



Remote Learning Packet

Second Grade

May 11–May 15, 2020

Student Name: _____ Teacher: _____



Student Attendance Affidavit

May 11–May 15, 2020

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

- Monday, May 11, 2020
- Tuesday, May 12, 2020
- Wednesday, May 13, 2020
- Thursday, May 14, 2020
- Friday, May 15, 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 75 and 95 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 75 and 95 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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Day 1 Instructions and Resources

Monday, 5/11


Math (25 minutes)

Math Fact Practice (5 minutes): Practice the multiplication math facts below for a minute! Time yourself! Then, practice your Math Flashcards the rest of the time.

3x8=	2x4=	10x10=	10x2=	5x5=	3x9=
3x7=	2x9=	2x3=	10x8=	10x6=	5x4=
5x3=	3x6=	3x4=	3x10=	5x9=	5x10=
3x3=	1x9=	1x4=	3x11=	3x12=	5x6=
2x5=	2x6=	10x9=	1x9=	2x11=	2x12=

Independent Work (20 minutes): This week, we are starting a new unit: Tables and Graphs! Read the examples below on **tally charts** and **pictures graphs** below. Then, answer the problems.

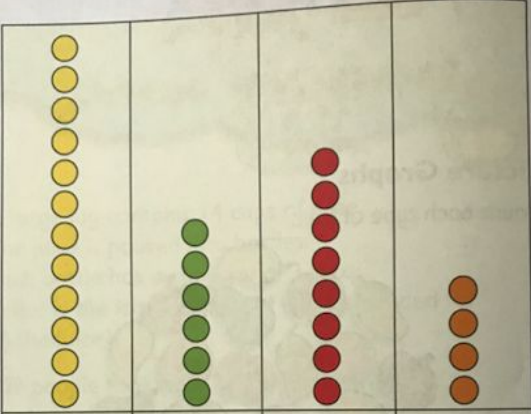
1 Picture Graphs
Count each type of fruit.



This tally chart shows the number of each type of fruit.

Fruit	Tally
Mango	### ##
Pear	###
Apple	###
Orange	

This picture graph also shows the number of each type of fruit.



Each ● stands for 1 fruit.

There are 4 types of fruit.
 There are 12 mangoes.
 There are 6 pears.
 There are 8 apples.
 There are 4 oranges.
 There are 30 fruits altogether.

EXERCISE 1

1. A group of children made this tally chart to show the colors they like best.

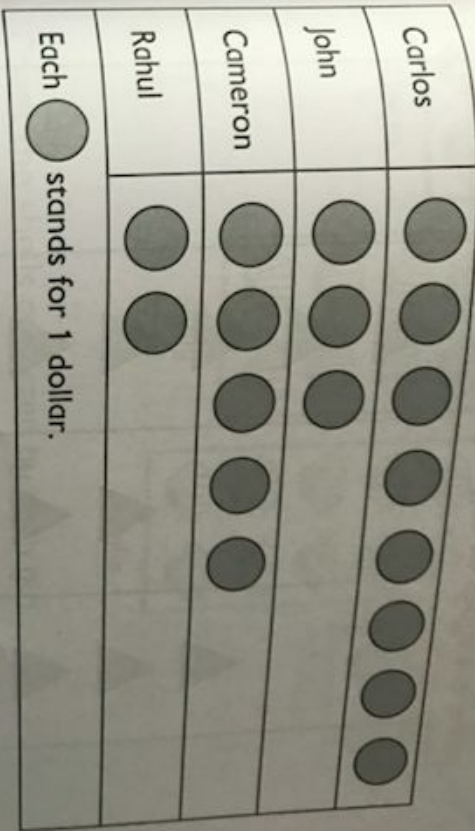
	III			I
	###	IIII	III	###
Red	Green	Yellow	Blue	

Each I stands for 1 child.

Study the tally chart.
Then fill in the blanks.

- (a) _____ children like yellow best.
- (b) _____ children like blue best.
- (c) _____ more children like blue better than green.
- (d) _____ is the most popular color.
- (e) _____ is the least popular color.

2. This picture graph shows the amounts of money four boys have.



Study the graph.
Then fill in the blanks.

- (a) Carlos has _____ dollars.
- (b) Cameron has _____ dollars.
- (c) Carlos has _____ dollars more than John.
- (d) Rahul has _____ dollars less than Cameron.
- (e) _____ has 3 dollars less than Carlos.

Now it's your turn to make a tally chart and answer the questions! Go around your house. Find a few items like clothing, utensils, or sports equipment. Then, tally up how much you have. Make a chart below like you see in the problems above! Remember when there is a group of five, you write four tallies and write a line through the group of four to represent a group of five!

Draw your tally chart here:

Objects	Tallies
Object 1:	
Object 2:	
Object 3:	
Object 4:	

1) The object I found that has the most amount of tallies is

_____.

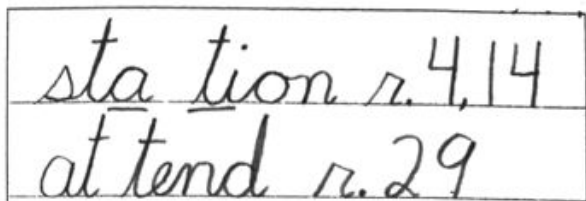
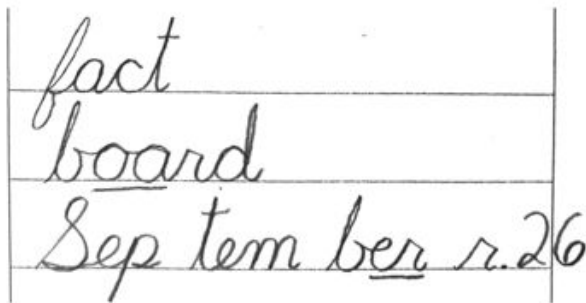
2) The object I found that has the least amount of tallies is

_____.

Spalding (10 minutes)

Day 1

Attached to the back of this packet, write the assigned words in the following way:



1. Say the word.
2. Use the word in a sentence.
3. Show 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).

Literature (15 minutes)

Read Chapter 6 in *Cricket in Times Square* aloud to a parent, older sibling, or silently to yourself.
As you read...

1. Take your time and read carefully.
2. Make sure that you follow all punctuation!
3. If reading aloud, practice using the proper tone of voice to show the meaning of the text. (You can raise or lower the pitch of your voice at different times depending on the story.)

Discussion questions (asked by a parent or older sibling . Look for the part in the text that relates to each question.

- *Why is Chester curious about the straw hat he sees on the subway?*
- *Why does Sai Fong invite Mario into his shop in Chinatown?*
- *Why does Mario want to go to Sai Fong's shop?*
- *How does Sai Fong's story compare with Mr. Smedley's story and his motive for telling it?*
- *Why is the cricket cage so inexpensive?*
- *Why do you think Sai Fong is so generous to Mario?*

Grammar (5 minutes)

Answer the following questions out loud:

What is a sentence?

What is a verb?

What is a noun?

What is a pronoun?

What is an adjective?

What is an adverb?

Remember a conjunction is a word that joins words or groups of words together.

Let's talk about the conjunction "or". The conjunction "or" usually means that you will have to choose between the two words that are joined!

If I say "Play a game or go to bed," the conjunction "or" joins together two actions—but you can't do both. You will have to choose one or the other!

Below write "or" in the blank to complete the sentences.

You can go swimming _____ you can use the computer.

You can eat ice cream _____ a cookie.

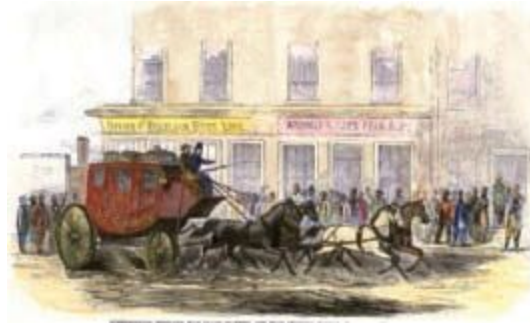
Think about two things that I could do. Now, make a sentence that gives me permission to do one thing or the other using the conjunction "or".

History (15 minutes)

Today, you will hear about the last battle in the War of 1812, the Battle of New Orleans. Listen carefully to find out why the battle happened at such a strange time.

The War Ends

In late 1814, American and British government officials met in Europe to talk about ending the war. It took several months for them to work out an agreement. Then, on Christmas Eve, December 24, both sides signed a peace treaty.



★ ***A peace treaty*** is an official agreement between countries not to fight anymore.

How did people hear about the peace treaty? Well in 1814, there were no telephones. There weren't any televisions or computers either. News was often written down in letters that were carried slowly by ship and by mail coach. So while the government officials were talking of peace, American and British soldiers were still getting ready for the biggest battle of the war in New Orleans, Louisiana.

Discuss:

- How long did it take for the American and British government officials to work out an agreement?
- What did the signing of the peace treaty mean?

Answer in a complete sentence:

What was happening near New Orleans while the government officials were talking?

P.E. (10 minutes)

“Paper-Plate Hockey,” you will need:

- 2 paper-plates or sheets of paper per player
- 2 players, at least (if you don't have someone you can play with then you can practice shooting into a goal with your “skates” on!)
- 2 sticks or brooms
- 1 sock ball or crumpled piece of paper
- 4 items such as stuffed animals or water bottles.

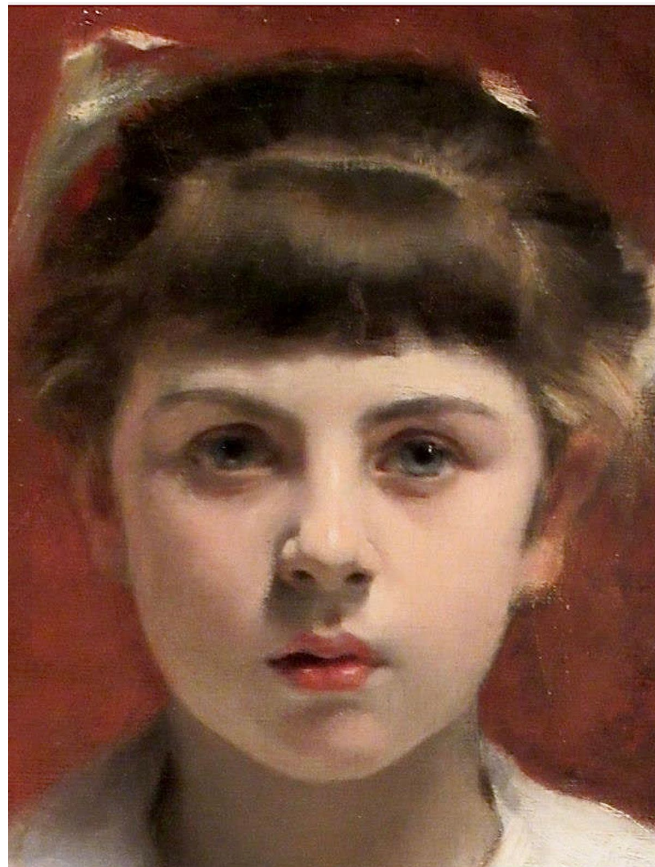
Set up and rules:

This game will be best played on a smooth surface, though carpet and grass will work as well. Set up a large area (at least 10 feet by 20 feet). You will make little goals, like soccer goals, at either end of your area by using two items per side. Make the goals about three feet wide. Now, how to play. You must never take your feet off of your two plates, but must use them like they were ice-skates. With your stick, you are going to try and shuffle the ball along the floor. Try and get the ball into your opponent's goal before they can get it into yours. See how many points you can get! If you have more people, you can add them as other players or as goalies. Mostly you must make sure that, wherever you are, you do not scratch the floor. If you do scratch the floor, you get a point taken away. You must also scrub the spot later until it shines! Have fun!

Art

Portraiture/mouth study

Today, take some time to study this painting completed in 1880 by American artist John Singer Sargent. Trace the head shape, eyes, nose, and mouth with your finger. Notice especially how this artist completed the mouth on this portrait of this young girl named Marie Louise Pailleron. Marie had to come and sit 83 different times in order for Mr. Sargent to paint her portrait! Do you think it was difficult for her to sit still for this portrait? What do you think she is thinking about?



Day 2 Instructions and Resources

Tuesday, 5/12

Math (25 minutes)

Math Word Problem (5 minutes)

Write your own ***multiplication*** word problem. Use the space below to write the word problem in manuscript, write the equation, write the number bond, and write your answer sentence (10 minutes). If you have extra time, draw a picture at the bottom.

Word Problem:

Equation:

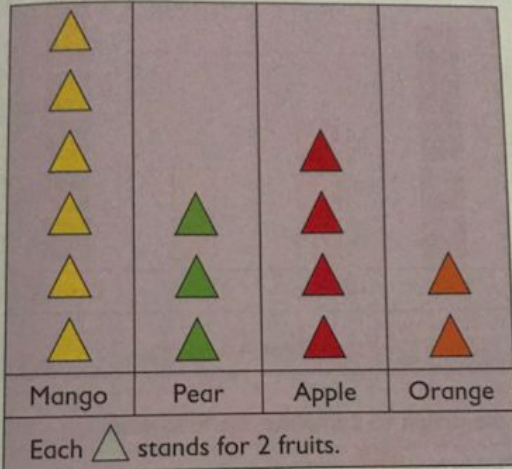
Number Bond:


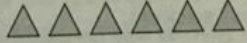
Answer Sentence:

Draw a picture (optional):

Independent Work (20 minutes): Reading the examples below. Then, answer the problems. In these problems today, you will see that each symbol represents 2 things.

This picture graph also shows the number of each type of fruit.
Use the picture graph to answer the questions below.



- What does each  stand for?
- What do  stand for?
- How many more pears than oranges are there?
- How many more mangoes than apples are there?
- Which type of fruit is the greatest in number?
- Which type of fruit is the smallest in number?

a) \triangle stands for 2 fruits.

b) $\triangle = 2$ fruits

$$2+2+2+2+2+2 = 12 \text{ fruits}$$

c) Pears = $2+2+2 = 6$ pears

Oranges = $2+2 = 4$ oranges

There are 2 more pears than oranges.

d) Mango = $2+2+2+2+2+2 = 12$ mangoes

Apples = $2+2+2+2 = 8$ apples

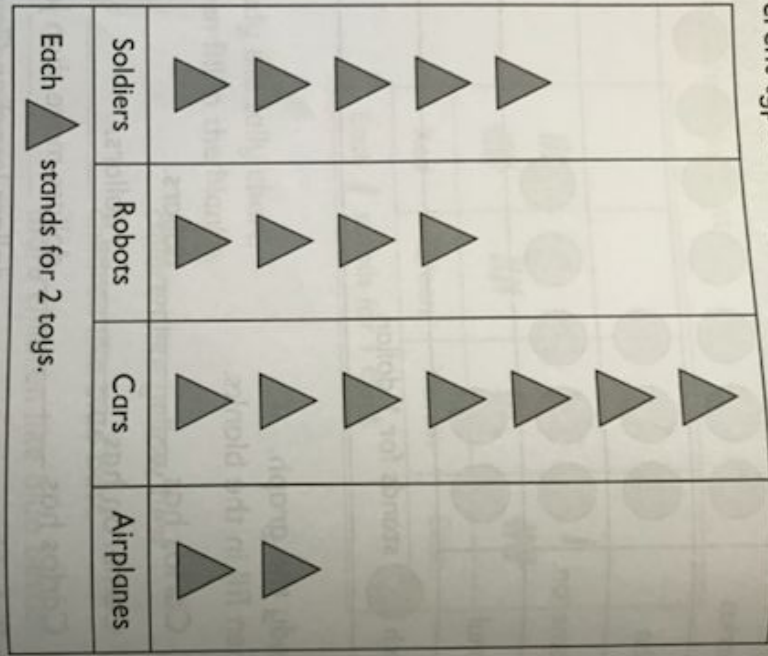
There are 4 more mangoes than apples.

e) Mangoes are the greatest in number.

f) Oranges are the smallest in number.

* Use repeated addition!
*

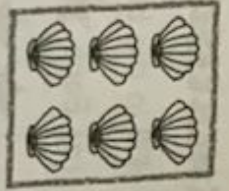
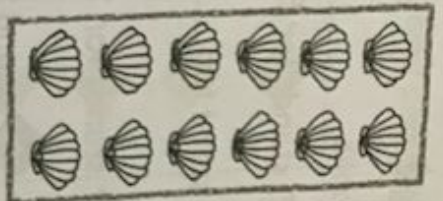
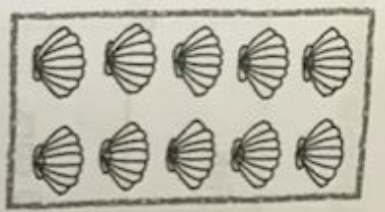
3. Joe made this picture graph to show the number of different types of toys he has.



