

GRADE LEVEL PACKET:

Week of 7th
APR 20

4-20-2020

Hello!

All of the FRMS staff hope that your family continues to be safe and well during this closure.

To help provide your student with learning opportunities during this time, we have included the following in this packet:

Language Arts and Math Assignments

Science and Social Studies Assignments (Supplemental)

P.E- Weekly plans to keep your child engaged in physical activities

Counselor's Page- Suggestions from Ryan Chambers on ways to keep your family healthy socially and emotionally during this closure.

Band Practice Materials Also Available

Each "assignment" comes with a guide for parents/students that walks them through what to do each day and includes phone and email contact information for teachers in case you have any questions. You may want to review these guides to plan out the week. At this time, we are not including answer keys. If you are stuck and need information, please feel free to contact teachers directly and they will help you.

This packet can be returned when the new packet is picked up next week. When you return your packet, please make sure it is paper clipped or stapled together and names are on papers. We will have paper clips at the drop off station.

Our office will be open 8:00 to 3:30 each day. Lockers can be cleaned out on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays between now and May 1st. Families can also check the lost and found during these times. Our lost and found will be donated to charity on May 1st.

Stay well

Olivia Johnson
FRMS Principal
541-935-8230

We miss you!



Fern Ridge Families,

I hope you all are doing as well as can be expected during this uncertain and stressful time. Now that some longer term decisions have been made regarding school, sports, community activities and social distance measures, I know that stress related to closures of all kinds are mounting and may be causing some anxiety and familial stress. I wanted to share with you a document put together by the Clay Center for Young Health Minds that provides some information on reducing some of that anxiety and stress.

Additionally, on our district website under the Covid-19 tab you will find Mental Health and Wellness resources and a Family Resources page that has information on utility assistance and local food banks.

If you have any questions or would like any additional information, please email me at rchambers@fernridge.k12.or.us or call or text 541-362-4287.

Thank You,

Ryan Chambers, FRMS Counselor

Guidance For Helping Kids of All Ages:

1. Control Your Own Anxiety

Many of us are worried about the current situation and living with uncertainty isn't easy. Yet, anxiety is "contagious." Your kids will know that you are nervous even if you try to hide it. So how can you keep your cool, despite your own worries? Here are some things that may help:

- **Get the most credible information you can.** Focus on fact-based, helpful information about the virus. Avoid endless social media streams, which can be filled with misinformation, and constant breaking news headlines, which can fuel your concerns. Stay up to date with notices from your child's school, your state, and your city or town. Anxiety is best contained if you know the guidelines for protecting you and your loved ones, including hand washing, cleaning surfaces, use of sanitizers, whether you or your family need to be in isolation, and what supplies you should have at home in case you are quarantined.
- **Talk with folks who support you.** This could be your partner, a parent, a friend, a spiritual leader, or another trusted adult you can confide in.
- **Take care of your physical health.** Get a good amount of sleep and exercise and use other ways to reduce anxiety, such as meditation, yoga, listening to music, or watching a TV show.
- **If your child asks if you are worried, be honest!** They will know if you are not telling them the truth. You can say things like: "Yes, I'm worried about the virus, but I know that there are ways to prevent its spread and take care of the family if one of us gets sick."

2. Approach Your Kids and Ask What They Know

Most children will have heard about COVID-19, particularly school-age kids and adolescents. They may have read things online, seen something on TV, or heard friends or teachers talk about the illness. Others may have overheard you talking about it. There is a lot of misinformation out there, so don't assume that they know specifics about the situation or that the information they have is correct. Ask open ended questions:

- What have you heard about the coronavirus?
- Where did you hear about it?
- What are your major concerns or worries?

- Do you have any questions I can help you answer?
- How are you feeling about the Coronavirus?

Once you know what information they have and what they're concerned about, then you can help to fill in any necessary gaps.

3. Validate Their Feelings and Concerns

Kids may have all sorts of reactions to the COVID-19. Some may be realistic, while others exaggerated. For example, if grandma is in a nursing home, they may have heard that older adults get sicker than healthier, younger individuals. You need to be able to acknowledge this valid concern, but can reassure them that grandma has the best medical care to manage the illness.

4. Be Available for Questions and Provide New Information

This outbreak is likely to last a long time, so one conversation won't be enough. At first, your child's emotional reactions will outweigh their thoughts and concerns. As the outbreak continues and your kids get new information, they will need to talk again. Let them know they can come to you at any time with questions or worries. It's also a good idea to have regular check ins, as they may not approach you with their fears. When you update your kids with new information, don't assume that they fully understand everything you say. Ask them to explain things back to you in their own language. This is an excellent way to know if your kids understood what you meant.

5. Empower Them by Modeling Behavior

An important part of prevention is hand washing, coughing or sneezing into your sleeves, wiping your nose with tissue then discarding it, trying to keep your hands away from your face, not shaking hands or making physical contact with others, and wiping surfaces with material that is at least 60% alcohol.

Be sure to demonstrate these behaviors first, so your kids can have a good model. It's a great idea for you to wash your hands *with* young children singing "Happy Birthday" twice (about 20 seconds) so they know what to do on their own. Wiping surfaces as a family, after dinner, helps everyone feel part of the prevention effort. For older kids and teens, give alternatives to high fives or fist bumps, like elbow bumping, bowing, or using Mr. Spock's "live long and prosper" Vulcan salute. When you see your kids practicing good hygiene praise them for it! Reinforce that they are not only taking care of themselves, but also helping to prevent the spread of germs to others.

6. Provide Reassurance

Your kids may worry about how you're going to get through this. Remind them of other situations in which they felt helpless and scared. Kids love family stories, and these narratives carry a lot of emotional weight. Try something like: "Remember that hurricane when a tree fell on the apartment?" or "Remember when the pipes burst in the house and we were flooded?" Remind them that you have been through challenging times before, and though everyone was distressed, everyone also worked together and got through it. Reliving these kinds of narrative helps the whole family to build resilience and hope.

7. Don't Blame Others

In stressful times, when we feel helpless, there's a tendency to blame someone or become more fearful, even when there is no evidence to support these reactions. This can create social stigma and be harmful towards certain groups of people – in the case of COVID-19, particularly people of Asian descent, and people who have recently traveled. The last thing we want our kids to do when frightening events happen is to cast blame on others, either intentionally or without meaning to. When you ask your kids what they know about the virus, listen for anything that discriminates against a group of people, and address it in your conversation. And make sure not to reinforce negative stereotypes in your own actions and conversations.

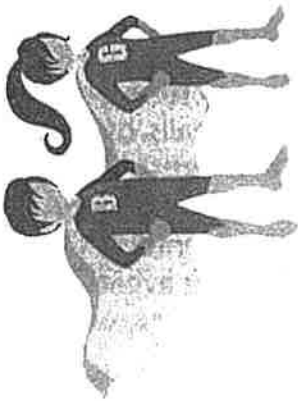
My Origin Story

Learning about things that are hard and how they make us stronger can help us get through a difficult time in our lives.

Every superhero has an origin story, an explanation of where they came from that helps us understand why they do what they do. Sometimes, those origin stories are scary, sad, or both. We can look at many Marvel or DC comics or movies and see that all of the heroes had to go through something hard to become who they are.

Take a minute to think about something in your life that helped define or shape who you are....your origin story!

My Origin Story



Every hero has a journey of overcoming their past to become something even greater. Draw out yours: What happened/when, how it was difficult, the strengths that were uncovered, and what this means today.

