

Name: _____

Fourth Grade: Unit 1/ Risks and Consequences
Anthology 2002 Stories

	Mrs. Frisby and the Crow	Toto	Sarah, Plain and Tall	Escape	Mae Jemison: Space Scientist	Two Tickets to Freedom	Daedalus and Icarus
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Mrs. Frisby and the Crow

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By: Robert C. O' Brien

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Mrs. Frisby is a mouse that lives with her children in a country garden. When her son Timothy becomes ill, she undertakes a treacherous journey to bring him some medicine.

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Mrs. Frisby looked again at the sun and saw that she faced an unpleasant choice. She could go home by the same roundabout way she had come, in which case she would surely end up walking alone in the woods in the dark- a frightening prospect, for at night the forest was alive with danger. Then the owl came out to hunt, and foxes, weasels and strange wild cats stalked among the tree trunks.

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The other choice would be dangerous, too, but with luck it would get her home before dark. That would be to take a straighter route, across the farmyard between the barn and the chicken house, going not too close to the house but cutting the distance home by half. The cat would be there somewhere, but by daylight- and by staying in the open, away from the shrubs- she could probably spot him before he saw her.

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Taking a firm grip on her packets of medicine, Mrs. Frisby went under the fence and set out toward the farmyard. The first stretch was a long pasture: the barn itself, square and red and big, rose in the distance to her right; to her left, farther off, were the chicken houses.

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Toto

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By: Marietta Moskin

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Deep in Africa, on the outer slopes of a gently rolling ring
of hills, lived a timid young boy named Suku. His round thatched
hut stood in a busy village where his tribe had always lived. Just
a short distance away, on the other side of the blue and purple
hills, was a quiet valley set aside for animals to live without fear
of being hunted by men. Suku has often climbed to the top of
the tallest hill and had watched the herds of animals moving
through the grasslands far below. But that was as far as he ever
went. His own world was outside the protected game reserve-
with his family, in the safe, familiar village.

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On a saucer-shaped plain sheltered by the ring of blue and
purple hills lived a curious little elephant. His name was Toto-
the little one- because he was the youngest and smallest
elephant in the herd. With his large family he roamed across the
silvery plains of his valley, feeding on the juicy grasses and
bathing in the broad green river that twisted through the land.
It was a good life for elephants and for the many other animals
with whom they shared their peaceful valley.

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Day by day the little elephant in the valley and the boy in
the village grew stronger and bigger and learned the things they
had to know.

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<u>Sarah, Plain and Tall</u>	4
By: Patricia MacLachlan	7
"Isn't he beautiful, Anna?" Her last words to me. I had	18
gone to bed thinking how wretched he looked. And I forgot to	30
say good night.	33
I wiped my hands on my apron and went to the window.	45
Outside, the prairie reached out and touched the places where	55
the sky came down. Though winter was nearly over, there were	66
patches of snow and ice everywhere. I looked at the long dirt	78
road that crawled across the plains, remembering the morning	87
that Mama had died, cruel and sunny. They had come to her in a	101
wagon and taken her away to be buried. And then the cousins	113
and aunts and uncles had come and tried to fill up the house. But	127
they couldn't.	129
Slowly, one by one, they left. And then the days seemed	140
long and dark like winter days, even though it wasn't winter. And	152
Papa didn't sing.	155
Isn't he beautiful, Anna?	159
No, Mama.	161
It was hard to think of Caleb as beautiful. It took three	173
whole days for me to love him, sitting in the chair by the fire,	187
Papa washing up the supper dishes, Caleb's tiny hand brushing my	198
cheek. And a smile. It was the smile I know.	208

Escape

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By: E. B. White

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The barn was very large. It was very old. It smelled of
hay and it smelled of manure. It smelled of the perspiration of
tired horses and the wonderful sweet breath of patient cows. It
often had a sort of peaceful smell- as though nothing bad could
happen ever again in the world. It smelled of grain and of
harness dressing and of axle grease and of rubber boots and a
new rope. And whenever the cat was given a fish-head to eat,
the barn would smell of fish. But mostly it smelled of hay, for
there was always hay in the great loft up overhead. And there
was always hay being pitched down to the cows and the horses
and the sheep.

