



GRADE 4

BEYOND LANGUAGE

EDUCATION

GAMEBOOK

GRADE 4



Name: _____

Class: _____



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Beyond Language Gamebook **Grade 4**

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Maryia Chautayeva

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Gamebook is a supplementary material to be used in the classroom and at home to diversify the learning routine, provide students with engaging materials that would help them to improve not only their academic, but also cognitive and social skills.

Games offered in this book allow children to use their creativity while:

1. training memory and attention span,
2. developing cognitive and emotional strength,
3. learning the importance of teamwork and collaboration,
4. improving cognitive and interpersonal skills,
5. developing the understanding of self and the surroundings.



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EDUCATION

Is Reading fun?

10 Reasons Why Reading is Important

1. It expands your vocabulary.

While reading, you might come across words you have never heard of. As a result, you will add them to your vocabulary.

2. It makes you better at it.

Practice makes perfect, right? The best way to get better at reading is just to do it!

3. It helps building independence and self-confidence.

As you learn that you no longer have to rely on your parents to read things to you, you develop a sense of independence. Through reading, you can begin to understand the world on your own. You can “live through” the situations and participate in a number of events without living your bedroom.

4. It keeps you safe.

Traffic signs have words and so do warning labels. Reading allows you to understand when something says it could harm you. Books, stories, and articles will tell you about the dangers that exist in this world and how you can avoid them.

5. You will be able to make sense of the world around you.

As you learn to read you can determine what things around you say – from signs to stickers and labels. Being able to read helps you to understand what is what and what purpose it serves.

6. It leads to your future academic success.

One must be able to read in order to even progress through school. Reading is essential to following the instructions on the test and being able to even understand or answer the questions.

7. It enhances your imagination.

When you read, you can begin to imagine where the characters are. You might even create your own little world, as well. Reading enhances your imagination by forcing you to picture what the characters look like and who they are.

8. It entertains you.

Bored at home? You want to travel, but your parents don't have an opportunity to go with you? Grab a book and start reading. You will travel to far-away places without leaving your sofa.

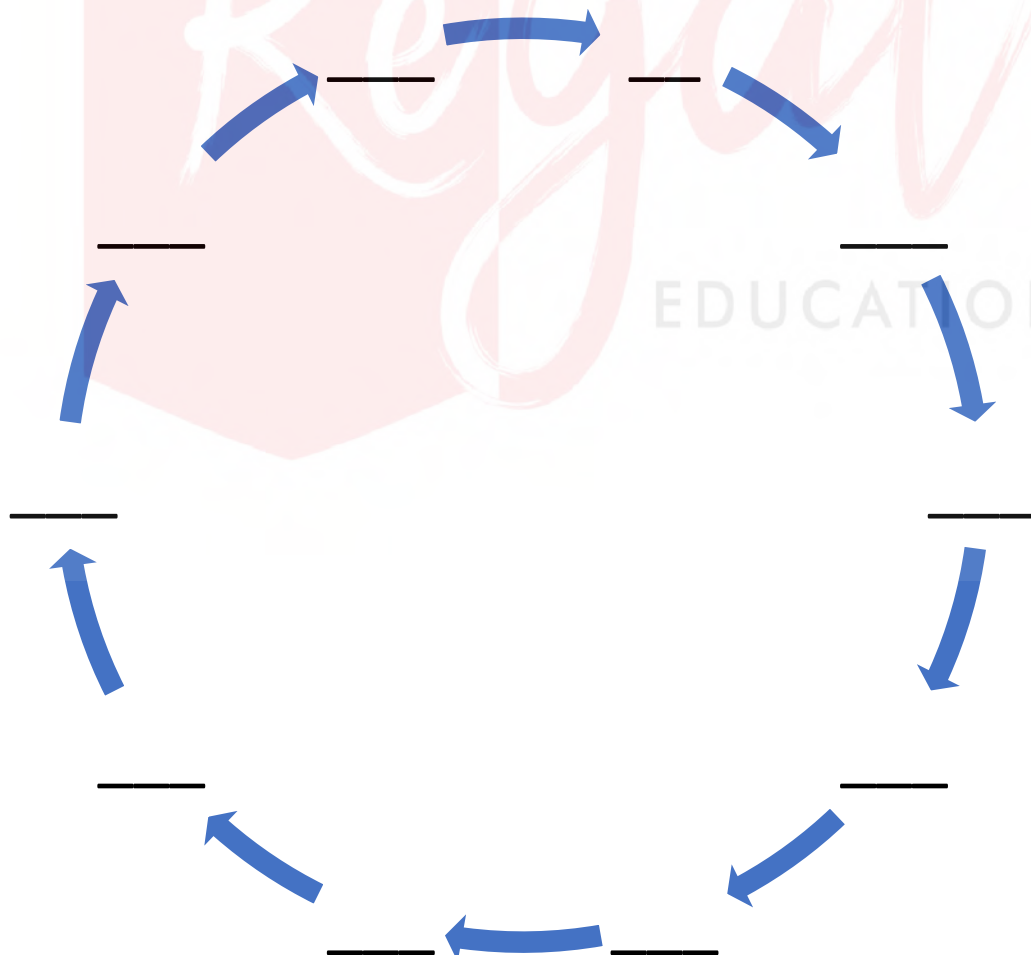
9. It improves your grammar.

Through reading, you can see how the authors composed their sentences. You will be able to write better yourself and will score the high grade on the text!

10. It improves your writing skills.

Because reading helps to improve your vocabulary, communication, and grammar skills, it ultimately improves your writing skills as well. Do you want to be the smartest in the room and make your parents proud? Grab a book!

Fill in the diagram "Why reading is important". You can work alone or with friends.



Create a diagram “The books I like”. Compare your answers with your friends. If you forgot what a diagram is, scan the QR code.

SCAN ME



Work Smart, Not Hard!

How to Find the Theme of a Text

Reading is fun! In addition to reading for fun, though, we can also analyze texts to learn more *from* the texts and more *about* the texts. One way we can do this with fiction books, passages, or poems is by identifying **the theme**.

The theme of a book is the “**big idea**” that runs throughout the text, connecting the characters and events. Many times, it has to do with what the main character learned over the course of the story. Most of the time, the theme of a book is not written out in the words, you have to use clues in the text to infer it. Themes can be ideas like friendship, bravery, love, honesty, good versus evil, or family. The theme might not be able to be said in just one word, though. It might be an idea such as, “Be careful what you wish for.” There may also be more than one theme in a story.

To start finding the theme, first you need to make sure you’ve read the entire text. Characters change throughout the story, so what you might think is the theme initially might not be true at the end!

After reading the text, summarize the plot. What important events occurred during the story? What was the problem? How did the problem get resolved? How did the character(s) change? What did the character(s) learn?

Use the answers from those questions to see if you can spot a pattern. Did a lot of the plot revolve around friendship? Did many characters resolve problems with their families? Did hard work pay off for the main character? Did the main character learn the importance of fairness?

Once you've identified a "big idea," go through the text to find evidence that supports this idea throughout the entire text. If there was only one small problem with a character's family, then "family" might not be the theme of the text. You might find more evidence for friendship or bravery.

Now you are ready to find the theme of books, passages, and poems! Grab your favorite book and see if you can identify the theme.

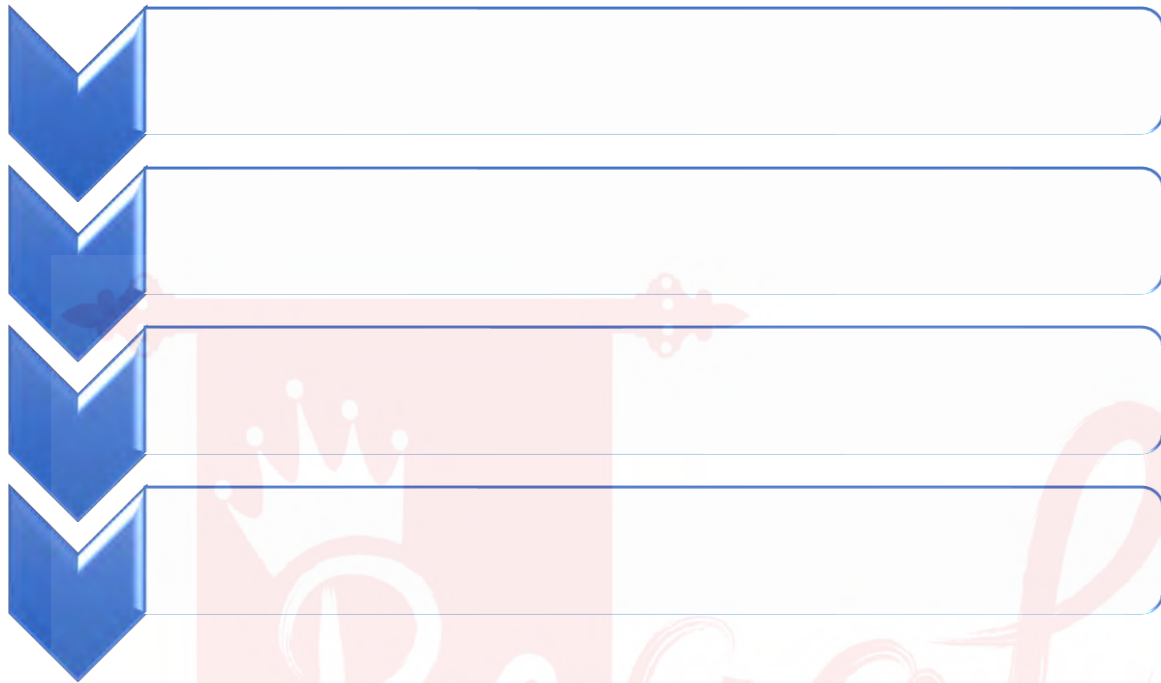
Answer the questions. Compare your answers with your friends`.
Be ready to prove your point. There are no wrong answers if you
can explain your point of view logically.

1. What is the theme of a text?

2. Why do you need to read the entire text before you determine the theme?

3. What does "*infer*" mean in the second paragraph? How do you know?

4. What are the four steps to finding the theme of a text?



Four empty rectangular boxes for writing the steps to finding the theme of a text.

5. How could a text have more than one theme?



A series of horizontal lines for writing an answer, with a red line at the top and blue lines below.

Why is it important to understand the difference between a fact and an opinion?

Work alone or with friends. Brainstorm for the answer. Fill in the chart.

opinion

fact

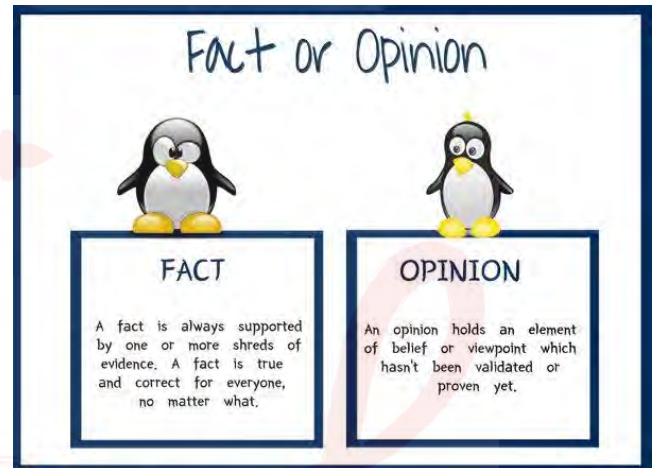
Compare your answers with the samples below.

FACT

- The annual report **confirms**...
- Scientists have recently **discovered**...
- **According to** the results of the tests...
- The investigation **demonstrated**...

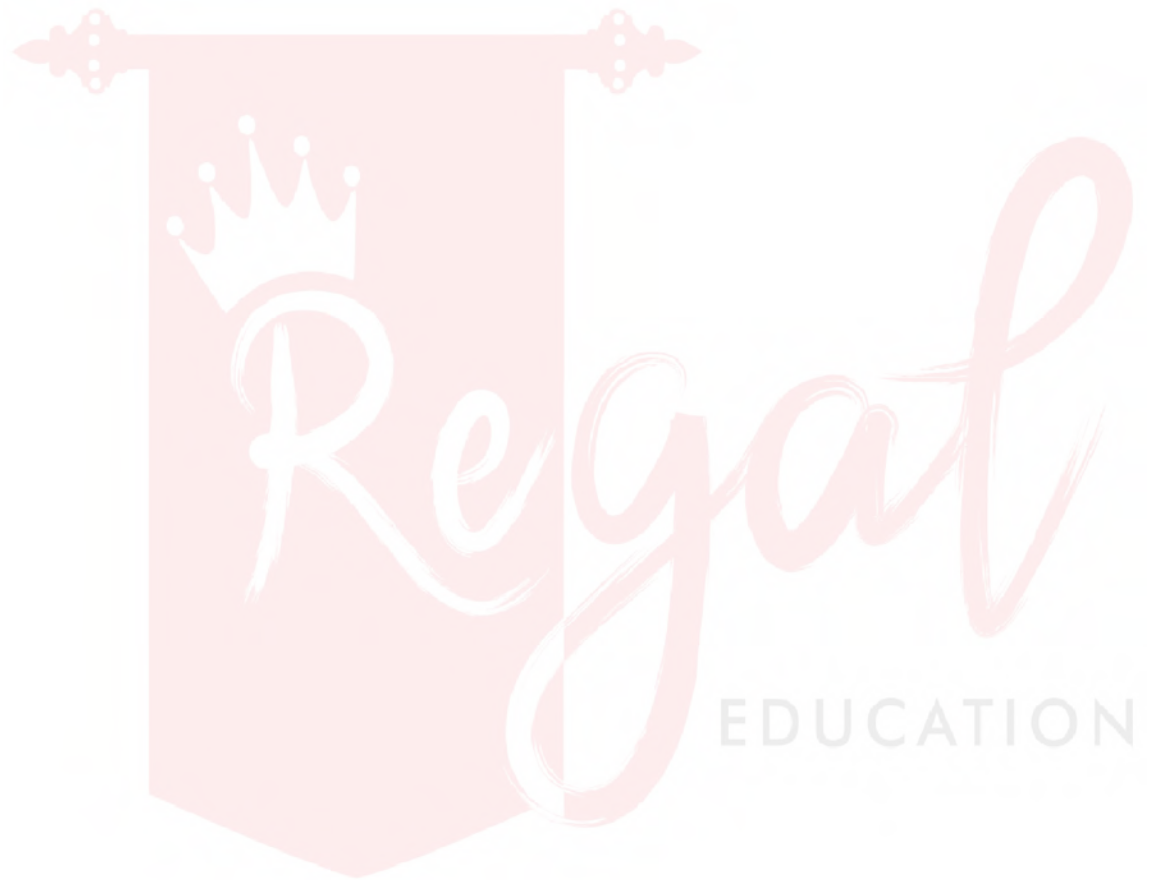
OPINION

- He **claimed** that...
- It is the officer's **view** that...
- The report **argues** that...
- Many scientists **suspect** that...



What is FAKE NEWS?

Brainstorm with your friends why it is important for you to spot FAKE FACTS.



SCAN ME

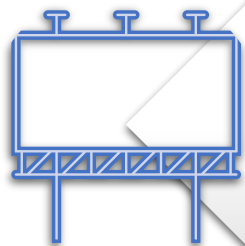
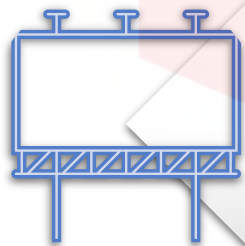
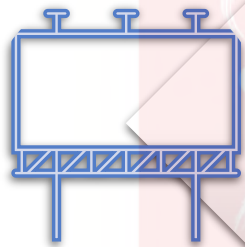
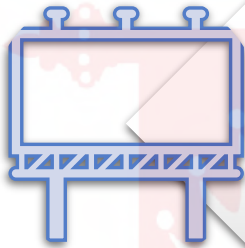


How to spot FAKE NEWS.

Scan the QR code and watch a video.

Fill in the diagram.

Compare your answers with your friends`.



When you confuse and opinion with a fact, you can create FAKE NEWS.

Fact and Opinion

*Read each statement and then circle whether it is a fact or an opinion.
Explain your answer. Compare your answers with your friends`.*

1. Pizza tastes better than broccoli.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

2. The average slice of deep-dish cheese pizza has between 300 and 400 calories.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

3. There are a lot of calories in a slice of deep-dish pizza.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

4. The modern pizza was invented in Naples, Italy.

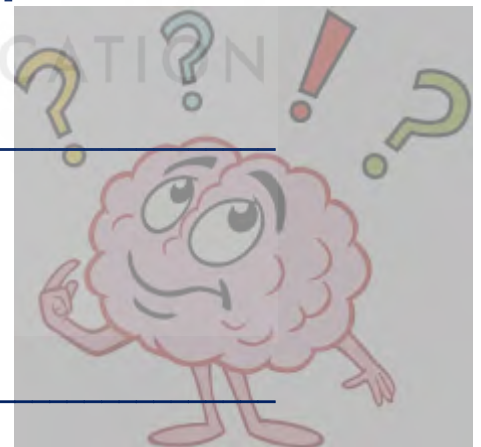
Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

5. A place that makes and sells pizza is called a pizzeria.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____



6. It is easier to cook a frozen pizza at home than it is to get a pizza from a pizzeria.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

7. Flour is the main ingredient in pizza dough.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

8. It is best to cook pizzas at low temperatures so that they do not get too crispy.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

9. New York-style pizza is more fun to eat than Chicago-style pizza because you can fold the slices.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

10. São Paulo, the largest city in Brazil, has over 6000 pizzerias.

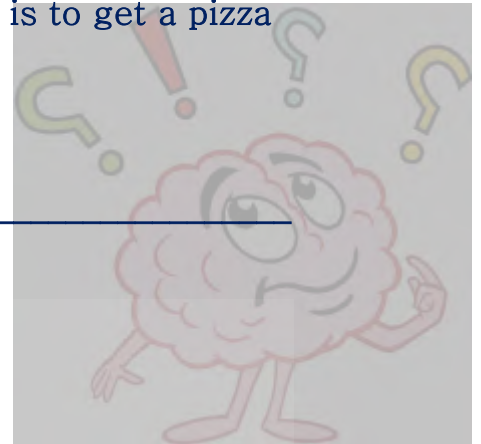
Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

11. The best pizza in the world comes from Italy, not America.

Fact or Opinion

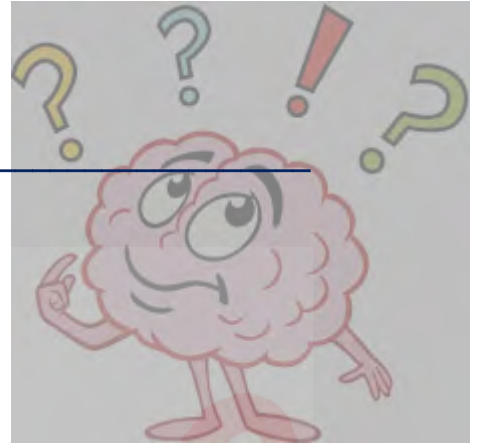
Explain: _____



12. The first pizza place in America opened up in New York's Little Italy in 1905.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____



13. Pizza is not a healthy food to eat.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

14. The largest pizza ever made was 122 feet and 8 inches in diameter.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

15. The only toppings that really belong on a pizza are tomatoes, mozzarella, and basil.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

16. Chicago-style pizza is cooked in a pan and has a thick crust.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

17. Anchovies are the most disgusting pizza topping.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

18. Mozzarella cheese is the most commonly used pizza cheese according to global survey.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

19. Some pizza cheeses are processed so that they melt quickly and remain chewy.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

20. A pizza made with artificial or processed cheese is not as good as a pizza made with natural cheeses.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

21. Over 700 million frozen pizzas are sold in America each year.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

22. Pepperoni should be placed on top of the pizza cheese not underneath it.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

23. The best pizzas are rolled by hand, not a machine.

Fact or Opinion



Explain: _____

24. Pizza delivery drivers can make a lot of money.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

25. Buying a Ford Taurus is smarter than buying Ferrari F12 Berlinetta.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

26. The majority of automobiles in use today are powered by gasoline.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

27. Red cars look cooler than cars that don't have any paint on them at all.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

28. In 2010 more than one billion cars were in use around the world.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____



29. A Ferraris F12 Berlinetta is more expensive than a Ford Taurus.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

30. The Bugatti Veyron Super Sport is the fastest car in production today with a top speed of 267 MPH.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

31. Car accidents accounted for 2.09% of all deaths in 2002.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

32. Drilling for oil offshore is not worth the environmental risks.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

33. Sleeping in a car is uncomfortable.

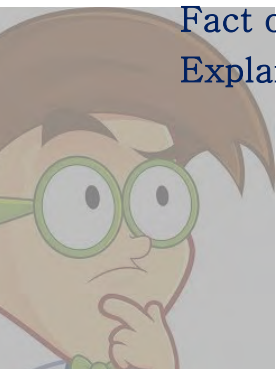
Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

34. It is wrong to drive faster than the posted speed limit in a school zone when children are present.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____



35. In Germany, people who are caught violating traffic laws should have to pass traffic safety courses as well as to visit a psychologist to check if they are mentally ill.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

36. One of the root words of automobile is from the Ancient Greek word *autós*, which means "self."

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

37. Gas is more expensive today than it was ten years ago.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

38. It is a good thing that there are seatbelt laws.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

39. Heavier cars consume more fuel than lighter cars.

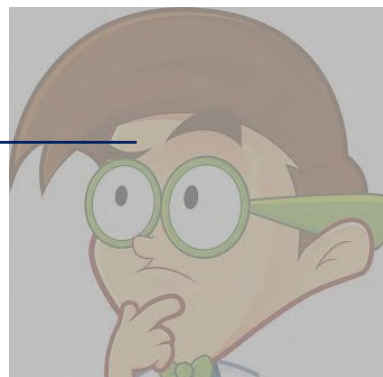
Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

40. Car crashes are the leading cause of injury related deaths.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____



41. In 2007 over 71 million automobiles were sold worldwide.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

42. China was the largest automobile producer in 2009, and they also had the largest automobile market.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

43. You should ride your bike to work or school if you live close enough.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

44. The city of Venice, Italy does not allow cars.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

45. Cities that do not allow cars are more progressive than those that do.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

46. There were over 1.2 million car thefts in the US in 2005.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

47. Trucks are more useful than cars.

Fact or Opinion

Explain: _____

48. Sleeping on the floor the night before the exam will bring you luck!

Fact or Fake News

Explain: _____

49. Sleeping on the floor helps to improve your body posture.

Fact or Fake News

Explain: _____

50. You can travel to the Moon and back for free if you subscribe to this channel.

Fact or Fake News

Explain: _____

51. Space travel will become possible one day.

Fact or Fake News

Explain: _____

52. Elon Musk has finished his hotel on the Moon and now he is residing there.

Fact or Fake News

Explain: _____



Work alone or with friends.

Create a list of facts, opinions, and FAKE NEWS.

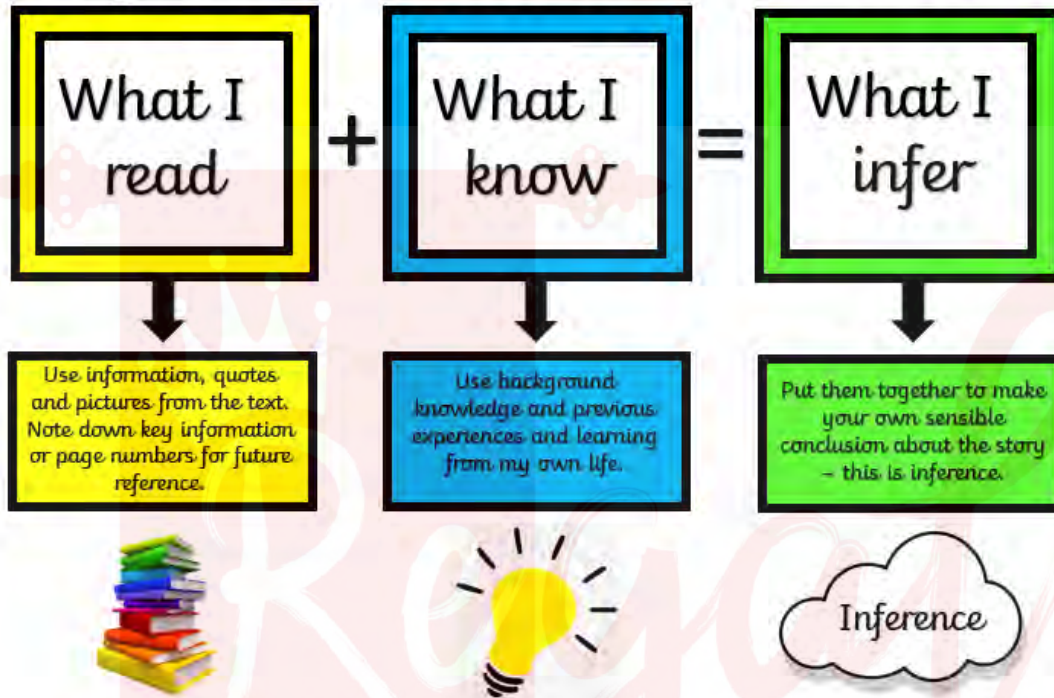
Swap the books. Ask others to think if what you have written is a FACT, an OPINION or FAKE NEWS.





Logical inference.

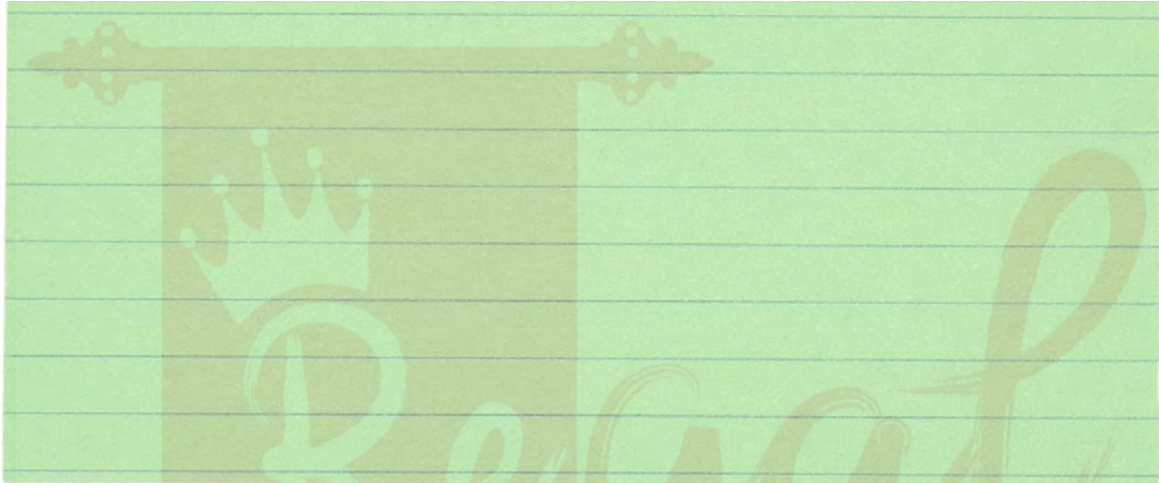
Inference? How do I do that?



EDUCATION

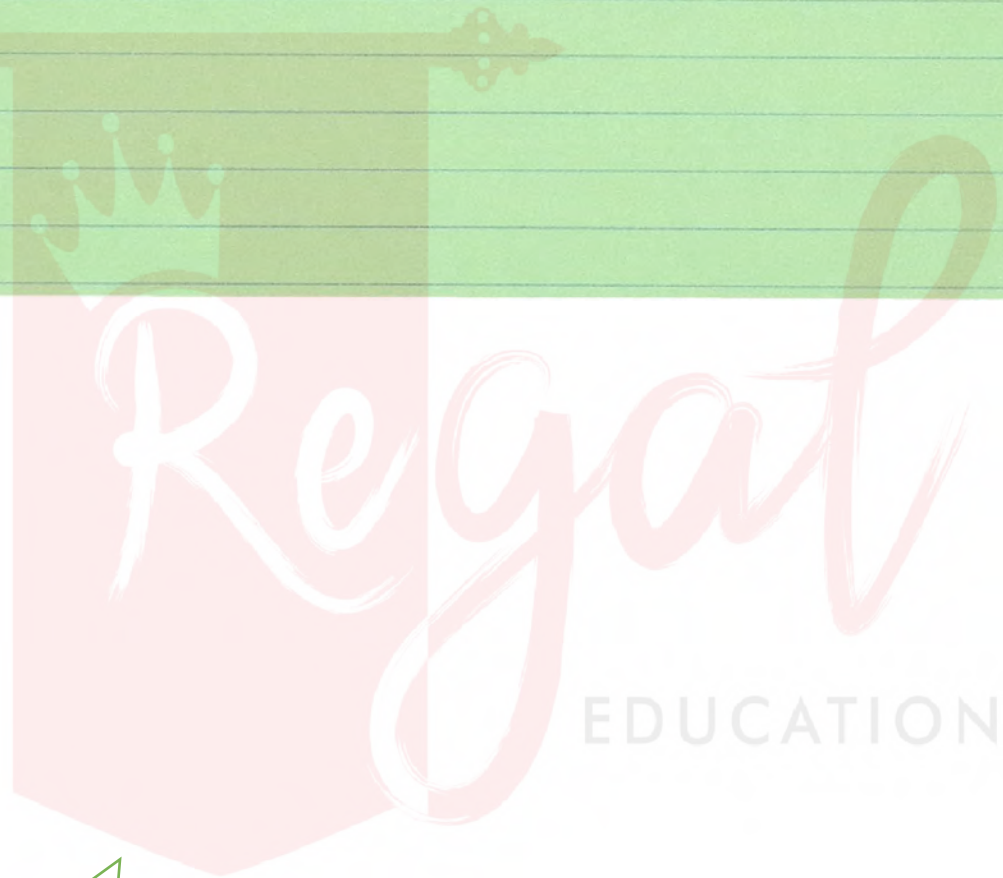
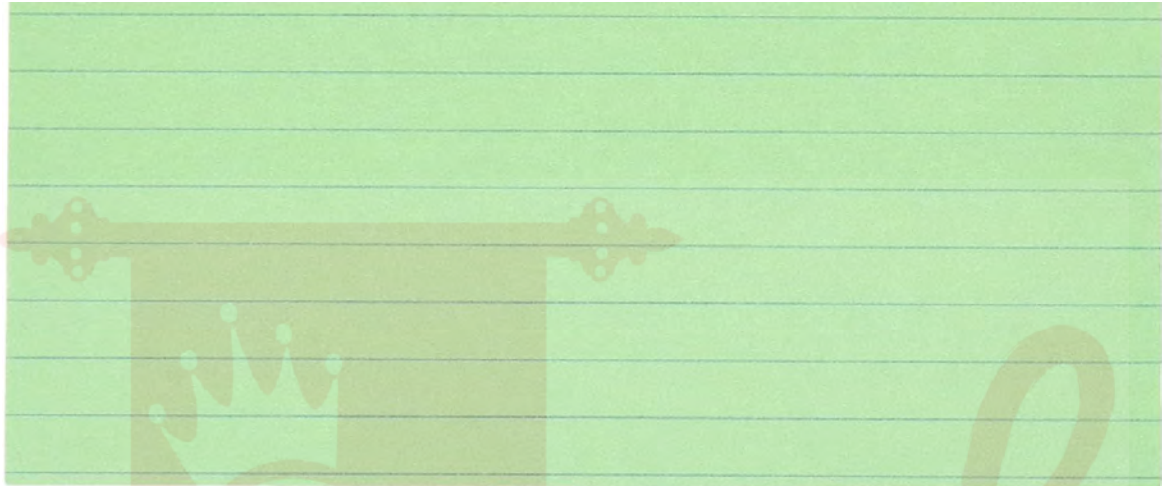
Get together with your friends. Answer the following questions.
Compare your answers.

When you are reading, do you compare the information in the text
with the information you have learned before? How?



When you are reading, do you try to think what will happen next
(anticipate)? Why? How often are your predictions correct?

Why is it important to compare everything you read with both your previous knowledge and personal experience? Explain your opinion.



How easy or difficult was this task for you?



Very Hard



Hard



Medium



Easy



Very Easy

Logical inference is used in many other school subjects and daily activities. Work alone or with friends. Think about your daily routines where you need to access the situation, use your previous knowledge, and make a conclusion or prediction.

Read each passage and then respond to the questions. Each question will ask you to make a logical inference based on textual details. Explain your answer by referencing the text. Compare your answers with your friends`. They may differ. Be ready to prove your point of view.

Kyle ran into his house, slamming the door behind him. He threw his book bag on the floor and plopped onto the couch. After six hours of playing *Grand Larceny VII*, he ate some pizza and fell asleep with a slice on his stomach and his feet on his book bag.

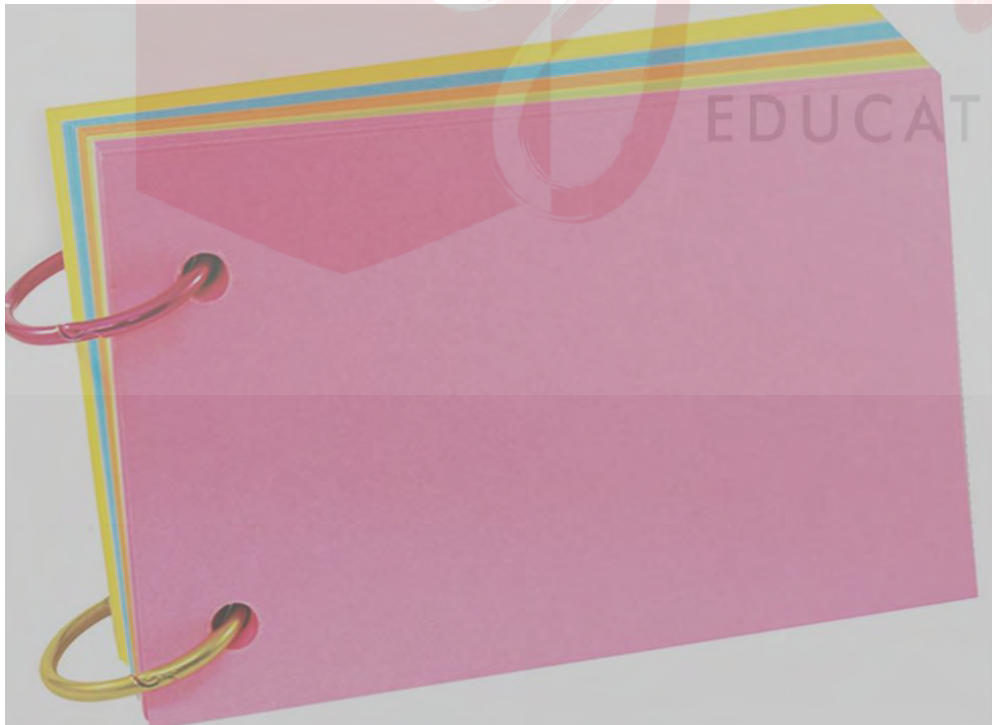


When Kyle came home from school the next day, he was noticeably distraught. He balled up his report card and placed it inside a soup can in the garbage. He then flipped the soup can upside down in the garbage can and arranged loose pieces of trash over it. As he plopped down on the couch, he let out a sigh and picked up his controller.

1. Why is Kyle distraught? Explain your answer.



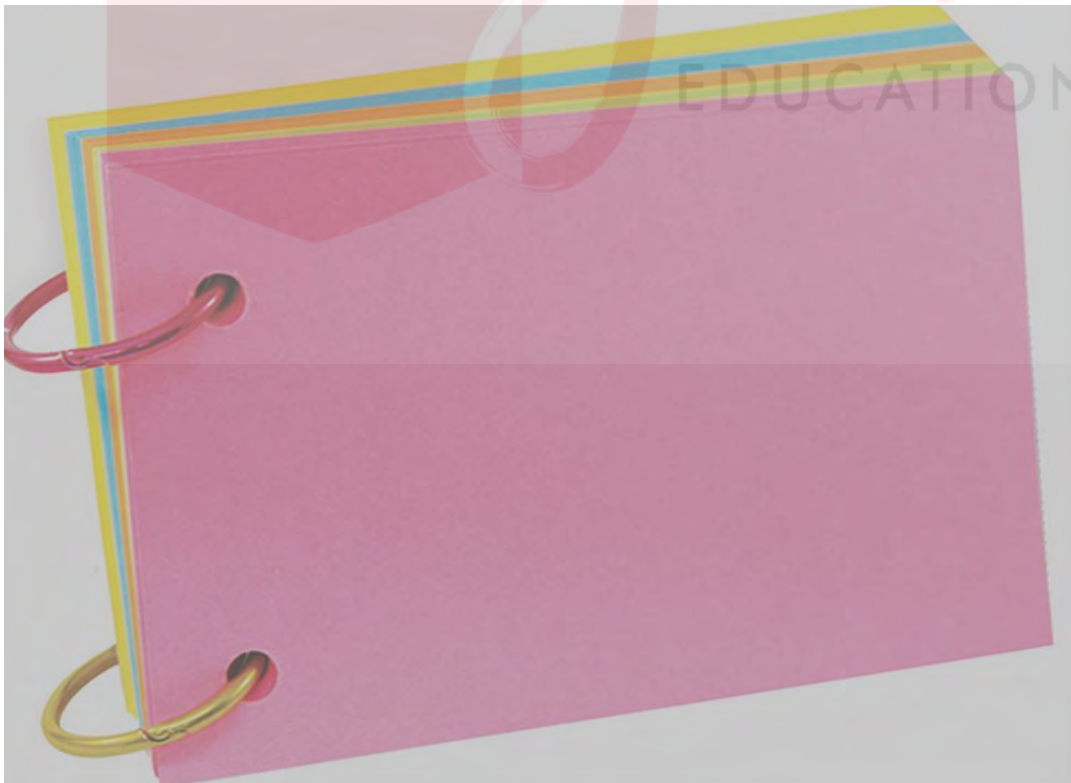
2. Why does Kyle put the report card in a soup can? Explain your answer.



3. Was Kyle's report card good or bad and why was it like that? Explain your answer.



4. Is Kyle well disciplined? Explain your answer.

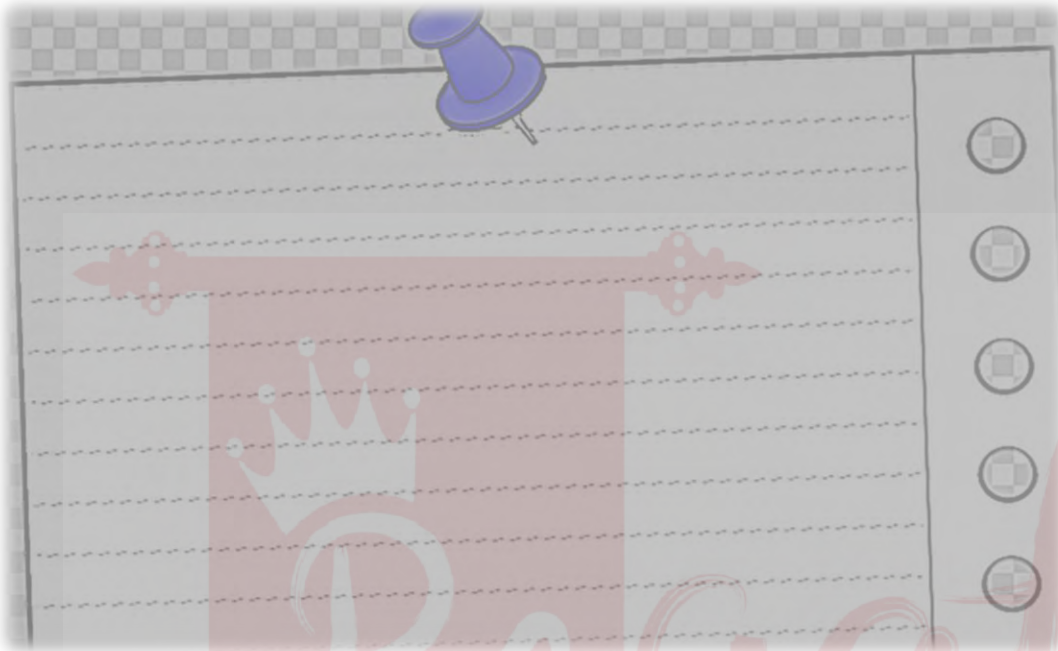


Jenna was shocked when she opened the door to her apartment. There were long rips in the couch, as though someone had run knives down the front of it. A lamp was shattered on the floor. Some picture frames were hanging crookedly, some of them had fallen off the wall and the door to her cat's travel cage was open. Not only that, but the door to the birdcage was swinging back and forth and there were feathers on the floor. She could have sworn that she had locked her cat in the travel cage before she left for work. At first Jenna thought it might have been burglars. *Oh no, she thought. Someone broke into my apartment, trashed the place, and stole my cat!* Then she heard the cat meowing in her bedroom. She ran to the bedroom and saw the cat patting one of Jenna's favorite shoes with its claws. "That's it!" Jenna yelled. "I'm done with this." She threw the cat back into its travel cage and tried to shut the door, but the lock wouldn't catch. Jenna huffed and then grabbed some duct tape.

