



BUTTER AND MILK FROM THE FARM

THE TALE OF

THE PIE AND

THE PATTY-PAN

Part I

BY

BEATRIX POTTER



Once upon a time there was a Pussy-cat called Ribby, who invited a little dog called Duchess, to tea.

"Come in good time, my dear Duchess," said Ribby's letter, "and we will have something so very nice. I am baking it in a pie-dish—a pie-dish with a pink rim. You never tasted anything so good! And *you* shall eat it all! *I* will eat muffins, my dear Duchess!" wrote Ribby.

Duchess read the letter and wrote an answer:—"I will come with much pleasure at a quarter past four. But it is very strange. *I* was just going to invite you to come here, to supper, my dear Ribby, to eat something *most delicious*."

"I will come very punctually, my dear Ribby," wrote Duchess; and then at the end she added—"I hope it isn't mouse?"



THE INVITATION

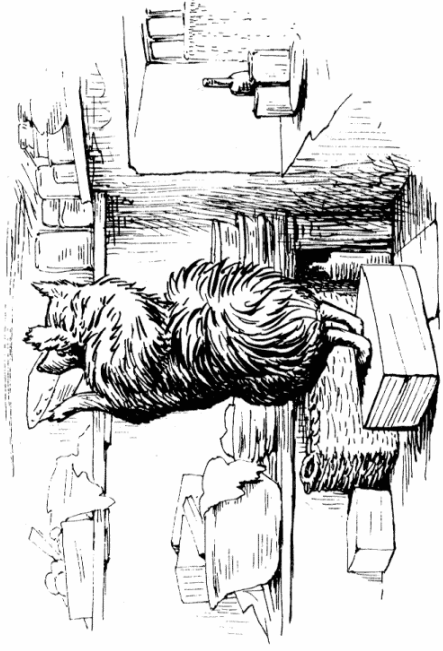
And then she thought that did not look quite polite; so she scratched out "isn't mouse" and changed it to "I hope it will be fine," and she gave her letter to the postman.

But she thought a great deal about Ribby's pie, and she read Ribby's letter over and over again.

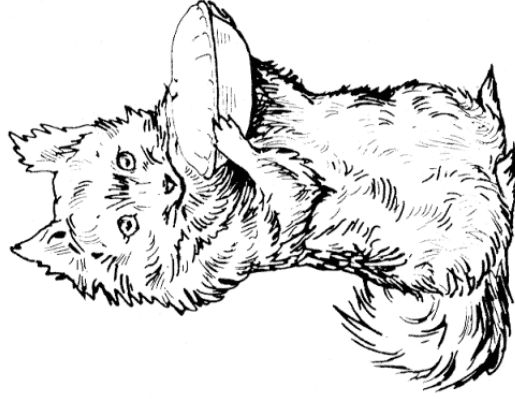
"I am dreadfully afraid it *will* be mouse!" said Duchess to herself—"I really couldn't, *couldn't* eat mouse pie. And I shall have to eat it, because it is a party. And *my* pie was going to be veal and ham. A pink and white pie-dish! and so is mine; just like Ribby's dishes; they were both bought at Tabitha Twitchit's."

Duchess went into her larder and took the pie off a shelf and looked at it.

"It is all ready to put into the oven. Such lovely pie-crust; and I put in a little tin patty-pan to hold up the crust; and I made a hole in the middle with a fork to let out the steam—Oh I do wish I could eat my own pie, instead of a pie made of mouse!"



Duchess considered and considered and read Ribby's letter again—"A pink and white pie-dish—and *you* shall eat it *all*. 'You' means me—then Ribby is not going to even taste the pie herself? A pink and white pie-dish! Ribby is sure to go out to buy the muffins.... Oh what a good idea!



Why shouldn't I rush along and put my pie into Ribby's oven when Ribby isn't there?"

Duchess was quite delighted with her own cleverness!

Ribby in the meantime had received Duchess's answer, and as soon as she was sure that the little dog could come—she popped *her* pie into the oven. There were two ovens, one above the other; some other knobs and handles were only ornamental and not intended to open. Ribby put the pie into the lower oven; the door was very stiff.

"The top oven bakes too quickly," said Ribby to herself. "It is a pie of the most delicate and tender mouse minced up with bacon. And I have taken out all the bones; because Duchess did nearly choke herself with a fish-bone last time I gave a party. She eats a little fast—rather big mouthfuls. But a most genteel and elegant little dog; infinitely superior company to Cousin Tabitha Twitchit."



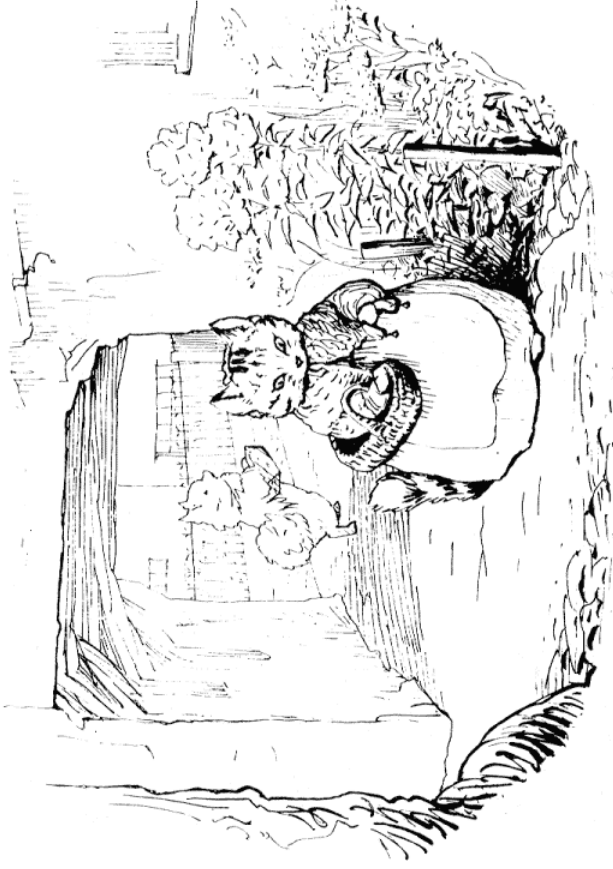
THE PIE MADE OF MOUSE

Ribby put on some coal and swept up the hearth. Then she went out with a can to the well, for water to fill up the kettle.

Then she began to set the room in order, for it was the sitting-room as well as the kitchen. She shook the mats out at the front-door and put them straight; the hearthrug was a rabbit-skin. She dusted the clock and the ornaments on the mantelpiece, and she polished and rubbed the tables and chairs.

Then she spread a very clean white table-cloth, and set out her best china tea-set, which she took out of a wall-cupboard near the fireplace. The tea-cups were white with a pattern of pink roses; and the dinner-plates were white and blue.





When Ribby had laid the table she took a jug and a blue and white dish, and went out down the field to the farm, to fetch milk and butter.

When she came back, she peeped into the bottom oven; the pie looked very comfortable.

Ribby put on her shawl and bonnet and went out again with a basket, to the village shop to buy a packet of tea, a pound of lump sugar, and a pot of marmalade.

And just at the same time, Duchess came out of *her* house, at the other end of the village.



THE VEAL AND HAM PIE

Ribby met Duchess half-way down the street, also carrying a basket, covered with a cloth. They only bowed to one another; they did not speak, because they were going to have a party.

As soon as Duchess had got round the corner out of sight—she simply ran! Straight away to Ribby's house!



Ribby went into the shop and bought what she required, and came out, after a pleasant gossip with Cousin Tabitha Twitchit.

Cousin Tabitha was disdainful afterwards in conversation—

"A little *dog* indeed! Just as if there were no *CATS* in Sawrey! And a *pie* for afternoon tea! The very idea!" said Cousin Tabitha Twitchit.

Ribby went on to Timothy Baker's and bought the muffins. Then she went home.

There seemed to be a sort of scuffling noise in the back passage, as she was coming in at the front door.

"I trust that is not that Pie: the spoons are locked up, however," said Ribby.



WHERE IS THE PIE MADE OF MOUSE?

But there was nobody there. Ribby opened the bottom oven door with some difficulty, and turned the pie. There began to be a pleasing smell of baked mouse!

Duchess in the meantime, had slipped out at the back door.

"It is a very odd thing that Ribby's pie was *not* in the oven when I put mine in! And I can't find it anywhere; I have looked all over the house. I put *my* pie into a nice hot oven at the top. I could not turn any of the other handles; I think that they are all shams," said Duchess, "but I wish I could have removed the pie made of mouse! I cannot think what she has done with it? I heard Ribby coming and I had to run out by the back door!"

Duchess went home and brushed her beautiful black coat; and then she picked a bunch of flowers in her garden as a present for Ribby; and passed the time until the clock struck four.



Ribby—having assured herself by careful search that there was really no one hiding in the cupboard or in the larder—went upstairs to change her dress.

She put on a lilac silk gown, for the party, and an embroidered muslin apron and tippet.

