

<u>A Story, A Story</u>	4
Retold by: Gail E. Haley	9
Ananse cut a frond from a banana tree and filled a calabash with water. He crept through the tall grasses, sora, sora, sora, till he came to the nest of Mmboro, the hornets-who-sting-like-fire.	19 27 37 46 47
Ananse held the banana leaf over his head as an umbrella. Then he poured some of the water in the calabash over his head.	56 66 71
The rest he emptied over the hornets' nest and cried: "It is raining, raining, raining. Should you not fly into my calabash, so that the rain will not tatter your wings?"	79 87 98 102
"Thank you. Thank you," hummed the hornets, and they flew into the calabash-----fom! Ananse quickly stopped the mouth of the gourd.	109 117 124
"Now, Mmboro, you are ready to meet the Sky God," said Ananse. And he hung the calabash full of hornets onto the tree next to the leopard.	133 142 151
Ananse now carved a little wooden doll holding a bowl. He covered the doll from top to bottom with sticky latex gum. Then he filled the doll's bowl with pounded yams.	159 169 178 182
He set the little doll at the foot of a flamboyant tree where fairies like to dance. Ananse tied one end of a vine round the doll's head and, holding the other end in his hand, he hid behind a bush.	192 199 209 219 223

Oral History 2
By: T. Marie Kryst 6

The first people to keep records and write down the history and stories of their ancestors were probably the ancient Egyptians and the Chinese. But what about before that, before people even knew how to write? How did people keep family information?

Members of a clan or tribe gathered around campfires and recited poetry and sang songs. Many of these songs and poems told about family history. Important names, brave deeds, and memorable events were passed on to younger members of the group, who remembered and memorized them for safekeeping. This is called oral history because it is history that is passed on by word of mouth instead of being written down. It was the only way of keeping family records before there was writing.

However, oral history thrives even today. The stories we hear from parents and grandparents as they remember the past are good examples of oral history in action. In certain areas of the world----- Africa and some Pacific islands, for instance----- oral history survives in a much more formal way. Many tribes or groups in West Africa have a griot, or village member who can recite the history of all the families in the village. If he should die, another has been trained to take his place so that history is not lost.

One report tells of a New Zealand tribal chief who had to recite the story of his people----- thirty-four generations worth-----in order to prove his right to land he had inherited. Some say his retelling took three days!

Storm in the Night

By: Mary Stolz

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Grandfather knew more stories than a book full of stories. Thomas hadn't heard all of them yet, because he kept asking for repeats.	16 25 30
As he thought about what to ask for, he listened to the sounds of the dark.	41 46
Grandfather listened too.	49
In the house a door creaked. A faucet leaked.	58
Ringo scratched on his post, then on Grandfather's chair.	66 67
He scratched behind his ear, and they could hear even that.	76 79
In the stove the flames made a fluttering noise.	88
"That's funny," said Thomas. "I can hear better in the dark than I can when the lights are on."	97 107
"No doubt because you are just listening," said his grandfather, "and not trying to see and hear at the same time." That made sense to Thomas, and he went on listening for sounds in the dark.	116 126 136 143
The rain, driving hard against the back of the house, was scarcely sprinkling here.	152 157
But it whooped windily through the great beech tree on the lawn, brandishing branches, tearing off twigs.	165 173 174
It drenched the bushes, splashed in the birdbath, clattered on the tin roof like a million tacks.	182 191
Grandfather and Thomas sat on the swing, creaking back and forth, back and forth, as thunder boomed and lightning stabbed across the sky.	199 209 214
Ringo's fur rose, and he turned his head from side to side, his eyes wide and wild in the flashes that lit up the night.	224 237 239
The air smelled peppery and gardeny and new.	247
"That's funny," said Thomas. "I can smell better in the dark, too."	256 259

Carving the Pole
By: Diane Hoyt-Goldsmith

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My father is an artist, a wood-carver. Ever since I was little, I have watched him take a piece of wood and carve a creature from it. Sometimes it is a wolf, sometimes a bear, and sometimes an eagle. The eagle is the symbol and totem of the Eagle Clan, which is our family group within our tribe.

