



Remote Learning Packet

Second 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 75 and 95 minutes on my daily activities. <input type="checkbox"/> I read all the directions before I asked for more help. <input type="checkbox"/> If required, I wrote all my answers in complete sentences. <input type="checkbox"/> I used my neatest penmanship, and my writing can be read by both me and an adult. <input type="checkbox"/> I double-checked my written answers for correct capitalization, punctuation, and grammar. <input type="checkbox"/> I read for at least 20 minutes today. <input type="checkbox"/> My teacher will be proud of my hard work and perseverance.
	<input type="checkbox"/> I spent between 75 and 95 minutes on my daily activities. <input type="checkbox"/> I read all the directions before I asked for more help. <input type="checkbox"/> If required, I wrote all my answers in complete sentences. <input type="checkbox"/> I used my neatest penmanship, and my writing can be read by both me and an adult. <input type="checkbox"/> I double-checked my written answers for correct capitalization, punctuation, and grammar. <input type="checkbox"/> I read for at least 20 minutes today. <input type="checkbox"/> My teacher will be proud of my hard work and perseverance.
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Day 1 Instructions and Resources

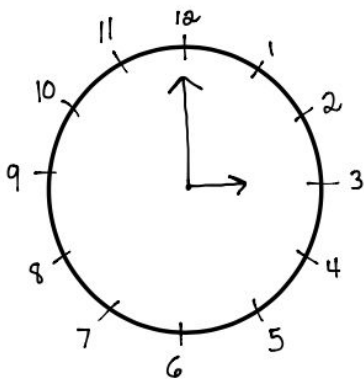
Monday, 5/4

Math (30 minutes)

Math Fact Practice (5 minutes). Try to do your Math Facts below in less than one minute! Then, practice your math fact flashcards or have your parent or sibling time you practice with you.

$2+1=$	$1+1=$	$8+2=$	$7+3=$
$3+1=$	$4+1=$	$4+0=$	$6+3=$
$4+1=$	$4+2=$	$6+0=$	$3+3=$
$7+1=$	$4+3=$	$8+0=$	$0+3=$
$5+1=$	$5+2=$	$10+0=$	$1+3=$
$9+1=$	$5+3=$	$4+3=$	$4+3=$
$8+1=$	$6+2=$	$5+3=$	$2+3=$
$6+1=$	$7+2=$	$3+5=$	$7+2=$

Independent work (25 minutes): This week we are starting a new Math Unit: Time! Read the notes below. Then answer the problems.



The long hand shows the minutes.
The short hand shows the hour.
This traditional clock says it is 3 o'clock. We can write it like

$3:00$
 ↑ ↑
 hour minutes



This clock says the time is 3:05.

1 Telling Time After the Hour

Mr. Lee's family has dinner at 7:05 p.m.
What time do you have dinner?



7:00
7 o'clock



7:05
5 minutes past 7



It is 9 o'clock.
9:00

We read 9:15 as nine fifteen.
It is 15 minutes after 9 o'clock.
We can also say it is 15 minutes past 9.



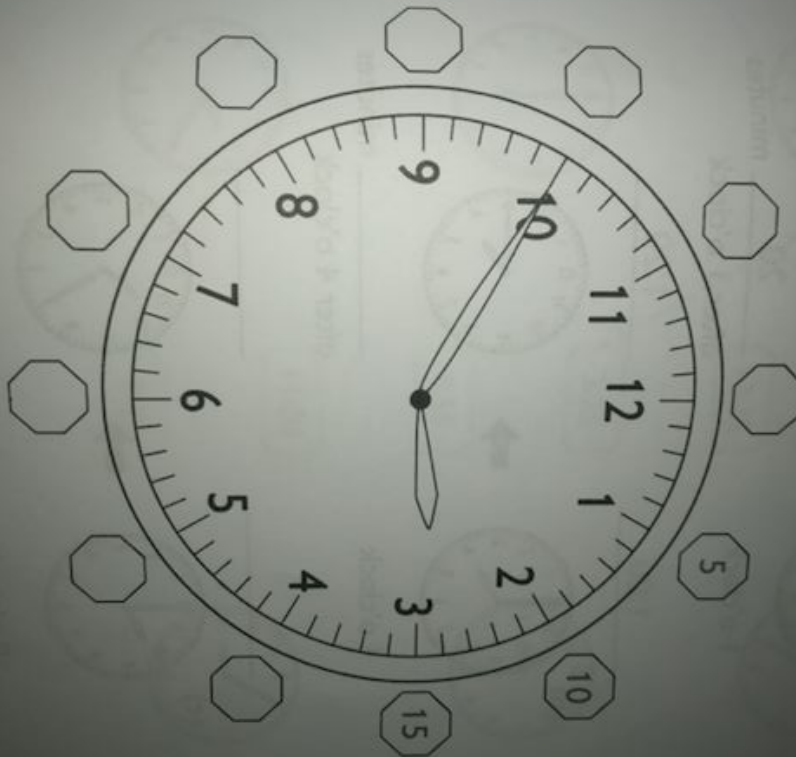
It is 15 minutes past 9.
9:15



It is 20 minutes past 9.
9:20




The time is _____ minutes after 2 o'clock.



EXERCISE 1
1. Count in steps of 5 minutes.
Write the missing numbers.

2. Write the time shown on each clock face.


(a)  1 o'clock

 1:00

→

_____ minutes
 after 1 o'clock
 20


 1:20

(b)  4 o'clock

 4 o'clock

→


_____ minutes
 after 4 o'clock


(c)  10 o'clock


→


_____ minutes
 after 10 o'clock


3. What time is shown on each clock face? Match the clocks to the correct answers.


 • _____


 • _____


 • _____


 • _____


 • _____


 • _____


 • _____

 • _____

 • _____

 • _____

 • _____

 • _____

6:00
12:35
3:25
8:55
11:00
9:05
2:20
12:30

4. What time is it?

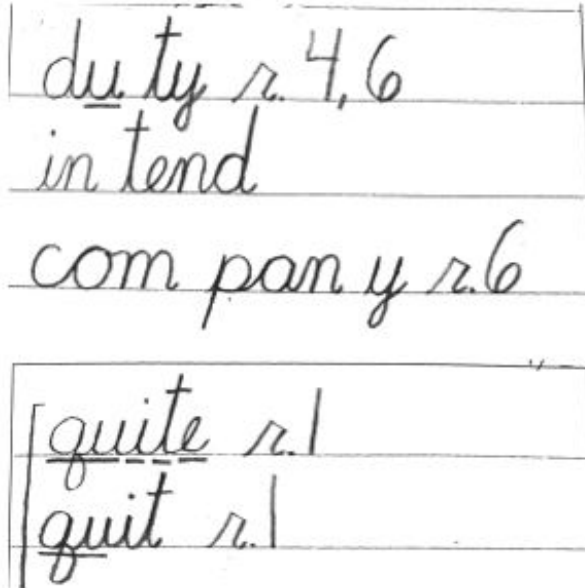


7:30



Spalding (10 minutes)

Day 1



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

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

Literature (15 minutes)

Read Chapter 1 in *Cricket in Times Square* aloud to a parent, older sibling, or silently to yourself. As you read...

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

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

- *Why does Tucker enjoy living in an abandoned drainpipe?*
- *Why does Mario work late at his family's newspaper stand?*
- *Why doesn't Paul wait for his change? What does this reveal about him?*
- *How do you think Tucker feels about living in New York City?*
- *What personality traits does Tucker have that seem human?*

Grammar (5 minutes)

Answer the following questions out loud:

What is a sentence?

What is a verb?

What is a noun?

What is a pronoun?

What is an adjective?

What is an adverb?

Now we are going to learn about another little part of speech. It is called a conjunction. Read the definition of a conjunction out loud and then write it below

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

The most common conjunctions are “and”, “but”, and “or”. We will talk more about them in the next two weeks.

History (15 minutes)

We have learned some important things about the War of 1812. Do you recall that...

- James and Dolley Madison were the president and First Lady during the War of 1812.
- The American warship the U.S.S. Constitution, nicknamed “Old Ironsides,” won many battles.
- The British attacked and burned Washington, D.C., including the president’s house, but the Madisons escaped.

Today, you will hear about another battle in the War of 1812 that took place in Baltimore, Maryland, not far from Washington, D.C., at a place called Fort McHenry. Listen carefully to find out what happened at Fort McHenry.

Star-Spangled Banner

After burning Washington, D.C., the British set off to attack Fort McHenry in Baltimore, Maryland. Major George Armistead, who was in charge of the fort, knew they were coming. He had asked Mary Young Pickersgill, the owner of a business that made flags, to make a giant American flag for the fort. Mary and her daughter Caroline used four hundred yards of wool. The stars on the flag were two feet high. Its red and white stripes were each two feet wide. This was a flag that the British would see from

far away.



British warships opened fire on Fort McHenry. All day and all night, their guns fired at the fort. Guns inside the fort fired back. Smoke filled the air. British soldiers also tried to fight their way into the fort.

Discussion Questions:

- What did Major George Armistead, who was in charge of Fort McHenry, do when he learned the British were coming to attack the fort?
- Why do you think Major Armistead wanted such a big flag?
- What did the British do at Fort McHenry?

Music (10 minutes)

Warm-Up:

- Sing "Chumbara"! Here is the music to help you remember - the highlighted parts are the tricky parts - and here is a link of Ms. Caranto singing it too:
<https://cloud.swivl.com/v/0fc05fd8fefefa0f18403ab0d5d3fac7>

CHUMBARA

Chum-ba - ra, chum-ba - ra, chum-ba - ra, chum-ba - ra, chum-ba - ra, chum-ba - ra,

4
chum - chum - chum - chum - chum - chum - chum - chum, chum - ba - ra, chu - ba - ra,

6
chum - ba - ra, chum - ba - ra, chum - ba - ra, chum - ba - ra chum chum!

King's Land:

- ❑ Sing the song two times without stopping while marching to the **half note (to-oo)**. You can march in place or march around the room, house, yard, etc. Remember that marching to **to-oo** is a little slower than marching to the beat! Here's a video to help you remember how to march to the **half note**:
<https://cloud.swivl.com/v/8c0803ba36a6a9766c4c885f38729aeb>
- ❑ Sing the words while tapping the **rhythm** on your shoulder! What is rhythm? Tell me - go!
Rhythm is the way the words go!
- ❑ Now, look at the music below and sing the song on our **rhythm syllables (ta, ti-ti)** while tapping into your hand.

King's Land



I'm on the king's land, the king is not at home.
He's gone to Bos - ton to buy his wife a comb.

- ❑ Last time, you filled out **Solfa Street** using the solfa we know. This time, sing the whole song on **solfa** with either your hand signs or your body ladder!
 - ❑ Here's a great big clue: the first note starts on **so**. Now use Solfa Street to figure out what comes next! Think about *step, skip, leap, or unison*.

Latin (10 minutes)

- Please say each quote 2x.
- Here is a Quizlet to help you with the pronunciation of the quotes and some fun ways to practice. Password is LatinQuotes (case sensitive)
<https://quizlet.com/503857270/latin-quotes-flash-cards/>

Quotes

Ē plūribus ūnum = "out of many, one"

Cavē canem = "Beware of the dog"

Semper fidēlis = "Always faithful"

Dum spīrō, spērō = "While I breathe, I hope" (Cicero; motto for the state of South Carolina)

Ex librīs = "from the books"

Ante bellum = "before the war"

P.S., post scrīptum = "written afterwards"

Vērum, bonum, pulchrum = "the true, the good and the beautiful"

Day 2 Instructions and Resources

Tuesday, 5/5

Math (30 minutes)

1) Word Problem Practice (10 minutes)

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

Word Problem:

Equation:


Number Bond:

Answer Sentence:

Draw a picture (optional):


Independent work (20 minutes): Read the notes and problems below. Then answer the problems.

2 Telling Time Before the Hour




It is 10 minutes to 4.
3:50

We read 3:50 as **three fifty**.
It is 10 minutes before 4 o'clock. We can also say it is 10 minutes to 4.





