



Remote Learning Packet

Fifth 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.
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Fifth Grade Remote Learning Plan 5/25 - 5/29

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

Subject	Math ~25-35 min.	Mon. 5/25 Memorial Day No School	Tue. 5/26	Wed. 5/27	Thu. 5/28	Fri. 5/29	
		Spalding	None	Write the names of the four oceans.	Write the names of the seven continents.	Write the 5 jobs of silent final e.	Write the list of exceptions to Rule 12.
		Literature	None	Read 252-258 (20 min.)	Read 258-276 (20 min.)	Read 267-276 (20 min.)	Read Chp 20 (20 min.)
		Grammar/ Writing	None	Grammar (5 min): Review Column Writing: Literature sentences. (5 min)	Grammar (5 min): Review Column Writing: Literature sentences. (5 min)	Father's Day Preparation	Father's Day Preparation
English Language Arts ~25-35 min. total	Poetry	None	Read "To the Skylark"	"To the Skylark" Comprehension	"To the Skylark" Reflection or	"To the Skylark" and Romanticism	

					Discussion Questions	
	<i>History</i> or <i>Science</i> ~20 min.	None	Plant Cell, Food Chain, Food Web, and Flow of Energy worksheets	History of Memorial Day Reading	Moon and Planets flip books and worksheets.	Timeline Activity
	<i>Art</i> or <i>Music</i> ~15 min.	None	Music: Warmups and singing	Art: Finish <i>Tribute Money</i> sketch	Music: Music and Memory	Art: How to make homemade clay
	<i>Latin</i> or <i>P.E.</i> ~15 min.	None	<i>P.E.</i> 15 minutes of soccer juggling	Latin Reading: Medus and Lydia	<i>P.E.</i> An exhortation to exercise and explore. Also, a good exercise for the summer.	Latin Reading: Horace's Odes 3.30

Day 2 Instructions and Resources

Tuesday, 5/26

Math

Homemade Frozen Yogurt

Summer is around the corner and there's nothing more refreshing than something sweet and cold on a hot summer day.

What You Need:

- 2 cups plain yogurt
- Plastic container with lid
- Fork
- Mixing bowl
- Flavoring for the yogurt
- Timer
- Paper pencil



What You Do:

1. Start by brainstorming what flavor of yogurt you would like. Frozen yogurt is similar to ice cream, but instead of using milk and eggs, the main ingredient is yogurt (that can be any flavor you want).
2. Measure 2 cups of plain yogurt to a mixing bowl. Now add whatever flavoring you decided, tasting as you do. When you are happy with the taste, it's time to get freezing!
3. Frozen yogurt is often made by using an ice cream maker, but it can also be churned by hand, which allows you to control how smooth your frozen yogurt is.
4. Put the yogurt mixture in a plastic container with a lid, giving the mixture a stir with a fork. Now you can place the yogurt in the freezer and set the timer for 15 minutes.
5. On paper you can create a chart documenting how long it takes for the yogurt to freeze. You can even make your own predictions!
6. When the timer dings, take the yogurt out of the freezer and give the mixture a good stir with the fork. Then place it back in the freezer, setting the timer for another 15 minutes.
7. Continue stirring and freezing every 15 minutes until the frozen yogurt is set! All that's left is to scoop some out for all your family and friends and enjoy!

Did you know: frozen yogurt didn't hit the scene until the 1970s! It wasn't well received at the time, but over time has turned into a popular and healthy warm weather treat!

Challenge (optional): if you have friends and family you want to share with, consider doubling the recipe. How much of the ingredients do you need?

Spalding

Review (5 min): Write the names of the four oceans.

Literature and Writing

Read pages 252-258 in Chapter Nineteen of *Where the Red Fern Grows* (about 20 minutes):

As you read...

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

After reading...

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

1) What did Old Dan and Little Ann face and defeat with the help of Billy in these pages? Why did Old Dan have to fight this foe?

2) When Billy sees his ax covered again with blood, this time with the blood of an animal that would have killed him, he thinks of the adage, "There is a little good in all evil." What do you think this means and why does he think of it now?

Reading Accommodation: Listen to the audio book by clicking or typing in the link

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=H1o9Xi2sPlc&list=PLI9tN5ZzGGQGAXopWUm2xhsjwpUbIgUj_o&index=13 and follow along with the text in your book stopping at "There was a little good in all evil."

XIX
ALTHOUGH THE WINNING OF THE CUPS AND THE MONEY WAS a big event in my life, it didn't change my hunting any. I was out after the ringtails every night. I had been hunting the river bottoms hard for about three weeks. On that night, I decided to go back to the Cyclone Timber country. I had barely reached the hunting ground when my dogs struck a trail. Old Dan opened up first. They struck the trail on a ridge and then dropped down into a deep canyon, up the other side, and broke out into some flats. I could tell that the scent was hot from their steady bawling. Three times they treed the animal. Every time I came close to the tree, the animal would jump, and the race would be on. After a while, I knew it wasn't a coon. I decided it was a bobcat. I didn't like to have my dogs tree the big cats, for their fur wasn't any good, and all I could expect was two cut-up hounds. They could kill the largest bobcat in the hills, and had on several occasions, but to me it was useless. The only good I could see in killing one was getting rid of a vicious predatory animal. The fourth time they treed, they were on top of a mountain. After the long chase, I figured the animal was winded and would stay in the tree. In a trot I started to them. As I neared the tree, Little Ann came to me, reared up, and whined. By her actions, I knew something was wrong. I stopped. In the moonlight, I could see Old Dan sitting on his haunches, staring up at the tree and bawling. The tree had lots of dead leaves on it. I knew it was a large white oak because it is one of the last trees in the mountains to lose its leaves. Old Dan kept bawling. Then he did something he had never done before. For seconds his deep voice was still, and silence settled over the mountains. My eyes wandered from the tree to him. His lips were curled back and he snarled as he stared into the dark foliage of the tree. His teeth gleamed white in the moonlight. The hair on his neck and along his back stood on end. A low, deep, rumbling growl rolled from his throat. I was scared and I called to him. I wanted to get away from there. Again I called, but it was no use. He wouldn't leave the tree, for in his veins flowed the breded blood of a hunting hound. In his fighting heart, there was no fear. I set the lantern down and tightened my grip on the handle of the ax. Slowly I started walking toward him. I thought, "If I can get close enough to him, I can grab his collar." I kept my eyes on the tree as I edged forward. Little Ann stayed by my side. She, too, was watching the tree. Then I saw them-two burning, yellow eyes- staring at me from the shadowy foliage of the tree. I stopped, petrified with fear. The deep baying of Old Dan stopped and again the silence closed in. I stared back at the unblinking eyes.

I could make out the bulk of a large animal, crouched on a huge branch, close to the trunk of the big tree. Then it moved. I heard the scratch of razor-sharp claws on the bark. It stood up and moved out of the shadows on to the limb. I saw it clearly as it passed between the moon and me. I knew what it was. It was the devil cat of the Ozarks, the mountain lion. The silence was shattered by one long, loud bawl from Old Dan. I'd never heard my dog bawl like that. It was different. His voice rang out over the mountains, loud and clear. The vibration of the deep tones rolled in the silence of the frosty night, on and on, out over the flats, down in the canyons, and died away in the rimrocks, like the cry of a lost soul. Old Dan had voiced his challenge to the devil cat. There was a low cough and a deep growl from the lion. I saw him crouch. I knew what was coming. My hands felt hot and sweaty on the smooth ash handle of the ax. With a blood-curdling scream he sprang from the tree with claws outspread and long, yellow fangs bared. Old Dan didn't wait. Rearing up on his hind legs, he met the lion in the air. The heavy weight bowled him over and over. He wound up in a fallen treetop. The impact of the two bodies threw the lion off balance. Little Ann darted in. Her aim was true. I heard the snap of her steel-trap jaws as they closed on his throat. With a squall of pain and rage, the big cat rolled over on his side, dragging Little Ann with him. His right paw reached out and curved over her shoulder. Sinews tightened and razor-sharp claws dug inward. With a cry of pain, she loosened her hold. I saw the blood squirting from the deep wound in her shoulder. She ignored it and bored back into the fight. Old Dan, stunned for an instant from the impact of the lion's body, fought his way from the treetop. Bawling the cry of the damned, he charged back in. I went berserk, and charged into the fight. There in the flinty hills of the Ozarks, I fought for the lives of my dogs. I fought with the only weapon I had, the sharp cutting blade of a double-bitted ax. Screaming like a madman, with tears running down my face, I hacked and chopped at the big snarling mountain cat. Once, feeling the bite of the sharp blade, the devil cat turned on me. His yellow slitted eyes burned with hate. The long, lithe body dipped low to the ground. The shoulder muscles knotted and bulged. I tried to jump back but my foot slipped and I dropped to my knees. I knew I was trapped. With a terrifying scream he sprang. I never saw my dogs when they got between the lion and me, but they were there. Side by side, they rose up from the ground as one. They sailed straight into those jaws of death, their small, red bodies taking the ripping, slashing claws meant for me. I screamed and charged back into the fight, swinging my ax, but I was careful not to hit one of my dogs. The battle raged on and on, down the side of the mountain, over huckleberry bushes, fallen logs, and rocks. It was a rolling, tumbling mass of fighting fury. I was

in the middle of it all, falling, screaming, crying and hacking away at every opportunity.

I had cut the big cat several times. Blood showed red on the bit of the ax, but as yet I had not gotten in the fatal lick. I knew it had to be soon for my dogs were no match against the razor-sharp claws and the long, yellow fangs.

The screams of the big cat and the deep bellowing voices of my dogs echoed through the mountains as if the demons of hell had been turned loose. Down the side of the mountain, the terrible fight went on, down to the very bottom of the canyon.

The big cat had Old Dan by the throat. I knew he was seeking to cut the all-important vein, the jugular. At the pitiful bawl of Old Dan, Little Ann, throwing caution to the wind, ran in and sank her teeth in the lion's tough neck.

With her claws digging into the mountain soil, she braced herself, and started pulling. The muscles in her small legs knotted and quivered. She was trying hard to pull the devil cat's fangs from the throat of Old Dan.

In the rays of a bright Ozark moon, I could see clearly. For an instant I saw the broad back of the big cat. I saw the knotty bulge of steel-bound muscle, the piston-like jerk of the deadly hind claws, trying for the downward stroke that could disembowel a dog.

Raising the ax high over my head, I brought it down with all the strength in my body. My aim was true. Behind the shoulders, in the broad muscular back, the heavy blade sank with a sickening sound. The keen edge cleaved through the tough skin. It seemed to hiss as it sliced its way through bone and gristle.

I left the ax where it was, sunk to the eye in the back of the devil cat.

He loosened his hold on the throat of Old Dan. With a scream of pain, he reared up on his hind legs and started pawing the air. Little Ann dangled from his neck, still holding on. Her eyes were shut tight and her small feet were digging and clawing at the body.

Old Dan, spewing blood from a dozen wounds, leaped high in the air. His long, red body sailed in between the outspread paws of the lion. I heard the snap of his powerful jaws as they closed on the throat.

The big cat screamed again. Blood gurgled and sprayed. In a bright red mist, it rained out over the underbrush and rattled like sleet on the white oak leaves. In a boxer's stance, he stood and clawed the air. His slitted eyes turned green with hate. He seemed to be unaware of the two hounds hanging from his body, and kept staring at me. I stood in a trance and stared back at the ghastly scene.

The breath of life was slowly leaving him. He was dying on his feet but refusing to go down. My ax handle stuck straight out from his back. Blood, gushing from the mortal wound, glistened in the moonlight. A shudder ran through his body. He tried once again to scream. Blood gurgled in his throat.

It was the end of the trail for the scourge of the mountains. No more would he scream his challenge from the rimrocks to the valley below. The small, harmless calves and the young colts would be safe from his silent stalk.

He fell toward me. It seemed that with his last effort he was still trying to get at me.

As his heavy body struck the ground, something exploded in my head. I knew no more.

When I came to, I was sitting down. It was silent and still. A bird, disturbed by the fight, started chirping far up on the side of the mountain. A small winter breeze rustled some dead leaves in the deep canyon. A cold, crawling chill crept over my body.

I looked over at the lion. My dogs were still glued to his lifeless body. In his dying convulsions the ax had become dislodged from the wound. It lay there in the moonlight, covered with blood.

My numb brain started working. I thought of another time the ax had been covered with blood. I don't know why I thought of Rubin Pritchard at that time, or why I thought of these words I had often heard: "There is a little good in all evil."

Grammar

Mad Libs! I hope you have all filled out a Mad Lib before. Just fill in the blanks with the appropriate type of word, and see what kind of story you have created.

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.

Aesop's Fables

Pick a fun word that fits!

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Noun (Animal) _____ | 2. Noun (Animal) _____ |
| 3. Plural Noun (Food) _____ | 4. Ing verb _____ |
| 5. Adverb _____ | 6. Adverb _____ |
| 7. Noun (Thing) _____ | 8. Part of the body _____ |

Using the word you wrote by number 1, write that word below in every blank that comes before a number 1. Repeat for numbers 2-8.

The _____ (1), the _____ (2), and the _____ (3)

A(n) _____ (1) was _____ (4) _____ (5) before an open _____ (7) where some _____ (3) were roasting. A(n) _____ (2) who was hungrily eyeing the _____ (3) said to the _____ (1), "Do you think you could pull the _____ (3) out of the _____? (7) Your _____ (8) seem(s) to be made for that."

The _____ (1) was flattered, and _____ (6) took out one that had just melted.

"How do you manage to do it?" asked the _____ (2). "Can you reach that big one?"

"Yes, here it is," said the _____ (1). "But I have ruined my _____ (8) a little."

"Oh, but what is that when you are making yourself so useful," replied the _____ (2).

