



# Remote Learning Packet

## Fourth Grade

May 26-May 29, 2020

Student Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Teacher: \_\_\_\_\_



Student Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Teacher: \_\_\_\_\_

## My Learning This Week

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

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

Tuesday, 5/26

## Math

This is the last five minute frenzy of the year. Give it your all. Set a timer and go!

### Five Minute Multiplying Frenzy (T)

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Multiply each row number by each column number.

(Range 2 to 12)

×	7	11	2	3	5	9	4	10	12	6
3										
2										
9										
5										
4										
6										
11										
10										
8										
12										

Time: \_\_\_\_\_

Score: \_\_\_\_\_ /100

## Latin Roots

- Read through the definitions.

miss, mit = sent

Word	Definition
admit	to send someone in; to allow someone to enter
dismiss	to send someone out; to let someone leave
emit	to send out or give off (such as an odor)
intermission	a break between acts of a play or performance during which people are sent out for snacks or stretch breaks
missile	a weapon designed to be sent in the direction of a target

- **Match each word to its definition.**

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intermission	to send someone out; to let someone leave
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## Literature

Listen to Mrs. Spiotta read Chapter 27:

<https://cloud.swivl.com/v/82767a52ae1a7106233116bc0a424950>

### CHAPTER 27: The Goblins in the King's House

When Curdie fell asleep he began at once to dream. He thought he was ascending the Mountainside from the mouth of the mine, whistling and singing 'Ring, dod, bang!' when he came upon a woman and child who had lost their way; and from that point he went on dreaming everything that had happened to him since he thus met the princess and Lootie; how he had watched the goblins, how he had been taken by them, how he had been rescued by the princess; everything, indeed, until he was wounded, captured, and imprisoned by the men-at-arms. And now he thought he was lying wide

awake where they had laid him, when suddenly he heard a great thundering sound.

"The cobs are coming!" he said. "They didn't believe a word I told them! The cobs'll be carrying off the princess from under their stupid noses! But they shan't! that they shan't!"

He jumped up, as he thought, and began to dress, but, to his dismay, found that he was still lying in bed.

"Now then, I will!" he said. "Here goes! I am up now!"

But yet again he found himself snug in bed. Twenty times he tried, and twenty times he failed; for in fact he was not awake, only dreaming that he was. At length in an agony of despair, fancying he heard the goblins all over the house, he gave a great cry. Then there came, as he thought, a hand upon the lock of his door. It opened, and, looking up, he saw a lady with white hair, carrying a silver box in her hand, enter the room. She came to his bed, he thought, stroked his head and face with cool, soft hands, took the dressing from his leg, rubbed it with something that smelt like roses, and then waved her hands over him three times. At the last wave of her hands everything vanished, he felt himself sinking into the profoundest slumber, and remembered nothing more until he awoke in earnest.

The setting moon was throwing a feeble light through the casement, and the house was full of uproar. There was soft heavy multitudinous stamping, a clashing and clanging of weapons, the voices of men and the cries of women, mixed with a hideous bellowing, which sounded victorious. The cobs were in the house! He sprang from his bed, hurried on some of his clothes, not forgetting his shoes, which were armed with nails; then spying an old hunting-knife, or short sword, hanging on the wall, he caught it, and rushed down the stairs, guided by the sounds of strife, which grew louder and louder.

When he reached the ground floor he found the whole place swarming.

All the goblins of the mountain seemed gathered there. He rushed amongst them, shouting:

*'One, two,*

*Hit and hew!*

*Three, four,*

*Blast and bore!'*

and with every rhyme he came down a great stamp upon a foot, cutting at the same time their faces—executing, indeed, a sword dance of the wildest description. Away scattered the goblins in every direction—into closets, up stairs, into chimneys, up on rafters, and down to the cellars. Curdie went on stamping and slashing and singing, but saw nothing of the people of the house until he came to the great hall, in which, the moment he entered it, arose a great goblin shout. The last of the men-at-arms, the captain himself, was on the floor, buried beneath a wallowing crowd of goblins. For, while each knight was busy defending himself as well as he could, by stabs in the thick bodies of the goblins, for he had soon found their heads all but invulnerable, the queen had attacked his legs and feet with her horrible granite shoe, and he was soon down; but the captain had got his back to the wall and stood out longer. The goblins would have torn them all to pieces, but the king had given orders to carry them away alive, and over each of them, in twelve groups, was standing a knot of goblins, while as many as could find room were sitting upon their prostrate bodies.

Curdie burst in dancing and gyrating and stamping and singing like a small incarnate whirlwind.

*'Where 'tis all a hole, sir,*

*Never can be holes:*

*Why should their shoes have soles, sir,*

*When they've got no souls?*

*'But she upon her foot, sir,*

*Has a granite shoe:*

*The strongest leather boot, sir,*

*Six would soon be through.'*

The queen gave a howl of rage and dismay; and before she recovered her presence of mind, Curdie, having begun with the group nearest him, had eleven of the knights on their legs again.

"Stamp on their feet!" he cried as each man rose, and in a few minutes the hall was nearly empty, the goblins running from it as fast as they could, howling and shrieking and limping, and cowering every now and then as they ran to cuddle their wounded feet in their hard hands, or to protect them from the frightful stamp-stamp of the armed men.

And now Curdie approached the group which, in trusting in the queen and her shoe, kept their guard over the prostrate captain. The king sat on the captain's head, but the queen stood in front, like an infuriated cat, with her perpendicular eyes gleaming green, and her hair standing half up from her horrid head. Her heart was quaking, however, and she kept moving about her skin-shod foot with nervous apprehension. When Curdie was within a few paces, she rushed at him, made one tremendous stamp at his opposing foot, which happily he withdrew in time, and caught him round the waist, to dash him on the marble floor. But just as she caught him, he came down with all the weight of his iron-shod shoe upon her skin-shod foot, and with a hideous howl she dropped him, squatted on the floor, and took her foot in both her hands. Meanwhile the rest rushed on the king and the bodyguard, sent them flying, and

lifted the prostrate captain, who was all but pressed to death. It was some moments before he recovered breath and consciousness.

'Where's the princess?' cried Curdie, again and again.

No one knew, and off they all rushed in search of her.

Through every room in the house they went, but nowhere was she to be found. Neither was one of the servants to be seen. But Curdie, who had kept to the lower part of the house, which was now quiet enough, began to hear a confused sound as of a distant hubbub, and set out to find where it came from. The noise grew as his sharp ears guided him to a stair and so to the wine cellar. It was full of goblins, whom the butler was supplying with wine as fast as he could draw it.

While the queen and her party had encountered the men-at-arms, Harelip with another company had gone off to search the house. They captured every one they met, and when they could find no more, they hurried away to carry them safe to the caverns below. But when the butler, who was amongst them, found that their path lay through the wine cellar, he bethought himself of persuading them to taste the wine, and, as he had hoped, they no sooner tasted than they wanted more. The routed goblins, on their way below, joined them, and when Curdie entered they were all, with outstretched hands, in which were vessels of every description from sauce pan to silver cup, pressing around the butler, who sat at the tap of a huge cask, filling and filling. Curdie cast one glance around the place before commencing his attack, and saw in the farthest corner a terrified group of the domestics unwatched, but cowering without courage to attempt their escape. Amongst them was the terror-stricken face of Lootie; but nowhere could he see the princess. Seized with the horrible conviction that Harelip had already carried her off, he rushed amongst them, unable for wrath to sing any more, but stamping and cutting with greater fury than ever.

'Stamp on their feet; stamp on their feet!' he shouted, and in a moment the goblins were disappearing through the hole in the floor like rats and mice.

They could not vanish so fast, however, but that many more goblin feet had to go limping back over the underground ways of the mountain that morning.

Presently, however, they were reinforced from above by the king and his party, with the redoubtable queen at their head. Finding Curdie again busy amongst her unfortunate subjects, she rushed at him once more with the rage of despair, and this time gave him a bad bruise on the foot. Then a regular stamping fight got up between them, Curdie, with the point of his hunting-knife, keeping her from clasping her mighty arms about him, as he watched his opportunity of getting once more a good stamp at her skin-shod foot. But the queen was more wary as well as more agile than hitherto.

The rest meantime, finding their adversary thus matched for the moment, paused in their headlong hurry, and turned to the shivering group of women in the corner. As if determined to emulate his father and have a sun-woman of some sort to share his future throne, Harelip rushed at them, caught up Lootie, and sped with her to the hole. She gave a great shriek, and Curdie heard her, and saw the plight she was in. Gathering all his strength, he gave the queen a sudden cut across the face with his weapon, came down, as she started back, with all his weight on the proper foot, and sprung to Lootie's rescue. The prince had two defenceless feet, and on both of them Curdie stamped just as he reached the hole. He dropped his burden and rolled shrieking into the earth. Curdie made one stab at him as he disappeared, caught hold of the senseless Lootie, and having dragged her back to the corner, there mounted guard over her, preparing once more to encounter the queen.

Her face streaming with blood, and her eyes flashing green lightning through it, she came on with her mouth open and her teeth grinning like a tiger's, followed by the king and her bodyguard of the thickest goblins. But the same moment in rushed the captain and his men, and ran at them stamping furiously. They dared not encounter such an onset. Away they scurried, the queen foremost. Of course, the right thing would have been to take the king and queen prisoners, and hold them hostages for the princess, but they were so anxious to find her that no one thought of detaining them until it was too late.

Having thus rescued the servants, they set about searching the house once more. None of them could give the least information concerning the princess. Lootie was almost silly with terror, and, although scarcely able to walk would not leave Curdie's side for a single moment. Again he allowed the others to search the rest of the house—where, except a dismayed goblin lurking here and there, they found no one—while he requested Lootie to take him to the princess's room. She was as submissive and obedient as if he had been the king.

He found the bedclothes tossed about, and most of them on the floor, while the princess's garments were scattered all over the room, which was in the greatest confusion. It was only too evident that the goblins had been there, and Curdie had no longer any doubt that she had been carried off at the very first of the inroad. With a pang of despair he saw how wrong they had been in not securing the king and queen and prince; but he determined to find and rescue the princess as she had found and rescued him, or meet the worst fate to which the goblins could doom him.

**Ch.27: Who is Curdie trying to rescue in chapter 27, and who does he actually rescue?** (Write in a complete sentence with beautiful penmanship.)

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## Grammar

- Match the part of speech to its definition.

noun	a word that modifies a noun or a pronoun
pronoun	a word that shows sudden or strong feeling
verb	a name of a person, place, thing, or idea
adjective	a word that modifies a verb, an adjective, or an adverb
adverb	a word that does an action, shows a state of being, links two words together, or helps another word
preposition	a word that shows the relationship of a noun or pronoun to another word in the sentence
conjunction	a word that joins words or groups of words together
interjection	a word that takes the place of a noun

## Poetry

- Read this funny poem. Watch a video of the poem with pictures:  
<https://safeYouTube.net/w/qU3E>

### **MATILDA**

by: Hilaire Belloc (1870-1953)

#### **WHO TOLD LIES, AND WAS BURNED TO DEATH**

MATILDA told such Dreadful Lies,  
It made one Gasp and Stretch one's Eyes;  
Her Aunt, who, from her Earliest Youth,  
Had kept a Strict Regard for Truth,  
Attempted to Believe Matilda:  
The effort very nearly killed her,  
And would have done so, had not She  
Discovered this Infirmary.  
For once, towards the Close of Day,



Matilda, growing tired of play,  
And finding she was left alone,  
Went tiptoe to the Telephone  
And summoned the Immediate Aid  
Of London's Noble Fire-Brigade.  
Within an hour the Gallant Band  
Were pouring in on every hand,  
From Putney, Hackney Downs, and Bow.  
With Courage high and Hearts a-glow,  
They galloped, roaring through the Town,  
'Matilda's House is Burning Down!'  
Inspired by British Cheers and Loud  
Proceeding from the Frenzied Crowd,  
They ran their ladders through a score  
Of windows on the Ball Room Floor;  
And took Peculiar Pains to Souse  
The Pictures up and down the House,  
Until Matilda's Aunt succeeded  
In showing them they were not needed;  
And even then she had to pay  
To get the Men to go away!