It is 15 minutes to 10.
9:45





EXERCISE 2

1. Fill in the blanks.

(d)  _____ minutes after _____ o'clock
 _____ minutes past _____

(b)  _____ minutes after _____ o'clock
 _____ minutes past _____

(c)  _____ minutes before _____ o'clock
 _____ minutes to _____

(d)  _____ minutes before _____ o'clock
 _____ minutes to _____

2. Fill in the blanks.

(a)



6:10

_____ minutes past _____

(b)



6:45

_____ minutes to _____

(c)



7:15

_____ minutes past _____

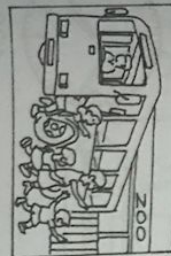
(d)



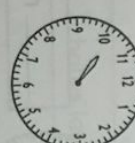
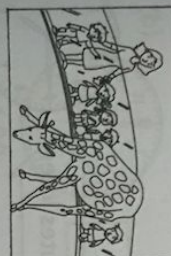
7:35

_____ minutes to _____

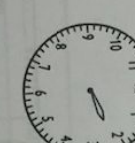
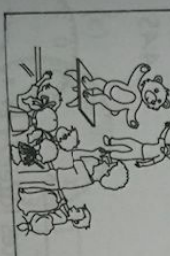
3. Draw the minute hand on each clock face to show the time.



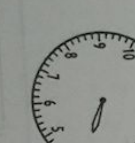
9:30



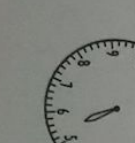
10:05



2:10



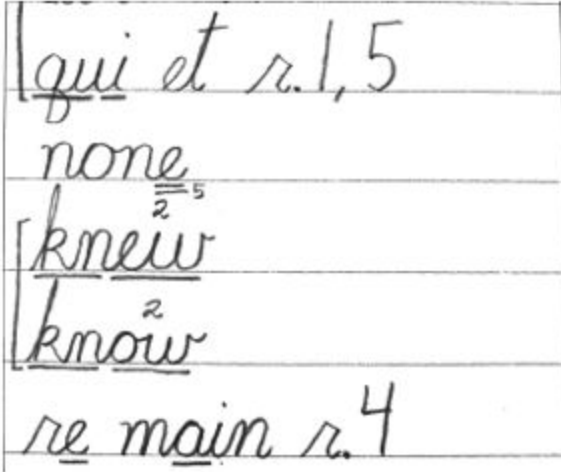
3:45



5:25

Spalding (10 minutes)

Day 2



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

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

8. Read for reading (read the whole word).

Literature (15 minutes)

Read Chapter 2 in *Cricket in Times Square* aloud to a parent, older sibling, or silently to yourself. As you read...

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

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

- *What is the mysterious sound that Mario hears late at night in the subway station?*
- *How does Mario solve the problem of making a home for the cricket? What else might he have done?*
- *Why doesn't Mama want Mario to keep the cricket?*
- *On what conditions does Mama accept the cricket?*
- *Why do you think Mario is so happy to have found a cricket?*
- *Look at the two pictures in this chapter. How does the expression on Mario's face compare with the expressions on his parents' faces? How do you think they feel?*

Writing (5 minutes)

Use the following questions to help you make a summary of the chapter you just read. Then, tell your summary to a family member.

1. Who was this chapter about and where were they?
2. What was the problem in this chapter?
3. How was the problem solved?

Science (15 minutes)

Last week, we discussed what plants need to develop and grow as well as the different parts of the plant. Now we are going to explore the plant life cycle!

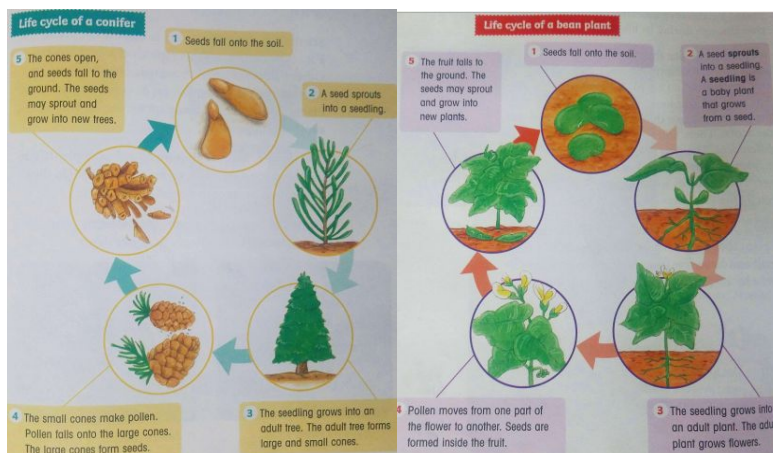
Plants change during their lives. They start small and grow larger. They **reproduce**, or make more plants. Finally, they die. The changes that a plant goes through during its life are its **life cycle**.

All plants look like the parent plant it came from. An oak tree grows from an acorn. The new oak tree looks like the parent oak tree that made the acorn. There will be some differences. The new oak tree may grow taller than its parent tree. The branches won't grow exactly the same way.

How a plant looks depends on where it grows, too. A plant that grows where there is little rain may be small and have few flowers. If the same kind of plant gets a lot of rain, it may be large with lots of flowers.

The life cycle of a **plant with flowers** starts with a seed. The seed changes and grows into a plant. When the plant is grown, it makes new seeds. Then the cycle starts again.

Not all plants have flowers. A **conifer** (KAHN-uh-fur) is a plant that has cones. Cones have seeds inside. The life cycle of a conifer starts with a seed. The seed grows into a tree. The adult tree makes new seeds. Then the cycle starts again.



Question: Can you tell me about the differences between the life cycle of a plant with flowers and a conifer? Write it in a complete sentence, use correct punctuation, and write neatly in cursive or manuscript.

The differences between the life cycle of a plant with flowers and a conifer include

Art

2nd-Portraiture-drawing the nose.

Observe this painting of Albrecht Durer. In art we call this a *self-portrait*. In our artwork this week we are focusing on the study of the nose in portraiture.

To begin, please use your finger to trace your nose on the portrait.

- What shapes did the artist use to draw the nose?
- What colors did the artist use in this painting?
- Do you notice any other details in this painting?
- Looking at this portrait, do you think you would like to know more about this person?



Self-Portrait Albrecht Durer 1500



P.E.

Throw and Catch Challenge

Link for today's lesson: <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/4171cdc1880d8aa0936d958c423c9417>

Materials:

- Empty juice/milk jug or something similars (best if plastic with a handle)
- Scissors
- A marker to mark where to cut
- A small ball (tennis ball, sock ball, or anything about that size)

***If you don't have these materials, please work on throwing and catching with your hands and incorporate clapping between throws to make it more challenging!

For this activity you should ask your parents for help before cutting the milk jug (which will be what your catching device!)

Steps:

1. Clean out the jug and draw a line about an inch away from the way bottom
2. Carefully, with your parents help cut all the way around the line until the bottom of the jug is removed
3. Now flip your jug so the bottom is open towards the sky and hold the jug in your non dominant hand (the hand you don't throw with)
4. Hold the small ball in your throwing hand and toss it in the air
5. Then try and catch the ball inside the jug! Try and catch it at least 5 times

Optional Challenges:

- ★ Bounce the ball on the ground and then catch it in the jug!
- ★ Have someone else bounce it on the ground and you try and catch it in your jug!
- ★ Make two or more of these catching devices and play catch with your family! Find creative ways to throw and catch the ball or see how many you can do in a row without dropping the ball!

Day 3 Instructions and Resources

Wednesday, 5/6

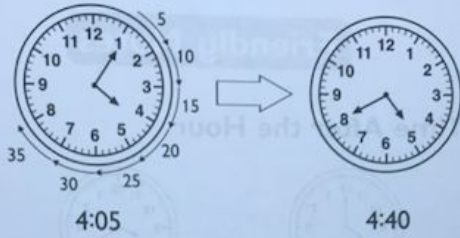
Math (30 minutes)

- 1) Math Fact Practice (5 minutes). Try to do your Math Facts below in less than one minute!
Then, practice your math fact flashcards or have your parent or sibling time you practice with you.

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$4+1=$	$4+2=$	$6+0=$	$5+3=$
$6+1=$	$4+3=$	$8+0=$	$0+3=$
$5+1=$	$5+2=$	$10+0=$	$2+3=$
$7+1=$	$5+3=$	$4+3=$	$4+3=$

Independent work (25 minutes): Read the notes and problems below. Then answer the problems. In this example, you can see that the television program lasts 25 minutes. You can count by fives to figure out your answer.

1. How many minutes are there from 4:05 to 4:40?



5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35 minutes

There are 35 minutes from 4:05 to 4:40.



2. Ralph started doing his homework at 11:35. He took 45 minutes to finish his homework. What time did Ralph finish his homework?



Ralph finished his homework at 12:20.

Time Intervals

START



END



The television program starts at 9:10 a.m. and ends at 9:35 a.m. on Sunday.

It lasts minutes.

5, 10, 15, 20, 25 minutes



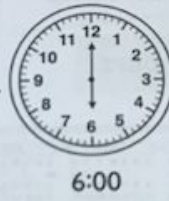
25 minutes later



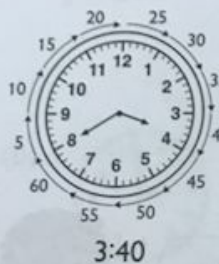
There are 25 minutes from 9:10 to 9:35.



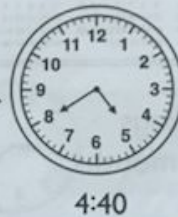
1 hour later



The minute hand has made one complete turn.



1 hour later



5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60 minutes



1 hour = 60 minutes

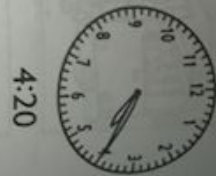
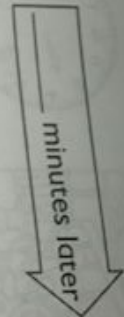
EXERCISE 3

1. Fill in the blanks.

(a)



4:00

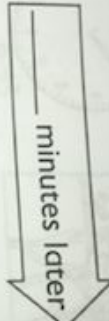


4:20

(b)



4:30

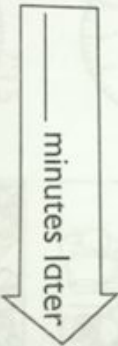


4:45

(c)



2:15

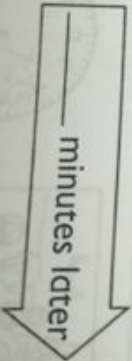


2:40

(d)



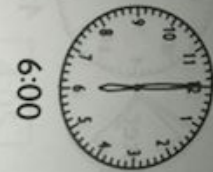
7:10



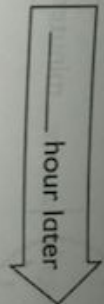
7:50

2. Fill in the blanks.

(a)



6:00

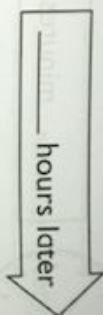


7:00

(b)



4:00

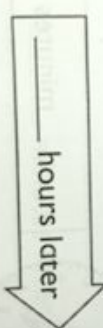


8:00

(c)



4:30

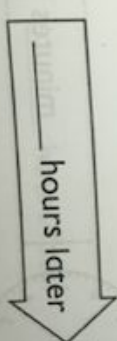


7:30

(d)




6:15



10:15


3. Fill in the blanks.

(a)




3:50

_____ minutes later




4:05

(b)




1:35

_____ minutes later




2:10

(c)




4:40

_____ minutes later




5:15

(d)



8:35


_____ minutes later



9:25


4. Complete each of the following.

(a)




4:05

_____ minutes later




4:10


(b)




_____ minutes later




(c)




_____ minutes later



(d)

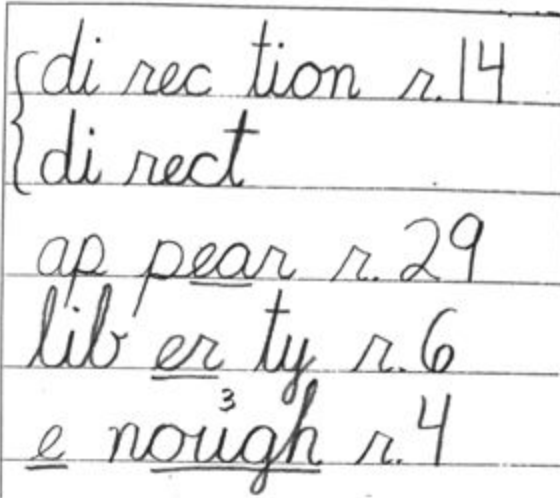


_____ hours later



Spalding (10 minutes)

Day 3



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

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

Literature (15 minutes)

Read Chapter 3 in *Cricket in Times Square* aloud to a parent, older sibling, or silently to yourself. As you read...