One after the other, the _____ (1) pulled the _____ (3) out of the _____ (7) and then learned that the sly _____ (2) had eaten them all. The poor _____ (1) had no reward except a ruined _____ (8).

Pick a fun word that fits!

- | |
|-------------------------------|
| 1. Common noun (Animal) _____ |
| 2. Common Noun (Person) _____ |
| 3. Ing Verb _____ |
| 4. Adjective _____ |
| 5. 1 of the 5 senses _____ |
| 6. Part of the Body _____ |
| 7. Adjective _____ |
| 8. Adjective _____ |

Using the word you wrote by number 1, write that word below in every blank that comes before a number 1. Repeat for numbers 2-8.

The _____ (1) and the _____ (2)

A(n) _____ (1) was _____ (3) along a road leading down the mountain side, when the _____ (1) suddenly took it into his _____ (4) head to go a different route. He could _____ (5) his home at the foot of the mountain, and to him the quickest way down seemed to be over the edge of the nearest cliff. Just as the _____ (1) was about to leap over, the _____ (2) caught him by the _____ (6) and tried to pull him back, but the _____ (7) _____ (1) would not yield and pulled with all his might. "Very well," said the _____ (2), "Go your way, you _____ (8) beast, and see where it leads you." With that the _____ (2) let go, and the _____ (4) _____ (1) tumbled _____ (6) over heels down the mountain side.

Now that you have seen a few examples of Mad Libs, try to create your own!

1. Write a first draft of your story.
2. Pick 10 important/semi important words and highlight them and determine their part of speech, you can easily use a dictionary to look that up.
3. Write the final draft, but this time leave out the words you had picked, leave a blank, and under the blank write the part of speech.
4. Give the final draft to a friend or family member and see what they create!
5. Don't forget to read it aloud! That's when it gets really funny!

The Original Fables

The Cat, the Monkey, and the Chestnuts

A cat was purring softly before an open fire where some chestnuts were roasting. A monkey who was hungrily eyeing the chestnuts said to the cat, "Do you think you could pull a chestnut out of the fire? Your paws seem to be made for that."

The cat was flattered, and cleverly drew out one that had just burst.

"How do you manage to do it?" asked the monkey. "It seems wonderful to me. Can you reach that big one?"

"Yes, here it is, but I have singed my paw a little."

"Oh, but what is that when you are making yourself so useful," replied the monkey.

One after the other the cat pulled the chestnuts out of the fire, and then found that the sly monkey had eaten them all. The poor cat had no reward except a pair of burnt paws.

The Donkey and His Master

A Donkey was being driven along a road leading down the mountain side, when he suddenly took it into his silly head to choose his own path. He could see his stall at the foot of the mountain, and to him the quickest way down seemed to be over the edge of the nearest cliff. Just as he was about to leap over, his master caught him by the tail and tried to pull him back, but the stubborn Donkey would not yield and pulled with all his might.

"Very well," said his master, "go your way, you willful beast, and see where it leads you."

With that he let go, and the foolish Donkey tumbled head over heels down the mountain side.

Poetry

Read and enjoy one final poem, "To the Skylark," by William Wordsworth. (You do not have to memorize the poem.)

"To the Skylark"

William Wordsworth

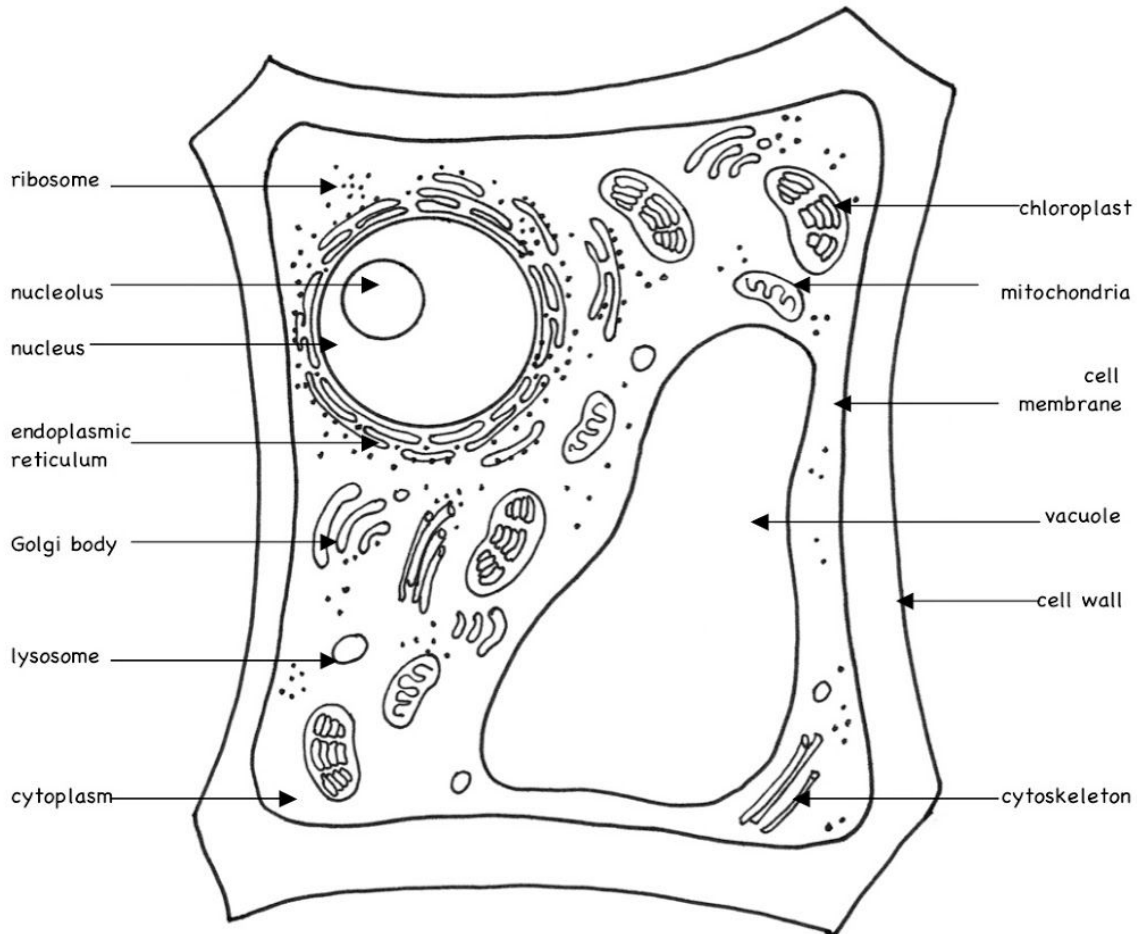
Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

Science

You may choose an activity (or *activities*) from the following pages to work on today. **Have fun!**

Color the plant cell drawn below. Use the colors indicated in the box.

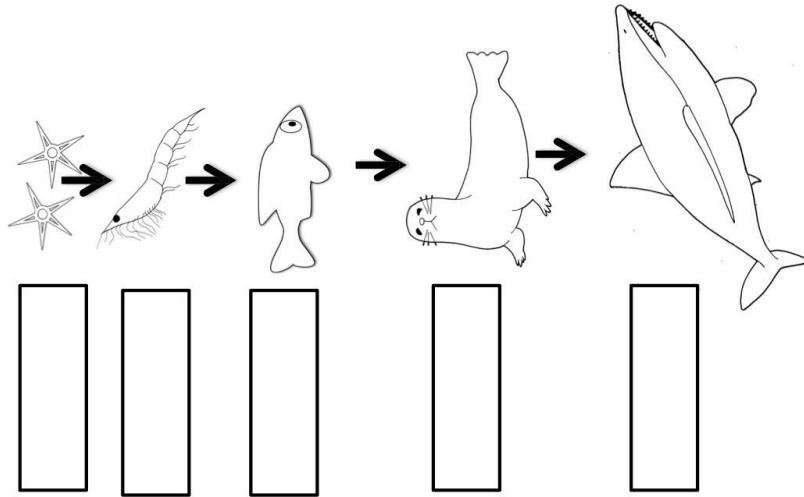


Parts of a plant cell:

cell wall - provides rigid structure and protection; made of cellulose (dark green)
cell membrane - surrounds the internal cell parts; controls passage of materials in and out of the cell
cytoplasm - everything inside of the cell membrane except for the nucleus (light green)
nucleus - control center of the cell; contains DNA (light pink)
nucleolus - composed of protein and RNA; involved in ribosome production (dark pink)
cytoskeleton - provides strength and shape to the cell; network of protein fibers (orange)
endoplasmic reticulum (ER) - passageways that transport proteins within the cell (purple)
mitochondria - produces energy (rust or red)
chloroplast - uses the energy of sunlight to produce glucose during photosynthesis (medium green)
vacuole - vesicle that provides storage of water and other materials; full vacuoles provide support (blue)
lysosome - vesicle that contains substances that break down materials (navy)
Golgi body - packages and transports proteins from the ER to other parts of the cell (gold)
ribosomes (the dots) - where proteins are made in the cell

Directions: Label each as a producer or a consumer. Then, label the biome.

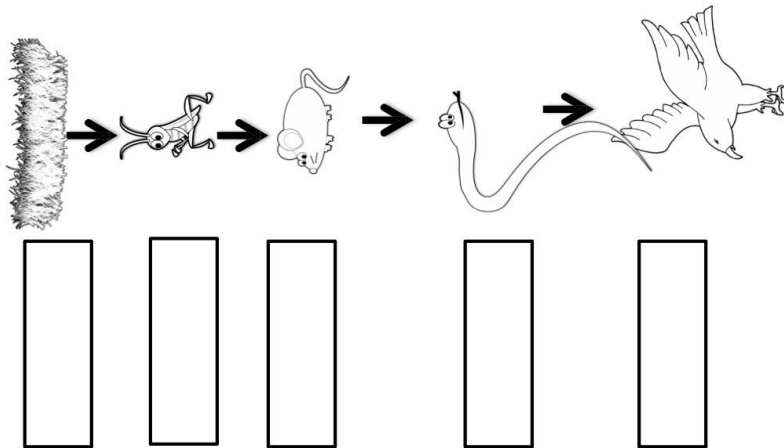
FOOD CHAIN
_____ **BIOME**



©Jennifer Findley

Directions: Label each as a producer or a consumer. Then, label the biome.

FOOD CHAIN
_____ **BIOME**



©Jennifer Findley

Flow of Energy Activity

Directions: Cut out the animal cards below. Use the cards to match the animals to create the below relationships. You may use each card only once, so make sure you think carefully and remember that some cards can fit in more than one category. Example: A fox is a predator and a consumer.

- Predator – Prey

--	--

- Producer – Consumer

--	--

- Decomposer – Consumer

--	--

- Consumer - Consumer – Consumer

--	--	--

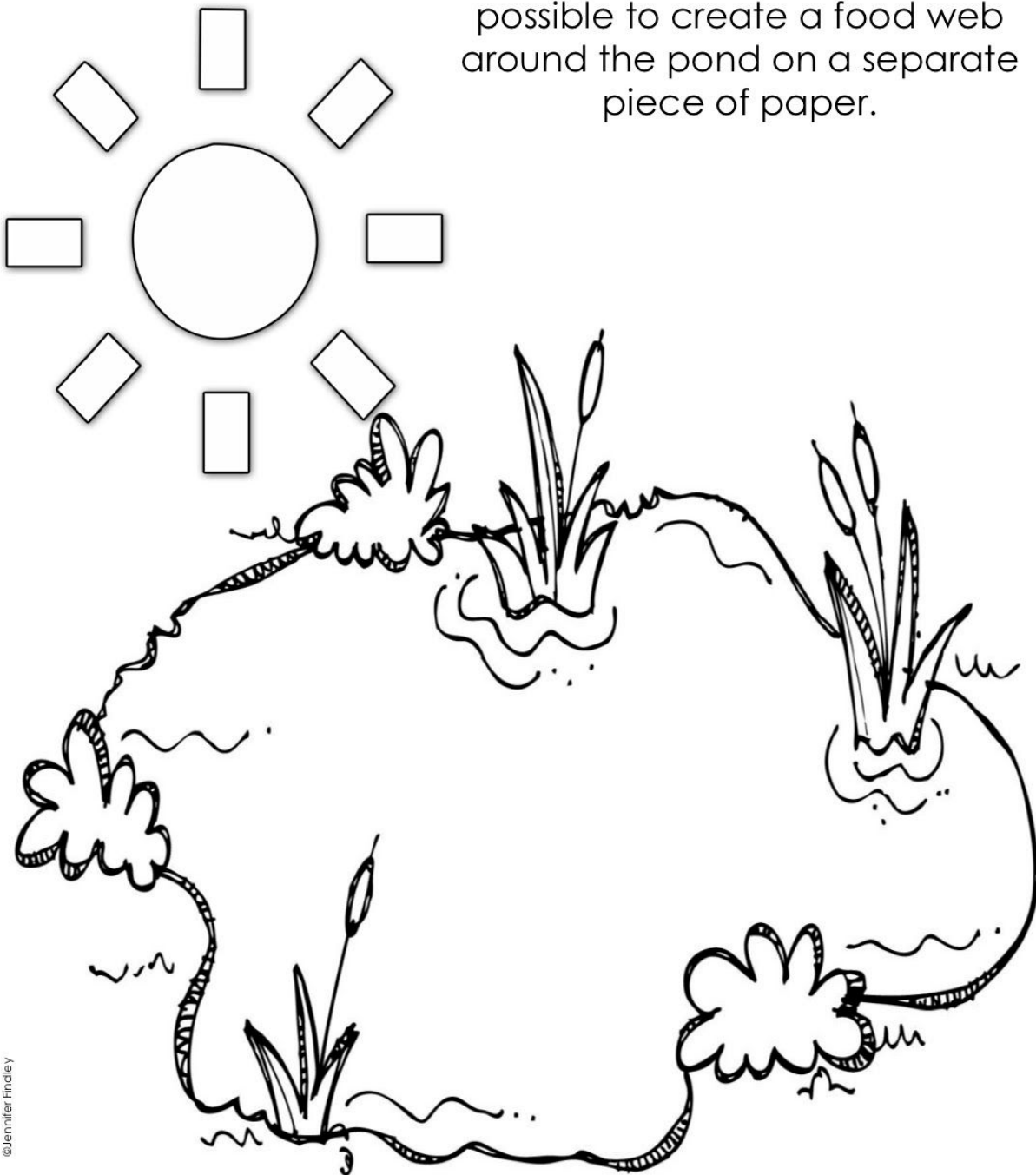
- Producer- Consumer – Consumer

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WORM	SNAKE	COW
GRASS	FOX	GRASS
RABBIT	BLUE BIRD	LION
MOUSE	HAWK	ANTELOPE

CREATE A FOOD WEB

Use as many organisms as possible to create a food web around the pond on a separate piece of paper.



