



6th Grade

PLACEMENT TEST

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Student Profile

Student's Name _____

When do you plan to start school? _____

Student's age at start of school year _____

Does your student have any special needs that affect learning? _____

Placement Results

As you work your way through the placement tests for each subject you may record the results here. This will give you an overview of the ideal placement for your child.

If you'd like help with customizations or have any other questions, please [contact us](#) and we will get back to you ASAP.

Mosdos Literature (pages 3-8)

- ☐ A. *Mosdos Pearl* seems too advanced
- ☐ B. Ready for *Mosdos Pearl*
- ☐ C. More advanced than *Mosdos Pearl*

Spelling You See (page 9)

- ☐ A. Not ready for *Modern Milestones*
- ☐ B. Ready for *Modern Milestones*
- ☐ C. More advanced than *Modern Milestones*

Math-U-See (pages 10-11)

- ☐ A. Not ready for Zeta
- ☐ B. Ready for Zeta
- ☐ C. More advanced than Zeta

If you checked mostly B's your child is ready for our 6th Grade curriculum kit!

If you checked a different level in any particular subject feel free to utilize our [placement tests](#) for 5th Grade or 7th Grade to see if a different grade level might be more appropriate for that subject.

Mosdos Press Literature

The following is a sample story from [*Mosdos Pearl*](#), which is included in our 6th Grade Curriculum Kit. Please have your student read the story and answer the review questions.

Earthquake: The Story of an Eyewitness

by Jack London

The earthquake in San Francisco shook down hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of walls and chimneys. But the fires that followed burned up hundreds of millions of dollars worth of property. There is no estimating within hundreds of millions the actual damage caused.

Not in history has a modern, majestic city been so completely destroyed. San Francisco is gone. Nothing remains of it but memories and a fringe of houses on its outskirts. Its industrial section is wiped out. Its business section is wiped out. The factories and warehouses, the great stores and newspaper buildings, the hotels and the palaces of the wealthy people are all gone. There remains only the fringe of houses on the outskirts of what was once San Francisco.

Within an hour after the earthquake shock, the smoke of San Francisco burning was a vivid tower that could be seen a hundred miles away. And for three days and nights, this strangely bright tower swayed in the sky, reddening the sun, darkening the day, and filling the land with smoke.

It was on Wednesday morning at

quarter past five that the earthquake came. A minute later the flames were leaping upward. In a dozen different neighborhoods south of Market Street, in the working class section and in the factories, fires started. There was no stopping the flames. There was no organization, no communications—all the great advancements of a twentieth-century city had been smashed by the earthquake. The streets were humped into ridges and craters and piled with the wreckage of fallen walls. The steel rails were twisted into perpendicular and horizontal angles. The telephone and telegraph systems were disrupted. And the water main pipes had burst. All the clever inventions and safeguards of mankind had been ruined by thirty seconds' of twitching of the earth's crust.

By Wednesday afternoon, just twelve hours after the quake, half the center of the city was gone. At that time I watched the burning flames from out on the bay. It was dead calm. Not a flicker of wind blew. Yet from every side wind was pouring in upon the city. East, west, north, and south, strong winds were blowing upon the doomed city.

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The heated air rising sucked everything into itself. In this way the fire built its own gigantic chimney through the atmosphere. Day and night this dead calm continued, and yet near the flames, the wind was impossibly strong, and its sucking force was deadly.

On Wednesday night the very heart of the city was destroyed. Dynamite was abundantly used to demolish the buildings in an attempt to stop the fire, and many of San Francisco's proudest structures were crumbled by man himself into ruins. But there was no holding back the onrush of the flames. Time and again the firefighters were successful, and every time the flames surrounded on either side, or came up from behind and turned the hard won victory to defeat.

An enumeration of the buildings destroyed would read like a telephone directory of San Francisco. An enumeration of the buildings left undestroyed would be a short list of addresses. An enumeration of the acts of heroism performed would stock a library. An enumeration of the dead—will never be made, because all traces of them were destroyed by the flames. The number of those killed by the earthquake will never be known. South of Market Street, which was first to catch fire, the loss of life was particularly great.

