

PROVINCIAL ASSESSMENT



2019/20

Sample FSA

Grade 7

Reading

Selected-Response Questions

PRINT VERSION

Going Up: Life in the Death Zone



The New Zealander struggled up the final snowy ridge. His companion soon joined him on the mountain top, gasping for breath. Edmund Hillary offered his hand to Tenzing Norgay, but Norgay gave him a bear hug instead. Hillary and Norgay became the first to reach the summit of Mt. Everest. Since 1953, the mountain has been climbed many times. The death toll is more than 250 for those who didn't make it to the top. Many were killed not by falls or avalanches, but by the effects of low pressure at extreme altitudes.

Going Up into Thinner Air

The weight of the atmosphere creates air pressure. At higher altitudes, there is less air above you. This means that the density and pressure of air *decreases* as altitude *increases*. Each intake of air on Mt. Everest has only one-third of the gas molecules — including oxygen — that would be present at sea level.

Mt. Everest is in Nepal, a small country sandwiched between India and China. Nepal's capital, Katmandu, is at 1340 metres. Unless exercising hard, a person in Katmandu probably wouldn't notice the slightly thinner air.



The earliest attempt to conquer Everest in 1922 failed. Thirty-one years later, Edmund Hillary and his guide, Tenzing Norgay, successfully reached the "roof of the world."

Less Oxygen Equals More Work

However, as you move higher, the body reacts to the decreasing pressure. On their way to Everest, Hillary and Norgay stayed at Namche Bazaar, a trading town at 3440 metres. With each breath at Namche Bazaar, the body takes in only 70 percent of the oxygen it would get at sea level.

It takes many days for the body to make the extra red blood cells. Allowing the body to adjust slowly to the lower air pressure at high altitudes is called acclimatization. Hillary and Norgay spent many weeks acclimatizing to higher altitudes. Rushing up and down Mt. Everest isn't an option. A person taken directly from sea level to the summit would die of oxygen starvation within minutes due to a lack of enough red blood cells to pull oxygen from the thin atmosphere.

Reaching Base Camp

From Namche Bazaar, Hillary, Norgay, and their team trekked to the Mt. Everest base camp at 5364 metres, where most of their supplies were kept. At this altitude, air pressure is half that of sea level.

Bottled Oxygen: A Climber's Life Line

Hillary and Norgay helped move loads of supplies from the base camp to camps higher on the mountain, breathing bottled oxygen to help offset the thin air. "As the oxygen flowed into my lungs, my load seemed to lose half its weight," wrote Hillary. After 44 days of acclimatizing on Everest's slopes, Hillary and Norgay climbed above 8000 metres into the Death Zone.

When Hillary was in the Death Zone, it took "three hours to do what I could have done in half an hour at sea level...every step became...[a] major task that was going to require a maximum of effort." On the last climb to the summit, "I seemed clumsy and unstable, and my breath was hurried



An oxygen supply is crucial to climbing Everest. Early equipment was cumbersome.

and uneven.” If a climber stays above 8000 metres too long, death is inevitable. It’s a brutal race against time. Can the climber get to the top and back before the body falls apart?

A Triumphant Ascent

Hillary and Norgay reached the top and took off their oxygen masks for a few moments. They were too tired to do more than hug and take photographs. Hillary and Norgay strapped on their oxygen masks and started their journey down.

As Hillary and Norgay descended the mountain, they were joined along the way by expedition members who had stayed at lower camps. As they neared one camp, they could see the question on the members’ faces: Had they reached the top?

A companion walking down with Hillary and Norgay joyfully pointed toward the summit. Their faces “lighting up with unbelieving joy,” the men in camp rushed towards Hillary and Norgay.

It was a long, tiring, triumphant walk home.



“Going Up: Life in the Death Zone” by Pamela S. Turner.
Odyssey: Adventures in Science. Carus Publishing Company. Peru, IL. 2007.