"It is very strange," said Ribby, "I did not *think* I left that drawer pulled out; has somebody been trying on my mittens?"

She came downstairs again, and made the tea, and put the teapot on the hob. She peeped again into the *bottom* oven, the pie had become a lovely brown, and it was steaming hot.



READY FOR THE PARTY

She sat down before the fire to wait for the little dog. "I am glad I used the *bottom* oven," said Ribby, "the top one would certainly have been very much too hot. I wonder why that cupboard door was open? Can there really have been someone in the house?"



Very punctually at four o'clock, Duchess started to go to the party. She ran so fast through the village that she was too early, and she had to wait a little while in the lane that leads down to Ribby's house.

"I wonder if Ribby has taken *my* pie out of the oven yet?" said Duchess, "and whatever can have become of the other pie made of mouse?"

At a quarter past four to the minute, there came a most genteel little tap-tappity. "Is Mrs. Ribston at home?" inquired Duchess in the porch.

**THE TALE OF
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Part II

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BEATRIX POTTER



DUCHESS IN THE PORCH

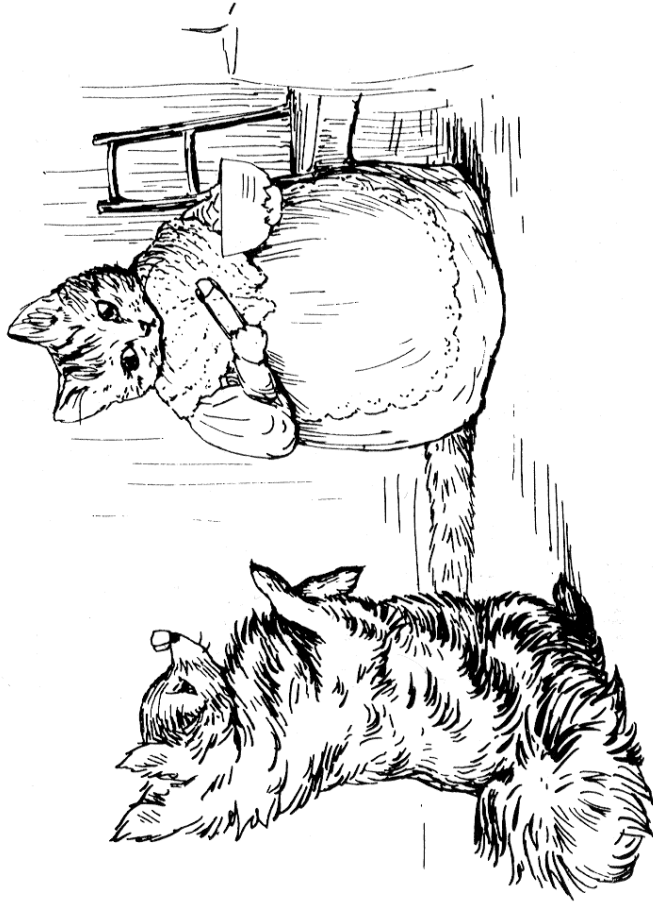
"Come in! and how do you do, my dear Duchess?" cried Ribby.
"I hope I see you well?"

"Quite well, I thank you, and how do *you* do, my dear Ribby?" said Duchess. "I've brought you some flowers; what a delicious smell of pie!"

"Oh, what lovely flowers! Yes, it is mouse and bacon!"

"Do not talk about food, my dear Ribby," said Duchess; "what a lovely white tea-cloth!... Is it done to a turn? Is it still in the oven?"

"I think it wants another five minutes," said Ribby. "Just a shade longer; I will pour out the tea, while we wait.



Do you take sugar, my dear Duchess?"

"Oh yes, please! my dear Ribby; and may I have a lump upon my nose?"

"With pleasure, my dear Duchess; how beautifully you beg! Oh, how sweetly pretty!"

Duchess sat up with the sugar on her nose and sniffed—

"How good that pie smells! I do love veal and ham—I mean to say mouse and bacon—"

She dropped the sugar in confusion, and had to go hunting under the tea-table, so did not see which oven Ribby opened in order to get out the pie.

Ribby set the pie upon the table; there was a very savoury smell.



Duchess came out from under the table-cloth munching sugar, and sat up on a chair.

"I will first cut the pie for you; I am going to have muffin and marmalade," said Ribby.

"Do you really prefer muffin? Mind the patty-pan!"



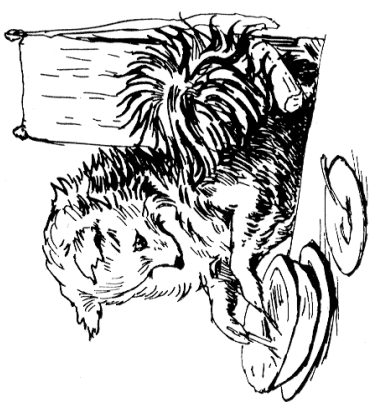
"I beg your pardon?" said Ribby.

"May I pass you the marmalade?" said Duchess hurriedly.

The pie proved extremely toothsome, and the muffins light and hot. They disappeared rapidly, especially the pie!

"I think"—(thought the Duchess to herself)—"I *think* it would be wiser if I helped myself to pie;

though Ribby did not seem to notice anything when she was cutting it. What very small fine pieces it has cooked into! I did not remember that I had minced it up so fine; I suppose this is a quicker oven than my own."



"How fast Duchess is eating!" thought Ribby to herself, as she buttered her fifth muffin.

The pie-dish was emptying rapidly! Duchess had had four helps already, and was fumbling with the spoon. "A little more bacon, my dear Duchess?" said Ribby.

"Thank you, my dear Ribby; I was only feeling for the patty-pan."

"The patty-pan? my dear Duchess?"

"I don't think that it is necessary in pies made of mouse." Duchess fumbled with the spoon—"I can't find it!" she said anxiously.

"There isn't a patty-pan," said Ribby, looking perplexed.



"Yes, indeed, my dear Ribby; where can it have gone to?" said Duchess.

"There most certainly is not one, my dear Duchess. I disapprove of tin articles in puddings and pies. It is most undesirable—(especially when people swallow in lumps!)" she added in a lower voice.

Duchess looked very much alarmed, and continued to scoop the inside of the pie-dish.



WHERE IS THE PATTY-PAN ?

"The patty-pan that held up the pie-crust," said Duchess, blushing under her black coat.

"Oh, I didn't put one in, my dear Duchess," said Ribby;

"My Great-aunt Squintina (grandmother of Cousin Tabitha Twitchit)—died of a thimble in a Christmas plum-pudding. *I* never put any article of metal in *my* puddings or pies."

Duchess looked aghast, and tilted up the pie-dish.

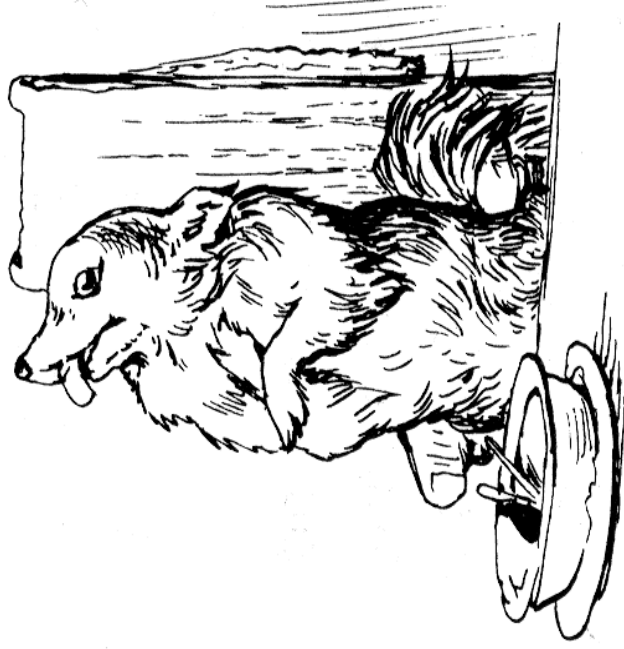
"I have only four patty-pans, and they are all in the cupboard."

Duchess set up a howl.

"I shall die! I shall die! I have swallowed a patty-pan! Oh, my dear Ribby, I do feel so ill!"

"It is impossible, my dear Duchess; there was not a patty-pan."

Duchess moaned and whined and rocked herself about.



"Oh I feel so dreadful, I have swallowed a patty-pan!"

"There was *nothing* in the pie," said Ribby severely.

"Yes there *was*, my dear Ribby, I am sure I have swallowed it!"

"Let me prop you up with a pillow, my dear Duchess; where do you think you feel it?"

"Oh I do feel so ill *all over* me, my dear Ribby; I have swallowed a large tin patty-pan with a sharp scalloped edge!"

"Shall I run for the doctor? I will just lock up the spoons!"

"Oh yes, yes! fetch Dr. Maggotty, my dear Ribby: he is a Pie himself, he will certainly understand."

