

My Writing Checklist

Detective Series

Name: _____

Date: _____

Question 1

Response Structure	Learning Goals	Not yet 	Starting to... 	Yes! 
Answer the Question	I used information from the story to answer the question.			
Add Evidence	I can use the story to add evidence. [retelling, giving examples or adding direct quotes]			
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Question 2

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4th Grade Response to Reading Rubric

Detective Series

Name: _____

Date: _____

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W.4.9 Provide evidence from the text that supports the question.					
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Stay Cool

By Jacob Kramer

Name: _____

Date: _____

Somehow September was even hotter than August this year! It was only 10 AM and already it was 90 degrees. As Fela stepped out of his mom's air conditioned car, it felt like opening an oven door. The hot air blasted his face, and sweat immediately started beading on his forehead. He could see heat waves rippling off the pavement in the parking lot at the soccer field.

"Fela, drink some water before you go," said his mom.

"Can't right now," said Fela, "I gotta help out the team! The Panthers gotta win this one!"

Fela walked quickly over to the soccer coach's van to help unload the gear for the game. Usually, Fela would jog or run everywhere, but during the first game, he had sprained his ankle. For this game, he was helping out as the equipment manager. It wasn't as fun as playing, but Fela loved helping out. It felt really good to make sure everyone had what they needed. He knew his job was going to be important in this extreme heat.

"Hey, Tonio!" said Fela, greeting his best friend, "You ready for the match?"

"You know it! I've been working on my footwork. Fake left, fake right, then bam! Right down the middle!" Tonio started to lift the big water cooler onto the table.

"Wait, let me get that," Fela said, taking the water cooler from Tonio and putting it on the table. It was heavy, and Fela wobbled on his ankle, but he managed to get it onto the table.

"As the equipment manager, it's my job to get this stuff ready for you guys," Fela said.

"Thanks!" said Tonio, "Just take care of yourself, too. We want you back on the field with us!"

"Maybe in a few weeks," said Fela, "Mom says my ankle still needs more rest."

More teammates began to arrive, and Coach Lindemann gathered the team up into a huddle. As the coach started talking to the team, Fela handed everyone a cup of water. He was so focused on making sure everyone had some, he forgot to get a cup for himself.

"You ready to bring the heat?" The coach asked the team.

"Yeah!" cheered the Panthers.

But Fela was stuck on the word 'heat'. The heat was already here, all around them.

Fela raised his hand "As your equipment manager, I need to remind you: It's super hot today. I want to make sure that everyone's drinking water. That means you, Jay. I know you forget sometimes. If we're gonna bring the heat, everyone's got to stay cool!"

"I like that," said Coach Lindemann, "Thank you, Fela!"

The game was on! From the first minute, it was an even match. The Panthers were doing way better than last time, making smooth passes and pushing down the field toward the goal. Fela was busy filling little cups with water, and passing them off to his teammates. As the game moved up and down the field, Fela tried to follow, hobbling on his weak ankle. Fela gritted his teeth and wiped the sweat from his eyes.

Stay Cool

By Jacob Kramer

Name: _____

Date: _____

"Fela, do you want to take a break?" asked Coach Lindemann.

"Not right now," Fela replied, "I gotta take care of the team!" He knew his job was important: without him, the players were at risk of overheating. And if that happened, there was no way they could win! The players moved faster and faster, in a blur of blue and yellow. Fela struggled to keep up.

"Jay! Hey, Jay! Here you go," Fela reached out to hand Jay a cup as he ran by.

Fela wiped the sweat from his eyes, but the field was still blurry. He wobbled on his feet.

. . .

Fela awoke in the shade. The concerned faces of his teammates looked down from above.

"You OK?" asked Jay, "You were handing me some water and then boom! You hit the ground. They had to call a timeout."

"I guess I'm fine. My ankle hurts a little. And I have a headache."

"Looks like you got heat stroke," said Coach Lindemann, "Too much sun, not enough water."

Fela shook his head, "I can't believe I messed up such a simple thing. All I had to do was give you guys water."

"Don't worry about it," said Jay, holding out a small paper cup, "We're just glad you're OK."

"It's fine," said Tonio, "We needed a break anyhow. Here, have some more water. And you can borrow my hat."

"Thanks," said Fela, "I guess when I said everyone needs water, I should have included myself."

"That's right," said Coach Lindemann, "Sometimes in order to take care of other people, you have to take care of yourself as well."

