Activity #1
Choose a nursery rhyme (Twinkle Twinkle, Rain Rain go away, etc) and write your own lyrics to replace the original lyrics. Your lyrics should be about your experience working on school work from home during this crazy time. Please write your nursery rhyme on a separate piece of paper or in your Google classroom answer sheet.

Activity #2
Complete all tasks in any order that you want.
1. Do 15 jumping jacks.
2. How old are you? How old is your mom or dad? Add those numbers together and run in place for that many seconds.
3. Hop on 1 foot while saying your ABC’s in order then switch feet and hop on your opposite foot and say your ABC’s backward!

**If you are completing this in Google Classroom, write 2-3 sentences about how you felt after the workout.

Activity #3
Design your own toy by thinking about things you like to do when you are at home. What kind of toy would you play with if you could create your own? Would you make a doll, a car, a building blocks set, a dinosaur figure? Draw a picture to show the toy you would design. Label the special features of the toy. If you are using Google Classroom, upload a photograph of your drawing.
MATH

Activity #1
Divide. Write or type your answers in your answer document.

1) 1,372 ÷ 2  2) 6,300 ÷ 5  3) 7,722 ÷ 6  4) 2499 ÷ 3

Activity #2
Find the perimeter of the following quadrilaterals. Remember, perimeter is the distance around the shape. Write or type your answers on your answer document.

Activity #3
Tell if each set of lines is parallel, perpendicular, or intersecting. Write or type your answers on your answer document.
Activity #1
Read the passages Shawn the Speedy Snail and Jam Session. While you read, think about point of view, especially 1st person and 3rd person.

A story written from a 1st person point of view tells the events from a specific character’s perspective. The reader hears the thoughts and feelings of mainly just that character. A story written in 3rd person point of view is told by a narrator that is not a character in the story. The reader hears the thoughts and feelings of more than just one character.

After you have read both passages, compare or contrast the points of view of both stories by writing or typing your answers in the blanks in the paragraphs below.

The passage Shawn the Speedy Snail, is written from ________________ point of view. I know this because of the key words and phrases ________________________________________.

The passage Jam Session is written in ________________ point of view. I know this because of the key words and phrases ____________________________________.

Activity #2
Reread Shawn the Speedy Snail and write or type your answers to the following questions.

1. What does Shawn use his speed for at the beginning of the story? __________________________________________________________________________________________

2. What does Shawn use his speed for at the end of the story? __________________________________________________________________________________________

3. Think about the difference between what Shawn uses his speed for at the beginning and the end of the story. Based on this difference, how do Shawn's feelings change from the beginning to the end of the story? Support your answer with evidence from the text.

________________________________________________________________________________________

________________________________________________________________________________________

Reread Jam Session and answer the following questions:
1. What does Monica do at the beginning of the story when she hears her mom singing along to West Side Story?

________________________________________________________________________________________

2. What does Monica do at the end of the story when she hears her mom singing along to West Side Story?

________________________________________________________________________________________

3. Think about the difference between what Monica does when she hears her mom singing at the beginning and the end of the story. Based on this difference, how do Monica's feelings change from the beginning to the end of the story? Support your answer with evidence from the text.

________________________________________________________________________________________

________________________________________________________________________________________

________________________________________________________________________________________

Activity #3
Reread Shawn the Speedy Snail and Jam Session. Compare the change in Shawn's feelings in "Shawn the Speedy Snail" to the change in Monica's feelings in "Jam Session." Do Shawn and Monica's feelings change on their own, or because of the actions of other characters? Write or type a 2-3 paragraph response and be sure to support your answer with evidence from both stories.
### Activity #1
Read the article [Surviving the Wild](#).
Answer the following questions on a separate sheet of paper or in your Google Classroom answer sheet.

- What are 2 ways animals adapt to survive?
- What are 2 ways plants adapt to survive?
- Using paragraph 2, explain how camouflage is effective in helping animals survive?

### Activity #2
Reread the article [Surviving in the Wild](#).
Answer the following questions on a separate sheet of paper or in your Google Classroom answer sheet.

- Name two animals that use mimicry or camouflage as a special adaptation.
- Explain how this adaptation helps these animals survive. Give details from the text to support your explanation.

### Activity #3
Reread [Surviving the Wild](#)
Answer the following questions on a separate sheet of paper or in your Google Classroom answer sheet.

- Pick an animal not listed in the article.
- Name 2 adaptations your animal has or uses to survive.
- Explain how these two adaptations help them survive.
Activity #1
Read the article about Woodland Native Americans.

