

GreatHearts

Northern Oaks



2nd Grade Supplemental Reading Packet

May 4-8, 2020

2nd grade

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Student Name: _____ Section: __

The Cool of the Evening

IN THE cool of the evening, when shadows darkened the Fair Grounds, Templeton crept from the crate and looked around. Wilbur lay asleep in the straw. Charlotte was building a web. Templeton's keen nose detected many fine smells in the air. The rat was hungry and thirsty. He decided to go exploring. Without saying anything to anybody, he started off.

"Bring me back a word!" Charlotte called after him. "I shall be writing tonight for the last time."

The rat mumbled something to himself and disappeared into the shadows. He did not like being treated like a messenger boy.

After the heat of the day, the evening came as a welcome relief to all. The Ferris wheel was lighted now. It went round and round in the sky and seemed twice as high as by day. There were lights on the midway, and you could hear the crackle of the gambling machines and the music of the merry-go-round and the voice of the man in the beano booth calling numbers.

The children felt refreshed after their nap. Fern met

her friend Henry Fussy, and he invited her to ride with him in the Ferris wheel. He even bought a ticket for her, so it didn't cost her anything. When Mrs. Arable happened to look up into the starry sky and saw her little daughter sitting with Henry Fussy and going higher and higher into the air, and saw how happy Fern looked, she just shook her head. "My, my!" she said. "Henry Fussy. Think of that!"



Templeton kept out of sight. In the tall grass behind the cattle barn he found a folded newspaper. Inside it were leftovers from somebody's lunch: a deviled ham sandwich, a piece of Swiss cheese, part of a hard-boiled egg, and the core of a wormy apple. The rat crawled in and ate everything. Then he tore a word out of the paper, rolled it up, and started back to Wilbur's pen.

Charlotte had her web almost finished when Templeton returned, carrying the newspaper clipping. She had left a space in the middle of the web. At this hour, no people were around the pigpen, so the rat and the spider and the pig were by themselves.

"I hope you brought a good one," Charlotte said. "It is the last word I shall ever write."

"Here," said Templeton, unrolling the paper.

"What does it say?" asked Charlotte. "You'll have to read it for me."

"It says 'Humble,'" replied the rat.

"Humble?" said Charlotte. "'Humble' has two meanings. It means 'not proud' and it means 'near the ground.' That's Wilbur all over. He's not proud and he's near the ground."

"Well, I hope you're satisfied," sneered the rat. "I'm not going to spend all my time fetching and carrying. I came to this Fair to enjoy myself, not to deliver papers."

"You've been very helpful," Charlotte said. "Run along, if you want to see more of the Fair."

The rat grinned. "I'm going to make a night of it," he said. "The old sheep was right—this Fair is a rat's paradise. What eating! And what drinking! And everywhere good hiding and good hunting. Bye, bye, my humble Wilbur! Fare thee well, Charlotte, you old schemer! This will be a night to remember in a rat's life."

He vanished into the shadows.

Charlotte went back to her work. It was quite dark now. In the distance, fireworks began going off—rockets, scattering fiery balls in the sky. By the time the

Arables and the Zuckermans and Lurvy returned from the grandstand, Charlotte had finished her web. The word **HUMBLE** was woven neatly in the center. Nobody noticed it in the darkness. Everyone was tired and happy.



Fern and Avery climbed into the truck and lay down. They pulled the Indian blanket over them. Lurvy gave Wilbur a forkful of fresh straw. Mr. Arable patted him. "Time for us to go home," he said to the pig. "See you tomorrow."

The grownups climbed slowly into the truck and Wilbur heard the engine start and then heard the truck moving away in low speed. He would have felt lonely and homesick, had Charlotte not been with him. He

never felt lonely when she was near. In the distance he could still hear the music of the merry-go-round.

As he was dropping off to sleep he spoke to Charlotte.

"Sing me that song again, about the dung and the dark," he begged.

"Not tonight," she said in a low voice. "I'm too tired." Her voice didn't seem to come from her web.

"Where are you?" asked Wilbur. "I can't see you. Are you on your web?"

"I'm back here," she answered. "Up in this back corner."

