

# 5th Grade Bulletin #21

## Week 4-Class News

**Khan Academy:** This week in math we will be doing the volume review and unit test. We will also be starting the introduction of our new topic coordinate planes, how shapes fit into the space around. 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 #21, cursive practice writing either their graphic organizer or reading menu in cursive. Also 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.

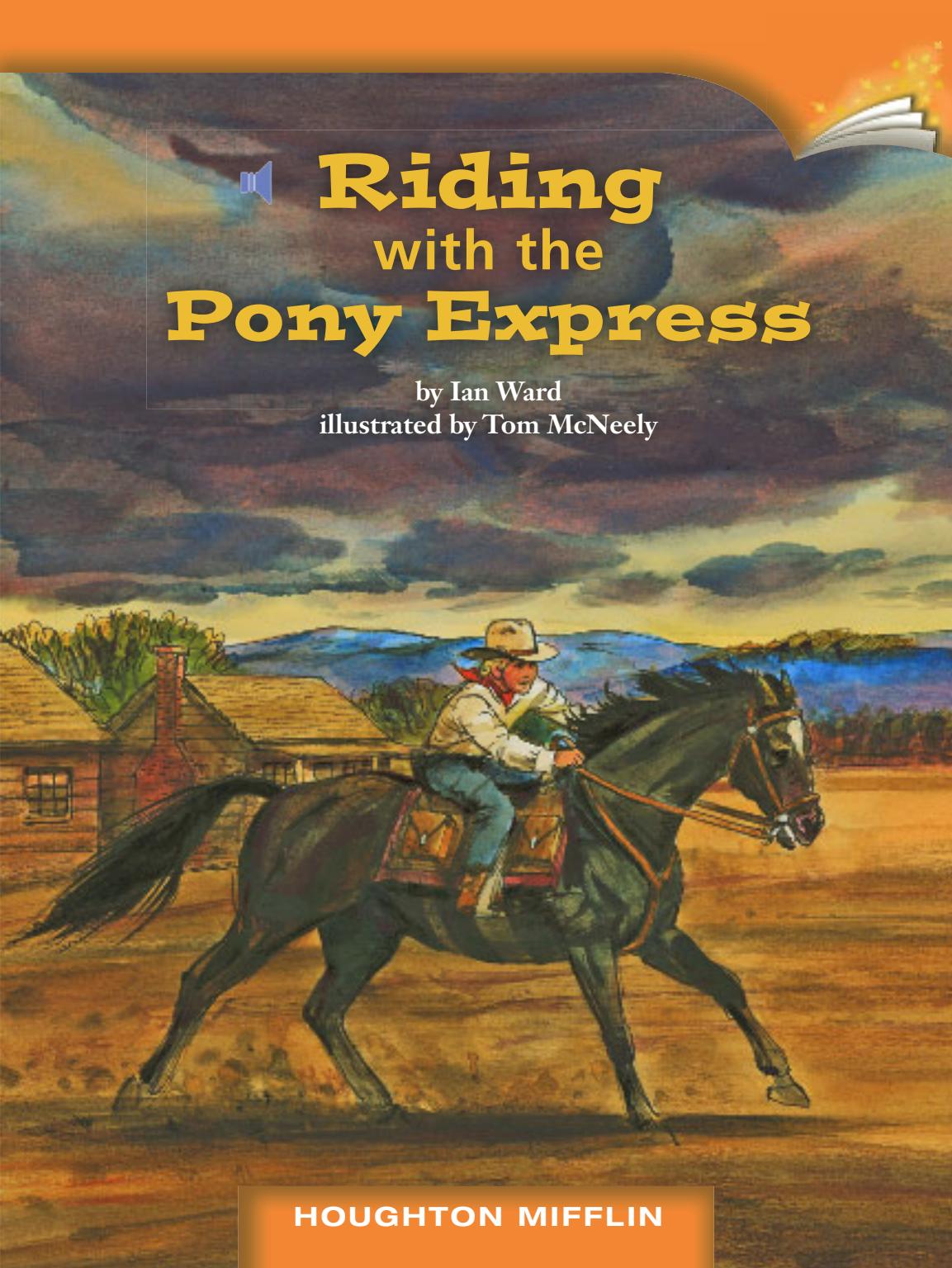
**Fluency Practice:** This means repeated reading out loud of the first section of the text. Please read out loud with your student each day from the leveled reader, pages two through five. Repeated reading of the same passage builds reading fluency.

**Skill Practice:** This week we are practicing figurative language, and the author's word choice 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 21
6. Daze #10
7. Cursive practice- write your reading menu or graphic organizer in cursive!
8. Read at least 20 minutes each day

9. Vocabulary Spelling city word practice



# ► Riding with the **Pony Express**

by Ian Ward  
illustrated by Tom McNeely

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

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illustrated by Tom McNeely



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School Publishers

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 Ned Benson was trying hard to concentrate on his job, which was to keep Hangtown Creek water flowing through the sluice box. But his mind was on other things—horses, mostly. Ned hadn't been able to ride a horse since leaving Kansas three years ago. His Uncle Charlie had only a mule. Mules were what you needed to mine for gold. Uncle Charlie always said, "A horse is too careless for this work. A mule can pick his way through rocks and trails. A horse will break a leg in no time flat. Besides, they don't like to work."

