



Remote Learning Packet

Second Grade

May 18–May 22, 2020

Student Name: _____ Teacher: _____



Student Attendance Affidavit

May 18–May 22, 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 18, 2020
- Tuesday, May 19, 2020
- Wednesday, May 20, 2020
- Thursday, May 21, 2020
- Friday, May 22, 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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1 Day 1 Instructions and Resources

Monday, 5/18

Math (25 minutes)

Math Fact Practice (5 minutes): Practice these math facts in under one minute and then practice your flash cards!

6-3=	4-2=	3-1=	11-6=	12-7=	8-3=
7-4=	10-7=	15-7=	13-5=	14-6=	12-5=
12-4=	11-4=	11-5=	17-9=	18-9=	19-9=
6-2=	5-3=	5-5=	12-9=	14-8=	18-7=
1-0=	1-1=	20-10=	19-8=	5-3=	12-6=

Independent Work (20 minutes) Let's review addition with renaming! Do not forget to show when you rename so you avoid any careless mistakes!

Addition with Renaming

$$\begin{array}{r}
 \text{H} \quad \text{T} \quad \text{O} \\
 4 \mid 6 \mid 5 \\
 + 3 \mid 2 \mid 6 \\
 \hline
 7 \mid 9 \mid 1
 \end{array}
 = 791$$

Don't forget to show all your renaming!

EXERCISE 11

1. Add.

Join the dots by following the order of the answers above.

You will get a picture of an _____

435 • 826 • 327 • 900

519 • 787

865 • 627

318

TART

EXERCISE 10

1. Add.

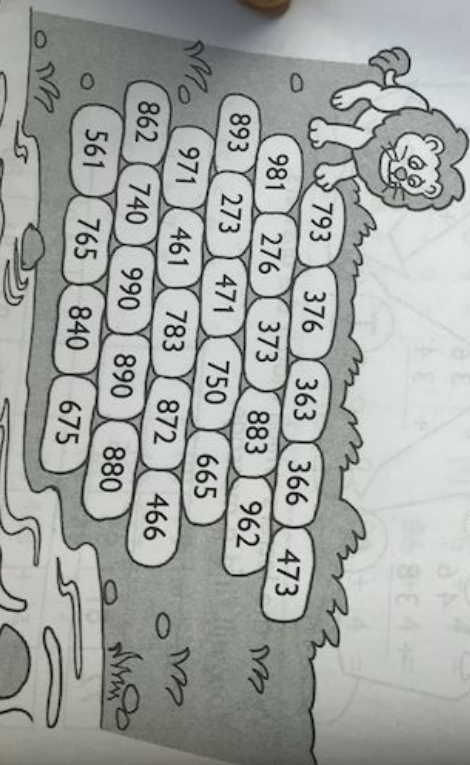
Write the letters which match the answers.
You will find a message.

	A							A	
72	81	95	95	80					
92	82	84	70	72	93	81	80		

2. Add.

$\begin{array}{r} 913 \\ + 68 \\ \hline \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 234 \\ + 139 \\ \hline \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 402 \\ + 69 \\ \hline \end{array}$
$\begin{array}{r} 527 \\ + 266 \\ \hline \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 703 \\ + 169 \\ \hline \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 328 \\ + 48 \\ \hline \end{array}$
$\begin{array}{r} 605 \\ + 145 \\ \hline \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 346 \\ + 329 \\ \hline \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 836 \\ + 54 \\ \hline \end{array}$

Color the spaces which contain the answers.
You will help Mr. Lion find the way to the river.



3. Jordan has 231 picture cards.
His friend gives him 19 more.
How many picture cards does he have now?

Eq. NB

He has _____ picture cards now.

4. There are 285 men and 72 women on a boat.
How many people are there on the boat?

Eq. NB

There are _____ people on the boat.

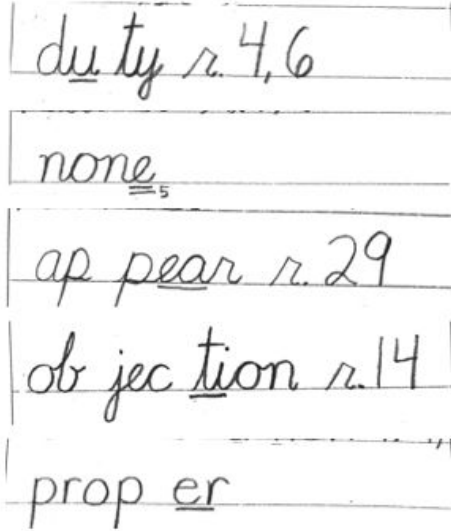
5. Lily saved \$162.
Wendy saved \$360.
How much money did they save altogether?

Eq. NB

They saved \$ _____ altogether.

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 11 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 Chester return to the newsstand after the fire is put out?*
- *Why does Mama conclude that Chester must go?*
- *Why does Chester start to feel guilty?*
- *Why does Mama change her mind and let Chester stay at the newsstand?*
- *Do you think Mama will change her mind again and want Chester to leave?*

Grammar (5 minutes)

Write in the correct part of speech for each definition.

A _____ is a group of words that work together to make sense.

A _____ shows an action or a state of being.

A _____ names a person, place, thing or idea.

A _____ replaces a noun.

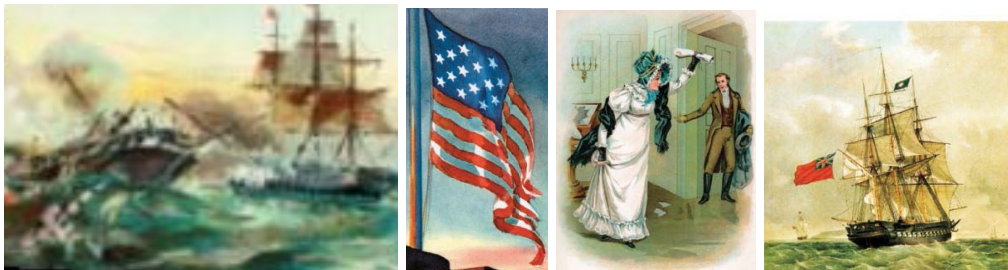
An _____ describes a noun.

An _____ describes a verb, adjectve or another _____.

A _____ conjunction joins to words or groups of words.

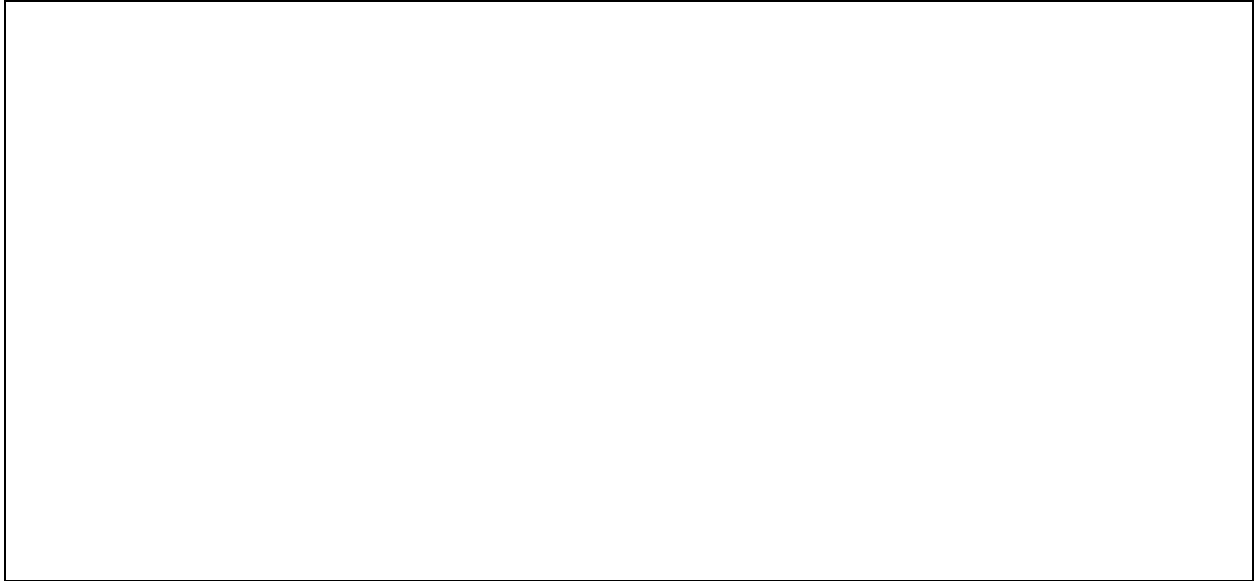
History (15 minutes)

This week, we will spend time reviewing information we have learned during our unit on the War of 1812. Look at the images below and think about some of the topics we learned.



- Old Ironsides
- the Star-Spangled Banner
- the portrait of George Washington
- British naval ships

Next, pick one of these to describe in 1-2 complete sentences. Finally, draw your own picture to illustrate what you wrote.



Music (10 min)

Let Us Chase the Squirrel:

- Sing the song (with the new words too!) THREE times to the steady **beat** while:
 - 1) Marching in place or marching around
 - 2) Doing jumping jacks
 - 3) Skipping in place or skipping around
- Sing the song with your own four-beat **ostinato**. Remember that an *ostinato* is a pattern that repeats, for example: stomp stomp clap clap OR tap snap tap snap. If you can't come up with one of your own, use one of the examples just described!
- Now, sing the song on **solfa** while showing the corresponding hand signs. The **solfa** is in the music below and here's a video of Ms. Caranto to help:
<https://cloud.swivl.com/v/f97f91ad05e61fa8b7ba696070e6e2b3>

Let Us Chase the Squirrel

The image shows two staves of musical notation in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of lyrics, and the second staff contains the melody for the second line. Below each staff are rhythmic syllables: 'd' for downbeats and 'r' for upbeats. The first staff has syllables: d d r r m s d d r r m m r r. The second staff has syllables: d d r r m s d d r r d.

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

For fun: Go for a walk outside with your family and look out for squirrels! See how many you can find!

Latin (10 minutes)

-Say each Latin word 2x.

-Use this Quizlet link to help with the pronunciation and for fun ways to practice. They have been added to our Second Grade Quizlet flashcards for Latin animals. You will have to scroll through the previous animals we have learned to find this week's vocabulary words. Password is SecondGrade (case sensitive)

<https://quizlet.com/501044276/second-grade-latin-animals-flash-cards/>

scarabaeus	beetle
pulmō	jellyfish
arānea	spider
musca	fly
agnus	lamb
bōs	ox

Day 2 Instructions and Resources

Tuesday, 5/19

Math (25 minutes)

Word Problem (5-10 minutes)

Write your own ***subtraction money*** 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 Practice (20 minutes): Let's review renaming when subtracting. Make sure to label when you rename! You may see some addition problems. Make sure you notice when the problem asks you to add or subtract.

Subtraction with renaming

$$\begin{array}{r} 485 \\ - 326 \\ \hline 139 \end{array} = 139$$

Don't forget to show your renaming!

EXERCISE 18

1. Subtract.

A

$$\begin{array}{r} 973 \\ - 238 \\ \hline 735 \end{array}$$

B

$$\begin{array}{r} 6106 \\ - 263 \\ \hline 343 \end{array}$$

E

$$\begin{array}{r} 750 \\ - 724 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

L

$$\begin{array}{r} 435 \\ - 72 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

M

$$\begin{array}{r} 440 \\ - 107 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

N

$$\begin{array}{r} 692 \\ - 576 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

R

$$\begin{array}{r} 784 \\ - 39 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

U

$$\begin{array}{r} 615 \\ - 75 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

What goes up when the rain comes down?
Write the letters in the boxes below to find out.

	A								
735	116								

540	333	343	745	26	363	363	735
-----	-----	-----	-----	----	-----	-----	-----

2. Subtract.

$$\begin{array}{r} 310 \\ - 269 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 525 \\ - 327 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 618 \\ - 349 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 632 \\ - 483 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 334 \\ - 139 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 811 \\ - 299 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 453 \\ - 155 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 746 \\ - 669 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 937 \\ - 859 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 300 \\ - 123 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

EXERCISE 19

1. Add or subtract.

$$\begin{array}{r} 251 \\ - 170 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 358 \\ + 417 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 727 \\ + 273 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 800 \\ - 473 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 193 \\ + 185 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 675 \\ - 145 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 362 \\ - 85 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

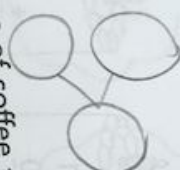
$$\begin{array}{r} 180 \\ + 396 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

Write the letters in the boxes below to complete the message.


