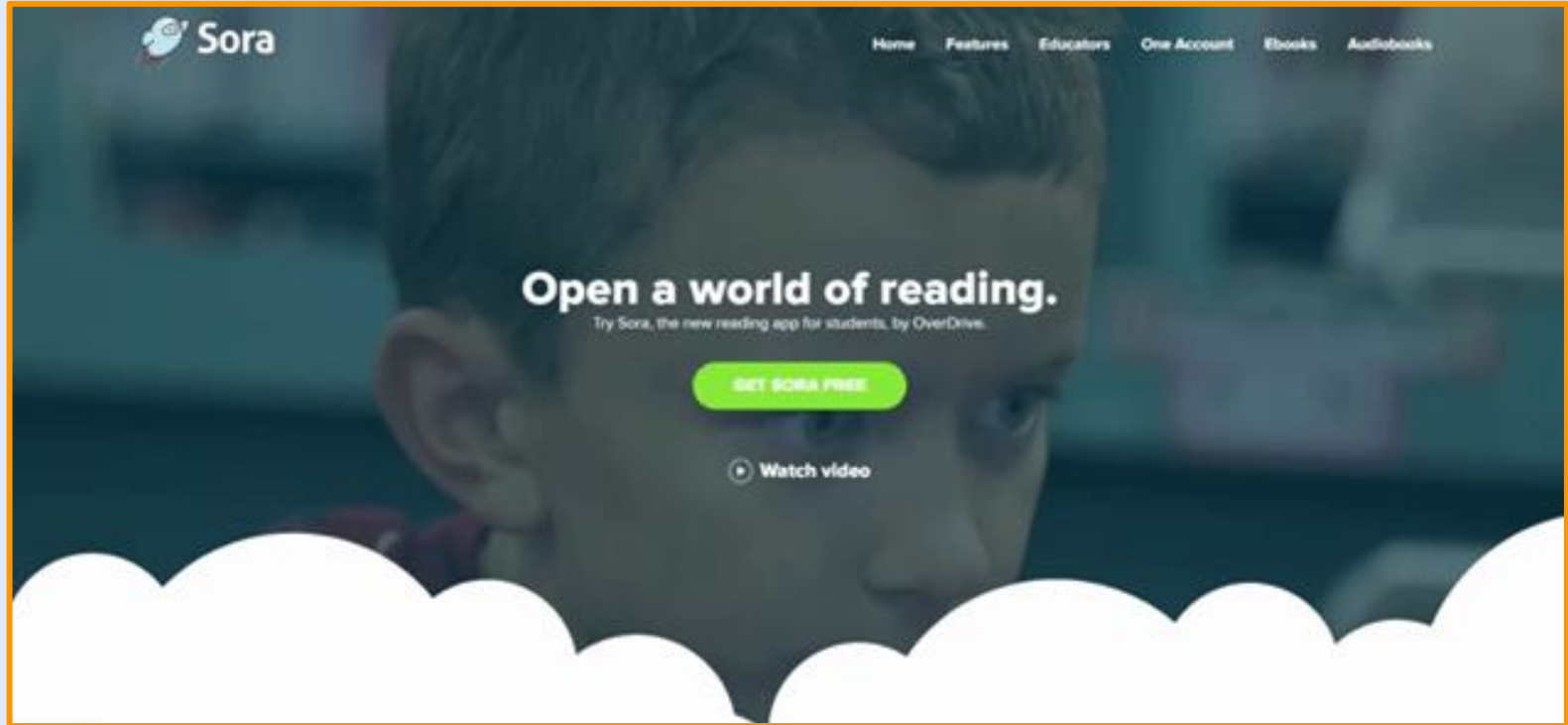


Key Secrets to Classroom Success

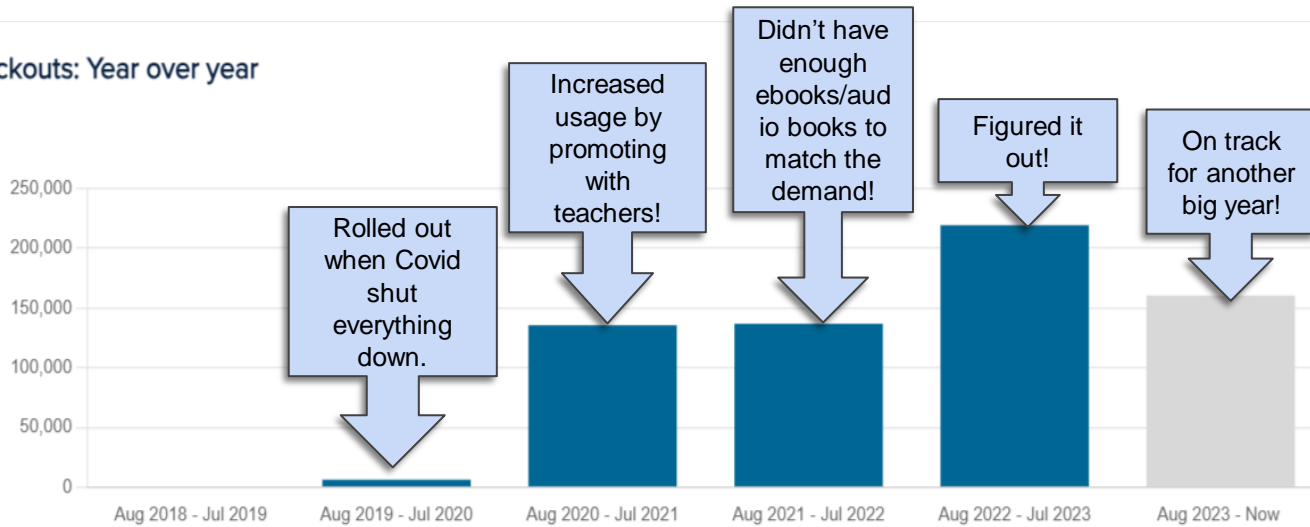


What is Sora?



Our Sora Journey

Checkouts: Year over year





#PISDLibrary

Sora
The student reading app

Open a World of Reading

Learn how to get started!
[Overdrive Sora Online](#) [Overdrive Sora App](#)

Sora

The student reading app

eBooks & Audiobooks

Access Books from Home!!

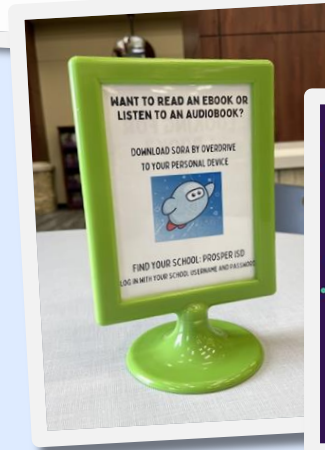
Ebooks & Audiobooks. Sora can be accessed anytime, anywhere from a laptop, phone or tablet. Easy to use!! It is accessible through the PISD [student portal](#).

Also available for smartphones and tablets in the app store. Once downloaded, just search for Prosper ISD.

