



Remote Learning Packet

Fifth Grade

May 4–May 8, 2020

Student Name: _____ Teacher: _____



Student Attendance Affidavit

May 4–May 8, 2020

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

- Monday, May 4, 2020
- Tuesday, May 5, 2020
- Wednesday, May 6, 2020
- Thursday, May 7, 2020
- Friday, May 8, 2020

Parent Name (printed): _____

Parent Signature: _____ Date: _____

Student Name: _____ Teacher: _____

My Learning This Week

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

Date	My Daily Learning
	<input type="checkbox"/> I spent between 100 and 120 minutes on my daily activities. <input type="checkbox"/> I read all the directions before I asked for more help. <input type="checkbox"/> If required, I wrote all my answers in complete sentences. <input type="checkbox"/> I used my neatest penmanship, and my writing can be read by both me and an adult. <input type="checkbox"/> I double-checked my written answers for correct capitalization, punctuation, and grammar. <input type="checkbox"/> I read for at least 20 minutes today. <input type="checkbox"/> My teacher will be proud of my hard work and perseverance.
	<input type="checkbox"/> I spent between 100 and 120 minutes on my daily activities. <input type="checkbox"/> I read all the directions before I asked for more help. <input type="checkbox"/> If required, I wrote all my answers in complete sentences. <input type="checkbox"/> I used my neatest penmanship, and my writing can be read by both me and an adult. <input type="checkbox"/> I double-checked my written answers for correct capitalization, punctuation, and grammar. <input type="checkbox"/> I read for at least 20 minutes today. <input type="checkbox"/> My teacher will be proud of my hard work and perseverance.
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Fifth Grade Remote Learning Plan 5/4-5/8

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

Subject	Mon. 5/4	Tue. 5/5	Wed. 5/6	Thu. 5/7	5/8
Math ~25-35 min.	Fractions into Percentages	Fractions into Percentages	Decimals into Percentages	Percentages into Decimals	Converting Fractions, Decimals, and Percentages
	Follow the instructions for your Spalding Review Page with the following words(5 min):	Follow the instructions for your Spalding Review Page with the following words(5 min):	Follow the instructions for your Spalding Review Page with the following words(5 min):	Follow the instructions for your Spalding Review Page with the following words(5 min):	Take Spalding tes as directed.
English Language Arts ~25-35 min. total	Literature Read Chp 11 (20 min)	Read pages 141-148 (20 min.)	Read pages 148-155(20 min.)	Read pages 156-164 (20 min.)	Read pages 165-174 (20 min.)
	Grammar/ Writing Grammar (5 min): Commas & Introductory Writing: Literature sentences. (5 min)	Grammar (5 min): Subject Verb Diagram Writing: Literature sentences. (5 min)	Grammar (5 min): Subject/Verb Diagram Writing: Literature sentences. (5 min)	Grammar (5 min): Compound subject & verb diagram Writing: Literature sentences. (5 min)	Grammar (5 min): Adjective Sentences Diagram

	<i>Poetry</i>	Practice "Casey at the Bat." (5 min)	Practice "Casey at the Bat." (5 min)	Practice "Casey at the Bat." (5 min)	Practice "Casey at the Bat." (5 min)	Practice "Casey at the Bat." (5 min)
<i>History or Science</i> ~20 min.		Read "Westward Expansion After the Civil War" and answer questions.	Quiz on Light as Energy	Read "Advances in Technology" and answer questions.	Begin Astronomy Unit: Read FOSS textbook p. 316-320 and draw a Copernican model of the universe	Read FOSS textbook p. 321-323 and write Science Narrative on Black Holes
<i>Art or Music</i> ~15 min.		Music: Bass clef spelling	Art: Weaving Unit -Basket weave lesson	Music: Read a cello piece!	Art: Weaving Unit- Basket weave practice	Music: Grand staff
<i>Latin or P.E.</i> ~15 min.		P.E.: 5-minute warm-up followed by the "Overhand Sock Toss Obstacle Course."	Latin: Reading and translation	P.E.: 5-minute warm-up followed by the "plate-walk race."	Latin: <i>pinga picturam: equus Aemiliae</i>	P.E.: Time in the park, in which Coach Hess gives a list of many popular Parks in DFW.

Day 1 Instructions and Resources

Monday, 5/4

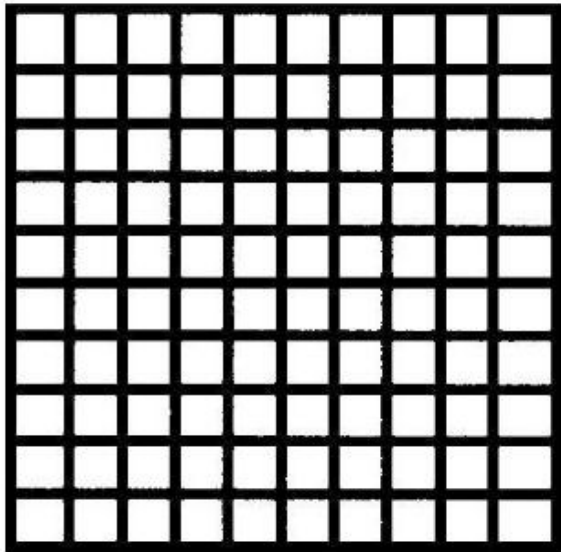
Math

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

Math Fact Practice (5 Minutes): In 5 minutes or less, solve the Math Fact Practice sheet for multiplication of a mixture of numbers from 0 to 7.

The link for this section: <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/e5beb4c043831150545263b6c4c5b741>

Fractions into Percentages: Notes: The word “percent” comes from the Latin, *per centum* or “by the hundred.” We are entering into a new unit and will be looking at percentages. Percentages are all out of 100%. To illustrate this, we are going to use a 10x10 grid. On the grid below please shade 55 squares.



What fraction of the whole is that? _____.

What fraction is not shaded? _____.

We can say this as a percent. 55 out of 100 squares are shaded and percent means out of 100.

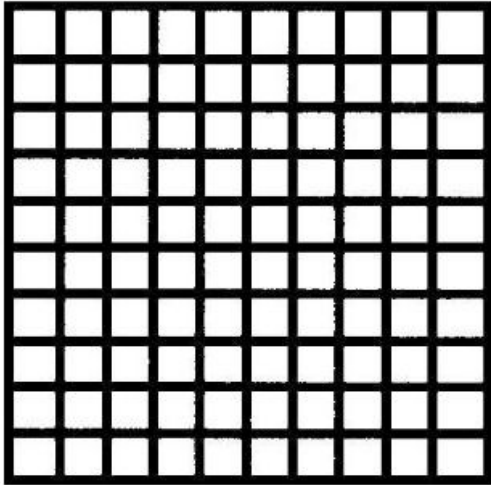
Therefore, 55% out of 100% is shaded.

What percentage is unshaded? _____.

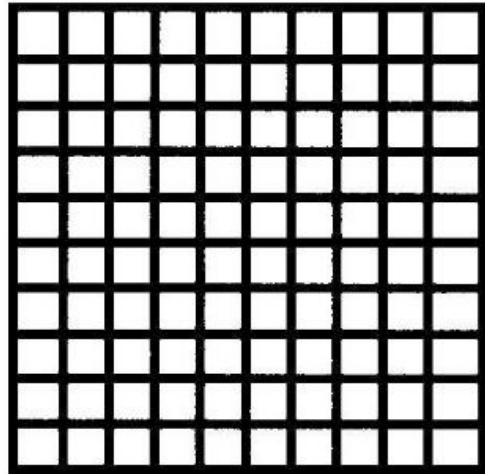
Now let's practice with the grid paper below for these percentages. Please shade each to match the percentage.

Practice:

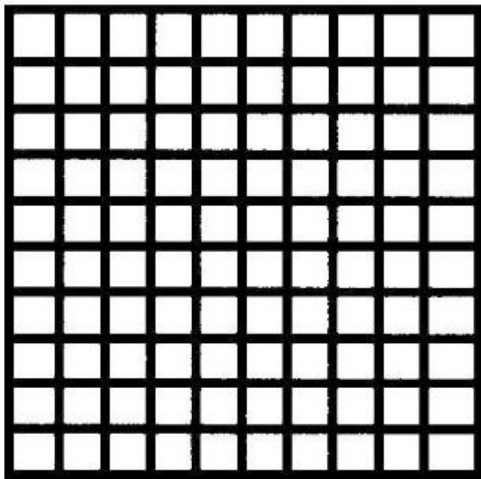
25%



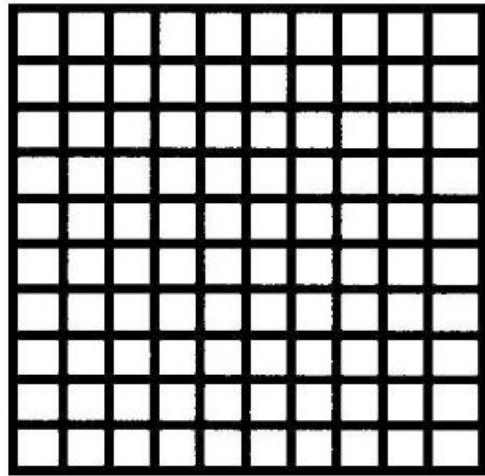
33%



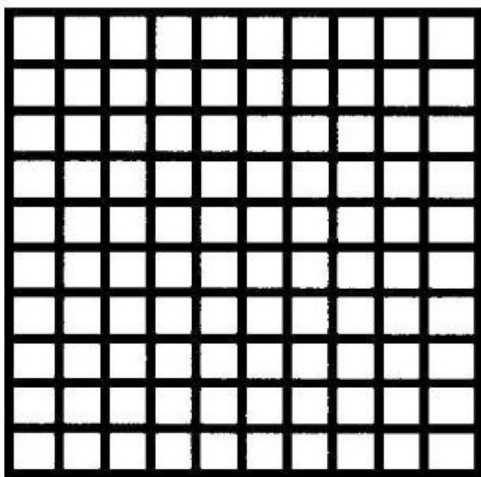
37%



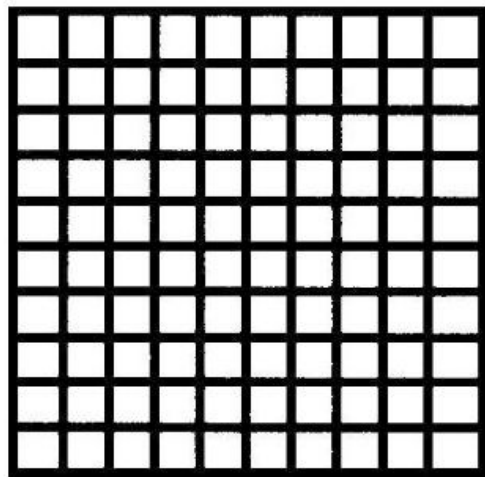
20%



100%



5%




The chart below contains common percentages, fractions, and decimals. Please memorize this chart throughout the week.

Fraction	Decimal	Percent
$\frac{1}{100}$.01	1%
$\frac{5}{100} = \frac{1}{20}$.05	5%
$\frac{10}{100} = \frac{1}{10}$.10	10%
$\frac{35}{100} = \frac{7}{20}$.35	35%
$\frac{50}{100} = \frac{1}{2}$.50	50%
$\frac{75}{100} = \frac{3}{4}$.75	75%

Challenge (optional): Can you write $\frac{3}{10}$ as a percentage? _____.

Name _____



Sevens

$1 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$0 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 3 = \underline{\quad}$	$8 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$
$7 \times 2 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 5 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$	$3 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$
$7 \times 3 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 8 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 4 = \underline{\quad}$	$6 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$
$4 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$9 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 9 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 5 = \underline{\quad}$
$5 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$3 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$9 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 3 = \underline{\quad}$	$4 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$
$7 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$6 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 2 = \underline{\quad}$	$8 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$
$2 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 4 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 1 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 6 = \underline{\quad}$
$7 \times 8 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 0 = \underline{\quad}$	$5 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$8 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$9 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$
$7 \times 6 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 0 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 5 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 2 = \underline{\quad}$
$9 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 6 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 4 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 0 = \underline{\quad}$	$7 \times 7 = \underline{\quad}$

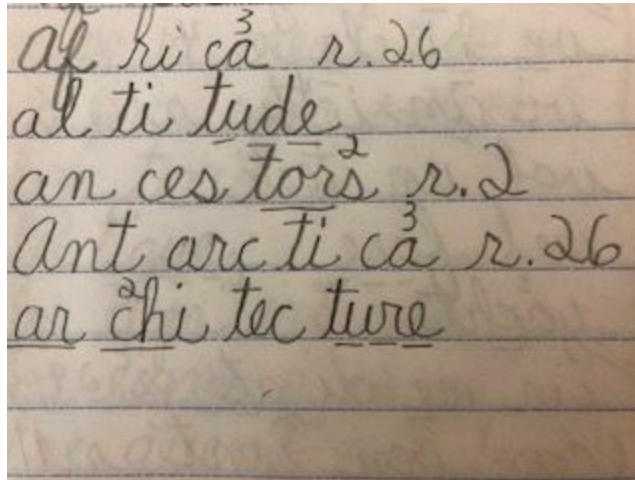
Spalding

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

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

Today's Words: **Africa, altitude, ancestors, Antarctica, architecture**

Day 1 Video: <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/e8d0d61867e2fde26144405606f6fbf6>



Rule 2: The letter *c* before *e, i, or y*, says *s* (*cent, city, cycle*), but followed by any other letter, says *k* (*cat, cot, cut*).

Rule 26: Words that are the names or titles of people, places, books, days, or months are capitalized.

**Please note that a specific rule will be written only on the first day of the week that it is used, even if it is used again on another day of that week. You may refer back to preceding days. For example, Rule 26 is written only on Day 1 even though it is used with words on Days 2 and 3 as well.*

Literature and Writing

Read Chapter Eleven of *Where the Red Fern Grows* (about 20 minutes):

As you read...

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

After reading...

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

1) Find one example of foreshadowing in this chapter.

2) How is Little Ann saved in this chapter?

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

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fZih-hgHnyM> and follow along with the text in your book.

XI
I HAD OFTEN WONDERED WHAT OLD DAN WOULD DO IF LITTLE ANN GOT into some kind of a predicament. One night I got my answer.

For several days a northern blizzard had been blowing. It was a bad one. The temperature dropped down to ten below. The storm started with a slow cold drizzle and then sleet. When the wind started blowing, everything froze, leaving the ground as slick as glass.

Trapped indoors, I was as nervous as a fish out of water. I told Mama I guessed it was just going to storm all winter.

She laughed and said, "I don't think it will, but it does look like it will last for a while."

She ruffled up my hair and kissed me between the eyes. This did rile me up. I didn't like to be kissed like that. It seemed that I could practically rub my skin off and still feel it, all wet and sticky, and kind of burning.

Sometime on the fifth night, the storm blew itself out and it snowed about three inches. The next morning I went out to my doghouse. Scraping the snow away from the two-way door, I stuck my head in. It was as warm as an oven. I got my face washed all over by Little Ann. Old Dan's tail thumped out a tune on the wall.

I told them to be ready because we were going hunting that night. I knew the old ringtails would be hungry and stirring for they had been dunned up during the storm.

That evening as I was leaving the house, Papa said, "Billy, be careful tonight. It's slick down under the snow, and it would be easy to twist an ankle or break a leg." - I told him I would and that I wasn't going far, just down back of our fields in the bottoms.

"Well, anyway," he said, "be careful. There'll be no moon tonight and you're going to see some fog next to the river."

Walking through our fields I saw my father was right about it being slick and dark. Several times I slipped and sat down. I couldn't see anything beyond the glow of my lantern, but I wasn't worried. My light was a good one, and Mama had insisted that I make two little leather pouches to cover the blades of my ax.

Just before I reached the timber, Old Dan shook the snow from the underbrush with his deep voice. I stopped and listened. He bawled again. The deep bass tones rolled around under the tall sycamores, tore their way out of the thick timber, traveled out over the fields, and slammed up against the foothills. There they seemed to break up and die away in the mountains.

Old Dan was working the trail slowly and I knew why. He would never line out until Little Ann was running by his side. I thought she would never get there. When she did, her beautiful voice made the blood pound in my temples. I felt the excitement of the hunt as it ate its way into my body. Taking a deep breath, I reared back and whooped as loud as I could.

The coon ran upriver for a way and then, cutting out of the bottoms, he headed for the mountains, I stood and listened until their voices went out of hearing. Slipping and sliding, I started in the direction I had last heard them. About halfway to the foothills I heard them coming back.

Somewhere in the rugged mountains, the coon had turned and headed toward the river. It was about time for him to play out a few tricks and I was wondering what he would do. I knew it would be hard for him to hide his trail with snow on the ground, and I realized later that the smart old coon knew this, too.

As the voices of my dogs grew louder, I could tell that they were coming straight toward me. Once I started to blow out my lantern, thinking that maybe I could see them when they crossed our field, but I realized I didn't stand a chance of seeing the race in the skunk-black night.

Down out of the mountains they brought him, singing a hound-dog song on his heels. The coon must have scented me, or seen my lantern. He cut to my right and ran between our house and me. I heard screaming and yelling from my sisters. My father started whooping.

I knew my whole family was out on the porch listening to the beautiful voices of my little red hounds. I felt as tall as the tallest sycamore on the riverbank. I yelled as loud as I could. Again I heard the squealing of my sisters and the shouts of my father.

The deep "Ou-ou-ou's" of Old Dan and the sharp "Aw-aw-aw-aw's" of Little Ann bored a hole in the inky-black night. The vibrations rolled and quivered in the icy silence.

The coon was heading for the river. I could tell my dogs were crowding him, and wondered if he'd make it to the water. I was hoping he wouldn't, for I didn't want to wade the cold water unless I had to do it.

