

GreatHearts

Northern Oaks



Supplemental Reading Packet

Week 6, April 27 – May 1, 2020

5th grade

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TEN

MAMA MADE ME A CAP out of my first coon hide. I was as proud of it as Papa would've been if someone had given him a dozen Missouri mules. Mama said afterwards that she wished she hadn't made it for me because, in some way, wearing that cap must've affected my mind. I went coon crazy.

I was out after the ringtails every night. About the only time I didn't go hunting was when the weather was bad, and even then Mama all but had to hog-tie me.

What wonderful nights they were, running like a deer through the thick timber of the bottoms, tearing my way through stands of wild cane, climbing over drifts, and jumping logs, running, screaming, and yelling, "Who-e-e-e, get him, boy, get him," following the voices of my little hounds.

It wasn't too hard for a smart old coon to fool Old Dan, but there were none that prowled the riverbanks that could fool my Little Ann.

As Grandpa had predicted, the price of coonskins jumped sky-high. A good-size hide was worth from four to ten dollars, depending on the grade and quality.

I kept the side of our smokehouse plastered with hides. Of course I would spread them out a little to cover more space. I always stretched them on the side facing the road, never on the back side. I wanted everyone in the country to see them.

The money earned from my furs was turned over to my father. I didn't care about it. I had what I wanted—my dogs. I supposed that Papa was saving it for something because I never saw anything new turn up around our home, but, like any young boy, I wasn't bothered by it and I asked no questions.

My whole life was wrapped up in my dogs. Everywhere I went they went along. There was only one place I didn't want them to go with me and that was to Grandpa's store. Other dogs were always there, and it seemed as if they all wanted to jump on Old Dan.

It got so about the only time I went to see my grandfather was when I had a bundle of fur to take to the store. This was always a problem. In every way I could, I would try to slip away from my dogs. Sometimes I swore that they could read my mind. It made no difference what I tried; I couldn't fool them.

One time I was sure I had outsmarted them. The day before I was to make one of my trips I took my furs out to the barn and hid them. The next morning I hung around the house for a while, and then nonchalantly whistled my way out to the barn. I climbed up in the loft and peeked through a crack. I

could see them lying in front of their doghouse. They weren't even looking my way.

Taking my furs, I sneaked out through a back door and, walking like a tomcat, I made it to the timber. I climbed a small dogwood tree and looked back. They were still there and didn't seem to know what I'd done.

Feeling just about as smart as Sherlock Holmes, I headed for the store. I was walking along singing my lungs out when they came tearing out of the underbrush, wiggling and twisting, and tickled to death to be with me. At first I was mad but one look at dancing Little Ann and all was forgiven. I sat down on my bundle of fur and laughed till I hurt all over. I could scold them a little but I could no more have whipped one of them than I could have kissed a girl. After all a boy just doesn't whip his dogs.

Grandpa always counted my furs carefully and marked something down on a piece of paper. I'd never seen him do this with other hunters and it got the best of my curiosity. One day while he was writing I asked him, "Why do you do that, Grandpa?" He looked at me over his glasses and said kind of sharp, "Never mind. I have my reasons."

When Grandpa talked to me like that I didn't push things any farther. Besides, it didn't make any difference to me if he marked on every piece of paper in the store.

I always managed to make my trips on Saturdays as that was "coon hunters'" day. I didn't have to stand around on the outside of the circle any more and listen to the coon hunters. I'd get right up in the middle and say my piece with the rest of them.

I didn't have to tell any whoppers for some of the things my dogs did were almost unbelievable anyhow. Oh, I guess I did make things a little bigger than they actually were but I never did figure a coon hunter told honest-to-goodness lies. He just kind of stretched things a little.

I could hold those coon hunters spellbound with some of my hunting tales. Grandpa would never say anything while I was telling my stories. He just puttered around the store with a silly little grin on his face. Once in a while when I got too far off the beaten path, he would come around and cram a bar of soap in my pocket. My face would get all red, I'd cut my story short, fly out the door, and head for home.

The coon hunters were always kidding me about my dogs. Some of the remarks I heard made me fighting mad. "I never saw hounds so small, but I guess they are hounds, at least they look like it." "I don't believe Little Ann is half as smart as he says she is. She's so little those old coons think she's a rabbit. I bet she sneaks right up on them before they realize she's a dog." "Some of these nights a big old coon is going to carry her off to his den and raise some little coon puppies."

I always took their kidding with a smile on my face, but it made my blood boil like the water in Mama's teakettle. I had one way of shutting them up. "Let's all go in the store," I'd say, "and see who has the most hides in there."

It was true that my dogs were small, especially Little Ann. She could walk under an ordinary hound; in fact, she was a regular midget. If it had not been for her long ears, no one could have told that she was a hound. Her actions weren't those of a hunting hound. She was constantly playing. She

would play with our chickens and young calves, with a piece of paper or a corncob. What my little girl lacked in size, she made up in sweetness. She could make friends with a tomcat.

Old Dan was just the opposite. He strutted around with a belligerent and tough attitude. Although he wasn't a tall dog, he was heavy. His body was long and his chest broad and thick. His legs were short, big, and solid. The muscles in his body were hard and knotty. When he walked, they would twist and jerk under the skin.

He was a friendly dog. There were no strangers to him. He loved everyone. Yet he was a strange dog. He would not hunt with another hound, other than Little Ann, or another hunter, not even my father. The strangest thing about Old Dan was that he would not hunt, even with me, unless Little Ann was with him. I found this out the first night I tried it.

Little Ann had cut the pad of her right foot on a sharp jagged flint rock. It was a nasty cut. I made a little boot of leather and put it on her wounded foot. To keep her from following me, I locked her in the corncrib.

Two nights later I decided to take Old Dan hunting for a while. He followed me down to the river bottoms and disappeared in the thick timber. I waited and waited for him to strike a trail. Nothing happened. After about two hours, I called to him. He didn't come. I called and called. Disgusted, I gave up and went home.

Coming up through the barn lot, I saw him rolled up in a ball on the ground in front of the corncrib. I immediately understood. I walked over and opened the door. He jumped up in the crib, smelled Little Ann's foot, twisted around in the

shucks, and lay down by her side. As he looked at me; I read this message in his friendly gray eyes, "You could've done this a long time ago."

I never did know if Little Ann would hunt by herself or not. I am sure she would have, for she was a smart and understanding dog, but I never tried to find out.

Little Ann was my sisters' pet. They rubbed and scratched and petted her. They would take her down to the creek and give her baths. She loved it all.

If Mama wanted a chicken caught, she would call Little Ann. She would run the chicken down and hold it with her paws until Mama came. Not one feather would be harmed. Mama tried Old Dan once. Before she got the chicken, there wasn't much left but the feathers.

By some strange twist of nature, Little Ann was destined to go through life without being a mother. Perhaps it was because she was stunted in growth, or maybe because she was the runt in a large litter. That may have had something to do with it.

During the fur season, November through February, I was given complete freedom from work. Many times when I came home, the sun was high in the sky. After each hunt, I always took care of my dogs. The flint rocks and saw briars were hard on their feet. With a bottle of peroxide and a can of salve I would doctor their wounds.

I never knew what to expect from Old Dan. I never saw a coon hound so determined or one that could get into so many predicaments. More than one time, it would have been the death of him if it hadn't been for smart Little Ann.

One night, not long after I had entered the bottoms, my dogs struck the trail of an old boar coon. He was a smart old fellow and had a sackful of tricks. He crossed the river time after time. Finally, swimming to the middle and staying in the swift current, he swam downstream.

Knowing he would have to come out somewhere, my dogs split up. Old Dan took the right side. Little Ann worked the other side. I came out of the bottoms onto a gravel bar and stood and watched them in the moonlight.

Little Ann worked downriver, and then she came up. I saw her when she passed me going up the bank, sniffing and searching for the trail. She came back to me. I patted her head, scratched her ears, and talked to her. She kept staring across the river to where Old Dan was searching for the trail.

She waded in and swam across to help him. I knew that the coon had not come out of the river on her side. If he had, she would have found the trail. I walked up to a riffle, pulled off my shoes, and waded across.

My dogs worked the riverbank, up and down. They circled far out into the bottoms. I could hear the loud snuffing of Old Dan. He was bewildered and mad. I was getting a thrill from it all, as I had never seen them fooled like this.

Old Dan gave up on his side, piled into the river, and swam across to the side Little Ann had worked. I knew that it was useless for him to do that.

I was on the point of giving up, calling them to me, and going elsewhere to hunt, when I heard the bawl of Little Ann. I couldn't believe what I heard. She wasn't bawling on a trail. She was sounding the tree bark. I hurried down the bank.

Simile + Metaphor

- Similes and metaphors are devices used to make comparisons.

Similes vs. metaphors

- Similes use the words "like" or "as" to compare things. →

Ex: All the world is like a stage.

- This example is a simile because it uses the word "like" to compare the world to a stage.

- Metaphors directly state a comparison without using the words "like" or "as".

Ex: All the world's a stage.

- This example is a metaphor because it is directly stating "the world's a stage".

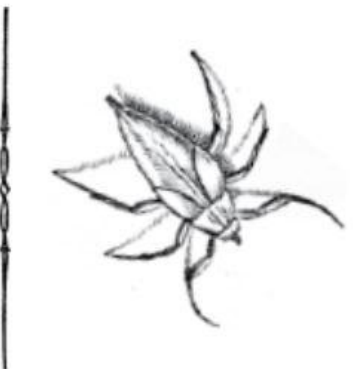
How do similes and metaphors deepen the meaning or our understanding of a poem?

- The devices help to paint a quick picture in the reader's mind.
- They encourage the reader to use their imagination.
- They add beauty to descriptions.

“It can never be too strongly impressed upon a mind anxious for the acquisition of knowledge, that the commonest things by which we are surrounded are deserving of minute and careful attention.”

—James Rennie

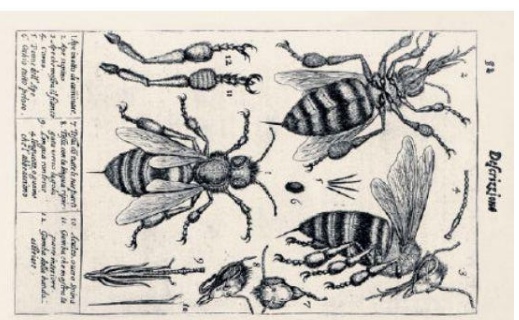
Insect Architecture, 1857



of study.” Like many branches of biology, entomology, in one form or another, is ancient. Since before our civilizations struggled into existence, we have benefited from and been diminished by insects. Early on we focused our attention on only those elements of our world that were either harmful or beneficial, and this too was true with insects. Perhaps not surprisingly, apiculture and sericulture are the most ancient of entomological endeavors. Exploitation of honey bees for honey and wax was already widespread 8,500 years ago, and a vibrant beekeeping industry from 3,000 years ago was discovered in 2007 in Israel, the biblical land “flowing of milk and honey” (Exodus 33:3). At least 8,000 years ago, in the Araña Caves in Valencia, Spain, early painters depicted people climbing ropes to retrieve honey from cliff-face hives, and wall paintings from the Old Kingdom of Egypt attest to beekeeping practices 4,400 years ago. By at least 5,000 years ago, the cocoons of silk moths were being unraveled by people of the Yangshao culture, in today’s northern China, to produce those fine fabrics we so adore even now.