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Plan for The Week_ELA 7th Grade

Week 2: April 20th—24th

Hi 7th graders! How are you doing this week? I hope you're staying healthy and having fun. Baby Bennett and I are still doing good, this week he's the size of a large coconut (3 lbs). He can now open and close his eyes and hear my voice! This week we're continuing our short story unit, with the theme of mysteries/suspense. However, with the "Bargain" you will be solving an old western murder mystery. By the end, you will have to decide whether it was justice or revenge. Be sure to read carefully. Enjoy!!

At the end of the week you will know, understand, and/or be able to do the following:

You will be able to develop a claim about a conflict in the story based on a character's point of view (pov).

Why does this learning matter?

It's important to identify how an author develops and contrasts the points of view of different characters in a text. This will help you make a claim, an argument, about a conflict.

The plan for the week:

- **Monday:**
Complete the vocabulary & making predictions sections first. Then, read pages 1-2 of "Bargain".
- **Tuesday:**
Complete the matching section. Then, read pages 3-4 of "Bargain". Afterwards, answer questions 1 and 2, on the worksheet.
- **Wednesday:**
Read pages 5-6 of "Bargain". Highlight, on the story, the main details of the fight (p. 6). Then, answer question #3.
- **Thursday:**
Read pages 7-8 of "Bargain". Then, answer questions 4-5, on the worksheet.
- **Friday:**
Read pages 9-11 of "Bargain". Then, answer question 6-8, on the worksheet. Afterwards, explain whether or not your prediction was correct.

Claim: an argument; generally backed up with evidence (quotes from the text)

Accommodations:

- Highlight main ideas as student reads.
- Write questions in the margins.
- Have a parent or sibling read the text aloud to student.
- Shorten answers/responses for students on an IEP.

Extension: (optional)

Classroom Court

After reading the “Bargain”, by A.B Guthrie, who do you think is responsible for Slade’s death—Mr. Baumer or Slade himself? If you think it is Mr. Baumer, give two reasons to support your view on behalf of the prosecution. If you think Slade is responsible, give two reasons on behalf of the defense. Choose only one position, and then use details from the story to support your opinion. Give at least two strong reasons to convince the jury.

Prosecution

Imagine that Mr. Baumer is put on trial for causing Slade’s death. Give two reasons and evidence *against* Mr. Baumer, to inform and convince the jury that Mr. Baumer is guilty. This would be the case for the prosecution.

Defense

Imagine that Mr. Baumer is put on trial for causing Slade’s death. Write a case to *defend* Mr. Baumer, and prove his innocence. Present evidence to show that Slade is responsible for his own death. This would be the case for the defense.

Who To Ask For Help and How To Reach Them:

Me! Sarah Bennett (Mrs. Bennett)

sbennett@fernridge.k12.or.us Email me anytime!

Cell phone: 541-972-3015 Call between 9am-4pm; M-F ☺

Name: _____

Week 2: April 20th-24th

"Bargain"

A.B Guthrie, Jr.

Vocabulary:

Before you read "Bargain," define each of these vocabulary words. The definitions are found in the footnotes at the bottom of the page, throughout the story.

Buckboard:

String:

Buttes:

Consigned to:

Hipshot:

Palavered:

Making Predictions:

What do you predict this story will be about? Use the pictures and vocabulary as clues to inform your prediction. Explain below, in three or four complete sentences.

Matching:

Write the letter on the line that correctly identifies the description of each character.

Mr. Baumer _____

A. the narrator; a young store clerk

Slade _____

B. Owner of the Moon Dance Mercantile Co.

Al _____

C. a store clerk who wasn't very helpful

Colly Coleman _____

D. a freight driver with a bad attitude

Close Reading:

Refer to the text to answer the following questions. Write in complete sentences; correct spelling and grammar counts.

1. Explain why Mr. Baumer believes that Slade hates him. Why does he call him "Dutchie?"

2. What does Mr. Baumer accuse Slade of doing? Explain the process of evaporation.

Draw a picture of how 'evaporation' works:



3. As Al and Mr. Baumer walk up the street with the monthly bills, Al has a déjà-vu experience that he describes as a "bad dream." Explain what happens in this scenario (pages 5-6).

4. Despite the fact that Slade had crushed Mr. Baumer's right-hand with his boot heel, what clues from the text suggest that Mr. Baumer will not give up? Find and write a quote, (from page 7).

5. Predict why Mr. Baumer would hire Slade again. How could he get even with Slade?

6. Do you believe Slade accidentally froze to death or was murdered?

Explain. Make a claim, an argument, one way or the other.

7. Would you say this story was more about justice or revenge? What's the difference between justice and revenge? What do these two concepts have in common?

8. Why does Mr. Baumer say to Al at the end, "Is good to know to read." Explain.

After Reading:

Reread your prediction, was your prediction correct? Why or why not?

Bargain

A.B. Guthrie, Jr.

In the late nineteenth century, Moon Dance, Montana, was still fifty miles from the nearest railroad. That meant that even in good weather it took freight carriers at least two days to bring supplies over the mountains to the town's two general stores. One of those stores Mr. Baumer owned, and it was Mr. Baumer who finally spotted a bargain he couldn't pass up.

Mr. Baumer and I had closed the Moon Dance Mercantile Company and were walking to the post office, and he had a bunch of bills in his hand ready to mail. There wasn't anyone or anything much on the street because it was supptime. A buckboard¹ and a saddle horse were tied at Hirsches' rack, and a rancher in a wagon rattled for home ahead of us, the sound of his going fading out as he prodded his team. Freighter Slade stood alone in front of the Moon Dance Saloon, maybe wondering whether to have one more before going to supper. People said he could hold a lot without showing it except in being ornerier even than usual.

Mr. Baumer didn't see him until he was almost on him, and then he stopped and fingered through the bills until he found the right one. He stepped up to Slade and held it out.

Slade said, "What's this, Dutchie?"

Mr. Baumer had to tilt his head up to talk to him. "You know vat it is."

Slade just said, "Yeah?" You never could tell from his face what went on inside his skull. He had dark skin and shallow cheeks and a thick-growing moustache that fell over the corners of his mouth.

"It is a bill," Mr. Baumer said. "I tell you before it is a bill. For twenty-vun dollars and fifty cents."

"You know what I do with bills, don't you, Dutchie?" Slade asked.

Mr. Baumer didn't answer the question. He said, "For merchandise."

Slade took the envelope from Mr. Baumer's hand and squeezed it up in his fist and let it drop on the plank sidewalk. Not saying anything, he reached down and took Mr. Baumer's nose between the knuckles



¹ **buckboard**: light carriage

of his fingers and twisted it up into his eyes. That was all. That was all at the time. Slade half turned and slouched to the door of the bar and let himself in. Some men were laughing in there.

Mr. Baumer stooped and picked up the bill and put it on top of the rest and smoothed it out for mailing. When he straightened up, I could see tears in his eyes from having his nose screwed around. He didn't say anything to me, and I didn't say anything to him, being so much younger and feeling embarrassed for him. He went into the post office and slipped the bills in the slot, and we walked on home together. At the last, at the crossing where I had to leave him, he remembered to say, "Better study, Al.. Is good to know to read and write and figure." I guess he felt he had to push me a little, my father being dead.

I said, "Sure. See you after school tomorrow" — which he knew I would anyway. I had been working in the store for him during the summer and after classes ever since pneumonia took my dad off. Three of us worked there regularly — Mr. Baumer, of course, and me and Colly Coleman, who knew enough to drive the delivery wagon but wasn't much help around the store except for carrying orders out to the rigs at the hitchpost and handling heavy things like the whiskey barrel at the back of the store, which Mr. Baumer sold quarts and gallons out of.

