

Where the Red Fern Grows



Winter Break Work

DUE: MONDAY 1/6/14

Contents:

- “The Velveteen Rabbit” story and questions
- “Harnessing the Howls” article and questions
- “Coon Hunt” essay and questions
- Sentence Fragment and Run-On Sentence repair review
- Plural and Possessive Apostrophe review/practice
- Using the Correct Word Practice:
Their/There/They’re and Its/It’s

Directions:

- Complete each section of this packet to the best of your ability
- Make sure your work is NEAT and HIGH QUALITY
- When answering questions for “Harnessing the Howls” and “Coon Hunt,” **HIGHLIGHT** where you found your answers in the text
- Answer all short response questions using good COMPLETE SENTENCES
- There will be a QUIZ on this packet on MONDAY 1/6/14! ☺

Name: _____

The Velveteen Rabbit

Name: _____

Per: _____

Date: _____

DIRECTIONS: Answer the “Before you read” question first. Then, Read “The Velveteen Rabbit.” Finally, Answer the rest of the questions on this sheet **IN COMPLETE SENTENCES.**

BEFORE YOU READ:

What do you think makes a friendship real?

BACKGROUND:

Margery William’s “The Velveteen Rabbit” is a classic story of a stuffed rabbit who longs to be loved by his owner, a young boy. As the Boy plays with the stuffed rabbit, a friendship grows. The Boy and his Velveteen Rabbit develop a relationship similar to the one between Billy and his dogs.

RESPONDING TO THE READING:

1. How does the Skin Horse describe the process of becoming real?

1b. In your opinion, how might this process apply to real-life friendships?

2. What happens to the Rabbit after the Boy’s illness?

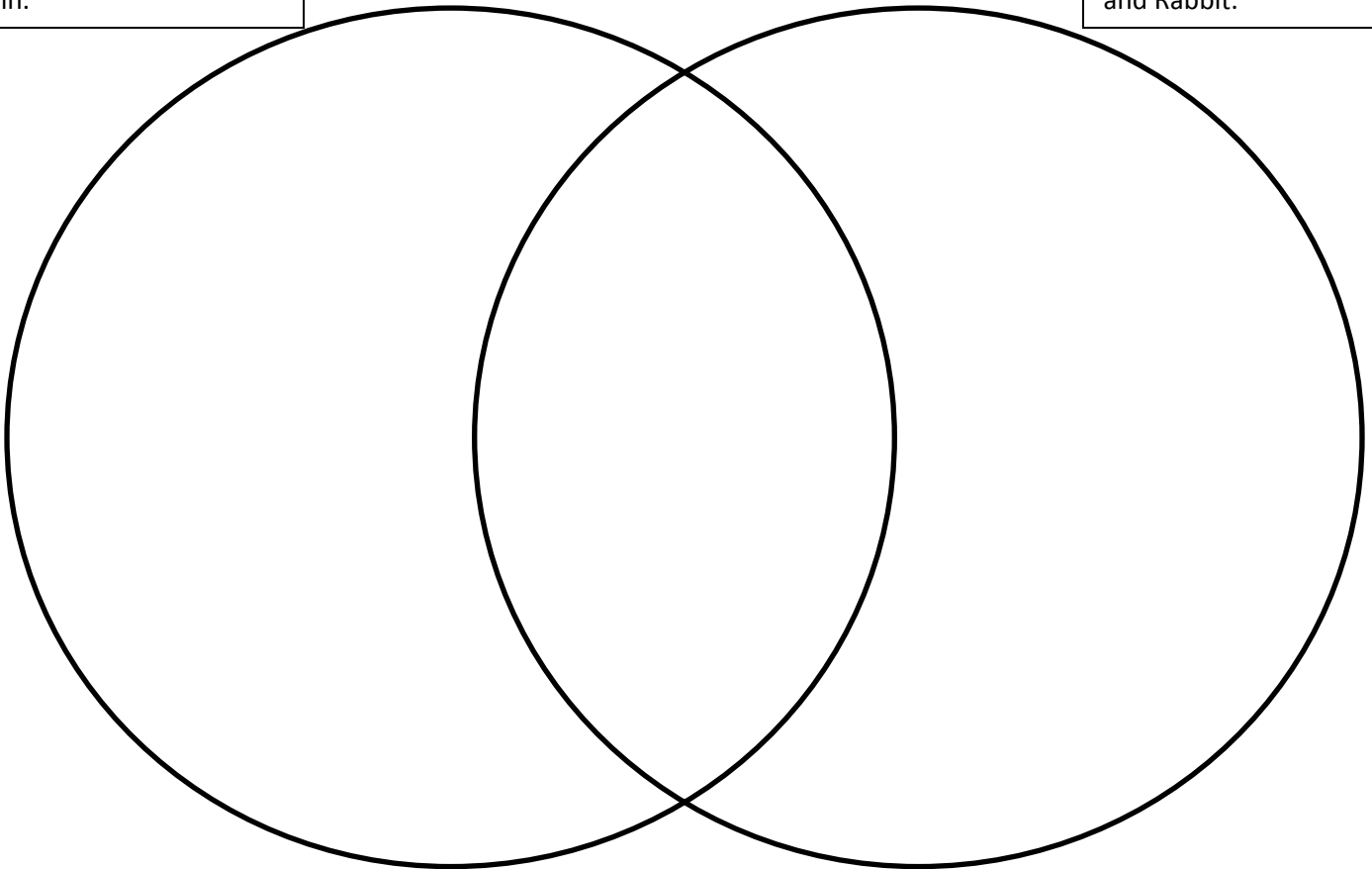
2b. Why, do you think, would you love someone even though it might mean getting hurt? In the end, was loving the Boy worth it for the Rabbit? **Explain** your answer.

