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FIVE

ON ARRIVING AT THE DEPOT, my nerve failed me. I was afraid to go in. I didn't know what I was scared of, but I was scared.

Before going around to the front, I peeked in a window. The Stationmaster was in his office looking at some papers. He was wearing a funny little cap that had no top in it. He looked friendly enough but I still couldn't muster up enough courage to go in.

I cocked my ear to see if I could hear puppies crying, but could hear nothing. A bird started chirping. It was a yellow canary in a cage. The stationmaster walked over and gave it some water. I thought, "Anyone that is kind to birds surely wouldn't be mean to a boy."

With my courage built up I walked around to the front and eased myself past the office. He glanced at me and turned

back to the papers. I walked clear around the depot and again walked slowly past the office. Glancing from the corner of my eye, I saw the Stationmaster looking at me and smiling. He opened the door and came out on the platform. I stopped and leaned against the building.

Yawning and stretching his arms, he said, "It sure is hot today. It doesn't look like it's ever going to rain."

I looked up at the sky and said, "Yes, sir. It is hot and we sure could do with a good rain. We need one bad up where I come from."

He asked me where I lived.

I told him, "Up the river a ways."

"You know," he said, "I have some puppies in there for a boy that lives up on the river. His name is Billy Colman. I know his dad, but never have seen the boy. I figured he would be in after them today."

On hearing this remark, my heart jumped clear up in my throat. I thought surely it was going to hop right out on the depot platform. I looked up and tried to tell him who I was, but something went wrong. When the words finally came out they sounded like the squeaky old pulley on our well when Mama drew up a bucket of water.

I could see a twinkle in the stationmaster's eyes. He came over and laid his hand on my shoulder. In a friendly voice he said, "So you're Billy Colman. How is your dad?"

I told him Papa was fine and handed him the slip my grandpa had given me.

"They sure are fine-looking pups," he said. "You'll have to go around to the freight door."

I'm sure my feet never touched the ground as I flew around the building. He unlocked the door, and I stepped in, looking for my dogs. I couldn't see anything but boxes, barrels, old trunks, and some rolls of barbed wire.

The kindly Stationmaster walked over to one of the boxes.

"Do you want box and all?" he asked.

I told him I didn't want the box. All I wanted was the dogs.

"How are you going to carry them?" he asked. "I think they're a little too young to follow."

I held out my gunny sack.

He looked at me and looked at the sack. Chuckling, he said, "Well, I guess dogs can be carried that way same as anything else, but we'll have to cut a couple of holes to stick their heads through so that they won't smother."

Getting a claw hammer, he started tearing off the top of the box. As nails gave way and boards splintered, I heard several puppy whimpers. I didn't walk over. I just stood and waited.

After what seemed like hours, the box was open. He reached in, lifted the pups out, and set them down on the floor.

"Well, there they are," he said. "What do you think of them?"

I didn't answer. I couldn't. All I could do was stare at them.

They seemed to be blinded by the light and kept blinking their eyes. One sat down on his little rear and started crying. The other one was waddling around and whimpering.

I wanted so much to step over and pick them up. Several times I tried to move my feet, but they seemed to be nailed to the floor. I knew the pups were mine, all mine, yet I couldn't

move. My heart started acting like a drunk grasshopper. I tried to swallow and couldn't. My Adam's apple wouldn't work.

One pup started my way. I held my breath. On he came until I felt a scratchy little foot on mine. The other pup followed. A warm puppy tongue caressed my sore foot.

I heard the Stationmaster say, "They already know you."

I knelt down and gathered them in my arms. I buried my face between their wiggling bodies and cried. The Stationmaster, sensing something more than just two dogs and a boy, waited in silence.

Rising with the two pups held close to my chest, I asked if I owed anything.

He said, "There is a small feed bill but I'll take care of it. It's not much anyway."

Taking his knife he cut two slits in the sack. He put the pups in it and worked their heads through the holes. As he handed the sack to me, he said, "Well, there you are. Good-bye and good hunting!"

Walking down the street toward town, I thought, "Now, maybe the people won't stare at me when they see what I've got. After all, not every boy owns two good hounds."

Turning the corner onto the main street, I threw out my chest.

I hadn't gone far before I realized that the reception I got wasn't what I thought it would be. People began to stop and stare, some even snickered. I couldn't understand why they were staring. Surely it couldn't be at the two beautiful hound pups sticking out of the gunny sack.

Thinking that maybe I had a hole in the seat of my britches,

I looked over to my reflection in a plateglass window. I craned my neck for a better view of my rear. I could see a patch there all right, and a few threadbare spots, but no whiteness was showing through. I figured that the people were just jealous because they didn't have two good hounds.

I saw a drunk coming. He was staggering all over the street. Just as he was passing me I heard him stop. As I looked back I saw he was staring wide-eyed at my sack. Closing his eyes, he rubbed them with his hands. Opening them again he stared. Shaking his head, he staggered on down the street.

All around people began to roar with laughter. Someone shouted, "What's the matter, John? You seeing things today?"

I hurried on, wanting to get away from the stares and the snickers.

It wouldn't have happened again in a hundred years, but there they came. The same two old women I had met before. We stopped and had another glaring fight.

One said, "I declare."

The other one snorted, "Well, I never."

My face burned. I couldn't take any more. After all, a man can stand so much and no more. In a loud voice, I said, "You may have these people fooled with those expensive-looking feathers in your hats, but I know what they are. They're goose feathers painted with iodine."

One started to say something, but her words were drowned out by the roaring laughter from all around. Gathering up their long skirts, they swished on down the street.

All around me people began to shout questions and laugh. One wanted to know if I had the mother in the sack.

Storekeepers stepped out and gawked. I could see the end of the street, but it looked as if it were a hundred miles away. My face was as red as a fox's tail. I ducked my head, tightened my grip on the sack, and walked on.

I don't know where they came from, but like chickens coming home to roost, they flocked around me. Most of them were about my age. Some were a little bigger, some smaller. They ganged around me, screaming and yelling. They started clapping their hands and chanting, "The dog boy has come to town. The dog boy has come to town."

My heart burst. Tears came rolling. The day I had waited for so long had turned black and ugly.

The leader of the gang was about my size. He had a dirty freckled face and his two front teeth were missing. I suppose he had lost them in a back alley fight. His shock of yellow sunburnt hair bobbed up and down as he skipped and jumped to the rhythm of the "dog boy" song. He wore a pair of cowboy boots. They were two sizes too big for him, no doubt handed down by an older brother.

He stomped on my right foot. I looked down and saw a drop of blood ooze out from under the broken nail. It hurt like the dickens but I gritted my teeth and walked on.

Freckle-face pulled the ear of my little girl pup. I heard her painful cry. That was too much. I hadn't worked two long hard years for my pups to have some freckle-face punk pull their ears.

Swinging the sack from my shoulder, I walked over and set it down in a doorway. As I turned around to face the mob, I doubled up my fist, and took a Jack Dempsey stance.

Freckle-face said, "So you want to fight." He came in swinging.

I reached way back in Arkansas somewhere. By the time my fist had traveled all the way down to the Cherokee Strip, there was a lot of power behind it.

Smack on the end of Freck's nose it exploded. With a loud grunt he sat down in the dusty street. Grabbing his nose in both hands, he started rocking and moaning. I saw the blood squeeze out between his fingers.

Another one sailed in. He didn't want to fight. He wanted to wrestle. He stuck a finger in my mouth. I ground down. Shaking his hand and yelling like the hoot owls were after him, he ran across the street.

Another one bored in. I aimed for his eye, but my aim was a little low. It caught him in the Adam's apple. A sick look came over his face. Bending over, croaking like a bullfrog that had been caught by a water moccasin, he started going around in a circle.

But there were too many of them. By sheer weight and numbers, they pulled me down. I managed to twist over on my stomach and buried my face in my arms. I could feel them beating and kicking my body.

All at once the beating stopped. I heard loud cries from the gang. Turning over on my back, I was just in time to see the big marshal plant a number-twelve boot in the seat of the last kid. I just knew I was next. I wondered if he'd kick me while I was down.

I lay where I was. He started toward me. I closed my eyes. I felt a hand as big as an anvil clamp on my shoulder.

Poetic Devices

- Personification - a devices used to give non-human or inanimate objects human traits and emotions.

examples:

"the clouds are mean"

↑
non-human

↑
human trait

"O Rose, thou art sick!"

↑
non-human

↑
inanimate

↑
human trait

"Nor shall death brag thou
wander'st in his shade..."

↓

↓

Plotting Linear Equations Notes - Monday, April 6th, 2020

Observe this input - output table.

x	(- 2)	(- 1)	0	1	2
y	(- 1)	0	1	2	3

When $x = 0$, $y = 1$ which is 1 more than x .

When $x = 1$, $y = 2$ which is also 1 more than x .

When $x = (- 1)$, then $y = 0$ which is also 1 more than x .

So an equation that matches this input-output table is $y = x + 1$.

We can test our equation with each value for x from the input-output table.

When $x = (-2)$

$$y = (- 2) + 1$$

$$y = (-1)$$

It matches the table!

When $x = (- 1)$

$$y = (-1) + 1$$

$$y = 0$$

It matches!

When $x = 0$

$$y = 0 + 1$$

$$y = 1$$

It matches!

When $x = 1$

$$y = 1 + 1$$

$$y = 2$$

It matches!

When $x = 2$

$$y = 2 + 1$$

$$y = 3$$

It matches!

If we had tried a different equation, it would not match for all the values from the table. For example, if I had tried the equation $y = 2x$, it would have worked for column 4.

When $x = 1$

$$y = 2 \times 1$$

$$y = 2$$

It matches!

But it would not have worked for any of the other columns. Let's try it with column 5.

When $x = 2$

$$y = 2 \times 2$$

$$y = 4$$

It does not match the table. In our table, when $x = 2$, then y should be equal to 3. Therefore, the equation $y = 2x$ does not match our table.

Check point #1!

Choose an equation that matches the following input-output table. Write your answer in your packet. Then check it with the key.

x	(- 1)	0	1	2	3
y	9	8	7	6	5

(A) $y = 3x$

(B) $y = 8 - x$

(C) $y = x + 6$

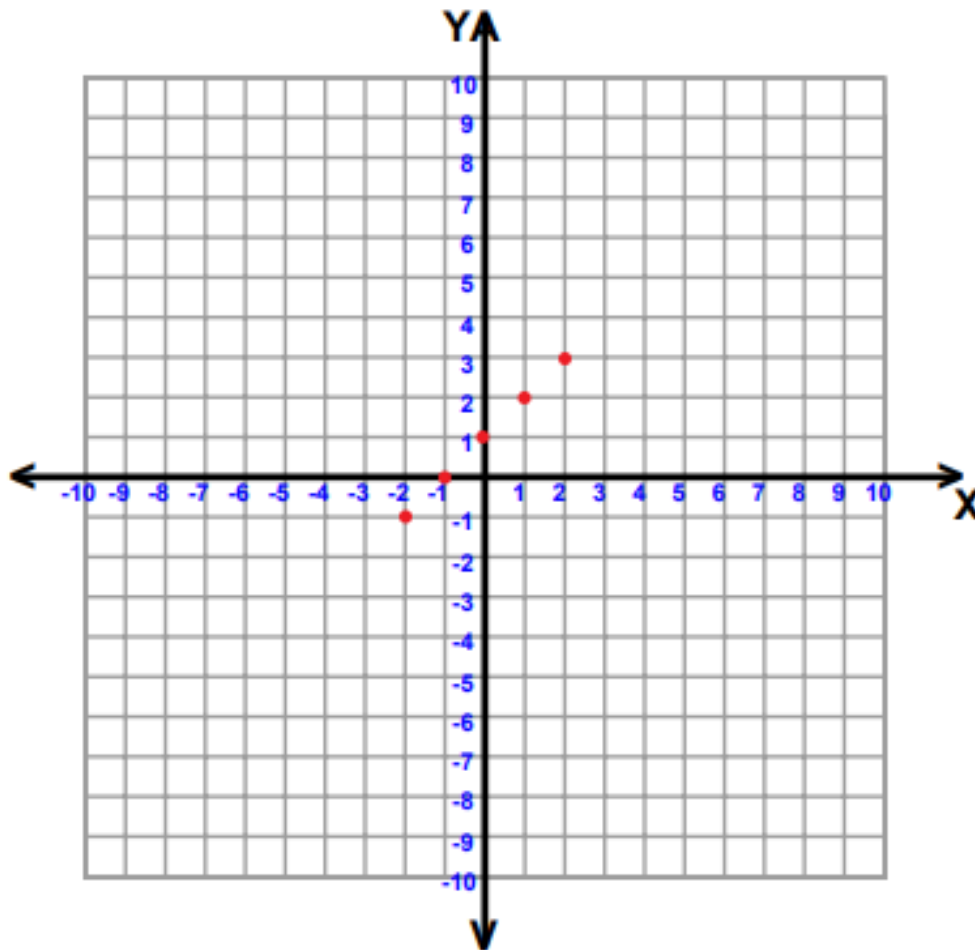
Drawing or Plotting Equations on a Coordinate Graph

We can draw a picture or graph of the equation $y = x + 1$ using a coordinate graph.