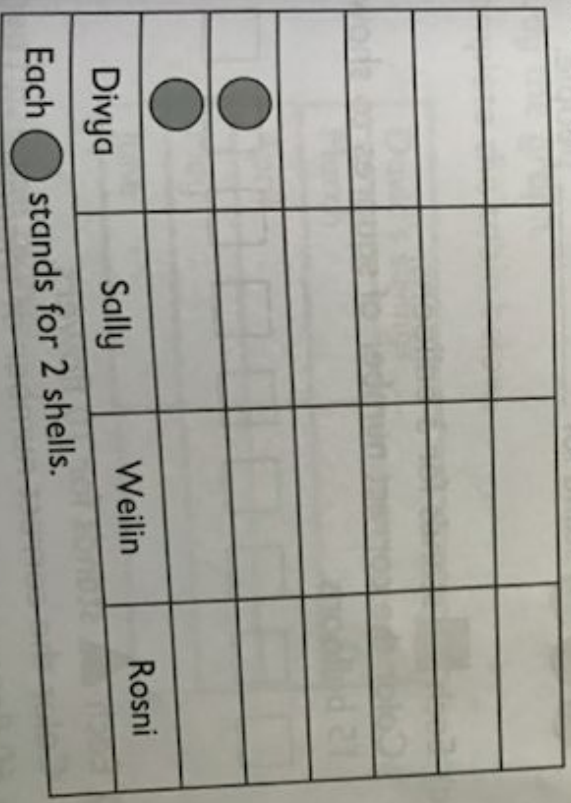
Study the graph.
Then fill in the blanks.

- (a) Joe has _____ soldiers.
- (b) He has _____ cars.
- (c) He has _____ airplanes.
- (d) He has _____ more cars than robots.
- (e) He has _____ fewer airplanes than soldiers.

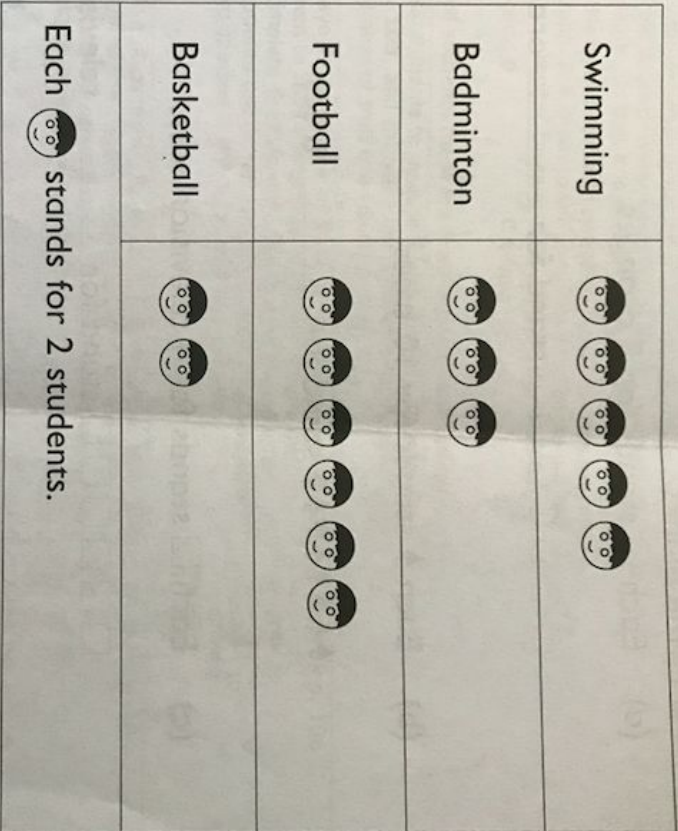
4.



Count the shells collected by each girl.
Then complete the following picture graph.



2. This picture graph shows the number of students who like each type of sports.

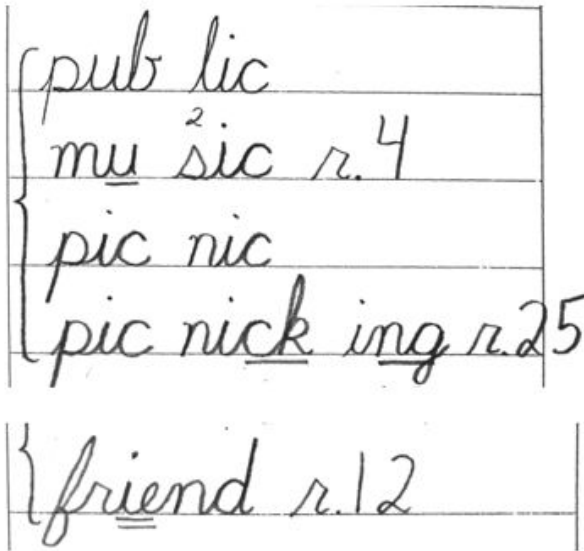


Use the graph to complete the following.

- (a) _____ students like football.
- (b) _____ students like swimming.
- (c) _____ is the most popular sport.
- (d) _____ more students like swimming than basketball.
- (e) _____ fewer students like badminton than football.

Spalding (10 minutes)

Day 2



Attached to the back of this packet, write the assigned words in the following way:

1. Say the word.
2. Use the word in a sentence.
3. Show 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).

Literature (15 minutes)

Read Chapter 7 in *Cricket in Times Square* aloud to a parent, older sibling, or silently to yourself. As you read...

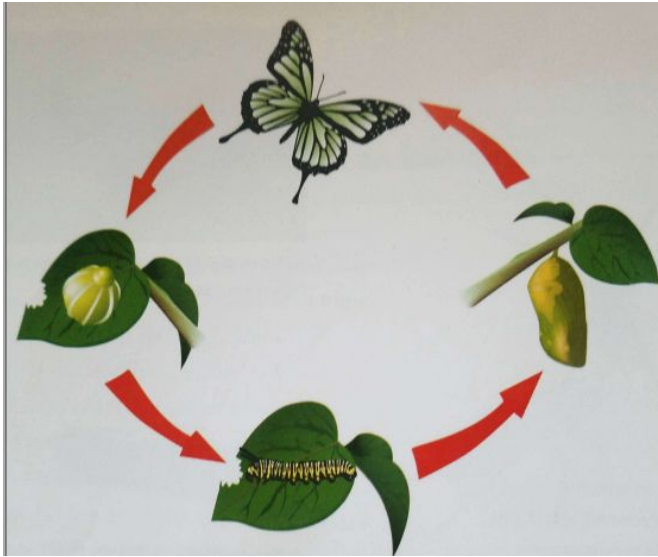
1. Take your time and read carefully.
2. Make sure that you follow all punctuation!
3. If reading aloud, practice using the proper tone of voice to show the meaning of the text. (You can raise or lower the pitch of your voice at different times depending on the story.)

Discussion questions (asked by a parent or older sibling . Look for the part in the text that relates to each question).

- How is Tucker's reaction to the pagoda different from Chester's reaction?
- Why does Harry say that Tucker looks like a mouse in a trap?
- Why does Tucker line Chester's cage with dollar bills?

Science (15 minutes)

Just as chickens, frogs, and flowers go through life cycles, so do insects. In fact, the life cycle of insects is so interesting, there is a special word for it. The word is “metamorphosis” (MET-uh-MORE-fuh-sis). It comes from a Greek word for “changing shape.” Let’s find out why.



A female butterfly lays eggs. They look like tiny beads attached to the bark of a tree or underside of a leaf. When the eggs hatch, out comes, not a butterfly, but a caterpillar! The caterpillar is the **larva** (LAHR-vuh), which is another word for baby insect. The caterpillar crawls up and down the stalks of plants, finding fresh green leaves to munch on. The caterpillar grows larger and fatter.

Finally, the caterpillar attaches itself to a leaf or twig and makes a tough, shiny covering, called a cocoon. The caterpillar wraps itself inside the cocoon. Now the larva has become a **pupa** (PYOO-puh). From the outside, the pupa looks asleep, as if nothing is happening. But inside, the insect is still growing and changing shape. When the pupa finally opens, the adult insect comes out, and it is a butterfly!

When it first comes out, the butterfly is wet and all folded up. Slowly it spreads its wings to dry. Now the butterfly is fully grown, ready to fly from flower to flower to look for food. That’s a lot of changing shapes, a true metamorphosis! The insect goes through four different stages in its life cycle: egg-larva-pupa-adult.

Question: Can you explain the four stages of the life cycle of a butterfly? Write it in a complete sentence, use correct punctuation, and write neatly in cursive or manuscript.

The life cycle of a butterfly starts with _____

Now draw and label a picture of the butterfly life cycle just like the one above!

Writing (5 Minutes)

Review what you wrote about the life cycle of a butterfly above and ask yourself the following questions:

1. Did I answer in complete sentences?
2. Does each sentence begin with a capital letter?
3. Does each sentence end with a period, question mark, or exclamation point?
4. Are there any words I should check the spelling on?
5. Did I use my best cursive handwriting?

Take the time to review and make your work excellent. Show your parents or older sibling what you have written and have them check it for accuracy.

Music (10 minutes)

Warm-Up:

Sing "Chumbara" THREE times:

- 1) Sing with all the motions using your "thinking voice" - that means no sound but still show the words on your lips!
- 2) Sing the words but sing it *piano*! What does *piano* mean? Say it out loud! "*Piano* means soft!"
- 3) Make a new silly word to sing on! Choose from the "silly" syllables in the list below to make a new brand-new word to sing on, e.g. Bug-o-zee. These tongue-twisters are great for warming up the muscles you use to sing and pronounce words clearly!

First Syllable	Second Syllable	Third Syllable
Pop	A	Goo

Buzz	E	Foo
Yap	O	Too
Bug	U	Zee

Here Comes a Bluebird:

- Sing the song THREE times:
 - 1) Sing the song while you carefully skip around the room, house, or yard!
 - 2) Now, sing the song on **rhythm syllables** (ta, ti-ti, etc.) just like last time while you tap and read the music below.
 - 3) Then, sing the song using *solfa* and your hand signs. Remember that the solfa we know are:



do re mi so la



- For fun, draw a hopscotch and sing this song while you're hopping. Wherever you land at the end of the song, you have to cross that box out and keep playing until you can't hop any more!

For help: Sing with Ms. Caranto on rhythm syllables and solfa with hand signs:

<https://cloud.swivl.com/v/7ec97876f0cc5273a4691030066de0eb>

Latin (10 minutes)

1. Review these Latin animals by saying each word 2x.
2. Here is a Quizlet link to help you with the pronunciation. They have been added to our First Grade Quizlet flashcards for Latin animals. You will have to scroll through the previous animals we have learned to find this week's vocabulary words. Password is FirstGrade (case sensitive)

<https://quizlet.com/500840721/first-grade-latin-animals-flash-cards/>

Latin	English
Anguilla	eel

crocodīlus	alligator
anas	duck
camēlus	camel
hippopotamus	hippo
ovis	sheep
bālaena	whale
pistrix	shark

Day 3 Instructions and Resources

Wednesday, 5/13


Math (30 minutes)

Math Fact Practice (5 minutes): Practice the multiplication math facts below for a minute! Time yourself! Then, practice your Math Flashcards the rest of the time.






5x3=	10x0=	3x6=	2x4=	1x5=	0x10=
2x5=	3x8=	3x10=	2x9=	3x4=	5x5=
5x7=	10x10=	10x8=	0x5=	5x9=	10x8=
2x7=	3x5=	3x2=	5x4=	10x9=	10x2=
0x6=	0x4=	1x6=	3x7=	5x8=	3x1=

Independent Work (25 minutes): Reading the examples below. Then, answer the problems. Today, we will be learning about how to read picture charts when each symbol represents a different amount in each problem.


1. This picture graph shows the number of stickers four boys have.



Each  stands for 4 stickers.

Use the graph to complete the following.

- David has  stickers.
- Carlos has  stickers.
-  has the most stickers.
- Brian has  more stickers than David.
- If Carlos gives Pablo 4 stickers, Pablo will have  stickers.

a) David has 8 stickers.

 = 4 stickers

David =   so $4+4=8$ stickers

b) Carlos has 24 stickers

$4+4+4+4+4+4=24$

c) Carlos has the most stickers.

d) Brian = $4+4+4+4+4=20$ stickers

David = 8 stickers $\rightarrow 20-8=12$

Brian = 20 stickers

Brian has 12 more stickers than David.

e) Pablo has 12 stickers, if Carlos gives him 4 more he will have 16 stickers.

EXERCISE 2

1. Fill in the blanks.

(a) Each ★ stands for 5 fish.

★ ★ stand for _____ fish.

(b) Each ◆ stands for 10 cars.

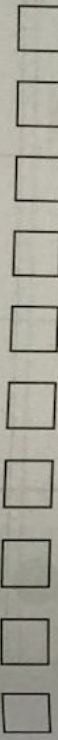
◆ ◆ ◆ stand for _____ cars.

(c) Each ● stands for 4 people.

● ● ● stand for _____ people.

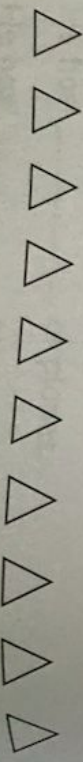
2. (a) Each ■ stands for 3 balloons.

Color the correct number of squares to show 15 balloons.

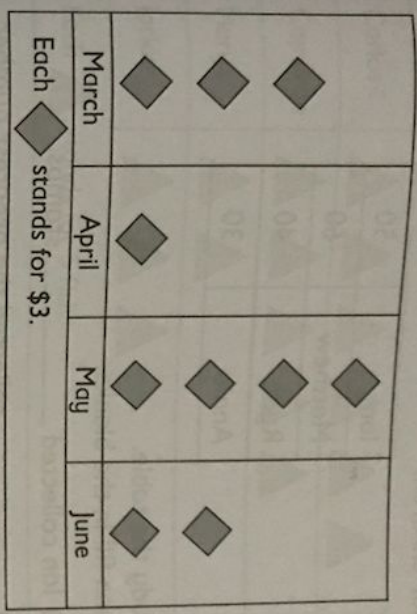


(b) Each ▲ stands for 10 flowers.

Color the correct number of triangles to show 60 flowers.



3. This picture graph shows David's savings in four months.



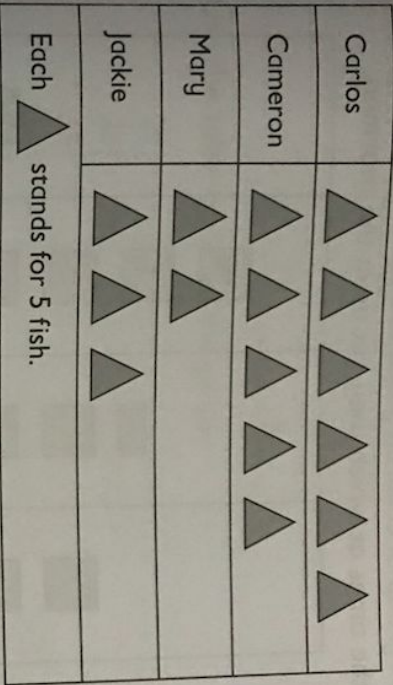
Study the graph. Complete the table below.

David's savings	
March	
April	
May	
June	

Then fill in the blanks.

- (a) He saved \$ _____ more in May than in April.
- (b) His total savings in the 4 months was \$ _____.
- (c) The most he saved in any month was \$ _____.
- (d) The least he saved in any month was \$ _____.

5. This picture graph shows the number of fish caught by four children.



Study the graph.
Write YES or NO for each of the following:

(a) Carlos caught 6 fish.	
(b) Jackie caught 15 fish.	
(c) Cameron caught 2 more fish than Jackie.	
(d) Mary caught 20 fewer fish than Carlos.	
(e) If Carlos caught 2 more fish, he would have 20 fish.	

4. This table shows the number of stamps collected by four children.

Ian	50
Matthew	60
Ryan	40
Annie	30

Study the table.
Then fill in the blanks.

- (a) Ian collected _____ stamps.
- (b) _____ collected the greatest number of stamps.
- (c) _____ collected 30 stamps.
- (d) Ian collected _____ more stamps than Ryan.
- (e) Annie collected _____ fewer stamps than Matthew.
- (f) Ryan and Annie collected _____ stamps altogether.

Spalding (10 minutes)

Day 3

Attached to the back of this packet, write the assigned words in the following way:

1. Say the word.
2. Use the word in a sentence.
3. Show 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).

Literature (15 minutes)

Read Chapter 8 in *Cricket in Times Square* aloud to a parent, older sibling, or silently to yourself. As you read...

1. Take your time and read carefully.
2. Make sure that you follow all punctuation!
3. If reading aloud, practice using the proper tone of voice to show the meaning of the text. (You can raise or lower the pitch of your voice at different times depending on the story.)

