

Catapult Learning™

Student Resource Anthology



Student Anthology

Volume 2

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A Spider's Lesson

By Elizabeth Massie
Illustrated by Lane Gregory

Chapter One Unfinished Projects

Kris liked to do projects.

On her desk, there was a small blanket
that she had started weaving a month ago.

Next to the blanket, there was a painting of butterflies.
She had started that two weeks ago.

Last week, she started putting together a small barn
for her sister Meg's toy horses.



Kris was always beginning new projects.
But soon after she started,
something always distracted her.

As she worked, she might see her friends playing outside
and decide to play, too.
She might hear her father in the kitchen
and decide to get a snack.

So, Kris would wander off. And when she came back,
she just wasn't interested in the project anymore.



Today, Kris looked at the half-built barn.
But the sunny day outside her window looked
more inviting.

“Where are you going?” Meg asked Kris.
“When are you going to finish my barn?”

Kris ignored her sister’s questions.
“I want to see how high I can toss this ball,” she said.

Meg started to complain, but Kris just turned
and went outside alone.



Chapter Two

The Spider in the Bush

Kris stood on the grass behind the house
and tossed the ball as high as she could.
She tossed the ball over and over again.
On the tenth toss, the ball bounced off a tree branch
and landed deep in the bushes.

“Oh, brother,” Kris said.
She walked over to the bush to get the ball.
When she reached in, she saw a spider right by her nose.
“Yikes!” she screeched as she jumped away.
But then she tiptoed back to look at the spider.



The little spider was building a lacy web.
It went around and around
and around.

“What an amazing project!” Kris said.

Suddenly, the spider stopped spinning.
A moth had landed on the edge of the web.
The spider raced over to it.
The spider tried and tried to catch the moth,
but in the end, the moth flew away.





Then the spider went right back
to spinning its web. As Kris watched,
she thought about the spider.
Then she thought about herself.

“The spider was distracted by the moth,”
Kris thought to herself.
“But afterward, it went back to work on the web.
And that web will probably look great
when it’s finished!”

Chapter Three

A Good Lesson

Kris hurried to her room
and began gluing craft sticks together.
Even when she heard her friends outside,
she kept working.

It took a long time, but finally she finished her project.
The barn looked great!



Kris carried the barn to Meg's room.

"I love it!" said Meg. "Thank you!"

Kris went back to her room.
She was tired, but she felt good
about her hard work.

She looked at the blanket on her desk.
"I'll focus on that project next," she said.
"It will be fun to finish, too.
Thank you, spider!"



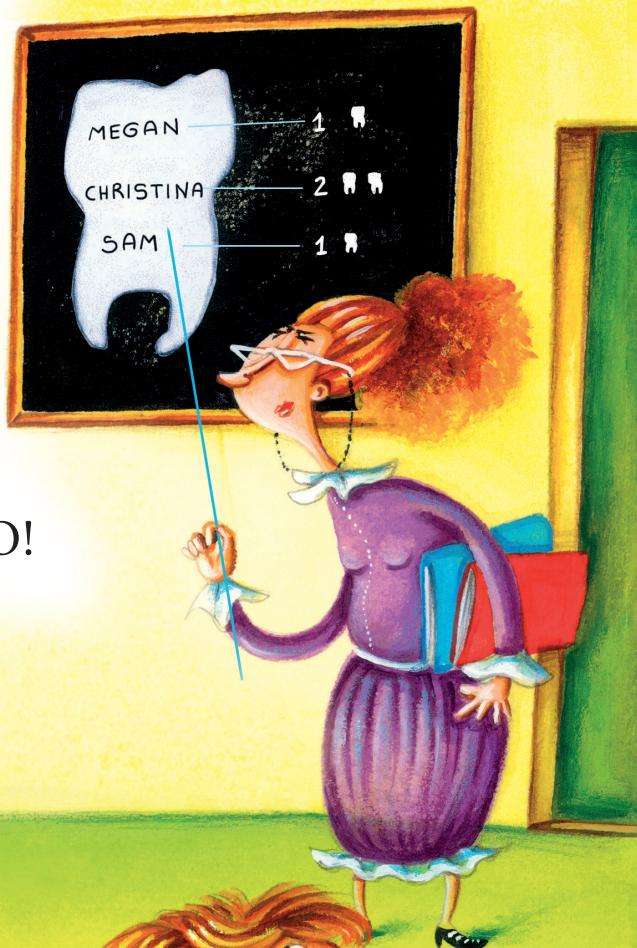
Tooth Troubles

By Maribeth Boelts
Illustrated by Alexandra Colombo

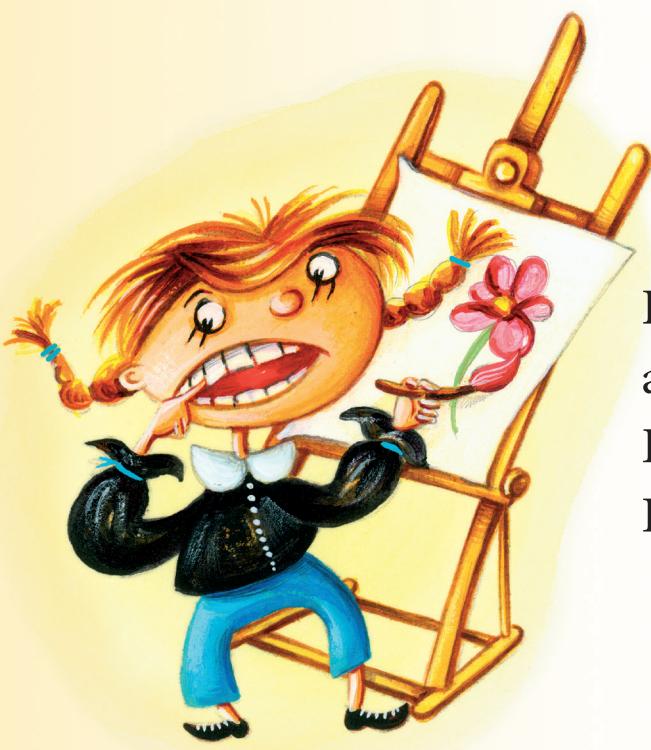
Well, Megan C. and Brandon B.
and every kid in class but me
has lost a tooth, and it's not fair!
I just pretend that I don't care.

In class, we have a Tooth Report,
and kids show grins of every sort,
except for me—I wear no grin.
My silly teeth are all still IN!

So now I think you need to know,
my stubborn teeth, it's time you GO!



