

3rd Grade eLearning

English Language Arts



Activities may or may not require internet access. Each activity is labeled with the following.

Requires internet access!



Does not require internet access.



ELA

Grade 3

Day Two

I Can...

I can define point of view and identify the point of view of *Thunder Cake*.

I can describe the structure of the story *Thunder Cake*

Standard(s)

3.RL.8.1 Use text evidence to:

a. describe characters' traits, motivations, and feelings and explain how their actions contribute to the development of the plot; **3.RI.LCS.10.** Analyze and provide evidence of how the author's choice of purpose and perspective shapes content, meaning, and style. **3.RI.LCS.10.1.** State the author's purpose; distinguish one's own perspective from that of the author.

Essential Question:

How can we come to understand an author's purpose and perspective or point of view, as well as their impact on the reader/listener?

Materials and Resources:

1. Laptop
2. eLearning Day Two PowerPoint

Activities:

1. Interactive Read Along: Thundercake
2. Independent Reading
3. Independent Reading Response



Today we are going to read a story and how the author's choice of words emphasize aspects of a character and develop the theme.

Let's review... Explain the terms below to your parent, grandparent, brother, sister, or friend.

➤ **Character Traits**

➤ **Theme**



ELA



ACTIVITIE



Click [here](#) to listen to the book online. Then, answer the question [here](#).



OR

Click the [here](#) to read Thundercake. As you read, answer the questions throughout the story.

Choose One:



Read a story on EPIC, BookFlix, or Raz-Kids. Click [here](#) to type your teacher a message below about what you read.



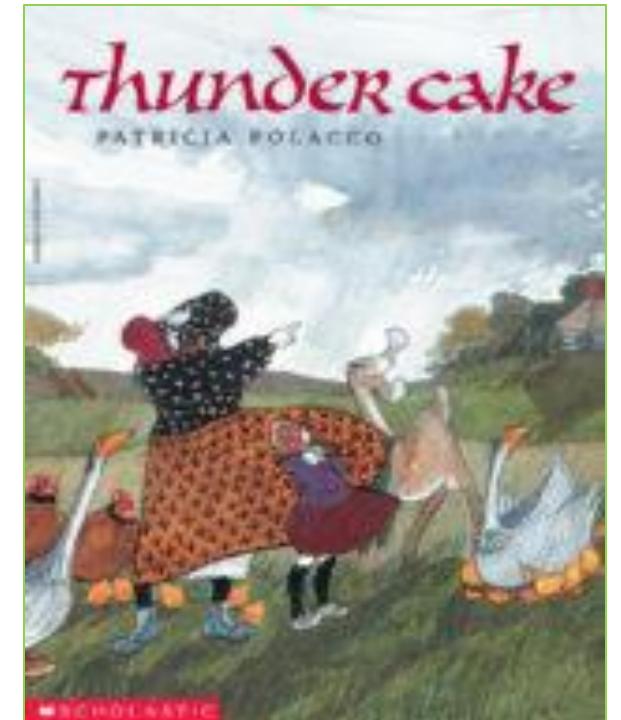
OR



Read a book with your parent, grandparent, brother, sister, or friend. Click [here](#) to type your teacher a message below about what you read.

How do you overcome your fears?

When the air gets heavy and dark clouds drift low over the fields of Grandma's farm, her frightened granddaughter hides under the bed. But Grandma insists that this is Thunder Cake-baking weather and the two are soon scrambling to gather the ingredients to make the cake and get it into the oven before the storm arrives.. The author of this book, Patricia Polacco tells this story about a time she was scared and her grandmother helped her overcome her fears.



Thunder cake

PATRICIA POLACCO



How do you feel when you see lightning and hear loud thunder?



Type your response here.

