



SUMMER READING ASSIGNMENT

RISING 3rd GRADE

READING

All students entering second grade will be required to read the following books:

- *Charlotte's Web* by E. B. White.
- Choose one novel from the list below for your second novel. All summer reading novels must be unabridged versions.
 - *The Moffats* by Eleanor Estes
 - *Sarah, Plain and Tall* by Patricia MacLachlan
 - *The Tale of Despereaux* by Kate DiCamillo

JOURNAL ASSIGNMENTS

Journal Assignment Part One:

Writing in a journal is a great way to record your thoughts as you read a wonderful piece of literature. Purchase an authentic, bound journal with lines marked for writing. You will use this journal for this year's assignment as well as summer reading assignments for years to come, so be sure to take care of it. On the cover or the first page, write your full name and decorate it. Remember to do your best work and write clearly and neatly for each entry.

Create one journal entry for each book after you finish reading it. You will have a total of two journal entries about your reading.

First, write the title of the novel and the date, and then answer the following questions in your journal for each entry:

- What was your favorite part of the book and why?
- Who are the most important characters? Describe them.
- Does the main character change from the beginning of the book to the end? Explain why or why not.
- What did you learn from the story?

Journal Assignment Part Two:

Read the following poems by Robert Louis Stevenson aloud.

"Bed in Summer"

"Block City"

"Farewell to the Farm"

"My Shadow"

*These poems can be found in *A Child's Garden of Verses* by Robert Louis Stevenson.

Choose one poem to copy into your journal, memorize it, and be ready to recite it on the first day of school. As you copy your poem into your journal, pay special attention to your handwriting. You are free to use colored pencils, pens, or special markers to make your handwritten copy of the poem beautiful.

Your summer reading assignment will be due on the first day of school and will be for a grade. Have fun reading!

“Bed in Summer”

By Robert Louis Stevenson

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

“Block City”

By Robert Louis Stevenson

What are you able to build with your blocks?
Castles and palaces, temples and docks.
Rain may keep raining, and others go roam,
But I can be happy and building at home.

Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet be sea,
There I'll establish a city for me:
A kirk and a mill and a palace beside,
And a harbour as well where my vessels may ride.

Great is the palace with pillar and wall,
A sort of a tower on the top of it all,
And steps coming down in an orderly way
To where my toy vessels lie safe in the bay.

This one is sailing and that one is moored:
Hark to the song of the sailors aboard!
And see, on the steps of my palace, the kings
Coming and going with presents and things!

Now I have done with it, down let it go!
All in a moment the town is laid low.
Block upon block lying scattered and free, What is
there left of my town by the sea?

Yet as I saw it, I see it again,
The kirk and the palace, the ships and the men,
And as long as I live and where'er I may be,
I'll always remember my town by the sea.

“Farewell to the Farm”

By Robert Louis Stevenson

The coach is at the door at last;
The eager children, mounting fast
And kissing hands, in chorus sing:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

To house and garden, field and lawn,
The meadow-gates we swang upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

And fare you well for evermore,
O ladder at the hayloft door,
O hayloft where the cobwebs cling,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

Crack goes the whip, and off we go;
The trees and houses smaller grow;
Last, round the woody turn we sing:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

“My Shadow”

By Robert Louis Stevenson

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes goes so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play, And
can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close behind me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.