



Treasures

A Reading/Language Arts Program

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A Reading/Language Arts Program



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(Acknowledgments continued on page 815.)

Contributors

Time Magazine, Accelerated Reader



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Treasures

A Reading/Language Arts Program

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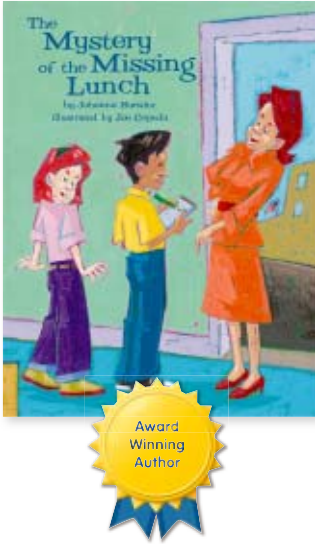


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Let's Explore



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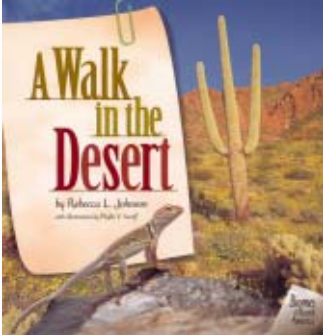
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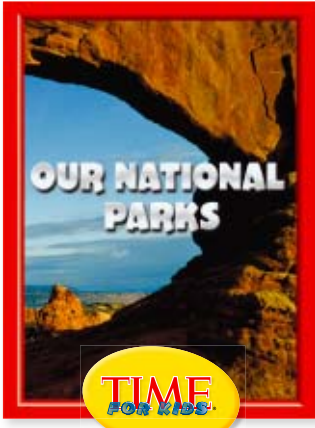
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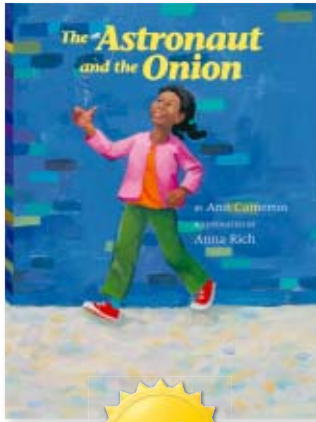
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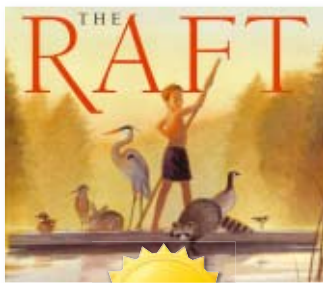
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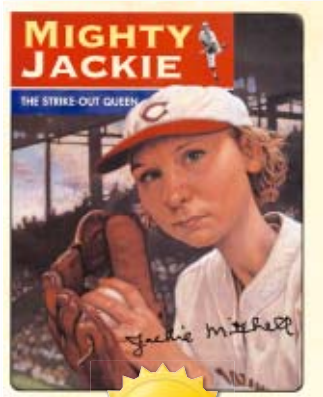


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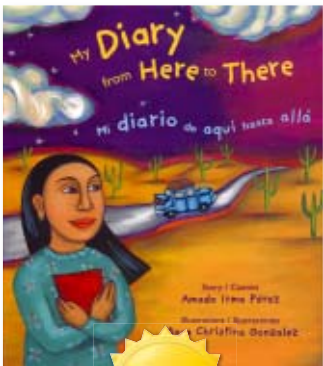
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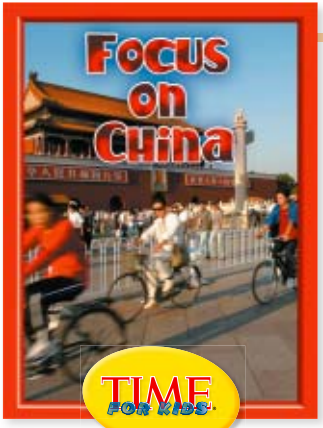
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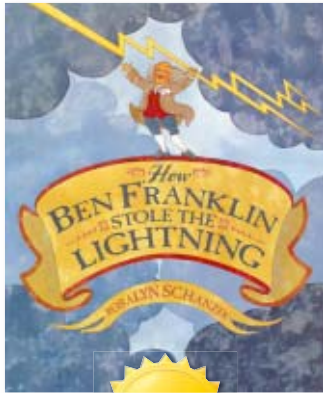
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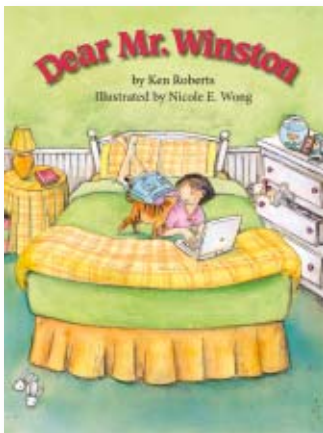
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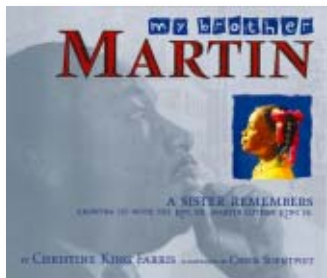
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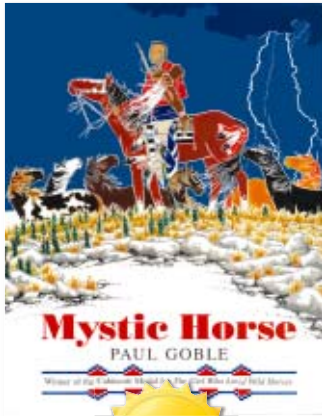
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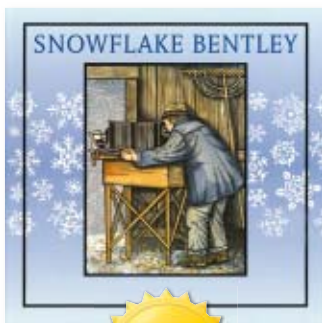
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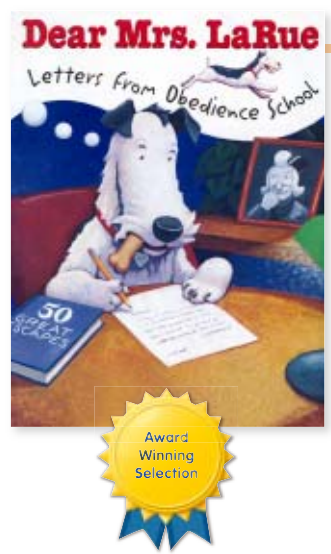


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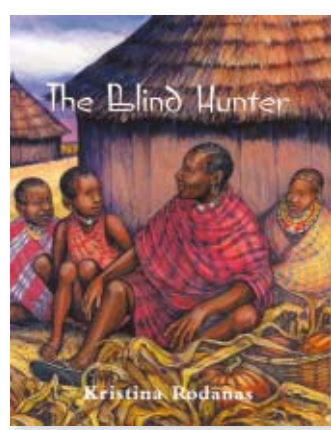
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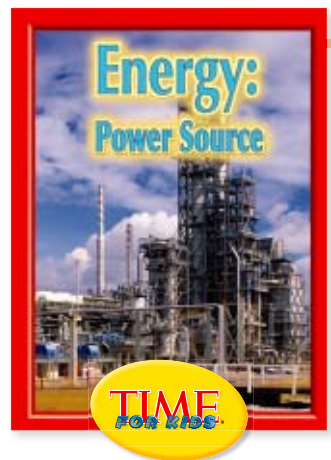
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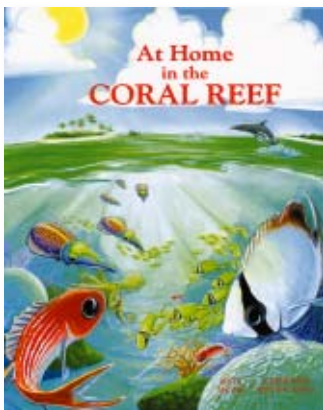
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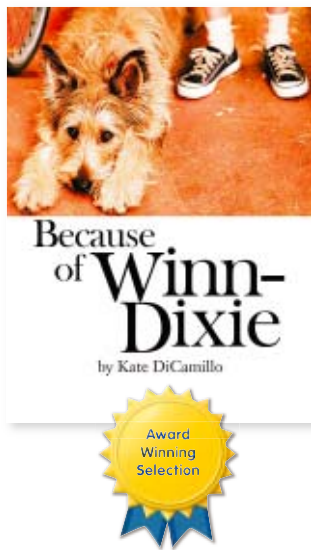


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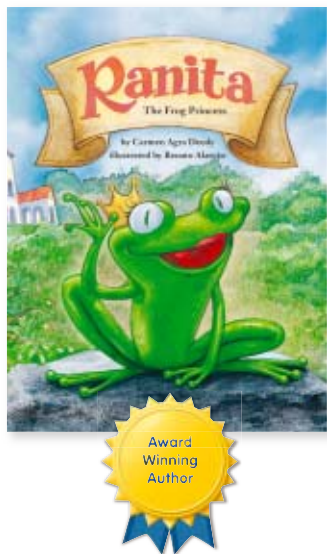
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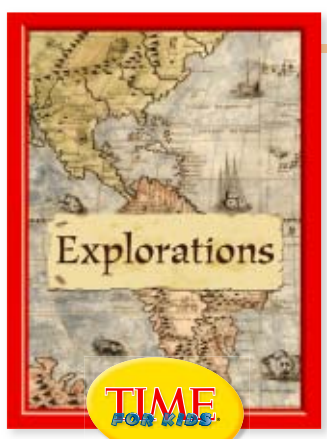
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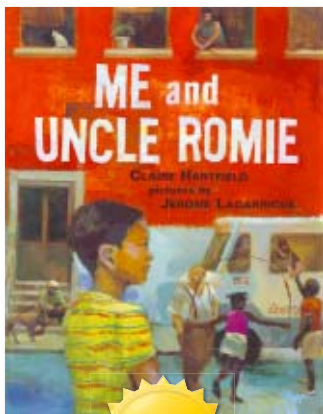
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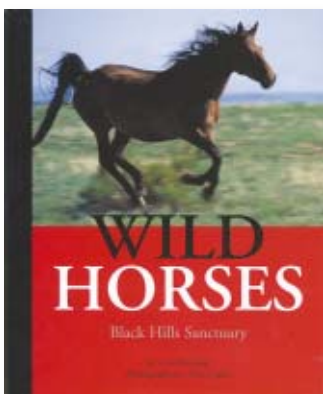
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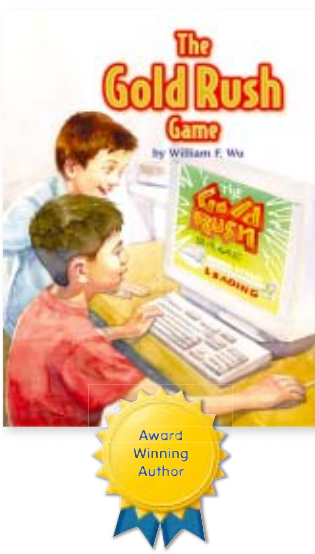


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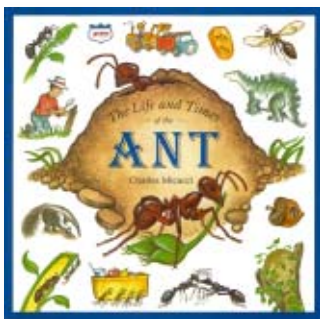
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Mysteries

A dramatic scene inside a cave. A massive waterfall cascades down a dark, textured rock face. A bright, vertical beam of light illuminates the center of the waterfall. In the lower right foreground, several people wearing headlamps are silhouetted against the light, looking towards the waterfall. The overall atmosphere is mysterious and awe-inspiring.



Talk About It

What mysteries could the people in this photograph be investigating?



Find out more about mysteries at

www.macmillanmh.com



Vocabulary

assignments suspicious
consideration evidence
allergies consume
accuse



Dictionary

Unfamiliar Words are words you do not know. You can find the meanings of unfamiliar words in a dictionary. Look up the meaning of *assignment*.



The Case of the Blurry Board

by Jaime Beaurline

Blurry Vision

After collecting homework **assignments**, Mrs. Morris said, “Jason, would you please read the first problem on the board?”

Jason put on his glasses. “That’s weird,” he said.

“What’s the matter?” Mrs. Morris asked.

“I can’t see the board. Everything is blurry,” explained Jason.

Mrs. Morris thought a moment. After some **consideration**, she suggested, “Why don’t you go see the school nurse? Maybe you have **allergies** to something that’s blooming now.”



Colliding Classmates

Jason walked down the hall. He turned the corner and BAM! He and Susie Hu bumped into each other. Their glasses went flying.

Susie was about to **accuse** Jason of not looking where he was going, but she had been on her way to clean her own glasses.

“That’s weird,” said Jason, as soon as they had put on their glasses. “Now I can see just fine.”

“Me too!” Susie exclaimed.

“Something **suspicious** is going on,” said Jason.

Mystery Solved

“Our glasses must have gotten switched when we bumped into each other earlier today,” Jason said.

“Hmmm...” said Susie. “What’s your proof? I need **evidence!**”

“Look, our glasses are exactly the same,” noted Jason.

“You’re right!” said Susie. “I’m very glad you solved the mystery. Lunch period is next and I would have hated to **consume** a pencil instead of a pretzel rod!”



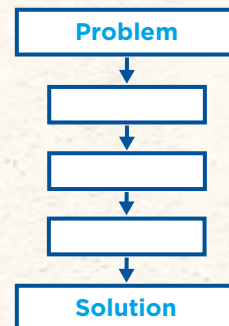
Reread for Comprehension



Make Inferences and Analyze

Problem and Solution The plot is what happens in a story. The plot often includes a problem and a solution to the problem.

A Problem and Solution Chart can help you make inferences and analyze a story. Reread the selection to find the problem, the actions taken by the characters, and the solution.



Comprehension

Genre

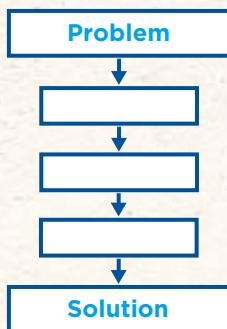
A **Mystery** is a story in which the characters and the reader must use clues to find the explanation for a troubling event.



Make Inferences and Analyze

Problem and Solution

As you read, fill in your Problem and Solution Chart.



Read to Find Out

Can you solve the mystery before Ramón does?



The Mystery of the Missing Lunch

by Johanna Hurwitz
illustrated by Joe Cepeda





At noon, on the first day of school, a very hungry Ramón García looked for his lunch bag in the coat closet. He searched the shelf above the coat hooks but couldn't find his lunch. "My bag isn't here," he complained.

"Are you sure you brought it?" asked his friend Emily Wilson. "Maybe you left it at home."





Ramón was sure. His mom had made him his favorite sandwich—salami—and he knew he hadn't forgotten it.

“Here's my lunch box,” reported Ted Collins between sneezes. Ted had been sneezing all morning. “**Allergies**,” he explained, apologetically.

Ramón didn't hear him. He was too angry. “Someone took my salami sandwich!” he said to Emily. “And I'm going to find out who!”



Problem and Solution

Ramón has a problem. What does he need to find out?





“Maybe it was Jack Crawford,” Emily whispered. “He’s always hungry.”

Ramón took out the little notebook he had bought to write down homework **assignments**. It would be good for keeping track of any clues. Then he went over to Jack. He noticed at once that there was no lunch bag or box on Jack’s desk.

“Where’s your lunch?” he asked.

“I don’t have one,” answered Jack.

“Why not?” asked Ramón.

Jack pulled a couple of dollars out of his pocket. “I’m buying today,” he said.

Ramón leaned closer to Jack and sniffed deeply. He couldn’t smell any salami on his classmate’s breath.

“What’s that?” asked Emily. She pointed to a brown smudge on Jack’s shirt. “It looks like mustard.”

“It’s just an old paint stain,” claimed Jack. “I got it when I helped my dad during the summer. It may look like mustard, but it’s called ‘golden oak’ on the paint can.”

“A likely alibi,” Ramón muttered to himself. He made a note of the stain on Jack’s shirt.







“All right, what’s going on here?” asked Mrs. Richmond, their fourth-grade teacher.

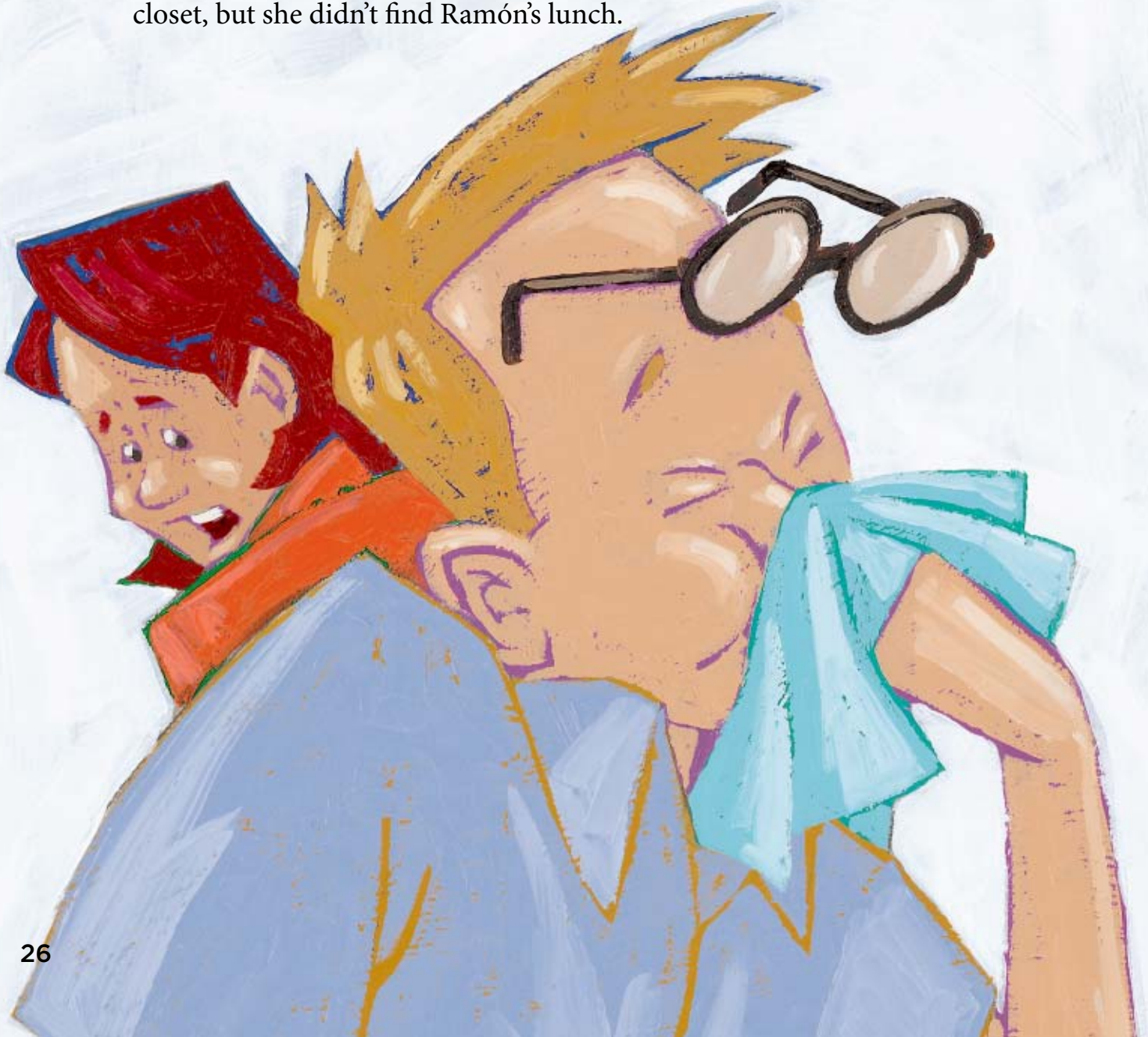
“Someone took my lunch,” said Ramón.

“Don’t look at me,” said Jack. “I’m innocent.”

Mrs. Richmond clapped her hands. “Everyone in your seats,” she shouted. “A lunch is missing. We can’t leave for the cafeteria until we find it.”

“Awww,” grumbled all the students together. By now, everyone was hungry. Ted sneezed three times in succession.

No one knew anything about Ramón’s lunch bag. The whole class waited while Mrs. Richmond checked the coat closet, but she didn’t find Ramón’s lunch.





By this time Ramón was so hungry, his stomach was growling. Mrs. Richmond must have been hungry herself, because she solved the problem by handing Ramón a five dollar bill. “Buy something with this,” she told him. “You can pay me back tomorrow. I have a feeling that you left your lunch on the bus. I can’t imagine any of your classmates taking it.”

Of course, it was a relief that Ramón could buy some food. However, he was 100% certain that he had put the bag in the closet. He was determined to discover who had taken it.



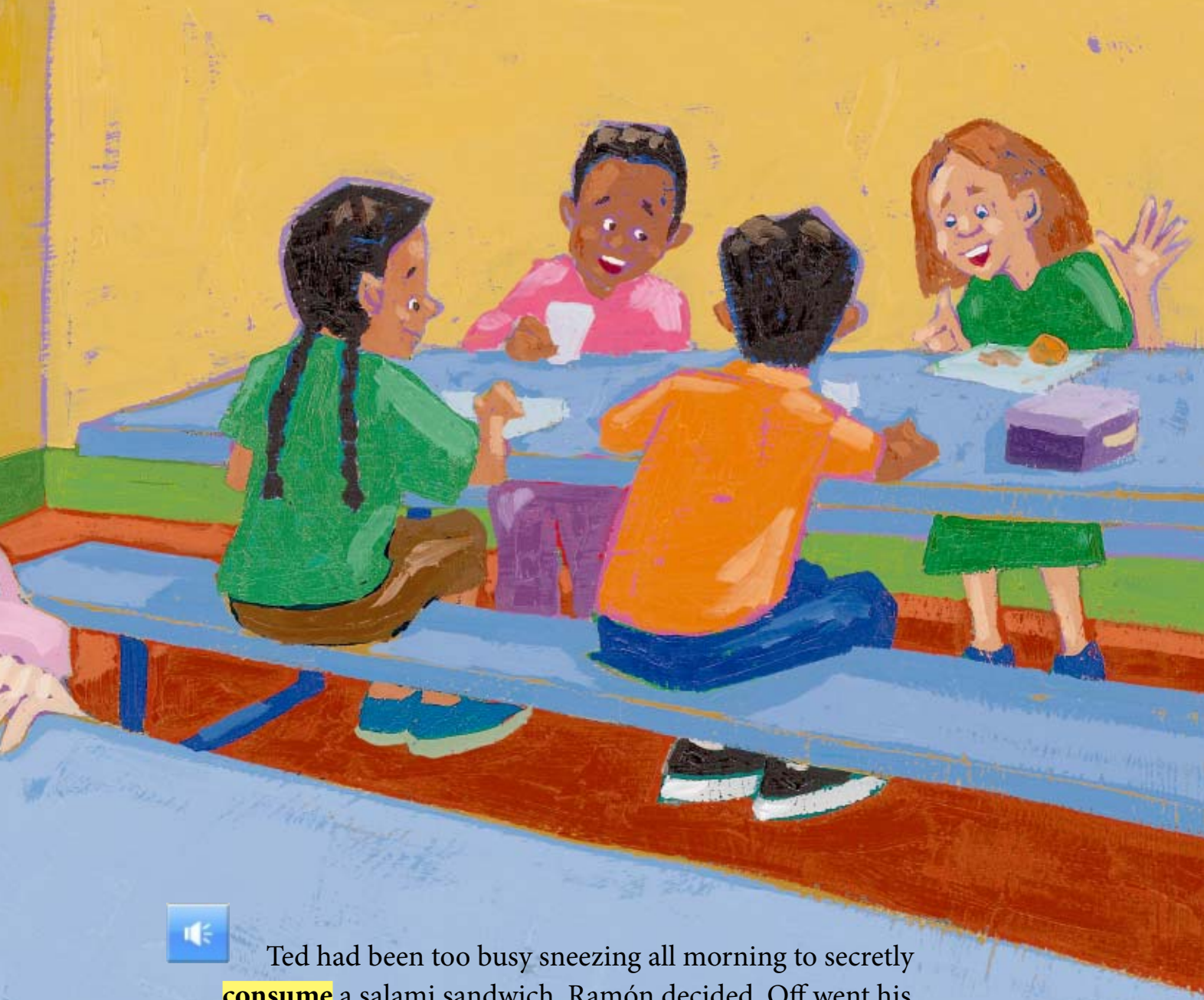


In the cafeteria, while he was eating the soggy tuna fish sandwich he had bought, Ramón wrote again in his notebook. He made a list of all his classmates. Any one of them could be the culprit.

Emily leaned forward to see. “Just because you like salami doesn’t mean that everyone else does,” she pointed out. “Josh, Tina, and Margaret are vegetarians. They wouldn’t eat a salami sandwich.”

“You’re right,” agreed Ramón, crossing out their names. “Sarah thinks salami is smelly. She holds her nose whenever she’s around it. And all Max ever eats is peanut butter and jelly,” he added. He crossed out their names too. After a minute’s **consideration**, he crossed Jack’s name off his list.





Ted had been too busy sneezing all morning to secretly **consume** a salami sandwich, Ramón decided. Off went his name too.

“Cross me off the list of suspects, too,” said Emily. “I don’t even like salami.”

So far, out of a class of eighteen, eight were definitely innocent. Then there were Beverly and Grace. Neither of them was tall enough to reach the shelf where Ramón put his lunch. He crossed off their names too. The list of potential suspects kept getting shorter. It got even shorter when Ramón realized that he was one of the eighteen students in the class. And he knew for certain that he had not eaten the salami sandwich.

Ramón sighed deeply. His chances of solving this case were getting slimmer and slimmer.





Then, after lunch, when the students were given quiet time for reading, Ramón went back to the closet to see if he could find any clues that he hadn't noticed earlier. He looked under the book bags but found nothing **suspicious** there.

On his way back to his desk, Ramón passed the library corner. He stopped. What was that scratching sound? Could there be a mouse in the classroom? Mice eat anything.





Looking around, he saw poor Ted was still blowing his nose. Then he spotted something! Pieces of torn brown paper lay on the floor near Ted's desk. Ramón picked them up. Immediately, he noticed that there were ink markings on the papers. He placed them together, like puzzle pieces, to form the picture of a smiley face. Ramón recognized it at once. It was the same smiley face his mom had drawn on his lunch bag that morning!

This was a very important clue. Whoever had taken his lunch had torn up the **evidence!**





Just then, Mr. Gordon, the Assistant Principal, knocked and came into the classroom. “Here’s the new computer we ordered for you, Mrs. Richmond.” He placed it on the counter.

As he started to leave, Mr. Gordon said, “By the way, has anyone seen a stray cat? She sneaked into the school building a few weeks ago when we were painting, and I think she’s still hiding somewhere.” The kids looked at each other and shook their heads.

“Please let me know if you do. I want to find her a home,” Mr. Gordon added.





Mrs. Richmond looked around with a little chuckle. “I don’t see any cat in this room,” she said.

At that moment, Ted gave three more loud sneezes.

“Wait a minute,” Ramón called out. The biggest clue had been right there under his nose all this time. “Ted, what kind of allergy do you have?” he asked. “Could you be allergic to cats?”

“How did you know?” Ted asked when he stopped blowing his nose.

“Your nose gave it away,” said Ramón.

Ted grinned. “I’m very allergic to any animal with fur,” he admitted.

Mrs. Richmond turned to Mr. Gordon, “And I was worried that he was allergic to fourth grade!”





Ramón started pulling all the books out of the shelves in the library corner. The other students and Mr. Gordon helped. Sure enough, there behind the mystery books was the solution to the mystery of the missing lunch. Three little kittens were hiding amid the remains of Ramón's salami sandwich.

"But where's the mother cat?" asked Mrs. Richmond.

"She won't be far away from her kittens," Mr. Gordon said.

A loud hiss confirmed his words. On top of the closet stood the anxious mother cat.





“You stole my lunch!” Ramón scolded the cat, but he was smiling. He was pleased that he did not have to **accuse** one of his classmates.

The mother cat jumped off the closet and slipped out the door.

“There she goes!” said Mr. Gordon. “Well, I’ll take these kittens to my office until we find good homes for them. Their mama will find them. Cats have a good sense of smell.”

“*And they like salami!*” said Ramón.



Problem and Solution

Ramón solved the mystery.
Who took his lunch? Why?



Clues About the Author and Illustrator



Johanna Hurwitz likes to write about everyday boys and girls, like the ones in this story, and their funny adventures. Johanna gets her story ideas from many places. She thinks about children she knew as a librarian and about people and places she's seen on her trips. She also gets ideas from her family, and, as proven in this story, her cats.

Other books by Johanna Hurwitz and Joe Cepeda



Joe Cepeda did not plan on becoming a children's book illustrator. He planned to be an engineer, but then he went back to school to study illustration. Joe thinks that children who want to be artists should spend a lot of time reading and studying math.



Find out more about Johanna Hurwitz and Joe Cepeda at www.macmillanmh.com

Write About It

Ramón García couldn't find his lunch, but he knew he didn't lose it. Write about a time that something of yours was missing and explain how you found it.



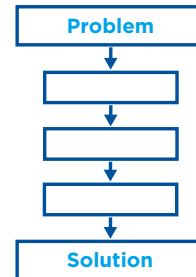


Comprehension Check



Summarize

Use your Problem and Solution Chart to help you summarize *The Mystery of the Missing Lunch*. Describe Ramón's problem and the steps he took to solve it.



Think and Compare



1. Describe one piece of **evidence** Ramón gathered to solve the mystery. How did that piece of evidence help him?

Make Inferences and Analyze: Problem and Solution

2. Reread the last paragraph on page 28. What conclusion does Ramón draw about Jack? Use story details in your answer.

Analyze

3. How would you have tried to solve this mystery? Explain. **Apply**
4. Think about Ramón's problem-solving methods. In your opinion, are they effective? Explain your answer. **Evaluate**
5. Read "The Case of the Blurry Board" on pages 18–19. How is Jason's method of solving a problem similar to Ramón's? Use details from both stories in your answer. **Reading/Writing Across Texts**



Science

Genre

Magazine Articles present facts and photographs of the people, places, discoveries, and living things being discussed.

Text Feature

Charts show information in columns and rows.

Content Vocabulary

scientific method **survey**
secure **testify**

Putting
Together the

PIECES of the PUZZLE

by *Eric Michaels*



Crime scene investigators are the first people to examine the scene of a crime. They search for clues that will help the detectives later decide what probably happened and who might be responsible for it. It's hard work, but these experts are specially trained. They use the **scientific method**, a series of specific steps, as they work.

Securing the Crime Scene

It is important that nothing be disturbed before an investigation begins. So the first thing a crime scene investigator does is **secure** the crime scene. This protects it from being altered in any way.

The next step is to simply observe. The investigator writes a description of the scene and sketches a floor plan of the scene. Photographs are taken.

Types of Fingerprints



Reading a Chart

Read across each row to learn how common each type of fingerprint is.

Loops



65% of all people

Whorls



30% of all people

Arches



5% of all people



Searching for Evidence

The next step is to search for evidence—physical clues about the crime. This search is done carefully. Hairs and fibers from clothing are gathered. Objects at the scene are dusted with special powder to make any fingerprints show up. Then sticky tape is used to lift the prints off the objects. Fingerprints are important pieces of evidence because they place people at the scene. No two people have the same prints.

Protecting the Evidence

The crime scene investigator must protect evidence as it is gathered. After a piece of evidence is photographed and notes are taken, the evidence is put into a container. It is sealed and labeled to show where it was found. Fingerprints are mounted on cards or special plastic sheets. They will be compared later with those in police records.

After all the evidence is gathered, it's time for a final **survey**, or a last look around. This is to make sure nothing has been overlooked. When the investigator is sure that the search is complete, the crime scene is "released." That means that other people can then enter the area.



Presenting the Findings

A crime scene investigator may help others prepare a court case for the crime. The investigator may also **testify**, or speak about the evidence in court.

Being a crime scene investigator looks exciting on TV. But it takes time, skill, and a lot of scientific knowledge. If a crime scene investigator does the job well, it's likely that the crime will be solved. Then the case can be marked "Closed!"



Connect and Compare



1. Look at the chart on page 39. Which is the most common type of fingerprint? Which type of fingerprint has ridges that rise up in the middle? **Reading a Chart**
2. What information would you use to support the view that a crime scene investigator must be well trained? **Evaluate**
3. Think about this article and "The Mystery of the Missing Lunch." Do you think Ramón would make a good crime scene investigator? Why or why not? **Reading/Writing Across Texts**



Science Activity

Research how to take someone's fingerprints. Then use an ink pad and index cards to collect classmates' fingerprints. Make a chart of the fingerprints.



Find out more about fingerprints at www.macmillanmh.com

Write About a Problem

Writing

Organization

A personal narrative is an account of something that happened to you. Your first sentence, the topic sentence, lets the reader know what you are writing about. The other sentences include details about what happened.



I wrote about a problem and how I solved it. Here's my *topic sentence*.

The other sentences give details about what happened.

What's That Noise?

by Indira S.

Last weekend, all of a sudden, a loud banging woke me up. Thump, thump! I was at Grandma's house in Pennsylvania. I was scared – I thought a bear was trying to get into the house! I thought a light might scare the bear. I put on the lamp, but the thumping got louder.

Then I heard a small woof. I looked over the side of the bed and saw Grandma's dog, Rusty, lying on the floor. The thumping was her tail wagging!



Your Turn

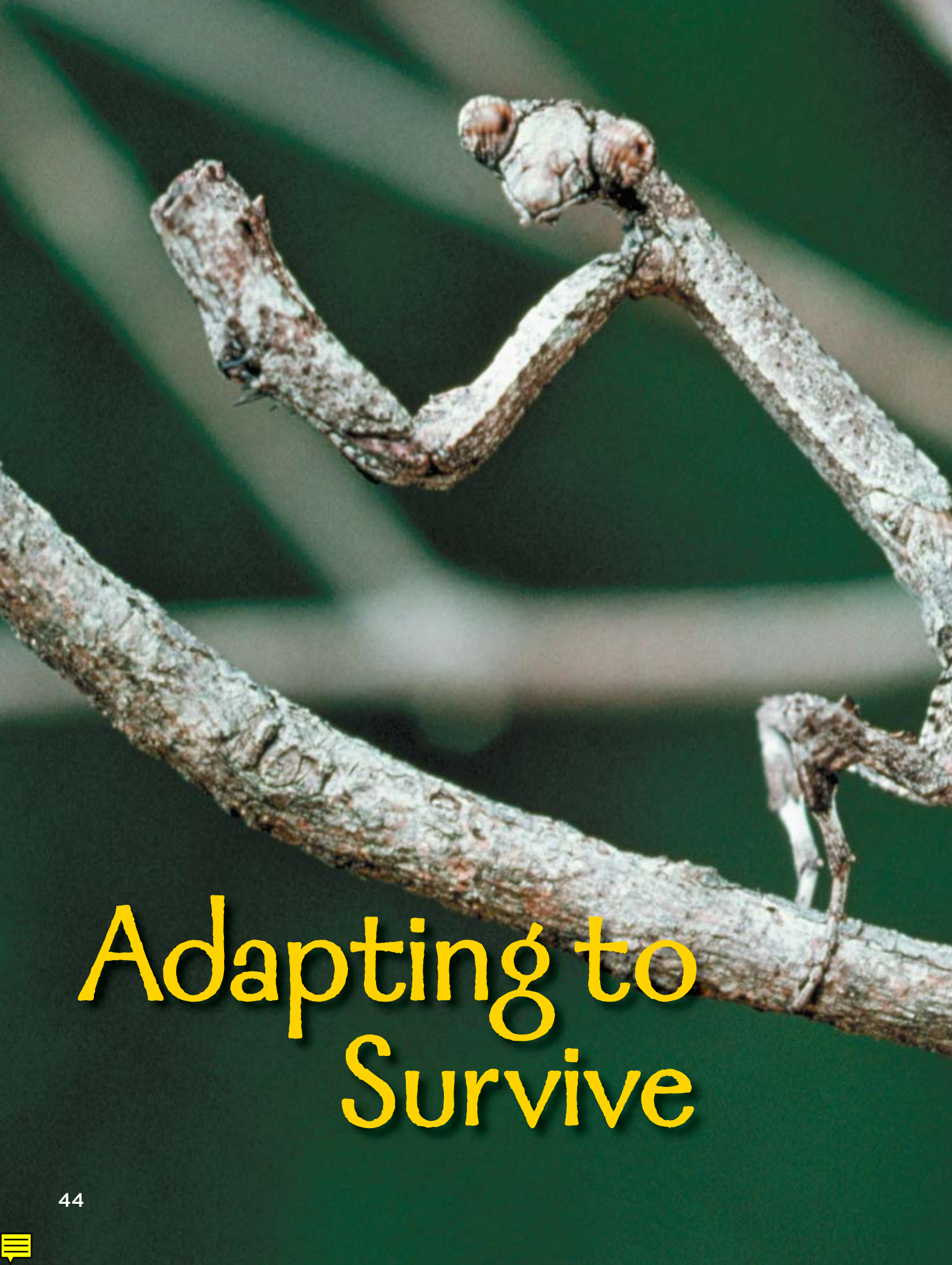
Write a paragraph about a problem you once solved. Be sure to begin your paragraph with a topic sentence that tells what happened. Then include the details of the story in the sentences that follow. Use the Writer's Checklist to check your writing.



Writer's Checklist

- Ideas and Content:** Did I include enough details to tell what happened?
- Organization:** Did I begin with a topic sentence and include details about what happened in the following sentences?
- Voice:** Does my personal narrative tell how I felt?
- Word Choice:** Have I chosen the right words to make my story interesting and exciting?
- Sentence Fluency:** Did I use complete sentences?
- Conventions:** Did I use exclamation marks at the end of exclamations?





Adapting to Survive





Talk About It

How is the insect in the photograph adapting to survive? How do you adapt to your surroundings?



Find out more about adaptation at

www.macmillanmh.com



Living in Alaska

by Marsha Adams

Vocabulary

shimmer climate
eerie silken
lurk lumbering
swallows



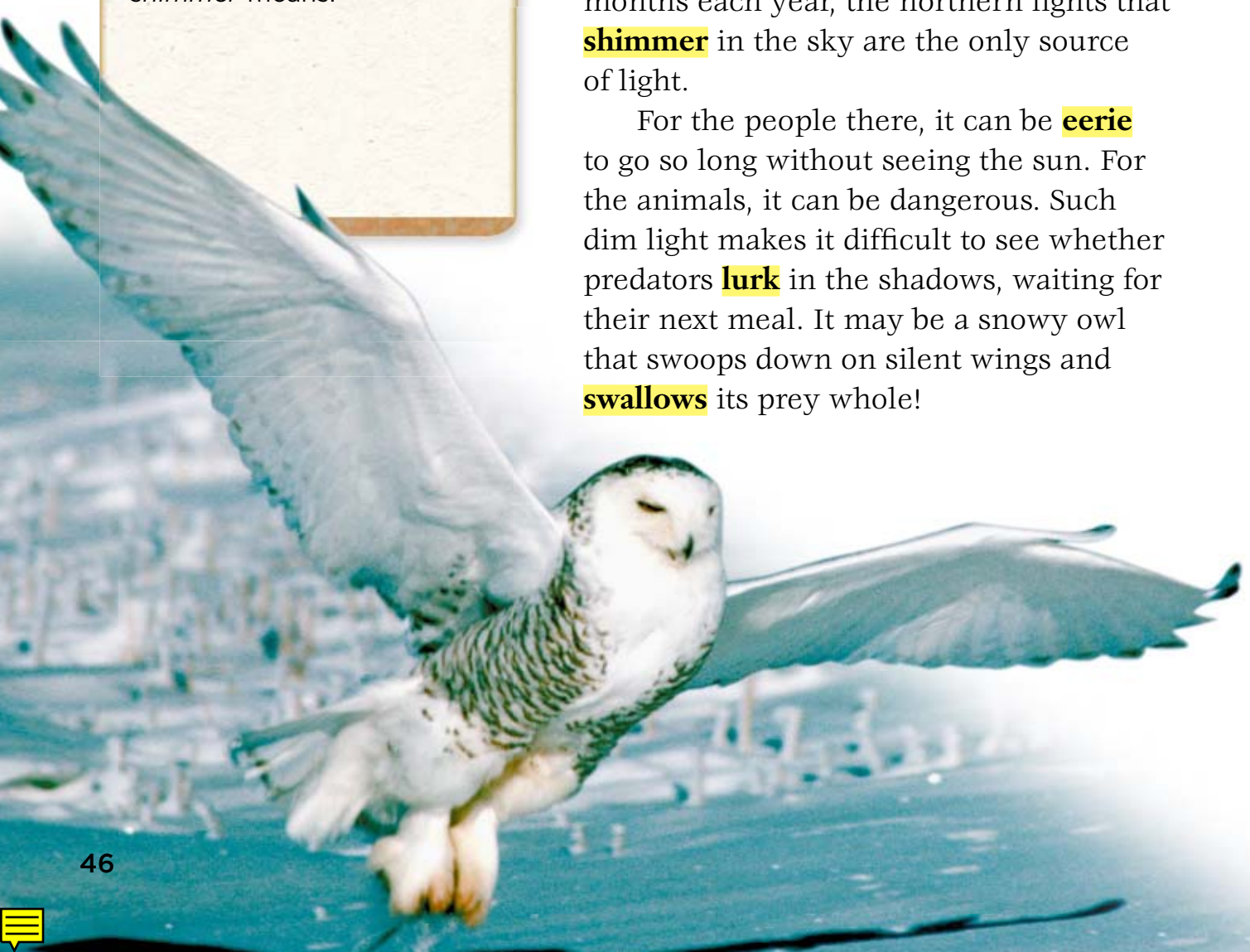
Context Clues

Surrounding Words can often help you figure out the meaning of unfamiliar words. Find *shimmer* in the story. Use the other words in the sentence to figure out what *shimmer* means.

Another World

In some ways, living in Alaska is like living in another world. Winter lasts for about nine months. For more than two months each year, the northern lights that **shimmer** in the sky are the only source of light.

For the people there, it can be **eerie** to go so long without seeing the sun. For the animals, it can be dangerous. Such dim light makes it difficult to see whether predators **lurk** in the shadows, waiting for their next meal. It may be a snowy owl that swoops down on silent wings and **swallows** its prey whole!



Winter Coats

Beavers, sea otters, and other mammals are adapted to survive in the cold Alaskan **climate**. They grow two layers of fur. The thick bottom layer is soft, **silken** fur that helps trap body heat. Longer, coarse hairs that form the outer layer act as a barrier against water, snow, and wind.

The ptarmigan, Alaska's state bird, has a special way to keep warm. It grows feathers down its legs, over its toes, and on the soles of its feet!



A Winter Nap

You won't find **lumbering** black or brown bears when the frigid weather arrives. Bears, mice, and other animals hibernate, or go into a deep sleep, during the winter. When they hibernate, their bodies don't need food or water. Other animals, such as some caterpillars, fish, and houseflies, actually freeze during the winter. Then they thaw out in the spring!

A Low Profile

Arctic plants have their own special traits that help them survive. During the summer months, the dark soil absorbs the sun's heat. So plants grow close to the ground where it's warmer. When snow falls, it protects the plants from the cold winds above.

Reread for Comprehension



Summarize

Main Idea and Details When you summarize what you've read, include the main idea and details. The main idea is the most important point of each paragraph or section. The details give information that supports it.

A Main Idea Chart can help you summarize what you've read. Reread the selection to find the main idea and supporting details.

Main Ideas	Details



Comprehension

Genre

Informational Nonfiction

is a detailed composition that sets out to explain something by presenting facts about it.



Summarize

Main Idea and Details

As you read, fill in your Main Idea Chart.

Main Ideas	Details

Read to Find Out

What characteristics allow desert animals to live in such a hot, dry place?

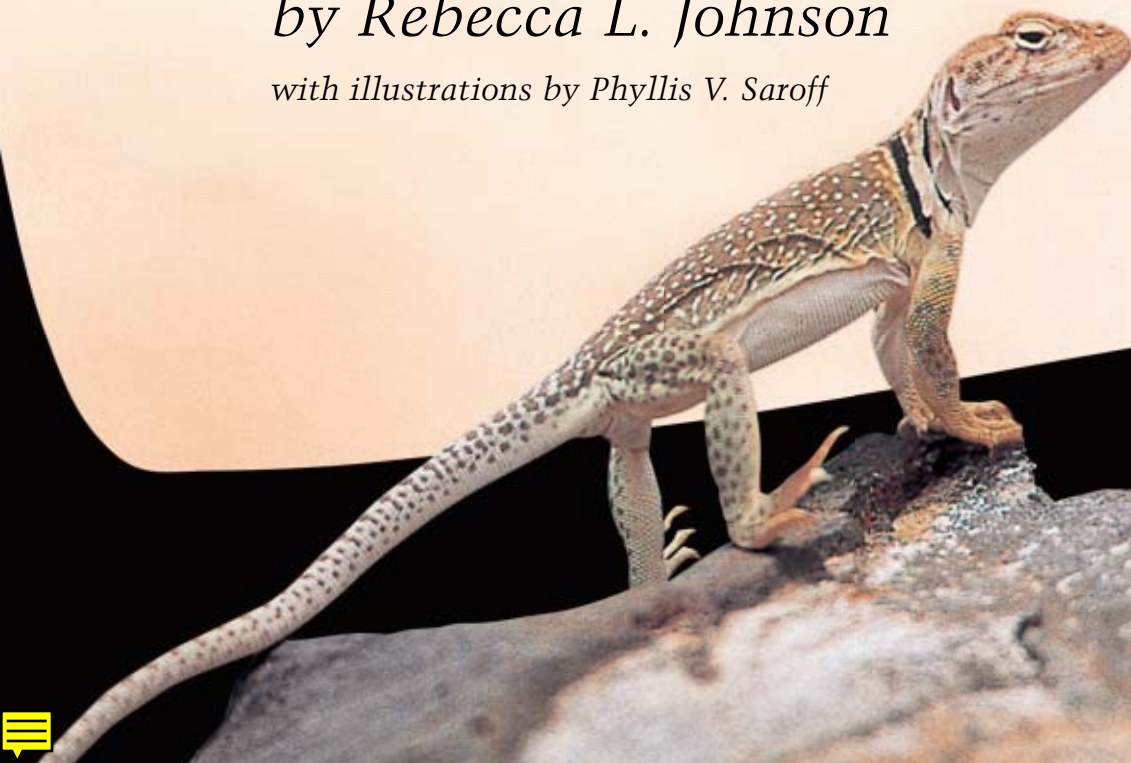




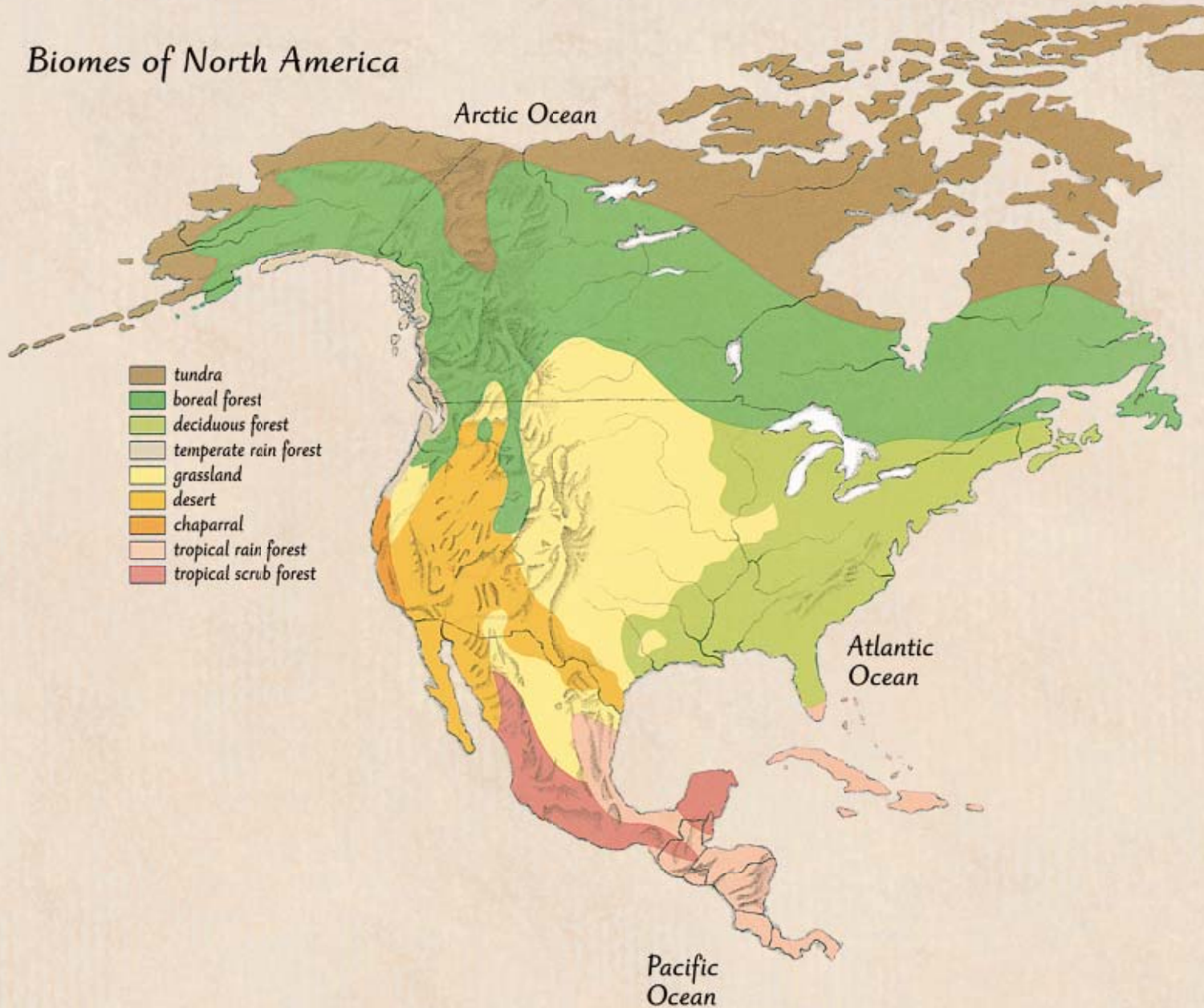
A Walk in the Desert

by Rebecca L. Johnson

with illustrations by Phyllis V. Saroff



Biomes of North America

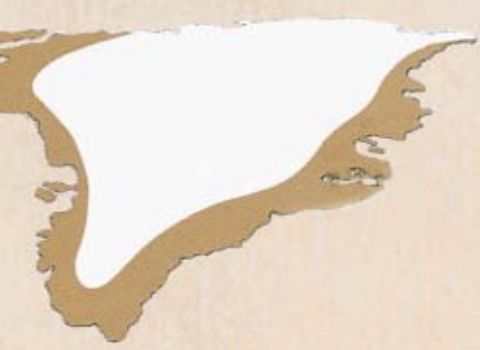


Sunbeams are flickering over the landscape as the sun rises. A kit fox heads for her den as another day in the desert begins.

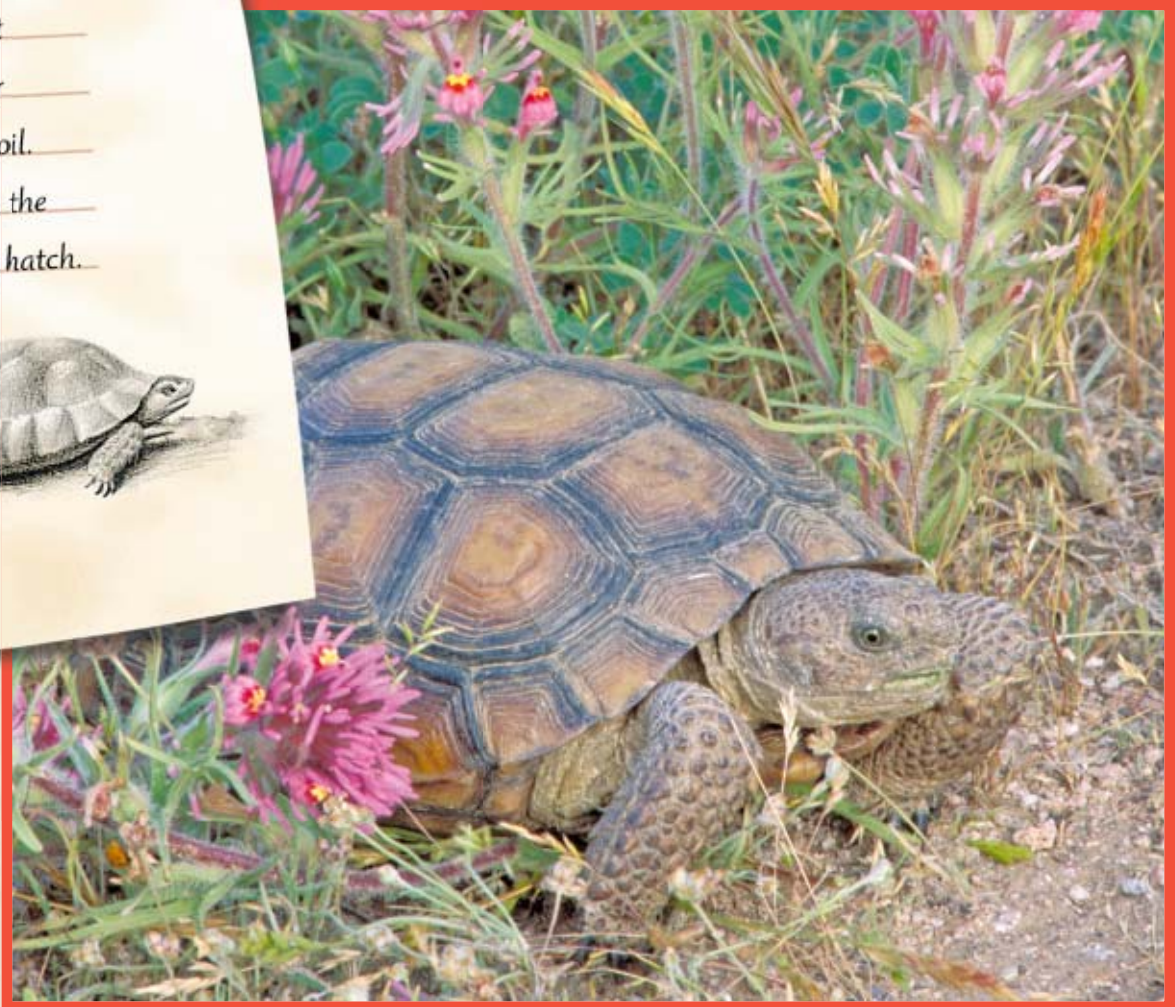
Deserts are surrounded by other kinds of landscapes. Scientists call these different land zones biomes. All the plants and animals in a biome form a community. In that community, every living thing depends on other community members for its survival. A biome's **climate**, soil, plants, and animals are all connected this way.

Deserts have a very dry climate. They do get a little rain, but it doesn't come regularly. One storm might drench a desert with several inches of rain in just a few hours. It might not rain again for months—even years.





A mother desert
tortoise lays her
eggs in sandy soil.
The sun warms the
eggs until they hatch.



Desert plants provide many animals with food and water. Here comes a desert tortoise. It shuffles slowly along and stops often to rest. The tortoise stretches its long neck to nibble a wildflower. Tortoises rarely drink. They get nearly all the water they need from the plants they eat.

Cacti also provide homes for desert animals. Halfway down a nearby saguaro's thick stem, a Gila woodpecker pecks a hole in the juicy flesh. It is making a nest for its eggs. Woodpeckers have nested in this cactus for many years, so they've made many holes in it.

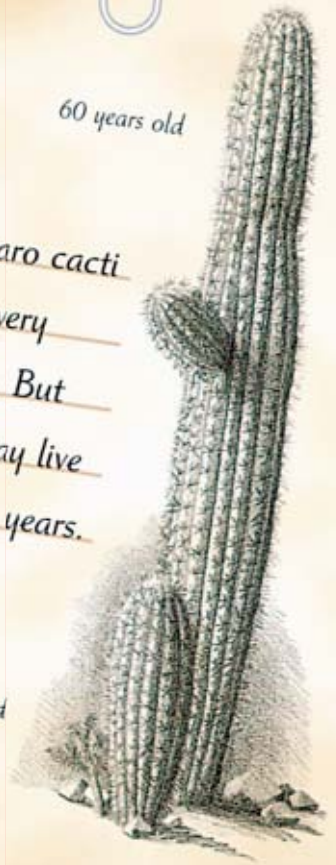
Other creatures have moved into some of the old woodpecker holes. A pair of flycatchers lives in one. Another is home to a hive of honeybees. And peeking out of still another hole is an elf owl. It has white eyebrows and fierce yellow eyes.





60 years old

Saguaro cacti
grow very
slowly. But
they may live
for 200 years.



10 years old



A wood rat nibbles
on the sweet fruit
of a prickly pear cactus.



Not far from the saguaro, you see a very different kind of desert home. Jammed between a dead cactus and a fallen tree is a huge mound of tangled twigs. It's the nest of a wood rat.

Wood rats are also called pack rats. They use anything they can find to build enormous nests. A wood rat's nest might be made of sticks, rocks, leaves, cactus spines, or even bones. It may be as tall as a person and just as wide. The nest protects the wood rat from foxes, hawks, and other predators. It is also a cool place to hide from the hot sun.



Main Idea and Details

What is the main idea in the second paragraph?





Many desert animals are nocturnal. They are active only at night, when it is cooler. Nocturnal desert-dwellers spend their days in burrows, dens, and other sheltered places. The kangaroo rat and the kit fox are nocturnal. They stay underground until the sun goes down.

Elf owls are the smallest
owls in the world. They are
about the size of sparrows.



A painted grasshopper
uses its long legs to hop
from plant to plant—and
to escape being eaten.