Music

- 1) Warmups: Sing Me-Ay-Ah and Yo-Ho-Ho.
<https://cloud.swivl.com/v/b5f0398266bab69877aab14598d22691>
- 2) Since this is the last week of school, let's take this time to remember all the songs we got to learn this year. Sing them all by memory, and much as you can. If it's difficult, don't feel discouraged!
 - Dona Nobis Pacem
 - Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming ("from tender stem hath sprung, of Jesse's lineage...")
 - Auld Lang Syne
 - Hard Times, Come Again No More
 - Kyou no hi wa Sayounara

Especially sing out the last one of the list here, to celebrate your completion of the fifth grade!

<i>Itsumademo taeru koto naku</i>	Let's be friends
<i>Tomodachi de iyou</i>	Forever, without end
<i>Asu no hi wa yume mite</i>	Tomorrow, we'll dream
<i>Kibou no michi wo</i>	About the path of hope
<i>Sora wo tobu tori no you ni</i>	Like the birds winging through the sky
<i>Jiyuu ni ikiru</i>	We will live freely
<i>Kyou no hi wa sayounara</i>	So long, farewell for today
<i>Mata au hi made</i>	Until the day we meet again
<i>Shinjiau yorokobi wo</i>	Let's treasure
<i>Taisetsu ni shiyuu</i>	The joy of believing in one other
<i>Kyou no hi wa sayounara</i>	So long, farewell for today
<i>Mata au hi made</i>	Until the day we meet again
<i>Mata au hi made</i>	Until the day we meet again

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 me trying to juggle last week to Google Classrooms. I do not mean juggling with our hands, but with our feet.

Here is how you start:

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. Last, you would be surprised how little it takes to kick the ball back into your hands; be gentle. 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.

Next year, Coach Hess will come to Upper School, find you and ask 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.

Day 3 Instructions and Resources

Wednesday, 5/27

Math

Sweet Potato Fries

Sweet potato fries are a healthier alternative to classic French fries, particularly since these are baked rather than fried. Today you will learn how simple it is to load up on flavor, not fat, and practice some knife skills (be sure to have an adult to help) by cutting the sweet potatoes by hand. The fries are great by themselves, but if you're feeling adventurous, make a batch of basil-garlic aioli for dipping. This simple mayonnaise-based sauce comes together in a jiffy, and pairs perfectly with the sweet crunch of the fries. Classic aioli calls for raw egg yolks, but this version doesn't so you can feel comfortable serving it to younger children.

What You Need:

- 1.5 pounds sweet potatoes
- ¼ cup extra virgin olive oil
- 1 teaspoon kosher salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 2 teaspoons paprika

For the Basil-Garlic Aioli: Need a food processor

- 3 cloves garlic
- 2 teaspoons fresh lemon juice
- 7 fresh, large basil leaves
- 1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
- ¼ cup mayonnaise
- ½ teaspoon kosher salt
- ¼ cup extra virgin olive oil



What You Do:

1. Preheat the oven to 450 degrees F.
2. Ask an adult for help with peeling the sweet potatoes using a potato peeler. Be careful of those fingertips!
3. Cut each potato in half lengthwise and then cut each of those halves into thin strips, about ½" wide. Slicing raw sweet potatoes can be kind of tricky, so make sure you have an adult there to help you.
4. In a small dish, combine the oil, salt, pepper, and paprika.
5. Put the sweet potatoes in a resealable, gallon-sized plastic bag.
6. Add the spice and oil mixture and toss well so that the potatoes are evenly coated.
7. On a baking sheet, arrange the potatoes in a single layer and bake for about 30 minutes, or until the fries are cooked through and crisp on the outside. Flip the potatoes over about halfway through the cooking time.

8. While the fries bake, prepare the aioli. In a food processor, combine the garlic, lemon juice, basil, Dijon mustard, mayonnaise, and salt.
9. While the machine is running, slowly drizzle in the olive oil little by little. Process until the mixture reaches a smooth consistency and there are no big pieces of basil.
10. When the fries are done, place them on a plate lined with paper towels.
11. Sprinkle with a little extra salt while the fries are hot. Pour the aioli into a small bowl for dipping, or drizzle it directly over the fries.

**This recipe is gluten free, peanut free, tree nut free, dairy free (depending on the type of mayonnaise you buy), egg free, and vegetarian.

Challenge (optional): if you have friends and family you want to share with, consider doubling the recipe. How much of the ingredients do you need?

Spalding

Review (5 min): Write the names of the seven continents.

Literature and Writing

Read pages 258-267 in Chapter Nineteen of *Where the Red Fern Grows* (about 20 minutes):
As you read...

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

After reading...

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

1) Throughout this story we have pondered the question “Why are these dogs so special?” not only for their charity for each other and intelligence, but also for the way God seemed to preserve their lives miraculously again and again. In these pages, what does Billy tell his parents is one reason these dogs were so special?

Reading Accommodation: Listen to the audio book by clicking or typing in the link <https://youtu.be/H1o9Xi2sPlc?list=PLl9tN5ZzGGQGAXopWUum2xhsjwpUbIgUjo&t=647> and follow along with the text in your book beginning at “There was a little good in all evil” and stopping at “In my heart I knew that there in the grave lay a man’s best friend.”

I got to my feet and went over to my dogs. I knew I had to inspect them to see how badly they were hurt. It wasn't too hard to get Little Ann to loosen her hold. I examined her body. She was cut in several places, but nothing fatal. The only bad wound she had was in her shoulder. It was nine inches long and down to the clean, white bone. She started licking it immediately.

It was different with Old Dan. Try as I might, he wouldn't turn loose. Maybe he could remember the night in the cave when he was a pup. How the big cat had screamed and how he had bawled back at him.

I took hold of his hind legs and tried to pull him loose. It was no use. He knew that the hold he had was a deadly one and he wasn't going to let go. I tried to tell him it was all over, that the lion was dead, to turn loose as I wanted to see how badly he

was hurt. He couldn't understand and wouldn't even open his eyes. He was determined to hold on until the body turned cold and stiff.

With my ax handle, I pried apart his locked jaws. Holding onto his collar, I led him off to one side. I couldn't turn him loose as I knew if I did, he would go back to the lion.

With one hand I started examining him. I ran my fingers through the short, red hair. I could feel the quivering muscles and the hot, sweaty skin. He was a bloody mess. His long, velvety ears were shredded. His entire body was a mass of deep, raw, red wounds. On both sides of his rib carriage, the sharp claws had laid the flesh open to the bone.

His friendly old face was pitiful to see. A razor-sharp claw had ripped down on an angle across his right eye. It was swollen shut. I wondered if he would ever see from that eye again.

Blood dripped from his wounds and fell on the white oak leaves. I saw he was bleeding to death. With tears running down my cheeks, I did the only thing a hunter could do. I raked the leaves away and let his blood drip on the black mountain soil. Mixing it into a mud, I worked it into his wounds to stop the flow of blood.

With my ax in one hand and holding onto his collar with the other, we climbed out of the canyon. I knew if I could get him far enough away from the lion he wouldn't go back.

On reaching the top, I saw the yellow glow of my lantern. I turned Old Dan loose and walked over and picked it up.

Not knowing exactly where I was, I looked down out of the mountains to get my bearings. Beyond the foothills and fields I could see the long, white, crooked line of steam, marking the river's course. Following the snakelike pattern with my eyes, in no time I knew exactly where I was, for I knew every bend in the river.

Anxious to get home so I could take care of my dogs, I turned to call to them. Little Ann was close by. She was sitting down, licking at the wound in her shoulder. I saw the shadowy form of Old Dan sniffing around the tree where the lion had been treed.

As I stood and watched him in the moonlight, my heart swelled with pride. Wounded though he was, he wanted to make sure there were no more lions around.

I called to him. In a stiff-legged trot he came to me. I caught hold of his collar and gave him another inspection. In the lantern light I could see the mud-caked wounds clearly. The bleeding had almost stopped. I felt much better.

Little Ann came over. I knelt down and put my arms around them. I knew that if it hadn't been for their loyalty and unselfish courage I would have probably been killed by the slashing claws of the devil cat.

"I don't know how I'll ever pay you back for what you've done," I said, "but I'll never forget it."

Getting up, I said, "Come on, let's go home so I can take care of those wounds."

I hadn't gone far when I heard a cry. At first I thought it was a bird, or a night hawk. I stood still and listened. I glanced at Little Ann. She was looking behind me. I turned around and looked for Old Dan. He was nowhere in sight.

The cry came again, low and pitiful. Instantly Little Ann started back the way we had come. I followed as fast as I could run.

I found Old Dan lying on his side, pleading for help. What I saw was almost more than I could stand. There, tangled in the low branches of a huckleberry bush, were the entrails of my dog. With a gasping cry I knelt down by his side.

I knew what had happened. Far back in the soft belly, the slashing, razor-sharp claws of the lion had cut into the hollow. In my inspections I had overlooked the wound.

His entrails had worked out and had become entangled in the bush. The forward motion of his body had done the rest.

He whimpered as I laid my hand on his head. A warm, red tongue flicked out at it. With tears in my eyes, I started talking to him. "Hang on, boy," I said. "Everything will be all right. I'll take care of you."

With trembling hands, I unwound the entrails from the bush. With my handkerchief I wiped away the gravel, leaves, and pine needles. With fingers that shook, I worked the entrails back into the wound.

Knowing that I couldn't carry him and the ax and lantern, I stuck the ax deep in the side of a white oak tree. I blew out the lantern and hung the handle over the other blade. I wrapped my dog in my old sheepskin coat and hurried for home.

Arriving home, I awakened my mother and father. Together we doctored my dogs. Old Dan was taken care of first. Very gently Mama worked the entrails out and in a pan of warm soapy water, washed them clean of the pine needles, leaves, and grit.

"If I only knew what I was doing," Mama said, as she worked, "I'd feel better."

With gentle hands, she worked the entrails back through the opening. The wound was sewn up and bandaged with a clean white cloth.

Little Ann wasn't hard to doctor. I held her head while Mama cleaned her wounds with peroxide. Feeling the bite of the strong liquid, she whined and licked at my hands.

"It's all right, little girl," I said. "You'll be well in no time."

I opened the door and watched her as she limped off to the doghouse.

Hearing a whimper, I turned around. There in the doorway to the room stood my sisters. I could tell by the looks on their faces that they had been watching for some time. They looked pitiful standing there in their long white gowns. I felt sorry for them.

"Will Little Ann be all right?" my oldest sister asked.

"Yes," I said, "she'll be all right. She only had one bad wound and we've taken care of that."

"Old Dan's hurt bad, isn't he?" she said.

I nodded my head.

"How bad is it?" she asked.

"It's bad," I said. "He was cut wide open."

They all started crying.

"Now here," Mama said, going over, "you girls get back in bed. You'll take a death of cold being up like this in your bare feet."

"Mommie," the little one said. "God won't let Old Dan die, will He?"

"I don't think so, honey," Mama said. "Now off to bed."

They turned and walked slowly back to their room.

"The way your dogs are cut up," Papa said, "it must have been a terrible fight."

"It was, Papa," I said. "I never saw anything like it. Little Ann wouldn't have fought the lion if it hadn't been for Old Dan. All she was doing was helping him. He wouldn't quit. He just stayed right in there till the end. I even had to pry his jaws loose from the lion's throat after the lion was dead."

Glancing at Old Dan, Papa said, "It's in his blood, Billy. He's a hunting hound, and the best one I ever saw. He only has two loves-you and hunting. That's all he knows."

"If it hadn't been for them, Papa," I said, "I probably wouldn't be here now."

"What do you mean," Mama said, "you wouldn't be here now?"

I told them how the lion had leaped at me and how my dogs had gotten between him and me.

"They were so close together," I said, "when they came up off the ground they looked just like one."

There was a moaning sigh from Mama. She covered her face with her hands and started crying.

"I don't know," she sobbed, "I just don't know. To think how close you came to being killed. I don't think I can stand any more."

"Now, now," Papa said, as he walked over and put his arms around her.

"Don't go all to pieces. It's all over. Let's be thankful and do our best for Old Dan."

"Do you think he'll die, Papa?" I asked.

"I don't know, Billy," Papa said, shaking his head. "He's lost an awful lot of blood and he's a mighty sick dog. All we can do now is wait and see."

Our wait wasn't long. My dog's breathing grew faster and faster, and there was a terrible rattling in his throat. I knelt down and laid his head in my lap.

Old Dan must have known he was dying. Just before he drew one last sigh, and a feeble thump of his tail, his friendly gray eyes closed forever.

At first I couldn't believe my dog was dead. I started talking to him. "Please don't die, Dan," I said. "Don't leave me now."

