



# ***New York State Testing Program***

**English**

**Language Arts Test**

**Book 3**

Grade **4**

**January 8–12, 2007**

**Name** \_\_\_\_\_

## TIPS FOR TAKING THE TEST

Here are some suggestions to help you do your best:

- Be sure to read carefully all the directions in the test book.
- Plan your time.
- Read each question carefully and think about the answer before writing your response.

This test asks you to write about what you have listened to or read. Your writing will NOT be scored on your personal opinions. It WILL be scored on:

- how clearly you organize and express your ideas
- how accurately and completely you answer the questions
- how well you support your ideas with examples
- how interesting and enjoyable your writing is
- how correctly you use grammar, spelling, punctuation, and paragraphs



*Whenever you see this symbol, be sure to plan and check your writing.*

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**Reading and Writing*****D***irections

In this part of the test, you are going to read a story called “Thanks for All the Flies” and a story called “Finders Keepers.” You will answer questions 32 through 35 and write about what you have read. You may look back at the stories as often as you like.

***Go On***



# Thanks for All the Flies

by Leslie Hall

Keisha never knew a spider until she found one in her bedroom. At first, the spider's web was tiny.

Maybe the spider came in through an open window. Or maybe she rode in on Keisha's dad's shoulder. Maybe she sneaked in with her little brother. It didn't matter how she got there. Once she was in Keisha's room, she decided to stay.

Keisha's mom told her that the spider was a garden spider. "Some spiders can hurt you," said Keisha's mom. "Not this one, though."

Keisha gave the spider a name. "You're Stella," Keisha said. "My name is Keisha."

Keisha took good care of Stella. When she saw a fly, Keisha would shoo the fly toward Stella's web. Stella caught plenty of food this way. She was very good at hunting. She would stand back until the fly landed, then zip forward very fast.

Stella's web got bigger. It grew and grew. It grew from tiny to small. Then it got a little bigger, and a little bigger, and a little bigger. After a few weeks, Stella's web spread from the corner of the window to the window latch in the center and down to the window sill.

Keisha's baby sister liked to watch Stella. So did her little brother. It didn't bother Stella. She would work on her web. She climbed up and down, spinning thread.

Every day the web seemed a little bigger.

One day Keisha's brother tried to pet Stella. But Stella was shy. Stella ran up the web all the way to the highest corner of the window.

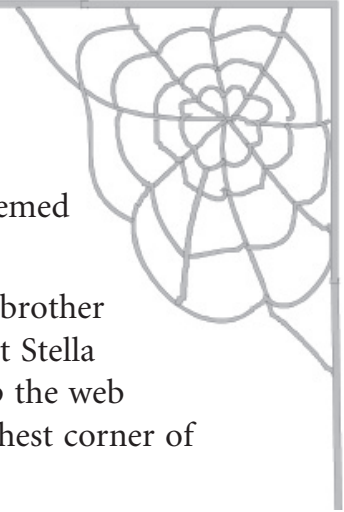
At night Keisha would lie in bed and look up at Stella. In the light of the moon, the web looked like silver strings stretched across the window. The girl said good-night to the spider. She thought that if Stella could talk, she would say good-night back.

Stella's web kept getting bigger. The web spread across the whole window. One day the girl's mother came into the room and saw Stella's huge web. By then it stretched from the window all the way to the floor. The web covered most of the wall. Stella was a small dark spot in the very center.

"Keisha," said her mother, "there is not enough room for you and Stella in here."

Keisha's father said the same thing. Stella needed more space. There wasn't enough space in Keisha's room for Stella. The web would keep getting bigger. There wasn't enough room in the house for Stella.

Keisha loved Stella. She wanted her to stay. But she wondered what would happen if she stayed. Would the web cover her bed? Would she be able to get into her room? What if the web covered the whole house?



Stella needed to live outside. Outside was where she belonged, where she could build a web as high as the tallest tree, a web wider than Keisha’s house.