It happened that a few Weeks later  
Her Aunt was off to the Theatre  
To see that Interesting Play  
The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.  
She had refused to take her Niece  
To hear this Entertaining Piece:  
A Deprivation Just and Wise  
To Punish her for Telling Lies.  
That Night a Fire did break out--  
You should have heard Matilda Shout!  
You should have heard her Scream and Bawl,  
And throw the window up and call  
To People passing in the Street--  
(The rapidly increasing Heat  
Encouraging her to obtain  
Their confidence) -- but all in vain!  
For every time she shouted 'Fire!'  
They only answered 'Little Liar!'  
And therefore when her Aunt returned,

## Matilda, and the House, were Burned.

## Science

**Background**

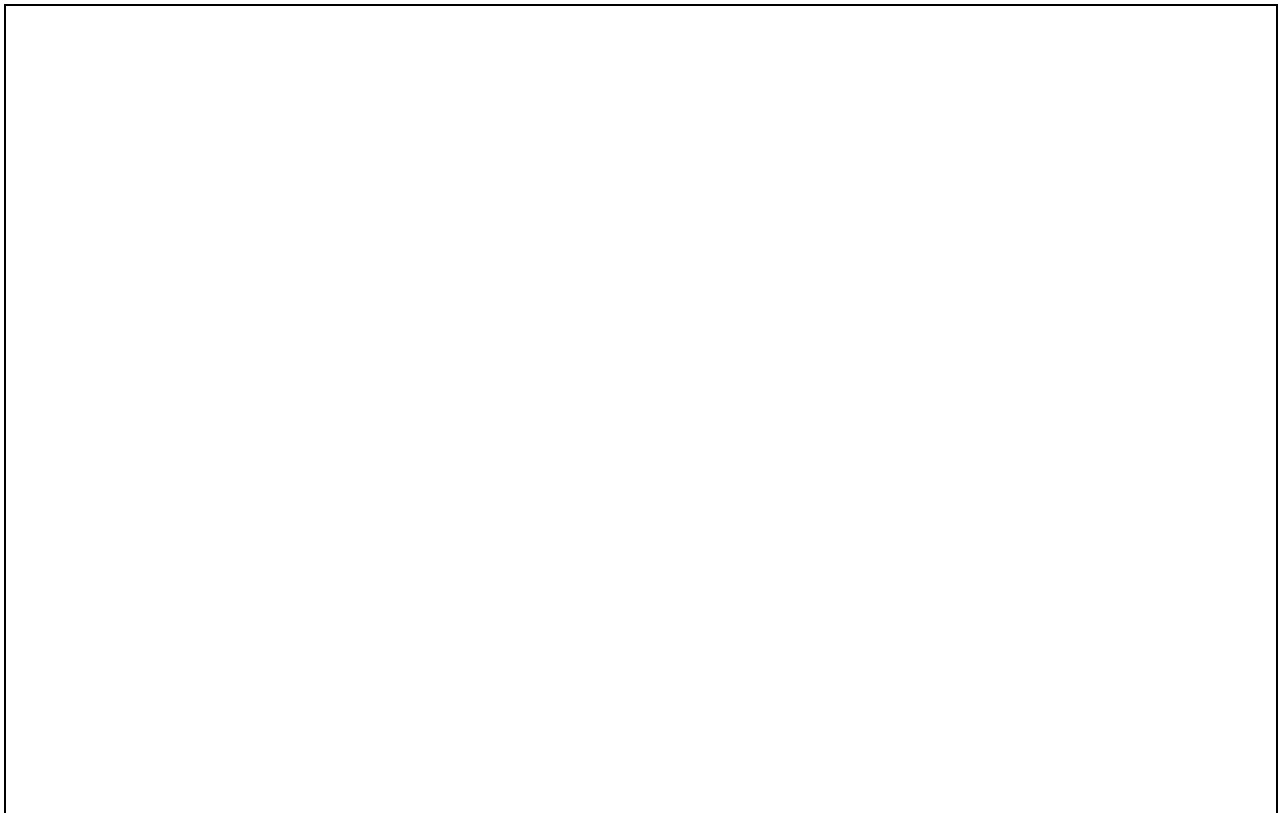
Light bulbs are found all over your house. From the tiniest LED bulb to big Edison bulbs, light bulbs illuminate the world around you. With so many light bulbs in your house it is time they were all accounted for. Therefore we are calling for a census! You need to count every lightbulb in your house.

**Materials**

- the ability to count from one to infinity
- a pencil
- the ability to see light bulbs

**Procedures**

1. Do this experiment during the day so as not to hurt your eyes by looking at lit light bulbs.
2. Walk around your house and count all the light bulbs you see. (Do not forget the small bulbs like LED bulbs)
3. Write down how many light bulbs you have in your house below in a complete sentence.  
\_\_\_\_\_
4. Draw your favorite light bulb in the house in the box below and initial your masterpiece.



## P.E.

Hello, Boys and Girls! Today, I am going to give you an activity and a challenge. You can continue working on this challenge throughout the rest of your summer. Before I tell you what it is, I want to let you know that you do not have to like soccer in order to have fun with this challenge. What I want you to work on today is juggling a soccer ball. I uploaded a video of myself trying to juggle last week to Google Classroom. I do not mean juggling with hands but with feet.

As a beginner, I would like you to hold the soccer ball (or any other kind of bouncy ball you have) and practice dropping the ball and then kicking it right back into your hands. Try this with your left and right foot. If you are just starting this challenge, then you will probably do some things wrong. First, keep your feet low instead of kicking your feet high. Second, keep your legs pretty straight. Lastly, be gentle; you would be surprised how little it takes to kick the ball back into your hands. Once you improve at kicking the ball back into your hands, then practice juggling the ball back and forth in between your feet. What this means is that you are going to try to gently kick the ball into the air with one foot and keep it from touching the ground by using both feet. I will make a last video that will help you see how to do it.

Next year, I, Coach Hess, will remember to ask you how many times you were able to juggle the ball without it touching the ground. Make sure to challenge yourself. See how many times you can juggle the ball. And, finally, have a lot of fun with it. When you master this skill, it is a great deal of fun.

## Music

*As this year comes to a close, I'd like to take a moment to reflect on the importance of music in our lives.*

There is a link between music and memory, but why, when we hear a particular song, do we feel strong emotions rather than simply remembering the lyrics? There are different kinds of memory, including explicit and implicit memory. Explicit memory is a deliberate, conscious retrieval of the past, often posed by questions like: where was I that summer? Who was I traveling with? Implicit memory is more a reactive, unintentional form of memory.

Notably, memories stimulated by music often come from particular times in our lives. Classic hits take people back to their teenage years and twenties, much more than songs of later years. Psychologists have called it the 'reminiscence bump.' It may work this way because this is an especially important and exciting time in their lives, when they are experiencing things for the first time and when they become independent. Everything is new and meaningful. Later, life becomes a bit of a blur. Music evokes emotion, but the sound and feeling of it, while important, don't necessarily define their feelings. A sad song could be associated with a happy time, or a happy song with a sad time.

Even elderly nursing home patients with dementia or Alzheimer's become lively and animated when experiencing music from their youth. Last year my mother visited her old piano teacher in a nursing home. She had very advanced dementia, and hardly remembered or recognized anyone or anything. My mom brought her over to a piano and started playing some of her teacher's favorite hymns, and her teacher

immediately sang along, every word in every verse. If you're able, watch this video about this phenomenon:

<https://safeYouTube.net/w/oDTF>

# Day 2 Instructions and Resources

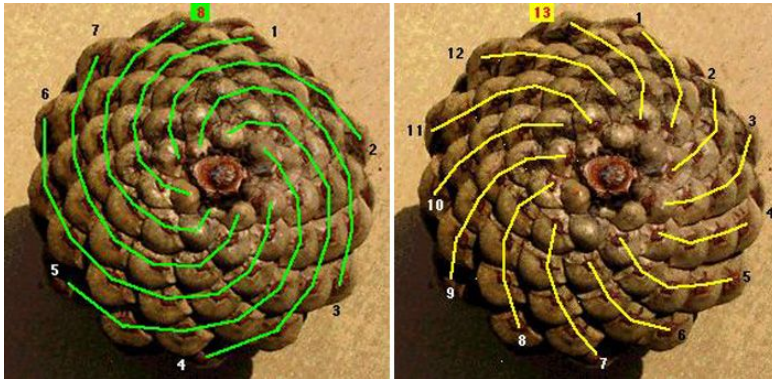
Wednesday, 5/27

## Math

### LESSON 1: INTRODUCTION TO FIBONACCI NUMBERS

Have you ever pulled the petals off of a daisy? If you look closely at the center of a daisy, you will find that the yellow center is not solid. It is made up of sets of spirals that go out from the center. This is found in other plants too.

Fibonacci sequence as seen in pine cones



Look at the pictures of a pinecone. It has those same kinds of spirals. They don't go around and around in a circle — they go out in spirals. Look at the pictures below to see what that looks like. How many spirals go in the clockwise direction (green lines)? How many spirals go in a counter-clockwise direction (yellow lines)? Isn't that strange? Wouldn't you expect that they would be the same?

To understand the spirals in pinecones, pineapples, daisies and many other things in nature, we shall meet a mathematician named Leonardo de Pisa. Most people call him Fibonacci (pronounced fib-o-naw-chee). About 800 years ago, he wrote a book in which he included a math problem that went like this:

“A certain man put a pair of rabbits in a place surrounded by a wall. How many pairs of rabbits can be produced from that pair in a year if it is supposed that every month each pair begets a new pair from which the second month on becomes productive?”

(Liber abbaci, pp. 283-284)

Fibonacci's work on this problem led him to this sequence of numbers:

0, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, 89, 144 ...

We call this the Fibonacci sequence, and the numbers are called Fibonacci numbers. To get the next number in the sequence, you add the previous two numbers together.

Answer each of the following questions.

1. What are the next three numbers in the Fibonacci sequence?

0, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, 89, 144, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_

2. Now go back and look at the pinecone spirals. What do you notice about the number of spirals in each direction?

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## Latin Roots

- Read through the definitions.

miss, mit = send

Word	Definition
mission	a special duty or function which a person or group is sent out to do
omit	to leave out; to no send
remit	to send back
submit	to send yourself under someone else's control; to give in to someone else's power
transmit	to send something across places; to pass along

- Match each word to its definition.