"Why aren't you on your web?" asked Wilbur. "You almost *never* leave your web."

"I've left it tonight," she said.

Wilbur closed his eyes. "Charlotte," he said, after a while, "do you really think Zuckerman will let me live and not kill me when the cold weather comes? Do you really think so?"

"Of course," said Charlotte. "You are a famous pig and you are a good pig. Tomorrow you will probably win a prize. The whole world will hear about you. Zuckerman will be proud and happy to own such a pig. You have nothing to fear, Wilbur—nothing to worry about. Maybe you'll live forever—who knows? And now, go to sleep."

For a while there was no sound. Then Wilbur's voice:

"What are you doing up there, Charlotte?"

"Oh, making something," she said. "Making something, as usual."

"Is it something for me?" asked Wilbur.

"No," said Charlotte. "It's something for *me*, for a change."

"Please tell me what it is," begged Wilbur.

"I'll tell you in the morning," she said. "When the first light comes into the sky and the sparrows stir and the cows rattle their chains, when the rooster crows and the stars fade, when early cars whisper along the highway, you look up here and I'll show you something. I will show you my masterpiece."

Before she finished the sentence, Wilbur was asleep. She could tell by the sound of his breathing that he was sleeping peacefully, deep in the straw.

Miles away, at the Arables' house, the men sat around the kitchen table eating a dish of canned peaches and talking over the events of the day. Upstairs, Avery was already in bed and asleep. Mrs. Arable was tucking Fern into bed.

"Did you have a good time at the Fair?" she asked as she kissed her daughter.

Fern nodded. "I had the best time I have ever had anywhere or any time in all of my whole life."

"Well!" said Mrs. Arable. "Isn't that nice!"

The Egg Sac

NEXT morning when the first light came into the sky and the sparrows stirred in the trees, when the cows rattled their chains and the rooster crowed and the early automobiles went whispering along the road, Wilbur awoke and looked for Charlotte. He saw her up overhead in a corner near the back of his pen. She was very quiet. Her eight legs were spread wide. She seemed to have shrunk during the night. Next to her, attached to the ceiling, Wilbur saw a curious object. It was a sort of sac, or cocoon. It was peach-colored and looked as though it were made of cotton candy.

"Are you awake, Charlotte?" he said softly.

"Yes," came the answer.

"What is that nifty little thing? Did you make it?"

"I did indeed," replied Charlotte in a weak voice.

"Is it a plaything?"

"Plaything? I should say not. It is my egg sac, my *magnum opus*."

"I don't know what a *magnum opus* is," said Wilbur.

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"That's Latin," explained Charlotte. "It means 'great work.' This egg sac is my great work—the finest thing I have ever made."

"What's inside it?" asked Wilbur. "Eggs?"

"Five hundred and fourteen of them," she replied.

"Five *hundred* and *fourteen*?" said Wilbur. "You're kidding."



"No, I'm not. I counted them. I got started counting, so I kept on—just to keep my mind occupied."

"It's a perfectly beautiful egg sac," said Wilbur, feeling as happy as though he had constructed it himself.

"Yes, it is pretty," replied Charlotte, patting the sac with her two front legs. "Anyway, I can guarantee that it is strong. It's made out of the toughest material I have. It is also waterproof. The eggs are inside and will be warm and dry."

"Charlotte," said Wilbur dreamily, "are you really going to have five hundred and fourteen children?"

"If nothing happens, yes," she said. "Of course, they won't show up till next spring." Wilbur noticed that Charlotte's voice sounded sad.

"What makes you sound so down-hearted? I should think you'd be terribly happy about this."

"Oh, don't pay any attention to me," said Charlotte. "I just don't have much pep any more. I guess I feel sad because I won't ever see my children."

"What do you mean you won't see your children! Of *course* you will. We'll *all* see them. It's going to be simply wonderful next spring in the barn cellar with five hundred and fourteen baby spiders running around all over the place. And the geese will have a new set of goslings, and the sheep will have their new lambs . . ."

"Maybe," said Charlotte quietly. "However, I have a feeling I'm not going to see the results of last night's efforts. I don't feel good at all. I think I'm languishing, to tell you the truth."

