

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Fluency Practice: Anthology Stories  
Fifth Grade Unit 5- Going West

	Sacagawea's Journey	Buffalo Hunt	The Journal of Wong Ming-Chung	The Coming of the Long Knives	Old Yeller and the Bear	Bill Pickett: Rodeo-Ridin' Cowboy	McBroom the Rainmaker
My GOAL							
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## Sacagawea's Journey

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By: Betty Westrom Skold

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Sacagawea stuffed a little more soft, dry grass into Pompy's  
cradleboard, put the child into it, and tied the rawhide thongs. Her  
eyes swept the room that had sheltered her through the winter,  
now stripped of the buffalo robes and the hunting and cooking gear.  
The last fire was dying on the hearth as she stepped outside.

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The ground under her moccasins was spongy and damp from  
the melting snow. Tender new buds dotted the cottonwoods. For  
several days Lewis and Clark had seen swans and wild geese flying  
northeastward in the evening. The Hidatsas has been leaping across  
the ice cakes to catch the buffalo floating downstream. Soon the  
river would be ice-free and ready. The captains had taken charge  
of the final packing, carefully separating the maps, papers, and  
wildlife specimens that would be sent back to President Jefferson  
from the provisions that would go farther up in the Missouri with  
their Corps of Discovery.

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Now it was April 7, 1805. Today they would say good-bye to  
the Mandans and Hidatsas, who watched from the banks of the  
river. It would also be a day of parting for six American soldiers  
and two French traders, who return to St. Louis with the keelboat  
and two canoes. The main part of the Corps of Discovery- Captains  
Lewis and Clark, Sacagawea, Pompy, Charbonneau and another  
interpreter, and twenty-seven other people would follow the  
Missouri westward in the long pirogues and six dugout canoes.

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## Buffalo Hunt

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By: Russell Freedman

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Over blazing campfires on winter nights, Indian storytellers spoke of the buffalo. They told tales of buffalo giants and buffalo ghosts that changed magically into men, of children who were raised by buffalo and understood their language.

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In olden times, it was said, buffalo used to eat Indians. They ate so many Indians that a legendary figure called Old Man had to put a stop to it. He organized a race between the buffalo and the Indians and decide who should eat whom. The Indians won.

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On the Great Plains of North America, every Indian tribe had a rich and ready store of buffalo tales and legends. According to the Comanche, buffalo came from gigantic caves somewhere on the windswept ranges of the Texas Panhandle. Each spring, the Great Spirit sent throngs of buffalo from those hidden caves into the open plains, as a gift to the Indian people.

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Up North, the Blackfoot said that a lake in Canada was the place where the buffalo began. They were both beneath the water, in the darkest depths of the lake. If you could visit that sacred spot on the right night, at exactly the right time, you would hear an eerie rumbling coming from the middle of the lake. Then you would see the buffalo rise out of the water and crowd into the shore, their shaggy fur wet and dripping, their curved horns gleaming in the moonlight.

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<u>The Journal of Wong Ming-Chung</u>	6
By: Laurence Yep	9
We followed the river all day without seeing anyone else. It's like the end of the world. The only signs that humans had been here were the rotting rockers and ruined shacks.	20 34 41
We've camped for the night on an abandoned claim. The shack's roof is gone. A broken rocker sits beside the bank. Holes dot the banks. It looks like a battlefield.	52 65 71
The bank juts out like a finger, forming a breakwater. The river forms a lazy eddy behind it, which the Fox said would be a good spot for gold to drop out.	82 96 103
It's a good thing we've stopped, too. My feet are so sore that I soaked them in the river. For once, I'm grateful the water is icy cold.	116 130 131
Uncle sat like a lump beside me. He said he didn't see how we'd ever get rich piling up dirt for levees. It's like we're in prison and every day we have to do hard work.	144 158 167
I reminded him of what the Fox said- that we'll still be sending home something. It might be less but it will still be a lot by Chinese standards. But Uncle just kept staring at the river.	179 194 204
The cook fixed a quick meal. Since we can eat only what we could carry away, everything's rationed. The meals are small- about what they'd be back in China.	217 227 233
But we're alive. That's the important thing.	240

The Coming of Long Knives 5

By: Scott O' Dell 9

The pinto beans pushed up through the earth and the peaches 20  
began to swell. Wool from the shearing was stored away for the 32  
winter weaving. My father and brother went into the mountains and 43  
brought back deer meat which we cut into strips and dried. It was a 57  
good summer and a good autumn. 63

Then early one winter morning three Long Knives came. They 73  
were from the white man's fort and they brought a message from 85  
their chief. When all of our people were gathered in the meadow 97  
one of the soldier read the message, using Navaho words. He read 109  
fast and did not speak clearly, but this is what I remember. 121

People of the Navaho Tribe are commanded to take their 131  
goods and leave Canyon de Chelly. 137