But some desert animals are active during the day. Insects are on the move everywhere. Columns of ants march across the ground. Colorful beetles crawl up and down stems. Grasshoppers spring from leaf to leaf. Insect-eating spiders are busy, too. They spin **silken** webs among cactus spines.



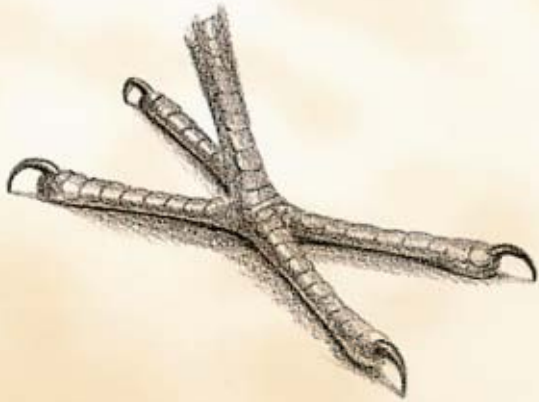


The sun has climbed higher in the clear blue sky. Can you feel the heat? Desert lizards don't seem to mind. Their tough, scaly skin seals water inside their bodies and keeps them from drying out. Lizards rest on rocks, hunt insects, and cling to cactus stems. In one small patch of desert, you could see tiny skinks, chunky chuckwallas, spiny horned lizards, and **lumbering** Gila monsters.

A horned lizard's spiny scales are a good defense against desert predators.



A roadrunner's feet have two toes that point forward and two that point backward. This shape helps the bird grip the ground when it runs.



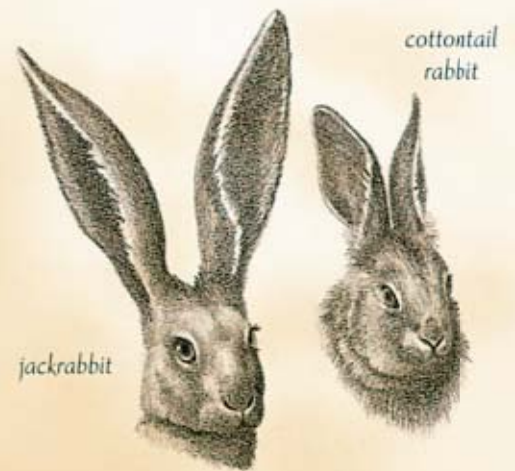
Suddenly, something streaks across your path. It's a speedy lizard, and right on its heels is a roadrunner. Roadrunners can fly. But these desert birds prefer to run after lizards and the other small animals they hunt.

Roadrunners have long, strong legs. They can run as fast as many lizards can. In fact, this time the bird is faster. The roadrunner catches the lizard by its tail and **swallows** it in one gulp.





Desert jackrabbits have longer ears than rabbits from other biomes. Long ears release heat and help jackrabbits stay cool.



Nearby, a jackrabbit looks for plants to nibble. Jackrabbits are even faster than roadrunners. They can outrun almost everything in the desert. They can even outrun coyotes—most of the time!

Coyotes eat rabbits when they can catch them. But they will eat just about anything, from birds and lizards to berries. To find underground water, they dig holes in dry streambeds. Coyotes can survive almost anywhere.

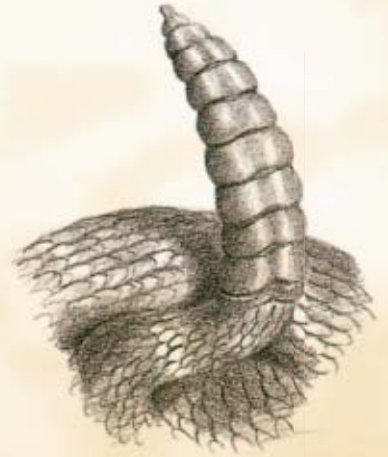
A mother scorpion carries
her babies around on her
back until they can survive
on their own.



By noon, even the coyotes are panting. It's well over 100 degrees. The sun is a fireball overhead. Nearly all the daytime animals move into the shade of rocks and cacti during the hottest part of the day.



A rattlesnake's rattle is
made up of a row of
large, dry scales.



Take a tip from the animals. Find a place out of the sun to rest. Just be careful where you sit. Scorpions often **lurk** in crevices or under rocks during the day. A scorpion's tail has a stinger filled with poison. Few kinds of scorpions can kill a person. But the sting of any scorpion is very painful.

Watch out for hiding rattlesnakes and coral snakes, too. Their poison is deadly. You don't want to get within striking distance of either one.





Heat waves **shimmer** above the landscape. The leaves of the mesquite trees curl up. Curled leaves lose less water to the hot, dry air. The desert is very quiet. Most of the birds are silent. They seem to be waiting for the sun's fierce heat to fade.

Gradually, the sun moves lower in the sky. As shadows grow longer, the temperature starts to drop. Desert birds begin to sing again. At sunset, coyotes call to each other, barking and yelping. They join voices in an **eerie**, wailing song.



Main Idea and Details

Name the main idea on these two pages. Which statements support the main idea?





The hot desert day is over. The cool night is about to begin. Birds, lizards, and other daytime animals retreat to snug nests and safe hiding places. There they will sleep the night away.



Take a Walk with Rebecca

Rebecca L. Johnson grew up in South Dakota. Harsh prairie winters helped her prepare for working with scientists in Antarctica. Ms. Johnson has traveled to Antarctica twice and has written three books on the experience: *Braving the Frozen Frontier*, *Investigating the Ozone Hole*, and *Science on the Ice* (winner of the *Scientific American* Young Readers Award). She has also “walked” in several other biomes—the tundra, the rain forest, the prairie, and others—for the “Biomes of North America” series.

Rebecca studied Biology at Augustana College and has worked as a teacher and a museum curator. She enjoys scuba diving, water color painting, and cross country skiing, and lives in South Dakota with her husband.



Find out more about
Rebecca L. Johnson at
www.macmillanmh.com



Write About It

The author describes some of the features and animals of the desert. Describe an environment near you—perhaps in your backyard, or in a nearby park.





Comprehension Check



Summarize

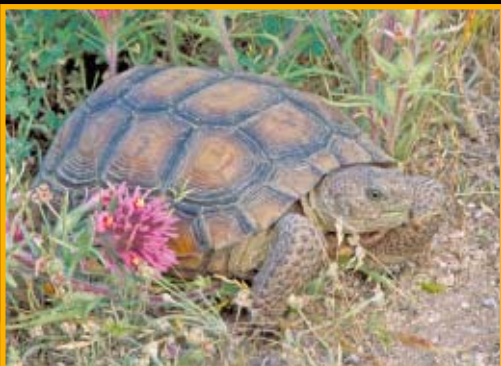
Use your Main Idea Chart to summarize *A Walk in the Desert*. State the main ideas and the details that support those main ideas.

Main Ideas	Details

Think and Compare



1. What is the main idea of the selection? Find two details that support that main idea. **Summarize: Main Idea and Details**
2. Reread the information about roadrunners on page 58. If roadrunners can fly but prefer to run, what can you conclude about their flying skills? **Analyze**
3. If you were taking a walk in the desert, which of the plants and animals described in this selection would you most want to see? Why? **Apply**
4. How do you think people who live in the desert might adapt to the **climate**? **Apply**
5. Read “Living in Alaska” on pages 46-47. Compare the plants and animals in Alaska’s environment with those in the desert. How are they similar? Use details from both selections in your answer. **Reading/Writing Across Texts**





Poetry

A **Cinquain** has five lines of two, four, six, eight, and two syllables. The first line may also be the title.



Literary Elements

Assonance is created by repeating similar vowel sounds in two or more words.

A **Metaphor** is a figure of speech in which two very different objects or ideas are said to be alike.

Cinquains

by Polly Peterson

FAT FROG

Fat frog

Murky as mud

Hides all but his high eyes.

Flash! Flick! Flies cannot flee from that

Fast tongue.

You can hear assonance in the words “high eyes,” which both have the long *i* sound.

White Swans

White swans,
Awkward on land,
Glide through water with ease.
Wide webbed feet grant them the grace of
Dancers.

The poet creates a metaphor by comparing swans to dancers.



GRASS SNAKE

Grass snake
 Graceful and quick
 Slithers, slips, slides away —
 Disappears quietly as a
 Daydream.



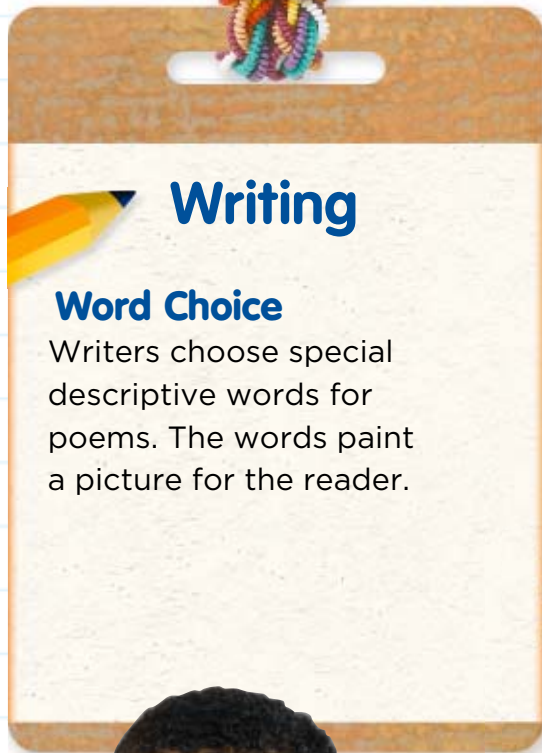
Connect and Compare



1. Besides “high eyes,” find another example of assonance in one of these cinquains. **Assonance**
2. Which cinquain do you think best captures the animal it describes? Explain. **Analyze**
3. How are the animals in these poems well adapted to their environments? Compare them with animals from *A Walk in the Desert*. **Reading/Writing Across Texts**



Find out more about cinquains at www.macmillanmh.com



Writing

Word Choice
Writers choose special descriptive words for poems. The words paint a picture for the reader.

Write a Cinquain



I wanted to describe zebras, so I wrote this poem.

I used a thesaurus to find just the right adjectives.



Striped Horse

by Joshua M.

Zebra.

A horse with stripes,

Grazing on grassy plains.

Steady stallions watch over foals.

They sleep.



Your Turn

Write a cinquain to describe an animal. Think about how the animal survives. Choose colorful words that paint a picture. Use the Writer's Checklist to check your writing.

Writer's Checklist

- Ideas and Content:** Do my details tell how I feel and what I want to say?
- Organization:** Does the organization of ideas in my poem make sense?
- Voice:** Can the reader tell that I care about the message in my poem?
- Word Choice:** Did I choose colorful words to paint a picture of the animal?
- Sentence Fluency:** Does my poem sound pleasing?
- Conventions:** Have I used the right punctuation?



Talk About It

National parks are wonderful places. What things could you learn about at a national park?



Find out more about our national parks at

www.macmillanmh.com



OUR NATIONAL PARKS



Vocabulary

roamed
completed
journey
natural
wildlife



A Prehistoric Park

More than 200 million years ago, dinosaurs **roamed** freely over the Earth. Have you ever wondered what the land was like or what kind of trees there were then? You can see some of these trees today in Arizona! Throughout 28 miles of desert in Petrified Forest National Park, you can see 225-million-year-old fossil trees. Visitors are amazed to see these trees that have turned to stone.

How did it happen? Millions of years ago, water filled with minerals flowed into the area. Over time, the minerals seeped into fallen trees and turned them into rock-hard logs.

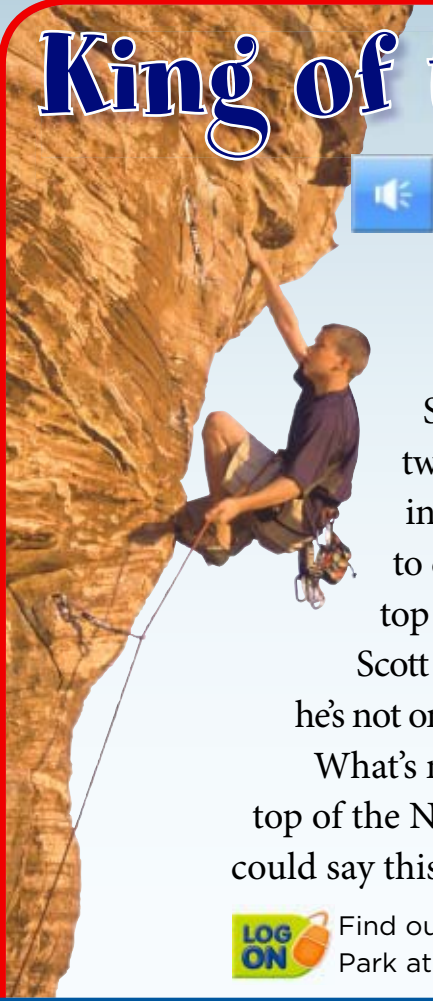
Some of these logs are 100 feet long! Today, they create a colorful and amazing sight in Arizona's desert. The petrified logs look like wooden rainbows. The colors range from red, to yellow, to green, to blue, and black and white.

Petrified Forest National Park is one of the world's biggest displays of petrified wood. Nearly one million people visit the park every year to get an up-close look at these fossils of prehistoric trees.

Logs from prehistoric trees have turned to stone in the Petrified National Forest.



King of the Mountain



By the time Scott Cory was 13 years old, he had already scaled two major peaks in California's Yosemite National Park. One was the 2,900-foot "Nose" of El Capitan. The other was the 2,000-foot face of Half Dome. The first time Scott climbed the Nose, it took him three days and two nights. One month later, he **completed** that climb in one day! Later, Scott became the youngest person to climb Half Dome in only one day. The **journey** to the top usually takes three days!

Scott started climbing when he was seven years old. When he's not on the peaks, he hits the gym for push-ups and pull-ups.

What's next for this peak pro? Scott wants to climb to the top of the Nose and Half Dome together in just 24 hours. You could say this kid really sets a goal and then climbs for it!



Find out more about Yosemite National Park at www.macmillanmh.com

The Top 5 Most Visited National Parks

In 1872, Yellowstone National Park became the first national park in the United States. Since then, more than 383 parks have been added to the list. More than three million people visit these **natural**, unspoiled places every year. They take thousands of photos of the **wildlife**. Which parks recently brought in the most visitors in a year? Here's how they ranked.

1. **Great Smoky Mountains National Park, North Carolina and Tennessee**
2. **Grand Canyon National Park, Arizona**
3. **Yosemite National Park, California**
4. **Olympic National Park, Washington**
5. **Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado**

Comprehension

Genre

A **Nonfiction Article** tells facts about a person, place, or event.



A male and female elk in their new home, the Great Smoky Mountains National Park



Summarize

Main Idea and Details

The main idea of an article is what it is mostly about. Details give more information about the main idea.

Animals Come Home to Our National Parks

How did the return of elk to one national park and gray wolves to another affect the ecosystems of those parks?



National parks protect **wildlife**, history, and culture. Still, hundreds of plants and animals have disappeared from our national parks. That's because their environment has changed, mostly because of human activities.

Today park rangers work to restore the balance of each park ecosystem. They are bringing plants and animals back into their **natural** environments. So far, the programs are working—especially for elk and wolves.

Long Journey Home

It was a cold morning in January when 28 elk had finally **completed** a long **journey**. They had traveled 2,500 miles by truck from Elk Island National Park in Canada to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park in North Carolina. They were the first of 52 elk to be reintroduced into the park.

Ten million elk once **roamed** all over North America. Now there are only about one million. Elk disappeared from North Carolina more than 150 years ago. Many were killed by hunters. Others died as people built farms, towns, and roads where elk used to graze.

Elk munch on trees and bushes, allowing more sunlight into the park so ground-level plants can grow. Smaller animals, like chipmunks, can then flourish. Chipmunks are food for larger animals, like wolves. Without the elk, the park's ecosystem didn't function as well. "We are trying to restore the ecosystem to what it was 200 years ago," said Lawrence Hartman of the National Park Service.

Park workers watch as relocated elk dash for freedom.

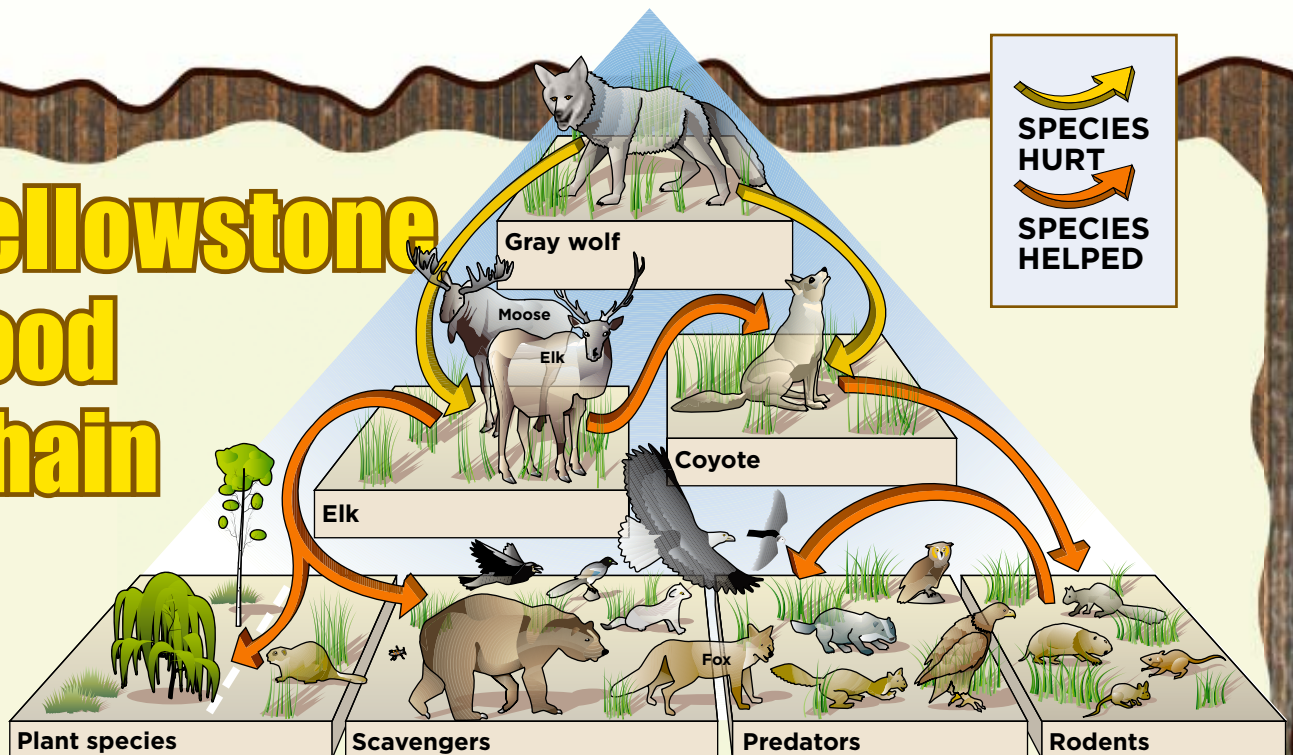




Have they achieved their goal? So far, so good. Researchers have been studying the elk's progress. Jennifer Murrow is leading the research. She tracks the elk using special radio collars that are placed around the elk's necks. The collars send signals that show researchers where the elk are and how they are doing.

Researchers also keep track of the number of elk calves that are born each year. In the first year, 11 calves were born in the park. Eight survived, but some were preyed upon by bears. It's all part of the natural balance—and that's exactly what wildlife researchers like to see.

Yellowstone Food Chain



The disappearance of wolves left a big hole in Yellowstone's ecosystem. Coyotes and elk, which are hunted by wolves, became too numerous. Plants began to disappear because the elk population had grown so large. Foxes, which eat the same rodents as coyotes, were starving because the coyotes were catching most of the prey.

The ecosystem of the park was badly out of balance.

The government wanted to fix the park's ecosystem. They decided to bring back the wolves. The goal was to put nature back into balance. Now, Yellowstone is howling with life once again, and nature is taking its course.





**A gray wolf in
Yellowstone
National Park**

Think and Compare



1. What animal was returned to Great Smoky Mountains National Park, and what animal was brought back into Yellowstone National Park?
2. How does the disappearance of one animal affect the other animals and plants in an ecosystem?
3. If you could visit any national park in the United States, which one would you choose, and why?
4. Compare the problems a park ranger at Yellowstone might face with those of a ranger in Yosemite or Petrified Forest National Park.

Howling Back to Life

For centuries, packs of wolves lived in the West. When settlers came in the 1800s, they hunted these wild animals. By the 1970s, the wolves had completely disappeared from Yellowstone National Park. They had also become endangered in much of the United States.

In 1995, 31 gray wolves were released into the park. Now, more than a decade later, there are more than five times as many wolves roaming through Yellowstone.

Saving a National Park



Test Strategy

Right There

You can put your finger on the answer. Look for key words in the question. Then find those key words in the selection.

Florida panther



Early settlers declared Florida's Everglades a worthless swamp. In fact it is a unique paradise for thousands of species of plants and animals, forming a delicate food chain. All they need to survive is each other—and a steady supply of precious water.

But humans wanted dry land for homes and crops. They drained water from the Everglades. This started a chain reaction that upset the ecosystem. The Everglades wetlands are now only half their original size. The number of wading birds decreased by 90 percent from 1900 to 2000. All this has made Everglades National Park one of the top ten most endangered parks in the United States.

Now there is a plan to save the Everglades. Engineers will build wells to capture water before it flows out of the Everglades. Then they will pump the water back. Many canals will be removed, allowing water to follow its natural path. The plan may take 50 years to complete. Saving this unique ecosystem is an important goal, no matter how long it takes.

Meet Some Everglades Species

Wood Stork

An endangered species in the Everglades, this tall bird hunts for fish with its long, curved bill.



Manatee

This slow-moving mammal lives in both fresh water and salt water.



Crocodile, Alligator

The Everglades is the only place in the world with both reptiles.



Directions: Answer the questions.

1. What is a food chain?

- A unusual species surviving without water
- B early settlers living off natural resources
- C plants and animals depending on each other
- D wetlands that provide food and resources

2. Humans upset the Everglades ecosystem by

- A hunting animals there.
- B ignoring it.
- C draining much of the water there.
- D making it into a national park.

3. The new plan for the Everglades shows that

- A people want to save it, no matter how long it takes.
- B people keep wasting natural resources, such as water.
- C people value new homes over national parks.
- D engineers will replace the park with canals.

4. Why is the Everglades a “unique paradise”?

5. Explain the main idea of the article. Include the most important details in your response.

Tip

Look for key words.



Write to a Prompt

In the selection “Animals Come Home to Our National Parks” you read about wolves that have been reintroduced to Yellowstone Park. What effect will this have on the future of the wolves? Do you think they will remain endangered? Use details from the article to support your answer.



I used details to support my main idea.

Giving Wolves a Chance

Wolves were once common in this country, especially in Yellowstone National Park. When large numbers of settlers began to move to the West, they hunted and killed wolves. The wolves disappeared from Yellowstone and became an endangered species.

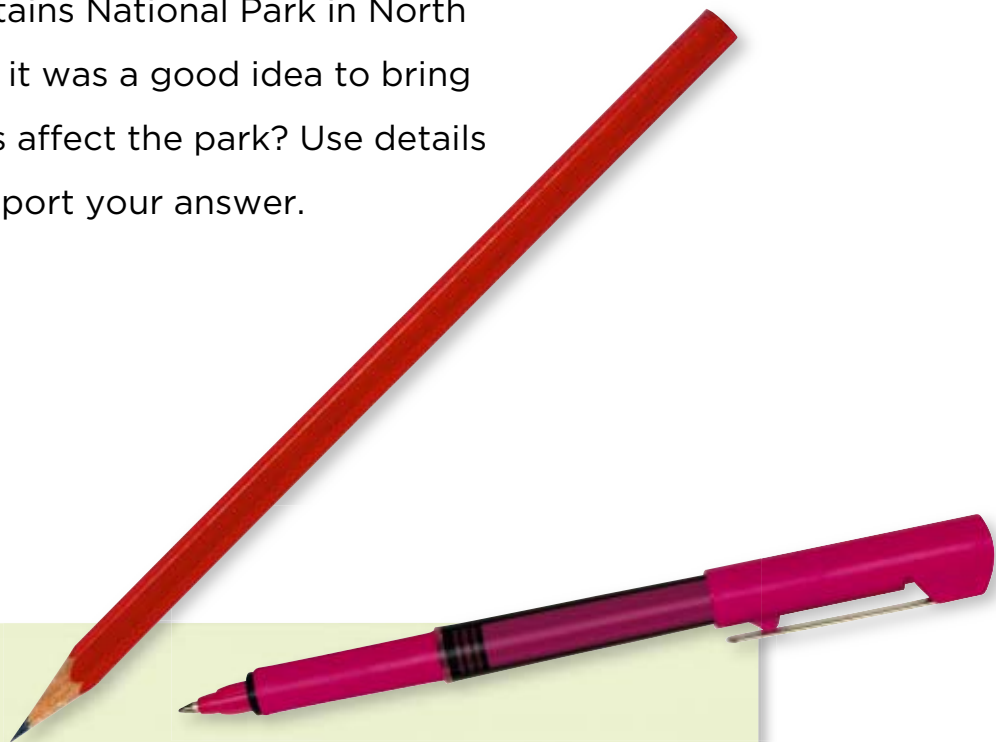
Wolves were returned to Yellowstone beginning in the 1990s. That means the wolves have a chance to live in their natural habitat. There is food for wolves in Yellowstone, and it has everything they need to survive.

If people leave the wolves alone, they have a chance to survive. Eventually, there will be enough wolves that they will no longer be endangered. That will be good news for the wolves, for Yellowstone, and for people, too.



Writing Prompt

In the selection “Animals Come Home to Our National Parks” you read about elk that were reintroduced to Great Smoky Mountains National Park in North Carolina. Do you think it was a good idea to bring elk back? How will this affect the park? Use details from the article to support your answer.



Writer's Checklist

- Ask yourself, who is my audience?
- Think about your purpose for writing.
- Plan your writing before beginning.
- Use details to support your main idea.
- Be sure your ideas are clear and organized.
- Use your best spelling, grammar, and punctuation.

A close-up photograph of an astronaut in a white space suit floating in space. The astronaut's arms are extended, and they are holding onto a thick orange tether. The Earth's blue and white atmosphere is visible in the background.

Astronauts





Talk About It

What do you think is happening in this photograph?



Find out more about astronauts at

www.macmillanmh.com



Astronauts in Training

by Benjamin Telicki

Vocabulary

endless sensible
realistic protested
universe paralyzed
astronaut

Dictionary

Using a Dictionary will help you to learn the pronunciation and meaning of a word.

Look up the meaning and pronunciation of *sensible*.



Ana Gomez spotted Larry Waters looking for a table in the cafeteria. “Hi, Larry!” she called out.

Larry smiled and brought his tray over. “Hi, Ana. You’re looking especially cheerful this morning,” he remarked as he sat.

Ana smiled broadly.

“You got your launch date, didn’t you?” Larry exclaimed.

“Yes, I did,” Ana replied. “Finally! The wait seemed **endless**. I have been curious about that planet since I was ten and now I’ll be on our first mission to Venus. We’re leaving ten months from now on April 17, 2016.”



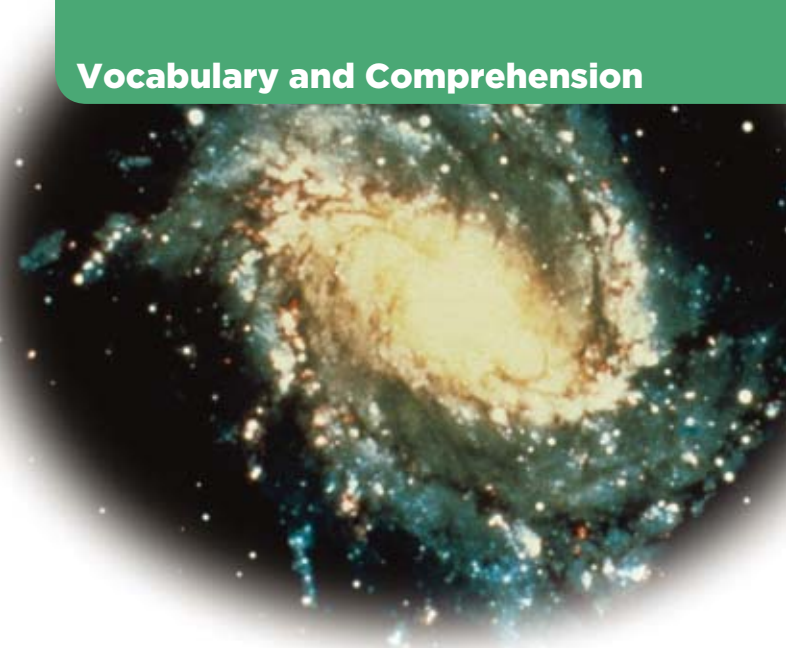
“That’s **realistic**. You’ll have plenty of time to train your crew and they’ll have time to review the virtual trip before the actual flight. Congratulations, Ana. It sounds like you would have picked this mission if you had your choice of any planet in the whole **universe**.”

“Well,” replied Ana, “if I could go anywhere in the solar system, I’d pick Pluto. But that wouldn’t be a wise choice for a middle-aged **astronaut**. By the time we’re able to go there, I’ll be out of the space program! I’ll be **sensible** and stick to Venus. What about you, Larry? You applied for the next trip to Mars. It’s time you went as the commander.”

Larry **protested**. “I wish that were true, but Sergio Casinelli has been ahead of me since we left the

academy, and the remote control for his new leg attachment is ready. Sergio’s been **paralyzed** since he was a child. He’s really looking forward to his walk on Mars. If I’m not mistaken, though, the next trip to Mars is planned for April.”

“Wouldn’t it be great if we were headed for Earth’s nearest neighbors at the same time?”



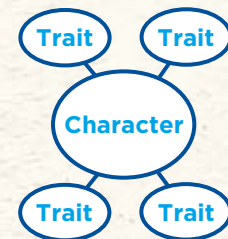
Reread for Comprehension



Make Inferences and Analyze

Character A character’s emotions can change often. A character’s traits are longer-lasting parts of their personality. You can make inferences about a character’s traits from what he or she does, says, feels, or thinks in the story.

A Character Web can help you analyze a character’s traits. Reread the selection to find the traits for one of the main characters.



Comprehension

Genre

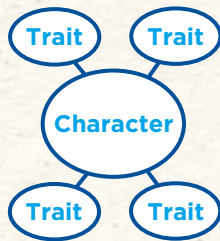
Realistic Fiction is a made-up story that could have happened in real life.



Make Inferences and Analyze

Character

As you read, fill in your Character Web.

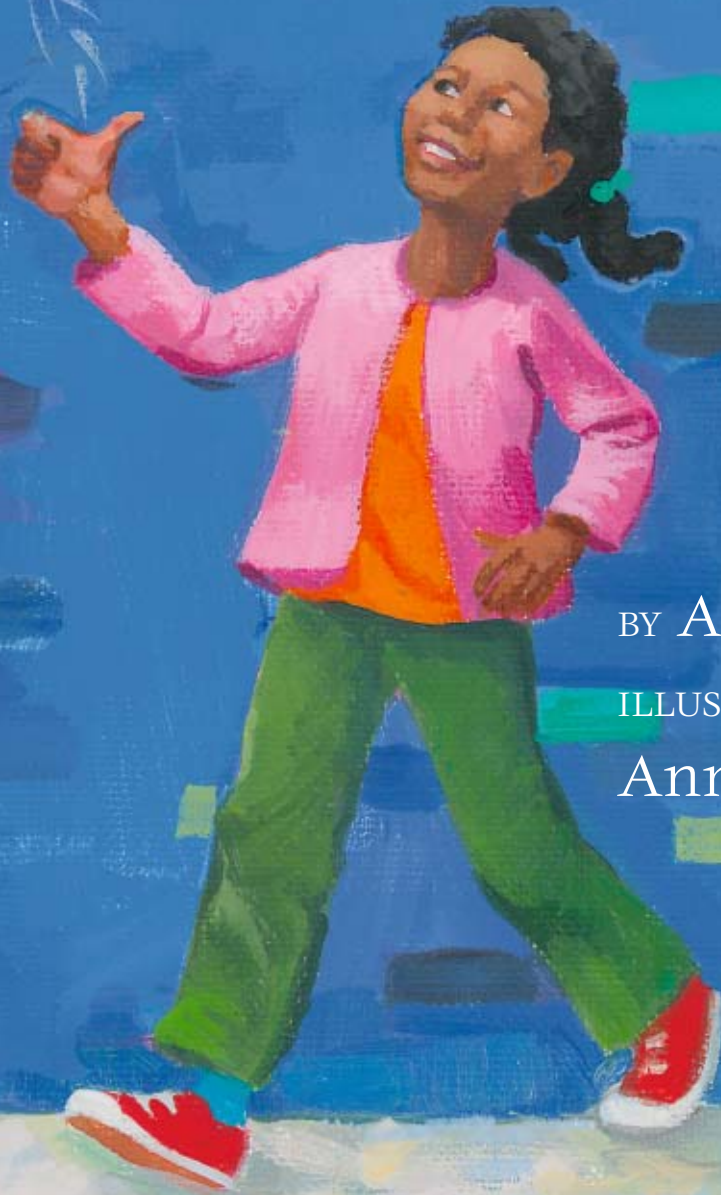


Read to Find Out

How does a trip to the supermarket change Gloria?



The Astronaut and the Onion



BY Ann Cameron

ILLUSTRATED BY
Anna Rich



MY MOTHER was making spaghetti sauce. She said, “Gloria, honey, would you go buy me an onion?”

“Sure,” I said. She gave me some money, and I went.



The store was crowded with old people holding tightly to their shopping carts, little kids hollering to their parents for candy, and lots of people staring at shopping lists and blocking the aisles.

I ducked around all the carts and went to the back where the vegetables are. From all the onions in the bin, I took the prettiest—a big round one, light tan and shiny, with a silvery glow to its skin.

I carried it to the express checkout and stood at the end of a very long line.

Next to me there was a giant Berkbee's Baby Food display. It was like a wall of glass, and taller than I am. All the little jars were stacked up to look like a castle, with pennants that said "Baby Power" sticking out above the castle doorways and windows. At the top there was a high tower with a red-and-white flag that said "Berkbee's Builds Better Babies!" I started counting the jars, but when I got to 346, I gave up. There must have been at least a thousand.

The checkout line didn't move. To pass the time, I started tossing my onion from hand to hand. I tried to improve and make my throws harder to catch.

A woman wearing a sky-blue jogging suit got in line behind me. She was holding a cereal box. She smiled at me, and I smiled back.

I decided to show her what a really good catcher I am. I made a wild and daring onion throw.



Character

What was wild and daring about Gloria's actions?









I missed the catch. The onion kept going, straight for the middle of the baby food castle. The castle was going to fall!

My folks would have to pay for every broken jar! The store manager would kill me. After that, my folks would bring me back to life to tell me things that would be much worse than death.

I was **paralyzed**. I shut my eyes.

I didn't hear a crash. Maybe I had gone deaf from fright. Or maybe I was in a time warp because of my fear. In fifty years the onion would land, and that would be the end of me.

I felt a tap on my shoulder. If I opened my eyes, I would see the store manager and all the broken jars.

I didn't want to see him. I didn't want to know how bad it was.

There came a tap again, right on the top of my head.

I heard a woman's voice. "I have your onion."

I opened my eyes. The woman in the jogging suit handed the onion to me.

"Lucky I used to play baseball," she said.

"O-o-o-h," I said. I clutched the onion.

"O-o-o-h," I moaned again.

"You're welcome," was all she said.

She had brown eyes with a sparkle in them, and her hair was in shiny black ringlets. She wore blue-green earrings that hung on tiny gold chains. When she tilted her head, her earrings spun around, and I saw they were the Earth—I mean, made to look like the Earth, jeweled with green continents and blue oceans.





"Your earrings are beautiful," I said.

She smiled. "Some friends got them for me," she said, "to remind me of a trip we made."

When she said "trip," her face started to look familiar, but I didn't know why. Then I remembered.

"I've seen you!" I said. "I saw you on TV!"

She smiled. "Could be."

"And you come from right here in town, but you don't live here anymore," I said.

"That's right," she said.

"And you are—aren't you?—Dr. Grace Street, the **astronaut!**"

She tilted her head, and the little Earths on both her ears spun round. "That's me," she said.

I was amazed, because I never thought I would meet a famous person in my life, and yet one was right beside me in the supermarket, and I myself, Gloria Jones, was talking to her, all because of my onion throw.

"We learned about the space station in school last year," I said. "You were up there, orbiting the Earth."

"My team and I were there," Dr. Street said.

"What is space like?"

"You know," she said.

"How could I know?" I said.

"We're always in space," Dr. Street said. "We're in space right now."

"Yes," I said, "but what was it like out there, where you went? Out there it must seem different."

"Do you really want to know?" she asked, and I said yes.







“The most awesome part was when we had to fix things on the outside of the station. We got our jobs done and floated in our space suits, staring out into the **universe**. There were zillions of stars—and space, deep and black, but it didn’t seem exactly empty. It seemed to be calling to us, calling us to go on an **endless** journey. And that was very scary.

“So we turned and looked at Earth. We were two hundred miles above it. We saw enormous swirls of clouds and the glow of snowfields at the poles. We saw water like a giant blue cradle for the land. One big ocean, not ‘oceans.’ The Earth isn’t really chopped up into countries, either. Up there you see it is one great big powerful living being that knows a lot, lot more than we do.”

“What does it know?” I said.

“It knows how to be Earth,” Dr. Street said. “And that’s a lot.”

I tried to imagine everything she had seen. It gave me a shiver.

“I wish I could see what you saw,” I said. “I’d like to be an astronaut. Of course, probably I couldn’t.”

Dr. Street frowned. “Why do you say ‘Probably I couldn’t?’ ”

“Practically nobody gets to do that,” I said.

“You might be one of the people who do,” she said. “But you’ll never do anything you want to do if you keep saying ‘Probably I couldn’t!’”

“But maybe I can’t!” I **protested**. I looked down at my onion. I didn’t think a very poor onion thrower had a chance to be an astronaut.







Dr. Street looked at my onion, too. “It was a good throw—just a bad catch,” she said. “Anyhow—saying ‘Maybe I can’t’ is different. It’s okay. It’s **realistic**.

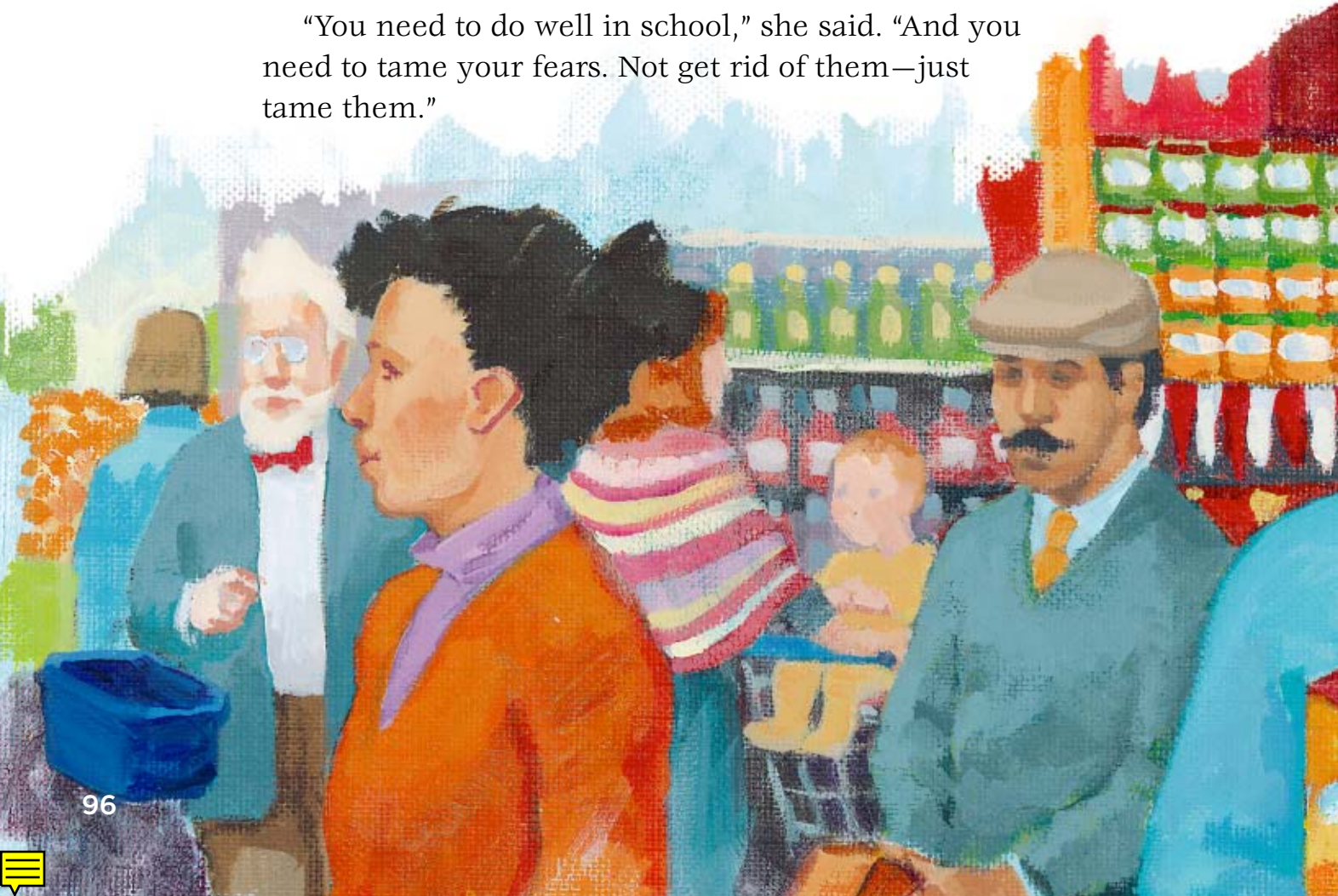
“Even ‘I can’t’ can be a good, **sensible** thing to say. It makes life simpler. When you really know you can’t do one thing, that leaves you time to try some of the rest. But when you don’t even know what you can do, telling yourself ‘Probably I couldn’t’ will stop you before you even start. It’s paralyzing. You don’t want to be paralyzed, do you?”

“I just was paralyzed,” I said. “A minute ago, when I threw my onion. I didn’t enjoy it one bit.”

“If you don’t want to be paralyzed,” Dr. Street said, “be careful what you tell yourself—because whatever you tell yourself you’re very likely to believe.”

I thought about what she said. “If maybe I could be an astronaut,” I asked, “how would I get to be one?”

“You need to do well in school,” she said. “And you need to tame your fears. Not get rid of them—just tame them.”





The line moved forward suddenly, and we moved up. Maybe the people in line behind us thought Dr. Street and I were mother and daughter having a serious conversation, because they left some space around us.

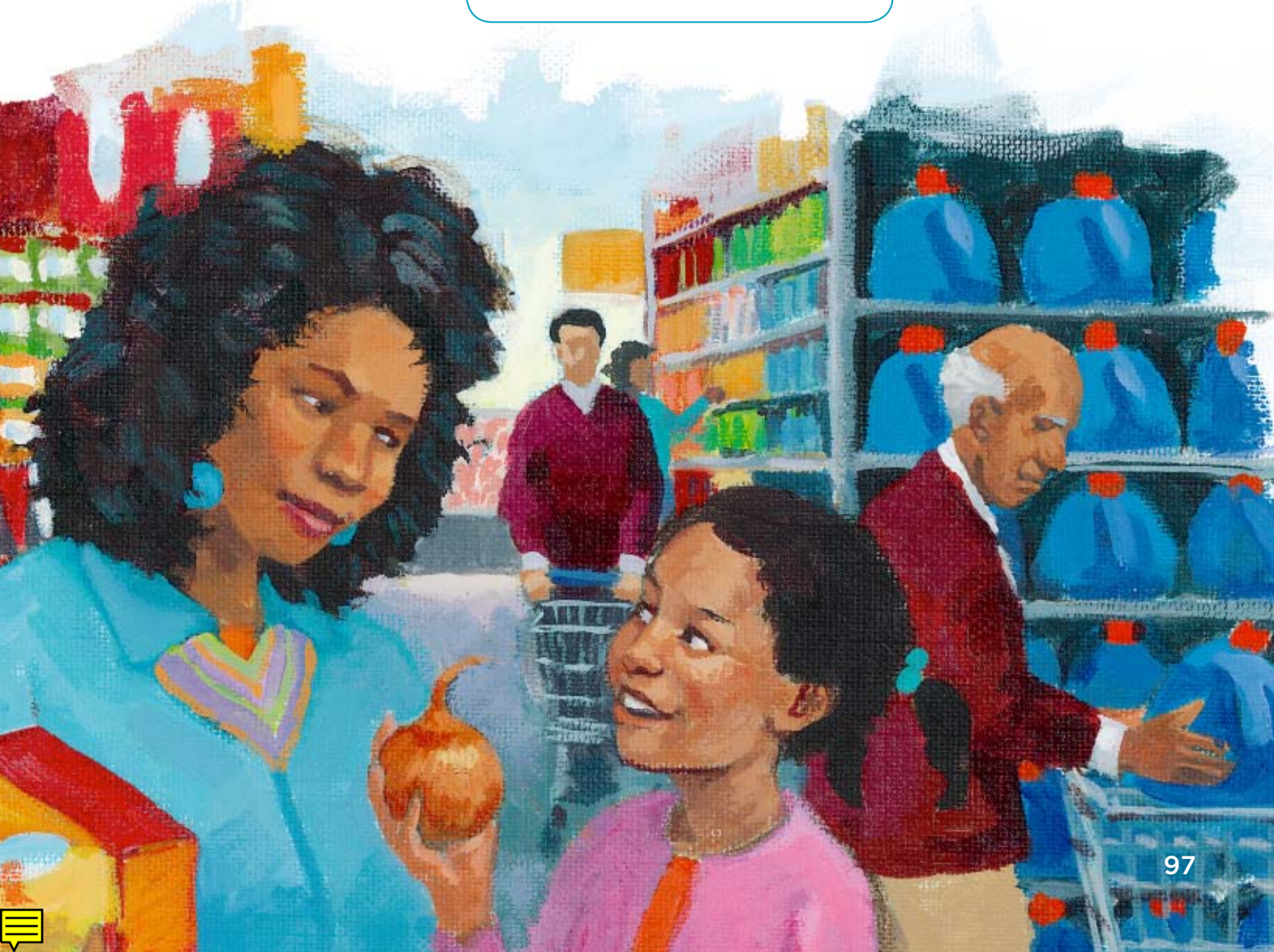
“So how does a person tame fears?”

“By doing things that are difficult, and succeeding,” Dr. Street said. “That’s how you learn you can count on yourself. That’s how you get confidence. But even then, you keep a little bit of fear inside—a fear that keeps you careful.”



Character

How do you think Dr. Street felt when she was out in space? How do you know?





The checkout line moved again, and we moved with it.

“Big things are really little,” Dr. Street said. “That’s a great secret of life.”

“How—” I began. But I never got to ask how big things are really little, because I was the first person in line.

The checkout man looked at my onion.

“Young lady, didn’t you weigh that?” he asked.

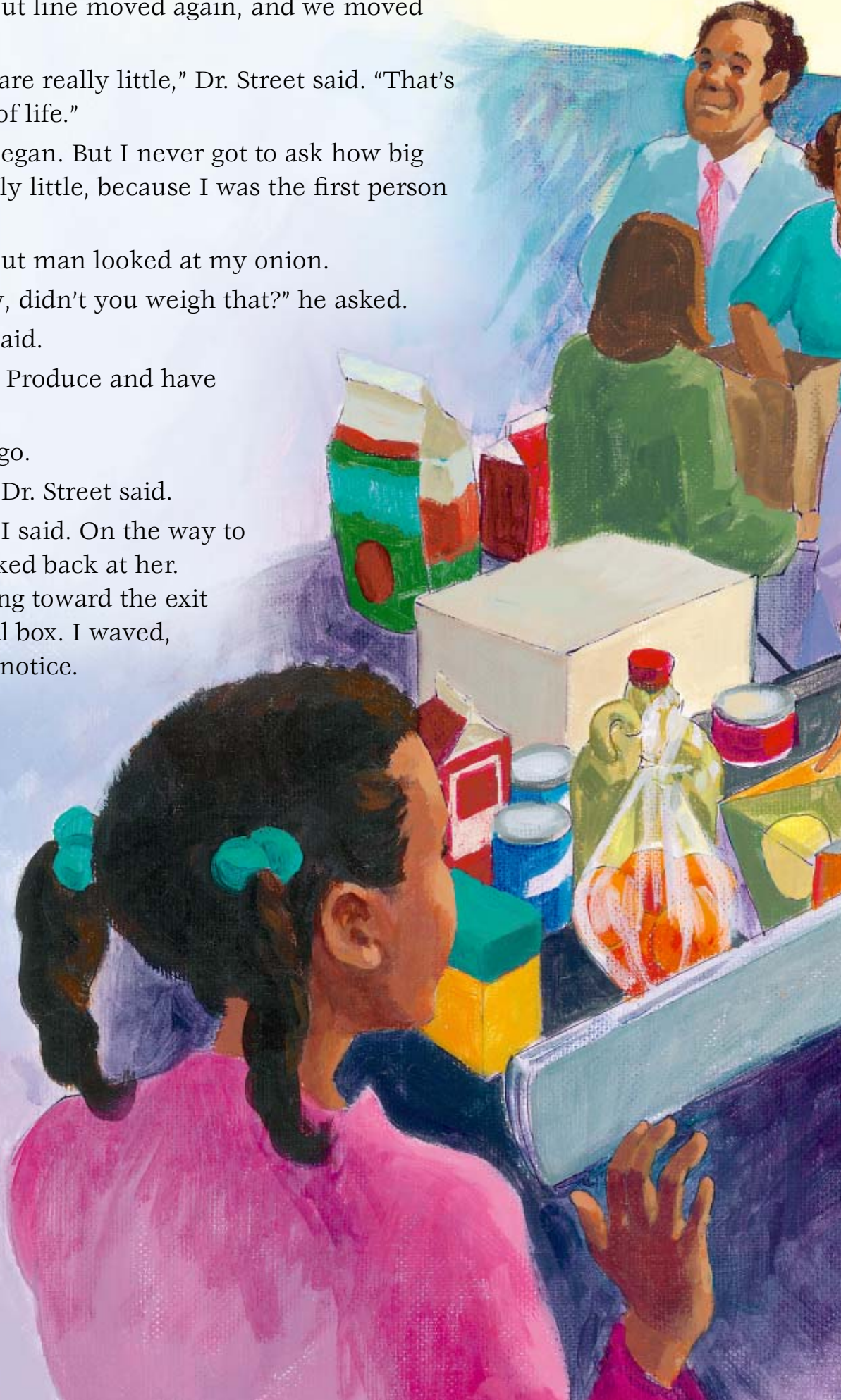
“No, sir,” I said.

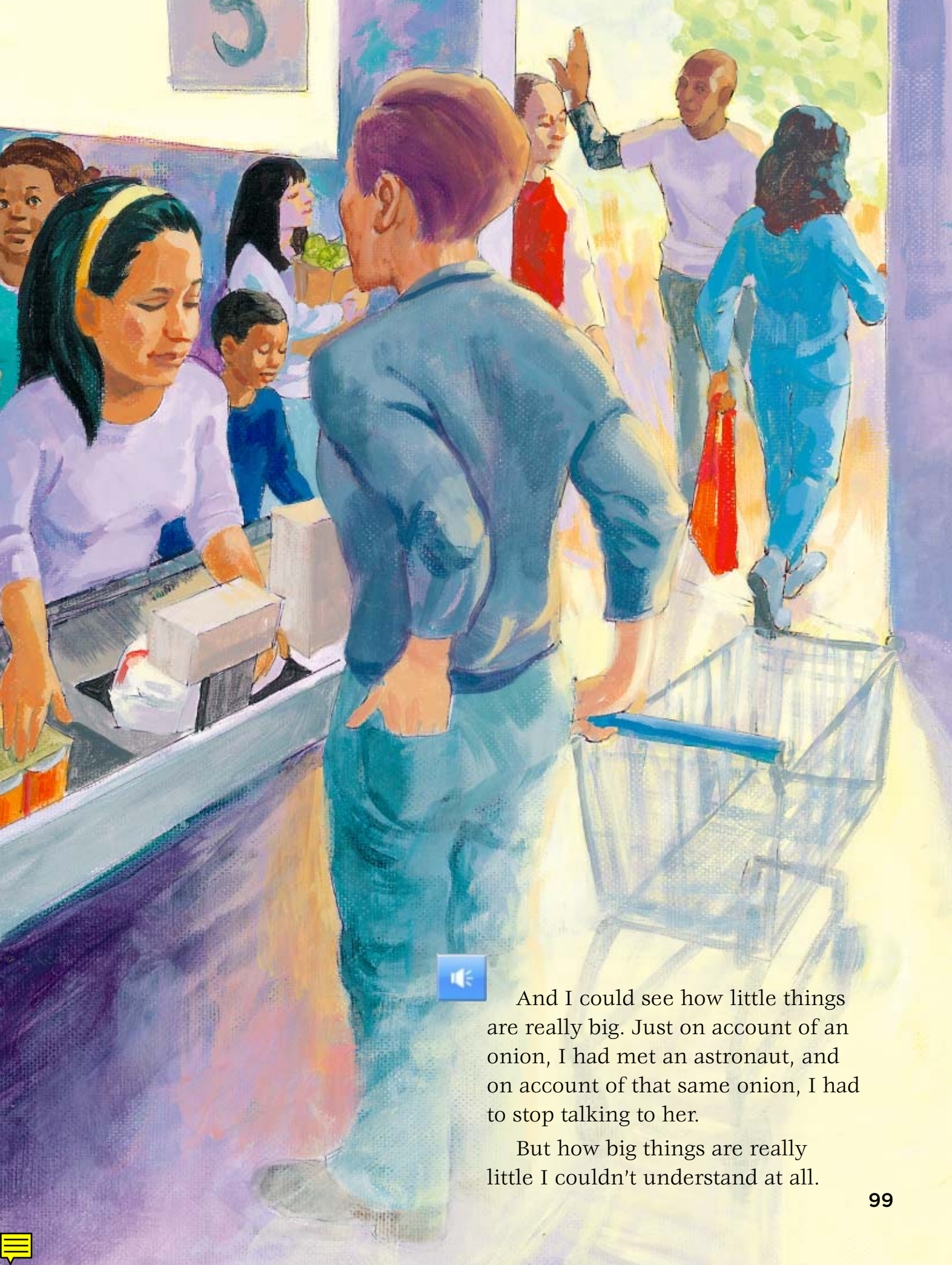
“Go back to Produce and have it weighed.”

So I had to go.

“Goodbye,” Dr. Street said.

“Goodbye,” I said. On the way to Produce, I looked back at her. She was walking toward the exit with her cereal box. I waved, but she didn’t notice.





And I could see how little things are really big. Just on account of an onion, I had met an astronaut, and on account of that same onion, I had to stop talking to her.

But how big things are really little I couldn't understand at all.

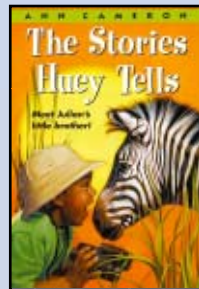


Blast Off with Ann and Anna



Ann Cameron is a well-known writer. When she was a young girl, like Gloria, she was always outside exploring and wondering about the world around her. Ann did not have a TV until she was nine years old. She spent time listening to stories on the radio and reading books. Today Ann still loves nature and books. She lives in Guatemala, near a waterfall and volcanoes.

Other books by
Ann Cameron



Anna Rich has always loved to draw. From an early age, her mother saw her talent and encouraged Anna to follow her dream. Her passion for illustration eventually became a full-time job.

Good thing, too, because Anna has never considered doing anything else as a career. Anna, a native New Yorker, still lives there with her family.



Find out more about
Ann Cameron and Anna Rich at
www.macmillanmh.com

Write About It

In just a few minutes, Gloria met a new person and learned an important lesson. Describe a time when you met someone for the first time and, as a result, learned an interesting fact or a lesson.





Comprehension Check



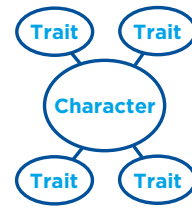
Summarize

Summarize the plot of *The Astronaut and the Onion*. In your summary include details about Gloria's character.

Think and Compare



1. How might Gloria's character traits help her become an astronaut? Use the Character Web and story details to support your answer. **Make Inferences and Analyze: Character**



2. Reread page 97. Dr. Grace Street tells Gloria that she still keeps some fear inside of her. What character traits might have helped her overcome that fear? **Analyze**

3. Suppose you meet someone who has a career that interests you. What kind of questions would you ask that person? **Apply**

4. Why does Dr. Street tell Gloria not to be **paralyzed** by her fears? Explain your answer. **Evaluate**

5. Read "Astronauts in Training" on pages 84-85. Compare Ana's character to Dr. Street's character. In what ways are they alike? How are they different? **Reading/Writing Across Texts**



Science

Genre

Nonfiction Articles explain a topic by presenting facts about it in text, photos, and graphic aids.



Text Feature

Diagrams are graphic aids that show how things relate to each other.

Content Vocabulary

orbits
craters
rotate
exploration

The Solar System

by Thomas Morabito

Our solar system is made up of the Sun, Earth, our moon, eight other planets and their moons, meteors, asteroids, and all the space around them. All nine planets move in **orbits** around the Sun, which is the center of our solar system.

The Sun

The Sun is a medium-sized star made up of very hot gases. The temperature of the Sun is almost 10,000°F! The closer a planet is to the Sun, the higher the temperatures are on its surface. The farther away a planet is from the Sun, the lower the temperatures are on its surface.



The Inner Planets

The inner planets are those closest to the Sun. They are made of solid rock.

Mercury

Mercury is the closest planet to the Sun. It is about one-third the size of Earth. Covered with **craters**, it looks a lot like the moon. Mercury has no water and very little air.