*Undoubtedly, Uncle Charlie thinks the same about me,* thought Ned.



 It wasn't that Ned didn't like work. He just didn't like standing in water all day long, pouring it into the sluice box. That's what prospectors like Uncle Charlie did. The work seemed endless and boring. Dig. Shovel. Wash the ore with water to get rid of the light stuff. Inspect the bottom of the box to see if any gold had settled down there. Then do it all over again.

 Most of the time, there was no gold. Every so often, though, there'd be a little glint. That's when Uncle Charlie would whoop and do a little dance. "Gold!" he'd holler. Prospecting for gold near Placerville, California, was his whole life.

 Ned didn't care about gold, especially considering how hard it was to find. He liked horses. He liked their smell, he liked their warmth, he liked the intelligent look in their eyes, and he liked the way their ears pricked up when he talked to them. He liked the wind in his face when he galloped over open fields. Horses seemed to know how Ned felt, and they behaved for him. Ned could get a horse to do just about anything.

 That's why Ned kept pestering his uncle to let him leave the goldfields and do what he really wanted—ride for the Pony Express. “I know I could ride for the Pony Express,” he said over and over. “I know it!”

Uncle Charlie would grunt and point to another pile of gravel to dig. Sometimes he ridiculed the idea. “You think mining is hard? Pony Express riders get saddle sores as big as this pan. Riding ten, fifteen hours a day? You don’t know sore till you’ve done that.”

Ned persisted. “I can do it. I can ride better than anybody. Riding isn’t work for me. Standing in water all day—*that’s* work.”



 Uncle Charlie resorted to his usual promises. Things would get better. Uncle Charlie's pal, Old Manuel, could hardly wait to join them. With a sluice box like the one Manuel would make, they'd be bringing up nuggets as big as cherries. "You got something against being rich?" Uncle Charlie would tease.

"Rich!" Ned scoffed. "You've been sayin' that since I got here. How long have you been at it? Eight years? You rich yet?"

 "Listen, I give you a roof over your head. Food in your belly. You should be grateful."

"I am, Uncle Charlie. You know I am. But I can make a hundred dollars a month riding for the Pony Express. I'm the right size—they *want* boys with stunted growth like me. Finally, being small is a factor in my favor."

"You're a factor right here."

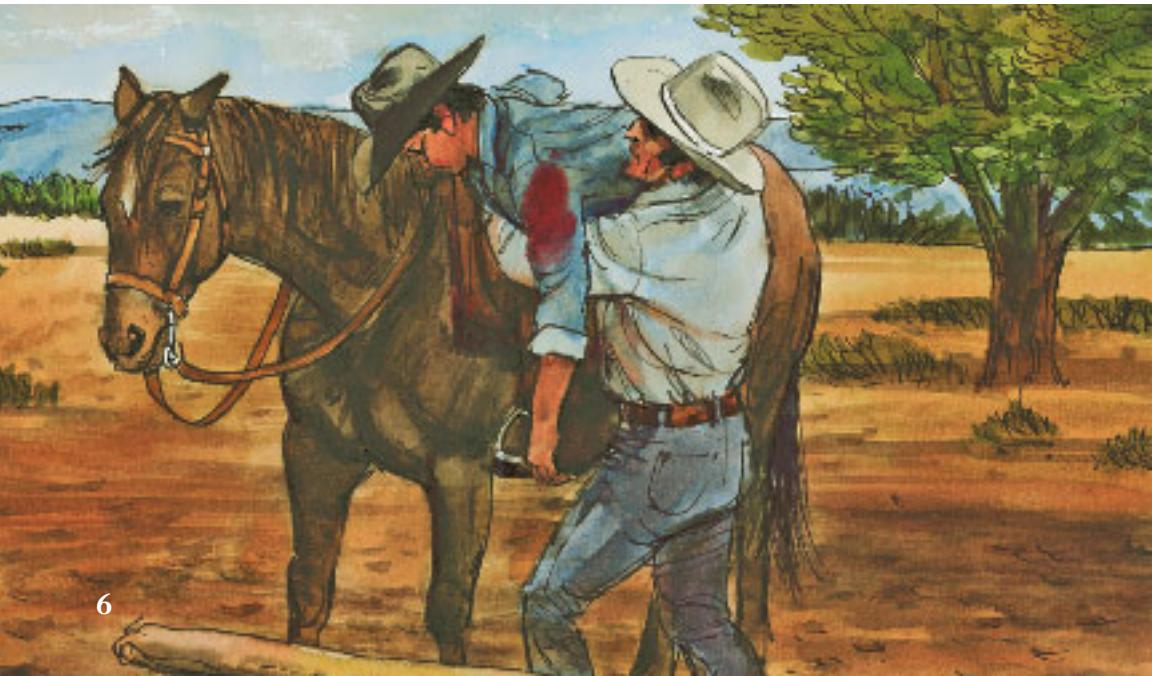
"Yeah, but with my earnings, I could help us hire more diggers, maybe start into some deep mining. And with Old Manuel... wouldn't that be something?"

