Crayons have been around for more than one hundred years. But they have changed a lot.

The first crayons were all black. Workers in shipyards used them to label crates. Then, in the early 1900’s Crayola Company decided to make colorful crayons for kids. The first box had eight colors: black, brown, red, blue, purple, orange, yellow, and green. The box cost just five cents.

Today, there are hundreds of crayon colors, from “tickle me pink” to “tropical rain forest.” Scientists keep blending different colors to come up with new shades. Then scientists show the new color to kids to see if they will use it. Crayon companies have also asked children to help name new crayon colors.

**Question:** Do you think Crayola Company values what children think? Use information from the story to support your answer.
Ocean in a Bag

Materials

- 2 sturdy zip-to-close bags
- Styrofoam trays in several different colors
- white or pastel colored beads
- blue hair gel
- small seashells
- clear tape

Procedure

1. Fill one of the bags with blue hair gel so that, when the bag is closed and flattened out, the gel is about ¼ to ½ inch thick all over the inside surface of the bag.

2. Cut 1- to 2-inch-long fish from several different Styrofoam trays. (If you can’t find colored trays, you can color white ones. Just be sure to use permanent markers.)

3. Put the fish in the bag.

4. Toss in a few seashells and add some plastic beads for bubbles.

5. Squeeze as much air as possible out of the partially closed bag and seal the bag.

6. Place the bag, sealed end first, inside the other bag.

7. Zip the second bag closed.

8. Cover the closed edge of the bag with the clear tape.

Run your hands over the surface of the bag to make the fish move around in the gel “water.” But be careful—there is something so soothing about this project that it is hard to put down. Think about what else you might add to your ocean, such as glitter or different ocean animals.
Ocean in a Bag continued

**Question:** Describe four of the steps needed to create an ocean in a bag. Be sure to write your steps in order. Use specific information from the project in your answer.

Craft project taken from:

Submitted by: Liz Schmohl
Ken's Coach

Ken looked all around the tennis court in the park. He hoped that none of his friends was near. He did not want them to see him playing tennis with his grandmother. He was sure they'd laugh.


“Yes, Gran,” Ken said. He liked his grandmother. She had given him his tennis racket. She was teaching him how to play. They had started by hitting a tennis ball against a brick wall. Now Ken was ready for a game.

His grandmother served the ball. Ken forgot everything else. He watched the ball. It came fast. He was ready when it bounced. He swung his racket. He hit the ball! It flew back over the net.

“Good!” his grandmother called. She hit the ball back over the net to Ken. That was a good volley, he thought. Then Ken missed the ball. It flew past him.

“That's fifteen points for me,” his grandmother said. “You score is love.” In tennis that means you have not points.”

His grandmother moved fast on the tennis court. She knew a lot about tennis. She had been playing for years. She was good at it too.

When the game was over, Ken walked to the side of the court. He saw Pete, Sue, and Big Bill. They had seen him! They had watched him play tennis with his grandmother! Would they laugh?

“We saw you just not,” Big Bill said. “Who was that you were playing with?”

Ken stared at him. He decided he didn't care what they thought. He liked his grandmother. He liked playing tennis with her.
Ken’s Coach continued

“She’s my grandmother,” Ken said. “She’s teaching me how to play tennis.”

“Honest?” Big Bill said. “Do you think she’d play with us sometime?”
Ken knew he was lucky. Who else had a grandmother and a tennis coach all in one!

**Question:** At the beginning of the selection, Bill was embarrassed by his grandmother. By the end, his feelings about her changed. Using support from the selection, explain why he is proud of his grandmother after playing tennis.

**Source:**
Neigoff, Mike. *Ken’s Coach*. 1996 SRA Reading Laboratory. 4 Lime 2b Power Builder
Nicaragua is a country in Central America. It is a beautiful place. There are many lakes and mountains. Forests grow tall. But before 1979, half the people in Nicaragua could not read. Most of these people were farmers. They lived in villages far from cities. They had no electricity. They had no roads. They had no schools.

The Nicaraguan government wanted to teach the farmers to read. But the government needed teachers to go to the villages. They needed teachers who could learn a different way of life. So they trained young people as teachers. Some of the teachers were teenagers. And some were as young as twelve years old. These young people would be gone for five months. They would miss their families. But these young people were also excited. This was a great adventure for them. And they knew their work was important.

One young teacher was Evenor Ortega. He was sixteen years old. Evenor and his group left Managua in April 1980. They went to the villages of San José de Bocay. They had to walk miles in steep mountains. A few teachers went to each village. Each teacher stayed with a different family.

“Teaching was a real challenge,” Ortega said. But almost everyone in the villages wanted to learn to read. Ortega and his group taught children in the mornings. They taught adults in the afternoons.

Some of the farmers had never held a book or a pencil before. But they wanted to learn. And they worked hard. First, they learned to write their names. Then, they learned to write words.

The teachers learned from their students, too. Ortega learned to plant corn and beans. He also learned about the dangers of the back country. Poisonous snakes lived everywhere. Ortega had to carry a stick to protect himself.

Five months passed. Ortega and his group returned to Managua. They were sad to leave their new friends. Almost everyone cried. But the young teachers were proud of themselves. They had done a giant task. They had taught many people to read. “I learned how to give,” Ortega said.
**Question:** The Nicaragua government had a problem. Explain, using evidence from the selection, how the government solved this problem.

**Source:**

Two young boys stood at the base of El Capitan in California’s Yosemite Valley. They looked up the straight rock wall.

“Someday, we’ll be on top,” said Ethan.

Paul smiled. “Yeah, I can't wait!”

As they got older, Ethan and Paul learned all they could about climbing. At first, they practiced on tall trees. They took lessons from an expert rock climber. Then they started climbing small rocks.

Their dream was to climb El Capitan together. But when Paul was seventeen, he was in a car accident. Ethan was very glad that his best friend was still alive. But Paul could no longer walk.

Paul was strong and determined. He worked hard to become a Yosemite park ranger. Ethan became a teacher. He worked nearby. He still climbed other rock walls. But neither Paul nor Ethan talked about their old dream of climbing El Capitan.

Then, one day, Ethan asked Paul, “So when do you want to make the climb?”

Paul just stared at him from his wheelchair. “If that’s a joke, Ethan, it isn’t very funny.”

But Ethan was serious. He had found a way for Paul to climb. He could attach hand clamps to the climbing rope. Then Paul could pull himself up with his arms. It would be like doing over seven thousand pull-ups!

At first, Paul wouldn’t listen. But then he began to think about it. His upper body was very strong. He still lifted weights. He also worked out and swam. Maybe he could do it!

The men practiced for weeks. On the big day, Ethan started the climb up El Capitan. He worked his way up the rock face. Then he stopped and hammered a metal spike into the hard rock. Ethan attached the climbing rope to the spike. Then Paul pulled his way up the rope.
They Made it to the Top continued

To climb 3,500 feet, they did this many times. It took seven days. Each night, they were exhausted. The friends slept in hammocks hanging from the rock face.

Near the top, the hard rock became gravel. Ethan couldn’t hammer in the spiked to hold the rope. So he carried Paul up the last 100 yards on his back. They reached the top together! Their dream had come true.

Question: Paul went through some major physical changes. His character displayed some unique qualities. What qualities best describe Paul? Give support from the text for your answer.

Source:
Collins, Mark. They Made it to the Top. 1996 SRA Reading Laboratory. 5 Lime 2b Power Builder.
Louis, the yard teacher frowned.
The school yard was a mess. There were pencils and pieces of paper everywhere. How’d all this junk get here? He wondered. Well, I’m not going to pick it up!

It wasn’t his job to pick up the garbage. He was just supposed to pass out the balls during lunch and recess, and also made sure the kids didn’t kill each other.

He sighed, then began cleaning it up. He loved all the children at Wayside School. He didn’t want them playing on a dirty playground.

As he was picking up the pencils and pieces of paper, a large truck drove into the parking lot. It honked its horn twice, then twice more.

Louis ran to the truck. “Quiet!” he whispered. “Children are trying to learn in there!” He pointed at the school.

A short man with big, bushy hair stepped out of the truck. “I have a package for somebody named Mrs. Jewls,” he said.

“I’ll take it,” said Louis.

“Are you Mrs. Jewls?” asked the man.

“No,” said Louis.

“I have to give it to Mrs. Jewls,” said the man.

Louis thought for a moment. He didn’t want the man disturbing the children. He knew how much they hated to be interrupted when they were working.

“I’m Mrs. Jewls,” he said.

“But you just said you weren’t Mrs. Jewls,” said the man.

