

# THURSDAY

Story    Exercises    Artistic Lesson    Nature activity

## ACADEMIC LESSON

### STORY TO BEGIN THE DAY (READ BY AN ADULT)

#### **Charlotte, 8 and a half**

As soon as the video started, I told our cousins that a doe had come to eat in our garden last night. We watched her through the window!

But Rebecca and Laurie had even more incredible things to tell us. Every night they make noise at their windows to thank all the healers working in the hospitals! And all the other people living on the street make noise from their windows and balconies too, it's a party! Oh, how I wish I had been with them!

I told them,

"I would so much like to be a doctor! To work a lot and save lives. And then everyone would applaud me."

"I want to be a garbage collector," said Manolito.

Lucia chuckled,

"You say that because you want to ride at the back of the truck."

"No, I say it because I like to pick up the trash and afterwards it's very clean!"

"It's true," said his mother, "he likes everything to be clean at our place, and he has a passion for emptying the small trash cans in each room into the large kitchen trash bin every day."

"Yes, it's fun," he said, "and then all is clean!"

"It's such an important job," said Rebecca and Laurie's mother, "we should applaud them too, the garbage collectors."

"But yes," said Laurie, "imagine if not only we had to stay at home but in addition nobody came to pick up our trash?"

"It would be horrible!" said Manolito with a devastated voice. I wanted to enter the screen to hug him. He is so cute!

"But the worst of the worst of the worst would be if we couldn't even buy food," said Lucia.

"Oh yes, that would be the worst of the worst," said Solange.

"I say, we must also applaud the people who sell food and who cook and who transport food for us," said Lucien.

"But they are all lucky," said Antonio, "they go to work and they see people every day, while I'm stuck here and I'm fed up!"

"Besides, they're not afraid of the virus," said Solange.

"Maybe they are afraid but they go to work anyway because they don't want us to have nothing to eat," said Léonie.

"Oh, they're so nice," said Lucien, "you should applaud them too."

"Why are they not afraid when we are afraid?" asked Lucia.

"If we are in good health, there is no reason to fear a virus," Melody reminded us. "It's okay to be a little bit sick."

"Yes," said Antonio, "it's not so serious, our neighbor got it, and he healed very quickly."

"So not everyone has to go to the hospital?" I asked.

"But no, of course not!" said Rebecca.

I felt a weight coming over my shoulders.

I don't want to go to the hospital.

Well, except to be a doctor!

Then Rebecca's mother said,

"In any case, children do not get sick from this virus. Or extremely rarely. It is mainly adults who catch it."

"But then why do we have to stay at home?" asked Antonio.

"Because even if you are not sick, the virus can travel in your saliva and be transmitted to someone else."

"Well that's okay, I'm not going to spit on anyone!"

This made us laugh.

Then Mom said,

"When you talk or when you cough, there are tiny droplets of saliva that come out of your mouth, and they can land on people, or on your hands and then the virus can travel to whatever you touch. So, by staying inside, we prevent too many people from becoming sick at the same time, because there is already too much work for the doctors and nurses and nursing assistants and all those people who take care of the sick."

"Yes, we know," said Laurie.

"That's why we applaud them," said Rebecca. "And when I applaud them I really feel how grateful I am that there are so many people who choose to do such an important job. Because if mom or dad gets sick, or Laurie, I'll be so happy that they are there to take good care of them."

"Oh yes, it's the best job in the world," I said.

I couldn't wait to be an adult and to finally start working.

"I think you should especially applaud children like us," said Antonio, "because it's not for ourselves that we stay inside, it's for everyone, so as not to spread the contagion. So, I say that we should applaud ourselves, because for children it sucks not to go outside to play, and in addition it is not good for us, mom always told us: children you must get some fresh air every day."

"Yes, my dear, you guys are brave. And very generous. Thank you for doing this," said his mother.

"Well, we really don't have a choice," he said.

"Thanks anyway," she said laughing.

"Even if we don't have a choice, we can choose how we do it," said Camille. "If we do it willingly so that the most fragile people don't get sick because of us, that matters."

"Of course, it matters darling, everything you do with your heart matters, it matters a lot, and in addition it makes you happy too," said Melody.

"Yes, it's true, if we see things like that, it makes me less angry," sighed Antonio.

"Well, I want to applaud all the kids now," said my mom, who had followed the conversation.

And all the adults applauded us!! For at least a full minute! I was too happy.

