

Hello everyone,

Here are the texts for your child to choose from to write a literary essay this week. Your child can pick whichever text is most interesting to them or matches their reading level. There is an example literary essay in the lessons document, as well as anchor charts about how to write a literary essay. Maintain a growth mindset and do your best!

Hola todos,

Aquí están los textos de que su hijo/a puede escoger para escribir un ensayo literario esta semana. Su hijo/a puede escoger cualquier texto que le interesa lo más o que mejor conecta con su nivel de lectura. Hay un ejemplo de un ensayo literario en el documento de lecciones, también hay gráficas de cómo escribir un ensayo literario. ¡Mantenga una mentalidad de crecimiento y haz tu mejor!

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The Whys of Weather: The Colors of the Rainbow

by ReadWorks

Adapted from a Native American Legend

Once upon a time all of the colors started to argue. Green, blue, yellow, orange, red, indigo, and violet fought over who was the most beautiful. Each color wanted to be everyone's favorite.

Green spoke first. "Look around you. See the grass and the trees. I am the color of Earth. Without me, no animal could live. Look at the farms in the countryside. Look at the forests. I am more places on Earth than any of you."

Blue broke in with a joke. "You are only Green with envy." All of the colors laughed. Blue was the friendliest of the colors. He continued, "You may be on land, but think of me! I am the color of the ocean and the sky. I am the water people drink and the air they breathe. I am the rain that makes trees and flowers grow. I bring kindness and serenity."

Yellow danced around and said, "Yes! You may be the color of the sky, but the sky would never be blue without me! I splash the world with puddles of sunlight, not rain! I bring happiness. Without me, Green, your grass would never grow. I am sunflowers, sunshine, and smiles!"

Orange came next. In a very serious voice, Orange said, "Yellow, you play too much. I am the most beautiful. Who has never paused to see a beautiful sunset? I bring happiness at the end of the day. I am rare, but precious, like a great gem."

Then Red interrupted with a yell, "Listen to me! I am strength! I am power in battle. I am the color of blood that pumps in the heart and brings life. I am fire and passion. Who could ever fall in love without red? Who could ever smell the beautiful rose?"

Purple spoke and everyone listened. Purple was very respected among the colors. "Colors, I am the color of royalty. My depth is great. I combine the power of Red with the kindness of Blue. Through the ages, I have been the color of wisdom."

Finally, the timid voice of Indigo joined the conversation. Indigo was quiet, but determined. "I, too, am important. I am the color that fills the sky before blackness. I am the color in the depths of the sea. The deepest thoughts are shaded Indigo. I bring philosophy."

The colors kept quarreling. They all started speaking at once. Rain heard the noise and became angry. He made lightning crash from the sky. All the colors huddled together in fear. Rain scolded the colors: "What are you fighting about? You are all special. You are all different. None of you is the best. Without all of the colors, the world would be sad."

Rain told the colors to hold hands as a sign that they were friends again. But Rain would not let the colors forget his lesson. From then on, after big storms, Rain made the colors join hands in the sky. In the rainbow, all the colors are together as a symbol of peace and hope.

The Fable of the Lion and the Hare

This text is provided courtesy of OLogy, the American Museum of Natural History's website for kids.



Photo Credit: © American Museum of Natural History

In ancient times, a ferocious lion lived in the forest, killing without remorse. The other animals were terrified. To stop the lion's deadly hunts, some animals offered to provide him with food each day. Some animals would still die, of course, but the rest would live in peace. The lion agreed and enjoyed months of the easy life. One day it was the hare's turn to present himself to the lion. Although small, the hare was very crafty.

"Lion, lion," the hare cried out as he approached. "Help me, help me! Another lion is trying to eat me. But I am to be your dinner! You must stop him!"

Furious that someone was trying to steal his food, the lion demanded, "Take me to the thief. I will make him pay for this mischief!"

The hare and the lion made their way through the forest, eventually reaching the deep well. There the lion looked down and saw his own reflection in the water. Thinking he had found the creature who tried to steal his food, the lion jumped down, ready to fight. Alas, the lion never came out of that well, and the animals lived in peace from that day on.

The Ants and the Grasshopper

From "Aesop's Fables"

One bright day in late autumn a family of Ants was bustling about in the warm sunshine, drying out the grain they had stored up during the summer, when a starving Grasshopper, his fiddle under his arm, came up and humbly begged for a bite to eat.



"What!" cried the Ants in surprise. "Haven't you stored anything away for the winter? What in the world were you doing all last summer?"

"I didn't have time to store up any food," whined the Grasshopper. "I was so busy making music that before I knew it the summer was gone."

The Ants shrugged their shoulders in disgust.

"Making music, were you?" they cried. "Very well; now dance!" And they turned their backs on the Grasshopper and went on with their work.

There's a time for work and a time for play.

The Fox and the Crow

by Aesop

From "Aesop's Fables"

One bright morning as the Fox was following his sharp nose through the wood in search of a bite to eat, he saw a Crow on the limb of a tree overhead. This was by no means the first Crow the Fox had ever seen. What caught his attention this time and made him stop for a second look, was that the lucky Crow held a bit of cheese in her beak.

"No need to search any farther," thought sly Master Fox. "Here is a dainty bite for my breakfast."

Up he trotted to the foot of the tree in which the Crow was sitting, and looking up admiringly, he cried, "Good-morning, beautiful creature!"

The Crow, her head cocked on one side, watched the Fox suspiciously. But she kept her beak tightly closed on the cheese and did not return his greeting.

"What a charming creature she is!" said the Fox. "How her feathers shine! What a beautiful form and what splendid wings! Such a wonderful Bird should have a very lovely voice, since everything else about her is so perfect. Could she sing just one song, I know I should hail her Queen of Birds."

Listening to these flattering words, the Crow forgot all her suspicion, and also her breakfast. She wanted very much to be called Queen of Birds. So she opened her beak wide to utter her loudest caw, and down fell the cheese straight into the Fox's open mouth.

"Thank you," said Master Fox sweetly, as he walked off. "Though it is cracked, you have a voice sure enough. But where are your wits?"

The flatterer lives at the expense of those who will listen to him.