Wilbur didn't understand the word "languish" and he hated to bother Charlotte by asking her to explain. But he was so worried he felt he had to ask.

"What does 'languishing' mean?"

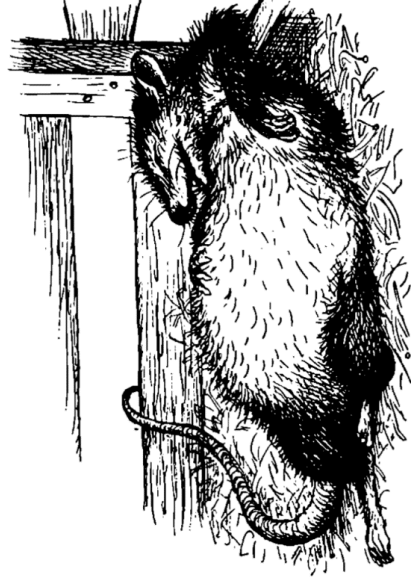
"It means I'm slowing up, feeling my age. I'm not young any more, Wilbur. But I don't want you to worry about me. This is your big day today. Look at my web—doesn't it show up well with the dew on it?"

Charlotte's web never looked more beautiful than it looked this morning. Each strand held dozens of bright drops of early morning dew. The light from the east struck it and made it all plain and clear. It was a perfect piece of designing and building. In another hour or two, a steady stream of people would pass by, admiring it, and reading it, and looking at Wilbur, and marveling at the miracle.

As Wilbur was studying the web, a pair of whiskers and a sharp face appeared. Slowly Templeton dragged himself across the pen and threw himself down in a corner.

"I'm back," he said in a husky voice. "What a night!"

The rat was swollen to twice his normal size. His stomach was as big around as a jelly jar.



"What a night!" he repeated, hoarsely. "What feasting and carousing! A real gorge! I must have eaten the remains of thirty lunches. Never have I seen such leavings, and everything well-ripened and seasoned with the passage of time and the heat of the day. Oh, it was rich, my friends, rich!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Charlotte in disgust. "It would serve you right if you had an acute attack of indigestion."

"Don't worry about my stomach," snarled Templeton. "It can handle anything. And by the way, I've got some bad news. As I came past that pig next door—the one that calls himself Uncle—I noticed a blue tag on the front of his pen. That means he has won first prize. I guess you're licked, Wilbur. You might as well relax—nobody is going to hang any medal on *you*. Furthermore, I wouldn't be surprised if Zuckerman changes his mind about you. Wait till he gets hankering for some fresh pork and smoked ham and crisp bacon! He'll take the knife to you, my boy."

"Be still, Templeton!" said Charlotte. "You're too stuffed and bloated to know what you're saying. Don't pay any attention to him, Wilbur!"

Wilbur tried not to think about what the rat had just said. He decided to change the subject.

"Templeton," said Wilbur, "if you weren't so dopey, you would have noticed that Charlotte has made an egg

sac. She is going to become a mother. For your information, there are five hundred and fourteen eggs in that peachy little sac."

"Is this true?" asked the rat, eyeing the sac suspiciously.

"Yes, it's true," sighed Charlotte.

"Congratulations!" murmured Templeton. "This *has* been a night!" He closed his eyes, pulled some straw over himself, and dropped off into a deep sleep. Wilbur and Charlotte were glad to be rid of him for a while.

At nine o'clock, Mr. Arable's truck rolled into the Fair Grounds and came to a stop at Wilbur's pen. Everybody climbed out.

"Look!" cried Fern. "Look at Charlotte's web! Look what it says!"

The grownups and the children joined hands and stood there, studying the new sign.

"'Humble,'" said Mr. Zuckerman. "Now isn't that just the word for Wilbur!"

Everyone rejoiced to find that the miracle of the web had been repeated. Wilbur gazed up lovingly into their faces. He looked very humble and very grateful. Fern winked at Charlotte. Lurvy soon got busy. He poured a bucket of warm slops into the trough, and while Wil-

bur ate his breakfast Lurvy scratched him gently with a smooth stick.

"Wait a minute!" cried Avery. "Look at this!" He pointed to the blue tag on Uncle's pen. "This pig has won first prize already."

