

GreatHearts

Northern Oaks



Supplemental Reading Packet

Week 5, April 20 - 23, 2020

5th grade

Ms. Carrigee

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Student Name: _____ Section: __



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*Thursday is the Graded Review for Week 5 and requires no notes, readings, or keys. Since the Graded Review will be the only graded portion of this week's packet, we have included keys for the student work pages for Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. These keys should be used to gauge and troubleshoot the student's level of comprehension. Friday, April 24th is a school holiday.

out of his roll, running and bawling. Ahead of him was a log jam. He sailed over it and disappeared down the riverbank. Seconds later I heard his deep voice blend with the sharp cries of Little Ann.

At that moment no boy in the world could have been more proud of his dogs than I was. Never again would I doubt them.

I was hurrying along, looking for a shallow riffle so I could wade across, when the voices of my dogs stopped. I waited and listened. They opened again on my side of the stream. The coon had crossed back over.

I couldn't help smiling. I knew that never again would a ringtail fool them by swimming the river.

The next trick the old fellow pulled was dandy. He climbed a large water oak standing about ten feet from the river and simply disappeared.

I got there in time to see my dogs swimming for the opposite shore. For half an hour they worked that bank. Not finding the trail, they swam back. I stood and watched them. They practically tore the riverbank to pieces looking for the trail.

Old Dan knew the coon had climbed the water oak. He went back, reared up on it, and bawled a few times.

"There's no use in doing that, boy," I said. "I know he climbed it, but he's not there now. Maybe it's like Grandpa said, he just climbed right on out through the top and disappeared in the stars."

My dogs didn't know it, but I was pretty well convinced that that was what the coon had done.

They wouldn't give up. Once again they crossed over to the other shore. It was no use. The coon hadn't touched that

bank. They came back. Old Dan went up the river and Little Ann worked downstream.

An hour and a half later they gave up and came to me begging for help. I knelt down between their wet bodies. While I scratched and petted them, I let them know that I still loved them.

"I'm not mad," I said. "I know you did your best. If that coon can fool both of us, then we're just beat. We'll go someplace else to hunt. He's not the only coon in these bottoms."

Just as I picked up my ax and lantern, Little Ann let out a bawl and tore out down the riverbank. Old Dan, with a bewildered look on his face, stood for a moment looking after her. Then, raising his head high in the air, he made my eardrums ring with his deep voice. I could hear the underbrush popping as he ran to join her.

I couldn't figure out what had taken place. Surely Little Ann had heard or seen something. I could tell by their voices that whatever it was they were after, they were close enough to see it and were probably running by sight.

The animal left the bottoms and headed for the mountains. Whatever it was, it must have realized my dogs were crowding it too closely. At the edge of the foothills it turned and came back toward the river.

I was still trying to figure out what was going on, when I realized that on striking the river the animal had again turned and was coming straight toward me. I set my lantern down and tightened my grip on the ax.

I was standing my ground quite well when visions of bears, lions, and all kinds of other animals started flashing across my

mind. I jumped behind a big sycamore and was trying hard to press my body into the tree when a big coon came tearing by. Twenty-five yards behind him came my dogs, running side by side. I saw them clearly when they passed me, bawling every time their feet touched the ground.

After seeing that there was nothing to be scared of, once again I was the fearless hunter, screaming and yelling as loud as I could, "Get him, boy, get him."

I tore out after them. The trails I knew so well were forgotten. I took off straight through the brush. I was tearing my way through some elders when the voices of my dogs stopped.

Holding my breath, I stood still and waited. Then it came, the long-drawn-out bawl of the tree bark. My little hounds had done it. They had treed their first coon.

When I came to them and saw what they had done I was speechless. I groaned and closed my eyes. I didn't want to believe it. There were a lot of big sycamores in the bottoms but the one in which my dogs had treed was the giant of them all.

While prowling the woods, I had seen the big tree many times. I had always stopped and admired it. Like a king in his own domain, it towered far above the smaller trees.

It had taken me quite a while to find a name suitable for the big sycamore. For a while I had called it "the chicken tree." In some ways it had reminded me of a mother hen hovering over her young in a rainstorm. Its huge limbs spread out over the small birch, ash, box elder, and water oak as if it alone were their protector.

Next, I named it "the giant." That name didn't last long. Mama told us children a story about a big giant that lived

in the mountains and ate little children that were lost. Right away I started looking for another name.

One day, while lying in the warm sun staring at its magnificent beauty, I found the perfect name. From that day on, it was called "the big tree." I named the bottoms around it "the big tree bottoms."

Walking around it, and using the moon as a light, I started looking for the coon. High up in the top I saw a hollow in the end of a broken limb. I figured that that was the coon's den.

I could climb almost any tree I had ever seen but I knew I could never climb the big sycamore and it would take days to chop it down.

There had been very little hope from the beginning, but on seeing the hollow I gave up. "Come on," I said to my dogs. "There's nothing I can do. We'll go someplace else and find another coon."

I turned to walk away. My hounds made no move to follow. They started whining. Old Dan reared up, placed his front paws on the trunk, and started bawling.

"I know he's there," I said, "but there's nothing I can do. I can't climb it. Why it's sixty feet up to the first limb and it would take me a month to cut it down."

Again I turned and started on my way.

Little Ann came to me. She reared up and started licking my hands. Swallowing the knot in my throat, I said, "I'm sorry, little girl. I want him just as badly as you do, but there's no way I can get him."

She ran back to the tree and started digging in the soft ground close to the roots.

"Come on now," I said in a gruff voice. "You're both acting silly. You know I'd get the coon for you if I could but I can't."

With a whipped-dog look on her face and with her tail between her legs, Little Ann came over. She wouldn't even look at me. Old Dan walked slowly around behind the tree and hid himself. He peeped around the big trunk and looked at me. The message I read in his friendly eyes tore at my heart. He seemed to be saying, "You told us to put one in a tree and you would do the rest."

With tears in my eyes, I looked again at the big sycamore. A wave of anger came over me. Gritting my teeth, I said, "I don't care how big you are, I'm not going to let my dogs down. I told them if they put a coon in a tree I would do the rest and I'm going to. I'm going to cut you down. I don't care if it takes me a whole year."

I walked over and sank my ax as deep as I could in the smooth white bark. My dogs threw a fit. Little Ann started turning in circles. I could hear her pleased whimpering cry. Old Dan bawled and started gnawing on the big tree's trunk.

At first it was easy. My ax was sharp and the chips flew. Two hours later things were different. My arms felt like two dead grapevines, and my back felt like someone had pulled a plug out of one end of it and drained all the sap out.

While taking a breather, I saw I was making more progress than I thought I would. The cut I had started was a foot deep, but I still had a long way to go.

Sitting on their rears, my dogs waited and watched. I smiled at the look on their faces. Every time I stopped chopping they would come over. While Little Ann washed the sweat from

my face, Old Dan would inspect my work. He seemed to be pleased with what he saw for he always wagged his tail.

Along about daylight I got my second wind and I really did make the chips fly. This burst of energy cost me dearly. By sunup I was so stiff I could hardly move. My hands and arms were numb. My back screamed with pain. I could go no further. Sitting down, I leaned back against the big tree and fell asleep.

Little Ann woke me up by washing my face. I groaned with the torture of getting to my feet. Every muscle in my body seemed to be tied in a knot. I was thinking of going down to the river to wash my face in the cool water when I heard a loud whoop. I recognized my father's voice. I whooped to let him know where I was.

Papa was riding our red mule. After he rode up, he just sat there and looked me over. He glanced at my dogs and at the big sycamore. I saw the worry leave his face. He straightened his shoulders, pursed his lips, and blew out a little air. He reminded me of someone who had just dropped a heavy load.

In a slow, calm voice, he asked, "Are you all right, Billy?"

"Yes, Papa," I said. "Oh, I'm a little tired and sleepy, otherwise I'm fine."

He slid from the mule's back and came over. "Your mother's worried," he said. "When you didn't come in, we didn't know what had happened. You should've come home."

I didn't know what to say. I bowed my head and looked at the ground. I was trying hard to choke back the tears when I felt his hand on my shoulder.

"I'm not scolding," he said. "We just thought maybe you had an accident or something."

I looked up and saw a smile on his face.

He turned and looked again at the tree. "Say," he said, "this is the sycamore you call 'the big tree,' isn't it?"

I nodded my head.

"Is there a coon in it?" he asked.

"There sure is, Papa," I said. "He's in that hollow limb. See—that one way up there. That's why I couldn't come home. I was afraid he'd get away."

"Maybe you just think he's there," Papa said. "I believe I'd make sure before I'd cut down a tree that big."

"Oh, he's there all right," I said. "My dogs weren't ten feet behind him when he went up it."

"Why are you so determined to get this coon?" Papa asked. "Couldn't you go somewhere else and tree one? Maybe the tree would be a smaller one."

"I thought about that, Papa," I said, "but I made a bargain with my dogs. I told them that if they would put one in a tree, I'd do the rest. Well, they fulfilled their part of the bargain. Now it's up to me to do my part, and I'm going to, Papa. I'm going to cut it down. I don't care if it takes me a year."

Papa laughed and said, "Oh, I don't think it'll take that long, but it will take a while. I tell you what I'll do. You take the mule and go get some breakfast. I'll chop on it until you get back."

"No, Papa," I said. "I don't want any help. I want to cut it down all by myself. You see, if someone helps me, I wouldn't feel like I kept my part of the agreement."

An astonished look came over my father's face. "Why, Billy," he said, "you can't stay down here without anything to

eat and no sleep. Besides, it'll take at least two days to cut that tree down and that's hard work."

"Please, Papa," I begged, "don't make me quit. I just have to get that coon. If I don't, my dogs won't ever believe in me again."

Papa didn't know what to tell me. He scratched his head, looked over to my dogs and back at me. He started walking around. I waited for him to make up his mind. He finally reached a decision.

"Well, all right," he said. "If that's the way you want it, I'm for it even if it is only an agreement between you and your dogs. If a man's word isn't any good, he's no good himself."

"Now I have to get back and tell your mother that you're all right. It's a cinch that you can't do that kind of work on an empty stomach, so I'll send your oldest sister down with a lunch bucket."

With tears in my eyes, I said, "Tell Mama I'm sorry for not coming home last night."

"Don't you worry about your mother," he said, as he climbed on the mule's back. "I'll take care of her. Another thing, I have to make a trip to the store today and I'll talk this over with your grandfather. He may be able to help some way."

After Papa left, things were a little different. The tree didn't look as big, and my ax wasn't as heavy. I even managed to sing a little as I chopped away.

When my sister came with the lunch bucket, I could have kissed her, but I didn't. She took one look at the big tree and her blue eyes got as big as a guinea's egg.

"You're crazy," she gasped, "absolutely crazy. Why, it'll take a month to cut that tree down, and all for an old coon."

I was so busy with the fresh side pork, fried eggs, and hot biscuits, I didn't pay much attention to her. After all, she was a girl, and girls don't think like boys do.

She raved on. "You can't possibly cut it down today, and what are you going to do when it gets dark?"

"I'm going to keep right on chopping," I said. "I stayed with it last night, didn't I? Well, I'll stay till it's cut down. I don't care how long it takes."

My sister got upset. She looked at me, threw back her small head, and looked up to the top of the big sycamore. "You're as crazy as a bedbug," she said. "Why, I never heard of such a thing."

She stepped over in front of me and very seriously asked if she could look in my eyes.

"Look in my eyes?" I said. "What do you want to do that for? I'm not sick."

"Yes, you are, Billy," she said, "very sick. Mama said when Old Man Johnson went crazy, his eyes turned green. I want to see if yours have."

This was too much. "If you don't get out of here," I shouted, "you're going to be red instead of green, and I mean that."

I grabbed up a stick and started toward her. Of course, I wouldn't have hit her for anything.

This scared her and she started for the house. I heard her saying something about an old coon as she disappeared in the underbrush.

Down in the bottom of my lunch bucket I found a neat

little package of scraps for my dogs. While they were eating I walked down to a spring and filled the bucket with cool water.

The food did wonders for me. My strength came back. I spit on my hands and, whistling a coon hunter's tune, I started making the chips fly.

The cut grew so big I could have laid down in it. I moved over to another side and started a new one. Once while I was taking a rest, Old Dan came over to inspect my work. He hopped up in the cut and sniffed around.

"You had better get out of there," I said. "If that tree takes a notion to fall, it'll mash you flatter than a tadpole's tail."

With a "no care" look on his friendly face, he gave me a hurry-up signal with a wag of his tail.

Little Ann had dug a bed in a pile of dead leaves. She looked as if she were asleep but I knew she wasn't. Every time I stopped swinging the ax, she would raise her head and look at me.

Symbolism and Onomatopoeia

- Symbolism is a poetic device that uses symbols to signify ideas by giving them a meaning that is different from their literal sense.

○ "One Ring to rule them all, One Ring to find them, One Ring to bring them all and in the darkness bind them."

-The Lord of the Rings

★ The "One Ring" is a symbol for ultimate power. Power that brings about evil.

- Generally, symbols are an object representing another to give an entirely different meaning that is much deeper and more significant.

- Onomatopoeia is a word that imitates the natural sounds of a thing. By mimicking the sound effect, descriptions become more expressive and interesting.

The Bells

"How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle ...
from the bells, bells, bells
From the jingling and the
tinkling of the bells."

