

GreatHearts

Northern Oaks



Supplemental Packet

May 11 - May 15, 2020

5th grade

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FIFTEEN

OVER A DIM ROCKY ROAD, in a northeasterly direction, our buggy moved on.

I noticed that the road stayed at the edge of the foothills, but always in sight of the river.

About the middle of the afternoon we stopped at a small stream to water the team. Papa asked Grandpa if he intended to go all the way to the campground before stopping.

"No," he said, "I figure to put up for the night when we reach Bluebird Creek. With a good early start in the morning we can make the campgrounds in plenty of time to pitch our tent and set up camp."

Late that evening we reached Bluebird Creek. We didn't set up our tent. With a tarp we made a lean-to and built a large fire out in front of it.

While Grandpa fed and watered the team, Papa and I carried our bedding to the shelter and made down our beds.

Grandpa said, "While we're cooking supper, you see to your dogs. Feed them and fix them a warm bed."

"I figure to cook them some corn-meal mush," I said. "That's what they're used to eating."

"Mush!" Grandpa growled. "They're not going to have mush, not if I can help it."

He walked over to a grocery box, mumbling as he did, "Mush! A hound can't hunt on a bellyful of that stuff."

He came back and handed me two large cans of corned-beef hash, saying, "Here. Reckon they'll eat this."

I wanted to hug my old grandpa's neck. "Sure, Grandpa," I said, "they'll love that."

Opening one of the cans, I dumped it out on a piece of bark in front of Old Dan. He sniffed at it and refused to eat. I laughed, for I knew why. While I was opening the other can, Grandpa came over.

"What's the matter," he asked. "Won't he eat it?"

"Sure, Grandpa," I said, "he'll eat, but not before Little Ann gets her share."

With the second can opened, I fed her on another piece of bark. Both of them started eating at the same time.

With an astonished look on his face, Grandpa exclaimed, "Well, I'll be darned. I never saw anything like that. Why, I never saw a hound that wouldn't eat. Did you train them to do that?"

"No, Grandpa," I said. "They've always been that way. They won't take anything away from each other, and everything they do, they do it as one."

Papa had overheard our conversation. He said, "You think that's strange. You should have seen what I saw one day."

“One of the girls threw two cold biscuits out in the backyard to Old Dan. He stood and looked at them for a bit, then, picking both of them up in his mouth, he trotted around the house. I followed just to see what he was going to do. He walked up in front of the doghouse, laid them down, and growled; not like he was mad. It was a strange kind of a growl. Little Ann came out of the doghouse and each of them ate a biscuit. Now, I saw this with my own eyes. Believe me, those dogs are close to each other—real close.”

After Papa had stopped talking, silence settled over the camp.

Grandpa stood staring at my dogs. In a slow voice, as if he were picking his words, he said, “You know, I’ve always felt like there was something strange about those dogs. I don’t know just what it is, and I can’t exactly put my finger on it, yet I can feel it. Maybe it’s just my imagination. I don’t rightly know.”

Turning to my father, he said, “Did you ever notice the way they watch this boy? They see every move he makes.”

Papa said, “Yes, I’ve noticed a lot of things they have done. In fact, I could tell you of a few that you would never believe, but right now here’s something you had better believe. Supper is ready.”

While I was helping myself to hot dutch-oven corn bread, fried potatoes, and fresh side meat, Grandpa poured the coffee. Instead of the two cups I expected to see, he set out three and filled them to the brim with the strong black liquid.

I had never been allowed to drink coffee at home and didn’t exactly know what to do. I glanced at Papa. He seemed too busy with his eating to pay any attention to me. Taking the

bull by the horns, I reached over and ran my finger through the cup's handle. I held my breath as I walked over and sat down by a post oak stump. Nothing was said. Grandpa and Papa paid no attention to what I did. My head swelled up as big as a number-four washtub. I thought, "I'm not only big enough to help Papa with the farm. Now I'm big enough to drink coffee."

With supper over and the dishes washed, Grandpa said, "Well, we had better turn in as I want to get an early start in the morning."

Long after Grandpa and Papa had fallen asleep, I lay thinking of the big hunt. My thoughts were interrupted when the wonders of night life began to stir in the silence around us.

From a ridge on our right a red fox started barking. He was curious and, in his small way, challenging the intruders that had dared to stop in his wild domain. From far back in the flinty hills, the monotonous call of a hoot owl floated down in the silent night. It was the mating call and was answered from a distant mountain.

I could hear the stamping feet of our horses, and the grinding, crunching noise made by their strong teeth as they ate the hard, yellow kernels of corn in their feed boxes. A night hawk screamed as he winged his way through the starlit night. An eerie screech from a tree close by made shivers run up and down my spine. It was a screech owl.

I didn't like to hear the small owl, for there was a superstition in the mountains concerning them. It was said that if you heard one owl it meant nothing at all, but if you heard more than one, it meant bad luck.

I lay and listened to the eerie twittering sound. It was coming from the left of our camp. The creepy noise stopped, and for several moments there was silence. When next I heard the cry, it was coming from the right. I sat up in alarm. Had I heard two owls?

My movement had awakened Grandpa. In a sleepy voice, he asked, "What's the matter? Can't you sleep? What are you sitting up like that for?"

"Grandpa, I heard two screech owls," I said.

Grunting and mumbling, he sat up. Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, he said, "You heard two screech owls. Why, that's nothing. I've heard two—oh, I see. You're thinking of the bad-luck superstition. There's nothing to that; nothing at all. Now you lie down and go to sleep. Tomorrow is going to be a big day."

I tried hard to fall asleep, but couldn't. I couldn't get the owls out of my mind. Had I really heard two? Were we going to have bad luck? Surely nothing bad could happen. Not on such a wonderful hunt.

I found peace in my mind by telling myself that the owl had changed trees. Yes, that was it. He had simply flown out of one tree to another.

The next morning, while having breakfast, Grandpa started kidding me about the screech owls.

"I wish you could have caught one of those owls last night," he said. "We could have boiled him in our coffee pot. I've heard there is nothing like strong hoot-owl coffee."

"It wasn't a hoot owl, Grandpa," I said. "It was a screech owl. I don't know for sure if I heard one or two. It could have

been just one." Pointing to a small red oak, I said, "I think the first time I heard him, he was over there. The next time, it was over in that direction. Maybe he changed trees. I sure hope so."

Grandpa saw I was bothered. "You don't believe that hog-wash superstition, do you? Bad luck! Baw, there's nothing to it."

Papa laughed, and said, "These mountains are full of that jinx stuff. If a man believed it all, he'd go crazy."

The encouraging words from Papa and Grandpa helped some, but there was still some doubt. It's hard for a young boy to completely forget things like that.

Breakfast over, and our gear stowed back in the buggy, we left Bluebird Creek.

On that day Grandpa drove a little faster than he had on the previous one. I was glad of this, for I was anxious to reach the campground.

About noon he stopped the team. I heard him ask Papa, "Is this Black Fox Hollow?"

"No," Papa said. "This is Waterfall. Black Fox is the next one over. Why?"

"Well," Grandpa said, "there's supposed to be a white flag in the mouth of Black Fox. That's where we leave the road. The camp is in the river bottoms."

By this time I was so excited, I stood up in the buggy box so I could get a better view.

"Maybe you ought to step them up a little, Grandpa," I said. "It's getting pretty late."

Papa joined in with his loud laughter. "You just take it

easy," he said. "We'll get there in plenty of time. Besides, these mares can't fly."

I saw the flag first. "There it is, Grandpa," I shouted.

"Where?" he asked.

"Over there. See, tied on that grapevine."

As we left the main road, I heard Papa say, "Boy, look at all those tracks. Sure has been a lot of traveling on this road."

"That smoke over there must be coming from the camps," Grandpa said.

When we came in sight of the camp, I couldn't believe what I saw. I stared in amazement. I had never seen so many people at one gathering. Tents were spread out over an acre and a half of ground; all colors, shapes, and sizes. There were odd-looking cars, buggies, wagons, and saddle horses.

I heard Grandpa say almost in a whisper, "I knew there would be a lot of people here but I never expected so many."

I saw the astonished look on my father's face.

Off to one side of the camp, under a large black gum tree, we set up our tent. I tied my dogs to the buggy, and fixed a nice bed for them under it. After everything was taken care of, I asked if I could look around the camp.

"Sure," Grandpa said. "Go any place you want to go, only don't get in anyone's way."

I started walking through the large camp. Everyone was friendly. Once I heard a voice say, "That's the boy who owns the two little red hounds. I've heard they're pretty good."

If my head had gotten any bigger, I know it would have burst.

I walked on, as straight as a canebrake cane.

I looked at the hounds. They were tied in pairs here and there. I had seen many coon hounds but none that could equal these. There were redbones, blue ticks, walkers, and blood hounds. I marveled at their beauty. All were spotlessly clean with slick and glossy coats. I saw the beautiful leather leashes and brass-studded collars.

I thought of my dogs. They were tied with small cotton ropes, and had collars made from old checkline leather.

As I passed from one set of dogs to another, I couldn't help but wonder if I had a chance to win. I knew that in the veins of these hounds flowed the purest of bred blood. No finer coon hounds could be found anywhere. They came from the Smoky Mountains of Tennessee, the bayou country of Louisiana, the Red River bottoms of Texas, and the flinty hills of the Ozarks.

Walking back through the camp, I could feel the cold fingers of doubt squeezing my heart. One look at my dogs drove all doubt away. In the eyes of Little Ann it seemed I could read this message: "Don't worry. Just wait. We'll show them."

That night, Grandpa said, "Tomorrow they'll have a contest for the best-looking hound. Which one are you going to enter?"

I told him I didn't think I'd enter either one of my dogs. They were so little. I didn't think they had a chance.

Grandpa got all huffed up. He said, "It doesn't make any difference how little they are. They're coon hounds, aren't they?"

I asked him if he had seen any of the other hounds.

He said, "Yes, I've seen them all. Sure they're big and good

Adjectives and Adverbs Review

◦ Adjectives describe nouns or pronouns
Remember, this means they can describe any noun or pronoun, whatever job it's doing. (S, DO, IO, PN, OP, DA)

Ask: Which one?	this
What kind?	blue
How many?	three
Whose?	Nancy's

◦ Adverbs describe adjectives, verbs, or another adverb.

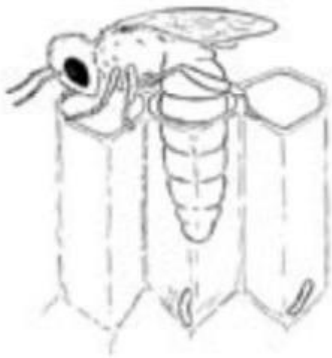
Ask: How?	quickly
When?	today
Where?	outside
Why?	
To what extent?	always

The Honeybee

Like many insects, honey bees go through four stages of development: egg, larva, pupa, and adult. The bee changes dramatically in each stage.

1. A queen bee inserts her abdomen into an empty cell and lays a soft, white, oval egg about the size of a dot over an "i."
2. After three days, a wormlike larva hatches from the egg. The larva is fed by worker bees and grows much larger.
3. On day ten, the larva stops eating and spins a silk covering called a cocoon around itself. An adult worker bee caps the cell with wax to protect the developing pupa. Inside the cocoon, a pupa develops and begins to look more like an insect than a worm. It grows eyes, legs, and wings.
4. Finally, an adult bee chews its way out of the cell.

1. Queen laying eggs.



2. Larva in cell.



3. Pupa in cell.



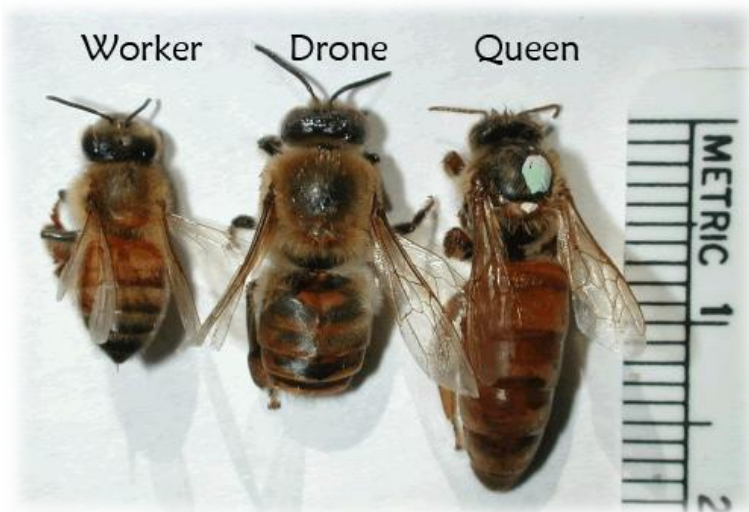
4. Adult chews out of cell.



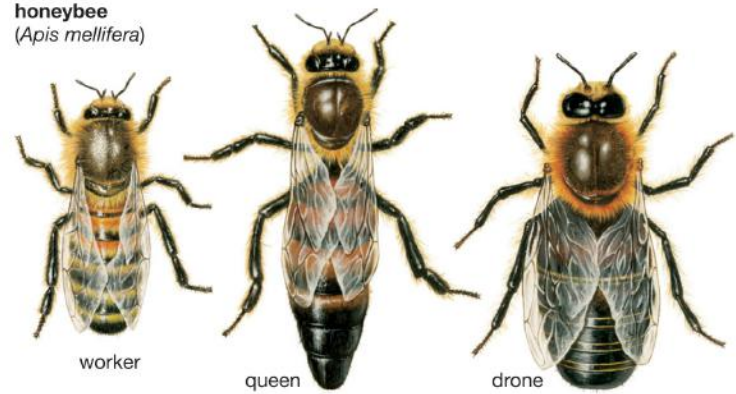
Eggs develop into different types of bees based on what they're fed, on the size of the cell they develop inside, and whether or not the egg was fertilized.

Although all bees develop in the same four stages, the time it takes each type of bee to grow is different:

BEE	EGG	LARVA	PUPA	ADULT
Queen	Days 1-3	Days 4-9	Days 10-15	Day 16
Worker	Days 1-3	Days 4-9	Days 10-20	Day 21
Drone	Days 1-3	Days 4-9	Days 10-23	Day 24

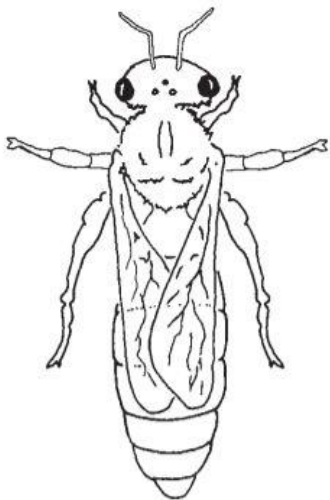


honeybee
(*Apis mellifera*)



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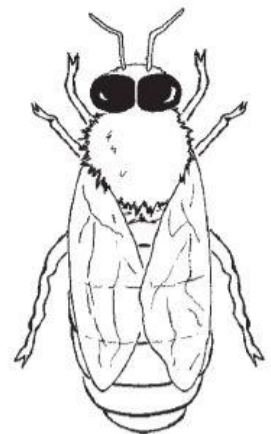
Queen



Worker



Drone



The queen bee is the largest of the honey bees. She has a longer abdomen, a shiny thorax, and does not have pollen baskets on her legs. The queen has a stinger, which she uses to fight off other queens. She may sting multiple times without dying.

Worker bees are the smallest of honey bees. They have long proboscises used to suck up nectar from flowers. Worker bees' hind legs are fringed with stiff hairs that form pollen baskets. Workers have a stinger and a poison gland at the tip of their abdomen. Typically, worker bees can only sting once because their stingers and internal organs are pulled out when they sting and they die.

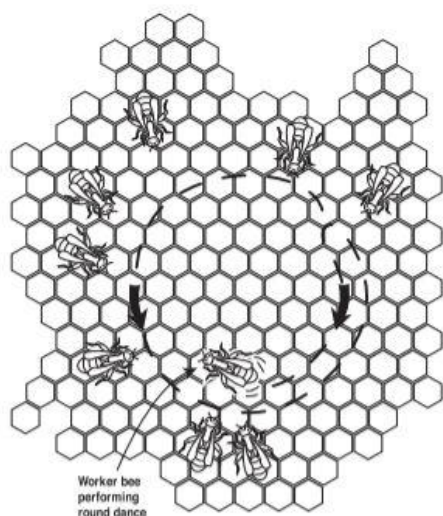
Drones, the male members of the colony, are somewhat larger than the workers. They have rounded abdomens, huge compound eyes, and powerful wings. Drones do not have long proboscises and must be fed by worker bees. They also do not have stingers and therefore cannot defend themselves. Drones do not have wax secreting glands. The drones only purpose is to mate with the queen. Mating takes place in the air.

Honey, I'd Love to Dance

Honey bees communicate with each other by dancing. After a honey bee has found food she tells the other bees when she returns to the hive. The bee will dance on the honeycomb, while the other bees feel the dancing bee and learn where the food is. By smelling the dancing bee and getting a taste of her load of nectar, the other bees can tell what type of flower she has visited. Different dances are used when the food is close to or far away from the hive. Bees have receptors on their feelers and legs which they use to feel the dance.



There are several bee dances, but the most common are the round dance and the waggle dance.