The referee blew her whistle and the Panthers returned to the field. Fela watched the rest of the game from the shade of a big tree. He still handed out water to the team, but he took lots of breaks in the shade.

After the game, Tonio came over, struggling with the big folding table.

"Oof, man I'm beat, that was a tough game. Can you give me a hand moving this thing back to the van?"

Fela started to get up from his seat in the shade, but then he thought better of it.

"You know, I really would like to help, but I'm still feeling cooked," he said, "Why don't you ask Jay? It seems like he's still got some energy."

"Oh, yeah, of course!" said Tonio, "I can't believe I even asked. What was I thinking? Here, take my sunglasses. Rest up. Stay cool."

Stay Cool

Name: _____

Date: _____

Directions: Read the story *Stay Cool* by Jacob Kramer. Answer the questions about the story below.

In each question, remember to:

- ❑ Answer the question
- ❑ Provide evidence
- ❑ Explain how the evidence supports your answer.

Question 1:

Why did Fela think his job as equipment manager was extra important for this game?

Stay Cool

Name: _____

Date: _____

Question 2:

How did Fela change from the beginning to the end of the story?

If you need more space, continue on a piece of lined paper.

Chapter One: Class Letter

mystery
Opinion | Detective Series

Hello detectives,

By now you have read Chapter 1 of The Case of the Missing Grandpa. Rohan's grandpa has gone missing, and he is about to embark on a mystery adventure to find him.

In order to solve the mystery, you will need to find clues within the story to answer three questions.

Answer each one in a complete sentence, so your answers are clear and easy to read.

Best of luck, detectives.



Case File

Detective on the case:

TOP SECRET

Chapter 1

I pressed my cheek against the window of the car glumly as we arrived at Grandpa's house. Going to Grandpa's house was my least favorite part of summer. I liked Grandpa well enough, but his house was super boring. There were no toys around, and everything there was 100 years old. Plus, it smelled weird.

When Grandpa lived in the city, we used to go on all sorts of adventures together. We would go to parks, museums, and the huge city library. Then Grandpa moved to the countryside. There isn't really anything to do out here.

Grandpa was waiting for us on the porch as we arrived. My mom helped me get my suitcase out of the car and gave me a huge hug.

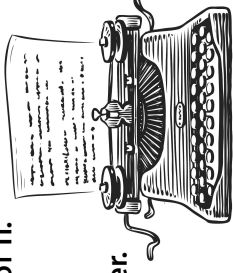
"You be good with Grandpa, OK?" She said. I nodded and gave her another hug. "You'll find something fun to do here, you always do." I wasn't so sure.

As she pulled the car away, she called out the window of the car "Rohan, make sure you keep an eye on Grandpa for me!" I smiled at her joke, and Grandpa chuckled. We both knew I was staying here so he could keep an eye on me.

I dragged my bag down the hall, flopping it into the room I'd be staying in. It smelled extra musty in here for some reason. I looked at the drooping velvet curtains, and the dusty figurines on the dresser. There was a ceramic mermaid, some fancy teacups, and a few old books. I'm sure Grandpa could have given me a history lecture about any of these trinkets.

I took a deep breath, reminding myself that it wouldn't be so bad. Grandpa's cooking was pretty good, and we played games like checkers together sometimes. Besides, if there was one thing that Grandpa and I had in common, it was loving a good book. I opened my bag and pulled out my favorite book — *The Secret Library*. I was just settling down to read when I heard my name.

"Rohan!" It was Grandpa. Reluctantly, I put my book down and walked to his study. It was a dimly lit room at the end of the hallway. Every wall was covered in bookshelves where he kept his most prized books and ancient memorabilia. He even had a phone in there with the spinny thing in the middle that you used to use to dial back in... the Middle Ages or something. All around the room there were old compasses, a statue of the head of some composer, and random odds and ends that he had added to his collection over the years. I'd probably be in trouble for even thinking about touching any of it.



Grandpa was sitting at his desk and typing something on his typewriter.

"Hey, Grandpa," I said,

standing in the doorway to the study.

"I picked out a book for ya, kid.

I think you'll enjoy it." He handed me a book with a red tattered cover.

"*The Secret of the Old Clock*." I read dutifully.

Geez, even Grandpa's books are about old stuff.

"Give it a try," he said. "I think you'll like it. It's sort of like that other mystery book you like."

