

# Grandma

by ReadWorks

Ever since Jamie had been born, Grandma knew that she was a special little girl. She brought it up regularly.

"That's what every grandmother says," Jamie's mother Daphne said.

"Shouldn't it be what every mother says, too?" Grandma asked.

"I don't have to say it. I know it! The other day I was driving Jamie to kindergarten, and I switched on the radio. Then she asked me how many people could fit inside it. She thought the music on the radio was coming from a live band! Isn't that something? I thought to myself, 'Wait till Grandma gets a load of this!'"

"That girl has a vivid imagination," Grandma said. She had taught first grade for thirty years and had developed a sixth sense about her students. She knew which ones were extremely intelligent, which ones were smart, and which ones were alert. She tried to cultivate those things when she'd recognized them. Just the other day she read about one of her former students in the news; he was now an astronaut! Another was a billionaire who had developed computer software that was being used in every household in America, and in many places all over the world. Yes, Grandma knew a gifted child when she saw one. And it made her heart burst with pride and joy when she saw her granddaughter's bright eyes, quick fingers, and wide smile. The girl noticed everything, examining everything carefully with her hands, and laughed easily, like her mother. Like her mother's mother, Grandma thought, remembering how alike she and Daphne sounded when they laughed out loud.

"You know, Daphne," Grandma advised her. "You should keep reading to Jamie every night, before she goes to sleep. She's such a good listener. I can tell that she's absorbing every new word and piece of information that's thrown her way. It's going to come in handy one day!"

"Oh, Mom, you think Jamie lets me tuck her in without a story? She's always nagging me to read her books the way Grandma does. She doesn't let up about doing things your way!"

Grandma spent the first four years of Jamie's life with her and her mother. How delighted she had been to hold her granddaughter in her arms, to sing to her, and to read her all the books she had loved as a child. Never mind that Jamie was still a wee thing; she could appreciate stories by Jane Austen and Charlotte Bronte. Grandma loved the books so much she would keep reading them out loud even after baby Jamie had fallen asleep.

"We are the three generations," Grandma liked to tell Jamie, when all three of them went to the playground together, or went for a walk after dinner and stopped for ice cream on the way home. She said it so many times to Jamie as a baby that one of her first words, after "Mama" and "Gamma" (for Grandma), was "genashun," for "generation." Grandma couldn't remember when Jamie finally said "three"-probably after she taught Jamie how to count to fifty-and she always thought it remarkable that Jamie had tried to say "generation" before she'd tried to say "three."

"That girl likes a challenge!" she remarked to Daphne often.

"She's going to be a challenge someday!" Daphne laughed back. "Someday she'll be a teenager, and she won't want to listen to a word of what I say!"

Grandma brushed these sorts of statements aside. "Don't think so far ahead," she said. "Why are you worrying about her behavior ten years into the future?"

Grandma loved thinking about those days all together, the three of them, the three generations. Things had been going so smoothly that when she went to a doctor for a regular checkup and found that there was something in her lungs they needed to investigate further, she did not think anything of it. But the doctors contacted her two weeks later and told her that the tumor in her lungs was going to spread, and she'd need to check into a hospital for a while. Grandma was devastated, as was Daphne. They bid each other tearful good-byes, and Grandma held her darling granddaughter in her arms for a very long time before leaving the house in a taxi to make the long trek to the special clinic at the other side of the state. She kept her arms in the shape of little Jamie for the entirety of the taxi ride, until they ached. She didn't want to forget the feeling of Jamie too soon.

"Promise me you'll call me every day and tell me every wonderful thing that Jamie is doing," she said to Daphne before she left for the hospital.

"Of course I will, Mama," Daphne said. "We're the three generations, after all."

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

1. What has Grandma known about Jamie ever since she had been born?
2. How does Grandma feel about having a gifted granddaughter?
3. Read these sentences from the story.

"She had taught first grade for thirty years and had developed a sixth sense about her students. She knew which ones were extremely intelligent, which ones were smart, and which ones were alert. She tried to cultivate those things when she'd recognized them."

Based on this evidence, what can you conclude about Grandma's feelings about her students?

4. Why does Grandma read to Jamie every night before bed?
5. What is this story mostly about?
6. Read the sentences and answer the question.

"She had taught first grade for thirty years and had developed a sixth sense about her students. She knew which ones were extremely intelligent, which ones were smart, and which ones were alert. She tried to cultivate those things when she'd recognized them."

What does the author mean by the phrase "sixth sense"?

7. What word or phrase best completes the sentence?

Grandma loves living with Daphne and Jamie. \_\_\_\_\_, she is very upset when she has to check into a hospital for a while.

8. What does Grandma do for the entirety of the taxi ride?
9. Explain what significance Grandma might have had in the first four years of Jamie's life.
10. Explain why Grandma is devastated to leave her daughter and granddaughter at the end of the story. Use evidence from the text to support your answer.