Venus

Venus, the second planet from the Sun, is veiled in thick, swirling clouds. About the same size as Earth, Venus is sometimes called a sister planet.

Venus, though, is very different from Earth. It has no oceans and no life. The air is made up of carbon dioxide. This layer traps in heat.

That makes Venus the hottest planet in the solar system. With temperatures of 900°F, Venus is even hotter than Mercury!

Earth

Earth is the third planet from the Sun. In addition to having the most comfortable temperatures, Earth also has water and oxygen. As far as we know, Earth is the only planet able to sustain life.

Besides heat, we also get light from the Sun. It takes about 24 hours for Earth to spin, or **rotate**, all the way around. For half of that time, a side of Earth faces the Sun and it is day. At the same time, the other side faces away from the Sun and it is night.

It takes Earth about 365 days to move around the Sun. We call this time period a year.

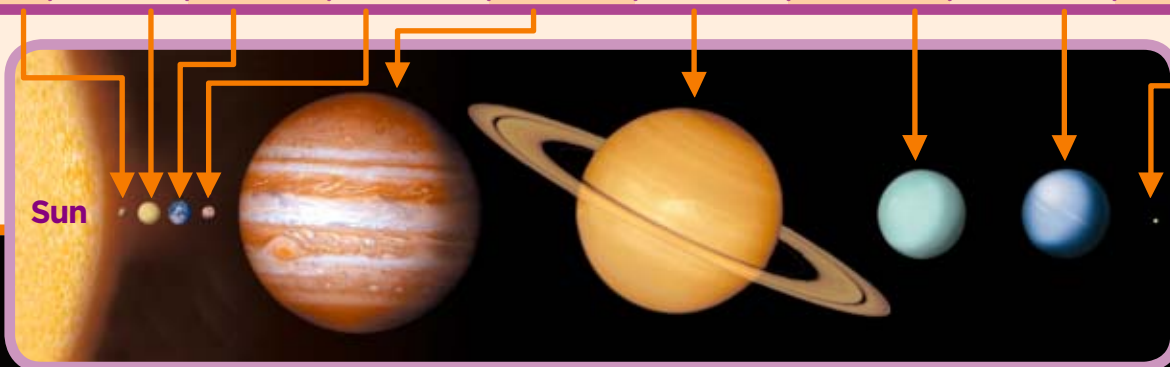
Distance from the Sun



Reading a Diagram

This diagram shows the distance from the Sun to each of the nine planets in miles and kilometers.

Mercury	Venus	Earth	Mars	Jupiter	Saturn	Uranus	Neptune	Pluto
57,909,175 km	108,208,930 km	149,597,890 km	227,936,640 km	778,412,020 km	1,426,725,400 km	2,870,972,200 km	4,498,252,900 km	5,906,380,000 km
35,983,095 miles	67,237,910 miles	92,955,820 miles	141,633,260 miles	483,682,810 miles	885,904,700 miles	1,783,939,400 miles	2,795,084,800 miles	3,670,050,000 miles



Mars

Mars, the planet next farthest from the Sun, is often called the Red Planet. The rocks, soil, and sky are red in color. Before space **exploration**, people thought there might be life on Mars. They thought the lines on Mars's surface were canals made by intelligent life forms. Now we know that Mars has no surface water and no life. Traces of shorelines, riverbeds, and islands may suggest that there was water on Mars at one time. Craters and inactive volcanoes cover most of its surface today.

The Outer Planets

In addition to being farther away from the Sun, these planets are not made of rock. Although they may have solid centers, these planets are made up of gases. They are dark and cold.

Jupiter

Jupiter is the largest planet. If Jupiter were hollow, more than one thousand Earths could fit inside. It is the fifth planet from the Sun and is famous for its great red spot. Scientists believe this spot to be a storm.

Saturn

Saturn, the sixth planet from the Sun, is the second largest planet. It has thousands of beautiful shiny rings. These rings are made up of chunks of ice, rock, and dust. Saturn is also very windy. Near the equator, the wind blows at speeds of up to 1,100 miles an hour!



Saturn

Uranus

Uranus, the third largest planet, has at least 22 moons. Like Saturn, Uranus has faint gray rings that might be made out of graphite, the black material inside a pencil.



Neptune

Neptune has a great dark spot, about the size of Earth. Neptune's spot, like the one on Jupiter, is thought to be a storm. The winds there are the strongest on any planet. They have been found to reach speeds of 1,200 miles per hour. Neptune has faint rings and 8 moons.

Pluto

Pluto may be made of rock and ice. We do not know for sure because Pluto is the only planet

that has not been visited by a spacecraft. From Pluto, the Sun is just a small pin point of light. NASA would like to go there next. Maybe we will know more about Pluto very soon.

Pluto



Connect and Compare



1. Look at the diagram. Which planet is farther away from the Sun: Mars or Neptune? How do you know? **Reading a Diagram**
2. Using information from the article and the latest findings about the solar system, make three observations about the planets. **Synthesize**
3. Think about Gloria from "The Astronaut and the Onion." What do you know about her that tells you Gloria would probably like to visit the solar system? **Reading/Writing Across Texts**



Science Activity

Research the mission known as Pluto Express. Find out why it was cancelled. Then draw a diagram about the proposed trip.



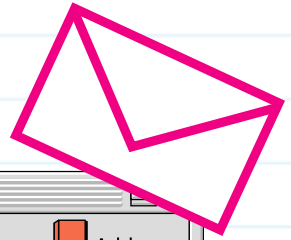
Find more about space travel at www.macmillanmh.com

Write an E-Mail

Writing

Ideas and Content

Adding details makes writing more interesting and informative.



e-mail

Write Send Reply Print Delete Address

TO: Chanell97@example.com
FROM: Taqoya123@example.com
SUBJECT: Space Camp

Dear Chanell,

Here at Space Camp, I felt what it's like to walk on the moon. At first, I just hopped a bit. Then I bounced high in the air! It was awesome. I hope you and I can leap across the moon together some day for real. Write soon!

Your friend,
Taqoya

I wanted to tell a friend about my trip to Space Camp. This is the e-mail I wrote.

Details make my e-mail lively and informative.



Your Turn

Write an e-mail telling about an experience. You may write to a friend or a family member. Be sure to include interesting details. Your e-mail should include to whom it is addressed, who is writing, and what it is about. Use the Writer's Checklist to check your writing.



Writer's Checklist

- Ideas and Content:** Did my e-mail clearly describe my experience and include interesting details?
- Organization:** Did my e-mail describe what happened in order from first to last?
- Voice:** Did the writing show my excitement about the experience?
- Word Choice:** Did I use strong verbs?
- Sentence Fluency:** Did I join related sentences to make complex sentences?
- Conventions:** Did I use commas in the greeting and closing? Did I check my spelling?







Talk About It

What is the girl thinking?
What is the frog thinking?



Find out more about
wildlife at
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WILDLIFE WATCHERS



Vocabulary

disgusted cluttered
raft downstream
scattered nuzzle



RAFTING- Ready or Not

by Olivia Snow



Context Clues

Paragraph Clues are clues within the same paragraph to the meaning of an unfamiliar word. Look for clues within the paragraph where *cluttered* appears to figure out its meaning.

Dear Diary,

What an amazing day! I never thought rafting could be so much fun. Wait... I should probably back up and explain what I was doing on a raft in the first place.

Today, my family and I started our vacation. We're taking a rafting trip down the Colorado River. I have to admit, it didn't sound like my idea of fun. The thought of getting drenched by the river and sleeping in tents with creepy bugs and spiders kind of **disgusted** me. But, unless I wanted to be left behind, I had to put on my lifejacket and join in.

Lisa, our guide, helped us get our big, rubber **raft** into the river. We joined the others, **scattered** here and there along the river. There were so many, it felt like we were playing bumper boats! Lisa had told us that the river would narrow and we would be a bit **cluttered**. Then the river widened, and the rafts spread out as we were carried in the water's flow **downstream**. At first, I just sat in the raft and listened to my music. But when we picked up speed, I realized my help was needed.



Before long, I was paddling away and enjoying the amazing wildlife overhead and along the shore. We spotted a great blue heron and a coyote. Then we watched a mother beaver **nuzzle** her young gently with her snout. Lisa said that if we looked carefully, we might even see a mountain lion!

I have to admit that when it was time to get off the river and set up camp, I actually felt

disappointed. But it gave us a chance to appreciate the beauty of the Grand Canyon. The sunset was amazing. It made the red and gold colors of the canyon walls positively glow.

We'll be back on the river early tomorrow, so I'd better zip up my sleeping bag and get to sleep.



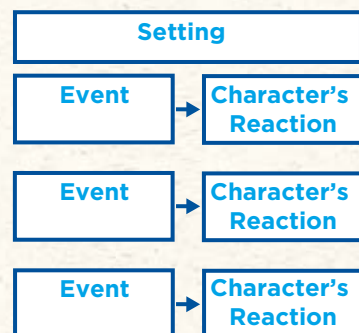
Reread for Comprehension



Make Inferences and Analyze Character, Setting, Plot

Knowing the setting of a story can help readers make inferences and analyze why certain events occur and why characters feel or act the way they do.

A Setting Flow Chart can help you keep track of the setting, character, and events of a story. Reread the selection to learn how the story's setting affects the main character.



Comprehension

Genre

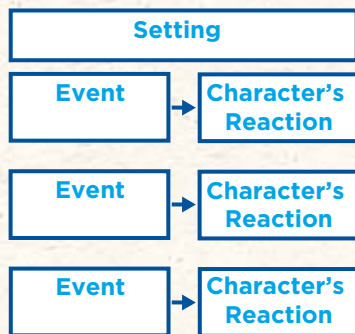
Realistic Fiction is a made-up story that could have happened in real life.



Make Inferences and Analyze

Character, Setting, Plot

As you read, fill in your Setting Flow Chart.



Read to Find Out

What was it that turned Nicky's summer around?



THE RAFT



BY JIM LAMARCHE



“There’s nobody to play with,” I complained. “She doesn’t even have a TV.”

Dad grinned. “Well, she’s not your normal kind of grandma, I guess,” he said. “Calls herself a river rat.” He chuckled. “But I promise, she’ll find plenty for you to do. And you know I can’t take you with me this summer, Nicky. There’ll be no kids there, and I’ll be spending all my time at the plant.”

I felt tears starting again, but I blinked hard and looked out the window.



That afternoon, I stood in Grandma's yard and watched my dad drive away. Dust rose up behind our car as it disappeared into the pines.

"Well, we can't stand here all summer," said Grandma. "C'mon, Nicky, it's time for supper."

"Honey or maple syrup on your cornbread?" Grandma asked.

"I don't like cornbread," I mumbled, poking my finger into the syrup pitcher when she wasn't looking.

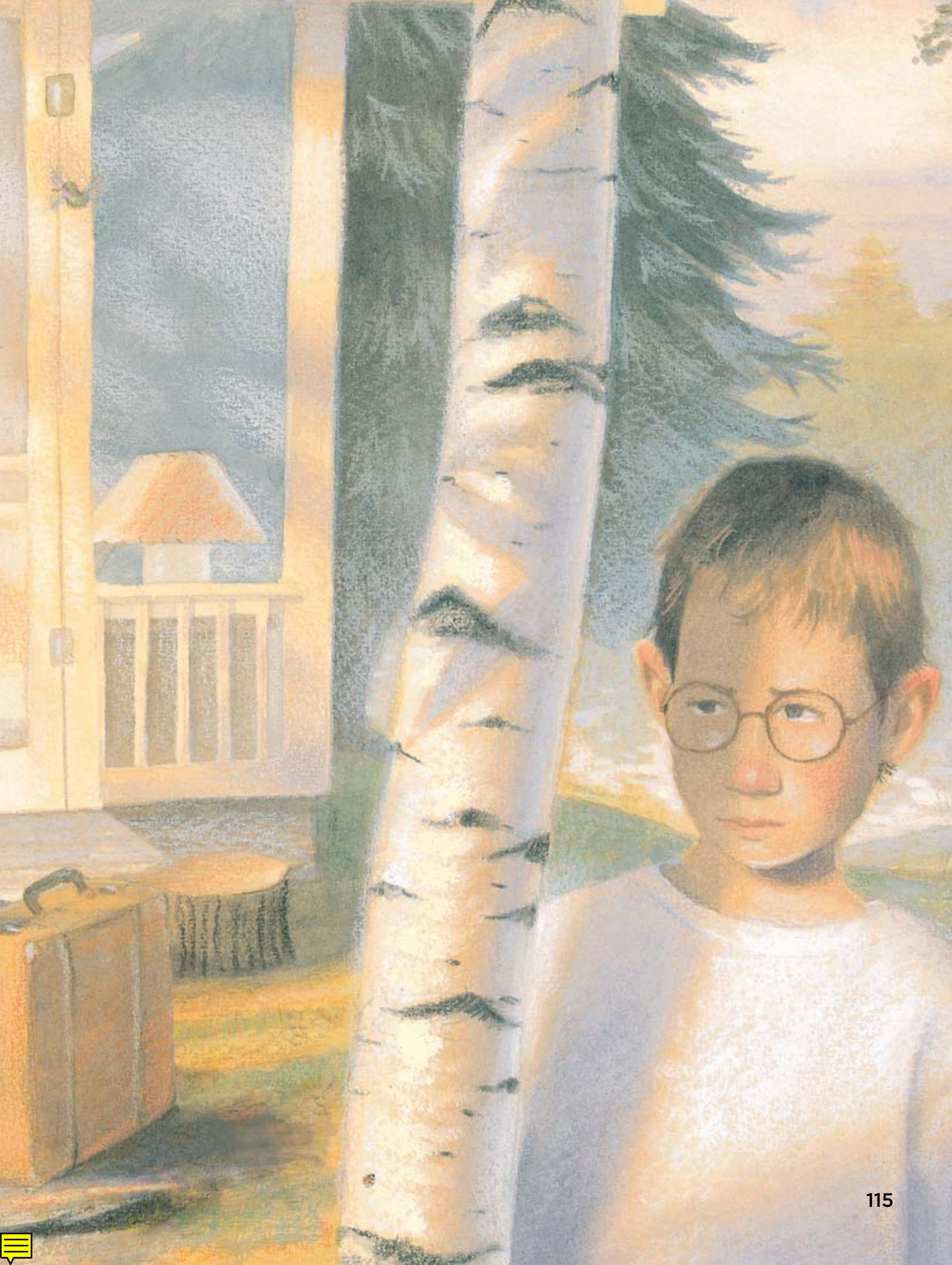
"If you're going to do that, you'd better wash up first," she said. She had eyes in the back of her head. "Bathroom's through there."



Character, Setting

How do you think Nicky feels about spending the summer with his grandmother?







I pushed the doorway curtain aside and walked into what would have been a living room in anyone else's house. Books were **scattered** everywhere—on the tables, on the chairs, even on the floor. Three of the walls were **cluttered** with sketches and stuffed fish and charts of the river. Several fishing poles hung from the fourth with a tackle box, a snorkel, and a mask on the floor beneath them. It looked like a river rat's workroom, all right, except that in the middle of everything was a half-finished carving of a bear.

“Been carving that old fellow for years,” Grandma called from the kitchen. “The real one hangs out at the dump. Now come get your supper, before I feed it to him.”







Dad was right—Grandma found plenty for me to do. In the morning, I stacked firewood, then helped her clean out the rain gutters and change the spark plugs on her truck. The afternoon was almost over when she handed me a cane pole, a bobber, and some red worms.

“Fish fry tonight!” she said, showing me how to bait the hook. “That river’s full of fat bluegills. Drop your line near the lily pads and you’ll find ’em.”

Down at the dock, I looked things over. The lily pads were too close to shore. There couldn’t be fish there. I walked to the end of the dock and threw my line out as far as I could. Then I sat down to wait. And wait. And wait. My bobber never moved.

“There’s no fish in this stupid river,” I said out loud, **disgusted**.

We had hamburgers for supper.

“Give it another try,” said Grandma the next evening. “I’ll bet you catch something.”

Don’t count on it, I thought, as I headed back to the dock. I threw my line in the water. Then I stretched out on the dock to wait. I must have fallen asleep, because I was awakened by loud chirping and chattering. I sat up and looked around. A flock of birds was moving toward me along the river, hovering over something floating on the water. It drifted **downstream**, closer and closer, until finally it bumped up against the dock.









Though it was covered with leaves and branches, now I could tell that it was a **raft**. What was it doing floating down the river all by itself, I wondered. I reached down and pushed some of the leaves aside. Beneath them was a drawing of a rabbit. It looked like those ancient cave paintings I'd seen in books—just outlines, but wild and fast and free.

I cleaned away more leaves and it was like finding presents under the Christmas tree. A bear, a fox, a raccoon—all with the wild look of the rabbit. Who had drawn them, I wondered. Where had the raft come from?

I ran up to the cottage. Grandma was on the porch, reading.

“Do you have some rope I can use?” I asked.

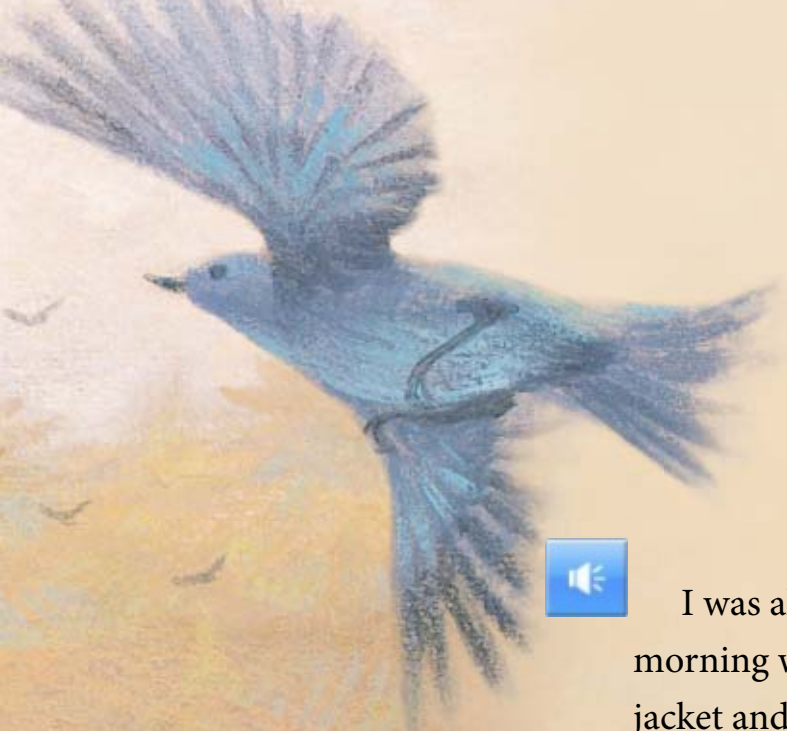
“In the shed, hon,” she said. “Help yourself.” She didn't ask me what I needed it for, and I decided not to tell her yet.

I pushed the raft into the reeds along the river's edge, then tied it to the dock so it wouldn't drift away. All the while, birds flew over my head, every now and then swooping down to the raft as if it were a friend. A crane waded through the reeds to it. A turtle swam up from the bottom of the river.

The moon had risen yellow over the river by the time I went up to the cottage to go to bed.







I was already down at the dock the next morning when Grandma appeared with a life jacket and a long pole. She didn't seem surprised by the raft at all, or by the animal pictures all over it.

"How did you know . . . ?" I started.

"Let's go," Grandma interrupted, tossing me the life jacket and stepping onto the raft. She pushed the pole hard into the river bottom and we moved smoothly into the current.

"Your turn," she said after a few minutes. She showed me how to hold the pole and push, and I poled us to the middle of the river. Even there, the water wasn't over my head.

We poled the raft up the river, then let it slowly drift back down. The birds kept us company the whole time, soaring, swooping, singing. Some even landed on the raft and rode with us for a while. Hitchhikers, Grandma called them.

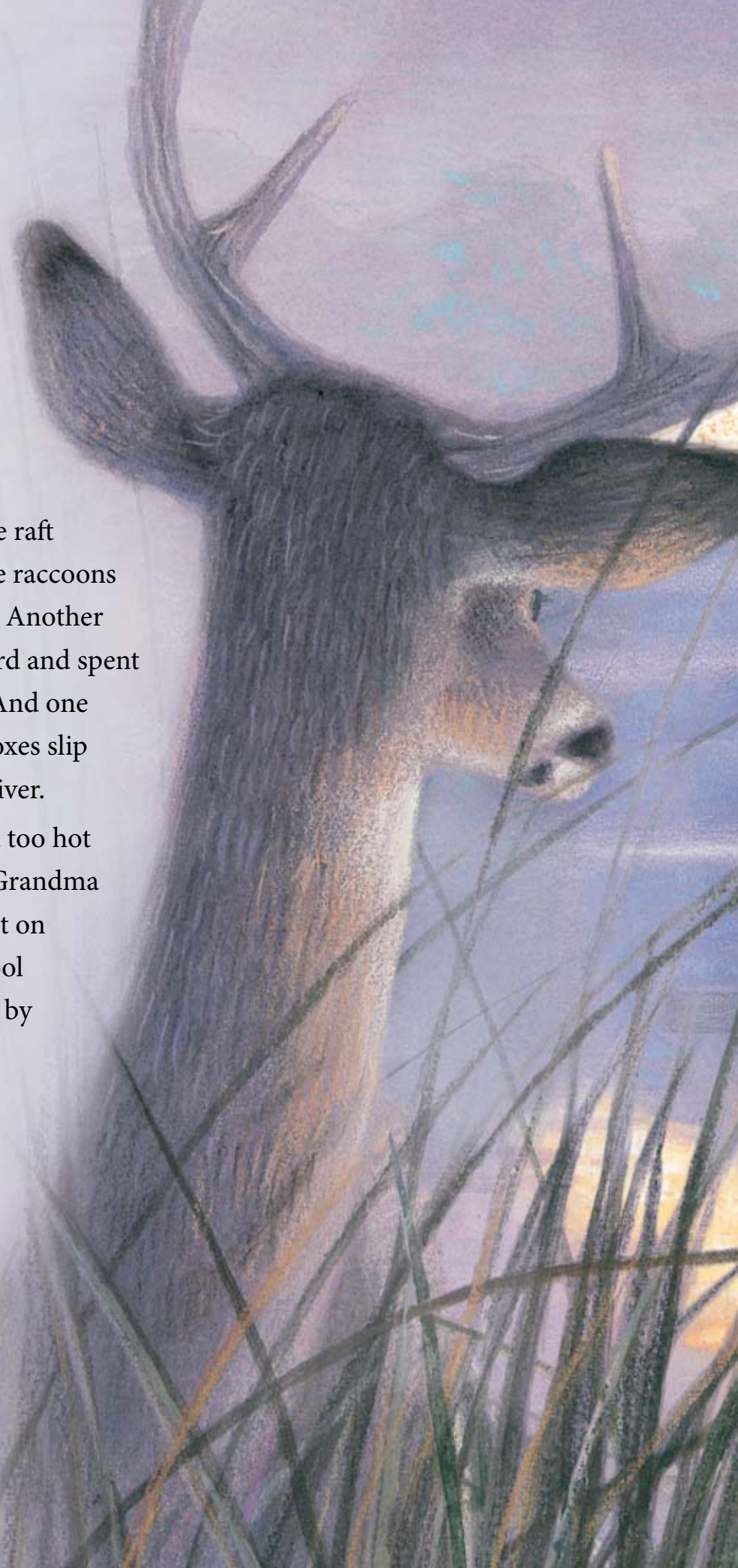
After that, I had little time for anything but the raft. I raced through whatever chores there were, then ran down to the dock, wondering what animals I'd see that day.





It wasn't just birds that the raft attracted. One morning three raccoons followed me along the shore. Another time a turtle climbed on board and spent the morning sunning itself. And one afternoon I saw a family of foxes slip through the trees along the river.

When the weather turned too hot and sticky to sleep indoors, Grandma helped me put up a small tent on the raft. I lay on top of the cool sheets and read comic books by flashlight until I fell asleep. One night, a noise woke me up. There in the moonlight stood a huge buck. He looked right at me, then lowered his head to drink, as if I wasn't there at all.







I found Grandma the next morning working on her bear carving.

“Do you have some extra paper I could draw on?” I asked her.

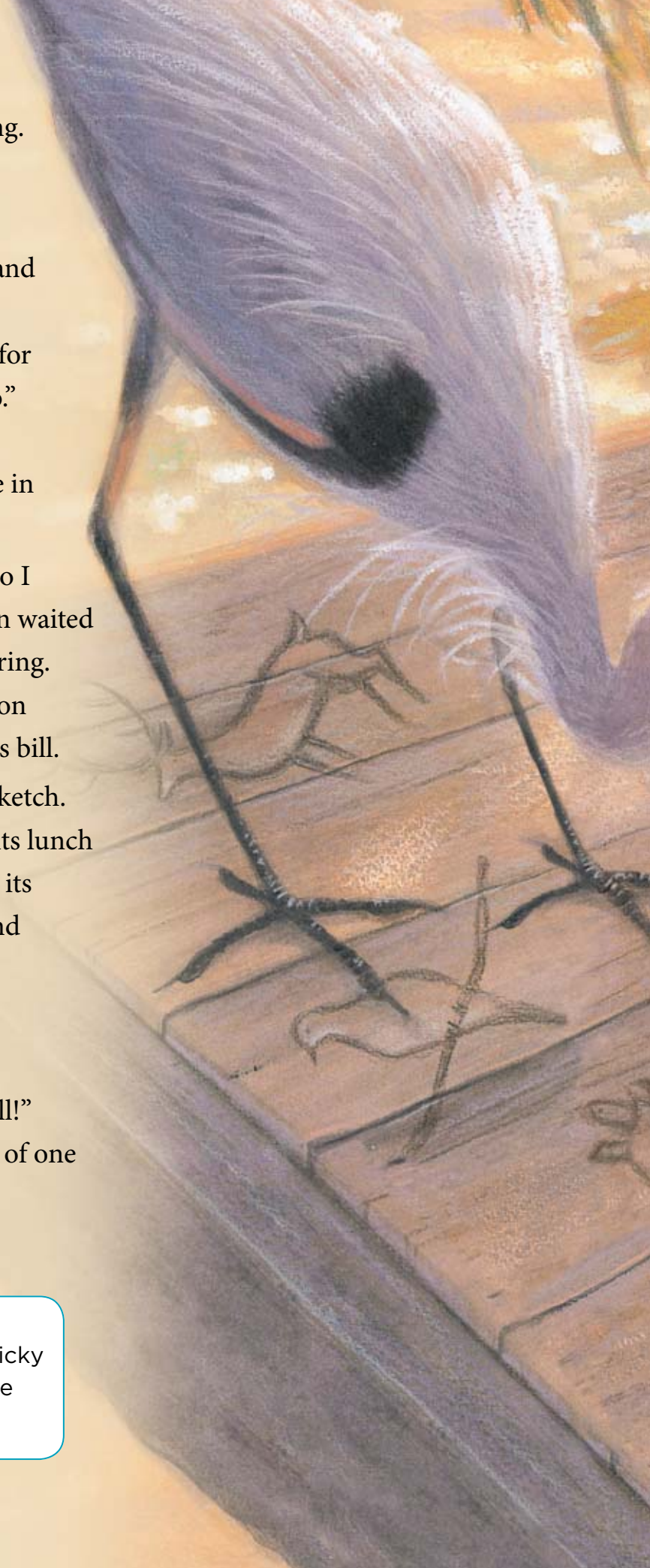
She brought out a big sketchpad and a pouch filled with thick pencils and crayons. “I’ve been saving these just for you,” she said. “Better take these, too.” She held out the snorkel and mask. “Never know when they might come in handy on a raft.”

The sun was hot that afternoon, so I poled into the shade of a willow, then waited to see what animals the raft would bring. It wasn’t long before a great blue heron whooshed down with a crayfish in its bill.

I grabbed a pencil and began to sketch. I felt invisible as the bird calmly ate its lunch right in front of me. Then it preened its feathers, looked back up the river, and flew off.

That night I showed my drawing to Grandma.

“Not bad,” she said. “Not bad at all!” And she tacked it on the wall on top of one of her own sketches.



Character, Setting

Describe the ways in which Nicky is beginning to enjoy the place where his grandmother lives.



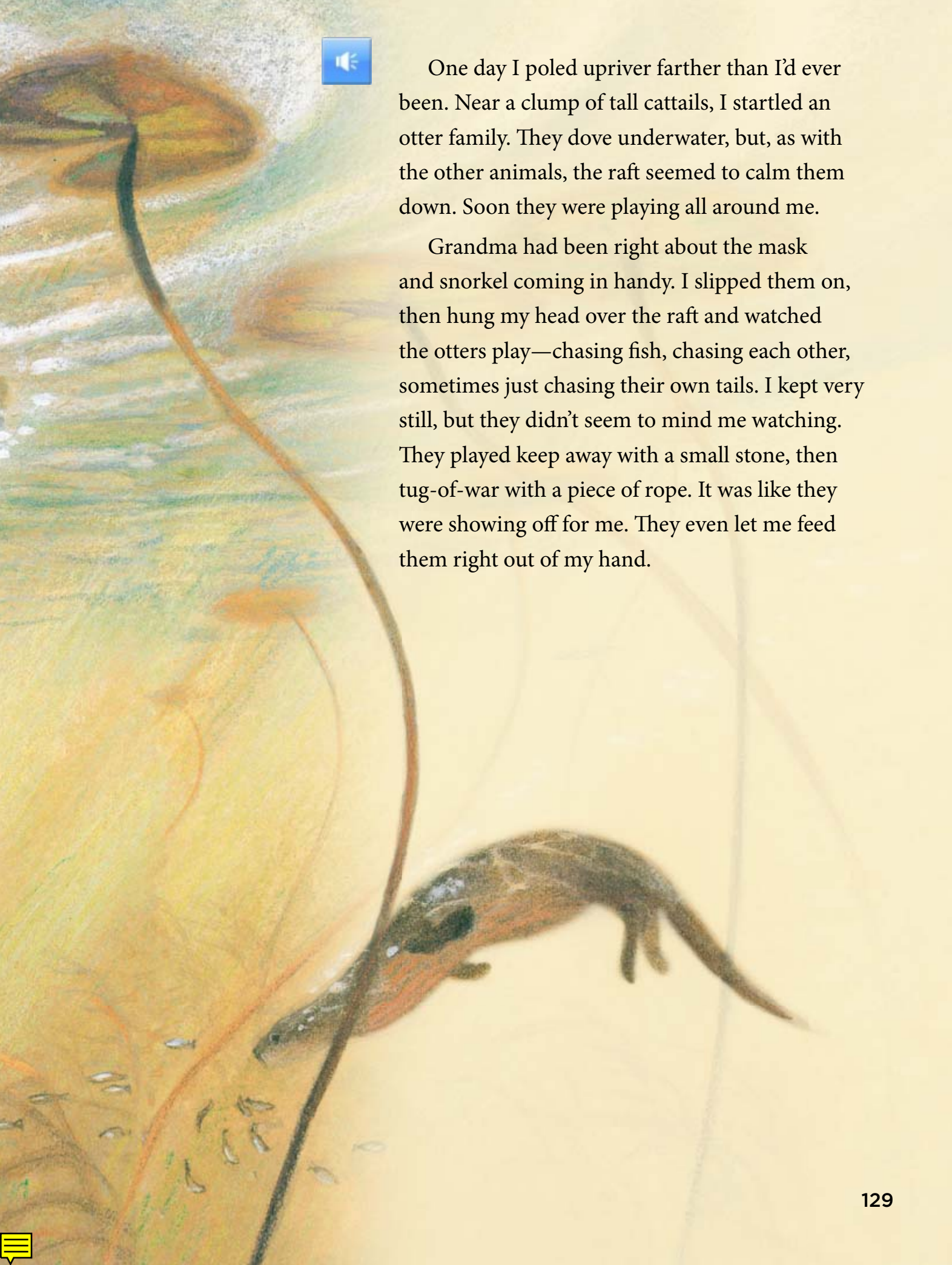






One day I poled upriver farther than I'd ever been. Near a clump of tall cattails, I startled an otter family. They dove underwater, but, as with the other animals, the raft seemed to calm them down. Soon they were playing all around me.

Grandma had been right about the mask and snorkel coming in handy. I slipped them on, then hung my head over the raft and watched the otters play—chasing fish, chasing each other, sometimes just chasing their own tails. I kept very still, but they didn't seem to mind me watching. They played keep away with a small stone, then tug-of-war with a piece of rope. It was like they were showing off for me. They even let me feed them right out of my hand.



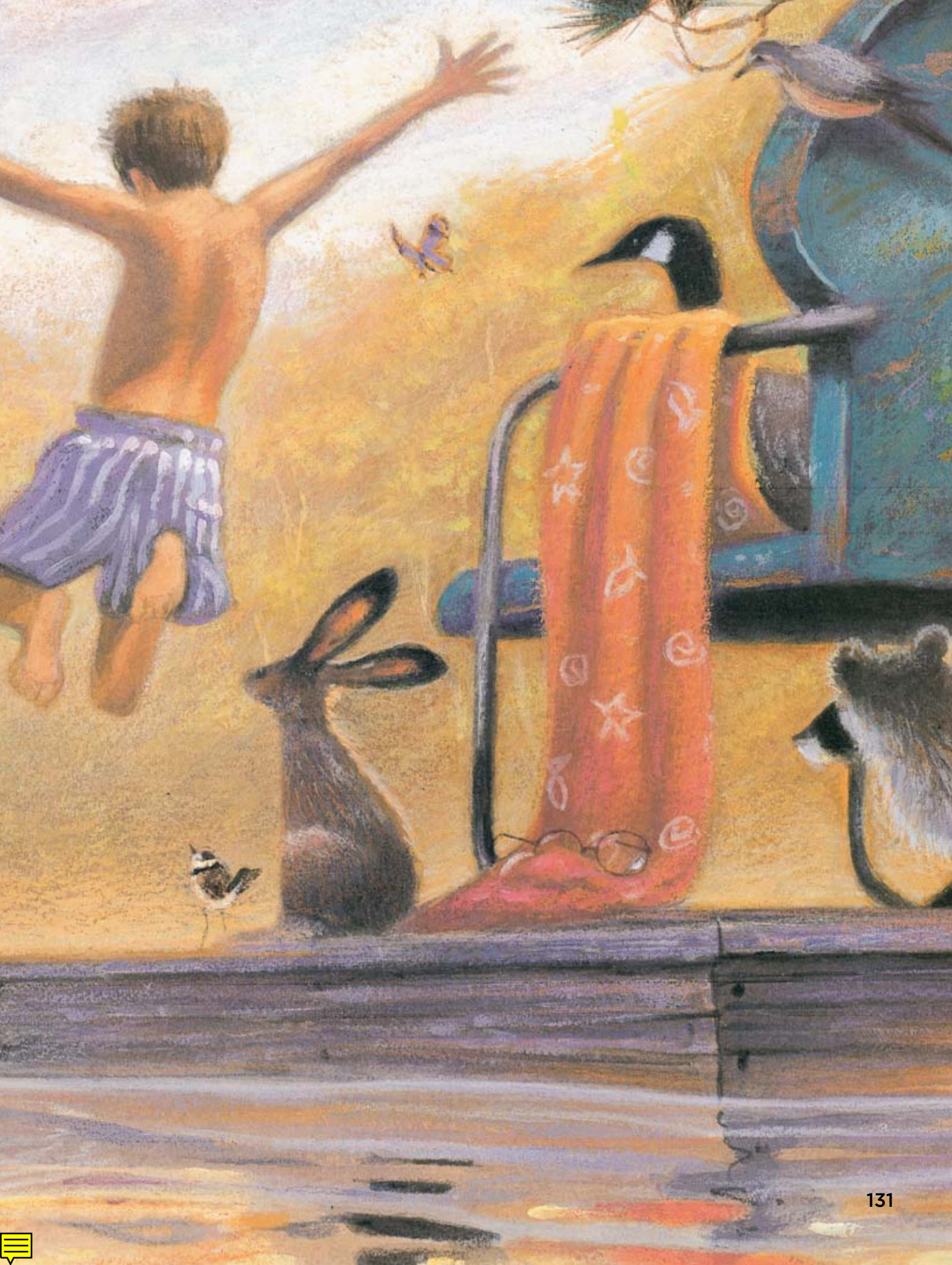


Some mornings, Grandma would make a bagful of sandwiches and a thermos of icy lemonade. Then we'd put on our bathing suits, grab some towels, a lawn chair, and an inner tube, and pole upriver to her favorite swimming spot. "I've come swimming here since I was a girl," she told me as we tied the raft to an old dock. "The Marshalls used to live here—all ten of them. What a herd of wild animals we were!"

While Grandma watched from the inner tube, I practiced my flying cannonballs. Then we'd eat our lunch, and she'd tell me stories about growing up on the river. My favorite was of the time she'd found a small black pearl inside a river clam. "I still have it," she said.

Somehow, on the river, it seemed like summer would never end. But of course it did.









On my last day, I got up extra early and crept down to the dock. The air was cool and a low pearly fog hung over the river. I untied the raft and quietly drifted downstream.

Ahead of me, through the fog, I saw two deer moving across the river, a doe and her fawn. When they reached the shore, the doe leaped easily up the steep bank, then turned to wait for her baby. But the fawn was in trouble. It kept slipping down the muddy bank. The doe returned to the water to help, but the more the fawn struggled, the deeper it got stuck in the mud.

I pushed off the river bottom and drove the raft hard onto the muddy bank, startling the doe. Then I dropped into the water. I was ankle-deep in mud.

“You’re okay,” I whispered to the fawn, praying that the raft would calm it. “I won’t hurt you.”

Gradually the fawn stopped struggling, as if it understood that I was there to help. I put my arms around it and pulled. It barely moved. I pulled again, then again. Slowly the fawn eased out of the mud, and finally it was free. Carefully I carried the fawn up the bank to its mother.







Then, quietly, I returned to the raft. From there, I watched the doe **nuzzle** and clean her baby, and I knew what I had to do. I pulled the stub of a crayon from my pocket, and drew the fawn, in all its wildness, onto the old gray boards of the raft. When I had finished, I knew it was just right.

After supper, I showed Grandma my drawing of the fawn and told her my story.

“It’s perfect,” she said, “but we need to do one more thing.” She hurried up to the cottage. When she came back, she had tubes of oil paint and two brushes.

Grandma helped me trace my drawing with the oil paint, which soaked deep into the wood. “That’ll keep it,” she said. “Now you’ll always be part of the river.”

“Just like you, Grandma,” I told her. “A river rat.”

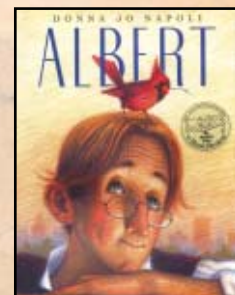
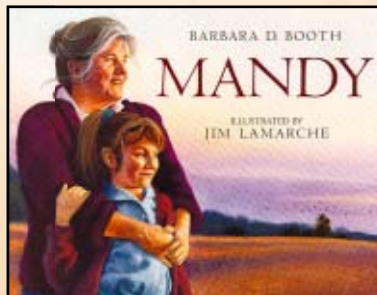
Grandma laughed. “Just like me,” she agreed.



A SKETCH OF JIM LAMARCHE

JIM LAMARCHE is a lot like the boy in this story. Jim spent his summers rafting on a river when he was a child. He grew up near the Milwaukee River in Wisconsin. All year round, the river was a special place to play. Jim also liked drawing and crafting things. Once he made a whole zoo out of clay that he dug up from a field. Even though Jim liked art, he didn't think about becoming an artist when he grew up. Back then, he really wanted to be a magician. Today Jim thinks that creating a book from just a blank piece of paper is not so different from being a magician.

Other books illustrated by Jim LaMarche



Find out more about
Jim LaMarche at

www.macmillanmh.com

Write About It

Nicky does not want to stay with his grandmother, but then he ends up having a lot of fun. Describe a time when you did not want to go somewhere but ended up having a good time.



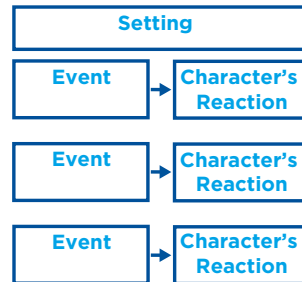


Comprehension Check



Summarize

Use your Setting Flow Chart to help you summarize *The Raft*. Describe the setting of the story.



Think and Compare



1. How does the story's setting change Nicky? What could Nicky have done for the summer if the setting had been his own home? **Make Inferences and Analyze: Character, Setting, Plot**
2. Reread page 113 of *The Raft*. What does Nicky expect his vacation with his grandmother to be like? Use story details in your answer. **Analyze**
3. What would it be like if you were able to make use of a **raft** for the summer? **Apply**
4. What information would you use to support the view that the raft was a gift from Nicky's grandmother? **Evaluate**
5. Read "Rafting—Ready or Not" on pages 110-111. How is the narrator's experience on a raft similar to Nicky's? What do the characters discover? Use details from both stories in your answer. **Reading/Writing Across Texts**

Social Studies

Genre

Magazine Articles give facts and information about interesting topics.



Text Feature

Maps are drawings of all or part of an area.

Content Vocabulary

bayous

swamp

guide

ancient

Into the Swamp

by Elizabeth Schleichert

Photos by C.C. Lockwood

How would you like to float through twisting canals, **bayous** (streams), and lakes? Some kids from the city of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, did just that! They went canoeing in the huge Atchafalaya (uh-CHAFF-uh-LIE-uh) **Swamp**. Baton Rouge is only 20 miles (32 km) from the swamp, but most of the kids had never been there before. Now they were able to explore its winding waterways up close!



The kids met up at the boat dock before sunrise. They couldn't wait to push off and start their adventure! They were especially excited about camping out that night. Before getting in their canoes, they crowded around a map of the Atchafalaya.

"Here's where we are now," said Anthony, pointing to the map. He, Adam, and Edward were trying to figure out where they would be heading. But in fact, they didn't really have to worry about a thing. Their **guide** for the trip, photographer C.C. Lockwood, knew every bend and bayou in the Atchafalaya. There was no way he was going to get them lost! C.C. gave the group some canoeing pointers, and then they paddled into the morning mist.

From Baton Rouge to Atchafalaya



Reading a Map

This map has a compass rose that shows directions. The key helps you measure the distance from one place to the other.



This map shows the location of the Atchafalaya Swamp.

Shhh . . . Swamp Creatures!

Yikes!

As the canoes followed C.C.'s, someone yelled "Alligator!" The kids paddled over to check it out. The 'gator swam around the canoes. One of the kids said, "It was so close, we could almost touch it!"

Nearby, the kids spied a super-sized female golden silk spider. It was waiting to snag a buggy meal in its golden web.



Checkin' It Out

Edward and Stephen poked around near an **ancient** bald cypress stump. Long ago, loggers had chopped down lots of trees here, leaving behind eerie-looking stumps like this one.

I'm Reelin'

"Wanna go fishing?" Ryan asked Stephen during lunch. "Sure," came the reply. Soon Ryan was excitedly catching one bass after another and grinning from ear to ear. Stephen steadied the canoe and laughed as Ryan reeled in a big one.

Nighttime Adventures

Whoo's There?

No telling who—or what—might be watching you on a dark swampy night! A barred owl was perched quietly in a tree not far from the group's tents. It was waiting to swoop down on any meal that might walk, wriggle, or swim by.



Noisy Frogs

Anthony giggled when C.C. put a green tree frog on his nose. "It kind of tickled," he said. The boys couldn't believe how noisy these frogs were, filling the nighttime swamp with their loud "quonks." Frog calls were just some of the sounds that kept the kids awake that night. Scary campfire ghost stories didn't help them go to sleep either.



So Long, Swamp!

Before leaving the swamp, the kids hung out at the water's edge. They'd had to put up with some heavy rain and tons of mosquitoes, but Anthony said, "I'll never forget the fun I had on this camping trip." And the other kids nodded, *You got that right!*

Connect and Compare



1. Look at the map on page 139. In what direction would you travel to get from Baton Rouge to the Atchafalaya Swamp?
Reading a Map

2. How important is it to have a guide when exploring the Atchafalaya Swamp? Why do you think so? **Evaluate**

3. Think about this article and *The Raft*. How is Grandma's river like the Atchafalaya Swamp? How is it different?
Reading/Writing Across Texts



Social Studies Activity

Research another body of water. Draw a map to show its location. Then write about the wildlife you might find there.



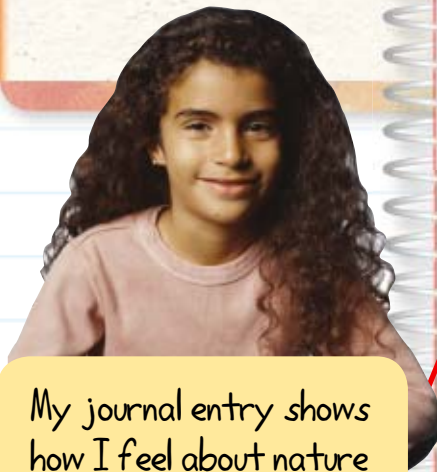
Find out more wildlife facts at www.macmillanmh.com

Write a Journal Entry

Writing

Voice

Good writing reveals the writer's personality. A good writer shows interest in and enthusiasm about the topic.



My journal entry shows how I feel about nature and wildlife.

I chose words that clearly expressed my feelings.

October 25

Today Dad and I went on a fantastic hike in the foothills. After about ten minutes I saw some hoof prints in the soft dirt of the trail. Then I looked up, and I saw a doe and her tiny spotted fawn. Dad and I stood there very quietly. Then they turned and walked into some thick brush.

Wow! I had never been so close to a wild animal.

Dad patted me on the shoulder and told me there's a first time for everything.



Your Turn

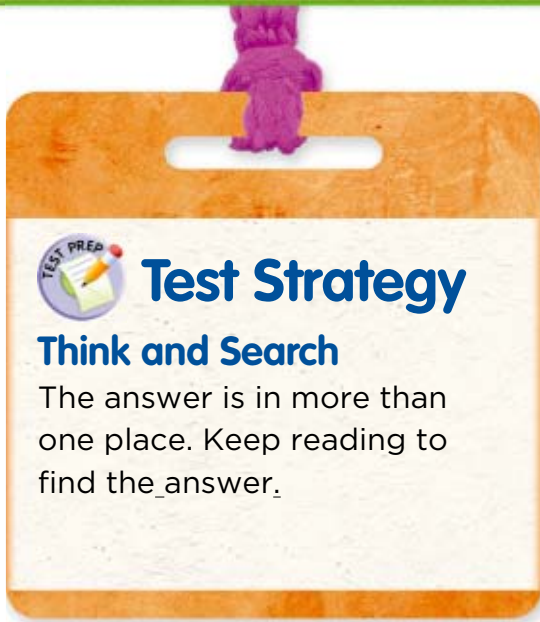
Spend some time being a nature watcher. Safely observe birds, insects, or other animals that live in your area. Write a journal entry about your experience. Choose words that express your feelings about the experience. Use the Writer's Checklist to check your writing.



Writer's Checklist

- Ideas and Content:** Did I include important and interesting details about my experience?
- Organization:** Did I tell the events in the order that they happened?
- Voice:** Does my writing show how I feel?
- Word Choice:** Did I use strong, colorful words to tell what happened?
- Sentence Fluency:** Did I vary the length of my sentences?
- Conventions:** Did I fix any run-on sentences by dividing them into separate sentences? Did I fix any sentence fragments by making them into complete sentences? Did I check my spelling?

Answer Questions



A Walk on the Beach

by Doreen Beauregard

CHARACTERS:

JENNY

JENNY'S DAD

DEREK

JENNY'S MOM

Setting: The kitchen of Jenny's house

JENNY: You've never been to the beach? You've never seen the ocean? Are you kidding me, Derek?

DEREK: No, I've never seen it.

JENNY'S DAD: Derek lives in New Mexico, Jen. Look it up on the map. It's nowhere near the ocean. That's one of the reasons your cousin's visiting. Right, Derek? You came to see the Pacific?

DEREK: Right. Hey, when was the last time you saw a desert?

JENNY: I've never seen a desert.

DEREK: (*Imitating Jenny*) What? You've never seen a desert? Are you kidding me?

JENNY'S DAD: *(Smiling)* Okay, you two. Finish your juice, then put your sneakers on. Mom's taking you on a beach walk.

(On the beach, near the dunes)

DEREK: Wow! The ocean really is huge! The waves are amazing!

JENNY'S MOM: Beautiful, isn't it?

JENNY: Check out the dunes. They're beautiful, too.

DEREK: How can all those plants grow in the sand?

JENNY'S MOM: They have their ways. Some have leaves with a waxy coating or little hairs to keep the water inside.

DEREK: Desert plants do that, too!

JENNY: Hey, it's low tide. We can look in the tide pools. There's lots of fun stuff living in the tide pools. C'mon.

JENNY'S MOM: Tide pools are fragile. Walk carefully so you don't harm anything.

DEREK: What's that weird plant near the rock?

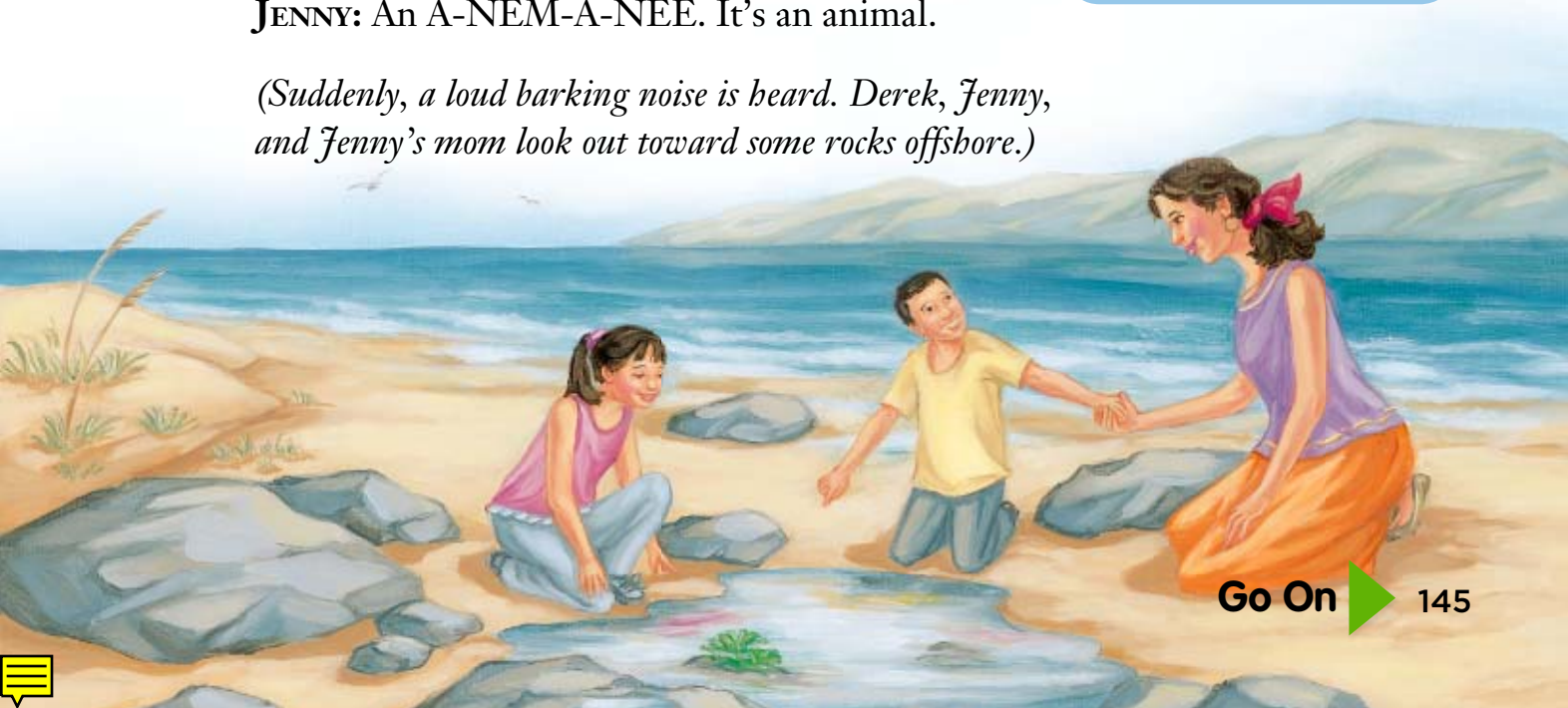
JENNY: That's not a plant. It's an anemone.

DEREK: An enemy?

JENNY: An A-NEM-A-NEE. It's an animal.

(Suddenly, a loud barking noise is heard. Derek, Jenny, and Jenny's mom look out toward some rocks offshore.)

green sea anemone



Answer Questions

DEREK: Wow! Those are seals out there! They're pretty loud.

JENNY'S MOM: Those are sea lions actually.

DEREK: Hey, what's that thing on the sand? Is that seaweed?

JENNY: Yep. It's kelp. These round things are called gas bladders.

JENNY'S MOM: There's a big kelp forest out there.

DEREK: Are these the roots?

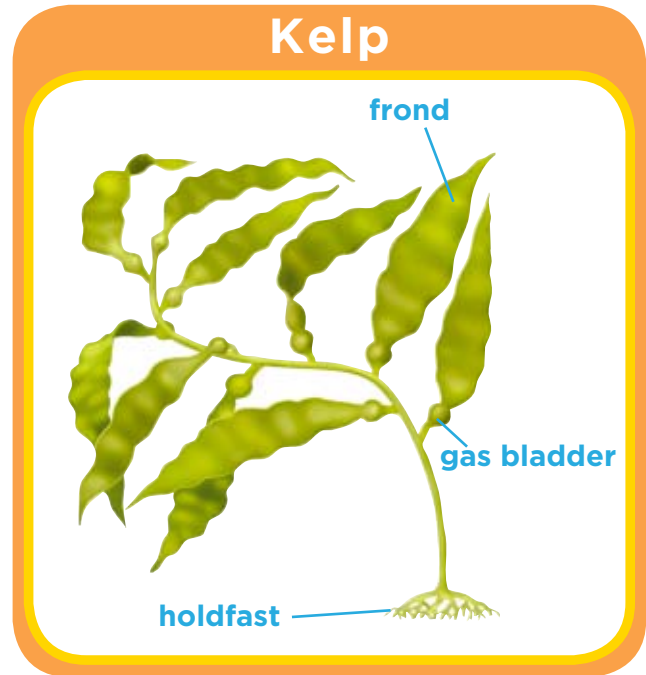
JENNY'S MOM: Not roots, exactly—that's the kelp's holdfast.

DEREK: (*Laughing and waving the kelp around*) Not any more! So what other fun stuff is out there?

JENNY: Ummm . . . there are white shrimp that look like ghosts. There are shovelnose guitarfish—

DEREK: Cool! What songs do they play?

JENNY'S MOM: (*Laughing*) We'll go to the aquarium on Saturday to see all these things. Now let's go back and get some lunch.



Tip

Keep reading. The answer may be in more than one place.

Directions: Answer the questions.**1. What are tide pools?**

- A pools of water surrounded by plants
- B pools of water filled with delicate living things
- C pools of deep water
- D waves caused by high tides

2. Based on the play and the diagram of the kelp, what is the purpose of the holdfast?

- A to keep the plant green
- B to help the plant breathe
- C to anchor the plant to the ocean floor
- D to keep sand away from the water

3. Which of these statements BEST describes Derek's character?

- A He dislikes the beach and ocean.
- B He is curious and excited about new things.
- C He is afraid of new places.
- D He does not like to ask questions.

4. Describe the plot of the play.**5. What is Derek's problem in this play? What does he do to help solve his problem?****Writing Prompt**

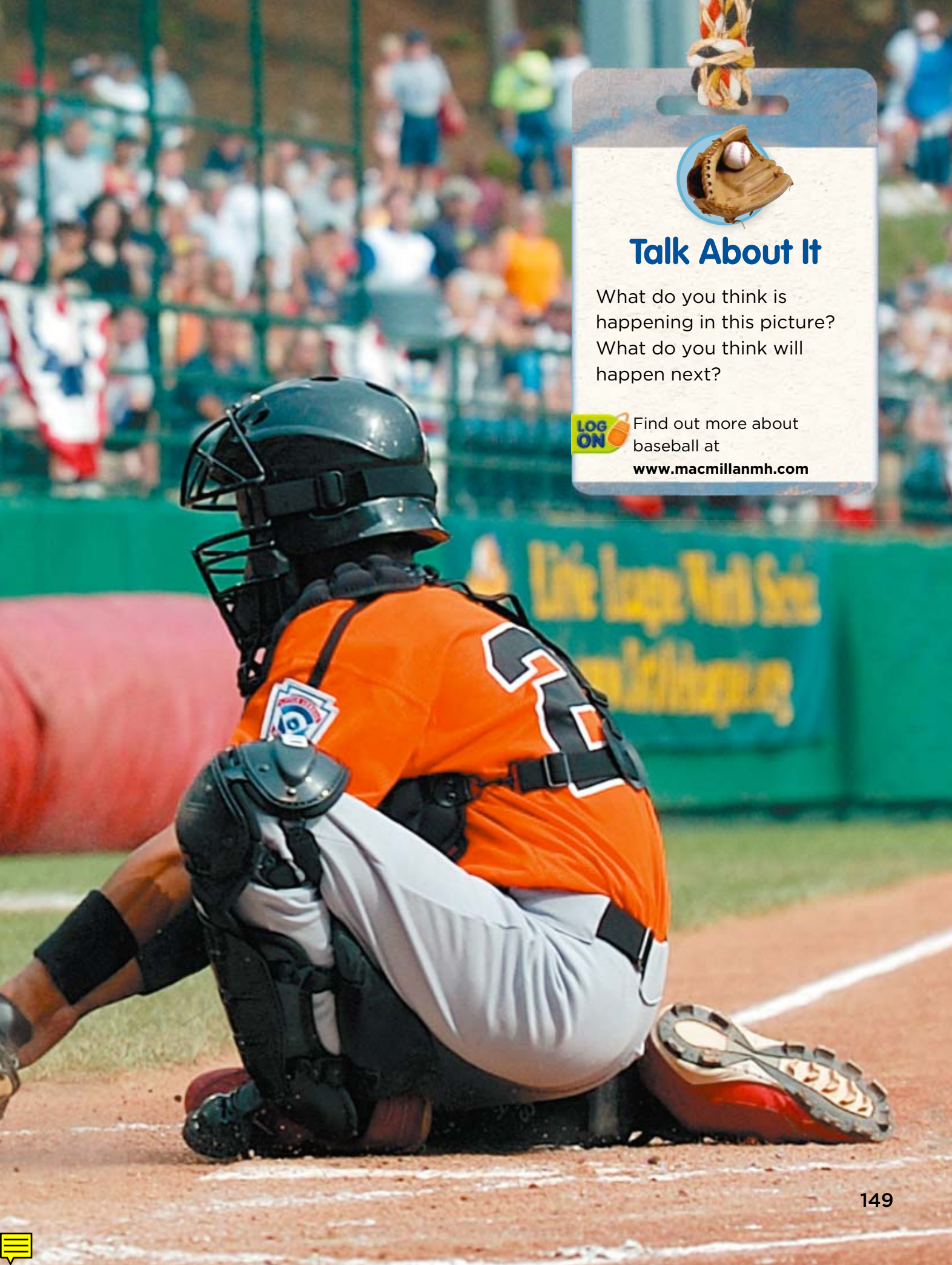
Think of a place you love to visit. Why is it special? Write a letter home, about three paragraphs long, describing this place.