Discussion questions (asked by a parent or older sibling). Look for the part in the text that relates to each question.

- *Why doesn't the leaf in Chester's dream taste as good as usual?*
- *How do Tucker's solutions to the problem of admitting guilt for the lost money differ from Chester's?*
- *Why does Mama Bellini keep dropping stitches?*
- *Why does Mario take a part time job delivering groceries?*
- *Why does Mama Bellini release Chester from his cage?*
- *Do you think it is fair to make Mario replace the money?*

Grammar (5 minutes)

Answer the following questions out loud:

What is a sentence? What is a verb? What is a noun? What is a pronoun?

What is an adjective? What is an adverb?

Remember a conjunction is a word that joins words or groups of words together.

The last conjunction we will talk about is “but.” If I say “I started to read my book, but I fell asleep,” I am joining together two groups of words. “I started to read my book” is joined to “I fell asleep.” Now I will give you two groups of words. I want you to join them together with the conjunction “but.” “I want to go outside.” “I cannot find my coat.” Join those together with the conjunction “but.”

History (15 minutes)

The War Ends

The U.S. Army was led by Andrew Jackson, who would later become president of the United States. Before the Battle of New Orleans, Andrew Jackson had cruelly defeated Native Americans in what is today Alabama and parts of Georgia. Now, he faced the British Army. The British thought they would easily defeat Jackson’s army. But this did not happen. The Americans won the Battle of New Orleans, fought on January 8, 1815. A few days after the battle, news arrived in Washington, D.C., that the peace treaty to end the war had been signed three weeks earlier.



Not much changed after the War of 1812. Settlers continued to move west and take Native American land. The British did not promise to stop capturing sailors, and they didn’t leave Canada. But America had fought the strongest army and navy in the world and had held its own. Americans felt proud of their country. To show their pride, they began to sing “The Star-Spangled Banner” and to honor the American flag.

- ★ The phrase, “**held its own**” means *kept up with* or *did as well as*. America held its own because even though Americans did not defeat the British, they were still able to stand up to the strongest army and the strongest navy in the world. The British were not able to defeat the Americans.

Discuss:

- Who was the leader of the U.S. Army at the Battle of New Orleans?
- How did the war change things for Americans?

- ❑ Why were Americans proud of their country at the war's end?

Answer in a complete sentence:

Who won the Battle of New Orleans?

P.E. (10 minutes)

“Scavenger Hunt” rules:

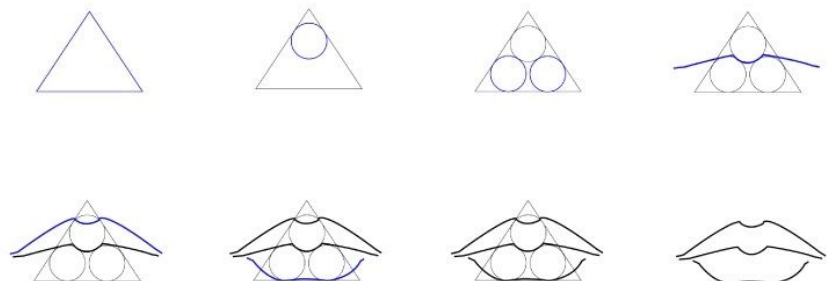
Each time you are able to find something from the scavenger hunt list you need to do 10 jumping jacks! If you find all of the items from the scavenger hunt you will have done **100 jumping jacks!** Remember you can only use each item one time, so get creative.

Scavenger Hunt List:

- ❑ Something soft
- ❑ Something that can grow
- ❑ Something rough
- ❑ Something beautiful
- ❑ Something round
- ❑ Something hard
- ❑ Something sticky
- ❑ Something red
- ❑ Something with a pattern
- ❑ Something that can bounce

Art (10 minutes)

We will be sketching our mouth today. Please observe your mouth (especially the lips) in a mirror. Note the shapes that define your mouth. Take out a piece of scratch paper and pencil. Look at the mouth sheet below and practice drawing the mouth (beginning with a triangle and three circles as demonstrated here below) at least 10 times. Throughout the sketching, go observe your mouth and lips in the mirror as needed.



Day 4 Instructions and Resources

Thursday, 5/14

Math (25 minutes)

Math Word Problem (5 minutes)

Write your own ***subtraction*** word problem. Use the space below to write the word problem in manuscript, write the equation, write the number bond, and write your answer sentence (10 minutes). If you have extra time, draw a picture at the bottom.

Word Problem:

Equation:

Number Bond:

Answer Sentence:

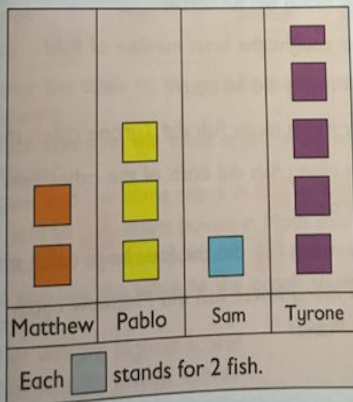
Draw a picture (optional):

Independent Work (20 minutes): Reading the examples below. Then, answer the problems. Today, we will be looking at another type of chart which is called a bar graph. These are another way to measure information!

2 Bar Graphs



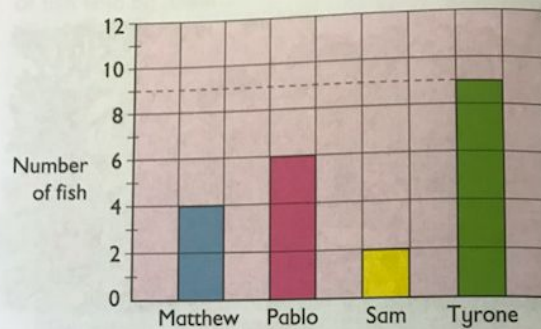
This picture graph shows the number of fish caught by four boys.



How many fish did each boy catch?

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This bar graph shows the same information.



- Who caught the greatest number of fish?
- How many did he catch?
- Who caught the least number of fish?
- How many did he catch?
- How many more fish did Tyrone catch than Sam?
- How many fish did each of the other two boys catch?
- How many fish did the four boys catch altogether?
- How many fewer fish did Matthew catch than Pablo?

$$\square = 2 \text{ fish}$$

$$\text{Matthew} = 2 + 2 = 4 \text{ fish}$$

$$\text{Pablo} = 2 + 2 + 2 = 6 \text{ fish}$$

$$\text{Sam} = 2 \text{ fish}$$

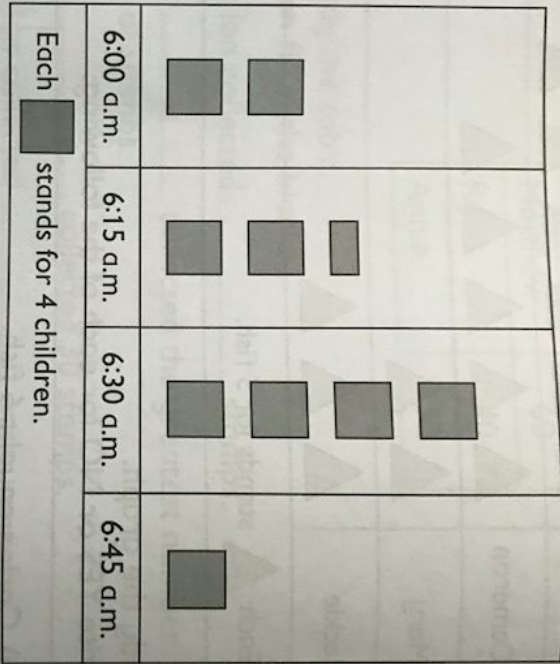
$$\text{Tyrone} = 2 + 2 + 2 + 2 + 1 = 9$$

$$\text{half a } \square = 1$$

- Tyrone caught the most.
- He caught 9 fish.
- Sam caught the least.
- He caught 2 fish.
- Tyrone caught 7 more fish than Sam.
 $9 - 2 = 7$
- Matthew caught 4 fish. Pablo caught 6 fish.
- $9 + 2 + 6 + 4 = 21$ fish
They caught 21 fish altogether.
- Matthew caught 4 fewer fish than Pablo.

EXERCISE 3

1. A group of children made this picture graph to show the times at which they get up in the morning.

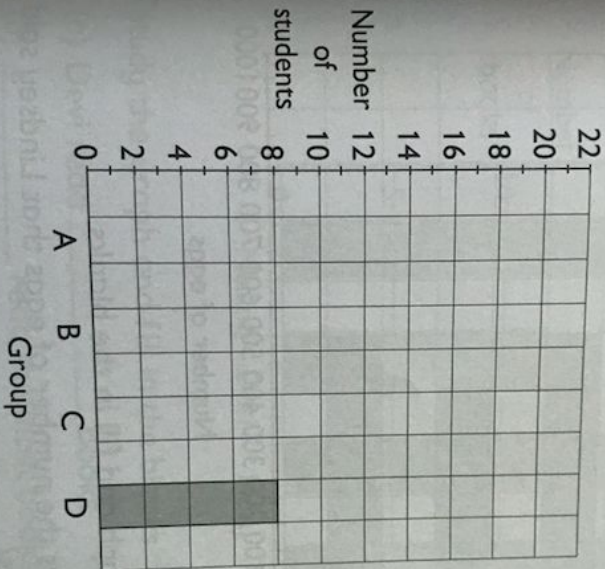


- Study the graph and fill in the blanks.
- (a) _____ children get up at 6:15 a.m.
 - (b) 4 children get up at _____.
 - (c) _____ more children get up at 6:00 a.m. than at 6:45 a.m.
 - (d) The greatest number of children get up at _____.
 - (e) _____ children get up before 6:30 a.m.

2. This table shows the number of students in each group.

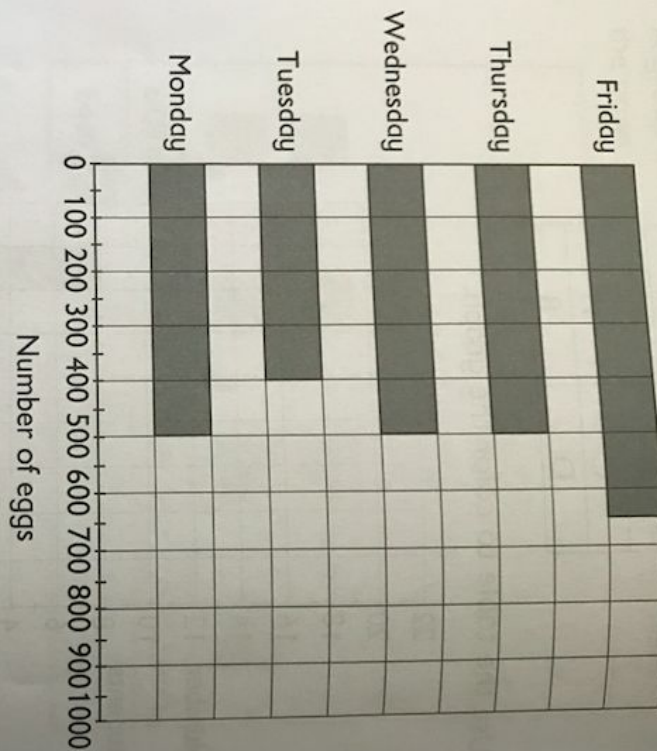
A	21
B	16
C	17
D	8

Use the table to color the graph.



- Fill in the blanks.
- (a) There are _____ more students in Group A than in Group C.
 - (b) There are _____ times as many students in Group B as in Group D.

3. This bar graph shows the number of eggs Lindsey sold from Monday to Friday.



Study the graph and fill in the blanks.

- (a) What was the number of eggs that Lindsey sold on most days? _____
- (b) She sold _____ more eggs on Friday than on Thursday.
- (c) The most eggs she sold on any one day was _____.
- (d) The least eggs she sold on any one day was _____.

Spalding (10 minutes)

Review all 15 words

On the attached Spalding Review page, write the assigned words in the following way:

1. Say the word.
2. Use the word in a sentence.
3. Show 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).

Literature (15 minutes)

Read Chapter 9 in *Cricket in Times Square* aloud to a parent, older sibling, or silently to yourself. As you read...

1. Take your time and read carefully.
2. Make sure that you follow all punctuation!
3. If reading aloud, practice using the proper tone of voice to show the meaning of the text. (You can raise or lower the pitch of your voice at different times depending on the story.)

Discussion questions (asked by a parent or older sibling). Look for the part in the text that relates to each question.

- *Why does Mario return to see Sai Fong?*
- *What customs and foods does Sai Fong introduce to Mario?*
- *How does Mario find out about a cricket's diet?*
- *Why doesn't Chester eat the mulberry leaf that is offered to him?*
- *Why does Chester sing?*
- *Why are the Chinese gentleman's eyes moist?*
- *How does Mario feel when he leaves? How would you feel?*
- *Do you think Mario will visit Sai Fong again?*

Science (15 minutes)

We've discussed what makes an insect an insect and how some insects undergo metamorphosis in their life cycle. Now we are going to learn how some insects interact in social colonies!

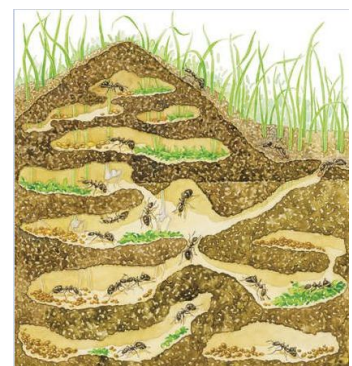
Think of an ant. Ants are one of the most common insects on the planet.

There are many different kinds of ants that look a bit different, live in different places, and behave differently. But there's one thing they all have in common: they are social insects!



Ants work and live together in communities called colonies. You can even discover where an ant colony is by following a line of ants that are collecting food. How do ants tell each other

where food is located? They don't use language like we do, but their bodies communicate with chemicals. When the first ant found the food, it got very excited. That excitement made its body lay down a tiny chemical trail to the food. Other ants sensed that chemical signal, and they followed the trail to the food.



Ants cooperate in many other ways too. They build complicated nests. They share the work of taking care of the babies and young ants. When a special ant, called the queen, lays the eggs, other ants called workers dig tunnels and help keep the eggs clean and warm. When the eggs hatch, the

worker ants gather food and help feed the larvae (LAHR-vee: plural of larva). In some colonies, other ants, called soldiers, protect the colony against insect enemies.



Question: Can you give me an example of how ants work together in a colony? Write it in a complete sentence, use correct punctuation, and write neatly in cursive or manuscript.

Ants work together in colonies by _____

Writing (5 Minutes)

Review what you wrote about ant colonies above and ask yourself the following questions:

1. Did I answer in complete sentences?
2. Does each sentence begin with a capital letter?
3. Does each sentence end with a period, question mark, or exclamation point?
4. Are there any words I should check the spelling on?
5. Did I use my best cursive handwriting?

Take the time to review and make your work excellent. Show your parents or older sibling what you have written and have them check it for accuracy.

Music (10 minutes)

Warm-Up:

- Sing "Are You Sleeping"
 - First, sing in English and show the motions! If you don't remember the ones we learned in class, make your own to match the words of the song.
 - Now, sing it in French (Frere Jacques)!
- Try this! Sing the song in English and French without stopping while doing this pattern to the steady beat:

Pat, clap hands together, clap partner's hands, clap hands together (repeat)

- Repeat the pattern as many times as it takes to sing the song in both English and French.

In music, when you have a repeating pattern, it is called an **ostinato** [aw-stih-nah-toe]. Say **ostinato** out loud (it is an Italian word)! If you can't find a partner, just pretend or use a wall! Here is a video of Ms. Caranto doing the pattern: <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/b84e61fa3199f86b350bcedc02dab728>

Let Us Chase the Squirrel:

- Sing the song while marching to the steady **beat**. Say what the beat means out loud! *The beat stays steady! The beat stays steady!*
- Sing the song on **rhythm syllables** (ta, ti-ti, etc.) while tapping into your hand. The music is below:

Let Us Chase the Squirrel

Let us chase the Squir - rel, Up the hick - 'ry, down the hick - 'ry,

Let us chase the squir - rel Up the hick - 'ry tree.

2. If you want to catch him,
Up the hick'ry, down the hick'ry,
If you want to catch him,
Learn to climb a tree.

- Did you notice there are extra words below? Try and sing those too! If you need help, here is a video of Ms. Caranto singing the song with the new words and with rhythm syllables: Let Us Chase the Squirrel - <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/c029acf84fa5ad02e9c14c3fda01b095>
 - For fun: Find someone to play a singing game with you! You may play this like “Duck, Duck, Goose” or you can turn it into a game of tag!