ARTHROPODA

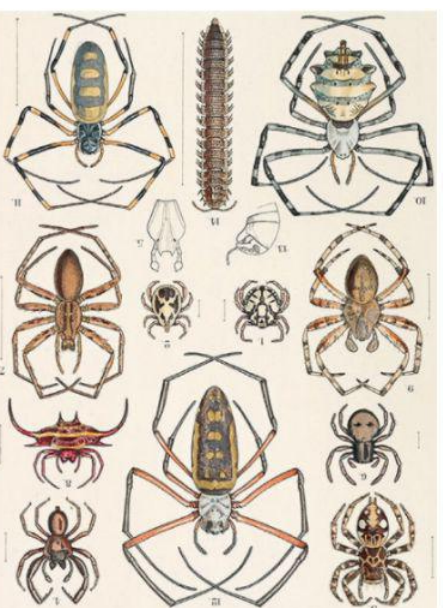
Entomology is the scientific study of insects, the word deriving from the Greek *éntomon*, meaning “insect,” and *lógos*, meaning “subject



Despite the lengthy history of our involvement with these creatures, there remains today confusion over what is and is not an insect. Insects belong to a larger group of animals called *arthropods*, formally known as the phylum Arthropoda. Arthropods are truly ancient, dating back to at least the early Cambrian, around 540 million years ago, and were among the initial diversification of major animal lineages. The arthropods encompass a huge swath of animal diversity and include everything from spiders and scorpions to millipedes and centipedes to crabs, shrimp, and lobsters. The most numerous of the arthropod groups are the insects, and sometimes subsets of those aforementioned lineages are grossly lumped with them into the field of entomology. For instance, it is not uncommon for the average individual to believe that entomology covers spiders and their relatives, or even millipedes and pill “bugs” (aka, roly polies, or doodle bugs). In fact, these all belong to other subsets of Arthropoda and have their own fields of inquiry. Spiders, for example, are arachnids and like scorpions, mites, ticks, and their relatives, they are covered by arachnology. Millipedes are encompassed by myriapodology, and pill bugs, despite the misnomer “bugs,” are actually crustaceans and more closely related

to crabs and lobsters than they are to insects.

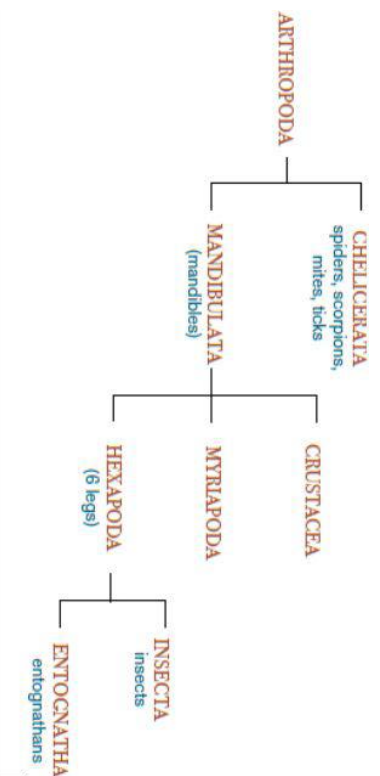
Arthropods are those animals with a chitinous exoskeleton, much like a suit of armor, and as a result have articulated joints wherever movement is required. The word *arthropod* literally means “jointed foot” (in Greek, *árrhron*, meaning “joint,” and *podús*, *podós*, meaning “foot”), in reference to these necessary joints allowing for movement of the chitinous body. Muscles attach within the exoskeleton to provide movement and support, and collectively the muscles and outer skeleton act as a scaffolding for the internal organs. Arthropods are arranged much like an upside-down vertebrate. Where we have a dorsal nerve cord and ventral heart, arthropods have a ventrally positioned nervous system and extended aorta, or open “heart,” along the back of the body. In this regard, the placement of our nerve chord and our heart is an inverted arrangement relative to that in arthropods.





Hierarchical Organization of Arthropoda

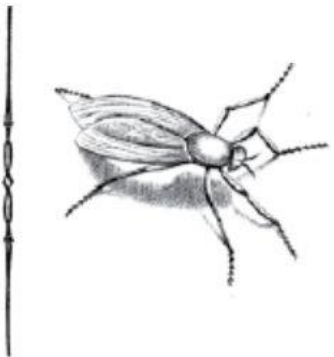
Major groups constituting the phylum of arthropods (those animals with a jointed exoskeleton), and the placement of insects among them.



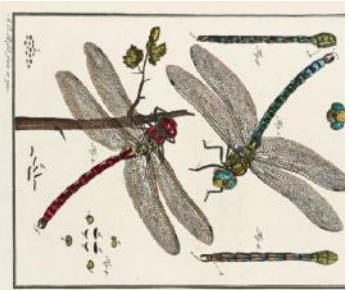
Since the presence of a rigid exoskeleton imposes a limitation on growth, it must therefore be periodically molted. Shedding of the old cuticle in place of a new, larger one permits arthropods to grow throughout their lives, without being hampered by the confines of their protective skeletons. Arthropods experience their world entirely through their exterior skeleton, and there are any number of modifications that permit different forms of perception ranging from vision and hearing to chemical and mechanical receptors. As the most diverse of all arthropods, insects include some of the best examples of arthropod senses. Some of these sensory structures are familiar to us, such as the large compound eyes of a fly or the feathered antennae of a moth, while others do not quite resemble what we might expect or seem misplaced on the body. For example, the “ear” of a cricket, while resembling a small membranous drum like our eardrum, is positioned on the legs rather than the sides of the head. Other insects can have ears in disparate places throughout the body, such as on the abdomen of certain moths, the chest of some mantises, and even on the wings of a subset of lacewings. All insects have small, slender extensions of cuticle that superficially resemble the hair of mammals. In insects, however, these are called *setae*, and they serve a plethora of purposes. Some setae have minute pores that allow for the intake of specific chemicals in the environment that are distributed either through the air or from some surface, and these permit insects to smell or taste. The “hair” of a fly or the “furry” antennae of a moth are setae.

“I have heard it stated upon good authority that 40,000 species of insects are already known, as preserved in collections. How great, then, must be the number existing in this whole globe!”

—William Kirby and William Spence
An Introduction to Entomology, 1826



One of the first things we do in life is classify the world around us. We learn to recognize and label the persons and objects that are



most vital to our well-being, and this process of classification continues throughout our lives. Inevitably, our first words are an act of nomenclature and classification—*mommy* or *daddy*. In the same way, humankind has, since its infancy, sought to label and arrange the objects in our world, giving each a unique name so that we might communicate effectively with others. Names give meaning to our universe, and it is true to say that classification is fundamental to the human condition. Our classifications can be artificial, of mere convenience, or natural, reflecting historical or physical processes occurring in nature. We group stars into constellations, although these patterns do not exist in nature and instead reflect regional and cultural influences on our perceptions of the night sky. By contrast, we classify galaxies by the physical laws impacting their forms, spiral versus elliptical for example, or arrange elements by their molecular weight and associated properties. Our natural classifications organize and synthesize knowledge, facilitate effective communication, and, in their ultimate form, permit the formulation of testable predictions.

When one peers into the natural world, the rich variety of life can often become overwhelming and seem chaotic. Nonetheless, there is

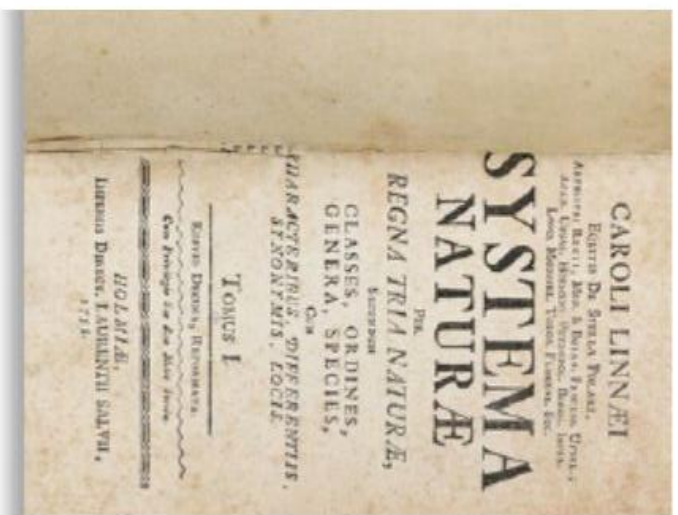


an order to be found. The process of evolution naturally produces a hierarchical arrangement of biological traits, such that one can distinguish groups nested within groups. Closely related species can be grouped into a genus, all of which stem from a most recent common ancestor. Closely related genera can be grouped into a family, families into an order, orders into a class, classes into a phylum, and phyla into a kingdom. These are the canonical ranks of the famous Linnaean hierarchy put forward by the great father of biological nomenclature, Carl Linnaeus



Linnaeus, a Swedish botanist and physician, was not the first to work toward a grand organization of all species, but he was the first to provide a uniform and structured method by which the diversity of traits among species could be arranged into a natural system. He simplified the names of organisms, with each receiving a binomial indicating its genus and species, such as *Homo sapiens* for ourselves. Together, the application of binomial nomenclature and the arrangement of species into the Linnaean hierarchy provided a standardized means of communicating about the natural world, with each species in its designated place. Where previously it was challenging to know whether two authors were discussing the same species or not, Linnaeus's system made this transfer of information far more rigorous. This may seem trivial, but when faced with the difference between a poisonous or edible species, one that may cure disease or one that may pose a threat, it can quickly become a matter of life or death. The first step is agreeing on what we are discussing and establishing an agreed-upon name. As famously stated by Linnaeus, "If you know not the names, then the knowledge of things is lost." Linnaeus relied considerably on entomological observations recorded by his intellectual forerunners, and it took

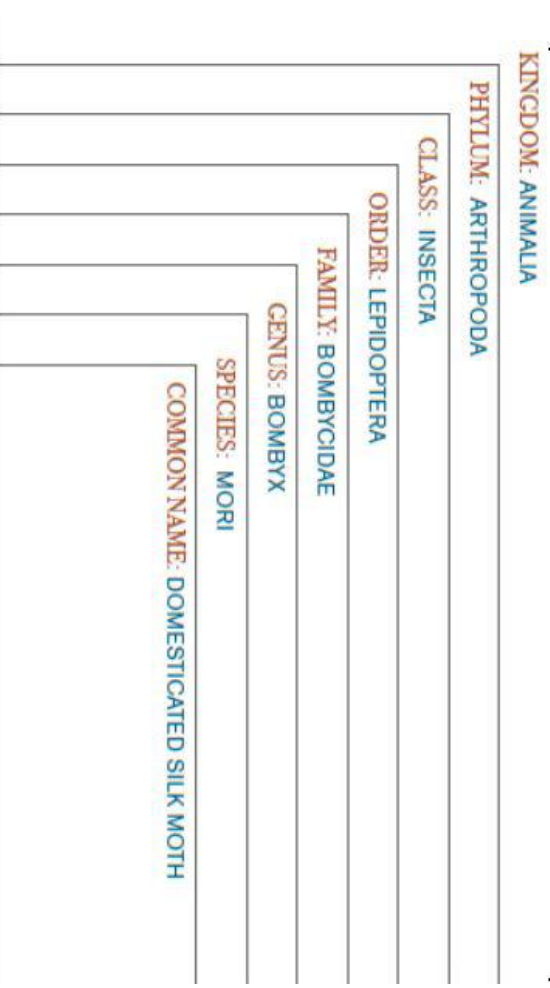
millennia of steady advances, hampered by false starts and reversals along the way, before intellectual evolution arrived at its own paradigm.



The title page of a 1758 edition of Carl Linnaeus's *Systema Naturae* (1735), wherein he stabilized the method by which we hierarchically classify the world's species.

Linnaean Hierarchical Classification

The classification of the domesticated silk moth, *Bombyx mori*, is shown below, using the canonical ranks of the Linnaean system, with each group subordinate to the one above it.



There was a loud splash. I saw Old Dan swimming back. By this time, Little Ann was really singing a song. In the bright moonlight, I could see Old Dan clearly. His powerful front legs were churning the water.

Then I saw a sight that makes a hunter's heart swell with pride. Still swimming, Old Dan raised his head high out of the water and bawled. He couldn't wait until he reached the bank to tell Little Ann he was coming. From far out in the river he told her.

Reaching the shallows, he plowed out of the river onto a sand bar. Not even taking time to shake the water from his body, again he raised his head and bawled, and tore out down the bank.

In a trot, I followed, whooping to let them know I was coming. Before I reached the tree, Old Dan's deep voice was making the timber shake.

The tree was a large birch, standing right on the bank of the river. The swift current had eaten away at the footing, causing it to lean. The lower branches of the tree dangled in the water.

I saw how the smart old coon had pulled his trick. Coming in toward the bank from midstream, he had caught the dangling limbs and climbed up. Exhausted from the long swim, he stayed there in the birch thinking he had outsmarted my dogs. I couldn't understand how Little Ann had found him.

It was impossible to fall the tree toward the bottoms. It was too much off balance. I did the next best thing. I cut a long elder switch. Unbuckling one of my suspenders, I tied it to the end and climbed the tree.

The coon was sitting in a fork of a limb. Taking my switch, I

whopped him a good one and out he came. He sailed out over the river. With a loud splash, he hit the water and swam for the other side. My dogs jumped off the bank after him. They were no match against his expert swimming. On reaching the other bank, he ran downriver.

