin at being stupid enough to just let them run when I didn't know the country. I was trying to skootch myself up to the bank of the gully to get into a more comfortable position when I heard a sound over my head.
- 46** I looked up, and there was Obeah looking over the top of the waterfall, down at me.
- 47** I couldn't at first believe it.
- 48** He whined a couple of times, moved back and forth as if he might be going to drag the team over the edge, then disappeared from view. I heard some more whining and growling, then a scrabbling sound, and was amazed to see that he had taken the team back up the side of the gully and dragged them past the waterfall to get on the gully wall just over me.
- 49** They were in a horrible tangle, but he dragged them along the top until he was well below the waterfall, where he scrambled down the bank with the team almost literally falling on him. They dragged the sled up the frozen stream bed to where I was lying.
- 50** On the scramble down the bank Obeah had taken them through a thick stand of cockleburs. Great clumps of burrs wadded between their ears and down their backs.
- 51** He pulled them up to me, concern in his eyes and making a soft whine, and I reached into his ruff and pulled his head down and hugged him and was never so happy to see anybody probably in my life. Then I felt something and looked down to see one of the other dogs—named Duberry—licking the wound in my leg.
- 52** She was licking not with the excitement that prey blood would cause but with the gentle licking that she would use when cleaning a pup, a wound lick.
- 53** I brushed her head away, fearing infection, but she persisted. After a moment I lay back and let her clean it, still holding on to Obeah's ruff, holding on to a friend.

54 And later I dragged myself around and untangled them and unloaded part of the sled and crawled in and tied my leg down. We made it home that way, with me sitting in the sled; and later, when my leg was sewed up and healing and I was sitting in my cabin with the leg propped up on pillows by the wood stove; later, when all the pain was gone and I had all the time I needed to think of it . . . later I thought of the dogs.

55 How they came back to help me, perhaps to save me. I knew that somewhere in the dogs, in their humor and the way they thought, they had great, old knowledge; they had something we had lost.

56 And the dogs could teach me.

DIRECTIONS: Please choose 3 out of the 4 abstracts and on a separate sheet of paper IDENTIFY:

- a possible hypothesis for this experiment (remember to phrase it as an “*If...then...*” statement)
- the independent variable for that hypothesis
- the dependent variable for that hypothesis
- the control
- and at least 3 constants

ABSTRACT #1:

Objective: My objective was to find whether there was a detectable change in the thickness of a soap film as a function of height and time.

Materials and Methods: A device was made to carry out the procedure. It made soap films 75 cm tall and 50cm wide. Three solutions were used to make soap films. The first solution consisted of 10 parts water, 1 part Ajax Dishwashing Soap, and 1/6 part glycerin. The second solution had the same amount of water, but double the dishwashing soap and glycerin. The third solution consisted of 10 parts water, ½ part Ajax Dishwashing Soap, and 1/12 part glycerin. A white poster board was put next to the left side of the device, and a 100 watt light bulb was shone onto the white board, which reflected onto the soap film so that it and its colors could be seen. A digital video recorder was placed in front of the device on its right side, so that the soap film and its colors could be recorded. After recording each solution five times, the film was transferred to a computer where the film was analyzed. The color green was then observed and data was created from its movements.

Results: The results of each trial were identical. Each result varied slightly depending on the use of one of the three solutions. Each observable color represents a different thickness of the film. There were different colors at different heights which indicated that the thickness varied at each height. Also, the lines of colors on the soap film moved down with time and less lines were visible as the time progressed. The soap film eventually popped which demonstrated that the film got too thin to be held together.

Conclusion: My results strongly supported my hypothesis and allowed me to find the answer to my objective; there was a detectable change in the thickness of a soap film as a function of height and time.

ABSTRACT #2:

Objective: This project was designed to test onion root tips and how they react to different nutrient solutions. These results were then applied to the principles of mitosis.

Materials and Methods: Plants are submerged in 12ml of water, two plants for each of three nutrient solutions, and water. These are tested for fourteen days, making daily observations.