I looked to Mama for help. Her face was as white as the bark on a sycamore tree and the hurt in her eyes tore at my heart. She opened her mouth to say something but words wouldn't come out.

Feeling as cold as an arctic wind, I got up and stumbled to a chair. Mama came over and said something. Her words were only a murmur in my ears.

Very gently Papa picked Old Dan up in his arms and carried him out on the porch. When he came back in the house, he said, "Well, we did all we could do, but I guess it wasn't enough."

I had never seen my father and mother look so tired and weary as they did on that night. I knew they wanted to comfort me, but didn't know what to say.

Papa tried. "Billy," he said, "I wouldn't think too much about this if I were you. It's not good to hurt like that. I believe I'd just try to forget it. Besides, you still have Little Ann."

I wasn't even thinking about Little Ann at that moment. I knew she was all right.

"I'm thankful that I still have her," I said, "but how can I forget Old Dan? He gave his life for me, that's what he did—just laid down his life for me. How can I ever forget something like that?"

Mama said, "It's been a terrible night for all of us. Let's go to bed and try to get some rest. Maybe we'll all feel better tomorrow."

"No, Mama," I said. "You and Papa go on to bed. I think I'll stay up for a while. I couldn't sleep anyway."

Mama started to protest, but Papa shook his head. Arm in arm they walked from the room.

Long after my mother and father had retired, I sat by the fire trying to think and couldn't. I felt numb all over. I knew my dog was dead, but I couldn't believe it. I didn't want to. One day they were both alive and happy. Then that night, just like that, one of them was dead.

I didn't know how long I had been sitting there when I heard a noise out on the porch. I got up, walked over to the door, and listened. It came again, a low whimper and a scratchy sound.

I could think of only one thing that could have made the noise. It had to be my dog. He wasn't dead. He had come back to life. With a pounding heart, I opened the door and stepped out on the porch.

What I saw was more than I could stand. The noise I had heard had been made by Little Ann. All her life she had slept by Old Dan's side. And although he was dead, she had left the doghouse, had come back to the porch, and snuggled up close to his side.

She looked up at me and whimpered. I couldn't stand it. I didn't know I was running until I tripped and fell. I got to my feet and ran on and on, down through our fields of shocked corn, until I fell face down on the river's bank. There in the gray shadows of a breaking dawn, I cried until I could cry no more.

The churring of gray squirrels in the bright morning sun told me it was daylight. I got to my feet and walked back to the house.

Coming up through our barn lot, I saw my father feeding our stock. He came over and said, "Breakfast is about ready."

"I don't want any breakfast, Papa," I said. "I'm not hungry and I have a job to do. I'll have to bury my dog."

"I tell you what," he said, "I'm not going to be very busy today, so let's have a good breakfast and then I'll help you."

"No, Papa," I said. "I'll take care of it. You go and eat breakfast. Tell Mama I'm not hungry."

I saw a hurt look in my father's eyes. Shaking his head, he turned and walked away.

From rough pine slabs, I made a box for my dog. It was a crude box but it was the best I could do. With strips of burlap and corn shucks, I padded the inside.

Up on the hillside, at the foot of a beautiful red oak tree, I dug his grave. There where the wild mountain flowers would grow in the spring, I laid him away.

I had a purpose in burying my dog up there on the hillside. It was a beautiful spot.

From there one could see the country for miles, the long white crooked line of the river, the tall thick timber of the bottoms, the sycamore, birch, and box elder. I thought perhaps that on moonlight nights Old Dan would be able to hear the deep voices of the hounds as they rolled out of the river bottoms on the frosty air. After the last shovel of dirt was patted in place, I sat down and let my mind drift back

through the years. I thought of the old K. C. Baking Powder can, and the first time I saw my pups in the box at the depot. I thought of the fifty dollars, the nickels and dimes, and the fishermen and blackberry patches.

I looked at his grave and, with tears in my eyes, I voiced these words: "You were worth it, old friend, and a thousand times over."

In my heart I knew that there in the grave lay a man's best friend.

Grammar

Follow the directions given below. Keep in mind you only have to color the spaces with numbers, but I think you should color the whole thing just for fun, or hang on to it and color it at a different time.

- Compound sentences are sentences with more than one subject or predicate.
- Simple sentences have only one subject and predicate.

SIMPLE & COMPOUND SENTENCES

Directions: Decide if each sentence is simple or compound. Then, use the coloring key to complete the coloring sheet. Please note that sentences 1-10 have a coloring key, and sentences 11-20 have another.

1. McKayla washed the laundry.
2. That tea tastes bitter, but I have some sugar.
3. Last night, Kaleb was at track practice.
4. Rachana played cards, and she developed a headache.
5. Stephanie and Brynn played a video game.
6. During the summer, my family hikes, and we each take surfing lessons.
7. Layna slept until noon!
8. The baby threw off her blankets.
9. That movie was inappropriate, and now my brother's scared!
10. Carol took her dog on a walk, and he sniffed every mailbox.

11. The baseball game is in town.
12. The forecast called for snow, so Marlee wore boots.
13. That road construction is loud!
14. Denice needs a calculator, but nobody has one.
15. Josh brought pizza to my house.
16. Our school bus had a flat tire, so we were late for school.
17. We are having spaghetti for dinner.
18. Terrell brought his card collection to school, and he traded some of the cards.
19. Those shoes hurt my feet, so I'm wearing different ones.
20. My sister braided my hair.

simple - blue

compound - green

simple - purple

compound - orange



Directions: Decide if each sentence is simple or compound. Then, use the coloring key to complete the coloring sheet. Please note that sentences 1-10 have a coloring key, and sentences 11-20 have another.

1. After the softball game, Tanya seemed tired and wanted to go home.
2. Doreen played on the tablet; Austin played on his phone.
3. Both Teddi and Cecily own cats.
4. Phineas loves roller coasters; moreover, he visits a new park every summer.
5. Vanessa bought ice cream and chocolate syrup at the store.
6. Will and Chris played video games and then went for a run.
7. Becka took her sister home, and they made dinner together.
8. Jackson ate grapes, and Catelyn peeled a banana.
9. We will either go to the movies or to the mall.
10. Bree developed an organizational system in her drive.

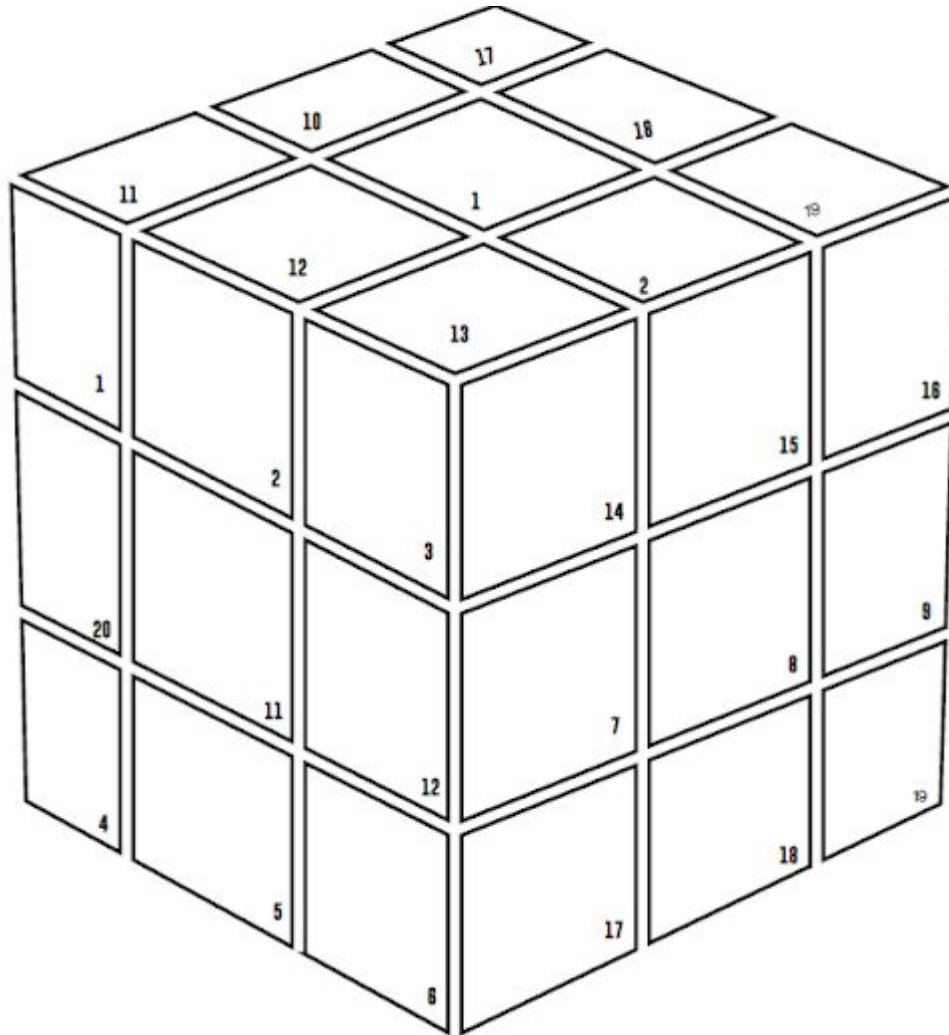
11. The students took interest in the monkeys at the zoo.
12. Milton wore a coat and scarf, but he forgot his hat.
13. Brittney loves lasagna, she always orders it on her birthday.
14. Last night, Jevon hurt his knee at the basketball game.
15. My pencil sharpener is broken, and the pencil sharpener is too!
16. Brice is on time.
17. My computer has limited space, but I don't want to buy a hard drive.
18. Kate went to the dentist.
19. Those problems look easy, but they are actually difficult.
20. The office celebrated Misty's birthday with a cake.

simple - blue

compound - green

simple - purple

compound - orange



Poetry

Today, reread “To the Skylark” carefully several times to try to get a better understanding of its meaning. You may need to look up the definition of several words, such as “ethereal,” “minstrel,” or “aspire.” One thing to keep in mind as well is that the poem is written using **archaic language**. Archaic language is the use of old-fashioned words, such as “dost” for “do” or “thou” for “you.” Once you have grasped the meaning of each word in the poem, try to rephrase it into your own words. What is happening in this poem?

Finally, examine the form of the poem. Can you identify the rhyme scheme? What about the meter? Are there any other poetic devices which occur in this poem? What effect does this use of archaic language have on the poem?

History

The History of Memorial Day

This past Monday, we celebrated Memorial Day. But what is Memorial Day, exactly (besides a day we have off from school)? The holiday actually began as a way to honor the soldiers who died during the Civil War. About 750,000 soldiers had died during the war, and their families and friends wanted to remember the sacrifice they made. In many places, people honored the dead by choosing a special day to

decorate their graves. It is not clear where exactly this practice began. Boalsburg, Pennsylvania, claims to have begun the practice before the war even ended, in 1864. In addition, Southern women decorated the graves of Confederate soldiers in Virginia, South Carolina, and Mississippi, in May 1865, before the war officially ended. In 1866, a women's memorial association in Mississippi decorated the graves of both Confederate and Union soldiers. This popularized the custom of honoring the dead soldiers by putting flowers on their graves. About a century later, President Lyndon Johnson would declare that the official "birthplace of Memorial Day" was Waterloo, New York, which began the practice of a formal day of observance for the fallen soldiers on May 5, 1866.

The observance became more formally widespread in 1868. John A. Logan, the leader of the Grand Army of the Republic (an organization for Union Civil War veterans) issued an order declaring that May 30 should be a day "for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village, and hamlet churchyard in the land." His intention was that this holiday would be observed annually (every year) across the entire nation.

The national celebration of this day of remembrance took place at Arlington Cemetery. The cemetery is in Virginia, across the Potomac River from Washington, D.C., and both Union and Confederate soldiers were buried there. At first, the name for this day was "Decoration Day."

Memorial Day was celebrated on May 30 every year until 1971, when a federal law declared that the holiday would be observed on the last Monday in May. In addition, the remembrance was extended to all soldiers who had died in American wars, such as World War I, World War II, or the Vietnam War. Even today, a national observance is held at Arlington National Cemetery on Memorial Day. A wreath is placed on one grave, the "Tomb of the Unknown Soldier," a monument dedicated to fallen soldiers who have not been identified. Furthermore, each grave in the cemetery is decorated with a small American flag. There are even special rules about how to fly the flag on Memorial Day: At sunrise, the flag should be raised quickly to the top of the flagpole, then immediately flown at "half-staff" (halfway down the pole) until noon. The flag will then be flown from the top of the pole ("full staff") until sunset.

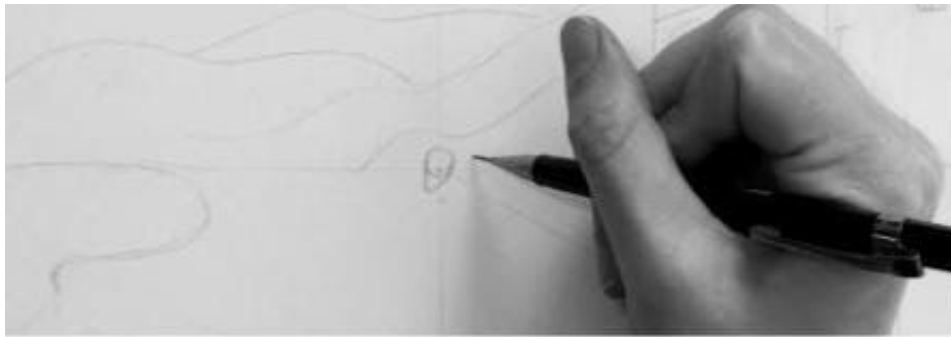
Today, many people celebrate Memorial Day as the unofficial beginning of summer, having parties or taking trips. However, people also celebrate Memorial Day by honoring the deceased soldiers in their own ways. For example, towns have had their own parades on this day for many years. Veterans (former soldiers), as well as friends and relatives of soldiers, in the Vietnam War sometimes visit the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C.. Some people decorate graves of fallen soldiers in their own town with flags or flowers. Finally, in 2000, Congress passed the National Moment of Remembrance Act, asking Americans to pause at 3:00 p.m. on Memorial Day to remember the sacrifice made by the soldiers who had died during wartime.