3. Compare and contrast the relationships Billy has with Old Dan and Little Ann in *Where the Red Fern Grows* and the relationship the Boy has with the Rabbit in “The Velveteen Rabbit” using the Venn diagram below. How are these relationships the same? How are they different?

Go beyond the fact that one story is about a boy and his dog and the other is about a Boy and his Rabbit. USE GOOD SPECIFIC DETAILS about the SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP between the human and the animal(s).

The Relationship Between Billy, Old Dan, and Little Ann.

The Relationship between the Boy and Rabbit.



The Velveteen Rabbit

OR
HOW TOYS BECOME REAL

by *Margery Williams*
Illustrations by *William Nicholson*

DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC.
Garden City New York



HERE was once a velveteen rabbit, and in the beginning he was really splendid. He was fat and bunched, as a rabbit should be; his coat was spotted brown and white, he had real thread whiskers, and his ears were lined with pink sateen. On Christmas morning, when he sat wedged in the top of the Boy's stocking, with a sprig of holly between his paws, the effect was charming.

There were other things in the stocking, nuts and oranges and a toy engine, and chocolate almonds and a clockwork mouse, but the Rabbit was quite the best of all. For at least two hours the Boy loved him, and then Aunts and Uncles came to dinner, and there was a great rustling of tissue paper and unwrapping of parcels, and in the excitement of looking at all the new presents the Velveteen Rabbit was forgotten.



Christmas Morning

For a long time he lived in the toy cupboard or on the nursery floor, and no one thought very much about him. He was naturally shy, and being only made of velveteen, some of the more expensive toys quite snubbed him. The mechanical toys were very superior, and looked down upon every one else; they were full of modern ideas, and pretended they were real. The model boat, who had lived through two seasons and lost most of his paint, caught the tone from them and never missed an opportunity of referring to his rigging in technical terms. The Rabbit could not claim to be a model of anything, for he didn't know that real rabbits existed; he

thought they were all stuffed with sawdust like himself, and he understood that sawdust was quite out-of-date and should never be mentioned in modern circles. Even Timothy, the jointed wooden lion, who was made by the disabled soldiers, and should have had broader views, put on airs and pretended he was connected with Government. Between them all the poor little Rabbit was made to feel himself very insignificant and commonplace, and the only person who was kind to him at all was the Skin Horse.

The Skin Horse had lived longer in the nursery than any of the others. He was so old that his brown coat was bald in patches and showed the seams underneath, and most of the hairs in his tail had been pulled out to string bead necklaces. He was wise, for he had seen a long succession of mechanical toys arrive to boast and swagger, and by-and-by break their mainsprings and pass away, and he knew that they were only toys, and would never turn into anything else. For nursery magic is very strange and wonderful, and only those playthings that are old and wise and experienced like the Skin Horse understand all about it.

"What is REAL?" asked the Rabbit one day, when they were lying side by side near the nursery fender, before Nana came to tidy the room. "Does it mean having things that buzz inside you and a stick-out handle?"

"Real isn't how you are made," said the Skin Horse. "It's a thing that happens to you. When a child loves you for a long, long time, not just to play with, but REALLY loves you, then you become Real."

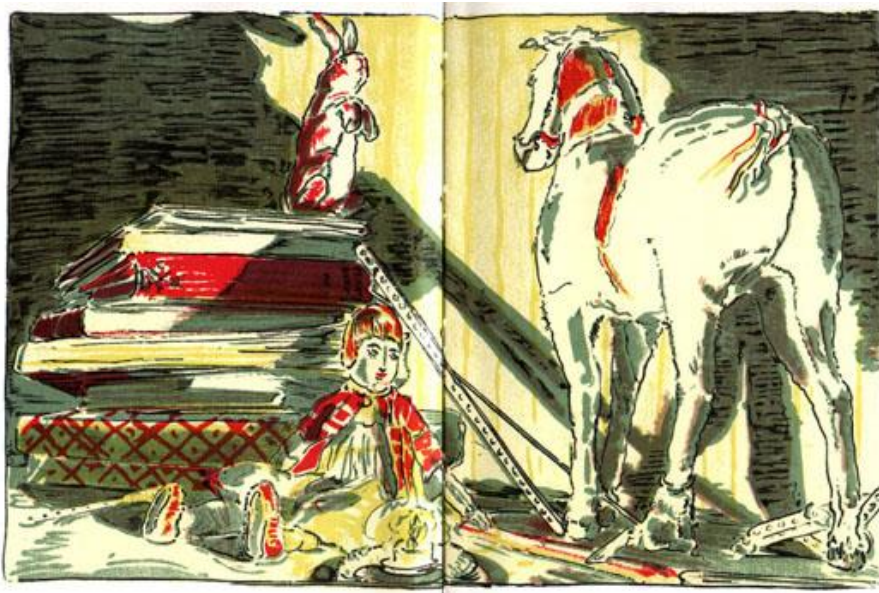
"Does it hurt?" asked the Rabbit.

"Sometimes," said the Skin Horse, for he was always truthful. "When you are Real you don't mind being hurt."

"Does it happen all at once, like being wound up," he asked, "or bit by bit?"