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

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

- *How do Chester and Tucker meet?*
- *How did Chester the Cricket, a country insect, get to New York?*
- *Why does Tucker interrupt the story?*
- *How did Chester end up in the dirt where Mario found him?*
- *Why does Chester finally chirp?*
- *Do you think Chester and Tucker will become good friends?*
- *What problems might a country creature face in a busy city?*

Grammar (5 minutes)

Answer the following questions out loud:

What is a sentence?

What is a verb?

What is a noun?

What is a pronoun?

What is an adjective?

What is an adverb?

Let's talk about our first conjunction, "and". The conjunction "and" usually connects two words together.

If you were going to tell me that two kinds of pets—rabbits and hamsters—both eat lettuce, you would say, "Rabbits and hamsters eat lettuce." The conjunction "and" joins the words "rabbits" and "hamsters."

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

Birds _____ butterflies can fly.

Fish _____ tadpoles swim.

In both of these sentences you used "and" to join the names of two things. Now, let's make some sentences that use "and" to join two action words.

I can walk _____ write.

The dog barks _____ chases.

You can run _____ jump.

History (15 minutes)

Let's read more to find out what happened at Fort McHenry!

Francis Scott Key

A man named Francis Scott Key watched the battle as it happened. It was impossible to tell who was winning. Then, at dawn's first light, Key saw that the huge American flag was still flying above Fort McHenry! It had holes in it, and was burned around the edges, but the flag was still there. Soon, the British stopped firing. The attack had failed, and the British general had been killed.



Vocabulary:

Dawn is the time when the sun is just coming up in the early morning.

A **general** is a leader in an army.

- At the time of the War of 1812, flags were important markers in a battle. When armies took over one another's land or a ship, they flew their own flag to show that they now controlled the land or the ship. If the British had been able to take Fort McHenry, they would have taken down the American flag and put up the British flag. That's the reason why Francis Scott Key looked for the flag as soon as it was morning—it was a signal that showed how the battle was going for his country.

Please answer each question with a complete sentence:

What did Francis Scott Key see early in the morning?

Why did the British stop firing?

Music (10 minutes)

Warm-Up:

- Sing "Chumbara" again but this time with the motions we learned in class! *See video link from previous lesson.* Can you sing it and march around at the same time?
- Sing it two more times: first, sing it *piano* - what does it mean? Say it out loud! - and then, sing it *forte* - say what it means out loud!

King's Land:

- Sing it twice while marching your feet to the **half note (to-oo)**.
 - First, sing it *largo* and say what it means out loud.
 - Then, sing it *allegro* and say what it means out loud.
- Now, without looking at the music from before, can you fill in the missing **solfa** below? Remember, the solfa we know includes: *do, re, mi, so, and la* and the song starts on **so!**
 - Sing the song and show your hand signs or use your body ladder! Check your answers and see if you're correct!

- ❑ For fun: Play the game or make your own game! In our game, we had two guards, but see if you can find just one guard and see if you can get past them to the king's land

King's Land

I'm on the king's land, the king is not at home.
He's gone to Bos-ton to buy his wife a comb.

Answers in order of appearance: *mi, so, la, do*

Latin (10 minutes)

Please review the days of the week. Use this Quizlet to help with pronunciation! Password:

LatinDays (case sensitive) <https://quizlet.com/504761687/flashcards>

Have your parents or siblings ask you what day it is in Latin and see if you can give the correct answer.

Quid est hodiē?	= What day is it today?
Diēs Sōlis	= Sunday
Diēs Lūnae	= Monday
Diēs Martis	= Tuesday
Diēs Mercuriī	= Wednesday
Diēs Iovis	= Thursday
Diēs Veneris	= Friday
Diēs Saturnī	= Saturday

Day 4 Instructions and Resources

Thursday, 5/7

Math (30 minutes)

1) Word Problem Practice (10 minutes)

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

Word Problem:

Equation:

Number Bond:

Answer Sentence:

Draw a picture (optional):

Independent work (20 minutes): Read the notes and problems below. Then answer the problems.

When we talk about time, we have two of the same times. The way we make sure we know the difference is by using "a.m." or "p.m." If it is a.m., this means that the time is in the morning. This means anytime between 12:00 a.m. and 12:00 p.m. is the morning time. 12:00 p.m. to 12:00 a.m. is the afternoon and evening time. So if it's 8:00 a.m., this means it is 8 o'clock in the morning. If it is 8:00 p.m. this means that it is 8 o'clock in the evening.

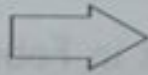
Furthermore, let us say it is 8:30 a.m. in class and then a few hours later it is now 1:30 p.m. This means that 5 hours have passed. At home, find a traditional clock or a digital clock and see if you can figure out how much time has passed between activities!

Notice! We must use a.m. and p.m. when we talk about time. In the problems below, do not forget to write your a.m. and p.m.!

3. Mrs. Li works from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. every day.
How long does she work every day?



9:00 a.m.




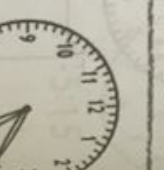



3:00 p.m.






She works 6 hours every day.

EXERCISE 1

1. Fill in the blanks.

<p>(a) The time is 4:15 a.m. 20 minutes later, it will be _____.</p> 	<p>(b) The time is 11:35 p.m. 15 minutes later, it will be _____.</p> 	<p>(c) The time is 5:45 a.m. 30 minutes later, it will be _____.</p> 	<p>(d) The time is 5:20 p.m. 40 minutes later, it will be _____.</p> 	<p>(e) The time is 2:40 a.m. 35 minutes later, it will be _____.</p> 
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2. Fill in the blanks.

<p>(a) The time is 3:25 p.m. 2 hours later, it will be _____.</p> 	<p>(b) The time is 1:15 a.m. 3 hours later, it will be _____.</p> 	<p>(c) The time is 10:40 a.m. 3 hours later, it will be _____.</p> 	<p>(d) The time is 7:10 p.m. 5 hours later, it will be _____.</p> 	<p>(e) The time is 10:55 p.m. 4 hours later, it will be _____.</p> 
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Spalding (10 minutes)

Review all 15 words

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

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

Literature (15 minutes)

Read Chapter 4 in *Cricket in Times Square* aloud to a parent, older sibling, or silently to yourself. As you read...

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

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

- *Why isn't Tucker Mouse afraid of Harry the Cat?*
- *Why does Chester begin to feel happy in the city?*
- *Why do Tucker and Harry want to take Chester to Times Square?*
- *Why is Chester pleased to see a star above Times Square?*

Writing (5 minutes)

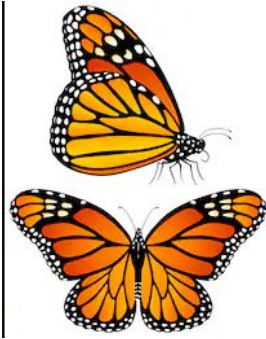
Use the following questions to help you make a summary of the chapter you just read. Then, tell your summary to a family member.

1. Who was this chapter about and where were they?
2. What was the problem in this chapter?
3. How was the problem solved?

Science (15 minutes)

We've discussed the life cycle of various living things. Recall the four main stages of the life cycles of all living things are birth, growth, reproduction, and death.

Now we get to learn about insects!



In the United States and Canada alone, there are more than 100,000 different kinds of insects. Around the world, there are almost a million kinds of insects. Insects are one of the largest groups of animals in the animal kingdom. But every one of those insects' bodies follows certain important rules. Today we will discuss what distinguishes an insect from other members of the animal kingdom.

One way to tell if a creature is an insect is to count the legs. All insects have six legs, three on each side. That means worms aren't insects because they have no legs at all, and spiders aren't insects because they have eight legs. It means that flies, ladybugs, mosquitoes, and butterflies are insects because all of them have six legs.

Another way to tell if a creature is an insect is to count its body parts. Every insect has three parts to its body: the head, the thorax, and the abdomen. An insect head has eyes for seeing and a mouth for eating. It also has antennae, or feelers, for feeling, tasting, and smelling the things around it. The middle part of an insect body is called the thorax. **Thorax** is a word that comes from the Greek word for "chest." Many insects have wings attached to the thorax. The hind part of an insect's body is called the abdomen. **Abdomen**



is a word often used for people, too, to refer to the belly. In most insects, the abdomen is the largest of their three body parts.

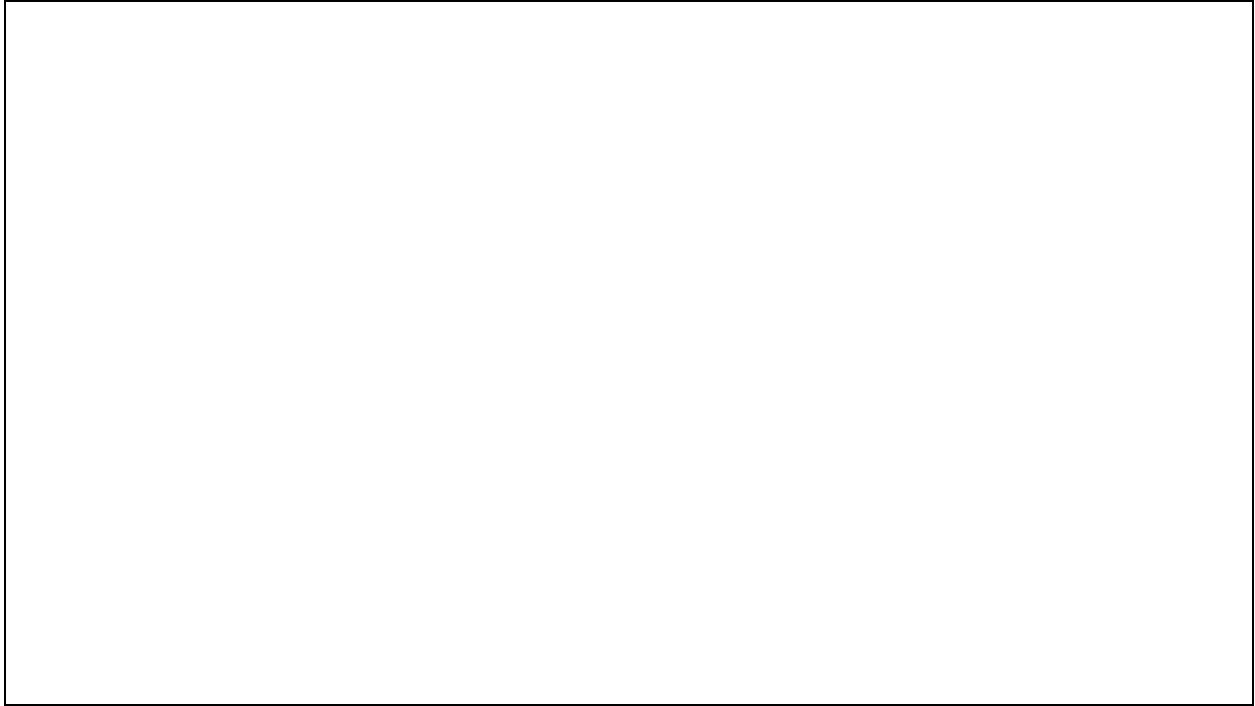


Lastly, insects have **exoskeletons**, which means they have skeletons outside of their bodies. While your skeleton is made of hard bones, insect skeletons are made of a material called chitin (KITE un). The exoskeleton is a hard outer layer, like a knight's suit of armor, that protects their soft insides.