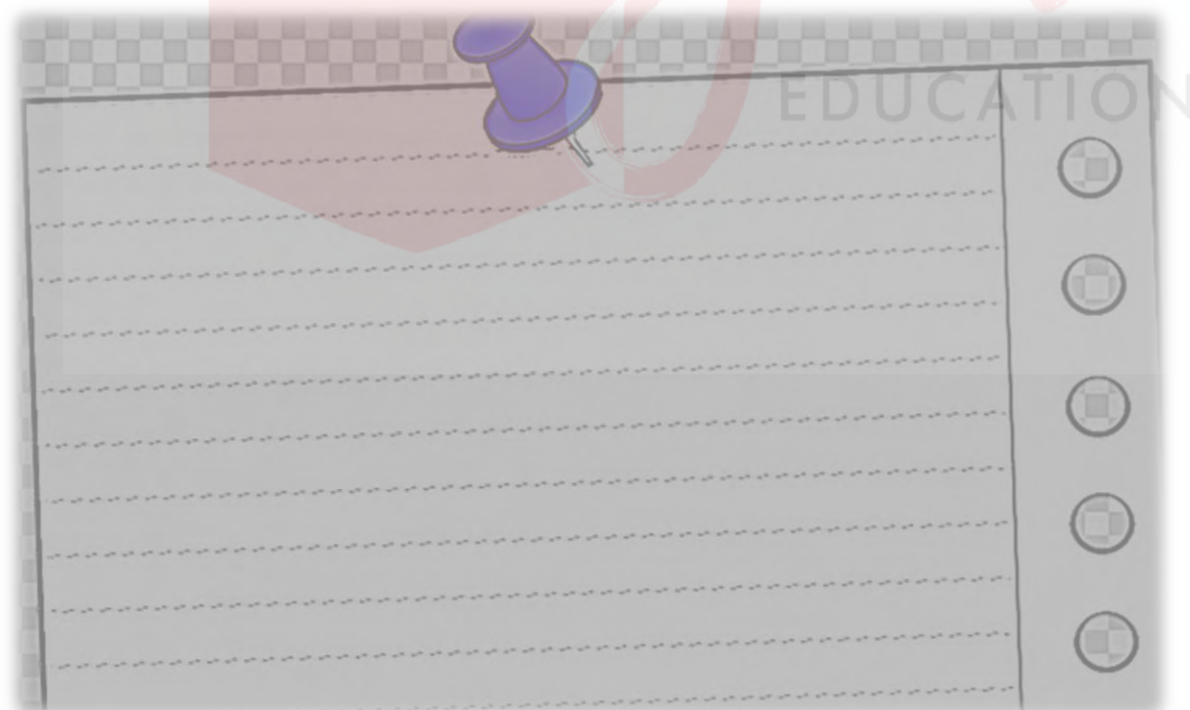
1. What happened to Jenna's apartment? Explain your answer.



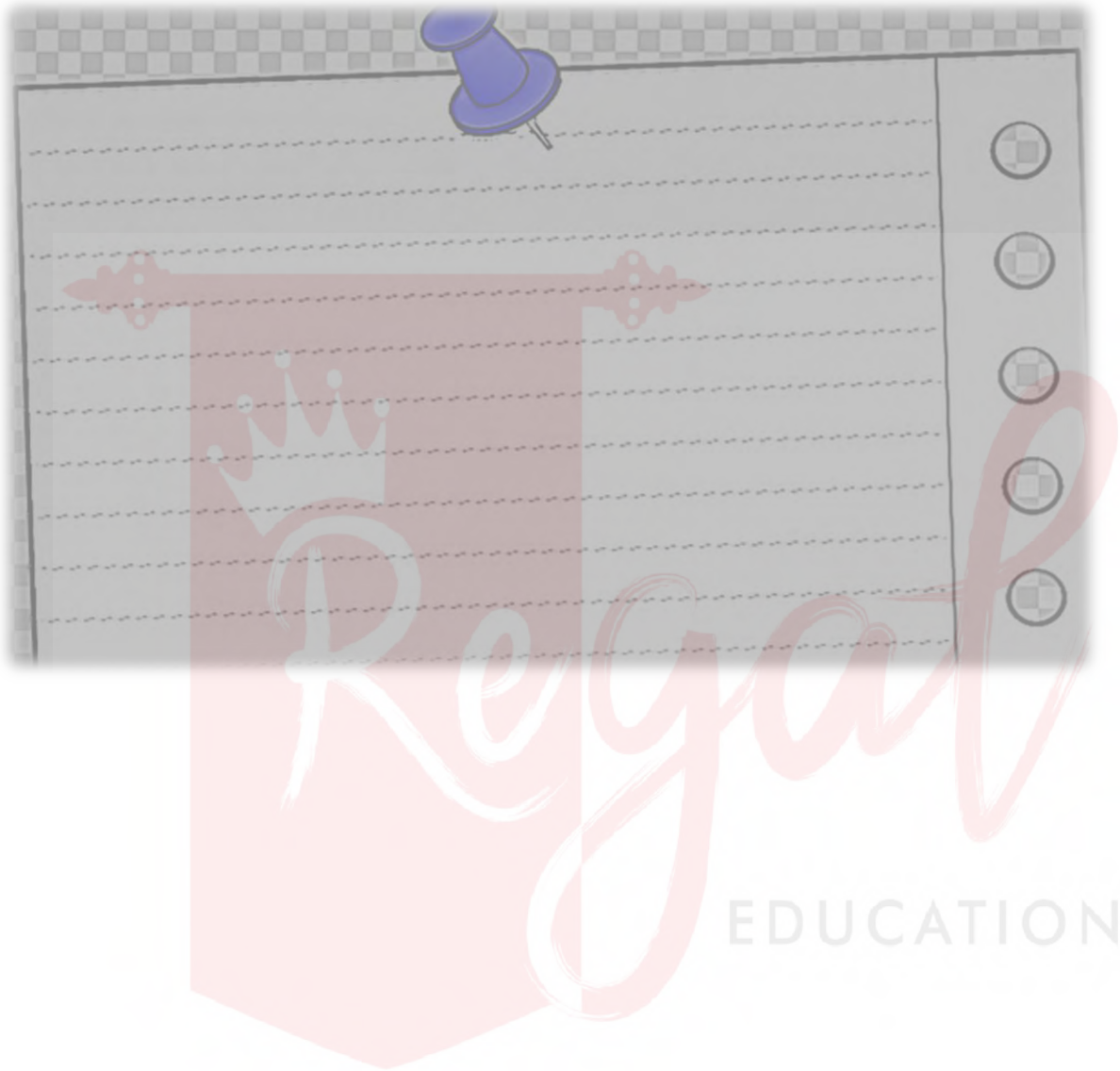
2. Why is there an empty birdcage in Jenna's apartment?
Explain your answer.



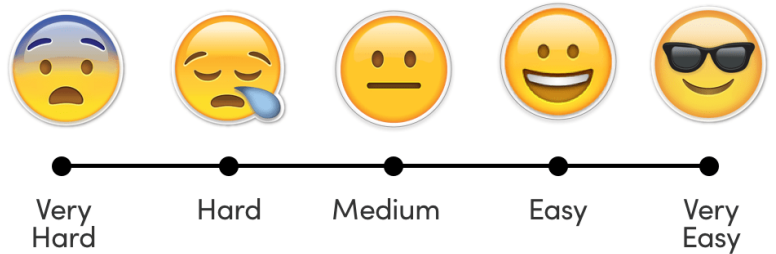
3. Why was the travel cage open? Explain your answer.



4. What will happen next? Explain your answer.



How easy or
difficult was this
task for you?



Mr. Johnson looked up at the sky. It was clear as far as the eye could see, except for the cruel sun. The insatiable sun drained the land of all moisture. He cursed the sun. Mr. Johnson ran his fingers through one of the rows of dirt and grabbed a handful. It was bone dry, almost powdery. He let the dirt sift through his fingers and it turned to dust in the wind. Mr. Johnson put his hands on his hips and surveyed the field. It was well seeded, that he knew. He had seeded it himself, yet nothing sprang from the dirt. "Well, there's only one thing left to do," he said to himself. Mr. Johnson headed to pray.



EDUCATION

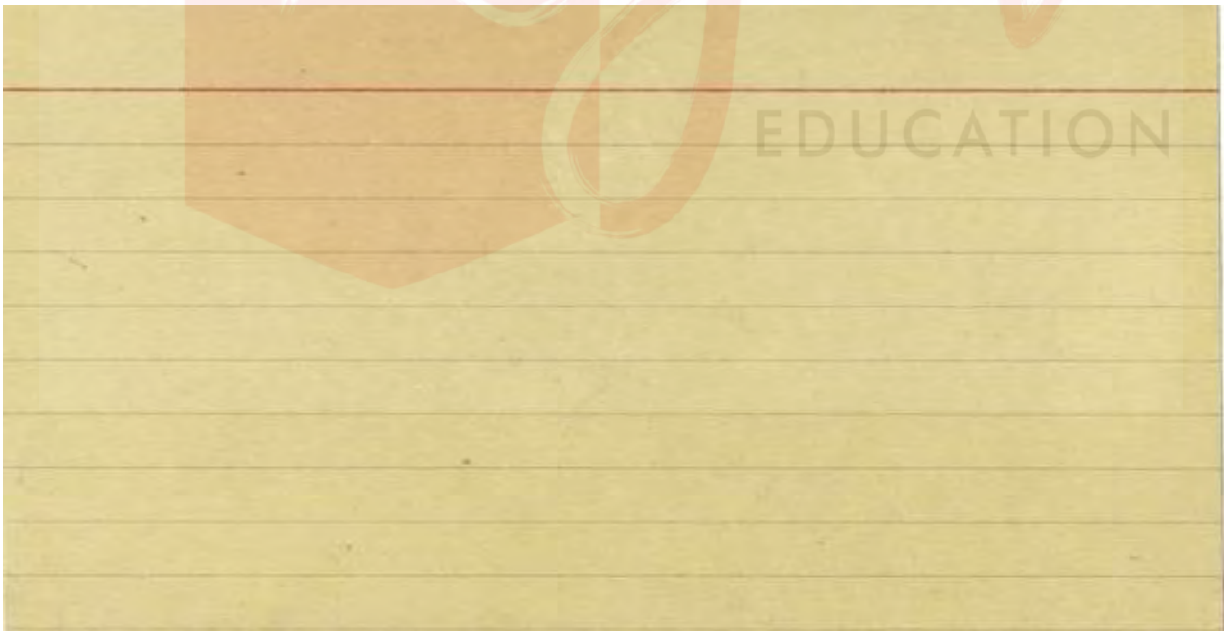
1. What does Mr. Johnson do for a living? Explain your answer.



2. Why is Mr. Johnson cursing the sun? Explain your answer.



3. Why does Mr. Johnson go to pray at the end of the passage? Explain your answer.



Jack leaned back on the inflatable raft. It was too hot to paddle, and he needed to conserve his energy. He had been lost at sea for the last three days. He was out of food and water, and he only had one emergency flare left. Yesterday he saw a plane pass overhead. He lit two flares, hoping to attract the attention of the pilot. The plane did not turn around. Jack used the map he had salvaged from the wreck as a makeshift visor. He knew that continued exposure to the sun would kill him sooner than anything else. Then he saw a small blob on the horizon. He could do nothing but wait. Twenty minutes later, the blob had grown to the shape of a yacht. It appeared to be a cruise ship of some sort. It was about five hundred yards away.

While Jack could see the yacht, it was unlikely that anyone on the cruise ship could see Jack's tiny raft from that distance. Jack knew he had to try anyway. He tied his sweater to his oar and began waving it in the air. He was exhausted, but he mustered the strength. As the yacht appeared to be sailing away, Jack made one last-ditch effort and fired the emergency flare.

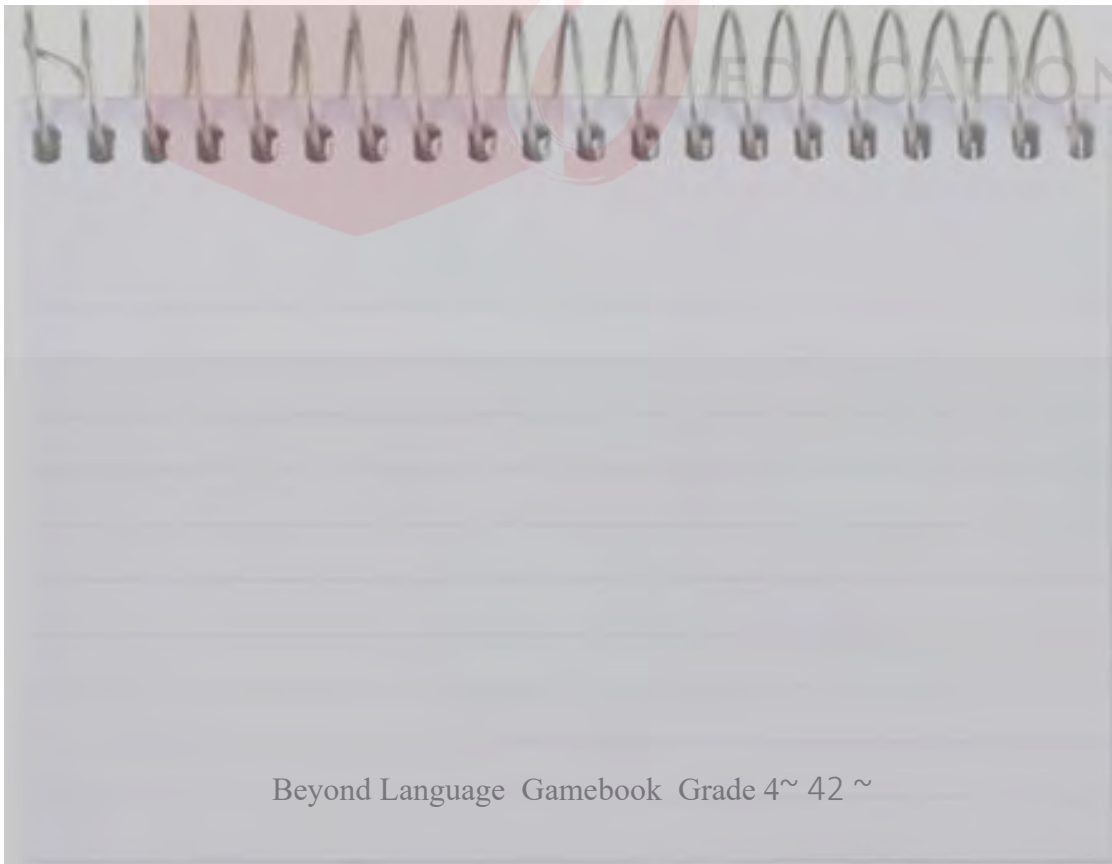


The small flare shot up about twenty feet in the air and popped. Jack lowered his head in dismay. Then he heard a loud toot. The ship appeared to be turning. He heard the ship toot its horn again as it continued turning toward Jack. He jumped up and down in the life raft and continued waving the makeshift flag he had constructed.

1. Why was Jack lost at the sea? What happened? Explain your answer.



2. What event is most likely to occur next? Explain your answer.



Work alone or with friends. Write a short story. Swap the books. Ask others to anticipate what would happen next.



Sci- Fi.

What does the Future Hold?

Get together with friend. Discuss the following questions.

- a. What do you think the future will be like?*
- b. Do you think people will be more responsible? How would people treat the planet?*
- c. What will change in 20-40-100 years?*



2 B R O 2 B

By Kurt Vonnegut

Read the short story and answer the questions that follow. Refer to the text to check your answers. Compare your answers with your friends. If you have different answers, have a discussion, and try to prove your point.

Here are some words from the text. You can fill in this list with the words that are new for you.

- a. **lying-in:** the stage of childbirth where the mother gets bed rest
- b. **stripling:** an adolescent, passing from boyhood to manhood
- c. **sardonic:** scornfully mocking or cynical
- d. **loam:** a type of soil with organic matter, which makes it fertile
- e. **orderly:** a person who works in a hospital, usually doing jobs that do not need any special training
- f. **obstetrician:** physician who specializes in childbirth
- g. **sobriquet:** nickname
- h. **omnipotent:** having unlimited power, force or authority
- i. **demure:** modest, reserved, or serious
- j. **frowzy:** having a dingy, neglected, and scruffy appearance
- k. _____
- l. _____
- m. _____
- n. _____
- o. _____
- p. _____
- q. _____
- r. _____

Everything was perfectly well.

There were no prisons, no slums, no insane asylums, no cripples, no poverty, no wars.

All diseases were conquered. So was old age.

Death, barring accidents, was an adventure for volunteers.

The population of the United States was stabilized at forty million souls.

One bright morning in the Chicago Lying-in Hospital, a man named Edward K. Wehling, Jr., waited for his wife to give birth. He was the only man waiting. Not many people were born a day anymore.

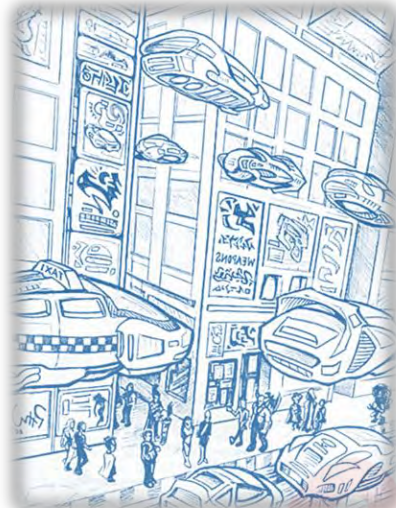
Wehling was fifty-six, a mere stripling in a population whose average age was one hundred and twenty-nine.

X-rays had revealed that his wife was going to have triplets. The children would be his first.

Young Wehling was hunched in his chair, his head in his hand. He was so rumped, so still, and colorless as to be virtually invisible. His camouflage was perfect, since the waiting room had a disorderly and demoralized air, too. Chairs and ashtrays had been moved away from the walls. The floor was paved with spattered drop cloths.

The room was being redecorated. It was being redecorated as a memorial to a man who had volunteered to die.

A sardonic old man, about two hundred years old, sat on a stepladder, painting a mural he did not like. Back in the days when people aged visibly, his age would have been guessed at thirty-five or so. Aging had touched him that much before the cure for aging was found.



The mural he was working on depicted a very neat garden. Men and women in white, doctors and nurses, turned the soil, planted seedlings, sprayed bugs, spread fertilizer.

Men and women in purple uniforms pulled up weeds, cut down plants that were old and sickly, raked leaves, carried refuse to trash-burners.

Never, never, never—not even in medieval Holland nor old Japan—had a garden been more formal, been better tended. Every plant had all the loam, light, water, air and nourishment it could use.

A hospital orderly came down the corridor, singing under his breath a popular song:

If you don't like me, honey,
Here's what I will do:
I'll go see a girl in purple,
Say this sad world toodle-oo.
If you don't want my lovin',
Why should I take up all this space?

I'll get off this old planet,
Let some sweet baby have my place.

The orderly looked in at the mural and the muralist. "Looks so real," he said, "I can practically imagine I'm standing in the middle of it."

"What makes you think you're not in it?" said the painter. He gave a satiric smile. "It's called 'The Happy Garden of Life,' you know."

"That's good of Dr. Hitz," said the orderly.

He was referring to one of the male figures in white, whose head was a portrait of Dr. Benjamin Hitz, the hospital's Chief Obstetrician. Hitz was a blindingly handsome man.

"Lot of faces still to fill in," said the orderly. He meant that the faces of many of the figures in the mural were still blank. All blanks were to be filled with portraits of important people on either the hospital staff or from the Chicago Office of the Federal Bureau of Termination.

"Must be nice to be able to make pictures that look like something," said the orderly.

The painter's face curdled with scorn. "You think I'm proud of this daub?" he said. "You think this is my idea of what life really looks like?"

"What's your idea of what life looks like?" said the orderly.

The painter gestured at a foul drop cloth. "There's a good picture of it," he said. "Frame that, and you'll have a picture more honest than this one."

"You're a gloomy old duck, aren't you?" said the orderly.

"Is that a crime?" said the painter.

The orderly shrugged. "If you don't like it here, Grandpa—" he said, and he finished the thought with the trick telephone number that people who didn't want to live any more were supposed to call. The zero in the telephone number he pronounced "naught."

The number was: **"2 B R 0 2 B."**

It was the telephone number of an institution whose fanciful sobriquets included: "Automat," "Birdland," "Cannery," "Catbox," "De-louser," "Easy-go," "Good-by, Mother," "Happy Hooligan," "Lucky Pierre," "Sheepdip," "Waring Blendor," "Weep-no-more" and "Why Worry?"



"To be or not to be" was the telephone number of the municipal gas chambers of the Federal Bureau of Termination.

The painter thumbed his nose at the orderly. "When I decide it's time to go," he said, "it won't be at the Sheep-dip."

"A do-it-yourselfer, eh?" said the orderly. "Messy business, Grandpa. Why don't you have a little consideration for the people who have to clean up after you?"

The orderly laughed and moved on.

Wehling, the waiting father, mumbled something without raising his head. And then he fell silent again.

A course, formidable woman strode into the waiting room on spike heels. Her shoes, stockings, trench coat, bag and overseas cap were all purple, the purple the painter called "the color of grapes on Judgment Day."



The medallion on her purple bag was the seal of the Service Division of the Federal Bureau of Termination, an eagle perched on a turnstile.

The woman had a lot of facial hair—an unmistakable mustache, in fact. A curious thing about gas-chamber hostesses was that, no matter how lovely and feminine they were when recruited, they all sprouted mustaches within five years or so.

"Is this where I'm supposed to come?" she said to the painter.

"A lot would depend on what your business was," he said. "You aren't about to have a baby, are you?"

"They told me I was supposed to pose for some picture," she said. "My name's Leora Duncan." She waited.

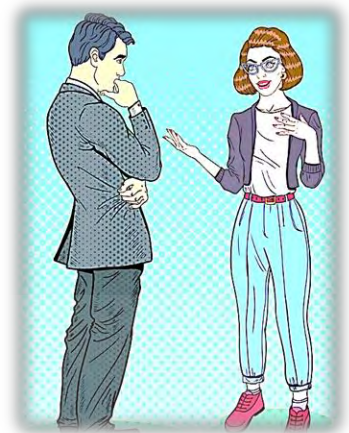
"And you dunk people," he said.

"What?" she said.

"Skip it," he said.

"That sure is a beautiful picture," she said.

"Looks just like heaven or something."



"Or something," said the painter. He took a list of names from his smock pocket. "Duncan, Duncan, Duncan," he said, scanning the list. "Yes—here you are. You're entitled to be immortalized. See any faceless body here you'd like me to stick your head on? We've got a few choice ones left."

She studied the mural bleakly. "Gee," she said, "they're all the same to me. I don't know anything about art."

"A body's a body, eh?" he said, "All righty. As a master of fine art, I recommend this body here." He indicated a faceless figure of a woman who was carrying dried stalks to a trash-burner.

"Well," said Leora Duncan, "that's more the disposal people, isn't it? I mean, I'm in service. I don't do any disposing."

The painter clapped his hands in mock delight. "You say you don't know anything about art, and then you prove in the next breath that you know more about it than I do! Of course, the sheave-carrier is wrong for a hostess! A snipper, a pruner—that's more your line." He pointed to a figure in purple who was sawing a dead branch from an apple tree. "How about her?" he said. "You like her at all?"

"Gosh—" she said, and she blushed and became humble— "that—that puts me right next to Dr. Hitz."

"That upsets you?" he said.

"Good gravy, no!" she said. "It's—it's just such an honor."

"Ah, you admire him, eh?" he said.

"Who doesn't admire him?" she said, worshiping the portrait of Hitz. It was the portrait of a tanned, white-haired, omnipotent Zeus, two hundred and forty years old. "Who doesn't admire him?" she said again. "He was responsible for setting up the very first gas chamber in Chicago."

"Nothing would please me more," said the painter, "than to put you next to him for all time. Sawing off a limb— that strikes you as appropriate?"

"That is kind of like what I do," she said. She was demure about what she did. What she did was make people comfortable while she killed them.

And, while Leora Duncan was posing for her portrait, into the waiting room bounded Dr. Hitz himself. He was seven feet tall, and he boomed with importance, accomplishments, and the joy of living.



"Well, Miss Duncan! Miss Duncan!" he said, and he made a joke. "What are you doing here?" he said. "This isn't where the people leave. This is where they come in!"

"We're going to be in the same picture together," she said shyly.

"Good!" said Dr. Hitz heartily. "And, say, isn't that some picture?"

"I sure am honored to be in it with you," she said.

"Let me tell you," he said, "I'm honored to be in it with you. Without women like you, this wonderful world we've got wouldn't be possible."

He saluted her and moved toward the door that led to the delivery rooms. "Guess what was just born," he said.

"I can't," she said.

"Triplets!" he said.

"Triplets!" she said. She was exclaiming over the legal implications of triplets.



The law said that no newborn child could survive unless the parents of the child could find someone who would volunteer to die. Triplets, if they were all to live, called for three volunteers.

"Do the parents have three volunteers?" said Leora Duncan.

"Last I heard," said Dr. Hitz, "they had one, and were trying to scrape another two up."

"I don't think they made it," she said. "Nobody made three appointments with us. Nothing but singles going through today unless somebody called in after I left. What's the name?"

"Wehling," said the waiting father, sitting up, red-eyed and frowzy. "Edward K. Wehling, Jr., is the name of the happy father-to-be."

He raised his right hand, looked at a spot on the wall, gave a hoarsely wretched chuckle. "Present," he said.

"Oh, Mr. Wehling," said Dr. Hitz, "I didn't see you."

"The invisible man," said Wehling.

"They just phoned me that your triplets have been born," said Dr. Hitz. "They're all fine, and so is the mother. I' m on my way in to see them now."

"Hooray," said Wehling emptily.

"You don't sound very happy," said Dr. Hitz.

"What man in my shoes wouldn't be happy?" said Wehling. He gestured with his hands to symbolize care-free simplicity. "All I have to do is pick out which one of the triplets is going



to live, then deliver my maternal grandfather to the Happy Hooligan, and come back here with a receipt."

Dr. Hitz became rather severe with Wehling, towered over him. "You don't believe in population control, Mr. Wehling?" he said.

"I think it's perfectly keen," said Wehling tautly.



"Would you like to go back to the good old days, when the population of the Earth was twenty billion—about to become forty billion, then eighty billion, then one hundred and sixty billion? Do you know what a drupelet is, Mr. Wehling?" said Hitz.

"Nope," said Wehling sulkily.

"A drupelet, Mr. Wehling, is one of the little knobs, one of the little pulpy grains of a blackberry," said Dr. Hitz. "Without population control, human beings would now be packed on this surface of this old planet like drupelets on a blackberry! Think of it!"

Wehling continued to stare at the same spot on the wall.

"In the year 2000," said Dr. Hitz, "before scientists stepped in and laid down the law, there wasn't even enough drinking water to go around, and nothing to eat but sea-weed—and still people insisted on their right to reproduce like jackrabbits. And their right, if possible, to live forever."

"I want those kids," said Wehling quietly. "I want all three of them."

"Of course, you do," said Dr. Hitz. "That's only human."

"I don't want my grandfather to die, either," said Wehling.

"Nobody's really happy about taking a close relative to the Cat-box," said Dr. Hitz gently, sympathetically.

"I wish people wouldn't call it that," said Leora Duncan.

"What?" said Dr. Hitz.

"I wish people wouldn't call it 'the Cat-box, and things like that," she said. "It gives people the wrong impression."

"You're absolutely right," said Dr. Hitz. "Forgive me." He corrected himself, gave the municipal gas chambers their official title, a title no one ever used in conversation. "I should have said, 'Ethical Suicide Studios,'" he said.

"That sounds so much better," said Leora Duncan.

"This child of yours — whichever one you decide to keep, Mr. Wehling," said Dr. Hitz. "He or she is going to live on a happy, roomy, clean, rich planet, thanks to population control. In a garden like that mural there." He shook his head. "Two centuries ago, when I was a young man, it was a hell that nobody thought could last another twenty years. Now centuries of peace and plenty stretch before us as far as the imagination cares to travel."

He smiled luminously.

The smile faded as he saw that Wehling had just drawn a

revolver.

Wehling shot Dr. Hitz dead. "There's room for one—a great big one," he said.

And then he shot Leora Duncan. "It's only death," he said to her as she fell. "There! Room for two."

And then he shot himself, making room for all three of his children.

Nobody came running. Nobody, seemingly, heard the shots.

The painter sat on the top of his stepladder, looking down reflectively on the sorry scene.

The painter pondered the mournful puzzle of life demanding to be born and, once born, demanding to be fruitful ... to multiply and to live as long as possible—to do all that on a very small planet that would have to last forever.



All the answers that the painter could think of were grim. Even grimmer, surely, than a Cat-box, a Happy Hooligan, an Easy Go. He thought of war. He thought of plague. He thought of starvation.

He knew that he would never paint again. He let his paintbrush fall to the drop-cloths below. And then he decided he had had about enough of life in the Happy Garden of Life, too, and he came slowly down from the ladder.

He took Wehling's pistol, really intending to shoot himself.

But he didn't have the nerve.

And then he saw the telephone booth in the corner of the room. He went to it, dialed the well-remembered number: "2 B R 0 2 B."

"Federal Bureau of Termination," said the very warm voice of a hostess.

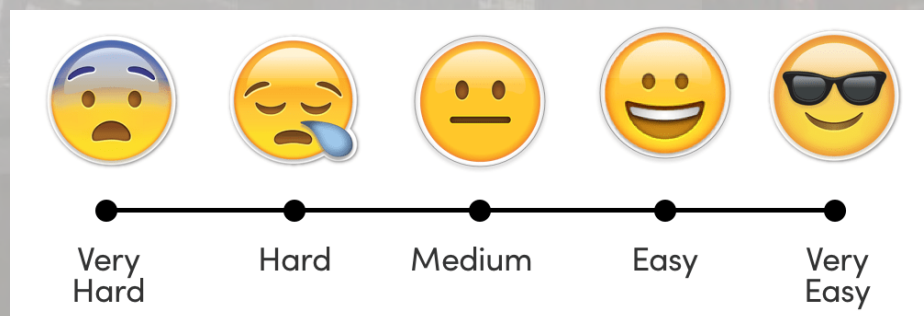
"How soon could I get an appointment?" he asked, speaking very carefully.

"We could probably fit you in late this afternoon, sir," she said. "It might even be earlier, if we get a cancellation."

"All right," said the painter, "fit me in, if you please." And he gave her his name, spelling it out.

"Thank you, sir," said the hostess. "Your city thanks you; your country thanks you; your planet thanks you. But the deepest thanks of all is from future generations."

How easy or difficult was this story for you?



Comprehension check.

- The action of the story is set in _____.
 - a. in the past
 - b. in the present
 - c. in the Future

- Who is Edward Wehling?
 - a. A young father
 - b. An old painter
 - c. A doctor
 - d. A representative of a the Federal Bureau of Termination

- Who is Hitz ?
 - e. A young father
 - f. An old painter
 - g. A doctor
 - h. A representative of a the Federal Bureau of Termination

- Who is Leora Duncan ?
 - i. A young father
 - j. An old painter
 - k. A doctor
 - l. A representative of a the Federal Bureau of Termination

- Which is **NOT** one of the ways that the world in the story has changed?
 - a. People have stopped aging.
 - b. Everybody is happy all the time.
 - c. There is no war or disease.
 - d. The American population is limited and controlled.

- What does '2 B R 0 2 B' mean in the story?
 - a. It is the title of a hit song.
 - b. It is the secret password to leave the hospital.
 - c. It is the phone number to the gas chambers.
 - d. It is the combination to a character's bicycle lock.

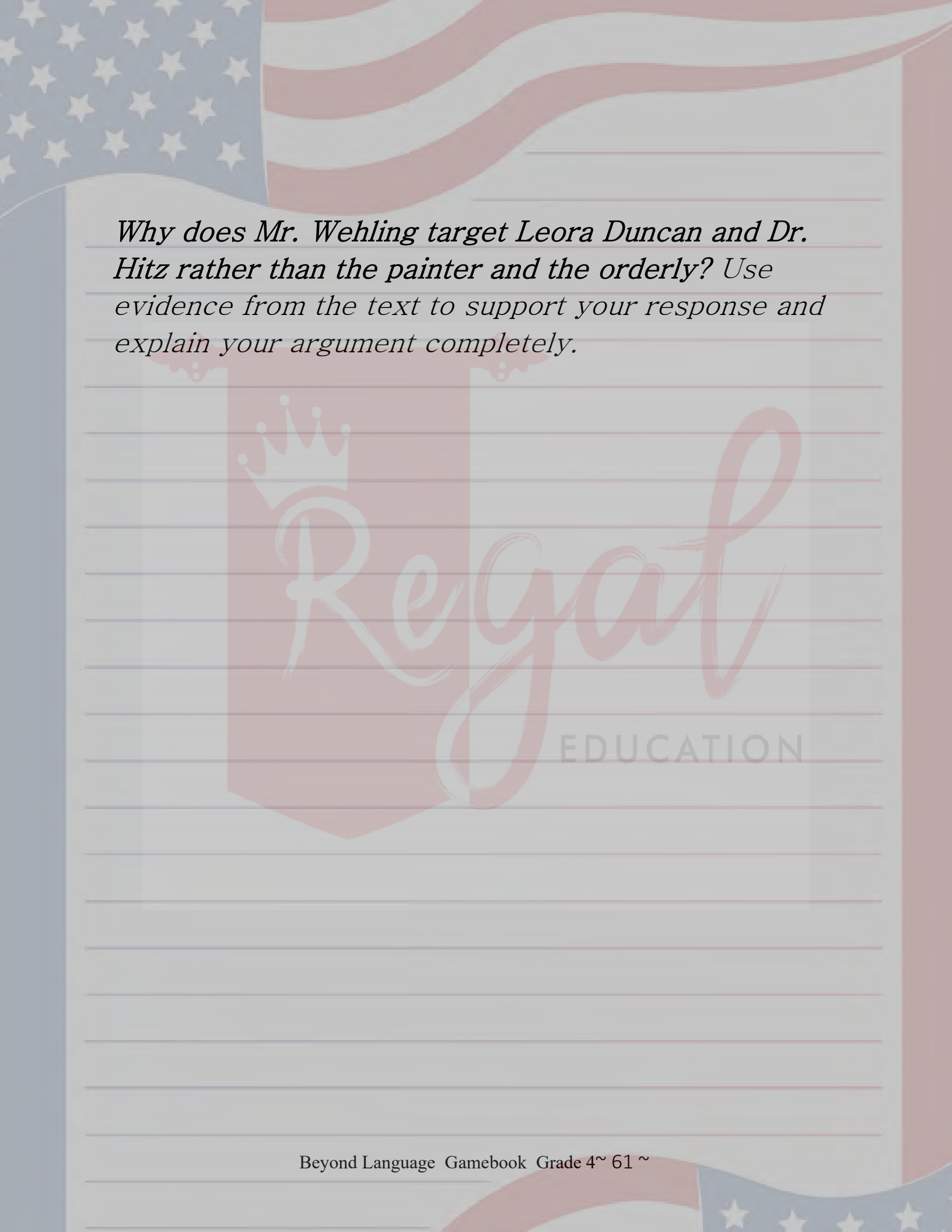
- Which characterization does **NOT** apply to the painter?
 - a. He is happy and optimistic.
 - b. He is witty and clever
 - c. He is sarcastic

- Which of the following statements about Leora Duncan is **FALSE**?
 - a. She has a crush on Dr. Hitz.
 - b. She has a mustache.
 - c. She works at the gas chambers.
 - d. She is very shy.
- Which best explains what the author means by the following sentence from the fourth paragraph?

"What man in my shoes wouldn't be happy?"

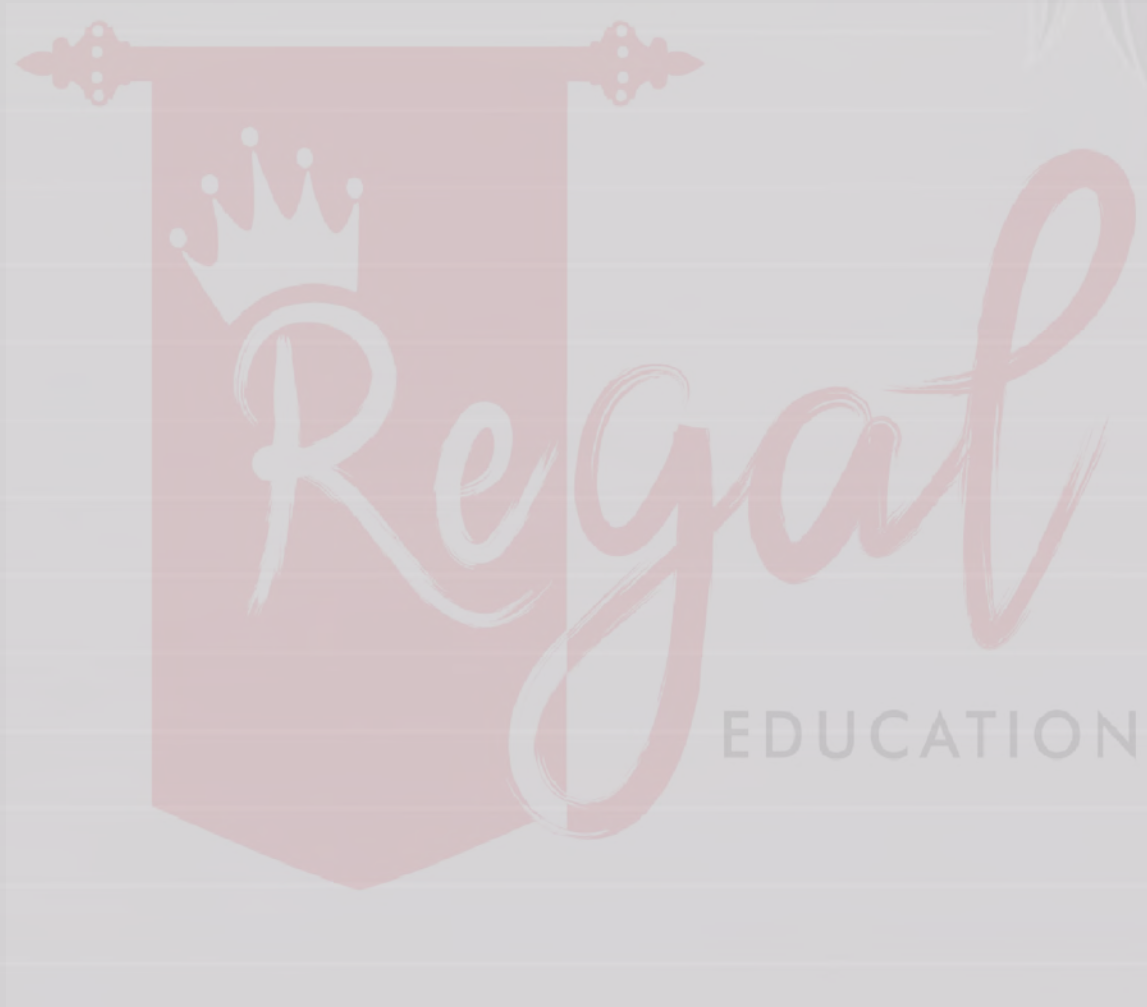
- e. Jealous
 - f. Happy
 - g. Enthusiastic
 - h. Sarcastic
- Why does Dr. Hitz believe in population control? Write in full sentences. Use sentences from the text to prove your point.

- Which event happens **LAST**?
 - a. Mr. Wehling and Dr. Hitz get into an argument.
 - b. Leora Duncan reveals her admiration for Dr. Hitz.
 - c. The painter makes a phone call.
 - d. The orderly sings a popular song under his breath.

The page features a decorative border with an American flag motif, including stars and stripes in red, white, and blue. A large, faint watermark of a crown and the word "Regal" in a cursive font, followed by "EDUCATION" in a sans-serif font, is centered on the page.

Why does Mr. Wehling target Leora Duncan and Dr. Hitz rather than the painter and the orderly? Use evidence from the text to support your response and explain your argument completely.

What is the overall tone of the story? Do you think the author finds this type of future happy or unhappy? Would you like to live in such a future? Why?



Hard times create strong men.

Look at the quote.

Discuss it with your friends, parents or teachers.

What do you think it means?

**Hard times create
strong men, strong men
create good times, good
times create weak men,
and weak men create
hard times.**

The Red Cross

Have you ever heard about the Red Cross Organization?

Do you have it in your country?

Work alone or with a friend. Scan the QR code and watch the video.

Answer the questions.

Compare your answers with your friends`.



1. What is the Red Cross? _____
2. What do they do? _____
3. When did they appear? _____
4. Who created it? _____
5. How did the Red Cross get its flag and name?

6. How many committees are there in the Red Cross? What do they do?

Clara Barton: Civil War Hero

Here are some words that are used in the text. Add to the table the words that are new for you. Write down their meanings. Compare your wordlist with your friends`.



scarce	if something is scarce, there is not enough of it and it is only available in small quantities
battlefield	a place where a battle is being fought or has been fought
set out	to begin a job, task, etc. with a particular aim or goal
equal	the same

War is frightening, because supplies are scarce, and people are fighting. It is not fun for people who stay home and have to take care of their homes and towns, but it is especially hard on the soldiers. One woman set out to help as many soldiers as she could during the Civil War, even on the front lines of the battlefield! Her name was Clara Barton.

