

Appendix 5: Language Arts 4—Extra Dictation Passages

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.

All of a Kind Family

pg. 13

Mama came over and sat down beside Sarah. Gently she stroked her hair and let the child weep. After a while she said softly, "Sarah, tell us what happened."

"Between sobs, the muffled words came slowly, "My-library-book-is-lost."

pg. 101

There were many more houses for the children to visit, so good-byes were said, and the children continued on their way. All afternoon, they went from house to house. To some they brought Purim baskets. To others, only themselves in masquerade. But no matter how they came, they were everywhere welcomed with joy and laughter.

pg. 107

By this time, Sarah was sure that she hated soup—all soup—but rice soup in particular. Mama had no right to make her eat it. She was more determined than ever not to eat it. She wouldn't give in. She just wouldn't!

pg. 148

Mama finally decided that no matter how much trouble it might mean for her, the children would have to be taken away from the city even if it were for only one day.

"If it's as hot as this tomorrow, we shall go to the beach," she told the children.

Bruchko

pg. 19

"Kent, I just can't believe it. Both of us..." I was standing, looking at him. "But, Kent, what did you mean—that they always tell you to ask Jesus into your heart in church? They don't do that in my church. No one ever heard of it."

pg. 45

It was from the Langes, just a short note. But with it was a check for one hundred dollars—the promised support from the church. It had come when I needed it, not a day sooner, not a day later.

Down at the airstrip, I paid for my ticket and flew off to Caracas, not realizing that I would nearly be killed my first day there.

pg. 99

I had a friend. From that day on, things went better. Cobaydra brought my food almost every day, and I looked forward to sitting with him and eating. He made me go with him when the men went hunting, so I had more to do. I also became familiar with the projects and pastimes of the men. Hunting was fun, particularly with Cobaydra to run the trails with me.

pg. 133

As I clung to the palm tree pole, Bobby looked straight at me. He was safe. He knew Jesus. He was doing the thing I should have had the vision to suggest. He was keeping the evil spirits away by singing a song of Jesus.

I joined him in the song. All that night we sang. When dawn came, no one had died. It was the first time in anyone's memory that the spirits had walked and no one had died.

By the Great Horn Spoon

pg. 3

The ship was bound for the gold fields with 183 passengers—not counting the stowaways. Hundreds of gold-seekers had been left at the dock clamoring for passage. The California fever was sweeping through the cities and towns and villages like a heady wind.

pg. 98

The steward tells me they're Digger Indians. Quite tame. They dig for roots and acorns and are a menace to nothing but wasps and grasshoppers—which they consider a delicacy.

Freedom Train: The Story of Harriet Tubman

pg. 7

A hundred years before, the captain of a sailing vessel had kidnapped Harriet's great-grandmother. Carrying her across the ocean from her African home to a crowded wharf in Baltimore, he sold her to the highest bidder. Now her children and her children's children and their children belonged to Master, as surely as did his cows and pigs.

pg. 25

The days were long and the tasks were hard. "We work from can to can't," the older women grumbled.

But slave children grew up quickly in Maryland in the 1820's. The weak who dropped exhausted in the fields were comforted with the overseer's lash and the threat of sale to the cotton planters. Only the strong survived.

pg. 104

"Anything but your life and liberty. Where you think Mistress'll go when she finds you're missing? Straight to the old folks' cabin. Without meaning to, Ma'll give our plans away. And get herself into a peck of trouble, too."

pg. 174

Harriet's face clouded over. "You put your finger on something, Ma. You know, at first there was no pay for colored troops. Then, when they made us regulars, government offered seven dollars a month. Since the white soldiers get thirteen dollars a month, we all agreed, until we get paid equal, we don't draw pay."

