

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Wednesday, June 22



## King Sam's Mirth

By Mary L. Bushong

King Sam lived in a large castle. He had many servants to do his bidding. He could buy almost anything he wanted, but King Sam had one big problem. He could not laugh.

Sometimes the nobles would come to court and tell him jokes. Even if he thought one was very funny, he could not laugh. This made King Sam sad. He wanted to laugh the way everyone else could.

One day, Queen Emily gave him a book of funny stories. She had read it herself and laughed until her sides hurt. King Sam read it. It was funny, but he did not laugh.

That night, the king stood in front of the mirror. He used his fingers to pull up the corners of his mouth, but they would not stay up.

"Do not worry, dear," said the queen in a soothing voice. "I have asked all the best jesters to come to court tomorrow. One of them is sure to make you laugh."

The next afternoon, ten jesters came to court. They stood in the middle of the room before King Sam and everyone else. Some of them juggled objects. Some of the jesters danced very funny dances. Three of them were acrobats. They all put on their best shows.



The nobles laughed and the queen laughed, but King Sam did not laugh. It was time to try something else.

Next, they decided to put on a joust. The king thought that if he could not laugh at things that were funny, maybe he would laugh at things that were not funny. That whole day, he watched as his best knights tried to knock each other off their horses. Everyone around him cheered and yelled. Sometimes they even laughed, but not King Sam.

Queen Emily was becoming worried about the king. Laughing never seemed important before. Now it was the only thing on his mind. Maybe they needed to call in the doctor.

The doctor came and looked at King Sam. He tapped his knee, he listened to his heart, and he had him stick out his tongue.

"You seem fine to me," said the doctor with a shrug.

"But why can't I laugh?" asked King Sam.

"I think you are trying too hard," said the doctor. "Perhaps if you don't think about it, you will."

One day the king was looking out the window. One of the kitchen boys was sitting on the drawbridge, fishing in the moat. Walking across the drawbridge was the king's cousin.

Suddenly the kitchen boy pulled on his fishing line. He pulled so hard that the fish sailed up out of the moat and over his head. It kept going until it hit the king's cousin in the middle of his face!

"Yahhhhhh!" the cousin yelled as he jumped sideways. Then his arms began to wave wildly as he stumbled on the side of the drawbridge. He lost his balance and went heels over head into the moat along with the boy's fish.

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King Sam stared. As he thought of the surprised look on his cousin's face, he began to smile. Then a strange sound began to bubble up, and it burst out of his mouth.

"Hee, hee, hee, hoo, hoo, hoo, ha, ha, HA!" Soon he was bent over holding his sides while he laughed and laughed. He laughed until his face and belly hurt.

People heard the strange sound and rushed in to see what was wrong. Then they laughed, too.

Someone helped the cousin out of the moat. He was sent home to change his clothes. The little kitchen boy was given a rich reward. He was the first person to bring King Sam mirth.

King Sam's Mirth

## Questions

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- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. How did the nobles at court try to make King Sam laugh?
  - A. They juggled.
  - B. They read funny stories.
  - C. They jumped in the moat.
  - D. They told jokes.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. The king looked in the mirror and tried to make himself smile.
  - A. true
  - B. false
- \_\_\_\_\_ 3. Which of these is something the jesters did not do for the king?
  - A. They juggled.
  - B. They told jokes.
  - C. They danced funny dances.
  - D. They did acrobatics
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4. Mirth means happiness and laughter.
  - A. true
  - B. false
- \_\_\_\_\_ 5. What was the queen's name?
  - A. Ingrid
  - B. Esther
  - C. Emily
  - D. Esme
- \_\_\_\_\_ 6. Why was the queen worried about King Sam?
  - A. He cried a lot.
  - B. He laughed all the time.
  - C. All he could think about was not being able to laugh.
  - D. He could not tell jokes.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 7. What is the most important thing the doctor did?
  - A. He listened to his heart.
  - B. He gave him advice.
  - C. He had him stick out his tongue.
  - D. He tapped the king's knee.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 8. What happened at the joust?
  - A. King Sam saw something funny and laughed.
  - B. King Sam watched as his best knights tried to knock each other off their horses.
  - C. Queen Emily gave him a book of funny stories.
  - D. King Sam gave the boy a rich reward.

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## George Stanley

By Brandi Waters

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Do you ever wake up in the middle of the night with an idea? Children's author George Stanley does. He often gets up to write his ideas down on paper. He must have a lot of ideas. He has written more than one hundred books for children! He has also written more than two hundred short stories.



George Stanley grew up in a small town in Texas. He went to college at Texas Tech.

Next, he went to Africa. There he studied African languages. When he finished there, he had a new title. He became Dr. George Stanley. Over the next few years, he lived in many places. He lived in Europe. He also lived in many places in Africa. He had several different jobs. He was a teacher. He was a writer. He also worked for the U.S. government.

After spending several years abroad, Dr. Stanley moved back to the United States. He married a woman named Gwen. Dr. George Stanley took a job as a teacher. He taught writing. He also taught people to speak different languages. Over the years, he has taught more than forty languages!