The words "tinkle", "bells", "jingling", "tinkling" are all examples of onomatopoeia because you can hear their sound effects.

other examples:

"And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling"

And out of the houses the rats came tumbling"

"Water plops into pond splish-splash downhill"

INORDINATE INSECTS



There is a possibly apocryphal tale in which the prominent British evolutionary biologist J. B. S. Haldane (1892–1964), while seated at a formal dinner next to the archbishop of Canterbury, was asked by the estimable cleric as to what he had divined of the Creator from the study of His creation. Haldane's irreverent reply: “An inordinate fondness for beetles.”

While the veracity of this conversation having occurred may be questioned, it is an undeniable truth that insects are truly inordinate. In fact, if one were to make a cursory observation of all life on our Earth, then the inescapable conclusion would be that nature has a perverse preference for the six-legged. To date, we have discovered, described, and

Inordinate: unusually or disproportionately large; excessive

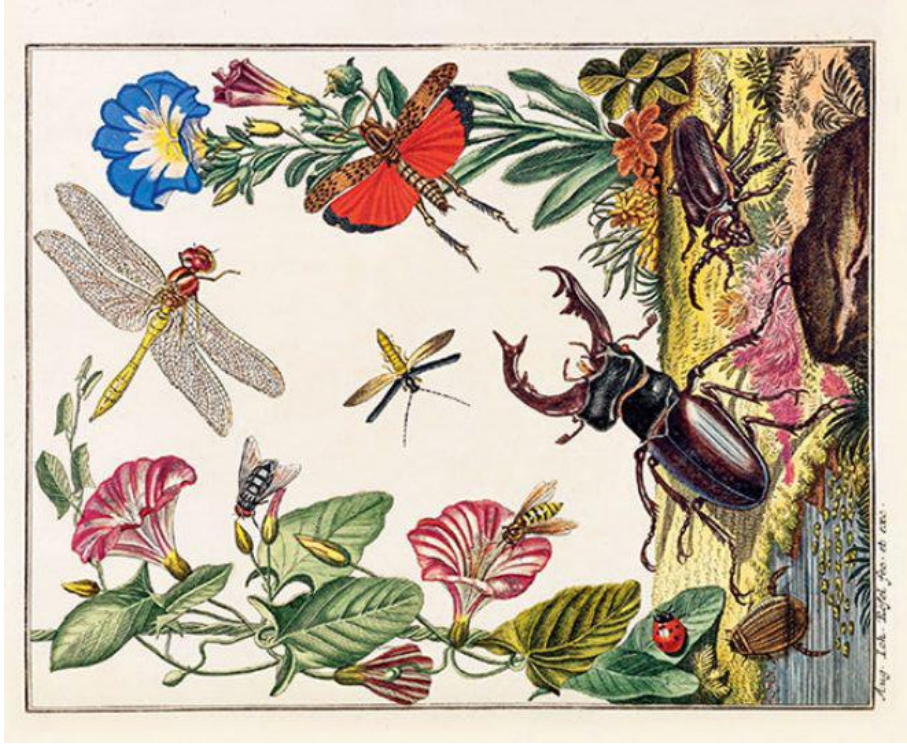
Apocryphal: a story that might not be true

Divined: learned

Archbishop: a high ranking bishop in the church

Estimable: worthy of great respect

Veracity: truth



A snippet of insect diversity and their associated flora, complete with aquatic bugs, a large stag beetle, a dragonfly aloft, a leaping grasshopper, a small wasp, a fly, and a ladybug. The stag beetle at center clearly pays homage to the work of Dutch miniaturist Jacob Hoefnagel, over a century prior. From August Johann Rösel von Rosenhof, *De natuurlyke historie der insecten* (1764–1768).

named around two million species in our world, slightly more than half of which are insects. Thousands of new insect species are added to the ranks every year, and while the discovery of a new bird or mammal is rightly heralded in the press, the flood of new insects being uncovered is typically overlooked. Yet, insects are as intimately entwined into our lives as any other collection of species, and in many ways they are more intricately linked and vital to our daily existence than most other groups. Insects are so commonplace that we scarcely pay them notice in the same way we are rarely conscious of our breathing. Whether we are cognizant of it or not, we intermingle with insects every day as we go about our lives. They are always underfoot, overhead, in our homes, where we play and work, and, although we might not wish to think about it, in our food and waste.



Detail of an engraved portrait of Cardinal Antonio Barberini (1607–1671) showing the Barberini family coat of arms with three bees.

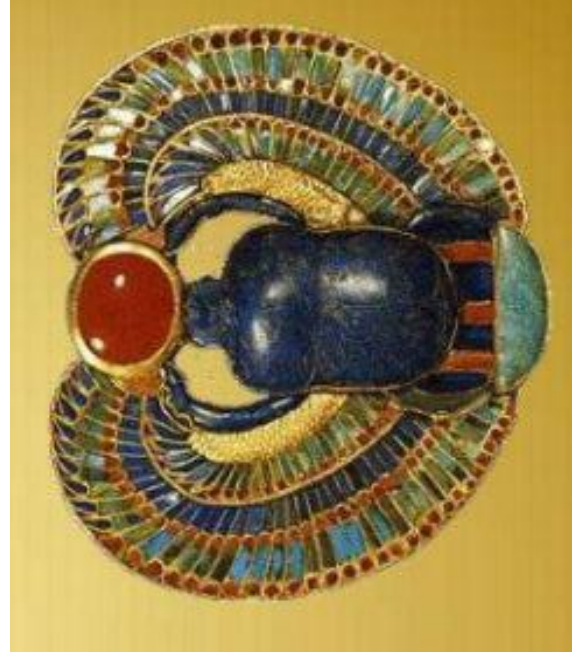
Insects are both familiar and foreign to us, and it is their often-diminutive size and widely perceived cultural stigma that prevents most

Cognizant: aware of

Diminutive: small

of them from becoming more endeared to us. From the dawn of humanity, our successes and our failures have been tied to insects. Civilizations have risen and fallen as a result of entomological interventions, with the directions of wars and territorial expansions reshaped by mostly unseen, six-legged foes. Our mythologies and religions abound with references to insects, either as plagues sent from wrathful gods or through allegories of insectoid industriousness, such as the counsel in Proverbs 6:6 to “Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise.” They also have represented nobility in heraldry, from the three bees on the coat of arms of the seventeenth-century Barberinis of Rome (see previous page) to the golden bees of the Frankish king Childeric I that were later so prominent on the robes and regalia of Emperor Napoléon (1808–1873).

Endeared: close
Territorial: land





Another of Hoefnagel's finely etched plates from *Diversae Insectorum*, reflecting the dazzling and seemingly infinite variety of insects—which has long attracted the attention of naturalists and artists alike.

Whether as a flight of butterflies, a hum of bees, a concerto of crickets, or a cloud of flies, insects in one form or another fill us with fear, revulsion, comfort, admiration, and even delight. We have a love-hate

relationship with insects, as we compete with them for our crops, yet they are critical as pollinators of the same fields as well as of our forests; they recycle our wastes and till our soils, but they also invade and damage our homes; they are infamous for spreading pestilence and plagues, yet they may also cure disease. Further, insects are used to dye our fabrics and foods, alter our atmosphere and landscapes, inform our engineering and architectural efforts, inspire great works of art, and even rid of us other pests. They outnumber all other species combined and many individual insect species dwarf humans in terms of abundance. From this perspective, Earth belongs more to the insects than to us. Our evolution, physical and cultural, is inseparably connected with insects as both pests and benefactors. Were humans to disappear tomorrow, our planet would thrive. If insects packed up and left, Earth would quickly wither, become toxic, and die. With all of this in mind, it is a wonder that we don't show greater appreciation for our multitudinous neighbors.

Estimates of the total current diversity of insects range from 1.5 to 30 million species. A conservative and likely realistic value is somewhere around 5 million species. At 5 million, it means we are still far short of understanding the variety of insect life surrounding us, as thus far entomologists have only described one-fifth of this diversity. This overwhelming task is made all the more daunting when we consider that insects are also one of the most ancient lineages of terrestrial life, with a history extending back more than 400 million years. Through the vastness of time and vicissitudes of cataclysms, insects have persisted and

perished, but most often flourished. If it seems incredible to conceive of 5 million insect species today, the potentially hundreds of millions that cumulatively existed throughout the history of insects is staggering. Most species that have ever existed throughout the history of life are now extinct, and perhaps 95 percent or more of all species that ever existed are now gone. Nonetheless, they are part of an uninterrupted chain of descent extending from the first ancestral insect species to the millions that surround us today. In between, there have been innumerable performers on evolution's stage, and while the curtain has closed on the acts of many, their collective triumph is unprecedented in the nearly 4-billion-year history of life on Earth.

As humans, we boast of our many achievements (and we do have many!), but we are fragile—perhaps among the least adaptable of species. We have occupied the whole of the world, but not through succeeding in each of those environs. Instead, we shape habitats to our needs. We live in the polar regions of our planet, but in domiciles that create a microclimate in which we can thrive. We live in deserts, but often in air-conditioned structures that similarly mimic our comparatively narrow range of tolerance. True, we can consider our ability to reshape areas to our liking as one of our defining glories, but there are other ways of measuring success, and it is hubris that leads us to think that we are paramount among the lineages of Earth.

Hubris: pride

Innumerable: uncountable

Mimic: copy



Tropical lantern bugs (*Fulgora laternaria*) and a cicada (*Fidicina mannifera*) on pomegranate (*Punica granatum*), fruits of which were introduced to the Americas by Spanish explorers. From Maria Sibylla Merian, *Over de voortteeling en wonderbaerlyke veranderingen der Surinaemsche insecten*, a 1719 Dutch edition of her 1705 masterwork *Metamorphosis Insectorum Surinamerisium*.

Insects are virtually everywhere, even in the most remote places. From the frozen poles to equatorial deserts and rain forests, from the peaks of the highest mountains to the depths of subterranean caves, from the shores of the seas to prairies, plains, and ponds, insects can be found in droves. The only place in which they have never managed to succeed is in the oceans, where they are characteristically absent.

The breathtaking range of form among insects is encapsulated in species as utterly disparate as delicate butterflies and heavy, ponderous beetles. From Rösel von Rosenhof, *De natuurlyke historie der insecten*.

Insects outnumber us all. Their segmented body plan is remarkably labile, and they have low levels of natural extinction with rapid species generation, leading to a history of successes eclipsing those of the more familiar ages of dinosaurs and mammals alike. Insects were among the earliest animals to transition to land, the first to fly, the first to sing, the first to disguise themselves with camouflage, the first to evolve societies, the first to develop agriculture, and the first to use an abstract language, and they did all of this tens if not hundreds of millions of years before humans ever appeared to mimic these achievements. Today's insects are the various descendants of life's greatest diversification.

Labile: changeable

Eclipsing: surpassing

Diversification: becoming more diverse/varied



NINE

BY LATE EVENING THE HAPPY tune I had been whistling was forgotten. My back throbbed like a stone bruise. The muscles in my legs and arms started quivering and jerking. I couldn't gulp enough air to cool the burning heat in my lungs. My strength was gone. I could go no further.

I sat down and called my dogs to me. With tears in my eyes, I told them that I just couldn't cut the big tree down.

I was trying hard to make them understand when I heard someone coming. It was Grandpa in his buggy.

I'm sure no one in the world can understand a young boy like his grandfather can. He drove up with a twinkle in his eyes and a smile on his whiskery old face.

"Hello! How are you gettin' along?" he boomed.

"Not so good, Grandpa," I said. "I don't think I can cut it down. It's just too big. I guess I'll have to give up."

"Give up!" Grandpa barked. "Now I don't want to hear you say that. No, sir, that's the last thing I want to hear. Don't ever start anything you can't finish."

"I don't want to give up, Grandpa," I said, "but it's just too big and my strength's gone. I'm give out."

"Course you are," he said. "You've been going at it wrong. To do work like that a fellow needs plenty of rest and food in his stomach."

"How am I going to get that, Grandpa?" I asked. "I can't leave the tree. If I do, the coon will get away."

"No, he won't," Grandpa said. "That's what I came down here for. I'll show you how to keep that coon in the tree."

He walked around the big sycamore, looking up. He whistled and said, "Boy, this is a big one all right."

"Yes, it is, Grandpa," I said. "It's the biggest one in the river bottoms."

Grandpa started chuckling. "That's all right," he said. "The bigger they are the harder they fall."

"How are you going to make the coon stay in the tree, Grandpa?" I asked.

With a proud look on his face, he said, "That's another one of my coon-hunting tricks; learned it when I was a boy. We'll keep him there all right. Oh, I don't mean we can keep him there for always, but he'll stay for four or five days. That is, until he gets so hungry he just has to come down."

"I don't need that much time," I said. "I'm pretty sure I can have it down by tomorrow night."

Grandpa looked at the cut. "I don't know," he said. "Even though it is halfway down, you must remember you've been

cutting on it half of one night and one day. You might make it, but it's going to take a lot of chopping."

"If I get a good night's sleep," I said, "and a couple of meals under my belt, I can do a lot of chopping."

Grandpa laughed. "Speaking of meals," he said, "your ma is having chicken and dumplings for supper. Now we don't want to miss that, so let's get busy."

"What do you want me to do, Grandpa?" I asked.

"Well, let's see," he said. "First thing we'll need is some sticks about five feet long. Take your ax, go over in that cane-brake, and get us six of them."

I hurried to do what Grandpa wanted, all the time wondering what in the world he was going to do. How could he keep the coon in the tree?

When I came back, he was taking some old clothes from the buggy. "Take this stocking cap," he said. "Fill it about half-full of grass and leaves."

While I was doing this, Grandpa walked over and started looking up in the tree. "You're pretty sure he's in that hollow limb, are you?" he asked.