I figured the smart old coon had a reason for turning and coming back to the river and wondered what trick he had in mind. I remembered something my grandfather had told me. He said, "Never underestimate the cunning of an old river coon. When the nights are dark and the ground is frozen and slick, they can pull some mean tricks on a hound. Sometimes the tricks can be fatal."

I was halfway through the fog-covered bottoms when the voices of my dogs stopped. I stood still, waited, and listened. A cold silence settled over the bottoms. I could hear the snap and crack of sap-frozen limbs. From far back in the flinty hills, the long, lonesome howl of a timber wolf floated down in the silent night. Across the river I heard a cow moo. I knew the sound was coming from the Lowery place.

Not being able to hear the voices of my dogs gave me an uncomfortable feeling. I whooped and waited for one of them to bawl. As I stood waiting I realized something was different in the bottoms. Something was missing.

I wasn't worried about my dogs. I figured that the coon had pulled some trick and sooner or later they would unravel the trail. But the feeling that something was just not right had me worried.

I whooped several times but still could get no answer. Stumbling, slipping, and sliding, I started on. Reaching the river, I saw it was frozen over. I realized what my strange uneasy feeling was. I had not been able to hear the sound of the water.

As I stood listening I heard a gurgling out in the middle of the stream. The river wasn't frozen all the way across. The still eddy waters next to the banks had frozen, but out in the middle, where the current was swift, the water was running, leaving a trough in the ice pack. The gurgling sound I had heard was the swift current as it sucked its way through the channel.

The last time I had heard my dogs they were downstream from me. I walked on, listening.

I hadn't gone far when I heard Old Dan. What I heard froze the blood in my veins. He wasn't bawling on a trail or giving the tree bark. It was one, long, continuous cry. In his deep voice there seemed to be a pleading cry for help. Scared, worried, and with my heart beating like a churn dasher, I started toward the sound.

I almost passed him but with another cry he let me know where he was. He was out on the ice pack. I couldn't see him for the fog. I called to him and he answered with a low whine. Again I called his name. This time he came to me.

He wasn't the same dog. His tail was between his legs and his head was bowed down. He stopped about seven feet from me. Sitting down on the ice, he raised his head and howled the most mournful cry I had ever heard. Turning around, he trotted back out on the ice and disappeared in the fog.

I knew something had happened to Little Ann. I called her name. She answered with a pleading cry. Although I couldn't see her, I guessed what had happened. The coon had led them to the river. Running out on the ice, he had leaped across the trough. My dogs, hot on the trail, had followed. Old Dan, a more powerful dog than Little Ann, had made his leap. Little Ann had not made it. Her small feet had probably slipped on the slick ice and she had fallen into the icy waters. Old Dan, seeing the fate of his little friend,

had quit the chase and come back to help her. The smart old coon had pulled his trick, and a deadly one it was.

I had to do something. She would never be able to get out by herself. It was only a matter of time until her body would be paralyzed by the freezing water.

Laying my ax down, I held my lantern out in front of me and stepped out on the ice. It started cracking and popping. I jumped back to the bank. Although it was thick enough to hold the light weight of my dogs, it would never hold me.

Little Ann started whining and begging for help. I went all to pieces and started crying. Something had to be done and done quickly or my little dog was lost. I thought of running home for a rope or for my father, but I knew she couldn't last until I got back. I was desperate. It was impossible for me to swim in the freezing water. I wouldn't last for a minute. She cried again, begging for the one thing I couldn't give her, help.

I thought, "If only I could see her maybe I could figure out some way I could help."

Looking at my lantern gave me an idea. I ran up the bank about thirty feet, turned, and looked back. I could see the light, not well, but enough for what I had in mind. I grabbed my lantern and ax and ran for the bottoms.

I was looking for a stand of wild cane. After what seemed like ages, I found it. With the longest one I could find, I hurried back. After it was trimmed and the limber end cut off, I hung the lantern by the handle on the end of it and started easing it out on the ice.

I saw Old Dan first. He was sitting close to the edge of the trough, looking down. Then I saw her. I groaned at her plight. All I could see was her head and her small front paws. Her claws were spread out and digging into the ice. She knew if she ever lost that hold she was gone.

Old Dan raised his head and howled. Hound though he was, he knew it was the end of the trail for his little pal.

I wanted to get my light as close to Little Ann as I could, but my pole was a good eight feet short. Setting the lantern down, I eased the pole from under the handle, I thought, "I'm no better off than I was before. In fact I'm worse off. Now I can see when the end comes."

Little Ann cried again. I saw her claws slip on the ice. Her body settled lower in the water. Old Dan howled and started fidgeting. He knew the end was close.

I didn't exactly know when I started out toward my dog. I had taken only two steps when the ice broke. I twisted my body and fell toward the bank.

Just as my hand closed on a root I thought my feet touched bottom, but I wasn't sure. As I pulled myself out I felt the numbing cold creep over my legs.

It looked so hopeless. There didn't seem to be any way I could save her.

At the edge of the water stood a large sycamore. I got behind it, anything to blot out that heartbreaking scene. Little Ann, thinking I had deserted her, started crying. I couldn't stand it.

I opened my mouth to call Old Dan. I wanted to tell him to come on and we'd go home as there was nothing we could do. The words just wouldn't come out. I couldn't utter a sound. I lay my face against the icy cold bark of the sycamore. I thought of the prayer I had said when I had asked God to help me get two hound pups. I knelt down and sobbed out a prayer. I asked for a miracle which would save the life of my little dog. I promised all the things that a young boy could if only He would help me.

Still saying my prayer and making promises, I heard a sharp metallic sound. I jumped up and stepped away from the tree. I was sure the noise I heard was made by a rattling chain on the front end of a boat.

I shouted as loud as I could. "Over here. I need help. My dog is drowning."

I waited for an answer. All I could hear were the cries of Little Ann.

Again I hollered. "Over here. Over on the bank. Can you see my light? I need help. Please hurry."

I held my breath waiting for an answering shout. I shivered from the freezing cold of my wet shoes and overalls. A straining silence settled over the river. A feathery rustle swished by in the blackness. A flock of low-flying ducks had been disturbed by my loud shouts. I strained my ears for some sound. Now and then I could hear the lapping slap of the ice-cold water as it swirled its way through the trough.

I glanced to Little Ann. She was still holding on but I saw her paws were almost at the edge. I knew her time was short.

I couldn't figure out what I had heard. The sound was made by metal striking metal, but what was it? What could have caused it?

I looked at my ax. It couldn't have made the sound as it was too close to me. The noise had come from out in the river.

When I looked at my lantern I knew that it had made the strange sound. I had left the handle standing straight up when I had taken the pole away. Now it was down. For some unknown reason the stiff wire handle had twisted in the sockets and dropped. As it had fallen it had struck the metal frame, making the sharp metallic sound I had heard.

As I stared at the yellow glow of my light, the last bit of hope faded away. I closed my eyes, intending to pray again for the help I so desperately needed. Then like a blinding red flash the message of the lantern bored its way into my brain. There was my miracle. There was the way to save my little dog. In the metallic sound I had heard were my instructions. They were so plain I couldn't help but understand them. The bright yellow flame started flickering and dancing. It seemed to be saying, "Hurry. You know what to do."

Faster than I had ever moved in my life I went to work. With a stick I measured the water in the hole where my feet had broken through the ice. I was right. My foot had touched bottom. Eighteen inches down I felt the soft mud.

With my pole I fished the lantern back to the bank. I took the handle off, straightened it out, and bent a hook in one end. With one of my shoelaces I tied the wire to the end of the cane pole. I left the hook sticking out about six inches beyond the end of it.

I started shouting encouragement to Little Ann. I told her to hang on and not to give up for I was going to save her. She answered with a low cry.

With the hook stuck in one of the ventilating holes in the top of my light, I lifted it back out on the ice and set it down. After a little wiggling and pushing, I worked the hook loose and laid the pole down.

I took off my clothes, picked up my ax, and stepped down into the hole in the icy water. It came to my knees. Step by step, breaking the ice with my ax, I waded out.

The water came up to my hips, and then to my waist. The cold bite of it took my breath away. I felt my body grow numb. I couldn't feel my feet at all but I knew they were moving. When the water reached my armpits I stopped and worked my pole toward Little Ann. Stretching my arms as far out as I could, I saw I was still a foot short. Closing my eyes and gritting my teeth, I moved on. The water reached my chin.

I was close enough. I started hooking at the collar of Little Ann. Time after time I felt the hook almost catch. I saw I was fishing on a wrong angle. She had settled so low in the water I couldn't reach her collar. Raising my arms above my head so the pole would be on a slant I kept hooking and praying. The seconds ticked by. I strained for one more inch. The muscles in my arms grew numb from the weight of the pole.

Little Ann's claws slipped again. I thought she was gone. At the very edge of the ice, she caught again. All I could see now were her small red paws and her nose and eyes.

By Old Dan's actions I could tell he understood and wanted to help. He ran over close to my pole and started digging at the ice. I whopped him with the cane. That was the only time in my life I ever hit my dog. I had to get him out of the way so I could see what I was doing.

Just when I thought my task was impossible, I felt the hook slide under the tough leather. It was none too soon.

As gently as I could I dragged her over the rim of the ice. At first I thought she was dead. She didn't move. Old Dan started whining and licking her face and ears. She moved her head. I started talking to her. She made an effort to stand but couldn't. Her muscles were paralyzed and the blood had long since ceased to flow.

At the movement of Little Ann, Old Dan threw a fit. He started barking and jumping. His long red tail fanned the air.

Still holding onto my pole, I tried to take a step backward. My feet wouldn't move. A cold gripping fear came over me. I thought my legs were frozen. I made another effort to lift my leg. It moved. I realized that my feet were stuck in the soft muddy bottom.

I started backing out, dragging the body of my little dog. I couldn't feel the pole in my hands. When my feet touched the icy bank, I couldn't feel that either. All the feeling in my body was gone.

I wrapped Little Ann in my coat and hurried into my clothes. With the pole I fished my light back.

Close by was a large drift. I climbed up on top of it and dug a hole down through the ice and snow until I reached the dry limbs. I poured half of the oil in my lantern down into the hole and dropped in a match. In no time I had a roaring fire.

I laid Little Ann close to the warm heat and went to work. Old Dan washed her head with his warm red tongue while I massaged and rubbed her body.

I could tell by her cries when the blood started circulating. Little by little her strength came back. I stood her on her feet and started walking her. She was weak and wobbly but I knew she would live. I felt much better and breathed a sigh of relief.

After drying myself out the best I could, I took the lantern handle from the pole, bent it back to its original position, and put it back on the lantern. Holding the light out in front of me, I looked at it. The bright metal gleamed in the firelight glow.

I started talking to it. I said, "Thanks, old lantern, more than you'll ever know. I'll always take care of you. Your globe will always be clean and there'll never be any rust or dirt on your frame."

I knew if it had not been for the miracle of the lantern, my little dog would have met her death on that night. Her grave would have been the cold icy waters of the Illinois River.

Out in the river I could hear the cold water gurgling in the icy trough. It seemed to be angry. It hissed and growled as it tore its way through the channel. I shuddered to think of what could have happened.

Before I left for home, I walked back to the sycamore tree. Once again I said a prayer, but this time the words were different. I didn't ask for a miracle. In every way a young boy could, I said "thanks." My second prayer wasn't said with just words. All of my heart and soul was in it.

On my way home I decided not to say anything to my mother and father about Little Ann's accident. I knew it would scare Mama and she might stop my hunting.

Reaching our house, I didn't hang the lantern in its usual place. I took it to my room and set it in a corner with the handle standing up.

The next morning I started sneezing and came down with a terrible cold. I told Mama I had gotten my feet wet. She scolded me a little and started doctoring me.

For three days and nights I stayed home. All this time I kept checking the handle of the lantern. My sisters shook the house from the roof to the floor with their playing and romping, but the handle never did fall.

I went to my mother and asked her if God answered prayers every time one was said. She smiled and said, "No, Billy, not every time. He only answers the ones that are said from the heart. You have to be sincere and believe in Him."

She wanted to know why I had asked.

I said, "Oh, I just wondered, and wanted to know."

She came over and straightened my suspenders, saying, "That was a very nice question for my little Daniel Boone to ask."

Bending over, she started kissing me. I finally squirmed away from her, feeling as wet as a dirt dauber's nest. My mother never could kiss me like a fellow should be kissed. Before she was done I was kissed all over. It always made me feel silly and

baby-like. I tried to tell her that a coon hunter wasn't supposed to be kissed that way, but Mama never could understand things like that.

I stomped out of the house to see how my dogs were.

Grammar

WHILE THE RED FERN GROWS

COMMAS & INTRODUCTORY ELEMENTS



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

GHOST COON SAYS: When using introductory information at the beginning of the sentence, separate it with a comma.

ADVERBS or ADJECTIVES

1. Growling and snarling they formed a half-moon circle around him.
2. Not wanting to get bitten or run over I moved over to the edge of the sidewalk.
3. Taking off my coat I waded in.

GHOST COON SAYS: If your sentence begins with a prepositional phrase of four or more words, separate it with a comma.



PREPOSITIONAL PHRASES (4+ WORDS)

4. About twenty-five feet from me they caught him, and down he went.
5. By the little wrinkles that bunched up on her forehead I could tell that Mama wasn't satisfied.
6. Far down in the right-hand corner I found an ad that took my breath away.

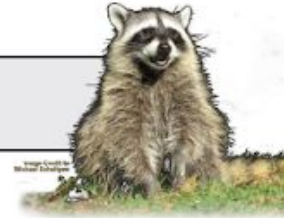


GHOST COON SAYS: If your sentence begins with a prepositional phrase of only two or three words, separate it with a comma if the meaning would be unclear without the comma.

PREPOSITIONAL PHRASES (1 - 3 WORDS)

7. After the fighting dogs couldn't sleep that night.
8. In the forest streams were flowing over their banks.

GHOST COON SAYS: If your sentence begins with a subordinate clause, separate it with a comma.



SUBORDINATE (DEPENDENT) CLAUSES

9. If he left town at night he had a much better chance.
10. I told him I understood, and as soon as it was dark he could be on his way.

History

Westward Expansion After the Civil War

As you read last week, the changing technology of the Industrial Revolution included new methods of transportation. With the rise of railroads such as the Transcontinental Railroad, traveling across the country became much easier. In addition, developments in farming technology made it easier to settle and farm in the West. John Deere invented a **steel plow** in the 1830s which made it easier to dig up the soil, which was especially useful on the land in the Midwest. Cyrus McCormick worked on a **mechanical reaper** which made it easier to cut the wheat grown on the Plains. With these and other similar inventions in agriculture (farming), the idea of moving and settling West seemed more and more appealing to many Americans.

The government also encouraged Americans to settle out West, even during the Civil War. In 1862, Congress passed the **Homestead Act** to encourage people to settle in the Great Plains (between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains), rather than California and the Oregon Territory. The Act stated that the government would give 160 acres of land to a citizen or immigrant who would farm the land for five years. People could also buy land for only \$1.25 per acre after they lived on the land for six months. The plan worked, and the government would give away 80 million acres of land in the following forty years.

While more cities in the North grew, became industrialized, and had more factories, people continued to move west for land and for farming. The West was seen as a place for a person to make their own way in the world and to succeed through hard work. Many settlers continued to farm in the West, while others worked herding the large numbers of cattle that roamed the Great Plains. These **cowboys** would gather the cows into herds and then move them to cattle ranches and markets to be sold. These journeys were known as **cattle drives** and helped to form the image of the "Wild West" in America.

During this period of westward expansion, many of the territories became states and were admitted to the Union. The country also bought even more land. In 1867, **William Seward**, the Secretary of State, purchased Alaska from Russia. He paid \$7,200,000 for the entire territory, which was about two cents per acre. Many Americans believed that the territory was worthless as Alaska was merely a frozen wasteland. They made jokes about Seward’s purchase, calling it “Seward’s Folly” or “Seward’s Ice Box.” However, gold was found in Alaska in 1880, which made it suddenly seem quite valuable. Many Americans traveled to Alaska to mine for gold, and they stayed on and worked in fishing, farming, or gathering lumber from the forests. Oil reserves were also found in Alaska - and as oil was increasingly used as fuel for machines, the oil industry became very valuable.

The “frontier” was the term used for the part of the country that remained unsettled in the United States. In 1890, the U.S. Census, a department that gathered information about the American population, declared that the frontier was officially closed, as there was no longer a clear “line” showing which regions were settled or unsettled. By this point, all of the territories in the continental United States (meaning the lands attached to the North American continent) had either become states or were organized and on their way to statehood. The process of “settling the frontier” was, therefore, seen as complete.

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

1. What did the Homestead Act do?

2. Why did Alaska turn out to be a worthwhile purchase?

Poetry

Read through “Casey at the Bat” once. Today, focus on practicing the fifth stanza of the poem, printed below. You can practice reciting it to yourself while doing other tasks. If you have time, practice reciting the first five stanzas of the poem.

Then from 5,000 throats and more there rose a lusty yell;
It rumbled through the valley, it rattled in the dell;
It knocked upon the mountain and recoiled upon the flat,

For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

P.E.

5-minute warm-up:

- 60 seconds straight of crab-walking
- 30 seconds straight of push-ups
- 60 seconds straight of jumping-jacks
- 30 seconds straight of push-ups
- 60 seconds straight of clam-curls
- 30 second break
- 30 seconds straight of burpees

“Overhand Sock Toss Obstacle Course:”

You will need:

- 1 rolled up pair of socks
- 3 chairs
- 2 rolled up towels
- 1 paper plate or piece of paper
- tape
- Crayons or colored pencils.