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The barn was pleasantly warm in winter when the animals
spent most of their time indoors, and it was pleasantly cool in
summer when the big doors stood wide open to the breeze. The
barn had stalls on the main floor for the work horses, tie-ups on
the main floor for the cows, a sheepfold down below for the
sheep, a pigpen down below for Wilbur, and it was full of all sorts
of things that you find in barns: ladders, grindstones, pitch
forks, monkey wrenches, scythes, lawn mowers, snow shovels, ax
handles, milk pails, water buckets, empty grain sacks, and rusty
rat traps. It was the kind of barn that swallows like to build
their nests in. It was the kind of barn that children like to play
in. And the whole thing was owned by Fern's uncle, Mr. Homer L.
Zuckerman.

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<u>Mae Jemison: Space Scientist</u>	4
By: Gail Sakurai	7
The space shuttle Endeavor thundered into the morning sky above Kennedy Space Center. Higher and higher it soared over the Atlantic Ocean. A few minutes later, Endeavor was in orbit around Earth.	15 25 36 39
Aboard the spacecraft, astronaut Mae Jemison could feel her heart pounding with excitement. A wide, happy grin split her face. She had just made history. She was the first African-American woman in space. The date was September 12, 1992.	47 58 69 79
But Mae wasn't thinking about dates in history books. Her thoughts were of the wonder and adventure of space travel. "I'm closer to the stars- somewhere I've always dreamed to be," Mae said during a live television broadcast from space.	89 100 111 119
Mae's dream didn't come true overnight. It happened only after many long years of hard work, training, and preparation. Her success story began nearly thirty-six years earlier, in a small town in Alabama.	128 138 150 153
Mae Carol Jemison was born on October 17, 1956, in Decatur, Alabama. While she was still a toddler, Mae and her family moved to the big city of Chicago, Illinois. Mae considers Chicago her hometown because she grew up there.	163 174 185 193

Two Tickets to Freedom 4

By: Florence Freedman 7

Among the many slaves in Georgia in 1848 were a young couple named William and Ellen Craft. Ellen was a maid and William a skilled cabinetmaker. Their lives were not as harsh as those of many other slaves, but the desire to be free never left them. However, escaping would be difficult.

William had been saving money for tickets to escape. He had a plan for himself and Ellen, who was light-skinned enough to pass for white. Ellen would dress up as an injured man, bandaging her face to further disguise the fact that she was a woman, and bandaging her right arm and hand to prevent anyone from asking her to write. She would then travel with William as her slave.

Their journey would include a train ride to Fredericksburg, Virginia, followed by a boat trip to Washington, D.C., and finally a train ride to Philadelphia, the first stop on the Underground Railroad.

By the time they left the train in Fredericksburg and boarded a ship for Washington, D.C., William and Ellen felt sure they were safe. They were unaware that the most difficult part of their daring escape was just around the corner. Would they make it to Philadelphia?

Daedalus and Icarus

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Retold By: Geraldine McCaughrean

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Daedalus and Icarus lived in great comfort in King Minos' 17
palace. But they lived the life of prisoners. Their rooms were 28
the tallest palace tower, with beautiful views across the island. 38
They ate delectable food and wore expensive clothes. But at 48
night the door to their fine apartment was locked, and a guard 60
stood outside. It was a comfortable prison, but it was a prison, 72
even so. Daedalus was deeply unhappy. 78

Every day he put seed out on the windowsill, for birds. He 90
liked to study their brilliant colors, the clever overlapping of 100
their feathers, the way they soared on the sea wind. It 111
comforted him to think that they at least were free to come and 124
go. The birds had only to spread their wings and they could leave 137
Crete behind them, whereas Daedalus and Icarus must stay 146
forever in their luxurious cage. 151

When a bird came for the seed, Daedalus begged it to 162
spare him one feather. Then each night, when everyone else had 173
gone to bed, Daedalus worked by candlelight on his greatest 183
invention of all. 186

A year went by and Daedalus pulled out a bundle from 197
under his bed. Inside were four great folded fans of feathers. 208
He stretched them out on the bed. They were wings! 218