### Word

mission

omit

remit

submit

transmit

### Definition

a special duty or function which a person or group is sent out to do

to send back

to leave out; to no send

to send something across places; to pass along

to send yourself under someone else's control; to give in to someone else's power

## Literature

Listen to Dr. Galin read Chapter 28: <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/bc5bf306fc0b5a9710adca52002702b2>

## CHAPTER 28- Curdie's Guide

Just as the consolation of this resolve dawned upon his mind and he was turning away for the cellar to follow the goblins into their hole, something touched his hand. It was the slightest touch, and when he looked he could see nothing. Feeling and peering about in the grey of the dawn, his fingers came upon a tight thread. He looked again, and narrowly, but still could see nothing. It flashed upon him that this must be the princess's thread. Without saying a word, for he knew no one would believe him any more than he had believed the princess, he followed the thread with his finger, contrived to give Lootie the slip, and was soon out of the house and on the mountainside—surprised that, if the thread were indeed the grandmother's messenger, it should have led the princess, as he supposed it must, into the mountain, where she would be certain to meet the goblins rushing back enraged from their defeat. But he hurried on in the hope of overtaking her first. When he arrived, however, at the place where the path turned off for the mine, he found that the thread did not turn with it, but went straight up the mountain. Could it be that the thread was leading him home to his mother's cottage? Could the princess be there? He bounded up the mountain like one of its own goats, and before the sun was up the thread had brought him indeed to his mother's door. There it vanished from his fingers, and he could not find it, search as he might.

The door was on the latch, and he entered. There sat his mother by the fire, and in her arms lay the princess, fast asleep.

'Hush, Curdie!' said his mother. 'Do not wake her. I'm so glad you're come! I thought the cobs must have got you again!'

With a heart full of delight, Curdie sat down at a corner of the hearth, on a stool opposite his mother's chair, and gazed at the princess, who slept as peacefully as if she had been in her own bed. All at once she opened her eyes and fixed them on him.

'Oh, Curdie! you're come!' she said quietly. 'I thought you would!'

Curdie rose and stood before her with downcast eyes.

'Irene,' he said, 'I am very sorry I did not believe you.'

'Oh, never mind, Curdie!' answered the princess. 'You couldn't, you know. You do believe me now, don't you?'

'I can't help it now. I ought to have helped it before.'

'Why can't you help it now?'

'Because, just as I was going into the mountain to look for you, I got hold of your thread, and it brought me here.'

'Then you've come from my house, have you?'

'Yes, I have.'

'I didn't know you were there.'

'I've been there two or three days, I believe.'

'And I never knew it! Then perhaps you can tell me why my grandmother has brought me here? I can't think. Something woke me—I didn't know what, but I was frightened, and I felt for the thread, and there it was! I was more frightened still when it brought me out on the mountain, for I thought it was going to take me into it again, and I like the outside of it best. I supposed you were in trouble again, and I had to get you out. But it brought me here instead; and, oh, Curdie! your mother has been so kind to me—just like my own grandmother!'

Here Curdie's mother gave the princess a hug, and the princess turned and gave her a sweet smile, and held up her mouth to kiss her.

'Then you didn't see the cobs?' asked Curdie.

'No; I haven't been into the mountain, I told you, Curdie.'

'But the cobs have been into your house—all over it—and into your bedroom, making such a row!'

'What did they want there? It was very rude of them.'

'They wanted you—to carry you off into the mountain with them, for a wife to their prince Harelip.'

'Oh, how dreadful' cried the princess, shuddering.

'But you needn't be afraid, you know. Your grandmother takes care of you.'

'Ah! you do believe in my grandmother, then? I'm so glad! She made me think you would some day.'

All at once Curdie remembered his dream, and was silent, thinking.

'But how did you come to be in my house, and me not know it?' asked the princess.

Then Curdie had to explain everything—how he had watched for her sake, how he had been wounded and shut up by the soldiers, how he heard the noises and could not rise, and how the beautiful old lady had come to him, and all that followed.

'Poor Curdie! to lie there hurt and ill, and me never to know it!' exclaimed the princess, stroking his rough hand. 'I would have come and nursed you, if they had told me.'

'I didn't see you were lame,' said his mother.

'Am I, mother? Oh—yes—I suppose I ought to be! I declare I've never thought of it since I got up to go down amongst the cobs!'

'Let me see the wound,' said his mother.

He pulled down his stocking—when behold, except a great scar, his leg was perfectly sound!

Curdie and his mother gazed in each other's eyes, full of wonder, but Irene called out:

'I thought so, Curdie! I was sure it wasn't a dream. I was sure my grandmother had been to see you. Don't you smell the roses? It was my grandmother healed your leg, and sent you to help me.'

'No, Princess Irene,' said Curdie; 'I wasn't good enough to be allowed to help you: I didn't believe you. Your grandmother took care of you without me.'

'She sent you to help my people, anyhow. I wish my king-papa would come. I do want so to tell him how good you have been!'

'But,' said the mother, 'we are forgetting how frightened your people must be. You must take the princess home at once, Curdie—or at least go and tell them where she is.'

'Yes, mother. Only I'm dreadfully hungry. Do let me have some breakfast first. They ought to have listened to me, and then they wouldn't have been taken by surprise as they were.'

'That is true, Curdie; but it is not for you to blame them much. You remember?'

'Yes, mother, I do. Only I must really have something to eat.'

'You shall, my boy—as fast as I can get it,' said his mother, rising and setting the princess on her chair.

But before his breakfast was ready, Curdie jumped up so suddenly as to startle both his companions.

'Mother, mother!' he cried, 'I was forgetting. You must take the princess home yourself. I must go and wake my father.'

Without a word of explanation, he rushed to the place where his father was sleeping. Having thoroughly roused him with what he told him he darted out of the cottage.

**Ch. 28: Where does Curdie find Irene and how?** (Write in a complete sentence with beautiful penmanship.)

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Listen to Mr. Zayas read Chapter 29: <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/839b9618e65b202354cdaef04d802a1>

#### CHAPTER 29- Masonwork

He had all at once remembered the resolution of the goblins to carry out their second plan upon the failure of the first. No doubt they were already busy, and the mine was therefore in the greatest danger of being flooded and rendered useless—not to speak of the lives of the miners.

When he reached the mouth of the mine, after rousing all the miners within reach, he found his father and a good many more just entering. They all hurried to the gang by which he had found a way into the goblin country. There the foresight of Peter had already collected a great many blocks of stone, with cement, ready for building up the weak



place—well enough known to the goblins. Although there was not room for more than two to be actually building at once, they managed, by setting all the rest to work in preparing the cement and passing the stones, to finish in the course of the day a huge buttress filling the whole gang, and supported everywhere by the live rock. Before the hour when they usually dropped work, they were satisfied the mine was secure.

They had heard goblin hammers and pickaxes busy all the time, and at length fancied they heard sounds of water they had never heard before. But that was otherwise accounted for when they left the mine, for they stepped out into a tremendous storm which was raging all over the mountain. The thunder was bellowing, and the lightning lancing out of a huge black cloud which lay above it and hung down its edges of thick mist over its sides. The lightning was breaking out of the mountain, too, and flashing up into the cloud. From the state of the brooks, now swollen into raging torrents, it was evident that the storm had been storming all day.

The wind was blowing as if it would blow him off the mountain, but, anxious about his mother and the princess, Curdie darted up through the thick of the tempest. Even if they had not set out before the storm came on, he did not judge them safe, for in such a storm even their poor little house was in danger. Indeed he soon found that but for a huge rock against which it was built, and which protected it both from the blasts and the waters, it must have been swept if it was not blown away; for the two torrents into which this rock parted the rush of water behind it united again in front of the cottage—two roaring and dangerous streams, which his mother and the princess could not possibly have passed. It was with great difficulty that he forced his way through one of them, and up to the door.

The moment his hand fell on the latch, through all the uproar of winds and Waters came the joyous cry of the princess:

'There's Curdie! Curdie! Curdie!'

She was sitting wrapped in blankets on the bed, his mother trying for the hundredth time to light the fire which had been drowned by the rain that came down the chimney. The clay floor was one mass of mud, and the whole place looked wretched. But the faces of the mother and the princess shone as if their troubles only made them the merrier. Curdie burst out laughing at the sight of them.

'I never had such fun!' said the princess, her eyes twinkling and her pretty teeth shining. 'How nice it must be to live in a cottage on the mountain!'

'It all depends on what kind your inside house is,' said the mother.

'I know what you mean,' said Irene. 'That's the kind of thing my grandmother says.'

By the time Peter returned the storm was nearly over, but the streams were so fierce and so swollen that it was not only out of the question for the princess to go down the mountain, but most dangerous for Peter even or Curdie to make the attempt in the gathering darkness.

'They will be dreadfully frightened about you,' said Peter to the princess, 'but we cannot help it. We must wait till the morning.'

With Curdie's help, the fire was lighted at last, and the mother set about making their supper; and after supper they all told the princess stories till she grew sleepy. Then Curdie's mother laid her in Curdie's bed, which was in a tiny little garret-room. As soon as she was in bed, through a little window low down in the roof she caught sight of her grandmother's lamp shining far away beneath, and she gazed at the beautiful silvery globe until she fell asleep.

**Ch. 29: After the miners make the mine secure against flooding by the goblins, what one danger remains for Curdie to face? (Write in a complete sentence with beautiful penmanship.)**

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## Poetry

- Read this funny poem.