The Long Knife read more from the paper which I do not 149  
remember. Then he fastened the paper to a tree where all in the 162  
village could see it and the three soldiers rode away. 172

There was silence after the soldiers left. Everyone was too 182  
stunned to speak or move. We had been threatened before by the 194  
Long Knives, but we lived at peace in our canyon, so why should they 208  
wish to harm us? 212

Everyone started at the yellow paper fastened to the 221  
cottonwood tree, as if it were alive and had some evil power. A tall 235  
boy tore grabbed the paper and tore it up. He then threw it into 249  
the river. 251

Old Yeller and the Bear 5

By: Fred Gipson 8

That Little Arliss! If he wasn't a mess! From the time he'd 20  
grown up big enough to get out of the cabin, he'd made a practice of 35  
trying to catch and keep every living thing that ran, flew, jumped, or 48  
crawled. 49

Every night before Mama let him go to bed, she'd make Arliss 61  
empty his pockets of whatever he'd captured during the day. 71  
Generally, it would be a tangled-up mess of grasshoppers and worms 83  
and praying bugs and little rusty tree lizards. One time he brought 95  
in a horned toad that got so mad he swelled out round and flat as a 111  
Mexican tortilla and bled at the eyes. Sometimes it was stuff like a 124  
young bird that had fallen out of its nest before it could fly, or a 139  
green-speckled spring frog or a striped water snake. And once he 151  
turned out his pocket a wadded-up baby copperhead that nearly 162  
threw Mama into spasms. We never did figure out why the snake 174  
hadn't bitten him, but Mama took no chances on snakes. She 185  
switched Arliss hard for catching that snake. Then she made me 196  
spend better than a week, taking him out and teaching him to throw 209  
rocks and kill snakes. 213

That was all right with Little Arliss. If Mama wanted him to 225  
kill his snakes first, he'd kill them. But that still didn't keep him 238  
from sticking them in his pockets along with everything else he'd 249  
captured that day. The snakes might be stinking by the time Mama 261  
called on him to empty his pockets, but they'd be dead. 272

<b><u>Bill Pickett Rodeo-Ridin' Cowboy</u></b>	5
By: Andrea D. Pinkney	14
Long before Bill Pickett was born, a wagon train traveled west, all	26
the way from South Carolina. It was 1854. Eager Americans were	37
packing up their belongings and wheeling on to the Great Plains.	48
Some of these pioneers were white folks, looking for a new life in a	62
new land. The rest were black-enslaved people forced to follow	73
their masters.	75
The men, women, and children loaded everything they owned	84
into those covered wagons; croaker-sacks, homespun duds, and	93
bedclothes bundled tight. To pass the time on the slow, steady	104
trek, the southerners sang traveling songs.	110
During this long journey a baby boy was born. His name was	122
Thomas Jefferson Pickett. He was a free-spirited young boy. But	133
he wasn't free. Born into slavery, he had to wake when his master	146
said wake, work when his master said work, sleep when his master	158
said sleep.	160
On the Texas plains Thomas grew up learning to brand cattle	171
and swing a lariat. He and his family worked for the white folks,	184
helping them tame the parched soil into prospering feed crops.	194
Then the Civil War ravaged the United States. And when the	205
war ended, all enslaved people were declared free- as free as the	217
bluebonnet blossoms that covered the Texas prairie.	224

<b><u>McBroom the Rainmaker</u></b>	3
By: Sid Fleischman	6
I dislike to tell you this, but some folks have no regard for	19
the truth. A stranger claims he was riding a mule past our	31
wonderful one-acre farm and was attacked by woodpeckers.	40
Well, there's no truth to that. No, indeed! Those weren't	50
woodpeckers. They were common prairie mosquitoes. Small ones.	58
Why, skeeters grow so large out here that everybody uses	68
chicken wire for mosquito netting. But I'm not going to say an	80
unkind word about those zing-zanging, hot-tempered, needle-nosed	90
creatures. They rescued our farm from ruin. That was during the	101
Big Drought we had last year.	107
Dry? Merciful powers! Our young'uns found some tadpoles	115
and had to teach them to swim. It hadn't rained in so long those	129
tadpoles had never seen water.	134
That's the sworn truth- certain as my name's Josh McBroom.	144
Why, I'd as soon grab a skunk by the tail as tell a falsehood.	158
Now, I'd best creep up on the Big Drought the way it crept up	172
on us. I remember we did our spring plowing, as usual, and the	185
skeeters hatched out, as usual. The bloodsucking rascalions could	195
be mighty pesky, but we'd learned to distract them.	204
"Will <i>jil</i> hester <i>chester</i> peter <i>polly</i> tim <i>tom</i> mary <i>larry</i> and little	216
<i>clarinda</i> !" I called out. "I hear the whine of gallinippers. We'd	227
better put in a patch of beets."	234