Latin (10 minutes)

- Read through each of these questions and answers 2X.
 - Next, ask a sibling or parent to read you the question and the answer. Repeat the answer. Then, have your sibling or parent just read you the question and see how well you can remember the answer.
1. According to legend, who founded Rome? According to legend, Romulus founded Rome.
 2. Who was the last king of Rome? Tarquinius the Proud was the last king of Rome.
 3. What is a triumvirate? A triumvirate is three men who rule together.
 4. Who made up the first triumvirate? Caesar, Crassus, and Pompey made up the first triumvirate.
 5. Who was the first emperor of Rome? Augustus [Gaius Octavius] was the first emperor of Rome.

Day 5 Instructions and Resources

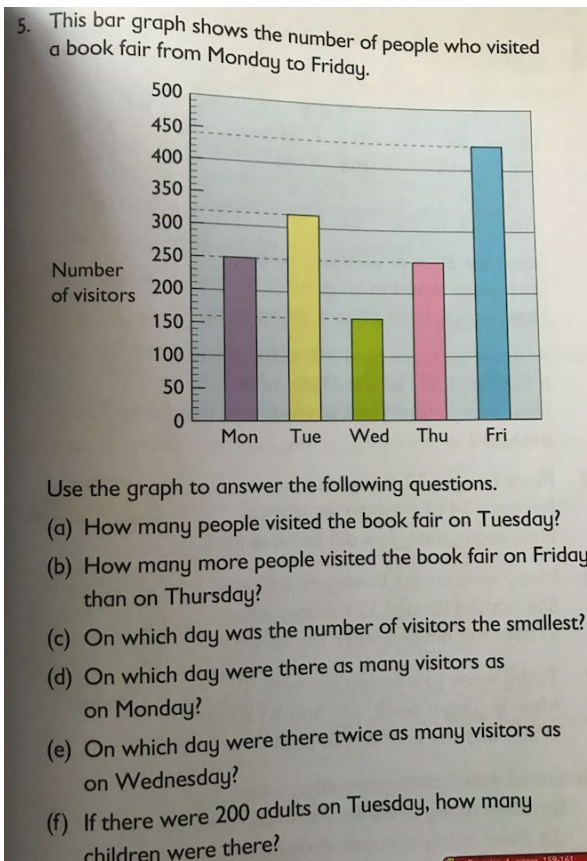
Friday, 5/15

Math (30 minutes)

Math Fact Practice (5 minutes): Practice the multiplication math facts below for a minute! Time yourself! Then, practice your Math Flashcards the rest of the time.

$2 \times 5 =$	$3 \times 4 =$	$5 \times 5 =$	$2 \times 7 =$	$1 \times 5 =$	$10 \times 1 =$
$0 \times 10 =$	$5 \times 3 =$	$3 \times 7 =$	$2 \times 4 =$	$3 \times 8 =$	$3 \times 10 =$
$3 \times 9 =$	$2 \times 10 =$	$3 \times 2 =$	$3 \times 1 =$	$1 \times 4 =$	$5 \times 6 =$
$5 \times 8 =$	$1 \times 11 =$	$2 \times 11 =$	$2 \times 12 =$	$5 \times 10 =$	$3 \times 6 =$
$3 \times 5 =$	$2 \times 8 =$	$3 \times 3 =$	$10 \times 9 =$	$10 \times 7 =$	$5 \times 3 =$

Independent Work (25 minutes): Reading the examples below. Then, answer the problems. Today, we are going to wrap up our learning on bar graphs!



a) Look closely at the bar graph.

320 people visited on Tuesday.

b) Thursday = 250 people

Friday = 420 people

120 more people visited on Friday than Thursday.

c) Wednesday had the fewest visitors.

d) Thursday had the same amount of visitors as Monday.

e) Tuesday had twice as many as Wednesday.

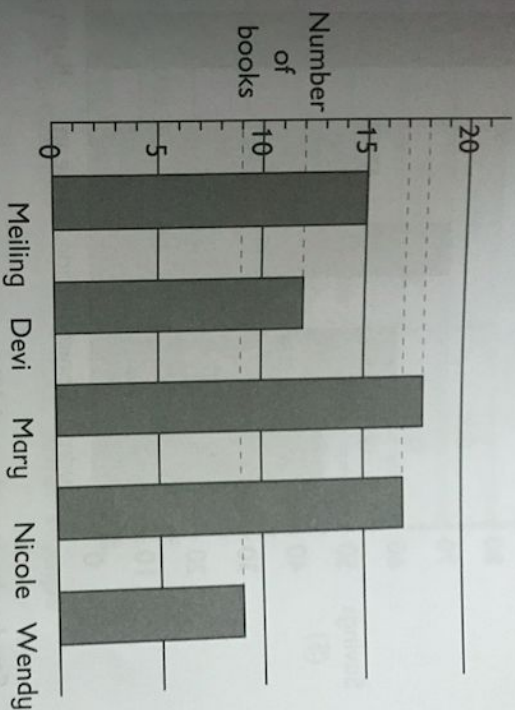
f) Tuesday has 320 people, so if there are 200 adults, there are 120 children.

$$\begin{array}{r} 320 \\ - 200 \\ \hline 120 \end{array}$$



EXERCISE 4

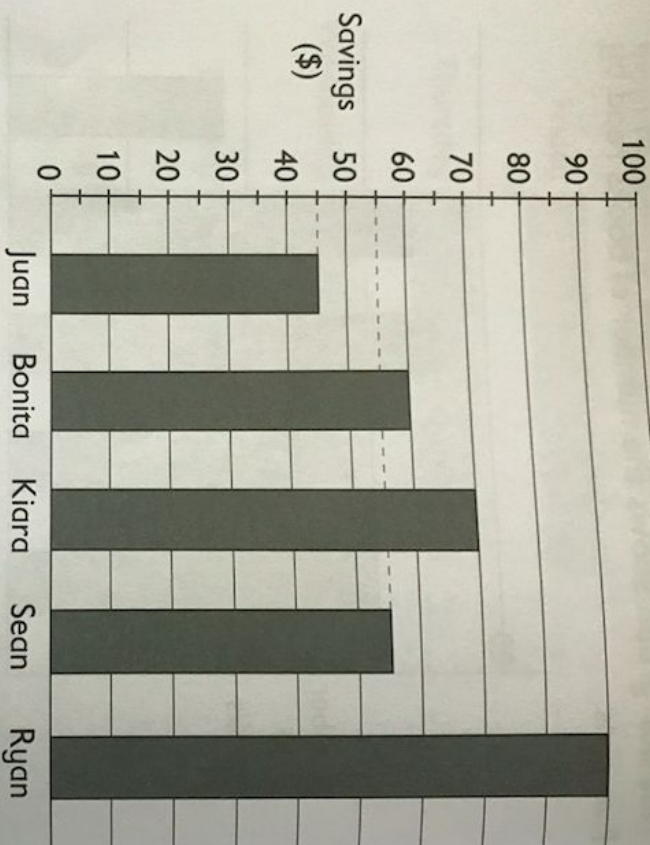
1. This bar graph shows the number of books read by five girls.



Study the graph and fill in the blanks.

- (a) Devi read _____ books.
- (b) _____ read the most books.
She read _____ books.
- (c) _____ read the fewest books.
She read _____ books.
- (d) Mary read twice as many books as _____.

2. This bar graph shows the savings of five students.



Study the graph and fill in the blanks.

- (a) Juan saved \$_____.
- (b) Kiara saved \$_____ more than Bonita.
- (c) _____ saved the most.
- (d) The total savings of Bonita, Kiara and Sean was \$_____.

3. This table shows the number of stamps collected by five boys.

Number of stamps	
John	300
Courtney	420
Samy	250
David	100
Ramat	180

Study the table and fill in the blanks.

- (a) Ramat collected _____ stamps.
- (b) John collected _____ fewer stamps than Courtney.
- (c) John collected 50 more stamps than _____.
- (d) The least number of stamps collected by any one boy is _____.
- (e) The greatest number of stamps collected by any one boy is _____.
- (f) The difference between the greatest and the least number of stamps collected is _____.

Spalding (10 minutes)

Choose 5 words from the word list and write 5 complete sentences. Underline the word you used. Make sure you are using the word correctly! Don't forget capital letters, write in neat cursive handwriting, and check punctuation!

Example: It is a fact that the sky is blue.

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

4. _____

5.

Literature (15 minutes)

Read Chapter 10 in *Cricket in Times Square* aloud to a parent, older sibling, or silently to yourself. As you read...

1. Take your time and read carefully.
2. Make sure that you follow all punctuation!
3. If reading aloud, practice using the proper tone of voice to show the meaning of the text. (You can raise or lower the pitch of your voice at different times depending on the story.)

Discussion questions (asked by a parent or older sibling). Look for the part in the text that relates to each question.

- *Why are the three animals—Chester, Tucker, and Harry—having a party?*
- *What preparations do the three animals make for the party?*
- *Why is Chester able to play so well on the night of the party?*
- *How does the fire start?*
- *How do each of the animals react to the fire?*
- *Which human is first to help put out the fire?*
- *What do you think Mama Bellini will do when she finds out what has happened?*

Poetry (5 minutes)

Read through “The New Colossus” twice and look up any words you do not know in the glossary, which is on the page after the poem.

History (15 minutes)

Look at the map. Can you identify the battle sites of the War of 1812?

Battles of the War of 1812

**Discuss:**

- What do the sites of the battles of the War of 1812 have in common?
- What might the location of the battles show about Great Britain's military strength?

Answer in a complete sentence:

Why was the Battle of New Orleans fought after the peace treaty to end the war had been signed?

P.E. (10 minutes)

Stretching Lesson

Video link of today's lesson: <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/62e43d303f12a6c35ba6570b4a300d79>

Hold each stretch for 30 seconds

- Right arm across your body, then left arm across your body
- Right arm elbow to the sky and then left arm elbow to the sky (use your opposite hand to slightly pull elbow back)
- Feet together and try and touch your toes
- Cross your right foot over your left foot and try to touch your toes, repeat with your left foot crossing over your right foot. Remember to keep both feet flat on the ground and right next to each other (should look like your feet are backwards!)
- Clasp hands behind your back and try and raise your arms up behind you. Make sure to stand tall and look straight in front of you
- Clasp your hands in front of you and have them even with your shoulders, now press your hands as far forward as you can but make sure your still standing as tall as you can
- Clasp hands behind your back and this time bend over raising your hands towards the sky

❑ **SLOWLY and CAREFULLY** do the following neck movements

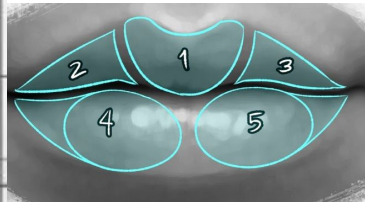
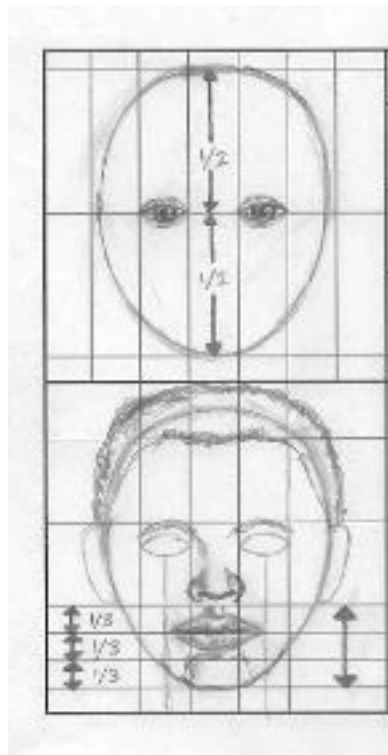
- ❑ Try and make your right ear touch your right shoulder. Keep your shoulders still and only move your neck. Only goes as far as it feels comfortable. Then do the same with your left ear to your left shoulder.
- ❑ Neck rolls, you are going to go from the right side, to in front (chin touching your chest) then lean your neck to the left. Repeat this motion going back and forth as slow as you can. Make sure you're not leaning your neck backwards to this exercise.

Art

Please bring out your portrait (with the eyes, head, and nose completed) from last week's art sessions.

1. Between the nose and chin, please begin drawing the lips on your portrait (look at the proportion sheet below). Remember our last art session and begin with a triangle and then look for the other shapes as *numbered* in the example below.
2. Look at your lips in the mirror as necessary to complete a pair of realistic lips. Add fine values, texture, shading, and other details to finish.
3. **Save this unfinished portrait for next week as we will be ending our portraiture lessons by learning how to draw hair.**

<https://cloud.swivl.com/v/a28f91d80cdc58c3477172d0c80b61bd>



Durer Self-Portrait 1499

Additional Resources

Monday

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.

Tuesday

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.

Wednesday

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.

Rules

r. 4 – Vowels a, e, o, u may say their name at the end of a syllable (na vv, me, o pen, mu sic)

r. 12 – i before e except after c or when saying 'ay' (field)

r. 14 – The phonograms ti, si, and ci are used to say sh at the beginning of a syllable but not the first syllable.

r. 25 – The phonogram ck may be used only after a single vowel saying its first sound at the end of a syllable (back, rock, duck)

r. 26 – Words that are the names of titles, people, places, books, days, or months are capitalized|

r. 29 – We hear the consonant in syllable two but add it to syllable one because the vowel in syllable one does not say its name (ap ple, bet ter, com mon, sup per)

Thursday Review

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9.
10.

11.
12.
13.
14.
15.

SIX

Sai Fong

Mario took the IRT local subway downtown. He held the matchbox up at the level of his chest so the cricket could see out. This was the first time Chester had been able to watch where he was going on the subway. The last time he had been buried under roast beef sandwiches. He hung out of the box, gazing up and down the car. Chester was a curious cricket, and as long as he was here in New York, he meant to see as much as he could.

He was staring at an old lady wearing a straw hat, wondering if the flowers on it were real, and if they were what they would taste like, when the train lurched to a halt. Like most people who first ride the subway, Chester wasn't used to the abrupt stops. He toppled out of the matchbox into Mario's lap.

The boy picked him up again. "You've got to be careful," he said, putting his finger over the open end of the box so there was just enough room for Chester to poke his head out.

At the Canal Street stop Mario got off and walked

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The Cricket in Times Square

over several blocks to Chinatown. Chester craned his head out as far as he could to get his first look at New York by day. The buildings in this part of town weren't nearly as high as they were in Times Square, but they were still high enough to make Chester Cricker feel very small.

In Chinatown, as Papa had said, all the shops were closed. Mario walked up and down the narrow, curving streets, zigzagging across them so he could look in the windows on both sides. In some he saw the cardboard shells that open up into beautiful paper flowers if you put them in a glass of water, and in others the glass wind harps that tinkle when they're hung in the window where the breeze can reach them. But he couldn't find a cricket cage anywhere.

Down at the end of an alley there was an especially old shop. The paint was peeling off the doors and the windows were crammed with years' and years' collection of knickknacks. A sign hanging out in front said, SAI FONG—CHINESE NOVELTIES, and printed underneath, in smaller letters, was "also do hand laundry." Sitting cross-legged on the doorstep was an old Chinese man. He was wearing a silk vest over his shirt with dragons embroidered on it in red thread, and he was smoking a long white clay pipe.

Mario stopped and looked in the shop window. The old Chinese man didn't turn his head, but he looked slyly at the boy out of the corner of his eye. Slowly he drew the pipe out of his mouth and blew a puff of smoke into the air.

40

Sai Fong

"Are you Mr. Fong?" asked Mario.

The man smoothly twisted his head, as if it were on a pivot, and looked at Mario. "I Sai Fong," he answered. His voice sounded strange, yet musical, like a plucked violin. Sai Fong had come from China many years ago, and he had a curious way of talking. But Mario liked it very much. He enjoyed the individual chirps of human beings almost as much as those of his cricket.

"I would like to buy a cricket cage, if you have any," said Mario.

Sai Fong put the pipe back in his mouth and took a few puffs. His eyes became even narrower than they had been before. "You got cricket?" he asked finally in a voice so soft that Mario could hardly hear it.

"Yes," said Mario. "Here he is." He opened the matchbox. Chester and Sai Fong looked at each other.

"Oh, very good!" said Sai Fong, and a remarkable change came over him. He suddenly became very lively, almost dancing a jig on the sidewalk. "You got cricket—very good!" He was laughing delightedly.

Mario was startled by Sai Fong's quick change. "I want to buy him a house," he said.

"Come in shop, please," said Sai Fong. He opened the door and they both went in.

Mario had never seen such a cluttered room. It was a jumble of Chinese odds and ends. Everything from silk robes to chopsticks to packages of hand laundry littered the shelves and chairs. And there was a faint, sweet smell of incense in the air. Sai Fong brushed a pile of Chinese newspapers to the floor. "You sit, please,"

The Cricket in Times Square

he said, motioning Mario to the chair he had cleared. "I back soon." And he disappeared through a door at the back of the shop.