Here are some questions either for your own reflection or to discuss with your family or friends: Why should we remember and honor those who have died in battle? How did decorating the graves of Civil War soldiers help Americans to remember their sacrifice? Though Memorial Day has now passed, is there anything you can do yourself to observe the traditions of this holiday?

Art

Directions: You will need a pencil, eraser and your drawing from last class. Follow the steps to finish your drawing of Masaccio's *The Tribute Money*. Make sure you refer back to the reference image of *The Tribute Money* (last page of the lesson) as you draw. Remember to *sketch lightly!!*

For further enrichment you may view and draw along with this video: [Click Here](#)



Step 1: Start off by drawing the head of Jesus on the vanishing point of the drawing (the section where the horizon line and the vertical line meet).



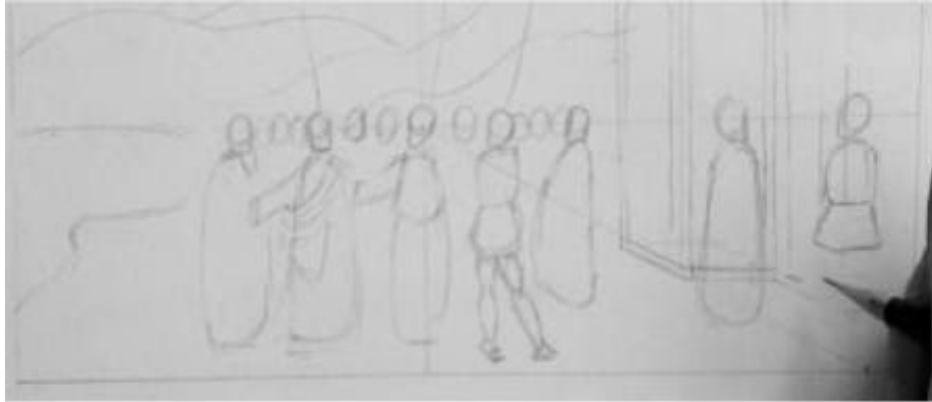
Step 2: Draw the heads directly to the right of Jesus; there should be six heads. Take note that some of the heads should overlap a little.



Step 3: Next, draw the heads directly to left of Jesus; there should be seven. Some heads will overlap.



Step 4: Next draw the basic shape of the clothing of Jesus and the Tax Collector. Start mapping out the clothing of the other apostles.



Step 5: Next draw the two heads to the far right; that of St. Peter and the Tax Collector. Map out the basic shapes of their bodies. Add some details.



Step 6: Draw the head of St. Peter to the far left of the painting, by the sea. Sketch the basic shapes of his body. Add the trees along the bank of the sea.



Step 9: Erase any unnecessary lines



Step 10: Add details to the background and building. Add the folds of the clothing. Make sure that each Apostle has a halo above their head. Draw the beards and hair on each figure. You do not need to draw the facial features. Darken your lines. Lastly, add some shading. You may color with colored pencils if you have time.



Latin

Reading: Medus and Lydia (10-15 min.)

Today we will finish our reading in Chapter Six. As we know from last week's reading, Medus is on his way to visit his beloved friend Lydia in Rome. Read below to see what happens next, consulting the word bank as necessary. A recording of this passage being read may be found at

<https://cloud.swivl.com/v/1bda0e4e2159caaafd9fb353dbb2ce8a> .

Iam Mēdus Rōmae est, ante ōstium Lȳdiae. Mēdus ōstium pulsat.

Lȳdia imperat: "Intrā!"

Mēdus per ōstium intrat et amīcam suam salūtāt: "Salvē, mea Lȳdia! Ecce amīcus tuus quī sōlus ad Rōmam et tē venit."

Lȳdia verbīs Mēdī dēlectātur eumque salūtāt: "Ō amīce, salvē! Ubi est dominus tuus?"

Mēdus: "Iūlius in vīllā est apud servōs suōs--neque is iam meus dominus est!"

Verba Mēdī ā Lȳdiā laetā audiuntur, et Mēdus ā Lȳdiā complectitur.

Word Bank

iam: now

est: he/she/it is

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

ōstium: door, entrance

pulsat: he/she/it hits, knocks on

imperat: he/she/it commands

intrā: enter! (imperative sg.)

intrat: he/she/it enters

per (prep. + Acc.): through

amīca, -ae: friend (feminine)

amīcus, -ī: friend (masculine)

suus, -a, -um: his/her/its own

salūtāt: he/she/it greets

-que: and (enclitic: attaches to end of other word)

apud (prep. + Acc.): with, near, among

neque: nor, and not, neither

ā/ab (prep. + Abl.): by, from

complectitur: he/she/it is embraced, hugged

meus, -a, -um: my, mine

ecce: look at, behold (imperative sg.)

tuus, -a, -um: your, yours

quis, *quae*, *quid*: who, what

sōlus, -a, -um: alone

ad (prep. + Acc.): to, toward

tē: you (Acc. Sg.)

venit: he/she/it comes

verbum, -ī: word

dēlectātur: he/she/it is delighted

eum: him (Acc. Sg.)

ubi: where?

dominus, -ī: master

vīllā, -ae: country house, villa

servus, -ī: slave, servant

is, *ea*, *id*: he, she, it

laetus, -a, -um: happy, joyful, glad

audiuntur: they are heard

Day 4 Instructions and Resources

Thursday, 5/28

Math

Sourdough Bread

Want to make a loaf of bread from scratch? Nowadays, it's pretty easy. Just go to the store to pick up some flour, and get some yeast.

But if you lived in colonial times, life wouldn't have been this convenient. To make flour, for example, you would have needed to grow your own grains, harvest and grind them. Yeast, which came in dried blocks, was often hard to find and not always of good quality. That's why colonial women turned to an ancient way to make bread rise: they made a yeast mixture called "sourdough," which they could use again and again.

This bread is pretty delicious, too, especially when it's warm and covered with honey and butter.

What You Need:

- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup room temperature water
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 package active dry yeast
- 1 cup sourdough starter
- 1-½ cups warm water (about 85 degrees F, careful not too hot or you'll kill the yeast)
- 6-¾ cups all-purpose flour (you may use whole grain flour)
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 tablespoon sugar, honey or molasses
- ½ teaspoon baking soda
- Optional: 1 egg, 2 tablespoons butter



What You Do:

1. Sourdough is one of those mixtures that offers great practice with proportions: for every 1 cup of flour, you need an equal amount of water, and 1 tablespoon of sugar.
2. Mix the three ingredients together with the yeast in a big glass jar with plenty of space for the mixture to "grow."
3. Cover your bowl with a dish towel (not plastic wrap, which cuts the air supply), and set it aside in a warm place for about 3 days.
4. Watch it change, and stir it down once a day with a wooden spoon (don't use metal, which may react with the mixture).
5. Science Time: Dry yeast looks like dust, but actually it's a one-celled organism that need nutrients to survive. Give it some water and a little sugar, and it springs to life!

6. Over three days, the yeast will grow and multiply, and give off carbon dioxide gas bubbles as a waste product. Watch your mixture bubble, and smell its distinctive odor on each day. As the sugar is being eaten completely, get ready for a “sour” smell. (Did you know? You can keep extra sourdough in the fridge for a long time, as long as you keep using parts of it now and then, and replenish equal parts of flour and water and a proportionate amount of sugar every few days. Be sure to stir thoroughly. You don’t need to add more yeast-it’s already growing. You’re just feeding it!)
7. Combine the warm water and sourdough starter with 4 cups of flour. Add the salt, sugar, and baking powder, and stir thoroughly. Cover your bowl with a damp dish towel, and allow it to sit overnight.
8. The next morning, stir the mix again in case there has been any crust, and then add 1-½ more cups of flour, as well as eggs and butter if you like.
9. Spread the remaining ¾ cup of flour on a clean tabletop, and dump the bread dough onto it. Knead it thoroughly and shape it into 2 loaves.
10. Place the loaves into two greased bread pans, cover them with a fresh damp towel, and leave them in a warm place for about 2 more hours. They should double, and you’ll notice that they’ll have a distinctive yeast smell when you’re up close.
11. Once the loaves have risen in this way, bake them in a preheated 375 degree oven until golden brown, about 50-55 minutes.

Challenge (optional): if you have friends and family you want to share with, consider doubling the recipe. How much of the ingredients do you need?

Spalding

Review (5 min): Write in order the five jobs of silent final e.

Literature and Writing

Read pages 267-276 in Chapter Nineteen of *Where the Red Fern Grows* (about 20 minutes):

As you read...

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

After reading...

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

1) Throughout this story we have pondered the question “Why are these dogs so special?” not only for their charity for each other and intelligence, but also for the way God seemed to preserve their lives miraculously again and again. In these pages, what do we discover from Billy’s parents is the second reason these were so special?

2) Before this, Billy's prayers have always been answered in the way he had hoped. How does Billy feel about prayer now that his prayer for their survival has been answered with a "no," rather than a "yes" as he had hoped?

Reading Accommodation: Listen to the audio book by clicking or typing in the link

<https://youtu.be/H1o9Xi2sPlc?list=PLI9tN5ZzGGQGXopWUum2xhsjwpUblgUjo&t=1540> and

follow along with the text in your book beginning at "In my heart I knew that there in the grave lay a man's best friend."

Two days later, when I came in from the bottoms where my father and I were clearing land, my mother said, "Billy, you had better look after your dog. She won't eat."

I started looking for her. I went to the barn, the corncrib, and looked under the porch. I called her name. It was no use.

I rounded up my sisters and asked if they had seen Little Ann. The youngest one said she had seen her go down into the garden. I went there, calling her name. She wouldn't answer my call.

I was about to give up, and then I saw her. She had wiggled her way far back under the thorny limbs of a blackberry bush in the corner of the garden. I talked to her and tried to coax her out. She wouldn't budge. I got down on my knees and crawled back to her. As I did, she raised her head and looked at me.

Her eyes told the story. They weren't the soft gray eyes I had looked into so many times. They were dull and cloudy. There was no fire, no life. I couldn't understand.

I carried her back to the house. I offered her food and water. She wouldn't touch it.

I noticed how lifeless she was. I thought perhaps she had a wound I had overlooked. I felt and probed with my fingers. I could find nothing.

My father came and looked at her. He shook his head and said, "Billy, it's no use. The life has gone out of her. She has no will to live."

He turned and walked away.

I couldn't believe it. I couldn't.

With eggs and rich cream, I made a liquid. I pried her mouth open and poured it down. She responded to nothing I did. I carried her to the porch, and laid her in the same place I had laid the body of Old Dan. I covered her with gunny sacks.

All through the night I would get up and check on her. Next morning I took warm fresh milk and again I opened her mouth and fed her. It was a miserable day for me. At noon it was the same. My dog had just given up. There was no will to live.

That evening when I came in from the fields, she was gone. I hurried to my mother. Mama told me she had seen her go up the hollow from the house, so weak she could hardly stand. Mama had watched her until she had disappeared in the timber.

I hurried up the hollow, calling her name. I called and called. I went up to the head of it, still calling her name and praying she would come to me. I climbed out onto the flats; looking, searching, and calling. It was no use. My dog was gone.

I had a thought, a ray of hope. I just knew I'd find her at the grave of Old Dan. I hurried there.

I found her lying on her stomach, her hind legs stretched out straight, and her front feet folded back under her chest. She had laid her head on his grave. I saw the trail where she had dragged herself through the leaves. The way she lay there, I thought she was alive. I called her name. She made no movement. With the last ounce of strength in her body, she had dragged herself to the grave of Old Dan.

Kneeling down by her side, I reached out and touched her. There was no response, no whimpering cry or friendly wag of her tail. My little dog was dead.

I laid her head in my lap and with tear-filled eyes gazed up into the heavens. In a choking voice, I asked, "Why did they have to die? Why must I hurt so? What have I done wrong?"

I heard a noise behind me. It was my mother. She sat down and put her arm around me.

"You've done no wrong, Billy," she said. "I know this seems terrible and I know how it hurts, but at one time or another, everyone suffers. Even the Good Lord suffered while He was here on earth."

"I know, Mama," I said, "but I can't understand. It was bad enough when Old Dan died. Now Little Ann is gone. Both of them gone, just like that."

"Billy, you haven't lost your dogs altogether,"

Mama said. "You'll always have their memory. Besides, you can have some more dogs."

I rebelled at this. "I don't want any more dogs," I said. "I won't ever want another dog. They wouldn't be like Old Dan and Little Ann."

"We all feel that way, Billy," she said. "I do especially. They've fulfilled a prayer that I thought would never be answered."

"I don't believe in prayers any more," I said. "I prayed for my dogs, and now

look, both of them are dead."

Mama was silent for a moment; then, in a gentle voice, she said, "Billy, sometimes it's hard to believe that things like this can happen, but there's always an answer. When you're older, you'll understand better."

"No, I won't," I said. "I don't care if I'm a hundred years old, I'll never understand why my dogs had to die."

As if she were talking to someone far away, I heard her say in a low voice, "I don't know what to say. I can't seem to find the right words."

Looking up to her face, I saw that her eyes were flooded with tears.

"Mama, please don't cry," I said. "I didn't mean what I said."

"I know you didn't," she said, as she squeezed me up tight. "It's just your way of fighting back."

I heard the voice of my father calling to us from the house.

