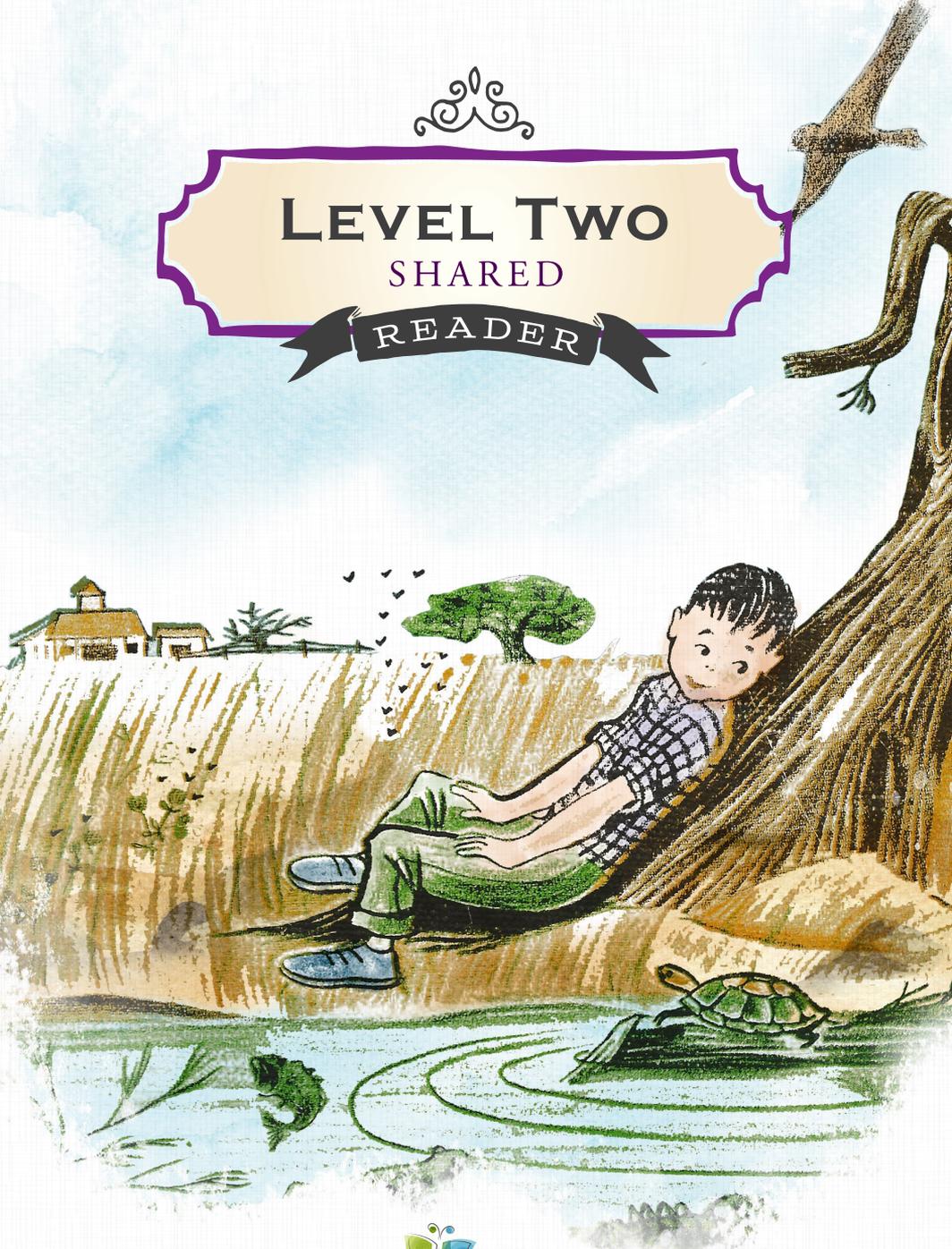




# LEVEL TWO

SHARED

READER



  
*The Good AND THE Beautiful*  
CURRICULUM

For use with the Level 2 Language Arts and Literature course



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# THE GOOD RAIN



Written by ALICE E. GOUDEY  
Illustrated by NORA S. UNWIN



Tanned by the sun and the wind, the farmer and his family stand with their faces turned toward the sky. “Will it rain today?” they ask each other.