Thunder cake

PATRICIA POLACCO



For my Babushka Carlé, with love



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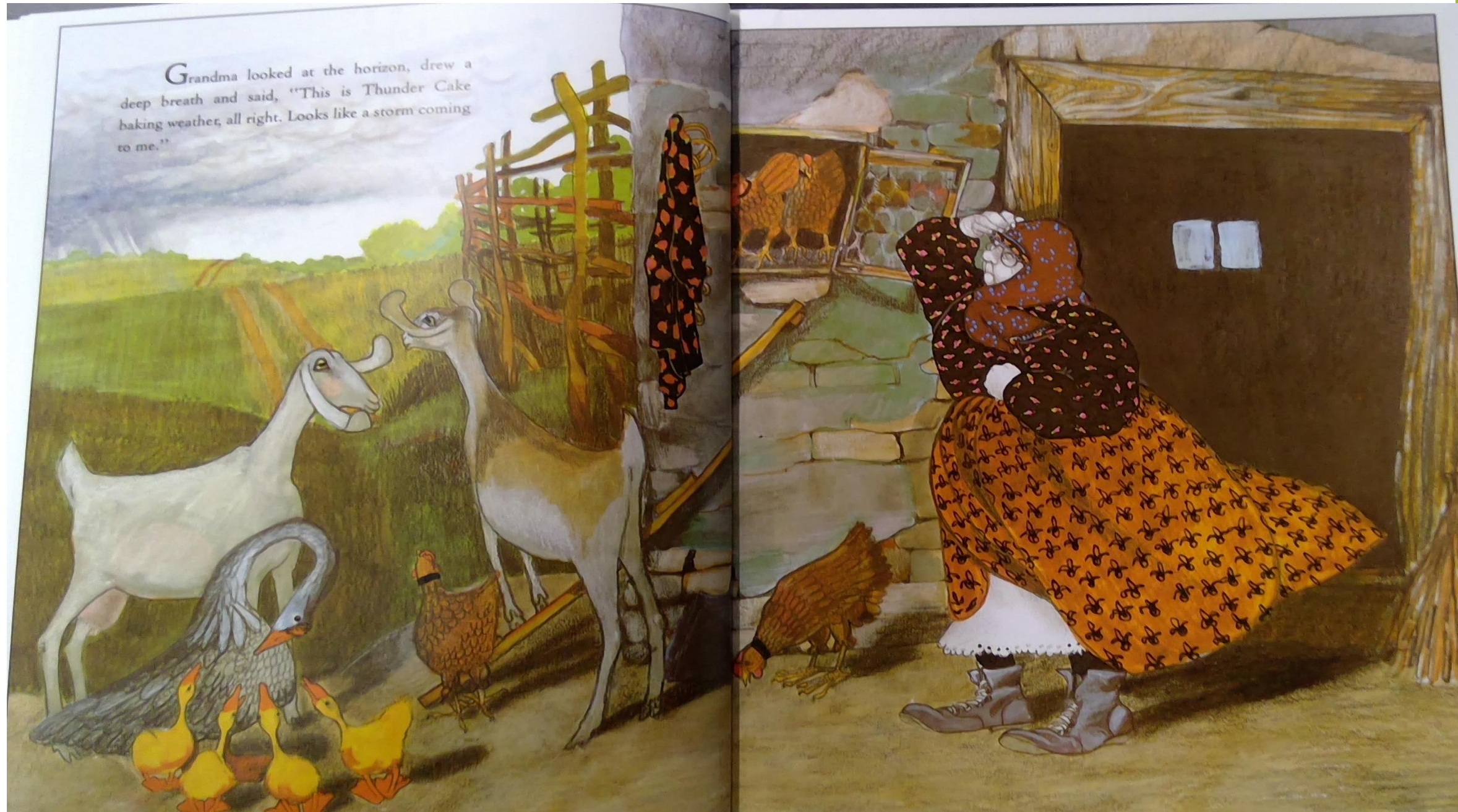
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Polacco, Patricia. *Thunder cake*/Patricia Polacco. p. cm.
Summary: Grandma finds a way to dispel her grandchild's fear
of thunderstorms. [1. Thunderstorms—Fiction. 2. Fear—Fiction.
I. Thunderstorm. II. Polacco, Patricia. III. Title. IV. 1990



On sultry summer days at my grandma's farm in Michigan, the air gets damp and heavy. Stormclouds drift low over the fields. Birds fly close to the ground. The clouds glow for an instant with a sharp, crackling light, and then a roaring, low, rumbling sound of thunder makes the windows shudder in their panes. The sound used to scare me when I was little. I loved to go to Grandma's house (Babushka, as I used to call my grandma, had come from Russia years before), but I feared Michigan's summer storms. I feared the sound of thunder more than anything. I always hid under the bed when the storm moved near the farmhouse.

This is the story of how my grandma—my Babushka—helped me overcome my fear of thunderstorms.

Grandma looked at the horizon, drew a deep breath and said, "This is Thunder Cake baking weather, all right. Looks like a storm coming to me."





"Child, you come out from under that bed. It's only thunder you're hearing," my grandma said.





The air was hot, heavy and damp. A loud clap of thunder shook the house, rattled the windows and made me grab her close.

"Steady, child," she cooed. "Unless you let go of me, we won't be able to make a Thunder Cake today!"

"Thunder Cake?" I stammered as I hugged her even closer.

