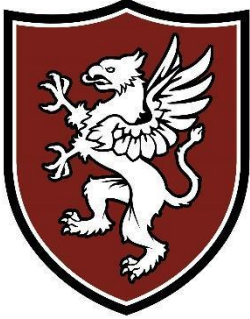


# GreatHearts

Northern Oaks



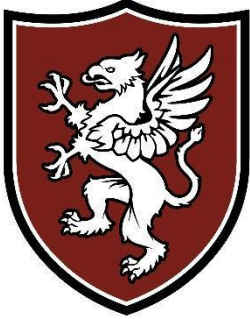
## Distance Learning Supplemental Resources

Week 9: May 18-May 22, 2020

### Kindergarten

# GreatHearts

Northern Oaks



# Monday

## The Sweeper

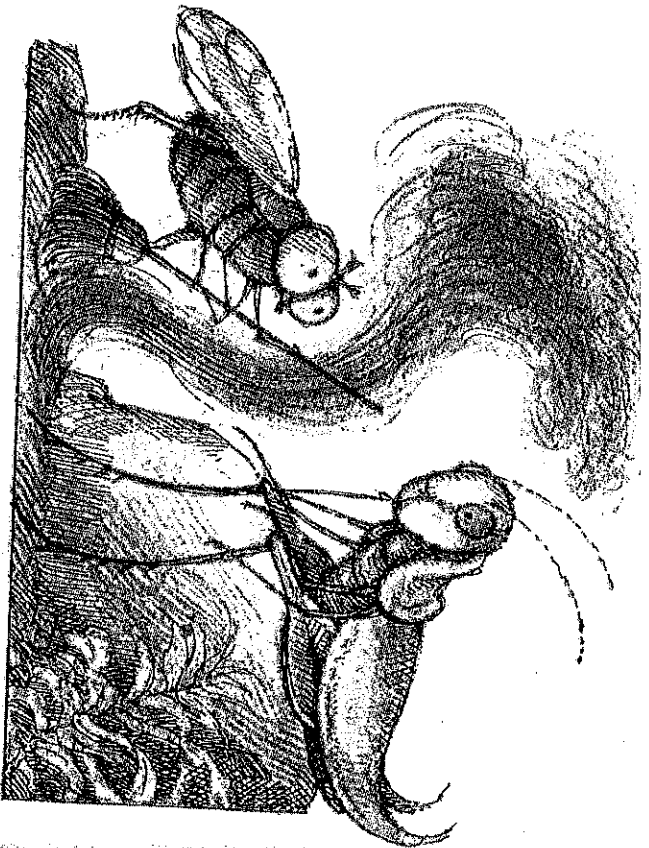


Grasshopper saw  
a cloud of dust.

“Clean, clean, clean,”  
said the housefly,  
who was sweeping the road.

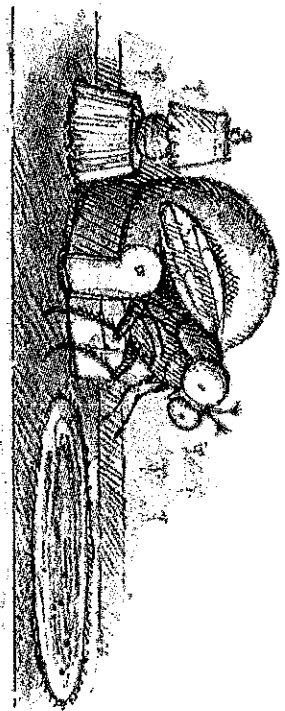
“My broom and I  
will make this road  
as clean as can be.”

“Housefly,” said Grasshopper,  
“the road is not very dirty.”



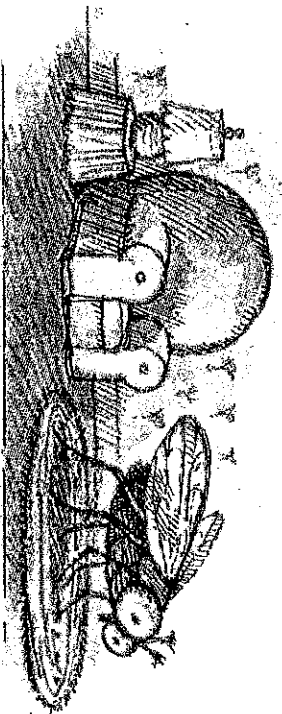
“It is much too dusty,”  
said the housefly.

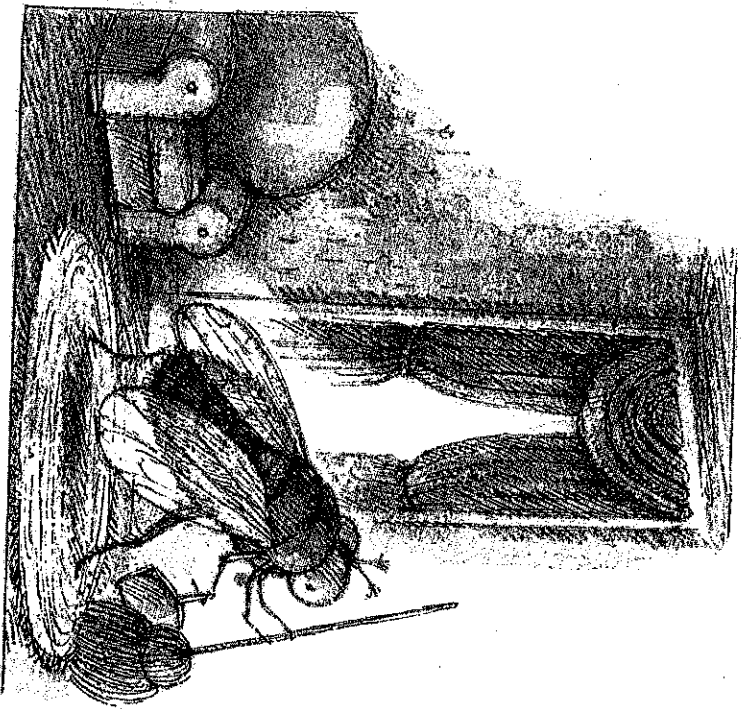
“It is covered  
with stones and sticks  
and other nasty things.  
My broom and I  
will brush them all away.”



