

Name:

Date:

## Comparing Two Fiction Texts

When you compare two fiction texts, pay attention to the **CHARACTERS, SETTING, and PLOT**.  
What do the stories have in common? What is different about the stories?

**DIRECTIONS:** Read the texts below and answer the questions that follow.

### TEXT 1

Today was the Valentine's Party at school. Marcela had decorated her box so she could store her candy and cards in it. When she got home from school, her sister Janet was waiting anxiously. Janet stayed home from school because she was sick. She missed her class party. She couldn't wait to hear about Marcela's party. She hoped she would share some candy, too.

Marcela walked right past her sister. She had no plan to give her any of the candy that she had earned herself. If Janet wanted candy, she would have to use her allowance money. Then she could buy some for herself.

"Get out of my way," Marcela said to Janet. She went straight to the kitchen table to dump out her box. She loved going through the candy and reading the cards. This was the best part! Janet watched as Marcela smiled and talked about the Valentine's Party. Marcela put her arm out so her sister could not touch any of the candy.

Just then, their mother walked into the kitchen. She noticed that Marcela was being rude. She noticed that Janet's feelings were hurt.

"Marcela," their mother said. "You need to think about sharing with Janet. She was home sick today and didn't get to go to her class party. How would you feel if that were you?"

### TEXT 2

Jason was the star soccer player for his team, and games were every Thursday after school. Today was game day and he was eager to continue his scoring streak. Playing forward meant that he had many opportunities to control the ball. He scored in every game of the season so far. The only problem was that he never let anyone else get a chance to shine.

"Pass! Jason! I'm ready," shouted Marco as he ran down the field. None of the other team's players were near him. He wanted to score a goal, but Jason wouldn't pass the ball. Marco grew frustrated as he ran and yelled. Why didn't Jason want him to have the ball?

Jason kept the ball close to his feet as he ran past his opponents. He heard Marco yelling, but he ignored him. Jason was so close to scoring a goal, and he loved the feeling when he scored.

The referee blew her whistle and announced that it was halftime. The players ran to the team benches where they would drink water and take a rest as they gathered as a team to listen to their coach.

"Gosh, Jason," whispered Marco. "Don't be such a ball hog. It's not fun being on a team with you."

"Listen guys," Coach Terry said. "I need you to pass the ball. Soccer is a team sport. If you can't be a team player, you can't be on this team. In order to win this game, we have to play together. That means paying attention to who is open and passing the ball."

Jason hung his head as he realized that Marco and Coach Terry were right. He needed to change his style as a soccer player and be a better sport. When he got back in the game, he would pass the ball to his teammates. It was time to give them a chance to know how great it feels to score a goal.

