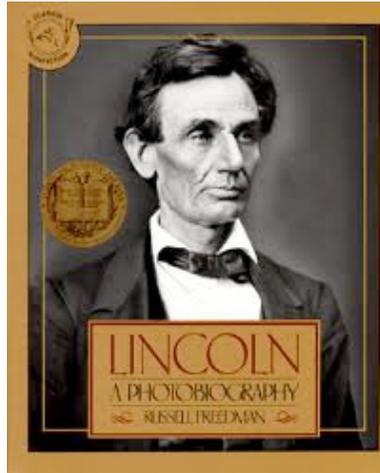


Common
Core 2-3
Exemplar
Informational
Read Alouds

Lincoln: A Photobiography

By: Russell Freedman

From Chapter One: "The Mysterious Mr. Lincoln"



Abraham Lincoln wasn't the sort of man who could lose himself in a crowd. After all, he stood six feet four inches tall.

And to top it off, he wore a high silk hat.

His height was mostly in his long bony legs. When he sat in a chair, he seemed no taller than anyone else. I was only

when he stood up that he towered over other men.

At first glance, most people thought he was homely. Lincoln thought so too, once referring to his "poor, lean, lank

face." As a young man he was sensitive about his gawky looks, but in time, he learned to laugh at himself. When a

rival called him "two-faced" during a political debate, Lincoln replied: "I leave it to my audience. If I had another face, do you think I'd wear this one?"

According to those who knew him, Lincoln was a man of many faces. In repose, he often seemed sad and gloomy.

But when he began to speak, his expression changed. "The dull, listless features dropped like a mask," said a Chicago

newspaperman. "The eyes began to sparkle, the mouth to smile, the whole countenance was wreathed in animation,

so that a stranger would have said, 'Why, this man, so angular and solemn a moment ago, is really handsome.'"

Lincoln was the most photographed man of his time, but his friends insisted that no photo ever did him justice. It's no

wonder. Back then cameras required long exposures. The person being photographed had to "freeze" as the seconds

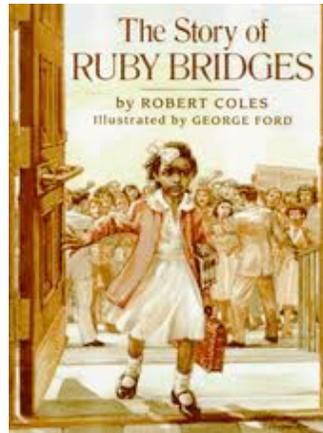
ticked by. If he blinked an eye, the picture would be blurred. That's why Lincoln looks so stiff and formal in his photos.

We never see him laughing or joking.

***Activity: Students explain how the main idea that Lincoln had "many faces" in Russell Freedman's Lincoln: A Photobiography is supported by key details in the text. [RI.3.2]**

The Story of Ruby Bridges

By: Robert Coles



Ruby Bridges was born in a small cabin near Tylertown, Mississippi.

“We were very poor, very, very poor,” Ruby said. “My daddy worked picking crops. We just barely got by. There were times when we didn’t have much to eat. The people who owned the land were bringing in machines to pick the crops, so my daddy lost his job, and that’s when we had to move.

“I remember us leaving. I was four, I think.”

In 1957, the family moved to New Orleans. Ruby’s father became a janitor. Her mother took care of the children during the day. After they were tucked in bed, Ruby’s mother went to work scrubbing floors in a bank.

Every Sunday, the family went to church.

“We wanted our children to be near God’s spirit,” Ruby’s mother said. “We wanted them to start feeling close to Him from the start.”

At that time, black children and white children went to separate schools in New Orleans. The black children were not able to receive the same education as the white children. It wasn’t fair. And it was against the nation’s law.

In 1960, a judge ordered four black girls to go to two white elementary schools. Three of the girls were sent to McDonogh 19. Six-year-old Ruby Bridges was sent to first grade in the William Frantz Elementary School.

Ruby’s parents were proud that their daughter had been chosen to take part in an important event in American history. They went to church.

“We sat there and prayed to God,” Ruby’s mother said, “that we’d all be strong and we’d have courage and we’d get through any trouble; and Ruby would be a good girl and she’d hold her head up high and be a credit to her own

people and a credit to all the American people. We prayed long and we prayed hard.”