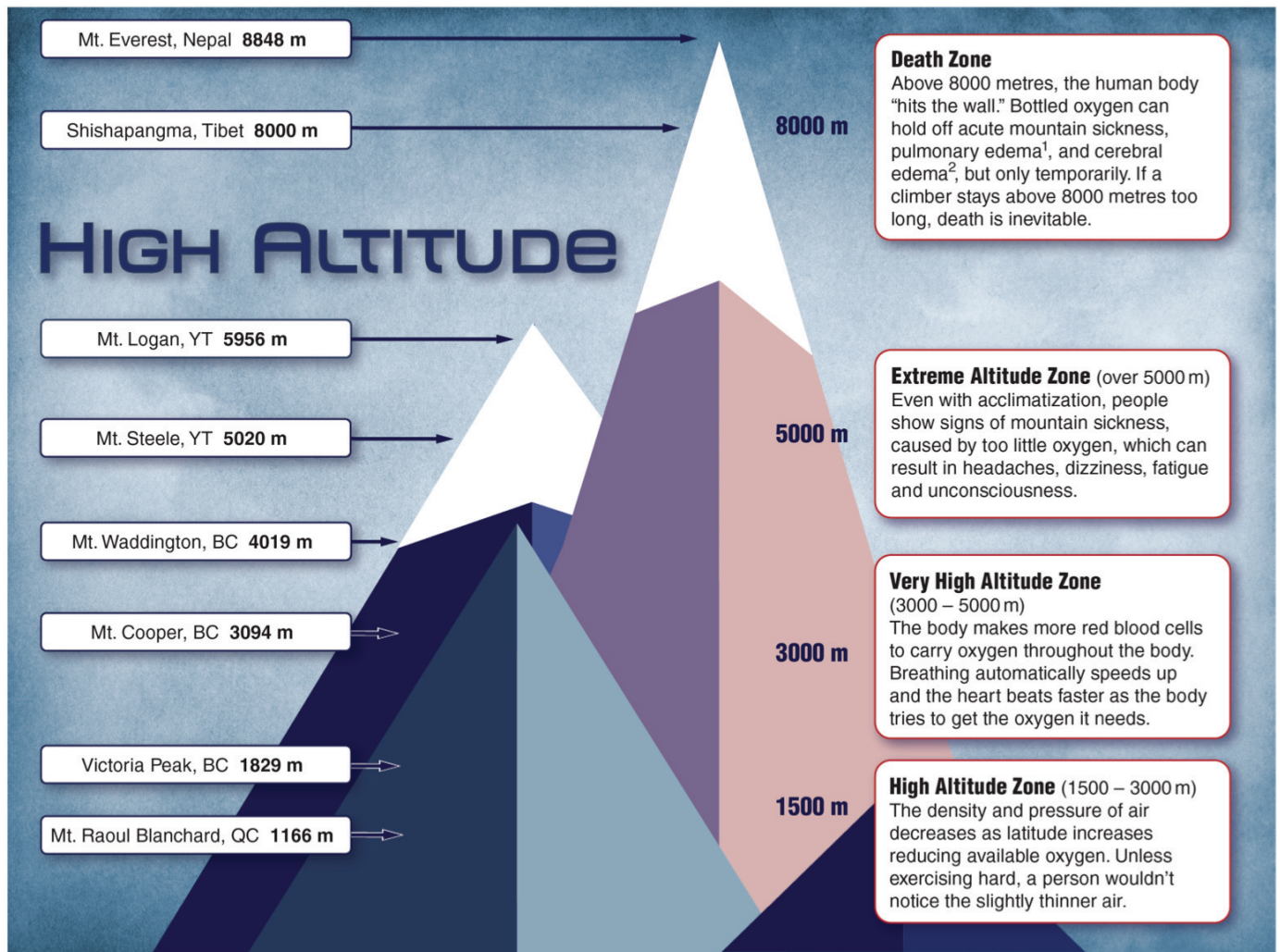
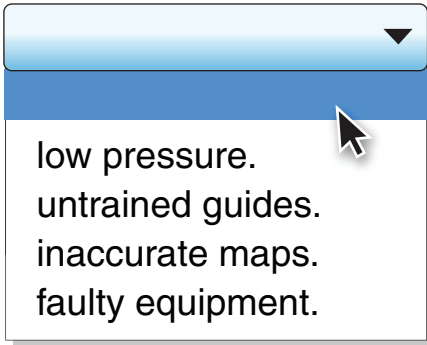


Figure 1

¹pulmonary edema: accumulation of fluid in the lungs

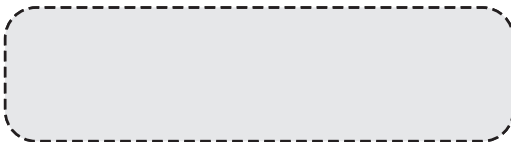
²cerebral edema: swelling of the brain caused by the accumulation of fluid

1. Many climbers died climbing Mt. Everest due to



2. *“The earliest attempt to conquer Everest in 1922 failed. Thirty-one years later, Edmund Hillary...successfully reached the ‘roof of the world.’ ”*

This quote from **Going Up: Life in the Death Zone** suggests




Hillary made many attempts to climb Everest.