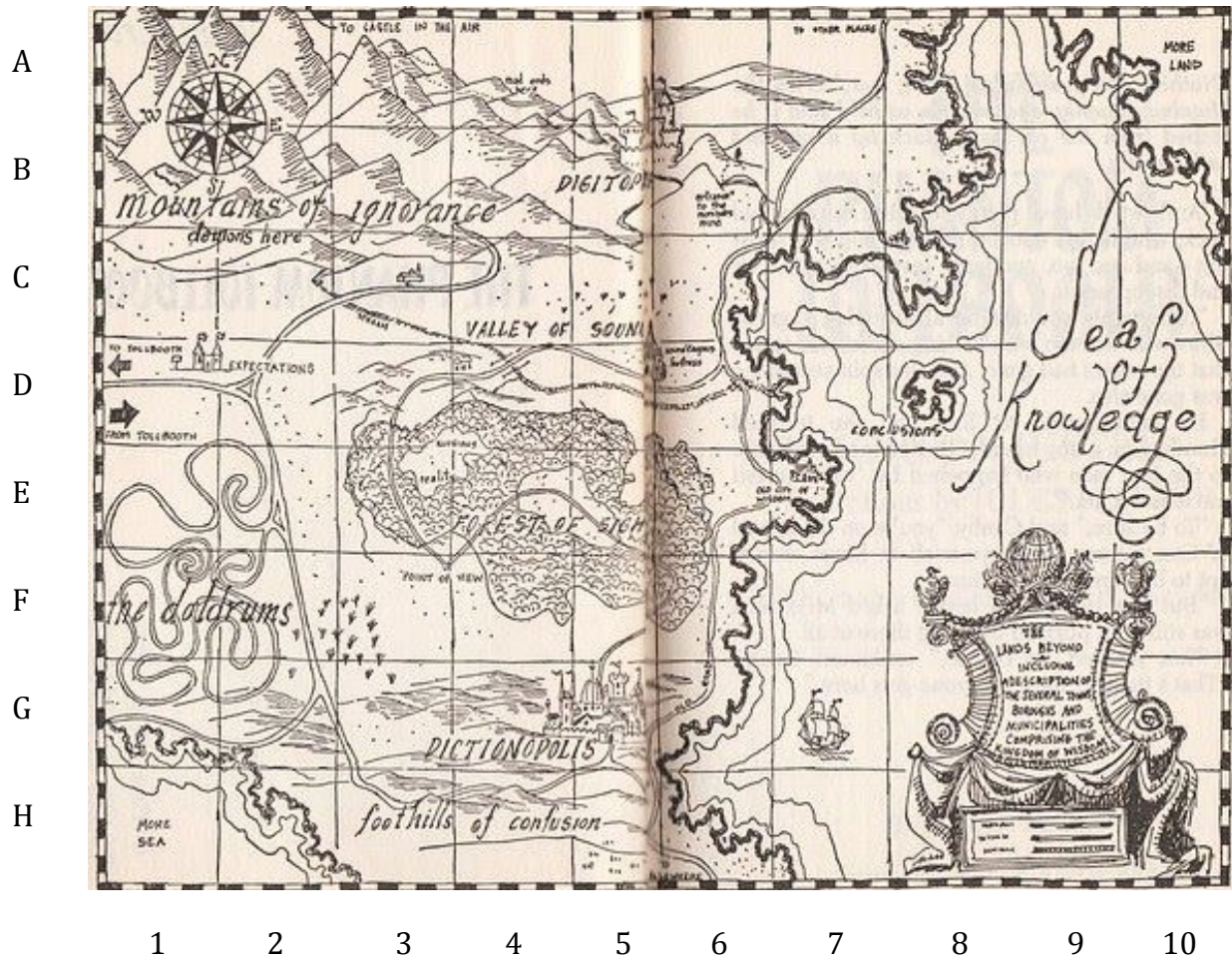
**The Crocodile****by Roald Dahl**

'No animal is half as vile  
As Crocky-Wock, the crocodile.  
On Saturdays he likes to crunch  
Six juicy children for his lunch  
And he especially enjoys  
Just three of each, three girls, three boys.  
He smears the boys (to make them hot)  
With mustard from the mustard pot.  
But mustard doesn't go with girls,  
It tastes all wrong with plaits and curls.  
With them, what goes extremely well  
Is butterscotch and caramel.  
It's such a super marvelous treat  
When boys are hot and girls are sweet.

At least that's Crocky's point of view  
He ought to know. He's had a few.  
That's all for now. It's time for bed.  
Lie down and rest your sleepy head.  
Ssh. Listen. What is that I hear,  
Galumphing softly up the stair?

Go lock the door and fetch my gun!  
Go on child, hurry! Quickly run!  
No stop! Stand back! He's coming in!  
Oh, look, that greasy greenish skin!  
The shining teeth, the greedy smile!  
It's Crocky-Wock, the Crocodile

## History



Coordinates are a set of numbers or letters that locate a place on a map. Coordinates are written in parentheses and separated by a comma. (B, 2) are coordinates that would locate Milo within the Mountains of Ignorance. You can find the location (B, 2) by first finding the letter B in the vertical right-hand row, then finding the number 2 in the horizontal bottom row. Then find the box where they meet. Within the box (B, 2) a part of the Mountains of Ignorance can be found.

1. Locate the island in the Sea of Knowledge using coordinates. (\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_)
2. If you were at coordinates (H, 4) where would you be? \_\_\_\_\_
3. Imagine you are somewhere within The Doldrums. Give a set of coordinates that would place you there. \_\_\_\_\_
4. The compass rose for this map is located within coordinates (A, 1), (A, 2), (B, 1), (B, 2). Using the directions, north, south, east, west, northeast, southeast, northwest, southwest, in what direction

is Dictionopolis if you're in the Valley of Sound? Dictionopolis is \_\_\_\_\_  
of the Valley of Sound.

5. In what direction is Digitopolis if you're in The Doldrums? \_\_\_\_\_

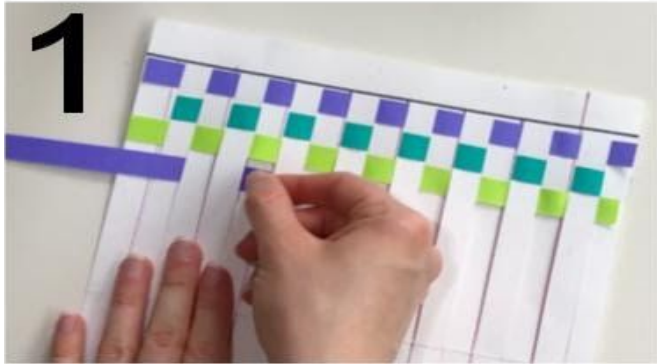
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## Art

**Directions:** Follow the steps and picture below to learn “Basket Weave”. For further enrichment, you may watch my tutorial linked here and available in the “Art” folder on Google Classroom :

<https://cloud.swivl.com/v/6d00113ee2b7b4d42fb4f200c4aa98d3>

## How to Weave Basket Weave



**Step 1:** Take a strip and weave it **OVER** two warps and **UNDER** the next two warps.



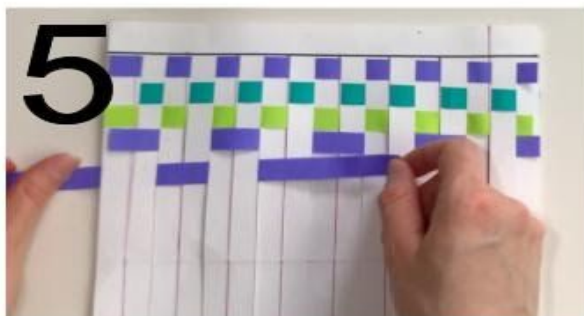
**Step 2:** Continue the pattern of weaving over two under two until the row is complete.



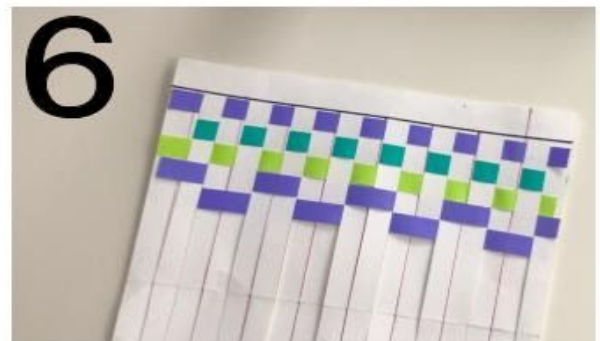
**Step 3:** Gently push up the strip of paper until it is as close to the top as possible. It should fit snugly.



**Step 4:** The second row begins with a new strip. Weave the strip **UNDER** two warps and **OVER** two warps.



**Step 5:** continue weaving this row **UNDER** two, **OVER** two, until you have reached the end of the row



**Step 6:** Make sure that all of the strips have been pushed up and fit tightly.



## Latin

**Reading and Acting Out Dialogue (10-15 min.)**

Today we have a dialogue! Read through the Latin once aloud, focusing on your pronunciation (a recording of this passage being read is at <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/2284fcd335bf0a0a83f86e7178b109c8> ). Then, read through the Latin a second time, trying to understand what it means, and consulting the word bank as necessary. Finally, take a few minutes to act out the scene dramatically--you can do this with family members, or with stuffed animals or dolls.

Servī Iūliī, quī lectīcam et saccōs portant, fessī sunt. Iūlius fessus nōn est, quia in lectīcā est. Iūlius videt fessōs servōs, et imperat: “Pōnite lectīcam in viā, servī!” Servī lectīcam in viā pōnunt, et iam nōn ambulant.

Dāvus: “Phū! Via longa est!”

Syrus: “Nōn longa via est--sed saccī magnī sunt!”

Lēander: “Tuus saccus est parvus. Ecce saccus meus magnus! Et Dāvus et Ursus portant lectīcam.”

Ursus: “Neque vacua est lectīca! Dominus nōn tam parvus est quam saccus tuus, Syre.”

Iūlius imperat: “Iam, saccum Syrī portā, Dāve! Et Syre, portā lectīcam.”

Word Bank

servus, -ī: servant, slave

lectīca, -ae: litter, sedan

fessus, ī: tired

nōn: not

quia: because

pōnite: put! (imperative Pl.)

pōnunt: they put

ambulant: they walk

longus, -a, -um: long

magnus, -a, -um: big, large, huge

parvus, -a, -um: small

meus, -a, -um: my, mine

vacuus, -a, -um: empty

tam... quam: as... as

quī: who (Nom. M. Pl.)

portant: they carry

sunt: they are

imperat: he/she/it orders

videt: he/she/it sees

via, -ae: road, way

iam: now

phū: phew! (onomatopoeia)

saccus, -ī: bag, sack

tuus, -a, -um: your, yours

ecce: look, behold! (imperative Sg.)

neque: neither, and not, nor

dominus, -ī: master

## Day 3 Instructions and Resources

Thursday, 5/28

Math (about 35 minutes)

### LESSON 2: FINDING FIBONACCI NUMBERS

Now that you know what Fibonacci numbers are, you're ready to go on a Fibonacci hunt.

#### Fibonacci Numbers in Nature



#### Flowers

Look at this daylily. How many petals does it have? Do you see six? Are you thinking that six is not a Fibonacci number? Look more closely. Do you see that there are really two sets of three petals? The outside petals with the straight edges are not really petals. They're called sepals. So how many actual petals are there?

Not all flowers have three petals. Some have many more. Some flowers have petals that are hard to count because there are so many petals or they are in rows. And there are a few flowers that don't have Fibonacci numbers for petals. See if you can find a drawing of a daisy. Are the number of petals a Fibonacci number?

#### Seed heads

The seed heads of flowers are in Fibonacci sequence spirals like you saw in the pinecones. Look at the seed head of this sunflower. Do you see how packed in the seeds are? Yet none of them gets smashed. The spiral pattern lets the flower fit the most seed heads in the least space.

How do you think you could use this information in your life? Do you think it would work to try to pack a suitcase like this? Why or why not?

#### Food

Look at this picture of a purple cauliflower. If you look carefully, you can see the center of it where the little flowers (florets) begin.

Can you see the spiraling?

Answer each of the following questions using complete sentences.

1. Go outside and find two plants that have spirals in the center or have a Fibonacci number of petals (e.g. groups of three petals). Please write two sentences describing the plant and how it has the Fibonacci sequence.

Plant #1

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Plant #2

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2. Look at this drawing of a basil plant. How many leaves are on each layer? How does this show the Fibonacci sequence?



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## Latin Roots

- Read through the definitions.

graph = writing

Word	Definition
autobiography	writing about a person's life written by that person
autograph	the writing of one's own name
bibliography	the written list of all the books used in a report or book
biography	a book written about a person's life
cartography	mapmaking; the writing involved in making maps or charts.

- **Match each word to its definition.**

Word	Definition
autobiography	the writing of one's own name
autograph	writing about a person's life written by that person
bibliography	a book written about a person's life
biography	the written list of all the books used in a report or book
cartography	mapmaking; the writing involved in making maps or charts.

## Literature

Listen to Ms. Petruccelli read ch. 30: <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/22261c467af3d8f7854d6befb48afe9d>

### CHAPTER 30 - The King and the Kiss

The next morning the sun rose so bright that Irene said the rain had washed his face and let the light out clean. The torrents were still roaring down the side of the mountain, but they were so much smaller as not to be dangerous in the daylight. After an early breakfast, Peter went to his work and Curdie and his mother set out to take the princess home. They had difficulty in getting her dry across the streams, and Curdie had again and again to carry her, but at last they got safe on the broader part of the road, and walked gently down towards the king's house. And what should they see as they turned the last corner but the last of the king's troop riding through the gate!

'Oh, Curdie!' cried Irene, clapping her hands right joyfully, 'my king-papa is come.'