"Don't pay attention to that old thunder, except to see how close the storm is getting. When you see the lightning, start counting... real slow. When you hear the thunder, stop counting. That number is how many miles away the storm is. Understand?" she asked. "We need to know how far away the storm is, so we have time to make the cake and get it into the oven before the storm comes, or it won't be real Thunder Cake."



How will they know how far away the storm is?



Type your response here.

Her eyes surveyed the black clouds a way off in the distance. Then she strode into the kitchen. Her worn hands pulled a thick book from the shelf above the woodstove.

"Let's find that recipe, child," she crowed as she lovingly fingered the grease-stained pages to a creased spot.

"Here it is... Thunder Cake!"

She carefully penned the ingredients on a piece of notepaper. "Now let's gather all the things we'll need!" she exclaimed as she scurried toward the back door.



We were by the barn door when a huge bolt of lightning flashed. I started counting, like Grandma told me to, "1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10."

Then the thunder ROARED!

"Ten miles...it's ten miles away," Grandma said as she looked at the sky. "About an hour away, I'd say. You'll have to hurry, child. Gather them eggs careful-like," she said.

Eggs from mean old Nellie Peck Hen. I was scared. I knew she would try to peck me.

"I'm here, she won't hurt you. Just get them eggs," Grandma said softly.

The lightning flashed again. "1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9" I counted.

"Nine miles," Grandma reminded me.



How will they know how far away the storm is?



Type your response here.



We hurried back to the house and the warm kitchen, and we measured the ingredients. I poured them into the mixing bowl while Grandma mixed. I churned butter for the frosting and melted chocolate. Finally, we poured the batter into the cake pans and put them into the oven together.

Lightning lit the kitchen! I only counted to three and the thunder RRRRUMBLED and CRASHED.

"Three miles away," Grandma said, "and the cake is in the oven. We made it! We'll have a real Thunder Cake!"

