Name Date Period

**Michael’s Evaporating Morning**

Inter-active Reading Directions:

* In each paragraph, circle any pieces of matter.
* In each paragraph, underline any sentences that reference a change of state of matter.
* Write a “?” next to anything that you have a question about.
* Box any vocabulary words that you do not know.

Michael woke up to an ordinary day. It was Monday and he was feeling good. Mondays were his favorites because he was always the first student to school and could get the coldest milk and freshest Cheerios before anyone else arrived. While on other days Michael took the slow, rickety, frigid school bus, Monday was the day his mother could drive him to school

The sun hadn’t cracked the horizon yet when Michael woke up. It was 4:30 on a wintry December morning! Michael was an early BIRD! He could have beat the blue-jays to the grubbiest worm if he ever had such an appetite. But no, Michael’s favorite breakfast was soft-boiled eggs. (Michael ate two breakfasts—one at home and one at school—he was a growing boy). MMMMM-mm. Michael’s morning routine was the following: he would awake at 4:30AM, watch the earliest ESPN SportsCenter, do a 30-minute bout of Billy Blanks’ Tae-bo (Michael was in SHAPE), put on a pot of water to boil, jump in the shower, jump out, dry off, dump the eggs in the boiling water, dress up in the sharpest of uniforms, and return to his soft-boiled eggs within 4 minutes to take them out of the scalding hot, bubbling liquid. This particular morning went a bit awry.

Michael watched his SportsCenter and then kick-boxed his way to a nice sweat. Everything was chirpitty. His blood was pumping and he was ready for the day! He filled a pot of water, put it on the stove, and turned up the flame. When he jumped into the shower, he started thinking, “Today’s a day for a HOT shower.” While in the shower, the hot water started irritating his toe in a way that it usually didn’t. He looked down, picked up his foot in his hands and noticed a 6 centimeter splinter emerging from his big toe. He must have gotten it when he went sliding across the floorboards in his thin socks. He reached out of the shower for his tweezers and started to pick at the splinter. It took him 15 minutes, but he finally got that splinter out, though his toe was a bit bloody and really sore.

He finished his shower and stepped out of the shower. He grabbed a Band-Aid, applied it, toweled off, and then (20 minutes having now passed) emerged into the kitchen. The flame was burning hard, and there was smoke coming from the pot. “Oh no! The water!” He ran to the pot, looked in, and all he saw was the bottom of the pan. Michael, a 5th grader, did not understand how the water had just “disappeared.” Baffled, and grumpy, now that he didn’t have enough time to make soft-boiled eggs, and in pain from his toe, Michael got dressed.

Still confused about the disappearing water, Michael re-entered the bathroom to brush his teeth. When he entered, the mirrors were still all foggy and dripping with water. In fact, the walls were slimy with wetness! “I didn’t splash water out of the shower,” thought Michael, “what the heck happened!? Why are the walls so wet and the mirror foggy??!”

Michael cleared a spot on the mirror and brushed his teeth. “At least I still can have Cheerios with ice-cold milk,” he re-assured himself. But by this time it was getting late!

The last consolation to his bungled morning was a warm, comfortable car ride with his mother. Binder in hand, he struggled but succeeded in zippering his jacket as he stepped out into the icy blue December morning. With every breath, what he mistook to be smoke came out of his nostrils. He pretended he could fly like a dragon and that, if he could stomach lighter fluid, he could blow fire as well. The car door had a thin sheet of ice on it. “It hadn’t precipitated last night,” thought Michael. “How is there ice on the window?”

Michael’s mother put on the de-humidifier as well as the heat, and within 5 minutes the windows were warm and clear. Michael arrived to school as the first in line. He got his Cheerios, peeled back the lid and gently poured some ice-cold milk into his box of scrumptious oats.