Clara Barton was born in 1821 in Massachusetts. She worked hard from a young age, helping around the house and taking care of her older siblings. When she was seventeen, she decided to work as a teacher. At that time, men were paid a lot more to work the same jobs as women. Clara worked hard to make sure she got paid the same amount as men for doing the same job. She continued fighting for equal rights for women when she worked in an office in Washington, D.C. in the mid-1850s.



The Civil War began in 1861. Clara knew some soldiers who became injured in nearby battles, so she went to help them by gathering medical supplies, giving the supplies to the soldiers who needed them, and sometimes helping to nurse the soldiers back to health.

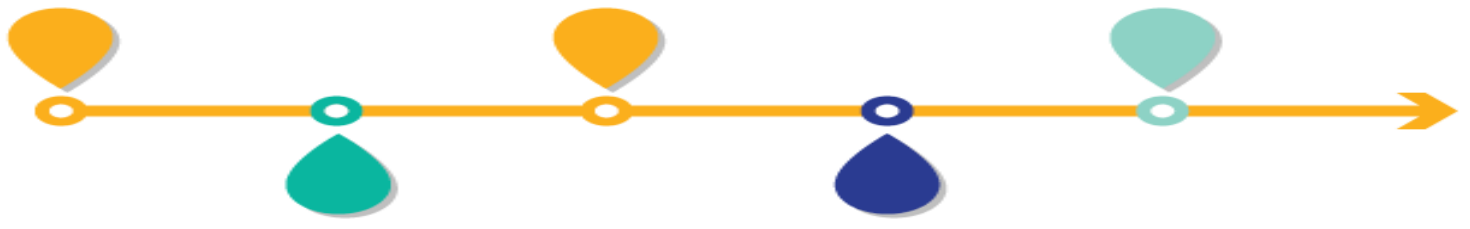
She wanted to help even more soldiers, so she sent letters asking for help, and placed advertisements in magazines to ask people to donate supplies for the soldiers. She traveled with the army to different battles around the country, gathering supplies and taking care of soldiers. She would care for soldiers not just in hospitals, but on the actual battlefields, putting herself in danger. One time she was caring for a soldier when a bullet went right through her sleeve! She was very lucky not to get hurt. The soldiers were glad to see

her, though, and she became known as the “Angel of the Battlefield.”

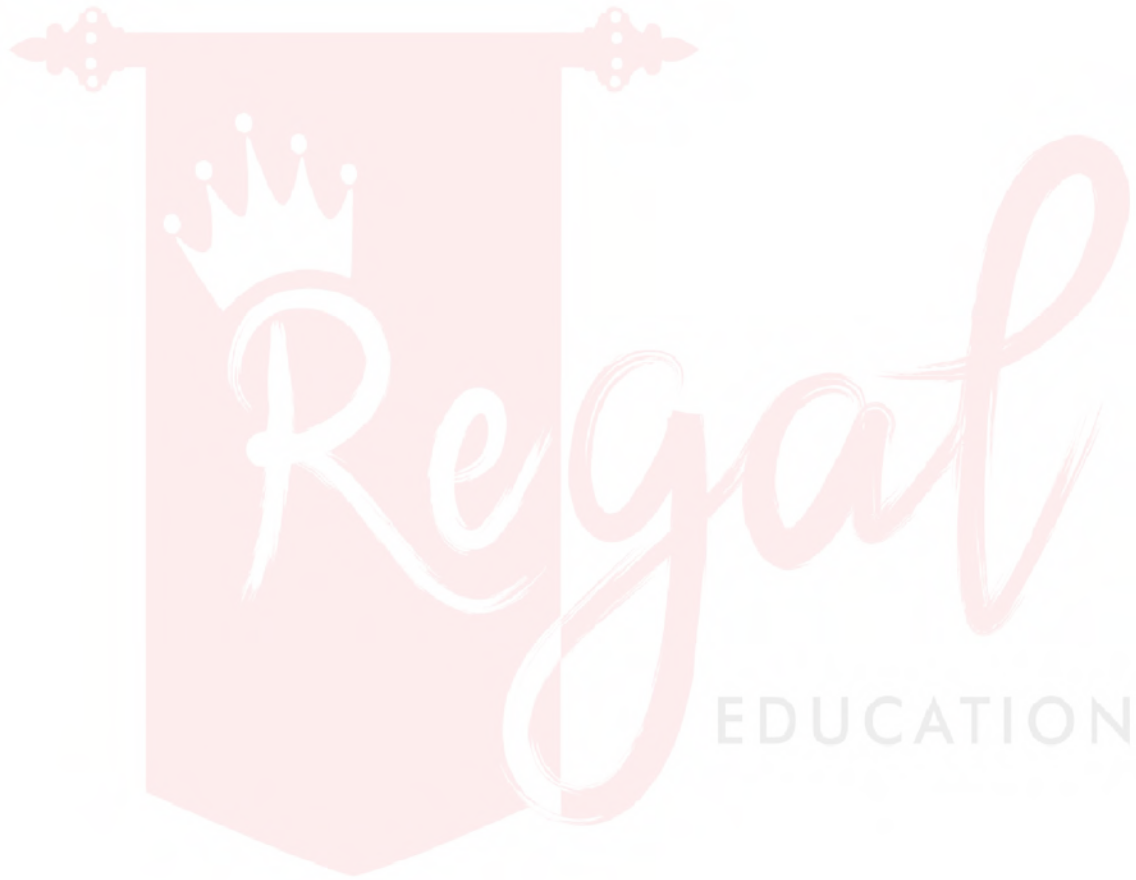
After the Civil War was over, Clara still wanted to help. She decided to help by tracking down missing soldiers so that their families would know what happened to the soldiers. She worked very hard for many years, but then became sick. Her doctor told her to take some time to rest, so she went to Europe. While in Europe, Clara learned about the Red Cross organization. She wanted to bring the Red Cross to America, so that she could continue to help as many people as possible. She returned to the United States of America, and in 1881, the American Red Cross began, with Clara as the president of the organization. The American Red Cross gathered supplies to help people who needed relief from floods, tornados, and other disasters. She was president until 1904 but continued to help people by teaching first aid strategies and ways to be prepared for emergencies, so more people could help others.

Clara Barton died in 1912, when she was 90 years old. She was a hero to many people because she was brave on the battlefield, helped people of all kinds, and began an organization that still helps people today.





1. Create a timeline of events in Clara Barton's life. Work alone or with friends. Be creative.



2. The text says that Clara Barton *“was a hero to many people because she was brave on the battlefield, helped people of all kinds, and began an organization that still helps people today.”* Do you agree or disagree? Why?

Create a list of points and proofs. Work alone or with a friend. Compare your answers` with other groups`.

A vertical stack of five chevron-shaped boxes for writing answers. The chevrons are colored in a gradient from light gray at the top to dark red at the bottom. Each chevron points to the right, where a rounded rectangular box for text is located. A large, faint 'Regal EDUCATION' watermark is visible in the background.

Why was Clara called the “Angel of the Battlefield”? If there was a chance to you to meet Clara, what would you tell her or ask her about?

Write down your ideas here.

Get together with other students. Compare your answers.



Helen Keller

Helen Keller was born June 27, 1880, in Tuscumbia, Alabama. Though not wealthy, her father owned a cotton plantation, and was the editor of a weekly newspaper called *The Alabamian*. Helen's growth was normal until she was 19 months old when she became very ill with a high fever. Helen's doctors did not know what was wrong with her but told her parents that she would probably die. Doctors now believe that Helen most likely had scarlet fever or meningitis, diseases that cause high fevers. Helen's high fever eventually went away, and it looked like she would get better, but Helen's mother noticed that she did not respond to sounds like the dinner bell, and she did not blink if somebody waved a hand in front of her face. Helen survived the illness but lost her eyesight and hearing. Helen was blind and deaf.



Helen was frustrated because she could not see or hear and had to rely on touch to discover the world. This frustration led to many behavior problems; Helen had terrible temper tantrums and horrible table manners. At dinner, she would

move around the table eating off everyone's plates. Her relatives thought she needed to be placed in an institution because her parents could not control her. Helen's mother decided to look for help, and she found a doctor who specialized in the deaf and blind. This doctor told her to contact Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, who also worked with the deaf. Dr. Bell believed Helen could be taught, and he helped her mother find Anne Sullivan, a teacher.

Anne suffered from vision problems herself but had operations to improve her eyesight. Despite the operations, Anne had trouble finding a job. When the offer came to teach Helen, Anne agreed even though she had no experience teaching the deaf and blind. Anne began by teaching Helen to finger spell and by trying to correct Helen's bad behavior. Helen's behavior improved, but she did not truly understand finger spelling until April 5, 1887, when Anne poured water into one of Helen's hands and finger spelled the word water on the palm of Helen's other hand. Helen finally understood what Anne was saying, and from that point, Helen quickly learned hundreds of words.

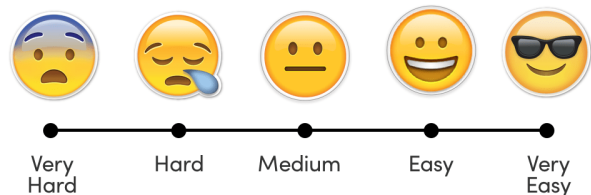


Helen eventually learned Braille, an alphabet of raised dots that blind people feel with their fingers and even went on to graduate from college with Anne by her side the entire time. Helen became a writer and lecturer, working to improve life for blind and deaf people. Anne worked with Helen translating



so audiences could hear what Helen had written or signed. Helen and Anne lived and worked together for many years making the country a better place for the blind and deaf.

How easy or
difficult were these
texts?



1. **How many characters are there in the story? Who are they?**

NAME	DESCRIPTION

2. **How did Helen Keller show her frustration at not being able to see or hear?**

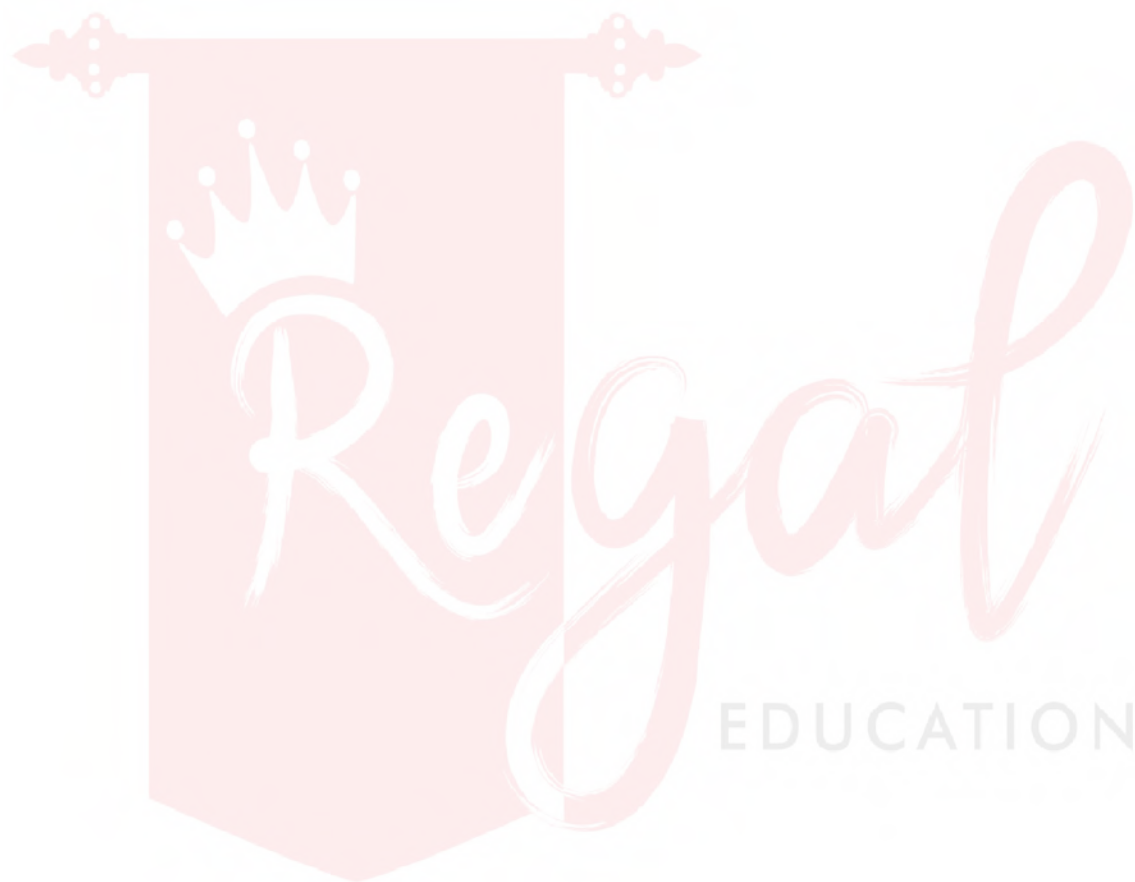
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3. ***“Helen threw temper tantrums”***. What does it mean? Provide examples.

4. **How important is Dr. Bell in the story? Prove your point.**

5. **How important is Anne in the story? Prove your point.**

**Close your eyes and try to imagine what it is like not to be able to see.
Describe it or draw it.**



Now get together with your friends or work alone. Think of all the challenges that blind people face.

Think how you can help.

Challenges	How I can help

Do you know any other Charity organizations?

Scan the QR codes and play online to learn more about them.



SCAN ME



SCAN ME



SCAN ME



SCAN ME

BONES

Play alone or with friends. Read the questions and answer TRUE or FALSE.

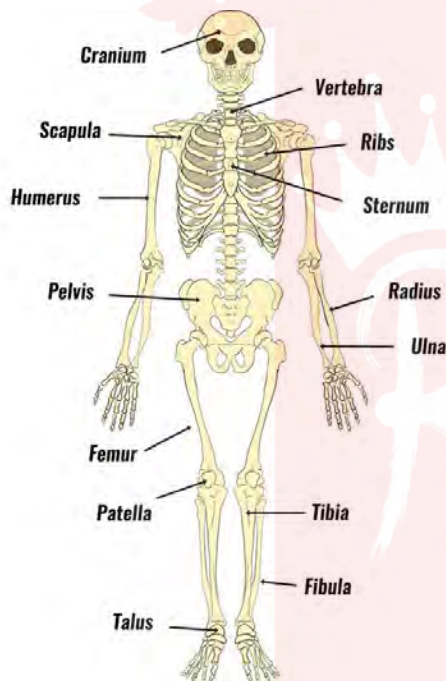
- Your body is made of more than 300 bones. TRUE / FALSE
- Babies are born with 200 bones. TRUE / FALSE
- You have ten types of bones. TRUE / FALSE
- More than half of your bones are in your hands and your feet. TRUE / FALSE
- The smallest bones are in the eyes. TRUE / FALSE
- Bone is living tissue. TRUE / FALSE
- The biggest joint in your body is your hip. TRUE / FALSE
- Usually, people have 10 ribs, but some have 14. TRUE / FALSE
- It takes 2 weeks for a bone to heal. TRUE / FALSE
- Osteoporosis is not a disease. TRUE / FALSE
- Men has more ribs than women do. TRUE / FALSE



Read the text and check your answers.

1. Your body is made of more than 200 bones.

There are 206 bones in the human body. Bones act as the “foundation” of the body and help make all of the mechanics of the body function properly. If one bone is broken, all the bones around it can't perform their duty properly.



2. Do you know that babies are born with 300 bones?

You may be wondering if an adult has 206 bones in the body, where do all of the bones go? The answer is that the bones don't disappear; instead, the tiny bones fuse together to form the larger bones in the skeletal system.

3. You have two types of bones.

Your skeletal system consists of dense, hard bone called cortical bone, which are also considered “structural” bones, and soft and spongy bones called trabecular bones. These are found inside large bones, your pelvis, ribs and skull.

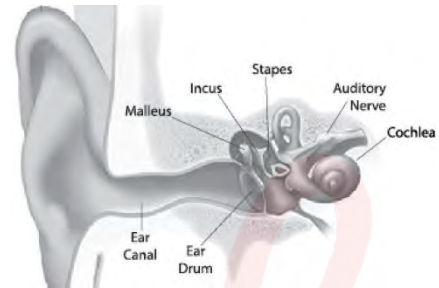
4. More than half of your bones are in your hands and your feet.

106 of them to be exact. There are 54 bones in your hands, fingers and wrists. 26 bones in the human foot.

5. The smallest bones are in the ear.

The smallest bones in the human body are the malleus (hammer), incus (anvil) and the stapes (stirrup), which is the smallest bone in the human body.

Collectively, these bones are known as the ossicles (Latin for "tiny bones") and their role is to transmit sound vibrations from the air to the fluid in the inner ear.



6. Bone is living tissue.

The collagen in bone constantly replenishes itself, and it's a lifelong cellular activity. Every year about 10 percent of bone is replaced. As the mineral content in your bones is renewed, we get a new skeleton about every 10 years.

7. The biggest joint in your body is your knee.

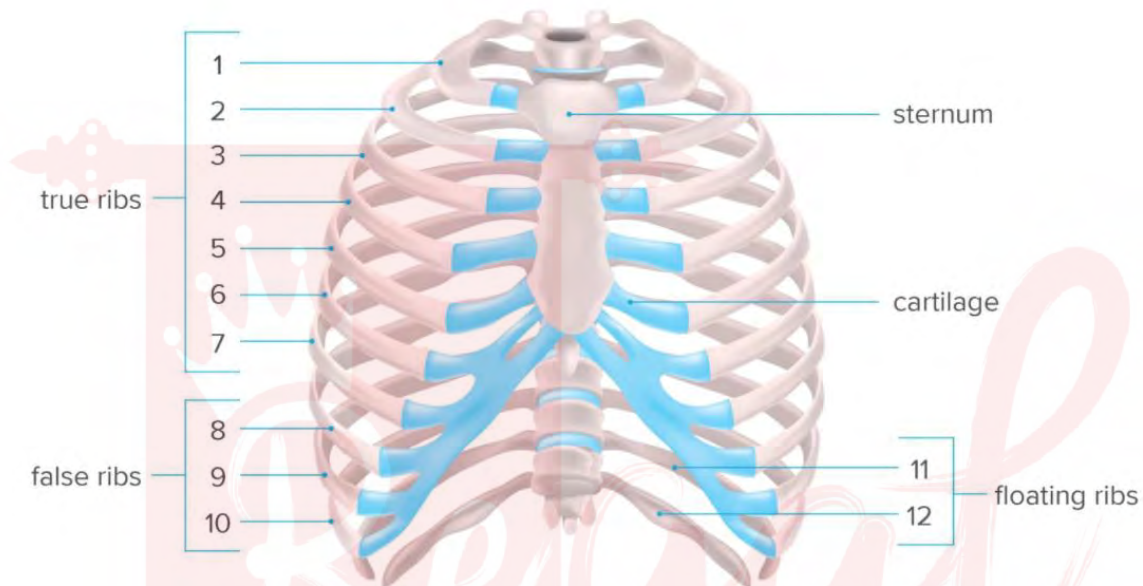
At the knee joint, three bones connect: your femur, tibia and patella. These three large bones require an equally large joint to connect them. That's why your knee is the largest joint in your body.

8. Usually, people have 12 ribs, but some have 13.

It's rare, but 1 percent of people are born with a 13th rib. This extra rib, called a cervical rib, can cause medical issues like

neck pain. Often, people born with this extra rib have it removed.

Ribs Anatomy



9. It takes 12 weeks for a bone to heal.

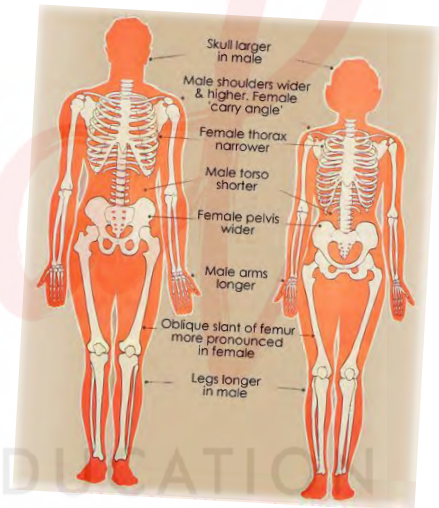
In general, children's bones heal faster than adults' bones. As soon as your bones break, your body springs into action to heal the injury. Within a couple of hours, a blood clot forms around the break. Next, a soft callus made of mostly collagen is created around the fracture, and then a hard callus begins to form two weeks after the break. Depending on the person's age and health, this process ends between the 6th and 12th weeks.

10. What's up with osteoporosis?

As you age, it's possible for old bone to break down faster than the building of new bone. This causes bones to have holes and become more fragile, which is called osteoporosis. Later stages of osteoporosis can include loss of height, fracture from a fall,

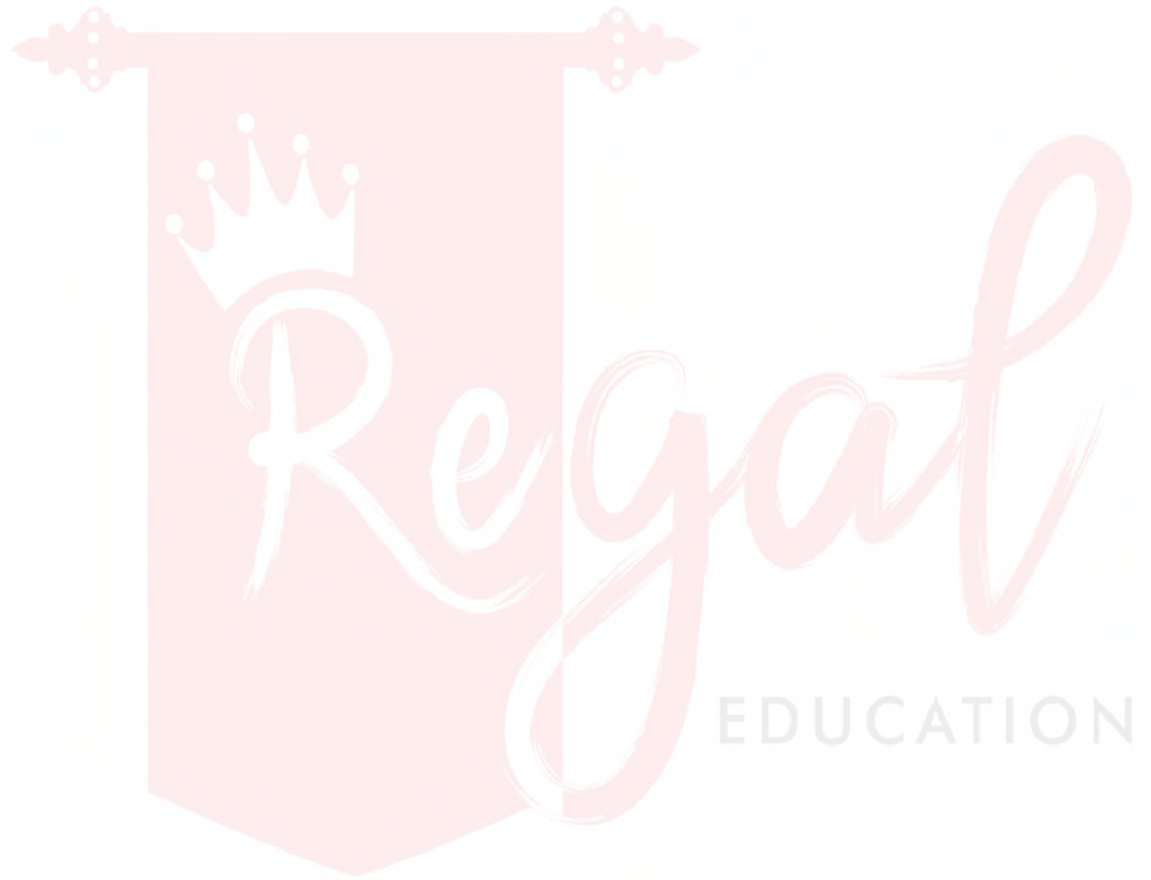
or back and neck pain. Of the estimated 10 million Americans with osteoporosis, about eight million or 80% are women. Approximately one in two women over the age of 50 will break a bone because of osteoporosis.

11. MEN and women have 12 pairs of ribs (a few individuals have 13 or 11 pairs). The story that men have less ribs than women do is a myth. Both men and women have the same number of ribs, 12 pairs. The idea that men have fewer ribs than women is widespread but wrong, perhaps deriving from the biblical story of Eve being made from one of Adam's ribs.



Bone Mind Map

Work alone or with friends. Create a mind map or a diagram of everything that you have learned from the text. Compare your answers with your friends`.



Breaking a Bone

An adult human has about 206 bones.

These bones come in all shapes and sizes.

As people grow, the bones in their bodies are very much alive.

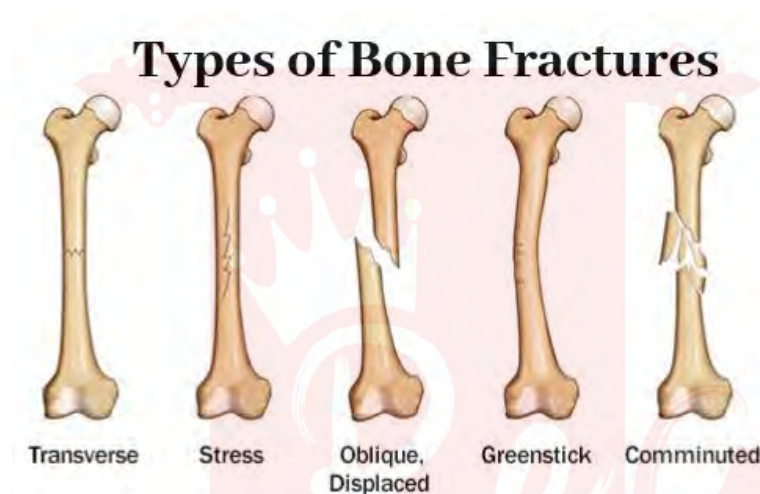
Bones are constantly growing and changing along with the person.



One way they change is that bones in a young child are very soft, but as people get older, their bones gradually harden. Bones are fully grown and have reached their maturity when someone reaches the age of 25. Bones have a number of different functions, but two of the most important are that bones provide support and protection for the body. Bones give the body its shape and also protect sensitive organs like the heart, lungs, and brain. Human

bones are very strong, but, no matter how strong bones are, sometimes they break.

A broken bone is called a fracture, which can be very

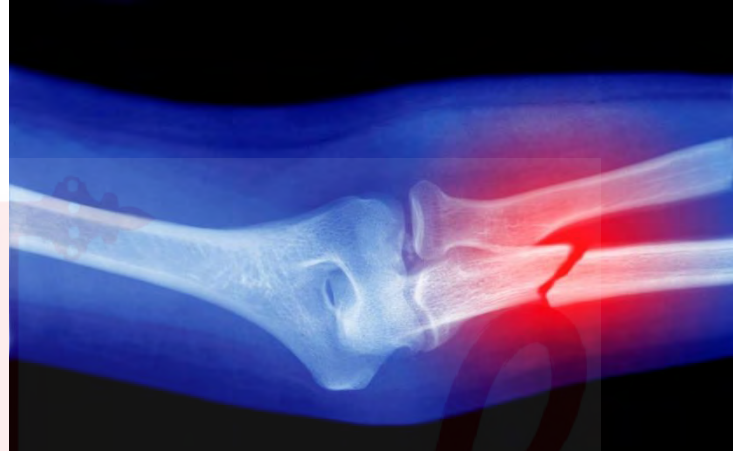


painful. When people fracture a bone, they go to the doctor, who will try to fix the fracture. For a while it hurts to move the injured part of the

body; but fortunately, a doctor can fix a broken bone and make the injured person feel better.

The first thing a doctor will do is to take an x-ray to see where the break is. An x-ray is a picture, taken by a special machine, of the inside of your body. Once the doctor has an x-ray, he can see what a person's bones look like and if one is broken. If it is a complex fracture, the

doctor might have to operate to put the pieces back together before putting on a cast. If it is a simple fracture, many times the doctor can use the cast to keep the bones in the right place so they can heal. A cast is made of wet bandages put around the part of your body with the break, and the bandages harden so the bones cannot move.



The human body is very good at fixing itself when a part of the body is injured. When there is a fracture, the body sends lots of blood to the area to bring nutrients to the injury. The bones will then use those nutrients and start to grow. The bones will eventually



mend together. Once the bones heal back together the cast be removed. A special saw is used to remove the cast. The process of removing the cast does not hurt. Although

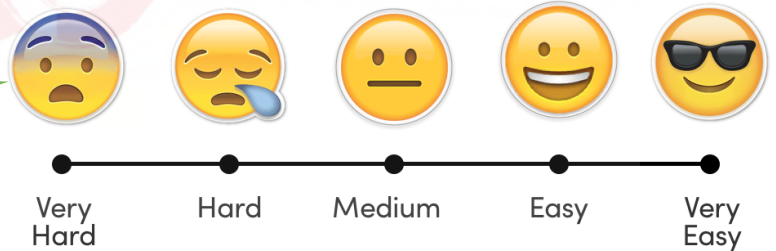
breaking a bone can be scary, it is good to know doctors can help.

Check your understanding. Answer the questions. Compare your answers with your friends`. Go back to the text if you are not sure in your answer.

- What are the two most important functions of bones in the human body?
 - o For height and balance.
 - o For nutrients and healing.
 - o For movement and strength.
 - o For support and protection.
- What does the word complex mean as it is used in the passage?
 - o Simple.
 - o Complicated.
 - o Operation.
- What is the main idea of this passage?
 - o Bones do not heal themselves when injured.
 - o Bones do not protect the internal organs.

- o Bones sometimes break but can always mend without any medical interference.
- o Bones provide support for the body.
- Why must a special saw be used when removing a cast?
 - o Because it is very painful to have a cast removed.
 - o Because a cast is made of material that requires a special saw.
 - o Because a regular saw is not strong enough to cut the cast.
- What must a doctor do first when fixing a fracture?
 - o Always operate on the broken bone.
 - o Take an x-ray of the bone to see how much damage has been done.
 - o Never put a cast on the broken bone.
 - o Send nutrients to heal the bone.

How easy or difficult were these texts?



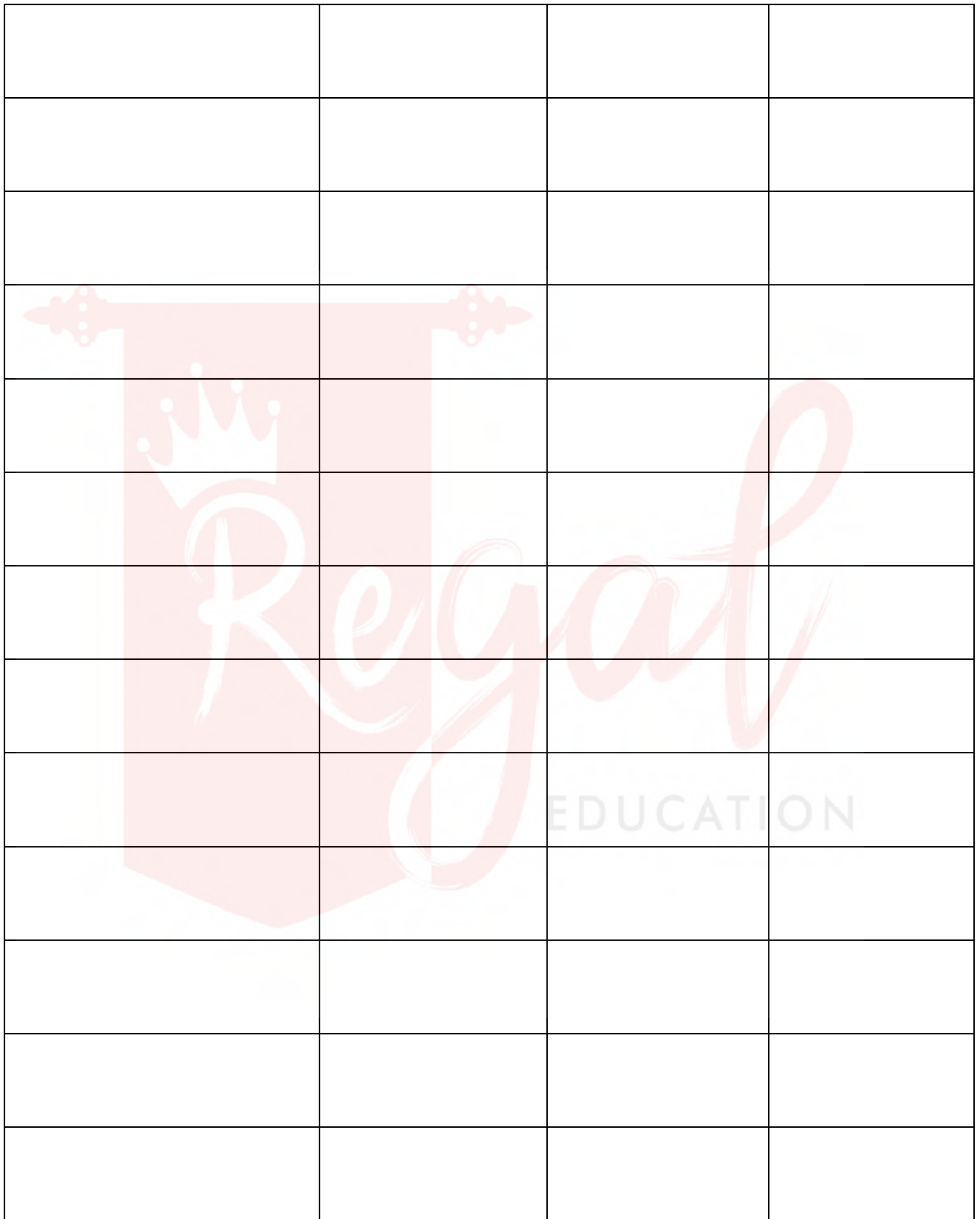
- Have you ever had a broken bone, or do you know anybody who has broken a bone?

Conduct a survey among your friends, relatives, and teachers.

Some questions are provided. Think of 10 more questions to ask.

Swap the books with your friends and compare the results of your survey.

Questions	NAME		
Did it hurt?			
Did you go to the hospital?			
Did you need an operation?			
Did you need a cast?			
How long did you stay in the cast?			
When and how was your cast removed?			
Did your bone hurt after?			



Analyze the results of your survey.

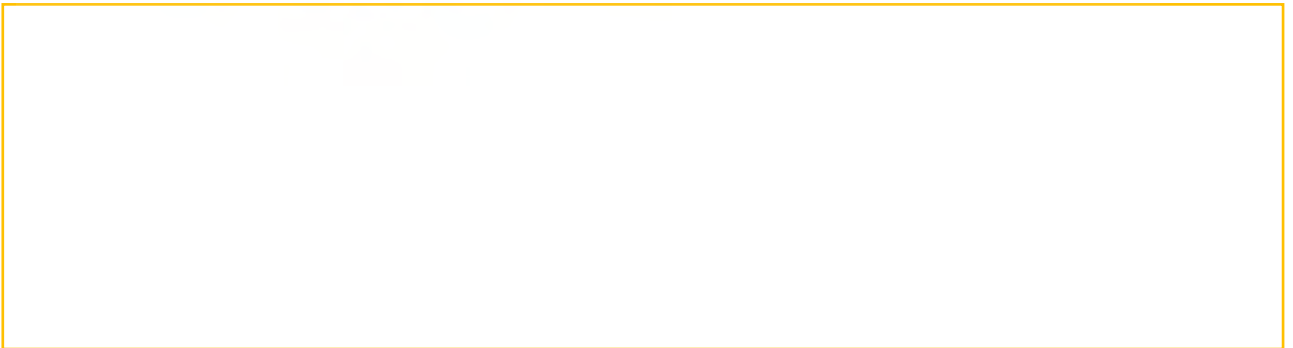
1. What do all your respondent have in common?



2. What was the most common answer?



3. Which answer surprised you?



4. Other interesting observations.



You will never regret being kind.

Look at these phrases. Get together with your friends. Discuss them.

Do you agree with them? Why?

Do you disagree with them? Why?



How kind are you?

Do you find yourself a kind and warmhearted person?

Scan the QR code and do a quiz.

How Kind are you?

Compare your answers with your friends.



SCAN ME

Me	Friend 1	Friend 2	Friend 3	Friend 4

SCAN ME



Androclus and the Lion

In Rome there was once a poor slave whose name was Androclus. His master was a cruel man and so unkind to him that Androclus ran away.

Androclus hid in the woods for many days, but there was no food to be found, and he grew weak and sick. One day he crept into a cave and lay down and soon he was fast asleep.

After a while, a great noise woke him up. A lion had come into the cave and was roaring loudly. Androclus was very afraid because he felt sure that the beast would kill him. Soon, however, he saw that the lion was not angry, but that he limped as though his foot hurt him.

Androclus grew bold and took hold of the lion's lame paw to see what was wrong. The lion stood quite still and rubbed his head against the man's shoulder. He seemed to say: "I know that you will help me."

Androclus lifted the paw from the ground and saw that it was a long, sharp thorn that was hurting the lion a lot. He took the end of the thorn in his fingers, then he gave a strong, quick pull, and out it came. The lion was full of joy. He jumped about like a dog and licked the hands and feet of his new friend.



EDUCATION

Androclus was not at all afraid of the lion, and, when night came, he and the lion lay down and slept side by side.

The lion brought food to Androclus every day, and the two became such good friends that Androclus was very happy in his new life. One day some soldiers who were passing through the wood found Androclus in the cave. They knew who he was, and they took him back to Rome.

It was the law at that time that every slave who ran away from his master should be made to fight a hungry lion.

When the day came, thousands of people crowded to see the sport of the slave fighting the hungry lion.

The door opened, and poor Androclus was brought in. He was very afraid because he could already hear the roars of the lion. He looked up and saw that there was no pity in the thousands of faces around him.

Then the hungry lion rushed in. With a single bound he reached the poor slave. Androclus gave a great cry, not of fear, but of gladness. It was his old friend, the lion of the cave.



The people, who had expected to see the man killed by the lion, were filled with wonder. They saw Androclus put his arms around the lion's neck; they saw the lion lie down at his feet and lick them lovingly; they saw the great beast rub his head against the slave's face as though he wanted to be petted. They could not understand what it all meant.

After a while they asked Androclus to tell them about it. So, he stood up before them and, with his arm around the lion's neck, told how he and the beast had lived together in the cave.

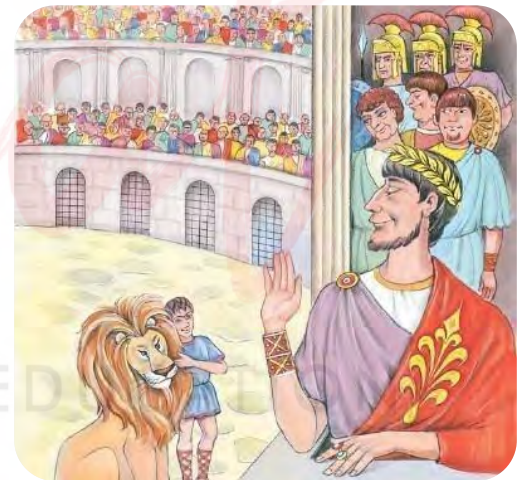
"I am a man," he said, "but no man has ever befriended me. This poor lion alone has been kind to me, and we love each other as brothers."

The people were good enough that they would not be cruel to the poor slave now.

"Live and be free!" they cried. "Live and be free!"

Others cried, "Let the lion go free too! Give both of them their liberty!"

And so Androclus was set free, and the lion was given to him. They lived together in Rome for many years.



Work alone or with friends. Answer the following questions. Compare your answers with others`. Be ready to prove your point.