The housefly went on sweeping.  
“One day I was at home,  
not doing much of anything,”  
said the housefly.

“I saw a speck of dust on my rug.  
I picked up the speck of dust.  
Next to it was  
another speck of dust.  
I picked up that one, too.”





“Next to that speck of dust  
was another speck of dust.

I ran and got my broom.

I swept up

all the dust

that was on my rug.

Then I saw a piece of dirt  
on my floor.

Next to it

was another piece of dirt.

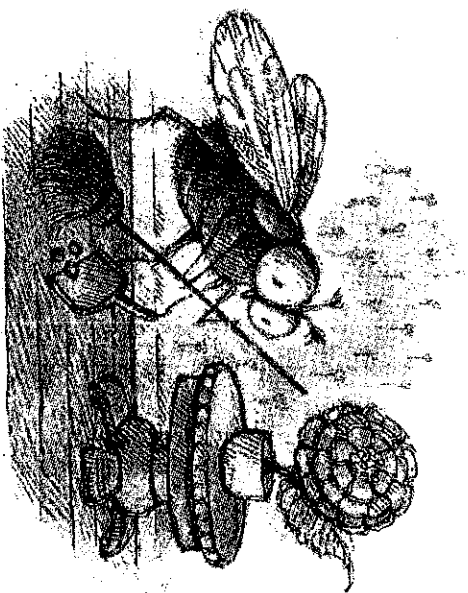
And next to that

was another piece of dirt.

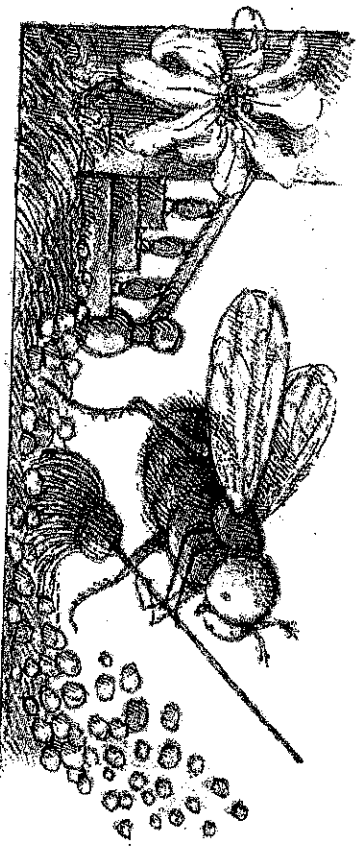
With my broom

I swept up all the dirt

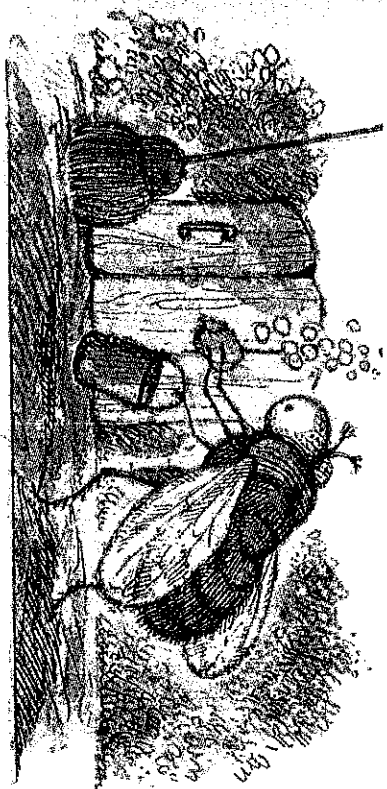
that was on my floor.”



“I cleaned my whole house  
from top to bottom.  
I even washed my windows.  
After I washed them,  
I looked outside.  
I saw my garden path.  
There were ugly pebbles  
on my garden path.  
I rushed outside with my broom.  
I swept all the pebbles away.

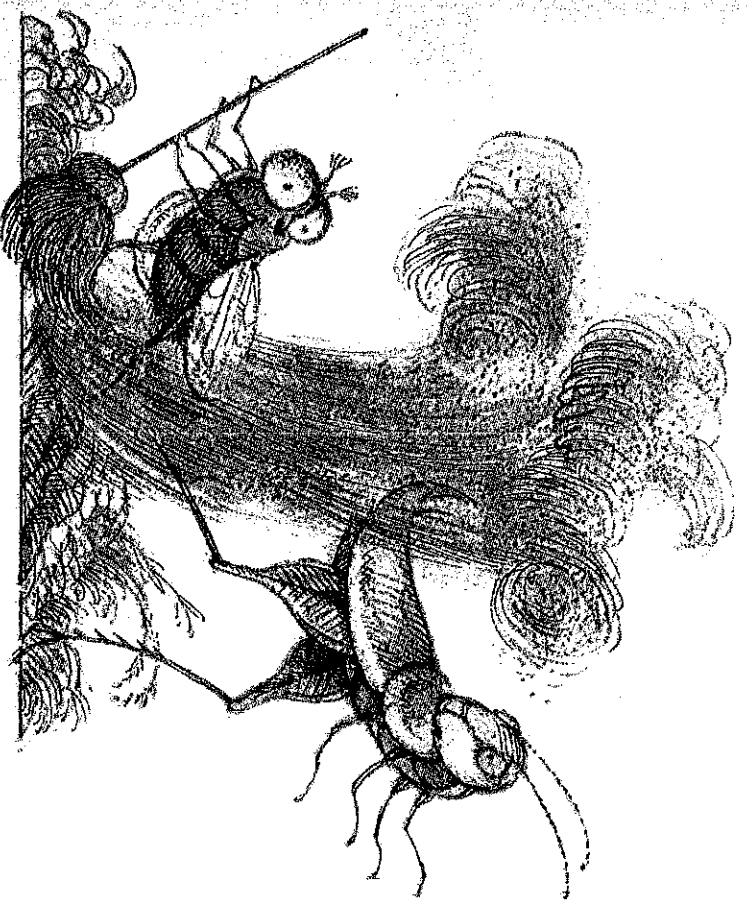


At the end of the path  
was my gate.  
It was covered  
with mud and moss.  
I scrubbed  
all the mud and moss  
off my gate.  
I opened the gate  
and walked out onto  
this dusty, dirty road.”