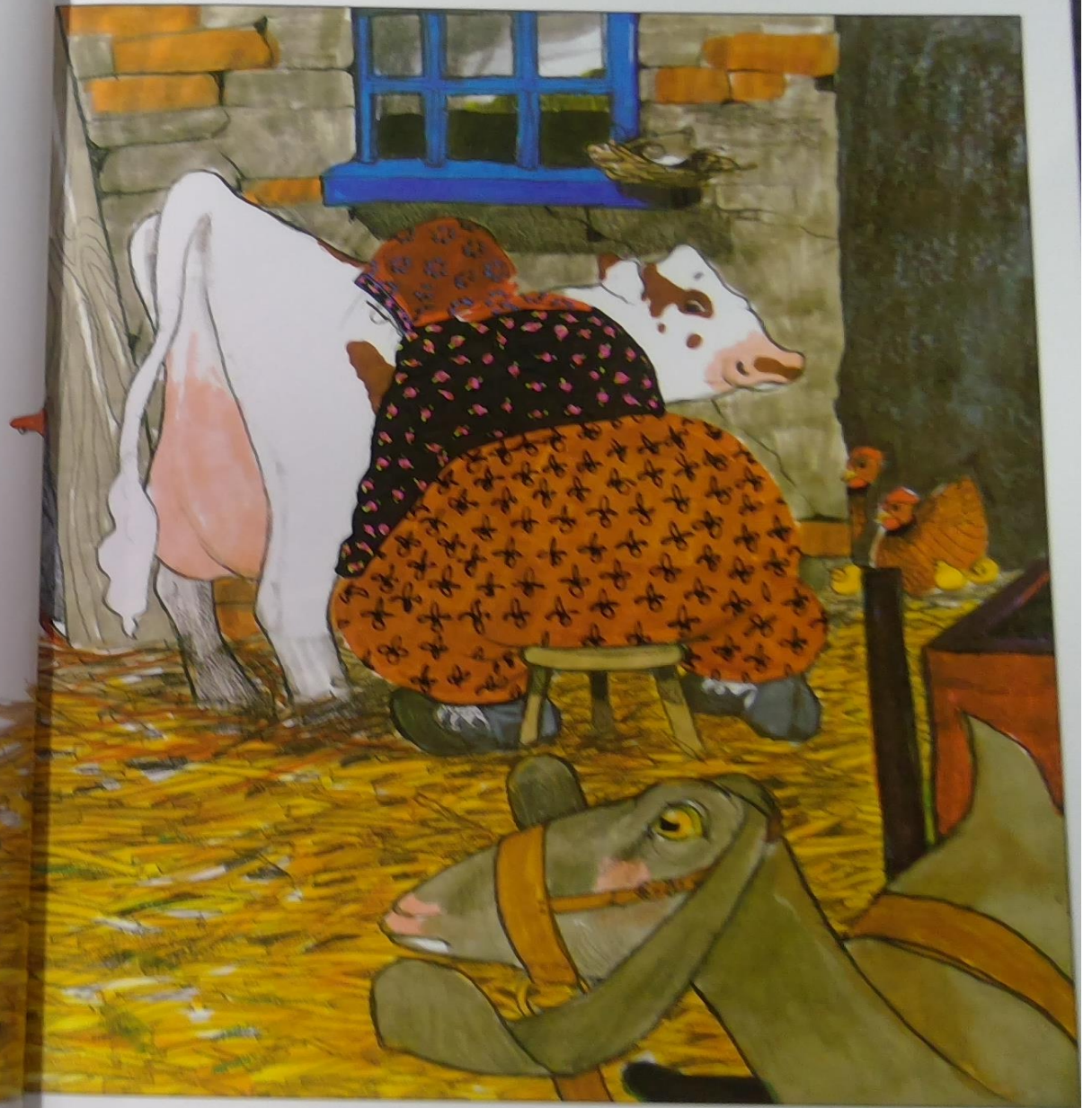


Milk was next. Milk from old Kick Cow. As Grandma milked her, Kick Cow turned and looked mean, right at me. I was scared. She looked so big.

ZIP went the lightning. "1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8" I counted.

BAROOOOOOOOM went the thunder.

"Eight miles, child," Grandma croaked. "Now we have to get chocolate and sugar and flour from the dry shed."





I was scared as we walked down the path from the farmhouse through Tangleweed Woods to the dry shed. Suddenly the lightning slit the sky!

"1-2-3-4-5-6-7" I counted.

BOOOOOOM BA-BOOOOOOM, crashed the thunder. It scared me a lot, but I kept walking with Grandma.

They have eggs, milk, chocolate, sugar and flour.
What could the secret ingredient be?



Type your response here.

Another jagged edge of lightning flashed as I crept into the dry shed! "1-2-3-4-5-6" I counted.
CRACKLE, CRACKLE BOOOOOOOOM,
KA-BOOOOOOM, the thunder bellowed. It was dark and I was scared.

"I'm here, child," Grandma said softly from the doorway.
"Hurry now, we haven't got much time. We've got everything but the secret ingredient."



Tomatoes? I don't think I've ever had a cake with tomatoes. What do you think of that?



Type your response here.



"Three overripe tomatoes and some strawberries," Grandma whispered as she squinted at the list.

I climbed up high on the trellis. The ground looked a long way down. I was scared.

"I'm here, child," she said. Her voice was steady and soft. "You won't fall."

I reached three luscious tomatoes while she picked strawberries. Lightning again!

"1-2-3-4-5" I counted.

KA-BANG BOOOOOOOOOAROOOOM, the thunder growled.



As we waited for the cake, Grandma looked out the window for a long time. "Why, you aren't afraid of thunder. You're too brave!" she said as she looked right at me.

"I'm not brave, Grandma," I said. "I was under the bed! Remember?"

"But you got out from under it," she answered, "and you got eggs from mean old Nellie Peck Hen, you got milk from old Kick Cow, you went through Tangleweed Woods to the dry shed, you climbed the trellis in the barnyard. From where I sit, only a very brave person could have done all them things!"