Hillary’s expedition was the first to reach the summit.

Hillary took 31 years to reach the top of the mountain.

Hillary’s earliest attempt was in 1922.

3. Drag and drop the word cards that represent the events of Hillary and Norgay's climb from beginning to end.



The team treks to the base camp from Namche Bazaar.
<input type="text"/>
<input type="text"/>
Hillary and Norgay remove their oxygen masks for photos.
<input type="text"/>

-
-
-

4. What does the phrase “...they could see the question on the members’ faces” refer to?

worry that the equipment
might have failed

wondering if they had made
it to the summit

surprise at the small number
of people who returned

concern over the physical
appearance of the climbers

5. What could a person climbing Mt. Steele in the Yukon (Figure 1) expect to experience?

Agree or disagree with each statement.

fluid build-up in lungs

agree

disagree

increased heartbeat

agree

disagree

headaches and fatigue

agree

disagree


nothing unless exercising

agree

disagree

6. “With each breath at Namche Bazaar, the body takes in only 70 percent of the oxygen....”

Using information from **Going Up: Life in the Death Zone** and Figure 1, move Edmund and Norgay to the stage of their ascent where they would most likely be located.




Death Zone

Extreme Altitude Zone

Very High Altitude Zone

High Altitude Zone



Real-Life Blood Suckers

It's dinnertime, so Bill Schutt cracks open a bottle of cow's blood he has collected.

He pours the red liquid into an ice cube tray. Don't worry, though, this

blood meal isn't for Schutt. It's for his vampire bats. Schutt, a biologist at Long Island University in New York, spent three years as a graduate

student raising two vampire bat colonies in order to study these mysterious blood drinkers. Each night, he would place the tray of blood within reach of his roosting bats so the hungry animals could lap up their gory supper.



Schutt's interest in vampiric animals led him to write *Dark Banquet*, a book about the unusual lives of sanguivores (animals that drink blood). He discovered that nature is filled with bloodthirsty animals. Find out how these *parasites* tap other organisms' most vital resource: blood.

Monstrous Meal

Out of the 1100 bat species, just three are out for blood. Vampire bats are found only in Central and South America. When the sun sets on these continents, the bats emerge from caves to search for their next meal.

Blood is a skimpy food source. It is about 80 percent water, with the rest being mostly protein. The red stuff contains almost no fat—a nutrient animals need to store energy. So vampire bats must consume half their weight in blood each night to stay alive.

To get by on such a watered-down diet, it helps to be small. A vampire bat weighs about as much as a mouse, and it is one of the largest blood feeders. Other sanguivores, such as ticks and leeches, are even more pint-size. These creepy crawlies feed less often than bats do because they aren't as active.

Stealthy Hunters

Most people don't realize when more common blood feeders, like ticks, have bitten them either. These relatives of spiders crawl across your body until they find a hidden spot. Then, the hitchhikers dig in with their skin-piercing mouthparts, which are lined with backward-facing barbs. Some ticks even secrete a cement-like substance to hold themselves in place. "Ticks had to invest in sneaky habits, because in order to steal blood, they have to be attached for days," says Thomas Mather, an entomologist (scientist who studies insects) at The University of Rhode Island. Unless discovered, ticks will feed for up to a week, filling with blood and swelling like balloons.

Dangerous Bite?

One of the biggest reasons to fear blood drinkers are the blood-borne diseases that many of them carry. In North America, ticks transmit several illnesses, including Lyme disease, which is caused by bacteria that attack a person's joints and nervous system. Vampire bats, blood-drinking flies, and especially mosquitoes can also carry an array of potentially deadly diseases.

Not all sanguivores are bad for your health. Doctors have found that the leech *Hirudo medicinalis* can help people who have undergone surgery to reattach lost limbs. This aquatic worm normally uses its sucker-shaped mouth and saw-blade-like teeth to suck blood from a host.

But if attached to a person's wounded limb, the leech can improve circulation to the body part with its blood-sucking ability. Luckily, the treatment doesn't hurt: In addition to anticoagulants, leeches' saliva contains *anesthetics*, or painkilling substances, so patients feel only a tiny pinch.



BUFFET LINE: Finches line up to enjoy a blood feast after wounding a masked booby.



BLOOD-FILLED TICK: This lone star tick is swollen with blood.



