

Name: _____

Third Grade: Unit 3/ Imagination
Anthology 2002 Stories

	Through Grandpa's Eyes	The Cat Who Became a Poet	A Cloak for the Dreamer	Picasso	The Emperor's New Clothes	Roxaboxen
My Goal						
1						
2						
3						
4						
5						
6						
7						
8						
9						
10						

Through Grandpa's Eyes

By: Patricia MacLachlan

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Of all the houses I know, I like my Grandpa's best.	17
My friend Peter has a new glass house with pebble-path	28
gardens that go nowhere. And Maggie lives next door in	38
an old wooden house with rooms behind rooms, all with	48
carved doors and brass doorknobs. They are fine	56
houses. But Grandpa's house is my favorite. Because I	65
see it through Grandpa's eyes.	70
Grandpa is blind. He doesn't see the house the	79
way I do. He has his own way of seeing.	89
In the morning, the sun pushes through the	97
curtains into my eyes. I burrow down into the covers to	108
get away, but the light follows me. I give up, throw	119
back the covers, and run to Grandpa's room.	127
The sun wakes Grandpa differently from the way	135
it wakes me. He says it touches him, warming him	145
awake. When I peek around the door, Grandpa is	154
already up and doing his morning exercises. Bending and	163
stretching by the bed. He stops and smiles because he	173
hears me.	175
"Good morning, John."	178
"Where's Nana?" I ask him.	183
"Don't you know?" he says, bending and stretching.	191
"Close your eyes John, and look through my eyes."	200
I close my eyes. Down below, I hear banging of	210
pots and the sound of water running that I didn't hear	221
before.	222
"Nana is in the kitchen, making breakfast," I say.	231
When I open my eyes again, I can see Grandpa	241
nodding at me. He is tall with dark gray hair. And his	253
eyes are sharp blue even though they are not sharp	263
seeing.	264

The Cat Who Became a Poet

By: Margaret Mahy

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A cat once caught a mouse, as cats do.	18
"Don't eat me," cried the mouse. "I am a poet with a poem to write."	29
"That doesn't make any difference to me," replied the cat. "It is a rule that cats must eat mice, and that is all there is to it."	33
"If only you'd listen to my poem you'd feel differently about it all," said the mouse.	41
"Okay," yawned the cat, "I don't mind hearing a poem, but I warn you, it won't make any difference."	54
So the mouse danced and sang:	60
The great mouse Night with the starry tail	69
Slides over the hills and trees,	76
Eating the crumbs in the corners of Day	76
And nibbling the moon like cheese!"	85
"Very good! That's very good!" the cat said. "But a poem is only a poem and cats still eat mice."	85
And he ate the mouse, as cats do.	95
Then he washed his paws and his face and curled up in a bed of catnip, tucking in his nose and his tail and his paws. Then he had a little cat nap.	101
Some time later he woke up in alarm.	109
"What's wrong with me?" he thought. "I feel so strange." He felt as if his head was full of colored lights. Pictures came and went behind his eyes. Things that were different seemed alike. Things that were real changed and became dreams.	115
"Horrapapotchkin!" thought the cat. "I want to write a poem."	123
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A Cloak for the Dreamer

