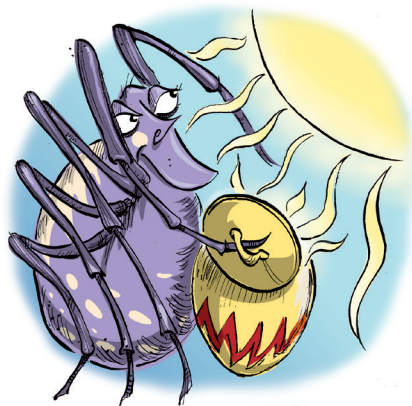


Unit 8

Table of Contents

Spider and Sun	100
Mushrooms	101
Compromising.	102
Febold Feboldson.	103
Mighty Joe Magarac.	104
Casey Jones	105
Island Life.	110
Pecos Bill and Sluefoot Sue (Excerpt 1)	111
Pecos Bill and Sluefoot Sue (Excerpt 2)	112

Spider and Sun



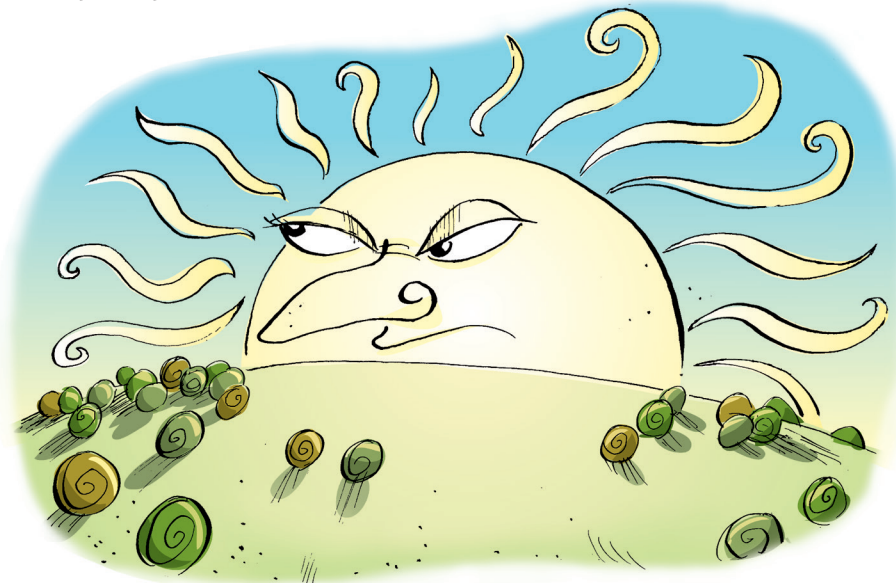
Long ago, before day and night existed, animals had no fire or light. They decided that someone must find Sun, who only shone on the other side of the mountain.

Spider volunteered for the dangerous mission. She took a pot with her and climbed slowly up into the sky. When she found Sun, she trapped a bit of him in her pot and quickly closed the lid. When she returned to her friends, everyone was happy, for now they had fire and heat.

Sun was angry when he discovered that he lost part of his fire to Spider, and so he set off to

find her. Every day he traveled the world from east to west looking for Spider. The animals were delighted with Sun's movement, for now they enjoyed regular times of light and heat.

Sun never found Spider, but continued traveling around Earth. He makes almost the same trip every day.



Mushrooms



▲ chanterelles



▲ porcini



▲ morel

What do you think of when you hear the word “fungus”? A fungus is a type of plant that does not produce seeds or flowers. Mushrooms are one type of fungus.

When the ground is damp, you may see many types of mushrooms. Some mushrooms are edible, meaning you can eat them. Porcini mushrooms, for example, are often used to flavor soup. Chanterelles and morel mushrooms are edible, too. People cook and eat them with many types of foods.

Other mushrooms are poisonous. The death cap mushroom is one of the most toxic. It usually grows under oak and beech trees. Toadstools and earth balls are also poisonous.

