

L MOSDOS PRESS *iterature*

OPAL



DAISY
2



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*L*MOSDOS PRESS *Literature*

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Judith Factor

CREATIVE/ART DIRECTOR

Carla Martin

SENIOR CURRICULUM WRITER

Abigail Rozen

COPY EDITOR

Laya Dewick

WRITERS

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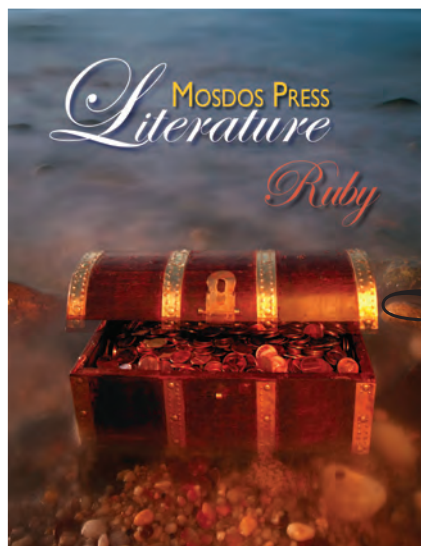
Jill Brotman

Author Biographies:

Aliza B. Ganchrow

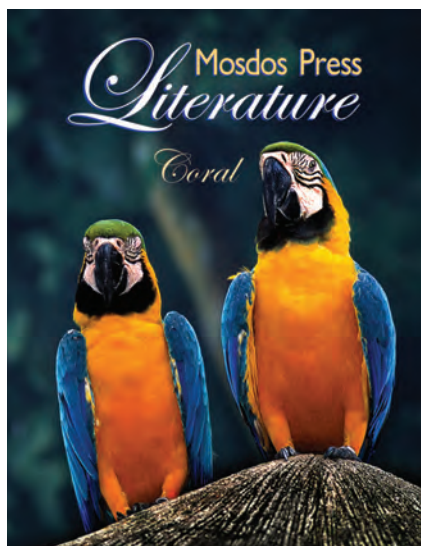
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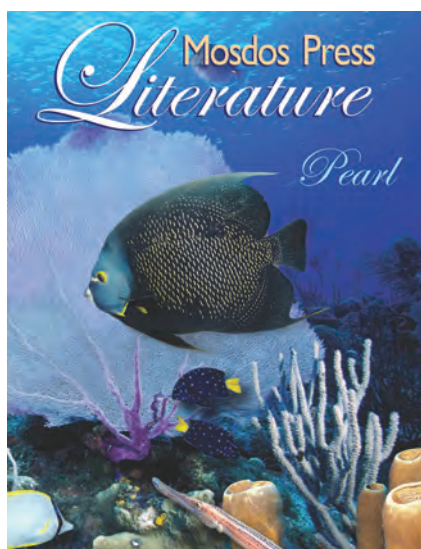
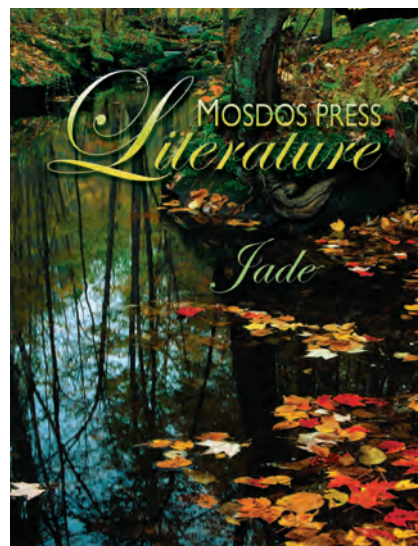
ANTHOLOGY SERIES



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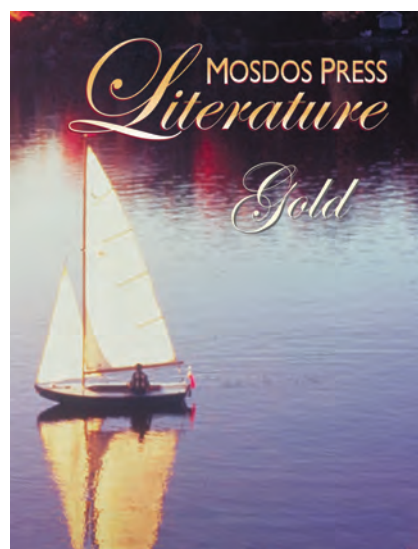
CORAL



PEARL

JADE

GOLD



unit 4

all about setting!