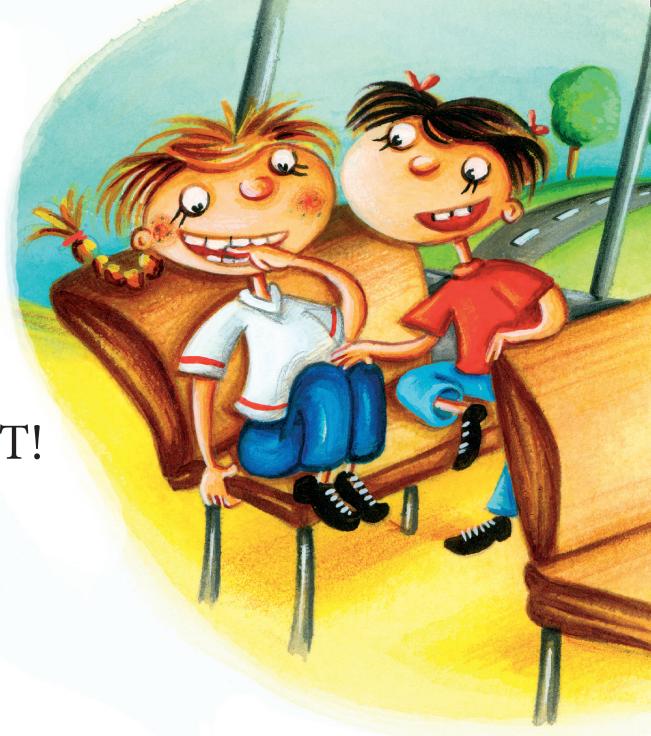
My friend Christina gets the giggles,
watching as I check for wiggles.
I check again—I have to shout!
A TOOTH OF MINE IS COMING OUT!



I help it wiggle through the day,
all through my classes, and at play.
But this dumb tooth will not come out.
It makes me mad. It makes me pout.

The next day while I eat my lunch,
I take a bite and feel . . . a CRUNCH!
And now it's celebration day.
It wiggled out! YAHOO! HOORAY!

For Tooth Report, this time I care.
There's something now that I can share.
I show my tooth and tell them how.
They cheer, they clap. I take a bow.

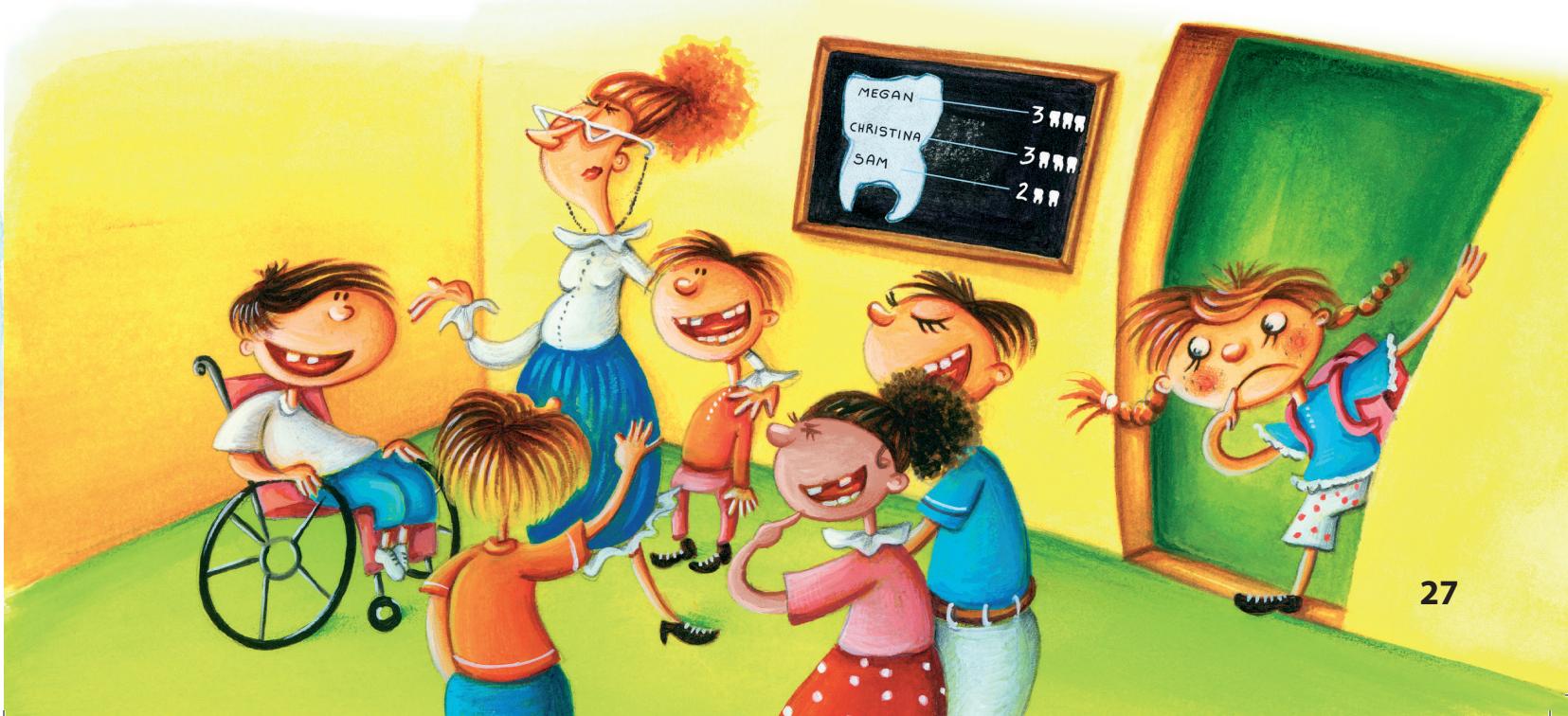


I tuck my tooth in for the night,
jump into bed, click off the light.
I do not think I'll ever sleep,
but soon I'm counting toothy sheep.

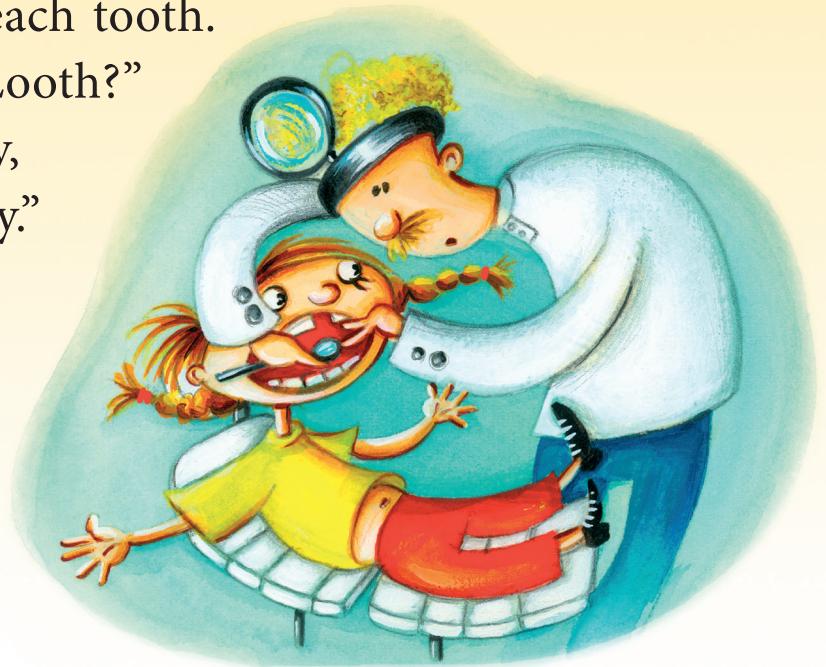
And then I wake. I rub my eyes.
A fairy came and left a prize!

Next day I'm really feeling proud.
At last, I'm in the toothless crowd.
But then in class I hear some news
that gives me awful, brand-new blues.

