

Appendix 4: Language Arts 5—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.

Ali and the Golden Eagle

pg. 12

Their houses were hundreds of years old, built and rebuilt from mud bricks with straw to hold them together. The stones lining the street were worn down from centuries of being walked on. The villagers had burros, sheep, and goats, and all were healthy and well fed. Almost everything was made by hand from the natural resources found in their isolated valley.

pg. 44

"Ali, I have a surprise for you. Today we will build a way to catch an eagle baby. I have everything we need in my Rover. Come, we have much work to do."

pg. 72

"Ali, if we can master this bird, we will have the greatest hunter in all Arabia, perhaps in all the world. There is a long road ahead, but we will take it together."

Around the World in 80 Days

pg. 8

"Upon my word," said Passepartout to himself, "I have known at Madame Tussaud's good people as lively as my new master!"

It is proper to say here that Madame Tussaud's "good people" are wax figures, much visited in London, and who, indeed, are only wanting in speech.

pg. 19

"Heaven preserve me!" exclaimed Stuart, "but I would willingly wager four thousand pounds that such a journey, made under these conditions, is impossible."

"On the contrary, quite possible," replied Mr. Fogg.

"Well, make it, then!"

"The tour of the world in eighty days?"

"Yes!"

"I am willing."

The Big Wave

pg. 17

"And if we are not able?" Kino asked.

"We must be able," his father replied. "Fear alone makes man weak. If you are afraid, your hands tremble, your feet falter, and your brain cannot tell hands and feet what to do."

pg. 32

To die a little later or a little sooner does not matter. But to live bravely, to love life, to see how beautiful the trees are and the mountains, yes, and even the sea, to enjoy work because it produces food for life—in these things we Japanese are a fortunate people. We love life because we understand that life and death are necessary to each other.

Born in the Year of Courage

pg. 89

Manjiro nodded, although he knew he was right. The time in the womb counted as the first year. All babies turned two with the coming of the new year after their birth. He was sixteen.

pg. 121

Manjiro nodded. "Captain Whitfield told me about your friend who escaped from Japan—then took his life. I expect he believed he had dishonored his family."

"Including his ancestors," Dr. Judd said. "And he felt that he had offended the soul of Japan." He shrugged. "I didn't understand then, and I don't now. Nor do I understand Japan's isolationist attitude."

Call it Courage

pg. 18

The boy stood there taut as a drawn arrow awaiting its release. Off to the south somewhere there were other islands... He drew a deep breath. If he could win his way to a distant island, he could make a place for himself among strangers. And he would never return to Hikueru until he should have proven himself!

pg. 58

Mafatu had discovered a mulberry tree. He stripped off the bark and removed the inner white lining. Then he wet the fiber and laid it upon a flat stone and set about beating it with a stick of wood. The fiber spread and grew thinner under the persistent beating. Soon he had a yard of "cloth" to serve as a pareu. It was soft and white, and now at last he was clothed.

pg. 79

Never again need he hang his head before his people. He had fought the sea for life and won. He had sustained himself by his own wits and skill. He had faced loneliness and danger and death, if not without flinching, at least with courage. He had been, sometimes, deeply afraid, but he had faced fear and faced it down. Surely that could be called courage.

The Cat Who Went to Heaven

pg. 17

"Run! Run!" he exclaimed. "Buy tea and cakes" and he pressed into the old woman's hands the last thing of value he owned, the vase that stood in the alcove of his room and always held a branch or spray of flowers. But even if his room must be bare after this, the artist did not hesitate: No guest could be turned away without proper entertainment.

God's Adventurer

pg. 31

Tears welled slowly up in the older man's eyes as he looked at the strangely radiant expression of the open-faced boy before him, and he said in a voice deepened by emotion:

"I'd give all the world for a faith like yours."

"You can have it, you know, sir," answered Hudson quietly. "It's free to all—without money and without price."

pg. 72

Months ago he had taken the step of dressing exactly as the Chinese did. He had called down a good deal of criticism on himself from fellow-Europeans as a result, but he was able to mingle much more freely with the Chinese themselves, and had travelled extensively in places where most Europeans would have been mobbed.

pg. 89

Mr. Nee rose to his feet. All eyes were turned to him as he said, with quiet, oriental gravity:

"I have long sought the truth, as my father did before me, without finding it. I travelled far and near, searching for the Way, but never found it. In the teachings of Confucius, the doctrines of Buddhism and Taoism, I have found no rest. But I have found rest in what we have heard tonight. From now on I am a believer in Jesus."

pg. 101

Hudson never doubted that God would answer his prayer. Nor did it trouble him that he, who had barely enough money to support his wife and family, would now begin to require an income of thousands of pounds a year to support the twenty-four willing, skilful laborers. If he was doing God's work in God's way, God would certainly send in the money required!