The Zuckermans and the Arables stared at the tag. Mrs. Zuckerman began to cry. Nobody said a word. They just stared at the tag. Then they stared at Uncle. Then they stared at the tag again. Lurvy took out an enormous handkerchief and blew his nose very loud—so loud, in fact, that the noise was heard by stableboys over at the horse barn.

"Can I have some money?" asked Fern. "I want to go out on the midway."

"You stay right where you are!" said her mother. Tears came to Fern's eyes.

"What's everybody crying about?" asked Mr. Zuckerman. "Let's get busy! Edith, bring the buttermilk!"

Mrs. Zuckerman wiped her eyes with her handkerchief. She went to the truck and came back with a gallon jar of buttermilk.

"Bath time!" said Zuckerman, cheerfully. He and Mrs. Zuckerman and Avery climbed into Wilbur's pen. Avery slowly poured buttermilk on Wilbur's head and back, and as it trickled down his sides and cheeks, Mr. and Mrs. Zuckerman rubbed it into his hair and skin. Passersby stopped to watch. Pretty soon quite a crowd

had gathered. Wilbur grew beautifully white and smooth. The morning sun shone through his pink ears.

"He isn't as big as that pig next door," remarked one bystander, "but he's cleaner. That's what I like."

"So do I," said another man.

"He's humble, too," said a woman, reading the sign on the web.

Everybody who visited the pigpen had a good word to say about Wilbur. Everyone admired the web. And of course nobody noticed Charlotte.

Suddenly a voice was heard on the loud speaker.

"Attention, please!" it said. "Will Mr. Homer Zuckerman bring his famous pig to the judges' booth in front of the grandstand. A special award will be made there in twenty minutes. Everyone is invited to attend. Crate your pig, please, Mr. Zuckerman, and report to the judges' booth promptly!"

For a moment after this announcement, the Arables and the Zuckermans were unable to speak or move. Then Avery picked up a handful of straw and threw it high in the air and gave a loud yell. The straw fluttered down like confetti into Fern's hair. Mr. Zuckerman hugged Mrs. Zuckerman. Mr. Arable kissed Mrs. Arable. Avery kissed Wilbur. Lurvy shook hands with everybody. Fern hugged her mother. Avery hugged Fern. Mrs. Arable hugged Mrs. Zuckerman.

Up overhead, in the shadows of the ceiling, Char-

lotte crouched unseen, her front legs encircling her egg sac. Her heart was not beating as strongly as usual and she felt weary and old, but she was sure at last that she had saved Wilbur's life, and she felt peaceful and contented.

"We have no time to lose!" shouted Mr. Zuckerman. "Lurvy, help with the crate!"

"Can I have some money?" asked Fern.

"You wait!" said Mrs. Arable. "Can't you see everybody is busy?"

"Put that empty buttermilk jar into the truck!" commanded Mr. Arable. Avery grabbed the jar and rushed to the truck.

"Does my hair look all right?" asked Mrs. Zuckerman.

"Looks fine," snapped Mr. Zuckerman, as he and Lurvy set the crate down in front of Wilbur.

"You didn't even look at my hair!" said Mrs. Zuckerman.

"You're all right, Edith," said Mrs. Arable. "Just keep calm."

Templeton, asleep in the straw, heard the commotion and awoke. He didn't know exactly what was going on, but when he saw the men shoving Wilbur into the crate he made up his mind to go along. He watched his chance and when no one was looking he



crept into the crate and buried himself in the straw at the bottom.

"All ready, boys!" cried Mr. Zuckerman. "Let's go!" He and Mr. Arable and Lurvy and Avery grabbed the crate and boosted it over the side of the pen and up into the truck. Fern jumped aboard and sat on top of the crate. She still had straw in her hair and looked very pretty and excited. Mr. Arable started the motor. Everyone climbed in, and off they drove to the judge's booth in front of the grandstand.

As they passed the Ferris wheel, Fern gazed up at it and wished she were in the topmost car with Henry Fussy at her side.

Big Question

What was the Emancipation Proclamation?