Climbing down out of the tree, I picked up my ax and lantern, and trotted down to another riffle and waded across. I could tell by the bawling of my dogs, they were close to the coon. He would have to climb a tree, or be caught on the ground.

All at once their voices stopped. I stood still and waited for them to bawl treed. Nothing happened. Thinking the coon had taken to the river again, I waited to give them time to reach the opposite bank. I waited and waited. I could hear nothing. By then I knew he had not crossed over. I thought perhaps they had caught him on the ground. I hurried on.

I came to a point where a slough of crystal-clear water ran into the river. On the other side was a bluff. I could hear one of my dogs over there. As I watched and waited, I heard a dog jump in the water. It was Little Ann. She swam across and came up to me. Staying with me for just a second, she jumped in the slough and swam back to the other side.

I could hear her sniffing and whining. I couldn't figure out where Old Dan was. By squatting down and holding the lantern high over my head, I could dimly see the opposite bank. Little Ann was running up and down. I noticed she always stayed in one place of about twenty-five yards, never leaving that small area.

She ran down to the water's edge and stared out into the

slough. The horrible thought came that Old Dan had drowned. I knew a big coon was capable of drowning a dog in water by climbing on his head and forcing him under.

As fast as I could run, I circled the slough, climbed up over the bluff, and came down to where Little Ann was. She was hysterical, running up and down the bank and whining.

I tied my lantern on a long pole, held it out over the water, and looked for Old Dan's body. I could see clearly in the clear spring waters, but I couldn't see my dog anywhere. I sat down on the bank, buried my face in my hands, and cried. I was sure he was gone.

Several minutes passed, and all that time Little Ann had never stopped. Running here and there along the bank, she kept sniffing and whining.

I heard when she started digging. I looked around. She was ten feet from the water's edge. I got up and went over to her. She was digging in a small hole about the size of a big apple. It was the air hole for a muskrat den.

I pulled Little Ann away from the hole, knelt down, and put my ear to it. I could hear something, and feel a vibration in the ground. It was an eerie sound and seemed to be coming from far away. I listened. Finally I understood what the noise was.

It was the voice of Old Dan. Little Ann had opened the hole up enough with her digging so his voice could be heard faintly. In some way he had gotten into that old muskrat den.

I knew that down under the bank, in the water, the entrance to the den could be found. Rolling up my sleeve, I tried to find it with my hand. I had no luck. It was too far down.

There was only one thing to do. Leaving my ax and lantern, I ran for home. Picking up a long-handled shovel, I hurried back.

The sun was high in the sky before I had dug Old Dan out. He was a sight to see, nothing but mud from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. I held on to his collar and led him down to the river to wash him off. The water there was much warmer than the cold spring water of the slough.

After washing him, I turned him loose. Right back to the hole he ran. Little Ann was already digging. I knew the coon was still there. Working together, we dug him out.

After the coon was killed, I saw what had made him so smart. His right front foot was twisted and shriveled. At one time he must have been caught in a trap and had pulled himself free. He was an old coon. His face was almost white. He was big and heavy and had beautiful fur.

Tired, muddy, wet, and hungry, I started for home.

I've often wondered how Old Dan got into that old muskrat den. Perhaps there was another entrance I had overlooked. I'll never know.

One night, far back in the mountains, in a place called "The Cyclone Timber," Old Dan really pulled a good one.

Many years before my time, a terrible cyclone had ripped its way through the mountains, leaving its scar in the form of fallen timber, twisted and snarled. The path of the cyclone was several miles wide and several miles long. It was wonderful place to hunt as it abounded with game.

My dogs had struck the trail of a coon about an hour before. They had really been warming him up. I knew it was

about time for him to take up a tree, and sure enough, I heard the deep voice of Old Dan telling the world he had a coon up a tree.

I was trotting along, going to them, when his voice stopped. I could hear Little Ann, but not Old Dan. I wondered why, and was a little scared, for I just knew something had happened. Then I heard his voice. It seemed louder than it had been before. I felt much better.

When I came up to the tree I thought Little Ann had treed Old Dan. She was sitting on her haunches staring up and bawling the tree bark. There, a good fifteen feet from the ground, with his hind legs planted firmly in the center of a big limb, and his front feet against the trunk of the tree, stood Old Dan, bawling for all he was worth.

Above him some eight or nine feet was a baby coon. I was glad it was a young one, for if it had been an old one, he would have jumped out. Old Dan would have followed, and he surely would have broken all of his legs.

From where I was standing, I could see it was impossible for Old Dan to have climbed the tree. It was dead and more of an old snag than a tree, with limbs that were crooked and twisted. The bark had rotted away and fallen off, leaving the trunk bare and slick as glass. It was a good ten feet up to the first limb. I couldn't figure out how Old Dan had climbed that tree. There had to be a solution somewhere.

Walking around to the other side, I saw how he had accomplished his feat. There in the bottom was a large hole. The old tree was hollow. Stepping back, I looked up and could see another hole, which had been hidden from me because of Old Dan's body.

He had simply crawled into the hole at the bottom, climbed up the hollow of the tree, and worked his way out on the limb. In some way he had turned around and reared up, placing his front feet against the trunk.

There he was. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't cut the tree down and I was afraid to climb it for fear I would scare the coon into jumping out. If he did, Old Dan would jump, too, and break his legs.

I ran plan after plan around in my mind. None would work. I finally came to the conclusion that I had to climb the tree and get ahold of that crazy dog. I blew out my lantern, pulled off my shoes and socks, and started shinnying up the tree. I prayed that the coon wouldn't jump out.

Inching along, being as quiet as I could, I made it up to Old Dan and grabbed his collar. I sat down on the limb, and held him tight. He would bawl now and then, and all but burst my eardrums. I couldn't drop him to the ground, and I couldn't climb down with him. I couldn't sit there on that limb and hold him all night. I would be no better off when daylight came.

Glancing at the hole by my side gave me the solution to my problem. I thought, "If he came out of this hole, he can go back in it."

That was the way I got my dog down from the tree. This had its problems, too. In the first place, Old Dan didn't want to be put in the hole head first. By scolding, pushing, shoving, and squeezing, I finally got him started on his way.

Like a fool, I sat there on the limb, waiting to see him come out at the bottom, and come out he did. Turning around, bawling as he did, right back in the hole he went. There was

nothing I could do but sit and wait. I understood why his voice had stopped for a while. He just took time out to climb a tree.

Putting my ear to the hole, I could hear him coming. Grunting and clawing, up he came. I helped him out of the hole, turned him around, and crammed him back in. That time I wasn't too gentle with my work. I was tired of sitting on the limb, and my bare feet were getting cold.

I started down the same time he did. He beat me down. Looking over my shoulder, I saw him turn around and head back for the hole. I wasn't far from the ground so I let go. The flint rocks didn't feel too good to my feet when I landed.

I jumped to the hole just in time to see the tip end of his long tail disappearing. I grabbed it. Holding on with one hand, I worked his legs down with my other, and pulled him out. I stopped his tree-climbing by cramming rocks and chunks into the hole.

How the coon stayed in the tree, I'll never know, but stay he did. With a well-aimed rock, I scared him out. Old Dan satisfied his lust to kill.

I started for home. I'd had all the hunting I wanted for that night.

ELEVEN

I HAD OFTEN WONDERED WHAT OLD Dan would do if little Ann got into some kind of a predicament. One night I got my answer.

For several days a northern blizzard had been blowing. It was a bad one. The temperature dropped down to ten below. The storm started with a slow cold drizzle and then sleet. When the wind started blowing, everything froze, leaving the ground as slick as glass.

Trapped indoors, I was as nervous as a fish out of water. I told Mama I guessed it was just going to storm all winter.

She laughed and said, "I don't think it will, but it does look like it will last for a while."

She ruffled up my hair and kissed me between the eyes. This did rile me up. I didn't like to be kissed like that. It seemed that I could practically rub my skin off and still feel it, all wet and sticky, and kind of burning.

Sometime on the fifth night, the storm blew itself out and it snowed about three inches. The next morning I went out to my doghouse. Scraping the snow away from the two-way door, I stuck my head in. It was as warm as an oven. I got my face washed all over by Little Ann. Old Dan's tail thumped out a tune on the wall.

I told them to be ready because we were going hunting that night. I knew the old ringtails would be hungry and stirring for they had been denned up during the storm.

That evening as I was leaving the house, Papa said, "Billy, be careful tonight. It's slick down under the snow, and it would be easy to twist an ankle or break a leg."

I told him I would and that I wasn't going far, just down back of our fields in the bottoms.

"Well, anyway," he said, "be careful. There'll be no moon tonight and you're going to see some fog next to the river."

Walking through our fields I saw my father was right about it being slick and dark. Several times I slipped and sat down. I couldn't see anything beyond the glow of my lantern, but I wasn't worried. My light was a good one, and Mama had insisted that I make two little leather pouches to cover the blades of my ax.

Just before I reached the timber, Old Dan shook the snow from the underbrush with his deep voice. I stopped and listened. He bawled again. The deep bass tones rolled around under the tall sycamores, tore their way out of the thick timber, traveled out over the fields, and slammed up against the foothills. There they seemed to break up and die away in the mountains.

Old Dan was working the trail slowly and I knew why. He would never line out until Little Ann was running by his side. I thought she would never get there. When she did, her beautiful voice made the blood pound in my temples. I felt the excitement of the hunt as it ate its way into my body. Taking a deep breath, I reared back and whooped as loud as I could.

The coon ran upriver for a way and then, cutting out of the bottoms, he headed for the mountains. I stood and listened until their voices went out of hearing. Slipping and sliding, I started in the direction I had last heard them. About halfway to the foothills I heard them coming back.

Somewhere in the rugged mountains, the coon had turned and headed toward the river. It was about time for him to play out a few tricks and I was wondering what he would do. I knew it would be hard for him to hide his trail with snow on the ground, and I realized later that the smart old coon knew this, too.

As the voices of my dogs grew louder, I could tell that they were coming straight toward me. Once I started to blow out my lantern, thinking that maybe I could see them when they crossed our field, but I realized I didn't stand a chance of seeing the race in the skunk-black night.

Down out of the mountains they brought him, singing a hound-dog song on his heels. The coon must have scented me, or seen my lantern. He cut to my right and ran between our house and me. I heard screaming and yelling from my sisters. My father started whooping.

I knew my whole family was out on the porch listening to the beautiful voices of my little red hounds. I felt as tall as the

tallest sycamore on the riverbank. I yelled as loud as I could. Again I heard the squealing of my sisters and the shouts of my father.

The deep "Ou-ou-ou's" of Old Dan and the sharp "Aw-aw-aw-aw's" of Little Ann bored a hole in the inky-black night. The vibrations rolled and quivered in the icy silence.

The coon was heading for the river. I could tell my dogs were crowding him, and wondered if he'd make it to the water. I was hoping he wouldn't, for I didn't want to wade the cold water unless I had to do it.

I figured the smart old coon had a reason for turning and coming back to the river and wondered what trick he had in mind. I remembered something my grandfather had told me. He said, "Never underestimate the cunning of an old river coon. When the nights are dark and the ground is frozen and slick, they can pull some mean tricks on a hound. Sometimes the tricks can be fatal."

I was halfway through the fog-covered bottoms when the voices of my dogs stopped. I stood still, waited, and listened. A cold silence settled over the bottoms. I could hear the snap and crack of sap-frozen limbs. From far back in the flinty hills, the long, lonesome howl of a timber wolf floated down in the silent night. Across the river I heard a cow moo. I knew the sound was coming from the Lowery place.

Not being able to hear the voices of my dogs gave me an uncomfortable feeling. I whooped and waited for one of them to bawl. As I stood waiting I realized something was different in the bottoms. Something was missing.

I wasn't worried about my dogs. I figured that the coon had

pulled some trick and sooner or later they would unravel the trail. But the feeling that something was just not right had me worried.

I whooped several times but still could get no answer. Stumbling, slipping, and sliding, I started on. Reaching the river, I saw it was frozen over. I realized what my strange uneasy feeling was. I had not been able to hear the sound of the water.

As I stood listening I heard a gurgling out in the middle of the stream. The river wasn't frozen all the way across. The still eddy waters next to the banks had frozen, but out in the middle, where the current was swift, the water was running, leaving a trough in the ice pack. The gurgling sound I had heard was the swift current as it sucked its way through the channel.