“I took my broom  
and went sweep, sweep, sweep  
up the road,” said the housefly.  
“You have worked very hard,”  
said Grasshopper.  
“I think that you  
should rest for a while.”  
“No, no, no,” said the housefly.  
“I will never rest.  
I am having a wonderful time.  
I will sweep  
until the whole world  
is clean, clean, clean!”

32



The dust was getting  
into Grasshopper's eyes.  
So he said good-bye  
to the housefly,  
and he went on  
down the road.

33

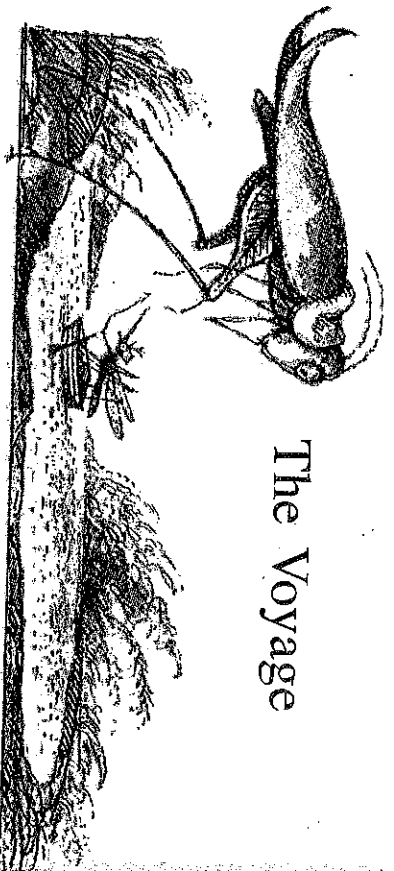
# GreatHearts

Northern Oaks



# Tuesday





## The Voyage

Grasshopper came  
to a puddle of water  
in the road.  
He was just about  
to hop over the puddle.  
“Wait!” cried a tiny voice.  
Grasshopper looked down.  
At the edge of the puddle  
was a mosquito.  
He was sitting in a little boat.

“It is a rule,” said the mosquito.

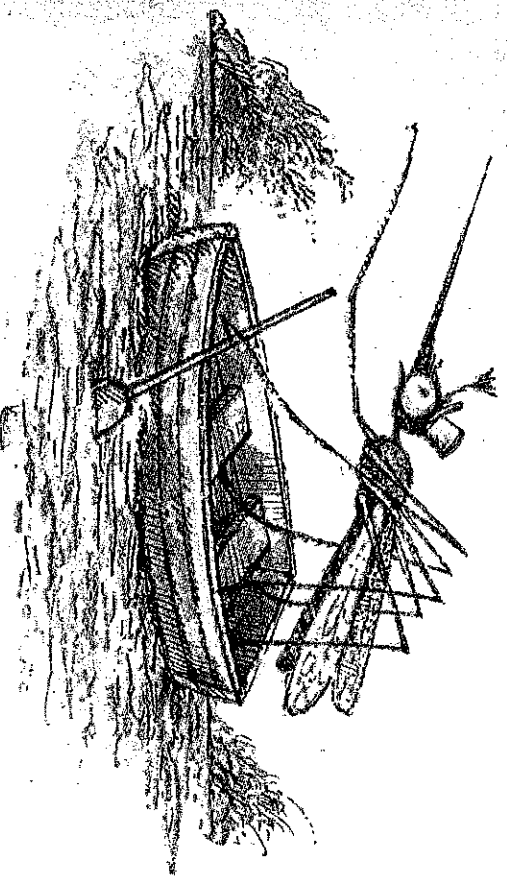
“You must use  
this ferry boat

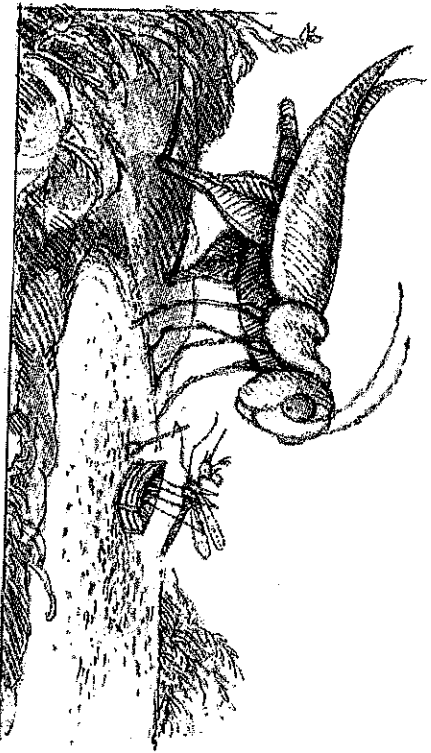
to get across the lake.”

“But sir,”

said Grasshopper,

“I can easily jump over  
to the other side.”





“Rules are rules,”  
said the mosquito.

“Climb into my boat.”

“Your boat is too small for me,”  
said Grasshopper.

“Rules are rules,”  
said the mosquito.