H A P P Y

									Y
775	1000	530	327	277	638	378	81		


Unit 2: Addition and Subtraction

2. Eric sold 296 cups of coffee and 158 cups of tea. How many more cups of coffee than cups of tea did he sell?
Eg. 

He sold _____ more cups of coffee than cups of tea.

3. Mrs. Lane wants to make 150 meatballs for a party. She has made 78 meatballs. How many more meatballs does she need to make?
Eg. 

She needs to make _____ more meatballs.

4. David collected 930 stamps. He had 845 stamps left after giving some stamps to his friends. How many stamps did he give to his friends?
Eg. 

He gave _____ stamps to his friends.

Spalding (10 minutes)

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

Day 2

judge r. 2,3

navy r. 4,6

worth r. 8

contain

figure

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 12 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 want Chester to learn more music?*
- *How does Chester receive a musical education?*
- *Why is Mr. Smedley, the music teacher, so impressed with Chester's music?*
- *How does Mr. Smedley help make Chester a celebrity?*
- *Do you think Mr. Smedley has any selfish motives in promoting Chester's talent?*

Writing (5 minutes)

Follow the questions below to write a summary of any book you read in school this year. Make sure to answer in full sentences.

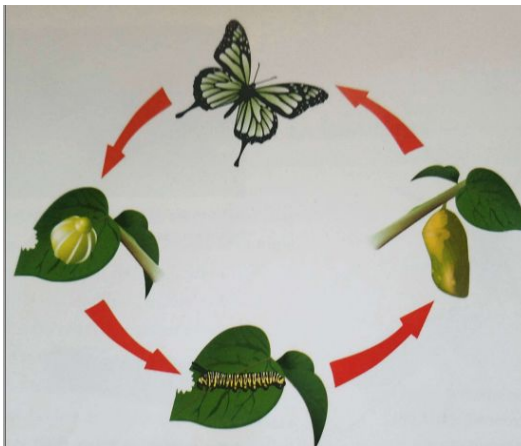
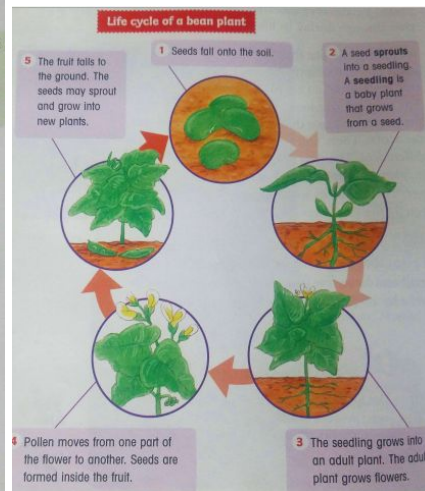
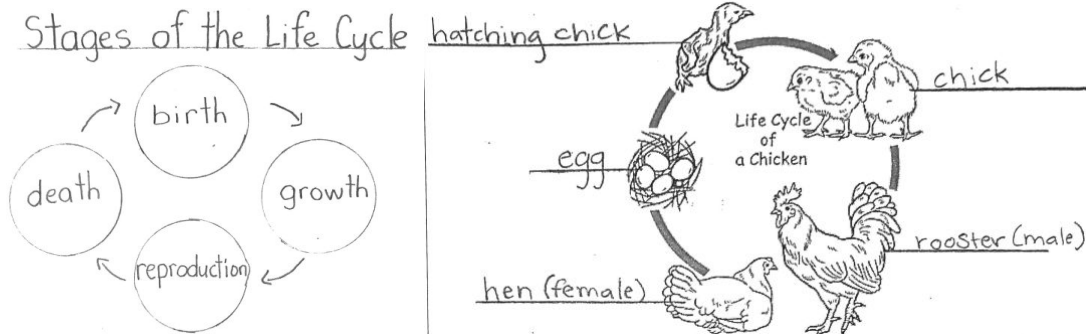
Who was the story about and where were they? _____

What was the main problem in the story? _____

How was the problem solved? _____

Science (15 minutes)

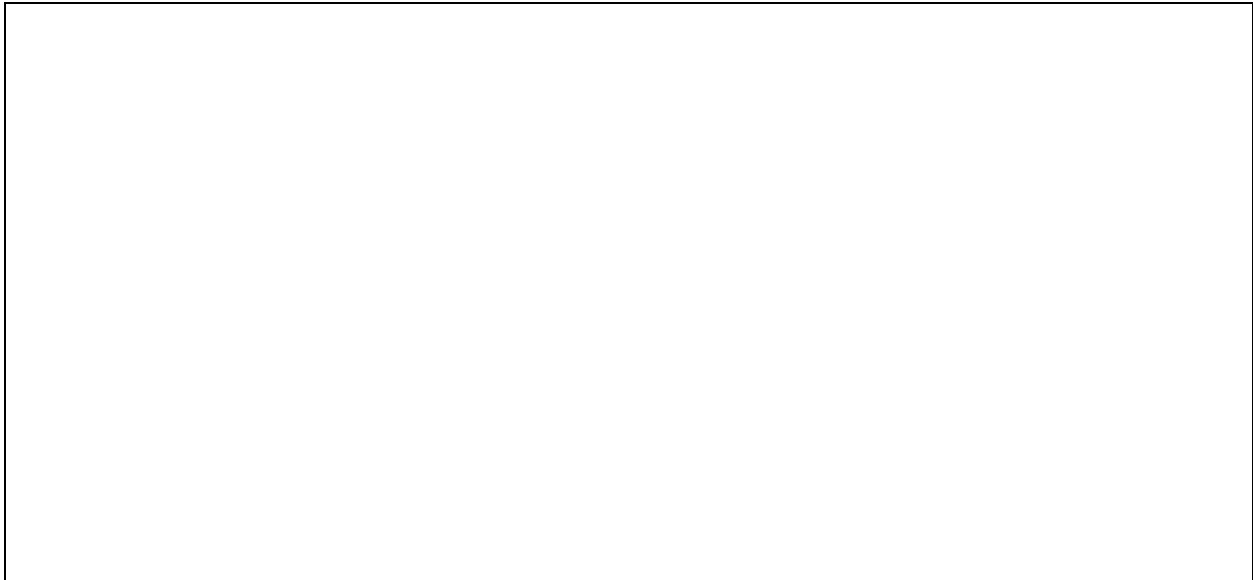
These last few weeks we've learned about the life cycles of different living things. Animals, plants, and insects are first born, hatched, or sprouted, then they grow, then they reproduce (make more of themselves), and then they die. Animals, plants, and insects can be born in different ways, they can grow in different ways, they can reproduce or have children in different forms, and then all living things die.



Question: Can you tell me what the stages of the life cycle are? Write one sentence that lists the life cycle from beginning to end. Write it in a complete sentence, use correct punctuation, and write neatly in cursive or manuscript!

The life cycle begins with _____

Now draw your own diagram of the life cycle of a living thing. It can be an animal, plant, or insect..
Be sure to label all the stages of your life cycle.



P.E. (10 minutes)

Jumping Paper Challenge

Materials: 5 pieces of paper (or 5 items you can practice jumping over!)

Rules:

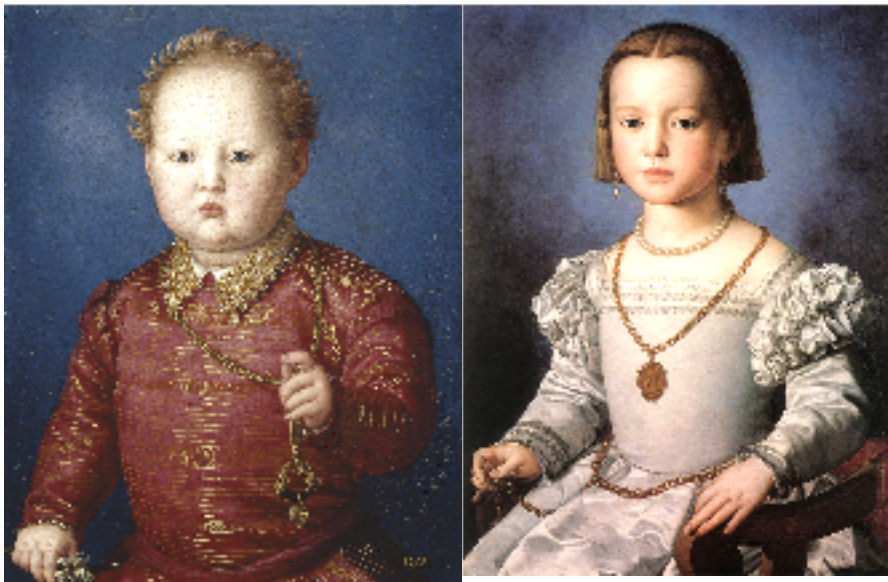
1. For this activity you fold your piece of paper longwise for level one (easiest), if you want it more challenging fold the paper in half widthwise (for level two), and for the most challenging level leave your paper as it.
2. Next you will space your 5 pieces of paper in a line (similar to a ladder laying on the floor), remember to leave enough room between each paper so your feet can fit between them!
3. Choose a side to start on and then complete the following challenges by jumping over your paper ladder 3 times each. Remember to jump over the paper and challenge yourself not to touch it the entire time!

- ❑ Jump with two feet
- ❑ Hop with right foot only
- ❑ Hop with left foot only
- ❑ Sideways two foot jump facing to your right
- ❑ Sideways two foot jump facing to your left
- ❑ Zig zag shuffle between each paper (you will between and around the papers for this one, not jumping over it)
- ❑ Plank Walk (For this your hands will walk sideways over the pieces of paper while you're in a push up position. This means your body will be perpendicular to the ladder you created. Remember to move your feet at the same time you're moving your hands so you maintain a perfect push up position the entire time.)
- ❑ Around the World (For this you will only use one piece of paper. Start behind your paper, then jump to the right side of your paper, then to the front then to the left, then back to where you started. For an added challenge, see how FAST you can do this without touching your paper!)

I've attached the video link for today's lesson in the newsletter and on google classroom.

Art (10 minutes)

Today you are going to closely study these Renaissance portraits by Agnolo Bronzino. There is no need to write anything down as you do this art activity. Trace with your finger the eyes, nose, and mouth. Notice how the hair is rendered. The *Portrait of Bia de' Medici* is an oil-tempera on wood painting by [Agnolo Bronzino](#) (1542). The second painting is of Giovanni de' Medici as a Child (1545) which is also painted by Agnolo Bronzino. Think about these children and how it must feel to be wearing these clothes. What do you think they are thinking about? What are they holding in their hands? Notice the elements of art such as color, texture, shape, and form. Next session we will finish our self-portraits!



Day 3 Instructions and Resources

Wednesday, 5/20

Math (25 minutes)

Math Facts (5 minutes): Practice these math facts in under one minute and then practice your flash cards!

$5+4=$	$3+2=$	$5+2=$	$6+5=$	$10+5=$	$12+3=$
$12+5=$	$11+4=$	$4+6=$	$4+5=$	$5+6=$	$16+5=$
$13+5=$	$12+3=$	$7+5=$	$10+2=$	$13+5=$	$2+3=$
$5+7=$	$11+6=$	$14+3=$	$6+5=$	$12+4=$	$9+6=$
$9+5=$	$9+4=$	$16+4=$	$20+5=$	$21+6=$	$5+3=$

Independent Practice (20 minutes): Let's review our multiplication facts and multiplication word problems. Solve the questions below and make sure to check your work.

Multiplication

Ex. Bob has 3 boxes. Each box has 5 pencils.
How many pencils does he have in all?

Eq: $3 \times 5 = 15$ NB:  Bob has 15 pencils in all.