The last time I had heard my dogs they were downstream from me. I walked on, listening.

I hadn't gone far when I heard Old Dan. What I heard froze the blood in my veins. He wasn't bawling on a trail or giving the tree bark. It was one, long, continuous cry. In his deep voice there seemed to be a pleading cry for help. Scared, worried, and with my heart beating like a churn dasher, I started toward the sound.

I almost passed him but with another cry he let me know where he was. He was out on the ice pack. I couldn't see him for the fog. I called to him and he answered with a low whine. Again I called his name. This time he came to me.

He wasn't the same dog. His tail was between his legs and his head was bowed down. He stopped about seven feet from me. Sitting down on the ice, he raised his head and howled the

most mournful cry I had ever heard. Turning around, he trotted back out on the ice and disappeared in the fog.

I knew something had happened to Little Ann. I called her name. She answered with a pleading cry. Although I couldn't see her, I guessed what had happened. The coon had led them to the river. Running out on the ice, he had leaped across the trough. My dogs, hot on the trail, had followed. Old Dan, a more powerful dog than Little Ann, had made his leap. Little Ann had not made it. Her small feet had probably slipped on the slick ice and she had fallen into the icy waters. Old Dan, seeing the fate of his little friend, had quit the chase and come back to help her. The smart old coon had pulled his trick, and a deadly one it was.

I had to do something. She would never be able to get out by herself. It was only a matter of time until her body would be paralyzed by the freezing water.

Laying my ax down, I held my lantern out in front of me and stepped out on the ice. It started cracking and popping. I jumped back to the bank. Although it was thick enough to hold the light weight of my dogs, it would never hold me.

Little Ann started whining and begging for help. I went all to pieces and started crying. Something had to be done and done quickly or my little dog was lost. I thought of running home for a rope or for my father, but I knew she couldn't last until I got back. I was desperate. It was impossible for me to swim in the freezing water. I wouldn't last for a minute. She cried again, begging for the one thing I couldn't give her, help.

I thought, "If only I could see her maybe I could figure out some way I could help."

Looking at my lantern gave me an idea. I ran up the bank about thirty feet, turned, and looked back. I could see the light, not well, but enough for what I had in mind. I grabbed my lantern and ax and ran for the bottoms.

I was looking for a stand of wild cane. After what seemed like ages, I found it. With the longest one I could find, I hurried back. After it was trimmed and the limber end cut off, I hung the lantern by the handle on the end of it and started easing it out on the ice.

I saw Old Dan first. He was sitting close to the edge of the trough, looking down. Then I saw her. I groaned at her plight. All I could see was her head and her small front paws. Her claws were spread out and digging into the ice. She knew if she ever lost that hold she was gone.

Old Dan raised his head and howled. Hound though he was, he knew it was the end of the trail for his little pal.

I wanted to get my light as close to Little Ann as I could, but my pole was a good eight feet short. Setting the lantern down, I eased the pole from under the handle, I thought, "I'm no better off than I was before. In fact I'm worse off. Now I can see when the end comes."

Little Ann cried again. I saw her claws slip on the ice. Her body settled lower in the water. Old Dan howled and started fidgeting. He knew the end was close.

I didn't exactly know when I started out toward my dog. I had taken only two steps when the ice broke. I twisted my body and fell toward the bank. Just as my hand closed on a root I thought my feet touched bottom, but I wasn't sure. As I pulled myself out I felt the numbing cold creep over my legs.

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 5

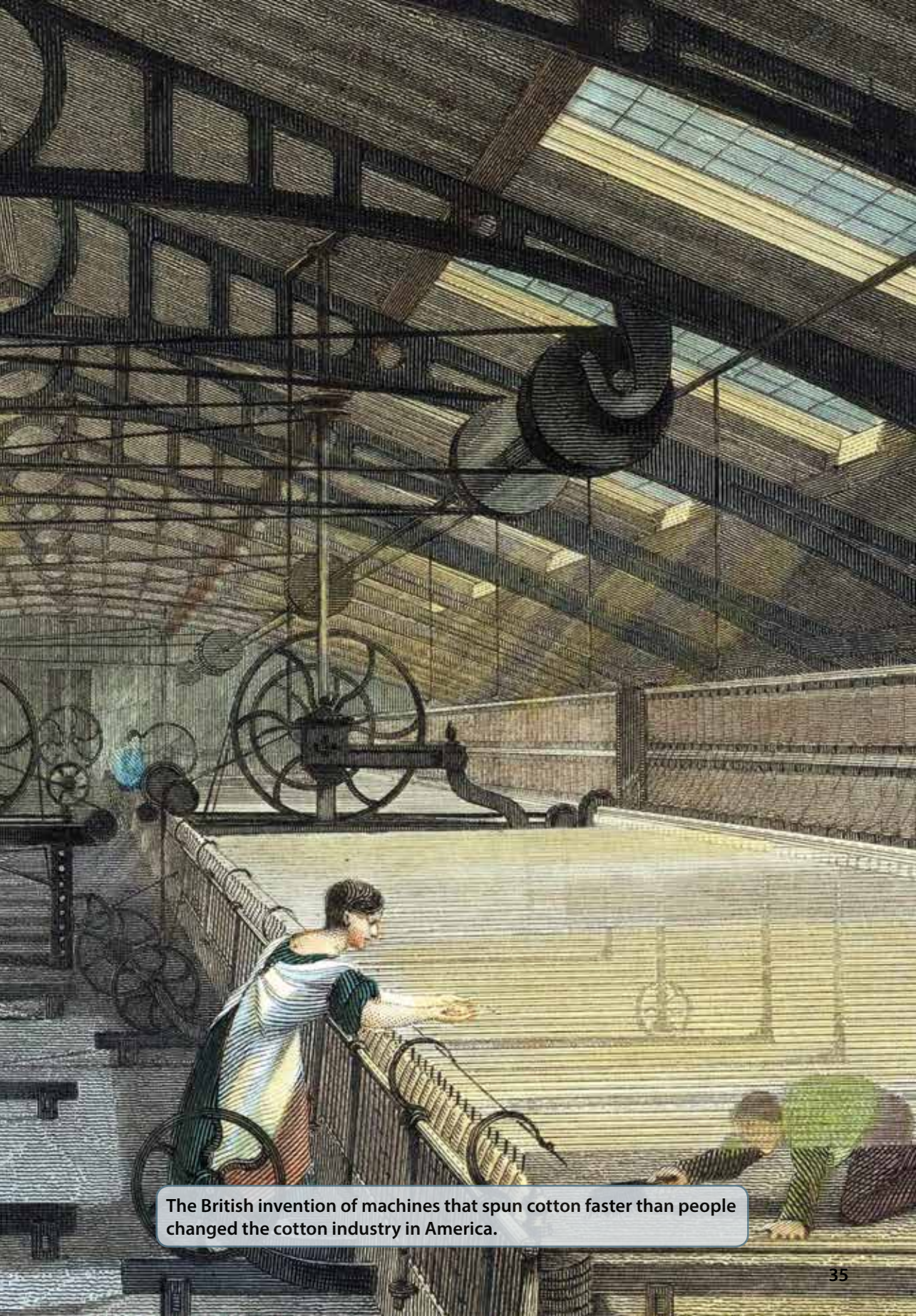
Growing Apart

Differences Between North and South

The North and the South continued to disagree over the issue of slavery. Despite this disagreement, it's important to understand that Americans were still one people. They shared a common language, and for many, a common faith. They honored their shared history, especially their Revolutionary achievement. But other social changes were beginning to lead many people to believe that the North and the South were growing further apart.

The Big Question

What were the economic differences between the North and the South?



The British invention of machines that spun cotton faster than people changed the cotton industry in America.

More people in the North now lived in towns and cities. Most Southerners still farmed for a living. In the North, **manufacturing** was growing increasingly important. And at this time in Great Britain, major changes were taking place in clothmaking. There several men invented machines that spun cotton into thread *two hundred times faster* than a person using a spinning wheel. Soon after, others invented a machine that could weave the thread into hundreds of yards of cloth in a single day.

Vocabulary

manufacturing, n. the production of items in large numbers for sale or trade

mill, n. a building or group of buildings where goods are produced

Before long, British manufacturers constructed buildings called factories, or **mills**, to house these new machines. Power to run the machines came from swiftly flowing streams that turned the waterwheels attached to the new machines.

With these machines, British manufacturers produced cloth faster, cheaper, and better than anyone else. The British government was determined to keep this advantage. The government would not let anyone sell the new machines to other countries or make plans to take them out of the country. The government even passed a law that said people who worked in cotton mills were not allowed to leave Great Britain.

Keeping such a large secret, though, is nearly impossible. Sooner or later the secret gets out. In this case it was sooner. Several American manufacturers placed an advertisement in a British

newspaper offering a reward to anyone who could build a spinning machine for them. Samuel Slater, a young employee in a British spinning mill, saw the ad. After memorizing every part of the machine, the twenty-one-year-old Slater disguised himself as a farm boy and boarded a ship headed for the United States in 1789.

It took Slater two years to make every wooden part of the machine by hand. In 1791, he finished the job. The machine worked. That year, America's first cotton thread mill opened in Pawtucket, Rhode Island. Some years after, a wealthy Boston



Samuel Slater's mill was the first cotton mill in America.

merchant named Francis Lowell and several wealthy friends built a large factory in which machines not only spun the cotton thread but also dyed it and wove it into cloth.

Soon dozens, then hundreds, of other factories sprang up. Most of these early factories were located in New England. The rushing water of New England's many rivers and streams were used to power the machines. Later, factories spread to other parts of the Northeast. The factories made more than just cloth. They also made shoes, pots and pans, household goods, and farm machinery. The goods traveled from the factories by canals and railroads to hundreds of thousands of family farms in the North and West. Farmers paid for the goods by shipping their wheat, corn, barley, and other crops to markets in the East on those same canals and railroads. From there, many of those crops were sent by ship to other countries.

All this new manufacturing and trade led to the rapid growth of cities in the North. At the time of the American Revolution, there were only five cities in the whole country. The largest city, Philadelphia, had fewer than forty thousand residents. New York was the second largest, with fewer than twenty thousand. By 1850, however, nearly one hundred places in the United States could call themselves cities. Nearly all of them were in the North and in the region we call the Midwest. New York alone had a half million people. Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania, was not far behind. Pittsburgh, also in Pennsylvania, Chicago in Illinois, and Cincinnati in Ohio were also growing rapidly. In these cities, people could find jobs.

The Rural South

The South, meanwhile, grew in a different direction. There were some factories in the South, but not many. The same was true for railroads. The number of large Southern cities could be counted on one hand. The great majority of Southerners made their living from the land. While the North was gradually becoming more **urban**, the South remained **rural**.

Vocabulary

urban, adj. relating to a city

rural, adj. relating to the countryside

Southerners believed their future lay with cotton. They were sure that the increasing demand for cotton from factories in the North and in Great Britain would make the South wealthy and strong. A Northerner with money might start a new business or build a factory, but a Southerner would buy more land to grow cotton. He would also buy more slaves to work that land.

A few of these big cotton farmers, or planters, owned very large farms. These large farms, or plantations, were much larger than the family farms of the North and the West. These plantation owners were the leaders of the South. They lived in large mansions, had many household servants, and entertained friends and relatives in the manner of wealthy people. Each planter owned fifty or more slaves.

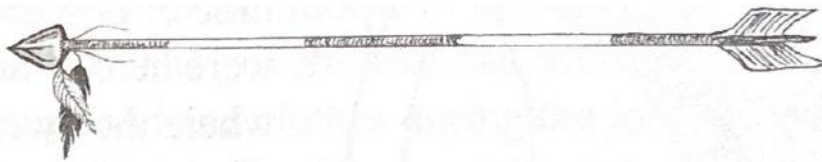
Of course, the great planters' grand lifestyle was built on the labor of African American slaves. So, it is not surprising that at the very time more Northerners opposed slavery, the leading families of the South were more determined to keep it.



Some Southern plantations were very large. Slaves worked in the fields, in workshops on the plantation, and in the plantation owner's house.

Not all farmers lived on large plantations though. The majority of Southern farmers owned small farms, and some struggled to grow enough food. Though they generally supported slavery and some owned one or two slaves, they did not live rich, comfortable lives.