The moment Curdie heard that, he caught her up in his arms, and set off at full speed, crying:

'Come on, mother dear! The king may break his heart before he knows that she is safe.'

Irene clung round his neck and he ran with her like a deer. When he entered the gate into the court, there sat the king on his horse, with all the people of the house about him, weeping and hanging their heads. The king was not weeping, but his face was white as a dead man's, and he looked as if the life had gone out of him. The men-at-arms he had brought with him sat with horror-stricken faces, but eyes flashing with rage, waiting only for the word of the king to do something—they did not know what, and nobody knew what.

The day before, the men-at-arms belonging to the house, as soon as they were satisfied the princess had been carried away, rushed after the goblins into the hole, but found that they had already so skilfully blockaded the narrowest part, not many feet below the cellar, that without miners and their tools they could do nothing. Not one of them knew where the mouth of the mine lay, and some of those who had set out to find it had been overtaken by the storm and had not even yet returned. Poor Sir Walter was especially filled with shame, and almost hoped the king would order his head to be cut off, for to think of that sweet little face down amongst the goblins was unendurable.

When Curdie ran in at the gate with the princess in his arms, they were all so absorbed in their own misery and awed by the king's presence and grief, that no one observed his arrival. He went straight up to the king, where he sat on his horse.

'Papa! papa!' the princess cried, stretching out her arms to him; 'here I am!'

The king started. The colour rushed to his face. He gave an inarticulate cry. Curdie held up the princess, and the king bent down and took her from his arms. As he clasped her to his bosom, the big tears went dropping down his cheeks and his beard. And such a shout arose from all the bystanders that the startled horses pranced and capered, and the armour rang and clattered, and the rocks of the mountain echoed back the noises. The princess greeted them all as she nestled in her father's bosom, and the king did not set her down until she had told them all the story. But she had more to tell about Curdie than about herself, and what she did tell about herself none of them could understand—except the king and Curdie, who stood by the king's knee stroking the neck of the great white horse. And still as she told what Curdie had done, Sir Walter and others added to what she told, even Lootie joining in the praises of his courage and energy.

Curdie held his peace, looking quietly up in the king's face. And his mother stood on the outskirts of the crowd listening with delight, for her son's deeds were pleasant in her ears, until the princess caught sight of her.

'And there is his mother, king-papa!' she said. 'See—there. She is such a nice mother, and has been so kind to me!'

They all parted asunder as the king made a sign to her to come forward. She obeyed, and he gave her his hand, but could not speak.

'And now, king-papa,' the princess went on, 'I must tell you another thing. One night long ago Curdie drove the goblins away and brought Lootie and me safe from the mountain. And I promised him a kiss when we got home, but Lootie wouldn't let me give it him. I don't want you to scold Lootie, but I want you to tell her that a princess must do as she promises.'

'Indeed she must, my child—except it be wrong,' said the king. 'There, give Curdie a kiss.'

And as he spoke he held her towards him.

The princess reached down, threw her arms round Curdie's neck, and kissed him on the mouth, saying: 'There, Curdie! There's the kiss I promised you!'

Then they all went into the house, and the cook rushed to the kitchen and the servants to their work. Lootie dressed Irene in her shiningest clothes, and the king put off his armour, and put on purple and gold; and a messenger was sent for Peter and all the miners, and there was a great and a grand feast, which continued long after the princess was put to bed.

**Ch. 30: Why does Curdie pick up Irene and begin running as soon as he knows that the king has arrived? (Write in a complete sentence with beautiful penmanship.)**

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## Grammar

Fill in the blanks with the appropriate part of speech to make a silly story to read to your family.

A vacation is when you take a trip to some \_\_\_\_\_ place  
ADJECTIVE  
 with your \_\_\_\_\_ family. Usually you go to some place  
ADJECTIVE  
 that is near a/an \_\_\_\_\_ or up on a/an \_\_\_\_\_.  
NOUN NOUN  
 A good vacation place is one where you can ride \_\_\_\_\_  
PLURAL NOUN  
 or play \_\_\_\_\_ or go hunting for \_\_\_\_\_. I like  
GAME PLURAL NOUN  
 to spend my time \_\_\_\_\_ or \_\_\_\_\_.  
VERB ENDING IN "ING" VERB ENDING IN "ING"  
 When parents go on a vacation, they spend their time eating  
 three \_\_\_\_\_ a day, and fathers play golf, and mothers  
PLURAL NOUN  
 sit around \_\_\_\_\_. Last summer, my little brother  
VERB ENDING IN "ING"  
 fell in a/an \_\_\_\_\_ and got poison \_\_\_\_\_ all  
NOUN PLANT  
 over his \_\_\_\_\_. My family is going to go to (the)  
PART OF THE BODY  
 \_\_\_\_\_, and I will practice \_\_\_\_\_. Parents  
A PLACE VERB ENDING IN "ING"  
 need vacations more than kids because parents are always very  
 \_\_\_\_\_ and because they have to work \_\_\_\_\_  
ADJECTIVE NUMBER  
 hours every day all year making enough \_\_\_\_\_ to pay  
PLURAL NOUN  
 for the vacation.

## Poetry

- Read this funny poem.

**How the Camel got his Hump**  
**By Rudyard Kipling**

THE Camel's hump is an ugly lump  
 Which well you may see at the Zoo;  
 But uglier yet is the hump we get  
 From having too little to do.

Kiddies and grown-ups too-oo-oo,  
 If we haven't enough to do-oo-oo,  
 We get the hump—  
 Cameelious hump—  
 The hump that is black and blue!

We climb out of bed with a frouzly head,  
 And a snarly-yarly voice.  
 We shiver and scowl and we grunt and we growl  
 At our bath and our boots and our toys;

And there ought to be a corner for me  
 (And I know' there is one for you)  
 When we get the hump—

Cameelious hump—  
 The hump that is black and blue!

The cure for this ill is not to sit still,  
 Or frowst with a book by the fire;  
 But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,  
 And dig till you gently perspire;

And then you will find that the sun and the wind,  
 And the Djinn of the Garden too,  
 Have lifted the hump—  
 The horrible hump—  
 The hump that is black and blue!

I get it as well as you-oo-oo  
 If I haven't enough to do-oo-oo!  
 We all get hump—  
 Cameelious hump—  
 Kiddies and grown-ups too!

### Science

In this picture of the respiratory system, each important organ is numbered. Place each number with the appropriate organ on the left side in the "answer" blank.

**nose** – contains two nostrils which brings air in and out of the body  
**answer:** \_\_\_\_\_

**trachea or windpipe** – a tube that connects the upper respiratory system to the lungs  
**answer:** \_\_\_\_\_

**lungs** – the main part of the respiratory system; it puts oxygen into the bloodstream  
**answer:** \_\_\_\_\_

**mouth** – can be used to suck in or expel air  
**answer:** \_\_\_\_\_

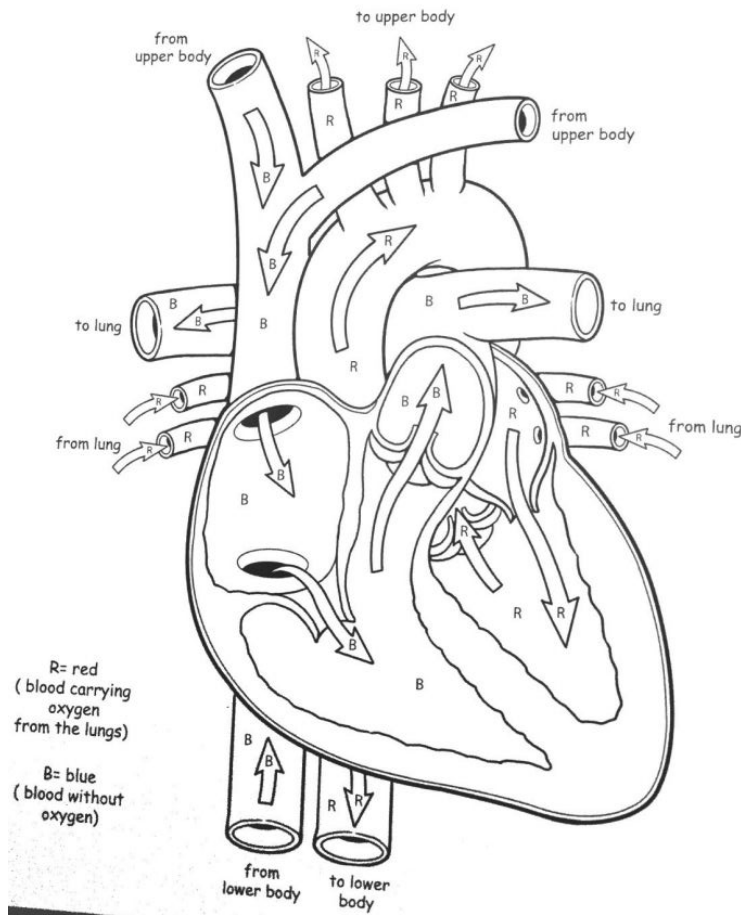
**bronchi** – smaller tubes that bring air to and from the lungs  
**answer:** \_\_\_\_\_

**diaphragm** – muscle that moves up and down to help expand your lungs  
**answer:** \_\_\_\_\_

(oxygen and carbon dioxide are exchanged in the alveoli, the small bulbs at the ends of...)

# The Heart

## blood circulation



1. Color the path of blood carrying oxygen from the lungs red.
2. Color the path of blood without oxygen blue.

## Music

- 1) Today we are learning the Japanese rice-pounding song! Hooray! Grab a partner.
- 2) Note: although the music below is in the key of C, in the video I am singing in the key of G.
- 3) Get a partner to be Person A; you are Person B. Watch me be Person B in this video:  
<https://cloud.swivl.com/v/d18a62bc1aea90022a3112afe78a52c>

## O mochio tsuki macho

### Rice Pounding Song

The musical score consists of four staves of music in treble clef, 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff has the lyrics "O mo - chi - o tsu - ki ma - cho, O mo - chi - o tsu - ki ma - cho,". The second staff has "pe - tan - ko pe - tan - ko pe - tan pet - tan pe - tan - ko". The third staff has "ko - no - te ko - no - te ko - no - te ko - no - te ko - no - te". The fourth staff has "toom toom toom toom toom toom toom toom toom toom".

Partners facing each other. Partner A claps steady beat in “alligator” style throughout game. Partner B motions:  
 1<sup>st</sup> phrase: Alligator clap 2<sup>nd</sup> phrase: *Pe*=tap own hand  
*Tan*=tap partner’s hand *Ko*=tap own hand 3<sup>rd</sup> phrase:  
*Konote*=tap own hand then make clockwise circle with their right hand between “A’s” hands on each “konote.”  
 (clap pattern is |ZIZ I|I|) 4<sup>th</sup> phrase: *Boom*=Clap rhythm of the “Boom” to follow melodic contour of song-  
 Below A’s arm (low) between A’s arms (middle) Above A’s arms (high).



## P.E.

Hello, Boys and Girls! Welcome to our last P.E. class of the year! For today, I will give you some suggestions as well as a good exercise to keep doing throughout the rest of the summer. Here is my suggestion or, rather, my exhortation: this summer, I would like you to have as many adventures as possible! Be active by hiking, camping, playing sports or just by good old exploring. This summer, Coach Hess is going to go camping in Idaho. If you are not going camping, try making a tent at your house, and put it in the yard. Use sheets and poles or anything else you can think of to set up a camp-site. If you loved one of the sports we did this year, ask your parents if you could join a team or a club. Whatever you do, just make sure that you have fun and stay active!