Core Vocabulary

uniforms battle victory retreated factories general invasion

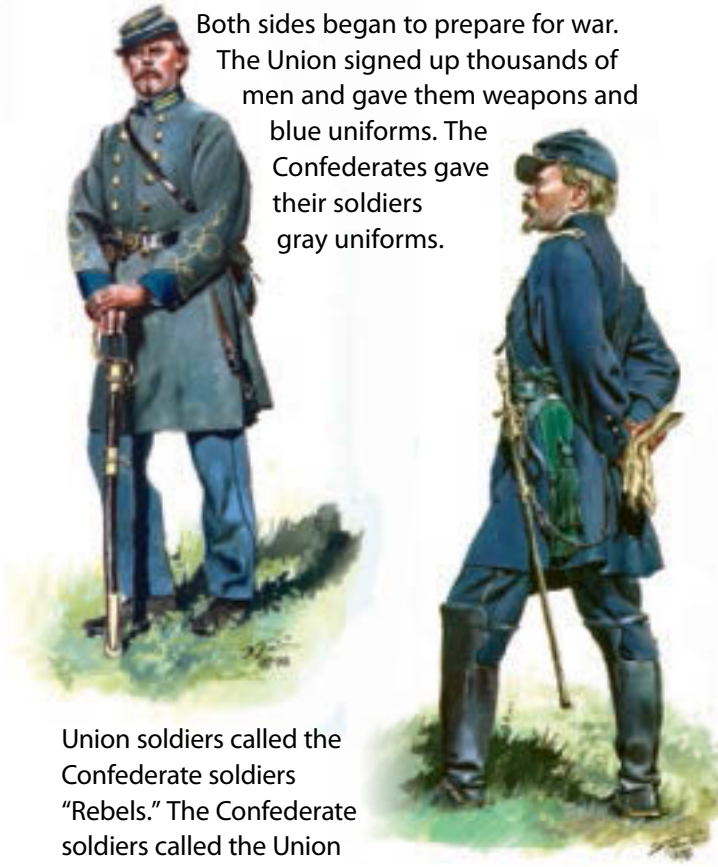
Chapter 4: "The War Begins"

Distribute the Student Book. Tell students to turn to page 17, noting that this chapter is titled "The War Begins." Ask them to look at the images on the page as you read aloud and listen to find out what President Lincoln decided to do after the war started.

CHAPTER
4

The War Begins

Both sides began to prepare for war. The Union signed up thousands of men and gave them weapons and blue uniforms. The Confederates gave their soldiers gray uniforms.



Union soldiers called the Confederate soldiers "Rebels." The Confederate soldiers called the Union soldiers "Yankees."

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CORE VOCABULARY—Explain that **uniforms** are special types of clothing worn by all members of a group, such as an army.

SUPPORT—Have students study the images of the soldiers on the page. Ask students to note the similarities and differences between the two men. Their coat colors are different (the man on the left is a Confederate soldier, so he is wearing gray; the man on the right is a Union soldier, so he is wearing blue). Both have some kind of weapon. Both are wearing boots. Be sure that students understand that references to Union soldiers refer to soldiers of the United States (the Northern states) Army.

Ask students the following questions:

LITERAL—What color did the soldiers on each side wear?

- » Union soldiers wore blue. Confederate soldiers wore gray.

LITERAL—What were Confederate soldiers called?

- » Confederate soldiers were called Rebels.

LITERAL—What were Union soldiers called?

- » Union soldiers were called Yankees.

Now ask students to look at the images on page 18 as you read aloud.



Most people thought the war would be over quickly. Some Northerners were so sure their army would beat the Southern Rebels that they brought picnic lunches to the war's first battle, near the town of Manassas in northern Virginia.

But there was no easy victory that day. For a while it was not clear who would win. Then a group of fresh Confederate troops arrived. The Rebels charged, and the Union troops retreated in a panic—and so did the picnickers.



CORE VOCABULARY—Explain that a **battle** is a fight between two armies or navies and, today, air forces.

CORE VOCABULARY—Explain that a **victory** is a win.

CORE VOCABULARY—Explain that **retreated** means moved away or moved back where you came from.