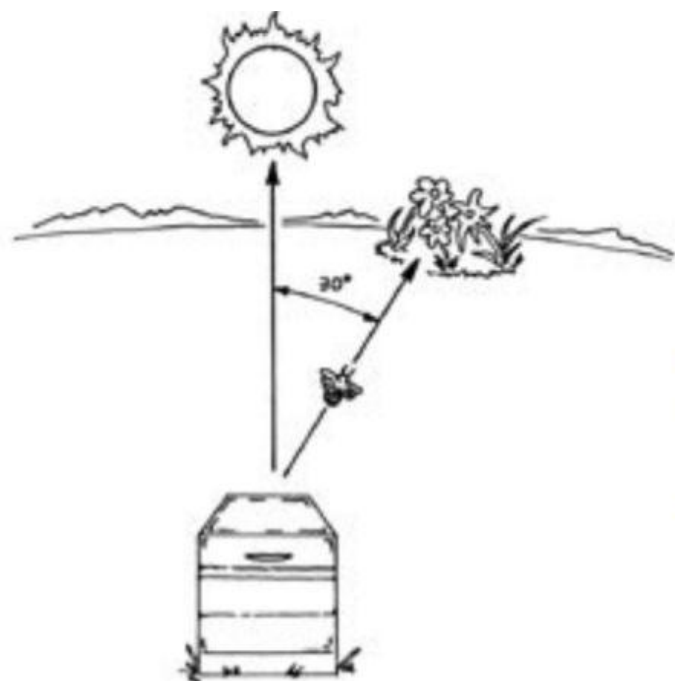
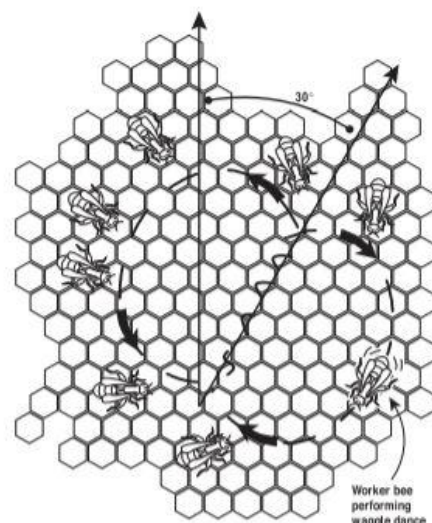
Round Dance

When food is close to the hive (less than 100 yards), a worker bee performs the round dance. She goes round and round, first one way and then the other. The round dance does not show the exact location of the flowers so fellow worker bees must fly out in many directions looking for them.

Waggle Dance

If the flowers are more than 100 yards away from the hive, the returning bee performs

the waggle dance. The bee dances a half circle in one direction, turns, and runs straight while wagging her abdomen. Then she dances a half circle in the other direction. These two half circles form a figure eight.



If the food is in the same direction as the sun, the central run of the dance is straight up the comb. If the food is to the left or right of the sun, the bee alters the direction of the dance by the correct amount to the left or right of the upright line.

The distance between the hive and the food is communicated by the speed of the dance and the buzzing sound made by the dancing bee. The faster the worker dances, the closer the food. The waggle dance shows both location and distance of the flowers, so the bees know where to fly.

dogs, too, but it makes no difference. I don't care if your dogs are no bigger than a snuff can. They still have a chance. Now, which one are you going to enter?"

I couldn't decide. I said, "I'll think it over tonight and let you know tomorrow."

The next morning when I stepped outside the tent I saw men everywhere. They were combing and brushing their dogs, and getting them pruned for the beauty contest. Beautiful combs and brushes were used to brush expensive oils into their glossy hair.

Going over to my dogs, I stood and looked at them. I started to untie Old Dan but, taking a closer look at him, I could see he could never win a beauty contest. His face and ears were a mass of old scars, caused from the many fights with tough old coons and bobcats. I held his head in my hands and felt sorry for him, but loved him that much more.

I looked Little Ann over and couldn't see any scars. I laughed because I knew why. She was too smart to walk right up in the face of a fight. She would wait until Old Dan took hold and then dart in.

I untied her rope and walked her over to our tent.

My father and grandfather were gone. No doubt they were over in some tent visiting old friends and making new ones.

Looking around to find something I could use to groom my dog, I saw Grandpa's open suitcase. There, right on top, was the very thing I needed, his beautiful bone-handled hairbrush and his ivory comb. Picking them up, I turned them over and over in my hand.

Little Ann stood looking at me. Impulsively I reached down

and raked her from shoulder to hip with the brush. She seemed to like it. I knew I shouldn't do it, but I decided to use them.

Knowing I had no oils, I got some butter from our grocery box. With the homemade butter and Grandpa's hair set, I brushed her until she shone. All the time I was grooming her, she tried to lick the butter from my hands.

The job completed, I stepped back and inspected her. I was surprised at the change. Her short red hair glistened and every one was in perfect place.

Shaking my finger at her, I said, "If you lay down and roll, I'll wear you out," although I knew I wouldn't.

Hearing a lot of movement outside, I looked out. Men were setting their dogs on a long table which had been built in the center of the campground. Leading Little Ann to it, I picked her up and set her on the table, too.

I told her to act like a lady. She wagged her tail as though she understood. I untied the rope and stepped back.

After the dogs were all lined up, the judging started. Four judges walked around and around the table, looking at them from all angles. When one of them would point at a hound, he was taken down and eliminated from the contest. Dog after dog was disqualified. Little Ann was still on the table.

My eyes were wide, my throat dry, and my heart thumping. One judge stopped in front of Little Ann. My heart stopped, too. Reaching over, he patted her on the head.

Turning to me, he asked, "Is this your dog?"

I couldn't speak. I just nodded my head.

He said, "She's a beautiful hound."

He walked on down the line. My heart started beating again.

There were eight dogs left. Little Ann was still holding her own. Then there were four. I was ready to cry. Two more were taken down. Little Ann and a big walker hound owned by a Mr. Kyle were the only ones left. The judges couldn't seem to make up their minds.

Everyone started shouting, "Walk them! Walk them!"

I didn't know what they meant.

Mr. Kyle and I were told to go to one end of the table. Our dogs were placed at the other end. Mr. Kyle snapped his fingers and called to his dog.

The big hound started walking toward his master. What a beautiful sight it was. He walked like a king. His body was stiff and straight, his head high in the air, his large muscles quivered and jerked under his glossy coat, but something went wrong. Just before he reached the end, he broke his stride, turned, and jumped down from the table.

A low murmur ran through the crowd.

It was my turn. Three times I tried to call to Little Ann. Words just wouldn't come out. My throat was too dry. The vocal cords refused to work, but I could snap my fingers. That was all I needed. She started toward me. I held my breath. There was silence all around me.

As graceful as any queen, with her head high in the air, and her long red tail arched in a perfect rainbow, my little dog walked down the table. With her warm gray eyes staring straight at me, on she came. Walking up to me, she laid her head on my shoulder. As I put my arms around her, the crowd exploded.

During the commotion I felt hands slapping me on the back, and heard the word "congratulations" time after time.

The head judge came over and made a speech. Handing me a small silver cup, he said, "Congratulations, son. It was justly won."

The tears came rolling. I gathered my dog up in my arms and walked to our tent. Grandpa followed, proudly carrying the cup.

That evening the head judge stepped up on the table. He had a small box in his hand. He shouted, "Over here, men! I have some announcements to make."

We all gathered around.

In a loud voice, he said, "Gentlemen, the contest will start tonight. I'm sure most of you men have been in these hunts before. For those of you who haven't, I will explain the rules. Each night five sets of dogs will be taken out to hunt. A judge will go along with each pair of hounds. Every morning, the judges will turn in that night's catch. The two hounds that tree the most coons will qualify for the championship runoff. The other four sets will be eliminated from the hunt. Of course, if there is a tie, both sets will qualify. On the following nights, only those hounds tying the first night's score, or getting more, will be in the runoff.

"Now, gentlemen, this hunt must be carried out in a sportsmanlike way. If the coon is treed where he can't be caught, such as in a bluff, it will not be counted. You must catch the coon, skin it, and turn the hide over to your judge.

"You are allowed to take an ax, a lantern, and a gun with bird shot, which you can use to get a coon out of a tree.

"Twenty-five sets of hounds have been entered in the hunt. In this box, I have twenty-five cards. Everyone in the contest

will now line up for the drawing. The card you draw will tell you what night your hounds are to hunt."

Walking along in the line, I noticed the beautiful red coats, the caps, and the soft leather boots worn by the other hunters. I felt out of place in my faded blue overalls, old sheepskin coat, and scuffed and worn shoes, but to the wonderful men it made no difference. They treated me like a man, and even talked to me like a man.

When it came my time to draw, my hand was shaking so hard I could hardly get it in the box. Pulling the card out, I saw I had drawn the fourth night.

After the hunters had left, we stood around our campfires sipping strong black coffee and listening to the baying of the hounds. Time after time, we heard the tree bark.

Once two hounds came close to the camp, hot on a trail. We listened to their steady bawling. All at once they stopped.

After several minutes of waiting, a hunter said, "You know what? That old coon took to the river and in some way has fooled those dogs."

Another one said, "Yes, sir, he sure has."

A friendly hunter looked at me and asked, "Do you think he could have fooled your dogs?"

Thinking his question over, I said, "You know, sometimes when I am hunting, away back in the mountains or down on the river, I sing a little song I made up myself. One of the verses goes like this:

*You can swim the river, Old Mister Ringtail,
And play your tricks out one by one.*

*It won't do any good, Old Mister Ringtail,
My Little Ann knows every one.*

The hunters roared with laughter. Some slapped me on the back.

Tired and sleepy, but with a smile on my face, I went off to bed.

The next morning two blue tick hounds, from the Smoky Mountains of Tennessee, came out in the lead with three big coons to their credit. The other four sets were eliminated.

The following morning all five sets of dogs were eliminated. None had even tied the blue ticks, although two sets had gotten two coons, and one of these had treed a third one in a bluff.

That day, while eating dinner, my grandfather asked me if my dogs had ever treed three coons in one night.

I said, "Yes, four different times, but that's all."

"Where do you think we should hunt on our night?" Papa asked.

I told him if we could get our judge to go with us in the buggy, we would be better off if we could go far downriver and get out of the range where other dogs had hunted.

He said, "That's a good idea. I'll go to see the judges about it."

While I was washing the dishes, Grandpa said, "I think I'll shave."

I should've left the tent then, but I wasn't done with my dish-washing.

With a pin, Grandpa hung a small mirror on the tent wall.

After much snorting, mumbling, and screwing of his face this way and that, the job was completed. Dabbing a little water on his iron-gray hair, he reached for his brush and comb.

From the corner of my eye I watched him. I had tried to clean the beautiful brush but hadn't been able to get all the short red hair from it.

With two fingers, Grandpa pulled some of the hair from the bristles. Holding it in front of him, he looked it over carefully. Then, bending over close to the mirror, peeking over his glasses, he inspected his head. Straightening up, he looked at the brush again. Turning around quickly, he looked straight at me and said, "Say, young—"

Not waiting for anything more, I scooted for the door. Crawling under the buggy, I lay down between my dogs. I knew he wouldn't be mad at me, but it would be best to stay away for a while.

The third night, the blue ticks were tied by two black and tan hounds from the bayou country of Louisiana.

All that day I was restless. I prowled through the camp. Every little while I would go and see how Old Dan and Little Ann were. Once I took two weenies from our groceries. I heated them and gave them to my dogs for a treat. Old Dan swallowed his down in one gulp, and looked at me as if to say, "Is that all?" Little Ann ate hers in a ladylike way. I could have sworn I saw a small grin on her face.

Grandpa was hopping around like a grasshopper, going here and there. Once, passing a tent, I heard his voice. I knew he was bragging about my dogs. I smiled to myself.

Another hunter stopped me and asked, "Is it true that your

hounds have treed six coons in one night, three up in one tree, or is that old man just blowing off steam?"

I told him my grandfather had a little steam, but he was the best grandpa a boy ever had.

He patted me on the head, turned, and walked away laughing.

Prepositional Phrases Review

• A preposition is a word showing a relation between a noun and another word. The relation it shows is related to either the adjective or adverb questions the phrase answers.

- Every preposition needs an OBJECT
- Every prepositional phrase, as a whole phrase, acts like an adjective or adverb.

Is the phrase acting like an ADJ?

- It describes a noun or pronoun
- It answers the adjective questions.
 - "Which one?"
 - "What kind?"
 - "How Many?"
 - "Whose?"

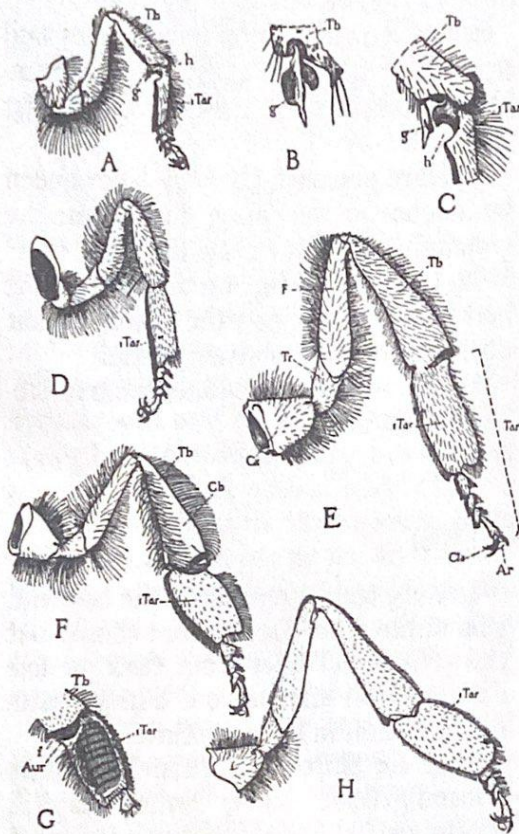
Is the phrase acting like an ADV?

- It describes a verb, adjective or adverb.
- It answers the adverb questions.
 - "How?"
 - "When?"
 - "Where?"
 - "Why?"
 - "To What Extent?"

study the physical adaptations of the members of these castes for their special work in the community.

THE WORKER

There are three divisions to the body of the bee, as in all insects — head, thorax,



From *Anatomy and Physiology of the Honeybee* by Snodgrass. McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc.

Legs of the honeybee

A, front leg of worker showing antenna cleaner (g, h); B, spine of antenna cleaner; C, antenna cleaner enlarged; D, middle leg of worker, anterior surface; E, left hind leg of queen, outer surface; F, left hind leg of worker, outer surface, showing pollen basket (Cb); G, first tarsal joint (Tar.), inner surface, of leg of worker, showing pollen comb (transverse rows of spines); H, left hind leg of drone, outer surface

and abdomen. The head bears the eyes, antennæ, and mouth-parts (p. 393, W). There are two large compound eyes on either side of the head and three simple eyes between them. The antennæ arise from the face, each consisting of two parts, one straight segment at the base, and the end portion which is curved and made up of many segments. There is also a short, beadlike segment where the antenna joins the face. A lens is needed to see the jaws of the bee, folded across, much like a pair

of hooks, and below them the tongue, which is a sucking tube; the length of the tongue is very important, for upon this depends the ability of the bee to get nectar from the flowers.

The thorax bears three pairs of legs below and two pairs of wings above. Each leg consists of six segments, and the foot or tarsus has four segments and a pair of claws. The front leg has an antenna comb between the tibia and tarsus, A(g,h) and C; the hind leg has a pollen basket, which is a long cavity bordered by hairs wherein the pollen is packed and carried, F(Cb).

On the other side of the large joint beyond the pollen basket are rows of spines which serve to collect pollen grains from other parts of the body, G, and between these two large segments is a cleft through which pollen is forced in loading the baskets. This loading must occur while the bee is on the wing, so that the legs may be free for the peculiar actions by which the loading is brought about.

The front pair of wings is larger than the hind pair. The wings of the old bees that have done much work are always frayed at the edges.

There are six segments or rings to the abdomen, plainly visible from above. If the three to five segments next the thorax are marked above with yellow bands on their front edges, the bee is an Italian. On the lower side of the abdomen, four of the segments are composed of a central part with an overlapping plate on each side. These flaps cover the eight areas through which wax is secreted; but without dissection this cannot be seen, except when the wax plates are abnormally large, in which event they may protrude and be visible. The flecks of wax there formed are used by the bees to build their combs.

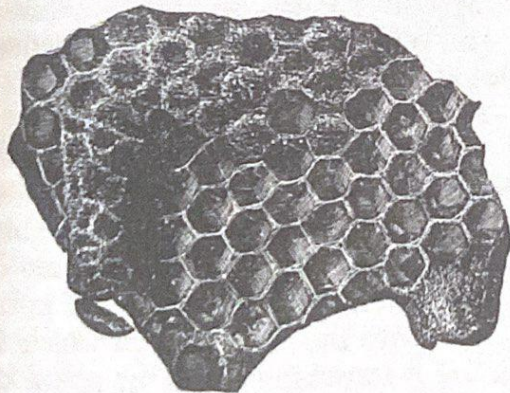
THE QUEEN

The queen bee is a truly royal insect. She is much larger than the worker, her body being long and pointed, and extending far beyond the tips of her closed wings, giving her a graceful form. She has no pol-

len baskets or pollen comb upon her legs, because it is not a part of her work to gather pollen or honey. The queen bee starts life as an ordinary worker egg, which is selected for special development. The workers tear down the partitions of the cells around the chosen egg and build a projection over the top, making an apartment. The little white bee grub, as soon as it hatches, is fed for five days on the same food that is given to the worker grubs in the earliest part of their feeding period; it is a special substance, secreted by the worker bees, called royal jelly. This food is very nourishing, and after being reared upon it, the princess larva weaves around herself a silken cocoon and changes to a pupa. Meanwhile the workers have sealed her cell with wax.

When the princess pupa changes to the full-grown queen she cuts a circular door in the cover of the cell and pushes through it into the world. Her first real work is to hunt for other queen cells, and if she finds one she will, if not hindered, make a hole in its side and destroy the poor princess within. If she finds another full-grown queen, the two fight until one succumbs. The queen rarely uses her sting upon anything or anyone except a rival queen.