Ribby settled Duchess in an armchair before the fire, and went out and hurried to the village to look for the doctor.

She found him at the smithy.

He was occupied in putting rusty nails into a bottle of ink, which he had obtained at the post office.

"Gammon? ha! HA!" said he, with his head on one side. Ribby explained that her guest had swallowed a patty-pan.



DR. MAGGOTTY'S MIXTURE

"Spinach? ha! HA!" said he, and accompanied her with alacrity.

He hopped so fast that Ribby had to run. It was most conspicuous. All the village could see that Ribby was fetching the doctor.

"I *knew* they would over-eat themselves!" said Cousin Tabitha Twitchit.

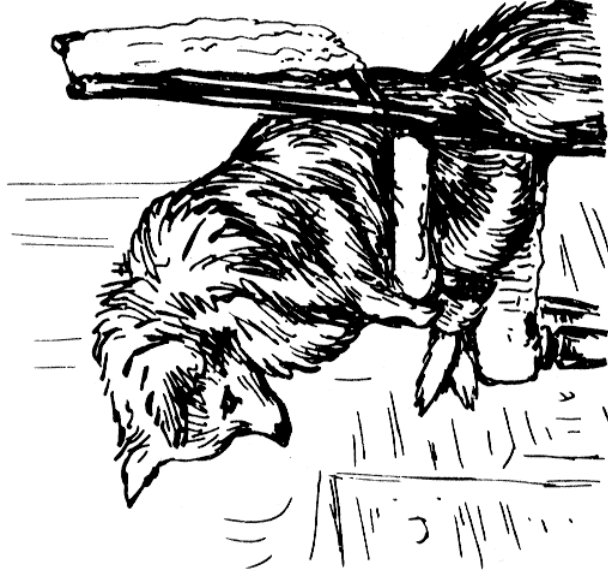


But while Ribby had been hunting for the doctor—a curious thing had happened to Duchess, who had been left by herself, sitting before the fire, sighing and groaning and feeling very unhappy.

"How *could* I have swallowed it! such a large thing as a patty-pan!"

She got up and went to the table, and felt inside the pie-dish again with a spoon.

"No; there is no patty-pan, and I put one in; and nobody has eaten pie except me, so I must have swallowed it!"

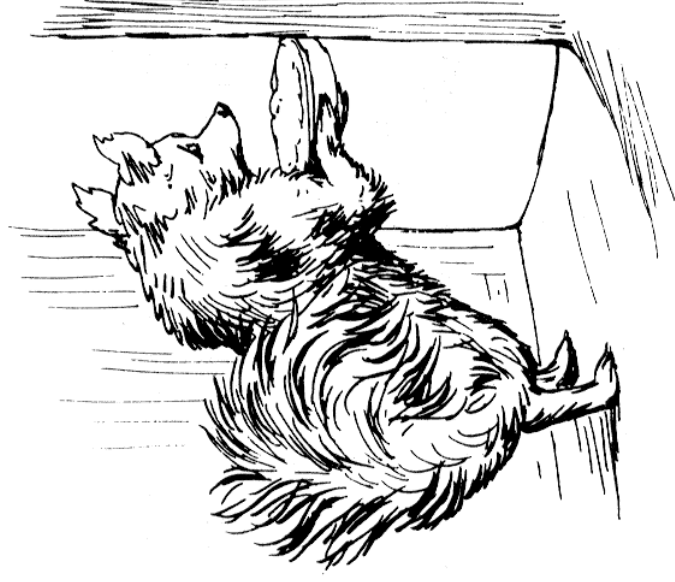


She sat down again, and stared mournfully at the grate. The fire crackled and danced, and something sizz-z-zled!

Duchess started! She opened the door of the *top* oven; out came a rich steamy flavour of veal and ham, and there stood a fine brown pie,—and through a hole in the top of the pie-crust there was a glimpse of a little tin patty-pan!

Duchess drew a long breath—

"Then I must have been eating **MOUSE!**... No wonder I feel ill.... But perhaps I should feel worse if I had really swallowed a patty-pan!" Duchess reflected—"What a very awkward thing to have to explain to Ribby!"



I think I will put *my* pie in the back-yard and say nothing about it. When I go home, I will run round and take it away." She put it outside the back-door, and sat down again by the fire, and shut her eyes; when Ribby arrived with the doctor, she seemed fast asleep.

"Gammon, ha, HA?" said the doctor.

"I am feeling very much better," said Duchess, waking up with a jump.

"I am truly glad to hear it! He has brought you a pill, my dear Duchess!"

"I think I should feel *quite* well if he only felt my pulse," said Duchess, backing away from the magpie, who sidled up with something in his beak.

"It is only a bread pill, you had much better take it; drink a little milk, my dear Duchess!"

"Gammon? Gammon?" said the doctor, while Duchess coughed and choked



"Don't say that again!" said Ribby, losing her temper—"Here, take this bread and jam, and get out into the yard!"

"Gammon and Spinach! ha ha HA!" shouted Dr. Maggotty triumphantly outside the back door.

"I am feeling very much better my dear Ribby," said Duchess. "Do you not think that I had better go home before it gets dark?"

"Perhaps it might be wise, my dear Duchess. I will lend you a nice warm shawl, and you shall take my arm."

"I would not trouble you for worlds; I feel wonderfully better. One pill of Dr. Maggotty—"

"Indeed it is most admirable, if it has cured you of a patty-pan! I will call directly after breakfast to ask how you have slept."

Ribby and Duchess said goodbye affectionately, and Duchess started home. Half-way up the lane she stopped and looked back; Ribby had gone in and shut her door. Duchess slipped through the fence, and ran round to the back of Ribby's house, and peeped into the yard.

Monday Literature

Upon the roof of the pig-stye sat Dr. Maggoty and three jackdaws. The jackdaws were eating pie-crust, and the magpie was drinking gravy out of a patty-pan.

"Gammon, ha, HA!" he shouted when he saw Duchess's little black nose peeping round the corner.

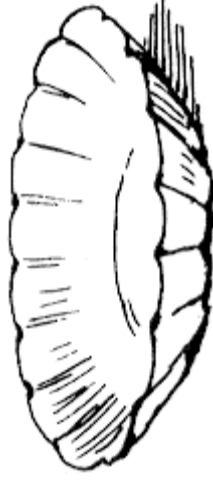
Duchess ran home feeling uncommonly silly!

When Ribby came out for a pailful of water to wash up the tea-things, she found a pink and white pie-dish lying smashed in the middle of the yard. The patty-pan was under the pump, where Dr. Maggoty had considerably left it.



SO THERE REALLY WAS A PATTY-PAN

Ribby stared with amazement—"Did you ever see the like! so there really *was* a patty-pan?... But *my* patty-pans are all in the kitchen cupboard. Well I never did!... Next time I want to give a party—I will invite Cousin Tabitha Twitchit!"





The Tale of the Pie and the Patty-Pan SAMPLE

Characters

Ribby

Duchess

Duchess does not want to eat mouse pie! What could Duchess have said to Ribby? _____ Duchess could have told her friend Ribby that she did not

care for mouse pie.

What did Duchess do to avoid eating mouse pie?

Duchess snuck into Ribby's house

to sneak her own pie in Ribby's oven.

Draw a picture!

What is the lesson of this story?

The moral of the story is to always be honest with your friends.

The Parts of Speech Poem

Every name is called a **NOUN**,
As freedom, pencil, Texas, clown.



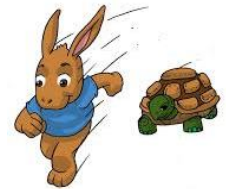
In place of a noun the **PRONOUN** stands,
As she and he can clap their hands.

An **ADJECTIVE** describes a noun,
Like small, tall, sad, glad, brown.



A **VERB** mean action something done,
To read, to write, to jump, to run.

How things are done, the **ADVERB** tells,
Quickly, slowly, badly, well.



! An **INTERJECTION** cries out HARK!!!
I need an exclamation mark!!

Through poetry we learn how each,
Of these make up the PARTS OF SPEECH.

Math: Monday
Coin Flash Cards



How Do I Get Oxygen?

① My body needs a special kind of gas called oxygen. Oxygen is in air. I get oxygen when I breathe.

④ I breathe air in through my nose. Hairs and sticky mucus inside my nose keep the dust and dirt from getting into my lungs.

Air goes down my windpipe. My windpipe has smaller branches that end in my lungs. Oxygen is taken into my lungs when I breathe in.

② My lungs don't have muscles. I breathe by changing the size of my chest. When I inhale (make my chest bigger), air comes into my body.

③ When I exhale (make my chest smaller), air is pushed out. This is breathing. I keep breathing even when I am asleep.

1. How do I get oxygen?

I get oxygen when I breathe in.

2. What happens when I inhale?

When I inhale, air comes in.

3. What happens when I exhale?

When I exhale, air is pushed out.

4. What keeps dirt and dust from getting into my lungs?

Hairs and sticky mucus stop dirt and dust from getting into my lungs.