 Uncle Charlie went silent. He spent the rest of that afternoon digging furiously, not even looking at Ned.

The next morning, though, as Uncle Charlie was slurping on his coffee, he said slowly, "All right. You go see if they'll hire you. But mark my words. Sooner or later, you'll be back, praising gold mining as your salvation."

 Ned was off to the Pony Express station at Placerville before Uncle Charlie had put down his cup. The whole way, he kept hoping a Pony Express rider would go missing—just for a while. *Just till I can show 'em what I can do ...*

 Though he didn't get his wish, Ned got the next best thing. At first, the station keeper told him, "Sorry, son, we're full up with riders." But just as Ned was about to leave, the rider from Sacramento, Luke, arrived. He was barely hanging on to his saddle. His horse was panting hard. After being eased off his horse, Luke blurted out his story. Highwaymen had attacked him west of Placerville. He escaped with a bullet in his shoulder. It was evident that Luke couldn't even make the ride to the home station at Sportsman's Hall, never mind back to Sacramento.



 With all the excitement, no one told Ned to leave. So he hung around. Precious minutes were ticking by, and something had to be done. The westbound rider from Nevada would be arriving at Sportsman's Hall to pick up the eastbound mail and transfer the westbound to Sacramento. A rider had to meet him.

 “Say,” said the station keeper, noticing Ned. “You think you could do this one run, to Sportsman’s Hall? You ever been up there?”

“Sure. Lots of times.” Ned said it calmly, but inside he was trembling. He’d only been to the Hall once, but he was pretty sure he could find it. This was his chance. He wasn’t going to miss it.

 It was 10 o’clock in the morning before he was ready. First, Ned took the rider’s oath, swearing to obey the law and not to use bad language. In the meantime, a horse was saddled for him. The station keeper handed Ned the *mochila*—a saddlebag that fit over the saddle. It contained four waterproof pouches called *cantinas* for carrying the mail. The pouches were full.

 Ned swung lightly into the saddle. His heart was beating rapidly, and he was nearly bursting with pride. He was riding one of the flashiest mustangs he'd ever seen—and he was riding for the Pony Express!

 He didn't have much time to glory in it, though. The station keeper gave his horse a whack, and the mustang shot onto the trail. Ned had 12 miles to ride in about an hour. That didn't worry him; the black mustang was flying. What worried him was the weather. Angry-looking clouds were sweeping in from the west. It was October, and the first storm of winter, Ned knew, could blow in at any time. Ned was heading toward the mountains. He hoped it didn't snow.



 As Ned rode, he thought about what lay ahead. He'd read every news story he could find about the Pony Express. He knew about the first ride to Sportsman's Hall by Sam Hamilton. Nothing stopped him—not rain or sleet, not even having to run on foot when his horse stumbled on the icy trail. Ned had also read about Warren Upson, who took that first mail from Hamilton and plunged through deep snowdrifts over the mountains. Ned even knew about "Pony Bob" Haslam, who rode 380 miles by himself when Indian raids scared off all the other riders and horses. Ned only hoped he could measure up to those heroes someday!

 For now, he just had to pay attention. The mustang was breathing hard. Pull her up a bit to get through those boulders. Now a touch of the spurs, and let her fly! At this pace, they'd reach Sportsman's Hall well before noon. The rider from Nevada should already be there and waiting. They would exchange mochilas. Ned could maybe get a short rest and eat some beans and bacon. Then he'd race back to Placerville to change horses. What would happen after that, he didn't know.



It was 11:15 that morning when Ned arrived at Sportsman's Hall. Dozens of folks were milling about. Beyond the inn, Ned could see the huge corral, with more horses than he'd remembered. Stagecoaches and wagons were parked all over. Many had come for the food—Sportsman's Hall was as famous for its meals as it was for its horses.

Ned had no time to think about that. The station keeper shuffled out, peered up at him, and said, “Whuh? Where's Luke?”

“Highwaymen,” Ned said as he dismounted. “His shoulder's pretty bad.”



The station keeper swore at the highwaymen as Ned handed him the mochila. He asked Ned if he could make it back to Placerville. Ned nodded.

They both looked up at the sky. It was getting darker. “Could be a rough ride,” said the station keeper.

“I’ll make it,” said Ned. “All I need’s a little stretch, and maybe some food.”

“Sure. I’ll have a new horse ready to go in five minutes.”



Ned was glad that the westbound mail was ready to go. He had worried that if there was too much time, another rider might be found. Now he knew that *he* was the rider, at least back to Placerville, maybe even to Sacramento. Ned felt a tingle of excitement in his chest.

When he got back from his meal, a fresh horse was saddled with the mochila in place. The station keeper handed Ned the reins, warning him to watch this horse carefully. “She’s fast but a little nervous,” he explained.