Over 2000+ Titles available!
[How to access Sora/Overdrive](#)

Sora
+
PUBLIC LIBRARY CONNECT

Connect your public library card to the Sora app for even more eBook and Audiobook choices.
[How to connect via...](#)



Sal and Gabi Break the Universe
Carlos Hernandez
Shelf 9 - SCIENCE FICTION
Call #: F HER

In order to heal after his mother's death, thirteen-year-old Sal learns to reach into time and space to retrieve things--and people--from other universes.

Teachers are the key to increased use!



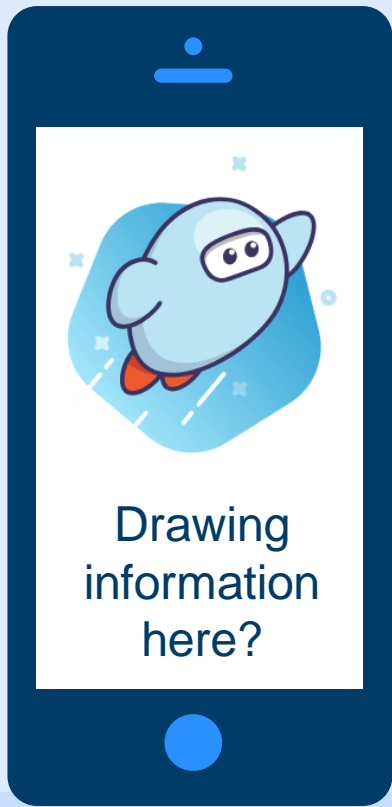
“Students can’t keep the ebook long enough.”



“Students can’t annotate in an ebook.”



“We need to help our struggling students.”



