

Name: _____

Fourth Grade: Unit 4/ Survival
Anthology 2002 Stories

	Island of the Blue Dolphins	Arctic Explorer: The Story of Matthew Henson	McBroom and the Big Wind	The Big Wave	Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl	Music and Slavery
My Goal						
1						
2						
3						
4						
5						
6						
7						
8						
9						
10						

Island of the Blue Dolphins

By: Scott O'Dell

	5
	9
Summer is the best time on the Island of the Blue Dolphins. The sun is warm then and the winds blow milder out of the west, sometimes out of the south.	20 33 40
It was during these days that the ship might return and now I spend most of my time on the rock, looking out from the high headland into the east, toward the country where my people had gone, across the sea that was never-ending.	51 65 76 85
Once while I watched I saw a small object which I took to be the ship, but a stream of water rose from it and I knew that it was a whale spouting. During those summer days I saw nothing else.	98 113 125 126
The first storm of winter ended my hopes. If the white men's ship were coming for me it would have come during the time of good weather. Now I would have to wait until winter was gone, maybe longer.	137 149 162 165
The thought of being alone on the island while so many suns rose from the sea and went slowly back into the sea filled my heart with loneliness. I had not felt so lonely before because I was sure the ship would return as Matasaip had said it would. Now my hopes were dead. Now I was really alone. I could not eat much, nor could I sleep without dreaming terrible dreams.	176 189 201 214 227 237
The storm blew out of the north, sending big waves against the island and winds so strong that I was unable to stay on the rock. I moved my bed to the foot of the rock and for protection kept a fire going throughout the night. I slept there five times. The first night the dogs came and stood outside the ring made by fire. I killed three of them with arrows, but not the leader, and they did not come again.	248 262 276 288 300 313 319
On the sixth day, when the storm had ended, I went to the place where the canoes had been hidden, and let myself down over the cliff. This part of the shore was sheltered from the wind and I found the canoes just as they had been left. The dried food was still good, but the water was stale, so I went back to the spring and filled a fresh basket.	332 343 355 368 382 390

Arctic Explorer: The Story of Matthew Henson

By: Jeri Ferris

7

10

Matthew Henson was the first African-American explorer	18
to reach the North Pole. Before he made this famous expedition,	29
he went on several trips to the arctic region with Robert Peary.	41
During these trips, Henson learned the skills that would make	51
him a great explorer. In this excerpt about Henson's first arctic	62
journey, Peary has planned an expedition to North Greenland. He	72
has little money and has asked Henson to help him without pay.	84
Henson is eager to go. His job is to learn the survival techniques	97
used by the Eskimos as they face the harsh, cold climate.	108
"It was in June 1891," Matt Henson wrote, "that I started	119
on my first trip to the Arctic regions, as a member of what was	133
known as the 'North Greenland Expedition.'"	139
America's newspapers predicted disaster. A small group of	147
inexperienced men trying to survive in a frozen place that had	158
killed better men than they? Impossible. Then reported	166
learned that a woman was going too- the new Mrs. Peary. "Now	178
we know he's crazy!" said one newspaper about Peary.	187
Josephine Peary listed the expedition members in her	195
diary: "Dr. Cook, Mr. Gibson, Mr. Astrup, Mr. Verhoeff, and Mr.	206
Peary's faithful attendant in his surveying labors in Nicaragua,	215
Matt Henson." The ship, <i>Kite</i> , was so small that the people and	227
supplies barely fit. They were going to be gone for a year and a	241
half, so they needed a lot of supplies. There were just crates of	254
food (enough for two and a half years, just to be safe) and cans	268
of pemmican, the beef-fat-raisin mixture that the men and dogs	280
would eat while crossing the ice cap. There were skis and	291
snowshoes, guns and ammunition, sledges, woolen clothing, a	299
stove, pots and pans, and camera equipment. And after the last	310
one hundred tons of coal was piled on deck, Matt could hardly	322
find a place to set down his hammer and nails while he put	335
together the wood frame for their base camp house.	344

McBroom and the Big Wind

By: Sid Fleischman

5

8

I can't deny it- it does get mite windy out here on the prairie. Why, just last year a blow came ripping across the farm and carried off a pail of sweet milk. The next day it came back for the cow. But that wasn't the howlin', scowlin', almighty big wind I aim to tell you about. That was just a common little prairie breeze. No account, really. Hardly worth bragging about.	21 33 47 58 71 80
It was the big wind that broke my leg. I don't expect you to believe that- yet. I'd best start with some smaller weather and work up to that bonebreaker.	93 104 110
I remember distinctly the first prairie wind that came scampering along after we bought our wonderful one-acre farm. My, that land is rich. Best topsoil in the country. There isn't a thing that won't grow in our topsoil, and fast as lightning.	119 129 142 153
The morning I'm talking about our oldest boys were helping me to shingle the roof. I had bought a keg of nails, but it turned out those nails were a whit short. We buried them in our wonderful topsoil and watered them down. In five to ten minutes those nails grew a full half-inch.	163 177 190 201 208
So there we were, up on the roof, hammering down shingles. There wasn't a cloud in the sky at first. The younger boys were shooting marbles all over the farm and the girls were jumping rope.	218 230 242 244
I looked up and rabbits were flapping their ears across the sky in a perfect V formation, northbound. I knew then we were in for a slight blow.	255 267 272
"Run, everybody!" I shouted to the young'uns. I didn't want the wind picking them up by the ears.	282 290
"Will <i>jil</i> hester <i>chester</i> peter <i>polly</i> tim <i>tomm</i> ary <i>larry</i> and <i>little</i> <i>clarinda</i> - in the house! Scamper!"	303 307
The clothesline was already beginning to whip around like a jump rope. My dear wife, Melissa, who had been baking a heap of biscuits, threw open the door. In we dashed and not a moment too soon. The wind was snapping at our heels like a pack of wolves. It aimed to barge right in and make itself at home! A prairie wind has no manners at all.	317 330 342 355 368 375