"*The Secret Library*?" I replied.

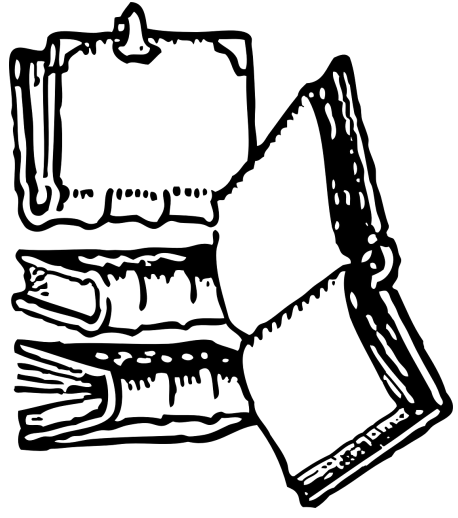
"Yeah," he said. "Let me know what you think, will ya?"



“Sure,” I said, and headed out with the book. There was no way this book was as cool as *The Secret Library*. I didn’t really want to read it, but Grandpa probably spent a lot of time picking this book out for me. It would make him happy if I at least tried it.

I dragged a few cushions out of my room and into the hallway to plop down and read the book. I pulled back the raggedy cover of the book and skimmed the first chapter. It didn’t seem that interesting. I flipped through the rest of the book. I would rather be reading my book instead. I got up to hand it back to Grandpa and tell him it wasn’t for me.

When I walked into the study, Grandpa wasn’t there. I stood for a moment. There were no other doors out of the study, and I had been lying in the hallway, so there’s no way Grandpa could have left the study without me knowing. He was just... gone.



Stay tuned for Chapter 2 of
The Case of the Missing Grandpa.

Question #1

What is Rohan’s favorite book?

Question #2

What are two reasons why Rohan thinks
Grandpa’s house is boring?

Question #3

Why does Grandpa think Rohan might like
The Secret of the Old Clock?

Chapter Two: Class Letter

mystery
Opinion | Detective Series

Welcome back detectives,

By now you have read Chapter 2 of *The Case of the Missing Grandpa*. Rohan has started to uncover some clues that will help him figure out where his grandpa is.

As detectives, you can gather clues as well to help Rohan solve the mystery. Answer two questions about the story to gather clues for your case file.

Answer each question in complete sentences, and be sure to include evidence in your answers.

Best of luck, detectives.



Name: _____

Chapter 2

I stood in the doorway for a minute, puzzled. Grandpa had definitely been in this room. There was only one door to the study, which I had been unintentionally guarding. There was a window in the study, but Grandpa walked with a cane. There was no way he was spy enough to climb through a window.

"Grandpa?" I asked out loud, in case he was out of sight somewhere. There was no answer.

"Grandpa?" I said a little bit louder, but there was still no reply. My heart sank as I felt panic rising up in my chest. Questions started swirling in my head faster than I could answer them. Did Grandpa pass by me and I didn't notice? Was he hiding somewhere? Was he OK? Where could he have gone?



To calm myself down, I decided to check the rest of the house. I had only been away for a few minutes, so he couldn't have gone very far. I checked the living room, which has a big TV with two antennae on it. I don't think it even gets streaming. Grandpa wasn't in the yard, which was more of a dirt patch out back. The garage smelled the worst of all, like it had been wet for 100 years, but Grandpa wasn't in there either. Kitchen? No. Bathrooms? Nope. I even cracked the door of Grandpa's bedroom a tiny bit, peering inside. He was nowhere to be found.

I remembered when my mom had said to "keep an eye on Grandpa." I had thought she was joking, but maybe she was serious. I imagined the embarrassment of having to call my mom the same day she dropped me off to admit I lost Grandpa. Nope, couldn't do that.

I needed to find him. I started to shake a little bit as I suddenly felt very alone in the house.

I walked back to the study. On my way, I passed the book I had left in the hallway. *The Secret of the Old Clock*. Grandpa had mentioned that it was a mystery story. I picked it up, as I realized that I was on a mystery case too: the case of the missing grandpa.

My nerves began to calm as I imagined myself as one of the detectives in the mystery books I've read. In all the mystery books, detectives always go to the last place they saw something to look for clues. I hurried into the study. The first thing I saw was Grandpa's cane, leaning against the wall. That clue told me he had to be nearby, since he can't walk very well without it. I checked the desk next. The typewriter stood empty, among some scattered papers on the desk. There were a few notes that he had written in his loopy cursive handwriting. None of the notes had any clues as to where he might have gone.