The article states that all of the Woodland Indians resources came from the forest. Think of one example for each of the following that came from the forest and write or type your responses:

- food - _______________
- shelter - _____________
- clothing - _____________
- weapons - ____________
- tools- _______________

Activity #2
Reread the article about Woodland Native Americans.

Describe the clothing of a Woodland Indian family. Be sure to be descriptive and the words should be able to paint a picture. Write or type or answer below.

____________________________________________________________________________________________
____________________________________________________________________________________________
____________________________________________________________________________________________
____________________________________________________________________________________________
____________________________________________________________________________________________

Activity #3
Reread the article about Woodland Native Americans. Write or type your responses to the following questions in the space below:

Describe the importance of jewelry to the Woodland Indians.

____________________________________________________________________________________________
____________________________________________________________________________________________
____________________________________________________________________________________________
____________________________________________________________________________________________

How is it similar and different to how we use jewelry today?

____________________________________________________________________________________________
____________________________________________________________________________________________
____________________________________________________________________________________________
____________________________________________________________________________________________
"Aren't you a little old to be playing make-believe?" It was kid's stuff, and I didn't feel very much like a kid anymore. My mother, however, seemed to have absorbed everything about childhood that I'd left behind. Now she was dancing around the living room with the handle of a dust mop in her hand, held at an angle like a rock star's microphone, singing.

"Hey, Monica, you like movies, right? Some people make a living out of playing make-believe."

She wasn't wrong. I did like movies, and actors did make a living dressing up, and pretending they were someone else. I didn't say anything, but picked up a stack of magazines that was on the kitchen floor, and put it on the table.

"Thanks, honey. I don't think this dust mop could handle those." Mom hummed a few lines of the music she had on. Today was West Side Story, which I loved. I'd caught my mother in the middle of a very animated version of the song "Maria."

"Also, Monica, we're going blueberry picking after I finish the kitchen," Mom said, without looking up from her pile of dust, which she was now sweeping into the dustpan.

"We're WHAT?" I had just finished putting all of the books on my bedroom floor back on my bookshelves. Plus, I'd made my bed, and changed my hamster's water and food bowls. I was tired. "What am I? Slave labor?"

"Far from it. You're a lucky eleven-year-old girl who gets to be responsible for her very own bedroom in a safe house, in a safe neighborhood, in a free country. And you have the summer off, and a mom who is really good at making blueberry jam, but needs another set of hands."

I was about to protest, but she interrupted. "And you have full use of those hands. You're not sick or crippled-so be thankful for that. You are far, far from oppressed, my friend."

Mom dumped a pan of crumbs and dust into the trash. I stared at her. She was pretty awesome, most days. I really did love her. Still...dancing in the kitchen, pretending to be a star? Blueberry picking? She was known to sing out loud a lot. The berry-picking thing was new.

"Why don't we just go to the store?"

Mom threw a rag at me, and I automatically started wiping down the counters. "Because, number one, the berries there are shipped in from across the country, and they don't taste as fresh or as flavorful as the ones we can pick ourselves. And number two..." she paused to slam a drawer full of silverware shut, which just about broke my eardrums with clashing forks. "...it's fun."

So that was that. I grumbled my way through putting the clean dishes away, and then grumbled my way into the car, staying silent as we drove out east. It felt like forever. I had looked at the car clock when we left the house, and when we rolled up to the blueberry farm, it had only been half an hour. It's funny how quickly the scenery changed. We'd gone from our little town and neighborhood-not a city, by any stretch, but at least populated—to the country, where a house seemed surrounded by a mile of corn on every side.

My mother pointed to a small barn. The big sliding door was open, and inside was an old man standing hunched over a cash register. Mom went to speak to him as I rounded the back of the building to explore. I found a wooden table full of white buckets, a few empty wooden crates stacked near a coil of hose and a dog bowl filled with water. A bumblebee was struggling in the water, and I picked up a stick to help it out.
"Monica, grab a couple of buckets. Those are what we'll pick into." Mom came around the corner, and I reached for a pail from the stacks on the table.

"They're stuck," I huffed, wrestling with two that didn't want to come apart. "Help me!"
Mom grabbed the end of one, and I held the handle on the other; and we yanked. The buckets slid free, and I fell over from the force of the pull. "Okay," I said, dusting myself off and frowning. We started walking past rows of blueberry bushes, a lot of them taller than Mom. "How do we do this?"

"Well, just like you'd think," my mother replied. She ducked into the path between two rows of bushes, and I followed.

"Just go for the ones that are dark all around. Don't pick anything with white or pink on it. Those aren't ready yet, and they're going to be sour." Mom handed me an unripe berry.

"Duh, I know that, I've had blueberries before," I said, and didn't take it.