Many types of mushrooms are difficult to identify. So to be safe, remember these two things: (1) do not eat any mushroom that you are not sure about; and (2) ask an expert before nibbling on a mushroom.



▲ death cap



▲ toadstool



▲ earth balls

Compromising

Dear Diary,

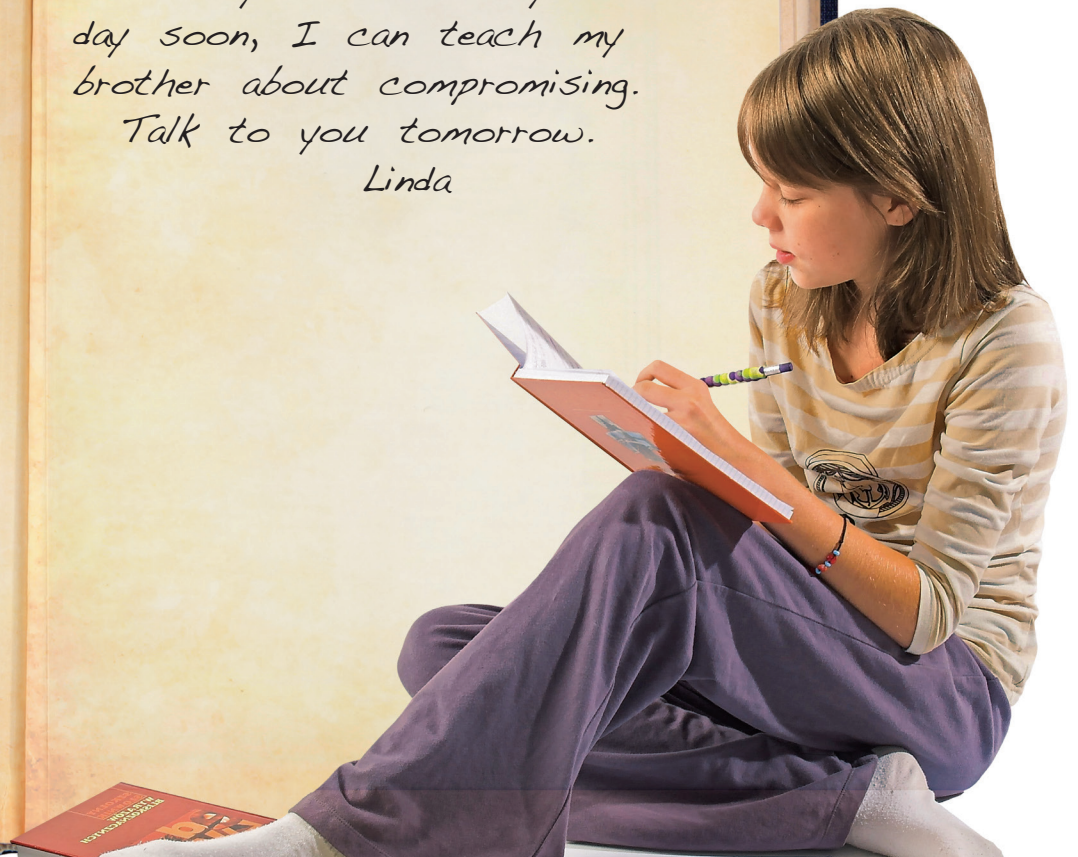
I learned a new word today. That word is "compromise." Let me tell you how I learned about compromise.

Earlier today, my younger brother and I wanted to use the computer at the same time. We argued over who would use it first. My mother found us arguing. She told us that it was silly to disagree over a computer when both of us would get to use it at some point during the evening. Her words made sense to me. It really didn't make any difference which one of us went first as long as we both got a turn.

In the end, I let my brother use the computer first. And, believe it or not, I felt good about my decision. Maybe one day soon, I can teach my brother about compromising.

Talk to you tomorrow.