Then, I looked at the book in my hand. Is it possible that the book was a clue?

Had Grandpa left me this book on purpose? *The Secret of the Old Clock*. I suddenly looked up, scanning the bookshelves for a clock. There was a small statue, an old spyglass, a music box...and then I saw it. A dusty, old, wind-up clock tucked in the corner of one of the bookshelves.



Carefully, I approached it. It was probably an antique, as lots of things in here were. I gingerly picked it up and let out a small gasp. Underneath, was an envelope. An envelope with a name on it, written in familiar, loopy, cursive handwriting: Rohan.

Stay tuned for Chapter 3 of
The Case of the Missing Grandpa.

ANSWER
★
Answer the question
in a complete sentence.

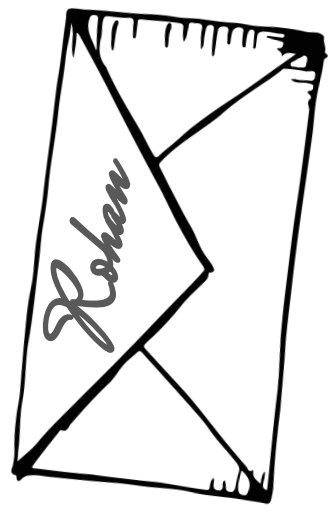
EVIDENCE
• For example, the story says,
• At the beginning, the author wrote,
• The texts says,

Question # 4

How does Rohan know that Grandpa must be nearby?

Question # 5

Who wrote Rohan's name on the envelope?



Chapter Three: Class Letter

mystery
Opinion | Detective Series

Welcome back detectives,

By now you have read Chapter 3 of *The Case of the Missing Grandpa*. Rohan has followed the clues to uncover the location of a hidden door!

As detectives, you can gather the clues that Rohan used to find the door in the bookshelf.

Be sure to answer the question, give evidence, and include an explanation.

Best of luck, detectives.



Chapter Three

Chapter 3

My heart pounding, I picked up the envelope and carefully put the clock back. I rushed to the desk and opened it using the letter opener on Grandpa's desk. I was shaking again, but not with nerves this time. I was so excited to have found another clue to the mystery. Inside the envelope was a single sheet of paper that read:

A clue to help you solve your mystery:
Books are filled with secrets and adventures.
But the best adventures can be found in knowledge.

My mind was racing. I knew this was another clue from Grandpa: a riddle. The best adventures can be found in knowledge? What on Earth did that mean? This note was supposed to be a clue, but it didn't have any helpful information on it at all. It felt more like generic advice your teacher tells you when you'd rather be reading a fantasy book than studying about rock formations. I didn't have the faintest idea of what to do next, or where to look.

I felt like my mystery had come to a standstill. I was about ready to give up since this clue was too hard to figure out. But in all the mystery books I had read, the detectives NEVER gave up just because they found a clue that was tough to crack. I thought about Dally, the main character in *The Secret Library*. Would she let one tricky riddle end her mystery? No way! I imagined what she would do. She would probably look at the clue closely, one part at a time. I decided to do just that.

I plopped down in Grandpa's chair at his desk and took a closer look at the first line of the riddle.

"Books are filled with secrets and adventures." That was certainly true, but I knew this riddle must be pointing me towards my next clue somehow. Perhaps the next clue was a book. After all, the first clue had been a book too. I slowly twirled the desk chair scanning the hundreds of books on the shelves that lined the room. It would take forever to check them all. I needed to figure out which one was the clue. I returned to the second line of the riddle.

"But the best adventures can be found in knowledge." Maybe that meant the book I needed was full of knowledge? Or information? That didn't seem to narrow it down very much. There were books about wars, books on how to fix cars, dictionaries, encyclopedias.... I paused. My eyes fell on the encyclopedia set. Encyclopedias are books full of all kinds of information. They're kind of like the book form of Wikipedia. Grandpa had a set so big that every letter of the alphabet had its own book. Could that be the "knowledge" that the riddle was talking about?