Results: The results of the experiment conclude that the control group grew the very best compared to carbonated water, Miracle Gro ©, and salt water.

Conclusion: This may be due to high concentration of additives.

ABSTRACT #3:

Objective: The objective of this project is to see the effect of different amounts of phosphate on aquatic plants.

Materials and Methods: Built seven tanks with one-gallon milk cartons and put two aquatic plants, *Egeria Densa*, in each tank, securing them into the gravel. Clear Air Line Tubing, an Aquarium Air Pump, 7 Air Stone and Two Gang Valves were used as a water pump for the tanks. The tanks were labeled (letter designates tank and numeral designates the drops of phosphate received every 5th day) as follows: A(1), B(2), C(3), D(4), E(5), F(6), G(0). The tanks were given the selected amounts of phosphate every 5th day using a dropper pipette. Measurements were taken and graphed for the growth of each aquatic plant. A journal was also kept for daily observations, such as additional growth on the aquatic plants. The experiment was conducted over a 25 day period.

Results: After conducting the actual experiment, I learned that tank G (0), the control tank that received absolutely no phosphate, thrived throughout the period of experimentation. The average growth of tank F (6) that received the most phosphate during the experimental period grew second best. Tank C (3) grew the third best, and surprisingly tanks B (2) and E (5) grew the same, while tank A (1) grew second worst. Interestingly, tank D (4) grew the least.

Conclusion: The outcome was due to the fact that each plants species requires certain environment to thrive, that environment includes temperature, sunlight, chemicals, etc. and *Egeria densa's* optimal environment is either very high levels of phosphate or none. Due to these factors my hypothesis was proven wrong.

ABSTRACT #4:

Objective: My objective was to determine which is more effective in killing bacteria, antibacterial or regular soap. My original hypothesis was that antibacterial and regular soap will be similar in effectiveness. Possibly, less bacteria will remain or grow after washing with antibacterial soap.

Materials and Methods: A comparison was made of hand washing with regular and antibacterial Suave soap. Samples were made by touching a potato-beef broth-gelatin medium with unwashed and washed fingertips. The samples were incubated for several days in the dark at room temperature. Every eight to twelve hours samples were observed and bacterial growth recorded.

Results: The experiment showed that even after three washings bacteria were still present on the fingertips. After incubation, bacterial colonies were present on all samples except the controls. The number of bacteria present on the growth medium inoculated by the unwashed fingertips was very high. After the first wash, the number of bacteria significantly decreased relative to the unwashed samples. The number of bacterial colonies increased after the hands were washed for a second time. After the third wash, the number of bacterial colonies decreased again.

Conclusions: The experiment proved that factors other than the type of soap play a big part in the reduction of bacteria. After the first wash, all samples showed reduced bacteria, but there was no difference between regular and antibacterial soap. After the second and third washes, the antibacterial soap samples showed a lower number of colonies. This indicates that the number of bacteria has been decreased, or that an antibacterial residue left by the soap slows bacterial growth.

Grade 8 Math Summer Assignment

Name: _____

Date: _____

1. Compute:

$$8 - (-5 + 3 \times 7) =$$

2. What is the value of the expression below?

$$3 [1 + 2(1 + 2)]$$

3. The temperature is -28°F in Anchorage, Alaska and 65°F in Miami, Florida. How many degrees warmer was it in Miami than in Anchorage on that morning?

4. Your cell phone bill is automatically deducting \$32 from your bank account every month. How much will the deductions total for the year?

5. How many units apart are -6 and 4 on the number line?

6. The maximum temperature on the planet Mercury is 950°F . The minimum temperature is -346°F . What is the difference, in degrees Fahrenheit, between the maximum and minimum temperatures on Mercury?

7. The temperature on Saturday was -4 degrees Fahrenheit ($^{\circ}\text{F}$). The temperature on Sunday was 9 degrees warmer than the temperature on Saturday. What was the temperature, in degrees Fahrenheit, on Sunday?