In his spare time, Dr. Stanley enjoys writing books for kids. He writes scary stories. He writes biographies. He also likes to write mysteries. His wife, Gwen, has two

brothers. They both worked as police officers. Dr. Stanley learned a lot from them. He learned about how the police use science to help them solve crimes. It was something he had always wanted to know more about. He used what he learned to help him write better stories.

Now, Dr. George Stanley lives in Oklahoma. He is a teacher at a college. He teaches writing and foreign languages. Gwen teaches German and Russian to high school students. Dr. Stanley keeps busy. He writes a lot of books. He says that he is always thinking about new stories and books to write...even in the middle of the night!

George Stanley

## Questions

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1. Where did George Stanley grow up?
  - A. Texas
  - B. Africa
  - C. Oklahoma
  - D. Europe
2. George Stanley has written more than \_\_\_\_\_ short stories.
  - A. one thousand
  - B. forty
  - C. two hundred
  - D. one hundred





## Broody and Moody

By Erin Horner

Hens are female chickens. They lay eggs. After a hen has finished laying a clutch of eggs, she "goes broody." This means that her physiology, or the way her body works, changes. She stops laying eggs and instead cares for those in her nest. When a hen is broody she is very protective of her eggs. She will growl at anyone who tries to disturb her or her nest. This growl might not sound like that of a ferocious dog, but the sound lets those around her know that she does not want anyone to upset her eggs. The hen will also peck at anyone or anything that tries to bother her. A hen is still broody once her chicks hatch. While she is raising her chicks, she is very protective of them. She will stay over them to keep them warm. She will also teach them how to find food. A broody hen may act moody, but she's really not! She's really just a protective and caring mother trying to care for her young.



## Broody and Moody

### Questions

1. How does a broody hen act?

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\_\_\_\_\_ 2. What is this article mainly about?

- A. how hens lay eggs
- B. the differences between hens and roosters
- C. how a broody hen acts
- D. why hens lay eggs

\_\_\_\_\_ 3. What does the word *clutch* in this passage mean?

- A. to grab something
- B. a small purse
- C. a group of eggs laid at one time
- D. a crucial moment in a sporting event

\_\_\_\_\_ 4. What can the reader conclude about broody hens?

- A. They may go broody more than once in their lifetime.
- B. They need more sleep.
- C. They stay broody forever.
- D. They do not take very good care of their young.

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## Waiting for Fairies

By Brenda B. Covert

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Bree put the green pencil down. She looked at her artwork with her chin in her hands. A shy, green fairy peeped back at her from the paper. She had given this fairy special wings. They looked like those of a lacewing insect. Pleased, Bree took some tape. She added the picture to her wall. Next to it were drawings of pink and blue fairies. Her colorful drawings of fairies were posted everywhere!



The townsfolk told stories about fairies. They said that fairies loved flowers and fun. Fairies liked to play tricks on people. Bree listened to the stories. She dreamed of catching a fairy. She wanted to keep it in a bird cage!

One hot midsummer day, Bree found a small net. "Maybe I will catch a fairy with this!"

A flower garden grew in the glen. Bree waited for evening. Then she set out for the glen. She felt sure that she would find fairies there.

When she arrived, she looked carefully for fairies. She looked among the pretty flowers. She looked under the leaves. She searched in the shadows. Had any fairies ever been to the garden?

Beyond the garden, Bree saw a ring of pale mushrooms in

the grass. "A fairy ring!" she cried. Her net dropped to the ground. "Fairies have danced here!"

The mushrooms grew in a round circle. Bree stood on the outside. What had she heard about fairy rings? It was something about standing inside the ring and making a wish. Bree stepped inside.

The sunset threw a golden glow across Bree. "I wish I could see fairies!" she announced.

No fairies appeared. Bree wondered how long she should wait. A breeze cooled her cheeks. The sun was quickly setting. Soon her family would come looking for her.

She put her hands on her hips. "I'm staying right here until I see a fairy!" she said loudly.

A little later, Bree's family came looking for her. Her father saw a footprint. Her mother found her net. There was no sign of Bree anywhere. Her brother spied a ring of mushrooms. Within the ring grew a small tree. Fireflies darted through its branches and around its trunk.

"That makes me think of fairies," he said to himself. "It's too bad that Bree isn't here to see it."

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Waiting for Fairies

## Questions

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\_\_\_\_\_ 1. Fairies do not love \_\_\_\_\_.

- A. tricks
- B. flowers
- C. nets
- D. fun

\_\_\_\_\_ 2. Bree loved \_\_\_\_\_.

- A. fairies
- B. fun
- C. flowers
- D. nets

\_\_\_\_\_ 3. Bree found a \_\_\_\_\_.

- A. jar
- B. drawing
- C. net
- D. fairy

\_\_\_\_\_ 4. What makes up a fairy ring?

- A. mushrooms
- B. gold
- C. fireflies
- D. flowers

\_\_\_\_\_ 5. Most of this story is set in \_\_\_\_\_.

- A. a fairy ring
- B. a glen
- C. a garden
- D. Bree's bedroom

\_\_\_\_\_ 6. Bree's family did not find \_\_\_\_\_.

- A. a tree
- B. the net
- C. Bree
- D. a footprint

7. The fireflies were really something else. What were they?

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8. What happened to Bree?