**Remember
to enter the
drawing!**

Define Tool

Comprehension

Vocabulary

Embedded
(STAAR)

When she stopped dancing, she walked over to the base of a tree, bent down, and picked up a cell phone. Maybe she'd recorded her dance? She stood up, looked over, and made eye contact with me. Or, I thought she did. It was hard to tell from that distance, but when she looked up at me—or at the school—I reflexively looked away, up at the board, at Rabbi Moritz. The contrast between the girl and the rebbe couldn't have been starker. He wore a heavy black suit and had an enormous beard. And Moritz was spitting as he talked. He had a little bit of saliva on his upper lip.

"Why, according to the text," the rebbe asked, "must we wash our hands upon rising in the morning? Why, before we walk four cubits, must we wash?"

Reuven was all over it. "We have left the chance for evil spirits to come onto us in the night. So we wash them off, the spirits."

"Amazing. As Reuven said, we have left ourselves vulnerable," Moritz went on, his voice rising to "vulnerable," pausing, then descending, "not only to the spirits of evil, but what else?" His voice rose again, and the question came out in a high-pitched squeak. "What else?"

Reuven again: "The spirits have come and, depending on how you read it, our souls have departed, right?"

"Correct. Our souls have departed through our hands. Through cleansing, and through the Modeh Ani prayer, our souls return and we are ready for service of HaShem." Everything Moritz said came back around to servicing God.

"What if you wear gloves?" asked Moshe Tzvi. He was still working on his cereal, but he paused to gesticulate with his plastic spoon, spraying little drops of milk across his desk. "You know, while you sleep. Must you still wash?"

Rabbi Moritz paused in his pacing. "This is a good question," he said. "I would say, based on the text, that the gloves would keep your soul in your body. Though of course this would be impractical, sleeping in gloves."

"Okay," Moshe Tzvi said, scratching his bare chin. "Now what if the gloves have a small hole in them? What are the dimensions of the soul? And how . . . squeazy is it?"

"I think the question is not how big the hole is in the gloves, but whether or not the wearer of the gloves is *aware* of the hole," said Rabbi Moritz.

Highlights & Notes

Export to
Google, PDF,
CSV or test file

Saves after
expired/returned

“No, listen,” I said. “*Please*.” I was getting desperate. This had to work. I cared too much about her. I couldn’t lose her. I’d already lost everybody else. “I’ve thought it through. I’m not saying it’s perfect. But I don’t see any other way we can continue to be together.”

She stopped laughing, her smile instantly erased. Her voice grew quiet. “Be together?” she asked.

“Yeah,” I said.

She shook her head a single time. “What do you mean? No. We’re not together.”

Now it was my turn to be confused. I didn’t understand what she was saying. Of course we were together. We were *literally* together. I was in *her room*. “What?” I said. I started pacing back and forth. “What are you talking about? You touched me. You touched me on the arm. You *hugged* me. You pressed your body against mine. The body is sacred, protected by God. You don’t just stick yours against somebody else’s if you don’t—”

Anna-Marie had her hand over her face. I wanted to make eye contact with her but couldn’t.

“You don’t even know anything about me,” she said.

“Yeah, I—”

“What’s my favorite color? What’s my favorite song? What’s my biggest fear?”

I didn’t know the answer to any of those questions. “Your room is very green,” I noted.

“We’re friends, at the *most*,” she said. “I find you interesting.”

I could feel a buried anger growing in me, rising to the surface. It took over my body to the point where I could feel it in my fingers like a kind of electricity. “You find me *interesting*? Am I like something in a museum, behind a display case? So, what? Now that you’ve looked at me and read my little plaque, you can move on to the next exhibit?”

“No. It’s not like that at all. I do like you. We’re just . . . We live in different worlds, Hoodie.”

“We live in the same world. There’s only one world. *You* said that to me.”

“No, there isn’t. Don’t call them ‘worlds’ if you don’t want to. But you . . . You’re like a time traveler in a sci-fi movie. You’ve come here to visit, but eventually you have to go back to your own time, you know?”

“No. Sometimes in those movies the time traveler stays, because he falls in love with—” I cut myself off there, but it was too late.

“Don’t say that,” Anna-Marie said. She shrank deeper into her corner, pressed her forehead against the wall. “Jesus. I can’t believe this is happening. This just can’t be happening right now. I can’t deal with this. This isn’t real.” Anna-Marie’s voice rose as she talked. She was angry, her voice choked. “I only—I *only* hung out with you in the first place because

Accessibility Features

Font choices

Page Contrast

Adjust text size

Image zoom

like I had a destination I was in a hurry to reach. Maybe I was looking for a ready-made hole in the ground.