“I changed my mind,” said Louis.
No Title continued

Than man got the package out of the back of the truck and gave it to Louis. “Here you go, Mrs. Jewls,” he said.

“Uhh!” Louis grunted. It was a very heavy package. The word fragile was printed on every side. He had to be careful not to drop it.

**Question:** This selection has no title. Give the reading a title and explain why you choose that title. Use details from the selection to support your title name.

**Source:**


Submitted by: Heather Larson
Some frogs spend their whole lives in the water, such as the pipa and the clawed frog. Both of them are great swimmers. They have membranes between their toes to help them swim faster. These two species, which belong to the same family, are among the few anurans that lack a protractile tongue.

The pipa is a curious frog with a flat body and tiny eyes. It lives in the rivers and streams of certain South American regions. The eggs from the pipa are laid on the female's back and are covered by a thin layer of skin. Each egg rests inside a small, individual cavity. The tadpoles develop inside these little cavities and emerge as froglets.

The clawed frog, also aquatic, comes from Africa. It received its name because it has three nails on the toes of the rear legs. It has a wide mouth and feeds on crustaceans, insects, small fish, and so on. When the marshes, pools, and streams where it lives dry up, the clawed frog buries itself in the mud until the first rains arrive. Reproduction takes place during the rainy season. The female lays small eggs that stick to aquatic plants.

The larvae of this species are quite different from the ordinary tadpole. They have two long whiskers on the snout and look like catfish.
A Very Peculiar Family continued

**Question**: Compare and contrast the pipa and the clawed frog. Use details from the story to help support your answer.

Excerpt taken from: Frogs and Toads. Barron’s Educational Series, Inc.

Submitted by: Liz Schmohl
When it is cold outside, you wear a coat and hat. When it is cold in Japan, the trees wear coats and hats, too.

Almost every Japanese house has a garden. The Japanese think of gardens as part of their homes. They spend a lot of time to make them beautiful. The gardens are made to look like tiny worlds. A little pond in the garden stands for the ocean. Small hills stand for mountains. Trees and bushes stand for forests.

Japanese gardens are planned with care. They show how close the Japanese people are to nature. The gardens are built to be enjoyed in every season. Even the snow in winter is thought of as a flower called toka. The Japanese like to see the way snow lies on branches.

Long before the snow comes, Japanese gardeners get the plants ready for winter. In the western part of Japan, the winter snow is very heavy. Trees and bushes need to be protected.

In the fall, gardeners begin to make “coats” for the trees. The coats are made out of rice straw. A gardener starts at the trunk of the tree. He wraps straw around the bottom of the tree and ties it with a cord. Another layer of straw is wrapped around the tree and tied. The gardener wraps the tree until he reaches the top. Then he wraps the tree again. This time he starts at the top of the tree and wraps to the bottom. When he is finished, the gardener cuts all the edges of the straw to make a smooth coat. Sometimes more straw is tied together to make a “top hat.”
Dressing a Japanese Tree continued

Little straw huts are built to protect small bushes and flowers. Sometimes these huts look like teepees. This way, plants have their own houses to keep them warm.

The trees wear their coats and hats until spring. This helps the natural beauty of a Japanese garden last a long time.

Question: How can you tell the Japanese people are close to nature? Explain your answer using details from the story to support your answer.


Submitted by: Liz Schmohl
The alpine tundra in the United States lies atop the tallest mountains, under the clouds or in radiant sun. It is on the summits of the Sierra Nevada and Southern Cascade Mountains in California; on the Olympic Mountains and Northern Cascades of Washington; on the tops of the Rockies in Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado; on the peaks of the Great Basin Ranges in Nevada, Utah, Oregon, and California.

In the east, the alpine tundra is found on the summits of the Presidential Range of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, the Adirondacks of New York, and Mount Katahdin in Maine.

The farther north the mountains lie, the lower the alpine tundra begins. In Southern California’s Sierra Nevada it starts at 10,500 feet. In the Teton Mountains of Wyoming it appears at approximately 9,500 feet, and in the Cascades and Olympic Mountains at 6,500 feet. The alpine tundra on the Presidential Range of New Hampshire is low, between 4,200 and 5,000 feet, because a major east-west storm path passes over these mountains. Winds of over 300 miles per hour have been recorded on Mount Washington. This kills trees and most plants.”

**Question:** Using information from the text, explain why the Sierra Nevada’s tundra starts at 10,500 feet and the alpine tundra on the Presidential Range of New Hampshire begins between 4,200 and 5,000 feet.


Submitted by: Dixie Herbst
“Still, Samuel was not convinced. If he thought about his escape at Lexington, he didn’t mention it. John sighed and tried another tack. It was a pity, he said, that early man had gone to such trouble to domesticate an animal, only to have Samuel Adams come along and reject. Samuel didn’t give two hoots for early man. Then John Adams sat back in his chair and took a deep breath. He had one more argument. “You should ride a horse for the good of your country,” he declared. America would surely be declaring its independence soon, he pointed out; if all went well, they themselves would be signing such a declaration in Philadelphia. Then they would be not just leaders of a revolution; they would be the statesmen of a new nation. John leaned toward his cousin. “A proud new nation,” he said. A great nation. A republic as Rome had been in ancient times. And whoever heard of a great nation with statesman who could not ride horseback? John listed the heroes of Roman history. He reviewed the names of Roman Senators. All were horsemen, he said. And he would not want Americans to be inferior in the least way.”

**Question**: John Adams wanted Samuel to “ride a horse for the good of your country.” Using examples from the text, list 2 reasons why John encouraged Sam to ride a horse. Explain why these reasons would be for the good of the country.

Fritz, Jean. **Why Don’t You Get a Horse, Sam Adams?**

Submitted by: Dixie Herbst
“Meanwhile, England was imposing taxes on America. First a stamp tax on printed matter. No one could obtain a marriage license now or a college diploma or even buy a newspaper without paying England a share of the money. This made the people of Boston so angry they tore down the governor’s house, set fire to the tax office, and elected Samuel Adams a representative to the Massachusetts legislature. Being a member of the government, Samuel had a chance to talk to more people, but still he walked. Even when England withdrew the stamp tax, Samuel talked and walked, warning the merchants and the shopkeepers, and the people at the taverns not to trust England. It had taxed America once, he said; it would try it again. And indeed a year later it did. This time Americans had to give England money whenever they bought paint, glass, lead, or tea. This made the people so angry that the king decided to send soldiers to Boston to keep order.”

**Question:** England imposed unfair taxes on America. Using the text, list 3 ways that describe how people of Boston reacted. Describe how England reacted to the people’s reaction.
Type Open-Response Question

Summer Grass

Summer Grass aches and whispers. It wants something; it calls and sings; it pours out wishes to the overhead stars. The rain hears; the rain answers; the rain is slow coming; the rain wets the face of the grass.

Summer Stars

Bend low again, night of summer stars. So near you are, sky of summer stars, so near, a long-arm man can pick off stars, pick off what he wants in the sky bowl, so near you are, summer stars, so near, strumming, strumming so lazy and hum-strumming.
Summer Grass, Summer Stars continued

Question: List 2 examples of human qualities for the summer grass and 2 examples of human qualities for the summer stars. Who responds to the summer grass? Who responds to the summer stars?

Sandburg, Carl. Poetry for Young People.

Submitted by: Dixie Herbst
After the last red sunset glimmer,
Black on the line of a low hill rise,
Formed into moving shadows, I saw
A plowboy and two horses lined against the gray,
Plowing in the dusk the last furrow.
The turf had a gleam of brown,
And smell of soil was in the air,
And, cool and moist, a haze of April.

I shall remember you long,
Plowboy and horses against the sky in shadow.
I shall remember you and the picture
You made for me,
Turning the turf in the dusk
And haze of an April gloaming.

Question: Explain what “turf” is in the poem. Describe the “turf” from examples in the poem.

Sandburg, Carl. Poetry for Young People.

Submitted by: Dixie Herbst
I knew enough about the Catskill Mountains to know that when the summer came, they were covered with people. Although Great-grandfather’s farm was somewhat remote, still hikers and campers and hunters and fishermen were sure to wander across it.

Therefore I wanted a house that could not be seen. People would want to take me back where I belonged if they found me.

I looked at that tree. Somehow I knew it was home, but I was not quite sure how it was home. The limbs were high and not right for a tree house. I could build a bark extension around it, but that would look silly. Slowly I circled the great trunk. Halfway around the whole plan became obvious. To the west, between two of the flanges of the tree that spread out to be roots, was a cavity. The heart of the tree was rotting away. I scraped at it with my hands; old, rotten insect-ridden dust came tumbling out. I dug on and on, using my ax from time to time as my excitement grew.