Here's the same input-output table from the first part of the lesson with another row for ordered pairs.

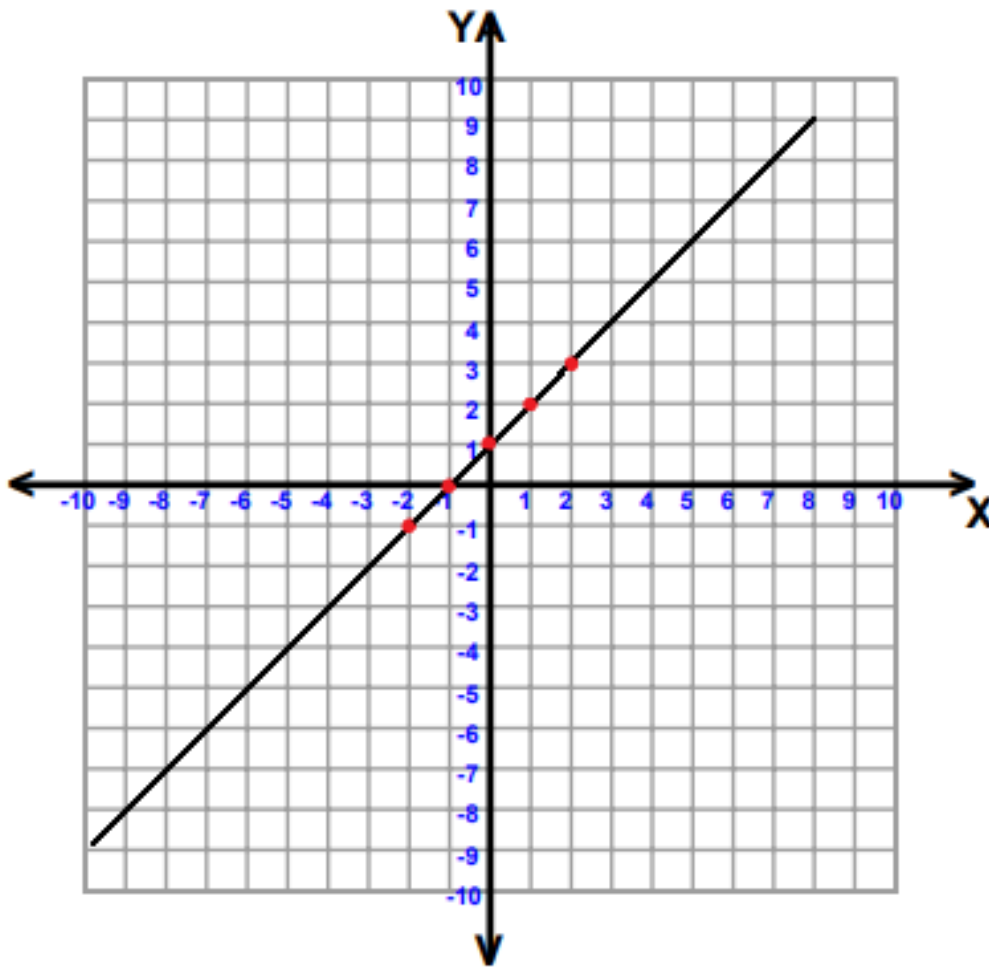
x	(- 2)	(- 1)	0	1	2
y	(- 1)	0	1	2	3
(x, y)	(- 2, - 1)	(- 1, 0)	(0, 1)	(1, 2)	(2, 3)

The first step is to draw or plot each of these ordered pairs onto a coordinate graph.



Our next step is to use a ruler to draw a straight line that goes through all of these points. (If you do not have a ruler at home, you can use another item with a straight edge like an index card or the side of a book.)

When you draw your line, you should extend it past all of the points. See how the line does not stop at the point (2, 3) but extends past it on both sides.



A good line for a linear equation meets these requirements:

- It's straight!
- It goes through all of the points! (If it doesn't go through all of the points, it might not be straight or you may have drawn some of your points incorrectly.)
- It extends past those points.

That's how you draw a linear equation!

Now it's your turn!

Check point #2! - Use a pencil! You might need to erase.

Draw or plot the equation $y = x - 2$ using the input-output table.

x	-2	-1	0	1	2
y	-4	-3	-2	-1	0
(x, y)	(-2, -4)	(-1, -3)	(0, -2)	(1, -1)	(2, 0)

1. Draw or plot the ordered pairs from the table above onto the coordinate graph for check point #2 in your packet.
2. Then use a ruler to draw a straight line through those points on the graph.

3. Use the checklist in your packet to help you know if you drew a good line.
4. Then check the answer key.
5. Fix the graph if it is incorrect.

Name: _____

Date: _____

Instructions: Read Scientific terms and Article on Biotic and Abiotic Factors. Each time you see one of the terms in the article, highlight or underline the sentence.

Scientific terms:

Ecosystem: A community of living organisms in conjunction with the nonliving components of their environment, interacting in a system.

Biotic: living parts of an ecosystem

Abiotic: non living parts of an ecosystem

Climatic: abiotic factors that are related to weather and climate

Edaphic: abiotic factors that are related to soil and geography of the land

Abiotic and Biotic Factors

Together, abiotic and biotic factors make up an ecosystem. Abiotic factors are the non-living parts of an environment. These include things such as sunlight, temperature, wind, water, soil and naturally occurring events such as storms, fires and volcanic eruptions. Biotic factors are the living parts of an environment, such as plants, animals and micro-organisms. Together, they are the biological factors that determine a species' success. Each of these factors impacts others, and a mix of both is necessary for an ecosystem to survive.

Abiotic or Non-living Factors

Abiotic factors can be climatic, related to weather, or edaphic, related to soil. Climatic factors include air temperature, wind and rain. Edaphic factors include geography such as topography and mineral content, as well as soil temperature, texture, moisture level, pH level and aeration.

Climatic factors greatly impact which plants and animals can live within an ecosystem. Prevailing weather patterns and conditions dictate the conditions under which species will be expected to live. The patterns not only help to create the environment but also impact water currents. Changes in any of these factors, such as those that occur during occasional fluctuations such as El Niño, have a direct impact and can have both positive and negative effects.

Changes in air temperature affect the germination and growing patterns of plants as well as the migration and hibernation patterns in animals. While seasonal changes occur in many temperate climates, unexpected changes can have negative results. Although some species can adapt, sudden changes can result in inadequate protection from severe conditions (for example, being without a winter coat of fur) or without sufficient food stores to last through a season. In some habitats, such as in coral reefs, species may be unable to migrate to a more hospitable location. In all these cases, if they are unable to adapt, they will die off.

Edaphic factors impact plant species more than animals, and the effect is greater on larger organisms than it is on smaller ones. For example, variables such as elevation impact plant diversity more than that of bacteria. This is seen in forest tree populations where elevation, the slope of the land, exposure to sunlight and the soil all play a role in determining the population of particular tree species in a forest.

Name: _____

Date: _____

Land masses and elevation influence wind and temperature. For example, a mountain can create a wind break, which impacts the temperature on the other side. Ecosystems at higher elevations experience lower temperatures than those at lower elevations. In extreme cases, elevation can cause arctic or sub-arctic conditions even in tropical latitudes. These differences in temperature can make it impossible for a species to journey from one suitable environment to another if the path between requires traveling through changing elevations with inhospitable conditions.

Minerals such as calcium and nitrogen levels affect the availability of food sources. The level of gases such as oxygen and carbon dioxide in the air dictate which organisms can live there. Differences in terrain such as soil texture, composition and the size of sand grains also can impact a species' ability to survive. For example, burrowing animals require certain types of terrain to create their homes, and some organisms require rich soil while others do better in sandy or rocky terrain.

In many ecosystems, abiotic factors are seasonal. In temperate climates, normal variations in temperature, precipitation and the amount of daily sunlight affect the ability of organisms to grow. This has an impact not only on plant life but also on the species that rely on the plants as a food source. Animal species may follow a pattern of activity and hibernation or may adapt to changing conditions through coat, diet and body-fat changes.

Biotic or Living Factors

All living organisms, from microscopic organisms to humans, are biotic factors. Microscopic organisms are the most plentiful of these and are widely distributed. They are highly adaptable, and their reproduction rates are rapid, allowing them to create a large population in a short time. Their size works to their advantage; they can be dispersed over a large area quickly, either through abiotic factors such as wind or water currents, or by traveling in or on other organisms. The simplicity of the organisms also aids in their adaptability. The conditions needed for growth are few, so they can easily thrive in a greater variety of environments.

Biotic factors impact both their environment and each other. The presence or absence of other organisms influences whether a species needs to compete for food, shelter and other resources. Different species of plants may compete for light, water and nutrients. Some microbes and viruses can cause diseases that may be transmitted to other species, thus lowering the population. Beneficial insects are the primary pollinators of crops, but others have the potential to destroy crops. Insects also may carry diseases, some of which can be transmitted to other species.

The presence of predators impacts the ecosystem. The effect this has depends on three factors: the number of predators in a given environment, how they interact with prey and how they interact with other predators. The existence of multiple predator species in an ecosystem may or may not impact each other, depending on their preferred food source, the size of the habitat and the frequency and quantity of food required. The greatest impact is made when two or more species consume the same prey.

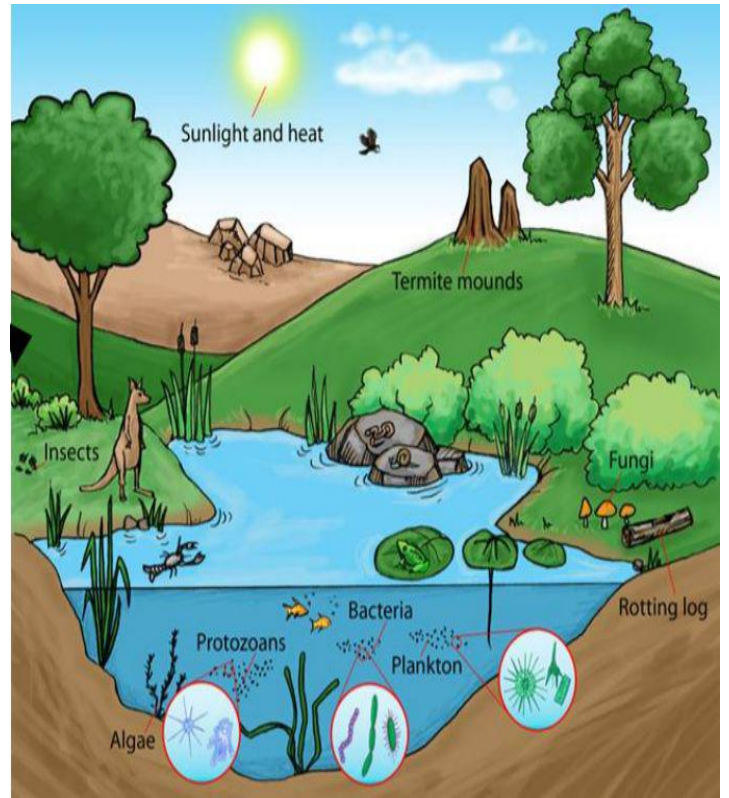
Things such as wind or water currents can relocate micro-organisms and small plants and allow them to start new colonies. This spread of species can be beneficial to the ecosystem as a whole as it can mean a larger food supply for primary consumers. However, it can be a problem when established species are forced to compete with new ones for resources and those invasive species take over and disrupt the balance of the ecosystem.