By the 1840s, most Northerners opposed the spread of slavery into the territories. Most Southerners demanded that slavery be allowed to spread. The stage was set for trouble should the United States ever gain more territory in the West. But that's just what happened as a result of the war with Mexico. The argument that followed over the spread of slavery into that new territory almost broke up the Union.



Nat Turner's Revolt

The Seminole Indians weren't the only Americans to rebel against their own countrymen. In the southern states of America, slaves worked from early until late on plantations.

They had little food, no beds, no rest. They were whipped if they disobeyed their overseers. Their brothers, sisters, fathers and mothers might be sold at any time and taken away, never to be seen again. Slaves in the American south had even less freedom than the Cherokee Indians!

When the slaves on the island of Saint Domingue revolted and killed their masters, plantation owners in the south shuddered with fear. What if their own slaves got ideas about freedom—and banded together in rebellion? Planters who heard stories of Toussaint L'Ouverture and his victories checked their ammunition and kept their guns nearby. They watched their slaves carefully for any sign of rebellion. Every Sunday, they sent all their slaves to church, where a white preacher told them that God wanted all slaves to obey their masters without question.

But on Sunday evenings, the slaves held their own church services. They sang songs about freedom and about God's judgment on cruel wrongdoers. Black ministers preached about a coming time of freedom when God would heal all the suffering of the slaves!

One of these black ministers was a slave named Nat Turner. For as long as he could remember, Nat Turner had worked on a Virginia plantation. But he also believed that he had been called by God to lead other slaves to freedom. His owner, Thomas Moore, let Nat Turner travel around to nearby villages and preach to other slaves. Nat preached about the visions God had given him. "I saw white spirits and black spirits engaged in battle!" he preached. "The blood flowed in streams....The great day of judgment is at hand!"

Thomas Moore thought that Nat was probably preaching about the end of the world, described in the book of Revelation. He didn't really listen all that closely anyway. Why shouldn't slaves get together and worship? Religion would make them better slaves. They'd work harder and be more obedient!

But Nat Turner's preaching was preparing the slaves to rise up and fight. Turner told them that he had heard a voice like thunder, telling him to lead them into battle against their masters.

In February of 1831, Nat Turner was mending a fence. The pale February sun shone down on his hands as he bent and twisted wire back into place. Nat squinted. It wasn't even near sunset, but the light seemed to be fading. He could barely see the wire.

He looked over his shoulder. The sun was fading from sight. A little at a time, a black circle moved across it. Soon, the whole farm was plunged into an eerie greenish darkness.

The moon had moved between the sun and the earth in a *solar eclipse*. But to Nat Turner, the eclipse was a sign. It was time to break free—just like the slaves of Haiti had done, not long before. Nat Turner could read a little bit. He knew about Toussaint and about Napoleon's armies. Now he would form his own army, with lieutenants and soldiers who would fight for the freedom of the slaves.

Nat began to make his plans. One by one, he told other slaves that he was forming an army. They met in secret in barns, in cellars, and out in the woods. The word spread to slaves on other plantations. They drew maps of all of the nearby houses and farms. Nat chose a slave nicknamed "Hercules" to be his second in command. Hercules was huge—a giant among the slaves, taller than any white man nearby!

Late on the night of Sunday, August 21st, 1831, Nat Turner met Hercules and five other slave leaders at a pond. Later, Nat Turner's friends said that he made a speech. "It is necessary that all the whites we meet die," he told his lieutenants. "Ours is not a war for robbery. It is a struggle for freedom. Spare no one."

Then the seven men picked up axes and knives and started out.

First they went to the house where the family of Nat Turner's master lived. They killed everyone in the house. Then they walked in silence down the road to the next house and killed the farmer who lived there. And to the next house. And the next.

The group of rebels grew. Now there were fifteen armed men. They split into two groups and attacked more houses.

By ten o'clock the next morning, Nat Turner's army had forty men in it, all waving axes or guns. By noon, the whole county was in a panic. More than fifty whites lay dead! White men were yelling for their guns. Church bells rang. Riders thundered along the roads, headed to find reinforcements. And in the middle of the noise, the slaves were cheering, dancing, and shouting for joy!

Nat Turner, now called "General Turner" by his men, hoped to ride into the nearby town of Jerusalem, Virginia. There, he could establish headquarters and hold off white soldiers who might arrive. But his men had been drinking brandy all morning. They were moving slower and slower. Before Turner could get them into the town, an armed band of slaveholders came riding up behind him. In the gunfire, Turner and his men fled into the woods and hid.

Turner hoped that the next morning he would be able to reassemble his army. But his men were too scattered. One by one, they were captured. Nat Turner slipped deeper and deeper into the woods. Soon, he had disappeared.

Panic ruled in Virginia. Where was Nat Turner? Was he going to come back in the middle of the night with an even larger army? Whites, frightened and angry, began to kill their slaves. Over a hundred and twenty black men and women who had nothing to do with Nat's attack were murdered. His captured men were convicted and hung.

For two months, Nat Turner remained free. He was living in the swamps nearby, finding food in the woods, hoping that somehow he could again raise an army and fight for freedom. But a white farmer out hunting stumbled across Turner one morning as he crawled out of the ditch where he had been sleeping. Nat Turner was captured and taken back into the nearest town.

Before he was tried, convicted, and executed, Turner told his side of the story to his lawyer, Thomas Gray. Gray wrote Turner's story down and published it as *The Confessions of Nat Turner, Leader of the late Insurrection in Southhampton, Virginia*.

"My mother and grandmother always told me I was intended for some great purpose," Nat Turner told Gray. "The Lord had shown me things that had happened before my birth. Knowing the influence I had obtained over the minds of my fellow servants...I now began to prepare them for my purpose, by telling them something was about to happen that would terminate in fulfilling the great promise that had been made to me....I should arise and prepare myself and slay my enemies with their own weapons."

Two weeks later, Nat Turner was hanged. His rebellion hadn't freed the slaves. Instead, they were worse off than ever! Their owners were terrified of another revolt. Laws were passed keeping slaves from meeting together in groups of more than three. Black ministers were told that they couldn't preach to their congregations. Anyone who taught a slave to read or write would be punished by a year in jail. Free African-Americans suffered too. They were not allowed to own guns or to meet together at night unless at least three white men were present at all times.

All of these laws were meant to keep slaves from plotting rebellion. But many Americans realized that unless slavery were brought to an end, more bloodshed would happen. "I foresee," one of them mourned, "that this land must one day or another become a field of blood."

- 1) Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.
- 2) Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war.
- 3) We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.
- 4) But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate -- we can not consecrate -- we can not hallow -- this ground.
- 5) The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract.
- 6) The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.
- 7) It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.
- 8) It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us -- that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion --
- 9) that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain -- that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom -- and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Gettysburg Address, Abraham Lincoln, November 19, 1863

It looked so hopeless. There didn't seem to be any way I could save her.

At the edge of the water stood a large sycamore. I got behind it, anything to blot out that heartbreaking scene. Little Ann, thinking I had deserted her, started crying. I couldn't stand it.

I opened my mouth to call Old Dan. I wanted to tell him to come on and we'd go home as there was nothing we could do. The words just wouldn't come out. I couldn't utter a sound. I lay my face against the icy cold bark of the sycamore. I thought of the prayer I had said when I had asked God to help me get two hound pups. I knelt down and sobbed out a prayer. I asked for a miracle which would save the life of my little dog. I promised all the things that a young boy could if only He would help me.

Still saying my prayer and making promises, I heard a sharp metallic sound. I jumped up and stepped away from the tree. I was sure the noise I heard was made by a rattling chain on the front end of a boat.

I shouted as loud as I could. "Over here. I need help. My dog is drowning."

I waited for an answer. All I could hear were the cries of Little Ann.

Again I hollered. "Over here. Over on the bank. Can you see my light? I need help. Please hurry."

I held my breath waiting for an answering shout. I shivered from the freezing cold of my wet shoes and overalls. A straining silence settled over the river. A feathery rustle swished by in the blackness. A flock of low-flying ducks had been dis-

turbed by my loud shouts. I strained my ears for some sound. Now and then I could hear the lapping slap of the ice-cold water as it swirled its way through the trough.

I glanced to Little Ann. She was still holding on but I saw her paws were almost at the edge. I knew her time was short.

I couldn't figure out what I had heard. The sound was made by metal striking metal, but what was it? What could have caused it?

I looked at my ax. It couldn't have made the sound as it was too close to me. The noise had come from out in the river.

When I looked at my lantern I knew that it had made the strange sound. I had left the handle standing straight up when I had taken the pole away. Now it was down. For some unknown reason the stiff wire handle had twisted in the sockets and dropped. As it had fallen it had struck the metal frame, making the sharp metallic sound I had heard.

As I stared at the yellow glow of my light, the last bit of hope faded away. I closed my eyes, intending to pray again for the help I so desperately needed. Then like a blinding red flash the message of the lantern bored its way into my brain. There was my miracle. There was the way to save my little dog. In the metallic sound I had heard were my instructions. They were so plain I couldn't help but understand them. The bright yellow flame started flickering and dancing. It seemed to be saying, "Hurry. You know what to do."

Faster than I had ever moved in my life I went to work. With a stick I measured the water in the hole where my feet had broken through the ice. I was right. My foot had touched bottom. Eighteen inches down I felt the soft mud.

With my pole I fished the lantern back to the bank. I took the handle off, straightened it out, and bent a hook in one end. With one of my shoelaces I tied the wire to the end of the cane pole. I left the hook sticking out about six inches beyond the end of it.

I started shouting encouragement to Little Ann. I told her to hang on and not to give up for I was going to save her. She answered with a low cry.

With the hook stuck in one of the ventilating holes in the top of my light, I lifted it back out on the ice and set it down. After a little wiggling and pushing, I worked the hook loose and laid the pole down.

I took off my clothes, picked up my ax, and stepped down into the hole in the icy water. It came to my knees. Step by step, breaking the ice with my ax, I waded out.

The water came up to my hips, and then to my waist. The cold bite of it took my breath away. I felt my body grow numb. I couldn't feel my feet at all but I knew they were moving. When the water reached my armpits I stopped and worked my pole toward Little Ann. Stretching my arms as far out as I could, I saw I was still a foot short. Closing my eyes and gritting my teeth, I moved on. The water reached my chin.

I was close enough. I started hooking at the collar of Little Ann. Time after time I felt the hook almost catch. I saw I was fishing on a wrong angle. She had settled so low in the water I couldn't reach her collar. Raising my arms above my head so the pole would be on a slant I kept hooking and praying. The seconds ticked by. I strained for one more inch. The muscles in my arms grew numb from the weight of the pole.

Little Ann's claws slipped again. I thought she was gone. At the very edge of the ice, she caught again. All I could see now were her small red paws and her nose and eyes.

By Old Dan's actions I could tell he understood and wanted to help. He ran over close to my pole and started digging at the ice. I whopped him with the cane. That was the only time in my life I ever hit my dog. I had to get him out of the way so I could see what I was doing.

Just when I thought my task was impossible, I felt the hook slide under the tough leather. It was none too soon.

As gently as I could I dragged her over the rim of the ice. At first I thought she was dead. She didn't move. Old Dan started whining and licking her face and ears. She moved her head. I started talking to her. She made an effort to stand but couldn't. Her muscles were paralyzed and the blood had long since ceased to flow.

At the movement of Little Ann, Old Dan threw a fit. He started barking and jumping. His long red tail fanned the air.

Still holding onto my pole, I tried to take a step backward. My feet wouldn't move. A cold gripping fear came over me. I thought my legs were frozen. I made another effort to lift my leg. It moved. I realized that my feet were stuck in the soft muddy bottom.

I started backing out, dragging the body of my little dog. I couldn't feel the pole in my hands. When my feet touched the icy bank, I couldn't feel that either. All the feeling in my body was gone.

I wrapped Little Ann in my coat and hurried into my clothes. With the pole I fished my light back.

Close by was a large drift. I climbed up on top of it and dug a hole down through the ice and snow until I reached the dry limbs. I poured half of the oil in my lantern down into the hole and dropped in a match. In no time I had a roaring fire.

I laid Little Ann close to the warm heat and went to work. Old Dan washed her head with his warm red tongue while I massaged and rubbed her body.

I could tell by her cries when the blood started circulating. Little by little her strength came back. I stood her on her feet and started walking her. She was weak and wobbly but I knew she would live. I felt much better and breathed a sigh of relief.

