

5th Grade Bulletin #20

Week 3- Class News

Khan Academy: This week in math we will be going over finding volume from parts of the figure, and classifying quadrilaterals and shapes. We will also be learning about fraction measurements. If you have not already done so, please connect with our class on Khan Academy. Please let me know if you have trouble connecting.

Distance Learning Packets: Our packets this week include a Reading Menu #20, cursive practice pages, a graphic organizer for practicing the reading focus skill, a leveled reader and a Daze passage. This week, we will use the leveled reader for fluency practice and skill practice.

Fluency Practice: This means repeated reading out loud of the first section of the text. Please read out loud with your student each day from the leveled reader, pages two through five. Repeated reading of the same passage builds reading fluency.

Skill Practice: This week we are practicing characterization and theme in the story. Please support your student with completing the story map identifying the story elements you find in the leveled reader, “text evidence”.

Homework

1. Khan Academy math assignments
2. Read leveled reader pages 3-6 each day out loud
3. Finish leveled reader at least twice
4. Complete graphic organizer "Story Structure: Story Map"
5. Reading Menu 20
6. Daze #9
7. Cursive practice passages
8. Read at least 20 minutes each day



Day of the Coyotes

by Katharine Colton
illustrated by Lyle Miller

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN HARCOURT



Day of the Coyotes



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🔊 I lay in bed staring at the frost etchings on my windowpanes, **marveling** at their intricacy. If you grew up in a cold climate, that probably sounds inane to you, but frost was a whole new phenomenon for me, as was anything to do with winter.


🔊 My family had moved from Los Angeles to Maine just as the coldest months set in, and it was a real shock to the system. Well, it was a shock to my system, anyway. Mom, for her part, was trying to be cheerful, even though I knew she loved California as much as I did. She said this move was part of Dad's "midlife crisis," which apparently is something that makes you want to change your entire life when you've got a perfectly nice life to begin with. In Dad's case, he decided to quit working as a screenwriter in Hollywood and become a novelist. Becoming a novelist required moving back to the Maine woods, to the house where he'd grown up.







■ Mom said it would be an adventure. She and Dad also said it would be good for me to get away from city life and see what “real life” was like. To me, life seemed plenty real in Los Angeles, but they seemed to think pine trees were more genuine than palm trees, or something.


■ So here we were, and here, specifically, was I, lying under three layers of blankets and a sleeping bag, in my thin California pajamas, contemplating the frost. It really was beautiful, even if it signified that today would be just as cold as yesterday, and the day before, not to mention the months to come. I wasn’t sure how long winter lasted in these parts, but I’d heard rumors that spring wouldn’t come until sometime around July 4th. Oh well. I wasn’t going to let a little thing like the absence of warmth get me down. No, I could handle the cold.

 On the other hand, being wrenched away from everyone and everything I had known all my life, and having to start school in the middle of the year among a bunch of strangers—that was a little harder to handle. But I reminded myself of what Mom said. It’s an adventure. I also told myself that one of these days my parents would wake up and realize we needed to get back to the sunshine and palm trees of what was, to me, the real world.


 Until then, however, I’d better make the most of things. That meant lying in bed for a little while longer, making up for my **fitful** sleep, before I had to emerge from my cocoon into the frigid room and make a mad dash for my clothes. It was winter vacation—no reason to rush. I wouldn’t be starting at my new school for a few more days. My only plan for that day was to help Dad chop some wood later that afternoon when he got home with our new woodstove. He’d left the day before to pick it up, and Mom kept talking about it all evening as if that hulking piece of iron was going to make everything perfect. I thought that was a lot of pressure to put on a hunk of iron. It made me think she wasn’t as happy about this move as she pretended to be.

Then I remembered: it was Mom’s birthday. I pulled off the blankets and sat up with a sick feeling in my stomach. I had nothing to give her. This wasn’t L.A.—I couldn’t just grab a ride to the local mall. (Did Maine even have malls? I had no idea.)