Name: _____

Date: _____

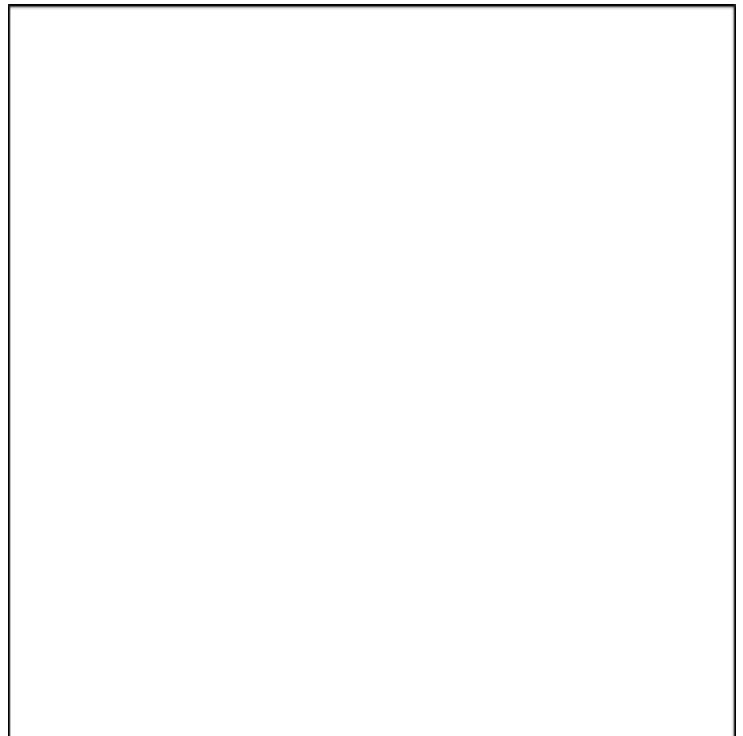
Instructions: List all the Biotic and Abiotic Factors you see in the environment to the right:

<i>Abiotic</i>	<i>Biotic</i>



Instructions: Draw a picture of your back or front yard below. List at least 5 biotic and 5 abiotic features in it.

<i>Abiotic</i>	<i>Biotic</i>



FIVE

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He asked me where I lived.

I told him, "Up the river a ways."

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Another one bored in. I aimed for his eye, but my aim was a little low. It caught him in the Adam's apple. A sick look came over his face. Bending over, croaking like a bullfrog that had been caught by a water moccasin, he started going around in a circle.

But there were too many of them. By sheer weight and numbers, they pulled me down. I managed to twist over on my stomach and buried my face in my arms. I could feel them beating and kicking my body.

All at once the beating stopped. I heard loud cries from the gang. Turning over on my back, I was just in time to see the big marshal plant a number-twelve boot in the seat of the last kid. I just knew I was next. I wondered if he'd kick me while I was down.

I lay where I was. He started toward me. I closed my eyes. I felt a hand as big as an anvil clamp on my shoulder.

I thought, "He's going to stand me up, and then knock me down."

He raised me to a sitting position. His deep friendly voice said, "Are you all right, son?"

I opened my eyes. There was a smile on his wide rugged face. In a choking voice, I said, "Yes, sir. I'm all right."

He helped me to my feet. His big hands started brushing the dust from my clothes.

"Those kids are pretty tough, son," he said, "but they're really not bad. They'll grow up some day."

"Marshal," I said, "I wouldn't have fought them, but they pulled my pup's ears."

He looked over to my sack. One pup had worked its way almost out through the hole. The other one's head and two little paws were sticking out. Both of them were whimpering.

A smile spread all over the big marshal's face. "So that's what started the fight," he said.

Walking over, he knelt down and started petting the pups. "They're fine-looking dogs," he said. "Where did you get them?"

I told him I had ordered them from Kentucky.

"What did they cost you?" he asked.

"Forty dollars," I said.

He asked if my father had bought them for me.

"No," I said. "I bought them myself."

He asked me where I got the money.

"I worked and saved it," I said.

"It takes a long time to save forty dollars," he said.

"Yes," I said. "It took me two years."

"Two years!" he exclaimed.

I saw an outraged look come over the marshal's face. Reaching up, he pushed his hat back. He glanced up and down the street. I heard him mutter, "There's not a one in that bunch with that kind of grit."

Picking up my sack, I said, "Thanks for helping me out. I guess I'd better be heading for home."

He asked where I lived.

I said, "Up the river a way."

"Well, you've got time for a bottle of pop before you go, haven't you?"

I started to say "No," but looking at his big friendly smile, I smiled back and said, "I guess I have."

Walking into a general store, the marshal went over to a large red box and pulled back the lid. He asked what kind I wanted. I'd never had a bottle of pop in my life, and didn't know what to say.

Seeing my hesitation, he said, "This strawberry looks pretty good."

I said that would be fine.

The cool pop felt wonderful to my hot dry throat. My dark little world had brightened up again. I had my pups, and had found a wonderful friend. I knew that the stories I had heard about marshals weren't true. Never again would I be scared when I saw one.

Back out on the street, I shook hands with the marshal, saying as I did, "If you're ever up in my part of the country come over and see me. You can find our place by asking at my grandfather's store."

"Store?" he asked. "Why, the only store upriver is about thirty miles from here."

"Yes," I said, "that's my grandpa's place."

He asked if I was afoot.

"Yes," I said.

"You won't make it tonight," he said. "Will you?"

"No," I said. "I intend to camp out somewhere."

I saw he was bothered.

"I'll be all right," I said. "I'm not scared of the mountains."

He looked at me and at my pups. Taking off his hat, he scratched his head. Chuckling deep down in his barrel-like chest, he said, "Yes, I guess you will be all right. Well, good-bye and good luck! If you're ever in town again look me up."

From far down the street, I looked back. The marshal was still standing where I had left him. He waved his hand. I waved back.

On the outskirts of town, I stopped and picked up a can and my provisions.

I hadn't gone far before I realized that I had undertaken a tough job. The sack became heavier and heavier.

For a while my pups cried and whimpered. They had long since pulled their heads back in the sack. I would peek in at them every once in a while. They were doing all right. Curled up into two little round balls on my bundles, they were fast asleep.

Deep in the heart of the Sparrow Hawk Mountains, night overtook me. There, in a cave with a stream close by, I put up for the night.

Taking my pups and bundles from the gunny sack, I used it to gather leaves to make us a bed. My pups followed me on

every trip, whimpering and crying, tumbling and falling over sticks and rocks.

After the bed was made I built a fire. In a can of water from the mountain stream, I boiled three eggs. Next, I boiled half of the remaining salt pork. Cutting the meat up in small pieces, I fed it to my pups. Each of us had a piece of candy for dessert. My pups enjoyed the candy. With their needle-sharp teeth, they gnawed and worried with it until it was melted away.

While they were busy playing, I dragged up several large timbers and built a fire which would last for hours. In a short time the cave grew warm and comfortable from the heat. The leaves were soft, and felt good to my tired body and sore feet. As I lay stretched out, my pups crawled all over me. I played with them. They would waddle up to the front of the cave, look at the fire, and come scampering back to roll and play in the soft leaves.

I noticed the boy dog was much larger than the girl dog. He was a deeper red in color. His chest was broad and solid. His puppy muscles knotted and rippled under the velvety skin. He was different in every way. He would go closer to the fire. I saw right away he was bold and aggressive.

Once he went around the fire and ventured out into the darkness. I waited to see if he would come back. He came wobbling to the mouth of the cave, but hesitated there. He made several attempts to come back, but the flames were leaping higher by the minute. The space between the fire and the wall of the cave was much hotter than when he had ventured out. Whimpering and crying, he kept trying to get around the fire. I said not a word; just watched.

Puppy though he was, he did something which brought a

smile to my face. Getting as close as he could to the side of the cave, he turned his rear to the fire. Hopping sideways, yipping at every jump, he made it through the heat and sailed into the pile of leaves. He had had enough. Curling up in a ball close to me, he went to sleep.

The girl pup was small and timid. Her legs and body were short. Her head was small and delicate. She must have been a runt in the litter. I didn't have to look twice to see that what she lacked in power, she made up in brains. She was a much smarter dog than the boy dog, more sure of herself, more cautious. I knew when the trail became tough, she would be the one to unravel it.

I knew I had a wonderful combination. In my dogs, I had not only the power, but the brains along with it.

I was a tired boy. My legs were stiff, and my feet sore and throbbing. My shoulders were red and raw from the weight of the sack. I covered my pups up in the leaves and moved my body as close to them as I could. I knew as night wore on, and the fire died down, the chill would come. Tired but happy, I fell asleep.

Along in the silent hours of night, I was awakened. I opened my eyes, but didn't move. I lay and listened, trying to figure out what it was that had aroused me. At first I thought one of my pups had awakened me by moving and whimpering. I discarded this thought for I could see that they were both fast asleep. I decided it was my imagination working.

My fire had burned down, leaving only a glowing red body of coals. The cave was dark and silent. Chill from the night had crept in. I was on the point of getting up to rebuild my

fire, when I heard what had awakened me. At first I thought it was a woman screaming. I listened. My heart began to pound. I could feel the strain all over my body as nerves grew tighter and tighter.

It came again, closer this time. The high pitch of the scream shattered the silence of the quiet night. The sound seemed to be all around us. It screamed its way into the cave and rang like a blacksmith's anvil against the rock walls. The blood froze in my veins. I was terrified. Although I had never heard one, I knew what it was. It was the scream of a mountain lion.

The big cat screamed again. Leaves boiled and stirred where my pups were. In the reflection of the glowing coals, I could see that one was sitting up. It was the boy dog. A leaf had become entangled in the fuzzy hair of a floppy ear. The ear flicked. The leaf dropped.

Again the hellish scream rang out over the mountains. Leaves flew as my pup left the bed. I jumped up and tried to call him back.

Reaching the mouth of the cave, he stopped. Raising his small red head high in the air, he bawled his challenge to the devil cat. The bawl must have scared him as much as it had startled me. He came tearing back. The tiny hairs on his back were standing on end.

My father had told me lions were scared of fire. I started throwing on more wood. I was glad I'd dragged up a good supply while making camp.

Hearing a noise from the bed, I looked back. The girl pup, hearing the commotion, had gotten up and joined the boy dog. They were sitting side by side with their bodies stiff and

rigid. Their beady little eyes bored into the darkness beyond the cave. The moist tips of their little black noses wiggled and twisted as if trying to catch a scent.

What I saw in my pups gave me courage. My knees quit shaking and my heart stopped pounding.

I figured the lion had scented my pups. The more I thought about anything harming them, the madder I got. I was ready to die for my dogs.

Every time the big cat screamed, the boy dog would run to the mouth of the cave and bawl back at him. I started whooping and throwing rocks down the mountainside, hoping to scare the lion away. Through the long hours of the night, I kept this up.

The lion prowled around us, screaming and growling; first on the right, and then on the left, and above and below. In the wee hours of morning, he gave up and left to stalk other parts of the mountains. I'm sure he thought he didn't stand a chance against two vicious hounds and a big hunter.

Alliteration

Alliteration is a poetic device that repeats a speech sound in a sequence of words that are close together.

Example: Sally sells seashells by the seashore.

* The speech sound "s" is being repeated.

* Also the "l" sounds.

* Alliteration is an important poetic device because it creates a musical effect, creating flow and beauty to a piece of writing.

Extra
Other examples:

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

alliteration: b, s, and f.

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation."

The "f" sound is being alliterated.

Name: _____

Date: _____

Directions: Read the information about deserts and answer the questions below.

What is a desert?

FAR FROM BEING barren wastelands, deserts are biologically rich habitats with a vast array of animals and plants that have adapted to the harsh conditions there. Some deserts are among the planet's last remaining areas of total wilderness. Yet more than one billion people, one-sixth of the Earth's population, actually live in desert regions. Deserts cover more than one-fifth of the Earth's land area, and they are found on every continent. A place that receives less than 10 inches (25 centimeters) of rain per year is considered a desert. Deserts are part of a wider class of regions called drylands. These areas exist under a "moisture deficit," which means they can frequently lose more moisture through evaporation than they receive from annual precipitation.



Despite the common conceptions of deserts as hot, there are cold deserts as well. The largest hot desert in the world, northern Africa's Sahara, reaches temperatures of up to 122 degrees Fahrenheit (50 degrees Celsius) during the day. But some deserts are always cold, like the Gobi desert in Asia and the polar deserts of the Antarctic and Arctic, which are the world's largest. Others are mountainous. Only about 20 percent of deserts are covered by sand.

The driest deserts, such as Chile's Atacama Desert, have parts that receive less than .08 inches (2 mm) of precipitation a year. Such environments are so harsh and otherworldly that scientists have even studied them for clues about life on Mars. On the other hand, every few years, an unusually rainy period can produce "super blooms," where even the Atacama becomes blanketed in wildflowers.



