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<th>Monday</th>
<th>Tuesday</th>
<th>Wednesday</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>ELA</strong></td>
<td><strong>Where Does Food Go? (Part 1)</strong></td>
<td><strong>Where Does Food Go? (Part 2)</strong></td>
<td><strong>How do our bodies digest?</strong></td>
<td><strong>Draw a picture showing where food goes.</strong></td>
<td><strong>No School</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Write:</td>
<td>Where do you think food goes after you eat it?</td>
<td>Reread the text and answer the comprehension questions (See page 7)</td>
<td>What do our bodies get from the food we eat?</td>
<td>Describe your illustration by retelling how food moves through our bodies and where it goes.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Read:</td>
<td>Have someone read and define the vocabulary words (See packet pages 5-6)</td>
<td><strong>Retell and Write:</strong></td>
<td>Have you ever had belly pain?</td>
<td><strong>Activity:</strong> Grab some dice. Choose a partner and play the game Roll Through the Digestive System</td>
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<tr>
<td>Retell:</td>
<td>Based on the title and picture shown, what is the story about?</td>
<td>a) How does our food move through our bodies?</td>
<td>How did you feel?</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Together or independently read the text.</td>
<td>b) What body parts do we use to chew our food?</td>
<td>What made you feel better?</td>
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<td>c) Where does food go after we chew it?</td>
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<td>Draw a picture showing where food goes.</td>
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| **Math** | Read over and become familiar with the following shapes: | Using what you now know about the attributes of each shape, identify the shapes below by writing the name underneath. | Make it different! Draw the following shapes differently than what you have seen this week! | Guess my shape! | **No School** |
|          | **Hexagon- 2D (flat)** shape with 6 sides | | Draw a quadrilateral: | I am two dimensional (2D), I have 4 sides, my sides are congruent but they are NOT right angles. What am I? |
|          | **Pentagon- 2D (flat)**                            | |                                |
### Christina School District Instructional Board

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Shape with 5 sides</th>
<th>Quadrilateral- 2D (flat)</th>
<th>shape with 4 sides</th>
<th>Triangle- 2D (flat)</th>
<th>shape with 3 sides</th>
<th>Rectangle- 2D (flat)</th>
<th>shape with 2 pairs of parallel sides and 4 right angles (4 sides total)</th>
<th>Rhombus- 2D (flat)</th>
<th>shape with 4 congruent sides</th>
<th>Square- 2D (flat)</th>
<th>shape with 4 congruent sides and 4 right angles</th>
<th>Trapezoid- 2D (flat)</th>
<th>shape with 4 sides, exactly 1 pair of which are parallel</th>
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<tr>
<th><strong>Draw a trapezoid:</strong></th>
<th>I am two dimensional (2D), I have 4 sides, 1 pair is parallel. Who am I?</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Draw a rhombus:</strong></td>
<td>I am two dimensional (2D), I can be a quadrilateral but I am not. I have 4 sides. Who am I?</td>
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### Science

**Paper Mountains:**

**Need:** a plastic covered workspace (or outside), a spray bottle (only use water), “Land” handout (see attached), 1 thick marker, tape, 2 blank pieces of paper.

**Do:** Make a fist. Stack the 2 pieces of blank paper on top of each other and crunch paper over fist and wrist. Pull fist out, continue crumpling, but not in a

### Where Does Water Flow?

Think about places outside where you have noticed puddles when it rains.

**Write your responses:**

- Why are puddles in some places, but not in others?
- What do you think different about the places where there are puddles?
- Next time it rains, look for

### Why is There Sand at the Beach? (part 1):

Write your answer to the following: Can you think of a way tiny pieces of rock/sand could move from the mountains all the way to the beach?

**Need:** 3 pieces of paper, “River” handout (5 pages), “Draw the river rocks” paper (1 page).

**Do:** cut or tear 3 pieces of paper into about 12

### Why is There Sand at the Beach? (part 2):

Write your story: Pretend to be a big rock high in the mountains. Your story will start when a thunderstorm washes you into a river. Imagine what might happen next and along the way. Don’t forget to include where your journey could end.

