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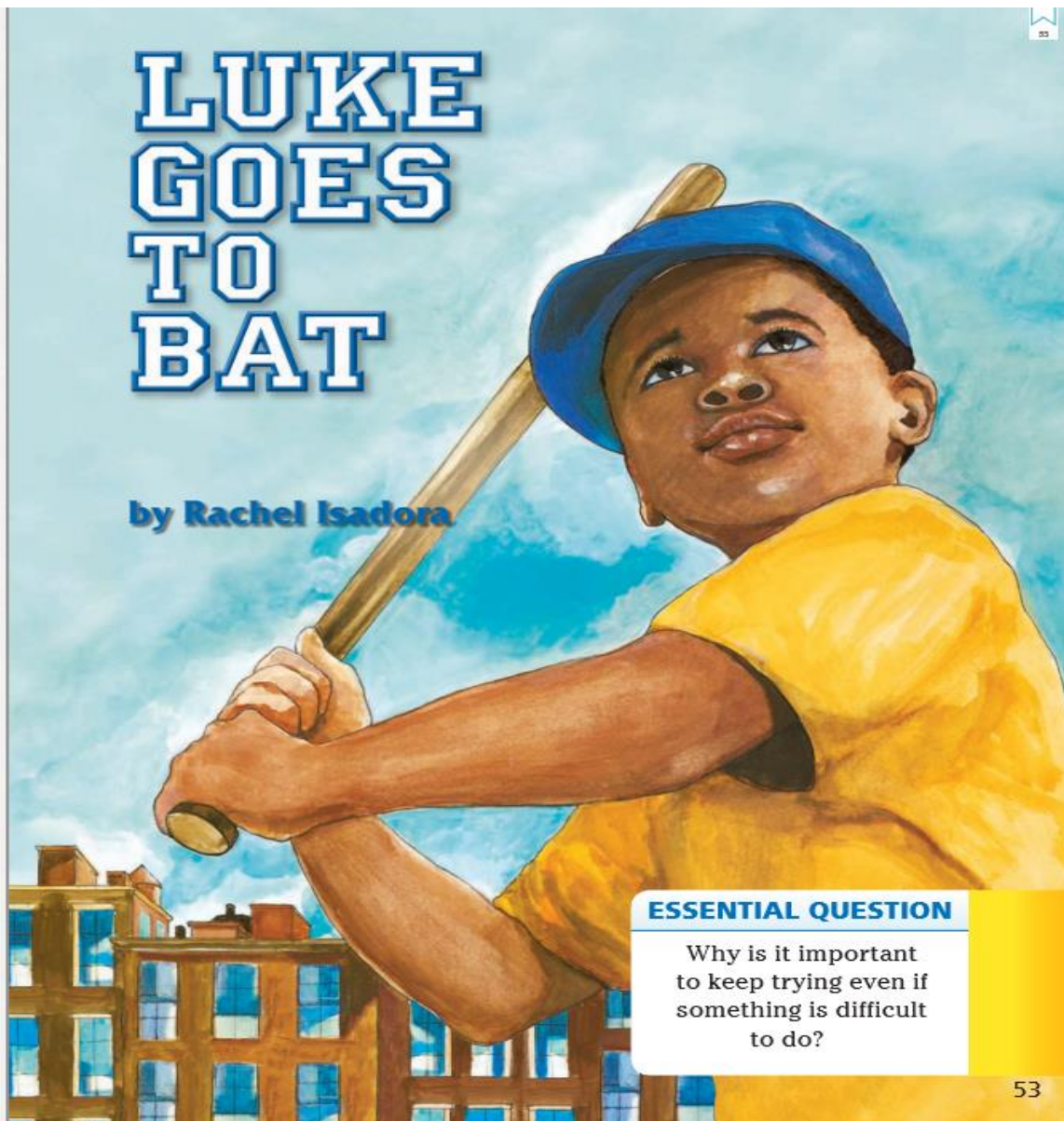
Class: Grade 2 A, B,C