Desert animals and plants

Desert animals have evolved ways to help them keep cool and use less water. Camels can go for weeks without water, and their nostrils and eyelashes can form a barrier against sand. Many desert animals, such as the fennec fox, are nocturnal, coming out to hunt only when the brutal sun has descended. Some animals, like the desert tortoise in the southwestern United States, spend much of their time underground. Most desert birds are nomadic, crisscrossing the skies in search of food. And among insects, the Namibian desert beetle can harvest fog from the air for water. Because of their very special adaptations, desert animals are extremely vulnerable to changes in their habitat.

Name: _____

Date: _____

Desert plants may have to go without fresh water for years at a time. Some plants have adapted to the arid climate by growing long roots that tap water from deep underground. Other plants, such as cacti, have special means of storing and conserving water.



Deserts, land use, and climate change

Some of the world's semi-arid regions are turning into desert at an alarming rate. This process, known as desertification, is not caused by drought, but usually arises from deforestation and the demands of human

populations that settle on the semi-arid lands. The pounding of the soil by the hooves of livestock in ranching, for example, may degrade the soil and encourage erosion by wind and water. In northern China, growing urbanization, which left much of the land unprotected against wind erosion and the buildup of sediment from the surrounding desert, created a desertification problem, prompting the government to build a "great green wall" as a hedge against encroaching desert.

In existing deserts, some species are in peril because of climate change. Global warming threatens to change the ecology of deserts: Higher temperatures may produce more wildfires that alter desert landscapes by eliminating slow-growing trees and shrubs and replacing them with fast-growing grasses. Many desert plants can live for hundreds of years. But in California, the iconic Joshua tree—the oldest found was 1,000 years old—may not survive a hotter climate, scientists warn. If they don't survive, that could affect species such as the yucca moth, which lays its eggs inside the Joshua tree flower. Desert bird species could also be in danger from climate change, as heat waves lead to lethal dehydration.



Paradoxically, the effort to reduce planet-warming greenhouse gas emissions by expanding solar energy has also created some tensions for desert habitats. In the Mojave, the 2013 arrival of the Ivanpah solar thermal plant created concerns about how the facility would affect threatened desert tortoises, and conservationists are working to ensure solar energy projects like these can coexist with wildlife.

Other land use changes also threaten to degrade desert habitats. The downsizing of the Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument poses a threat to some of the 660 bee species that live in the area, while the prospect of a border wall between the U.S. and Mexico could disconnect a third of 346 native wildlife species from 50 percent or more of their range that lies south of the border, including the desert bighorn sheep.

Name: _____

Date: _____

Directions: *Answer questions below and highlight answers in the article above.*

1. How is an environment classified as a desert? _____

2. What is a way desert plants have adapted to the environment? _____

3. What is a way desert animals have adapted to the environment? _____

4. What are some effects climate change has had on the desert? _____

Directions: *Draw a picture of a desert environment and list biotic and abiotic factors.*

<i>Biotic</i>	<i>Abiotic</i>



SIX

AFTER THE TERRIFYING NIGHT, THE bright morning sun was a welcome sight. I fixed breakfast and soon we were on our way. I tried to get the pups to follow me, so as to lighten my load. They would for a way, and then, sitting down on their rears, they would cry and whimper. Back in the sack they would go, with their heads sticking out of the holes and their long ears flopping. I moved on.

About midday I entered country I knew. I wasn't far from home. I dropped down out of the mountains into the bottoms far above the place I had crossed the river on my way to town.

Staying on the left of the river, I followed its course past several campgrounds, but didn't stop until I came to the one where I had found the magazine. Here I took the pups out of the sack and sat down in the warm sand.

As the afternoon wore on, I sat there deep in thought. I was

trying to think what I was going to tell my mother and father. I could think of nothing. Finally I decided I would just tell them the truth, and with the help of the new overalls, cloth, and candy, I would weather the storm.

My pups were having a big time playing. With their little front paws locked around each other, they were growling, rolling, and chewing on one another. They looked so cute, I laughed out loud.

While I was watching their romping, the thought came, "I haven't named them."

I went over the list of names. For him, I tried "Red," "Bugle," "Lead," name after name as before. For her, I tried "Susie," "Mabel," "Queen," all kinds of girl names. None seemed to fit.

Still mumbling names over and over, I glanced up. There, carved in the white bark of a sycamore tree, was a large heart. In the center of the heart were two names, "Dan" and "Ann." The name Dan was a little larger than Ann. It was wide and bold. The scar stood out more. The name Ann was small, neat, and even. I stared unbelieving—for there were my names. They were perfect.

I walked over and picked up my pups. Looking at him, I said, "Your name is Dan. I'll call you Old Dan." Looking at her, I said, "Your name, little girl, is Ann. I'll call you Little Ann."

It was then I realized it was all too perfect. Here in this fishermen's camp, I had found the magazine and the ad. I looked over at the old sycamore log. There I had asked God to help me get two hound pups. There were the pups, rolling and

playing in the warm sand. I thought of the old K. C. Baking Powder can, and the fishermen. How freely they had given their nickels and dimes.

I looked up again to the names carved in the tree. Yes, it was all there like a large puzzle. Piece by piece, each fit perfectly until the puzzle was complete. It could not have happened without the help of an unseen power.

I stayed at the campground until dark. I knew I had to go home but I put it off as long as I could. The crying of the pups, telling me they were hungry, made up my mind for me. I knew the time had come for me to face my mother and father.

I sacked up my dogs and waded the river. As I came out of the bottoms, I could see the lamplight glow from the windows of our home. One of the small yellow squares darkened for an instant. Someone had walked across the floor. I wondered who it was. I heard Daisy, our milk cow, moo. I was thinking so hard of what I would say, it startled me for a second.

Reaching the gate to our house, I stopped. I had never thought our home very pretty, but that night it looked different. It looked clean and neat and peaceful, nestled there in the foothills of the Ozarks. Yes, on that night I was proud of our home.

My bare feet made no noise as I crossed the porch. With my free hand, I reached and pulled the leather that worked the latch. Slowly the door swung inward.

I couldn't see my father or sisters. They were too far to the right of me, but my mother was directly in front of the door, sitting in her old cane-bottom rocker, knitting.

She looked up. I saw all the worry and grief leave her eyes. Her head bowed down. The knitting in her hands came up to cover her face. I stepped inside the room. I wanted to run to her and comfort her and tell her how sorry I was for all the worry and grief I had caused her.

The booming voice of my father shook me from my trance. He said, "Well, what have you got there?"

Laughing, he got up from his chair and came over to me. He reached and took the sack from my shoulder.

"When we started looking for you," he said, "I went to the store and your grandpa told me all about it. It wasn't too hard to figure out what you had done, but you should have told us."

I ran to my mother and, dropping to my knees, I buried my face in her lap.

As Mama patted my head, I heard her say in a quavering voice, "Oh, why didn't you tell us? Why?"

I couldn't answer.

Between sobs, I heard the squeals of delight from my sisters as they fondled my pups.

I heard my father say, "What's this other stuff you've got?"

Without raising my head from my mother's lap, in a choking voice I said, "One is for you, one is for Mama, and the other is for the girls."

I heard the snapping of string and the rattle of paper. The oh's and ah's from my sisters were wonderful to hear.

Papa came over to Mama. Laying the cloth on the arm of her chair, he said, "Well, you've been wanting a new dress. Here is enough cloth to make half a dozen dresses."

Sonnets

- Literally meaning "little song", a sonnet is a 14 line poem that follows a strict rhyme scheme.

There are two main types of sonnets we are going to learn about.

- ① Petrarchan Sonnets
- ② Shakespearean Sonnets

← we are going to focus on this one first.

★ Shakespearean Sonnets are named after William Shakespeare who wrote 154 of them in this style.

Characteristics of a sonnet:

- 14 lines long
- Follows specific rhyme scheme:
abab cdcd efef gg
- The couplet at the end is used as the conclusion or the (volta) meaning (turn)
- Usually around 10 syllables per line
- The ~~meter~~ meter is iambic pentameter, U / U / U / U / U /
(we will revisit meter later!)

Sonnet 5 by William Shakespeare

- 1 Those hours, that with gentle work did frame ^A
2 The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell, ^B
3 Will play the tyrants to the very same ^A
4 And that unfair which fairly doth excel; ^B
5 For never - resting time leads summer on ^C
6 To hideous winter, and confounds him there; ^D
7 Sap checked with frost, and lusty leaves gone, ^C
8 Beauty o'er - snowed and bareness every where: ^D
9 Then were not summer's distillation left, ^E
10 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass, ^F
11 Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft, ^E
12 Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was: ^F
13 But flowers distilled, though they with winter ^G
meet, ^G
14 Leese but their show; their substance still lives ^G
sweet. ^G

Check the boxes if correct:

- Yes 14 lines long No
Yes follows rhyme scheme No
abab cdcd efef gg No
Yes There is a couplet at the end
Yes Around 10 syllables per line No
sometimes more or less

YES! IS a Shakespearean no.
Sonnet ?

Graphing Horizontal and Vertical Lines

$$y-1 = 0$$

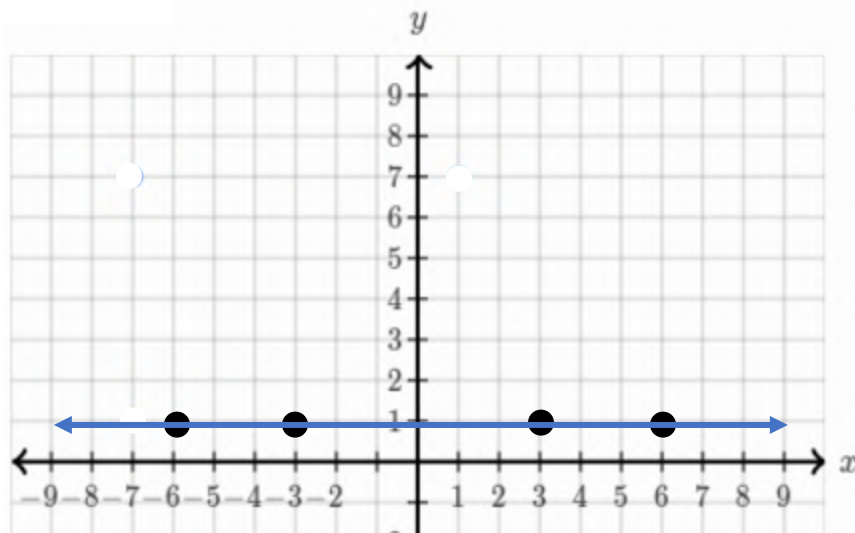
We can rewrite this equation as

$$y = 1$$

Let's look at these ordered pairs, what do you notice?

$$(-6,1) \quad (-3,1) \quad (3,1) \quad (6,1)$$

All the y-coordinates are the same! Let's plot them on a coordinate grid and see what happens



These points from, $y = 1$, make a straight, horizontal line.

All equations in this format ($y = \underline{\quad}$) will produce a straight horizontal line.

Lets try it with a different equation

$$x+1 = 0$$

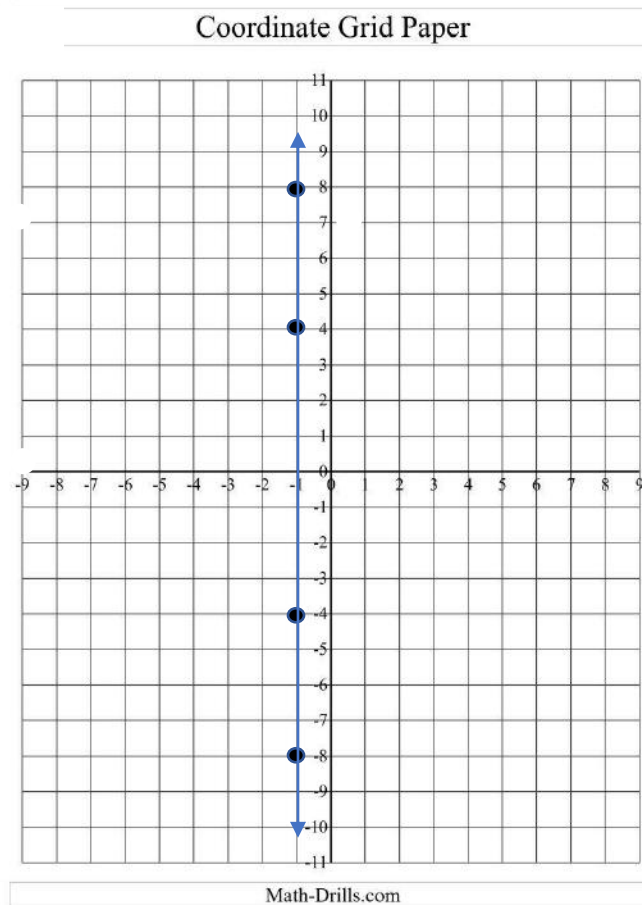
We can rewrite this equation as

$$x = -1$$

Let's look at these ordered pairs, what do you notice?