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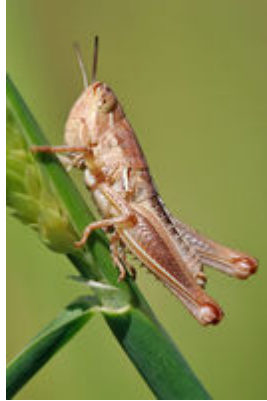


## Gary for President

By KATHLEEN W. REDMAN

Hi there! My name is Gary, and I'm a grasshopper. I love grass, and, you guessed it--I'm a hopper! I'm also running for President of Bugs. You'll soon see why I am the best choice for such an important office.

I'm sure you know what a grasshopper is. But did you know how many different kinds of grasshoppers there are? There are eighteen thousand different species of grasshoppers. We come in all different sizes and colors. We can also be found almost everywhere on the planet, except at the North and South Pole. Well, who wants to live in such cold places, anyway?



I've got three pairs of legs, two pairs for walking and holding onto things and one for jumping and making noise. The jumping pair of legs is quite a bit bigger than the others. That's because my jumping legs do something truly amazing. With my back legs, I can jump twenty times the length of my own body. Just think about being able to jump that far! That would be like you being able to jump the width of a basketball court in one jump!

Of course, that makes it very easy for me to travel. It also makes it very easy for me to get away from other bugs and animals that might try to eat me. If you've ever tried to catch a grasshopper, you know how quickly I can move. I can also hide in tall grass very easily when I'm scared. When I'm scared, I also spit thick brown goo. I know it's

gross, but wouldn't you want to leave me alone if I spit on you?

I can sometimes be a picky eater, but I love to eat lots of plants. Grasshoppers have been known to destroy entire crops of plants and vegetables. We sometimes destroy so many crops that humans have to find ways to get rid of us to protect their crops.

I'm also a noisy bug. Grasshoppers make all kinds of noises. Some of us rub our legs together; some of us rub our legs against our bodies. Some grasshoppers that have wings rub their wings together.

Next time you hear a chirping sound outside at night, remember that it might be me, Gary the Grasshopper. And also remember that you should vote for the highest-jumping insect running for President of Bugs!

Gary for President

## Questions

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. How many different species of grasshoppers are there?
  - A. one thousand
  - B. ten thousand
  - C. fifteen thousand
  - D. eighteen thousand
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. Grasshoppers live almost everywhere except \_\_\_\_\_.
  - A. North and South Pole
  - B. Chile
  - C. Australia
  - D. South Africa





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## Not Again!

By Kathleen W. Redman

It was almost 6:30. It was time to go. Abby touched her new dress. It was so pretty. It's too bad it will get ruined, Abby thought to herself. "Oh, well, here we go again," she said to her pet hamster. She picked up her sweater and walked out the door.



Abby was on her way to a dinner party. The party was for the high school honor graduates. Abby had worked hard in high school. She was graduating second in her class.

There should be a different reward for working hard, she said to herself. I hate dinner parties. I always spill something. The thoughts kept going around in her head. But she knew she had to go to the party.

When Abby knocked on the door of the principal's house, Mr. Brooks opened it.

"Well, hello, Abby. Please come in. I am so happy you could come tonight," he said.

"Thank you, Mr. Brooks," Abby said. "I am happy to be an honor graduate."

"You don't look very happy, Abby," Mr. Brooks said. "Is

there something wrong?"

"No, sir, I mean, yes, sir. Well, not about being an honor graduate. It's just that I, I, . . ."

"You what, Abby? It can't be that bad, can it?"

"Yes, sir, I think it is. Every time I have a meal away from home I spill something. I ruin my clothes; I put spots on the tablecloth, or I mess up someone's carpet. It is very embarrassing, sir!"

"I am sure it is," Mr. Brooks said, "but nothing will happen tonight. You won't spill anything!"

Abby looked at her principal doubtfully. "Are you sure?"

"Very sure," he said. "Come on into the dining room with me. The other students are here, and we are ready to eat."

As they walked into the dining room, Abby spoke to some of the other students. She looked around the table. She saw only two empty seats. Oh, no! She was sitting right next to Mr. Brooks! It would be even worse now if she spilled something.

Abby sat down and put the snowy white napkin in her lap. It won't stay all clean and white for very long, Abby thought. The tablecloth was white, too. How could it get any worse?

A man dressed in black and white brought salads to the table. Abby felt okay about the salad. She could eat it without dressing. If she dropped some, it wouldn't leave a stain.

Abby picked up her fork and began to eat.

"Don't you want some salad dressing?" Mr. Brooks asked.

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"No, thank you," Abby smiled. She was safe. She put a little salt and pepper on her salad. When she finished the salad, the server put a bowl of soup in front of her. Oh, horrors! It was tomato soup! That would show up on the napkin, the tablecloth, and the beautiful gold and white carpet. It wouldn't look very good on her pale blue dress, either.

Abby sighed and picked up her soup spoon. She ate very carefully. Spoonful by spoonful, she finished the soup. She had not spilled a drop on anything! Maybe Mr. Brooks is right, she thought. Maybe everything will be okay tonight.