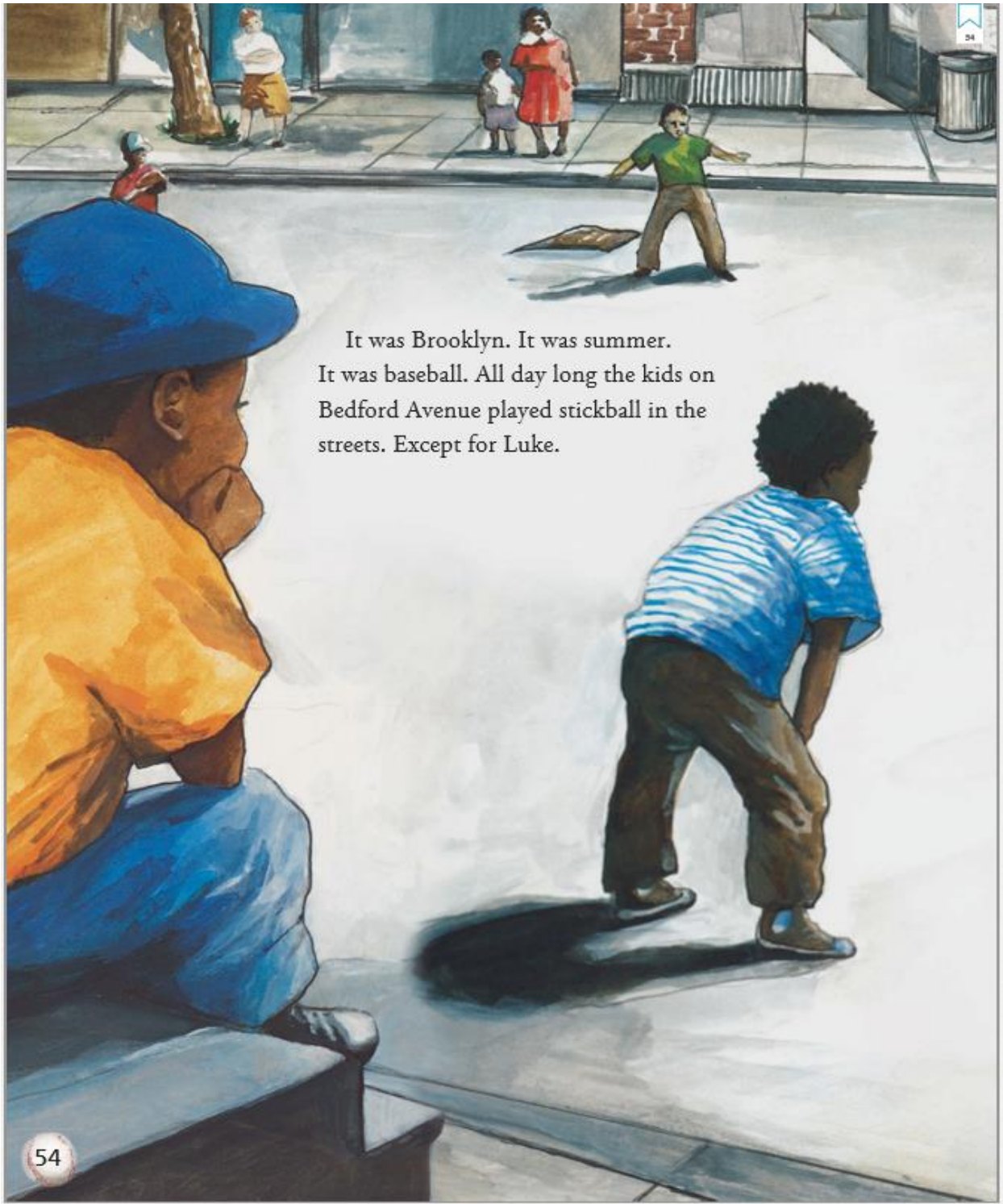
Date: Summer, 2020

Teacher: Mrs. Amanda Daou

Subject: English Language Arts

Content: Week 4- Summer Work





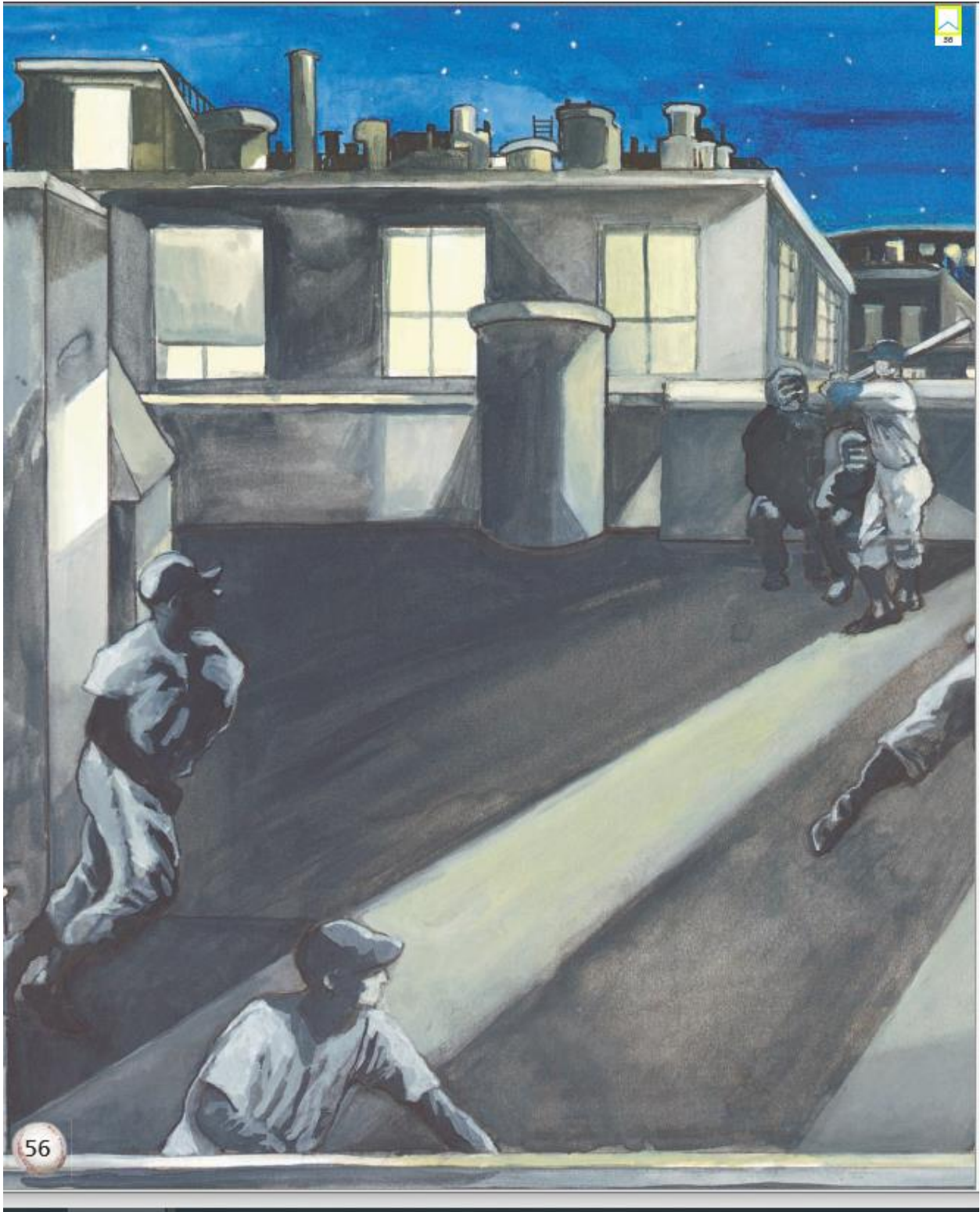
It was Brooklyn. It was summer.
It was baseball. All day long the kids on
Bedford Avenue played stickball in the
streets. Except for Luke.



“When you’re older,” his big brother, Nicky, told him.
“He’s just a squirt,” one of the other kids said, laughing.
So Luke watched the games from the **curb**, and then
he’d **practice**.

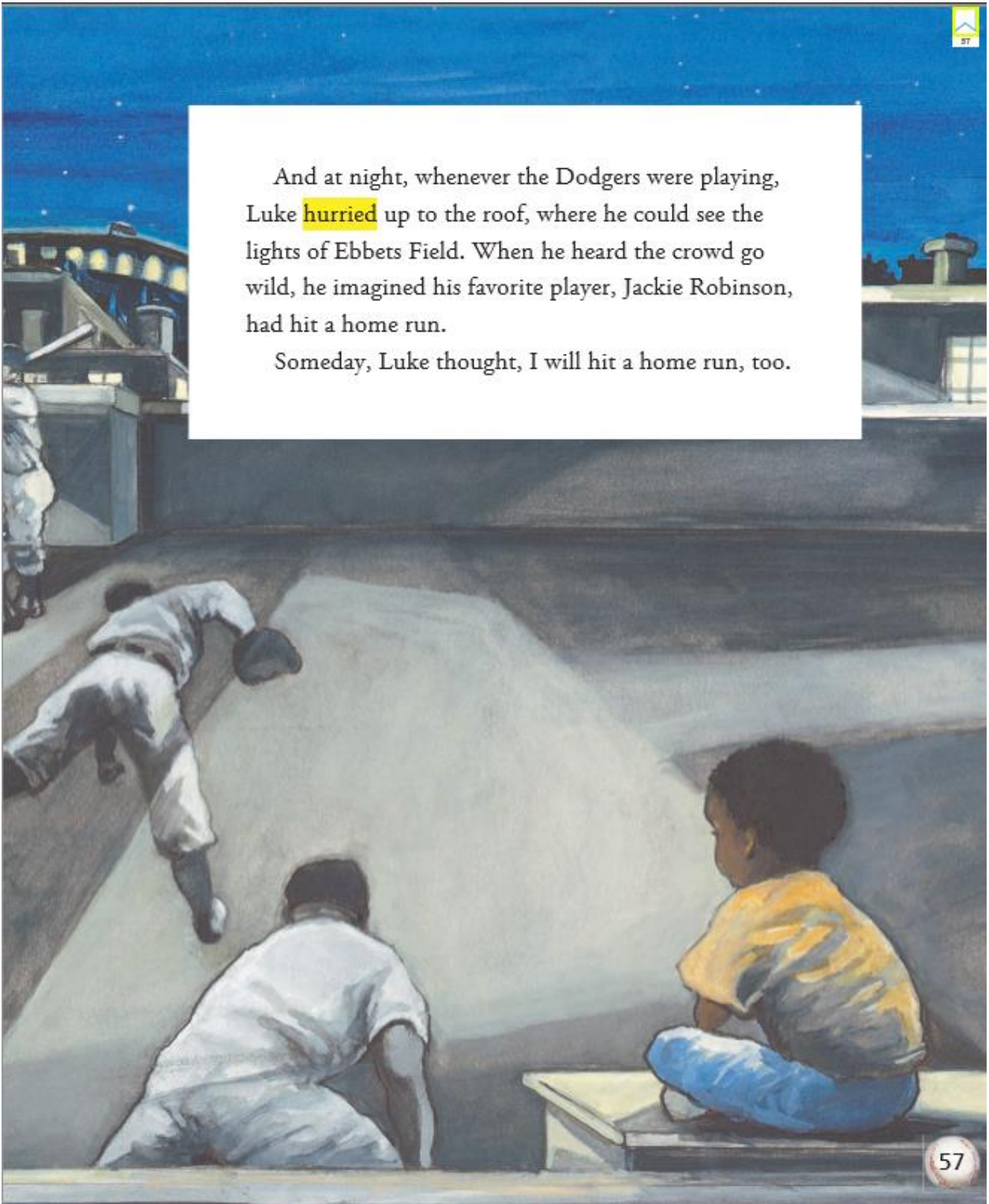
He threw a ball against the wall next to the deli. He
practiced his swing over and over again. He ran as fast as
he could up and down the block.