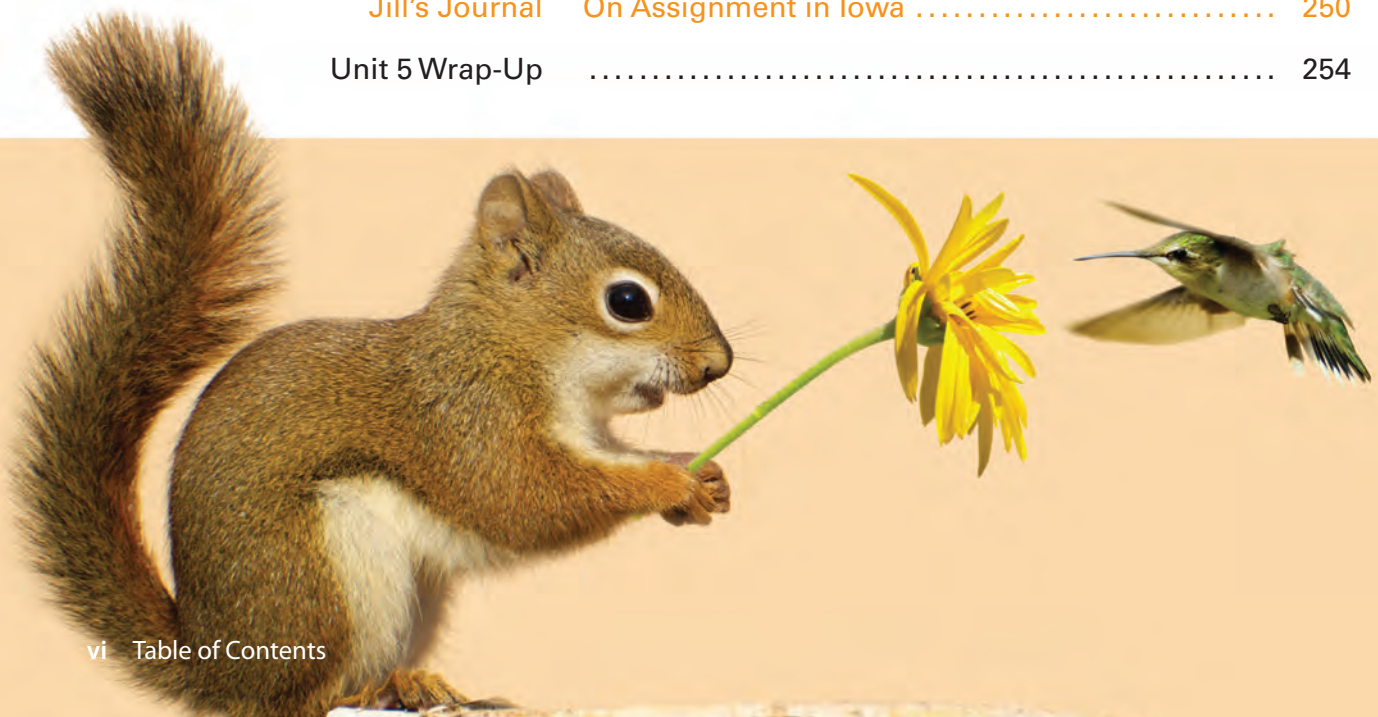
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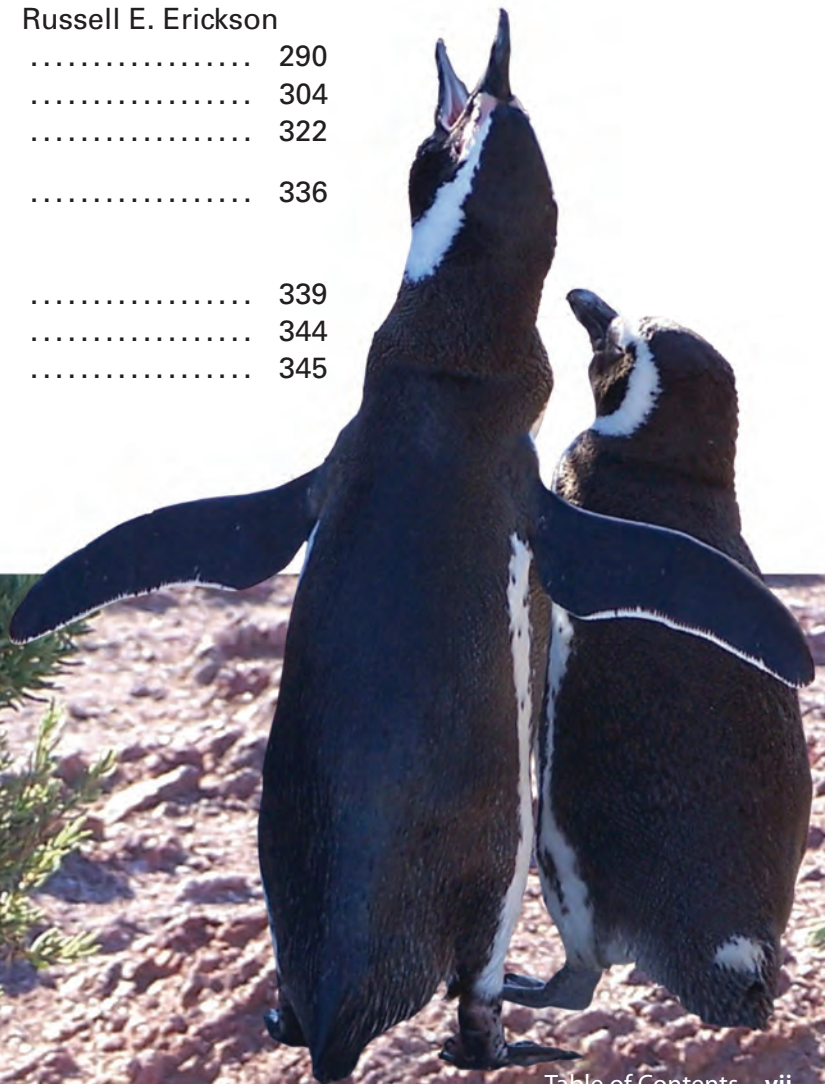
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the grand finale!