Linda



Febold Feboldson

Febold Feboldson came from Sweden. He settled on the great plains of Nebraska. He wanted to be a farmer.

The wide-open spaces were empty. Febold had no one to talk to. People passed by him on their way to California. They were looking for gold.

Febold sent for a million crates of oranges from California. He scattered them across the plains.

“Gold!” he shouted at the covered wagons.

The homesteaders saw the oranges sparkling in the sun. They thought they had found real gold.

They stayed for a while and got comfortable.

Later they found out that the oranges weren’t gold and not even from Nebraska. There was no water for their crops, either. They started to complain.

Febold Feboldson had a plan to keep his new friends from leaving him. He set a thousand fires all around the state. The smoke formed rain clouds that watered the crops on every farm in Nebraska.

Febold saved the day!

Mighty Joe Magarac

Some people say that Joe Magarac was born inside a mountain where people mined iron. Others say Joe slept on a bed of iron ore next to the blast furnace. Still others say that Joe never slept at all, working 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, making steel. No matter what anyone says about Joe Magarac, one thing is true: Joe was the greatest steelworker ever. He could easily twist iron rods with his bare hands. He could mold train tracks with his fingers.

Once, when the huge mixer at the steel mill broke, Joe jumped right into that vat of hot, melted metal. He stirred up the 1,200-degree liquid steel with his feet. He used his sweat to put out a fire that spread from the furnace.

Then Joe Magarac personally made 2,000 tons of steel. He made enough steel for the railroad company to lay down track from Pittsburgh to New York and back.



Casey Jones

retold by Antonio Blane

Even as a boy, Casey Jones dreamed of becoming a train engineer. When he closed his eyes and let his imagination take him away, he could hear the train speeding down the tracks, the whistle blowing. *Chugga-chugga, chugga-chugga, toot-toot!*

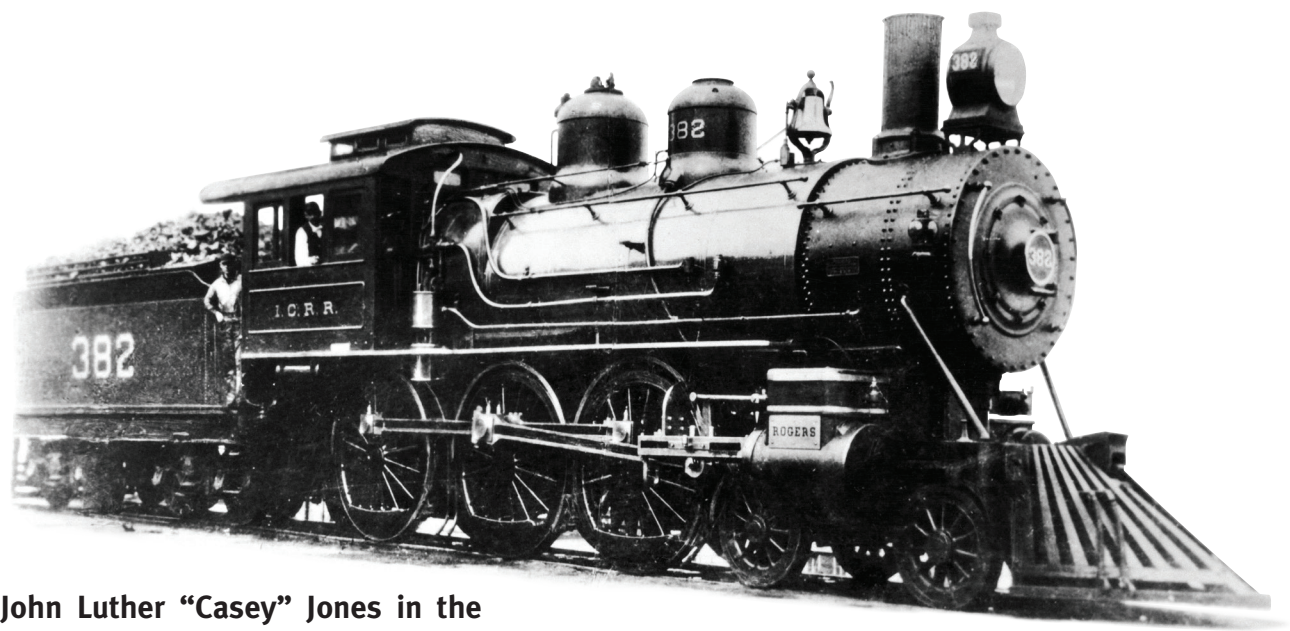
This was back in the days before cars and planes. Train tracks crisscrossed the country, going from small towns to big cities and places in between. People traveled places near and far on trains. They relied on trains to bring them supplies.