Practice Math Multiplication Facts:

$2 \times 0 =$	$3 \times 0 =$	$4 \times 0 =$	$5 \times 0 =$	$10 \times 0 =$
$2 \times 1 =$	$3 \times 1 =$	$4 \times 1 =$	$5 \times 1 =$	$10 \times 1 =$
$2 \times 2 =$	$3 \times 2 =$	$4 \times 2 =$	$5 \times 2 =$	$10 \times 2 =$
$2 \times 3 =$	$3 \times 3 =$	$4 \times 3 =$	$5 \times 3 =$	$10 \times 3 =$
$2 \times 4 =$	$3 \times 4 =$	$4 \times 4 =$	$5 \times 4 =$	$10 \times 4 =$

$2 \times 5 =$	$3 \times 5 =$	$4 \times 5 =$	$5 \times 5 =$	$10 \times 5 =$
$2 \times 6 =$	$3 \times 6 =$	$4 \times 6 =$	$5 \times 6 =$	$10 \times 6 =$
$2 \times 7 =$	$3 \times 7 =$	$4 \times 7 =$	$5 \times 7 =$	$10 \times 7 =$
$2 \times 8 =$	$3 \times 8 =$	$4 \times 8 =$	$5 \times 8 =$	$10 \times 8 =$
$2 \times 9 =$	$3 \times 9 =$	$4 \times 9 =$	$5 \times 9 =$	$10 \times 9 =$
$2 \times 10 =$	$3 \times 10 =$	$4 \times 10 =$	$5 \times 10 =$	$10 \times 10 =$

Word Problems: Make sure to include all important details! Start with your sentence first, then draw a picture, write the equation, and write the number bond. Finally, fill in your answer sentence! Check your work!

- 1) Ms. Creixell went to the coffee shop. She bought 10 cups of coffee for \$4.00 each. What was the total cost of her coffees?

Equation:

Number Bond:

Answer Sentence:

Picture:

- 2) Ms. Deaver has 9 boxes. Each box holds 4 books. How many books does she have in all?

Equation:

Number Bond:

Answer Sentence:

Picture:

- 3) Mrs. Jones went to the supermarket. She bought 8 boxes of brownie mix. Each box cost \$3.00. What was Mrs. Jones' total cost?

Equation:

Number Bond:

Answer Sentence:

Picture:

- 4) Ms. Gerard drove to school two times. Each time she drives to school it is 12 miles. How many miles did she drive in all?

Equation:

Number Bond:

Answer Sentence:

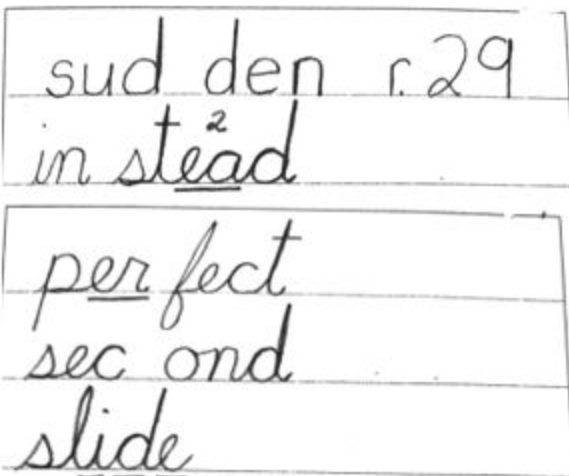
Picture:

Now write your own multiplication word problem!

Problem:	
Equation:	Number Bond:
Answer Sentence:	
Picture:	

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 13 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 does the editor react to Mr. Smedley's letter? Why does he print it?*
- *Why does a crowd gather at the newsstand?*
- *How does Mama use Chester's fame to make money?*
- *Why isn't Chester happy with his fame?*
- *What events connected with the bell and the newspaper make Chester sad?*
- *How does Mario know that Chester is sad? What does this reveal about Mario?*
- *What do you think Chester is about to do?*

Grammar (5 minutes)

Try to come up with a sentence using as many different parts of speech as you can. Start with the main verb and noun. Then, you can describe the noun and verb using adjectives and adverbs. If you want to use a conjunction, consider having two or more nouns or verbs. See what you can do!

History (15 minutes)

In our unit about the War of 1812, we learned of many significant people, places, and ideas. What do you remember about the topics and details listed below? Please pick **one** of the ideas and write about it in your own words. Use 1-3 complete sentences to describe the topic you picked. Then, draw a picture to illustrate what you wrote.



- **Impressment**—British taking runaway sailors and American sailors from American trade ships
- British arming (giving weapons to) the **Native Americans** and **Tecumseh** to keep Americans from moving west
- British burning **Washington, D.C.**

Music (10 min.)

Warm-Up:

Sing “Chumbara” THREE times:

- 1) Sing with all the motions using your humming voice!
- 2) Sing the whole song on this one silly word: “ha”
- 3) Make another new silly word to sing on! Choose from the “silly” syllables in the list below to make a new brand-new word to sing on, e.g. Tip-o-hoo These tongue-twisters are great for warming up the muscles you use to sing and pronounce words clearly!

First Syllable	Second Syllable	Third Syllable
Tip	A	Hee
Tap	E	Hoo
Hop	O	Mee
Flap	U	My

Dinah:

- Sing the song while tapping the steady **beat** on your shoulders!

“No one’s in the house but Dinah, Dinah,
 No one’s in the house but she, I know.
 No one’s in the house but Dinah, Dinah,
 Strumming on the old banjo!”

- Sing the words and tap the **rhythm** on your elbow! First, tap and say what rhythm is out loud - ready, go! *Rhythm is the way the words go!*
- Now, sing the song on **rhythm syllables** (ta, ti-ti, etc.) while reading the music below! Do you remember what to call this? It’s not ti-ti, so it’s called what? Here’s a video of Ms. Caranto singing on rhythm syllables:

<https://cloud.swivl.com/v/761e43b058b7de2c6888c010ed458521>



Answer: tika-tika

Dinah

No one in the house but Di - nah, Di - nah, No one in the house but *she* I know.

5
No one in the house but Di - nah, Di - nah, strum-min on the old ban - jo!

For fun: Play a game while singing “Dinah”! Since it’s dangerous to walk around the house with your eyes closed, see if you can find a nice open space outside and turn “Dinah” into a version of “Lucy Locket.” “Dinah” has to close their eyes while you hide something for them to find. Then, using the song and singing *piano* and *forte*, help them find the hidden object! If you teach this song to someone else, you can be “Dinah” while they help you find the object using their singing!

Latin (10 minutes)

-Say each Latin word 2x.

-Here is a video of Ms. Crimmins pronouncing the Latin words.

<https://cloud.swivl.com/v/ca931b901ab845c407cc758507b9c221>

iānua	door
pōns	bridge
ager	field
autumnus	fall
hiems	winter
calor/ardor	heat
frīgus	cold
lectus	bed
liber	book

Day 4 Instructions and Resources

Thursday, 5/21

Math (25 minutes)

Word Problem (5-10 minutes)

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

Word Problem:

Equation:

Number Bond:

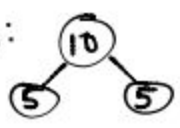
Answer Sentence:

Draw a picture (optional):

Independent Practice (20 minutes): Let's review our division facts and division word problems. Solve the questions below and make sure to check your work.

Division:

Ex. Bob has 10 marbles. He places them equally into 2 boxes. How many marbles go into each box?

Eq. $10 \div 2 = 5$ NB:  5 marbles go into each box.

$20 \div 2 =$	$18 \div 3 =$	$32 \div 4 =$	$25 \div 5 =$	$60 \div 10 =$
$8 \div 2 =$	$24 \div 3 =$	$20 \div 4 =$	$15 \div 5 =$	$40 \div 10 =$
$2 \div 2 =$	$30 \div 3 =$	$12 \div 4 =$	$35 \div 5 =$	$20 \div 10 =$
$18 \div 2 =$	$3 \div 3 =$	$4 \div 4 =$	$45 \div 5 =$	$10 \div 10 =$
$10 \div 2 =$	$12 \div 3 =$	$8 \div 4 =$	$5 \div 5 =$	$100 \div 10 =$
$4 \div 2 =$	$9 \div 3 =$	$16 \div 4 =$	$20 \div 5 =$	$80 \div 10 =$
$6 \div 2 =$	$15 \div 3 =$	$28 \div 4 =$	$30 \div 5 =$	$70 \div 10 =$
$12 \div 2 =$	$6 \div 3 =$	$36 \div 4 =$	$40 \div 5 =$	$30 \div 10 =$
$16 \div 2 =$	$21 \div 3 =$	$40 \div 4 =$	$10 \div 5 =$	$50 \div 10 =$
$14 \div 2 =$	$27 \div 3 =$	$24 \div 4 =$	$50 \div 5 =$	$90 \div 10 =$

Word Problems: Make sure to fill out each portion of the word problem and check your work!

- Ms. Creixell bought 32 bagels. She wants to place them in 4 boxes. How many bagels will go into each box?

Equation:

Number Bond:

Answer Sentence:

Picture:

- 2) Ms. Deaver was given 45 pencils to place on some desks. She needs to place 5 pencils on each desk. How many desks will get pencils?

Equation:

Number Bond:

Answer Sentence:

Picture:

- 3) Ms. Jones bought 50 books. She wants to put some books in 5 classrooms. How many books will go into each classroom?

Equation:

Number Bond:

Answer Sentence:

Picture:

4) Ms. Gerard ran 15 miles in 5 days. How many miles did she run each day?

Equation:

Number Bond:

Answer Sentence:

Picture:

Now write your own division word problem!

Problem:

Equation:

Number Bond:

Answer Sentence:

Picture:

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 14 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.

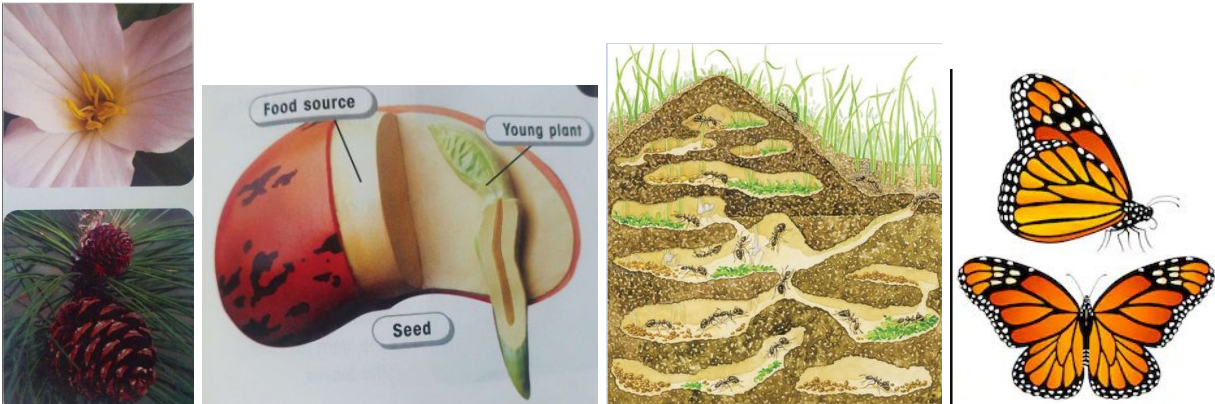
- *How do Tucker and Harry each react to Chester's retirement plans?*
- *What does Chester play for his final piece? Why does he choose this piece?*
- *What miraculous change does Chester bring about in the city?*

Writing (5 minutes)

What is your favorite poem from this year? Answer in a full sentence and give one reason why it is your favorite.