Next came the main course. Baked ham with pineapple sauce, scalloped potatoes, and steamed green beans were arranged on the plate. Abby carefully cut the ham with her knife. She slowly guided the fork to her mouth. Everything went well until she was almost finished. Then a forkful of scalloped potatoes slid off her fork. Down, down it fell and landed . . . in her plate! That was a close call, she thought.

Now it was all over except the dessert. Oh, no, she thought as the server put the dessert in front of her. She felt like crying. She wanted to put it right back on the server's tray. Dessert was chocolate ice cream with chocolate sauce. It was going to be a disaster.

Abby took a spoonful of ice cream. Then another. Then another. Then another. She was almost finished. And then it happened. A big drop of chocolate sauce dripped from her spoon. Not again, Abby thought, not again!

Everything was moving in slow motion, Abby thought. She could see the chocolate sauce getting closer and closer

to her dress. Soon it would be a big brown spot right on the front of her new dress.

All of a sudden a white napkin landed on the front on her dress. There it was, just a second before the drop of chocolate sauce landed. Where did it come from? How did it get there so fast?

Abby moved the napkin and looked down at her dress. There was not a spot on it! Where had that lucky napkin come from?

"Oh, I am so sorry, Abby," Mr. Brooks said. "I was just about to put my napkin on the table, and I dropped it. I guess it just floated over to you! I'm sorry if it startled you."

"No, sir, I am fine, just fine," Abby answered.

Mr. Brooks smiled at her. "I'm glad," he said.

Later, as Mr. Brooks walked with Abby to the door, he said, "I hope you had a good time, Abby."

"Yes, sir, I had a wonderful time. As a matter of fact, this is the best dinner party I have ever attended. And you were right, Mr. Brooks. At least mostly right."

"And how was I mostly right?"

"You said nothing would happen tonight. You were right about that. I didn't ruin anything. Everything went very well. But you also said that I wouldn't spill anything. I did spill a drop of chocolate sauce. That was okay, though, because a very nice man was sitting next to me."

"I am sure I don't know what you are talking about, Abby," Mr. Brooks said. "Congratulations on being an honor student. I will see you at graduation."

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Abby smiled and said, "Yes, sir. I will see you at graduation."

Not Again!

## Questions

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- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. Where was Abby going?
- A. to a dinner party
  - B. to a dance
  - C. to a birthday party
  - D. to school
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. What color was her dress?
- A. pale pink
  - B. white and gold
  - C. bright yellow
  - D. pale blue
- \_\_\_\_\_ 3. Where was the party being held?
- A. in a hotel
  - B. at the school gym
  - C. in a restaurant
  - D. at the principal's house
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4. Who came to the door to let Abby in?
- A. Angie
  - B. Jennifer
  - C. Mrs. Brooks
  - D. Mr. Brooks
- \_\_\_\_\_ 5. What kind of soup was served?
- A. chicken noodle
  - B. clam chowder
  - C. potato
  - D. tomato
- \_\_\_\_\_ 6. The guests had ham with \_\_\_\_\_ sauce.
- A. pineapple
  - B. mango
  - C. mustard
  - D. brown sugar
- \_\_\_\_\_ 7. What was for dessert?
- A. chocolate cake with chocolate icing
  - B. apple pie with whipped cream
  - C. cherry turnovers
  - D. chocolate ice cream with chocolate sauce
- \_\_\_\_\_ 8. Who kept the chocolate sauce from falling on Abby's dress?
- A. Angela
  - B. Mr. Brooks
  - C. Abby
  - D. Mrs. Brooks

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## Fresh Air, Frisbees, and Friends

By Beth Beutler

I let the warm heat from the sun seep into my back as I stretched out on the blanket. I let out a deep sigh. School was finally out for the summer, and I was very glad. It had been a hard year. We had experienced a number of snowstorms during the winter and had several snow days. Therefore, our school year was extended well into June. Usually, when we took our annual vacation to the beach, it was already midway through our summer vacation. However, I had only been out of school for about two weeks.

I closed my eyes and listened to the sound of the waves crashing onto the shore. My little brother and my father were out on their body boards. They could ride the waves for hours. They'd walk out a little distance and then catch a wave and ride it back towards the shore. Once in a while, my brother would be able to ride nearly all the way to where our umbrella was set up.

I enjoy body boarding, but only for a little while at a time. I'll make about ten rides into shore and then lay on my bright yellow and blue towel again. It feels so good to enjoy the sunshine and fresh air.

"Hey, Monica!" my sister cried.



"What?" I answered. "Leave me alone!"

"Oh, come on. Let's play Frisbee."

Arggh. I had just settled onto the blanket. Why does my little sister always want to play, anyway? Can't she learn to just enjoy the beach without being entertained by someone else?

"Come on, Monica! Throw it to me."

"Oh, all right." I got up reluctantly. "Here you go."

We began to toss the bubblegum pink disk into the air. Monica purposely headed to the water. She would jump with all her might to catch the Frisbee and then she would plop herself into the water on purpose. I laughed. She was certainly having a great time.

I heard a voice behind me. "Hi, there."

I turned and faced someone I didn't recognize. She was a girl about my age.

"I'm Allison," she said.

"I'm Monica," I answered. "Do you want to play Frisbee?"

"Yes, I would like that."