Getting trains where they needed to be, on time, was an important job. It was a glamorous job, too, like being a jet pilot today.

Casey learned all he could about railroading. He worked as a cabin boy, a flagman, and a fireman. A train fireman didn't put out fires; he kept the fire in the engine going by feeding it coal. Then Casey learned how to steer the train and control the brakes. Stopping a huge machine weighing thousands of pounds, barreling down the tracks at

80 miles per hour, took skill, strength, and a cool head.

"Casey," his boss at the Illinois Central Railroad finally said, "the day has come for your own train route. We're going to give you the Cannonball Express. She's quick and powerful, but temperamental. Can you handle her?"



John Luther "Casey" Jones in the cab of Illinois Central Engine No. 382

“Handle her?” said Casey. “I’ve been waiting to operate a spitfire like the Cannonball all my life.”

With Casey at the helm, Engine 382 set speed records for every stop between Canton, Mississippi, and Memphis, Tennessee. Then Casey broke those records! “‘Get there on the advertised’ is my motto,” he liked to say. He meant that he would bring the train in on time, as written on the schedule.

Casey drove his train with style, too. Whenever he left a station, going slowly, carefully, he blew the whistle softly, like a whip-poor-will singing *tweet, tweet, tweet*. Then, after he let out the throttle and steam was powering the engine at full speed, he made the whistle shriek. *SCREET! SCREET!* It sounded like a Viking war cry.

Working the whistle became Casey’s signature. When children heard a train call *tweet, tweet, tweet* then *SCREET! SCREET!* they would say, “Casey’s coming through. Let’s watch him drive the train.”

One day, Casey was on his usual run. Things were going smoothly, which is to say he was right on time and probably a little ahead of schedule. But in the distance, he spotted a problem. Several children were crossing the tracks to meet the train

at the Grenada station. All crossed quickly, except for one terrified girl. She stood on the tracks, hypnotized by the “iron horse” coming her way, too afraid to move.

“Get off! Get off!” Casey called. He blew his whistle to warn her. The little girl stayed in place, her eyes wide with fear.

“We’ll hit her if we don’t stop the train!” Casey cried. “Pull the brake,” he told the brakeman. “Douse the fire,” he instructed the fireman. “Throw all the water we have on it. And use those crates of orange juice in Boxcar #2.”

The train slowed down, but it would take nearly a minute to stop. Casey figured he had only about thirty seconds! So he climbed out of the cabin—even though the train was still moving—and made his way to the front of the train.



He was going to try the impossible—impossible for any other engineer, that is.

Casey swung from pipe to pipe and landed on the pilot. The pilot was the metal bar at the foot of the train shaped like a V. It pushed things off the track and out of the way.

Casey crouched on the pilot. “Move, little darling!” he shouted at the top of his lungs. But the little girl was still frozen in place.

With one hand, Casey held on to the train. He leaned forward from his bent position, legs beneath him, and reached down. He grabbed the girl with his free hand a half-second before the train could touch her.

Casey held the girl closely then dove off the still-moving train. Casey flipped in the air, and then landed on his feet as softly as a cat jumping from a tree. The little girl was dazed but safe. He brought her over to her friends.