He wanted to be ready when it was time.



And at night, whenever the Dodgers were playing, Luke hurried up to the roof, where he could see the lights of Ebbets Field. When he heard the crowd go wild, he imagined his favorite player, Jackie Robinson, had hit a home run.

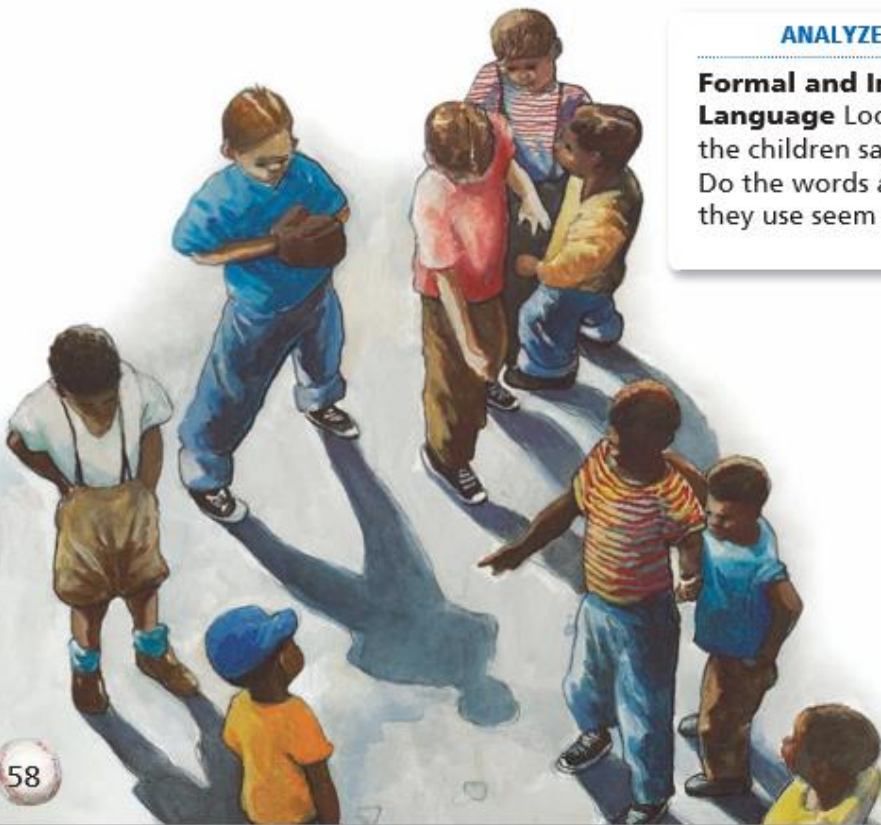
Someday, Luke thought, I will hit a home run, too.

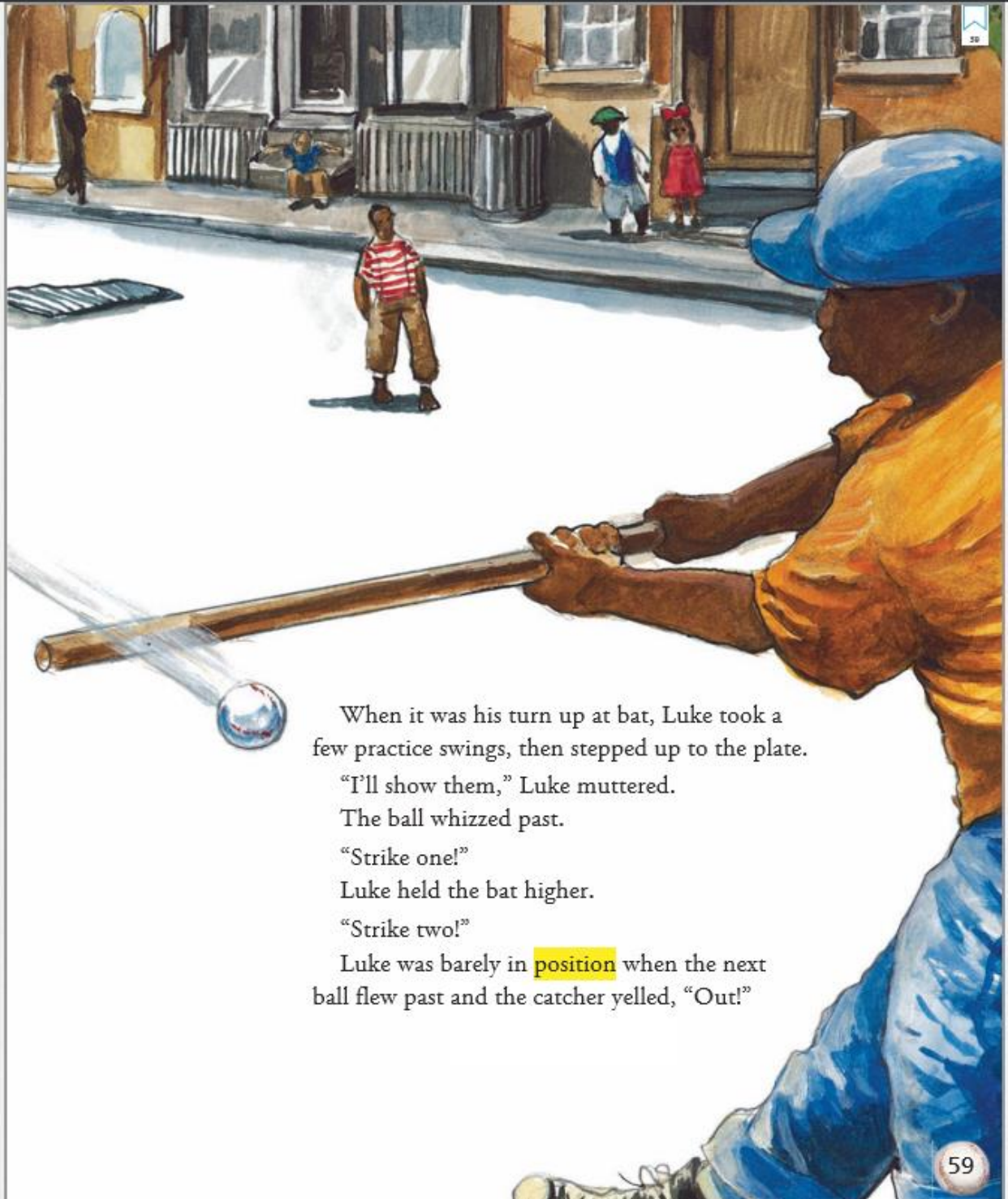


Finally, one morning, the team was short a player.
“Franky had to go to his aunt’s!”
“Who we gonna get?”
“Hey,” said Luke, “what about me?”
Everyone was quiet.
“Aw, come on,” said his brother.
“Give him a chance.”
“We got nobody else.”
“He better not mess up.”
They put him in left field. No balls came his way,
so he just stood there.

ANALYZE THE TEXT

Formal and Informal Language Look back at what the children say to each other. Do the words and phrases that they use seem real? Explain.





When it was his turn up at bat, Luke took a few practice swings, then stepped up to the plate.

“I’ll show them,” Luke muttered.

The ball whizzed past.

“Strike one!”

Luke held the bat higher.

“Strike two!”

Luke was barely in **position** when the next ball flew past and the catcher yelled, “Out!”