By: Aileen Friedman

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Once there was a tailor who had three fine sons.	18
The tailor loved his sons and appreciated their helpfulness.	26
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Ivan, the oldest son, picked up all the pins from the floor of his father's shop and gathered all the little pieces of loose thread. Whenever he could, Ivan watched his father measure, cut, and sew. He wanted to be a tailor himself one day and work alongside his father.	37
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Alex, the middle son, brought his father bolts of fabric to cut and then carefully put them away. Whenever he could, Alex practiced sewing together the small, leftover pieces of fabric. He, too, wanted to be a tailor and work alongside his father.	86
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Misha, the youngest son, carried the finished jackets and cloaks and dresses to his father's customers all over town. Whenever he could, he stopped at the bookseller's shop around the corner. There, he looked over maps of the world and pictures of faraway places. Unlike his brothers, Misha did not want to be a tailor and work alongside his father. He dreamed instead of traveling far and wide, and of making his own way in the world.	127
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One morning, the tailor gathered his three sons before him. "Now is the time," he said, "for each of you to show that you can do the work of a tailor."	205
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"Our good customer, the Archduke, leaves on an important journey in just three days. For this journey, he has ordered three new cloaks for himself and three dresses for his wife. I can sew the dresses, but, to get the job done in time, each of you must make one cloak."	236
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<u>Picasso</u>	1
By: Mike Venezia	4
Pablo Picasso was one of the greatest artists of the twentieth century. He was born in Malaga, Spain, in 1881, and died in France in 1973.	13 23 30
Picasso's father was an art teacher at the local school. He encouraged his son to paint and draw. He wanted Picasso to become a great artist some day.	39 49 58
Picasso's painting style changed over the period of his life more than any other great artist. He was always trying new and different things.	66 76 82
When Picasso was nineteen, he left Spain and went to Paris, France. Some of the first paintings he did there look a little bit like the work of other famous French artists. Some of Picasso's early paintings remind people of van Gogh, Gauguin, and Monet.	91 101 112 119 127
When Picasso's best friend died, he felt alone and sad. At the same time, none of his paintings were selling, and he was almost starving to death.	136 146 154
Because of his mood, Picasso began to paint with lots of blue (blue can be a very sad color). He made all the people in his paintings look lonely and sad.	163 176 185
Some people thought Picasso's blue paintings were great. Others (including Picasso's father) thought they were just too strange. This meant his paintings were controversial.	192 199 208 209
Picasso's blue period ended when he met a girl name Fernande. Fernande and Picasso fell in love, and soon a happier color started showing up in Picasso's paintings. This was the beginning of the Rose Period.	218 227 236 245
During the Rose Period, he started painting happier things. Picasso painted a lot of circus people during this time. He often painted them with their animals.	252 261 270 271

The Emperor's New Clothes 4
By: Hans Christian Anderson 8

There once lived an emperor who was very fond of new clothes. While other kings might like to parade their soldiers or spend an evening at the theater, there was nothing this emperor loved more than trying on new clothes- which his servants would bring him in great stacks, morning, noon, and night.

Other servants toiled endlessly to keep the emperor's vast wardrobe cleaned and pressed. The kingdom's most learned scholars were kept constantly on hand to advise him on his choice of clothing. Any outfit the emperor might desire must be ready for him at a moment's notice.

The emperor had a different outfit for every hour of the day, and clothes for each day of the week.

For no matter how great or small the occasion, he wanted to wear just the right clothes to make his subjects see him as a wise and able ruler.

But his outfits never seemed quite right. And his clothes were apt to turn up in the most inconvenient places. Not even his wife or his most trusted ministers could persuade him that he need not worry so much about his royal attire.

One day, two swindlers traveled to the castle, pretending to be weavers.

"We can weave the most beautiful cloth imaginable!" the first told the emperor. "And, what is more, the clothes made from our fabrics are invisible to anyone who is either foolish or unfit for his office."

"Not everyone, of course, is able to wear such finery," added the second. "But they are obviously the perfect clothes for a wise ruler like yourself!"

Roxaboxen 1
By: Alice McLerran 4

Marian called it Roxaboxen. (She always knew the name of everything.) There across the road, it looked like any rocky hill- nothing but sand and rocks, some old wooden boxes, cactus and greasewood and thorny ocotillo- but it was a special place. 12
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The street between Roxaboxen and the houses curved like a river, so Marian named it the River Rhode. After that you had to ford a river to reach Roxaboxen. 53
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Of course all of Marian's sisters came: Anna May and Frances and little Jean. Charles from next door, even though he was twelve. Oh, and Eleanor, naturally, and Jamie with his brother Paul. Later on there were others, but these were the first. 84
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Well, not really the first. Roxaboxen had always been there and must have belonged to others, long before. 126
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When Marian dug up a tin box filled with round black pebbles, everyone knew what it was: it was a buried treasure. Those pebbles were the money of Roxaboxen. You could still find others like them if you looked hard enough. So some days became treasure-hunting days, with everybody trying to find that special kind. And then on other days you might just find one without even looking. 146
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A town of Roxaboxen began to grow, traced in lines of stone: Main Street first, edged with the whitest ones, and then the houses. Charles made his of the biggest stones. After all, he was the oldest. At first the houses were very plain, but soon they all began to add more rooms. The old wooden boxes could be shelves or tables or anything you wanted. 214
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