“Never cross train tracks when the signal lights are flashing!” said Casey to all the children. “Remember! It’s better to be safe than sorry!” The children agreed.

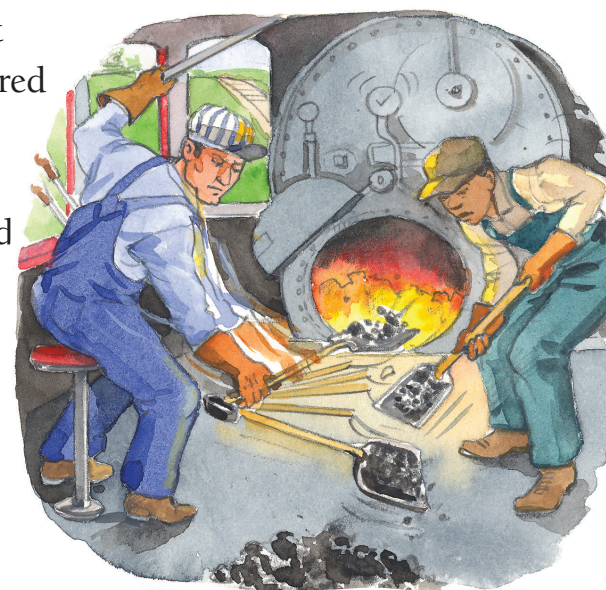
The people at the station cheered for Casey. They asked him to stick around and have his picture taken for the newspaper, as befits a hero.

“Thanks for the offer,” said Casey. “Maybe on my way back. Right now, I’ve got to bring the train into Vaughn on the advertised. And I’m already eight minutes behind schedule.”

Casey gave the order for Sim Webb, his fireman, to shovel at double-speed. He pitched in himself, steering with one hand, shoving coal with the other. The Cannonball picked up speed: 30 mph . . . 50 mph . . . 70 mph.

“We’re moving at a fine clip,” said Sim.

“Yep. The old girl’s got her dancing slippers on, but we won’t get there on time unless . . .” Casey’s voice trailed off while he thought. “Unless we . . . jump the track at Hardy Hill.”





“Impossible!” cried Sim.

Maybe for another engineer, but not for Casey. “Keep shoveling, Sim, and leave it to me. Just hold on to your hat!”

Sim shoveled coal at triple-time. The 382 climbed Hardy Hill faster than ever

before: 80 mph, 90 mph, 100 mph! At the top of the hill, instead of turning left at the bend, Casey turned the wheel to the right with one powerful jerk. The train lunged forward and then flew off the tracks. Casey was now piloting a flying train!

The Cannonball took a shortcut over the valley below. It sailed over the trees. “Hoot, hoot?” asked the owls. It sailed over the farms. “Moo?” asked the cows.

Then the train started to fall toward the ground. Down, down it went. “Steady, girl,” whispered Casey, gripping the wheel so tightly that it cut a hole in his driving gloves.

BOOM! Bing! Thuppa-thuppa! Screech! The train landed right on the track a mile outside of Vaughn. It bucked and leaned, but Casey held her upright. Some of the bags in the baggage car got banged around a bit, and Sim Webb lost his hat (don’t say Casey didn’t warn him), but nothing broke and nobody got hurt.

Chugga-chugga went the Cannonball Express.

Tweet, tweet, tweet went the whistle.

“Here comes Casey and the 382, right on time!” called the people at the station.

“Maybe even a few seconds ahead of schedule,” said Casey.



Reread the Tall Tale

Analyze the Characters and Plot

- Who are the characters in the tall tale?
- Who is the hero? How do you know?
- What challenge does the hero face?
- How does the hero use his strength and skills to deal with the challenge?