Mario sat very quietly. He was afraid that if he moved, he would be buried under an avalanche of Chinese novelties. In a glass case right in front of him was a row of Chinese goddesses, carved in ivory. They all had the strangest smile on their lips—as if they knew something nobody else did. And they seemed to be staring straight at Mario. He tried to look at them, but he couldn't keep it up and had to look away.

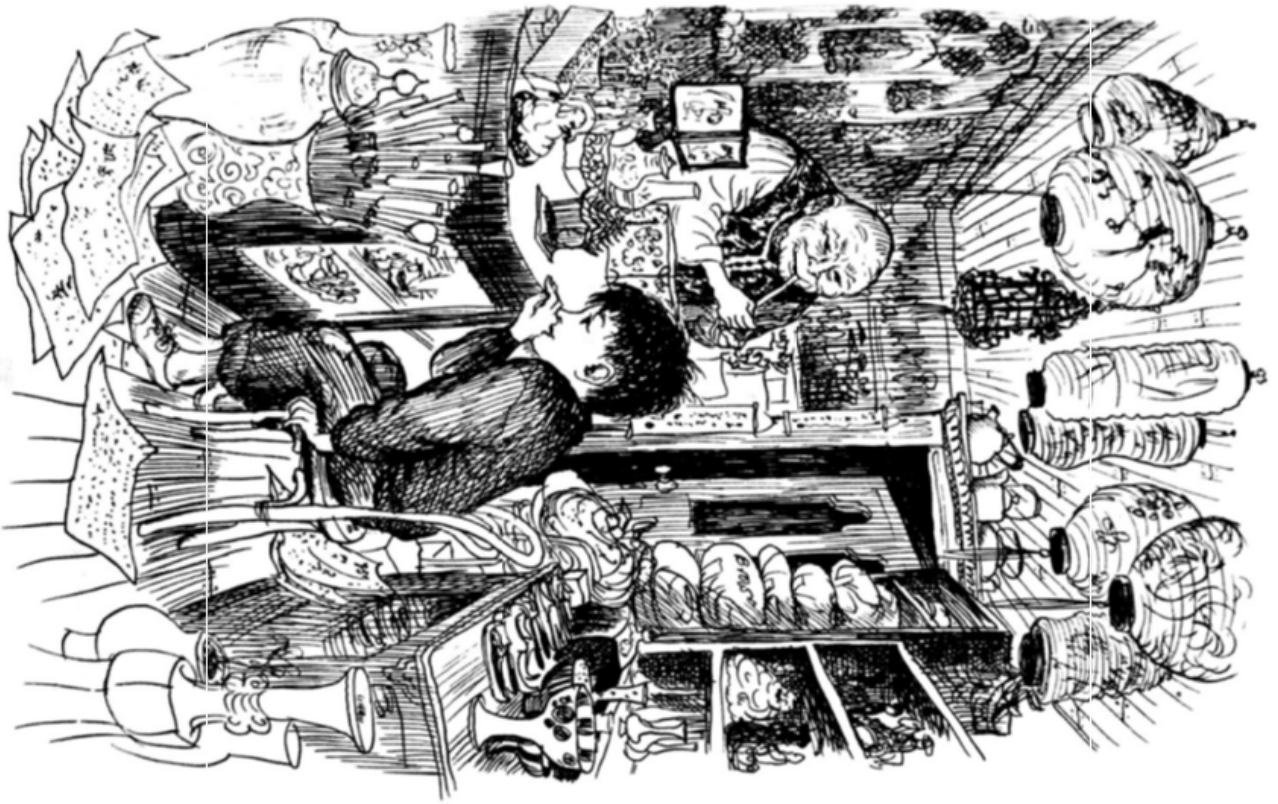
In a few minutes Sai Fong came back into the room. He was carrying a cricket cage in the shape of a pagoda. There were seven tiers to it, each one a little smaller than the one below, and it ended in a slender spire. The lower parts of the cage were painted red and green, but the spire was golden. At one side was a gate with a tiny latch on it. Mario wanted to own the cage so much that he tingled all over. But it looked awfully expensive.

Sai Fong held up the first finger of his right hand and said solemnly, "This very ancient cricket cage. Once and said solemnly, "This very ancient cricket cage. Once cricket who belonged to Emperor of all China lived in this cage. You know story of first cricket?"

"No, sir," said Mario.

"Very good," said Sai Fong. "I tell." He set the cage down and took the clay pipe out of his pocket. When it was lit and a thread of smoke was curling up from the bowl, he used the pipe to emphasize what he said, drawing little designs, like Chinese writing, in the air.

"Long ago, in beginning of time, were no crickets.



The Cricket in Times Square

But was very wise man, who knew all things. This man had name Hsi Shuai and spoke only truth. All secrets were open to him. He knew thoughts of animals and men, he knew desire of flower and tree, he knew destiny of sun and stars. Entire world was single page for him to read. And the high gods who lived in palace at summit of heaven loved Hsi Shuai because of truth he spoke.

"Now from many lands came men to hear their fate from Hsi Shuai. To one he say, 'You very good man. Live long as cedar tree on mountainside.' To other he say, 'You wicked man—die soon. Goodbye.' But to all men Hsi Shuai speak only truth. Of course wicked men most unhappy when hear what Hsi Shuai say. They think, 'I wicked man—now everyone know how wicked I am.' So all together wicked men decide to kill Hsi Shuai. Hsi Shuai know very well they want kill him—he know everything—but he not care. Within his heart, like smell of sweetness within lotus blossom, Hsi Shuai have peace. And so he wait.

"But high gods, who live in palace at summit of heaven, would not let Hsi Shuai be killed. More precious to them than kings was this one man who spoke only truth. So when wicked men raise swords above Hsi Shuai, high gods change him into cricket. And man who spoke only truth and knew all things now sings songs that no man understands and all men love. But high gods understand, and smile. For to them beautiful song of cricket is song of one who still speaks truth and knows all things."

Sai Fong

Sai Fong stopped speaking and smoked his pipe silently. Mario sat still too, looking at the cricket cage. He was thinking about the story and how much he wanted the cage. In his matchbox Chester Cricket had listened carefully. He was very touched by the tale of Hsi Shuai. Of course he couldn't tell if it was true, but he sort of believed it, because he personally had always thought that there was more to his song than just chirping. As usual when he didn't know what else to do, he rubbed one wing across the other. A single clear note sounded in the shop.

Sai Fong lifted his head. A smile curled up the ends of his ancient lips. "Ah so," he whispered. "Cricket has understood." He puffed a few more times.

Mario wanted to ask him how much the cage cost, but he was afraid to.

"Because this cricket so remarkable," said Sai Fong, "I sell cage for fifteen cents."

Mario sighed with relief. He could afford that. In his pocket he found a nickel and a dime, all that was left of his weekly allowance, which was a quarter. "I'll take it, Mr. Fong," he said and handed Sai Fong the money.

"I also make present free," said Sai Fong. He went behind the counter and took a little bell, no bigger than a honeybee, out of a drawer. With a piece of thread he hung it up inside the cage. Mario put Chester into the cage. The cricket jumped up and knocked against the bell. It tinkled faintly. "Sound like littlest bell in Silver Temple, far off up Yangtse River," said Sai Fong.

Mario thanked him for the bell and the story and

The Cricket in Times Square

everything. As he was about to leave the shop, Sai Fong said, "You want Chinese fortune cookie?"

"I guess so," said Mario. "I never had one."

Sai Fong took down a can from the shelf. It was full of fortune cookies—thin wafers that had been folded so there was an air space in each one. Mario bit into a cookie and found a piece of paper inside. He read what it said out loud: GOOD LUCK IS COMING YOUR WAY. BE READY.

"*Ha he!*" laughed Sai Fong—two high notes of joy.

"Very good advice. You go now. Always be ready for happiness. Goodbye."

SEVEN

The Cricket Cage

That same night, after the Bellinis had gone home, Chester was telling Harry and Tucker about his trip to Chinatown. The cat and the mouse were sitting on the shelf outside, and Chester Cricket was crouched under the bell in the cage. Every minute or so, Tucker would get up and walk around to the other side of the pagoda. He was overcome with admiration for it.

"And Mr. Fong gave Mario a fortune cookie too," Chester was saying.

"I'm very fond of Chinese food myself," said Harry Cat. "I often browse through the garbage cans down in Chinatown."

Tucker Mouse stopped gaping at the cricket cage long enough to say, "Once I thought of living down there. But those Chinese make funny dishes. They make soup out of bird's nests and stew out of shark fins. They could make a soufflé out of a mouse. I decided to stay away."

A low rumble of a chuckle came from Harry Cat's throat. "Listen to the mouse," he said and gave Tucker a pat on the back that sent him rolling over and over.

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The Cricket in Times Square

"Easy, Harry, easy," said Tucker, picking himself up. "You don't know your own strength." He stood up on his hind legs and looked in through the red-painted bars of the cage. "What a palace," he murmured. "Beautiful! You could feel like a king living in a place like this."

"Yes," said Chester, "but I'm not so keen on staying in a cage. I'm more used to tree stumps and holes in the ground. It makes me sort of nervous to be locked in here."

"Do you want to come out?" asked Harry. He sprang one of his nails out of the pad of his right forepaw and lifted the latch of the gate to the cage.

Chester pushed the gate and it swung open. He jumped out. "It's a relief to be free," he said, jumping around the shelf. "There's nothing like freedom."

"Say, Chester," said Tucker, "could I go in for a minute? I was never in a pagoda before."

"Go right ahead," said Chester.

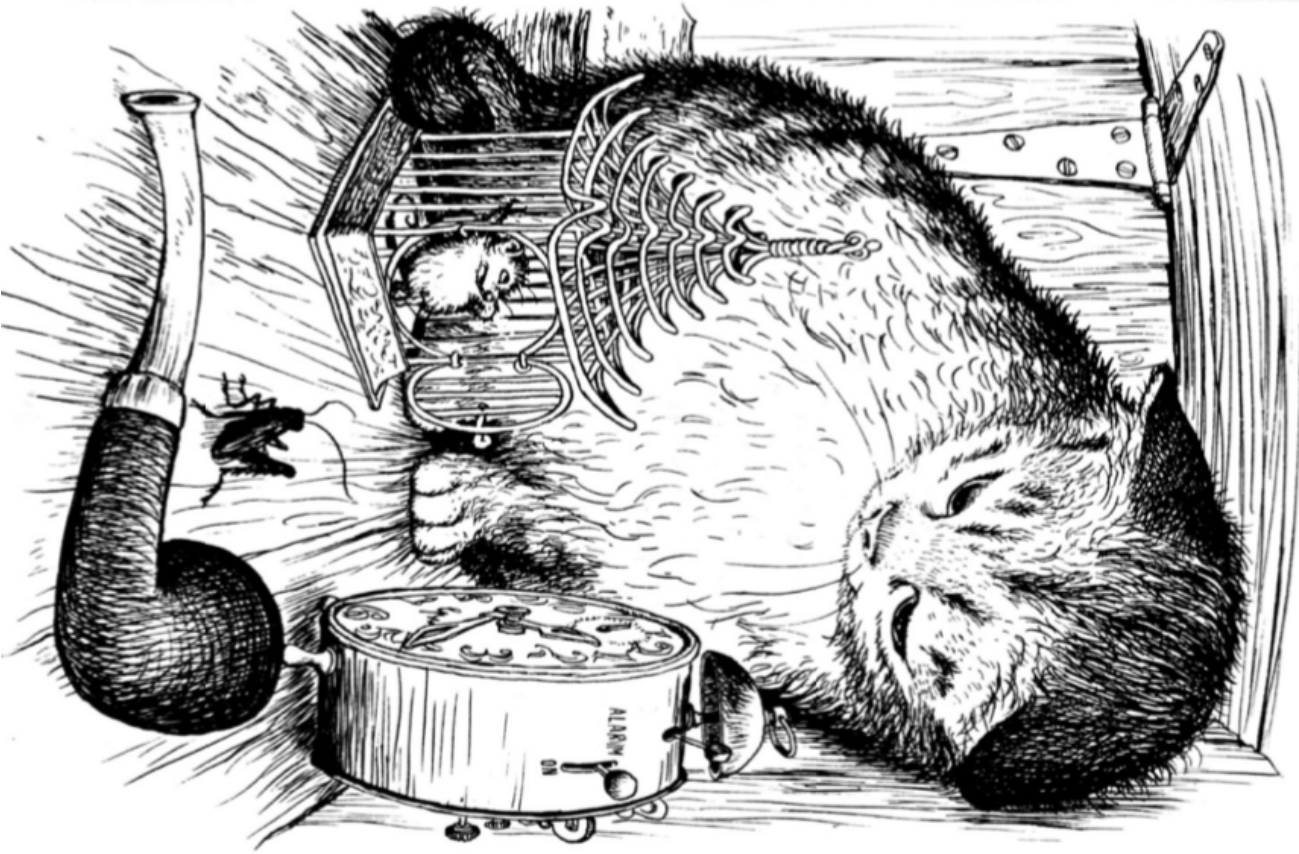
Tucker scrambled through the gate into the cage and pranced all around inside it. He lay down, first on one side, then on the other, and then on his back. "If only I had a silk robe now," he said, standing up on his hind legs again and resting one paw on a bar. "I feel like the Emperor of China. How do I look, Harry?"

"You look like a mouse in a trap," said Harry Cat.

"Every mouse should end up in a trap so nice," said Tucker.

"Do you want to sleep in the cage?" asked Chester.

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The Cricket in Times Square

"Oh—could I!" exclaimed the mouse. His idea of luxury was to spend a night in such surroundings.

"Sure," said Chester. "I prefer the matchbox anyway." "There's only one thing," said Tucker, stamping with his left hind leg. "This floor. It's a little hard to sleep on."

"I'll go over and get a bunch of paper from the drain pipe," volunteered Harry Cat.

"No, it'll make a mess," said Tucker. "We don't want to get Chester in trouble with the Bellinis." He hesitated.

"Um—maybe we could find something here."

"How about a piece of Kleenex," suggested Chester.

"That's nice and soft."

"Kleenex would be good," said Tucker, "but I was wondering—" He paused again.

"Come on, Tucker," said Harry Cat. "You've got something on your mind. Let's have it."

"Well," Tucker began, "I sort of thought that if there were any dollar bills in the cash register—"

Harry burst out laughing. "You might know!" he said to Chester. "Who but this mouse would want to sleep on dollar bills?"

Chester jumped into the cash register drawer, which was open as usual. "There's a few dollars in here," he called up.

"Plenty to make a mattress," said Tucker Mouse. "Pass some in, please."

Chester passed the first dollar bill up to Harry Cat, who took it over to the cage and pushed it through the

The Cricket Cage

gate. Tucker took hold of one end of the bill and shook it out like a blanket. It was old and rumpled.

"Careful you don't rip it," said Harry.

"I wouldn't rip it," said Tucker. "This is one mouse who knows the value of a dollar."

Harry brought over the second dollar. It was newer and stiffer than the first. "Let me see," said Tucker. He lifted a corner of each bill, one in either paw. "This new one can go on the bottom—I like a crispy, clean sheet—and I'll pull the old one over for a cover. Now, a pillow is what I need. Please look in the cash register again."

Harry and Chester searched the compartments of the open drawer. There was a little loose change, but not much else.

"How about a fifty-cent piece?" said Harry.

"Too flat," answered Tucker Mouse.

The rear half of the drawer was still inside the cash register. Chester crawled back. It was dark and he couldn't see where he was going. He felt around until his head bumped against something. Whatever it was, it seemed to be big and round. Chester pushed and shoved and finally got it back out into the dim light of the newsstand. It was one of Mama Bellini's earrings, shaped like a sea shell, with sparkling little stones all over it.

"Would an earring do?" he shouted to Tucker.

"Well, I don't know," Tucker said.

"It looks as if it is covered with diamonds," said Harry Cat.

The Cricket in Times Square

"Perfect!" called Tucker. "Send it along."

Harry lifted the earring into the cage. Tucker examined it carefully, like a jeweler. "I think these are fake diamonds," he said at last.

"Yes, but it's still very pretty," said Chester, who had jumped up beside them.

"I guess it'll do," said Tucker. He lay down on his side on the new dollar bill, rested his head on the earring, and pulled the old dollar up over him. Chester and Harry heard him draw a deep breath of contentment. "I'm sleeping on money inside a palace," he said. "It's a dream come true."

Harry Cat purred his chuckle. "Good night, Chester," he said. "I'm going back to the drain pipe, where I can stretch out." He jumped to the floor.