$(-1,8)$ $(-1,4)$ $(-1,-4)$ $(-1,-8)$

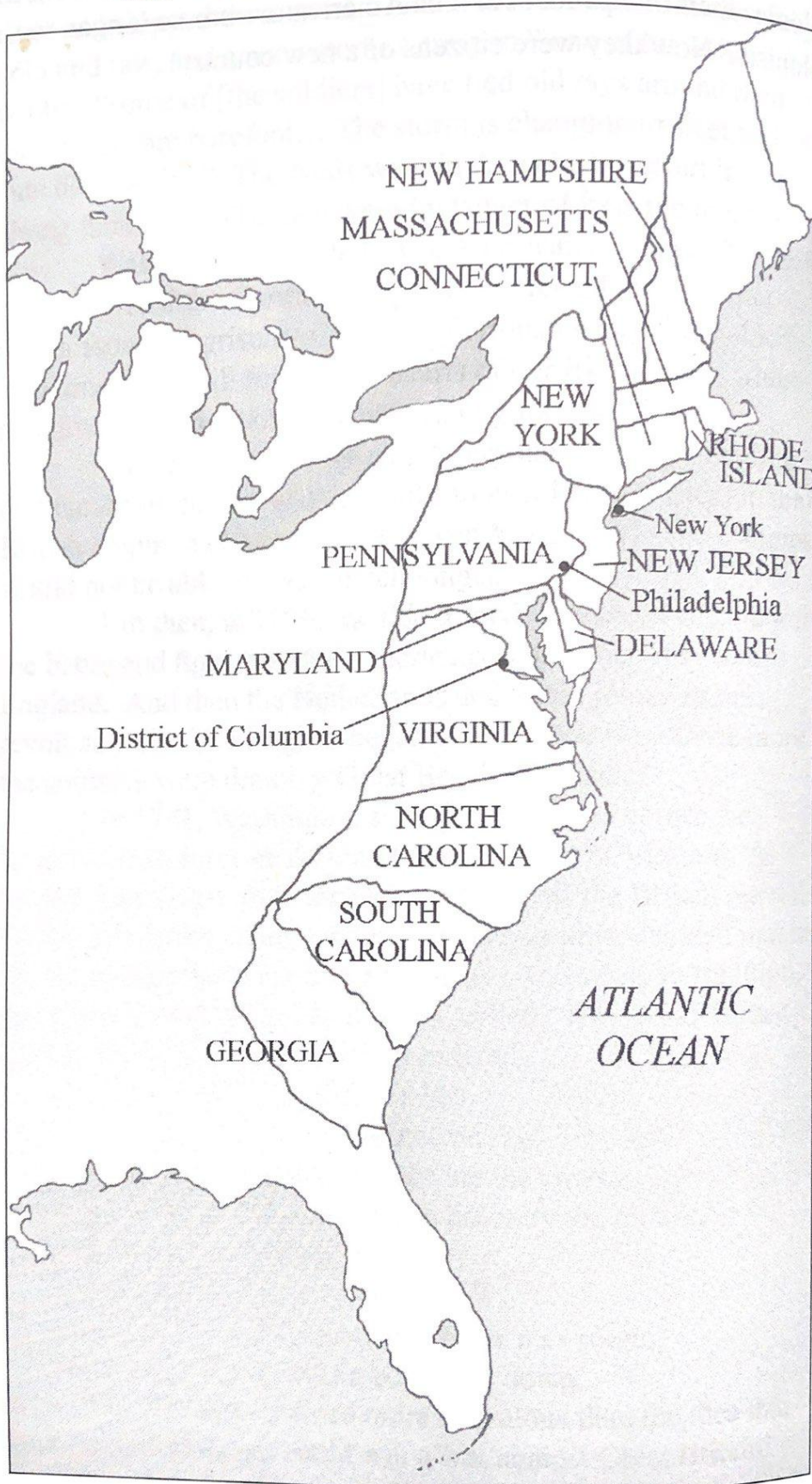
All the x-coordinates are the same! Let's plot them on a coordinate grid and see what happens



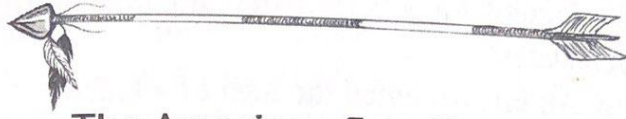
These points from, $x = -1$, make a straight, vertical line.

All equations in this format ($x = \underline{\quad}$) will produce a straight vertical line.

The United States of America in 1788



Chapter Twenty-Three The New Country



The American Constitution

Have you ever driven to a different state? Did you see soldiers guarding the state border as you crossed it? When you stopped at the next gas station, did the clerk refuse to take your money because it was strange and foreign?

Probably not. Today, an American can travel from state to state as easily as walking from the kitchen to the living room. But right after the American revolution, things were different.

After the peace treaty with England was signed, the thirteen American colonies became independent states. Each of the thirteen American states began to pass its own laws and write out its own *constitution* (a set of rules explaining how a country will work).

Trouble started right away. Each state was busy planning how to make treaties with foreign countries—thirteen different treaties. Each state wanted its own navy—thirteen different navies with thirteen different admirals. Virginia and Maryland were quarrelling about who had the right to claim the Potomac River, which ran between them. Not all of the states were even using the same kind of money. And although the colonies had borrowed money from France to help pay for the War of Independence, none of the states wanted to pay that money back. Each state thought that *another* state should pay the debt!

American leaders like Alexander Hamilton from New York, James Madison from Virginia, Benjamin Franklin from Pennsylvania, and George Washington himself saw that the new states would soon be in trouble. If they continued to act like thirteen different countries, the new nation wouldn't be able to negotiate foreign treaties, build a strong navy, or send merchant

ships abroad. "We are fast verging," George Washington warned, "to anarchy and confusion."

It was time for all of the states to join together and make a *federal* government—a government that had authority to act for all thirteen states.

Many Americans hated the idea of a federal government. After all, they had just fought a war to be free of the federal government of Great Britain. How could they be sure that a federal government wouldn't take away the power of each state to do as it thought best?

Finally, twelve of the states offered to send their leaders to Philadelphia for a Constitutional Convention that would discuss the need for a federal government. George Washington didn't want to go. He was sure that the leaders, or *delegates*, would just argue and argue. But the other Virginia delegates begged Washington to come. Everyone respected George Washington. If anyone could get the leaders of all the states to agree together, Washington could.

The delegates arrived in Philadelphia in 1787. They gathered together in Independence Hall, the red-brick building at the center of the city. George Washington was elected chairman of the meeting. Benjamin Franklin, now eighty-one, was too old to walk to the daily meetings. Instead, he hired four prisoners who were let out of jail to carry him to and from Independence Hall in a chair.

The delegates talked and argued for days and days. No one else was allowed to listen. The windows were even nailed shut so that no one outside could eavesdrop!

The delegates wanted to make sure that the new Constitution would give the United States of America the power to act together—but also to act separately. Finally, they agreed on a plan that would divide the government of the United States into two "houses," like the House of Commons and the House of Lords in the English parliament. These houses would be responsible for writing out laws and voting on them. One house would be called the Senate. Each state, no matter what its size, could elect two representatives called Senators to sit in the

Senate. That way, each state would have an equal voice. No state could have more power than any other.

But each state would also get to elect one representative for each thirty thousand people. These representatives would meet together in the House of Representatives. The House of Representatives showed that all of the people of the United States, no matter what state they lived in, were part of one country. Every person in every state would have the same amount of power to send a representative to the House. States with more people in them would have more representatives—but the same number of senators.

All the laws of the country would have to be approved by *both* houses—by the states, and also by the people. Together, these houses would be called Congress. Congress would be the *legislative* part of the new federal government, able to pass laws, declare war, and make treaties with foreign countries.

But the English Parliament also had two houses. And Parliament had still passed taxes, even though the English in America objected. What would keep Congress from doing the same thing?

The delegates decided that a leader should have the power to *veto*, or stop, any law that Congress might pass. This leader would be called the President. He wouldn't have the power to make any laws, but he would be able to stop Congress if Congress got carried away! Now the American federal government had two parts: Congress, the legislative branch, and the President, the *executive branch*.

But who would make sure that Congress and the President would both follow the laws that they passed?

The federal government needed a third branch: a court of judges who would decide whether or not laws were being properly observed. This "Supreme Court" became the *judicial branch* of the federal government. Its members had to be chosen by the President—but Congress had to approve them! Now, each of the three parts of the government had to cooperate with the other parts. No one branch of the government could grab all of the power for itself.

The delegates wrote all of these rules down in a new Constitution, signed it, and then published it in newspapers in every state. The Constitution began, "We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." Then the Constitution explained how the three branches of government would work.

The delegates had decided that nine states would have to agree to accept, or *ratify*, the Constitution. The first state to agree was Delaware, on December 7th, 1787. By January of 1788, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, and Connecticut had also ratified it. It took four more months for Massachusetts, Maryland, and South Carolina to agree. When New Hampshire, the ninth state to vote, ratified the Constitution in June of 1788, the Constitution became the law of the United States of America.

Not everyone was pleased with the Constitution. Quick-tempered Patrick Henry from Virginia called it a "horridly frightful" document. He was afraid that the President would become a king and that Congress would be able to use too much power against the people. He wanted the Constitution to have a *Bill of Rights* attached to it—a list of powers that the government could never use against the people of the United States.

Many other Americans wanted a Bill of Rights too. "All power is subject to abuse," James Madison remarked, "[and so we must] fortify the rights of the people against the encroachments of the government."

Four years later, a Bill of Rights was added to the original Constitution. The Bill of Rights, ten *amendments* (additions) to the Constitution, said that Congress could never forbid American citizens to speak their opinions, to worship God as they pleased, to assemble together in public, or to keep weapons to defend themselves. No one could ever be seized by the government and kept in jail without a public trial. The Bill

of Rights said that the federal government could never behave like a king toward its people—even if there seemed to be good reasons for doing so.

The Constitution was finished. Finally, the United States was truly a nation.



Realizing that everything was forgiven, I stood up and dried my eyes. Papa was pleased with his new overalls. My sisters forgot the pups for the candy. The light that was shining from my mother's eyes, as she fingered the cheap cotton cloth, was something I will never forget.

Mama warmed some milk for the pups. They drank until their little tummies were tight and round.

As I ate, Papa sat down at the table and started talking man-talk to me. He asked, "How are things in town?"

I told him it was boiling with people. The wagon yard was full of wagons and teams.

He asked if I had seen anyone I knew.

I told him I hadn't, but the Stationmaster had asked about him.

He asked me where I had spent the night.

I told him about the cave in the Sparrow Hawk Mountains.

He said that must have been the one called "Robber's Cave."

My youngest sister piped up, "Did you stay all night with some robbers?"

My oldest sister said, "Silly, that was a long time ago. There aren't any robbers there now."

The other one put her nickel's worth in, "Weren't you scared?"

"No," I said, "I wasn't scared of staying in the cave, but I heard a mountain lion scream and it scared me half to death."

"Aw, they won't bother you," Papa said. "You had a fire, didn't you?"

I said, "Yes."

He said, "They'll never bother you unless they are wounded or cornered, but if they are, you had better look out."

Papa asked me how I liked town.

I said I didn't like it at all, and wouldn't live there even if they gave it to me.

With a querying look on his face, he said, "I'm afraid I don't understand. I thought you always wanted to go to town."

"I did," I said, "but I don't any more. I don't like the people there and couldn't understand them."

"What was wrong with them?" he asked.

I told him how they had stared at me, and had even laughed and made fun of me.

He said, "Aw, I don't think they were making fun of you, were they?"

"Yes, they were," I said, "and to beat it all, the boys jumped on me and knocked me down in the dirt. If it hadn't been for the marshal, I would have taken a beating."

Papa said, "So you met the marshal. What did you think of him?"

I told him he was a nice man. He had bought me a bottle of soda pop.

At the mention of soda pop, the blue eyes of my sisters opened wide. They started firing questions at me, wanting to know what color it was, and what it tasted like. I told them it was strawberry and it bubbled and tickled when I drank it, and it made me burp.

The eager questions of my three little sisters had had an effect on my father and mother.

Papa said, "Billy, I don't want you to feel badly about the

people in town. I don't think they were poking fun at you, anyway not like you think they were."