After a few days she takes her marriage flight in the air, where she mates with some drone, and then returns to her hive and begins her great work as mother of



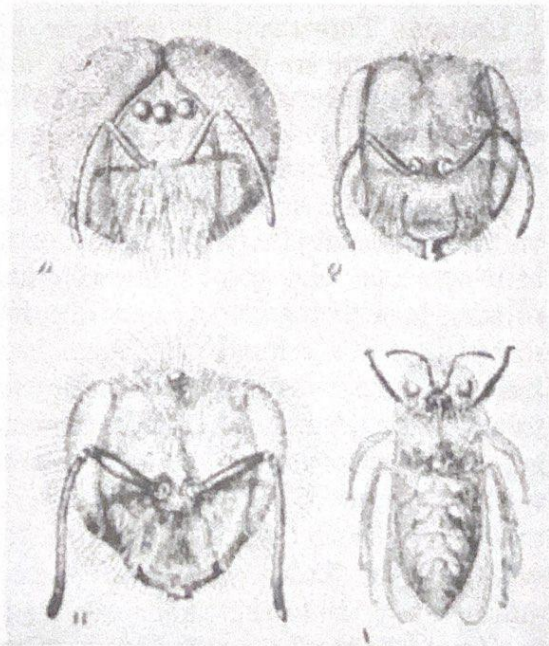
Comb of the honeybee. The beginnings of two queen cells are represented on the lower edge of the comb, and a completed queen cell extends over the face of the comb near the left side. From the lower end of it hangs a lid which was cut away by the workers to allow the queen to emerge

the colony. She runs about on the comb, pokes her head into a cell to see if it is ready, then turning about thrusts her abdomen in and neatly glues an egg fast to the bottom.

When the honey season is at its height she works with great rapidity, sometimes laying at the rate of six eggs a minute, often producing two thousand eggs during a day, which would equal in weight her own body. If the workers do not allow her to destroy the other developing queens, she departs from the hive with a major portion of the worker bees in what is known as a swarm, seeking a home elsewhere.

THE DRONE

The drone differs much from the queen and the worker. He is broad and blunt, being very different in shape from the queen, and larger than the worker (p. 391, Fig. 2). He has no pollen baskets on his legs and has no sting. His eyes are very much larger than those of the queen or the worker and unite at the top of the head (D, below). His wings are larger and stronger than those of the worker or



A. J. Hammar

D, head of drone. Q, head of queen bee. W, head of worker. X, worker bee seen from underneath, showing plates of wax secreted from the wax pockets

queen. It is not his business to go out and gather honey or to help in the work of the hive. His tongue is not long enough to get honey from the flowers; he has no pollen basket in which to carry pollen; he has no sting to fight enemies and no pockets for secreting wax; he is fed by his sister workers until the latter part of the season when the honey supply runs low, and then he is driven from the hive to die of starvation. The drone should be called a prince or king, since his particular office in the hive is to mate with the queen.

SIXTEEN

IN THE AFTERNOON OUR JUDGE came over and introduced himself. He told us he'd be going with us that night.

About sundown we piled in our buggy and drove a few miles downriver. I noticed other hunters doing the same thing. Everyone was trying to get away from the already-hunted territory.

It was dark by the time Grandpa stopped. I untied the ropes from my dogs. Little Ann reared up on me and whined. Old Dan walked off a few yards, stretched his body, and dragged his claws through the soft bottom soil. Opening his mouth, he let out one loud bawl, and then disappeared in the thick timber. Little Ann was right on his heels.

We took off after them.

Grandpa got nervous. He said to me, "Don't you think you ought to whoop to them?"

I told him to wait a little while. There would be plenty of time for whooping.

He snorted and said he thought a hunter always whooped to his dogs.

"I do, Grandpa," I said, "but not before they strike a trail."

We walked on. Every now and then we would stop and listen. I could hear the loud snuffing of Old Dan. Once we caught a glimpse of Little Ann as she darted across an opening that was bathed in moonlight. She was as silent as a ghost and as quick as a flitting shadow.

Papa said, "It sure is a beautiful night for hunting."

The judge said, "You can't beat these Ozark Mountain nights for beauty. I don't care where you go."

Grandpa started to say something. His voice was drowned out by the bell-like cry of Little Ann.

In a whisper, I said, "Come on, Dan. Hurry and help her."

As if in answer to my words, his deep voice hammered its way up through the river bottoms. I felt the blood tingling in my veins. That wonderful feeling that only a hunter knows crept over my body.

Looking over at Grandpa, I said, "Now you can whoop."

Jerking off his hat and throwing back his head, he let out a yell. It wasn't a whoop, or a screech, it was about halfway in between. Everyone laughed.

The coon was running upriver toward our campground. We turned and followed. I could tell by the dogs' voices that they were running side by side, and were hot on the trail. Closing my eyes, I could almost see them running, bodies stretched to their fullest length, legs pounding up

and down, white steam rolling from their hot breath in the frosty night.

Grandpa got tangled up in some underbrush, and lost his hat and spectacles. It took us a while to find the glasses. Papa said something about getting them wired on with bailing wire. Grandpa snorted. The judge laughed.

The coon crossed the river and ran on upstream. Soon my dogs were out of hearing distance. I told Papa we had better stay on our side of the river and keep going until we could hear them again.

Twenty minutes later we heard them coming back. We stopped.

"I think they have crossed back to our side," I said.

All at once the voices of my dogs were drowned out by a loud roar.

"What in the world was that?" Grandpa said.

"I don't know," the judge said. "Reckon it was wind or thunder?"

About that time we heard it again.

The judge started laughing. "I know now what it is," he said. "Those hounds have run that coon right back by our camp. The noise we heard was the other hunters whooping to them."

Everyone laughed.

A few minutes later I heard my dogs bawling treed. On reaching the tree, Papa ran his hand back under his coat. He pulled out Grandpa's gun.

"That's a funny-looking gun," the judge said. "It's a 410-gauge pistol, isn't it?"

"It's the very thing for this kind of work," Papa said. "You couldn't kill a coon with it if you tried, especially if you're using bird shot. All it will do is sting his hide a little."

At the crack of the gun, the coon gave a loud squall and jumped. My dogs lost no time in killing him.

We skinned the coon, and soon were on our way again.

The next time my dogs treed, they were across the river from us. Finding a riffle, we pulled off our shoes and started across.

Grandpa very gingerly started picking his way. His tender old feet moved from one smooth rock to another. Everything was fine until we reached midstream, where the current was much swifter. He stepped on a loose round rock. It rolled and down he went.

As the cold river water touched his body, he let out a yell that could have been heard for miles. He looked so funny we couldn't keep from laughing.

Papa and the judge helped him to his feet. Laughing every step of the way, we finally reached the other side. Grandpa kept going in his wet clothes until we reached the tree where the dogs were.

After killing the coon, we built a large fire so Grandpa could dry his clothes. He'd get up as close to the fire as he could, and turn this way and that. He looked so funny standing there with his long underwear steaming. I started rolling with laughter.

He looked over at me and snapped, "What's so funny?"
I said, "Nothing."

"Well, why are you laughing?" he said.

At this remark, Papa and the judge laughed until their eyes watered.

Mumbling and grumbling, Grandpa said, "If you fellows were as cold as I am, you wouldn't be laughing."

We knew we shouldn't be laughing, but we couldn't help ourselves.

The judge looked at his watch. "It's after three o'clock," he said. "Do you think they'll tree another one?"

As if to throw the words back in the judge's face, Old Dan opened up. I stood up and whooped. "Whoo-e-e! Get him, Dan! Get him! Put him up a little tree."

There was a mad scramble. Grandpa tried to put his britches on backwards. The judge and Papa ran over to help him with his shoes. Each one tried to put a shoe on the wrong foot. I was laughing so hard I could do nothing.

A hundred yards from the fire, I realized we had forgotten the coonskins. I ran back for them.

My dogs had jumped the coon in swampland. He tore out for the river bottoms. I could tell they were close to him by their fast bawling. All at once their baying stopped. We stood still and listened. Old Dan bawled treed a few more times and then stopped.

Grandpa asked, "What's happened?"

I told him the coon had probably pulled some kind of trick.

Coming up to my dogs, we saw they were working up and down an old rail fence. We stood and watched. Every now and then, Old Dan would rear up on a large hackberry tree that was standing about seven feet from the fence and bawl treed.

As yet Little Ann had not bawled the tree bark. We watched

her. She was working everywhere. She climbed up on the rail fence and followed its zigzag course until she disappeared in the darkness.

I told Papa I was sure the coon had walked the rail fence and in some way had fooled my dogs.

Old Dan would keep coming back to the hackberry tree. He would rear up on it and bawl treed. We walked up to him. Looking the tree over, we could see that the coon wasn't in it.

The judge said, "It looks like he has them fooled."

"Maybe you had better call them off," Grandpa said. "We can go someplace else and hunt. We've got to get one more coon, even if I have to tree it myself."

For some reason, no one laughed at his remark.

"It's almost daylight," Papa said.

"Yes, that's what has me worried," I said. "We don't have time to do any more hunting. If we lose this one, we're beat."

Hearing the word beat, Grandpa began to fidget. He asked me, "What do you think happened? How did that coon fool them?"

"I don't know for sure," I said. "He walked that rail fence. The hackberry tree has something to do with his trick, but I don't know what."

"Son," the judge said, "I wouldn't feel too badly if I were you. I've seen some of the very best hounds fooled by a smart old coon."

Regardless of all the discouraging talk, the love and belief I had in my little red hounds never faltered. I could see them now and then, leaping over old logs, tearing through the

underbrush, sniffing and searching for the lost trail. My heart swelled with pride. I whooped, urging them on.

In a low voice, the judge said, "I'll say one thing. They don't give up easily."

Birds began to chirp all around us. The sky took on a light gray color. Tiny dim stars were blinking the night away.

"It looks like we're beat," Papa said. "It's getting daylight."

At that moment, the loud clear voice of a redbone hound, bawling treed, rang through the river bottoms. It was the voice of Little Ann.

Sucking in a mouthful of air, I held it. I could feel my heart pounding against my ribs. I closed my eyes tight and gritted my teeth to keep the tears from coming.

"Let's go to them," Grandpa said.

"No, wait a minute," I said.

"Why?" he asked.

"Wait till Old Dan gets there," I said. "It's daylight now, and if we walk up to the tree, the coon will jump out. It's hard to keep a coon in a tree after daylight. Let's wait until Old Dan gets there. Then if he jumps, he won't have a chance to get away."

"The boy's right," the judge said. "It's hard to keep a coon in a tree after daybreak."

Just then we heard Old Dan. His deep voice shattered the morning silence. Searching for the lost trail, he had crossed the fence and worked his way out into an old field. Turning around, we saw him coming. He was a red blur in the gray morning shadows. Coming to the rail fence, and without breaking his stride, he raised his body into the air. About half-way over and while still in the air he bawled.

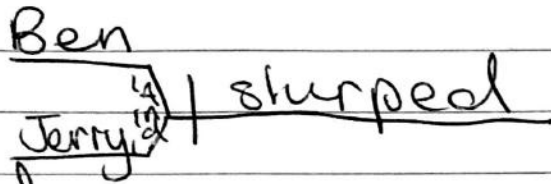
Compound Elements

When 2 or more items (subjects, predicates, prepositions, etc...) are joined by a conjunction they form a

Compound Element

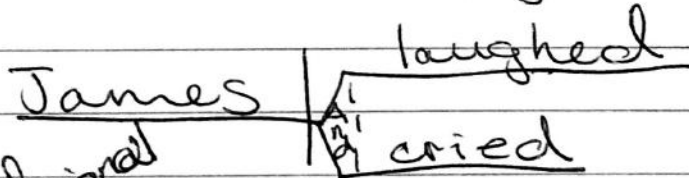
Compound subjects

CSN c CSN v
Ex: Ben and Jerry slurped



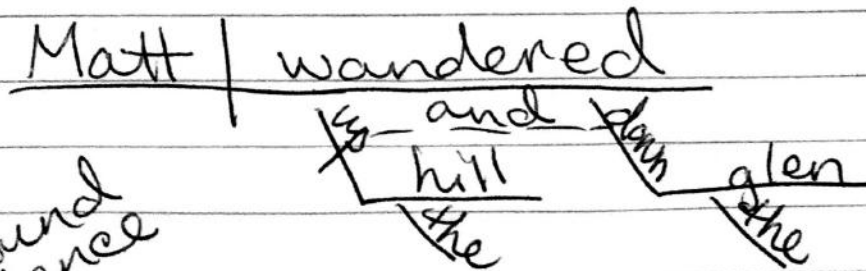
Compound verbs

SN CAV c CAV
James laughed and cried



Compound prepositional phrase

Matt wandered up the hill and down the glen.



Compound sentence

Elena went to school but Asher stayed at home

but -
Elena | went
to school
Asher | stayed
at home

Civil War

Start and Strategies

[comprehensive video](#)



Many Southern States secede and begin to form the Confederate States of America in reaction to Lincoln's election. Lincoln starts his presidency with the difficult job of trying to keep the Union together.

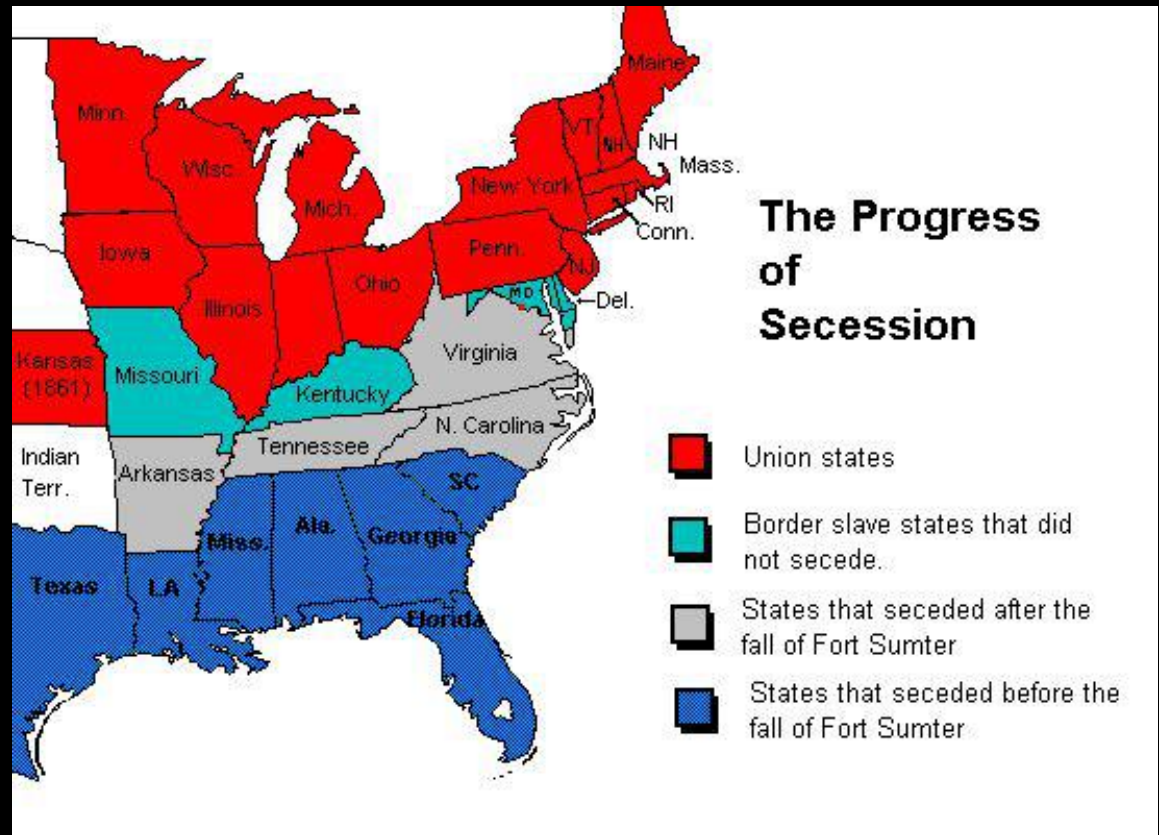
The caption for this political cartoon says,

“A JOB FOR THE NEW CABINET MAKER”



It is important to notice the “teal” states: Slave states that did not secede.

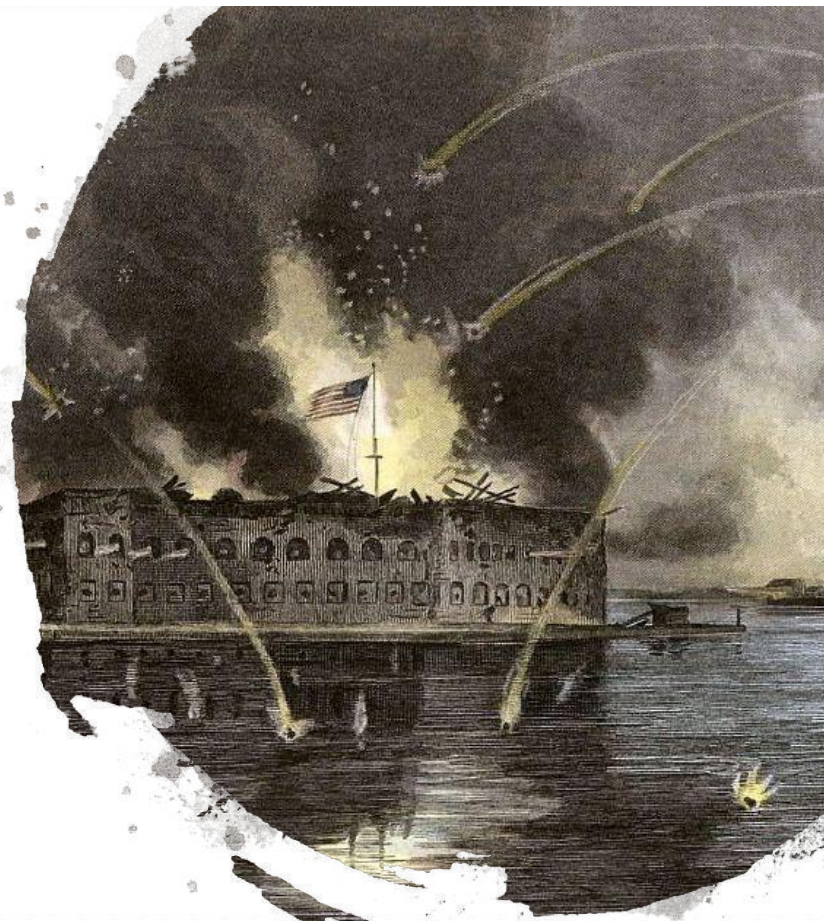
If they are slave states, why did they not join the South?