### No School
<table>
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<tr>
<th>Christina School District Instructional Board</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>ball. Un-crumple the paper, line up one of</strong></td>
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<td><strong>the edges with the black line on “Land”</strong></td>
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<td><strong>paper and tape down. Do the same to the</strong></td>
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<td><strong>bottom. It should look a bit like a mountain.</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Use the marker to mark the highest places on</strong></td>
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<td><strong>the model with THICK lines. Be careful not</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>to flatten “mountain”. Then, trace over each</strong></td>
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<td><strong>line to make it darker. Use a lot of ink! Put</strong></td>
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<td><strong>model on protected surface, or outside.</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Spray 5 times, stop and watch. After at least 1</strong></td>
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<td><strong>minute, spray 5 more times.</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Write down your answers to the following:</strong></td>
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Sometimes a Dream Needs a Push
By Walter Dean Myers
2007

Walter Dean Myers (1937-2014) was an American writer of children's books and young adult literature. Myers wrote over one hundred books and received many awards, including five Coretta Scott King Awards. In this short story, a boy must find a new way to accomplish his dreams after his life changes. As you read, take notes on Chris' dad's attitude throughout the text.

Walter Dean Myers (1937-2014) was an American writer of children's books and young adult literature. Myers wrote over one hundred books and received many awards, including five Coretta Scott King Awards. In this short story, a boy must find a new way to accomplish his dreams after his life changes. As you read, take notes on Chris' dad's attitude throughout the text.

[1] You might have heard of my dad, Jim Blair. He's 6'5'' and played a year of good basketball in the pros before tearing his knee up in his second year. The knee took forever to heal and was never quite the same again. Still, he played pro ball in Europe for five years before giving it up and becoming an executive with a high-tech company.

Dad loved basketball and hoped that one day I would play the game. He taught me a lot, and I was pretty good until the accident. It was raining and we were on the highway, approaching the turnoff toward our house in Hartsdale, when a truck skidded across the road and hit our rear bumper. Our little car spun off the road, squealing as Dad tried to bring it under control. But he couldn't avoid the light pole. I remember seeing the broken windows, hearing Mom yelling, amazingly bright lights flashing crazily in front of me. Then everything was suddenly dark. The next thing I remember is waking up in the hospital. There were surgeries and weeks in the hospital, but the important thing was that I wasn't going to be walking again.

I didn't like the idea, but Mom and I learned to live with it. Dad took it hard, real hard. He was never much of a talker, Mom said, but he talked even less since I was hurt.

“Sometimes I think he blames himself,” Mom said. “Whenever he sees you in the wheelchair he wants to put it out of his mind.”

I hadn't thought about that when Mr. Evans, an elder in our church, asked me if I wanted to join a wheelchair basketball team he was starting.

“We won't have the experience of the other teams in the league,” he said. “But it'll be fun.”

When I told Mom, she was all for it, but Dad just looked at me and mumbled something under his breath. He does that sometimes. Mom said that he's chewing up his words to see how they taste before he lets them out.
Our van is equipped with safety harnesses for my chair, and we used it on the drive to see a game
between Madison and Rosedale. It was awesome to see guys my age zipping around in their chairs
playing ball. I liked the chairs, too. They were specially built with rear stabilizing wheels and side wheels
that slanted in. Very cool. I couldn't wait to start practicing. At the game, Mom sat next to me, but Dad
went and sat next to the concession stand. I saw him reading a newspaper and only looking up at the
game once in a while.

“Jim, have you actually seen wheelchair games before?” Mom asked on the way home.

[10] Dad made a little motion with his head and said something that sounded like “Grumpa-grumpa” and
then mentioned that he had to get up early in the morning. Mom looked at me, and her mouth
tightened just a little.

That was okay with me because I didn't want him to talk about the game if he didn't like it. After
washing and getting into my pj's I wheeled into my room, transferred to the bed, and tried to make
sense of the day. I didn't know what to make of Dad's reaction, but I knew I wanted to play.

