



Remote Learning Packet

Fifth Grade

April 27–May 1, 2020

Student Name: _____ Teacher: _____



Student Attendance Affidavit

April 27–May 1, 2020

My Great Hearts Irving Student, _____, to the best of my knowledge, attended to his/her remote learning assignments on the following days:

- Monday, April 27, 2020
- Tuesday, April 28, 2020
- Wednesday, April 29, 2020
- Thursday, April 30, 2020
- Friday, May 1, 2020

Parent Name (printed): _____

Parent Signature: _____ Date: _____

Student Name: _____ Teacher: _____

My Learning This Week

Directions: Write the date in the box on the left; then put a check mark in each box when all of your hard work is done. We miss you, and hope to see you at school again very soon!

Date	My Daily Learning
	<input type="checkbox"/> I spent between 100 and 120 minutes on my daily activities. <input type="checkbox"/> I read all the directions before I asked for more help. <input type="checkbox"/> If required, I wrote all my answers in complete sentences. <input type="checkbox"/> I used my neatest penmanship, and my writing can be read by both me and an adult. <input type="checkbox"/> I double-checked my written answers for correct capitalization, punctuation, and grammar. <input type="checkbox"/> I read for at least 20 minutes today. <input type="checkbox"/> My teacher will be proud of my hard work and perseverance.
	<input type="checkbox"/> I spent between 100 and 120 minutes on my daily activities. <input type="checkbox"/> I read all the directions before I asked for more help. <input type="checkbox"/> If required, I wrote all my answers in complete sentences. <input type="checkbox"/> I used my neatest penmanship, and my writing can be read by both me and an adult. <input type="checkbox"/> I double-checked my written answers for correct capitalization, punctuation, and grammar. <input type="checkbox"/> I read for at least 20 minutes today. <input type="checkbox"/> My teacher will be proud of my hard work and perseverance.
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Fifth Grade Remote Learning Plan 4/27 - 5/1

At-home work for Fifth Grade is limited to approximately 2 hours per day.

Subject	Mon. 4/27	Tue. 4/28	Wed. 4/29	Thu. 4/30	Fri. 5/1	
<i>Math</i> ~25-35 min.	Financial Records	Sammy's Weekly Expenses	Robert's Weekly Expenses	Maria's Weekly Expenses	Quiz	
<i>English Language Arts</i> ~25-35 min. total	<i>Spalding</i>	Follow the instructions for your Spalding Page with the following words(5 min): immediate, convene, convenient, receipt, recipe	Follow the instructions for your Spalding Page with the following words(5 min): preliminary, disappoint, especially, special, annual	Follow the instructions for your Spalding Page with the following words(5 min): committee, commit, adjective, advantage, affect	Follow the instructions for your Spalding Review Page with the following words(5 min): Review all the words for this week	Test
	<i>Literature</i>	Read 87-95 (20 min.)	Read 96-104 (20 min.)	Read 104 -112 (20 min.)	Read 113-118 (20 min.)	Read 119-126(20 min.)
	<i>Grammar/ Writing</i>	Grammar (5 min): Prepositions Writing: Literature	Grammar (5 min): Conjunctions Writing: Literature	Grammar (5 min): Conjunctions Writing: Literature	Grammar (5 min): Commas & Direct Address Writing:	Grammar (5 min): Commas in a Series

		sentences. (5 min)	sentences. (5 min)	sentences. (5 min)	Literature sentences. (5 min)	
	<i>Poetry</i>	Begin new poem: "Casey at the Bat" (5 min)	Practice "Casey at the Bat." (5 min)	Practice "Casey at the Bat." (5 min)	Practice "Casey at the Bat." (5 min)	Practice "Casey at the Bat." (5 min)
<i>History or Science</i> ~20 min.		Read "Beginning of the Industrial Revolution" and answer questions.	Read FOSS pages 70-72 and answer questions.	Read "The Steam Engine and Transportation" and answer questions.	Read FOSS pages 327-329 & keep study guide for Quiz on Tues, April 28th.	Industrial Revolution Narrative
<i>Art or Music</i> ~15 min.		Art: Weaving- How to make the weaving strips	Music: Introduction to bass clef	Art: Weaving- How to Tabby weave	Music: Identifying notes in bass clef	Art: Weaving- Practice Tabby weave
<i>Latin or P.E.</i> ~15 min.		P.E. 5-minute workout followed by the "Ski-jump basketball-shot" game	Latin Reading and comprehension questions in Chapter Six	P.E. 5-minute workout with a new exercise, followed by working on our "Marathon Map."	Latin Design-your-own-villa activity	P.E. 5-minute workout followed by the "Magic Carpet" relay.


Day 1 Instructions and Resources

Monday, 4/27

Math

Review (5 Minutes): Using the flashcards you created, shuffle them into one large deck and select twenty from the shuffled deck. Test yourself on those twenty before taking the Math Fact Practice.

Math Fact Practice (5 Minutes): In 5 minutes or less, solve the Math Fact Practice sheet for multiplication of a mixture of numbers from 0 to 12.

Name _____				
Mixed Facts 0-12				
$5 \times 10 = \underline{\quad}$	$9 \times 2 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 1 = \underline{\quad}$	$4 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$	$4 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$
$4 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$	$2 \times 8 = \underline{\quad}$	$3 \times 11 = \underline{\quad}$	$2 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$	$3 \times 3 = \underline{\quad}$
$9 \times 6 = \underline{\quad}$	$5 \times 8 = \underline{\quad}$	$2 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$	$3 \times 5 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 2 = \underline{\quad}$
$5 \times 8 = \underline{\quad}$	$0 \times 5 = \underline{\quad}$	$5 \times 10 = \underline{\quad}$	$2 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$	$5 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$
$3 \times 4 = \underline{\quad}$	$4 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$2 \times 4 = \underline{\quad}$	$8 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$	$5 \times 5 = \underline{\quad}$
$12 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$3 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$4 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$8 \times 2 = \underline{\quad}$	$10 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$
$5 \times 10 = \underline{\quad}$	$2 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$	$6 \times 3 = \underline{\quad}$	$11 \times 2 = \underline{\quad}$	$2 \times 3 = \underline{\quad}$
$2 \times 5 = \underline{\quad}$	$5 \times 0 = \underline{\quad}$	$1 \times 8 = \underline{\quad}$	$8 \times 10 = \underline{\quad}$	$3 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$
$12 \times 4 = \underline{\quad}$	$8 \times 2 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$	$2 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$	$4 \times 2 = \underline{\quad}$
$4 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 4 = \underline{\quad}$	$3 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$	$8 \times 1 = \underline{\quad}$	$5 \times 8 = \underline{\quad}$

To listen to this section: <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/72fc56010b84f2264d7f9a01a2a48b18>

Financial Records: **Expenses** are things that a person pays for such as rent/house payments, electricity, water, food, movies, donation to charities, and other necessities. **Income** is how much a person earns. A **budget** is a plan that shows how income will be used for expenses. Before a person can make a budget, they have to track their earnings and spending. The **balance** shows the amount of money they currently have. The balance changes every time they receive money or spend money. Please answer the following questions with complete sentences.

1. What is income? _____

2. What do adults do with their income? _____

3. What happens when you run out of money? _____

4. How can you avoid running out of money? _____

Spalding

Day 1's video: <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/0e21ab8339fe0252494816ccc71110f7>

Review (5 min): Use a piece of paper and write the assigned words in the following way:

1. Say the word.
2. Use the word in a sentence.
3. Show the syllables and finger spelling for the word.
4. Write the word. Remember to say the phonograms aloud as you write.
5. Mark the word with the correct spelling rules.
6. Repeat for each assigned word.
7. When you have finished the word list, read for spelling (read only individual sounds in each word).
8. Read for reading (read the whole word).

Today's Words:

immediate, convene, convenient, receipt, recipe

Literature and Writing

Read pages 87-95 in Chapter Eight of *Where the Red Fern Grows* (about 20 minutes):

As you read...

- Be sure to read slowly and carefully.
- If reading aloud, make sure that your voice follows all punctuation.

After reading...

- When you are finished reading, answer the following question using complete sentences and correct spelling and grammar.

White sheets of water, knocked high in the moonlight by his churning feet, gleamed like thousands of tiny white stars.

He came out of the river onto a sand bar. In his eagerness, his feet slipped in the loose sand and down he went. He came out of his roll, running and bawling. Ahead of him was a log jam. He sailed over it and disappeared down the riverbank. Seconds later I heard his deep voice blend with the sharp cries of Little Ann.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They wouldn't give up. Once again they crossed over to the other shore. It was no use. The coon hadn't touched that bank. They came back. Old Dan went up the river and Little Ann worked downstream.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sitting on their rears, my dogs waited and watched. I smiled at the look on their faces. Every time I stopped chopping they would come over. While Little Ann washed the sweat from my face, Old Dan would inspect my work. He seemed to be pleased with what he saw for he always wagged his tail.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I looked up and saw a smile on his face.

He turned and looked again at the tree. "Say," he said, "this is the sycamore you

down and tightened my grip on the ax.

I was standing my ground quite well when visions of bears, lions, and all kinds of other animals started flashing across my mind. I jumped behind a big sycamore and was trying hard to press my body into the tree when a big coon came tearing by. Twenty-five yards behind him came my dogs, running side by side. I saw them clearly when they passed me, bawling every time their feet touched the ground.

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

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

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

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

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

It had taken me quite a while to find a name suitable for the big sycamore. For a while I had called it "the chicken tree." In some ways it had reminded me of a mother hen hovering over her young in a rainstorm. Its huge limbs spread out over the small birch, ash, box elder, and water oak as if it alone were their protector. Next, I named it "the giant." That name didn't last long. Mama told us children a story about a big giant that lived in the mountains and ate little children that were lost. Right away I started looking for another name.

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

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

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

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

I turned to walk away. My hounds made no move to follow. They started whining. Old Dan reared up, placed his front paws on the trunk, and started bawling. "I know he's there," I said, "but there's nothing I can do. I can't climb it. Why it's sixty feet up to the first limb and it would take me a month to cut it down."

Again I turned and started on my way.

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

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

call 'the big tree,' isn't it?"

I nodded my head.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

An astonished look came over my father's face. "Why, Billy," he said, "you can't stay down here without anything to eat and no sleep. Besides, it'll take at least two days to cut that tree down and that's hard work."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I was so busy with the fresh side pork, fried eggs, and hot biscuits, I didn't pay

much attention to her. After all, she was a girl, and girls don't think like boys do.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1) Why does Billy decide to cut down "the big tree?" How is his decision helping him grow into a man?

2) How is the character of Billy and the coon similar?

Reading Accommodation: Listen to the audio book by clicking or typing in the link <https://youtu.be/FJzhCdlb-lw> and follow along with the text in your book beginning at "He's not the only coon in these bottoms."

Grammar

FERN GROWS

PREPOSITIONS



GHOST COON SAYS: A preposition relates the noun or pronoun following it to another word in the sentence. It is always followed by a noun. (i.e. I walked on the sidewalk.)
(i.e. about, above, across, after, against, along, among, around, at, before, behind, below, beneath, beside, besides, between, beyond, but, by, down, during, except, for, from, in, inside, into, like, near, of, off, on, onto, opposite, out, outside, over, past, since, through, throughout, to, toward, under, underneath, until, up, upon, with, within, without)

➔ **Directions:** In the following sentences, circle ALL of the prepositions. Then highlight all of the whole prepositional phrases.