BASEBALL





Talk About It

What do you think is happening in this picture?
What do you think will happen next?



Find out more about
baseball at

www.macmillanmh.com



WOMEN PICK UP THE BALL

by Jenny Hull

Vocabulary

legendary insult
muttered fluke
gaped flinched
snickering

Context Clues

Descriptions in the text can help you figure out what a word means. Figure out the meaning of *snickering*.



Lucy's class was at Cooperstown—site of the **legendary** Baseball Hall of Fame. Lucy wasn't thrilled to be there. "Who cares about the All-American Girls Professional Baseball League?" Lucy **muttered** quietly to herself.

The League's Beginning

The guide explained that in 1942, most young men were being drafted to fight World War II. Some feared that major league baseball parks would close. But Philip Wrigley, the owner of the Chicago Cubs, decided to start a girls' league. Some may have **gaped** at the idea, but it soon caught on.

Lucy wondered what it was like for those girls. If people laughed in a mean way, did they notice the baseball fans **snickering**?

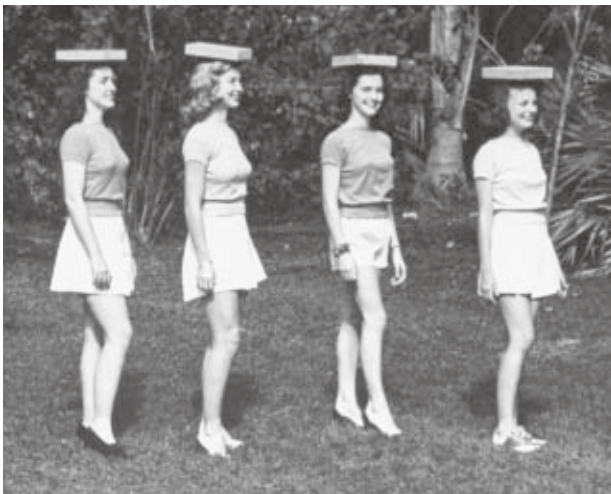
Woman baseball player makes a leaping catch.



The League Succeeds

Girls as young as 15 tried out for the league. The \$45 to \$85 a week salaries were a big draw. That might seem like an **insult** today, but back then it was a lot of money.

Players had to follow strict rules of behavior and take classes. They were taught how to dress, act, and take care of themselves.



Walking with blocks on their heads for balance and posture

The success of the league was no **fluke**. During the war, many women worked in factories. This changed the image of what women could do.

The League Ends

After the war ended, interest lessened and the league fell apart. One reason was that many people got TVs in the early 1950s. They could watch major league games without buying a ticket or leaving the house!

Time to Leave

Lucy **flinched** when her teacher called the class together. She wasn't ready to leave. She wanted to learn more. But Lucy would have to wait until her next visit to learn more about this interesting time in baseball history.

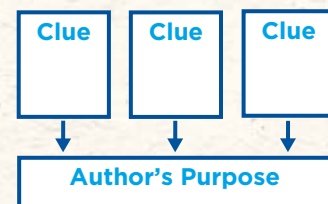
Reread for Comprehension



Make Inferences and Analyze

Author's Purpose An author's purpose is the reason he or she wrote a selection. To learn an author's purpose, you usually must make inferences and analyze information.

An Author's Purpose Map can help you decide if the author's purpose is to inform, to persuade, or to entertain. Reread the selection to find clues to the author's purpose.



Comprehension

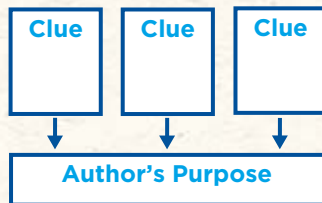
Genre

Historical Fiction is set in a real time and place in the past. It may include real people and events that actually happened, along with fictional characters and events.



Make Inferences and Analyze

Author's Purpose As you read, fill in your Author's Purpose Map.



Read to Find Out

What actually made Jackie so mighty?



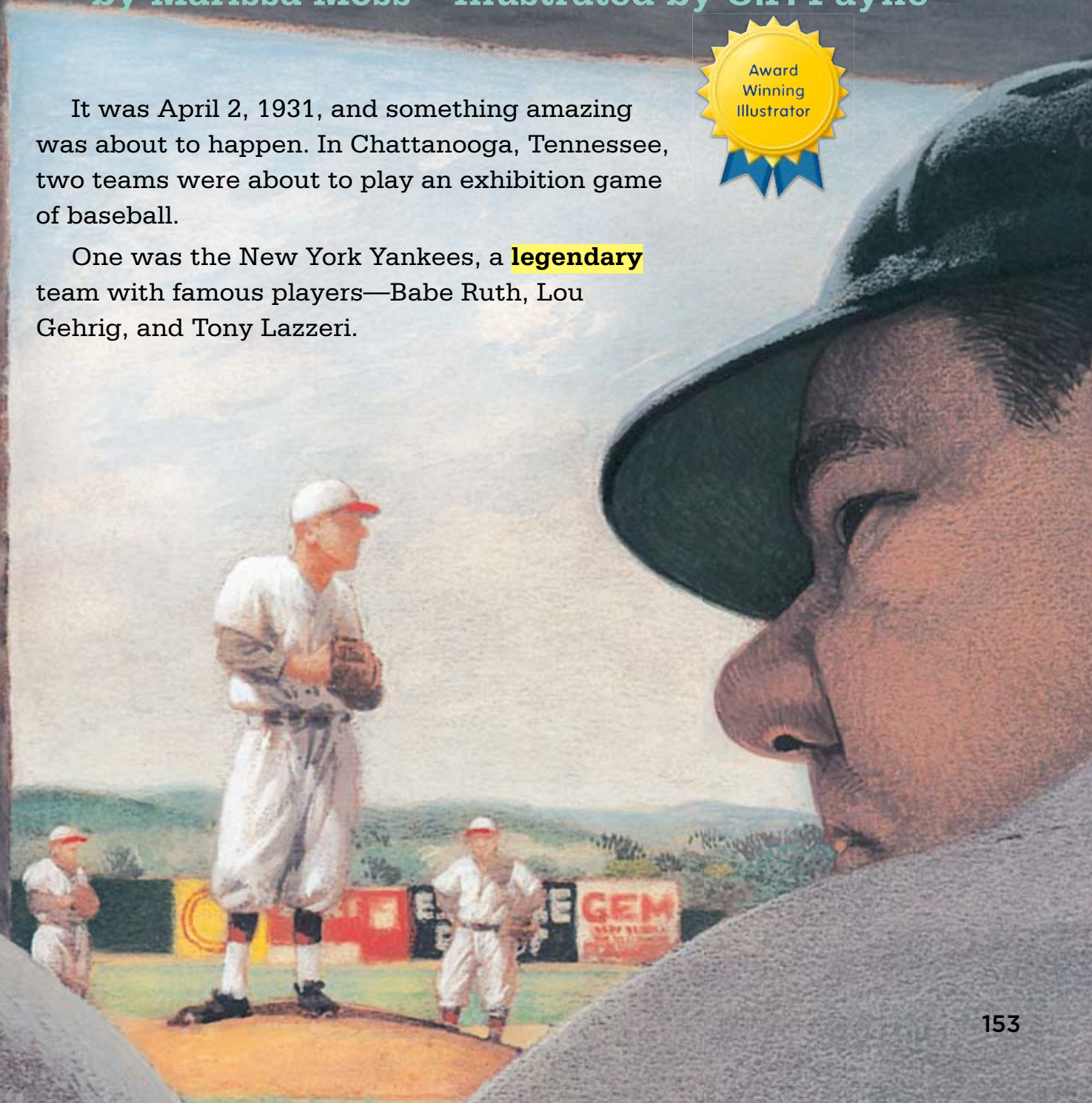
MIGHTY JACKIE

The Strike-out Queen

by Marissa Moss • Illustrated by C.F. Payne

It was April 2, 1931, and something amazing was about to happen. In Chattanooga, Tennessee, two teams were about to play an exhibition game of baseball.

One was the New York Yankees, a **legendary** team with famous players—Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, and Tony Lazzeri.



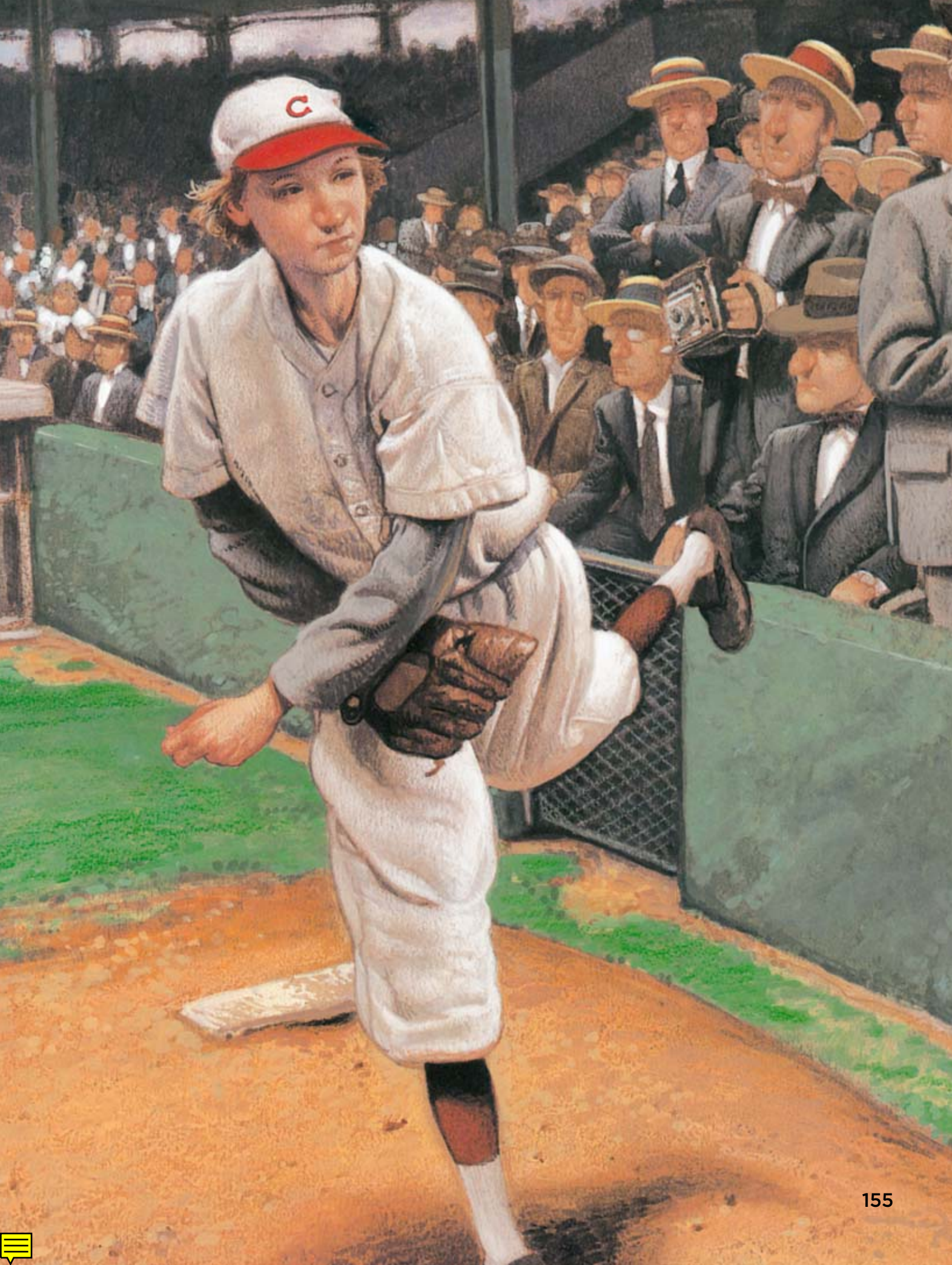


The other was the Chattanooga Lookouts, a small team, a nothing team, except for the pitcher, Jackie Mitchell.

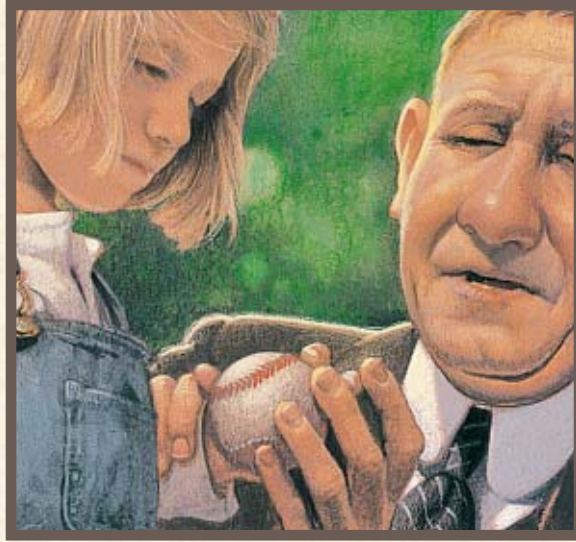
Jackie was young, only seventeen years old, but that's not what made people sit up and take notice. Jackie was a girl, and everyone knew that girls didn't play major-league baseball.

The *New York Daily News* sneered that she would swing "a mean lipstick" instead of a bat. A reporter wrote that you might as well have "a trained seal behind the plate" as have a woman standing there. But Jackie was no trained seal. She was a pitcher, a mighty good one. The question was, was she good enough to play against the New York Yankees?









As long as she could remember, Jackie had played ball with her father. She knew girls weren't supposed to. All the kids at school, all the boys in her neighborhood told her that. When one boy yelled at another one, "You throw like a girl!" it was an **insult**—everyone knew girls couldn't throw. Or that's what they thought.

Day after day, in the neighborhood sandlot, Jackie's father told her differently. He said she could throw balls, and she did. She ran bases, she swung the bat. By the time she was eight years old, Dazzy Vance, the star pitcher for the Brooklyn Dodgers, had taught her how to pitch. A real pitcher talking to a little girl was all Jackie needed to start dreaming of playing in the World Series. Her father saw her talent and so did Dazzy. He told her she could be good at whatever she wanted, as long as she worked at it. And Jackie worked at baseball. She worked hard.

She practiced pitching till it was too cold and dark to stay outside. She threw balls until her shoulder ached and her fingers were callused. She pitched until her eyes blurred over and she couldn't see where she was throwing. But it didn't matter, her arm knew.



Author's Purpose

Why do you think the author is providing so much information about Jackie's childhood?





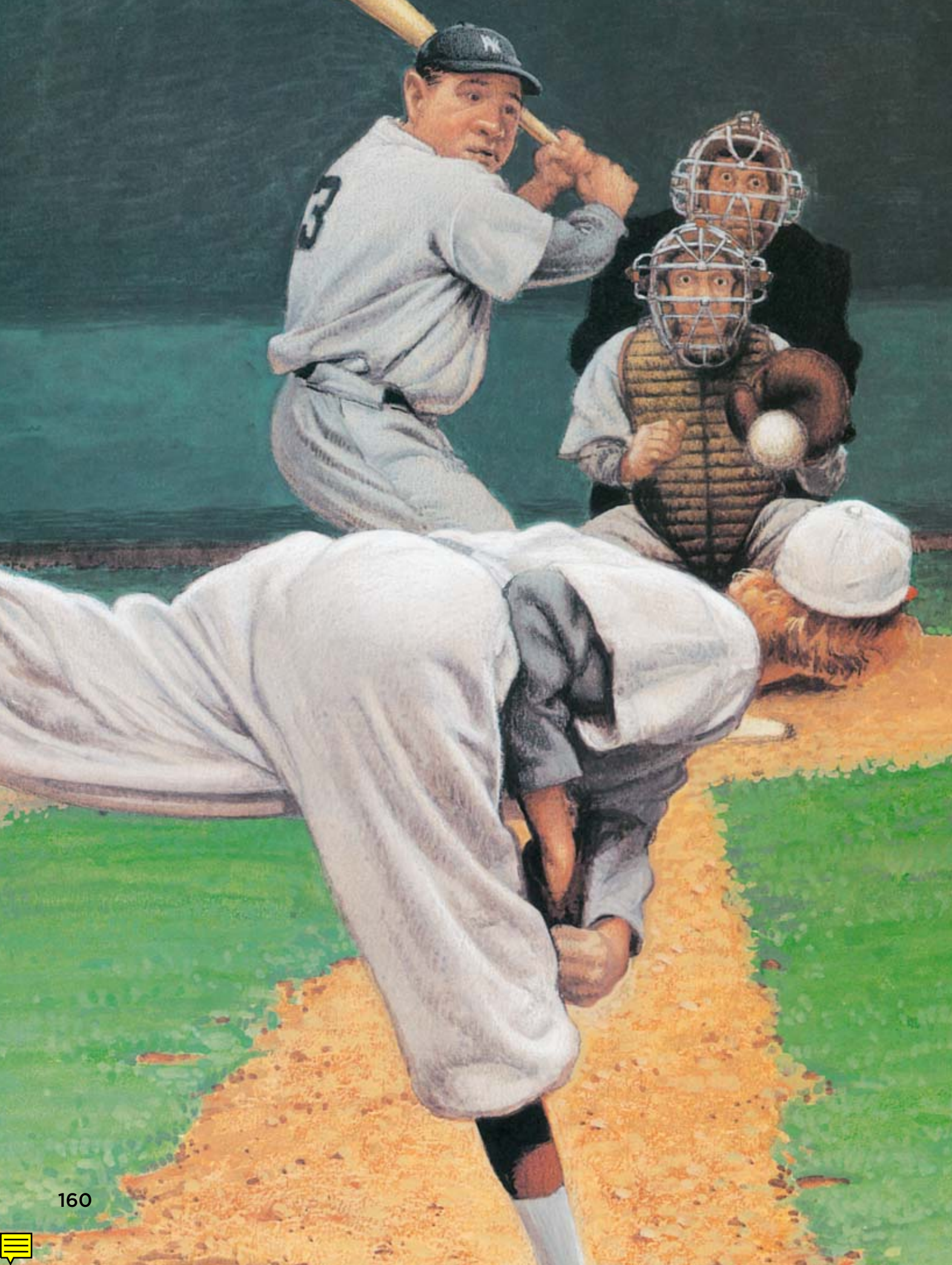
And now she was finally going to have her chance to play on a *real* baseball team, to pitch to *real* players. The stands were packed. A crowd of four thousand had come to see the strange sight of a woman on the pitcher's mound.

She stood tall on the field and looked back at the crowd in the bleachers. They were waiting for her to make a mistake, and she knew it. They were waiting for her to prove that baseball was a man's game, not *her* game.

"It is my game," she **muttered** to herself and bit her lip. The Yankees were up, top of the first, and the batter was walking up to the plate. Jackie was ready for him, the ball tight in her left hand.









Except the batter was Babe Ruth—Babe Ruth, the “Home Run King,” a big mountain of a man—and Babe didn’t like the idea of a woman pitcher at all. He thought women were “too delicate” for baseball. “They’ll never make good,” he said. “It would kill them to play ball every day.” He walked to the plate and tipped his cap at Jackie. But if she thought he was going to go easy on her, she could forget it! He gripped the bat and got ready to slam the ball out of the ballpark.

Jackie held that ball like it was part of her arm, and when she threw it, she knew exactly where it would go. Right over the plate, right where the Babe wasn’t expecting it, right where he watched it speed by and *thwunk* into the catcher’s mitt.

“STRRRRIKE ONE!”

Babe Ruth **gaped**—he couldn’t believe it! The crowd roared. Jackie tried to block them out, to see only the ball, to feel only the ball. But Babe Ruth was facing her down now, determined not to let a girl make a fool out of him. She **flinched** right before the next pitch, and the umpire called a ball.

“Hmmmph,” the Babe snorted.

“You can do it!” Jackie told herself. “Girls can throw—show them!”

But the next pitch was another ball.

Now the crowd was hooting and jeering. The Babe was **snickering** with them.





Jackie closed her eyes. She felt her fingers tingling around the ball, she felt its heft in her palm, she felt the force of her shoulder muscles as she wound up for the pitch. She remembered what her father had told her: "Go out there and pitch just like you pitch to anybody else."

"STRRRRIKE TWO!"

Now the Babe was mad.

This was serious. The Babe was striking out, and the pitcher was a girl!

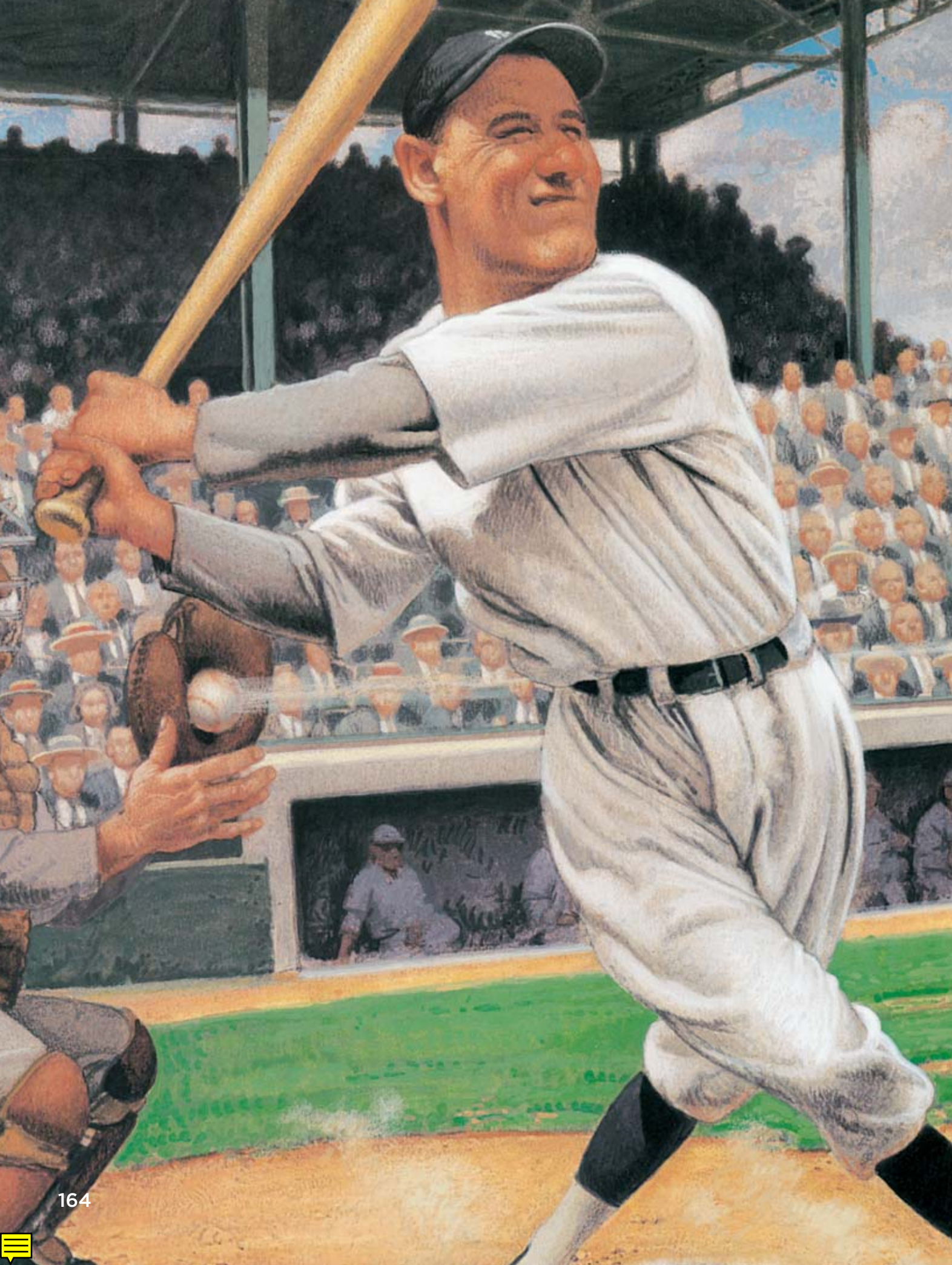
Jackie wasn't mad, but she wasn't scared either. She was pitching, really pitching, and it felt like something was happening the way it had always been meant to. She knew the batter would expect the same pitch, close and high, even if the batter was Babe Ruth. So this time she threw the ball straight down the middle with all the speed she could put on it.

"STRRRRIKE THREE!"

Babe Ruth glared at the umpire and threw the bat down in disgust. He told reporters that that would be the last time he'd bat against a woman! The crowd was stunned. A girl had struck out the "Sultan of Swat"! It couldn't be! It was a mistake, a **fluke**! What would the papers say tomorrow? But wait, here came Lou Gehrig, the "Iron Horse," up to the plate. He'd show her. She couldn't strike him out too.









Lou Gehrig swung with a mighty grunt, but his bat hit nothing but air.

“STRRRRIKE ONE!”

He looked stunned, then dug in his heels and glared at Jackie.

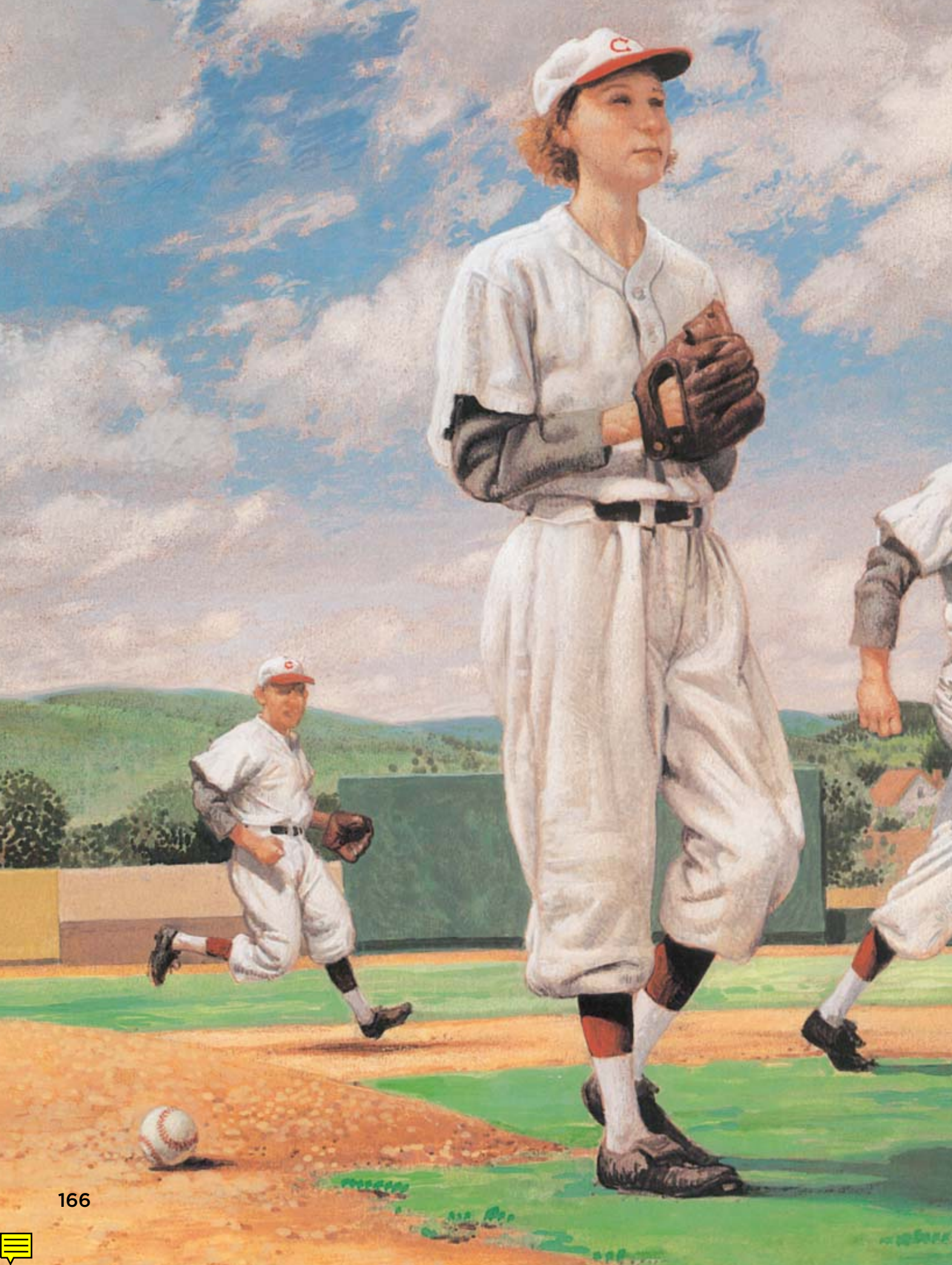
“STRRRRIKE TWO!”

Jackie grinned. She was doing what she'd worked so hard and long to do, and nothing could stop her.

She pitched the ball the way she knew best, a lefty pitch with a low dip in it. No one could touch a ball like that when it was thrown right.

“STRRRRIKE THREE!”

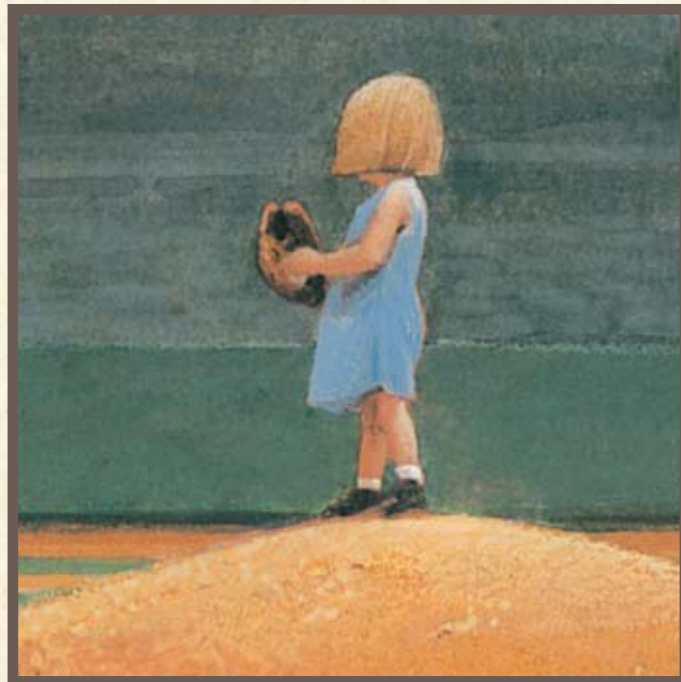






The crowd, so ready to boo her before, rose with a roar, clapping and cheering like crazy. Back to back, Jackie had struck out two of baseball's best batters, Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig. She'd proven herself and now the fans loved her for it.

But Jackie didn't hear them. She was too proud and too happy. She'd done what she'd always known she could do. She'd shown the world how a girl could throw—as hard and as fast and as far as she wanted.



Author's Purpose

What was Marissa Moss's purpose in writing this story?

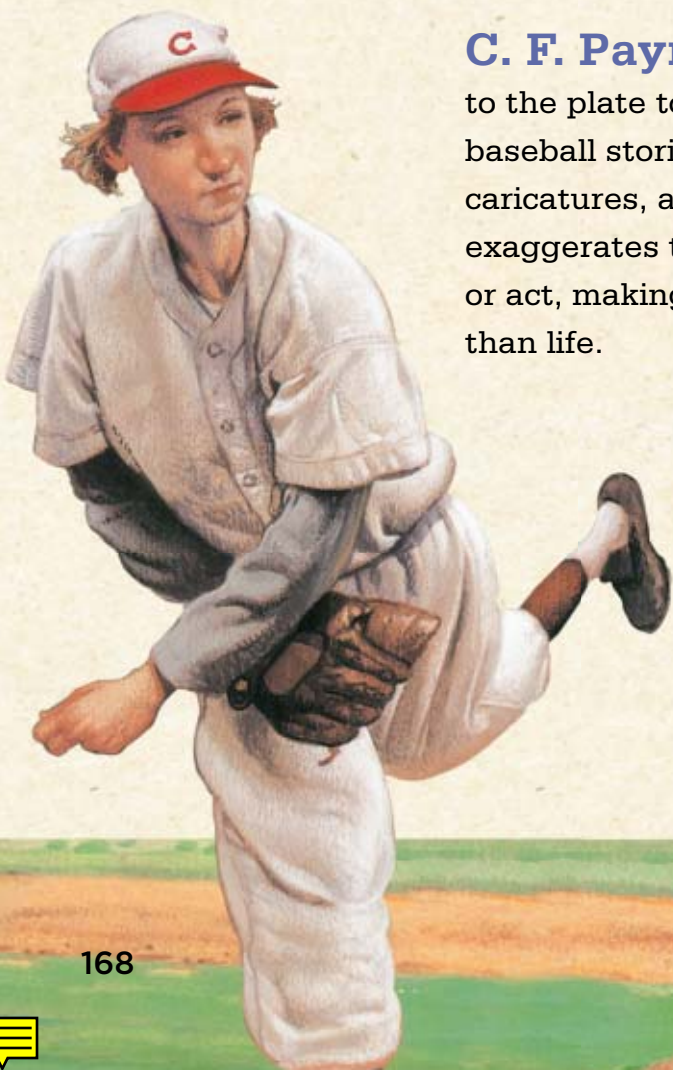
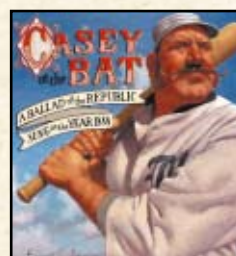


The Winning Team: Marissa and C. F.



Marissa Moss likes to write about real women like Jackie who have done unusual things. She has also written about a female train engineer and the first woman to fly across the English Channel. Marissa hopes that when kids read her books they will discover things about the past that remind them of their own lives.

Other books by Marissa Moss and C.F. Payne



C. F. Payne has stepped up to the plate to illustrate other baseball stories. C. F. often does caricatures, a kind of art that exaggerates the way people look or act, making them seem larger than life.



LOG ON

Find out more about
Marissa Moss and C. F. Payne at
www.macmillanmh.com

Write About It

Even when other people said girls couldn't play baseball, Jackie's father believed in her talent. Write about a time when someone gave you encouragement to do something difficult.



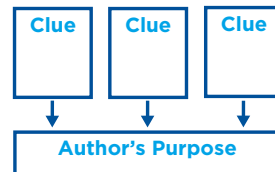


Comprehension Check



Summarize

Summarize *Mighty Jackie: The Strike-Out Queen*. Be sure to describe the main events, when and where the story is set, and the main character. Use information from your Author's Purpose Map to help you summarize.



Think and Compare



1. The author stresses the fact that Ruth and Gehrig were **legendary** baseball players. What is the author's purpose in doing that? **Make Inferences and Analyze: Author's Purpose**
2. Read the third paragraph on page 154. What were people's attitudes toward female athletes? Include details. **Analyze**
3. Have you ever reached a goal that you or other people may have thought was impossible to achieve? Explain. **Apply**
4. Why was proving her pitching talent so important to Jackie? Explain your opinion. **Analyze**
5. Read "Women Pick Up the Ball" on pages 150-151. How did women's role in professional baseball change from the 1930s to the 1940s? What caused this change? Use details from both selections in your answer. **Reading/Writing Across Texts**



Sports: Baseball

Social Studies

Genre

Almanacs have brief information, facts, and figures about many different subjects.

Text Feature

A **Table** presents a large amount of information, such as names and numbers, in a compact way.

Content Vocabulary

career **accomplishments**
orphanage **disease**


Baseball Greats

by Liz Ray

Babe Ruth

Babe Ruth is one of the most famous baseball players of all time. People called him “The Sultan of Swat” and “The Home Run King” because he hit a record 714 home runs in his **career**. That record has since been broken, but Babe Ruth is still the only baseball player who has hit three home runs in a World Series game twice.

Babe Ruth learned to play baseball in the **orphanage** and reform school where he spent his childhood. He grew up to pitch and play outfield for the Boston Red Sox, and was an outfielder for the New York Yankees. Ruth was one of the first five players elected to the Baseball Hall of Fame.



Babe Ruth watches the ball fly after a big swing.

Facts and Statistics

Full Name: **George Herman Ruth, Jr.**

Born:	February 5, 1895, in Baltimore, Maryland			
Died:	August 16, 1948, in New York, New York			
Teams:	Baltimore Orioles 1913	Boston Red Sox 1914–1919	New York Yankees 1920–1934	Boston Braves 1935
Batted and Threw:	Left			
Games Played:	2,503			
Runs Scored:	2,174			
Runs Batted In:	2,213			
Home Runs:	714			
Batting Average:	0.342			



Elected to the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1936

The Top 10 Home Run Hitters



Reading a Table

Almanacs often have tables as well as charts, lists of facts, and other information.

Name	Home Runs	Rank
Hank Aaron	755	1
Babe Ruth	714	2
Barry Bonds	703	3
Willie Mays	660	4
Frank Robinson	586	5
Mark McGwire	583	6
Sammy Sosa	574	7
Harmon Killebrew	573	8
Reggie Jackson	563	9
Mike Schmidt	548	10

Current through 2004 season

Sports: Baseball

Lou Gehrig

Lou Gehrig's batting **accomplishments** earned him a place in the Baseball Hall of Fame. Fans loved him because he was so dedicated.

Lou Gehrig played first base for the New York Yankees from 1923 until 1939. Gehrig set a record by playing in 2,130 straight games, even when he was sick or hurt. His record wasn't broken until 1995. He also set records for the number of runs batted in and grand slam home runs.

When Gehrig quit baseball because of a rare **disease**, thousands of fans came to honor him. He thanked them, saying he was "the luckiest man on the face of the earth."



Lou Gehrig gets in position to field a grounder.



Facts and Statistics

Full Name: Henry Louis Gehrig

Born: June 19, 1903, in New York, New York

Died: June 2, 1941, in Riverdale, New York

Team: New York Yankees, 1923–1939

Batted and Threw: Left

Games Played: 2,164

Runs Scored: 1,888

Runs Batted In: 1,995

Batting Average: 0.340

Elected to the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1939



Connect and Compare



1. Look at the table of Top 10 Home Run Hitters from the almanac. Which baseball player hit more home runs than Babe Ruth? How many home runs did he hit? **Reading a Table**
2. What are some words you would use to describe Lou Gehrig? Explain your answer. **Evaluate**
3. How was Jackie Mitchell from *Mighty Jackie* like Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig? How was she different from them?
Reading/Writing Across Texts

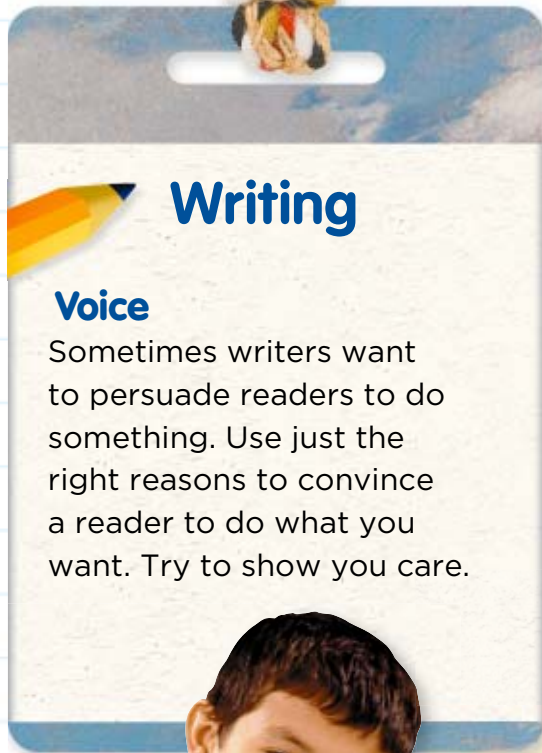


Social Studies Activity

Research another baseball player. Write a short paragraph about his or her life, and create a list or table of facts and statistics.



Find more baseball facts at www.macmillanmh.com



Writing

Voice

Sometimes writers want to persuade readers to do something. Use just the right reasons to convince a reader to do what you want. Try to show you care.

Write a Persuasive Letter

by David P.

701 S. Washington Street
Beeville, TX 78102
May 28, 2007

Dear Jorge,

I really hope you will come to baseball camp. It's going to be at Wilson Field in June. Professional ballplayers will teach us how to play every position, and we can improve our batting averages. You can work on pitching. So let's go! Call me!!!

Your pal,
David



I wrote this letter to persuade my friend to come with me to baseball camp.

I gave good reasons for him to come and showed I care.



Your Turn

Write a letter to convince a friend or family member to do something. Be sure to include good reasons. Use the Writer's Checklist to check your writing.



Writer's Checklist

- Ideas and Content:** Did I present good reasons for doing something?
- Organization:** Did I save my strongest reason for last?
- Voice:** Does it sound as if I really care?
- Word Choice:** Did I use strong words that will help convince my reader to do something?
- Sentence Fluency:** Did my writing sound smooth when I read it out loud?
- Conventions:** Did I capitalize proper nouns? Did I check my spelling?



New Places, New Faces



Talk About It

Where do you think this is?
Would you like your face to
appear on this flag? Explain
why.



Find out more about
immigration at

www.macmillanmh.com



Vocabulary

overheard strikes
opportunities citizen
border boycotts
unions



Dictionary

Word Origins—where a word comes from—appears in its dictionary entry. Look up the origin of *boycotts* in the dictionary.



Mexico:

My New Home

by Harold Johnson

Dear Grandpa,

Remember when Mom and Dad thought I was asleep and I **overheard** them talking about moving to Mexico? You said that it would be an adventure. You were right!

I was a little scared when we left Maine. All my friends were there. Living in Mexico is very different, but I'm starting to like it a lot.

Guess what? I ate my first *tamale*. Do you know what that is? When I saw it, I wasn't sure I wanted to find out. But it was good! It's cornmeal wrapped in corn husks and steamed.



I have had many **opportunities** to try new foods. But sometimes I go to my favorite fast food place. So it's not a totally different world. We actually live less than 100 miles from the U.S.-Mexico **border**.

The farmers here work very hard but don't make much money to support their families. Some farmers join **unions**, organizations just for them, to protect their rights. Sometimes there are **strikes**, and people stop working, hoping that will make a difference.

Farmers are asking every **citizen** not to buy produce that comes from outside Mexico. They hope these **boycotts** will improve conditions.

I'm learning a lot about Mexican culture. Local harvests are really important here. There are fairs, called *ferias*, to celebrate. There's lots of music, dancing, and eating. Maybe when you visit, we can go to a *feria*!

Adios!

Paul (or should I say Pablo?)



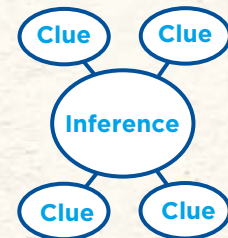
Reread for Comprehension



Generate Questions

Make Inferences Use what the author tells you, along with what you know, to generate, or ask, questions about characters. This can help you make inferences.

Reread the selection for clues, and make inferences about whether Paul is enjoying his new home in Mexico. Use an Inferences Word Web to help you.



Comprehension

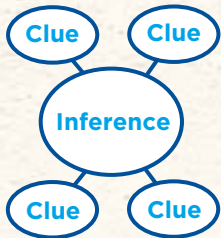
Genre

Realistic Fiction is a made-up story that could have happened in real life.



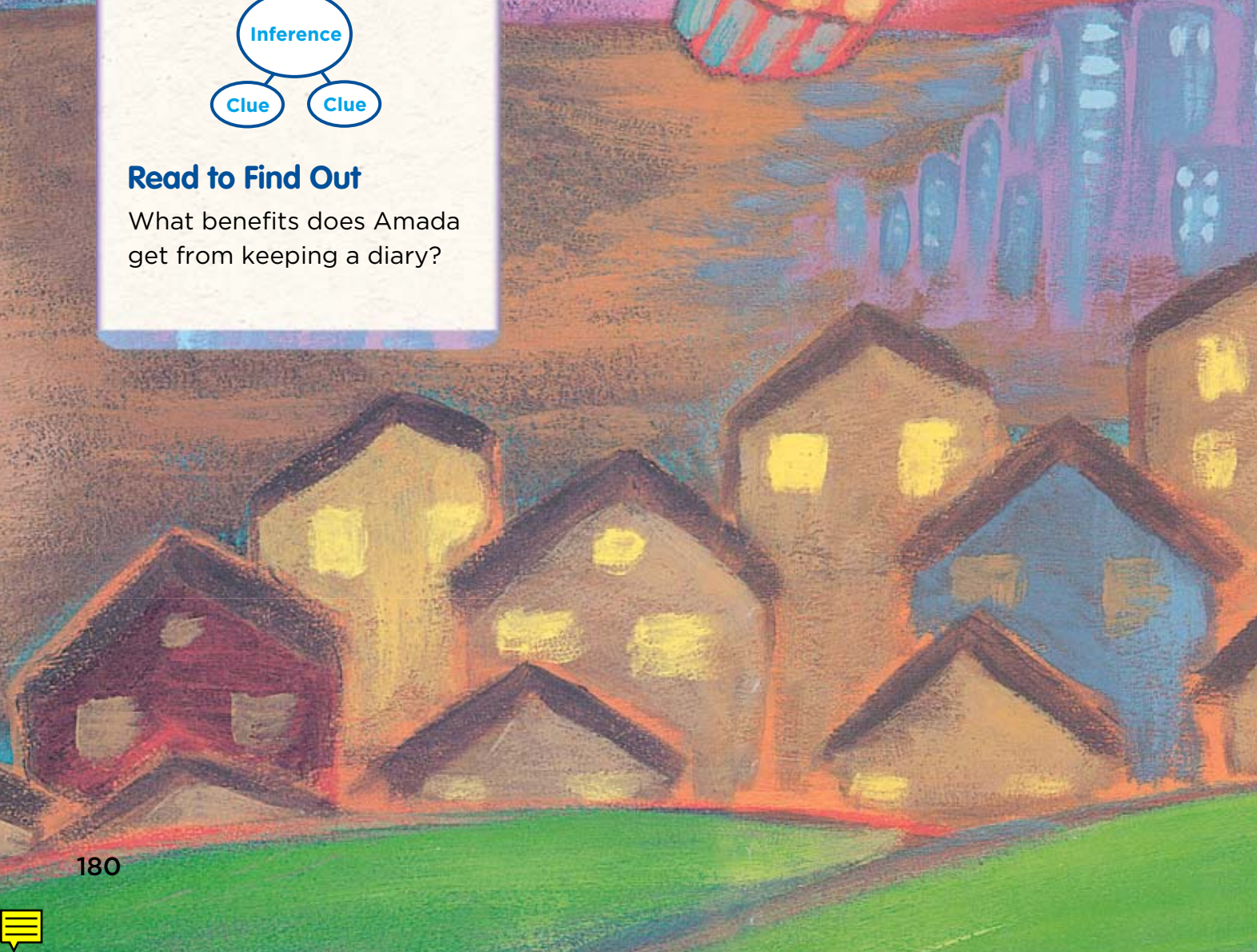
Generate Questions

Make Inferences As you read, fill in your Inferences Word Web.



Read to Find Out

What benefits does Amada get from keeping a diary?



My Diary

From Here to There



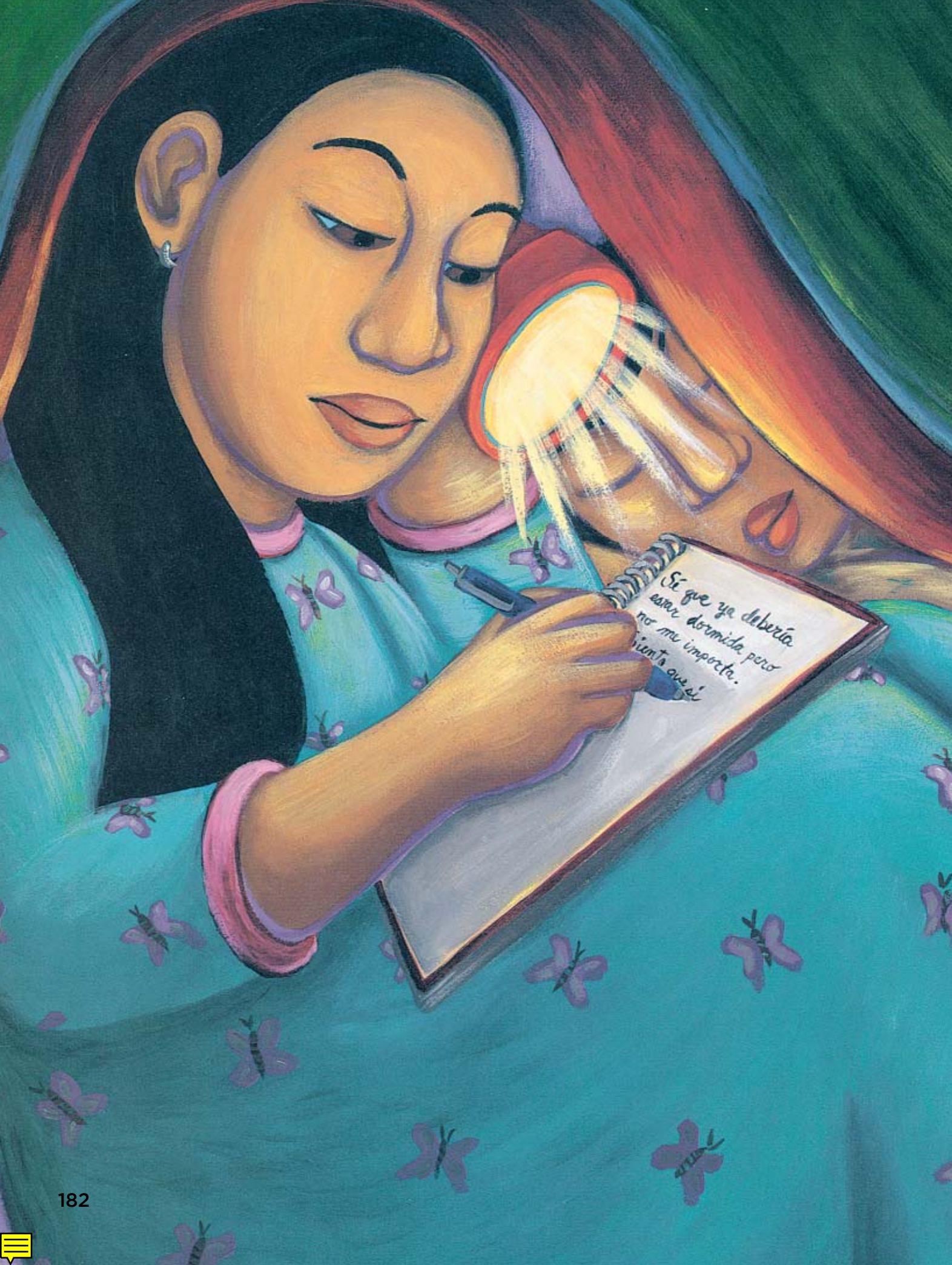
By Amada Irma Pérez

Illustrated by Maya Christina Gonzalez



Award
Winning
Selection





Si que ya debería
estar dormida pero
no me importa.
¡Bueno que sí!





Dear Diary, I know I should be asleep already, but I just can't sleep. If I don't write this all down, I'll burst! Tonight after my brothers—Mario, Víctor, Héctor, Raúl, and Sergio—and I all climbed into bed, I **overheard** Mamá and Papá whispering. They were talking about leaving our little house in Juárez, Mexico, where we've lived our whole lives, and moving to Los Angeles in the United States. But why? How can I sleep knowing we might leave Mexico forever? I'll have to get to the bottom of this tomorrow.





Today at breakfast, Mamá explained everything. She said, “Papá lost his job. There’s no work here, no jobs at all. We know moving will be hard, but we want the best for all of you. Try to understand.” I thought the boys would be upset, but instead they got really excited about moving to the States.

“The big stores in El Paso sell all kinds of toys!”

“And they have escalators to ride!”

“And the air smells like popcorn, yum!”

Am I the only one who is scared of leaving our home, our beautiful country, and all the people we might never see again?

My best friend Michi and I walked to the park today. We passed Don Nacho’s corner store and the women at the tortilla shop, their hands blurring like hummingbird wings as they worked the dough over the griddle.

At the park we braided each other’s hair and promised never to forget each other. We each picked out a smooth, heart-shaped stone to remind us always of our friendship, of the little park, of Don Nacho and the tortilla shop. I’ve known Michi since we were little, and I don’t think I’ll ever find a friend like her in California.

“You’re lucky your family will be together over there,” Michi said. Her sisters and father work in the U.S. I can’t imagine leaving anyone in our family behind.







OK, Diary, here's the plan—in two weeks we leave for my grandparents' house in Mexicali, right across the **border** from Calexico, California. We'll stay with them while Papá goes to Los Angeles to look for work. We can only take what will fit in the old car Papá borrowed—we're selling everything else. Meanwhile, the boys build cardboard box cities and act like nothing bothers them. Mamá and Papá keep talking about all the **opportunities** we'll have in California. But what if we're not allowed to speak Spanish? What if I can't learn English? Will I ever see Michi again? What if we never come back?





COCINA

COCINA

GATO

FRAZADAS







Today while we were packing, Papá pulled me aside. He said, “Amada, *m’ija*, I can see how worried you’ve been. Don’t be scared. Everything will be all right.”

“But how do you know? What will happen to us?” I said.

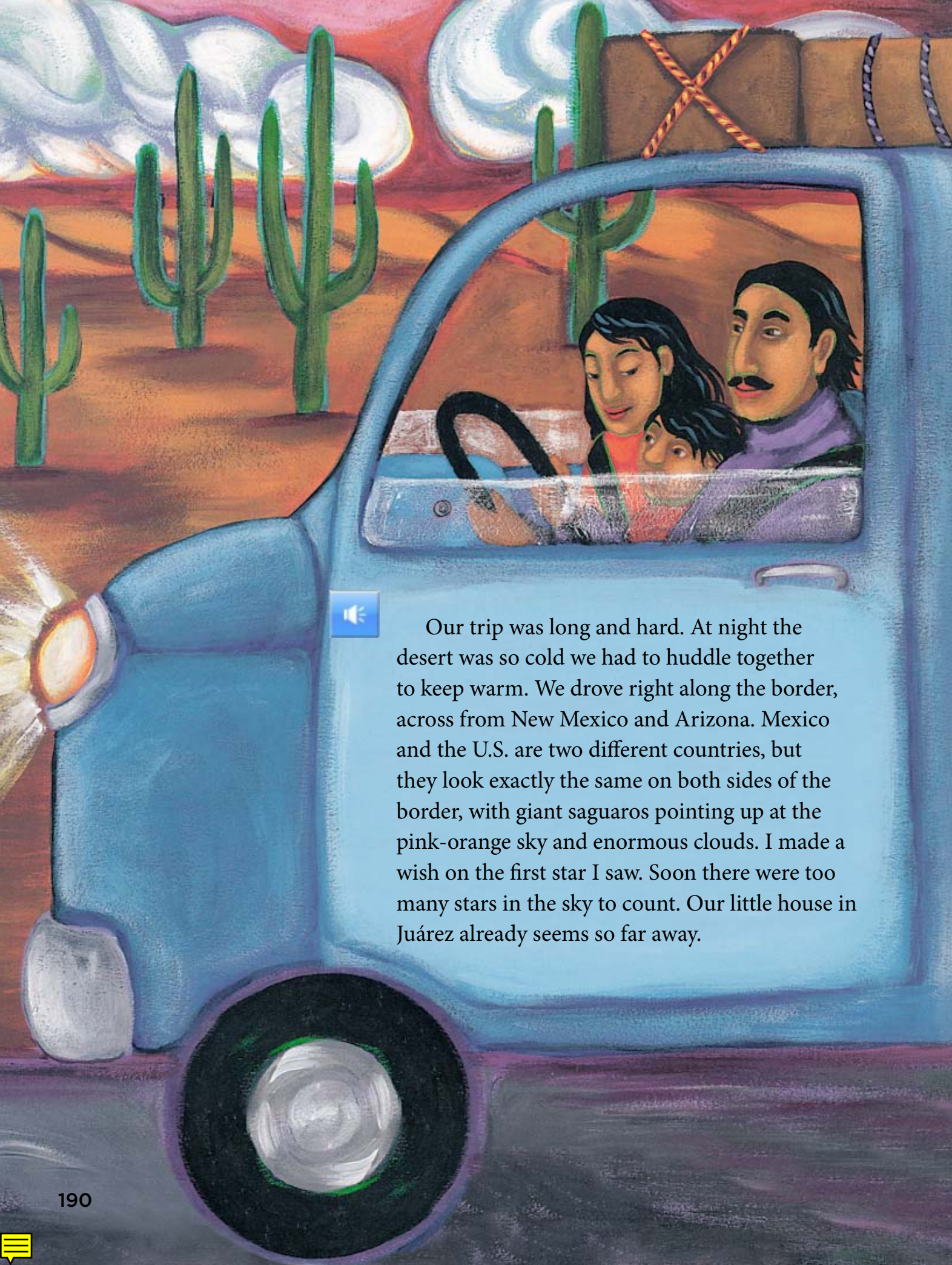
He smiled. “*M’ija*, I was born in Arizona, in the States. When I was six—not a big kid like you—my Papá and Mamá moved our family back to Mexico. It was a big change, but we got through it. I know you can, too. You are stronger than you think.” I hope he’s right. I still need to pack my special rock (and you, Diary!). We leave tomorrow!