The next day at school, tall Sarah told me there was a message for me on the bulletin board. Sarah is
cool but the nosiest person in school.

“What did it say?” I asked.

“How would I know?” she answered. “I don't read people's messages.”

[15] “Probably nothing important,” I said, spinning my chair to head down the hall.

“Just something about you guys going to play Madison in a practice game and they haven't lost all
season,” Sarah said. “From Nicky G.”

“Oh.”

The school has a special bus for wheelchairs and the driver always takes the long way to my house,
which is a little irritating when you've got a ton of homework that needs to get done, and I had a ton
and a half. When I got home, Mom had the entire living room filled with purple lace and flower things
she was putting together for a wedding and was lettering nameplates for them. I threw her a quick
“Hey” and headed for my room.

“Chris, your coach called,” Mom said.

[20] “Mr. Evans?”

“Yes, he said your father had left a message for him,” Mom answered. She had a big piece of the purple
stuff around her neck as she leaned against the doorjamb. “Anything up?”

“I don't know,” I said with a shrug. My heart sank. I went into my room and started on my homework,
trying not to think of why Dad would call Mr. Evans.
With all the wedding stuff in the living room and Mom looking so busy, I was hoping that we'd have pizza again. No such luck. Somewhere in the afternoon she had found time to bake a chicken. Dad didn't get home until nearly 7:30, so we ate late.

While we ate Mom was talking about how some woman was trying to convince all her bridesmaids to put a pink streak in their hair for her wedding. She asked us what we thought of that. Dad grunted under his breath and went back to his chicken. He didn't see the face that Mom made at him.

“By the way” — Mom gave me a quick look — “Mr. Evans called. He said he had missed your call earlier.”

“I spoke to him late this afternoon,” Dad said.

“Are the computers down at school?” Mom asked.

“No, I was just telling him that I didn't think that the Madison team was all that good,” Dad said. “I heard the kids saying they were great. They're okay, but they're not great. I'm going to talk to him again at practice tomorrow.”

“Oh,” Mom said. I could see the surprise in her face and felt it in my stomach.

The next day zoomed by. It was like the bells to change classes were ringing every two minutes. I hadn't told any of the kids about my father coming to practice. I wasn't even sure he was going to show up. He had made promises before and then gotten called away to work. This time he had said he was coming to practice, which was at 2:30, in the middle of his day.

He was there. He sat in the stands and watched us go through our drills and a minigame. I was so nervous, I couldn't do anything right. I couldn't catch the ball at all, and the one shot I took was an air ball from just behind the foul line. We finished our regular practice, and Mr. Evans motioned for my father to come down to the court.

“Your dad's a giant!” Kwame whispered as Dad came onto the court.

“That's how big Chris is going to be,” Nicky G said.

I couldn't imagine ever being as tall as my father.

“I was watching the teams play the other day.” Dad had both hands jammed into his pockets. “And I saw that neither of them were running baseline1 plays and almost all the shots were aimed for the rims. Shots off the backboards are going to go in a lot more than rim shots if you're shooting from the floor.”

Dad picked up a basketball and threw it casually against the backboard. It rolled around the rim and fell through. He did it again. And again. He didn't miss once.

“I happen to know that you played pro ball,” Mr. Evans said, “and you're good. But I think shooting from a wheelchair is a bit harder.”

1. the line marking each end of the court
“You have another chair?” Dad asked.

Mr. Evans pointed to his regular chair sitting by the watercooler. Dad took four long steps over to it, sat down, and wheeled himself back onto the floor. He put his hands up and looked at me. I realized I was holding a ball and tossed it to him. He tried to turn his chair back toward the basket, and it spun all the way around. For a moment he looked absolutely lost, as if he didn’t know what had happened to him. He seemed a little embarrassed as he glanced toward me.

“That happens sometimes,” I said. “No problem.”

He nodded, exhaled slowly, then turned and shot a long, lazy arc that hit the backboard and fell through.

“The backboard takes the energy out of the ball,” he said. “So if it does hit the rim, it won’t be so quick to bounce off. Madison made about 20 percent of its shots the other day. That doesn’t win basketball games, no matter how good they look making them.”