After drying myself out the best I could, I took the lantern handle from the pole, bent it back to its original position, and put it back on the lantern. Holding the light out in front of me, I looked at it. The bright metal gleamed in the firelight glow.

I started talking to it. I said, "Thanks, old lantern, more than you'll ever know. I'll always take care of you. Your globe will always be clean and there'll never be any rust or dirt on your frame."

I knew if it had not been for the miracle of the lantern, my little dog would have met her death on that night. Her grave would have been the cold icy waters of the Illinois River.

Out in the river I could hear the cold water gurgling in the icy trough. It seemed to be angry. It hissed and growled as it tore its way through the channel. I shuddered to think of what could have happened.

Before I left for home, I walked back to the sycamore tree.

Once again I said a prayer, but this time the words were different. I didn't ask for a miracle. In every way a young boy could, I said "thanks." My second prayer wasn't said with just words. All of my heart and soul was in it.

On my way home I decided not to say anything to my mother and father about Little Ann's accident. I knew it would scare Mama and she might stop my hunting.

Reaching our house, I didn't hang the lantern in its usual place. I took it to my room and set it in a corner with the handle standing up.

The next morning I started sneezing and came down with a terrible cold. I told Mama I had gotten my feet wet. She scolded me a little and started doctoring me.

For three days and nights I stayed home. All this time I kept checking the handle of the lantern. My sisters shook the house from the roof to the floor with their playing and romping, but the handle never did fall.

I went to my mother and asked her if God answered prayers every time one was said. She smiled and said, "No, Billy, not every time. He only answers the ones that are said from the heart. You have to be sincere and believe in Him."

She wanted to know why I had asked.

I said, "Oh, I just wondered, and wanted to know."

She came over and straightened my suspenders, saying, "That was a very nice question for my little Daniel Boone to ask."

Bending over, she started kissing me. I finally squirmed away from her, feeling as wet as a dirt dauber's nest. My mother never could kiss me like a fellow should be kissed.

Before she was done I was kissed all over. It always made me feel silly and baby-like. I tried to tell her that a coon hunter wasn't supposed to be kissed that way, but Mama never could understand things like that.

I stomped out of the house to see how my dogs were.

The background of the page is a painting. It depicts a person, possibly a slave, standing in a landscape. The person is wearing a large, dark, textured hat or hood that covers their face. They are holding a long, thick wooden staff or staff-like object. The landscape is green and hilly, with a blue sky in the background. The overall style is somewhat somber and historical.

Chapter 4

Growth of Antislavery Feeling

A Terrible Wrong Today, most people would agree that slavery is a terrible wrong. It is wrong that one person can actually own another. It is wrong that a person can buy and sell someone like a piece of property.

The Big Question

How did abolitionists and the people of the Underground Railroad fight against slavery?



In ancient Greece, slaves were used in much the same way as slaves in the United States. They worked in the fields and in people's homes. They were often treated harshly.

It's hard to understand that not everyone has always felt this way. But the sad fact is that slavery has existed in many times and places, including in ancient Greece and ancient Rome, in Africa, in parts of Europe during the Middle Ages, and elsewhere. It's been only in the last 250 years, really, that a growing number of people have come to believe that slavery is unacceptable. And even when many people finally began to believe that slavery was wrong, few were ready to do anything to get rid of it.

The first chapter explained how a number of slaveholders, moved by the words of the Declaration of Independence, freed their slaves. In the early 1800s, however, few slave owners were willing to do so. And while many people in the North didn't want to see slavery spread any farther, very few raised their voices against it where it already existed. That is why Congress believed that, in passing the Missouri Compromise, they had ended the argument about slavery once and for all.

But by the 1820s a small number of Americans began to speak out against slavery in general. Some searched for practical ways to end the practice. Some simply tried to persuade owners to treat their slaves more like human beings than like property. Others hoped to get more owners to agree that after they died, their slaves would become free. Still others believed that slavery might be ended gradually by paying owners who agreed to give up their slaves. Ending slavery in this way would take many, many years. Most politicians agreed that the states controlled whether there was slavery in the South. They believed that Congress and the president had no authority to end it there. Southern

states would have to act voluntarily, or there would have to be a **constitutional amendment**, to end slavery.

Abolitionists

There was another small group, however, that wanted to abolish, or put an end to slavery entirely and immediately.

These people came to be called **abolitionists**. One of their leaders was William Lloyd Garrison.

In 1831, Garrison started a newspaper called *The Liberator* to carry his message to other Americans. Garrison was a deeply religious man. In the very first issue of *The Liberator*, Garrison let readers know what kind of message to expect from him. "I will be as harsh as truth," he wrote, "and as uncompromising as justice." Garrison meant that he would write about the cruelty of slavery, without prettying it up. "I will not excuse," he wrote. "I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard." He took a position that allowed no room for compromise on the issue.

True to his word, in issue after issue of *The Liberator*, Garrison described the cruelty of slavery and urged his readers to take steps to end slavery right away. Garrison also helped organize the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1833.

Another important abolitionist leader was Frederick Douglass. Douglass was once a slave himself, but he learned to read and

Vocabulary

"constitutional amendment,"

(phrase) an official change or addition to the Constitution

abolitionist, n. a person who worked to end slavery during the 1700s and 1800s

wanted freedom. He escaped to the North through the **Underground Railroad**. He became friends with Garrison and soon began giving talks about his life as a slave. In one speech he recalled the slave trade in Baltimore, where he lived before escaping

Vocabulary

Underground Railroad, n. a secret organization that helped slaves escape to freedom

to freedom. "In the deep, still darkness of midnight," said Douglass, "I have been often aroused by the dead, heavy footsteps, and the piteous cries of the chained gangs that passed our door . . . on the way to the slave markets, where the victims are to be sold like horses, sheep, and swine. . . . My soul sickens at the sight."

What powerful words! How Douglass's listeners must have been moved by them! Douglass also wrote a book in which he told the story of his life and his escape from slavery. Later he started an antislavery newspaper of his own in the city of Rochester, New York.

At first, abolitionists were a very small group. In fact they never actually grew to be more than a tiny minority of the white population. Across the country, only a few thousand people bought Garrison's newspaper. Most of them were free African Americans who hardly needed to be told that slavery was bad. Not many people bought Frederick Douglass's book, either.

Not surprisingly, Garrison's attacks on slavery and the Southern way of life angered Southerners. But Garrison's attacks angered many people in the North, too. Many Northerners were not yet ready to hear Garrison's abolitionist message. To them, Garrison, Douglass, and the other abolitionists were a bunch

of troublemakers. Several times, angry mobs broke up public meetings at which abolitionists were speaking. They attacked abolitionist speakers and sometimes beat them. Once a mob dragged Garrison through the streets of Boston, where he was visiting to give an abolitionist speech.

In time, however, the number of people who agreed with the abolitionists grew. More Northerners came to agree that slavery was evil and that somehow, in some way, it must be ended.

The Underground Railroad

Some people were already striking a blow against slavery. These were the members of the Underground Railroad. The Underground Railroad was not an actual railroad with trains. It was a network of people who helped runaway slaves escape to free states in the North or to Canada. These people offered their homes, cellars, barns, and places of work to hide runaways. At each such "station" on the railroad, the runaway slaves, or "passengers," rested and received instructions for getting to the next station. The people who hid the slaves and guided them on their journey were known as "conductors."

One of the most famous conductors was a runaway slave who had taken the Underground Railroad to freedom herself. Her name was Harriet Tubman. In 1849, Harriet Tubman was living on a Maryland plantation when she learned that her owner had died. The death of a slave owner was very dangerous for slaves because that was when they were most likely to be sold. Would

families be sold together, or would they be split up? Would the new owners be kind, or would they be cruel? These questions were impossible to answer.

Harriet Tubman decided not to wait to find out. Late one night she went to the home of a white woman who had promised to help her escape. The woman sent Harriet to another white family a few miles away. There, the woman who welcomed her quickly gave Harriet a broom and told her to sweep the yard so that anyone seeing her in the daytime would think she was a slave. Later that night, the woman's husband drove Harriet in his wagon to the next town, where yet another family took her in.

In this way, hiding by day and traveling by night, Harriet made her way north until she crossed the border between Maryland and Pennsylvania. This border was also known as the Mason-Dixon line. During colonial times, two **surveyors** named Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon drew this line. In time the Mason-Dixon line, separating the slave state of Maryland from the free state of Pennsylvania, came to have a new meaning. And now that Harriet Tubman had crossed it, she was in Pennsylvania, where slavery was prohibited. Harriet Tubman was a free woman at last!

Vocabulary

surveyor, n. a worker who measures and examines land

The next year, Harriet Tubman joined the Underground Railroad. Over the next ten years, she made nineteen trips into the South to "conduct" slaves to freedom. During those years, she led about three hundred slaves to the North. She knew all kinds of tricks to

help her passengers escape. She usually started her rescues on a Saturday night, knowing that it would be Monday before the owners could spread the alarm with posters and advertisements. Traveling by night, she looked to the North Star to find the right direction. On cloudy nights, when stars could not be seen, she would feel the bark of trees to find the soft moss because moss grows on the north side.

The slaves called Harriet Tubman "Moses" because she delivered them from slavery. In the South, a reward of \$12,000 was offered for her capture. No one was ever able to collect it. Many years later, when she looked back on her work in the Underground Railroad, Harriet Tubman said, "I never ran my train off the track, and I never lost a passenger."

Although Harriet Tubman looked back with pride on her success in leading runaway slaves to freedom, only a small number of slaves achieved freedom through the Underground Railroad.



Conductors, such as Harriet Tubman, led runaway slaves north using guides, such as the North Star.

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 10-11

Date: _____



Term	Definition	Page #
whopper	(n.) – a big lie.	116
puttered	(v.) – to spend time in a relaxed way doing small jobs and other things that are not very important.	116
belligerent	(adj.) – showing readiness to fight.	117
shucks	(n.) – the outer covering of a nut or a plant.	118
peroxide	(n.) – a chemical used to kill bacteria.	118
salve	(n.) – a creamy substance that you put on a wound to heal it or to make it less painful.	118
predicament	(n.) – a difficult or unpleasant situation.	118, 127
bewildered	(v.) – to be confused.	119
slough	(n.) – an area of soft, wet ground or deep mud.	121
bluff	(n.) – a high, steep area of land.	121
shinnying	(v.) – to climb up or down something by grasping it with your arms and legs.	125
flinty	(adj.) having a very serious quality or manner.	130
unravel	(v.) to solve the mystery of something	131
eddy	(n.) – the circular movement of water or air.	131
trough	(n.) a long, low area between waves or hills.	132

Where the Red Fern Grows

Chapter 10 Part 1 (p. 113-119)


Vocabulary & Annotation Worksheet

Name: AK # _____

Date: _____



SHORT ANSWER DIRECTIONS:

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

1. What did Billy's Mama make out of his first coon hide? # 113

a hat that made him go "coon crazy!"

2. According to Billy, what was the strangest thing about Old Dan? # 117

he would not hunt with another hound other than Little Ann and he would not hunt with another hunter other than Billy.

3. Billy's dogs followed him everywhere. What was the one place Billy didn't want his dogs to go? # 114

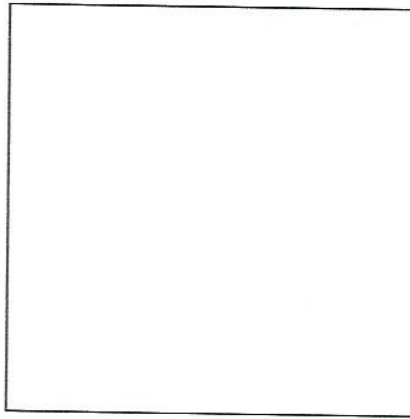
Grandpa's store



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

predicament - n. a difficult or unpleasant situation



Image

Where the Red Fern Grows

Chapter 10 Part 2 (p. 120-126)

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 was the horrible thought that came to Billy when he couldn't find Old Dan? # 122

Billy's thought that Old Dan had drowned.

2. Where was Old Dan? # 122

He was stuck in a muskrat den.

3. What was interesting about the tree that Old Dan climbed in the place called "The Cyclone Timber?" # 124

The tree was hollow with a hole at the bottom and a hole at the top. This is how Old Dan "climbed" the tree.

4. What would you title Chapter 10?

"Old Dan's Predicaments," "The Muskrat Den & The Hollow Tree,"
"The Life of a Coon Hunter"



REFLECTION QUESTION DIRECTIONS:

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

What three adjectives would you use to describe Billy? Why? Give examples.