Here is how you set up and play the obstacle course. Using your paper plate and colors, draw a big “X” on the middle of the plate as if it were a target. Once that is done, tape your target to the back of one of the chairs. About five feet away from the chair with the target, set up the two other chairs back to back. You are going to need to crawl under the legs of both chairs. If your chairs are not big enough for this, then put them next to each other and drape something across them to make a “bridge” that you can crawl under. Another five feet past your two chairs, you will set up your two rolled up towels about 3 feet away from each other, as if they were a “finish” and “start” line. The towel farthest from the target is your actual starting line. In order to play, practice overhand tossing your sock-ball at the target. In order to get the sock-ball back, you must jump across the two towels (be careful, the middle becomes lava), army-crawl under your chairs, grab the sock-ball and then run back to the start-line. How many times can you do this in three minutes? How about in two? Remember to only count the tosses which hit the target. Remember also to have fun!

Music

Congratulations, class! You have learned the basics of the bass clef. The goal of this week is to apply what we have learned to look at real pieces of music. First, a review.

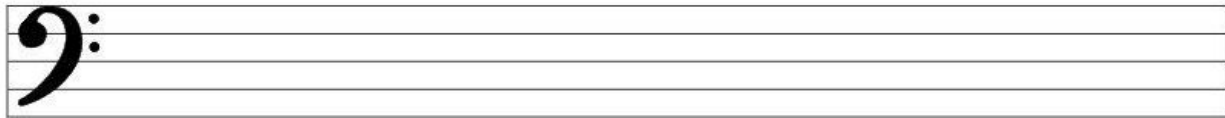
- 1) How do we remember the lines of the bass clef? What about the spaces? If you’re having trouble remembering, take a look at the answer key.
- 2) Write the bass clef 10 times. Imitate the model below. (What is the bass clef also called?)



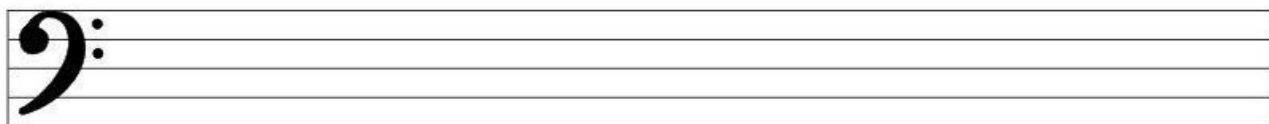
- 3) For some quick bass clef review and tips about ledger lines, watch this:

<https://cloud.swivl.com/library/3819433/>

- 4) Use notes to spell! Use at least one note with ledger lines per word. Check each note carefully to make sure it’s right after you’ve spelled these words: FAD, BADGE, CABBAGE



5) CHALLENGE: Spell the word FADE and BAGGED using *only* notes with ledger lines!




Day 2 Instructions and Resources

Tuesday, 5/5

Math

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

Math Fact Practice (5 Minutes): In 5 minutes or less, solve the Math Fact Practice sheet for multiplication of a mixture of numbers from 0 to 7.

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

The link for this section: <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/d7585cdcd8ded8d0d062209b6787849a>

Fractions into Percentages:Notes: Yesterday, we saw how fractions out of 100 are equivalent (or equal to) percentages out of 100. Today we are going to continue practicing changing fractions into percentages. Express the following as a percentage. Remember to place a % symbol to the right of your number.

- $23/100 =$ _____.
- $45/100 =$ _____.
- $36/100 =$ _____.
- $75/100 =$ _____.
- $40/100 =$ _____.
- $70/100 =$ _____.

Now that we can express fractions as percentages, let's look at some fractions that are not written out of 100. How can we express $\frac{3}{10}$ as a percentage? First, let's find an equivalent (or equal to) fraction to $\frac{3}{10}$ that is out of 100.

$$\frac{3}{10} = \frac{?}{100}$$

Next, we ask ourselves, what must I multiply 10 by in order to get to 100?

$$10 \times \underline{\quad} = 100$$

We know that $10 \times 10 = 100$. With fractions, whatever you do to the denominator (the bottom number), you also must do to the numerator (the top number). Therefore, if we multiply 10 by 10, then we also need to multiply 3 by 10.

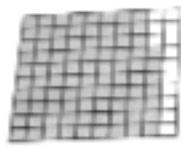
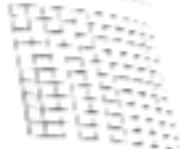
$$3 \times 10 = \underline{\quad}$$

This new numerator is our percentage. What percent is $\frac{3}{10}$? .

Now that we found $\frac{3}{10}$ as a percentage, what is $\frac{5}{10}$ as a percentage? .

Practice: Express each fraction as a percentage.

3. Express each fraction as a percentage.

$\frac{87}{100} =$		$\frac{5}{100} =$	
$\frac{16}{100} =$		$\frac{71}{100} =$	
$\frac{68}{100} =$		$\frac{50}{100} =$	
$\frac{99}{100} =$		$\frac{100}{100} =$	

The chart below contains common percentages, fractions, and decimals. Please, memorize this chart throughout the week.

Fraction	Decimal	Percent
$\frac{1}{100}$.01	1%
$\frac{5}{100} = \frac{1}{20}$.05	5%
$\frac{10}{100} = \frac{1}{10}$.10	10%
$\frac{35}{100} = \frac{7}{20}$.35	35%
$\frac{50}{100} = \frac{1}{2}$.50	50%
$\frac{75}{100} = \frac{3}{4}$.75	75%

Spalding

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

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

Today's Words: **apply, applying, applied, Arctic Ocean, artificial**

Day 2 Video: <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/eeeb0d633c1970a7964f6a1372719c10>

Rule 29: Words are usually divided between double consonants within a base word. The consonant is added to the first syllable so that the vowel before it will say its first sound.

Rule 24: When adding a suffix (ending) to a word that ends with a consonant and *y*, use *i* instead of *y* unless the ending is *ing*.

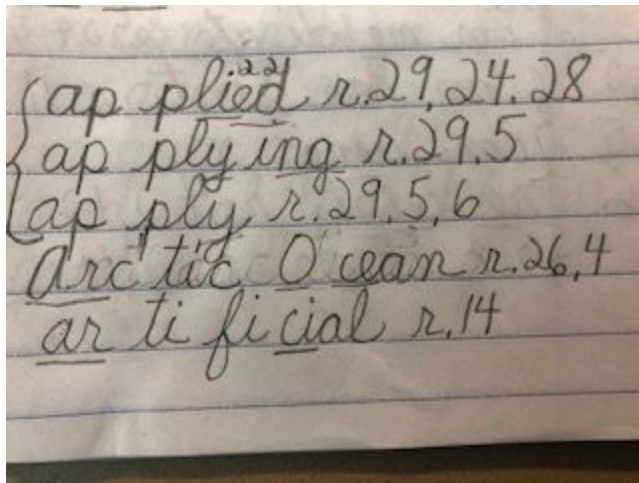
Rule 28: The phonogram *ed* has three sounds and is used to form the past tense of verbs.

Rule 5: The letters *i* and *y* usually make the first sound of *i* (*big, gym*), but may say the second sound of *i* (*si lent, my, type*).

Rule 6: The letter *y*, not *i*, is used at the end of an English word (*my*).

Rule 4: Vowels *a, e, o, and u* usually make their second sound at the end of a syllable.

Rule 14: The phonograms *ti*, *si*, and *ci* are the spellings most frequently used to say *sh* at the beginning of a second or subsequent syllable in a base word.



Literature and Writing

Read pages 141-148 in Chapter Twelve of *Where the Red Fern Grows* (about 20 minutes):

As you read...

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

After reading...

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

1) Find one example of foreshadowing in these pages.

2) Should Grandpa and Billy have agreed to Pritchard's "bet?" What would a better response have been?

Reading Accommodation: Listen to the audio book by clicking or typing in the link <https://youtu.be/fZih-hgHnyM?t=1189> and follow along with the text in your book. We will stop at "I knew Mama wouldn't approve of anything I had to do with the Pritchards."

XII

THE FAME OF MY DOGS SPREAD ALL OVER OUR PART OF THE OZARKS. They were the best in the country. No coon hunter came into my grandfather's store with as many pelts as I did.

Grandpa never overlooked an opportunity to brag. He told everyone the story of my dogs, and the part he had played in getting them.

Many was the time some farmer, coming to our home, would say, "Your Grandpa was telling me you got three big coons over in Pea Vine Hollow the other night." I would listen, knowing I only got one, or maybe none, but Grandpa was my pal. If he said I caught ten in one tree, it was just that way.

Because of my grandfather's bragging, and his firm belief in my dogs and me, a terrible thing happened.

One morning, while having breakfast, Mama said to Papa, "I'm almost out of corn meal. Do you think you can go to the mill today?"

Papa said, "I intended to butcher a hog. We're about out of meat." Looking at me, he said, "Shell a sack of corn. Take one of the mules and go to the mill for your mother."

With the help of my sisters, we shelled the corn. Throwing it over our mule's back, I started for the store.

On arriving at the millhouse, I tied my mule to the hitching post, took my corn, and set it by the door. I walked over to the store and told Grandpa I wanted to get some corn ground.

He said, "I'll be with you in just a minute."

As I was waiting, I heard a horse coming. Looking out, I saw who it was and didn't like what I saw. It was the two youngest Pritchard boys. I had run into them on several occasions during pie suppers and dances.

The Pritchards were a large family that lived upriver about five miles. As in most small country communities, there is one family that no one likes. The Pritchards were it. Tales were told that they were bootleggers, thieves, and just all-round "no-accounts." The story had gone round that Old Man Pritchard had killed a man somewhere in Missouri before moving to our part of the country.

Rubin was two years older than I, big and husky for his age. He never had much to say. He had mean-looking eyes that were set far back in his rugged face. They were smoky-hued and unblinking, as if the eyelids were paralyzed. I had heard that once he had cut a boy with a knife in a fight over at the sawmill.

Rainie was the youngest, about my age. He had the meanest disposition of any boy I had ever known. Because of this he was disliked by young and old. Wherever Rainie went, trouble seemed to follow. He was always wanting to bet, and would bet on anything. He was nervous, and could never seem to stand still.

Once at my grandfather's store, I had given him a piece of candy. Snatching it out of my hand, he ate it and then sneered at me and said it wasn't any good. During a pie supper one night, he wanted to bet a dime that he could whip me.

My mother told me always to be kind of Rainie, that he couldn't help being the way he was. I asked,

"Why?" She said it was because his brothers were always picking on him and beating him.

On entering the store, they stopped and glared at me. Rubin walked over to the counter. Rainie came over to me. Leering at me, he said, "I'd like to make a bet with you."

I told him I didn't want to bet.

He asked if I was scared.

"No. I just don't want to bet," I said.

His neck and ears looked as though they hadn't been washed in months. His ferretlike eyes kept darting here and there. Glancing down to his hands, I saw the back of his right sleeve was stiff and starchy from the constant wiping of his nose.

He saw I was looking him over, and asked if I liked what I saw.

I started to say, "No," but didn't, turned, and walked away a few steps.

Rubin ordered some chewing tobacco.

"Aren't you a little young to be chewing?" Grandpa asked.

"Ain't for me. It's for my dad," Rubin growled.

Grandpa handed two plugs to him. He paid for it, turned around, and handed one plug to Rainie. Holding the other up in front of him, he looked it over. Looking at Grandpa, he gnawed at one corner of it.

Grandpa mumbled something about how kids were brought up these days. He came from behind the counter, saying to me, "Let's go grind that corn."

The Pritchard boys made no move to follow us out of the store.

"Come on," Grandpa said. "I'm going to lock up till I get this corn ground."

"We'll just stay here. I want to look at some of the shirts," said Rubin.

"No, you won't," said Grandpa. "Come on, I'm going to lock up."

Begrudgingly, they walked out.

I helped Grandpa start the mill and we proceeded to grind the corn. The Pritchard boys had followed us and were standing looking on.

Rainie walked over to me. "I hear you have some good hounds," he said.

I told him I had the best in the country. If he didn't believe me, he could just ask my grandfather.

He just leered at me. "I don't think they're half as good as you say they are," he said. "Bet our old blue tick hound can out-hunt both of them."

I laughed, "Ask Grandpa who brings in the most hides."

"I wouldn't believe him. He's crooked," he said.

I let him know right quick that my grandfather wasn't crooked.

"He's a storekeeper, ain't he?" he said.

I glanced over at Grandpa. He had heard the remark made by Rainie. His friendly old face was as red as a turkey gobbler's wattle.

The last of my corn was just going through the grinding stones. Grandpa pushed a lever to one side, shutting off the power. He came over and said to Rainie, "What do you do? Just go around looking for trouble. What do you want, a fight?"

Rubin sidled over. "This ain't none of your business," he said. "Besides, Rainie's not looking for a fight. We just want to make a bet with him."

Grandpa glared at Rubin. "Any bet you would make sure would be a good one all right. What kind of a bet?"

Rubin spat a mouthful of tobacco juice on the clean floor. He said, "Well, we've heard so much about them hounds of his, we just think it's a lot of talk and lies. We'd like to make a little bet; say about two dollars."

I had never seen my old grandfather so mad. The red had left his face. In its place was a sickly, paste-gray color. The kind old eyes behind the glasses burned with a fire I had never seen.

In a loud voice, he asked, "Bet on what?"

Rubin spat again. Grandpa's eyes followed the brown stain in its arch until it landed on the clean floor and splattered.

With a leering grin on his ugly, dirty face, Rubin said, "Well, we got an old coon up in our part of the country that's been there a long time. Ain't no dog yet ever been smart enough to tree him, and I!"

Rainie broke into the conversation, "He ain't just an ordinary coon. He's an old-timer. Folks call him the 'ghost coon.' Believe me, he is a ghost. He just runs hounds long enough to get them all warmed up, then climbs a tree and disappears. Our old blue hound has treed him more times than—"

Rubin told Rainie to shut up and let him do the talking. Looking over at me, he said, "What do you say? Want to bet two dollars your hounds can tree him?"

I looked at my grandfather, but he didn't help me.

I told Rubin I didn't want to bet, but I was pretty sure my dogs could tree the ghost coon.

Rainie butted in again, "What's the matter? You 'yellow'?"

I felt the hot blood rush into my face. My stomach felt like something alive was crawling in it. I doubled up my right fist and was on the point of hitting Rainie in one of his eyes when I felt my grandfather's hand on my shoulder.

I looked up. His eyes flashed as he looked at me. A strange little smile was tugging at the corner of his mouth. The big artery in his neck was pounding out and in. It reminded me

of a young bird that had fallen out of a nest and lay dying on the ground.

Still looking at me, he reached back and took his billfold from his pocket, saying,

"Let's call that bet." Turning to Rubin, he said, "I'm going to let him call your bet, but now you listen. If you boys take him up there to hunt the ghost coon, and jump on him and beat him up, you're sure going to hear from me. I don't mean maybe. I'll have both of you taken to Tahlequah and put in jail. You had better believe that."

Rubin saw he had pushed my grandfather far enough. Backing up a couple of steps, he said, "We're not going to jump on him. All we want to do is make a bet."

Grandpa handed me two one-dollar bills, saying to Rubin, "You hold your money and he can hold his. If you lose, you had better pay off." Looking back to me, he said, "Son, if you lose, pay off."

I nodded my head.

I asked Rubin when he wanted me to come up for the hunt.

He thought a minute. "You know where that old log slide comes out from the hills onto the road?" he asked.

I nodded.

"We'll meet you there tomorrow night about dark," he said.

It was fine with me, I said, but I told him not to bring his hounds because mine wouldn't hunt with other dogs.

He said he wouldn't.

I agreed to bring my ax and lantern.

As they turned to leave, Rainie smirked. "Sucker!" he said.

I made no reply.

After the Pritchard boys had gone, my grandfather looked at me and said, "Son, I have never asked another man for much, but I sure want you to catch the ghost coon."

I told him if the ghost coon made one track in the river bottoms, my dogs would get him.

Grandpa laughed.

"You'd better be getting home. It's getting late and your mother is waiting for the corn meal," he said.

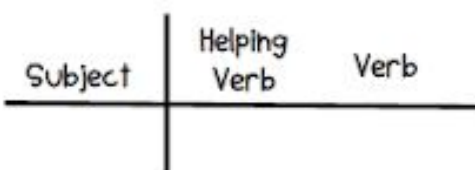
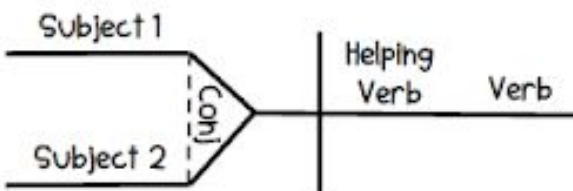
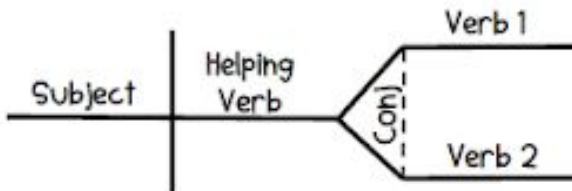

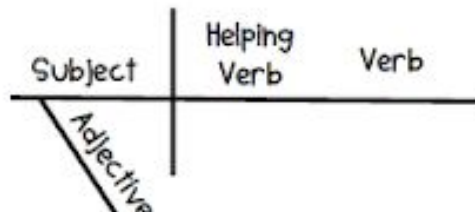
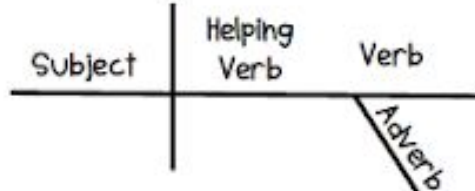
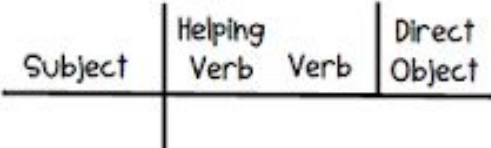
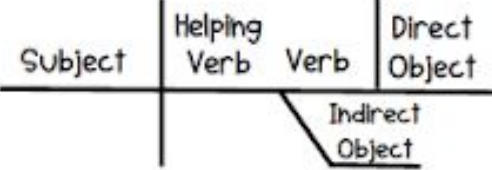
I could hear him chuckling as he walked toward his store. I thought to myself, "There goes the best grandpa a boy ever had."

