

**Current 3rd Grade,
Rising 4th Grade
Summer Life's Work**
2020

Name _____

READING Log



Daily Reading Log

Student Name: _____

Every student must read or have a book read to him or her for at least **twenty (20) minutes each night**-- including holidays and weekends. Family members should be sure to fill in the following information each night. Then check their homework to ensure that it is neat and complete.

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READING COMPREHENSION



READ ALL OF HUMPHREY'S ADVENTURES!

The World According to Humphrey

Friendship According to Humphrey

Trouble According to Humphrey

Surprises According to Humphrey

Adventure According to Humphrey

Summer According to Humphrey

School Days According to Humphrey

Mysteries According to Humphrey

Winter According to Humphrey

Friendship according to Humphrey



Betty G. Birney

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ALWAYS LEARNING

PEARSON

To Jane Birney de Leeuw,
sister and friend,

and to Humphrey's BEST-BEST-BEST friend
and editor, Susan Kochan



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Strange Change

BUMP-BUMP-BUMP!

Mrs. Brisbane and I were headed back to Longfellow School after the long winter holiday. But there were a lot more bumps in the road since the last time I rode in her small blue station wagon.

"Now, Humphrey," Mrs. Brisbane said. She was interrupted by another BUMP! "Don't be surprised." BUMP! "If there are a few changes." BUMP! "In Room Twenty-six." BUMP!

My stomach felt slightly queasy as I hung on tightly to my ladder, so I had a hard time understanding what she was telling me. What did she mean by "changes"?

"While you were home with Bert." BUMP! "I came back to school to get things all set."

I was home with her husband, Bert, a lot over the holidays, and as much as I like him, I was worn-out from running mazes a couple of times a day. Mr. Brisbane loves to watch me run mazes. At least back in school, I could catch forty winks once in a while. And since I am a classroom hamster, I belong in the classroom.

My stomach calmed down a bit as Mrs. Brisbane pulled her car into a parking space.

"Now, what about these changes?" I asked, but it came out as "Squeak-squeak-squeak," as usual.

"It's good to shake things up once in a while, Humphrey," Mrs. Brisbane assured me as she opened the car door. "You'll see."

I was already shaken up from the bumpy ride. Then a blast of icy wind made me shiver and I couldn't see a thing because Mrs. Brisbane had thrown a wool scarf over my cage. I didn't mind, as long as I was on the way back to my classroom, where I'd see all my friends again. Just thinking about them gave me a warm feeling. Or maybe it was the heat from the school furnace as we walked in the front door.

"Hi, Suel Are we on for today?" a familiar voice called out. I couldn't see Miss Loomis, but I recognized her voice. Miss Loomis taught a class down the hall. She was also Mrs. Brisbane's friend.

"Sure, Angie. How about after morning recess?"

"See you then," said Miss Loomis.

Finally, Mrs. Brisbane set my cage down in Room 26 and removed the scarf. When she did, I was in for a shock. Something unspeakable had happened to my classroom! For one thing, the tables faced the wrong direction. They used to point toward the front of the room. Now they were sideways.

Instead of being arranged in neat rows like before, the tables were clumped together in groups. Mrs. Brisbane's

desk had moved to the corner of the room. Pictures of people I'd never seen before replaced the happy snowmen that had covered the bulletin board in December.

I was so dizzy from all the changes, I didn't notice the room filling up until Lower-Your-Voice-A.J. yelled, "Hiya, Humphrey!" as he came out of the cloakroom.

Soon, my other friends stopped by to say hello.

"Did you have a good vacation?" asked Miranda Golden. Miranda is an almost perfect human. That's why I think of her as Golden-Miranda.

"My mother says to tell you hi," Speak-Up-Sayeh said in her sweet, soft voice.

"Hey, Humphrey-Dumpty," Garth shouted. That made Gail snicker, but I didn't mind. She laughed at everything.

At that moment, the bell rang. "Class, look for your names and please take your seats now," Mrs. Brisbane said.

There was a lot of thumping and bumping as my classmates located their new seats. Now I had a better view of some of the students who used to sit on the opposite side of the room, like Don't-Complain-Mandy Payne, Sit-Still-Seth Stevenson and I-Heard-That-Kirk Chen. Maybe it is good to shake things up once in a while.

Then I noticed something odd. There was a stranger in Room 26, sitting near Sayeh, Gail and Kirk.

"Mrs. Brisbane, she doesn't belong here!" I squeaked out loud. "She's in the wrong room!"

Maybe Mrs. Brisbane didn't hear me.

"Class, as you can see, we're making some changes this year. And one of our changes is our brand-new pupil," the teacher announced. "Come here, Tabitha."

The new girl seemed SCARED-SCARED-SCARED as she got up and stood next to Mrs. Brisbane. "This is Tabitha Clark and I want you all to welcome her. Tabitha, why don't you tell us something about yourself?" The new girl looked down and shook her head. Mrs. Brisbane quickly turned back to the class. "We'll do that later. Now, who would like to be in charge of showing Tabitha around today?"

"Me!" a voice called out. Of course, it was Raise-Your-Hand-Heidi Hopper, who always forgets to raise her hand.

"Hands, please, Heidi. I think Mandy had her hand up first. Mandy, you will be Tabitha's buddy. I expect each of you to introduce yourself to Tabitha and include her in your activities." She turned to the girl. "I know you'll make a lot of good friends in Room Twenty-six. You may sit down now."

The girl kept staring down at the floor as she returned to her seat. She looked as if she needed a friend. I was so busy watching her, I only half listened to what Mrs. Brisbane was saying. Was she really talking about "poultry"?

"After all, this is Longfellow School," she said. "And as I hope you know, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was a famous American poet."

Poetry! Nothing to do with chickens or turkeys, thank goodness. I have to admit, I'm a little scared of things with feathers, ever since my early days at Pet-O-Rama. I still have nightmares about the day a large green parrot escaped and flung himself at my cage, screeching, "Yum, yum! Time to eat! Bawkl!" He was still shrieking as Carl, the store clerk, carried him away.

That unpleasant memory was interrupted when someone blurted, "I'm a poet and I don't know it. My feet show it—they're *long fellows*."

"I-Heard-That-Kirk," said Mrs. Brisbane. "Now, as I was saying, much of this term will be spent reading and writing poetry."

The groans were loud. I guess some people are afraid of poetry, even without feathers.

Seth squirmed in his seat and pretended to pound his head on the table. "Poetry," he moaned.

"Sit-Still-Seth," said Mrs. Brisbane.

Sitting still wasn't easy for Seth. Now that he was practically right in front of me, I could see him wiggling and jiggling in his chair, which made Gail Morgenstern laugh.

"Stop-Giggling-Gail!" Mrs. Brisbane warned.

Gail stopped giggling and started hiccuping.

"Please, go get a drink of water," Mrs. Brisbane told her. She turned to the new girl. "Tabitha, please put that toy away."

Everybody stared at Tabitha, including me. She was cradling a scruffy stuffed bear in her arms. The gray bear

had cotton coming out of his ears and wore washed-out blue overalls with a button missing. Even his smile seemed a little faded.

"Now, please," said Mrs. Brisbane.

It was quiet in the room, thank goodness. I'm afraid if Gail had been there, we would have heard peals of laughter and heaps of hiccups!

Tabitha slid the shabby bear into the slot in her table without a word.

Right about then, Principal Morales marched through the door.

"Sorry for interrupting, Mrs. Brisbane. I just want to personally welcome you all back to school!"

The principal looked spiffy with a tie that had little pencils all over it. He always wore a tie because he was the Most Important Person at Longfellow School.

"Thank you, Mr. Morales," said Mrs. Brisbane. "We have a new student, Tabitha Clark, and a whole new setup for our class, as you can see."

"Welcome, Tabitha," said the principal. "I'm sure you'll love it here in Room Twenty-six. I'm glad to see that our friend Humphrey is back as well."

He walked all the way across the classroom to my cage.

"GLAD TO SEE YOU!" I squeaked in my loudest squeak.

"Hi, old pal," he greeted me. He turned back to the rest of the class. "You can all learn a lot from Humphrey. And I wish you a very successful semester."

After he left, I turned my attention back to Tabitha. She was still staring straight down. I couldn't see her face clearly, but it was almost as red as her copper-colored hair. I guess I watched her a long time, because suddenly, the recess bell rang.

"Come on, Tabitha, let's get our coats," Mandy said. Tabitha slipped the stuffed bear into her pocket and followed Mandy to the cloakroom.

As soon as the students were gone, Miss Loomis bustled into the room. Two pink dots of excitement colored her cheeks and her curls bounced in all directions.

"Are you ready? Should we do it?" she asked Mrs. Brisbane excitedly.

"Why not?" my teacher answered. "I'll make room for him now."

They walked over to the table in front of the window where my cage sits.

"Sure, he'll fit right here," said Miss Loomis, pointing to a spot near my house.

Mrs. Brisbane slid some of my supplies down to the end of the table. "Now, you're sure he's not a lot of trouble?"

"Oh, no. Not nearly as much trouble as a hamster," Miss Loomis answered.

WHAT-WHAT-WHAT? Not nearly as much trouble as a hamster! Since when have I caused any trouble in Room 26? Since when did I not totally dedicate myself to helping my classmates and teacher? Surprisingly, Mrs. Brisbane didn't correct her. I was about to squeak up for

myself when the bell rang again and Miss Loomis scurried out of the room.

I wondered *who* wasn't as much trouble as I am. "He," Miss Loomis had said.

He who? Curiosity made my whiskers twitch and my paws tingle.

My fur was practically standing on end as the tables filled up. I saw Tabitha slip her bear out of her pocket. Heidi saw it, too, and rolled her eyes at Gail, who almost giggled but managed to stop herself.

"Now, class, I told you there were some changes in our room this year," Mrs. Brisbane announced. "Another of the changes is a brand-new classroom pet. I think he'll add a lot to Room Twenty-six."

New classroom pet? Why did she want a new classroom pet when she already had a wonderful, terrific—okay, perfect—classroom pet, namely me? Was I being replaced?

Miss Loomis entered, carrying a large glass tank. I couldn't see what it was because my classmates were standing up, craning their necks, *ooh-ing* and *ahh-ing*, and chattering away.

"It's a frog!" shouted Heidi.

Miss Loomis set the glass box right next to my cage. Now I could see some water, rocks, and something green and REALLY-REALLY-REALLY lumpy.

"Meet our new frog," said Mrs. Brisbane. "Miss Loomis will tell you about him."

"Well, boys and girls, as you may know, we have a

frog in our classroom. His name is George and he's a bullfrog. Right before the holidays, one of our students brought in this frog to keep George company. We named him Og the Frog. Unfortunately, George didn't like Og. And being a bullfrog, George let us know he didn't like Og by making a *lot* of noise. That upset Og, I guess, because he would leap and splash all day long while George was croaking."

My classmates laughed, but I didn't. On the one paw, I could see why George didn't want another frog to compete with. On the other paw, croaking at Og wasn't a very friendly way to act.

"With all the noise, we were having trouble getting any work done at all," Miss Loomis continued. "So I asked Mrs. Brisbane if your class would like to have Og, and she said yes. He's a very quiet frog. Do you like him?"

My friends all yelled, "YES!" Everyone except Tabitha, who was secretly petting her little bear.

Somebody went "Ribbit-ribbit" in a funny croaking voice. It wasn't the frog.

"I-Heard-That-Kirk. That's quite enough. Og can provide the sound effects from now on. I think he'll make a nice friend for Humphrey," Mrs. Brisbane said.

A friend for me? At least he wasn't my replacement—*whew!* But I was already friends with every single person in Room 26, so she didn't really need to find me another one. Still, I didn't want to act unfriendly, the way George had.

After Miss Loomis left, Mrs. Brisbane let the students have a closer look at Og.

Seth tapped at the glass.

"Don't do that, Seth," the teacher warned him.

"You'll frighten him."

"He doesn't seem frightened of anything," Miranda observed.

"I think he's smiling," added Kirk. "That must mean he's *hoppy*."

For once, Gail didn't giggle, which seemed to bother Kirk. "Get it? Hoppy? Happy?" he tried to explain.

Gail rolled her eyes and groaned, which didn't make Kirk hoppy at all.

Mrs. Brisbane called to the new girl. "Come see Og, Tabitha."

Tabitha stared down at her table and shook her head no.

"Come on, Tabitha!" Mandy sounded impatient.

Again, Tabitha shook her head.

"She hasn't wanted to do anything all day!" Mandy grumbled.

"Mandy . . .," Mrs. Brisbane warned her.

"Is he really a frog?" Richie stared hard at Og, who stared right back. "Don't frogs live in water?"

"Some do," said Mrs. Brisbane. "And some frogs live in trees. Og is a common green frog. He likes to live near the water, but not in it. That's why he has a tank that's half land and half water."

A common green frog didn't sound very interesting,

but Og had certainly attracted the attention of my classmates.

"Can I take care of Og?" A.J. asked loudly.

"Lower-Your-Voice-A.J.," said Mrs. Brisbane. "We will all take care of him."

Once the students returned to their seats, Mrs. Brisbane held up a book on the care of frogs. "We'll have to study this," she explained. "Taking care of Og will be quite different from caring for Humphrey. After all, Humphrey is a warm-blooded mammal. Og is a cold-blooded amphibian."

Amphibian! That's nothing like a mammal. The very word made my warm blood run cold! I hoped that she would never, ever put that word on a spelling test.

Mrs. Brisbane looked through the book. "Aha," she said. "It says that the common green frog is a medium-sized frog with a calm nature. It makes a distinctive twanging sound."

"BOING!"

I almost fell off my ladder. What on earth could that noise be?

Then I heard another sound: the laughter of my classmates.

"That certainly is a distinctive twanging sound," said Mrs. Brisbane, looking puzzled.

"BOING!" This time, the noise was clearly coming from the frog. What kind of way is that to talk? Aren't frogs supposed to say "Ribbit"?

Mrs. Brisbane turned toward Og's glass box. "Thank you for the demonstration, Og."

Then I heard: "Boing-boing-boing!" It didn't come from the frog this time.

"I-Heard-That-Kirk Chen," said the teacher. She continued to talk on and on about amphibians and their life cycle.

"What does he eat?" Heidi called out.

"Hands, please, Heidi," said Mrs. Brisbane wearily.

"Mostly insects. Miss Loomis gave me a container of crickets."

"Cool!" said Kirk.

Everybody else in the class groaned. "Ewwwww!"

When I finished gagging, I squeaked, "LIVE insects?"

Not that anyone was listening to me. Especially not Og, who calmly sat there doing absolutely nothing.



At the end of the day, as the students gathered up their books and coats and filed past our table, at least half of them said, "Bye, Og," or "Catch you later, Oggy."

Not one of my classmates said good-bye to me. I guess they all forgot.

Mandy stayed for a minute after class. "Mrs. Brisbane, you told me to be friendly to that new girl, but she isn't very friendly back."

"Don't-Complain-Mandy," said the teacher. "It's not easy to be the new kid in the classroom. Put yourself in her shoes. Give her some time. After all, we've got the whole semester ahead of us."

A whole semester ahead of us—and I had to spend it with a frog?

Mrs. Brisbane had shaken things up all right. And I felt queasy all over again.

"The better part of one's life consists of his friendships."

Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth president of the United States



Upset Pet

I'd had bad days before. The worst day was when Ms. Mac left. She was the substitute teacher who found me at Pet-O-Rama and brought me to Room 26. She almost broke my heart by moving to Brazil, which is so far away.

I'd also overcome problems before. Like getting Mrs. Brisbane and her husband, Bert, to go from not liking me to liking me a WHOLE-WHOLE-WHOLE lot.

But I'd never had a problem like this: how to make friends with a frog. Back in my early days at Pet-O-Rama, I'd met guinea pigs, mice, rats, gerbils and chinchillas in the Small Pet Department. If there were frogs around, they must have been over with the fish and less interesting pets.

After school was over, Mrs. Brisbane gathered up her coat, gloves and books, walked over to Og and me and said, "Well, fellows, you're on your own tonight. Have fun!"

And with that, she left.

I recalled the first night I was alone in Room 26. As it slowly got dark outside, I slowly got scared inside. I would have liked a friend to talk to that night. Maybe Og felt the same way. Like Tabitha, Og was new to the class, and I thought I should try and make friends with him. Mrs. Brisbane had said it's not easy to be new. You should always listen to your teacher.

"Don't worry, Og," I squeaked to him. "They'll all be back tomorrow. And Aldo will be here later."