1. Why did Androclus help the lion in the cave?



2. Why was Androclus forced to fight a lion?

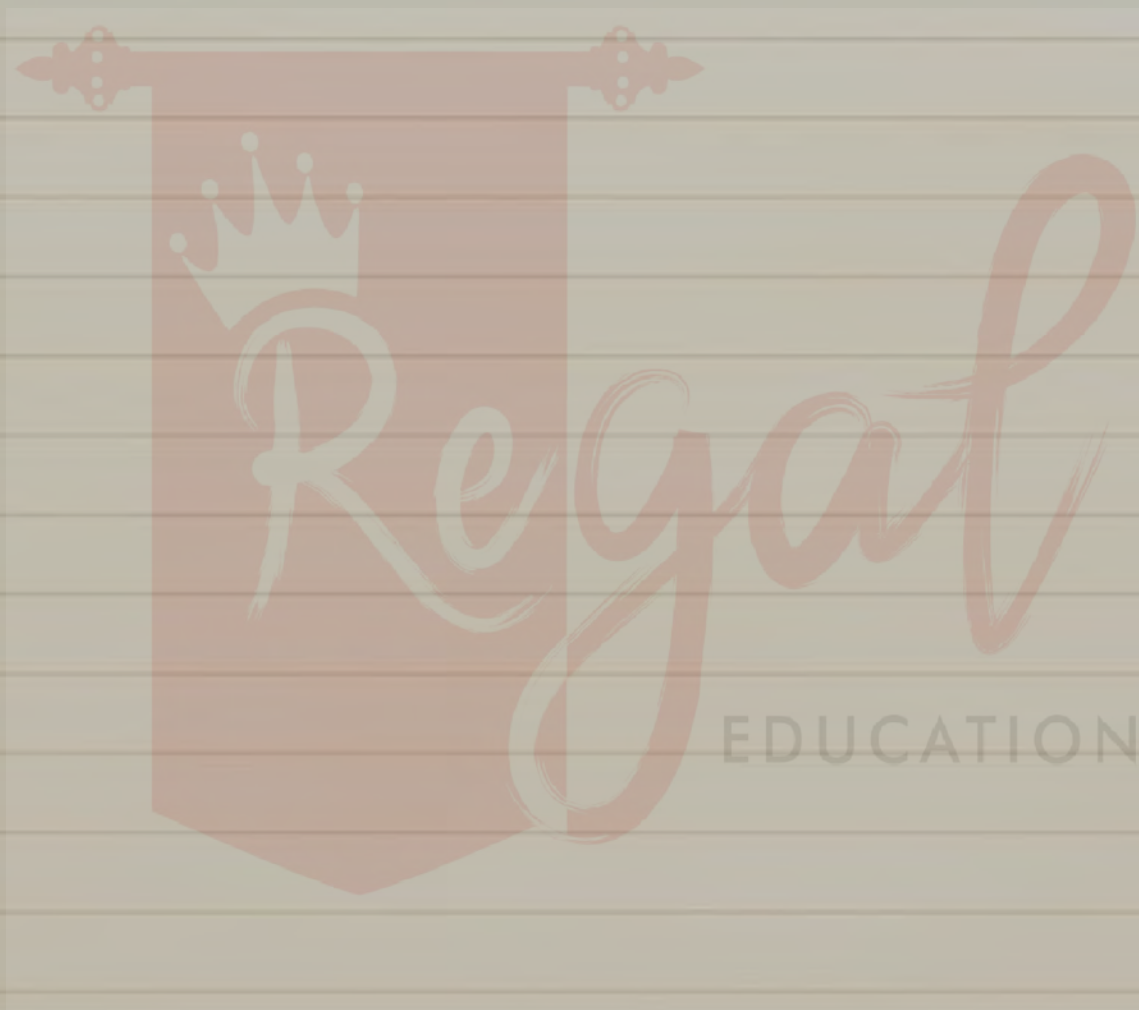


3. What do you think this story is trying to teach you?



4. Imagine that you are Androclus. What would you do? What you change anything?

Tell your friend “Lion” about your life.



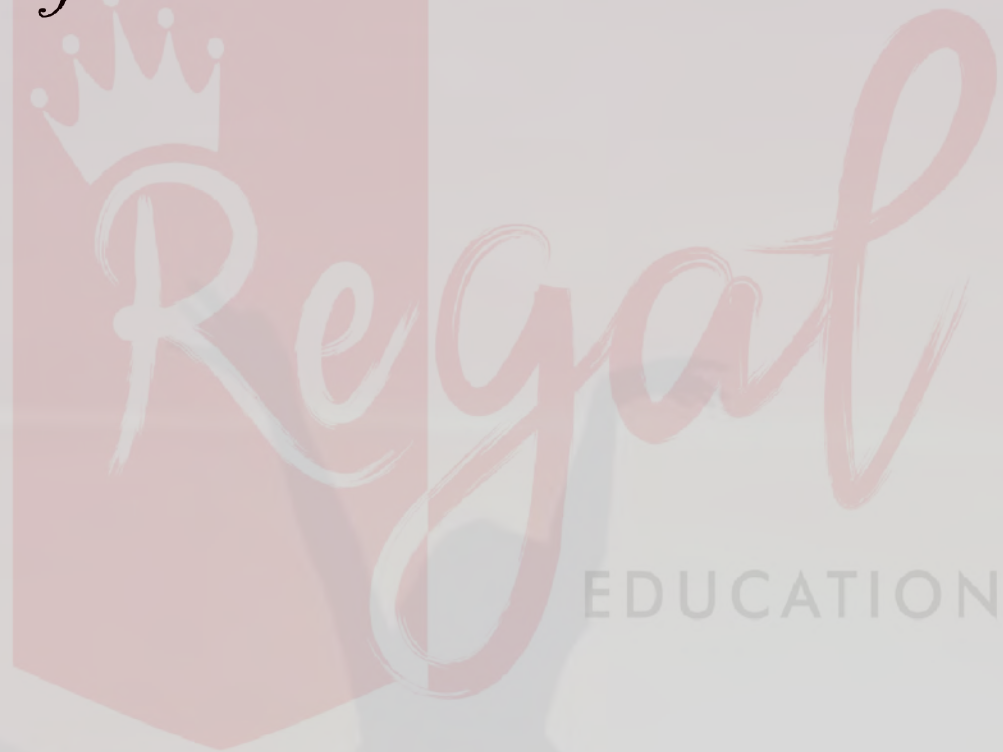
What do you know about dancing?

Is dancing a sport? Why?

What types of dances have you heard of?

Do you have any friends who go to dance studios?

What do you know about ballet?



Ballet

Ballet is a type of dance that dates back to the 15th century (in the 1400s). It is an art form that can be used to express a feeling, tell a story, or interpret a song. Ballet dancers are strong, graceful, and flexible. Ballet dancers may be men and women – ballet is not just for girls!

Many movements in ballet are unusual for the human body. Dancers turn their legs out, instead of having their knees and feet straight forward. They also point their feet and may even dance on the tips of their toes (but only when their teachers believe they are ready)! Not only do dancers need to control their bodies well to perform these types of movements, but they need to have a good understanding of music to be able to dance in time with it.

Dancers must go through a lot of training. Many take classes almost daily if they'd like to be professional ballet dancers. The movements are demanding on their bodies, so they need to practice often to keep up their strength. That also means that dancers need to take very good care of their bodies, though, so their bodies can keep up with the dancing! Dancers need to be well rested and eat healthy meals. They also should drink plenty of water and listen to their bodies by resting if that's what their bodies need. They should start slowly when learning new steps, so their bodies have time to get used to the steps and not get injured.

In ballet class, most teachers begin by having dancers warm up their muscles at the barre. Dancers do movements such as the pli  , tendu,

dégagé, rond de jambe, and grand battement at the barre. Do these words seem unfamiliar to you? That's probably because they are in French. Many ballet dancers are required to learn what these words mean in English as well as the French terminology.

After the warmup, dancers come to the center to practice other movements, as well as doing movements across the floor. Some of these movements are leaps and turns. Teachers and choreographers (people who create dance sequences) put these steps together to match the music and the story. Dancers practice the dances many times in class or practice before they appear onstage.

Stretching is an important part of dance class, as well, so that dancers can bring their legs up high to make beautiful lines. Many dancers stretch at both the beginning and end of class but are careful to not overstretch their muscles when their muscles are not warmed up.

Ballet looks soft and graceful, but it really is an athletic activity. If you love to move your body and use it to tell stories, ballet might be a great activity for you to try!

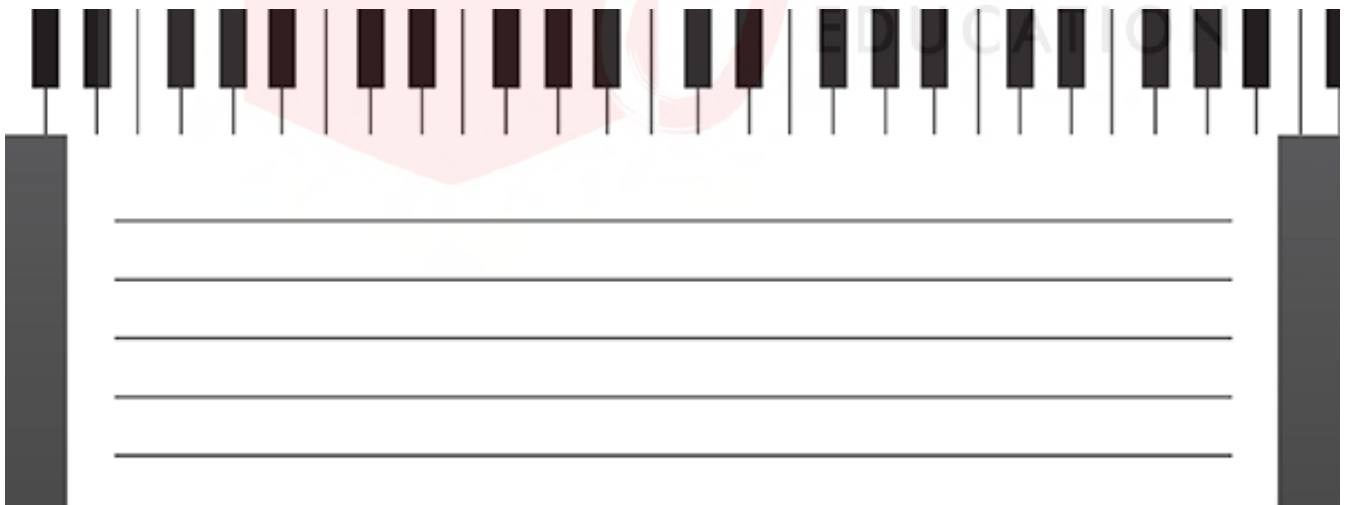
Work alone or with friends. Answer the following questions. Compare your answers with others`. Be ready to prove your point

1. What are three ways dancers should take care of their bodies?



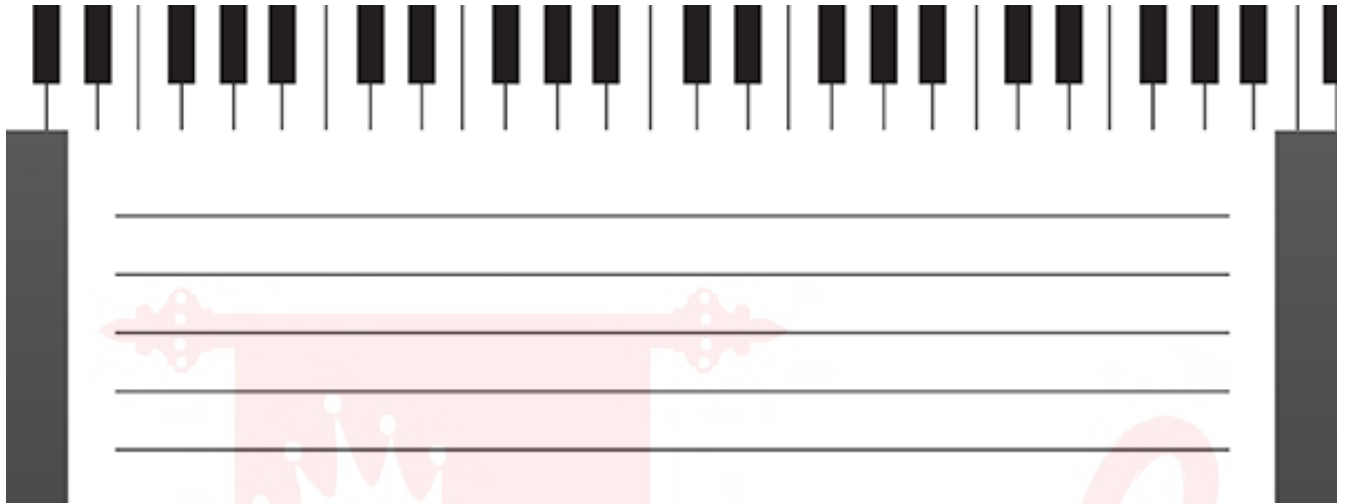
A handwriting practice area featuring a piano keyboard graphic at the top. Below the keyboard are five horizontal lines for writing. A large, faint watermark with the word 'Regal' and a crown icon is visible in the background.

2. Go back to the second paragraph. Highlight two ways that dancers move their bodies differently than most people.



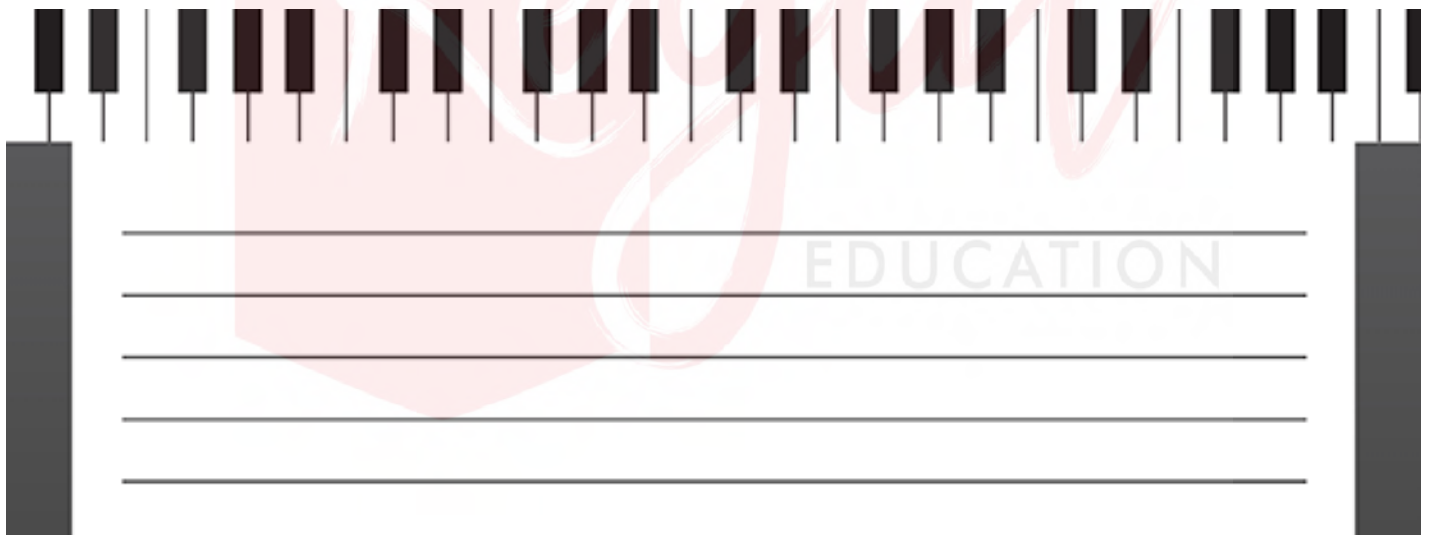
A handwriting practice area featuring a piano keyboard graphic at the top. Below the keyboard are five horizontal lines for writing. A large, faint watermark with the word 'Regal' and a crown icon is visible in the background.

3. *Who is a choreographer? What does he/she do?*

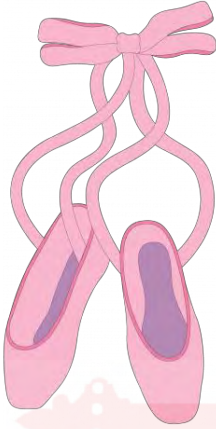


A musical staff with five horizontal lines. Above the staff is a piano keyboard with black and white keys. The staff is flanked by two thick black vertical bars. A large, faint, pink watermark is visible in the background, featuring a crown and the word 'Regal' in a cursive font, with 'EDUCATION' in a smaller, sans-serif font below it.

4. *Why do people create dances?*



A musical staff with five horizontal lines. Above the staff is a piano keyboard with black and white keys. The staff is flanked by two thick black vertical bars. A large, faint, pink watermark is visible in the background, featuring a crown and the word 'Regal' in a cursive font, with 'EDUCATION' in a smaller, sans-serif font below it.



Ballet Shoes

by Noel Streetfield

Great-Uncle Matthew and His Fossils

THE Fossil sisters lived in the Cromwell Road. At that end of it, which is farthest away from the Brompton Road, and yet sufficiently near it to be taken to look at the dolls' houses in the Victoria and Albert every wet day, and if not too wet, expected to 'save the penny and walk'.

Saving the penny and walking was a great feature of their lives.

'Gum,' Pauline, the eldest, would say, 'must have been a very taxi person; he couldn't have ever thought about walking, or he'd never have bought a house at the far end of the longest road in London.'

'I expect,' Petrova, the second, would argue, 'he had a motor-car all his own, and he never hired anything.'

G.U.M. was the quick way of saying Great-Uncle Matthew. He was a legendary figure to the children, as he had gone on a voyage, and not come back, before any of them were old enough to remember him clearly. He had, however, been of the utmost importance in their lives.



‘He’s been,’ Pauline once said, ‘like the stork in the fairytale. He very nearly did bring us in his beak.’ Storks in the Fossil children’s nursery were always called Gums after that.



Gum had been a very important person. He had collected some of the finest fossils in the world, and though to many people fossils may not seem to

be very interesting things to collect, there are others who find them as absorbing as sensible collections, such as stamps. Collecting fossils, he naturally needed somewhere to put them, and that is how he came to buy the house in the Cromwell Road. It had large rooms, and about six floors, including the basement, and on every floor, and in almost every room, he kept fossils. Naturally a house like that needed somebody to look after it, and he found just the right person. Gum had one nephew, who had died leaving a widow and a little girl. What was more suitable than to invite the widow and her child Sylvia, and Nana her nurse, to live in the house and take care of it for him? Ten years later the widowed niece died, but by then his great-niece Sylvia was sixteen, so she, helped by Nana, took her mother’s place and saw that the house and the fossils were all right.

Sometimes when the house got too full Nana would say:

‘Now, Miss Sylvia dear, you must tell your uncle not another fossil until a few have gone out of the door.’

Sylvia hated saying this, but she was far too much in awe of Nana to do anything else. Terrible upsets were the result. First Gum said no fossil would leave the house except over his dead body. Then, when he’d toned down a little and realized some had got to go, in spite of his body being anything but dead, he would collect a few small, rather bad specimens and give them away. Then, after a day or two, during which he mooned round the house under Nana’s stern eyes and Sylvia’s rather sorry ones, a notice would

suddenly appear in The Times, to say that Professor Matthew Brown had given another generous gift of fossils to a museum. That meant that men would come with packing-cases and take some of the most important (which often meant the largest) fossils away. Then Nana would settle down with a sigh of contentment to cleaning those places where the fossils had stood, and Sylvia would comfort Gum by listening to his descriptions of where he was going to look for some more.

It was while looking for some more that the accident happened which put an end to Gum's fossil-hunting for ever. He had climbed a mountain after a particular specimen, and he slipped and fell hundreds of feet, and crushed his leg so badly that he had to have it taken off.

You would have thought that a man who lived for nothing, but fossils would have felt there was little left to do when he couldn't go and look for them anymore, but Gum wasn't that sort of man.

'I have travelled a lot on land, my dear,' he said to Sylvia, 'but very little by sea. Now I shall really see the world. And maybe I'll be finding something interesting to bring back.'

'There's no need to do that, sir,' Nana broke in firmly. The house is full enough as it is. We don't want a lot of carved elephants and that about the place.'

'Carved elephants!' Gum gave Nana a scornful look. 'The world is full of entrancements, woman, any of which I might bring home, and you talk to me of carved elephants!'

But Nana held her ground.

'All right, sir; I'm sure I'm pleased you should see these entrancements, as you call them, but you let them bide. We want nothing more in this house.'

The entrancement that Gum actually brought home was Pauline.



The ship on which he was travelling struck an iceberg, and all the passengers had to take to the boats. In the night one of the boats filled with water and the passengers were thrown into the sea. Gum's boat went to the rescue, but by the time it got there everybody was drowned except a baby who was lying cooing happily on a lifebelt. Gum collected the baby and wrapped her in his coat, and when they were at last rescued by a liner and taken to England, tried to find someone to own her. That was the trouble. Nobody knew for sure whose baby she was; there had been other babies on board, and three were missing. She must go to an orphanage for female orphans, said everybody; but Gum stuck in his toes. Things he found went to the Cromwell Road. He had meant to bring Sylvia back a present. Now, what could be better than this? He fussed and fumed while the adoption papers were made out, then he tucked the baby into the crook of his left arm, took his shabby old hold-all in his right, and rather dot and carry one because of his game leg, walked to the railway station, and went home to London and the Cromwell Road.



Gum, to whom time meant very little indeed, was never able to remember that other people might not be expecting him when he turned up without a word of warning after being away for months. This time he opened his front door, put down his hold-all, and looked round for a suitable place to put the baby. Seeing nowhere but the hall table or the umbrella stand, he called rather angrily for Sylvia.

‘Hi, Sylvia! Good gracious me, I keep a pack of women in this house and none of them are about when they are wanted.’

Nana and Sylvia were upstairs marking some new sheets. Nana stopped working, her needle held up as though it were a magic wand which could command silence.

‘Hark. Isn’t that the Professor’s voice?’

Sylvia harked, and in a moment was down the stairs with Nana panting behind.

‘Darling Gum, why didn’t you let me know you were coming?’

Her uncle kissed her.

‘Why should I waste a stamp? Look’ — he pushed the baby into her arms — ‘I’ve brought you a present.’

Sylvia pulled the shawl back from the bundle he handed her, and then looked round at Nana, and said in a startled but pleased whisper:

‘A baby!’

‘A baby!’ Nana almost jumped the two last stairs and snatched the child from Sylvia. She turned and faced Gum. ‘Really, sir, I don’t know what you’ll be bringing to the house next. Who do you suppose has time to look after a baby?’

‘I thought all women liked babies,’ Gum protested.

‘That’s as maybe.’ Nana was pink with rage. ‘If Miss Sylvia has any sense, she won’t take it....’

She broke off, because the baby gave a sudden coo which made her look at it for the first time. Her face changed and seemed to melt, and she began to make noises such as everybody makes to babies. Then suddenly she looked up fiercely at Sylvia.



‘Which rooms am I to have for my nurseries?’

Nana coming round like that of course settled the baby’s fate. She was given Sylvia’s old nurseries at the top of the house, and Nana became her slave, and Sylvia loved doing things for her when she was allowed (which wasn’t often) as Nana believed in ‘having my nurseries to myself’. Cook, the parlor maid, and housemaid considered the baby a figure of romance. ‘Might be anybody, even royalty, saved like that from the

ravening waves,' Cook would say at the kitchen meals, and the two other maids would sigh and agree with her.

There was some trouble over calling her Pauline. Sylvia chose the name, as she said Saint Paul was rescued from the sea, so it was suitable. Gum, however, wanted to call her after one of his pet fossils, but Nana refused to allow it.

'Babies in my nurseries, sir,' she said firmly, 'never have had outlandish names, and they're not starting now. Miss Sylvia has chosen Pauline, and it's a nice sensible name, and called after a blessed saint, and no other name is going to be used, if you will forgive me speaking plain, sir.'



A year later Gum brought Sylvia a second baby. On his travels this time his leg had given him trouble, and he had been landed and put into hospital. There he had made friends with a Russian, a shabby, depressed fellow who yet somehow conveyed the impression that he hadn't always been shabby and depressed but had once worn gay uniforms and had swung laughing through the snow in his jingling sleigh amidst rows of bowing peasants. This man had left Russia during the revolution, and he and his wife had tried to train themselves to earn a living. They had not been a success as wage-earners, and the wife became ill and died, leaving a small baby. When the man Boris was going to die too, the nurses in the hospital were most concerned.

'What will we do?' they said. 'Because there is his little baby in the children's ward.'

'Don't trouble about that,' Gum had answered airily. 'We have one baby at home that I have adopted. We shall have another.'

Sylvia called this baby Petrova, as she had to have a Russian name, and it sounded a bit like Peter, and Nana thought that if one child were called after an apostle the other should be.

Nana did not even talk about not taking the baby this time. There were the nurseries, and there was Pauline.



‘Very nice for Pauline to have a companion,’ she said. Then she looked at Petrova, who was a dark, sallow baby, very different from the golden-haired, pink-and-white Pauline. ‘Let’s hope this one has brains, for it’s easy to see who’s going to be Miss Plain in my nursery.’

Although Nana was quite pleased to welcome Petrova, she spoke firmly to Gum.

‘Now, sir, before you go away again, do get it into your head this house is not a crèche. Two babies in the nursery is right and proper, and such as the best homes have a right to expect, but two is enough. Bring one more and I give notice, and then where’d you be, with you and Miss Sylvia knowing no more of babies than you do of hens?’

Perhaps it was fear of what Nana might say, but the last baby Gum did not deliver himself. He sent her round by district messenger in a basket. With her he sent a pair of ballet shoes and a letter.

The letter said:

DEAR NIECE,

‘Here is yet another Fossil to add to those in my nursery. This is the little daughter of a dancer. The father has just died, and the poor young mother has no time for babies, so I said I would have her. All her mother had to give her child was the little pair of shoes enclosed. I regret not to bring the child myself, but today I ran into a friend with a yacht who is visiting some strange islands. I am joining him and expect to be away some years. I have arranged for the bank to see after money for you for the next five years, but before then I shall be home.

Your affectionate uncle,

MATTHEW.



‘P.S. Her name is Posy. Unfortunate, but true.’

The sudden arrival of little Posy caused an upset in the nursery. Nana it was who took in the basket, and when Sylvia got in and went up to see the baby, she found her crumpled and rather pink, lying face downwards on Nana’s flannel-aproned knee. Nana was holding an enormous powder puff, and she looked up as Sylvia came in.

‘This is too much, this is,’ she said severely.

She shook a spray of fuller’s earth over the baby.

Sylvia looked humble.

‘I quite agree, Nana. But what are we to do? Here she is.’

Nana looked angrily at Posy.

‘It isn’t right. Here we are with Pauline rising four, and Petrova sixteen months, and down you pop this little fly-by-night. Two’s enough, I’ve always said. I told the Professor so perfectly plain. Who is she? That’s another thing I’d like to know.’

‘Well, her name’s Posy, and her mother is a dancer.’

‘Posy! With the other two called as nice as can be after the Holy Apostles, that’s a foolish sort of name.’ Nana gave a snort of disgust, and then, in case the baby should feel hurt, added ‘Blessed lamb.’

‘Right.’ Sylvia turned to the door. ‘Now I know how you feel, I’ll make other arrangements for her, perhaps an orphanage...’



‘Orphanage!’ Nana’s eyes positively blazed. She pulled a tiny vest over Posy’s unprotesting little head. ‘Who’s thinking of orphanages? The Professor’s taken her, and here she stays. But no more, and that’s my last word.’

‘Well, I don’t suppose there can be any more for a bit,’ Sylvia said hopefully. ‘He’s gone away for some time, perhaps for five years.’

‘Better make it ten,’ said Nana, giving Posy a quick kiss. That’ll give us a chance.’

About four months later a box arrived at the house in the Cromwell Road, addressed to ‘The Little Fossils.’ Inside were three necklaces: a turquoise one with ‘Pauline’ on it; a tiny string of seed pearls marked ‘Petrova’, and a row of coral for Posy.

‘Well,’ said Nana, fastening the necklaces round the children’s necks. ‘I expect that’s the last we shall hear of for some time.’

She was quite right.



SCAN ME



Get together with friends. Discuss the following questions.

1. What do you think about GUM, Silvia and Nana?
2. Why do you think GUM was always travelling?
3. What do you think will happen to these three little girls?
4. Will GUM return home?

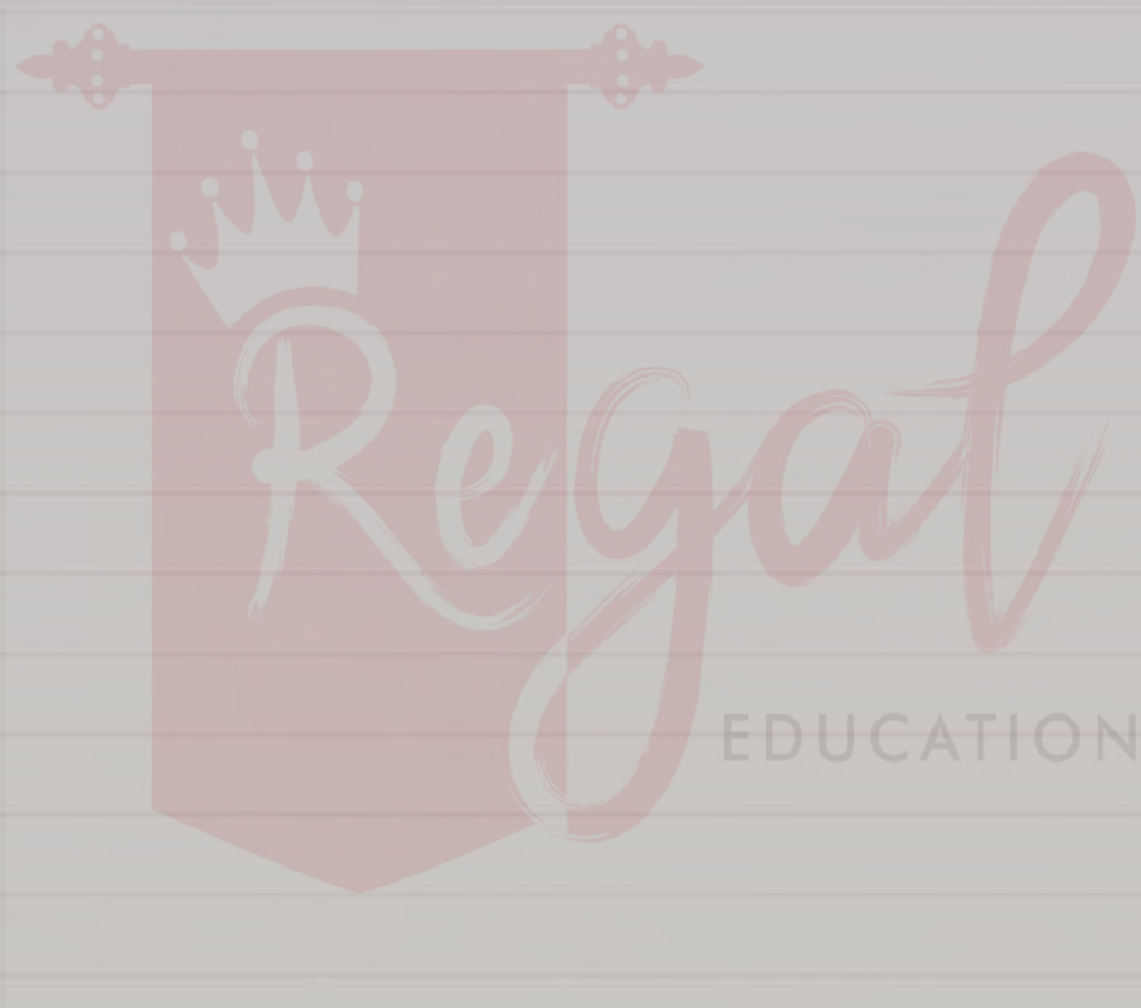
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Scan the QR codes to read the novel.**

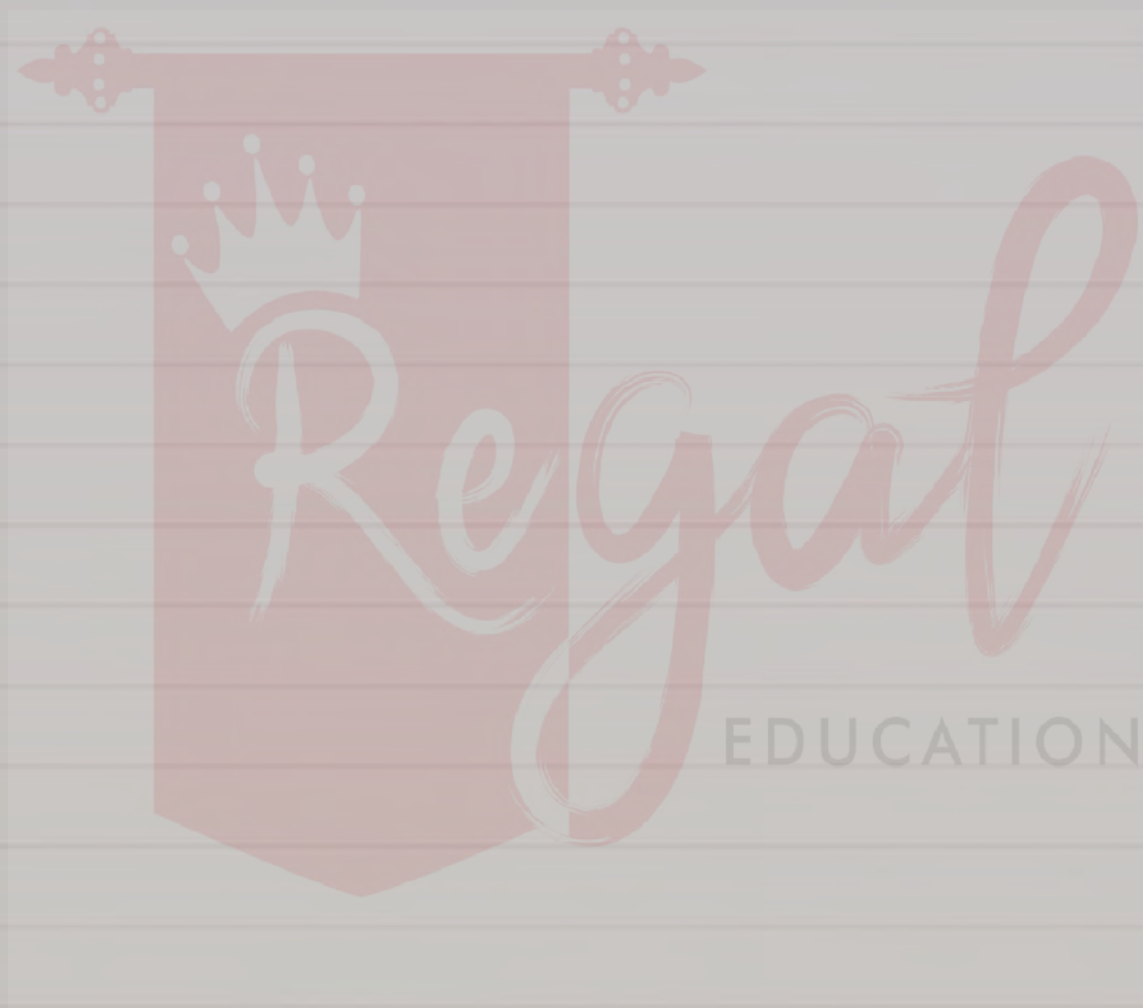


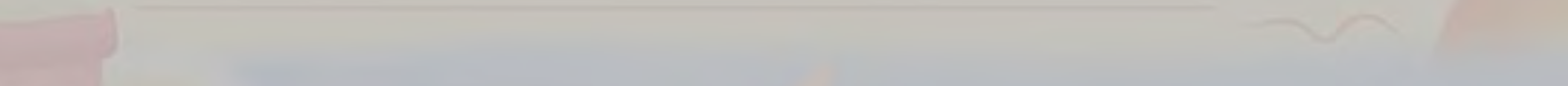
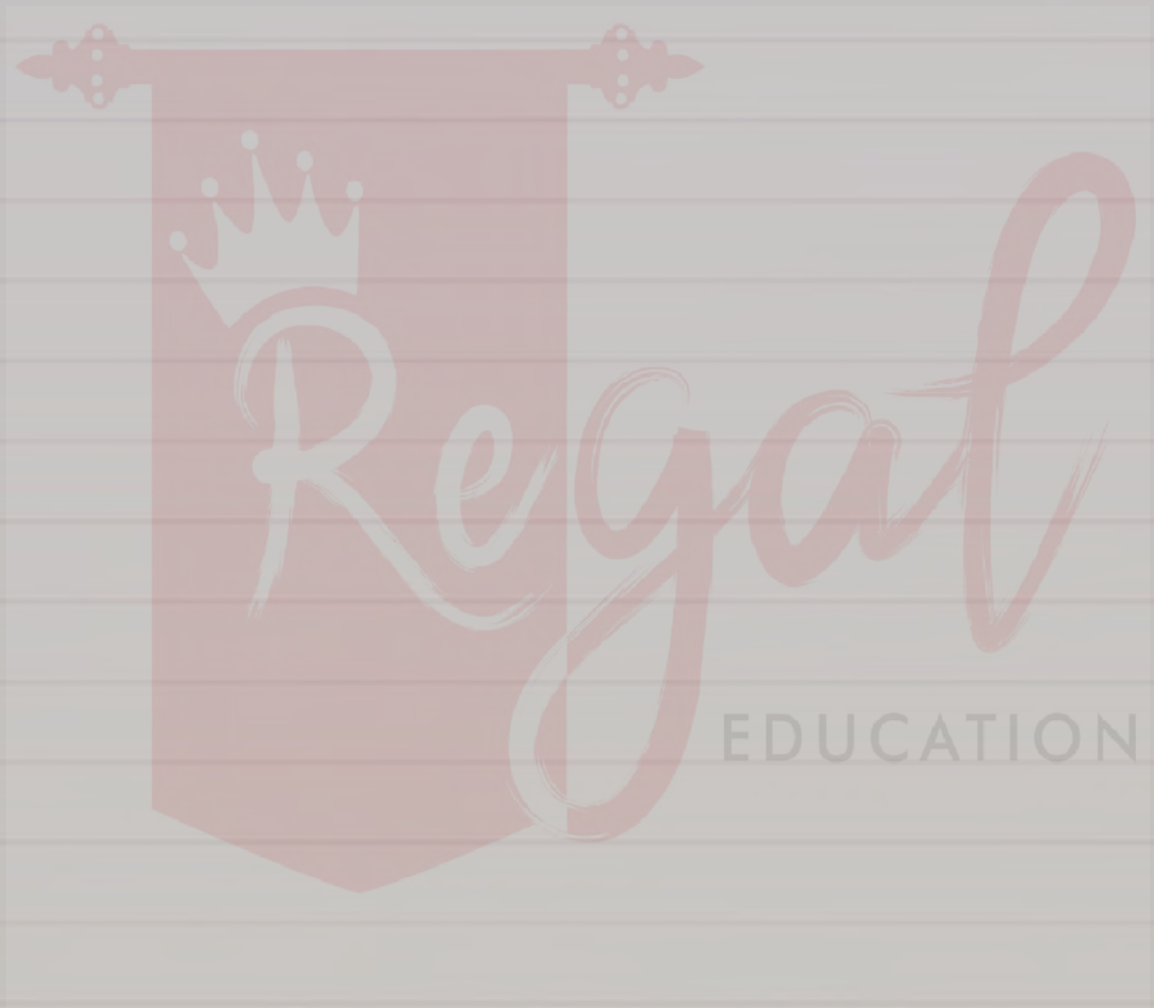
SCAN ME



Work alone or with friends. Imagine that you are GUM (Great Uncle Mathew). Write a letter home to your niece, Nana and 3 little girls. Tell them about your voyage, your adventures in the sea and interesting places you have visited. Compare your letter with your friends`.









SCAN ME

Dangerous Jobs

Scan the QR code, watch the video about dangerous professions and fill in the table.

Compare your answers with your friends`.

Job/ Profession	Comments

Compare
your answers
with your
friends.

Get together with your friends. Discuss the following questions.

Which profession from the video surprised you?

Which profession from the video have you never heard about?

Do you agree with the list of the most dangerous jobs you have just seen? Why?

Think of other five jobs that you can add to the list. Fill the table below.

Job	Reasons	Comments

Curious About Careers: Firefighters



Firefighting is an important job to keep people safe and keep fires from damaging too much property. It is a tough job, but if you like to help people, it could be the job for you!

Firefighters have to take physical tests to make sure their bodies are strong enough to do all of the work required. They have to be able to carry heavy objects, go up many flights of stairs, and work for a long time.

Firefighters also go through *frequent* training. They need to be aware of the latest techniques in fighting fires and keeping themselves and others safe. Not only do they train themselves, but they also talk to other people about fire safety. Some schools have the firefighters come in every year to teach kids about how to stay safe around fire. One of the most important parts of being a firefighter is working as a team. Firefighters have to work together to stop fires, even down to holding the hose together!

Some firefighters stay at the fire station for an entire day, including overnight. When there is not a fire going on, firefighters make sure all of their equipment is clean and in working order. After dinner, they are able to use their free time to relax. Firefighting is stressful, though. Firefighters never know when a fire or other emergency is going to happen, so they have to be ready at all times.



This means that even if they just sat down to eat dinner when the fire alarm goes off, they can't finish eating. They have to leave all of their food where it is and go to help right away. Even in the middle of the night, firefighters have to be able to wake up quickly to get to the emergency.

Firefighters wear special equipment to keep them safe. They wear big jackets and pants made of special materials to deter fire. Helmets are another type of protective equipment to protect their heads from falling objects. They wear face masks and oxygen tanks to help them breathe even when the air is filled with smoke. Firefighters also wear boots to protect their feet from kicking objects and from the heat.

In addition to the equipment they wear, there is other equipment that firefighters use to help them do their jobs more easily. They use fire trucks and fire engines that are equipped with

special tools. In the fire engines they have their tools organized so that they can quickly find and use them.

Firefighters use hoses to connect to fire hydrants so that they can get a lot of water at one time. They use axes to break down doors for quick access to a fire. Also, they may bring smaller fire extinguishers in case the fire is a small one that they don't need a big hose for. They use ladders to reach people or animals in high places, such as second stories or trees.





Firefighters don't just put out fires. There are also rescue trucks that can help people who are in car crashes. These vehicles have other tools to help get people out of cars if they're stuck, such as jacks to lift the car, tools to break the windows, and other tools to help get car doors open.

In some places, firefighters also have to be prepared to help people who are sick or injured. These firefighters might be trained as paramedics. These fire departments have ambulances that carry the firefighters and paramedics to the accident, then have all the tools to help treat the injured.

Thankfully, firefighters are close by to help us if there's ever an emergency.

Firefighting is not easy, but if you like helping people, it might be a good fit for you!

THINK AND ELABORATE.

What are two personality traits firefighters should have to be successful?

Why is it important for firefighters to do physical tests?