"Maybe they weren't," I said, "but I still don't want to ever live in town. It's too crowded and you couldn't get a breath of fresh air."

In a sober voice my father said, "Some day you may have to live in town. Your mother and I don't intend to live in these hills all our lives. It's no place to raise a family. A man's children should have an education. They should get out and see the world and meet people."

"I don't see why we have to move to town to get an education," I said. "Hasn't Mama taught us how to read and write?"

"There's more to an education than just reading and writing," Papa said. "Much more."

I asked him when he thought we'd be moving to town.

"Well, it'll be some time yet," he said. "We don't have the money now, but I'm hoping some day we will."

From the stove where she was heating salt water for my feet, Mama said in a low voice, "I'll pray every day and night for that day to come. I don't want you children to grow up without an education, not even knowing what a bottle of soda pop is, or ever seeing the inside of a schoolhouse. I don't think I could stand that. I'll just keep praying and some day the good Lord may answer my prayer."

I told my mother I had seen the schoolhouse in town. Again I had to answer a thousand questions for my sisters. I told them it was made of red brick and was bigger than Grandpa's store, a lot bigger. There must have been at least a thousand kids going to school there.

I told all about the teeter-totters, the swings made out of log chains, the funny-looking pipe that ran up the side of the building, and how I had climbed up in it and slid out like the other kids. I didn't tell them how I came out.

"I think that was a fire escape," Papa said.

"Fire escape!" I said. "It looked like a slide to me."

"Did you notice where it made that bend up at the top?" he asked.

I nodded my head.

"Well, inside the school there's a door," he said. "If the school gets on fire, they open the door. The children jump in the pipe and slide out to safety."

"Boy, that's a keen way of getting out of a fire," I said.

"Well, it's getting late," Papa said. "We'll talk about this some other time. We'd better get to bed as we have a lot of work to do tomorrow."

My pups were put in the corncrib for the night. I covered them with shucks and kissed them good night.

The next day was a busy one for me. With the hampering help of my sisters I made the little doghouse.

Papa cut the ends off his check lines and gave them to me for collars. With painstaking care, deep in the tough leather I scratched the name "Old Dan" on one and "Little Ann" on the other. With a nail and a rock two holes were punched in each end of the straps. I put them around their small necks and laced the ends together with bailing wire.

That evening I had a talk with my mother. I told her about praying for the two pups, about the magazine and the plans I had made. I told her how hard I had tried to find names for

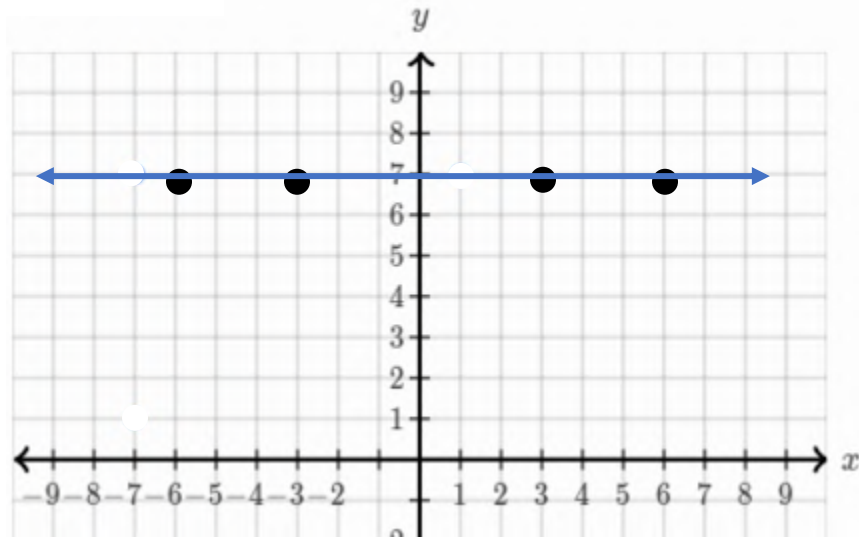
them and how strange it was finding them carved in the bark of a sycamore tree.

With a smile on her face, she asked, "Do you believe God heard your prayer and helped you?"

"Yes, Mama," I said. "I know He did and I'll always be thankful."

Graphing Horizontal and Vertical Lines

Thursday 4-9-20

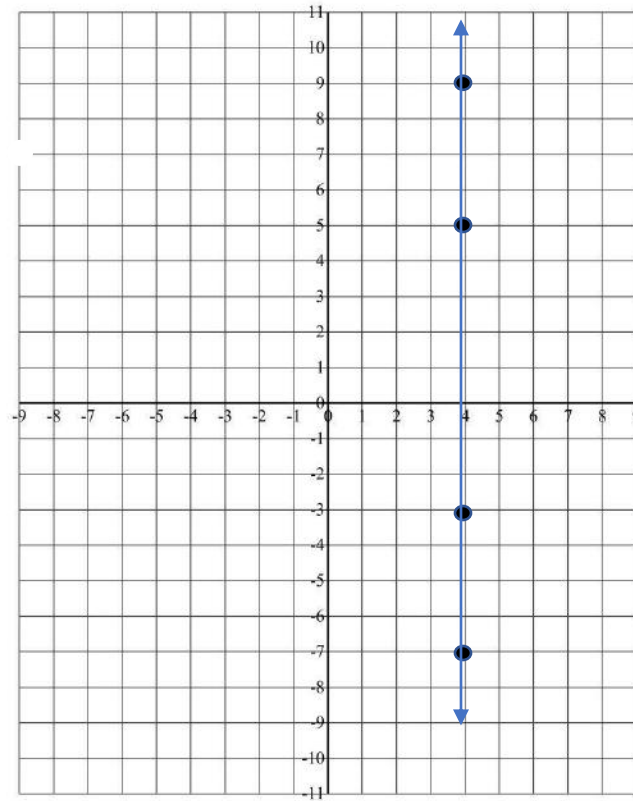


- The coordinates of the points above are $(-6,7)$ $(-3,7)$ $(3,7)$ $(6,7)$.
- Each of the y -coordinates is a 7.
- This creates a **straight, horizontal line**.
- Because each y -coordinate is a 7, we know the equation of this line is **$y = 7$** .

We can explore these same relationships with vertical lines. Look below at the graph.



Coordinate Grid Paper



Math-Drills.com

- The coordinates of the points above are (4,9) (4,5) (4,-3) (4,-7).
- Each of the x-coordinates is a 4.
- This creates a **straight, vertical line**.
 - Because each x-coordinate is a 4, we know the equation of this line is **$x = 4$** .

Westward Expansion

Louisiana Purchase, Lewis and Clark

Eberlein.2020

1



Eberlein.2020

You need to be familiar with the geographic formations of the **Mississippi River** and the **Missouri River**.

Also, know where the **Rocky Mountain Range** lies.

2

Remember that the first 13 states of the U.S. (once the 13 colonies) lie on the far Eastern coast of the country.

As part of Britain's loss in the American Revolutionary War, Britain forfeits any remaining lands East of the Mississippi River to the U.S.

Americans continue to move West towards the Mississippi River, settling the land.

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3

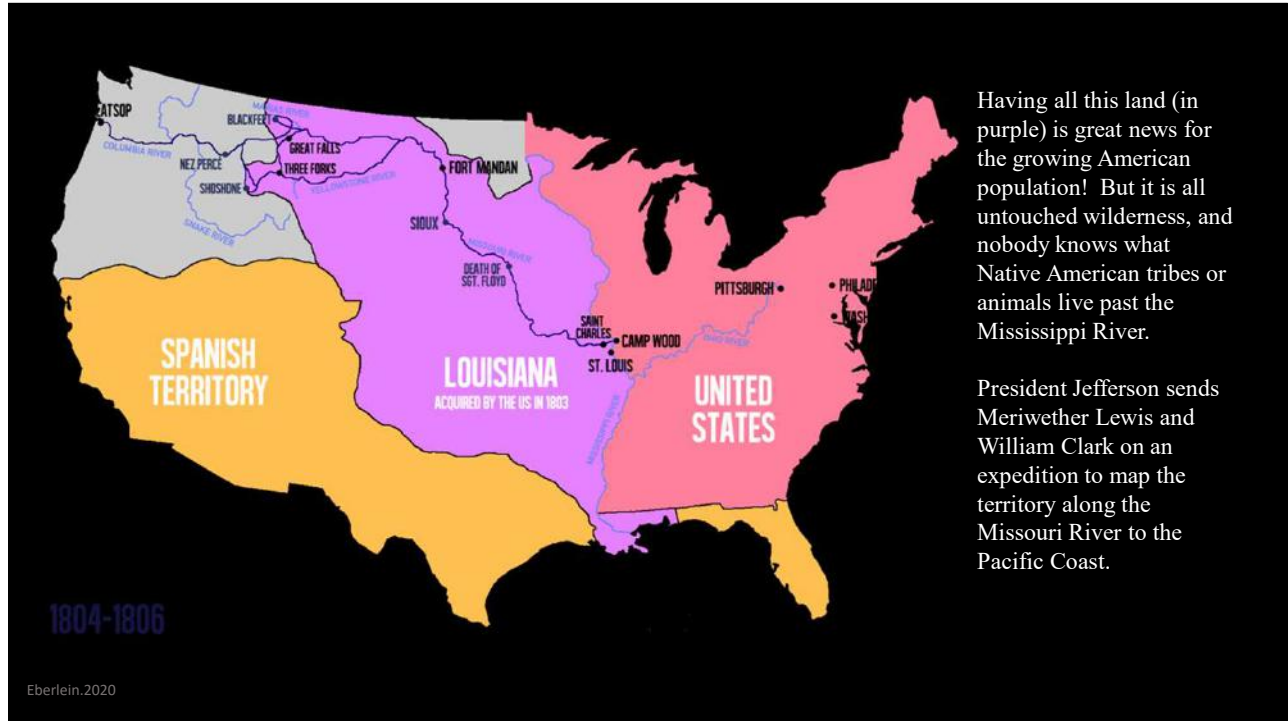
Who owns the vast amount of land on the other side of the Mississippi River?
France.

As more Americans move West to settle along the River, Thomas Jefferson becomes nervous and sends negotiations to New Orleans to discuss travel policies.

However, France is in great debt due to fighting several wars abroad and is looking to sell the Louisiana territory!
Jefferson buys the lot for less than 3 cents an acre.

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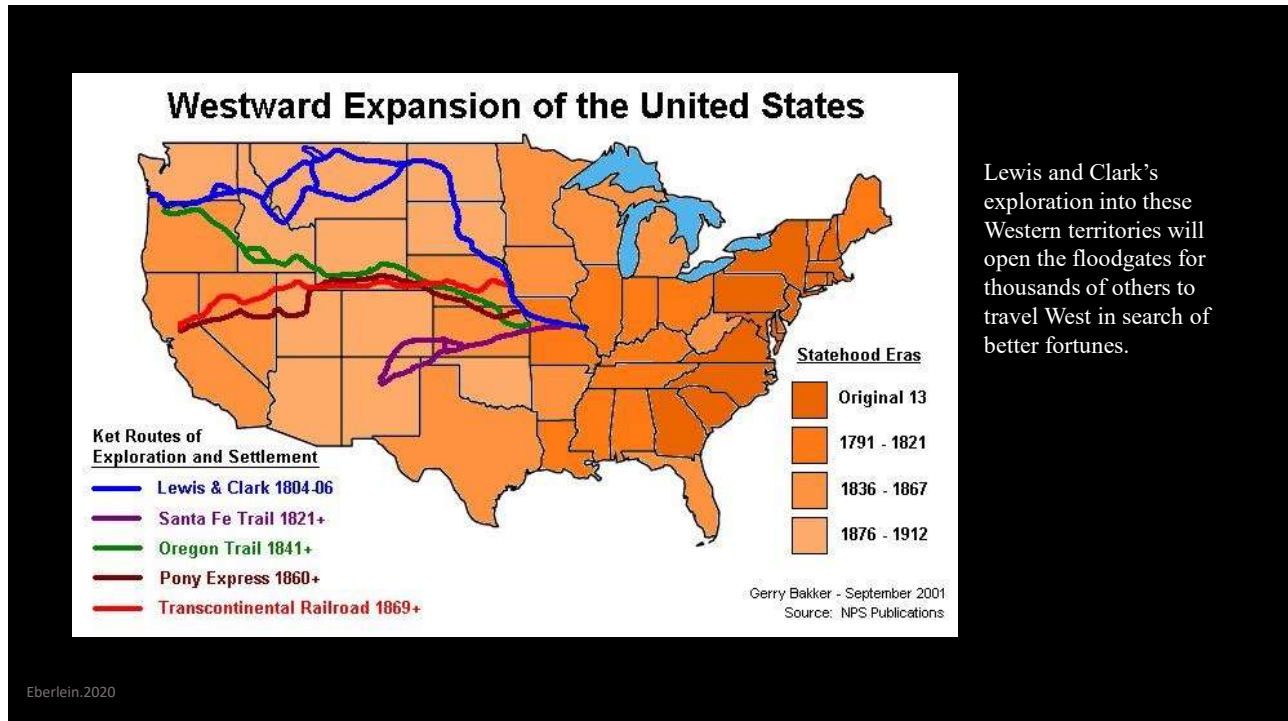
4



Having all this land (in purple) is great news for the growing American population! But it is all untouched wilderness, and nobody knows what Native American tribes or animals live past the Mississippi River.