I waited for an answer. All I heard was silence. I knew he probably couldn't understand me. Still, I'd learned to understand what humans said, and for the most part, they seemed to understand me when I chose to squeak up. Surely I could do as well with a frog. I decided to try again.

"CAN YOU HEAR ME?" I squeaked as loudly as possible.

Either he couldn't hear me or he was just plain rude. I couldn't see him all that well from my cage, what with my wheel, my ladders, tree branches, sleeping house and mirror. Since I knew Aldo wouldn't come in to clean the room for hours, I decided to introduce myself. As an experienced (and well-loved) classroom pet, I could share my wealth of knowledge about the schedule, the students and the studies in Room 26. Og could come to me for advice whenever he wanted.

After all, you can learn a lot by taking care of another species, as Ms. Mac told me. Surely that included frogs.

I easily opened the door to my cage. It has a lock-

that-doesn't-lock. However, I'm the only one who knows about it. To humans, it looks like it's tightly latched, but trust me, it's not.

"I'm coming over, Og," I announced.

Again, there was no response. I scampered over to meet my new roommate anyway.

The glass tank had a big dish of water on one side and pebbles and plants on the other. There was a screen over the top. Sitting under a large green plant was a large green lump.

I tiptoed over close to the glass and peered in.

The lump was even uglier than I first thought. At least compared to me. After all, I am a Golden Hamster with soft fur, dark, inquisitive eyes and a little pink nose. Intelligent humans such as Miranda Golden and Sayeh Nasiri have told me I am cute.

This Og-thing, on the other hand, was a sickening shade of green with bulging eyes and not a bit of fur on him. Even worse, he had a huge mouth—as wide as his whole body—that curved up at the ends as if he were grinning. He didn't look happy, just creepy. I tried not to shudder.

"Allow me to introduce myself. I am your neighbor, Humphrey," I squeaked as politely as possible.

No answer. Maybe he couldn't hear me. After all, he didn't have cute rounded ears like me. He didn't seem to have ears at all. But at least he could see I was acting in a friendly manner.

"OG?" Stepping closer, I squeaked a bit louder this

time. "Even though we don't know each other, I'm happy to extend the paw of friendship—"

Then, with no warning at all, Og lunged right at me and let out a very loud "Boing!"

I must have leaped a foot backward! Og couldn't get through the glass, but goodness, he startled me!

"I was only trying to be friendly," I told him, backing up toward my cage.

"Boing!" He sounded like a broken guitar string.

I sneaked a peek at him. Was that grin a leer? Or a sneer?

My heart was still pounding as I darted back into my cage and slammed the door behind me. Some friend Og was, scaring me like that!

I tried to put myself in his shoes, like Mrs. Brisbane said, but he didn't wear any. Neither did I, for that matter.

I grabbed the tiny notebook and pencil from behind my mirror. Ms. Mac gave them to me. No one in Room 26 knew about them. No one knew I could read and write. Writing helps me sort out my thoughts. And I had a lot of thoughts rolling around my brain that night—not all of them nice.



I scribbled away for several hours and Og was pretty quiet, except for some annoying splashing. Goodness, I can manage to groom myself and get a drink of water without making that much noise!

Suddenly, the room filled with blazing light and I

heard a familiar CLANG-CLANG-CLANG. It was the Longfellow School custodian, Aldo Arnato.

"Be of good cheer 'cause Aldo's here!" a voice announced.

"Aldo! My friend!" I squeaked as I jumped on my wheel and began spinning happily.

Aldo parked his cleaning cart near the door and clumped over to my cage.

"Happy New Year, Humphrey! You're looking handsome and healthy," he told me.

Aldo is a true friend!

"And you, the same," I squeaked back.

"Who's your buddy?" Aldo glanced at Og. "Hey, I know you. The frog from down the hall. What are you doing here?"

"You don't want to know!" I squeaked.

Aldo turned back to me. "Calm down, pal, I brought you something." He reached into his pocket and unwrapped the most beautiful tiny tomato I've ever seen. I could have cried.

"Thanks, Aldo," I squeaked as I tucked the treat in my cheek pouch.

"You're welcome, Humphrey." Aldo looked over at Og again. "Sorry, I don't know what frogs eat."

"You don't want to know that, either!" I assured him. Aldo grabbed a paper bag and pulled a chair up close to me. "May I join you for dinner?" he asked.

He didn't need to ask. We'd shared many happy evenings while he took his dinner break. I took a deep

breath. Aldo gave off a pleasant smell of chalk dust and pine spray. He smelled the way I imagined a forest smells. Somewhere, WAY-WAY-WAY back in time, wild hamsters must have lived in forests, down in sweet earthy piles of rotting leaves and fallen pinecones. Yep, Aldo smelled like home!

"Mind if we have a little talk?" he asked.

Of course I didn't. I'd been trying to get old lumpy to talk all evening.

"I got something to tell you, Humph. Remember how I gave my girlfriend, Maria, an engagement ring for Christmas? Well, I've got bigger news. On New Year's Day, she and I ran off and got married!" He held up his left hand. A gold band glittered on one finger.

"I hope you'll be HAPPY-HAPPY-HAPPY!" I squeaked with delight.

"Thanks, pal. I know I told you that you'd be at my wedding, but we decided to get hitched quietly. You understand?" he asked.

Naturally I squeaked, "Yes." After all, I'd helped them get together in the first place. And when I met Maria, she was as nice as Aldo.

"Yep, I'm an old married man now. Real happy. But I've started thinking, Humphrey. I like this job, but it doesn't pay a whole lot." Aldo paused to chew a bite of his sandwich. "I'd like to have kids and a house and maybe raise a couple of hamsters of my own."

Fine with me, as long as he didn't raise any frogs.

"I sure would love to have my evenings free to spend

with my family. Pal, I've got to find a way to get a better job," Aldo continued.

"You can do it!" I squeaked.

Aldo was quieter than usual as he finished his dinner. I spun on my wheel to entertain him, but he was lost in thought. Finally, he folded up his bag.

"Guess I'm not good company tonight, Humphrey. I bet that frog makes better conversation than I do."

"Fat chance," I squeaked.



After Aldo cleaned the room and left, I did some thinking. Personally, I believed Aldo was already as fine a human as I've ever seen. I'd miss him if he worked somewhere else. But he was my friend, so if he wanted a better job, I wanted to help him.

I started jotting down ideas in my notebook and lost track of time. Later, I heard splashing. I'd almost forgotten about you-know-who next door.

"Hey, what's shaking, Og?" I called out to him. Maybe he'd thought over his bad behavior and wanted to apologize for his bad manners.

There was no reply, just splash-splash-splash. Personally, the idea of being covered in water is disgusting to me. I prefer to groom myself the time-honored way: using the tongue, teeth, paws and toenails. I thoroughly clean myself every day. The students in Room 26 love to watch me. At least they did before google-eyes came along.

Still, if I had to share a table with him, I figured I

might TRY-TRY-TRY again to be friendly. "Having a nice bath?" I asked.

There was no answer. Not even another splash. But there was another sound: the crickets. So they were alive after all!

Og *would* have to eat noisy food. My Nutri-Nibbles and Mighty Mealworms didn't make a sound until I crunched down on them. But the crickets—whom I actually felt sorry for—made a funny singing song: "Chirrup, chirrup!" Apparently, they were nocturnal, like me.

It was going to be a long night with noisy crickets and a silent frog. I hopped on my wheel and tried to spin my irritation away.

It didn't work.

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."

Ralph Waldo Emerson, American poet and essayist



Sad-Mad-Bad

I'll tell you how the whole week went: TERRIBLE-TERRIBLE-TERRIBLE! It must have been National Frog Appreciation Week, because frogs were all we talked about in Room 26.

First, Mrs. Brisbane taught everybody how to take care of Og. The students gathered around as she put on rubber gloves, picked up the insect container and sprinkled a few into Og's tank. She didn't seem too happy about the crickets, which turned out to be quite large and ugly. The way they leaped around the tank, no wonder Og went "Boing!"

"Did you see his tongue?" A.J. bellowed. "It must be a foot long!"

"Oooh, he ate one!" Heidi squealed.

"Gross!" said Seth as Og's tongue grabbed the rest of the crickets.

"I want to pet him," said Mandy. Before anyone could stop her, she slid the top off the tank, reached down and picked up the big lump of frog.

"No, Mandy!" said Mrs. Brisbane. But it was too late. "He peed on me!" Mandy shrieked, dropping Og back into his tank. Not that I blamed her. What unspeakably bad manners! Is that any way for a classroom pet to act?

Seth jumped back, shaking his hands. "Oooh!"

Gail giggled, of course, as did everyone else.

"Wash your hands with plenty of soap and hot water," Mrs. Brisbane told Mandy. To the rest of the class, she said, "That's what frogs do when they're frightened. We must all be gentle with poor Og. If you have to touch him, you must wear gloves. Pick him up by the shoulder blades and never squeeze his stomach or you'll hurt him."

She ordered my classmates back to their seats (not including Mandy, who was washing her hands). Then we had to learn more frog facts. They don't start out as cute, furry little babies like hamsters. NO-NO-NO! They start out as funny little tadpoles, then grow into ugly-looking pollywogs and end up as big, lumpy frogs with bulgy eyes.

For some strange reason, everyone was fascinated with frogs, except Tabitha and me. She paid more attention to her stuffed bear than to anything else in class.

I overheard Mandy complain to the other girls that Tabitha wasn't very friendly. "I tried to get her to play at recess, but she wasn't interested in anything besides that old bear. She's a big baby."

Sayeh murmured, "Maybe she's shy." I was pleased

that Sayeh had learned to speak up. But the other girls decided Tabitha was just unfriendly.

Like someone else who was new to Room 26.



After so much frog talk, Mrs. Brisbane moved on to the subject of poetry.

First, we read a scary poem about a tiger. We also read a poem about a bee, followed by a silly poem about a purple cow. Some poems rhyme and some don't. But there are a lot of rhyming words, like "moon" and "June," and "cat" and "rat." (Funny that those last two words rhyme, isn't it?)

At night, while Og stared into space, I made lists of rhyming words in my notebook. Better than trying to talk to him, as he continued to give me the silent treatment.

Jumpy, bumpy, grumpy, lumpy. Funny that those words rhyme, too!

After a few days spent reading poems, Mrs. Brisbane said it was time for us to write our own poems. There were louder groans than the first time she mentioned poetry. Mrs. Brisbane held up her hand, which meant everybody had to be quiet.

"All of this is in preparation for Valentine's Day, when our class will present a Poetry Festival for all the parents. Each of you will recite a poem you wrote or one you like." There were no groans now. In fact, some of the students looked excited. Even Pay-Attention-Art Patel was paying attention.

Mrs. Brisbane explained that our assignment was to

write a poem about an animal, at least six lines long, with words that rhymed.

Mandy raised her hand and the teacher called on her. "My name rhymes with 'candy cane,'" she proudly announced.

Mrs. Brisbane smiled. "That's right. 'Mandy Payne' rhymes with 'candy cane.' Does anyone else have a rhyming name?"

"'Richie' rhymes with 'itchy!'" A.J. blurted out.

"What?" asked Repeat-It-Please-Richie.

Words were flying through my brain. Humphrey-pumphrey-dumphrey-lumphrey.

"'Gail' rhymes with 'hail!'" Heidi forgot to raise her hand again.

"And 'fail,'" Kirk muttered.

"I-Heard-That-Kirk Chen," said Mrs. Brisbane.

"Well, 'Kirk' rhymes with 'jerk,'" said Heidi, who was always ready to defend her best friend, Gail.

"Please, no more," Mrs. Brisbane said firmly. "'Kirk' also rhymes with 'work.' So let's get back to work."

I never saw my classmates work so hard before. Richie chewed on his pencil, Seth jiggled his leg, Heidi erased more than she wrote, Kirk scratched his head and Miranda wrote and wrote and wrote. Then she stopped writing and raised her hand.

"Mrs. Brisbane, can you think of anything that rhymes with 'hamster?'" she asked.

"Let's throw that one out to the class," said the teacher. "Anyone?"

Leave it to Golden-Miranda to ask such a good ques-

tion. It got everybody thinking, because it was so quiet, you could have heard a pencil drop. Two pencils did drop, in fact.

"How about 'gangster'?" a voice called out.

"Raise-Your-Hand-Heidi." Mrs. Brisbane walked to the board. "How about that, class? Does 'HAMster' rhyme with 'GANGster'?"

She wrote the words on the board and repeated them. "Hear that? They don't have quite the same sound, do they?"

Well, I would hope not! Gangsters are bad guys and I am definitely a good guy.

"Maybe you'd better find another word to rhyme," the teacher instructed.

"Try 'Humphrey'!" I squeaked in encouragement. There had to be something that rhymed.

"Try 'frog'!" shouted A.J.

"Lower-Your-Voice-A.J.," Mrs. Brisbane reminded him.

"And raise your hand," added Heidi.

Mrs. Brisbane shook her head, then began to write words on the board as my classmates shouted them out. Dog, fog, log, slog, clog and more.

Nothing rhymed with "hamster," but everything rhymed with "frog." How depressing! I wondered how many words rhyme with "sad"? Like "mad" and "bad."



After recess, it was Miranda's turn to clean my cage. She always does an extra-good job of cleaning my potty corner and changing my water and bedding. And she al-

ways has a special treat for me, like a piece of cauliflower. Yum.

"Sorry, Humphrey. I tried to write a poem about you," she told me. "I think I'm going to have to write about Clem instead."

Clem was Miranda's dog, the one who tried to eat me when I stayed at her house. How Golden-Miranda could put up with Clem was beyond me.

That night, I wrote my very first poem ever. I asked Og if he wanted to hear it. His silence wasn't too encouraging, but I decided to read it anyway.

When Ms. Mac left me for Brazil,

She made me SAD-SAD-SAD.

When Clem the dog was mean to me,

I felt real MAD-MAD-MAD.

Now Og's moved in and he has got me

Feeling BAD-BAD-BAD.

In fact, this is the worst week

I ever HAD-HAD-HAD!

I waited to hear Og applaud or at least give me a grudging "Boing." I heard only silence. When I glanced over at my neighbor, he was grinning from ear to ear. Or he would have been if he had ears. Somehow, his smile didn't cheer me up at all.



I felt better the following day, though, because it was Friday. That meant I would get a little break from Room 26 and the green and grumpy lump. Every weekend, a different student took me home, and I'd had many wonderful adventures with my classmates and their families. I'd even gone home with Principal Morales!

This week, I was going home with Wait-For-The-Bell-Garth Tugwell. He'd wanted to take me home for a long time.

"Can I take Og home, too?" asked Garth.

"I think Og can stay here," Mrs. Brisbane answered.

"Frogs don't need to eat every day, except when they're young."

Funny, I didn't feel quite so sad-mad-bad anymore.



"Can't your mom pick us up?" A.J. asked Garth after school.

I couldn't see him, but I could hear him as we waited outside for the bus. I had a blanket over my cage because it was cold outside. I didn't mind, though, as long as I was FAR-FAR-FAR away from Og. (Who hadn't even tried to say "good-bye" to me.)

"My dad said not to bother her. She's been sick," said Garth. "Couldn't your mom pick us up?"

"I wish." A.J. sighed. "She has to pick up my sister from kindergarten and put the baby down for a nap."

"Did you tell your folks about Bean?" asked Garth.

At least I thought he said "Bean." Things sounded a little muffled under the blanket.

"Naw," said A.J. "Last time I said somebody was picking on me, my dad signed me up for boxing lessons. I hated people punching me. It was worse than being picked on."

I tried to sort out what A.J. meant about getting picked on. By a bean? By a boxing bean? I didn't have time to figure it out before the bus arrived.

"Here goes," said Garth, lifting my cage. "Let's stick together, no matter what."

"Okay. Be sure to sit in front by Miss Victoria," whispered A.J. "That's the safest."

By the shuffling and scuffling sounds, I could tell that we were on the bus. Luckily, a corner of the blanket slipped down and I could see Miss Victoria, the bus driver, glancing over her shoulder.

"Keep moving, guys," she said in a firm voice. "Whoa, ladies, one of you has to go. Can't have three in a seat." Three first-grade girls were huddled together in the seat right behind the bus driver. "We're not moving until one of you goes. You move, Beth."

The girl on the end timidly got up and started down the aisle, nervously looking back at her friends.

"Keep going, folks," Miss Victoria snapped.

Suddenly—BOOM! The girl named Beth fell down flat on the floor right in front of us. Her books slid around the floor in all directions.