Ned swung himself into the saddle, tipped his hat, and took off heading west. The clouds seemed to have gotten lower.

 Ned's new horse really was a mover. She sailed along the trail. Only when they passed through a grove of pines did she lurch. Waving branches seemed to spook her. Ned leaned forward and whispered into her ear. "Don't worry," he crooned. "They make me nervous, too."

 As they thundered through the hills east of Placerville, Ned thought for a moment that it might be fun to stop and show Uncle Charlie that he was riding for the Pony Express. But he knew he didn't have time. The mail was already late, and he had a long way to go. So he spurred the mare just as a flash of lightning lit up the sky to the west. A roll of thunder followed. Amazingly, Ned's horse didn't seem to mind the flash of light and the noise. She just kept up her steady pace.

 Rain was **seeping** steadily into Ned's boots when he pulled up at the station in Placerville a little over an hour later. The station keeper was grinning. "You made it," was all he said.

 Ned leaped down with the mochila. “How’s Luke?” he asked.

“Tell them in Sacramento the doc says he’ll be laid up a couple weeks. Maybe more,” said the station keeper. “Tell them I said until then, you’re it.”

A young boy came out of the corral leading Ned’s fresh horse, a chestnut, and handed Ned the reins.

 “You OK?” asked the station keeper. “Gonna be muddy out there. It’s the first rain, so watch out for flash floods.”

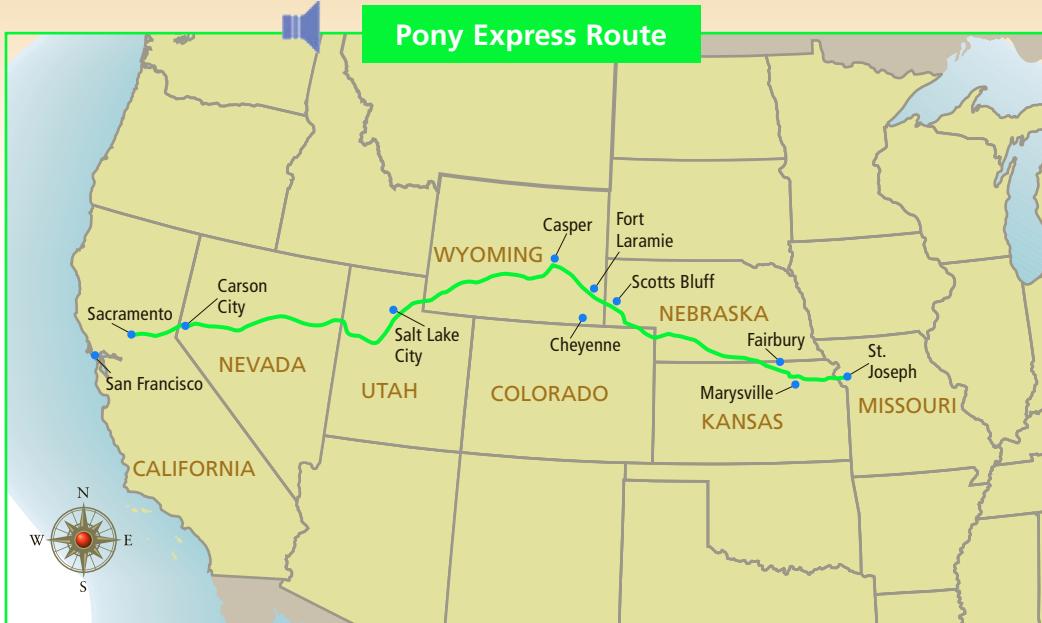
Ned was already in the saddle. “I’ll be fine,” he said.

“You should probably have these,” said the station keeper, handing Ned a horn and a pistol. He told Ned to blow the horn when he neared a station, so a fresh horse would be ready when he got there. “The pistol is in case you run into trouble.”

Ned nodded, spurred the chestnut mustang, and was off.