With much of the old rot out, I could crawl in the tree and sit cross-legged. Inside I felt as cozy as a turtle in its shell. I chopped and chopped until I was hungry and exhausted. I was now in the hard good wood, and chopping it out was work. I was afraid December would come before I got a hole big enough to lie in. So I sat down to think.”
My Side of the Mountain continued

**Question:** Using information from the text, describe Sam’s new home. How did he make it?

Craighead-George, Jean. *My Side of the Mountain.*

Submitted by: Dixie Herbst
"A pocket gopher in his tunnel under the tent felt the earth quake. He stopped and listened. He was about the size of a red squirrel, sported an almost furless tail and had small golden ears. They gopher’s fur was dusty with soil. He had been on his way underground to the fell-field when the earth had shaken. He was nervous this morning and irritable. A meadow mouse had dug into one of his storage bins and stolen his seeds and roots. Furthermore, a weasel had entered one of his tunnel entrances, and weasels eat gophers. Johnny put on his other boot and kicked the gopher plowed into another of his his bedroom. He nest of dry grass. The pocket farmer of the plows up the deep seeds in his storage bins, thereby protecting them from the deep freeze of winter so that they survive to grow in spring. He aerates the soil with several hundred feet of tunnels, adds minerals to it with his excreta. When he tunnels to the surface, he kicks up a mound of dirt called a gopher esker. On these mounds grow special plants that can live only on disturbed soil."

**Question:** List and explain 4 ways that a pocket gopher is the farmer of the alpine tundra. Use information from the text.


Submitted by: Dixie Herbst
Every day our eyes tell us things about the world around us. We see the color and shape of objects. Then we use clues to find out what the object is. We may be able to tell whether it is hot or cold, or if it’s rough or smooth. We can tell which objects are moving and if they are moving toward us. We do all of this without really thinking about it.

Animals depend on their eyes to help them find food, avoid predators, and move around. Many have eyes that are very different than ours. In each of our eyes, a single lens focuses light to form an image. Many insects, like the horsefly, have eyes with lots of tiny lenses.

A scallop may have as many as 100 tiny eyes. They are scattered in the fringe of tentacles around the shell. Each eye is only about the thickness of a dime! Scallop eyes don't form clear pictures, but they are very good at seeing movement. When a scallop sees a predator coming toward it, the scallop snaps its shell shut.

Most spiders have six or eight eyes. The wolf spider uses all eight of its eyes to hunt for prey. The small eyes on the sides of its head spot movement. Then the spider turns to face its prey so that it can focus with its main eyes and pounce.

**Question** Compare and contrast the eyes of a spider to the eyes of a scallop. Use specific information from the story to support your answer.

Story taken from:
Grambo, Rebecca L. *Eyes*. Kidsbooks, Inc.

Submitted by: Liz Schmohl
Franklin Delano Roosevelt was born in Hyde Park, New York, in 1882. He grew up in a very wealthy family. His parents taught him that it was important to help those who were not well off.

In 1921, he and his wife, Eleanor, went to the ocean for a vacation. He swam and hiked, but later in the day his legs felt strange. Two days later he could not feel his legs at all. Franklin Roosevelt had caught a disease called polio that left him unable to walk. This was before doctors discovered a vaccine to protect people from polio.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt had to be in a wheelchair but he kept right on going, doing many important things. He served two terms as Governor of New York, and in 1932 became president of the United States. America called him by his initials, FDR.

FDR became president during a difficult time called the Great Depression. Many Americans had lost their life savings and their jobs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt promised to end the Great Depression. He said, "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself." He and his close advisors, called his Cabinet, devised a plan to bring prosperity back into the country. This was called the New Deal. Part of this plan helped people create new jobs for people who needed them.

FDR was near the end of his second term as President when the Second World War began in Europe. He thought that the country might be better off continuing with the same leader at this difficult time, so he ran for a third term. He was the first American President elected to a third term. In fact, he was elected to a fourth term, but he died shortly afterward. Americans were very sad to lose this man who had led the country for over twelve years.
Franklin Delano Roosevelt continued

**Question:** Explain why Franklin Delano Roosevelt is famous. Use information from the story to support your answer.

Story taken from: Famous Americans, Scholastic Professional Books.

Submitted by: Liz Schmohl
Harriet Tubman was born in Bucktown, Maryland in 1826. She was born into an American slave family. Her childhood days were full of hard work, and she was not allowed to go to school.

When Harriet Tubman was 25, she married John Tubman. Although she was no longer a slave, Harriet Tubman feared that she would be sold back into slavery. Five years later, Harriet Tubman made her escape to the north along the Underground Railroad. This was not really a railroad, nor was it underground. Underground Railroad was the name for a network of escape routes and safe houses where African-Americans could hide on the way to freedom in the Northern States or Canada. The hiding places were known as “stations” along the Underground Railroad. “Stations” were provided by “station masters.” These were white Americans who opposed slavery and wanted to free African-American slaves. The Underground Railroad had to be kept secret as it was illegal to free slaves. Traveling along it was very dangerous. Some “stations” had secret rooms hidden behind closets in houses, or trapdoors in barns.

Harriet Tubman learned more about the working of the Underground Railroad, then risked great danger to help her family members escape. Until slavery was outlawed in the United States, Harriet Tubman spoke out against the practice and worked to end it. During the Civil War, she worked as a nurse and a spy for the Northern States. She also continued to help people escape and led more than 300 African-Americans to freedom.

After slavery was abolished, Harriet Tubman worked the rest of her long life for the betterment of women, the elderly, and the poor.
Harriet Tubman continued

**Question**: What kind of person was Harriet Tubman? Explain your answer using details from the story.

*Story taken from: Famous Americans. Scholastic Professional Books.*

Submitted by: Liz Schmohl
"Busy as a bee" has a lot of meaning for sculptor Garnett Puett. Many sculptors carve a statue from wood or stone. Others shape clay into molds. The molds are then filled. The molds are broken away and a statue remains. But Puett has a new idea. He uses bees to help make statues.

They are not special bees. These bees are found in fields and gardens. First, Puett makes an outline of a person from wood and metal. Then, he coats the figure with sugar water. A queen bee is put into the middle of the shape. Then work is ready to begin.

Bees start to add a honeycomb to the frame. Hour after hour the bees bring nectar to the sculpture. They seem to naturally build things evenly. The bees add two inches of honeycomb to the right side of the head. Then they add two inches to the left. Soon the shape looks like a person. Often the bees' work makes a figure like an Egyptian mummy.

Puett watches the work of the bees day by day. Usually, he lets them build their own way. But sometimes he may not like the shape of the beeswax. Puett can melt off the unwanted part. He then lets the bees begin again.

In a London art show, one of the beeswax figures held a real hive at its side. In a Chicago show, the figure was in a glass box. Bees came in and out of a hole in the museum wall. Bees finished the statue as people watched. In a St. Louis outdoor sculpture park, the bees were tight at home. They found nectar in the nearby flowers. There they worked on a figure of the sculptor's wife.

Puett truly likes bees. He has studied their ways. He admires their hard work. With these statues, Puett can combine two of his favorite things. And the art world is positively buzzing about this new idea in sculpture!
Natural Art continued

Question: What are two of Puett's favorite things? Use examples from the story to explain your answer.


Submitted by: Liz Schmohl
Origami is the ancient Chinese art of paper folding. It has become very popular today in the United States and can easily be learned and enjoyed by people of all ages. Young children can use origami to make animals, games, and paper airplanes. Grownups can use origami creations to decorate their houses.

There are certain steps that must be learned and followed if you are going to be successful in doing origami. Before you even start your design, you must read the entire step-by-step instructions for your creation. You can get instructions for many different creations from books at the library or on the Internet.

Always start out with paper that is the correct color, shape, and kind for the origami that you plan to fold. Choose a place to work carefully. The surface you work on should be flat - so work at a table, desk or on a hard book. Use the edge of your fingernail or a Popsicle stick to flatten the folds you make. The crisper and more accurate the folds are the better your origami creation will turn out.
Origami continued

Most important of all, take the time to make your folds and cuts neatly and accurately. Poorly cut paper will not fold accurately. Folds that are not “crisp and neat” will make it harder to get the correct finished product. The extra time will be worth it when you finish your artwork and have a beautiful, well made origami creation!