1. The ugly cur came out with his left shoulder laid open to the bone.
2. His pads were worn down as slick as the rind on an apple.
3. In a soft voice, I started talking to the dog.
4. The knotty joints of his hips and shoulders stood out a good three inches from his body.
5. It's strange indeed how memories can lie dormant in a man's mind for so many years.
6. I gave the dog a bath and rubbed all the soreness from his muscles.
7. Everything was too perfect for anything unusual to happen.
8. He drank quarts of warm milk and ate all the meat I had in the house.
9. His long ears flopped up and down, keeping time with the jogging motion of his body.
10. I didn't turn on any lights on entering the house.
11. His old red feet would keep jogging along, on and on, mile after mile.
12. It was neat and trim and sparkled like a white star in the heavens.
13. The rich bottom land near the river was studded with tall sycamores, birches, and box elders.
14. It made me feel like someone was squeezing water out of my heart.
15. He showed me how to set the traps by mashing the spring down with my foot.

Directions: In the following sentences, fill in the blanks with a preposition that has an appropriate meaning for the context in the sentence.

1. Our home was ____ a beautiful valley far back ____ the rugged Ozarks.
2. None ____ us had ____ tell her.
3. Mama put the forked end ____ Samie's neck and pinned him ____ the ground.
4. It wasn't long ____ everything ____ the farm was all spooked up.
5. He was lying all sprawled out ____ the sunshine ____ all four paws bandaged and sticking straight up.
6. ____ neat little rows, I tacked the hides ____ the smokehouse wall.

History

Beginning of the Industrial Revolution: Mills and Factories

We are going to begin studying a new topic in history: the **Industrial Revolution**. “Industry” can mean either hard work or a type of economic activity involved with manufacturing goods. Therefore, the Industrial Revolution is a change in the way people worked, brought on by new advances in science and technology. This revolution had been going on before the Civil War, so we are going to go “back in time” a bit in our study.

Before the Industrial Revolution, many people made their money by farming, and did most of their activities at home. For example, they would also hunt and fish to prepare their own food and they would make their own clothes. Clothes-making was a long and laborious process, starting from raw materials like wool or linen (also called “textiles”) and refining them into clothing. In England, different machines began to be developed, such as the “flying shuttle” or the “spinning jenny,” to make this process simpler and quicker. People also began to use water power to make these machines work more effectively. In the 1760s and 1770s, men began to open **mills** - places that used water to power the machines - in order to manufacture or make clothing. Because the **textile mills** could make clothing more quickly and more cheaply, more people began to buy goods from them rather than from spinners or weavers without machines.

These English textile mills were the beginning of the Industrial Revolution, so we can say that the Industrial Revolution began in England. However, Americans were also interested in technological advances and setting up textile mills for themselves. The problem was that England did not want other people to know about their manufacturing technology, because they would make more money if they were the only ones who had these mills. England even passed a law forbidding people from sharing plans of the mills outside of England. One man, though, **Samuel Slater**, had been trained in a textile mill and memorized as much about it as he could before moving to America. There he helped set up a **factory** in Rhode Island (a place where goods are made using machines). Because of his role in bringing the factory system to England, Samuel Slater was later called “The Father of the American Industrial Revolution” by President Andrew Jackson.

Other American inventions cropped up, used to make both farming and manufacturing easier. One of the most significant inventions was that of **Eli Whitney**. Before Whitney, when cotton was picked on the Southern plantations, there would be seeds inside the plant, which would have to be picked out by hand. But in the 1790s, Whitney invented a machine called the **cotton gin**, which would remove the seeds from the cotton by turning a crank. Whitney’s invention made it much easier and quicker to process cotton, which helped lead to the importance of cotton in the American economy.

While the invention of the cotton gin was particularly useful in the South, the Industrial Revolution took hold more strongly in the North, where more factories were established. Industrialization saw women and children going out to the factories to work as well as men. One of the best known factories were the **Lowell Mills**, in Lowell, Massachusetts, opened in 1811, where young women worked. The founder of the Lowell Mills attempted to create an ideal factory system different from the system in Europe. As the factory system continued to develop, however, these idealistic goals gave way to a greater concern for making money, and factories throughout the country became quite dangerous places to work.

Please answer the following questions in complete sentences. Be sure to use correct spelling and grammar.

1. Why is Samuel Slater considered the “Father of the American Industrial Revolution?”

2. Where were there more factories in America: the North or the South?

Poetry

This week we are going to begin learning a new poem: “Casey at the Bat,” by Ernest Lawrence Thayer.” The poem was written in 1888 and about a fictional baseball game. It is fairly long, so be sure to practice diligently each day. For today, please read through the poem once silently, then read it aloud. It is important that you keep this copy of the poem to study and practice.

Casey at the Bat

Ernest Lawrence Thayer

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day;
The score stood four to two with but one inning more to play.
And then when Cooney died at first, and Barrows did the same,
A sickly silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go in deep despair. The rest
Clung to that hope which springs eternal in the human breast.
They thought if only Casey could but get a whack at that -
We'd put up even money now with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake,
And the former was a lulu and the latter was a cake;
So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,
And Blake, the much despised, tore the cover off the ball;
And when the dust had lifted, and men saw what had occurred,
There was Jimmy safe at second and Flynn a-hugging third.

Then from 5,000 throats and more there rose a lusty yell;
It rumbled through the valley, it rattled in the dell;
It knocked upon the mountain and recoiled upon the flat,
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place;
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face.
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt;
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt.
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped -
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore.
"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted some one on the stand;
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew;
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and echo answered fraud;
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was wed.
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clinched in hate;
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate.
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light.
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville - mighty Casey has struck out.

P.E.

5-minute workout. Remember to check the box when you are done:

- 60 seconds of planks
- 30 second break
- 30 seconds straight of crunches
- 60 seconds straight of clam-curls
- 30 second break
- 90 seconds of crab-walking

“Ski-Jump Basketball-shot” game:

Hello Fourth Graders! It is good to review what we have done thus far this year so that we do not forget. This game will mix a new exercise with some old basketball skills. You will need:

- 1 laundry basket (or any kind of basket or box)
- 1 chair
- 5 items, such as stuffed animals
- 1 foam ball (a pair of rolled-up socks will do)

Here is how you set up! First, offer to do the laundry so that you can use the laundry basket. Once this is done, place the basket on top of the chair. Now, take three huge steps away from the basket-chair and place your first item on the ground. Take two more steps back and place the next item on the ground. Place all the rest of the items two steps apart, in a straight line. The items stay on the ground to mark your place. To play, you will start next to the item that is closest to the chair. You are going to do two “ski-jumps” over the item, and then quickly take a shot at the basket. To do a ski-jump, pretend that you have skis on and jump sideways over the item. Remember that both feet should jump at the same time. If you make the shot, go grab the ball, move to the next item and try again. If you miss from a certain spot, then you have to try again until you make it. Once you have the rules down, then make it timed! For example, ask your parents to count to 60 seconds to see if you can complete the whole course. Have fun!

Art (15 Minutes)

Weaving Unit: Making the weaving strips

Materials: scissors, two extra pieces paper, and colored pencils

Step 1: Using the “weaving strips” template, trace the lines from the template onto two extra pieces of paper. If the template is too light in color for you to trace, write over it with a dark marker.

Step 2: Using at least 4 colors, alternate coloring each strip on your piece of paper

Step 3: Cut out each strip

Step 4: Place in a safe area to be completed for the next lesson.

Weaving strips

A large rectangular area with horizontal red lines, intended for drawing weaving strips. The area is bounded by a thin black line on the right and bottom, and a thin red line on the top. The lines are evenly spaced and extend across the width of the page.


Day 2 Instructions and Resources

Tuesday, 4/28

Math

Review (5 Minutes): Using the flashcards you created, shuffle them into one large deck and select twenty from the shuffled deck. Test yourself on those twenty before taking the Math Fact Practice.

Math Fact Practice (5 Minutes): In 5 minutes or less, solve the Math Fact Practice sheet for multiplication of a mixture of numbers from 0 to 12.

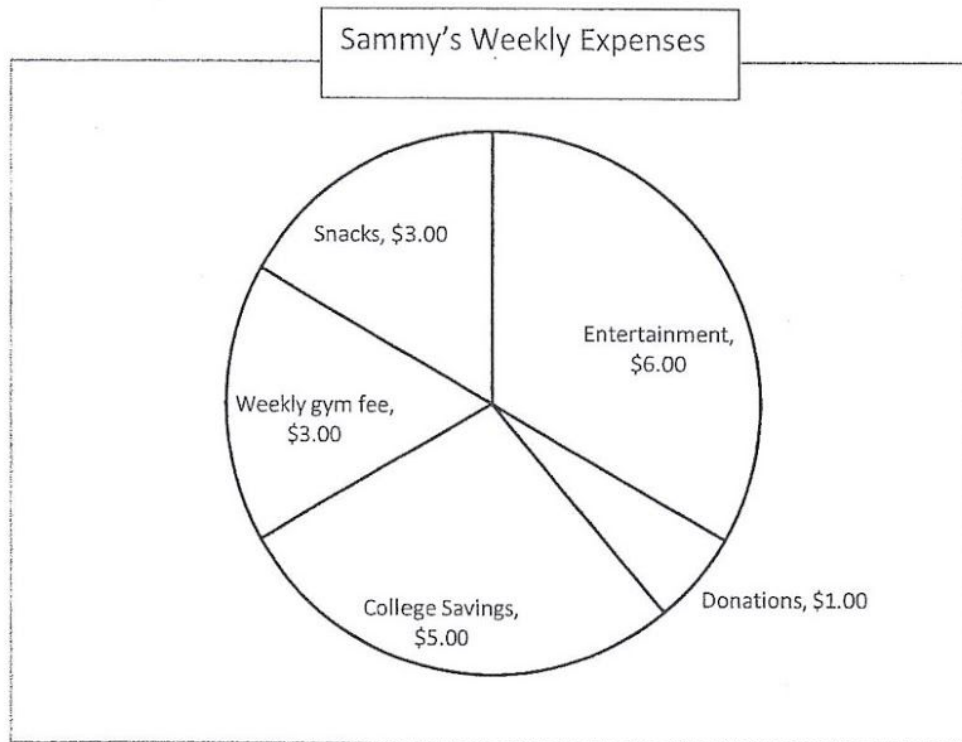
Name _____		Mixed Facts 0-12			
$5 \times 8 =$ _____	$11 \times 2 =$ _____	$11 \times 3 =$ _____	$1 \times 12 =$ _____	$6 \times 9 =$ _____	
$3 \times 8 =$ _____	$2 \times 9 =$ _____	$2 \times 2 =$ _____	$11 \times 0 =$ _____	$3 \times 8 =$ _____	
$2 \times 4 =$ _____	$3 \times 6 =$ _____	$5 \times 6 =$ _____	$12 \times 9 =$ _____	$2 \times 10 =$ _____	
$2 \times 9 =$ _____	$4 \times 3 =$ _____	$4 \times 5 =$ _____	$5 \times 6 =$ _____	$1 \times 12 =$ _____	
$7 \times 3 =$ _____	$2 \times 6 =$ _____	$2 \times 7 =$ _____	$6 \times 4 =$ _____	$9 \times 8 =$ _____	
$5 \times 10 =$ _____	$1 \times 9 =$ _____	$12 \times 6 =$ _____	$4 \times 0 =$ _____	$4 \times 10 =$ _____	
$11 \times 2 =$ _____	$8 \times 7 =$ _____	$3 \times 10 =$ _____	$3 \times 9 =$ _____	$2 \times 11 =$ _____	
$2 \times 0 =$ _____	$9 \times 5 =$ _____	$4 \times 9 =$ _____	$7 \times 8 =$ _____	$3 \times 9 =$ _____	
$12 \times 8 =$ _____	$8 \times 4 =$ _____	$5 \times 8 =$ _____	$5 \times 4 =$ _____	$2 \times 6 =$ _____	
$1 \times 4 =$ _____	$9 \times 3 =$ _____	$2 \times 0 =$ _____	$8 \times 9 =$ _____	$8 \times 4 =$ _____	

To listen to this section: <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/40f84df7c2d520888f556c7705ffdf4f>

Sammy's Weekly Expenses: This is a pie chart showing the breakdown of Sammy's weekly expenses. In order to find the total he makes per week, you will have to find the total of the pie chart (add all of his expenses). Next, you want to find where Sammy spends the most money. To find this, look for which section of the pie chart is the largest. To find where he spends the least, look for which section of the pie chart is the smallest. Lastly, we need to adjust his spending so that he can save for his mother's gift. Keep in mind that his mother would be very disappointed to hear that Sammy decided not to save for college, give donations, or take care of his health at the gym. Those

are all noble things for Sammy to do. Consider then what Sammy could give up for 10 weeks so that he could save for his mother's gift.