4

Battle of Fort Sumter

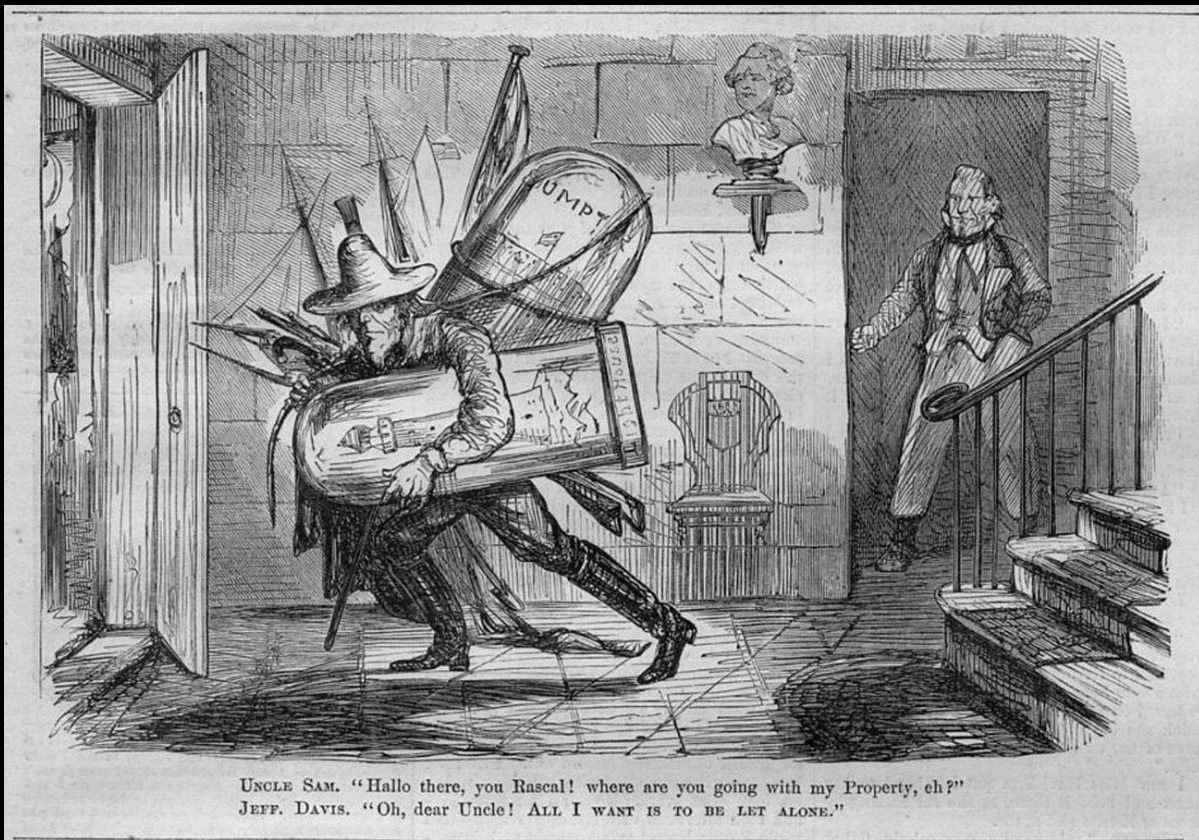
- South Carolina secedes from the Union and becomes wary of any Northern military presence on their soil.
- Lincoln wants to avoid war, but it is more important to him that the Union stays together. The Union controlled Fort Sumter in South Carolina, and the Fort needed more supplies to maintain its presence.
- Lincoln lets the Southern generals know that he is only sending food and supplies, not ammunition or soldiers, to the Fort.
- The South demands the Fort's surrender. When they refuse, Confederate forces open fire on Fort Sumter. The North surrenders the Fort, and these shots mark the first battle of the Civil War.



This cartoon depicts Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States, stealing a lighthouse and Fort Sumter from "Uncle Sam", a personification of the U.S.

Jefferson Davis is caught red-handed, and replies,

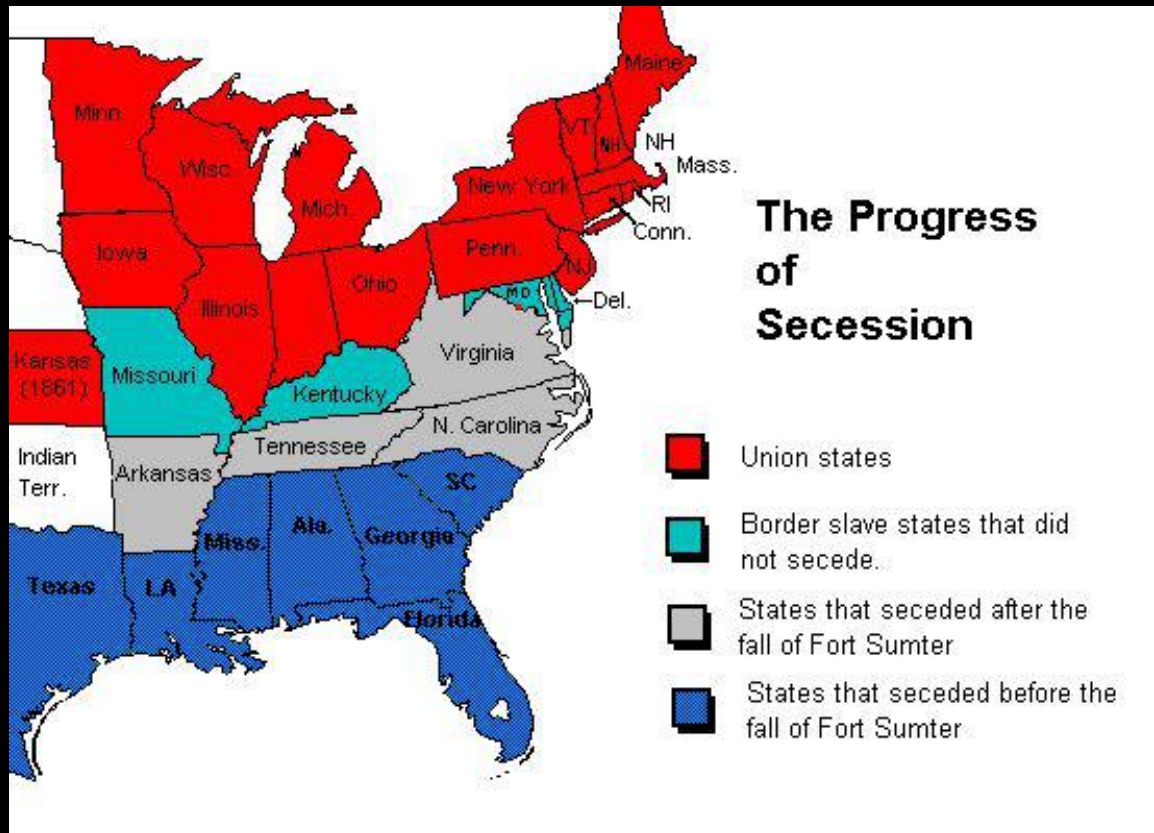
"Oh, dear Uncle! All I want is to be let alone."



6

Why do some slave states remain a part of the Union?

Because this was not yet a fight over slavery. The South was fighting to preserve their independence from the North.



Here we can see the Confederate States (burnt orange) that broke away from the Union.

What is the goal for the South in this war?
To achieve independence and be recognized as their own country.

The North's goal: to keep the Union together



8

Battle of Bull Run (Manassas)

- This is the next large battle of the Civil War
- Many spectators gather to picnic and watch the battle. Some even expect that the Southern army will stand down when they see the North's forces.
- Instead, the Confederate army overwhelms the Union, and the Union soldiers flee, running into the picnickers who were too slow to run away.
- The Northern States are forced to realize that this will not be a quick war.



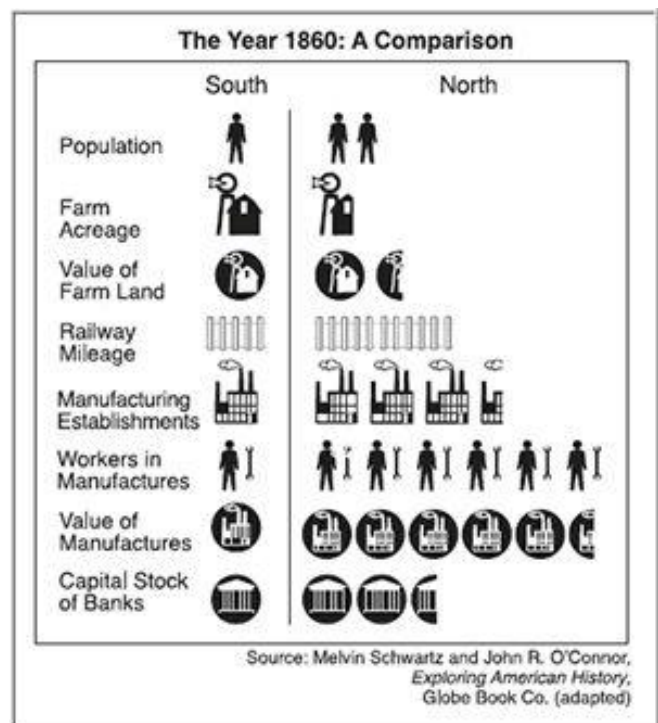
Strategies for the Long War

10

Resources

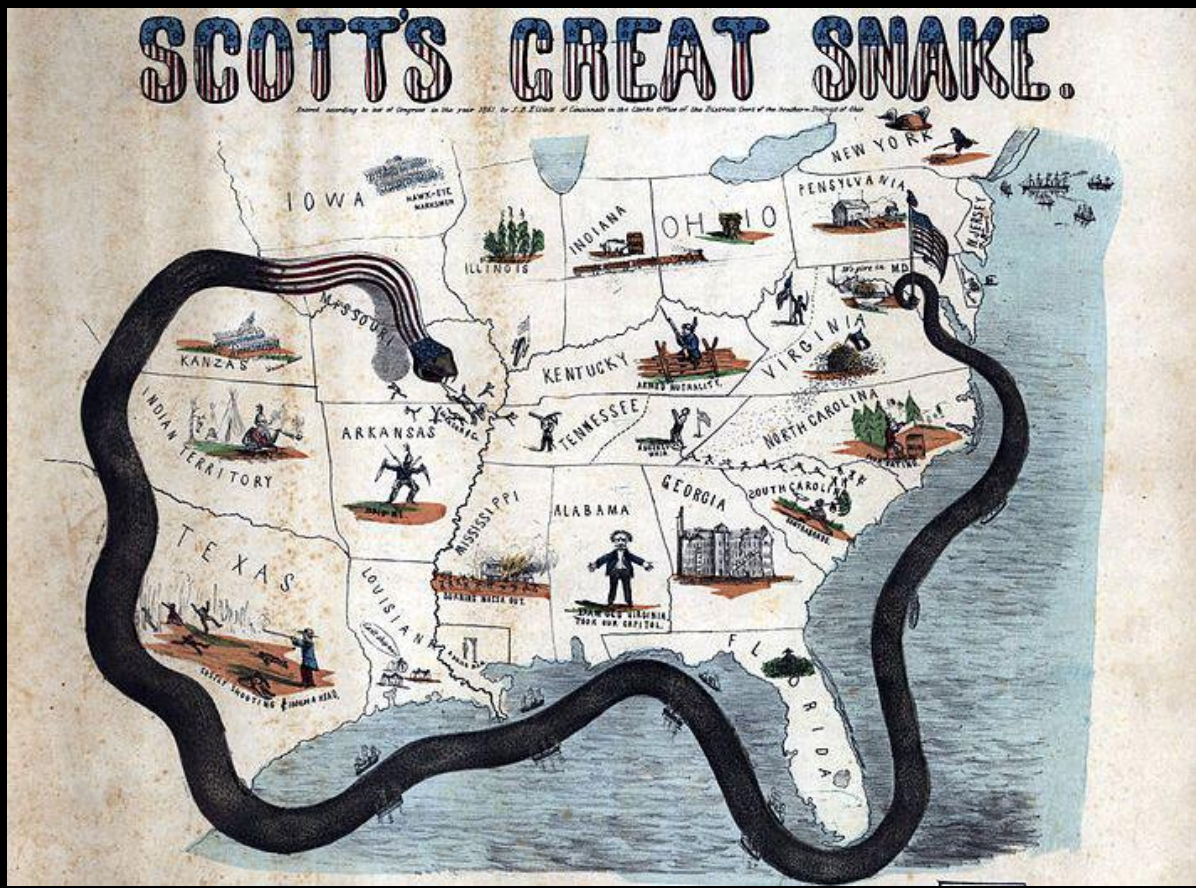
•In order to fight a war, you need money, people, weapons, food, and transportation!

•This will be the North's primary advantage over the South. They will **DOMINATE** in resources, and they will be able to afford more men dying than the South.



The North will try to eliminate the South's ability to receive any outside resources.

The so-called "Anaconda Strategy" was to cut off the major coast and river supply ports of the Confederate States. The North's blockades would eventually "strangle" the South's army.

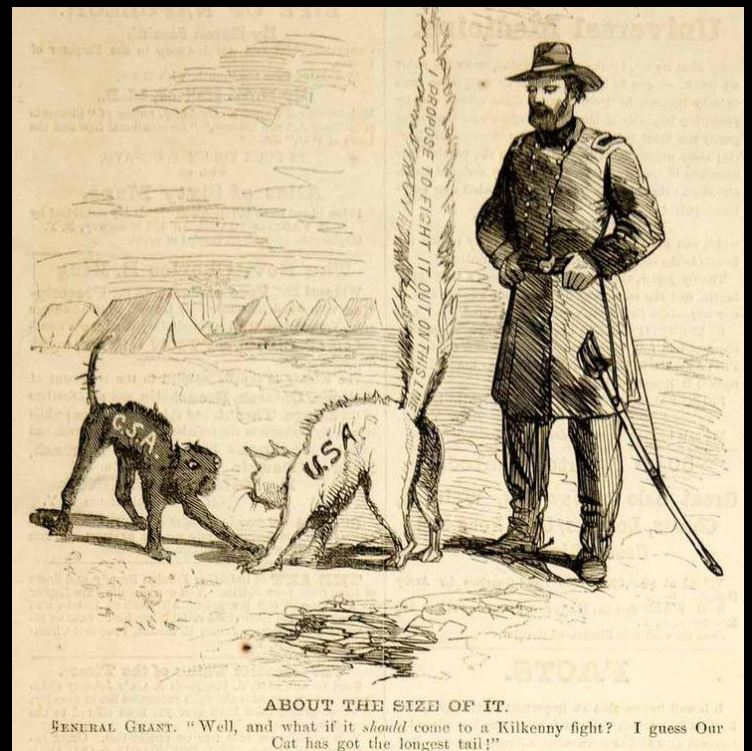


12

This cartoon depicts the Union cat facing off against the Confederate cat.

The writing on the Union cat's tail says, "I propose to fight it out on this line."

Yet that line lies behind the Union cat.



Homecourt Advantage

For the most part, this is a great advantage for the Confederate army. They are fighting on their own home territory.

- 1) Southern soldiers know the lay of the land and can prepare better strategies in battle
- 2) Southern soldiers are fighting for a cause they love dearly, their own homes



14

Fighting for a Cause

The South, in fighting to gain its own independence, will view itself as a continuation of the American vision that sought to liberate itself from Britain's rule.

The Confederate army will also be led in battle by far more inspiring and competent leaders.

Confederate General Robert E. Lee is recorded to have said upon the eve of the war, "If I owned four million slaves, I would cheerfully sacrifice them to the preservation of the Union, but to lift my hand against my own State and people is impossible."



**The Union****The Confederacy**

	The Union	The Confederacy
Goal	Preserve the union	Gain independence
Advantages	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Growing population• More industry• Better railroads• Strong navy	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Had the nation's best military leaders• Troops committed to the fight
Disadvantages	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Small standing army• Troops were not very committed• Lacked the best military leaders	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Less factories for making war supplies• Few vital ports• Smaller population

Hitting the ground with a loud grunt, he ran past us. Everyone whooped to him. Ahead was a deep washout about ten feet wide. On the other side was a canebrake. His long red body, stretched to its fullest length, seemed to float in the air as he sailed over it. We could hear the tall stalks rattling as he plowed his way through them. A bunch of sleepy snow birds rose from the thick cane, flitted over, and settled in a row on the old rail fence.

Nearing the tree, we could see it was a tall sycamore, and there high in the top was the coon.

Grandpa threw a fit. He hopped around whooping and hollering. He threw his old hat down on the ground and jumped up and down on it. Then he ran over and kissed Little Ann right on the head.