George Washington Carver

pg. 8

"The boy sees things we do not," she answered softly. "I cannot grow flowers in the garden. The boy can. He is friend to the birds and animals. He talks to them, sings with them."

pg. 42

In the year 1886, news reached us that the government was giving away free land in West Kansas. All a person had to do was file a claim and agree to live on that land. I had never owned any land. It was too exciting an adventure to let slip by. So it was that at twenty-two, I joined a wagon train west, settled in Ness County, Kansas, and filed a claim on 160 acres.

pg. 109

"We will be able to use every peanut we have raised. Harvest each and every peanut crop. We can use peanuts to wash with, to drink, to rub on our bodies—for just about anything. We have found the answer."

"We?" the student asked. "But you were alone in the lab, weren't you?" "Oh, no," I replied. "I was not alone for a moment."

pg. 126

Mr. Edison's secretary continued, "I believe that would be a considerable increase from your present salary."

I chuckled. That was certainly true. Since I had come to Tuskegee in 1896, I had received \$1500 each year and I used little of it. Yes, \$100,000 was a "considerable increase."

Gone Away Lake

pg. 5

"Jupiter," repeated Foster. "That's the biggest one. I was just thinking."

"The biggest what?"

"Planet," said Foster.

"Honestly," Portia sighed. "Julian knows the names of all the things in the world, and you know the names of all the things out of it. What do I know, I wonder?"

pg. 9

"What have you got in your mouth?" Julian asked Portia.

"Tooth braces," she told him, stretching the sides of her mouth to give him a better view.

"Holy cat! When you smile, it looks just like the front of a Buick!" Julian said.

pg. 136

Mr. Payton, still wearing his bee hat, was feeding his sister's hens. He had tossed the netting back from his face, and it flapped on his shoulders so that he looked rather like a member of the Foreign Legion. Chickens came clucking and trotting as he shook a sieveful of kernels.

pp. 253-254

Portia's father was looking gravely at the photograph of Theodore Roosevelt. Still looking at it, he said: "I wonder what the state would ask for the place?"

And it was at that moment that Portia began to feel a hope she had never even thought of.

"Daddy, do you mean we might buy it?"

Helen Keller

pg. 60

"You'll have to," Teacher spelled. "Or Santa Claus won't come."

So Helen closed her eyes—and smiled. "Santa Claus will think girl is asleep," she spelled.

pg. 73

She refused to give up. And little by little she got better. Until one day Helen opened her mouth and said in a growly voice, "I a-amm n-o-ootttttT d-d-duuummm-bB n-nooow."

In the Year of the Boar and Jackie Robinson

pg. 26

Father bowed. "It is good that you are here, my wife."

"It is good to be here, my husband." Mother, too, bowed.

Taking one of Father's hands in her left and one of Mother's in her right, Shirley jumped up and down. "Take us home, Father. Take us home."

pg. 140

In the morning the shame had not gone away. It cast a stillness within her like the hush of new snow. She began to see things she had failed to see before. Once again, her parents had slept through the alarm. But only now did she realize it was because of the long hours they worked. Worked to build a new life for them in America. Worked without complaint, always with cheer. How could she have deceived them so?

Old Yeller

pg. 1

We called him Old Yeller. The name had a sort of double meaning. One part meant that his short hair was a dingy yellow, a color that we called "yeller" in those days. The other meant that when he opened his head, the sound he let out came closer to being a yell than a bark.

pp. 61-62

But that day when I saw him in the spring, so helpless against the angry she bear, I learned different. I knew then that I loved him as much as I did Mama and Papa, maybe in some ways even a little bit more.

So it was only natural for me to come to love the dog that saved him.

pp. 148-149

Lisbeth was a big help. She didn't have to be told what to do, either. She was right there on hand all the time, just looking for something to do. She was a lot better about that than I ever was. She wasn't as big and she couldn't do as much as I could, but she was more willing.

The Perilous Road

pg. 13

"This world is a sorry place," the preacher said sadly.