"He's there all right, Grandpa," I said. "There's no other place he could be. I've looked all over it and there's no other hollow anywhere."

"Well, in that case," Grandpa said, "we'd better put our man along about here."

"What man, Grandpa?" I asked in surprise.

"The one we're going to make," he said. "To us it'll be a scarecrow, but to that coon it'll be a man."

Knowing too well how smart coons were, right away I

began to lose confidence. "I don't see how anything like that can keep a coon in a tree," I said.

"It'll keep him there all right," Grandpa said. "Like I told you before, they're curious little devils. He'll poke his head out of that hole, see this man standing here, and he won't dare come down. It'll take him four or five days to figure out that it isn't a real honest-to-goodness man. By that time it'll be too late. You'll have his hide tacked on the smokehouse wall."

The more I thought about it, the more I believed it, and then there was that serious look on Grandpa's face. That was all it took. I was firmly convinced.

I started laughing. The more I thought about it, the funnier it got. Great big laughing tears rolled down my cheek.

"What's so funny?" Grandpa asked. "Don't you believe it'll work?"

"Sure it'll work, Grandpa," I said. "I know it will. I was just thinking—those coons aren't half as smart as they think they are, are they?"

We both had a good laugh at this.

With the sticks and some bailing wire, Grandpa made a frame that looked almost like a gingerbread man. On this he put an old pair of pants and a red sweater. We stuffed the loose flabby clothes with grass and leaves. He wired the stocking-cap head in place and stepped back to inspect his work.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he asked.

"If it had a face," I said, "you couldn't tell it from a real man."

"We can fix that," Grandpa chuckled.

He took a stick and dug some black grease from one of the hub caps on the buggy. I stood and watched while he applied his artistic touch. In the stocking-cap head he made two mean-looking eyes, a crooked nose, and the ugliest mouth I had ever seen.

"Well, what do you think of that?" he asked. "Looks pretty good, huh?"

Laughing fit to kill, and talking all at the same time, I told him that I wouldn't blame the coon if he stayed in the tree until Gabriel blew his horn.

"He won't stay that long," Grandpa chuckled, "but he'll stay long enough for you to cut that tree down."

"That's all I want," I said.

"We'd better be going," Grandpa said. "It's getting late and we don't want to miss that supper."

I was so stiff and sore he had to help me to the buggy seat.

I called to my dogs. Little Ann came, but not willingly. Old Dan refused to leave the tree.

"Come on, boy," I coaxed. "Let's go home and get something to eat. We'll come back tomorrow."

He bowed his head and looked the other way.

"Come on," I scolded, "we can't sit here all night."

This hurt his feelings. He walked around behind the big sycamore and hid.

"Well, I'll be darned," Grandpa said as he jumped down from the buggy. "He knows that coon's there and he doesn't want to leave it. You've got a coon hound there and I mean a good one."

He picked Old Dan up in his arms and set him in the buggy.

All the way home I had to hold on to his collar to keep him from jumping out and going back to the tree.

As our buggy wound its way up through the bottoms, Grandpa started talking. "You know, Billy," he said, "about this tree-chopping of yours, I think it's all right. In fact, I think it would be a good thing if all young boys had to cut down a big tree like that once in their life. It does something for them. It gives them determination and will power. That's a good thing for a man to have. It goes a long way in his life. The American people have a lot of it. They have proved that, all down through history, but they could do with a lot more of it."

I couldn't see this determination and will power that Grandpa was talking about very clearly. All I could see was a big sycamore tree, a lot of chopping, and the hide of a ringtail coon that I was determined to have.

As we reached the house, Mama came out. Right away she started checking me over. "Are you all right?" she asked.

"Sure, Mama," I said. "What makes you think something's wrong with me?"

"Well, I didn't know," she said. "The way you acted when you got down from the buggy, I thought maybe you were hurt."

"Aw, he's just a little sore and stiff from all that chopping," Grandpa said, "but he'll be all right. That'll soon go away."

After Mama saw that there were no broken bones, or legs chopped off, she smiled and said, "I never know any more. I guess I'll just have to get used to it."

Papa hollered from the porch, "Come on in. We've been waiting supper on you."

"We're having chicken and dumplings," Mama beamed, "and I cooked them especially for you."

During the meal I told Grandpa I didn't think that the coon in the big tree was the same one my dogs had been trailing at first.

"What makes you think that?" he asked.

I told how the coon had fooled us and how Little Ann had seen or heard this other coon. I figured he had just walked up on my dogs before he realized it.

A smile spread all over Grandpa's face. Chuckling, he said, "It does look that way, but it wasn't. No, Billy, it was the same coon. They're much too smart to ever walk up on a hound like that. He pulled a trick and it was a good one. In fact, it'll fool nine out of ten dogs."

"Well, what did he do, Grandpa?" I asked. "I'm pretty sure he didn't cross the river, so how did he work it?"

Grandpa pushed the dishes back and, using his fork as a pencil, he drew an imaginary line on the tablecloth. "It's called the backtracking trick," he said. "Here's how he worked it. He climbed that water oak but he only went up about fifteen or twenty feet. He then turned around and came down in his same tracks. He backtracked on his original trail for a way. When he heard your dogs coming he leaped far up on the side of the nearest tree and climbed up. He was in that tree all the time your dogs were searching for the lost trail. After everything had quieted down, he figured that they had given up. That's when he came down and that's when Little Ann either heard or saw him."

Pointing the fork at me, Grandpa said very seriously, "You

mark my word, Billy, in no time at all that Little Ann will know every trick a coon can pull."

"You know, Grandpa," I said, "she wouldn't bark treed at the water oak like Old Dan did."

"Course she wouldn't," he said. "She knew he wasn't there."

"Why, I never heard of such a thing," Mama said. "I'd no idea coons were that smart. Why, for all anyone knows he may not be in the big tree at all. Maybe he pulled another trick. It'd be a shame if Billy cut it down and found there was no coon in it."

"Oh, he's there, Mama," I hastily replied. "I know he is. They were right on his tail when he went up. Besides, Little Ann was bawling her head off when I came to them."

"Of course he's there," Grandpa said. "They were crowding him too closely. He didn't have time to pull another trick."

Grandpa left soon after supper, saying to me, "I'll be back down in a few days and I want to see that coon hide."

I thanked him for helping me and walked out to the buggy with him.

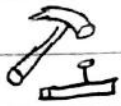
"Oh, I almost forgot," he said. "I heard there was a fad back in the New England states. Seems like everyone is going crazy over coonskin coats. Now if this is true, I look for the price of coon hides to take a jump."

I was happy to hear this and told my father what Grandpa had said. Papa laughed and said, "Well, if you can keep the coons out of those big sycamores, you might make a little money."

Before I went to bed, Mama made me take a hot bath.

Poetic Devices Review

Let's Review!



Poetic Devices - are tools that a poet can use to create rhythm, enhance a poem's meaning, or intensify a mood of feeling.

Structure of a poem:

- Line - a part of a poem forming one row of written or printed words
- Stanza - a group of lines that relate to a similar thought or topic.
- Couplet - two lines of verse usually joined by a rhyme and may or may not stand alone in a poem.
- Rhyme Scheme - the ordered pattern of rhymes at the ends of the lines of a poem.
- Meter - the rhythm of a piece of poetry, determined by the number and length of feet in a line.

- Octave - an eight-line section found in Petrarchan sonnets.
- Sestet - a six-line section found in Petrarchan sonnets

"I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud"

RHYME SCHEME

Example of a line

Example of a line → I wandered lonely as a cloud A
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd, A
A host, of gold daffodils; B
Beside the lake, beneath the trees, C
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze. C

STANZA

Caplet!

Entymology

— The Study of Insects —

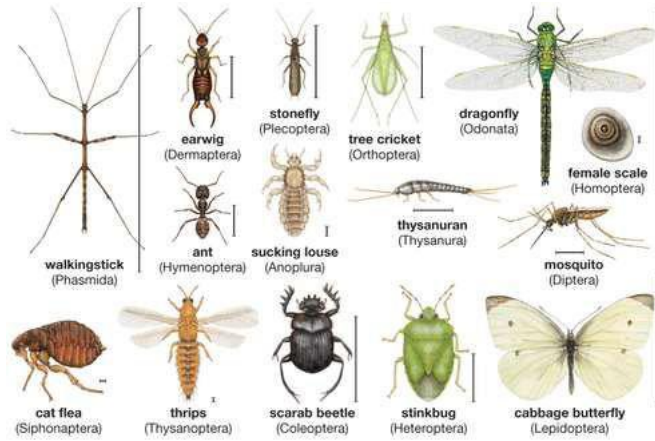
How many types of insects do you know of?

On your student worksheet: List at least 3 types of insects you know of! See how many you can list.

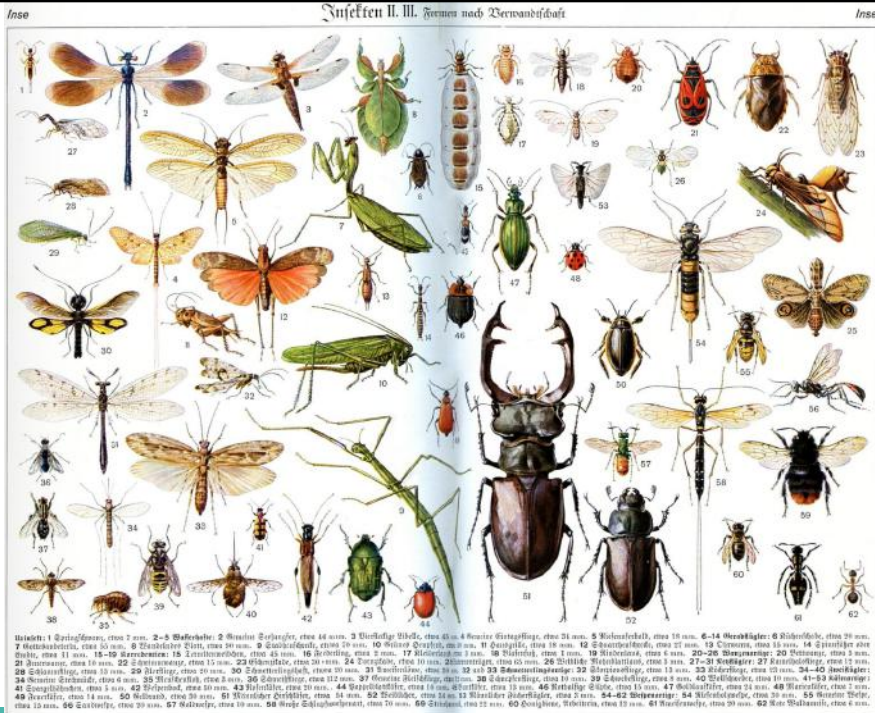
Fun fact: There are more species of insect than there are all other kinds of animals. For each human on Earth, there are 200 million insects. They are a vital component in every land ecosystem on the planet.



What are 3 traits these insects have in common?



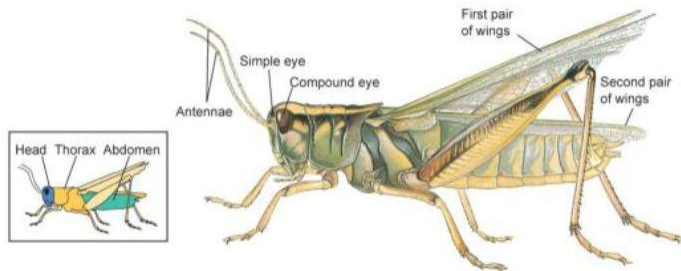
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All insects have...

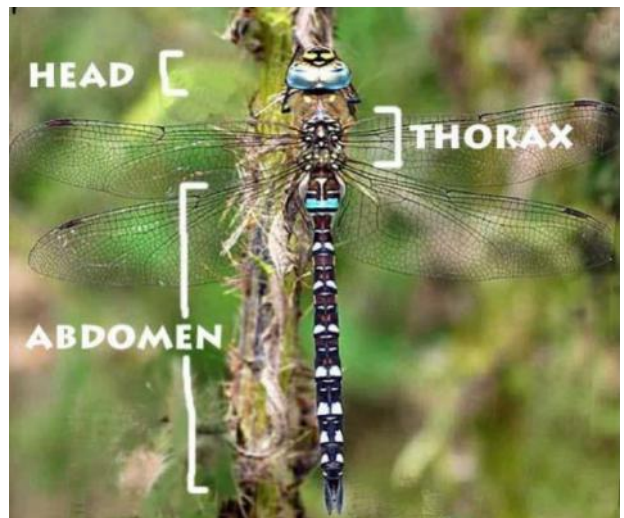
- Compound eyes
- Exoskeleton
- 6 legs
- Antennae
- Three body sections

They also all breathe through holes in their bodies!



3 Body Sections

- o Head-Contains sensory organs and a primitive brain.
- o Thorax- Primary job is movement, 6 legs and sometimes wings anchor here.
- o Abdomen-Digestive, reproductive, and circulatory systems are located here.



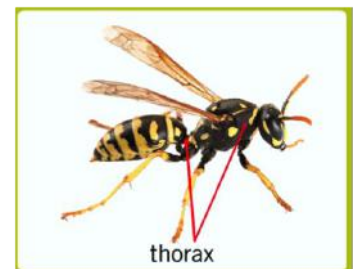
Head

The front segment, the head, isn't so unlike our own: it has both a mouth and the most important sense organs—eyes and antennae. Though insects never have more than two antennae, their eyes can vary in number and type.