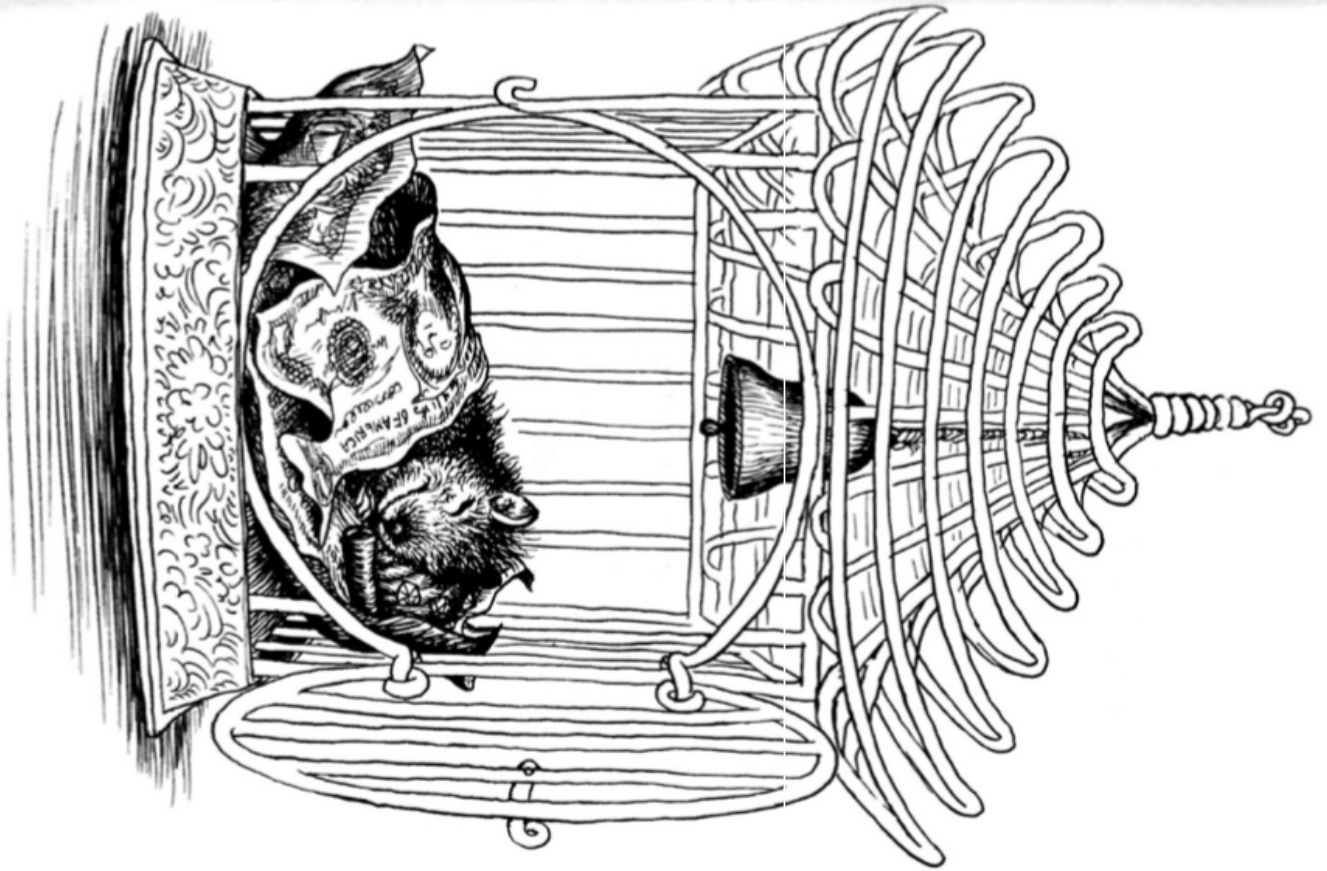
"Good night, Harry," Chester called.

Soft and silent as a shadow, Harry slipped out the opening in the side of the newsstand and glided over to the drain pipe. Chester hopped into his matchbox. He had gotten to like the feeling of the Kleenex. It was almost like the spongy wood of his old tree stump—and felt much more like home than the cricket cage. Now they each had their own place to sleep.

"Good night, Tucker," Chester said.

"Night, Chester," Tucker answered.

Chester Cricket burrowed down deeper into the Kleenex. He was beginning to enjoy life in New York. Just before he fell asleep, he heard Tucker Mouse sighing happily in the cage.



EIGHT

Tucker's Life's Savings

Chester Cricket was having a dream. In his dream he was sitting on top of his stump back in Connecticut, eating a leaf from the willow tree. He would bite off a piece of leaf, chew it up, and swallow it, but for some reason it didn't taste as good as usual. There was something dry and papery about it, and it had a bitter flavor. Still, Chester kept eating, hoping that it would begin to taste better.

A storm came up in his dream. The wind blew clouds of dust across the meadow. They swirled around his stump, and Chester began to sneeze because the dust got in his nose. But he still held on to the leaf. And then he sneezed such a big sneeze that it woke him up.

Chester looked around him. He had been walking in his sleep and he was sitting on the edge of the cash register. The storm had been a gust of air that blew into the newsstand when the shuttle pulled up to the station. He was still choking from the dirt that flew around him. Chester looked down at his two front legs, half expecting to find the willow leaf. But it was no leaf

Tucker's Life's Savings

he was holding. It was a two-dollar bill and he had already eaten half of it.

He dropped the bill and leaped over to the cricket cage, where Tucker Mouse was sleeping peacefully. Chester shook the silver bell furiously; it rang like a fire alarm. Tucker jumped out from under his blanket of dollar bills and ran around the cage shouting, "Help! Fire! Murder! Police!"

Then he realized where he was and sat down panting. "What is the matter with you, Chester?" he said. "I could have died from fright."

"I just ate half of a two-dollar bill," said Chester.

Tucker stared at him with disbelief. "You did *what*?" he asked.

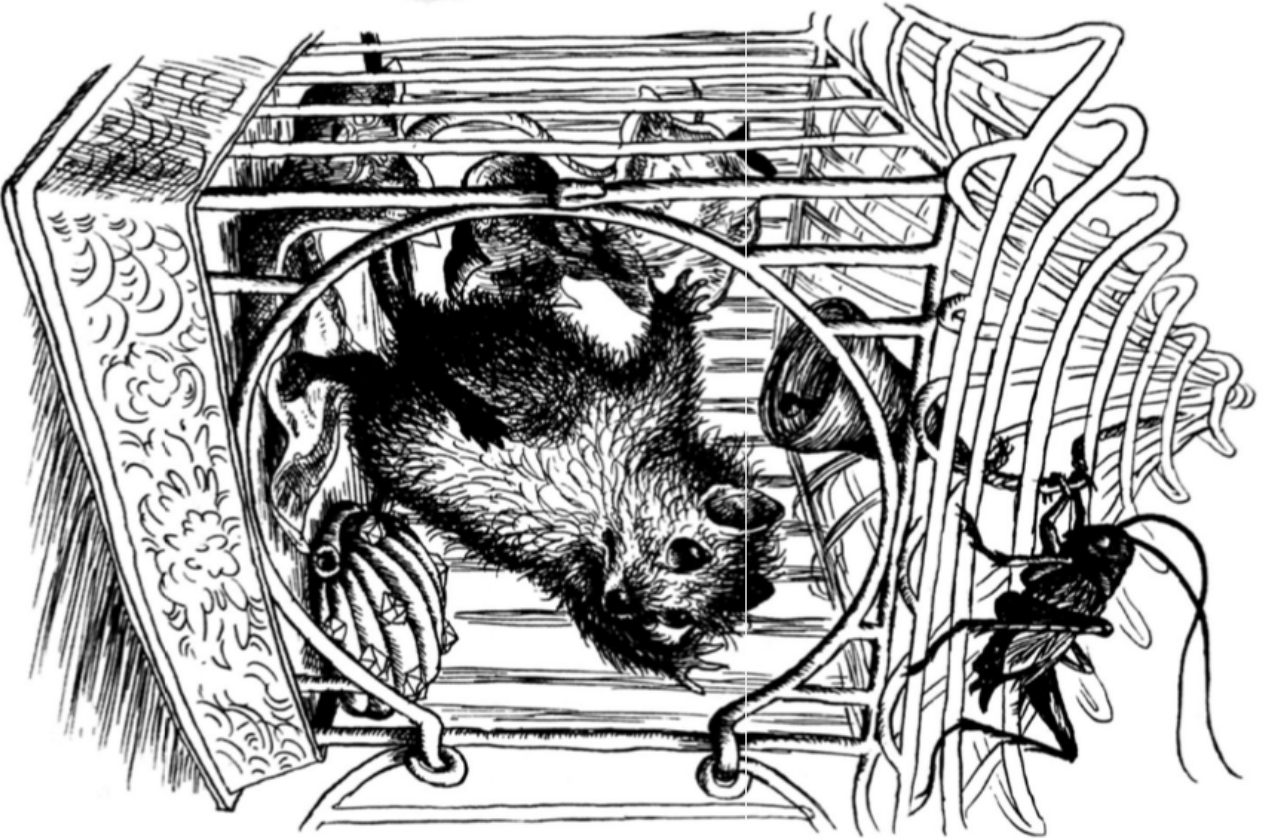
"Yes," said Chester, "look." He fetched the ruined two-dollar bill from the cash register. "I dreamed it was a leaf and I ate it."

"Oh oh oh oh," moaned Tucker Mouse. "Not a one-dollar bill—not even a one-dollar bill and a fifty-cent piece—*two dollars* you had to eat! And from the Bellinis too—people who hardly make two dollars in two days."

"What am I going to do?" asked Chester.

"Pack your bags and go to California," said Tucker. Chester shook his head. "I can't," he said. "They've been so good to me—I can't run away."

Tucker Mouse shrugged his shoulders. "Then stay and take the rap," he said. He crept out of the cage and examined the remains of the money. "There's still half of it left. Maybe we could put Scotch Tape along the edge and pass it off as a one-dollar bill."



Tucker's Life's Savings

"No one would believe it," said Chester. He sat down, still forlornly holding the bill. "Oh dear—and things were going along so nicely."

Tucker Mouse put his bedclothes back in the cash register drawer and came to sit beside Chester. "Buck up," he said. "We could still figure something out, maybe."

They both concentrated for a minute. Then Tucker dapped his paws and squeaked, "I got it! Eat the rest of it and they'll never know what happened."

"They'd accuse each other of losing it," said Chester.

"I don't want to make any bad feeling between them."

"Oh, you're so honorable!" said Tucker. "It's disgusting."

"Besides, it tastes bad," added Chester.

"Then how about this," Tucker had a new idea. "We frame the janitor who cleans the station. I'll take the evidence over and plant it in his water closet. He whopped me with a mop last week. I would be glad to see him go to jail for a few days."

"No, no," said Chester. "We can't get somebody else in trouble."

"Then a stranger," said Tucker. "We tip over the Kleenex, break the glass in the alarm clock, and throw all the small change on the floor. They'll think a thief came in the night. You could even put a bandage on and make out like a hero. I could see it all—"

"No!" Chester interrupted him. "The damage we'd do would cost even more than the two dollars."

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The Cricket in Times Square

Tucker had one more idea: he was going to volunteer to go over and swipe two dollars from the lunch counter. But before he could suggest that, the top of the stand was suddenly lifted off. They had forgotten what time it was. Mama Bellini, who was on duty in the morning, stood towering, frowning down on them. Tucker let out a squeak of fear and jumped to the floor.

"Catch the mouse!" shouted Mama. She picked up a *Fortune* magazine—very big and heavy—and heaved it after Tucker. It hit him on the left hind leg just as he vanished into the drain pipe.

Chester Cricket sat frozen to the spot. He was caught red-handed, holding the chewed-up two dollars in his front legs. Muttering with rage, Mama Bellini picked him up by his antennae, tossed him into the cricket cage, and locked the gate behind him. When she had put the newsstand in order, she pulled out her knitting and began to work furiously. But she was so angry she kept dropping stitches, and that made her angrier still.

Chester crouched in a far corner of the cage. Things had been going so well between Mama and him—but that was all ruined now. He half expected that she would pick him up, cage and all, and throw him onto the shuttle tracks.

At eight-thirty Mario and Papa arrived. Mario wanted to go to Coney Island for a swim today, but before he could even say "Good morning," Mama Bellini stretched out her hand and pointed sternly at Chester. There he was, with the evidence beside him.

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Tucker's Life's Savings

A three-cornered conversation began. Mama denounced Chester as a money eater and said further that she suspected him of inviting mice and other unsavory characters into the newsstand at night. Papa said he didn't think Chester had eaten the two dollars on purpose, and what difference did it make if a mouse or two came in? Mama said he had to go. Papa said he could stay, but he'd have to be kept in the cage. And Mario knew that Chester, like all people who are used to freedom, would rather die than live his life behind bars.

Finally it was decided that since the cricket was Mario's pet, the boy would have to replace the money. And when he had, Chester could come out again. Until then—the cage.

By working part-time delivering groceries, when he wasn't taking care of the newsstand, Mario thought he could earn enough in a couple of weeks to get Chester out of jail. Of course that would mean no swimming at Coney Island, and no movies, and no nothing, but it was worth it. He fed the cricket his breakfast—leftover asparagus tips and a piece of cabbage leaf. Chester had practically no appetite after what had happened. Then, when the cricket was finished, Mario said, "Goodbye," and told him not to worry, and went off to the grocery store to see about his job.

That night, after Papa had shut up the newsstand, Chester was hanging through the gilded bars of his

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The Cricket in Times Square

cage. Earlier in the evening Mario had come back to feed him his supper, but then he had to leave right away to get in a few more hours of work. Most of the day Chester had spent inventing hopping games to try to keep himself entertained, but they didn't work, really. He was bored and lonely. The funny thing was that although he had been sleepy and kept wishing it were night, now that it was, he couldn't fall asleep.

Chester heard the soft padding of feet beneath him. Harry Cat sprang up and landed on the shelf. In a moment Tucker Mouse followed him from the stool, groaning with pain. He was still limping in his left hind leg where the *Fortune* magazine had hit him.

"How long is the sentence?" asked Harry.

"Until Mario can pay back the money," sighed Chester.

"Couldn't you get out on bail for the time being?" asked Tucker.

"No," said Chester. "And anyway, nobody has any bail. I'm surprised they let me off that easily."

Harry Cat folded his front paws over each other and rested his head on them. "Let me get this straight," he said. "Does Mario have to work for the money as punishment—or does he just have to get it somewhere?"

"He just has to get it," said Chester. "Why should he be punished? I'm the one who ate the money."

Harry looked at Tucker—a long look, as if he expected the mouse to say something. Tucker began to fidget. "Say, Chester, you want to escape?" he asked.

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Tucker's Life's Savings

"We can open the cage. You could come and live in the drain pipe."

"No." Chester shook his head. "It wouldn't be fair to Mario. I'll just have to serve out the time."

Harry looked at Tucker again and began tapping one of his paws. "Well?" he said finally.

Tucker moaned and massaged his sore spot. "Oh, my poor leg! That Mama Bellini can sure heave a magazine. Feel the bump, Harry," he offered.

"I felt it already," said Harry. "Now enough of the stalling. You have money."

"Tucker has money?" said Chester Cricket.

Tucker looked nervously from one to the other. "I have my life's savings," he said in a pathetic voice.

"He's the richest mouse in New York," said Harry.

"Old Money Bags Mouse, he's known as."

"Now wait a minute, Harry," said Tucker. "Let's not make too much from a few nickels and dimes."

"How did you get money?" asked Chester.

Tucker Mouse cleared his throat and began wringing his two front feet. When he spoke, his voice was all choked up with emotion. "Years ago," he said, "when yet a little mouse I was, tender in age and lacking in experience, I moved from the sweet scenes of my childhood—Tenth Avenue, that is—into the Times Square subway station. And it was here that I learned the value of econominess—which means saving. Many and many an old mouse did I see, crawling away unwanted to a poor mouse's grave, because he had not

The Cricket in Times Square

saved. And I resolved that such a fate would never come to me."

"All of which means that you've got a pile of loot back there in the drain pipe," said Harry Cat.

"Just a minute, please, if you wouldn't mind," said Tucker. "I'll tell it in my own way." His voice became high and pitiful again. "So for all the long years of my youth, when I could have been gambling—which means playing—with the other mouses, I saved. I saved paper, I saved food, I saved clothing—"

"Save time and get to the point," said Harry.

Tucker gave Harry a sour smile. "And I also saved money," he went on. "In the course of many years of scrounging, it was only natural I should find a certain amount of loose change. Often—oh, often, my friends," Tucker put his hand over his heart, "would I sit in the opening of my drain pipe, watching the human beings and waiting. And whenever one of them dropped a coin—*however small!*—pennies I love—I would dash out, at great peril to life and limb, and bring it back to my house. Ah, when I think of the tramping shoes and the dangerous galoshes—! Many times have I had my toes stepped on and my whiskers torn off because of these labors. But it was worth it! Oh, it was worth it, my friends, on account of now I have two half dollars, five quarters, two dimes, six nickels, and eighteen pennies tucked away in the drain pipe!"