Question: According to the author what are five important “tips” for making a successful origami creation? What does the author consider the most important thing you must do in making an origami creation and why? Give examples from the selection to back up your work.
It all seemed too good to be true. Hither and thither through the meadows he rambled busily, along the hedgerows, across the copses, finding everywhere birds building, flowers budding, leaves thrusting -- everything happy, and progressive, and occupied. And instead of having an uneasy conscience pricking him and whispering `whitewash!' he somehow could only feel how jolly it was to be the only idle dog among all these busy citizens. After all, the best part of a holiday is perhaps not so much to be resting yourself, as to see all the other fellows busy working.

He thought his happiness was complete when, as he meandered aimlessly along, suddenly he stood by the edge of a full-fed river. Never in his life had he seen a river before -- this sleek, sinuous, full-bodied animal, chasing and chuckling, gripping things with a gurgle and leaving them with a laugh, to fling itself on fresh playmates that shook themselves free, and were caught and held again. All was a-shake and a-shiver -- glints and gleams and sparkles, rustle and swirl, chatter and bubble. The Mole was bewitched, entranced, fascinated. By the side of the river he trotted as one trots, when very small, by the side of a man who holds one spell-bound by exciting stories; and when tired at last, he sat on the bank, while the river still chattered on to him, a babbling procession of the best stories in the world, sent from the heart of the earth to be told at last to the insatiable sea.
Wind in the Willows continued

**Question:** In this selection Mole sees a river for the first time and compares it to a “sleek, sinuous, full bodied animal. What “living” behaviors does Mole use to describe the actions of the river? Use specific examples from the story.

Selection from:
Grahame, Kenneth. “Wind in the Willows”. Chapter 1 pg. 3-4.
The sound of spring peepers was music to Mr. Stein’s ears, as was the hooting of the night owl and the babbling of the nearby brook. Camping out brought back memories of childhood vacations spent in the Catskill Mountains with his dad and his Uncles Ted and Mike. “Cooking fresh-caught fish on an open fire and telling ghost stories in the moonlight. What better way could a vacation be spent,” said Mr. Stein.

“MANY, MANY better ways,” screamed Danny in his head. Mosquito bites all over your back, hard rocks jabbing into your sides, and weird noises through the night is not my idea of a great time. Give me my soft blue chair, the warm house, and an intense Nintendo tournament with my best friend Tim. Now that’s a great vacation. Why couldn’t his dad understand!

**Question:**

a. How did the way Mr. Stein saw and felt about the mountains differ from his son’s view? Use examples from the selection to back up your answer.

b. Which “dream” vacation, Mr. Stein’s or Dan’s, is more like your ideal vacation and why?
If you were to go back in time to the days of the dinosaurs you would find, along side the triceratops and Dimetridons, a familiar friend - the frog. Frogs have been around for millions of years and have changed very little in appearance. The reason they have survived the changing times is their ability to adapt.

Frogs belong to the group amphibians. They are able to live in two worlds, on land and in the water. If land predators are after them they can hop into the water to escape. If there isn’t enough food in the pond they can hop out and eat what is available on shore.

Frogs are also able to live in a wide variety of climates. If there is fresh water around, chances are there are frogs nearby. Frogs can be found on all continents except Antarctica and can survive in deserts as well as moist tropical climates. In deserts frogs can stay alive by burrowing underground and waiting for up to seven years for rain to come. In severe cold climates, frogs can hibernate in burrows or in the muddy bottoms of ponds until the weather warms.
The Amazing Adaptable Frog continued

**Question:** According to this selection why has the frog managed to survive since ancient times? Give specific information from the selection to support your answer.

Selection adapted from:
Selection from: The Velveteen Rabbit

For a long time he lived in the toy cupboard or on the nursery floor, and no one thought very much about him. He was naturally shy, and being only made of velveteen, some of the more expensive toys quite snubbed him. The mechanical toys were very superior, and looked down upon everyone else; they were full of modern ideas, and pretended they were real. The model boat, who had lived through two seasons and lost most of his paint, caught the tone from them and never missed an opportunity of referring to his rigging in technical terms. The Rabbit could not claim to be a model of anything, for he didn’t know that real rabbits existed; he thought they were all stuffed with sawdust like himself, and he understood that sawdust was quite out-of-date and should never be mentioned in modern circles. Even Timothy, the jointed wooden lion, who was made by the disabled soldiers, and should have had broader views, put on airs and pretended he was connected with Government. Between them all the poor little Rabbit was made to feel himself very insignificant and commonplace, and the only person who was kind to him at all was the Skin Horse.
The Velveteen Rabbit continued

The Skin Horse had lived longer in the nursery than any of the others. He was so old that his brown coat was bald in patches and showed the seams underneath, and most of the hairs in his tail had been pulled out to string bead necklaces. He was wise, for he had seen a long succession of mechanical toys arrive to boast and swagger, and by-and-by break their mainsprings and pass away, and he knew that they were only toys, and would never turn into anything else. For nursery magic is very strange and wonderful, and only those playthings that are old and wise and experienced like the Skin Horse understand all about it.

QUESTION: According to the selection, why did the other toys think themselves superior to the Velveteen Rabbit? Did the Skin Horse agree - why or why not? Support your answers with specific details from the text.

Selection from:
Williams, Margery. The Velveteen Rabbit.
Daddy fixed the breakfast.
He made us each a waffle.
It looked like gravel pudding.
It tasted something awful.

"Ha, ha," he said, "I'll try again. This time I'll get it right."
But what I got was in between. Bituminous and anthracite.

"A little too well done? Oh, well, I'll have to start over."
That time what landed on my plate Looked like a manhole cover.

I tried to cut it with a fork: The fork gave off a spark.
I tried a knife and twisted it Into a question mark.
Mommy Slept Late and Daddy Made Breakfast continued

I tried it with a hacksaw.
I tried it with a torch.
It didn’t even make a dent.
It didn’t even scorch.

The next time Dad gets breakfast
When Mommy’s sleeping late,
I think I’ll skip the waffles,
I’d sooner eat the plate!

John Ciardi

Question:

a. What does the speaker in the poem think about the breakfast that has been cooked for him?
b. Would you enjoy this breakfast? Why or why not? Use examples from the poem to back up your answer.
Scientists continue to be alarmed about the rapidly vanishing rain forest. Many fear that if the destruction continues at the present rate there will be no rain forests remaining by the year 2025.

There are many reasons that the rain forests are disappearing around the world. One major reason for the destruction is that the native people living on the rain forest lands are poor and cannot afford to keep the land in its natural state. They cut down trees to clear land for farms to feed their families. Land that they do not use themselves for farming is sold cheaply to large international companies. Some of these companies mine the land to get to the rich minerals buried underground. Some clear the land to plant giant plantations of coffee, cocoa, bananas, or other cash crops. Still others log the land for timber to be sold for furniture and home building.

As the rain forest trees are cut, animals lose their habitats and die. Soil is swept away because there are no longer tree roots to protect it from erosion. Trees that once produced oxygen, used carbon dioxide and cleaned the air disappear from the earth and the climate on earth is changed forever!
Rain Forest Destruction continued

QUESTION: According to the author, what are three causes of the destruction of the rain forest and three effects of this destruction? Give examples from the selection to back up your answer.
From the moment that the first note was struck, the audience became completely spellbound. And as for James, never had he heard such beautiful music as this! In the garden at home on summer evenings, he had listened many times to the sound of grasshoppers chirping in the grass, and he had always liked the noise that they made. But this was a different kind of noise altogether. This was real music—chords, harmonies, tunes, and all the rest of it.

And what a wonderful instrument the Old-Green-Grasshopper was playing upon. It was like a violin! It was almost exactly as though he were playing a violin!

The bow if the violin, the part that moved, was his back leg. The strings of the violin, the part that made the sound, was the edge of his wing.

He was using only the top of his back leg (the thigh), and he was stroking it up and down against the edge of his wing with incredible skill, sometimes slowly, sometimes fast, but always with the same easy flowing action. It was precisely the way a clever violinist would have used his bow; and the music came pouring out filled the whole blue sky around them with magic melodies.

When the first part was finished, everyone clapped madly, and Miss Spider stood up and shouted, “Brava! Encore! Give us some more!”

“Did you like that James?” the Old-Green-Grasshopper asked, smiling at the small boy.

“Oh, I loved it!” James answered. “It was beautiful! It was as though you had a real violin in your hands!”

“A real violin!” the Old-Green-Grasshopper cried. “Good heavens, I like that! My dear boy, I am a real violin! It is a part of my own body!”

