

Migration Paragraph Frame

My name is _____ . My family migrated to _____

because _____

_____ .

When we first moved here I felt _____

_____ .

Where we used to live, in _____ , it was _____

_____ .

One thing I like better about where we live now is _____

_____ .

But I really liked _____

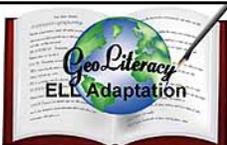
about our old home. I feel really _____ that we moved here because

_____ .



Character Traits Recording Sheet

Story Passage	Mama's Feelings or Traits
<p>Emily watched Mama. Mama was sitting very straight, not taking her eyes from the ruts that showed where the road was. "John," she said, "for five years now we've had a house with a flush toilet."</p> <p>Her voice sounded odd and tight. Almost as if she were going to cry, thought Emily</p>	
<p>Mama took a deep breath and pulled Jane close. "When I was a girl we lived for a time on a ranch," she said, "and we had a tennis court. John, do you suppose we could lay out a court here for the girls?" So Emily knew it was decided.</p>	
<p>Supper the first night was late; Mama had a hard time getting the kerosene stove to work. She kept humming all the time she was cooking, so Emily knew she'd better behave. Humming didn't mean Mama was happy. When she was happy, she sang.</p>	
<p>She whispered, so as not to worry the others. "Papa hasn't ever been a farmer. Can he really get things to grow here? There isn't even any water."</p> <p>"Of course he can," Mama whispered back. "Your father is a very capable man." She kissed Emily. "Anyway, the Prests have the land right next to ours. Mr. Prest will help. Everything's going to be all right."</p>	



Emily invented a system. She and Mama would get two flatirons. Emily would wait indoors next to the screen while Mama, humming bravely, tiptoed outside. On signal, they clapped their irons together and flattened the invader. Everybody cheered but Mama.

Mama helped them make wreaths from greasewood.

They put one over the mantel and one on the door and carried the other two over to Mr. and Mrs. Prest, for presents. The Prests came over to their house on Christmas Eve, and everyone squeezed around the piano to sing carols. Mama had baked mince pies, so the house smelled like Christmas.

Spring was starting when Emily heard Mama singing, a song she used to sing in the old house. “Won’t you come home, Bill Bailey, won’t you come home,” she sang. At supper that evening she told Papa a letter had come from Cousin Fletcher, back east. He wanted to lend them money so that they could buy the land outright, instead of having to homestead it. “I’m sure that Mr. Prest would tend the crops for us,” said Mama. “If you feel you’d like to move back to town, the house is only leased out until June. We could.”