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My father is carving a totem pole for the Klallam Indians who live on the Port Gamble Reservation near our home. Although my father belongs to a different tribe, the Tsimshian, he was asked to carve the pole because of his skill. It is common among the Northwest Coast Indians for one tribe to invite an artist from another tribe to carve a pole for them. The pole will be made from a single log, forty feet long. It will have animals and figures carved on it, important characters from Klallam myths and legends.

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My father says that a totem pole is like a signboard. He tells me that it is a system for passing on legends and stories from one generation to another for people who have no written language. A totem pole is like a library for a tribe!

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Nearly all totem poles are carved from cedar logs. Cedar trees grow very straight and are common in the evergreen forests along the coastline near our home. The wood of the cedar is soft and easy to carve. It does not rot and insects will not destroy it. A totem pole carved from a cedar log can last a hundred years or more.

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<u>Johnny Appleseed</u>	2
Retold by: Steven Kellogg	6
John Chapman, who later became known as Johnny Appleseed, was born on September 26, 1774, when apples on the trees surrounding his home in Massachusetts were as red as the autumn leaves.	13 20 28 37 38
John's first years were hard. His father left the family to fight in the Revolutionary War, and his mother and his baby brother both dies before his second birthday. By the time John turned six, his father had remarried and soon their little house was overflowing with children.	46 55 64 73 81 86
Nearby was an apple orchard. Like most early American families, the Chapmans picked their apples in the fall, stored them in the cellar for winter eating, and used them to make sauces, cider, vinegar, and apple butter. John loved to watch the spring blossoms slowly turn into the glowing fruit of autumn.	94 100 110 119 128 136 138
Watching the apples grow inspired in John a love of all of nature. He often escaped from his boisterous household to the tranquil woods. The animals sensed his gentleness and trusted him.	146 156 163 170
As soon as John was old enough to leave home, he set out to explore the vast wilderness to the west. When he reached the Allegheny Mountains, he cleared a plot of land and planted a small orchard with the pouch of apple seeds he had carried with him.	180 190 197 207 216 219

<u>Aunt Flossie's Hats</u>	3
<u>(and Crab Cakes Later)</u>	7
by: Elizabeth Fitzgerald Howard	11
On Sunday afternoons, Sarah and I go to see	20
Great-great-aunt Flossie. Sarah and I love Aunt	29
Flossie's house. It is crowded full of stuff and	38
things. Books and pictures and lamps and pillows ...	46
Plates and trays and old dried flowers ... And boxes	55
and boxes and boxes of HATS!	61
On Sunday afternoons when Sarah and I go to	70
see Aunt Flossie, she says, "Come in, Susan. Come	79
in, Sarah. Have some tea. Have some cookies.	87
Later we can get some crab cakes!"	94
We sip our tea and eat our cookies, and then	104
Aunt Flossie lets us look in her hatboxes.	112
We pick out hats and try them on. Aunt Flossie	122
says they are her memories, and each hat has its	132
story.	133
Hats, hats, hats, hats! A stiff black one with	142
bright red ribbons. A soft brown one with silver	151
buttons. Thin floppy hats that hide our eyes,	159
Green or blue or pink or purple. Some have fur and	170
some have feathers. Look! This hat is just one	179
smooth soft rose, but here's one with a trillion	188
flowers! Aunt Flossie has so many hats!	195
Then we looked in the very special box. "Look,	204
Aunt Flossie! Here's your special hat." It was the	213
big straw hat with the pink and yellow flowers and	223
green velvet ribbon. Aunt Flossie's favorite best	230
Sunday hat! It's our favorite story, because we are	239
in the story, and we can help Aunt Flossie tell it!	250

Name: _____

3rd Grade
Unit 5: Storytelling
Anthology Fluency Practice

		A Story, A Story	Oral History	Storm in the Night	Carving the Pole	Johnny Appleseed	Aunt Flossie's Hat
	Goal						
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