Question: Can you give me an example of an insect and why it is classified as an insect? Write it in a complete sentence, use correct punctuation, and write neatly in cursive or manuscript.

An example of an insect is _____

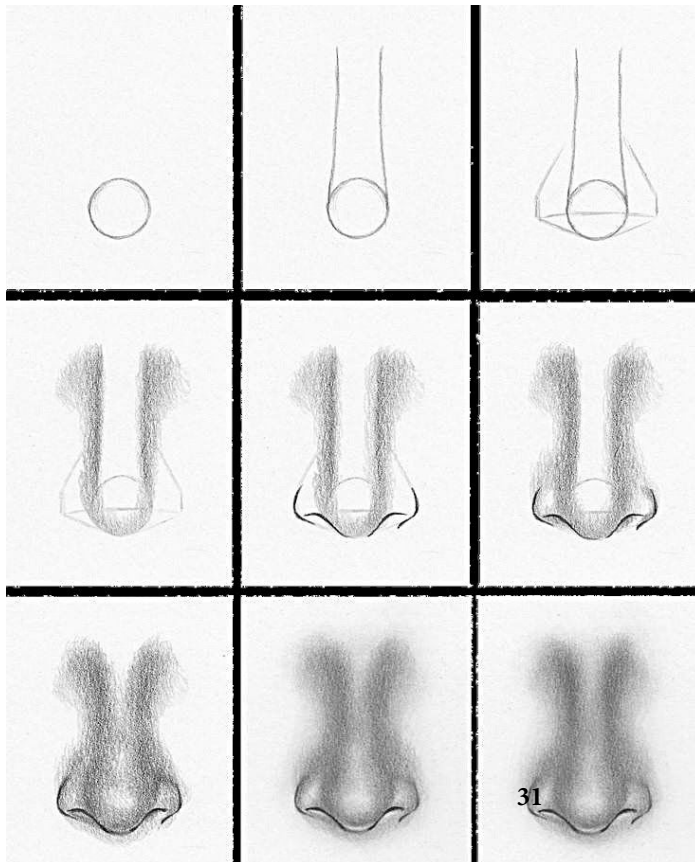
Now draw your own insect just like one of the examples above and label the parts of your insect!



Art

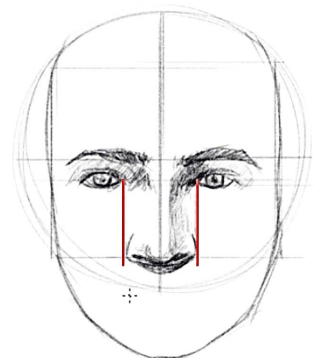
Link for Today's Lesson: <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/1703c079a9e3dc699d92305e0e09c0f7>

We will practice drawing a nose today. Firstly, please look closely at your nose in the mirror. Study your nose and look for the elements of art such as line, shape, and form. Then, take out your self-portrait artwork from last week. You should have the head shape and eyes already completed.



1. Beginning with the “ball” (tip) of the nose and following the information sheet above, please carefully draw in your nose in your portrait and add values and shading.

2. Finish your nose today.
3. Save this artwork for next week’s portraiture lesson!



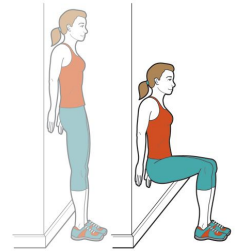
P.E.

Leg Strengthening

Warm up: Jog in place while singing your ABC's two times, then do 20 Jumping jacks

Exercises:

- 30 squats (make sure you fully bend your knees and stand all the way up)
- 10 tuck jumps (bring your knees to your chest when you jump!)
- 50 calf raises (go all the way up on your toes and come back down with control, these should be done very slowly to make it more challenging and your legs straight)
- 30 second wall sit (or sing your ABC's 1 time)
 - Find an empty wall to do this and put your back against the wall, then bend your knees until you look like you're sitting in an imaginary chair!



Day 5 Instructions and Resources

Friday, 5/8

Math (25 minutes)

- 1) Math Fact Practice (5 minutes). Try to do your Math Facts below in less than one minute!
Then, practice your math fact flashcards or have your parent or sibling time you practice with you.

5+1=	5+2=	10+0=	2+3=
7+1=	5+3=	4+3=	4+3=
8+1=	6+2=	5+3=	6+3=
6+1=	7+2=	3+9=	5+5=
1+1=	1+1=	8+2=	4+3=
2+1=	4+1=	4+0=	6+3=
4+1=	4+2=	6+0=	5+3=
6+1=	4+3=	8+0=	0+3=

Independent work (20 minutes): Read the notes and problems below. Then answer the problems.

Other Units of Time

1 day = 24 hours

1 week = 7 days
1 year = 12 months

There are 31 days in these months:
January, March, May, July, August,
October, December.

There are 30 days in these months:
April, June, September, November.

There are 28 days in February.
In a leap year, there are 29 days
in February.

33

EXERCISE 5

1. Match.

12 months	•	1 year
7 days	•	1 day
52 weeks	•	1 week
24 hours	•	1 year

2. Circle the correct answer.

- (a) 1 day is (shorter / longer) than 10 hours.
- (b) 2 years is (longer / shorter) than 20 months.
- (c) 10 weeks is (shorter / longer) than 2 months.
- (d) 18 days is (shorter / longer) than 3 weeks.

3. Caitlin's dog is exactly 3 years old.

How many months old is her dog?
Her dog is _____ months old.

4. Ethan went for a summer camp that lasted 6 weeks.

How many days long was the summer camp?
The summer camp was _____ days long.

Exercise 4 : Other Units of Time

1. Fill in the blanks.

January	February	March	April
S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28	S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 30 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31
May	June	July	August
S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	S M T W T F S 1 2 3 30 31 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31
September	October	November	December
S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 31 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

(a) There are _____ days in a week.

(b) There are _____ months in a year.

(c) There are about _____ days in March,
April and May altogether.

Spalding (10 minutes)

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

Example: It was his duty to ensure the work was done correctly.

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

4. _____

5. _____

Literature (15 minutes)

Read Chapter 5 in *Cricket in Times Square* aloud to a parent, older sibling, or silently to yourself. As you read...

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

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

- *How do Mickey and Mr. Smedley each express their admiration for Chester?*
- *Why does Mario head for Chinatown?*
- *How are Chester's communications with Mario different from his communications with Harry and Tucker? Why do you think the author created this difference?*
- *How would you react if Mario showed Chester to you?*

Poetry (5 minutes)

Read “The New Colossus” in the additional resources. Circle words you do not know in pencil.

History (15 minutes)



Francis Scott Key wrote a poem on the back of an envelope about what he had just witnessed. He called the poem “The Star-Spangled Banner.” A few days later, the poem was printed in newspapers around the country. Later, the poem was set to an old British tune. Today, “The Star-Spangled Banner” is the national anthem of the United States of America:

*O say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's
 last gleaming,
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through
 the perilous fight
 O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so
 gallantly streaming?
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs
 bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our
 flag was still there,
 O say does that star-spangled banner
 yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home
 of the brave?*

Vocabulary:

A **national anthem** is the official song of a country.

Twilight is the time of day when the sun has set, but there is still a little light in the sky.

Perilous means dangerous.

Ramparts are the strong walls of a fort or a castle.

Gallantly streaming means bravely waving in the wind.

What object is “The Star-Spangled Banner” about? It is about the American flag!

- ❑ Why do **you** think Francis Scott Key’s poem became our national anthem?
(Discuss this with a parent or sibling!)

Music (10 minutes)

Warm-Up:

- ❑ Sing “Chumbara” with the hand motions and see if you can balance on one leg for the whole song!
 - ❑ For fun, sing it again but this time choose from the “silly” syllables in the list below to make a new brand-new word to sing on, e.g. Flop-o-loo. Some of them can be tongue-twisters so have fun and good luck!

First Syllable	Second Syllable	Third Syllable
Zip	A	Boo
Zop	E	Moo
Bop	O	Zoo
Flop	U	Loo

Here Comes a Bluebird:

- ❑ Sing the song **THREE** times:
 - ❑ First, with the motions we learned in class and “fly” around your house, room, or yard while you sing. Here’s a video of Ms. Caranto singing with the motions:
<https://cloud.swivl.com/v/bd07177df4dcd7a66c6a2e33d1977e16>
 - ❑ Then, sing and jump to the steady **beat** for the whole song!
 - ❑ Finally, sing and tap the **rhythm** on your head. Remember that the beat and the rhythm should be different!
- ❑ Now, sing the whole song on **rhythm syllables** (ta, ti-ti-, etc.) and tap into your hand while reading the music below. Can you name all the notes we know - nicknames and real names? Give yourself a round of applause when you’re done!

Ta (quarter note), ti-ti (two eighth-notes), to-oo (half note), quarter rest

Here comes a blue - bird through my win - dow. Hey, did-dle-um a day day day.

Take a lit - tle part - ner, hop in the gar - den. Hey, did-dle-um a day day day.

Latin (10 minutes)

Practice these Latin verbs 3x each. Make sure you are doing the correct action while you are saying the verbs. Here is a video to help you with the pronunciation and correct actions:

<https://cloud.swivl.com/v/d617d09b307128d7557b39f6b1b4a9d4>

Verb	Translation:		
agō, -ere	I act	scribō, -ere	I write
legō, -ere	I read	cōgitō, -āre	I think
audiō, īre (Q1)	I hear	vertō, -ere	I turn
dīcō, -ere	I speak	surgō, -ere	I rise
edō, -ere	I eat	creō, -āre	I create
bibō, -ere	I drink	dormiō, -īre	I sleep

Additional Resources:

Monday

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.

Tuesday

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.

Rules

r. 1 – The letter q is always followed by u.

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

r. 5 – The letters i and y usually say i (big, gym) but may say I at the end of a syllable (silent, my, type)

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

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

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

Wednesday

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.

Thursday Review

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

11.
12.
13.
14.
15.

ONE

Tucker

A mouse was looking at Mario.

The mouse's name was Tucker, and he was sitting in the opening of an abandoned drain pipe in the subway station at Times Square. The drain pipe was his home. Back a few feet in the wall, it opened out into a pocket that Tucker had filled with the bits of paper and shreds of cloth he collected. And when he wasn't collecting, "scrounging" as he called it, or sleeping, he liked to sit at the opening of the drain pipe and watch the world go by—at least as much of the world as hurried through the Times Square subway station.

Tucker finished the last few crumbs of a cookie he was eating—a Lorna Doone shortbread he had found earlier in the evening—and licked off his whiskers. "Such a pity," he sighed.

Every Saturday night now for almost a year he had watched Mario tending his father's newsstand. On weekdays, of course, the boy had to get to bed early, but over the weekends Papa Bellini let him take his part in helping out with the family business. Far into the night

The Cricket in Times Square

Mario waited. Papa hoped that by staying open as late as possible his newsstand might get some of the business that would otherwise have gone to the larger stands. But there wasn't much business tonight.

"The poor kid might as well go home," murmured Tucker Mouse to himself. He looked around the station.

The bustle of the day had long since subsided, and even the nighttime crowds, returning from the theaters and movies, had vanished. Now and then a person or two would come down one of the many stairs that led from the street and dart through the station. But at this hour everyone was in a hurry to get to bed. On the lower level the trains were running much less often. There would be a long stretch of silence; then the mounting roar as a string of cars approached Times Square; then a pause while it let off old passengers and took on new ones; and finally the rush of sound as it disappeared up the dark tunnel. And the hush fell again. There was an emptiness in the air. The whole station seemed to be waiting for the crowds of people it needed.