"Come now," Mama said. "I have supper ready and your father wants to talk to you. I think when you've heard what he has to say, you'll feel better."

"I can't leave Little Ann like this, Mama," I said. "It'll be cold tonight. I think I'll carry her back to the house."

"No, I don't think you should do that," Mama said. "Your sisters would go all to pieces. Let's make her comfortable here."

Raking some dead leaves into a pile, she picked Little Ann up and laid her in them.

Taking off my coat, I spread it over her body. I dreaded to think of what I had to do on the morrow.

My father and sisters were waiting for us on the porch. Mama told them the sad story. My sisters broke down and started crying. They ran to Mama and buried their faces in her long cotton dress.

Papa came over and laid his hand on my shoulder. "Billy," he said, "there are times in a boy's life when he has to stand up like a man. This is one of those times. I know what you're going through and how it hurts, but there's always an answer. The Good Lord has a reason for everything He does."

"There couldn't be any reason for my dogs to die, Papa," I said. "There just couldn't. They hadn't done anything wrong."

Papa glanced at Mama. Getting no help from her, he said, "It's getting cold out here. Let's go in the house. I have something to show you."

"Guess what we're having for supper," Mama said, as we turned to enter the house. "Your favorite, Billy, sweet potato pie. You'll like that, won't you?"

I nodded my head, but my heart wasn't in it.

Papa didn't follow us into the kitchen. He turned and entered his bedroom.

When he came into the room, he had a small shoe box in his hand. I recognized the box by the bright blue ribbon tied around it. Mama kept her valuables in it.

A silence settled over the room. Walking to the head of the table, Papa set the box down and started untying the ribbon. His hands were trembling as he fumbled with the knot. With the lid off, he reached in and started lifting out bundles of money.

After stacking them in a neat pile, he raised his head and looked straight at me.

"Billy," he said, "you know how your mother has prayed that some day we'd have enough money to move out of these hills and into town so that you children could get an education."

I nodded my head.

"Well," he said, in a low voice, "because of your dogs, her prayers have been answered. This is the money earned by Old Dan and Little Ann. I've managed to make the farm feed us and clothe us and I've saved every cent your furs brought in. We now have enough."

"Isn't it wonderful," Mama said. "It's just like a miracle."

"I think it is a miracle," Papa said. "Remember, Billy said a prayer when he asked for his pups and then there were your prayers. Billy got his pups. Through those dogs your prayers were answered. Yes, I'm sure it is a miracle."

"If he gave them to me, then why did he take them away?" I asked.

"I think there's an answer for that, too," Papa said. "You see, Billy, your mother and I had decided not to separate you from your dogs. We knew how much you loved them. We decided that when we moved to town we'd leave you here with

your grandpa for a while. He needs help anyway. But I guess the Good Lord didn't want that to happen. He doesn't like to see families split up. That's why they were taken away."

I knew my father was a firm believer in fate. To him everything that happened was the will of God, and in his Bible he could always find the answers.

Papa could see that his talk had had very little effect on me. With a sorrowful look on his face, he sat down and said, "Now let us give thanks for our food and for all the wonderful things God has done for us. I'll say a special prayer and ask Him to help Billy."

I barely heard what Papa had to say.

During the meal, I could tell that no one was enjoying the food. As soon as it was over, I went to my room and lay down on the bed.

Mama came in. "Why don't you go to bed," she said, "and get a good night's sleep. You'll feel better tomorrow."

"No, I won't, Mama," I said. "I'll have to bury Little Ann tomorrow."

"I know," she said, as she turned my covers down. "I'll help if you want me to."

"No, Mama," I said, "I don't want anyone to help. I'd rather do it all by myself."

"Billy, you're always doing things by yourself," Mama said. "That's not right. Everyone needs help some time in his life."

"I know, Mama," I said, "but, please, not this time. Ever since my dogs were puppies, we've always been together—just us three. We hunted together and played together. We even went swimming together."

"Did you know, Mama, that Little Ann used to come every night and peek in my window just to see if I was all right? I guess that's why I want to be by myself when I bury her."

"Now say your prayers and go to sleep. I'm sure you'll feel better in the morning."

I didn't feel like saying any prayers that night. I was hurting too much. Long after the rest of the family had gone to bed, I lay staring into the darkness, trying to think and not able to.

Some time in the night I got up, tiptoed to my window, and looked out at my doghouse. It looked so lonely and empty sitting there in the moonlight. I could see that the door was slightly ajar. I thought of the many times I had lain in my bed and listened to the squeaking of the door as my dogs went in and out. I didn't know I was crying until I felt the tears roll down my cheeks.

Mama must have heard me get up. She came in and put her arms around me. "Billy," she said, in a quavering voice, "you'll just have to stop this. You're going to make yourself sick and I don't think I can stand any more of it."

"I can't, Mama," I said. "It hurts so much, I just can't. I don't want you to feel

bad just because I do."

"I can't help it, Billy," she said. "Come now and get back in bed. I'm afraid you'll catch cold."

After she had tucked me in, she sat on the bed for a while. As if she were talking to the darkness, I heard her say, "If only there were some way I could help—something I could do."

"No one can help, Mama," I said. "No one can bring my dogs back."

"I know," she said, as she got up to leave the room, "but there must be something there just has to be."

After Mama had left the room, I buried my face in my pillow and cried myself to sleep.

The next morning I made another box. It was smaller than the first one. Each nail I drove in the rough pine boards caused the knot in my throat to get bigger and bigger.

My sisters came to help. They stood it for a while, then with tears streaming, they ran for the house.

I buried Little Ann by the side of Old Dan. I knew that was where she wanted to be. I also buried a part of my life along with my dog.

Remembering a sandstone ledge I had seen while prowling the woods, I went there. I picked out a nice stone and carried it back to the graves. Then, with painstaking care, I carved their names deep in its red surface.

As I stood looking at the two graves, I tried hard to understand some of the things my father had told me, but I couldn't—I was still hurting and still had that empty feeling.

I went to Mama and had a talk with her.

"Mama," I asked, "do you think God made a heaven for all good dogs?"

"Yes," she said, "I'm sure He did."

"Do you think He made a place for dogs to hunt? You know—just like we have here on our place—with mountains and sycamore trees, rivers and cornfields, and old rail fences? Do you think He did?"

"From what I've read in the Good Book, Billy," she said, "He put far more things up there than we have here. Yes, I'm sure He did."

I was thinking this over when Mama came up to me and started tucking my shirt in. "Do you feel better now?" she asked.

"It still hurts, Mama," I said, as I buried my face in her dress, "but I do feel a little better."

"I'm glad," she said, as she patted my head. "I don't like to see my little boy hurt like this."

Grammar

(Well, actually, Father's Day Prep, but please use proper grammar)

Father's Day is coming up on June 21st. Dads like handmade items just like Moms do. Also, they would like coupons just like we suggested for your Mom, but tailor it to your Dad, maybe do some of his chores. Some coupon ideas are; take the garbage out, mow the lawn, work together with him on a project, make his favorite dinner or dessert, etc. You can design your own or use the template below. Hole punch them and tie them together with ribbon for a nice finishing touch.

The History of Father's Day

On July 5, 1908, a West Virginia church sponsored the nation's first event explicitly in honor of fathers, a Sunday sermon in memory of the 362 men who had died in the previous December's explosions at the Fairmont Coal Company mines in Monongah, but it was a one-time commemoration and not an annual holiday.

The next year, a Spokane, Washington, woman named Sonora Smart Dodd, one of six children raised by a widower, tried to establish an official equivalent to Mother's Day for male parents. She went to local churches, the YMCA, shopkeepers and government officials to drum up support for her idea, and she was successful: Washington State celebrated the nation's first statewide Father's Day on June 19, 1910.

Slowly, the holiday spread. In 1916, President Wilson honored the day by using telegraph signals to unfurl a flag in Spokane when he pressed a button in Washington, D.C. In 1924, President Calvin Coolidge urged state governments to observe Father's Day. Today, the day honoring fathers is celebrated in the United States on the third Sunday of June.



Cards are always a good thing to do for any holiday. You can make your own card very easily, and it is a nice personalized gift for your Dad.

Below you will find a template for a Father's Day Socratic Poem. Socratic poems are poems where the first word in each line spells a word. In this case, Father. Typically Socratic poems just have one word per letter, but feel free to make it your own! Poems are a very special thing to write for someone.

Happy
Father's
Day

F _____

A _____


T _____

H _____

E _____

R _____

Poem by _____



Poetry

Today, reread “To the Skylark,” by William Wordsworth. Consider the following questions to help deepen your understanding of the poem. You may like to discuss them with a sibling or parent.

- In the first stanza, where does Wordsworth suggest the skylark’s focus is - on the sky, on the ground, or both?
- How does Wordsworth contrast the skylark with the nightingale? Where does he say each of them spend their time?
- What does it mean to “soar, but never roam?” How does the skylark do this?
- Why does Wordsworth describe “Heaven and Home” as “kindred points?”
- In what way should we take the skylark as an example or “type of the wise?”

Science

For class today, please enjoy making this flip-book for the phases of the Moon! Then, after reading about the planets in our solar system, you may choose to make another flipbook for ALL the planets we’ve learned about. Make sure to **use color and be careful when cutting and gluing out the appropriate pages.**

<p>Directions: Color the sun yellow, color the dark half of the moon black, and color the earth blue. Fill in and label the phase of the moon that you see from the Earth. Cut out pages of flip book, put in numerical order and staple together.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">Moon Phases Flip Book</p> <p>Name: _____</p> <p>Period: _____</p>	

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Name: _____

Date: _____

Facts about Venus



- Venus is named after the Roman goddess of love and beauty.
- Venus is the second planet from the sun.
- Is the brightest object in the sky besides our Sun and the Moon.

- Has no moons.
- It is also known as the morning star because at sunrise it appears in the east. It is also known as evening star as it appears at sunset when it is in the west. It cannot be seen in the middle of the night.
- Venus and Earth are close together in space and similar in size, which is the reason Venus is called Earth's sister planet.
- Venus has more volcanoes than any other planet.
- It is the hottest planet in the solar system, even hotter than Mercury, which is closer to the Sun.
- The temperature on the surface of Venus is about 460° Celsius.
- The atmosphere on Venus is composed of carbon dioxide. The surface is heated by radiation from the sun, but the heat cannot escape through the clouds and layer of carbon dioxide. (This is a "greenhouse effect").



Venus' symbol

Name: _____

Date: _____



Facts about Earth



- All of the planets, except for Earth, were named after Greek and Roman gods and goddesses. The name Earth is an Old English and German name which simply means soil.

- Earth is the third planet from the sun.

- Has one moon.
- It is the only planet that has liquid water on its surface.
- It is the only planet in the solar system that has life.
- The Earth is fragile. Its surface is split into plates (tectonic plates) which float on a rocky mantle – the layer between the surface of the earth, its crust, and its hot liquid core. The inside of the Earth is active and earthquakes, volcanoes and mountain building takes place along the boundaries of the tectonic plates.
- The Earth is larger than Mercury, Venus and Mars, the planets closest to it.
- The Earth differs from all the other planets because it has such a wide diversity of life and intelligent beings. This has only been possible because of the Earth's atmosphere which has protected the Earth and allowed life to flourish.



EARTH
Earth's symbol

Name: _____

Date: _____

Facts about Jupiter



- It is called after the ancient Roman sky-god, Jupiter, known to the Greeks as Zeus.

- Jupiter is the fifth planet from the sun.

- Jupiter is the largest planet in our Solar system. It is so big that more than 1300 Earths could fit inside it.

- Has 63 moons! The first 4 largest moons of Jupiter are called Galilean moons but 46 of them are much smaller ranging.
- Jupiter is the stormiest planet in the Solar System. There is a permanent, but ever-changing whirlpool of storms, known as Jupiter's Great Red Spot which can be seen using a telescope.
- The Red Spot was first seen by Robert Hooke in 1664.
- Jupiter is the first of the "gas giants", Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune.
- Jupiter is made of hydrogen, helium, methane and ammonia. The cloudy sphere has bright belts on it which change their shape.
- If you were to descend into Jupiter, the thin, cold atmosphere becomes thicker and hotter, gradually turning into a thick, dark fog. In the blackness about 1000km down the pressure squeezes the atmosphere so hard that it becomes like liquid.



Jupiter's symbol

Name: _____

Date: _____

Facts about Mars



- Mars was named after the Roman god of war, it is also described as the "Red Planet" because it is covered with rust-like dust.
- Mars is the fourth planet from the sun.
- It is the second smallest planet in the Solar System.
- Has two moons.
- Mars looks a lot like our home, though instead of blue oceans and green land, Mars is home to an ever present red tint. This is due to a mineral called iron oxide that is very common on the planet's surface.
- Mars has many massive volcanoes and is home to Olympus Mons, the largest volcano in our solar system, it stands 21km high and is 600km across the base.
- Mars has seasons like Earth too. These seasons are much longer than Earth seasons because Mars is so much farther from the sun.
- Mars experiences violent dust storms which continually change its surface.
- Mars has a very thin atmosphere made mostly of carbon dioxide. It is not thick enough to trap the sun's heat like Venus, so the planet is very cold. Temperatures range from -120 Degrees Celsius on winter nights to 25 Degrees Celsius in the summer.



Name: _____

Date: _____

Facts about Mercury



- In Roman mythology Mercury is the god of commerce, travel and thievery, the Roman counterpart of the Greek god Hermes, the messenger of the Gods. The planet received this name because it moves so quickly across the sky.