After we killed and skinned the coon, the judge said, "Let's walk back to that old fence. I think I know how the old fellow pulled his trick."

Back at the fence, the judge stood and looked around for a few minutes. Smiling, he said, "Yes, that's how he did it."

"How?" Grandpa asked.

Still smiling, the judge said, "That old coon walked this rail fence. Coming even with the hackberry tree, he leaped up on its side, and climbed up. Notice how thick the timber is around here. See that limb way up there in the top, the one that runs over and almost touches the sycamore?"

We saw what he meant.

"The coon walked out on that limb," he said, "leaped over, and caught the sycamore limb. Repeating this over and over, from tree to tree, he worked his way far out into the

river bottoms. What I can't figure out is how that hound found him."

Gazing at Little Ann, he shook his head and said, "I've been hunting coons and judging coon hunts for forty years, but I've never seen anything like that."

He looked at me. "Well, son," he said, "you have tied the leading teams. There's only one more night of eliminations. Even if some of them get more than three coons, you will still be in the runoff, and from what I've seen here tonight, you have a good chance of winning the cup."

I knew that Little Ann had scented the coon in the air, the same as she had the ghost coon. I walked over and knelt down by her side. The things I wanted to say to her I couldn't, for the knot in my throat, but I'm sure she understood.

As we came into the campground, the hunters came out of their tents and gathered around us. The judge held up the three big coon hides. There was a roar from the crowd.

One man said, "That was the most beautiful sight I've ever seen."

"What was a beautiful sight?" Grandpa asked.

"Last night those little red hounds brought that coon right through camp."

The judge said, "We figured they did when we heard the noise."

Laughing, the man said, "We heard them when they ran up the other side of the river. Way up above here they crossed over. We could tell they were coming back so we doused all the fires and, sure enough, they came right through camp. Those two little hounds weren't fifty yards behind the coon,

running side by side. Boy, they were picking them up and laying them down, and bawling every time their feet touched the ground. I'll tell you, it was the prettiest sight I ever saw."

When the judge started telling about the last coon Little Ann had treed I took my dogs over to our tent and fed and watered them. After they had had their fill, I gave them a good rubdown with a piece of gunny sack. Taking them out to the buggy, I tied them up. I stood and watched while they twisted around in the hay making their bed.

That day I tried to get some sleep in our tent, but the soaking Grandpa had taken in the river had given him a cold, causing him to snore. I never heard such a racket in all my life. I'd have sworn he rattled the paper sacks in our grocery boxes. Taking a blanket, I went out to my dogs. Little Ann had wiggled up as close to Old Dan as she could. Prying them apart, I lay down between them and fell asleep.

The last night of the eliminations turned out like the second night. None of the judges turned in more than two hides.

That day, about noon, the owners of the other winning teams and I were called for a conference with the head judge. He said, "Gentlemen, the eliminations are over. Only three sets of hounds are left for the runoff. The winner of tonight's hunt will receive the gold cup. If there is a tie for the championship, naturally there will be another runoff."

He shook hands with each of us and wished us good luck.

Tension began to build up in the camp. Here and there hunters were standing in small groups, talking. Others could be seen going in and out of tents with rolls of money in their hands. Grandpa was the busiest one of all. His voice could be

heard all over the camp. Men were looking at me, and talking in low tones. I strutted like a turkey gobbler.

That evening, while we were having supper, a hunter dropped by. He had a small box in his hand. Smiling, he said, "Everyone has agreed that we should have a jackpot for the winner. I've been picked to do the collecting."

Grandpa said, "You may as well leave it here now."

Looking at me, the hunter said, "Son, I think almost every man in this camp is hoping you win it, but it's not going to be easy. You're going up against four of the finest hounds there are." Turning to my father, he said, "Did you know the two big walker hounds have won four gold cups?"

Very seriously, Papa said, "You know I have two mules down on my place. One is almost as big as a barn. The other one isn't much bigger than a jack rabbit, but that little mule can outpull the big one every time."

Smiling, the hunter turned to leave. He said, "You could be right."

Papa asked me again where I thought we should start hunting.

I had been thinking about this all day. I said, "You remember where we jumped the last coon in the swamp?"

Papa said, "Yes."

"Well, the way I figure, more than one coon lives in that swamp," I said. "It's a good place for them as there are lots of crawfish and minnows in those potholes. If a hound jumps one there, he has a good chance to tree him."

Papa asked, "Why?"

"It's a long way back to the river, and about the same

distance to the mountains," I said. "Either way he runs, a dog can get pretty close to him, and so he would have to take to a tree."

That evening we climbed into Grandpa's buggy and headed for the swamp. It was dark by the time we reached it.

Grandpa handed Papa his gun, saying, "You're getting to be a pretty good shot with this thing."

"I hope I get to shoot it a lot tonight," Papa said.

Under my breath, I said, "I do, too."

After untying the ropes from my dogs, I held onto their collars for a minute. Pulling them up close, I knelt down and whispered, "This is the last night. I know you'll do your best."

They seemed to understand and tugged at their collars. When I turned them loose, they started for the timber. Just as they reached the dark shadows, they stopped, turned around, and stared straight at me for an instant.

The judge saw their strange actions. Laying a hand on my shoulder, he asked, "What did they say, son?"

I said, "Nothing that anyone could understand, but I can feel that they know this hunt is important. They know it just as well as you or I."

It was Little Ann who found the trail. Before the echo of her sharp cry had died away, Old Dan's deep voice floated out of the swamp.

"Well, let's go," Papa said eagerly.

"No, let's wait a minute," I said.

"Wait? Why?" Grandpa asked.

"To see which way he's going to run," I said.

The coon broke out of the swamp and headed for the river.

Listening to my dogs, I could tell they were close to him. I said to Papa, "I don't think he'll ever make it to the river. They're right on his heels now."

By the time we had circled the swamp, they were bawling treed.

The judge said, "Boy, that was fast."

I felt my father's hand on my shoulder. Looking at me, he smiled and nodded his head. Papa and I knew I had judged the coon perfectly. He didn't have time to reach the river or the mountains.

My dogs had treed the coon in a tall ash which stood about fifty yards from the river. I knew the fifty yards had saved us a good hour, because he could have pulled trick after trick if he had gotten in the water.

We spied the coon in the topmost branches. At the crack of the gun, he ran far out on a limb and jumped. He landed in an old fallen treetop. He scooted through it. Coming out on the other side, he ran for the river. The tangled mass of limbs slowed my dogs and they all but tore the treetop apart getting out of it. The coon was just one step ahead of them as they reached the river. We heard them hit the water.

Running over, we stood and watched the fight. The coon was at home in the river. He crawled up on Old Dan's head, trying to force him under. Before he could do it, Little Ann reached up and pulled him off.

In a scared voice, Papa said, "That water looks deep to me."

"Maybe you had better call them off," said the judge. "That's a big coon and he could drown one of them easily in that deep water."

"Call them off?" I said. "Why, you couldn't whip them off with a stick. There's no use for anyone to get scared. They know exactly what they're doing. I've seen this more times than one."

Grandpa was scared and excited. He was jumping up and down, whooping and hollering.

Papa raised the gun to aim.

I jumped and grabbed his arm. "Don't do that," I yelled. "You're sure to hit one of my dogs."

Round and round in the deep water the fight went on. The coon climbed on Old Dan's head and sank his teeth in one of his long tender ears. Old Dan bawled with pain. Little Ann swam in and caught one of the coon's hind legs in her mouth. She tried hard to pull him off. All three disappeared under the water.

I held my breath.

The water churned and boiled. All three came to the top about the same time. The coon was between the bank we were standing on and my dogs. He swam toward us. They caught him again just as he reached shore. He fought his way free and ran for a large sycamore. Old Dan caught him just as he started up. I knew that was the end of the fight.

After it was all over and the coon had been skinned, Grandpa said, "I hope we don't have to go through that again tonight. For a while I sure thought your dogs were goners."

The judge said, "Well, have you ever seen that? Look over there!"

Old Dan was standing perfectly still, with eyes closed and head hanging down. Little Ann was licking at his cut and bleeding ears.

“She always does that,” I said. “If you’ll watch, when she gets done with him, he’ll do the same for her.”

We stood and watched until they had finished doctoring each other. Then, trotting side by side, they disappeared in the darkness.

We followed along, stopping now and then to listen.

Grammar Review

- Direct and Indirect Objects
 - Direct objects receive action verb.
 - Direct objects answers WHAT? or WHO? after an action verb.

Diagram: DO
EX: Richard kicked the green soccer ball to Josue.

"ball" is the DO because it receives the action of being kicked.

- Indirect objects
 - when you have 1) an action verb
 - 2) a direct object

Diagram: IO
you may have an indirect object.

Asks: TO WHOM? or TO WHAT? after the verb.

- An indirect object receives the direct object.

EX: Sally brought me the newspaper.

DO: What receives the action of being brought? Newspaper.

IO: Who or what receives the newspaper? me.

Civil War

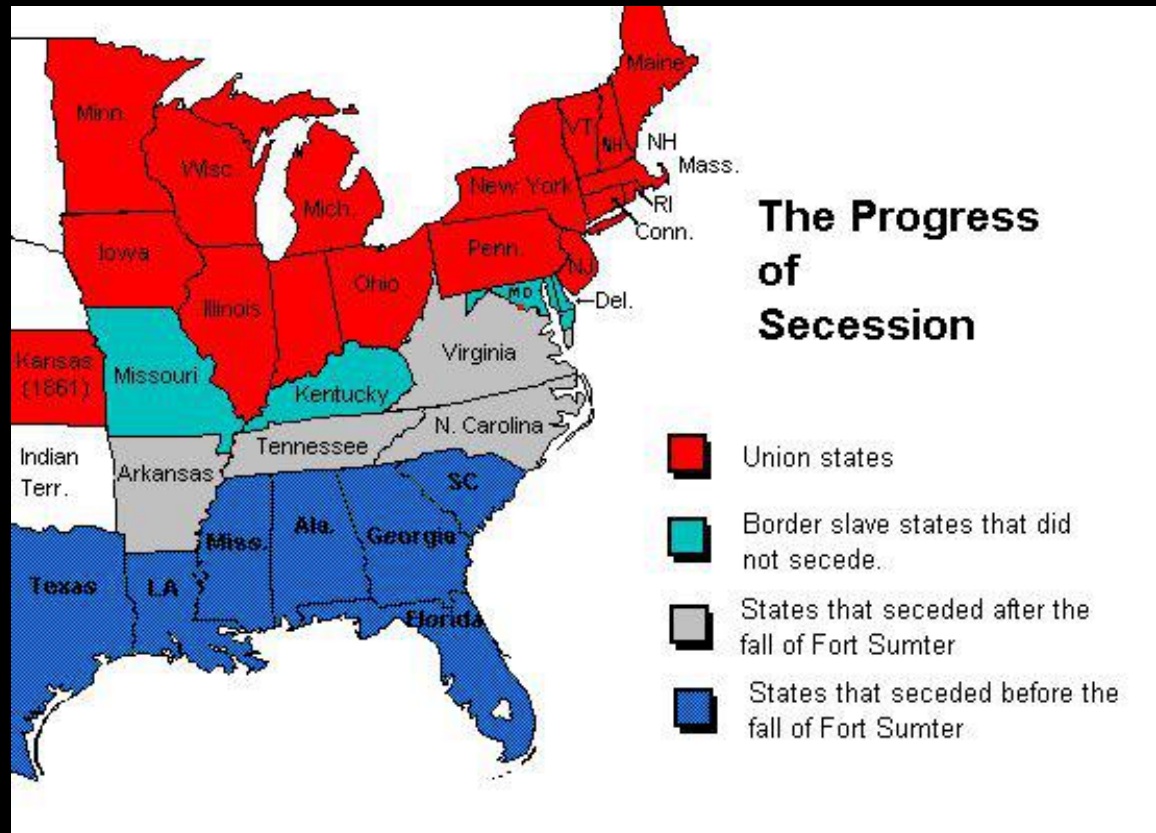
Antietam and the Emancipation Proclamation



Recall the “teal” states: Slave states that did not secede.

If they are slave states, why did they not join the South?

The South was not fighting for the sake of slavery, they were fighting to be free from the North

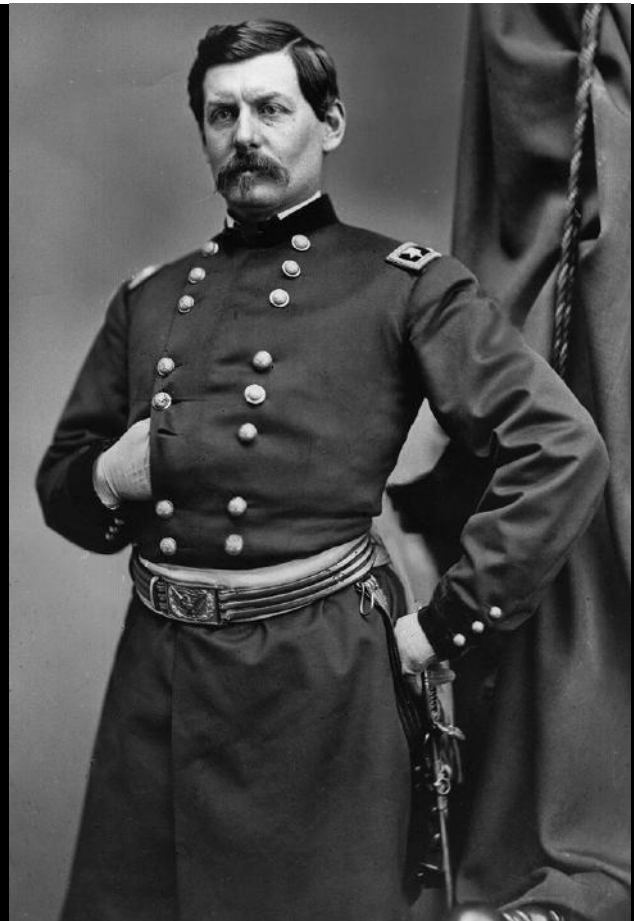


General McClellan

Lincoln selected McClellan to lead the Union army. To Lincoln's constant frustration, McClellan repeatedly failed to finish off the Confederate army because of his cautious and slow tactics.

Lincoln's Secretary of War once said, "If McClellan had a million men, he would swear the enemy had two million, and then he would sit down in the mud and yell for three."

Lincoln himself said, "If General McClellan does not want to use the army, I would like to borrow it."



4

Capitals

In war, capturing the enemy's capital city is a quick way to break their morale and end the fighting.

The Union's capital was/is Washington D.C.

The Confederate capital was Richmond, Virginia.

The two cities were incredibly close to one another, and the Union decided to try and seize Richmond.



Peninsula Campaign

General McClellan planned to march from Washington D.C. down the Potomac River in order to come up behind the capital of Richmond.

Theoretically, the Union army would catch the Confederates by surprise.

But McClellan was too slow, and in all the time he wasted waiting to march on Richmond and struggling to capture the small surrounding towns, Confederate General Robert E. Lee was able to defeat his “surprise” attack.



6

The South Replies

Following almost undefeated success, Confederate General Robert E. Lee decided to make his move to capture the Union capital Washington D.C.

Notice that Washington D.C. is sandwiched between the states of Virginia and Maryland.

Lee plans to conquer and convince Maryland (a slave state in the Union) to secede so that Washington D.C. would be surrounded by the Confederacy.



A Chance Discovery

In 1862, the South switches from defense to offense as they march North. General Lee knew that if he could win over Maryland and march into Pennsylvania to capture the North's center of railroad lines, the Union would lose heart and the South would win the war.

Lee might have succeeded, but luck was not on his side this time. A Union scout discovered at a Confederate campsite a scrap of paper, wrapped around cigars, that revealed Lee's exact location and plan to temporarily separate from Stonewall Jackson's troops on a side mission before reuniting in Maryland.

Thinking he would strike while Lee was at half of his force, General McClellan remarked, "Here is a piece of paper with which if I cannot whip Bobby Lee, I will be willing to go home."



8

Battle of Antietam (Sharpsburg)

Yet McClellan was still McClellan—too cautious, too worried about the enemy's strength, and always finding reasons for delay. By the time he finally moved, most of Stonewall Jackson's forces had already rejoined with Lee.

Sept 17, 1862, the two armies met in battle at Antietam Creek, near the town Sharpsburg.

- Antietam was the bloodiest day of the entire Civil War and remains the bloodiest single day in U.S. History. 23,000 Union and Confederate men died.
- At the end of the day, neither side had defeated the other. Yet because the South had less troops, they were eventually forced to retreat from the fight.



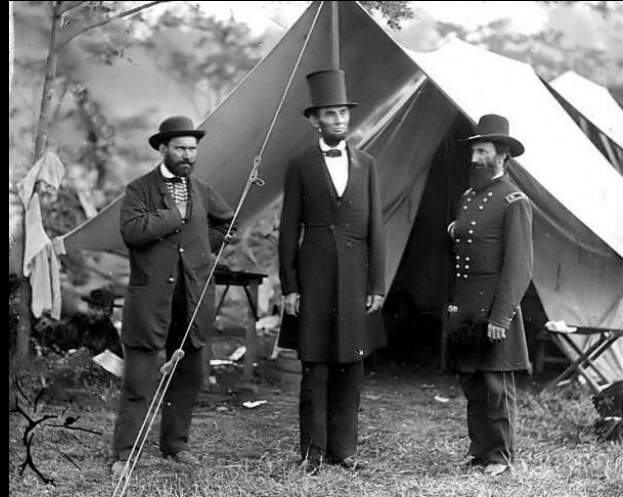
The Aftermath

Here was the opportunity the North had been waiting for!