The bus was quiet as Beth lay there until somebody said, "Hey, klutz, you dropped something!" That was followed by a nasty snicker.

"You tripped her," said A.J. in a voice not quite as loud as usual.

"Says you, A.J.! What do those letters stand for, anyway? Awful Jerk?"

I crawled over to the side of the cage to see who was speaking. He was BIG-BIG-BIG for a kid. He had spiky hair and a scowl on his face.

As Garth and A.J. bent over to help Beth pick up her books, Miss Victoria called to the back of the bus.

"Garth and A.J., if you don't sit down so I can get moving, I'm going to report you two."

"Yeah, Garth Bugwart, sit down," the big kid sneered.

"I'm going to tell," Beth said softly.

"Don't!" A.J. whispered back. "Bean will only get worse."

So this was the scary Bean they were talking about! Beth slid into a seat with all her books. Just as A.J. stepped forward, Bean struck his leg into the aisle. So that's how he had tripped her! After A.J. managed to step over it, Garth and I (in my cage) were standing right next to Mr. Nasty.

"What's in the cage, Bugface? Your lunch?" He snorted a few times, but no one else on the bus laughed.

"Or is that your girlfriend?"

That did it! I was fighting mad. Somebody had to squeak up to this guy. "For your information, I am a male Golden Hamster. And you are one MEAN BEAN!"

"Anybody got a mousetrap?" Bean snarled.

"Why aren't you guys in your seats?" Miss Victoria

yelled from the front of the bus. "I'm writing you up, Garth and A.J.!"

Garth slid into a seat next to A.J. I was about to give Miss Victoria a piece of my mind when the bus lurched forward and I had to hold on to my cage for dear life. I was sorry I'd eaten those Nutri-Nibbles just before we left.

All week, I'd been looking forward to going home with Garth. Now, I wasn't sure I'd ever make it there!

"Friendship is one mind in two bodies."

Mencius, Chinese philosopher



Mean Bean

A.J.'s stop was before Garth's. "Come on over tomorrow," Garth told his friend. As soon as A.J. left, Garth moved up to the front of the bus to get away from Bean.

"What part of 'sit down' don't you understand, Garth?" Miss Victoria sounded pretty irritated.

"Sorry. The cage wouldn't fit on the seat," he said.

"What on earth is in there, anyway?"

Before Garth could answer, the bus stopped in front of his house. He pulled the blanket down around my cage and hurried down the steps.

Mrs. Tugwell was waiting in the doorway of the house. She had wavy brown hair like her son. She had glasses and freckles like her son, too. She helped him set my cage up on the family room table. Garth's little brother, Andy, raced into the room. He had wavy brown hair, glasses and freckles, too. "Mine!" he shouted.

"Nope. He's mine. At least for the weekend," said Garth.

"Tell Andy about Humphrey," Garth's mom said.

"He's a hamster. And you have to be nice to him," Garth explained.

He got that right!

"I like ham," said Andy, rubbing his stomach. "Yum-yum!"

I hopped onto my wheel to show Andy that a hamster wasn't anything like a ham.

"Wheel! Ham go 'round!" said Andy.

Garth's mother brought in a plate of peanut butter and crackers. Ooh, that smelled good!

"How was school?" she asked.

"Okay," said Garth. "But Mom, could you say something to Bean's mom? He's mean to everybody on the bus."

"Martin Bean?" Garth's mom sounded surprised.

"Why, he's always polite when I see him."

"Well, he's not polite any other time," Garth explained. "He tripped a girl on the bus and called everybody names."

"That doesn't sound like Martin. What did the bus driver do?"

"Nothing," Garth answered.

"Well, I think she should be the one to work things out," said Mrs. Tugwell.

"But you're friends with Mrs. Bean!"

"I probably won't be if I complain about her son. Maybe if you were friendlier to him, he'd act nicer."

"Mom . . .," Garth moaned.

"It's worth a try," his mom suggested.

I had to squeak up. "He's the Meanest Bean I've ever seen!"

"Goodness, what's the matter with Humphrey?" asked Mrs. Tugwell.

"Maybe he doesn't like Marty, either," Garth muttered. He's one smart guy.



Shortly after Mr. Tugwell came home, Natalie arrived. She was the babysitter, but I didn't see any babies around for her to sit on. Garth wasn't a baby, Andy wasn't a baby and certainly I was no baby.

Natalie had black hair and wore a black shirt, black pants and black shoes. She had glasses with black frames. Her lips were bright red.

"Order a pizza," said Garth's dad, handing Natalie some money. "I got some videos for the guys."

"Okay," said Natalie. "Mind if I do some homework?"

"As long as you get the boys in bed at nine," Mrs. Tugwell explained.

Natalie glanced at my cage. "What about the rat?"

I felt quite discouraged. I'd already been called a mouse and a ham that day.

"He's a hamster!" Andy yelled.

"Oh, a hamster. How cute," said Natalie, leaning in toward my cage. "Hi there, big boy."

Whew! After a miserable week and a rough ride home, I suddenly felt a whole lot better.

Later, the boys ate pizza and watched videos while Natalie read from a big thick book.

"What's that?" asked Andy, leaning over her shoulder. "How come it doesn't have any pictures?"

"College books don't have pictures."

Andy wrinkled his nose. "What's college?"

Natalie sighed. "After you go to high school and graduate, if you want a good job like a doctor or a lawyer or a teacher, you have to go to college."

"I know that," Garth piped in. "City College is right down the street. Mom took classes there last year."

"That's where I go," said Natalie. "I'm studying psychology." The way she said it, that big word sounded like "sigh-coll-uh-gee." But the word on her book was spelled "Psychology." I wrote it down in my notebook later. (I hope that word is never on a spelling test!)

"In psychology, you find out what's inside people's heads." The babysitter reached for Andy's head.

"Ooey-gooley brains," said Garth.

"Don't go in my head!" screamed Andy, leaping off the couch.

Natalie laughed. "Not like that. Psychology teaches you how people think. Do you know what I'm thinking?"

Andy shook his head.

"I'm thinking it's time for bed," Natalie said. "Nine o'clock."

The boys both groaned. "Not yet," Garth protested.

Andy folded his arms. "You can't make me!" he said firmly.

Surprisingly, Natalie sat back and smiled. "I guess you're right. I can't make you."

Andy's eyes practically bugged out of his head.

"Huh?"

"Why don't you put on another video? We can stay up till your parents get back," the babysitter continued. "It'll be fun!"

"Yes!" Garth exclaimed as he and his brother gleefully high-fived each other.

But I was a little confused. Hadn't Mrs. Tugwell told her to get the boys in bed at nine? I was sure that Natalie had lost her mind.

Garth settled back on the couch, but after a minute, his smile disappeared. "When do you think Mom and Dad will be back?"

Natalie shrugged her shoulders. "They didn't say."

"Won't they be upset if we're still up?"

"I guess we'll find out, won't we?" Natalie answered with a mischievous grin.

Andy looked worried. "They'll be mad if we're not in bed."

"So?" said Natalie. "We still have time to watch more TV."

Garth stood up and yawned loudly. "I'm kind of tired."

"Me, too," said Andy, stretching his arms.

Natalie smiled. "Well, if you really think so, okay. You two get ready for bed and I'll be up in a minute."

As the brothers raced upstairs, Natalie chuckled to herself, then leaned in toward my cage.

"And that, Humphrey Hamster, is what is called 'reverse psychology.' You get people to do what you want by telling them to do the opposite."

Reverse psychology. (Remember, it's pronounced sigh-coll-uh-gee.) So that's how people's minds work. Just tell them to do the opposite of what you want them to do.

You can sure learn a lot at college.

You can learn a lot from a good babysitter, too.



The next afternoon, A.J. came over to Garth's house to play. Mrs. Tugwell took Andy out to buy new shoes. Mr. Tugwell was paying bills in the kitchen. The boys were alone with me in the family room.

"Humphrey needs some exercise," said A.J. "Let's take him out."

"Okay. You can watch him while I clean his cage."

A.J. gently took me out while Garth put on gloves and began to clean my cage. Both boys chuckled when he got to my potty corner—everyone does—but he did a good job of cleaning it. While he worked, they talked.

"Any chance your dad can drive us Monday morning?" asked Garth.

A.J. shook his head as he gently petted me. "He has to leave for work real early. How about your dad?"

Garth shook his head. "He always talks about how he had to walk to school and how lucky I am to ride a bus."

"I know." A.J. sighed and set me down on the table. "Watch it!" said Garth. He set a row of big tall books all around the edge of the table. "We don't want Humphrey to get away."

"Maybe he'll be sick on Monday," Garth suggested.

"Are you kidding? He's the healthiest guy at school. Man, if he wasn't so big, I'd really give it to him," said A.J., making a fist.

"Me, too," Garth agreed.

It wasn't hard to figure out that they were talking about big mean Marty Bean.

"I don't know why Miss Victoria always takes his side," Garth said after a while.

"He knows how not to get caught."

The boys were silent again until Garth said, "Miranda was getting a drink at the fountain at recess, and he came up and pushed her out of the way."

The thought of someone pushing Golden-Miranda, an almost perfect human, really ruffled my fur.

"Did she tell?" asked A.J.

"Yeah. He said he didn't do it," Garth explained. "Said he wasn't anywhere near her. He said Kirk did it. Kirk almost got in trouble, so Miranda said it was all a mistake to get Kirk off the hook."

"Kirk the Jerk. That's what Bean calls him," said Garth. "He's got a name for everybody. That's why he doesn't have any friends."

He stepped back and pulled off his rubber gloves. "I think that's one clean cage."

"Great," I squeaked. "But what are we going to do about Bean?"

"Bean's a pretty funny name," A.J. said with a chuckle. "Bean brain."

"Bean breath," said Garth.

The boys started laughing.

"Bean bag!"

"Bean jeans!"

"Green Bean!"

"Mean Bean! Hey—that rhymes! Mean green Bean!"

Mrs. Brisbane would be proud to hear them rhyming! I liked hearing them laugh. However, I was worried. Bean had said something about a mousetrap. The mere mention of those contraptions makes me shiver and quiver. And I didn't want to see anybody get tripped or pushed again.

"Ready to go back in, Humphrey-Dumpty?" asked Garth.

"YES!" I squeaked, which for some reason made the boys howl with laughter again.

Once I was back in the cage, the boys went up to play in Garth's room. That gave me time to think. Here were Garth and A.J., really good friends. They were nice to each other and stuck together. Marty Bean wasn't friendly to anybody and he didn't have any friends.

All my classmates liked Og, but when I offered to be his friend, he leaped at me in a very rude way. The busyness of friendship is not as easy as it sounds, I figured, just before dozing off for a long afternoon nap.

It was nice at Garth's house that weekend. The announcer on TV said it was COLD-COLD-COLD outside, so the Tugwells stayed inside. The family popped popcorn—did that smell good! And they watched TV and snuggled on the couch. As happy as I should have been, I worried about Monday's bus ride. What I needed was a Plan. And maybe a little psychology.



"Are you sure the little guy won't catch cold?" asked Mrs. Tugwell as Garth was ready to leave for school on Monday.

"He's got a fur coat. And I'll cover him," Garth assured her. I was plunged into total darkness as he threw a blanket over the cage.

"Bye, Ham!" shouted Andy.

"Bye, Andy!" I squeaked back. After all, a "ham" isn't the worst thing that a person can call you.

Soon, I heard the squeal of the bus's brakes as it stopped in front of the Tugwells' house.

"All aboard!" I heard Miss Victoria say. "Find a seat."

"This cage is too big. Can't I sit up here?" asked Garth.

"Do you see any empty seats up here?" the bus driver replied. "Get moving and keep moving."

I was already queasy just thinking about Bean. As Garth walked toward the back of the bus, looking for an empty seat, my cage swayed back and forth like a ship on a rough sea, which didn't help my stomach at all.

Once we sat down, the bus started rolling. A block later, it abruptly stopped and I slid across the floor of my cage. Ouch!

"All aboard!" I heard Miss Victoria say. "Find a seat, A.J."

A.J. walked back to our seat. "Move over," he told Garth.

"I have to sit on the aisle," Garth replied. "The cage won't fit in the seat."

A.J. crawled over Garth so he was close to the window. As he did, he bent down and whispered, "Told you he'd be here. He's always here."

As the bus lurched forward, my cage wobbled enough for the blanket to part, so I could see a little. And what I saw was most unpleasant: Marty Bean sitting right next to us.

"Hey, Garth, is that your face or did somebody throw up on you?" I could see the smirk on his face as he leaned in close, mere inches from my cage.

"Is that a cage, Bugwart, or is it your purse?" Bean asked. He hooted at his own joke even though it wasn't funny.

It may have been cold outside, but I was getting pretty hot. Og might be unfriendly, but this Bean was even worse. I hadn't thought of Og all weekend. Now it all came back to me: the green skin, the repulsive grin, and the way he had leaped up and scared me. I had taken it from the frog, but I wasn't going to take it from this big bully.

This was the time to act!

I quickly opened the lock-that-doesn't-lock and took a deep breath before leaping onto Martin Bean's leg. "Stop being mean, Bean!" I yelled at the top of my voice. It may have sounded like squeaking to him, but I made my point.

"Eek!" Marty shouted. "It's on me! A mouse!" He threw his hands up in the air and screamed as I ran in circles on his leg. "Help me, somebody! Help!"

The faces around me were a blur and I was getting dizzy. As Marty continued to scream, the other kids began to laugh, softly at first, then louder and louder.

"He's only a little hamster," I heard Garth say as he scooped me up in his hands. "He wouldn't hurt a flea."

I like being called a "he" a lot more than being called an "it."

"It tried to bite me!" Marty exclaimed. Everybody on the bus, including Beth and her first-grade friends, laughed.

"What is going on back there, Martin?" Miss Victoria called out as she slammed on the brakes.

"They—they threw a big rat on me!" He was almost in tears. "A giant rat!"

"I think you'd better come up and sit behind me," the bus driver said. "Now!" She had the girls in the seat behind her move as Marty shuffled to the front of the bus.

Garth put me back in my cage.

"Thanks, Humphrey," he whispered. "I don't know how you got out, but I'm sure glad you did."

"Always happy to help out a pal," I squeaked.

The rest of the ride was uneventful. When Miss Victoria stopped the bus in front of Longfellow School, she made an announcement. "This was the quietest ride we've ever had. From now on, Martin Bean, I'm assigning you the front seat. Permanently."

Marty didn't argue. He was in too much of a hurry to get off the bus. He could probably hear all the rest of the bus riders—including me—shouting, "Hooray!"

"No enemy can match a friend."

Jonathan Swift, Irish author



Rhyme Time

I felt pretty proud of myself after the bus ride. Once I was back in Room 26, I looked over at my pop-eyed neighbor.

"Morning, Og," I squeaked to him, hoping that after the long, lonely weekend he might be in a friendlier frame of mind. He responded to my greeting with dead silence and a grim grin. Or maybe he couldn't see me, because there was a huge piece of paper taped to the front of his glass box.

And something about that note must have been pretty funny, because all my classmates were laughing. Hard.

"All right, what's so funny?" asked Mrs. Brisbane.

"Og!" said Gail. She was giggling so hard I was afraid she'd get the hiccups again.

Mrs. Brisbane ripped the paper off the cage and read it. "Help! I'm a prince who's been turned into a frog. Kiss me quick!"

Somebody made loud smacking sounds, which made everyone laugh even louder. Mrs. Brisbane looked up

from the paper. "I-Heard-That-Kirk. Are you volunteering to kiss Og?"

It was a pretty disgusting thought to me, but everyone else laughed.

"I think it has to be a girl," said Kirk.

Mrs. Brisbane folded up the paper. "Thank you for our joke of the day. You can Stop-Giggling-Gail. Now, let's all calm down and get to work. I'm anxious to hear the poems you've written, but let's get our spelling quiz out of the way first. Please take out a pencil and a piece of paper."

Whoops! I'd done a lot of thinking over the weekend. Something I hadn't thought about was our spelling quiz. Mrs. Brisbane and my classmates don't know that I usually slip into my sleeping house with my notebook and pencil and take the quizzes, too. I still hadn't gotten 100%, like Sayeh. I hoped I would someday.

This would not be the day.

I did all right with "practice," "jewel," and "pound." But "accommodate"? Did Mrs. Brisbane really think anyone except Sayeh would get that right? It looks like they threw in some extra letters left over from another word! Next, it was time for the poems. "Kirk, you seem to want to be the center of attention this morning. You can go first."