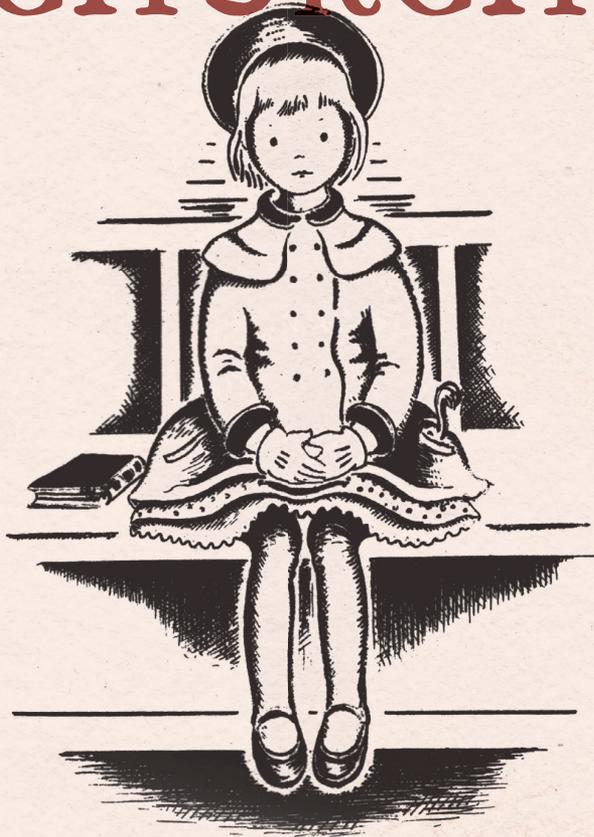
No rain has fallen on the  
land for many weeks.  
The land is hot and  
dusty. The fresh, sweet  
smell of growing things  
no longer fills the air.

So the people in the country and the people in the city long for rain and watch the sky for a rain cloud. They talk of nothing but rain. They pray for rain. Nothing else seems half so important.

It can be hard to remember to be grateful for something we always have. It becomes easier to be grateful when that blessing is gone.



THE  
CHIPMUNK  
THAT WENT TO  
CHURCH



*Written and illustrated by*  
Winifred Bromhall

Penny sat on the grass and started to eat her cookie. For a time everything was still and quiet. Then,



suddenly, there was a rustle in the leaves; and there, sitting on an old tree stump, was a tiny, striped chipmunk.

He was out that morning looking for food.

He soon spied Penny's cookie, which she had dropped in her surprise. He ran toward it with quick, jerky movements and bit off a piece with his sharp, pointed teeth. He dropped it in disgust. He didn't like it at all. He then disappeared just as quickly as he had come.

Although Penny waited and waited, the chipmunk didn't come back that day. She told Mary about it.

Mary said chipmunks liked nuts, not cookies. She promised to take Penny to the village that afternoon to get some nuts.

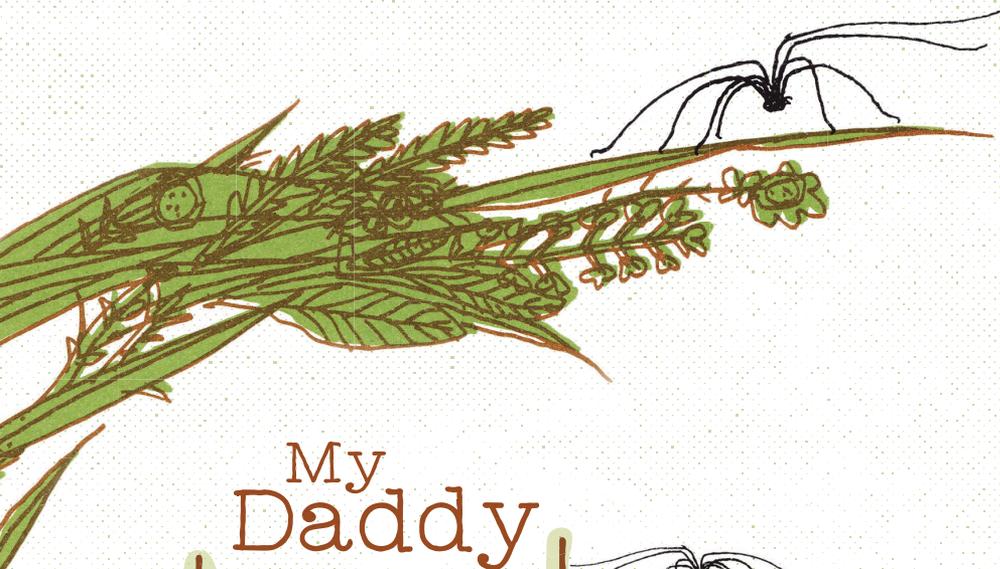
So a little later, Penny and Mary were on their way to the village shop. It was a lovely shop, Penny thought, for it sold almost everything you could think of from jam and toys to hats for ladies.