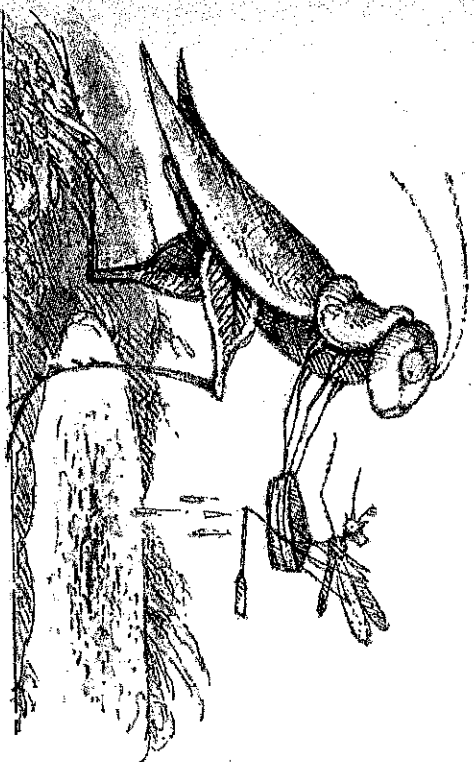
“You *must*  
get into my boat!”

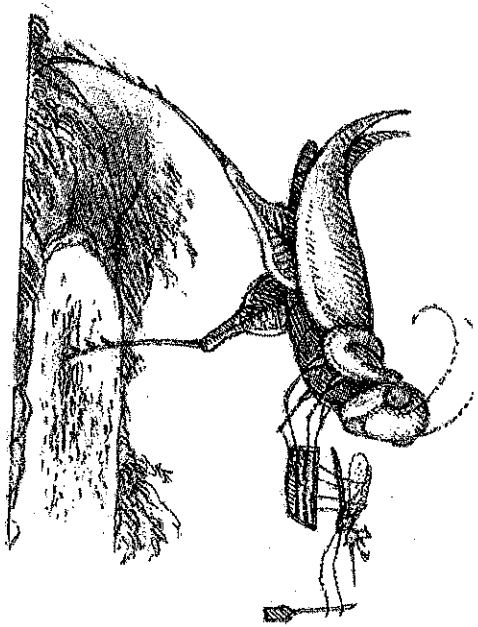
“I can’t fit  
into your boat,”  
said Grasshopper.

“Rules are still rules!”  
shouted the mosquito.

“Well then,” said Grasshopper,  
“there is only one thing  
for me to do.”

Grasshopper picked up the boat.





“All aboard,”  
called the mosquito.

Grasshopper held the boat  
very carefully.

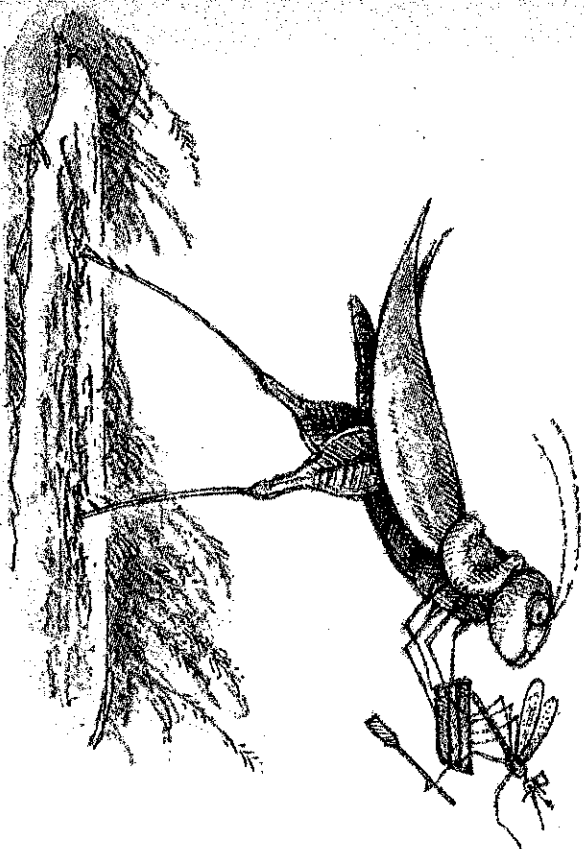
He stepped into the puddle.

“You are lucky  
to be with me  
on this voyage,”  
said the mosquito.

“I have been sailing  
back and forth  
across this lake  
for many years,”  
said the mosquito.

“I am not afraid  
of storms or waves.”

Grasshopper took another step.



“I know more  
about sailing  
than anyone else around here,”  
said the mosquito.  
Grasshopper took  
one more step.  
He was on  
the other side  
of the puddle.  
He put the boat  
down into the water.



“That was a good trip,”  
said the mosquito.  
“Now I must hurry back  
to the other shore  
to wait for new riders.”

“Thank you,” said Grasshopper.

“Thank you very much  
for taking me

safely across the lake.”

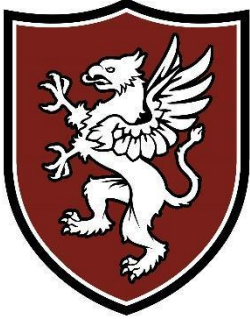
“I was glad to do it,”  
said the mosquito.

Grasshopper waved good-bye  
and kept on  
walking down the road.



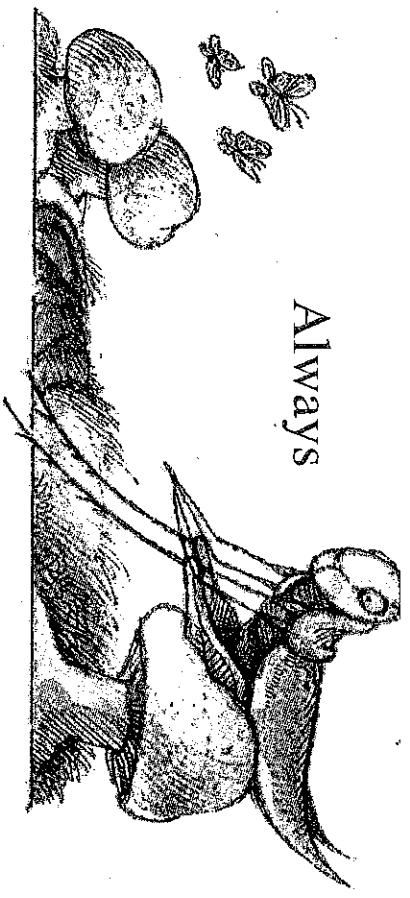
# GreatHearts

Northern Oaks



Wednesday

Always



In the late afternoon

Grasshopper saw a mushroom.