"Which makes two dollars and ninety-three cents," said Harry Cat, after doing some quick addition.

Tucker's Life's Savings

"And proud I am of it!" said Tucker Mouse.

"If you've got all that, why did you want to sleep on the two dollar bills in the cricket cage?" asked Chester.

"No folding money yet," said Tucker. "It was a new sensation."

"You can get Chester out and still have ninety-three cents left," said Harry Cat.

"But I'll be ruined," whimpered Tucker. "I'll be wiped out. Who will take care of me in my old age?"

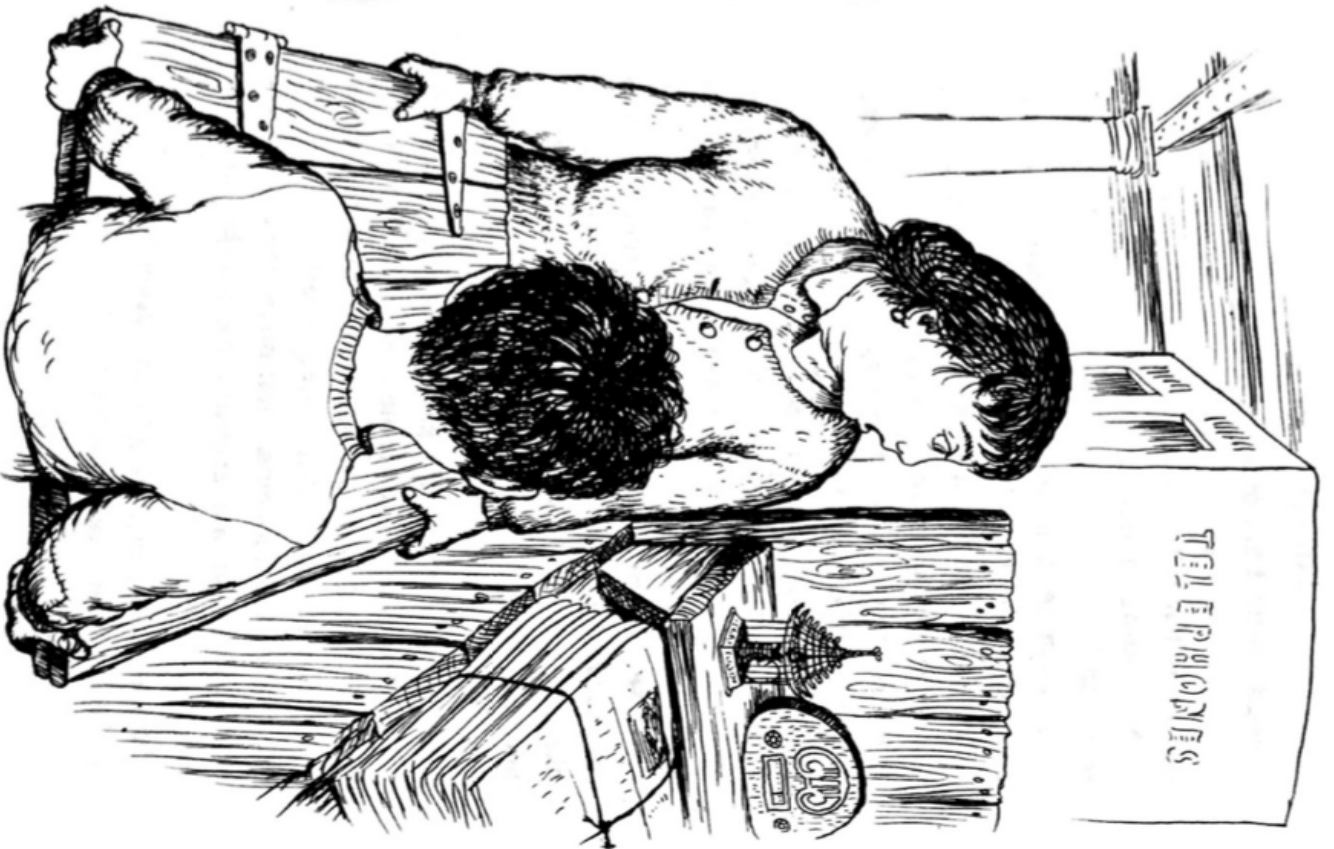
"I will!" said Harry. "Now stop acting like a skinflint and let's get the money."

Chester rang the silver bell to get their attention. "I don't think Tucker should have to give up his life's savings," he said. "It's his money and he can do what he wants with it."

Tucker Mouse poked Harry in the ribs. "Listen to the cricket," he said. "Acting noble and making me look like a bum. Of course I'll give the money! Wherever mice are spoken of, never let it be said that Tucker Mouse was stingy with his worldly goods. Besides, I could think of it as rent I pay for sleeping in the cage."

In order that Tucker could keep at least one of each kind of coin, Harry Cat figured out that they should bring over one half dollar, four quarters, one dime, five nickels, and fifteen cents. That would leave the mouse with a half dollar, a quarter, a dime, a nickel, and three cents.

"It's not a bad beginning," said Tucker. "I could make up the losses in a year, maybe."



Tucker's Life's Savings

The cat and the mouse had to make several trips back and forth between the drain pipe and the newsstand, carrying the money in their mouths. They passed the coins into the cage one by one, and Chester built them up into a column, starting with the half dollar on the bottom and ending with the dime, which was smallest, on top. It was morning by the time they were finished. They had just time enough to share half a hot dog before Mama Bellini was due to open the stand.

Mario came with her. He wanted to feed Chester early and then work all morning until he took over the newsstand at noon. When they lifted off the cover, Mama almost dropped her end. There was Chester, sitting on top of the column of change, chirping merrily.

Mama's first suspicion was that the cricket had sneaked out and smuggled all the money from the cash register into the cage. But when she looked in the drawer, the money from the night before was still there.

Mario had the idea that Papa might have left it as a surprise. Mama shook her head. She would certainly have known if he had two dollars to leave anybody.

They asked Paul, the conductor, if he'd seen anyone around the newsstand. He said no. The only thing he'd noticed was that that big cat who sometimes prowled through the station had seemed to be busier than usual last night. And of course they knew that he couldn't have had anything to do with replacing the money.

But whoever left it, Mama Bellini was true to her word. Chester was allowed out of the cage, and no

The Cricket in Times Square

further questions were asked. Although she wouldn't have admitted it for the world, Mama felt the same way about money that Tucker Mouse did. When you had it, you had it—and you didn't bother too much about where it came from.

NINE

The Chinese Dinner

Mario decided that there must be something wrong with Chester's diet if he was eating two-dollar bills. He had been feeding him all the things he liked himself, but now it occurred to him that what was good for a boy might not be right for a cricket. So he made up his mind to take the matter to an expert.

Late one afternoon, when he got off duty at the newsstand, Mario cleaned up the cricket cage, gave Chester a dusting off with a Kleenex, and took him to Chinatown to see Sai Fong. It was almost seven o'clock when he got there and the shop was closed. He peered through the window and could make out a crack of light under the door to the inner room. And he heard the choppy murmur of two voices talking together in Chinese.

Mario rapped on the glass. The voices stopped talking. He rapped again, louder. The inside door opened and Sai Fong came into the shop, squinting through the half-light. When he saw Mario, his chin dropped and he said, "Ah!—is little cricket boy." He opened the door.

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The Cricket in Times Square

"Hello, Mr. Fong," said Mario. "I don't want to bother you, but I have a problem with my cricket."

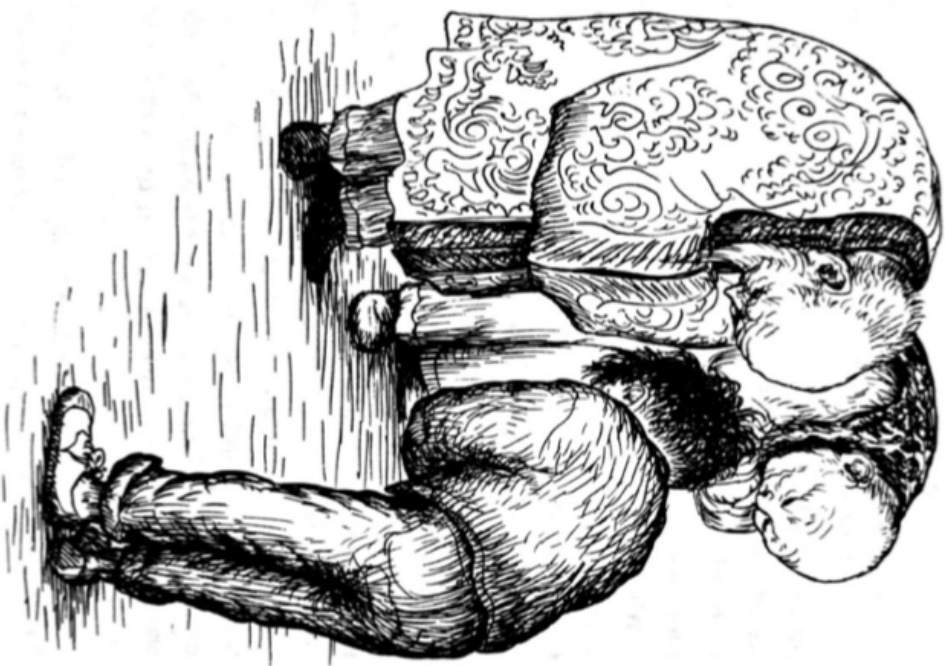
"You come in, please," said Sai Fong, closing the door behind them. "Very old friend here—know everything about crickets."

He led Mario into the next room, which was the kitchen. On a black cast-iron stove there were half a dozen pots steaming and singing. The table was laid with beautifully painted china plates. On them were pictures of Chinese ladies and gentlemen, dressed in colored gowns and robes, walking on little bridges over a calm blue lake. Beside the places that had been set were two pairs of chopsticks, each one in its own paper wrapper.

A very old Chinese gentleman was sitting in a rocking chair next to the window. He had a thin gray beard that hung down from his chin, and was wearing a long red and gold robe that looked like the ones on the plates. When Mario came in, he stood up slowly, with his hands folded, and bowed. Mario had never had an old Chinese gentleman bow to him before and he didn't quite know what to do. But he thought he had better bow back. Then the Chinese man bowed again. And so did Mario.

They might have gone on bowing all night if Sai Fong hadn't said something in Chinese to his friend. It sounded like this: "*Che shih y hsi so ti erh tung,*" and it means, "This is the boy with the cricket." Mario and Chester stole a glance at each other, but neither one of them understood Chinese.

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The Cricket in Times Square

The old man, however, became very excited. He peered down through the bars of the cricket cage and exclaimed with delight. Then, drawing himself up to his full height, he made a very low and solemn bow. Chester bowed back and gave one of his most polite chirps. That pleased the Chinese gentleman very much. He and Sai Fong began laughing and talking together. It sounded like the cheerful clucking of hundreds of chopsticks.

When they were finished telling each other how fine a cricket Chester was, Sai Fong said to Mario, "You like Chinese food, please?"

"Yes, I do," answered Mario, "I guess." He had never had anything Chinese except chop suey, but he was awfully fond of that.

"You wait, please," said Sai Fong. He disappeared into the shop and came back in a minute with two new robes. "This for you," he said, helping Mario on with one. It was purple and lavender, and had designs of the sun, moon, and stars stitched all over it. "And this mine," said Sai Fong, putting on his own robe, which was blue and green, covered with pictures of fish and reeds and water lilies.

The old Chinese gentleman whispered something to Sai Fong, and Sai whispered an answer back in Chinese. "So sorry," he said to Mario, "no robe small enough for cricket."

"Oh, that's all right," said Mario.

"You sit, please," said Sai, and brought another chair to the table.

The Chinese Dinner

Mario sat down and the Chinese gentleman sat opposite him. Sai Fong put the cricket cage in the middle of the table and then went back and forth to the stove, bringing over steaming bowls of Chinese food. Chester was very curious to see what it tasted like, since he had never even had chop suey.

"This chow yuk—Chinese vegetable," said Sai Fong, setting down the first bowl. There were all kinds of green vegetables in the chow yuk—string beans and pea pods, and also pieces of diced chicken. Next came fried rice with pork, cooked a delicious brown, with a nutty, meaty flavor. Then chow mein with pan-fried noodles and cashew nuts. But it wasn't all soupy like the chow mein Mario had seen at the Automat. He could have made a meal just out of the pan-fried noodles alone. And last there was duck cooked with pineapples. The pieces of roast duck were swimming in a luscious, sweet sauce. Finally Sai Fong brought over a big pot of something.

"You know what this is?" he asked, and lifted the lid.

Mario looked in. "Tea," he said.

"*Ha he!*" laughed Sai Fong. "You make very good Chinaman," he said, and smiled broadly at Mario.

Mario had a hard time learning to use the chopsticks. They kept slipping out of his hand. "Make believe two very long fingers," said Sai Fong.

"Two long fingers—two long fingers," Mario told himself over and over again. And then he could work them. He got so that he could almost feel the food on the end of them as he lifted it into his mouth.

The Cricket in Times Square

Chester was served his dinner too. Sai Fong got a tiny saucer out of the cupboard and put a dab of each course on it for the cricket. And he had never tasted anything so good! He especially liked the chow yuk, because vegetables were his favorite. Every so often he would have to stop eating and chirp for joy. Whenever he did, the Chinese gentleman and Sai Fong smiled and chattered to each other in Chinese. Mario felt the same way Chester did, but he couldn't chirp. All he could do to show how much he was enjoying everything was to answer, "Yes, please," each time Sai Fong asked him if he wanted more.

When the four of them had eaten as much of the chow yuk and chow mein and pork fried rice and duck with pineapples as they wanted, Sai Fong brought out some candied kumquats for dessert. Mario had two and several more cups of tea. Chester was so full he could only nibble on a piece of one.

"Now," said Sai Fong, when they were all finished, "what is problem with cricket?" He lit his white clay pipe and the old Chinese gentleman lit one too. They sat smoking, with the wisps of smoke curling up around their chins, looking very wise, Mario thought.

"The problem is," Mario began, "that my cricket eats money." And he told them all about the two-dollar bill. Sai Fong had to translate everything into Chinese for his friend. After each new sentence the old man would nod his head and say "Ah" or "Oh" or "Mmm" in a serious voice.

The Chinese Dinner

"So I think he must not be getting the right things to eat," Mario concluded his story.

"Very excellent deduction," said Sai Fong. He began talking rapidly in Chinese. Then he stood up and said, "You wait, please," and went into the shop. In a moment he was back, carrying a big book under his arm. As the two Chinese were reading it, they would stop now and then and mutter something to each other.

Mario went around behind them. Of course he couldn't read the Chinese characters, but there were pictures in the book too. One showed a princess sitting on an ivory throne. On a stand beside her was a cricket cage just like Chester's.

All of a sudden the Chinese gentleman began to squeak with excitement. "*Yu le! Yu le!*" he said, tapping the page with the stem of his pipe.

"Here is! Here is!" Sai Fong exclaimed to Mario. "This story of princess of ancient China. Had cricket for pet and feed him mulberry leaves. It say, 'Just as silkworm who eat of mulberry tree spin beautiful silk, so cricket who eat leaves spin beautiful song.'"

"Then we've got to find a mulberry tree," said Mario. The only one he knew of right off hand was in the Botanical Gardens in Brooklyn, and that had a fence around it.

"But I have tree!" said Sai Fong, and his face curled up in a smile as wide as a Halloween pumpkin's. "Right outside window." He went to the window and pulled up the shade. In the courtyard outside a mulberry tree

The Cricket in Times Square

was growing. One of its branches almost stuck into the kitchen. Sai pulled off about a dozen leaves and put one in the cricket cage. But Chester didn't touch it.

Mario was dismayed. "He doesn't like it," he said.

"Oh, he like!" said Sai Fong. "He just full of Chinese dinner now!"

And that was exactly the truth. Any other time Chester would have been gobbling up the leaf. But he was stuffed now. Just to show them that leaves were what he wanted, however, he managed to take one bite.

"You see?" said Sai Fong. "He eat leaf when he hungry."

Chester was feeling so contented that he had to sing for a while. Everyone listened very quietly. The only other sound was the creaking of the rocking chair, which went very well with the cricket's song. Sai Fong and his friend were very touched by the concert. They sat with their eyes closed and expressions of complete peace on their faces. When it was over, the old Chinese gentleman blew his nose on a silk handkerchief he took out of his sleeve. His eyes were moist. Dabbing at them with the handkerchief, he whispered something to Sai Fong.