It looks like Lucy, Sam, and Kyle
now have TWO spaces in their smiles!
And Megan C. and Brandon B.
have not lost two teeth. They've lost THREE!

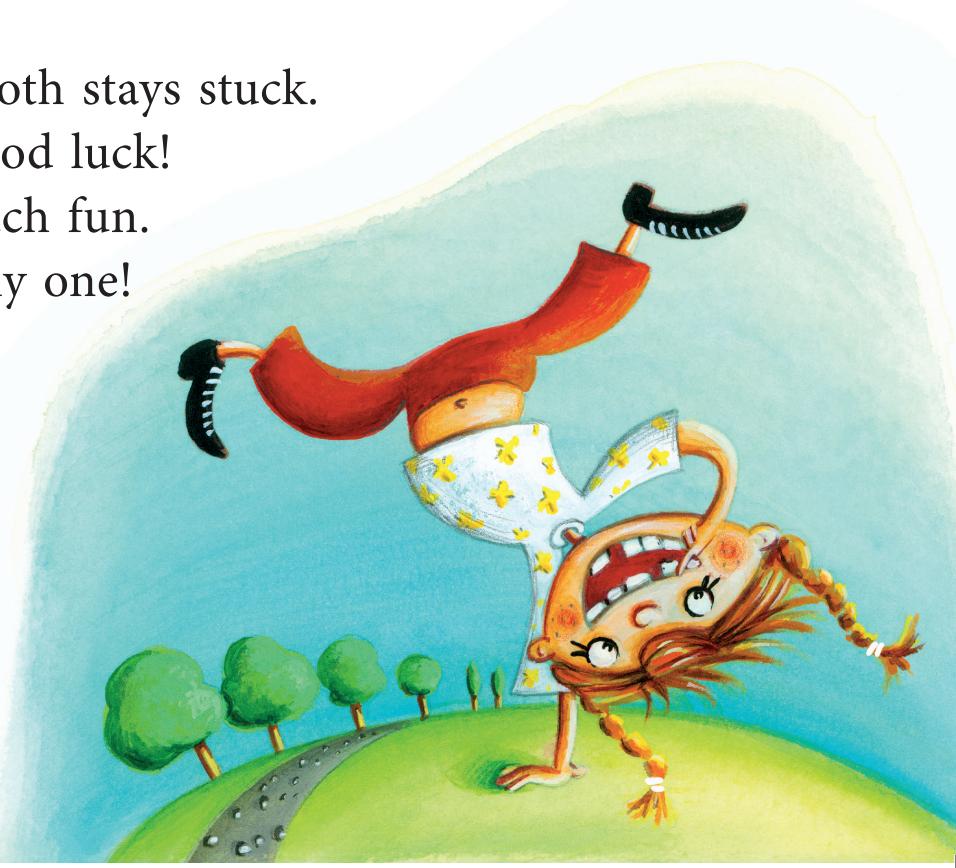


My dentist cleans and checks each tooth.
I ask one word and it is . . . “Looth?”
And then I hear my dentist say,
“I think this tooth is on its way.”



I chomp my apples to the core.
I twist a string around the door.
This second tooth just stays in place.
It's quite at home here in my face.

The days pass by—my tooth stays stuck.
Then suddenly, I have good luck!
Oh, losing teeth is so much fun.
Hey, wow! Another wiggly one!



Flash Flood!

By Katherine Follett Illustrated by Deborah Borgo



Elena and her family were hiking down into a narrow canyon. The canyon's smooth red and gold walls rose high above them. Elena hurried along the trail to catch up with her parents and her younger sister Kim.

"Kim! Did you see the sign at the ranger station?" she said. "There are cougars out here."

"Yeah, it said they're afraid of people!" Kim snorted. She ran ahead and disappeared around a corner. But Elena stayed close to her parents.

Elena heard Kim shout. She jogged toward the sound with her parents close behind. But Kim was excited, not scared. She was sitting on top of a rock the size of a house.

"Look at this!" she said.

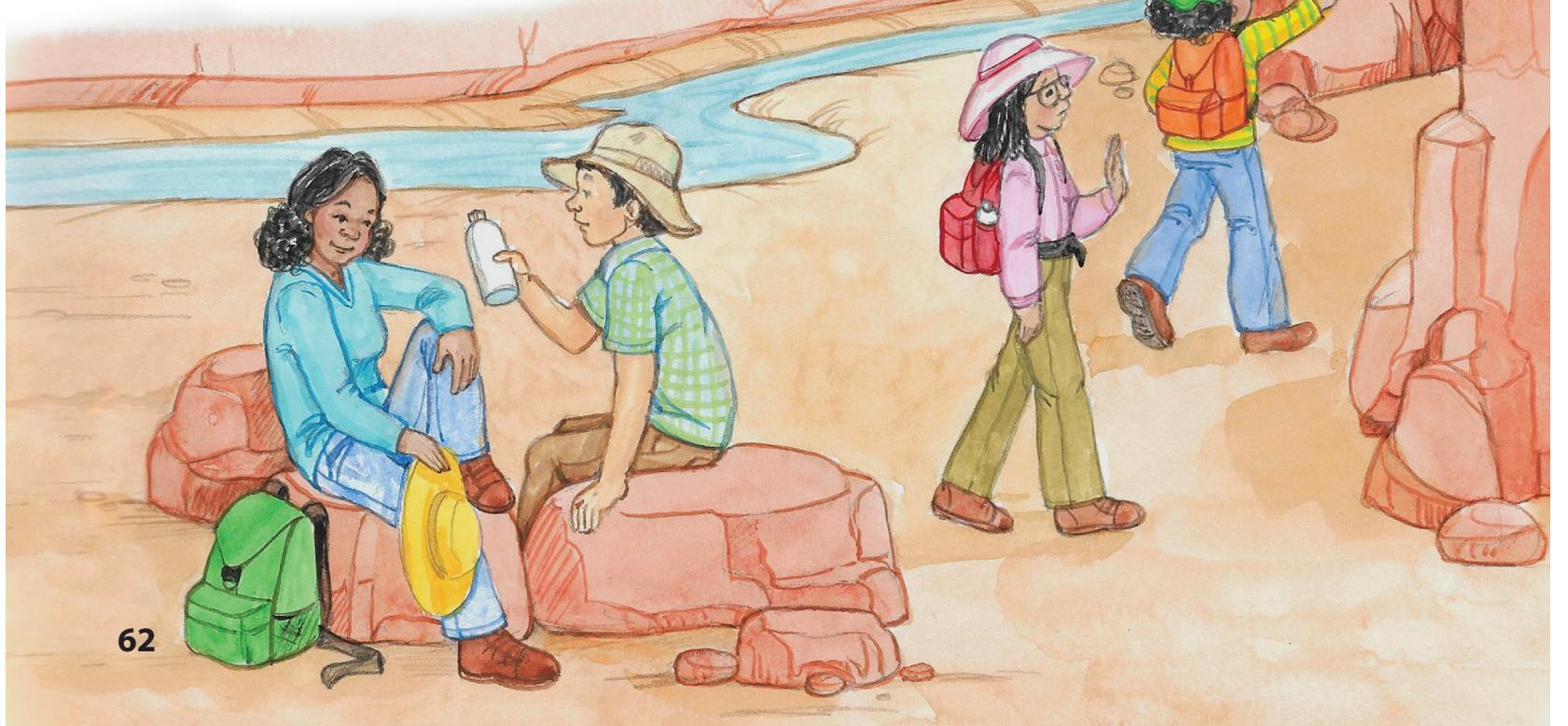
Mom stopped to read the map. "The trail goes to the right," she said. "But this is a great spot for lunch."