- Mercury is a small planet which orbits closer to the sun than any other planet in our solar system.
- Mercury has no moons.
- Mercury's surface is very hot, it features a barren, crater covered surface which looks similar to Earth's moon.
- Mercury is so close to the Sun, the daytime temperature is scorching reaching over 400 degrees Celsius.
- At night however, without an atmosphere to hold heat in, the temperatures plummet, dropping to -180 degrees Celsius.
- Mercury has a very low surface gravity.
- Mercury has no atmosphere which means there is no wind or weather to speak of.
- Mercury has no water or air on the surface.



Mercury's symbol

Name: _____

Date: _____



Facts about Neptune



- Neptune is named after the Roman god of the sea.
- Is the eighth planet in the Solar System.
- Is the farthest planet from the Sun in the Solar System.
- Has 13 moons.
- Neptune is one of the four "gas giants". Like Jupiter, Saturn and Uranus, it is composed only of gas. Neptune is a great ball of hydrogen and helium.
- In the same year that Neptune was first seen, 1846, its first moon was also spotted and named Triton. Triton is a most unusual moon since it orbits Neptune in the opposite direction of Neptune's own rotation on its axis. All the other major satellites (moons) in the Solar System follow their planets round as they turn.
- Neptune is a large, water planet with a blue hydrogen-methane atmosphere and faint rings.
- Neptune suffers the most violent weather in our Solar System.
- Storms have been spotted swirling around its surface and freezing winds that blow about ten times faster than hurricanes on Earth making it the windiest planet in the Solar System.



Neptune symbol

Name: _____

Date: _____

Facts about Saturn



- Saturn was named after the ancient Roman god of agriculture.
- Is the sixth planet from the sun.
- Saturn is the second largest planet in our Solar System, after the giant Jupiter.
- Has 62 moons!
- Saturn is the last planet that can be seen without using a telescope or binoculars and the planet was known in the ancient world before telescopes were invented. The rings, however, can only be seen using a telescope.
- The rings were first seen by Galileo in 1610 through a telescope.
- The rings are made up of millions of ice crystals, some as big as houses and others as small as specks of dust.
- The four largest outer planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, are known as the "gas giants" since it is thought they are entirely made up of dense layers of gas. Saturn is a great ball of hydrogen and helium.
- Saturn is very light as it is made up of more hydrogen than helium so it is less dense.
- Saturn is not a peaceful planet. Storm winds race around the atmosphere at 800kmp/h.



Saturn symbol

Name: _____

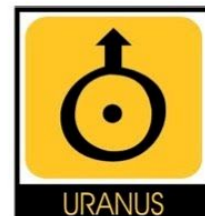
Date: _____



Facts about Uranus



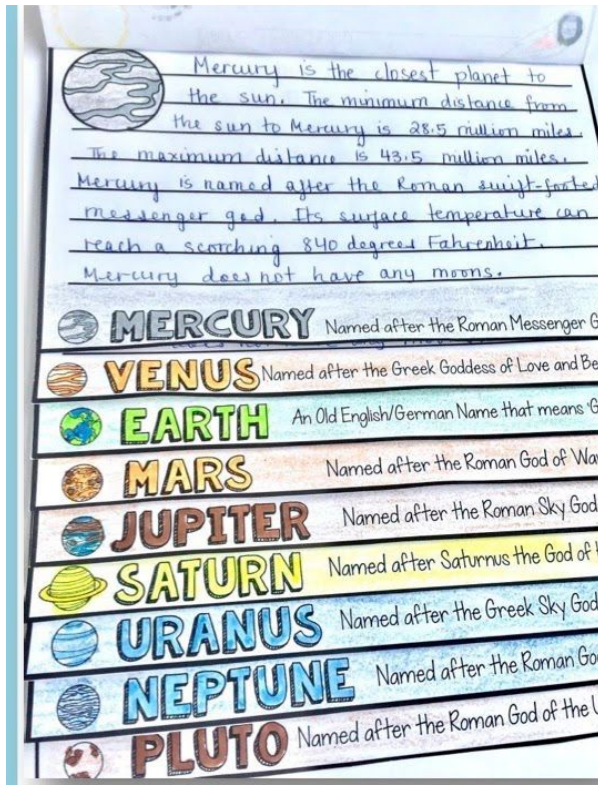
- Uranus was named after the Greek god of the sky.
- Is the seventh planet from the sun.
- Uranus was the first planet discovered by telescope.
- Has 27 moons.
- Uranus was first seen by William Herschel in 1781 during a survey of the sky using a telescope.
- Rolls like a barrel rather than spinning like Earth and the other planets in our Solar System.
- Uranus is the coldest planet in our Solar System.
- Uranus is one of the "gas giants", the four outer planets which are entirely composed of gas, Jupiter, Saturn and Neptune.
- Uranus is the smallest of the four "giants", but is still several times larger than the Earth.
- Uranus's atmosphere is mostly hydrogen but it also contains large amounts of a gas called methane. Methane absorbs red light and scatters blue light so a blue-green methane haze hides the interior of the planet from view.



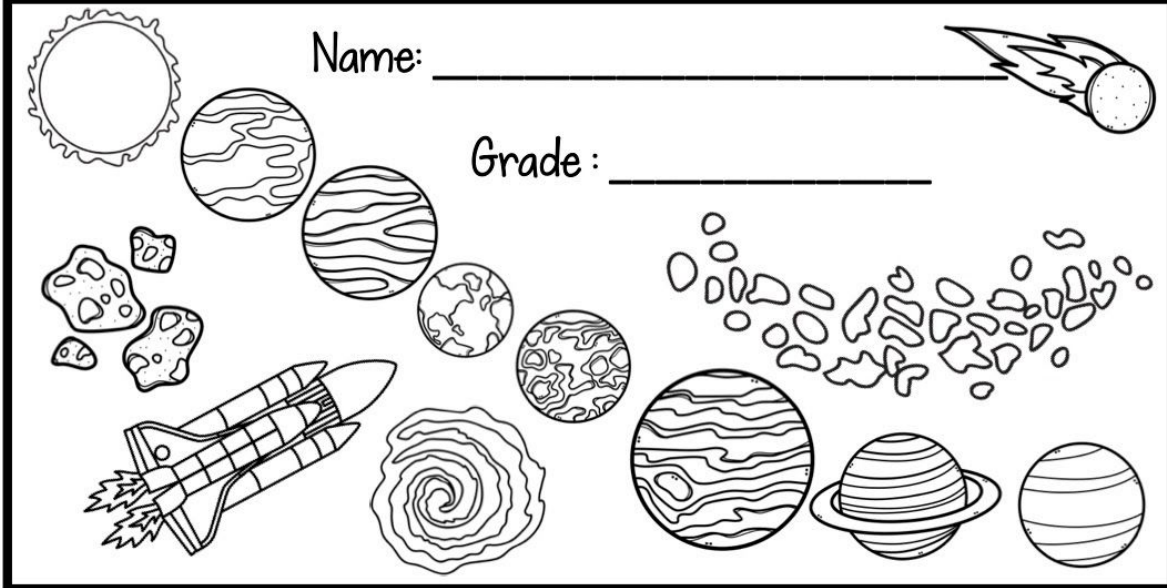
URANUS

Uranus symbol

Here is an example of what your flipbook may look like once completed:



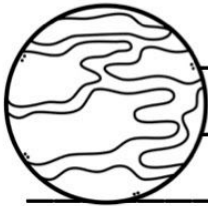
A FLIPBOOK ON THE PLANETS OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM



Name: _____

Grade: _____

Glue cover here







MERCURY

Named after the Roman Messenger God


Glue Mercury here




 **VENUS** Named after the Greek Goddess of Love and Beauty

1. Cut around templates.
2. Arrange from smallest to largest.
3. Attach/glue at top tab.

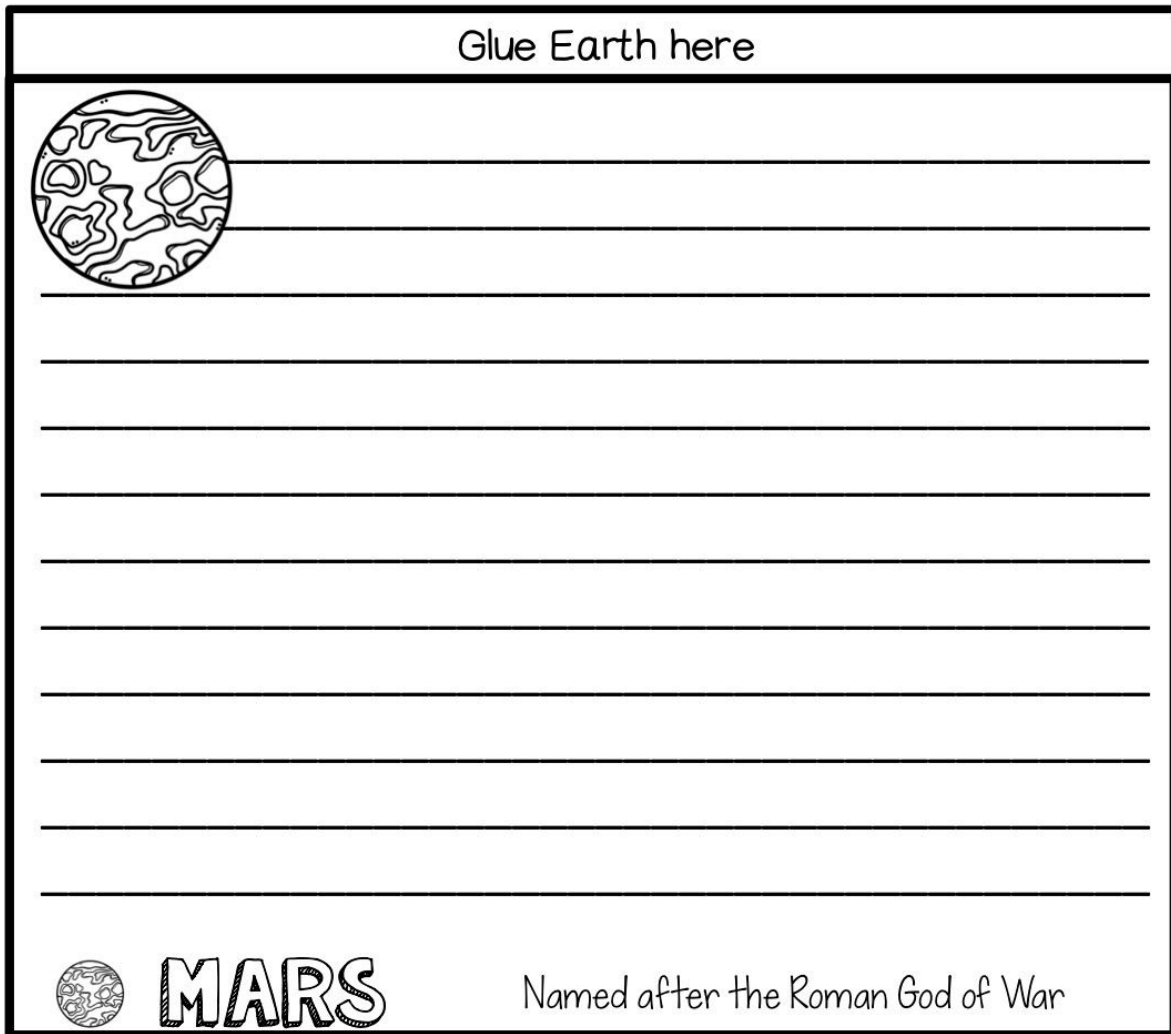
Glue Venus here




 **EARTH** *An Old English/German Name that means 'Ground'*

1. Cut around templates.
2. Arrange from smallest to largest.
3. Attach/glue at top tab.


Glue Earth here




 **MARS** Named after the Roman God of War

1. Cut around templates.
2. Arrange from smallest to largest.
3. Attach/glue at top tab.

Glue Mars here



 **JUPITER** Named after the Roman Sky God Jupiter

1. Cut around templates.
2. Arrange from smallest to largest.
3. Attach/glue at top tab.

Glue Jupiter here



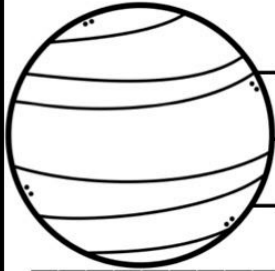


SATURN

Named after Saturnus the God of Harvest

1. Cut around templates.
2. Arrange from smallest to largest.
3. Attach/glue at top tab.

Glue Saturn here



A series of horizontal lines for writing, starting from the second line below the Saturn illustration and extending to the bottom of the page.



URANUS

Named after the Greek Sky God Ouranos

Glue Uranus here



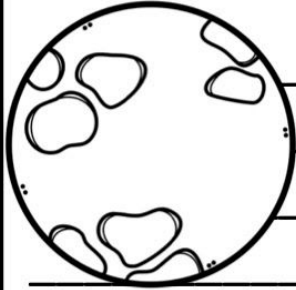
A series of horizontal lines for writing, starting from the top right of the Uranus illustration and extending across the page.



NEPTUNE

Named after the Roman God of Water

Glue Neptune here



PLUTO

Named after the Roman God of the Underworld

Music

As this year comes to an end, let's take a moment to reflect upon the importance of music in our lives.

There is a link then between music and memory, but why, when we hear a particular song, do we feel strong emotions rather than just being able to recite 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.

“A large part of memory takes place in the unconscious mind” says Robert Snyder, a composer and chair of the sound program at the Art Institute of Chicago. “There are aspects of memory that are remembered implicitly, that is, outside of consciousness”. What’s more, he says, “implicit memory systems involve different parts of the brain than explicit memory systems”. It is the explicit memory systems that are damaged by conditions such as Alzheimer’s disease. Implicit systems are robust in comparison. Snyder explains that “things that can affect us from outside of consciousness are often regarded as powerful.” In other words, implicit memory is emotional as well as durable.

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>

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 rotating bear-crawls
- 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 a great deal of fun teaching you this year, Fifth-Grade. Have a wonderful summer!