Lifting the sack of meal to the back of my old mule, I started for home. All the way, I kept thinking of Old Dan, Little Ann, ghost coons, and the two ugly, dirty Pritchard boys. I decided not to tell my mother and father anything about the hunt for I knew Mama wouldn't approve of anything I had to do with the Pritchards.

Grammar

Keep this page for future reference.

SENTENCE DIAGRAMS REFERENCE SHEET

<p style="text-align: center; border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px;">Subject-Verb</p> 	<p style="text-align: center; border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px;">Compound Subject</p> 
<p style="text-align: center; border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px;">Compound Verb</p> 	<p style="text-align: center; border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px;">Compound Subject and Verb</p> 
<p style="text-align: center; border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px;">Adjective</p> 	<p style="text-align: center; border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px;">Adverb</p> 
<p style="text-align: center; border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px;">Direct Object (DO)</p> 	<p style="text-align: center; border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px;">Indirect Object (IO)</p> 

SUBJECT-VERB DIAGRAM PRACTICE

Name: _____

Part I: Practice diagramming each sentence. Label the part of speech of each word in the sentence before you begin diagramming.

1. Rain was falling.	
2. Are people leaving?	
3. Miss Callie Jo will be playing!	

Poetry

Read through “Casey at the Bat” once. Today, focus on practicing the sixth stanza of the poem, printed below. You can practice reciting it to yourself while doing other tasks. If you have time, practice reciting the first six stanzas of the poem.

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

Science

Review: Please take a few minutes to look over your reference guide for Light as Energy. **Make sure to put it out of sight when you are ready to take the quiz,** then turn the page and begin.

1. You are standing in a room with some objects on a table. The door is closed, and it is completely dark—there is no light source. Which of the following sentences is true?

(Mark the one best answer.)

- A You will be able to see the shape of the objects, but not their colors.
- B You will never see anything, even if you are there for a long time.
- C You will be able to see a little bit after your eyes get used to the dark.
- D You will be able to see only the objects that are white.

2. Standing in a room where there is only blue light, a green ball will look _____.

(Mark the one best answer.)

- F white
- G green, but darker
- H blue, but lighter
- J black

3. Mark an **X** next to each sentence that is true about light.

~~*(Mark the one best answer.)*~~ *Mark all the correct statements.*

- ___ a. Light rays travel in straight lines.
- ___ b. Mirrors are a source of light.
- ___ c. When light travels from one medium through another light is refracted.
- ___ d. Refraction occurs when a material reflects all colors of light.
- ___ e. A shiny surface reflects light in one direction, a textured surface reflects light in many directions.

14. Which sentence about light is true?

(Mark the one best answer.)

- A Light rays travel in straight lines.
- B Light rays curve around objects in their way.
- C When all light is absorbed by an object, the object looks white.
- D Shadows occur when light is reflected by an object.

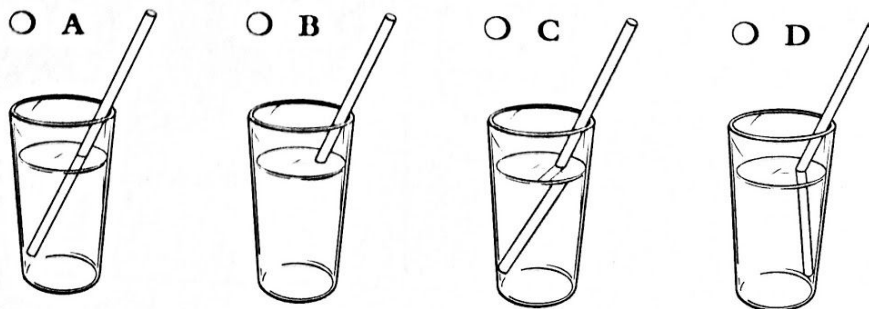
15. How does reflected light allow us to see an object?

(Mark the one best answer.)

- F Light reflects from our eyes onto an object.
- G Light reflects from the Sun to our eyes.
- H Light reflects from our eyes and is absorbed by the object.
- J Light reflects off an object and into our eyes.

16. Which picture shows what a straw looks like when it is sitting in a glass of water and light is refracted?

(Mark the one best answer.)



Latin

Reading (3-5 min.)

- Read the following passage aloud, taking care with your pronunciation.
- If you would like to hear a recording of this passage, visit <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/9df501f0b462637aa16a802d6605ea7b>.

Cornēlius nōn ad Rōmam, sed ad Tūsculum it. Rōma post eum, ante eum Tūsculum est. Cornēlius in equō est. Equus quī Cornēlium vehit pulcher est.

Note:

Take another look at this sentence: Cornēlius in equō est. There is something new here! Does this sentence mean “Cornelius is in the horse?” That would be funny, but that’s not what this means! *In* can also mean “on.” So someone could be *in equō*, “on a horse,” or *in viā*, “on the road.” We can decide which one is best to use by considering which one makes sense in context of a given sentence.

Translation (6-7 min.)

Translate these sentences from the passage above into English. You may find it helpful to do a gloss as well, but that is optional. Refer to the word bank below as necessary.

1. Cornēlius nōn ad Rōmam, sed ad Tūsculum it.
2. Equus quī Cornēlium vehit pulcher est.

Word Bank

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

sed: but

it: he/she/it goes

vehit: he/she/it carries, conveys, travels

equus, -ī: horse

quī: which

pulcher, pulchra, pulchrum: beautiful

Translation Check (2-3 min.)

Once you are finished with your translation, you may ask a parent to help you check your answers in the solutions key. Mark any corrections neatly, in red pencil.

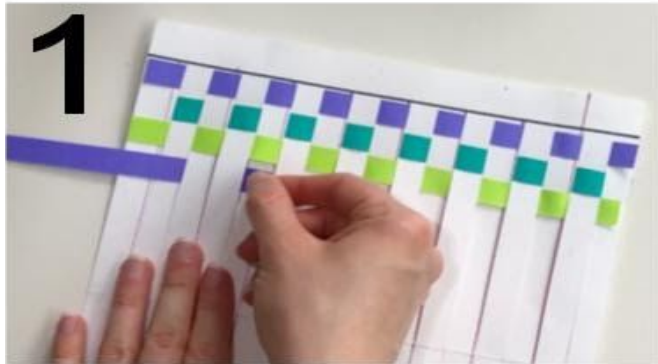
Art (15 Minutes)

Weaving Unit: How to weave day 2- Basket Weave

Materials: For this lesson you will need the weaving loom and strips from last class. Note: If you have misplaced your loom or strips you can find the templates in the “Art” folder in Google classroom.

Directions: Follow the steps and picture below to learn “Basket Weave”. *Keep this project in a safe place, we will be using the loom and strips for the duration of the weaving unit!* For further enrichment, you may watch my tutorial linked here and available in the “Art” folder on Google Classroom : <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/6d00113ee2b7b4d42fb4f200c4aa98d3>

How to Weave Basket Weave



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



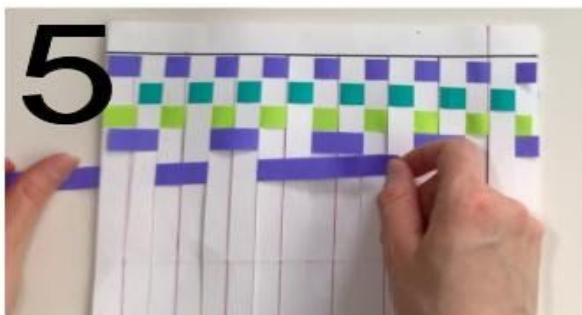
Step 2: Continue the pattern of weaving over two under two until the row is complete.



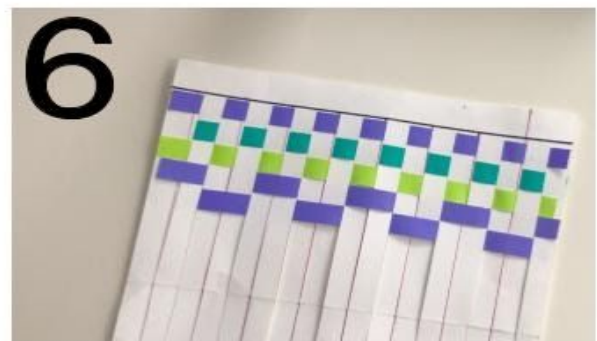
Step 3: Gently push up the strip of paper until it is as close to the top as possible. It should fit snugly.



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



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



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

Day 3 Instructions and Resources

Wednesday, 5/6

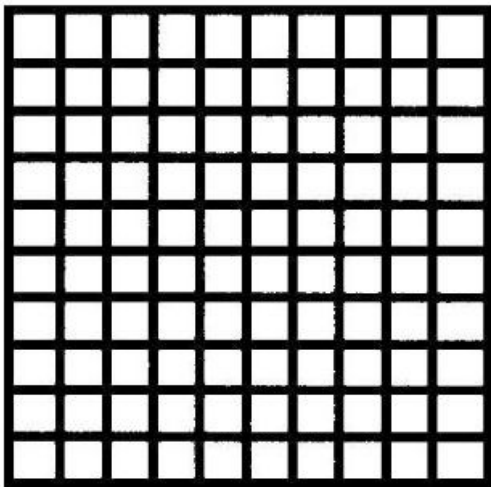
Math

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

Math Fact Practice (5 Minutes): In 5 minutes or less, solve the Math Fact Practice sheet for multiplication of a mixture of numbers from 0 to 8.

The link for this section: <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/03d9903dd7d4ecf554c0a286d55f503a>

Decimals into Percentages: Notes: We have been converting fractions and percentages. Today, we will convert decimals into percentages. Let's start with the decimal 0.55. The decimal 0.55 can be written as a fraction, $55/100$. Please shade this fraction on the grid below.



What percentage is that? _____.

The decimal 0.55 is $55/100$ and 55%. Something to make note of is that 0.30 and 0.3 are equivalent decimals. They are the same as saying $3/10$ and $30/100$. If we simplify $30/100$, we get $3/10$. Therefore, 0.30 is equal to 0.3.

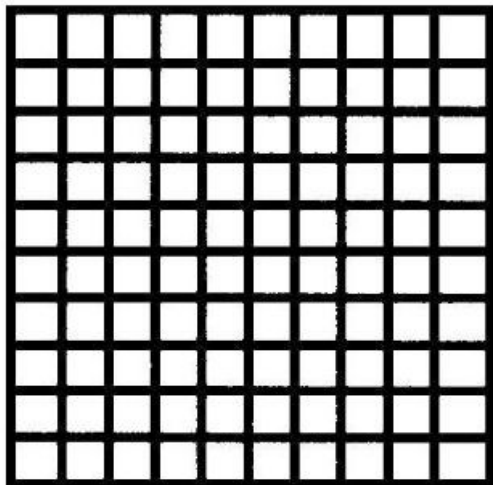
Now take the decimals below, and convert them first to a fraction and then to a decimal. Please shade in the grid to show what the fraction is.

Practice:

0.07

Fraction: _____

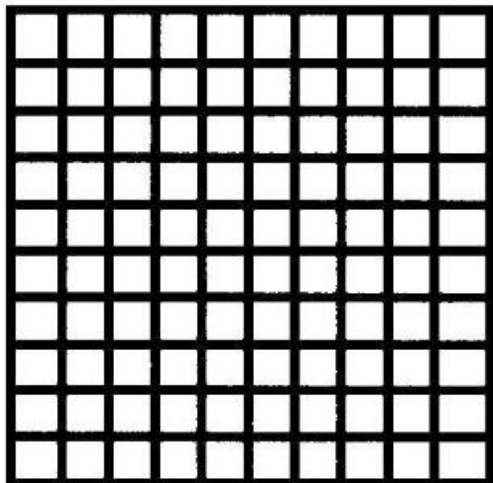
Percentage: _____



0.02

Fraction: _____

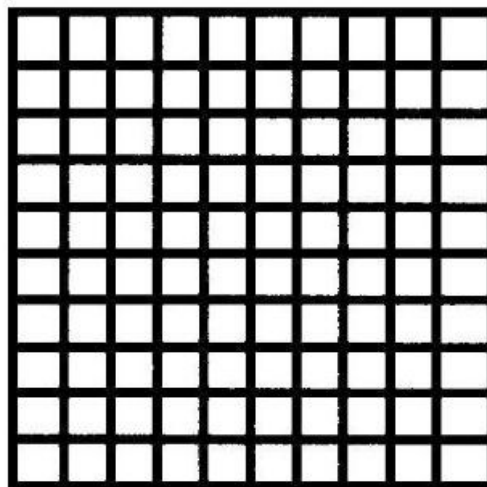
Percentage: _____



0.85

Fraction: _____

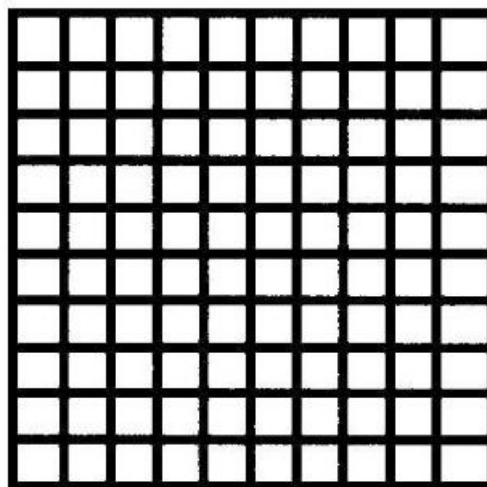
Percentage: _____



0.7

Fraction: _____


Percentage: _____



The chart below contains common percentages, fractions, and decimals. Please, memorize this chart throughout the week.

Fraction	Decimal	Percent
$\frac{1}{100}$.01	1%
$\frac{5}{100} = \frac{1}{20}$.05	5%
$\frac{10}{100} = \frac{1}{10}$.10	10%
$\frac{35}{100} = \frac{7}{20}$.35	35%
$\frac{50}{100} = \frac{1}{2}$.50	50%
$\frac{75}{100} = \frac{3}{4}$.75	75%

Name _____



Eights

0 × 8 = ____	8 × 1 = ____	6 × 8 = ____	8 × 2 = ____	8 × 7 = ____
4 × 8 = ____	9 × 8 = ____	4 × 8 = ____	8 × 3 = ____	0 × 8 = ____
8 × 3 = ____	8 × 9 = ____	8 × 9 = ____	8 × 6 = ____	8 × 8 = ____
7 × 8 = ____	0 × 8 = ____	8 × 3 = ____	8 × 7 = ____	4 × 8 = ____
2 × 8 = ____	8 × 7 = ____	8 × 8 = ____	8 × 8 = ____	2 × 8 = ____
8 × 9 = ____	8 × 2 = ____	8 × 5 = ____	9 × 8 = ____	6 × 8 = ____
3 × 8 = ____	8 × 9 = ____	8 × 3 = ____	8 × 8 = ____	8 × 9 = ____
6 × 8 = ____	8 × 7 = ____	6 × 8 = ____	9 × 8 = ____	8 × 8 = ____
8 × 9 = ____	7 × 8 = ____	8 × 9 = ____	8 × 3 = ____	8 × 3 = ____
7 × 8 = ____	8 × 8 = ____	2 × 8 = ____	8 × 9 = ____	8 × 4 = ____

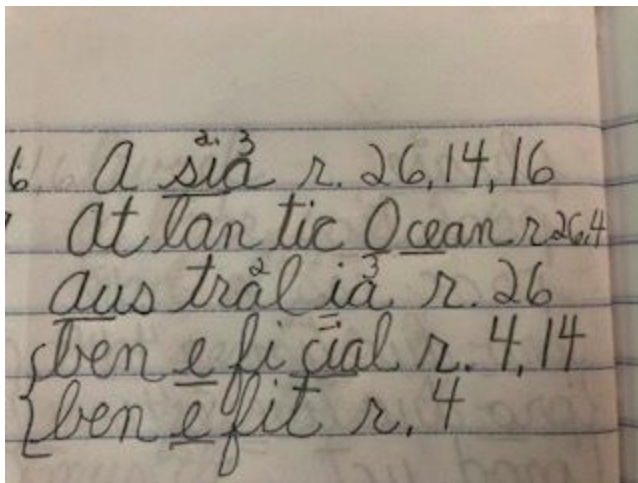
Spalding

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

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

Today's Words: **Asia, Atlantic Ocean, Australia, benefit, beneficial**

Day 3 Video: <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/d226e8c40b51e4486dea9a4e83375fcf>



Rule 16: The phonogram *si* may also say *zh*, as in *vi sion*.

Literature and Writing

Read pages 148-155 in Chapter Twelve 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) Describe Rueben and Rainie. How are they characterized? Why are they like this?

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

<https://youtu.be/fZih-hgHnyM?t=1814> and follow along with the text in your book. We will begin at "I knew Mama wouldn't approve of anything I had to do with the Pritchards."

The following evening I arrived at the designated spot early. I sat down by a red oak tree to wait. I called Little Ann over to me and had a good talk with her. I told her how much I loved her, scratched her back, and looked at the pads of her feet.

"Sweetheart," I said, "you must do something for me tonight. I want you to tree the ghost coon for it means so much to Grandpa and me."

She seemed to understand and answered by washing my face and hands.

I tried to talk to Old Dan, but I may as well have talked to a stump for all the attention he paid to me. He kept walking around sniffing here and there. He couldn't understand why we were waiting. He was wanting to hunt.

Rubin and Rainie showed up just at dark. Both had sneers on their faces.

"Are you ready?" Rubin asked.

"Yes," I said, and asked him which way was the best to go.

"Let's go downriver a way and work up," he said. "We're sure to strike him coming upriver, and that way we've got the wind in our favor."

"Are these the hounds that we've been hearing so much about?" Rainie asked.

I nodded.

"They look too little to be any good," he said.

I told him dynamite came in little packages.