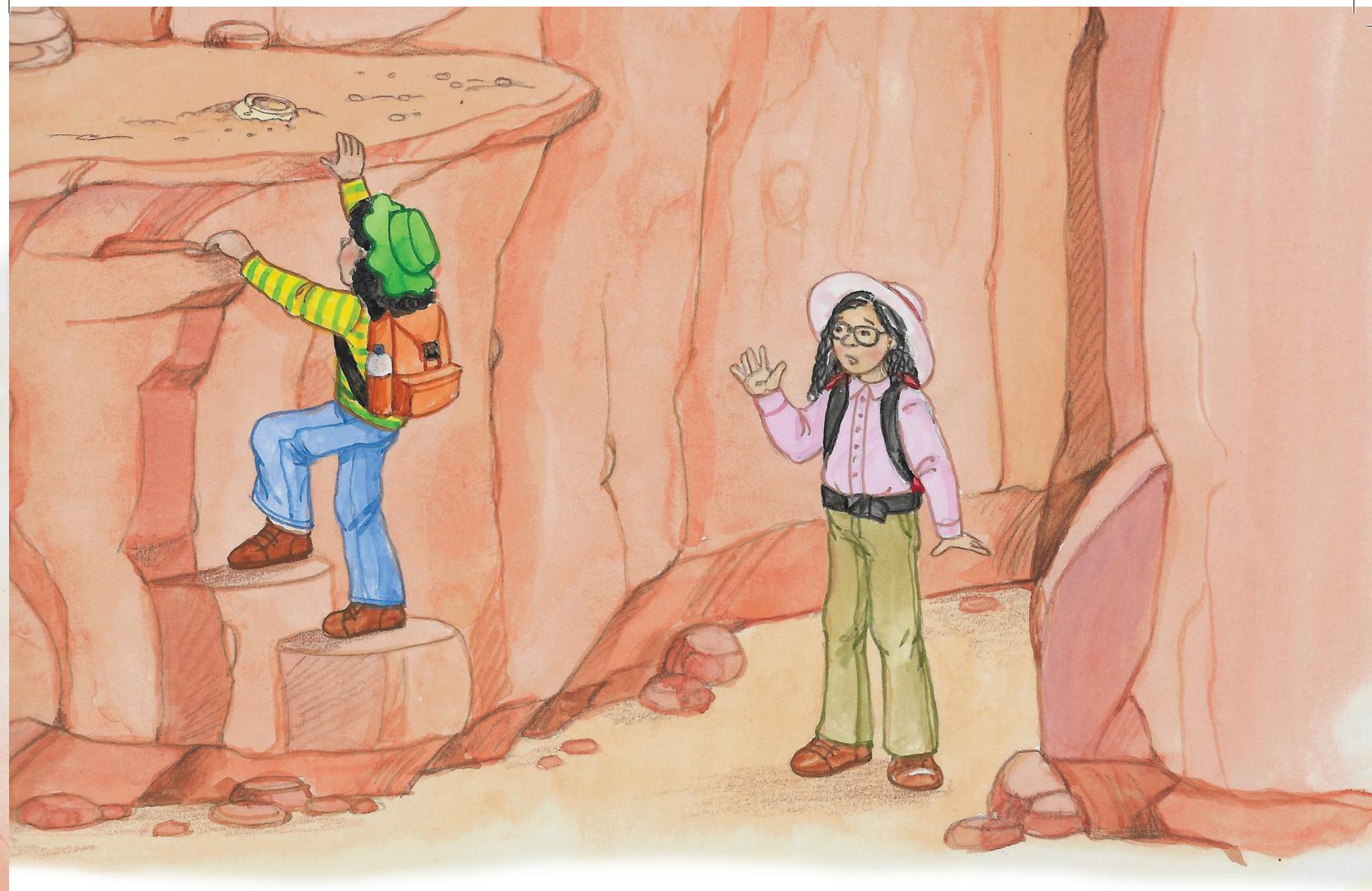
Kim climbed down from the rock. "Can I go explore over there?" Kim asked, pointing to an opening in the canyon wall.

"If Elena goes with you," Mom said.

"Me?!" Elena exclaimed.

"Don't go very far," Dad said as Kim ran off.





"Kim! Wait up! Dad said not to go far," Elena said.

"What's that?" Kim asked, pointing to a ledge above them.

Elena could see a smooth, round shape. It looked like a clay pot. It poked out from a ledge in the cliff a few feet above them. Kim scrambled up the cliff like a squirrel.

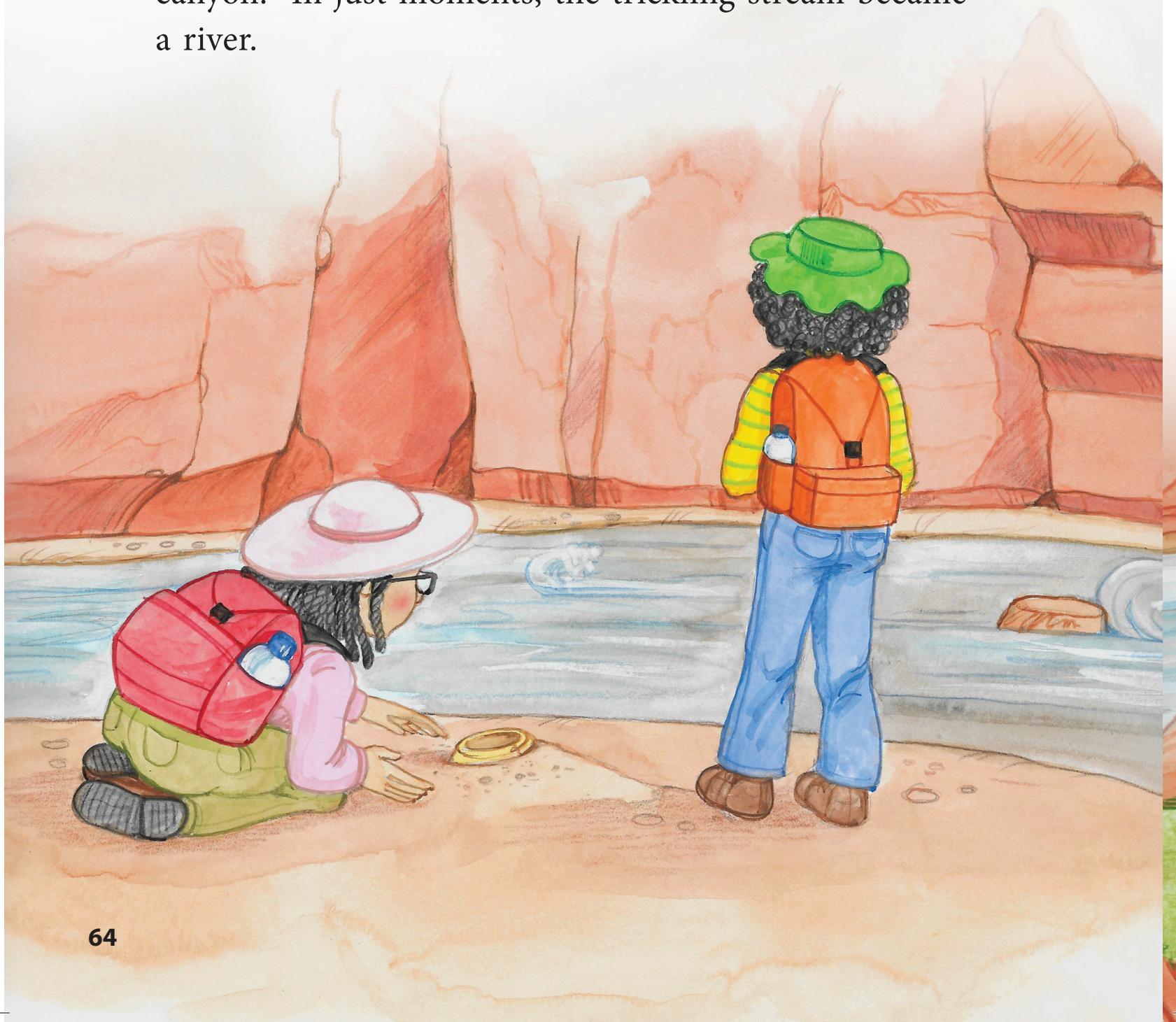
"Kim, don't!"