Henry Reed, Inc

pg. 30

By the time we were kids, my folks—that's your grandparents—had sold three lots here on this side of the road. All the present houses were here except that red brick one which you can see over the evergreens. That belongs to Mr. Apple.

pg. 44

"What kind of research are you going to do—pure or applied?" she asked.

"What's the difference?" I asked.

"Well, in pure research you just sort of try and find out things because you're curious. In applied research you're trying to find the answer to some question."

pp. 145-146

"Who would want a wasps' nest?" Midge asked.

"A museum," I replied.

She didn't think much of the idea, but I asked Mrs. Ainsworth if she minded if I took the wasps' nest. She said certainly not. In fact she would gladly pay me a dollar if I would take it away.

Homesick

pg. 25

"Good-bye," I said. "May the River God protect you."

For a moment the boy stared. When he spoke, it was as if he were trying out a new sound. "American friend," he said slowly.

When I looked back, he was still there, looking soberly toward the foreign world to which I had gone.

pg. 61

Why did I love the river so? It wasn't what you would call beautiful. It wasn't like anything. It just was and it had always been. When you were on the river or even looking at it, you flowed with time. You were part of forever.

pg. 101

My mother put her arms around Mrs. Hu. My father took one of Mr. Hu's hands in both of his. "Old friend," he said. "Old friend." He must have been misty-eyed, for he took off his glasses and wiped them. Suddenly I found myself blinking back tears and I didn't know why. I was counting the days on the calendar, wasn't I? Then how could a yellow ginger jar turn everything inside me upside down?

The Incredible Journey

pp. 25-26

The young dog slept in fitful, uneasy starts, his muscles twitching, constantly lifting his head and growling softly. Once he sprang to his feet with a full-throated roar which brought a sudden splash in the distance, then silence—and who knows what else unknown, unseen or unheard passed through his mind to disturb him further? Only one thing was clear and certain—that at all costs he was going home, home to his own beloved master.

Just So Stories

pg. 48

Then the Ethiopian put his five fingers close together (there was plenty of black left on his new skin still) and pressed them all over the Leopard, and wherever the five fingers touched they left five little black marks, all close together. You can see them on any Leopard's skin you like, Best Beloved.

pp. 59-62

"Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child, "but my nose is badly out of shape, and I am waiting for it to shrink."

"Then you will have to wait a long time," said the Bi-Colored-Python-Rock-Snake. "Some people do not know what is good for them."

pg. 111

Some day men will call it writing. At present it is only pictures, and, as we have seen today, pictures are not always properly understood. But a time will come, O Babe of Tegumai, when we shall make letters—all twenty-six of 'em,—and when we shall be able to read as well as to write, and then we shall always say exactly what we mean without any mistakes.

King of the Wind

pg. 35

Agba smothered a cry. Unmindful of his own safety, he thrust himself between Signor Achmet and the foal. He fell to his knees, lifting the tiny foal whose legs beat a tattoo in the air. With a look of triumph, he pointed to the white spot on the off hind heel.

Signor Achmet's eyes narrowed. His brows came together in a black line. Agba could see him weighing the two in his mind—the white spot against the wheat ear. The good sign against the bad. The scales tipped even.

pg. 44

What did it matter if the other colts thought Sham was different? He was! They ran to their mothers when they were hungry or in trouble. But Sham's mother was a slim brown horseboy.

pg. 141

With a mighty cry, Sham tossed his head upward, catching Hobgoblin under the jaw, actually lifting him up on his hind feet. The little horse rained blow upon blow on Hobgoblin, forcing him farther and farther up on his hind legs until finally he fell over backward, thrashing and kicking.

The Kite Fighters

pg. 32

"Well earned, flier," he said, and bowed.

Young-sup bowed in return. He exchanged the kite he had been using for the reel, and for a brief moment the eyes of the man and the boy met. The look they exchanged spoke of their love of flying; no more words were needed.

pg. 80

Kee-sup shrugged. "It was our lesson this morning, the Five Virtues. I have a duty to our father, it's true. But I have other duties as well. To the King, as his subject. To you, as your elder brother. And to both of you, as friends."

Kee-sup grinned. "I counted. It was four duties against one."

Li Lun, Lad of Courage

pg. 60

"And you think you are a coward," the priest said kindly. "You have tended the rice, you have watered it faithfully, you have guarded it from the birds... You are no coward! You are brave, Li Lun. Braver than if you had gone fishing."

Louis Braille

pg. 15

People sounded different too. One man had a deep cough. Another had the habit of whistling through his teeth. A third man walked with a limp. "Don't you see?" Louis felt like saying. "There are so many ways to tell people apart—if only you listen!"

pg. 47

Louis ran his fingers over his alphabet. It was so simple! So simple! Fifteen-year-old Louis Braille felt like shouting or crying or laughing out loud. All the letters of the alphabet had been made out of the same six dots—used over and over again in different patterns! And it worked!