Day 5 Instructions and Resources

Friday, 5/29

Math

Macaroni and Cheese

Macaroni and cheese is the number one cheese recipe in the United States. It has remained on the list of top foods for Americans for decades. About 12% of macaroni and cheese meals are eaten for breakfast and another 12% are eaten before breakfast. It is believed that macaroni and cheese originated in Italy. There was a recipe in an Italian cookbook from the late 13th century.

What You Need:

- 1 box of macaroni
- 2 packages of extra sharp cheddar cheese (8oz each)
- 5 eggs
- 1 cup of whole milk
- 1 can of evaporated milk
- 2 teaspoons of season salt
- 2 teaspoons of pepper
- 1 teaspoon of table salt
- 1 stick of butter
- Optional: Panko bread crumbs



What You Do:

1. Boil the macaroni for approximately 10 -12 minutes.
2. Cut the cheddar cheese into cubes (be sure to ask an adult for help).
3. Melt butter in the microwave and allow it to cool.
4. Preheat the oven to 350 degrees.
5. In a large bowl, mix macaroni, milk, and butter.
6. Beat eggs gently and add to the macaroni mixture.
7. Next add salt, pepper, and cheese to the bowl.
8. Blend ingredients well.
9. Pour ingredients into a roasting pan for baking. You can sprinkle a layer of Panko bread crumbs on top.
10. Bake for approximately one hour or until it's bubbling and slightly brown on the top.

Challenge (optional): if you have friends and family you want to share with, consider doubling the recipe. How much of the ingredients do you need?

Spalding

Review (5 min): Write the two sentences that contain the words that are exceptions to Rule 12. This rule states: After *c* we use *ei* (*receive*). If we say *a*, we use *ei* (*vein*). In the list of exceptions we use *ei*. In all other words, the phonogram *ie* is used.

Literature and Writing

Read Chapter Twenty in *Where the Red Fern Grows* (about 20 minutes):

As you read...

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

After reading...

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

1) On the morning when his family is about to depart, what does Billy see that helps him come to terms with his dogs' deaths and begin to pray again?

Reading Accommodation: Listen to the audio book by clicking or typing in the link

<https://youtu.be/H1o9Xi2sPlc?list=PLI9tN5ZzGGQGAXopWUm2xhsjwpUblgUjo&t=2411> and

follow along with the text in your book beginning at "In my heart I knew that there in the grave lay a man's best friend."

XX
THE FOLLOWING SPRING WE LEFT THE OZARKS. THE DAY WE moved I thought everyone would be sad, but it was just the opposite. Mama seemed to be the happiest one of all. I could hear her laughing and joking with my sisters as they packed things. She had a glow in her eyes I had never seen before and it made me feel good.

I even noticed a change in Papa. He didn't have that whipped look on his face any more. He was in high spirits as we carried the furniture out to our wagon.

After the last item was stored in the wagon, Papa helped Mama to the spring seat and we were ready to go.

"Papa, would you mind waiting a few minutes?" I asked. "I'd like to say good-bye to my dogs."

"Sure," he said, smiling. "We have plenty of time. Go right ahead."

Nearing the graves, I saw something different. It looked like a wild bush had grown up and practically covered the two little mounds. It made me angry to think that an old bush would dare grow so close to the graves. I took out my knife, intending to cut it down.

When I walked up close enough to see what it was, I sucked in a mouthful of air and stopped. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. There between the graves, a beautiful red fern had sprung up from the rich mountain soil. It was fully two feet tall and its long red leaves had reached out in rainbow arches curved over the graves of my dogs.

I had heard the old Indian legend about the red fern. How a little Indian boy and girl were lost in a blizzard and had frozen to death. In the spring, when they were found, a beautiful red fern had grown up between their two bodies. The story went on to say that only an angel could plant the seeds of a red fern, and that they never died; where one grew, that spot was sacred.

Remembering the meaning of the legend, I turned and started hollering for Mama.

"Mama! Mama!" I shouted. "Come here! And hurry! You won't believe it."

In a frightened voice, she shouted back, "What is it, Billy? Are you all right?"

"I'm all right, Mama," I shouted, "but hurry. You just won't believe it."

Holding her long skirt in her hand and with a frightened look on her face, Mama came puffing up the hillside. Close behind her came Papa and my sisters.

"What is it, Billy?" Mama asked, in a scared voice. "Are you all right?"

"Look!" I said, pointing at the red fern.

Staring wide-eyed, Mama gasped and covered her mouth with her hand. I heard her say, almost in a whisper, "Oh-h-h-h, it's a red fern-a sacred red fern."

She walked over and very tenderly started fingering the long red leaves. In an awed voice, she said, "All my life I've wanted to see one. Now I have. It's almost unbelievable."

"Don't touch it, Mama," my oldest sister whispered. "It was planted by an angel."

Mama smiled and asked, "Have you heard the legend?"

"Yes, Mama," my sister said. "Grandma told me the story, and I believe it, too."

With a serious look on his face, Papa said, "These hills are full of legends. Up until now I've never paid much attention to them, but now I don't know. Perhaps

there is something to the legend of the red fern. Maybe this is God's way of helping Billy understand why his dogs died."

"I'm sure it is, Papa," I said, "and I do understand. I feel different now, and I don't hurt any more."

"Come," Mama said, "let's go back to the wagon. Billy wants to be alone with his dogs for a while."

Just as they turned to leave, I heard Papa murmur in a low voice, "Wonderful indeed is the work of our Lord."

As I stood looking at the two graves, I noticed things I hadn't seen before. Wild violets, rooster heads, and mountain daisies had completely covered the two little mounds. A summer breeze gushed down from the rugged hills. I felt its warm caress as it fanned my face. It hummed a tune in the underbrush and rustled the leaves on the huge red oak. The red fern wavered and danced to the music of the hills.

Taking off my cap, I bowed my head. In a choking voice, I said, "Good-bye, Old Dan and Little Ann. I'll never forget you; and this I know-if God made room in heaven for all good dogs, I know He made a special place for you."

With a heavy heart, I turned and walked away. I knew that as long as I lived I'd never forget the two little graves and the sacred red fern.

Not far from our home, the road wound its way up and over a hill. At the top Papa stopped the team. We all stood up and looked back. It was a beautiful sight, one I'll never forget.

As I stood and looked at the home of my birth, it looked sad and lonely. There was no spiral of lazy blue smoke twisting from the rock chimney, no white leghorn hen chasing a June bug, no horse or cow standing with head down and tail switching.

I saw I had left the door to the barn loft open. A tuft of hay hung out. It wavered gently in the warm summer breeze.

Something scurried across the vacant yard and disappeared under the barn. It was Sarnie, our house cat. I heard my little sister say in a choking voice, "Mommie, we forgot Sarnie."

There was no answer.

To the left, I could see our fields and the zigzag lines of rail fences. Farther down, I could see the shimmering whiteness of the tall sycamores. My vision blurred as tears came to my eyes.

The sorrowful silence was broken by my mother's voice. She asked, "Billy, can you see it?"

"See what, Mama?" I asked.

"The red fern," she said.

My oldest sister spoke up. "I can see it," she said.

Rubbing my eyes, I looked to the hillside above our home. There it stood in all its wild beauty, a waving red banner in a carpet of green. It seemed to be saying, "Good-bye, and don't worry, for I'll be here always."

Hearing a sniffing, I turned around. My three little sisters had started crying. Mama said something to Papa. I heard the jingle of the trace chains as they tightened in the singletrees.

Our wagon moved on.

I have never been back to the Ozarks. All I have left are my dreams and memories, but if God is willing, some day I'd like to go back-back to those beautiful hills. I'd like to walk again on trails I walked in my boyhood days.

Once again I'd like to face a mountain breeze and smell the wonderful scent of the redbuds, and papaws, and the dogwoods. With my hands I'd like to caress the cool white bark of a sycamore.

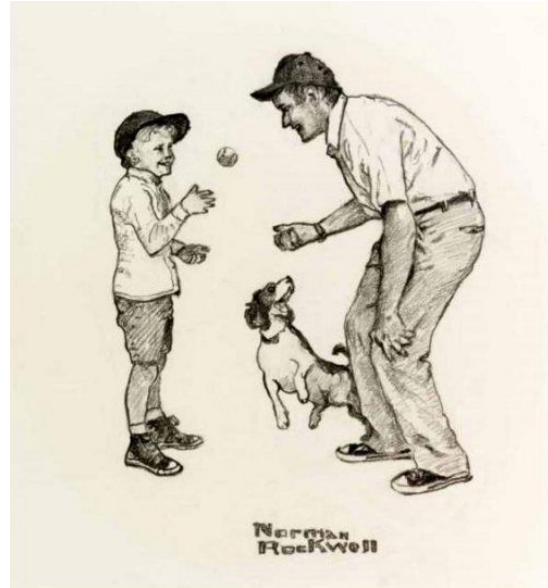
I'd like to take a walk far back in the flinty hills and search for a souvenir, an old double-bitted ax stuck deep in the side of a white oak tree. I know the handle has long since rotted away with time. Perhaps the rusty frame of a coal-oil lantern still hangs there on the blade.

I'd like to see the old home place, the barn and the rail fences. I'd like to pause under the beautiful red oaks where my sisters and I played in our childhood. I'd like to walk up the hillside to the graves of my dogs.

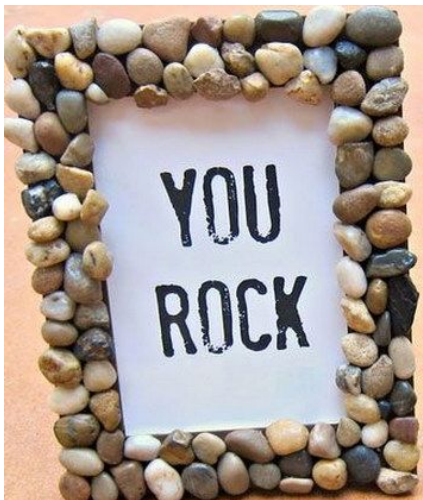
I'm sure the red fern has grown and has completely covered the two little mounds. I know it is still there, hiding its secret beneath those long, red leaves, but it wouldn't be hidden from me for part of my life is buried there, too.

Yes, I know it is still there, for in my heart I believe the legend of the sacred red fern.

Grammar (Father's Day Prep again)



Norman Rockwell is a famous American Painter and illustrator. Above are some of his popular father-son pictures.



Here are some other ideas of things you can make for your Dad for Father's Day.

Decorate a picture frame/make one from scratch.

You Rock! Picture frame

Find an old picture frame (ask Mom first if you can make alterations). Collect some rocks from the backyard, or while you are on a walk. With parental help, hot glue the rocks to the frame. If you don't have a hot glue gun, then use Elmer's liquid glue if you have that. Inside you could put one of those Norman Rockwell pictures from above.

Twig Frame

To make this cool frame you will need twigs gathered from your backyard, and twine/string.

Lay out all of your twigs and then starting with one corner, wrap the twine in an 'X' pattern around the top and bottom layer of twigs. Finish the other corners, viola, you're done!



Poetry

William Wordsworth was an English poet who lived from 1770 to 1850. He is best known as one of the founders of **Romanticism**. Romanticism was a style of art and literature which emphasized the importance of the individual and the imagination. Romantic authors and artists were less concerned with reason than with emotion. In addition, Romantic art often focused on the beauty and the power of nature, especially its ability to create strong feelings within people. The use of archaic language, as we see in “To the Skylark,” was often found in Romantic poetry. Are there any other ways this poem reflects Wordsworth Romantic ideas?

How have you been inspired by nature? While you have already written a poem about an animal earlier this year, try writing a poem expressing a feeling you have had in nature! This could include animals as well if you would like. We hope you continue to enjoy beautiful poetry throughout the summer!

History

Making a Timeline

To conclude our study of history this year, try making your own timeline! Timelines are an excellent way to organize the order of events in history. Choose one era of history we have studied this year, such as the Renaissance, the Civil War, or the Industrial Revolution (if you are feeling ambitious, you could make a timeline with more than one of these eras). Try to have at least five events on your timeline, though you can add more if you would like. Good ideas for timeline events are dates of battles, lifetimes of important people, the date of an important invention, or the date of a significant historic event. To find the specific dates, you could look back through your history notes or look the dates up in a book or on the Internet with your parents’ permission.

There are two ways to make a timeline: horizontal or vertical. In a horizontal timeline, the earliest date goes on the left side. In a vertical timeline, the earliest date goes on the top. To give yourself an extra challenge, try to beautifully illustrate your timeline with a sketch of the person or event you are labeling. If you would like to take a picture of your work and ask your parents to send it to your teachers, you are welcome to do so!

Latin

Reading: Odes 3.30 (10-15 min.)

Below is Horace's Odes 3.30, and a translation of the same, in which the poet speaks about his art and how he expects it to be remembered. This is one of Horace's best-known poems, and is still read more than 2,000 years after his death. Below is also a series of notes, explaining some of the names mentioned in it. A recording of this poem being read is posted at <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/bb33bb6295410a3d3f8cc0799cb583af>.

Your assignment for today is to read this poem and enjoy it--no memorization or translation necessary--and listen to a short video discussing it as our last piece of Latin for the year at <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/cf48f8819eddd3bc07ede90c8c458d4d>.

Exēgi monumentum aere perennius
 rēgālīque 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. As is the case here, she is sometimes called invoked in Latin poetry even if the author is not writing tragedy.

Art

Making Homemade Clay

This lesson goes over 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>

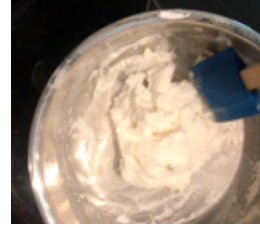
You will need:

- 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 5 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 place into the fridge until ready to use.