"He say it like being in palace garden to hear cricket sing," Sai Fong translated to Mario.

The boy thanked Sai Fong for the Chinese dinner, but said he would have to be going now, because it was late.

"You come back any time," said Sai Fong. He put the

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eleven mulberry leaves in a little box and gave it to Mario. "Plenty leaves on tree. I save all for cricket."

Mario thanked him again. The old Chinese gentleman stood up and bowed. Mario bowed to him. Sai Fong bowed, and Mario bowed to him too. In the cage Chester was bowing to everybody. Mario backed toward the door, still bowing, and went out. It had been a very nice evening. He felt formal and polite from all the bowing, and he was glad that his cricket had been able to make the two Chinese gentlemen so happy.

T E N

The Dinner Party

Late one night Chester Cricket was very busy inside the newsstand. As soon as the Bellinis went home, he hopped out of the matchbox and began to clean up. First he pushed in the box so its sides were even and then slid it over beside the alarm clock. Next he pulled a piece of Kleenex out of the Kleenex box and dragged it back and forth across the shelf. When the shelf was dusted, he picked up the tissue in his two front legs and polished the cricket cage so its bars shone. He wiped off the glass in the front of the alarm clock and the radio too until he could see his own reflection. The dial of the clock was luminous and it shed a very soft green light. Chester wanted everything to be perfect on this particular evening. There was going to be a party. It was exactly two months since Chester had arrived in New York, and the three animals wanted to celebrate the anniversary. Nothing too formal, you understand—just a little dinner for everyone. Tucker Mouse had volunteered to let them use the drain pipe, but Chester didn't want to eat amid all the waste paper and rubbish his friend had collected. So after many conferences,

The Dinner Party

they resolved on the newsstand. It was sheltered, and quite big enough, and the radio could provide nice background music.

Tucker Mouse jumped up beside Chester. "How is the food coming, Tucker?" asked the cricket. Tucker had been put in charge of refreshments.

"Hic hic hic," laughed Tucker Mouse, rubbing his front feet together, "wait till I tell you." He lifted up one foot. "I have: two chunks liverwurst, one slice ham, three pieces bacon—from a bacon, lettuce, and tomato sandwich—some lettuce and tomato—from said sandwich—whole-wheat, rye, and white crusts, a big gob cole slaw, two squares from a Hershey chocolate bar, the end of an Oh! Henry candy bar—with nuts!—and now comes the climax." Tucker paused. "*Lead* soft drinks!"

"How did you get the ice?" asked Chester.

"Wait, I'll tell you," said Tucker. "All day I've been hiding by the lunch counter. When the soda jerks made a Coke I grabbed the ice they spilled, which I then took to the drain pipe. There," he went on with especial pride, "it happens I have a heatproof, insulated bag saved up for just such an occasion. I put in the ice, shut up the opening—we have ice! Nice, eh?"

He sat back on his haunches and grinned at Chester. "Very nice," said Chester. "Where have you got the drinks?"

"In paper cups," said Tucker. "And no mixing of drinks either. For each kind of soft drink—another cup."

"That's wonderful," said the cricket with admiration.

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"Oh, it's nothing really," said Tucker, waving a foot. "I mean, it's something—but nothing too much." He looked around at the shelf and clock and everything. "You are to be congratulated on the cleanliness. Of course, it isn't as important as food-getting, but to be clean is very nice too."

While they were talking, Harry Cat came in through the opening at the side of the newsstand. Chester hopped down, like a good host, to greet his new guest.

"How was the concert?" he asked. Harry had been down to Washington Square to hear an open-air concert of chamber music. How you could play chamber music outdoors Chester didn't understand—but it was New York and anything could happen.

"Very good," answered Harry. "But I don't think the violinist played nearly as well as you do."

It made Chester very happy to hear that, but he had to turn away so Harry wouldn't see him blush.

"Harry, help me with the food," said Tucker. He jumped down to the floor and scurried over to the drain pipe.

The mouse and the cat put all the different courses over to one side with the soft drinks so everyone could just go up and help himself. It was buffet style. Tucker and Chester sat on the shelf and Harry, who was taller, sat on the stool. But his head was on a level with theirs.

Tucker Mouse took great pride in cooling the soft drinks. There were four cups, one with Coca-Cola, one with Pepsi, one root beer, and the last orange pop. Tucker put a big piece of ice in each and then made a

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show of stirring them up with a straw he had found that afternoon.

"Ah," he sighed. "Where but in New York could a mouse have ice in his Coca-Cola?"

"We should have music," said Harry. He reached over and flicked on the radio.

First they got a news report. But that wouldn't do for a party. Harry twisted the dial and went through a quiz show, an amateur hour, and a play about the Deep South before he got what he wanted. Music is very nice for a party because it gives you time to eat your fill without having to make conversation.

Harry Cat was working on his second piece of Oh! Henry candy bar when he suddenly stopped munching and listened to the tune the radio was playing. His head began to sway from side to side.

"That's my favorite song," he said, beginning to hum along with it.

"Sing it, Harry," said Chester Cricket.

"You don't know what you're letting yourself in for," blurted out Tucker Mouse through a mouthful of bacon, lettuce, and tomato sandwich.

But Harry was in a party mood, so he cleared his throat and began:

"When I'm calling youuuuuuuuu

Oooo-oooo-oooo

Oooo-oooo-oooo—"

Harry had a delightful yowl that went very well with the lyrics of the song.

"You see what I told you?" groaned Tucker.

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The Cricket in Times Square

Harry went right on, however:

"Will you answer truuuuuuu

Oooo-oooo-oooo

Oooo-oooo-oooo?"

"Maybe we should turn back to the amateur hour," said Tucker Mouse, helping himself to the Hershey bar.

"I think Harry sings beautifully," said Chester.

"You sing now, Chester," said Harry Cat.

Secretly the cricket was very anxious to perform for them, but he had to have some encouragement first. He limbered his wings and said, "It's not really singing, you know—"

"Singing, playing—who cares, as long as it doesn't sound like Harry," said Tucker Mouse. He slurped up the last of the orange soda and they all fell silent.

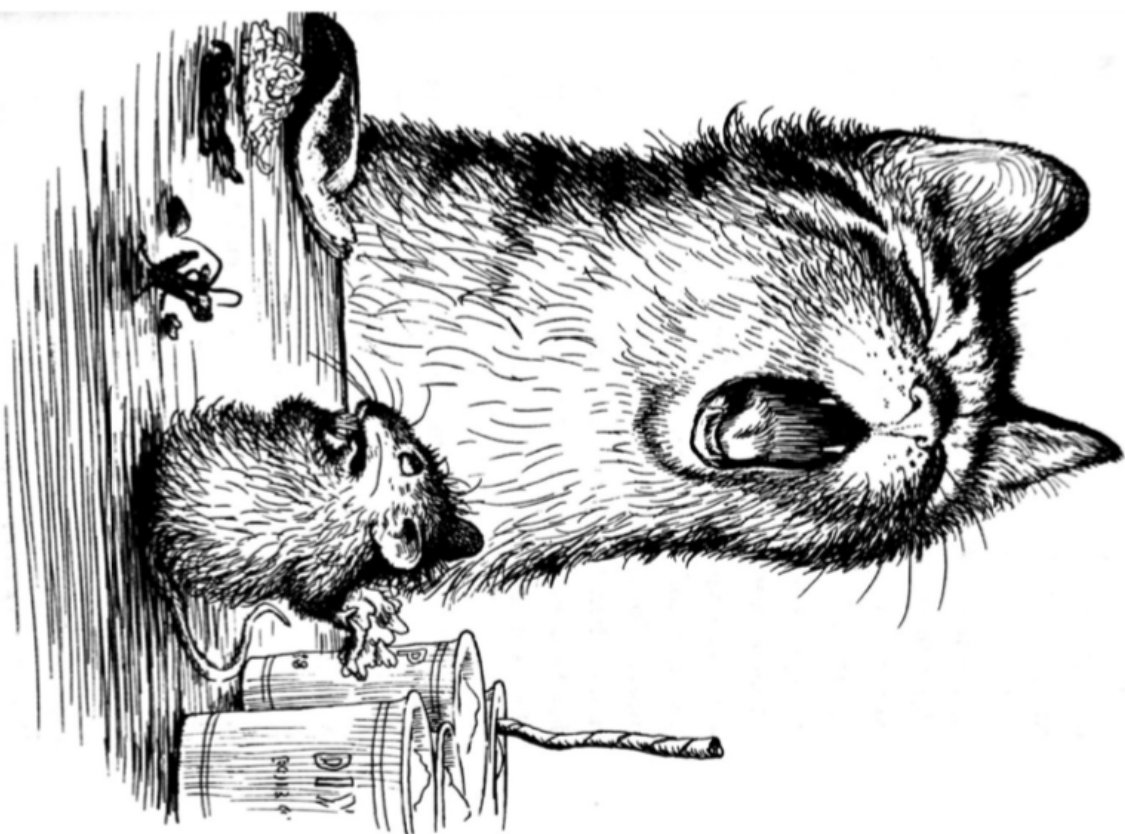
It was well along in August by now, and just the time of the year that crickets all over the world like most. Chester hadn't done nearly as much chirping as usual this summer because he was living in New York, but tonight he played to his heart's content. He thought of his meadow and the stump, the brook and the old willow tree. The song swelled up from his wings and filled the newsstand.

When it was over, Tucker and Harry applauded and congratulated Chester. "Now play us something we know," suggested Harry Cat.

"Well, I don't know if I can," said Chester. "All my songs are my own compositions."

"Listen to the radio and play what it does," said Harry. He turned up the music.

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The Cricket in Times Square

Chester cocked his head to one side. The radio was playing the "Blue Danube" waltz. When he had heard enough to memorize the melody, Chester joined in. And he played it perfectly! The cricket was such a natural musician that he not only chirped the tune—in a few minutes he was making up variations and spinning them out without ever losing the rhythm of the waltz. He found that by tilting his wings he could make the notes go higher or lower, just as he wanted.

Chester got an ovation from his friends. Harry Cat, who had crept into the Metropolitan Opera House a few times and knew how people acted there, shouted, "Bravo, Chester! Bravo!" Of course after such a sample of his talent for imitating songs, his friends insisted that he keep on. And Chester was happy to oblige. There's nothing like a good audience to encourage a performer.

The next selection from the radio was a group of Italian folk songs. Chester picked out the different melodies and chirped them along with the orchestra. After the folk songs came a group of operatic arias. It was easier for Chester to play the ones written for tenors than the ones for sopranos, contraltos, and basses, but he did them all beautifully.

Each time he stopped after singing a new piece, the animals shouted, "More! More! More!" So Chester went right on. Now came a South American rumba. The rhythm was very tricky and it took the cricket a few minutes to catch on to it, but once he had it, he never

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lost the beat. Chirping away, he sounded like a pair of lively castanets.

"Imagine!" exclaimed Tucker Mouse, "he plays pop as well as classical."

Tucker was feeling very lively himself because of all the soda water he had swallowed. The South American tempo began to excite him. He jumped up and started to dance around the shelf.

Harry Cat burst out laughing, but that didn't bother Tucker. He was a carefree soul. "Chester can play—I can dance," he panted. "We should go into vaudeville."

"If you danced as well as he played, you could," said Harry.

"So I'm just learning," said Tucker, and threw himself into a wild twirl next to Papa Bellini's pipe.

He couldn't see where he was going and he toppled over into the box of kitchen matches. The box flipped over. A shower of matches fell around the shelf and onto the cement floor. There were several yellow bursts and the sharp scratch that a match makes when it's lit. Most of them fell far enough away from the wooden walls so they could burn themselves out without danger. But one match, unluckily, struck right next to a pile of that morning's newspapers. The spurt of flames it sent up lit the frayed edge of the papers and quickly spread over the whole bundle.

"Watch out!" shouted Chester. Harry Cat leaped up to the shelf just in time to keep his tail from being burned. The cricket was the first to realize what had

The Cricket in Times Square

happened—and what was likely to happen if they didn't put the fire out. "Get the Coca-Cola," he said. "Pour it over."

"I drank it all," shouted Tucker.

"You would!" said Chester. "Is there any ice?"

Harry and Tucker dumped what was left in the insulated bag down on the flames. But it wasn't enough. The fire sputtered, died down, and then flared up again, larger than ever.

"Maybe we can smother it," said Harry.

There was a pile of magazines on the very edge of the shelf, just above the fire. Harry strained and pushed and succeeded in toppling them over. They all peered over the edge to see if the fire was out.

"Oh fine!" said Tucker. "She's still burning and you blocked the hole to get out!"

They were trapped. Harry and Tucker jumped down and started pulling away the magazines furiously. But the fire crept closer and they had to back away.

"What a way to go," said Tucker. "I should have stayed on Tenth Avenue."

For a moment Chester got panicky. But he forced his thoughts back into order and took stock of the situation. And an idea struck him. In one leap he jumped onto the alarm clock, landing right on the button that set off the alarm. The old clock began ringing so wildly it shook itself around the shelf in a mad dance. Chester hopped back to his friends.

"Any alarm in a fire," he said.

They waited, crouched against the wall. On the op-



The Cricket in Times Square

posite side of the stand the flames were lapping against the wood. Already the paint on it had begun to blister. Chester could hear voices outside the newsstand. Even at this hour there were always a few people in the station. Somebody said, "What's that?"

"I smell smoke," said another. Chester recognized the voice. It was Paul, the conductor on the shuttle. There was a sound of footsteps running away, then running back again, and a hammering began. The newsstand shook all over.

"Somebody get the other side," said Paul.

The cover was wrenched off. Clouds of smoke billowed up. The people standing around were astonished to see, through the fumes and glare of the fire, a cat, a mouse, and a cricket, running, jumping, to safety.

The New Colossus^{*}

Emma Lazarus

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glow world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
“Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!” cries she
With silent lips. “Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!”

Glossary for “The New Colossus”

- Brazen:** acting or done in a very open and shocking way without shame or embarrassment
Fame: the condition of being known or recognized by many people
Conquering: taking control of (a country, city, etc.) through the use of force
Limbs: a leg or arm
Astride: with one leg or part on each side of (something)
Imprisoned: to put (someone) in prison
Exiles: people who are forced to leave their country or home and go to live in a foreign country
Beacon: a strong light that can be seen from far away and that is used to help guide ships, airplanes, etc
Mild: gentle in nature or behavior
Pomp: the impressive decorations, music, clothing etc., that are part of some formal events
Huddled: a group of people or things that are close to each other
Masses: a large number of people
Yearning: feeling a strong desire or wish for something or to do something
Wretched: very poor in quality or ability
Refuse: trash or garbage
Teeming: to have many (people or animals) moving around inside
Tempest: a violent storm

Key

Monday
Math

1. (a) 3 (b) 6
 (c) 2 (d) Red
 (e) Yellow

2. (a) 8 (b) 5
 (c) 5 (d) 3
 (e) Cameron

Grammar

Write a sentence using the conjunction “or”. Answers will vary.

History (answers will vary)

The British and American armies near New Orleans were preparing for battle.

Tuesday
Math

3. (a) 10 (b) 14
 (c) 4 (d) 6
 (e) 6

4.

		●	
	●	●	
	●	●	
	●	●	●
●	●	●	●
●	●	●	●
Divya	Sally	Weilin	Rosni
Each ● stands for 2 shells.			

2. (a) 12 (b) 10
 (c) Football (d) 6
 (e) 6

Wednesday
Math

soldiers at New Orleans knew that a peace treaty had been signed.

1. (a) 10 (b) 30
(c) 12

2. (a) ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ □ □ □ □ □
(b) ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ △ △ △ △

3.

David's savings	
March	\$9
April	\$3
May	\$12
June	\$6

(a) \$9 (b) \$30
(c) \$12 (d) \$3

4. (a) 50 (b) Matthew
(c) Annie (d) 10
(e) 30 (f) 70

5. (a) NO (b) YES
(c) NO (d) YES
(e) NO

1. (a) 12 (b) Mary, 18
(c) Wendy, 9 (d) Wendy

2. (a) \$45 (b) \$10
(c) Ryan (d) \$185

3. (a) 180 (b) 120
(c) Samy (d) 100
(e) 420 (f) 320

History

The Americans won the Battle of New Orleans.

Grammar

I want to go outside but I cannot find my coat.

Thursday

1. (a) 10 (b) 6:45 a.m.
(c) 4 (d) 6:30 a.m.
(e) 18

2.

Group	Number of students
A	21
B	16
C	17
D	8

(a) 4 (b) 2
(c) 62

3. (a) 500 (b) 150
(c) 650 (d) 400

Friday

History

In 1814, when the peace treaty was signed, news traveled slowly, and neither the American nor British