"Huh," Mom looked at me. "Not as sour as you, though, I bet." She turned away. "Let's divide and conquer, shall we? I'll pick here, and you can find your own row to work on, and we'll meet somewhere in the middle."

"Fine." I stomped away. I wanted to sit down, but the sun was hot, and the shade under the bushes helped a little. So, I found my own row, and started picking a short way into the patch. Almost immediately, reaching into the branches for a particularly juicy-looking berry, a yellow jacket stung my finger. "OUCH!" I yelled. "STUPID BEE!" I swallowed to keep from crying. My face felt hot, and I could feel anger bubbling up from my stomach to my chest. I kicked the near-empty pail by my feet, and screamed in frustration. All I could hear in response were birds. I sniffed and wiped my eyes. My finger hurt, and it looked puffy. I picked up my bucket, and ran back up to where I thought my mom had been working. She wasn't there anymore. When I ran down the row calling out and looking for her, I saw no one, and heard nothing. I flipped the bucket upside down and sat on it, resting my face in my hands for a moment while I let a few tears slide down my nose. There was nothing else to do but pick, I thought.

So I stood up, and walked a few rows back, parking myself next to a particularly tall blueberry shrub, making sure it was relatively bee-free. With both hands, I started yanking every ripe blueberry from the branches, fueled by anger. Gradually, though, I slowed down, feeling calmer as the sun shifted, and a breeze cooled off my shoulders. I'd never picked blueberries before; I'd actually never picked any berries before, and being out there was annoyingly hot and full of bugs. But I was beginning to relax. I caught myself humming one of the songs from the soundtrack my mother had been listening to that morning, and made myself stop.

I moved to the next bush, and started on that one. Shortly after, I walked to another, and then another; picking a handful of fruit from each before looking for new territory. My bucket was only a third of the way full, and my finger was hot and red, but I had to admit, I was having fun. I didn't hear my mother when she walked up. I had filled my bucket another third of the way up, and I was singing and dancing in place under the branches.

"Who's making-believe now?" My mom laughed.
I was embarrassed. "Yeah...but I'm eleven. I'm allowed to do this."

"Newsflash, honey: people never get too old to pretend."

"I got stung," I said, and suddenly needed a hug. I almost tipped over my harvest, but jumped over it before kicking the pail.

Mom set hers down and hugged me back. "Let's head home, shall we?" We paid for our berries by weight. When we got back home, Mom gave me some first-aid cream for my sting, and I curled up on the living room couch with a book. I don't remember which song exactly, because I was drifting in and out of a nap, but I
heard my mom singing along to *West Side Story* again. Only this time, it made me smile, and when I woke up, there were five jars of jam on the counter, and the house smelled like vanilla, sugar, and fruit.
Shawn the Speedy Snail
by Michael Stahl

Shawn was a snail unlike any other snail in the ditch. All of the snails that Shawn knew were slow. They were slow to get food, slow to get water, slow to get anywhere. The snails of Shawn's ditch were so slow because they each had huge shells on their backs that they had to carry around. The shells were heavy, but they had to be because the shells were the snails' homes! Certainly, Shawn had a shell on his back too, just like all the others. He even named it "Shawn's Place." He was funny like that, and the snails enjoyed his sense of humor. What made Shawn so fast was that he was stronger than everyone else.

Having his home on his back didn't bother him like it did the others in Shawn's ditch. The others would complain and sigh, so depressed that they had such a weight to carry on their shoulders and backs. Because Shawn was the strongest, and could carry his home with ease, he was also the fastest, making Shawn the speediest snail around. From the time Shawn was a baby snail, he could beat any of the snails he knew in the ditch in a race. He grew up challenging each snail to a race, and he was undefeated. Shawn started using his speed for his benefit and his benefit only, though, which was something he would later regret. Anytime there was a leaf that fell to the ground, Shawn would race to it and eat until he got full before anyone else would get the chance. Shawn was always quicker to the roots, too, and he'd eat them right up. If it rained, and puddles of water formed at the bottom of the ditch, Shawn drank and drank all he needed, right in front of all his friends and family, who were slowly gathering at the pools. It was almost as if Shawn was showing off how strong and fast he was all the time. The other snails liked Shawn, but the way he used his speed was making them angry.

After some time, when the other snails became particularly hungry because Shawn was beating them to all the food, the snails in the ditch decided that enough was enough.

"Shawn! Stop eating so much before we can have our helping," cried Blaine.

"Yeah, Shawn! We know you're big and strong and fast," agreed Susan. "You don't have to keep reminding us about how slow we are," she added.

Shawn was a little upset about their remarks. "Well, maybe if you would exercise a little bit more, you could beat me to the food and the water!" he said.