On Ruby’s first day, a large crowd of angry white people gathered outside the Frantz Elementary School. The people

carried signs that said they didn’t want black children in a white school. People called Ruby

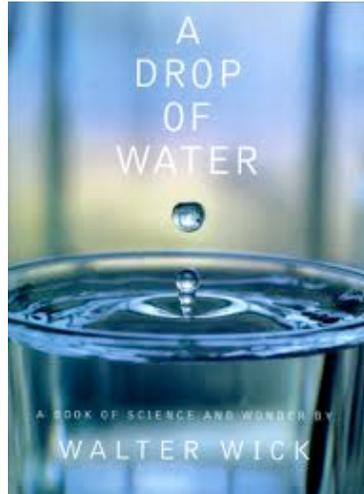
names; some wanted to hurt her. The city and state police did not help Ruby. The President of the United States ordered federal marshals to walk with Ruby into the school building. The marshals carried guns. Every day, for weeks that turned into months, Ruby experienced that kind of school day. She walked to the Frantz School surrounded by marshals. Wearing a clean dress and a bow in her hair and carrying her lunch pail, Ruby walked slowly for the first few blocks. As Ruby approached the school, she saw a crowd of people marching up and down the street. Men and women and children shouted at her. They pushed toward her. The marshals kept them from Ruby by threatening to arrest them. Ruby would hurry through the crowd and not say a word.

***Activity: Students read Robert Coles's retelling of a series of historical events in *The Story of Ruby Bridges*. Using their knowledge of how cause and effect gives order to events, they use specific language to describe the sequence of events that leads to Ruby desegregating her school. [RI.3.3]**

A Drop of Water: A Book of Science and Wonder

By: Walter Wick

From "Soap Bubbles"



There are few objects you can make that have both the dazzling beauty and delicate precision of a soap bubble.

Shown here at actual size, this bubble is a nearly perfect sphere. Its shimmering liquid skin is five hundred times thinner than a human hair.

Bubbles made of plain water break almost as quickly as they form. That's because surface tension is so strong the bubbles collapse. Adding soap to water weakens water's surface tension. This allows a film of soapy water to stretch and stretch without breaking.

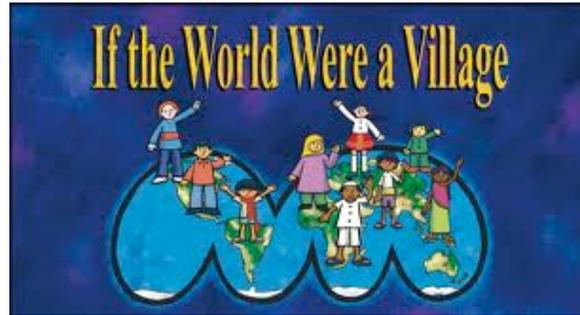
When you blow a bubble, it looks somewhat like a drop of water emerging from a faucet. And just like the surface of a drop of water, the bubble's surface shrinks to form a sphere. Spheres and circles are mathematical shapes. Because they can form spontaneously, they are also shapes of nature.

***Activity: Students explain how the specific image of a soap bubble and other accompanying illustrations in Walter Wick's A Drop of Water: A Book of Science and Wonder contribute to and clarify their understanding of bubbles and water. [RI.2.7]**

If the World Were a Village: A Book about the World's People

By: David Smith

From "Welcome to the Global Village"



Earth is a crowded place and it is getting more crowded all the time. As for January 1, 2002 the world's population was 6 billion, 200 million—that's 6,200,000,000. Twenty-three countries have more than fifty million (50,000,000) people. Ten countries each have more than one hundred million (100,000,000) people. China has nearly one billion, three hundred million people (1,300,000,000).

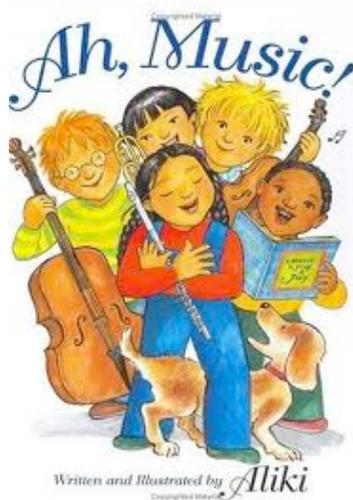
Numbers like this are hard to understand, but what if we imagined the whole population of the world as a village of just 100 people? In this imaginary village, each person would represent about sixty-two million (62,000,000) people from the real world.