Tucker Mouse looked back at Mario. He was sitting on a three-legged stool behind the counter of the newsstand. In front of him all the magazines and newspapers were displayed as neatly as he knew how to make them. Papa Bellini had made the newsstand himself many years ago. The space inside was big enough for Mario, but Mama and Papa were cramped when they each took their turn. A shelf ran along one

Tucker

side, and on it were a little secondhand radio, a box of Kleenex (for Mama's hay fever), a box of kitchen matches (for lighting Papa's pipe), a cash register (for money—which there wasn't much of), and an alarm clock (for no good reason at all). The cash register had one drawer, which was always open. It had gotten stuck once, with all the money the Bellinis had in the world inside it, so Papa decided it would be safer never to shut it again. When the stand was closed for the night, the money that was left there to start off the new day was perfectly safe, because Papa had also made a big wooden cover, with a lock, that fitted over the whole thing.

Mario had been listening to the radio. He switched it off. Way down the tracks he could see the lights of the shuttle train coming toward him. On the level of the station where the newsstand was, the only tracks were the ones on which the shuttle ran. That was a short train that went back and forth from Times Square to Grand Central, taking people from the subways on the west side of New York City over to the lines on the east. Mario knew most of the conductors on the shuttle. They all liked him and came over to talk between trips.

The train screeched to a stop beside the newsstand, blowing a gust of hot air in front of it. Only nine or ten people got out. Tucker watched anxiously to see if any of them stopped to buy a paper.

"All late papers!" shouted Mario as they hurried by. "Magazines!"

3

The Cricket in Times Square

No one stopped. Hardly anyone even looked at him. Mario sank back on his stool. All evening long he had sold only fifteen papers and four magazines. In the drain pipe Tucker Mouse, who had been keeping count too, sighed and scratched his ear.

Mario's friend Paul, a conductor on the shuttle, came over to the stand. "Any luck?" he asked.

"No," said Mario. "Maybe on the next train."

"There's going to be less and less until morning," said Paul.

Mario rested his chin on the palm of his hand. "I can't understand it," he said. "It's Saturday night too. Even the Sunday papers aren't going."

Paul leaned up against the newsstand. "You're up awfully late tonight," he said.

"Well, I can sleep on Sundays," said Mario. "Besides, school's out now. Mama and Papa are picking me up on the way home. They went to visit some friends. Saturday's the only chance they have."

Over a loudspeaker came a voice saying, "Next train for Grand Central, track 2."

"'Night, Mario," Paul said. He started off toward the shuttle. Then he stopped, reached in his pocket, and flipped a half dollar over the counter. Mario caught the big coin. "I'll take a Sunday *Times*," Paul said, and picked up the newspaper.

"Hey wait!" Mario called after him. "It's only twenty-five cents. You've got a quarter coming."

But Paul was already in the car. The door slid closed.

4



The Cricket in Times Square

He smiled and waved through the window. With a lurch the train moved off, its lights glimmering away through the darkness.

Tucker Mouse smiled too. He liked Paul. In fact he liked anybody who was nice to Mario. But it was late now: time to crawl back to his comfortable niche in the wall and go to sleep. Even a mouse who lives in the subway station in Times Square has to sleep sometimes. And Tucker had a big day planned for tomorrow, collecting things for his home and snapping up bits of food that fell from the lunch counters all over the station. He was just about to turn into the drain pipe when he heard a very strange sound.

Now Tucker Mouse had heard almost all the sounds that can be heard in New York City. He had heard the rumble of subway trains and the shriek their iron wheels make when they go around a corner. From above, through the iron grilles that open onto the streets, he had heard the thrumming of the rubber tires of automobiles, and the hooting of their horns, and the howling of their brakes. And he had heard the babble of voices when the station was full of human beings, and the barking of the dogs that some of them had on leashes. Birds, the pigeons of New York, and cats, and even the high purring of airplanes above the city Tucker had heard. But in all his days, and on all his journeys through the greatest city in the world, Tucker had never heard a sound quite like this one.

TWO

Mario

Mario heard the sound too. He stood up and listened intently. The noise of the shuttle rattled off into silence. From the streets above came the quiet murmur of the late traffic. There was a noise of rustling nothingness in the station. Still Mario listened, straining to catch the mysterious sound . . . And there it came again.

It was like a quick stroke across the strings of a violin, or like a harp that has been plucked suddenly. If a leaf in a green forest far from New York had fallen at midnight through the darkness into a thicket, it might have sounded like that.

Mario thought he knew what it was. The summer before he had gone to visit a friend who lived on Long Island. One afternoon, as the low sun reached long yellow fingers through the tall grass, he had stopped beside a meadow to listen to just such a noise. But there had been many of them then—a chorus. Now there was only one. Faintly it came again through the subway station.

Mario slipped out of the newsstand and stood waiting.

7

The Cricket in Times Square

The next time he heard the sound, he went toward it. It seemed to come from one corner, next to the stairs that led up to Forty-second Street. Softly Mario went toward the spot. For several minutes there was only the whispering silence. Whatever it was that was making the sound had heard him coming and was quiet. Silently Mario waited. Then he heard it again, rising from a pile of waste papers and soot that had blown against the concrete wall.

He went down and very gently began to lift off the papers. One by one he inspected them and laid them to one side. Down near the bottom the papers became dirtier and dirtier. Mario reached the floor. He began to feel with his hands through the dust and soot. And wedged in a crack under all the refuse, he found what he'd been looking for.

It was a little insect, about an inch long and covered with dirt. It had six legs, two long antennae on its head, and what seemed to be a pair of wings folded on its back. Holding his discovery as carefully as his fingers could, Mario lifted the insect up and rested him in the palm of his hand.

"A cricket!" he exclaimed.

Keeping his cupped hand very steady, Mario walked back to the newsstand. The cricket didn't move. And he didn't make that little musical noise anymore. He just lay perfectly still—as if he were sleeping, or frightened to death.

Mario pulled out a Kleenex and laid the cricket on

8



The Cricket in Times Square

it. Then he took another and started to dust him off. Ever so softly he tapped the hard black shell, and the antennae, and legs, and wings. Gradually the dirt that had collected on the insect fell away. His true color was still black, but now it had a bright, glossy sheen.

When Mario had cleaned off the cricket as much as he could, he hunted around the floor of the station for a matchbox. In a minute he'd found one and knocked out one end. Then he folded a sheet of Kleenex, tucked it in the box, and put the cricket in. It made a perfect bed. The cricket seemed to like his new home. He moved around a few times and settled himself comfortably.

Mario sat for a time, just looking. He was so happy and excited that when anyone walked through the station, he forgot to shout "Newspapers!" and "Magazines!"

Then a thought occurred to him: perhaps the cricket was hungry. He rummaged through his jacket pocket and found a piece of a chocolate bar that had been left over from supper. Mario broke off one corner and held it out to the cricket on the end of his finger. Cautiously the insect lifted his head to the chocolate. He seemed to smell it a moment, then took a bit. A shiver of pleasure went over Mario as the cricket ate from his hand.

Mama and Papa Bellini came up the stairs from the lower level of the station. Mama was a short woman—a little stouter than she liked to admit—who wheezed

Mario

and got a red face when she had to climb steps. Papa was tall and somewhat bent over, but he had a kindness that shone about him. There seemed always to be something smiling inside Papa. Mario was so busy feeding his cricket that he didn't see them when they came up to the newsstand.

"So?" said Mama, craning over the counter. "What now?"

"I found a cricket!" Mario exclaimed. He picked the insect up very gently between his thumb and forefinger and held him out for his parents to see.

Mama studied the little black creature carefully. "It's a bug," she pronounced finally. "Throw it away."

Mario's happiness fell in ruins. "No, Mama," he said anxiously. "It's a special kind of bug. Crickets are good luck."

"Good luck, eh?" Mama's voice had a way of sounding very dry when she didn't believe something. "Cricketers are good luck—so I suppose ants are better luck. And cockroaches are the best luck of all. Throw it away."

"Please, Mama, I want to keep him for a pet."

"No bugs are coming to my house," said Mama. "We've got enough already with the screens full of holes. He'll whistle to his friends—they'll come from all over—we'll have a houseful of crickets."

"No we won't," said Mario in a low voice. "I'll fix the screens." But he knew it was no use arguing with Mama. When she had made up her mind, you might as well try to reason with the Eighth Avenue subway.

"How was selling tonight?" asked Papa. He was a



Mario

peaceful man and always tried to head off arguments. Changing the subject was something he did very well.

"Fifteen papers and four magazines," said Mario. "And Paul just bought a *Sunday Times*."

"No one took a *Musical America*, or anything else nice?" Papa was very proud that his newsstand carried all of what he called the "quality magazines."

"No," answered Mario.

"So you spend less time playing with cricketers, you'll sell more papers," said Mama.

"Oh now now," Papa soothed her. "Mario can't help it if nobody buys."

"You can tell the temperature with crickets too," said Mario. "You count the number of chirps in a minute, divide by four, and add forty. They're very intelligent."

"Who needs a crickets-thermometer?" said Mama.

"It's coming on summer, it's New York—it's hot. And how do you know so much about cricketers? Are you one?"

"Jimmy Lebovski told me last summer," said Mario.

"Then give it to the expert Jimmy Lebovski," said Mama. "Bugs carry germs. He doesn't come in the house."

Mario looked down at his new friend in the palm of his hand. Just for once he had been really happy. The cricket seemed to know that something was wrong. He jumped onto the shelf and crept into the matchbox.

"He could keep it here in the newsstand," suggested Papa.

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The Cricket in Times Square

Mario jumped at that idea. "Yes, and then he wouldn't have to come home. I could feed him here, and leave him here, and you'd never have to see him," he said to Mama. "And when you took the stand, I'd bring him with me."

Mama paused. "Cricketer," she said scornfully. "What do we want with a cricketer?"

"What do we want with a newsstand?" said Papa. "We got it—let's keep it." There was something resigned, but nice, about Papa.

"You said I could have a dog," said Mario, "but I never got him. And I never got a cat, or a bird, or anything. I wanted this cricket for my pet."

"He's yours, then," said Papa. And when Papa spoke in a certain quiet tone—that was all there was to it. Even Mama didn't dare disagree.

She took a deep breath. "Oh well—" she sighed. And Mario knew it would be all right. Mama's saying "oh well" was her way of giving in. "But only on trial he stays. At the first sign of the cricketer friends, or if we come down with peculiar diseases—out he goes!"

"Yes, Mama, anything you say," said Mario.

"Come on, Mario," Papa said. "Help me close up."

Mario held the matchbox up to his eye. He was sure the cricket looked much happier, now that he could stay. "Good night," he said. "I'll be back in the morning."

"Talking to it yet!" said Mama. "I've got a cricketer for a son."

Papa took one side of the cover to the newsstand,

14

Mario

Mario the other, and together they fitted it on. Papa locked it. As they were going downstairs to the trains, Mario looked back over his shoulder. He could almost feel the cricket, snuggled away in his matchbox bed, in the darkness.

15

THREE

Chester

Tucker Mouse had been watching the Bellinis and listening to what they said. Next to scrounging, cavers-dropping on human beings was what he enjoyed most. That was one of the reasons he lived in the Times Square subway station. As soon as the family disappeared, he darted out across the floor and scooted up to the newsstand. At one side the boards had separated and there was a wide space he could jump through. He'd been in a few times before—just exploring. For a moment he stood under the three-legged stool, letting his eyes get used to the darkness. Then he jumped up on it.

"Pssst!" he whispered. "Hey, you up there—are you awake?"

