

Extra Dictation Passages

We hope that you will encourage your children to practice writing each day. We understand, though, that there are some days when your children will feel... well, let's just say "uninspired." On those days, what should you do?

Should you just let them skip writing? Not if you want them to grow and excel as a writer. Mercilessly browbeat them into submission? Not if you want to keep your sanity! Instead, just assign one of the extra dictation passages below.

Your children will gain additional writing practice without the additional challenge of a regular assignment. You'll avoid a battle of the wills with a reluctant writer. Use the extra time you gain to discuss things with your children. Why are they feeling uninspired? Show them love and support and help them regroup in preparation to hit the ground running again tomorrow.

For your convenience, we have provided extra dictation passages for you to use over the length of this course.

The Bears on Hemlock Mountain

next to last page. Chap. 2

"Look!" said Uncle James. "Look carefully, Jonathan. Jonathan looked. The raccoon took the apple in his two front paws. He dipped it in the water and dipped it and dipped it and dipped it again. "Coons like their food wet," said Uncle James.

The Cabin Faced West

pg. 10

"We've cast our lot with the West," her father had said as he stood in the doorway the day the cabin was completed. "And we won't look back."

pg. 18

Of all the places on her father's hill, Ann liked the road best. She had a feeling about the road.

pg. 26

Ann put her book and pencil down on the road and ran for the grapevine rope. "We used to skip rope," she said. "Like this." She turned the rope quickly—over and back, over and back—and skipped in a circle around Andy.

pg. 38

"I could teach you all the letters," Ann offered. "I could teach you how to write sometime, if you want."

pg. 105

For the first time she noticed that she had hardly written anything about the Western Country. Most of her entries were about Gettysburg, about Margaret, about her homesickness.

The Courage of Sarah Noble

pg. 1

Sarah lay on a quilt under a tree. The darkness was all around her, but through the branches she could see one bright star. It was comfortable to look at.

pg. 18

Now Sarah held her courage a little more firmly. She also held tightly to her father's hand. And so they came, with Thomas, down the long hill into the place that would be their home.

pg. 39

All day Sarah had played with the children. They did not speak in the same words but somehow they understood each other. When they couldn't understand it did not seem to matter. Friends have ways of speaking without words.

A Lion to Guard Us

pg. 3

He was well enough, for all I could see. He'd built a house in Jamestown. That's the only town there. When my ship sailed, he asked if I'd stop for a word with his family in London.

pg. 28

"Virginia is a terrible place, full of wild Indians and wild beasts. All those tales about the New World and how wonderful it is—they're lies, all lies!"

pg. 55

The hold was the long room below the deck. They lived there with more than a hundred and fifty others. When they all lay down to sleep, they were crowded together like salt fish in a barrel.

pg. 87

They moved away from the harbor where the sun beat down on the sand. They built a village among the trees. Some of the houses were tents. Others were made of rocks, logs, and branches.

The Matchlock Gun

pg. 2

The gun hung over the fireplace, its bell mouth pointing towards the front of the house, its brass-heeled stock towards the shed door.

pg. 2

The gun was longer than a grown man, half again the length of the musket kept on pegs over the stoop door, and more than twice the length of Edward, who was ten years old, with long legs, dark hair, like his mother's, and serious eyes.

pp. 57-59

Edward tried to drag his mother away from them; but he could not move her. He sent Trudy inside to get blankets, telling her to hurry. She brought them from the bedroom, together with her handkerchief doll.

Meet George Washington

pp. 6-7

George was a tall, strong boy. He became good at all kinds of sports. Before long, he could run faster than any of his friends. And he soon learned to ride a horse better than anyone his age.

pg. 17

George Washington told General Braddock they could not take wagons into the wilderness. There were no roads. And those red coats! The French could see them for miles.

pp. 51-52

Up north, in Saratoga, some colonists had won a big battle. And Washington learned that French soldiers were coming to help the colonists. The French wanted England to lose the war.

Meet Thomas Jefferson

pg. 1

Thomas Jefferson wrote one of the most famous papers in the world. Many people think it is the greatest paper in the history of the United States. It is the Declaration of Independence.

pg. 35

In October of 1781 there was a great battle at Yorktown, Virginia. Eight thousand English soldiers were trapped. On the sea behind them were French warships. On the land before them were American and French armies.