The store carried quite a bit of stuff— sugar and flour and dried fruits and canned goods and such on one side, and yard goods and coats and caps and aprons and the like of that on the other, besides kerosene and bran and buckets and linoleum and pitchforks in the storehouse at the rear — but it wasn't a big store like Hirsch Brothers up the street. Ever would be, people guessed, going on to say, with a sort of slow respect, that it would have gone under long ago if Mr. Baumer hadn't been half mule and half beaver.

He had started the store just two years before and, the way things were, worked himself close to death.

He was at the high desk at the end of the grocery counter when I came in the next afternoon. He had an eyeshade on and black sateen protectors on his forearms, and his pencil was in his hand instead of behind his ear, and his glasses were roosted on the nose that Slade had twisted. He didn't hear me open and close the door or hear my feet as I walked back



to him, and I saw he wasn't doing anything with the pencil but holding it over paper. I stood and studied him for a minute, seeing a small, stooped man with a little paunch bulging through his unbuttoned vest. He was a man you wouldn't remember from meeting once.

There was nothing in his looks to set itself in your mind unless maybe it was his chin, which was a small, pink hill in the gentle plain of his face.

While I watched him, he lifted his hand and felt carefully of his nose. Then he saw me. His eyes had that kind of mistiness that seems to go with age or illness, though he wasn't really old or sick, either. He brought his hand down quickly and picked up the pencil, but he saw I still was looking at the nose, and finally he sighed and said, "That Slade."

Just the sound of the name brought Slade to my eye. I saw him slouched in front of the bar, and I saw him and his string² coming down the grade from the buttes³, the wheelhorses⁴ held snug and the rest lined out pretty, and then the string leveling off and Slade's whip lifting hair from a horse that wasn't up in the collar. I had heard it said that Slade could make a horse scream with that whip. Slade's name wasn't Freighter, of course. Our town had nicknamed him that because that was what he was.

"I don't think it's any good to send him a bill, Mr. Baumer," I said. "He can't even read."

"He could pay yet."

"He don't pay anybody," I said.

"I think he hate me,"

Mr. Baumer went on. "That is the thing. He hate me for coming not from this country. I come here, sixteen years old, and learn to read and write, and I make a business, and so I think he hate me."

"He hates everybody." Mr. Baumer shook his head. "But not to pinch the nose. Not to call Dutchie."

The side door squeaked open, but it was only Colly Coleman coming in from a trip, so I said, "Excuse me, Mr. Baumer, but you shouldn't have trusted him in the first place."



² **string**: a team of horses

³ **buttes** (by uts): group of steep hills

⁴ **wheelhorses**: horses closet to the wheels

"I know," he answered, looking at me with his misty eyes. "A man make mistakes. I think some do not trust him, so he will pay me because I do. And I do not know him well then. He only came back to town three-four months ago, from being away since before I go into business."

"People who knew him before could have told you," I said.

"A man make mistakes," he explained again.

"It's not my business, Mr. Baumer, but I would forget the bill."

His eyes rested on my face for a long minute, as if they didn't see me, but the problem itself. He said, "It is not twenty-vun dollars and fifty cents now, Al. It is not that anymore."

"What is it?"

He took a little time to answer. Then he brought his two hands up as if to help him shape the words. "It is the thing. You see, it is the thing."

I wasn't quite sure what he meant.

He took his pencil from behind the ear where he had put it and studied the point of it. "That Slade. He steal whiskey and call it evaporation. He sneak things from his load. A thief, he is. And too big for me."

I said, "I got no time for him, Mr. Baumer, but I guess there never was a freighter didn't steal whiskey. That's what I hear."

It was true, too. From the railroad to Moon Dance was fifty miles and a little better — a two-day haul in good weather, heck knew how long in bad. Any freight string bound home with a load had to lie out at least one night. When a freighter had his stock tended to and maybe a little fire going against the dark, he'd tackle a barrel of whiskey, or of grain alcohol if he had one aboard, consigned⁵ to Hirsch Brothers or Mr. Baumer's or the Moon Dance Saloon or the Gold Leaf Bar. He'd drive a hoop out of place, bore a little hole with a nail or bit, and draw off what he wanted. Then he'd plug the hole with a whittled peg and pound the hoop back. That was evaporation. Nobody complained much. With freighters you generally took what they gave you, within reason.

"Moore steals it, too," I told Mr. Baumer. Moore was Mr. Baumer's freighter.

"Yah," he said, and that was all, but I stood there for a minute, thinking there might be something more. I could see thought swimming in his



⁵ **consigned to:** addressed to, for the purpose of being sold

"Bargain" from The Big It and Other Stories by A.B. Guthrie, Jr. copyright 1960 by A.B. Guthrie, Jr. repr Mifflin Company

eyes, above that little hill of chin. Then a customer came in, and I had to go wait on him.

Nothing happened for a month — nothing between Mr. Baumer and Slade, that is — but fall drew on toward winter and the first flight of ducks headed south and Mr. Baumer hired Miss Lizzie Webb to help with the just-beginning Christmas trade, and here it was, the first week in October, and he and I walked up the street again with the monthly bills. He always sent them out. I guess he had to. A bigger store, like Hirsches', would wait on the ranchers until their beef or wool went to market.

Up to a point, things looked and happened almost the same as they had before, so much the same that I had the crazy feeling I was going through that time again. There was a wagon and a rig tied up at Hirsches' rack and a saddlehorse standing hipshot⁶ in front of the harness shop. A few more people were on the street now, not many, and lamps had been lit against the shortened day.

It was dark enough that I didn't make out Slade right away. He was just a figure that came out of the yellow wash of light from the Moon Dance Saloon and stood on the boardwalk and with his head made the little motion of spitting. Then I recognized the lean, raw shape of him and the muscles flowing down into the sloped shoulders, and in the settling darkness I filled the picture in — the dark skin and the flat cheeks and the peevish eyes and the moustache growing rank.



There was Slade and here was Mr. Baumer with his bills and here I was, just as before, just like in the second go- round of a bad dream. I felt like turning back, being embarrassed and half scared by trouble even when it wasn't mine. Please, I said to myself, don't stop, Mr. Baumer! Don't bite off anything! Please, shortsighted the way you are, don't catch sight of him at all! I held up and stepped around behind Mr. Baumer and came up on the outside so as to be between him and Slade, where maybe I'd cut off his view.

But it wasn't any use. All along I think I knew it was no use, not the praying or the walking between or anything. The act had to play itself out.

Mr. Baumer looked across the front of me and saw Slade and hesitated in his step and came to a stop. Then in his slow, business way, his chin held firm against his mouth, he began fingering through the bills, squinting to make out the names. Slade had turned and was watching him, munching on a cud of tobacco like a bull waiting.

"You look, Al," Mr. Baumer said without lifting his .face from the bills. "I cannot see so good."

⁶ **hipshot:** with one hip higher than the other

So I looked, and while I was looking, Slade must have moved. The next I knew Mr. Baumer was staggering ahead, the envelopes spilling out of his hands. There had been a thump, the clap of a heavy hand swung hard on his back.

Slade said, "Haryu, Dutchie?"

Mr. Baumer caught his balance and turned around, the bills he had trampled shining white between them and, at Slade's feet, the hat that Mr. Baumer had stumbled out from under. Slade picked up the hat and scuffed through the bills and held it out. "Cold to be goin' without a sky-piece," he said.

Mr. Baumer hadn't spoken a word. The lampshine from inside the bar caught his eyes, and in them it seemed to me a light came and went as anger and the uselessness of it took turns in his head.

Two men had come up on us and stood watching. One of them was Angus McDonald, who owned the Ranchers' Bank, and the other was Dr. King. He had his bag in his hand.

