**1 - The TONE of the passage is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. The author’s \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ relays the tone.**

My annoying brother likes to drive me crazy.

There is no other who is that lazy.

He whines to Mom and Dad night and day

Until he eventually gets his way.

What is a sister to do

When he screams 'til he's blue?

There is no way to win,

For he gets under your skin.

He does his best to kill all joy.

Oh, how my brother does annoy!

**2. The TONE of the passage is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. The author’s \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ relays the tone.**

There is no one

That can be better

Because you are brilliant.

There is nothing

That you cannot do

Because you are unbeatable.

There is no place

That you cannot go

Because you are always welcomed.

There is no person

That can hold you back

Because you are unstoppable

**3. The MOOD of the passage is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. The \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ relays the MOOD.**

The door swings open to reveal all of my family members standing around the Christmas tree. The lights are twinkling and the fireplace is roaring with a warm fire. Everyone is singing Christmas carols as the snow falls quietly outside the window.

**4. The MOOD of the passage is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. The \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ relays the MOOD.**

The door swings open to reveal a Christmas tree, alone in the middle of the room, sparkling with hundreds of lights. Silence greets me as I glance around the room. The fireplace is empty and the snow storm howls outside the window. My family has gone and I am left alone with my thoughts.

**5. The TONE of the passage is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. The author’s \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ relays the tone.**

We’re contacting you today to let you know about the Special Olympics annual fund drive. You have been kind enough to support us generously in the past, and we’d like to ask for your help again, as we send our athletes with special needs to compete at the national level. Please fill out the form below and return it in the enclosed envelope with your donation. It will make a child’s day if you do.

**6. The MOOD of the passage is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. The \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ relays the MOOD.**

The gym of the high school was brightly decorated. The red and white streamers covered the walls and heart shapes were scattered all over the floor. Red glitter was thrown on all the tables and love songs were playing in the background. The Valentine’s dance was about to begin.

**7. The TONE of the passage is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. The author’s \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ relays the tone.**

We received your request for a refund for your recent purchase of a telescope for your son. Please accept our sincere apologies that the product did not function as advertised. We will process the refund in as timely a manner as possible. In the meantime, if we can help you in any other way, please ask.

**8. The MOOD of the passage is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. The \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ relays the MOOD.**

The night it happened was one we will never forget. The wind was screeching outside as rain pounded against the window. We had lost electricity hours ago and had nothing but candles to light the house. The battery powered radio we had was broadcasting a warning to lock your doors and stay inside; there was a killer on the loose.

**9. The TONE of the passage is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. The author’s \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ relays the tone.**

Lola sat on the old, lumpy couch crying. She could let it all out here, alone in her mother’s small, quiet apartment in Galesburg, Illinois. The familiar walls were covered in rose pink wallpaper. Goldie, her mother’s eleventh fish, seemed to stare sympathetically at Lola through the fishbowl sitting on the counter. The smell of her mother’s vanilla candles comforted her aching heart.

**10. The MOOD of the passage is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. The \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ relays the MOOD.**

Lola sat on the old, lumpy couch crying. She could let it all out here, alone in her mother’s small, quiet apartment in Galesburg, Illinois. The familiar walls were covered in rose pink wallpaper. Goldie, her mother’s eleventh fish, seemed to stare sympathetically at Lola through the fishbowl sitting on the counter. The smell of her mother’s vanilla candles comforted her aching heart.

**11. The TONE of the passage is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. The author’s \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ relays the tone.**

 “Would you be so kind as to help me with my groceries?” asked the elderly woman.

“Not a problem ma’am,” replied the young man, “I would be happy to help.”