Remarkable as it may seem, Wednesday night was a quiet night, while the whole city crashed and roared into ruin. There were no crowds. There

was no shouting and yelling. There was no panic, no disorder. I passed Wednesday night in the path of the advancing flames, and in all those terrible hours I did not see one woman who wept, not one man who was excited, not one person who was hysterical.

Throughout the night, tens of thousands of homeless people fled from the flames. Some were wrapped in blankets. Others carried bundles of bedding and precious household treasures. Sometimes a whole family was harnessed to a carriage or delivery wagon that was weighed down with their possessions. Baby-buggies, toy wagons and go-carts were used as trucks, while every other person was dragging a suitcase. Yet everybody was gracious and polite. The most perfect courtesy was maintained. Never, in all San Francisco's history, were her people so kind and courteous as on this night of terror.

All night these tens of thousands fled before the flames. Many of them, the poor people from the labor quarter, had fled all day as well. They had left their homes weighed down with possessions. Now and again they lightened up, throwing clothing and treasures they had dragged for miles, out into the streets.

They held on longest to their suitcases, and over these trunks many a strong man broke his heart that night. The hills of San Francisco are steep, and up these hills, mile after mile, were the trunks dragged. Everywhere were trunks,

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with their exhausted owners, men and women, lying across them. Rows of soldiers were flung before the marching of the flames, and a block at a time, as the flames advanced, these troops retreated. One of their tasks was to keep the trunk-pullers moving. The exhausted creatures, urged on by the threat of bayonets would arise and struggle up the steep pavement, pausing from weakness every five or ten feet.

Often, after reaching the top of a heart-breaking hill, they would find another wall of flames advancing upon them from the other direction and were forced to change the line of their retreat. In the end, completely drained, after toiling for a dozen hours like giants, thousands of them were compelled to abandon their trunks. The workingmen dug holes in empty lots and backyards and buried their suitcases, but the weaker middle-class refugees could not manage this.

At nine o'clock Wednesday evening, I walked down through the very heart of the city. I walked through miles and miles of magnificent buildings and towering skyscrapers. There was no fire here. All was in perfect order. The police patrolled the streets. Every building had its watchman at the door. And yet it was doomed, all of it. There was no water. The dynamite was running out. And at right angles two different blazes were sweeping down upon it.

At one o'clock in the morning I

walked down through the same section. Everything still stood intact. There was no fire. And yet there was a change. A rain of ashes was falling. The watchmen at the doors were gone. The police had withdrawn. There were no firemen, no fire engines, no men fighting with dynamite. The neighborhood had been absolutely abandoned.

I stood at the corner of Kearney and Market, in the very innermost heart of San Francisco. Kearney Street was deserted. Half a dozen blocks away it was burning on both sides—the street was a wall of flame. And against this wall of flame, silhouetted sharply, were two United States cavalymen sitting on their horses, calmly watching. That was all. Not another person was in sight. In the undamaged heart of the city two troopers sat on their horses and watched.

Surrender was complete. There was no water. The sewers had long since been pumped dry. There was no dynamite. Another fire had broken out farther uptown, and now from three sides flames were sweeping down. The fourth side had been burned earlier in the day. In that direction stood the teetering walls of various important buildings, the smoking ruins of the Grand Hotel, and the burnt, destroyed, dynamited Palace Hotel.

The following scenario will demonstrate the sweep of the flames and the inability of men to calculate

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their spread. At eight o'clock Wednesday evening I passed through Union Square. It was packed with refugees. Thousands of them had gone to bed on the grass. Government tents had been set up, supper was being cooked, and the refugees were lining up for free meals.