"Brother fighting brother, men that have gone to do their duty starving and dying, turned into thieves and murderers by the pale horse of war. Oh, I wisht I'd never lived to see this day."

pg. 33

Jethro looked at his brother soberly. "Chris, maybe you didn't know it, but this country's at war. Them soldier boys has got to get food somehow. They can't raise it. If they didn't take it, the Rebels would. Folks on Walden's Ridge won't starve. They may go without, but they won't starve."

pg. 52

"The way I see it, war ain't doing nothing but making things worse," said Mr. Brabson. "I don't hold with slavery. And I surely think the Union ought to hang together. But sending soldiers down here to burn and rob and kill don't seem to me anything but a sin."

pg. 101

"These be wartimes, Betsy," Mr. Brabson answered his wife wearily. "Folks don't act in natural ways during wartimes, it seems like."

Plain Girl

pg. 8

"Esther is learning here at home," Father said slowly in a heavy stubborn voice. "We Amish people believe in the law; you should know it. But we do not believe in a bad law that forces men to send their children to learn bad ways. We are able to teach our children everything they will need to know here on the farm."

pg. 77

"But why—" She paused, to be sure of what she meant to say. She looked up, puzzled, to ask it, with Mary in her thoughts. "Who are they then? The others? They wear different clothes nearly every day."

pg. 96

"You remember when Jacob's barn burned, Esther?" Dan asked. "A new one was built for him in a week, remember, and filled with hay. That could only happen here—with the People. That's one of the things I have learned since I went away."

She had never thought such a thing was strange, but only natural.

pp. 121-122

"I see," he said after a time. But what it was he saw she didn't learn just then; the bell was ringing. He stood up quickly and said, "Esther, I'll think about this awhile. I don't know—I never thought about such a thing with you."

The Seventeenth Swap

pg. 16

All at once Eric understood. Jimmy wanted the boots because they were useless. Or rather, because his feet were. Such feet were no good at all for walking or running or even standing on. But at least they might look good. Look like real feet. Like cowboy feet—extra-fancy, extra-gaudy, bright red with black designs on. Wow.

pg. 28

By the time Eric started home from school he'd added several items to both his lists and was counting on Angel to add some more. It was a letdown to spot her trotting off in the opposite direction, jabbering ninety-to-nothing at Debbie Clark as they both headed for Debbie's mother's car and, presumably, Debbie's fancy house down beside the lake.

pg. 38

Eric pushed back through the curtains, glancing at the big clock over the cigar counter. Might as well go on home and stare at his lists as to keep on tramping around like this, accomplishing nothing. He was beginning to feel a strong need of advice, without the dimmest notion of where to go for it, or precisely what to ask for when he got there.

Shades of Gray

pg. 87

Suddenly Will realized how much he was going to miss Meg. She wasn't silly and helpless like other girls he'd known—or like his sisters, he thought with a pang. Was it because she was a country girl, or because she'd always been expected to do her share in a family with no slaves—a family that actually took pride in working hard?

pg. 108

"Lad," said Uncle Jed, laying a hand on Will's shoulder, "The war's over. I know how you feel, but—"

Will jerked away from his uncle's touch. "No, you don't know how I feel! You didn't lose everything you cared about because of the war!"

Shoes for Everyone

pg. 11

But the determined Dutchmen, together with some 300,000 slaves brought from West Africa, had done it. Slaves had cultivated the 800 sugar and rice plantations. Blacks outnumbered the Dutchmen in Dutch Guiana 14 to 1. Paramaribo's marketplace was a rain/bow of faces—black, brown, tan, and white—all jostled together in this colorful land.

pg. 38

Jan Matzeliger was dead serious. He had been drawing up ideas for a machine that could do everything the lasters thought was impossible. They also did not know that once Jan Matzeliger made up his mind to do something, he did it.