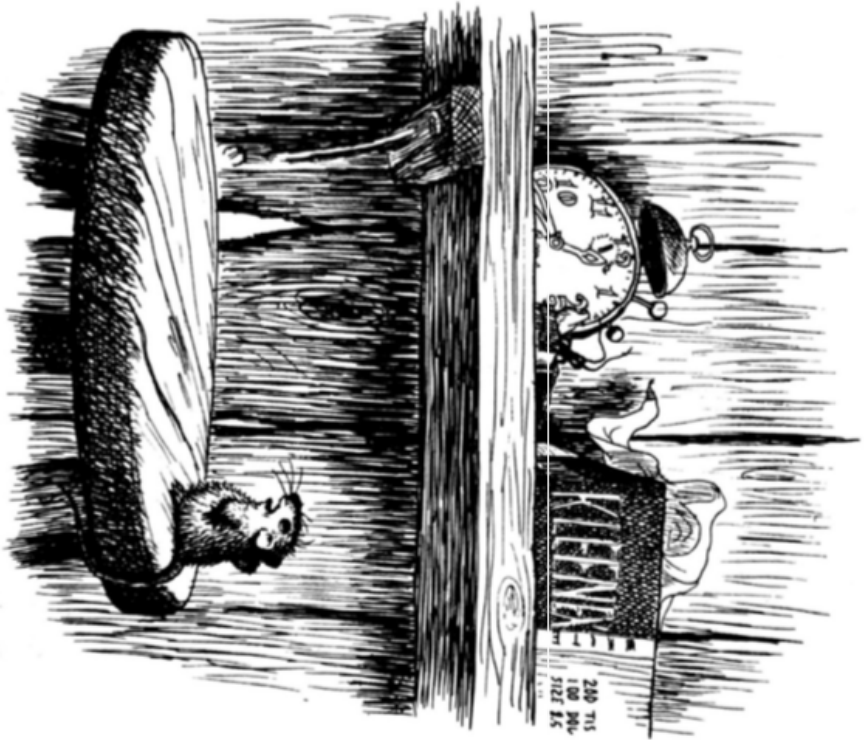
There was no answer.

"Pssst! Pssst! Hey!" Tucker whispered again, louder this time.

From the shelf above came a scuffling, like little feet feeling their way to the edge. "Who is that going 'pssst'?" said a voice.

"It's me," said Tucker. "Down here on the stool."

16



The Cricket in Times Square

A black head, with two shiny black eyes, peered down at him. "Who are you?"

"A mouse," said Tucker. "Who are *you*?"

"I'm Chester Cricket," said the cricket. He had a high, musical voice. Everything he said seemed to be spoken to an unheard melody.

"My name's Tucker," said Tucker Mouse. "Can I come up?"

"I guess so," said Chester Cricket. "This isn't my house anyway."

Tucker jumped up beside the cricket and looked him all over. "A cricket," he said admiringly. "So you're a cricket. I never saw one before."

"I've seen mice before," the cricket said. "I knew quite a few back in Connecticut."

"Is that where you're from?" asked Tucker.

"Yes," said Chester. "I guess I'll never see it again," he added wistfully.

"How did you get to New York?" asked Tucker Mouse.

"It's a long story," sighed the cricket.

"Tell me," said Tucker, settling back on his haunches. He loved to hear stories. It was almost as much fun as cavedropping—if the story was true.

"Well, it must have been two—no, three days ago," Chester Cricket began. "I was sitting on top of my stump, just enjoying the weather and thinking how nice it was that summer had started. I live inside an old tree stump, next to a willow tree, and I often go up to the

Chester

roof to look around. And I'd been practicing jumping that day too. On the other side of the stump from the willow tree there's a brook that runs past, and I'd been jumping back and forth across it to get my legs in condition for the summer. I do a lot of jumping, you know."

"Me too," said Tucker Mouse. "Especially around the rush hour."

"And I had just finished jumping when I smelled something," Chester went on, "liverwurst, which I love."

"You like liverwurst?" Tucker broke in. "Wait! Wait! Just wait!"

In one leap, he sprang down all the way from the shelf to the floor and dashed over to his drain pipe. Chester shook his head as he watched him go. He thought Tucker was a very excitable person—even for a mouse.

Inside the drain pipe, Tucker's nest was a jumble of papers, scraps of cloth, buttons, lost jewelry, small change, and everything else that can be picked up in a subway station. Tucker tossed things left and right in a wild search. Neatness was not one of the things he aimed at in life. At last he discovered what he was looking for: a big piece of liverwurst he had found earlier that evening. It was meant to be for breakfast tomorrow, but he decided that meeting his first cricket was a special occasion. Holding the liverwurst between his teeth, he whisked back to the newsstand.

"Look!" he said proudly, dropping the meat in front

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The Cricket in Times Square

of Chester Cricket. "Liverwurst! You continue the story—we'll enjoy a snack too."

"That's very nice of you," said Chester. He was touched that a mouse he had known only a few minutes would share his food with him. "I had a little chocolate before, but besides that, nothing for three days."

"Eat! Eat!" said Tucker. He bit the liverwurst into two pieces and gave Chester the bigger one. "So you smelled the liverwurst—then what happened?"

"I hopped down from the stump and went off toward the smell," said Chester.

"Very logical," said Tucker Mouse, munching with his cheeks full. "Exactly what I would have done."

"It was coming from a picnic basket," said Chester. "A couple of tuffets away from my stump the meadow begins, and there was a whole bunch of people having a picnic. They had hard-boiled eggs, and cold roast chicken, and roast beef, and a whole lot of other things besides the liverwurst sandwiches which I smelled."

Tucker Mouse moaned with pleasure at the thought of all that food.

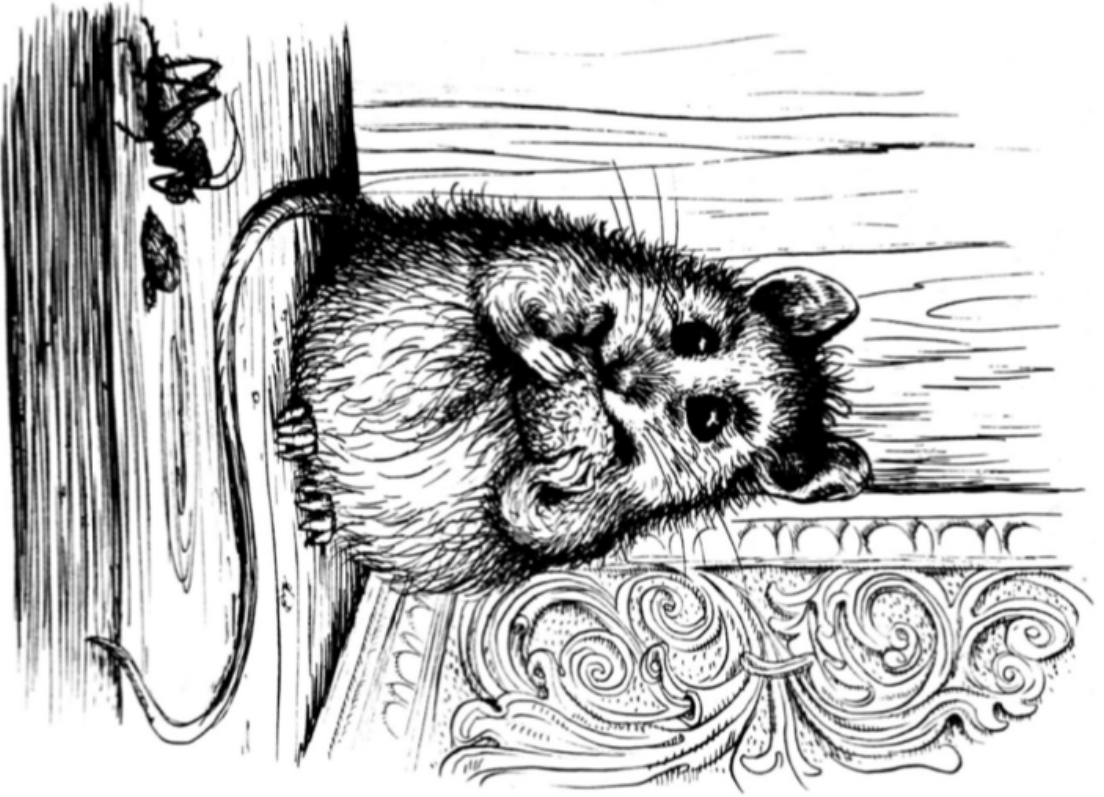
"They were having such a good time laughing and singing songs that they didn't notice me when I jumped into the picnic basket," continued Chester. "I was sure they wouldn't mind if I had just a taste."

"Naturally not," said Tucker Mouse sympathetically.

"Why mind? Plenty for all. Who could blame you?"

"Now, I have to admit," Chester went on, "I had more than a taste. As a matter of fact, I ate so much that I couldn't keep my eyes open—what with being tired

20



The Cricket in Times Square

from the jumping and everything. And I fell asleep right there in the picnic basket. The first thing I knew, somebody had put a bag on top of me that had the last of the roast beef sandwiches in it. I couldn't move!"

"Imagine!" Tucker exclaimed. "Trapped under roast beef sandwiches! Well, there are worse fates."

"At first I wasn't too frightened," said Chester. "After all, I thought, they probably come from New Canaan or some other nearby town. They'll have to unpack the basket sooner or later. Little did I know!" He shook his head and sighed. "I could feel the basket being carried into a car and riding somewhere and then being lifted down. That must have been the railroad station. Then I went up again and there was a rattling and roaring sound, the way a train makes. By this time I was pretty scared. I knew every minute was taking me farther away from my stump, but there wasn't anything I could do. I was getting awfully cramped too, under those roast beef sandwiches."

"Didn't you try to eat your way out?" asked Tucker.

"I didn't have any room," said Chester. "But every now and then the train would give a lurch and I managed to free myself a little. We traveled on and on, and then the train stopped. I didn't have any idea where we were, but as soon as the basket was carried off, I could tell from the noise it must be New York."

"You never were here before?" Tucker asked.

"Goodness no!" said Chester. "But I've heard about it. There was a swallow I used to know who told about

Chester

flying over New York every spring and fall on her way to the North and back. But what would I be doing here?" He shifted uneasily from one set of legs to another. "I'm a country cricket."

"Don't worry," said Tucker Mouse. "I'll feed you liverwurst. You'll be all right. Go on with the story."

"It's almost over," said Chester. "The people got off one train and walked a ways and got on another—even noisier than the first."

"Must have been the subway," said Tucker.

"I guess so," Chester Cricket said. "You can imagine how scared I was. I didn't know *where* I was going! For all I knew they could have been heading for Texas, although I don't guess many people from Texas come all the way to Connecticut for a picnic."

"It could happen," said Tucker, nodding his head.

"Anyway I worked furiously to get loose. And finally I made it. When they got off the second train, I took a flying leap and landed in a pile of dirt over in the corner of this place where we are."

"Such an introduction to New York," said Tucker, "to land in a pile of dirt in the Times Square subway station. Tsk, tsk, tsk."

"And here I am," Chester concluded forlornly. "I've been lying over there for three days not knowing what to do. At last I got so nervous I began to chirp."

"That was the sound!" interrupted Tucker Mouse. "I heard it, but I didn't know what it was."

"Yes, that was me," said Chester. "Usually I don't

The Cricket in Times Square

chirp until later on in the summer—but my goodness, I had to do *something!*"

The cricket had been sitting next to the edge of the shelf. For some reason—perhaps it was a faint noise, like padded feet tiptoeing across the floor—he happened to look down. A shadowy form that had been crouching silently below in the darkness made a spring and landed right next to Tucker and Chester.

"Watch out!" Chester shouted. "A cat!" He dove headfirst into the matchbox.

FOUR

Harry Cat

Chester buried his head in the Kleenex. He didn't want to see his new friend, Tucker Mouse, get killed. Back in Connecticut he had sometimes watched the one-sided fights of cats and mice in the meadow, and unless the mice were near their holes, the fights always ended in the same way. But this cat had been upon them too quickly: Tucker couldn't have escaped.

