

extra Comprehension text  **Grade 7**

Name ………………… Date: / /2023

**The New Girl**

By: Kelly Hashway

Jane sat at her desk and watched as her classmates came into the room. She was always the first one in class because then she could study everyone else as they got to school.

****She knew who was fighting, who got new shoes, and who forgot their homework. Jane kept on top of everything going on at Hayword Elementary.

But this morning, Jane saw a new face. A girl walked into the room wearing a ratty old jacket that was two sizes too big and a worn out winter hat with holes in it. Jane raised an eyebrow as she tried to figure out the girl’s story.

“Who’s that?” Nicole asked.

“New girl,” Jane said. “Total tomboy.”

“How do you know?” Nicole asked.

“Look at her jacket. I bet she bought it in the boys’ department.”

Mr. Ryan walked over to the new girl and led her to the front of the room. “Quiet down, everyone. There’s someone I’d like you to meet. This is Amber Dresky. She’s new to Hayword, and I want you all to make her feel welcome.”

Amber stared at her feet instead of looking at the class.

“Amber’s family has traveled a lot, so I’m sure she has many exciting stories to share,” Mr. Ryan continued.

Amber shifted uncomfortably.

“Maybe you can tell us about some of the places you’ve been once we get to know each other a little better,” Mr. Ryan said. “You can take your seat now.”

Jane watched Amber walk back to her seat.

“Jane,” Mr. Ryan said, “since you are the eyes and ears of Hayword, I thought you could show Amber around.”

Jane’s eyes widened, but she didn’t want to disappoint Mr. Ryan. “Um, sure.”

“Why don’t you sit by Amber today?”

Jane grabbed her books and moved to the back of the room. She stared at Amber’s jacket. Amber followed Jane’s stare. “It’s my older brother’s jacket. He’s overseas in the army. I miss him.”

Jane’s stomach sank. Amber wasn’t a tomboy, and she didn’t have bad taste in clothes either. She just missed her brother.

“That must be hard,” Jane said.

Amber nodded.

“Maybe we could sit together at lunch. You could tell me about your brother and the places you’ve been.”

“Really?”

“Yeah,” Jane smiled. “Welcome to Hayword.”

Teacher: Mirna Nawaf Al-Sahawneh.