Directions: Sammy earns money for walking his neighbor's children home from the bus stop each day. The circle graph below shows how he uses his weekly earnings. Answer the questions about Sammy's weekly expenses below.



1. How much does Sammy earn each week? _____
2. For what does Sammy spend the most money? _____
3. For what does Sammy spend the least money? _____
4. Sammy would like to save for his mother's birthday which is in 10 weeks. How can he adjust his spending to save for his mother's gift? _____

Spalding

Day 2's video: <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/8d2f9953415290e53230d6f86011c1c3>

Review (5 min): Use a piece of paper and write the assigned words in the following way:

1. Say the word.
2. Use the word in a sentence.
3. Show the syllables and finger spelling for the word.
4. Write the word. Remember to say the phonograms aloud as you write.
5. Mark the word with the correct spelling rules.
6. Repeat for each assigned word.
7. When you have finished the word list, read for spelling (read only individual sounds in each word).
8. Read for reading (read the whole word).

Today's Words:

preliminary, disappoint, especially, special, annual

Literature and Writing

Read pages 96-104 in Chapter Nine of *Where the Red Fern Grows* (about 20 minutes):

As you read...

- Be sure to read slowly and carefully.
- If reading aloud, make sure that your voice follows all punctuation.

After reading...

- When you are finished reading, answer the following question using complete sentences and correct spelling and grammar.

IX

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

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

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

I'm sure no one in the world can understand a young boy like his grandfather can.

He drove up with a twinkle in his eyes and a smile on his whiskery old face.
 "Hello! How are you gettin' along?" he boomed.
 "Not so good, Grandpa," I said. "I don't think I can cut it down. It's just too big. I guess I'll have to give up."
 "Give up!" Grandpa barked. "Now I don't want to hear you say that. No, sir, that's the last thing I want to hear. Don't ever start anything you can't finish."
 "I don't want to give up, Grandpa," I said, "but it's just too big and my strength's gone. I'm give out."
 "Course you are," he said. "You've been going at it wrong. To do work like that a fellow needs plenty of rest and food in his stomach."
 "How am I going to get that, Grandpa?" I asked. "I can't leave the tree. If I do, the coon will get away."
 "No, he won't," Grandpa said. "That's what I came down here for. I'll show you how to keep that coon in the tree."
 He walked around the big sycamore, looking up. He whistled and said, "Boy, this is a big one all right."
 "Yes, it is, Grandpa," I said. "It's the biggest one in the river bottoms."
 Grandpa started chuckling. "That's all right," he said. "The bigger they are the harder they fall."
 "How are you going to make the coon stay in the tree, Grandpa?" I asked.
 With a proud look on his face, he said, "That's another one of my coon-hunting tricks; learned it when I was a boy. We'll keep him there all right. Oh, I don't mean we can keep him there for always, but he'll stay for four or five days. That is, until he gets so hungry he just has to come down."
 "I don't need that much time," I said. "I'm pretty sure I can have it down by tomorrow night."
 Grandpa looked at the cut. "I don't know," he said. "Even though it is halfway down, you must remember you've been cutting on it half of one night and one day. You might make it, but it's going to take a lot of chopping."
 "If I get a good night's sleep," I said, "and a couple of meals under my belt, I can do a lot of chopping."
 Grandpa laughed. "Speaking of meals," he said, "your ma is having chicken and dumplings for supper. Now we don't want to miss that, so let's get busy."
 "What do you want me to do, Grandpa?" I asked.
 "Well, let's see," he said. "First thing we'll need is some sticks about five feet long. Take your ax, go over in that canebrake, and get us six of them."
 I hurried to do what Grandpa wanted, all the time wondering what in the world he was going to do. How could he keep the coon in the tree?
 When I came back, he was taking some old clothes from the buggy. "Take this stocking cap," he said. "Fill it about half-full of grass and leaves."
 While I was doing this, Grandpa walked over and started looking up in the tree. "You're pretty sure he's in that hollow limb, are you?" he asked.
 "He's there all right, Grandpa," I said. "There's no other place he could be. I've looked all over it and there's no other hollow anywhere."
 "Well, in that case," Grandpa said, "we'd better put our man along about here."
 "What man, Grandpa?" I asked in surprise.

He picked Old Dan up in his arms and set him in the buggy.
 All the way home I had to hold on to his collar to keep him from jumping out and going back to the tree.
 As our buggy wound its way up through the bottoms, Grandpa started talking. "You know, Billy," he said, "about this tree-chopping of yours, I think it's all right. In fact, I think it would be a good thing if all young boys had to cut down a big tree like that once in their life. It does something for them. It gives them determination and will power. That's a good thing for a man to have. It goes a long way in his life. The American people have a lot of it. They have proved that, all down through history, but they could do with a lot more of it."
 I couldn't see this determination and will power that Grandpa was talking about very clearly. All I could see was a big sycamore tree, a lot of chopping, and the hide of a ringtail coon that I was determined to have.
 As we reached the house, Mama came out. Right away she started checking me over. "Are you all right?" she asked.
 "Sure, Mama," I said. "What makes you think something's wrong with me?"
 "Well, I didn't know," she said. "The way you acted when you got down from the buggy, I thought maybe you were hurt."
 "Aw, he's just a little sore and stiff from all that chopping," Grandpa said, "but he'll be all right. That'll soon go away."
 After Mama saw that there were no broken bones, or legs chopped off, she smiled and said, "I never know any more. I guess I'll just have to get used to it."
 Papa hollered from the porch. "Come on in. We've been waiting supper on you."
 "We're having chicken and dumplings," Mama beamed, "and I cooked them especially for you."
 During the meal I told Grandpa I didn't think that the coon in the big tree was the same one my dogs had been trailing at first.
 "What makes you think that?" he asked.
 I told how the coon had fooled us and how Little Ann had seen or heard this other coon. I figured he had just walked up on my dogs before he realized it.
 A senile spread all over Grandpa's face. Chuckling, he said, "It does look that way, but it wasn't. No, Billy, it was the same coon. They're much too smart to ever walk up on a hound like that. He pulled a trick and it was a good one. In fact, it'll fool nine out of ten dogs."
 "Well, what did he do, Grandpa?" I asked. "I'm pretty sure he didn't cross the river, so how did he work it?"
 Grandpa pushed the dishes back and, using his fork as a pencil, he drew an imaginary line on the tablecloth. "It's called the backtracking trick," he said. "Here's how he worked it. He climbed that water oak but he only went up about fifteen or twenty feet. He then turned around and came down in his same tracks. He backtracked on his original trail for a way. When he heard your dogs coming he leaped far up on the side of the nearest tree and climbed up. He was in that tree all the time your dogs were searching for the lost trail. After everything had quieted down, he figured that they had given up. That's when he came down and that's when Little Ann either heard or saw him."
 Pointing the fork at me, Grandpa said very seriously, "You mark my word, Billy, in no time at all that Little Ann will know every trick a coon can pull."

"The one we're going to make," he said. "To us it'll be a scarecrow, but to that coon it'll be a man."
 Knowing too well how smart coons were, right away I began to lose confidence. "I don't see how anything like that can keep a coon in a tree," I said.
 "I'll keep him there all right," Grandpa said. "Like I told you before, they're curious little devils. Hell poke his head out of that hole, see this man standing here, and he won't dare come down. It'll take him four or five days to figure out that it isn't a real honest-to-goodness man. By that time it'll be too late. You'll have his hide tacked on the smokehouse wall."
 The more I thought about it, the more I believed it, and then there was that serious look on Grandpa's face. That was all it took. I was firmly convinced.
 I started laughing. The more I thought about it, the funnier it got. Great big laughing tears rolled down my cheek.
 "What's so funny?" Grandpa asked. "Don't you believe it'll work?"
 "Sure it'll work, Grandpa," I said. "I know it will."
 I was just thinking-those coons aren't half as smart as they think they are, are they?"
 We both had a good laugh at this.
 With the sticks and some bailing wire, Grandpa made a frame that looked almost like a gingerbread man. On this he put an old pair of pants and a red sweater. We stuffed the loose flabby clothes with grass and leaves. He wired the stocking-cap head in place and stepped back to inspect his work.
 "Well, what do you think of it?" he asked.
 "If it had a face," I said, "you couldn't tell it from a real man."
 "We can fix that," Grandpa chuckled.
 He took a stick and dug some black grease from one of the hub caps on the buggy. I stood and watched while he applied his artistic touch. In the stocking-cap head he made two mean-looking eyes, a crooked nose, and the ugliest mouth I had ever seen.
 "Well, what do you think of that?" he asked. "Looks pretty good, huh?"
 Laughing fit to kill, and talking all at the same time, I told him that I wouldn't blame the coon if he stayed in the tree until Gabriel blew his horn.
 "He won't stay that long," Grandpa chuckled, "but he'll stay long enough for you to cut that tree down."
 "That's all I want," I said.
 "We'd better be going," Grandpa said. "It's getting late and we don't want to miss that supper."
 I was so stiff and sore he had to help me to the buggy seat.
 I called to my dogs. Little Ann came, but not willingly. Old Dan refused to leave the tree.
 "Come on, boy," I coaxed. "Let's go home and get something to eat. We'll come back tomorrow."
 He bowed his head and looked the other way.
 "Come on," I scolded, "we can't sit here all night."
 This hurt his feelings. He walked around behind the big sycamore and hid.
 "Well, I'll be darned," Grandpa said as he jumped down from the buggy. "He knows that coon's there and he doesn't want to leave it. You've got a coon hound there and I mean a good one."