“But do all grasshoppers play their music on violins the same way as you do?” James asked him.
James and the Giant Peach continued

“No,” he answered, “not all.” If you want to know, I happen to be a “short-horned” grasshopper. I have two short feelers coming out of my head. Can you see them? There they are. They are quite short, aren’t they? That is why they call me a “short-horn.” And we “short-horns” are the only ones who play our music in the violin style, using a bow. My “long-horned” relatives, the ones who have long curvy feelers coming out of their heads, make their music simply by rubbing the edges of their two top wings together. They are not violinists; they are wing-rubbers. And a rather inferior these wing-rubbers produce, too, if I may say so. It sounds more like a banjo than a fiddle.

**QUESTION:** How is the Old-Green-Grasshopper’s music different from the sound James has heard from the grasshopper in his summer garden? According to the author, whose music is superior, the “short-horn” or the “long-horned” grasshoppers? Support your answers with information from the selection.

Selection from:
Dahl, Roald. “James and the Giant Peach”.
“The Earthwork on the other hand,”
Said James, beginning to expand,
“Is great for digging up the land
And making old soils newer.
Moreover, you should understand
He would be absolutely grand
For digging subway tunnels and
For making you a sewer.”
(The earthworm blushed and beamed with pride.
Miss Spider clapped and cheered and cried,
‘Could any words be truer?’)

“And now without excuse
I’d like to introduce
This charming Glowworm, lover of simplicity
She is easy to install
On your ceiling or your wall,
And although this smacks a bit of eccentricity,
It’s really rather cleaver
For thereafter you will never
You will NEVER, NEVER, NEVER
Have the slightest need for using electricity.”
(At which, no less than fifty-two
Policemen cried, “If this is true
That creature’ll get some fabulous publicity!”)
James and the Giant Peach continued

QUESTION: What two creatures are being described in this selection? According to the author, what useful purposes can be found for these creatures? Provide specific examples from the selection.

Selection from:
Dahl, Roald. “James and the Giant Peach.”
The early summer days on a farm are the happiest and the fairest days of the year. Lilacs bloom and make the air sweet, and then fade. Apple blooms come with the lilacs, and the bees visit around among the apple trees. The days grow warm and soft. School ends, and the children have time to play and to fish for trout in the brook. Avery often brought a trout home in his pocket, warm and stiff, and ready to be fried for supper.

In early summer there are plenty of things for a child to eat and drink and suck and chew. Dandelion stems are full of milk, clover heads are loaded with nectar, the Frigidaire is full of ice-cold drinks. Everywhere you look is life, even the little ball of spit on the weed stalk, if you poke it apart, has a green worm inside it. And on the under side of the leaf of the potato vine are the bright orange eggs of the potato bug.

It was on a day in early summer that the goose eggs hatched.

**QUESTION**: Summer is a time of new life and growth. Support this statement using examples from this selection.

Selection from: White, E.B. “Charlotte’s Web”
Selection from: pp. 15-16.

Well, tell us, who's out on the river?'
'Toad's out, for one,' replied the Otter. 'In his brand-new wager-boat; new
togs, new everything!'
The two animals looked at each other and laughed.
'Once, it was nothing but sailing,' said the Rat, 'Then he tired of that and took
to punting.

Nothing would please him but to punt all day and every day, and a nice mess
he made of it. Last year it was house-boating, and we all had to go and stay
with him in his house-boat, and pretend we liked it. He was going to spend the
rest of his life in a houseboat. It's all the same, whatever he takes up; he gets
tired of it, and starts on something fresh."
'Such a good fellow, too,' remarked the Otter reflectively: 'But no stability --
especially in a boat!'
From where they sat they could get a glimpse of the main stream across the
island that separated them; and just then a wager-boat flashed into view, the
rower -- a short, stout figure -- splashing badly and rolling a good deal, but
working his hardest. The Rat stood up and hailed him, but Toad -- for it was
he -- shook his head and settled sternly to his work.
'He'll be out of the boat in a minute if he rolls like that,' said the Rat, sitting
down again.
**Wind in the Willows continued**

**QUESTION:** What different types of boats has Toad owned, according to the selection? Would you say, according to the author, that Toad likes things to stay the same or likes change? Support your answer with information from the selection.

Selection from: (pg. 15-16)
Grahame, Kenneth. "Wind in the Willows".
Once upon a time there lived a little old woman. One day the little old woman decided to bake a gingerbread boy. First, she cut the boy-shape from the dough. Next, she used two raisins for his eyes, half of a cherry for his nose, and a licorice string for his mouth. After finishing his face, she used frosting to make a little vest with green stripes and some little white shoes.

Next, she popped the little gingerbread boy into the oven to bake. After a few minutes, the little old woman opened the oven door to check on the gingerbread boy. But before she could open the door all the way, the little gingerbread boy jumped out of the oven and onto the table. He looked at the little old woman, and he looked at the front door. Without a second thought, the gingerbread boy jumped off the table and ran out the door. The little old woman called after him, but the gingerbread boy was too fast. The little old woman never saw the gingerbread boy again.

**Question:** Describe what the gingerbread boy saw and felt when the old woman opened the oven door to check on him. Use specific information from the story to support your answer.

**Selection from:**
*Versa Tiles, Keys to Reading. ETA Cuisenaire*

Submitted by: Liz Schmohl
Many years ago in Japan, there lived a kind, old man. He was called Ojiisan, the Japanese word for grandfather.

One day the people in the village below were having a party. Everyone’s rice crop had grown well this year and the villagers were happy. Ojiisan stood in front of his house with his grandson, Tada. They could see the whole village, which stood next to the sea. Ojiisan smiled as he watched the villagers. He was glad everyone’s rice crop had grown so well. His own rice fields were ready to be picked.

All at once, the ground started to shake! Probably just another one of Japan’s mild earthquakes. But then a strange thing happened. The waves on the shore rolled back into the sea. Villagers ran to the shore to look at the sea.

Ojiisan’s smile quickly disappeared. He knew something was wrong. “Hurry, Tada,” he shouted. “Light a torch!” Tada quickly lit a torch. He handed it to his grandfather. Ojiisan took the torch and set his rice crop on fire.

“Oh, grandfather! What are you doing?” sobbed Tada. “Please stop!”

But Ojiisan wouldn’t stop. He kept burning the fields until large clouds of black smoke rose to the sky.

The villagers saw the smoke and came running up the mountain to help. The people were worried about Ojiisan. Why was he acting so strangely? When the last villager was on the mountain top, Ojiisan pointed to the sea.
The Rice Crop continued

A huge tidal wave, as tall as a cliff, came thundering onto the shore. Water sprayed everywhere. When the wave rolled back out to sea, the whole village was gone. The tidal wave had destroyed everything.

At first, no one on the mountain said anything. Then Ojiisan spoke. “That is why I set fire to my rice fields,” he said. “There was no other way to warn you. I knew you would all come up to help me.”

Question: What type of person was Ojiisan?

Use examples from the story to support your answer.

Do you think Ojiisan had good neighbors? Why or why not?

Story taken from: Building Comprehension 4, Milliken Publishing Company

Submitted by: Liz Schmohl
This is the sunflower,
tall and bright,
that stands in my garden
day and night.
This is the blossom,
yellow and round,
that crowns the sunflower,
tall and bright,
that stands in my garden
day and night.
These are the seeds,
black and brown,
found in the blossom,
yellow and round,
that crowns the sunflower,
tall and bright,
that stands in my garden
day and night.
These are the beaks,
sharp and strong,
that crack the seeds,
black and brown,
found in the blossom,
yellow and round,
This is a Sunflower continued

that crowns the sunflower, tall and bright, that stands in my garden day and night. These are the birds, full of song, that use their beaks, sharp and strong, to crack the seeds, black and brown, found in the blossom, yellow and round, that crowns the sunflower, tall and bright, that stands in my garden day and night. Here are a few seeds scatter around, spilled by the birds, full of song, that use their beaks, sharp and strong, to crack the seeds, black and brown, found in the blossom, yellow and round, that crowns the sunflower, tall and bright, that stands in my garden day and night.
This is a Sunflower continued

Now the sun warms the moist ground that covers the seeds scattered around, spilled by the birds, full of song, that use their beaks, sharp and strong, to crack the seeds, black and brown, found in the blossom, yellow and round, that crowns the sunflower, tall and bright, that stands in my garden day and night. These are the sprouts, rich with life, that grow and grow and grow until... a patch of sunflowers, tall and bright, stands in my garden day and night.

Question: Describe four of the steps that need happen for a sunflower to grow. Be sure to write the steps in the proper order. Use specific information from the story in your answer.