I just wanted to be lying down, somewhere dark, somewhere I could be unconscious, somewhere I could not feel. I was in too much pain to be awake to feel it. Did they make Novocain for your entire body?

I walked for a long time, paying no attention to where I was going. After a while, I found myself walking along the commuter rail tracks. There was trash all over the ground, litter of potato chip bags and beer cans. At the top of the ridge near the station, I could see down into the cemetery. There were police lights spinning around in the graveyard, and I could hear distant shouting. But I didn't think anything of it.

On the other side of the tracks, I had a view of the dirt lot where the apartment building was supposed to be. I could see my dad's office trailer. He was probably in there right then with the shades drawn, doing paperwork with the light from his cheap desk lamp. The excavator still sat idle, in the same place it had sat for weeks.

I cut through the trees and walked across the lot. I'd seen the digital plans for the building. I was walking through what was supposed to be the first floor, with the gym, the lobby, the communal spittoon. I walked through the imaginary double doors at the front of the building and onto the sidewalk.

I was only a block from the main strip of town. I thought maybe if I got a snack, the taste of said snack could distract me from all of the other unpleasant sensations.

It was late afternoon—between 4:22 and 4:24—when I jingled my way into the Abramowitz market. At about the same time, a U-Haul pulled up at the curb. I waited to see if somebody would get out of the van, in case they needed me to hold the door for them. But it just idled there, and I went inside.

I was thinking I'd grab some Starburst, but for once I wasn't in the mood—they reminded me too much of Anna-Marie. I went two aisles over where the chips, crackers, and popcorn were located.

Mr. Abramowitz stood behind the register, reading something on his phone. He had looked up and frowned when I came in. It could have been because I was me, the apikores. But maybe it was just because I was supposed to be in school.

I was never in the market at this time of day, during school. I was always there when it was filled with kids grabbing snacks, shouting greetings and jokes across the store, chasing each other around.

The market was fairly busy now—it was the only kosher store in town—but it was more subdued. It was mostly women shopping for dinner. Mrs. Gutman and her oldest daughter were at the deli counter waiting for

Title Assignments

Assign to select student

Create an extended loan period

The screenshot shows the OverDrive Marketplace website interface. At the top, there is a search bar with the text "Search OGDU & MA by title, author, series, or publisher". To the right of the search bar are buttons for "Advanced search", "CARTS", and "No pinned carts. Create cart". Below the search bar is a navigation menu with links for "SHOP", "INSIGHTS", "ADMIN", "CURATE", "CONTENT BUNDLES", "NEWS", "BILLING", "SUPPORT", and "FEATURED".

The main content area is titled "Must-have books" and lists several categories: "Black History Month Sale: HS", "Black History Month Sale: ES", "Black History Month Sale: MS", "Winter Holiday Books", "Black History Month Sale: Juvenile & YA", and "View all must-haves >".

Below this is a "Discover" section with various recommendations: "OverDrive's top authors", "OverDrive's most popular series", "OverDrive's most popular adult titles", "OverDrive's most popular YA titles", "OverDrive's most popular juvenile titles", "Titles in my collection", and "Saved searches".

The central focus is a carousel titled "Black History Month Sale: HS" with navigation arrows. It displays five book covers: "Parable Sower" by Octavia E. Butler, "Goddess Crown" by Shade Lapite, "The Self-Same Metal" by Shantay K. Williams, and "Survive the Dome" by Kosoko Jackson. A fifth cover is partially visible on the right.

I like using the dictionary in Sora. It helps me understand better. -James, 7th

I use Sora because I don't like having to keep up with a book. I like using the filter to find genres and audio books at the same time. -Brennen, 7th

I think you need to add more of the newer books. -Hayden, 6th

I like using Sora better than going to the library because in Sora you can go to their explore page and find a book with ease. -Kyland, 8th

What the kids say

Sora is easy to find books and easier to read than (print) books while you are on the go. You can practically use Sora anywhere.. -Jacob, 8th

I like Sora because you can check out a book online, so you get more reading time. Also you don't need to carry it with you. It is just on your computer. -Averie, 6th

I would tell someone to go to Sora is because you get to read a sample of the book and see if you truly like it or not. -Elle, 6th



Thanks!

Do you have any questions?

dculmer@prosper-isd.net
www.prosper-isd.net

CREDITS: This presentation template was created by **Slidesgo**, including icons by **Flaticon**, and infographics & images by **Freepik**

Please keep this slide for attribution.