## Pony Express Route



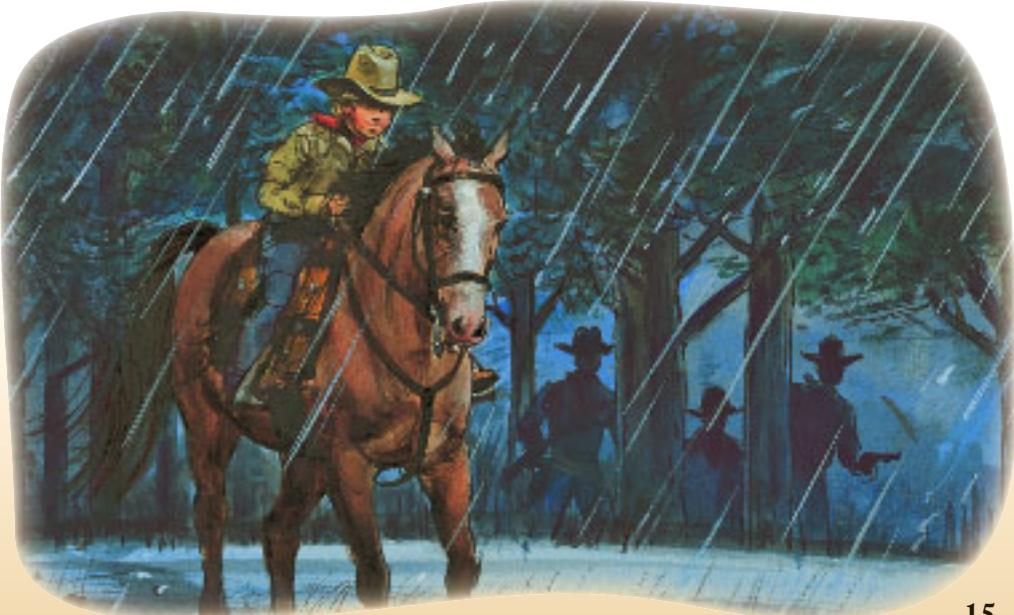
Once Ned rode out of town, the size of his task began to sink in. He was responsible for delivering the mail. Sacramento was 45 miles away. With five stops to change horses, he had less than four hours in which to do it. The mail *had* to be in Sacramento in time to make the ferryboat going down the river to San Francisco. The Pony Express Company promised mail from St. Joseph, Missouri, to San Francisco in ten days, and this was day ten.

The deadline made him want to spur his horse, but he didn't. The dirt road was getting muddier and more slippery. Placerville to Sacramento was a downhill ride. A horse could easily slip and break a leg. So Ned just leaned over and whispered in the chestnut's ear, "Steady, boy, steady."

 By late afternoon, Ned had made it through three of his five stops. He was thankful to be past Folsom, the hardest and steepest part of the descent. The footing would be better now. Another hour or so and he'd be there. And Ned was now riding a roan stallion; this horse was more spirited than any of the others.

 Passing some orchards, he could see from the branches that the wind had picked up. Wind could slow him down. "Steady," Ned crooned to the roan. "Steady." Up ahead, the road passed through another stand of pines. The trees offered some shelter, but the branches were jiggling crazily. Ned drew on the reins to steady the stallion.

Then out of the corner of his eye, Ned thought he noticed some movement in the trees. Could it be a **mirage**?



 A gust of wind rattled the trees, and the stallion lurched violently to the side. Ned was so startled that he hardly heard the shot. But he felt it whistle past his ear. That was no mirage! Terrified, he crouched low on the stallion's neck as a second shot blew away his hat.

 The noise made the stallion lurch again. Ned hung on, thinking about the pistol tucked in his pants but knowing he'd never be able to aim. His only hope was speed. The highwaymen were shouting, trying to reload, spurring their horses out of the trees behind him. Ned slapped the stallion as he shouted in his ear, "Now! Now, boy, let's git!"

 The stallion responded as if shot from a cannon. He straightened up and leapt in huge bursts down the road. Ned hung on, the rain pelting his now-bare forehead. He could still hear shots but knew they were in **vain**. Nothing could catch this horse.



When Ned left the roan stallion at Fifteen Mile House in Sacramento, he felt as if he were leaving a friend. He told the station keeper what had happened and how the horse had saved him. The station keeper gave him a new hat and assured him he could ride the horse again on the way back to Placerville. He also gave Ned the name of a hotel where he could spend the night.

Ned entered the streets of Sacramento. He'd been there often with his uncle to buy supplies. He wished Uncle Charlie could be there now. He wanted to *tell* someone what he had done. The mail would be on time to catch the ferry and would make it down the river to San Francisco that evening.

He had done it. He was the new rider until Luke came back—if he came back.



 Ned woke to the sound of knocking on his door.

Morning light was pouring into his hotel room. He had been asleep since seven o'clock the night before. It must be time to get moving.

Groggily, he pulled on his pants and opened the door. There stood Uncle Charlie, beaming. In his hand he held a bag. "Thought you could use these," Uncle Charlie said, entering the room. He set the bag on Ned's rumpled bed.

 "But... but... what are you doing here?"

"I'm here getting supplies, remember? But never mind that, open the bag."

Ned sat down and wiped the sleep from his eyes. He reached into the bag and drew out a brand-new Stetson. "Thought you might need that," said Uncle Charlie. He pointed to the bag, gesturing for Ned to look further.

 With his new hat perched on his head, Ned reached in again. This time he pulled out a large jar of Dr. Smith's Miracle Saddle Sore Cream.

"Keep this Pony Express stuff up, and you'll be needing that, too," grinned Uncle Charlie. "Now hurry up and tell me about it. The station keeper told me you'd be riding back to Placerville in less than an hour..."



# ► Responding



## TARGET SKILL

**Sequence of Events** What is the sequence of events during Ned's ride from Placerville to Sacramento? Copy and complete the chart below, adding additional boxes as necessary.

**Event:** Ned rides a chestnut mustang down a muddy, slippery road during the first leg of the trip.



**Event:**

?



**Event:**

?