There were nuts, too, and Miss Alice, who kept the shop, handed a big bag of them to Penny across the counter. While Mary finished her own shopping, Penny played with a nice, friendly cat who purred loudly when she petted him.

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Penny went again to the little wood, this time with a bag of nuts in her hand.

She put two of them on the tree stump and sat down to wait.



My  
Daddy  
Longlegs



By Judy Hawes  
ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER LORRAINE



## Part 1

Can you hear with your legs? A daddy longlegs can. Can you smell or taste with your legs? A daddy longlegs can do that, too.

A daddy longlegs has eight long, thin legs. His legs are so long, a daddy longlegs seems to be standing on stilts. ♦

When he walks, his body bounces up and down between his legs. He looks as if he is dancing. Sometimes his body droops way below his knees.





Behind the front legs, there are two odor glands. They look like two extra eyes. To protect himself, a daddy longlegs can give off a smelly liquid from these glands. It smells something like walnuts. It's not a bad smell. It is so mild that people can hardly notice it.

But the daddy longlegs' enemies certainly notice it. Birds, toads, and large insects don't like it at all. It makes them feel too sick or too weak to try to catch the daddy longlegs.

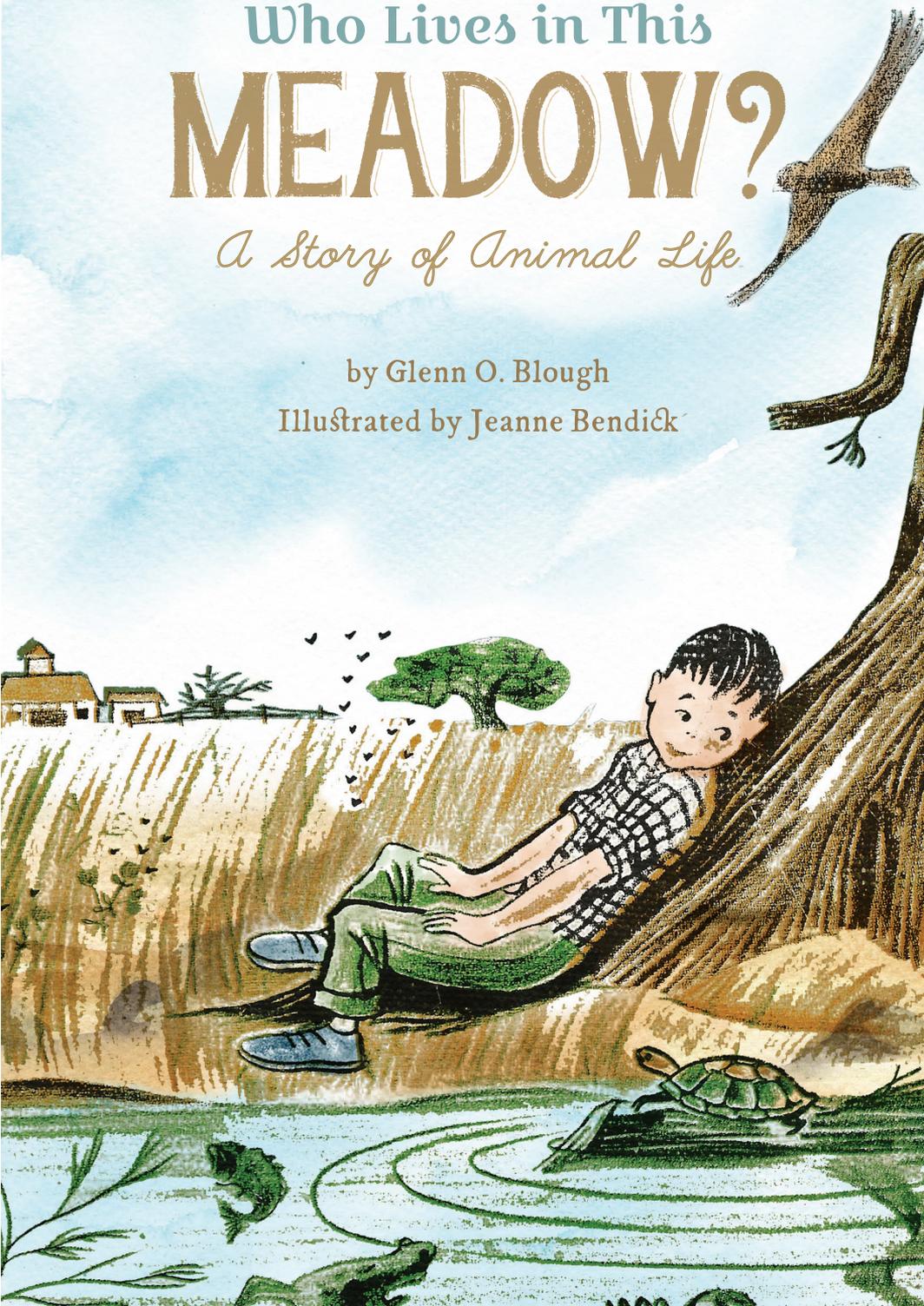


# Who Lives in This MEADOW?

*A Story of Animal Life*

by Glenn O. Blough

Illustrated by Jeanne Bendick





## LOOK INTO A MEADOW

I think you will like this meadow. You can see it from the road that passes it. You can see it better if you look over the gate where the cows go in. You can see it best if you open the gate and walk in. That is the best way to explore a meadow.

No wonder the ducks are so much at home in the pond. They are built just right for moving about in it and getting food out of it. They are very well adapted for life on the water.

Many other animals are adapted for swimming. Turtles are. Frogs and toads are. Watch them in the water, and you will see.

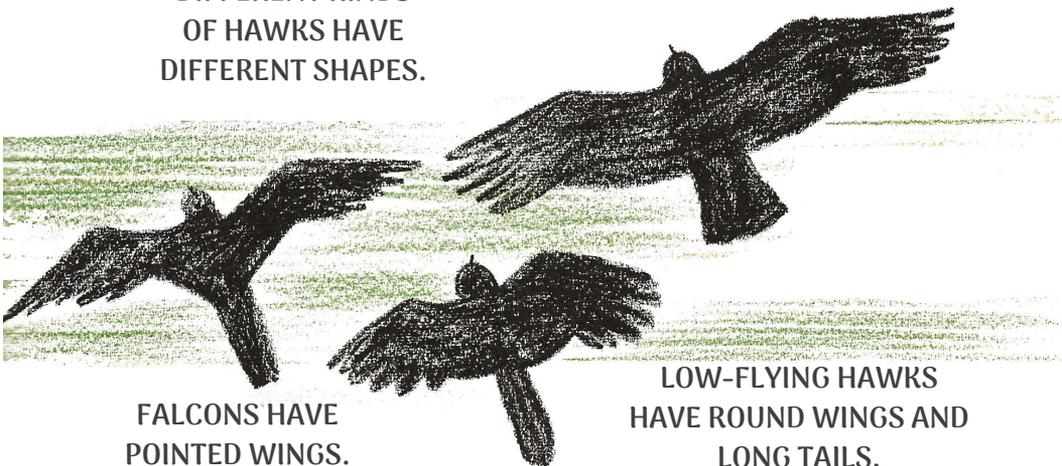


red-headed woodpecker's wouldn't be any good at all. But the hawk is built for meat-eating. His beak is sharp as a knife and has a sharp hook on it. The beak can tear and rip. And it does. How else could the hawk eat the animals he catches?