Kirk jumped up and said, "I've got to write mine on the board."

Mrs. Brisbane told him to go ahead. When he was finished, he read it aloud.

"It's called 'Frog.' Here goes:

Funny
Ribbits

Oily

Green.

That's a frog.

Take away the funny ribbits

You've got Og!

Mrs. Brisbane smiled and nodded her head. "Well done, Kirk. Very clever. What do you think, class?"

"Does that say 'oily'?" asked Repeat-It-Please-Richie.

"Frogs aren't oily."

Kirk wrinkled his nose. "Well, he looks oily, even if he isn't. Besides, I need an O word to spell 'frog.'"

Mrs. Brisbane asked the class to help Kirk out with another O word. I decided to squeak up.

"Obnoxious! Offensive!" I yelled. I almost said "Unfriendly," but it doesn't begin with an O.

No one seemed to hear me. Sometimes I wish I had a big booming voice like A.J.'s.

"'Honest'?" asked Seth, jumping up out of his seat.

"Sit-Still-Seth. That's a good guess, but 'honest' starts with a silent H." Mrs. Brisbane wrote the word on the board. Silent H—no fair! I'll have to watch out for that one.

"How about 'odd'?" suggested Art.

"What do you think, class? Do some people think frogs are odd?"

Some students nodded their heads. Nobody nodded harder than me.

"What do you think?" the teacher asked Kirk.

"Maybe 'oddball' fits him better," Kirk said, smiling. Everybody seemed to like the answer and I was not about to disagree.

I glanced over at Og to see what he thought. "Boing," he twanged. Everybody laughed, even Mrs. Brisbane.

"Oh, Og, you are so funny," she said.

Oddball, yes. Funny, no. In my humble opinion.

Heidi waved her hand in the air. "Og doesn't say 'Ribbit.' He goes 'Boing.'"

"R is for 'Boing'? Heidi, that makes 'Roing.' " Kirk looked very pleased with himself.

Heidi frowned. "That's not what I meant."

"That's enough on that one, Kirk. Why don't you work on it a little more?" said Mrs. Brisbane. She called for another volunteer. This time Heidi actually remembered to raise her hand. When the teacher called on her, she stood up and read her poem.

I met a little frog

And said, "How do you do?"

My name is Hopper.

Is that your name, too?"

He croaked, "My name is Leaper.

That's what I do all day."

*But when I tried to pick him up,
Leaper ran away.*

"Nicely done, Heidi," said Mrs. Brisbane. "Good rhyming. It's a funny idea to use your own name. Any one else?"

No hands were raised this time.

"How about you, Tabitha?" asked the teacher. "What did you write?"

Tabitha looked SCARED-SCARED-SCARED.

Mrs. Brisbane put on her friendliest smile. "Don't be afraid. We won't bite, will we, class?"

Most of the kids smiled and shook their heads. Kirk growled like a lion, just to be funny, but I couldn't tell if Tabitha noticed.

Slowly, she stood up and picked up her paper. In a soft voice, she read her poem like it was one sentence, really fast, like this:

*"People-think-bears-are-mean-but-they've-never-seen-Smiley.
He-doesn't-growl-or-make-you-sad-he-wouldn't-ever-be-bad-Smiley.
I-don't-care-what-people-say-he-helps-me-get-through-the-day-Smiley."*

Tabitha quickly sat down and stared at her table.

"Thank you, Tabitha. That's a lovely poem about a bear. And I liked the rhymes," said Mrs. Brisbane.

I saw Tabitha reach into her pocket and pat her stuffed bear.

I also saw Mandy look over at Heidi and roll her eyes. I could even read her lips as she mouthed the word "baby."

"Any volunteers?" asked the teacher. "Garth?"
Garth stood up to read his poem.

*Roses are red,
Frogs are cool,
Now we've got one
Here at school.*

He folded up his paper. "That's it."

Mrs. Brisbane reminded him that the poems were supposed to have six lines and Garth's poem had four.

Personally, I was in shock.

"Frogs are cool?" What kind of a poem is that? After I helped him and A.J. with Mean Bean, Garth wrote "Frogs are cool?"

We didn't have time for any more poems because the recess bell rang and my classmates raced to get their coats and gloves.

Tabitha took her time, waiting to see that no one was watching, and secretly stashed her bear in her pocket. Sayeh stayed behind, too, and approached her.

"I liked your poem. Is Smiley your bear's name?" she asked.

Tabitha nodded, but she didn't say anything. She didn't know how shy Sayeh was or how hard it was for her to come up and talk like that. But I knew.

"He's nice," said Sayeh. "Are you coming out to recess?"

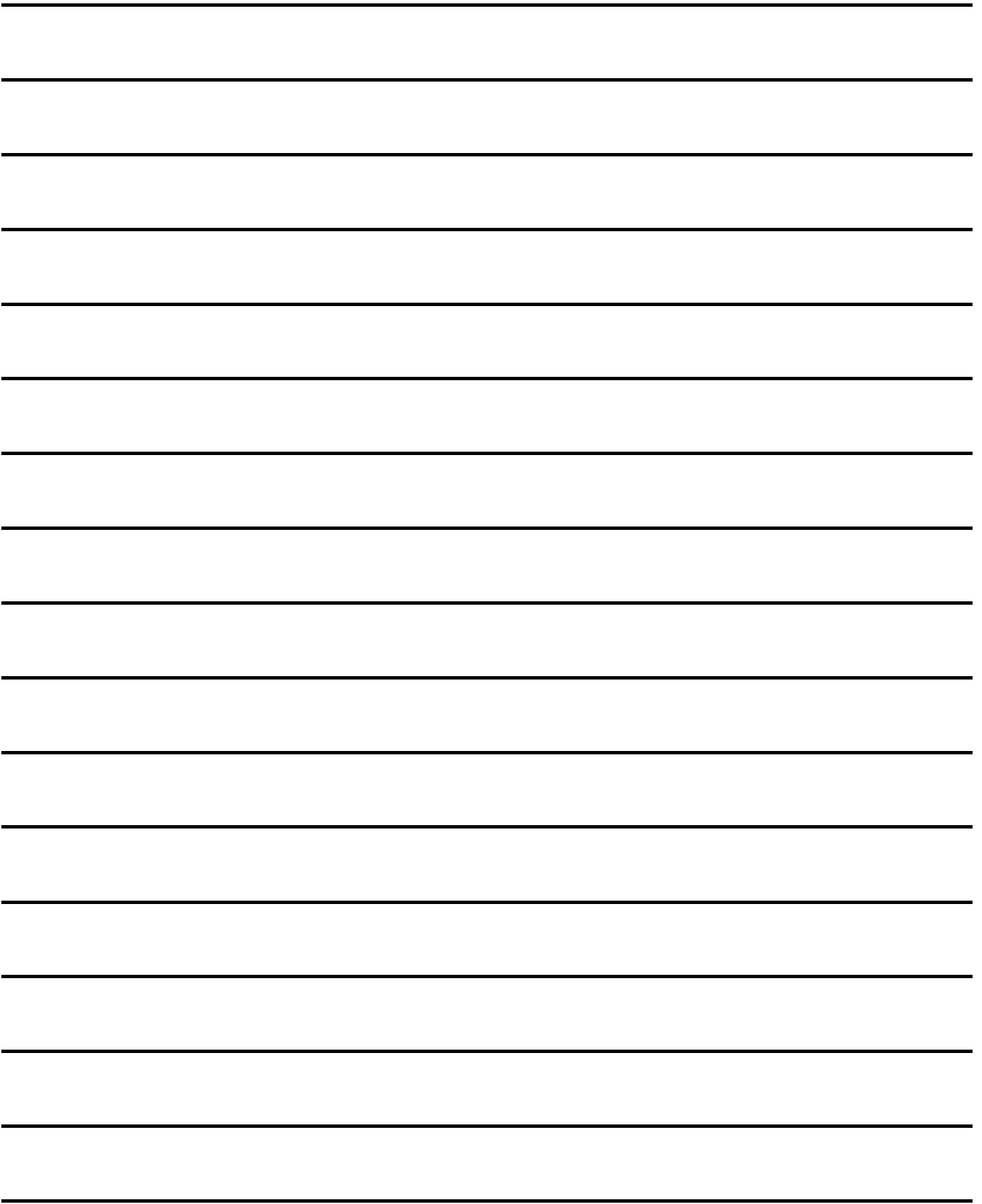
Tabitha nodded again. Sayeh waited, but when

Friendship According to Humphrey, Chapter 1



Answer the following question using RACCE. Make sure to cite your evidence using page numbers from the text.

On page 2, what did Mrs. Brisbane mean when she said, “It can be good to shake things up once in a while, Humphrey.”?



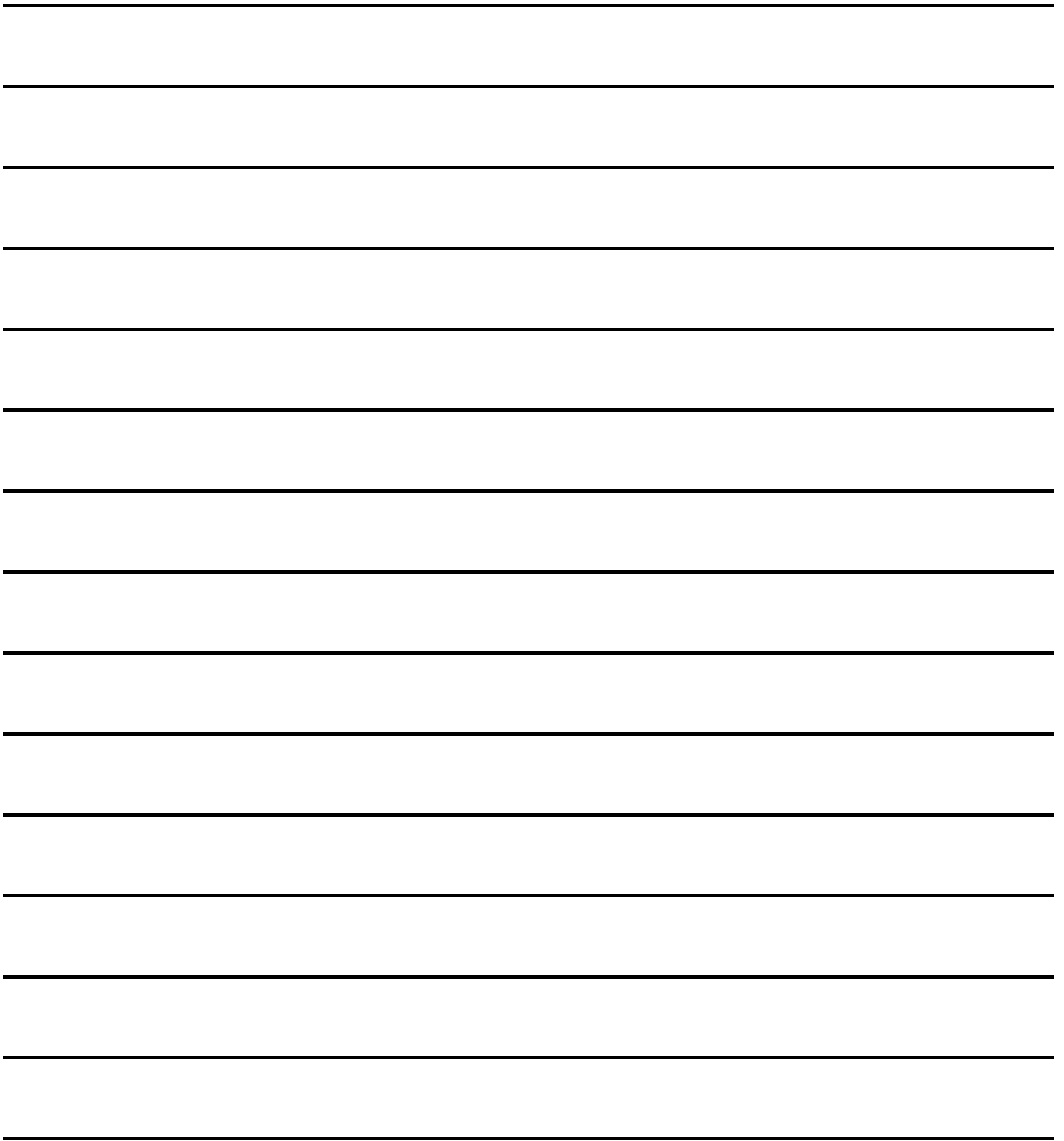
Friendship According to Humphrey, Chapter 2



Answer the following question using RACCE. Make sure to cite your evidence using page numbers from the text.

Why does Humphrey think Og is rude? How do you know?

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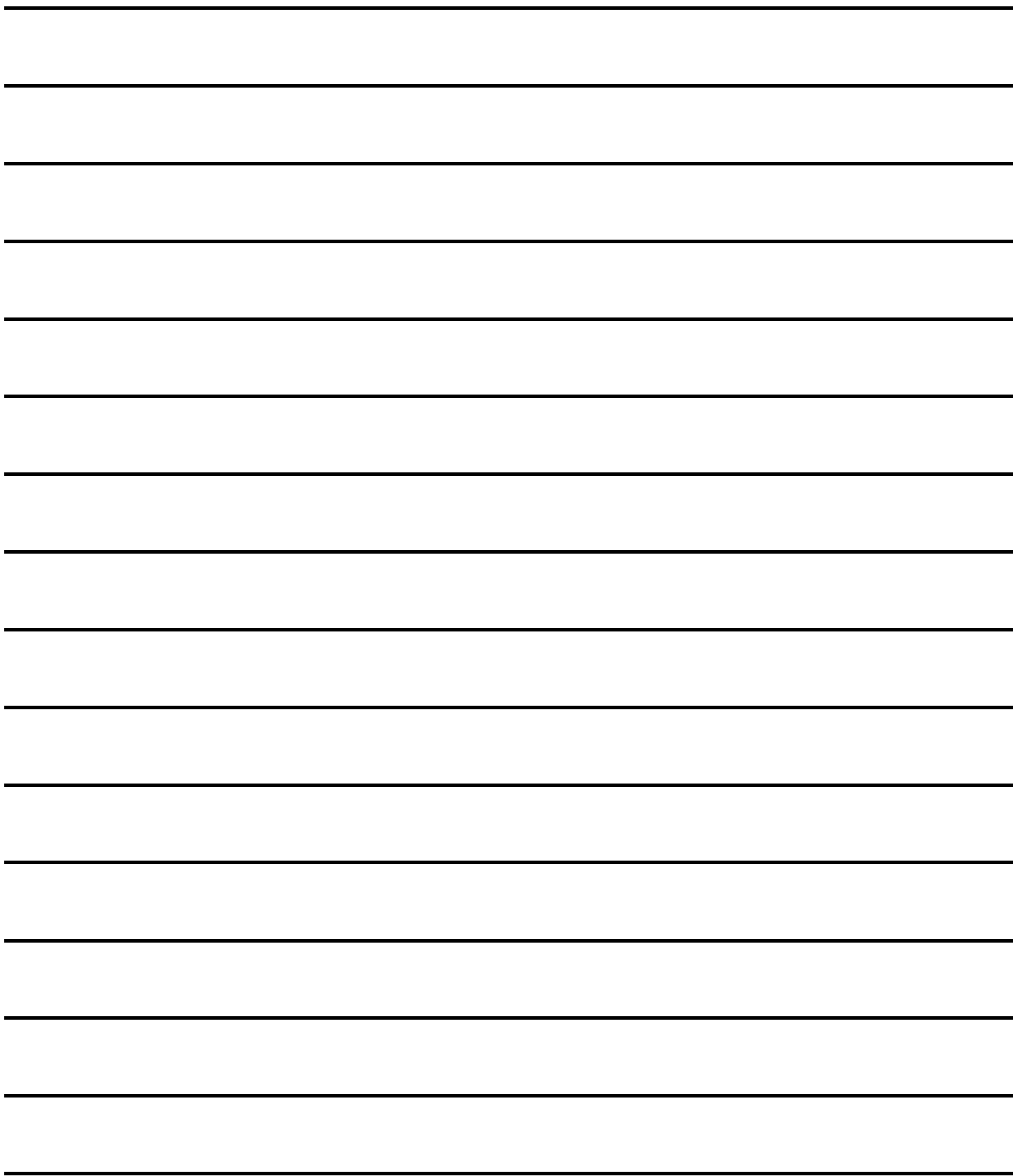
Friendship According to Humphrey, Chapter 3



Answer the following question using RACCE. Make sure to cite your evidence using page numbers from the text.