There are six baskets in our gym, and we spread out and practiced shooting against the backboards. At first I wasn’t good at it. I was hitting the underside of the rim.

“That’s because you’re still thinking about the rim,” Dad said when he came over to me. “Start thinking about a spot on the backboard. When you find your spot, really own it, you’ll be knocking down your shots on a regular basis.”

Nicky G got it first, and then Kwame, and then Bobby. I was too nervous to even hit the backboard half the time, but Dad didn’t get mad or anything. He didn’t even mumble. He just said it would come to me after a while.

Baseline plays were even harder. Dad wanted us to get guys wheeling for position under and slightly behind the basket.

“There are four feet of space behind the backboard,” Dad said. “If you can use those four feet, you have an advantage.”

We tried wheeling plays along the baseline but just kept getting in each other’s way.

“That’s the point,” Dad said. “When you learn to move without running into each other you’re going to have a big advantage over a team that’s trying to keep up with you.”

Okay, so most of the guys are pretty good wheeling their chairs up and down the court. But our baseline plays looked more like a collision derby. Dad shook his head and Mr. Evans laughed.

We practiced all week. Dad came again and said we were improving.

“I thought you were terrible at first,” he said, smiling. I didn’t believe he actually smiled. “Now you’re just pretty bad. But I think you can play with that Madison team.”

2. a competition in which cars are driven into each other until only one is left running
Madison had agreed to come to our school to play, and when they arrived they were wearing jackets with their school colors and CLIPPERS across the back.

We started the game and Madison got the tip-off. The guy I was holding blocked me off so their guard, once he got past Nicky G, had a clear path to the basket. The first score against us came with only 10 seconds off the clock.

I looked up in the stands to see where Mom was. I found her and saw Dad sitting next to her. I waved and she waved back, and Dad just sat there with his arms folded.

Madison stopped us cold on the next play, and when Bobby and Lou bumped their chairs at the top of the key, there was a man open. A quick pass inside and Madison was up by four.

We settled down a little, but nothing worked that well. We made a lot of wild passes for turnovers, and once, when I was actually leading a fast break, I got called for traveling when the ball got ahead of me, and I touched the wheels twice before dribbling. The guys from Madison were having a good time, and we were feeling miserable. At halftime, we rolled into the locker room feeling dejected.

“Our kids looked a little overmatched in the first half,” Mr. Evans said.

“I think they played okay,” Dad said. “Just a little nervous. But look at the score. It’s 22 to 14. With all their shooting, Madison is just eight points ahead. We can catch up.”

I looked at Dad to see if he was kidding. He wasn’t. He wasn’t kidding, and he had said “we.” I liked that.

We came out in the second half all fired up. We ran a few plays along the baseline, but it still seemed more like bumper cars than basketball with all the congestion. Madison took 23 shots in the second half and made eight of them plus three foul shots for a total score of 41 points. We took 17 shots and made 11 of them, all layups off the backboard, and two foul shots for a total of 38 points. We had lost the game, but everyone felt great about how we had played. We lined up our chairs, gave Madison high fives before they left, and waited until we got to the locker room to give ourselves high fives.

Afterward, the team voted, and the Hartsdale Posse all agreed that we wanted to play in the league. Dad had shown us that we could play, and even though we had lost we knew we would be ready for the next season.

Dad only comes to practice once in a while, but he comes to the games when they’re on the weekend. At practice he shows us fundamentals, stuff like how to line your wrist up for a shot, and how the ball should touch your hand when you’re ready to shoot. That made me feel good even if he would never talk about the games when he wasn’t in the gym. I didn't want to push it too much because I liked him coming to practice. I didn't want to push him, but Mom didn't mind at all.

3. a jump ball in basketball, between one player from each side, that's used to begin the game with the official tossing the ball in the air
4. when a player loses the ball to the other team
5. to go too far with the ball without dribbling it
6. Dejected (adjective): sad and depressed
7. a one-handed shot made from near the basket
8. a basic principle that serves as the groundwork of a system
“Jim, if you were in a wheelchair,” she asked, “do you think you could play as well as Chris?”