"It doesn't happen all at once," said the Skin Horse. "You become. It takes a long time. That's why it doesn't happen often to people who break easily, or have sharp edges, or who have to be carefully kept. Generally, by the time you are Real, most of your hair has been loved off, and your eyes drop out and you get loose in the joints and very shabby. But these things don't matter at all, because once you are Real you can't be ugly, except to people who don't understand."

"I suppose *you* are real?" said the Rabbit. And then he wished he had not said it, for he thought the Skin Horse might be sensitive. But the Skin Horse only smiled.



The Skin Horse Tells His Story

"The Boy's Uncle made me Real," he said. "That was a great many years ago; but once you are Real you can't become unreal again. It lasts for always."

The Rabbit sighed. He thought it would be a long time before this magic called Real happened to him. He longed to become Real, to know what it felt like; and yet the idea of growing shabby and losing his eyes and whiskers was rather sad. He wished that he could become it without these uncomfortable things happening to him.

There was a person called Nana who ruled the nursery. Sometimes she took no notice of the playthings lying about, and sometimes, for no reason whatever, she went swooping about like a great wind and hustled them away in cupboards. She called this "tidying up," and the playthings all hated it, especially the tin ones. The Rabbit didn't mind it so much, for wherever he was thrown he came down soft.

One evening, when the Boy was going to bed, he couldn't find the china dog that always slept with him. Nana was in a hurry, and it was too much trouble to hunt for china dogs at bedtime, so she simply looked about her, and seeing that the toy cupboard door stood open, she made a swoop.

"Here," she said, "take your old Bunny! He'll do to sleep with you!" And she dragged the Rabbit out by one ear, and put him into the Boy's arms.

That night, and for many nights after, the Velveteen Rabbit slept in the Boy's bed. At first he found it rather uncomfortable, for the Boy hugged him very tight, and sometimes he rolled over on him, and sometimes he pushed him so far under the pillow that the Rabbit could scarcely breathe. And he missed, too, those long moonlight hours in the nursery, when all the house was silent, and his talks with the Skin Horse. But very soon he grew to like it, for the Boy used to talk to him, and made nice tunnels for him under the bedclothes that he said were like the burrows the real rabbits lived in. And they had splendid games together, in whispers, when Nana had gone away to her supper and left the night-light burning on the mantelpiece. And when the Boy dropped off to sleep, the Rabbit would snuggle down close under his little warm chin and dream, with the Boy's hands clasped close round him all night long.

And so time went on, and the little Rabbit was very happy—so happy that he never noticed how his beautiful velveteen fur was getting shabbier and shabbier, and his tail becoming unsewn, and all the pink rubbed off his nose where the Boy had kissed him.

Spring came, and they had long days in the garden, for wherever the Boy went the Rabbit went too. He had rides in the wheelbarrow, and picnics on the grass, and lovely fairy huts built for him under the raspberry canes behind the flower border. And once, when the Boy was called away suddenly to go out to tea, the Rabbit was left out on the lawn until long after dusk, and Nana had to come and look for him with the candle because the Boy couldn't go to sleep unless he was there. He was wet through with the dew and quite earthy from diving into the burrows the Boy had made for him in the flower bed, and Nana grumbled as she rubbed him off with a corner of her apron.



Spring Time

"You must have your old Bunny!" she said. "Fancy all that fuss for a toy!"

The Boy sat up in bed and stretched out his hands.

"Give me my Bunny!" he said. "You mustn't say that. He isn't a toy. He's REAL!"

When the little Rabbit heard that he was happy, for he knew that what the Skin Horse had said was true at last. The nursery magic had happened to him, and he was a toy no longer. He was Real. The Boy himself had said it.

That night he was almost too happy to sleep, and so much love stirred in his little sawdust heart that it almost burst. And into his boot-button eyes, that had long ago lost their polish, there came a look of wisdom and beauty, so that even Nana noticed it next morning when she picked him up, and said, "I declare if that old Bunny hasn't got quite a knowing expression!"

That was a wonderful Summer!

Near the house where they lived there was a wood, and in the long June evenings the Boy liked to go there after tea to play. He took the Velveteen Rabbit with him, and before he wandered off to pick flowers, or play at brigands among the trees, he always made the Rabbit a little nest somewhere among the bracken, where he would be quite cosy, for he was a kind-hearted little boy and he liked Bunny to be comfortable. One evening, while the Rabbit was lying there alone, watching the ants that ran to and fro between his velvet paws in the grass, he saw two strange beings creep out of the tall bracken near him.

They were rabbits like himself, but quite furry and brand-new. They must have been very well made, for their seams didn't show at all, and they changed shape in a queer way when they moved; one minute they were long and thin and the next minute fat and bunched, instead of always staying the same like he did. Their feet padded softly on the ground, and they crept quite close to him, twitching their noses, while the Rabbit stared hard to see which side the clockwork stuck out, for he knew that people who jump generally have something to wind them up. But he couldn't see it. They were evidently a new kind of rabbit altogether.



Summer Days

They stared at him, and the little Rabbit stared back. And all the time their noses twitched.

"Why don't you get up and play with us?" one of them asked.

"I don't feel like it," said the Rabbit, for he didn't want to explain that he had no clockwork.

"Ho!" said the furry rabbit. "It's as easy as anything," And he gave a big hop sideways and stood on his hind legs.

"I don't believe you can!" he said.

"I can!" said the little Rabbit. "I can jump higher than anything!" He meant when the Boy threw him, but of course he didn't want to say so.

"Can you hop on your hind legs?" asked the furry rabbit.

That was a dreadful question, for the Velveteen Rabbit had no hind legs at all! The back of him was made all in one piece, like a pincushion. He sat still in the bracken, and hoped that the other rabbits wouldn't notice.