Why does Mandy have to wash her hands in the story?

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.



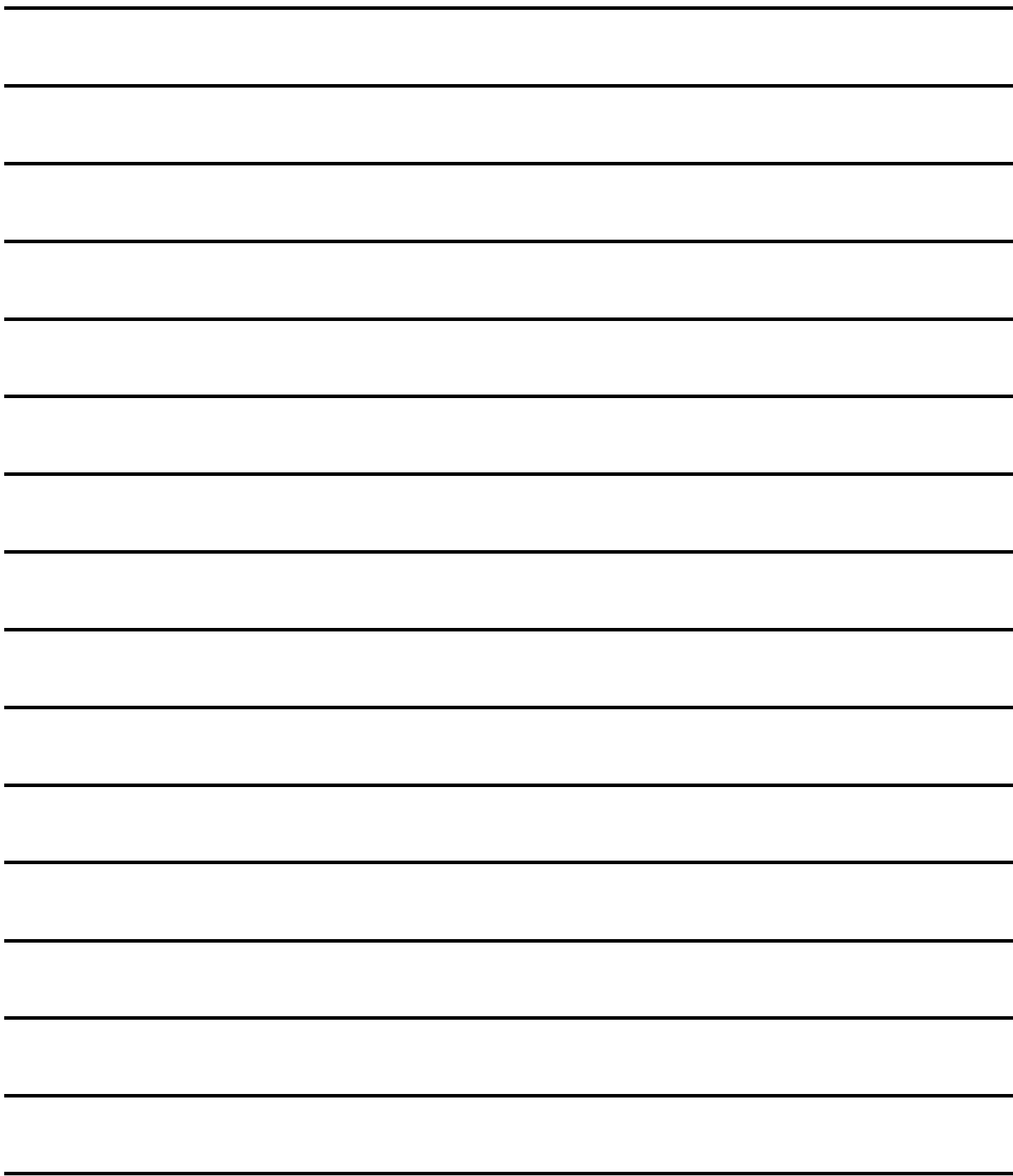
Friendship According to Humphrey, Chapter 4



Answer the following question using RACCE. Make sure to cite your evidence using page numbers from the text.

Why did Natalie let Andy and Garth they could stay up until their parents came home?

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.



Writing



Use the checklist to make sure that each writing piece is completed over the summer.

#	Writing Assignment	All-Parts Complete
1	Met Someone New	
2	The Great Blizzard	

Name: _____ Date: ____/____/____

Writing Task

Directions to the Student

Use the following poem as a guide to write a composition

Friends

As we walk our path of life,
We meet people every day.
Most are simply met by chance.
But, some are sent our way.



In life, we come in contact with new people all of the time. Write a composition about a memorable time when you met someone new.

In your composition, be sure to

- *describe where you were when you met this person*
- *explain whether or not you became friends*

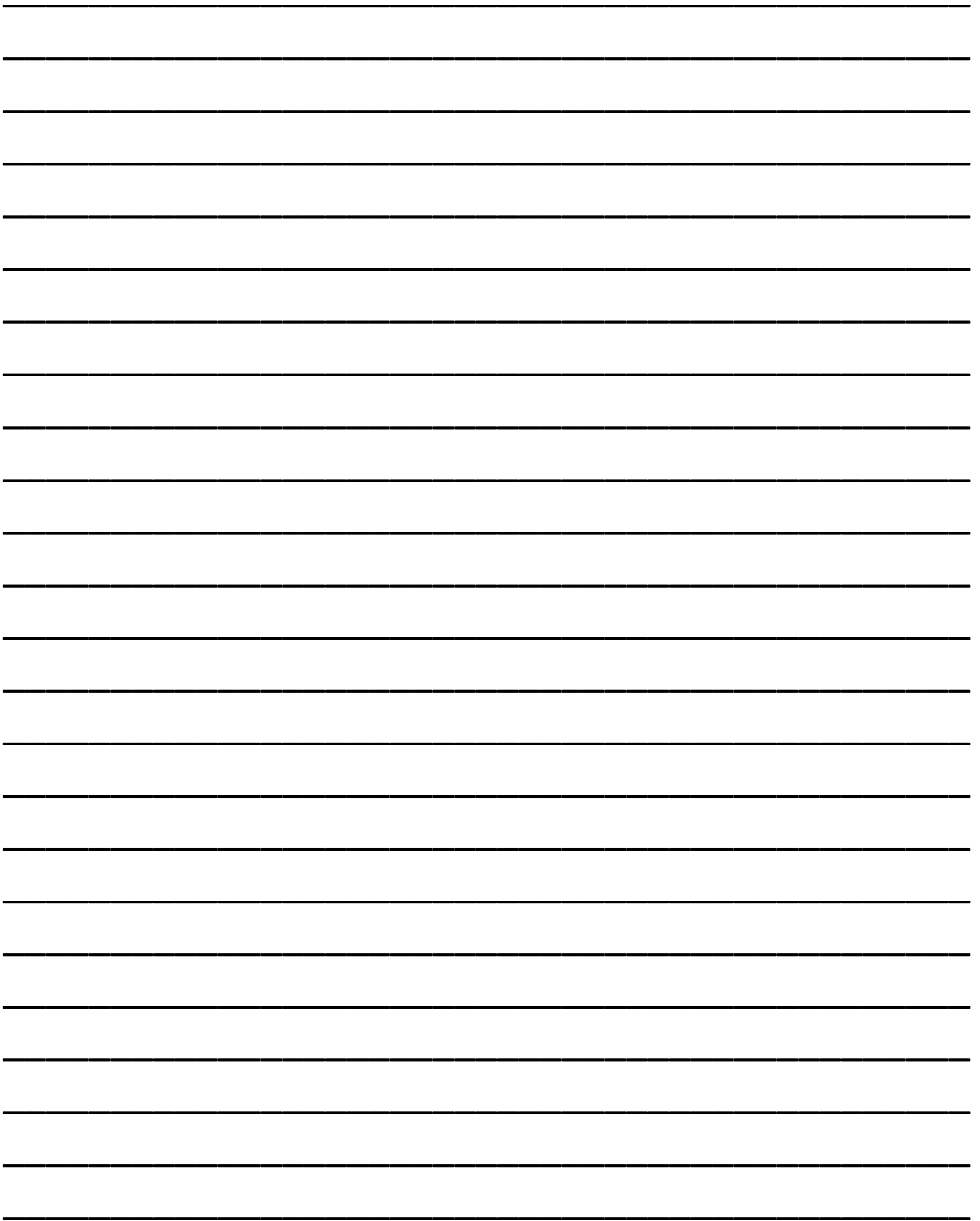
Writer's Checklist

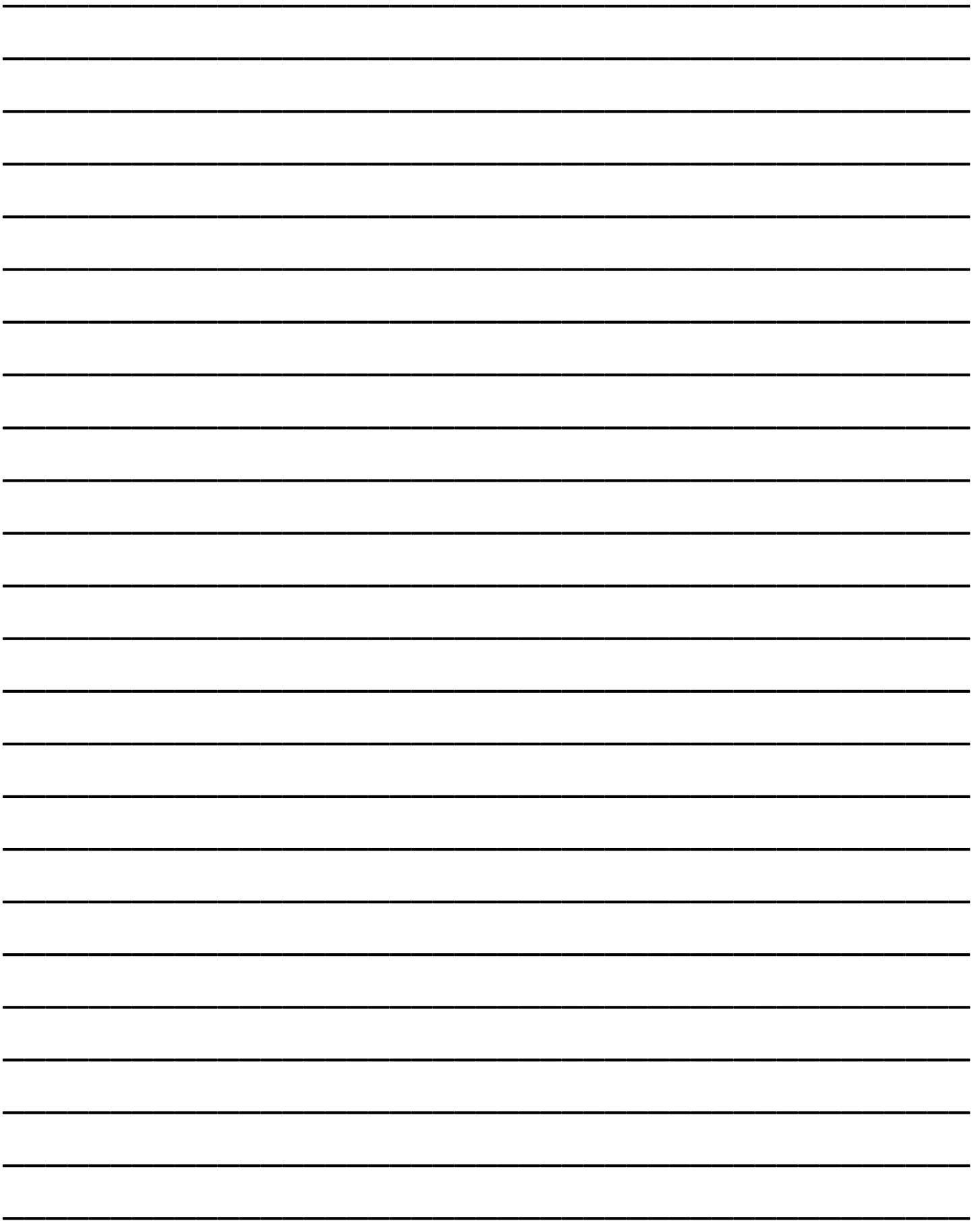
Remember to

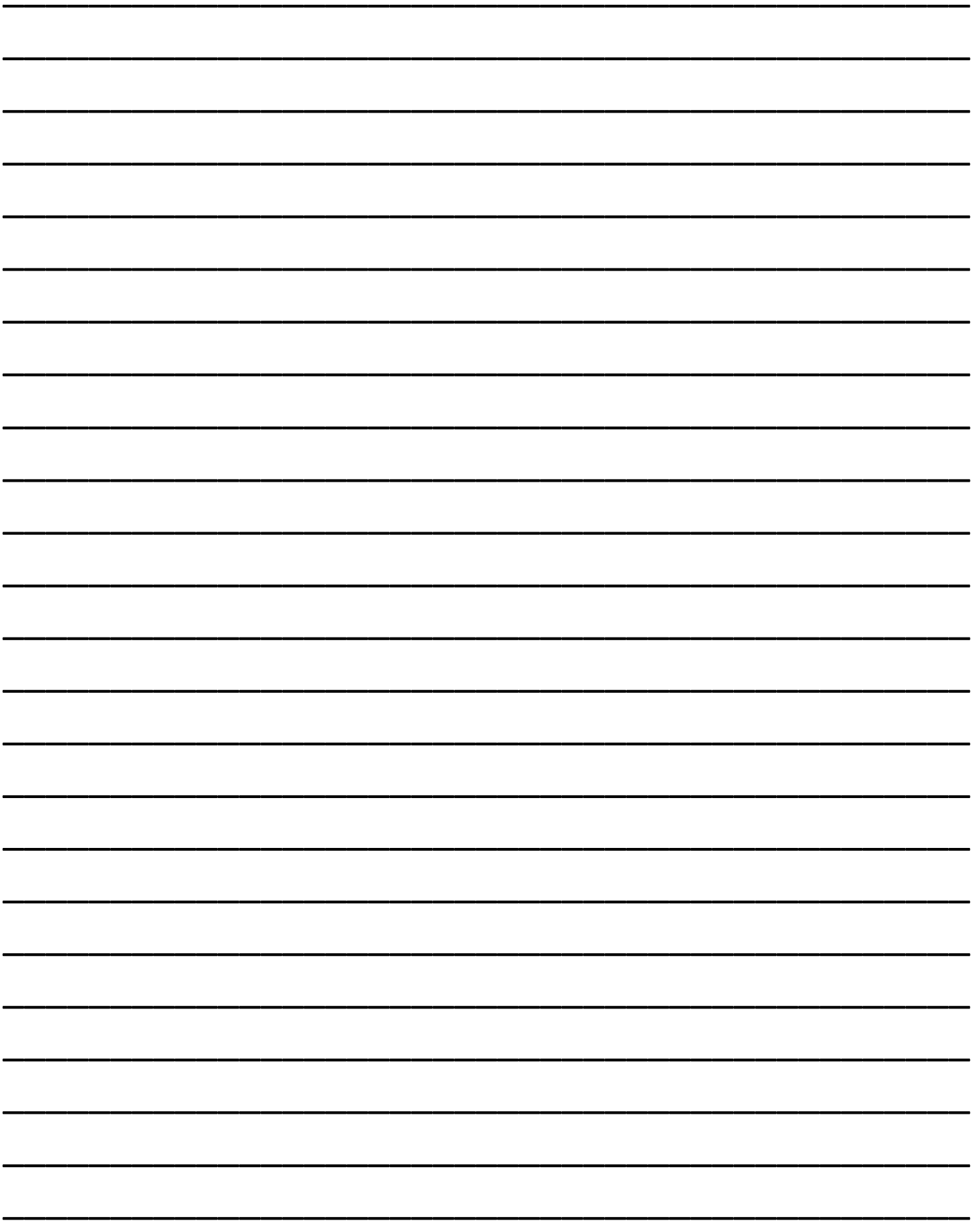
- ☐ Keep the central idea or topic in mind.
- ☐ Keep your audience in mind.
- ☐ Support your ideas with details, explanations, and examples.
- ☐ State your ideas in a clear sequence.
- ☐ Include an opening and a closing.
- ☐ Use a variety of words and vary your sentence structure.
- ☐ State your opinion or conclusion clearly.
- ☐ Capitalize, spell, and use punctuation correctly.
- ☐ Write neatly.