"You know, Grandpa," I said, "she wouldn't bark treed at the water oak like Old Dan did."
 "Course she wouldn't," he said. "She knew he wasn't there."
 "Why, I never heard of such a thing," Mama said. "I'd no idea coons were that smart. Why, for all anyone knows he may not be in the big tree at all. Maybe he pulled another trick. It'd be a shame if Billy cut it down and found there was no coon in it."
 "Oh, he's there, Mama," I hastily replied. "I know he is. They were right on his tail when he went up. Besides, Little Ann was bawling her head off when I came to them."
 "Of course he's there," Grandpa said. "They were crowding him too closely. He didn't have time to pull another trick."
 Grandpa left soon after supper, saying to me, "I'll be back down in a few days and I want to see that coon hide."
 I thanked him for helping me and walked out to the buggy with him.
 "Oh, I almost forgot," he said. "I heard there was a fad back in the New England states. Seems like everyone is going crazy over coonskin coats. Now if this is true, I look for the price of coon hides to take a jump."
 I was happy to hear this and told my father what Grandpa had said. Papa laughed and said, "Well, if you can keep the coons out of those big sycamores, you might make a little money."
 Before I went to bed, Mama made me take a hot bath. Then she rubbed me all over with some liniment that burned like fire and smelled like a civet cat.
 It seemed like I had barely closed my eyes when Mama woke me up. "Breakfast is about ready, Billy," she said.
 I was so stiff and sore I had trouble putting my clothes on. Mama helped me.
 "Maybe you'd better let that coon go," she said. "I don't think he's worth all of this."
 "I can't do that, Mama," I said. "I've gone too far now."
 Papa came in from the barn. "What's the matter?" he asked. "You a little stiff?"
 "A little stiff!" Mama exclaimed. "Why he could hardly put his clothes on."
 "Aw, he'll be all right," Papa said. "If I know anything about swinging an ax, it won't be long before he's as limber as a rag."
 Mama just shook her head and started putting our breakfast on the table.
 While we were eating, Papa said, "You know I woke up several times last night and each time I was sure I heard a hound bawling. It sounded like Old Dan."
 I quit the table on the run and headed for my doghouse. I didn't have to go all the way. Little Ann met me on the porch. I asked her where Old Dan was and called his name. He was nowhere around.
 Little Ann started acting strangely. She whined and stared toward the river bottoms. She ran out to the gate, came back, and reared up on me.
 Mama and Papa came out on the porch.
 "He's not here," I said. "I think he has gone back to the tree."
 "I don't think he'd do that, would he?" Mama said. "Maybe he's around someplace. Have you looked in the doghouse?"
 I ran and looked. He wasn't there.
 "Everybody be quiet and listen," I said.
 I walked out beyond the gate a little ways and whooped as loud as I could. My

1) What does grandpa think about Billy's tree-chopping?

2) How does Ma react differently to Billy's tree-chopping than Pa?

Reading Accommodation: Listen to the audio book by clicking or typing in the link <https://youtu.be/FJzhCdlb-lw> and follow along with the text in your book stopping at "Ma just shook her head and started putting our breakfast on the table."

Grammar




FANBOYS GROWS CONJUNCTIONS

GHOST COON SAYS: A *coordinating conjunction* is a word that links things together. Sometimes it combines a list, and other times it combines two independent clauses into one sentence.

for and nor but or yet so = FANBOYS

➔ **Directions:** Draw a circle around each of the coordinating conjunctions.

1. It was too much for him, and he took off down the street.
2. Memories can lie vacant for many years, yet they can be awakened and brought forth fresh and new.
3. He sat down on his rear and let the world know that he had been hurt.
4. Mama noticed that I began to lose weight, so she had a talk with Papa.
5. He'd steal the bait from the traps, spring the triggers, or sometimes even turn them over.



GHOST COON SAYS: A *subordinating conjunction* is a word that takes two clauses that used to be independent and makes one of them subordinate to the independent clause.

after	as though	since	unless	which
although	because	so that	until	while
as	before	than	when	who
as if	even though	that	whenever	whom
as long as	if	though	where	whose
as soon as	in order that	till	wherever	

→ **Directions:** Draw a circle around each of the subordinating conjunctions.

6. He ate until he was satisfied.
7. I saw that his right ear was split wide open.
8. When I left my office that beautiful spring day, I had no idea what was in store for me.
9. The hedge shook as he tangled with the hound.
10. As the sound of the fight grew nearer, I could tell there were quite a few dogs mixed up in it.

Poetry

Read through the copy of “Casey at the Bat” on Day One. Today, focus on practicing the **first** stanza. Read and recite it to yourself until you have memorized it. You can recite while doing other tasks as well.

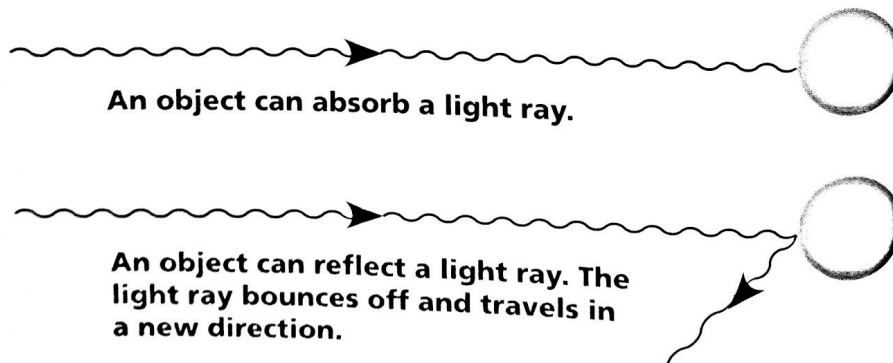
Science

Please **read pages 70-72 in your FOSS textbook** (or read the pages printed here) and **answer the Review Questions** in complete sentences.

More Light on the Subject

Energy from the Sun comes to Earth as light. Energy of batteries can produce light. Energy of fuel can produce light. Anything that produces light is a light source.

Light travels from a light source in rays. The rays travel in straight lines. A light ray will travel forever in a line unless it hits an object. When light hits an object, two things can happen. The object might absorb the light. Or the object might reflect the light.



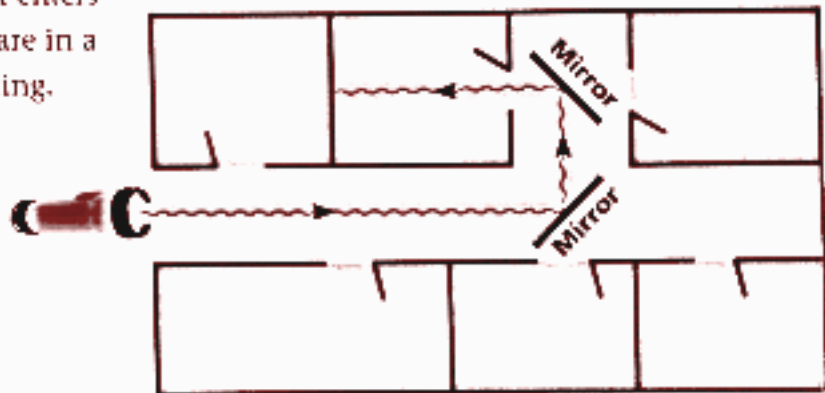
Light that is absorbed is no longer light. This absorbed light can be changed into heat. Light that is reflected is still light. Reflected light bounces off an object and continues on its way. Reflected light travels in a new direction.

Mirrors

A mirror is a shiny surface. Light reflects from a mirror. A mirror can change the direction of light coming from an object. This property is useful when the light is coming from behind you. A mirror can change the direction of the light so that you can see what is going on behind you.

A flashlight makes a beam of light. A beam is millions of light rays. A mirror can be used to change the direction of a beam of light. Two mirrors can reflect light into a dark room down the hall and around the corner.

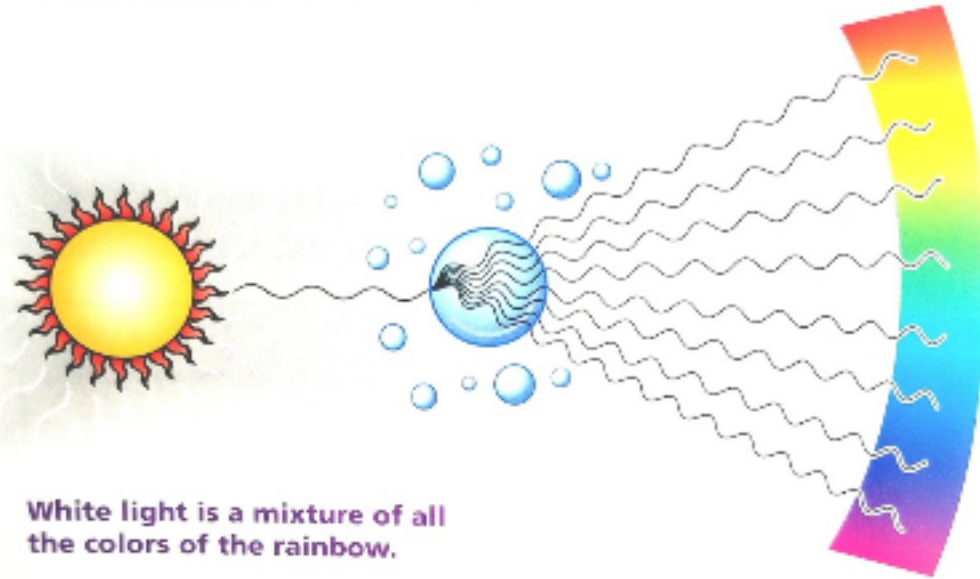
Most objects reflect light. That's how we are able to see them. Rays of light from a light source or rays of reflected light enter our eyes. When we see an object, we are actually seeing the light that travels from that object into our eyes. If no light enters our eyes, like when we are in a dark room, we see nothing.



Drivers use a rear-view mirror to see behind them.

Seeing Color

Light from the Sun and from lightbulbs is called white light. But white light is really a mixture of all the colors of the rainbow. In fact, when you see a rainbow, you are seeing all the colors in white light. When conditions are right, tiny drops of water separate the colors.



White light is a mixture of all the colors of the rainbow.

When white light strikes an object, some colors are absorbed and some are reflected. When white light shines on a red apple, all the colors of light except red are absorbed. Only red light is reflected. When the red light goes into your eyes, you see that the apple is red.

What will you see if you shine blue light on the same red apple? The apple will appear black. The blue light is absorbed by the apple. No light is reflected.

The color of light striking an object affects the way you see the object.



The apple appears red because it reflects only red light. Other colors of light are absorbed by the apple.

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Review Questions

1. Why does a green leaf appear green in sunlight?
2. How does vision work?
3. How do mirrors work, and what can they do?

Review Answers

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

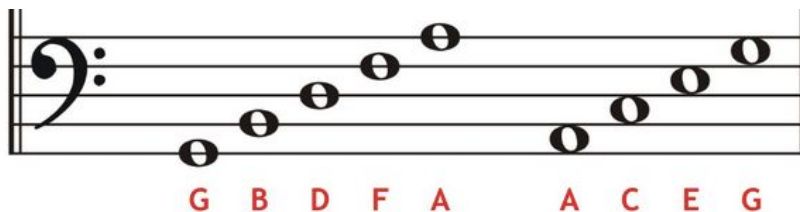
Music

Happy Tuesday, fifth grade! This week we are going to be learning about the bass clef. Some of you may already have experience with the bass clef, and others may not have heard of it before, and both of these levels of familiarity are fine! Let's start with some basic facts.

- 1) Remember, a clef tells you how to read the notes in a piece of music, so it's very important to understand the differences between the treble clef (which we have learned) and the bass clef (the new one). For example, a note that is **A** in the treble clef would be **C** in the bass clef!
- 2) The bass clef deals with lower notes than the treble clef. To show you what this looks like in action, here is what the same note, Middle C, looks like in both clefs.



- 3) Just as the treble clef is also called the G clef because it wraps around the treble clef's G line, the bass clef is also called the F clef because of its two dots on either side of the bass clef's F line.
- 4) As we learned months before, one way to remember the names of the lines of the treble clef is **Every Good Boy Does Fine**. For the spaces, it's **F A C E**. Now, take this information, put it in a mental box labelled "treble clef," and get ready for a different set of mnemonic devices!
- 5) There are many ways to remember the names of the lines in the bass clef. My favorite is **Great Big Dragons Fly Around**. For the lines, I use **All Cows Eat Grass**. If you have learned a different way to memorize these, that is fine too! You can use whichever helps you the most.



- 6) Now, time to identify notes! You can use the above chart to help you for the first row if you need it, but cover it up for the second row. Once you're done, use it to check your answers.



Latin

Reading (3-4 min.)

- Read the following passage aloud in Latin, taking care with your pronunciation.
- If you would like to see a video of this passage being read aloud, visit <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/b2d028ec025f74a4b0b8d716df0d4692>.

