Today, you will read the story titled “Owl Moon” and the poem titled “Whistling.” As you read, think about the actions of the characters and the events of the stories. Answer the questions to help you write an essay.

Read the story titled “Owl Moon” by Jane Yolen. Then answer Questions 1 through 3.
It was late one winter night, long past my bedtime, when Pa and I went owling. There was no wind. The trees stood still as giant statues. And the moon was so bright the sky seemed to shine. Somewhere behind us a train whistle blew, long and low, like a sad, sad song.

I could hear it through the woolen cap Pa had pulled down over my ears. A farm dog answered the train, and then a second dog joined in. They sang out, trains and dogs, for a real long time. And when their voices faded away it was as quiet as a dream. We walked on toward the woods, Pa and I.

Our feet crunched over the crisp snow and little gray footprints followed us. Pa made a long shadow, but mine was short and round. I had to run after him every now and then to keep up, and my short, round shadow bumped after me.

But I never called out. If you go owling you have to be quiet, that's what Pa always says. I had been waiting to go owling with Pa for a long, long time.

We reached the line of pine trees, black and pointy against the sky, and Pa held up his hand. I stopped right where I was and waited. He looked up, as if searching the stars, as if reading a map up there. The moon made his face into a silver mask. Then he called: "Whoo-whoo-who-who-who-whoooooo," the sound of a Great Horned Owl. "Whoo-whoo-who-who-who-whooooooon." Again he called out. And then again. After each call he was silent and for a moment we both listened. But there was no answer. Pa shrugged and I shrugged. I was not disappointed. My brothers all said sometimes there's an owl and sometimes there isn't.

We walked on. I could feel the cold, as if someone's icy hand was palm-down on my back. and my nose and the tops of my cheeks felt cold and hot at the same time. But I never said a word. If you go owling you have to be quiet and make your own heat.

We went into the woods. The shadows were the blackest things I had ever seen. They stained the white snow. My mouth felt furry, for the scarf over it was wet and warm. I didn't ask what kinds of things hide behind black trees in the middle of the night. When you go owling you have to be brave.
Then we came to a clearing in the dark woods. The moon was high above us. It seemed to fit exactly over the center of the clearing and the snow below it was whiter than the milk in a cereal bowl.

I sighed and Pa held up his hand at the sound. I put my mittens over the scarf over my mouth and listened hard. And then Pa called: "Whoo-whoo-who-who-who-whooooooooo." "Whoo-whoo-who-who-who-whooooooooo." I listened and looked so hard my ears hurt and my eyes got cloudy with the cold. Pa raised his face to call out again, but before he could open his mouth an echo came threading its way through the trees. "Whoo-whoo-who-who-who-whoooooooono." Pa almost smiled. Then he called back: "Whoo-whoo-who-who-who-whoooooooono," just as if he and the owl were talking about supper or about the woods or the moon or the cold. I took my mitten off the scarf off my mouth, and I almost smiled, too.

The owl's call came closer, from high up in the trees on the edge of the meadow. Nothing in the meadow moved. All of a sudden an owl shadow, part of the big tree shadow, lifted off and flew right over us. We watched silently with heat in our mouths, the heat of all those words we had not spoken. The shadow hooted again.

Pa turned on his big flashlight and caught the owl just as it was landing on a branch.

For one minute, three minutes, maybe even a hundred minutes, we stared at one another.

Then the owl pumped its great wings and lifted off the branch like a shadow without sound. It flew back into the forest. "Time to go home," Pa said to me. I knew then I could talk, I could even laugh out loud. But I was a shadow as we walked home.

When you go owling you don't need words or warm or anything but hope. That's what Pa says. The kind of hope that flies on silent wings under a shining Owl Moon.
1. Part A

What does the word **pumped** mean in Paragraph 15 of “Owl Moon?”

a. Moving up and down preparing to fly  
b. Deep darkness  
c. Feeling warm inside  
d. Being silent

**Part B**

Which answer best supports the answer to Part A?

a. “…and lifted off the branch.”  
b. “Pa turned off his big flashlight.”  
c. “…You don’t need words or warm anything.”  
d. “like a shadow without a sound.”

2. Part A

In Paragraph 3 of “Owl Moon,” what do the details show about the relationship between the father and child?

a. The father loves his child.  
b. The father cannot keep up with the child.  
c. The father was rounder than the child.  
d. The father was bigger than the child.