There wasn't a sound. Chester lifted his head and very cautiously looked behind him. The cat—a huge tiger cat with gray-green eyes and black stripes along his body—was sitting on his hind legs, switching his tail around his forepaws. And directly between those forepaws, in the very jaws of his enemy, sat Tucker Mouse. He was watching Chester curiously. The cricket began to make frantic signs that the mouse should look up and see what was looming over him.

Very casually Tucker raised his head. The cat looked straight down on him. "Oh, him," said Tucker, chucking the cat under the chin with his right front paw, "he's my best friend. Come out from the matchbox."

Chester crept out, looking first at one, then the other.

25

The Cricket in Times Square

"Chester, meet Harry Cat," said Tucker. "Harry, this is Chester. He's a cricket."

"I'm very pleased to make your acquaintance," said Harry Cat in a silky voice.

"Hello," said Chester. He was sort of ashamed because of all the fuss he'd made. "I wasn't scared for myself. But I thought cats and mice were enemies."

"In the country, maybe," said Tucker. "But in New York we gave up those old habits long ago. Harry is my oldest friend. He lives with me over in the drain pipe. So how was scrounging tonight, Harry?"

"Not so good," said Harry Cat. "I was over in the ash cans on the East Side, but those rich people don't throw out as much garbage as they should."

"Chester, make that noise again for Harry," said Tucker Mouse.

Chester lifted the black wings that were carefully folded across his back and with a quick, expert stroke drew the top one over the bottom. A *thrum* echoed through the station.

"Lovely—very lovely," said the cat. "This cricket has talent."

"I thought it was singing," said Tucker. "But you do it like playing a violin, with one wing on the other?"

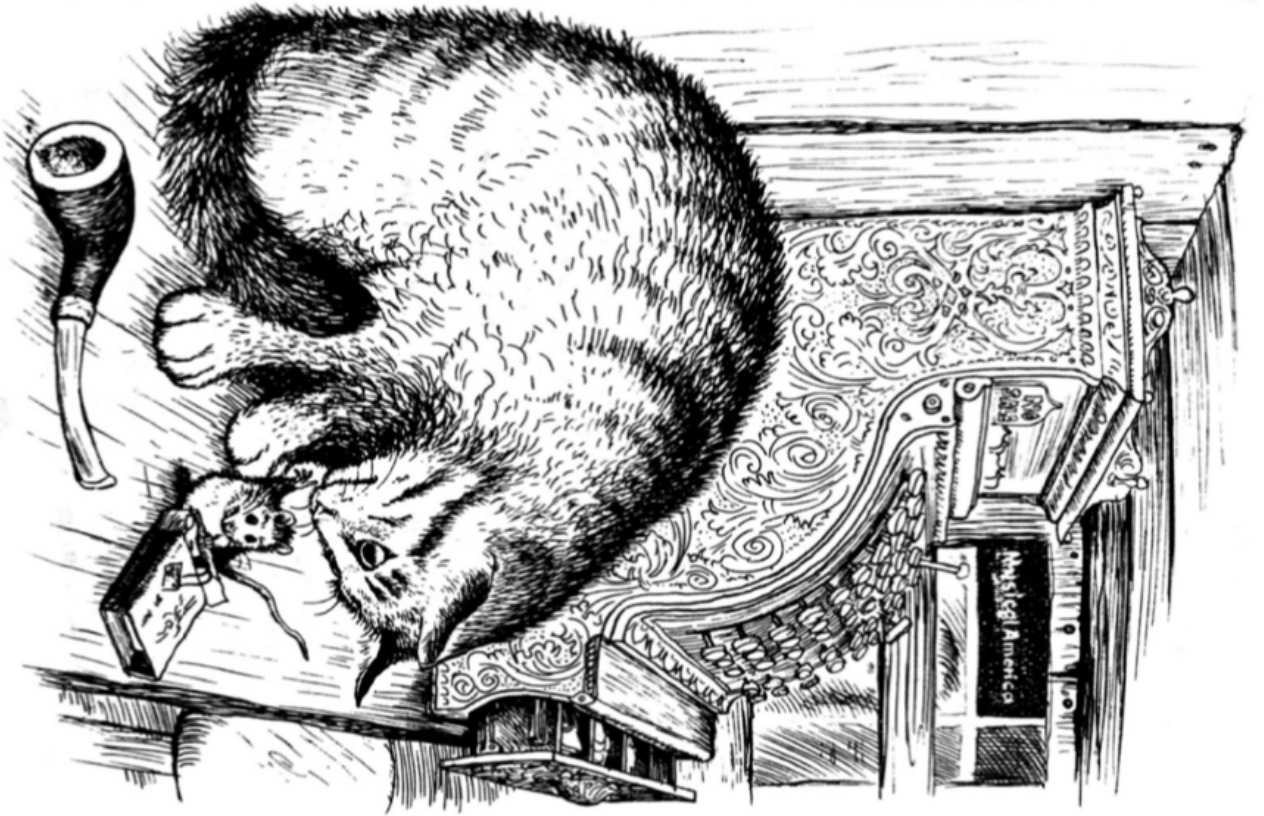
"Yes," said Chester. "These wings aren't much good for flying, but I prefer music anyhow." He made three rapid chirps.

Tucker Mouse and Harry Cat smiled at each other.

"It makes me want to purr to hear it," said Harry.

"Some people say a cricket goes 'chee chee chee,'"

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The Cricket in Times Square

explained Chester. "And others say, 'treet treet treet,' but we crickets don't think it sounds like either one of those."

"It sounds to me as if you were going 'crik crik crik,'" said Harry.

"Maybe that's why they call him a 'cricket,'" said Tucker.

They all laughed. Tucker had a squeaky laugh that sounded as if he were hiccupping. Chester was feeling much happier now. The future did not seem nearly as gloomy as it had over in the pile of dirt in the corner.

"Are you going to stay a while in New York?" asked Tucker.

"I guess I'll have to," said Chester. "I don't know how to get home."

"Well, we could always take you to Grand Central Station and put you on a train going back to Connecticut," said Tucker. "But why don't you give the city a try. Meet new people—see new things. Mario likes you very much."

"Yes, but his mother doesn't," said Chester. "She thinks I carry germs."

"Germs!" said Tucker scornfully. "She wouldn't know a germ if one gave her a black eye. Pay no attention."

"Too bad you couldn't have found more successful friends," said Harry Cat. "I fear for the future of this newsstand."

"It's true," echoed Tucker sadly. "They're going broke fast." He jumped up on a pile of magazines and read off the names in the half-light that slanted through the

Harry Cat

cracks in the wooden cover: "Art News—Musical America. Who would read them but a few long-hairs?"

"I don't understand the way you talk," said Chester. Back in the meadow he had listened to bullfrogs, and woodchucks, and rabbits, even a few snakes, but he had never heard anyone speak like Tucker Mouse. "What is a long-hair?"

Tucker scratched his head and thought a moment. "A long-hair is an extra-refined person," he said. "You take an Afghan hound—that's a long-hair."

"Do Afghan hounds read *Musical America*?" asked the cricket.

"They would if they could," said Tucker.

Chester shook his head. "I'm afraid I won't get along in New York," he said.

"Oh, sure you will!" squeaked Tucker Mouse. "Harry, suppose we take Chester up and show him Times Square. Would you like that, Chester?"

"I guess so," said Chester, although he was really a little leery of venturing out into New York City.

The three of them jumped down to the floor. The crack in the side of the newsstand was just wide enough for Harry to get through. As they crossed the station floor, Tucker pointed out the local sights of interest, such as the Nedick's lunch counter—Tucker spent a lot of time around there—and the Loft's candy store. Then they came to the drain pipe. Chester had to make short little hops to keep from hitting his head as they went up. There seemed to be hundreds of twistings and turnings, and many other pipes that opened off the

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The Cricket in Times Square

main route, but Tucker Mouse knew his way perfectly—even in the dark. At last Chester saw light above them. One more hop brought him out onto the sidewalk. And there he gasped, holding his breath and crouching against the cement.

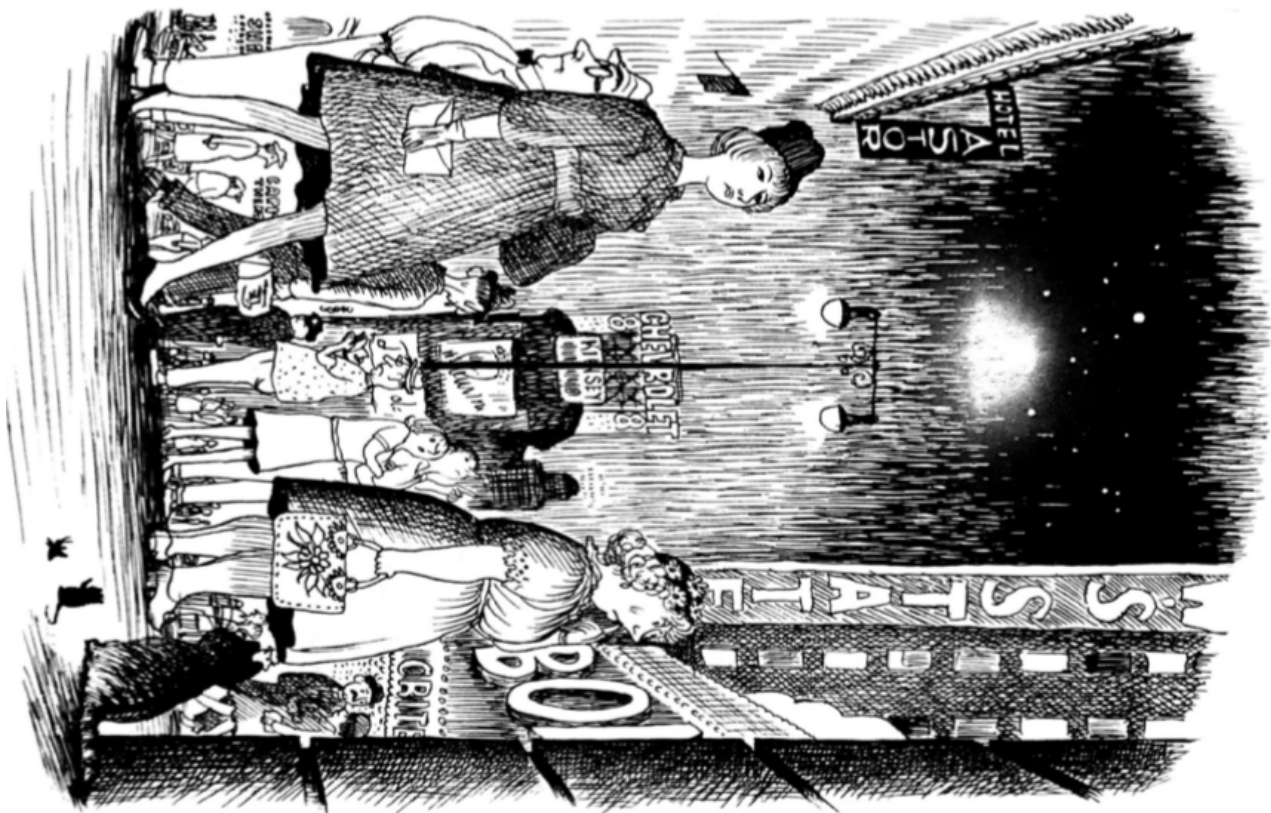
They were standing at one corner of the Times building, which is at the south end of Times Square. Above the cricket, towers that seemed like mountains of light rose up into the night sky. Even this late the neon signs were still blazing. Reds, blues, greens, and yellows flashed down on him. And the air was full of the roar of traffic and the hum of human beings. It was as if Times Square were a kind of shell, with colors and noises breaking in great waves inside it. Chester's heart hurt him and he closed his eyes. The sight was too terrible and beautiful for a cricket who up to now had measured high things by the height of his willow tree and sounds by the burble of a running brook.

"How do you like it?" asked Tucker Mouse.