Quō it Mēdus? Rōmam it. Tūsculum post eum est, ante eum est Rōma. Mēdus in Viā Latīnā ab Tūsculō ad Rōmam ambulat. Etiam Cornēlius, amīcus Iūliī, in viā Latīnā est inter Rōmam et Tūsculum. Unde venit Cornēlius? Is nōn ā Tūsculō, sed ā Rōmā venit.

New Vocabulary (2 min.)

- The word *etiam* appears in this passage. *Etiam = et+iam = and now, also*
- **Make a flashcard** for the word *etiam*.

Comprehension Questions (4-5 min.)

Read the passage again and use it to answer these questions. You may look up any words you do not recognize in the word bank at the end of this lesson.

- Answer *sīc* (yes) or *nōn* (no): Are Cornelius and Medus both traveling to Rome? _____
- Answer *sīc* (yes) or *nōn* (no): Are Cornelius and Medus both traveling on the *via Latīnā*? _____
- Answer in English: Cornelius is a _____ of Iulius.

Word Bank

quō: to where?

unde: whence, from where?

etiam: also, and now

sed: but

it: he/she/it goes

ambulat: he/she/it walks

venit: he/she/it comes

post (prep.+Acc.): behind, after

ante (prep.+Acc.): before, in front of

ad (prep. +Acc.) to, toward

inter (prep.+Acc.): between

ā or *ab* (prep. + Abl.): from, away from

in (prep. + Abl.): in, on

eum: him (Acc. M. Sg.)

is: he (Nom. M. Sg.)

viā, -ae: road, way

amīcus, -ī: friend


Day 3 Instructions and Resources

Wednesday, 4/29

Math

Review (5 Minutes): Using the flashcards you created, shuffle them into one large deck and select twenty from the shuffled deck. Test yourself on those twenty before taking the Math Fact Practice.

Math Fact Practice (5 Minutes): In 5 minutes or less, solve the Math Fact Practice sheet for multiplication of a mixture of numbers from 0 to 12.

Name _____				
Twelves				
$0 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 1 = \underline{\quad}$	$6 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 2 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$
$4 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$	$9 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$	$4 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 3 = \underline{\quad}$	$0 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$
$12 \times 3 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 6 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 8 = \underline{\quad}$
$7 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$	$0 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 3 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 10 = \underline{\quad}$
$2 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$8 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$	$2 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$
$12 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 2 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 5 = \underline{\quad}$	$9 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$	$6 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$
$3 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 3 = \underline{\quad}$	$10 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$
$6 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$6 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$	$9 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$	$0 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$
$12 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 3 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 3 = \underline{\quad}$
$7 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 8 = \underline{\quad}$	$2 \times 12 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$	$12 \times 4 = \underline{\quad}$

The link for this section: <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/340bc5efadb5455c8ea501b5bd7c6b02>

Roberto's Weekly Expenses: This is a spreadsheet showing Roberto's weekly expenses. Before answering the questions, it is important to understand how to read the spreadsheet. Can you find his income? As you move down the column for income, you will see how much he earns each week. Notice how it changes and is not consistent each week. The next four columns are his expenses. These are divided between entertainment, school supplies, food and snacks, and other. These too change from week to week. Next, you will calculate the total for each column. Write the totals on the lines below the columns. From there you can find the total amount for his income. Then add the totals from each expense to find his total expenses. In order to find his balance, or what remains in his account, you will subtract his total expenses from the total income.

Directions: Complete the financial record below to determine how much money remains after the end of the month.

Financial record for Roberto

Income	Expenses			
	Entertainment	School Supplies	Food/Snacks	Other
\$6.24	\$5.25	\$1.89	\$3.75	\$1.00
\$10.00	\$15.99	\$2.25	\$0.89	
\$15.00	\$6.50	1.89	\$1.25	
\$7.00			\$1.59	
\$2.00			\$2.75	
\$2.00			\$2.75	
\$15.00			\$1.79	
\$2.00				
\$15.00				

Calculate the totals for each column.

What is the total amount of income? _____

What is the total amount of expenses? _____ + _____ + _____ + _____ = _____

Total income minus total expenses equals the balance of money left over.

Income	Expenses	Balance
--------	----------	---------

What is the balance of money at the end of the month for Roberto? _____

Spalding

Day 3's video: <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/191c5c7d59caf8ebfec80a43ada16842>

Review (5 min): Use a piece of paper and write the assigned words in the following way:

1. Say the word.
2. Use the word in a sentence.
3. Show the syllables and finger spelling for the word.
4. Write the word. Remember to say the phonograms aloud as you write.
5. Mark the word with the correct spelling rules.
6. Repeat for each assigned word.

7. When you have finished the word list, read for spelling (read only individual sounds in each word).
8. Read for reading (read the whole word).

Today's Words:

committee, commit, adjective, advantage, affect

Literature and Writing

Read pages 104-112 in Chapter Nine of *Where the Red Fern Grows* (about 20 minutes):

As you read...

- Be sure to read slowly and carefully.
- If reading aloud, make sure that your voice follows all punctuation.

After reading...

- When you are finished reading, answer the following question using complete sentences and correct spelling and grammar.

1) How does the big tree finally fall?

2) How is Pa's response to Billy's answered prayer different from Ma's? Why do you think this is?

Reading Accommodation: Listen to the audio book by clicking or typing in the link <https://youtu.be/FJzhCdlb-lw> and follow along with the text in your book beginning at "Ma just shook her head and started putting out breakfast on the table."

voice rang like a bell in the still, frosty morning. Before the echo had died away the deep "Ou-u-u-u" of Old Dan rolled out of the river bottoms.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Little Ann, not to be outdone, reared up and placed her small front paws on the smooth white bark. She told the ringtail coon that she knew he was there.

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

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

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

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

There was a lump in my throat as I said, "I'm sorry, little girl, I should've known." The first half-hour was torture. At each swing of the ax my arms felt like they were being torn from their sockets. I gritted my teeth and kept hacking away. My body felt like it did the time my sister rolled me down the hill in a barrel.

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

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

ground, and then silence settled over the bottoms.

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

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

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

The coon was all over her. He climbed up on her head, growling, slashing, ripping, and tearing. Yelping with pain, she shook him off and he streaked for the river. I thought surely he was going to get away. At the very edge of the river's bank, she caught him again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nearing our house, I saw the whole family had come out on the porch. My sisters came running, staring wide-eyed at the dead coon.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

popping.

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

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

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

Brokenhearted, I started for home. As I turned, from the corner of my eye I saw Grandpa's scarecrow. It seemed to be laughing at me. I looked over to the big sycamore. It lacked so little being cut down. A small wedge of solid wood was all that was holding it up. I let my eyes follow the smooth white trunk up to the huge spreading limbs.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I held my breath. The top of the big sycamore rocked and swayed. There was a loud crack that seemed to come from deep inside the heavy trunk. Fascinated, I stood and watched the giant of the bottoms. It seemed to be righting so hard to keep standing. Several times I thought it would fall, but in a miraculous way it would pull itself back into perfect balance.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Grammar

GROWS CONJUNCTIONS continued...



GHOST COON SAYS: A *correlative conjunction* connects the same things as a coordinating conjunction, only it does it in pairs. That's right ... two conjunctions working together!

both...and either...or
neither...nor whether...or not only...but also

→ **Directions:** Draw a circle around each of the correlative conjunctions.

1. I neither felt good nor wanted to do anything all day.
2. Both my grandfather and my father had people they knew in the town.
3. Whether you are poor or you are rich does not determine your future.
4. The air was not only stagnant but also thick with the smell of body odor.
5. Billy was either going to learn how to train Old Dan or trust Little Ann more than ever.



INTERJECTIONS

GHOST COON SAYS: An *interjection* expresses feeling or emotion and functions independently from the rest of the sentence.

→ **Directions:** Draw a circle around each of the interjections.

1. Why, Mama, I go to bed, don't I?
2. Oh, he came in once in a while, all long and lean looking, but he never was the same cat any more.
3. Say, it's been a long time since you've had any candy, hasn't it?
4. Oh, no! Not that again. I thought you'd be satisfied with the traps.
5. I declare, what kind of question is that? How far is it to Kentucky?

Poetry

Read through "Casey at the Bat" from Day 1. Today, focus on memorizing the **second** stanza. Read and recite it to yourself until you have memorized it. If you have time, practice reciting the first and second stanzas together.

History

The Steam Engine and Transportation

As you previously read, mills had been powered by water. However, people wanted a way to power machines without needing to be near running water. When water is boiled to a gas, it becomes steam. Some people believed that the pressure from the steam could create a force that could be used to power machines as well. In England, Thomas Newcomen developed one of the first **steam engines** in 1706. The engine was later improved and made more efficient by James Watt. These steam engines were originally created for use in the English coal mines, but as time went on, other ideas for steam engine uses were developed. Specifically, people began using steam engines for transportation - moving people and goods from one place to another.

One example of this new method of transportation was the **steamboat**. Previously, a boat or ship could only be moved by either rowing or sailing it. In Europe, inventors began working on models of ships powered with the steam engine. An American named **Robert Fulton** spent years working on improving these models to make a successful steamboat, and in 1807, he built a steamboat called the *Clermont*. It was called “Fulton’s Folly” by many because they did not expect the experiment to be successful. The plan was a success, however, and soon people were paying to travel by steamboat, as it was a faster way to travel. Soon, steamboats became a standard way of traveling by water, especially along the Mississippi River and the newly-created **Erie Canal**, connecting the Hudson River in New York to Lake Erie.

Another Englishman named Richard Trevithick also worked on using the steam engine to make a steam **locomotive**, or train, in 1804. While it would take some time for trains to become a popular mode of transportation in both England and America, locomotive travel would eventually become the most popular means of travel. It took far less time to travel by train than by foot, horse, or wagon. Trains were also cheaper because travelers would not have to buy as many supplies if they were not bringing a horse or oxen. As locomotive design was improved, trains also became a safer option for travel. Soon railroads were being built all throughout the country.

One of the most significant train routes was the **Transcontinental Railroad**. In Latin, *trans* means “across,” so a trans-continental railroad was one that would go across the continent. Two companies were involved in building the railroad. The Union Pacific Railroad began building westward from Omaha, Nebraska. The Central Pacific Railroad began building eastward from Sacramento, California. The two sides met at Promontory Point, Utah, on May 10, 1869. With the Transcontinental Railroad, people could travel out to the Far West far more quickly than they could before, and the completion of the Transcontinental Railroad eventually led to the end of the Oregon Trail. It also, however, made it easier to travel throughout the country - and brought about a new era of Westward Expansion.

Please answer the following questions in complete sentences. Be sure to use correct spelling and grammar.

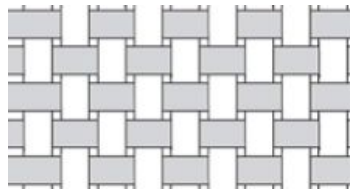
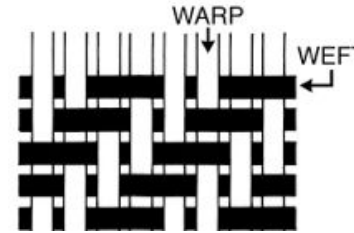
1. Why did steamboats and steam locomotives become popular methods of travel?

2. What two companies built the Transcontinental Railroad?

Art (15 Minutes)

Weaving Unit: Learning Tabby Weave

Read over the vocabulary terms. In a sketchbook or a separate piece of paper, copy each term and draw the example image next to it. Next, follow the step-by-step guide of how to weave with the corresponding pictures on the next page. For further enrichment you may view my tutorial video on how to weave linked here: <https://bit.ly/3btia6N>

Vocabulary Term	Definition	Example
Tabby weave	Tabby weave is a basic weaving method that follows the pattern of OVER one bar, UNDER one bar. (It can also start UNDER one bar and OVER one bar).	
Warp	The vertical bars on the loom that are the base of the weaving	
Weft	The Horizontal paper strips that are used to weave through the warp	

Step 1: Gather your materials. You will need the paper loom from last week as well as the strips of paper from last class. I used colored paper, however you can use white paper that has been colored (picture 1). Note: If you have lost your loom or strips, the templates will be on Google Classroom.