## Write About It

**Text to Self** Ned Benson is skilled at riding horses and really enjoys doing it. Think about an activity you are skilled at that you really enjoy. Write a paragraph or two explaining how to do that activity.



### TARGET VOCABULARY

evident

factor

mirages

pace

salvation

seep

shuffled

stunted

undoubtedly

vain



### TARGET SKILL

**Sequence of Events** Identify the time order in which events take place.



### TARGET STRATEGY

**Visualize** Use text details to form pictures in your mind of what you are reading.



**GENRE Historical Fiction** is a story whose characters and events are set in a real period of history.

**Level:** T

**DRA:** 44

**Genre:**

Historical Fiction

**Strategy:**

Visualize

**Skill:**

Sequence of Events

**Word Count:** 2,773

**5.5.21**

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**Online Leveled Books**



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Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

# Flow Chart: \_\_\_\_\_

Title \_\_\_\_\_

**Riding with the Pony Express**  
**Graphic Organizer 4**

**Event:** Ned rides a chestnut mustang down a muddy, slippery road during the first leg of the trip.



**Event:**



**Event:**



**Event:**

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Book Title: \_\_\_\_\_

Book Author: \_\_\_\_\_

# Proofreading for Spelling

Find the misspelled words and circle them. Write them correctly on the lines below.

Dear Grandma,

It is a real pleasure being out here in nachure. A major feacher in the landscape is a mountin up ahead, and we see a new wild creeture almost every day. Our kaptain puts our wagon train into a big circle every afternoon, and then we cook supper. We seem to measure out our long days in meals. The nights are becoming colder. There is so much furnitur in our wagon that I have little room to sit. Sometimes I walk alongside the wagon. It has been five weeks since our deparchur from St. Louis, and we have many weeks to go. I keep my eyes open for natural springs that spout water like a fountin. I am certin I'll find one in the near futur. Water from natural springs is a trezure. What an adventur it has been! I miss you.

Yours truly,

Molly

- |          |           |
|----------|-----------|
| 1. _____ | 8. _____  |
| 2. _____ | 9. _____  |
| 3. _____ | 10. _____ |
| 4. _____ | 11. _____ |
| 5. _____ | 12. _____ |
| 6. _____ | 13. _____ |
| 7. _____ | 14. _____ |

## Tucket's Travels

Spelling: Final /n/ or /ən/, /char/, /zhər/

## Spelling Words

1. nature
2. certain
3. future
4. villain
5. mountain
6. mixture
7. pleasure
8. captain
9. departure
10. surgeon
11. texture
12. curtain
13. creature
14. treasure
15. gesture
16. fountain
17. furniture
18. measure
19. feature
20. adventure

## Challenge

leisure  
sculpture  
architecture  
chieftain  
enclosure

## **Module 5: Volume**

Do your very best, you can watch the help videos on khan academy that are also on DoJo. Do your very best work. Have a Great week!

## **Unit test**

---

Which statements about **squares** and **rectangles** are true?

Choose 2 answers:

---

A Both shapes have 4 right angles.

---

B Both shapes are quadrilaterals.

---

C Both shapes have all sides of equal length.

---

Which THREE of the following shapes are rectangles?

Choose 3 answers:

---

(A)



---

(B)



---

(C)



---

(D)



---

I bought a box from the post office that has a volume of 24 cubic centimeters.

Which of the following could be the dimensions of my box?

Choose all answers that apply:

---

(A)

8 cm long, 1 cm wide, 3 cm high

---

(B)

10 cm long, 4 cm wide, 10 cm high

---

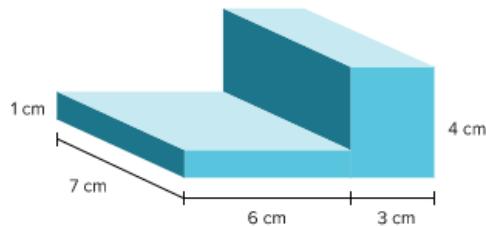
(C)

2 cm long, 2 cm wide, 6 cm high

---

The figure below is made of 2 rectangular prisms.

What is the volume of this figure?

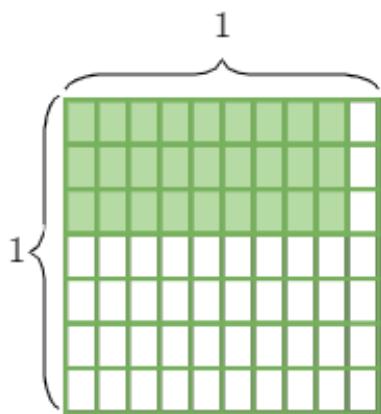


cubic cm

---

---

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.

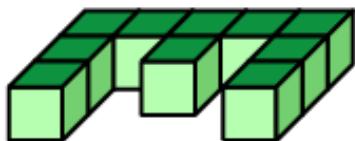
of a square unit



is 1 cubic unit.

What is the volume of the following figure?

All of the cubes are visible.



cubic units

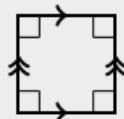
All parallelograms have opposite sides that are equal in length and parallel.