Keisha opened the window. This ripped a hole down the center of Stella’s web. Stella crawled to the window sill and looked out. Keisha thought she looked back at her to say good-bye. Maybe she wanted to say thanks for all the flies.

Then she dropped down into the bushes under the window. When Keisha ran to the window to look out, the spider was already gone. “Good-bye, Stella,” Keisha said. She knew that Stella would find a new home. When she did, she would build the biggest web ever, maybe the biggest web in the world.

- 32** Complete the chart below with **three** details from the story that show Keisha cares for Stella.

How Keisha Shows She Cares for Stella
1)
2)
3)

***Go On***

**33**

How does Keisha feel at the end of the story? Why does she feel this way? Use details from the story to support your answer.

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# Finders Keepers

by Leslie Hall



I am sad and lonely. I am Denise Clarice, the only one in my class who does not have a pet. No dog waits for me at the bus stop, wagging its tail. No cat curls up on my lap and purrs while I read. I don't even have a tiny, furry hamster to hold in the palm of my hand.

The rule about no pets at our house is not because my parents are mean. Mom and Dad are very nice, and I know they like dogs because they always stop to pet Maurice, the poodle who lives next door.

The rule is not because I am too young to have pets, because I am 11 years old.



Besides, I am very responsible. I always return library books on time and I do my homework every day, even when I would rather do cartwheels in the grass.

The rule about no pets is because of Kevin the Pest. He is my little brother and he has allergies. Cats make him sneeze. Dogs make him snuffle. Even hamsters make his eyes itch.

One day when I am walking home from school, feeling sad because there is no puppy waiting at home for me, I hear a soft little sound from behind a garbage can. I stop and listen. There it is. I hear the sound again.

I walk quietly up the driveway and peek behind the garbage can. A tiny ball of gray fur peers up at me and says, "Meow." Before I know it, I am holding the kitten. Before I know it, I am walking toward home, cradling the kitten in my arms.

The kitten has no collar. She must be lost. Finders keepers, I tell myself.

I take the kitten upstairs to my room. We play with string, and she jumps high to bat at the string with her paws. I make a cozy little bed for her in a box with an old towel. I give her milk to drink and a ball to play with. Then my mother calls me to dinner.

I eat fast so I can go back upstairs to play with the kitten.

**Go On**



“Slow down, Denise,” says my dad.

Then my mom says, “Kevin, what’s wrong?”

I look at Kevin the Pest. Oh, no. His eyes are red and he looks like he is crying. Then he starts sneezing. He sneezes three times without stopping.

“Allergies,” says my dad.

“Uh-oh,” I say, and they all look at me, even my other brother, Jacob Jay.

I have to explain about the kitten and the garbage can and the soft little sound. I look at Kevin and I feel terrible. He is still sneezing. “I’m sorry, Kevin,” I say.

“Achoo!” sneezes Kevin.

My dad waits for me as I go upstairs and get the kitten. We walk together to the house with the garbage can in front and knock on the door. The boy who answers is Kevin’s age.

“Shadow!” he yells, and grabs the kitten.

The boy’s mother comes to the door and tells us that they had left a window open. When they came home, Shadow was gone. She thanks us for bringing Shadow back safely.

Dad and I walk home together. Dad asks me what I learned. I think for a minute. Here are the things I learned:

1. The rule about no pets is a good rule because pets make Kevin sneeze and cry.
2. When Kevin feels bad, I feel bad, too, but in a different, not-sneezing way.
3. Finders keepers doesn’t mean you can take something that belongs to someone else.

Dad takes my hand and we hold hands all the way home. I am still sorry I can’t have a pet, but I am not lonely. I am not lonely at all.



Below are two words that describe Denise. Circle the **one** word that best describes her.

**kind**

**responsible**

Give **two** examples from the story to support your choice.

1. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

***Go On***

# ***Planning Page***

You may PLAN your writing for question 35 here if you wish, but do NOT write your final answer on this page. Your writing on this Planning Page will NOT count toward your final score. Write your final answer on Pages 9 and 10.













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Place Student Label Here



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**English Language Arts Test**  
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