I got out of the chair and walked to the encyclopedias. My nose was almost touching them. I put my hand on the first book in the set, and started to pull it off the shelf. As soon as the book moved, I heard a deep "CLICK" sound from inside the wall. I jumped back from the bookshelf, startled. The bookshelf had moved ever so slightly towards me. I looked back and forth across the bookshelf, worried I had broken something. Then reality settled in on me. The bookshelf was a hidden door. I could only imagine what might be inside. And I could only hope that Grandpa was inside wherever this secret door led. My hand was trembling in excitement as I put my hand back on the encyclopedia.

I pulled a bit more, sliding the bookshelf towards myself.

Stay tuned for Chapter 4 of
The Case of the Missing Grandpa.

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Chapter Four: Class Letter

mystery
Opinion | Detective Series

Welcome back detectives,

By now, you have solved the Case of the Missing Grandpa! It can be so satisfying to see the solution to a mystery unfold.

However, even when mysteries are solved, they can have lasting effects. This mystery changed something for Rohan... something that will never be the same again.

The final question is a mystery for you to solve about Rohan. This question may send you back to earlier parts of the story, so get ready to find evidence from the beginning and the end.

Best of luck, detectives.

Chapter 4

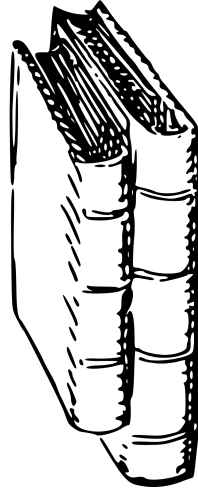
As the secret door opened, I saw a soft, flickering light reveal itself from beyond the bookshelf. Inside the bookshelf was a smaller room than the study, also lined with books. The room was lit by a flickering lantern, and had two squat armchairs in it. Sitting in one of those armchairs... was Grandpa. A huge smile broke across my face and was mirrored on his.

"I knew you'd figure it out," Grandpa said. "Not just anyone can find the secret reading room, you know. You really proved yourself by figuring out the clues."

"What is this place?" I asked, completely in wonder at the secret room I had never known existed here.

"I found this room when I bought this house," Grandpa replied. "This house was built so long ago, I'm not entirely sure why the original builders put it in. Maybe it was for hiding valuable things... or possibly it was a place for people to hide while escaping from a war... I may never know, but it's interesting to imagine."

I couldn't believe my eyes. Grandpa had his very own secret library. Not only that, he had created an entire mystery for me to find it.



"Now," he continued, "I've made it into a secret library. This place is reserved for enthusiastic readers, like you." He gestured to the squat armchair next to him. I felt a thrill of excitement as I looked at the reading chair of honor. Without missing a beat, I bounded into the chair and whipped out my copy of *The Secret Library*. I grinned, thinking about reading *The Secret Library* inside an actual secret library. I paused before opening it.

"Actually, Grandpa," I said handing him the book, "why don't you read this one? I have a different one I'm reading." And I got out Grandpa's copy of *The Secret of the Old Clock*. He smiled, and we settled in to read.

A week later, it was time to say goodbye. My mom had returned to pick me up, and was helping load my suitcase back into the car.

"How was it?" she asked. "Were you bored to tears?" I thought about telling her about Grandpa's secret library, but that would make it less secret. Besides, that place was Grandpa's and my special reading room.

"No," I replied, "it was fun." She looked mildly surprised, but seemed pleased with that answer and buckled her seatbelt. I looked out the window of the car at Grandpa's house longingly. He waved to me from the front porch, and I waved back. Sure, Grandpa's house had a weird smell and was full of old stuff, and a TV that barely worked, but it also had a secret library. Even though Grandpa's house in the countryside didn't allow us to go out on adventures like when he lived in the city, he still knew how to create grand adventures for me. I waved goodbye, already looking forward to my next visit.

THE END

Question #8

How did Rohan change from the beginning to the end of the story?

ANSWER



Answer the question in a complete sentence.

EVIDENCE



• For example, in Chapter One the story says,
• At the beginning the author wrote,

EVIDENCE



• Then at the end of the story it says,
• By the end of the story the author wrote,

EXPLANATION



• These quotes show _____
• As you can see, _____

My Writing Checklist

Detective Series

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4th Grade Response to Reading Rubric

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Welcome Back

By Jacob Kramer

Name: _____

Date: _____

Koyla was preparing for the best day ever. Her best friend Sarina was coming back into town, and they loved to bake cakes together. There were so many fantastic combinations: Caramel Peach! Chocolate Pecan! Peppermint Grape! Ok—even Koyla had to admit that was a bust. Sarina had described it as a “toothpaste and jelly sandwich.”