I have put together a short exercise that is made of the most important exercises we have done this year. Try to do some of these exercises daily so that you can stay strong!

### **Summer Exercise:**

- 30 seconds of jumping-jacks to warm up
- 30 seconds of push-ups
- 60 seconds of resting squats
- 30 seconds of burpees
- 30 second break
- 60 seconds of crab-walking
- 30 seconds of lunges
- 30 seconds of planks

Feel free to change the exercise in any way, adding other exercises or making it longer or shorter. It was very fun teaching you this year, Fourth Grade. Have a wonderful summer!

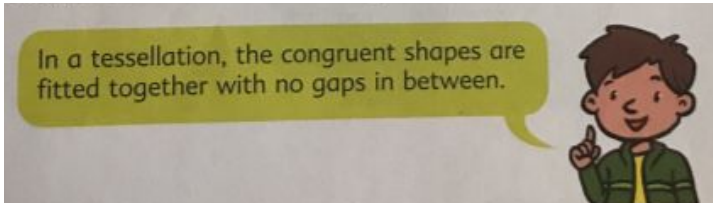
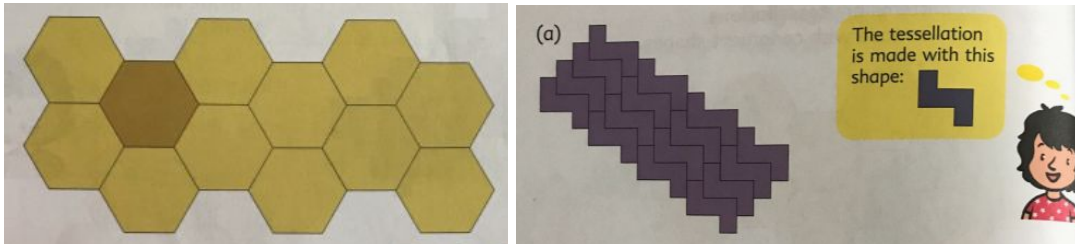


## Day 4 Instructions and Resources

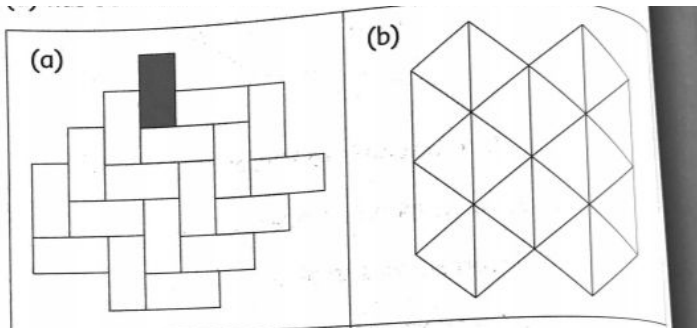
Friday, 5/29

### Math

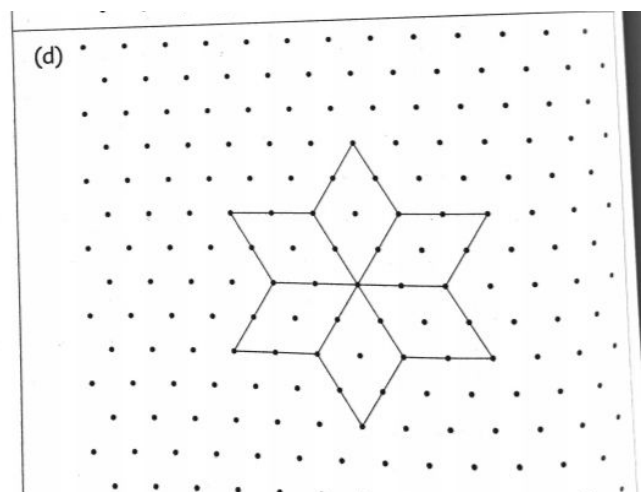
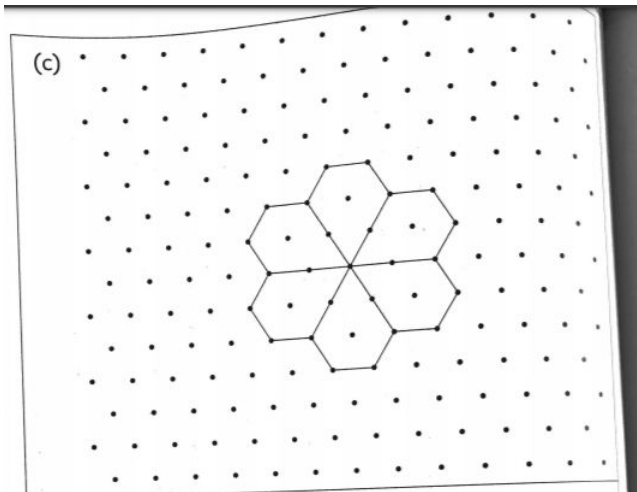
These tiling patterns are tessellations. Each of them is made with congruent shapes only. Congruent means they are the same shape and size.



Color the shape used in the following tessellation, (b). (a) has been done for you.



Extend each of the following tessellations in the space provided using the dots.



## Latin Roots (about 5 min.)

- Read through the definitions. **graph = writing**

Word	Definition
homograph	a word written the same way as another word but having a different meaning.
paragraph	a section of writing that has a topic and concluding sentence
phonograph	record player; a device that turns the writing on records into sound
photography	the use of light to record an image using a camera
seismograph	a device that writes down (records) the movements of the earth

- Match each word to its definition.

<u>Word</u>	<u>Definition</u>
homograph	the use of light to record an image using a camera
paragraph	a device that writes down (records) the movements of the earth
phonograph	record player; a device that turns the writing on records into sound
photography	a word written the same way as another word but having a different meaning.
seismograph	a section of writing that has a topic and concluding sentence

## Literature

Listen to Mrs. Spiotta read Ch. 31: <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/5255ea2e05d42dd7b14a6c509112e6d1>

## CHAPTER 31 - The Subterranean Waters

The king's harper, who always formed a part of his escort, was chanting a ballad which he made as he went on playing on his instrument—about the princess and the goblins, and the prowess of Curdie, when all at once he ceased, with his eyes on one of the doors of the hall. Thereupon the eyes of the king and his guests turned thitherward also. The next moment, through the open doorway came the princess Irene. She went straight up to her father, with her right hand stretched out a little sideways, and her forefinger, as her father and Curdie understood, feeling its way along the invisible thread. The king took her on his knee, and she said in his ear:

'King-papa, do you hear that noise?'

'I hear nothing,' said the king.

'Listen,' she said, holding up her forefinger.

The king listened, and a great stillness fell upon the company. Each man, seeing that the king listened, listened also, and the harper sat with his harp between his arms, and his finger silent upon the strings.

'I do hear a noise,' said the king at length—'a noise as of distant thunder. It is coming nearer and nearer. What can it be?'

They all heard it now, and each seemed ready to start to his feet as he listened. Yet all sat perfectly still. The noise came rapidly nearer.

'What can it be?' said the king again.

'I think it must be another storm coming over the mountain,' said Sir Walter.

Then Curdie, who at the first word of the king had slipped from his seat, and laid his ear to the ground, rose up quickly, and approaching the king said, speaking very fast:

'Please, Your Majesty, I think I know what it is. I have no time to explain, for that might make it too late for some of us. Will Your Majesty give orders that everybody leave the house as quickly as possible and get up the mountain?'

The king, who was the wisest man in the kingdom, knew well there was a time when things must be done and questions left till afterwards. He had faith in Curdie, and rose instantly, with Irene in his arms. 'Every man and woman follow me,' he said, and strode out into the darkness.

Before he had reached the gate, the noise had grown to a great thundering roar, and the ground trembled beneath their feet, and before the last of them had crossed the court, out after them from the great hall door came a huge rush of turbid water, and almost swept them away. But they got safe out of the gate and up the mountain, while the torrent went roaring down the road into the valley beneath.

Curdie had left the king and the princess to look after his mother, whom he and his father, one on each side, caught up when the stream overtook them and carried safe and dry.

When the king had got out of the way of the water, a little up the mountain, he stood with the princess in his arms, looking back with amazement on the issuing torrent, which glimmered fierce and foamy through the night. There Curdie rejoined them.

'Now, Curdie,' said the king, 'what does it mean? Is this what you expected?'

'It is, Your Majesty,' said Curdie; and proceeded to tell him about the second scheme of the goblins, who, fancying the miners of more importance to the upper world than they were, had resolved, if they should fail in carrying off the king's daughter, to flood the mine and drown the miners. Then he explained what the miners had done to prevent it. The goblins had, in pursuance of their design, let loose all the underground reservoirs and streams, expecting the water to run down into the mine, which was lower than their part of the mountain, for they had, as they supposed, not knowing of the solid wall close behind, broken a passage through into it. But the readiest outlet the water could find had turned out to be the tunnel they had made to the king's house, the possibility of which catastrophe had not occurred to the young miner until he had laid his ear to the floor of the hall.

What was then to be done? The house appeared in danger of falling, and every moment the torrent was increasing.

'We must set out at once,' said the king. 'But how to get at the horses!'

'Shall I see if we can manage that?' said Curdie.

'Do,' said the king.

Curdie gathered the men-at-arms, and took them over the garden wall, and so to the stables. They found their horses in terror; the water was rising fast around them, and it was quite time they were got out. But there was no way to get them out, except by riding them through the stream, which was now pouring from the lower windows as well as the door. As one horse was quite enough for any man to manage through such a torrent, Curdie got on the king's white charger and, leading the way, brought them all in safety to the rising ground.

'Look, look, Curdie!' cried Irene, the moment that, having dismounted, he led the horse up to the king.

Curdie did look, and saw, high in the air, somewhere about the top of the king's house, a great globe of light shining like the purest silver.

'Oh!' he cried in some consternation, 'that is your grandmother's lamp! We must get her out. I will go and find her. The house may fall, you know.'

'My grandmother is in no danger,' said Irene, smiling.

'Here, Curdie, take the princess while I get on my horse,' said the king.

Curdie took the princess again, and both turned their eyes to the globe of light. The same moment there shot from it a white bird, which, descending with outstretched wings, made one circle round the king and Curdie and the princess, and then glided up again. The light and the pigeon vanished together.

'Now, Curdie!' said the princess, as he lifted her to her father's arms, 'you see my grandmother knows all about it, and isn't frightened. I believe she could walk through that water and it wouldn't wet her a bit.'

'But, my child,' said the king, 'you will be cold if you haven't something more on. Run, Curdie, my boy, and fetch anything you can lay your hands on, to keep the princess warm. We have a long ride before us.'

Curdie was gone in a moment, and soon returned with a great rich fur, and the news that dead goblins were tossing about in the current through the house. They had been caught in their own snare; instead of the mine they had flooded their own country, whence they were now swept up drowned. Irene shuddered, but the king held her close to his bosom. Then he turned to Sir Walter, and said:

'Bring Curdie's father and mother here.'

'I wish,' said the king, when they stood before him, 'to take your son with me. He shall enter my bodyguard at once, and wait further promotion.'

Peter and his wife, overcome, only murmured almost inaudible thanks. But Curdie spoke aloud.

'Please, Your Majesty,' he said, 'I cannot leave my father and mother.'

'That's right, Curdie!' cried the princess. 'I wouldn't if I was you.'