Step 2: To begin weaving, take one strip of paper (the weft). In the directions that you read and write, go OVER the first bar (the warp) of the loom (picture 2).

Step 3: Next, go UNDER the second warp of the loom (picture 3).

Step 4: Go OVER the third warp of the loom (picture 4).

Step 5: Go UNDER the fourth warp of the loom (picture 5).

Step 6: Continue to alternate going OVER and UNDER every other warp bar until the row ends (picture 6).

Step 7: Make sure you push the strip of paper (or weft) up to the top of your loom so that your weaving stays nice and tight (picture 6).

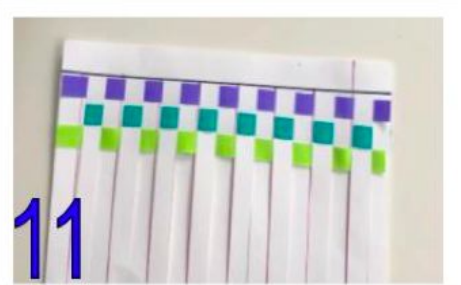
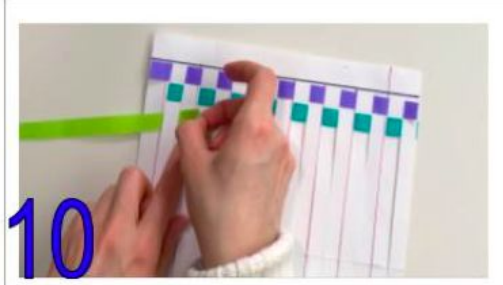
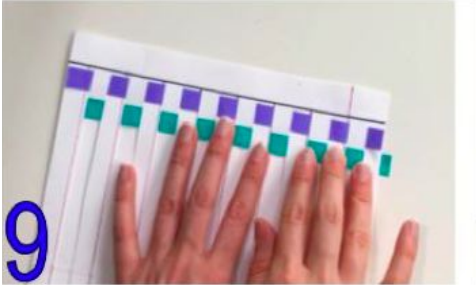
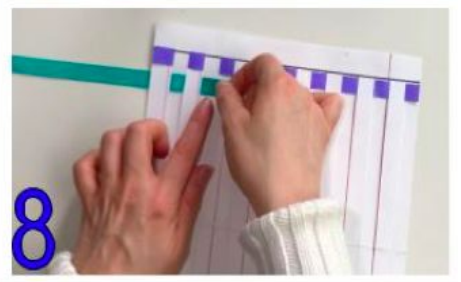
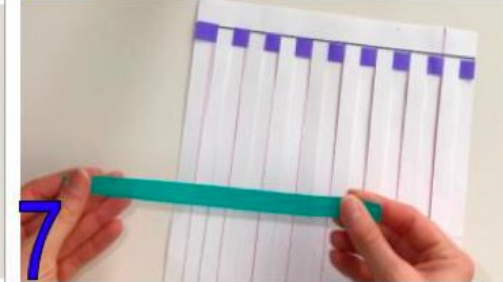
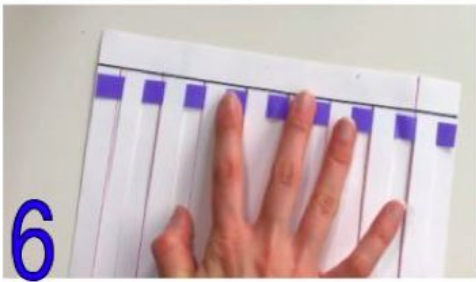
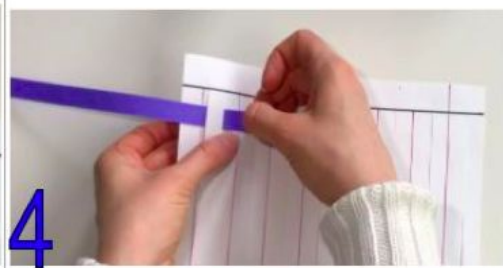
Step 8: For the second row, take another weft. The second row starts a new pattern alternating this time UNDER and then OVER (picture 7).

Step 9: Begin the second row by going UNDER the first warp and OVER the second bar. Next go UNDER the third bar and OVER the fourth bar (picture 8).

Step 10: Finish the row by following the UNDER and OVER pattern. Push up the strip of paper to the top of the loom (picture 9).

Step 11: Row three (and every odd row after) will start like the first row, going OVER and then UNDER (picture 10). Once you have finished row three, push up your last row so that your weaving is nice and tight. Stop weaving after you have finished row three.

How to Weave



P.E.**5-minute Workout:**

- 60 seconds of jumping-jacks
- 30 second break
- 30 more seconds of jumping-jacks
- 60 seconds of frog-jumping
- 30 second break
- 30 seconds of burpees
- 60 seconds of the new exercise

New Exercise:

This one is called the “criss-cross squat.” To do this exercise, start by standing with your feet wide apart, and your knees bent. Quickly criss-cross your feet twice, and then land in a squat position. Jump up from your squat and flip yourself so that you are facing the opposite direction that you started in.. Continue this process for 60 seconds straight. Remember, start this exercise slow. Add speed once you have it down.

Working on our “Marathon Maps”

You have seven more minutes to work on your Marathon Map! Remember, you can walk, jog or run. If you would like to spend more time working on your marathon, please do! As of today (April 20, 2020). Coach Hess has 4 circles colored in. Can you beat me?


Day 4 Instructions and Resources

Thursday, 4/30

Math

Review (5 Minutes): Using the flashcards you created, shuffle them into one large deck and select twenty from the shuffled deck. Test yourself on those twenty before taking the Math Fact Practice.

Math Fact Practice (5 Minutes): In 5 minutes or less, solve the Math Fact Practice sheet for multiplication of a mixture of numbers from 0 to 12.

Name _____		Twelves			
$12 \times 7 =$ _____	$12 \times 2 =$ _____	$5 \times 12 =$ _____	$2 \times 12 =$ _____	$0 \times 12 =$ _____	
$0 \times 12 =$ _____	$5 \times 12 =$ _____	$12 \times 12 =$ _____	$12 \times 6 =$ _____	$12 \times 8 =$ _____	
$12 \times 4 =$ _____	$12 \times 8 =$ _____	$7 \times 12 =$ _____	$12 \times 3 =$ _____	$7 \times 12 =$ _____	
$2 \times 12 =$ _____	$6 \times 12 =$ _____	$12 \times 3 =$ _____	$7 \times 12 =$ _____	$12 \times 3 =$ _____	
$12 \times 9 =$ _____	$12 \times 0 =$ _____	$10 \times 12 =$ _____	$4 \times 12 =$ _____	$12 \times 1 =$ _____	
$12 \times 5 =$ _____	$12 \times 9 =$ _____	$12 \times 4 =$ _____	$12 \times 9 =$ _____	$9 \times 12 =$ _____	
$6 \times 12 =$ _____	$12 \times 5 =$ _____	$0 \times 12 =$ _____	$3 \times 12 =$ _____	$12 \times 4 =$ _____	
$10 \times 12 =$ _____	$3 \times 12 =$ _____	$9 \times 12 =$ _____	$6 \times 12 =$ _____	$12 \times 3 =$ _____	
$7 \times 12 =$ _____	$12 \times 7 =$ _____	$8 \times 12 =$ _____	$12 \times 9 =$ _____	$9 \times 12 =$ _____	
$12 \times 12 =$ _____	$12 \times 5 =$ _____	$12 \times 12 =$ _____	$7 \times 12 =$ _____	$12 \times 6 =$ _____	

The link for this section: <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/f0967117046aa97500592971bb6d99e8>

Maria's Weekly Expenses: This is Maria's weekly expenses. This is very similar to what we saw yesterday with Roberto's expenses. We are looking at a spreadsheet of her income and expenses. Her income is found on the far left and you can see how it changes each week. Her expenses are divided into four categories: entertainment, school supplies, food and snacks, and other. These too change from week to week. Next, you will calculate the total for each column. Write this total on the lines below each column. From there you can find the total amount for her income. Then add the totals under each expense to find her total expenses. In order to find her balance, or what remains in her account, you will subtract her total expenses from the total income. Finally, compare

Roberto's and Maria's end balances. Who had the larger ending balance? Write your answer in a complete sentence on the lines provided.

Directions: Complete the financial record below to determine how much money remains after the end of the month.

Financial record for Maria

Income	Expenses			
	Entertainment	School Supplies	Food/Snacks	Other
\$8.75	\$10.00	\$2.00	\$2.75	\$1.00
\$10.00	\$6.50	\$1.79	\$1.79	\$12.99
\$15.00		\$1.59	\$0.89	
\$15.00			\$2.75	
\$20.00			\$10.79	
\$2.00			\$3.75	
\$2.00			\$1.35	
\$7.50				

Calculate the totals for each column.

What is the total amount of income? _____

What is the total amount of expenses? _____ + _____ + _____ = _____

Total Income minus total expenses equals the balance of money left over.

$$\underline{\hspace{2cm}} \text{ Income} - \underline{\hspace{2cm}} \text{ Expenses} = \underline{\hspace{2cm}} \text{ Balance}$$

What is the balance of money at the end of the month for Roberto?

What is the balance of money at the end of the month for Maria?

Who had a greater ending balance? _____

Spalding

Review (5 min): Use a piece of paper and write the assigned words in the following way:

1. Say the word.
2. Use the word in a sentence.
3. Write the word. Remember to say the phonograms aloud as you write.
4. Repeat for each assigned word.
5. When you have finished the word list, read for spelling (read only individual sounds in each word).
6. Read for reading (read the whole word).

Today's Words:

immediate, convene, convenient, receipt, recipe, preliminary, disappoint, especially, special, annual, committee, commit, adjective, advantage, affect

Literature and Writing

Read pages 113-118 in Chapter Ten of *Where the Red Fern Grows* (about 20 minutes):

As you read...

- Be sure to read slowly and carefully.
- If reading aloud, make sure that your voice follows all punctuation.

After reading...

- When you are finished reading, answer the following question using complete sentences and correct spelling and grammar.

1) Find at least one example of foreshadowing in these pages. What do you think might happen?

Reading Accommodation: Listen to the audio book by clicking or typing in the link <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ElyKLpR-s0E> and follow along with the text in your book stopping at the line "More than one time, it would have been the death of him if it hadn't been for smart Little Ann."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

X

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

One time I was sure I had outsmarted them. The day before I was to make one of my trips I took my furs out to the barn and hid them. The next morning I hung around the house for a while, and then nonchalantly whistled my way out to the barn. I climbed up in the loft and peeked through a crack. I could see them lying in front of their doghouse. They weren't even looking my way.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was true that my dogs were small, especially Little Ann. She could walk under

an ordinary hound; in fact, she was a regular midget. If it had not been for her long ears, no one could have told that she was a hound. Her actions weren't those of a hunting hound. She was constantly playing. She would play with our chickens and young calves, with a piece of paper or a corncob. What my little girl lacked in size, she made up in sweetness. She could make friends with a tomcat.

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

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

Little Ann had cut the pad of her right foot on a sharp jagged flint rock. It was a nasty cut. I made a little boot of leather and put it on her wounded foot.

To keep her from following me, I locked her in the cornercrib.