Lee's army was on the run, with few soldiers left and short of supplies. Had McClellan attacked the next day, he might have finished off Lee's army. Instead, he held back, which allowed the Confederate troops to escape across the Potomac River.

President Lincoln had hoped for a swift and decisive victory. He was fit to be tied. Lincoln took a train himself to Sharpsburg and *ordered* McClellan to go after Lee!

That was the end for Lincoln. He removed McClellan from command and made sure he never held the position of general again.



10

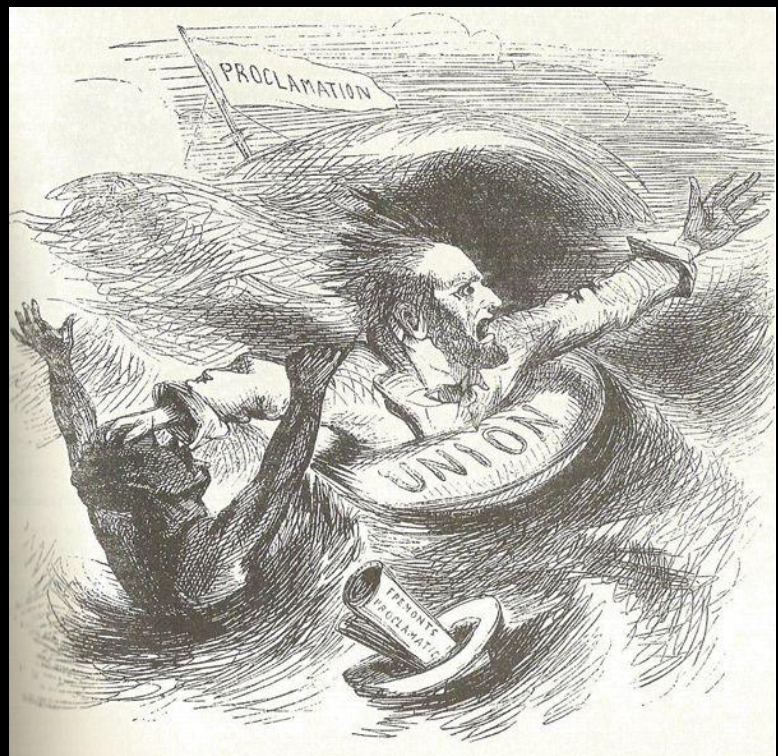
About Slavery

Remember the sources of tension for the Civil War?

Although Lincoln had made it clear that he did not want slavery to spread any further, he had made no direct moves to abolish it.

There were several slave states that had chosen to remain with the Union. Lincoln knew that if the point of the war was to end slavery, those states would certainly band together with the Confederacy.

In this cartoon, Lincoln shoves off an African American who tries to cling to the life-saver "Union" while the ship of "Proclamation" sinks in the swell behind them. In the panic of war, it seemed that the cause of the slaves has been forgotten.



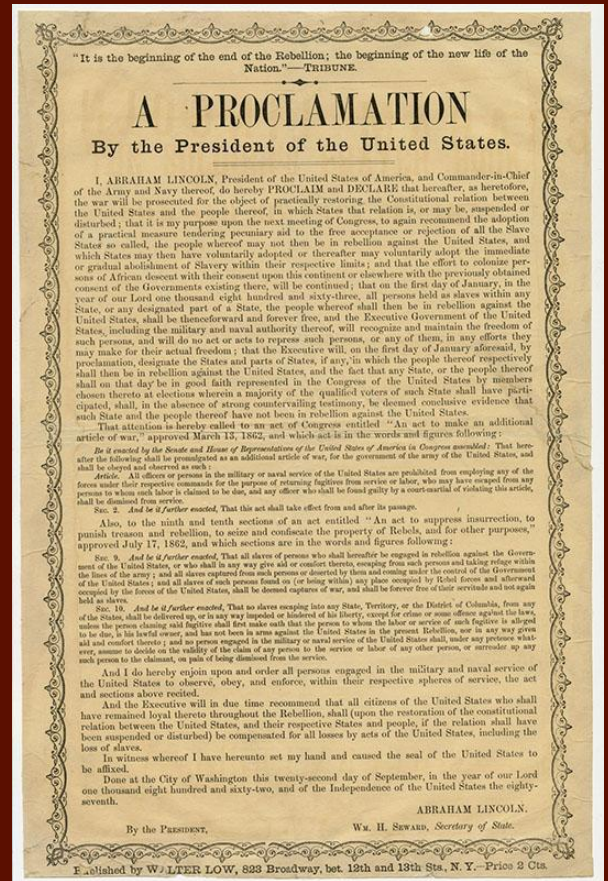
Yet after the (what little could be called) victory of Antietam, Lincoln made a careful political move to draw the war to a close.

“The moment came when I felt that slavery must die that the nation might live.”

Jan 1, 1863, Lincoln wrote and signed a document called the Emancipation Proclamation. This document announced that all slaves in states rebelling against the Union would be forever free.

NOTICE: Whom does this Proclamation actually free?

- Only the slaves in the “rebel states”, the Confederacy. This way, Lincoln maintained his relationship with the still slave states in the Union.
- This Proclamation hardly freed any slaves living in the South. Lincoln had another intention with publishing this document.



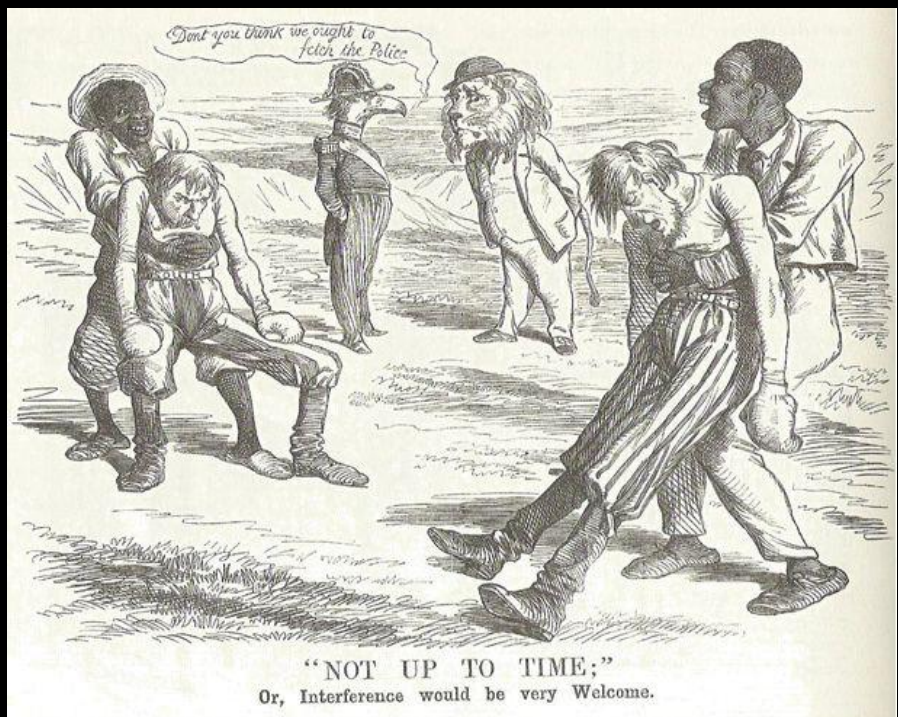
12

Foreign Allies

The South had only one resource in abundance: cotton. “Cotton is King.” They planned to make allies with Britain in order to keep selling their cotton and thereby earn money to fuel the war.

Up to this point, the European powers had been hesitant to choose sides.

In this cartoon, France (the eagle) and Britain (a lion) worry whether or not it is time to call the cops to stop Lincoln and Jefferson Davis from beating each other up.

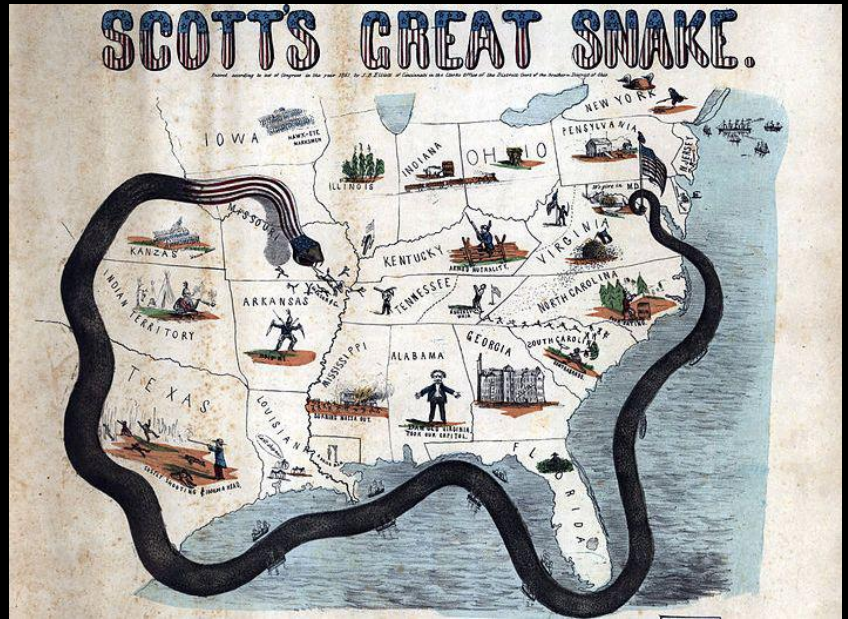


A Strategic Proclamation

Although the Proclamation had no immediate effect of freeing slaves, it de-legitimized the Confederacy in the eyes of foreign powers.

Instead of appearing as an independent nation to the eyes of Britain, Lincoln's Proclamation now characterized the South as rebels, still under the control of the U.S. This Proclamation made sure that no foreign allies would send soldiers or supplies to the Southern States.

The long-term strategy of the "Anaconda" coiled more tightly around the ports of the South, threatening to strangle them of the reinforcements and the supplies they needed to continue fighting.



Chapter 14

The Generals

Three Leading Generals The three most important generals during the Civil War were Robert E. Lee and Thomas J. “Stonewall” Jackson for the Confederacy, and Ulysses S. Grant for the Union.

The Big Question

How were the three great Civil War generals alike and different?

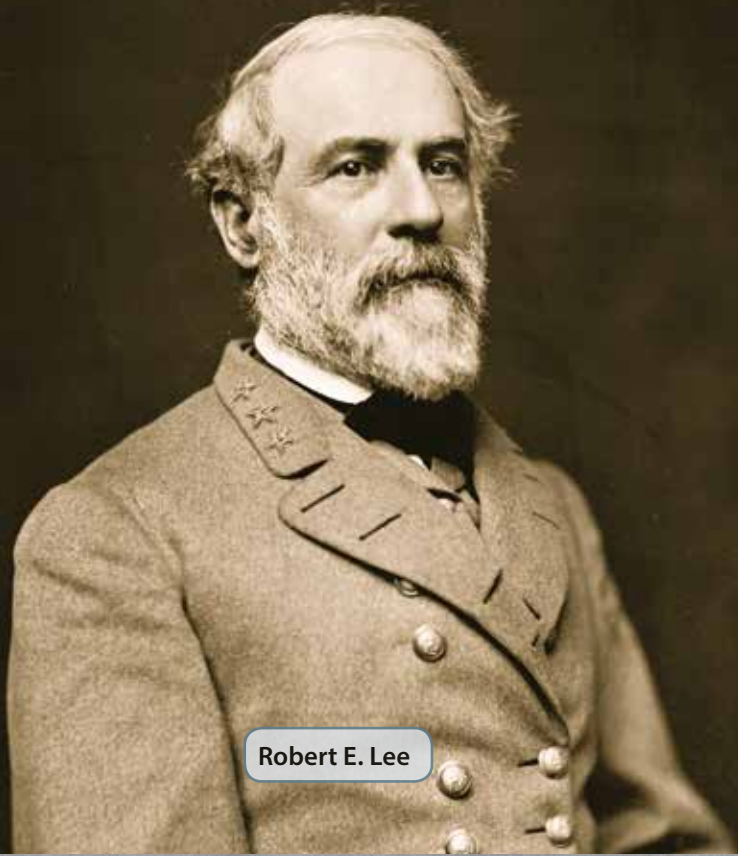
Robert E. Lee

Robert E. Lee came from a family of patriots and military leaders. His father was the Revolutionary War hero Henry “Light-Horse Harry” Lee. Robert E. Lee himself was married to the great-granddaughter of George Washington’s wife, Martha. After finishing first in his class at West Point Military Academy, Robert E. Lee served brilliantly in the Mexican-American War.

At the start of the Civil War, Lee was fifty-four years old and a **colonel** in the U.S. Army. Deciding to fight for the Confederacy instead of the Union was a difficult choice for him.

Vocabulary

colonel, n. a high-ranking military official



Robert E. Lee



Ulysses S. Grant

Optional Enrichment, History

Lee quickly became known for his daring strategies. For example, every student at West Point learned that a commander does not divide his army. If an army is divided, the enemy can pour troops between the two parts, keep them from rejoining, and then defeat one part at a time. Yet Lee did that several times and got away with it.

Military experts also warned against going into battle with many fewer troops than the enemy. But there were times when Lee had to do just that. Usually, he came out the winner.

Lee was kind to his fellow officers and his men. He inspired confidence, and his troops were devoted to him.

Stonewall Jackson

The second great Confederate general was Lee's partner and right-hand man, Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson. Jackson got his nickname in the first battle of the war at Bull Run. As Confederate troops led by Jackson held firm against a Union attack, a Southern officer shouted, "There is Jackson standing like a stone wall."

The men cheered, and ever afterward the general was known as Stonewall Jackson.

"Stonewall" was a catchy nickname, but it did not describe Jackson well at all. A stone wall stands firmly in one place and is always on the defensive. Jackson, as a general, was always on the move and nearly always on the attack. Jackson described his ideas on warfare: "Always **mystify**, mislead, and

Vocabulary

mystify, v. to confuse

Optional Enrichment, History

surprise the enemy. And when you strike and overcome him never let up in the pursuit.”

Like so many other generals who served the Confederacy, Stonewall Jackson had gone to West Point and later fought in the Mexican-American War. In the nine years before the Civil War, he was a professor of mathematics and science at the Virginia Military Institute. Students remembered



Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson

him as a quiet man who went about his own business. What they didn't know was that during all those years, Jackson was also studying the strategy and **tactics** of war on his own. When war came, he knew more about strategy and tactics than anyone else on either side.

Vocabulary

tactic, n. an action used to reach a goal

In war, being able to move forces quickly is often the key to success. No one did that better than Stonewall Jackson. He was the opposite of the cautious George B. McClellan. He would be many miles away, and the enemy would be sure he could not get to the battlefield in time to affect the outcome. But suddenly, there they were, Jackson and his troops, pitching in and swinging the tide of battle in the Confederacy's favor. Once, Jackson moved a brigade—a force smaller than an army but still a large group—four hundred miles in a month. That's nearly



General Stonewall Jackson often prayed with his soldiers before a battle.

fifteen miles a day, every day, with soldiers carrying fifty to sixty pound packs on their backs.

Jackson didn't look much like a general. His clothes were usually rumpled, and at times he wore a cap with its visor drawn low. Whether sitting on his favorite horse, Little Sorrel, or on a fence rail in camp, he could usually be found alone. He was also a deeply religious man. He held a religious service almost every day. It was said that his troops were the "prayin'est" in the Confederate army. Jackson strictly observed Sunday as a day of rest, except when he was in battle. He wouldn't even mail a letter if he believed that someone would be carrying it on a Sunday.

Jackson didn't spend much time chitchatting with other officers and certainly not with his soldiers. But all of them respected Jackson as a brilliant and daring general who won battles, even when outnumbered.

Ulysses S. Grant

On the Union side, Ulysses S. Grant was the outstanding general. Looking at his record before the Civil War, however, he might have been voted "least likely to succeed." Like Lee and Jackson, Grant graduated from West Point and fought in the war with Mexico. But there the similarities stopped. Grant was not a top student at West Point. After the Mexican-American War he was assigned to a lonely outpost in the West. He found the daily army duties dull and boring. As a result, he was forced to leave the army. He then tried farming in Missouri but failed. After that he tried selling real estate, but he failed at that, too.

Ulysses S. Grant then returned to his family in Galena, Illinois, where his father gave him a job selling harnesses in the family leather store. That's where he was working when the Civil War began.

Grant promptly volunteered to return to the army and was put in charge of a volunteer regiment. He was thirty-nine years old at the time. In western Tennessee he developed a plan that allowed his troops to capture two Confederate forts. When the commander of one fort asked Grant for his terms of surrender, Grant replied, "no terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender." This firm position brought Grant to the attention of

Optional Enrichment, History

Lincoln and others in the East. After that, people often said that Grant's initials, U.S., stood for "Unconditional Surrender."

Later, some newspapers and others blamed Grant for being unprepared for the Battle of Shiloh. They demanded that Lincoln



General Grant's war plan was to wear out the Confederate forces.

remove him from command. Lincoln replied, "I can't spare this man. He fights." Lincoln could have added, "And he wins."

Grant once explained his ideas about warfare this way: "The art of war is simple enough. Find out where your enemy is. Get at him as soon as you can. Strike at him as hard as you can, and keep moving on."

Grant's strategy was based on a great advantage he had over the Confederate generals. He knew that with the North's larger population and greater resources, his losses of men and guns could be replaced. He also knew that as the war went on, the other side's losses could not be. So Grant's plan was to force the Confederate armies to fight whenever and wherever he could. Sooner or later he would wear them down. And he did.

Additional Resources, Spalding Rules

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 ĭ (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).