The king looked at the princess and then at Curdie with a glow of satisfaction on his countenance.

'I too think you are right, Curdie,' he said, 'and I will not ask you again. But I shall have a chance of doing something for you some time.'

'Your Majesty has already allowed me to serve you,' said Curdie.

'But, Curdie,' said his mother, 'why shouldn't you go with the king? We can get on very well without you.'

'But I can't get on very well without you,' said Curdie. 'The king is very kind, but I could not be half the use to him that I am to you. Please, Your Majesty, if you wouldn't mind giving my mother a red petticoat! I should have got her one long ago, but for the goblins.'

'As soon as we get home,' said the king, 'Irene and I will search out the warmest one to be found, and send it by one of the gentlemen.'

'Yes, that we will, Curdie!' said the princess. 'And next summer we'll come back and see you wear it, Curdie's mother,' she added. 'Shan't we, king-papa?'

'Yes, my love; I hope so,' said the king.

Then turning to the miners, he said:

'Will you do the best you can for my servants tonight? I hope they will be able to return to the house tomorrow.'

The miners with one voice promised their hospitality. Then the king commanded his servants to mind whatever Curdie should say to them, and after shaking hands with him and his father and mother, the king and the princess and all their company rode away down the side of the new stream, which had already devoured half the road, into the starry night.

**Ch. 31: Why does Curdie refuse to work for the king, and how does the king reward him instead?** (Write in a complete sentence with beautiful penmanship.)

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## CHAPTER 32 - The Last Chapter

All the rest went up the mountain, and separated in groups to the homes of the miners. Curdie and his father and mother took Lootie with them. And the whole way a light, of which all but Lootie understood the origin, shone upon their path. But when they looked round they could see nothing of the silvery globe.

For days and days the water continued to rush from the doors and windows of the king's house, and a few goblin bodies were swept out into the road.

Curdie saw that something must be done. He spoke to his father and the rest of the miners, and they at once proceeded to make another outlet for the waters. By setting all hands to the work, tunnelling here and building there, they soon succeeded; and having also made a little tunnel to drain the water away from under the king's house, they were soon able to get into the wine cellar, where they found a multitude of dead goblins—among the rest the queen, with the skin-shoe gone, and the stone one fast to her ankle—for the water had swept away the barricade, which prevented the men-at-arms from following the goblins, and had greatly widened the passage. They built it securely up, and then went back to their labours in the mine.

A good many of the goblins with their creatures escaped from the inundation out upon the mountain. But most of them soon left that part of the country, and most of those who remained grew milder in character, and indeed became very much like the Scotch brownies. Their skulls became softer as well as their hearts, and their feet grew harder, and by degrees they became friendly with the inhabitants of the mountain and even with the miners. But the latter were merciless to any of the cobs' creatures that came in their way, until at length they all but disappeared.

The rest of the history of The Princess and Curdie must be kept for another volume.

**Ch. 32: What happens to the surviving goblins that did not leave that part of the country?**  
(Write in a complete sentence with beautiful penmanship.)

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### Writing

Compose a thank-you letter to your parents who have been your teachers during your remote learning experience. Write on the stationery below and tear it out and give it to your parent(s) when you are done. Mention three things that they have done for you that you appreciate. Explain how they have been wonderful to you during this time. Use beautiful penmanship and strong vocabulary.

— Thank You —



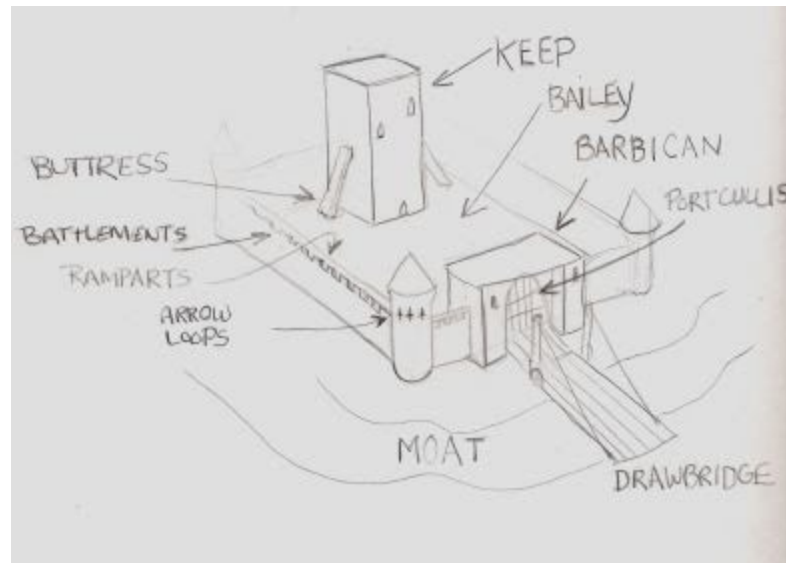
## History



Use these pictures as inspiration to make a medieval castle using cardboard, paper towel or toilet paper rolls, markers, scissors, and glue.

I encourage you to add other features of a medieval castle not shown in this cardboard castle, such as a moat, portcullis, a keep, or a drawbridge. There is a picture on the next page that points out different parts of a castle. There are also descriptions of the different castle parts. You may also choose to draw a picture of a castle using the various castle elements if you'd rather not construct one.





**Arrow loops** were slots in the walls and structures that were used to shoot arrows through. They came in a wide variety of shapes and sizes.

A **bailey** was a courtyard or open space surrounded by walls. The walls that made up the bailey were also considered to be part of the bailey. A castle could have several baileys; sometimes they were called the upper bailey and lower bailey or the west bailey and east bailey.

A **barbican** was a stone structure that protected the gate of a castle. It usually had a small tower on each side of the gate where guards could stand watch.

**Battlements** were the structures at the tops of the walls surrounding a castle. Archers at the top of the wall and fired arrows between open slots down on the attackers. These shapes at the top (where the archers position themselves for battle) were called battlements. They are also referred to as crenellations.

The **drawbridge** was a wooden bridge in front of the main gate of the castle. In the early centuries of castles it was moved to be horizontal to the ground and in the later centuries it was built so it could be raised up in a hinged fashion.

The **keep** of the castle was the highest point and the center of defense. It was the strongest and most secure place in a castle.

A **buttress** was used to help support the leaning weight of the walls.

The **portcullis** was a metal or wood grate that was dropped vertically just inside the main gate to the castle.



## Art

**Making Homemade Clay**

This lesson explains how to make air-dry clay at home. This clay takes about 20 minutes to make. Once it is made you can sculpt it into what you like. It dries in about 24 hours and can be painted with watercolor or acrylic paint.

Note: This activity requires the use of the stove.

For further enrichment you may watch a video of the process:

<https://cloud.swivl.com/v/e61b6a88eb944f5b5ecece2b02de08bd>

You will need:

- ½ cup of baking soda
- ¼ cup and 1 tablespoon of water
- ¼ cup of cornstarch
- a saucepan
- wooden spoon or spatula
- paper towel
- airtight container or plastic bag

Step 1: In a saucepan, combine the baking soda and cornstarch. Mix together. Add the water and mix until even.



Step 2: Place the saucepan on the stove over low heat. Stir with a wooden spoon or spatula continuously until the mixture starts to bubble and thicken. Keep stirring until the mixture starts to clump together into a ball. It should resemble dough.



Step 3: Once the clay clumps, remove from heat. Scoop the clay onto a cutting board and cover with a damp paper towel to cool for five minutes.



Step 4: Once the clay has cooled, wedge or knead the clay by folding it over and pressing down with the heels of the hands. Knead until smooth. Roll into a ball and cover with the damp paper towel. Place the ball of clay into an airtight container or plastic bag and keep it in the fridge until you're ready to use it.



## Latin

### Reading: Horace's Odes 3.30 (10-15 min.)

Today, I wanted to share with you a poem by the Roman author Quintus Horatius Flaccus (known in English as Horace). Horace lived from 65-8 BC, and was famous for many works, including plays, poetry, and commentaries on what makes good writing. The poem we will read today is known as Odes 3.30, because it is the thirtieth poem in the third book of his series of odes. Horace's odes were lyric poems: short poems that explored themes of nature, beauty, and how to live a good life. In Odes 3.30, Horace talks about his pride in his work and how he hopes his poetry will be remembered.

Below is the Latin text, with a translation into English, and some notes explaining names mentioned in the poem. Your assignment is to read through the Latin and English and enjoy it--no translation or comprehension questions necessary--and listen to a short video discussing it as our last poem of the year at <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/cf48f8819eddd3bc07ede90c8c458d4d> . A recording of the Latin poem being read can also be found at <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/bb33bb6295410a3d3f8cc0799cb583af> .

Exēgi monumentum aere perennius  
 rēgālī que sitū p̄ramidum altius,  
 quod nōn imber edax, nōn Aquilo inpotēns  
 possit dīruere aut innumerābilis  
 annōrum seriēs et fuga temporum.           5  
 Nōn omnis moriar multaue pars meī  
 vītābit Libitīnam; usque ego postera  
 crēscam laude recēns, dum Capitōlium  
 scandet cum tacitā virgine pontifex.  
 Dīcar, quā violēns obstrepit Aufidus           10  
 et quā pauper aquae Daunus agrestium  
 rēgnāvit populōrum, ex humilī potēns  
 prīnceps Aeolium carmen ad Italōs  
 dēdūxisse modōs. Sūme superbiam  
 quaesītam meritīs et mihi Delphicā           15  
 laurō cinge volēns, Melpomenē, comam.

I have finished a monument more lasting than bronze  
 And greater than the structure of the regal pyramids,  
 Which no devouring rain, no wild north wind  
 Can destroy, nor the innumerable

Succession of years and the flight of time.  
 I shall not wholly die, and the greater part of me  
 Will escape Death; I shall spring up, restored,  
 With the praise that follows me, as long as the priest  
 Ascends the Capitoline with the silent young woman.  
 Where the violent Aufidus roars  
 And where Daunus, short on water, a powerful ruler from a humble birth,  
 Ruled his rustic people, I shall be spoken of  
 As the first to have brought Aeolian song to Italian meters.  
 Take up the pride that worth demands, Melpomene,  
 And crown my hair with the Delphic laurel.

### Notes

- Aquilo: the name of the north wind
- Libitīna: a goddess of funerals, whose name is sometimes used to refer to death as a person or character.
- Capitōlium: the Capitoline Hill of Rome, where several important temples were located, and religious officials (such as the pontifex and Vestal Virgin described here) would carry out ceremonies.
- Aufidus: A river in southern Italy, today called the Ofanto.
- Daunus: A mythical king of a region of Italy
- Aeolian: Greek
- Delphica laurus: Poets of great fame are described as crowned with “Delphic laurel” because it was a symbol of Apollo, god of poetry.
- Melpomene: A Greek muse of tragic poetry. She is sometimes called on in classical poetry even if the author is not writing tragedy.

Congratulations on finishing your fourth grade year at Great Hearts Irving! We are so proud of your hard work during this time at home. We hope you have a wonderful summer!

## Summer Suggested Activities and Books

### Math

- Bake or cook recipes that require measurement and conversion.
- Practice your math facts.
  - Suggested websites are [xtramath.org](http://xtramath.org) and the five minute frenzies on [math-drills.com](http://math-drills.com)
- Review fourth grade materials using your Singapore math workbooks.
- [Singapore Math Challenge Book](#)
- [Singapore 4th Grade Word Problem Book](#)

### Spalding/Grammar/Writing

- Review phonograms.
- Write ideas and thoughts in a journal.
- Practice the identification of the parts of speech when reading.