Kim sat down on the ledge. "Why are you always afraid?" she asked.

"Why are you *never* afraid?" Elena muttered.

"Okay. I need to be a little less . . . *terrified*," Elena thought. She swallowed and climbed up to the ledge.

The pot was buried in sand. As Elena gently blew some sand away from it, she heard a strange noise. It came from the canyon floor. The girls looked down and saw a gush of muddy water moving across the bottom of the canyon. In just moments, the trickling stream became a river.



"We need to climb out of the canyon," Kim said. She reached up to another ledge above her head, but it was way past her fingers.

"Elena, you have to get help," Kim said. "You're the only one who can reach the ledge and climb out!"

"Me?" Elena cried. "Ugh!"

Elena was scared, but she knew she had to do it. Shaking, she pulled herself up the rock wall. When she reached the top, she sprawled out on the ground. She felt drained.

Then she heard Kim yell. She thought she heard the word *Mom*. Elena looked over the edge. The flooded river was heading toward their parents!





Still shaking, Elena ran along the edge of the canyon. Soon, she saw her parents below her. They were sitting in the shade of the big rock. The first trickle of mud was already running toward them.

“Get on the rock!” Elena shouted. “It’s a flash flood!”

“Where’s Kim?” Mom yelled.

“She’s up on a ledge! Climb on the rock!”

Mom and Dad scrambled up onto the big rock. Then Mom, Dad, and Elena watched as water rushed from the side canyon where Elena and Kim had been exploring.

Elena sank to her knees. She felt dizzy.
“Was everything okay now?” she wondered.

But the water kept coming. Elena knew she had to get help. She started to run.

“What if I get lost? What if I twist my ankle?
What about COUGARS!?” she thought.

Elena tried to outrun each of her fears. Finally, she reached the ranger station.



The rangers grabbed ropes and followed Elena to the big rock. They guided her parents up the canyon wall. Then they found Kim, and a ranger climbed down and plucked her from the ledge.

“That was *amazing!*” Kim said.

As they hugged, Elena saw that Kim’s shoes were wet. The flood must have reached her feet.

“You weren’t afraid?” Elena said quietly.

“Maybe a little,” Kim whispered. She squeezed her sister tightly. “But you weren’t.”



GLOW IN THE DARK SEA CREATURES

By Lee Martin

INTRODUCTION

Some creatures make
their own light.
On land, we can see
fireflies glow.

In the deep, dark sea,
almost all creatures glow.



Fireflies flash their lights.
Very few land creatures glow.



This octopus uses light
to find other octopuses.

WHY DO SEA CREATURES GLOW?

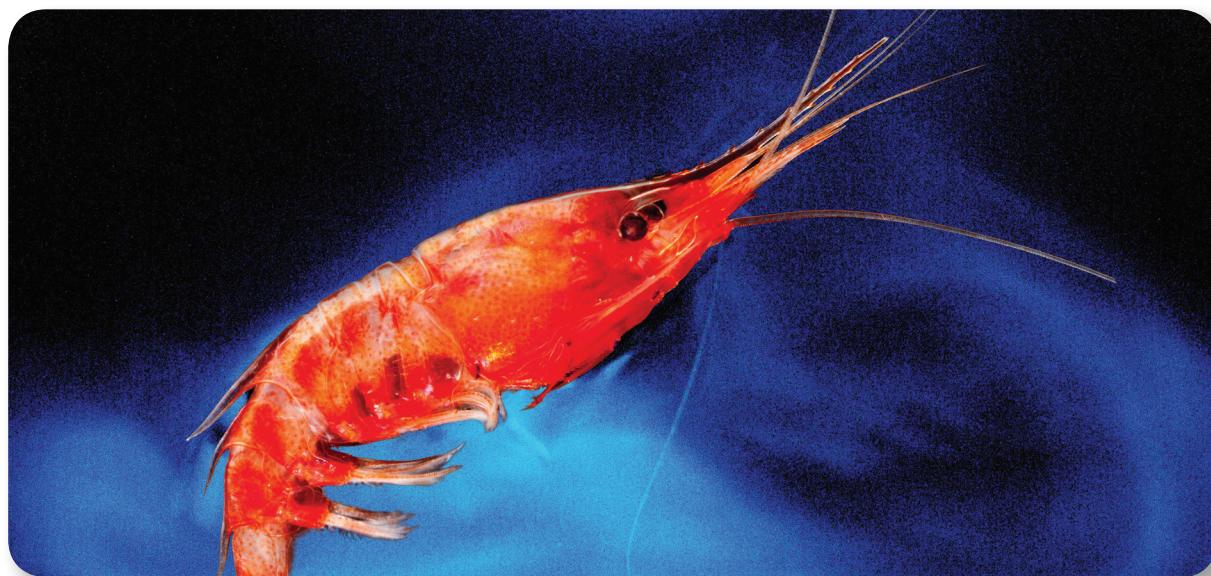
Some sea creatures use their light to talk to other sea creatures.

Some use light to hunt for prey.
Prey are animals that other animals hunt for food.

Some sea creatures use light to make prey come to them.

Some use light like a warning.
The light says, “Stay away!”

This shrimp is saying, “Back off!”



ANGLERFISH

This is an anglerfish.
It has a light over its head.
The light looks like bait
on a fishing rod.