Om-kas-toe

pg. 16

The boy had seen for himself how the wolves worked together to make the kill. Each wolf did its job. Their plan was perfect. One wolf alone could never have trapped the deer. The whole pack was needed, and the whole pack would enjoy the meat.

pg. 16

The boy knew that his people always worked together also. They had to trap their game and make a kill or not have meat to eat. The small boy would never forget the hunt he had just watched.

pg. 19

The mother of these twins was Tall Woman. Right away she begged the leaders of the village to let her keep both babies. She promised to do all her work as she always had.

pg. 19

She told the men that she believed that the twins were a gift from the Above One. She believed the twins would bring good medicine to the band. Tall Woman pleaded and pleaded to be allowed to keep the tiny babies.

pg. 20

Only one man had not spoken yet. He had listened to all the arguments before he rose from his seat to speak. He was the oldest man in the band. His name was Old Man. Everyone listened carefully as he spoke.

pg. 26

Everyone in this band of 130 Blackfeet Indians knew the legends of the raven they called Big Crow. The coming of this raven could do nothing but bring good luck to its owner and the people of his band. Ravens were good medicine in the stories heard around Blackfeet fires.

pg. 26

Twin Boy named the raven Wise Bird, because it even seemed to understand many of the words the boy spoke, and it learned new tricks quickly.

pg. 39

Twin Boy did not realize that what was about to happen would be one of the greatest miracles his people would ever witness. Just as the boy did when he played with Wise Bird or fun, he used the word find over and over.

pg. 43

Everyone shared the mother's joy. The baby was unhurt. Soon the whole story was told. The boy and his raven had found the child. It was a miracle! Every detail of the story was told again and again. Twin Boy never tired of answering questions and telling his story.

pg. 44

At the end of his speech each leader said, "My son, from this day on you have a new name. Take the name Om-kas-toe, meaning raven. By this name all will remember the great thing you have done this day."

pg. 132

Now all the men could talk about was how to get more of these amazing animals. How could they get them? Their enemies would never give them away or even trade for them. The only way the Blackfeet could get more elkdogs would be to take them from the enemy. This would be dangerous.

pg. 167

My son, come to the fire, sit, let your breath return to you. Drink this water. When you are ready, speak, my son. Tell us the message you have.

pg. 187

"This is not a good place," Otterman said quietly. "The land is too rough. Too much rock. Too many fallen trees. Our escape would be slow. We must follow the enemy to a better place. Then we will attack, take the elkdogs, and make our escape."

pg. 210

When Tall Woman, Otterman, White Wolf, and Two Bears heard Twin Girl call for help, they found her with her brother. They quickly wrapped the boy in a warm buffalo robe and spoke softly about the miracle of this moment.

Phoebe the Spy**pg. 16**

And so it was that a few days later Phoebe packed two clean aprons and a bottle of her father's best cider into a bundle, said good-bye to her family, and set off to save George Washington's life.

pg. 24

Phoebe was a good housekeeper. But she did not forget why she was there. Day after day she watched, and waited, and listened. General Washington came and went.

Pocahontas and the Strangers**pg. 3**

The boy put an arrow to his bow. He drew back the string and let it go with a twang. The shot missed. The squirrel disappeared among the bushes.

pg. 18

"I'll tell you, then," he said. "We are going to wait. Before we do anything, we are going to see what the palefaces do. There, I have told you. Now go and play."

pg. 30

Pocahontas looked beyond, to the finger of land that pointed out into the river. It was almost an island. The palefaces were building houses there.

pg. 35

"Yes, some of the men left early. They are going far from here to hunt." "Will they bring back a bear?" she asked. "They may," he said.

pg. 36

Pocahontas worked with them. In the afternoon she helped them weave grass into a large fishing net.

pg. 44

Captain John Smith raised his head. She saw his face. It was half covered with golden hair. His eyes were blue. Never before had she seen a man's eyes that were blue.

pg. 45

"Our men say John Smith is the leader," said Hapsis. "Your father does not trust them. If the leader is gone, it will be easier to drive the rest away."

pg. 68

Pocahontas opened one of the storehouses. From the store of food she took corn and beans. Some of the people said to Powhatan, "See what your daughter is doing. You must stop her." "There is enough food," he said. "Some good may come of this."

pg. 116

What could we do? They came to the village. Captain John Smith said, "Do as we ask, or there will be war." The firesticks were pointed at our heads. We had to do as he asked. We loaded the boat with corn. If you go hungry this winter, blame your brother, Captain John Smith.

pp. 137-138

"How do you know what God wishes you to do?" asked Pocahontas. "It is all here in the Bible." Betsy brought her a thick black book. Pocahontas looked inside it. "I wish I could read these words."

Robert Fulton, Boy Craftsman**pg. 15**

With long strokes of the broom, he kept time to the wonderful music of the anvil. Even when he swept around the ox cage, he did not miss a beat. He loved rhythm.

pg. 35

"See, Bob," she said, as she held up a tiny box. "It holds just enough ink powder for one batch of ink. Your father left it to you."

pg. 35

"Father meant it for me, Mother? For me?" Mrs. Fulton nodded. "He wanted you to write fair and clear. He wanted you to go to school and learn to do useful things."

pg. 39

Bob tiptoed around the kitchen. He put the bark in the old black kettle over the fire. Next he poured nearly a bucket of water over it. Now he kindled the fire.

pg. 39

"A watched pot never boils," he said to himself. "I won't even look at it. I'll stir the red ink instead." So he stirred the red ink madly. Then he swept the hearth.

pg. 77

"I have pounded out a pencil," said Bob. And he could not help smiling as he added, "It makes a fine line. Please try it, sir."