Poem taken from: Schaefer, Lola, M. This is a Sunflower. Scholastic Inc.

Submitted by: Liz Schmohl
Tracey Pamela doesn't have an ordinary job. She is the first young, black woman to run her own baseball team. Tracey is the president of the Cardinals, a minor-league team in Savannah, Georgia.

Tracey graduated from Williams College, and then went to work in her father's business. She learned a lot from her father. Her father was very proud of his daughter. When Mr. Lewis bought a minor-league team, he asked Tracey to run it.

Tracey admits she doesn't know a lot about baseball. But she does know a lot about business. That makes her perfect for the job. The team was losing money when she became president. Not many people in Savannah came to watch the team play. Tracey soon changed that. She put up signs all around town. She gave talks about the minor-league Cardinals. She hired people to fix up Grayson Stadium. She also started selling hot dogs, popcorn, and pizza at the games. Tracey even made a picnic area where families can have dinner and watch the Cardinals. In just a year's time, the number of people coming to the games has tripled.

Tracey works very hard. Her workday sometimes lasts thirteen hours. She has to get busses for the team when they travel. She goes to meetings in St. Louis at the offices of the major-league Cardinals. She makes sure each player has insurance in case he gets hurt. She orders food for all the refreshment stands. She hires all the people to work in the stadium. Tracey also has fun with her team. At the end of her busy day, she goes to watch her Savannah Cardinals play baseball.

Tracey is probably the Cardinals’ biggest fan. It's hard playing in the minor leagues. Each player hopes he will be one of the few chosen to play in the major leagues. Tracey admires the way these young players are working on their dreams. She is working hard at her dream, too. She wants to make the minor-league Cardinals a winning team.
Tracey’s Team continued

**Question:** What kind of person is Tracey? Explain your answer using details from the story.

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*Submitted by:* Liz Schmohl
All the Woulda- Coulda- Shouldas
Layin’ in the sun,
Talkin’ ‘bout the things
They woulda- coulda- shoulda done...
But those Woulda- Coulda-Shouldas
All ran away and hid
From one little did.

Question: What does the author mean when he says that the Woulda- Coulda-Shouldas all ran away and hid from one little did?

Poem taken from: Falling Up.

Submitted by: Liz Schmohl
Honeybees are social insects. They live in large groups called colonies. A colony of bees lives in a hive. Each colony is made up of one large family of bees, including a queen bee, worker bees, and drone bees.

Each colony has one queen bee. The queen bee's only job is to lay eggs. No other bee can lay eggs, so the queen must work very hard. She lays two to three thousand eggs each day.

The female bees are the worker bees. They have many jobs. Some worker bees gather pollen and nectar from the flower. Some worker bees build the honeycombs and make the honey. Some worker bees stay in the hive and take care of the young bees. And some worker bees protect the queen and guard the hive. Worker bees are the only bees with stingers.

The drone bees are the males. Their only job is to mate with the queen bee. In fact, they are so lazy that they do not even get up to feed themselves. After mating with the queen bee, the drone bees die of starvation.

**Question:** Explain the different jobs of the queen, the worker bees, and the drone bees. Use details from the story to support your answer.

**Story taken from:**
Versa Tiles Keys to Reading, ETA Cuisenaire.

Submitted by: Liz Schmohl
In the last few years, astronomers have learned a lot about the planets Mercury, Venus, and Mars. Special spacecrafts equipped with cameras have flown near each planet to take pictures of the planets’ surface. From these pictures, scientists have been able to draw very detailed maps of each planet’s surface. Spacecrafts have even taken samples of Mars’ soil and Venus’ atmosphere. What have we learned from these samples? One thing the samples have shown is that life, as we know it on Earth cannot exist on these planets.

Mercury, the closest planet to the sun, takes about 88 “Earth days” to revolve around the sun and about 59 “Earth days” to rotate on its axis. This means that its day is almost as long as its year. Mercury’s surface is covered with cracks and craters. We could not live on Mercury. There is no air to breathe. The side of Mercury that faces the sun would be too hot for us, and the side away from the sun would be too cold.
Planet Facts continued

Venus, the second planet from the sun, is sometimes called Earth’s twin—this is because Earth and Venus are about the same size. The size is the only way in which they are the same. On Venus, the air is poisonous gas, the wind is stronger than a hurricane, the surface is hot enough to melt lead, and the sun rises in the west. Venus takes 225 “Earth days” to go around the sun and 243 “Earth days” to rotate on its axis. This means that, on Venus, a day is longer than a year!

Mars is the fourth planet away from the sun. Mars has many of the same natural features of the Earth, such as volcanoes and canyons. Mars also has two small moons. Its surface is red, even when seen from Earth. It takes Mars 687 “Earth days” to revolve around the sun. It takes 24 hours for Mars to revolve on its axis, so days on Mars are about the same length as days on Earth.

Question: Venus and Earth are sometimes called twins. Explain how they are similar and different using samples from the selection. Explain how Earth is more like Mars. Use details from the selection to support your answer.


Submitted by: Heather Larson
Many people believed that America was a “Golden Land” – a place where you could get a decent job, go to a free school, and eat well. There was a saying in Polish that people came to America za chlebem – “for bread”. One person added that they came “for bread, with butter.”

In Russia, six-year-old Alec Bodanis was told that in America, “You’ll become a millionaire in no time. Take a shovel with you because they shovel gold from the streets.” No one knows how these stories began, but Margot Matyshek, age eleven when she left Germany, had also heard that in America, “The streets are paved with gold. And if you wish for candy, it drops from the sky right into your mouth!”

Some people came to look for work. Wages were higher in America than in their home countries. Until the late 1800s, businesses often sent agents overseas to encourage workers to migrate. If you agreed to work for their companies, they would pay your way to America.

Many people came because land was cheap and plentiful. In 1862 the U.S. government passed a law called the Homestead Act. Newcomers could stake a claim to 160 acres of land. After five years of living on and working the land, they’d pay a small amount of money, and the acres would be theirs. Railroad companies also owned a great deal of land in the west. They sent agents to foreign countries offering this land for sale at good prices.

Some governments of the new western states advertised in European newspapers about their growing towns and cheap farmland. They wanted new settlers. Often the advertisements were not true. They showed pictures of towns that didn't exist, and gave descriptions of farms fields were forests stood. But people cam anyway. Searching, always searching, for a better life.

A Swedish song had these words about America:

“Ducks and chickens rain right down,
A roasted goose flies right in,
And on the table lands one more
With knife and fork stuck in.”
Who could find a better place?
Why did people come to America? continued

**QUESTION:** Describe three reasons why people came to America. Use support from the selection to support your answer.

Source: Levine, Ellen. *If Your Name was Changed as Ellis Island*. Scholastic, New York. 1993.

Submitted by Heather Larson
The mountainous country of northeast Oregon, rugged and forbidding, is penetrated only by the trails of some remote ranchers and hunters. Much of the territory was still unmapped in the autumn of 1950 when America's greatest dog hunt began.

It was on October 24 that Gerald W. Wear, an elk hunter, followed a primitive road far into the isolated interior, accompanied in his light delivery van by Poncho, the German shepherd dog that had been his constant companion for nearly ten years.

It was after nine o'clock when Wear made camp. After the long day's ride Poncho rambled about the area, enjoying his freedom from the confines of the van, and then—who knows?—perhaps he chased a jackrabbit too far in the darkness and became too confused. In any event, he had already disappeared by the time Wear had supper ready, was still missing when Wear went to bed, and was wandering somewhere lost and alone when morning came.

The odds against Wear's locating his dog seemed astronomical. He could not hear his dog's bark, for he was entirely deaf. He could not call his dog's name, for he was mute. He was in one the wildest areas in all of the United States, and time was short, for in late October the temperature in the region drops far below freezing at night and early blizzards are not uncommon. And there was yet another danger; at a distance, Poncho would almost certainly be mistaken for a coyote, making him a target for every rancher's and hunter's gun.

For fourteen hours that day, beginning at daybreak, Wear hiked this way and that, surveying the landscape but seeing no moving creature that resembled Poncho. Long after dark he returned to camp too exhausted and worried to eat, and he kept the campfire blazing all night in the hope that Poncho would see it or smell its smoke.

At daybreak he began searching again. All that day and the next and the next he searched, and each night he kept the campfire burning as a beacon. He combed the entire area before admitting defeat, at length he became convinced that Poncho had left the vicinity and had wandered father into the wildness.
Lost in the Mountains continued

Wear hurried to the nearest town and alerted highway officials and the state police. He visited the government officials in charge of the national forest and pleaded with everyone to tell hunters that his dog was missing and not to shoot it.