"I don't want to!" he said again.

But the wild rabbits have very sharp eyes. And this one stretched out his neck and looked.

"He hasn't got any hind legs!" he called out. "Fancy a rabbit without any hind legs!" And he began to laugh.

"I have!" cried the little Rabbit. "I have got hind legs! I am sitting on them!"

"Then stretch them out and show me, like this!" said the wild rabbit. And he began to whirl round and dance, till the little Rabbit got quite dizzy.

"I don't like dancing," he said. "I'd rather sit still!"

But all the while he was longing to dance, for a funny new tickly feeling ran through him, and he felt he would give anything in the world to be able to jump about like these rabbits did.

The strange rabbit stopped dancing, and came quite close. He came so close this time that his long whiskers brushed the Velveteen Rabbit's ear, and then he wrinkled his nose suddenly and flattened his ears and jumped backwards.

"He doesn't smell right!" he exclaimed. "He isn't a rabbit at all! He isn't real!"

"I *am* Real!" said the little Rabbit. "I am Real! The Boy said so!" And he nearly began to cry.

Just then there was a sound of footsteps, and the Boy ran past near them, and with a stamp of feet and a flash of white tails the two strange rabbits disappeared.

"Come back and play with me!" called the little Rabbit. "Oh, do come back! I *know* I am Real!"

But there was no answer, only the little ants ran to and fro, and the bracken swayed gently where the two strangers had passed. The Velveteen Rabbit was all alone.

"Oh, dear!" he thought. "Why did they run away like that? Why couldn't they stop and talk to me?"

For a long time he lay very still, watching the bracken, and hoping that they would come back. But they never returned, and presently the sun sank lower and the little white moths fluttered out, and the Boy came and carried him home.

Weeks passed, and the little Rabbit grew very old and shabby, but the Boy loved him just as much. He loved him so hard that he loved all his whiskers off, and the pink lining to his ears turned grey, and his brown spots faded. He even began to lose his shape, and he scarcely looked like a rabbit any more, except to the Boy. To him he was always beautiful, and that was all that the little Rabbit cared about. He didn't mind how he looked to other people, because the nursery magic had made him Real, and when you are Real shabbiness doesn't matter.

And then, one day, the Boy was ill.

His face grew very flushed, and he talked in his sleep, and his little body was so hot that it burned the Rabbit when he held him close. Strange people came and went in the nursery, and a light burned all night and through it all the little Velveteen Rabbit lay there, hidden from sight under the bedclothes, and he never stirred, for he was afraid that if they found him someone might take him away, and he knew that the Boy needed him.

It was a long weary time, for the Boy was too ill to play, and the little Rabbit found it rather dull with nothing to do all day long. But he snuggled down patiently, and looked forward to the time when the Boy should be well again, and they would go out in the garden amongst the flowers and the butterflies and play splendid games in the raspberry thicket like they used to. All sorts of delightful things he planned, and while the Boy lay half asleep he crept up close to the pillow and whispered them in his ear. And presently the fever turned, and the Boy got better. He was able to sit up in bed and look at picture-books, while the little Rabbit cuddled close at his side. And one day, they let him get up and dress.

It was a bright, sunny morning, and the windows stood wide open. They had carried the Boy out on to the balcony, wrapped in a shawl, and the little Rabbit lay tangled up among the bedclothes, thinking.

The Boy was going to the seaside to-morrow. Everything was arranged, and now it only remained to carry out the doctor's orders. They talked about it all, while the little Rabbit lay under the bedclothes, with just his head peeping out, and listened. The room was to be disinfected, and all the books and toys that the Boy had played with in bed must be burnt.

"Hurrah!" thought the little Rabbit. "To-morrow we shall go to the seaside!" For the boy had often talked of the seaside, and he wanted very much to see the big waves coming in, and the tiny crabs, and the sand castles.

Just then Nana caught sight of him.

"How about his old Bunny?" she asked.

"*That?*" said the doctor. "Why, it's a mass of scarlet fever germs!—Burn it at once. What? Nonsense! Get him a new one. He mustn't have that any more!"



Anxious Times

And so the little Rabbit was put into a sack with the old picture-books and a lot of rubbish, and carried out to the end of the garden behind the fowl-house. That was a fine place to make a bonfire, only the gardener was too busy just then to attend to it. He had the potatoes to dig and the green peas to gather, but next morning he promised to come quite early and burn the whole lot.

That night the Boy slept in a different bedroom, and he had a new bunny to sleep with him. It was a splendid bunny, all white plush with real glass eyes, but the Boy was too excited to care very much about it. For to-morrow he was going to the seaside, and that in itself was such a wonderful thing that he could think of nothing else.

And while the Boy was asleep, dreaming of the seaside, the little Rabbit lay among the old picture-books in the corner behind the fowl-house, and he felt very lonely. The sack had been left untied, and so by wriggling a bit he was able to get his head through the opening and look out. He was shivering a little, for he had always been used to sleeping in a proper bed, and by this time his coat had worn so thin and threadbare from hugging that it was no longer any protection to him. Near by he could see the thicket of raspberry canes, growing tall and close like a tropical jungle, in whose shadow he had played with the Boy on bygone mornings. He

thought of those long sunlit hours in the garden—how happy they were—and a great sadness came over him. He seemed to see them all pass before him, each more beautiful than the other, the fairy huts in the flower-bed, the quiet evenings in the wood when he lay in the bracken and the little ants ran over his paws; the wonderful day when he first knew that he was Real. He thought of the Skin Horse, so wise and gentle, and all that he had told him. Of what use was it to be loved and lose one's beauty and become Real if it all ended like this? And a tear, a real tear, trickled down his little shabby velvet nose and fell to the ground.