Vocabulary and Phrases

Spanish W3 Weekly Teacher Notes

mi casa **mi apartamento**
my house my apartment

¿ **Dónde está** _____? (insert vocabulary words for the door, the window and the roof)
Where is the _____?

Example

¿**Dónde está la puerta?** **Where is the door?**

la puerta **la ventana** **el techo**
the door the window the roof

¿ **Cuántas** _____ **hay?** (insert vocabulary words for doors and windows)
How many _____ are there?

Example

En mi casa hay dos baños. (In my house there are two bathrooms.)

puertas **ventanas**
doors windows

¿**De qué color es?** (Point to the door, window or roof?)
What color is it?

¿**De qué color es la casa?**
What color is the house?

¿**De qué color es el apartamento?**
What color is the apartment?

Monday

- Walk around your house (apartment).
- Point to the door and say *la puerta*.
- Have your student repeat, "la puerta."
- Do the same for the windows and the roof.
- Then ask your student specific questions about your house (apartment): ¿De qué color es la casa (apartamento)?, ¿Dónde está la puerta?, ¿Dónde está la ventana?, ¿Dónde está el techo? ¿Cuántas ventanas hay? and ¿Cuántas puertas hay?
- Each time you ask a question, reinforce your student's responses

Wednesday

- Review Monday's lesson
- *Mi casa (apartamento)* activity:
 - Tell your student they are going to draw a picture of their house (apartment).
- As your student draws, have your student answer some of the questions from Monday's lesson. Encourage them to be as descriptive as possible and to use the vocabulary and phrases from the teacher notes.

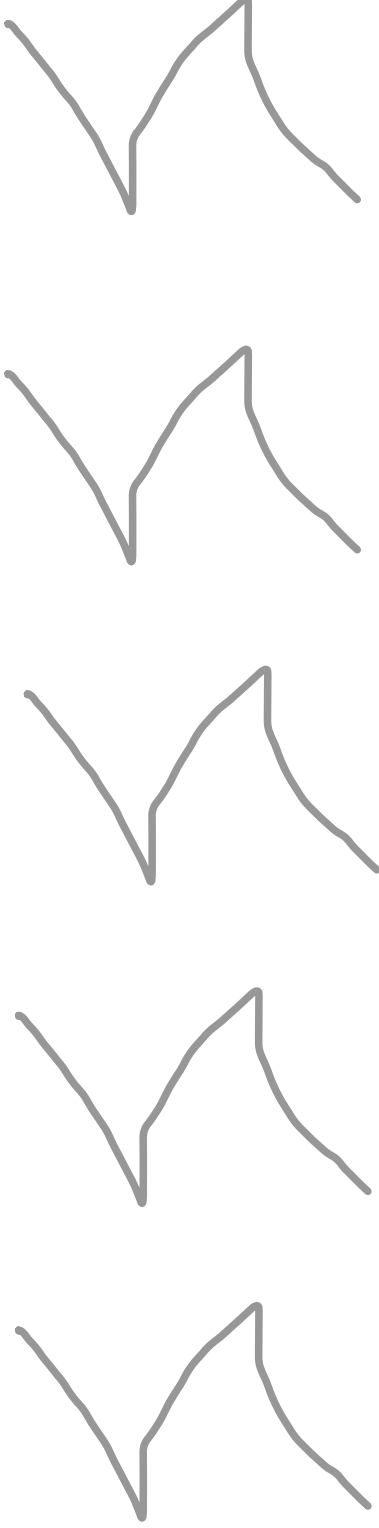
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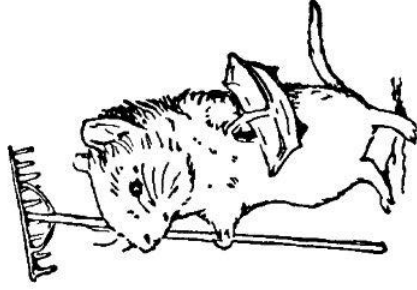
Practice writing a Quarter Rest:



The Tale Of Johnny Town- mouse

By Beatrix Potter

Author of "The Tale of Peter Rabbit," &c.



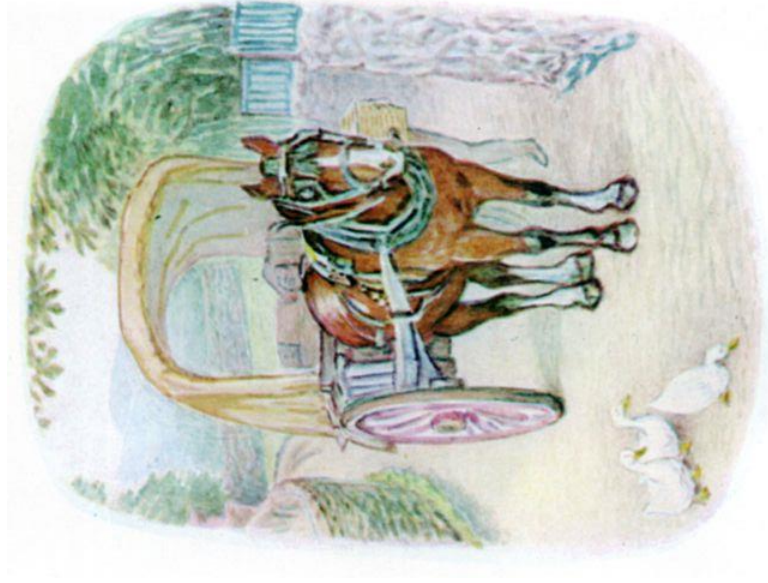
Frederick Warne & Co., Inc.
New York
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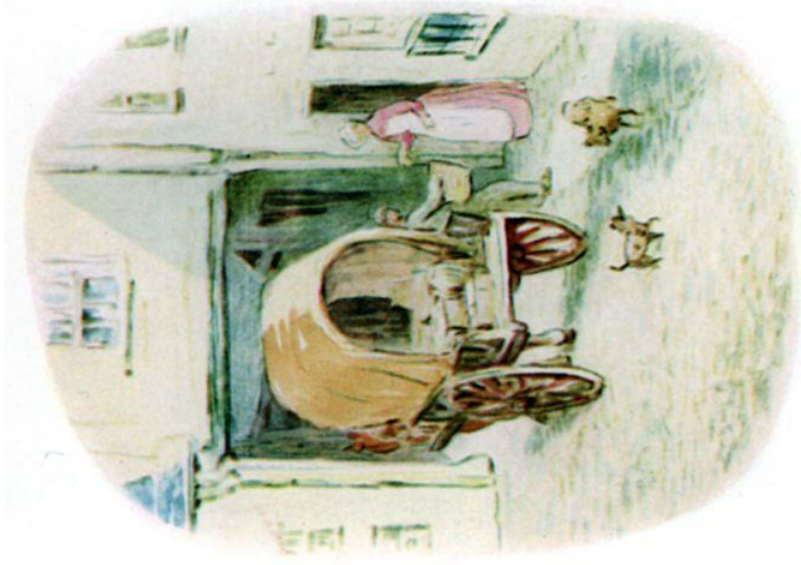
Johnny Town-mouse was born in a cupboard. Timmy Willie was born in a garden. Timmy Willie was a little country mouse who went to town by mistake in a hamper. The gardener sent vegetables to town once a week by carrier; he packed them in a big hamper.



The gardener left the hamper by the garden gate, so that the carrier could pick it up when he passed. Timmy Willie crept in through a hole in the wicker-work, and after eating some peas—Timmy Willie fell fast asleep.



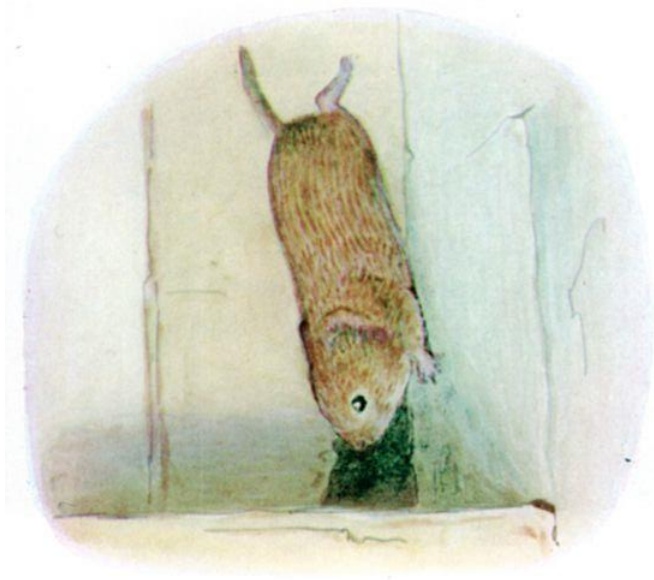
He awoke in a fright, while the hamper was being lifted into the carrier's cart. Then there was a jolting, and a clattering of horse's feet; other packages were thrown in; for miles and miles—jolt—jolt—jolt! and Timmy Willie trembled amongst the jumbled up vegetables.