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This content is included with purchase of the book.

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Lesson in Literature ...

THE SHORE

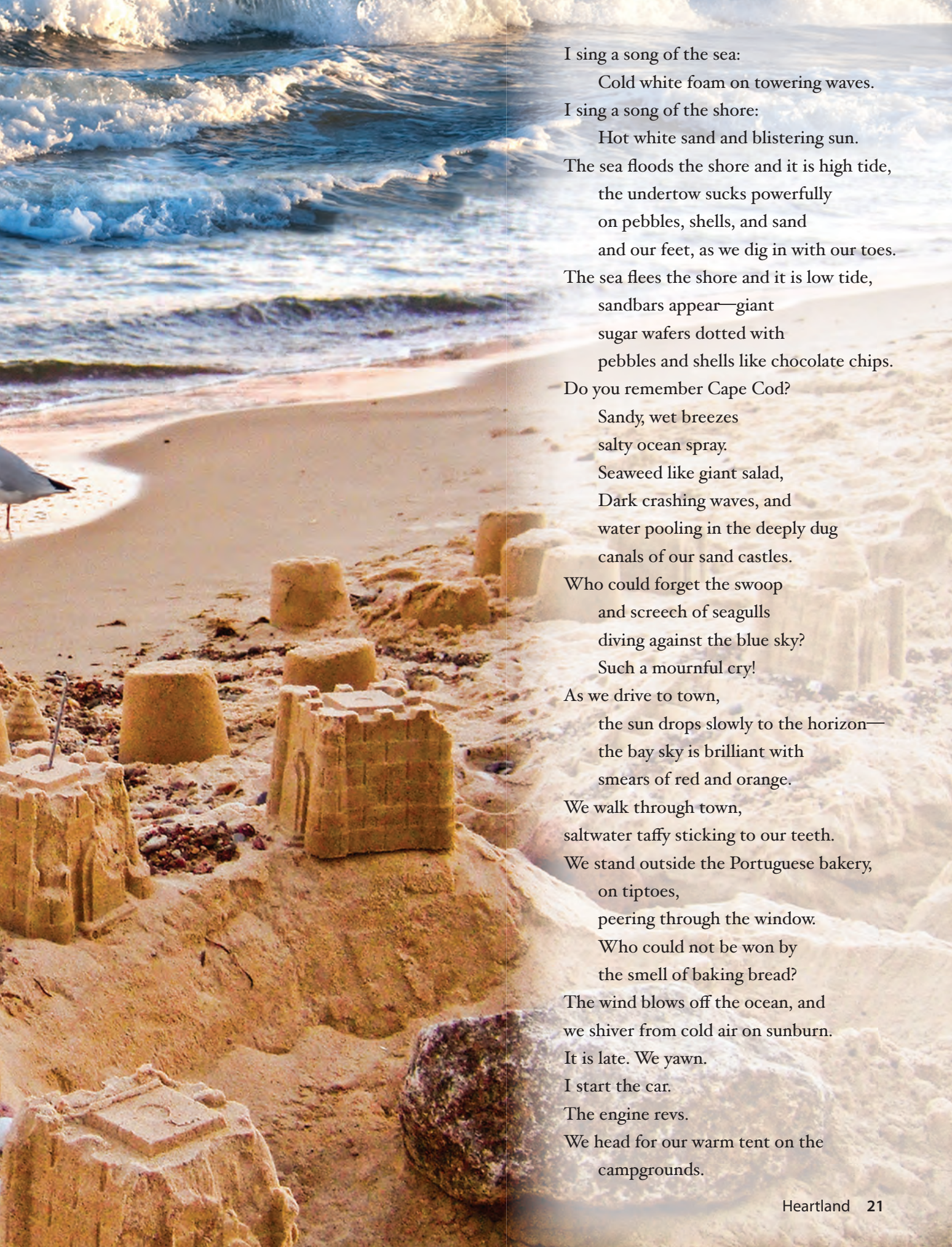


WHAT ARE IMAGES?