One hundred people would fit nicely into a small village. By learning about the villagers—who they are and how they live—perhaps we can find out more about our neighbors in the real world and the problems our planet may face in the future.

Ready to enter the global village? Go down into the valley and walk through the gates. Dawn is chasing away the night shadows. The smell of wood smoke hangs in the air. A baby awakes and cries. Come and meet the people of the global village.

Ah, Music!

By: Alik



What is music?

Music is sound.

If you hum a tune, play an instrument, or clap out a rhythm, you are making music. You are listening to it, too.

[...]

Music through the Ages

Music grew from one century to the next. In the early and middle ages, new forms of music developed. Christianity

inspired church music. Music became polyphonic—played and sung in two or more melodic parts. Notations were

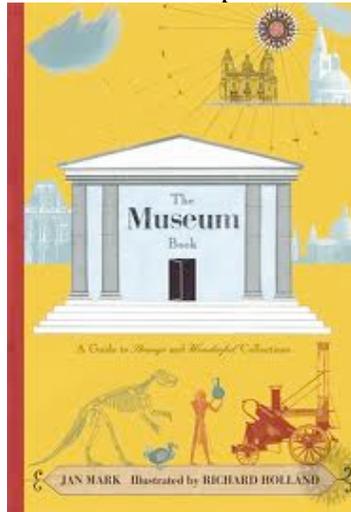
invented. Music was no longer a one-time performance. Now it would be written and preserved for other musicians

and generations.

***Activity: Students use text features, such as the table of contents and headers, found in Alik's text *Ah, Music!* to identify relevant sections and locate information relevant to a given topic (e.g., rhythm, instruments, harmony) quickly and efficiently. [RI.3.5]**

The Museum Book: A Guide to Strange and Wonderful Collections

By: Jan Mark
From Chapter One

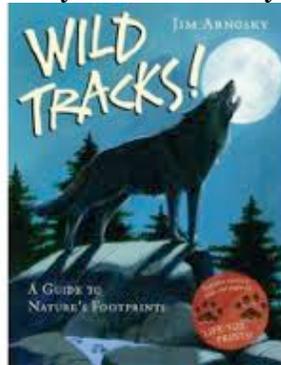


Suppose you went into a museum and you didn't know what it was. Imagine: it's raining, there's a large building nearby with an open door, and you don't have to pay to go in. It looks like an ancient Greek temple. Temples are places of worship, so you'd better go in quietly. But inside it doesn't seem much like any temple or mosque or church you have ever been in. That is, it looks like all of them, but the furniture is out of place. Perhaps it's a hotel; it has fifty rooms, but there is only one bed, although it is a very splendid bed. Apparently Queen Elizabeth I slept in it. Or perhaps there are fifty beds, but they are all in one room and you can't sleep in any of them. There are red velvet ropes to keep you out. Farther down the corridor you notice a steam locomotive. It's a train station! But there is no track except for a few yards that the engine is resting on, and already you have seen something else. Across the hall is a totem pole that goes right up to the roof, standing next to a Viking ship. Beyond it is a room full of glass cases displaying rocks, more kinds of rocks than you ever knew existed, from diamonds to meteorites. From where you are standing, you can see into the next room, where the glass cases are full of stuffed fish; and the next, which is lined with shelves of Roman pottery; and the next, which is crowded with birds; and after that, lions and giraffes and pandas and whales. It must be a zoo. Just then you see someone walking toward you who isn't dead—you hope. He is wearing a uniform with a badge on it that reads Guide. "Enjoying yourself?" he says. You say, "Where did you get all this stuff?" "All?" he says. "These are just the things we show to the public. Down in the basement there's

a hundred thousand
times more. Do you know," he murmurs, "we've got twenty-seven two-headed sheep?"
"But why?" you ask. "Why do you have any two-headed sheep."
"Because people give them to us," he says. "And so that you can look at them. Where else
would you see one?
Where else would you be able to see the mummy case of King Tutankhamun, the first plane to
fly the Atlantic, the
first train engine, the last dodo, a diplodocus, the astrolabe of Ahmad of Isfahan (an example
of the oldest scientific
instrument in the world), chicken-skin gloves, the lantern carried by Guy Fawkes when he
went to blow up the British
Parliament buildings, a murderer's trigger finger—?"
"But where am I?" you say. "What is this place?"
And he says, "It's a museum."