“You stink,” Luke heard.
He got up to bat one more time but struck out again.
“Sometimes it just goes that way,” his brother
told him.
Franky came back in the afternoon, so Luke spent the
rest of the day on the curb. He was sure they’d never let
him play again.

Grandma was in the kitchen when he got home.

"I finally got a chance to play with the team," Luke told her.

Grandma could tell that the game hadn't gone well. "Not everyone plays like Jackie Robinson all the time," she said. "Not even Jackie Robinson."

Luke didn't smile.

"By the way," Grandma said, "are you doing anything tomorrow night?"

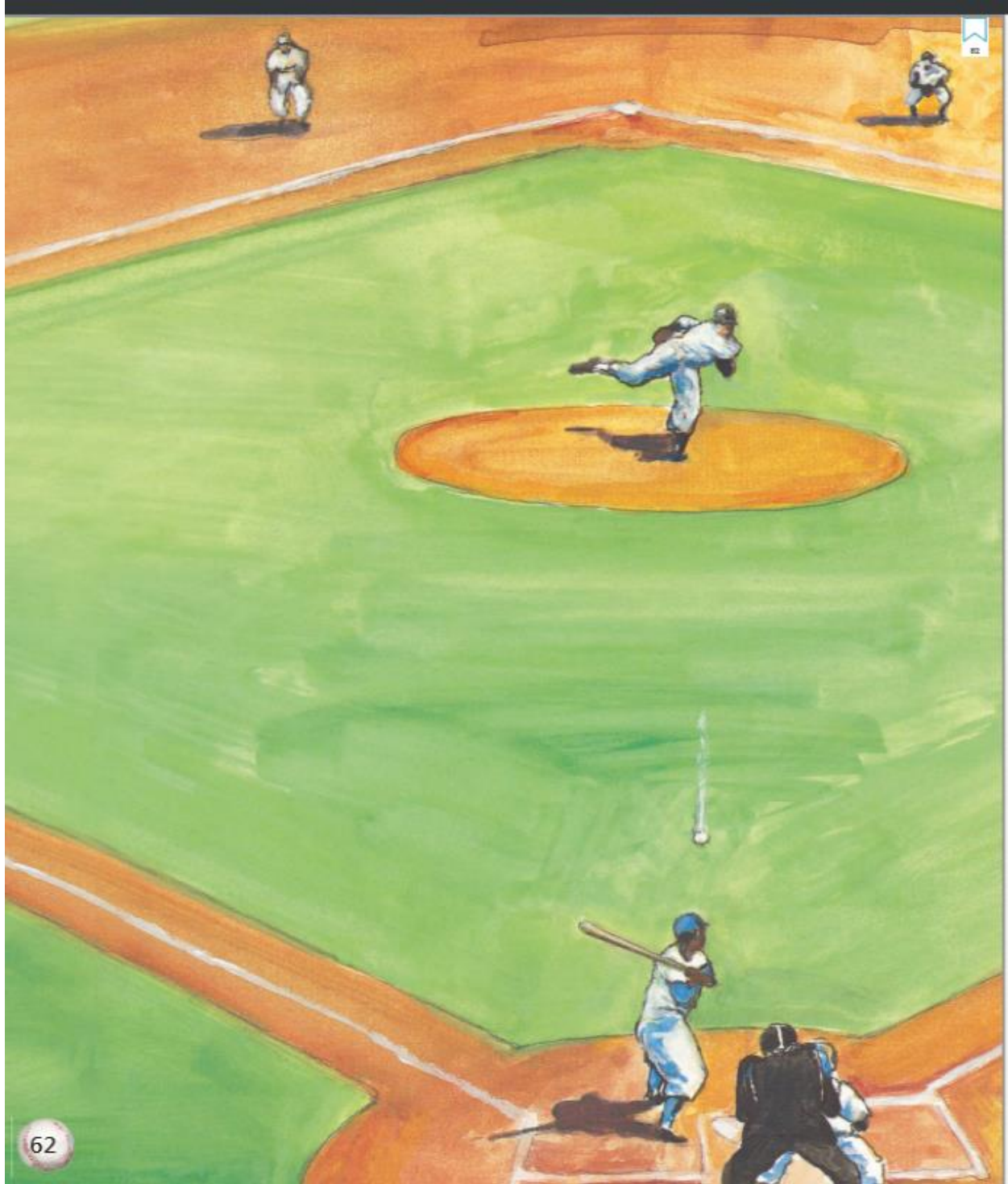
Luke shrugged.

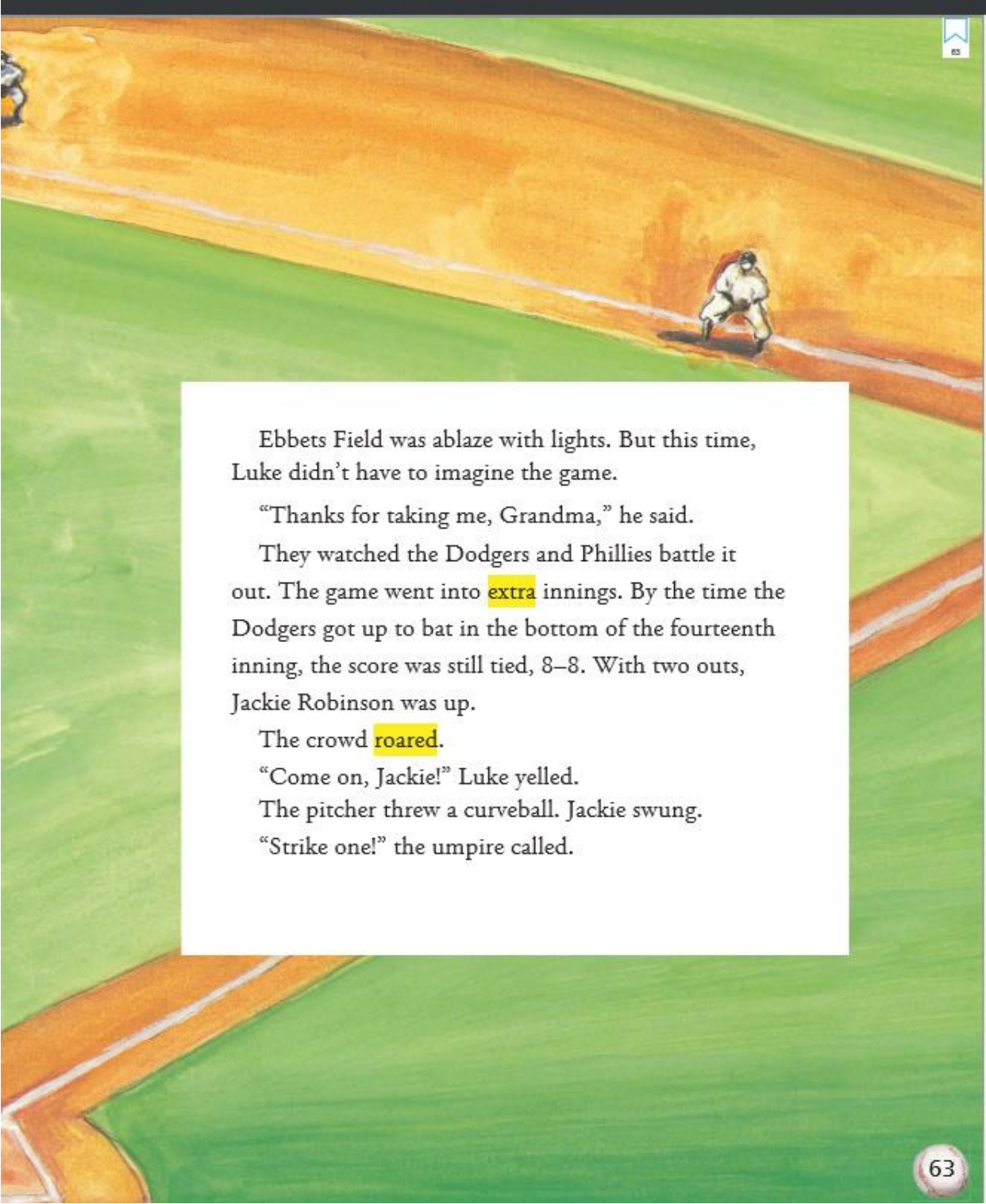
"Well, if you're so busy, someone else will have to go with me to the game at Ebbets Field."