- An **image** is created by a word or phrase that describes something you can see, hear, smell, taste, or touch.
- A red apple (see), a crunchy apple (hear), a fragrant apple (smell), a sweet apple (taste), and a smooth apple (touch) are all images.
- For visual images, we must *picture* what is being described.
- For other sensory images, we must *remember* and *imagine* the sound, smell, taste, or feel of what is being described.

THINK ABOUT IT!

1. In the description of the sea and the shore, what two images are white?
2. In the description of Cape Cod, which sense would you use to feel each of the following:
 - a. the breezes
 - b. the ocean spray
 - c. the waves
3.
 - a. What sound do the seagulls make?
 - b. What color is the bay sky?
 - c. What smell comes from the Portuguese bakery?



I sing a song of the sea:

Cold white foam on towering waves.

I sing a song of the shore:

Hot white sand and blistering sun.

The sea floods the shore and it is high tide,
the undertow sucks powerfully
on pebbles, shells, and sand
and our feet, as we dig in with our toes.

The sea flees the shore and it is low tide,
sandbars appear—giant
sugar wafers dotted with
pebbles and shells like chocolate chips.

Do you remember Cape Cod?

Sandy, wet breezes

salty ocean spray.

Seaweed like giant salad,

Dark crashing waves, and

water pooling in the deeply dug
canals of our sand castles.

Who could forget the swoop
and screech of seagulls
diving against the blue sky?
Such a mournful cry!

As we drive to town,
the sun drops slowly to the horizon—
the bay sky is brilliant with
smears of red and orange.

We walk through town,
saltwater taffy sticking to our teeth.

We stand outside the Portuguese bakery,
on tiptoes,
peering through the window.

Who could not be won by
the smell of baking bread?

The wind blows off the ocean, and
we shiver from cold air on sunburn.

It is late. We yawn.

I start the car.

The engine revs.

We head for our warm tent on the
campgrounds.

Blueprint for Reading

INTO . . . *Heartland*

America is beautiful! The country has been blessed with snow-capped mountains and sandy deserts, with lush fields, and deep canyons. Songs and poems have been written about many cities and every state in the U.S.A. Do you know any?

Heartland is a poem about America's Midwest, where so much of our grain and corn are grown. The poet loves the heartland for its beauty, for its changing seasons, and for its fields that supply the entire country with food. As you read *Heartland*, perhaps you will look at where you live with the same loving appreciation that the poet has for America's Heartland.



EYES

ON

Images

Imagine walking outside on a perfect summer day. The sky is blue, the birds are singing, the sun is warm, the clover has a delicious fragrance, and, when you pick a peach off of the tree, it is sweet and juicy. If you wanted to describe this perfect moment to your friend, you would have to use words to describe what you saw, heard, felt, smelled, and tasted. The words you would use create **images**.

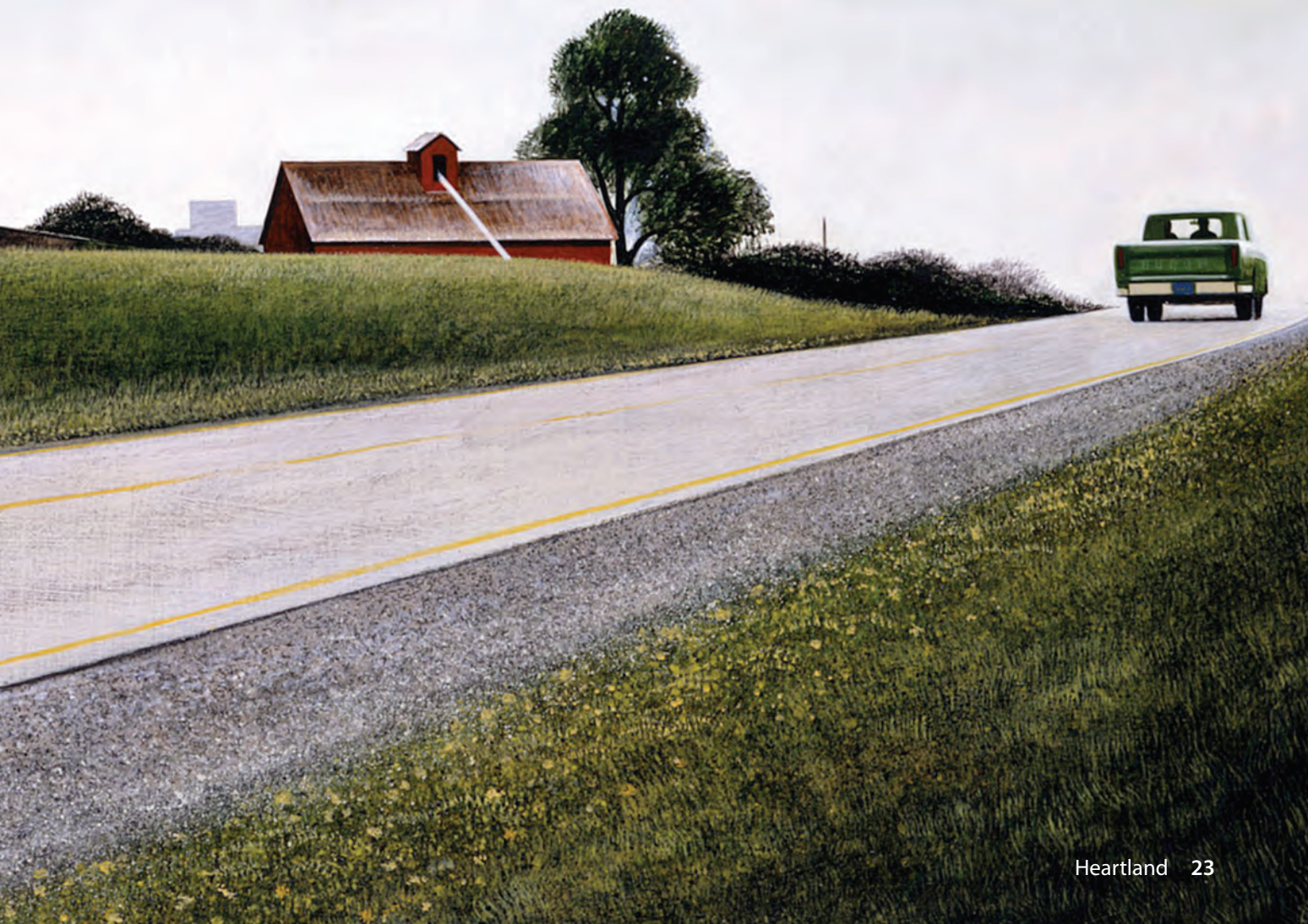
Writers like to get their readers to see, hear, feel, smell, and taste things in their imaginations. The poet who wrote *Heartland* wanted her readers to know just how beautiful the farms of the American Midwest are at different times of the year. As you read the poem, you will pass from one image to the next. Try hard to picture the beautiful scenes in your mind.