Activity Page



AP 1.3



SUPPORT—Help students find Virginia on their Map of the United States During the Civil War (AP 1.3).

Ask students the following questions:

LITERAL—What did most people think about the war?

» Most people thought the war would be over quickly.

LITERAL—Where was the first battle of the Civil War?

» The first battle was near the town of Manassas in Virginia.

LITERAL—What was the result of the battle at Manassas?

» The Union soldiers retreated.

Ask students to look at the images on page 19 as you read aloud.

The Confederates had won the first battle of the war, but winning the war itself would not be easy. The Union had more soldiers, more factories, more trains, more ships, and more guns. Even so, the Confederate army won many of the early battles of the war. In 1862, the Confederate general, Robert E. Lee, led an invasion into the North.



Incredibly, a Union soldier found a copy of Lee's battle plans. This meant that the Union army leader, George McClellan, had information that would help him stop Lee's invasion at the Battle of Antietam, in Maryland.

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CORE VOCABULARY—Explain that **factories** are buildings where people use machines to make large numbers of goods to sell.

CORE VOCABULARY—Explain that a **general** is a leader in an army.

CORE VOCABULARY—Explain that an **invasion** is the act of entering a place by force, for example, by fighting and attacking.

SUPPORT—Have students study the pictures on the page. Ask them which army is in the top image and which is in the bottom image, and how they can tell. (*The top picture is the Confederate army because of the gray uniforms. The bottom picture is the Union army because of the blue uniforms.*)

Activity Page



AP 1.3



SUPPORT—Help students find Maryland on their Map of the United States During the Civil War (AP 1.3).

Ask students the following questions:

LITERAL—Which side had more advantages and things to fight with?

- » The Union had more advantages, such as soldiers, trains, factories, and guns.

LITERAL—Who led the Confederate invasion into the North?

- » General Robert E. Lee led the Confederate invasion into the North.

Now ask students to look at the image on page 20 as you read aloud.

Then President Lincoln made a bold move. He revealed that the time had come to say that not only was the war being fought to save the Union, it was *now* also being fought to free the slaves in the Confederate states.



On January 1, 1863, President Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation. It said that slaves in the Confederate states were now free. But everyone knew that as long as these slaves stayed under Confederate control, they would not be free.

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SUPPORT—Explain the Emancipation Proclamation by breaking down the name. Tell students that emancipation is the act of giving someone freedom from slavery. A proclamation is an announcement or public statement. By signing the Emancipation Proclamation, President Lincoln announced that he was giving the slaves in Confederate-held parts of the South their freedom.

Ask students the following questions:

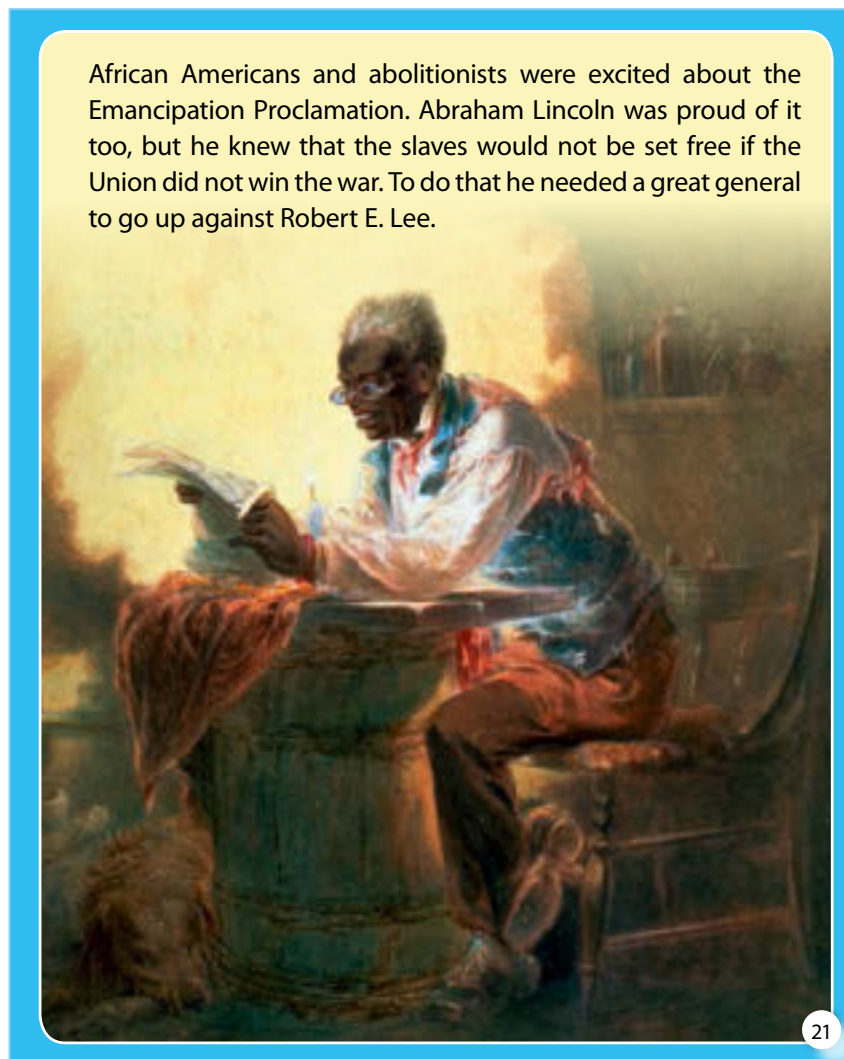
LITERAL—According to President Lincoln, why was the war being fought?