Two others were drifting up, but I didn't have time to tell who. The light came in Mr. Baumer's eyes, and he took a step ahead and swung. I could have hit harder myself. The first landed on Slade's cheek without hardly so much as jogging his head, but it let hell loose in the man. I didn't know he could move so

fast. He slid in like a practiced fighter and let Mr. Baumer have it full in the face.

Mr. Baumer slammed over on his back, but he wasn't out. He started lifting himself. Slade leaped ahead and brought a boot heel down on the hand he was lifting himself by. I heard meat and bone under that heel and saw Mr. Baumer fall back and try to roll away. Things had happened



so fast that not until then did anyone have a chance to get between them. Now Mr. McDonald pushed at Slade's chest, saying, "That's enough, Freighter. That's enough now," and Dr. King lined up, too, and another man I didn't know, and I took a place, and we formed a kind of screen between them. Dr. King turned and bent to look at Mr. Baumer.

"Fool hit me first," Slade said.

"That's enough," Mr. McDonald told him again while Slade looked at all of us as if he'd spit on us for a nickel. Mr. McDonald went on, using a half- friendly tone, and I knew it was because he didn't want

to take Slade on anymore than the rest of us did. "You go on home and sleep it off, Freighter. That's the ticket."

Slade just snorted.

From behind us Dr. King said, "I think you've broken this man's hand."

"Lucky for him I didn't kill him," Slade answered. "Dutch penny- pincher!" He fingered the chew out of his mouth. "Maybe he'll know enough to leave me alone now."

Dr. King had Mr. Baumer on his feet. "I'll take him to the office," he said.

Blood was draining from Mr. Baumer's nose and rounding the curve of his lip and dripping from the sides of his chin. He held his hurt right hand in the other. But a thing was that he didn't look beaten even then, not the way a man who has given up looks beaten. Maybe that was why Slade said, with a show of that fierce anger, "You stay away from me! Hear? Stay clear away, or you'll get more of the same!"

Dr. King led Mr. Baumer away, Slade went back into the bar, and the other men walked off, talking about the fight. I got down and picked up the bills, because I knew Mr. Baumer would want me to, and mailed them at the post office, dirty as they were. It made me sorer, someway, that Slade's bill was one of the few that wasn't marked up. The cleanness of it seemed to say that there was no getting the best of him.



Mr. Baumer had his hand in a sling the next day and wasn't much good at waiting on the trade. I had to hustle all afternoon and so didn't have a chance to talk to him even if he had wanted to talk. Mostly he stood at his desk, and once, passing it, I saw he was practicing writing with his left hand. His nose and the edges of the cheeks around it were swollen some.

At closing time I said, "Look, Mr. Baumer, I can lay out of school a few days until you kind of get straightened out

here."

"No," he answered as if to wave the subject away. "I get somebody else. You go to school. Is good to learn."

I had a half notion to say that learning hadn't helped him with Slade. Instead, I blurted out that I would have the law on Slade.

"The law?" he asked.

"The sheriff or somebody."

“No, Al,” he said. “You would not.”

I asked why.

“The law, it is not for plain fights,” he said. “Shooting? Robbing? Yes, the law come quick. The plain fights, they are too many. They not count enough.”

He was right. I said, “I’d do something anyhow.”

“Yes,” he answered with a slow nod of his head. “Something you would do, Al.” He didn’t tell me what.

Within a couple of days he got another man to clerk for him — it was Ed Hempel, who was always finding and losing jobs — and we made out. Mr. Baumer took his hand from the sling in a couple or three weeks, but with the tape on it, it still wasn’t any use to him. From what you could see of the fingers below the tape, it looked as if it never would be.

He spent most of his time at the high desk, sending me or Ed out on the errands he used to run, like posting and getting the mail. Sometimes I wondered if that was because he was afraid of meeting Slade. He could just as well have gone himself. He wasted a lot of hours just looking at nothing, though I will have to say he worked hard at learning to write left-handed.

Then, a month and a half before Christmas, he hired Slade to haul his freight for him.

Ed Hempel told me about the deal when I showed up for work. “Yessir,” he said, resting his foot on a crate in the storeroom where we were supposed to be working. “I tell you he’s throwed in with Slade. Told me this morning to go out and locate him if I could and bring him in. Slade was at the saloon, o’ course. I told him this was business, like Baumer had told me to, and there was a quart of whiskey right there in the store for him if he’d come and get it. He was out of money, I reckon, because the quart fetched him.”

“What’d they say?” I asked him.

“Search me. There was two or three people in the store and Baumer told me to wait on ‘em, and he and Slade palavered⁷ back by the desk.”

“How do you know they made a deal?”

Ed spread his hands out. “ ‘Bout noon ‘ Moore came in with his string, and I heard Baumer say he



⁷ **palavered**: held a conference

was makin' a change. Moore didn't like it too good, either."

It was a hard thing to believe, but there one day was Slade with a pile of stuff for the Moon Dance Mercantile Company, and that was proof enough, with something left for boot.

Mr. Baumer never opened the subject up with me, though I gave him plenty of chances. And I didn't feel like asking. He didn't talk much these days but went around absent-minded, feeling now and then of the fingers that curled yellow and stiff out of the bandage like the toes on the leg of a dead chicken. Even on our walks home he kept his thoughts to himself. I felt different about him now, and was sore inside. Not that I blamed him exactly. A hundred and thirty-five pounds wasn't much to throw against two hundred. And who could tell what Slade would do on a bellyful of whiskey? He had promised Mr. Baumer more of the same, hadn't he? But I didn't feel good. I couldn't look up to Mr. Baumer like I used to and still wanted to. I didn't have the beginning of an answer when men cracked jokes or shook their heads in sympathy with Mr. Baumer, saying Slade had made him come to time.

Slade hauled in a load for the store, and another, and Christmastime was drawing on and trade heavy, and winter that had started early and then pulled back came on again. There was a blizzard and afterwards a sunshine that was ice-shine on the drifted snow. I was glad to be busy, selling overshoes and sheep lined coats and mitts and socks as thick as saddle blankets and Christmas candy out of buckets and hickory nuts and the fresh oranges that the people in our town never saw except when Santa Claus was coming.

One afternoon when I lit out from class, the thermometer on the school porch read 42° below. But you didn't have to look at it to know how cold the weather



was. Your nose and fingers and toes and ears and the bones inside you told you. The snow cried when you stepped on it.

I got to the store and took my things off and scuffed my hands at the stove for a minute so's to get life enough in them to tie a parcel. Mr. Baumer — he was always polite to me — said, "Hello, Al. Not so much to do today. Too cold for customers." He shuddered a little, as if he hadn't got the chill off even yet, and rubbed his broken hand with the good one. "Ve need Christmas goods," he said, looking out the window to the furrows that wheels had made in the snow-banked street, and I knew he was thinking of Slade's string, inbound from the railroad, and the time it might take even Slade to travel those hard miles. Slade never made it at all.

Less than an hour later our old freighter, Moore, came in, his beard white and stiff with frost. He didn't speak at first but looked around and clumped to the stove and took off his heavy mitts, holding his news inside him.

Then he said, not pleasantly, "Your new man's dead, Baumer."

"My new man?" Mr. Baumer said.

"Who do you think? Slade. He's dead."

All Mr. Baumer could say was, "Dead!"

"Froze to death, I figger," Moore told him while Colly Coleman and Ed Hempel and Miss Lizzie and I and a couple of customers stepped closer.

"Not Slade," Mr. Baumer said. "He know too much to freeze."

"Maybe so, but he sure's froze now. I got him in the wagon."

We stood looking at one another and at Moore. Moore was enjoying his news, enjoying feeding it out bit by bit so's to hold the stage. "Heart might've give out for all I know."