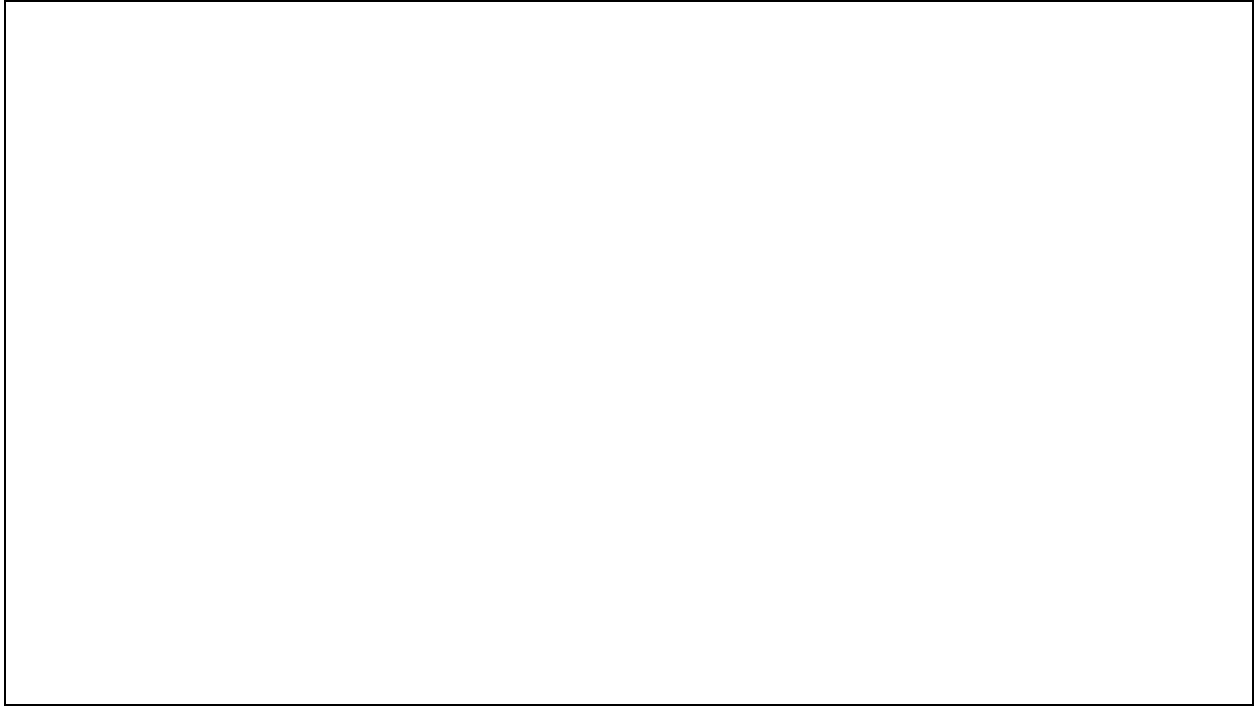
Science (15 minutes)

In our study of life cycles, we've had the chance to explore different living things such as the parts of a chicken egg, what a plant needs to grow and develop, the parts of a plant, the parts of an insect, and how some insects work together in colonies.



Question: Can you give me an example of any of the topics we've covered that you've encountered in your life? For example: Do you know a friend or family member who keeps chickens or grows a garden? Have you visited a pond and observed the frogs and insects there? Do you know somebody who keeps a honey bee colony? Have you hiked a trail and tried to identify the different parts of a plant? Write it in a complete sentence, use correct punctuation, and write neatly in cursive or manuscript.

Now draw and label a picture of your experience!



P.E. (10 minutes)

Obstacle Course:

For today's lesson you will need to find some items you can use to create your own obstacle course! Feel free to time this lesson and share your fastest time with me or challenge people in your family to see who can complete the challenge the fastest!

Find the following items:

- 10 items you can jump over (pillows, stuffed animals, cones, etc.)
- 2 items you can crawl under (maybe a chair)
- 3 items you can climb over
- One item you can throw (small ball)
- A basket of some kind for you to throw the ball into

One way to set up your obstacle course is like this:

1. 3 items to jump over
2. 1 item to crawl under
3. 2 items to jump over
4. 2 item to crawl over
5. 2 items to jump over
6. 1 item to crawl under
7. 2 items to jump over
8. 1 item to crawl over
9. 1 item to jump over

10. Use your ball to shoot in the basket (make sure it's at least a few feet away. Keep shooting until you make it and when you make it you've completed the obstacle!

Added challenge: If you're completing this outside, ask your parents if you can do it while holding a cup of water! Try not to spill the water while you're going through the obstacle!

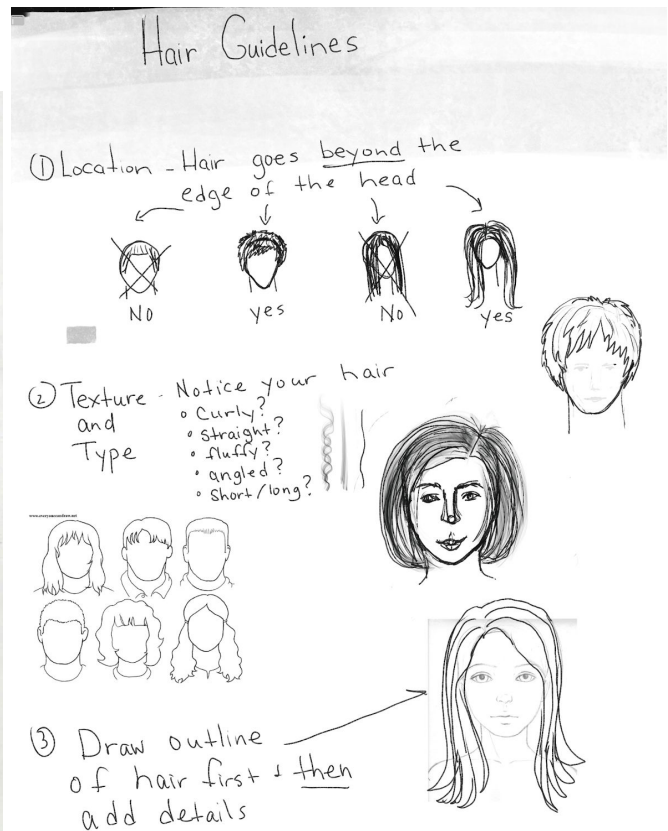
Art (10 minutes)

Today you are going to finish your self-portrait. Please take out your drawing from last week. Make sure your pencil is sharp. You are going to be adding hair to your head. Look at your hair in the mirror. Notice the texture and shape of your hair. Notice the form of your hair and see how the hair is going beyond the line of the head. Using a *sharp* pencil, draw your hair slowly and carefully. Make sure you look over the *hair guidelines* page below.

<https://cloud.swivl.com/v/78596f224160d6a26fd3322bf8890a57>



Self-Portrait Example artwork



Drawing Hair Guidelines

Day 5 Instructions and Resources

Friday, 5/22

Math (25 minutes)

Math Facts (5 minutes): Practice these math facts in under one minute and then practice your flash cards!

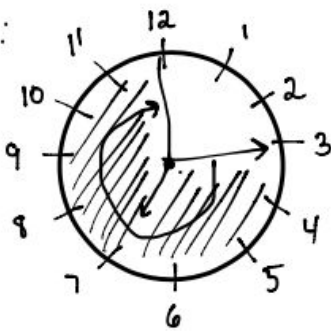
4-2=	2-2=	10-3=	15-7=	22-11=	21-12=
5-4=	10-6=	10-5=	6-3=	5-2=	22-10=
15-8=	13-7=	12-7=	23-11=	24-12=	8-5=
2-1=	12-6=	13-6=	26-14=	17-9=	6-2=
14-3=	6-2=	6-4=	8-5=	10-7=	8-3=

Independent Work (20-25 minutes): Let's review all kinds of word problems! Solve the word problems below. Make sure to fill in all parts of the problem and show all work. Ask yourself, is this question asking me to add, subtract, multiply, divide, use a fraction, or figure out the time?

Time:

Bob got to school at 7:15 am. Now it is 8:00 am. How much time has passed?

Picture:



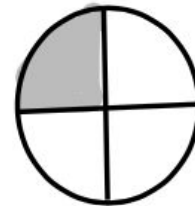
45 minutes has passed.

* Count by 5's when finding the minutes.

Fractions:

Sarah drew a circle with 4 parts. She shades 1 part. What fraction of the circle is shaded?

Picture: ↴



Answer Sentence:
 $\frac{1}{4}$ of the circle is shaded.

- 1) Ms. Creixell drew a circle. She split the circle so it has 4 total parts. She shaded 1 part of the circle. What fraction of the circle is NOT shaded?

Picture:

Answer Sentence:

- 2) Ms. Deaver arrived at school at 7:15 am. Now it is 12:15 pm. How much time has passed?

Picture:

Answer Sentence:

- 3) Mrs. Jones drove 20 miles on Monday, 30 miles on Tuesday, and 20 miles on Wednesday. How many miles did she drive in all?

Equation:

Number Bond:

Answer Sentence:

Picture:

- 4) Ms. Gerard had 375 paper clips. She used up 157 paper clips. How many does she have left over?

Equation:

Number Bond:

Answer Sentence:

Picture:

5) Billy was drawing a rectangle and broke it into 8 pieces. He shaded 2 pieces of the rectangle. What fraction of the rectangle did he shade?

Picture:

Answer Sentence:

6) Sarah arrived to work at 8:00 am. Now, it is 12:30 pm. How much time has passed?

Picture:

Answer Sentence:

Now write your own **TIME or FRACTION** word problem!

Problem:

Picture:

Answer Sentence:

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 all the work was finished.

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

4. _____

5. _____

Literature (15 minutes)

Read Chapter 15 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 does Chester say good-bye to Mario?*
- *How does Mario know that Chester has left for good?*
- *How does Mario react to Chester's departure?*
- *How do you think Mario, Mama, Papa, and even Tucker have each been changed by Chester's brief appearance in their lives?*

Optional activities: (These do not have to be turned in for grading.)

- ❖ Imagine that you are Chester, and it is now late fall. Write a letter from Connecticut to Tucker and Harry in New York. Tell them about your trip home and anything else you think they would like to know!
- ❖ Design a book jacket for *The Cricket in Times Square*! Include a picture for the front. On the back, write a short "blurb" that tells what the story is about. Add three or four "quotations" you make up in which reviewers tell why readers will enjoy the book

Poetry (5 minutes)

Pick one poem that you memorized this year and recite it for your family.

History (15 minutes)

Think about how the War of 1812 ended. Pick **one** of the significant events described below. Use 1-3 complete sentences to describe in your own words what happened. Here are some ideas to get you started. Draw about what you wrote!



- British attacking **Fort McHenry** in Baltimore, Maryland
- **Francis Scott Key** watching the battle and writing a poem about the flag
- Government officials ending the war by signing a **peace treaty** in Europe
- **Andrew Jackson** and his men defeating the British in the Battle of New Orleans

Music (10 min.)

Choose Your Canon:

- Pick one of the canons we've learned and sing it **THREE** times in a row. Each time, pick a different motion to do to the steady **beat**, e.g. jumping jacks, squats, running in place, etc.
 - Are You Sleeping?/Frere Jacques
 - Make New Friends
 - Rocky Mountain
 - Scotland's Burning

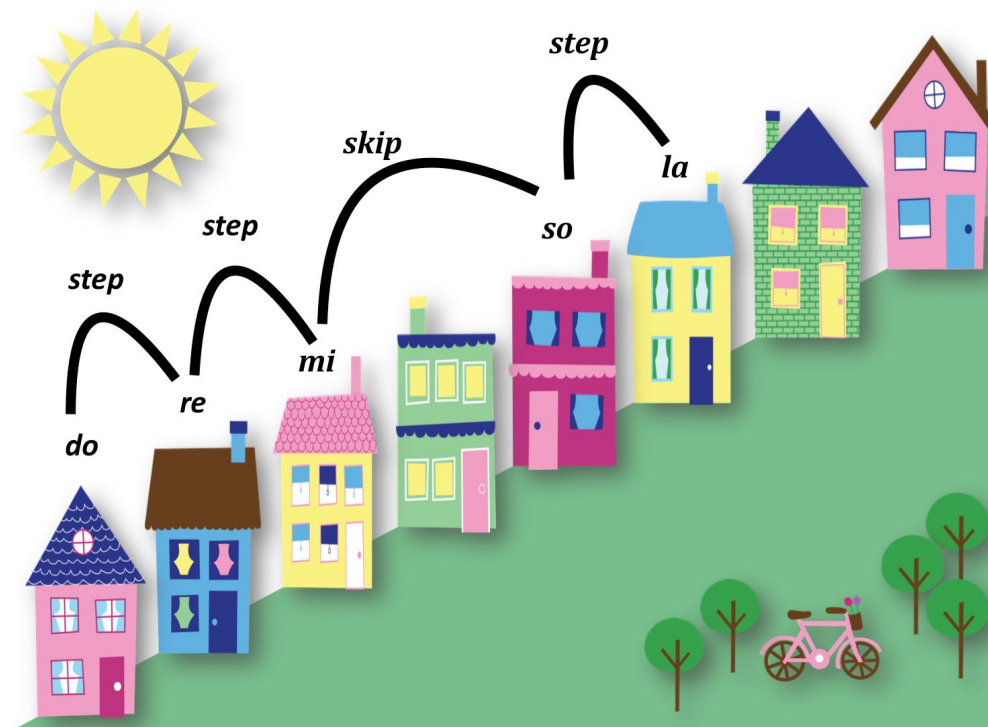
Dinah:

- ❑ Sing the song and make a new four-beat **ostinato**! Challenge yourself to do something tricky while still singing the song, e.g. jumping jack, touch your toes, tap your head, turn around and then repeat the whole pattern!
- ❑ Now, sing the song on **solfa** with your hand signs. The music and solfa are below and here's a video of Ms. Caranto to help you sing the solfa:
<https://cloud.swivl.com/v/6f9d2d0ed0b37f4b45e24ade0d99659e>

Dinah

5
 d d d d d m s m s m d d d d d m r r d
 d d d d d m s m s m r r r r m r d

- ❑ Now, pick one of the **solfa** to put in your head and sing the rest out loud! We've done this in class before and it was a fun challenge!
- ❑ Try this! Reading the music above, can you point to the **solfa** on Solfa Street below while singing the song?