- » President Lincoln said the war was being fought to save the Union *and* to free the slaves in the Confederate states.

LITERAL—What did the Emancipation Proclamation say?

- » The Emancipation Proclamation said slaves in the Confederate states were now free.

Ask students to look at the image on page 21 as you read aloud.



SUPPORT—Remind students that abolitionists were people who wanted to get rid of slavery.

Ask students the following questions:

LITERAL—What had to happen for the slaves in the South to be set free?

- » For the slaves in the South to be set free, the North had to win the war.

LITERAL—What did Lincoln need to win the war?

- » To win the war, he needed a great general to go up against Robert E. Lee.

Chapter 5: “Lee and Grant”

Distribute the Student Book. Tell students to turn to page 22, and tell them that this chapter is titled “Lee and Grant.” Ask them to look at the images on the page as you read aloud.

CHAPTER 5

Lee and Grant

Robert E. Lee trained to be a soldier at the U.S. Military Academy in West Point, New York. Later, he fought in the Mexican-American War and became the head of his old military school. He was a natural leader.



When the Southern states left the Union, Lee had to think long and hard about which side to join. President Lincoln had wanted Lee to be the commander of the Union army. In the end, Lee chose to fight on the side of his home state, Virginia, which had become part of the Confederacy. Lee became the commander of the Confederate army.



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CORE VOCABULARY—Explain that a **military academy** is a school that trains people to be soldiers.