And then a strange thing happened. For where the tear had fallen a flower grew out of the ground, a mysterious flower, not at all like any that grew in the garden. It had slender green leaves the colour of emeralds, and in the centre of the leaves a blossom like a golden cup. It was so beautiful that the little Rabbit forgot to cry, and just lay there watching it. And presently the blossom opened, and out of it there stepped a fairy.

She was quite the loveliest fairy in the whole world. Her dress was of pearl and dew-drops, and there were flowers round her neck and in her hair, and her face was like the most perfect flower of all. And she came close to the little Rabbit and gathered him up in her arms and kissed him on his velveteen nose that was all damp from crying.

"Little Rabbit," she said, "don't you know who I am?"

The Rabbit looked up at her, and it seemed to him that he had seen her face before, but he couldn't think where.

"I am the nursery magic Fairy," she said. "I take care of all the playthings that the children have loved. When they are old and worn out and the children don't need them any more, then I come and take them away with me and turn them into Real."

"Wasn't I Real before?" asked the little Rabbit.

"You were Real to the Boy," the Fairy said, "because he loved you. Now you shall be Real to every one."



The Fairy Flower

And she held the little Rabbit close in her arms and flew with him into the wood.

It was light now, for the moon had risen. All the forest was beautiful, and the fronds of the bracken shone like frosted silver. In the open glade between the tree-trunks the wild rabbits danced with their shadows on the velvet grass, but when they saw the Fairy they all stopped dancing and stood round in a ring to stare at her.

"I've brought you a new playfellow," the Fairy said. "You must be very kind to him and teach him all he needs to know in Rabbit-land, for he is going to live with you for ever and ever!"

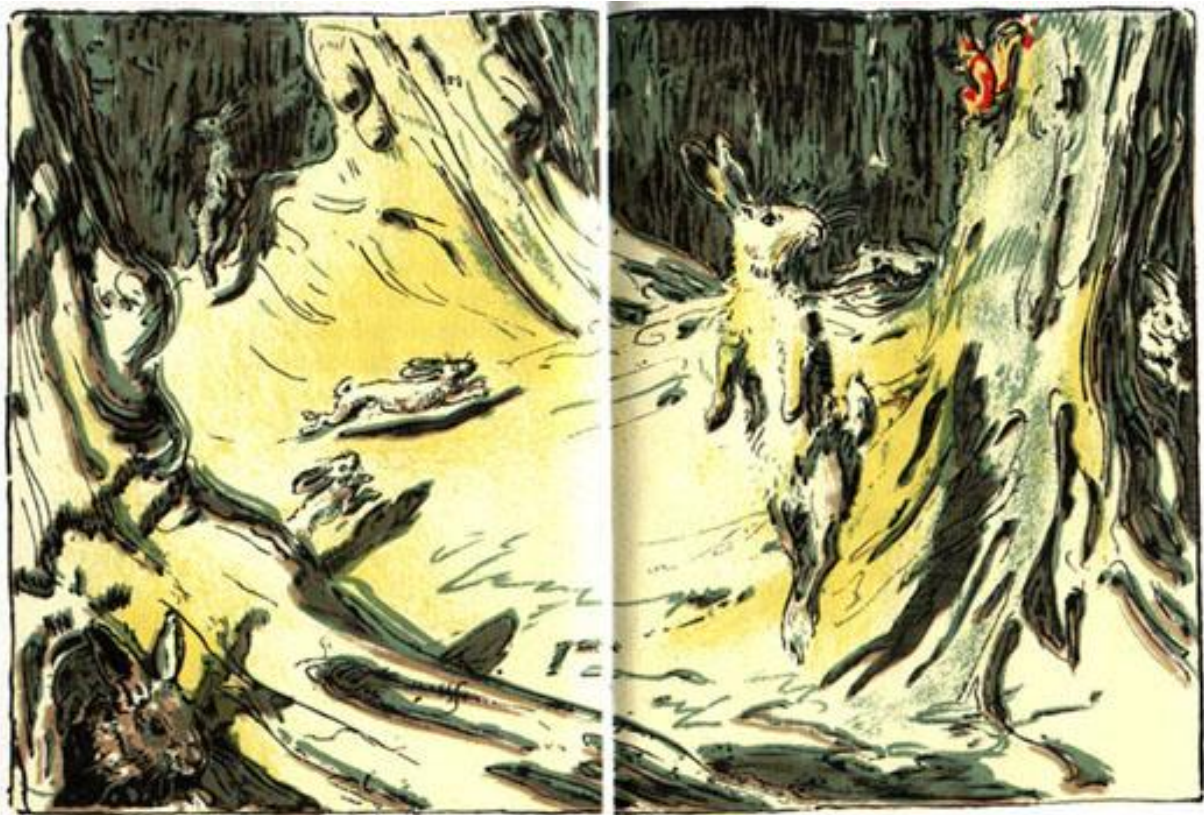
And she kissed the little Rabbit again and put him down on the grass.

"Run and play, little Rabbit!" she said.

But the little Rabbit sat quite still for a moment and never moved. For when he saw all the wild rabbits dancing around him he suddenly remembered about his hind legs, and he didn't want them to see that he was made all in one piece. He did not know that when the Fairy kissed him that last time she had changed him altogether. And he might have sat there a long time, too shy to move, if just then something hadn't tickled his nose, and before he thought what he was doing he lifted his hind toe to scratch it.