"How can we become stronger if you keep beating us to our food?" replied Harvey.

"We all think it's about time you found another ditch, one that you can have all to yourself," said Blaine.
That hurt Shawn. He felt a knot in his heart. Slowly, as slowly as he'd ever crawled before, he left the ditch for another place to find food and water. He knew that there was another ditch across the road that was completely empty of other snails. Shawn was the only one who knew that because he was the only one capable of getting across the road safely, with his speed and all. A couple of weeks went by. Shawn missed his friends across the road, and he realized that his ditch had even more food than the other, much more than he'd ever need. He decided he'd pay them a visit. He waited by the side of the road for the closest car to pass. Once it did, he speedily crossed back over to his old ditch. What he found made him more upset than anything ever before.

"Shawn!" cried Blaine. "We need your help. There isn't enough food in this ditch anymore. We're too weak and too slow to find enough for all of us to eat."

Shawn's friends were starving. Even though they had asked him to leave the ditch, it was only because of his selfish actions. Shawn knew what the right thing to do would be.

One-by-one, Shawn lifted each of his snail friends up on top of Shawn's Place and as fast as he could, which, for Shawn, was pretty fast, brought them over to the ditch on the other side of the road. They were all safe and sound, especially after Shawn raced around the ditch getting food and bringing it straight to his weaker friends. Shawn would never use his speed to show off again.
Survival in the Wild

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

2. Camouflage is one way animals adapt to survive. For some animals, this means that their fur, scales, or skin is a similar color to the land around them. Deer, for example, have brown fur that blends in with the trees, so it is harder for predators to see them. This saves them from becoming prey to a larger animal. Some animals can actually change colors to match their environment. Many people think of chameleons when they think of this type of camouflage, but rabbits are a great example as well. Some rabbits’ fur will change colors depending on the season. Their fur might be brown in the spring, summer, and fall to match the trees, but the brown fur will fall out and white fur will grow in the winter to blend in with the snow. This way the rabbit is safer from predators year-round.

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

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

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

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

Who Are the Woodland Tribes?
Woodland Indian tribes lived east of the Plains Indians and extended from New England to Maryland and from the Great Lakes Area into Maine. They lived in the forests near lakes or streams, which is why they're called Eastern Woodland Indians. Their food, shelter, clothing, weapons and tools came from the forest. The Iroquois, Mound Builders, Algonquian and Shawnee are a few Woodland tribes.

Woodland Tribes - Shelter
Woodland tribes lived in wigwams and longhouses. Wigwams are round, wooden-framed structures, covered in bark. Only one family lived in a wigwam. Longhouses are made the same way as wigwams except they are rectangular, instead of round. They have a long hallway with rooms on both sides. Several related families shared a longhouse.

Woodland Tribes - Food
Living in the woods meant there were plenty of resources, including food. Woodland tribes were hunters and gatherers. They hunted bear, moose and bison, and were effective fishermen. They also ate beavers, raccoons, rabbits, corn, beans and berries. Woodland Indians grew squash, pumpkins and melons. Tribes in the Great Lakes Area ate a lot of rice.

Woodland Tribes - Ceremonies
When someone in a Woodland tribe died, the tribe would hold a cry ceremony. The chief sang and danced around the fire. This ceremony lasted for five days. The day before it started, five knots were tied in a piece of milkweed. Every day of the ceremony they untied a knot.

Face paint was a big deal to Woodland Indians. They wore it to express feelings or for special occasions. Each color meant something, like red for life, black for death or eternal grief, and purple for royalty. Before going to war, they painted themselves, performed magical rites and took special medicines. Several of the tribes performed many songs and rites. They used special equipment that they thought helped them talk to their gods. They also wore masks to cure diseases. The scary masks were supposed to scare the evil spirit out of the sick person.

Woodland Tribes - Clothing
Clothing was made from the pelts, or animal skin with the hair or fur still on it, of animals they ate. The Iroquois, for example, wore shirts, leggings and moccasins made of buckskin, or animal skin without the fur or hair, during the winter. The women wore skirts woven out of wild grass and covered with furs. They wore leggings underneath. During the hot weather, men only wore a loincloth, or a small piece of buckskin between their legs and tucked into a belt, and women wore their grass dresses. Children wore nothing.

Woodland Tribes - Did You Know?
Shawnee men often wore silver nose rings and earrings. The men would even cut slits into their ears and wrap the skin in coils of silver wire. The weight of the metal would stretch the skin into great loops, which were admired. Some of them hung down two or three inches. Here's one hairstyle you won't see come back in style - Woodland Indians pulled or plucked out most of their hair except for a square or round patch that covered the crown, or top part of the head.