Thorax

If the head is the insects' sensory center, the midsection—the thorax—is the transport center. This segment is dominated by the muscles needed to power the wings and legs. It is worth noting that, unlike those of all other animals that can fly or glide—birds, bats, flying squirrels, flying fish—insects' wings are not repurposed arms or legs but separate motor devices that supplement the legs.

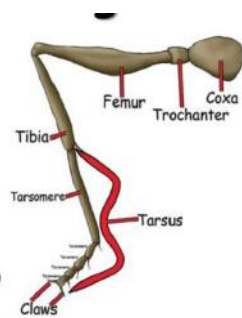


Abdomen

The abdomen, which is often the largest segment, is responsible for reproduction and also contains most of the insect's gut system. Gut waste is excreted at the rear. Usually. The minute gall wasp larvae, which live out their larval existence in the gall a plant builds around them, are extremely well brought up. They know it's wrong to foul your own nest, and since they are trapped in a one-room apartment without a toilet, they have no choice but to hold it in. Only after the larval stage is complete are the gut and the gut opening connected.



6 Legs



Insects have ears in all sorts of peculiar places but rarely on their heads. They may be on their legs, their wings, their thorax, or their abdomen. Certain moths even have ears in their mouths! Insect ears come in a number of variants, and even though all of them are XXXXS size, some of them are incredibly intricate. One type has a vibrating membrane, like a tiny drum, whose skin is set into motion every time sound waves from the air reach it. It isn't unlike our own inner ear, just in a simplified miniature version.

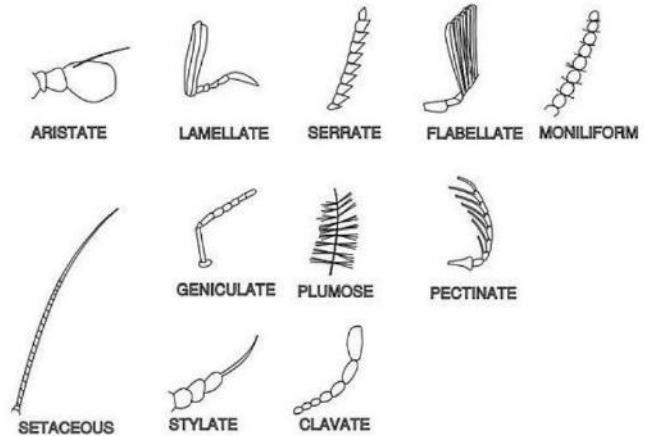
Insects can also sense sound through different sensors connected to small hairs that pick up vibrations. Mosquitoes and fruit flies have these kinds of sensors on their antennae, while the bodies of butterfly larvae may be covered in sensory hairs, which they use to hear, touch, and taste. Some ears can pick up sounds a long way off, while others operate only over very short distances. It's sometimes difficult to say what "hearing" actually is: for example, are you hearing or feeling when you pick up vibrations in the stem of the stalk of grass you're perched on?

Antennae

Sense organs. Functions vary, can include smell, touch, communication, and balance



Antenna Modifications



Exoskeleton (Outer skeleton)

A tough, rigid, water-tight outer covering that protects internal systems and anchors the muscles.

Insects are invertebrates—in other words, animals without a backbone, skeleton, or other bones. Their “skeleton” is on the outside: a hard yet light exoskeleton protects the soft interior against collision and other external stresses. The outermost surface is covered in a layer of wax, which offers protection against every insect’s greatest fear: dehydration. Despite their small size, insects have a large surface area relative to their tiny volume, meaning that they are at high risk of losing precious water molecules through evaporation, which would leave them as dead as dried fish. The wax layer is a crucial means of hanging on to every molecule of moisture.



But there are a few disadvantages to having your skeleton on the outside. How are you supposed to grow and expand if you're shut in like this? Imagine bread dough encased in medieval armor, expanding and rising until it has nowhere left to go. But insects have a solution: new armor, soft to start with, forms beneath the old. The old, rigid armor cracks open, and the insect jumps out of its skin as casually as we'd shrug off a shirt. Now it's crucial that it literally inflate itself to make the new, soft armor as big as possible before it dries and hardens. Because once the new exoskeleton has hardened, the insect's potential for growth is fixed until another molting paves the way for new opportunities.

Wings

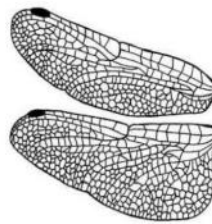
Most insects have wings

Butterflies and Moths have powdery scales on their wings.

Beetles have a hard fore wing and a membranous under wing for flight



A network of **Veins** strengthens wings



MEMBRANEOUS (clear) WINGS



Then she rubbed me all over with some liniment that burned like fire and smelled like a civet cat.

It seemed like I had barely closed my eyes when Mama woke me up. "Breakfast is about ready, Billy," she said.

I was so stiff and sore I had trouble putting my clothes on. Mama helped me.

"Maybe you'd better let that coon go," she said. "I don't think he's worth all of this."

"I can't do that, Mama," I said. "I've gone too far now."

Papa came in from the barn. "What's the matter?" he asked. "You a little stiff?"

"A little stiff!" Mama exclaimed. "Why he could hardly put his clothes on."

"Aw, he'll be all right," Papa said. "If I know anything about swinging an ax, it won't be long before he's as limber as a rag."

Mama just shook her head and started putting our breakfast on the table.

While we were eating, Papa said, "You know I woke up several times last night and each time I was sure I heard a hound bawling. It sounded like Old Dan."

I quit the table on the run and headed for my doghouse. I didn't have to go all the way. Little Ann met me on the porch. I asked her where Old Dan was and called his name. He was nowhere around.

Little Ann started acting strangely. She whined and stared toward the river bottoms. She ran out to the gate, came back, and reared up on me.

Mama and Papa came out on the porch.

"He's not here," I said. "I think he has gone back to the tree."

"I don't think he'd do that, would he?" Mama said. "Maybe he's around someplace. Have you looked in the doghouse?"

I ran and looked. He wasn't there.

"Everybody be quiet and listen," I said.

I walked out beyond the gate a little ways and whooped as loud as I could. My voice rang like a bell in the still, frosty morning. Before the echo had died away the deep "Ou-u-u-u" of Old Dan rolled out of the river bottoms.

"He's there," I said. "He wanted to make sure the coon stayed in the tree. You see, Mama, why I have to get that coon. I can't let him down."

"Well, I never in all my life," she said. "I had no idea a dog loved to hunt that much. Yes, Billy, I can see now, and I want you to get him. I don't care if you have to cut down every tree in those bottoms. I want you to get that coon for those dogs."

"I'm going to get him, Mama," I said, "and I'm going to get him today if I possibly can."

Papa laughed and said, "Looks like there wasn't any use in building that scarecrow. All you had to do was tell Old Dan to stay and watch the tree."

I left the house in a run. Now and then I would stop and whoop. Each time I was answered by the deep voice of Old Dan.

Little Ann ran ahead of me. By the time I reached the big tree, their voices were making the bottoms ring.

When I came tearing out of the underbrush, Old Dan threw a fit. He tried to climb the sycamore. He would back way off, then, bawling and running as fast as he could, he would claw his way far up on its side.

Little Ann, not to be outdone, reared up and placed her

small front paws on the smooth white bark. She told the ring-tail coon that she knew he was there.

After they had quieted down, I called Old Dan to me. "I'm proud of you, boy," I said. "It takes a good dog to stay with a tree all night, but there wasn't any need in you coming back. The coon wouldn't have gotten away. That's why we built the scarecrow."

Little Ann came over and started rolling in the leaves. The way I was feeling toward her, I couldn't even smile at her playful mood. "Of course you feel good," I said in an irritated voice, "and it's no wonder, you had a good night's sleep in a nice warm doghouse, but Old Dan didn't. He was down here in the cold all by himself, watching the tree. The way you're acting, I don't believe you care if the coon gets away or not."

I would have said more but just then I noticed something. I walked over for a better look. There, scratched deep in the soft leaves were two little beds. One was smaller than the other. Looking at Little Ann, I read the answer in her warm gray eyes.

Old Dan hadn't been alone when he had gone back to the tree. She too had gone along. There was no doubt that in the early morning she had come home to get me.

There was a lump in my throat as I said, "I'm sorry, little girl, I should've known."

The first half-hour was torture. At each swing of the ax my arms felt like they were being torn from their sockets. I gritted my teeth and kept hacking away. My body felt like it did the time my sister rolled me down the hill in a barrel.

As Papa had said, in a little while the warm heat from the

hard work limbered me up. I remembered what my father did when he was swinging an ax. At the completion of each swing, he always said, "Ha!" I tried it. Ker-wham. "Ha!" Ker-wham. "Ha!" I don't know if it helped or not, but I was willing to try anything if it would hurry the job.

Several times before noon I had to stop and rake my chips out of the way. I noticed that they weren't the big, even, solid chips like my father made when he was chopping. They were small and seemed to crumble up and come all to pieces. Neither were the cuts neat and even. They were ragged and looked more like the work of beavers. But I wasn't interested in any beautiful tree-chopping. All I wanted was to hear the big sycamore start popping.

Along in the middle of the afternoon I felt a stinging in one of my hands. When I saw it was a blister I almost cried. At first there was only one. Then two. One after another they rose up on my hands like small white marbles. They filled up and turned a pale pinkish color. When one would burst, it was all I could do to keep from screaming. I tore my handkerchief in half and wrapped my hands. This helped for a while, but when the cloth began to stick to the raw flesh I knew it was the end.

Crying my heart out, I called my dogs to me and showed them my hands. "I can't do it," I said. "I've tried, but I just can't cut it down. I can't hold the ax any longer."

Little Ann whined and started licking my sore hands. Old Dan seemed to understand. He showed his sympathy by nuzzling me with his head.

Brokenhearted, I started for home. As I turned, from the corner of my eye I saw Grandpa's scarecrow. It seemed to be

laughing at me. I looked over to the big sycamore. It lacked so little being cut down. A small wedge of solid wood was all that was holding it up. I let my eyes follow the smooth white trunk up to the huge spreading limbs.

Sobbing, I said, "You think you have won, but you haven't. Although I can't get the coon, neither can you live, because I have cut off your breath of life." And then I thought. "Why kill the big tree and not accomplish anything?" I began to feel bad.

Kneeling down between my dogs, I cried and prayed. "Please God, give me the strength to finish the job. I don't want to leave the big tree like that. Please help me finish the job."

I was trying to rewrap my hands so I could go back to work when I heard a low droning sound. I stood up and looked around. I could still hear the noise but couldn't locate it. I looked up. High in the top of the big sycamore a breeze had started the limbs to swaying. A shudder ran through the huge trunk.

I looked over to my right at a big black gum tree. Not one limb was moving. On its branches a few dead leaves hung silent and still. One dropped and floated lazily toward the ground.

Over on my left stood a large hackberry. I looked up to its top. It was as still as a fence post.

Another gust of wind caught in the top of the big tree. It started popping and snapping. I knew it was going to fall. Grabbing my dogs by their collars, I backed off to safety.

I held my breath. The top of the big sycamore rocked and swayed. There was a loud crack that seemed to come from

deep inside the heavy trunk. Fascinated, I stood and watched the giant of the bottoms. It seemed to be fighting so hard to keep standing. Several times I thought it would fall, but in a miraculous way it would pull itself back into perfect balance.

The wind itself seemed to be angry at the big tree's stubborn resistance. It growled and moaned as it pushed harder against the wavering top. With one final grinding, creaking sigh, the big sycamore started down. It picked up momentum as the heavy weight of the overbalanced top dove for the ground. A small ash was smothered by its huge bulk. There was a lighting-like crack as its trunk snapped.

In its downward plunge, the huge limbs stripped the branches from the smaller trees. A log-sized one knifed through the top of a water oak. Splintered limbs flew skyward and rained out over the bottoms. With a cyclone roar, the big tree crashed to the ground, and then silence settled over the bottoms.

Out of the broken, twisted, tangled mass streaked a brown furry ball. I turned my dogs loose and started screaming at the top of my voice, "Get him, Dan, get him."

In his eagerness, Old Dan ran head on into a bur oak tree. He sat down and with his deep voice told the river bottoms that he had been hurt.

It was Little Ann who caught the coon. I heard the ringtail squall when she grabbed him. Scared half to death, I snatched up a club and ran to help her.

The coon was all over her. He climbed up on her head, growling, slashing, ripping, and tearing. Yelping with pain, she shook him off and he streaked for the river. I thought surely

he was going to get away. At the very edge of the river's bank, she caught him again.

I was trying hard to get in a lick with my club but couldn't for fear of hitting Little Ann. Through the tears in my eyes I saw the red blurry form of Old Dan sail into the fight. He was a mad hound. His anger at the bur oak tree was taken out on the coon.

They stretched Old Ringy out between them and pinned him to the ground. It was savage and brutal. I could hear the dying squalls of the coon and the deep growls of Old Dan. In a short time it was all over.

With sorrow in my heart, I stood and watched while my dogs worried the lifeless body. Little Ann was satisfied first. I had to scold Old Dan to make him stop.

Carrying the coon by a hind leg, I walked back to the big tree for my ax. Before leaving for home, I stood and looked at the fallen sycamore. I should have felt proud over the job I had done, but for some reason I couldn't. I knew I would miss the giant of the bottoms, for it had played a wonderful part in my life. I thought of the hours I had whiled away staring at its beauty and how hard it had been finding the right name for it.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't want to cut you down, but I had to. I hope you can understand."

I was a proud boy as I walked along in the twilight of the evening. I felt so good even my sore hands had stopped hurting. What boy wouldn't have been proud? Hadn't my little hounds treed and killed their first coon? Along about then I decided I was a full-fledged coon hunter.