SKIN PIERCING: A vampire moth sips blood from a researcher's finger.

More Bloodthirsty Beasties

Thousands of other sanguivores exist, from fleas, lice, and bedbugs, to even stranger bloodsuckers like the candiru fish. This 2- to 6-centimetre long catfish lurks in the Amazon River. It wriggles under the gill flaps of larger fish and chomps into their blood-rich gills.

Other animals may be Draculas-in-the-making. In the Galápagos Islands, a group of finches supplement their diet of nectar and seeds by attacking another resident bird, the booby. After one bird pecks to draw blood, other finches line up to take turns drinking from the wound.

Another part-time blood feeder—a new species of vampire moth that lives in Siberia—was recently discovered by Jennifer Zaspel, an entomologist at the University of Minnesota. The moths usually employ their sharp proboscis (feeding tube) to pierce the flesh of fruit. But when Zaspel and her team of researchers offered themselves as food, the moths used their proboscis to puncture the humans' skin and drink blood. "They treat you like a grapefruit or tomato and just start drilling in," says Zaspel.

Although sanguivores have gross eating habits, Schutt says we shouldn't wish for them to disappear. "As weird as these creatures are and as squeamish as people may be about them, vampires have an important place in nature. Some need conservation, and some can even be beneficial to us."

nuts & bolts

Animals can be categorized by the type of food they eat. *Sanguivores* are organisms that live off blood. *Herbivores* consume only plants. *Carnivores* eat other animals. And *omnivores* eat both plants and animals.

From "Real-Life Blood Suckers" by Cody Crane.
Published in *SCHOLASTIC SCIENCEWORLD*, October 2009.
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7. The purpose of the first sentence of the article is to

shock.

inform.

question.

confuse.

8. A parasite is best defined as

a type of vampiric animal.
a species that feeds off others.
a category of nocturnal creatures.
an organism that produces its own food.

9. Vampire bats need to consume half their body weight in blood each

night because



they need little food.

blood is rich with protein.

they live mainly on water.

blood is mostly water with a little fat.

10. What caused the difference in this tick?



It is ready to lay eggs.

It is bloated with blood.

It is a different species.

It is swollen from the sun.

11. "They treat you like a grapefruit or tomato and just start drilling in."
Which animal does this refer to?



fruit bat



Siberian moth



mosquito



Galapagos finch

12. A person suffering from joint and nervous system problems may

have been infected by a

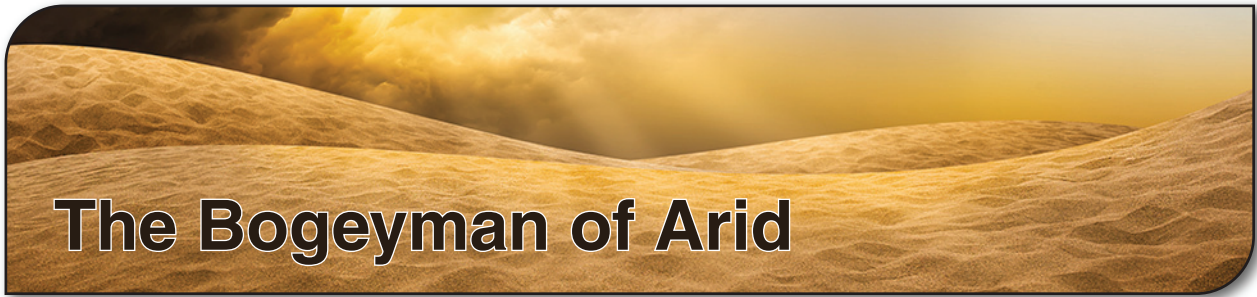


tick.

spider.

mosquito.

moth.



The Bogeyman of Arid

Far enough inside the cave to escape the blinding sand, Marco loosened the desert scarf that covered his nose and mouth. He slid from the saddle on his karroc's back. "A sandstorm is the last thing we need," he said. His voice was hoarse, his throat dry.

Marco turned to shield his face as his karroc braced its legs to shake sand from its scaly hide.

The planet's sand got into everything. It had ruined most of the high-tech equipment that survived the landing. Many of the remaining tools had been carried off by bogeymen. The colonists now relied on their wits to survive in the few oases scattered among ever-changing dunes and barren mountains of black rock.

Marco took a deep, shuddering breath. "If the storm lasts the usual four days, that's bad for us."