What does “*frequent*” mean in the 2nd paragraph? How do you know?
In addition to fighting house fires, what else do firefighters do?



Would firefighting be a good fit for you when you grow up?
Why or why not?

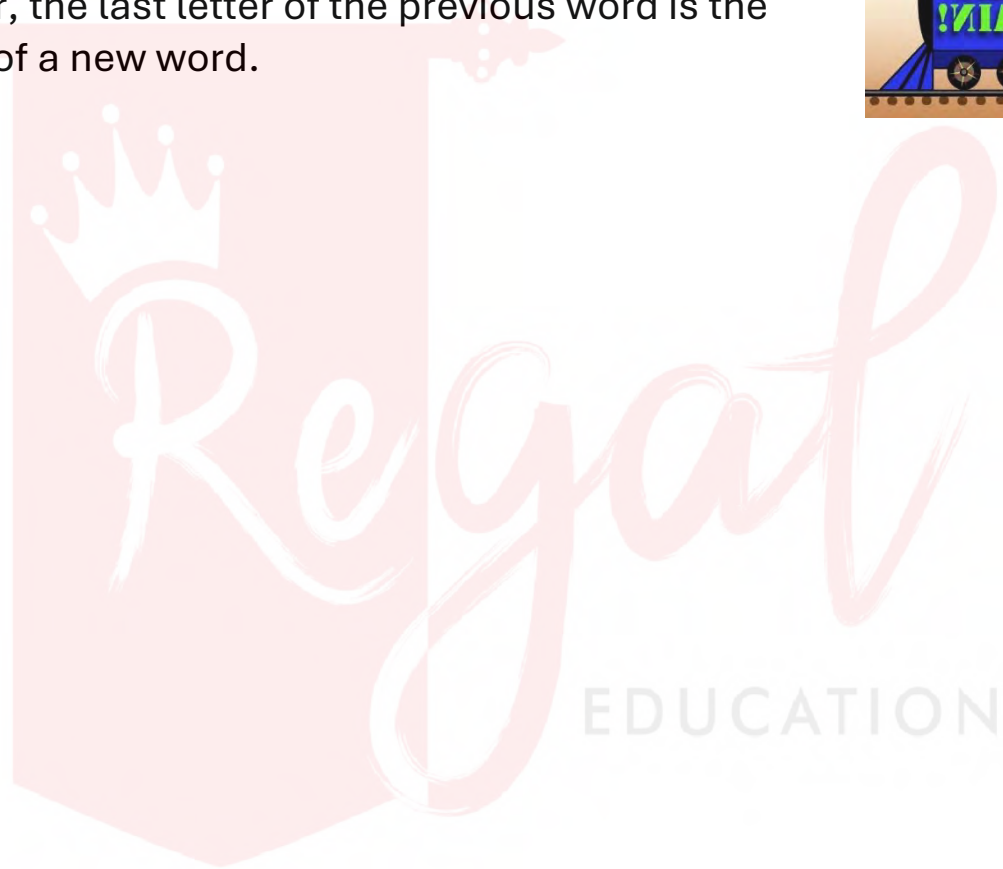


Compare your answer with other students' answers. Have you got similar or different answers? Remember, there are no wrong answers if you can prove your point.



Firefighter React Truck...

Jot down all the words that relate to firefighting.
Get together with your friends and create a word train
(you can create multiple mini trains as well).
Remember, the last letter of the previous word is the
first letter of a new word.





To play online, scan the QR codes.



SCAN ME



SCAN ME



SCAN ME



SCAN ME

Are we friends?

SCAN ME



SCAN ME



1. How many friends do you have at school?

- 0-2
- 3-5
- 6-8
- More than 8

2. Do you find it easy to make good friends?

- Yes
- No

3. Why do you become friends with someone?

- Similar/same hobbies
- Same goals
- Good personalities
- Good condition (reputation, good looking etc.)
- Other

4. How many hours do you spend time with your friend(s) per week?

- 1-4
- 5-8
- 8-11
- More than 11

5. Do you trust your friends?

- Completely
- Sometimes
- No

6. Do you feel emotionally attached to your friends?

- Yes
- No

7. Do you often argue with your friends?

- Yes
- No

8. Do you easily ask teachers and other adults to help with friendship problems?

- Yes
- No

9. What do you share with your friends the most?

10. What, if anything, makes friendships valuable?



Complete the following survey. Swap the books and compare your answers.

1. How often do you have a meaningful conversation with your friend?

Always
Sometimes
Seldom
Never

2. Do you usually find it easier to be yourself in front of your friend?

Always
Sometimes
Seldom
Never

3. How often are you available to each other when either of you is going through tough times?

Always
Sometimes
Seldom
Never

4. When we have issues between us, we rather communicate it with each other than confide in another person.

Always
Sometimes
Seldom
Never

5. Do your friends offer you non-judgmental support when you make wrong choices in life?

Always
Sometimes

Seldom
Never

6. Do your friends celebrate your success and achievements?

Always
Sometimes
Seldom
Never

7. Do you always make plans to meet up and spend time together if you haven't met for a while?

Always
Sometimes
Seldom
Never

8. Does your friend bring out the wild side in you?

Always
Sometimes
Seldom
Never

9. Are they comfortable with your other friends/family?

Always
Sometimes
Seldom
Never

10. Does your friend express gratitude for meeting you and how valuable this friendship is for them?

Always
Sometimes
Seldom
Never

11. Does your friend also respect your boundaries and accept you as a person?

Always

Sometimes

Seldom

Never

Swap the books and compare your answers.

How many answers were the same?

How many answers were different?

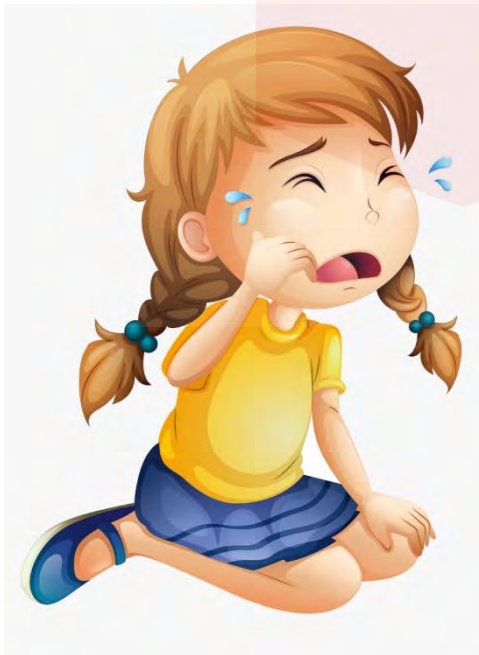


Left Out

Trish was playing basketball with her brother outside when she saw a car pull up in Josie's driveway. Josie jumped out of the car, and Trish could hear a lot of voices laughing and saying goodbye to Josie. Trish stopped dribbling the basketball and watched as the car drove away and Josie skipped to her front door. Trish could feel her body start to get uncomfortably warm, and her eyes started to water.



"Hey, what's wrong?" Daniel asked.



"Nothing. I don't want to play anymore."

Trish stormed inside and slammed the door. She heard the door open again behind her, but she didn't turn around and went straight to her room. Trish could hear Daniel talking to her mom downstairs, but she didn't want to talk to

anyone. *How could Josie do that to me? Trish thought. I thought we were friends.*



She heard a knock on the door but ignored it. Her mom called through the door, "Trish, are you OK?" Trish ignored it and put her pillow over her head like earmuffs. "I'll be downstairs if you want to talk later. It's a good choice to calm yourself down first."

Eventually Trish calmed down and went to talk with her mom. Her mom always had some good ideas to help her.

"What's going on, Trish?" Mom asked when Trish appeared in the living room. Trish took a seat.

"Josie went somewhere with our friends, and she didn't invite me," Trish said. "Why wouldn't she invite me? That's not very nice. I thought we were friends."



"Oh, honey, I'm sorry. I'd be pretty upset too if I felt left out. Maybe Josie knew that you wouldn't like what they were going to do," Mom suggested.

"Maybe..." Trish didn't sound convinced.

"Why don't you talk with Josie about it at school on Monday?" Mom said.

"I don't want to talk to her, I'm mad! I'm just going to ignore her."

"Well... sometimes ignoring another person is a good choice, but I don't think this is the right time for that solution. If you ignore her, how are you ever going to solve the problem? Not talking about it is just going to make it worse and might mean you could lose Josie as a friend," replied Mom.

"I still want Josie to be my friend but talking about it is uncomfortable. I just want her to know what's wrong and say she's sorry."

"That might happen, but it might not. Josie might not realize that she did something wrong, so then she'll just get mad at you for

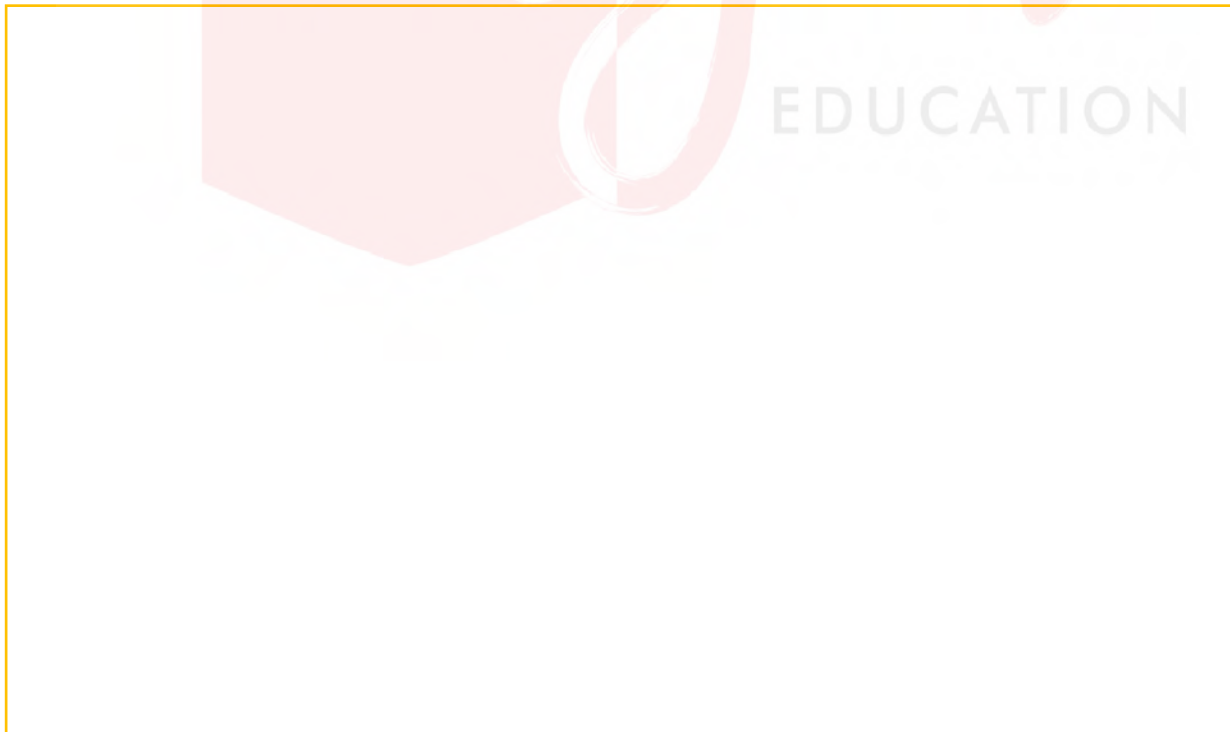
ignoring her. I really think talking to her about how you feel is the best way to solve the problem.”

“OK, Mom, I’ll talk to her at school. Thanks,” Trish said.

And guess what? Trish’s mom was right! Josie knew Trish didn’t like snakes, and she and the other girls had gone to the zoo to see the new snake exhibit. Trish was glad she’d talked to Josie to solve the problem.

Questions:

1. Why do you think Trish is upset?



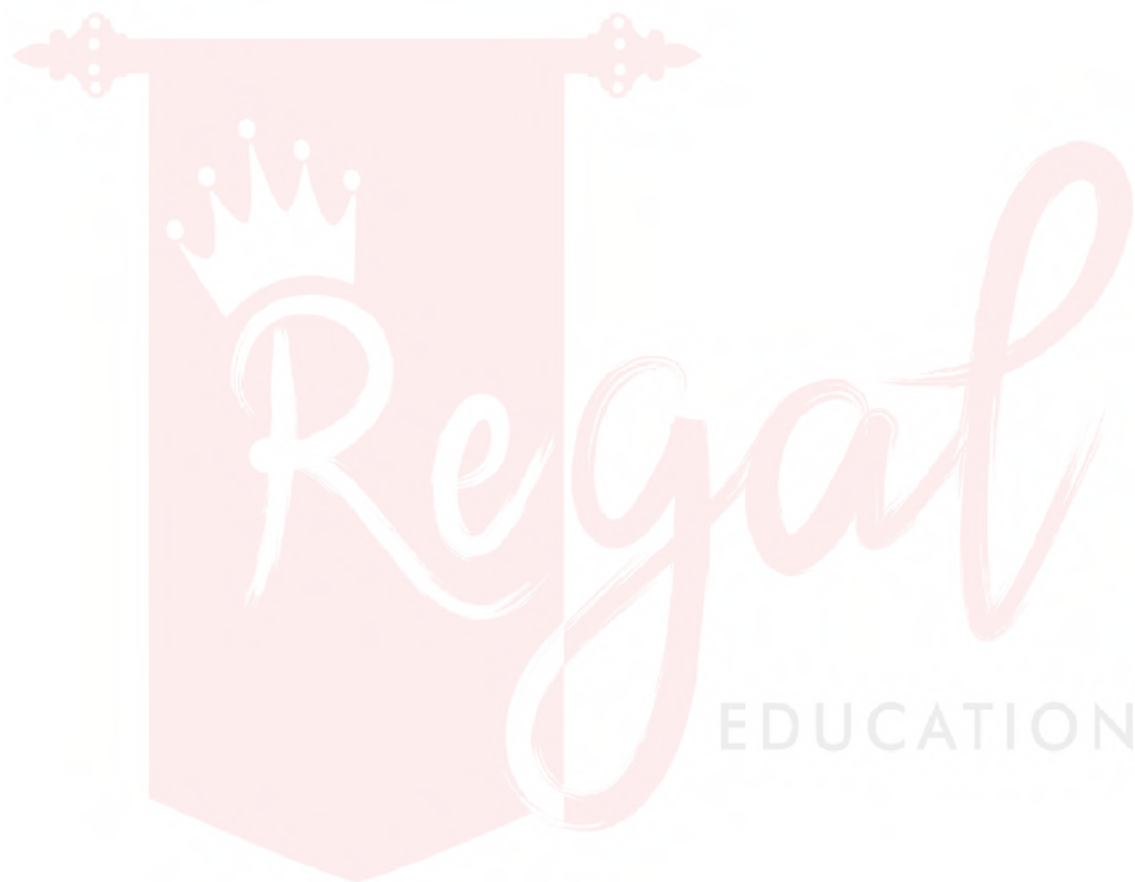
2. Retell the story in your own words.



3. What do you think Josie look like? Describe Josie.



4. In the 3rd paragraph, the author could have said that Trish went inside instead of saying that she *stormed* inside. Why do you think the author chose to use the word "*stormed*"? When was the last time you "stormed" somewhere? What happened?



5. Is there another way Trish could have tried to solve her problem?
Imagine that you are Trish? How would you solve the problem?



First Day

Here we go again, I thought, *the first day of fourth grade*. I always got a little nervous on the first day of school. I knew a lot of the other kids who would be in my class, and I had heard that the teacher was nice. There would still be a lot of new things, though. We would have new rules and new routines. We would have new information to learn in all the subject areas. There would also be some new things that I wouldn't expect, like maybe they moved the classes to different hallways. It was exciting, too, but that didn't mean I wasn't anxious.

We lined up outside, and for the first week the teachers held up signs with their names to help us find the right spot to line up. I knew where the fourth graders lined up, and quickly spotted the name "Mrs. Richardson" on one of the signs. She would be my new teacher for the year. As I got in line, I said hello to the friends I hadn't seen all summer. Mrs. Richardson walked down the line, introducing herself to her new students.

She stuck out her hand and said, "Hi, I'm Mrs. Richardson. What's your name?"

"Allison," I answered, and shook her hand.

"It's nice to meet you, Allison. How was your summer?"



"It was good. I got to go to the pool a lot," I said.

"That's great, Allison. Thanks for speaking in complete sentences! That shows me that your writing is probably very nice," complimented Mrs. Richardson before she moved on to the next student. It felt great to be complimented by my new teacher!

As we entered the classroom, Mrs. Richardson showed us where to put our bags. Then we gathered on the carpet.

"Our class needs to work together very closely to complete many exciting projects we're going to do this year. You'll be working with each other frequently, so I want to make sure

we're all on the same page. I want to know what is important to you, what you value, in your classroom, teacher, classmates, and yourself. Please take a minute and think to yourself about your values." We all sat quietly. Then Mrs. Richardson gave us a partner, asked us to introduce ourselves to each other, and asked us to share our thoughts with each other. The ideas my partner and I came up with were respect, honesty, teamwork, and fairness.



After a while, Mrs. Richardson re-shuffled the groups and we all had new partners. Mrs.

Richardson continued shuffling our groups, so by the end of the class we all knew each other very well.

Finally, we voted on the values we would use as our classroom values.

I liked how we worked together to choose the values that would guide our classroom!



EDUCATION

1. Retell the story in your own words.



2. What was your first day like? Was it like Mrs. Richardson`s class? Jot down what you did on your first day.



3. What does “*values*” mean in the short story?



4. Why was Mrs. Richardson re-shuffling the groups? Compare your answers with your friends.

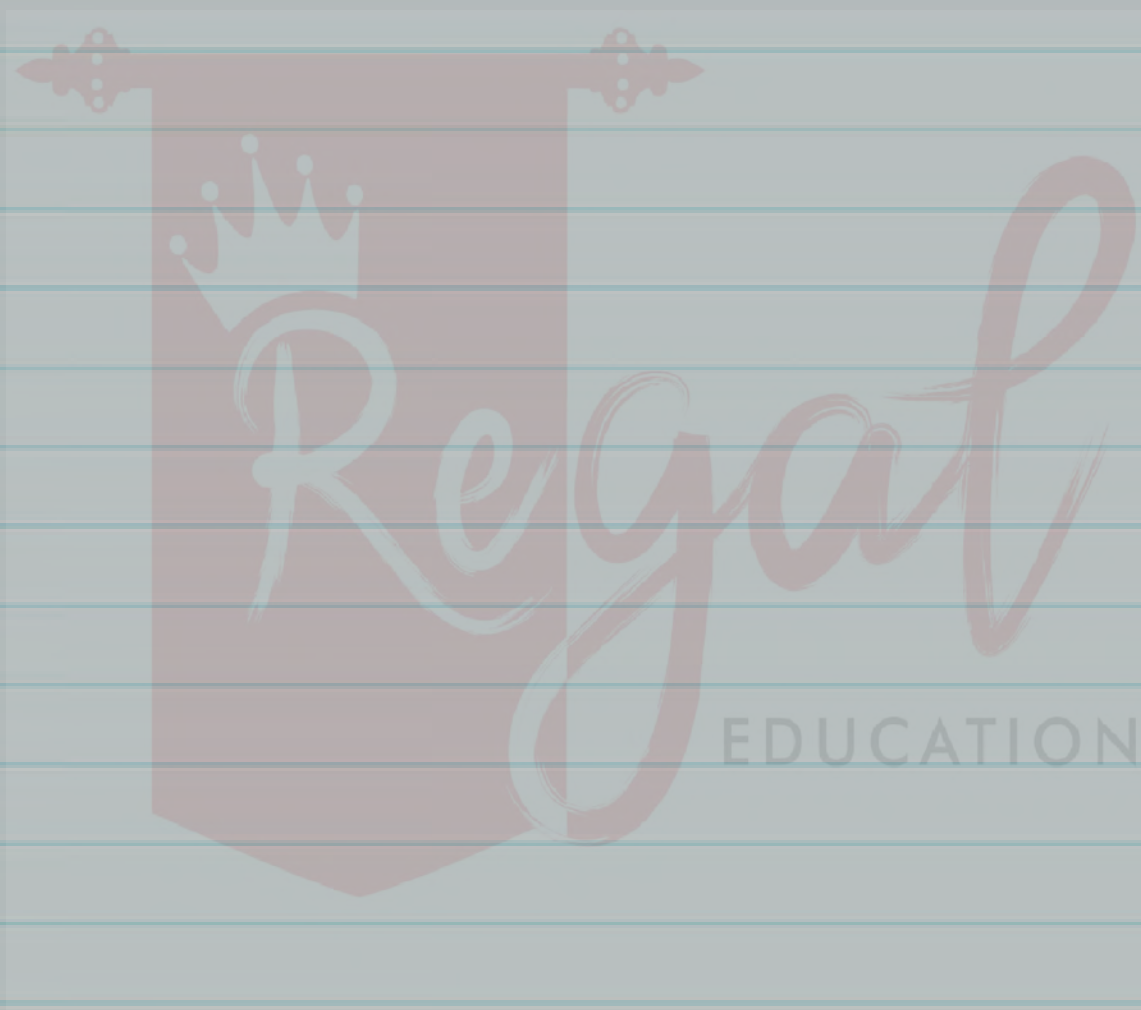


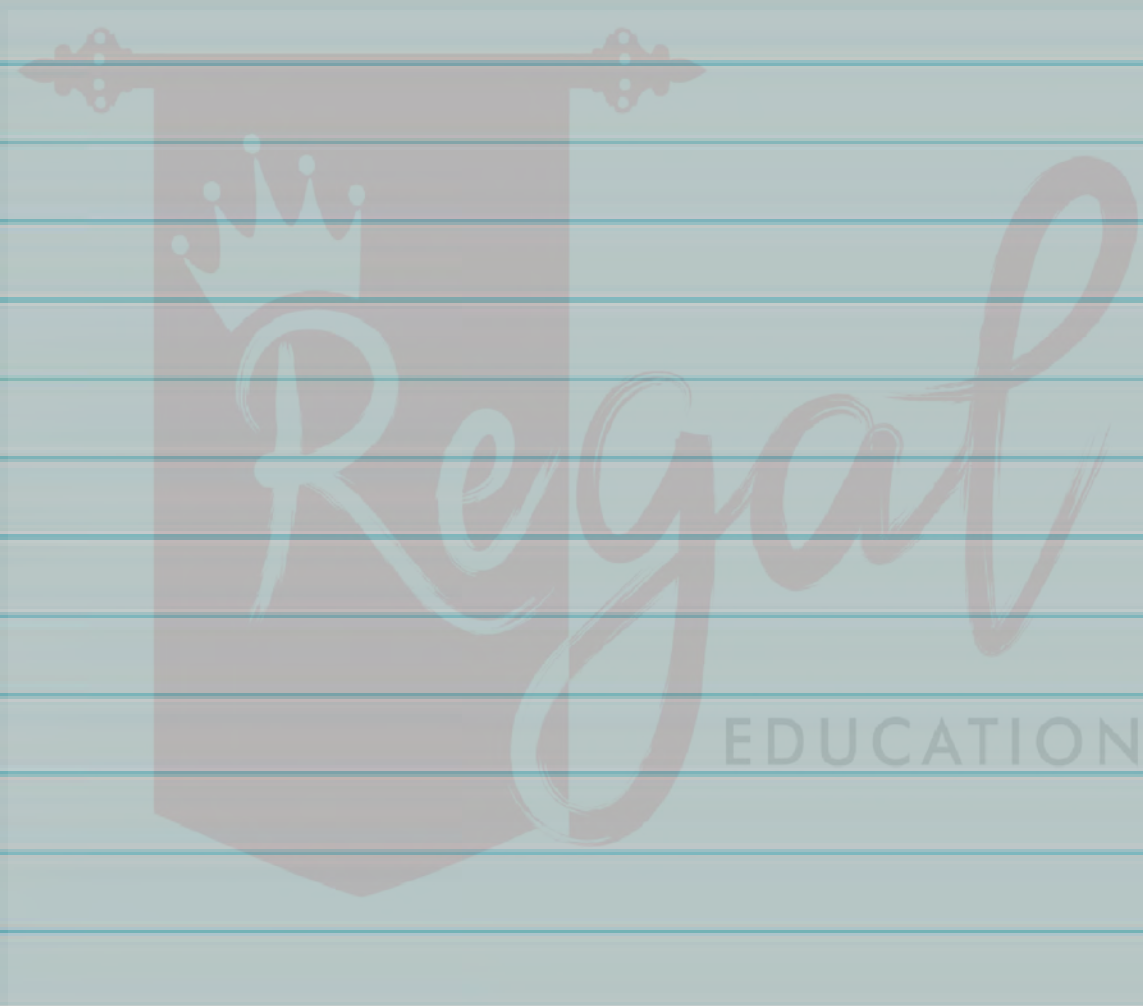
5. Would you like to be in Mrs. Richardson class? Why?



Think about the best class ever you have had. What made this class so special? Write down your ideas.

You can work alone or with friends. Compare your ideas with other groups.





Rise above Your Past

Think about this quote. What do you think it means? Do you know any similar quotes?

““Your past is just a story.
And once you realize this, it
has no power over you.”

EDUCATION

Look at the words and try to guess their meanings.

Then find them in the text and check if you were right.

villa	
toga	
orator	
tunic	
Colosseum	
gladiator	

The Gladiator's Son



The gladiator took his son's hand in his own rough and calloused one. "Son, they want to send you to gladiator school to begin training soon, but this is not the life I want for you. I do not want you to ever stand in an arena and fight another gladiator or beast. So, tonight, you will run away. Go to school and learn math, Greek, and geography. Learn from Plato and Socrates. Rise above all of this."

Marco looked around the dark, dank cell at the scarred faces of the other gladiators. This was the only life he had ever known, and he did not want to leave. However, one by one, the gladiators nodded and told Marco to listen to his father's wise words.

That night, Marco quietly slipped away. Wiping away a tear, he glanced back at the towering Colosseum, its smooth, white marble walls glistening in the moonlight. He had watched his father fight many times in that immense building in front of crowds of thousands of cheering people.

He fell asleep beneath a statue of Rome's founder, Romulus. According to legend, Romulus and his brother, Remus, had been raised by wolves until they were eventually found by shepherds. If Romulus



could have such a difficult life but still be the founder of the great city of Rome, then Marco knew he, too, could overcome his difficulties.

In the morning, Marco awoke to a girl yelling at him. “Boy! You cannot sleep there! What are you doing inside my family’s villa?”

Marco sprang to his feet. The girl was about his age but intimidating. As Marco turned to run away, the girl grabbed his arm. “Wait! I have seen you before. You are from the Colosseum, are you not? Your father is a gladiator?”

Marco nodded and without knowing why, he began to tell her his story. When he finished, the girl squinted at him for a moment before saying, “Your father is wise. The gladiator fights are barbaric. My name is Cara, and I am going to help you start your new life. Wait here.”

A few minutes later, Cara returned and handed him a tunic and a toga. “Put these on. You cannot go to school dressed as you are. These belonged to my older brother, but he will not miss them. I will turn away, so you do not need to be bashful, but please hurry!” She spun around and faced the garden wall.

Marco quickly removed his tattered wrap, slid the tunic over his head and then put on the toga. “Okay, I am ready.”

Cara looked him over and then handed him a wax tablet. “This will be your school tablet. You write on it with this stylus, and then you can soften the wax to erase what you have written. Now, follow me. I have an idea for where you can live.”

As they walked down the bumpy cobblestone street, merchants and tradesmen were selling their wares: fruits, vegetables, fish, handmade dishes and pottery, beautiful jewelry, and wool clothing. The aroma of garlic and herbs filled the air. Entertainers sang, danced and told stories. The streets were noisy with the bustle of the crowd. They passed by *insula* after



insula, apartment buildings made of mudbricks and timbers. Finally, they reached their destination.

Cara pointed at a five-story *insula*.

The courtyard was full of people cooking over small fires and cleaning their laundry in large wooden buckets of water. “There is an old woman here who makes pottery. She does not have much, but you will work for her, and she will give you a place to live and help you go to school. With an education, you will never have to fight as a gladiator.



For the next 5 years, Marco spent his mornings in a small school, learning to read, write and give speeches with the other boys. In his afternoons, he worked for the lady making all types of clay bowls and containers. Because of Cara and a kind, elderly woman who took him in, he was able to complete his schooling and *rise above his past*.

Years later, Marco became one of the most well-known orators in Rome. He and other educated men spoke eloquently against the violence of arena battles. When the Emperor Honorius decreed the end to gladiator fights, Marco went to the Colosseum. As he rested his hand on the cold, stone wall, memories of his father and the sacrifices that his father had made for him, flooded his mind. He knew his father was proud of him, and he was proud to be a gladiator's son.

Use clues from the text to figure out what the underlined words mean.

1. "They want to send you to gladiator school to begin training next week, but this is not the life I want for you." What does gladiator mean?

- a) someone who is happy all the time
- b) an older person
- c) someone who fought other people or beasts to make a living
- d) a person who cleaned the Coliseum

2. "They passed by insula after insula, apartment buildings made from mudbricks and timbers." What does insula mean?

- a) types of statues
- b) roads
- c) indoor kitchens
- d) ancient apartment buildings

3. "You write on it with this stylus and then you can soften the wax to erase what you've written." What does stylus mean?

- a) something you could use to write with
- b) someone with good fashion sense
- c) a place where a horses live
- d) someone with terrible fashion sense

4. "Marco quickly removed his tattered wrap and slid the tunic over his head and then put on the toga." What does toga mean?

- a) a type of exercise
- b) clothing that was once worn in Ancient Rome
- c) a type of chariot
- d) a party game

5. "Years later, Marco became one of the most well-known orators in Rome." What does orator mean?

- a) someone who rates things
- b) a type of gladiator
- c) a person who gives speeches
- d) someone who likes to eat

6. "He was able to complete his schooling and rise above his past". What does rise above his past mean?

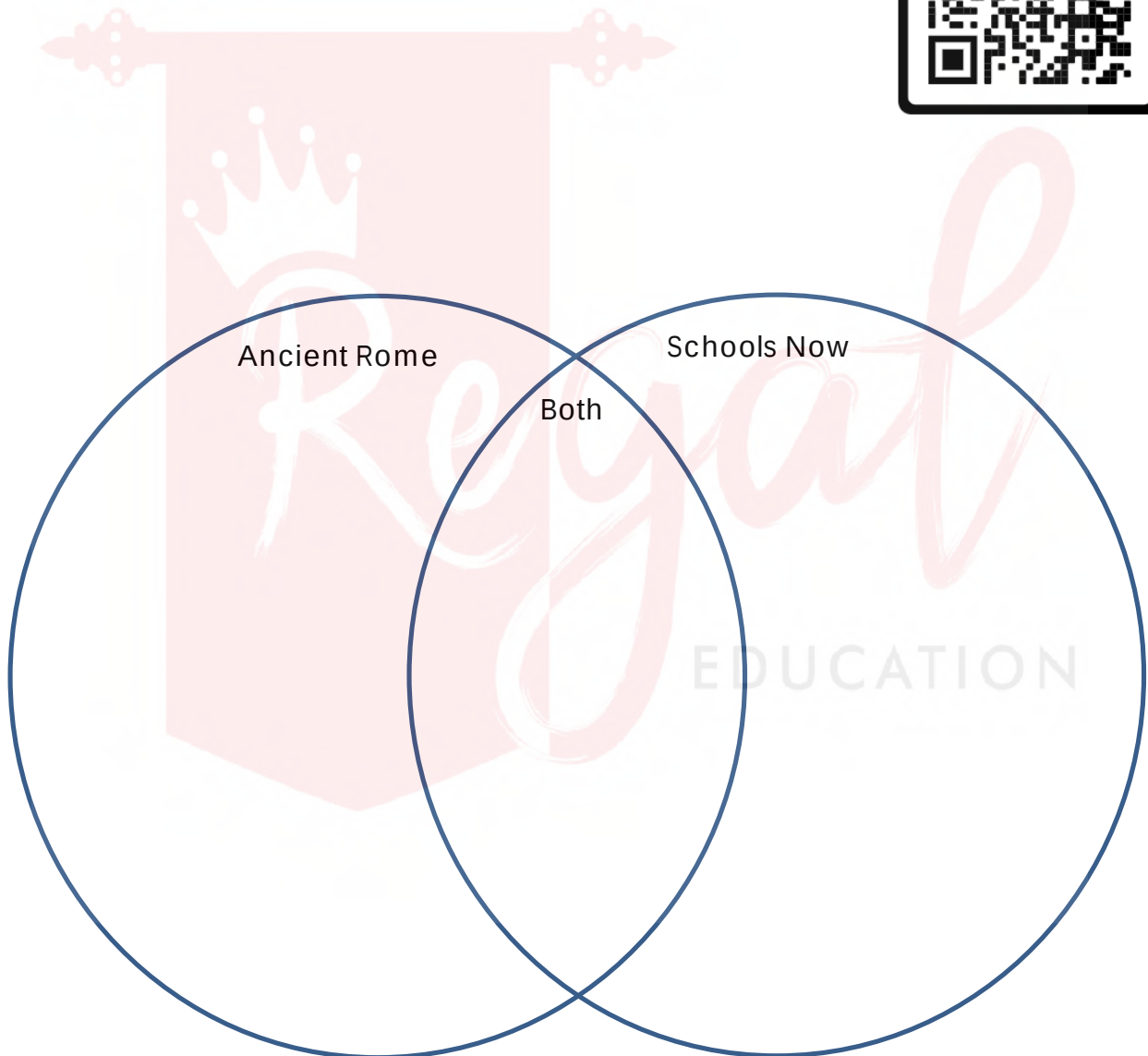
- a) get old and weak
- b) follow his father's career
- c) achieve more than people expected from you
- d) become an actor

Get together with your friends. Fill in the diagram below.

Compare the schools in Ancient Rome and nowadays.

Scan the QR code, to learn more about Ancient Rome.

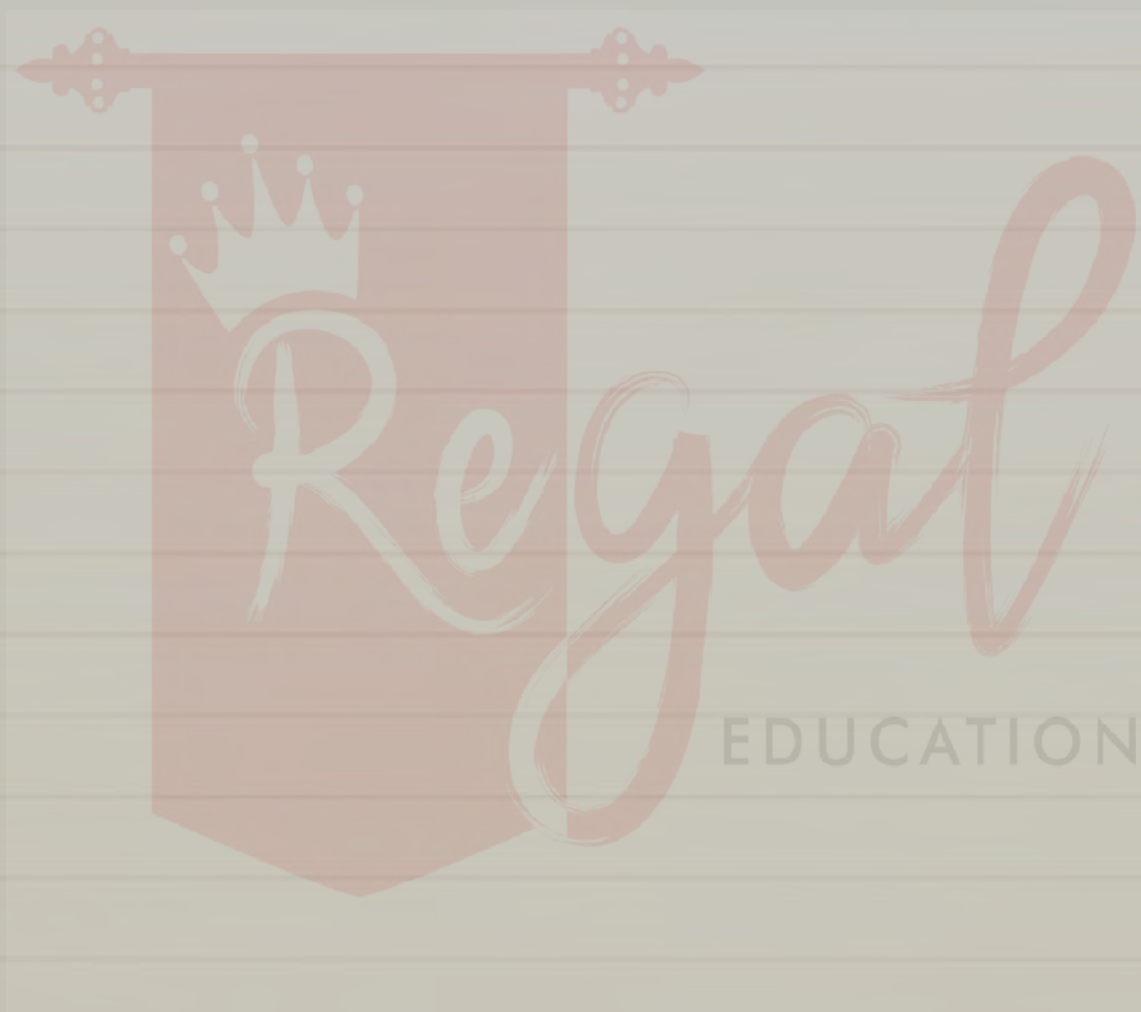
SCAN ME



Imagine, that you are a young Roman.

Write a letter to your friend and tell them about your day. Swap the books and check what your friends wrote.





Open for Business

Zion really wanted to open his own business. He loved watching shows on TV about people who invented great things and helped other people love their inventions, too. He tried to learn about how people started their own businesses and how they got their great ideas, but a lot of it was too hard for him to understand yet. His mom suggested that he look around the community for a business leader who might be able to help him understand, so that he could start his own business one day.

One day, he and his mom were out getting ice cream, and the shop owner, Mr. Warner, was the one serving them. Zion's mom asked if he had a few minutes to talk, and Mr. Warner sat down with them.

"Mr. Warner, Zion really wants to open his own business one day. Do you think you could help him understand how to run a business?" Zion's mom asked.

"I can try," replied Mr. Warner, "but a lot of it is hard to understand. There is a lot of math, and plenty of things you just have to learn through trial and error."

"A lot of math?" asked Zion. "Why do you need to know math to run a business?"

"Where do I even start? Well, when you own a business, you need to think about money flow. You have to know how much it costs to make or buy your items for the store, how much money you have to pay for your office space, and how much money you have to pay your workers. There are other costs, too, but we can just start with those. Each month, you have to make sure that you make enough money to cover those costs."



"I know that when you sell the ice cream that is how you get the money back from buying the ice cream, but where do you get money for the other things?" Zion asked.

"We actually have to sell the ice cream for more money than we bought the ingredients for. This is one time when math comes in. I have to total up how much I spent on all of the ingredients. Then I have to figure out how many servings of ice cream those ingredients will make. Next, I have to divide the cost by the servings, and add in extra to pay for the building and for my workers' paychecks," Mr. Warner responded. "I also have to make sure that it's not too expensive, and that it tastes delicious, otherwise no one will want to come to my shop. When I make really good ice cream that brings in a lot of customers, then I know I'm running my business the right way. If I don't make good ice cream, then I don't make any money. That would be awful, because I have to be able to pay all of the wonderful people who work here!"



It was time for them to go, but Zion was very thankful for Mr. Warner's explanation. "Thank you, Mr. Warner. There's a lot for me to learn!"

"Anytime, Zion. You're welcome to come back and ask more questions, I'm happy to help a future business leader!"

Get together with friends and discuss the following.

Jot down your ideas.