"What? You mean a real game?"

Grandma held up two tickets.







Ebbets Field was ablaze with lights. But this time, Luke didn't have to imagine the game.

"Thanks for taking me, Grandma," he said.

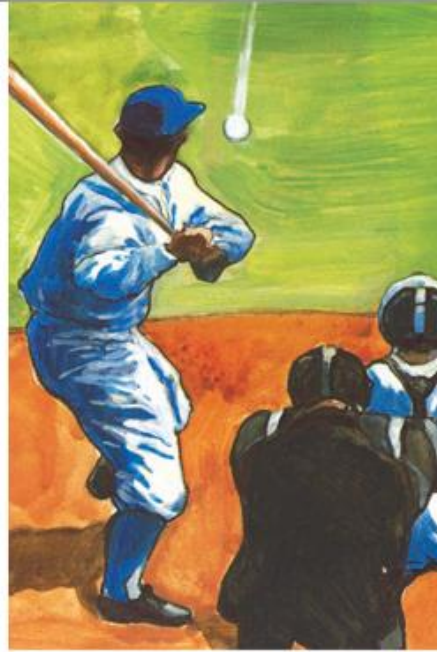
They watched the Dodgers and Phillies battle it out. The game went into **extra** innings. By the time the Dodgers got up to bat in the bottom of the fourteenth inning, the score was still tied, 8–8. With two outs, Jackie Robinson was up.

The crowd **roared**.

"Come on, Jackie!" Luke yelled.

The pitcher threw a curveball. Jackie swung.

"Strike one!" the umpire called.



The pitcher wound up. He threw a fastball and Jackie missed.

“Strike two!”

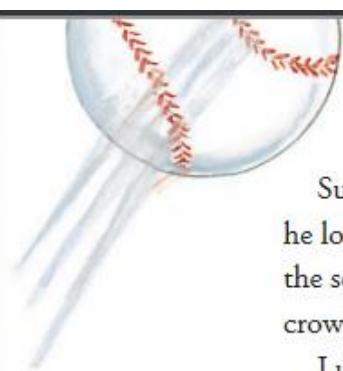
Three balls followed.

All eyes at Ebbets Field rested on Jackie. The Dodgers could still win.

Luke shouted with the crowd. “Give it to ’em, Jackie! You show ’em!”

Jackie looked around from under his cap, then dug his feet into the dirt.

The pitcher began his windup. “You can do it, Jackie,” Luke whispered. “You can do it.”

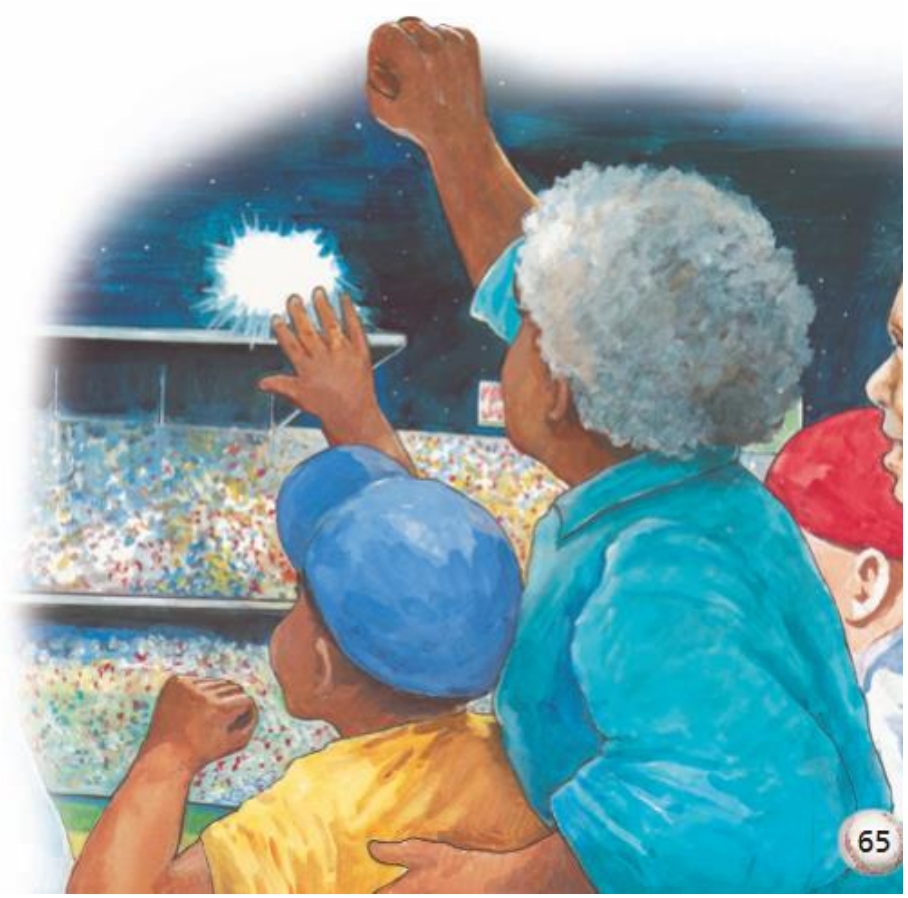


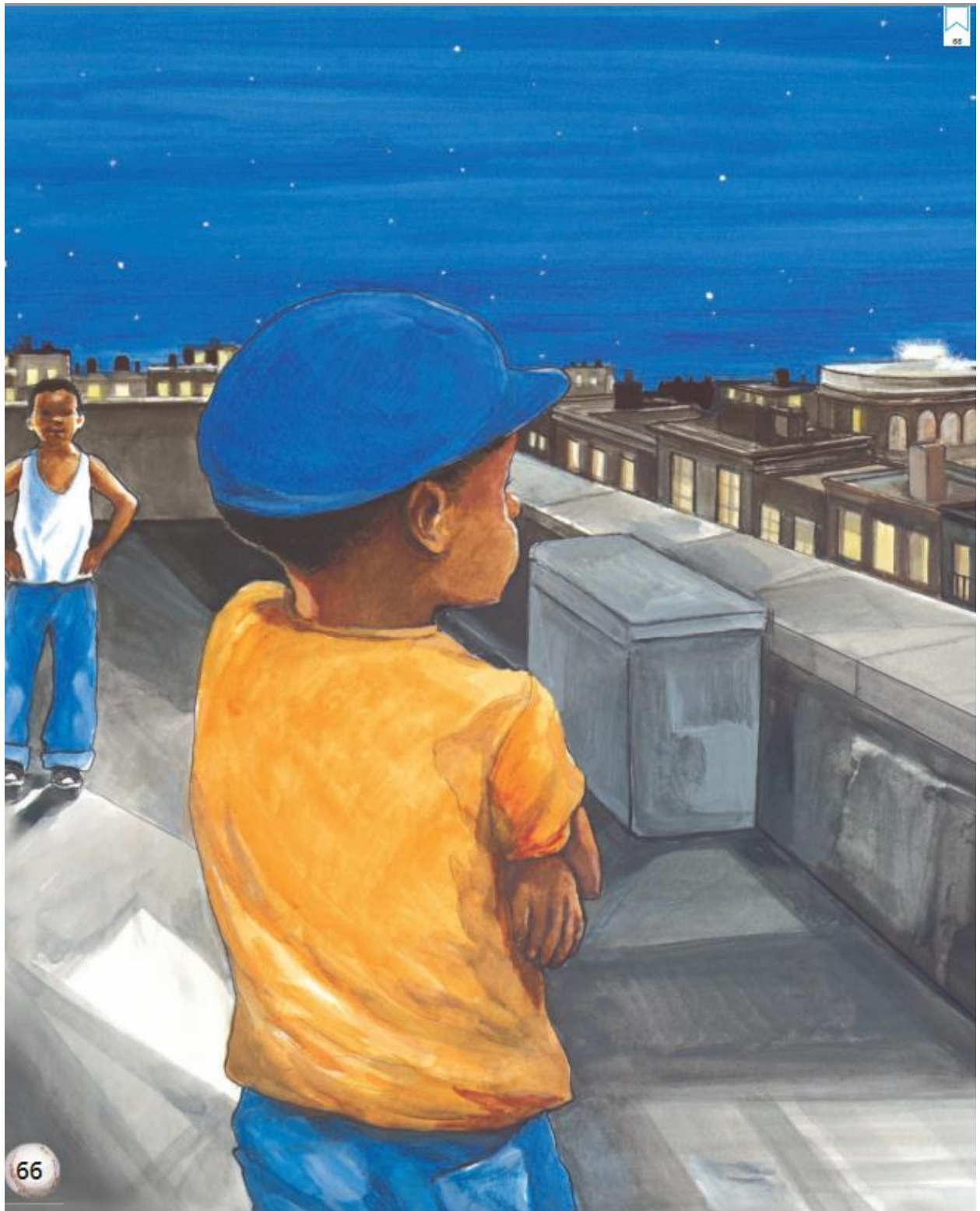
Suddenly, Luke heard the loud crack of a bat. When he looked up, the ball was flying over his head, flying over the scoreboard, flying over the walls of Ebbets Field! The crowd went wild!