 I heard our dog, Milo, padding back and forth in the hall, making that half-whine, half-whimper sound that meant he needed to go out, right now, or else. Dad always took him out in the mornings, but since he wasn't home this morning, I could at least do that for Mom. Then maybe bring her some breakfast in bed? Yeah, that'd work.

 I jumped up and threw on as many clothes as I could without losing my ability to move. Then I quietly slipped into the hall and to the kitchen, grabbing some dog treats to keep Milo in line. (He was not the most obedient of pets.) I grabbed his leash, and we headed off down the dirt driveway to the main road. Dad had said there was a trail just a little way from Grandpa's—I mean, our—house. I decided to check it out. That would please Mom. I'd come back and tell her how much I love pine trees.




 As Milo and I rounded a bend in the road, looking for the trail sign, I saw a girl about my age walking up the road toward us, trailed by a very large cat. Was it a tradition in Maine to take one's cat for walks, I wondered? The girl said, "Hey," and I said, "Hey" back. Milo let out a low growl at the giant feline, who ignored him.

"You just moved into old man Bosch's place, didn't you?" asked the girl. "Did he die, or what?"

"Yup, we moved in a few days ago," I said. "And yeah, he died."

"He was such a grouch. Wouldn't even let me fish in his stream," said the girl.

"He was my grandfather," I said.

 "Oh. I'm sorry," the girl said, then added, "My name's Alex, by the way. Short for Alexis. Do you fish?"

"No, I'm a vegetarian," I said, adding, "My name's Quentin."

"You look like a vegetarian," Alex said. As I wondered what that meant, she asked, "So where are you from? California, I bet."

"Yeah," I said, suddenly feeling self-conscious. Did I look, I don't know, unreal, somehow? "How'd you know that?"

"That's where all the vegetarians come from," she said.


"Plus," she added, pointing to my Oakland As cap.

"Oh, right," I said.

"You heading into the woods?"

"Yeah, I think I'll walk my dog down the trail my dad told me about. Do you know where it starts?"


"Yeah, I'll show you. It's just down the road."

 We walked a little way, and Alex pointed to the trailhead. "Here you go. Watch out for lions and tigers and bears."

"What?" I said anxiously.

"Gotcha!" she said, laughing. "There are bears, but they're all hibernating by now. Anyway, just keep your eyes open."

"Okay, thanks," I replied frostily, annoyed that she thought I was so naive. Just then, Milo yanked at his leash so hard it slipped out of my hand, and he bounded off down the trail.

 "Milo! I shouted. "Get back here!" I reached into my pocket and grabbed a dog treat, waving it around futilely. "Milo!"

"Fang?" Alex called, looking around.

"No, his name is Milo!" I said impatiently.

"Fang's my cat. Where are you, bad cat?" Alex stared down the trail. "I think your dog is chasing her," she said calmly.

"Fang probably saw a rabbit. She's quite the hunter."

I murmured a few unpleasant words about Fang under my breath as I started down the trail.





"Wait, I'll come with you," Alex said. "They probably won't go far."

But I'd already lost sight of Milo on the trail. I started running, with Alex a step behind me.

After a little way, with no sign of either Milo or Fang, we reached a fork in the path. "Stop," Alex called behind me. "Let's listen for a minute. Maybe we can hear them." I paused and felt my chest **heave**; I tried to catch my breath without being too obvious about it. When I was finally breathing normally again, I listened to the forest sounds. I never knew how loud the woods are. The early-morning birds chirped urgently, and animals scurried through the brittle, frosty leaves that covered the forest floor. We'd never hear Milo unless he barked.



Then came a **piercing** scream.

"What was that?" I cried, terrified that Milo had got stuck in a trap or mauled by a bear that forgot to hibernate, or ... I didn't know what. I was so panic-stricken I didn't stop to think that dogs do not scream.

"A rabbit," said Alex, again in that calm, certain voice that did nothing to soothe me.

"A rabbit?" I cried. "Since when do rabbits scream? I don't think ..."



"It was a rabbit, all right. They scream when they're really, really scared. Fang must have caught one, or at least nabbed its tail. Believe me, I hear that sound a lot."