Nearing our house, I saw the whole family had come out

on the porch. My sisters came running, staring wide-eyed at the dead coon.

Laughing, Papa said, "Well, I see you got him."

"I sure did, Papa," I said. I held the coon up for all to see. Mama took one look at the lifeless body and winced.

"Billy," she said, "when I heard that big tree fall, it scared me half to death. I didn't know but what it had fallen on you."

"Aw, Mama," I said, "I was safe. Why, I backed way off to one side. It couldn't have fallen on me."

Mama just shook her head. "I don't know," she said. "Some times I wonder if all mothers have to go through this."

"Come on," Papa said, "I'll help you skin it."

While we were tacking the hide on the smokehouse wall, I asked Papa if he had noticed any wind blowing that evening.

He thought a bit and said, "No, I don't believe I did. I've been out all day and I'm pretty sure I haven't noticed any wind. Why did you ask?"

"Oh, I don't know, Papa," I said, "but I thought something strange happened down in the bottoms this afternoon."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," said Papa. "What do you mean, 'something strange happened?'"

I told him about how my hands had gotten so sore I couldn't chop any more, and how I had asked for strength to finish the job.

"Well, what's so strange about that?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said, "but I didn't chop the big tree down. The wind blew it over."

"Why that's nothing," Papa said. "I've seen that happen a lot of times."

"It wasn't just the wind," I said. "It was the way it blew. It didn't touch another tree in the bottoms. I know because I looked around. The big tree was the only one touched by the wind. Do you think God heard my prayer? Do you think He helped me?"

Papa looked at the ground and scratched his head. In a sober voice, he said, "I don't know, Billy. I'm afraid I can't answer that. You must remember the big sycamore was the tallest tree in the bottoms. Maybe it was up there high enough to catch the wind where the others couldn't. No, I'm afraid I can't help you there. You'll have to decide for yourself."

It wasn't hard for me to decide. I was firmly convinced that I had been helped.

Poetic Devices Review Pt. II

• Poetic form

- Shakespearean Sonnet

- 14 line poem
- abab cdcd efef gg rhyme scheme
- Theme: love
- contains a couplet at the end
- iambic pentameter

- Petrarchan Sonnet

- 14 line poem
- Divided into an octave and a sestet.
- Iambic pentameter
- Theme: love
- abba abba cdcdcd rhyme scheme

• Poetic devices that deepen meaning.

- Allusion - a brief reference to a historical or literary person, place, or event.

EX: Chocolate was her achilles heel.

- Alliteration - a device that repeats a speech sound in a sequence of words

EX: "... while I pondered weak and weary"

◦ Symbolism - the use of symbols to signify ideas by giving them a meaning that is different from their literal sense.

EX: Red roses symbolize love.

◦ Onomatopoeia - a word that imitates the natural sounds of a thing.

EX: drip, bark, honk

◦ Personification - a device used to give non-human or inanimate objects human traits.

EX: The teapot sang as the water boiled.

Chapter 1

Slavery

A Remarkable Anniversary The date was July 3, 1826. As the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence approached, a great drama was playing itself out in the homes of two of the men most responsible for that document. At Monticello in Virginia, Thomas Jefferson, now age eighty-three, slipped in and out of consciousness as he lay on his deathbed.

The Big Question

Why did the demand for slaves increase in the Southern states?

And in Quincy, Massachusetts, John Adams, now age ninety, also neared the end of his life. Would these two great patriots and former presidents live to see this fiftieth Independence Day? Americans everywhere hoped and prayed that they would.

As midnight arrived, Thomas Jefferson stirred in his bed and whispered to a young relative, "This is the Fourth?" The young man nodded. Jefferson sighed contentedly. He said no more, and by noon he was gone.



Thomas Jefferson



John Adams

At that very moment in Quincy, Massachusetts, the roar of a cannon signaled the start of the town's celebration. John Adams struggled to utter what proved to be his last sentence. His granddaughter, bending close to the old man, was able to hear his final whispered words, "Thomas—Jefferson—still—surv—." Before the sun had set, he too was gone.

In their lifetimes, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams had seen their beloved United States grow from a struggling group of new states into a strong, confident nation. During the fifty years following the Declaration of Independence, the United States had gained vast new lands and developed into a democracy that was a model for countries around the world.

In one important way, however, America had not changed and was not a model at all. Almost from the beginning, even during colonial times, **slavery** had been part of American life. When the thirteen colonies became the first thirteen states,

Vocabulary

slavery, n. a system in which people are legally owned by another and forced to work without pay

nearly one in every five Americans was an African American. Nearly all African Americans were enslaved. By far, most of these slaves lived in the South. But there were slaves in the Northern states, too. At the time of the American Revolution, for example, one in every ten New Yorkers was a slave. Slaves in the North worked mainly as house servants for rich families. Now, fifty years later, Southerners wanted to see slavery spread to the new western territories as well.

For a short time after the Declaration of Independence was written, there seemed a slim chance that slavery might die out. That was partly because of the words that lie at the very heart of the Declaration:

*We hold these truths to be **self-evident**; that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain **unalienable** rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.*

Vocabulary

self-evident, adj.
obvious

unalienable, adj.
unable to be taken away or denied

So how could people accept slavery and still live up to the words of the Declaration of Independence? A growing number of Americans, both Northerners and Southerners, believed that they could not. As John Adams wrote to his wife, Abigail, slaves “have as good a right to freedom as we have.” Some Americans freed their slaves during the Revolutionary War era. Before long, all the Northern states took steps to end slavery. The Northwest Ordinance banned slavery in five new western states. Congress ended the slave trade in 1808. The Constitution had provided for the end of the slave trade in 1808. No Southern state went so far as to free all the slaves, but a few made it easier for slave owners to free their slaves if they wished to.

The former president, George Washington, owned many slaves at Mount Vernon, his home in Virginia. He and other slave owners who believed that slavery was wrong, declared that when they died, their slaves were to be set free. By the early 1800s, there were about 150,000 free African Americans. Most of them lived in the



Like many others living in the South, George Washington owned slaves on his estate at Mount Vernon.

Southern states. However, for most slaves in the South, freedom was still out of reach.

But not everyone who believed slavery was wrong favored equal **civil rights** for freed African Americans. This was certainly true in the five new western states to which the Northwest Ordinance applied. Ending slavery was one thing. Allowing African Americans to have the full rights of citizens—like voting, holding office, serving on juries, living where they wanted to live, working in whatever jobs they chose—was something else altogether.

Vocabulary

civil rights, n. the rights that all citizens are supposed to have according to the Constitution and its amendments

While some people, such as Abraham Lincoln, did believe that the rights outlined in the Declaration of Independence extended to people of color—free or enslaved – many did not. For many

people, the notion of liberty had more to do with self-government and the possibility of rising up economically than with the removal of racial slavery or with equal rights for people of color.

The Cotton Gin

Despite progress, by 1810, almost no slave owners were willing to free their slaves. What caused the change in attitude? Slaves had become much more valuable. A new invention called the cotton gin now made it even more profitable to use slave labor to grow cotton. Southerners began growing cotton back in the mid-1700s. Cotton, however, was not an important crop at first. That's because the kind of cotton that grows best in the American South is filled with sticky green seeds. Those seeds had to be removed before the cotton could be used. At that time, it took a single person a whole day to clean the seeds from just one pound of cotton. This increased the cost of Southern cotton a great deal. So most makers of cotton goods looked to other parts of the world for their supply of raw cotton.

In 1793, Eli Whitney, a young New Englander who liked to tinker with machines and solve problems, changed all that. That year, Whitney visited a Georgia plantation. The owner of the plantation showed Whitney some freshly picked cotton, complete with green seeds. She suggested that he might like to try to invent something that would remove the seeds more easily.

Whitney did just that, and in only ten days! The invention was a system of combs and brushes on rollers, small enough to fit into a small box. The contraption was powered by turning a handle.

Chapter 3

The Missouri Compromise

The Spread of Slavery By the early 1800s, Southern slaveholders demanded that slavery be allowed to spread into America's western lands. Most Northerners were against this idea largely because they wanted to reserve **territories**

The Big Question

How did the Missouri Compromise attempt to resolve the issue of slavery in the territories?

Vocabulary

territory, n. an area of land

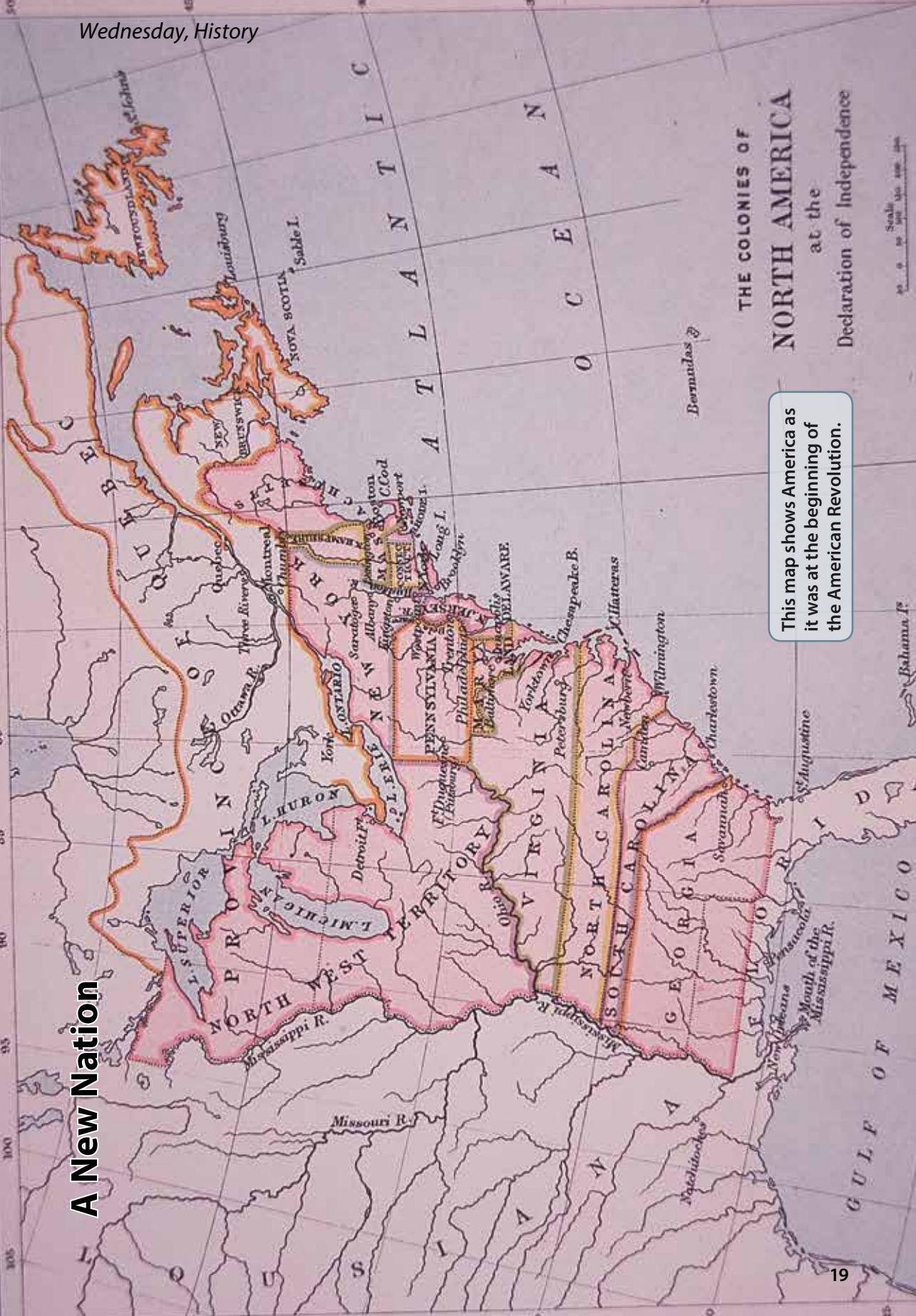
compromise, n. when each side in a dispute gives up some of their demands to reach an agreement

for white settlers. They opposed the Southern slave owners' demands. In the end, this disagreement between the North and the South would become one of the major issues that led to the Civil War.

Before then, however, the two sections of the country tried to settle their disagreement through **compromise**. To understand this issue, it's important to know about the

differences between states and territories in the history of the United States. Today, the United States of America has fifty states. Each has its own state constitution, and each makes many of its own laws.

A New Nation



This map shows America as it was at the beginning of the American Revolution.

In the beginning, though, there were only thirteen states. The other states were formed over a period of time from the huge chunks of land that the United States gained from countries such as Great Britain, France, and Mexico.

Early in the history of the United States, Congress wisely decided to set up a three-step process for turning those lands into states. In the first step, Congress created a territory, or sometimes several territories. As a part of this first step, Congress made the laws for the territory. The second step came when the population of a territory reached five thousand adult males. Then the people were allowed to elect their own representatives and make many of their own laws. When a territory's population reached sixty thousand free inhabitants, it could ask Congress to be admitted into the **Union** with its own state constitution. That was the third and final step—the step that allowed a territory to become a state.

Vocabulary

Union, n. the states that made up the United States of America; during the Civil War the states that supported the U.S. government

statehood, n. the condition of being a state in the United States

In those days, each state decided for itself whether to allow slavery within its borders. Southern states allowed slavery. Most Northern states did not. But for territories, slavery was a different matter. During a territory's first step toward **statehood**, it was Congress that made all the rules, including whether to allow slavery.