Mission to Cathay

pp. 49-50

There was much talking to be done, and never had Father Ricci felt so humble. All his life, he had had the gift of tongues, and now he stood begging in this strange land where he had so much to do, begging in a tongue so difficult that he must only sound ridiculous to those from whom he had so much to ask.

pp. 166-167

The Chinese youth, helpless in the priest's grip, yelled his abuse and accusations; the priest poured out torrents of furious Italian, and the boy, understanding the Chinese, yelled at him not to speak so to the honored Father. In the shadows of the starlight and the small lamplight, the pale, shocked faces of three old Mandarins looked at them in horror.

Rascal

pg. 33

Rascal felt the lump of sugar, sniffed it, and then began his usual washing ceremony, swishing it back and forth through his bowl of milk. In a few moments, of course, it melted entirely away, and a more surprised little 'coon you have never seen in your life. He looked at me and trilled a shrill question: who had stolen his sugar lump?

pg. 118

Rascal loved holes of all sizes, from crayfish holes to be explored with a sensitive paw, to holes such as this one, big enough to crawl into. While I put fresh straw in the box stall, and enclosed it in chicken wire, my raccoon spent most of his time going in and out of his pleasant little door.

pg. 140

Very rarely before had I heard Rascal emit his scream of rage. But this was pure fury—a fight-to-the-death cry—and in a split second. Rascal sank his fine, sharp teeth into Slammy's fat hand.

Slammy yelled until you could have heard him in the assembly hall. He danced around shaking his hand, screaming, "Mad 'coon! Mad 'coon!—you gotta shoot him now—mad 'coon!"

pp. 160-161

How could anyone mutilate the sensitive, questing hands of an animal like Rascal? I picked up my raccoon and hugged him in a passion of remorse.

I burned my fur catalogues in the furnace and hung my traps in the loft of the barn, never to use them again. Men had stopped killing other men in France that day; and on that day I signed a permanent peace treaty with the animals and the birds. It is perhaps the only peace treaty that was ever kept.

The Rat Catcher's Son

pg. 24

Boys! Just 'cause they're boys, they think girls can't do anything.

Haba! You said fishing was for the boys. And look! Who caught the biggest fish? I did. And all you caught was a little one not as long as your own hand. I caught the biggest fish, and I'm the smartest. And my fish gravy tastes better than anyone else's in the whole world! So there!

pg. 80

You can't tell by outward appearances. The monkey-bread bark doesn't look very good, but it's strong. The thorn tree looks soft and green, but it hurts. That's why it is so important to have our hearts right. Everyone looked up to the chief because he was the chief. You know, the Bible tells us that man looks on the outward appearances, but God looks on the heart.

Red Sand, Blue Sky

pg. 21

Sand and scrub! She'd never seen anything like this before in her life—a vast expanse of desert sand just lying in wait for a stray willy-willy to stir it into life—a sea of sun-burnt red country dotted with spinifex and mulga, stunted bushes and little old wizened trees. In the distance, the land met the brilliance of the blue sky at a stark horizon.

pg. 47

They were standing on a little rocky beach and in front of her a sheer rock face rose majestically to meet the sky. A waterhole had been eroded out of the red rock at the foot of the cliff and lay shadowed from the late afternoon sun. The water looked so inviting—cool and still, a mirror of dark green.

pp. 130-131

"Careful with that oxygen line," cautioned Barbara.

"OK." Jack braced his back and lifted Caroline's limp form.

"Now keep this flashlight steady on the ground in front of me, Lana," Jack ordered. "I don't want to trip on these rocks."

Star of Light

pg. 39

Content with what she had done, she went back to her hut—to the empty cradle and the anger of her husband. And Hamid, like some small craft cut loose from its moorings and swept out into unknown seas, set off along his moonlit path.

pg. 80

"It's the Feast of the Christians today," explained the nurse to the wide-eyed little boys, "so I thought we would keep it together. It is the Feast of the birth of Jesus Christ. He was the greatest gift God ever gave, so at His Feast we all give presents to each other. That is why Kinza has a rubber ball, and that is why I've bought you sweets and oranges and bananas."

Water Sky

pp. 18-19

"The whale," KusiQ said quietly, "is our hardware store. We use agviQ— Iñupiat for bowhead whale—for houses, sleds, traps, fishlines, bows, art, and even brooms."

"But not anymore," Lincoln said, repeating Uncle Jack's favorite line as he gestured to cardboard boxes and plastic chairs. "You have other materials. You don't need to kill whales anymore."

pg. 108

"You Eskimo all right," he said. Lincoln was surprised how good those words made him feel. There was something secure and strong in the Eskimo personality, and the longer he lived with them, the more he wished to be one, not just in blood but in deeds and spirit.

pp. 132-133

At Bertha's request Lincoln untied Roy, and he and KusiQ carried him into the tent. Roy's face was bloodied by Lincoln's blow, and he moaned in pain. Little Owl followed them into the tent and put on a pot of tea to soothe everyone's distress. ■