Analyze the Tools Writers Use: Onomatopoeia

- On page 105, the author says the train and whistle makes the sounds “*chugga-chugga, chugga-chugga, toot-toot.*” Which sound is the train and which sound is the whistle? How do you know?
- On page 106, the author describes the whistle by writing “*tweet, tweet, tweet.*” What do you see when you hear and read those words?
- On page 106, the author also describes the whistle by writing “*SCREET! SCREET!*” How is this sound different from “*tweet, tweet, tweet*”?

- What did the train sound like when it landed on the track outside of Vaughn? Why did the author use so many words to describe the sound? (page 108)

Focus on Words: Description

Descriptions in the text help readers figure out unfamiliar words. For example, the author describes **crouched** (page 107) as a “bent position, legs beneath him.” Make a chart like the one below. Reread the tall tale to find descriptions and definitions for these story words.

Page	Word	Description	Definition
105	crisscrossed		
106	spitfire		
106	throttle		
106	terrified		
106	douse		

Island Life

It has been fifteen years since the storm destroyed the ship and left the family on the deserted island. At first, life was hard. It took all of the Bartons' ingenuity and courage just to survive. Ultimately, however, they were able to create a way of life that was better than the one they had had before. They learned how to build houses, grow food, make tools, and create games. They also learned how to enjoy one another's company, delight in a cool breeze, and savor a sunset.

Now, after so many years, sailors have found the island and the family. They want to return the Bartons to their former way of living.

They hold a meeting to decide what to do. Grant, the youngest, makes the decision for them. He was only a year old when the shipwreck occurred, and the island is the only home that he has ever known.

But Grant wants to leave and try another way of life.

"We have nothing to fear as long as we're not apart," Grant insists. "We must realize that we have not only survived, but we have also become one." Knowing that nothing can destroy their closeness, the Bartons prepare to leave the island.

Pecos Bill and Sluefoot Sue (Excerpt 1)

Coyote: Howdy! My name is Coyote.

Dixie: And I'm Dixie. We're going to tell you about Pecos Bill and Sluefoot Sue. They are legends from the Old West.

Coyote: The first thing you need to know is how Pecos Bill got his name. When Bill was a little fellow, his family headed west. They rode in a covered wagon.

Dixie: Bill was riding in the back. As they crossed the Pecos River in Texas, the wagon hit a rock. Bill bounced out of the wagon. Splash! He fell into the river.

Coyote: Bill's family didn't see what happened! But it was Bill's lucky day. He was saved by the smartest, bravest animal of all—me.

Dixie: Now, some folks might say a coyote is a dirty, skinny mutt that eats trash—

Coyote: Hey!

Dixie: —but the fact is, Coyote did a right-fine job raising Bill.

Coyote: I called him Pecos Bill, after the river he was found in. And he grew up to be the best cowboy in the West.

Dixie: Why, he could rope a lightning bolt and use it to start his campfire. He could stop a stampede by blinking an eye. And he used a live rattlesnake for a whip.

Coyote: Nobody else could do feats as astounding as Bill's feats. At least that's what everybody thought . . . until the day Bill and his friend Cactus Pete were walking through town . . .

Pecos Bill and Sluefoot Sue (Excerpt 2)

Pecos Bill: Except me, and I ain't married.

Sluefoot Sue: Well, I'm a woman, and I aim to ride that horse. Yee-haw!

Dixie: Sue jumped on Widow-maker. The horse took off like a firecracker in a frying pan.

Coyote: Sue was as strong as ten grown men. She hung on to Widow-maker like a burr on a dog's tail. But Widow-maker finally bucked Sue off. Sue flew up and up, then landed on her rear end.

Sluefoot Sue: Oof!

Dixie: Back in those days, women wore something called a bustle under their skirts. It was like a big spring. When Sue landed on her bustle, she bounced up into the sky like a frog from a slingshot!

Sluefoot Sue: Yee-haw!

Coyote: When she came down, she landed on her bustle again. And *boing!* Up she went again! Down, up, down, up!

Sluefoot Sue: This is more fun than wrestling alligators!