Additional Resources, Spalding Rules

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 15-16

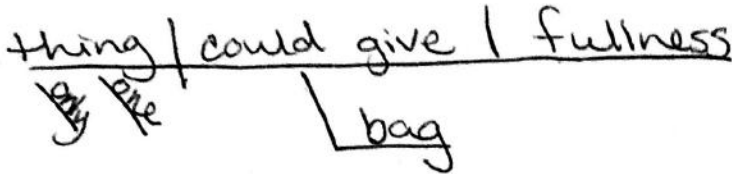
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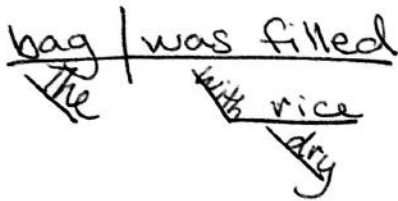
Term	Definition	Page #
lean-to	(n.) – a simple structure that is supported on one side by trees or posts and having a inclined roof.	193
Taking the bull by the horns	This idiom means to deal bravely and decisively with a difficult or unpleasant situation.	196
intruders	(n.) – a person who is not welcome or wanted in a place.	196
monotonous	(adj.) – used to describe something that is boring because it is always the same.	196

Monday Grammar Answer Key

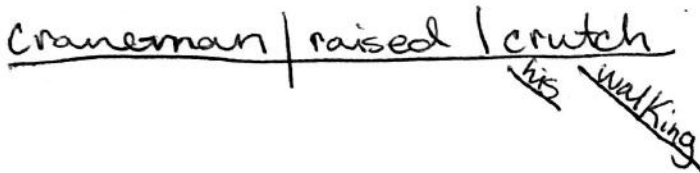
2. Only one thing could give a bag that smooth fullness.



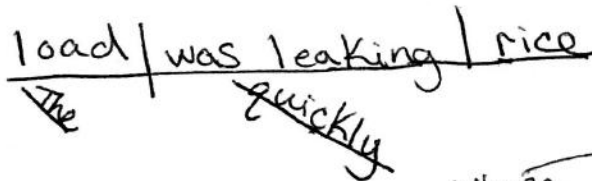
3. The bag was filled (with dry rice)



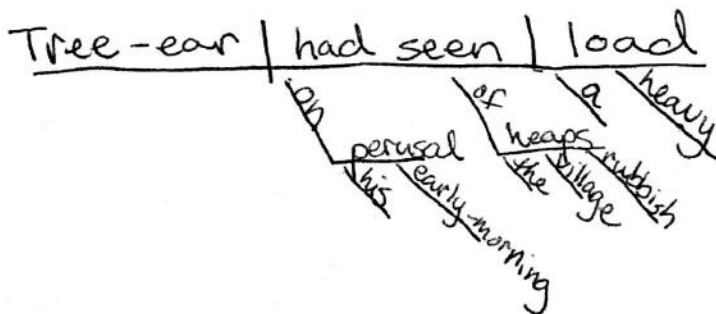
4. Crane-man raised his walking crutch.



5. The load was quickly leaking rice.



6. (On his early-morning perusal) of the village rubbish heaps, Tree-ear had seen a heavy load.



Name: _____

Date: _____

Tuesday Grammar Answer Key

Prepositional Phrases

Part I: Use your notes to fill in the following.

A preposition is a word showing a relationship between a noun (it's object) and another word. The relation it shows is related to either the adjective or adverb questions the phrase answers.

Every prepositional phrase, as a whole phrase, acts like an adjective or adverb.

Is the phrase acting like ADJ?

It describes a noun or pronoun

It answers the adjective questions.

Is the phrase acting like an ADV?

It describes a verb, adjective, or adverb.

It answers the adverb questions.

Part II: Label the parts of speech in the following sentences. (Nouns, adjectives, adverbs, action, linking, and being verbs, direct and indirect objects, and prepositional phrases)

2. Draw arrows from the prepositional phrases to the words they describe.

3. Then diagram #'s 7 and 8.

1. Lina AV wrote a story (about storks) P OP

2. It lay (on the shore) of the North Sea in Friesland SP AV P PP OP PP OP PP OP

3. (In five) of those houses lived the six school children (of Shora) P OP P Adj OP AV PP Adj Adj SN P OP

4. (In those houses) lived no children. P Adj OP AV Adj SN

5. The six children (of Shora) went (to the same little school.) PP Adj SN P OP AV PP PP Adj Adj OP

6. Lina's story was filled (with interesting details.) Adj SN HV AV P Adj OP

Name: _____

Date: _____

SN Adv AV ^{AA} DO P OP
 7. Tree-ear joyfully shared the grains (with Crane-man)

Tree-ear | shared | grains
 joyfully | with Crane-man | the

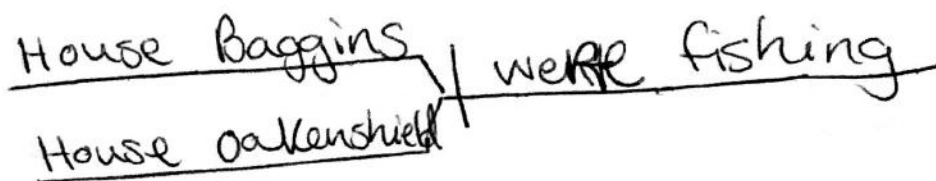
SN HV AV Adj DO P OP P Adj Adj OP
 8. Lina had written this story about storks (of her own accord)

Lina | had written | story
 of accord | this | about storks
 her own

Directions: Label the parts of speech in the following sentences. (Make sure to label compound subjects, compound verbs, compound prepositional phrases, and compound sentences.) Then diagram.

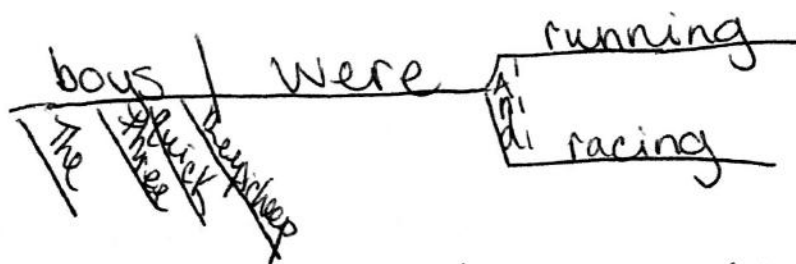
1. House Baggins and House Oakenshield ~~went~~ fishing.

CSN C CSN HV're AV → also a gerund



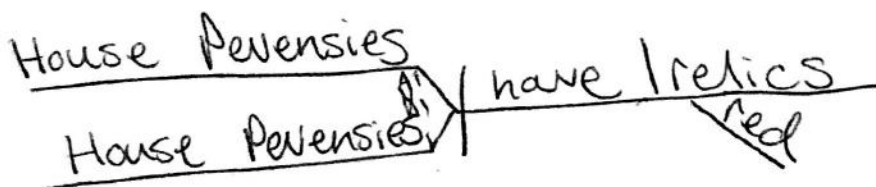
2. The three quick Reepicheep boys were running and racing.

AA Adj Adj Adj SN HV CV C CV



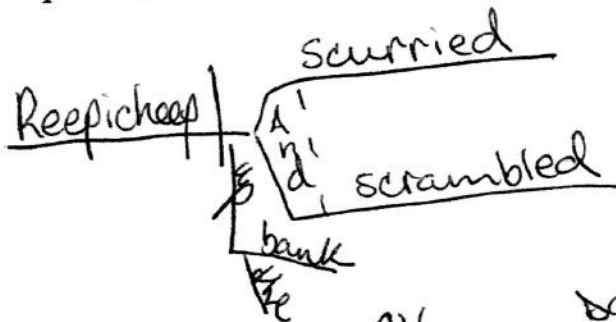
3. House Pevensies and House Reepicheep have red relics.

CSN C CSN V Adj DO



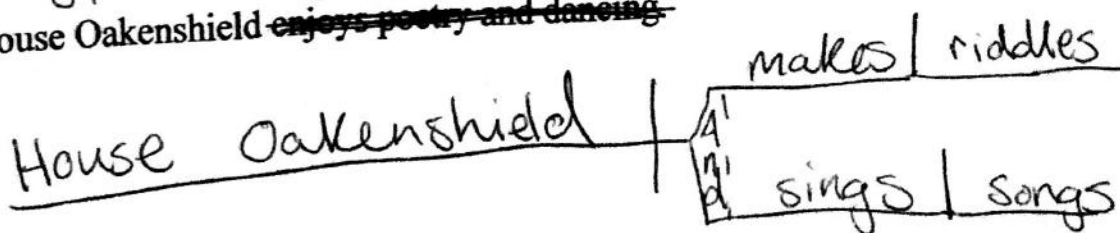
4. Reepicheep scurried and scrambled (up the bank).

SN CV C CV (P AA OP)



5. House Oakenshield ~~enjoys poetry and dancing~~ makes riddles and sings songs.

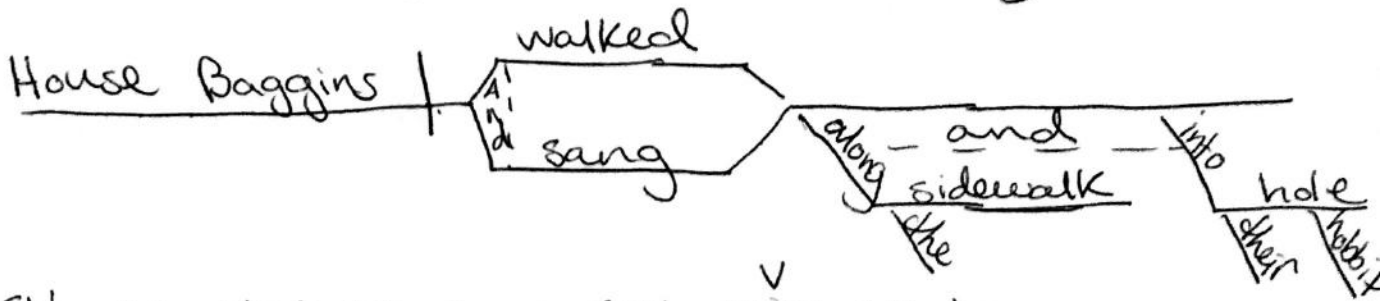
SN CV DO C CV DO



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Date: _____

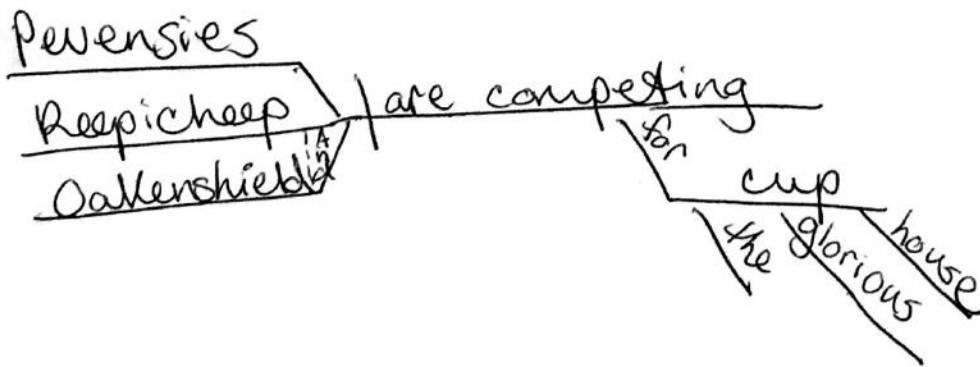
6. House Baggins walked and sang (along the sidewalk) and (into their hobbit hole).



7. Pevensies works hard (for house points) and Pevensies deserves house points.



8. Pevensies, Reepicheep, and Oakenshield are competing (for the glorious house cup).



Name: _____

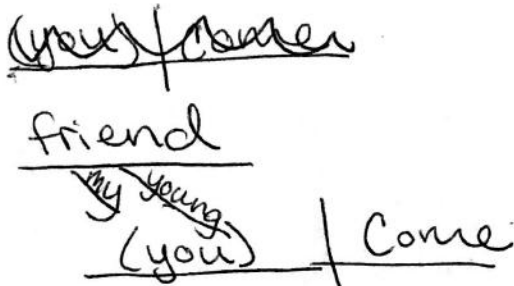
Date: _____

Thursday Grammar Answer Key

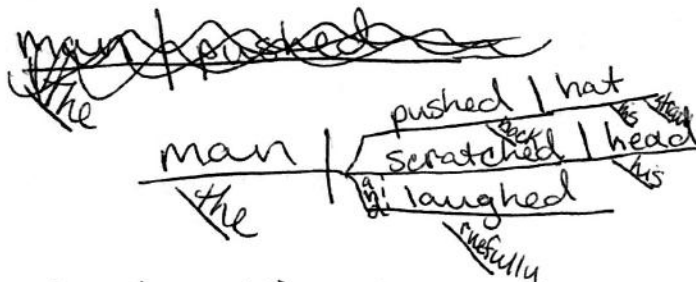
Grammar Review

Directions: Label the following sentences. (Make sure to label direct and indirect objects, direct address, understood "you", and interjections.) Then diagram.

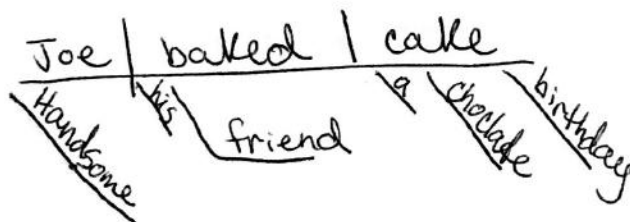
- AV Adj Adj DA
 1. Come my young friend.



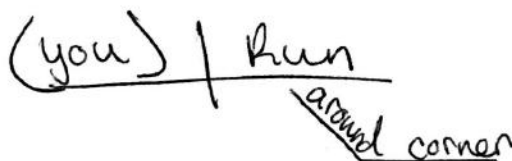
- AA SN AV Adj Adj DO Adv AV Adj DO C AV Adv
 2. The man pushed his straw hat back, scratched his head, and laughed ruefully.



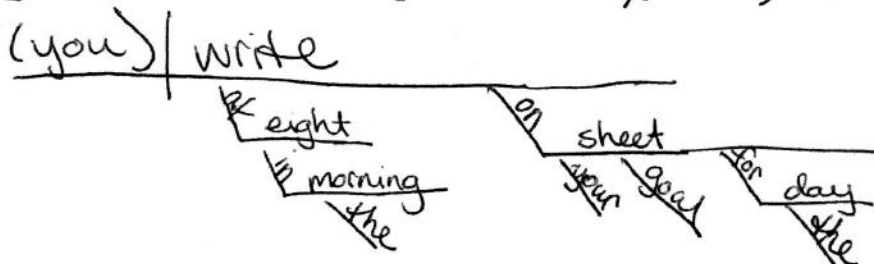
- Adj SN AV Adj IO AA Adj Adj DO
 3. Handsome Joe baked his friend a chocolate birthday cake.



- AV (P AA OP)
 4. Run (around the corner)



- (P OP PAA OP) AV (P Adj Adj OP) (P AA OP)
 5. (At eight in the morning) write (on your goal sheet) (for the day).



Name: _____

Date: _____

Thursday Grammar Answer Key

- AV Adv DA
 6. Stand up, Joshua.

Joshua

(you) | stand

- DA AA SN AV IO AA DO (P Adj OP)
 7. Betty, the mailman dropped you a package (from your great-aunt)

Betty

mailman | dropped | package

- Interjection #VSP AV AA DO
 8. Yikes! Did I hear a scream?
- you from great-aunt
your

yikes!

I | did hear | scream

Where the Red Fern Grows

Name: AK # _____


Chapter 15 Part 1 (p. 193-199)

Date: _____

Annotation Worksheet



SHORT ANSWER DIRECTIONS:

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

1. Why won't Old Dan eat the corned beef hash Grandpa bought? # 194

he was waiting for little Ann to get her meal before beginning to eat his meal.

2. Retell the story Papa tells about Old Dan and the cold biscuits. # 195

one of the girls threw 2 biscuits to Old Dan one night after supper. He looked at them, picked them both up in his mouth, and took them over to the doghouse where little Ann was. He growled to let her know he had something for her and she came out.

3. What is the superstition of the screech owl? Why did this concern Billy? # 196-97

if you heard one owl it meant nothing at all.
if you heard more than one it meant bad luck.
Billy thought he heard 2 screech owls.

Where the Red Fern Grows

Chapter 15 Part 2 (p. 200-208)

Annotation Worksheet

Name: _____ # _____

Date: _____



SHORT ANSWER DIRECTIONS:

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

1. Describe how Billy groomed his dog. # 201-202

Billy used Grandpa's hair brush and comb ^{and} some butter from the grocery box to groom Little Ann.

2. Why was Billy awarded a small silver cup? # 204

Little Ann won the best looking hound contest

3. Why did Billy crawl under the buggy? # 207

He crawled under the buggy when Grandpa reached for his brush and comb set. He knew Grandpa wouldn't be upset, but he wanted to avoid the uncomfortable situation.

4. What would you title Chapter 15?

"The Best Looking Hound" "The Winner of the Silver Cup."

Where the Red Fern Grows

Chapter 16 Part 1 (p. 209-215)

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. Why is "daylight" a threat to coon hunting? # 214

Raccoons sleep during the day. They are not out and about.

2. Describe one thing Grandpa did that made Billy, Papa, and the judge laugh? # 212

Grandpa fell down in the cold stream. He took his clothes off to let them dry in the fire. When the dogs caught the scent of the coon, Grandpa scrambled and put his britches on backward.

3. What caused Billy's heart to swell with pride? # 214-15

Regardless of how Grandpa, Papa and the judge were talking about giving up, the dogs never gave up.