Allison was very good at throwing the Frisbee. She could get it to go a longer distance than I could. My sister loved it!

We played for about 15 more minutes, and then I invited Allison to have some soda with me. When we got back to the blanket, we discovered that our mothers had started a conversation.

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## Fresh Air, Frisbees, and Friends

### Questions

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1. Put the events in the order in which they occurred.

\_\_\_\_\_

- A. Monica met Allison.
- B. Monica stretched out on the blanket.
- C. The girls built a sand castle.
- D. Monica began throwing the Frisbee to her sister.

2. Why had Monica just gotten out of school?

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

3. Describe how Monica first felt about playing Frisbee.

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

4. Monica's sister purposefully \_\_\_\_\_ into the water.

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

"Hi, girls," they both said at once.

"It turns out that Allison and her family are staying at the same campground we are staying at. They will be here for the rest of the week also!" My mom waited for my reaction.

Allison and I looked at each other. "That's great!" I said. Now I'd have a friend my own age to talk to.

"Hey! Did you forget me?" My little sister yelled from the wave line.

I turned and laughed at her serious expression and arms akimbo on her waist. "Here you go," I said, throwing the Frisbee with all my might. "Why don't you build a sand castle for a while?"

"Let's go help her," Allison suggested. I thought about it.

"Why not?" I said. After all, building a sand castle with a new friend is a great way to spend a mid-summer day.

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5. According to the story, how often does the family go to the beach?

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\_\_\_\_\_ 6. The Frisbee is described as "bubblegum pink." Which of the following descriptions could have been used in place of "bubblegum"?

- A. sandy
- B. cotton candy
- C. broccoli
- D. whipped cream

7. Monica's brother could sometimes ride all the way to \_\_\_\_\_ on his body board.

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8. Do you think Allison was wise to talk to a stranger? What made this situation different?

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## Art on a Wall

By Colleen Messina

You might not think that drawing on your bedroom wall is art. But art on a wall is a kind of art. It is a mural.

Murals have been around for a long time. Pictures of mammoths are on cave walls in France. They were made 30,000 years ago! Egyptians also painted murals. Their murals were on pyramid walls. The pyramid walls had happy scenes on them. They showed ladies playing flutes. They showed food. They also showed pictures of Osiris. He was their god of the dead. They thought that he would like the pictures.

Renaissance artists took colored powder and mixed it with water. Then, they painted on wet plaster. The painting became part of the wall. This kind of painting was called a fresco. A pope asked Michelangelo to paint a fresco. He painted Bible scenes. He painted the ceiling. It took him four years. It was a hard job. But the pictures were amazing. Many people visited his frescoes. They are in the Sistine Chapel in Rome.

Diego Rivera painted murals in Mexico. He was an artist even when he was little. His father put canvas on some walls. Diego was only four. He had his own art studio! No wonder he grew up to become a famous artist.



Many artists have painted murals. They are on pyramid walls. They are on cave walls. They are on chapel walls. They might be on bedroom walls, too.

Art on a Wall

## Questions

1. Which animal was painted on cave walls long ago?
  - A. parrots
  - B. goldfish
  - C. hamsters
  - D. mammoths
2. Where were the cave paintings?
  - A. Italy
  - B. Germany
  - C. Spain
  - D. France
3. Where did the Egyptians paint murals?
  - A. their houses
  - B. the Great Wall of China
  - C. the pyramid walls
  - D. the Sphinx
4. Who asked Michelangelo to paint the Sistine Chapel?
  - A. a president
  - B. a king
  - C. his father
  - D. a pope





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## The Heart

By Jennifer Kenny

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Jacob was a curious child. He liked to ask questions. Today was no different. He was visiting his pediatrician, or child's doctor, for his check-up.

During the exam, the doctor looked at Jacob's eyes, ears, and throat. He measured how tall he was and how much he weighed to see how much he had grown. Jacob understood why the doctor checked all of these things. What he didn't understand was why the doctor had to put that cold thing called a stethoscope on his chest.

Not being a child who was afraid of learning something new, Jacob spoke up. "What are you doing, Dr. Sesner?" Jacob asked his doctor.

"I am using my stethoscope," Dr. Sesner answered.

"Why?" Jacob asked.

"Well, Jacob," Dr. Sesner continued. "I'm checking your heart. I can hear your heart beating. I am listening to hear how well your heart is doing."

Dr. Sesner placed the stethoscope on Jacob's chest again and let Jacob listen this time. He heard, "pum-PUM, pum-PUM, pum-PUM."

Dr. Sesner explained that when Jacob's heart beats, it moves his blood through his body. The blood moves away



from his heart through arteries and toward his heart in veins. Why is that important? Well, the blood carries all of the oxygen and nutrients our body needs.

Jacob learned that the heart is a very strong muscle. It is inside his chest and protected by his ribs. It works harder than anything else in his body because it works all the time. Jacob thought about this for a moment. He realized that if he kept throwing a baseball his arm would get tired and he would have to stop. Could his heart do that? No way! It had to keep beating.

Jacob asked his doctor if the heart that he draws on his Valentine's Day cards looks like the real heart inside his body. Do you know what the doctor told him? The heart doesn't look like the one on Valentine's Day cards. It looks more like a pear with tubes attached to it. It is about as big as a fist.