Make Inferences

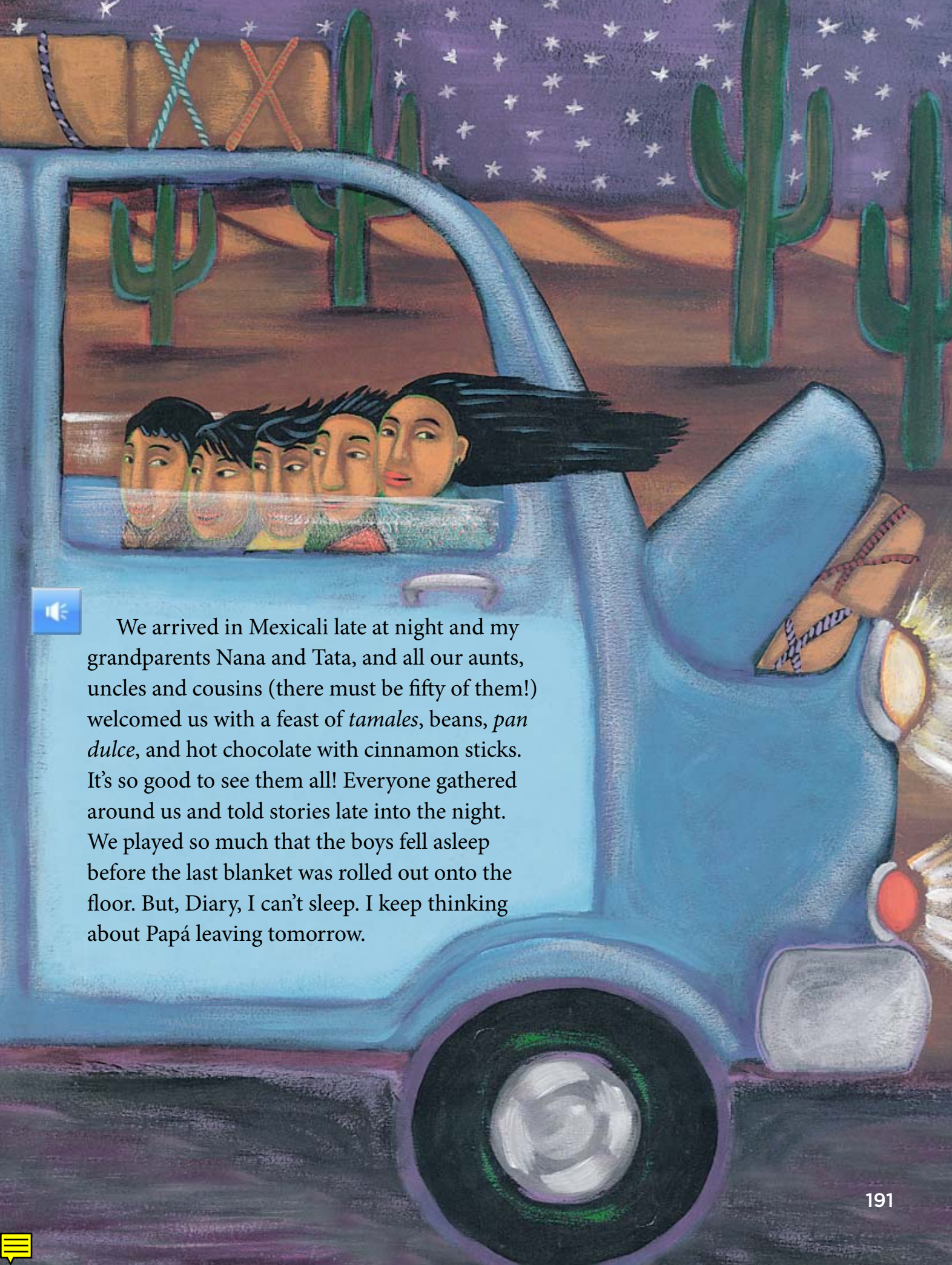
Based on Amada’s journal entries, what do you think she is feeling about the move? How can you tell?





Our trip was long and hard. At night the desert was so cold we had to huddle together to keep warm. We drove right along the border, across from New Mexico and Arizona. Mexico and the U.S. are two different countries, but they look exactly the same on both sides of the border, with giant saguaros pointing up at the pink-orange sky and enormous clouds. I made a wish on the first star I saw. Soon there were too many stars in the sky to count. Our little house in Juárez already seems so far away.





We arrived in Mexicali late at night and my grandparents Nana and Tata, and all our aunts, uncles and cousins (there must be fifty of them!) welcomed us with a feast of *tamales*, beans, *pan dulce*, and hot chocolate with cinnamon sticks. It's so good to see them all! Everyone gathered around us and told stories late into the night. We played so much that the boys fell asleep before the last blanket was rolled out onto the floor. But, Diary, I can't sleep. I keep thinking about Papá leaving tomorrow.





Papá left for Los Angeles this morning. Nana comforted Mamá, saying that Papá is a U.S. **citizen**, so he won't have a problem getting our "green cards" from the U.S. government. Papá told us that we each need a green card to live in the States, because we weren't born there.

I can't believe Papá's gone. Tío Tito keeps trying to make us laugh instead of cry. Tío Raúl let me wear his special *medalla*. And Tío Chato even pulled a silver coin out of my ear. The boys try to copy his tricks but coins just end up flying everywhere. They drive me nuts sometimes, but today it feels good to laugh.

We got a letter from Papá today! I'm pasting it into your pages, Diary.

My dear family,

*I have been picking grapes and strawberries in the fields of Delano, 140 miles north of Los Angeles, saving money and always thinking of you. It is hard, tiring work. There is a man here in the fields named César Chávez, who speaks of **unions**, **strikes**, and **boycotts**. These new words hold the hope of better conditions for us farmworkers.*

So far, getting your green cards has been difficult, for we are not the only family trying to start a new life here. Please be patient. It won't be long before we are all together again.

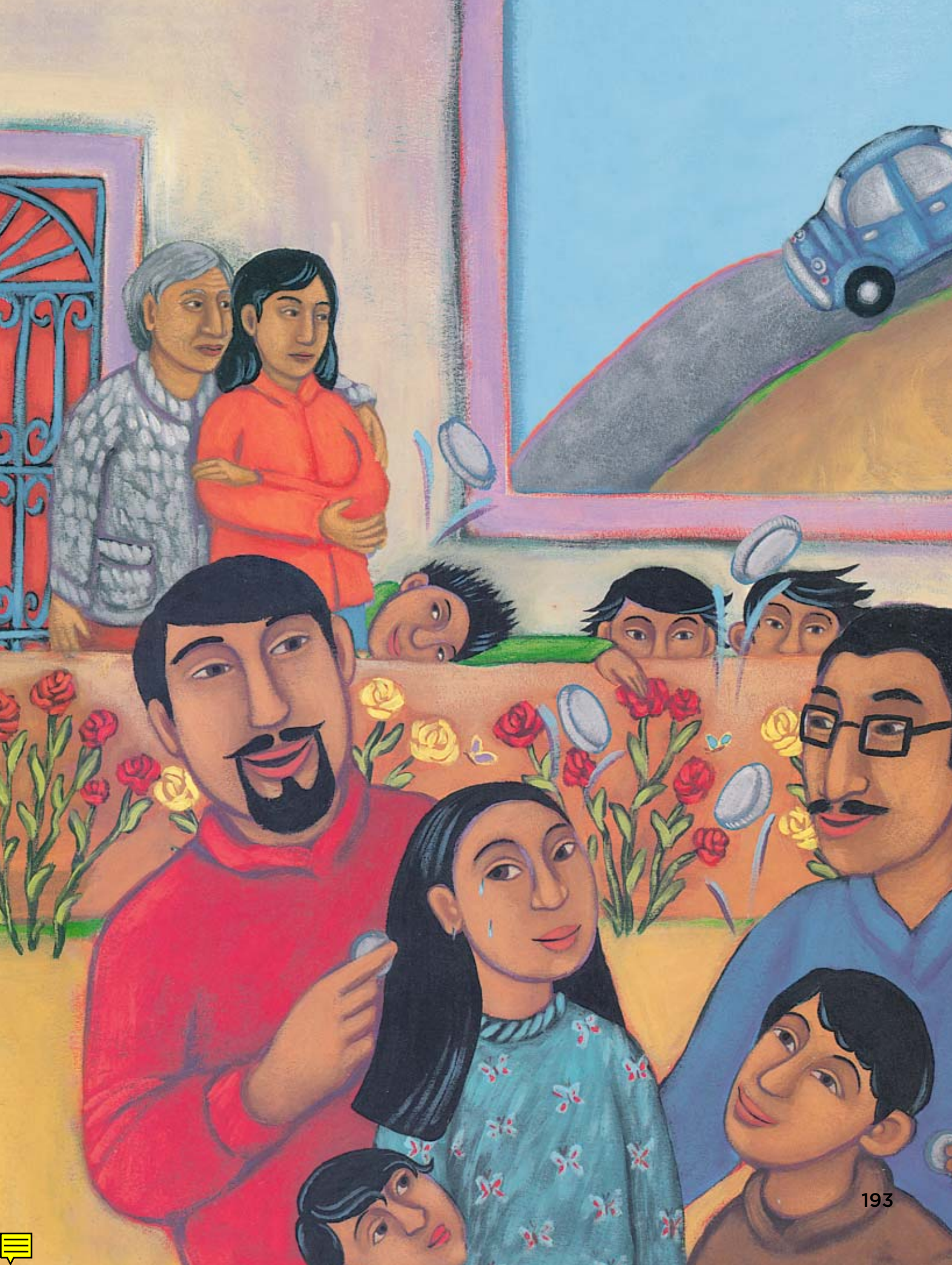
Hugs and kisses, Papá

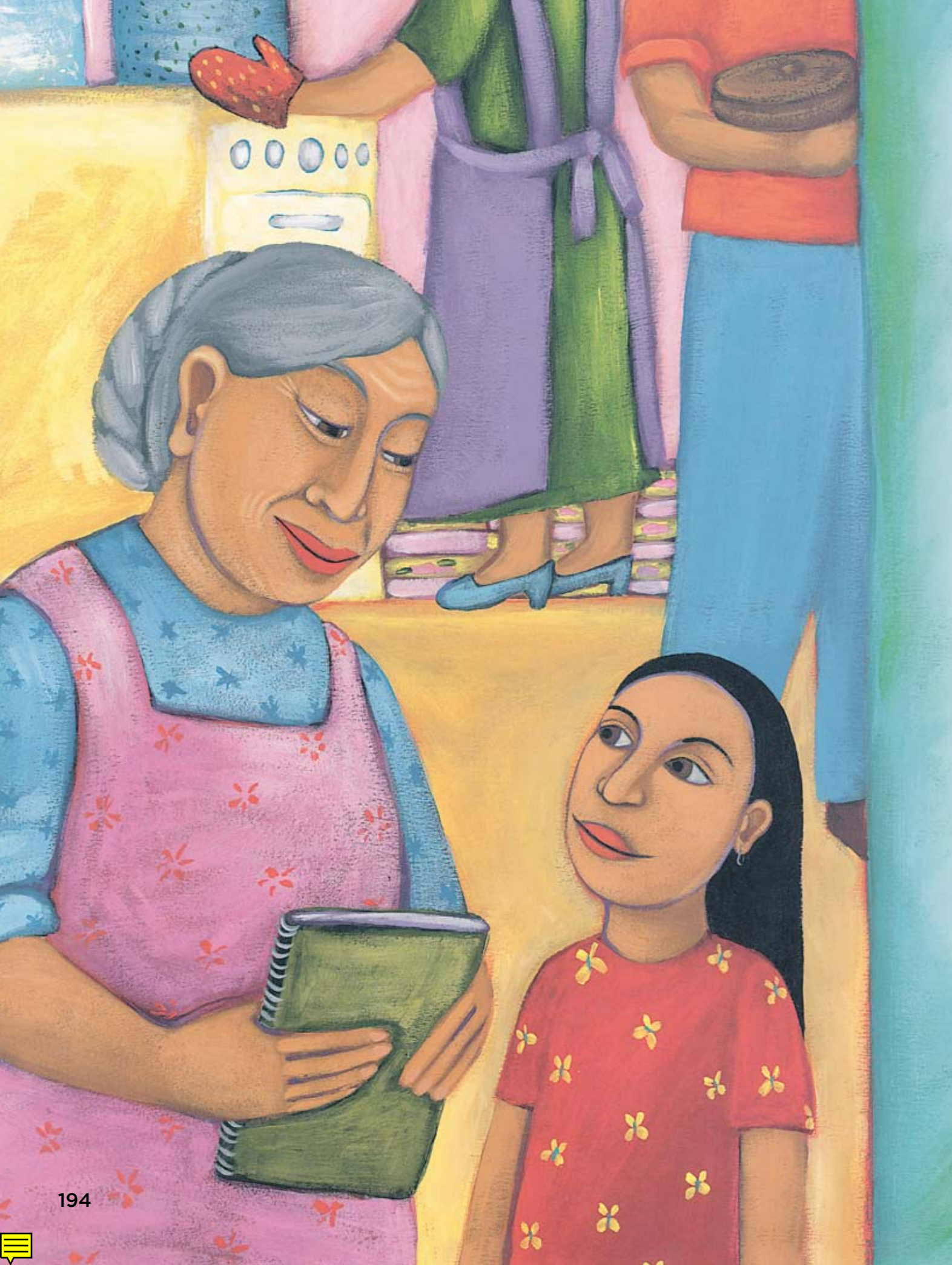


Make Inferences

What does Papá have to take into consideration as he plans his family's move to California?







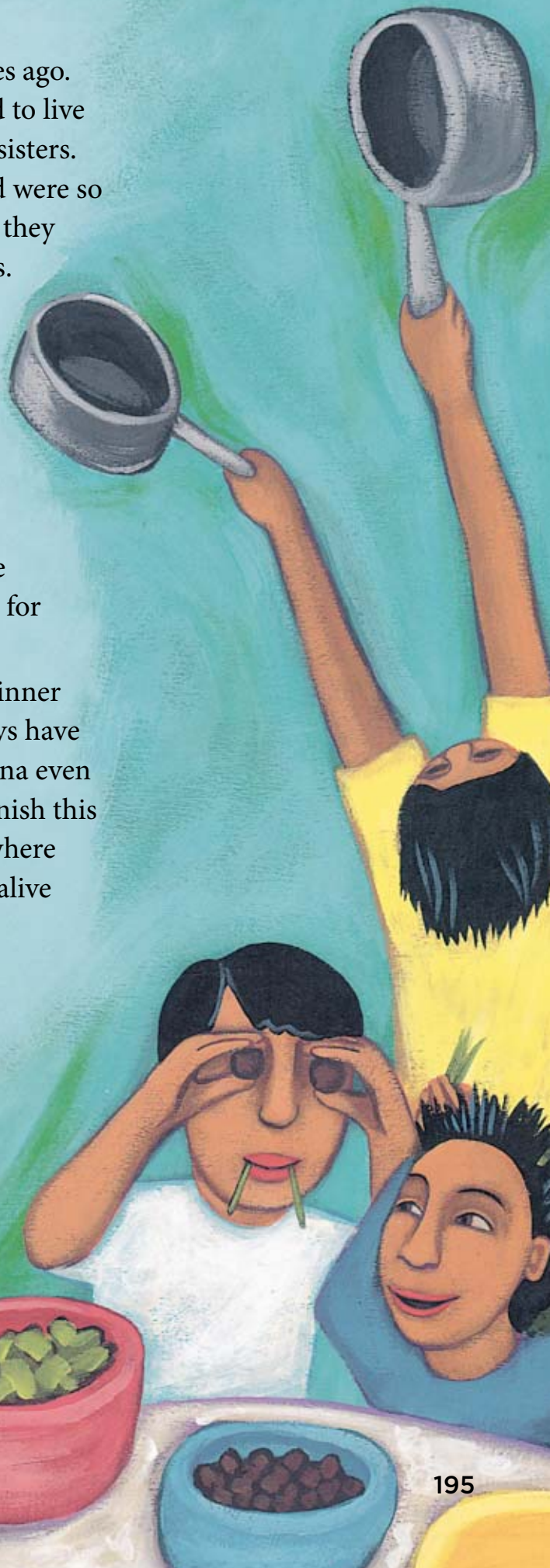


I miss Papá so much—it feels like he left ages ago. It's been tough to stay hopeful. So far we've had to live in three different houses with some of Mamá's sisters. First, the boys broke Tía Tuca's jewelry box and were so noisy she kicked us out. Then, at Nana's house, they kept trying on Tía Nena's high heels and purses. Even Nana herself got mad when they used her pots and pans to make "music." And they keep trying to read what I've written here, and to hide my special rock. Tía Lupe finally took us in, but where will we go if she decides she's had enough of us?

FINALLY! Papá sent our green cards—we're going to cross the border at last! He can't come for us but will meet us in Los Angeles.

The whole family is making a big farewell dinner for us tonight. Even after all the trouble the boys have caused, I think everyone is sad to see us go. Nana even gave me a new journal to write in for when I finish this one. She said, "Never forget who you are and where you are from. Keep your language and culture alive in your diary and in your heart."

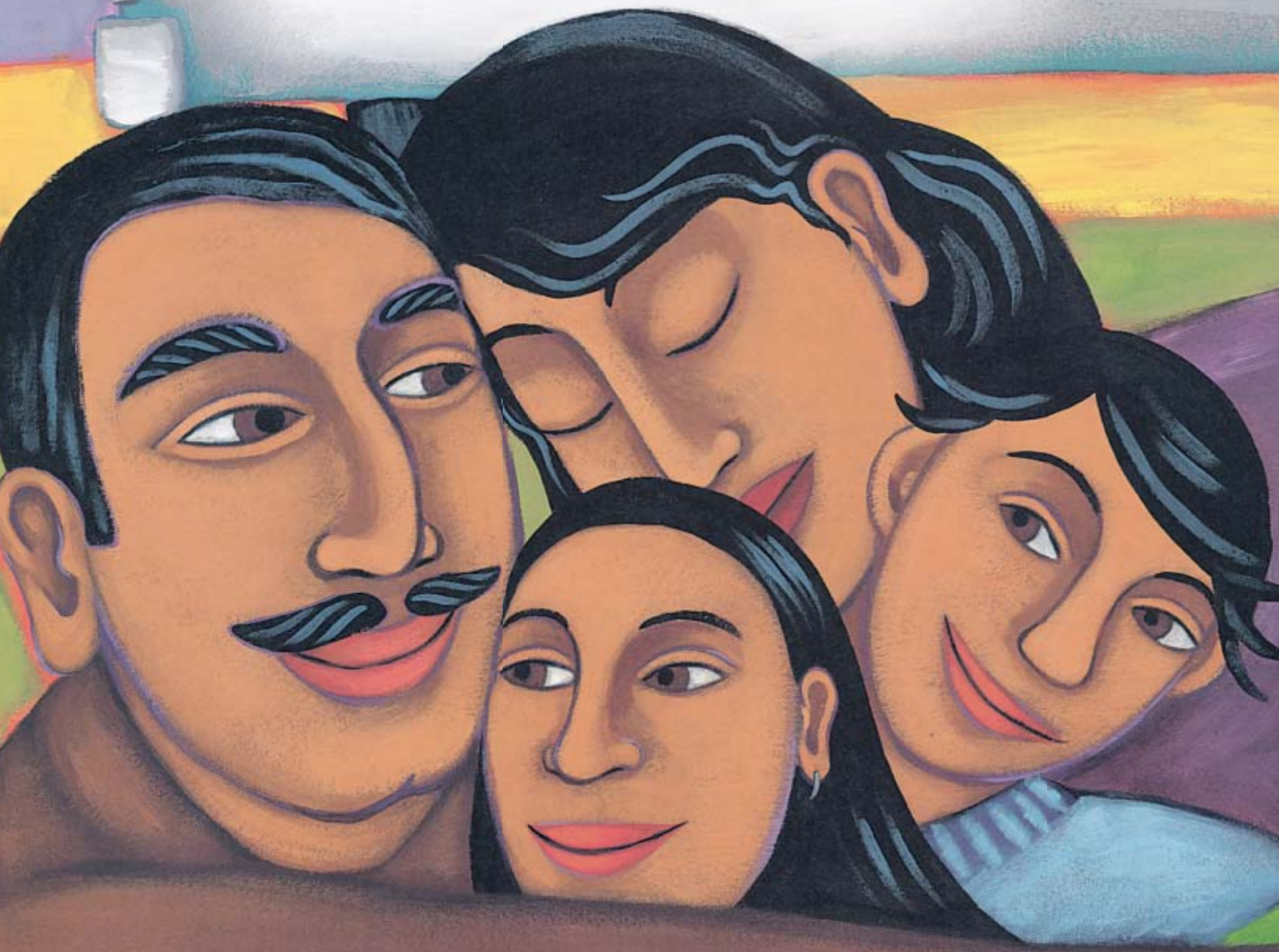
We leave this weekend. I'm so excited I can hardly write!





My first time writing in the U.S.A.! We're in San Ysidro, California, waiting for the bus to Los Angeles. Crossing the border in Tijuana was crazy. Everyone was pushing and shoving. There were babies crying, and people fighting to be first in line. We held hands the whole way. When we finally got across, Mario had only one shoe on and his hat had fallen off. I counted everyone and I still had five brothers. Whew!

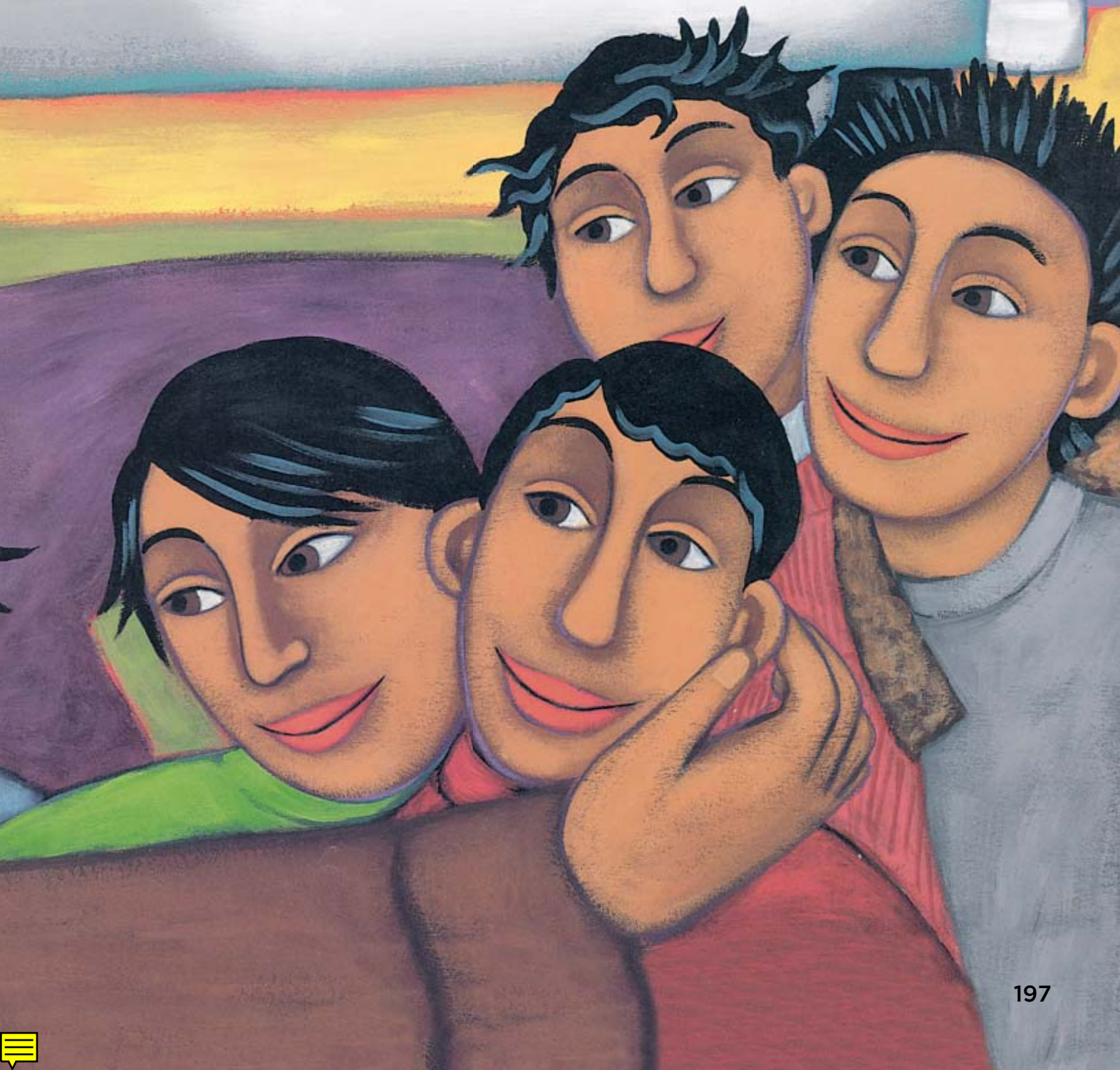
Papá is meeting us at the bus station in Los Angeles. It's been so long—I hope he recognizes us!

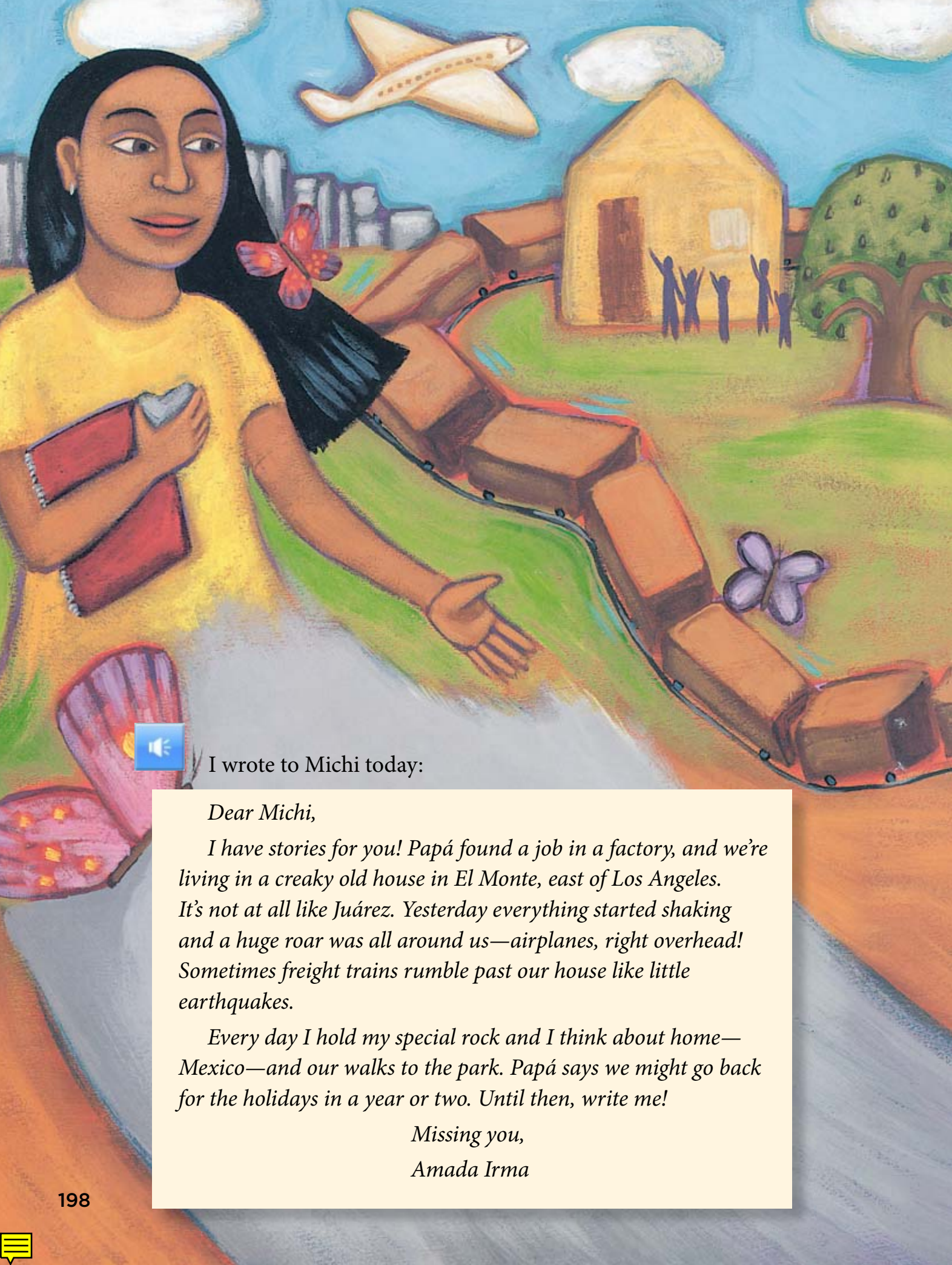




What a long ride! One woman and her children got kicked off the bus when the immigration patrol boarded to check everyone's papers. Mamá held Mario and our green cards close to her heart.

Papá was waiting at the station, just like he promised. We all jumped into his arms and laughed, and Mamá even cried a little. Papá's hugs felt so much better than when he left us in Mexicali!





I wrote to Michi today:

Dear Michi,

I have stories for you! Papá found a job in a factory, and we're living in a creaky old house in El Monte, east of Los Angeles. It's not at all like Juárez. Yesterday everything started shaking and a huge roar was all around us—airplanes, right overhead! Sometimes freight trains rumble past our house like little earthquakes.

Every day I hold my special rock and I think about home—Mexico—and our walks to the park. Papá says we might go back for the holidays in a year or two. Until then, write me!

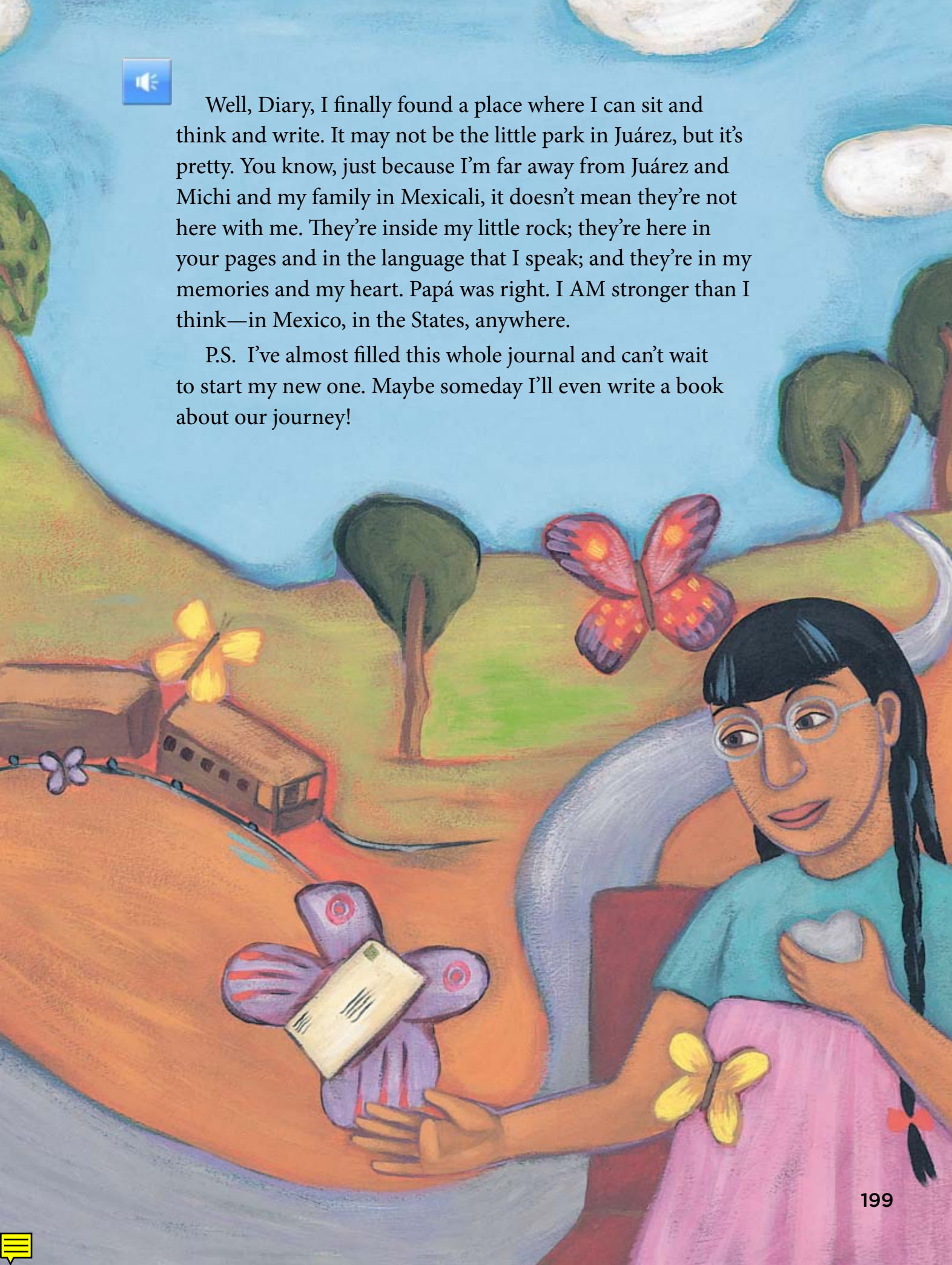
*Missing you,
Amada Irma*





Well, Diary, I finally found a place where I can sit and think and write. It may not be the little park in Juárez, but it's pretty. You know, just because I'm far away from Juárez and Michi and my family in Mexicali, it doesn't mean they're not here with me. They're inside my little rock; they're here in your pages and in the language that I speak; and they're in my memories and my heart. Papá was right. I AM stronger than I think—in Mexico, in the States, anywhere.

P.S. I've almost filled this whole journal and can't wait to start my new one. Maybe someday I'll even write a book about our journey!

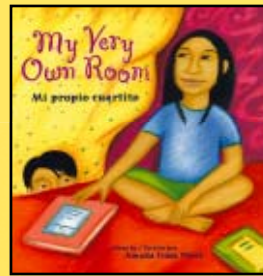


From the Diaries of . . .



Amada Irma Pérez used memories of her own journey from Mexico to the United States to write this story. Just like the girl in the story, she was both excited and scared about moving. Today Amada still writes in a journal. She believes that diaries help keep our memories alive.

Another book by Amada Irma Pérez



Maya Christina Gonzalez has always loved to draw. When she was a child, she could not find any pictures of Mexican American children like herself in books. Maya would draw her own picture on a blank page in each book she read. Today Maya's books show lots of people of color so readers can feel proud of who they are.



Find out more about Amada Irma Pérez and Maya Christina Gonzalez at www.macmillanmh.com



Write About It

Amada Irma Pérez describes feeling both nervous and excited to move from Mexico to the United States. Describe how you would feel if your family decided to moved to another country.





Comprehension Check



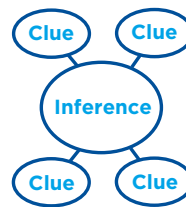
Summarize

Summarize *My Diary from Here to There*. State the most important events, where the story takes place, and how the main character thinks and acts as the story progresses.



Think and Compare

1. What clues from your Inferences Word Web help you figure out what Amada is like? **Generate Questions: Make Inferences**
2. Reread page 184. What conclusions can you draw about employment **opportunities** in Mexico at the time of this story? Use details from the story to support your answer. **Analyze**
3. Suppose Amada writes another story about her experiences in the U.S. What would you like her to write about? **Synthesize**
4. Compare Amada's feelings with those of her brothers. Are some of their feelings the same? Use details from the story. **Analyze**
5. Read "Mexico: My New Home" on pages 178-179. How is Paul's situation similar to Amada's? How is it different? Use details from both selections in your answer. **Reading/Writing Across Texts**





Social Studies

Genre

Textbook Excerpts are short nonfiction pieces taken from a textbook.



Text Feature

Primary Sources are first person accounts of historical events in letters, journals, or oral histories.


Content Vocabulary

immigrants **ethnic**
region **overcrowded**

Immigrants in the Northeast

The Big Picture

Between 1890 and 1914, what had been a steady stream of **immigrants** turned into a flood. More than 12 million people arrived on America's shores. That's about as many people as live in the state of Pennsylvania today! Many of these immigrants came from countries in Europe such as Poland, Russia, Italy, and Greece. Others came from China, Japan, and Mexico.



◀ Immigrants gaze at the Statue of Liberty, symbol of the United States' opportunities.



Most immigrants traveled by boat and arrived on the Pacific or Atlantic coasts. They settled all across our country, but millions stayed where they had landed, such as in New York City. The arrival of these immigrants transformed the Northeast into an exciting **region** made up of many different **ethnic** groups.

The Ellis Island Museum

Pretend that your class is visiting the Ellis Island Immigration Museum. Before going inside,

you learn from your guide that it usually took a ship about three weeks to cross the Atlantic Ocean. Few immigrants enjoyed the voyage because it was long and **overcrowded**. No wonder passengers rejoiced when they saw the city in the distance.

The immigrants' first stop, however, was Ellis Island, which stood a mile off the coast. Beginning in 1892, this island welcomed 17 million people to the United States. After closing in 1954, Ellis Island reopened as a museum in 1990.



Primary Sources

Oral History

This primary source is an oral history. Someone describes her experiences at a certain time and place. Primary sources are written in the witness's own words.

"When I was about 10 years old I said, 'I have to go to America.' Because my uncles were here already, and it kind of got me that I want to go to America, too.... I was dreaming about it. I was writing to my uncles, I said 'I wish one day I'll be in America.' I was dreaming to come to America.... And I was dreaming, and my dream came true. When I came here, I was in a different world. It was so peaceful. It was quiet. You were not afraid to go out in the middle of the night.... I'm free. I'm just like a bird. You can fly and land on any tree and you're free."

Helen Cohen, Poland

Arrived in 1920 • Age 20

Arriving at Ellis Island

“This was where the boats docked,” your guide explains. “Sometimes 5,000 people a day walked through these doors. Guards tied numbered tags to their coats. Then they were shown to the Registry Room.”

Immigrants had to wait in long lines to be examined by doctors to make sure they were healthy

enough to work. Some people were sent back home, but most continued on to an immigration officer who asked them questions. After answering the questions, most immigrants walked down a hallway to a door that said: PUSH TO NEW YORK. Beyond that door were a ferry, New York City, the United States, and hope for a new life.

Ellis Island as it looked in 1905 ▼



"I never saw such a big building [Ellis Island]—the size of it. I think the size of it got me. According to the houses I left in my town, this was like a whole city in one, in one building. It was an enormous thing to see, I tell you. I almost felt smaller than I am to see that beautiful [building], it looked beautiful.

"My basket, my little basket, that's all I had with me. There was hardly any things. My mother gave me the sorrah [a kind of sandwich], and I had one change of clothes. That's what I brought from Europe."

Celia Adler

Russia

Arrived in 1914 • Age 12

Connect and Compare



1. Look back at the oral histories on this page and page 203. What kind of information do they give that you don't find in the rest of the textbook excerpt? **Reading Primary Sources**
2. After reading the primary source on this page, how do you think Celia Adler must have felt to have brought only a change of clothes with her from Europe? **Evaluate**
3. What does Amada in *My Diary from Here to There* have in common with those whose oral histories you read? How are their stories different? **Reading/Writing Across Texts**



Social Studies Activity

Research what it is like for immigrants to come to a new country. Try to find a primary source. Present your research as if you were the immigrant.



Find out more about Ellis Island at www.macmillanmh.com

Write a Radio Ad

Writing

Word Choice

The correct word choice, including strong, precise nouns, helps a writer create a message that is clear and interesting.

Sleep on a Tall Ship

by Kenji C.

Would you like to sleep on a tall ship? You and your class can stay overnight on the *Elissa* at the Texas Seaport Museum. Learn about sails, masts, and ropes. Help set a sail and watch over the harbor. Write in the ship's log. Experience what it is like to be a sailor!

While you are at the museum, visit the immigration exhibits to learn about the people who came to the United States through the port of Galveston.



I wrote this radio ad about a great local place to visit.

Strong, precise nouns spice up my ad.

Your Turn

What kinds of radio ads make you pay close attention? Write a radio ad of your own to advertise a great place to visit. It may be about a place you have visited or a place you would like to visit. Use precise nouns to add interest. Use the Writer's Checklist to check your writing.



Writer's Checklist

- Ideas and Content:** Did I include details that will persuade the reader to visit this place?
- Organization:** Does the order in which I present information build excitement for my listeners?
- Voice:** Does the ad show excitement about the topic?
- Word Choice:** Did I use precise nouns?
- Sentence Fluency:** Did I use different kinds of sentences to make my ad interesting?
- Conventions:** Did I use commas after items in a series? Did I check my spelling?

Talk About It

How would you describe the country and people of China?

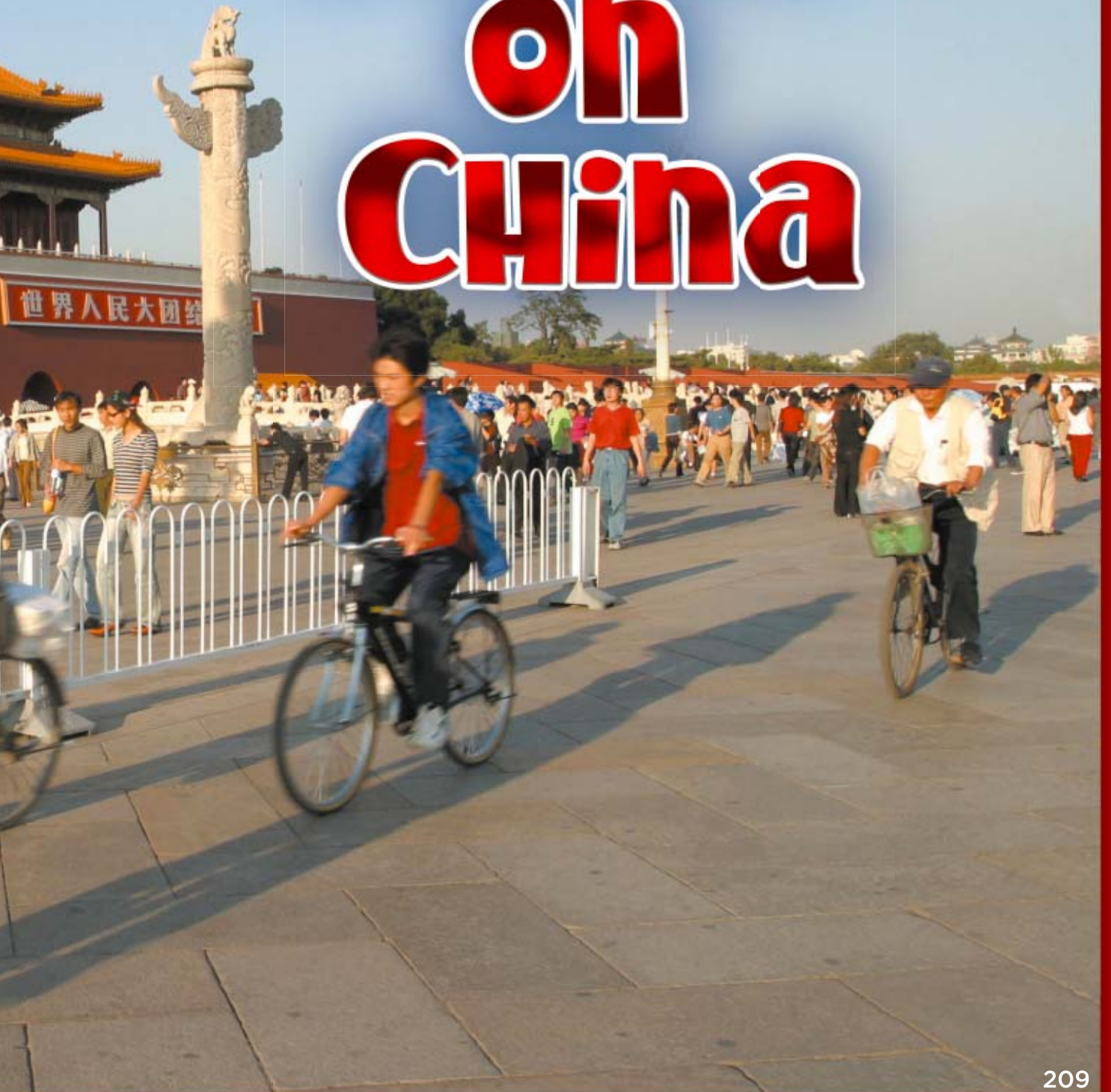


Find out more about the people of China at www.macmillanmh.com





FOCUS on China



Vocabulary

temples
 dynasties
 heritage
 preserve
 overjoyed

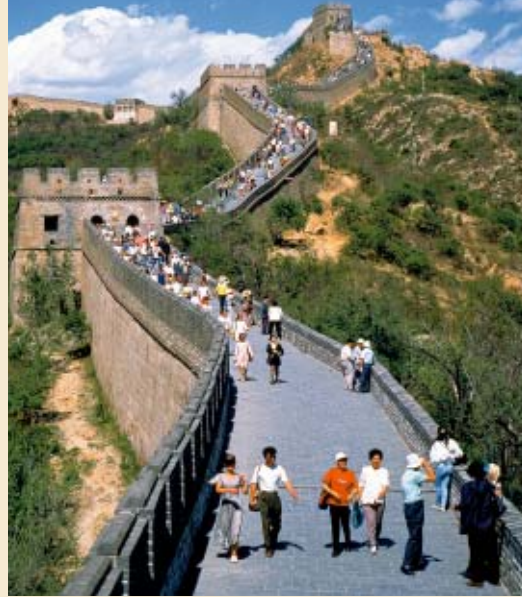
WELCOME TO CHINA



China is an enormous country. It has the largest population of any nation. In fact, one out of every five people on Earth is Chinese! China has barren deserts, lush valleys, and towering mountains. It also has busy cities where ancient **temples** stand beside gleaming skyscrapers.

For thousands of years China was ruled by powerful families called **dynasties**. These families were like royalty, treated like kings and queens by the Chinese people. Just over fifty years ago, China became a communist country. Under communism, a harsh central government controls all business and property.

China's Great Wall once kept out invaders. Many tourists visit it now.



Records of Chinese history and culture go back more than 2,000 years. Today this rich **heritage** can be seen in China's food, art, and traditions. The Chinese invented paper, ink, the compass, and silk.

Today, China is one of the world's most powerful countries. However, it faces some of the toughest challenges of any nation. China's citizens live with many strict rules. The government fails to provide enough jobs for its growing population. As a result, millions of people are poor. China's rich heritage is a source of strength, but it must continue to change.



ANCIENT WARRIORS

Scientists in China are racing against the clock . . . and nature! They are working to **preserve** hundreds of ancient clay warriors, horses, and chariots. The statues were discovered in a tomb near the city of Beijing, the capital. They have been buried for 2,000 years. If the painted decorations on the statues are exposed to the air for too long, they will fade.

Villagers planting trees in the area were **overjoyed**



Some of the foot-tall soldiers are on horseback.

when they found these foot-tall soldiers. The discovery gives researchers new information about the Han dynasty. This powerful family ruled China from 206 B.C. to 220 A.D.

The clay soldiers are buried in order of their rank. David Sensabaugh is an Asian art expert at the Yale University Art Gallery. He thinks the figures are a display of power. How powerful is this army? It's too soon to tell, but it may be thousands strong!

China's Great Inventions

Many things were invented in China throughout history. Here are some Chinese inventions and what they were used for in the past. Which ones do we still use today?

Invention	When	Use
Silk	4,000 years ago	clothing for wealthy Chinese
Kite	3,000 years ago	to send messages during battles
Paper	2,000 years ago	to record events; make books
Paper money	1,000 years ago	for buying and selling
Gunpowder	1,000 years ago	to make firecrackers; send signals
Compass	1,000 years ago	to help sailors find their way



Find out more about Ancient China at www.macmillanmh.com

Comprehension

Genre

A **Nonfiction Article** in a newspaper or magazine tells a true story.



Make Inferences and Analyze

Fact and Opinion

A fact is something that can be proved to be true. An opinion is a belief that does not have to be supported by facts.

STEALING BEAUTY

To whom do a country's valuable objects from past civilizations belong?

During the day, the people of Xiaoli (ZHOU•LEE), China, sit outside their mud-brick shacks. Xiaoli is a poor village. Most people in town are farmers. It has become difficult to make a good living from farming, however. So the farmers wait for darkness to fall. That's when Xiaoli comes alive. At night, tomb raiders get to work.

Nearly 5,000 years of Chinese history lie underground in Xiaoli. Fields contain tombs of royalty of many **dynasties**. Valuable works of art are buried in the tombs. Stealing these treasures, called looting, can bring the poor farmers of Xiaoli lots of money.

Little Su, a doctor in Xiaoli, paid for medical school by selling stolen art. He was also able to buy a big-screen TV. Over the past few years, thieves have broken into at least 220,000 tombs in China, according to China's National Cultural Relics Bureau.



This Buddha was nearly smuggled out of Cambodia by a tourist.



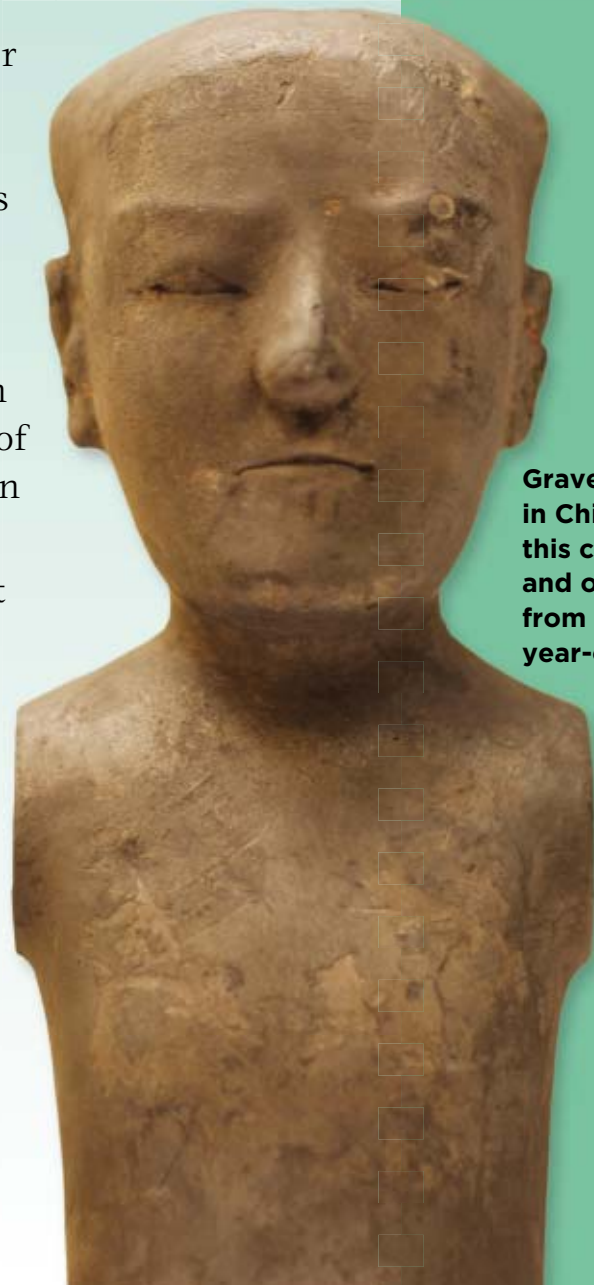
“If the looting continues at this pace, we’ll soon have nothing left to remind us of our glorious past,” says He Shuzhong (HUH SHOO•JOONG). He’s the head of Cultural Heritage Watch in Beijing.

Worldwide Problem

Stealing ancient treasures has become a major problem for other countries, too. Police in India recently stopped criminals who had stolen hundreds of sculptures from **temples** and monuments. In Cambodia, thieves ripped out carved faces of gods from an eleventh-century site. Cambodian police recently found truckloads of ancient sculptures that were taken from archaeological sites.

What happens to these ancient treasures? Many art pieces are sent to collectors in the United States and Europe. Wealthy art collectors pay large amounts of money for ancient statues, sculptures, and vases.

Money can’t replace ancient history, though. Many people believe that stealing artwork is like stealing a country’s history and culture.



Grave robbers in China stole this clay statue and others from a 2,000-year-old tomb.





“Why are we as a people, as a government, as a country, allowing our **heritage** to slip through our fingers?” asks Michel Tranet. He has the job of protecting Cambodia’s treasures and heritage.

Interpol is an international police agency, with more than 180 member countries. It maintains a database of stolen cultural properties. The database can help local and national law enforcement officials identify property that has been looted. It also helps individuals and museums avoid buying stolen objects.


Coming Home

Some people in these countries, however, see looting as a way to get rich. Ancient royal statues can sell for \$80,000 each or more at auction! A few years ago, small ceramic statues were stolen from the 2,000-year-old tomb of Empress Dou in the city of Xi’an (SHEE•AHN), China. Six of the small statues ended up for sale at an auction in New York City. Luckily, the sale was stopped in time to **preserve** some of China’s history.



This Buddha figurine sold for \$295,000 at an auction in Hong Kong.





Today, those six small figures, valued at \$6,000 to \$8,000 each, have been returned to Xi'an. They are on display in a small museum. Li Ku, the vice director of the museum, believes the statues are an essential part of the city's history and culture. He is **overjoyed** at their return. "Looking at these figures, I feel like my family has come home at last," he says.

FINDERS KEEPERS?

Most thefts of ancient art are never reported. One reason is that it's hard to say who owns some of the treasures. Many Asian countries were once colonies of European countries. Settlers took thousands of pieces of art, monuments, and sculptures. Treasures stolen centuries ago by invaders are often thought to be the property of whoever has them now. But some people don't agree. They say the art should be returned to the country in which it originally belonged. What do you think?

Think and Compare

1. According to this article, what countries are having a problem with the theft of ancient treasures?
2. Why are farmers in China stealing treasures from tombs?
3. Many people say stealing ancient treasures is stealing a nation's past. Is this a fact or their opinion? Explain.
4. What theme do the articles "Ancient Warriors" and "Stealing Beauty" have in common?





Test Strategy

Author and Me

The answer is not directly stated. Think about what you have read to figure it out.

So Far From Home

Early one morning, eight-year-old Sonam Dolker was shaken awake by her father. He whispered to her that she and her six-year-old sister would have to escape secretly from their home in Tibet to a new life in India. Sonam's parents had planned the trip for weeks. They hadn't told the girls because they were afraid the Chinese police would find out. That would mean prison for the entire family. "My escape was so secret that I couldn't even say goodbye to my best friend," says Sonam.

For the next two months, the girls and their guide stumbled over the snow and ice of the jagged Himalaya mountains. Their guide punished them when they slowed down. Finally, they arrived safely at Dharamsala (dar•am•SAHL•a), India.

Thousands of Tibetans, including more than a thousand children, have made the illegal crossing. They risk frostbite, arrest, and their very lives. They are willing to brave these dangers to escape the harsh rule in China, which governs Tibet. The ones who survive the trip will have more freedom in India. But they will face new troubles in their new home.



Tibetan children at their new school in India. The mountains they crossed are in the background.



Directions: Answer the questions.

1. This article is MOSTLY about

- A the beauty of Tibet.
- B Tibet's form of government.
- C leaving Tibet to find freedom.
- D differences between China and India.

2. Tibetans living in India probably DO NOT feel

- A angry that they were forced to leave Tibet.
- B lonely for their families in Tibet.
- C happy about the Chinese ruling Tibet.
- D sad to have left their homeland and families.

3. Which statement would the author MOST LIKELY agree with?

- A Many Tibetans are now returning to their country.
- B Police in India send people back to Chinese prisons.
- C Anything is better than living under Chinese rule.
- D Life in India is calm and carefree.

4. What information in the article describes the difficult journey from Tibet to India?

5. Why do you think people are willing to make such dangerous trips? Use details from the article to support your answer.

Tip

You have to think about the entire passage to choose the best answer.



Write to a Prompt

In the selection “Stealing Beauty” you read about how a country’s culture and heritage are lost when ancient objects are stolen. Write a one-page journal entry about a time when something that belonged to you was stolen or lost. Tell the story in sequence.



I organized my story and wrote a strong ending.

Dear Diary:

I’m so upset! At practice yesterday, I took off my necklace and put it next to my backpack. When practice was over, I grabbed my bag and headed home. But I forgot my necklace!

I didn’t notice it was missing until this morning. So after school today, I rushed back to the field. My friends and I searched high and low, but no luck. Jake said a dog could have chewed it up. Lisa said someone might have swiped it.

I got the necklace at the beach last summer during our family vacation. Whenever I looked at it, I remembered the great time we had. I still have the memories, but it’s not the same.

As always,
Me



Writing Prompt

Think about a time when you lost something that had a special meaning for you. What was lost? Where were you when you lost it? How did it make you feel? What did you do to try to find it? Write a one-page story about the experience. Be sure to organize your story according to how things happened.



Writer's Checklist

- Ask yourself, who is my audience?
- Think about your purpose for writing.
- Plan your story before you begin writing.
- Use details to support your story.
- Make sure your ideas are organized.
- Be sure your story has a beginning, a middle, and an ending.
- Use your best spelling, grammar, and punctuation.





Talk About It

What's happening here?
Would *you* put your hand
on that shiny ball? Why?