Sing Down the Moon

pg. 2

I felt like singing. I wanted to leap and dance with joy, yet I stood quietly and watched the river running between the cottonwood trees, for I knew that it is bad luck to be so happy. The gods do not like anyone to show happiness in this way and they punish those who do not obey them.

pg. 44

"Jesús Cristo," Rosita said, "is like all our gods if you put them together. He is Falling Water and Spider Woman. But he is not cunning like Falling Water, nor is he vengeful like Spider Woman."

The Terrible Wave

pg. 17-18

Her father strode across the porch quickly and grasped her shoulders in a firm grip. "Now listen to me carefully. You do exactly as I say, and do it quickly."

"What is it, Papa?" She was searching his face anxiously.

"I'm not sure," he said, "but I've heard that the dam has broken."

pg. 91

Senator's shiny coat was mud spattered, and a long, blood-crust gash cut across his flank, but he seemed to have no broken bones. Finding him was one of those curious miracles that arise from disaster, something wholly without probability, something that just happens. From that moment on, the big dog never left her side, walking with his nose touching her skirt.

pg. 114

"But Megan, I can't find Will—you know, Will Alford, my friend from college. He went in to town right after dinner on Friday to check on train schedules, and—"

Megan's happiness drained away suddenly.

"Oh, John," she said softly, "I'm so sorry..."

"Have you seen him? Is he..."

Thimble Summer

pp. 3-4

It was like being inside of a drum. The sky, like a bright skin, was stretched tight above the valley, and the earth, too, was tight and hard with heat. Later, when it was dark, there would be a noise of thunder, as though a great hand beat upon the drum; there would be heavy clouds above the hills, and flashes of heat lightning, but no rain.

pg. 50

"Look here," said Garnet's father suddenly. "You seem like a person with some sense. Maybe I could use you on my farm for a while. I'm building a new barn and, though Jay's pretty good as a helper, I think that if I had two boys working instead of one, I'd get through a lot faster. Would you like to try it?"

pg. 80

"Are you—do you live in Hodgeville?" she asked.

"No indeed," said the lady. "We live over to Deepwater, but we get up to Hodgeville pretty often."

"She's a singer," explained the man, jerking his head sideways at his wife. "Got one of the finest contralto voices you ever listen to. When she lets go of it full blast even the cookstove trembles."

Turn Homeward, Hannalee

pg. 69

"Rosellen, you'd work for Yankees?"

She nodded slowly. "You heard what that old lady told us. I'd work for Yankees before I'd go to one of their jails. I think you'd best bear that in mind, too. That train ride was like a jail on wheels, and remember how bad it was. Just think what a real bluebelly prison would be like."

pg. 84

"I nodded and told him, 'You know, it don't seem right to me that folks like us Reeds should have such hard times now when we never had slaves. We did all our work ourselves. We don't hold with slavery. Pap wanted all the slaves set free everywhere. He didn't think it was right that a man should own another man.'"

pg. 172

One day right after General Lee surrendered, while Mama and I were sitting in the doorway of the house shelling spring peas for supper, we heard that President Abraham Lincoln had been shot and killed in Washington, D.C. Mama said softly, "So the Yankees are grievin', too."

The Wright Brothers

pg. 42

Finally Will told his father that when he got better he was going to help him all he could. Maybe he too would become a minister.

His wise father shook his head and smiled. "Each one of us is given a task to do by God" he said. "I don't think he wants either you or Orville to be ministers. I don't know what plans he has for you. I think they are big plans."

pg. 48

Reverend Wright looked at his two sons solemnly. "When you were sick, Will," he said, "I told you I thought God had big plans for you and Orv. Now I know what he wants you to be. He wants you to be inventors. You'll spend the rest of your life making new things that will help mankind."

pg. 99

Within two weeks Orv had a dozen scientific magazines in which there were articles about gliding. They were written for the most part by college professors, inventors, engineers, and scientists. Perhaps a man would find that the only way to launch a glider was against the wind. Being a scientist, he wouldn't keep the knowledge to himself. He'd write an article for a magazine so that everyone would know about it. ■