He asked me if I had my two dollars.

"Yes," I said.

He wanted to see my money. I showed it to him. Rubin, not to be outdone, showed me his.

We crossed an old field and entered the river bottoms. By this time it was quite dark. I lit my lantern and asked which one wanted to carry my ax.

"It's yours," Rainie said. "You carry it."

Not wanting to argue, I carried both the lantern and the ax.

Rainie started telling me how stingy and crooked my grandfather was. I told him I hadn't come to have any trouble or to fight. All I wanted to do was to hunt the ghost coon. If there was going to be any trouble, I would just call my dogs and go home.

Rubin had a nickel's worth of sense, but Rainie had none at all. Rubin told him if he didn't shut up, he was going to bloody his nose. That shut Rainie up.

Old Dan opened up first. It was a beautiful thing to hear. The deep tones of his voice rolled in the silent night.

A bird in a canebrake on our right started chirping. A big swamp rabbit came running down the river-bank as if all hell was close to his heels. A bunch of mallards, feeding in the shallows

across the river, took flight with frightened quacks. A feeling that only a hunter knows slowly crept over my body. I whooped to my dogs, urging them on.

Little Ann came in. Her bell-like tones blended with Old Dan's, in perfect rhythm. We stood and listened to the beautiful music, the deep-throated notes of hunting hounds on the hot-scented trail of a river coon.

Rubin said, "If he crosses the river up at the Buck Ford, it's the ghost coon, as that's the way he always runs."

We stood and listened. Sure enough, the voices of my dogs were silent for a few minutes. Old Dan, a more powerful swimmer than Little Ann, was the first to open up after crossing over. She was close behind him.

Rubin said, "That's him, all right. That's the ghost coon." They crossed the river again.

We waited.

Rainie said, "You may as well get your money out now." I told him just to wait a while, and I'd show him the ghost coon's hide.

This brought a loud laugh from Rainie, which sounded like someone had dropped an empty bucket on a gravel bar and then had kicked it.

The wily old coon crossed the river several times, but couldn't shake my dogs from his trail. He cut out from the bottoms, walked a rail fence, and jumped from it into a thick canebrake. He piled into an old Slough. Where it emptied into the river, he swam to the middle. Doing opposite to what most coons do, which is swim downstream, he swam upstream. He stopped at an old drift in the middle of it.

Little Ann found him. When she jumped him from the drift, Old Dan was far downriver searching for the trail. If he could have gotten there in time, it would have been the last of the ghost coon, but Little Ann couldn't do much by herself in the water. He fought his way free from her, swam to our side, and ran upstream.

I could hear Old Dan coming through the bottoms on the other side, bawling at every jump. I could feel the driving power in his voice. We heard him when he hit the water to cross over. It sounded like a cow had jumped in.

Little Ann was warming up the ghost coon. I could tell by her voice that she was close to him.

Reaching our side, Old Dan tore out after her. He was a mad hound. His deep voice was telling her he was coming.

We were trotting along, following my dogs, when I heard Little Ann's bawling stop.

"Wait a minute," I said. "I think she has treed him. Let's give her time to circle the tree to make sure he's there."

Old Dan opened up bawling treed. Rubin started on.

"Something's wrong," I said. "I can't hear Little Ann."

Rainie spoke up, "Maybe the ghost coon ate her up."
I glared at him.

Hurrying on, we came to my dogs. Old Dan was bawling at a hole in a large sycamore that had fallen into the river.

At that spot, the bank was a good ten feet above the water level. As the big tree had fallen, the roots had been torn and twisted from the ground. The jagged roots, acting as a drag, had stopped it from falling all the way into the stream. The trunk lay on a steep slant from the top of the bank to the water. Looking down, I could see the broken tangled mass of the top. Debris from floods had caught in the limbs, forming a drift.

Old Dan was trying to dig and gnaw his way into the log. Pulling him from the hole, I held my lantern up and looked down into the dark hollow. I knew that somewhere down below the surface there had to be another hole in the trunk, as water had filled the hollow to the river level.

Rubin, looking over my shoulder, said, "That coon couldn't be in there. If he was, he'd be drowned."

I agreed.

Rainie spoke up. "You ready to pay off?" he asked. "I told you them hounds couldn't tree the ghost coon."

I told him the show wasn't over.

Little Ann had never bawled treed, and I knew she wouldn't until she knew exactly where the coon was. Working the bank up and down, and not finding the trail, she swam across the river and worked the other side. For a good half-hour she searched that side before she came back across to where Old Dan was. She sniffed around the hollow log.

"We might as well get away from here," Rainie said.

"They ain't going to find the ghost coon."

"It sure looks that way," Rubin said.

I told them I wasn't giving up until my dogs did. "You just want to be stubborn," Rubin said. "I'm ready for my money now."

I asked him to wait a few minutes.

"Ain't no use," he said. "No hound yet ever treed that ghost coon."

Hearing a whine, I turned around. Little Ann had crawled up on the log and was inching her way down the slick trunk toward the water. I held my lantern up so I could see better. Spraddle-legged, claws digging into the bark, she was easing her way down.

"You'd better get her out of there," Rubin said. "If she gets down in that old tree top, she'll drown."

Rubin didn't know my Little Ann.

Once her feet slipped. I saw her hind quarters fall off to one side. She didn't get scared. Slowly she eased her legs back up on the log.

I made no reply. I just watched and waited.

Little Ann eased herself into the water. Swimming to the drift, she started sniffing around. In places it was thin and her legs would break through. Climbing, clawing, and swimming, she searched the drift over, looking for the lost trail.

I saw when she stopped searching. With her body half in the water, and her front feet curved over a piece of driftwood, she turned her head and looked toward the shore. I could see her head twisting from side to side. I could tell by her actions that she had gotten the scent. With a low whine, she started back.

I told Rubin, "I think she smells something."

Slowly and carefully she worked her way through the tangled mass. I lost sight of her when she came close to the

undermined bank. She wormed her way under the overhang. I could hear her clawing and wallowing around, and then all hell broke loose. Out from under the bank came the biggest coon I had ever seen, the ghost coon.

He came out right over Little Ann. She caught him in the old treetop. I knew she was no match for him in that tangled mass of limbs and logs. He fought his way free and swam for the opposite bank. She was right behind him.

Old Dan didn't wait, look, or listen. He piled off the ten-foot bank and disappeared from sight. I looked for him. I knew he was tangled in the debris under the surface. I started to take off my overalls, but stopped when I saw his red head shoot up out of the water. Bawling and clawing his way free of the limbs and logs, he was on his way.

On reaching midstream, the ghost coon headed downriver with Little Ann still on his tail.

We ran down the riverbank. I could see my dogs clearly in the moonlight. The ghost coon was about fifteen feet ahead of Little Ann. About twenty-five yards behind them came Old Dan, trying so hard to catch up. I whooped to them.

Rubin grabbed a pole, saying, "He may come out on this side."

Knowing the ghost coon was desperate, I wondered what he would do. Reaching a gravel bar below the high bank, we ran out on it to the water's edge. Then the ghost coon did something that I never expected. Coming even with us, he turned from midstream and came straight for us.

I heard Rubin yell, "Here he comes!"

He churned his way through the shallows and ran right between us. Rubin swung his pole, missed the coon, and almost hit Little Ann. The coon headed for the river bottoms with her right on his heels.

The bawling of Little Ann and our screaming and hollering made so much noise, I didn't hear Old Dan coming. He tore out of the river, plowed into me, and knocked me down.

We ran through the bottoms, following my dogs. I thought the ghost coon was going back to the sycamore log but he didn't. He ran upriver.

While hurrying after them, I looked over at Rainie. For once in his life, I think he was excited. He was whooping and screaming, and falling over logs and limbs.

I felt good all over.

Glancing over at me, Ramie said, "They ain't got him yet."

The ghost coon crossed the river time after time. Seeing that he couldn't shake Old Dan and Little Ann from his trail, he cut through the river bottoms and ran out into an old field.

At this maneuver, Rubin said to Rainie, "He's heading for that tree."

"What tree?" I asked.

"You'll see," Rainie said. "When he gets tired, he always heads for that tree. That's where he gets his name, the ghost coon. He just disappears."

"If he disappears, my dogs will disappear with him," I said.

Rainie laughed.

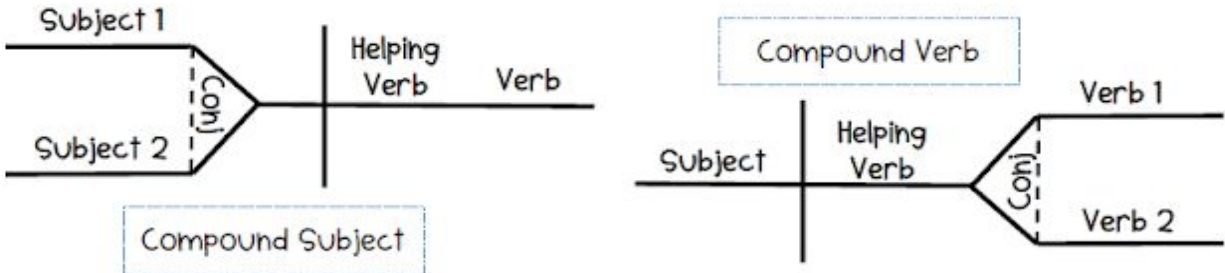
I had to admit one thing. The Pritchard boys knew the habits of the ghost coon. I knew he couldn't run all night. He had already far surpassed any coon I had ever chased. I "They're just about there," Rubin said.

Just then I heard Old Dan bark treed. I waited for Little

Ann's voice. I didn't hear her. I wondered what it could be this time.
 "He's there all right," Rubin said. "He's in that tree."
 "Well, come on," I said. "I want to see that tree."

"You might as well get your money out," Rainie said.
 I told him he had said that once before, back on the riverbank.

Grammar



Practice diagramming each sentence. Label the part of speech of each word in the sentence before you begin diagramming.

1. Abi Sue sang and danced.	
2. Were banners swaying and streaming?	
3. Alayna or Miss Barnard might babysit.	
4. Will snow and ice return?	
5. Is Bryson sleeping or studying?	

Poetry

Read through "Casey at the Bat" once. Today, focus on practicing the seventh stanza of the poem, printed below. You can practice reciting it to yourself while doing other tasks. If you have time, practice reciting the first seven stanzas of the poem.

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

History

Advances in Technology

Even as more people were moving West, Americans across the country were being brought closer together through new inventions in communication. Up until the Industrial Revolution, the only way to communicate with someone who was far away was by writing a letter. It could take a letter weeks or months to reach its destination, and there was often the danger of the letter being lost. With the new technology in the Industrial Revolution, people began to develop faster and more reliable methods of communication.

The study of electricity had intrigued Americans since colonial times. While the story about Benjamin Franklin flying a key on a kite to experiment with lightning is only a story, it is true that Franklin was highly interested in the possibilities of electricity. Another man, **Samuel Morse** (1791 - 1872) was born in Massachusetts and initially wanted to become a painter. However, he began experimenting with electricity as well, and came up with a model for the **telegraph** (though this was not the first telegraph ever invented). The telegraph allowed people to send messages through electrical wires that connected different telegraph stations. To send a message by telegraph, you would go to a station and give your message to the men working there. They would translate your message into a series of codes that could be easily sent by wire (this is where “Morse Code” comes from). The message would be sent to another telegraph station, where the workers would decode the message and deliver it. The first telegraph line between Baltimore, MD, to Washington, D.C. was completed in 1844.

The invention of the telegraph was exciting, but new methods of communication were still to come. **Alexander Graham Bell** (1847 - 1922) was born in Scotland but moved to Canada, and later the United States, as a young man. While Bell originally taught people who were hard of hearing, he began to experiment with the telegraph, hoping to find a way to allow people to communicate instantly, even when they were in separate locations. His experiments led him to the invention of the **telephone**, which allowed people to speak to each other in different locations, in 1876. His first words spoken clearly by telephone were directions to his assistant, Thomas Watson: “Mr. Watson, come here. I want to see you.” Both the telegraph and the telephone made it easier to communicate and share information than ever before.

One of the most well-known inventors in the 1800s was **Thomas Edison** (1847 - 1931). Edison began working as an apprentice telegrapher, where he developed his own interest in electricity and invention. His work led him to the development of the **phonograph**, a machine that would allow people to play recorded sounds on a disc or record. His other great achievement was his work on the **electric lightbulb**. Previously, the only way to have light after the sun had set was to light a candle or to burn oil or gas in a lamp. The electric lightbulb, however, would use electrical energy to make light. While Edison was not the first inventor of the electric lightbulb, his contributions were nonetheless significant. Finally, Edison also worked on one of the earliest forms of “moving pictures,” which could record movement the

way a camera recorded a still image. Edison's discoveries and inventions were immensely significant in paving the way for future technological developments.

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

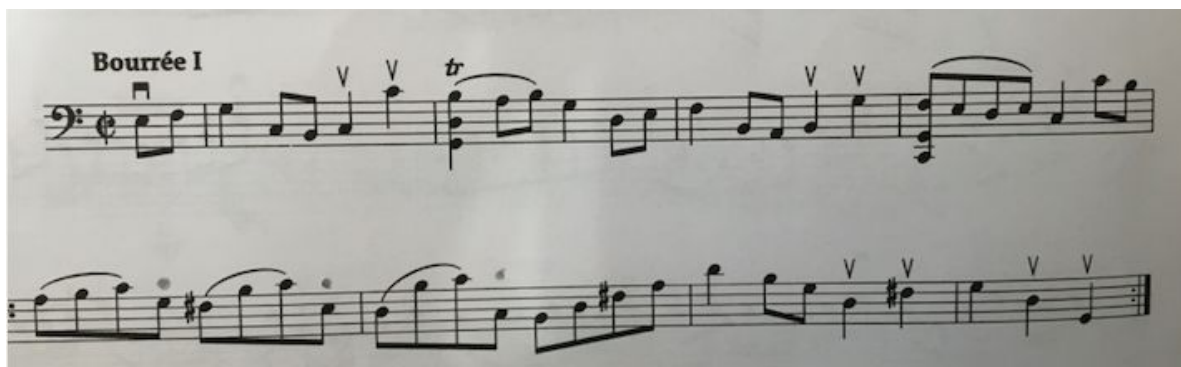
1. How did the telegraph and the telephone change the way people communicated with each other?

2. Please name *one* of Edison's inventions and describe what it did.

Music

Students, today we are going to use what we've learned to examine part of a cello solo: Bourée by J. S. Bach.

- 1) The time signature is not common time, or 4/4, but cut time, which is 2/2.
- 2) Write the name of each note BELOW it. (Next to some of the notes you will see the sharp symbol: # Disregard these for the time being.) There are two chords, which are multiple notes being played together. When dealing with chords, start from the top note down.
- 3) Write out the rhythm ABOVE each note. For example, for the first three notes, you'd write ti-ti ta. Once you've finished, check your work with the answer key.



- 4) Now, if you'd like, listen to the whole piece, played by our old friend Mischa Maisky!
<https://safeYouTube.net/w/evD9>

P.E.

5-minute Warm-up:

- 30 seconds straight of burpees
- 30 second break
- 60 second plank
- 60 seconds of clam-shells (also called clam-curls)
- 30 second break
- 30 seconds straight of burpees
- 30 second break
- 30 seconds of resting squat (keep those feet flat and parallel!)

Plate Walk Race:

You will need:

- 2 paper plates or pieces of paper.
- 2 rolled up towels

Here is how you set-up and play the game. Place your rolled-up towels at least 30 feet apart like a “start” line and a “finish” line. This game is very simple. Whenever your parents say “GO!” you need to race from the start line to the finish line. However, you must do it with a paper plate under both feet at all times. Pretend that the paper plates are little floating shields which protect you from the molten lava in between the towels. On your way back to the start line, things change a bit. This time, you must throw your first paper plate over the towel-line, jump to it with both feet, send your next plate ahead and then jump onto that one. Remember not to throw it so far that you cannot reach back for the last one. Ask your parents to time you. Remember to have fun and, as always, if you would like to, please send Coach Hess pictures!


Day 4 Instructions and Resources

Thursday, 5/7

Math

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

Math Fact Practice (5 Minutes): In 5 minutes or less, solve the Math Fact Practice sheet for multiplication of a mixture of numbers from 0 to 8.

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

The link for this section: <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/55143cd2f1977a3652163eade8d25277>

Percentages into Decimals: Notes: Now that we have converted decimals into percentages, we will practice converting percentages into decimals. There are two methods that you can use to do this. Let's use 10% as our example for both methods.

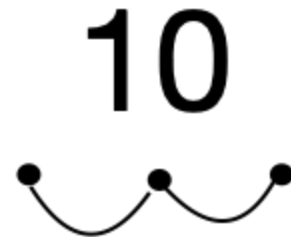
Method 1: First, convert 10% to a fraction out of 100.

$$10\% = 10/100$$

Then, convert the fraction into a decimal by dividing.

$$10 \div 100 = 0.1$$

Method 2: Since you are dividing your percentage by 100, you can move the decimal point two spaces to the left. The new place for the decimal is where the decimal will stay. So instead of 10, you will end with 0.10 or 0.1



Practice: convert the following to decimals.

80%= _____

90%= _____

25%= _____

75%= _____

5%= _____

8%= _____

4%= _____

2%= _____

24%= _____

37%= _____

78%= _____

6%= _____

62%= _____

53%= _____

10%= _____

7%= _____

82%= _____

The chart below contains common percentages, fractions, and decimals. Please, memorize this chart throughout the week.

Fraction	Decimal	Percent
$\frac{1}{100}$.01	1%
$\frac{5}{100} = \frac{1}{20}$.05	5%
$\frac{10}{100} = \frac{1}{10}$.10	10%
$\frac{35}{100} = \frac{7}{20}$.35	35%
$\frac{50}{100} = \frac{1}{2}$.50	50%
$\frac{75}{100} = \frac{3}{4}$.75	75%

Spalding

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

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

Today's Words: **Africa, altitude, ancestors, Antarctica, architecture, applied, applying, apply, Arctic Ocean, artificial, Asia, Atlantic Ocean, Australia, beneficial, benefit.**

Literature and Writing

Read pages 156-164 in Chapter Thirteen 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.