I still had my doubts, but there was no point standing around arguing about whether rabbits scream. "Which way should we go?" I asked impatiently, gesturing toward the fork in the path.

"I couldn't tell where the scream was coming from. I think we should split up. Why don't you go that way"—she gestured toward the right—"and I'll go this way. The two paths meet up again about half a mile ahead."




"Okay," I said. I ran to the right, and Alex ran to the left. She was faster than me, and soon I saw her red jacket **diminishing** down the trail. Then she disappeared around a bend.


I gingerly **descended** a steep, rock-strewn section of trail, grateful that Alex couldn't see me frantically grasping branches to keep my balance. When I reached level ground, I stopped for another round of catching my breath.

 As I stood there, looking ahead at the tree-shadowed trail, I suddenly realized how alone I was. Well, I told myself, I'd find Milo any minute now, and soon I'd be back at the house, serving Mom (burned) toast and O.J. and telling my tale of adventure in the Maine woods. Yup.

I pricked up my ears again, hoping to hear a bark or maybe another of those blood-chilling rabbit screams. (I now apologize to the rabbits of Maine for this wish. I was under a lot of stress.) I heard a soft rustling in the bushes behind me. My heart began to pound. "Milo?" I cried, turning around.


 It wasn't Milo. It was another dog, sleek and gray and hungry-looking, with electric yellow eyes. I noticed it had no collar—maybe it was wild? Then it growled, a deep, **savage** growl, and I had a sinking realization: It was wild, all right, but it was no dog. It was a coyote!





Two more appeared behind it. I started to shuffle slowly, backward, down the trail, afraid to turn my back to them or make any sudden movements. I searched my mind for tips about what to do when trapped in the wilderness with hungry-looking wild animals. I knew Dad had said something about bears—stay still, act calm—was that it? All I knew at the moment was this: standing still with three growling, teeth-baring beasts staring me down didn't seem like a good bet.


I kept moving backward, one slow-motion step at a time. What else could I do? Maybe I could reach down, very slowly, and grab a rock? But if I threw it at one of them (and the very thought made me wince—I didn't want to hurt any animal, even one that seemed likely to eat me), what about the others? By the looks of them, I didn't think they'd turn and run. They looked very—intent.




So backward I continued to shuffle, a few inches at a time, keeping my feet close to the ground. My heart was beating as if I were sprinting. The coyotes didn't move; they just stood there, staring. I knew this situation couldn't continue for long; inching along this way, I'd probably get a quarter of a mile by nightfall. "As if I'll still be alive by nightfall," I thought grimly.






 Just then, my left foot hit a rock, or a root, and I fell backward to the ground, letting out a yelp. For a moment I considered lying there, very still pretending I was dead. Again, though, there seemed a strong possibility this plan would fail, and I would end up actually dead. I raised myself slowly to my elbows and saw that the coyotes had moved closer. I was just about to jump to my feet and make a run for it—what else was there to do?—when I remembered something.

 I reached into my pocket and pulled out the dog treats I'd brought along for Milo. The coyotes' noses **quivered**. "Go get 'em!" I cried, idiotically, as I threw the treats as far as I could. It worked; the coyotes scrambled after them. As they did, I turned and started to run down the trail, nearly plowing into a gigantic cat—Fang!—sitting in the middle of the path. Then I saw a red blur moving toward us—Alex. Milo was on his leash running beside her.


I panicked and waved my arms, yelling, "Stop! Go back! Wild coyotes!" (Okay, there probably are no tame coyotes. I was under a lot of stress, as I said.) I glanced behind me, expecting to see the beasts at my heels, but instead I saw them running off into the forest!

 Alex trotted up to me and handed over Milo's leash. I crouched down and gave him a hug, soothed by the **rhythmic** beating of his heart. "Good dog!" I said, even though he hadn't been, whatsoever.

"How'd you know what to do?" Alex asked. "I'm impressed, city boy!"

"What do you mean?" I asked, bewildered.


"You know, yelling and waving your arms around. That's exactly how you scare off coyotes."

 "I didn't know—" I started, and then stopped. I might as well let her think I did know something, for a change.