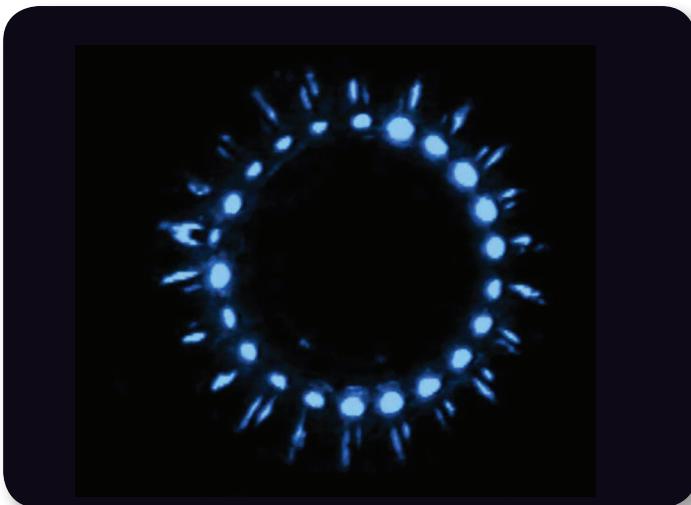
A fish might think the light is food.
Then the fish will swim to the light.
Snap!
The anglerfish eats the fish!



ATOLLA JELLYFISH

This jellyfish can flash bright blue lights.

It may flash to make creatures stay away.



The flashing lights look like the siren on a police car.



This is what the jellyfish looks like when it's not flashing.

DID YOU KNOW?

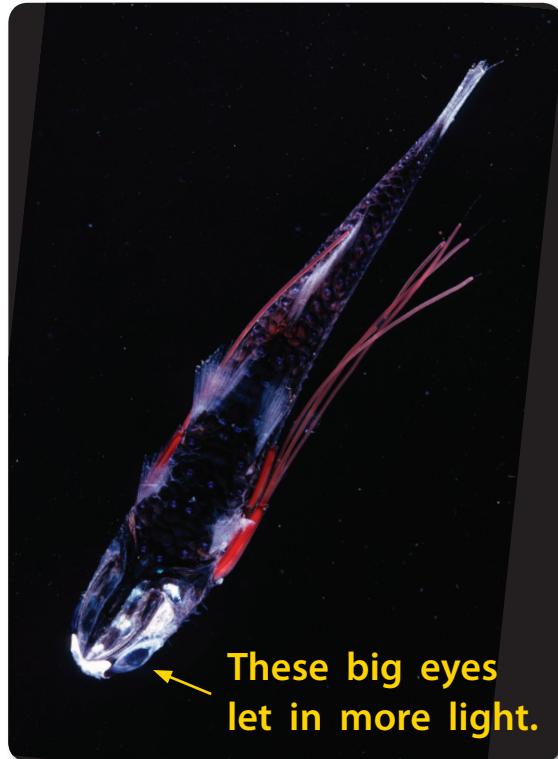
Jellyfish are not really fish!

They are animals that don't have backbones.

Animals without backbones are called *invertebrates*.

LANternfish

This little fish looks like it has a flashlight on its nose.
The light may help it see prey.



These big eyes let in more light.



GLASS SQUID

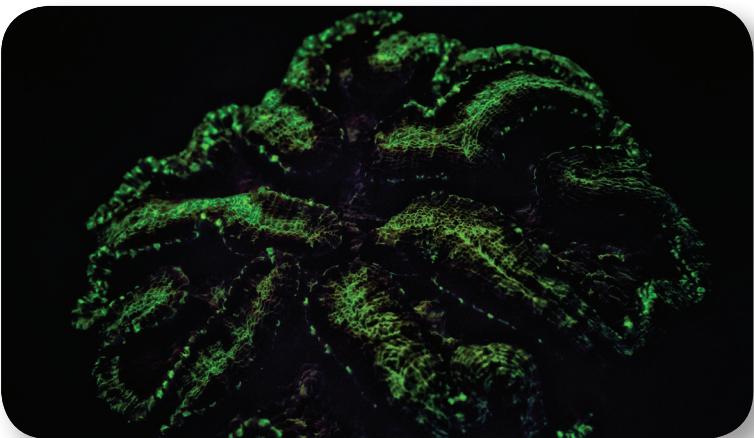
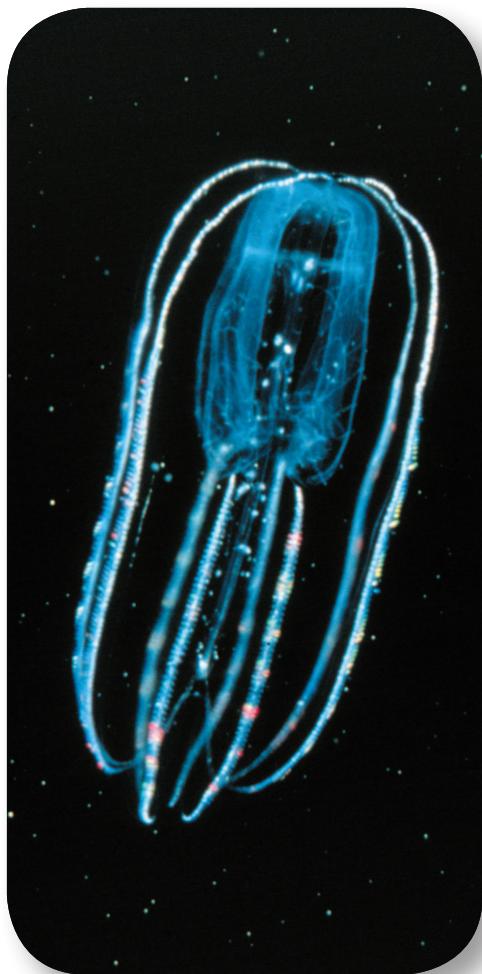
This is a squid.
You can see through it!
It looks like a balloon.
This shape helps it float.

The squid has light around its eyes.
The squid may use the light to find other squids.

CONCLUSION

These glowing creatures are strange
and beautiful.

There are many, many amazing creatures
that glow in the deep, dark sea.
And we have a lot to learn
about them!



Built to Fly

By Arlene Williams

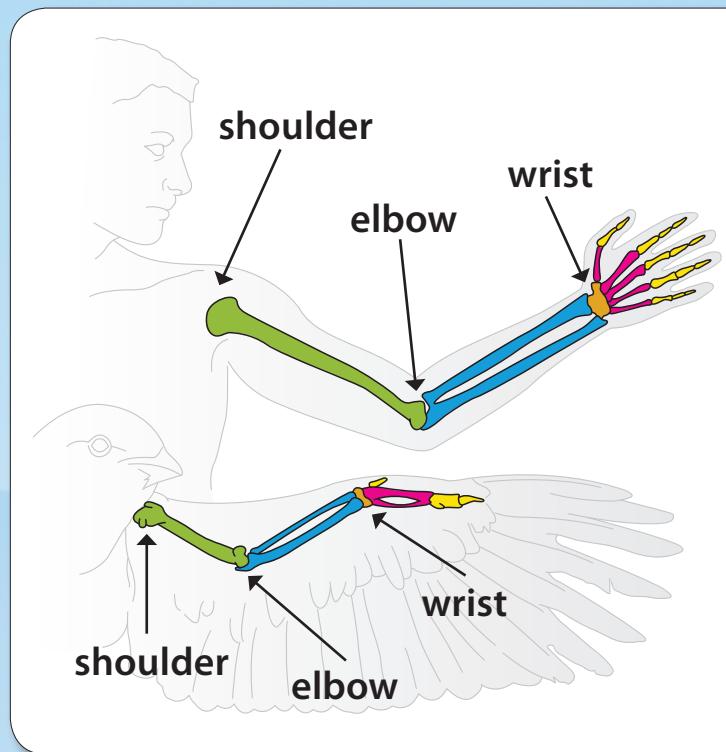


Have you ever wished you could fly?
Have you ever wondered how birds stay up in the sky?
Birds are built to fly.
Their wings, feathers, and eyes are built
to help them fly through the air.