pg. 78

The schoolmaster looked at the pencil in awe. He dropped his birch rods. He pushed his wig to one side and scratched his head. In all his lifetime he had seen only three pencils. This was as neat as any.

pg. 138

Away from the shade of the willow trees the sun blazed. It pricked Bob's skin like blackberry thorns. It beat down upon the water until the water looked hot. It glared, like a mirror in the sun.

pg. 147

The whole loft was a workshop! In it were tools for every job—drills and saws, planes and chisels, a miter box and compasses, hammers, and nails of all sizes.

pg. 152

When at last the wheels were finished, the boys hung them on the wall and stood back to admire their handiwork. They had spent many hours on the project and were satisfied with the result.

pg. 174

He was always interested in finding ways to do work more quickly and easily. He invented a machine for digging channels for the canals, a boat that would carry the goods faster, and devices for spinning flax and making rope.

pg. 191

Even as a boy he was the kind to see a way to improve things. He always finished up whatever he set out to do, too, and he made a fine job of it.

Sarah, Plain and Tall

pp. 15-16

"Sarah has said she will come for a month's time if we wish her to," he said, his voice loud in the dark barn. "To see how it is. Just to see."

pg. 39

"There is ice on the windows on winter mornings," I told Sarah. "We can draw sparkling pictures and we can see our breath in the air."

pp. 55-56

Caleb got up and went over to the small barn window. "What color is the sea when it storms?" he asked Sarah. "Blue," said Sarah, brushing her wet hair back with her fingers. "And gray and green." Caleb nodded and smiled. "Look," he said to her. "Look what is missing from your drawing."

Sarah Whitcher's Story

pp. 7-8

"But," Joseph said, looking intently at Pa, "what did Job do?" "He trusted, son. No matter what happened, he knew the Lord would make everything come out right."

pg. 34

"Every man in the countryside is doing what he can to help find Sarah," Pa said in the low tone of voice that he used when he gentled an animal. "The Lord will help us all."

pg. 41

"Kind friends, strangers, whoever you may be," Ma said in the gentling tone she had learned from Pa, "for the love you bear your own little ones, help us to find our child."

"We'll be back," one of them said gruffly.

pg. 74

"Last night, when I walked into the inn at Plymouth, I heard talk of a lost child. I prayed that she would be found, and when I went to bed I dreamed of finding her."

Naya Nuki

pg. 11

The Shoshoni Indians had to go to the prairie to hunt buffalo. They needed meat for food, hides for clothing and shelter, and bones for tools. Without dried buffalo meat for the long winter, many of the tribe would starve to death.

pg. 50

In one day Naya Nuki had gotten a buffalo skin and a knife, the two things she needed most for her escape and survival. She wanted to escape before someone discovered her hidden treasures. Her mind was filled with plans, with fears, and with hope, all at the same time.

pg. 60

Naya Nuki planned to travel at night for at least five sleeps. Darkness would hide her from the enemy. Fear of capture followed her every step. She would run as much as possible during her night travel.

pg. 116

Naya Nuki was excited about her good luck at finding the buffalo kill. With each passing day she became more sure of making it home safely. Her good luck would soon change, however.

pg. 152

Naya Nuki worked in a blinding snowstorm and soon the ground was covered with a white blanket. After the repairs were completed, a very cold Naya Nuki went to work digging roots and gathering dried berries from nearby service berry bushes. The snow was ankle-deep when she crawled inside her snug little hut with her supply of roots and berries and her other belongings.

The Skippack School

pp. 11-12

He was glad to be on land, with the fresh country air to sniff. It was good! The wagon creaked on and on, out through the deep woods.

pp. 21-22

There was much laughing and happy talk as they put the wash bench by the back door, and Mom hung up her pots and kettles by the fireplace. Then Pop laid the fire for supper. It was home!

pg. 27

"Eli, when you speak to me, say: 'Yes, Master Christopher.' That is the proper way to answer any man, and not because especial respect is due me."

Squanto, Friend of the Pilgrims

pg. 11

Some wore robes of deer/skin. Others put feathers in their hair. They painted their faces red, black, and yellow. The chief wore a band of turkey feathers around his head and a string of little sea shells around his neck.

pg. 29

He would cross the great ocean. He, Squanto, the Indian boy, would be the first of his people to see the land of the white men.

pg. 37

"Well! Good day to you!" She said to Charles, "He doesn't sound like a wild man. He doesn't look like one either."

pg. 85

"I call them pilgrims because they wander here and there. They have no real homes," said Slanie. "The king will not let them have their own church in England. Many of them have gone to Holland, but they are not happy there. They want to go to the New World where they can live and be free."

The Thanksgiving Story

"Two Ships and a Big Adventure," second page

The Pilgrims wanted to be free to have their own church, to worship God in their own way. So they had left England and gone to live in Holland. Now they had come back from Holland to sail for America.

"A Ship Sails Alone," last page

There were no friends to welcome the Pilgrims, no houses to live in. But they had come to land, and so they knelt and thanked God for bringing them safely to the new country. ■