Marco and his friends had grown up fast on the planet the colonists called Arid. When their colony ship became damaged midflight, Arid was the only planet within reach that showed signs of water. Marco relished his responsibility as messenger, delivering vital information among settlements. His karroc, Max, travelled far and fast under Marco's light weight.

To make Max's load even lighter, Marco had left the water behind.

"You thirsty, Max?"

His karroc's answering croak echoed in the wide, dark cavern.

"Yeah, me, too."

"It's better not to take risks," his parents had always advised, since the planet's climate was so unforgiving. But Marco had left the water behind

anyway, wanting to make good time and set a record. He'd been lucky to find the cave. Without water, though...

"Max? What is it?"

The karroc's croak had turned into a warning hiss. His forked tongue tested the air.

What else? What now? Heart pounding, Marco took a tighter grip on Max's reins.

"If you thirst, there is water here." The voice that came from the deepest shadows of the cave sounded like sand sifting down a dune.

"Who's there?" Marco demanded.

"You call us bogeymen."



A chill ran up Marco's spine. He'd thought his situation couldn't get worse.

Bogeyman was an ancient term. A colonist had given it to the creatures that snuck into their camps at night. The only glimpses the colonists had had of them were of large eyes glowing with the reflected light of the camps' bonfires.

Because almost nothing was known about the bogeymen, Marco and his friends had made up stories. Scary stories.

Sometimes, especially at night, when they thought the bogeymen were out there, they ended up scaring themselves.

"You speak my language," Marco stammered as he fumbled in his pack for a flame.

"We listen, we learn."

Marco was surprised. He'd never considered the bogeymen smart, although they managed to keep stealing tools despite the barricades the colonists had built.

Marco lit the flame and held it high. The bogeyman threw up an arm to shield his owl-like eyes.

Marco lowered the flame. The bogeyman was small and wiry, from what Marco could see of him in the shadows. His skin was sand coloured—a perfect camouflage, thick and pebbly in appearance. Not so much scary-looking as adapted to desert life on Arid. He also seemed young. Were they the same age in Arid years?



“I’m Marco.”

“Sishas,” the bogeyman replied.

Max croaked again for water, reminding Marco of his own parched throat. It felt as if he’d swallowed desert nettles.

Sishas beckoned. “Here is water.”

Marco hesitated. Was the water safe? Was this a trap? Other bogeymen might be lurking in the shadows.

But he thought again. Wasn’t it the colonists’ imaginations that had turned Sishas and his people into evil monsters of the night?

“I know what it is to thirst,” Sishas said.

This wasn’t a monster; this was a personlike being. Intelligent. Interesting. Maybe a potential friend.

Water pooled in the small rock basin that Sishas showed him. It was the best water Marco had ever tasted.

He moved aside, giving Max a turn to drink.

“Why do you steal our equipment?” Marco asked as he sat next to Sishas.

“Our Elders thought if we understood the tools, we would understand the toolmakers. Then taking the tools became a game for my friends and me. I was best. My father was not pleased by the risks I took.”

“Oh.” *That sounds familiar*, Marco thought.

“Why do you keep us from our sources of water?” asked Sishas.

“What? Oh, the barricade. It’s meant to protect us from anything hostile.”

“Do you mean us?”

“You’re nothing like I expected,” Marco admitted.

Sishas made a noise that might have been a laugh. “I’m also surprised. We tell such frightening tales about you and your kind.”

“The Bogeymen of Arid.” Sandra Beswetherick. *Highlights for Children*. June 2011. pp. 40–41. ed. Christine French Cully. Highlights for Children, Inc. Columbus, OH.

13. How did the colonists come to live on Arid?

They crash landed.

They immigrated from Earth.

They travelled across
the desert.

They were part of a
scientific expedition.

14. Why was Marco out in the storm?

to rescue alien life forms

to retrieve lost equipment

to search for water sources

to deliver essential information

15. Sishas learns to speak the colonists' language by

taking classes.
talking to Marco.
listening to others.
learning from Elders.

16. Marco is surprised that the Bogeymen

are intelligent.

look like humans.

are frightening.

can see in the dark.

17. Sishas stole the colonists' tools



as a challenge.

to sell for profit.

for employment.

to trade for water.

18. What view of life do the parents of both Marco and Sishas share?

There is nothing to fear.

Risks should be avoided.

Water will bring down
cultural barriers.

Research of the unknown
is necessary.

19. By the end of the story Marco and Sishas realize



they are both looking
for water.

they are both
messengers.

their lives are quite
different.

their perception of each
other has changed.