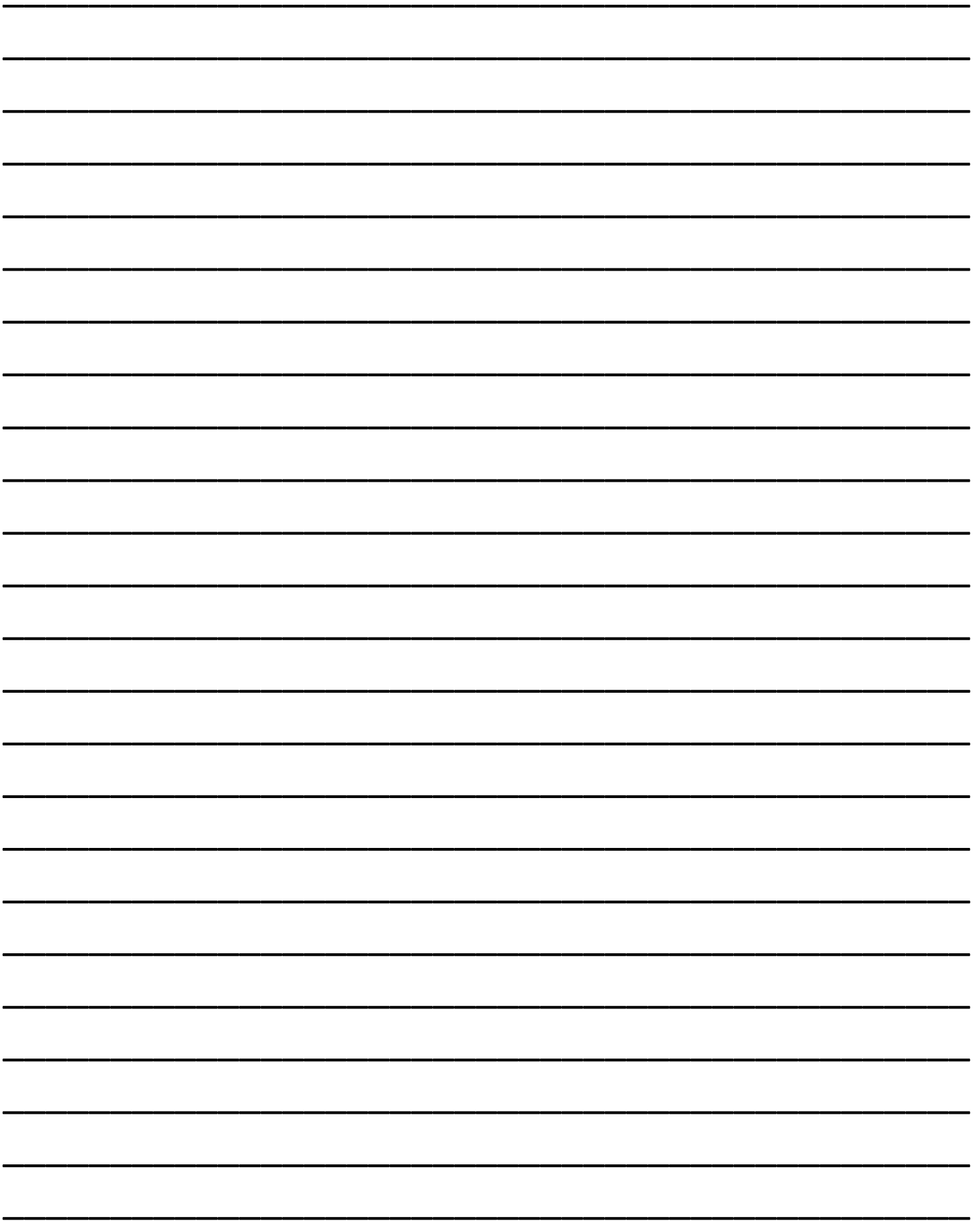
After you write your composition, read what you have written. Use the checklist to make certain that your writing is the best it can be.

WRITING TASK-PREWRITING SPACE









Writing Task

Directions to the Student

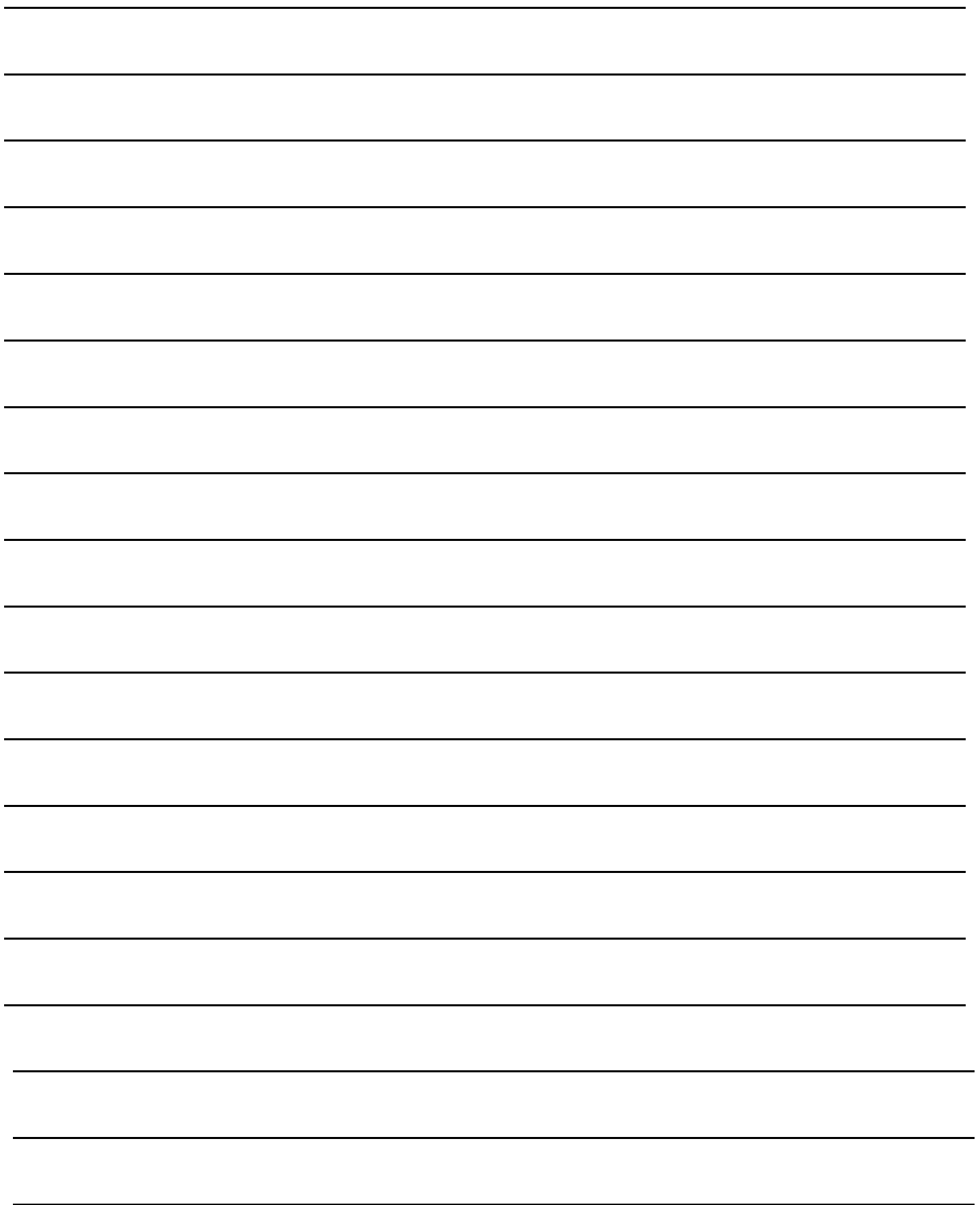
Use the following prompt as a guide to write a composition:

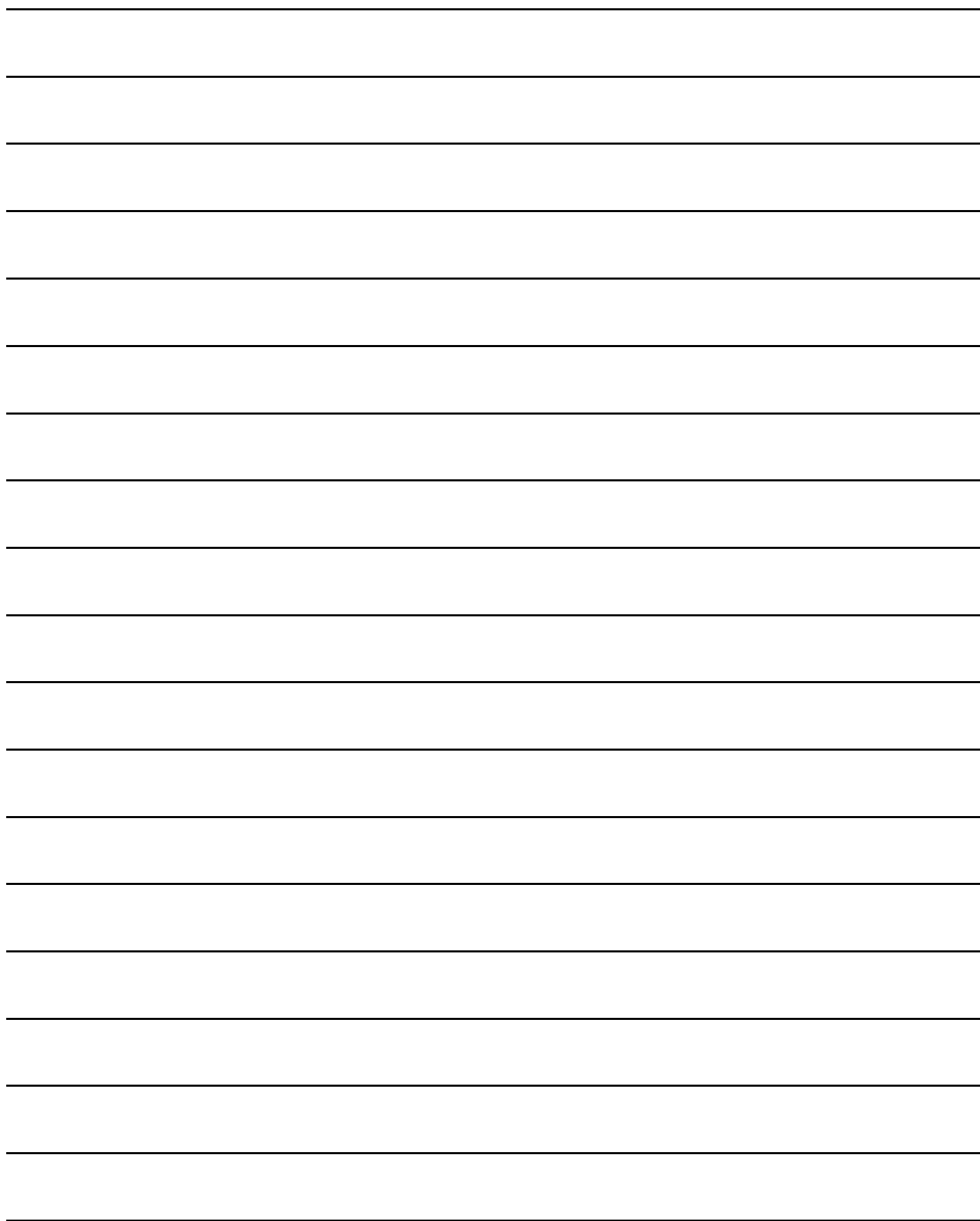
Great historical events often have deep effects upon the people who live through them. Depending on the person and the situation, those effects can be very different.

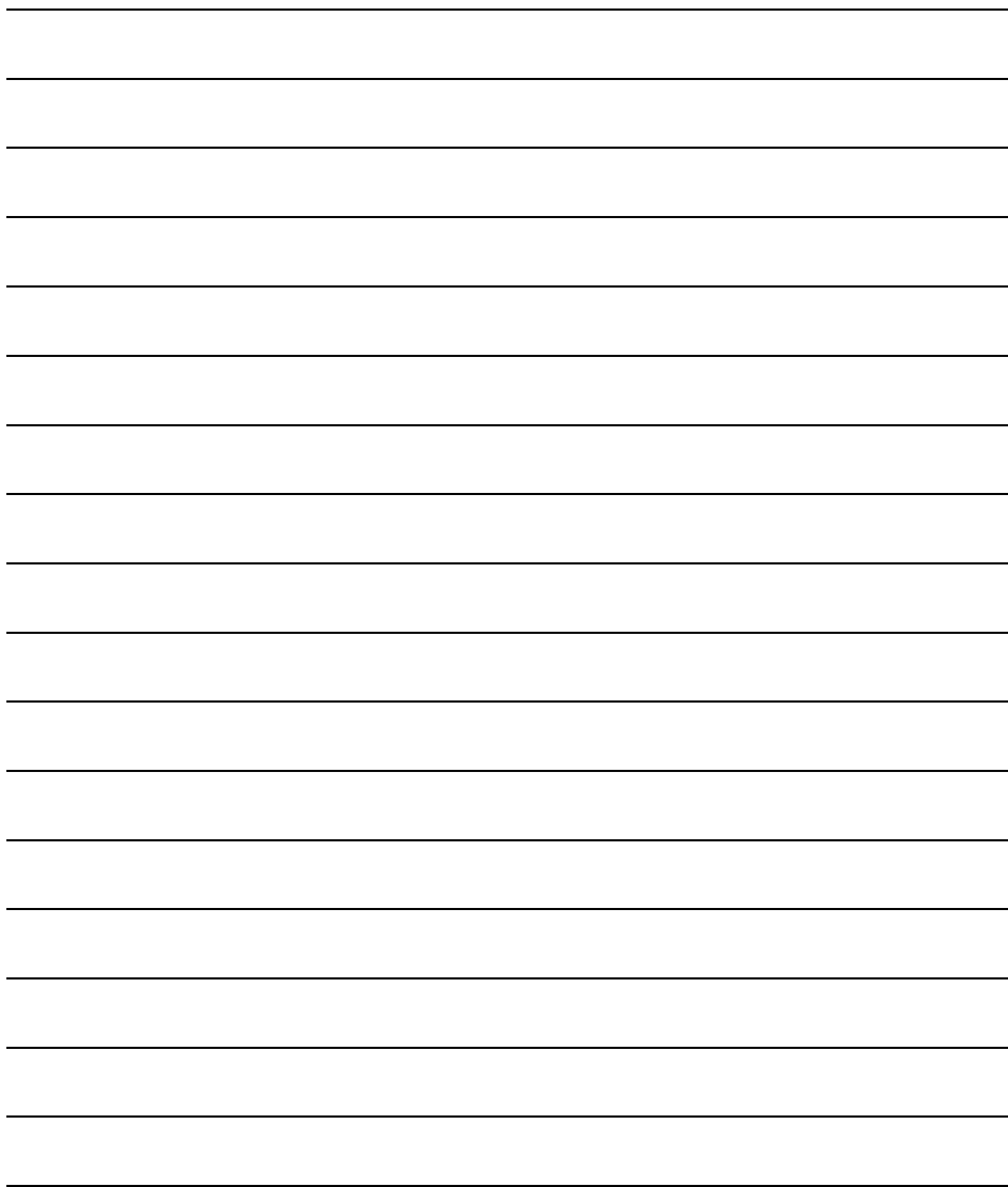
Write a story from the perspective of a person who was experiencing the Great Blizzard of 1888 in New York City. In your narrative, be sure to:

- *Write a beginning that introduces the setting, your main character, and a problem or challenge that he or she faces.*
- *Write a middle that shows how your main character tries to solve his or her problem.*
- *Write an ending that shows how the problem is solved.*
- *Focus closely on one character or characters*
- *Use strong sensory details to make the character(s) and event come alive*
- *Use precise language*
- *Use dialogue and description to capture the character(s) and event*
- *Conclude effectively*

The article on the Great Blizzard of 1888 is included after the writing space for this prompt.







The Great Blizzard of 1888

On this day in 1888, one of the worst blizzards in American history strikes the Northeast, killing more than 400 people and dumping as much as 55 inches of snow in some areas. New York City came to a near halt in the face of massive snow drifts and powerful winds from the storm. At the time, approximately one in every four Americans lived in the area between Washington D.C. and Maine, the area affected by the Great Blizzard of 1888.