It was growing

at the edge of the road.

“I will rest my feet,” he said.

Grasshopper sat on the mushroom.

Three butterflies flew down.

“Grasshopper,”

said the butterflies,

“you will have to move.”

“Yes,” said the first butterfly.

“You are sitting on our place.

Every afternoon at this time,

we fly to this mushroom.

We sit down on it for a while.”

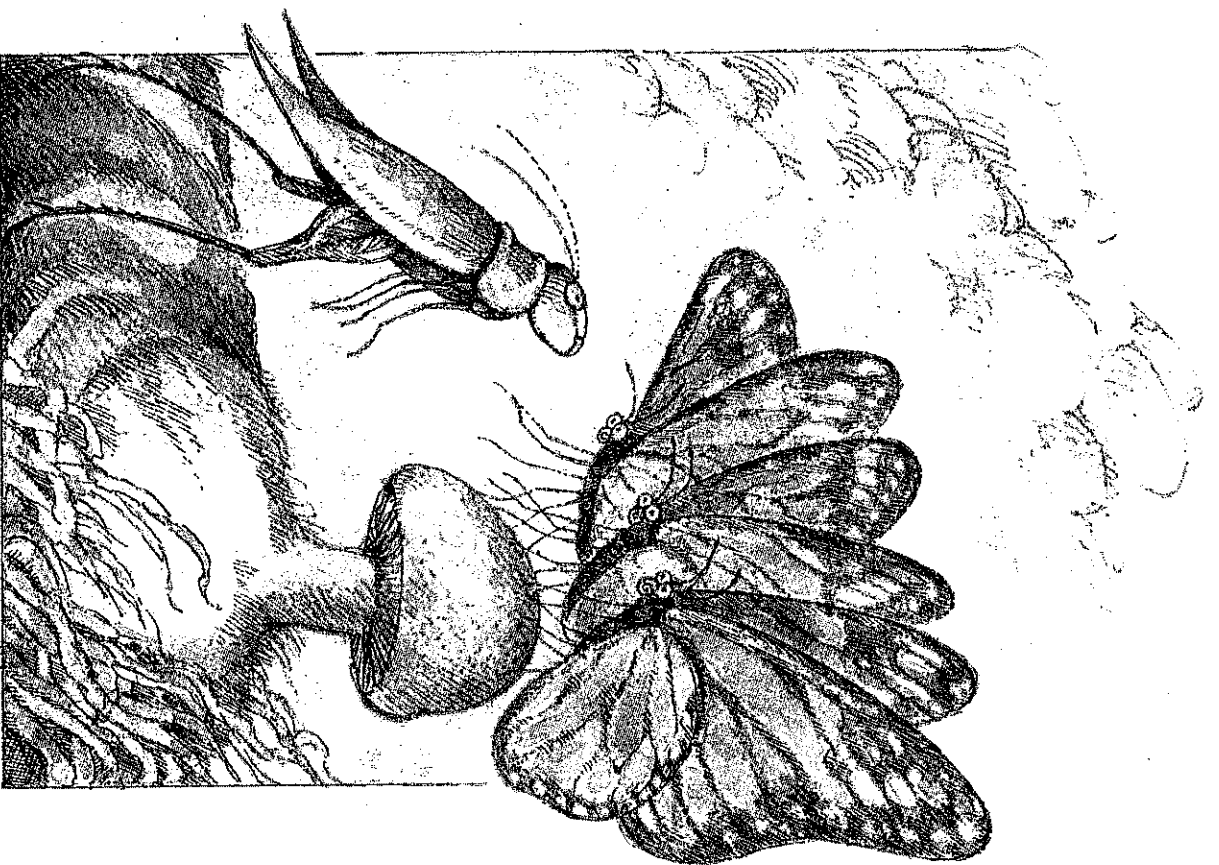
“There are lots of other mushrooms,”  
said Grasshopper.

“They will not do,”  
said the second butterfly.

“This is the mushroom  
we *always* sit on.”

Grasshopper got up.

The three butterflies sat down.





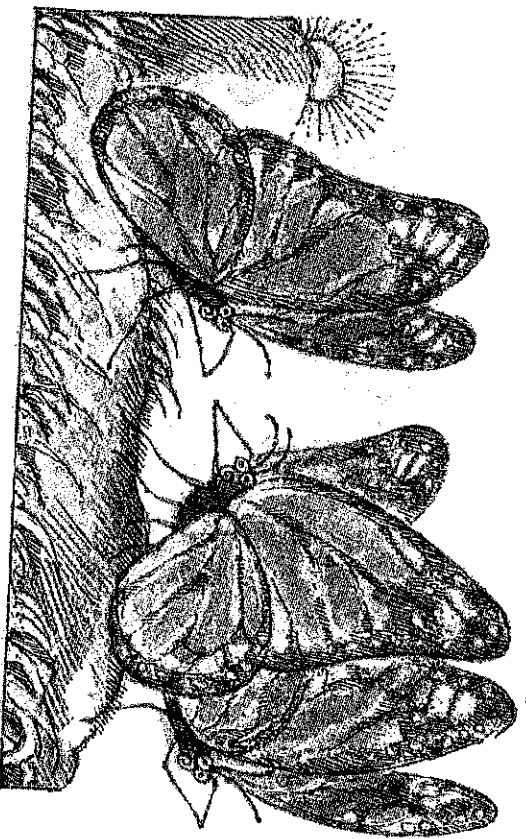
“Each and every day  
we do the same thing  
at the same time,”

said the third butterfly.