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

Coming up through the barn lot, I saw him rolled up in a ball on the ground in front of the cornercrib. I immediately understood. I walked over and opened the door. He jumped up in the crib, smelled Little Ann's foot, twisted around in the shucks, and lay down by her side. As he looked at me, I read this message in his friendly gray eyes, "You could've done this a long time ago."

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

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

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

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

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

With a bottle of peroxide and a can of salve I would doctor their wounds.

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

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

Grammar

**FERN
GROWS**

**COMMAS &
DIRECT ADDRESS**



→ Directions: Insert the missing commas where they belong in the sentence.

GHOST COON SAYS: When the start of a sentence says someone's name because you're speaking to that person, put a comma after the name to separate it from the sentence.

DIRECT ADDRESS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SENTENCE

1. Billy those kinds of dogs cost money, and that's something we don't have right now.
2. Marshal I wouldn't have fought them, but they pulled my pup's ears."
3. He changed the conversation altogether, saying, "Son you need a haircut."
4. "Papa" I said, "I don't want an old collie dog."

GHOST COON SAYS: When the middle of a sentence says someone's name because you're speaking to that person, put a comma before and after the name to separate it from the sentence.



DIRECT ADDRESS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SENTENCE

1. Well Billy I heard that Old Man Hatfield's collie is going to have pups.
2. You had a fire boy didn't you?
3. You see Papa he's watching me right now, just waiting for me to set my traps.
4. It made me feel bad. "Why Grandpa you couldn't catch a coon in a jillion years with that thing."

GHOST COON SAYS: When the end of a sentence says someone's name because you're speaking to that person, put a comma before the name to separate it from the sentence.



DIRECT ADDRESS AT THE END OF THE SENTENCE

1. Good-bye old fellow. Good luck, and good hunting!
2. I've been saving this a long time Grandpa.
3. Come on boy. It's all right. I'm your friend. Come on now.
4. Yes sir. It is hot, and we sure could do with a good rain.

Poetry

Read through “Casey at the Bat” on Day 1. Today, focus on reciting the **third** stanza. Read and recite it to yourself until you have memorized it. If you have time, try reciting the first three stanzas together.

Science

Please **read pages 327-329 in your FOSS textbook** (or the pages printed here). Then please **tear out and keep** the Reference Guide found in the following pages. **On Tuesday, April 28th, we will have a quiz on light as a form of energy, so make sure to study!**

ISAAC NEWTON

Many people consider Sir Isaac Newton (1642–1727) to be one of the greatest scientists who ever lived. His work changed how people thought about light, gravity, and space.

Newton was born on a sheep farm 160 kilometers (km) north of London. Most people did not go to school for more than a few years in those days. But Newton's teachers were very impressed with him. They encouraged his mother to send him to Cambridge, one of England's greatest universities.

After he finished his studies, Newton stayed at Cambridge as a mathematics professor. Along with teaching, he conducted many experiments to answer questions he had about the world around him.



Sir Isaac Newton

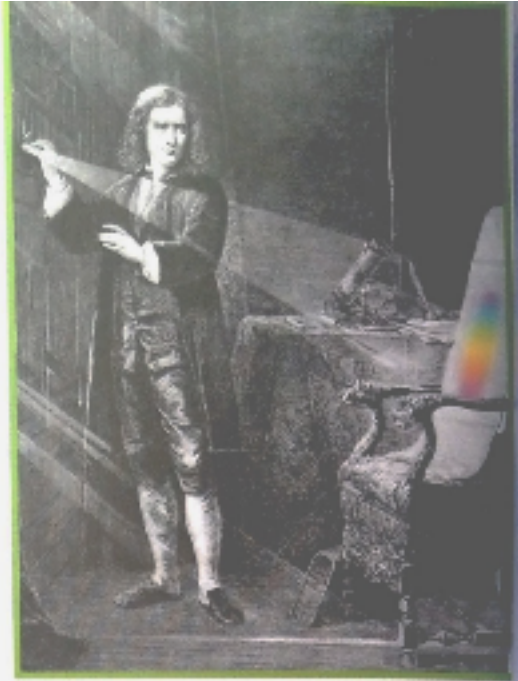
Learning through Experimentation

One of Newton's most famous discoveries was that light is made up of colors. Scientists in Newton's day were familiar with prisms. A prism is a clear piece of glass that breaks up light into the colors of the rainbow. But these scientists did not believe that light was actually made up of different colors. They believed that prisms changed light by making it darker. If white light became a little darker, it turned red, orange, or yellow. If it became a lot darker, the light looked green, blue, or violet.

Newton didn't believe this. He didn't think the prism changed light. It simply reveals what light is made of. His **hypothesis** was that sunlight is a mixture of different colors. Each of these colors bends differently when it shines through a prism. Because the prism refracts the light in different directions, the separate colors are visible.

Newton conducted an experiment to see if his hypothesis was correct, and he made detailed recordings of his observations in his notebook. He would need the details in his notebook to write a paper to publish later. He cut a small hole in a window shade hanging in his room. When the sunlight shined through the hole, it made a 5-centimeter (cm) image on a flat surface. Next, Newton placed a prism between the window and the flat surface. If all the light passing through the prism bent at the same angle, the image on the surface would be the same size. Instead the image was now over 25 cm long. And as Newton expected, the image was not white. It was violet at one end and red at the other with a range of other colors in between.

Newton thought of a name for the colorful image he got by passing light through a prism. He called it a **spectrum**. Oddly enough, Newton's eyesight was not good. His assistant had to help him identify the rainbow of colors he created!



A painting of Newton investigating light with a prism



A rainbow is white light separated into the spectrum.

Newton went on to explain what makes a rainbow in the sky. When there is both sunlight and rain at the same time, the raindrops become small prisms. The drops of water bend and separate the sunlight. When you look at the sky through the raindrops with the Sun at your back, the white light separates into the spectrum, making a rainbow.

At first, other scientists did not believe that white light was made up of different colors. In fact, Newton spent a great deal of time defending his results to other scientists. But as other scientists tried Newton's experiments, it became clear that his ideas about light were correct.



Raindrops act as small prisms.

PLEASE SAVE & USE THIS SHEET AS A REFERENCE GUIDE FOR NEXT WEEK'S QUIZ.

Light as Energy Reference Guide

Light is a form of energy which our eyes can detect. It is made of electromagnetic radiation that travels in straight lines from the source in all directions. This radiation is emitted by hot objects such as the sun, light bulbs, and lasers.

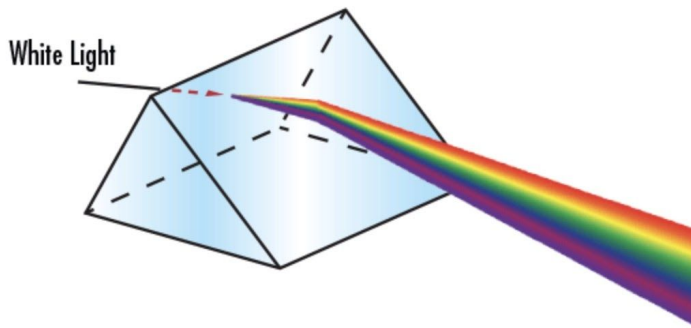
How do we see objects?

Light rays strike an object and then the light bounces off the object and toward your eyes. Reflection is light bouncing off an object.

Mirrors are shiny surfaces that reflect light. Other smooth, flat surfaces can also act as mirrors.

Refraction is the bending of light rays that occurs when the light rays travel through different substances. The denser a substance is, the slower the light moves.

If light sources like the sun and lightbulbs appear to transmit white light, how do we see different colors?



White light is a mixture of all colors. As you can see in this image of a prism.

A prism is a clear piece of glass that bends the light in different directions, thus breaking up the colors and making a rainbow visible.

Some materials might absorb light that strikes it. Absorbed light is soaked up by the material and the light stops there,

sometimes changing into heat energy.

For example, I might observe my green water bottle in the sunlight. *White* light is striking the water bottle, but only the *green* light is reflected. All the other colors of light are absorbed by the bottle to become heat. The reflected green light is detected by our eyes, which is why we see that specific color.

Music

Welcome back to music! Today we will continue learning about the bass clef.

- 1) Most instruments use the treble clef (higher-pitches instruments), but many others use the bass clef (lower-pitched instruments). The bass clef is used for the cello, euphonium, double bass, bass guitar, bassoon, contrabassoon, trombone, baritone horn, tuba, and timpani, among others. It is also used for the lowest notes of the horn, and for the baritone, bass, and tenor voices. Bass clef is also the bottom clef in the grand staff for harp and keyboard instruments.
- 2) What's one way to remember the lines of the bass clef? What about the spaces? Say the mnemonic devices out loud. It's ok to check Tuesday's lesson if you need a refresher. Practice tracing the bass clef, then write it on your own 4 times.



- 3) Identify these notes. Once you're done, use the key from Tuesday to check your work.



- 4) You may notice that two of the notes below use ledger lines. Treat them the same way you do in the treble clef: simply keep counting up (or down) to find the name of the note. The names of these two notes will be in the answer key.



- 5) ENRICHMENT (optional): Listen to a bit (or all!) of the 1812 Overture by Tchaikovsky. It was written to commemorate the successful Russian defense against Napoleon's invading Grande Armée in 1812. The 15 minute overture is best known for its climactic volley of cannon fire, ringing chimes, and brass fanfare finale. It has also become a common accompaniment to fireworks displays on the United States' Independence Day.

<https://safeYouTube.net/w/6aF7>

Latin

Pinga Villam Tuam: Draw Your Own Villa (10-15 min.)

In Chapter Five, we explored an example of a Roman villa. Villas could have many different numbers or arrangements of rooms; today, we will revisit this topic, learning some new terms, by designing our own Roman villas in the space at the end of this lesson.

We will be drawing a floorplan (an overhead view of the rooms of the villa). Your villa should include at least **five** of the elements on the list below (though you may add more if you wish). Be sure to fill out the **key** as you draw: for example, after adding a *peristylum* to my floorplan, I would write *peristylum* in the next empty slot in the key, and label the *peristylum* on my drawing with the corresponding Roman numeral.

Examples of things you might consider as you draw your plan:

- Is your villa *magna* or *parva*?
- Does it have *multas fenestras*, or *paucas fenestras*? (Perhaps if it is in a *gelidus* region, like the mountains, it would have *paucas fenestras*.)
- Is the *culina* near a *hortus*--whether an outdoor *hortus* or one in the *peristylum*--that could provide herbs or vegetables for cooking?

<i>atrium, -ī</i>	Atrium, entrance hall
<i>impluvium, -ī</i>	Impluvium (indoor pool under an opening in the roof, used for gathering rainwater)
<i>peristylum, -ī</i>	Peristyle, courtyard
<i>hortus, -ī</i>	garden
<i>cubiculum, -ī</i>	bedroom
<i>fenestra, -ae</i>	window
<i>porta, -ae</i>	gate
<i>columna, -ae</i>	column
<i>pictūra, -ae</i>	picture
<i>lectus, -ī</i>	bed
<i>pegma librarium</i>	bookshelf
<i>statua, -ae</i>	statue
<i>culīna, -ae</i>	kitchen
<i>triclinium, -ī</i>	Dining room

For an example of how to do this exercise, and to hear it narrated in Latin, visit <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/7f02a87ab16db5684e754c256ee43ecd> .

VILLA MEA

Key

- I.
- II.
- III.
- IV.
- V.

Day 5 Instructions and Resources

Friday, 5/1

Math

Review (5 Minutes): Using the flashcards you created, shuffle them into one large deck and select twenty from the shuffled deck. Test yourself on those twenty before taking the Math Fact Practice.