The side door swung open, letting in a cloud of cold and three men who stood, like us, waiting on Moore. I moved a little and looked through the window and saw Slade's freight outfit tied outside with more men around it. Two of them were on a wheel of one of the wagons, looking inside.

"Had a extra man, so I brought your stuff in," Moore went on. "Figgered you'd be glad to pay for it."

"Not Slade," Mr. Baumer said again.

"You can take a look at him."

Mr. Baumer answered no.

"Someone's takin' word to Connor to bring his hearse. Anyhow I told 'em to. I carted old Slade this far. Connor can have him now."



Moore pulled on his mitts. "Found him there by the Deep Creek crossin', doubled up in the snow an' his fire out." He moved toward the door. "I'll see to the horses, but your stuff'll have to set there. I got more'n enough work to do at Hirsches'."

Mr. Baumer just nodded.

I put on my coat and went out and waited my turn and climbed on a wagon wheel and looked inside, and there was Slade piled on some bags of bran. May be because of being frozen, his face was whiter than I ever saw it, whiter and deader, too, though it never had been lively. Only the moustache

seemed still alive, sprouting thick like greasewood from alkali. Slade was doubled up, all right, as if he had died and stiffened leaning forward in a chair.

I got down from the wheel, and Colly and then Ed climbed up. Moore was un hitching, tossing off his pieces of information while he did so. Pretty soon Mr. Connor came up with his old hearse, and he and Moore tumbled Slade into it, and the team that was as old as the hearse made off, the tires squeaking in the snow. The people trailed on away with it, their breaths leaving little ribbons of mist in the air. It was beginning to get dark.

Mr. Baumer came out of the side door of the store, bundled up, and called to Colly and Ed and me. "We unload," he said. "Already is late. Al, better you get a couple lanterns now."

We did a fast job, setting the stuff out of the wagons onto the platform and then carrying it or rolling it on the one truck that the store owned and stowing it inside according to where Mr. Baumer's good hand pointed.

A barrel was one of the last things to go in. I edged it up and Colly nosed the truck under it, and then I let it fall back. "Mr. Baumer," I said, "we'll never sell all this, will we?"

"Yah," he answered. "Sure we sell it. I get it cheap. A bargain, Al, so I buy it."

I looked at the barrelhead again.

There in big letters I saw "Wood Alcohol — Deadly Poison."

"Hurry now," Mr. Baumer said. "Is late."

For a flash, and no longer, I saw through the mist in his eyes — saw, you might say, that hilly chin repeated there. "Then ye go home, Al. Is good to know to read."



Plan For The Week Students Template

Plan for the week of: April 20-24

At the end of the week you will know, understand, and/or be able to do the following:

- Graph a linear function from a table or an equation
- Create a table or equation from a word problem
- Solve a sudoku

Why does this learning matter?

- Graphs are a very common way that information is displayed in the real world. It is important to understand how graphs represent real problems and how they relate to other forms of data display such as tables and equations.

The plan for the week : April 20-24

- Monday, 4/20:
 - Learning Target:
 - **I will be able to complete a table using a linear equation**
 - **I will be able to create ordered pairs from a table**
 - **Work to do:** WS 4.5 - Input-Output Tables: Input the value for x in the first column into the function rule (equation) to find the value for y (last column)
 - Follow the example
 - Extension: Graph the ordered pairs from tables 1, 2, 3, and 5 (Graph paper is included)
- Tuesday, 4/21:
 - Learning Target:
 - **I will be able to create a function rule (equation: $y = mx + b$) from a table**
 - **I will be able to create a function rule (equation: $y = mx + b$) from a graph**
 - **Work to do:** WS 4.6 - Writing Function Rules
 - Follow the examples for each section
- Wednesday, 4/22:
 - Learning Target:
 - **I will be able to create a table from a function rule (equation)**
 - **I will be able to graph a function rule (equation)**
 - **Work to do:** WS 4.7 - Graphing Linear Functions
 - Follow the examples for each section
- Thursday, 4/23:
 - Learning Target:
 - **I will be able to create a table, a function rule (equation: $y = mx + b$), and a graph from a word problem.**
 - **Work to do:** Word Problem Worksheet
 - Follow the example
- Friday 4/24: Work Sample Friday (I know, it's not Wednesday)
 - **Work to do:** This work sample can be completed using what you have practiced this week.
 - Hints if you want them
 - Each Unicorn Farm is its own problem with its own table, equation, and graph
 - Both graphs should be done on the same coordinate plane (supplied graph paper)
 - Where the lines cross is your answer.

- Sudoku - I have included four Sudoku puzzles of varying degrees of difficulty. Please give them a try. Even if the easy ones are hard, they will get easier if you work on them. They are great practice for increasing a person's capacity for problem solving.

Who To Ask For Help and How To Reach Them

Jesse Light, 7th-grade Math teacher. My hours of availability are from 8am to 4pm. Email is the best way to contact me at jjlight@fernridge.k12.or.us. I am also available by phone. Please call me for immediate support at (541)543-6034. I usually answer emails within an hour or two of receiving them. If I hear from you outside of my hours, it might take longer to get back to you, but our communication is of the highest priority to me. Additionally, I know that working adults may not have time to connect with me during those hours because you don't get home from work or you don't clock out of working from home until after 5pm, if that's the case for you, like it is for many, please email me or feel free to call me. I might not pick up if I am making dinner or reading a story to my kids, but if you leave a voicemail, I will get back to you as soon as possible.

"Act as if what you do makes a difference. IT DOES."

- William James

"Success is not final, failure is not fatal: It is the COURAGE TO CONTINUE that counts."

- Winston Churchill

"Never bend your head. Always hold it high. Look the world straight in the eye"

- Hellen Keller

"Believe you can and you're halfway there."

- Theodore Roosevelt

Lesson 4.5 ~ Input-Output Tables

Name _____

Period _____

Date April 20

Complete the input-output tables using each given function rule.

example
1.

Input x	Function Rule $y = 3x$	Output y	ordered pairs	
0	$3(0)$	0		$(0,0)$
1	$3(1)$	3		$(1,3)$
2	$3(2)$	6		$(2,6)$
3	$3(3)$	9		$(3,9)$

Input x	Function Rule $y = x + 4$	Output y
0		
1		
2		
3		

3.

Input x	Function Rule $y = 6 - x$	Output y
1		
2		
3		
4		

4.

Input x	Function Rule $y = \frac{x}{2}$	Output y
0		
1		
2		
4		

5.

Input x	Function Rule $y = 5x - 3$	Output y
1		
3		
4		
6		

6.