Dad was on his laptop and looked over the screen at Mom, then looked over at me. Then he looked back down at the screen and grumbled something. I figured he was saying that there was no way he could play as well as me in a chair, but I didn’t ask him to repeat it.
Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which of the following identifies the theme of the text? [RL.2]
   A. Obstacles arise in life, but that doesn't mean a person should give up on what they want.
   B. When a tragedy occurs, we should allow people to grieve in different ways.
   C. Overcoming life's difficulties will always make a person stronger.
   D. Children cannot succeed without the support of their family.

2. PART B: Which detail from the text best supports the answer to Part A? [RL.1]
   A. “There were surgeries and weeks in the hospital, but the important thing was that I wasn't going to be walking again.” (Paragraph 2)
   B. “He was there. He sat in the stands and watched us go through our drills and a minigame. I was so nervous, I couldn't do anything right.” (Paragraph 31)
   C. “Okay, so most of the guys are pretty good wheeling their chairs up and down the court. But our baseline plays looked more like a collision derby.” (Paragraph 50)
   D. “Afterward, the team voted, and the Hartsdale Posse all agreed that we wanted to play in the league.” (Paragraph 62)

3. What does Chris’ mother mean when she tells Chris that his dad is “chewing up his words to see how they taste before he lets them out”? (Paragraph 7). [RL.4]
   A. That Chris’ dad wants to make sure he is clear.
   B. That Chris’ dad is trying not to be mean.
   C. That Chris’ dad is deciding what to say.
   D. That Chris’ dad doesn’t like what he’s about to say.

4. How does the scene where Jim uses a wheelchair contribute to the text (Paragraph 39)? [RL.5]
   A. He is able to better understand Chris’ experience in a wheelchair.
   B. He realizes he isn't as good of a basketball player from the wheelchair.
   C. He understands Chris’ frustration playing basketball in a wheelchair.
   D. He feels guilty for not working with Chris’ basketball team sooner.
5. How does Chris' dad's attitude gradually change throughout the text? [RL.3]
Discussion Questions

Directions: Brainstorm your answers to the following questions in the space provided. Be prepared to share your original ideas in a class discussion.

1. Describe an unexpected obstacle you have experienced and overcome. How did you approach it and eventually overcome it? Do you think this made you stronger?

2. In the context of the text, how does a person overcome adversity? What can we learn from Chris' attitude towards the fact that he will never walk again? What are some of the challenges you have faced in life? How did you overcome them? Cite evidence from the text, your own experience and other media and literature to support your answer.

3. In the context of the text, what makes a family? How does Chris' family support him throughout the text? What are some of the experiences you have had where the support of family and friends made a significant difference? How important is it to have the support of family and friends? Cite evidence from the text, your own experience and other media and literature to support your answer.
What happens after you bite into a piece of food? First you chew the food, and then it travels through your body's digestive system. That system breaks down the food into small pieces so that it can be used as energy for your body. Open up, and follow the path of food.

Look at the Digestive System

Food travels to several places as it is digested, or broken down. Follow the trip food takes from the mouth to the intestines.

Breaking Down Your Food

When you take a bite out of an apple and start to chew, the apple mixes with the liquid in your mouth called saliva. Your saliva helps break down
Sending Food to Your Stomach

When you swallow food, it travels down a tube called the esophagus. That tube leads to your stomach.

Turning Food Into Liquid

The stomach is made up of muscles that squeeze the food and mix it with special juices. That turns the food into liquid.

Carrying Nutrients to Your Body

The liquid moves to the intestines, where it is broken down again. The healthy parts of food that your body needs, called nutrients, are sent to other parts of your body. The unhealthy parts are pushed out of your body.

Your Body Burns Calories

A calorie is a unit of energy. Your digestive system works to break down food, and your body burns the calories from food. Look at how many calories you can burn doing some everyday activities.