Jacob was curious how quickly his heart beats. The doctor said that it changes depending on what he is doing. When he sleeps, his heart beats slower. When he exercises, it beats faster. His heart usually beats, though, about 90 times a minute. His mother's heart beats about 72 times a minute. His baby brother's heart beats about 120 times a minute.

Just for fun, the doctor told Jacob that his pet mouse has a heart that beats over 500 times a minute. He also said that when he sees the elephant at the zoo, he could tell his parents that its heart beats about 25 times a minute. Wow!

Jacob thanked the doctor. He was glad he had asked so many questions. He had learned a lot about his heart!



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## A Trip to the Dairy Farm

By Phyllis Naegeli

Mom put on her directional signal and turned onto a dirt road.

"We're finally here!" said Angie, bouncing up and down on her seat.

"I love this farm," said Mom as she rolled down her window. "Smell that fresh air!"

Angie opened her window and breathed deeply. "Mmmm." At the end of the road, she could see the long red barn and the tall silo appear. As they parked the car in front of the farmhouse, Aunt Trisha came out onto the porch to greet them.

"Welcome!" Aunt Trisha said as Mom and Angie stepped out of the car.

"Hi, sis," said Mom.

"Look at this young lady!" said Aunt Trisha, hugging Angie. "My, how you have grown!"

"I'm seven and one-half," said Angie proudly.

"Well come on in and get settled."



Mom grabbed their bags from the car. "Where's Jess?" she asked as she came in the front door.

"Down at the barn. He's getting ready to milk the cows. He said to come on down when you arrive."

"Then let's go," said Mom. "Are you ready, Angie?"

"Sure," said Angie, shrugging her shoulders.

"Don't you want to put your things away?" asked Aunt Trisha.

"We can do that later," said Mom. "Come on, let's go!"

They headed out the door and walked towards the long red barn. When they got to the barn, Angie could smell a sweet, musty odor. She peered in and saw the rows of cows. "Wow! This is great!"

Mom and Aunt Trisha led the way into the barn. Uncle Jess walked over and greeted them as they entered. He was holding a wooden stool and metal pail.

"Do you want to learn to milk a cow?" Uncle Jess said with a grin.

"I think so," said Angie timidly.

Uncle Jess walked over to a black and white cow. "This is Clara," he said, patting the cow on her back. "She's a gentle one," he said to Angie. "Are you ready?"

"I guess so."

Uncle Jess handed the pail and stool to Angie. "Set the pail down under the cow," he said. "Then put the stool here and sit down."

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Angie followed Uncle Jess's instructions.

Uncle Jess squatted down next to her. "This is an udder," he said pointing under the cow to something that looked like a rubber glove that had been blown up like a balloon. "This thin part is called a teat. Now watch what I do." Uncle Jess took the cow's teat in his hand and massaged it up and down. Then he pointed the end toward the pail and pulled down. Out shot a stream of milk!

"Can I try?" Angie asked.

Uncle Jess grinned. "Sure."

Angie tried to milk the cow. Her first few tries were unsuccessful. Uncle Jess reached down and held her hand to help her get the right feel. After a few more tries, Angie was able to squirt some milk into the pail.

Uncle Jess smiled. "You'll be a pro in no time."

Angie smiled back. "This is fun!"

Uncle Jess picked up a large metal object.

"What's that for?" asked Angie.

"This is what I use to milk the cows," said Uncle Jess, holding the object out for Angie to see. "Each of these tubes attaches to a teat and does the milking for me."

"Doesn't it hurt the cows?"

"No," said Uncle Jess. "It makes it easier on me and on them. Each cow can produce five gallons of milk a day.

That's a lot to do by hand!"

Angie looked down into the pail. "How much does this pail hold?"

"Five gallons," said Uncle Jess.

Angie raised her eyebrows and looked down into the pail. The milk she had put in the pail barely covered the bottom. "It would take forever to milk all these cows!"

"That's why we use more efficient methods."

"Where does the milk go after you milk the cows?"

"See those tubes up there?" said Uncle Jess, pointing to the ceiling. "The tubes take the milk to our storage tank. It holds 1,000 gallons of milk and keeps it at 40 degrees."

"Wow, that's a lot of milk!" said Angie. "Do you put it in bottles?"

"No," said Aunt Trisha from behind Angie. "A truck comes every day to pick up our milk. The truck takes it to the dairy plant in the next town. They heat the milk to pasteurize it. That kills any bacteria in the milk. Then they homogenize it by forcing the milk through tiny screens. Homogenizing blends the fat evenly through the milk. Then some of it is put in cartons and bottles. These go to the grocery store. The rest of the milk goes to other processing plants where they make dairy products like cheese, butter, ice cream, cottage cheese, and sour cream."

"All those things come from the milk you get from your cows?"

"Yes," said Uncle Jess.

"I never thought about it before," said Angie. "That's pretty

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cool!"

"That's our dairy lesson for the day," said Uncle Jess as he stood up. "We have work to do."

"Then let's do it!" said Angie.