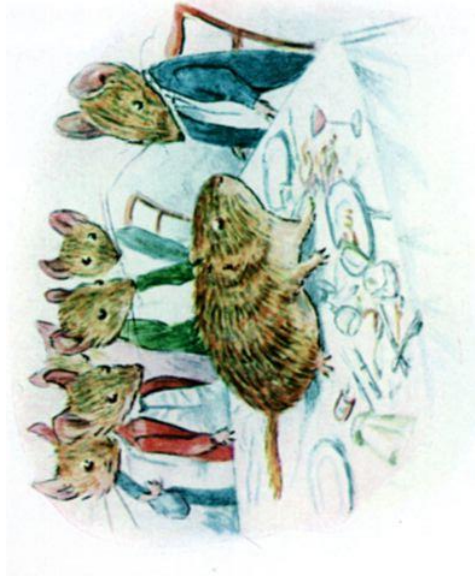
At last the cart stopped at a house, where the hamper was taken out, carried in, and set down. The cook gave the carrier sixpence; the back door banged, and the cart rumbled away. But there was no quiet; there seemed to be hundreds of carts passing. Dogs barked; boys whistled in the street; the cook laughed, the parlour maid ran up and down-stairs; and a canary sang like a steam engine.



Timmy Willie, who had lived all his life in a garden, was almost frightened to death. Presently the cook opened the hamper and began to unpack the vegetables. Out sprang the terrified Timmy Willie.



Up jumped the cook on a chair, exclaiming "A mouse! A mouse! Call the cat! Fetch me the poker, Sarah!" Timmy Willie did not wait for Sarah with the poker; he rushed along the skirting board till he came to a little hole, and in he popped.



He dropped half a foot, and crashed into the middle of a mouse dinner party, breaking three glasses. — "Who in the world is this?" inquired Johnny Townmouse. But after the first exclamation of surprise he instantly recovered his manners.

With the utmost politeness he introduced Timmy Willie to nine other mice, all with long tails and white neckties. Timmy Willie's own tail was insignificant. Johnny Town-mouse and his friends noticed it; but they were too well bred to make personal remarks; only one of them asked Timmy Willie if he had ever been in a trap?



The dinner was of eight courses; not much of anything, but truly elegant. All the dishes were unknown to Timmy Willie, who would have been a little afraid of tasting them; only he was very hungry, and very anxious to behave with company manners. The continual noise upstairs made him so nervous, that he dropped a plate. "Never mind, they don't belong to us," said Johnny.



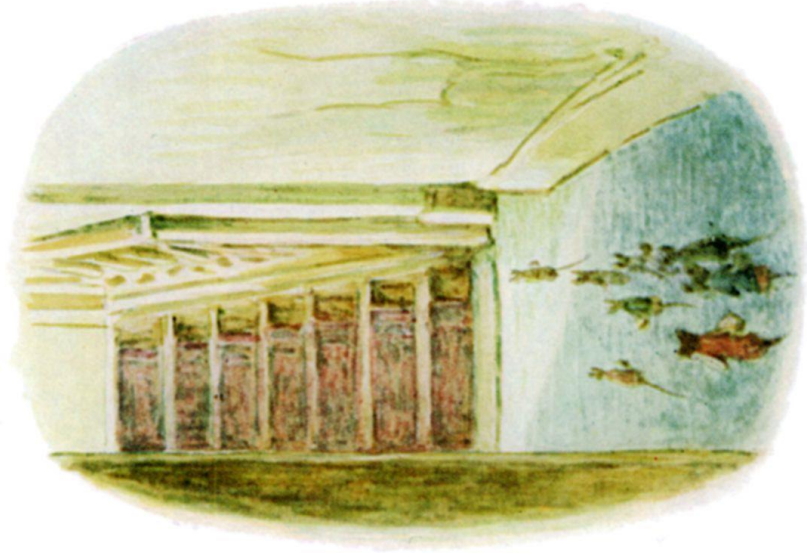
"Why don't those youngsters come back with the dessert?" It should be explained that two young mice, who were waiting on the others, went skirmishing upstairs to the kitchen between courses. Several times they had come tumbling in, squeaking and laughing; Timmy Willie learnt with horror that they were being chased by the cat. His appetite failed, he felt faint. "Try some jelly?" said Johnny Town-mouse.



"No? Would you rather go to bed? I will show you a most comfortable sofa pillow."

The sofa pillow had a hole in it. Johnny Town-mouse quite honestly recommended it as the best bed, kept exclusively for visitors. But the sofa smelt of cat. Timmy Willie preferred to spend a miserable night under the fender.

It was just the same next day. An excellent breakfast was provided—for mice accustomed to eat bacon; but Timmy Willie had been reared on roots and salad. Johnny Town-mouse and his friends racketted about under the floors, and came boldly out all over the house in the evening. One particularly loud crash had been caused by Sarah tumbling downstairs with the teatray; there were crumbs and sugar and smears of jam to be collected, in spite of the cat.



Timmy Willie longed to be at home in his peaceful nest in a sunny bank. The food disagreed with him; the noise prevented him from sleeping. In a few days he grew so thin that Johnny Town-mouse noticed it, and questioned him. He listened to Timmy Willie's story and inquired about the garden. "It sounds rather a dull place? What do you do when it rains?"

PERSON → PRONOUN

Circle the correct word



He

She



He

She



He

She



He

She



He

She



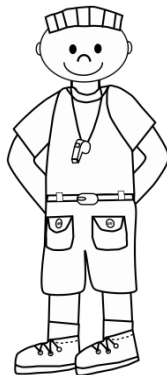
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He

She



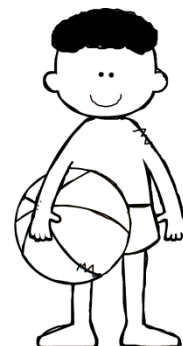
He

She



He

She



He

She

My Brain and Nerves

①

I could not live without my brain. It is the most important part of me. It makes my whole body work.

②

My brain tells my nerves what to do. Nerves carry messages to and from my brain. My nerves go down my spine. They go to each part of my body. The messages tell each part what to do.

My brain is protected by a hard skull. It is protected by a layer of liquid too.

③

My brain has three parts. One part keeps my body alive. It keeps my lungs breathing and my heart beating. Another part of my brain helps me keep my balance. The biggest part of my brain I use whenever I see, hear, touch, speak, or move my muscles. I also use the biggest part of my brain to think!

④

1. What keeps me alive?

My brain keeps me alive.

2. What helps my brain?






My nerves work together with my brain.

3. How many parts are in my brain?

I have 3 parts in my brain.

4. What do the parts of my brain do?

They help me stay alive, balance, and

with my senses     

FIRST GRADE ART – T. NORTHWAY

Distance Learning: Spring 2020

Week 3

Tuesday April 7

Goal/Objective:

Finish OVERLAPPING HOUSES PROJECT if you are still working on it.....

AND Begin your Tuesday Bellwork Routine.

I will post your FINISHED work on my blog, if you email a picture to me. Photograph work on top of a dark surface or on black paper.

Image Address for inspiration: Lorenzetti

[https://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/3/36/Ambrogio Lorenzetti - Effects of Good Government on the City Life %28detail%29 - WGA13488.jpg](https://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/3/36/Ambrogio_Lorenzetti_-_Effects_of_Good_Government_on_the_City_Life_%28detail%29_-_WGA13488.jpg)

You may not have time to draw bellwork this week.

However.....

at the very minimum, I would like for you to do your one minute of **SILENT LOOKING on BOTH Tuesday and Thursday--PLEASE :)**

Tuesday Bellwork Image Address:

[1963.12 dufy.jpg](#)



“Golfe Juan” (1927) - Artist: Raoul Dufy, French, 1877-1953

Thursday, April 9

Goal/Objective:

Finish OVERLAPPING HOUSES PROJECT if you are still working on it.....

AND Begin your Thursday Bellwork Routine.

You may not have time to draw bellwork this week.

However

.....at the very minimum, I would like for you to do your one minute of **SILENT LOOKING on BOTH Tuesday and Thursday--PLEASE :)**

Thursday Bellwork Image Address:

[1980.7.27 dufy.jpg](#)



“Peacock” (1910) - Artist: Raoul Dufy, French, 1877-1953

FIRST GRADE ART – T. NORTHWAY

Distance Learning: Spring 2020

Week 3

(PA) Step 1:

Additional Instructions on my blog:
<https://ghnoartk-3.blogspot.com>

- Open the Image link above:
- Look at the image silently with your Art Scholar for at least 1 minute. Set a timer for one minute without talking or questions.
 - Ask your scholar to hold questions and comments to themselves for just one minute.
- After time is up, begin discussing what it is that you both **SEE**.