Activity, Time, and Calories Burned
Watch television

- 30 minutes
- 16 calories

Walk the dog

- 30 minutes
- 66 calories

Pick up litter

- 30 minutes
- 76 calories
Play soccer

- 30 minutes
- 104 calories

Swim

- 30 minutes
- 202 calories
**digest**  
**di·gest**

**Definition**
*verb*
1. to break down food into substances that the body can use.

*Your body digests food more slowly at night.*

**Advanced Definition**
*transitive verb*
1. to break down or promote the breaking down of (food) into substances that can be absorbed by body tissues.

2. to assimilate mentally; ponder.

*I'd like to digest what I heard before replying.*

3. to classify in some convenient arrangement; systematize.

4. to abridge or summarize; condense.

*intransitive verb*
1. to soften or promote the breakdown of a substance, as by chemical action or heat.

2. to break down and assimilate food, or to be assimilated as food.

3. to be exposed to softening or disintegrating agents.

**noun**
1. a collection of literary works, scientific abstracts, news items, or the like, esp. in an abridged form.

**Spanish cognate**
*digerir*: The Spanish word *digerir* means digest.

---

**These are some examples of how the word or forms of the word are used:**

1. As a rule, eat what you normally eat, but be sure you give your body enough time to **digest** the food.

2. Other involuntary muscles include those that help you **digest** your food and go to the bathroom.

3. I have very important news to **digest**.
nutrient  nu-tri-ent

Advanced Definition

adjective
1. providing or being food; having nourishing qualities.

noun
1. a nourishing substance in a food.

Spanish cognate

nutriente: The Spanish word nutriente means nutrient.

These are some examples of how the word or forms of the word are used:

1. Fit kids eat a variety of foods to get different **nutrients**. Nutrients help the body grow and stay healthy.

2. The research team discovered that water from the melted icebergs had **nutrients**. Nutrients are the parts of food that help animals and plants grow.

3. For the next meal, the scientists let the beetles and spiders choose what they wanted to eat. All of them picked foods that contained the **nutrients** their previous meal had lacked.

4. Another important piece to the growth of many plants is soil. Using their roots, plants take in **nutrients** from the soil that help them grow. Giving a plant a spot in clean soil is important to make sure it doesn't absorb anything harmful from the dirt.
Name: ___________________________________ Date: _______________

1. After reading the first paragraph, you can guess that this article is mostly about:
   
   A. how much you should eat a day.
   B. chewing food.
   C. how fast you can eat an apple.
   D. how your body digests food and turns it into energy.

2. Which sentence would not make sense in this passage?
   
   A. Chewing your food well can help your body to digest.
   B. Doctors are trained for many years.
   C. Your body needs energy to live.
   D. Digestion is an important process in the body.

3. Calories are
   
   A. burned during activities so that your body has energy.
   B. a type of food.
   C. used to tell you how much fun an activity is.
   D. used to make food.

4. The most effective way of burning calories is to
   
   A. play soccer.
   B. walk the dog.
   C. watch television.
   D. swim.

5. Write a new title for this passage.
Roll Through the Digestive System!

Instructions: First, you and a classmate should choose playing pieces and place them on the start line. Take turns rolling the dice. After rolling, move that number of spaces. Follow the directions on the space where you land. The first player to travel all the way through the digestive system to the finish line is the winner!

Food is going to your stomach! Roll again.

You ate too much! Move back 2 spaces.

Your body gets lots of nutrients from your food. Roll again.

You swollowed your food. Move ahead 1 space.

That big bite is hard to chew. Move back 1 space.

Your high-fiber meal helps your food move easily. Move ahead 2 spaces.

Your body is ready to get ride of the waste. Move ahead 2 spaces.
### Scarcity and Wants

**Directions:** Place the words listed below in the correct box.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Computer repair</th>
<th>new carpet</th>
<th>haircut</th>
<th>newspaper delivery</th>
<th>yard care</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Car</td>
<td>groceries</td>
<td>Flower bulbs</td>
<td>vet visit</td>
<td>books</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(Goods)</th>
<th>(Services)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Draw the river rocks starting at the top of the mountain, breaking up in the river, and ending at the ocean.

Name: