



# The Little Engine That Could

*Author Unknown*

A little steam engine had a long train of cars to pull.

She went along very well till she came to a steep hill. But then, no matter how hard she tried, she could not move the long train of cars.

She pulled and she pulled. She puffed and puffed. She backed and started off again. Choo! Choo!

But no! the cars would not go up the hill.

At last she left the train and started up the track alone. Do you think she had stopped working? No, indeed! She was going for help.

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## WORDS TO WATCH

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engine

sidetrack

scoured

indeed

alongside

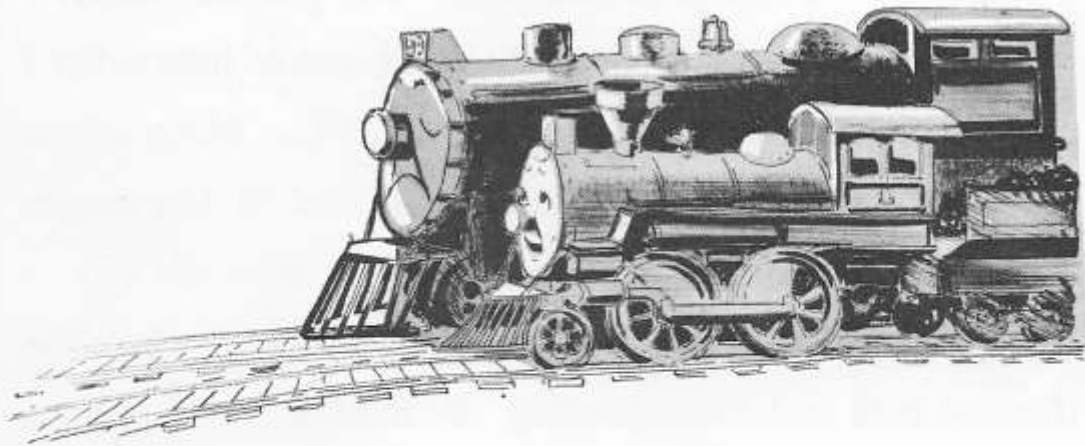
merrily

“Surely I can find someone to help me,” she thought.

Over the hill and up the track went the little steam engine.  
Choo, choo! Choo, choo! Choo, choo!

Pretty soon she saw a big steam engine standing on a sidetrack, looking very big and strong. Running alongside, she looked up and said, “Will you help me over the hill with my train of cars? It is so long and heavy that I can’t get it over.”

The big steam engine looked down at the little steam engine. Then she said, “Don’t you see that I have finished my day’s work? I have been rubbed and scoured, ready for my next run. No, I cannot help you.”



The little steam engine was sorry, but she went on. Choo, choo! Choo, choo! Choo, choo! Choo, choo! Soon she came

to a second big steam engine standing on a sidetrack. He was puffing and puffing, as if he were tired.

“He may help me,” thought the little steam engine. She ran alongside and asked, “Will you help me bring my train of cars over the hill? It is so long and so heavy that I can’t get it over.”

The second big steam engine answered, “I have just come in from a long, long run. Don’t you see how tired I am? Can’t you get some other engine to help you this time?”

“I’ll try,” said the little steam engine, and off she went. Choo, choo! Choo, choo! Choo, choo!

After a while she came to a little steam engine just like herself. She ran alongside and said, “Will you help me over the hill with my train of cars? It is long and so heavy that I can’t get it over.”

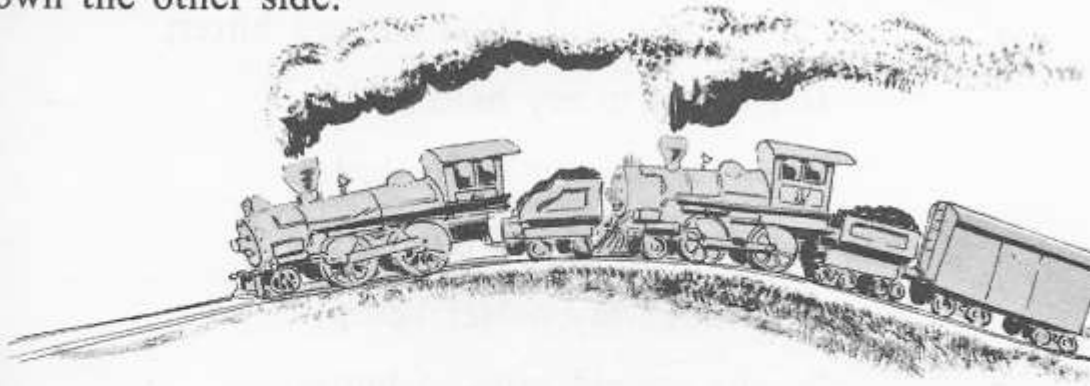
“Yes, indeed!” said this little steam engine. “I’ll be glad to help you, if I can.”

So the two little steam engines started back to where the train of cars had been standing. Both little steam engines went to the head of the train, one behind the other.

Puff, puff! Chug, choo! Off they started!

Slowly the cars began to move. Slowly they climbed the steep hill. As they climbed, each little steam engine began to sing, "I—think—I—can! I—think—I—can! I—think—I—can! I—think—I—can! I—think—I—can! I—think—I—can! I—think—I—can! I—think—I—can! I—think—I—can! I—think—I—can!"

And they did! Very soon they were over the hill and going down the other side.



Now they were on the plain again, and the little steam engine could pull her train herself. So she thanked the little engine who had come to help her and said good-bye.

And she went merrily on her way, singing, "I-thought-I-could! I-thought-I-could! I-thought-I-could! I-thought-I-could! I-thought-I-could! I-thought-I-could! I-thought-I-could! I-thought-I-could! I-thought-I-could! I-thought-I-could!"

# Betty Botter

*Anonymous*

Betty Botter bought some butter,  
“But,” she said, “the butter’s bitter;  
If I put it in my batter  
It will make my batter bitter,  
But a bit of better butter  
Will make my batter better.”  
So she bought a bit of butter,  
Better than her bitter butter,  
And she put it in her batter  
And the batter was not bitter.  
So ’twas better Betty Botter  
bought a bit of better butter.





*Why the Magpie's Nest  
Is Not Well Built  
American Folk Tale*

A long time ago all the birds met together to talk about building nests.

“Every human has a house,” said the robin, “and every bird needs a home too.”

“Humans have no feathers,” said the owl, “and so they are cold without houses. We have feathers.”

“I keep warm by flying swiftly,” said the swallow.

“And I keep warm by fluttering my wings,” said the hummingbird.

“By and by we shall have our little ones,” said the robin. “They will have no feathers on their wings, so they cannot fly or flutter, and they will be cold. How shall we keep them warm if we have no nests?”

Then all the birds said, “We will build nests so that our little ones will be warm.”

The birds went to work. One brought twigs, one brought moss, and one brought leaves. They sang together merrily, for they thought of the little ones that would sometime come to live in the warm nests.

Now the magpie was lazy. She sat still and watched the others at their work.

“Come and build your nest in the reeds and rushes,” cried one bird. But the magpie said, “No.”

“My nest is on the branch of a tree,” called another, “and it rocks like a child’s cradle. Come and build beside it.” But the magpie said, “No.”

Before long all the birds but the magpie had their nests built. The magpie cried, “I do not know how to build a nest. Will you not help me?”

The other birds were sorry for her and answered, “We will teach you.” The blackbird said, “Put the twigs in this bough.” The robin said, “Put the leaves between the twigs.” And the hummingbird said, “Put this soft green moss over it all.”

“I do not know how,” cried the magpie.

“We are teaching you,” said the other birds. But the magpie was lazy, and she thought, “If I do not learn, they will build a nest for me.”

The other birds talked together. “She does not wish to learn,” they said, “and we will not help any longer.” So they went away from her.

Then the magpie was sorry. “Come back,” she cried, “and I will learn.” But by this time the other birds had eggs in their nests. They were busy taking care of their eggs and had no time to teach the lazy magpie. This is why the magpie’s nest is not well built.

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#### QUESTIONS

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1. Why didn't the magpie want to build a nest?
2. After the magpie really wanted to build a nest, why didn't the other birds help her?
3. Do you feel sorry for the magpie? Why?



# CLOUDS

*Christina Rossetti*



White sheep, white sheep,  
On a blue hill,  
When the wind stops  
You all stand still.  
When the wind blows  
You walk away slow.  
White sheep, white sheep,  
Where do you go?

## At Home

### I. Read and Spell

|          |           |             |
|----------|-----------|-------------|
| rug      | kitchen   | fireplace   |
| bed      | bedroom   | radio       |
| lamp     | bookcase  | living room |
| porch    | closet    | T.V. set    |
| stove    | armchair  | sofa        |
| stairs   | garage    | attic       |
| yard     | telephone | garden      |
| basement | cupboard  | pictures    |

### II. Read and Answer

1. Which of these things are not needed in a home?
2. Name some other things in a home.

### III. Write

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

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REVIEW QUESTIONS

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- I. A. You have read these stories in the second part of your book. Tell what each story is about.

The Fox and the Grapes

The Plum Pit

The Hare and the Tortoise

Little Green Riding Hood

The Rich Man and the Poor Tailor

Why the Magpie's Nest Is Not Well Built

The Little Engine That Could

The Lion and the Mouse

- B. Which story do you like best? Why?
- C. Read the story you liked best to your class or read it to yourself again.
- II. A. Learn by heart one of the poems in the second part of your book and recite it to your class.
- B. Copy the poem you liked best in the second part of your book. Copy it carefully.

# Part Three

## Stories

## Old and New

Of all the stories in my book  
I don't know which is best,  
But I have liked them all so well  
I'm ready for the rest.



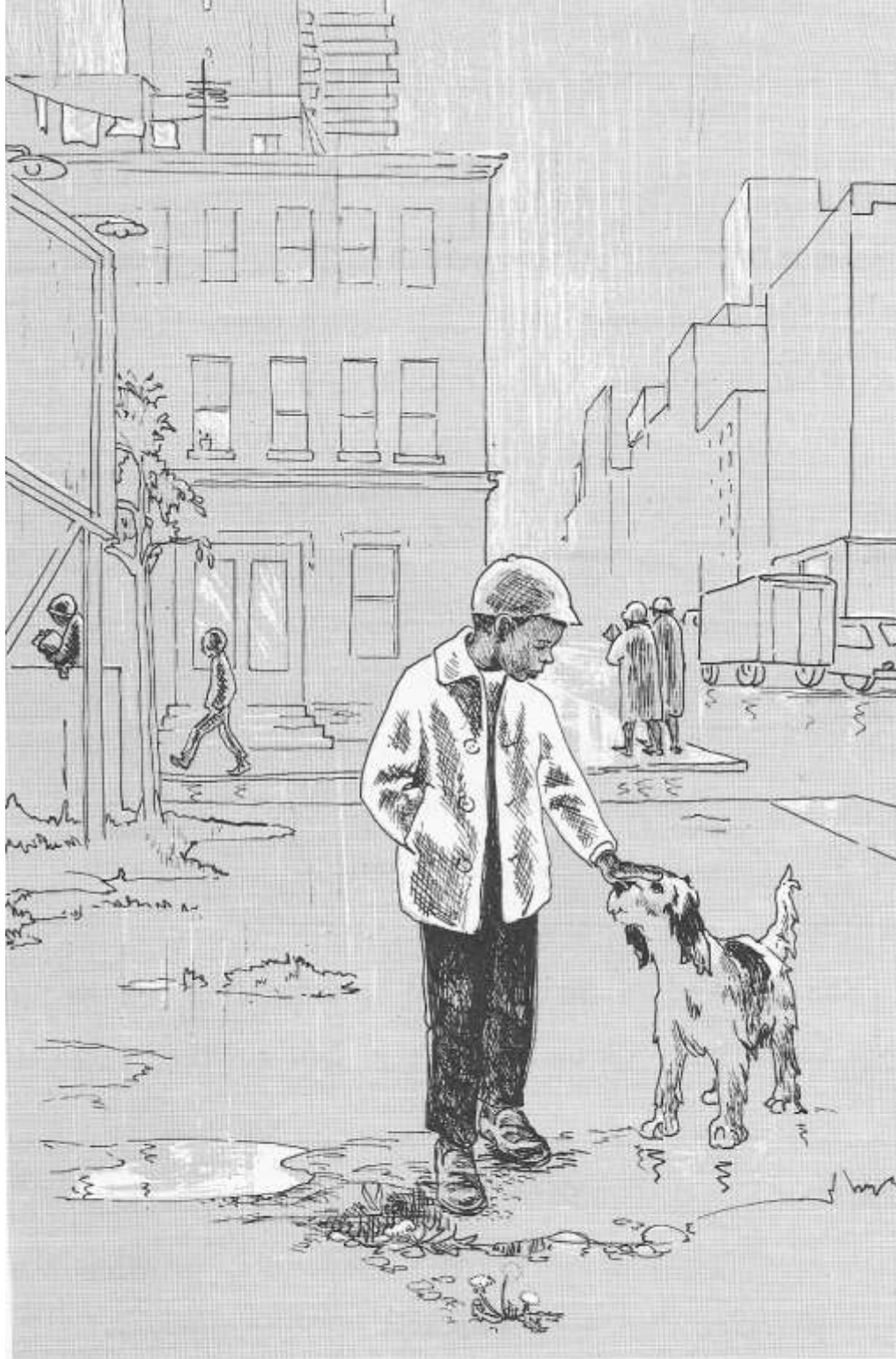
# **VERN**

*Gwendolyn Brooks*

When walking in a tiny rain  
Across the vacant lot,  
A pup's a good companion—  
If a pup you've got.

And when you've had a scold,  
And no one loves you very,  
And you cannot be merry,  
A pup will let you look at him,  
And even let you hold  
His little wiggly warmth—

And let you snuggle down beside,  
Nor mock the tears you have to hide.



# The Three Bears

*Robert Southey*

Once upon a time there were three bears—a great big bear, a middle-sized bear, and a little tiny bear. They all lived together in a house in the middle of a wood.

One day the three bears sat down to breakfast, but their porridge was so hot that they couldn't eat it. They decided to go for a walk in the wood and leave the porridge on the kitchen table to cool off.

While they were away, a little girl named Goldilocks came to the house in the wood. She had been picking flowers since early in the morning and was very tired. When she saw the little house, she said to herself, "Surely the people who live here will let me rest for a while."

She knocked on the door. But nobody came, for the three bears were out walking in the wood. She knocked again, and

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## WORDS TO WATCH

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breakfast

early

growled

porridge

knocked

squeaked

Goldilocks

hundred

bounded

still nobody came. Then Goldilocks opened the door and walked right in.

The first things she saw were three bowls of porridge on the kitchen table. Goldilocks was hungry, so she started to eat the great big bowl of porridge.



“This is too hot!” she said to herself.

Then she took a taste from the middle-sized bowl. “This is too cold!” she said to herself.

Then she took a taste from the little tiny bowl. “This is just right!” she said to herself, and she ate it all up.

Then Goldilocks went into the living room to rest for a while, and there she saw three chairs near the fireplace.



First she sat down in the great big chair. “This is too high!” she said to herself.

Then she sat down on the middle-sized chair. “This is too wide!” she said to herself.

Then she sat down in the little tiny chair. “This is just right!” she said to herself, and she sat down so hard that the little tiny chair broke into a hundred pieces.



Then Goldilocks went upstairs, and there she saw three beds standing in a row. First she lay down on the great bed. “This is too hard!” she said to herself.

Then she lay down on the middle-sized bed. “This is too soft!” she said to herself.

Then she lay down on the little tiny bed. "This is just right!" she said to herself, and she fell fast asleep.

After a while the three bears came home from their walk in the wood. They were very hungry now and started to eat their porridge.

The great big bear took one taste from his bowl and growled, "SOMEONE HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE!"

The middle-sized bear took one taste from her bowl and said, "SOMEONE HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE!"

The little tiny bear squeaked, "*Someone has been eating my porridge and has eaten it all up!*"

Then the three bears went into the living room.

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" growled the great big bear.

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" said the middle-sized bear.

"*Someone has been sitting in my chair,*" squeaked the little tiny bear, "*and has broken it all to pieces!*"

Then the three bears went upstairs.

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN SLEEPING IN MY BED!" growled the great big bear.

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN SLEEPING, IN MY BED!" said the middle-sized bear.

"*Someone has been sleeping in my bed,*" squeaked the little tiny bear, "*and here she is!*"



His voice woke Goldilocks up. When she saw the three bears, she was so frightened that she jumped out of bed and bounded down the stairs and ran home to her mother as fast as her legs would carry her. And she never went to the house of the three bears again.

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#### QUESTIONS

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Do you feel sorry for Goldilocks? Why or why not?





## *The Wishing Book*

*Anonymous*

Long, long ago in a land far away lived a little girl. She was so little that everybody called her Tiny.

Tiny had no father or mother. She had no home. She went from place to place asking for something to eat.

Sometimes she went to homes where good, kind people lived. They always gave her something.

Sometimes she called at homes where the people were unkind. They would not give her anything; no, not so much as a little piece of bread.

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### WORDS TO WATCH

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unkind

clothes

sighed



So sometimes Tiny had to go without anything to eat for days.

One night as it was growing dark, Tiny came to a little town. She went from home to home asking for something to eat, but no one would give her a piece of bread.

Poor Tiny walked away into the woods. She sat down under a tree and cried and cried.

“Why do you cry, my child?” asked a little, wee voice.

Tiny looked down. There in the grass was the prettiest little fairy ever seen.

“Who are you?” asked Tiny.

“I am the queen of the fairies. Now tell me why you are crying.”

“Oh, fairy queen, I have no father, no mother, no home. Nobody wants me. Tonight no one will give me a piece of bread. One man set a big black dog on me.”

“You poor child,” said the fairy. “Don’t cry. Look at this pretty picture book.”

She opened a big book and showed Tiny many pretty pictures. There were pictures of good things to eat, pictures of good clothes, pictures of pretty homes.

“What a pretty book,” said Tiny.

“I am glad you like it,” said the queen, “for I am going to give it to you.”

“Give it to me?” cried Tiny. “Oh, thank you. If I have pretty pictures to look at, I shall forget the unkind people.”

“This is a fairy wishing book,” said the queen. “Whenever you want anything, just open your book to the picture of the thing you want and say,

‘Fairy queen, I call to you,  
Make my picture wish come true.’ ”

Before Tiny could say “Thank you,” the fairy flew away.

“Can it be true?” said Tiny. “I will try it right away.”

She opened the book to a picture of a bowl of bread and milk and said,

“Fairy queen, I call to you,  
Make my picture wish come true.”

At once she found in the grass beside her a big bowl of bread and milk.

“This is the best bowl of bread and milk I have ever eaten,” she said. “Now I think I will wish for some clothes.”

Opening the book to the picture of pretty clothes, she said,

“Fairy queen, I call to you.

Make my picture wish come true.”

At once she had new clothes from her hat to her shoes. She began to be happy.

Then she opened her book to the picture of a little home with trees growing all around it. Again she said,

“Fairy queen, I call to you,

Make my picture wish come true.”

At once before her was as pretty a little home as only fairies could build.

Tiny walked inside. Here everything was just as nice as it could be. A bright fire danced in the fireplace and threw long



shadows on the wall. There was a little chair just before it. She ran through the house, looking at everything.

“How happy I am!” sighed Tiny, as she went to bed. “No longer will I have to go about asking for bread. Now I can help poor people. I will bring them here and be good to them.”

And so Tiny and the poor people she helped were happy ever after in their pretty little home.

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#### QUESTIONS

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1. Why was Tiny unhappy at first?
2. What things did Tiny wish for?
3. If you had a “wishing book,” what would you wish for?
4. What did Tiny do after she had everything she wanted?
5. How can we help our wishes come true?

## Me, Myself, and I

### *American Folk Rhyme*

Me, myself, and I—

We went to the kitchen and ate a pie.

Then my mother, she came in

And chased us out with a rolling pin.





## Clouds Tell the Story

*Nancy Larrick*

Look at the sky above you. Today it is clear blue. Tiny clouds drift across like feathers on parade. Far across the pond, great white clouds are rolling up. They seem to pile on top of each other to make a boiling mountain above the trees.

Farmers are watching those clouds. Air pilots are watching, too. They know that clouds can bring rain, hail, sleet, or snow.

Weather forecasters watch the clouds day and night. To them the clouds tell a story. When clouds are heavy and black, they say, "A storm is coming."

For years men looked at the clouds as ants do—from underneath. No one had seen a cloud from above.

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### WORDS TO WATCH

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|            |          |         |
|------------|----------|---------|
| forecaster | cirrus   | cumulus |
| underneath | crystals | stratus |
| satellites | droplets |         |

Then the airplane was invented. Men could fly into the clouds. Like birds, they saw fluffy white clouds all around them.

Often they flew over the clouds. As they looked down, they saw a sea of white. Sometimes it looked like a sea of soap-suds. Always floating. Always moving.

From the earth we can see only part of a cloud. We don't know how high it is. We don't know how wide it is. Most important, we can't see all the clouds coming toward us.

From the air we can learn more. So weather stations began sending up airplanes to get reports on the clouds. They sent up balloons, too, to get reports on the clouds.

That was fine in good weather. But in bad weather, airplanes and balloons have trouble. A heavy storm can bring a balloon down. But weather forecasters want to know what happens in a heavy storm. They want a report from above the clouds, even in bad weather.

Today they are getting weather reports from outer space. One of the man-made satellites takes pictures 4,000 miles above the earth. It works like a TV camera taking pictures as it goes around the earth.

Some pictures show an area 800 miles wide and 800 miles



long. One picture shows the clouds from New York to Chicago. Then comes a picture of clouds from Chicago to Denver. In a flash, weather forecasters see more clouds than they ever saw before.

\* \* \* \* \*

On a clear day, find a big open space and look high in the sky. Do you see some clouds that are like thin streaks of curls?

It seems as though an artist's brush has swept across lightly. A touch here and a touch there. Because these clouds are light and curly, they are called *cirrus* clouds. (*Cirrus* means curl or tuft.)

Cirrus clouds are very high in the sky, perhaps four miles

or more. It is so cold up there that cirrus clouds contain tiny ice crystals instead of water droplets.

Often we see cirrus clouds ahead of a storm.

Lower down in the sky, you may see much bigger clouds pushing up. At the top they may look like giant balls of cotton. At the bottom they are flat. All the time they seem to be swelling and boiling up. They may be two or three miles from bottom to top.

These are *cumulus* clouds. On a sunny afternoon, these clouds are likely to be white. The tips may shine in the sunlight. We might call them “fair-weather” clouds.

But sometimes cumulus clouds turn into black storm clouds. Then they reach as high as three or four miles into the sky. Often they bring thunder and lightning as well as rain and hail.

Sometimes the sky seems covered by a gray sheet. You see no blue sky. You see no white clouds. Streaks of gray cover all. It is as though layers of fog had lifted from the earth to the sky.

The gray sheet is really a low cloud. This is called a *stratus* cloud.

As clouds change, the weather is apt to change.

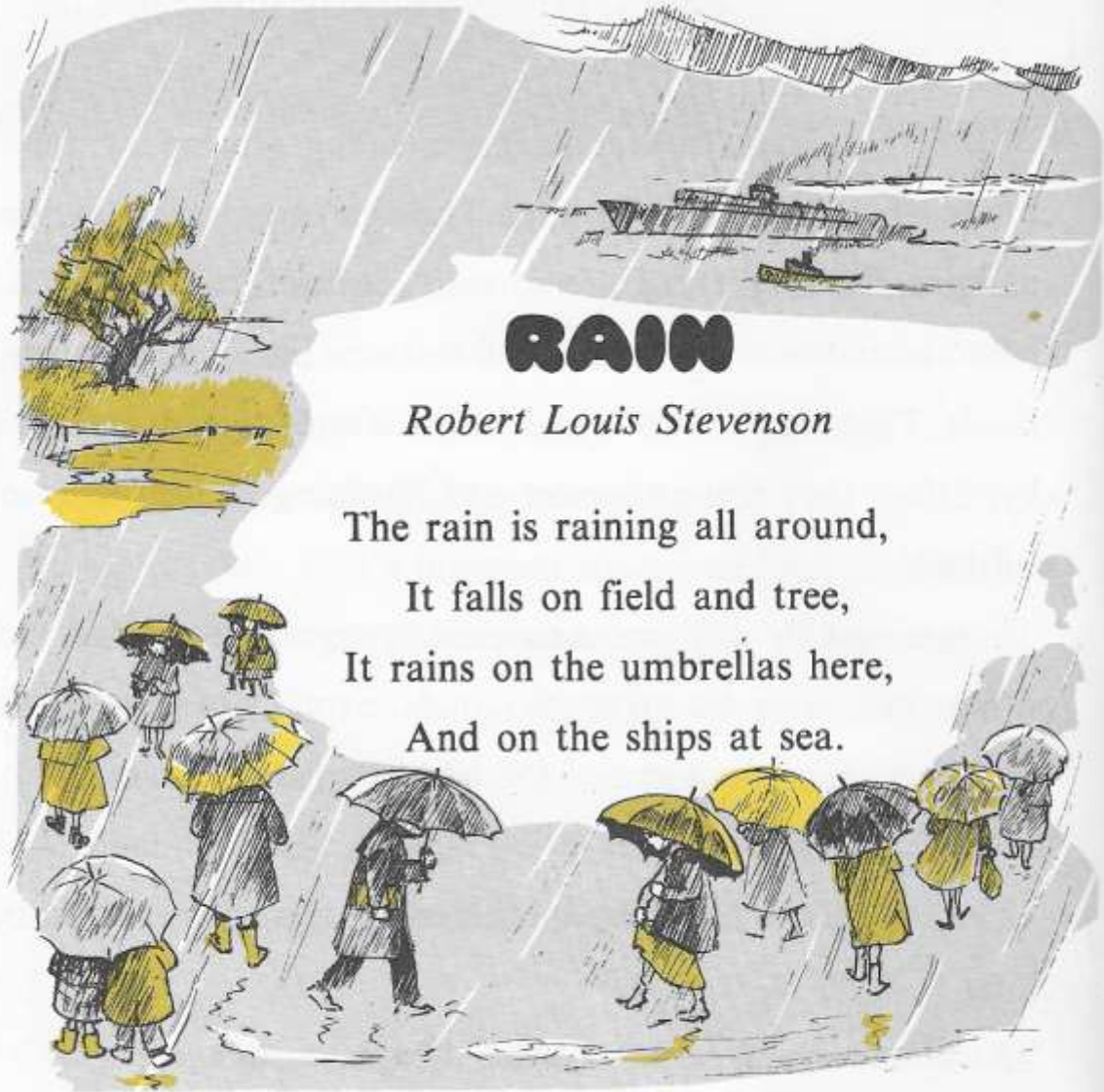


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## QUESTIONS

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1. Who watches clouds? Why do these people watch clouds?
2. How do weather forecasters get reports about clouds?
3. What are light, curly clouds called?
4. What do cumulus clouds look like?
5. Which cloud looks like a gray sheet covering the sky?



# RAIN

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

The rain is raining all around,  
It falls on field and tree,  
It rains on the umbrellas here,  
And on the ships at sea.



## In the Neighborhood

### I. Read and Spell

|         |           |                |
|---------|-----------|----------------|
| streets | schools   | alleys         |
| yards   | firehouse | mail carrier   |
| trees   | sidewalks | bus driver     |
| lawns   | cars      | neighbors      |
| stores  | buses     | police officer |
| houses  | churches  | street lights  |

### II. Read and Answer

1. What kinds of stores are in your neighborhood?
2. Name three things in the neighborhood that you pass every day on the way to school.
3. Why does a neighborhood need these people?

police officer      mail carrier      fire fighter

### III. Write

Write three sentences. Put a word from Part I in each sentence.



# Granny and Her Elephant

## *Jataka Tale*

Once upon a time a rich man gave a baby elephant to a woman.

She took the best care of this great baby and soon became very fond of him.

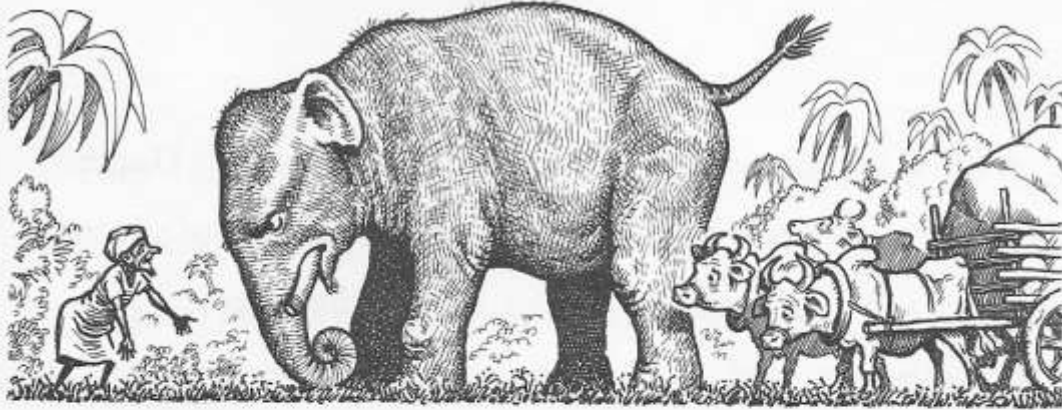
The children in the village called her Granny, and they called the elephant “Granny’s Ganesh.”

The elephant carried the children on his back all over the village. They shared their goodies with him, and he played with them.

“Please, Ganesh, give us a swing,” they said to him almost every day.

“Come on! Who is first?” Ganesh answered. He picked them up with his trunk, swung them high in the air, and then put them down again, carefully.

But Ganesh never did any work.



He ate and slept, played with the children, and visited with Granny.

One day Ganesh wanted Granny to go off to the woods with him.

“I can’t go, Ganesh, dear. I have too much work to do.”

Then Ganesh looked at her and saw that she was growing old and feeble.

“I am young and strong,” he thought. “I’ll see if I cannot find some work to do. If I could bring some money home to her, she would not have to work so hard.”

So next morning, bright and early, he started down to the river bank.

There he found a man who was in great trouble. There was a long line of wagons so heavily loaded that the oxen could not draw them through the shallow water.

When the man saw Ganesh standing on the bank, he asked, “Who owns this elephant? I want to hire him to help my oxen pull these wagons across the river.”



A child standing nearby said, "That is Granny's Ganesh."

"Very well," said the man, "I'll pay two pieces of silver for each wagon this elephant draws across the river."

Ganesh was glad to hear this promise. He went into the river and drew one wagon after another to the other side.

Then he went up to the man for the money.

The man counted out a piece of silver for each wagon.

When Ganesh saw that the man had counted out but one piece of silver for each wagon, instead of two, he would not touch the money at all. He stood in the road and would not let the wagons pass him.

The man tried to get Ganesh out of the way, but not one step would he move.

Then the man went back and counted out another piece of silver for each of the wagons. He put the silver in a bag tied around Ganesh's neck.

Then Ganesh started for home, proud to think that he had a present for Granny.

The children had missed Ganesh and had asked Granny where he was. But she said that she did not know where he had gone.

They looked for him, but it was nearly night before they heard him coming.

“Where have you been, Ganesh? And what is that around your neck?” the children cried, running to meet their playmate.

But Ganesh would not stop to talk with his playmates. He ran straight home to Granny.

“Oh, Ganesh!” she said. “Where have you been? What is in that bag?” And she took the bag off his neck.

Ganesh told her that he had earned some money for her.

“Oh, Ganesh, Ganesh,” said Granny, “how hard you must have worked to earn these pieces of silver! What a good Ganesh you are!”

And after that Ganesh did all the hard work, and Granny rested, and they were both very happy.

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#### QUESTIONS

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1. Why did Ganesh decide to help Granny?
2. How did he help her?
3. What did Ganesh do when the man did not give him enough money?
4. Why do you like Ganesh?



# SIMILES

*Anonymous*

As wet as a fish—as dry as a bone;  
As live as a bird—as dead as a stone;  
As plump as a partridge—as poor as a rat;  
As slow as a snail—as quick as a cat;  
As hard as a flint—as soft as a mole;  
As white as a lily—as black as coal;  
As plain as a pike staff—as rough as a bear;  
As tight as a drum—as free as the air;  
As heavy as lead—as light as a feather;  
As steady as time—uncertain as weather;  
As hot as a furnace—as cold as a frog;  
As gay as a lark—as sick as a dog;  
As fierce as a tiger—as mild as a dove;  
As stiff as a poker—as limp as a glove;  
As blind as a bat—as deaf as a post;  
As cool as a cucumber—as warm as toast;  
As good as a feast—as bad as a fight;  
As light as day—as dark as night.

## *Selma Burke*

If you have a dime in your pocket, take it out and look at it. The man whose head you see on the dime is Franklin D. Roosevelt, our thirty-second president. This head was copied from a statue made by Selma Burke. Selma Burke is a sculptor—someone who models and carves statues.

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Many years ago, when there was time for dreaming, little Selma played on the banks of the river near her home. The summer sun was hot in North Carolina, and the chalky white clay of the river bank was warm and soft to Selma's touch. She liked to squeeze the clay in her hands, shape it, and mark it with a stick.

At last she heard her mother calling. Quickly she put handfuls of clay into the pail she had brought and went up the hill to her house. Her job on this day was to make whitewash for her mother. She would mix the white clay with water until the mixture was thin and smooth, almost like white paint. Then her mother would brush this whitewash on the house and



fence. This was the way the people of that time kept their homes clean and pretty. Making whitewash was the job Selma liked best. It gave her a chance to play with the clay she loved.

Selma was one of ten children. Her father was a minister. Her mother was an office worker who lived to be 103. Selma's family moved all around the country when she was a



child. But wherever she went, she felt at home in the warmth of her family circle. And she had her art to keep her happy.

When Selma was a young woman she went to work as a nurse in New York. All the while she studied art and kept on doing sculpture. Later, she also studied art in Paris and other big cities of Europe. She made friends with many other artists, both black and white.

When World War II broke out, Selma joined the Navy. She drove a truck at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. There she hurt her back badly on the job. While she was in the hospital, she entered an art contest. The winner was to make a statue of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was then president. To her surprise and great joy, she won the contest! She went to see President Roosevelt in the White House. For four hours she made drawings of him on a roll of brown paper. Later she made a statue based on these drawings. And then her statue was copied to make the head on the dime.

Selma Burke is still a sculptor, but she is also a teacher of art. She started a school of art in Pittsburgh and has taught thousands of children during the past 25 years. Although her art can be seen on our money, she says: "I want to show the

children that art is not money. . . . It's a life." Perhaps when she looks at the dime she thinks not of what it will buy, but of the child on the river bank with a handful of clay and a dream.

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#### QUESTIONS

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1. Whose head do you see on a dime?
2. What is a sculptor?
3. How long did Selma's mother live?
4. What did Selma do when World War II broke out?
5. What does Selma Burke do now?
6. How does Selma Burke feel about art?



## All Kinds of Things

### I. Read and Spell

#### FAST AND SLOW THINGS

|        |           |           |
|--------|-----------|-----------|
| turtle | jet plane | deer      |
| train  | snail     | spaceship |

#### BIG AND LITTLE THINGS

|          |            |       |
|----------|------------|-------|
| elephant | seed       | sky   |
| flea     | world      | ant   |
| whale    | oak tree   | sun   |
| germ     | skyscraper | ocean |

#### OLD AND NEW THINGS

|        |          |            |
|--------|----------|------------|
| moon   | mountain | castle     |
| rocket | ocean    | television |

### II. Read and Answer

1. Name some more things that are fast or slow, big or little, old or new.
2. Name some green things, some pretty things, some heavy things, and some light things.

---

REVIEW QUESTIONS

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I. A. You have read these stories in the third part of your book. Tell what each one is about.

Clouds Tell the Story

The Wishing Book

Selma Burke

The Three Bears

Granny and Her Elephant

B. Which story did you like best? Why?

C. Read the story you liked best to your class, or read it again to yourself.

II. A. Learn by heart a poem you read in Part Three of your book, and recite it to your class.

B. Copy the poem you like best in the third part of your book. Copy it carefully.

# Part Four

## For Readers Brave and Bold

The stories that come after this  
Are very hard, we're told,  
But now we can read anything:  
We're readers brave and bold.

# The Man, the Boy, and the Donkey

*Aesop*

One day a man and a boy were leading a donkey to market to sell it. On the way they passed some young men who laughed at them because they were leading the donkey when one of them could be riding it.

When the man heard them laughing, he had his son ride on the donkey, and the man walked beside him. They went along in this way for a while until they met an old man.

“You lazy rascal,” the old man called out. “You ought to walk and let your father ride the donkey.”

The boy blushed with shame and got off the donkey so that his father could ride it. The father then got on the donkey, and the boy walked beside him. They went along in this way for a little while until they met a young man.

---

## WORDS TO WATCH

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rascal

blushed

decided

ought

shame

frightened







“How selfish that father is—to ride on the donkey while his son walks!” said the young man.

The father then decided that the thing to do was to have his son ride on the donkey with him. So the boy got on the donkey with him, and they rode the donkey for a while until they met an old woman.

“How cruel you are to be both riding on that poor little donkey. You will break its back,” said the old woman.

When the boy and his father heard these words, they decided that the only thing to do was to carry the donkey. So they tied its legs together on a long pole and carried it to market.

But when they entered the town, the people laughed at the strange sight. They laughed so loud that the donkey became frightened. While the man and the boy were carrying the donkey over a bridge, the donkey kicked himself free, tumbled into the river, and was drowned.

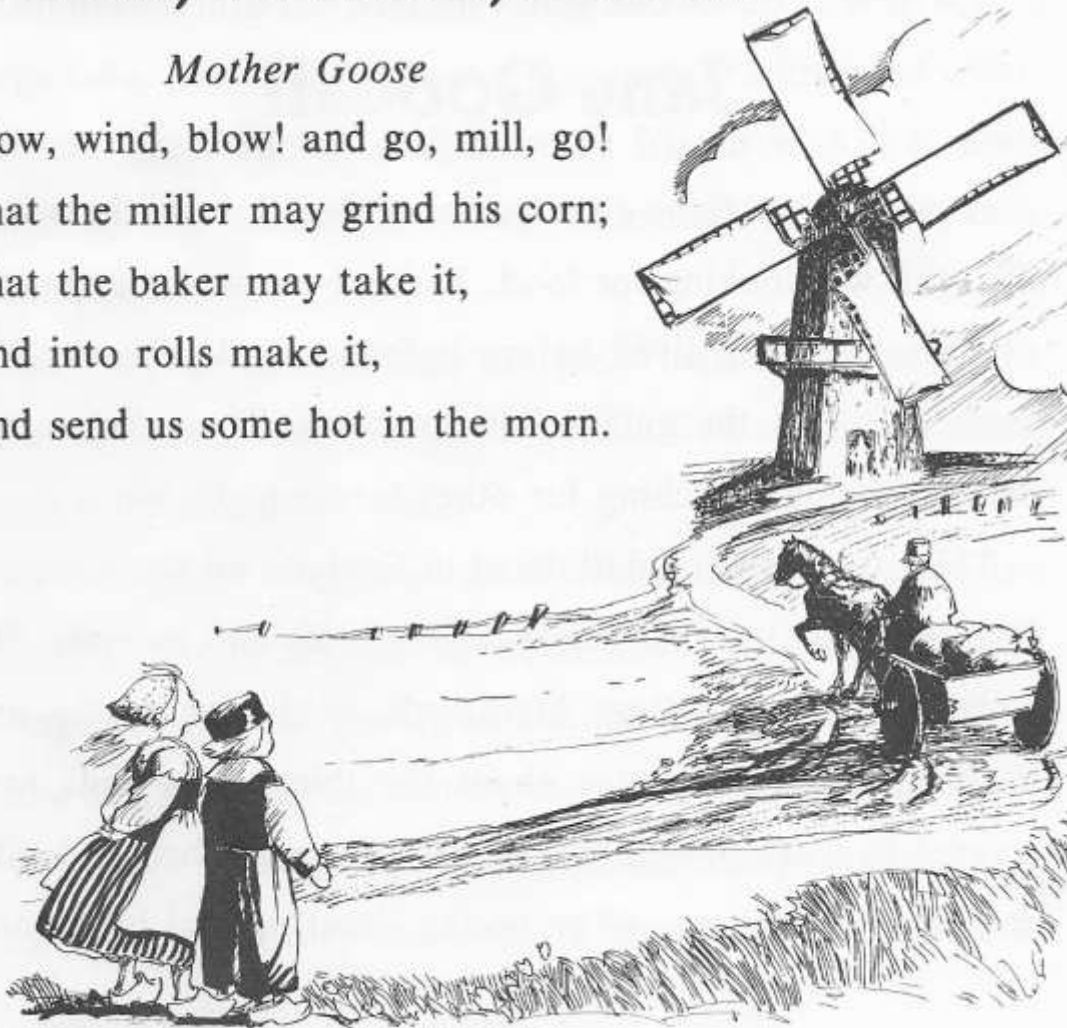
There was nothing for the man and the boy to do now but to go back home. On their way home, the father said to the boy, “At least we have learned one thing: If you try to please everyone, you please no one, not even yourself.”

1. What did the man and the boy do to try to please the old man? The young man? The old woman?
2. What happened to the donkey?
3. What did the man and the boy learn?

# Blow, Wind, Blow

*Mother Goose*

Blow, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!  
That the miller may grind his corn;  
That the baker may take it,  
And into rolls make it,  
And send us some hot in the morn.





## Jane Goodall

A girl was watching a sea gull as it dived toward the water. The gull was looking for food. The girl counted the number of times the gull dived before it found food. She wrote a sentence about the gull in her notebook. Then she started walking home, watching for other birds as she went.

This girl, Jane Goodall, lived in England on the seacoast. She spent most of her time watching birds and animals. She watched robins, starlings, blackbirds, field mice, moles, and rabbits. She wrote notes about the things they did. Jane wanted to learn how these birds and animals behaved. She spent her pocket money on books about animal behavior.

When Jane was eighteen, she left school to work in an office. She wanted to save enough money to go to Africa. After a time, she had enough. She was ready for the trip.

In Africa, she met a famous scientist who was interested in animal behavior. His name was Dr. Louis Leakey. Jane became Dr. Leakey's helper and friend. Dr. Leakey knew that Jane did fine work with animals. He asked her to work on a special project on chimpanzees.

Jane went into the African forest and set up a camp near a large lake. She lived alone at a place where a group of chimpanzees lived. Jane hoped to make friends with the chimpanzees. She wanted to watch them and learn how they behaved.

At first, the chimpanzees ran away before Jane could get close to them. They had never seen a human being before. They were afraid of Jane.

Jane learned where the chimpanzees went to eat in the morning. She would get up early and go there before the chimps did. She sat quietly so that the chimps would learn to know her. Slowly, the chimpanzees lost their fear of Jane.

During her first year in the forest, the chimps stopped running away when they saw Jane. Then they let her come as



close as thirty feet. By the end of the second year, they would come to Jane's camp.

Jane started a "Banana Club" for the chimpanzees. When the chimps came to Jane's camp, she gave them bananas. She had names for all the chimps in the club.

Many people wanted to know more about Jane's work. She wrote articles about the chimpanzees and their ways of doing things. A film maker from Holland made a movie about Jane and the chimps. It was shown on television.

If you take a trip to Africa, you might stop at Jane's camp. You would meet Jane and all the members of the Banana Club.

When the chimps knew that Jane was their friend, she



started her real work. She watched them as they played, worked, ate, and raised their young. Jane copied many of their ways. She spent a lot of time in the trees. She ate leaves, bananas, and even insects. She learned things about chimps that no one had known before.

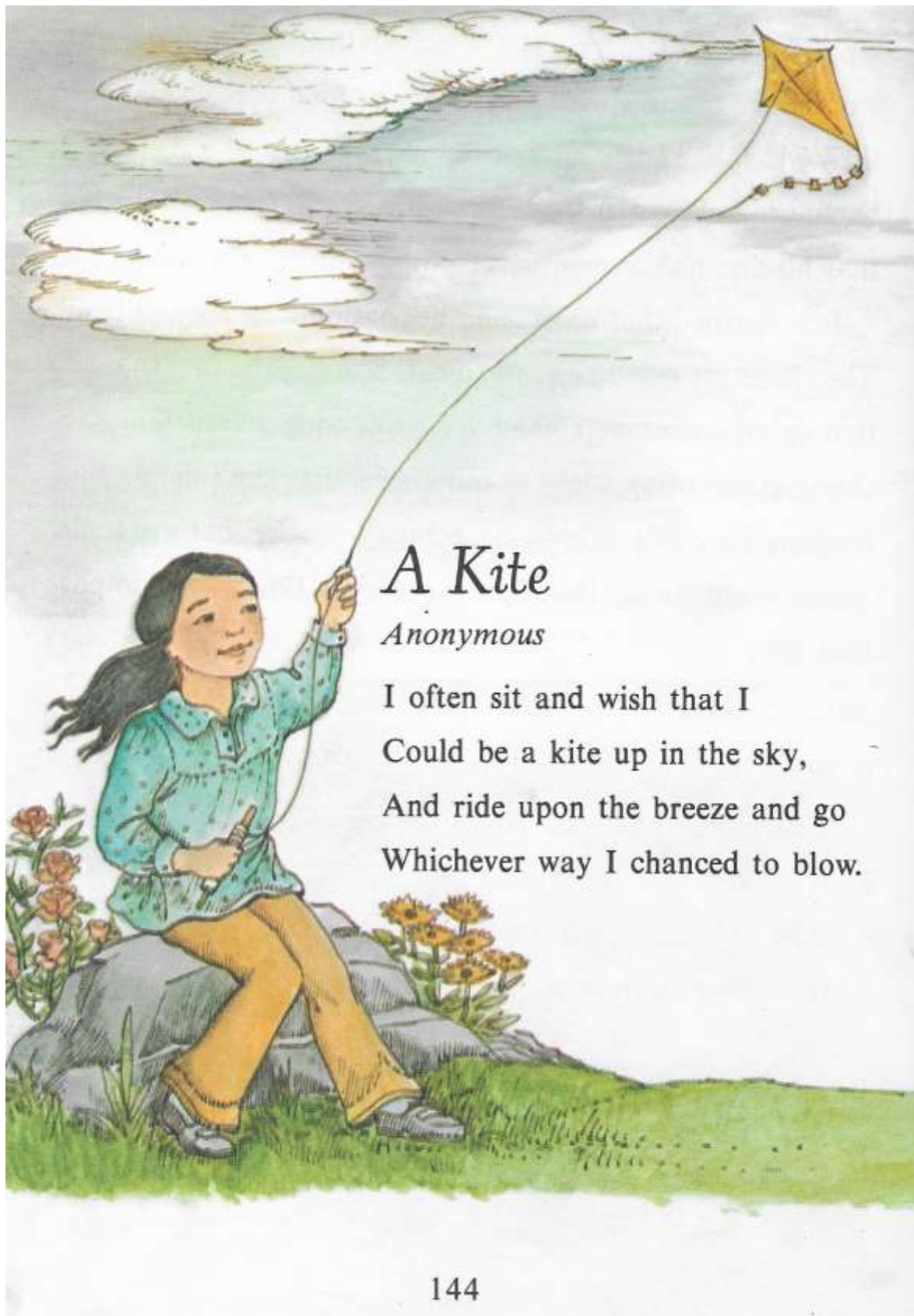
Jane learned that chimps do not eat only leaves and fruit. They hunt for small animals to eat. She was the first to learn that chimpanzees make and use crude tools. Until Jane saw chimpanzees using sticks as tools, scientists had thought that humans were the only living beings to make and use tools. Many scientists say that this discovery is Jane's most important one.

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#### QUESTIONS

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1. Why did Jane watch birds and small animals?
2. Where did Jane want to go when she was eighteen?
3. What did Dr. Leakey ask Jane to do?
4. Why did the chimpanzees run away from Jane?
5. How long did it take for the chimps to lose their fear of Jane?
6. What was Jane's real work with the chimpanzees?
7. What did Jane learn about chimpanzees?
8. Is Jane Goodall a brave person? Why?



## A Kite

*Anonymous*

I often sit and wish that I  
Could be a kite up in the sky,  
And ride upon the breeze and go  
Whichever way I chanced to blow.



## Scrambled Words

### I. Unscramble

|     |      |      |       |
|-----|------|------|-------|
| tca | okob | likm | iregt |
| yks | sifh | tals | lebat |
| rac | enni | ered | engre |
| ite | ilma | pmal | erapp |
| pmo | latl | lisk | rbdoa |
| npe | kesd | alwl | sserd |
| toh | rkea | tila | moeh  |

### II. Read and Answer

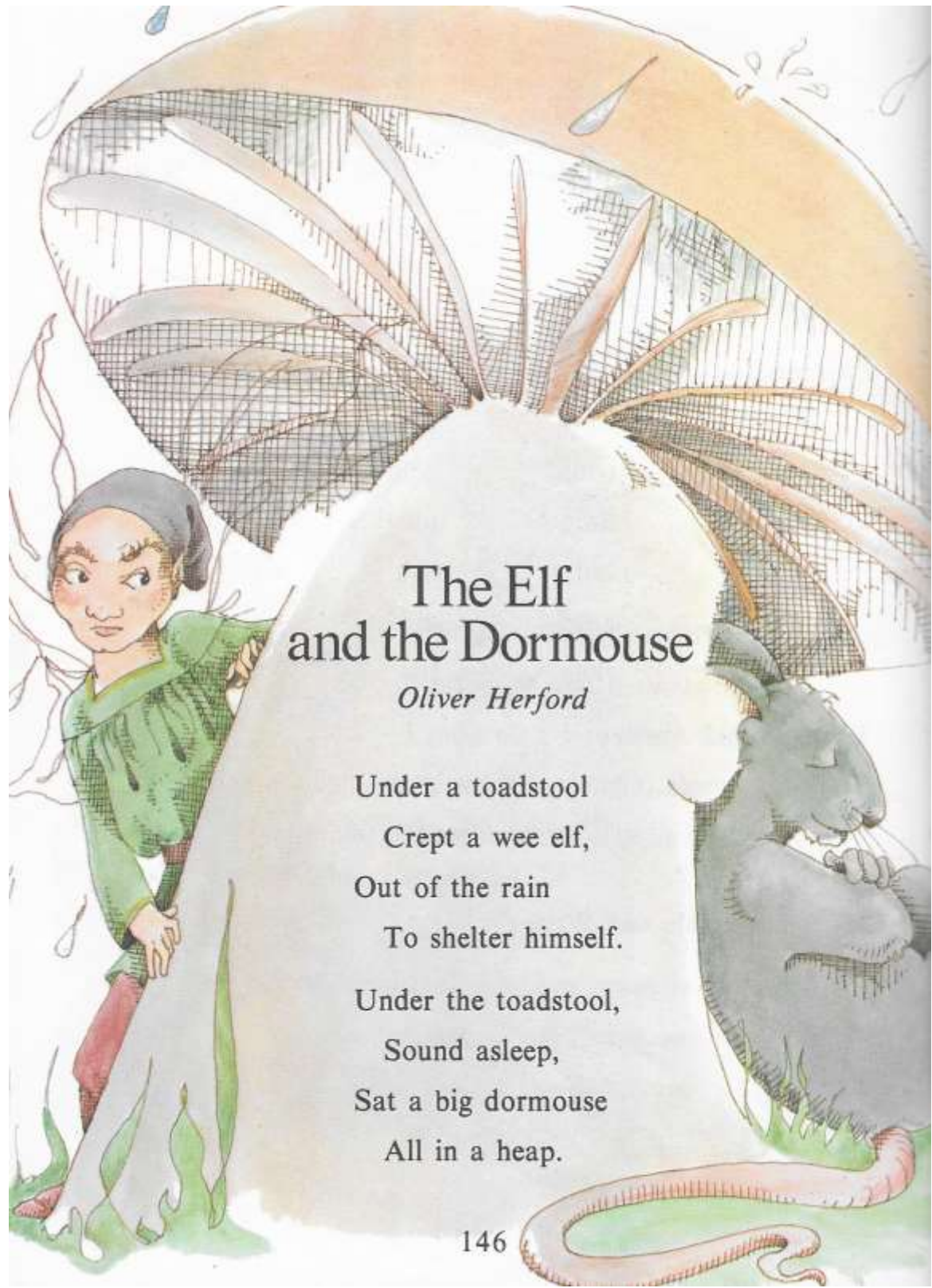
Find two words in each of these scrambled words:

apn    pti    erso    ared    tela

### III. Unscramble and Write

1. Fi het act si yaaw, hte cime liwl lapy.
2. Ihts si tno na yeas hgitn ot od.





# The Elf and the Dormouse

*Oliver Herford*

Under a toadstool  
Crept a wee elf,  
Out of the rain  
To shelter himself.

Under the toadstool,  
Sound asleep,  
Sat a big dormouse  
All in a heap.

Trembled the wee elf,  
Frightened, and yet  
Fearing to fly away  
Lest he get wet.

To the next shelter—  
Maybe a mile!  
Sudden the wee elf  
Smiled a wee smile.

Tugged till the toadstool  
Topped in two.  
Holding it over him,  
Gaily he flew.

Soon he was safe home,  
Dry as could be.  
Soon woke the dormouse—  
“Good gracious me!

Where is my toadstool?”  
Loud he lamented.  
And that’s how umbrellas  
First were invented.



## Dick Whittington and His Cat

### *English Folk Tale*

Dick Whittington was a poor boy who lived in the country. He had no mother or father, and he had no money to buy food. He dreamed about going to London because he had heard that the streets there were paved with gold.

One day a man on a wagon took Dick to London with him.

---

#### WORDS TO WATCH

---

|             |          |         |
|-------------|----------|---------|
| Whittington | treasure | seized  |
| London      | kingdom  | amazed  |
| cruel       | Barbary  | married |
| mayor       | palace   | elected |

But when Dick got to London, he found no gold streets. He only saw poor and hungry people like himself.

Dick looked for work, and after a time a kind man hired him as a helper to his cook. But the cook was cruel. He beat Dick and made him sleep in an attic full of mice.

One day when Dick had saved a penny, he bought a cat. He named the cat Tabby. Tabby was very good at catching mice, and soon there were no more mice in the attic.

Dick's master owned many ships. One day he called all his servants together. He told them that one of his ships was about to sail to a faraway land. There would be many things on the ship to be traded and sold.

"Each of you may send something of your own on the ship," he said. "When it is sold you may get much gold and silver." Poor Dick had nothing except Tabby, his cat, so he sent that.

After the cat left, Dick became so lonely and unhappy that he decided to run away. He had not gone far when he heard church bells ringing. They said:

Turn around, Dick Whittington, turn round,  
Three times Mayor of London Town.



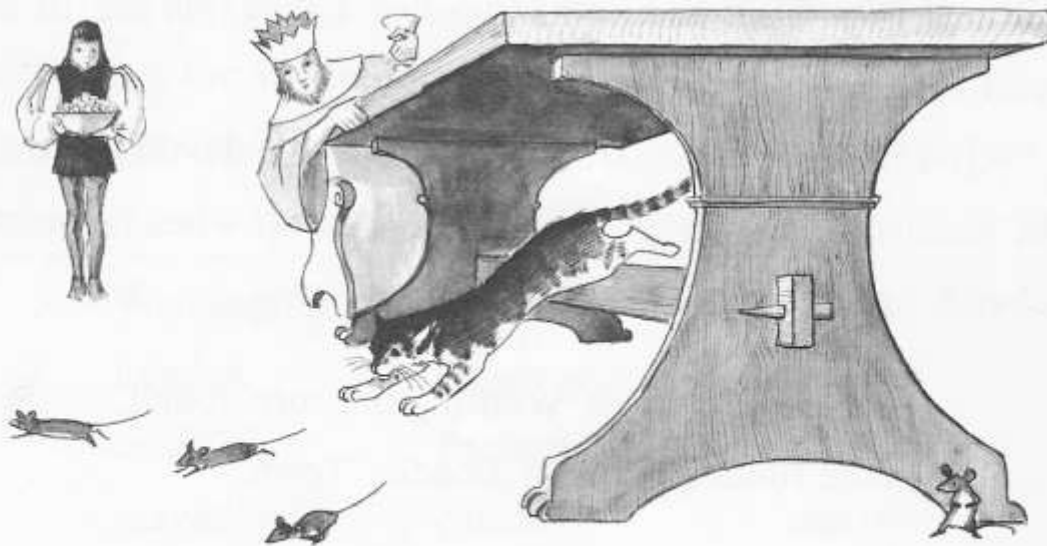
Dick did not know what the bells meant, but he turned around and went back home.

Some weeks later the ship came back. It was filled with sacks of gold and silver and fine things for everyone. But the biggest treasure of all was for Dick.

“How could a little cat be worth so much?” the people asked. Then the captain of the ship told them the story.

He said that in the country of Barbary, the king and queen had invited him to dinner in the palace. But when the food was brought out, mice ran out from all sides. They seized the food and ran away with it.

The king and queen said this happened all the time. They said they would give half their treasure to anyone who would help them get rid of the mice.



Then the captain went off to his ship and brought Tabby back. In a few minutes she had killed all the mice in the room. The king and queen were amazed. They had never seen a cat before, for there were no cats in the Kingdom of Barbary.

They said that such a wonderful animal was well worth half the treasure. And that was how Dick became one of the richest people in London.

Dick went to school, and when he grew up, he married his master's daughter. But Dick never forgot that he had once been poor and hungry, and he was good to the people. That is why he was elected Mayor of London three times.

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#### QUESTIONS

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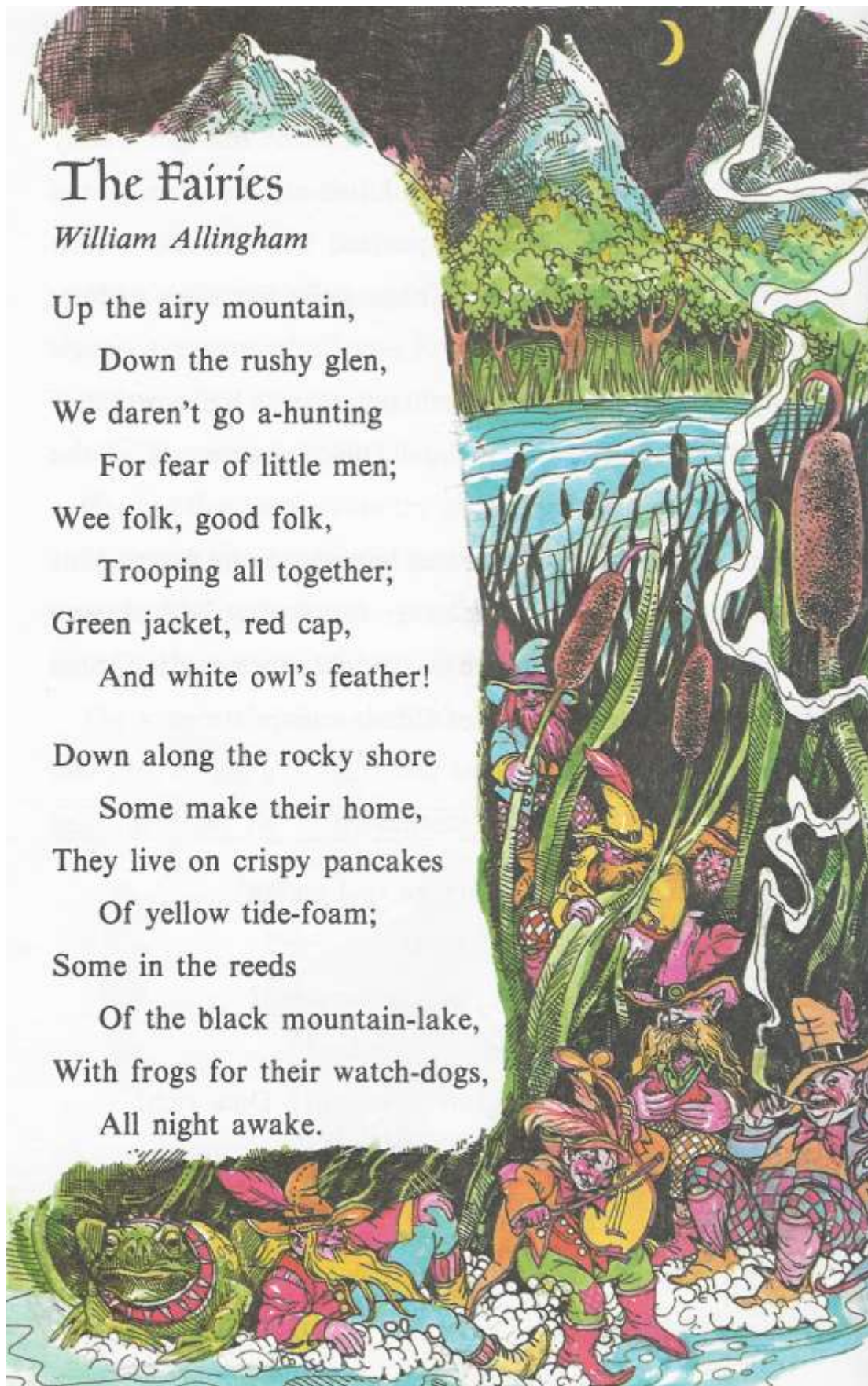
1. Why did Dick Whittington go to London?
2. How was the cook cruel to Dick?
3. What did the master say to the servants?
4. Why did Dick turn back to London?
5. How did Dick Whittington's cat make Dick rich?
6. Do you like Dick? Why?

# The Fairies

*William Allingham*

Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore  
Some make their home,  
They live on crispy pancakes  
Of yellow tide-foam;  
Some in the reeds  
Of the black mountain-lake,  
With frogs for their watch-dogs,  
All night awake.





Part Five  
On Your Own



# The Garden

*Arnold Lobel*

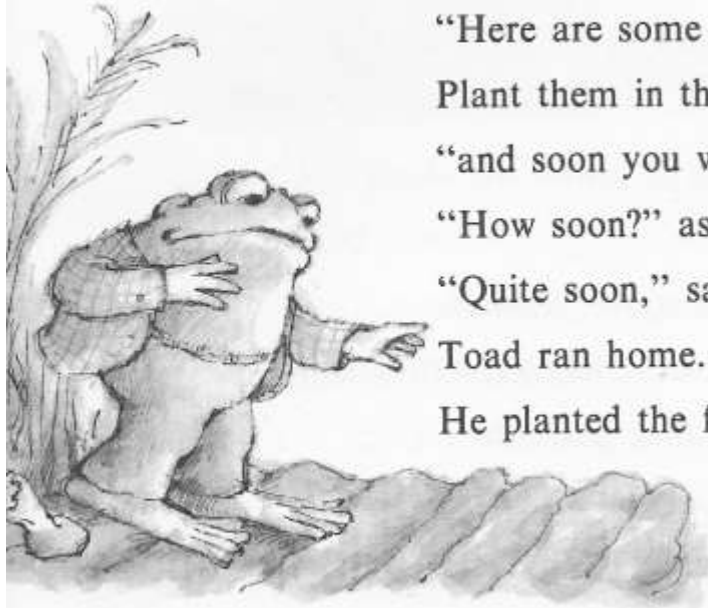
Frog was in his garden.

Toad came walking by.

“What a fine garden  
you have, Frog,” he said.

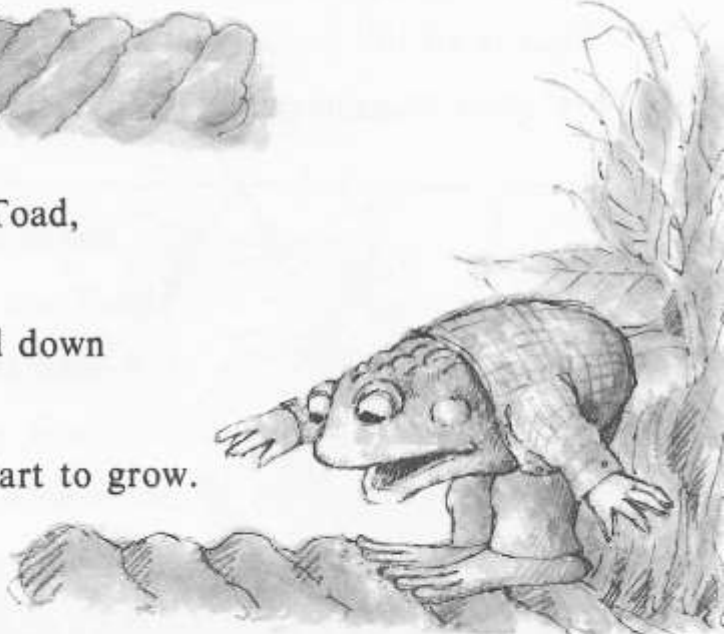
“Yes,” said Frog. “It is very nice,  
but it was hard work.”





“I wish I had a garden,” said Toad.  
“Here are some flower seeds.  
Plant them in the ground,” said Frog,  
“and soon you will have a garden.”  
“How soon?” asked Toad.  
“Quite soon,” said Frog.  
Toad ran home.  
He planted the flower seeds.

“Now seeds,” said Toad,  
“start growing.”  
Toad walked up and down  
a few times.  
The seeds did not start to grow.  
Toad put his head  
close to the ground  
and said loudly,  
“Now seeds, start growing!”  
Toad looked at the ground again.  
The seeds did not start to grow.





Toad put his head  
very close to the ground and shouted,  
“NOW SEEDS START GROWING!”  
Frog came running up the path.  
“What is all this noise?” he asked.  
“My seeds will not grow,” said Toad.



“You are shouting too much,”  
said Frog. “These poor seeds  
are afraid to grow.”

“My seeds are afraid to grow?”  
asked Toad.

“Of course,” said Frog.

“Leave them alone for a few days.

Let the sun shine on them,

let the rain fall on them.

Soon your seeds will start to grow.”

That night

Toad looked out of his window.

“Drat!” said Toad.

“My seeds have not

started to grow.

They must be afraid of the dark.”

Toad went out to his garden

with some candles.

“I will read the seeds a story,”

said Toad.

“Then they will not be afraid.”





Toad read a long story  
to his seeds.

All the next day  
Toad sang songs  
to his seeds.



And all the next day  
Toad read poems  
to his seeds.

And all the next day  
Toad played music  
for his seeds.  
Toad looked at the ground.  
The seeds still did not  
start to grow.



“What shall I do?” cried Toad.  
“These must be  
the most frightened seeds  
in the whole world!”



Then Toad felt very tired,  
and he fell asleep.

“Toad, Toad, wake up,” said Frog.

“Look at your garden!”

Toad looked at his garden.

Little green plants were coming up  
out of the ground.

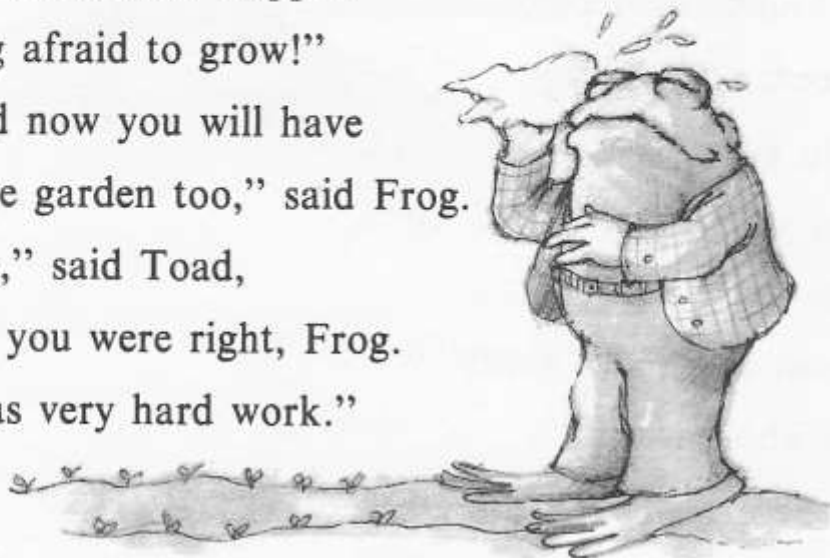
“At last,” shouted Toad,  
“my seeds have stopped  
being afraid to grow!”

“And now you will have  
a nice garden too,” said Frog.

“Yes,” said Toad,

“but you were right, Frog.

It was very hard work.”



# HILL OF FIRE

*Thomas P. Lewis*

Once there was a farmer who lived in Mexico. He lived in a little village, in a house which had only one room. The farmer was not happy. "Nothing ever happens," he said.

The people in the village thought the farmer was foolish. "We have everything we need," they said. "We have a school, and a market, and a church with an old bell that rings on Sundays. Our village is the best there is."

"But nothing ever happens," said the farmer.

Every morning, when the farmer woke up, the first thing he saw was the roof of his little house. Every morning for breakfast he ate two flat cakes of ground corn. His wife had made them the night before. He put honey over the cakes, and drank cinnamon tea from a clay mug.

"Nothing ever happens," he said.

It was still dark and the farmer got ready to leave for the field. His son Pablo was still asleep.

"Perhaps today," said his wife, "something will happen."



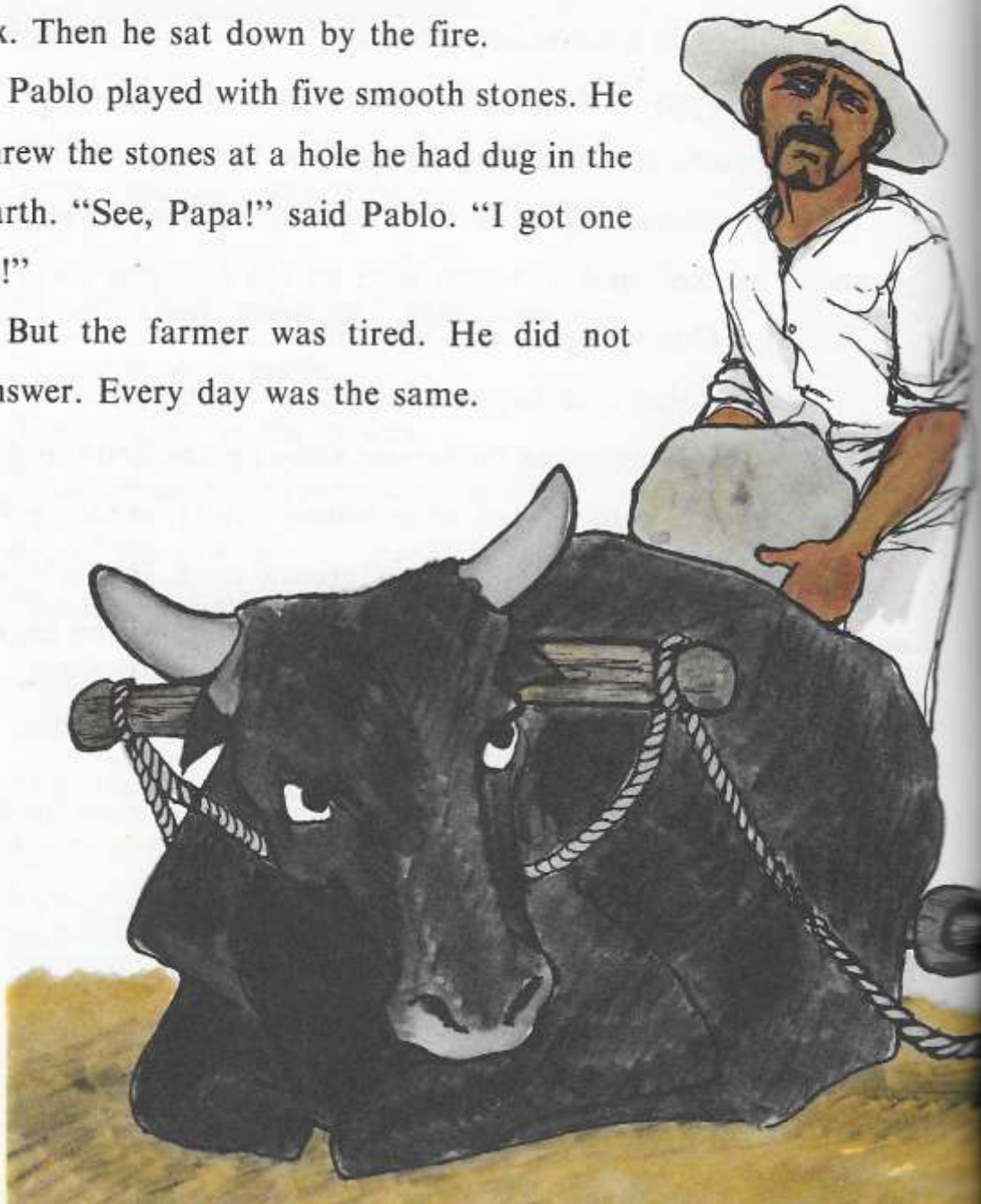
“No,” said the farmer. “Nothing will.”

The farmer led his ox away and did not look back.

At night the farmer returned. He fed his ox. Then he sat down by the fire.

Pablo played with five smooth stones. He threw the stones at a hole he had dug in the earth. “See, Papa!” said Pablo. “I got one in!”

But the farmer was tired. He did not answer. Every day was the same.



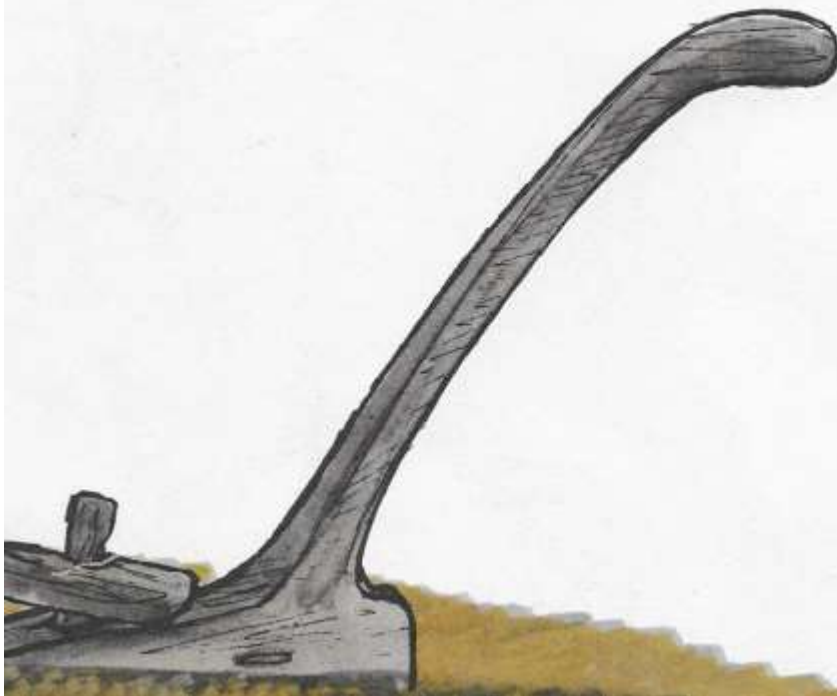
One morning the farmer woke up very early. He pulled on his woolen shirt. He took his big hat from a peg on the wall. "I must go to the field early," he said. "The plowing is not done. Soon it will be time to plant the corn."

All morning the farmer worked in his field. The ox helped him. When there was a big rock in the way, the ox stopped and lay down. The farmer pushed the rock away. "*Tst-tst!*" said the farmer. The ox looked at the farmer. Then the ox got up and pulled again.

Late in the morning, when the sun was high, Pablo came to the field.

"Pablo!" said the farmer. "Why are you not in school?"

"There is no school today, Papa," said Pablo. "I have



come to help you plow.” The farmer smiled. He reached into his pocket, and gave the boy a small wooden toy.

“A bull!” cried Pablo. The farmer had made it for his son during the hot time of the day when he rested from his work.

Pablo helped the farmer plow the field. The ox pulled, and the plow turned up the soil. Suddenly the plow stopped. The farmer and his son pushed, and the ox pulled, but the plow did not move. It sank into the earth. It went down, down,





down, into a little hole. The little hole became a bigger hole. There was a noise deep under the ground, as if something big had growled.

The farmer looked. Pablo looked. The ox turned its head. White smoke came from the hole in the ground.

“Run!” said the farmer. “Run!”

There was a loud CRACK, and the earth opened wide. The farmer ran, Pablo ran, and the ox ran too. Fire and smoke came from the ground.





The farmer ran all the way to the village. He ran inside the church and rang the old bell.

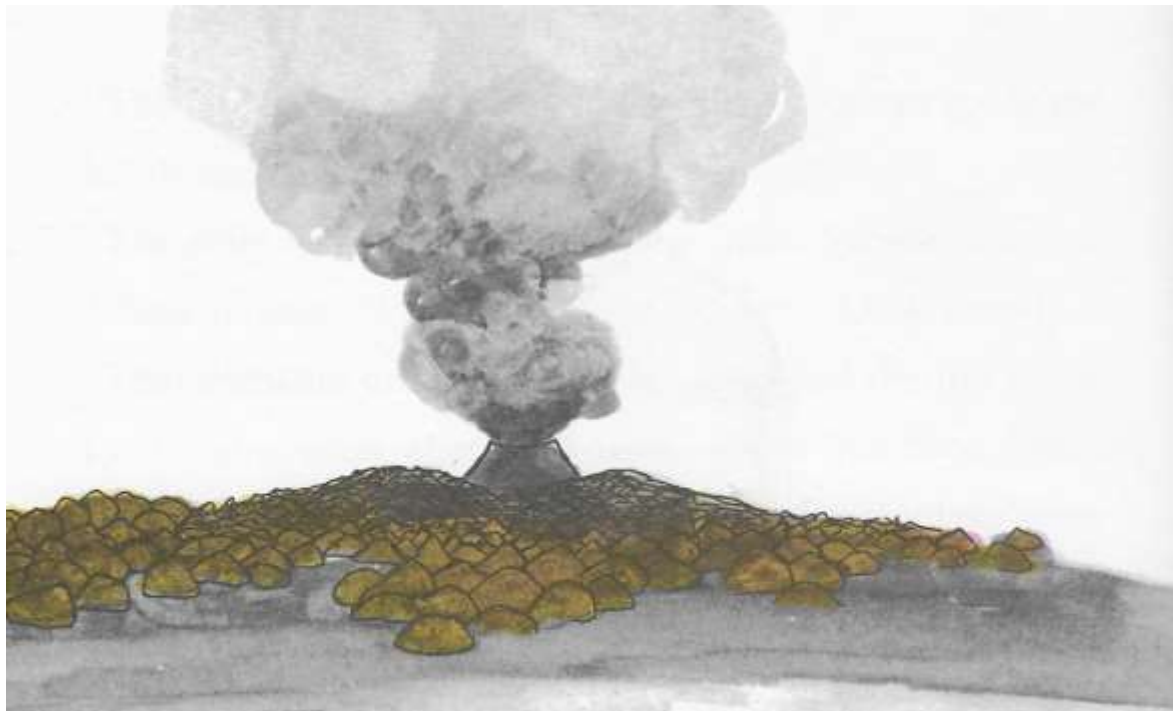
The other farmers came from their fields. People came out of their houses. "Look!" said the farmer. "Look there!"

That night no one slept. Everyone watched the fire in the sky. It came from where the farmer's field had been. There was a loud BOOM, and another, and another. Hot lava came out of the earth. Steaming lava spread over the ground, through the trees. It came toward the farmer's house. It came toward the village. Pieces of burning stone flew in the air. The earth was coughing. Every time it coughed, the hill of fire grew bigger.

In a few days the hill was as big as a mountain. And every few minutes there was a loud BOOM. Squirrels and rabbits







ran, and birds flew away from the fire. People led their burros and their oxen to safety. Pieces of burning ash flew everywhere. The farmer and his neighbors put wet cloths over their noses to keep out the smoke.

Some of the people went close to the steaming lava. They carried big crosses. They prayed for the fire to stop. The farmer and Pablo watched from the side of a hill.

When the booming stopped and the fires grew smaller, the farmer's house was gone. The school was gone. The market was gone. Half the village was gone.

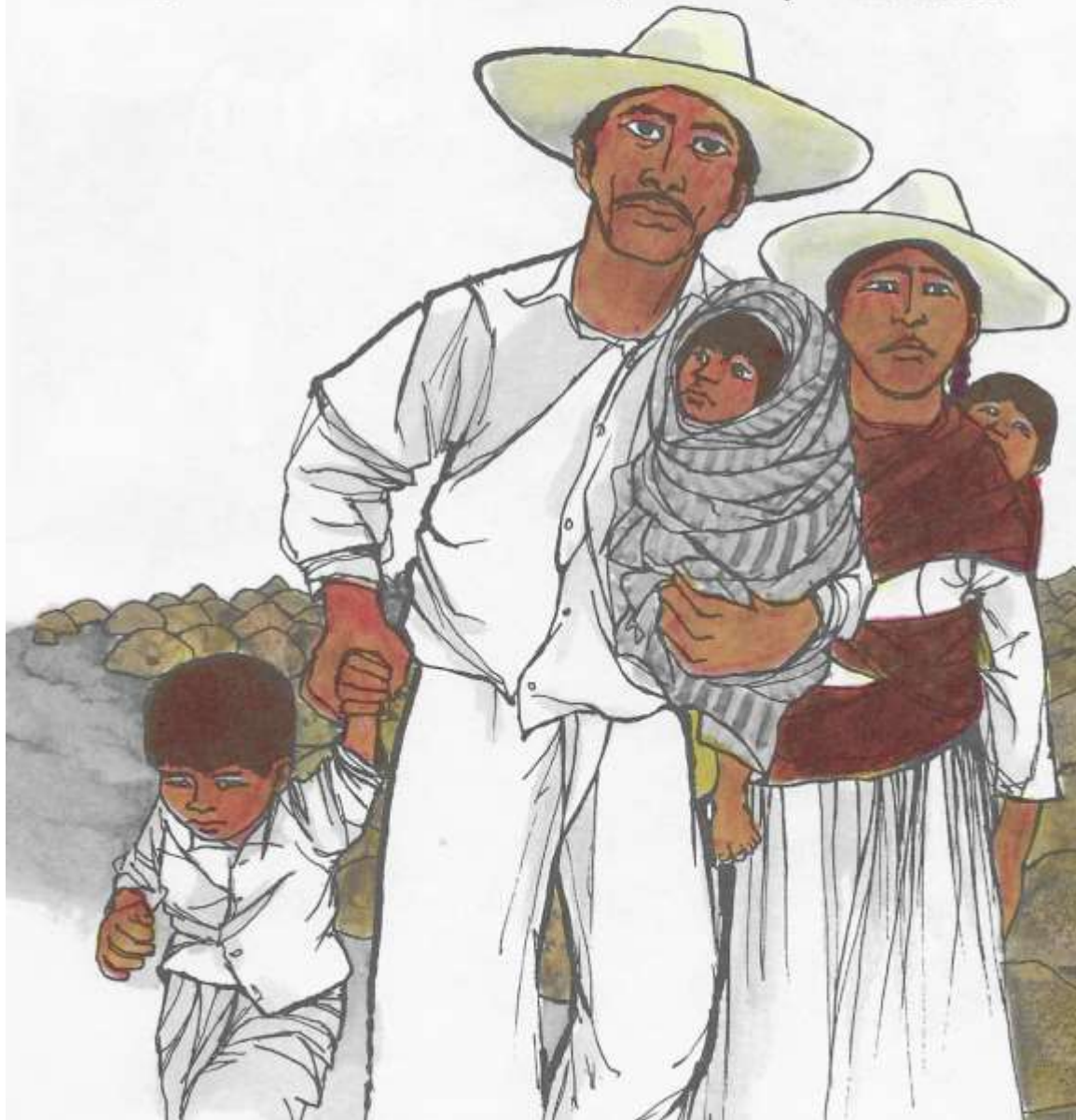
One day some men in uniform came in cars and trucks.  
“So you are the one with the plow that opened up the



earth,” they said to the farmer. They laughed. “You are lucky to be alive, *amigo*.”

The soldiers looked at the village. “Everyone must go!” the captain said. “It is not safe to live here any longer.”

The farmer and his wife and Pablo and all the people of the village went with the soldiers. They rode away in the trucks.



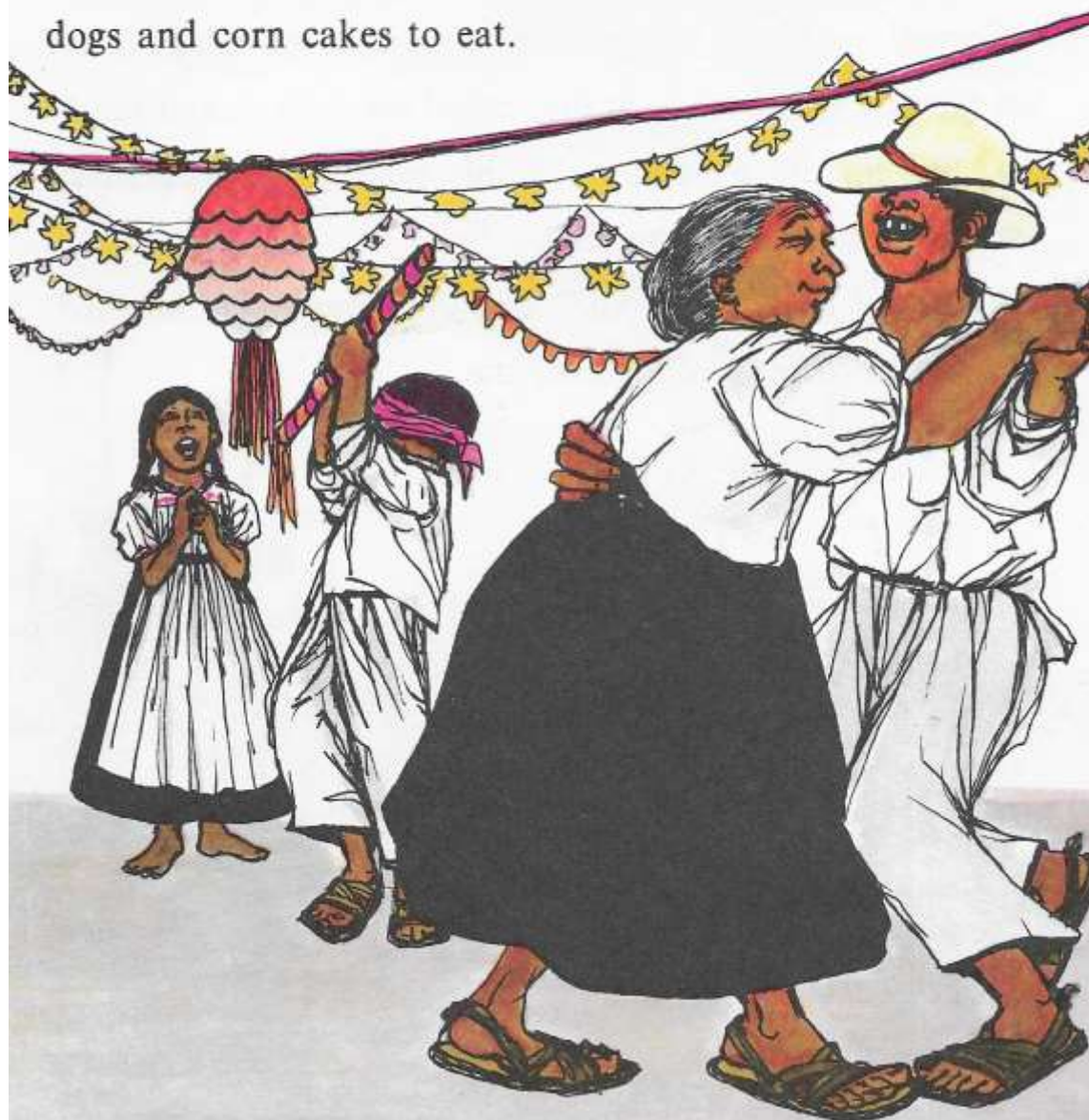




The farmer found a new house. It was bigger than the one they lived in before. It was not far from the old one. But it was far enough away to be safe from *El Monstruo*, which means “The Monster.” That is the name the people gave to the great volcano.

The people made a new village. They made a new school and a new market. They had a great *fiesta* because now they were safe. At the *fiesta* the band played, and the people danced and clapped their hands.

People from the city came in a bus to see *El Monstruo*. The people of the village sold them oranges and melons and hot dogs and corn cakes to eat.

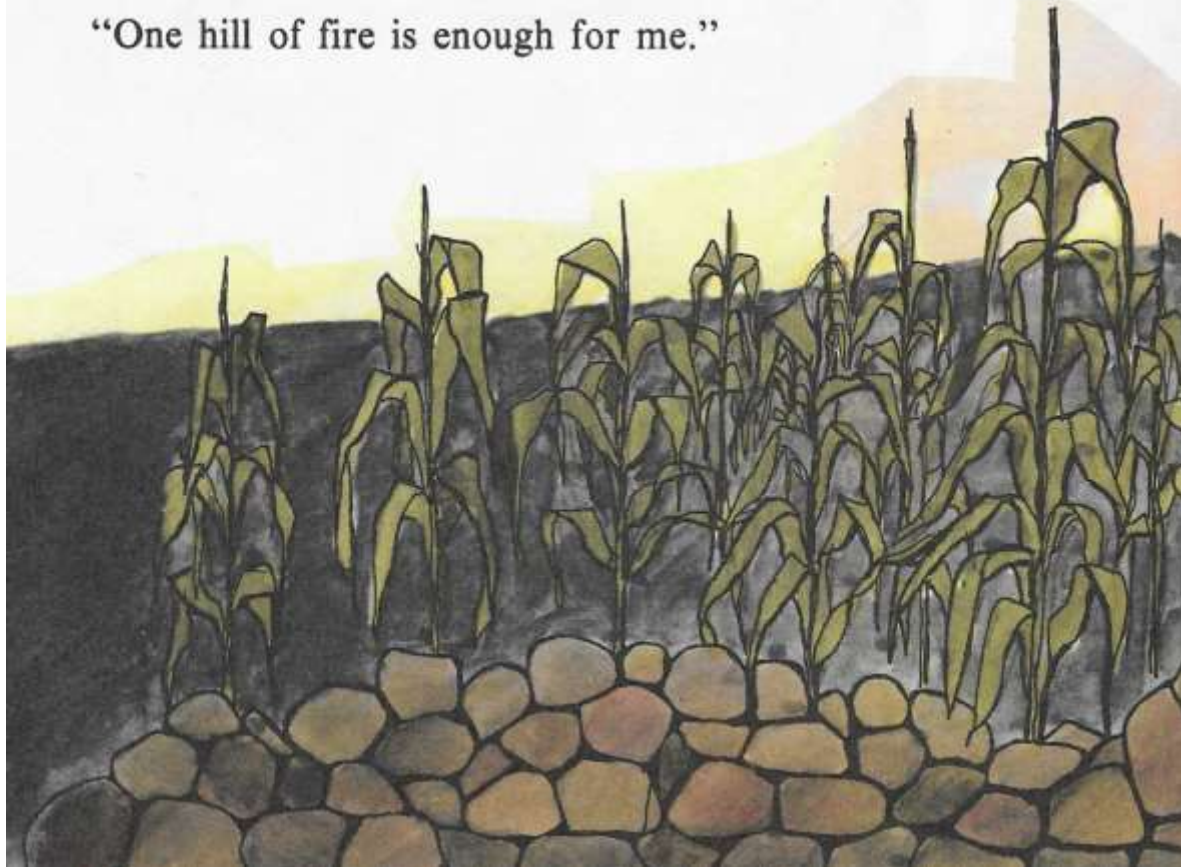




Now the farmer had a new field. Every morning he woke up early. It was still dark, and *El Monstruo* glowed in the sky. Every morning for breakfast he ate two flat cakes of ground corn. His wife had made them the night before. The farmer went to his new field. His ox went with him, just as before.

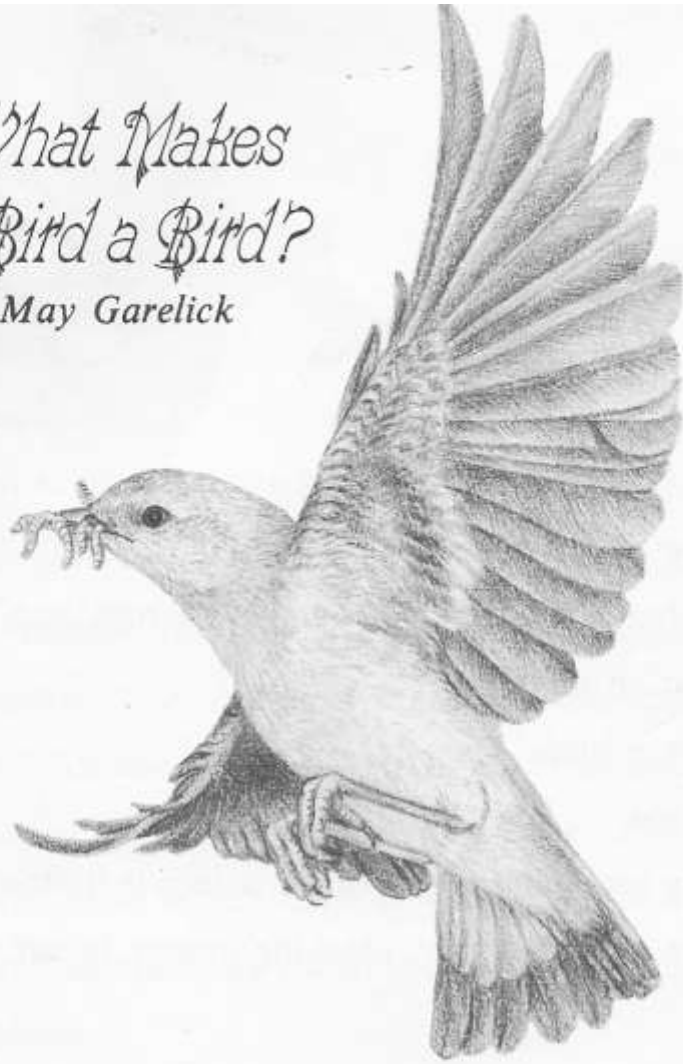
Sometimes Pablo brought the children of the village to see the farmer. From the field they could see the volcano smoking, like an old man smoking his pipe. "Can you make another hill of fire?" the children said.

"No, my friends, no, no," said the farmer. He laughed. "One hill of fire is enough for me."



*What Makes  
a Bird a Bird?*

*May Garelick*



In trees and in bushes, at the edge of a brook, on the ground, and in the air, birds are flying, singing, calling, bathing, nesting.

How do we know that a bird is a bird? What makes it a bird?

Is it a bird because it flies?

A fly flies. So do butterflies, ladybugs, dragonflies, and bees. But these are not birds. They are insects.





Many insects fly. Not as fast as birds, not as far as birds,  
but many insects fly.

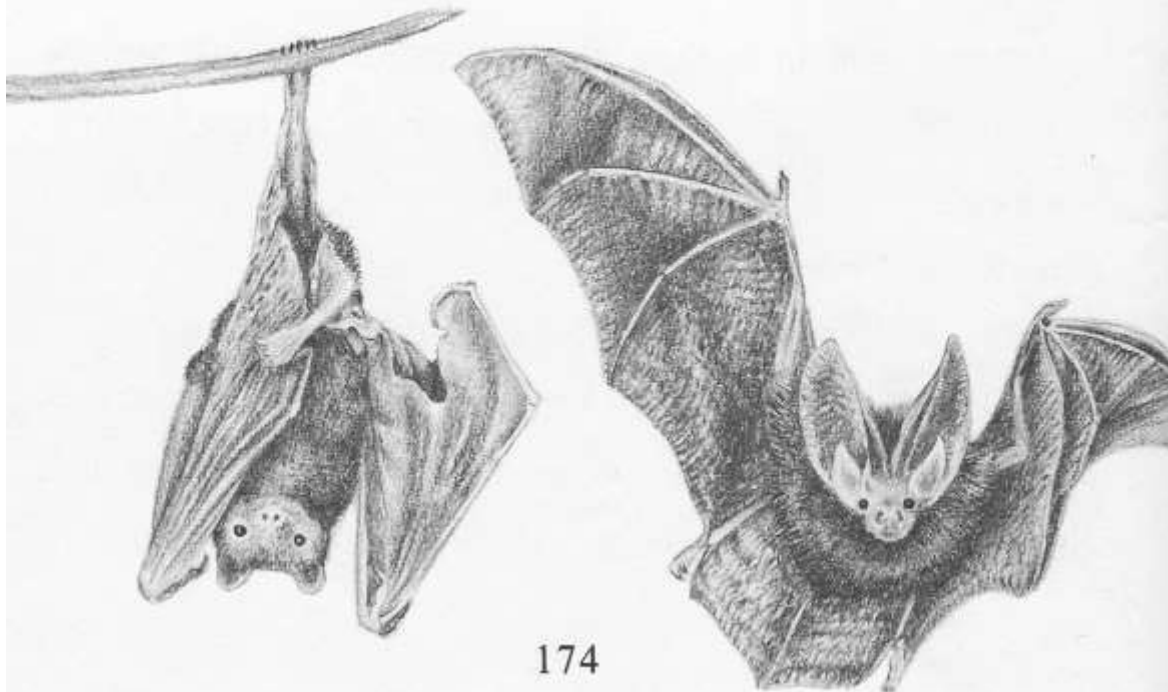
And what is this, flying around in the middle of the night?

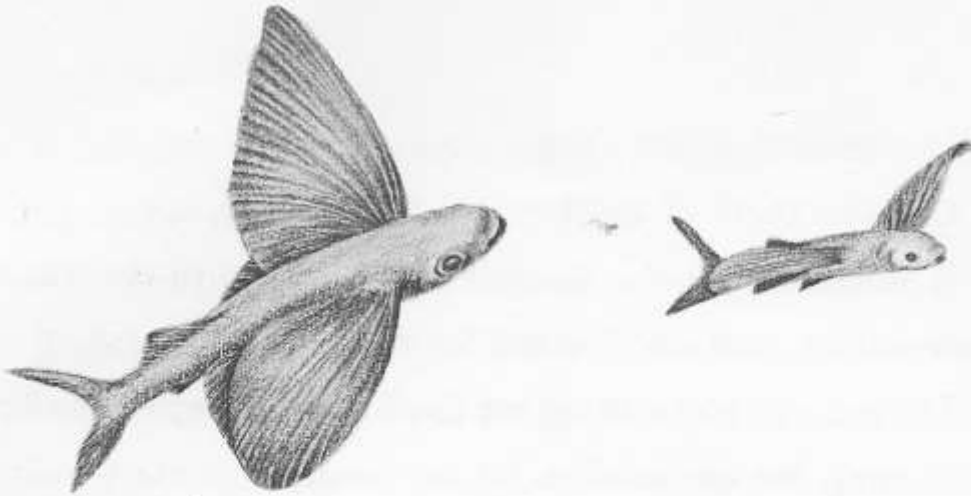
It's not an insect.

It's not a bird.

It's a bat.

All day bats hang upside down, asleep in hollow trees or in  
caves. At night they fly, catching insects to eat as they fly  
around.





Bats fly, insects fly, birds fly, and other things fly, too.  
What do you think this is, flying above the water?

Is it a bat? An insect? A bird? No, it's a flying fish that has been frightened by an enemy under water. Like all fish, a flying fish lives most of the time in water. But if an enemy comes near, it can jump up out of the water, dart through the air, and escape.

Flying fish don't fly high and they don't fly far, but they fly higher and farther than some *birds*.

If there are flying insects, flying bats, and even flying fish, then it's not flying that makes a bird a bird.

As a matter of fact, you know a *bird* that doesn't fly.

Have you ever seen a chicken fly? Hardly ever. Sometimes a chicken tries to fly. But it doesn't get far. To get anywhere a chicken walks.

Is a chicken a bird? Yes.

Can you think of another bird that can't fly?

A penguin can't fly. Penguins walk. Down to the water they waddle, and into the sea for a swim.

The penguin's little wings are like flippers. They're fine for swimming, but too small to lift the penguin up into the air.

Another bird that doesn't fly is the ostrich.

It's the biggest bird in the world, but it can't fly. An ostrich can run fast, though—even faster than a horse. No wonder. Look at those long legs. That's why the ostrich is such a fast runner.



If the ostrich can't fly, and penguins and chickens can't fly, what makes them birds?

Are they birds because they have wings?

Birds have wings, all right. But look at a fly flying around. You can see its wings. And dragonflies and butterflies and bees have wings, too.

Not all insects have wings, but those that fly have to have wings. Anything that flies has to have wings.

Then what about a chicken and an ostrich? They have wings, but do not fly. Why? Their wings are too small to lift their bodies up in the air.

Still an ostrich, a chicken, and a penguin are birds. So it isn't wings that make a bird a bird. Is a bird a thing that sings?

Birds sing and call to each other, especially in the spring.





Some birds sing, some birds call, some cluck, some quack.  
That's how birds talk to each other.

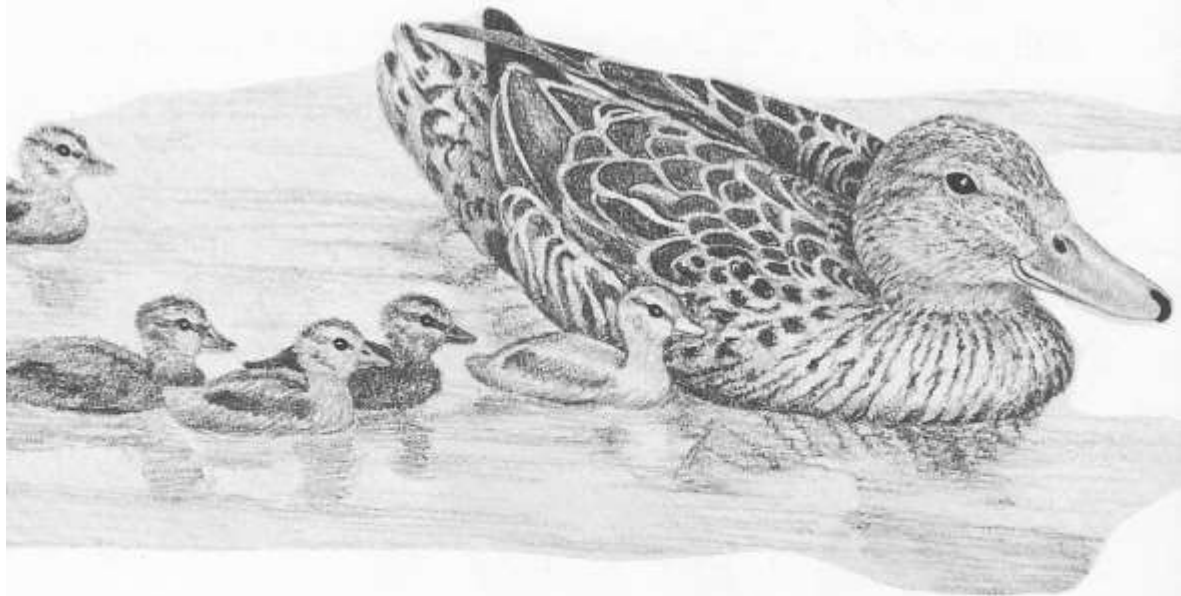
One bird's song may mean, "This is my tree. Keep away."  
Usually other birds do keep away. If they don't, there's a  
fight.

A mother hen clucks to her chicks to tell them that food is  
here.

"Cluck, cluck." And her baby chicks come running.

A duck quacks to her ducklings.

"Quack, quack." And her ducklings follow her.



"Peep, peep," call the baby robins. And their parents know  
that the babies are hungry.



Birds sing and call messages to each other. But singing and calling is not what makes a bird a bird.

Lots of *insects* sing and call their messages to each other, too.

Crickets chirp, and grasshoppers hum. Katydid's repeat their rhythmic song all night long. "Katydid, katydid, katy didn't." And of all the insects, the tree cricket's song at night is the most beautiful. But these singers and callers are not birds. So it isn't singing that makes a bird a bird.

Then what *is* the special thing that makes a bird a bird?  
Is it a bird if it builds a nest?

Birds build nests in trees, in bushes, under eaves, in barns.



Sometimes they even build nests in mailboxes, wherever their eggs and their babies will be safe.

Birds' eggs must be kept warm in order to hatch. The nest and the mother's body keep the eggs warm.

But some birds build no nests at all. A whippoorwill lays her eggs on the ground. But the eggs are the color of the ground around them—camouflaged—so they are safe.

The penguin that lives in the cold, icy Antarctic builds no nest. The mother lays one egg. Then the father penguin



carries the egg on top of his feet, close to his body. That's how he keeps the egg warm for two months, until it is ready to hatch.

Other creatures make nests. Ants and bees, snakes and fish, and rabbits and mice make nests.

Nest building is not the special thing that makes a bird a bird.

Neither is egg-laying. All birds lay eggs, it's true. But so do frogs, snakes, fish, bees, mosquitoes, and many other creatures.

So—it's not flying that makes a bird different from anything else alive.

And it's not having wings.

And it's not singing or calling.

And it's not building nests or laying eggs.

What is it, then, that makes a bird a bird?

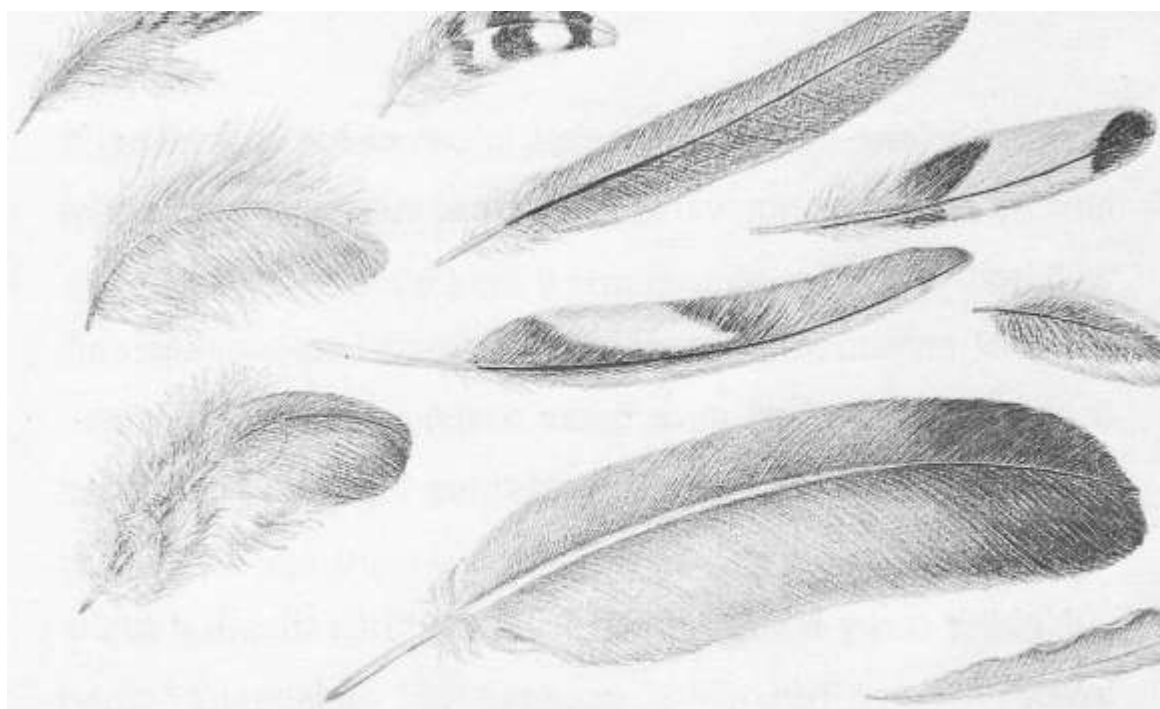
Birds have something that no other living thing has. What is it?

## FEATHERS!

Only birds have feathers. That's the special thing that makes a bird a bird. A bird has to have feathers to be a bird.

If it flies or not, if it sings or not; anything with feathers is a bird.





Feathers are strong. Try to break or tear one, and you'll see how strong a feather is. Bend a feather so the tip touches the bottom. Watch it spring back. It won't break.

Feathers are light. Hold a feather and you'll see how light it is. You've heard people say that something is "light as a feather."

Feathers are beautiful. They come in all colors. There are red cardinals, blue blue jays, black blackbirds, white doves, green parrots, brown sparrows, and many other birds in other colored feathers.

Feathers are useful, too.

They do many things for birds. Their flight feathers make birds the best flyers. Even though other creatures fly, no living creature can fly as long or as far as some kinds of birds.

A bird has several layers of feathers. There's a cloak of feathers that helps keep birds warm in winter. Watch a bird on a cold day. It looks like a fat puffball because it has fluffed out its feathers to keep out the cold.

A layer of flat feathers helps keep birds cool in summer. The heat from the bird's body works its way out through these feathers.

Feathers help keep birds dry in the rain. Put a drop of water on a feather, and watch the water slide off.

Birds take good care of their feathers. Some birds bathe in water—ducking, splashing, spreading their wings. Some birds bathe in fine dust. After bathing, they preen their feathers carefully with their beaks. From an oil sac at the tail, birds take oil into their beaks to soften and straighten their feathers.

But no matter how well birds clean their feathers, they get brittle and wear out. About once a year birds molt—their worn-out feathers fall out. Not all at once, just one or two at a time. And as they fall out, new feathers grow in.

You may find some of these old feathers on the ground. Pick them up and look at them.

*Feathers* are the special things that *make a bird a bird*.