Find out more about
electricity at

www.macmillanmh.com

Bright Ideas



Vocabulary

hilarious dizzy
convinced whirlwind
mischief nowadays
independence
(come in) handy



Dictionary

Idioms are phrases whose meaning differs from the meaning of each word.

come in handy = “be useful”

He Made the World Brighter



by Susan Dickson

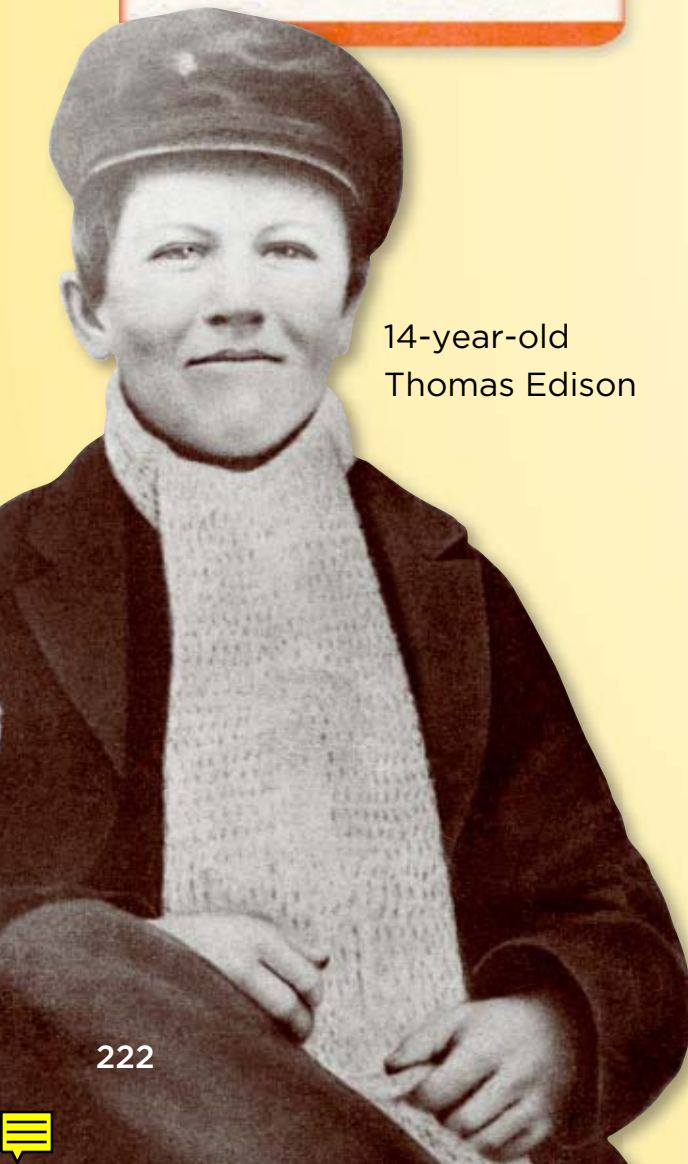
Thomas Edison was a poor student. **Hilarious**? It *is* funny when you know how he turned out. Even if his grades didn't show it, the mother of this future inventor was **convinced** he was smart. After a few disappointing months in school, she decided to teach Thomas herself at home.

Thomas's Childhood

Thomas Alva Edison was born in 1847 in Ohio. Always curious and prone to **mischief**, Thomas read whenever he could.

Thomas's first job, at thirteen, was selling newspapers. Back then, that's when most boys started working. At sixteen he became a telegrapher. This gave Thomas **independence** and an opportunity to travel. Shortly after this, Edison decided to be an inventor.

14-year-old
Thomas Edison



The Young Inventor

Not everything Thomas invented was a success. In fact, his first invention, an electric vote recorder, failed. Edison thought it would **come in handy** for counting votes. No one else found it useful, but that didn't stop Edison.

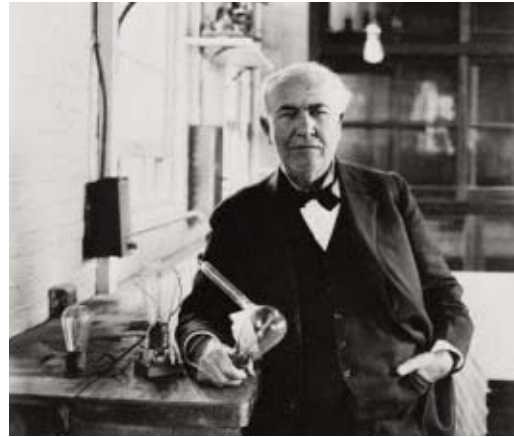
Edison's Greatest Challenge

Back then, gas was the best lighting source, but burning it was dirty and unhealthy. Gas could also be very dangerous. The idea of using electricity for lighting had been around for over 50 years. But nobody had developed anything practical or safe.

Edison set out to solve this problem. He improved upon what others had learned about electricity. He tested thousands of ideas in a **whirlwind** of activity. Several men helped Edison with his experiments.

By 1880, they had burned a light bulb for more than 1,500 hours. They must have felt **dizzy** with excitement!

This was just the beginning. Edison's success led to the invention of an entire electric lighting system. **Nowadays**, many appliances and lights run on electricity. It is hard to imagine life without it. So, next time you turn on your computer, think of Thomas Edison—and say “Thanks.”



Edison with lamps he created

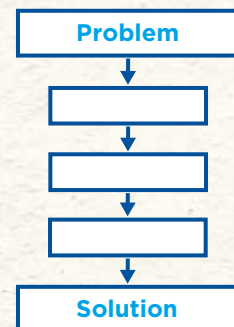
Reread for Comprehension



Generate Questions

Problem and Solution Problems and solutions are important parts of most stories. Asking yourself questions as you read can help you understand problem and solution.

Reread the selection to find a problem and solution. Use a Problem and Solution Chart to help you.



Comprehension

Genre

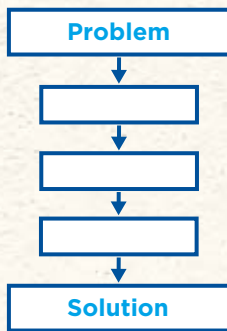
A **Biography** is a story about the life of a real person written by someone else.



General Questions

Problem and Solution

As you read, fill in your Problem and Solution Chart.



Read to Find Out

What was it like to be Ben Franklin?



Award Winning
Author
and
Illustrator



How
BEN FRANKLIN
STOLE THE
LIGHTNING

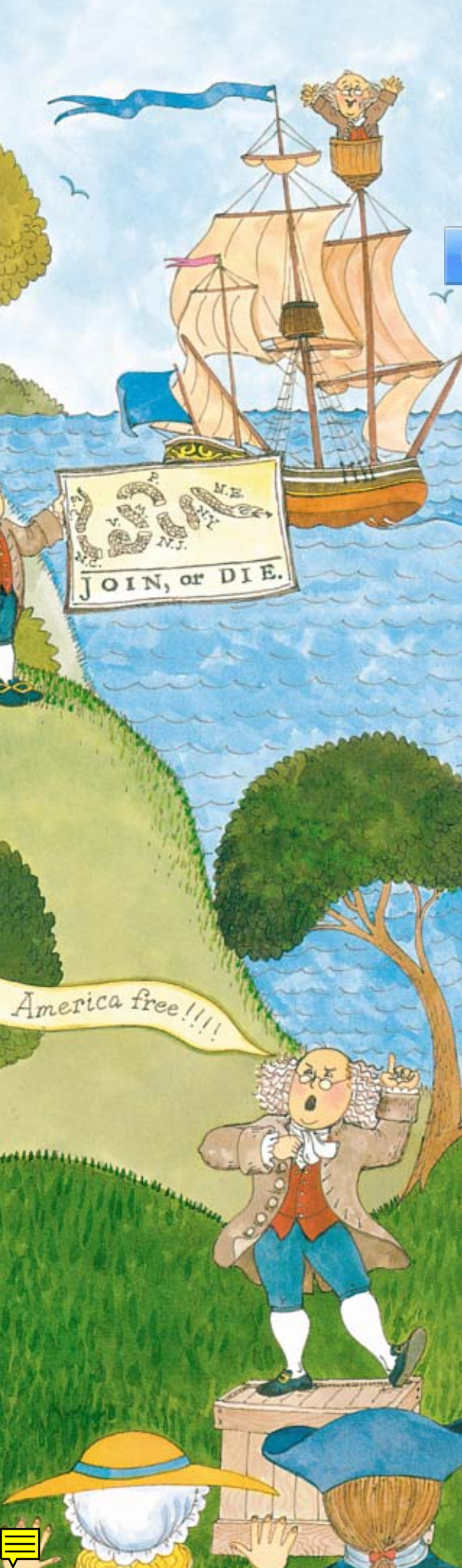
ROSALYN SCHANZER



Early to bed and early to rise
makes a man healthy, wealthy
and wise.



Set

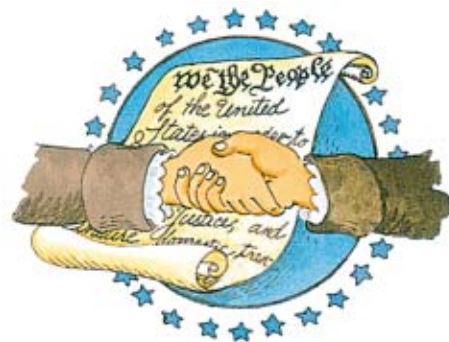


t's true!

The great Benjamin Franklin really did steal lightning right out of the sky! And then he set out to tame the beast. It goes to figure, though, because he was a man who could do just about anything.

Why, Ben Franklin could swim faster, argue better, and write funnier stories than practically anyone in colonial America. He was a musician, a printer, a cartoonist, and a world traveler! What's more, he was a newspaper owner, a shopkeeper, a soldier, and a politician. He even helped to write the Declaration of **Independence** and the Constitution of the United States!

Ben was always coming up with newfangled ways to help folks out, too. He was the guy who started the first lending library in America. His post office was the first to deliver mail straight to people's houses.



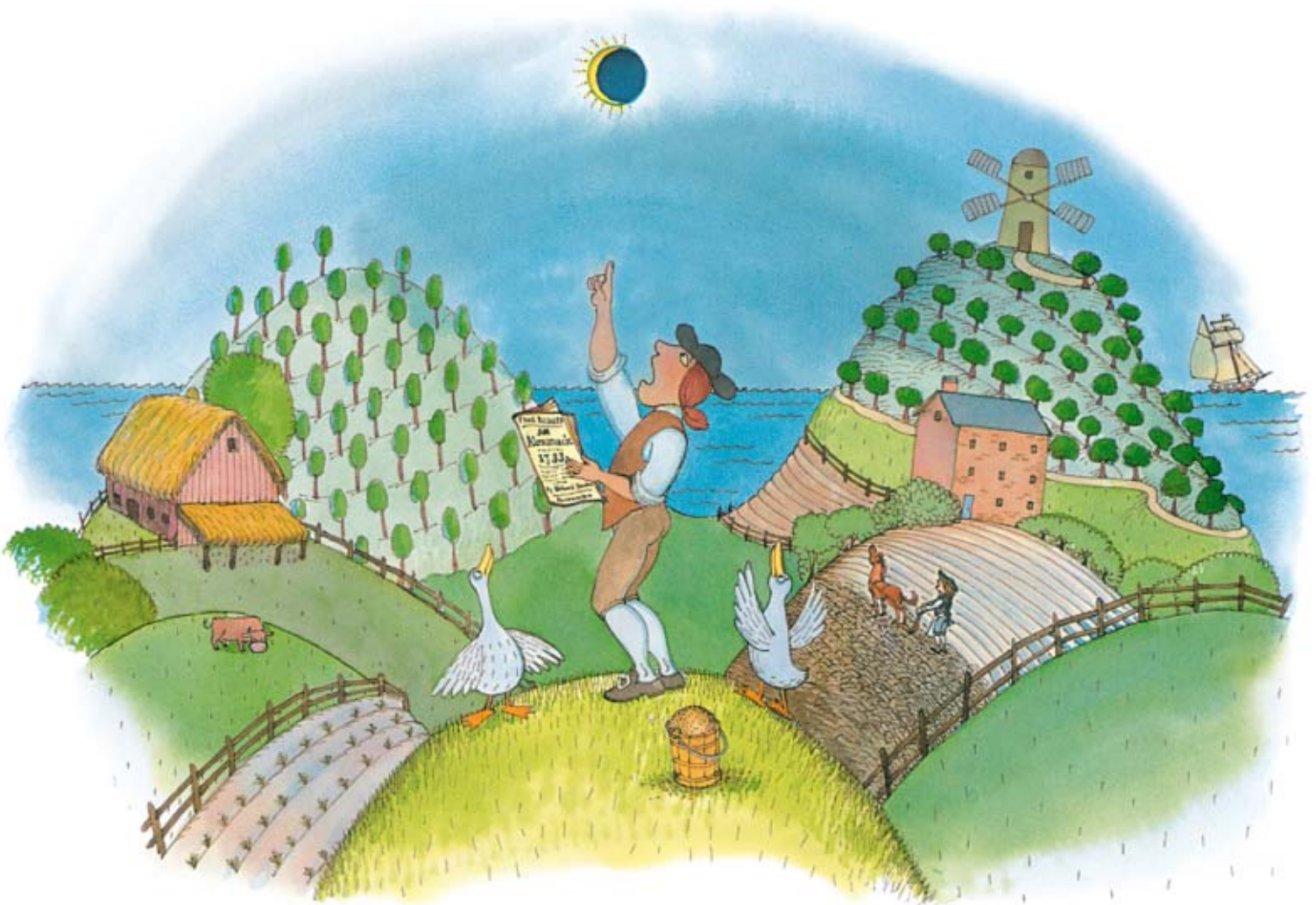


He also wrote almanacs that gave **hilarious** advice about life and told people when to plant crops, whether there might be an eclipse, and when the tides would be high or low.

And he helped to start a hospital!

A free academy!

A fire department!





In colonial days, fire could break out at any time. And it was lightning that caused some of the worst fires. Whenever thunderstorms were brewing, they would ring the church bells for all they were worth, but it didn't do anybody a lick of good.

Of course, after Ben stole the lightning, there weren't nearly as many fires for firefighters to put out. "Now, why was that?" I hear you ask. "And how did he steal any lightning in the first place?" Well, it's a long story, but before we get to the answer, here's a hint. One of the things Benjamin Franklin liked to do best was to make inventions.



Problem and Solution

Name a common problem in colonial times.





Why, Ben was a born inventor. He loved to swim fast, but he wanted to go even faster. So one day when he was a mere lad of eleven, he got some wood and invented swim paddles for his hands and swim fins for his feet. Ben could go faster, all right, but the wood was pretty heavy, and his wrists got plumb worn out.

That's why his second invention was a better way to go fast. He lay on his back, held on to a kite string, and let his kite pull him lickety-split across a big pond. (You might want to remember later on that Ben always did like kites.)

Ben kept right on inventing better ways to do things for the rest of his life.





Take books, for example. Ben read so many books that some of them sat on shelves way up high near the ceiling. So he invented the library chair. If he pulled up the seat, out popped some stairs to help him reach any books on high shelves. And in case climbing stairs made him **dizzy**, he invented a long wooden arm that could grab his books, too.

He also invented an odometer that told how far he had ridden to deliver the mail. And the first clock with a second hand. And he even thought up daylight saving time. Then he invented bifocals so older folks could see up close and far away without changing glasses.





Everybody and his brother and sister just had to find better ways to heat their houses in wintertime. So Ben came up with a Franklin stove that could warm up cold rooms faster and use a lot less wood than old-fashioned stoves and fireplaces.

People all over Europe and America loved Ben's glass armonica. This instrument could spin wet glass bowls to make music that sounded like it came straight from heaven. Mozart and Beethoven wrote music for it, and it was even played at a royal Italian wedding.

But as popular as warmer stoves and glass armonicas were, they aren't anywhere near as celebrated **nowadays** as the invention Ben made after he stole the lightning.





Another hint about Ben's most famous invention is that it helped make life easier for everyone. His scientific ideas were helpful, too, and were often way ahead of their time. For example, he had a lot of ideas about health. He said that exercise and weight lifting help keep folks fit, but they have to work hard enough to sweat if they want to do any good.

He wrote that breathing fresh air and drinking lots of water are good for you. He was the guy who said "an apple a day keeps the doctor away."

And before anyone ever heard of vitamin C, he wrote that oranges, limes, and grapefruit give people healthy gums and skin. Sailors soon got wind of this idea. They began eating so many limes to stop getting sick from scurvy at sea that they became known as limeys.





Didn't the man ever stop to rest? Even when he was outside, Ben kept right on experimenting.

For instance, he often sailed to England and France to do business for America. As he crossed the Atlantic Ocean, he charted the Gulf Stream by taking its temperature. Once sailors knew the route of this fast, warm "river" in the cold ocean, they could travel between America and Europe in a shorter time than ever before.

He was probably the first person to write weather forecasts, too. Once he chased a roaring **whirlwind** by riding over the hills and forests of Maryland just to find out how it worked.

Ben had an old scientific trick that he liked to show people every chance he got. He used to store some oil inside a bamboo walking stick, and whenever he poured a few drops onto angry waves in a pond or lake, the water became smooth as glass!





Meanwhile, over in Europe, people called “electricians” had started doing some tricks of their own. One trick was to raise a boy up near the ceiling with a bunch of silk cords, rub his feet with a glass “electric tube,” and make sparks shoot out of his hands and face.

Another mean trick made the king of France laugh so hard he could hardly stop. His court electrician had run an electric charge through 180 soldiers of the guard, and they jerked to attention faster than they ever had in their entire lives.

But although people were doing lots of tricks with electricity, nobody had a clue about why or how it worked. So Benjamin Franklin decided to find out. He asked a British friend to send him an electric tube so that he could do some experiments.

In one experiment, he made a cork “electric spider” with thread for legs. It kept leaping back and forth between a wire and an electric tube just like it was alive.

Another time he asked a lady and gentleman to stand on some wax. One held an electric tube, the other held a wire, and when they tried to kiss, they got shocked by all the sparks shooting between their lips.

Ben even figured out how to light up a picture of a king in a golden frame. Anyone trying to remove the king’s gold paper crown was in for a shock!





Doing all these tricks gave Ben his idea for stealing lightning out of the sky. He believed that lightning was nothing more nor less than pure electricity. Now he set out to prove it.

First he made a silk kite with a wire on top to attract some lightning. Next he added a kite string, tied a key to the bottom, and knotted a silk ribbon below the key. Ben and his son William stood out of the rain inside the doorway of a shed on the side of a field. To keep from getting shocked, Ben held on to the dry silk ribbon. Then he flew his kite straight up toward a big rain cloud.





For the longest time, nothing happened.

Just as Ben and William were about to give up, the hair on that wet kite string began to rise up and stand at attention. Ben put his knuckle near the key, and YIKES!!!! Out jumped a bright spark of genuine electricity!

Real lightning had traveled all the way down that kite string! Ben had stolen electric fire out of the heavens and proven that he was right.

(Of course, now we know that if the storm had been any stronger, the great inventor would have been toast.)





Finally! Here's the part of the story where Ben's practice from thinking up all those inventions **came in** so **handy**. Way back then, you remember, lightning was always setting fire to ships, houses, and church spires. Even the best fire departments couldn't keep entire towns from going up in smoke. So Ben decided to make his most famous invention of all—the lightning rod!





The whole idea was to pull lightning safely out of the sky before it could do any **mischief**. Ben showed people how to put a pointed iron rod on the tip-top of a roof or ship's mast and connect it to a wire leading all the way down under the ground or into water. Now the lightning could follow a safe path without burning up a thing.



Problem and Solution

How did Ben's invention solve the problem?



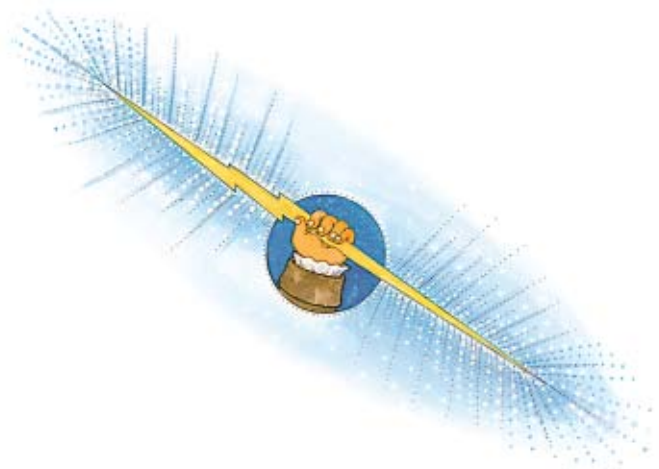




This simple but brilliant invention worked beautifully. It saved more lives than anyone can count and made Ben Franklin a great hero.

Scientists from around the world lined up to give Ben medals and awards. But during his long life, he became much more than the master of lightning. Why, when America fought against Great Britain for the right to become a free nation, Ben **convinced** France to come help win the war, and when it was over, he helped convince Great Britain to sign the peace. He had helped in so many ways that the people of France honored him with a beautiful medallion. It says “He snatched the lightning from heaven and the scepter from tyrants.”

And he did.

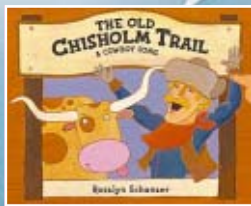


MEET THE INVENTOR



Rosalyn Schanzer spent a lot of time in Philadelphia to write this piece. She visited the places where Ben Franklin lived and worked to make sure that her words and pictures would be accurate. Rosalyn probably would have gotten along really well with Ben. She is a great swimmer, just like he was. Once she even swam past sharks on a trip to Belize! Rosalyn also shares Ben's curiosity about the world. She's explored a jungle, visited an ancient city, and sailed a boat more than 800 miles.

Other books by Rosalyn Schanzer



Find out more about Rosalyn Schanzer at www.macmillanmh.com



Write About It

Ben Franklin was always thinking of new ideas for inventions. If you could invent something, what would you invent and why?



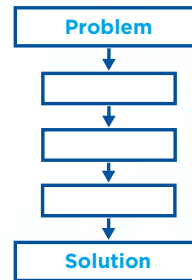


Comprehension Check



Summarize

Summarize *How Ben Franklin Stole the Lightning*. Include some of the problems Ben Franklin saw and how he solved them. Use your Problem and Solution Chart to help you.



Think and Compare



1. What was Ben Franklin's most famous invention, and what problem did it solve? Use story details to support your answer. **Generate Questions: Problem and Solution**
2. Reread pages 235–236. Why was Ben Franklin so **convinced** that lightning was a form of electricity? **Analyze**
3. If you could improve on any of the inventions mentioned in the story, what new invention would you create? **Apply**
4. Based on what you know, do you think Ben Franklin was ever bored? Give reasons for your opinion. **Evaluate**
5. Read “He Made the World Brighter” on pages 222–223. How was Thomas Alva Edison like Ben Franklin? Use details from both selections in your answer. **Reading/Writing Across Texts**





Poetry

A **Concrete Poem** has words arranged in the shape of the thing it describes.



Literary Elements

Figurative Language uses words to evoke mental images.

Alliteration is the repetition of the same consonant sound in a series of words.

Light Bulb

Thomas Edison didn't hesitate to let ideas incubate, and try again, if they weren't right. One day to his intense delight, he **squeezed** his thoughts into a bulb and then turned on the light light light !!!

Edison didn't really squeeze his thoughts into a bulb. This figurative language helps the reader picture how hard Edison was thinking.

— Joan Bransfield Graham



Lightning Bolt

NEWS FLASH!

BEN
FRANKLIN
USES
KITE & KEY
TO UNLOCK
ELECTRICITY!

This use of “kite” and “key” is an example of alliteration.

— Joan Bransfield Graham

Connect and Compare



1. Which words in “Lightning Bolt” show figurative language?
Figurative Language
2. What do the shapes of these poems have to do with their topics? **Analyze**
3. How is the information presented in “Lightning Bolt” similar to the information in *How Ben Franklin Stole the Lightning*? In what ways is it different? **Reading/Writing Across Texts**



Find out more about concrete poems at www.macmillanmh.com

Write a Book Review

Writing

Organization

Good writers start with a strong opening sentence. Then they follow it up with details that support the strong opening sentence.



I started with a strong opening sentence.

I wanted to recommend a book I liked, so I wrote a review of it.

Kids' Bright Ideas

by Katie G.

Do you dream of being a great inventor? Then read Invented by Kids by Cynthia Mills. You'll find out about some great ideas by kids. The Auto-Off Candle goes out after a set time. A natural mosquito poison is safe to use in animals' drinking water.

If you like experimenting with new ideas, I recommend this book. These inventors inspired me. You'll be inspired, too!



Your Turn

Think about a book you have read recently. Would you recommend it to others? Write a book review. Briefly summarize the book. Tell why a reader will or won't enjoy it. Begin with a strong opening sentence. Use the Writer's Checklist to check your writing.



Writer's Checklist

- Ideas and Content:** Did I summarize the book and give my opinions about it?
- Organization:** Will my opening sentence grab my readers' attention?
- Voice:** Did I make my feelings clear?
- Word Choice:** Did I choose precise words?
- Sentence Fluency:** Did I avoid choppy writing by including both short and long sentences?
- Conventions:** Did I capitalize the main words in the book title? Did I underline the title? Did I check my spelling?





Talk About It

How does this snake make you feel? Explain why you feel that way.



Find out more about snakes at www.macmillanmh.com

Snakes



Vocabulary

weekdays apologize
cardboard harmless
slithered ambulance
genuine



Word Parts

Base Words can help you figure out the meaning of a word.

harm = "hurt; injury"

harmless = "without hurt"

NAME THAT REPTILE

by Catherine Lutz

Narrator: Mark and Jean have been studying together **weekdays** after school for a big test on Friday. Jean takes a card from a **cardboard** box. The card has the name of a reptile on it. Now Mark will ask questions and try to name the reptile. Can you guess the answer before Mark?

Mark: Is it furry?

Jean: No. Remember, reptiles don't have fur.

Mark: That's right. Where does it live?

Jean: Mostly in the southwestern United States.

Mark: What does it eat?

Jean: It eats small birds, rabbits, mice, and squirrels.

Mark: Is it a crocodile?

Jean: No. Crocodiles live near streams, and this reptile lives where it's dry.

Mark: How big is it?

Jean: Some can be 7 feet long. Others are only 2 feet long.

Mark: It's probably not a turtle or a lizard. Is it a snake?

Jean: Yes!





Is it a crocodile?

Mark: Remember when my pet snake got loose and **slithered** across my mother's foot? I had to return it to the pet store.

Jean: What did the store say?

Mark: I think they were **genuine** when they offered to speak with my mom. I knew that wouldn't help, though.

Jean: Did you **apologize** to your mom and say you were sorry?

Mark: Of course, but she didn't change her mind.

Jean: Okay, back to studying.

Mark: Does the snake crush its prey?

Jean: No.

Mark: So it's not a python. Is it **harmless**?

Jean: No. It's dangerous. Its bite can be fatal. If you get bitten, you'd need an **ambulance**!

Mark: Yikes. Does it give a warning before it attacks?

Jean: Its tail shakes and makes a noise. Each time the snake sheds, its tail gets a new segment in it.

Mark: I've got it! It's a rattlesnake!

Narrator: Did you guess the reptile before Mark did?



It's a rattlesnake!

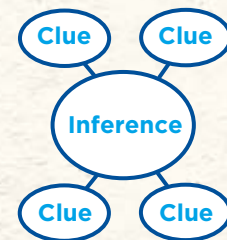
Reread for Comprehension



Generate Questions

Make Inferences Generating questions as you read can help you make inferences. For example, ask yourself, "Why did the character just say that?" or "What are some clues to what might happen next?"

Reread the selection and make inferences.
Write the clues in the Inferences Word Web.



Comprehension

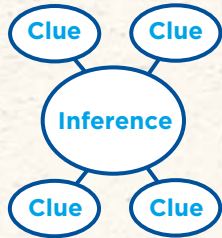
Genre

Humorous Fiction is a made-up story written to make the reader laugh.



Generate Questions

Make Inferences As you read, fill in your Inferences Word Web.



Read to Find Out

What do you learn when you read between the lines?

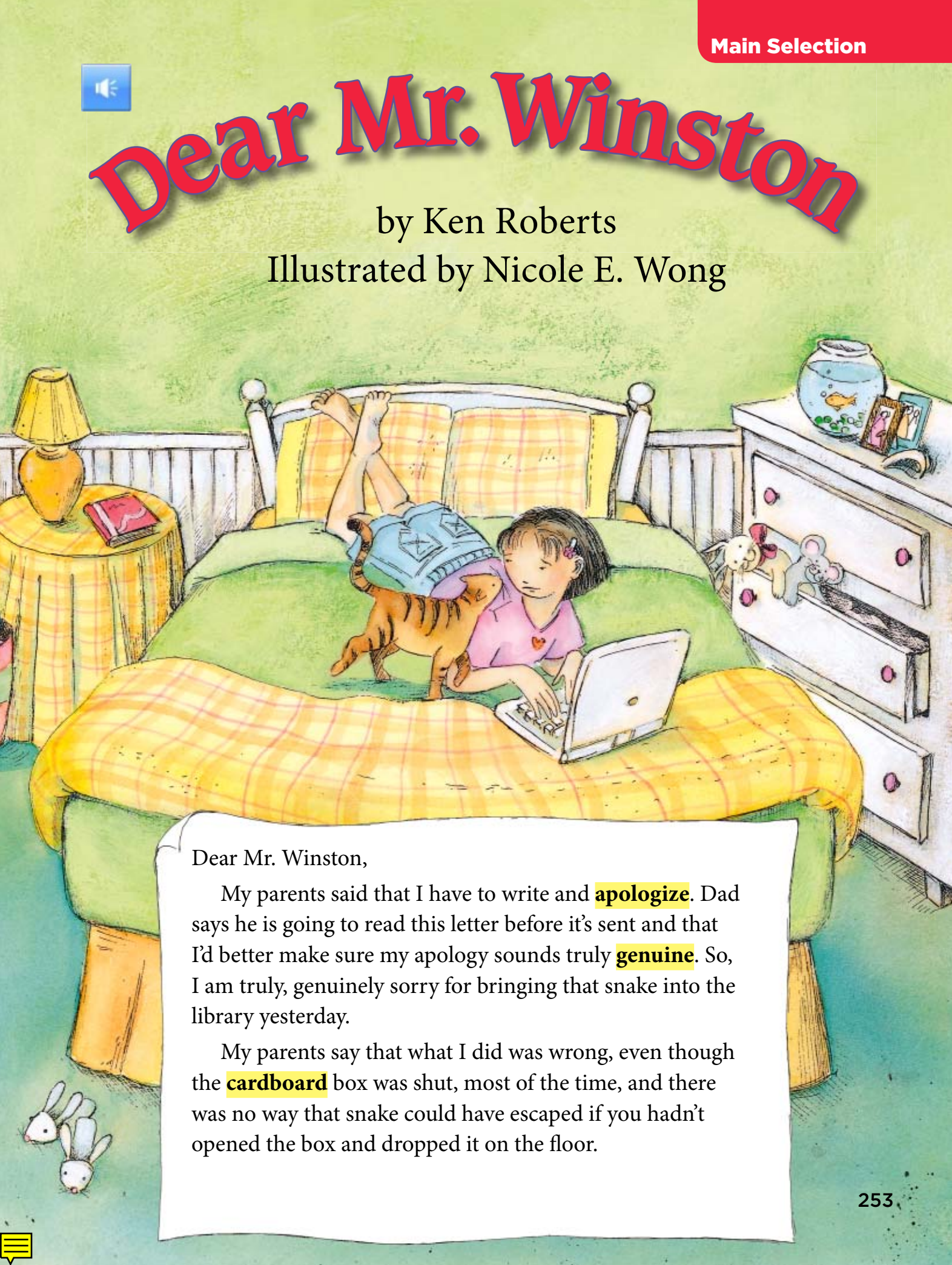




Dear Mr. Winston

by Ken Roberts

Illustrated by Nicole E. Wong



Dear Mr. Winston,

My parents said that I have to write and **apologize**. Dad says he is going to read this letter before it's sent and that I'd better make sure my apology sounds truly **genuine**. So, I am truly, genuinely sorry for bringing that snake into the library yesterday.

My parents say that what I did was wrong, even though the **cardboard** box was shut, most of the time, and there was no way that snake could have escaped if you hadn't opened the box and dropped it on the floor.



My parents say it's my fault for having brought that snake into the library and I truly, genuinely apologize but I still don't know how I was supposed to find out what kind of snake I had inside that box without bringing the snake right into the library so I could look at snake pictures and then look at the snake and try to find a picture that matched the snake.

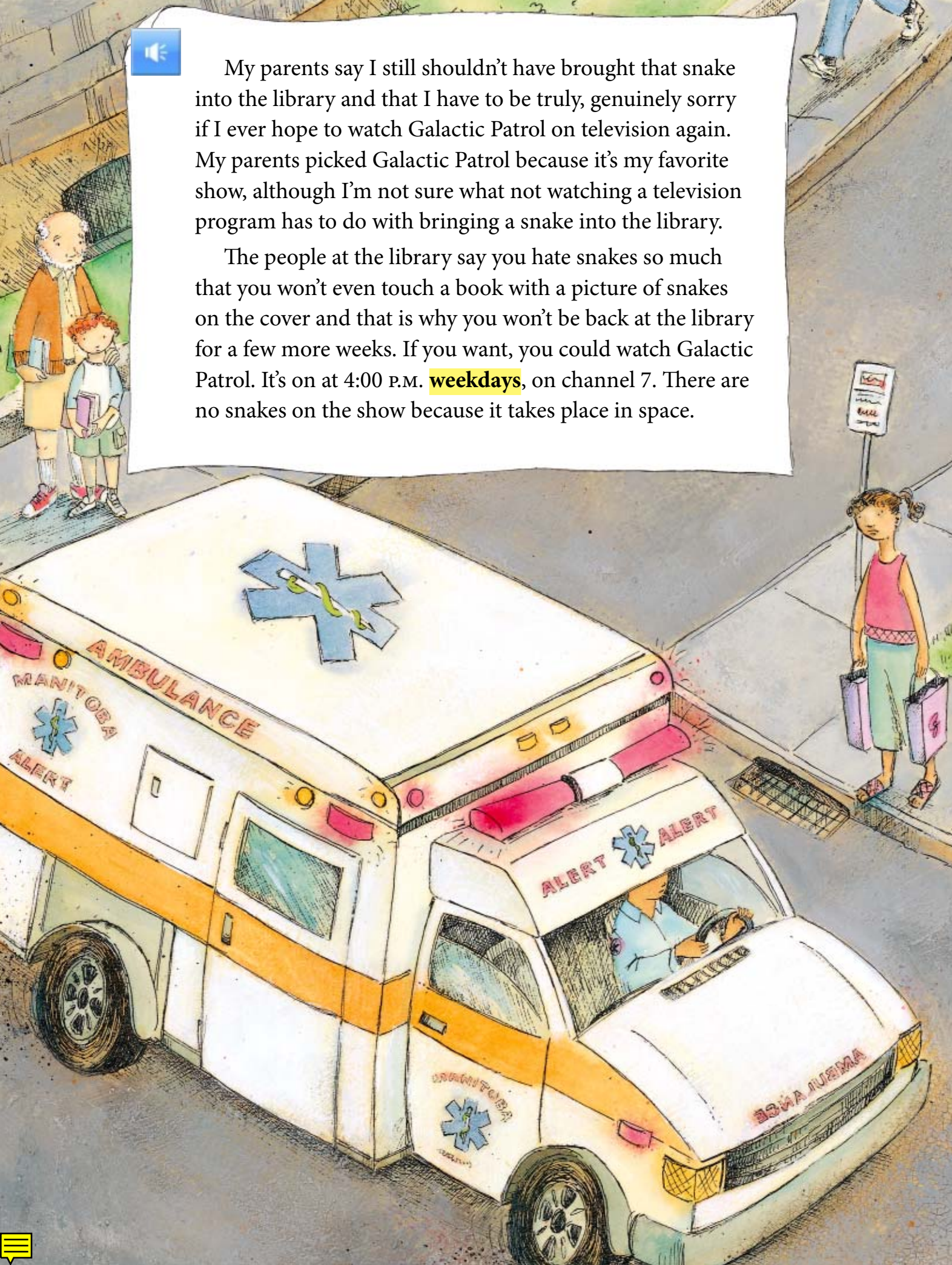
I told my parents something that I didn't get a chance to remind you about before the **ambulance** took you away. I did come into the library without the snake, first. I left the box outside, hidden under a bush and tried to borrow a thick green book with lots of snake pictures. You told me that the big green book was a reference book which meant that it had to stay inside the library and I couldn't take it out, even for ten minutes.





My parents say I still shouldn't have brought that snake into the library and that I have to be truly, genuinely sorry if I ever hope to watch Galactic Patrol on television again. My parents picked Galactic Patrol because it's my favorite show, although I'm not sure what not watching a television program has to do with bringing a snake into the library.

The people at the library say you hate snakes so much that you won't even touch a book with a picture of snakes on the cover and that is why you won't be back at the library for a few more weeks. If you want, you could watch Galactic Patrol. It's on at 4:00 P.M. **weekdays**, on channel 7. There are no snakes on the show because it takes place in space.







Did the flowers arrive? Dad picked them out but I have to pay for them with my allowance for the next two months. The flowers are proof that I am truly, genuinely sorry for having brought that snake into the library. I hope the people who work at the library find that snake soon! Did they look under all the chairs?

That snake isn't dangerous. It is a local snake, and there are no poisonous snakes in Manitoba. The people at the library say you know that too because that was one of the reasons you decided to move here. I bought that snake from a friend. I paid one month's allowance for it, which means that snake has cost me a total of three month's allowance and I only owned it for one hour!

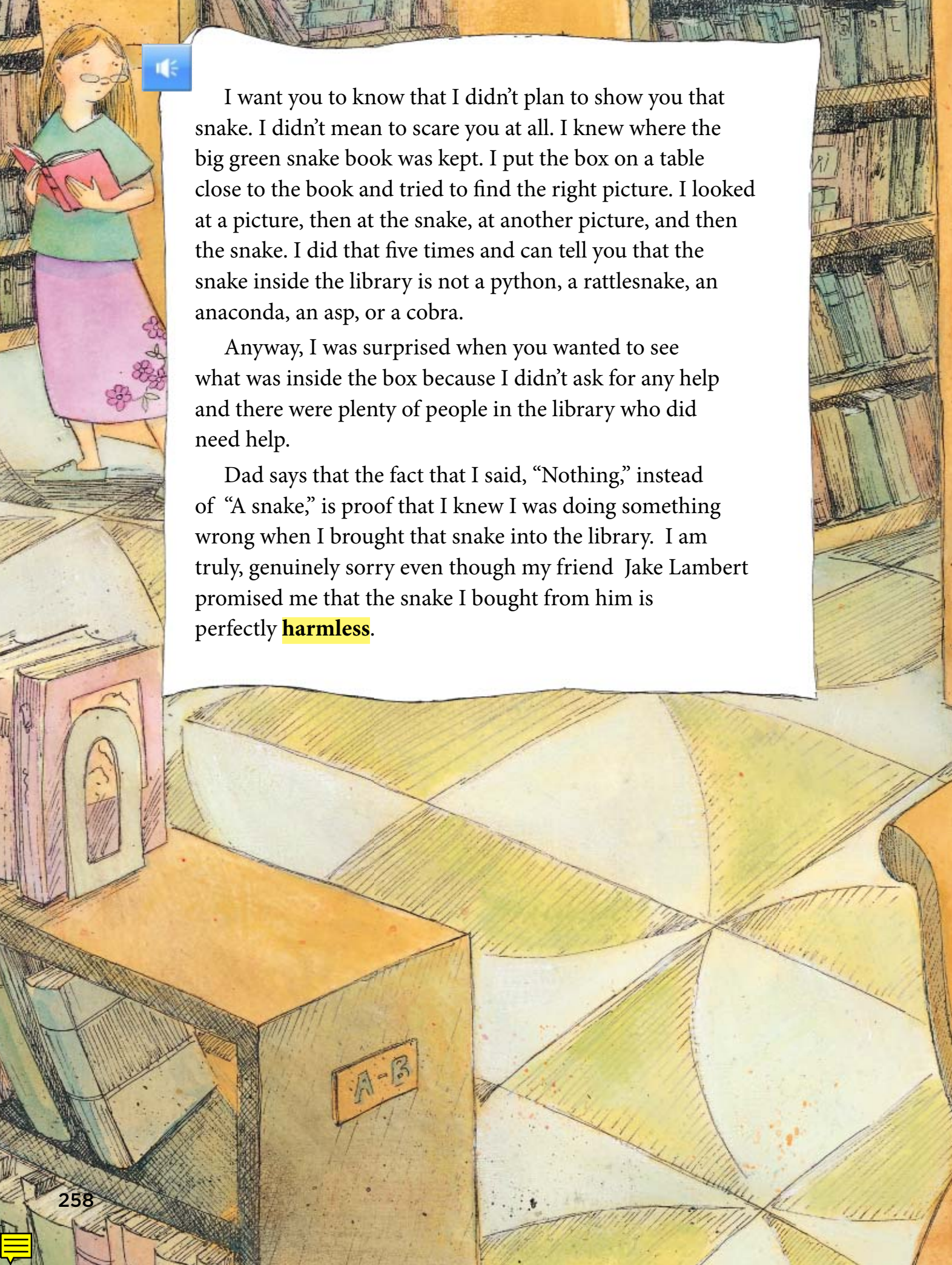
Mom says I don't have to tell who sold me that snake so I won't tell you either because Dad says he is going to read this letter. Besides, I don't want you to be mad at anyone else when I am the one who brought that snake into the library yesterday. I am truly, genuinely sorry.



Make Inferences

Do you think the girl is truly, genuinely sorry for bringing the snake into the library? Why or why not?



A detailed illustration of a library. In the upper left, a girl with long brown hair and glasses, wearing a green shirt and a purple skirt with pink flowers, stands reading a pink book. The background shows tall bookshelves filled with books. In the foreground, a wooden table is partially visible, with a small sign that says 'A-B' on its side. The floor is made of large, light-colored tiles. A white speech bubble containing the text is positioned in the upper right area of the page.

I want you to know that I didn't plan to show you that snake. I didn't mean to scare you at all. I knew where the big green snake book was kept. I put the box on a table close to the book and tried to find the right picture. I looked at a picture, then at the snake, at another picture, and then the snake. I did that five times and can tell you that the snake inside the library is not a python, a rattlesnake, an anaconda, an asp, or a cobra.

Anyway, I was surprised when you wanted to see what was inside the box because I didn't ask for any help and there were plenty of people in the library who did need help.

Dad says that the fact that I said, "Nothing," instead of "A snake," is proof that I knew I was doing something wrong when I brought that snake into the library. I am truly, genuinely sorry even though my friend Jake Lambert promised me that the snake I bought from him is perfectly **harmless**.





I did tell you that I didn't need any help and I did have a snake book open in front of me, so I don't know why you insisted on looking inside the box if you are so afraid of snakes and everything. I don't know why you picked up that box before opening a flap, either. If you had left the box on the table and maybe even sat down next to it, then maybe the box would have been all right when you screamed and fainted. You wouldn't have fallen so far, either, if you were sitting down.

Did you know that you broke out in a rash after you fainted? I thought a person had to touch something like poison ivy to get a rash. I didn't know it was possible to get a rash by just thinking about something but my parents say it really can happen. I think maybe you did touch something. Maybe, when you were lying on the floor, that snake **slithered** over to you and touched you! Did you know that snake skin feels dry, not wet and slimy at all?




Make Inferences

Is the girl taking full responsibility for what happened to Mr. Winston? What makes you think so?







I just thought of something. Maybe everyone's looking in the library for that snake but it's not in the library. Maybe it crawled into one of your pockets or up your sleeve and rode with you to the hospital! Wouldn't that be funny? Why don't you get one of the nurses to check? If it's not in your clothes, it might have crawled out and might be hiding inside the hospital someplace. I think people should be looking there, too.

I am sure you will be talking to the people in the library, to make sure they find that snake before you go back to work. I hope they do find it, even though my parents say that I can't keep it. If that snake is found, could you ask the people at the library to give me a call? I would be interested in knowing that it is all right. And if they do find that snake and do decide to give me a call, could you ask them if they could compare that snake with the snake pictures in that big green reference book before they call me? I would still like to know what kind of snake I owned for an hour.

I am truly, genuinely sorry.

Your friend,

Cara



Identify the Author and Illustrator

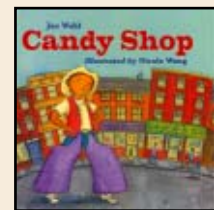


Ken Roberts is actually a librarian. He often writes funny stories with unusual characters, like the girl in this piece. Ken has many talents. He is a storyteller, puppeteer, juggler, and magician. He was once a champion runner, too.

Nicole E. Wong has been interested in art all her life and even went to college to study it. She has been very fortunate to have turned her passion and training into her career in illustration. Nicole's artwork has appeared in several books, including Jan Wahl's *Candy Shop*, and various magazines. Nicole lives in Massachusetts with her husband, Dan, and their dog, Sable.



Another book illustrated by Nicole E. Wong



Find out more about Ken Roberts and Nicole E. Wong at www.macmillanmh.com



Write About It

Cara wrote a long letter to apologize for bringing a snake into the library. Write about how you would have apologized to Mr. Winston.





Comprehension Check



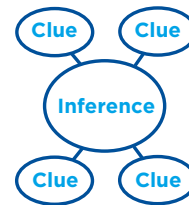
Summarize

Summarize *Dear Mr. Winston*. Include the main characters and tell the most important events in the correct order.

Think and Compare



1. Was Cara's apology to Mr. Winston truly **genuine**? Use your Inferences Word Web to help you decide. Tell what clues helped you make this inference. **Generate Questions: Make Inferences**



2. Reread the second paragraph of the story. Who does Cara seem to say was responsible for the snake's escape? Use story details in your answer. **Analyze**
3. How would you have avoided Cara's mistake? **Synthesize**
4. Do you think that Mr. Winston will ever be able to see the humor in this event? Explain your answer. **Evaluate**
5. Read "Name That Reptile" on pages 250-251. How is the problem that Mark is trying to solve similar to Cara's problem? How is it different? Use details from both selections in your answer. **Reading/Writing Across Texts**



Science

Genre

Electronic Encyclopedias include articles, diagrams, and photographs on many topics.



Text Feature

Toolbars help you find more information or move to a different area in an electronic encyclopedia.

Content Vocabulary

reptiles
camouflage
hibernate
digested

Find Snakes

▼ article outline

Snakes

Physical Characteristics

Snakes are **reptiles**. They have flexible skeletons and no legs. Their bodies are covered with scales. Clear scales even cover their eyes. Most snakes are colored to **camouflage** them. For example, the emerald tree boa is green. This helps it hide among tree leaves. Other snakes, like coral snakes, are brightly colored to warn enemies that they are poisonous. Snakes range greatly in size. The dwarf blind snake is 10 cm (around 4 in.) long. The anaconda and reticulated python can be as long as 10 m (about 33 ft.).



Timber rattlesnakes (*Crotalus horridus*), northeastern United States

Behavior


Like all reptiles, snakes are cold-blooded. They cannot make their own body heat. Snakes need the sun or warm surroundings to keep them warm. In cool weather, many snakes gather underground or in other sheltered places. There, they **hibernate**, meaning they stay at rest during the winter.

Printers



- Anaconda
- Coral Snake
- Emerald Tree Boa
- Skeleton

Using a Toolbar

 Click on the Related Articles menu and select the subject about which you want to learn more.

Coral Snake a kind of poisonous snake found in North and South America. There are about 30 species. Coral snakes all have bright bands of color on their bodies and are two to three feet in length. They hunt lizards and other snakes.

Anaconda a member of the boa family living in swamps and rivers in South America. The anaconda, like other boas, wraps itself around its prey to suffocate it. It is one of the longest and thickest snakes and bears live young.



Coral snake



Hunting and Eating



Egg-Eater Snake
(*Dasyreptis scabra*),
Savannah, South Africa

Snakes are meat eaters but do not chew their prey. They swallow animals whole. Snakes can stretch their jaws far apart. This lets them eat animals that are bigger than their own heads.

Constrictors, such as boa constrictors, wrap themselves around their prey. These snakes suffocate their prey and then swallow it. Some snakes are venomous and kill their prey with poison. Venomous snakes, such as rattlesnakes, inject the poison through their fangs. Some poisons kill the animal. Others break down the animal's flesh so that it is partly **digested** by the time the snake eats it.



Cobra hatching

Raising Young

Most female snakes lay eggs that have soft leathery shells. Some females stay close to guard the eggs. Others, such as pythons, coil around the eggs to keep them warm. Some snakes give birth to live babies. Garter snakes can have more than 40 baby snakes at once. Snakes do not usually take care of their young.



- Boa Constrictor
- Garter Snake
- Python
- Rattlesnake



Garter Snake a common and harmless type of snake in North America. They are fairly small (about two feet long) and usually have dark colors, with stripes running along their bodies. They live in moist areas and feed on toads, frogs, earthworms, and similar animals.

Connect and Compare



1. Look at the Related Articles menu on this page. What would you click on to find out how constrictors kill their prey?
Using a Toolbar
2. Constrictors often hunt animals that have sharp teeth, claws, or hooves. Why do you think they need to kill their prey before swallowing it? **Analyze**
3. Think about this article and *Dear Mr. Winston*. Which of the snakes you have read about would not make a good pet for Cara? Explain your answer. **Reading/Writing Across Texts**



Science Activity

Research a snake. If possible, use an electronic encyclopedia. Write a paragraph or two about the snake, and draw a picture of it.



Find out about kinds of snakes at www.macmillanmh.com



Write a Letter

Writing

Conventions

In a business letter, use the correct form and the right punctuation. Then the reader will take the contents seriously.



I wrote to the zoo to complain about the hours of the Reptile House.

I used correct punctuation in my letter.

123 Maple St.
Chicago, IL 41456
Jan. 24, 2007

Mr. Thomas Fine
City Zoo
450 Wonder Lane
Chicago, IL 60610

Dear Mr. Fine:

My family enjoys visiting your zoo. The only problem we ever have is in the Reptile House. It is supposed to be open every day, but sometimes the doors are locked. How can we learn about snakes if we can't see them? Please make sure that the Reptile House is open all the time.

Yours truly,
Adrianna O.



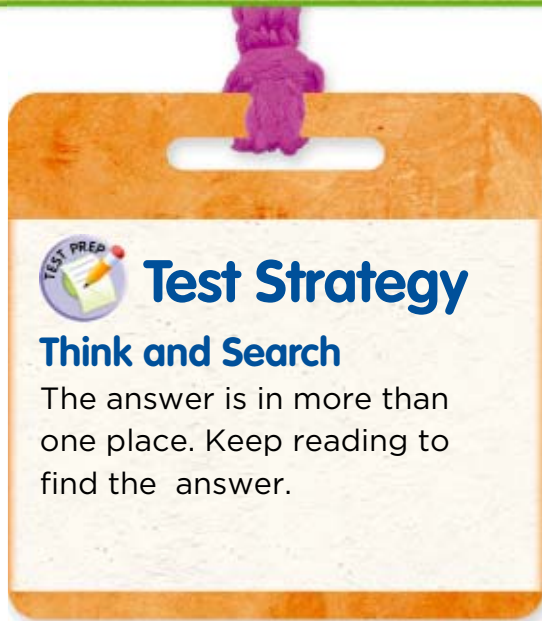
Your Turn

It's your turn to speak out about something you think is important.

Use a business letter to tell a person or a company about a problem you have. Be sure to use correct punctuation for your letter. Use the Writer's Checklist to check your writing.

Writer's Checklist

- Ideas and Content:** Did I state my problem clearly? Can I add convincing facts and opinions?
- Organization:** Did I follow correct letter form? Does the order of the information make sense?
- Voice:** Did I use formal language in my letter?
- Word Choice:** Did I choose just the right words so that my message is strong but polite?
- Sentence Fluency:** Did I avoid run-on sentences?
- Conventions:** Did I use abbreviations with a period? Did I check my punctuation and spelling?



Protect Our Valuable Oceans

by Deepak Mallavarpu

We live in a watery world. It has five oceans: the Pacific, the Atlantic, the Indian, the Arctic, and the Antarctic. Water makes up more than 70% of the surface of our planet. No wonder astronauts see Earth as a beautiful blue world!

Oceans do more for us than just make the world look pretty from space. They give us fish, seaweed, and shellfish. Tons of food are taken from the oceans each year. Some of our salt, fertilizers, and minerals come from the sea. A great deal of the world's oil is drilled offshore. That means it comes from beneath the ocean floor. We get some of our natural gas this way too.

Oceans provide us with transportation. Freight and fuel travel by boat. Oceans are also used for recreation. They allow us to explore, swim, snorkel, study wildlife, and ride waves.

The oceans help make our weather. They play a huge role in spreading the sun's warmth all over our planet. Oceans fuel storm systems, too. And storms bring fresh water to land.

Even though our oceans do so much for us, we have not been taking care of them. They are getting more and more polluted. Some kinds of fish are dying out. Coral reefs are being damaged by water that is too warm.

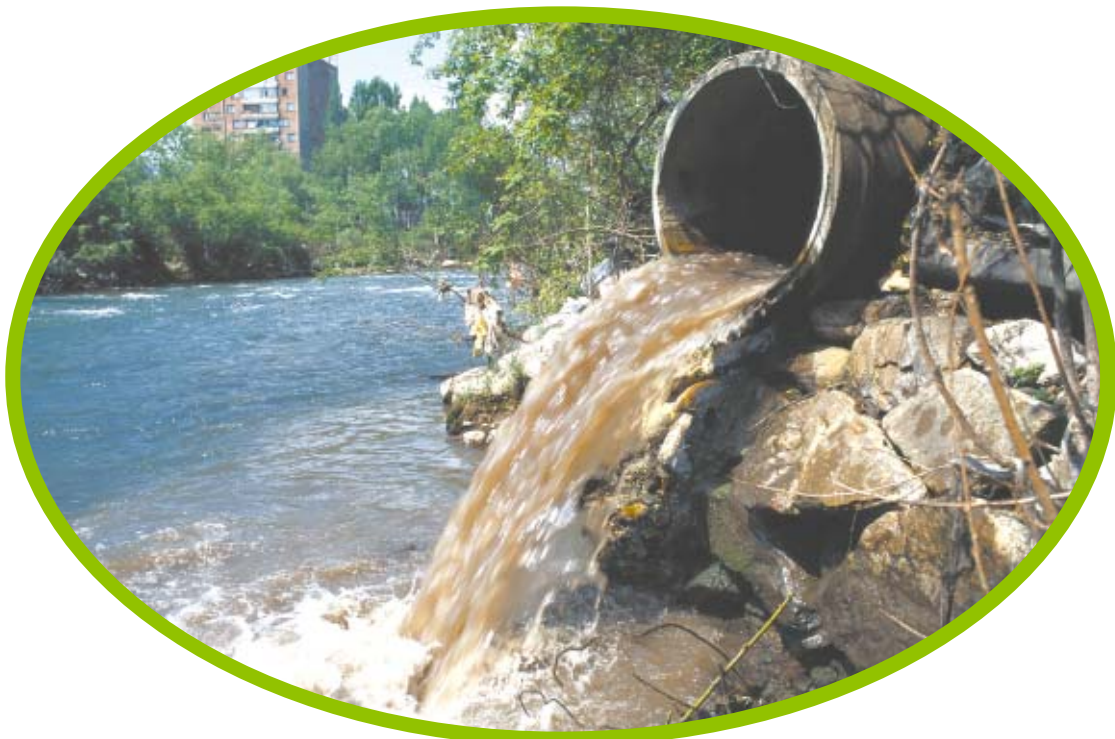


Pollution may be the biggest problem. Some pollution results from things people dump into the oceans. For example, cruise ships dump waste into the ocean every day. Other pollution comes from industries dumping their waste into rivers. The rivers carry it to the sea.

Often, we harm the oceans without knowing it. For example, nitrogen gets into the oceans from fertilizers. Nitrogen is carried to the oceans as runoff. As water “runs off” the ground, it flows into our streams and rivers. The rivers and streams carry it out to sea. Other pollutants go into the air. Later, they reach the water. For example, most of the mercury found in the ocean comes from power plants that use coal.







When pollutants reach the oceans, problems occur. For example, nitrogen reduces the amount of oxygen in the ocean. Less oxygen can kill some sea animals or cause diseases. Sometimes pollution upsets the balance of nature. Too much nitrogen can make algae, tiny plants, grow so much that they hurt other plants and animals.

Luckily, there are things we can do to protect the oceans. A good start is by learning about the oceans. Another thing that we can all do is get rid of waste properly. You should always use water wisely. And finally, we can ask our government to get involved. The oceans do a lot for us, but they won’t last if we don’t take care of them.



What You Can Do to Protect Our Oceans



-  **Conserve water.**
Don't be wasteful when washing your car or watering your lawn.
-  **Reduce household pollutants.**
Properly dispose of chemicals and cleaning products.
-  **Reduce waste.**
Dispose of trash properly, and don't leave fishing lines, nets, or plastic items in or near the water.
-  **Reduce automobile pollution.**
Use fuel efficient vehicles, carpool, recycle motor oil, and repair oil and air conditioning leaks.
-  **Protect ocean wildlife.**
Be considerate of sea-life habitats. Don't feed sea birds, mammals and turtles, or disturb their nesting grounds.
-  **Get involved.**
Take part in a beach cleanup or other ocean-oriented activities.

Tip

Keep reading. The answer may be in more than one place.

Directions: Answer the questions.

1. Which of the following solutions would NOT help protect our oceans?

- A conserving salt
- B conserving water and reducing waste
- C informing people about environmental problems
- D reducing nitrogen “runoff”

2. What is the BEST reason for learning about oceans?

- A There is more water than land on Earth.
- B We need to keep the water clean and blue.
- C People enjoy water sports and boating.
- D We depend on oceans for food and our climate.

3. What can you do to protect our oceans?

- A Reduce automobile pollution and protect ocean wildlife.
- B Ask people not to fish or catch seafood.
- C Dump chemicals and waste products into the water.
- D Kill algae and eat seaweed.