You are looking for how the artist used, or if the artist used some or all of *The Elements of Art - Line, Shape, Space, Texture, Form, Value, Color*

- https://www.getty.edu/education/teachers/building_lessons/elements_art.pdf
- These observations and discussions naturally lead to discovery, personal opinion (THINK) and inquiry (WONDER).*

(PA) Step 1:

Additional Instructions on my blog:
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- These observations and discussions naturally lead to discovery, personal opinion (THINK) and inquiry (WONDER).*

(PA) Step 2

Set up work table with the following materials:

- 8 ½ x 11" **THICK** paper such as cardstock, inside of cereal box or poster board (*watercolor or mixed media paper, if possible*)
- Colored Pencils, Crayons, Extra Fine Sharpie Marker, Watercolors
- Open window on computer with Tuesday Bellwork image:
- Mrs. Northway's Blog
<https://ghnoartk-3.blogspot.com/2020/03/week-1extended-spring-break.html>

(PA) Step 2

Set up work table with the following materials:

- 8 ½ x 11" **THICK** paper such as cardstock, inside of cereal box or poster board (*watercolor or mixed media paper, if possible*)
- Colored Pencils, Crayons, Extra Fine Sharpie Marker, Watercolors
- Open window on computer with Thursday Bellwork image:
- Mrs. Northway's Blog
<https://ghnoartk-3.blogspot.com/2020/03/week-1extended-spring-break.html>

FIRST GRADE ART – T. NORTHWAY

Distance Learning: Spring 2020

Week 3

(PA) Step 3

BELLWORK FOR WEEK 3: This artwork is in the collection of the McNay Art Museum:

<https://collection.mcnayart.org/objects/1472>

PREPARE PAPER FOR DAILY DRAWING:

- ☐ *A quick way to prepare paper is to adjust the size of the art image on screen and then hold your paper up to the computer monitor. Mark the paper edges to match the proportions.*

I will provide a video demonstration FOR PROJECT 3 AND BELLWORK in Week 3 of my blog.

<https://ghnoartk-3.blogspot.com>

(PA) Step 3

BELLWORK FOR WEEK 3: This artwork is in the collection of the McNay Art Museum:

<https://collection.mcnayart.org/objects/3089>

PREPARE PAPER FOR DAILY DRAWING:

- ☐ *A quick way to prepare paper is to adjust the size of the art image on screen and then hold your paper up to the computer monitor. Mark the paper edges to match the proportions.*

I will provide a video demonstration FOR PROJECT 3 AND BELLWORK in Week 3 of my blog.

<https://ghnoartk-3.blogspot.com>



Playing Card Fitness



Directions: Place a deck of playing cards on a table or the floor. Make sure you enough space to perform exercises safely. You can play individually , with a partner, or as a family. Take one card at a time and perform the exercise the number of times on the card. (Example: 4 of hearts, perform exercise 4 times.) All face cards count as 10, Ace is Wild Cards and you may choose your exercise and how many times to perform.

Here are some examples:



Jumping Jacks

Elbow Plank Up/Down

Hop on 1 Foot



Ski Jumps

Jog in Place

Invisible Jump Rope



Push-ups

Curl-Ups

Side Plank



Squats

Squat Jumps

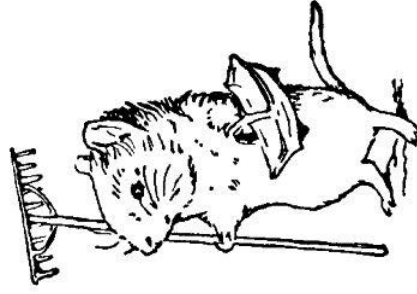
Tree Pose

The Tale Of Johnny Town-mouse

Part II

By Beatrix Potter

Author of "*The Tale of Peter Rabbit*," &c.



Frederick Warne & Co., Inc.
New York
1918



"When it rains, I sit in my little sandy burrow and shell corn and seeds from my Autumn store. I peep out at the throistles and blackbirds on the lawn, and my friend Cock Robin. And when the sun comes out again, you should see my garden and the flowers—roses and pinks and pansies—no noise except the birds and bees, and the lambs in the meadows."

"There goes that cat again!" exclaimed Johnny Town-mouse. When they had taken refuge in the coal-cellar he resumed the conversation; "I confess I am a little disappointed; we have endeavoured to entertain you, Timothy William."

"Oh yes, yes, you have been most kind; but I do feel so ill," said Timmy Willie.



"It may be that your teeth and digestion are unaccustomed to our food; perhaps it might be wiser for you to return in the hamper."

"Oh? Oh!" cried Timmy Willie.

"Why of course for the matter of that we could have sent you back last week," said Johnny rather huffily—"did you not know that the hamper goes back empty on Saturdays?"

Sometimes on Saturdays he went to look at the hamper lying by the gate, but he knew better than to get in again. And nobody got out, though Johnny Town-mouse had half promised a visit.



So Timmy Willie said good-bye to his new friends, and hid in the hamper with a crumb of cake and a withered cabbage leaf; and after much jolting, he was set down safely in his own garden.





The winter passed; the sun came out again; Timmy Willie sat by his burrow warming his little fur coat and sniffing the smell of violets and spring grass. He had nearly forgotten his visit to town. When up the sandy path all spick and span with a brown leather bag came Johnny Town-mouse!

Timmy Willie received him with open arms. "You have come at the best of all the year, we will have herb pudding and sit in the sun."

"H'm'm! it is a little damp," said Johnny Town-mouse, who was carrying his tail under his arm, out of the mud.





"What is that fearful noise?" he started violently.

"That?" said Timmy Willie, "that is only a cow; I will beg a little milk, they are quite harmless, unless they happen to lie down upon you. How are all our friends?"



Johnny's account was rather middling. He explained why he was paying his visit so early in the season; the family had gone to the sea-side for Easter; the cook was doing spring cleaning, on board wages, with particular instructions to clear out the mice. There were four kittens, and the cat had killed the canary.



"They say we did it; but I know better," said Johnny Town-mouse. "Whatever is that fearful racket?"

"That is only the lawn-mower; I will fetch some of the grass clippings presently to make your bed. I am sure you had better settle in the country, Johnny."

"H'm'm—we shall see by Tuesday week; the hamper is stopped while they are at the sea-side."

"I am sure you will never want to live in town again," said Timmy Willie.





But he did. He went back in the very next hamper of vegetables; he said it was too quiet!!

One place suits one person, another place suits another person. For my part I prefer to live in the country, like Timmy Willie.