Then he made the five-hour drive back to his home and loaded his van with provisions and equipment to see him through an extended expedition. With a new compass, general maps of the area, and nearly all the money he possessed, he returned to the hunt.

Wear knew that everything depended on him, for Poncho was timid among strangers and, no matter how lonely or hungry he became, was unlikely to go to a ranch or to a hunter’s camp for help. He was a one-man dog, and Wear (as will become clear) was a one-dog man.

November came, bringing snow and temperatures as low as -19 °C. Day after day Wear pushed himself, losing weight, sleeping badly, often going supperless to bed. He slept on a camp bed in the back of his van, where he was protected from wind and snow but not from the cold. Twice he approached a state of nervous collapse from exhaustion and worry.

Reports trickled in: a rancher here, a hunter there had sighted the dog, but none could approach him. And always he had wandered on by the time Wear arrived in the area.

Wear marked crosses on his map to indicate each location where the dog had been sighted, and a pattern began to emerge. Poncho was wandering in a great clockwise circle back towards the spot where he had first become lost. And while he was avoiding hunters, he was visiting the remains of their campfires in search of his owner.

By now Wear had tramped hundreds of kilometers among the mountains, rushing to each area where Poncho had been sighted, but always finding the trail cold by the time he arrived.

Although he could not speak a word, Wear could utter a thin, shrill cry that Poncho recognized. From the top of every elevation he repeated this cry again and again, yet saw no glimpse of the dog.

It was now a month since Poncho’s disappearance. Within days, winter would close in and further searching would become impossible. The lost dog would be overwhelmed by snowdrifts and unbearable cold.

Wear engaged a pilot and circled the area by plane, examining the snowy landscape for any small, dark shape; but nowhere did he see Poncho. He was approaching despair, his strength was failing, and his money was almost gone. In his solitary hunt he had walked, flown, and traveled the equivalent of half the distance across the American continent.
Lost in the Mountains continued

On the afternoon of November 26 he climbed to the top of the highest elevation from which he could survey the surrounding territory. His voice was nearly gone, but he continued to give his shrill cry in the hope that somewhere, somehow, Poncho might hear. He had called for nearly two hours when his gaze discovered the movement of a tiny black speck perhaps a kilometer and a half away.

He kept calling, and the speck progressed slowly towards him, three times disappearing from view as it descended into gullies or was swallowed up in woodlands. But little by little, so enfeebled by cold and hunger that it took him nearly two hours to cover the distance, Poncho kept coming on. Wear raced down the slope to meet him, and at 4:20 p.m. he threw his arms around his beloved dog. America's greatest dog hunt had ended.

For a time Poncho lay on the ground completely exhausted; but then he revived, and together the one-mail dog and the one-dog man descended to the red can that would carry them home.

**Question:** Several times through the story, Wear is said to be a one-dog man and Poncho is said to be a one-man dog.

A. Explain what a one-dog man means and give support to show that Wear was one.
B. Explain what a one-man dog means and give support to show that Poncho was one.
C. Explain why Wear and Poncho would have no other that each other.

Source:
The Milky Way is a huge collection of stars, dust and gas. It’s called a spiral galaxy because if you could view it from the top, it would look like a spinning pinwheel. The sun is located on one of the spiral arms, about 25,000 light-years away from the center of the galaxy. Even if you could travel at the speed of light (186,000 miles per second), it would take you about 25,000 years to reach the middle of the Milky Way.

The Milky Way gets its name from a Greek myth about the goddess Hera who sprayed milk across the sky. In other parts of the world, our galaxy goes by other names. In China it’s called the “Silver River”, and in Kalahari Desert in Southern Africa, it’s called the “Backbone of Night.”

If you could see our galaxy from the side, it would look like a huge, thin disk with a slight bump in the center. This flat shape is caused by the galaxy spinning around. Everything in our spinning galaxy would fly off into space if it weren’t for the force of gravity.

Without a telescope, we can see about 6,000 stars from Earth. That may seem like a lot of stars, but it’s actually only a small part of the whole. If you think of the entire galaxy as a giant pizza, all the stars you can see from Earth fall within about one pepperoni on that pizza. In fact, for every star you can see, there are more than 20 million you cannot see. Most of the stars are too faint, too far away or blocked by clouds of cosmic dust.
Milky Way continued

**Question**

In this selection the Milky Way is compared to several things. Using support from the selection, describe how the Milky Way is like a pinwheel.

Source:


Submitted by: Heather Larson
What would the car of the future look like? The new Hire-wire car from GM has no engine. It doesn’t need gasoline. There isn’t even a steering wheel. Best of all, it doesn’t pollute the air!

The controls for the Hy-wire car were inspired by aircraft cockpits, but driving it seems more like playing a video game. The car has a small color screen and two hand grips in place of a steering wheel. To drive, just grab the grips and twist right to go faster. Move the grips up or down to turn left or right. Squeeze them to stop.

Unlike today’s cars, this futuristic auto doesn’t give off any harmful gases into the air. It is powered by chemical reactions between oxygen and water. The only thing this car releases is water vapor.

Each car can have many different looks. The car has a basic platform that fits with different “bodies.” Imagine: You could switch from having a minivan on the weekends to having a sports car during the week.

General motors says the Hy-wire could be on the road by 2010 – just in time for you to drive!

**Question**  Using the selection, describe how the environment would be effected if everyone had the new Hy-wire car.

**Source:** 

Submitted by: Heather Larson
Symbols are drawings or letters that stand for something else. Right now you are reading symbols. Letters on this page stand for sounds that we use when speaking. When the letters are put together they are symbols for words that we speak. Symbols are full of meaning. They express, or tell, feelings about something. For example, every school has a symbol of their sports teams. Schools can choose tigers or lions as team symbols. These animals symbolize, or stand for, strength and a fearless team. There are symbols we use every day. The flag is a symbol of our country. Each television station uses a symbol so we can recognize, or identify who they are, at a glance. Restaurants have symbols. Even bathroom doors have symbols to help us recognize them. Symbols are an important part of our lives.

**Question:** Many types of symbols are mentioned in the selection. Choose one symbol that you see daily.  
A. Describe the symbol.  
B. Discuss what that symbol means to you.

**Source:**  

Submitted by: Heather Larson
I will not play at tug o' war.  
I’d rather play at hug o’ war,  
Where everyone hugs  
Instead of tugs,  
Where everyone giggles  
And rolls on the rug,  
Where everyone kisses,  
And everyone grins,  
And everyone cuddles,  
And everyone wins.

**Question:**
A. What is the author saying in this poem?  
B. What is that he does NOT want to happen?  
C. Why would a hug ‘o war be better than a tug o’ war?

**Source:** Silverstein, Shel. *Where the Sidewalk Ends*. Harper and Row Publications, 1974

Submitted by: Heather Larson
Every year, Jeremy and Samantha spent part of their summer vacation visiting their uncle’s ranch in Montana. This year, Uncle Bart was taking them on a pack trip. As the horses clip-clopped up the trail, he told them about the country through which they were riding.

“There’s a legend about a treasure somewhere in this valley.”


Uncle Bart shook his head. “No one knows. The only clue is an old rhyme that goes

“Between two tepees in the sky
A treasure lies beyond the eye.”

“How can there be tepees in the sky?” asked Samantha, frowning.

“That’s the mystery, Samantha. It’s why no one has ever found the treasure—if there is one.”

Suddenly, two deer scampered across the trail, and Samantha forgot the legend in her excitement. But Jeremy couldn’t stop thinking about the tepees.

After several miles, the valley widened. They stopped in a clearing that looked out onto two tall mountains. The three made camp by the side of a creek. Uncle Bart built a campfire, and they cooked their supper.

Soon, it was dark, and they all climbed wearily into their sleeping bags for the night.

Early the next morning, a coyote howled and Jeremy was jolted from his dream of tepees and treasure. He sat up, his eyes opened wide. He looked up and there they were! He saw the tepees!

“Samantha, Uncle Bart, wake up! I found the tepees.”

“You must be dreaming, Jeremy,” grumbled Uncle Bart.
The Hidden Treasure continued

“I was, but I’m not now! Look!” Jeremy pointed across the creek at two mountains standing side by side. There were shaped exactly like tepees!

“You’re right,” said Uncle Bart, “tepees in the sky!”

Samantha was as excited as Jeremy. “Can we go over there, Uncle Bart? Maybe we’ll find the treasure.”