4. Read the poster. How is the information it presents the same as or different from the information in the article?

5. What can you do to protect the oceans? Include information from the article in your response.

Writing Prompt

Write an essay to your principal about an issue at school you care about, such as a safer playground or a better cafeteria. State your opinion and support it with reasons. Write three paragraphs.



Friend or Foe?





Talk About It

Is this crocodile a friend or a foe of this frog? Why?

LOG ON

Find out more about friends and foes at www.macmillanmh.com



Vocabulary

interfere agile
awkward guardian
proclaimed tottered



Thesaurus

Synonyms are words that have the same, or nearly the same, meanings. You can use a thesaurus to find synonyms.

Use a thesaurus to find a synonym for *guardian*.

ROADRUNNERS: SURPRISING BIRDS

by Adam Savage

“Today we will hear from Pam,” said Mr. Sanders.

Pam stood in front of the class. “I’m going to talk about roadrunners,” she said, smiling.

Someone snickered, but Pam didn’t let a little noise **interfere** with her presentation. She knew that her topic was interesting.

Pam was prepared, so she didn’t feel **awkward**, or uncomfortable. Holding up her photo album, Pam began her report. “This is a roadrunner.” She looked around the room. No one seemed interested. Pam knew she had to do something to get everyone’s attention.

Holding up the next photo, Pam **proclaimed** with confidence, “This amazing bird is so fast and **agile** it can catch a rattlesnake!”



“Whoa, that’s cool!” called Peter from the back row.

“What else can it do?”

Now every eye was on Pam. “Roadrunners can run up to 15 miles per hour!” she continued.

“Do they fly?” someone asked.

“They can fly when they sense danger. But not very far.”

Pam held up the next photo. It showed the roadrunner’s black-and-white spotted feathers and the crest on its head.

“Where did you get the photos?” asked Mr. Sanders.

“I took these while I was visiting my grandmother in Arizona,” explained Pam.

“I see,” said Mr. Sanders. “Is there anything else you’d like to tell us?”

“I learned that a roadrunner is a very clever **guardian** of its young. Let’s say an enemy comes near a roadrunner’s nest. The roadrunner pretends to have a broken leg, and leads the enemy away. I watched a roadrunner as it **tottered** along. It was so brave!”

Someone asked another question, but Mr. Sanders said to save it for next time. When the class groaned, “Awww,” Pam knew her report was a winner.



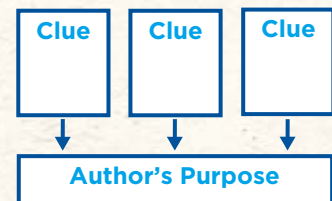
Reread for Comprehension



Evaluate

Author’s Purpose When evaluating an author’s purpose, look for exaggeration, humor, or dialogue. These can help you decide if the purpose is to inform or entertain.

An Author’s Purpose Map can help you understand the author’s purpose. Reread the selection to confirm your conclusion about why the author wrote.



Comprehension

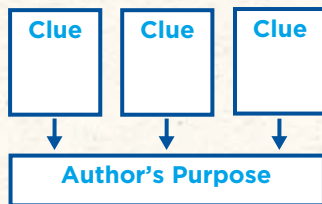
Genre

A **Folk tale** is a story based on the traditions of a people or region, told by parents to children and then by the children to their children.



Evaluate

Author's Purpose As you read, fill in your Author's Purpose Map.



Read to Find Out

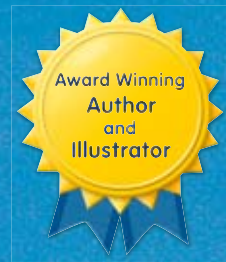
What does this folk tale teach you about life?





ROADRUNNER'S DANCE

By Rudolfo Anaya • Illustrated by David Diaz





“Ssss,” hissed Snake as he slithered out of his hole by the side of the road. He bared his fangs and frightened a family walking home from the cornfield.

The mother threw her basketful of corn in the air. The children froze with fright.

“Father!” the children called, and the father came running.

“Ssss,” Snake threatened.

“Come away,” the father said, and the family took another path home.

“I am king of the road,” Snake boasted. “No one may use the road without my permission.”

That evening the people of the village gathered together and spoke to the elders.





“We are afraid of being bitten by Snake,” they protested. “He acts as if the road belongs only to him.”

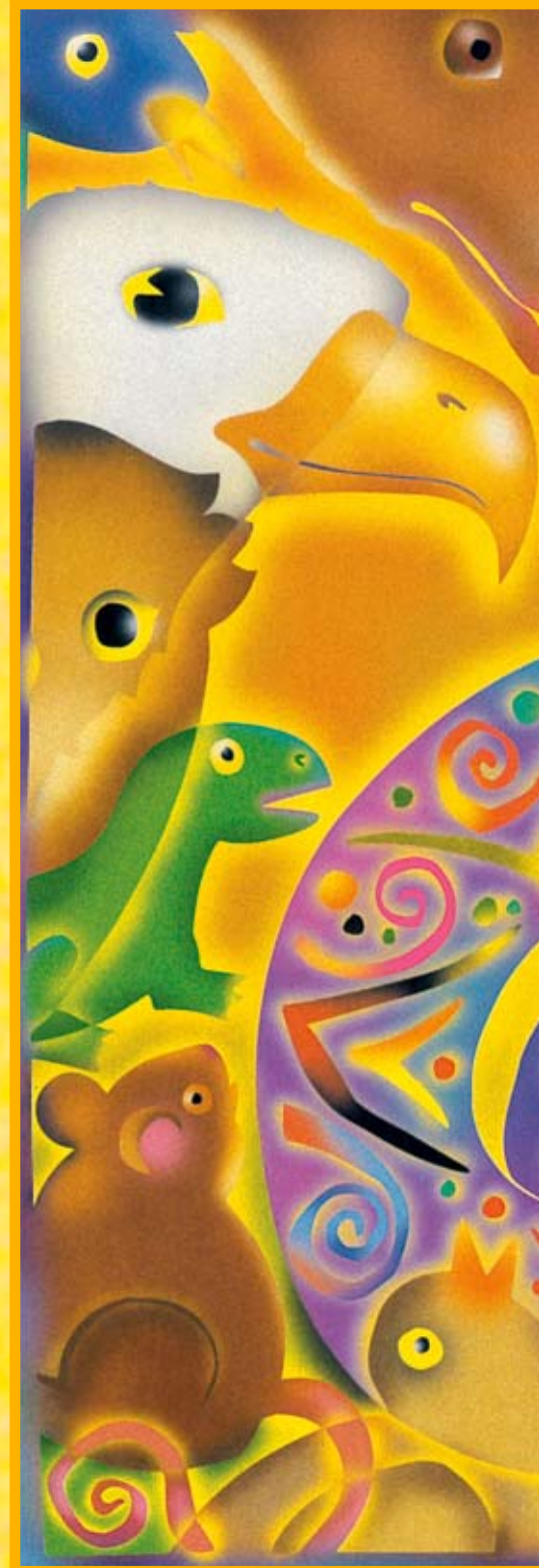
The elders agreed that something should be done, and so the following morning they went to Sacred Mountain, where Desert Woman lived. She had created the desert animals, so surely she could help.


“Please do something about Snake,” the elders said. “He makes visiting our neighbors and going to our fields impossible. He frightens the children.”

Desert Woman thought for a long time. She did not like to **interfere** in the lives of the people and animals, but she knew that something must be done.

“I have a solution,” she finally said.





 Dressed in a flowing gown, she traveled on a summer cloud across the desert to where Snake slept under the shade of a rocky ledge.

“You will let people know when you are about to strike,” Desert Woman said sternly. And so she placed a rattle on the tip of Snake’s tail.

“Now you are Rattlesnake. When anyone approaches, you will rattle a warning. This way they will know you are nearby.”

Convinced she had done the right thing, Desert Woman walked on the Rainbow back to her home in Sacred Mountain.

However, instead of inhibiting Rattlesnake, the rattle only made him more threatening. He coiled around, shaking his tail and baring his fangs.

“Look at me,” Rattlesnake said to the animals. “I rattle and hiss, and my bite is deadly. I am king of the road, and no one may use it without my permission!”



Author’s Purpose

How is the author building suspense in this story?







Now the animals went to Desert Woman to complain.

“Who, who,” Owl said, greeting Desert Woman with respect. “Since you gave Rattlesnake his rattle, he is even more of a bully. He will not let anyone use the road. Please take away his fangs and rattle!”

“What I give I cannot take away,” Desert Woman said. “When Rattlesnake comes hissing and threatening, one of you must make him behave.”

She looked at all the animals assembled. The animals looked at one another. They looked up, they looked down, but not one looked at Desert Woman.

“I am too timid to stand up to Rattlesnake,” Quail whispered.

“He would gobble me up,” Lizard cried and darted away.

“We are all afraid of him,” Owl admitted.

Desert Woman smiled. “Perhaps we need a new animal to make Rattlesnake behave,” she suggested.

“Yip, yip,” Coyote barked. “Yes, yes.”

“If you help me, together we can make a **guardian** of the road,” Desert Woman said. “I will form the body, and each of you will bring a gift for our new friend.”

She gathered clay from the Sacred Mountain and wet it with water from a desert spring. Working quickly but with great care, she molded the body.

“He needs slender legs to run fast,” said Deer. He took two slender branches from a mesquite bush and handed them to Desert Woman.

She pushed the sticks into the clay.

“And a long tail to balance himself,” said Blue Jay.

“Caw, Caw! Like mine,” croaked Raven, and he took long, black feathers from his tail.

“He must be strong,” cried the mighty Eagle, and he plucked dark feathers from his wings.







“And have a long beak to peck at Rattlesnake,” said Heron, offering a long, thin reed from the marsh.

“He needs sharp eyes,” said Coyote, offering two shiny stones from the riverbed.

As Desert Woman added each new gift to the clay body, a strange new bird took shape.

“What is your gift?” Owl asked Desert Woman.

“I will give him the gift of dance. He will be **agile** and fast,” she answered. “I will call him Roadrunner.”

Then she breathed life into the clay.

Roadrunner opened his eyes. He blinked and looked around.

“What a strange bird,” the animals said.

Roadrunner took his first steps. He **tottered** forward, then backward, then forward, and fell flat on his face.

The animals sighed and shook their heads. This bird was not agile, and he was not fast. He could never stand up to Rattlesnake. He was too **awkward**. Disappointed, the animals made their way home.

Desert Woman helped Roadrunner stand, and she told him what he must do. “You will dance around Rattlesnake and peck at his tail. He must learn he is not the king of the road.”

“Me? Can I really do it?” Roadrunner asked, balancing himself with his long tail.

“You need only to practice,” Desert Woman said.

Roadrunner again tried his legs. He took a few steps forward and bumped into a tall cactus.

“Practice,” he said. He tried again and leaped over a sleeping horned toad.







He tried jumping over a desert tortoise, but landed right on her back. The surprised turtle lumbered away, and Roadrunner crashed to the ground.

“I’ll never get it right,” he moaned.

“Yes, you will,” Desert Woman said, again helping him to his feet. “You need only to practice.”

So Roadrunner practiced. He ran back and forth, learning to use his skinny legs, learning to balance with his tail feathers.

“Practice,” he said again. “Practice.”

With time, he was swirling and twirling like a twister. The once awkward bird was now a graceful dancer.

“I’ve got it!” he cried, zipping down the road, his legs carrying him swiftly across the sand. “Thank you, Desert Woman.”





“Use your gift to help others,” Desert Woman said, and she returned to her abode on Sacred Mountain.

“I will,” Roadrunner called.

He went racing down the road until his sharp eyes spied Rattlesnake hiding under a tall yucca plant.

“Sssss, I am king of the road,” Rattlesnake hissed and shook his tail furiously. “No one may use *my* road without *my* permission.”

“The road is for everyone to use,” Roadrunner said sternly.

“Who are you?”

“I am Roadrunner.”

“Get off my road before I bite you!”

Rattlesnake glared.

“I’m not afraid of you,” Roadrunner replied.





The people and the animals heard the ruckus and drew close to watch. Had they heard correctly? Roadrunner was challenging Rattlesnake!

“I’ll show you I *am* king of the road!” Rattlesnake shouted, hissing so loud the desert mice trembled with fear. He shook his rattle until it sounded like a thunderstorm.

He struck at Roadrunner, but Roadrunner hopped out of the way.

“Stand still!” Rattlesnake cried and lunged again.

But Roadrunner danced gracefully out of reach.

Rattlesnake coiled for one more attempt. He struck like lightning, but fell flat on his face. Roadrunner had jumped to safety.

Now it was Roadrunner’s turn. He ruffled his feathers and danced in circles around Rattlesnake. Again and again he pecked at the bully’s tail. Like a whirlwind, he spun around Rattlesnake until the serpent grew dizzy. His eyes grew crossed and his tongue hung limply out of his mouth.

“You win! You win!” Rattlesnake cried.

“You are not king of the road, and you must not frighten those who use it,” Roadrunner said sternly.







“I promise, I promise,” the beaten Rattlesnake said and quietly slunk down his hole.

The people cheered and praised the bird.

“Now we can visit our neighbors in peace and go to our cornfields without fear!” the elders **proclaimed**. “And the children will no longer be frightened.”

“Thank you, Roadrunner!” the children called, waving as they followed their parents to the fields.

Then the animals gathered around Roadrunner.

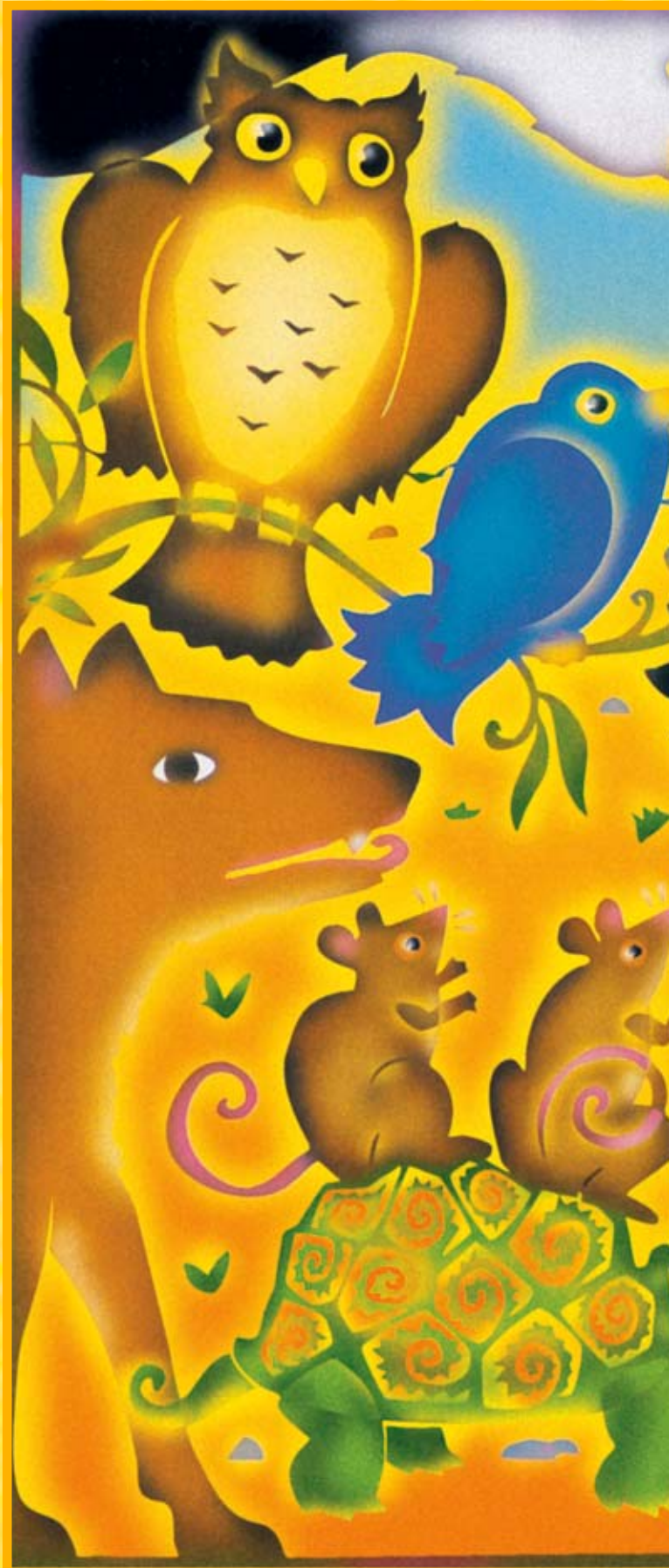
“Yes, thank you for teaching Rattlesnake a lesson,” Owl said. “Now you are king of the road.”

“No, now there is no king of the road,” replied Roadrunner. “Everyone is free to come and go as they please. And the likes of Rattlesnake had better watch out, because I’ll make sure the roads stay safe.”



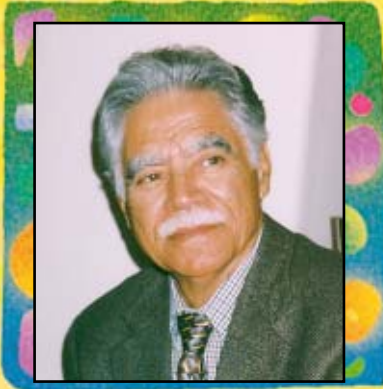
Author’s Purpose

What purpose do you think the author had for writing this story?



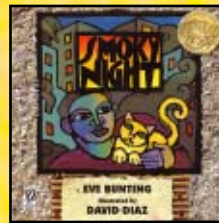


Dancing with Rudolfo and David



Rudolfo Anaya did not have to do any research on roadrunners to write this story. The birds run free all around his home in the southwestern United States. When Rudolfo was a boy in New Mexico, he heard lots of Mexican American folk tales called *cuentos*. Now he writes his own tales to share his Mexican/Native American heritage.

Other books by Rudolfo Anaya and David Diaz



David Diaz likes to experiment when he illustrates a book. He always tries different art techniques for a story before deciding on one. David has even tried using a computer to do some of his illustrations. He believes that using different techniques makes his art more interesting.



Find out more about Rudolfo Anaya and David Diaz at www.macmillanmh.com

Write About It

The animals go to Desert Woman when they need help with Rattlesnake. Write about a person you go to when you need advice or help.





Comprehension Check



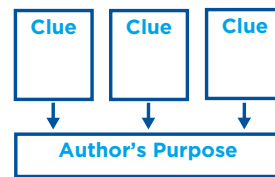
Summarize

Summarize *Roadrunner's Dance*. Tell about the plot of the story, where it happens, and who the main characters are.

Think and Compare



1. What lesson is the author trying to teach? Use your Author's Purpose Map to organize clues and discover the lesson. **Evaluate:**
Author's Purpose



2. Look at the last page of the story. Why do you think Roadrunner turned down the offer to be king of the road? Use story details in your answer. **Analyze**
3. How would you have dealt with a bully like Snake? **Apply**
4. Why was it better that Desert Woman did not **interfere** by taking away Snake's new rattle? **Evaluate**
5. Read "Roadrunners: Surprising Birds" on pages 278-279. What information did you learn about roadrunners from this selection that was not provided in *Roadrunner's Dance*? Use details in your answer. **Reading/Writing Across Texts**

FLYCATCHER AND COYOTE

by Gillian Reed

Language Arts

Genre

Trickster Tales are folk tales, mostly about animals, in which one character tries to trick another. Often, the trickster ends up looking foolish.



Literary Elements

Foreshadowing is the use of clues to hint at what is going to happen.

Symbolism is the use of an object to represent an idea, such as sorrow, pride, or strength.

Many years ago, Flycatcher visited a lake whose water was a spectacular shade of blue. At that time, Flycatcher's feathers were dull, gray, and ugly, and so the bird loved to look at the beautiful blue water. Coyote hid nearby to watch Flycatcher.

Flycatcher loved the blue of the lake so much that she swooped down from the tree to bathe in the lake. She did this four times every morning for four days in a row. Each time the bird bathed in the water, she sang this song:

*Lovely lake,
So pure and blue,
Let me dip myself,
So I'll be blue, too.*

Coyote appears near the start of the story. This foreshadows the important role that Coyote has in the story.



On the fifth morning that Flycatcher went bathing, something amazing happened. When she flew out of the water, her feathers had become a dazzling blue. Flycatcher was now the same color as the lake.

This whole time, Coyote had been watching the bird. Coyote didn't admire the bird or want to learn more about her. No, Coyote was trying to think of a way to trick the bird and eat her. But Coyote was afraid of the water and could never get close enough to Flycatcher.

On the day that Flycatcher turned blue, Coyote was so impressed that he forgot all about catching it. He called up to Flycatcher, who was perched safely in a tree, "How did your ugly gray feathers turn that wonderful blue? Tell me how you did it, so that I can be blue, too."

Flycatcher was so happy that she was feeling generous. She remained safely on her branch, but she told Coyote, "This is what you must do. Jump in the lake four times every morning for four mornings. Then jump in the lake on the fifth morning, and you will turn blue. You might try singing my song, too." Flycatcher taught Coyote her song and then flew merrily on her way.



Well, Coyote really wanted to be blue. So even though he hated the water, he jumped into the lake four times the next morning.

He sang the bird's song, and he shivered as he sang. He did this for four days. On the fifth morning, Coyote emerged from his lake bath with lovely blue fur. Coyote whistled to himself. "I'm blue and beautiful."

Coyote couldn't wait to show off his new color. He thought his fine blue fur would make him the envy of all the desert creatures. He strolled along, looking left and right for someone to admire him. Coyote walked for hours, but he didn't find

any admirers. He grew impatient. Then Coyote remembered a canyon where many animals and people lived. They would notice him, but he would have to hurry to reach the canyon before sundown.

As Coyote ran, he noticed the late afternoon shadows around him. He wondered if his shadow was as blue as he was. He twisted his blue head around to take a look. Coyote got a good look at his shadow, which was not blue. But he failed to see the big boulder directly ahead of him. Coyote ran smack into the boulder and fell to the ground.



He rolled over and over in the dirt, his blue legs flying. When he finally stopped and stood up, Coyote was the color of the dusty desert earth. Coyote shook himself, but the dusty color stayed on him. To this day, all coyotes are the color of the dusty desert. And to this day, because her intentions were pure, the flycatcher is the color of the beautiful blue lake.

Coyote decided not to go to the canyon after all. No one would be impressed by his color now. He headed for home, stopping only to give the boulder a good, swift kick.

The dull, dusty color of his fur is a symbol of his hurt pride.



Connect and Compare



1. What event is foreshadowed by the flycatcher's song?
Foreshadowing
2. What do you learn about Coyote's personality in this trickster tale? **Analyze**
3. Compare what happens to Coyote to what happens to Rattlesnake in *Roadrunner's Dance*. Use information from the stories to support your answers.
Reading/Writing Across Texts



Find out more about trickster tales at www.macmillanmh.com

Write Dialogue

Writing

Conventions

Use quotation marks and punctuation in dialogue to make the characters' words stand out.



This dialogue shows the personality of my characters.

I used quotation marks and punctuation in my dialogue.

Hare and Tortoise Again

by Keisha F.

Hare met Tortoise in the park one day.

"I should have won that race!" shouted Hare.

Tortoise laughed, "You are not a good loser, Hare."

"I was tired that day," said Hare. "Let's race again!"

"Why don't we invite others to race, too?" suggested Tortoise.

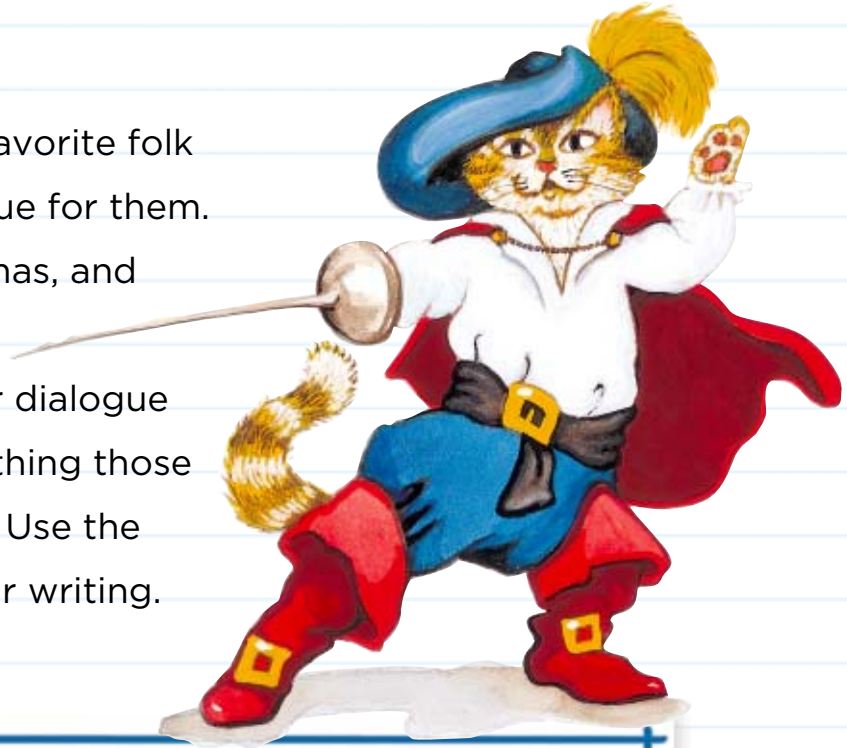
Hare thought for a minute. "We'll challenge Coyote, too. He's new in town."

"I'll see you there!" answered Tortoise.



Your Turn

Choose characters from your favorite folk tale and write a page of dialogue for them. Include quotation marks, commas, and correct sentence punctuation in the dialogue. Then read your dialogue aloud. Does it sound like something those characters would actually say? Use the Writer's Checklist to check your writing.



Writer's Checklist

- Ideas and Content:** Did my dialogue show what my characters think and feel?
- Organization:** Are the sentences in an order that makes sense?
- Voice:** Do the characters' words match their personalities?
- Word Choice:** Does the dialogue sound believable?
- Sentence Fluency:** Did my dialogue sound like a real conversation when I read it out loud?
- Conventions:** Did I use quotation marks and punctuation in the right places? Did I check my spelling?



PEOPLE WHO MADE A DIFFERENCE





Talk About It

Why would someone paint such a large picture?



Find out more about people who made a difference at www.macmillanmh.com



Vocabulary

unfair unsuspecting
ancestors avoided
numerous injustice
segregation



Words Parts

Prefixes are added to the beginning of words and change their meanings.

un- = “not”

unfair = “not fair”

IT TOOK

COURAGE

by Lily Tuttle

CIVIL RIGHTS are equal opportunities to all citizens regardless of race, religion, or gender. At one time, **unfair** laws gave some people more opportunities than others. Several brave people took a stand and made a difference.

Thurgood Marshall

Thurgood Marshall’s family had come a long way from the time when their **ancestors** were slaves. But when he wanted to attend the University of Maryland Law School, the school rejected him because he was black. Marshall had to go to a different law school.

Later, in one of his first court cases, Marshall helped a young African American student sue the University of Maryland. The school had denied him admission, too.

Marshall worked hard to win **numerous** cases. One of his best-known trials was *Brown v. Board of Education* in 1954. In this case, the Supreme Court decided to end **segregation** in schools. The Court made it illegal for black students and white students to be sent to separate locations.



Ruby Bridges

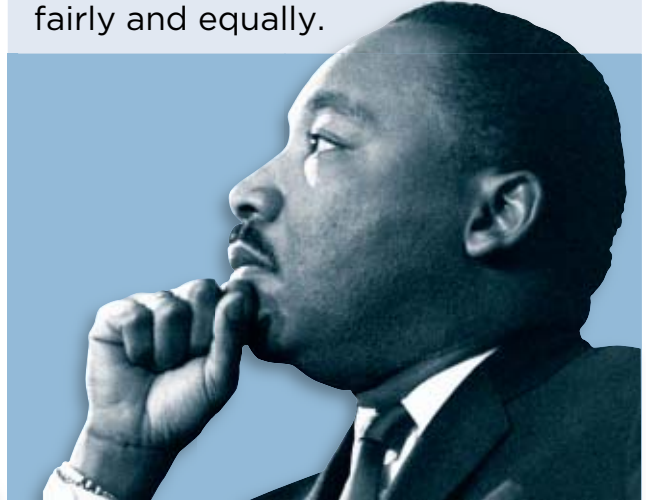
In 1960, six-year-old Ruby Bridges was the first black child to go to an all-white school in the South. Ruby was young and **unsuspecting**. She didn't realize how brave she was to do this. The white parents decided to take their children out of school. For a whole year, Ruby and her teacher were the only people there. Eventually, some white children returned. The following year, more black children came. Ruby Bridges made a difference.



Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., was a leader in the 1950s and 1960s. He **avoided** violence and asked others to fight in peaceful ways to end **injustice**.

King organized a march on Washington, D.C. There, he and thousands of others demanded equal rights for all people. He gave a famous speech that day. He said, "I have a dream." King's dream was that all people would be treated fairly and equally.



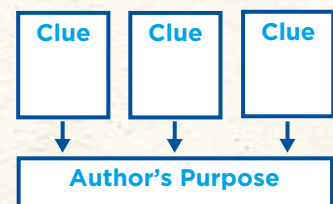
Reread for Comprehension



Evaluate

Author's Purpose Does the author use facts or humor to get her point across? Facts suggest an author wants to inform the reader. Humor suggests an author is writing to entertain.

An Author's Purpose Map can help you evaluate what you read. Reread the selection to find the author's purpose.



Comprehension

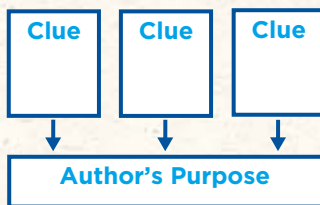
Genre

A **Biography** is a story about the life of a real person written by someone else.



Evaluate

Author's Purpose As you read, fill in your Author's Purpose Map.



Read to Find Out

What does Dr. Martin Luther King's sister want you to know about him?





my brother
MARTIN



***A SISTER REMEMBERS
GROWING UP WITH THE REV. DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.***

BY CHRISTINE KING FARRIS
ILLUSTRATED BY CHRIS SOENTPIET





We were born in the same room, my brother Martin and I. I was an early baby, born sooner than expected. Mother Dear and Daddy placed me in the chifforobe drawer that stood in the corner of their upstairs bedroom. I got a crib a few days afterward. A year and a half later, Martin spent his first night in that hand-me-down crib in the very same room.

The house where we were born belonged to Mother Dear's parents, our grandparents, the Reverend and





Mrs. A. D. Williams. We lived there with them and our Aunt Ida, our grandmother's sister.

And not long after my brother Martin—who we called M. L. because he and Daddy had the same name—our baby brother was born. His name was Alfred Daniel, but we called him A. D., after our grandfather.





They called me Christine, and like three peas in one pod, we grew together. Our days and rooms were filled with adventure stories and Tinkertoys, with dolls and Monopoly and Chinese checkers.

And although Daddy, who was an important minister, and Mother Dear, who was known far and wide as a musician, often had work that took them away from home, our grandmother was always there to take care of us. I remember days sitting at her feet, as she and Aunt Ida filled us with grand memories of their childhood and read to us about all the wonderful places in the world.

And of course, my brothers and I had each other. We three stuck together like the pages in a brand-new book. And being normal young children, we were almost *always* up to something.

Our best prank involved a fur piece that belonged to our grandmother. It looked almost alive, with its tiny feet and little head and gleaming glass eyes. So, every once in a while, in the waning light of evening, we'd tie that fur piece to a stick, and, hiding behind the hedge in front of our house, we would dangle it in front of **unsuspecting** passersby. Boy! You could hear the screams of fright all across the neighborhood!

Then there was the time Mother Dear decided that her children should all learn to play piano. I didn't mind too much, but M. L. and A. D. preferred being outside to being stuck inside with our piano teacher, Mr. Mann, who would rap your knuckles with a ruler just for playing the wrong notes. Well, one morning, M. L. and A. D. decided to loosen the legs on the piano bench so we wouldn't have to practice. We didn't tell Mr. Mann, and when he sat . . . *CRASH!* down he went.





But mostly we were good, obedient children, and M. L. did learn to play a few songs on the piano. He even went off to sing with our mother a time or two. Given his love for singing and music, I'm sure he could have become as good a musician as our mother had his life not called him down a different path.

But that's just what his life did.



Author's Purpose

Why does the author choose to tell so much about Martin's childhood?



My brothers and I grew up a long time ago. Back in a time when certain places in our country had **unfair** laws that said it was right to keep black people separate because our skin was darker and our **ancestors** had been captured in far-off Africa and brought to America as slaves.

Atlanta, Georgia, the city in which we were growing up, had those laws. Because of those laws, my family rarely went to the picture shows or visited Grant Park with its famous Cyclorama. In fact, to this very day I don't recall ever seeing my father on a streetcar. Because of those laws, and the indignity that went with them, Daddy preferred keeping M. L., A. D., and me close to home, where we'd be protected.

We lived in a neighborhood in Atlanta that's now called Sweet Auburn. It was named for Auburn Avenue, the street that ran in front of our house. On our side of the street stood two-story frame houses similar to the one we lived in. Across it crouched a line of one-story row houses and a store owned by a white family.

When we were young all the children along Auburn Avenue played together, even the two boys whose parents owned the store.





And since our house was a favorite gathering place, those boys played with us in our backyard and ran with M. L. and A. D. to the firehouse on the corner where they watched the engines and the firemen.

The thought of *not* playing with those kids because they were different, because they were white and we were black, never entered our minds.





Well, one day, M. L. and A. D. went to get their playmates from across the street just as they had done a hundred times before. But they came home alone. The boys had told my brothers that they couldn't play together anymore because A. D. and M. L. were Negroes.

And that was it. Shortly afterward the family sold the store and moved away. We never saw or heard from them again.





Looking back, I realize that it was only a matter of time before the generations of cruelty and **injustice** that Daddy and Mother Dear and Mama and Aunt Ida had been shielding us from finally broke through. But back then it was a crushing blow that seemed to come out of nowhere.

“Why do white people treat colored people so mean?” M. L. asked Mother Dear afterward. And with me and M. L. and A. D. standing in front of her trying our best to understand, Mother Dear gave the reason behind it all.





Her words explained the streetcars our family **avoided** and the WHITES ONLY sign that kept us off the elevator at City Hall. Her words told why there were parks and museums that black people could not visit and why some restaurants refused to serve us and why hotels wouldn't give us rooms and why theaters would only allow us to watch their picture shows from the balcony.

But her words also gave us hope.

She answered simply: "Because they just don't understand that everyone is the same, but someday, it will be better."

And my brother M. L. looked up into our mother's face and said the words I remember to this day.

He said, "Mother Dear, one day I'm going to turn this world upside down."

In the coming years there would be other reminders of the cruel system called **segregation** that sought to keep black people down. But it was Daddy who showed M. L. and A. D. and me how to speak out against hatred and bigotry and stand up for what's right.

Daddy was the minister at Ebenezer Baptist Church. And after losing our playmates, when M. L., A. D., and I heard our father speak from his pulpit, his words held new meaning.

And Daddy practiced what he preached. He always stood up for himself when confronted with hatred and bigotry, and each day he shared his encounters at the dinner table.

When a shoe salesman told Daddy and M. L. that he'd only serve them in the back of the store because they were black, Daddy took M. L. somewhere else to buy new shoes.





Another time, a police officer pulled Daddy over and called him “boy.” Daddy pointed to M. L. sitting next to him in the car and said, “This is a boy. I am a man, and until you call me one, I will not listen to you.”

These stories were as nourishing as the food that was set before us.





Years would pass, and many new lessons would be learned. There would be **numerous** speeches and marches and prizes. But my brother never forgot the example of our father, or the promise he had made to our mother on the day his friends turned him away.





And when he was much older, my brother M. L. dreamed a dream . . . that turned the world upside down.



Author's Purpose

Why does the author echo Martin's words, "I'm going to turn this world upside down"?



The Stories of Christine and Chris



Christine King Farris wrote this story to show boys and girls that her famous brother was once a kid just like them. She saw firsthand how young Martin laughed, played, and sometimes got into trouble. Christine wants readers to see that ordinary people can grow up to do great things.



Chris Soentpiet does a lot of research when he illustrates historical stories like this one. He goes to the library to study what clothes people wore and how they lived. Sometimes he even visits the actual places where story events took place. That is why it often takes Chris up to a year to illustrate a book.

Other books illustrated by Chris Soentpiet



Find out more about Christine King Farris and Chris Soentpiet at www.macmillanmh.com



Write About It

As a child, Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., saw differences in the way people were treated and said that one day he would “turn this world upside down.” As you grow older, how would you like to help your community?





Comprehension Check



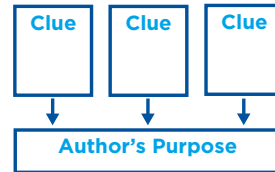
Summarize

Summarize *My Brother Martin*. State who is telling the story. Explain who Martin is and include the most important events of his childhood.

Think and Compare



1. Why do you think the author wrote about the childhood experiences of her brother? Use your Author's Purpose Map to answer.



Evaluate: Author's Purpose

2. Reread the last two pages of *My Brother Martin*. What does the author mean when she says her brother's dream "turned the world upside down"? **Analyze**
3. Suppose you had met Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. when he was a child. What character traits would you both have in common? Use story details in your answer. **Synthesize**
4. Why is it important to correct **injustice**? Use story details and your own experience to support your answer. **Evaluate**
5. Read "It Took Courage" on pages 306-307. Compare the experiences of Thurgood Marshall and Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. How did segregation affect both men? What did they both accomplish? Use details from both selections in your answer. **Reading/Writing Across Texts**



Social Studies

Genre

Letters are written messages that people send to each other.



Text Features

A **Salutation** is the line in the letter in which the writer greets the person to whom she or he is writing.

The **Body** of a letter is the main part of the letter, containing the message.

Content Vocabulary

activist **nonviolence**
unconstitutional

Dear Mrs. Parks

by Rosa Parks with Gregory J. Reed

Introduction

In 1955, civil rights **activist** Rosa Parks was arrested for refusing to give up her seat on a bus to a white person. Her action helped bring about a bus boycott in Montgomery, Alabama. For over a year, thousands of African Americans refused to ride buses in that city. The boycott ended when the U.S. Supreme Court said that separate seating for whites and blacks on the city's buses was **unconstitutional**.

The following letters are from a collection of letters between children and Rosa Parks.



This is the **salutation**.

Dear Mrs. Parks,

This is the **body** of the letter.

I live in the New England area, and I always wondered about the South. When you were growing up in Alabama, did you think that things would ever get better for African Americans?

Kelli
Hartford, Connecticut



We knew that they had to get better! The South had suffered under the unjust laws of segregation far too long. It was time for something to happen to turn things around.

During my childhood years, I had been bothered by the fact that white children had privileges that I did not. I was deeply hurt by the hate that some white people, even children, felt toward me and my people because of our skin. But my mother and grandmother taught me to continue to respect myself and stay focused on making myself ready for opportunity. They felt that a better day had to come, and they wanted me to be a part of it. But it was up to us to make it better.

As an adult, I would go home thirsty on a hot summer day rather than take a drink from the “colored only” fountain. I would not be a part of an unjust system that was designed to make me feel inferior.

I knew that this type of system was wrong and could not last. I did not know when, but I felt that the people would rise up and demand justice. I did not plan for that point of change to begin with my actions on the bus that evening in 1955. But I was ready to take a stand.

Dear Mrs. Parks,

What is hope? I have read that you hope for this world to be a better place to live in, and you haven't given up. I'm still figuring out what is "hope," and then maybe I can help "hope" out to make this a better world and be like you.

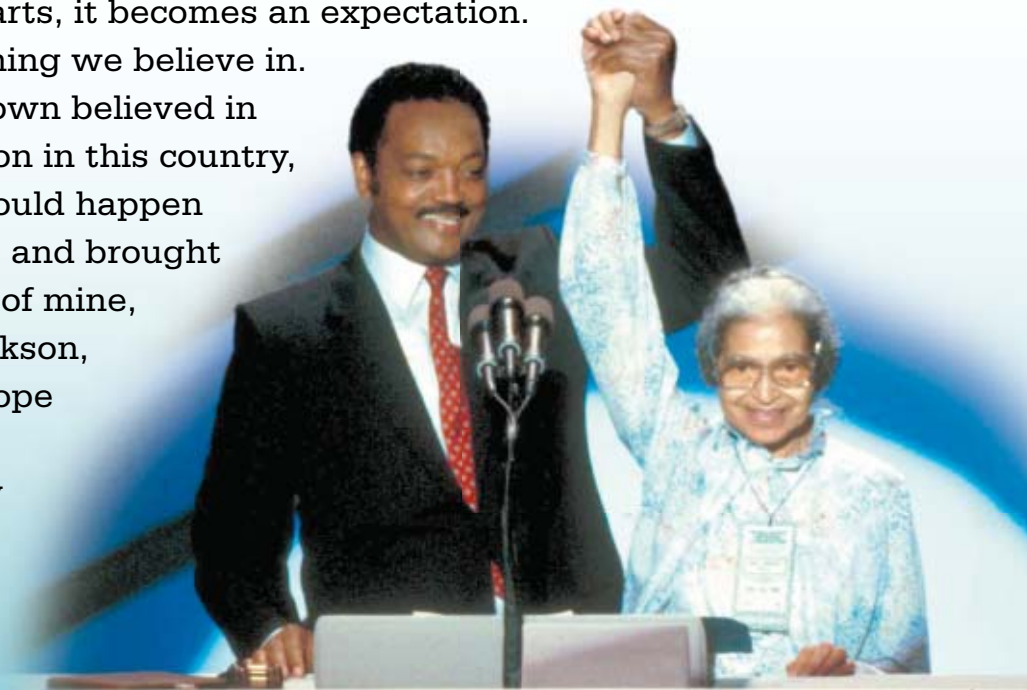
Elizabeth
Grosse Point, Michigan



Elizabeth, many times we as adults seek to teach students like you without giving you examples of what the true meanings of words are so that you can learn from them.

Hope is wanting something that means a lot to you. It is like wanting something that you do not have. Hope is something we feel with our hearts. When we hope for something with our hearts, it becomes an expectation.

Hope is also something we believe in. Many people I have known believed in ending racial segregation in this country, and their hope that it could happen influenced their actions and brought about change. A friend of mine, the Reverend Jesse Jackson, says, "We must keep hope alive." I agree. You can help keep hope alive by believing in yourself. Your hope for yourself and for the future can make this world a better place to live.



Dear Mrs. Parks,

I always like hearing Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.'s speeches. He was a great man. I wish he was still living. I believe he can straighten out this mess this country is in. Were you ever afraid of him dying and leaving you here?

Wilbar
Kerhonkson, New York

I, too, wish Dr. King was still with us. It has always been very difficult and very painful to think about Dr. King's death. He was a very dear friend of mine. He spoke with authority and conviction. His faith, his words, and his commitment to **nonviolence** inspired us all in the Civil Rights movement.

You are right in saying that our country has many problems. We have a long way to go. But we can work together, young and old, to achieve Dr. King's dream of equality and justice. I hope that you will keep that dream in your heart and make it your own.

Connect and Compare



1. Look at the form of the letters to Mrs. Parks. What parts do all the letters have in common? **Reading Letters**
2. What would you do if there were an empty seat on the bus and someone told you that you couldn't sit in it? **Evaluate**
3. Think about this week's main selection, *My Brother Martin*. What might Martin's sister say in a letter to Rosa Parks?
Reading/Writing Across Texts



Social Studies Activity

Write a letter to a famous person about something they did which you would like to know more about.



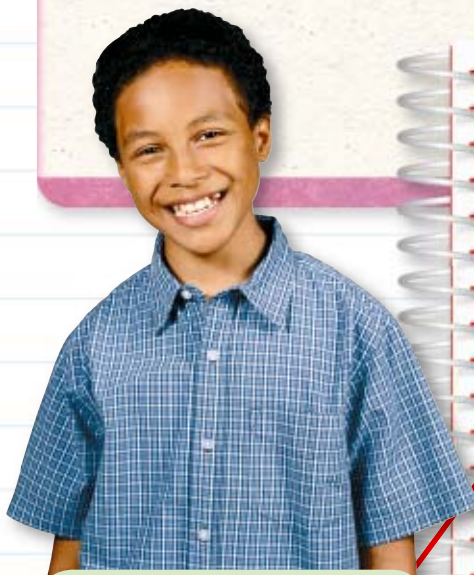
Find more about writing letters at www.macmillanmh.com



Writing

Voice

Good writers use language that shows their feelings. In a poem, try to make every word count.



I wanted to write a poem about a person I admire.

To show enthusiasm, I included my thoughts about my subject.

Write a Poem

My Hero

by Joseph M.

Rosa Parks worked hard.
Her feet ached.
She wanted that seat.
The driver said he'd call the police.
"You may go on and do so,"
Said Rosa Parks,
My hero, Rosa Parks.
She took a stand
By sitting down.
"You may go on and do so,"
Said Rosa Parks.



Your Turn

Write a poem about a person who inspires you. It can be a family member, a friend, or someone famous. Explain why this person has made a difference. Choose words that clearly show your enthusiasm. Use the Writer's Checklist to check your writing.



Writer's Checklist

- Ideas and Content:** Have I made clear why this person is important to me?
- Organization:** Did I express my ideas in order?
- Voice:** Have I clearly shown my feelings?
- Word Choice:** Have I chosen active verbs and colorful nouns to describe this person?
- Sentence Fluency:** Do the sentences read smoothly when I read my poem aloud?
- Conventions:** Did I use the right tense for each verb? Did I check my spelling?

Talk About It

What can kids do to achieve their own goals and also help others?



Find out more about kids getting it done at www.macmillanmh.com





Vocabulary

identified
enterprising
persistence
venture



Gidget Schultz

Their Way All the Way!

Gidget Schultz couldn't bear to see kids living on the streets near her Encinitas, California, home. So Gidget, now 14, started her own charity.

Gidget's Way gives backpacks, jackets, and school supplies to homeless kids. Gidget also gives teddy bears to local police to keep in their cars. Officers give the bears to kids who are scared, sad, or hurt. "Running Gidget's Way is a full-time job," says Gidget.

Jhordan Logan of New Castle, Indiana, **identified** a different need. She discovered there were hardly any good books for kids to read at Riley Hospital for Children in Indianapolis. Jhordan organized a Read It Again drive that collected over 5,000 books. Another program she started matches elementary school students with nursing home residents.

Gidget and Jhordan share an **enterprising**, high-energy attitude. "No matter what age you are, you can always volunteer," says Jhordan.



Tips for Planning a Service Project

Kids around the world use their skills and time to help make our world a better place. A service project can be as big as building a home for a family or as simple as collecting coins for charity. Choose something that will inspire you—something that you really care about and makes you want to work hard. Here are some helpful tips.

1. Identify a problem that exists in your community.
2. Learn more about the problem; think about ways to solve it.
3. Set a goal for the project.
4. Decide what supplies and help you'll need.
5. Get others involved.
6. Stick with it! Your **persistence** and hard work will keep the project on track.
7. Have fun! Knowing that you are helping your community should make you feel good.

Kids' Jobs

Do you think about getting a job when you're older? Maybe you'll want to earn spending money or save for college. These are the types of businesses that employ the most teenagers. Don't forget, though, you can also start your own **venture**—business or project—and be your own boss!

Male	Percent of All Youths Who Work
Restaurants	31.3%
Grocery Stores	13.6
Entertainment and Recreation Services	4.5
Agriculture	3.6
Construction	3.6
Department Stores	3.1

Female	Percent of All Youths Who Work
Restaurants	32.6%
Grocery Stores	9.9
Private Households (babysitting, etc.)	5.7
Department Stores	4.4
Entertainment and Recreation Services	4.0

Source: U.S. Department of Labor



Find out more about kids' jobs at www.macmillanmh.com



Jhordan Logan, 13, delivers books to kids in the hospital.

Comprehension

Genre

A **Nonfiction Article** in a newspaper or magazine tells a true story.



Summarize

Compare and Contrast

When you look for similarities, you compare two or more things or ideas. When you look for differences, you contrast two or more things or ideas.

★ KID ★ REPORTERS AT WORK



How do kid reporters tell the story when the news is about improving the lives of children?

Each year, the news magazine *Time For Kids* selects several young people to serve as TFK kid reporters. These **enterprising** kids are not professional journalists, but like adult reporters, they still have to show they are qualified for the job. Three skills they must have are **persistence** in tracking down a story, good interviewing skills, and the ability to write clearly about complicated topics.

Here's a behind-the-scenes look at two TFK reporters and two of the stories they covered for the magazine. The reporters don't have much in common, except that they are both determined to do a good job as reporters covering an interesting story. The stories seem quite different at first, too. However, they have some strong similarities.



**REPORTER:** TERRENCE CHEROMCKA**STORY:** **A World Conference
Just for Kids**

Terrence, from Pennsylvania, plays softball, basketball, and field hockey. She loves to read and write. She's also very interested in travel, and has visited France and Thailand. In 2002, however, she had the chance to meet people from all over the world without traveling very far at all. That year Terrence got an assignment from TFK to go to New York City to cover the opening ceremonies of the United Nations Special Session on Children.

The event was a follow-up to a conference held at the U.N. in 1990 to promote the rights of children. World leaders and 375 young people met to discuss what had been accomplished since 1990 and how much more needed to be done. Issues with the highest priority were health care, education,

and basic rights for the children of the world. U.N. Secretary General Kofi Annan addressed the opening session. Speaking directly to the young people in attendance, he said, "Your voices will be heard, I promise you."

For her story, Terrence interviewed kids from several different countries about what they hoped the conference would accomplish. "We hope to get kids closer to the government and making decisions," said Bala Subrayanya of India.

Terrence also reported on her tour of the United Nations building. Her tour ended with an exhibit showing the devastating effects of war. She saw pictures of child soldiers fighting in war-torn countries. She wrote: "It really reminded me of why the U.N. is working so hard to help improve children's lives and why its mission is so important."



In the large room where the United Nations General Assembly meets, young people from many countries perform at the opening ceremonies of the Special Session. Others sit in the U.N. delegates' seats.





REPORTER: MARTIN JACOBS

STORY: **Kid Scientist Starts Kids' Charity**



Martin, who lives in New York, is a computer buff, plays the piano, and wants to be an airline pilot when he grows up. When he got the assignment to interview Andrew Hsu, he expected to be talking about science. After all, Andrew had just become the youngest winner of the Washington State Science and Engineering Fair. The 11-year-old scientist won the grand prize for identifying a particular gene that plays an important role in keeping the human body healthy.

Martin soon discovered that being a science whiz is just one of Andrew's accomplishments. He's also an athlete who competes in swimming. But the main thing Andrew wanted to tell Martin about was the World Children Organization (WCO). Andrew founded this organization along with his brother Patrick. The brothers started this **venture** in order to help improve the lives of children. In that way its mission is similar to that of the U.N. Special Session on Children. The U.N. special session **identified** three high-priority issues. In contrast, WCO focuses on a single issue for now.

Andrew and Patrick believe that improving education is the best way they can make a positive difference for children. They know that, unlike the United States, there are places where a free education isn't available to all kids.

Andrew Hsu, 11, receives the grand prize award at the 2003 Washington State Science and Engineering Fair.





To help meet that need, Andrew and Patrick had the idea of producing videos about science, math, and languages for children in countries where there aren't enough qualified teachers. "Without education," Andrew said, "the problems of poverty, hunger, child labor, and other abuses of children's rights will never end."

STORY: **Different Reporters,
Different Stories,
a Common Theme**

Terrence and Martin both wrote about kids and organizations involved in helping children. In Terrence's story, the organization—the United Nations—is a large one that was founded by the nations of the world. The kids involved came from many different countries. The size and political power of the U.N. enables it to work on several high-priority issues at once. In Martin's story, the organization is a small one—the World Children Organization—founded by two kids. For now, the WCO focuses on education as its single issue.

Clearly, all of these kids—at the U.N. Special Session, Andrew and Patrick at WCO, and reporters Terrence and Martin—share a commitment to making the world a better place for everyone, especially children.



At age 11, Andrew was already a "working" scientist.

Think and Compare

1. What skills do Terrence and Martin need to be good reporters?
2. If you were a kid reporter, what topic would you like to investigate?
3. If you could choose one way to improve the lives of the children of the world, what would it be?
4. What do Gidget Schultz, Jhordan Logan, the attendees at the U.N. Special Session, and Andrew and Patrick Hsu have in common? How are their projects different?





Test Strategy

Think and Search

Read on to find the answer.
Look for information in
more than one place.

Child Labor in the U.S.A.

Throughout its history, the United States has counted on kids to lend a hand on farms and in factories. In the 1800s, children as young as 7 worked in textile mills for 12 hours a day. By the end of the nineteenth century, almost 2 million kids performed hazardous jobs in mills, mines, and factories.

Many concerned citizens worked to change this. Photographer Lewis Hine, who took these pictures of young cotton mill workers, was one of them. In 1938, a U.S. law was passed that limits work hours for kids. The law also requires safe conditions. The law still exists, but some people break it. An estimated 800,000 children work illegally in the U.S. today. Most of them work on farms and jobs related to farming. Some work with heavy machinery, poisonous chemicals, or under other conditions that could harm them.



These photos of young boys working in U.S. cotton mills were taken by Lewis Hine around 1911.



Directions: Answer the questions.

1. What happened before the 1938 child labor law was passed?

- A Children were not allowed to work in factories.
- B Children were not required to go to school.
- C Children worked long hours at unsafe jobs.
- D Children were prevented from working on farms.

2. This selection is MOSTLY about

- A farming jobs.
- B protecting children who work.
- C photographer Lewis Hine.
- D finding the right job.

3. What has NOT changed since the 1800s?

- A Kids still work in mines and factories.
- B Kids still work in cotton mills.
- C Lewis Hine is still photographing children.
- D Kids still work at dangerous jobs.

4. Why are some jobs harmful to children?

5. Laws in the United States require children to attend school. Do you think the United States still needs those laws? Explain your answer.

Tip

Look for
information
in more than
one place.



Write to a Prompt

Gidget Schultz, Jhordan Logan, and Andrew and Patrick Hsu started their own charitable organizations. As reporters, Terrence Cheromcka and Martin Jacobs conducted interviews. Imagine you are starting your own magazine and you're trying to interview a famous person. Persuade that person that he or she should agree to be interviewed for your magazine.



I started my writing by stating facts that describe the topic.

January 17, 2008

Dear Mr. President,

I'm starting a new magazine for kids. It's called Kids Today. The magazine talks about everything that happens in a kid's life: school, friends, sports, music, and more.

In each issue, we talk to a famous person about what it was like for him or her as a kid. Every kid knows what you do, but we don't know what your childhood was like. I know you're very busy, but this would be a good thing for you to do.

Sincerely,
Rebecca H.



Writing Prompt

In “Tips for Planning a Service Project” you read about things you can do to get a project started. One tip is “Get others involved.” Imagine you are starting your own service project. Choose one person whose help would be very important to you in getting your project started. Write a letter to persuade that person to help you. Provide reasons why he or she should get involved. State your opinion and support it with convincing reasons.



Writer's Checklist

- Ask yourself, who is my audience?
- Think about your purpose for writing.
- Choose the correct form for your writing.
- Use reasons to support your opinion.
- Be sure your ideas are logical and organized.
- Use your best spelling, grammar, and punctuation.



GREAT PLAINS INDIANS





Talk About It

What are these people doing? How do you think they dress every day?



Find out more about
Great Plains Indians at
www.macmillanmh.com



HISTORY

AT YOUR FEET

by André Melillo

Vocabulary

sores midst
loosened responsibility
mysterious patchwork
amazement



Dictionary

Homophones sound the same but have different spellings and meanings.

Sores and *soars* are homophones.

“Do I have to go?” Sam asked. “Look, I’ve got **sores** on my feet from walking so much.”

Sam, his sister Kim, and their family were on their way to the Pawnee Indian Village Museum.

Mom gave Sam some bandage strips and said, “You’ll enjoy learning about the people of the Pawnee nation.”

Letting out a big sigh, Sam **loosened** his sandal straps and trudged out to the car.

Who Were the Pawnee?

The origins of the Pawnee tribe are **mysterious**. In the early 1800s, there were 10,000–30,000 Pawnee living in four separate bands.

“This museum is located where one band of Pawnee settled back in 1820,” explained Mom.

Anikarus Rushing of the Pawnee tribe



“We’re standing exactly where the Pawnee lived!” exclaimed Kim in **amazement**.

“That’s right,” said Dad. “Here’s part of the original floor,” he said, pointing. “You can see some burned timbers from the fire that destroyed the village.”

What Was Life Like?

Sam had to admit that being in the **midst** of all that history was exciting. “What was it like to live back then?” he wondered aloud.

A museum guide spoke up. “It happens to be my **responsibility** to tell you just that. The Pawnee hunted mostly buffalo and used every part of the animals they killed for food or clothing. They let nothing go to waste.”

“Clothing?” said Kim. “Buffalo aren’t shaped like any clothing I’ve ever seen.”

Everyone chuckled. “They’d sew a **patchwork** of pieces into warm winter robes and pants,” explained the guide.



A battle between the Pawnees and the Konzas painted on a bison hide

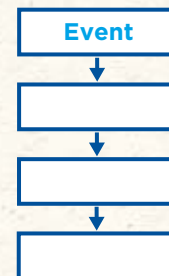
Reread for Comprehension



Summarize

Sequence When you summarize a story, include the most important events in sequence. Sequence is the order in which events in a story take place.

A Sequence Chart can help you summarize a selection. Reread the selection to find the sequence of events. Then write a summary.



Comprehension

Genre

A **Legend** is a story that has been handed down by a people for many years, and that often has some basis in fact.



Summarize

Sequence As you read, fill in your Sequence Chart.

Event
↓
↓
↓

Read to Find Out

What gift does the mystic horse give to the boy and his tribe?