Wild Tracks! A Guide to Nature's Footprints "Feline Tracks"

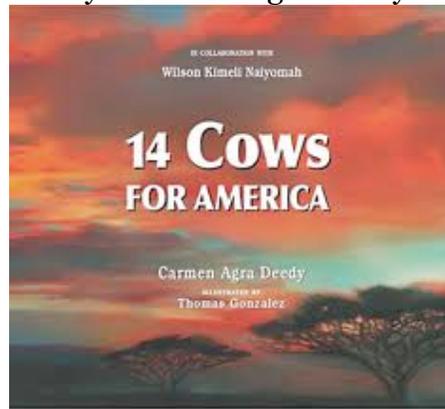
By: Jim Arnosky



Of all the larger predators, wildcats are the most likely to use the same trails again and again. In deep snow, their habitual routes become gully trails in which the feline tracks going to and coming from their hunting grounds are preserved, down out of the wind, away from blowing snow. A cat's sharp retractable claws do not show in its track unless the cat has lunged to catch its prey or scratched the ground to cover its droppings. Only cats thoroughly cover their droppings. Bobcat, lion, and jaguar paws all have three-lobed heels. The lynx, the ocelot, and the jaguarondi have single lobed-heels. The wildcats we have in North America are, from the smallest to the largest: ocelot, jaguarondi, bobcat, lynx, American lion, and jaguar.

14 Cows for America

By: Carmen Agra Deedy



The remote village waits for a story to be told. News travels slowly to this corner of Kenya. As Kimeli nears his village, he watches a herd of bull giraffes cross the open grassland. He smiles. He has been away a long time.

A girl sitting under a guava tree sees him first and cries out to the others. The children run to him with the speed and grace of cheetahs. He greets them with a gentle touch on his head, a warrior's blessing. The rest of the tribe soon surrounds Kimeli. These are his people. These are the Maasai. Once they were feared warriors. Now they live peaceably as nomadic cattle herders. They treat their cows as kindly as they do their children. They sign to them. They give them names. They shelter the young ones in their homes.

Without the herd, the tribe might starve. To the Maasai, the cow is life.

"Súpa. Hello," Kimeli hears again and again. Everyone wants to greet him. His eyes find his mother across the enkáng, the ring of huts with their roofs of sun-baked dung. She spreads her arms and calls to him, "Aakúa. Welcome, my son." Kimeli sighs. He is home.

This is sweeter and sadder because he cannot stay. He must return to the faraway country where he is learning to be a doctor. He thinks of New York then. He remembers September.

A child asks if he has brought any stories. Kimeli nods. He has brought with him one story. It has burned a hole in his heart.

But first he must speak with the elders.

Later, in a tradition as old as the Maasai, the rest of the tribe gathers under an acacia tree to hear the story. There is

a terrible stillness in the air as the tale unfolds. With growing disbelief, men, women, and children listen. Buildings so tall they can touch the sky? Fires so hot they can melt iron? Smoke and dust so thick they can block out the sun?

The story ends. More than three thousand souls are lost. A great silence falls over the Maasai. Kimeli waits. He knows his people. They are fierce when provoked, but easily moved to kindness when they hear of suffering or injus-

tice.

At last, an elder speaks. He is shaken, but above all, he is sad. "What can we do for these poor people?" Nearby, a

cow lows. Heads turn toward the herd. "To the Maasai," Kimeli says softly, "the cow is life."

Turning to the elders, Kimeli offers his only cow, Enkarûs. He asks for their blessing. They give it gladly. But they

want to offer something more.

The tribe sends word to the United States Embassy in Nairobi. In response, the embassy sends a diplomat. His jeep

jounces along the dusty, rugged roads. He is hot and tired. He thinks he is going to meet with Maasai elders. He can-

not be more wrong. As the jeep nears the edge of the village the man sits up. Clearly, this is no ordinary diplomatic

visit. This is...

...a ceremony. Hundreds of Maasai greet the American in full tribal splendor. At the sight of the brilliant blood-red

tunics and spectacular beaded collars, he can only marvel.

It is a day of sacred ritual. Young warriors dance, leaping into the air like fish from a stream.

Women sing mournful

songs. Children fill their bellies with milk. Speeches are exchanged. And now it is time.

Kimeli and his people gather on a sacred knoll, far from the village. The only sound is the gentle chiming of cowbells.

The elders chant a blessing in Maa as the Maasai people of Kenya present...

...fourteen cows for America.

Because there is no nation so powerful it cannot be wounded, nor a people so small they cannot offer mighty com-

fort.