“Let’s see if there’s a trail,” he replied, saddling their horses. Across the creek, the trail was narrow and overgrown. It looked as if they were the first to ride on it in a long time.

“What was the rest of the rhyme?” asked Jeremy.

“... a treasure lies beyond the eye,” replied Uncle Bart.

“But whose eye?” Samantha wondered.

They finally arrived at another clearing between the two mountains. The area was surrounded by big boulders. Tying their horses to some trees, the three looked around.

“There sure isn’t a treasure beyond my eye,” Jeremy complained.

“Mine either, son,” Uncle Bart agreed.

Suddenly, Samantha’s face broke into a huge smile. “It’s not our eyes, it’s that eye,” she cried, pointing toward a huge rock.

Near the center of the rock was a large hole shaped just like an eye! It looked like the opening to a cave. Jeremy and Samantha could hardly wait to explore.

“Wait a minute, kids. You never know what might be living inside,” Uncle Bart grabbed a flashlight from his saddlebag. He shined the light into the hole. “Wow! Look at that. You kids sure did find the treasure.”

Climbing through the hole, the children’s eyes grew wide with wonder. The small cave glittered in the flashlight’s beam. Chunks of white, pink and yellow crystal dotted the walls and ceiling.

“Are they diamonds, Uncle Bart?” asked Samantha hopefully.

“I’m afraid not, Samantha,” he replied, smiling broadly. “They’re just quartz crystals-something like the crystals that are left behind when salt water dries up. But they sure are pretty.”

“It’s still a treasure, isn’t it, Uncle Bart?” asked Jeremy.
The Hidden Treasure continued

“It sure is, son. Finding something like this happens once in a lifetime. And you two solved a mystery that no one else could figure out. I’d say that’s worth a whole lot, wouldn’t you? The children agreed. The treasure of the two tepees was theirs.

Question: The treasure they found is not worth a lot of money. Yet it is still a treasure to Samantha, Jeremy, and Uncle Bart. Explain why they still call it a treasure.

Source:

Submitted by: Heather Larson
Marita lay in the dark, watching the lights from outside shine on the ceiling, and blowing softly through her lips. For the past week she had been trying to whistle, but so far she had only been able to make various wheezing sounds.

Every week she set a goal for herself, something to do. Last week it had been to find a friend for Mr. Amos, the old man who lived alone in the apartment next door. When the weather was good, Marita would find him sitting alone on the front steps of the apartment building when she came home from school. She would usually stop and talk to him.

Marita sighed. Last week’s goal hadn’t worked out either. She hadn’t been able to find a friend for Mr. Amos. She had thought of all the people who lived nearby and those she did ask told her they didn’t have time to talk with the old man.

Marita could hear him now through the wall of her bedroom. She heard the sigh of springs as he got into bed, and then she heard snoring.

The next day was sunny; when Marita came home from school, Mr. Amos was sitting on the steps. She sat down beside him.

“Hello, Mr. Amos!”
“How’s the whistling going, Marita?” asked Mr. Amos.
“The most I can get is a wheeze,” she complained.

Mr. Amos smiled. “Sometimes we keep trying to do something but begin to think we can’t,” he said. “Then, just as we are about to give up, it happens without our even realizing it. It’s all in the trying.”

“Well, I certainly hope I’m able to whistle soon,” Marita replied.

The next afternoon the sun was shining, but Mr. Amos wasn’t sitting outside when Marita got home. She didn’t think too much about it, though. That night she heard him through the wall of her room, snoring as usual. The day after that was also sunny, and he still wasn’t outside. Marita began to feel uneasy.

That night she listened carefully. The snowing coming through the wall had a different sound to it, like a long grasp followed by a wheeze. She knew what she had to do.
A Friend for Mr. Amos continued

Marita got up early the next morning and knocked on Mr. Amos’s door. She heard a faint sound, but Mr. Amos didn’t open the door. She knew something was wrong. Marita ran to find her mother.

“There’s something wrong with Mr. Amos!” she said excitedly.

“How do you know?” her mother questioned.

Marita replied nervously, “He hasn’t been outside the last two days. At night I can hear him snore, and last night his snoring was different than it usually is. Now he doesn’t answer his door.”

They both returned to the old man’s door, and Maria’s mother knocked loudly. Again there was a faint sound, but no answer.

“Run down and get the caretaker,” Marita’s mother said. “Ask him to bring his key and open this door.”

In no time Marita returned with the caretaker. He quickly unlocked the door. Mr. Amos was huddled under a blanket in his bed. He said, gasping, “I couldn’t get up to answer the door.”

“It sounds as if you have a bad cold,” Marita’s mother said. She touched the old man’s head and added, “You also have a fever.

“First you need food,” she stated. “I’ll send Marita in with some breakfast. If you aren’t better soon, we’ll call a doctor.”

It was Saturday and Marita spent the day running back and forth between the two apartments. She listened as Mr. Amos told her how frightening it was to be ill and alone.

By Sunday the old man was better, and Marita spent the day reading to him and playing card games with him. Both of them laughed as Marita kept trying to whistle, because the whistle still sounded like a wheeze.

“Marita, you’re a good friend to me,” Mr. Amos said to her before she left that night. “Not only now, while I’m ill, but always. I like talking to you every day. Thank you.”

Marita was surprised into silence. When she went to bed that night, she lay awake a long time, staring at the ceiling, blowing through her lips, and listening to the gentle snoring from the next apartment. She had tried to find a friend for Mr. Amos, and all this time she had been his friend.

Marita remembered the words, “We keep trying; and just as we’re about to give up, it happens without our even realizing it.”

Suddenly Marita heard an unusual sound. It wasn’t a sigh or a snore or a wheeze. It was, most definitely, a whistle, and it was coming from her! “It’s all in the trying;” she thought happily, and tuned over to go to sleep.
A Friend for Mr. Amos continued

**Question:**
A. What is so ironic in this story?
B. What lesson can you learn from this reading?

Source:

Submitted by: Heather Larson
Of all the queens of Egypt, the most famous was Cleopatra. She lived two thousand years ago, but her legend has never died.

At the age of seventeen, Cleopatra became the Egyptian queen. She shared power with her younger brother, Ptolemy. But Ptolemy’s guardians plotted against her, took away her power, and forced her into exile.

She might have remained in exile, had it not been for Julius Caesar. This famous Roman general had come to Egypt with an army. Cleopatra decided to go to Caesar and ask him to help her reclaim the throne.

Fearing that her brother’s soldiers might capture her before she could reach Caesar, she went to him in concealment. Legend says that the youthful queen wrapped herself up in a carpet. Then she was carried before Caesar on the shoulders of a servant who pretended to be carrying a load of baggage. The story goes on to say that when Caesar saw what was in the “baggage,” he was much amused. He admired the cleverness of the young woman.

Cleopatra told Caesar about the loss of her throne. Caesar was charmed by her manner. He liked her and, in time, would come to love her. Before long a battle was fought against Ptolemy’s forces, and Caesar’s soldiers won.

Cleopatra greatly admired Caesar. When he asked her to visit Rome, she gladly accepted. She stayed in Rome until the fateful day when Caesar was killed. Fearing that Caesar would make himself king, assassins stabbed him to death as he entered the Roman senate one day.
Queen Cleopatra continued

Some say that Cleopatra had hoped to become Caesar’s queen after he had taken the crown. Perhaps that was her plan. Perhaps she hoped to become “Queen of the World.” But with Caesar dead she could cherish such hopes no longer. Now she hurried back to Alexandria, Egypt.

Among friends of Caesars was the general Marcus Antonius, or Mark Antony. He gave a speech denouncing Caesar’s death. The others were Lepidus, a general, and Octavian, a nephew of Caesar.

Military action took Antony to Asia Minor shortly after Caesar’s death. While there, he sent word to Cleopatra that he would like to see her. The queen was not certain that Antony would prove friendly, but she sailed from Alexandria to see him. When she arrived, she asked Antony to dine with her aboard her royal gallery.

Cleopatra’s gallery is famous for its beauty and luxury. It had purple sails, silver-mounted oars, and a golden canopy beneath which the queen reclined while servants fanned her with ostrich plumes.

The purpose of their meeting was to see if Antony and Cleopatra could form an alliance against Octavian, whom they both feared. But we are told that the charming queen and the handsome general fell in love almost at once. In time they were married.

How did Cleopatra win the love of the two greatest Romans of their age, first Caesar and then Antony? The few portraits that exist do not show her as a great beauty. But her features were not displeasing, and she was said to have much wit and personal charm. The whole story of love and war can be read in William Shakespeare’s famous play Antony and Cleopatra.