Latin (10 minutes)

-Memorize the first line of the Aeneid (stop after “ab orīs”)

-Here is a video of Ms. Crimmins reciting all seven lines, but you only need to work on the first line this week. <https://cloud.swivl.com/v/97b74063044bb0454f2045ac771f07f6>

The first seven lines of

The Aeneid

By Vergil

Arma virumque cano, || Troiae quī prīmus ab orīs ||

Italiam, fato profugus, || Laviniaque venit

litora, || multum ille et terrīs || iactatus et alto ||

vī superum saevae memorem || Iunonis ob iram; ||

multa quoque et bello passus, || dum conderet urbem, ||

inferretque deos Latio, || genus unde Latīnum, ||

Albanīque patrēs, || atque altae moenia Romae.||

Additional Resources

Monday

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.

Tuesday

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.

Wednesday

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.

Rules

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

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

r. 8 – The phonogram ‘or’ may say ‘er’ when it follows w (work).

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. 23 – The phono ‘dge’ may be used only after a single vowel that is saying its first sound at the end of a base word|

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

Thursday Review

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

11.
12.
13.
14.
15.

ELEVEN

The Jinx

From the drain pipe the animals watched Paul put out the fire. He dragged what papers he could out of the newsstand and got a bucket of water to douse the rest. And he watered down the walls to make sure they wouldn't flare up later. When the danger was over, he called up Papa Bellini on the telephone.

"What a mess," said Tucker Mouse, looking at the soggy, smoldering piles of papers and magazines.

No one knew what to say.

"What are you going to do, Chester?" said Harry Cat finally.

"I'm going back there," said Chester. "If the Bellinis find me gone, they'll think I set the fire and ran."

"What makes you think they won't think you set the fire and stayed?" said Tucker.

"I'll have to take that chance," said Chester. Before the cat or the mouse could say anything to stop him, he hopped over to the newsstand.

Paul had told the engineer that he would miss a few trips on the shuttle and was waiting for the Bellinis. He

The Cricket in Times Square

didn't want anyone monkeying with the cash register while the cover was off. The conductor thought that the cups and bags from the animals' party had been left by Mario or Papa. While he was taking them over to a trash barrel, Chester jumped up on the shelf. Nothing there had been burned, but there was a smoky smell to everything. The cricket took a downhearted leap into the cage and settled himself for whatever might come.

It didn't take the Bellinis long to arrive. They had taken a taxi. And when the Bellinis took a taxi, you could be sure it was an emergency. Chester could hear them hurrying down the steps from the street. Papa was trying to soothe Mama, who was wheezing heavily from asthma and excitement. When she saw the heaps of scorched magazines and newspapers, she began to moan and shake her head. Papa eased her down onto the stool, but it was still covered with water and she stood up again with a wet spot on her skirt.

"Ruin—we're ruined," she sobbed. "Everything's burned."

Papa comforted her as best he could by saying that it was only a few stacks of the *Ladies' Home Journal* that had been lost. But Mama wouldn't believe that anything less than complete destruction had come to them all.

Mario, who brought up the rear of this sad parade, thought first for the safety of his cricket. He saw that Chester was in his cage, though, and decided that it would be best to keep quiet until Mama's outburst of grief had subsided.

The Jinx

Paul told them what had happened: how he smelled smoke and heard the alarm clock ringing. Then he came to the part about the animals who had escaped from the burning newsstand.

"So—?" said Mama Bellini, all her despair changing into anger. "Animals in the newsstand again! Didn't I tell you?" She lifted her forefinger at Mario. "Didn't I say the cricketer would ask in his pals? He probably set the fire. He's a firebug!"

Mario didn't have a chance to speak. He would open his mouth to defend Chester, but before he could say a thing, the words were drowned in Mama's flood of reproaches. She had found someone on whom she could blame her unhappiness and there was no stopping her. When a pause came, Mario said meekly, "My cricket would never do anything like burn up our newsstand."

"The fact remains," said Mama, "we had a fire!"

"But crickets are good luck—" Mario began.

"Good luck!" said Mama indignantly. "He eats money—he commits arson! He's a jinx, that's what. He's good luck going backwards. And he's got to go." She folded her arms across her chest. It was an attitude that Mario knew meant the absolute end of everything.

"I could keep him somewhere else," the boy offered. "No," said Mama, shaking her head as firmly as a door being closed. "He's a jinx. He goes."

Papa put his finger to his lips as a signal that Mario shouldn't say anything more and the two of them began to clean up. They carried away all the hopelessly burned

The Cricket in Times Square

magazines and tried to salvage some that had only been scorched. Mario mopped the floor of the newsstand while Mama spread out papers to dry. By the time they were finished, it was almost the hour for the first wave of commuters.

Chester was lying on the floor of the cricket cage. He felt guilty, because even if he hadn't set it, in a way the fire was his fault. If he hadn't invited everyone into the newsstand, it wouldn't have happened. And it was his playing of the rumba that had made Tucker want to dance, and so tip over the matches. And he did eat the two-dollar bill. He began to believe that he really was a jinx.

During the early-morning rush hour Mario was especially eager in his shouts of "Paper, mister," and "*Time or Life*, mister." Papa was more active than usual too. But Mama sat glumly on the stool with a gray, determined look on her face. Despite the fact that the selling that morning went very well, she wouldn't change her mind. After the rush was over, Papa went out to buy a new lock.

Chester heard a soft scratching from behind the Kleenex box. A familiar face peeked out. "What's going on?" whispered Tucker Mouse.

"Are you crazy?" said Chester under his breath. "All they need is to catch you here."

"I had to find out how you were doing," said Tucker.

"They're going to throw me out," sighed Chester.

"Oh oh oh," Tucker moaned. "And it was me that

The Jinx

did it. Supposing I give you the rest of my life's savings. Maybe we could buy them off."

Chester leaned his black little head up against the bars of the cricket cage. "Not this time," he said. "Mama's got her mind made up. I don't blame her either. I wish I'd never come to New York."

"Oh, Chester," wailed Tucker Mouse, "don't say that! You'll make me feel like a rat. And I'm only a mouse."

"It's not your fault, Tucker," said Chester. "But I've been nothing but bad luck to them since I came."

Without knowing what he was doing, the cricket began to chirp to ease his feelings. He found that it helped somehow if you sang your sadness. He wasn't paying much attention and just by accident he played the first few notes of an Italian folksong he had heard the night before. It was so melancholy, and yet so sweet, that it fitted his mood exactly.

Mama Bellini was untying a bundle of *Herald Tribunes* when she heard the chirping. At first she didn't know what it was. "*Che cos' e' questa?*" she said in Italian, which means, "What's that?"

Chester stopped playing.

"*Chi cantava?*" said Mama. "Who was singing?"

Mario looked at his mother. Usually when she spoke in Italian it meant that she was in a good mood. But that couldn't be true today.

Now Tucker Mouse was a very good judge of character—both animal and human. He thought he heard

The Cricket in Times Square

a kind of softness in Mama Bellini's voice. "Play some more," he whispered to Chester.

"She hates me," said Chester. "I'll only make her more angry."

"Do as I tell you!" commanded the mouse urgently.

So Chester started to chirp again. He was in such disgrace anyway, what difference could it make? The piece he was playing was called "Come Back to Sorrento," and by the greatest good luck, it happened to be Mama Bellini's favorite song. Back in Naples, Italy, when Papa was courting her before they came to America, he used to come beneath her window on a moonlit night and sing this ballad to the plunking of an old guitar. As the cricket chirped, the whole scene came back to Mama: the still, warm night, the moon shining down on the velvety Bay of Naples, and Papa singing to her. Tears welled up in her eyes as she thought of the bygone times, and very softly she began to murmur the words to the song.

Chester Cricket had never played with so much skill before. When he heard Mama singing, he slowed his tempo so she could keep up without straining. When she was loud, he was too—and then softer when she got choked up with emotion and her voice dwindled. But always his chirping carried her along, keeping her on the right beat and the right tune. He was the perfect accompanist.

Mario was dumbfounded. He stared astonished at the cricket cage and then at his mother. It was just as



The Cricket in Times Square

marvelous for his mother to be singing as it was for a cricket to chirp familiar songs. Sometimes, when she was very happy, Mama Bellini whistled, and once or twice Mario had heard her hum. But now here she was crying and warbling like an Italian nightingale!

Chester finished "Come Back to Sorrento."

"Keep it up! Keep it up!" squeaked Tucker Mouse.

"She's a sucker for sad songs."

Before Mama's mood had a chance to wear off, Chester began chirping the selections from opera that he had played during the party. Mama didn't know the words to the operas, but she hummed some of the tunes along with him. Mario was as still as stone.

Papa Bellini came back from the locksmith's. Coming down the stairs he was surprised not to hear his wife and Mario calling out the newspapers. But when he got nearer the newsstand, he was even more surprised to hear the strains of the Grand March from *Aida* coming from the cricket cage.

"He chirps *opera*?" exclaimed Papa. His eyes looked as big and startled as two hard-boiled eggs.

"Shhh," said Mama with a wave of her hand.

Chester's memory for music was perfect. He had to hear a piece only once to remember it forever. When he had finished all the operatic numbers, he stopped. "Should I go on with the pop tunes?" he whispered to Tucker Mouse, who was still hidden behind the Kleenex box.

"Wait a while," said Tucker. "See what happens."

The Jinx

Mama Bellini had a dreamy look in her eyes. She put her arm around her son and said, "Mario, no cricketer who sings *Torna a Sorrento* so beautifully could possibly start a fire. He can stay a while longer."

Mario threw his arms around his mother's neck.

"You hear? You hear?" squealed Tucker Mouse. "You can stay! Oh boy oh boy oh boy! And this is only the beginning. I'll be your manager—okay?"

"Okay," said Chester.

And so began the most remarkable week in Chester Cricket's—or any cricket's—life.

TWELVE

Mr. Smedley

It was two o'clock in the morning. Chester Cricket's new manager, Tucker Mouse, was pacing up and down in front of the cricket cage. Harry Cat was lying on the shelf with his tail drooping over the edge, and Chester himself was relaxing in the matchbox.

"I have been giving the new situation my serious consideration," said Tucker Mouse solemnly. "As a matter of fact, I couldn't think of anything else all day. The first thing to understand is: Chester Cricket is a very talented person."

"Hear! hear!" said Harry. Chester smiled at him. He was really an awfully nice person, Harry Cat was.

"The second thing is: talent is something rare and beautiful and precious, and it must not be allowed to go to waste." Tucker cleared his throat. "And the third thing is: there might be—who could tell?—a little money in it, maybe."

"I knew that was at the bottom of it," said Harry.

"Now wait, please, Harry, please, just listen a minute before you begin calling me a greedy rodent," said Tucker. He sat down beside Chester and Harry.

96

Mr. Smedley

"The newsstand is doing lousy business—right? *Right!* If the Bellinis were happy, Mama Bellini wouldn't be always wanting to get rid of him—right? *Right!* She likes him today because he played her favorite songs, but who can tell how she might like him tomorrow?"

"And also I'd like to help them because they've been so good to me," put in Chester Cricket.

"But naturally!" said Tucker. "And if a little bit of the rewards of success should find its way into a drain pipe where lives an old and trusted friend of Chester—well, who is the worse for that?"

"I still don't see how we can make any money," said Chester.

"I haven't worked out the details," said Tucker. "But this I can tell you: New York is a place where the people are willing to pay for talent. So what's clear is, Chester has got to learn more music. I personally prefer his own compositions—no offense, Chester."

"Oh no," said the cricket. "I do myself."

"But the human beings," Tucker went on, "being what human beings are—and who can blame them?—would rather hear pieces written by themselves."

"But how am I going to learn new songs?" asked Chester.

"Easy as pie," said Tucker Mouse. He darted over to the radio, leaned all his weight on one of the dials, and snapped it on.

"Not too loud," said Harry Cat. "The people outside will get suspicious."