"Well—it's—it's quite something," Chester stammered.

"You should see it New Year's Eve," said Harry Cat. Gradually Chester's eyes got used to the lights. He looked up. And way far above them, above New York, and above the whole world, he made out a star that he knew was a star he used to look at back in Connecticut. When they had gone down to the station and Chester was in the matchbox again, he thought about that star. It made him feel better to think that there was one familiar thing, twinkling above him, amid so much that was new and strange.

30



FIVE

Sunday Morning

The next morning Mario came back to the newsstand with his father. Usually he slept late on Sunday, but today he was up before either of his parents and kept urging Papa Bellini to hurry.

They lifted off the cover and Mario dashed inside. He held up the matchbox and looked in. There was Chester, lying on the Kleenex. The cricket wasn't asleep though—he had been waiting for Mario. He chirped once.

Papa smiled when he heard the chirp. "He must like it here," he said. "He didn't run away in the night."

"I knew he wouldn't," said Mario.

For breakfast Mario had brought a crust of bread, a lump of sugar, and a cold Brussels sprout. He wasn't quite sure what crickets liked, so he decided to try him out on everything. Chester jumped over Mario's little finger into the palm of his hand where the food was. Back in the meadow his usual diet was leaves and grass, and every now and then a piece of tender bark, but here in New York he was eating bread and

Sunday Morning

candy and liverwurst, and finding them very tasty at that. When Chester had had as much as he wanted, Mario wrapped what was left in a piece of wax paper and put it inside the cash register. Then he slipped the cricket back inside the matchbox and took him over to one of the lunch counters.

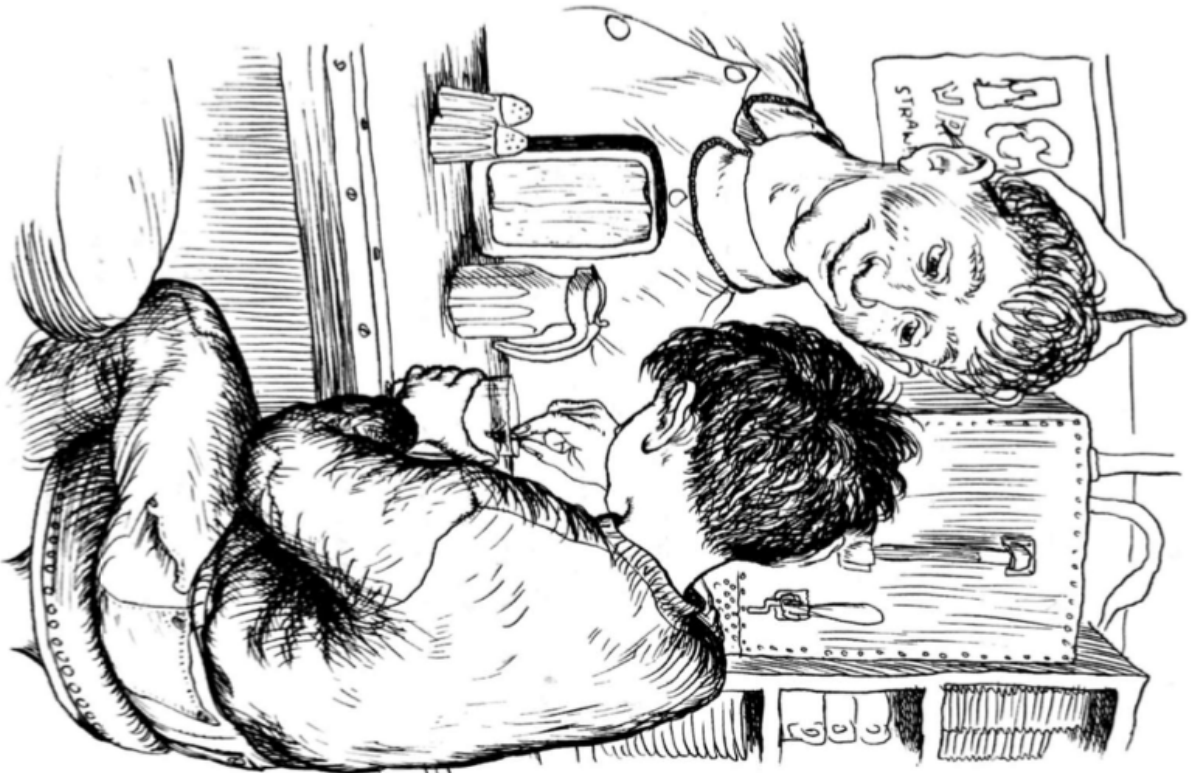
"Look," he said to the counterman. "This is my new pet. He's a cricket."

The counterman's name was Mickey. He had red, curly hair. "That's a fine cricket," he said, peering in at Chester.

"May he have a glass of water, please?" asked Mario. Mickey said, "Sure," and gave him the glass. Mario held Chester by the hind legs and lowered him carefully until his head was just above the water. Chester dunked his head in and had a big drink. Then he pulled it out, took a breath, and went in for another.

"Why don't you let him stand on the rim?" said Mickey. He was very interested in watching Chester, since he had never seen a cricket drinking from a glass before.

Mario set his pet on the edge of the glass and gently drew his hand away. Chester bent down to try to reach the water. But the glass was too slippery. He toppled in. Mario hauled him out and dried him off with a paper napkin. But Chester didn't mind the dunking. He had fallen in the brook a couple of times back in Connecticut. And he knew it would take him a while to get used to city life—like drinking out of glasses.



Sunday Morning

"How would the cricket like a soda?" asked Mickey.

"Very much, I think," said Mario.

"What flavor?" Mickey asked.

Mario thought a minute. "Strawberry, I guess," he answered. That happened to be his own favorite flavor.

Mickey took a tablespoon and put a drop of strawberry syrup into it. Then he added a drop of cream, a squirt of soda water, and a dip of ice cream about as big as your fingernail. That is how you make a cricket's strawberry soda. He also made one for Mario—a little larger than Chester's, but not too big, because it was free.

When the sodas were gone, Mickey took a paper cup and wrote CRICKET on it. "This is his own cup," he said to Mario. "You can come over and get fresh water any time."

"Thanks, Mickey," said Mario. He put Chester back in the matchbox. "I've got to go to get him a house now."

"Bring him back soon," Mickey called after them. "I'll make him a sundae too."

At the newsstand Papa Bellini was talking to Mr. Smedley. Mr. Smedley was the best customer the Bellinis had. He was a music teacher who came to buy *Musical America* at ten-thirty in the morning on the last Sunday of every month, on his way home from church. No matter what the weather was like, he always carried a long, neatly rolled umbrella. As usual, Papa and Mr. Smedley had been talking about opera. More than anything else the Bellini family liked Italian opera.

The Cricket in Times Square

Every Saturday during the winter, when the opera was broadcast, they would sit clustered around the radio in the newsstand, straining to hear the music above the din of the subway station.

"Good morning, Mr. Smedley," said Mario. "Guess what I have."

Mr. Smedley couldn't guess.

"A cricket!" said Mario, and held Chester up for the music teacher to see.

"How delightful!" said Mr. Smedley. "What an enchanting little creature."

"Do you want to hold him?" asked Mario.

Mr. Smedley shrank back. "Oh, I don't think so," he said. "I was stung by a bee when I was eight years old, and since then I've been a little timid about insects."

"He won't sting you," said Mario. He tipped the matchbox up and Chester fell out in Mr. Smedley's hand. It made the music teacher shiver to feel him. "I heard him chirping last night," said Mario.

"Do you think he'd chirp for me?" asked Mr. Smedley.

"Maybe," said Mario. He put Chester on the counter and said, "Chirp, please." Then, so Chester couldn't misunderstand, he made a chirping noise himself. It didn't sound much like a cricket, but Chester got the idea. He uncrossed his wings and made a real chirp.

Papa and Mr. Smedley exclaimed with delight. "That was a perfect middle C," said Mr. Smedley. He raised his hand like an orchestra conductor, and when he lowered it, Chester chirped on the downbeat.

Sunday Morning

"Do you want to give him music lessons, Mr. Smedley?" asked Mario.

"What could I teach him?" said Mr. Smedley. "He's already been taught by the greatest teacher of all, Mario—Nature herself. She gave him his wings to rub together and the instinct to make such lovely sounds. I could add nothing to the genius of this little black Orpheus."

"Who is Orpheus, Mr. Smedley?" asked Mario.

"Orpheus was the greatest musician who ever lived," said the music teacher. "Long, long ago he played on a harp—and he played it so beautifully that not only human beings but animals and even the rocks and trees and waterfalls stopped their work to listen to him. The lion left off chasing the deer, the rivers paused in their courses, and the wind held its breath. The whole world was silent."

Mario didn't know what to say. He liked that picture of everyone keeping quiet to listen. "That must have been awfully good playing," he said finally.

Mr. Smedley smiled. "It was," he said. "Perhaps someday your cricket will play as well. I prophesy great things for a creature of such ability, Mario."

"You hear?" said Papa Bellini. "He could be famous, maybe."

Mario heard, all right. And he remembered what Mr. Smedley had said later on that summer. But right now he had other things on his mind. "Papa, can I go down to Chinatown and get my cricket a house?" he asked.

The Cricket in Times Square

"A house? What kind of a house?" said his father.

"Jimmy Lebovski said that the Chinese like crickets very much, and they build special cages for them," Mario explained.

"It's Sunday," said Papa. "There won't be any stores open."

"Well, there may be one or two open," said Mario.

"It's Chinatown—and besides, I could see where to go later on."

"All right, Mario," Papa Bellini began, "but—"

But Mario wasn't waiting for any "buts." He scooped Chester into the matchbox, shouted "Goodbye, Mr. Smedley" over his shoulder, and headed for the stairway leading to the downtown subway trains. Papa and Mr. Smedley watched him go. Then Papa turned to the music teacher with a happy, hopeless expression on his face, shrugged his shoulders, and the two of them began talking about opera again.

The New Colossus^{*}

Emma Lazarus

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

Key

Monday
Math

Exercise 1 (p. 115-118)

- 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, (55, 60)
The time is 50 minutes after 2 o'clock.
- (a) 1:00 → 20 minutes after 1 o'clock, 1:20
(b) 4:00 → 15 minutes after 4 o'clock, 4:15
(c) 10:00 → 35 minutes after 10 o'clock, 10:35
-

Tuesday
Math

Exercise 2 (p. 119-121)

- (a) 5, 3; 5, 3 (b) 25, 12; 25, 12
(c) 20, 3; 20, 3 (d) 10, 5; 10, 5
- (a) 10, 6 (b) 15, 7
(c) 15, 7 (d) 25, 8
-

Wednesday
Math

Exercise 3 (p. 122-125)

- (a) 20 (b) 15
(c) 25 (d) 40
- (a) 1 (b) 4
(c) 3 (d) 4
- (a) 15 (b) 35
(c) 35 (d) 50
- (a) 5
(b) 2:50 → 10 minutes later → 3:00
(c) 9:30 → 40 minutes later → 10:10
(d) 5:45 → 7 hours later → 12:45

History:

(Answers may vary. Example:

»» *Early in the morning, Francis Scott Key saw that the American flag still flew over the fort.*

»» *The British stopped firing because the land attack had been stopped and the British general had been killed.*

Thursday

Math

Exercise 4 (p. 126-127)

1. (a) 4:35 a.m. (b) 11:50 p.m.
 (c) 6:15 a.m. (d) 6:00 p.m.
 (e) 3:15 a.m.
2. (a) 5:25 p.m. (b) 4:15 a.m.

Friday

Exercise 5 (p. 128)

1. 12 months ----- 1 year
 7 days ----- 1 week
 52 weeks ----- 1 year
 24 hours ----- 1 day
2. (a) longer (b) longer
 (c) longer (d) shorter
3. 36
4. 42 days

Exercise 4 Other Units of time:

1. Answers:
 - a. 7
 - b. 12
 - c. 92