### Literature

Recommended books to read during the summer:

Fantasy: *Redwall*, *Peter Pan*, *Mary Poppins*, *Alice in Wonderland*

Literature: *Tales of Shakespeare* by Charles and Mary Lamb

Mystery: *The Westing Game*

History: *Carry On, Mr. Bowditch* by Jane Lee Latham; *Childhood of Famous Americans Series*

Adventure: *Hatchet*, *Holes*, *My Side of the Mountain*

Animal Stories: *Rascal*, *Mrs. Frisby and the Rats of Nimh*, *Winnie the Pooh*

Comedy: *Pippi Longstocking*, *Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle*, *Mr. Popper's Penguins*

Myths: *Children of Odin* by Padraic Colum, *The Children's Homer* by Padraic Colum; *Norse Mythology* by Neil Gaiman

Series: *The Little House Series* by Laura Ingalls Wilder; the *Little Britches Series* by Ralph Moody

### Science

- Keep a nature journal writing down and drawing the new animals and plants you observe.
- Use the book *Nature Anatomy* by Julia Rotham to help you identify plants and make keener nature observations.
- Track the weather throughout the summer using a coordinate line graph.
- Texas Wildlife Association Webinars:  
<https://www.texas-wildlife.org/program-areas/youth-on-demand-webinars>

### History

Read and research the Renaissance and American Civil War in preparation for fifth grade.

## Fifth Grade Supplemental Reading List

### Anthologies:

- American Tall Tales by Adrien Stoutenburg
- A Swinger of Birches: Poems of Robert Frost for Young People, by Robert Frost
- Beowulf, the Warrior by Ian Serraillier
- Best-Loved Poems of the American People selected by Hazel Felleman
- Blue Fairy Book and others by Andrew Lang, illustrated by H. J. Ford
- Book of Americans by Rosemary & Stephen V. Benet
- Book of Virtues by William Bennett
- Cautionary Tales for Children by Hilaire Belloc
- Child's History of England by Charles Dickens
- Child's Geography of the World by V. M. Hillyer
- Child's History of Art by V. M. Hillyer
- Child's History of the World by V. M. Hillyer
- D'Aulaires Book of Greek Myths, by Ingri and Edgar D'Aulaire (nice illustrations)
- Fairy Tales by Hans Christian Anderson illustrated by Peedersen and Frolich
- Favorite Poems Old and New by Helen Ferris
- Hero Tales by Dave and Neta Jackson
- Household Stories by the Brothers Grimm, illustrated by Walter Crane
- John Gilpin's Ride by William Cowper
- Just So Stories by Rudyard Kipling
- Little Bookroom by Eleanor Farjeon
- LuLu's Library and other short story anthologies by Louisa May Alcott
- McGuffey's Second and Third Reader by William McGuffey
- Moral Compass by William Bennett
- Myths of the World by Padraic Colum
- The Children's Book of Heroes, edited by William J. Bennett
- The Kate Greenaway Family Treasury by Kate Greenaway
- The Old-fashioned Storybook illustrated by Troy Allyn Howell
- The Oxford Book of Children's Verse chosen and edited by Iona and Peter Opie
- Treasury of Christian Classics for Children, adapted by Rhonda S. Hogan and Mary Hollingsworth
- Perrault's Complete Fairy Tales by Charles Perrault illustrated by Gustave Dore
- Pied Piper of Hamelin by Robert Browning, illustrated by Kate Greenaway
- Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich and others by Thomas Bailey Aldrich
- Sketch Book by Washington Irving
- Song of Hiawatha and other poems by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
- Stories of Great Americans by Edward Eggleston
- Story of the Greeks and others by H. A. Guerber
- Tanglewood Tales by Nathaniel Hawthorne
- Three Caldecott Collections by Randolph Caldecott
- Treasury of Children's Literature by Armand Eisen
- What Your Fifth Grader Needs to Know E.D. Hirsh, Jr.
- Wonder Book by Nathaniel Hawthorne
- Wonder Clock by Howard Pyle
- E.D. Hirsch, Jr. A First Dictionary of Cultural Literacy

### Classical:

- A Christmas Carol, by Charles Dickens
- A Picture of Freedom by McKissack
- Adventures of Huckleberry Finn by Mark Twain
- Adventures of Tom Sawyer by Mark Twain
- Alice in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll
- An Old-Fashioned Girl, by Louisa May Alcott
- Anne of Green Gables, by L. M. Montgomery
- Bambi: A Life in the Woods By Felix Salten
- Becoming Naomi León by Ryan
- Beware, Princess Elizabeth by Meyer

- Blue Willow; and Hercales, by Doris Gates
- Boy's King Arthur by Sidney Lanier
- Caddie Woodlawn, by Carol Ryrie Brink
- Call It Courage by Sperry
- Call of the Wild by Jack London
- Captains Courageous by Rudyard Kipling
- Checking Your Grammar by Terban
- Complete Peterkin Papers by Lucretia Hale
- Cricket on the Hearth by Charles Dickens
- Daddy Long Legs By Jean Webster
- Don Quixote, by Miguel de Cervantes
- Escape to Freedom by Davis
- Evangeline, by Henry W. Longfellow
- Freckles by Gene Statton Porter
- Freedom Train by Sterling
- Girl of the Limberlost and others by Gene Statton Porter
- Gulliver's Travels, by Jonathan Swift
- Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates by Mary Mapes Dodge
- Heidi by Joanna Spyri
- Heroes by Charles Kingsley
- Homer Price, by Robert McCloskey
- Howard Pyle's Book of Pirates and others by Howard Pyle
- Huckleberry Finn by Mark Twain
- I'm Nobody! Who Are You? by Dickinson
- Indian Chiefs by Freedman
- Indispensible Information for Infants by Owen Wister
- Jim Davis by John Masefield
- Jungle Books by Rudyard Kipling
- Juniper Tree and Other Tales from Grimm, by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm
- Kidnapped and others by Robert Louis Stevenson, illustrated by Wyeth
- Kim by Rudyard Kipling
- Lassie Come Home By Eric Knight
- Last of the Mohicans and others by James Fenimore Cooper
- Little Men by Louisa May Alcott
- Little Women and others by Louisa May Alcott
- Log of a Cowboy by Andy Adams
- Main-Travelled Roads and others by Hamlin Garland
- Mary Poppins, by P. L. Travers
- Masterman Ready by Frederick Marryat
- Merry Adventures of Robin Hood by Howard Pyle
- Mr. Midshipman Easy by Frederick Marryat
- My Brother's Keeper by Osborne
- My Name is America: The Journal of James Edmond Pease by Murphy
- Narrative of the Life of Frederick by Douglass
- Otto of the Silver Hand by Howard Pyle
- Penrod and others by Booth Tarkington
- Phantom Tollbooth, by Juster Norton
- Pinocchio, (complete and unabridged edition) by Carol Collodi
- Prince and the Pauper by Mark Twain
- Redwall By Brian Jacques
- Remember the Ladies by Harness
- Rip Van Winkle; and The Legend of Sleepy Hollow; and other tales, by Washington Irving
- Robinson Crusoe by Daniel Defoe
- Sherlock Holmes, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
- Smoky (and others) by Will James
- Story of King Arthur and His Knights by Howard Pyle
- Strawberry Girl; and Judy's Journey, by Lois Lensky
- Swiss Family Robinson by Johann Wyss

- Ten Tales from Shakespeare By Charles and Mary Lamb
- The Adventures of Tom Sawyer by Mark Twain F
- The Black Stallion By Walter Farley
- The Black Stallion, by Walter Farley
- The Cabin Faced West By Jean Fritz
- The Chronicles of Narnia, (a series of 7 books) by C. S. Lewis
- The Cricket in Times Square, by George Selden
- The Dream Keeper by Hughes
- The Gift of the Magi, by O. Henry
- The Happy Prince, by Oscar Wilde
- The Hobbit, by J.R.R. Tolkien
- The Hound of the Baskervilles by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
- The Jungle Book, by Rudyard Kipling –The Little Princess, by Frances Burnette
- The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood by Howard Pyle
- The Nutcracker: A Story and A Ballet, by Ellen Switzer
- The Perilous Road; and Winter Danger; and Flaming Arrows, (historical fiction) by William O. Steele
- The Secret Garden, Little Lord Fauntleroy, and The Little Princess, by Frances Hodgson Burnett
- The Story of Dr. Dolittle, by Hugh Lofting
- The Trumpeter of Krakow By Eric Kelly
- The Wind in the Willows, by Kenneth Grahame
- The Wonderful Wizard of Oz, (and sequels), by L. Frank Baum
- There's a Frog in My Throat! by Street
- Thousand Leagues Under the Sea and others by Jules Verne
- Tom Sawyer by Mark Twain
- Treasure Island by Robert Louis Stevenson, illustrated by Wyeth
- Uncle Remus: The Complete Tales , retold by Julius Lester, illustrated by Jerry Pinkney
- Uncle Tom's Cabin by Harriet Beecher Stowe
- Water Babies by Charles Kingsley
- Westward Ho! by Charles Kingsley
- Willis the Pilot by Johann Wyss
- World of Shakespeare by Claybourne

#### **Historical:**

- Abe Lincoln: Log Cabin to White House by S. North
- Abraham Lincoln by D'Aulaire
- Abraham Lincoln by George Sullivan
- Amos Fortune, Free Man by E. Yates
- Around the World in a Hundred Years by Fritz
- Away Goes Sally by E. Coatsworth
- Becky Landers: Frontier Warrior by C. Skinner
- Ben and Me by R. Lawson
- Ben Franklin of Old Philadelphia by M. Cousins
- Bound for Oregon by J. Van Leeuwen
- Brave Buffalo Fighter by J. Fitzgerald
- By the Great Horn Spoon by Sid Fleischman
- Carry On, Mr. Bowditch by J. Latham
- Christopher Columbus by Roop
- Cleared for Action: Four Tales of the Sea by S. Meader
- Daniel Boone and the Cumberland Gap by Santella
- Davy Crockett by George Sullivan
- Don't Know Much About Abraham Lincoln by Davis
- Downright Dencey by C. Snedeker
- Enemies of Slavery by Adler
- Fredrick Douglas (Troll Biography)
- From Slave to Civil War Hero: The Life & Time of Edward Smalls by M. Cooper
- George Washington's World by G. Foster
- Guns for General Washington by S. Reit
- Henry VIII and His Chopping Block by MacDonald
- If You Grew Up with George Washington by R. Goss

- If You Were There When They Signed the Constitution by E. Levy
- Johnny Tremain by E. Forbes
- Kit Carson and the Wild Frontier by R. Moody
- Lewis and Clark: Explorers of the American West by S. Kroll
- Lewis and Clark by Sullivan
- Lincoln: A Photobiography by R. Freedman
- Mr. Revere and I by R. Lawson
- Our Independence and the Constitution by D.C. Fisher,
- Paul Revere's Ride by H.W. Longfellow
- Red Pawns by L. Wibberly
- Robert E. Lee: Gallant Christian Soldier by L. Roddy
- Sacajawea by Bruchac
- Silver for General Washington by E. Meadowcraft
- Simon Brute and the Western Adventure by E. Bartleme
- Sitting Bull by Roop
- The American Revolution by B. Blivin
- The Bulletproof George Washington by C. Barton
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- Men of Old Greece by Jennie Hall
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