And he found that he actually had hind legs! Instead of dingy velveteen he had brown fur, soft and shiny, his ears twitched by themselves, and his whiskers were so long that they brushed the grass. He gave one leap and the joy of using those hind legs was so great that he went springing about the turf on them, jumping sideways and whirling round as the others did, and he grew so excited that when at last he did stop to look for the Fairy she had gone.

He was a Real Rabbit at last, at home with the other rabbits.



At Last! At Last!

Autumn passed and Winter, and in the Spring, when the days grew warm and sunny, the Boy went out to play in the wood behind the house. And while he was playing, two rabbits crept out from the bracken and peeped at him. One of them was brown all over, but the other had strange markings under his fur, as though long ago he had been spotted, and the spots still showed through. And about his little soft nose and his round black eyes there was something familiar, so that the Boy thought to himself:

"Why, he looks just like my old Bunny that was lost when I had scarlet fever!"

But he never knew that it really was his own Bunny, come back to look at the child who had first helped him to be Real.

Harnessing the Howls by Karin Winegar

Coon Hunt by Leroy Powell

Answer all questions using complete sentences. **HIGHLIGHT** where you find your answers in the text.

BEFORE YOU READ:

Think of an activity or hobby that you really enjoy. Have you ever met someone who makes fun of that hobby? If so, what do they say? How do you respond?

BACKGROUND:

The following two articles offer different views on raccoon hunting. Karin Winegar interviews a husband and wife who work as a competitive coon-hunting team. They take the sport very seriously. Leroy Powell, on the other hand, finds humor in the sport.

RESPONDING TO THE READINGS:

1. Describe the **tone**, or attitudes, of the authors toward their subjects.

Winegar:

Powell:

1b. Whose account of coon hunting did you find the most appealing? Explain your answer.

2. Does raccoon hunting sound fun to you? Use examples from either article **AND** Where the Red Fern Grows to explain why or why not.

3. According to “Harnessing the Howls,” how far can a coonhound voice carry (be heard)?

3b. What is the price range for coonhounds?

3c. How do handlers earn points during a coon hunting tournament? Explain.

4. In “Coon Hunt,” Powell’s first line states, “Hunting coons is a lot like eating chitterlings.” First, what is a chitterling? Next, explain the meaning of the quote within the context of the story.

5. Based on the two readings and on Where the Red Fern Grows, describe a typical raccoon hunt.

5b. With whom would you prefer to go coon hunting: Billy, Marilyn LeBlanc and Leon Swing, or Leroy Powell? Explain using evidence from any of the three texts.

Harnessing the howls; Handlers nurture the nature of their throaty coonhounds.

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

August 3, 1997 | Winegar, Karin

It was not a pretty view from the treed raccoon's perspective: mauve tongues lolling, drool flying and long ears flapping, three bluetick coonhounds leaped and scrambled and embraced the oak tree with their front paws all the while giving out hearty, nonstop howls - "rooh ahrooo roh."

Fortunately for the young raccoon hissing and growling in a wire mesh cage hung in a tree, it was just practice and she would soon be set free.

The hounds - Slick, age 6, Victory, 11, and 2-year old Windsor - are owned by Marilyn Le Blanc and Leon Swing of Bradford, Minn., and they were doing what comes naturally, barking up a tree.

Le Blanc is assistant manager for Federal Shooting Sports Center. Swing works as a field engineer for Anoka Electric Cooperative. Their pastime for several decades has been coonhounds, and they will give working coonhound demonstrations at the upcoming Game Fair at Armstrong Ranch Kennels in Anoka.

Competitive coon hunting is a night sport, they explained, where a cast (four handlers) and four hounds set out into the dark for two or three hours to test noses, voices and ears. The humans listen intently to the dogs, who vocally telegraph their moves on trail.

Coonhound handlers enter the woods wearing miners' lamps, gloves and chaps.

"We get into prickly ash and barbed wire; it saves on pants," said Le Blanc, who also wore a white plastic coon squaller on a lanyard around her neck.

"Here's a distress call," she said, blowing something raw and high that sounded like a screaming baby with a sore throat. "That gets a coon to move in the tree so you can see them."

Competitors must actually see the raccoon, not just rely on their dog's indication that it's in the tree.

"We might not see a coon at all on some nights; other nights we see five or six," Swing said. "That's why they are bred to bark on tracks. That ensures that hunters know where the dogs are, but it also lets game know, too. From the voice we can tell if it's a cold track, if they are looking at the coon or if they can't find it.

"To me, a good coonhound hunts with you, doesn't just hunt for you. You need a team out there."

Raccoons are treed but not killed in competitive coon hunting, Swing and Le Blanc said.

"I don't enjoy the kill. The only coons we shoot are nuisance coons - when a farmer calls us because they are destroying his crop," Le Blanc said.

Six breeds of coonhounds are used in competition: English, Plott hound, walker, redbone, black and tan and bluetick.

Hounds wear radio collars, but part of the game is for handlers to locate and read them by their voices.

"Generally, they bawl on a track - `oooohh' - and short chop - `oh, oh, owh' - on a tree," Le Blanc said. Handlers must "call" or identify their dog's voice and activity; for example, "tree, Victory." The first to do so gets 100 points, the next gets 75, then 50 and 25.

Swing and Le Blanc's hounds are Victory, who is bowlegged and hunch-shouldered, with intense yellow eyes that follow conversation; the thick-waisted Slick, who is affable; and Windsor, yippy, slim and eager. They also own Frosty, a retired 14-year-old swim dog and show champion.