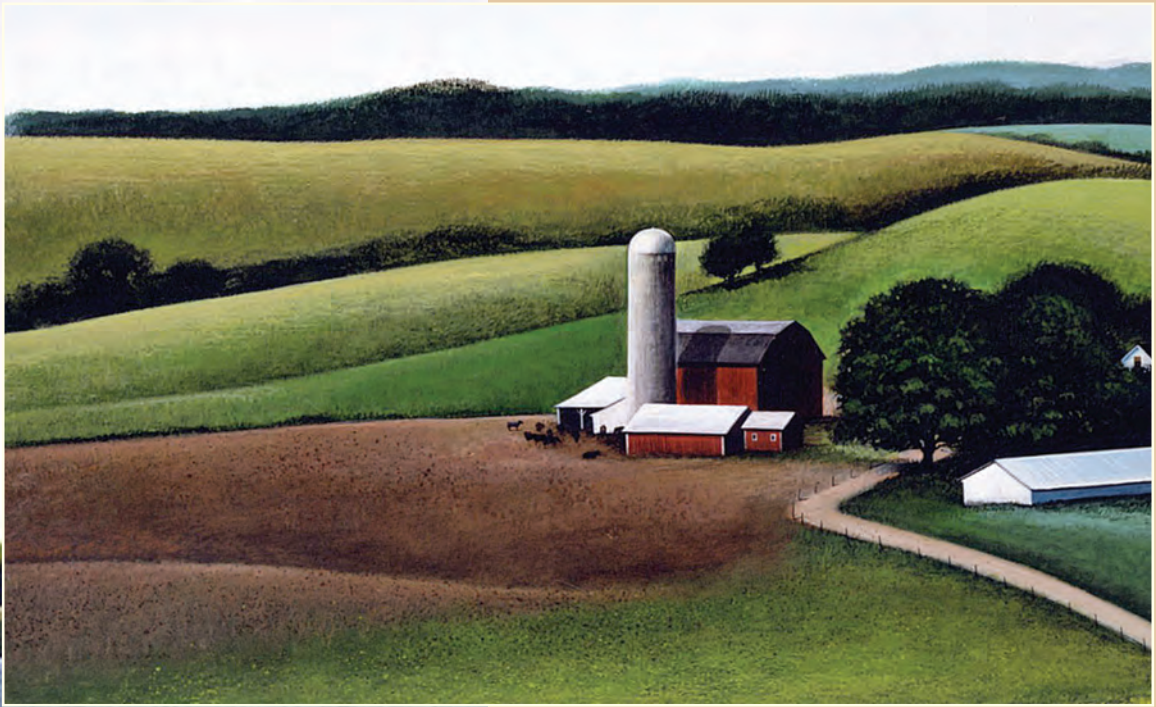
Heartland

By Diane Siebert

Paintings by Wendell Minor







I am the Heartland,
Great and wide.
I sing of hope.
I sing of pride.

I am the land where wheat fields grow
In golden waves that ebb and flow;
Where cornfields stretched across the plains
Lie green between the country lanes.

I am the Heartland,
Shaped and lined
By rivers, great and small, that wind
Past farms, whose barns and silos stand
Like treasures in my fertile hand.

I am the Heartland.
I can feel
Machines of iron, tools of steel,
Creating farmlands, square by square—
A quilt of life I proudly wear:

WORD BANK

fertile (FUR tuhl) *adj.*: the type of soil or land in which plants grow easily

A patchwork quilt laid gently down
In hues of yellow, green, and brown
As tractors, plows, and planters go
Across my fields and, row by row,
Prepare the earth and plant the seeds
That grow to meet a nation's needs.

WORD BANK

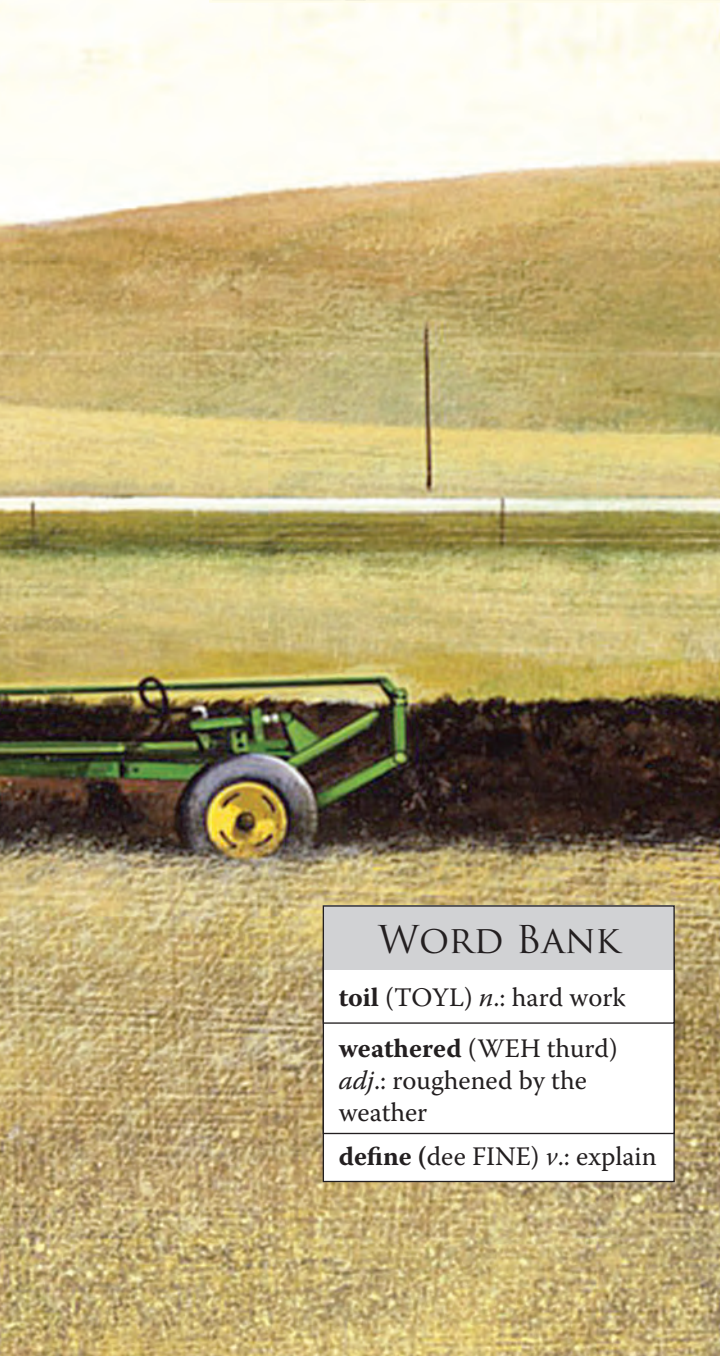
etched (ETCHD) *v.*: sharply outlined

hues (HYUZE) *n.*: colors

livestock (LIVE stock) *n.*: the horses, cattle, sheep, and other useful animals kept on a farm

A patchwork quilt whose seams are etched
By miles of wood and wire stretched
Around the barns and pastures where
The smell of livestock fills the air.
These are the farms where hogs are bred,
The farms where chicks are hatched and fed;
The farms where dairy cows are raised,
The farms where cattle herds are grazed;
The farms with horses, farms with sheep—
Upon myself, all these I keep.