There are many kinds of hawks, and they eat many different kinds of animals. There are red-tailed hawks and sharp-shinned hawks and other kinds. Some are helpful because they eat mice and other animals that eat corn and other seeds—seeds that we use for growing crops and eating. But some hawks sometimes eat chickens. They are harmful hawks. You need to know what kind of hawk is flying over the meadow before you can tell if it is a helpful hawk or a harmful hawk. And you need to know what food the hawk eats.

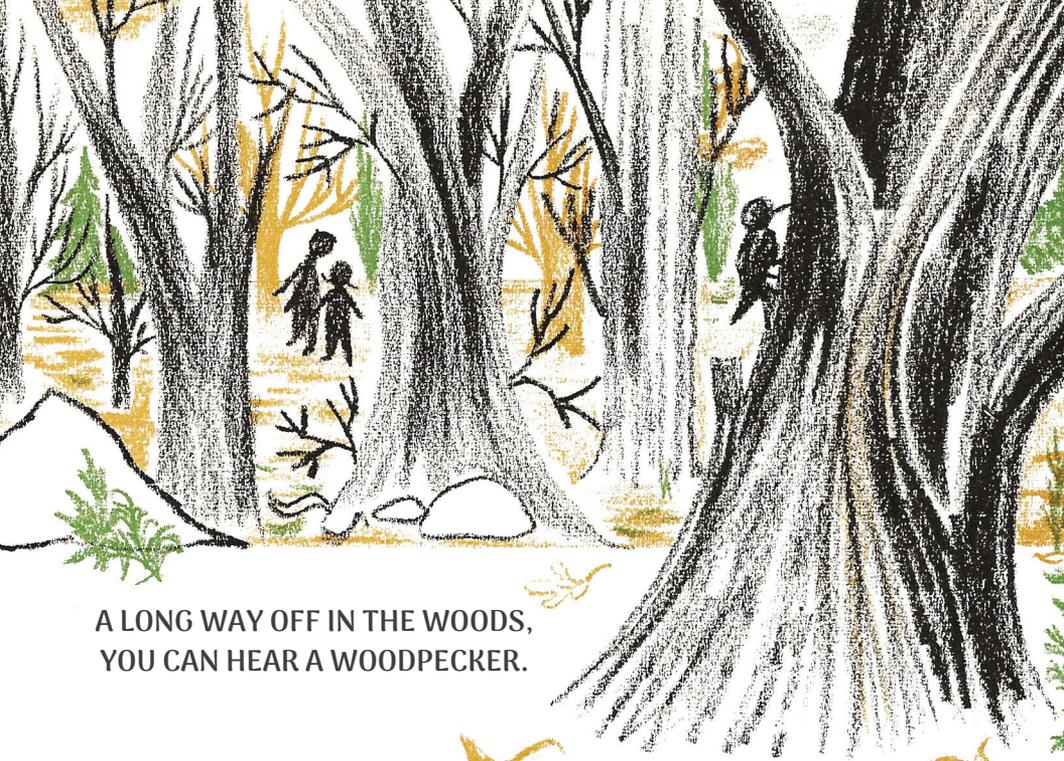
**DIFFERENT KINDS  
OF HAWKS HAVE  
DIFFERENT SHAPES.**

**SOARING HAWKS HAVE  
BROAD WINGS AND TAILS.**



**FALCONS HAVE  
POINTED WINGS.**

**LOW-FLYING HAWKS  
HAVE ROUND WINGS AND  
LONG TAILS.**



A LONG WAY OFF IN THE WOODS,  
YOU CAN HEAR A WOODPECKER.

If you go exploring, you may hear that red-headed woodpecker rap-tap, rap-tap on that old dead tree. If you are not too noisy, you can get very close to him. You can see his head go back and forth as fast as a pinwheel in the wind, and you can see his sharp, pointed beak drive into the bark.