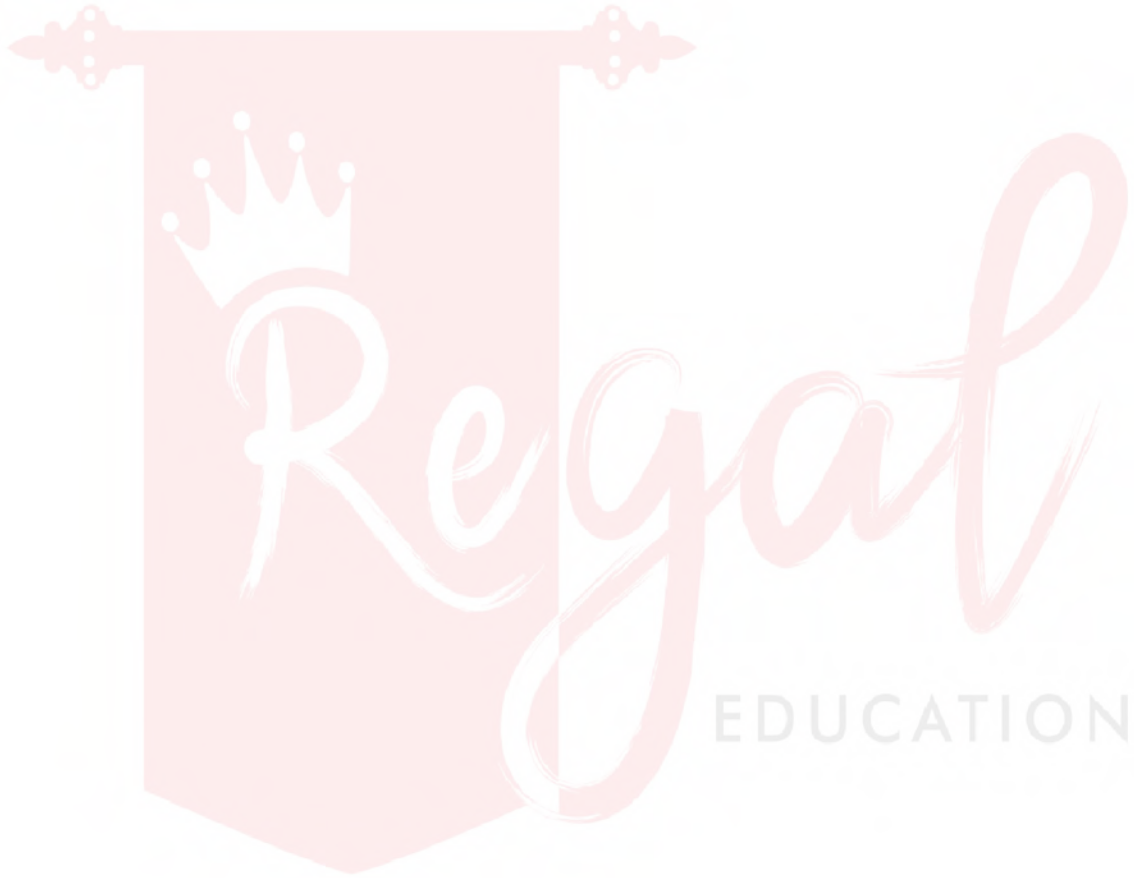
1. Is Mathematics important in life?
2. Why is it important for Zion to be good at Math?
3. Are you good at Math?
4. Do you want to start your own business?
5. Have you ever heard about young kids in business?

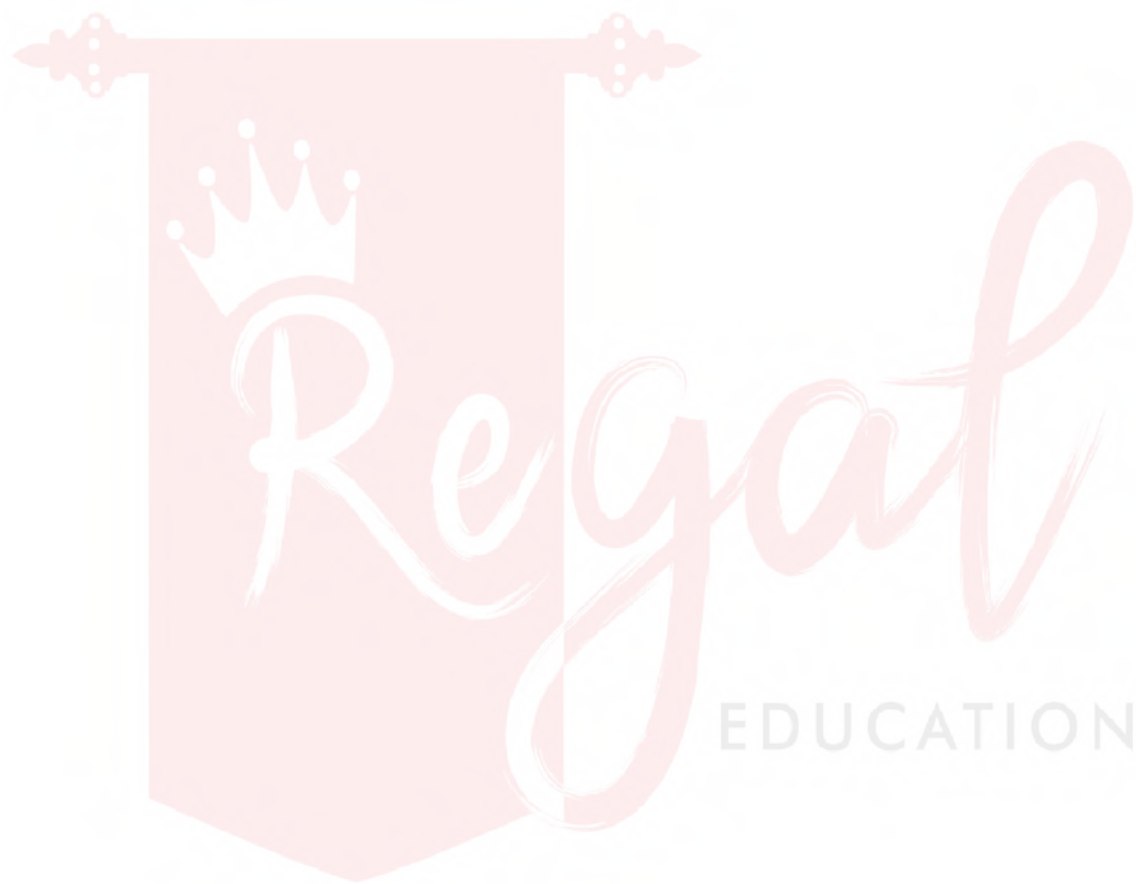
SCAN ME

Scan the QR code to learn about successful kids in business.



Draw a diagram to show how the kids from the video became successful in business.





Oranges Everywhere

Bentley was wandering through the trees. The air smelled of oranges all around him. The weather was perfect, and the oranges were growing bigger by the day. He liked to walk through the groves, and loved the smell of the oranges, but he didn't like that he and his family ate oranges all the time. Sometimes, he wanted to avoid them for weeks at a time.



He wished his family could grow other things, like corn, or the ingredients for his favorite dip that his mom made. His mouth watered just thinking about his favorite dip. Yes, those ingredients would be better than oranges all the time.

"Mom, why do we have to have oranges almost every day?" Bentley asked.

"Well, since we grow them, there are plenty around," his mom replied.

"Does every kid eat as many oranges as we do?" he asked.

"No, definitely not. There are parts of the country and parts of the world that don't have the type of weather that oranges grow in. We're actually very lucky!"

"So, some kids don't eat oranges at all?"

"We actually send oranges all over the world, so that if people can't grow their own oranges, they can still buy and eat them," said Mom.



"Hmmm... so people move foods all over the world? Are there foods that I like that don't grow here?"

"There is an ingredient in the dip you like. Artichokes do not grow well here, so they have to be sent from somewhere where they grow well," replied Mom.

"I never knew!" exclaimed Bentley.

"What else moves around like food?"

"Plenty of things! The factories that make your favorite toys are not all in our little town here. The companies make the toys then send the toys to other places. So, food and products move from where they can be grown or made easily to places where they can't be grown or made easily. People move themselves, too. Maybe they're looking for a specific job that isn't around where they live, or they want to be closer to their families, or they just want a change of scenery."

"Wow! I never thought about where all our food and toys come from, or about people moving far away. It's very interesting," Bentley said.

"It sure is. I'm glad you asked. I'm sorry you get tired of eating oranges all the time, but I hope now it makes sense why we do."

"Yes, but I still might take a break from them every once in a while. Maybe I'll try to grow my own artichokes!" Bentley replied.

Mom laughed and said, "Sure, honey. Now let's go make dinner."



Work alone or with friends. Fill in the table below. You can use the Internet.

	Favorite food that grows in the region	Favorite food that is brought from other countries
Bentley		
Me		
My friend		
My parents		

To play online, scan QR codes.



SCAN ME



SCAN ME



SCAN ME

A Story or a Fairy Tale?

The History of the Hot Dog

Back in 1900 a man was trying to sell sausages in the streets of New York. He boiled them and then kept them hot in a tank of hot water. Nobody



dachshund
/ˈdækshənd/

was very interested until he started to shout, 'Get your hot dachshund sausages here!' A dachshund is a long, thin, brown dog which looks something like a sausage. As a result, he sold many more of his sausages.

A newspaper reporter took a photograph of the sausage seller holding up one of his sausages for a story in his paper. But he wasn't sure how to spell 'dachshund', so he called it a 'hot dog' instead. And that's how the name started.

The same salesman lent a pair of white gloves to his customers to hold the hot sausages with. But somebody forgot to give him back the gloves. So, he went to a baker and asked him to make him some long pieces of bread to hold the hot dog in. This was such a perfect combination that it has remained unchanged ever since.



Work alone or with friends. Make questions for the following answers:

a. _____ ?

The man sold boiled sausages.

b. _____ ?

No, people weren't interested.

c. _____ ?

He called them 'dachshund sausages'.

d. _____ ?

A newspaper reporter did.

e. _____ ?

Because he didn't know how to spell 'dachshund'.

f. _____ ?

A baker made the bread for the 'hot dogs'.

Do you know any similar food stories?

Do you know how donuts were invented?

Donut or Doughnuts? Just a bun with a hole?

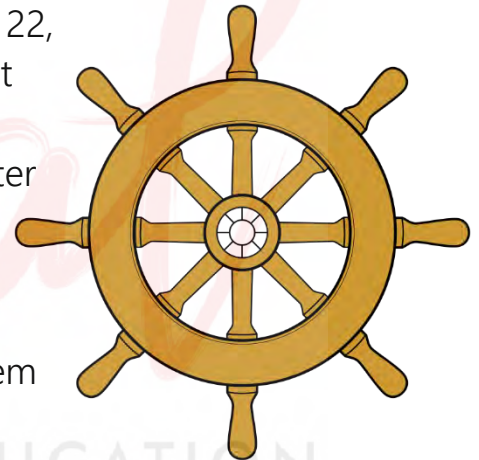
Dutch settlers brought apple and cream pies, cookies and donuts to the New



World. Their donuts were called olykoeks, or oily cakes – sweet dough balls fried in fat. Early donuts were often filled with apples, prunes or raisins. The name “doughnut” may refer to the nuts put in the middle of the dough ball to prevent an uncooked center or possibly to “dough knots” – another popular shape for the olykoeks. Today, “doughnut” and “donut” are used interchangeably.

Why Do modern donuts have a hole?

The story says that on June 22, 1847, Captain Gregory’s ship hit a sudden storm. He put the donut on a stick on the steering wheel to keep his hands free. The stick drove a hole through the raw center of the donut. Captain Gregory liked the donuts better that way, and the donut hole was born.



In the second story, he didn't like nuts, so he poked them out and ordered the ship's cook to remove the centers from donuts.

The third version comes from an interview with the Captain Gregory in the Washington Post. Gregory didn't like the fat of donuts twisted into various shapes, or the raw center of regular donuts. He suddenly had the idea to punch a hole. When he got home, he taught this new donut trick to his mother, who was a famous donut maker in New York.

Go around the class and fill in the table.

Question/ Name	Me				
Do you like donuts?					
What importance do donuts play in our lives?					
What kind of donut would really make your mouth water?					
How would you describe the smell of freshly made donuts?					
Do you ever go to donut cafes?					
Which is the better spelling of the word – 'donut' or 'doughnut'? Why?					
Do you think a 'healthy donut' restaurant would catch on?					
Does your country have its own unique kinds of donuts?					
What do you know about the nutritional value of donuts?					
Why do you think donuts are so popular around the world?					

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National Doughnut Day

National Doughnut Day is on the first Friday of June every year. Of course, the holiday celebrates something most of us love – the donut. Most countries around the world have donuts. They usually come in two forms. Some are ring-shaped and covered with sugar, chocolate, or other sugary things. Others are shaped like slightly flat tennis balls and filled with jam, apple sauce or similarly sweet fillings. In most cities around the world, it is very easy to find a donut shop where you can sit down with friends and eat your favorite kinds of donut. It is almost a part of modern youth culture. Dunkin Donuts is probably the most famous, but new chains like Krispy Kreme are making a big impact in the donut world.



National Doughnut Day started in 1938 as a charity event. The aim was to raise money for the needy during America's Great Depression. A secondary reason was to honor American women who served donuts to U.S. soldiers fighting in France. Conditions were difficult to cook sweets for the soldiers, so the women came up with the idea of making donuts. The soldiers loved them. They even made donuts cooked in oil inside the metal helmets of soldiers.

Spell the jumbled words (from the text) correctly. Swap the books with your friends and check if they got all the words right.

Paragraph 1

1. mgeionsth most of us love
2. They usually come in two mofrs
3. ilfeld with jam
4. sit down with senfrid
5. a part of modern youth clrutue
6. making a big tacmpi

Paragraph 2

7. a hcyitra event
8. raise money for the nyeed
9. cook sweets for the osisdlre
10. metal eehlsmt
11. sisducs the history of donuts
12. tisck to your favourites



Cut out these lines and put them in the correct order. You can work alone or with friends.

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with jam, apple sauce or similarly sweet fillings. In most cities around the world, it is very easy to find a donut
needy during America’s Great Depression. A secondary reason was to honor American women who served
spellings, while sampling some new flavors and tastes. Or perhaps, just stick to your favorites.
are making a big impact in the donut world.
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National Doughnut Day started in 1938 as a charity event. The aim was to raise money for the
doughnuts cooked in oil inside the metal helmets of soldiers. No one knows why they are called
shaped and covered with sugar, chocolate or other sugary things. Others are shaped like slightly flat tennis balls and filled
donuts. They are definitely not nuts. Perhaps this Donut Day you can discuss the history of donuts and why there are two
soldiers so the women came up with the idea of making doughnuts. The soldiers loved them. They even made

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With a partner, put the words back into the correct order.

1. year every June of Friday first the on

2. like shaped balls tennis flat slightly

3. eat donut of kinds favourite your

4. making world donut the in impact big a

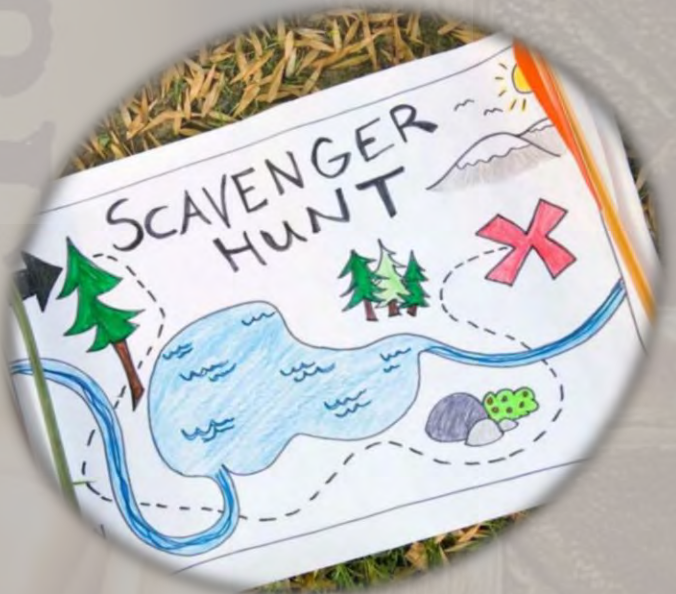
5. The money aim for was the to needy raise

6. cook to difficult were Conditions sweets

7. idea came of up making with doughnuts the
women

8. are they why knows one No donuts called

9. discuss history donuts can the of you



TREASURE HUNT

Danny and Susie were walking to school when Susie noticed something under the bushes.

"What is that?" Susie asked, as she pointed to the bush.

"Hmmm, I'm not sure." Danny reached down to grab it. It was a book, and it looked old. The title was "Buried Treasure". He started looking through the book. It was full of different maps that were supposed to lead to buried treasure. "Wow, this book looks great!"



Susie said, "I want to look too, but we'd better get to school before we're late."

Danny and Susie anxiously awaited recess, when they would have time to get a better look at the book.

Their friend Fred joined them on the benches at recess time. Susie sat in the middle, holding the book, and turning the pages. Each treasure map had an explanation for where it was found, and what the treasure was supposed to be. The stories were exciting, and Susie, Danny, and Fred let their minds run wild. They wished there was a treasure map in their town for them to explore. What a fun adventure that would be!

When Danny's dad parked, the friends got out of the car. Now was the hard part, where in the park was the treasure? They started looking around for clues. Finally, Susie yelled out to Danny and Fred, and they came running over.

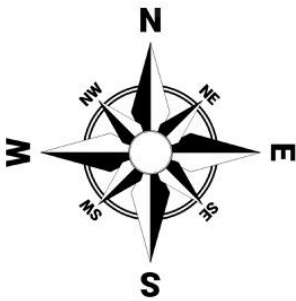
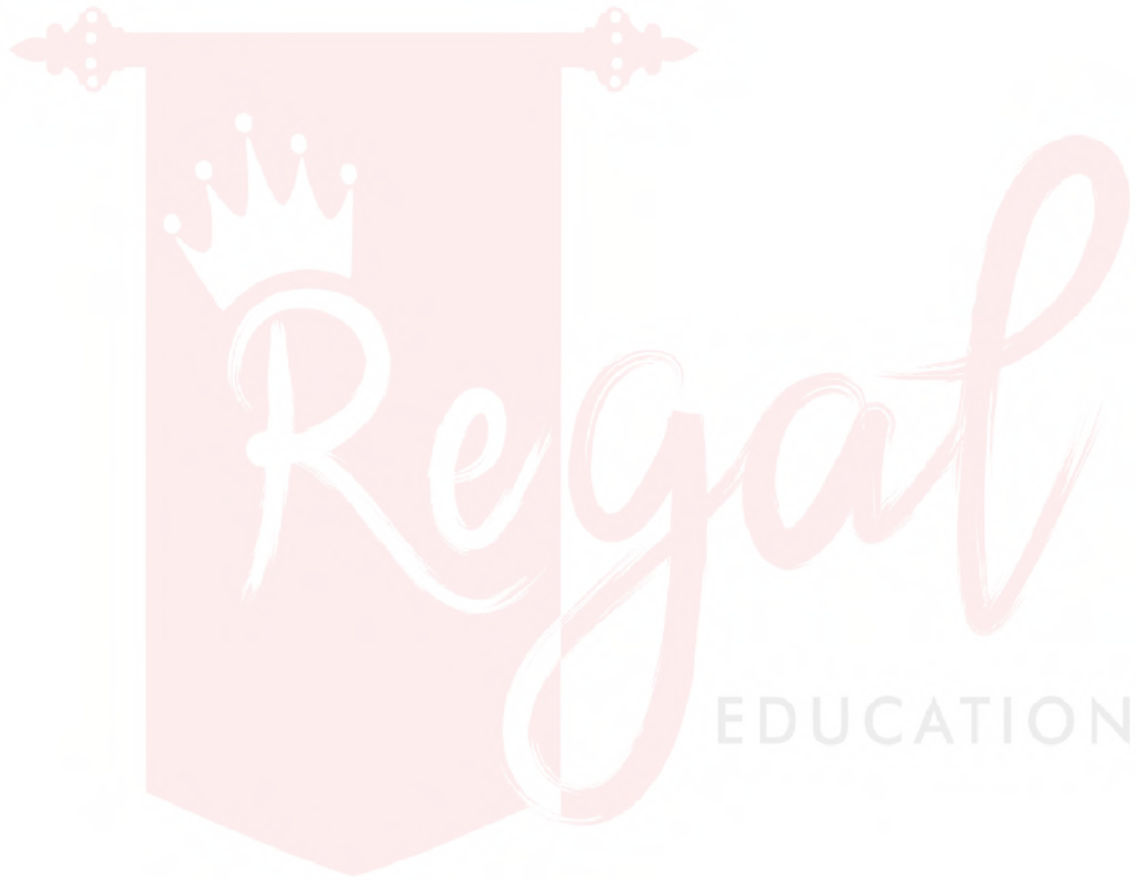


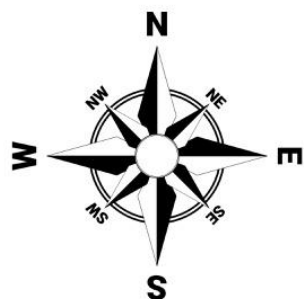
"I found it! At first, I didn't think it was the treasure, because it's not something we can pick up and take with us, but, when you read it, you'll see!" Susie said. She pointed to the tree they were all standing by. On the trunk, someone had carved a message. It said, "The best treasure is a good adventure with good friends!" There were other names carved into the tree.

"Wow, that's true. It was so fun going on a treasure hunt with you both. Let's sign our names!" The friends carved their names, and Danny's dad took a picture of them all with the tree. Even though they didn't get to keep anything, they agreed that it was a great day.

EDUCATION

Work together with your friends or alone. Hide something in the school and prepare a treasure map. Swap the books with friends. Go on a treasure hunt. Remember to be careful!





The Merchant's Caravan

Once there was a merchant who sold fine silks and rugs. He needed to send his goods to a country on the other side of the sandy desert.

The merchant owned a large caravan of camels, and he employed many men. Camels were the only animals strong enough to travel over the desert with the heavy loads.

For many days, the merchant and his men had been preparing for the journey. The canvas tents and the poles were placed upon one camel. Great leather bottles of water were loaded on another camel. Firewood and bags of rice and barley meal were placed on still another. It required many camels to carry the merchant's goods.

At last, the caravan was ready for the journey. The sun shone steadily, making the sand so hot that no one could walk upon it in the daytime. At night both men and camels could travel easily.

So, the merchant said to the men, "Be ready to start after sunset tonight. Give the camels plenty of water to drink and feed them well because we will have a long, hard journey."

The merchant and his men traveled all that night. One man was the pilot. He rode ahead because he knew how to navigate by stars, and he could guide the caravan by them.

At daybreak they stopped. They spread the canvas tents and fed the camels. They built fires, cooked the rice, and made cakes of the barley meal. During the day, the men rested in the shade of the tents. After the evening meal, the caravan started again on its way.

They had traveled like this for three long, silent nights. Early on the third morning, the camels raised their heads, stretched their nostrils, and hastened eagerly forward.

The pilot cried, "The camels smell water and grass. An oasis is near!"

Before long they could see palm trees with their spreading leaves waving in the soft breeze.

Joyfully they rested during the day. The camels drank freely from the cool spring. The men filled the great leather bottles with fresh water. In the evening, refreshed and happy, the men continued the journey.

So, they traveled night after night, resting during the heat of the day. At last, one morning the pilot said, "We shall soon reach the end of our journey."

The men were very glad to hear this because they were weary, and the camels needed rest.

After supper that night the merchant said, "Throw away the firewood and most of the water. It will lighten the burden on the camels. By tomorrow we shall reach the city."

When the caravan started that evening, the pilot led the way as usual, but after a while, weary with many nights of watching, he fell asleep.

All night long the caravan traveled. At daybreak the pilot awoke and looked at the last star fading in the morning light.

"Halt!" he called. "The camels must have turned while I slept. We are at the place from which we started yesterday."

There was no water to drink. There was no firewood to cook the food. The men spread the tents and lay down under them saying, "The wood and the water are gone. We are lost!"

But the merchant said to himself, "This is no time to rest. I must find water. If I give way to despair, all will be lost."

Then the merchant started away from the tent watching the ground closely. He walked and walked. At last, he saw a tuft of grass.

"There must be water somewhere under the sand, or this grass would not be here," thought the merchant.

He ran back to the tent shouting and calling, "Bring an ax and a spade. Come quickly!"

The men jumped up and ran with the merchant to the place where the grass was growing. They began to dig in the sand, and soon they struck a rock.

The merchant jumped down into the hole and put his ear close to the rock.

"Water! Water!" he cried. "I hear water running under this great rock. We must not despair!"

Then, raising his ax above his head, he struck a heavy blow. Again and again, he struck the rock.

At last, the rock broke and a stream of water, clear as crystal, filled the hole almost before the merchant could jump out of it.

A shout of joy burst from the lips of the men. They drank the water eagerly, and afterwards led the camels to the spring. Then they set up a pole and fastened a flag to it so that other traders might find the well.

In the evening, the men again started on their journey, and they reached the city the very next day.

Discuss the following questions with your friends.

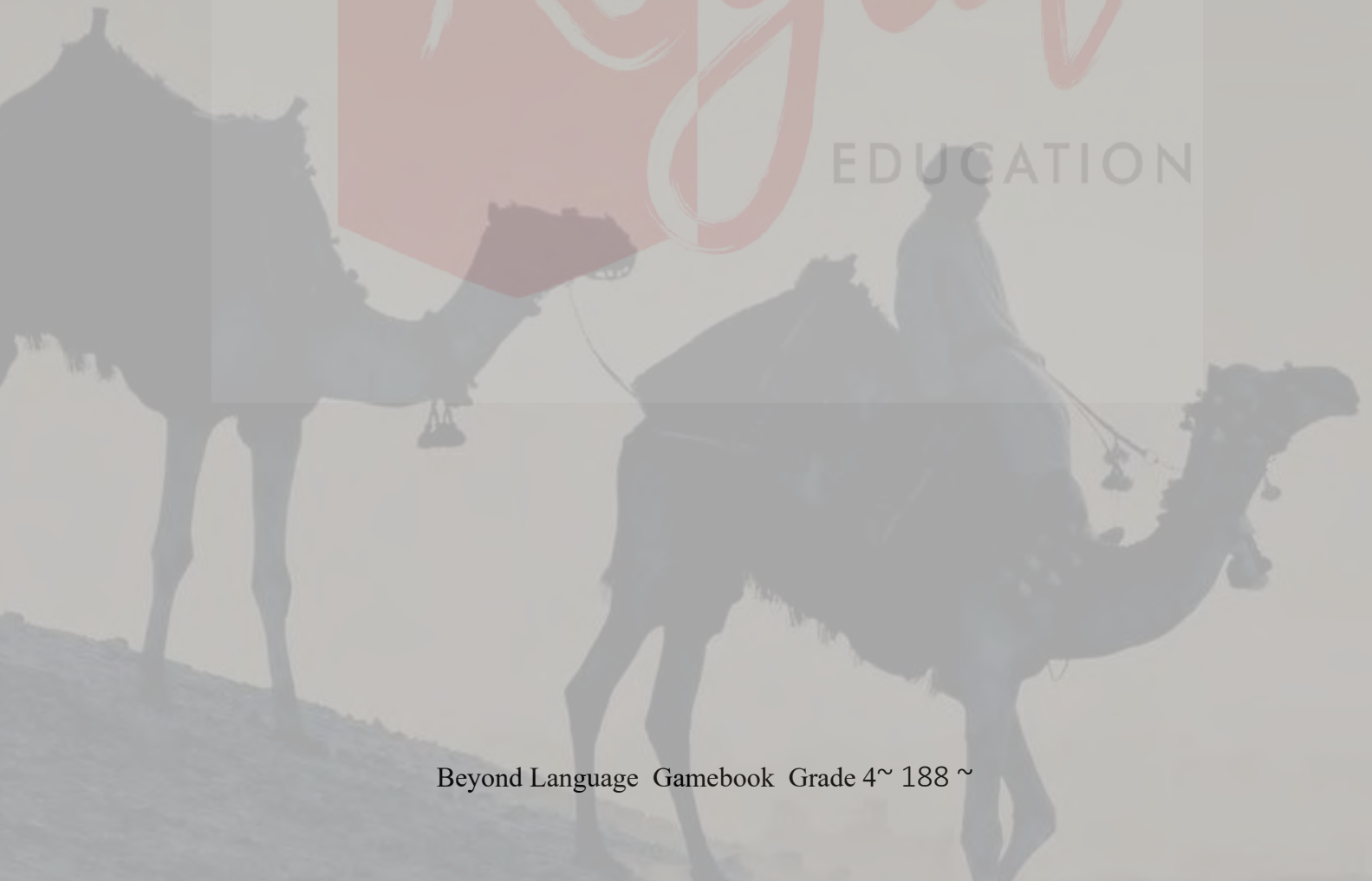
1. Why did the caravan travel at night?

2. Why did they throw away the firewood and water?

3. How did the tuft of grass let the merchant know there was water nearby?

4. What can the merchant's actions teach us?

5. Go online. Find how people used to find water in the desert. Make a scheme, diagram, or a checklist. Compare your check list with your friends.





Father Frost Knows

The winter wind howled around the house and slipped in around the windows. Anna fed more wood to the fire as her sister sat wrapped in a blanket.

“We must do something about the cold,” Lucy said. “I cannot take this much longer.”

Anna added another log to the fire. “We will be fine, Lucy. We have enough to eat and plenty of wood. The wind will die down soon.” Lucy grumped and grumbled. “It’s getting colder every hour.”

Anna’s father and mother came through the door of their small cabin in a swirl of wind and snow. Mother shook the snow off her coat, while Father stomped his feet on the floor and hurried to the fire to get warm.

“Did you have a nice trip?” Anna asked. As always, her voice was gentle.

“No,” her mother said. “There was no food at the market. They will not have any more food until this weather passes.”

Father hugged Anna. “We will be fine,” he whispered.

“Why don’t I go into the forest and bring back some food?” Anna said. “It is the least I can do to help.”

Anna looked up at Father. His eyes looked sad, and he hugged her again.

“Yes,” said Lucy. “Hurry up and get us some food.”

Without a word, Anna pulled on her coat and boots and headed out into the forest. The sun was setting when she finally found a fir tree. Maybe she could use of the needles to make soup.

Anna pulled the needles from the fir tree and placed them in the sack she carried.

The sun set. Darkness covered the forest. Anna didn't like being outside in the dark. She shivered but kept filling her sack?

“Are you warm?”

Anna looked up to see an old man with a long, white beard and a long, blue fur coat over his dark shirt and pants. He carried a walking stick, and a sack hung on his back. He was Father Frost.



“Yes, sir. I am plenty warm,” Anna said through chattering teeth. The cold cut through her gloves, and she could barely feel her fingers.

“Are you hungry?” Father Frost asked.

“No, sir,” Anna replied. She held up her sack. “I have plenty.”

Father Frost placed a hand on Anna's shoulder. “Since you are good and kind and have spoken politely, take this.”

Anna took the sack and a lantern from Father Frost and hurried home.

“What took you so long?” Lucy snapped. “I’m starving.”

Anna placed the sack on the table and opened it. Bread, fruits, and vegetables tumbled out along with gold and gems. There was enough there to keep the family fed for a long time.

“Where did you get this, Anna?” Father asked.

“I saw Father Frost in the forest. He gave them to me.”

Father smiled. He knew of Father Frost. The gifts showed that Anna was good and kind.

After she had eaten, Lucy said she wanted to go into the forest. She wanted a sack of treasures like Anna. She put on her coat and went out the door. Lucy stomped through the forest. She muttered as she walked. She held the lantern in front of her, but she could barely see in the darkness. Finally, she found a fir tree. She wrapped herself in her furs and plopped down in the snow. She hoped Father Frost would hurry up.

“Are you warm?”



Lucy looked up to see Father Frost standing over her with a smile on his face. “Of course not. It’s snowing and the wind is blowing. I’m freezing.” She jumped to her feet and shook the snow off her cloak.

“Are you hungry?” Father Frost asked.



“Yes!” Lucy cried. “The little bit of bread you gave Anna was barely enough to feed one person. There are four of us. I got almost nothing!” Lucy did not tell Father Frost that she had eaten a lot and had even taken some of Anna’s portion.

“Now, give me food and jewels so I can go home.”

Father Frost scowled. He handed Lucy a heavy sack.

Lucy turned and headed home. She did not even say thank you.

Lucy’s mother was waiting at the door when Lucy returned. “Well? What is in the sack?”

“I don’t know,” Lucy snapped. “It’s so cold outside, I haven’t even looked.” She handed the sack to her mother and went straight to the fire.

Mother dumped the sack on the table. Instead of food and coins, the table was covered with small rocks.

“Father Frost only rewards those who are good and kind,” Father said. He turned to Lucy. “Maybe you need to think about how you treat others.”

Work alone or with friends.

1. Put the story events in order.

_____ Mother dumped a bag of rocks on the table.

_____ Anna put wood on the fire.

_____ Father Frost spoke to Anna.

_____ Lucy went into the woods.



2. Create a timeline of the story. First 3 events are given.

1

- Anna and Lucy are at home alone.

2

- Parents come home without food.

3

- Anna offers to go to the forest.

Swap the books
with friends and
check each
other's timeline.



The Fox and the Little Red Hen

Once upon a time there was a little red hen. She lived in a little white house, and she had a little green garden. Every day she worked in the house and garden.

Near her home lived a family of foxes. One day Mamma Fox said to Papa Fox, "I want a fat hen to eat." There was nothing in the pantry for the baby foxes, so Papa Fox started out to find something for them all.

He ran down the road until he came to the woods. "Surely I will find something here," he said, but he found nothing to eat in the woods. As he came near the little green garden he said, "Oh, I smell fresh cake. Oh, I smell a little red hen."

Sure enough, there was the Little Red Hen eating her cake.

Papa Fox snuck up quietly behind her and grabbed her and put her into the bag on his back; then he ran quickly off down the hill toward his home.

The Little Red Hen was so frightened that she could only whisper, "Oh, dear. Oh, dear. Oh, dear." Just then she had to sneeze, and when she put her claw into her pocket for her handkerchief, she felt her little scissors. Quick as a flash she took them out and cut a little hole in the bag. Peeping out she saw a great hill just ahead, all covered with stones. As Papa Fox stopped to rest on his way up the hill, with his back turned toward her, she cut a big hole in the bag, jumped out and quickly put a big stone in the bag in her place.

As Papa Fox kept on up the hill, he thought the bag was heavy, but he said, "Never mind, she is a fat little red hen."

Mamma Fox met him at the front door with all the baby foxes.

"The water is boiling," said she. "What do you have in your bag?" asked the Baby Foxes.

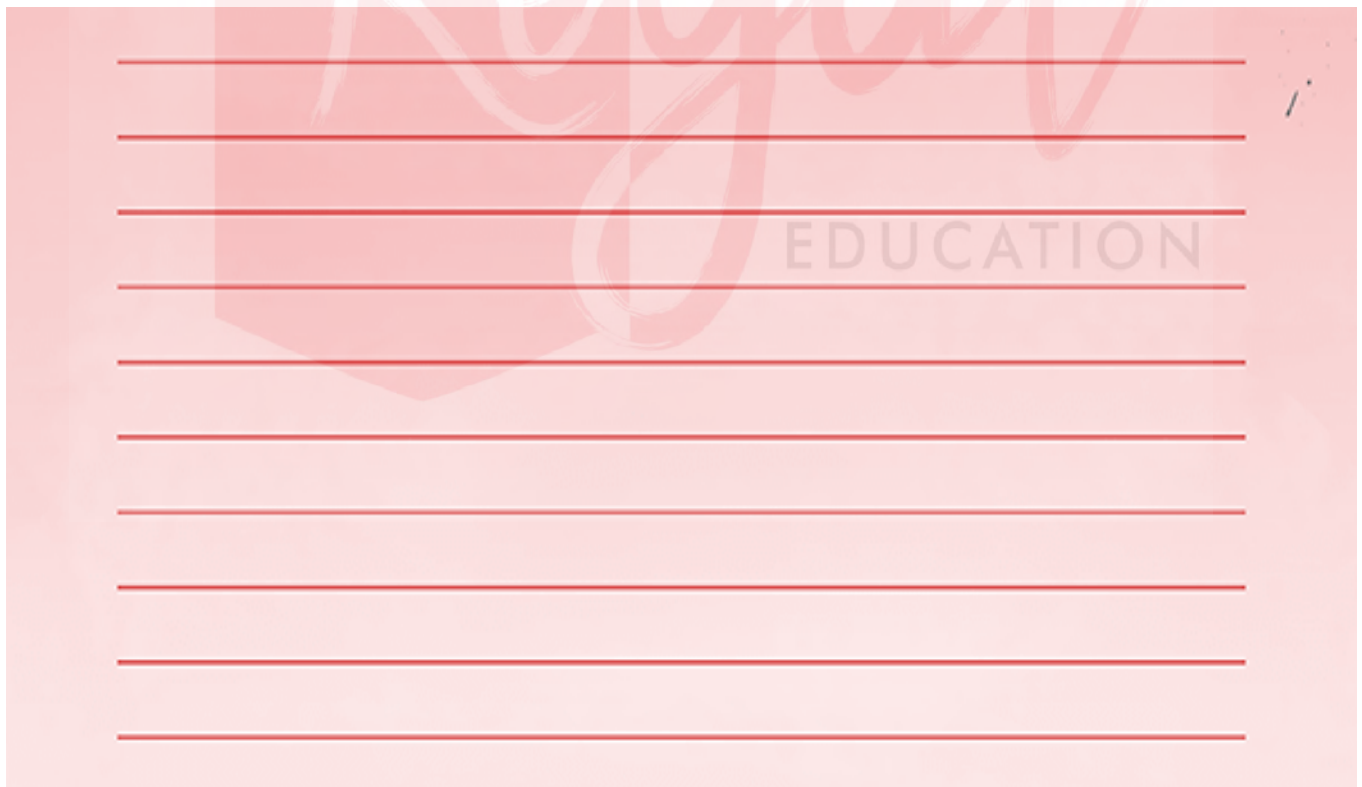
"A fat, little, red hen," said Papa Fox.

As he held the bag over the pot, he said to Mamma Fox, "When I drop her in, you clap on the lid." So, he opened the bag. Splash went the boiling water. It spilled all over Papa Fox and Mamma Fox and the Baby Foxes.

Never again did they try to catch the Little Red Hen.

Get together with the friends and discuss the following. Jot down your ideas.

1. What does this story teach us?



Imagine that you are Mr. Fox. Tell the story from your point of view. Write a letter to your sister to tell her about what happened to you.

The writing area is a large rectangle with horizontal lines. In the top right corner, there are two cartoon foxes. One is sitting and looking towards the left, and the other is standing and looking towards the right. In the bottom left corner, there is a third cartoon fox, standing and looking towards the right. A large, faint watermark in the center of the page reads "Regal EDUCATION".

Imagine that you are Little Red Hen. Tell the story from your point of view. Write a letter to your sister to tell her about what happened to you.

A decorative writing template with a light orange background. It features a border of stylized orange leaves, hearts, and stars. In the center, there is a large, faint watermark of a crown above the word "Regal" in a cursive font, with the word "EDUCATION" in a smaller, sans-serif font below it. The page is filled with horizontal orange lines for writing.

The Invisible Cargo

Once, long ago, there was a ferryman named Reimer. He worked carrying cargo across the Lim Fjord in Denmark. Reimer had traveled to Copenhagen, the biggest city in Denmark, to renew his ferry license. Renewing the license took a while, and it was Christmas Eve by the time he finished.

Reimer was sad as he walked along the streets of Copenhagen. Snow fell all around him, and the gas lamps flickered in the darkness. It was a long way home, and Reimer did not want to miss Christmas with his family. Reimer went into a small coffee shop to warm up a little.

A little man in a gray coat was already in the shop. When he saw Raimer's long face, the little man asked Raimer what was wrong. Raimer explained that he was far from home and was sad about missing Christmas with his family.

"Reimer, would you like to get home in one night?" the little man in a gray coat softly asked.

Reimer looked at the man. "Of course, I would, but it is too far."



“Not for me,” the man said. “I will get you home in one night if you will do me a service.”

“What kind of service?” Reimer asked.

“I would like you and your ferrymen to carry special cargo from the south side of the sound to the north side of the sound.”

Reimer agreed, and the little man led him to a small, black horse. Reimer climbed up behind the dwarf. The horse took off. They flew through the air more quickly than Reimer had ever imagined.

For several hours, Reimer and the dwarf rode through the air. At one point, Reimer heard the clink of iron on iron.

“What was that?” Reimer asked.

“Oh, nothing to worry about,” the little man said. “It’s just the horse’s hoof hitting the top of Viborg Cathedral.”

Before long, the horse stopped in front of Reimer’s house. Reimer couldn’t believe he had gotten home in one night. It just wasn’t possible.

Still, Reimer could not argue with results. He was home for Christmas!



Reimer stepped into the house and hugged his wife. He sat with his children in front of the fire and told ghost stories until late into the night. "It's time for bed, children," Reimer said at last.

The children went to bed, and Reimer and his family spent a wonderful Christmas together.

Life continued, and Reimer soon forgot about his promise to the dwarf. One evening, just as the sun was setting, Reimer heard a knock at the door. He opened it to see the little man in the gray coat.

"It is time for you to fulfill your promise," the dwarf said.

Reimer got his coat and kissed his wife and children. He gathered his crew and went to the **sound (a narrow passage of water that joins two larger areas of water)** where his ferry was.

The dwarf soon arrived.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

Reimer nodded, took his place at the helm of the ferry and waited for the ferry to be loaded with the dwarf's cargo.

For a long while, Reimer heard the sound of footsteps. He watched and waited as the little man walked back and forth. However, Reimer saw no boxes loaded onto the ferry. He saw no crates loaded onto the ferry. He



did not see anything loaded onto the ferry! Curiously though, he noticed that the ferry was now sitting much lower in the water than previously, as if some heavy weight was pushing it downwards.

“We’re ready,” the little man said.

“But there’s nothing there,” Reimer said. “I’ve been watching, and I have seen nothing.”

“Just trust me,” the dwarf said.

All night long, Reimer and his crew carried loads of invisible cargo from the south side of the fjord to the north side of the fjord.

The ferry lowered with the sound of footsteps on the south side. The ferry rose in the water with the sound of footsteps on the north side.

The sun was just beginning to rise when Reimer stopped on the north side with the last load. The dwarf got off the ferry and shook Reimer’s hand.

“Would you like to know what you have carried this night?” the little man asked.

Reimer nodded. He was curious.

The dwarf handed Reimer his hat. “Put this on your head.”