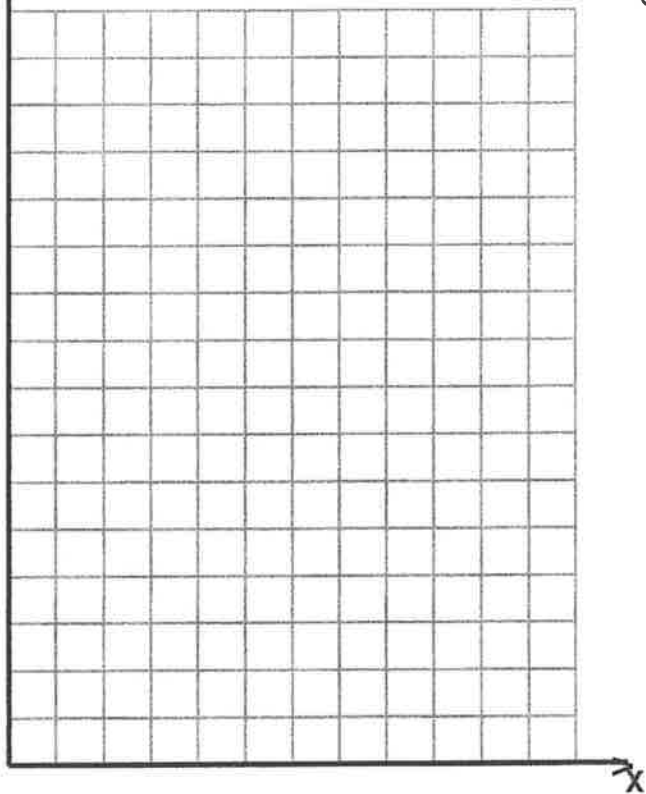
Input x	Function Rule $y = \frac{1}{4}x$	Output y
4		
8		
12		
20		

7. Write the four ordered pairs from each table.

April 20 extension

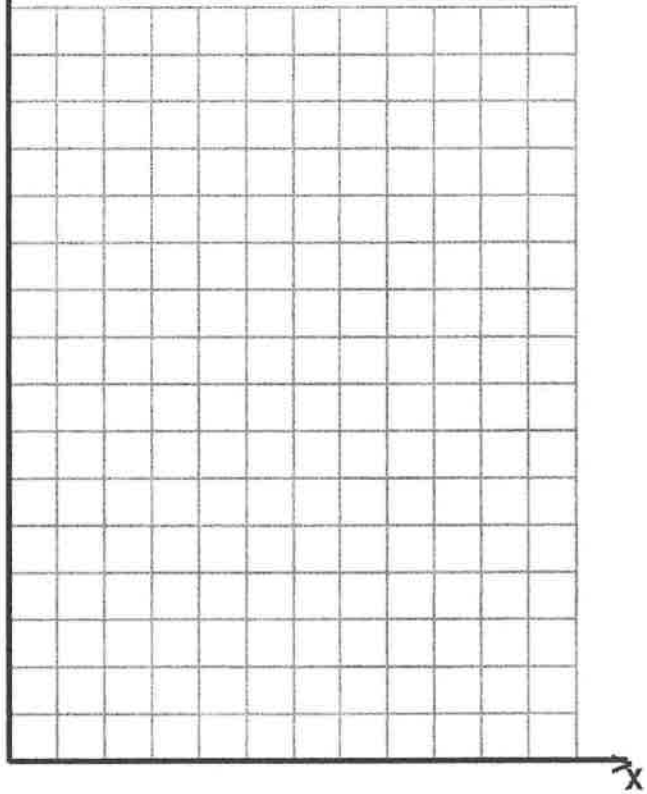
① YA

$$y = 3x$$



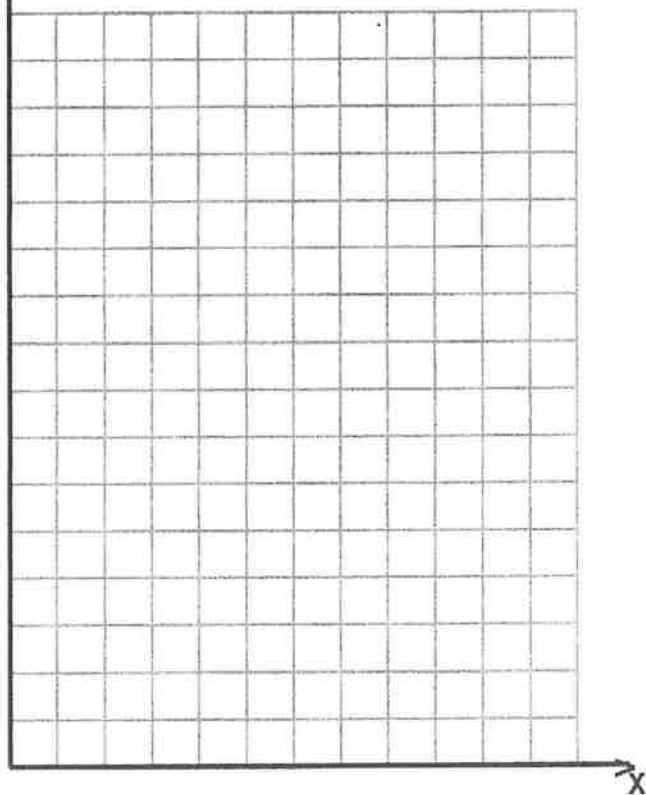
② YA

$$y = x + 4$$



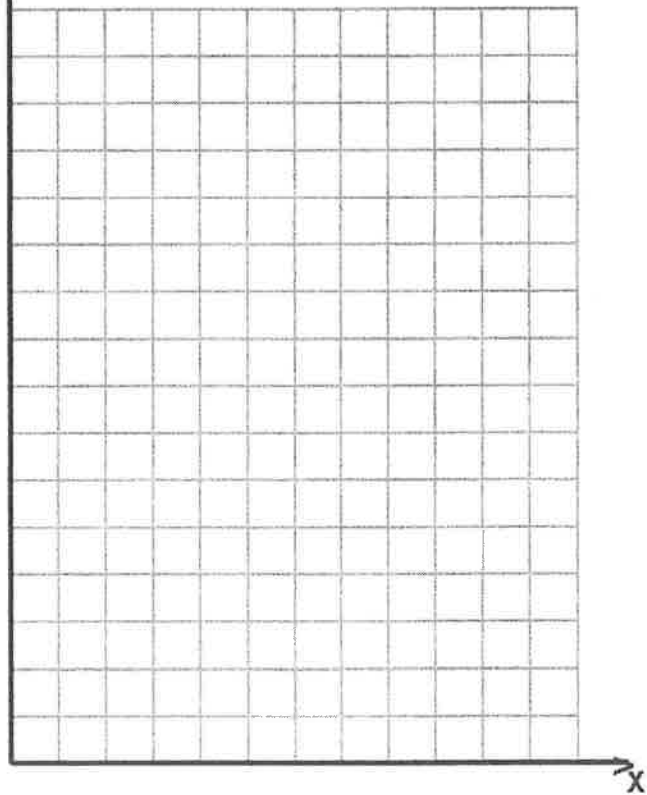
③ YA

$$y = 6 - x$$



⑤ YA

$$y = 5x - 3$$



Lesson 4.6 ~ Writing Function Rules

Name _____

Period _____

Date April 21

Write the function rule (equation) for each input-output table. $y = mx + b$

example 1.

Input x	Output y
0	4
1	7
2	10
3	13

when x is 0
 $m = 4$
 $b = 3$
 how much does it increase or decrease?

$y = 4x + 3$

2.

Input x	Output y
0	8.5
1	8
2	7.5
3	7

$y =$

3.

Input x	Output y
0	12
1	8
2	4
3	0

$y =$

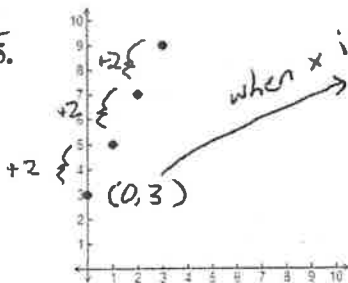
4.

Input x	Output y
0	1.5
1	3
2	4.5
3	6

$y =$

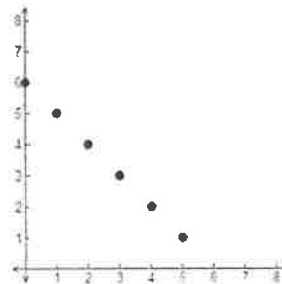
Write the function rule (equation) for each graph.

example 5.