How are wings built?

Birds have skeletons,
just as humans have skeletons.
A wing bone looks a lot
like an arm bone.
A wing bone has
a shoulder, an elbow,
and a wrist.

Birds fold their wings
by bending
their elbows and wrists.



How do wings help birds fly?

Have you ever watched a bird flap its wings to fly?

You might have noticed that
birds' wings don't flap
straight up and down.

Birds' wings move forward and down
on the downstroke.

They move upward and back
on the upstroke.

As birds fly, air rushes over
the top of the wings.
The rushing air lifts the wings.
This helps birds fly.



The upstroke



The downstroke

The bird's chest muscles are very strong.
They give the bird a lot of power on the downstroke.



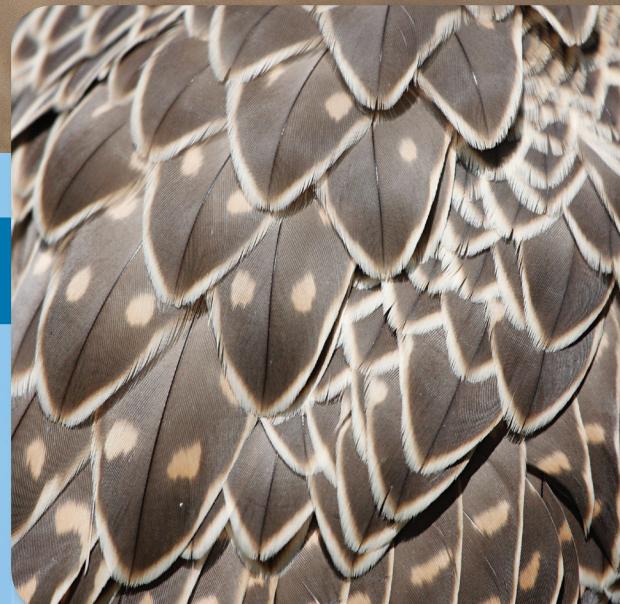
How do feathers help birds fly?

Feathers cover birds' bodies.

Air flows over the smooth feathers, and this makes it easier for birds to move through the air.

Birds use their tail feathers to steer.

These tail feathers also slow birds down when they land.



Feathers overlap like shingles on a roof. This makes the bird's body smoother.

How can eyes help birds fly?

Birds fly fast.
They weave through
tree branches,
and they fly near other birds.
They need to see clearly
when flying so fast.

To help birds do these things,
birds' eyes focus very quickly.
Fast focusing helps
them see things clearly instead of seeing blurs.
This keeps them
from bumping into tree branches . . .
and other flying birds!



Look at the size of
the bird's eye
and its head.
Look how big
the bird's eye is!

Maybe if we had wings, feathers,
and fast-focusing eyes, we could fly too!



Message in a Bottle

By Terry Miller Shannon

Illustrated by Sally Schaedler



On Tuesday morning, Ethan and his brother Jacob were eating breakfast. Mom was listening to the Four Tops sing on the radio, and Dad was reading the morning newspaper.

"Hey, listen to this," Dad said.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1965

FOUND: MESSAGE IN BOTTLE

On Monday, the Smith family was walking on the beach when they found a bottle in the sand. The bottle held a note dated May 2, 1949. It read, "If you find this note, call me." Mrs. Smith called the phone number and talked to the note-writer. The family will meet the note-writer tomorrow.

Ethan counted on his fingers.
The note was written in 1949,
and it was 1965 now.

“That note is 16 years old,”
Ethan said. “Can we go to the
beach on Saturday? Maybe I
can find something, too.”

“Maybe,” Mom answered.
“But didn’t you want to see
that new movie, *The Sound of Music*? ”

“I want to find a note in a bottle,” Ethan insisted.

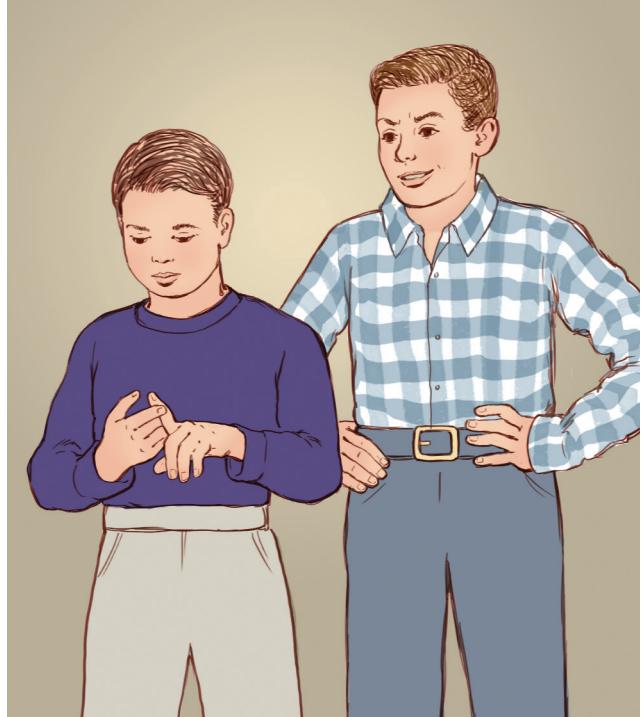
Jacob scoffed at his little brother. “Right,” he sneered,
“like it’s easy to find one! Get real.”

“It could happen, Jacob,” Ethan said. “The Smiths
found one.”

“You’re dreaming!” Jacob shook his head.

“That’s enough,” Dad said. “Maybe we’ll go—if we
don’t go to the movie. But now it’s time to get in the
car for school.”

The boys ran outside. Ethan yanked on the car door
handle.



“Be careful!” Dad said as he slid behind the wheel.
“I don’t want our new car to look like the old one.
And put your seat belts on.”

“Aw, Dad,” Ethan said, “we were fine in our old car without seat belts.”

“They’re in the new cars to keep us safe,” Dad said.
“So put them on.”

