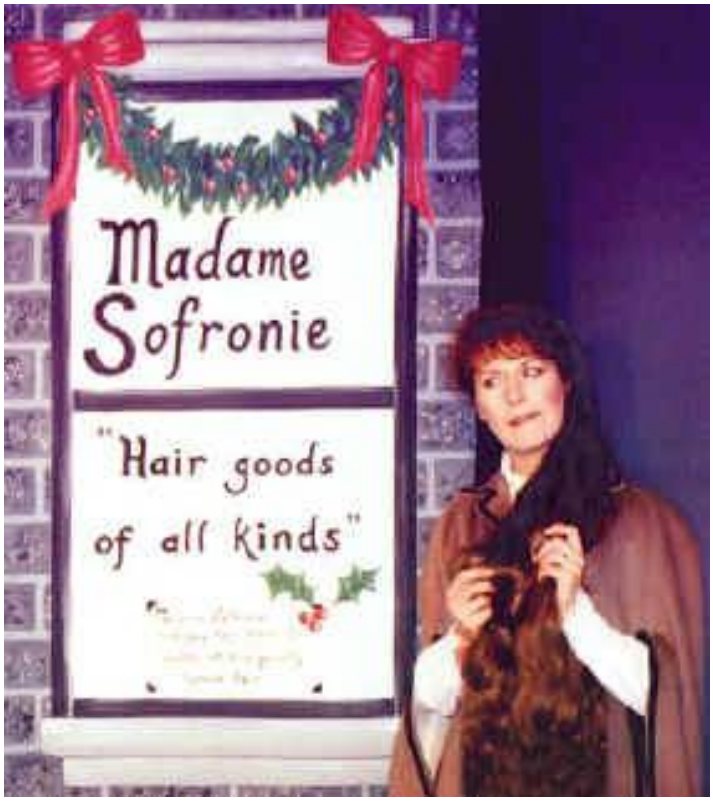
Week of December 15 - 18, 2008

2-4 CLASS NEWS



PLEASE GO TO OUR WEBSITE AND FILL OUT THE DODEA CUSTOMER SERVICE SURVEY!

http://www.am.dodea.edu/acss/AES/

Questions? Ask Mrs. Bee! wandabilloch@gmail.com
787-533-9837

INTEGRATED LANGUAGE ARTS:

Reading Comprehension/Writing

We will read *The Swallow's Gift, a Korean folktale.* This week we will be trying to identify the author's purpose in addition to having fun previewing and predicting. We will also stop during our guided reading to share and discuss what we think about the story.

GRAMMAR: As always, we will do our "Daily Language Review", grammar mini-lessons where we proofread sentences and share and discuss our work.

VOCABULARY:

KINDNESS, RUBIES, EMERALDS, FORTUNE, RICHES, REWARDED

During the week we will also integrate what we have learned in Math (adding, subtracting, making change) while reading the story "The Gift of Magi" by O. Henry. Della (the main character) wanted to buy her husband a gift for the holidays and only had $1.87. Sixty cents were in pennies! That is how the story begins. It is also a great holiday story where we will be thinking about giving and receiving. (See copy below.)

MATH: Unit 6

- This week we will continue measuring, estimating, and comparing length of different objects and polygons.

(Please note that Unit 6 is not the same as Unit 6 of the textbook. Our curriculum is based on a curriculum map used by ALL DDESS schools.)

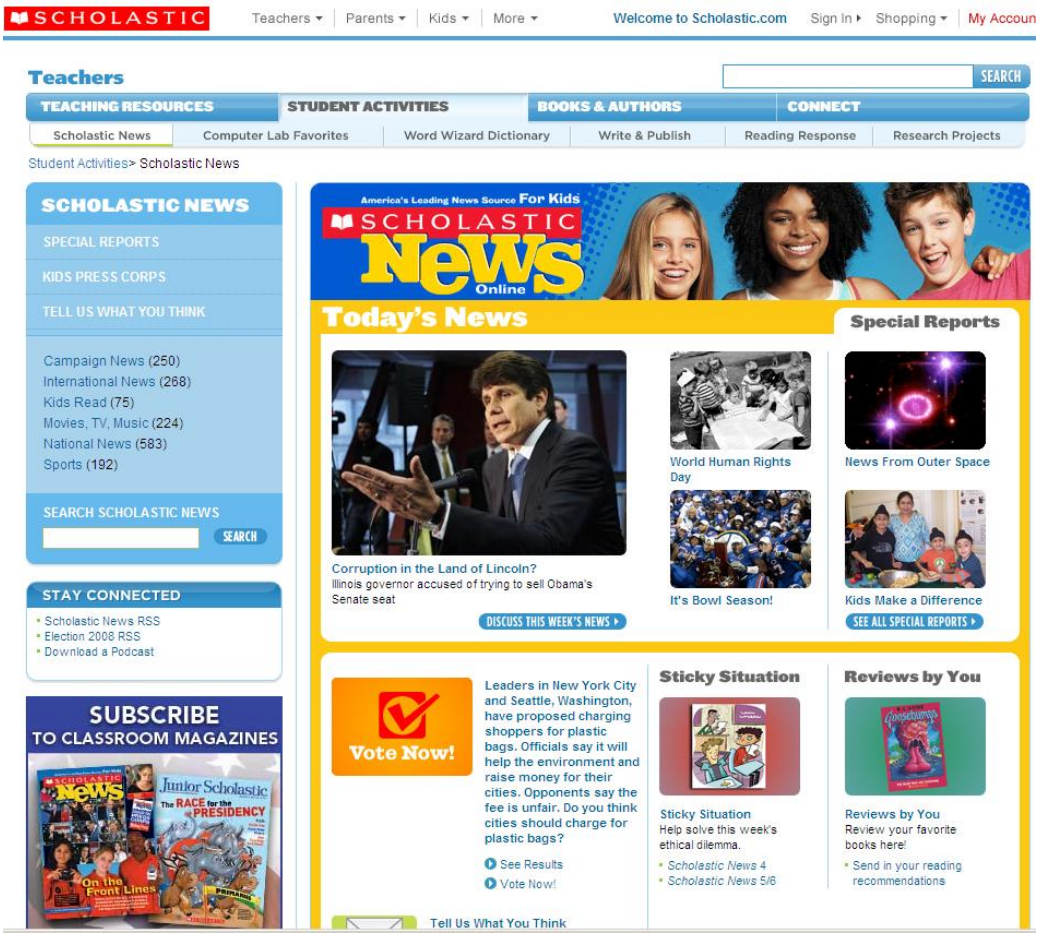
Please contact Mrs. Bee if you are interested to borrow the CD of the Math book for the school year!

SCIENCE:

SEASONAL CHANGES - We will study about winter and the winter solstice.

SOCIAL STUDIES: We will continue working with maps and identifying continents and places on the globe. We will read our Scholastic News and also have the chance to go to the computer and read other kid news online. We can do that at home during the holidays too!

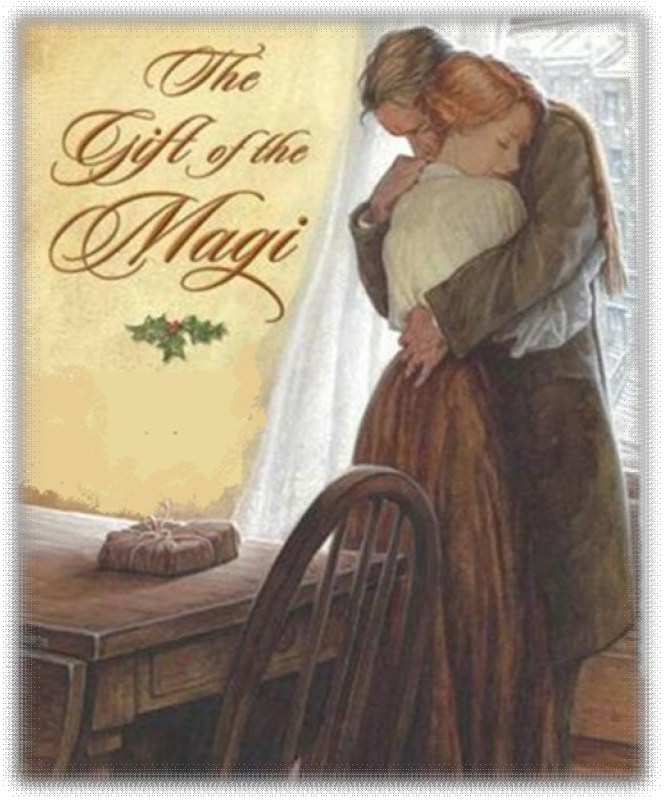
www2.scholastic.com



THE GIFT OF THE MAGI

By O. Henry
(William Sydney Porter)

(Abbreviated version for elementary school by W. Billoch)



One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do. So Della did nothing. She thought that life for her was made up of sobs, sniffles, and sometimes smiles, but more of sniffles.

She took a look around her home. They rented the apartment for $8.00 a week. Although it was rented, the front of the apartment had a letter box that read "Mr. and Mrs. James Dillinghan Young."

The Dillinghans were used to receive $30.00 per week, but now they only received $20.00. After Della finished her cry, she cleaned her face with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only $1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Only $1.87 to

buy a present for Jim! She spent many hours planning to buy something nice for him.

She looked at the window and pulled down her long, beautiful hair. (There were two things she and her husband were very proud of. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's beautiful long hair.)

Suddenly, she put on her old brown jacket and her old brown hat. With a sparkle her eyes, she ran out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read:

" *Madame Sofronie: Hair Goods of All Kinds."*

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take your hat off and let's see how it looks."

"Twenty dollars," said the lady.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

She spent shopping the next two hours looking for Jim's present. She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a golden chain, perfect for the watch that Jim received from his father. Twenty-

one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents.

When Della reached home she was very happy. She got out her curling irons and tried to curl her short hair. Within minutes her head was covered curls that made her look like a schoolboy.

I was 7:00 p.m. Della made coffee and had everything ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. When she heard his steps on the stairs she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit for saying little silent prayer about the simplest everyday things. Now she whispered: *"Please God, make him think I am still pretty."*

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, his eyes fixed upon Della. There was an expression in his eyes that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It will grow out again....you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it! My hair grows awfully fast. Say `Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be

happy. You don't know what a nice...what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you!"

"Have you cut off your hair?"

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I am me... without my hair."

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he asked again.

“Be good to me, for it went for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Eight dollars a week or a million dollars a year...what is the difference? They made the wrong choice when buying their holiday gifts.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less.

But if you unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

She opened the package. And then: an ecstatic scream of joy...and then of disappointment. For there lay the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped long in a Broadway

window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jewels on the rims. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and hoped to have them. And now, they were hers, but the hair was gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

<u>Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present</u>. Della opened it so he could see the beautiful chain. "Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Della," he said, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep them for a while. They are too nice to use now. You see, <u>I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs.</u> Let's forget about the presents and have dinner together."

Note from the author: I have related to you the story of two foolish people in an apartment who unwisely sacrificed their greatest treasures for gifts they could not use.

Remember that the best gift you can give is love.

O. Henry

Classes resume

January 12th, 2009