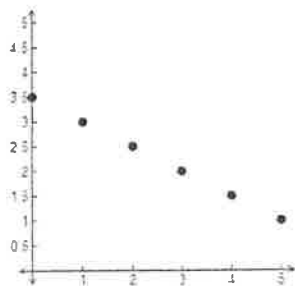
$y = 3x + 2$

6.



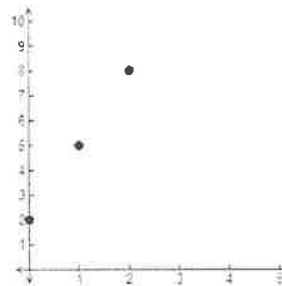
$y =$

7.



$y =$

8.



$y =$

Lesson 4.7 ~ Graphing Linear Functions

Name _____

Period _____

Date April 22

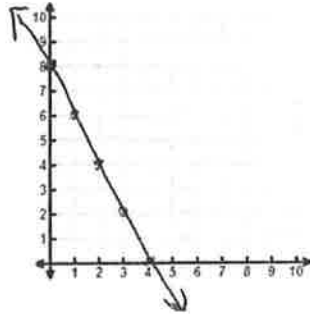
Graph the following linear functions using input-output tables.

example

1. $y = 8 - 2x$

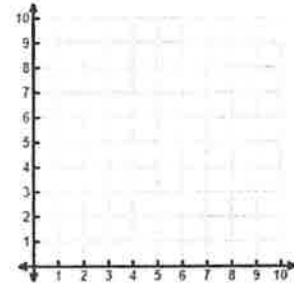
$8 - 2(0)$
 $8 - 2(1)$

x	y
0	8
1	6
2	4
3	2
4	0



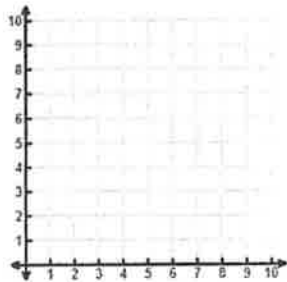
2. $y = 2 + 1.5x$

x	y
0	
1	
2	
3	
4	



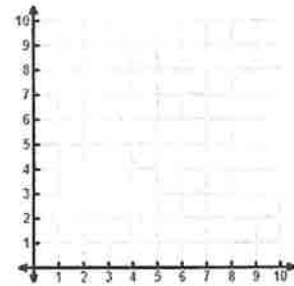
3. $y = 7 - x$

x	y
0	
1	
2	
3	
4	



4. $y = 3x$

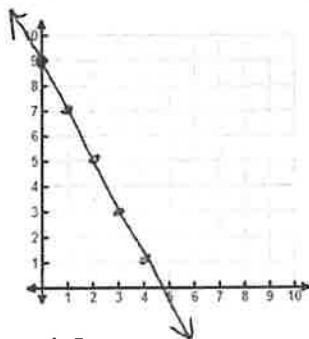
x	y
0	
1	
2	
3	



Graph the following linear functions using start values and rates of change.

example

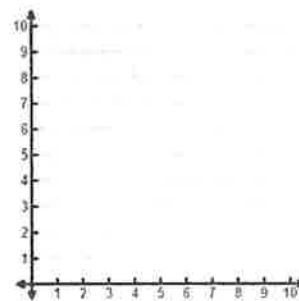
5. $y = 9 - 2x$



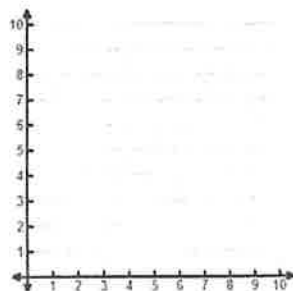
x y

$9 - 2(0) = 9$ (0, 9)
 $9 - 2(1) = 7$ (1, 7)
 $9 - 2(2) = 5$ (2, 5)
 $9 - 2(3) = 3$ (3, 3)
 $9 - 2(4) = 1$ (4, 1)

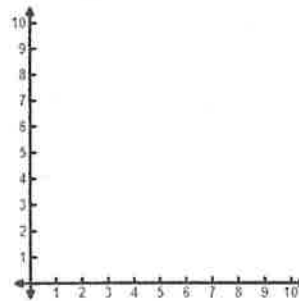
6. $y = 1 + 4x$



7. $y = 1.5x$



8. $y = 5 - x$



Name: _____

example

1. In order to join a dancing club, there is a \$10 startup fee and a \$5 monthly fee. Write an equation in slope-intercept form that models this situation.

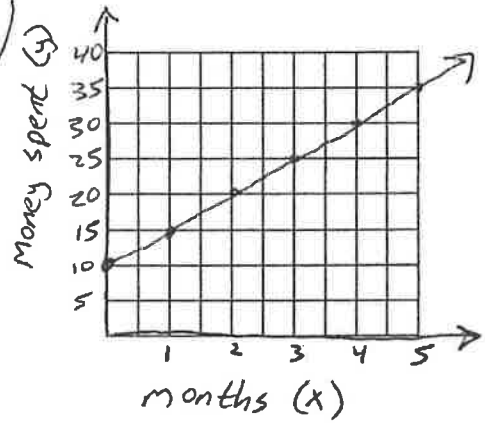
months money spent

x	y
0	10
1	15
2	20
3	25
4	30

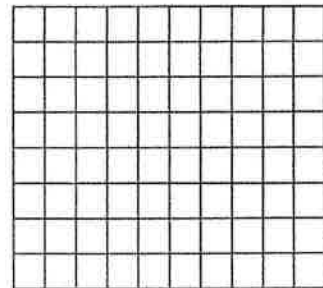
when x is 0

how much it increases or decreases

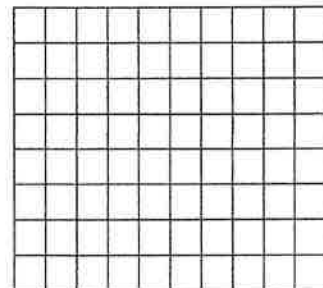
$$y = 5x + 10$$



2. In order to join an online learning community, there is a \$16 startup fee and a \$4 monthly fee. Write an equation in slope-intercept form that models this situation.



3. In order to become a member of the library-all-star-members club, there is a \$12 sign-up fee and a \$3 monthly fee. Write an equation in slope-intercept form that models this situation.