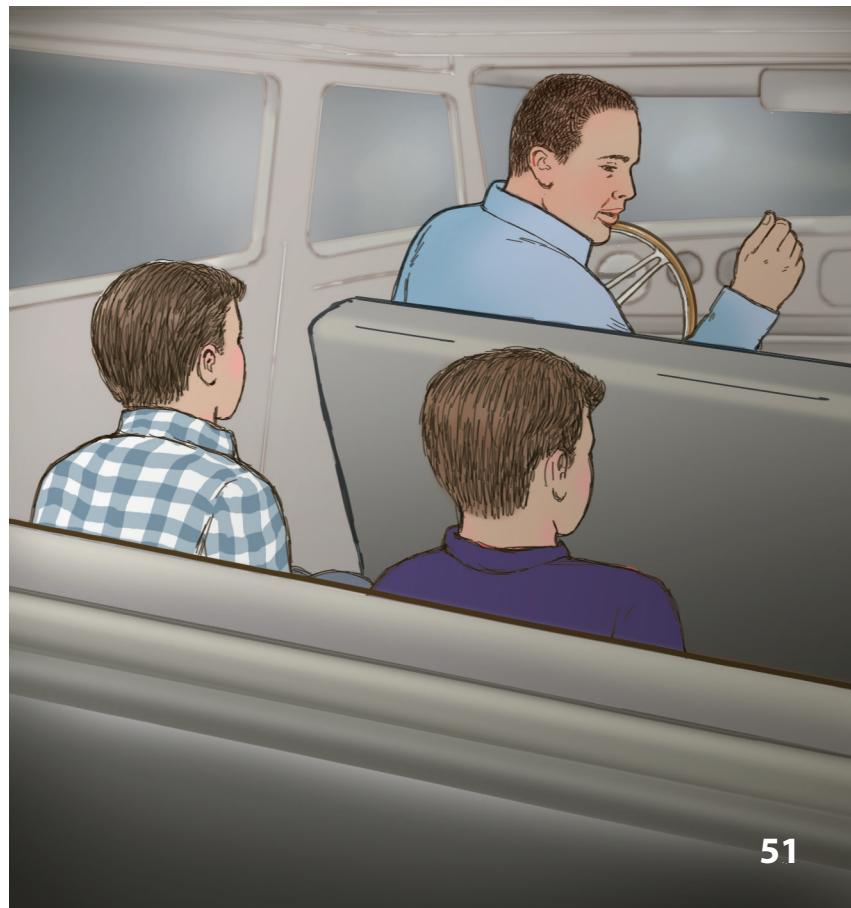
“Hey, Dad,” Ethan said. “I really want to go to the beach on Saturday.”

“Ethan! Cut it out!” Jacob said. “You’re not going to find a message in a bottle.”

“Am too.”

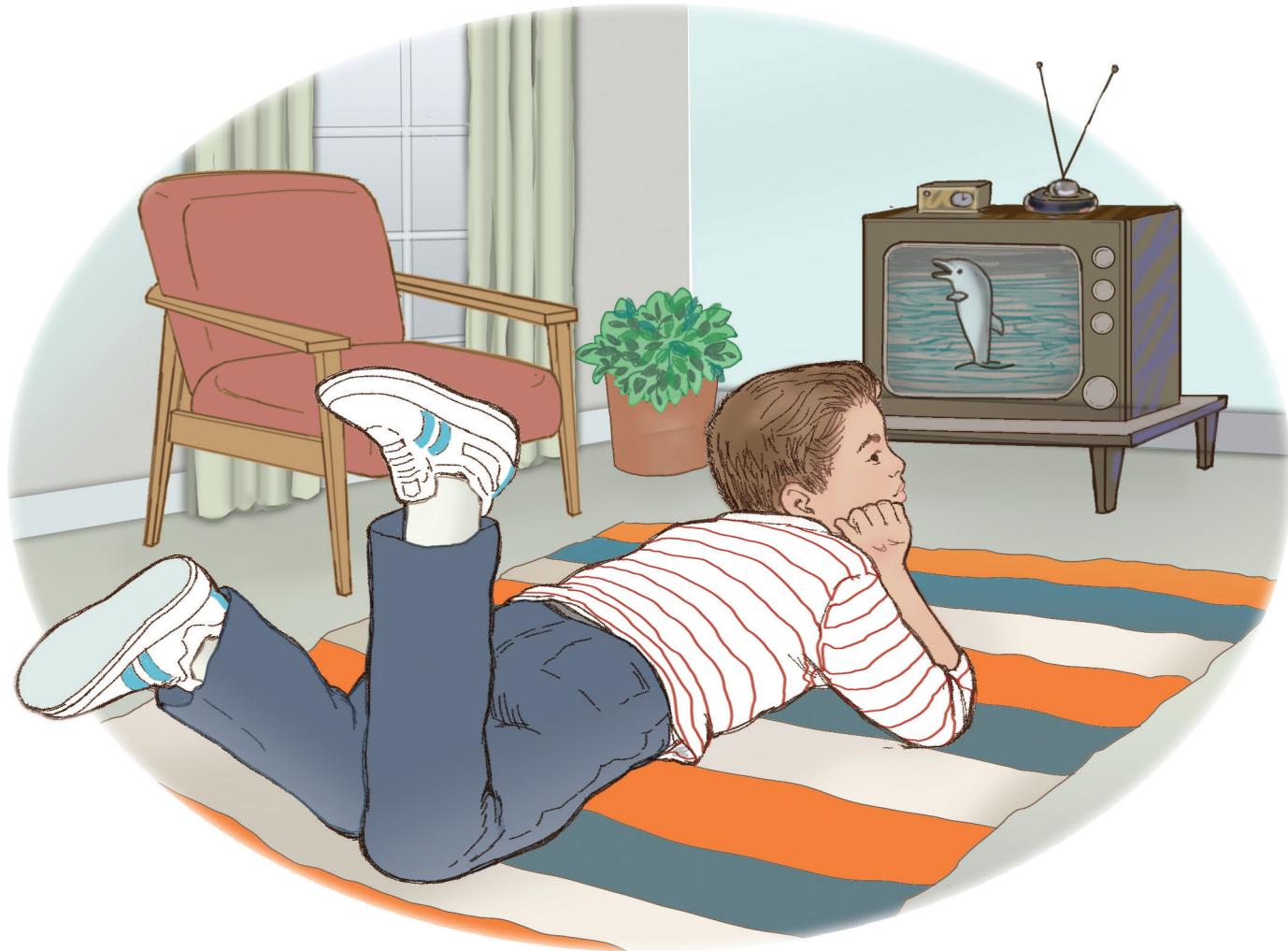
“Are not.”

Ethan and Jacob argued all the way to school. Then they stopped speaking to each other altogether.



All week long, Ethan imagined finding a message in a bottle. “Maybe the message will be written in a secret code!” he thought.

Jacob still wasn’t speaking to Ethan. Ethan wished his brother could be excited about finding a message in a bottle. But even more, Ethan missed playing catch and board games with Jacob. He missed watching their favorite television show, *Flipper*, together.



When Saturday arrived, it was cold and windy.

“Bundle up for the beach, boys,” Mom said.

“Neat-o!” Ethan shouted.

But Jacob said, “Can we go a little later? I need to do something first.”

When they finally got to the beach, Ethan walked one way and Jacob walked the other.

Ethan began to look for a bottle in the sand. He was busily searching when he heard Jacob call his name.

“Come quick!” Jacob yelled.



When Ethan reached his brother, he couldn't believe his eyes. "A bottle in the sand—and there's a note in it!"

"Go ahead," Jacob said. "You wanted to find one. Open it up!"

Ethan read the note out loud: "*Hey, Ethan, I'm sorry for fighting with you. Let's go back to being buddies. Your brother, Jacob.*"

Ethan grinned. "That's the best message in a bottle, ever!"





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