On March 10, temperatures in the Northeast hovered in the mid-50s. But on March 11, cold Arctic air from Canada collided with Gulf air from the south and temperatures dropped significantly. Rain turned to snow and winds reached hurricane-strength levels. By midnight on March 11, gusts were recorded at 85 miles per hour in New York City. Along with heavy snow, there was a complete whiteout in the city when the residents awoke the next morning.

Despite drifts that reached the second story of some buildings, many city residents trudged out to New York's elevated trains to go to work, only to find many of them blocked by snow drifts and unable to move. Up to 15,000 people were stranded on the elevated trains; in many areas, resourceful people with ladders offered to rescue the passengers for a small fee. In addition to the trains, telegraph lines, water mains and gas lines were also located above ground. Each was no match for the powerful blizzard, freezing and then becoming inaccessible to repair crews. Simply walking the streets was unsafe. In fact, only 30 people out of 1,000 were able to make it to the New York Stock Exchange for work; Wall Street was forced to close for three straight days. There were also several instances of people collapsing in snow drifts and dying.

Many New Yorkers camped out in hotel lobbies waiting for the worst of the blizzard to pass. Mark Twain was in New York at the time and was stranded at his hotel for several days. P.T. Barnum entertained some of the stranded at Madison Square Garden. The East River, running between Manhattan and Queens, froze over, an extremely rare occurrence. This inspired some brave souls to cross the river on foot, which proved a terrible mistake when the tides changed

and broke up the ice, stranding the adventurers on ice floes. Overall, about 200 people were killed by the blizzard in New York City alone.

But New York was not the only area to suffer. Along the Atlantic coast, hundreds of boats were sunk in the high winds and heavy waves. The snowfall totals north of New York City were historic: Keene, New Hampshire, received 36 inches; New Haven, Connecticut, got 45 inches; and Troy, New York, was hit by 55 inches of snow over 3 days. In addition, thousands of wild and farm animals froze to death in the blizzard.

EDITING



Name: _____ Date: ____/____/____

Grammar: Commas

Read the sentences and insert commas to separate the words listed in a series. Circle each comma that you insert into the sentence.

1. Avante Andre Christopher and Ilana are always the first row ready for instruction.
2. Ms. Askew loves fall because her favorite colors are red orange and yellow.
3. Christian spent all night reading writing and studying.
4. Ms. Haynes loves to eat sandwiches with turkey cheese mustard and potato chips for lunch.
5. Friday Saturday and Sunday are my favorite days of the week.
6. In Kindergarten I learned that North America South America Asia Australia Antarctica Africa and Europe are the 7 continents.

Complete each of the following sentences that have words listed in a series. You must insert commas where they are needed to make the sentence correct.

(add nouns)

7. _____ and _____
_____ made the football team.

(add verbs)

8. Last Friday we _____ and _____
_____ at our friend's party.

(add adjectives)

9. My teacher says I am _____
_____ and _____.

Create a juicy sentence using words listed in a series! You must insert commas where they are needed to make the sentence correct.

10. Use 3 subjects you learn in school.

Name: _____ Date: ____/____/____

Grammar: Subject Verb Agreement

Do My Subjects and Verbs Agree?

Subjects and Verbs that Agree
To Be (Present)

I am (one)
he, she, it is (one)
you, we, they are (more than one)

Write the correct **TO BE** verb in the blank of each sentence so that each verb agrees with its subject.

1. She _____ going to the baseball game.
2. They _____ going fishing together.
3. You _____ studying for the vocabulary test.
4. They _____ making double fudge brownies this weekend.
5. They _____ playing scrabble together.
6. It _____ my favorite kind of candy.
7. We _____ going to a haunted house next weekend.
8. He _____ the fastest runner in the fourth grade.
9. I _____ excited to dress up for Halloween!
10. You _____ going to be the mascot today for Morning Circle.

Name: _____ Date: ____/____/____

Grammar: Subject Verb Agreement

Write the correct TO BE verb in the blank of each sentence so that each verb agrees with its subject. Then, rewrite each sentence in cursive.

1. It _____ a scary movie.

2. They _____ reading the book of poetry, Where the Sidewalk Ends in class today.

3. You _____ working very hard today to earn your star.

4. She _____ traveling to Mexico with her family for a vacation next week.

5. I _____ learning Sign Language this summer!

Rising 4th Grade Writing- Summer Life's Work (Editing)

Name: _____ Date: ____/____/____

Grammar: Subject Possessive Nouns

Turn each of the following phrases into a sentence by using a possessive noun. Be sure to include the apostrophe. Write each sentence in cursive.

EXAMPLE:

Bone of the dog

The dog's bone was cracked and slimy when I picked it up.

1. Home of an animal

2. Eggs of birds

3. Mother of babies

4. Books of a scholar

Name: _____ Date: ____/____/____

Grammar: Subject Possessive Nouns

5. Desk of a student

6. Leash of a dog

7. Phone of a classroom

8. Laugh of a child

9. Assignment of the children

10. Struggles of the animals

Name: _____ Date: ____/____/____

Grammar: Contractions

Read each sentence. Identify which words can be combined to create a contraction. Underline the two words that can be combined, and write the contraction above the words. Make sure you are inserting the apostrophe in the correct spot.

1. Scholars at North Star Academy do not run in the hallways.
2. Instead, they will always be seen walking in perfect hall.
3. Where is another school like this?
4. It is inspiring to see their hard work.
5. A visitor can not visit without seeing rich discussions and quality work.
6. It will amaze you too if you visit.
7. You will want to come back over and over again.
8. You are welcome anytime you want to come and visit!

Name: _____ Date: ____/____/____

Grammar: Revisions

Read each sentence. Use your editing marks to fix the errors that you identify. Revise each sentence and rewrite it in cursive on the lines provided.

1. My teacher desk doesn't have no more room for extra books?

2. The cats paws was covered in mud from the backyard!

3. Ms. Askew had gone to a Conference last thursday

4. Last week they was reading Tales of a fourth grade nothing?

5. Ms. Scoby said to the class "speak loud and proud scholars"

Name: _____ Date: ____/____/____

Grammar: Revisions

6. Has you ever been to a aquarium to sea see creatures from around the world.

7. The elephants tricks were incredible too watch.

8. Me and my sister was not feeling good after eating so many sweets.

9. My sister and me had a apple with caramel for a snack.

10. Allen don't have no pets at his house

Name: _____ Date: ____/____/____

Grammar: Revisions

Read the paragraph below. Use your editing marks to fix the errors that you identify.
Write any changes that are needed above the word.

The Birthday Party

it was a loud crowd in my house I was getting readie to cut the cake. it was a chocolat layer cake with crunchy vanilla oreo on top. All of my friend were getting excite about eating a bunch of sugar. As my mom passing out piece of cake two everyone, My little sister put her dirty finger in the iceing.

,Mom, Dulce is running the cake I said!

Christopher! Don't worry about that, shes only to! my mother scolded me.

“Ugh, my sister gets away with everything.” I thinkd scrunching up my fists.

Name: _____ Date: ____/____/____

Grammar: Revisions

Read the paragraph below. Use your editing marks to fix the errors that you identify. Write any changes that are needed above the word.

Pluto Platters

Do you own a Pluto Platter. if you have a Frisbee in you're closet, you do! The original flying discs was actually pie tins from a bakery. In 1948, Fred Morrison manufacture the first flying discs made of plastic. Then, in January 1957, a company called Wham-O introduced the Pluto Platter. The Pluto Platter was later renamed the "Frisbee" its estimated that more Frisbee's are sold each year than basketballs baseballs and footballs combined!

Name: _____ Date: ____/____/____

Grammar: Commas

Scholars, read each sentence carefully. Add commas to each sentence when needed. Be sure to CIRCLE the commas you insert!

1. Gus is an obedient loyal and playful dog.
2. In the basement mice hid behind the boxes.
3. Jayda your open-ended response is amazing!
4. "Stay seated" the pilot said over the speaker.
5. The recipe required two eggs one cup of sugar and a teaspoon of
vanilla.
6. While the dinner was cooking I finished my work.
7. Ms. Jones moved on April 1 2019.
8. I love the summer weather but I hate when it is too hot.
9. I cleaned my room walked my dog and called my uncle in Texas.

Name: _____ Date: ____/____/____

Grammar: Irregular Past Tense Verbs

To Form the past tense form of most verbs, you simply add -ed to the end of the word.

Present Tense: I walk to the café.

Past Tense: I walked to the café.

Irregular verbs are a bit more difficult because you don't add -ed to make them past tense. The whole word changes depending on their tense.

Present Tense: I eat a carrot.

Past Tense: I ate a carrot.

1. I _____ all my homework in study hall. (do)
2. She _____ of a better way to do it. (think)
3. We never _____ his real name. (know)
4. Anna _____ her arm when she fell down the stairs. (break)
5. The dog _____ a hole in the back yard. (dig)
6. Mom _____ cupcakes for my birthday. (make)
7. When the phone _____ it woke the baby. (ring)

Name: _____ Date: ____/____/____

Grammar: Irregular Past Tense Verbs

8. There was gum _____ on the bottom of my shoe. (stick)
9. I _____ through my alarm last night! (sleep)
10. She _____ all of her carrots at dinner time. (eat)
11. They never _____ the directions to their grandmother's house. (know)
12. Anna _____ up pink and blue balloons for the party last night. (blow)
13. My sister _____ the Justin Bieber MP3 last weekend. (buy)
14. Mom _____ breakfast for the family last Sunday. (make)
15. Andrew _____ the playing cards to each player before the game began. (deal)

Name: _____ Date: ____/____/____

Grammar: Adjectives

\ On the line provided, complete each sentence using -er, -est, more or most to the adjective in parenthesis .

ex: Henry was taller than Francis. (tall)

Today was more pleasant than yesterday. (pleasant)

1. A steak knife is _____ than a butter knife. (sharp)
2. David is the _____ player on the team. (fast)
3. My drawing is _____ than yours. (colorful)
4. I think the book we read today is _____ than the one we read yesterday. (interesting)
5. Katie's _____ brother colored on the walls. (young)
6. This week's temperatures are _____ than last week's. (warm)
7. That was the _____ test I've ever taken. (difficult)
8. Isn't he the _____ little boy you've ever met? (nice)
9. That was a much _____ homework assignment. (challenging)
10. Do you think a snake is _____ than an owl? (slow)
11. Robert's arms are _____ than John's. (long)
12. Joe has the _____ feet of anyone in his family. (big)
13. Rotten eggs have the _____ smell that you can imagine. (disgusting)
14. Ghost stories are _____ than horror films. (scary)

Name: _____ Date: ____/____/____

Grammar: Linking Verbs vs. Action Verbs

Directions: Read each sentence and determine if the underlined verb is a linking verb or an action verb.

A verb is a word which expresses action or being.

A **linking verb** joins the subject and predicate of a sentence. A linking verb shows a state of being.

Examples: am, is, are, was, were, be, been

An **action verb** tells the action of a sentence.

Examples: run, hop, skip, sleep, jump, talk, snore

1. The strong winds blew down the old tree. _____
2. Aaron is an avid reader. _____
3. Jessica's friends were very polite. _____
4. The boxes are in the back of my truck. _____
5. The movie ended very late. _____
6. There will be snow on the ground tomorrow. _____
7. Lisa paints pictures of animals. _____
8. Robert ate the crust of the pizza first. _____
9. I am one of the tallest kids in school. _____
10. Betty is afraid of the dark. _____

Math



Ordering Sets of Large Numbers

Write the numbers in each row in order, from least to greatest.

420 190 950 402 905

Answer: _____

308 640 380 805 364

Answer: _____

260 350 26 1,000 620

Answer: _____

20,500 36,820 2,500 45,560 25,000

Answer: _____

Write the numbers in each row in order, from greatest to least.

623 193 953 632 935

Answer: _____

338 663 383 835 366

Answer: _____

Write the numbers in each row in order, from greatest to least.

263 353 26 1,333 623

Answer: _____

23,533 36,823 2,533 65,563 25,333

Answer: _____

Rounding Numbers

Round each number to the nearest ten.

24 _____ 91 _____ 55 _____ 73 _____ 57 _____

68 _____ 49 _____ 35 _____ 82 _____ 37 _____

22 _____ 52 _____ 46 _____ 26 _____ 85 _____

99 _____ 43 _____ 51 _____ 78 _____ 29 _____

154 _____ 291 _____ 355 _____ 673 _____ 257 _____

968 _____ 349 _____ 435 _____ 385 _____ 537 _____

855 _____ 255 _____ 446 _____ 956 _____ 385 _____

699 _____ 243 _____ 251 _____ 378 _____ 159 _____

Round each number to the nearest hundred.

677 _____ 377 _____ 866 _____ 877 _____ 226 _____

277 _____ 933 _____ 371 _____ 556 _____ 711 _____

554 _____ 888 _____ 999 _____ 317 _____ 743 _____

773 _____ 166 _____ 215 _____ 847 _____ 274 _____

168 _____ 358 _____ 517 _____ 983 _____ 144 _____

2,488 _____ 3,539 _____ 2,388 _____ 2,399 _____ 5,399 _____

8,299 _____ 7,288 _____ 9,277 _____ 5,377 _____ 6,299 _____

5,221 _____ 4,666 _____ 7,295 _____ 9,927 _____ 4,288 _____

6,762 _____ 8,287 _____ 4,038 _____ 5,077 _____ 6,053 _____

Writing Numbers in Word Form

Write the following numbers in words.

4,288

6,082

9,003

4,928

Write the following numbers in words.

7,271

4,276

Standard Form of a Number

Write each of the following in standard form (in numbers).

1. Write six hundred seventy-nine thousand, nine hundred fifty-six with numbers.

Answer: _____

2. Write seventy thousand, six hundred twenty-nine with numbers.

Answer: _____

3. Write five million, sixty-seven thousand, one hundred thirty-five with numbers.

Answer: _____

4. Write seventy million, one hundred sixty-two thousand, three hundred eighty-four with numbers.

Answer: _____

5. What number has 7 hundred thousands, 3 ten thousands, 5 hundreds, 3 tens, and 8 ones?

Answer: _____

Identifying Patterns

Write the rule for each pattern.

1, 3, 9, 27, 81 Rule: _____

3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23 Rule: _____

90, 82, 74, 66, 58 Rule: _____

440, 220, 110, 55 Rule: _____

5, 15, 45, 135 Rule: _____

300, 200, 100 Rule: _____

3, 6, 9, 12, 15, 18 Rule: _____

108, 96, 84, 72, 60 Rule: _____

39, 44, 49, 54, 59 Rule: _____

61, 57, 53, 49, 45 Rule: _____

Continue each pattern. Show your work in the space below each problem.

21, 38, 55, _____, _____, _____, _____, _____, _____, _____

13, 37, 61, _____, _____, _____, _____, _____, _____, _____

7, 25, 43, _____, _____, _____, _____, _____, _____, _____

32, 48, 64, _____, _____, _____, _____, _____, _____, _____

12, 31, 50, _____, _____, _____, _____, _____, _____, _____

U.S. Algorithm for Addition and Subtraction

Solve the following problems using the US algorithm.

$$\begin{array}{r} 1. \quad 18 \\ + 35 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 2. \quad 14 \\ + 29 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 3. \quad 89 \\ + 125 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 4. \quad 142 \\ + 89 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 5. \quad 68 \\ + 38 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 6. \quad 88 \\ + 72 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 7. \quad 739 \\ + 192 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 8. \quad 3,128 \\ + 266 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 9. \quad 9,293 \\ + 2,329 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 10. \quad 482,283 \\ + 928,389 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 11. \quad 244 \\ - 88 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 12. \quad 155 \\ - 98 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 13. \quad 1,248 \\ - 125 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 14. \quad 3,475 \\ - 293 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 15. \quad 12,384 \\ - \quad 1,388 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 16. \quad 82,498 \\ - \quad 1,349 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 17. \quad 72,299 \\ - \quad 71,233 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 18. \quad 43,128 \\ - \quad 266 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 19. \quad 12,772 \\ - \quad 4,599 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 20. \quad 587,683 \\ - \quad 442,377 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 21. \quad 100 \\ - \quad 55 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 22. \quad 500 \\ - \quad 88 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

Using Information in Tables

Use the table to answer the questions.

Student's Favorite Sports

Sport	Number of Votes
Basketball	4
Soccer	10
Softball	5
Swimming	6

How many students voted for softball?

What is the most popular sport?

How many students voted for their favorite sport in this survey?

How many more students voted for swimming than basketball?

Fill in the table, and then use the table to answer the questions.