**Part B**

Which detail from the story best supports the answer to Part A?

a. “Our feet crunched over the crisp snow…”  
b. “…Little gray footprints followed us.”  
c. “My short round shadow bumped after me.”  
d. “Pa made a long shadow, but mine was short…”
3. Part A

Fill in the table with each choice. Some answers might be used more than once.

a. “I had to run after him every now and then to keep up, and my short, round shadow bumped after me.” (Paragraph 3)
b. “I could feel the cold, as if someone’s icy hand was palm-down on my back.” (Paragraph 7)
c. “I didn’t ask what kinds of things hide behind black trees in the middle of the night.” (Paragraph 8)
d. “We watched silently with heat in our mouths, the heat of all those words we had not spoken.” (Paragraph 12)
e. “For one minute, three minutes, maybe even a hundred minutes, we stared at one another.” (Paragraph 14)
f. “I knew I could talk, I could even laugh out loud.” (Paragraph 15)

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Read the poem titled “Whistling” by Elizabeth Partridge. Then answer questions 4 through 6.
Whistling
Elizabeth Partridge

"Jake," Daddy whispers. "It's almost time."

I poke my head out of
my warm sleeping bag.
The air is tingly and cold.
Millions of tiny stars
glitter in the sky.
Way up high,
Orion stands watch.
Daddy says I'm ready,
but I'm not so sure.

Daddy pushes another
branch into the fire.
Twinkling orange sparks
fly up to the stars.
"I'm ready," I whisper.
But my stomach does little flips.
Maybe I'm not.

Daddy grins at me.
"I see you're ready.
But the sun isn't!"
"How long?" I ask.
"Soon," he replies.
A family of deer
peek out from the trees. A rabbit hops by.

Soon, Daddy said.
Will I be able to?
I take in a breath and let it out,
all in a *whoosh*.
Nothing.
I knew it. Too hard.

"You can do it," Daddy says.
I tumble into his lap.
He wraps his long arms around me.
Daddy smells of smoke and coffee and his shirt feels scratchy against my face.

I gulp in more air and make
my lips a tight circle
the way Daddy taught me.
*Whoosh.*
My breath blows away on the wind.
"Gently," whispers Daddy.
"The way we practiced last week."

Gently.
I take in another breath,
and then
softly,
so softly,
I'm whistling.
I am!
I whistle and whistle.
A bird calls *croo-croo*.
Another answers.  And another.
The forest is full of their sleepy songs.

"The birds are answering you," says Daddy.
I want to jump and shout, but I keep whistling.
The stars fade,
and the birds sing
louder and faster.
I feel dizzy,
but I don't stop.
Not even for a second.
The last star winks and is gone.

Just when I think my lungs will burst,
Daddy's whistle starts up, rich and low.
I gulp in more air.
Together our whistling is strong and true.

The sun bursts
over the mountain peak.
I leap into the field and run
till I can't run anymore.
Then I loop back to Daddy.
"We did it," I yell.

"We whistled up the sun."
4. Part A

How does Jake feel in Stanza 1 of the poem?

a. Chilly, because the sun hasn’t risen yet.
b. Nervous, because he’s about to do something new with his dad.
c. Scared of how large Orion is.
d. Happy, because he’s about to spend time with his father.

Part B

Which line from the poem best supports the answer to Part A?

a. “I poke my head out of my warm sleeping bag”
b. “Way up high, Orion stands watch”
c. “Daddy says I’m ready, but I’m not so sure”
d. “‘Jake,’ Daddy whispers. ‘It’s almost time.’”

5. Part A

What does true mean as it is used in Stanza 11 of “Whistling?”

a. Factual
b. Prepared
c. Encouraging
d. Full of love

Part B

Which line from the poem best supports the answer to Part A?

a. “‘You can do it,’ Daddy says.”
b. “‘I see you’re ready.’”
c. “Daddy says I’m ready.”
d. “Then I loop back to Daddy. ‘We did it,’ I yell.”
6. Fill in the table with each choice. Some answers might be used more than once.

a. “Daddy says I’m ready, but I’m not sure.” (Stanza 1)
b. “I’m ready,’ I whisper. But my stomach does little flips. Maybe I’m not.” (Stanza 2)
c. “I want to jump and shout, but I keep whistling.” (Stanza 10)
d. “Just when I think my lungs will burst, Daddy’s whistle starts up, rich and low.” (Stanza 11)
e. “I leap into the field and run till I can’t run anymore...‘We did it,’ I yell.” (Stanza 12)

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Refer to the story “Owl Moon” and the poem “Whistling.” Then answer Question 7.

7. The narrator in “Owl Moon” and Jake in “Whistling” are taught by their fathers to do something new.

Write an essay that explains how each of the children feels about their accomplishments, and how their fathers helped them with this. Use what you learned about the characters to support your essay.