Math Fact Practice (5 Minutes): In 5 minutes or less, solve the Math Fact Practice sheet for multiplication of a mixture of numbers from 0 to 12.

$$\begin{array}{r} 11 \\ \times 2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 6 \\ \times 8 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 9 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 9 \\ \times 9 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 6 \\ \times 2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 9 \\ \times 7 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 7 \\ \times 4 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 10 \\ \times 4 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 4 \\ \times 5 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 2 \\ \times 2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 7 \\ \times 10 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 9 \\ \times 4 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 5 \\ \times 7 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 11 \\ \times 5 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 2 \\ \times 3 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 11 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 5 \\ \times 5 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 3 \\ \times 3 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 6 \\ \times 9 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 9 \\ \times 10 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 8 \\ \times 4 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 8 \\ \times 4 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 4 \\ \times 10 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 7 \\ \times 8 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 4 \\ \times 10 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 5 \\ \times 4 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 10 \\ \times 2 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

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$$\begin{array}{r} 4 \\ \times 9 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 8 \\ \times 2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 11 \\ \times 11 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 7 \\ \times 8 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 9 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 6 \\ \times 12 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 4 \\ \times 6 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 10 \\ \times 4 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 6 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 9 \\ \times 2 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 11 \\ \times 11 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 11 \\ \times 3 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 10 \\ \times 2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 9 \\ \times 2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 10 \\ \times 4 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 10 \\ \times 5 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 2 \\ \times 11 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 5 \\ \times 4 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 6 \\ \times 4 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 12 \\ \times 6 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

Keeping and Using Financial Records Quiz: The **balance** changes every time Mallory makes or spends money. Color the **expenses** in red and the **received** in blue. Then find how much she makes from her allowance.

Keeping and Using Financial Records

Directions: Please show your work on this sheet if necessary. Circle the correct answer.

1.) Below is Mallory's financial record for the month of July.

Mallory's Financial Record for July			
	Recieved	Expenses	Balance
Balance end of June			\$10.00
Babysitting	\$15.00		\$25.00
Went to movie		\$8.25	\$16.75
Money from Birthday	\$25.00		\$41.75
Bought CD		\$18.50	\$23.25
Allowance	?		\$40.25

Using the chart, how much allowance did Mallory make for the month of July?

- A) \$40.25 B) \$16.00 C) \$17.00 D) \$17.25

Answer the following questions in complete sentences.

What do you think happens on payday? _____

What do you call the money paid for work you do? _____

How do your parents earn their income? _____

Spalding

Review: Please take just a few minutes and review your words before the test.

Test: On a separate sheet of paper, please number it 1 through 15. Ask an older sibling or an adult to read the words and sentences as you write the spelling on the paper. Then turn in the answer paper with your packet.

Administrator of Test: Please read the word aloud, then read the sentence aloud, and finally read the word aloud one more time.

- | | |
|----------------|--|
| 1. Immediate | Sentence: Tornado damage is sudden and immediate. |
| 2. Convene | Sentence: The people will convene for a meeting today. |
| 3. Convenient | Sentence: It is convenient for me to work nearby. |
| 4. Receipt | Sentence: I have a receipt to prove I paid for it. |
| 5. Recipe | Sentence: Can you share the recipe with me? |
| 6. Preliminary | Sentence: A preliminary round of the race was first. |
| 7. Disappoint | Sentence: They are so reliable, they never disappoint. |
| 8. Special | Sentence: The gift was special and one of a kind. |
| 9. Especially | Sentence: I just ate, so I am not especially hungry. |
| 10. Annual | Sentence: Once a year we have our annual check-up. |
| 11. Committee | Sentence: We formed a committee to raise money for the school. |
| 12. Commit | Sentence: If you commit a crime, you will go to jail. |
| 13. Adjective | Sentence: An adjective is a word describing a noun. |
| 14. Advantage | Sentence: An advantage of travel is seeing a new place. |
| 15. Affect | Sentence: The weather will affect our plans for a picnic. |

Literature and Writing

Read pages 119-126 in Chapter Ten of *Where the Red Fern Grows* (about 20 minutes):

As you read...

- Be sure to read slowly and carefully.
- If reading aloud, make sure that your voice follows all punctuation.

After reading...

- When you are finished reading, answer the following question using complete sentences and correct spelling and grammar.

Reading Accommodation: Listen to the audio book by clicking or typing in the link <https://youtu.be/ElyKLpR-s0E> and follow along with the text in your book stopping at “We’ve been waiting supper on you.”

downstream.

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

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

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

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

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

I was on the point of giving up, calling them to me, and going elsewhere to hunt, when I heard the bawl of Little Ann. I couldn't believe what I heard.

She wasn't bawling on a trail. She was sounding the tree bark. I hurried down the bank.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The coon was sitting in a fork of a limb. Taking my switch, I whopped him a good one and out he came. He sailed out over the river. With a loud splash, he hit the water and swam for the other side. My dogs jumped off the bank after him. They were no match against his expert swimming. On reaching the other bank, he ran downriver.

Climbing down out of the tree, I picked up my ax and lantern, and trotted down to

was already digging. I knew the coon was still there. Working together, we dug him out.

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

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

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

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

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

My dogs had struck the trail of a coon about an hour before. They had really been warming him up. I knew it was about time for him to take up a tree, and sure enough, I heard the deep voice of Old Dan telling the world he had a coon up a tree.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She ran down to the water's edge and stared out into the slough. The horrible thought came that Old Dan had drowned. I knew a big coon was capable of drowning a dog in water by climbing on his head and forcing him under.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

After washing him, I turned him loose. Right back to the hole he ran. Little Ann

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

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

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

Like a fool, I sat there on the limb, waiting to see him come out at the bottom, and come out he did. Turning around, bawling as he did, right back in the hole he went. There was nothing I could do but sit and wait. I understood why his voice had stopped for a while. He just took time out to climb a tree.

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

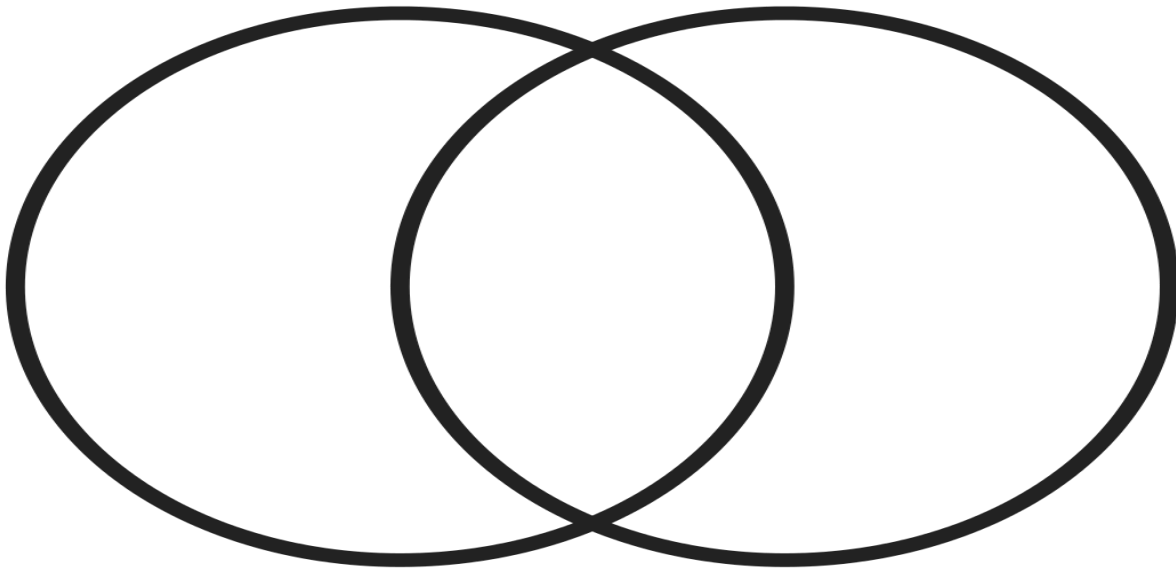
I started down the same time he did. He beat me down. Looking over my shoulder, I saw him turn around and head back for the hole. I wasn't far from the ground so I let go. The flint rocks didn't feel too good to my feet when I landed.

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

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

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

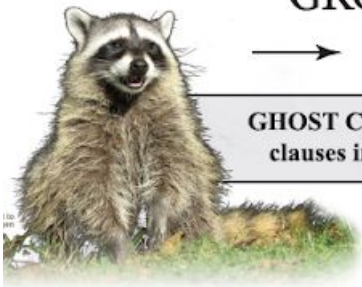
1) Compare and Contrast Old Dan and Little Ann using this Venn Diagram.



Grammar

**FERN
GROWS**

**COMMAS
IN A SERIES**



→ Directions: Insert the missing commas where they belong in the sentence.

GHOST COON SAYS: Use commas to separate three or more words, phrases, or clauses in a series (a.k.a. a list).

→ **LIST OF NOUNS**

1. Water from a rain puddle a large leaf or a mountain stream would quench his thirst.
2. I caught lizards on the rail fences rats in the corn crib and frogs in the little creek that ran through the fields.
3. My yelling and scolding didn't have much effect, but the swinging coat did.
4. Through the rains the snows or the desert heat, he would jog along, never looking back.

→ **LIST OF VERBS**

5. I felt good felt like speaking to my neighbor was glad to live in a country like ours and was proud of my government.
6. The dogs boiled out of an alley turned and headed straight toward me.

➤ **LIST OF PREPOSITIONAL PHRASES**

7. Food found along the highway at old campsites and in abandoned cabins would ease the pangs of hunger.
8. The aromatic scent of wild flowers, redbuds, papaws, and dogwoods drifted on the wind currents over the valley and around our home.

➤ **LIST OF CLAUSES**

9. I stared at the empty alley a strange feeling came over me and I thought I was lonely or sad.
10. When the fire grew larger the crackling started and the heat warmed the room, I felt at home.

Poetry

Read through “Casey at the Bat,” on Day 1. Today, focus on memorizing the **fourth** stanza. Read and recite it to yourself until you have memorized it. If you have time, practice reciting stanzas one through four.

History

Narration Activity: In a well-constructed paragraph, please explain how the mills and factory system began both in England and in America. You may use the reading from Day 1 to help you review.

P.E.

5-minute Workout:

- 60 seconds straight of push-ups
- 30 second break
- 60 seconds of crab-crawls
- 30 second break
- 60 seconds of bear-crawls
- 30 second break
- 30 seconds straight of seated ab-circles

“Magic Carpet Relay:”

You will need:

- 1 towel (the kind you might take to the beach)
- 5 items, such as stuffed animals or balls
- 2 pairs of shoes
- yourself

Here is how you set the relay up: your two pairs of shoes are going to mark the “start” line and the “finish” line. Place your two pairs of shoes about ten feet away from each other. Pile all of your items by one of the pairs of shoes. By the opposite pair of shoes, lay your towel flat on the ground, as if you were at the beach. To do this relay, you will have to get all of the items from the one side and take them to the other. However, you can only travel between the two sides by having both hands and both feet on your towel. In other words, you have to have to scoot yourself on the ground with both feet and hands staying on the towel. The only time you can take your hand off of the towel is to grab the item from one side, and to place it on the other side. You can only take one item at a time. You also have to place the item down on the other side. No throwing. To complete the relay, you have three minutes. To make it more difficult, give yourself less time. Good luck and have fun!

Art (15 minutes)

Weaving Unit: Practice Tabby Weave

Spend 15 minutes practicing your tabby weave. Make sure you are alternating the start of every row. For example, if one row begins by going OVER and then UNDER, make sure that the *next* row begins UNDER and then OVER. See if you can create a color pattern and complete your entire weaving! Once you have finished weaving, *gently* pull out each strip, as we will be using the same loom and strips next class.