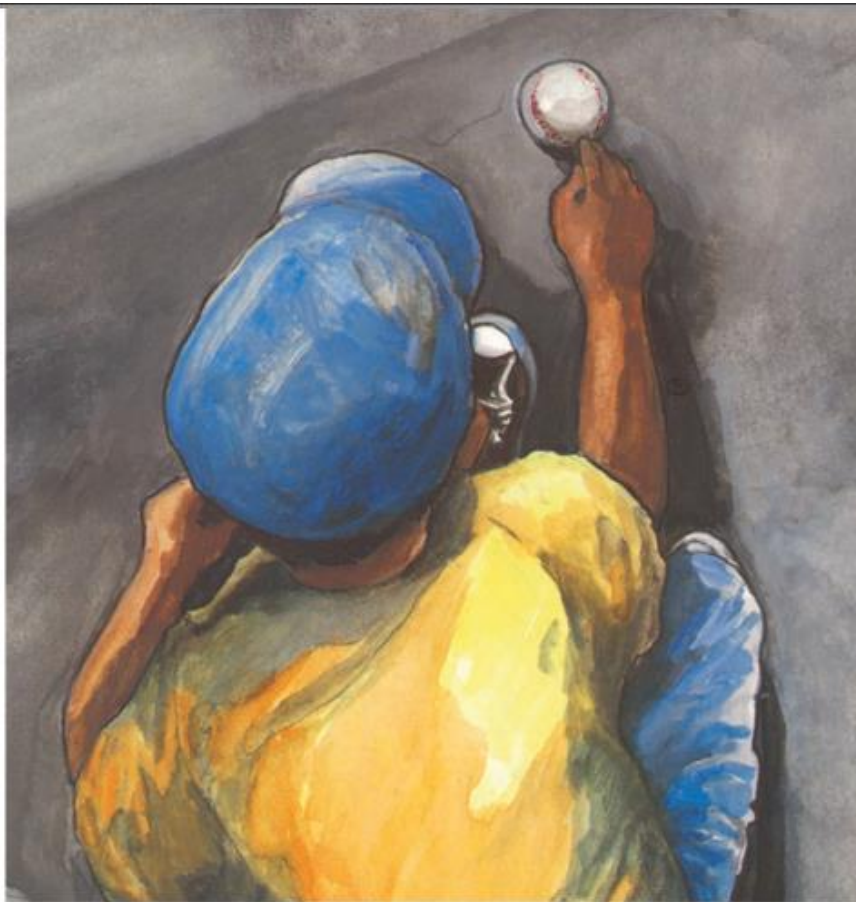
Luke stood up on his seat and **cheered**, "You showed 'em, Jackie!"

"What a game!" Grandma said. "See, you can't give up. Even Jackie Robinson's got to keep trying."

Luke didn't answer.







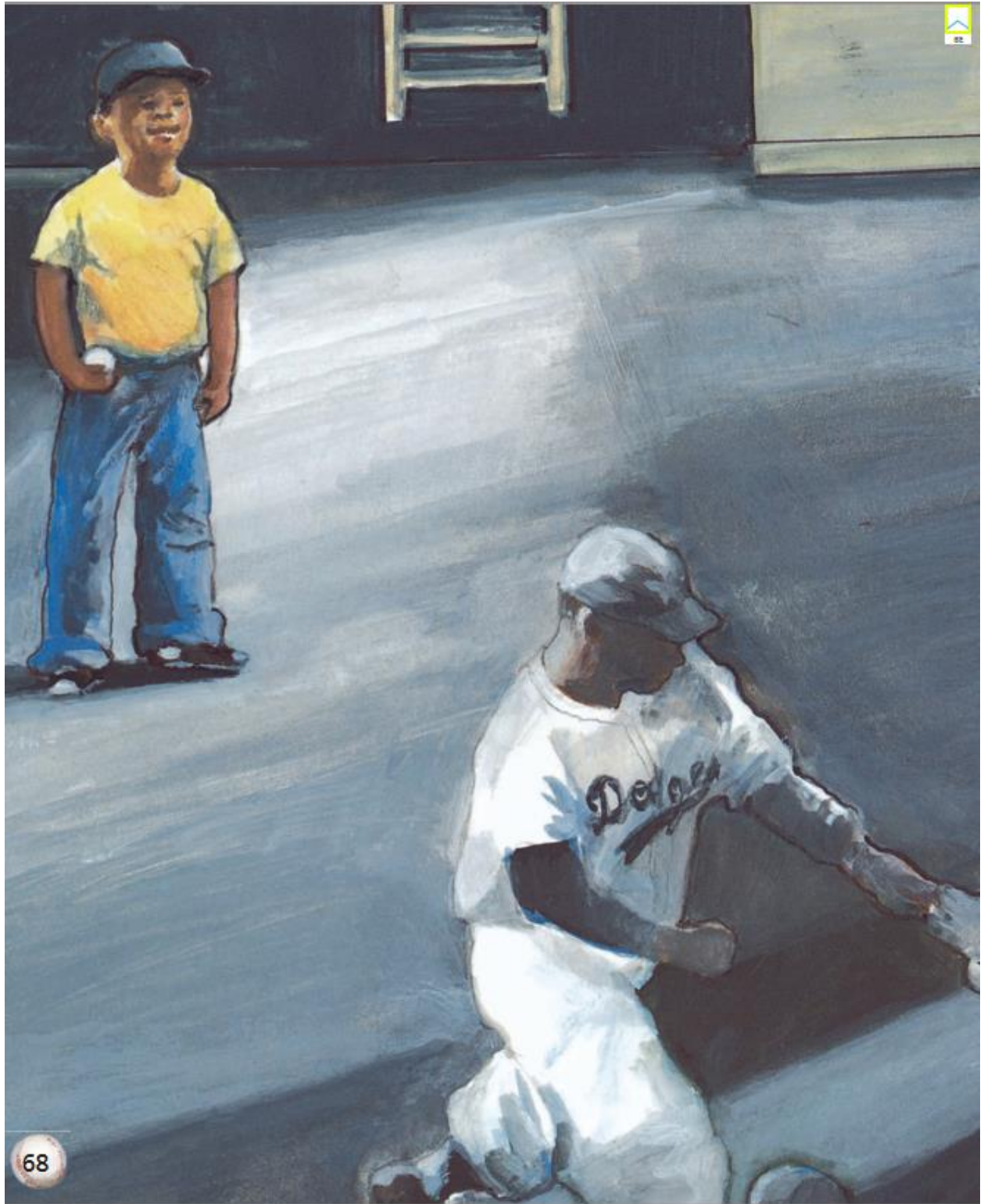
When Luke got home, he ran up to the roof. The lights were going out at Ebbets Field.

