

It was the sweetest, most mysterious-looking place any one could imagine. The high walls which shut it in were covered with the leafless stems of climbing roses which were so thick that they were matted together. Mary Lennox knew they were roses because she had seen a great many roses in India. All the ground was covered with grass of a wintry brown and out of it grew clumps of bushes which were surely rosebushes if they were alive. There were numbers of standard roses which had so spread their branches that they were like little trees. There were other trees in the garden, and one of the things which made the place look strangest and loveliest was that climbing roses had run all over them and swung down long tendrils which made light swaying curtains, and here and there they had caught at each other or at a far-reaching branch and had crept from one tree to another and made lovely bridges of themselves. There were neither leaves nor roses on them now and Mary did not know whether they were dead or alive, but their thin gray or brown branches and sprays looked like a sort of hazy mantle spreading over everything, walls, and trees, and even brown grass, where they had fallen from their fastenings and run along the ground. It was this hazy tangle from tree to tree which made it all look so mysterious. Mary had thought it must be different from other gardens which had not been left all by themselves so long; and indeed it was different from any other place she had ever seen in her life.

“How still it is!” she whispered. “How still!”

Then she waited a moment and listened at the stillness. The robin, who had flown to his treetop, was still as all the rest. He did not even flutter his wings; he sat without stirring, and looked at Mary.

“No wonder it is still,” she whispered again. “I am the first person who has spoken in here for ten years.”

She moved away from the door, stepping as softly as if she were afraid of awakening some one. She was glad that there was grass under her feet and that her steps made no sounds. She walked under one of the fairy-like gray arches between the trees and looked up at the sprays and tendrils which formed them. “I wonder if they are all quite dead,” she said. “Is it all a quite dead garden? I wish it wasn’t.”

If she had been Ben Weatherstaff she could have told whether the wood was alive by looking at it, but she could only see that there were only gray or brown sprays and branches and none showed any signs of even a tiny leaf-bud anywhere.

But she was inside the wonderful garden and she could come through the door under the ivy any time and she felt as if she had found a world all her own.

RESOURCES

Text Complexity and the Common Core State Standards

Module 4 of 5**Analyzing the Words in Narrative and Informational Texts**

Reflect and Respond: Activity 2 (Grade 4–5, Narrative Text)

From F. H. Burnett (1911). *The Secret Garden*, Chapter 9 (partial)

Vocabulary

Monosyllabic words: arch, buds, hopped, purse, sheer, skip(ping), hips, oat, scent, sniffed, clumps, stout, knelt, rake, moor

Compound words: armchair, evergreen, far-reaching, flower-bed, flower-seeds, tea-time, tea-tray, snowdrops, skipping-rope, forevermore, eye-teeth, moss-covered, far-off, midday

Word	Appearances in text (#)	Frequency per million words	Word is decodable	Word can be figured out in context	Unknown concept
arches	1	9			
bud	1	9			
fairy	1	7			
tangle	1	7			
clumps	1	5			
mantle	1	5			
swaying	1	5			
stillness	1	4			
flutter	1	3			
hazy	2	2			
treetop	1	1			
tendrils	2	0.8578			
leafless	1	0.8482			
rosebushes	1	0.7651			
fastenings	1	0			
lennox	1	0			
weatherstaff	1	0			
tangle	1	7			

RESOURCES

Text Complexity and the Common Core State Standards

Module 4 of 5

Analyzing the Words in Narrative and Informational Texts

Reflect and Respond: Activity 2 (Grade 4–5, Informational Text)

From Lauber, P. (1996). *Hurricanes: Earth's Mightiest Storms*. New York, NY: Scholastic. Used by permission.

Great whirling storms roar out of the oceans in many parts of the world. They are called by several names, hurricane, typhoon, and cyclone are the three most familiar ones. But no matter what they are called, they are all the same sort of storm. They are born in the same way, in tropical waters. They develop the same way, feeding on warm, moist air. And they do the same kind of damage, both ashore and at sea. Other storms may cover a bigger area or have higher winds, but none can match both the size and the fury of hurricanes. They are earth's mightiest storms.

Like all storms, they take place in the atmosphere, the envelope of air that surrounds the earth and presses on its surface. The pressure at any one place is always changing. There are days when air is sinking and the atmosphere presses harder on the surface. These are the times of high pressure. There are days when a lot of air is rising and the atmosphere does not press down as hard. These are times of low pressure. Low-pressure areas over warm oceans give birth to hurricanes.

No one knows exactly what happens to start these storms. But when conditions are right, warm, moist air is set in motion. It begins to rise rapidly from the surface of the ocean in a low-pressure area.

Like water in a hose, air flows from where there is more pressure to where there is less pressure. And so

air over the surface of the ocean flows into the low-pressure area, picking up moisture as it travels. This warm, moist air soars upward. As the air rises above the earth, it cools. The cooling causes moisture to condense into tiny droplets of water that form clouds. As the moisture condenses, it gives off heat. Heat is one kind of energy. It is the energy that powers the storm. The clouds are the source of the storm's rain.

The low-pressure area acts like a chimney, warm air is drawn in at the bottom, rises in a column, cools, and spreads out. As the air inside rises and more air is drawn in, the storm grows. The air being drawn in, however, does not travel in a straight line. The earth's surface is rotating, and the rotation causes the path to curve. The air travels in a spiral within the storm. In the Northern Hemisphere, the spiraling winds travel counterclockwise, the opposite of the way the hands of a clock move. In the Southern Hemisphere, they travel clockwise.

Most of the storms die out within hours or days of their birth. Only about one out of ten grows into a hurricane.

As high winds develop, air pressure falls rapidly at the center of the storm. This low-pressure area is called the eye, and it may be ten to 20 miles across. The eye is a hole that reaches from bottom to top of the storm. Winds rage around the hole, but within it all is calm.

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Module 4 of 5

Analyzing the Words in Narrative and Informational Texts

Reflect and Respond: Activity 2 (Grade 4–5, Informational Text)

From Lauber, P. (1996). *Hurricanes: Earth's Mightiest Storms*.

New York, NY: Scholastic. Used by permission.

Vocabulary

Place names: Caribbean, Newfoundland, Montreal, Providence, Rhode (Island), Bermuda, Hatteras, Westhampton

Monosyllabic words: rage, hose, steer, dome, bulge, drains, soars, surge, swelled

Compound words: overflowed, wind-driven, extra-high, low-lying, clockwise, counterclockwise

Word	Appearances in text (#)	Frequency per million words	Word is decodable	Word can be figured out in context	Unknown concept
chimney	1	9			
rage	1	9			
rotation	1	9			
hurricane(s)	4	8			
hose	1	6			
rotating	1	6			
spiral(ing)	2	6			
droplets	1	5			
fury	1	5			
whirling	1	5			
condense(s)	2	3			
soars	1	3			
clockwise	1	1			
counterclockwise	1	1			
cyclone	1	1			
typhoon	1	0.4978			

RESOURCES

Text Complexity and the Common Core State Standards

Module 4 of 5

Analyzing the Words in Narrative and Informational Texts