President Jefferson sends Meriwether Lewis and William Clark on an expedition to map the territory along the Missouri River to the Pacific Coast.

5



Lewis and Clark's exploration into these Western territories will open the floodgates for thousands of others to travel West in search of better fortunes.

6

Where the Red Fern Grows

Chapter 5 Part 1 (p. 39-45)

Vocabulary & Annotation Worksheet

Name: AK # _____

Date: _____



SHORT ANSWER DIRECTIONS:

- In your book, mark with a star ☆ and underline the text that answers the questions below.
- Write the page number in the space provided.
- In your own words, write the answer to the question.

1. What does the stationmaster do that makes Billy feel safe to go into the depot? # 39

He gives some water to a bird that is chirping.
Billy thinks that if he is kind to birds, he must
be kind to people.

2. How is the stationmaster described? # 39-40

He wears a funny cap, looks friendly and
has a twinkle in his eye.

3. What do the boys from town do that makes Billy fight them? # 44

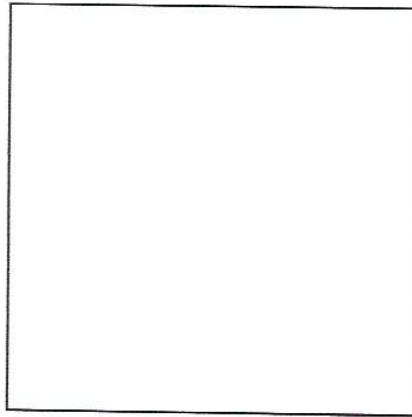
They pull his dogs' ears.



VOCABULARY DIRECTIONS:

- A. On the line, write the definition of the word as found in the Unfamiliar Words & Vocab Guide
- B. Circle the word in the text and define in the margin
- C. In the box, draw a picture of the word

muster - v. to work hard to find or get (p. 39)



Image

Where the Red Fern Grows

Chapter 5 Part 2 (p. 46-52)


Annotation & Reflection Worksheet

Name: AK # _____

Date: _____



SHORT ANSWER DIRECTIONS:

- In your book, mark with a star  and underline the text that answers the questions below.
- Write the page number in the space provided.
- In your own words, write the answer to the question.

1. How is the boy dog described? # 49

He is larger than the girl dog with a deep, red color. He is bold, aggressive and has knotted muscles under his velvet coat.

2. How is the girl dog described? # 50

She is small and timid with a short body and short legs. Her head is small and delicate.

3. What gives Billy courage in the face of the mountain lion? # 51

His pups bawling to protect them.

4. What would you title Chapter 5?



REFLECTION QUESTION DIRECTIONS:

- Answer the following question in 3-5 complete, cursive sentences.

What makes Billy angry? How do you think his anger is related to courage?

Billy is angry at the thought that anything would harm his pups. His anger is related to the love he has for his dogs. This love gives him courage.

Where the Red Fern Grows

Chapter 6 Part 1 (p. 53-56)

Annotation Worksheet

Name: AK # _____

Date: _____



SHORT ANSWER DIRECTIONS:

- In your book, mark with a star ☆ and underline the text that answers the questions below.
- Write the page number in the space provided.
- In your own words, write the answer to the question.

1. What does Billy decide to tell his mother and father? # 54

The truth

2. What does Billy decide to name the dogs? # 54

Old Dan and Little Ann

3. Where does he get the idea for their names?

From the names carved in a ♥ on the
Sycamore tree.

Where the Red Fern Grows

Chapter 6 Part 2 (p. 56-61)

Annotation Worksheet

Name: AK # _____

Date: _____



SHORT ANSWER DIRECTIONS:

- In your book, mark with a star ☆ and underline the text that answers the questions below.
- Write the page number in the space provided.
- In your own words, write the answer to the question.

1. What gifts does Billy bring back for his father, mother and sisters? # 56-57

Candy for his sisters; cloth for a new dress
for his mother; overalls for his father.

2. Why does Billy say he never wants to go to town again? # 58-59

He doesn't like the people, it's too crowded,
and you can't get fresh air.

3. How does Billy feel God answered his prayer? # 60-61

He felt that God guided him to the magazine
and inspired his mind with ideas about how to
earn and save \$ for the dogs. He also felt God
helped him find the right names for them.

4. What would you title Chapter 6?

Where the Red Fern Grows

Name: _____ # _____

Unfamiliar Words & Vocabulary Guide

Chapters 5-6

Date: _____



Term	Definition	Page #
depot	(n.) – a train or bus station	39
muster	(v.) – to work hard to find or get	39
gritted	(v.) – to press or rub your teeth together	44
Jack Dempsy	(n.) – the boxing heavyweight champion of the world from 1919-1926	44
romping	(v.) – to play in a rough and noisy way	54
trance	(n.) – a state in which you are not aware of what is happening around you because you are thinking of something else	54
querying	(adj.) – a question or request for information	58
corncrib	(n.) – a bin or area used to store ears of corn	60
hampering	(v.) – to slow the movement, progress, or action of	60

A.A S.N P A.A O.P A.V P A.A O.P

1. Ex: The **shadow** of the moon danced on the lake.

The **leaves** on the trees jumped with the wind.

A.A S.N A.V. P A.A Adj. O.P

2. The **flood** raged over the entire village.

A.A Adj SN AV P Adj OP

3. The full **moon** peeped through partial clouds.

A.A SN AV AA DO

4. The **chainsaw** hummed a tune.

5. The **ship** danced over the undulating waves of the ocean.

6. There was a heavy thunderstorm, the **wind** snorted outside, rattling my window panes.

7. The flowers were blooming, and the **bees** kissed them every now and then.

8. The **tread of time** is so ruthless that it tramples even the kings under its feet.

9. “A **host of golden daffodils**; Beside the lake, beneath the trees, Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.”

10. “the watchful **night wind** as it went, creeping along from tent to tent, seeming to whisper, ‘All is well!’”

11. “The **waves** beside them danced”

12. Ah, William, we’re weary of weather,” said the **sunflowers**, shining with dew.



Set e

Rule 1: When you add a positive (+ a +), go **UP**.
Rule 2: When you add a negative (+ a -), go **DOWN**.

Follow these steps.

1. Read the problem.
2. Circle where you start.
3. Will you add a positive or a negative? (Say the right rule).
4. Make the arrow point the way to go.
5. Make the bumps.
6. Write the answer.
7. Cover and say the problem & the answer.

+ (-) + Add (-)	+ Add +	+ (-) + Add (-)
<p>Rule 2: Add a negative, go DOWN.</p> $\begin{array}{r} 4 \\ +(-4) \\ \hline 0 \end{array}$	<p>Rule 1: Add a positive, go UP.</p> $\begin{array}{r} 6 \\ + 3 \\ \hline 9 \end{array}$	<p>Rule 2: Add a negative, go DOWN.</p> $\begin{array}{r} 7 \\ +(-3) \\ \hline 4 \end{array}$



$\frac{5}{+(-11)}$	$\frac{7}{+(-3)}$	$\frac{1}{+(-4)}$	$\frac{8}{+(-5)}$	$\frac{3}{+ 5}$	$\frac{8}{+ 6}$	$\frac{2}{+ 9}$	$\frac{6}{+ 2}$	$\frac{7}{+(-13)}$	$\frac{11}{+(-6)}$
$\frac{-6}{-6}$	$\frac{4}{4}$	$\frac{-3}{-3}$	$\frac{3}{3}$	$\frac{8}{8}$	$\frac{14}{14}$	$\frac{11}{11}$	$\frac{8}{8}$	$\frac{-6}{-6}$	$\frac{5}{5}$

$$\begin{array}{r} 3 \\ + 4 \\ \hline 7 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 1 \\ + 9 \\ \hline 10 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 8 \\ + 7 \\ \hline 15 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 2 \\ + 6 \\ \hline 8 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 5 \\ +(-10) \\ \hline -5 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 4 \\ +(-11) \\ \hline -7 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 9 \\ +(-4) \\ \hline 5 \end{array}$$

One-Minute Test

Goal Completed

$\frac{1}{+(-8)}$	$\frac{11}{+(-3)}$	$\frac{9}{+(-12)}$	$\frac{4}{+(-8)}$	$\frac{5}{+ 6}$	$\frac{5}{+ 3}$	$\frac{8}{+ 8}$
<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>
$\frac{8}{+(-6)}$	$\frac{8}{+(-11)}$	$\frac{9}{+(-10)}$	$\frac{10}{+(-4)}$	$\frac{9}{+ 5}$	$\frac{5}{+ 4}$	$\frac{2}{+ 2}$
<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>
$\frac{2}{+(-5)}$	$\frac{15}{+(-7)}$	$\frac{10}{+(-8)}$	$\frac{8}{+(-15)}$	$\frac{3}{+ 1}$	$\frac{9}{+ 4}$	$\frac{2}{+ 7}$
<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>
$\frac{5}{+(-1)}$	$\frac{6}{+(-13)}$	$\frac{14}{+(-7)}$	$\frac{4}{+(-13)}$	$\frac{9}{+ 6}$	$\frac{7}{+ 2}$	$\frac{1}{+ 6}$
<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>

$$\begin{array}{r} 9 \\ +(-15) \\ \hline -6 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 6 \\ +(-2) \\ \hline 4 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 9 \\ + 1 \\ \hline 10 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 1 \\ + 3 \\ \hline 4 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 7 \\ + 5 \\ \hline 12 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 4 \\ + 6 \\ \hline 10 \end{array}$$

$\frac{12}{+(-8)}$	$\frac{7}{+ 7}$	$\frac{3}{+ 2}$	$\frac{3}{+ 9}$	$\frac{6}{+ 6}$	$\frac{6}{+(-3)}$	$\frac{7}{+(-12)}$	$\frac{12}{+(-6)}$	$\frac{5}{+(-3)}$
$\frac{4}{4}$	$\frac{14}{14}$	$\frac{5}{5}$	$\frac{12}{12}$	$\frac{12}{12}$	$\frac{3}{3}$	$\frac{-5}{-5}$	$\frac{6}{6}$	$\frac{2}{2}$



Rocket Math Learning to Add Integers

(positive and negative numbers)

Name Answer Key

Set D

Rule 1: When you add a positive (+ a +), go **UP**.
Rule 2: When you add a negative (+ a -), go **DOWN**.

Follow these steps.

1. Read the problem.
2. Circle where you start.
3. Will you add a positive or a negative? (Say the right rule).
4. Make the arrow point the way to go.
5. Make the bumps.
6. Write the answer.
7. Cover and say the problem & the answer.