### A Trip to the Dairy Farm

## Questions

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. What happened first in the story?
- A. Aunt Trisha greeted Mom and Angie.
  - B. Uncle Jess gave Angie a pail and stool.
  - C. Mom opened the car window to smell the fresh air.
  - D. Mom, Angie, and Aunt Trisha went to the barn.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. Which of the following events did not happen in the story?
- A. Angie learned about many things made from milk.
  - B. Angie smelled a sweet, musty odor in the barn.
  - C. Angie learned to milk a cow.
  - D. Mom learned to milk a cow.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 3. Why is milk pasteurized?
- A. to kill bacteria in the milk
  - B. to blend the fat into the milk
  - C. to make it into ice cream
  - D. to make it taste better

- \_\_\_\_\_ 4. Why is milk homogenized?
- A. to make it into ice cream
  - B. to blend the fat into the milk
  - C. to make it taste better
  - D. to kill bacteria in the milk

5. Name three products made from milk.

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- \_\_\_\_\_ 6. How much milk can a cow make each day?
- A. five quarts
  - B. five cups
  - C. five pints
  - D. five gallons
- \_\_\_\_\_ 7. The tubes carry the milk from the cows to the dairy plant.
- A. true
  - B. false

8. How old is Angie?

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## Nancy and the Noise Wall

By Jennifer Kenny

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Nancy went to visit her Grandma each summer. Mom and Dad had come to visit, too. Nancy lived far away in Kansas. Her Grandma lived in a big old house in New York.

Nancy loved seeing Grandma. She liked to bake with her. She liked to play cards with her, too. This summer, though, Grandma did not seem as happy. She seemed stressed or worried a lot. Sometimes she seemed annoyed.

"What's wrong with Grandma?" Nancy asked her mom.

"The noise pollution is getting to her," Mom said.

"Do you mean the noise from all those cars?" Nancy asked.

"Yes," Mom said. "When Grandma moved here many years ago, there wasn't such a big road here. Now they made it very big so people can get to work in the city. The big trucks deliver food all over, too, by using this road. They make so much noise. The noise pollution really gets to Grandma."

"I know what water pollution and air pollution are. I learned about them in school. What is noise pollution?" Nancy asked.

"Pollution is something bad for you," Mom said. "With noise pollution, certain sounds affect someone's health. The person might become annoyed or stressed out. Grandma's

blood pressure goes up. She also has trouble sleeping with all the traffic in the morning. Grandma's hearing has been hurt by all the noise, too."

"Are cars and trucks the only source of noise pollution?" Nancy asked.

"Not at all," Mom said. "Any loud, annoying noise that someone doesn't want to hear is noise pollution. Most people agree that jet engines can be noise pollution. To some people, barking dogs or a loud business can be noise pollution."

"I don't mind barking dogs," Nancy said.

"You might if they never stopped barking even late at night," Mom said.

"How can you make the noise stop?" Nancy asked.

"That's the hard part," Mom said. "If a dog barks too much, you might call the police. Making a plane go away is a lot harder to do," Mom said.

"What about Grandma?" Nancy asked. "It's not fair that she lived in a quiet place and now it's so noisy."

"You're right," Mom said. "We have been fighting with the people who run the highway. It's taken a long time, but they are going to build a noise barrier to help."

"What's a noise barrier?" Nancy asked.

"It's a very big wall made of concrete," Mom said. "It will help block some of the noise."

"Is that the tall thing over there?" Nancy asked.

"Yes, Nancy," Mom said. "They have started to build it."

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"It's so big," Nancy said.

"Yes, it's big and ugly," Mom said. "This is the only way they can help, though. It will be 15 to 20 feet high. The only reason they are doing it is because all of these old houses were here way before the noisy road became so big. The wall took so long to be built because there's not always money for these things."

"Will it help make Grandma happy?" asked Nancy.

"I hope so," Mom said. "It may not look very nice, but it should give her some peace and quiet."

Nancy and the Noise Wall

## Questions

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\_\_\_\_\_ 1. Where was Nancy in the story?

- A. at home
- B. in the car
- C. at school
- D. at Grandma's house

\_\_\_\_\_ 2. What kind of pollution was bothering Grandma?

- A. air water
- B. water
- C. noise
- D. none of the above

\_\_\_\_\_ 3. Grandma's house was built before all the traffic came.

- A. False
- B. True

\_\_\_\_\_ 4. When people are bothered by noise, they might \_\_\_\_\_.

- A. get annoyed
- B. get stressed out
- C. lose a little hearing
- D. all of the above

\_\_\_\_\_ 5. What noise barrier is being built by Grandma's house?

- A. a big fence
- B. quiet signs
- C. tall trees
- D. a concrete wall

\_\_\_\_\_ 6. The noise barrier near Grandma's house \_\_\_\_\_.

- A. will be 15 to 20 feet high
- B. will be 5 inches high
- C. will be 10 to 15 feet high
- D. will be 5 to 10 feet high

\_\_\_\_\_ 7. Which kind of noise pollution would be the easiest to stop?

- A. stopping the car traffic near your house
- B. shutting off your loud radio
- C. getting the neighbor's dogs to stop barking during the night
- D. sending the jet engine noise away



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## The Lost Salmon

By Jennifer Kenny

The Yakima tribe told the story of the lost salmon. They hoped the people would remember the story, tell it to their children, and pass it on over and over again so everyone would remember an important lesson.