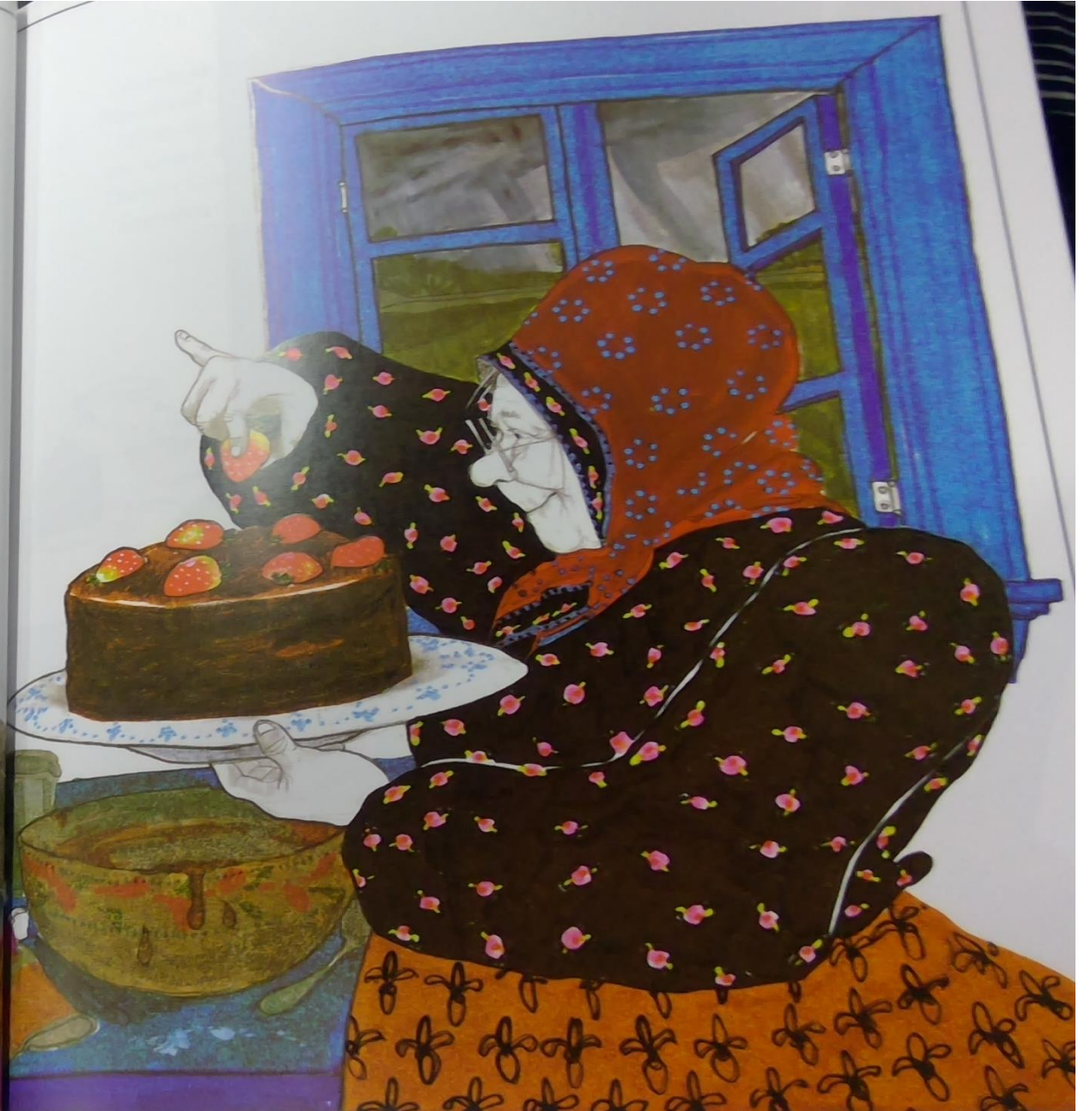
I thought and thought as the storm rumbled closer. She was right. I was brave!

"Brave people can't be afraid of a sound, child," she said as we spread out the tablecloth and set the table. When we were done, we hurried into the kitchen to take the cake out of the oven. After the cake had cooled, we frosted it.



Just then the lightning flashed, and this time it lit the whole sky.
Even before the last flash had faded, the thunder ROLLED,
BOOOOOMED, CRASHED, and BBBBAAAAARRRRR-
OOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMED just above us. The storm
was here!

"Perfect," Grandma cooed, "just perfect." She beamed as she added
the last strawberry to the glistening chocolate frosting on top of
our Thunder Cake.





As rain poured down on our roof, Grandma cut a wedge for each of us. She poured us steaming cups of tea from the samovar.

When the thunder **ROARED** above us so hard it shook the windows and rattled the dishes in the cupboards, we just smiled and ate our Thunder Cake.

From that time on, I never feared the voice of thunder again.



This story puts me in the mood for a thunderstorm.
What about you?



Type your response here.

My Grandma's Thunder Cake

Cream together, one at a time

1 cup shortening

1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar

1 teaspoon vanilla

3 eggs, separated

(Blend yolks in. Beat whites

until they are stiff, then fold in.)

1 cup cold water

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup pureed tomatoes

Sift together

2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups cake flour

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry cocoa

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking soda

1 teaspoon salt

Mix dry mixture into creamy mixture.

Bake in two greased and floured 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch round pans at 350° for 35 to 40 minutes.

Frost with chocolate butter frosting. Top with strawberries.



Only a very brave person could have done all them things! Patricia was very brave. Even though she was scared of the thunder, she went outside and gathered supplies for the thunder cake. Can you think of a time when you did something that was brave?



Type your response here.

What message or theme do you think the author, Patricia Polacco, wants readers to take from this story?

Double click here to type your response to your teacher below.

ELA

Tell about the story in just a few sentences.

- 1.What problem does the girl have at the beginning?**
- 2.How do you know she has changed by the end of the story?**
- 3.Why did she change?**

Double click here to type your response to your teacher below.

ELA

Double click here to type your teacher a message below about what you read.