"You probably saved Fang's life!" Alex added, crouching down to pet the obese feline. "A lot of cats end up as coyote lunches around here. They're quite the **delicacy**."

"I thought those coyotes were going to attack me," I said.




 “Not likely,” Alex replied. “Coyotes usually don’t mess with people. They were probably just trying to figure out how to get past you and reach Butterball here.” She hoisted Fang into her arms and cooed at her.

“Thanks a lot, you giant furry ball of coyote bait,” I muttered.

“What?”

“Oh, I was just thanking Fang for the tour of the Maine woods. It’s been swell, but I think I’m ready to spend some quality time indoors now,” I said.

We walked back down the trail, Alex still holding Fang in her arms. I threw a few anxious glances into the woods until we emerged safely onto the road.

 “Well, it was good to meet you, Quentin,” Alex said. She tried to shake my hand, then thought better of it as Fang tried to squirm free.


“Yeah, it’s been interesting,” I said with a smile. “I guess maybe I’ll see you in school next week?”

“What grade are you—sixth?”


“Yup.”

“Me too! Okay, see you then—or maybe I’ll run into you in the woods before then.”

“Maybe,” I said. This seemed highly doubtful. Knowing that I now had a friend at my new school, though, made me feel a whole lot better than I had in a while.

 We took off in opposite directions. I raced home at full speed, Milo trotting beside me. Mom must be up by now, wondering what had become of us.

Nope—the house was still silent when we came in. I tiptoed into the kitchen and got out some bread, butter, juice, and eggs. Coffee was too much for me to tackle, especially with my coyote-frayed nerves.

 Ten minutes and a sizable mess later, I knocked on her door and presented her breakfast in bed, as planned, complete with semi-burned toast. “Happy birthday, Mom!” I said, giving her a kiss on the cheek.

“Thanks, sweetheart,” Mom said. Then she gave me a funny look. “How did you get so dirty and, er, woodsy, while making me breakfast?” She brushed some dust off my shirt and pulled a prickly burr from my hair.





"I took Milo for a walk so you wouldn't have to get up," I said. "You wouldn't believe what happened. I—" Then I stopped myself, for the second time that morning. It occurred to me that Mom might not want to hear about my close encounter with coyotes on our third day in Maine. Not telling her might be the best birthday gift I could give her.

Even though I now knew coyotes were scared of people and most likely wouldn't have attacked, Mom still would be upset. You know how moms are.

"Did you go down that trail Dad told us about?" she asked, taking a bite of blackened crust.



"Well, as a matter of fact, yeah, I—"

"What did you see?" she asked eagerly. "I've been reading this book about all the animals around here—bears, but of course they're hibernating now, and—"

"Lions and tigers," I said with a smile.

"Yes," she said, smiling back. "And coyotes, but you know we had those even around L.A."

"What?" I said, startled.

"Oh yes, I used to see them when I went hiking in the canyon. They're scared of people, though, you know. Usually if you just yell and wave your arms around, they'll run off."

 "I see," I said. "That's good to know."

We heard an engine sputter and stop outside. "Sounds like Dad's back, with my savior, the wood stove!" Mom said. I wiped the frost off the inside of the window and looked out.


"Yeah, there they are," I said. "That thing is huge."

"Good! Things are going to start looking up around here. A little warmth and a good attitude are all we need, right?"

"Right," I said, and I started to believe it.






 The next day, I took Milo down the trail again. I figured I'd make the most of it before the bears woke up. But when they did, I'd know what to do: keep very still and act calm—or was it run for your life? Well, I'd figure it out by the spring.



Responding

**TARGET SKILL****Story Structure**

Who are the main characters in *Day of the Coyotes*? Where does the story take place? What is the story's conflict and resolution? Copy and complete the chart below.

Characters:

- Quentin
- Alex

Setting:


-

Conflict:

Resolution:



Write About It



Text to Self In *Day of the Coyotes*, Quentin has a scary adventure in the woods. Think about a time when you were scared. Write two paragraphs that describe your experience. Tell what you thought and how you felt.