A swim dog is a coonhound that follows a raccoon well through water. At the Game Fair, Swing and Le Blanc will set their hounds on a trail that crosses a lake by using a caged raccoon riding in a Styrofoam float.

"When we met in 1979, he [Swing] took me on my first hunt," Le Blanc said. "We went out in the woods, and he cut the dogs loose. They started barking, and he said they'd treed a raccoon. And I said, `How can you tell?' Then we leashed up the dogs and I said, `Is this it?' I didn't understand it until I got my own dog, then I found out what his dogs did is pretty special, and how much it took to do that."

Said Swing: "She got her own dog in 1981, and it's been hard to keep her out of the woods. Marilyn and I operate like a team; we hunt together, fish together, train dogs, the whole shot."

The pair have hunted raccoon competitively from Michigan to North Carolina and from the Dakotas to Texas.

"I'm only uncomfortable in Texas," Swing said. "They've got snakes and alligators, I mean big ones! I'll watch, but I'm not goin' in the swamps."

The United Kennel Club (UKC) offers competition in field, swim, night hunting and bench (conformation) divisions. Swing is former president of the Minnesota Coonhound Association and a licensed UKC master of hounds and bench show judge. There are 12 coonhound clubs in Minnesota, with 50 to 100 hounds per club, he said, and events every weekend.

They hope to dispel the stereotype of coon hunters as "Southern moonshiners," pointing out that plenty of professional people run coonhounds.

"I always wanted a coonhound when I was a kid, when I did a lot of hunting, and read `Where the Red Fern Grows,' a real tear-jerker about coonhounds," Swing said. "In my 20s, I got a black and tan who hunted everything - coyote, fox, coon - and didn't work on anything. In the 1970s, I got into registered blueticks, and I've been in them ever since."

Today, the couple work dogs on their 170 acres in Bradford and on neighboring land where they have permission to conduct night hunts.

Coonhound voices carry up to a half-mile or mile, depending on the dog and the wind.

"I like training and being outdoors with dogs," Le Blanc said. "They are like kids - some are aggressive, some passive, some smarter than others."

Coonhounds range in price from about \$250 for a puppy to \$2,000 for a well-trained hound.

Le Blanc and Swing say it's the people that keep them in the sport, as well as their own love of dogs.

"We take a lot of pride and pleasure in seeing them do well," she said.

1/3 Game Fair '97

Information

- **When:** Friday through Sunday and Aug. 15-17, from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. each day.
- **Where:** Armstrong Ranch Kennels, 8404 161st Av. N.W., Anoka.
- **Admission:** \$7 for adults, \$5 for seniors (65 and older), \$3 for children. Family admission is \$10 on Aug. 8th and 15th.
- **More information:** Call Chuck or Frank Delaney at 427-0944.

Featured activities

- Retriever championship
- Sporting clays events
- Demonstrations by shotgun expert and trick shooter John Satterwhite
- Master falconer Frank Taylor
- Snow goose authority Dennis Hunt
- Archery demonstrations and free instruction for children and adults
- Land and water retrieving and pointing dog tests
- Coonhound demonstrations
- Duck and goose calling contests

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COON HUNT

In this essay, LeRoy Powell gives us his viewpoint on coon hunting.

Hunting coons is a lot like eating chitterlings.¹ If you do either of them once, you never have to do it again. It's like being vaccinated.² One unpleasant dose will protect you. After one serving of chitterlings, for instance, you have an excuse that will keep you chitterling-free forever. From then on, if anybody asks you if you want some chitterlings, you can say, "No thank you, I had some already." I had my chitterlings ten years ago. I don't want any more. Coon hunting is like that too.

The raccoon is a very intelligent animal. I wish I could say the same for coon hunters. Some people around here get great pleasure out of coon hunts and go every chance they get. I figured it must hold some attraction that you can't see from a distance, so one January evening, I hooked up with a bunch of boys in Newton County, Georgia for a night of adventure.

The way you go coon hunting is you get together with a crowd of other coon-seekers and their coon dogs and head for the woods in the middle of the night. When you get to the woods, you turn the dogs loose. Then you wait—a cluster of full-grown men wearing hip boots and hard hats with little headlights stuck to them—and listen to the dogs bark. I don't have to go to the middle of the woods to hear dogs bark. I have a dog at my house.

But coon hunters love this. They know each dog's voice. Each hunter knows what his dog is saying to him. They do not speak Dog, but they understand it fluently.

You are standing around in the woods, a pack of dogs is running around howling in the dark, and the coon hunters are having a grand old time. You, the initiate, are just freezing to death. Weather is very important in coon hunting. It has to be cold enough to be really uncomfortable or the hunters are not happy. Somewhere out in the darkness is a coon, and he is likely, when pursued by a pack of dogs, to climb a tree. The dogs report to their owners on the progress of the chase.

1 chitterlings: small intestines of pigs

2 vaccinated: made immune to a disease

A **run-on sentence** is two or more sentences written incorrectly as one.

Example Virginia baked a chocolate cake it tasted great.

Notice the two sentences formed from one:

Virginia baked a chocolate cake.
It tasted great.

Directions: Rewrite the following run-on sentences.