Pieces Made by Pottery Club

Name	Cups	Bowls	Plates	Total
Carl	5	9	11	25
Marta	7	2	9	
Assam	3		12	17
Colin	8	8	10	
Renee	6	9		20

How many plates did Colin make?

How many more pieces of pottery did Carl make than Marta?

How many more plates were made than cups?

How many pieces of pottery were made by the pottery club?

Fractions

Equivalence with Halves, Thirds, and Sixths

1

$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
---------------	---------------

$\frac{1}{3}$	$\frac{1}{3}$	$\frac{1}{3}$
---------------	---------------	---------------

$\frac{1}{6}$	$\frac{1}{6}$	$\frac{1}{6}$	$\frac{1}{6}$	$\frac{1}{6}$	$\frac{1}{6}$
---------------	---------------	---------------	---------------	---------------	---------------

Using the fraction bar models above, fill in the chart below by writing one equivalent fraction for each fraction listed.

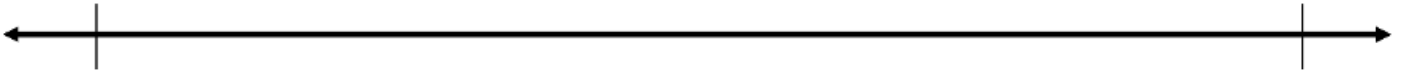
$\frac{1}{2}$	
$\frac{1}{3}$	
$\frac{2}{3}$	
$\frac{3}{3}$	

$\frac{2}{6}$	
$\frac{3}{6}$	
$\frac{4}{6}$	
$\frac{6}{6}$	

Equivalence on a Number line

Directions: Partition each number line below. Then plot the fraction equivalent to the given fraction.

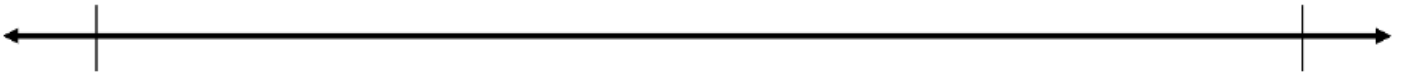
- 1.) Partition the number line into sixths. Then plot the fraction equal to $\frac{1}{3}$



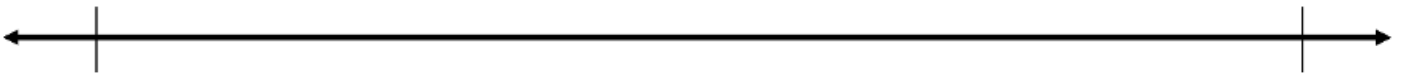
- 2.) Partition the number line into fourths. Then plot the fraction equal to $\frac{4}{8}$



- 3.) Partition the number line into eighths. Then plot the fraction equal to $\frac{1}{4}$



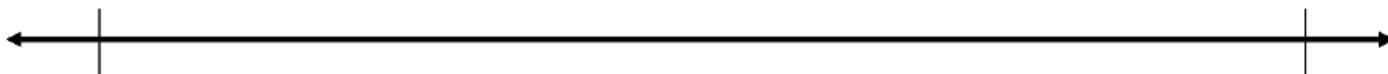
- 4.) Partition the number line into halves. Then plot the fraction equal to $\frac{3}{6}$



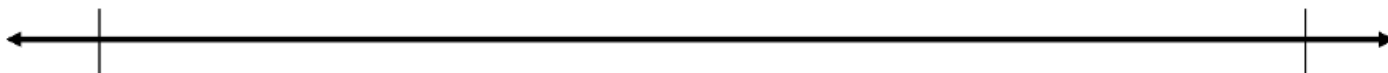
Equivalence on a Number line

Directions: Partition each number line below. Then plot the fraction equivalent to the given fraction.

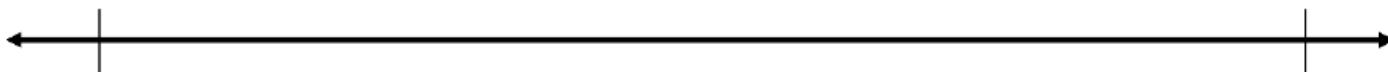
- 1.) Partition the number line into sixths. Then plot the fraction equal to $\frac{2}{3}$



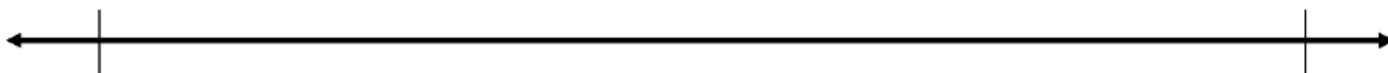
- 2.) Partition the number line into fourths. Then plot the fraction equal to $\frac{2}{8}$



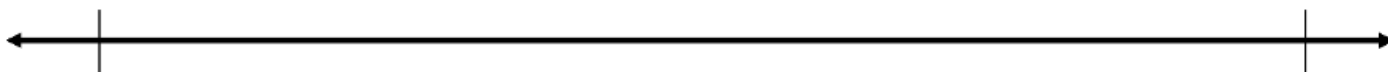
- 3.) Partition the number line into eighths. Then plot the fraction equal to $\frac{3}{6}$



- 4.) Partition the number line into halves. Then plot the fraction equal to $\frac{6}{12}$

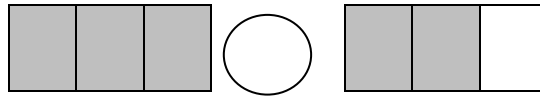


- 5.) Partition the number line into fourths. Then plot the fraction equal to $\frac{1}{2}$



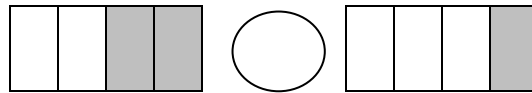
Comparing Fractions

1. Look at the shaded parts of the fraction models below. Compare the fractions by putting the comparison symbol ($<$, $>$, or $=$) inside the circle. Write the fraction notation next to each fraction.



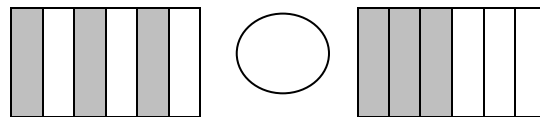
Fraction: _____

Fraction: _____



Fraction: _____

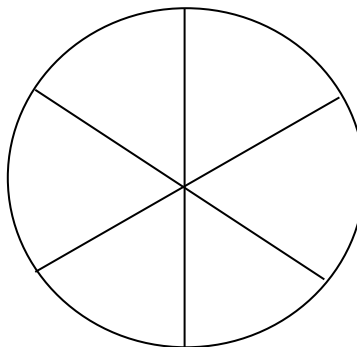
Fraction: _____



Fraction: _____

Fraction: _____

2. Shade in a fraction on the circle model below that is less than $\frac{3}{6}$.

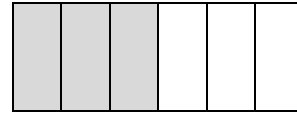


Comparing Fractions

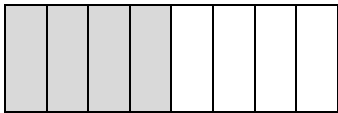
3. Look at the shaded parts of the fraction models below. Compare the fractions by putting the comparison symbol ($<$, $>$, or $=$) inside the circle. Write the fraction notation next to each fraction.



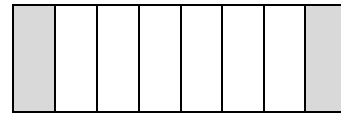
Fraction: _____



Fraction: _____

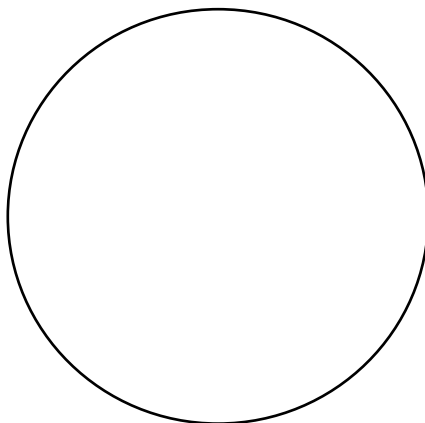


Fraction: _____



Fraction: _____

4. Partition the shape and then shade in a fraction on the circle model below that is less than $\frac{1}{4}$.



Missing Factors

Solve for the unknown variable.

1. $27 \div a = 3$ $3 \times a = 27$

The value of a is _____

2. $14 \div z = 7$ $z \times 7 = 14$

The value of z is _____

3. $21 \div q = 3$ $3 \times q = 21$

The value of q is _____

4. $24 \div i = 2$ $i \times 2 = 24$

The value of i is _____

5. $15 \div u = 5$ $5 \times u = 15$

The value of u is _____

6. $32 \div o = 8$ $8 \times o = 32$

The value of o is _____

7. $64 \div y = 8$ $8 \times y = 64$

The value of y is _____

Missing Factors

Solve for the unknown variable.

1. $36 \div a = 6$ $6 \times a = 36$

The value of a is _____

2. $24 \div z = 3$ $z \times 3 = 24$

The value of z is _____

3. $32 \div q = 8$ $8 \times q = 32$

The value of q is _____

4. $16 \div i = 2$ $i \times 2 = 16$

The value of i is _____

5. $54 \div u = 9$ $9 \times u = 54$

The value of u is _____

6. $30 \div o = 10$ $10 \times o = 30$

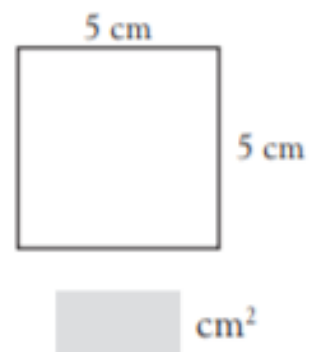
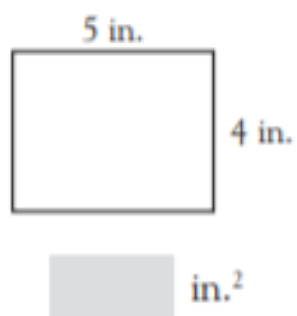
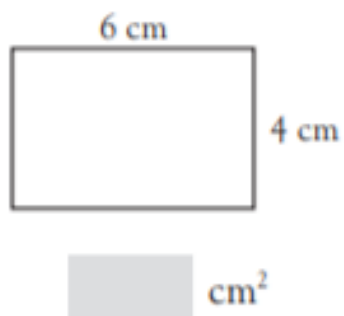
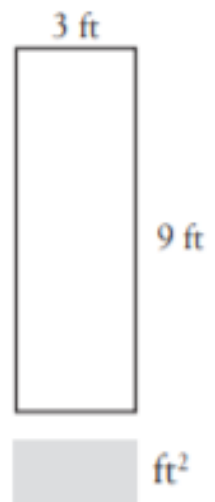
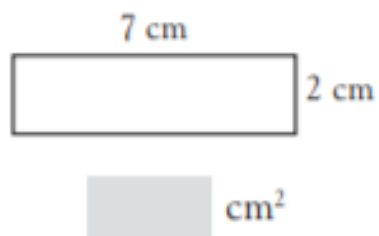
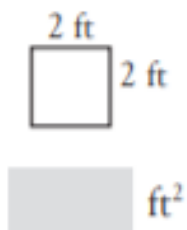
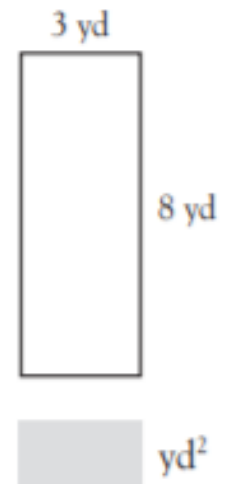
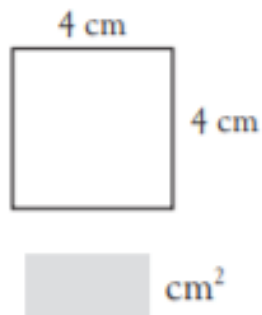
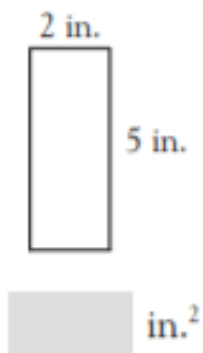
The value of o is _____

7. $42 \div y = 7$ $7 \times y = 42$

The value of y is _____

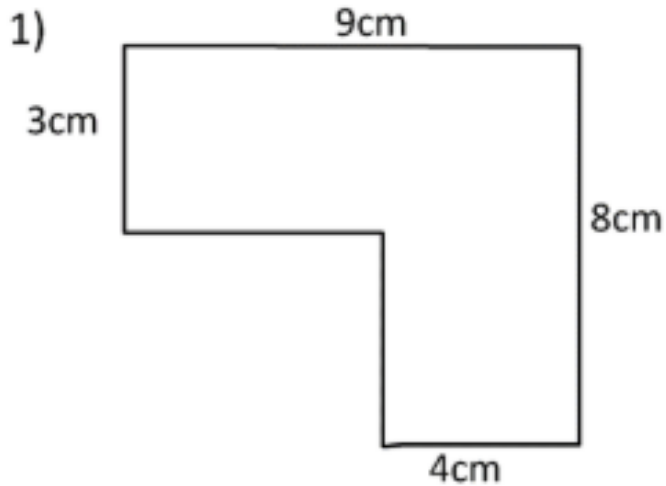
Finding Area

Find the area of each rectangle and square.

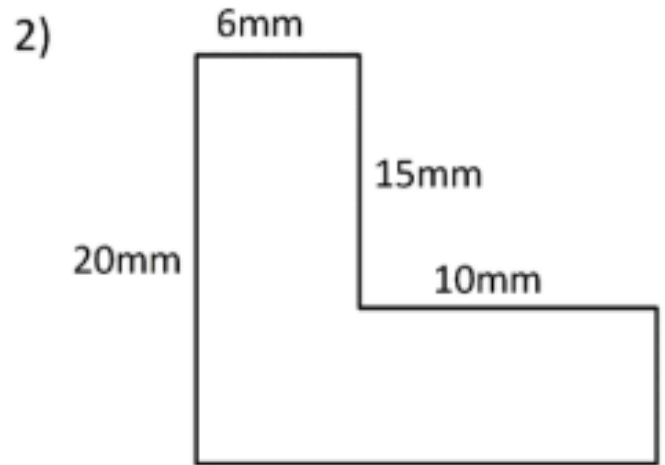


Rectilinear Area

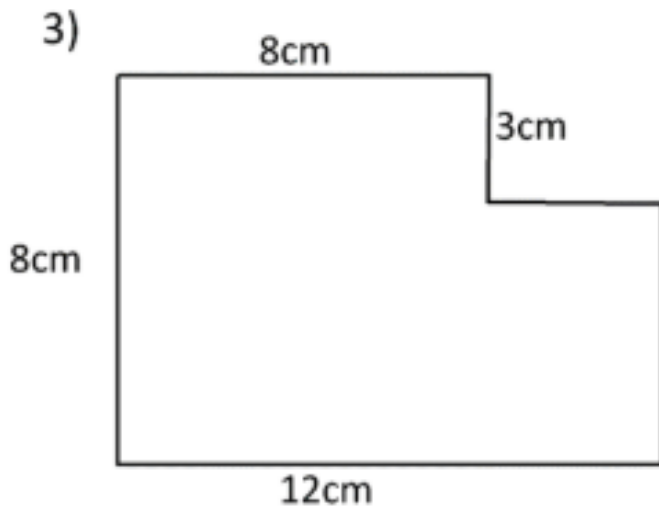
Directions: Find the area of each shape.



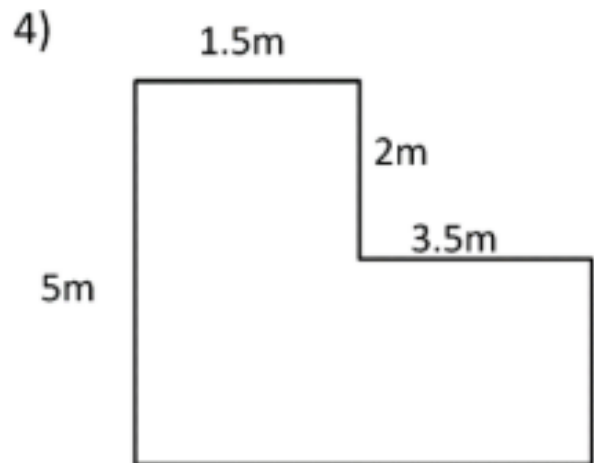
Area = _____



Area = _____



Area = _____



Area = _____