Reimer put the little man's hat on his head. His eyes widened. His mouth dropped open. His heart beat against his rib cage. His hands grew clammy. Hundreds of dwarves stood on the beach with their belongings in bags and boxes.

"We are going north," the dwarf said. "There is no longer room for us here."

Reimer didn't know what to say.

"Thank you for your help," the dwarf said.

Reimer just watched as the dwarves wandered away. By the time the sun fully rose, they were gone.



Answer the questions. Swap the books and compare your answers with your friends. There are no wrong answers if you can prove your point.

1. What was Reimer's job?
 - a. Reimer was a ferryman.
 - b. Reimer was a cat herder.
 - c. Reimer was a butterfly farmer.
 - d. Reimer raised cattle.

2. When did the dwarf come to Reimer's house for him to fulfill his promise?
 - a. The dwarf came at sunrise.
 - b. The dwarf came at noon.
 - c. The dwarf came at midnight.
 - d. The dwarf came at sundown.

3. Which direction were the dwarves going?
- a. The dwarves were going south.
 - b. The dwarves were going west.
 - c. The dwarves were going north.
 - d. The dwarves were going east.

The dwarf's cargo was invisible. If you were invisible for a day, what would you do?



Hansel and Gretel

by The Brothers Grimm



ONCE upon a time there dwelled on the outskirts of a large forest a poor woodcutter with his wife and two children; the boy was called Hansel, and the girl Gretel. He always had little enough to live on, and once, when times were bad, they had to get by with one piece of bread and butter each.

One night, as he was tossing about in bed, full of cares and worry, he sighed and said to his wife,

“What’s to become of us? How are we to feed our poor children now that we have nothing more for ourselves?”

“I’ll tell you what, husband,” answered the woman, “early tomorrow morning we’ll take the children out into the thickest part of the wood. There we shall light a fire for them and give them each a piece of bread; then we’ll go on to our work and leave them alone. They won’t be able to find their way home, and we shall be rid of them.”

“No, wife,” said her husband, “that I won’t do; how could I find it in my heart to leave my children alone in the wood? The wild beasts would soon come and tear them to pieces.”

“Oh! You fool,” said she, “then we must all four die of hunger, and you may just as well go and saw the boards for our coffins.” They argued and argued, until he agreed that they must get rid of Hansel and Gretel. “But I can’t help feeling sorry for the poor children,” added the husband.

The children, too, had not been able to sleep for hunger, and had heard what their stepmother had said to their father. Gretel wept bitterly and spoke to Hansel, “Now it’s all up with us.”



“No, no, Gretel,” said Hansel, “don’t fret yourself; I’ll be able to find a way to escape, no fear.” When the old people had fallen asleep, he got up, slipped on his little coat, opened the back door and stole out. The moon was shining clearly, and the white pebbles which lay in front of the house glittered like bits of silver. Hansel bent down and filled his pocket with as many of them as he could cram in. Then he went back and said to Gretel, “Be comforted, my dear little sister, and go to sleep. God will not desert us,” and he lay down in bed again.

At daybreak, even before the sun was up, the woman came and woke the two children, “Get up, you lie-abeds, we’re all going to the forest to fetch wood.” She gave them each a bit of bread and said, “There’s something for your luncheon, but don’t you eat it up beforehand, for it’s all you’ll get.”

Gretel took the bread under her apron, as Hansel had the stones in his pocket. Then they all set out together on the way to the forest. After they had walked a little, Hansel stood still and looked back at the house, and this maneuver he repeated again and again. His father observed him, and said, "Hansel, what are you gazing at there? Why do you always remain behind? Take care, and don't lose your footing."

"Oh! father," said Hansel, "I am looking back at my white kitten, which is sitting on the roof, waving me a farewell."

The woman exclaimed, "What a donkey you are! That isn't your kitten, that's the morning sun shining on the chimney." But Hansel had not looked back at his kitten but had always dropped one of the white pebbles out of his pocket on to the path.

When they had reached the middle of the forest the father said, "Now children, go and fetch a lot of wood, and I'll light a fire that you may not feel cold." Hansel and Gretel heaped up brushwood until they had made a pile nearly the size of a small hill. The brushwood was set fire

to, and when the flames leaped high the woman said, "Now lie down at the fire, children, and rest yourselves. We are going into the forest to cut down wood, and when we've finished, we'll come back and fetch you."



Hansel and Gretel sat down beside the fire, and at midday ate their little bits of bread. They heard the strokes of the axe, so they thought their father was quite nearby. But it was no axe they heard, but a bough he had tied on a dead tree, and that was blown about by the wind. When they had sat for a long time their eyes closed with fatigue, and they fell fast asleep. When they awoke at last, it was pitch dark. Gretel began to cry, and said, "How are we ever to get out of the wood?"

Hansel comforted her. "Wait a bit," he said, "until the moon is up, and then we'll find our way sure enough." When the full moon had risen, he took his sister by the hand and followed the pebbles, which shone like new pennies, and showed them the path. They walked on through the night, and at daybreak reached their father's house again. They knocked at the door, and when the woman opened it, she exclaimed, "You naughty children, what a time you've slept in the wood



to! We thought you were never going to come back." The father rejoiced, for his conscience had reproached him for leaving his children behind by themselves.

Not long afterwards there was again great dearth in the land, and the children heard their mother address their father thus in bed one night, "Everything is eaten up once more; we have only half a loaf in the house, and when that's gone it's all up with us. The children must be gotten rid of; we'll lead them deeper into the wood this time, so that they won't be able to

find their way out again. There is no other way of saving ourselves." The man's heart smote him heavily.

He thought, "Surely it would be better to share the last bite with one's children!" But his wife wouldn't listen to his arguments and did nothing but scold and reproach him. If a man yields once, he's done for, and so, because he had given in the first time, he was forced to do so the second.

The children were awake again and had heard the conversation. When the old people were asleep Hansel got up and wanted to go out and pick up pebbles again, as he had done the first time; but the woman had barred the door, and Hansel couldn't get out. But he consoled his little sister, and said, "Don't cry, Gretel, and sleep peacefully, for God is sure to help us."



At early dawn the woman came and made the children get up. They received their bit of bread, but it was even smaller than the time before. On the way to the wood Hansel crumbled it in his pocket, and every few minutes he stood still and dropped a crumb on the ground. "Hansel, what are you stopping and looking about you for?" said the father.

"I'm looking back at my little pigeon, which is sitting on the roof waving me a farewell," answered Hansel.

"Fool!" said the wife; "that isn't your pigeon, it's the morning sun glittering on the chimney." But Hansel gradually threw all his crumbs on the path.

The woman led the children still deeper into the forest farther than they had ever been in their lives before. Then a big fire was lit again, and the mother said, "Just sit down there, children, and if you're tired you can sleep a bit; we're going into the forest to cut down wood, and in the evening when we're finished we'll come back to fetch you."

At midday Gretel divided her bread with Hansel, for he had strewn his all along their path. Then they fell asleep, evening passed away, and nobody came to the poor children. They didn't awake until it was pitch dark, and Hansel comforted his sister, saying, "Only wait, Gretel, 'til the moon rises, then we shall see the bread-crumbs I scattered along the path; they will show us the way back to the house."

When the moon appeared they got up, but they found no crumbs, for the thousands of birds that fly about the woods and fields had picked them all up.

"Never mind," said Hansel to Gretel, "you'll see we'll find a way out," but all the same they did not.

They wandered about the whole night and the next day, from morning until evening, but they could not find a path out of the wood. They were very hungry too, for they had nothing to eat but a few berries they found growing on the ground. At last,

they were so tired that their legs refused to carry them any longer, so they lay down under a tree and fell fast asleep.



On the third morning after they had left their father's house they set about their wandering again, but only got deeper and deeper into the wood, and now they felt that if help did not come to them soon, they must perish. At midday they saw a beautiful little snow-white bird sitting on a branch,



which sang so sweetly that they stopped still and listened to it. When its song was finished it flapped its wings and flew on in front of them. They followed it and came to a little house, on the roof of which it perched; and when they came quite near, they saw that the cottage was made of bread and roofed with cakes, while the window was made of transparent sugar. "Now we'll set to," said Hansel, "and have a regular blow-out. I'll eat a bit of the roof, and you,

Gretel, can eat some of the window, which you'll find a sweet morsel."

Hansel stretched up his hand and broke off a little bit of the roof to see what it was like, and Gretel went to the casement and began to nibble at it.

Thereupon a shrill voice called out from the room inside, "Nibble, nibble, little mouse. Who's nibbling my house?"

The children answered, "'Tis heaven's own child, the tempest wild," and went on eating, without putting themselves about.

Hansel, who thoroughly appreciated the roof, tore down a big bit of it, while Gretel pushed out a whole round windowpane, and sat down the better to enjoy it. Suddenly the door opened, and an ancient dame, leaning on a staff, hobbled out. Hansel and Gretel were so terrified that they let what they had in their hands fall.

The old woman shook her head and said, “Oh, ho! You dear children, who led you here? Just come in and stay with me, no ill shall befall you.” She took them both by the hand, led them into the house, and laid a



most sumptuous dinner before them, milk and sugared pancakes, with apples and nuts. After they had finished, two beautiful little white beds were prepared for them, and when Hansel and Gretel lay down in them, they felt as if they had gone to heaven.

The old woman had appeared to be most friendly, but she was really an old witch who had waylaid the children, and had only built the little bread house in order to lure them in. When anyone came into her power; she killed, cooked and ate him, and held a regular feast day for the occasion. Now witches have red eyes, and cannot see far, but like beasts, they have a keen sense of smell, and know when human beings pass by. When Hansel and Gretel fell into her hands she laughed maliciously, and said jeeringly, “I’ve got them now; they shan’t escape me.”

Early in the morning, before the children were awake, she rose up, and when she saw them, both sleeping so peacefully, with their round rosy cheeks, she muttered to herself, "That'll be a dainty bite." Then she seized Hansel with her bony hand and carried him into a little stable and barred the door on him. He might have screamed as much as he liked, for it would do him no good. Then she went to Gretel, shook her until she awoke, and cried, "Get up, you lazy bones, fetch water and cook something for your brother. When he's fat I'll eat him up." Gretel began to cry bitterly, but it was of no use; she had to do what the wicked witch bade her.



So, the best food was cooked for poor Hansel, but Gretel got nothing but crab shells. Every morning the old woman hobbled out to the stable and cried, "Hansel, put out your finger, that I may feel if you are getting fat." But Hansel always stretched out a bone, and the old dame, whose eyes were dim, couldn't see it. Thinking always it was Hansel's finger, she wondered why he fattened so slowly. When four weeks had passed and Hansel still remained thin, she lost patience and determined to wait no longer.

"Hi, Gretel," she called to the girl, "be quick and get some water. Hansel may be fat or thin, I'm going to kill him tomorrow and cook him." Oh! How the poor little sister sobbed as she carried the water, and how the tears rolled down her cheeks!

“Kind heaven help us now!” she cried. “If only the wild beasts in the wood had eaten us, then at least we should have died together.”

“Just hold your peace,” said the old hag, “it won’t help you.”

Early in the morning, Gretel had to go out and hang up the kettle full of water and light the fire. “First, we’ll bake,” said the old dame. “I’ve heated the oven already and kneaded the dough.” She pushed Gretel out to the oven, from which fiery flames were already issuing. “Creep in,” said the witch, “and see if it’s properly heated, so that we can shove in the bread.” When she had got Gretel in, she meant to close the oven and let the girl bake, that she might eat her up too. But Gretel perceived her intention, and said, “I don’t know how I’m to do it; how do I get in?”



“You silly goose!” said the hag. “The opening is big enough, see, I could get in myself,” and she crawled toward it, and poked her head into the oven. Then Gretel gave her a shove that sent her right in, shut the iron door, and drew the bolt. Gracious! How she yelled; it was quite horrible, but Gretel fled, and the wretched old woman was left to perish miserably.

Gretel flew straight to Hansel, opened the little stable door, and cried, “Hansel, we are free; the old witch is dead!” Then Hansel sprang like a bird out of a cage when the door is opened. How they rejoiced, fell on each

other's necks, jumped for joy, and kissed one another! As they had no longer any cause for fear, they went in the old hag's house, and here they found, in every corner of the room, boxes with pearls and precious stones. "These are even better than pebbles," said Hansel, and crammed his pockets full of them. Gretel said, "I too will bring something home," and she filled her apron full.

"Now," said Hansel, "let's go and get well away from the witch's wood." When they had wandered about for some hours they came to a big lake. "We can't get over," said Hansel, "I see no bridge of any sort or kind."



"Yes, and there's no ferry boat either," answered Gretel. "But look, there swims a white duck. If I ask her, she'll help us over," and she called out, "Here are two children, mournful very, seeing neither bridge nor ferry; take us upon your white back, and row us over, quack, quack!"

The duck swam towards them, and Hansel got on her back and bade his little sister sit beside him. "No," answered Gretel, "we should be too heavy a load for the duck. She shall carry us across separately." The good bird did this, and when they were landed safely on the other side, and had gone for a while, the wood became more and more familiar to them, and at length they saw their father's house in the distance. Then they set off to run and bounding into the room fell on their father's neck. The man had not passed a happy hour since he left them in the wood, and the woman had died.

Gretel shook out her apron so that the pearls and precious stones rolled about the room, and Hansel threw down one handful after the other out of his pocket. Thus, all their troubles were ended, and they lived happily ever afterwards.



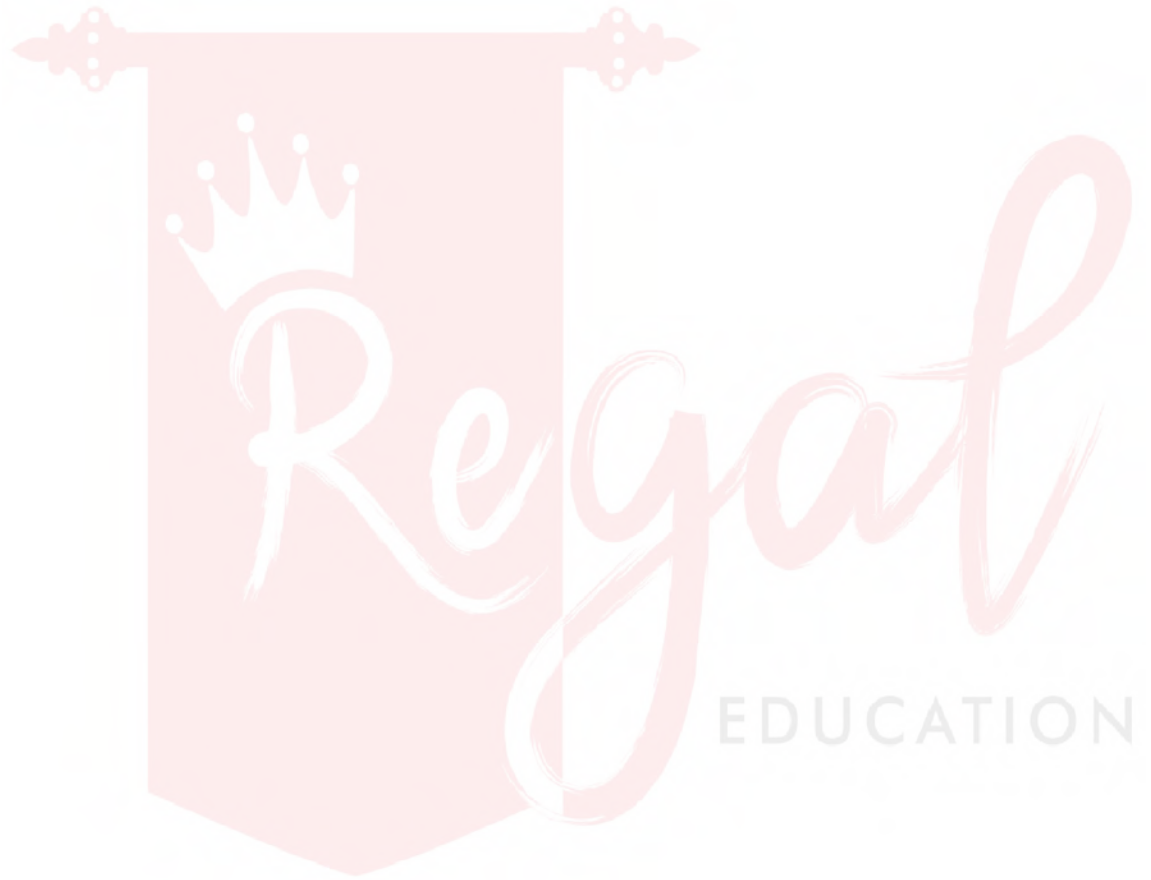
What is your favorite fairytale?

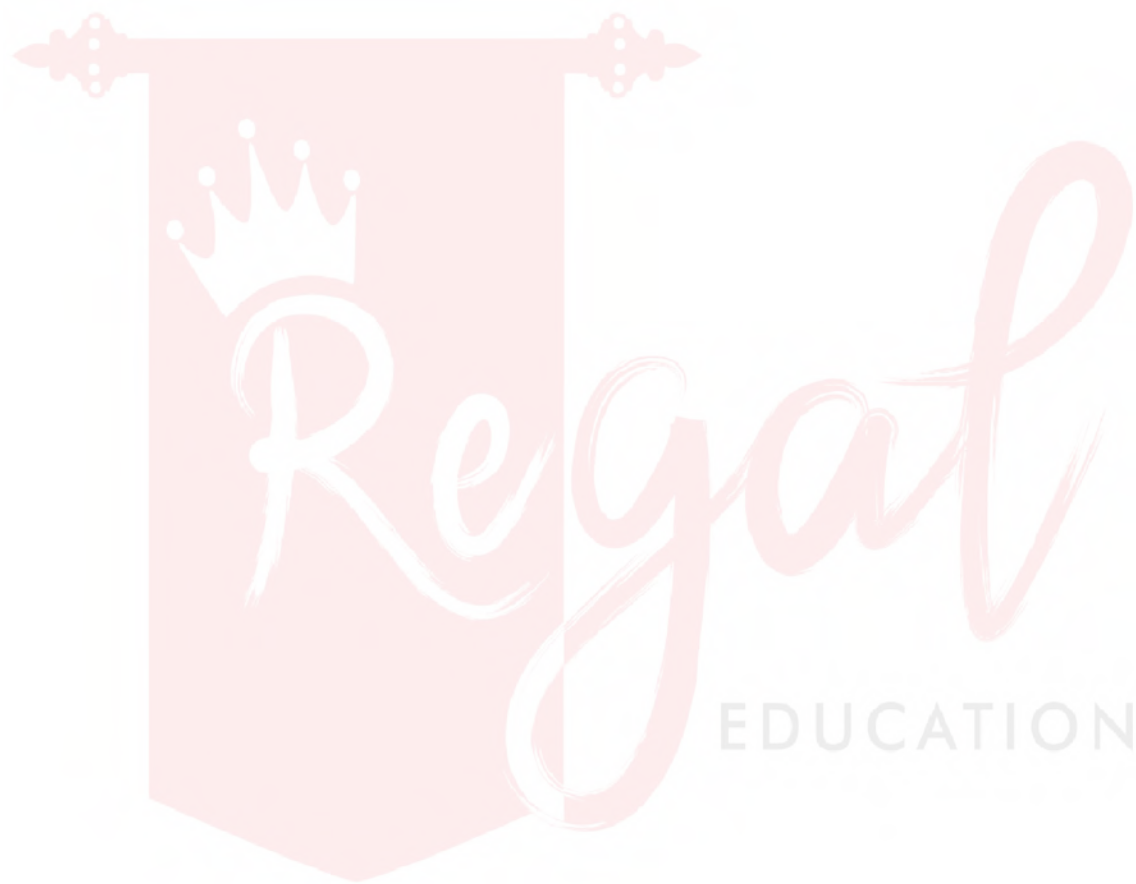
Scan the QR code to read and listen to more stories.

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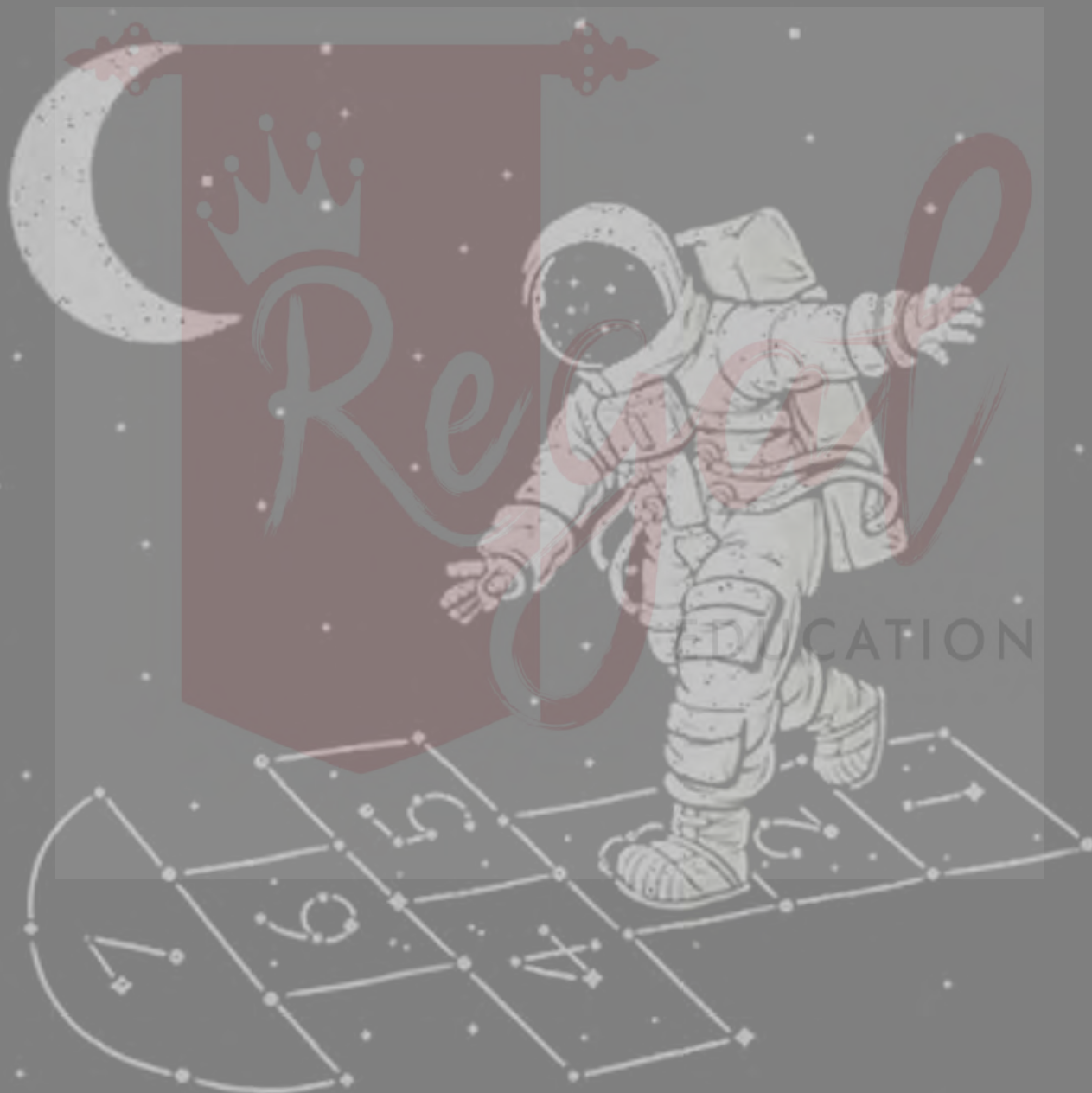


Do you like comics? Draw a comic fairy tale here. You can draw "Hansel and Gretel" or any other fairy tale you like. Swap the books with your friends and read each other comic stories. You can even create your own!



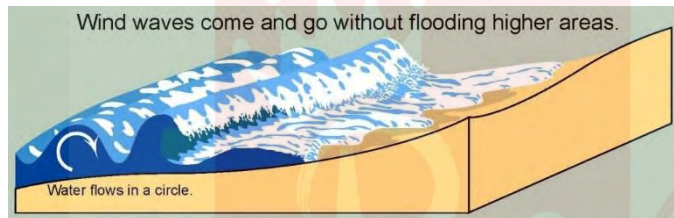


Magic or Science?



Why Does the Ocean Have Waves?

The ocean is never still. Whether observing from the beach or a boat, we expect to see waves on the horizon. Waves are created by energy passing through water, causing it to move in a circular motion. However, water does not actually travel in waves. Waves transmit energy, not water, across the ocean and if not obstructed by anything, they have the potential to travel across an entire ocean basin.



Waves are most commonly caused by wind. Wind-driven waves, or surface waves, are

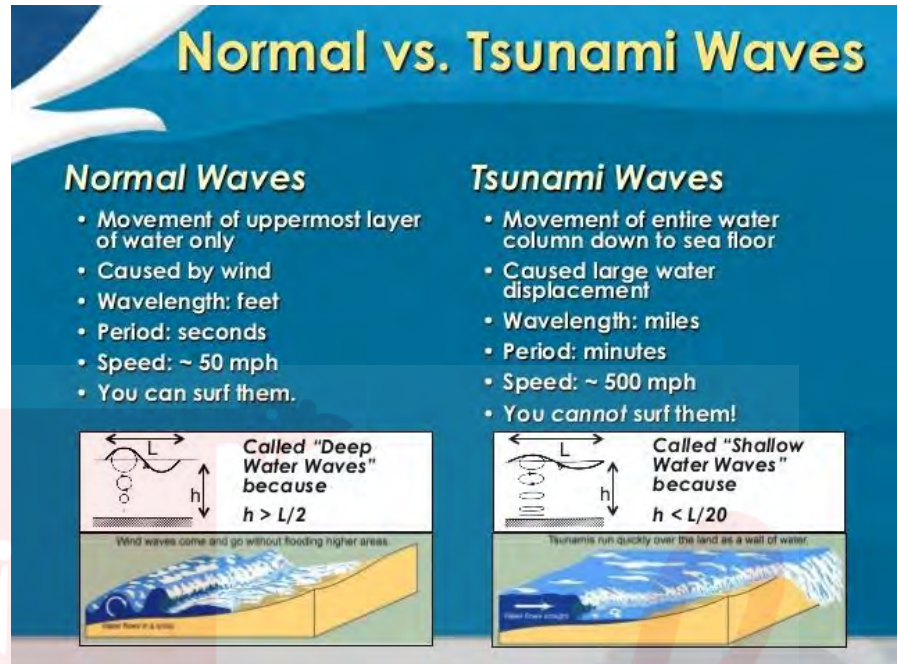
created by the friction between wind and surface water. As wind blows across the surface of the ocean or a lake, the continual disturbance creates a wave crest. These types of waves are found globally across the open ocean and along the coast.

More potentially hazardous waves can be caused by severe weather, like a hurricane. The strong winds and pressure from this type of severe storm causes storm surge, a series of long waves that are created far from shore in deeper water and intensify as they move closer to land.

Other hazardous waves can be caused by underwater disturbances that displace large amounts of water quickly such as earthquakes, landslides, or volcanic eruptions. These very long waves are called tsunamis. Storm surge and tsunamis are not the types of waves you imagine crashing down on the

shore. These waves roll upon the shore like a massive sea level rise and can reach far distances inland.

The gravitational pull of the sun and moon on the earth also causes waves. These waves are tides or, in other words, tidal waves. It is a common misconception that a tidal wave is also a tsunami. The cause of tsunamis is not related to tide information at all but can occur in any tidal state.



Read the text and answer the questions. Swap the books with friends to compare you answers.

1. What creates waves?

2. What could be an obstruction to waves?

3. Why do you think wind is the most common cause of wave creation?

4. What are some causes of hazardous waves?

5. What is another name for a certain type of wave?

To learn more about the ocean, scan the QR codes.



Hurricanes

Hurricanes are large tropical storms that develop in the oceans of the world. Hurricanes gather heat and energy from the warm ocean water. The heat from these warm currents increases the power of the hurricane. Hurricanes that remain over warm water usually get bigger and stronger, but they weaken once they get over land. Hurricanes are storms that are given names, and a new list of names is created each year. The first hurricane name starts with the letter A, like Ashley, and the names move through the alphabet as more hurricanes form.

Hurricane clouds move in a circle around a point called the eye, which is the center of the storm. To be called a hurricane, a storm must have wind speeds of at least 74 miles per hour (almost 120 kilometers per hour). When a hurricane comes ashore, there are heavy rains, large waves and strong winds that cause damage to buildings, cars, and trees. Also, flooding can occur when large waves called storm surges hit the beaches. Storm surges are the main reason people are told to leave beach towns and move inland when a hurricane approaches.

Hurricanes move very slowly though, so people have a chance to get out of the way.

During the official hurricane season, which lasts from June 1 to November 30, these large storms sometimes hit coastal areas of the United States. As these

hurricanes approach, there is rain and strong winds. Meteorologists, scientists who study the weather, watch these storms very carefully. They classify hurricanes into five categories depending upon how strong the hurricane is. Category 1 and 2 hurricanes are the weakest hurricanes, Category 4 and 5 hurricanes are the strongest, and Category 3 storms are in the middle. This year, the United States has been hit by more damaging hurricanes than in any other year.

Work with friends or alone. Find the answers in the text. Compare your answers with other groups.

1. A hurricane would be most likely to hit the United States in what month?
 - A. January
 - B. August
 - C. March
 - D. December
2. Which type of hurricane would cause the most damage?
 - A. Category 2
 - B. Category 1
 - C. Category 3
 - D. Category 4

3. Most people are able to get out of the way of a hurricane because:

- A. Hurricanes move so quickly.
- B. The storm surge is very small.
- C. Hurricanes move slowly.
- D. Hurricanes are unpredictable.

4. The most dangerous part of a hurricane for a beach town is the:

- A. Wind
- B. Rain
- C. Lightning
- D. Storm surge

If you had to evacuate (leave your city) to get out of the way of a hurricane, what would you take with you? Why did you select those items? Compare your list and your friends`.

Clothes

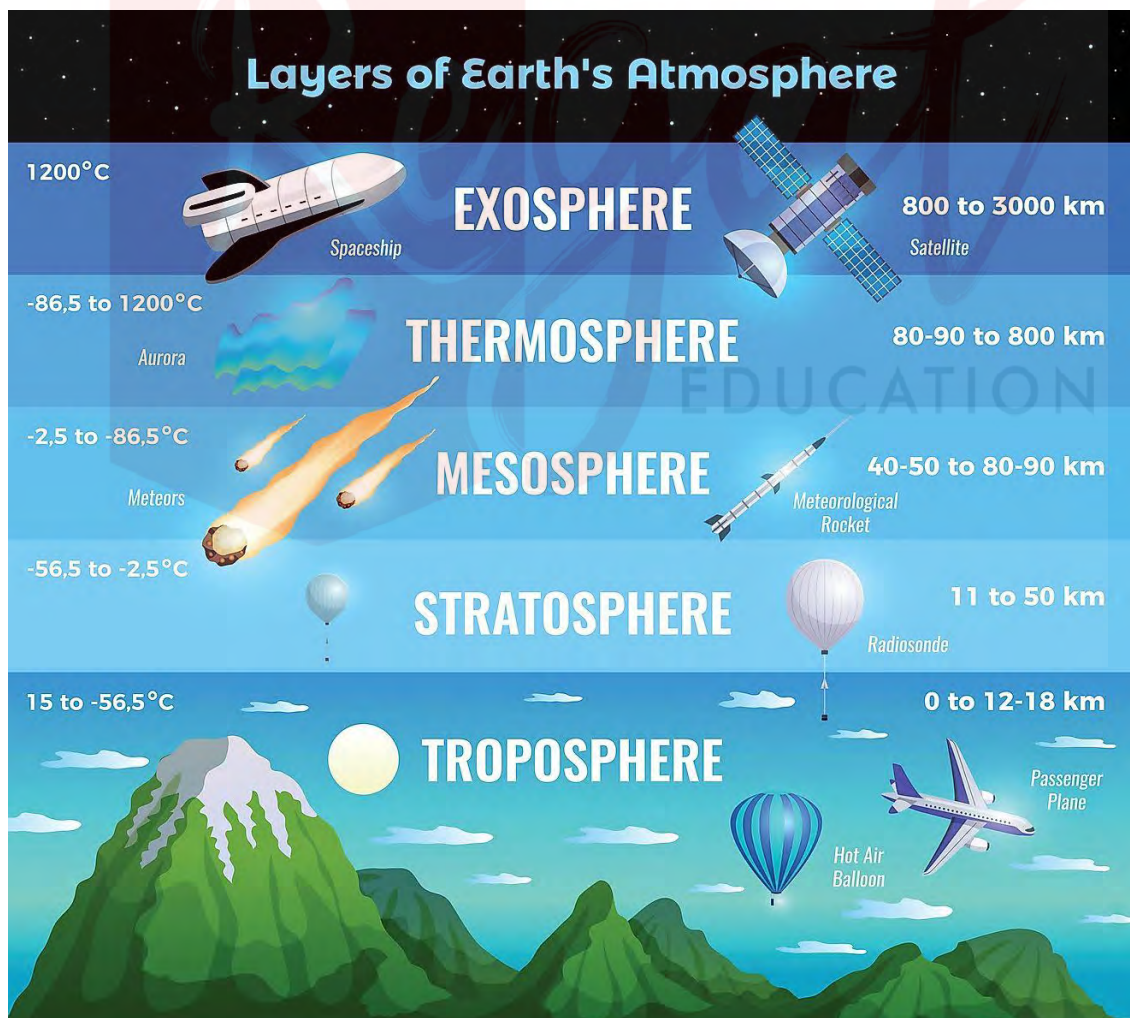
- to change, it may take a couple of days or a week

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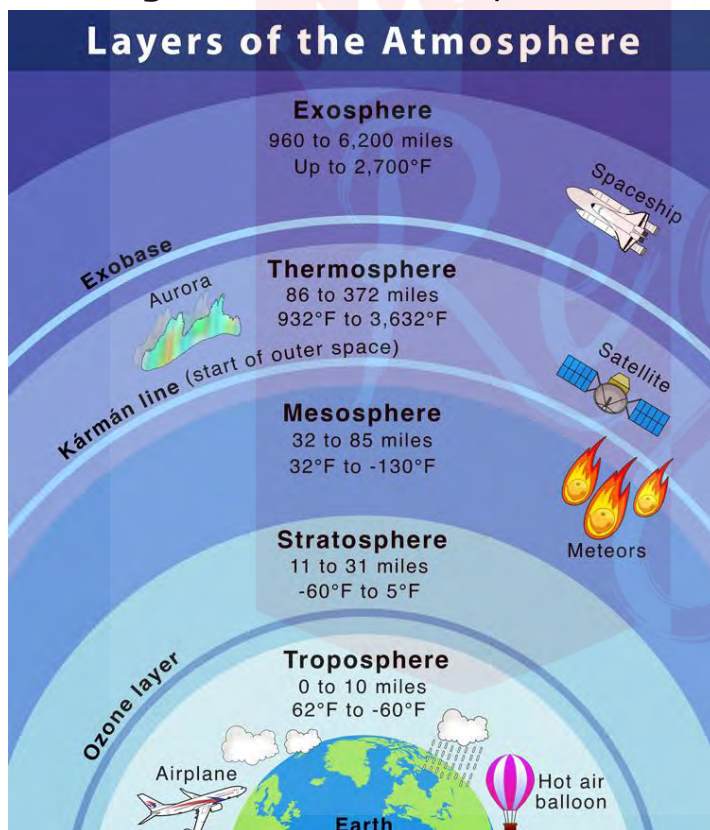
The Atmosphere: The Ocean of Air Above Us

The Earth is surrounded by an ocean of gases we call the atmosphere. The atmosphere is important because it contains the air that most living things breathe. It also absorbs heat energy from the sun. It even recycles water by returning it back to the Earth as rain. Without the atmosphere, life as we know it could not exist on Earth. The atmosphere extends far above the surface of the Earth. Scientists discovered that the atmosphere is divided into layers, just like a layer cake. The names and number of layers are pictured in the diagram. As you can see, each layer varies in thickness and in



temperature. Each layer is composed, or made, of a different composition of gases.

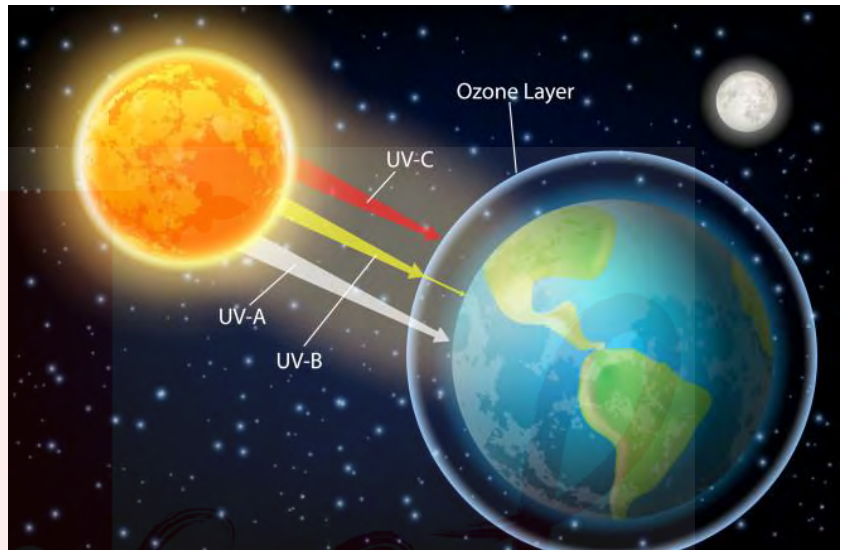
The layer of the atmosphere we live in is called the Troposphere. Tropo is a Greek word that means change. This first layer begins at sea level and ends about 9 miles up. The Troposphere contains about half of all the air in the entire atmosphere. Because it is at the bottom, air pressure, or the weight of the air, is greatest in this layer. All the clouds we see and the changes in weather we experience occur in the Troposphere. Air



temperature and air pressure are not the same all the way up through the Troposphere. As altitude increases, air temperature and air pressure decrease. Mountain climbers must dress in warmer clothes as they climb higher. To keep air pressure constant as they gain altitude, airplanes are sealed to prevent air from escaping.

There are three other layers above the Troposphere. They are the Stratosphere, Mesosphere and Thermosphere. Together they make up the remaining half of all the air that surrounds the Earth. This means the air in these layers is thinner and has less pressure than the air in the Troposphere.

The Stratosphere contains a special gas called ozone, which is found in a layer called the ozone layer. This layer blocks out most of the dangerous rays from our sun. These dangerous rays cause sunburn, which can lead to skin cancer. There has been a lot of discussion about this layer over the past twenty years. Scientists have discovered that the ozone layer has gotten thinner due to pollution. Now, more harmful rays reach the Earth. To protect our skin from these rays, we must wear sun block while outside, especially in the summer when we wear less clothing. It is also wise to wear sunglasses on bright days to guard against damage to our eyes.



Find the answers to the following questions. Compare your answers with your friends. If you have different answers, go back to the text, and prove your point.

1. In which layer is air pressure the greatest?
 - A. Stratosphere.
 - B. Troposphere.
 - C. Mesosphere.
 - D. Thermosphere.

2. What does the word *composition* mean in this passage?

- A. Process material so that it is used again.
- B. The way the parts of something are arranged.
- C. To keep the air pressure constant.

3. An alternate title for this reading passage might be:

- A. The Thinning Ozone Layer.
- B. Air Pressure and the Atmosphere.
- C. Weather Events and the Atmosphere.
- D. The Many Layers of the Atmosphere.

4. Why did the word Troposphere come from the Greek word Tropo?

- A. Greeks first discovered the atmosphere.
- B. Tropo is the Greek god of weather.
- C. The weather is always changing within the Troposphere.
- D. The Earth is shaped like a sphere.

5. How are health problems in humans caused by the thinning ozone layer?

- A. More harmful rays from the sun reach Earth.
- B. It allows pollution to reach the Earth.
- C. There is less ozone for humans to breathe.
- D. The thinning ozone layer is increasing the air pressure on humans.

Work with friends or alone. Think about the following question.

Which layer of the atmosphere is the most important to humans? Why?

Create a list of points that prove your point of view. Compare your list with your friends. Remember, your lists may vary. It is OK, as long as you have the scientific information to prove your point.

Survival in the Wild

Spot 2 birds on the tree.



Plants and animals have the hard job of surviving in a very wild world. How do they do it? There are many ways plants and animals have adapted in order to survive.