At half past one in the morning three sides of Union Square were in flames. The fourth side, where the great St. Francis Hotel stood, was still holding out. An hour later, lit up from top and sides, the St. Francis was flaming heavenward. Union Square, heaped high with mountains of suitcases, was deserted. Troops, refugees, and all had fled.

It was at Union Square that I saw a man offering a thousand dollars for a team of horses. He was in charge of a truck piled high with suitcases from some hotel. It had been brought here into what was considered safety and the horses had been taken out. Now the flames were on three sides of the Square and there were no horses.

Also, at this time, standing beside the truck, I urged a man to run for safety. He was all but trapped by several fires. He was an old man on crutches. He told me, "Today is my birthday. Last night I was worth thirty thousand dollars. I bought five bottles of wine, some delicate fish, and other things for my birthday dinner. I have had no dinner, and all I own are these crutches."

I convinced him of his danger and started him limping on his way. An hour

later, from a distance, I saw the truckload of suitcases burning merrily in the middle of the street.

On Thursday morning, at quarter past five, just twenty four hours after the earthquake, I sat on the steps of a small house on Nob Hill, where the palaces of those who had found wealth in the California gold rush were built. With me sat Japanese, Italians, Chinese, and Negroes—just a small sampling of the various nationalities and peoples who had been left homeless by the quake. The flames had struck at everyone, regardless of race, background, or financial position. And so I sat, with rich people, poor people, from all over the world, all of us left ruined by the vicious flames.

I went inside with the owner of the house on whose steps I now sat. He was cool and cheerful and hospitable. "Yesterday morning," he said, "I was worth six hundred thousand dollars. This morning this house is all I have left. It will go in fifteen minutes." He pointed to a large cabinet. "That is my wife's collection of china. This rug upon which we stand is a present. It cost fifteen hundred dollars. Try that piano. Listen to its tone. There are few like it. There are no horses. The flames will be in here in fifteen minutes."

Outside, an old, beautiful mansion was just catching fire. The soldiers were fleeing and chasing the refugees in front of them. From every side came the

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roaring of flames, the crashing of walls, and the explosion of dynamite.

I walked out of the house. Day was trying to dawn through the smoke clouds. A pale light was creeping over the face of things. Only once the sun broke through the smoke-cloud, blood-red and showing a quarter of its usual size. The smoke-cloud itself, viewed from underneath, was a rose color that thumped and fluttered with shades of lavender. Then it turned to a purplish-blue and yellow and gray-brown. There was no sun. And so dawned the second day on wretched San Francisco.

An hour later I was creeping past the shattered dome of the City Hall. There was no better display of the destructive force of the earthquake than this. Most of the stone had been shaken from the great dome, leaving the naked framework of steel standing alone. Market Street was piled high with the wreckage, and across the rubble lay the overthrown pillars of the City Hall smashed crosswise into short pieces.

This section of the city, except for the Mint and the Post Office, was already a waste of smoking ruins. Here and there, occasional men and women crept cautiously under the shadows of shaky walls, coming out of the smoke. It was like the handful of survivors meeting after the day the world ended.

On Mission Street lay a dozen cows, in a neat row stretching across the street, just as they had been struck down by the

flying wreckage of the earthquake. The fire had passed through them afterward and roasted them. The human dead had been carried away before the fire came. At another place on Mission Street I saw a milk wagon. A steel telegraph pole had smashed down right through the driver's seat and crushed the front wheels and the milk cans lay scattered around.

All day Thursday and Thursday night, all day Friday and Friday night, the flames still burned. Friday night saw the flames finally conquered, though not until Russian Hill and Telegraph Hill had been swept away and three-quarters of a mile of wharves and docks had been licked up.

The great victory of the firefighters was won Thursday night on Van Ness Avenue. Had they failed, the relatively few remaining houses of the city would have been burnt down. These were the magnificent mansions of the second generation of San Francisco gold kings, and these, in a single large area, were dynamited down across the path of the fire. Here and there, the flames leaped over the boundary but these few fires were beaten out, mostly by wet blankets and rugs.