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Mr. Smedley

Tucker twisted the dial until a steady, soft stream of music was coming out. "Just play it by ear," he said to Chester.

That was the beginning of Chester's formal musical education. On the night of the party he had just been playing for fun, but now he seriously set out to learn some human music. Before the night was over he had memorized three movements from different symphonies, half a dozen songs from musical comedies, the solo part for a violin concerto, and four hymns—which he picked up from a late religious service.

The next morning, which was the last Sunday in August, all three Bellinis came to open the newsstand. They could hardly believe what had happened yesterday and were anxious to see if Chester would continue to sing familiar songs. Mario gave the cricket his usual breakfast of mulberry leaves and water, which Chester took his time eating. He could see that everyone was very nervous and he sort of enjoyed making them wait. When breakfast was over, he had a good stretch and limbered his wings.

Since it was Sunday, Chester thought it would be nice to start with a hymn, so he chose to open his concert with "Rock of Ages." At the sound of the first notes, the faces of Mama and Papa and Mario broke into smiles. They looked at each other and their eyes told how happy they were, but they didn't dare to speak a word.

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The Cricket in Times Square

During the pause after Chester had finished "Rock of Ages," Mr. Smedley came up to the newsstand to buy his monthly copy of *Musical America*. His umbrella, neatly folded, was hanging over his arm as usual.

"Hey, Mr. Smedley—my cricket plays hymns!" Mario blurted out even before the music teacher had a chance to say good morning.

"And opera!" said Papa.

"And Italian songs!" said Mama.

"Well, well, well," said Mr. Smedley, who didn't believe a word, of course. "I see we've all become very fond of our cricket. But aren't we letting our imagination run away with us a bit?"

"Oh no," said Mario. "Just listen. He'll do it again."

Chester took a sip of water and was ready to play some more. This time, however, instead of "Rock of Ages," he launched into a stirring performance of "Onward Christian Soldiers."

Mr. Smedley's eyes popped. His mouth hung open and the color drained from his face.

"Do you want to sit down, Mr. Smedley?" asked Papa.

"You look a little pale."

"I think perhaps I'd better," said Mr. Smedley, wiping his forehead with a silk handkerchief. "It's rather a shock, you know." He came inside the newsstand and sat on the stool so his face was just a few inches away from the cricket cage. Chester chirped the second verse of "Onward Christian Soldiers," and finished with a soaring "Amen."

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The Cricket in Times Square

"Why, the organist played that in church this morning," exclaimed the music teacher breathlessly, "and it didn't sound *half* as good! Of course the cricket isn't as loud as an organ—but what he lacks in volume, he makes up for in sweetness."

"That was nothing," said Papa Bellini proudly. "You should hear him play *Aida*."

"May I try an experiment?" asked Mr. Smedley.

All the Bellinis said "yes" at once. The music teacher whistled the scale—do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti, do. Chester flexed his legs, and as quickly as you could run your fingers up the strings of a harp, he had played the whole scale.

Mr. Smedley took off his glasses. His eyes were moist. "He has absolute pitch," he said in a shaky voice. "I have met only one other person who did. She was a soprano named Arabella Heffefinger."

Chester started to play again. He went through the two other hymns he'd learned—"The Rosary" and "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God"—and then did the violin concerto. Naturally, he couldn't play it just as it was written without a whole orchestra to back him up, but he was magnificent, all things considered.

Once Mr. Smedley got used to the idea that he was listening to a concert given by a cricket, he enjoyed the performance very much. He had special praise for Chester's "phrasing," by which he meant the neat way the cricket played all the notes of a passage without letting them slide together. And sometimes, when he

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Mr. Smedley

had been deeply moved by a section, the music teacher would touch his chest over his heart and say, "That cricket has it *here!*"

As Chester chirped his way through the program, a crowd collected around the newsstand. After each new piece, the people applauded and congratulated the Bellinis on their remarkable cricket. Mama and Papa were fit to burst with pride. Mario was very happy too, but of course he had thought all summer that Chester was a very unusual person.

When the playing was over, Mr. Smedley stood up and shook hands with Papa, Mama, and Mario. "I want to thank you for the most delightful hour I have ever spent," he said. "The whole world should know of this cricket." A light suddenly spread over his face. "Why, I believe I shall write a letter to the music editor of *The New York Times*," he said. "They'd certainly be interested."

And this is the letter Mr. Smedley wrote:

To the Music Editor of *The New York Times* and to the People of New York—

Rejoice, Oh New Yorkers—for a musical miracle has come to pass in our city! This very day, Sunday, August 28th, surely a day which will go down in musical history, it was my pleasure and privilege to be present at the most beautiful recital ever heard in a lifetime devoted to the sublime art. (Music, that is.) Being a musicologist myself, and having graduated—with honors—from a well-known local school of music, I feel I am qualified to judge such

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The Cricket in Times Square

matters, and I say, without hesitation, that never have such strains been heard in New York before!

"But who was the artist?" the eager music lover will ask. "Was it perchance some new singer, just lately arrived from a triumphant tour of the capitals of Europe?"

No, music lovers, it was not!

"Then was it some violinist, who pressed his cheek with love against his darling violin as he played?"

Wrong again, music lovers.

"Could it have been a pianist—with sensitive, long fingers that drew magic sounds from the shining ivory keys?"

Ah, music lovers, you will never guess. It was a cricket! A simple cricket, no longer than half my little finger—which is rather long because I play the piano—but a cricket that is able to chirp operatic, symphonic, and popular music. Am I wrong, then, in describing such an event as a miracle?

And where is this extraordinary performer? Not in Carnegie Hall, music lovers—nor in the Metropolitan Opera House. You will find him in the newsstand run by the Bellini family in the subway station at Times Square. I urge—I implore!—every man, woman, and child who has music in his soul not to miss one of his illustrious—nay, his *glorious*—concerts!

Enchantedly yours,
Horatio P. Smedley

P.S. I also give piano lessons. For information write to: H. P. Smedley
1578 West 63rd Street
New York, N.Y.

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THIRTEEN

Fame

The music editor of *The New York Times* was quite surprised to get Mr. Smedley's letter, but he believed in the freedom of the press and had it printed on the theatrical and musical page of the paper. The next morning, thousands of people—at home over the breakfast table and on buses and trains coming into New York—read about Chester.

The Bellinis got to the newsstand very early. Papa opened the *Times* bundle and thumbed through a copy looking for the letter. When he found it, he read it aloud to Mama and Mario. Then he folded the paper and put it back on the stack to be sold.

"So," said Papa. "We have a celebrity in our midst."

The celebrity was just at that moment having himself a big yawn in the cricket cage. He had been up most of the night with his manager and Harry Cat, learning new pieces. After eating breakfast and having another stretch, he tested his wings against each other, like a violinist making sure that his violin is in tune. The wings were fine. This time of year they almost itched to chirp.

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The Cricket in Times Square

Chester ran over the scales a few times and started to play.

His first selection was something he had heard the night before called "A Little Night Music." It was by a man named Mozart. Chester and Tucker and Harry had all been delighted by "A Little Night Music." They thought it was a very good piece for the cricket to learn because they had heard it first at night, and also because Chester was quite a little person himself. It was lovely music too, with little tunes that sounded like insects hopping around and having a grand time.

As Chester played, the station began to fill up with the usual commuters. People collected around the newsstand—some drawn by the chirping, and others because they wanted to see the cricket they'd read about. And as always in New York, when a little crowd formed, more people came just to see what the others were looking at. Bees do that, and so do human beings.

Somebody asked who was playing.

"A cricket," a man answered.

"Oh, stop joking!" the first man said, and burst out laughing.

In front of him a little lady with a feather in her hat, who was enjoying the music, turned around and whispered "Shhhh!" very angrily.

In another part of the station a man was reading Mr. Smedley's letter, and two other men were also reading it over his shoulders.

"My gosh!" said the one on the right. "A cricket. Who would have believed it?"

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Fame

"It's a fake," said the man on the left. "Probably a record."

The man in the middle, who owned the paper, snapped it shut. "It *isn't* a fake!" he said. "It's a little living creature—and it sings beautifully! I'm going to give up my season ticket to the Philharmonic."

Everywhere people were talking and arguing and listening to Chester.

Mario made a pile of old magazines and put the cricket cage on top of them so everyone could see better and hear more clearly. When Chester finished one number, a shout of "More! More!" rang through the station. The cricket would catch his breath, have a sip of water, flex his wings, and begin a new selection as fast as he could.

And the crowd grew and grew. Mama Bellini had never seen such a crowd around the newsstand. But she wasn't one to be so dazed by good fortune that she missed out on such a chance. Taking a bundle of the *Times* under one arm, she worked her way around, murmuring softly—so as not to disturb the music lovers—"Read about the cricket, read about the cricket, it's in *The New York Times*."

People snapped up the papers like candy. Mama had to keep going back to the newsstand for new loads. And in less than half an hour the whole stock of the *Times* had been sold.

"Don't sit with your eyes shut," Mama whispered to Papa. (Papa Bellini was one of those people who enjoy listening to music most with their eyes closed.) She put

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a bunch of *Musical America* into his arms. "Try these—it's a good time now."

Papa sighed, but did as she asked him. And in a little while all the copies of *Musical America* were gone too. It is safe to say that there had never been such an interest in music in the Times Square subway station as there was on that morning.

Over in the drain pipe Tucker Mouse and Harry Cat were listening too—Harry with his eyes closed like Papa Bellini. There were so many human beings that they couldn't even see the newsstand. But they could hear Chester, chirping away, on the other side of all the heads and legs and backs. His clear notes filled the station.

"Didn't I tell you?" said Tucker between pieces. "Look at them all. There's a fortune in this. I wish one of us was big enough to pass the hat."

But Harry only smiled. He was happy right where he was, just sitting, enjoying the music.

And the crowd kept on growing. That first day alone, there were seven hundred and eighty-three people late to work because they had stopped to listen to Chester.

During the next few days, other papers besides the *Times* began to run articles on the cricket. Even *Musical America* sent an editor (an assistant editor) down to hear a recital. And Chester was news on radio and television. All the announcers were talking about the remarkable insect who was delighting throngs in the Times Square subway station.

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The Cricket in Times Square

The Bellinis decided that the best times for Chester to play were early in the morning and late in the afternoon, since that was when the station was fullest. Concerts began at 8:00 a.m. and 4:30 p.m. and usually lasted an hour and a half—not including encores.

Business boomed at the newsstand. Mama made sure that extra loads of magazines and newspapers were delivered. But even so, by closing time they had sold out completely. Mama Bellini, by the way, turned out to be the best friend a cricket ever had. At noon she would rush home and fix Chester some delicacy for lunch, like a midget fruit salad or an entire vegetable dinner so small you could serve it on a silver dollar. Chester really preferred his mulberry leaves, but he ate everything so as not to hurt her feelings.

Sai Fong, who had seen Chester's picture in the paper, kept Mario supplied with leaves. He and the Chinese gentleman dug out two collapsible chairs from his attic and came uptown every day at eight and four-thirty to hear Chester's new programs.

Mr. Smedley was there at least once a day too. He brought a tape recorder and made recordings of all the new pieces Chester learned. And during the intermissions—there was always an intermission of ten minutes half way through the concert—he delivered short talks on musical appreciation to the audiences.

So by Thursday Chester Cricket was the most famous musician in New York City. But now here is a strange thing: he wasn't really happy—not the way he used to

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The Cricket in Times Square

be. Life didn't seem to have the fun and freedom it had had before.

For one thing, although he thought that glory was very nice, Chester found that it made you tired. Two concerts a day, every day, was an exhausting program. And he wasn't used to playing on schedule. Back home in the meadow, if the sun felt nice, or the moon was full, or if he wanted to have a musical conversation with his friend the lark, he would chirp because the mood was on him. But here he had to begin performing at eight and four-thirty whether he felt like it or not. Of course he was very glad to be helping the Bellinis, but a lot of the joy was gone from his playing.

And there was something else: Chester didn't like being looked at. It wasn't so bad while he was playing. Everyone was quiet, enjoying the music. But after the performance was over, the human beings crowded around and put their faces down close to the bars and poked their fingers through. Souvenir hunters had taken his paper cup and even the pieces of mulberry leaves that were left over. Chester knew they didn't mean any harm—but he couldn't get used to the idea that millions of eyes were staring at him. It got so bad that when the concerts were over, he took to crawling into the matchbox and pushing up a piece of Kleenex to block the entrance.