Which of those three adjectives would you like to have to describe you? Give examples of what you could do to develop the characteristics you admire in Billy.

Answers will vary.

Where the Red Fern Grows

Chapter 11 Part 1 (p. 127-133)

Vocabulary & Annotation Worksheet

Name: AK # _____

Date: _____



SHORT ANSWER DIRECTIONS:

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

1. What had Billy often wondered? # 127

What Old Dan would do if Little Ann got into some
kind of predicament.

2. Why was Old Dan working the trail slowly? # 129

He was waiting for Little Ann to be by his
side.

3. What did Billy hear that froze the blood in his veins? Why did it scare him? # 131

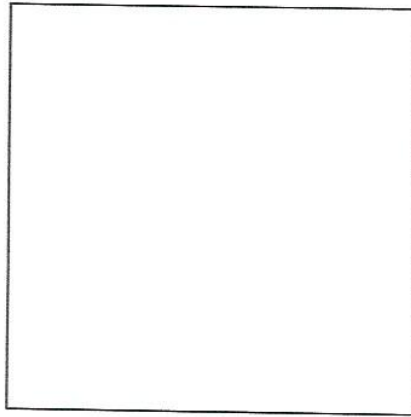
Old Dan was crying for help - it was long
and continuous.



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

eddy - n. The circular movement of water or air



Image

Where the Red Fern Grows

Chapter 11 Part 2 (p. 134-140)


Annotation Worksheet

Name: AK # _____

Date: _____



SHORT ANSWER DIRECTIONS:

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

1. What prayer did Billy offer? # 134

He asked God to help him get his two pups. He asked for a miracle to save the life of little Ann. He made a lot of promises if God would help him.

2. What was the message of the lantern? # 135 - 136

To take the handle off the lantern and make a hook that he could attach to a pole and slip under little Ann's collar and pull her to safety.

3. Where did Billy put his lantern when he got home? Why do you think he put the handle up?

139

Instead of putting it in its usual place, Billy took it up to his room and set it in the corner. He put the handle up because that was the answer to his prayer. The handle performed the miracle of saving little Ann.

4. What would you title Chapter 11?

"The Lantern and The Miracle," "Little Ann's Predicament"

Parent AK

Simile and Metaphor

Part I:

1. “He was a mongoose, rather **like** a cat in his fur and his tail but quite like a weasel in his head and habits.”

Simile

2. “What happens to a dream deferred? Does it dry up **like** a raisin in the sun?”

Simile

3. “But soft, what light through yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!”

Metaphor

4. “Hope is the thing with feathers—that perches in the soul.”

Metaphor

5. “All the world’s a stage, and all the men and women merely players;”

Metaphor

6. “She entered with ungainly struggle **like** some huge awkward chicken, torn, squawking, out of its coop.”

Simile

7. “I wandered lonely **as** a cloud that floats on high o’er vales and hills.”

Simile

8. “She tried to get rid of the kitten which had scrambled up her back and stuck **like** a burr just out of reach.”

Simile

9. “Our words are but crumbs that fall down from the feast of the mind.”

Metaphor

Part II: (Answers will vary. Check that the simile sentence is comparing by using “like” or “as” and the metaphor sentence is comparing by directly relating two things.)

Name: _____

Date: _____

5th Grade Poetry Project

Tuesday and Wednesday Answer Keys

Tuesday Answer Key

Part III: Fill in the following using the information you obtained from your annotations.

1. There are 48 number of lines in this poem.
2. There are 8 number of stanzas in this poem.
3. The rhyme scheme of stanza 1 is ABABCB.
4. The rhyme scheme of stanza 6 is ABCBDB.
5. The pattern of stressed and unstressed syllables for line 1 looks like this:

U / U / U / U /

Wednesday Answer Key

The Village Blacksmith

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village **smithy stands**;
The smith, a **mighty man** is he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

Part II: Refer to the poem to answer the following questions in complete sentences.

1. Underline the examples of *alliteration* in lines 2 and 3. List two more examples of alliteration from the poem.

(Answers will vary) Possible answers: Bellows blow, hear him
2. Underline the *simile* in lines 5 and 6. List another example of a simile from the poem.

Name: _____

Date: _____

(Answers will vary) Possible answer: His face is like the tan.

3. Underline the *metaphor* in the last two stanzas. What does it mean?

(Answers will vary) The village blacksmith is being compared to life.

Monday Math Answer Key

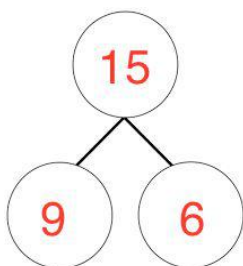
Note: A graphic for today's notes is missing from the printed packet. There was also typo for Monday Check Point #1c in the printed packet. Both errors were fixed for the packets posted online.

The typo is highlighted in red below with the correct equation underneath.

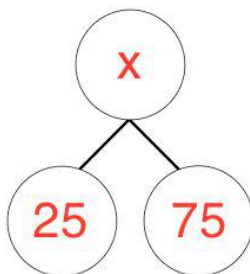
Check point #1!

Please write the following equations in the number bonds.

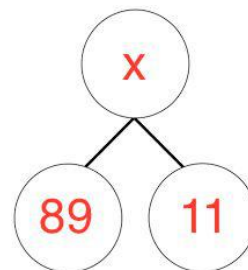
a) $9 + 6 = 15$



b) $x - 25 = 75$



c) $x + 89 = 11$
 $x - 89 = 11$

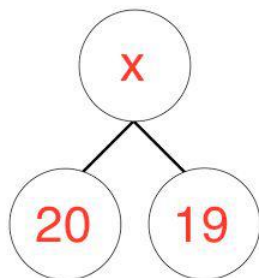


Note: The order of the parts or the two bottom circles is interchangeable in number bonds. However, the top circle always represents the whole and no other value in the equation can replace it.

Check point #2!

Solve the x in the following equations using the number bond strategy.

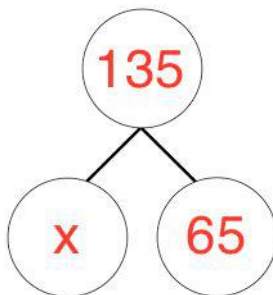
a) $x - 20 = 19$



$x = 19 + 20$

$x = 39$

b) $x + 65 = 135$



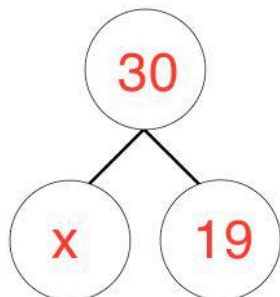
$x = 135 - 65$

$x = 70$

Check points #3!

Solve the x in the following equations using the number bond strategy.

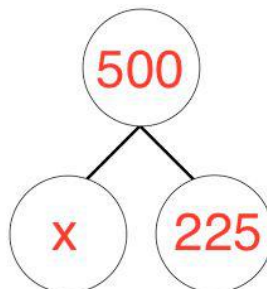
a) $30 - x = 19$



$X = 30 - 19$

$X = 11$

b) $500 - x = 225$



$x = 500 - 225$

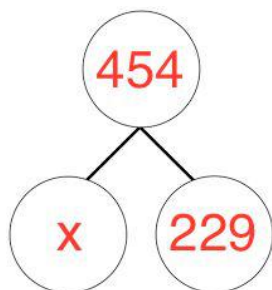
$x = 275$

Monday Independent Practice Part 1: The key shows both strategies. The student only had to use one strategy to show their work.

<p>a) Inverse operation strategy $X + 59 = 100$ $X = 100 - 59$ $X = 41$</p> <p>Number bond strategy</p> <p>$X = 100 - 59$ $X = 41$</p>	<p>b) Inverse Operation Strategy $221 + x = 400$ $X = 400 - 221$ $X = 179$</p> <p>Number bond strategy</p> <p>$X = 400 - 221$ $X = 179$</p>
<p>c) Inverse operation strategy $X - 335 = 515$ $X = 515 + 335$ $X = 850$</p> <p>Number bond strategy</p> <p>$X = 335 + 515$ $X = 850$</p>	<p>d) Inverse operation strategy $X - 148 = 2009$ $X = 2009 + 148$ $X = 2157$</p> <p>Number bond strategy</p> <p>$X = 148 + 2009$ $X = 2157$</p>

Monday Independent Practice Part 2

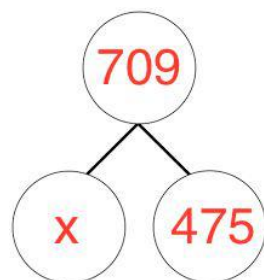
a) $454 - x = 229$



$X = 454 - 229$

$X = 225$

b) $709 - x = 475$



$x = 709 - 475$

$x = 234$

Tuesday Math Answer Key

Check Point #1! (Misabeled as #3)

Solve the following using the inverse operation strategy.

a) $407 - x = 85$

Step 1: Use the inverse operation to add x to the other side.

$407 = 85 + x$

Step 2: Use the inverse operation to subtract 85 from 407 so that x is alone.

$407 - 85 = x$
part whole

Step 3: Solve for x .

$322 = x$

Which strategy do you prefer and why? (Please answer in complete sentences. If you say, "because it is easier," you have to tell me why your chosen strategy is easier for you.)

Answers will vary

1. Solve the following using the inverse operation strategy.

$603 - x = 187$

Step 1: Use the inverse operation to add x to the other side.

$603 = 187 + x$

Step 2: Use the inverse operation to subtract 187 from 603 so that x is alone.

$603 - 187 = x$
part whole

Step 3: Solve for x .

$416 = x$

2. Solve the following using the inverse operation strategy.

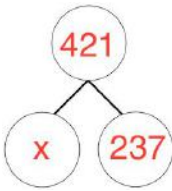
$779 - x = 148$

Step 1: Use the inverse operation to add x to the other side.

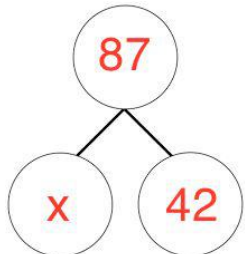
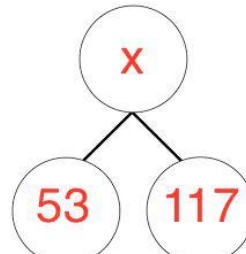
$779 = 148 + x$

Step 2: Use the inverse operation to subtract 148 from 779 so that x is alone.

$779 - 148 = x$
part whole

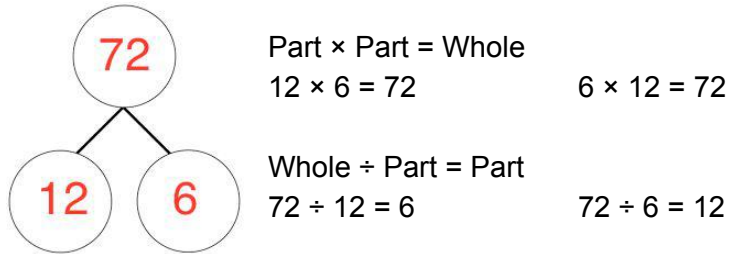
Step 3: Solve for x.	$779 - 148 = x$ $631 = x$
3. Solve the following using the inverse operation strategy.	
$4057 - x = 1123$	
Step 1: Use the inverse operation to add x to the other side.	$4057 = 1123 + x$
Step 2: Use the inverse operation to subtract <u>1123</u> from <u>4057</u> so that x is alone.	
$4057 - 1123 = x$	
Step 3: Solve for x.	
$2934 = x$	
4. Choose your preferred method to solve $421 - x = 237$. Show your work.	
Students should show work for one of the methods below.	
Inverse Operation Method $421 - x + 237$ $421 = 237 + x$ $421 - 237 = x$ $184 = x$	Number Bond Strategy  $x = 421 - 237$ $x = 184$

5. Solve the following review problems with your preferred strategy. **Students should use one of the strategies shown below.**

a) $X + 42 = 87$ Inverse operation strategy $X + 42 = 87$ $X = 87 - 42$ $X = 45$	b) $X - 53 = 117$ Inverse operation strategy $X - 53 = 117$ $X = 117 + 53$ $X = 170$
Number bond strategy  $X = 87 - 42$ $X = 45$	Number bond strategy  $X = 53 + 117$ $X = 170$

Check Point #1!