TARGET VOCABULARY

delicacy

descended

diminishing

fitful

heave

marveling

piercing

quivered

rhythmic

savage



EXPAND YOUR VOCABULARY

etchings

inane

contemplating

wrenched



TARGET SKILL

Story Structure Examine details about characters, setting, and plot.



TARGET STRATEGY

Question Ask questions about the story before you read, as you read, and after you read.



GENRE

An **adventure story** has exciting events that are full of risk and danger.

Level: X

DRA: 60

Genre:

Adventure

Strategy:

Question

Skill:

Story Structure

Word Count: 3031

5.4.20

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Name _____ Date _____

Story Map: _____

Day of the Coyotes
Graphic Organizer 11

Title or Topic _____

Characters:

- Quentin
- Alex

Setting:

Conflict:

Resolution:

Math Module 5: Topic C & D- Decompose figures to find volume. & Classifying quadrilaterals and shapes.

Please do a few problems every day, There is also video links on DoJo to help as well.

Multiplying fractions

To multiply fractions, we multiply the numerators and then multiply the denominators.

Example 1: Fractions

$$\begin{aligned} & \frac{5}{6} \times \frac{5}{7} \\ &= \frac{5 \times 5}{6 \times 7} \\ &= \frac{25}{42} \end{aligned}$$

Example 2: Mixed numbers

Before multiplying, we need to write the mixed numbers as improper fractions.

$$\begin{aligned} & 2\frac{2}{3} \times 1\frac{3}{5} \\ &= \frac{8}{3} \times \frac{8}{5} \quad [\text{How do we write a mixed number as a fraction?}] \\ &= \frac{8 \times 8}{3 \times 5} \\ &= \frac{64}{15} \end{aligned}$$

We can also write this as $4\frac{4}{15}$.

Cross-reducing

Cross-reducing is a way to simplify before we multiply. This can save us from dealing with large numbers in our product.

Example

$$\begin{aligned}\frac{3}{10} \times \frac{1}{6} \\&= \frac{3 \times 1}{10 \times 6} \\&= \frac{\overset{1}{\cancel{3}} \times 1}{10 \times \underset{2}{\cancel{6}}} \quad [\text{Explain}] \\&= \frac{1}{20}\end{aligned}$$

Practice

PROBLEM 1

$$\frac{5}{8} \times \frac{7}{8}$$

Practice

PROBLEM 2

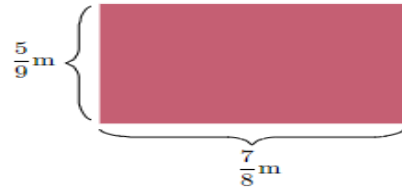
$$\frac{1}{6} \times \frac{4}{5}$$

Practice

PROBLEM 3

$$3 \times 2\frac{2}{5} = \text{ }$$

Find the area of the rectangle.

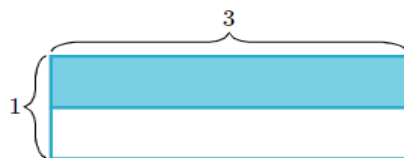


m^2

A rectangular bulletin board is $1\frac{1}{5}$ meters wide and 2 meters long. What is the area of the bulletin board?

m^2

A 1-unit by 3-unit rectangle is shown below.



What is the area of the shaded rectangle?

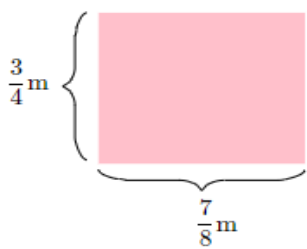
square units

Find the area of the square.



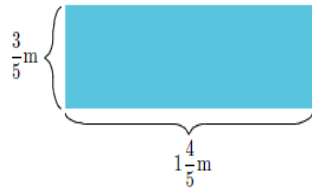
m^2

Find the area of the rectangle.



m^2

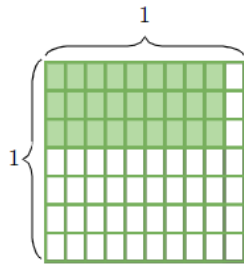
Sergei does yoga on a mat.