“Come on down! It’s bedtime!” Nicky called.

Just then, Luke saw a ball lying on the ground.

“Look!” he said, picking it up. “This is the home run ball that Jackie Robinson hit tonight!”

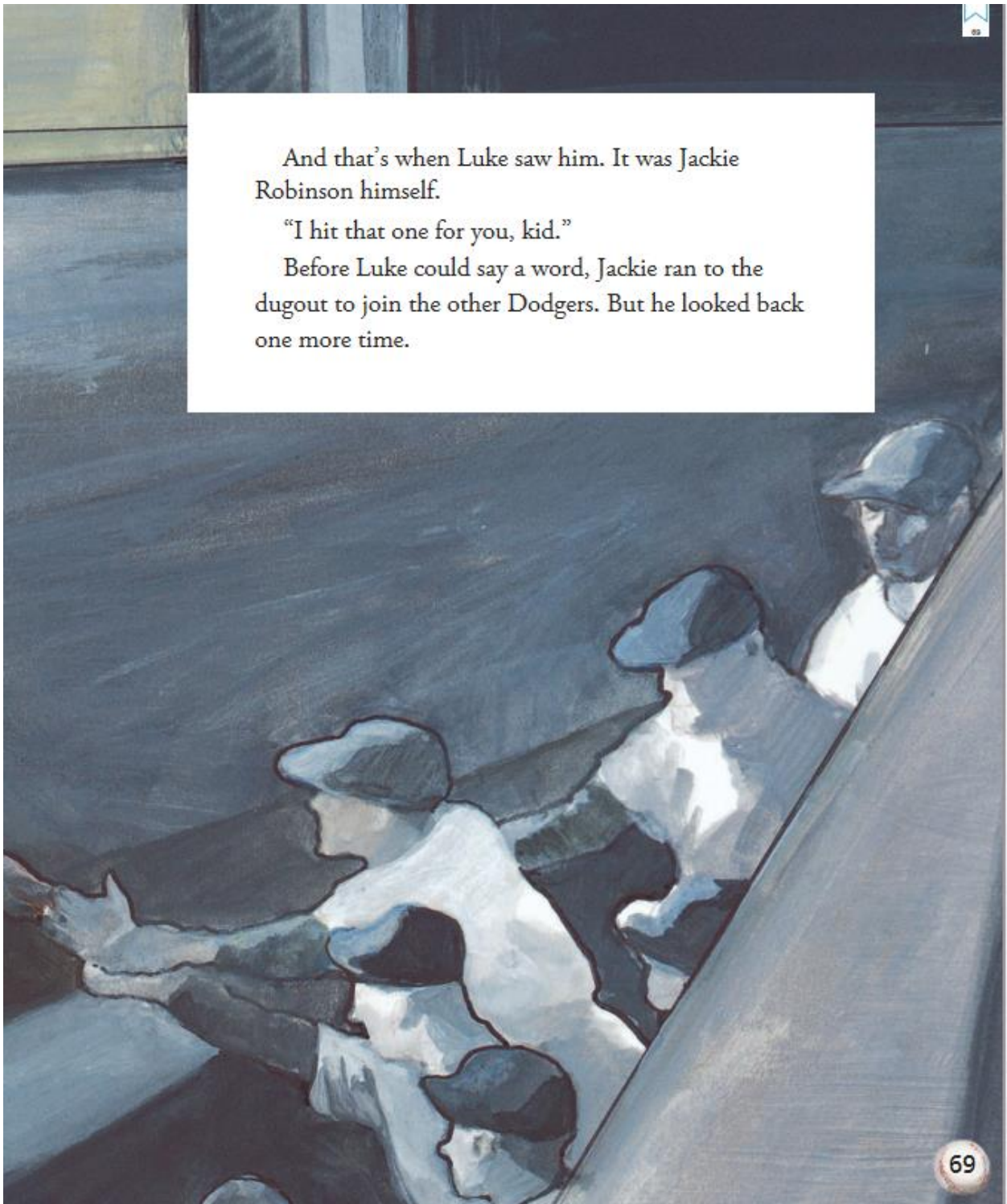
“Naw. That’s just some old ball a kid hit up on the roof,” Nick said, laughing, as he went downstairs.



And that's when Luke saw him. It was Jackie Robinson himself.

"I hit that one for you, kid."

Before Luke could say a word, Jackie ran to the dugout to join the other Dodgers. But he looked back one more time.