San Francisco, as it looks right now, is like the crater of a volcano, with tens of thousands of refugees camped around it. At the Presidio alone are at least twenty thousand. All the surrounding cities and towns are jammed full with the homeless ones, where they are being

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cared for by the relief agencies. The refugees were carried free-of-charge by the railroads to any place they wished to go, and it is estimated that over one hundred thousand have left the peninsula on which San Francisco stood.

The government now has the situation in hand, and thanks to the immediate help given by the entire United States, it is now time for smoking San Francisco to rebuild herself again.

Review Questions

1. When did the San Francisco earthquake occur?
2. What possession did the people hold on to the longest?
3. How long did the fires burn?
4. How did the people leave the city?

Assess whether this is a comfortable level for reading and comprehension. For a more in-depth assessment you may download [sample pages](#) online.

- [Student Edition sample](#)
- [Student Activity Workbook sample](#)
- [Teacher's Edition sample](#)

If your student struggles with the Pearl level you may want to consider [Mosdos Coral](#) level instead. If the Pearl level seems pretty easy for your student, have them try the sample from [Mosdos Jade](#).

Wordsmith Apprentice

Check out samples from [Wordsmith Apprentice](#) online to assess whether this would be a comfortable level for your student. This writing program is included in our 6th grade curriculum kit but can be customized if needed.

- [sample lesson](#)
- [lesson plan](#)

Check if your student is ready for

Modern Milestones

In *Modern Milestones*, students are introduced to a new way of marking word patterns that emphasizes how prefixes and suffixes are added to base words to enhance or change their meanings. Passages on artists, musicians, scientists, and others who have influenced our world since early modern times provide opportunities for students to practice new word patterns in a meaningful context. If your student can spell most words that they can read (although they may be uncertain about how those words change when adding various prefixes or suffixes) and if they are ready to study specific word patterns, they may be ready for *Modern Milestones*.

Read the passage below to your student, asking them to follow along.

The Chinese were the first people to print books. Their language uses thousands of characters instead of a simple alphabet. For many years they carved each page into a wooden block. Later, each character was carved from clay. The characters were baked so they would harden. Next they were fastened onto iron plates. A page was printed from each plate. Thankfully the clay characters could be used over and over! The process was a challenge. Still, it was easier than copying books by hand.

Ask your student to read the passage aloud by themselves.

Dictate the following list of words, one at a time, to your student, asking them to write the words on a piece of paper.

thousands	carved	harden	iron	process
alphabet	wooden	fastened	thankfully	challenge

If you answer “Yes” to these three questions, your student is ready to begin Modern Milestones.

- ✓ Can my student follow written instructions and work independently?
- ✓ Was my student able to read the paragraph aloud without sounding words out or pausing?
Note that the paragraph is written at the minimum reading level for *Modern Milestones*.
- ✓ Was my student able to spell correctly eight of the ten listed words?

If you answer “No” to any of the questions above, try the readiness guidelines for the previous level, [Ancient Achievements](#), included in our 5th grade placement test packet. View a [sample lesson](#) of Spelling You See [Modern Milestones](#) on our website.

Math-U-See

Please work through the following questions assessing your student's math abilities. Unsure what we're asking? You may refer to the [online placement test](#) for a more in-depth assessment.

Epsilon Content

1. Does my student understand the relationship between the numerator, the denominator, and the overall value of a fraction?

Example: Would he be able to explain that $\frac{2}{3}$ represents 2 or 3 parts of one unit?

Would he be able to explain that $\frac{2}{3}$ is larger than $\frac{1}{4}$?

2. Can my student fluently add, subtract, multiply, and divide fractions with different denominators?

Example: Would he be able to subtract $\frac{1}{3} - \frac{1}{4} = \frac{1}{12}$?

Would he be able to divide $1\frac{1}{6} \div \frac{3}{4} = 2\frac{2}{9}$?

3. Can my student confidently solve word problems involving fractions?

Example: Would he be able to solve a problem like this one?