The Creator gave the people salmon just for them. He told them to be careful and only take what they needed. If they did this, they would always have salmon to eat.

At first, the people followed the rules. They were happy. Lots and lots of people lived in villages along the rivers. They always had salmon to eat.

Then they forgot to follow the Creator's rules. They were greedy. They wasted the salmon by catching more than they needed. The salmon disappeared. There wasn't even one left. Everyone was hungry and begging for food.

They searched the river and found a dead salmon by the side of the river. They cried and were sorry.

They called on an old man named Rattlesnake to help them. He came from very far away. He stepped on the salmon and disappeared into it. The salmon came back to life, and other salmon came back to the rivers. The people learned their lesson and always take care of the salmon

now.

The people believe that if you break the spine of the salmon, Old Man Rattlesnake is the white membrane inside. That's how he gave life to the salmon.

The Lost Salmon

### Questions

1. What tribe of people tells the story of the lost salmon?

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2. In the story, who gives salmon to the people?

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3. What happened when the people followed the rules about the salmon?

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4. Who did the people call when the salmon disappeared and they realized they had done the wrong thing?

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5. Where do the people think Old Man Rattlesnake went?

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6. What do you think the lesson of the story is?

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## A Wedding in the Family

By Mary Lynn Bushong

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"May I go with you?" Kate asked her older sister, Rachel.

"You'll have to ask Mom," said Rachel. "She's the one driving, but I don't have a problem with it if she doesn't."

Kate found Mom in the kitchen, running water into a pan in the sink.

"Mom, may I go with you and Rachel for her dress fitting? Rachel doesn't mind."

Mom wiped her hands on a towel. "I guess you can come. Be prepared for it to be boring," she said.

"Are we going anywhere else?" asked Kate.

Mom nodded. "I want to stop by the florist and finish paying for the flowers. The wedding is only a month away now."

A short time later, Kate watched her sister in the fitting room of the shop. It was easy to imagine her as a princess in the long, lacy, white dress. Rachel stood on a low raised platform while the seamstress pinned the hem in front. Then the woman added a couple of pins to loose places in the bodice.

When Rachel tried on the veil, she pulled some of it over

her face.

"What do you think?" she asked Kate.

"Wow," said Kate in wide eyed wonder. "You look just like a fairy tale princess."

On the drive over to the florists, Mom and Rachel discussed details that weren't yet done.

"The invitations have all been sent," said Rachel. "We have confirmation on the church and the hall for the reception."

"Have you talked to the caterer and made your final choices?" asked Mom.

Rachel shook her head. "That's on my 'to do' list for tomorrow morning."

"I still need to finish Kate's bridesmaid dress," said Mom.

"I need to call the other girls and see if theirs are done too. I can just imagine Maxine leaving it to the last moment," said Rachel.

Kate tried to keep quiet. All the activity of getting ready for the wedding was so exciting. She especially liked hearing Mom and Rachel talking. Who would have thought there were so many details in having a wedding?

Rachel showed Kate the pictures of the flowers she had chosen from the florist's book. There was even a bouquet for Kate to carry.

Several presents had arrived while they were out. The boxes were neatly piled behind a chair on the porch. Kate wanted to open them right away, but Rachel made her wait. She wanted to write down the name of the giver and what



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each gift was as it was opened, so she could send thank you notes to the senders.

Hal stopped by after supper to help Rachel with the notes as they opened gifts. Katie watched them as they smiled at each other and talked. She especially liked the loving look in Hal's eyes as he looked at Rachel. Right then, Kate made up her mind. She would plan on getting married some day, but only if her future husband looked at her that way too.

### A Wedding in the Family

## Questions

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1. Where was Rachel going?

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\_\_\_\_\_ 2. Why was Mom going to the florists?

- A. Pick up the flowers
- B. Pay for the flowers
- C. To change the order
- D. Make the flower order

\_\_\_\_\_ 3. Rachel wore her dress in:

- A. The church
- B. The dress shop's front room
- C. The florist shop
- D. The dress shop's fitting room

4. What was the seamstress doing?

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5. Why might Kate have thought her sister looked like a princess in her wedding dress?

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6. What does a florist do at a wedding?

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Date \_\_\_\_\_

## Reading Math

Connor loved hamburgers. He could eat more hamburgers than anyone in his family. Two weeks ago he ate thirteen hamburgers. Last week he ate five hamburgers. This week he ate fifteen hamburgers! How many hamburgers has Connor eaten in the last three weeks?

Jordan saved 83 pennies. She took them to the store. She bought some cookies for 31¢. How much money did she have left?

On Memorial Day 4,330 people visited Veterans' Park in Kyle's hometown. Of that number, 2,181 were males. Did more males or females visit the Park?

The candy company made 237 different kinds of candy. What is the value of the digit 3 in the number 237?

Taylor bought 5 pounds of ground beef. Her mother told her she could make 3 hamburger patties with each pound of beef. How many hamburger patties can Taylor make with the ground beef she bought?

Brittany made 18 hamburgers for her birthday party. She put lettuce and tomato on  $\frac{1}{3}$  of them. She put onions and pickles on the rest of the hamburgers. How many hamburgers had lettuce and tomato on them?