1. Fill in the number bond that goes with the following equations. Remember that the whole goes in the top circle and the parts go in the bottom circles.



2. Write the four equations that go with the following number bond.

Part \times Part = Whole

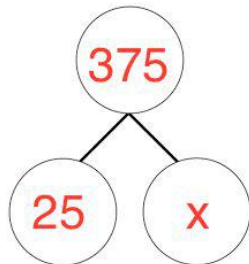
$7 \times 9 = 63$ $9 \times 7 = 63$

Whole \div Part = Part

$63 \div 9 = 7$ $63 \div 7 = 9$

Check Point #2!

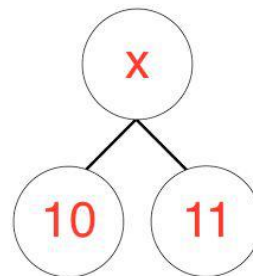
a) $25x = 375$



$x = 375 \div 25$

$x = 15$

b) $x \div 10 = 11$



$x = 10 \times 11$

$x = 110$

Check Point #3!

1. Try using the inverse operation to solve for the unknown in these multiplication problems.

<p>a) $9x = 135$ $x = 135 \div 9$ $x = 15$</p>	<p>b) $21x = 105$ $x = 105 \div 21$ $x = 5$</p>
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2. Use the inverse operation strategy to solve for the unknown in these division problems.

<p>a) $x \div 7 = 6$ $x = 6 \times 7$ $x = 42$</p>	<p>b) $x \div 11 = 11$ $x = 11 \times 11$ $x = 121$</p>
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Wednesday Independent Practice

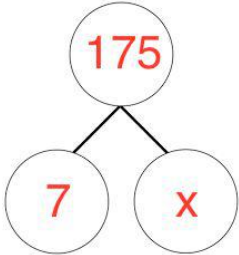
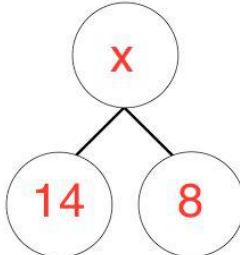
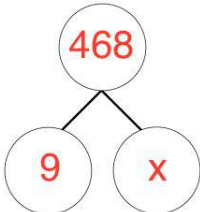
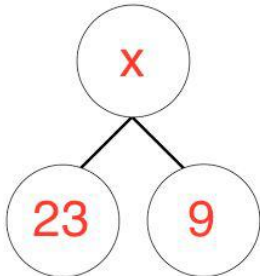
Which method is your favorite and why? (Answer in complete sentences. If you say, “because it’s easier,” you have to give a reason why it’s easier for you.)

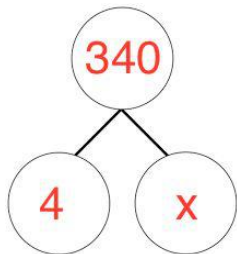
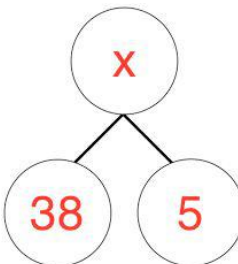
Answer will vary. Please check that students followed directions.

This key will show both methods for each problem. Students only need to use one method to show their work.

Multiplication

Division

<p>a) Inverse operation strategy $7x = 175$ $x = 175 \div 7$ $x = 25$</p> <p>Number bond strategy</p>  <p>$x = 175 \div 7$ $x = 25$</p>	<p>d) Inverse operation strategy $x \div 8 = 14$ $x = 14 \times 8$ $x = 112$</p> <p>Number bond strategy</p>  <p>$x = 14 \times 8$ $x = 112$</p>
<p>b) Inverse operation strategy $9x = 468$ $x = 468 \div 9$ $x = 52$</p> <p>Number bond strategy</p>  <p>$x = 468 \div 9$ $x = 52$</p> <p>Note: In the printed packet the problem was $9x = 466$. The answer to that problem is 51.78 when rounded to the nearest hundredth.</p>	<p>e) Inverse operation strategy $x \div 23 = 9$ $x = 9 \times 23$ $x = 207$</p> <p>Number bond strategy</p>  <p>$x = 9 \times 23$ $x = 207$</p>

<p>c) Inverse operation strategy $4x = 340$ $x = 340 \div 4$ $x = 85$</p> <p>Number bond strategy</p>  <p style="margin-left: 200px;">$x = 340 \div 4$ $x = 85$</p>	<p>f) Inverse operation strategy $x \div 38 = 5$ $x = 5 \times 38$ $x = 190$</p> <p>Number bond strategy</p>  <p style="margin-left: 200px;">$x = 5 \times 38$ $x = 190$</p>
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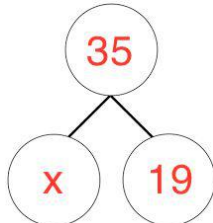
Thursday Math Answer Key

Part 1: Solving for unknowns in additive equations. This section corresponds to Monday's lesson. Both methods are shown below. Students only need to use one strategy although they should understand both.

Addition

1a) $x + 19 = 35$
 Inverse operation strategy
 $x + 19 = 35$
 $x = 35 - 19$
 $x = 16$

Number bond strategy

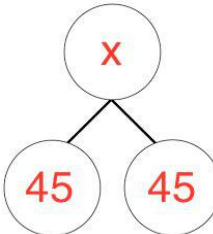


$x = 35 - 19$
 $x = 16$

Subtraction

1c) $x - 45 = 45$
 Inverse operation strategy
 $x - 45 = 45$
 $x = 45 + 45$
 $x = 90$

Number bond strategy



$x = 45 + 45$
 $x = 90$

1b) $708 + x = 1099$

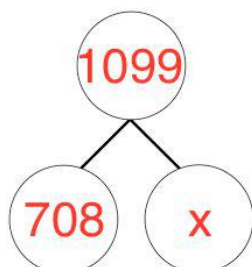
Inverse operation strategy

$$708 + x = 1099$$

$$x = 1099 - 708$$

$$x = 391$$

Number bond strategy



$$x = 1099 - 708$$

$$x = 391$$

1d) $x - 67 = 124$

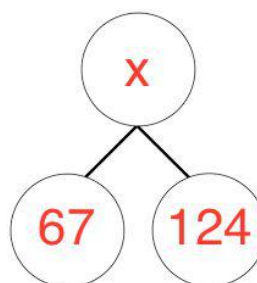
Inverse operation strategy

$$x - 67 = 124$$

$$x = 124 + 67$$

$$x = 191$$

Number bond strategy



$$x = 124 + 67$$

$$x = 191$$

Part 2: Solve for unknowns in additive equations in which x is subtracted from a whole. The number bond strategy corresponds to the Monday lesson. The inverse operation strategy corresponds to the Tuesday lesson. Both methods are shown below. Students only need to use one strategy although they should understand both.

2a) $891 - x = 406$

Inverse operation strategy

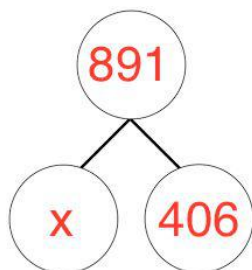
$$891 - x = 406$$

$$891 = 406 + x$$

$$891 - 406 = x$$

$$485 = x$$

Number bond strategy



$$891 - 406 = x$$

$$485 = x$$

2b) $700 - x = 523$

Inverse operation strategy

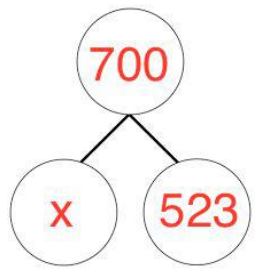
$$700 - x = 523$$

$$700 = 523 + x$$

$$700 - 523 = x$$

$$177 = x$$

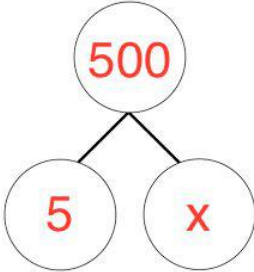
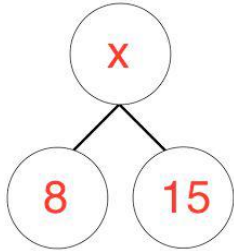
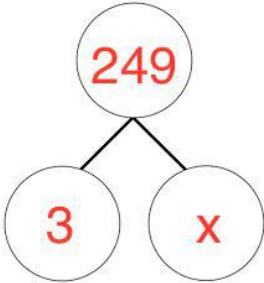
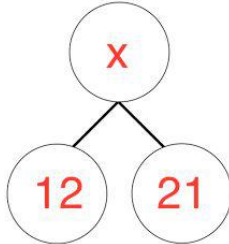
Number bond strategy



$$700 - 523 = x$$

$$177 = x$$

Part 3: Solving for unknowns in multiplicative equations. This section corresponds to the Wednesday lesson. Both methods are shown below. Students only need to use one strategy although they should understand both.

<p>3a) $5x = 500$ Inverse operation strategy $5x = 500$ $x = 500 \div 5$ $x = 100$</p> <p>Number bond strategy</p>  <p>$x = 500 \div 5$ $x = 100$</p>	<p>3c) $x \div 8 = 15$ Inverse operation strategy $x \div 8 = 15$ $x = 15 \times 8$ $x = 120$</p> <p>Number bond strategy</p>  <p>$x = 15 \times 8$ $x = 120$</p>
<p>3b) $3x = 249$ Inverse operation strategy $3x = 249$ $x = 249 \div 3$ $x = 83$</p> <p>Number bond strategy</p>  <p>$x = 249 \div 3$ $x = 83$</p>	<p>3d) $x \div 12 = 21$ Inverse operation strategy $x \div 12 = 21$ $x = 21 \times 12$ $x = 252$</p> <p>Number bond strategy</p>  <p>$x = 21 \times 12$ $x = 252$</p>

Monday Science Answer Key

1. Insects, subject of study
2. Arthropods
3. Crustaceans, lobsters, spiders, crabs, shrimp
4. True
5. Jointed foot
6. Their rigid exoskeleton makes it so they have to shed it in order to grow.
7. Provide a uniform structured method so everyone could name species the same way
8. Genus, species
9. He simplified the names and made it so that scientists could transfer information easier because they were able to understand what one another were talking about.
10. Answers vary
11. Kingdom→ phylum→ class→ order→ family→ genus → species
12. Answers Vary
13. Answers Vary

Names of the 12 insects are:

1. *Coccinella septempunctata* (Ladybug)
2. *Cordulia aenea* (Dragonfly)
3. *Lucanus capreolus* (Stag Beetle)
4. *Musca domestica* (House Fly)
5. *Stethophyma gracile* (Grasshopper)
6. *Forticula auricularia* (Earwig)
7. *Blattella vaga* (Cockroach)
8. *Lepisma saccharina* (Silverfish)
9. *Tapinoma sessile* (Ant)
10. *Vespula squamosal* (Yellow Jacket)
11. *Mantis religiosa* (Praying Mantis)
12. *Tipula abdominalis* (Crane fly)

Week 6 History Answer Key

4/29 Wednesday:

Life in the North vs. Life in the South WKST

- There are no definite answers, but if you are struggling to find ideas consider comparing:
 - o Who holds the most money?
 - o Are most people poor or rich?
 - o Who relies upon farming the most? Who relies upon factories the most?

4/30 Thursday:

Antislavery Growth WKST

1. False
2. D
3. To end all slavery immediately
4. Answers vary
5. Answers vary

W6 Translation Answer Key

“Fēlix”

Monday

1. Many Pompeians were drinking wine in the tavern.
2. Clemens entered the tavern.
3. Suddenly Clemens shouted, “Felix!”
4. Clemens greeted Felix happily.
5. Felix was a freedman [ex-slave].

Tuesday

1. Clemens invited Felix to the house.
2. Clemens and Felix entered the house.
3. Lucia was standing in the atrium.
4. Felix greeted Lucia.
5. Clemens looked for Caecilius and Metella.

Wednesday

1. Caecilius was reading in the garden.
2. Metella was writing in the study.
3. Caecilius and Metella hurried to the atrium and greeted Felix.
4. After Quintus entered the atrium, Felix looked at the young man.
5. The freedman was very moved.

Thursday

1. He was almost crying; but he was smiling [or laughing].
2. Then Clemens hurried to the kitchen.
3. Grumio was sleeping in the kitchen.
4. Clemens woke up the cook and narrated the whole matter.
5. The cook, because he was happy, prepared an excellent dinner.