Layla cuts a plywood square that is $11\frac{5}{8}$ inches on each side. What is the area of the square?

If you answered "Not Yet" to any of the questions in the Epsilon Content block your student would benefit from completing the [Epsilon level](#) before starting Zeta.

STOP here for math and move on to the Thinking Skills portion of this placement test.

If you answered "Yes" to all three questions please proceed to the next block of questions.

Zeta Content

1. Can my student fluently add, subtract, multiply, and divide decimals (decimal fractions)?

Example: Would he be able to solve $16.51 \div 2.54$?

2. Can my student correctly convert between fractions, decimal fractions, and percentages?

Example: Would he be able to convert $\frac{1}{2}$ to 0.5 to 50%?

3. Can my student confidently solve word problems involving decimal fractions?

Example: Elijah worked 22.5 hours each week for three weeks and 15.75 hours the fourth week. How many hours did he work total?

If you answered “Yes” to all the questions in the Epsilon Content block and “Not Yet” to any of the questions in the Zeta Content block your student is ready to begin [Zeta](#). **This is a typical level for 6th grade.**

Visit [our website for sample video clips and pages](#) from the Zeta level.

Important: There are skills taught in prior levels that are reviewed or assessed in Zeta that are assumed your student has mastered. Take time to review the list of these skills to see if your student may need additional practice or instruction prior to beginning Zeta.

Concepts taught in Zeta not assessed:

In addition to the skills already assessed, the following skills were taught in previous levels of Math-U-See and are assumed by review problems and/or tests in Zeta. You will want to make sure your student has mastered these skills before beginning Zeta.

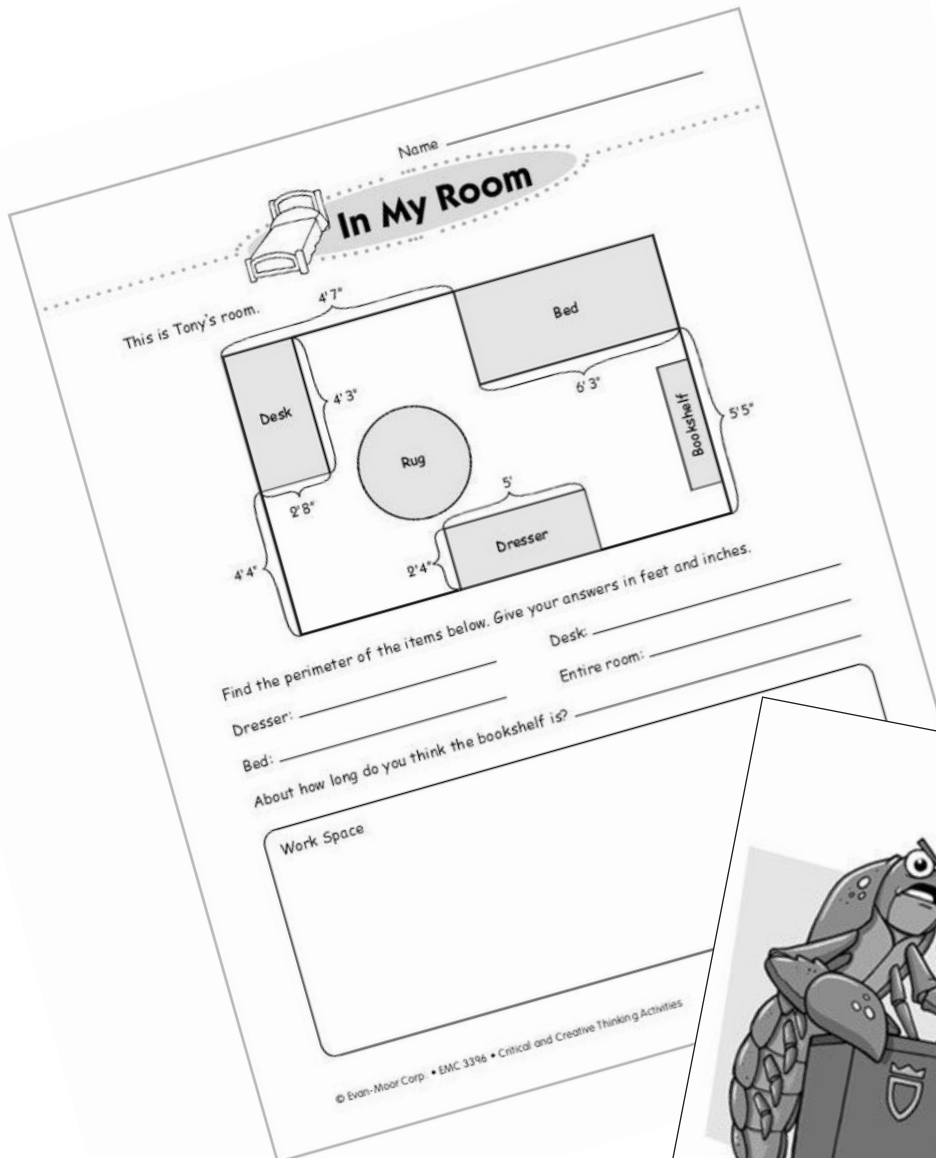
- Customary measures and conversions between units (for example, converting miles to yards or pounds to ounces)
- Working with money (converting between coins and dollars, making change, adding amounts of money)
- Finding the volume of a rectangular solid
- Determining the area and perimeter for squares, rectangles, and triangle
- Finding the fraction of a number (for example, $\frac{1}{2}$ of 30)
- Roman numerals (convert to Arabic numerals and vice versa)