Culture By Design

Imagine finding a job where you can stitch together everything that's important to you. I've managed to seamlessly establish a career that does just that. I am a businessman and an artist; a historian and a futurist; a technical expert and a story teller. I weave the history and traditions of my people into the modern world. My full name is Ronald Everett Green and I am a fashion designer.

I first fell in love with making art while attending high school in Prince Rupert, British Columbia. I even sold a piece of artwork when I was in high school. But my training as a creative person began when I was a child.

I spent my early childhood in Lax Kw'alaams, or Port Simpson to the English. Even as I write this, you can get there only by boat or by plane. My mother was of the Killer Whale Clan and I inherit this from her. My earliest works are reflective of more traditional icons, made in blanket-work and screens, and as I acquired new skills, I translated these into fashion designs.



I've always been fascinated by the use of images and natural items, like cedar, in the fabrication of ceremonial clothing. Robes, blankets, and shawls were used during important ceremonies such as the raising of a totem pole. They were adorned with images of the clans and used shells, cedar, and sometimes copper. I seek to create contemporary interpretation of these in my designs.

At the University of Victoria, I studied the history of trade blankets, how cedar bark capes were made, and many other techniques traditional to my culture. I created blanket-work with images of my childhood, using shell buttons, beads, and Melton wool. I experimented with other techniques such as batik and other fabric not usual to my traditional roots, and I developed my own style for these images. I am proud to say many of these items adorn galleries and resorts across Canada and the United States.

I'm inspired by the natural world; a whale breaching, an eagle soaring, a salmon fishing run. I also find inspiration in other artists who have created their own interpretations of their First Nations cultures such as Bill Reid, Darcy Moses, Norval Morrisseau, and many others.



In the early 1990s, I moved to Toronto, where I was able to attend a fashion design program that provided me with the skills to incorporate my images of Killer Whale, Raven, and Wolf into fashion pieces. My goal is to integrate my culture with the design of a garment in a contemporary manner.

When I create my designs, the greatest inspiration comes from the person who commissions the piece. I want all the elements of the person who wears my clothes to come together in the piece, just as all aspects of my identity are expressed through the work I do. Who is that person? What images reflect his personality? Is she a teacher, like Wolf; or a trickster like Raven? Which silhouette complements her shape? All these forces come together to assist me in the design of the perfect piece, which reflects the personality and image of the wearer. Even for noncommissioned work, I consider the identity of someone who might buy the piece.

I am proud to list many Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal people in my client list. It is my intention to share my culture and my interpretation with all who wish to receive it.

¹commissions: to formally request to make you something

“Culture by Design” by Ronald Everett Green.

Strength and Struggle: Perspectives from First Nations, Inuit, and Métis Peoples in Canada.
eds. Rachel A. Mishenene and Dr. Pamela Rose Toulouse. McGraw-Hill Ryerson. Whitby, ON. 2011.