Work Sample - April 24

Unicorn Farms

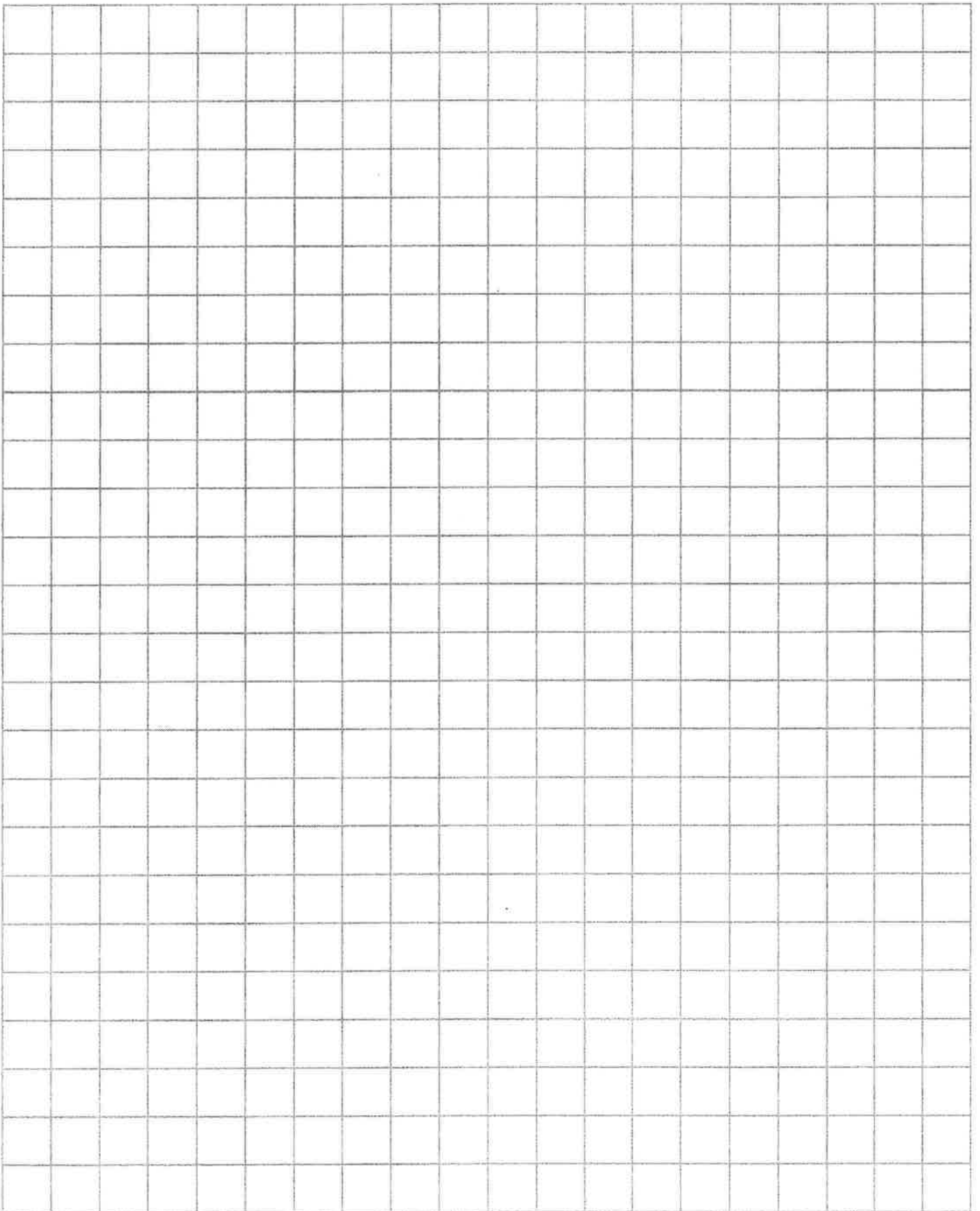
Joy has 15 Unicorns on her farm. She gains 2 unicorns each month. John is just starting his unicorn farm and has no unicorns yet. Each month however he has a contract to buy 5 unicorns. When will their farms each have the same amount of unicorns?

I am being asked to



Important info:

•



1 Block = $\frac{3}{8}$ "

 Math-Aids.Com



7th Math

Sudoku for Week of April 20

Easy

	9	6		4			3	
	5	7	8	2				
1			9			5		
		9		1				8
5								2
4				9		6		
		4			3			1
				7	9	2	6	
	2			5		9	8	

Easy

		7				9		8
	3		1	7				4
					6			
6	9	8	7	4		3		
		3		1		4		
		1		3	9	7	6	2
			4					
9				5	1			4
4		5				1		

Medim

1		8			6	4		
		6		9		8		7
5								
2	6	9	5				8	
			4		9			
	8				2	7	9	1
								5
6		4		7		2		
		1	2			9		3

Hard

						8		6
4		5	6	9			1	
		9			2	4		
5					3		8	
		7	8		9	6		
	9		2					3
		4	7			1		
	6			4	1	7		8
7		3						

If you would like an answer key to this feel free to email me at jlight@fernridge.k12.or.us



Physical Education

ACTIVITY LOG

Name: _____

Period: _____

April 20 - 26

Use this activity log to track your physical activity minutes for one week. Have an adult sign their initials next to each day that you complete 30-60 minutes. Do the Warm-Up Daily Routine, pick one fitness activity from list on back, pick one activity from list on back, and complete the cool-down. (Example day is done for you)

Day	Warm-Up	Fitness	Activity	Cool-Down	Total
<i>Example Day</i>	<i>Daily Routine - 5 Min</i>	<i>One Minute Challenge Push Ups - 1 Min</i>	<i>Walk The Dog - 20 Min</i>	<i>Cool-Down - 5 Min</i>	<i>31 Minutes</i>
Monday					
Tuesday					
Wednesday					
Thursday					
Friday					
Saturday					
Sunday					

Goals for the week:

1. The Students Will Be Able To (TSWBAT) complete at least 30 minutes of activity 5 days a week.
2. TSWBAT complete one of the One Minute Challenges during the week.

Reason:

- During this tough time, students need to really focus not only on school, but themselves. Being physically active, even at home, is very important to help with the mental and physical state of the student. Please really try to get some activity in each day. This will help get everyone through this tough time.

Contact Info:

Mr. Peeler Phone Number - (541) 972-3997
 Mrs. McBride Phone Number - (541) 362-4757

Email - jpeeler@fernridge.k12.or.us
 Email- cmcbride@fernridge.k12.or.us

Warm-Up Daily Routine:



Physical Education

ACTIVITY LOG

1. Stork Pose - 15 Seconds on Each Leg
2. 10 Push-Ups
3. 20 Swimmers
4. 30 Second Plank
5. 10 Small Crunches
6. 10 Oh-No's
7. 10 Heel Touches

Pick 5 muscles to stretch each day and hold each stretch for 20 seconds.

- Examples - Quads, Hamstrings, Calfs, Triceps, etc.

Cool-Down:

Fitness Activities:

1. One Minute Challenges - Do as many as possible for one minute
 - a. Push-Ups
 - b. Sit-Ups
 - c. Air Squats
 - d. Jump Squats
 - e. Burpees
 - f. Plank
 - g. Jumping Jacks
 - h. Jump Rope
2. Tabata - Pick 4 different exercises. Complete one exercise 8 times for 20 seconds of exercise and 10 seconds of rest. (Youtube has great examples)
 - a. Example - 20 sec air squats/10 sec rest (repeat 8 times), 20 sec Oh-No's/10 sec rest (repeat 8 times), 20 sec plank/10 sec rest (repeat 8 times), 20 sec jumping jacks/10 sec rest (repeat 8 times)
3. Darbee Workouts - www.Darbee.com (great examples)
 - a. **Extra Mile** - 5 Rounds of: 20 March Steps, 10 Calf Raises, 20 March Steps, 20 Butt Kickers, 20 March Steps, 20 High Knees, 20 March Steps (2 minute rest between rounds)
 - b. **White Rabbit** - 5 Rounds of: 20 Arm Circles, 20 Jumping Jacks, 20 Arm Circles, 20 March Steps, 20 Arm Circles, 20 Jumping Jacks, 20 Arm Circles (2 minute rest between rounds)
 - c. **Rascal** - 5 Rounds of: 10 High Knees, 2 Jump Lunges, 10 High Knees, 2 Jump Lunges, 10 High Knees, 2 Jump Lunges, 10 High Knees, 2 Jump Lunges (2 minute rest between rounds)
 - d. **Burn-Out** - 3 Rounds of: 30 High Knees, 30 Arm Circles, 30 High Knees, 30 Arm Circles, 30 High Knees, 30 Arm Circles (2 minute rest between rounds)

Activity Examples:

Walk the Dog

Family Walk

Family Hike

Basketball

Badminton

Clean Horse Stalls

Frisbee

Yard Work

Dance Party

Clean House

Tag Game

Bike Riding

Play Catch

Stack Wood

Go for a Jog

Wiffle Ball

Soccer

Other