The Big Wave
By: Pearl S. Buck

3
7

Jiya and his family live in a small Japanese fishing village.	18
When a distant volcano erupts, it causes a tidal wave. As a giant	31
wave approaches the village, Jiya's father forces him to climb to	42
safety on a nearby mountain. He climbs to the terrace farm of	54
his friend Kino's family. The rest of Jiya's family stays behind.	65
From the mountaintop, Jiya watches as the wave hits.	74
Upon the beach where the village stood not a house	84
remained, no wreckage of wood or fallen stone wall, no little	95
street of shops, no docks, not a single boat. The beach was as	108
clean of houses as if no human beings had ever lived there. All	121
that had been was now no more.	128
Jiya gave a wild cry and Kino felt him slip to the ground.	141
He was unconscious. What he knew, he could not bear. His	152
family and his home were gone.	158
Kino began to cry and Kino's father did not stop him. He	170
stooped and gathered Jiya into his arms and carried him into the	182
house, and Kino's mother ran out of the kitchen and out down a	195
mattress and Kino's father laid Jiya upon it.	203
Kino could say nothing. He was still crying and his father	214
let him cry for a while. Then he said to his wife:	226
"Heat a little rice soup for Kino and put some ginger on it.	239
He feels cold."	242
Now Kino did not know until his father spoke that he did	254
not feel cold. He was shivering and he could not stop crying.	266
Setsu came in. She had not seen the big wave, for her mother	279
had closed the windows and drawn the curtains against the sea.	290
But now she saw Jiya lying white-pale and still.	300
"Is Jiya dead?" she asked.	305
"No, Jiya is living," her father replied.	312
"Why doesn't he open his eyes?" she asked again.	321
"Soon he will open his eyes," the father replied.	330
"If Jiya is not dead, why does Kino cry?" Setsu asked	341
"You are asking too many questions," her father told her.	351
"Go back to the kitchen and help your mother."	360

Anne Frank: A Diary of a Young Girl

By: Anne Frank

	8
	11
During World War II, many Jewish families in Germany and elsewhere in Europe hid to avoid being sent to concentration camps. Anne Frank and her family moved to Holland to escape the Nazis. When the Nazis came to Holland, the Franks hid for two years in a secret annex in Mr. Frank's office building. During this time, Anne kept a diary of her daily thoughts, feelings, and activities. Her father found these diaries after her death in a concentration camp in 1945 and had them published. These are a few of her first diary entries.	20 31 42 54 66 78 89 99 106
July 8, 1942 entry:	110
Years seem to have passed between Sunday and now. So much has happened, it is just as if the whole world had turned upside down. But I am still alive, Kitty, and that is the main thing, Daddy says.	120 133 146 149
Yes, I am still alive, indeed, but don't ask where or how. You wouldn't understand a word, so I will begin by telling you what happened on Sunday afternoon.	161 173 178
At three o'clock (Harry had just gone, but was coming back later) someone rang the front doorbell. I was lying lazily reading a book on the veranda in the sunshine, so I didn't hear it. A bit later, Margot appeared at the kitchen door looking very excited.	191 202 216 226
"The S.S. have sent a call-up notice for Daddy," she whispered. "Mummy has gone to see Mr. Van Daan already."	238 248
It was a great shock to me, a call-up; everyone knows what that means. I picture concentration camps and lonely cells- should we allow him to be doomed to this?	261 270 279
"Of course he won't go," declared Margot, while we waited together. "Mummy has gone to the Van Daans to discuss whether we should move into our hiding place tomorrow. The Van Daans are going with us, so we shall be seven in all."	289 300 311 322
Silence. We couldn't talk any more, thinking about Daddy, who, little knowing what was going on, was visiting some old people in the Joodse Invalide; waiting for Mummy, the heat and suspense, all made us very overawed and silent.	331 342 353 361

Music and Slavery

By: Wiley Blevins

	3
	6
Mother was let off some days at noon to get ready for spinning that evening. She had to portion out the cotton they was gonna spin and see that each got a fair share. When mother as going round counting the cards each had spun she would sing this song:	18 29 42 54 56
Keep your eyes on the sun.	62
See how she run.	66
Don't let her catch you with your work undone.	75
I'm a trouble, I'm a trouble.	81
Trouble don't last always.	85
That made the women all speed up so they could finish before dark catch 'em, 'cause it be mighty hard handlin' that cotton thread by firelight.	96 107 111
The life of many slaves in the United States was often full of fear and misery. Long hours were often spent picking cotton in the hot summer sun. At night, the slaves ate what little food their owners had given them and frequently slept on dirt floors. The slaves lived in run-down, overcrowded cabins and owned only the few clothes and possessions their masters had given them. They lived in fear of being beaten if they did not work hard enough or disobeyed their owners. They were not paid, and they were not allowed to leave their homes without special permission.	123 134 147 158 169 179 192 203 213
These terrible living conditions and lack of freedoms made many slaves want to escape. For most, however, there was no real hope of escape. Each day was a struggle to survive. One way the slaves dealt with these hardships was through music. It was a way to express both their sadness and their hope.	222 233 245 256 267
The slaves brought with them from Africa a strong tradition of music. Song and dance were an important part of their daily lives. They sang as they worked. They sang to celebrate. They sang when they were sad. They continued this tradition in the new world.	276 287 298 308 313