PERSON → PRONOUN

Circle the correct word



him

her



him

her



him

her



him

her



him

her



him

her



him

her



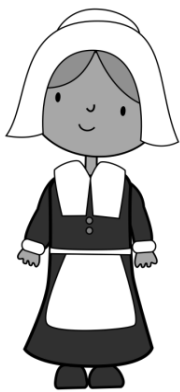
him

her



him

her



him

her



him

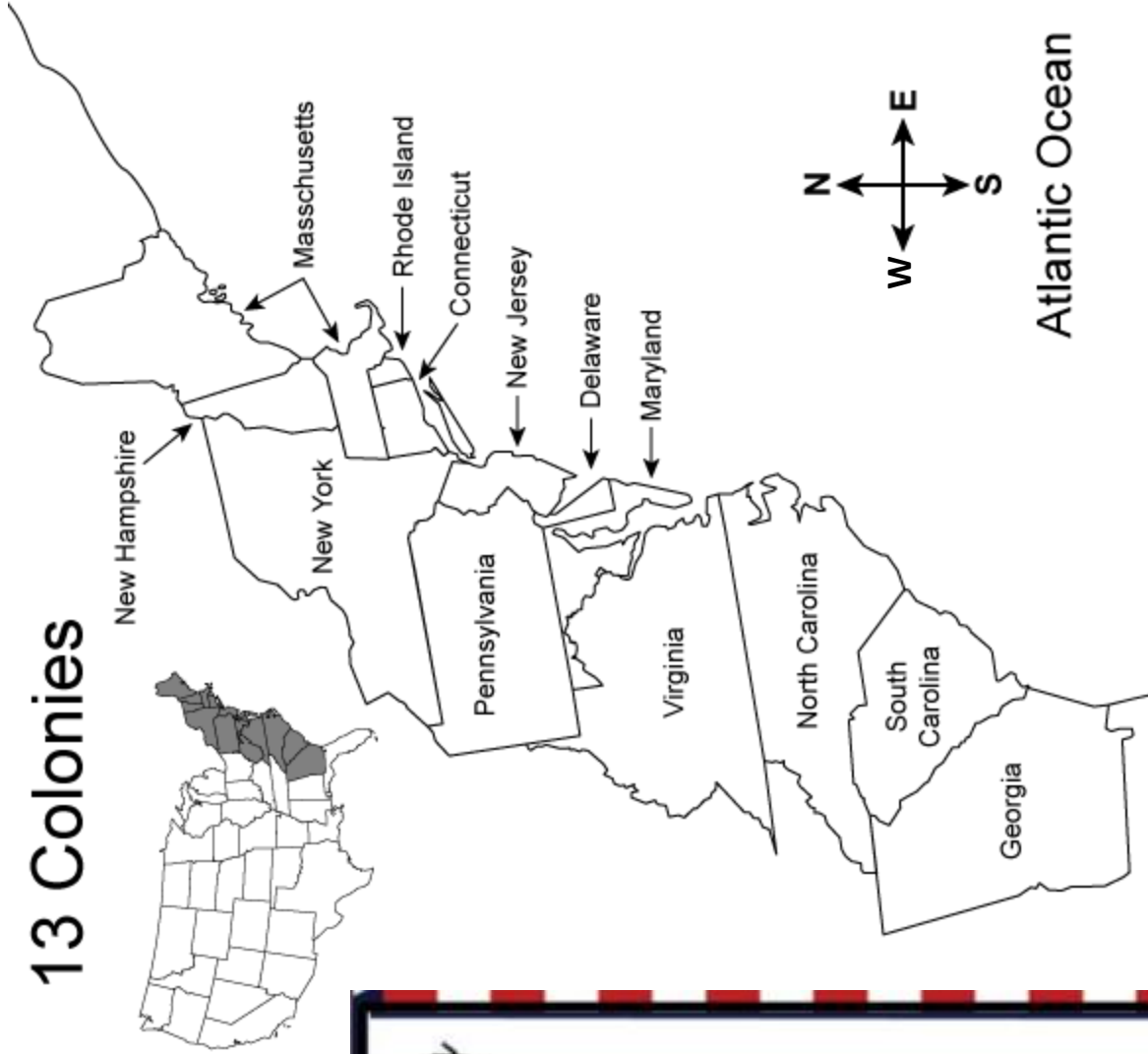
her



him

her

13 Colonies



the 13 colonies song

**TO THE TUNE OF
YANKEE DOODLE:**

**MASSACHUSETTS,
NEW HAMPSHIRE,
RHODE ISLAND,
NEW YORK!**

**CONNECTICUT,
PENNSYLVANIA,
NEW JERSEY,
DELAWARE,**

**MARYLAND,
VIRGINIA,
NORTH CAROLINA,
SOUTH CAROLINA,
AND GEORGIA!**

THOSE WERE THE 13 COLONIES!

The Shot Heard Round the World

Read Aloud 3 (History)
Wednesday, April 8, 2020



After the Boston Tea Party, King George sent thousands of British soldiers to Boston to make sure the colonists **obeyed** the king's orders.¹ They swarmed the streets of the city in their fancy red uniforms with shiny buttons, earning themselves the name of Redcoats. They carried weapons with them everywhere they went. This made the people of Boston very angry. The city no longer felt like home to them. They did not know whom to trust. **Spies**² spread out all over the city—British soldiers disguised as colonists, and colonists disguised as British soldiers. There was lots of whispering in the streets as people kept secrets from one another. It was not very pleasant and even a little scary.



3A-2

Paul Revere was a silversmith living in Boston. As a silversmith, he was kept quite busy making and repairing silver dinnerware, candlesticks, and jewelry. A sign with a silver pitcher hung outside his shop on the town square.³ One day, the door to his shop flew open and a friend rushed over to Revere's side. The two men were both members of the Sons of Liberty, the group of Patriots who had emptied tea into Boston's harbor.

Ever since the Boston Tea Party, the colonists of Massachusetts had been hiding weapons, gunpowder, and cannonballs in neighboring towns. The British, afraid the colonists might be planning to attack them, captured the weapons whenever they learned where they were hidden.⁴



3A-3

Now, as the two men huddled together in the back of Revere’s shop, his friend whispered that the British were planning to raid the colonists’ storehouse of weapons in the town of Concord. The British were to travel that night, he said, but nobody knew whether they would march there by land or choose the shorter route and sail on a boat by sea. The Patriots knew they must somehow warn the **militia** in Concord.⁵

Revere asked a friend to spy on⁶ the British to discover the soldiers’ plans. Then he arranged for a **signal** to be given, a secret code, to let him know the answer to his question. His friend was to climb up the bell tower of the Old North Church. “Light one lantern and hang it in the **belfry**⁷ if the British are traveling on foot by land,” Revere told his friend. “But if they are traveling on a boat by sea, hang two lanterns.”



That night, after dark, Paul Revere left his family and crept down to the banks of the Charles River. He quietly rowed his boat across the river to a spot where fellow Patriots waited with a horse, saddled and ready to go. Mounting the horse, Paul Revere watched the church, waiting patiently for a signal. It wasn't long before he spotted a light in the tower. One light. Then two. "Ah," he said to himself, "just as I thought. They've chosen the quickest way, by water, where fewer people are apt, or able, to see them. Then I shall go by land, arriving before they do." Tipping his hat in thanks to the Patriots, he sped away.



3A-5

As he galloped through towns along the way, Revere shouted to the colonists in their beds, “The Redcoats are coming! The Redcoats are coming!” All around him, shutters were thrown open as people began waking in the middle of the night.

When Revere reached the town of Lexington with word of the approaching British troops, men hurried from their homes, joining one another with their muskets in the middle of the town. These men, known as Minutemen because they were expected to be ready to fight at a minute’s notice, slept with their muskets and gunpowder beside their beds.



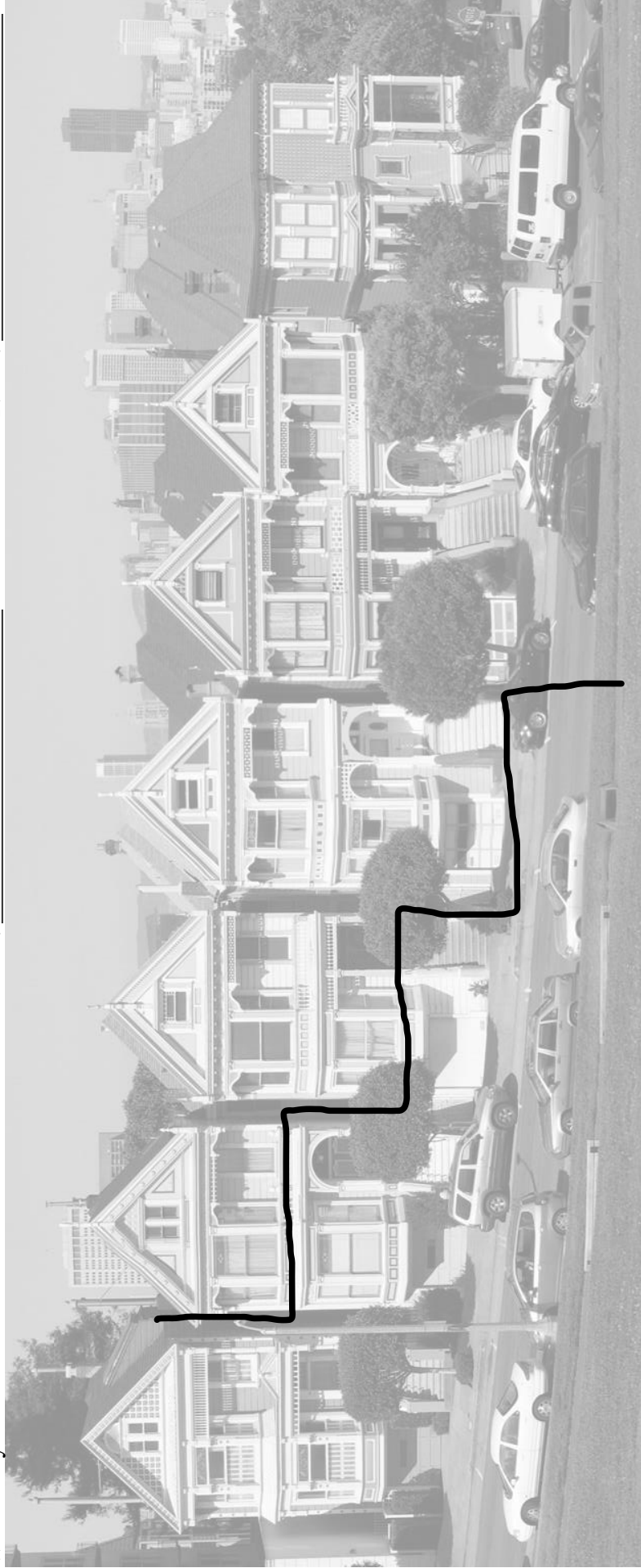
At dawn, the British reached Lexington. The Minutemen were farmers and shopkeepers, **volunteers** for their country, not trained soldiers.⁸ They looked ragged next to the well-dressed British soldiers, or Redcoats. In the confusion of the early morning hours, a shot was fired. Others fired back, and fighting continued throughout the morning. Finally, Minutemen were able to force the British to return to Boston, firing at them from behind rocks, trees, and fences all along the way. To this day, no one knows who fired the first shot that day. Nerves had been on edge since the Boston Tea Party, so it is not surprising that guns went off.