Where the Red Fern Grows

Chapter 16 Part 2 (p. 216-223)

Annotation Worksheet

Name: AK # _____

Date: _____



SHORT ANSWER DIRECTIONS:

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

1. What did the campers see Old Dan and Little Ann do in the campground? # 217

The campers watched as little Ann and Old Dan brought the coons through the camp. They watched the beauty of these hounds working together.

2. Why did Papa tell Billy about the two mules? # 219

To show that size does not matter. Even though Billy may have the smallest dogs, they can still outwork the big dogs.

3. Explain how the two dogs doctored one another. # 222

Old Dan would stand perfectly still, with his head down and eyes closed while little Ann licked his wounds. Then old Dan would do the same for little Ann.

4. What would you title Chapter 16?

"Old Dan and Little Ann are something special!"



$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 2 \\ \hline 24 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 2 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline 24 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 7 \\ \hline 84 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 7 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline 84 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 5 \\ \hline 60 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 9 \\ \hline 108 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline 144 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 10 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline 120 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 11 \\ \times 9 \\ \hline 99 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 2 \\ \times 11 \\ \hline 22 \end{array}$
------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------	-------------------------------------------------------------	--------------------------------------------------------------	--------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------

$$\begin{array}{r} 5 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline 60 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 7 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline 84 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 9 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline 108 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 5 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline 60 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 2 \\ \hline 24 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 7 \\ \hline 84 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 9 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline 108 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 2 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline 24 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline 144 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 7 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline 84 \end{array}$$

One-Minute Test

Goal Completed

$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline 144 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 1 \\ \hline 12 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 11 \\ \times 3 \\ \hline 33 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 4 \\ \times 11 \\ \hline 44 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 10 \\ \times 8 \\ \hline 80 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 2 \\ \hline 24 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 7 \\ \times 10 \\ \hline 70 \end{array}$
$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 9 \\ \hline 108 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 10 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline 120 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 6 \\ \times 10 \\ \hline 60 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 3 \\ \times 10 \\ \hline 30 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 11 \\ \times 4 \\ \hline 44 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 7 \\ \hline 84 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 7 \\ \times 11 \\ \hline 77 \end{array}$
$\begin{array}{r} 10 \\ \times 9 \\ \hline 90 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 9 \\ \hline 108 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 7 \\ \hline 84 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 2 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline 24 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 5 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline 60 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 6 \\ \times 11 \\ \hline 66 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 2 \\ \hline 24 \end{array}$
$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 5 \\ \hline 60 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 8 \\ \times 11 \\ \hline 88 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 9 \\ \times 11 \\ \hline 99 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 5 \\ \times 11 \\ \hline 55 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 1 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline 12 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 10 \\ \times 6 \\ \hline 60 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 3 \\ \times 11 \\ \hline 33 \end{array}$
$\begin{array}{r} 10 \\ \times 3 \\ \hline 30 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 10 \\ \times 1 \\ \hline 10 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 4 \\ \times 10 \\ \hline 40 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 11 \\ \times 8 \\ \hline 88 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 10 \\ \hline 120 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 2 \\ \times 11 \\ \hline 22 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 11 \\ \times 10 \\ \hline 110 \end{array}$
$\begin{array}{r} 11 \\ \times 7 \\ \hline 77 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 10 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline 120 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 11 \\ \times 2 \\ \hline 22 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 10 \\ \times 7 \\ \hline 70 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 2 \\ \times 10 \\ \hline 20 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 11 \\ \hline 132 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 10 \\ \hline 120 \end{array}$
$\begin{array}{r} 10 \\ \times 10 \\ \hline 100 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 2 \\ \times 2 \\ \hline 4 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 11 \\ \times 11 \\ \hline 121 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 8 \\ \times 10 \\ \hline 80 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 11 \\ \times 9 \\ \hline 99 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 1 \\ \times 11 \\ \hline 11 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 7 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline 84 \end{array}$
$\begin{array}{r} 10 \\ \times 11 \\ \hline 110 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 10 \\ \times 4 \\ \hline 40 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 9 \\ \hline 108 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 11 \\ \times 1 \\ \hline 11 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 5 \\ \times 10 \\ \hline 50 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 9 \\ \times 10 \\ \hline 90 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 1 \\ \times 10 \\ \hline 10 \end{array}$

$$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 10 \\ \hline 120 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 2 \\ \hline 24 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 5 \\ \hline 60 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 7 \\ \hline 84 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 2 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline 24 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 2 \\ \times 10 \\ \hline 20 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 9 \\ \hline 108 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 7 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline 84 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 9 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline 108 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 7 \\ \hline 84 \end{array}$$

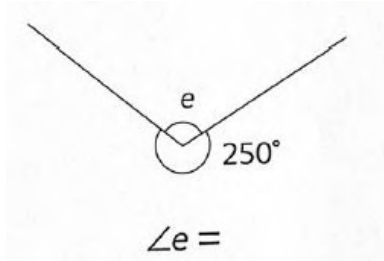
Monday Math Answer Key

Monday Math Answer Key

Independent Practice

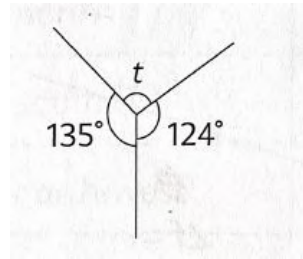
Find the value of the unknown marked angles. Remember that the sum of angles that meet at a point is 360° . Show your work.

1.



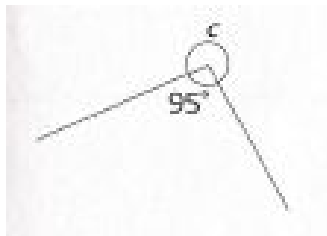
$$\begin{aligned}\angle e + 250^\circ &= 360^\circ \\ \angle e &= 360^\circ - 250^\circ \\ \angle e &= 110^\circ\end{aligned}$$

2.



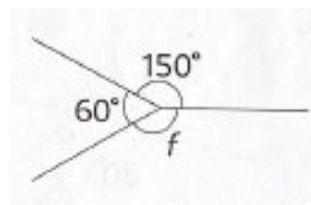
$$\begin{aligned}\angle t + 135^\circ + 124^\circ &= 360^\circ \\ \angle t &= 360^\circ - 135^\circ - 124^\circ \\ \angle t &= 225^\circ - 124^\circ \\ \angle t &= 101^\circ\end{aligned}$$

3.



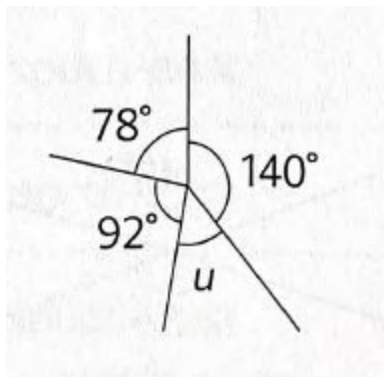
$$\begin{aligned}\angle c + 95^\circ &= 360^\circ \\ \angle c &= 360^\circ - 95^\circ \\ \angle c &= 265^\circ\end{aligned}$$

4.



$$\begin{aligned}\angle f + 60^\circ + 150^\circ &= 360^\circ \\ \angle f &= 360^\circ - 60^\circ - 150^\circ \\ \angle f &= 300^\circ - 150^\circ \\ \angle f &= 150^\circ\end{aligned}$$

5.

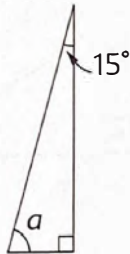


$$\begin{aligned}\angle u + 92^\circ + 78^\circ + 140^\circ &= 360^\circ \\ \angle u + 170^\circ + 140^\circ &= 360^\circ \\ \angle u + 310^\circ &= 360^\circ \\ \angle u &= 360^\circ - 310^\circ \\ \angle u &= 50^\circ\end{aligned}$$

Independent Practice: Exercise 5

1. The following figures are not drawn to scale. Find the unknown marked angles. Then, check the box if it is a right triangle. (Remember! A right triangle is a triangle with one right angle.)

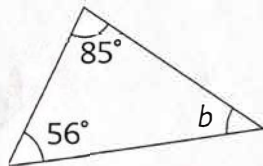
(a)



$$\begin{aligned} a + 15 + 90 &= 180 \\ a + 105 &= 180 \\ a &= 180 - 105 \\ a &= 75 \text{ degrees} \end{aligned}$$

This is a right triangle.

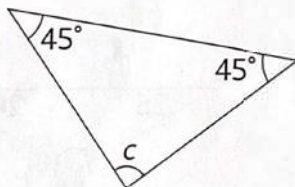
(b)



$$\begin{aligned} b + 85 + 56 &= 180 \\ b + 141 &= 180 \\ b &= 180 - 141 \\ b &= 39 \text{ degrees} \end{aligned}$$

This is not a right triangle.
(It has no equal angles and no equal sides so it is scalene.)

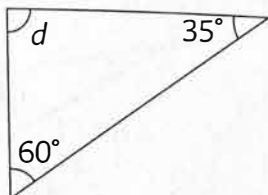
(c)



$$\begin{aligned} c + 45 + 45 &= 180 \\ c + 90 &= 180 \\ c &= 180 - 90 \\ c &= 90 \text{ degrees} \end{aligned}$$

This is a right triangle.

(d)



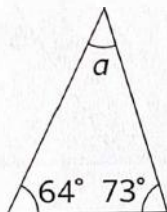
$$\begin{aligned} d + 35 + 60 &= 180 \\ d + 95 &= 180 \\ d &= 180 - 95 \\ d &= 85 \text{ degrees} \end{aligned}$$

This is not a right triangle. (It has no equal angles and no equal sides. It is scalene.)

Independent Practice: Exercise 7

1. The following figures are not drawn to scale. Find the unknown marked angles. Then, check the box if it is an isosceles triangle. Problem d is optional.

(a)



$$a + 64 + 73 = 180$$

$$a + 137 = 180$$

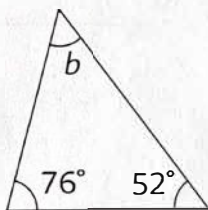
$$a = 180 - 137$$

$$a = 43 \text{ degrees}$$

This triangle has no equal sides and no equal angles. It is not isosceles. *It is scalene.*



(b)



$$b + 76 + 52 = 180$$

$$b + 128 = 180$$

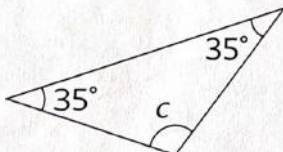
$$b = 180 - 128$$

$$b = 52 \text{ degrees}$$

This triangle has two equal angles and two equal sides. It is an isosceles triangle (but not an equilateral triangle).



(c)



$$c + 35 + 35 = 180$$

$$c + 70 = 180$$

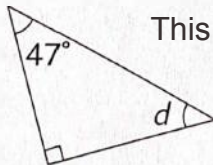
$$c = 180 - 70$$

$$c = 110 \text{ degrees}$$

This is an isosceles triangle because it has two equal angles and two equal sides. *(It is not also equilateral.)*



(d)



This problem is optional.

$$d + 47 + 90 = 180$$

$$d + 137 = 180$$

$$d = 180 - 137$$

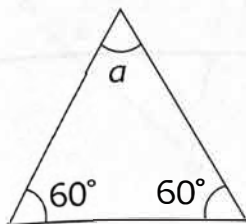
$$d = 43 \text{ degrees}$$

This triangle has no equal sides and no equal angles. It is not isosceles. It is scalene.



2. The following figures are not drawn to scale. Find the unknown marked angle. Then, check the box if the triangle is equilateral. Problem d is optional.

(a)



$$a + 60 + 60 = 180$$

$$a + 120 = 180$$

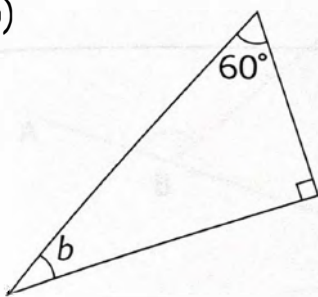
$$a = 180 - 120$$

$$a = 60 \text{ degrees}$$

This is an equilateral (and isosceles) triangle because it has three equal sides and three equal angles.

Some students might remember without solving for the missing angle that equilateral triangles have three 60 degree angles and that $3 \times 60 = 180$. These students may know this answer without solving for the missing angle. This is acceptable if they can explain how they know.

(b)



$$b + 60 + 90 = 180$$

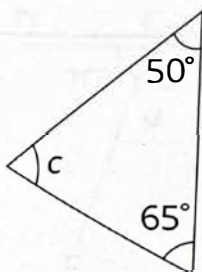
$$b + 150 = 180$$

$$b = 180 - 150$$

$$b = 30 \text{ degrees}$$

This is not an equilateral triangle. It has no equal angles and no equal sides so it is scalene.

(c)



$$c + 50 + 65 = 180$$

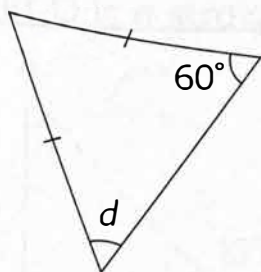
$$c + 115 = 180$$

$$c = 180 - 115$$

$$c = 65 \text{ degrees}$$

This triangle does not have three equal angles and three equal sides so it is not equilateral. It does have two equal angles and two equal sides so it is an isosceles triangle.

(d)



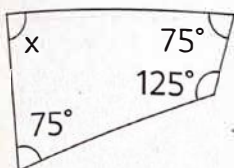
This problem is optional.

See discussion of triangle Q in Wednesday notes. It is the same problem.

Independent Practice: Exercise 10

1. Find the unknown angles.

(a)



Find the value of angle x .

$$x + 75 + 75 + 125 = 360$$

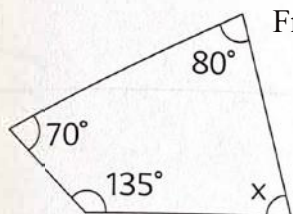
$$x + 150 + 125 = 360$$

$$x + 275 = 360$$

$$x = 360 - 275$$

$$x = 85 \text{ degrees}$$

(b)



Find the value of angle x .

$$x + 70 + 80 + 135 = 360$$

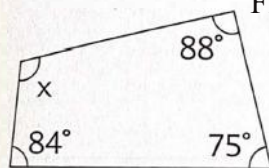
$$x + 150 + 135 = 360$$

$$x + 285 = 360$$

$$x = 360 - 285$$

$$x = 75 \text{ degrees}$$

(c)



Find the value of angle x .

$$x + 88 + 84 + 75 = 360$$

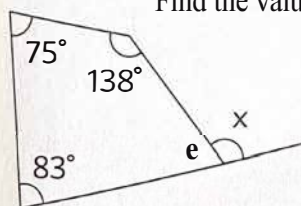
$$x + 172 + 75 = 360$$

$$x + 247 = 360$$

$$x = 360 - 247$$

$$x = 113 \text{ degrees}$$

(d)



Find the value of angle e .

$$e + 83 + 75 + 138 = 360$$

$$e + 158 + 138 = 360$$

$$e + 296 = 360$$

$$e = 360 - 296$$

$$e = 64 \text{ degrees}$$

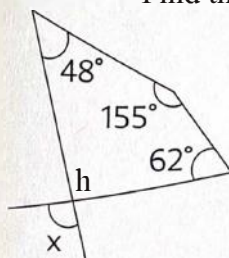
$$x = 116 \text{ degrees}$$

Hint: Together x and e make a line which means they have a sum of _____ degrees.

Optional challenge: Find the value of angle x .

(e)

Find the value of angle h .



$$h + 48 + 62 + 155 = 360$$

$$h + 110 + 155 = 360$$

$$h + 265 = 360$$

$$h = 360 - 265$$

$$h = 85 \text{ degrees.}$$

Optional challenge question: How do we know that the value of angle x is the same as the value of angle h ? See the list of angle properties from Monday for help. *Angle h and angle x are vertically opposite angles. This means that they are equal!*

Science AK Monday

1. Answers vary
2. C, B, B, A, D, A
3. Answers vary
4. They use dancing to communicate where food is and how far away it is. Different dances signify how close the food is to the hive

Week 8 History Answer Key

Wednesday, May 13

“Start and Strategies”

1. Battle of Fort Sumter
2. The Union is not fighting the war to abolish slavery. The North is fighting to keep the Union together.
3. The North’s goal is to keep the United States united.
4. The South’s goal is to break free from the North and to be recognized as their own country.
5. “resources”
6. “Homecourt”
7. “leaders”

Thursday, May 14

“Antietam and Emancipation Proclamation”

1. C
2. It is the bloodiest battle in U.S. history
3. C
4. C
5. It defines the Confederacy as “rebel states”, making them appear as still part of the United States to any foreign powers that might ally with them. (It de-legitimizes the South’s claim to be their own independent country)

W8 Answer Key

“Fēlix et fūr” and “avārus”

Monday

1. Suddenly the baby wailed.
2. Felix, after he heard the noise, immediately hurried from the study.
3. “Scoundrel,” shouted angry Felix, and he fiercely hit the thief.
4. Felix almost killed the thief.

Tuesday

1. In this way Felix protected the little baby.
2. Felix: Master, after he heard the matter, was happy and set me free.
3. Therefore I am a freedman.
4. Quintus: But who was the baby?
5. Caecilius: It was Quintus.

Wednesday

1. Two thieves once hurried to a house.
2. In the house lived a merchant. *Here the imperfect verb *habitabat* is best translated by the English simple past. The habitual aspect is communicated not by the tense but by the nature of the meaning of the verb itself.
3. The merchant was an old man and a miser.
4. The miser had much money. *See note about the imperfect tense on sentence 2.

Thursday

1. The thieves, after they entered the house, looked around the atrium.
2. “The miser,” said a thief [one of the thieves], “is alone.
3. “The miser does not have a slave.”
4. Then the thieves entered the study.