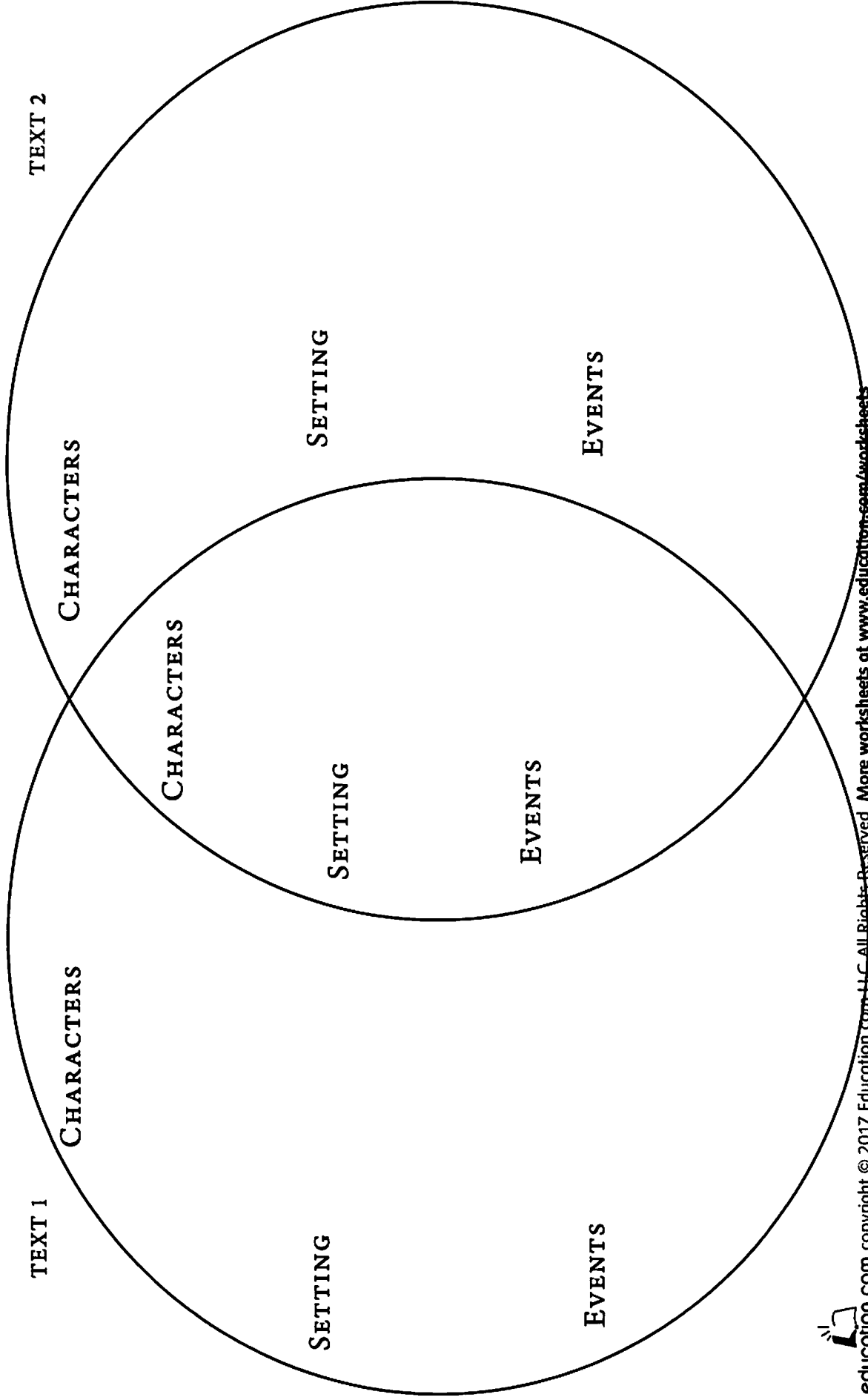


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# COMPARING TWO STORIES

**Directions:** Read the two stories below. Then complete the graphic organizer.

## Story 1

Pierre changed into his track clothes and laced up his shoes. He left the locker room to meet the rest of the kids outside on the field. It was the first day of track tryouts. The coach walked up and greeted the athletes.

"I see you are all interested in being on Town Creek Middle School's track team," the coach stated. "Let's see if you have what it takes."

The boys began to complete the tryout drills. The coach wanted to see who could run the farthest, who could run the longest, and who could run the fastest. Pierre liked to run and he knew he was talented, but he didn't know how well the other boys ran. Would he be good enough to make the team?

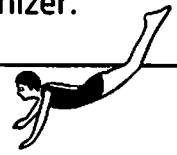
Each time it was Pierre's turn to run, he began shaking and it was hard to breathe. He was so nervous! The coach realized Pierre was panicking and pulled him aside. He put his hand on his shoulder and spoke calmly to Pierre.

"Pierre, I've seen your running skills. You have no reason to be nervous! Take a deep breath and join this group. You've got this! I know you can do it," he said.

Taking a deep breath, Pierre lined up with the other boys. As soon as the whistle blew, he took off running. His arms and legs moved faster than they ever had before. He controlled his breathing and stayed focused on the finish line. Sweat dripped down his forehead as he used every muscle in his body to win the race. Pierre knew he had won first place.

Inside, Pierre was grinning from ear to ear. He had successfully turned his first day jitters into the fuel that helped him win the race and make the team.

## Story 2



Francesca was the best swimmer on the team. She swam the fastest. She swam long distances. She was chosen as the captain for this season. All the other girls wanted to be like Francesca.