What is the area of the mat?

m^2

The area of the entire figure below is 1 square unit.



What is the area of the shaded rectangle?
Write your answer as a fraction.

of a square unit

Which TWO of the following shapes are squares?

Choose 2 answers:

(A)



(B)



(C)



(D)



Which TWO of the following shapes are rectangles?

Choose 2 answers:

(A)



(B)



(C)



(D)



Which TWO of the following shapes are rhombuses?

Choose 2 answers:






Which TWO of the following shapes are squares?

Choose 2 answers:



All squares have four right angles and four sides that are equal in length.

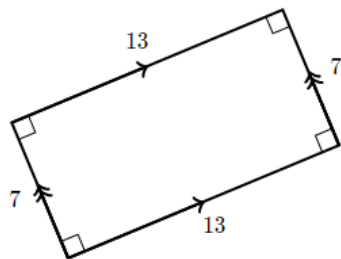
Which of these quadrilaterals are squares?

Quadrilateral	Square/Not square
	<input type="text" value="v"/>
	<input type="text" value="v"/>
	<input type="text" value="v"/>

What kinds of quadrilateral is the shape shown?

The matching arrow labels indicate that two opposite sides are parallel.

[\[Remind me about the shapes.\]](#)



Choose all answers that apply:

☐ A Parallelogram

☐ B Rhombus

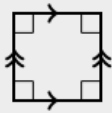
☐ C Rectangle

All parallelograms have opposite sides that are equal in length and parallel.

Which of these quadrilaterals are parallelograms?

The matching arrow labels indicate that two opposite sides are parallel.

Quadrilateral	Parallelogram/Not parallelogram
---------------	---------------------------------



▼



▼



▼

READING MENU 20



After reading, choose 1 question and circle it. Questions 1-6 are best for fiction stories and questions 7-9 are best for nonfiction books. Record your answer to the question in complete sentences.

1. What is the setting of the story? Give evidence to support your answer.	2. Compare and contrast yourself to one of the characters from your text.	3. How does the main character feel about the problem in the story? How do you know?
4. What is your favorite part of the story so far? Why?	5. Would you recommend this story to others? Why or why not? Give specific reasons and examples.	6. Was the author's purpose to persuade, inform or entertain? How do you know?
7. What types of people need to know the facts that are included in your text? Why?	8. How did the illustrations or photographs help you understand the text? Give specific examples.	9. What part of the text was hard to understand? What strategies did you use to help you to comprehend?

SELF CHECK

- ☐ I answered the entire question that I chose.
- ☐ I wrote in complete sentences.
- ☐ I used evidence and examples from the text to support my answer.
- ☐ I edited my work to make sure that it makes sense.

Name: _____

Book Title: _____ Book Author: _____

	0	1	2
Completion	Question is not answered.	Question is partially answered.	Answer is complete.
Sentences	Answer is not in complete sentences.	Answer is in complete sentences.	Answer is in complete sentences and part of the question is used in the answer.
Thoughtfulness	Answer shows little effort or thought.	Answer shows limited thought.	Answer is thoughtful.
Text Evidence	Answer does not include text evidence.	Answer has limited use of text evidence.	Answer is supported with significant text evidence.
Editing	Answer has many errors.	Answer has some errors.	Answer has very few errors.

Name: _____

Book Title: _____ Book Author: _____

Cookies



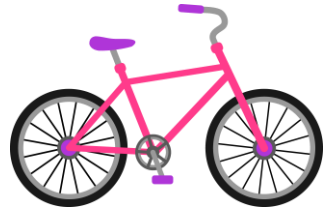
Carefully and neatly copy the following passage

Greg likes to help his mom bake cookies. Chocolate chip cookies are his favorite. His mom likes them too.

He adds the chocolate chips to the batter. Then he stirs them in. He forms the batter into little balls and places them on a baking sheet. His mom places the baking sheet in the oven.

Handwriting practice lines consisting of solid top and bottom lines with a dashed midline. There are four sets of these lines provided for copying the text.