Then, on Thursday, three things happened that upset him very much. The first was September. It was the first day of a new month. Chester happened to glance up at the top of a copy of the *Times*, where the date

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was, and there he saw it: SEPTEMBER 1—a new month, and a new season too. Autumn was almost upon them. For some reason the thought of September, with all its changes, made Chester feel very small and lost.

And that evening, while he was playing, a brown leaf, the first leaf of the fall, blew into the station and landed right next to the cricket cage. Now, this leaf had come from New Jersey. A playful gust of wind danced it over the Hudson River, and up Forty-second Street, and whisked it down the subway entrance. Chester was in the middle of a song when the leaf came down. It was such a shock to see this little reminder of all that was happening in the country that for a moment he couldn't continue. But then he realized where he was and forced himself to go on. Mario was the only one who noticed the break in the playing.

But the worst thing happened after the concert was over. Chester was leaning up against the matchbox when suddenly two fingers began to work their way through the bars of the cage toward the little silver bell. They weren't Mama's fingers, or Papa's, or Mario's—Chester knew the hands of the Bellinis. Somebody was trying to steal the bell! The cricket chirped an alarm just as the man was about to pull it down.

Papa turned around, saw what was happening, and shouted, "Hey! What are you doing?" The man disappeared into the crowd.

Mama and Mario had been outside selling off the last of the day's papers. They came running back to the newsstand. "What is it?" panted Mama.

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The Cricket in Times Square

"A thief," said Papa.

"Is my cricket all right?" asked Mario anxiously.

"Yes," said Papa. "He's in the matchbox."

Mario picked up the box and looked in. There was Chester, piling a Kleenex against the opening. "You can come out now," the boy said. "It's safe," but Chester wouldn't come out. Mario had noticed that the cricket took to hiding after each recital, and it worried him.

Mama Bellini was convinced that the man was a kidnapper—or rather, cricketnapper—not just a thief. But Papa told them how he had been going straight for the bell.

"That bell belongs to my cricket," said Mario. "Mr. Fong gave it to him." He unfastened the bell and put it way back in the cash register drawer, next to Mama's earring, so it wouldn't tempt anyone else.

Chester was still hiding in the matchbox. Mario gently pulled the Kleenex away and whispered, "Please come out." Chester stirred and chirped, but stayed where he was.

"What's the matter with him?" said Papa.

"I think he may be sick," said Mario. He coaxed Chester with a mulberry leaf. The cricket poked his head out of the matchbox. When he saw that the crowd had broken up, he jumped into the palm of Mario's hand.

"You should take him to a bug doctor," said Mama.

"What do you call them?"

"Entomologists," said Mario, holding the leaf for Chester to nibble.

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"Take him to an entomologist," said Mama.

"He might just be tired," said Papa. "We could give him a rest for a few days."

Chester had eaten as much of the leaf as he wanted. He gave a short chirp for "Thank you" and jumped back in the box.

"He isn't happy anymore," said Mario.

"How do you know?" said Mama.

"I can tell," said Mario. "I know how I'd feel if I were a cricket." Mario put the matchbox in the cricket cage. "Next week school begins," he said. "You've got to promise you'll take good care of him while I'm not here."

"We will, Mario," said Papa. "We like him too, you know."

The boy stood looking down at the cage. His forehead was drawn together in a worried frown. "I almost wish he hadn't come to New York—if he isn't going to be happy here," he said finally.

Chester heard him and thought about what he had said. He thought about it while the Bellinis were fitting on the cover. And later, in the darkness, after they'd gone home, he was still thinking about it. Then, quickly, like a lock snapping into place, something was decided in his mind. Chester felt very relieved after the decision had been made. He sighed, and his wings and his legs all relaxed as he waited there for Tucker Mouse.

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FOURTEEN

Orpheus

Chester didn't have long to wait. In a few minutes Tucker came bounding into the newsstand and up to the stool and the shelf. Harry followed him, ambling silently along, as always.

Tucker Mouse took himself very seriously now that he was the manager of a famous concert artist. "Good evening, Chester," he said. "You should excuse the suggestion, please, but I thought your tempo was off tonight in the 'Stars and Stripes Forever.' You can't afford to relax just because you're on top, you know. And now, let us begin the practicing."

Chester crawled out of the matchbox. "Can't I even say hello to Harry?" he asked.

"So say hello!" said Tucker Mouse. "Hello, Harry—Hello, Chester. So, the greetings being over, let us get on with the practicing."

Chester looked at Harry and shook his head. The cat smiled and winked.

Tucker twisted the dial. Wearily Chester crossed his wings into the position for playing. There was an Irish

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jig on the radio. The cricket prepared to fling himself into the first wild strains of the jig, but suddenly he dropped his wings and said, "I'm just not up to it tonight."

"What's the matter?" asked Tucker.

"I don't feel like playing," said Chester.

"You don't feel like playing!" the mouse exclaimed.

"That's like the sun saying, 'I don't feel like shining.'"

"Well, sometimes there are cloudy days," said the cricket. "Can't I have a rest too?"

"Um um um—" Tucker Mouse was very much flustered.

"Let him take a day off," said Harry Cat. "What's the matter, Chester? Is fame beginning to get you down?"

"I guess I'm just feeling Septemberish," sighed Chester. "It's getting toward autumn now. And it's so pretty up in Connecticut. All the trees change color. The days get very clear—with a little smoke on the horizon from burning leaves. Pumpkins begin to come out."

"We can go up to Central Park," said Tucker. "The trees change their color there too."

"It isn't the same," said Chester. "I need to see a shock of corn." He paused and fidgeted nervously. "I didn't mean to tell you yet, but you may as well know. I'm going to—I'm going to retire."

"Retire!" shrieked Tucker Mouse.

"Yes, retire," said Chester softly. "I love New York, and I love to have all those people listen to me, but I love Connecticut more. And I'm going home."

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The Cricket in Times Square

"But—but—but—" Tucker Mouse was spluttering helplessly.

"I'm sorry, Tucker, but I've made up my mind," said Chester.

"What about Mario?" said the mouse.

"He wants me to be happy," Chester answered. "He said he wished I'd never come to New York if I was going to be miserable."

"But all the human beings!" Tucker waved his front legs. "All the suffering thousands your playing gives pleasure to—what about them?"

"My playing gives pleasure to a lot of people in Connecticut too," said Chester.

"Who?" asked Tucker Mouse scornfully.

"Oh—woodchucks and pheasants and ducks and rabbits, and everybody else who lives in the meadow or the brook. I had a bullfrog tell me once that he enjoyed my music more than anything else—except the sound of rain on the pond where he lived. And another time a fox was chasing a rabbit around my stump, and they both stopped to listen while I was playing."

"What happened?" said Tucker.

"The rabbit made it to his hole," said Chester. "I began the fox's favorite song just as he was about to chase him again, and he stayed to listen. Now I couldn't do that for any human being in the subway station."

"I wouldn't be so sure," said Tucker Mouse. He turned to the cat. "Harry, say something! Make him stay!"

"Yes, Harry," said Chester. "What's your opinion?"

Orpheus

Harry Cat sat perfectly still a moment. His whiskers were wiggling, which was a sign that he was thinking very hard.

"My opinion," he said finally, "is that it's Chester's life and he should do what he wants. What good is it to be famous if it only makes you unhappy? Other people have retired at the peak of their careers. In all honesty, however, I must add that I will be dreadfully sorry to see him go."

Tucker Mouse scratched his left ear—always a good sign. Something about that phrase—"peak of their careers"—struck his imagination. "There would be a lot of glory, I suppose," he said. "Giving everything up—just when he's on top. What a *gesture*!" The idea took hold of his tiny mouse's mind. "I can see it all now. At the summit of his success—that's the same as the peak of his career, isn't it?"

"Just the same," said Harry Cat, grinning at Chester.

"At the summit of his success—he vanishes!" Tucker raced back and forth on the shelf. "The papers will go crazy! Where is he? Where did he go? Nobody knows. He leaves behind only a beautiful memory. How touching! How lovely!" His voice cracked.

"The only thing that worries me," said Chester Cricket, "is what will happen to the newsstand if I go."

"Don't worry about that," said Harry Cat. "This newsstand has been touched by the Golden Finger of Fortune! They'll probably make a national park out of it."

The Cricket in Times Square

"Do you really think so?" said Chester.

"Well, even if they don't," Harry answered, "I'm sure the Bellinis will do very well. They're famous now too."

"So when do you plan to make it final?" asked Tucker.

Chester thought a moment. "Today is Thursday," he said. "How about tomorrow night?"

"Friday is an excellent day for retiring," said the mouse. "If I ever retire from scrounging, it will be on a Friday."

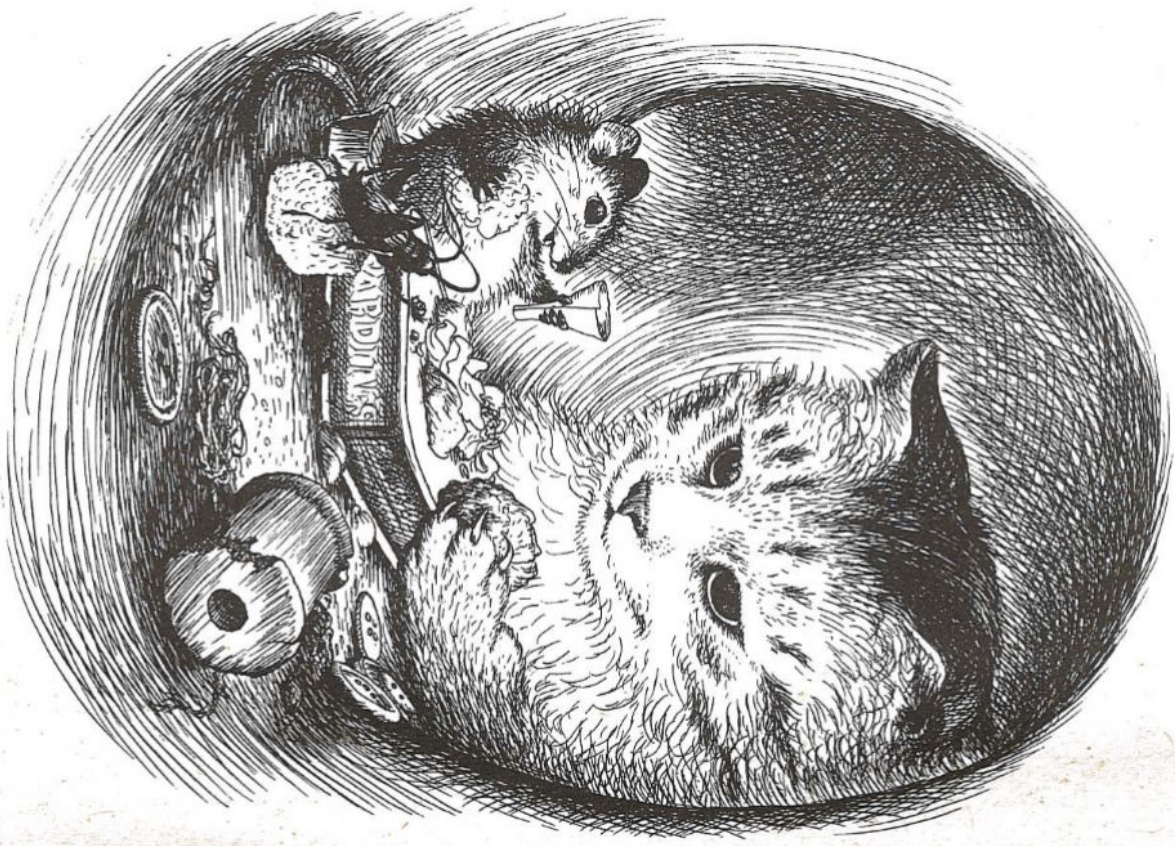
Chester Cricket heaved a big sigh. "Oh—I feel better," he said. "If you want me to learn some new pieces for tomorrow now, I will."

"Why bother?" said Harry Cat. "Tonight's your last full night in New York. You may as well enjoy yourself."

"Come to the drain pipe!" said Tucker Mouse. "We'll have a party in honor of your retirement. I have plenty of food—and no matches to burn the place up!"