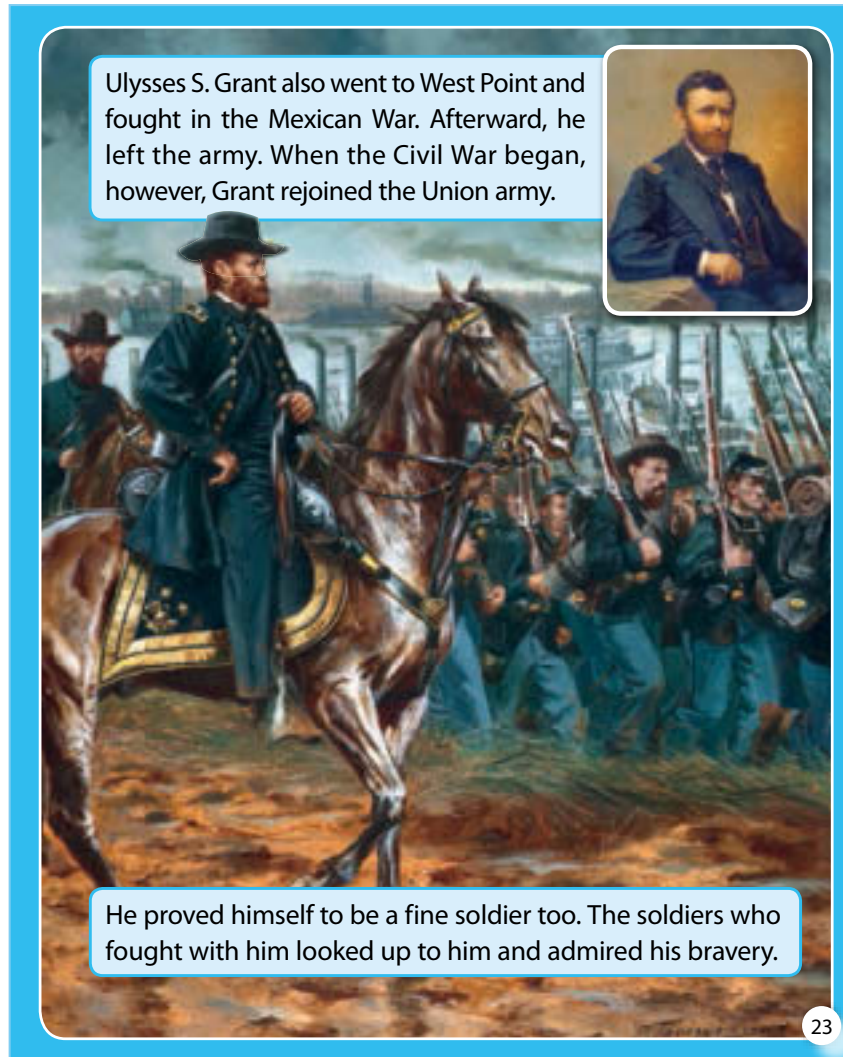
CORE VOCABULARY—Explain that a **commander** is the most important leader, or the person who is in charge.

Ask students the following question:

LITERAL—Why did Robert E. Lee choose to fight for the Confederacy?

- » Lee chose to fight for the Confederacy because he was from Virginia, and Virginia was part of the Confederacy.

Now ask students to look at the images on page 23 as you read aloud.



SUPPORT—Have students use what they have learned to identify which soldiers—Union or Confederate—are pictured on the page. (Students should identify them as Union soldiers because of their blue uniforms.)

Ask students the following questions:

LITERAL—What did Ulysses S. Grant do after the Civil War began?

- » He rejoined the Union army.

LITERAL—How did soldiers who knew Grant feel about him?

- » Soldiers who knew Grant looked up to him and admired his bravery.

Ask students to look at the image on page 24 as you read aloud.

During 1863, two years after the Civil War began, Lee invaded the North again. The Union army stopped the Confederate invasion near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. The Battle of Gettysburg was an important victory for the North. Lee retreated with his men during the night and was not pursued by Union soldiers. President Lincoln was not happy that Lee and his men had escaped.



Activity Page



SUPPORT—Help students find Pennsylvania on their Map of the United States During the Civil War (AP 1.3).



AP 1.3

Ask students the following questions:

LITERAL—Where did the Union army stop the Confederate invasion?

- » The Union army stopped the Confederate invasion at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

LITERAL—Why was President Lincoln unhappy?

- » President Lincoln was unhappy because Lee and his army escaped.

Now ask students to look at the image on page 25 as you read aloud.

In the spring of 1864, President Lincoln appointed Ulysses S. Grant to be the new general in charge of the Union army. Grant's job was to defeat Lee, capture the Confederate capital in Richmond, Virginia, and win the war.



CORE VOCABULARY—Explain that a **capital** is the city where a state or country's government meets.

Activity Page



SUPPORT—Help students find Richmond, Virginia, on their Map of the United States During the Civil War (AP 1.3).



AP 1.3

Ask students the following question:

LITERAL—Who did Lincoln appoint to be the new general in charge of the Union army?

- » Lincoln appointed Ulysses S. Grant to be the new general.



CHECK FOR UNDERSTANDING: BIG QUESTION

TURN AND TALK—Who were Robert E. Lee and Ulysses S. Grant?

- » Robert E. Lee was the most important and successful commander in the Confederate army during the Civil War. Ulysses S. Grant became the general in charge of the Union army.