WORD BANK

toil (TOYL) *n.*: hard work

weathered (WEH thurd)
adj.: roughened by the
weather

define (dee FINE) *v.*: explain

I am the Heartland.

On this soil

Live those who through the seasons toil:

The farmer, with his spirit strong;
The farmer, working hard and long,
A feed-and-seed-store cap in place,
Pulled down to shield a weathered face—
A face whose every crease and line
Can tell a tale, and help define
A lifetime spent beneath the sun,
A life of work that's never done.

I am the Heartland.

On these plains

Rise elevators filled with grains.
They mark the towns where people walk
To see their neighbors, just to talk;
Where farmers go to get supplies
And sit a spell to analyze
The going price of corn and beans,
The rising cost of new machines;
Where steps are meant for shelling peas,
And kids build houses in the trees.

I am the Heartland.

In my song

Are cities beating, steady, strong,
With footsteps from a million feet
And sounds of traffic in the street;
Where giant mills and stockyards sprawl,
And neon-lighted shadows fall
From windowed walls of brick that rise
Toward the clouds, to scrape the skies;
Where highways meet and rails converge;
Where farm and city rhythms merge
To form a vital bond between
The concrete and the fields of green.

I am the Heartland:

Earth and sky

And changing seasons passing by.

I feel the touch of autumn's chill,
And as its colors brightly spill
Across the land, the growing ends,

And winter, white and cold, descends
With blizzards howling as they sweep
Across me, piling snowdrifts deep.
Then days grow longer, skies turn clear,
And all the gifts of spring appear—
The young are born, the seedlings sprout;

WORD BANK

stockyards (STOCK yards)
n.: a yard for livestock

converge (kuhn VURJ) *v.*:
meet

merge (MURJ) *v.*: come
together

vital (VIE tul) *adj.*: extremely
important

descends (dih SENDS) *v.*:
comes down





Before me, summer stretches out
With pastures draped in lush, green grass,
And as the days of growing pass,
I feel the joy when fields of grain
Are blessed by sunlight, warmth, and rain;

For I have learned of drought and hail,
Of floods and frosts and crops that fail,
And of tornadoes as they move
In frightening paths, again to prove
That in the Heartland, on these plains,
Despite Man's power, Nature reigns.