“We like it that way.”

“We wake up in the morning,”  
said the first butterfly.

“We scratch our heads three times.”



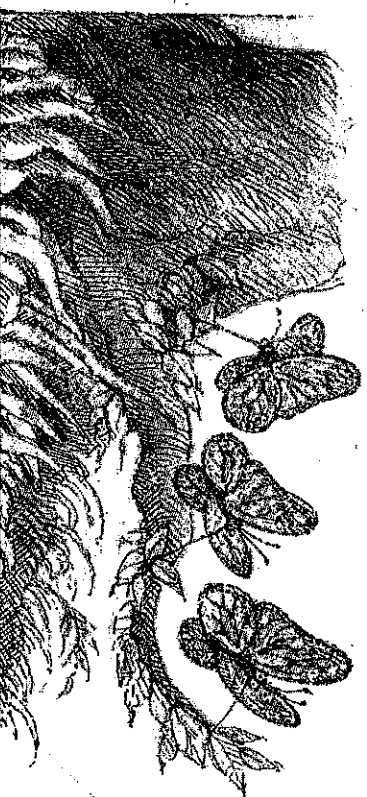
“Always,” said the second butterfly.  
“Then we open and close our wings  
four times.

We fly in a circle six times.”



“Always,” said the third butterfly.

“We go to the same tree  
and eat the same lunch every day.”



“Always,” said the first butterfly.

“After lunch we sit  
on the same sunflower.

We take the same nap.

We have the same dream.”

“What sort of dream?”  
asked Grasshopper.

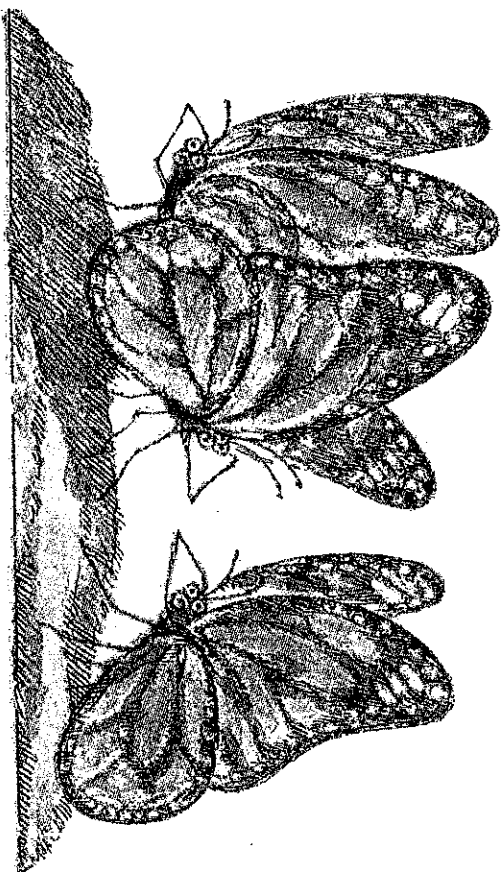
“We dream that  
we are sitting  
on a sunflower  
taking a nap,”  
said the second  
butterfly.

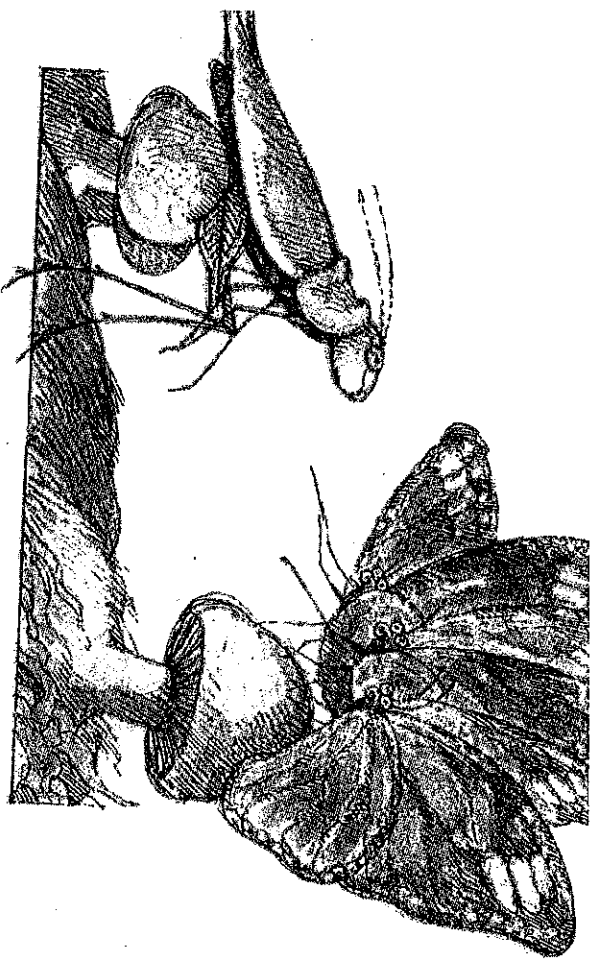


“Always,” said the third butterfly.

“When we wake up,  
we scratch our heads  
three more times.

We fly in a circle six more times.”





“Then we come here,”  
said the first butterfly.

“We sit down on *this* mushroom.”

“Always,” said the second butterfly.

“Don’t you ever change anything?”  
asked Grasshopper.

“No, never,” said the butterflies.

“Each day is fine for us.”

“Grasshopper,”  
said the butterflies,

“we like talking to you.

We will meet you

every day at this time.

We will sit on this mushroom.

You will sit right there.

We will tell you all about

our scratching and our flying.

We will tell you all about

our napping and our dreaming.

You will listen just the way

you are listening now.”

“No,” said Grasshopper.