2) Why does Billy not want to kill the ghost coon?

Reading Accommodation: Listen to the audio book by clicking or typing in the link <https://youtu.be/fZih-hgHnyM?t=1814> and follow along with the text in your book. We will begin at "I knew Mama wouldn't approve of anything I had to do with the Pritchards."

XIII
 COMING UP TO THE TREE, I COULD SEE IT WAS A HUGE BUR OAK. IT wasn't tall. It was just the opposite, rather low and squatty. The top was a thick mass of large limbs, and it hadn't shed all of its leaves yet.
 It stood by itself in an old field. There were no other trees within fifty yards of it. About fifteen feet to the left were the remains of a barbed-wire fence. An old gate hung by one rusty hinge from a large corner post. I could tell that at one time a house had stood close by.
 Rubin saw me looking around. "A long time ago some Indians lived here and farmed these fields," he said.
 I walked around the tree looking for the coon, but could see very little in the dark shadows.
 "Ain't no use to look," Rubin said. "He won't be there."
 Rainie spoke up. "This ain't the first time we've been to this tree," he said.
 Rubin told Rainie to shut up. "You talk too much," he said.
 In a whining voice, Rainie said, "Rubin, you know the coon ain't in that tree. Make him pay off and let's go home. I'm getting tired."
 I told Rubin I was going to climb the tree. "Go ahead," he said. "It won't do you any good."
 The tree was easy to climb. I looked all over it, on each limb, and in every dark place. I looked for a hollow. The ghost coon wasn't there. I climbed back down, scolded Old Dan to stop his loud bawling, and looked for Little Ann.

I saw her far up the old fence row, sniffing and running here and there. I knew the ghost coon had pulled a real trick, but I couldn't figure out what it was. Little Ann had
 never yet barked treed. I knew if the coon was in the tree she wouldn't still be searching for a trail.
 Old Dan started working again.
 My dogs covered the field. They circled and circled. They ran up and down the barbed-wire fence on both sides.
 I knew the coon hadn't walked the barbed wire. Ghost or no ghost, he couldn't do that. I walked over to the old gate and looked around. I sat down and stared up into the tree. Little Ann came to me.
 Old Dan, giving up his search, came back to the tree and bawled a couple of times. I scolded him again.
 Rubin came over. Leering at me, he said, "You give up?"
 I didn't answer.
 Little Ann once again started searching for the lost trail. Old Dan went to help her.
 Rainie said, "I told you that you couldn't tree the ghost coon. Why don't you pay off so we can go home?"
 I told him I hadn't given up. My dogs were still hunting. When they gave up, I would, too.
 Rubin said, "Well, we're not going to stay here all night."
 Looking back to the tree, I thought perhaps I had overlooked something. I told Rubin I was going to climb it

again.

He laughed, "Go ahead. Won't do any good. You climbed it once. Ain't you satisfied?"

"No, I'm not satisfied," I said. "I just don't believe in ghost coons."

Rubin said, "I don't believe in ghosts either, but facts are facts. To tell you the truth, I've climbed that tree a dozen times and there just ain't no place in it for a coon to hide."

Rainie spoke up. "Our old blue hound has treed the ghost coon in this tree more times than one. Maybe you two don't believe in ghosts, but I do. Why don't you pay off so we can get away from here?"

"I'll climb it one more time," I said. "If I can't find him, I'll pay off."

Climbing up again, I searched and searched. When I got through, I knew the ghost coon wasn't in that tree. When I came down, I saw my dogs had given up. That took the last resistance out of me. I knew if they couldn't find the ghost coon, I couldn't.

Digging the two one-dollar bills out of my pocket, I walked over to Rubin. Little Ann was by my side. I handed my money over, saying, "Well, you won it fair and square."

With a grin on his face, Rubin took my money. He said, "I bet this will break your old grandpa's heart."

I didn't reply.

Reaching down, I caught Little Ann's head in my hands. Looking into her warm friendly eyes, I said, "It's all right, little girl, we haven't given up yet. We'll come back. We may never catch the ghost coon, but we'll run him until he leaves the country.

She licked my hands and whined.

A small breeze began to stir. Glancing up into the tree, I saw some leaves shaking. I said to Rubin, "Looks like the wind is coming up. It may blow up a storm. We'd better be heading for home."

Just as I turned, I saw Little Ann throw up her head and whine. Her body grew stiff and taut. I watched her. She was testing the wind. I knew she had scented something in the breeze. Stiff-legged, head high in the air, she started walking toward the tree. Almost there, she turned back and stopped. I knew she had caught the scent but could only catch it when a breeze came.

Looking at Rubin, I said, "I haven't lost that two dollars yet."

Another breeze drifted out of the river bottoms. Little Ann caught the scent again. Slowly she walked straight to the large gatepost, reared up on it with her front feet, and bawled the most beautiful tree bark I ever heard in my life.

Old Dan, not understanding why Little Ann was bawling, stood and looked. He walked over to the post, reared up on it, and sniffed. Then, raising his head, he shook the dead leaves in the bur oak tree with his deep voice.

I looked at Rainie. Laughing, I said, "There's your ghost coon. Now what do you think of my dogs?"

For once he made no reply.

Going over to the post, I saw it was a large black locust put there many years ago to hang the gate. Looking up at the tree, I saw how the ghost coon had pulled his

trick. One large long limb ran out and hung directly over the gate. It was a drop of a good twelve feet from the branch to the top of the gatepost, but I knew we weren't after an ordinary coon. This was the ghost coon.

I said to Rubin, "Boost me -up and I'll see if the post is hollow."

After breaking off a long Jimson weed to use as a prod, I got up on Rubin's shoulder, and he raised me up. The post was hollow. Not knowing how far down the hole went, I started the switch down. About halfway, I felt something soft. I gave it a hard jab.

I heard him coming. He boiled out right in my face. I let go of everything. Hitting the ground, I rolled over on my back and looked up.

For a split second, the ghost coon stayed on top of the post, and then he jumped. My dogs were on him the instant he hit the ground. The fight was on.

I knew the coon didn't have a chance as he wasn't in the waters of the river. He didn't give up easily even though he was on dry land. He was fighting for his life and a good account he gave. He fought his way to freedom, and made it back to the bur oak tree. He was a good six feet up the side when Old Dan, leaping high in the air, caught him and pulled him back down.

At the foot of the tree, the fight went on. Again the ghost coon fought his way free. This time he made it and disappeared in the dark shadows of the tree. Old Dan was furious. Never before had I seen a coon get away from him.

I told Rubin I would climb up and run him out. As I started climbing, I saw Little Ann go to one side and Old Dan to the other. My dogs would never stay together when they had treed a coon, so that any way he left a tree, he was met by one of them.

About halfway up, far out on a limb, I found the ghost coon. As I started toward him, my dogs stopped bawling. I heard something I had heard many times. The sound was like the cry of a small baby. It was the cry of a ringtail coon when he knows it is the end of the trail. I never liked to hear this cry, but it was all in the game, the hunter and the hunted.

As I sat there on the limb, looking at the old fellow, he cried again. Something came over me. I didn't want to kill him.

I hollered down and told Rubin I didn't want to kill the ghost coon.

He hollered back, "Are you crazy?"

I told him I wasn't crazy. I just didn't want to kill him.

I climbed down.

Rubin was mad. He said, "What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," I told him. "I just don't have the heart to kill the coon."

I told him there were plenty more; why kill him? He had lived here a long time, and more than one hunter had listened to the voices of his hounds bawling on his trail.

Rainie said, "He's chicken-livered, that's what it is."

I didn't like that but, not wanting to argue, I didn't say anything.

Rubin said, "I'll go up and run him out."

"I won't let my dogs kill him," I said.

Rubin glared at me. "I'm going up and run that coon out," he said. "If you stop your dogs, I'm going to beat you half to death." "Do it anyway, Rubin," Rainie said.

"I've a good mind to," said Rubin.

Just as Rubin started to climb the tree, Old Dan growled. He was staring into the darkness. Something was coming.

"What's that?" I asked.

"I don't know," Rubin said. "Don't sound like anything I ever heard."

"It's ghosts," Rainie said. "Let's get away from here."

An animal was coming out of the darkness. It was walking slowly in an odd way, as if it were walking sideways. The hair on the back of my neck stood straight out.

As the animal came closer, Rainie said, "Why, it's Old Blue. How did he get loose?"

It was a big blue tick hound. Around his neck was a piece of rope about three feet long. One could see that the rope had been gnawed in two. The frayed end had become entangled in a fair-sized dead limb. Dragging the limb was what made the dog look so odd. I felt much better when I found out what it was.

The blue tick hound was like the Pritchards, mean and ugly. He was a big dog, tall and heavy. His chest was thick and solid. He came up growling. The hair on his back was standing straight up. He walked stiff-legged around Old Dan, showing his teeth.

I told Rainie he had better get hold of his dog, or there was sure to be a fight.

"You better get hold of your dog," he said. "I'm not worried about Old Blue. He can take care of himself."

I said no more.

"Don't make no difference now whether you kill the ghost coon or not," Rubin said. "Old Blue will take care of him."

I knew the killing of the coon was out of my control, but I didn't want to see him die. I said to Rubin, "Just give back my two dollars and I'll go home. I can't keep you from killing him, but I don't have to stay and see it."

"Rubin, don't give him the money," Rainie said.

"He ain't killed the ghost coon."

"That's right," Rubin said. "You ain't, and I

wouldn't let you now, even if you wanted to."

I told them my dogs had treed the ghost coon and that was the bet, to tree the ghost coon.

"No, it wasn't," Rubin said. "You said you would kill him."

"It was no such thing," I said. "I've done all I said I would."

Rubin walked up in front of me. He said, "I ain't going to give you the money. You didn't win it fair. Now what are you going to do about it?"

I looked into his mean eyes. I started to make some reply, but decided against it.

He saw my hesitation, and said, "You better get your dogs and get out of here before you get whipped."

In a loud voice, Rainie said, "Bloody his nose, Rubin."

I was scared. I couldn't whip Rubin. He was too big for me. I started to turn and leave when I thought of what my grandfather had told them.

"You had better remember what my grandpa said," I reminded them. "He'll do just what he said he would."

Rubin didn't hit me. He just grabbed me and with his brute strength threw me down on the ground. He had me on my back with my arms outspread. He had a knee on each arm. I made no effort to fight back. I was scared.

"If you say one word to your grandpa about this," Rubin said, "I'll catch you hunting some night and take my knife to you."

Looking up into his ugly face, I knew he would do just what he said. I told him to let me up and I would go and not say anything to anyone.

"Don't let him up, Rubin," Rainie said. "Beat the hell out of him, or hold him and let me do it."

Just then I heard growling, and a commotion off to one side. The blue hound had finally gotten a fight out of Old Dan. Turning my head sideways, I could see them standing on their hind legs, tearing and slashing at each other. The weight of the big hound pushed Old Dan over.

I told Rubin to let me up so we could stop the fight.

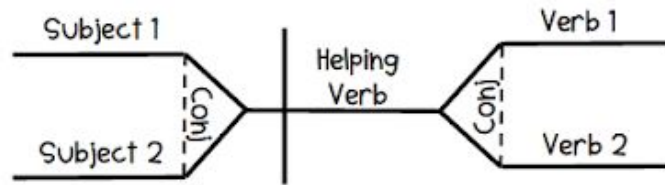
He laughed, "While my dog is whipping yours, I think I'll just work you over a little." So saying, he jerked my cap off, and started whipping me in the face with it.

I heard Rainie yell, "Rubin, they're killing Old Blue."

Grammar

Compound Subject and Verb

Some sentences have two subject AND two verbs. This is a compound subject and verb diagram. *ke*



Practice diagramming each sentence. Label the part of speech of each word in the sentence before you begin diagramming.

1. I have been tumbling and flipping.	
2. Should Taylor and Allison join or watch?	
3. Tortoises and hares have been racing.	
4. Would spectators and fans shout and yell?	
5. Kenzie will be pitching and catching.	

Poetry

Read through “Casey at the Bat” once. Today, focus on practicing the eighth stanza of the poem, printed below. You can practice reciting it to yourself while doing other tasks. If you have time, practice reciting the first eight stanzas of the poem.

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

Science

For class today, please **read pages 316-320 in your FOSS textbook** (or the pages printed here). Then, in the blank section provided below, **draw your own model of the universe** using Copernicus' model as a guide. Please use color and creativity in your model, but don't forget to properly label!

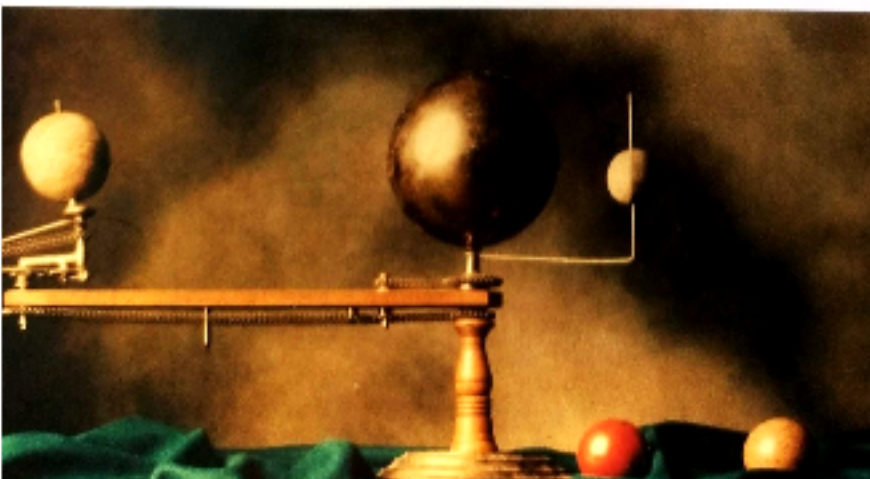
Scientists and Models



In your **black box** investigation, you developed a **model** to describe what's inside the box without opening it. You used your senses to make observations. That kind of thinking is the same kind of thinking used by cosmologists who study the universe. **Cosmology** is the study of the origin and development of the universe. The universe is very much like a giant black box. Cosmologists can't fly out to the far reaches of space to see what's there and how it is organized. The universe is an example of

a system that is too big to observe directly with the senses. To develop a model of the universe, scientists use the best scientific observations available at the time.

Science relies heavily on **conceptual models**. The ideas in a conceptual model might just be guesses, or they might be **predictions** based on experiments and observations. Once scientists describe a conceptual model, other scientists can work with it. New inventions help this process. For example, telescopes helped astronomers change their models of the universe. When observations reveal a flaw in a model, scientists reject or change the model. A model is not useful if it doesn't accurately explain the system it represents.



A model of the solar system

Studying the Stars

Some of the best-documented conceptual models were created to explain the universe. The first people looked up into the sky and saw the Sun. At night, the **stars** twinkled, and the Moon glowed overhead. People wanted to explain what those lights were and what caused them to move across the sky. They tried to develop models to explain their observations.

Some of the early astronomical models were religious. To the ancient Greeks, the Sun was a god named Helios. In Egypt, the Sun was the god Ra. In the world model developed in ancient India, gods lived on a high mountain to the north, and the Sun was always shining there. The planets moved because they were pushed by a holy wind. These were all supernatural models.

Religion and science often worked together in ancient times. Priests were among the first astronomers. They studied the movements of the Moon and stars to develop calendars. People knew the changes of the Moon, from full to quarter to new, and marked the passing of time by Moon phases.

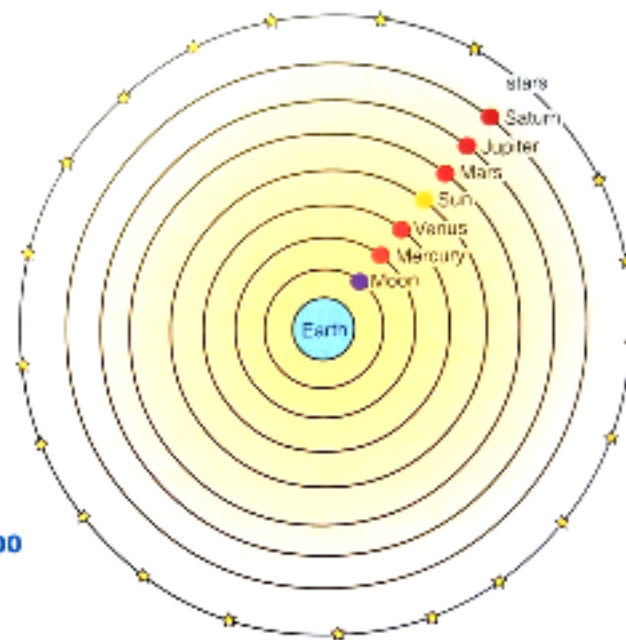
Simple **tools** helped early astronomers develop better models of the universe. The Babylonians used a rodlike tool called a gnomon. They used the rod to cast a **shadow**. Then they measured the length of the shadow. The shortest shadows came on the longest day of the year, the summer solstice. The longest shadows came on the shortest day of the year, the winter solstice. Of course, a gnomon wasn't very useful on a cloudy day or at night. But any tool can be useful if it adds new information to a model.

An early astronomer studies the night sky.