Suppose Congress voted *not* to allow slavery in a territory. Would anyone who owned slaves or who wanted to own slaves choose to live there? Certainly not. So when the population became large

enough for the territory to start making its own laws, almost no one living there would be in favor of slavery, and the new **legislature** would pass laws against it.

Later still, when the territory was ready to become a state, it would write a state constitution that would prevent slavery. Of course, the opposite would happen if Congress permitted slavery when the territory was formed.

Vocabulary

legislature, n. the part of the government responsible for making laws

Slave or Free?

Regardless of how a person felt about the spread of slavery into the western lands, that first law Congress passed for any territory was important. That is what led to a big argument in 1820 between the North and the South. The argument concerned slavery in the Louisiana Purchase, a huge area that the United States had bought from France. When Congress began to form new territories in this region, it did not make any laws about slavery. Southern slaveholders felt free to move there with their slaves. The first of these new territories to become a state was Louisiana, which entered the Union in 1812 as a slave state. Seven years later a second territory was ready for statehood. This was the Missouri Territory, which also asked to come into the Union as a slave state.

At that time, there were eleven slave states and eleven free states in the Union. The Northern free states were against adding more slave states. They said this would give the South too much power in Congress. "Nonsense," replied the South. Without any more slave states, it was the North that would have too much power in Congress.

Each side was determined not to give in. One New York newspaper editor wrote that the Missouri question “involves not only the future **character** of our nation, but the future weight and influence of the free states. If now lost—it is lost forever.”

Vocabulary

character, n. the qualities that make up the personality and behavior of a person or a country

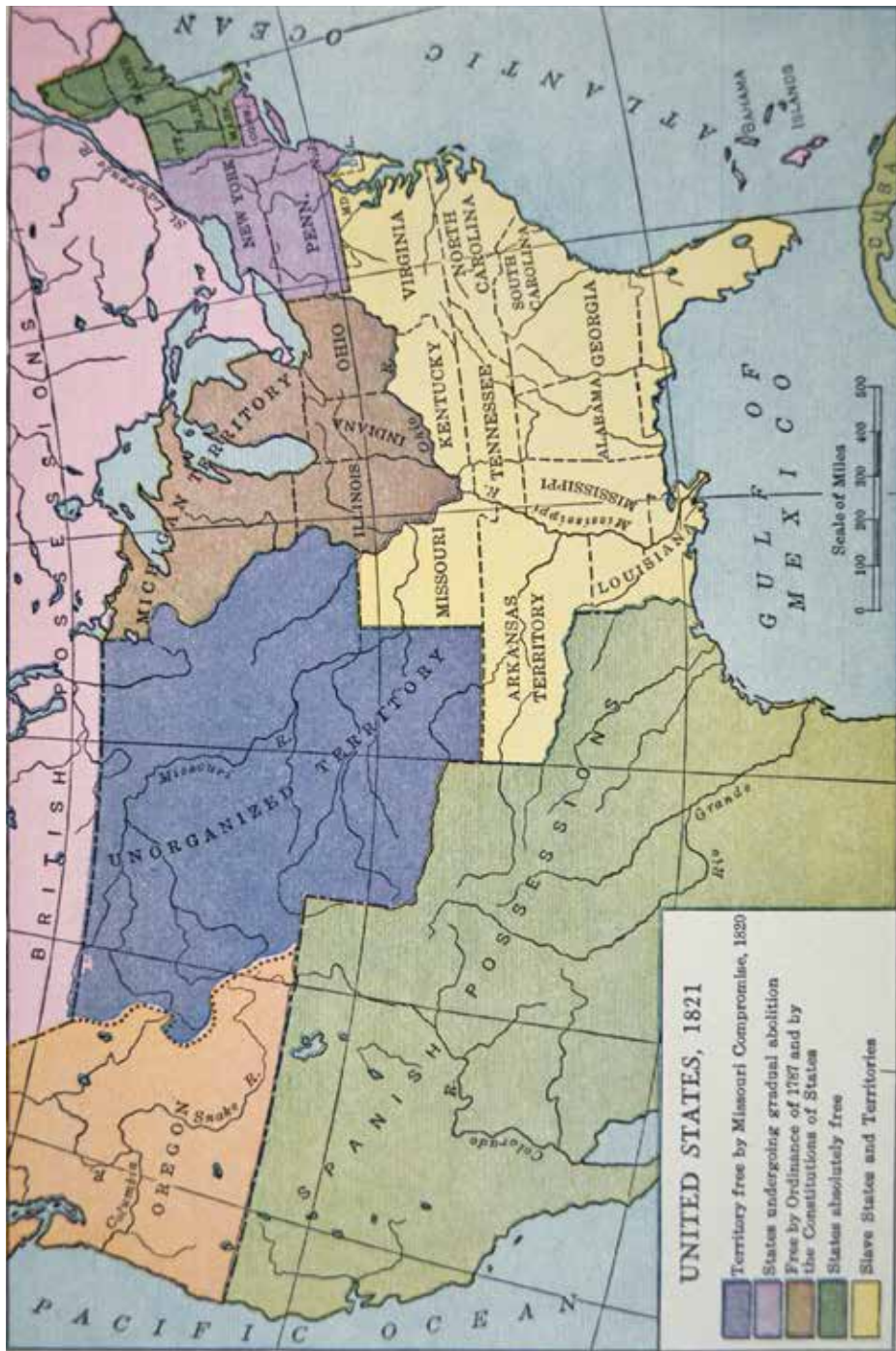
The Missouri Compromise

For more than a year, Congress angrily debated the Missouri question. Finally, in 1820, a compromise was reached. At this time, Maine in northern New England was also ready for statehood. Congress admitted Maine, and just over a year later Missouri was admitted. Maine was admitted as a free state and Missouri as a slave state. That kept the balance between slave and free states. At the same time, Congress drew a line starting at Missouri’s southern border, which was at 36°30’ north latitude, straight across the rest of the Louisiana Purchase. Congress prohibited slavery in territories above that line and permitted slavery in territories below it. This came to be known as the Missouri Compromise.

For the time being, the Missouri Compromise quieted the anger over the spread of slavery. By making a law that dealt with slavery in all the remaining western lands owned by the United States, Congress thought it had settled the slavery question once and for all.

Time would show how wrong Congress was.

Slave and Non Slave States



The Missouri Compromise attempted to settle the question of the spread of slavery.

Great Hearts Northern Oaks

Spalding Spelling Rules

1. The letter q is the only letter that cannot be alone for its sound (qu).
2. The letter c before e, i, or y says s (cent, city, cycle).
3. The letter g before e, i, or y may say j (page, giant, gym).
4. Vowels a, e, o, and u may say ā, ē, ō, ū at the end of a syllable (na vy, me, o pen, mu sic).
5. The letters i and y may say ī at the end of a syllable (si lent, my). They usually say ĩ (big, gym).
6. The letter y, not i, is used at the end of an English word.
7. There are five kind of silent final e's. In short words, such as me, she, and he, the e says ē, but in longer words where a single e appears at the end, the e is silent. We retain the first four kinds of silent e's because we need them. The fifth kind is probably a relic from Old English. The abbreviation for rule 7 is not written in student notebooks, but the job of the silent final e is marked for each word as encountered.
8. The phonogram or may say er when it follows w (work).
9. For one-syllable words that have one vowel and end in one consonant (hop), write another final consonant (hop + ped) before adding suffixes (endings) that begin with a vowel. (Referring to rule 9 as the one-one-one rule helps students remember the criteria for applying the rule. This rule does not apply to words ending in x because x has two sounds.)
10. Words of multiple syllables (begin) in which the second syllable (gin) is accented and ends in one consonant, with one vowel before it, need another final consonant (be gin' + ning) before adding a suffix (ending) that begins with a vowel. (Refer to rule 10 as the two-one-one rule. This rule is applied more consistently in American English than in British English.)
11. Words ending with a silent final e (come) are written without the silent final e when adding a suffix (ending) that begins with a vowel.
12. After c we use ei (receive). If we say a, we use ei (vein). In the list of exceptions, we use ei.
13. The phonogram sh is used at the beginning of the base word (she) or at the end of a syllable (dish, finish).

Great Hearts Northern Oaks

Spalding Spelling Rules

14. The phonograms ti, si, and ci are used to say sh at the beginning of a syllable but not the first syllable (na tion, ses sion, fa cial).
15. The phonogram si is used to say sh when the syllable before it ends in an s (ses sion) or when replacing /s/ in a base word (tense → ten sion).
16. The phonogram si may say zh (vi sion).
17. We often double l, f, and s following a single vowel at the end of a one-syllable word (will, off, miss). Rule 17 sometimes applies to s in two-syllable words like recess.
18. We often use the phonogram /ay/ to say ā at the end of a base word, never the phonogram /a/ alone.
19. Vowels i and o may say ī and ō if followed by two consonants at the end of a base word (kind, old).
20. The letter s or z never follows x.
21. All, written alone, has two l's, but when it is written in a compound word, only one l is written (al so, al most).
22. Full, written alone, has two l's, but when written as an ending, only one l is written (beau ti ful).
23. The phonogram /dge/ may be used only after a single vowel that says ä, ě, ĭ, ō, or ū at the end of a base word (badge, edge, bridge, lodge, budge).
24. When adding a suffix (ending) to a word that ends with y, change y to i before adding the ending (baby → babies, try → tries).
25. The phonogram ck may be used only after a single vowel that says ä, ě, ĭ, ō, or ū at the end of a syllable (back, neck, lick, rock, duck).
26. Words that are the names or titles of people, places, books, days, or months are capitalized (Mary, Honolulu, Monday, July).
27. Words beginning with the sound z are usually spelled with z, never s (zoo).
28. The phonogram /ed/ is used to form past tense verbs.
29. Words are usually divided between double consonants within a base word. We hear the consonant in syllable two but add it to syllable one because the vowel in syllable one does not say its name (app le, bet ter, com mon, sup per).

Where the Red Fern Grows

Name: _____ # _____

Unfamiliar Words & Vocabulary Guide

Chapters 8-9

Date: _____



Term	Definition	Page #
elders	(n.) – a nickname for the elderberry bush.	88
treed	(v.) – when a raccoon gets trapped in a tree.	88
domain	(n.) – the land that a ruler controls.	88
cinch	(n.) – used to say that something will certainly happen.	93
throbbed	(v.) – to feel a pain that starts and stops quickly and repeatedly	96
Gabriel blew his horn	This saying refers to the belief that the angel Gabriel will blow his horn to herald in the Second Coming of Jesus Christ.	100
hastily	(adj.) – done or made very quickly.	103
liniment	(n.) – a liquid that is rubbed on your skin to relieve pain or stiffness in your muscles.	104
civet	(n.) – a substance from the body of a civet cat that has a strong smell and is sometimes used to make perfume.	104
plunge	(v.) – to fall or jump suddenly from a high place.	109
whiled	(v.) – to spend time doing something pleasant and easy.	110
wincing	(v.) – to have an expression on your face for a very short time which shows that you are embarrassed or in pain.	111

Paper

1/4-Inch Grid Paper



Where the Red Fern Grows

Chapter 8 Part 2 (p. 87-95)


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. What is the name of the tree that Old Dan and Little Ann treed their first coon in? # 89
"The Big Tree."

2. Why did Billy change his mind and decide to cut the tree down? # 90
He did not want to let his dogs down. He told them if they would put a coon in a tree, he would do the rest. He wanted to keep his promise.

3. Why won't Billy let his dad help him cut the tree down? # 92
Billy feels that if someone helps him cut the tree down, he won't feel like he kept his part of the agreement.

4. What would you title Chapter 8?

answers will vary: "The Big Tree" or "The First Hunt"

Where the Red Fern Grows

Chapter 9 Part 1 (p. 96-103)


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. How did Billy's grandpa help him? # 98

He made a scarecrow to keep the coon in the tree so that Billy could go home, eat something, and get some sleep.

2. What did Grandpa think all young boys should do? Why? # 101

Grandpa thinks all young boys should cut down a big tree like that once in their lives. He said, "it does something for them. It gives them determination and will power."

3. What is the name of the trick the coon had pulled on the dogs? # 102

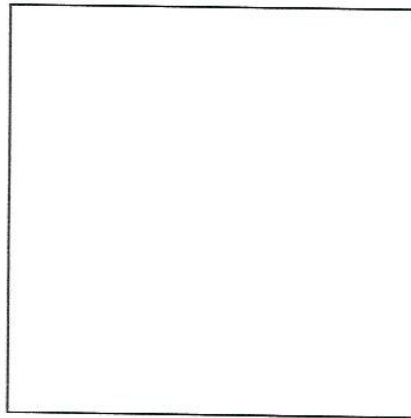
The backtracking trick.



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

hastily - adj. Done or made very quickly. p. 103



Image

Where the Red Fern Grows

Chapter 9 Part 2 (p. 104-112)

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. What made Billy give up cutting down the tree? # 107

His hands were so blistered that he could no longer hold the ax.

2. What did Billy pray for? How did he feel his prayer was answered? # 108, 112

Billy prayed for strength to finish the job. He felt his prayer was answered by the wind that only blew on the big tree and knocked it down.

3. What would you title Chapter 9?

answers will vary: "An answer to prayer"; "The Fall of the Big tree"
"Perseverance"



REFLECTION QUESTION DIRECTIONS:

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

What do you think about Billy's determination to cut down the tree? What virtues do you see in this act? How did it change Billy? What effect did it have on his relationship with his dogs? Should Billy have been so determined to cut down the tree?