That first shot was the beginning of a long war between the British and their American colonies. It is known as “the shot heard round the world” because, not only did it change life in the colonies, but it also changed things around the world in Great Britain, all the way across the Atlantic Ocean.⁹ That long war became known as the Revolutionary War. Could it be that “the shot heard round the world” rang out so loudly from the Massachusetts colony that it actually reached King George’s ears that April morning? What do you think?¹⁰

Wednesday

Date: _____

Name: _____



[This Photo](#) by Unknown Author is licensed under [CC BY-SA](#)

Draw a note to represent **Mi** next to the **So** I have provided:
Remember, if So is on a line, Mi is on the next line down. If So is on a space, Mi is on the next space down.

Handwriting practice lines for the note **Mi**. The first line shows a solid black dot on the top line, representing the letter 'M'. The second line shows a solid black dot on the middle line, representing the letter 'i'.

Blank handwriting practice lines for the note **Mi**, consisting of five horizontal lines.

Handwriting practice lines for the note **Mi**. The first line shows a solid black dot on the middle line, representing the letter 'M'. The second line shows a solid black dot on the bottom line, representing the letter 'i'.

Blank handwriting practice lines for the note **Mi**, consisting of five horizontal lines.

The Town Mouse & the Country Mouse

A Town Mouse once visited a relative who lived in the country. For lunch the Country Mouse served wheat stalks, roots, and acorns, with a dash of cold water for drink. The Town Mouse ate very sparingly, nibbling a little of this and a little of that, and by her manner making it very plain that she ate the simple food only to be polite.

After the meal the friends had a long talk, or rather the Town Mouse talked about her life in the city while the Country Mouse listened. They then went to bed in a cozy nest in the hedgerow and slept in quiet and comfort until morning. In her sleep the Country Mouse dreamed she was a Town Mouse with all the luxuries and delights of city life that her friend had described for her. So the next day when the Town Mouse asked the Country Mouse to go home with her to the city, she gladly said yes.

When they reached the mansion in which the Town Mouse lived, they found on the table in the dining room the leavings of a very fine banquet. There were sweetmeats and jellies, pastries, delicious cheeses, indeed, the most tempting foods that a Mouse can imagine. But just as the Country Mouse was about to nibble a dainty bit of pastry, she heard a Cat mew loudly and scratch at the door. In great fear the Mice scurried to a hiding place, where they lay quite still for a long time, hardly daring to breathe. When at last they ventured back to the feast, the door opened suddenly and in came the servants to clear the table, followed by the House Dog.



The Country Mouse stopped in the Town Mouse's den only long enough to pick up her carpet bag and umbrella.

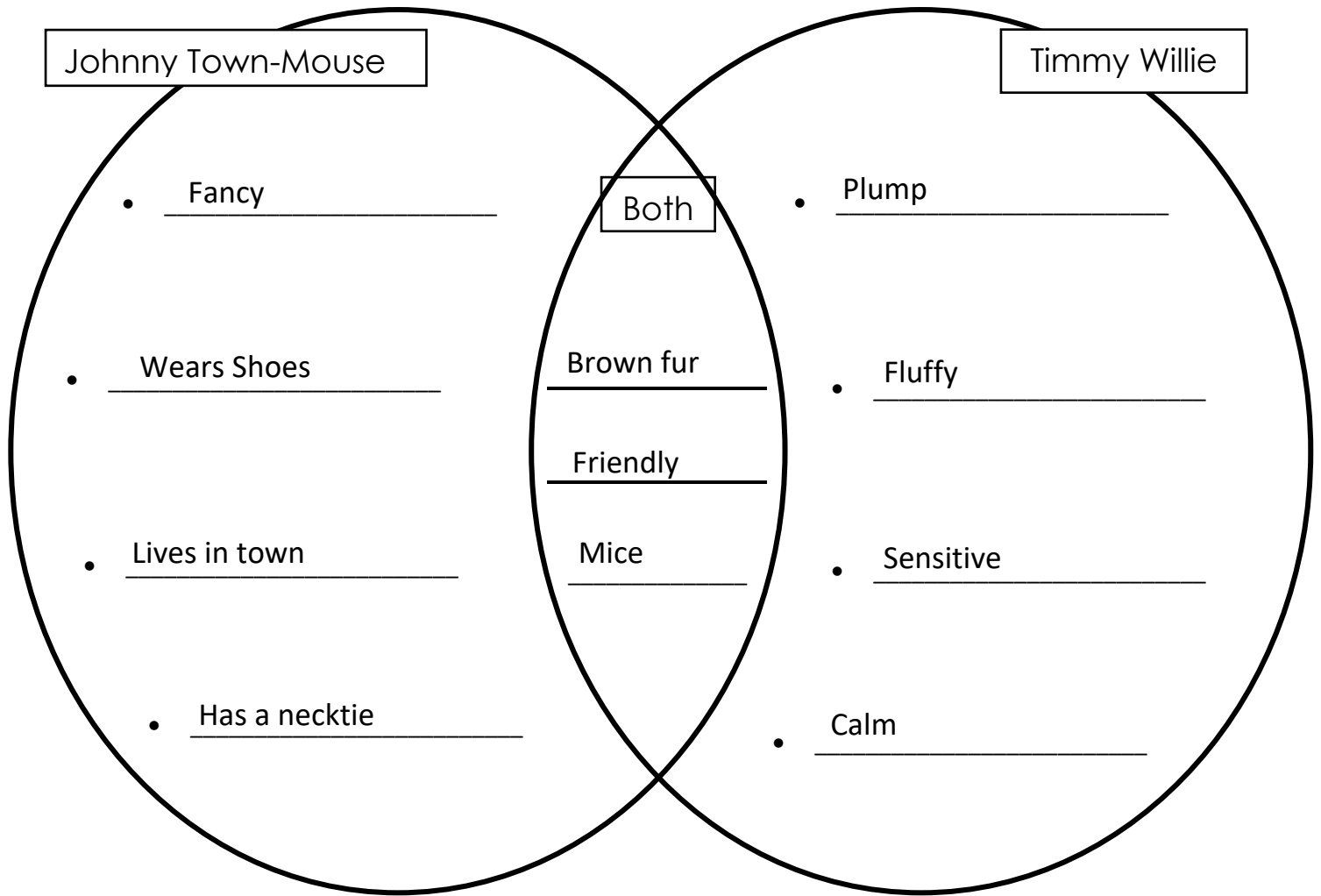
"You may have luxuries and dainties that I have not," she said as she hurried away, "but I prefer my plain food and simple life in the country with the peace and security that go with it."



Poverty with security is better than plenty in the midst of fear and uncertainty.

The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse

SAMPLE Compare & Contrast



Johnny Town-Mouse and Timmy Willie are different because _____
they grew up in different places, and are unique individuals.

Paul Revere

History

Thursday, April 9, 2020

CHAPTER

4

Paul Revere

Like most colonists, Paul Revere hoped that the letter the colonial leaders had sent to the king, would bring peace. Few people wanted to fight the British. And most Americans were not trained for war. But to be safe, many Patriots got ready to fight—just in case.

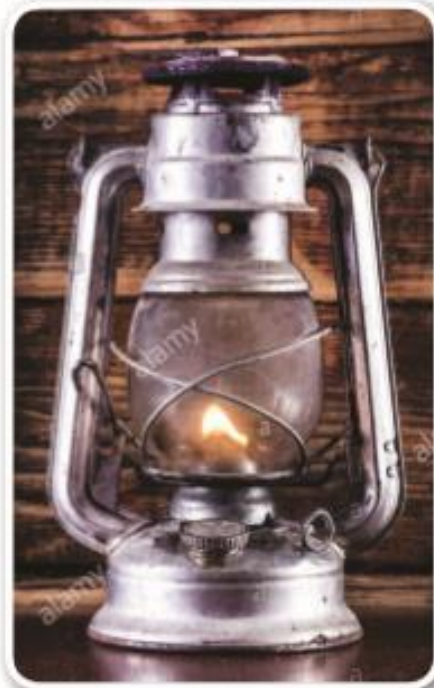


In the town of Concord, near Boston, people hid cannonballs, gunpowder, weapons, and other things they might need.



That night, he sent a Patriot up to the tower of Old North Church in Boston to give a signal. If the British were coming by land, the Patriot was to light one lantern. If they were coming across the river, he was to light two lanterns.

The British soldiers, or redcoats, found out about the hidden weapons and planned to go to Concord to take them away. Paul Revere decided to ride to Concord to warn the Patriots. Before he left Boston, he needed to know whether the redcoats were coming by land or across the Charles River.



Paul Revere got into a small boat in the dark waters around Boston. He kept a close eye on the church tower as he was rowed across the Charles River. Suddenly, a light appeared in the church tower. Just one light. But then he saw a second light. The redcoats were coming across the water! Quietly, Paul Revere was rowed to the shore. As soon as he got there, he jumped onto a waiting horse.





Paul Revere raced through the countryside. “The regulars—the redcoats—are coming out!” he called. And as he passed each house, he saw windows and doors being thrown open, and candles being lit. The Patriots were getting ready for what was to come.