If you answered “Yes” to all three questions in this set your student may be ready for a more advanced level of math. Please refer to the full Math-U-See [placement test online](#).

Thinking Skills

Check out samples from the following thinking skills materials online to assess whether this would be a comfortable level for your student. These materials are included in our 6th grade curriculum kit but can be customized if needed.

- [*Critical & Creative Thinking Activities, Grade 6*](#)
- [*The Fallacy Detective*](#)



Science & History

Science and History aren't as dependent on the students' abilities as some of the other subjects, so placement isn't as critical. The following charts show the main science and history texts included in our curriculum kits along with the appropriate age range and the subject matter covered. As long as your student is within the suggested age range you may choose the level that most closely corresponds to your student's placement in other subjects.

Science

Grade Level	Ages	Main Text	Covers
5th Grade (classic)	5-12	<i>Science in the Industrial Age</i>	chemistry, biology, physics, astronomy, geology
5th Grade (nonreligious)	9-13	<i>Building Blocks of Science 5</i>	chemistry, biology, physics, astronomy, geology
6th Grade (classic)	6-12	<i>Exploring Creation with Human Anatomy & Physiology</i>	human anatomy and physiology
6th Grade (nonreligious)	10-13	<i>Building Blocks of Science 6</i>	chemistry, biology, physics, astronomy, geology
7th Grade (classic)	5-12	<i>Science in the Atomic Age</i>	chemistry, biology, physics, astronomy, geology
7th Grade (nonreligious)	11-14	<i>Building Blocks of Science 7</i>	chemistry, biology, physics, astronomy, geology

History

Grade Level	Ages	Main Text	Covers
5th Grade (classic)	10-14	<i>America the Beautiful</i>	American history
5th Grade (nonreligious)	10-14	<i>A History of US, Books 1-5</i>	early American history
6th Grade (classic)	10-14	<i>Uncle Sam and You</i>	U.S. civics
6th Grade (nonreligious)	10-14	<i>A History of US, Books 6-10</i>	modern American history
7th Grade (classic)	8-18	<i>The Mystery of History, Volume 1</i>	ancient history
7th Grade (nonreligious)	10-18	<i>World History Detective, Book 1</i>	ancient and medieval world history