+ (-)	+ Add (-)	+	+ Add +	+ (-)	+ Add (-)
	<p>Rule 2: Add a negative, go DOWN.</p> $\begin{array}{r} 2 \\ +(-3) \\ \hline -1 \end{array}$		<p>Rule 1: Add a positive, go UP.</p> $\begin{array}{r} 5 \\ + 4 \\ \hline 9 \end{array}$		<p>Rule 2: Add a negative, go DOWN.</p> $\begin{array}{r} 5 \\ +(-4) \\ \hline 1 \end{array}$



$\frac{1}{+(-6)}$	$\frac{6}{+(-4)}$	$\frac{16}{+(-8)}$	$\frac{6}{+ 4}$	$\frac{4}{+ 5}$	$\frac{1}{+ 8}$	$\frac{11}{+(-8)}$	$\frac{6}{+(-14)}$	$\frac{7}{+ 8}$	$\frac{7}{+ 1}$
- 5	2	8	10	9	9	3	- 8	15	8
$\frac{7}{+ 3}$									$\frac{8}{+ 9}$
10									17
$\frac{1}{+ 4}$	$\frac{12}{+(-4)}$	$\frac{1}{+(-5)}$	$\frac{9}{+ 7}$	$\frac{1}{+ 5}$	$\frac{9}{+(-2)}$	$\frac{9}{+(-13)}$	$\frac{10}{+(-6)}$		$\frac{9}{+(-11)}$
5	8	- 4	16	6	7	- 4	4		- 2
$\frac{9}{+(-7)}$	$\frac{1}{+ 2}$	$\frac{4}{+ 5}$	$\frac{14}{+(-6)}$	$\frac{3}{+(-5)}$	$\frac{12}{+(-5)}$	$\frac{6}{+ 1}$	$\frac{8}{+ 3}$		$\frac{9}{+(-6)}$
2	3	9	8	- 2	7	7	11		3
$\frac{8}{+(-16)}$	$\frac{10}{+(-5)}$	$\frac{6}{+(-9)}$	$\frac{5}{+ 3}$	$\frac{6}{+ 8}$	$\frac{2}{+ 7}$	$\frac{2}{+(-8)}$	$\frac{5}{+(-2)}$		$\frac{9}{+ 8}$
- 8	5	- 3	8	14	9	- 6	3		17
$\frac{12}{+(-3)}$	$\frac{9}{+ 3}$	$\frac{7}{+ 5}$	$\frac{3}{+ 7}$	$\frac{7}{+(-2)}$	$\frac{5}{+(-13)}$	$\frac{2}{+ 5}$	$\frac{3}{+ 3}$		$\frac{6}{+ 9}$
9	12	12	10	5	- 8	7	6		15
$\frac{2}{+ 4}$									$\frac{6}{+ 7}$
6									13
$\frac{9}{+ 9}$	$\frac{1}{+ 7}$	$\frac{10}{+(-3)}$	$\frac{4}{+(-6)}$	$\frac{13}{+(-8)}$	$\frac{5}{+ 8}$	$\frac{2}{+ 5}$	$\frac{9}{+(-3)}$	$\frac{5}{+(-12)}$	$\frac{13}{+(-5)}$
18	8	7	- 2	5	13	7	6	- 7	8

Math Key for Monday, April 6th, 2020

Warm Up Key

1a) 3 1b) (- 20)

2a) 90 2b) (- 35)

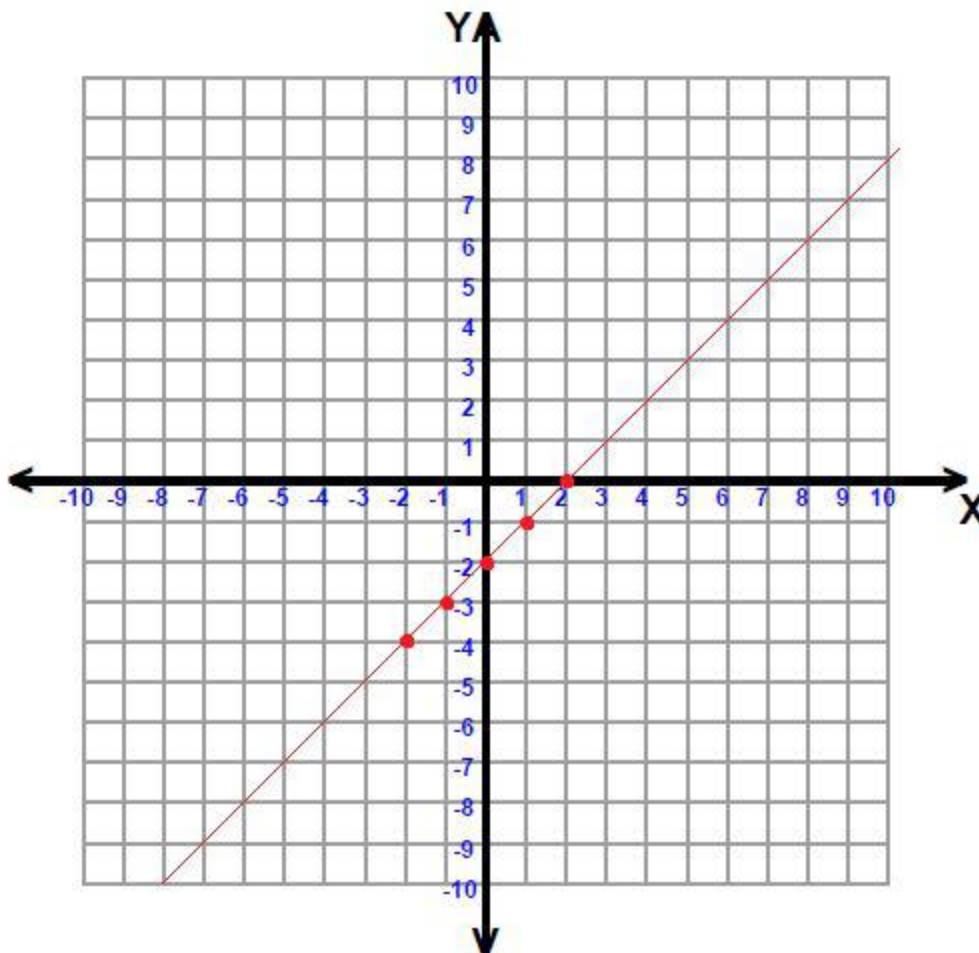
3a) (3, 4) 3b) (- 5, 7) 3c) (- 7, 0) 3d) (- 7, - 6)

3e) (2, - 8) 3f) (0, 8)

Checkpoint #1!

The equation $y = 8 - x$ matches the input-output table.

Checkpoint #2!



Independent Practice

x	0	1	2	3	4	5	6
y	4	3	2	1	0	(- 1)	(- 2)
(x, y)	(0, 4)	(1, 3)	(2, 2)	(3, 1)	(4, 0)	(5, - 1)	(6, - 2)

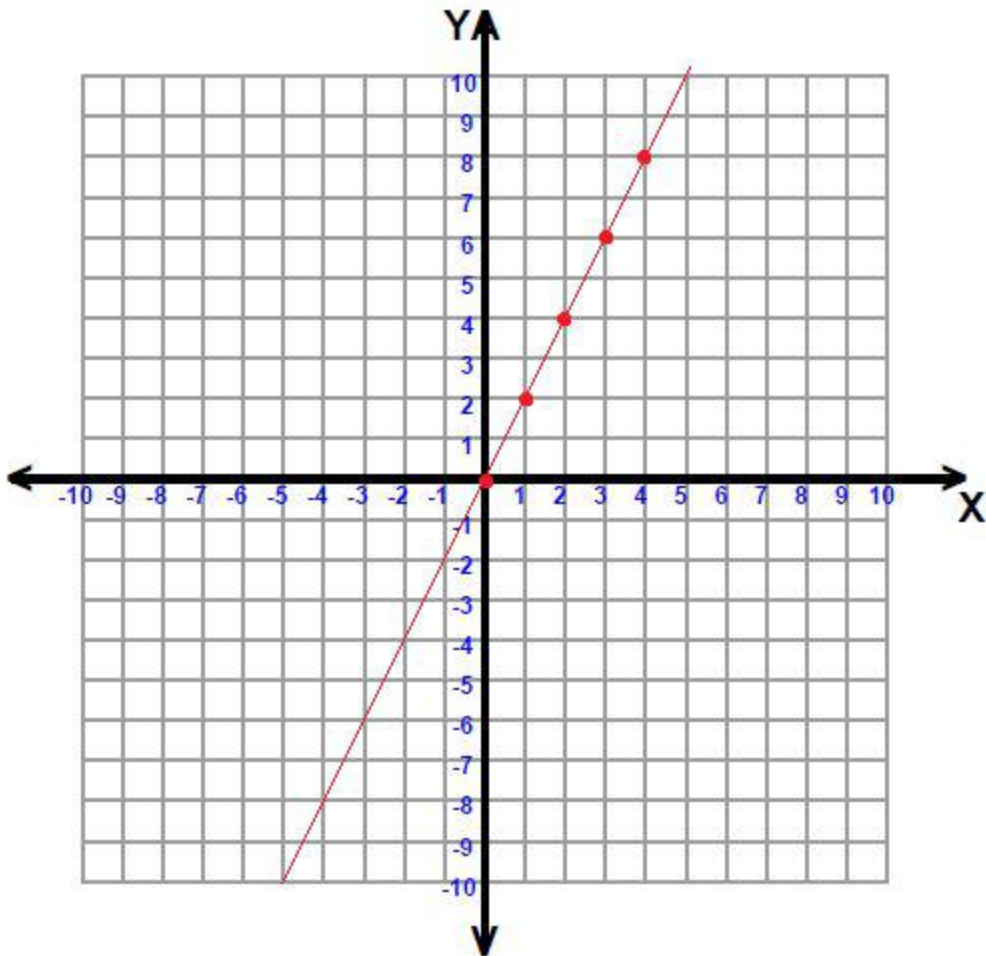
Math Key for Tuesday, April 7th, 2020

Warm Up Key

1.

x	0	1	2	3	4
y	0	2	4	6	8
(x, y)	(0, 0)	(1, 2)	(2, 4)	(3, 6)	(4, 8)

2.



Guided Practice

4a) (- 6, - 4), (- 4, - 2), (- 2, 0), (0, 2), (2, 4), (4, 6)				
4b) 2	4c) 4	4d) (- 4)	4e) 2	4f) $y = x + 2$

4g) Correct answers include: (- 7, -5), (-5, -3), (-3, -1), (-1, 1), (1, 3), (3, 5), (5, 7), (6, 8), and (7, 9).

5a) Complete the table for $y = x - 3$.

x	(- 3)	(- 2)	(- 1)	0	1	2	3
y	(- 6)	(- 5)	(-4)	(- 3)	(- 2)	(- 1)	0
(x, y)	(- 3, - 6)	(- 2, - 5)	(- 1, - 4)	(0, -3)	(1, - 2)	(2, - 1)	(3, 0)

5b) Which line from the graph on textbook page 159 is a graph of the equation $y = x - 3$?
Line c

Independent Practice Key

1a) 0 1b) 10 1c) $y = x + 8$ 1d) (1, 9)

2a)

X	- 3	-2	-1	0	1	2	3
Y	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
(X, Y)	(- 3, 2)	(- 2, 3)	(- 1, 4)	(0, 5)	(1, 6)	(2, 7)	(3, 8)

2b) Line A

Math Key for Wednesday, April 8th, 2020

Guided Practice, Task 6, TB 161

6a) A: (- 6, 3) B: (-3, 3) C: (0, 3) D: (3, 3) E: (6, 3)

6b) Every y-coordinate on line a is 3. 6c) All points on line a satisfy the equation $y = 3$.

6d) The value of c is 3. 6e) In line a, $y = 3$ for all values of x.

Math Key for Thursday, April 9th, 2020

Guided Practice

7a) P: (-4, 9) Q: (-4, 4) R: (-4, 0) S: (-4, -4) T: (-4, -8)

7b) The x coordinate of each point is (-4).

7c) All of the points on line b satisfy the equation $x = -4$.

7d) The value of d is (-4). 7e) In line b, $x = (-4)$ for all values of y.

8a) (4, 4) 8b) (4, -5) 8c) (-5, -5) 8d) Any point on Line d has an x coordinate of 4.

8e) The y coordinate. 8f) $y = x$

W3 Monday Worksheet Answer Key

“Practicing the Language 1” (pg. 63)

Instructions

Correct your “W3 Monday Worksheet” with this answer key.

Example

ex. senēs dormiunt (dormit, dormiunt)

The old men are sleeping.

Sentences

Listen to these sentences at https://bit.ly/W3D1_5th

1) senēs in forō _____ dormiunt _____ (dormit, dormiunt).

The old men are sleeping in the forum.

2) puellae in theātrō _____ sedent _____ (sedet, sedent).

Girls are sitting in the theater.

3) agricolae ad urbem _____ currunt _____ (currunt, eurrūt).

Farmers are running to the city.

4) Pompēiānī clāmōrem _____ faciunt _____ (facit, faciunt).

The Pompeians are making a noise.

5) servī ad theātrum _____ contendunt _____ (eontendit, contendunt).

Slaves are hurrying to the theater.

W3 Translation Answer Key

Lines 1-5

Today the Pompeians are on holiday. Masters and slaves are not working. Many Pompeians are sitting in the theater. Spectators are waiting for Actius. At last, Actius stands on the stage. The Pompeians applaud.

Suddenly, the Pompeians hear a big noise.

Lines 6-10

A slave enters the theater. "Hurray! A tightrope walker is here," the slave shouts. The Pompeians are not looking at Actius. All the Pompeians run from the theater and look at the tightrope walker.

No one remains in the theater. Actius, however, is not angry. Actius is also looking at the tightrope walker.