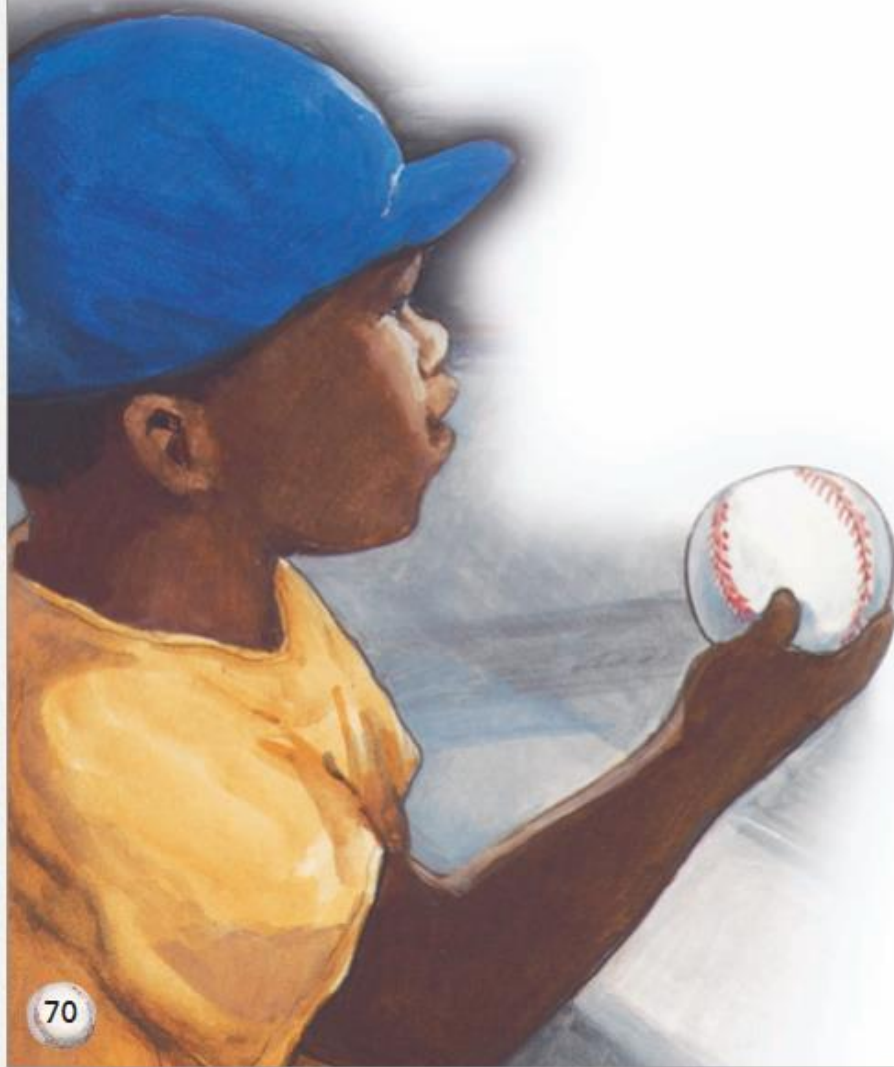


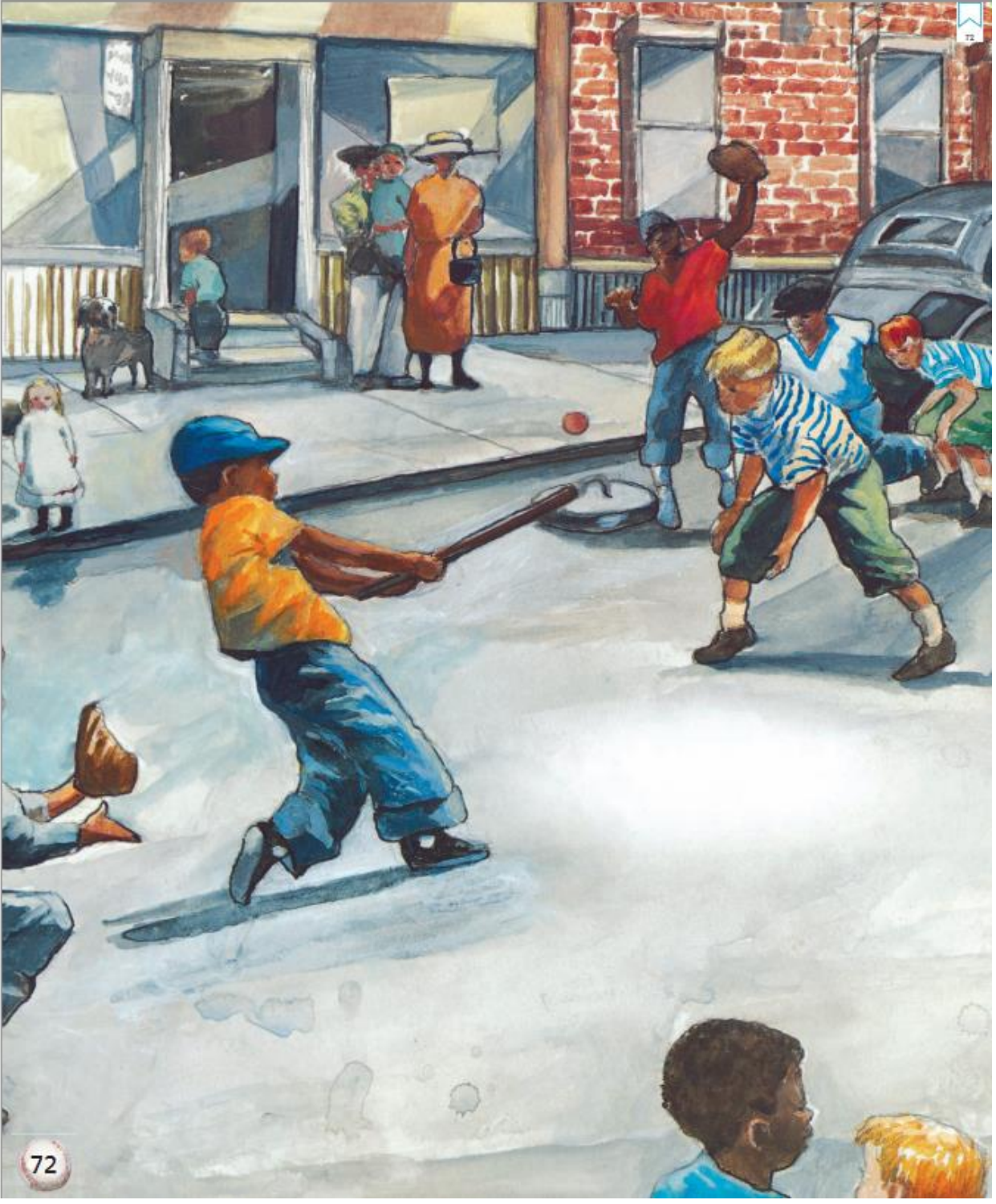
“Hey, kid,” he said. “Your grandma was right. You can’t give up.”

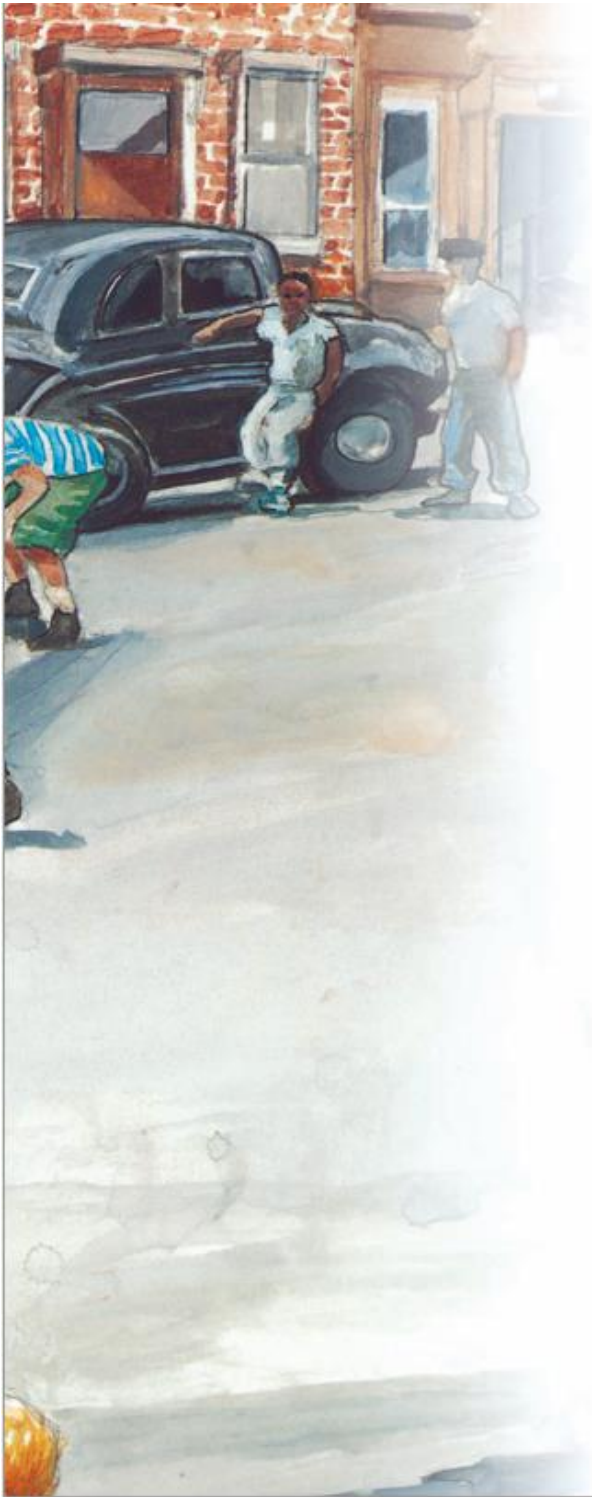
“Thanks, Mr. Robinson.”

The **final** lights went out at Ebbets Field. Luke looked down at the winning ball and smiled.

“I won’t,” he whispered to himself.







And he didn't.

ANALYZE THE TEXT

Sequence of Events Think about the story's events. What lesson does Luke learn?