So the three friends hopped, scuttled, and padded across to Tucker's home, where a fine farewell feast was held. And it was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The next day, at five minutes to six, Chester was about to begin the last public piece he would ever play in New York City. It was Friday night, the busiest time of all. Besides the commuters coming home from work, the station was swarming with men and women who were leaving the city for the weekend, on their way to Grand Central Station. But they all stopped to listen to Chester. There were so many people crowded around



The Cricket in Times Square

the newsstand that the police had to keep the aisles to and from the subway trains open with ropes.

The cricket had just finished his most beautiful concert. For this final encore he wanted to play the sextet from an opera called *Lucia di Lammermoor*. It had been written for six people, but even though he was very talented, Chester could do only one part. So he took the tenor's music because it carried the main theme most of the time.

They didn't know it, but Chester was playing the sextet in honor of the whole Bellini family. It was Papa's favorite of favorites, and Mario and Mama loved it too. Chester wanted them always to remember him playing this piece. As he struck up the first notes, a sigh of pleasure came from Papa Bellini and he settled back on the stool with his eyes closed. Mama leaned against the side of the newsstand, resting her head on one hand. At the sound of the familiar strains, without her meaning to, a smile spread over her face. Mario was bending over the cricket cage, fascinated by the way Chester moved his wings when he played. And he was awfully proud that it was his pet that everyone was listening to.

Over in the drain pipe opening, Tucker and Harry were sitting side by side. The animals were the only ones who knew that it was his farewell performance, and it made them feel solemn and a little sad. But the music was so sweet that they couldn't help but be happy too.

"It's the sextet from *Loochy the Murriner*," announced

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Tucker Mouse, who had become quite an expert on all things musical during the past week.

"Too bad there aren't five other crickets like Chester," whispered Harry Cat. "They could do the whole thing."

Then they too were silent, and for as long as the music lasted, no one moved a hair or a whisker.

Chester's playing filled the station. Like ripples around a stone dropped into still water, the circles of silence spread out from the newsstand. And as the people listened, a change came over their faces. Eyes that looked worried grew soft and peaceful, tongues left off chattering, and ears full of the city's rustling were rested by the cricket's melody.

The men at the other newsstands heard Chester and stopped shouting for people to buy their newspapers and magazines. Mickey the counterman heard him and left off making a Coca-Cola. Three girls came to the door of the Loft's candy store. Passengers coming up from the lower level paused before asking the policemen for directions. No one dared break the hush that had taken hold of the station.

Above the cricket cage, through a grate in the sidewalk, the chirping rose up to the street. A man who was walking down Broadway stopped and listened. Then someone else did. In a minute a knot of people was staring at the grate.

"What is it?"

"An accident?"

"What's happening?"

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The Cricket in Times Square

Whispers passed back and forth in the crowd. But as soon as there was a moment of silence, everyone could hear the music.

People overflowed the sidewalk into the street. A policeman had to stop traffic so nobody would get hurt. And then everyone in the stopped cars heard Chester too. You wouldn't think a cricket's tiny chirp could carry so far, but when all is silence, the piercing notes can be heard for miles.

Traffic came to a standstill. The buses, the cars, men and women walking—everything stopped. And what was strangest of all, no one minded. Just this once, in the very heart of the busiest of cities, everyone was perfectly content not to move and hardly to breathe. And for those few minutes, while the song lasted, Times Square was as still as a meadow at evening, with the sun streaming in on the people there and the wind moving among them as if they were only tall blades of grass.

FIFTEEN

Grand Central Station

After the concert Mama and Papa Bellini had to go off for the evening. They left Mario in charge of the newsstand and told him they would be back later to help him close up. The boy took Chester out of the cricket cage, balancing him on one finger. He was glad that they were going to have some time to themselves for a change.

First he took a cardboard sign he had printed saying NEXT CONCERT 8 A.M. and leaned it up against the cage. "That'll keep people from bothering us about when you play next," he said. Chester chirped. But he knew he wouldn't be playing the next morning at 8 a.m.

"Now we have supper," said Mario. He unwrapped a fried-egg sandwich for himself and brought over a mulberry leaf from the cash register drawer for Chester. (The mulberry leaves were kept in the compartment next to the quarters.) For dessert there was a Hershey bar—a smidgin from one corner for Chester and the rest for Mario.

Then, after dinner, they began to play games. Leap-

The Cricket in Times Square

frog was one they enjoyed very much. Mario made a fist and Chester had to jump over it. The trick was that Mario could put his fist anywhere he wanted inside the newsstand, and Chester still had to land just on the other side of it. They kept score for half an hour. Chester had thirty-four hits to five misses—which was quite good, considering the hard places Mario found to put his fist.

Hide-and-seek was fun too. Mario closed his eyes and counted, and Chester hid somewhere in the newsstand. Since there were piles of papers all over, and since he was very small himself, the cricket found lots of good hiding places. If Mario couldn't find him in a few minutes, Chester would give a quick chirp as a hint. But it was hard to tell whether the sound came from behind the alarm clock, or from the Kleenex box, or from the cash register drawer. If Chester had to chirp three times, it was understood he had won the game.

About ten o'clock Mario began to yawn and they stopped playing. The boy sat on the stool, with his back resting on the side of the stand, and Chester gave him a private recital. He didn't play any of the things he'd learned—just made up one of his own pieces as he went along. And he played very softly so the people in the station wouldn't hear and come over. He wanted this to be for Mario alone. As he listened, the boy's eyes slowly closed and his head dropped over on one shoulder. But through his sleep he could still hear the cricket's silvery chirping.

Chester ended his song and sat on the shelf, looking

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at Mario. A "psst" sound came up from the floor—just as it had on his first night in the newsstand. The cricket looked over. There was Tucker again, gazing up at him. It struck Chester what a funny but likable expression the mouse's face always wore.

"You better hurry," whispered Tucker. "Harry found a timetable and the train leaves in an hour."

"I'll be over in a minute," Chester called down to him.

"Okay," the mouse answered, and scooted across the station floor.

Mario's right hand was cupped in his lap. The cricket jumped down into the palm of it. In his sleep the boy felt something and stirred. Chester was afraid he would wake him up, but Mario only settled in a new position. The cricket lifted his wings and drew them lightly together. There was all of his love, and goodbye too, in that one chirp. Mario smiled at the familiar sound.

Chester looked around at the newsstand—the box of Kleenex, the alarm clock, Papa's pipe. When he came to the cash register, he paused. Quickly springing to the edge of the drawer, he vanished back into the darkness. When he came out again, the little silver bell was hooked over his left front leg. Holding it tight against him to muffle the tinkle, he jumped to the stool, to the floor, and out the crack.

"What's the bell for?" asked Tucker when he arrived at the drain pipe.

"It's mine," said Chester. "Mario said so. And I want it to remember everything by."

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Tucker Mouse rummaged through the crowded corner of his home which was the pantry and found a tiny package bound with Scotch Tape. "I packed some supper for you to have on the train," he said. "Nothing very much—I mean, delicious, of course—a piece of steak sandwich and a chocolate cookie—but none too good for such talent!"

"Thank you, Tucker," said Chester. He wanted to sound very cheerful, but the words came out sort of gulpy.

"Well, I guess we should go," said Harry Cat.

"I guess so," said Chester. He took one more look through the drain pipe. From down the tracks came the murmur of the shuttle. Mario was still asleep in the newsstand. The neon lights shed their endless blue-green glow. The cricket wanted to remember every detail. "It's funny," he said at last. "Sometimes the subway station looks almost beautiful."

"I've always thought so," said Tucker.

"Come on," said Harry Cat. He and Tucker padded along beside Chester up to the sidewalk.

Above ground the night was fresh and clear—not as hot as summer or as cool as autumn. Chester jumped up on Harry's back and took hold of the fur there. He could probably have made it down to Grand Central Station jumping by himself, but it saved time to be given a ride. And crossing the streets would have been a problem too for a cricket raised in Connecticut. But Tucker and Harry were experts at traveling in the city.

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Grand Central Station

Not a single human being saw them as they glided soundlessly under the cars that lined Forty-second Street.

When they reached the station, Harry led the way through a maze of pipes and deserted rooms and back halls down to the level where the trains were. He was a great explorer, Harry Cat, and knew most of the secrets and outs of New York City.

The Late Local Express was leaving on track 18. Chester hopped onto the rear platform of the last car and settled himself in a corner that would be out of the wind. And there were only a few minutes left before the train started.

"How will you know when you get to Connecticut?" said Tucker. "You were buried under sandwiches when you left there."

"Oh, I'll know!" said Chester. "I'll smell the trees and I'll feel the air, and I'll know."

No one said anything. This was the hardest time of all.

"Maybe you could come back for a visit next summer," said Harry Cat. "Now that you know the way."

"A return engagement at the newsstand," said Tucker.

"Maybe I can," said Chester.

There was another pause. Then the train gave a lurch forward. And as soon as it started to move, the three friends all found that they still had millions of things to say. Harry shouted that Chester should take care of himself—Tucker told him not to worry about the Bel-

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linis, he would look after them—and Chester just kept chirping goodbye as long as he could.

For a while the two who stayed could see the cricket waving, but then the train rushed away into the darkness of the tunnel and was lost. They strained their eyes through the blackness.

“Did you hear another chirp?” said Tucker after a minute.

“Come on, Tucker,” said Harry. “Let’s go home.”

Together they tramped up to Times Square and down the drain. Neither one of them said a word. They looked out the hole. Mario hadn’t waked up yet.

“He’s going to be very unhappy,” said Tucker.

Mama and Papa Bellini came up the stairs from the lower level, Mama gasping from the climb. Papa gently shook Mario awake. Suddenly Mama’s gasping stopped and she said, “Where’s the cricketer?”

They searched the newsstand completely but couldn’t find him. Mama was sure that the man who tried to steal the bell had come back and kidnapped him. She wanted to call the police. Papa thought he might have stepped out for a breath of fresh air. But Mario was quiet, thinking. He looked through the cash register drawer, in every compartment, and then pulled the drawer out completely. The back space was empty—except for Mama’s earring.

“He won’t come back,” said Mario.

“How do you know?” said Papa.

“The bell’s gone,” said Mario. “You and I and the cricket were the only ones who knew where it was. If a

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thief had taken it, he would have taken the money from the cash register too. My cricket took it and went home.” Mario’s voice dropped off abruptly. But then it came back firm. “And I’m glad.”

Mama was about to exclaim that she didn’t believe it, but Papa put his hand on her arm. He said he wasn’t sure—but it might be. Mario didn’t say anything more, because he *knew*. They put on the cover to the newsstand and went down to their subway.

Tucker Mouse looked at Harry Cat. “He knows,” he said.

Harry swished his tail around him and said, “Yes, he knows.”

They were so relieved that for a minute neither of them moved. It was all right now. Chester was gone, but it was all right for everybody. After a while they went back and lay down on the shredded newspapers. But neither of them seemed to be able to fall asleep.

Tucker Mouse changed his position. “Harry,” he said.

“Yes?” said Harry Cat.

“Maybe next summer we could go to the country.”

“Maybe we can.”

“I mean—the country in Connecticut,” said Tucker.

“I know what you mean,” said Harry Cat.

Key

Monday:

Math

Exercise 11

1)

865	435	826
327	787	519
900	627	318

Exercise 10

1)

A -81

B -92

D -93

H -72

I -82

P -85

R- 84

T- 70

Y- 80

2)

981	373	471
793	872	376
750	675	890

3) He has 250 picture cards now.

4) There are 357 people on the boat.

5) They saved \$522 altogether.

Tuesday:

Math

Exercise 18

1)

A-735

B-343

E-26

L-363

M-333

N-116

R-745

U- 540

2)

41	198	269
149	195	-
512	298	77
78	177	-

Exercise 15

1)

Y-81

B-775

I-1000

T-327

A-378

R-530

H-277

D -638

2) He sold 138 more cups of coffee than tea.

3) She needs to make 72 more meatballs.

4) He gave 85 stamps to his friends.

Wednesday:

Math

1. The total cost was \$40.
2. She has 36 books in all.
3. The cost was \$32.
4. Ms. Gerard drove 24 miles.

Thursday:

Math

1. 8 bagels will go into each box.
2. 9 desks will get pencils.
3. 10 books will go into each classroom.
4. Ms. Gerard ran 3 miles per day.

Friday:

Math

1. $\frac{3}{4}$ of the circle was not shaded.
2. 5 hours have passed. .
3. She drove 70 miles in all.
4. She has 218 paper clips left.
5. Billy shaded $\frac{2}{8}$ of the rectangle.
6. 4 hours and 30 minutes have passed.