8. $3^2 + 5^3 = \underline{\quad}$

9. Evaluate:
 $5 + 2^4 \times 6$

10. Evaluate:
 $7^2 - 24 \div 3 + 26$

11. What is the value of $4t^2 + 6r - tr$ when $t = -3$ and $r = 5$?

12. What is the value of $\frac{1}{3}x^2 + 2$, when $x = 3$?

13. Mr. Olokandi is 10 inches taller than his son.

- a) Let x represent the height of Mr. Olokandi. Write an expression in your answer to represent the height of Mr. Olokandi's son.
- b) If Mr. Olokandi is 73 inches tall, how tall is his son? Write your answer in the space provided.

14.

Postal Rates

Susan is going to the post office to mail six items. For each item, the post office charges 33¢ for the first ounce of mail and 23¢ for each additional ounce.

- a) Complete the table below showing how much it would cost Susan to mail *each* of her six items if the first item weighs one ounce, the second item weighs two ounces, the third item weighs three ounces, and so on up to the sixth item which weighs six ounces.

ounces	cost
1	
2	
3	
4	
5	
6	

- b) How much would it cost Susan to mail an item that weighs 25 ounces?
- c) Write an expression that shows the cost of mailing an item that weighs n ounces, and explain your reasoning.

15. Apply the distributive property to the expression $3(2 + x)$.

16. Write an equivalent expression for $3(x + 5) - 2$.

17. What value of x makes this equation true?

$$92 = 2x$$

18. What value of x makes this equation true?

$$2x = 36$$

19. What value of y makes the equation below true?

$$\frac{y}{4} = 24$$

20. What does x equal in this equation?

$$x + 4 = 2$$

21. What is the value of x in this equation?

$$2x - 4.01 = 7.13$$

22. Solve: $\frac{5}{4}n + 5 = 20$

23. Solve:

$$\frac{7}{3}y - 8 = 111$$

24. What does m equal in this equation?

$$3m + 2 = 17$$

25. What is the solution to the inequality below?

$$5 + 2x \geq 13$$

Name: _____ Class: _____ Date: _____

8th Grade Social Studies Summer Assignment—Due Wednesday, September 12, 2018

The National History Day theme for 2019 is “Triumph and Tragedy.” This summer you are expected to research and narrow down possible topics for your project.

The NHD Theme Sheet provides an overview of the 2018 theme. The reading will clarify the variety of ways conflict and compromises arose in history. Please pay careful attention to the way the reading narrows down events and looks for a specific person or group to focus on.

Example: Worker’s Rights → Early 20th Century Labor Movement → The Triangle Shirtwaist Factory Fire and Its Impact on America Today

The Sample Topic List provides suggestions—you are not required to pick you topics from this list. Sample topics are listed on the NHD website.

***DO NOT COMPLETE THE ACTUAL PROJECT—ALL STUDENTS MUST HAVE THEIR FINAL TOPIC APPROVED ***

Keep in mind the historical context of your topic: You must think critically about what was going on before and after your topic. What influenced the conflict? How did the How did the players involved reach a compromise? Explain the cause and effect. How were things different after this point in history?

You can always refer to the National History Day website for extra guidance: www.nhd.org

Please answer the following:

1. What is a primary source? Identify 3 examples of primary sources.

2. What is a secondary source? Identify 3 examples of secondary sources.

3. Define the terms:

a. Triumph-

b. Tragedy-

Now it is your turn to explore historical topics for your project. After you have narrowed down your ideas, complete the short answers below.

4. Make a list of potential topics (Only list the ones you have found interesting and want to further explore):

A.

B.

C.

5. Give a brief summary of your historical topics.

A.

B.

C.

6. How do these three potential topics relate to the NHD theme?

A.

B.

C.

7. Why are you interested in these potential topics for the National History Day fair?

8. A) Provide at least three resources (book, website, painting/picture/photograph, etc.) **for each of your potential topics.** (*Wikipedia does not count as a resource*) **B) For each resource provide a short description and how you will use it in your entry.**

A. 1.

2.

3.

B. 1.

2.

3.

C. 1.

2.

3.