Which of these quadrilaterals are parallelograms?

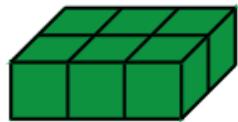
The matching arrow labels indicate that two opposite sides are parallel.

Quadrilateral

Parallelogram/Not parallelogram



Gene is creating a rectangular prism. The base of his prism is shown below. He plans to have a height of 5 cubes.



What will the volume of the completed figure be?

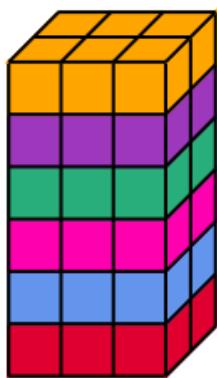
cubic units

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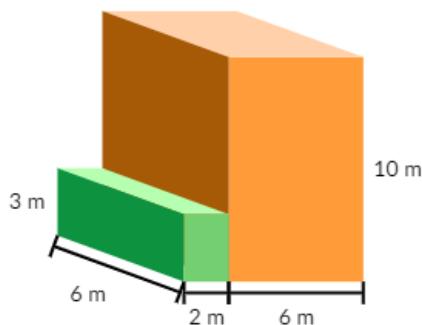
The rectangular prism has  layers separated by color.

Each colored layer is made up of  unit cubes.

What is the volume of the rectangular prism?  cubic units



Which expression can be used to find the volume of the figure below?



Choose 1 answer:

- (A) 36 cubic meters + 360 cubic meters
- (B) 12 cubic meters + 60 cubic meters
- (C) 18 cubic meters + 60 cubic meters
- (D) 18 cubic meters + 120 cubic meters

These prisms are made from the same size unit cubes.

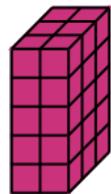
Which rectangular prism has greater volume?

Some of the cubes might be hidden behind other cubes. Try to visualize all of the cubes.

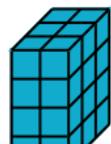
Choose 1 answer:

- (A) The 2 prisms have equal volume.

(B)



(C)



Unit cube:

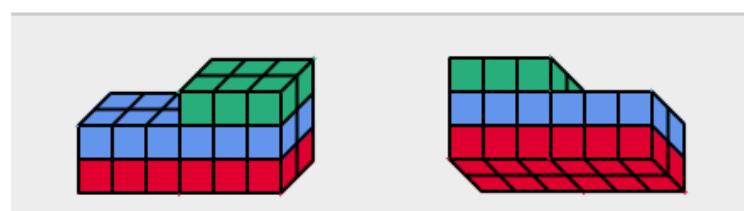


What is the volume of the following figure?

cubic units

Front View

Back View



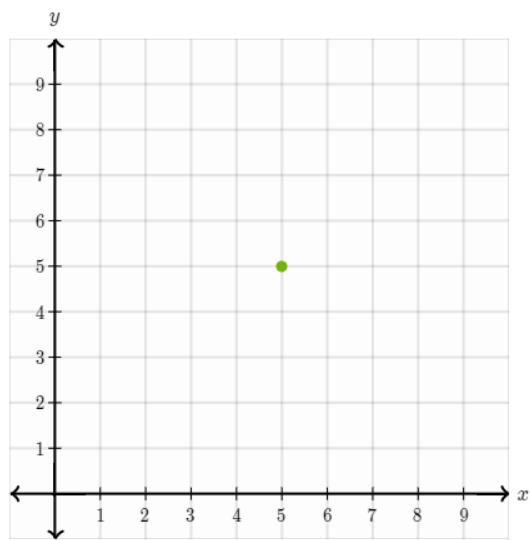
This is the new unit of coordinate plane:

Try some of these problems. There are khan academy help videos on Dojo as well.

### Graph points

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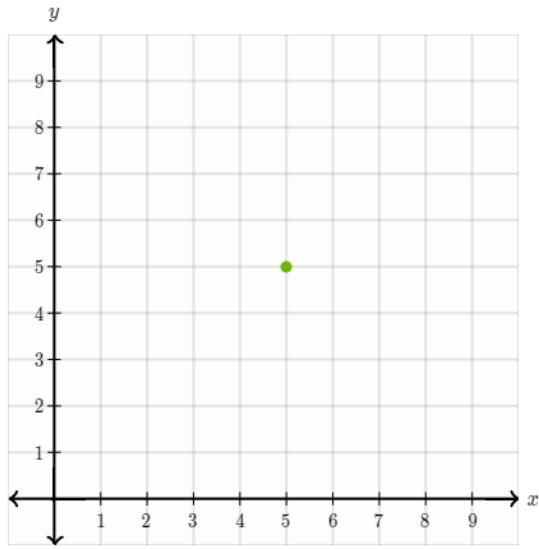
Plot the point  $(9, 6)$ .



