

Name: _____

Third Grade: Unit 2/ City Wildlife
Anthology 2002 Stories

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The Boy Who Didn't Believe in Spring

By: Lucille Clifton

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Once upon a time there was a little boy who named King Shabazz who didn't believe in Spring. "No such thing!" he would whisper every time the teacher talked about Spring in school.	21 30 39 43
"Where is it at?" he would holler every time his Mama talked about Spring at home.	53 59
He used to sit with his friend Tony Polito on the bottom step when the days started getting longer and warmer and talk about it.	70 79 84
"Everybody talkin bout Spring!" he would say to Tony.	92 93
"Big deal," Tony would say back.	99
"No such thing!" he would say to Tony.	107
"Right!" Tony would say back.	112
One day after the teacher had been talking about birds that were blue and his Mama had started talking about crops coming up, King Shabazz decided he had just had enough. He put his jacket on and his shades and went by for Tony Polito.	121 131 140 151 157
"Look here, man," King said when they got out to the bottom step, "I'm goin to get me some of this Spring."	167 178 179
"What do you mean, man?" Tony asked him.	187
"Everybody talkin bout Spring comin, and Spring just round the corner. I'm goin to go round there and see what do I see."	194 205 210

<u>City Critters: Wild Animals Live in Cities, Too</u>	8
By: Richard Chevat	11
The city. Tall buildings. Shoppers with their arms full of packages. People hurrying along. Buses, cabs, cars- and wild animals.	19 27 31
Wild animals? You bet. Cities and towns are filled with wildlife.	40 42
"When most people think of wildlife, they think of grizzly bears or elk or white-tailed deer. But all the animals that live in a city are wildlife, including butterflies, ants, pigeons and even rats," says Mike Matthews. He's a scientist who works for New York state, trying to protect its wildlife, both in the woods and in the cities.	51 62 71 79 87 97 101
Why does a rat deserve to be called "wildlife"? Charles Nilon, a biologist for the Kansas Department of Wildlife and Parks explains: "Any animal that you see that is not a pet, that doesn't depend on people taking care of it, is a wild animals."	110 119 128 139 146
On the tenth floor of an office building in St. Louis, Missouri, is a nest of Canadian geese. They've been spending summers there for the past six years.	156 165 174
Dave Tylka is an urban biologist- a scientist who studies wildlife in cities. He talked about the skyscraper geese. "There's a type of Canadian geese that nest on cliffs over the Mississippi River," he said. "These particular geese must have thought that a balcony looked like a good cliff to nest on!"	183 191 199 209 217 226
If geese on an office building sound strange, how about raccoons in the heart of New York City? Mike Matthews says they live in sewers, in buildings, and especially in New York's Central Park. "People think that animals want to be near trees or open spaces. But raccoons will live in chimneys and sewers.	235 245 254 262 273 280

Make Way For Ducklings

By: Robert McCloskey

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Mr. and Mrs. Mallard were looking for a place to live. But every time Mr. Mallard saw what looked like a nice place, Mrs. Mallard said it was no good. There were sure to be foxes in the woods or turtles in the water, and she was not going to raise a family where there might be foxes or turtles. So they flew on and on.

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When they got to Boston, they felt too tired to fly any further. There was a nice pond in the Public Garden, with a little island on it. "The very place to spend the night," quacked Mr. Mallard. So down they flapped.

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Next morning they fished for their breakfast in the mud at the bottom of the pond. But they didn't find much.

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Just as they were getting ready to start on their way, a strange enormous bird came by. It was pushing a boat full of people, and there was a man sitting on it's back. "Good morning," quacked Mr. Mallard, being polite. The big bird was too proud to answer. But the people on the boat threw peanuts into the water, so the Mallards followed them all round the pond and got another breakfast, better than the first.

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"I like this place," said Mrs. Mallard as they climbed out on the bank and waddled along. "Why don't we build a nest and raise our ducklings right in this pond? There are no foxes and no turtles, and the people feed us peanuts. What could be better?"