Answers will vary.

Where the Red Fern Grows

Unfamiliar Words & Vocabulary Guide
Chapters 8-9

Name: _____ # _____

Date: _____



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wincing	(v.) – to have an expression on your face for a very short time which shows that you are embarrassed or in pain.	111

Name: _____

Date: _____

Parent AK
Symbol and Onomatopoeia

Part I: Read the following poem and follow the annotation directions.

“The Arrow and the Song”

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

1 I shot an arrow into the air,	A
2 <u>It fell to earth, I knew not where;</u>	A
3 For, so swiftly it flew, the sight	B
4 Could not follow it in its flight.	B
5 I <u>breathed</u> a song into the air,	A
6 <u>It fell to earth,</u> I knew not where;	A
7 For who has sight so keen and strong,	C
8 That it can follow the flight of song?	C
9 Long, long afterward, in an oak	D
10 I found the arrow, still unbroke;	D
11 And the song, from beginning to end,	E
12 I found again in the heart of a friend.	E

Annotate the poem for the following:

- Brace the stanzas
- Number the lines
- Label the rhyme scheme.
- Circle an example of personification.
- Underline the line that is repeated twice in the poem.

Part II: Answer the following questions in complete sentences.

(Answers will vary on these. Looking for an attempt at understanding what the arrow and the song might possibly symbolize.)

1. What is the difference between the actions of "shot an arrow" and "breathed a song"? Which one is more quick and abrupt? Which one is softer and gentler?

(Answers will vary. "Shot an arrow" is physical, quick, abrupt, possibly used in anger. "Breathed a song" is soft and gentle.)

2. Both the arrow and the song travel through the air. Do you think that is important to understanding the poem? Why or why not?

(Answers will vary. Looking for a guess as to why this commonality might contribute to the symbolism of the two.)

3. In the last stanza, where did the speaker find the arrow? Where did he find the song?

(The arrow is unbroken in a tree. The song is unbroken in the heart of a friend)

Name: _____

Date: _____

4. What do you think the arrow symbolizes? Why?

(Answers will vary.)

5. What do you think the song symbolizes? Why?

(Answers will vary)

Part III: Read the following poem and follow the annotation directions.

Jabberwocky by Lewis Carol

- 1 'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves A
- 2 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe; B
- 3 All mimsy were the borogoves, A
- 4 And the mome raths outgrabe. B

- 5 "Beware the Jabberwock, my son! C
- 6 The jaws that bite, the claws that catch! D
- 7 Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun C
- 8 The frumious Bandersnatch!" D

- 9 He took his vorpal sword in hand:
- 10 Long time the manxome foe he sought--
- 11 So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
- 12 And stood awhile in thought.

- 13 And, as in uffish thought he stood,
- 14 The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
- 15 Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
- 16 And burbled as it came!

- 17 One two! One two! And through and through
- 18 The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
- 19 He left it dead, and with its head
- 20 He went galumphing back.

- 21 "And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
- 22 Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
- 23 O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
- 24 He chortled in his joy.

Annotate the poem for the following:

- Brace the stanzas.
- Number the lines.
- Label the rhyme scheme of the first two stanzas.
- Circle a line that contains an example of alliteration.

Name: _____

Date: _____

25 'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
26 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
27 All mimsy were the borogoves,
28 And the mome raths outgrabe.

Part II: Choose any **four** of the following questions to explain what the 'nonsense' words sound like.

Example: What does "galumphing" sound like?

Answer: It sounds like galloping or stomping. You can hear the boys "galumphing" feet as he returns.

(Answers will vary. Some suggestions are below)

1. What does "frabjous" sound like? (line 23)
(fabulous, joyful)
2. What does "chortled" sound like? (line 24)
(chuckled, snickered)
3. What does "whiffling" sound like? (line 15)
(soft sound that might cause a light breeze)
4. What does "burbled" sound like? (line 16)
(murmuring, gurgling)
5. What does "snicker-snack" sound like? (line 18)
(The sound of a weapon being waved back and forth)
6. What does "vorpal" sound like? (line 18)
(sharp, deadly)

Part IV: Answer the following question in 1-2 complete sentences.

1. How does the use of onomatopoeia in "The Jabberwocky" help create sound effects?

(Answers will vary. It is a word that sounds like it is described. It can add excitement when reading and allow the reader to hear the poem come to life.)

Name: _____

Date: _____

Parent AK

Poetic Devices Review Pt. I

Part I: *Match the following vocabulary terms to their correct definitions. You may use your notes if you need them.*

Meter	Rhyme Scheme	Line
Stanza	Couplet	Octave
Sestet	Poetic devices	

1. Couplet two lines of verse usually joined by a rhyme and may or may not stand alone in a poem.
2. Rhyme Scheme the ordered pattern of rhymes at the ends of the lines of a poem.
3. Meter the rhythm of a piece of poetry, determined by the number and length of feet in a line.
4. Poetic Devices tools that a poet can use to create rhythm, enhance a poem's meaning, or intensify a mood or feeling.
5. line a part of a poem forming one row of written or printed words.
6. stanza a group of lines that relate to a similar thought or topic.
7. octave an eight-line section found in Petrarchan sonnets
8. sestet a six-line section found in Petrarchan sonnets.

Name: _____

Date: _____

Part II: Read the following poem and complete the annotation directions that follow.

My Heart Leaps Up

By William Wordsworth

- 1 My heart leaps up when I behold A
- 2 A rainbow in the sky: B
- 3 So was it when my life began; C
- 4 So is it now I am a man; C
- 5 So be it when I shall grow old, A
- 6 Or let me die! B
- 7 The Child is father of the Man; C
- 8 And I could wish my days to be D
- 9 Bound each to each by natural piety. D

Annotate for the following:

- Number the lines
- Label the rhyme scheme
- Underline an example of a couplet
- Label the stressed and unstressed syllables in line 1

Name: _____

Date: _____

Parent AK

Poetic Devices Review Pt. II

Part I: Match the following vocabulary terms to their correct definitions. You may use your notes if you need them.

Symbolism	Allusion	Shakespearean Sonnet
Personification	Alliteration	Petrarchan Sonnet
Onomatopoeia		

1. Allusion a brief and intentional reference to a historical, mythic, or literary person, place, event, or movement. Usually mentioned indirectly.
2. Alliteration a poetic device that repeats a speech sound in a sequence of words that are close together.
3. Personification a device used to give non-human or inanimate objects human traits and emotions.
4. Shakespearean Sonnet a 14 line poem that follows a strict rhyme scheme of abab cdcd efef gg, with a couplet at the end.
5. Petrarchan Sonnet a 14 line poem that is divided into an eight-line octave and a six-line sestet. A question or problem is posed in the octave and a solution is given in the sestet.
6. Symbolism the use of symbols to signify ideas by giving them a meaning that is different from their literal sense. Generally, it is an object representing another to give an entirely different meaning that is much deeper and more significant.
7. Onomatopoeia a word that imitates the natural sounds of a thing. It creates a sound effect that mimics the thing described, making the description more expressive and interesting.

Name: _____

Date: _____

Part II: *Multiple Choice. Circle the best example of each poetic device.*

1. Allusion
 - a. **“You’re a regular Einstein!”**
 - b. The lightning danced across the sky.
 - c. In music class you can bang on the drums.
 - d. Tinker toys talk all day.

2. Personification
 - a. Her weakness for the cookie was her Achilles heel.
 - b. But a better butter makes a batter better.
 - c. He swooned slowly as the snow fell.
 - d. **The first rays of morning tip toed through the garden.**

3. Onomatopoeia
 - a. I pondered weak and weary
 - b. The fire ran wild.
 - c. **The dishes fell to the floor with a clatter.**

4. Alliteration
 - a. **While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping.**
 - b. The swamp frogs croaked in unison.
 - c. Her heart is one of gold.

5. Personification
 - a. The fair breeze blow, the white foam flew.
 - b. **The thunder clapped angrily in the distance.**
 - c. The horses hooves clip-clopped on the stone.

Part III: *Short Answer. Answer the following question in 2-3 complete sentences.*

1. What is the importance of using poetic devices in poetry? How might it add to the poem’s meaning?
(Answer will vary but should be similar if not one of the following)
 - Intensifies a mood or feeling in the poem.
 - Rhyme and rhythm help the reader to remember the poem.
 - Gives the poem depth and brings new understandings or meaning.
 - Helps to create vivid images in the readers mind.



Rocket Math Learning to Add Integers

(positive and negative numbers)

Name Answer Key

Set F

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 1: Add a positive, go UP.</p> $\begin{array}{r} 2 \\ + 4 \\ \hline 6 \end{array}$		<p>Rule 2: Add a negative, go DOWN.</p> $\begin{array}{r} 2 \\ + (-5) \\ \hline -3 \end{array}$		<p>Rule 2: Add a negative, go DOWN.</p> $\begin{array}{r} 6 \\ + (-4) \\ \hline 2 \end{array}$



$\frac{3}{+(-3)}$	$\frac{4}{+(-8)}$	$\frac{6}{+1}$	$\frac{2}{+(-6)}$	$\frac{5}{+4}$	$\frac{2}{+5}$	$\frac{8}{+(-7)}$	$\frac{1}{+8}$	$\frac{2}{+1}$	$\frac{3}{+(-1)}$
0	-4	7	-4	9	7	1	9	3	2

$$\frac{5}{+(-7)}$$

$$\frac{4}{+2}$$

$$\frac{6}{+(-5)}$$

$$\frac{1}{+6}$$

$$\frac{6}{+3}$$

$$\frac{6}{+(-9)}$$

$$\frac{4}{+(-5)}$$

$$\frac{1}{+9}$$

$$\frac{4}{+(-6)}$$

$$\frac{6}{+(-1)}$$

$$\frac{4}{-2}$$

$$\frac{9}{+(-8)}$$

$$\frac{5}{+(-2)}$$

$$\frac{9}{+1}$$

$$\frac{3}{+5}$$

$$\frac{6}{+2}$$

$$\frac{1}{+(-8)}$$

$$\frac{3}{+7}$$

$$\frac{9}{+(-5)}$$

$$\frac{1}{+1}$$

$$\frac{3}{+5}$$

One-Minute Test

Goal Completed

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

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



Two-Minute Timing #1

-4 $+8$ 4	5 $+(-13)$ -8	-3 $+(-2)$ -5	2 $+3$ 5	-11 $+6$ -5	-7 $+(-4)$ -11	-7 $+12$ 5	13 $+(-6)$ 7	7 $+5$ 12	-8 $+(-7)$ -15
-2 $+(-6)$ -8	4 $+7$ 11	-5 $+2$ -3	10 $+(-5)$ 5	6 $+8$ 14	-7 $+14$ 7	3 $+9$ 12	5 $+1$ 6	9 $+(-13)$ -4	-10 $+7$ -3
9 $+(-11)$ -2	-9 $+12$ 3	-2 $+(-1)$ -3	6 $+(-2)$ 4	2 $+2$ 4	14 $+(-7)$ 7	8 $+3$ 11	-4 $+(-3)$ -7	-10 $+4$ -6	6 $+4$ 10
-2 $+8$ 6	9 $+(-16)$ -7	-4 $+(-5)$ -9	4 $+5$ 9	5 $+(-7)$ -2	2 $+6$ 8	12 $+(-8)$ 4	-6 $+13$ 7	-6 $+(-6)$ -12	1 $+7$ 8
-3 $+(-8)$ -11	9 $+8$ 17	-9 $+14$ 5	7 $+(-2)$ 5	6 $+9$ 15	-14 $+8$ -6	-6 $+(-9)$ -15	8 $+1$ 9	7 $+(-10)$ -3	-8 $+5$ -3
1 $+(-8)$ -7	-8 $+15$ 7	-9 $+(-8)$ -17	11 $+(-8)$ 3	7 $+2$ 9	9 $+(-2)$ 7	4 $+3$ 7	-6 $+(-7)$ -13	-7 $+3$ -4	5 $+4$ 9
-8 $+16$ 8	4 $+(-10)$ -6	-4 $+(-6)$ -10	2 $+5$ 7	3 $+(-7)$ -4	-4 $+(-4)$ -8	-13 $+6$ -7	9 $+(-1)$ 8	9 $+6$ 15	-6 $+(-3)$ -9
-5 $+(-2)$ -7	6 $+7$ 13	-4 $+12$ 8	12 $+(-7)$ 5	4 $+8$ 12	-9 $+2$ -7	-4 $+(-1)$ -5	4 $+9$ 13	5 $+(-8)$ -3	-6 $+11$ 5
6 $+(-12)$ -6	-13 $+5$ -8	-7 $+(-1)$ -8	12 $+(-3)$ 9	6 $+1$ 7	9 $+(-8)$ 1	4 $+2$ 6	-8 $+(-2)$ -10	-1 $+9$ 8	5 $+3$ 8
-9 $+(-3)$ -12	9 $+4$ 13	-11 $+3$ -8	4 $+(-4)$ 0	6 $+5$ 11	-2 $+6$ 4	-2 $+(-5)$ -7	7 $+6$ 13	1 $+(-4)$ -3	-4 $+1$ -3

Answer as many as you can in 2 minutes.
You may skip ones you do not know yet.

Monday Math Key

Check point #1! How to find a rate

On the other side of the great river, in the heart of the Lonely Mountain, the noble dwarf, Miss Rogers has been crafting jewels into fantastic shapes. In the last eight days, she has crafted 200 tiny emerald lizards. How many emerald lizards did Miss Rogers craft per day?

$$200 \text{ tiny emerald lizards} \div 8 \text{ days} = 25 \text{ tiny emerald lizards per day}$$

Check point #2!