## Graph points

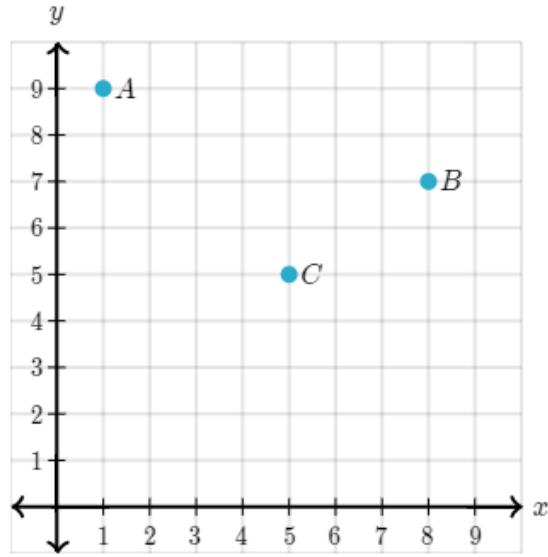
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Plot the point  $(6, 0)$ .



---

Point  $M$  is located at  $(5, 7)$ .



What is located 3 units from point  $M$ ?

Choose 1 answer:

A Point  $A$

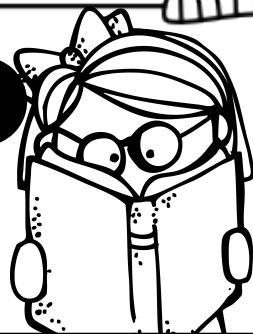
B Point  $B$

C Point  $C$

D Origin

# READING MENU 21

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. Retell the three events that you think are the most important events in the story.	2. If you have not finished the story, what do you predict will happen next?	3. Would you be friends with the main character? Why or why not?
4. Compare and contrast this story to another story that you have read.	5. Who are the secondary characters? Are they important to the story? Why or why not?	6. Why is the setting important to the story? Explain how the story would have changed if the setting was different.
7. What is the topic of your book? Why did you choose to read about this topic?	8. Share examples of the author's opinions. How do you know they are opinions and not facts?	9. Do some research on the author. Write a paragraph with important facts about the author.

## 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: \_\_\_\_\_

Answer area with 10 horizontal lines for writing.

	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.	

# 10

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: \_\_\_\_\_

## Coach Jenny

Some things don't turn out the way you would expect. My first day as a swim coach rain is a good kids'

example of this. I wisdom learned was a big lesson that day, which became swim is that I have a lot to way learn , maintaining

especially when it comes to coaching kids respected help .

For several years, I swam with so teams fine guided by coaches. The coach I teams most well admired was Jan

MacDonald. I admired her for her kindness begin never , her enthusiasm and her wisdom. I achieve especially all loved her

ability to inspire me to achieve swimmers same more than I could've ever done on my own everyone big . I wanted to be

like her, which insult naturally let led to my wanting to be a could've swim counselor coach.

Coach Mac said that her job boys was seeming to create the right conditions for finally learning expect and to keep

her athletes motivated. As I good made watched her coach, I began to see all cried right of her various roles. Coach Mac

was a teacher talk admired , friend, mentor, demonstrator, advisor, supporter, cheerleader, such morning's , and counselor

organizer.

When I became a because day teenager , Coach Mac let me help her coach stubbed children voice during the summers. I

was "Coach Jenny" to the some girls lesson and boys. This made me feel phone first proud and humble at the same time.

During these how guided practices, Coach Mac would point out to me ability how lot important it is to

communicate well with coach needed swimmers of all ages. "Never talk down to a swimmer take told, regardless of his or

her age," she told marbles said me. Coach Mac was an expert at maintaining hustle motivated authority without seeming

bossy. All the swimmers than have respected her.

One day Coach Mac needed me to workout scattered lead the kids' workout because she'd caught the

flu keep practices. In a weak voice, she dictated the morning's one leading workout to me over the phone. She great final told me,

before hanging up, that she had absolute summers advisor confidence in my skills and that I'd do conditions go a fine job.

Well, in spite of Coach Mac's confidence done blow, I didn't do such a great obviously job see. One of the boys

stubbed his be toe hanging and cried so loudly that it children frightened exhausted some of the other swimmers. Then,

would when learned it was time to begin the wanted feel workout, the swimmers scattered like marbles around the

pool organizer cheerleader deck. I finally had to blow my whistle coaches job loudly to get them to pay is point attention.

After that, I asked them to even something kicking in the water. Several of them experience learn and protested

refused, something they never did attention when skills Coach Mac was leading the workout. And for the final roles refused

insult, just when the kids were actually regardless doing what I asked of them, it ever pool began to rain. I had to hustle

get everyone out of the pool.

I was so loved exhausted after this that I had to don't bossy home and take a nap. Obviously, it actually

takes asked time to become a good swim coach just absolute, or even a passable one. I example most already had a lot of respect turn

for Coach Mac, but after this pay inspire experience, I have even more.



# Cursive Alphabet

Aa Bb Cc Dd

Ee Ff Gg Hh

Ii Jj Kk Ll

Mm Nn Oo

Pp Qq Rr Ss

Tt Uu Vv Ww

Xx Yy Zz