20. Which word best describes Ronald Green's birthplace?

isolated

deserted

overgrown

hazardous

21. What helped Ronald Green develop his talents?

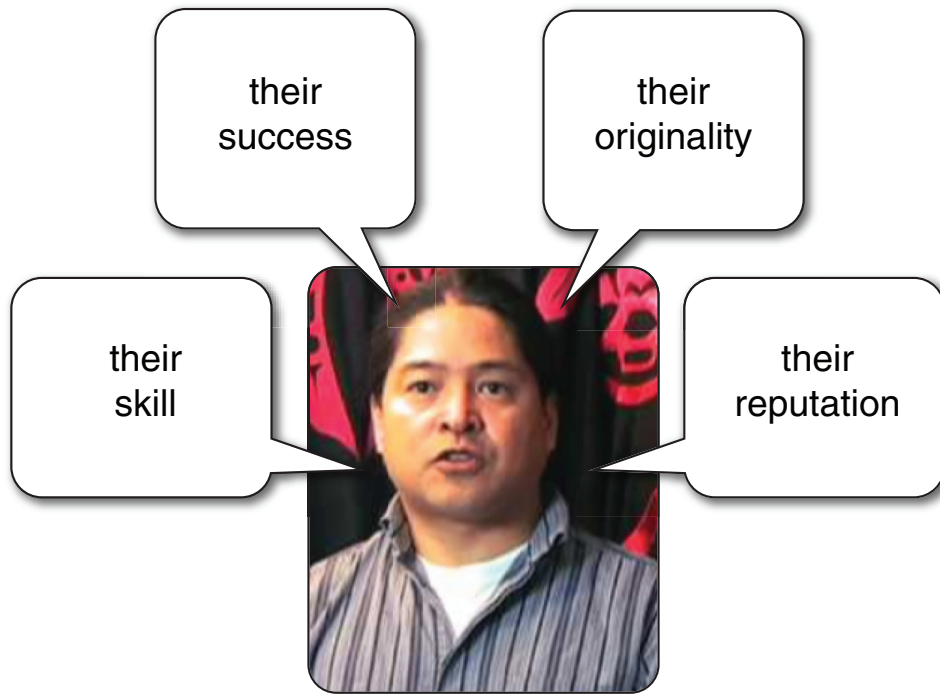
galleries and resorts

advances in materials

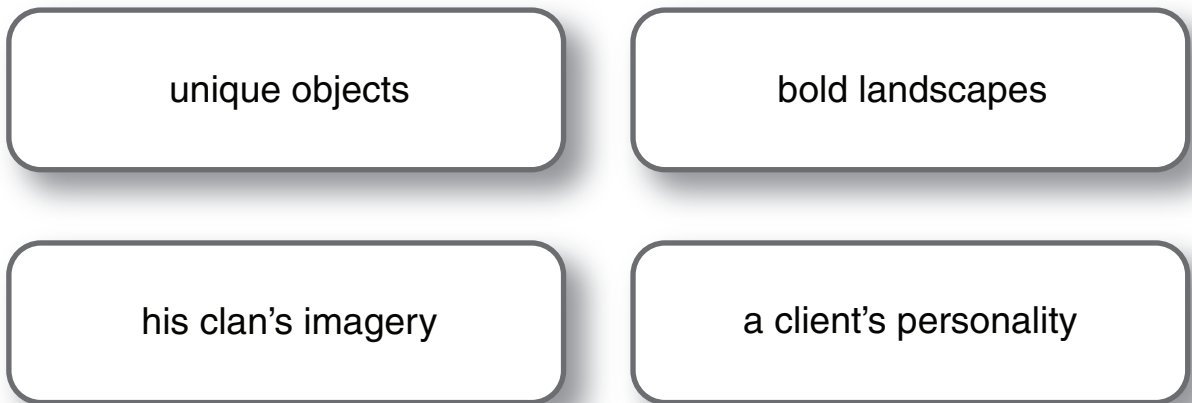
study and experimentation

observation of important events

22. What does Ronald Green admire about many Aboriginal artists?



23. What influences each of Ronald Green's commissioned pieces?



24. Ronald Green's approach to fashion design is best described as



casual.

balanced.

simplistic.

innovative.



In the Ojibway world, there are two ways of doing things. One is the slow, methodical Ojibway method, and the other is the slow, non-methodical Ojibway method. It all boils down to the amount of anxiety you want to build into the process.

Oh, there are people about who will say that our ways are not scientific, that they never have been. There are those who will say that if the Ojibway had any sort of technological or innovative sense, we'd have been further along the developmental trail at the time of contact. These are the descendants of the people who turned to us for survival's sake when the North American winter descended. Science and innovation apparently have slippery definitions.

My mother is the best bannock baker going. When her bread comes out of the oven every Indian in the bush comes running. Her bannock rises elegantly. It is spongy and soft and tastes golden, like the colour of the crust. With jam or a thick smear of lard, washed down with strong black tea, there's nothing like it in the world.



She gave me some on my first visit home. To me it tasted of reconnection, warm and welcoming and oddly familiar. It still does, actually. I wanted to learn to bake it just like she did. She laughed when I told her. To my mother's way of thinking, the thinking of a bush-raised woman, men didn't bake. But I was insistent, and she undertook to teach me.

I'd been raised with the Western science that calls for precise measurements and a decisive experimental process. I clung to the security of numbers. But what my mother taught me that day had nothing to do with grams or ounces, teaspoons or cups. Instead, she told me to

take a couple handfuls of flour, a splat of lard, a splotch of baking powder and a nip of salt. Then to swash it with milk or water, pat it about until it felt warm and soft, and bake it until it looked good. Once it was out of the oven you gave it an earnest slap to settle it and left it on the counter to cool. The splotch, splat, nip and slap process was odd—but it worked.

That first bannock was glorious. I watched it rise like a little kid would, with my face pressed to the glass. When it cooled enough to cut I sheared off enough for the two of us. It was the first Indian thing I'd ever done. It was the first time in my life I could remember receiving Indian teaching, and it was the first time I had physically expressed myself as an Indian person. It was unforgettable.