The Bicycle



Carefully and neatly copy the following passage

Emma has a new bicycle. It is bright pink and shiny.
It was a gift from her uncle. He hid it behind a bush to
surprise her.

When Emma looked behind the bush and saw the bicycle,
she jumped for joy. It was just what she wanted. She gave
her uncle a big hug.

Handwriting practice lines consisting of solid top and bottom lines with a dashed middle line. There are four sets of these lines provided for copying the passage.

The Ocean



Carefully and neatly copy the following passage

The ocean has bright blue water filled with waves. Many types of fish live in the ocean. Seagulls love flying over the ocean to look for fish. There is soft sand along the shore, and there are pretty seashells in the sand. The ocean is a great place to visit.

Handwriting practice lines consisting of solid top and bottom lines with a dashed midline. There are eight sets of these lines provided for copying the passage.

Name: _____

Practice 1

After playing in the dirt, Sam went

home
summer
was

 to wash her hands.

Practice 2

On her way home, she

chair
sleep
saw

 an ice cream truck.



C: _____

I: _____

AS: _____

Trace Lake State Park

Next Saturday, everyone in my scout troop will be meeting at Trace Lake State Park at noon for

food and fun with our families. I'm really excited because this weekend is plus ramps one of my favorite events of the pace cabins whole year. There are tons of fun vegetation activities one at the park like soccer, face sports painting adult hikes, nature walks, and even a including fishing other contest. Both parents and children can all come dad and enjoy the beautiful park. The ourselves lake weekend even has boats to rent for all not sites types of water sports. My favorite outdoor families part about the lake, though, is the emergency make fishing. The park also has fishing boats and fishing isn't equipment back. There are plenty of launch ramps. I don't appropriate fishing need a license to fish because I'm under sixteen can scout years old, but my dad had to get people south one so he can fish, too. After a encourages long twenty day of fishing and fun, my reservation water family spends the night in one of the ten swamps linens air-conditioned cabins at the lake. The cabins twelve be hold as many as twelve people. We cabin always even share a cabin with my friend Zev's also family excited. The cabins have everything you need: dark fish towels, linens, and basic cooking supplies, including an favorite outdoor fun grill. We just relax and make too dinner because while enjoying

the view of the

ahead
lake
mind

 from the back porch.

The next

porch
sure
day

, my dad always organizes a group

night
picnic
both

 with the other scout families. There

courteous
forests
are

 more than twenty picnic sites in the

equipment
types
state

 park, but we always go to my

wander
favorite
children

spot on the south side of the

areas
lake
plenty

. I think it has the best

while
side
view

. Plus, it has a picnic pavilion with

dank
lots
so

 of tables and a grill. Using the

area
exercise
case

 requires an advance reservation, which my

dad
sixteen
really

always makes months ahead of time.

Everything
Activities
Another

 great part about Trace Lake State Park is its twenty-five

miles
ten
safety

 of trails. My mom

encourages my

conditioned
pavilion
sister

 and I to do a lot of

hiking
face
friends

. Even though hiking isn't my favorite

hikes
activity
walks

, I don't mind. The trails wander through

most
dense
using

 hardwood forests and dank swamps. From

all
disposal
next

 my years of scouting, I know the

names
always
wildlife

 of most of the wildlife and

dense
vegetation
principle

 common

to the area. Because the

trails
license
great

 go into remote areas, I always

make
better
family

 sure an adult comes with me

and my

towels
friends
supplies

 when I hike.

An important scouting **group** **principle** is to remember to be courteous and **many** **exercise** safety while **flashlight** **careful** hiking. It is always **think** **tables** to hike with a group of **friend** **friends** and carry a cell phone and **parents** **flashlight** to **better** **take** **park** use in case of an **makes** **then** . When we hike at the park, we **finish** **always** pace ourselves so that we can **scouting** **lots** **need** the hike before it is dark outside. We **troop** **are** also extra careful not to bother the **animals** **come** or **finish** **requires** vegetation. If we take food, we **garbage** **always** remember to carry all garbage back to the **part** **cabin** for **activity** **best** appropriate disposal.