The biggest race of the season was this Friday. The whole school was excited. The team would race against Leeward Middle, the school's rival team. Every year the schools compete against each other. The winner gets a special trophy.

Francesca was always nervous in the days before the big race. She had a hard time eating. She couldn't sleep. It was hard to focus in class. All she could think about was how she would beat the other team.

On Wednesday, Francesca realized that she really wasn't feeling right. This was more than just being nervous and excited. She visited the school nurse who took her temperature and checked her throat. The nurse called Francesca's mom and sent her home from school early.

Francesca was devastated. She was so upset that she came down with a cold right before her big race. The trophy meant so much for her school. What if she could not compete? Would her team stand a chance?

The next morning, Francesca woke up feeling better. Her mom kept her home from school so she could rest more.

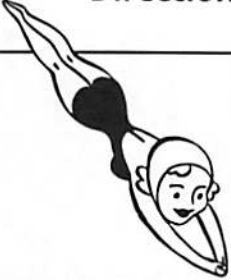
On Friday after school, Francesca and her teammates raced at the swim meet. Her team won in every event at the meet. Francesca even set a school record! All of Francesca's rest from being sick had paid off to help her achieve and lead her team to victory.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

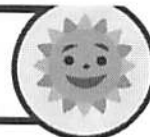
# COMPARING TWO STORIES

**Directions:** Read the two stories below. Then complete the graphic organizer.

	Story 1	Story 2
<b>Characters</b>		
<b>Setting</b>	Pierre is at track team tryouts at the middle school.	
<b>Problem</b>		
<b>Events</b>		Francesca has to go home sick from school and rest. She sleeps off the sickness.
<b>Solution</b>		
<b>Theme</b>		



# Reading Comprehension: The Secret Garden



Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_



## The Secret Garden

by Frances Hodgson Burnett



The sun shone down for nearly a week on the secret garden. The Secret Garden was what Mary called it when she was thinking of it. She liked the name, and she liked still more the feeling that when its beautiful old walls shut her in no one knew where she was. It seemed almost like being shut out of the world in some fairy place. The few books she had read and liked had been fairy-story books, and she had read of secret gardens in some of the stories. Sometimes people went to sleep in them for a hundred years, which she had thought was rather foolish. She had no intention of going to sleep, and, in fact, she was becoming wider awake every day which passed at Misselthwaite. She was beginning to like to be out of doors; she no longer hated the wind, but enjoyed it. She could run faster, and longer, and she could skip up to a hundred. The bulbs in the secret garden must have been much astonished. Such nice clear places were made round them that they had all the breathing space they wanted, and really, if Mistress Mary had known it, they began to cheer up under the dark earth and work tremendously. The sun could get at them and warm them, and when the rain came down it could reach them at once, so they began to feel very much alive.

Mary was an odd, determined little person, and now she had something interesting to be determined about, she was very much absorbed, indeed. She worked and dug and pulled up weeds steadily, only becoming more pleased with her work every hour instead of tiring of it. It seemed to her like a fascinating sort of play. She found many more of the sprouting pale green points than she had ever hoped to find. They seemed to be starting up everywhere and each day she was sure she found tiny new ones, some so tiny that they barely peeped above the earth. There were so many that she remembered what Martha had said about the "snowdrops by the thousands," and about bulbs spreading and making new ones. These had been left to themselves for ten years and perhaps they had spread, like the snowdrops, into thousands. She wondered how long it would be before they showed that they were flowers. Sometimes she stopped digging to look at the garden and try to imagine what it would be like when it was covered with thousands of lovely things in bloom.



1. Name two or more things that Mary enjoys about the outdoors.

\_\_\_\_\_

2. Complete the analogy.

snowdrops : flowers :: \_\_\_\_\_ : \_\_\_\_\_

- A. a cold winter wind : a warm summer breeze
- B. grains of sand on the beach : stars in the sky
- C. raindrops : budding plants

### Match each word to its meaning.

- |             |                             |
|-------------|-----------------------------|
| astonished  | a flower organ, like a seed |
| determined  | surprised                   |
| intention   | growing                     |
| bulb        | plan                        |
| fascinating | resolved or purposeful      |
| sprouting   | interesting                 |