When I tasted it I smiled. My mother was a good teacher, and the texture of that first Indian bread was sublime. With marmalade and butter melted into it, my bannock was a rip-roaring success. We shared it with my stepfather and uncles, who were waiting patiently in the living room. Watching the men of my lost family enjoy a tribal thing that I had created was as poignant¹ a moment as I've ever had.

I still bake my bannock the same way. Friends marvel at my non-methodical manner at the stove. I laugh and tell them it's Native science, and it is.

When I bake bannock I feel Ojibway. The process evokes images of bush life, an open fire, a lump of dough on a stick and a circle of people gathered in community to share fresh bread. Knowing that I hold an Ojibway skill, a part of our science, instills pride in me. And when the plate is passed around to the usual lip-smacking, finger-licking compliments from non-Native friends, I smile to think that our Indian science is being shared.

Sure, it's an easy thing, something a child could do, but passing it forward is what matters. Our cultural survival depends on it. There will always be someone seeking to recognize themselves in the sure small ways we do things. You don't need to be a rocket scientist to figure that out.

¹poignant: moving

"Making Bannock" by Richard Wagamese.
One Native Life. pp. 125-128. Douglas & McIntyre.

25. What does the term “non-methodical Ojibway method” mean?

a traditional task

an unusual idea

a misunderstanding

a way of approaching life

26. *“These are the descendants of the people who turned to us for survival’s sake...”*

Richard Wagamese mentions this

to show the high degree of anxiety.

to illustrate the importance of traditional knowledge.

to highlight the Ojibway’s need for help.

to emphasize the severe conditions.

27. Richard Wagamese's mother laughed when he told her he wanted to learn to bake because



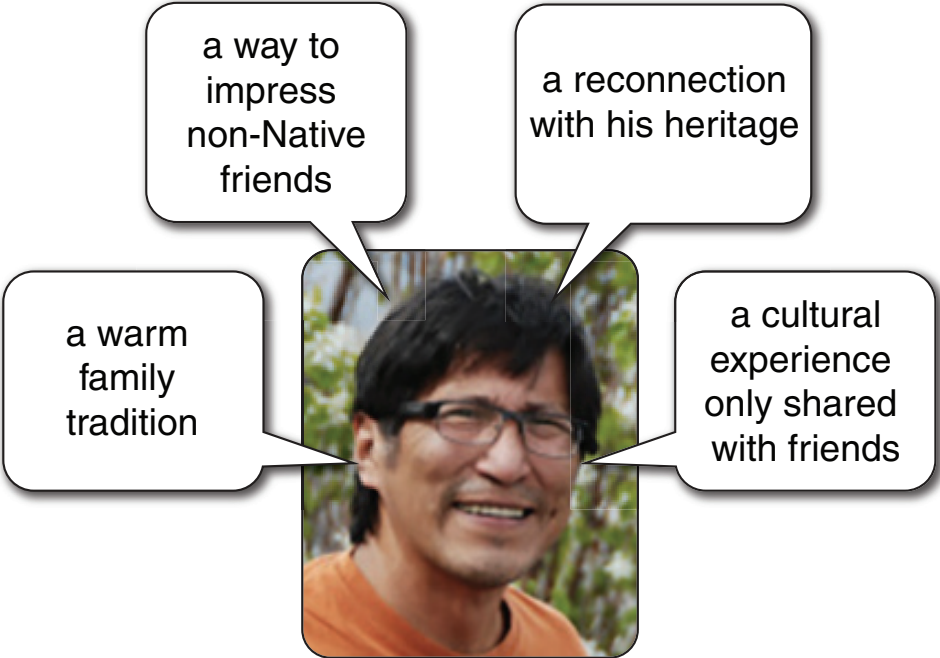
the idea went against the way she was raised.

non-methodical methods are difficult to teach.

her measurements were too precise.

she was careful who she shared her recipes with.

28. To Richard Wagamese, baking bannock is...



29. What made Richard Wagamese’s first attempt at baking bannock a rip-roaring success?

watching it rise

receiving praise

the way it tasted

marvelling at the method

30. *“the first Indian thing I’d ever done”* (paragraph 7); *“first time in my life I could remember receiving Indian teaching”* (paragraph 7); *“my lost family”* (paragraph 8)

What do these phrases suggest of Richard Wagamese?

his experience was unique

his family is very traditional

he preferred Western values

he spent time outside
his culture