“I am sorry,  
but I will not be here.

I will be moving on.

I will be doing new things.”

“That is too bad,”  
said the butterflies.

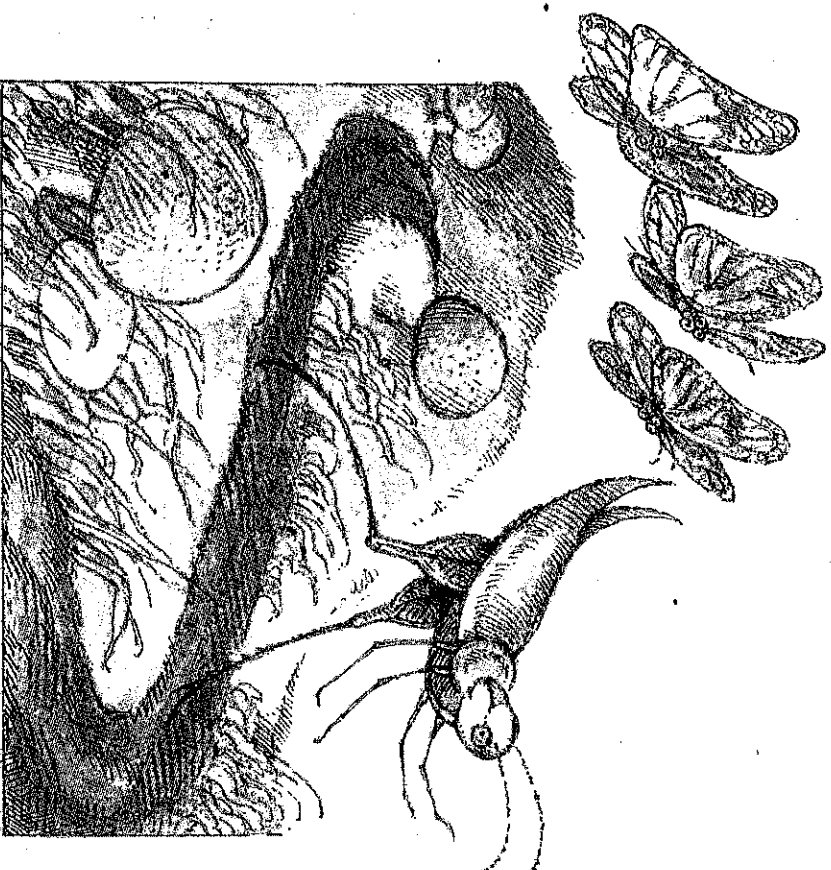
“We will miss you.

Grasshopper, do you really  
do something *different*  
every day of your life?”

“Always,” said Grasshopper.

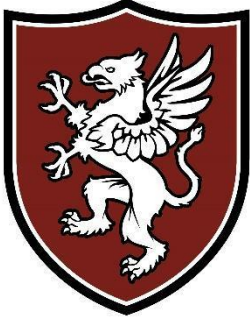
“Always and always!”

He said good-bye  
to the butterflies  
and walked quickly  
down the road.



# GreatHearts

Northern Oaks



# Thursday

At Evening



In the evening

Grasshopper walked slowly

along the road.

The sun was going down.

The world was soft and quiet.

Grasshopper heard

a loud sound.

*ZOOM!*

Grasshopper heard

another noise.

*ZOOOOM!*

He saw two dragonflies  
in the air.

“Poor Grasshopper,”  
said the dragonflies.

“We are flying fast.

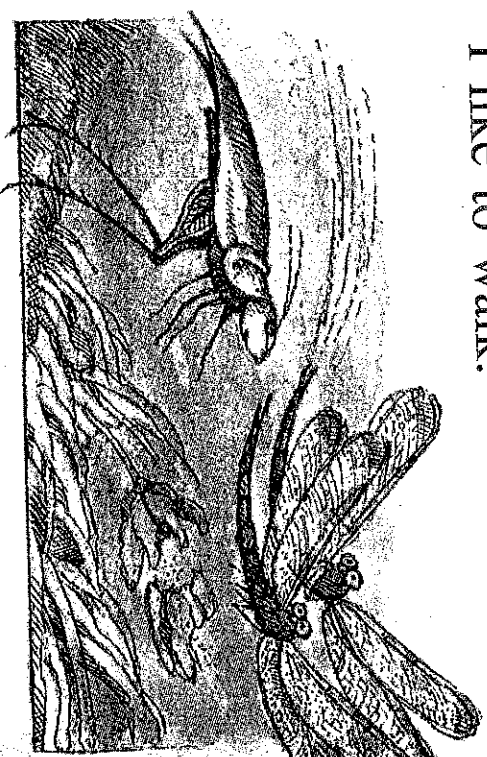
You are only walking.

That is very sad.”

“It is not sad,”

said Grasshopper.

“I like to walk.”