A month ago, Sarina left to visit her cousins in Canada. Koyla had missed her tons. The last thing that Koyla and Sarina did together was bake a milk chocolate cake with raspberry buttercream icing. Koyla remembered tasting it and feeling like it was the best day ever. Now Sarina was finally back home, and they could bake the exact same thing again. That’s one of the best things about baking: when you follow the recipe, it turns out exactly the same every time. Koyla looked around the kitchen where all the ingredients were laid out. She knew Sarina’s first day back was going to be perfect, just how she planned it.

DING-DONG! That’s her! Sarina’s finally here! Koyla almost tripped running to let her in.

When Koyla opened the door, Sarina looked...different. First of all, her hair was shorter, and it had green in it. And she was wearing dark lipstick. And she didn’t have, like, any zits at all. Sarina looked cool. Almost too cool.

“Welcome back!” said Koyla, pushing through her discomfort to force a big smile, “You look AMAZING. Canada must have been so weird.”

“Actually, it was pretty fun. My older cousins are in a band, and they played a bunch of shows. They’re really cool.”

When she heard that, something in Koyla’s chest hurt. “Oh, well, today’s more about sweets than beats, right? Finally we can get back to baking! It’ll be perfect.”

Koyla ushered Sarina into the kitchen, where the flour, sugar, chocolate, cream, butter, eggs and raspberries were all waiting, neatly arranged.

“Remember that awesome cake we made before you left? I’ve got everything prepped to make exactly the same one. It’s gonna be like you never even went away!”

Sarina looked hesitant and fiddled with her earring. It was new and green to match her hair. It also matched the green logo on the band shirt Sarina was wearing. It was probably the band Sarina’s cousins were in. Noticing it, Koyla felt something like a bruise in her chest. Ouch.

“I dunno,” said Sarina, “It was good, but maybe we could make something else? The thing is—

Suddenly, Koyla’s bruised feeling turned to anger. All she wanted was for everything to be the same when Sarina got back, but everything felt different. She felt tears starting in her eyes.

mystery

Opinion | Detective Series

Welcome Back

By Jacob Kramer

Name: _____

Date: _____

“What, are you too cool now? You go off to Canada and suddenly you’re like, oh baking is for little kids like Koyla? Well that’s fine, I can make this myself and eat it myself!”

“Whoa! I didn’t say any of that! You didn’t even let me finish,” said Sarina, “Remember how I used to have all those problems, like, stomach problems? And my skin was really itchy?”

“Yeah?” said Koyla, calming down a little.

“It turns out that my cousins used to have the same issues, and then they went to the doctor and found out that they can’t eat any dairy. So I went to see their doctor, and she told me the same thing: Stop eating dairy. But this cake has butter, milk, and cream.”

“So you can never eat cake again?”

“Yeah. At least not cake with those ingredients. But I feel better, and besides, look at my skin!”

Koyla had to admit, Sarina’s skin was glowing, like in a commercial.

“So what does that mean, are we making this cake or what?”

Sarina shrugged. “Well, maybe we could modify the recipe. Like using oat milk and plant butter?”

“But then we’re not following the recipe!” protested Koyla, “It’s going to be different.”

“What’s wrong with that?” asked Sarina.

Koyla wiped a tear from her cheek. “I just wanted things to be like they were before you left.”

“I know,” said Sarina, “Let’s make that toothpaste and jelly cake, but for real this time. No butter, no milk, no flour. Only toothpaste and jelly. Perfectly dairy free.”

Koyla burst out laughing. “That sounds terrible!”

“True,” Sarina said, “but it’ll be fun, right?”

Koyla and Sarina giggled as they squeezed toothpaste and jelly into a bowl. The bruised feeling in Koyla’s chest began to disappear and was replaced by something warm and light. Sarina was still the same, even though she was a little different.

The cake turned out absolutely disgusting, and neither of them could actually eat it. It was about as far away from a perfect cake as it could be. Koyla actually choked on a bite and had to spit it out. Sarina laughed, and Koyla started laughing too at the steaming goop they had created. Wiping tears of laughter from her eyes, Koyla still felt like it was the best day ever.

Date: _____

How did Koyla change from the beginning to the end of the story?

- ❑ Answer the question
- ❑ Provide evidence from multiple parts of the story
- ❑ Explain how the evidence supports your answer

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