But you can stand right under that dead tree and watch him and never know about his remarkably handy tongue. It's long. He can stick it out quite far, and it has barbs on the end—something like the barb on a fish hook. When



## THE CAT AND THE RABBIT

The bat and the cat are hardly alike at all except that they are both fur wearers. They certainly couldn't change places. The cat couldn't possibly hang itself upside down inside that dead tree, and the bat couldn't possibly sneak over the ground of a meadow to catch a mouse. And if the bat could catch a mouse, he couldn't eat it. A bat is not built for eating a mouse, but a cat is.

It's hard to hear the cat walk in the meadow. If you look at his feet, you will see that they are padded. This helps him walk very softly. This helps him get very close to a mouse without being heard.

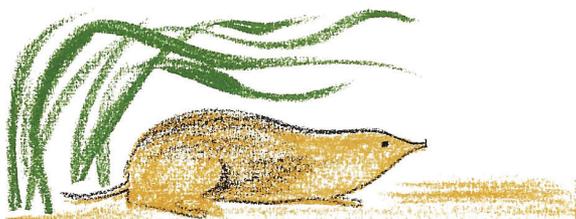
A cat can easily eat a rat or a mouse or other meat or fish. His teeth are specially built for eating meat. They are sharp. They are pointed. That's the way meat-eating animals' teeth are built. They need to be sharp and pointed so they can catch their food and hold onto it and rip it



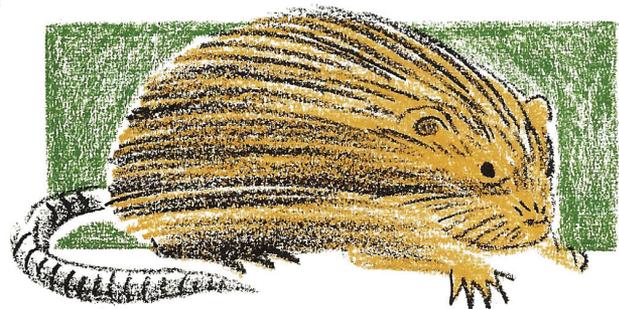
Some of the fish in the pond are hard to see, too. They look like the bottom of the pond. This helps them to escape from their enemies. They can swim fast, too. You know this if you have ever tried to catch one.



Some animals fight to protect themselves. The cat scratches and bites if another animal tries to harm him. Many other animals use their claws and teeth to protect themselves.



**SHREWS ARE VERY TINY, BUT THEY ARE FIERCE FIGHTERS. THEY USE THEIR TEETH AND CLAWS.**

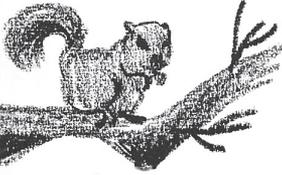


**MUSKRATS HAVE SHARP CLAWS AND TEETH.**

IN THE TREES YOU  
MIGHT SEE:

YELLOW JACKETS

TENT CATERPILLARS



A GRAY SQUIRREL

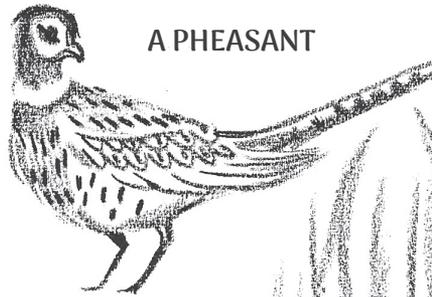


A SONG SPARROW

MANY KINDS OF  
BUTTERFLIES



A PHEASANT



DRAGONFLIES FLYING  
OVER THE POND

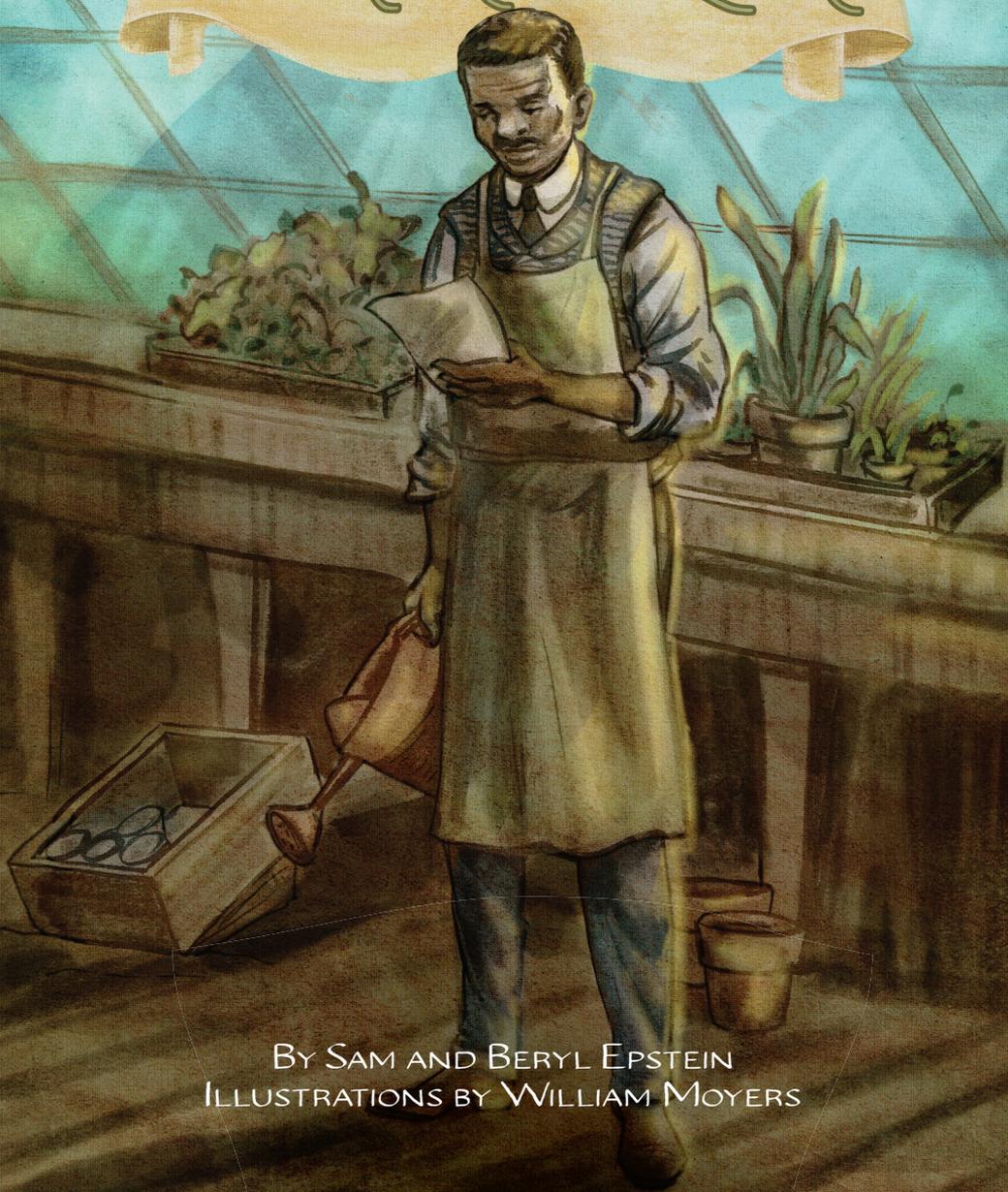


A MUSKRAT NEAR HIS HOUSE

Remember to listen for sounds. Look into the water. Watch the birds and other animals, and you will see that they are all adapted to their environment. And while you are walking along, you may scare up a rabbit. Who knows? You'll be surprised if you do—so will the rabbit. And maybe you will see bumblebees and red clover and mice. And if you do, maybe you will tell somebody a surprising thing about them.



GEORGE WASHINGTON  
CARVER



BY SAM AND BERYL EPSTEIN  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM MOYERS

# Chapter 3

## A New Aunt

**G**eorge didn't know anyone in Neosho. He walked around until it was dark. Then he crept into a barn to sleep.

In the morning, he washed in a stream. He wanted to look neat and clean. He was going to hunt for work. He had to earn enough to pay the school's small fee. He had to earn money for food, too.

He walked down the road until he saw a house. He knocked at the kitchen door. A woman answered.

"Do you have any work I can do, ma'am?" he asked.

The woman saw how small he was. "I don't have any jobs for such a little boy," she said. "But I will give you some breakfast."

"Thank you," George grinned. "I would surely enjoy breakfast. But I would like to work for it, ma'am."

After he ate, he washed a pile of dishes. He swept and scrubbed the floor. He fed her hens.



“I can’t weed your garden today,” he told the woman. “The ground is too dry. So I will water it now. Tomorrow, I will weed it.”

“You have certainly earned your breakfast,” the woman said to George. “You have earned this, too.” She gave him some money. “I will tell my friends what a good worker you are.”

Soon George had enough money to go to school. Every day he sat on a bench crowded with other children. Every afternoon he hurried out to work.

Sometimes a man let George sleep in his barn. Sometimes a woman let him sleep in her cellar. Finally, he found a real home. He stayed with a warm-hearted black woman known as Aunt Maria. Her house was beside the school.

At recess, George jumped the fence into her yard. He put his open book where he could see it. Then, while he read, he peeled potatoes or washed some clothes. He worked and studied until the bell called him back to class.

One day, George said to Aunt Maria, “I have learned everything my teacher knows. I must find a smarter teacher in a better school.”

Aunt Maria nodded. “I will miss you, George,” she said. “But you must keep learning. Where will you go?”

“To Fort Worth, Kansas,” George told her. “I can ride there with some people I know, on their wagon.”

Once more, George put his shiny stones in his pocket. He wrapped his clean, shabby clothes in a bundle. Inside the bundle was a new treasure. It was a Bible Aunt Maria had given him.

“I will always keep it,” he promised her.



# Chapter 9

## Peanuts

**M**any farmers took Carver's advice. They learned to grow more and better cotton. Then millions of bugs called boll weevils came into Alabama. They ate the whole cotton crop.

"What can we do?" the farmers asked.

"Plant peanuts," Carver told them. "The weevils won't hurt them. Peanuts will help your soil, too."

"But who would buy peanuts?" farmers asked.

"People buy peanuts at the circus," Carver pointed out. "Those peanuts come from across the ocean. Grow peanuts here, and people will buy them."

"We'll try it," the farmers agreed.

That autumn, the first part of the peanut crop was sold. Then peanuts began to pile up in barns and warehouses.

"Nobody wants tons of peanuts!" the farmers cried. "We are ruined, Carver. It is your fault!"

Carver sat alone in his room that night. For hours



he read his Bible. He always turned to it when he was troubled.

Suddenly, he said, “I was a tiny, sickly baby once. But God found some use for me. Surely tons of peanuts must be useful, too! I’ve only got to find the right way to use them.”

He got several big bags of peanuts. Then he locked himself inside his laboratory.

Two days and nights passed. Everybody at Tuskegee was worried. “Is Carver crazy?” they asked.

Finally, his laboratory door opened. Carver looked very tired, but he was smiling. “Come in,” he told his friends and students.

There were rows of jars and test tubes on his tables.

“Everything that you see here has been made out of peanuts,” he said. He picked up one jar. “This is milk—peanut milk. I can make butter out of it. I can whip cream from it. I will make cheese from it when I have time.”

In those two days and nights, Carver had made dozens of things from peanuts. Later, he made even more. Altogether, he made more than three hundred peanut products. Among them were paper, cardboard, face cream, sauces, dyes, and flour.

In time, new factories were built to make many of those things. The factories gave jobs to hundreds of men and women. And the factories used all the peanuts that Southern farmers could grow.

soybean products in my cars. Soybeans will take the place of some of the steel!”

Often, old students came to see Carver. “I want to tell you,” many of them said, “that I am trying to teach other people the things you taught me.”

Carver was happy to know that his work would go on. That meant more to him than all the honors he had received.

George Washington Carver always said, “There is a use for almost everything.” The things in the Carver Museum prove he was right.

In 1943, Carver died. Since then, more and more people have visited the Carver Museum. They say it is like a visit with Dr. Carver himself.

People also visit the Missouri farm where Carver was born. They are proud that Carver was an American. Signs on the highway lead to the farm. The signs read, “Birthplace of George Washington Carver, Famous Scientist.”

# THE END