The dragonflies flew

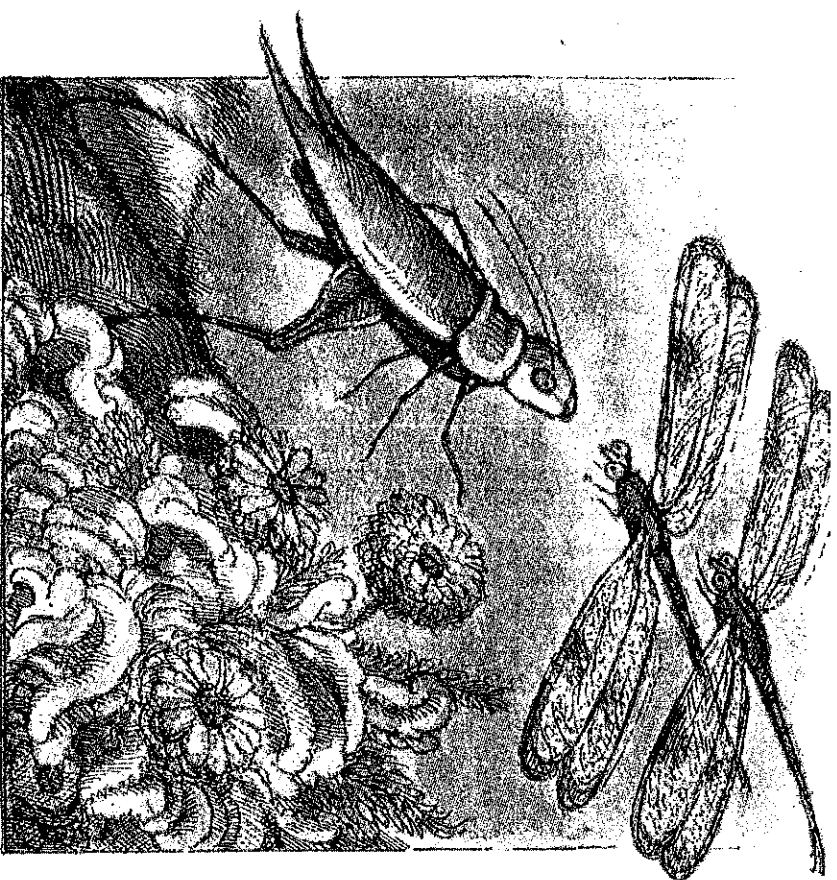
over Grasshopper's head.

"We can see so many things  
from up here,"  
said the dragonflies.

"All you can see  
is that road."

"I like this road,"  
said Grasshopper.

"And I can see  
flowers growing  
along the side of the road."



"We are zipping  
and zooming,"  
said the first dragonfly.  
"We do not have time  
to look at flowers."



“I can see leaves  
moving in the trees,”  
said Grasshopper.  
“We are looping  
and spinning,”  
said the second dragonfly.  
“We do not have time  
to look at leaves.”

“I can see the sunset  
over the mountains,”  
said Grasshopper.  
“What sunset?  
What mountains?”  
asked the dragonflies.  
“We are diving and dipping.  
There is no time  
to look at sunsets and mountains.”





*ZOOOOM!*

The two dragonflies  
raced across the sky.

Soon they were gone.

The world was quiet again.

The sky became dark.

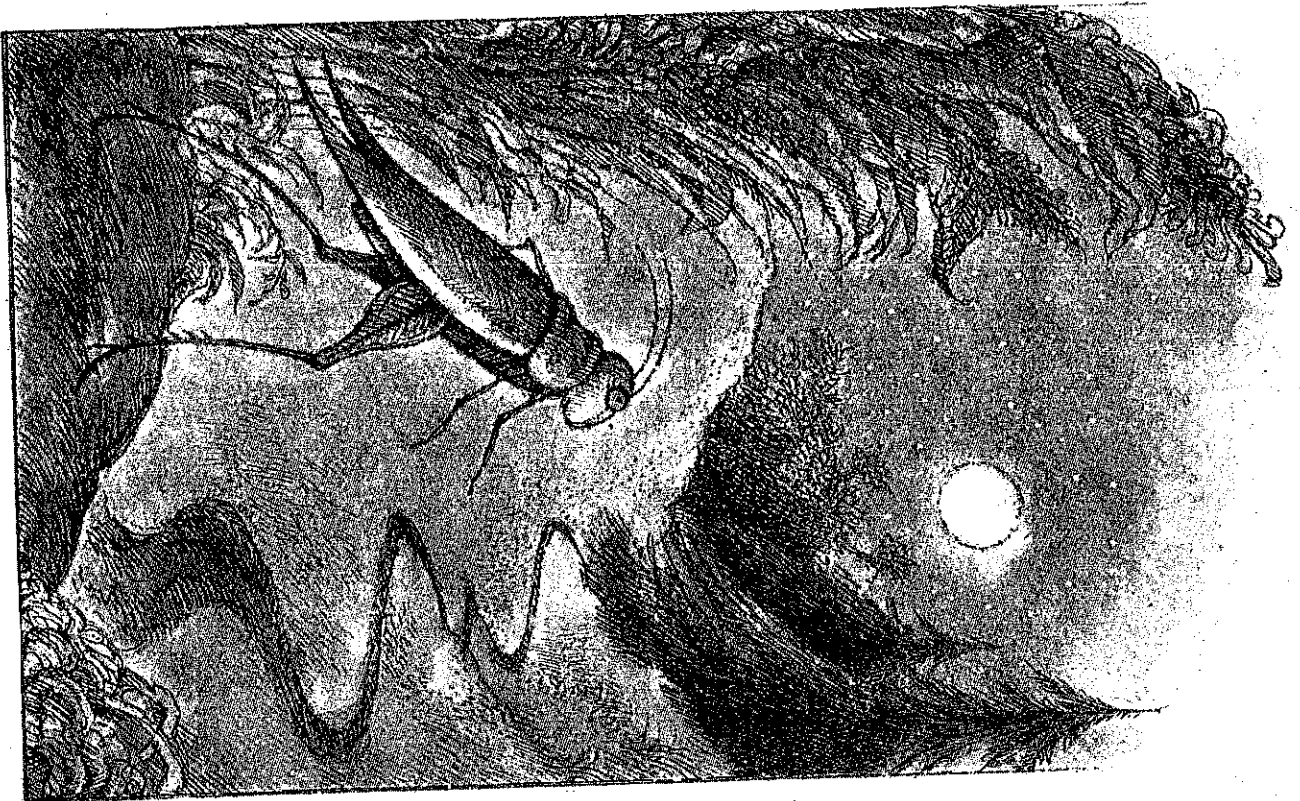
Grasshopper watched the moon  
rising over the land.

He watched the stars come out.

He was happy

to be walking slowly

down the road.





Grasshopper was tired.

He lay down in a soft place.

He knew that in the morning

the road would still be there,

taking him on and on

to wherever

he wanted to go.