1. Four species of skunks are found in North America two are found in Canada. _____
2. The striped skunk is found in eastern Canada it has thick, shiny fur that is both attractive and distinct. _____
3. Its white stripe begins as a thin line down the middle of the face a wide white stripe runs along the top of the head. _____
4. The hairs on the tail are 10 to 13 cm long the skunk makes each hair stand erect when frightened. _____
5. The striped skunk is found in forested areas some skunks move into urban areas they take up residence in sheds, wood piles, and cellars. _____
6. Often, you can smell a skunk before you can see it the skunk is often fearless it may not run off when spotted by humans. _____

A group of words that does not express a complete thought is called a **sentence fragment**. A fragment is **not** a sentence.

Example Under the coffee table. (sentence fragment)
Please look under the coffee table. (sentence)

Directions: Identify which groups of words are sentences by writing the letter **S** in the blank. If the group of words does not form a sentence, write **SF**.

1. _____ Interest in building a canal across the Isthmus of Panama.
2. _____ The usefulness of such a canal for sea trade.
3. _____ Now that the United States was a power in both the Caribbean Sea and the Pacific Ocean.
4. _____ What is now Panama was a northern province of Colombia.
5. _____ When the Colombian legislature refused to ratify a treaty.
6. _____ Giving the United States the right to build and manage a canal.
7. _____ Panama granted the U.S. a lease in return for \$10 million and a yearly fee of \$250,000.
8. _____ The completion of the canal in 1914 was a major triumph.
9. _____ Directed by Colonel George W. Goethals.
10. _____ While the conquest of malaria and yellow fever in a tropical jungle.
11. _____ Proved to be an outstanding achievement of preventive medicine.

Forming Plural Nouns

Most singular nouns can be made into plural nouns using one of the following rules:

1. Add -s to most nouns.	bird, birds
2. If the noun ends in y with a consonant before the y , change the y to i and add -es .	penny, pennies
3. If the noun ends in y with a vowel before the y , just add -s .	chimney, chimneys
4. If the noun ends in s , sh , ch , or x , add -es .	class, classes
5. For some nouns ending in f , add -s .	chief, chiefs
6. For some nouns ending in f or fe , change the f or fe to v and add -es .	wolf, wolves
7. Some nouns form an irregular plural.	man, men
8. Some nouns stay the same for both singular and plural.	deer, deer
9. For some nouns ending with a consonant and an o , add -s ; to others add -es .	solo, solos hero, heroes

Directions: Write the correct plurals for each of the following nouns. Some may already be correct.

- loafs _____
- desks _____
- patches _____
- echoes _____
- buildings _____
- trays _____
- Eskimoes _____
- deer _____
- womans _____
- pianoes _____
- mice _____
- sheeps _____
- partys _____
- calfs _____
- babies _____
- potatos _____

Possessive Nouns

A **possessive noun** shows ownership. Form the possessive of a **singular noun** by adding an apostrophe (') and **-s**.

Example girl's dress Mrs. Davis's car

Form the possessive of a **plural noun** that ends in **s** by adding only an apostrophe (').

Example dogs' tails girls' purses

Form the possessive of a **plural noun** that does not end in **s** by adding an apostrophe (') and **-s**.

Example the men's cars children's toys

Directions: Rewrite the following sentences on the lines below. Write the possessive form of the underlined nouns.

1. Janice spoke to the students committee about their club needs.

2. Dr. Scott office is next door to Angelica Antique Shop.

3. My father uncle gave me my grandfather clock.

4. The picture frame was damaged by the mover carelessness.

5. We found the dog collar in my Aunt Sarah yard.

6. Many of the children toys were lost when they moved from Denver.

Their/There/They're

Homonyms, words that have the same sound or spelling but different meanings, are often misspelled. Look at these words, and notice how their meanings are different. To help you recall which meaning belongs with which word, try to think of a memory device.

Example

Their is the **possessive form of they**.

Grace and Jasmine gave *their* speeches today.

There is an **adverb** that means "at that point."

Please move your science books over *there*.

They're is a **contraction for they are**.

They're coming to the birthday party today.

Directions: Use the correct word, *their*, *there*, or *they're*, in the following sentences.

1. Naturally, _____ going to bring a nice gift for her.
2. Michele always goes _____ for lunch on Tuesday.
3. Please place the lamp on that table over _____.
4. _____ luggage was stolen in the airport terminal.
5. Miguel and Juanita are _____ cousins from Chile.
6. _____ coming to my house for dinner tonight.
7. Lewis and Clark led _____ expedition in 1803.
8. _____ widening Briarcliff Road to ease the traffic problem.
9. Would you please give them a ride to _____ house?

Its/It's, Your/You're

Its is the **possessive form** (showing ownership) of *it*.

It's is the **contraction for it is or it has**.

Example

It's been a long time since we saw Aunt Helen. The squirrel is searching for *its* food.

Your is the **possessive pronoun for you**.

You're is the **contraction of you are**.

Example

Your teacher is absent today.

Tell me when *you're* coming over for dinner.

Directions: Choose the correct form of the words in parentheses.

1. Marvin, (your, you're) such a kind friend and neighbor.
2. (Its, It's) surely going to rain sometime soon.
3. (Your, You're) sister Nancy is my very best friend.
4. The dog did not like (its, it's) flea bath.
5. Please tell (your, you're) mother that we will be glad to come to dinner.
6. Where did you hide (your, you're) tennis racket?
7. Jason, (its, it's) about time for you to clean out your closet.
8. (Your, You're) bicycle was left in the driveway last night, and (its, it's) back wheel has been smashed by your brother's car.
9. (Its, It's) time for (your, you're) piano lessons to begin.
10. Whether (your, you're) happy or not, (its, it's) necessary to begin your homework.