Camouflage is one way animals adapt to survive. For some animals, this means that their fur, scales, or skin are a similar color to the land around them. Deer, for example, have brown fur that blends in with the trees,

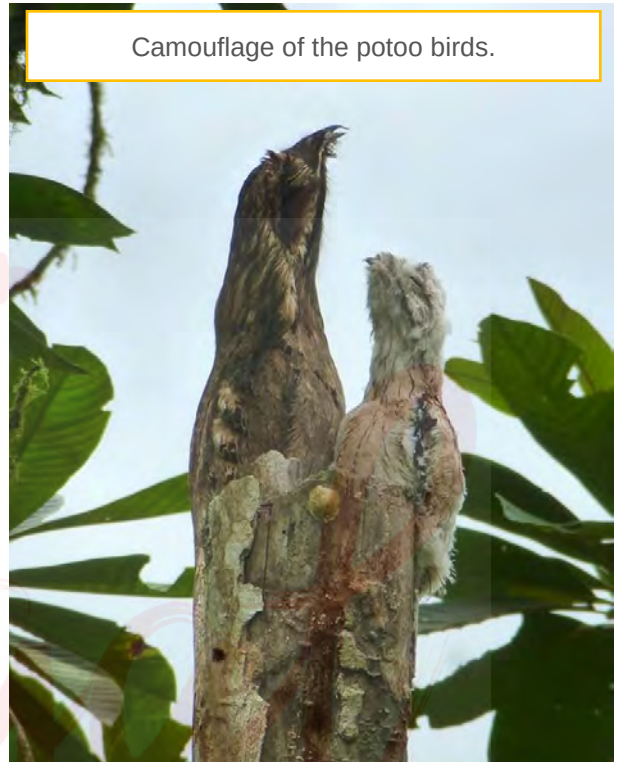
so it's harder for predators to see them. This saves them from becoming prey to a larger animal. Some animals can actually change colors to match their environment. Many people think of chameleons when they think of this type of camouflage, but rabbits are a great example as well. Some rabbits' fur will change colors depending on the season. Their fur might be brown in the spring, summer, and fall to match the trees, but the brown fur will fall out and white fur will grow in the winter to blend in with the snow. This way the rabbit is safer from predators year-round.

Some insects, instead of blending in with their environment, look like something else that will deter animals from eating them. A walking stick looks just like a stick so that predators will pass it by without noticing it. Katydid's mimic leaves. Some moths and butterflies have designs on their wings that make them look like snakes or owls, to scare away their predators.

For some plants, however, they don't want to blend in; they want to stand out to survive! Many plants grow flowers with colorful petals to attract bees. The bees help pollinate the flowers so that they can produce new flowers.

Instead of hiding, some plants and animals develop structures that aim to hurt anything that tries to hurt them. Some plants develop thorns so that animals will not eat them. Some animals have extremely sharp teeth and claws so they can fight off other animals. Porcupines and hedgehogs even have spikes, called quills or spines, covering their backs so animals won't want to eat them!

There are many ways plants and animals have adapted to survive in the wild. Do you know of any other ways?



Work alone or with friends. Answer these questions. Compare your answers with others. If you have different answers, go back to the text and explain your way of thinking.

1. What are three ways plants and animals have adapted to survive?

2. Go back to the second paragraph. Highlight two details that show how camouflage is effective in helping animals survive.

3. How does **mimicry** (paragraph 3) help moths and butterflies survive?

4. Write down all the animals and plants mentioned in the text. Draw them. If you don't know how they look, check on the Internet and draw them.

Can you spot a snow leopard hiding in the stones?



Can you spot a peekaboo kangaroo?



Can you spot a snake?



Can you spot a bunny?



How many deer can you spot?



Can you spot an owl?



Can you spot seagulls?



Can you spot a chipmunk?



Can you spot a woodcock?



Was it hard?

**To check your answers, turn
the page over.**



Snow leopard



Can you spot a snow leopard hiding in the stones?



EDUCATION

Can you spot a peekaboo kangaroo?



Can you spot a snake?



Can you spot a bunny?



How many deer can you spot?



Can you spot an owl?



Can you spot seagulls?



Can you spot a chipmunk?



Can you spot a woodcock?



The Eager Beaver

In the United States, the beaver is one of the largest members of the rodent family. This animal can manipulate the environment to suit its own needs and can even construct its own home. Beavers are vulnerable to predators when they are on dry land, so they need deep water for safety. If nearby water is not deep enough, a beaver will build a dam to make the water deeper. A beaver dam can be very large and can contain thousands of pieces of wood cut by the beaver. Beavers even cut down small trees to eat the bark, leaves and twigs. Because beavers are members of the rodent family, they have four incisor teeth in the front of their mouths that never stop growing, so beavers must continuously chew on wood to keep their teeth from growing too long.

Beavers have other unusual characteristics that make them fascinating. Some of these flat-tailed creatures build homes called lodges while some live in holes in the riverbanks. Years ago, beavers were prized for their fur and so many were trapped that they almost became extinct. Hunters found the beavers by looking for their dams and lodges, so some beavers stopped



building and began living in riverbank holes. Even though beavers are now protected, some beavers still live in these holes, but most build lodges. Even beavers that build lodges keep a few riverbank holes and escape tunnels to use in case of an emergency.

Another interesting feature of beavers is that they will store a bunch of branches under the water near their lodge to use as food during the winter.

When their lake or stream is covered with ice, the beaver has a handy supply of food sealed under the ice. A

colony of beavers, which usually consists of five or more, can stay warm in their lodge with their food supply nearby. They can survive in their lodge for at least four months during the coldest days of winter. When spring comes and the ice thaws, beavers will feast on water lily tubers, clover and the new green shoots and bark of saplings, or small trees. Though the beavers eat tree branches and bark, this pruning actually helps some of the trees grow new branches, making them bushier the next year.



Work alone or with friends. Answer these questions. Compare your answers with others. If you have different answers, go back to the text and explain your way of thinking.

1. Why must beavers continually chew on wood?
 - A. To satisfy their hunger during the winter.
 - B. To keep their teeth from growing too long.
 - C. Because they are unable to find water lily tubers.
 - D. To cut down trees so they can build a lodge.
2. In this passage, the word vulnerable means what?
 - A. Exposed to danger or harm.
 - B. Safe from danger or harm.
 - C. Cunning and smart.
 - D. Hard working and industrious.
3. What would be another good title for this passage?
 - A. Hunting for Beavers.
 - B. How Beavers Affect Tree Growth.
 - C. The Beaver's Favorite Food.
 - D. The Interesting Habits of Beavers.
4. According to the passage, why did some beavers begin living in riverbank holes?
 - A. They were easier to build than tree branch lodges.
 - B. So that hunters could not use the lodges to find them.
 - C. Because the holes stay warmer in winter than lodges.
 - D. Because more beavers can live together in a hole than a lodge.
5. How do beavers prepare for the winter?
 - A. They build a dam in which to live.
 - B. They have many babies.
 - C. They store branches under the water.
 - D. They grow a thick fur coat.

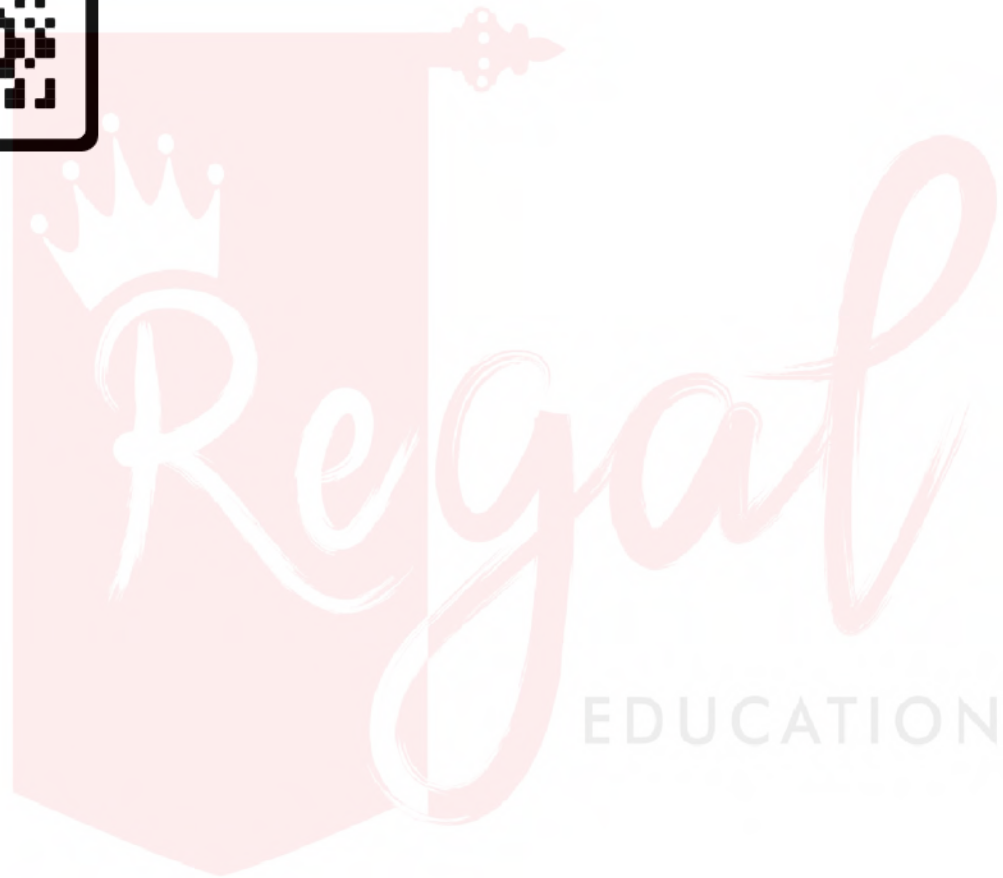
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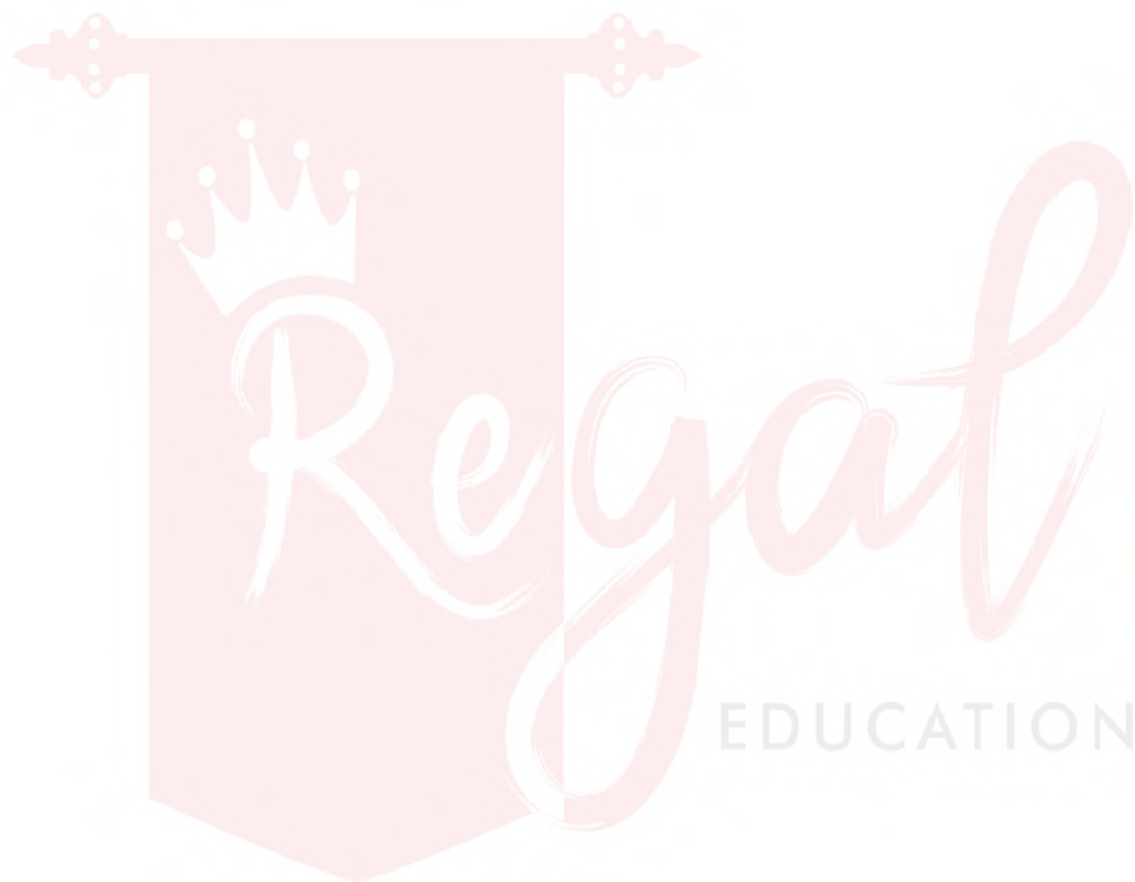


Work alone or with friends.

Create a check list on the ways beavers help our environment.

For more information on beavers, scan the QR codes.





SCAN ME



The Osprey



The osprey is not as large as the eagle, but he has a hooked bill and sharp claws like the eagle.

His coloring is dark brown with black and white spots, and he is from twenty to twenty-two inches long. His breast is mostly white. His tail and wings are long.

The osprey is often found sitting in a tree over a pond, lake, or river. He is also found by the seaside.

He watches the fish as they swim in the water beneath him, and then he darts down suddenly and catches one of

them.

When he catches a fish in his sharp, rough claws, he carries it off to eat. As he flies away with it for his dinner, an eagle sees him.

The eagle flies at him fiercely with his sharp bill and claws and compels the osprey to drop the fish.

Then the eagle catches the fish as it falls and carries it off.

The poor osprey, with a loud cry, timidly flies away. He must go again to the water and catch another fish for his dinner.

Work alone or with friends. Answer these questions. Compare your answers with others. If you have different answers, go back to the text and explain your way of thinking.

1. Where do ospreys live?

2. Why does the osprey let the eagle take its fish?

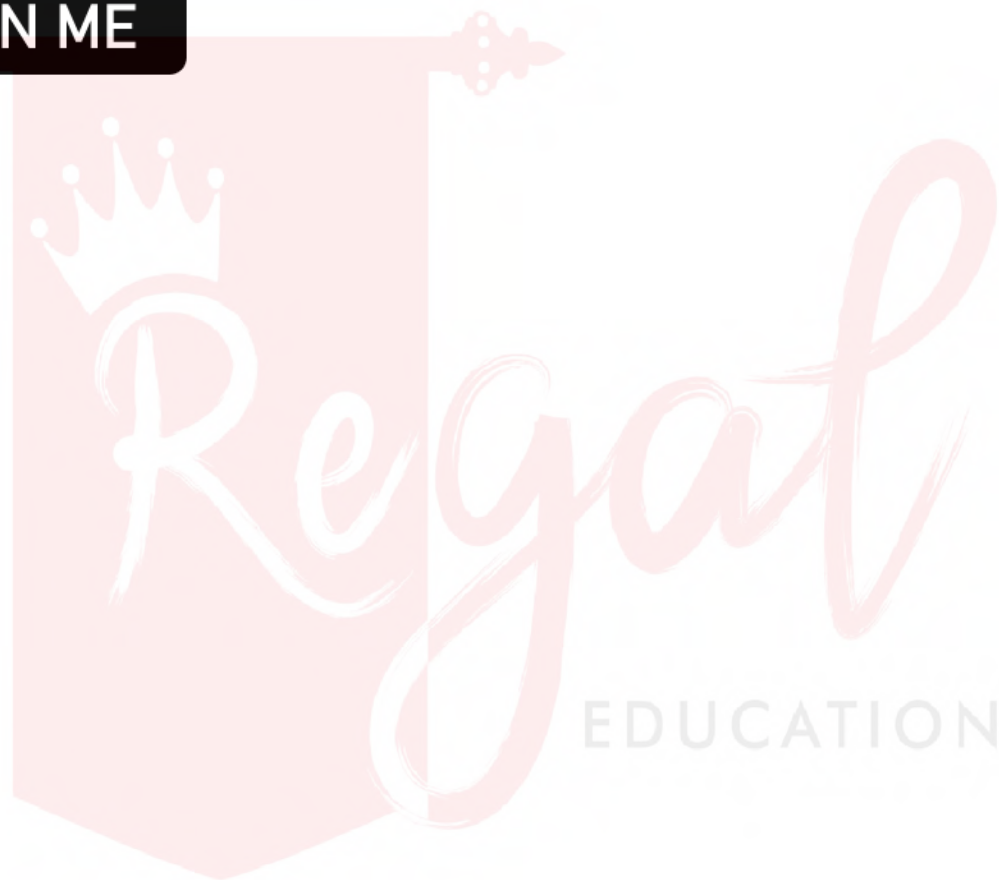
3. How are ospreys and eagles alike?



Work alone or with friends.

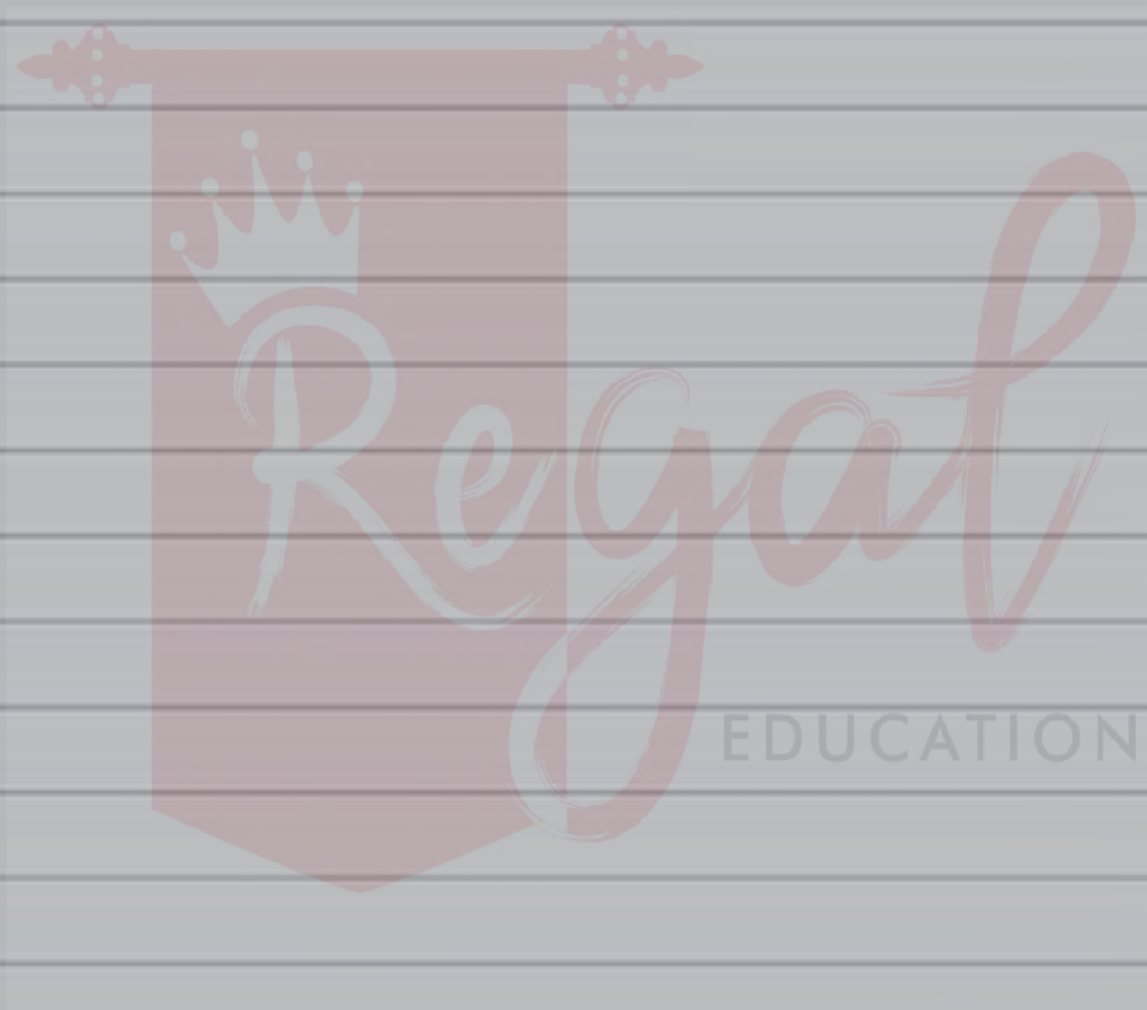
Create a mind map or a diagram that shows all the information you have learned about ospreys, falcons, and eagles. Add to the diagram the information on the bird that leaves in your country.

For more information, scan the QR codes.

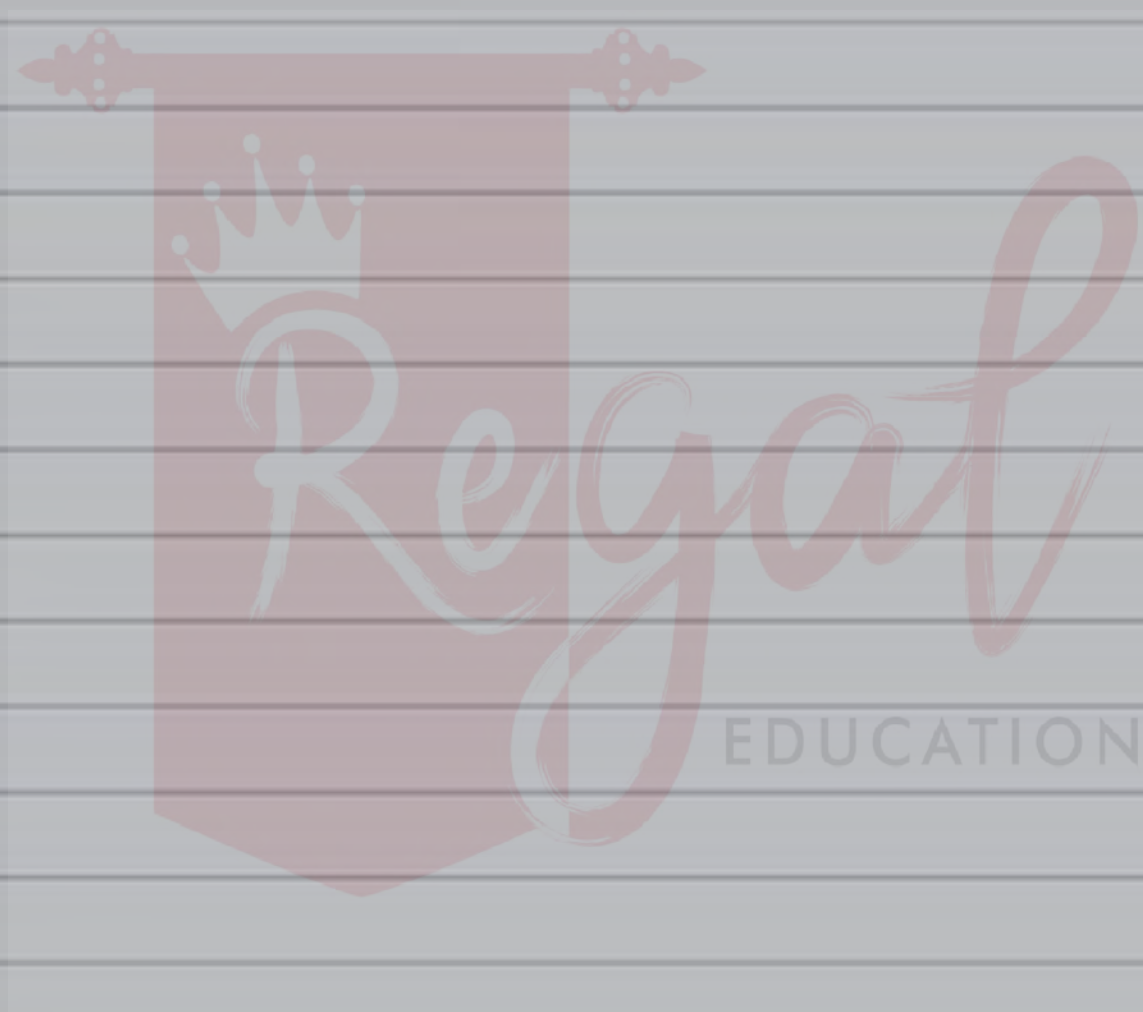


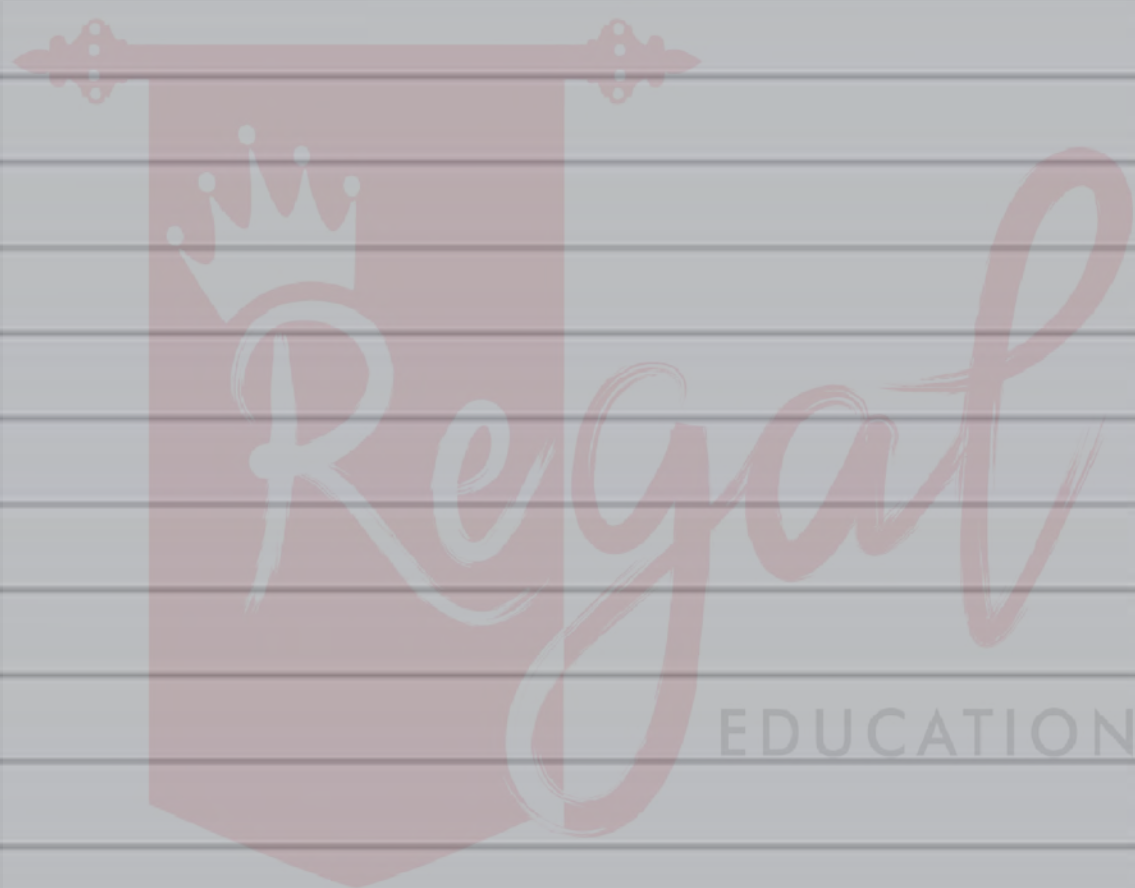


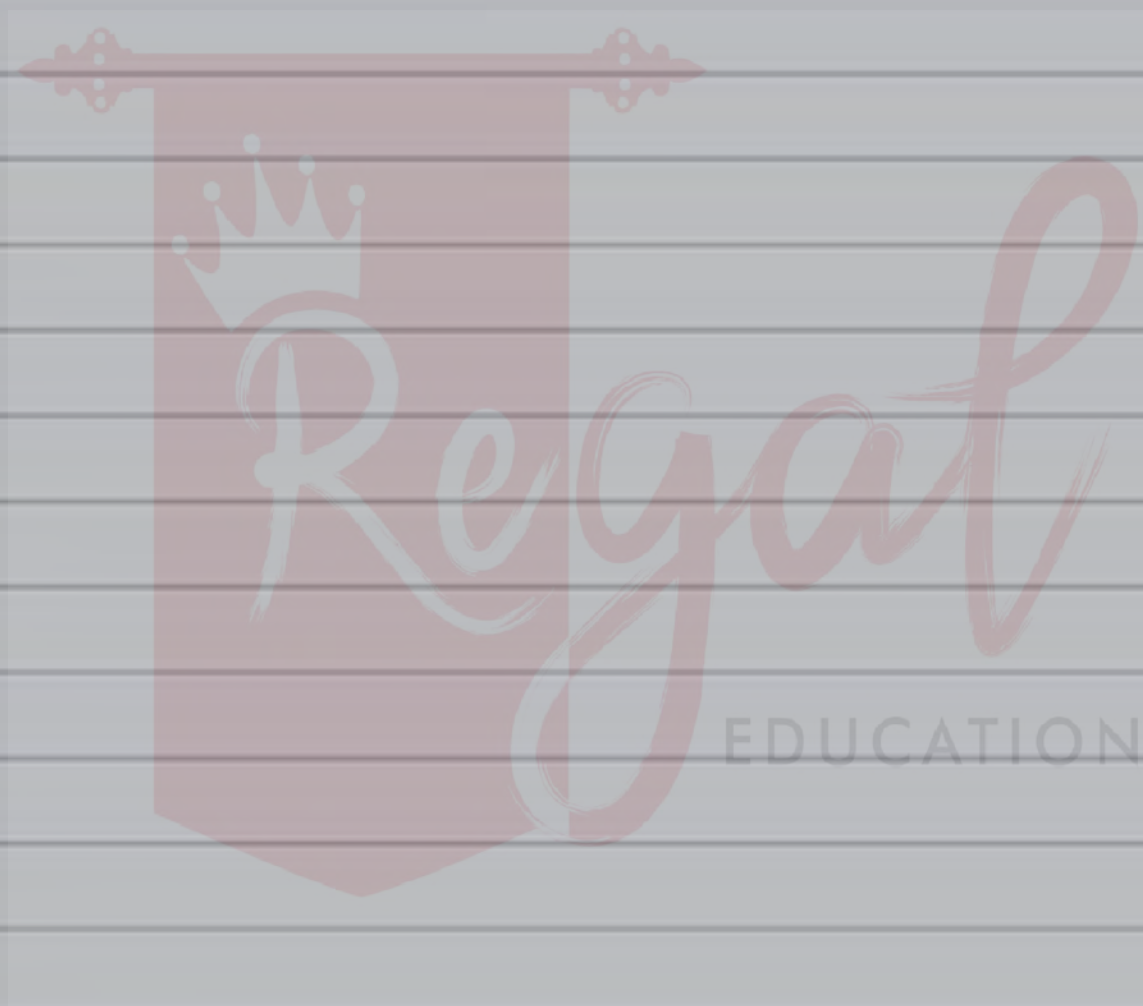
My notes



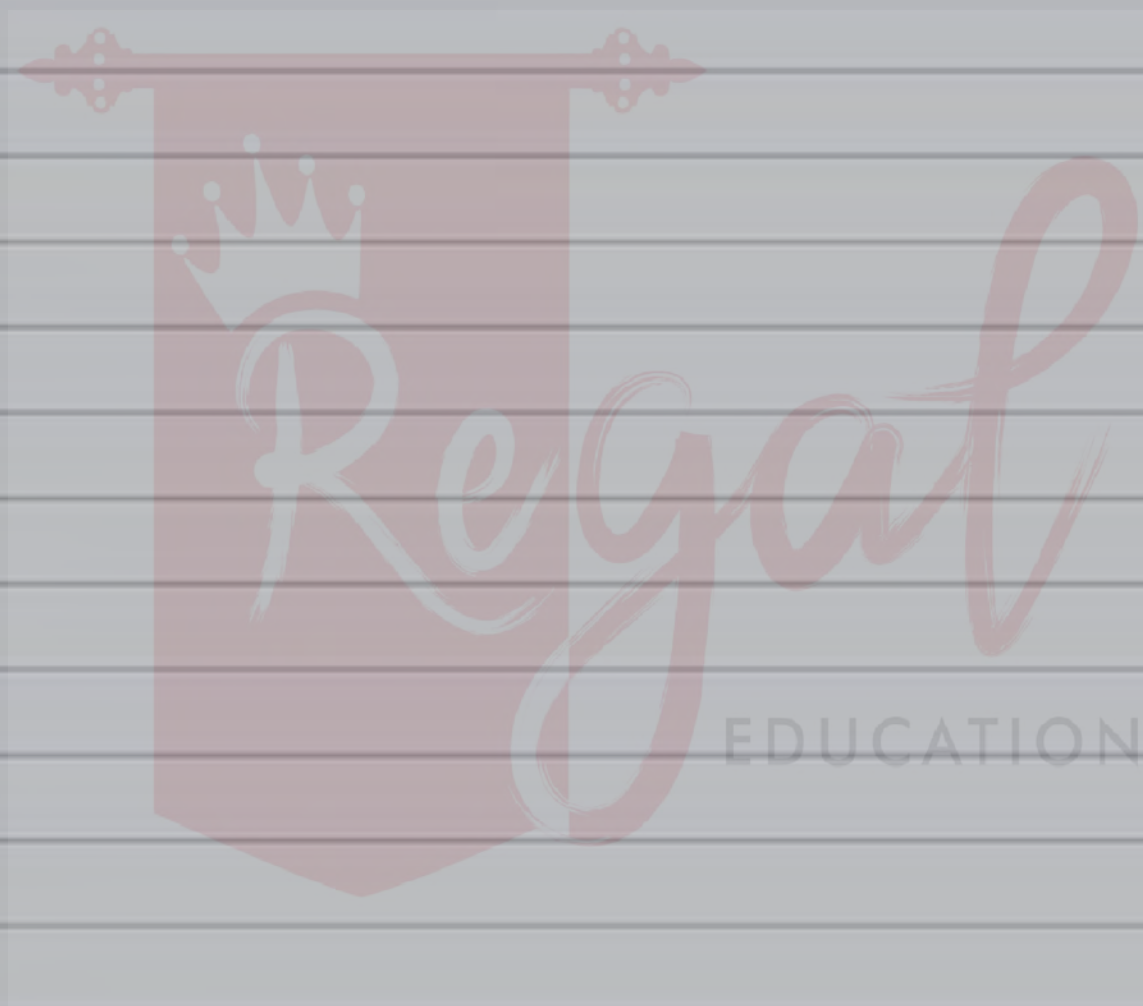


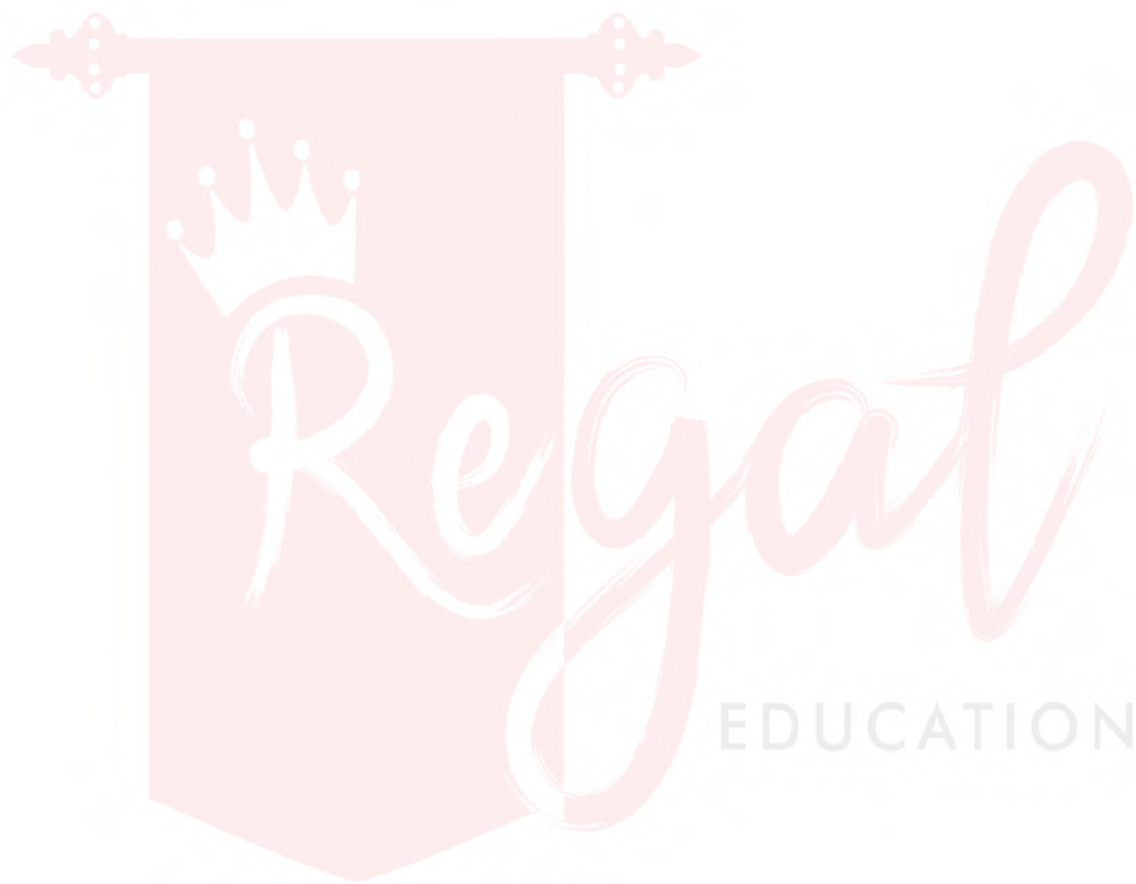














Regal Education Inc. presents publications which adopt the **Common Core State Standards** for English Language Arts and Literacy in History/Social Studies, Science, and Technical Subjects, which represent the next generation of K–12 standards designed to prepare all students for success in college (including SAT, and ACP), career, and life by the time they graduate from high school.

Beyond Language builds learning through a simple approach: knowing self, loving the family, appreciating the community, and discovering the world.

Gamebook is a supplementary material to be used in the classroom and at home to diversify the classroom routine, provide students with engaging materials, and leveled reading texts that would help them to improve not only their academic, but also cognitive and social skills.

How kind are you?

Do you find yourself a kind and warmhearted person?
Scan the QR code and do a quiz.
How Kind are you?
Compare your answers with your friends.



SCAN ME

Me	Friend 1	Friend 2	Friend 3	Friend 4

Ballet

Ballet is a type of dance that dates back to the 15th century (in the 1400s). It is an art form that can be used to express a feeling, tell a story, or interpret a song. Ballet dancers are strong, graceful, and flexible. Ballet dancers may be men and women – ballet is not just for girls!

Many movements in ballet are unusual for the human body. Dancers turn their legs out, instead of having their knees and feet straight forward. They also point their feet and may even dance on the tips of their toes (but only when their teachers believe they are ready)! Not only do dancers need to control their bodies well to perform these types of movements, but they need to have a good understanding of music to be able to dance in time with it.

Dancers must go through a lot of training. Many take classes almost daily if they'd like to be professional ballet dancers. The movements are demanding on their bodies, so they need to practice often to keep up their strength. That also means that dancers need to take very good care of their bodies, though, so their bodies can keep up with the dancing! Dancers need to be well rested and eat healthy meals. They also should drink plenty of water and listen to their bodies by resting if that's what their bodies need. They should start slowly when learning new steps, so their bodies have time to get used to the steps and not get injured.

In ballet class, most teachers begin by having dancers warm up their muscles of the torso. Dancers do movements such as the plié, tendu,

Are we friends?

SCAN ME



- How many friends do you have at school?
 - 0-2
 - 3-5
 - 6-8
 - More than 8
- Do you find it easy to make good friends?
 - Yes
 - No
- Why do you become friends with someone?
 - Similar/same hobbies
 - Same goals
 - Good personalities
 - Good condition (reputation, good looking etc.)
 - Other
- How many hours do you spend time with your friend(s) per week?
 - 1-4
 - 5-8
 - 8-11
 - More than 11
- Do you trust your friends?
 - Completely
 - Sometimes
 - No

The Merchant's Caravan

Once there was a merchant who sold fine silks and rugs. He needed to send his goods to a country on the other side of the sandy desert. The merchant owned a large caravan of camels, and he employed many men. Camels were the only animals strong enough to travel over the desert with the heavy loads.

For many days, the merchant and his men had been preparing for the journey. The canvas tents and the poles were placed upon one camel. Great leather bottles of water were loaded on another camel. Firewood and bags of rice and barley meal were placed on still another. It required many camels to carry the merchant's goods.

At last, the caravan was ready for the journey. The sun shone steadily, making the sand so hot that no one could walk upon it in the daytime. At night both men and camels could travel easily.

So, the merchant said to the men, "Be ready to start after sunset tonight. Give the camels plenty of water to drink and feed them well because we will have a long, hard journey."

The merchant and his men traveled all that night. One man was the pilot. He rode ahead because he knew how to navigate by stars, and he could guide the caravan by them.

At daybreak they stopped. They spread the canvas tents and fed the camels. They built fires, cooked the rice, and made cakes of the barley meal. During the day, the men rested in the shade of the tents. After the evening meal, the caravan started again on its way.

They had traveled like this for three long, silent nights. Early on the third morning, the camels raised their heads, stretched their nostrils, and hastened eagerly forward. The pilot cried, "The camels smell water and grass. An oasis is near!"

Before long they could see palm trees with their spreading leaves waving in the soft breeze.

Joyfully they rested during the day. The camels drank freely from the cool spring. The men filled the great leather bottles with fresh water. In the evening, refreshed and happy, the men continued the journey. So, they traveled night after night, resting during the heat of the day. At last, one morning the pilot said, "We shall soon reach the end of our journey."

The men were very glad to hear this because they were weary, and the camels needed rest.

After supper that night the merchant said, "Throw most of the water. It will lighten the burden on the camels. We shall reach the city."

When the caravan started that evening, the pilot, after a while, weary with many nights of watching