WORD BANK

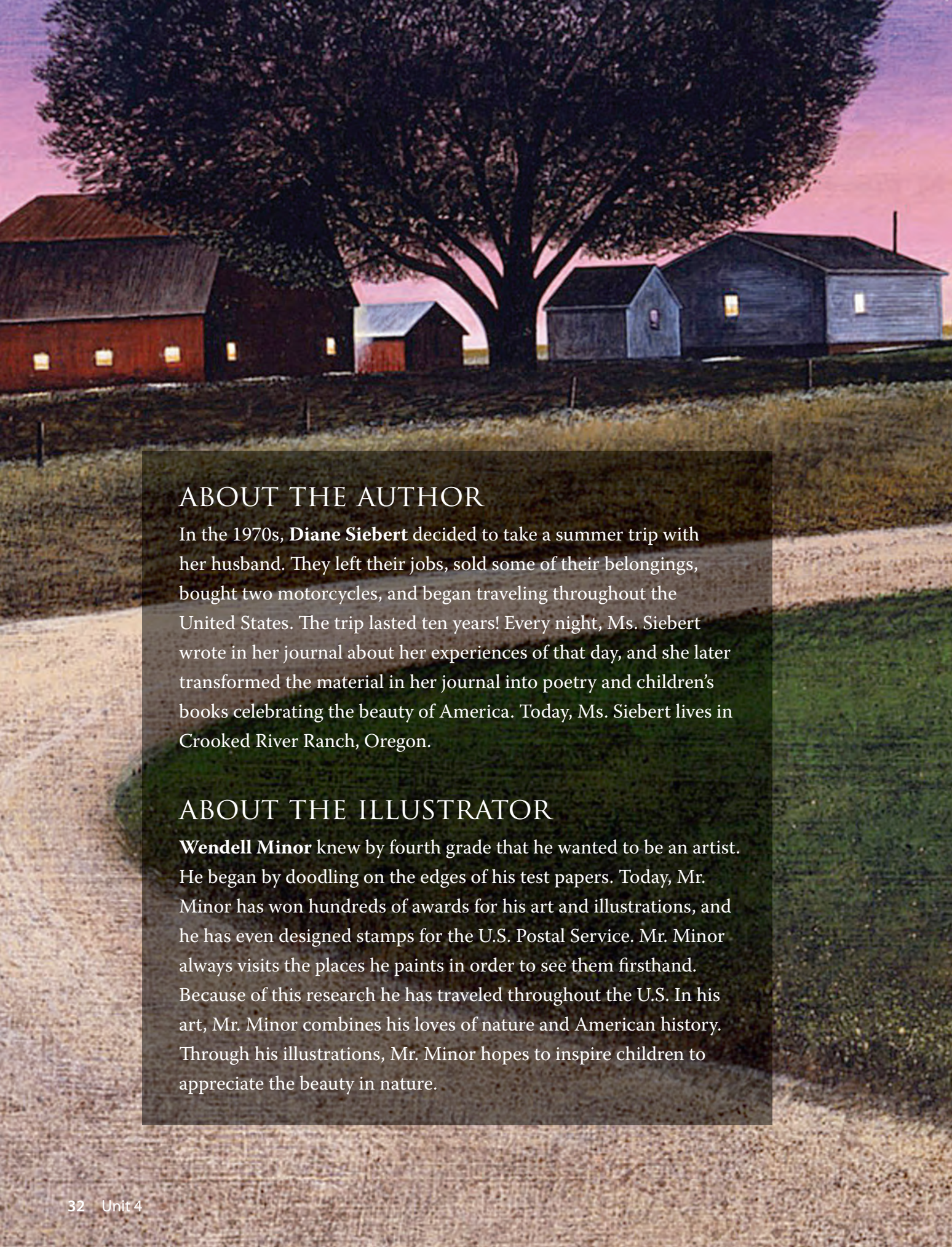
drought (DROWT) *n.*:
a lack of rain



I am the Heartland.
Smell the fields,
The rich, dark earth, and all it yields;
The air before a coming storm,
A newborn calf, so damp and warm;
The dusty grain in barns that hold
The bales of hay, all green and gold.

I am the Heartland.
Hear me speak
In voices raised by those who seek
To live their lives upon the land,
To know and love and understand
The secrets of a living earth—
Its strengths, its weaknesses, its worth;
Who, Heartland born and Heartland bred,
Possess the will to move ahead.

I am the Heartland.
I survive
To keep America, my home, alive.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

In the 1970s, **Diane Siebert** decided to take a summer trip with her husband. They left their jobs, sold some of their belongings, bought two motorcycles, and began traveling throughout the United States. The trip lasted ten years! Every night, Ms. Siebert wrote in her journal about her experiences of that day, and she later transformed the material in her journal into poetry and children's books celebrating the beauty of America. Today, Ms. Siebert lives in Crooked River Ranch, Oregon.

ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR

Wendell Minor knew by fourth grade that he wanted to be an artist. He began by doodling on the edges of his test papers. Today, Mr. Minor has won hundreds of awards for his art and illustrations, and he has even designed stamps for the U.S. Postal Service. Mr. Minor always visits the places he paints in order to see them firsthand. Because of this research he has traveled throughout the U.S. In his art, Mr. Minor combines his loves of nature and American history. Through his illustrations, Mr. Minor hopes to inspire children to appreciate the beauty in nature.

Studying the Selection

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

America is beautiful from sea to shining sea, but everyone has their own favorite part of the United States. Which region do you think is the most beautiful?

QUICK REVIEW

1. Who (or what) is the narrator of the poem?
2. Explain how farmland can look like a patchwork quilt.
3. What are three sights one could see in a city that are described in the poem?
4. The Heartland says that it keeps America alive. How does the Heartland keep America alive?

FOCUS

5. The poem says that the people in the Heartland seek
"To know and love and understand
The secrets of a living earth"

What secrets does the earth have? One secret might be how to make the corn grow big and tall. Can you think of another secret the farmers would like to learn?

6. The poet wanted the reader to imagine how the fields and livestock look and feel and even smell. Below are four lines taken from the poem. Which ones help you imagine how things look? Which ones help you imagine how things feel?
"In golden waves that ebb and flow"
"I feel the touch of autumn's chill"
"Where cornfields stretched across the plains"
"A newborn calf, so damp and warm"

CREATING AND WRITING

7. Choose one area that you know well. You may choose your block, your town, a park that you visit, or any other familiar spot. Write a 4–6 line poem about it. (The lines do not have to rhyme.) Use at least three images in your poem.
8. Your teacher will distribute the materials necessary to create a display with three sections. Choose three images from the poem and draw a picture of each one of them for each part of your display. You can paste objects on your drawings.