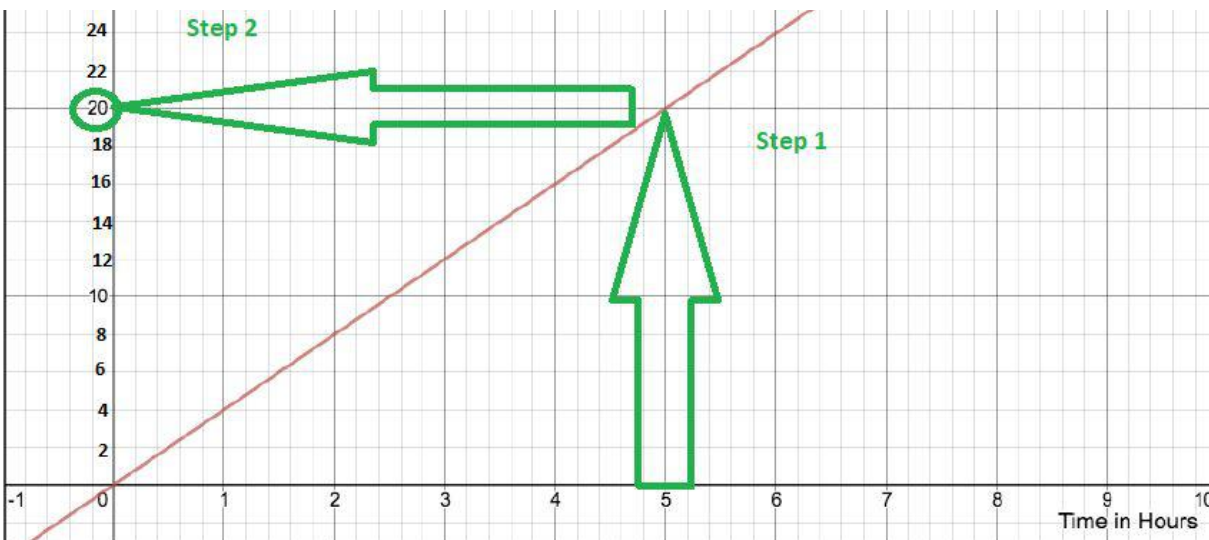
Miss Carrigee, a daughter of Eve in the house of Pevensie, has been practicing her archery with Lady Susan. Now she can shoot at a rate of 54 arrows per minute. How many arrows can she shoot in 5 minutes?

$$54 \text{ arrows per minute} \div 5 \text{ minutes} = 10.8 \text{ arrows per minute}$$

Note: It's okay to have a decimal or fractional answer when describing a rate. If Miss Carrigee's rate is 10.8 arrows per minute, that means that she can fully finish shooting 10 arrows in a minute and that she is almost done shooting an 11th arrow.

Check point #3! If the contest lasts for 5 hours before there is a winner, how many riddles would Dr. Lee and Mrs. Conrad exchange? **They would exchange 20 riddles.**

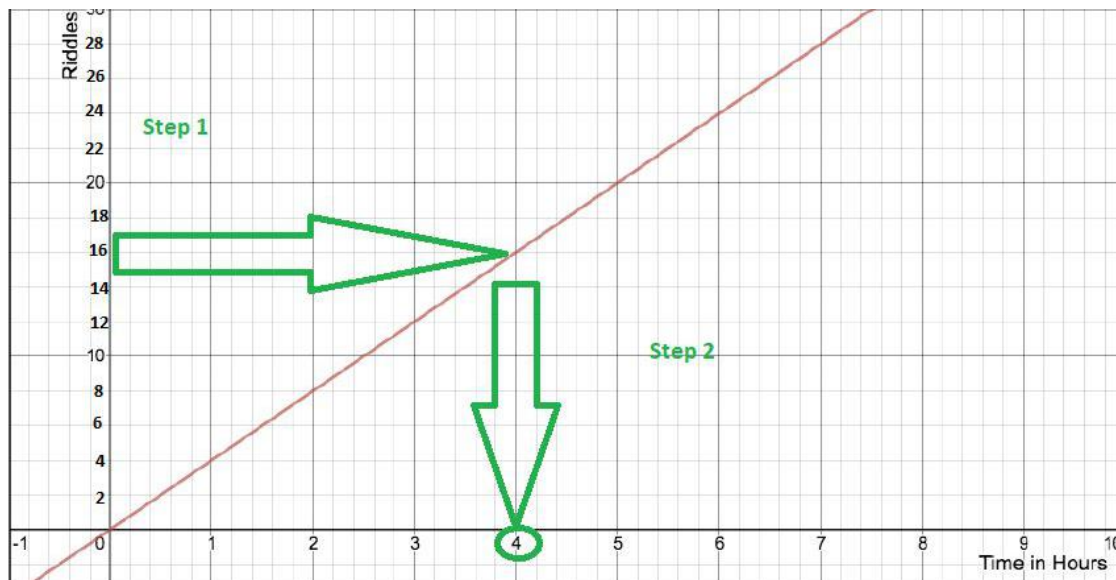
Draw arrows on the graph below and label them "step 1" and "step 2" so that you can show how to use the graph to answer the question.



Check point #4!

While they were competing in their riddle contest, Dr. Lee and Mrs. Conrad took a break to eat their Elevensies meal after 16 riddles were exchanged. How long had they been competing before they took a break?

Draw arrows on the graph below and label them as “step 1” and “step 2” to show your work.



Monday Independent Practice

1. Divide to find the rate in the following word problems.
 - a. A heart beat 475 times in 5 minutes. What is the heart rate in beats per minute?

$$475 \text{ heart beats} \div 5 \text{ minutes} = 95 \text{ heart beats per minute}$$

That heart rate is 95 beats per minute.

- b. Miss Kelly, the noble dwarf, is writing a book. If she wrote 114 pages in 9 days, what is her rate of pages written per day?

$$114 \text{ pages written} \div 9 \text{ days} = 12.67 \text{ or } 12 \frac{2}{3} \text{ pages per day}$$

Miss Kelly wrote 12.67 or $12 \frac{2}{3}$ pages per day.

2. Multiply to find the missing quantity using the rate.
 - a. The most skips achieved by a team in a jump rope contest is 230 skips per minute. If that record-setting team skipped at a rate of 230 skips per minute for 10 minutes, how many skips would they achieve together?

$$230 \text{ skips per minute} \times 10 \text{ minutes} = 2300 \text{ skips}$$

The record-setting team could achieve 2300 skips together at a rate of 230 skips per minute.

Answer Keys, Math

- b. Miss Milligan has been practicing guitar. If she practices at a rate of 30 minutes per day, how many minutes will she practice in one week?

$$30 \text{ minutes per day} \times 7 \text{ days} = 210 \text{ minutes}$$

Miss Milligan can practice **210** minutes in one week.

*In this problem, we actually converted the rate from minutes per day to minutes per week. The answer 210 minutes in one week is also a rate.

3. Read a graph of a rate.

Water is flowing from a tap at the rate of 25 gallons per minute.

- a) Complete the table. In the last column, choose any positive number to equal the x value and find the corresponding y-value.

Time, x (min)	1	2	3	4	5	
Amount of water, y (gal)	25	50	75	100	125	

- b) **$y = 25x$** (This means y equals 25 multiplied by x.)
- c) Write an ordered pair for each value of x from 1 to 5. The first two are completed for you.

(1, 25), (2, 50), (3, 75), (4, 100), (5, 125)

- d) The figure below shows the points on a coordinate graph.

Does the graph of the equation go through the origin? **Yes!**

Is it a multiplicative graph or an additive graph? **It's a multiplicative graph!**

*Graphs of rate are multiplicative graphs and they will always go through the origin.

Answer Keys, Math

e) Use the graph to find out how long it takes for 150 gallons to flow from the tap.

It takes **6** minutes for 150 gallons to flow from the tap.



Tuesday Math Key

Warm Up

Ben lays bricks at a rate of 25 bricks per hour.

Use the graph below to answer these questions:

1. How long will it take Ben to lay 125 bricks? **5** hours
2. How many bricks can Ben lay in 9 hours? **225** bricks

Tuesday Independent Practice

1. A machine makes 45 similar cakes per minute.
 - a. Write an equation that you can graph. Y will be equal to the number of cakes made and x will stand for time in minutes.

$$y = 45x$$

- b. Complete the input-output table below using your equation.

X, time in minutes	1 minute	2 minutes	4 minutes	6 minutes
Y, cakes made	45 cakes	90 cakes	180 cakes	270 cakes
(x, y)	(1, 45)	(2, 90)	(4, 180)	(6, 270)

- c. Graph the ordered pairs in the graph below and connect them in a straight line to draw the equation.
 - d. How many cakes can this machine make in 6 minutes? 270 cakes
 - e. How long will it take the machine to make 180 cakes? 4 minutes
 2. Now let's graph your rate of problems completed from your Rocket Math 2-minute test!

Answers will vary for this part of the independent practice because students will have different rates for completing problems on the 2-minute test. Parents will be needed to help determine if this is done correctly. Please email me at katie.franzmann@greatheartsnorthernnoaks.org if you need help checking your student's work for this section.

Wednesday Math Key

Check point #1!

Find the value of x in the following problems. Show your work with three lines like this example.

Ex. $x + 9 = 15$
 $x = 15 - 9$
 $x = 6$

a) $x + 6 = 14$
 $x = 14 - 6$
 $x = 8$

b) $x + 803 = 2011$
 $x = 2011 - 803$
 $x = 1208$

c) $300 + x = (-108)$
 $x = (-108) - 300$
 $x = (-408)$

Check point #2!

Find the value of x. **Show your work in a similar way to the examples below.**

Examples

$$\begin{aligned} x - 10 &= 21 \\ X &= 21 - 10 \\ X &= 11 \end{aligned}$$

$$\begin{aligned} x - 88 &= 12 \\ x &= 12 + 88 \\ x &= 100 \end{aligned}$$

<p>a) $x - 13 = 20$ $x = 20 + 13$ $x = 33$</p>	<p>b) $x - 23 = 17$ $x = 17 + 23$ $x = 40$</p>	<p>c) $x - 51 = 28$ $x = 28 + 51$ $x = 79$</p>	<p>d) $x - 11 = 2099$ $x = 2099 + 11$ $x = 2110$</p>
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Independent Practice

Solve for x. Show your work. The first problem is an example.

<p>a) $X + 9 = 20$ $X = 20 - 9$ $X = 11$</p>	<p>b) $20 + x = 104$ $X = 104 - 20$ $X = 84$</p>
<p>c) $59 + x = 203$ $X = 203 - 59$ $X = 144$</p>	<p>d) $X + 17 = 1000$ $X = 1000 - 17$ $X = 983$</p>
<p>e) $X + 98 = 2009$ $X = 2009 - 98$ $X = 1911$</p>	<p>f) $199 + x = 987$ $X = 987 - 199$ $X = 788$</p>

Answer Keys, Math

Now we will solve for unknowns with subtraction.

<p>g) $X - 9 = 10$ $X = 10 + 9$ $X = 19$</p>	<p>h) $X - 25 = 203$ $X = 203 + 25$ $X = 228$</p>
<p>i) $X - 259 = 167$ $X = 167 + 259$ $X = 426$</p>	<p>j) $X - 534 = 3980$ $X = 3980 + 534$ $X = 4514$</p>
<p>k) $X - 87 = 596$ $X = 596 + 87$ $X = 683$</p>	<p>l) $X - 817 = 1947$ $X = 1947 + 817$ $X = 2,764$</p>

Answer Keys, Science

Monday Key Science

1. He means that the number of insects is incredibly large. Answers vary
2. Answers vary...The pollinate, recycle wastes and soils, inspire artists, dye fabrics, help engineers
3. Answers vary...They compete for crops, invade/damage homes, spread diseases.
4. They were the first to transfer to land, fly, sing. Disguise themselves etc... Answers vary.

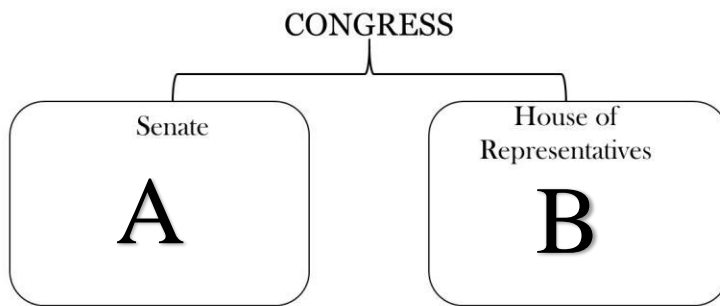
Week 5 Wednesday

History Answer Key

“Missouri Compromise” WKST

1. A

2. .



3. C

4. Answers vary, but should say something about determining an equal number of “slave states” and “free states”.

W5 Translation Answer Key

Monday

- 1) Clemens was walking in the forum.
- 2) There was a very large crowd in the forum. (A very large crowd was in the forum.)
- 3) Slaves and slave-girls were buying food.
- 4) Many bakers were selling bread.
- 5) A poet was reciting.

Tuesday

- 1) A Greek merchant was having an argument with a farmer.
- 2) The angry merchant was demanding money.
- 3) Suddenly the farmer hit the Greek, because the Greek was telling off the farmer.
- 4) The Pompeians laughed, and they urged on the farmer.

Wednesday

- 1) Clemens, after he heard the noise, hurried to the fight.
- 2) At last the farmer overcame the merchant and chased [him] from the forum.
- 3) The Pompeians praised the brave farmer.