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Urban Roosts: Where Birds Nest in the City 8

By: Barbara Bash 11

Early in the morning you can hear something 19
rustling up on the ledge of an old stone building. Even 30
before the city awakens, the birds are stirring in their 40
urban roosts. 42

All across the country, as their natural habitats 50
have been destroyed, birds have moved to town. The 59
ones that have been able to adapt are thriving in the 70
heart of the city. 74

One familiar urban dweller is the pigeon. Long ago 83
it was called a rock dove, because it lived in the rocky 95
cliffs along the coast of Europe. Today it flourishes all 105
over the United States in the nooks and crannies of our 116
cities. 117

To the pigeon, the city may look like a wilderness 127
full of high cliffs and deep canyons. The cliffs are 137
buildings made of stone and brick and glass, and the 147
canyons are windy avenues full of cars and people. 156
Flying together in flocks, pigeons explore the city 164
canyons looking for food and spots to roost. 172

A roost is a place where birds go for protection 182
when they sleep and for shelter from the rain and cold. 193
Pigeons roost under highway overpasses, on window 200
ledges, under building archways, on top of roofs, and 209
under eaves. Sometimes their roosts are so well hidden 218
you have to watch carefully to find them. 226

Look under the train trestle. Pigeons may be 234
roosting along the dark beams. Watch the open 242
windows of an abandoned building. Hundreds of pigeons 250
could be living inside, flying in and out all day long. 261

Two Days in May

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By: Harriet Peck Taylor

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Early one Saturday morning in May, I went to our
fire escape window and rubbed the sleep from my eyes.
I looked down at the small garden I had planted behind
our apartment building. Five animals were grazing on
the new lettuce in my garden!

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"Mama! Mama!" I called. "Come see what's in our
yard!"

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Mama hurried over to the window and gasped.
"Sonia, those animals are deer, but how did they get
here?" she asked. "I'll run and tell Mr. Donovan."

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By the time Papa and I got out to the courtyard, a
small crowd was gathering.

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"Papa, why are there deer in the city?" I asked.

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"The deer may have come all this way looking for
food. They probably smelled your garden," he
explained.

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I thought I had never seen such an amazing sight.
Their fur was a golden brown, and they balanced on tiny
hooves. They had nervous tails, and eyes that were big
and black and gentle.

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Down the block a train rumbled by, but here life
seemed to stand still. Pigeons and squirrels were almost
the only birds or animals we ever saw in our
neighborhood.

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Looking around, I recognized many neighbors.
There was Isidro Sánchez and his sister, Ana. Standing
near me were Mr. Smiley, owner of Smiley's
Laundromat, and my best friend, Peach, and Chester
and Clarence Martin and the Yasamura sisters from
down the hall. I saw Mr. Benny, the taxi driver, and the
Pigeon Lady, who was smiling brightly.

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Secret Place 2
By: Eve Bunting 5

In the heart of the city where I live there is a secret 18
place. Close by is a freeway where cars and trucks 28
boom, and a railroad track with freight trains that 37
shunt and grunt. 40

There are warehouse with windows blinded by dust and 49
names paint-scrawled on their brick walls. 56

The lines on the telephone and electric poles web the 66
sky. Smokestacks blow clouds to dim the sun. 74

But in the heart of the city where I live, low down, 86
hidden, a river runs. The water is dark and shallow in 97
its concrete bed. Bushes and tangled weeds cling to the 107
slopes of the concrete walls. 112

Hardly anyone knows the river is here. Hardly anyone 121
cares. Mrs. Arren knows and Mr. Ramirez, and Peter 130
and Janet who are married. 135

I know, and my father knows, too. He works a forklift 146
in one of the brick warehouse, and I showed him the 157
secret place the day I found it. 164

The white egret found it, too. I watch the bird float 175
down, its legs thin and reaching, its head plumes fanned. 185

The green-winged teal knows. The buffleheads that 193
come to water-skim know. And circling mallards know. 202
I've seen them here before. 207