The astronomer
Ptolemy

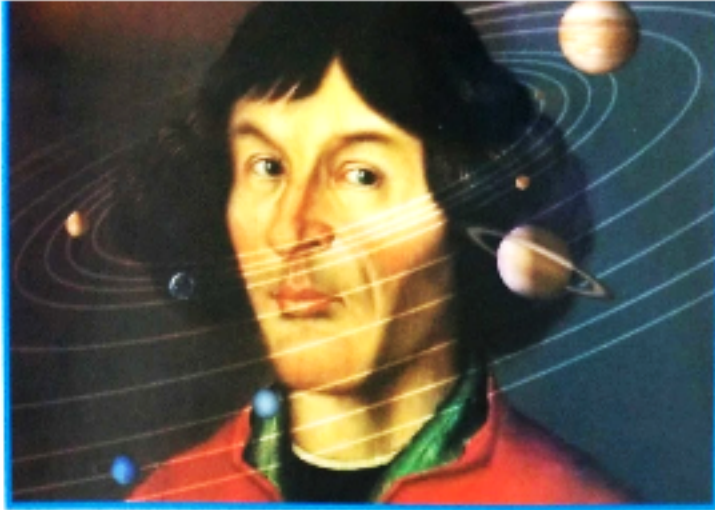


Ptolemaic model of the
universe from the year 100

Changing the Model of the Universe

The most famous ancient astronomer was Ptolemy (about AD 85–AD 168). This mathematician and scientist lived in Egypt in the second century. Like other astronomers of the time, Ptolemy thought Earth was the center of the universe. He thought the Moon, the Sun, stars, and planets moved around Earth in huge circles. He recorded the ideas of the great Greek astronomers before him and added new observations about the stars. His book *Almagest* was Europe's major text on astronomy for almost 1,500 years.

Ptolemy's model for describing the universe is sometimes called the Ptolemaic system. No scientist was prepared to challenge the idea that Earth was at the center of the universe until the 16th century, when Nicolaus Copernicus (1473–1543) created a new model of the universe.

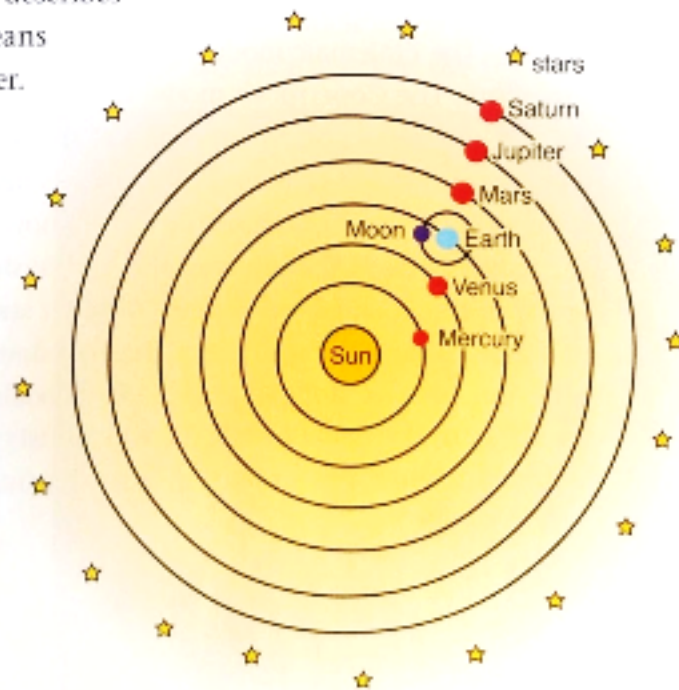


Nicolaus Copernicus

Copernicus was a Polish astronomer who also studied law and medicine. Using math and the astronomical tools of his day, Copernicus observed the movements of the Sun and stars. He concluded that the Sun was at the center of the universe. He thought Earth, the other planets, and the stars revolved around the Sun.

The Copernican model was not accepted at first. It clashed with deeply held beliefs, including religious beliefs. But over time, many scientists confirmed Copernicus's model of the universe. They also added to his ideas. Copernicus, like Ptolemy before him, thought the universe did have a definite end. A later model describes an infinite universe. This means the universe continues forever.

Copernican model of the universe from 1543





Galileo Galilei

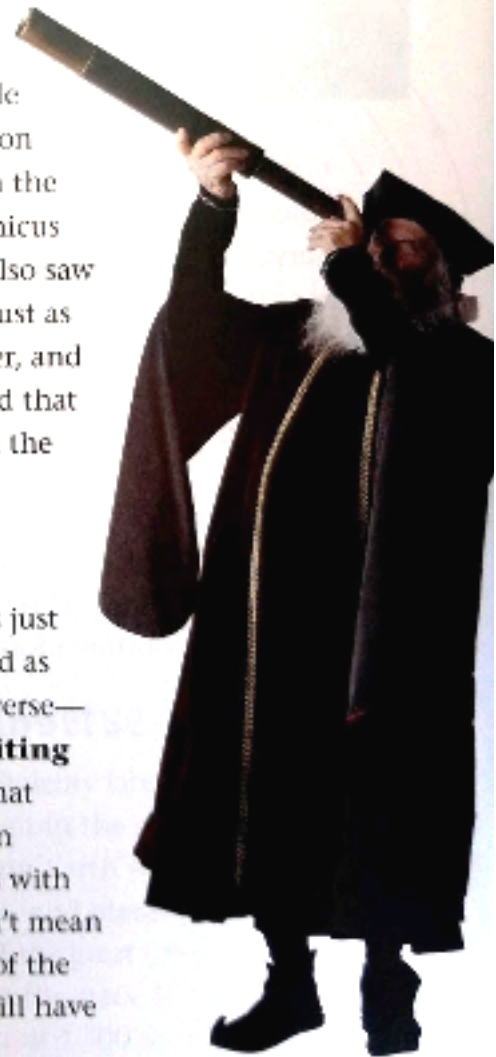
Support for a Model

Scientists rely on observation to help prove or disprove their models. In 1610, the Italian scientist Galileo Galilei used a telescope, a new tool using lens technology, to observe the planets Jupiter and Venus. Galileo had built the telescope himself, improving on the design of an existing telescope.

With his telescope, Galileo discovered four moons circling Jupiter. He believed that Earth's Moon probably circled Earth in the same way, just as Copernicus had said it did. Galileo also saw that Venus had phases, just as the Moon did. It could be seen in full, in quarter, and as a crescent. To Galileo, this observation proved that Venus and the other planets did revolve around the Sun, as Copernicus had suggested.

New Models of the Universe

Today, the Ptolemaic model of the universe is just a memory. The Copernican model is understood as the accurate model of our local part of the universe—with the Sun at the center and the planets **orbiting** it. In today's model of the universe, we know that the Sun is a star at the center of the solar system and that the universe has billions of other stars with planetary systems around them. But that doesn't mean astronomers have stopped posing new models of the universe. In the field of cosmology, scientists still have many different models that they are exploring.



Galilean telescope

Art (15 minutes)

Weaving Unit: Basket Weave Practice

Materials: For this lesson you will need the weaving loom and strips from last class. Note: If you have misplaced your loom or strips you can find the templates in the “Art” folder in Google classroom.

Directions: Practice weaving using the basket weave method and fill your entire loom. Basket weave follows the Over 2, Under 2 pattern and alternates Under 2 Over 2 every other row. Once you have finished, pull out all the paper strips so that they can be used next class.

Latin

Pinga pictūram: Equus Aemiliae (7-12 min.)

Salvēte! Today we have another *pinga pictūram* (“draw a picture”) exercise. Read the following sentences describing Aemilia’s horse (this is not actually part of the *Lingua Latina* book!), then use the space below it to draw a picture of the horse. There is a word bank below if needed, and if you would like to hear the sentences read aloud, visit

<https://cloud.swivl.com/v/e2153d2dc2195dcec6c3d7219c06fae8> .

Equus Aemiliae foedus est. Equus est parvus, et habet nullum nasum, et est rubeus et viridis, et semper iratus est. Ecce: equus in hortō est, et in rosīs ambulat!

Equus Aemiliae:

Word Bank

equus, -ī: horse

nasus, -ī: nose

hortus, -ī: garden

rosa, -ae: rose

foedus, -a, -um: ugly

parvus, -a, -um: small

nullus, -a, -um: no, none

rubeus, -a, -um: red

viridis: green

Irātus, -a, -um: angry, irritated

habet: he/she/it has

ambulat: he/she/it walks

ecce: look!

semper: always

Day 5 Instructions and Resources

Friday, 5/8

Math

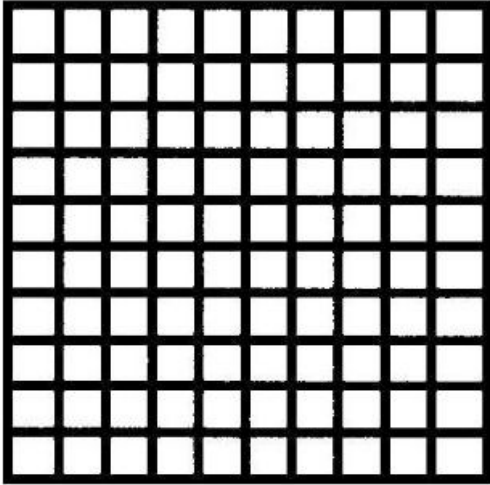
Review (5 Minutes): Using the flashcards you created, shuffle them into one large deck and select twenty from the shuffled deck. Test yourself on those twenty before taking the Math Fact Practice.

Math Fact Practice (5 Minutes): In 5 minutes or less, solve the Math Fact Practice sheet for multiplication of a mixture of numbers from 0 to 9.

Name _____		9x4		
Mixed Facts 0-9				
$2 \times 9 =$ _____	$6 \times 8 =$ _____	$6 \times 5 =$ _____	$3 \times 7 =$ _____	$4 \times 3 =$ _____
$9 \times 8 =$ _____	$2 \times 3 =$ _____	$7 \times 3 =$ _____	$2 \times 6 =$ _____	$6 \times 8 =$ _____
$2 \times 4 =$ _____	$7 \times 5 =$ _____	$2 \times 6 =$ _____	$3 \times 8 =$ _____	$8 \times 9 =$ _____
$7 \times 3 =$ _____	$2 \times 2 =$ _____	$1 \times 9 =$ _____	$8 \times 4 =$ _____	$7 \times 9 =$ _____
$3 \times 3 =$ _____	$9 \times 1 =$ _____	$8 \times 7 =$ _____	$4 \times 9 =$ _____	$3 \times 2 =$ _____
$9 \times 2 =$ _____	$4 \times 9 =$ _____	$5 \times 5 =$ _____	$9 \times 2 =$ _____	$9 \times 4 =$ _____
$5 \times 8 =$ _____	$8 \times 8 =$ _____	$9 \times 3 =$ _____	$8 \times 9 =$ _____	$0 \times 8 =$ _____
$7 \times 5 =$ _____	$3 \times 3 =$ _____	$8 \times 3 =$ _____	$7 \times 9 =$ _____	$3 \times 5 =$ _____
$1 \times 9 =$ _____	$7 \times 9 =$ _____	$9 \times 4 =$ _____	$5 \times 3 =$ _____	$4 \times 4 =$ _____
$2 \times 7 =$ _____	$9 \times 5 =$ _____	$8 \times 8 =$ _____	$9 \times 4 =$ _____	$9 \times 3 =$ _____

The link for this section: <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/bb8a038c31e3cfcae8ae94422d4d986f>

Converting Fractions, Decimals, and Percentages: Notes: Using the 10x10 grid, shade 25 of the squares.

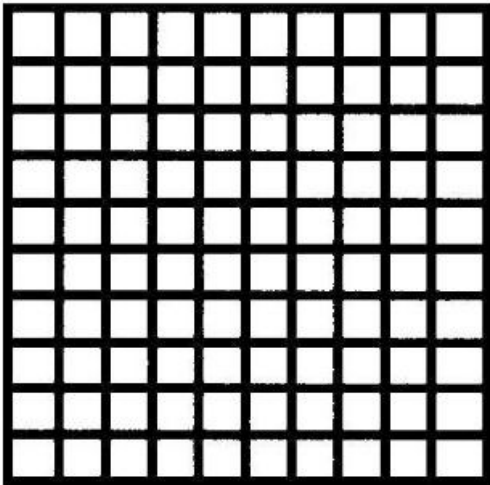


What is the percentage of the total shaded? _____

What is the fraction? _____ simplify? _____

What is the decimal? _____

Now on this grid, shade 40 squares.



What is the percentage of the total shaded? _____

What is the fraction? _____ simplify? _____

What is the decimal? _____

Practice: Express each decimal as a percentage

■ $0.63 =$ _____

■ $0.05 =$ _____

■ $0.2 =$ _____

■ $0.5 =$ _____

- Express each percent as a fraction in its simplest form
 - 46%= _____
 - 5%= _____
 - 7%= _____
 - 80%= _____
- Express each percent as a decimal
 - 15%= _____
 - 41%= _____
 - 9%= _____
 - 50%= _____

The chart below contains common percentages, fractions, and decimals. Please, memorize this chart.

Fraction	Decimal	Percent
$\frac{1}{100}$.01	1%
$\frac{5}{100} = \frac{1}{20}$.05	5%
$\frac{10}{100} = \frac{1}{10}$.10	10%
$\frac{35}{100} = \frac{7}{20}$.35	35%
$\frac{50}{100} = \frac{1}{2}$.50	50%
$\frac{75}{100} = \frac{3}{4}$.75	75%

Spalding

Review (5 min): Please take a few minutes and review the week's words before the test.

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

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

1. Benefit The benefit of his diligent practice was a beautifully played solo.

2. Beneficial The Shelter in Place order, though difficult, is beneficial to us all.
3. Australia Australia is both a continent and a country.
4. Atlantic Ocean European explorers sailed across the Atlantic Ocean to discover the new world.
5. Asia Asia is the largest continent.
6. Artificial Fruits and vegetables contain no artificial ingredients.
7. Arctic Ocean There are many icebergs in the Arctic Ocean.
8. Apply If you apply yourself to your studies, you will learn many wonderful things.
9. Applying The painter is applying a second coat of paint to the house’s exterior.
10. Applied He applied to ten different universities.
11. Architecture What is your favorite style of architecture? Classical or modern?
12. Antarctica Antarctica is the least populated continent.
13. Ancestors From which continent did your ancestors come to the United States?
14. Altitude The mountain has a very high altitude.
15. Africa Many people would like to visit Africa on a safari.

Literature and Writing

Read pages 165-174 in Chapter Thirteen 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.

3) What does Billy realize he needs to do after Rueben’s death?

Reading Accommodation: Listen to the audio book by clicking or typing in the link <https://youtu.be/0ZjRjGx8xeU?t=807> and follow along with the text in your book, beginning at “Rubin jumped off me.”

Rubin jumped up off me.
 I clambered up and looked over to the fight. What I saw thrilled me. Faithful Little Ann, bitch though she was, had gone to the assistance of Old Dan.
 I knew my dogs were very close to each other. Everything they did was done as a combination, but I never expected this. It is a very rare occasion for a bitch dog to fight another dog, but fight she did.

I could see that Little Ann’s jaws were glued to the throat of the big hound. She would never loosen that deadly hold until the last breath of life was gone.
 Old Dan was tearing and slashing at the soft belly. I knew the destruction his long sharp teeth were causing.
 Again Rainie yelled, “Rubin, they’re killing him. They’re killing Old Blue. Do something quick.”

Rubin darted over to one side, grabbed my ax from the ground, and said in a loud voice, "I'll kill them damn hounds."

At the thought of what he was going to do with the ax, I screamed and ran for my dogs. Rubin was about ten feet ahead of me, bent over, running with the ax held out in front of him. I knew I could never get to them in time, I was screaming, "No, Rubin, no!"

I saw the small stick when it whipped up from the ground. As if it were alive, it caught between Rubin's legs. I saw him fall. I ran on by.

Reaching the dogfight, I saw the big hound was almost gone. He had long since ceased fighting. His body lay stretched full-length on the ground. I grabbed Old Dan's collar and pulled him back. It was different with Little Ann. Pull as I might, she wouldn't let go of the hound's throat. Her jaws were locked.

I turned Old Dan loose and, getting astraddle of Little Ann, I pried her jaws apart with my hands. Old Dan had darted back in. Grabbing his collar again, I pulled them off to one side.

The blue hound lay where he was. I thought perhaps he was already dead, and then I saw him move a little.

Still holding my dogs by their collars, I looked back. I couldn't understand what I saw. Rubin was laying where he had fallen. His back was toward me, and his body was bent in a "U" shape. Rainie was standing on the other side of him, staring down.

I hollered and asked Rainie, "What's the matter?"

He didn't answer. He just stood as though in a trance, staring down at Rubin.

I hollered again. He still didn't answer. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't turn my dogs loose. They would go for the hound again.

Again I hollered at Rainie, asking him to come and help me. He neither moved nor answered. I had to do something.

Looking around, my glance fell on the old barbed-wire fence. I led my dogs to it. Holding onto their collars with one hand, I worked a rusty barbed wire backwards and forwards against a staple until it broke. Running the end of it under their collars, I tied them up. They made two or three lunges toward the hound, but the wire held.

I walked over and stopped at Ramie's side. I again asked, "What's the matter?"

He said not a word.

I could see that Rainie was paralyzed with fright. His mouth and eyes were opened wide, and his face was as white as chalk. I laid my hand on his shoulder. At the touch of my hand, he jumped and screamed. Still screaming, he turned and started running. I watched him until he disappeared in the darkness.

Looking down at Rubin, I saw what had paralyzed Rainie. When Rubin had tripped, he had fallen on the ax. As it entered his stomach, the sharp blade had sunk to the eye of the double-bitted ax.

Turning my back to the horrible sight, I closed my eyes. The muscles in my stomach knotted and jerked. A nauseating sickness spread over my body. I couldn't look at him.

I heard Rubin whisper. Turning around, I knelt down by his side with my back to the ax. I couldn't understand what he was whispering. Kneeling down closer, I heard and understood. In a faint voice, he said, "Take it out of me."

I hesitated.

Again he pleaded, "Please, take it out of me."

Turning around, I saw his hands were curled around the protruding blade as if he himself had tried to pull it from his stomach.