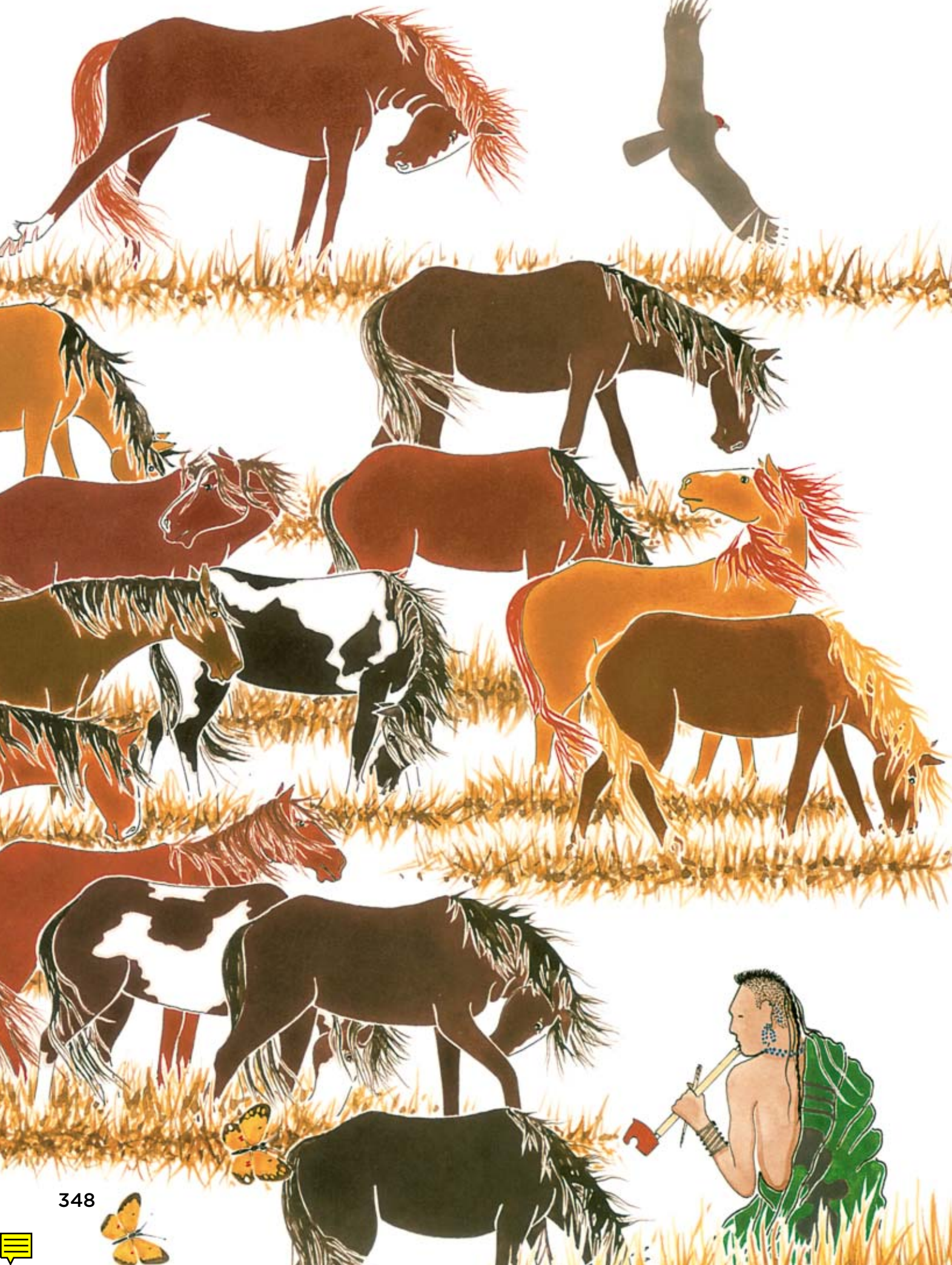
Award
Winning
Author



Mystic Horse

written and illustrated by **PAUL GOBLE**







IN THOSE LONG AGO DAYS, when the Pawnee people had harvested their crops of corn and squash, they would leave their earth-lodge villages and travel out on the Great Plains to hunt buffalo. They had horses to ride and to carry their tipis and belongings when they went great distances in search of the wandering herds.

When they were not traveling, and the tipis were pitched, it was the **responsibility** of the older boys, the young men, to look after the herds of horses, and to guard the village. They would stay with the horses at pasture throughout the day, often far away from the camp. All the while they would keep a good lookout for enemies.





Traveling with the people were an old woman and her grandson. They were poor, living alone without any relatives at the edge of the village. Their only shelter was made of sticks and a **patchwork** of pieces of old tipi covers which people had thrown away. Nobody took much notice of them.

When the people moved from one camping place to another, the old woman and her grandson would stay behind to look for scraps of food, and to pick up discarded clothes. They had no horse. They walked, and what their dogs could not carry, they packed on their own backs. Their life was hard, but they were happy.







One day, as they followed far behind the village, they came upon a sad and sickly worn-out horse standing in the trail. He was terribly thin, with **sores** on his back.

“Grandmother,” the boy said, “nobody wants this poor old horse. If we are kind and look after him, he will get well again. He will help us carry our packs! Then I will be able to join the buffalo hunt, and we will have meat, and fresh skins as well!”





And so they led the old horse, limping along behind them. People laughed: “You’ve got yourself a great warhorse, boy! How will we keep up with you now?”

But the boy loved his horse, and looked after him well.



Sequence

What is the first thing the boy does when he finds the horse?







After some days had passed, the boys who were out on the hills looking after the horses spotted enemies approaching on horseback. They quickly drove the herds back to the safety of the camp. The men grabbed their weapons, mounted their fastest horses, and rode out to meet the enemy.

The boy, riding the poor old horse, followed shyly at a distance. But the men pointed at the horse and laughed: “Look! Here’s the one who’ll leave us all behind! Boy, that’s an old good-for-nothing half-starved horse. You’ll be killed. Go back home!”

The boy was ashamed, and rode off to one side where he could not hear their unkind remarks. The horse turned his head and spoke to the boy: “Listen to me! Take me down to the river and cover me with mud.” The boy was alarmed to hear him speak, but without hesitation he rode to the river and daubed mud all over his horse.





Then the horse spoke again: “Don’t take your bow and arrows. Cut a long willow stick instead. Then ride me, as hard as you can, right into the enemy’s **midst** and strike their leader with the stick, and ride back again. Do it four times, and the enemy will be afraid; but do not do it more than four times!”

While the horse was speaking, he was tossing his head, stamping and prancing this way and that, until the boy could hardly hold him back. He **loosened** the reins, and the horse galloped toward the enemy. He was no longer an old sickly worn-out horse! He flew like a hawk, right to where the enemy riders were formed up in line of battle. The boy struck their leader with his willow stick, turned, and rode back to his people with arrows flying past him like angry wasps.

He turned again without stopping, and the horse carried him back to strike another enemy rider. By then his people were cheering loudly. Four times the boy charged back and forth, and each time he hit one of the enemy, just as his horse had told him.



Sequence

Retell the horse’s instructions, using sequence words.









The men watched the boy with **amazement**. Now they, too, felt brave enough to follow his example, and they drove the enemy in full retreat from the village. It was like chasing buffalo.

The boy was eager to join the chase. He said to himself: “I have struck four times, and I have not been hurt. I will do it once more.” And so, again, he rode after the retreating enemy riders. He whipped another with his stick, but at that very instant his horse was pierced by an arrow, and fell. The horse tried to stand, but he could not.





When the enemy had fled, the men returned and gathered round the boy. His horse was dead. They wanted to touch the horse, for they knew he had been no ordinary one, but a horse with mystic powers.

The leader spoke: "Today this boy has shown that he is braver than all of us. From now on we will call him Piraski Resaru, Boy Chief."

But the boy cried. He was sad for his horse, and angry with himself that he had not done what the **mysterious** horse had told him. He untied the lariat, pulled out the arrow, and carefully wiped away the blood.







He climbed to the top of a nearby hill to mourn. He sat on a rock and pulled his blanket over his head. While he sat there crying, fearsome dark clouds closed across the sky, and it grew dark as if night was falling. Lightning flashed! Thunder shook the hilltop, and it rained with a terrific downpour.

Looking through the downpour, he imagined he saw the dead horse move his legs a little, and that he even tried to lift his head. He wondered if something strange and wonderful was happening. And then he knew it was true: the horse slowly stretched out his front legs, and then stood up!

The boy was a little afraid, but he ran down from the hilltop and clasped his arms round the horse's neck, crying with joy that he was alive again.



The horse spoke softly to him: “Tirawahat, Our Father Above, is good! He has forgiven you. He has let me come back to you.”

The storm passed; the rain stopped. All was still and fresh, and the sun shone brilliantly on his beautiful living horse. “Now take me up into the hills, far away from people,” the horse told him. “Leave me there for four days, and then come for me.”









When the four days had passed, Boy Chief left the village and climbed into the pine tree hills.

A horse neighed, and the mysterious horse appeared, followed by a herd of spirited horses. They surrounded Boy Chief, snorting and stamping excitedly, horses of every color—beautiful bays, chestnuts, shiny blacks, whites, grays, and paints.

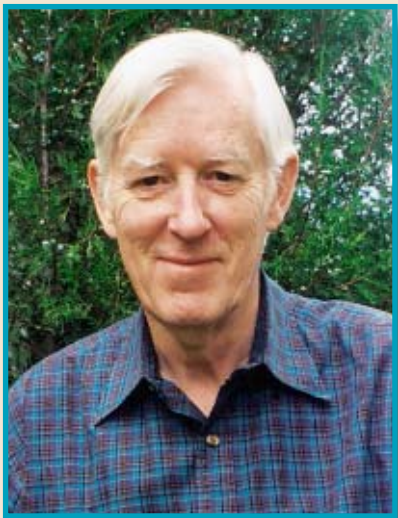
Mounted on his mysterious horse, Boy Chief drove the horses round and round the village. He stopped in front of his grandmother's shelter.

“Grandmother,” he said, “now you will always have horses! You need never walk again! Choose the ones you want, and give the rest to those who need them most.” And so it was done.

After that, the boy and his grandmother rode whenever they moved camp. They lived in a tipi and were not poor any longer. And, just as his grandmother had looked after him when he was young, so he, too, always took good care of her for all her years.

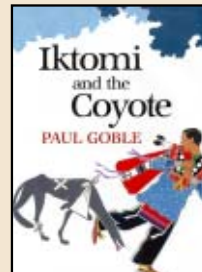


Meet Paul Goble



Paul Goble first became interested in Native Americans when he was a boy growing up in England. He thought their beliefs, art, and tales were wonderful. When Paul grew up, he moved to the western United States to live and learn among the Native Americans. Paul began to write and illustrate books that retold traditional tales. Before writing each book, he carefully researches Native American customs and clothing. He also likes his books to show how people and nature are connected.

Other books by Paul Goble



LOG ON Find out more about Paul Goble at www.macmillanmh.com

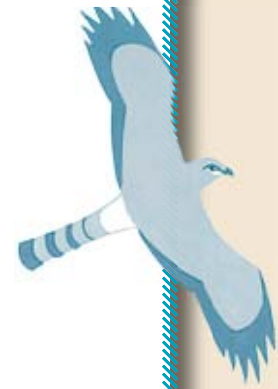
Write About It

Boy Chief follows the horse's advice two out of three times. Describe what happened the last time you took someone's advice.





Comprehension Check



Summarize

Use your Sequence Chart to help you as you summarize *Mystic Horse*. Tell the events of the story in the order in which they happened.

Event
↓
↓
↓

Think and Compare



1. What **mysterious** change happened to the old horse after the boy covered it with mud? Use story details to support your answer. **Summarize: Sequence**
2. Use story details to examine the relationship between the boy and the horse. Why did they trust each other? **Analyze**
3. Suppose you lost a friendship because you made a foolish mistake. How would you correct your mistake and repair your friendship? **Apply**
4. Based on what you know, how would you explain the boy's actions in battle? **Evaluate**
5. Read "Who Were the Pawnee?" on pages 344-345, and pages 349-350 of *Mystic Horse*. What did you learn about Pawnee life? **Reading/Writing Across Texts**



Social Studies

Genre

Online Articles provide information and links to a topic.

Text Feature

Links, also called hyperlinks, connect one web page to another.

Content Vocabulary

powwow
traditions
sacred

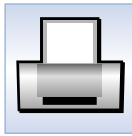
THE BLACK HILLS POWWOW

by Peter Lightfoot

Have you ever been to a **powwow**? A **powwow** is a huge celebration of Native American **traditions** where friends and families gather. Outsiders also come to learn about native ways.

The Black Hills Powwow is an annual, or yearly, event. It is held in the Black Hills, the **sacred** land of the Lakota, Dakota, and Nakota people. Hundreds of dancers and drummers come. Many are from the northern plains.

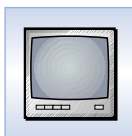
Many things happen at a powwow. People dance and play music. They play hand games from the past. They buy and sell handmade crafts. On Youth Day, rap music, face painting, and other activities are all part of the fun.



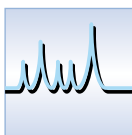
PRINT THIS
ARTICLE



E-MAIL THIS
ARTICLE TO
A FRIEND



WATCH A
VIDEO



LISTEN TO
POWWOW
MUSIC

Favorites

History

Search

Scrapbook



Using Links

Use links to move from one online article to another. If a word or phrase is blue and underlined, that usually means you can click it for more information. When you click, another page will appear. By clicking on a link, you can learn more about your subject or a related subject.

Address: Search

What Is a Powwow?

POWWOWS are large gatherings. They help keep [Native American culture](#) alive. Often, people from many tribes plan a powwow. Some powwows take place every year. They can go on for days.

[Dancing](#) is the central activity. Often, the dances are contests, and prize money is awarded to the winners. Powwows also feature drumming. Sometimes, people tell stories. Handcrafted clothing, animal carvings, and dreamcatchers are displayed and sold. Some powwows are held in large, open fields. Others take place in schools and gyms.

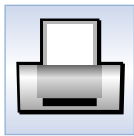


Address: www.example.com/powwows/dancing.htm

Search

Powwow Dancing

Dancing is a big part of today's powwows. Some dances are social, such as the round dance. Other dances are competitions. Judges rate the dancers on both their dancing and their outfit. Each dance competition features several different kinds of dances, such as men's traditional dance, women's traditional dance, men's grass dance, women's fancy shawl dance, and others. Little kids also get a chance to take part, and to join the dance tradition, in the "Tiny Tots" dance.



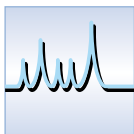
PRINT THIS
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A FRIEND



WATCH A
VIDEO



LISTEN TO
POWWOW
MUSIC





Connect and Compare



1. Reread the Using Links box on page 369. When should you click on a link and when should you not? **Using Links**
2. If you want to see dancing at a powwow, how would you find out where to go? **Apply**
3. Compare this article and *Mystic Horse*. What are some things that the native people of the Plains still value? **Reading/Writing Across Texts**



Social Studies Activity

Use the Internet to find a schedule for a powwow. Print it out and circle or highlight the different activities.



Find out more about powwows at www.macmillanmh.com

Writing

Word Choice

A good writer chooses words that express the characters' feelings. Then readers can learn about the characters from the dialogue.

Write a Scene from a Play

Coyote Offers to Help

by Kaya N.

Setting: A Native American village. Two men sit in the sun.

Young Man: Feel how Sun warms us.

Old Man: (sadly) I wish we had a small piece for winter.

Young Man: Yes, then we would be warm!

Coyote: (feeling sorry) I will go to the Fire Beings on the mountain.

Young Man: You! How can you help us?

Coyote: Oh, I have a plan. I will bring you a piece of fire.

Old Man: Let him try. Perhaps he can succeed.



I took a scene from a folktale about Coyote and turned it into the scene of a play.

The words in parentheses are stage directions. They describe my characters' actions and feelings.

Your Turn

Choose a scene from a favorite folktale and turn it into a one-page scene from a play. Bring the characters to life by adding stage directions that describe the characters' feelings and actions. Put the stage directions in parentheses before each character's dialogue. Use the Writer's Checklist to check your writing.



Writer's Checklist

- Ideas and Content:** Is it clear what is happening in the play scene? Should I add any stage directions?
- Organization:** Does the action happen in an order that makes sense?
- Voice:** Do the characters have clear personalities?
- Word Choice:** Did I choose precise words to express the characters' feelings?
- Sentence Fluency:** Does my dialogue sound natural?
- Conventions:** Did I use the verbs *is*, *are*, *was*, and *were* correctly? Did I check my spelling?





Talk About It

What do you think has happened in this photograph?



Find out more about precipitation at www.macmillanmh.com

PRECIPITATION



Let It Snow

by Cynthia Robey

Vocabulary

technique	microscope
foolishness	magnify
inspire	negatives
evaporate	blizzard



Dictionary

Multiple-Meaning Words

have more than one meaning. Use a dictionary to find meanings for the word *negatives*.

Do you have a **technique** for catching snowflakes? Some people run in circles trying to catch them. Others stand perfectly still with their tongue sticking out. It might look like **foolishness**, but it's fun!

Crystals to Flakes

A snowflake's shape is formed long before it lands on Earth. First, an ice crystal forms around a tiny piece of dirt in a cloud. Now it's a snow crystal. The crystal's shape depends on the temperature of the cloud.

Finally, as the crystals fall from the clouds, they stick together to form snowflakes. Each snowflake is made up of 2 to 200 separate snow crystals.



Studying Snowflakes

Snow crystals form into one of seven shapes. You probably know the stellar crystal best. These star-shaped crystals are not the most common, but they're the kind that **inspire** the work of most artists.

How can you study snowflakes before they **evaporate** and disappear? First, go outside when it's not windy and about 25° F. Second, bring a piece of dark cloth with you. This will make it easier to see the crystals. Finally, you will need to use a **microscope** to **magnify** the crystal to get a good look at it.

Wilson "Snowflake" Bentley learned how to make the crystals show up in photographs. He cut away the dark parts of the **negatives**.



Dangerous Snowflakes

If conditions are just right, beautiful snowflakes can turn into a dangerous storm called a **blizzard**. In blizzards, strong winds can blow the snow around. This causes "whiteout" conditions, making it very difficult to see where you're going.

Always pay attention to the weather. That way you can safely catch and study all the snowflakes you want.

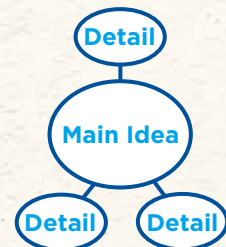
Reread for Comprehension



Evaluate

Summarize When you summarize what you read, include only the important details. To decide which details are important, think about the main idea of the selection. Then ask yourself, "Do these details support the main idea?"

A Main Idea Web can help you decide which details are important. Reread the selection and summarize the main idea and the important details that support it.



Comprehension

Genre

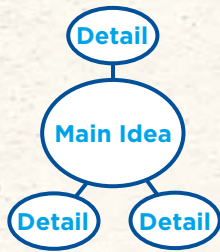
A **Biography** is a story about the life of a real person written by someone else.



Evaluate

Summarize

As you read, fill in your Main Idea Web.



Read to Find Out

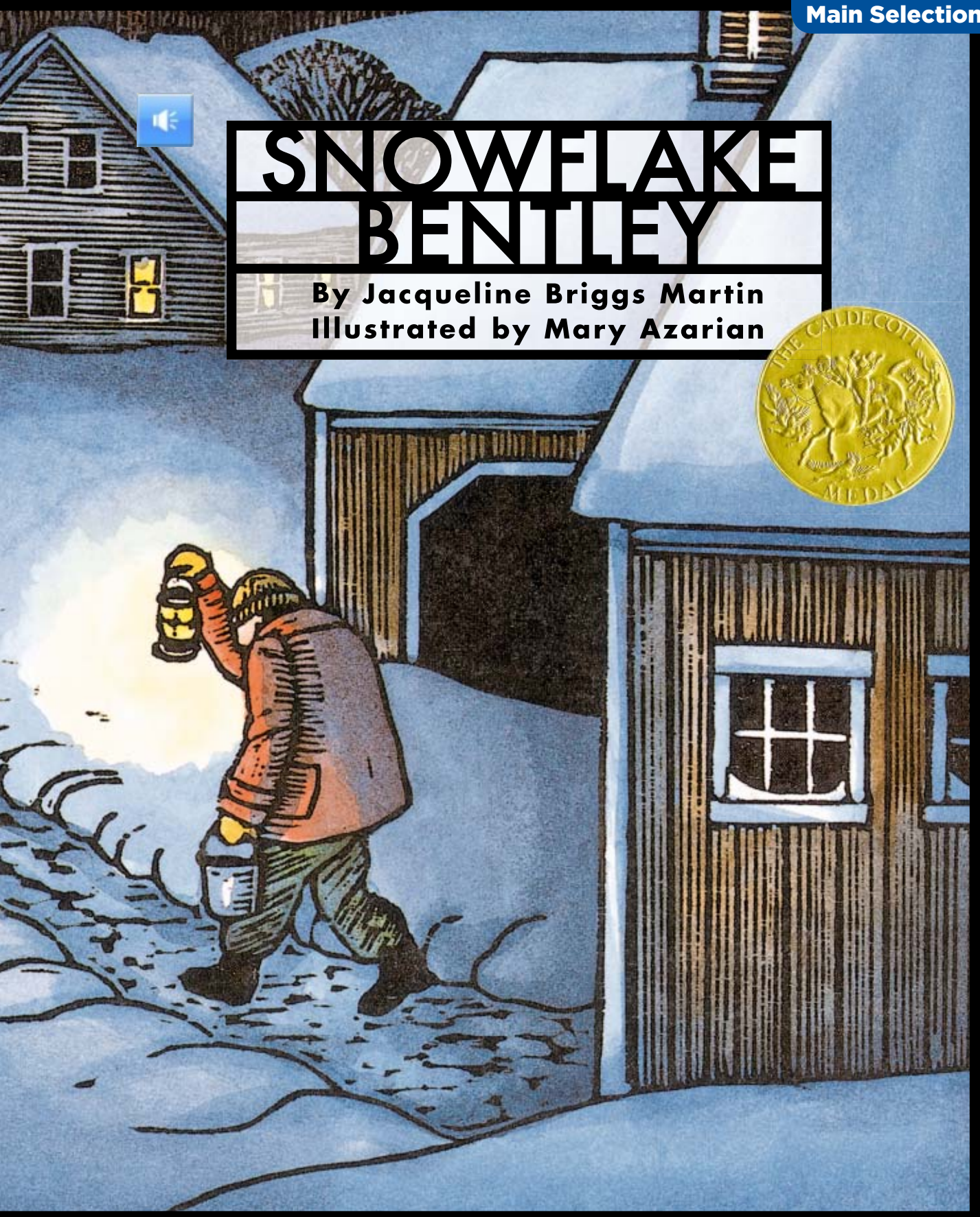
What did the world give to Snowflake Bentley, and what did he give to the world?





SNOWFLAKE BENTLEY

By Jacqueline Briggs Martin
Illustrated by Mary Azarian



Wilson Bentley was born February 9, 1865, on a farm in Jericho, Vermont, between Lake Champlain and Mount Mansfield, in the heart of the “snowbelt,” where the annual snowfall is about 120 inches.



In the days when farmers worked with ox and sled and cut the dark with lantern light, there lived a boy who loved snow more than anything else in the world.

Willie Bentley's happiest days were snowstorm days. He watched snowflakes fall on his mittens, on the dried grass of Vermont farm fields, on the dark metal handle of the barn door. He said snow was as beautiful as butterflies, or apple blossoms.



Willie's mother was his teacher until he was fourteen years old. He attended school for only a few years. "She had a set of encyclopedias," Willie said. "I read them all."



He could net butterflies and show them to his older brother, Charlie. He could pick apple blossoms and take them to his mother. But he could not share snowflakes because he could not save them.



From his boyhood on he studied all forms of moisture. He kept a record of the weather and did many experiments with raindrops.



When his mother gave him an old **microscope**, he used it to look at flowers, raindrops, and blades of grass. Best of all, he used it to look at snow.

While other children built forts and pelted snowballs at roosting crows, Willie was catching single snowflakes. Day after stormy day he studied the icy crystals.



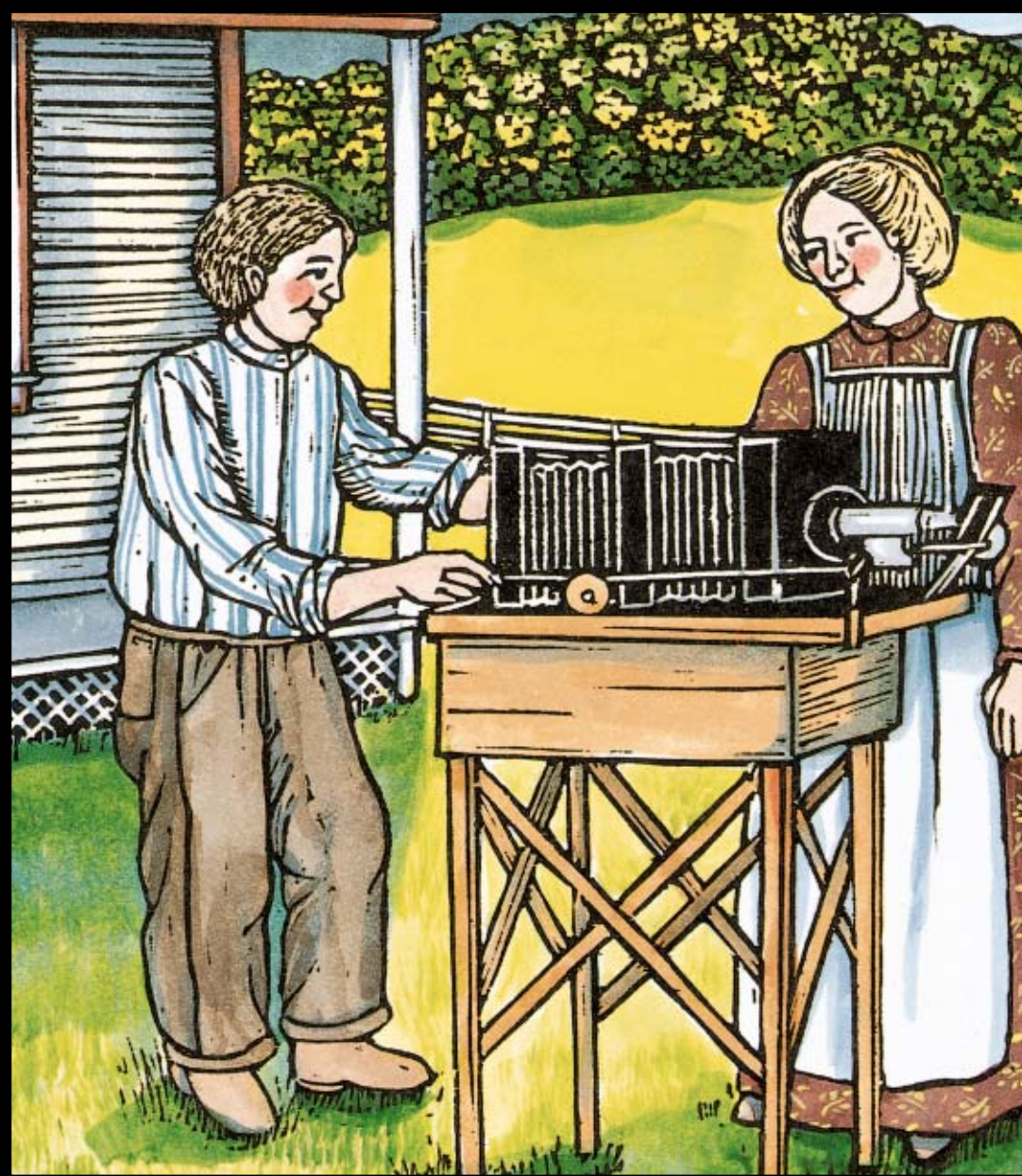
He learned that most crystals had six branches (though a few had three). For each snowflake the six branches were alike. "I found that snowflakes were masterpieces of design," he said. "No one design was ever repeated. When a snowflake melted . . . just that much beauty was gone, without leaving any record behind."

Starting at age fifteen he drew a hundred snow crystals each winter for three winters.

Their intricate patterns were even more beautiful than he had imagined. He expected to find whole flakes that were the same, that were copies of each other. But he never did.

Willie decided he must find a way to save snowflakes so others could see their wonderful designs. For three winters he tried drawing snow crystals. They always melted before he could finish.

The camera made images on large glass **negatives**. Its microscope could **magnify** a tiny crystal from sixty-four to 3,600 times its actual size.



When he was sixteen, Willie read of a camera with its own microscope. "If I had that camera I could photograph snowflakes," he told his mother.

Willie's mother knew he would not be happy until he could share what he had seen.

"Fussing with snow is just **foolishness**," his father said. Still, he loved his son.



When Willie was seventeen his parents spent their savings and bought the camera.

It was taller than a newborn calf, and cost as much as his father's herd of ten cows. Willie was sure it was the best of all cameras.





Even so his first pictures were failures—no better than shadows. Yet he would not quit. Mistake by mistake, snowflake by snowflake, Willie worked through every storm.

Winter ended, the snow melted, and he had no good pictures.





Willie's experiment:
He used a very small lens opening, which let only a little light reach the negative, but he kept the lens open for several seconds—up to a minute and a half.

He learned, too, that he could make the snow crystals show up more clearly by using a sharp knife to cut away all the dark parts of the negative around the crystals. This etching meant extra hours of work for each photograph, but Willie didn't mind.



He waited for another season of snow. One day, in the second winter, he tried a new experiment. And it worked!

Willie had figured out how to photograph snowflakes! "Now everyone can see the great beauty in a tiny crystal," he said.



The best snowstorm of his life occurred on Valentine's Day in 1928. He made over a hundred photographs during the two-day storm. He called the storm a gift from King Winter.



But in those days no one cared. Neighbors laughed at the idea of photographing snow.

“Snow in Vermont is as common as dirt,” they said. “We don’t need pictures.”

Willie said the photographs would be his gift to the world.



While other farmers sat by the fire or rode to town with horse and sleigh, Willie studied snowstorms. He stood at the shed door and held out a black tray to catch the flakes.

When he found only jumbled, broken crystals, he brushed the tray clean with a turkey feather and held it out again.



He learned that each snowflake begins as a speck, much too tiny to be seen. Little bits—molecules—of water attach to the speck to form its branches. As the crystal grows, the branches come together and trap small quantities of air.



He waited hours for just the right crystal and didn't notice the cold.

If the shed were warm the snow would melt. If he breathed on the black tray the snow would melt. If he twitched a muscle as he held the snow crystal on the long wooden pick the snowflake would break. He had to work fast or the snowflake would **evaporate** before he could slide it into place and take its picture. Some winters he was able to make only a few dozen good pictures.

Some winters he made hundreds.



Summarize

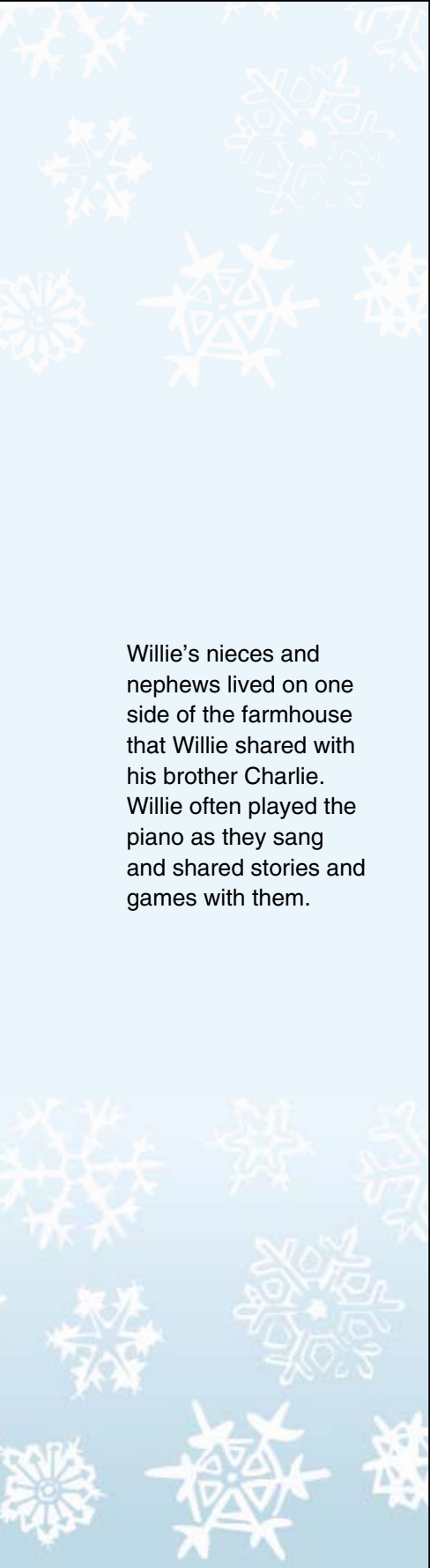
Summarize how Willie would capture and photograph snow crystals. Include only important information.





Many things affect the way these crystal branches grow. A little more cold, a bit less wind, or a bit more moisture will mean different-shaped branches. Willie said that was why, in all his pictures, he never found two snowflakes alike.





Willie's nieces and nephews lived on one side of the farmhouse that Willie shared with his brother Charlie. Willie often played the piano as they sang and shared stories and games with them.



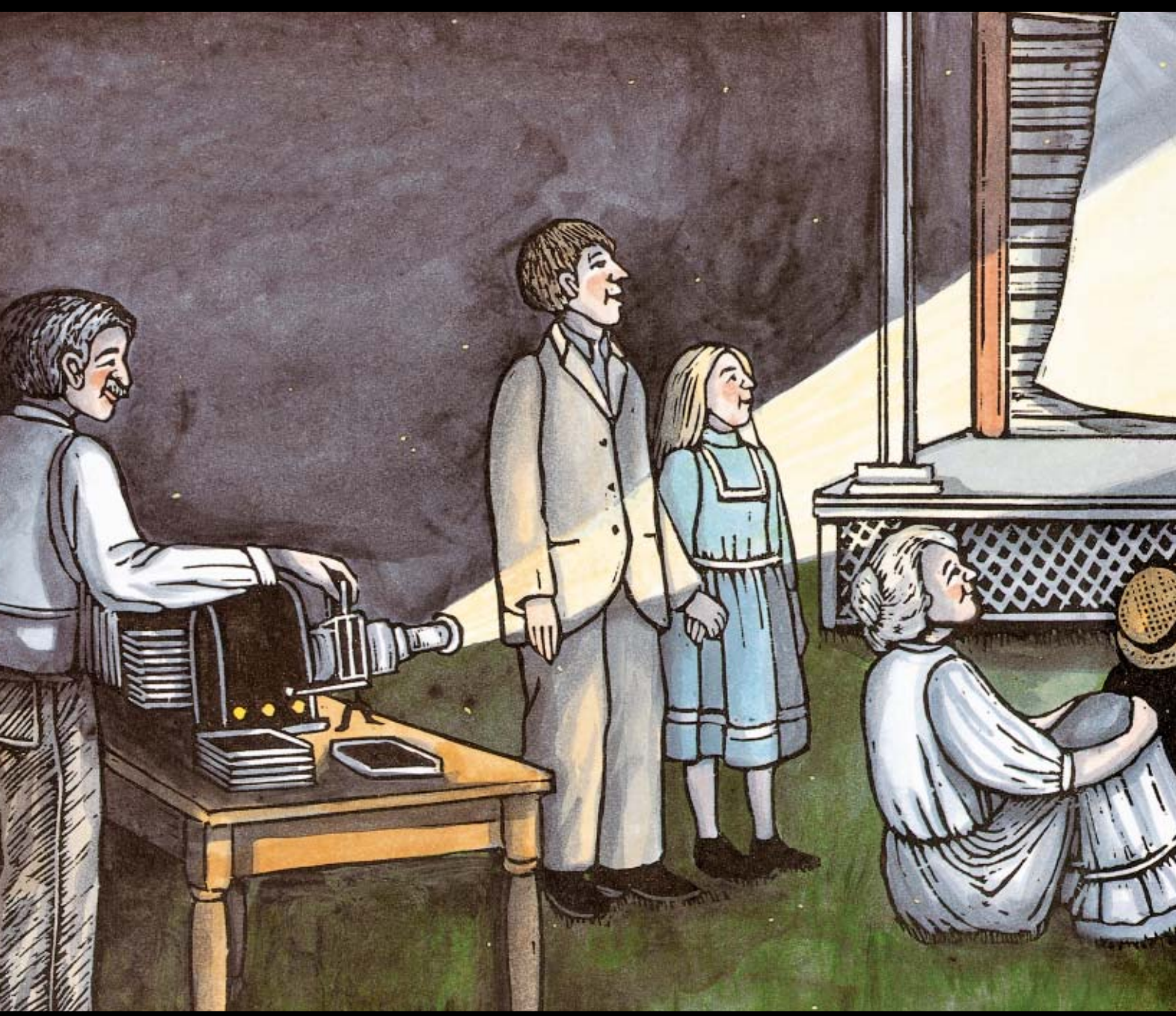
Willie so loved the beauty of nature he took pictures in all seasons.

In the summer his nieces and nephews rubbed coat hangers with sticky pitch from spruce trees. Then Willie could use them to pick up spider webs jeweled with water drops and take their pictures.

On fall nights he would gently tie a grasshopper to a flower so he could find it in the morning and photograph the dew-covered insect.

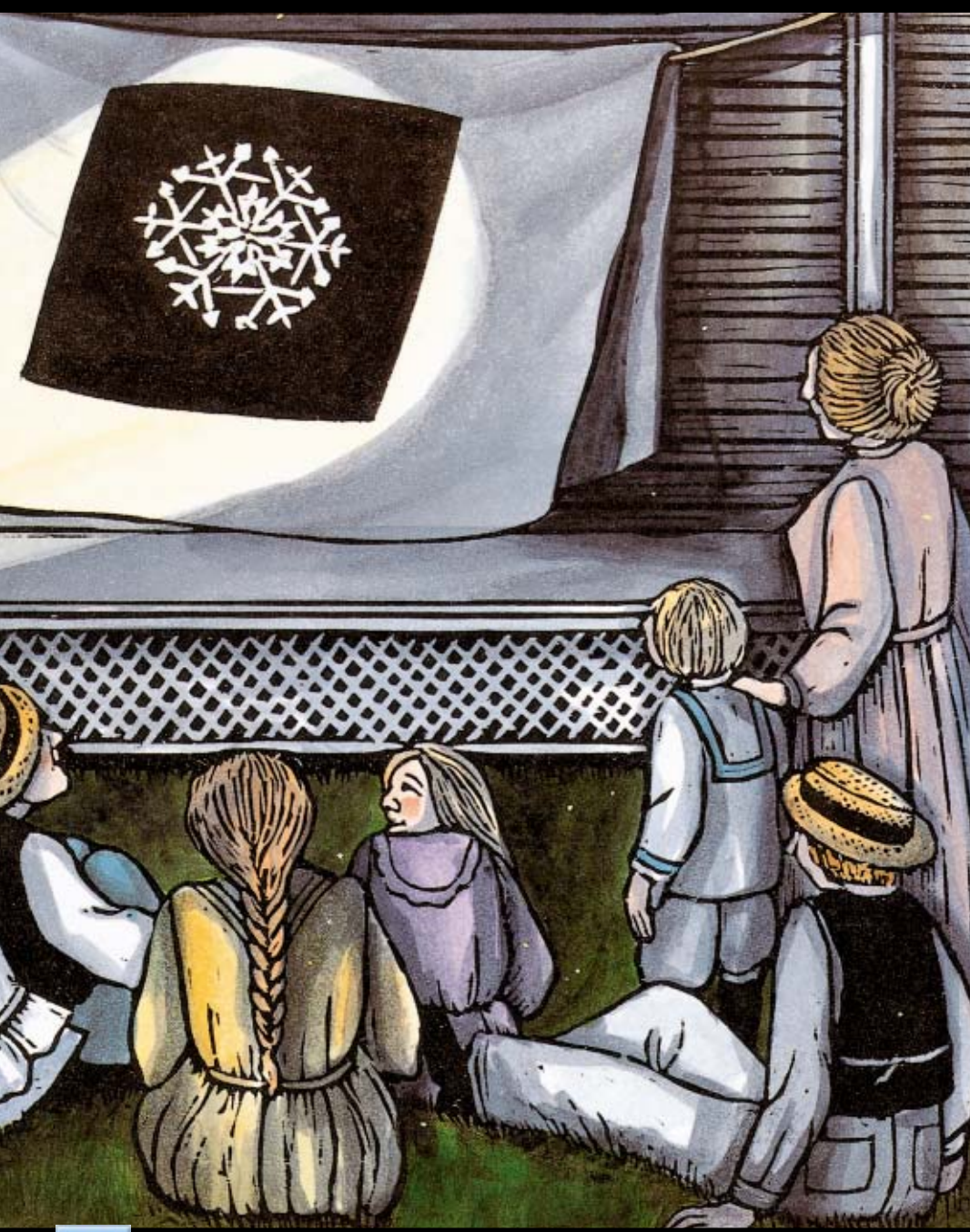






But his snow crystal pictures were always his favorites. He gave copies away or sold them for a few cents. He made special pictures as gifts for birthdays.





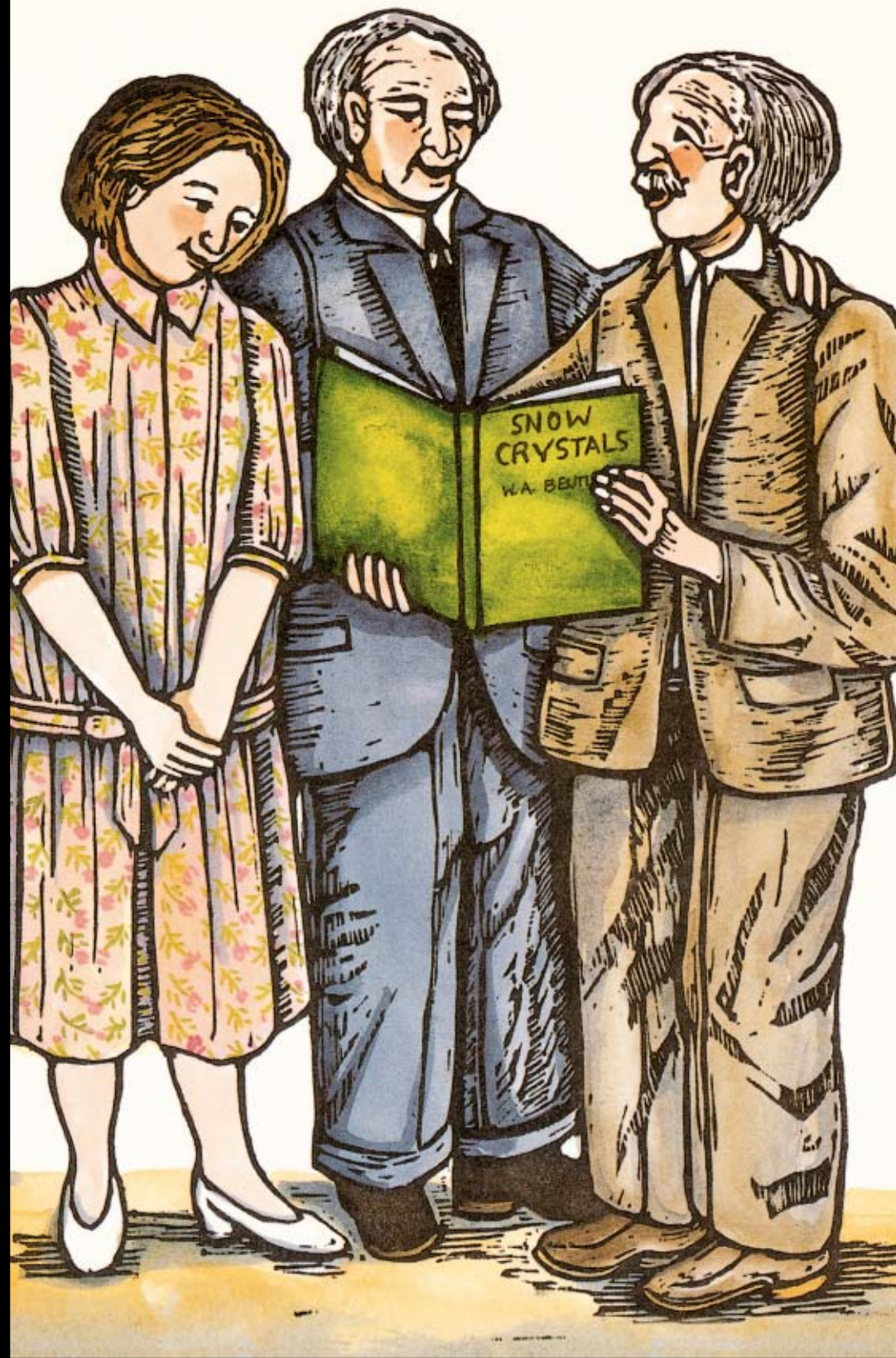
Many colleges and universities bought lantern slide copies of his photographs and added to their collections each year. Artists and designers used the photographs to **inspire** their own work.

He held evening slide shows on the lawns of his friends. Children and adults sat on the grass and watched while Willie projected his slides onto a sheet hung over a clothesline.



Even today, those who want to learn about snow crystals begin with Wilson Bentley's book, *Snow Crystals*.

By 1926 he had spent \$15,000 on his work and received \$4,000 from the sale of photographs and slides.





He wrote about snow and published his pictures in magazines. He gave speeches about snow to faraway scholars and neighborhood skywatchers. “You are doing great work,” said a professor from Wisconsin.

The little farmer came to be known as the world’s expert on snow, “the Snowflake Man.” But he never grew rich. He spent every penny on his pictures.

Willie said there were treasures in snow. “I can’t afford to miss a single snowstorm,” he told a friend. “I never know when I will find some wonderful prize.”

Other scientists raised money so Willie could gather his best photographs in a book. When he was sixty-six years old Willie’s book—his gift to the world—was published. Still, he was not ready to quit.

Less than a month after turning the first page on his book, Willie walked six miles home in a **blizzard** to make more pictures. He became ill with pneumonia after that walk and died two weeks later.



The plaque on the monument says

“SNOWFLAKE”
BENTLEY

Jericho’s world famous
snowflake authority

For fifty years Wilson A. Bentley, a simple farmer, developed his **technique** of micro-photography to reveal to the world the grandeur and mystery of the snowflake—its universal hexagonal shape and its infinite number of lovely designs.



A monument was built for Willie in the center of town. The girls and boys who had been his neighbors grew up and told their sons and daughters the story of the man who loved snow. Forty years after Wilson Bentley’s death, children in his village worked to set up a museum in honor of the farmer-scientist.

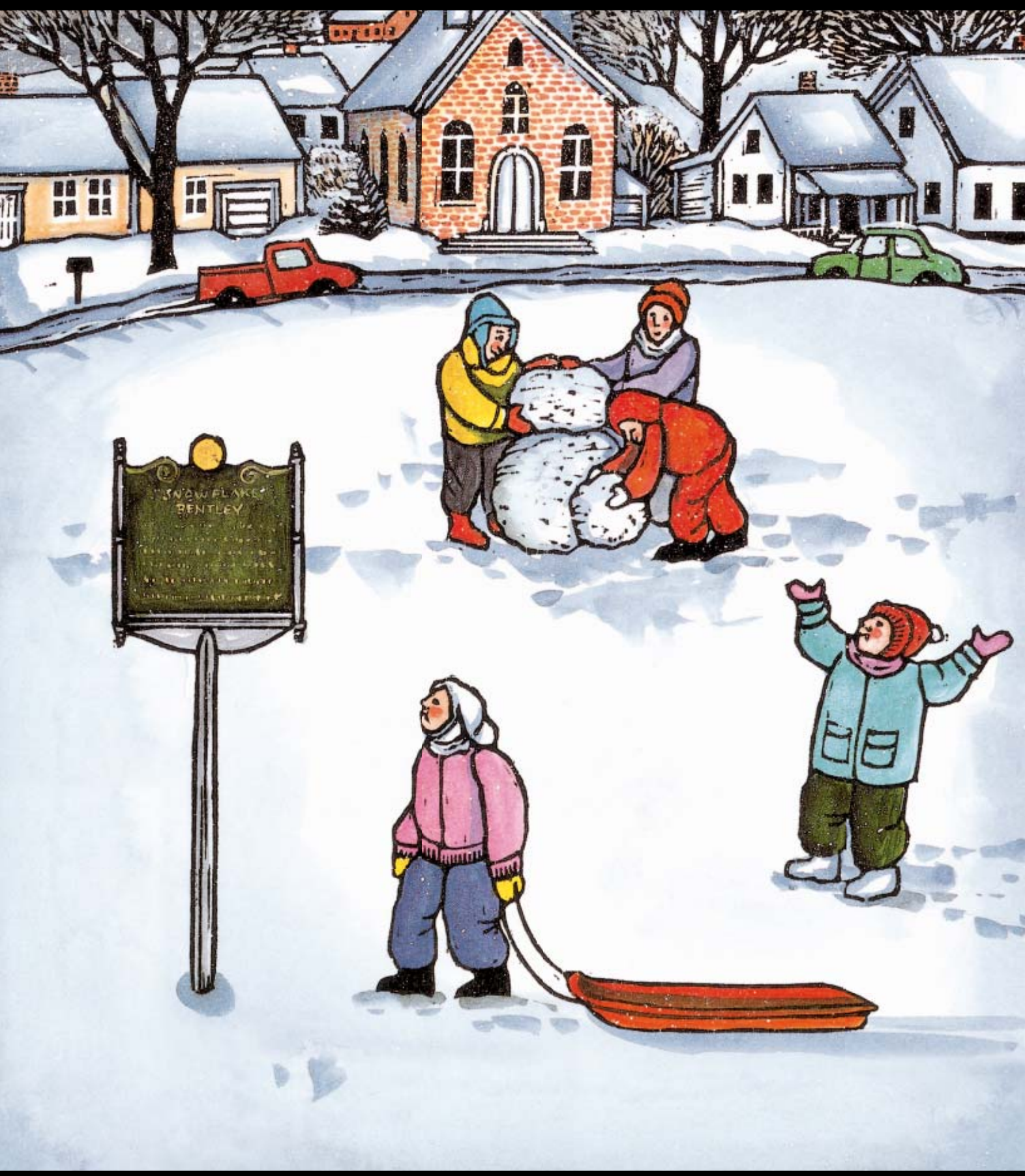
And his book has taken the delicate snow crystals that once blew across Vermont, past mountains, over the earth. Neighbors and strangers have come to know of the icy wonders that land on their own mittens—thanks to Snowflake Bentley.



Summarize

Summarize how Snowflake Bentley lived his life.



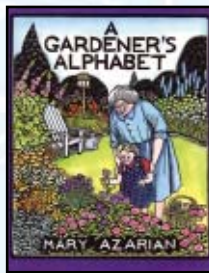


SNAPSHOTS OF JACQUELINE AND MARY



Jacqueline Briggs Martin began to write this story after she saw a snowflake and thought about an article she had read about a man who loved snow. Jacqueline saw lots of snow when she was growing up. She lived on a farm in Maine where she enjoyed nature, stories, and history.

Other books illustrated by Mary Azarian



Mary Azarian has also seen a lot of snow. Just like Wilson Bentley, she lives on a farm in Vermont. Mary used her experiences on the farm to create her woodcut illustrations.



LOG ON Find out more about Jacqueline Briggs Martin and Mary Azarian at www.macmillanmh.com

Write About It

Wilson Bentley loved to share his one-of-a-kind snowflake pictures with other people. What unique object or collection of objects has someone ever shared with you?

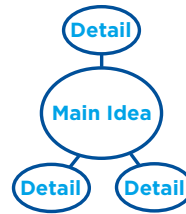


Comprehension Check



Summarize

Use your Main Idea Web to summarize *Snowflake Bentley*. Remember to include only the most important information in your summary.



Think and Compare



1. Why did Wilson Bentley choose to make snowflake photography his life's work? **Evaluate: Summarize**
2. Look back at page 384 of *Snowflake Bentley*. Why did Wilson Bentley's father say that his son's hobby was "**foolishness**"? **Analyze**
3. If you could spend your life studying one thing in nature, what would it be? Explain your answer. **Synthesize**
4. Why is it important to study the world—even at the microscopic level? **Evaluate**
5. Compare the information in the main body text with the information in the sidebar text from *Snowflake Bentley*. How is the information different? How is it similar? Use details from both the main body text and the sidebar text in your answer. **Reading/Writing Across Texts**





Poetry

Haiku is poetry that uses three short lines to describe just one moment or scene. The first and third lines often have five syllables each, and the second line may have seven syllables.



Literary Elements

Imagery is the use of words to create a picture in the reader's mind.

Figurative Language goes beyond the usual meaning of words and uses them to describe something in a new way.



HAIKU

Winter solitude—
in a world of one color
the sound of wind.

—*Matsuo Basho*

The words “a world of one color” create a strong image of a snow-covered scene.

Mountains and plains,
all are captured by the snow—
nothing remains.

—*Joso*



No sky at all;
no earth at all—and still
the snowflakes fall....

—*Hashin*

The snow is melting
and the village is flooded
with children.

—*Kobayashi Issa*

Children do not really flood the village. This figurative language suggests they are running through the streets like water.

Connect and Compare



1. In the second haiku, by Joso, the word “captured” is figurative language. What has really happened to the mountains and plains? **Figurative Language**
2. Reread “No Sky at All,” by Hashin. What moment or scene does it describe? **Analyze**
3. When you read these poems, how do they make you feel about snow? How did you feel about snow when you read *Snowflake Bentley*? Compare the two feelings.

Reading/Writing Across Texts



Find out more about haiku at www.macmillanmh.com

Write a Character Sketch

Writing

Sentence Fluency

Begin your writing with a topic sentence to let your reader know what you plan to discuss. Then, use different kinds of sentences to make your writing more interesting.

My New Character

by Sara K.

May Showers is the meteorologist I invented for my sitcom about a TV news station. Usually a man reports the weather. My meteorologist is a woman on my local TV news. I know you are picturing a heavy, happy weatherman, but May is slim, neatly dressed, and quiet. She doesn't get excited about the weather, except when it rains. Then she smiles, her eyes open wide, and she starts to bounce a little on her feet.

I like it when it rains, so my new character likes rain, too.



I began with a topic sentence.

In my character sketch, I included both short and long sentences.

Your Turn

Invent a fascinating, original character. Then write one or two paragraphs that describe that character. Include your character's name. Describe his or her appearance. Include details to help your readers see your character's special traits. Begin sentences in different ways to improve fluency. Use the Writer's Checklist to check your writing.



Writer's Checklist

- Ideas and Content:** Does my sketch include important and interesting details?
- Organization:** Did I begin with a topic sentence?
- Voice:** Does my paragraph show that I care about this character?
- Word Choice:** Have I chosen words that help the reader picture this character?
- Sentence Fluency:** Have I written different kinds of sentences to give my writing variety?
- Conventions:** Have I used irregular verbs, such as *do*, *does*, and *did*, correctly? Did I check my spelling?

Test Strategy

Right There

The answer is right there on the page. Skim for clues to find the answer.

How to Change a Flat Tire on a Bike

by Sarah Tajima

If you ride a road bike, you're going to get flat tires. Sometimes the smallest piece of glass or a tiny stone can stop your ride.

If you do get a flat tire, your ride doesn't have to be over. Just be sure you're carrying a new tube, a pump, and three tire levers. Then follow these steps:



1

Take the bicycle wheel off the frame of the bike. If the tire is not completely flat, release the rest of the air from it.





Pick up a tire lever. Place the thin end of the lever between the tire and the rim of the wheel.



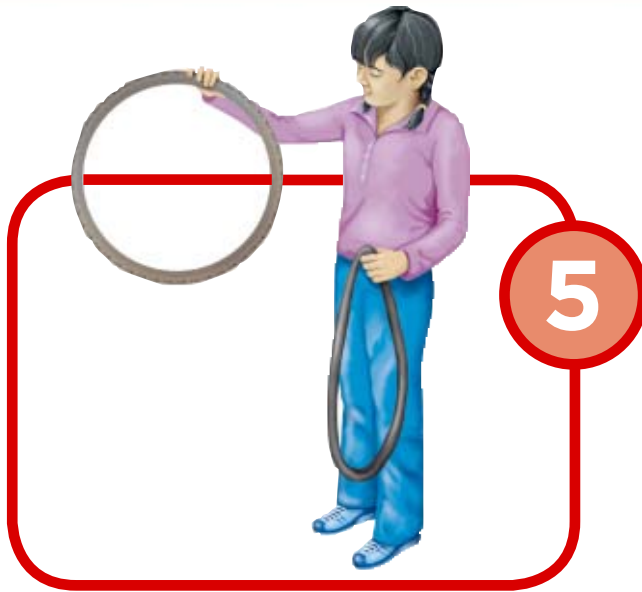
Do the same thing with the other two tire levers. Find a spot on the wheel about two spokes over from where you placed the first tire lever.



Take the first lever out. Continue working your way around the rim. Stop when the tire is free from the rim. Remove the old tube.



Answer Questions



Check the tire for the cause of the flat. Carefully remove any objects. Use your bike pump to put just a little air in your new tube. Put the tube into your old tire. Be sure it doesn't have any twists or kinks.



Find the hole in the rim of your wheel for the tire valve. Put the tire valve in the tube through the hole as you pull the tire and tube over the wheel. Use your fingers to ease the tire onto the wheel.



Use the bike pump to blow the tire up. The tire should feel firm to the touch. Then put the wheel back on the bicycle frame.

Tip

Skim for clues.

Directions: Answer the questions.

- 1. What do you need to do before you can remove the bicycle wheel from the frame?**
 - A Make sure the tire is completely filled with air.
 - B Use the tire levers.
 - C Release all the air.
 - D Make sure the valve lines up with the hole in the rim.
- 2. Which word is a synonym for *kink*?**
 - A rim
 - B lever
 - C twist
 - D tube
- 3. What should you do when the tire is back on the rim?**
 - A Check for the cause of the flat.
 - B Remove the old tube.
 - C Be sure there are no twists or kinks.
 - D Use the pump to blow air into the tire.
- 4. Explain the MAIN steps in changing a flat tire.**
- 5. What do you think is the hardest part of changing a flat tire? Use information from the directions to explain your choice.**

Writing Prompt

Write a journal entry of three paragraphs that describes how you once tried to fix something. Describe the problem, what you did to fix it, and what happened as a result.