How I did it, I'll never know. Putting my hands over his and pressing down, I pulled the ax from the wound. The blood gushed. I felt the warm heat as it spread over my hands. Again the sickness came over me. I stumbled to my feet and stepped back a few paces.

Seeing a movement from Rubin, I thought he was going to get up. With his hands, he pushed himself halfway up. His eyes were wide open, staring straight at me. Stopping in his effort of getting up, still staring at me, his mouth opened as if to say something. Words never came. Instead, a large red bubble slowly worked its way out of his mouth and burst. He fell back to the ground. I knew he was dead.

Scared, not knowing what to do, I called for Rainie. I got no answer. I called his name again and again. I could get no reply. My voice echoed in the darkness of the silent night. A cold chill ran over my body.

I suppose it is natural at a time like that for a boy to think of his mother. I thought of mine. I wanted to get home.

Going over to my dogs, I glanced to where the blue hound was. He was trying to get up. I was glad he wasn't dead.

Picking up my lantern, I thought of my ax. I left it. I didn't care 'if I never saw it again.

Knowing I couldn't turn my dogs loose, I broke off enough of the wire to lead them. As I passed under the branches of the bur oak tree, I looked up into the dark foliage. I could see the bright eyes of the ghost coon. Everything that had happened on this terrible night was because of his very existence, but it wasn't his fault.

I also knew he was a silent witness to the horrible scene. Behind me lay the still body of a young boy. On my left a blue tick hound lay torn and bleeding. Even after all that had happened, I could feel no hatred for the ghost coon and was not sorry I had let him live.

Arriving home, I awakened my mother and father. Starting at my grandfather's mill, I told everything that had happened. I left nothing out. My mother had started crying long before I had completed my story. Papa said nothing, just sat and listened. When I had finished, he kept staring down at the floor in deep thought. I could hear the sobbing of my mother in the silence. I walked over to her. She put her arms around me and said, "My poor little boy."

Getting to his feet, Papa reached for his coat and hat. Mama asked him where he was going.

"Well, I'll have to go up there," he said. "I'm going to get Grandpa, for he is the only man in the country that has authority to move the body."

Looking at me, he said, "You go across the river and get Old Man Lowery, and you may as well go on up and tell the Bufords, too. Tell them to meet us at your grandfather's place."

I hurried to carry the sad message.

The following day was a nasty one. A slow, cold drizzle had set in. Feeling trapped indoors, I prowled from room to room. I couldn't understand why my father hadn't come back from the Pritchards'. I sat by the window and watched the road.

Understanding my feelings, Mama said, "Billy, I wouldn't worry. He'll be back before long. It takes time for things like that."

"I know," I said, "but you would think he would've been back by now."

Time dragged slowly by. Late in the afternoon, I saw Papa coming. Our old mule

was jogging along. Water was shooting out from under his feet in small squirts at every step.

Papa had tied the halter rope around the mule's neck. He was sitting humped over, with his hands jammed deep in the pockets of his patched and worn mackinaw. I felt sorry for him. He was soaking wet, tired, sleepy, and hungry.

Telling Mama, "Here he is," I grabbed my jumper and cap, and ran out to the gate and waited.

I was going to ask him what had happened at the Pritchards' but on seeing his tired face and wet clothes, I said, "Papa, you had better go in to the fire. I'll take care of the mule, and do the feeding and milking."

"That would be fine," he said.

After doing the chores, I hurried to the house. I couldn't wait any longer. I had to find out what had happened.

Walking into the front room, I saw my father had changed clothes. He was standing in front of the fireplace, drinking coffee.

"Boy, that's bad weather, isn't it?" he said.

I said it was, and asked him about Rubin.

"We went to the old tree and got Rubin's body," Papa said. "We were on our way back to the Pritchards' when we met them. They were just this side of their place. They had started to look for him. Rainie had been so dazed when he got home, they couldn't make out what he was trying to tell them, but they knew it must have been something bad. They wanted to know what had happened. I did my best to explain the accident. It hit Old Man Pritchard pretty hard. I felt sorry for him."

Mama asked how Mrs. Pritchard was taking it.

Papa said he didn't know as he never did get to see any of the womenfolks. He said they were the funniest bunch he had ever seen. He couldn't understand them. There wasn't one tear shed that he could see. All of the men had stayed out at the barn. They never had been invited in for a cup of coffee or anything.

Mama asked when they were to have the funeral.

"They have their own graveyard right there on the place," Papa said. "Old Man Pritchard said they would take care of everything, and didn't want to bother people. He said it was too far for anyone to come, and it was bad weather, too."

Mama said she couldn't help feeling sorry for Mrs. Pritchard, and wished they were more friendly.

I asked Papa about Rainie.

Papa said, "According to what Old Man Pritchard said, Rainie just couldn't seem to get over the shock. They were figuring on taking him into town to see the doctor."

In a stern voice, Papa said, "Billy, I don't want you fooling around with the Pritchards any more. You have plenty of country around here so you don't have to go there to hunt."

I said I wouldn't.

I felt bad about the death of Rubin. I didn't feel like hunting and kept having bad dreams. I couldn't forget the way he had looked at me just before he died. I moped and wandered around in a daze. I wanted to do something but didn't know what it was.

I explained my feelings to my mother. She said, "Billy, I feel the same way and would like to do something to help, but I guess there's nothing we can do. There are people like the Pritchards all through the hills. They live in little worlds of their own and are all alone. They don't like to have outsiders interfere."

I told my mother I had been thinking about how dangerous it was to carry an ax while hunting, and I had decided I'd

save a few coon hides and get a good gun. Boy, I just shouldn't have mentioned getting a gun. My mother got "sitting-hen" mad.

"You're not getting a gun," she said. "I won't have that at all. I told you a long time ago you could have one when you are twenty-one years old, and I mean just that. I worry enough with you out there in the hills all hours of the night, running and jumping, but I couldn't stand it if I knew you had a gun with you. No, sir. You can just forget about a gun."

"Yes, Mama," I said, and sulked off to my room. Lying on my bed, still trying to figure out what I could do to help, I glanced over to the wall. There, tied in a small bundle, was just what I needed.

Some time back my sisters had made some flowers for Decoration Day. They had given me a small bouquet for my room. Taking them down, I could see they had faded a little, and looked rather old, but they were still pretty. I blew the dust off and straightened the crinkled petals. Putting them inside my shirt, I left the house.

I hadn't gone far when I heard something behind me. It was my dogs. I tried to tell them I wasn't going hunting. I just had a little business to attend to, and if they would go back, I'd take them out that night. It was no use. They couldn't understand.

Circling around through the flats, I came to the hollow above the Pritchards' place. Down below me, I could see the graveyard, and the fresh mound of dirt. As quietly as I could, I started easing myself down the mountainside.

Old Dan loosened a rock. The further it bounced, the louder it got. It slammed up against a post oak tree and sounded like a gunshot. I held my breath and watched the house. No one came out.

I glared at Old Dan. He wagged his tail, and just to show off, he sat down on his rear and started digging at a flea with his hind leg. The way his leg was thumping in the leaves, anyone could have heard it for a mile. I waited until he quit thumping before starting on.

Reaching the bottom, I had about twenty yards of clearing to cross, but the grass and bushes were pretty thick. Laying down on my stomach, with my heart beating like a trip hammer, I wiggled my way to Rubin's grave. I laid the flowers on the fresh mound of earth, and then turned around and scooted for the timber.

Just as we reached the mountaintop, my foot slipped and I kicked loose a large rock. Down the side of the mountain it rolled. This time the blue tick hound heard the noise. He came out from under the house bawling. I heard a door slam and Mrs. Pritchard came out. She stood looking this way and that way.

The hound ran up to the graveyard and started sniffing and bawling. Mrs. Pritchard followed him. Seeing the flowers on Rubin's grave, she picked them up and looked at them. She scolded the hound, and then looked up at the hillside. I knew she couldn't see me because the timber was too thick, but I felt uncomfortable anyway.

Scolding the hound again, she knelt down and arranged the flowers on the grave. Taking one more look at the hillside, she started back. Halfway to the house, I saw her reach down and gather the long cotton skirt in her hand and dab at her eyes.

I felt much better after paying my respects to Rubin. Everything looked brighter, and I didn't have that funny feeling any more.

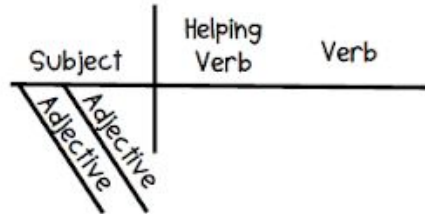
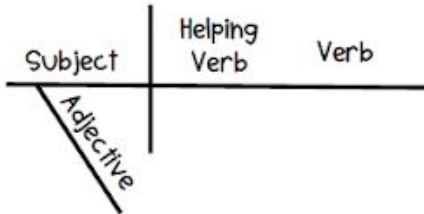
All the way home my dogs kept running out in front of me. They would stop, turn around, and look at me. I had to smile,

for I knew what they wanted. I stopped and petted them a little and told them that as soon as I got home and had my supper, we would go hunting.

Grammar

Adjectives are always diagrammed under the word they describe. In this case, it's the subject.

If there are multiple adjectives to describe the same word, diagram them in the order they are found in the sentence.



Practice diagramming each sentence. Label the part of speech of each word in the sentence before you begin diagramming.

1. The fastest runner was sprinting.	
2. Can the young girl sing and dance?	
3. The red kangaroo and the gray armadillo are chilling.	

Poetry

Read through “Casey at the Bat” once. Today, focus on practicing the ninth stanza of the poem, printed below. You can practice reciting it to yourself while doing other tasks. If you have time, practice reciting the first nine stanzas of the poem.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore.

“Kill him! Kill the umpire!” shouted some one on the stand;
And it’s likely they’d have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

Science

Please **read pages 321-323 in your FOSS textbook** (or the pages printed here), then write a paragraph (at least 3 sentences) **describing what a black hole is and how it forms in your own words.**

Models of the universe are all conceptual, and they share some assumptions. One of these assumptions is that all scientific laws that apply on Earth and in the solar system are true throughout the universe. Another is that the whole universe is made of the same basic substances.

In the 1920s, an American astronomer named Edwin Hubble (1889–1953) used the powerful 250-centimeter (cm) telescope on Mount Wilson, California, to gaze into the deep reaches of space. That was the biggest telescope in the world at that time. It represented the latest technology using big, high-quality lenses to observe objects in the universe. Hubble was able to look beyond the limits of the **Milky Way**.

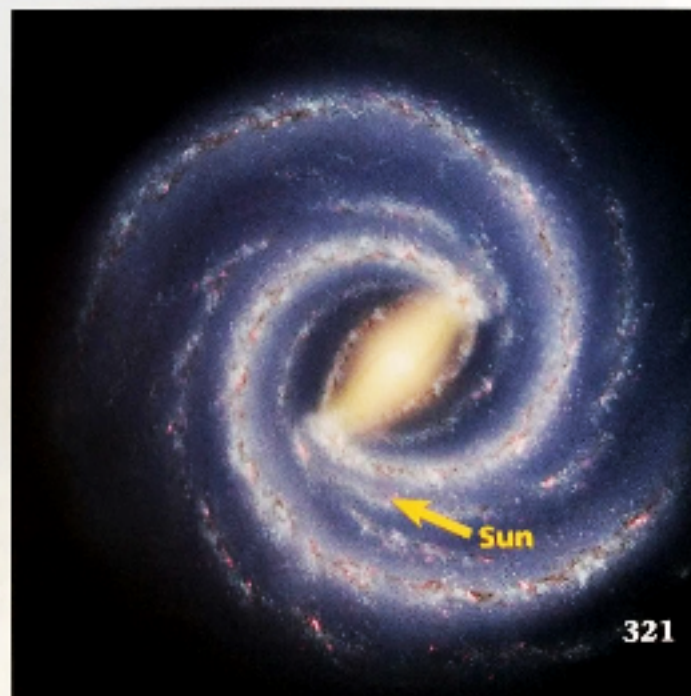
What he observed and identified were new galaxies. They were huge collections of stars farther away from Earth than anything ever observed before. What Hubble discovered was a universe that was incredibly large.

Hubble also observed and measured the speeds at which many galaxies moved through space. He calculated that the distance between the Milky Way and the other galaxies was increasing. In 1929, he announced his finding that the universe was growing, a process called expansion.

An artist's drawing of the Milky Way, one of the billions of galaxies in the universe. The arrow points to the location of the solar system in the Milky Way.



Edwin Hubble in the observatory



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The Hubble Space Telescope



Today, scientists use incredibly powerful telescopes and improved technology to develop new models of the universe. One of these telescopes is orbiting Earth in space. The Hubble Space Telescope (HST), named in honor of Edwin Hubble, sends back images of regions of the universe that cannot be seen clearly using telescopes on Earth's surface. The HST reveals how many hundreds of billions of stars are crowded into the Milky Way. The HST can also see beyond the limits of our **galaxy**. It confirms that the universe is filled with billions of additional galaxies, each with billions of stars of their own.

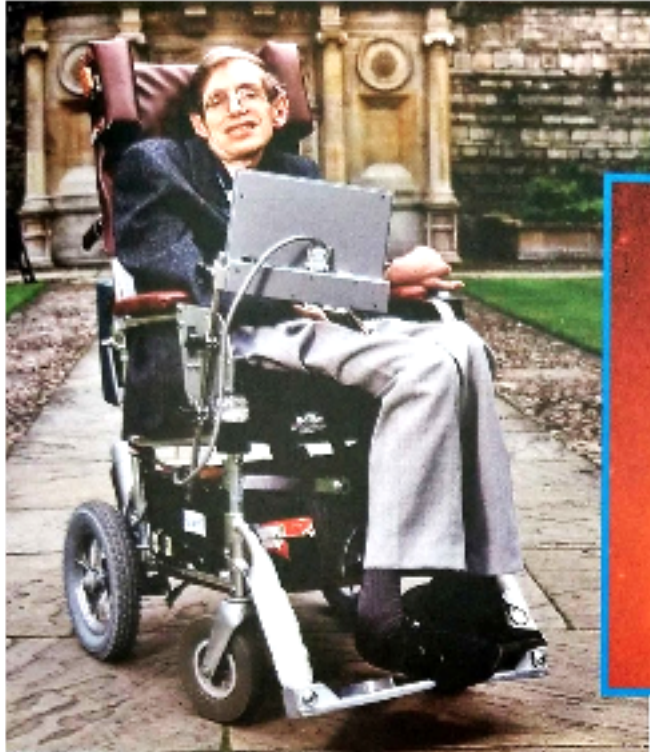


Part of the Milky Way seen through the Hubble Space Telescope (HST)

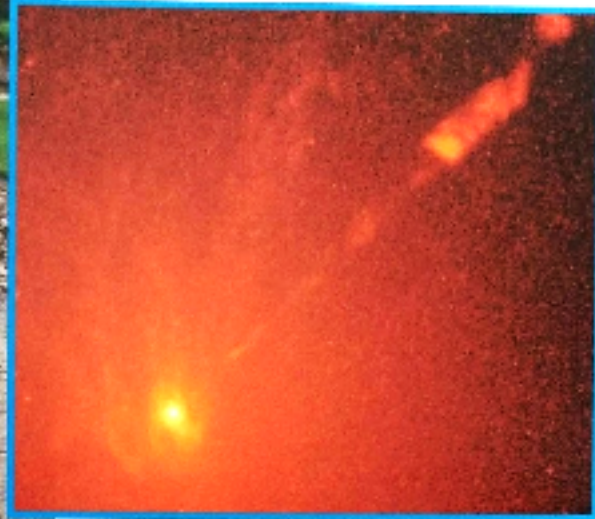
322



The view provided by the HST into deep space beyond our galaxy, showing some of the billions of galaxies filling the universe



Stephen Hawking at the University of Cambridge in London, England



This Hubble Space Telescope image of Galaxy M87 provided evidence that a black hole exists at the center of this galaxy.

Model of Darkness

When you release an object on Earth, the force of gravity pulls it down. Gravity keeps your feet on the ground, too. In space, gravity pulls matter together to form stars and planetary systems. When a very large star collapses, it might become a black hole. In a black hole, gravity is so strong that not even visible light can escape it.

The conceptual model for black holes was first introduced in the 18th century. Today, the scientist most often associated with black holes is Stephen Hawking (1942–). Using mathematical models, Hawking helped prove that black holes exist. He also changed the model for black holes. In some cases, he said, a black hole can release tiny particles of matter in the form of X-rays. Before the Hawking model, most scientists thought black holes only pulled in matter and never released it.

Since 1994, the HST has detected **evidence** of black holes. The telescope shows scientists where stars and gases are swirling toward a central point, like water swirling down a drain. Scientists say this is the effect of the black hole's gravity pulling in everything around it. Other images from the HST might once again help scientists improve the model of black holes.

P.E.

Hello Fifth-Grade! For this Friday, I have provided you and your parents with a good list of parks and hikes around the area. These parks are big enough where you can go and play while still being apart from other people. If you are able, I would love for you and your family to go out to one of these parks and have some free-play time. You can run, hike, play soccer, work on your marathon, etc. If it is rainy on this day, try and go on another day. If you are not able to drive to one of the spots, try and see if you can go to your neighborhood park. I have provided the list of great parks on this week's newsletter. Go enjoy it!

Music

Today we are looking at part of a piano piece, *Kleine Präludien No. 1 BWV 939* by J. S. Bach. Piano music uses both treble and bass clefs, so it is important for a pianist to be familiar with both.

- 1) Write the names of all the notes, in both treble clef and bass clef. Once you have finished, check your work with the answer key.
- 2) Be VERY CAREFUL not to mix up the treble clef and bass clef mnemonic devices! I suggest doing all of the treble clef notes first, then all of the bass clef notes.
- 3) For now we are disregarding the # and ♭ symbols.
- 4) When dealing with chords, start from the top note down and work your way down.

Once you have finished, you may listen to the piece. Yay! <https://safeYouTube.net/w/uAD9>