"It's especially us that they are applauding Charlotte, it's not worth grinning ear to ear," Antonio teased. "Don't forget, you can go out and walk around every day."

But he had a nice voice so I was not upset.

And I kept smiling ear to ear.

Antonio was anxious to start the lesson, so he asked,

"Alright, but what about the trees?"

We all laughed because we knew he had been holding back for a long time.

So Melody started.

*For children under the age of eight, you could stop reading here.*

*If you continue reading for older children, the younger ones can at this point change activities for example they can draw a picture of the story or play calmly.*

### **MEMORIZATION**

(AROUND 10 MINUTES)

Ask the children to tell you what they learned about little soil builders the day before.

### **READING**

*Depending on your child's reading level, you can ask him to read the text (partly silently and partly out loud), or you can read it to him, or alternate reading it out loud.*

*When he reads it out loud, help him to read slowly and clearly and follow the punctuation (pause when there is a period, give expression to exclamation and question marks, etc.)*

### **Léonie, 8 and a half years old**

"Yesterday we talked about the bugs in the ground, but there are also insects that do not participate in decomposition at all, and yet they are very, very important for the landscape. Do you know who they are?"

"I know," said Lucia, "the bees. Without them there would be no flowers."

"But flowers are not part of the landscape," I said, "they can come or go, it doesn't change much."

"It's not true!" said Lucia.

"No, that's not true, since without the plants that die and decompose, the soil would be all dead and hard," said Antonin. "That's what we learned yesterday."

"Yes, and in addition, without the roots of the trees, the soil would flow into the rivers, the hills would collapse, in short ... without plants there would be no soil!" said Rebecca.

"Or in any case, no soil worthy of the name," said Antonin.

"And no landscape worthy of the name," added Melody.

"How do bees create flowers?" asked Lucia.

She always asks cute questions. That's why we love her so much... well, not just for that.

Melody explained to her how pollinating insects, like bees and butterflies, go from flower to flower to feed on nectar, and in the center of the flowers there are tiny delicate filaments that point to the sky, they are called the stamens and they produce pollen. And when the insects drink the nectar, the pollen clings a little to them. And then they continue their journey from flower to flower, and the pollen sometimes falls off their legs and attaches to a pistil which is right in the middle of the flower. The pistil is like a very thin cup and when the pollen falls into it, it will mix with the tiny egg at the bottom. And there, thanks to pollen, the egg turns into a seed! When the pistil has finished its pistil work, it turns into fruit, and grows around and encases the seed and protects it well.

I wasn't listening too much, because when Melody said pistil and stamens I found them so beautiful as words that I just wanted to think about that...

But Lucia got me out of my reverie by saying something too cute.

"Flowers are beautiful so that butterflies come to visit them! Because they need them!"

"Yes, they like to receive little visits from their friends," said Lucien. "Maybe they tell each other secrets ..."

"They even look quite similar," I said ...

"Flowers are like the sisters of butterflies," said Camille.

"Yes," said Lucien, "butterflies are flowers that fly!"

"And flowers are butterflies attached to the ground," I said ...

But Antonin was eager to learn new things, and he said,

"And the fruits that we don't pick, they fall at the foot of the tree or the flower, and when the fruit breaks down, the seeds are released and it grows and forms a new tree, right?"

"Yes," said Melody, "and often it's good for the seed that the fruit is eaten by an animal, because it will do its droppings a little further away, and there the seed can grow. That way they have room, they don't all grow in the same place."

"But what about the other seeds that are not in a fruit, how do they go to grow elsewhere?" asked Charlotte.

"Some travel with the wind. Others with the water. It depends on the forms they have. And still others cling to animal hair, or to human clothing. And they fall off eventually."

"Oh, so that's why there are those annoying seeds that get caught in our clothes with their little hooks!" exclaimed Camille.

"Exactly," said Melody, "and they're not trying to be annoying, they're trying to go further."

"Well, I forgive them then," said Camille to make us laugh.

"You know," said Melody, "that's how larch trees spread along the roads of Europe a long time ago. Their seeds clung to the clothes of the peddlers, they traveled like that and spread all along all the roads where the peddlers passed by!"

"The peddlers were the people who walked from village to village to sell things," said Camille.

"But they didn't know that at the same time they were creating forests," said Lucien laughing.

"Kind of like the squirrels," said Melody. "They store seeds, and don't know that often they plant trees."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well they forgot some of their hiding places, and the seeds can then germinate!"

"Incredible"... said Lucien pensively.

"So, hummingbirds, when they go to drink the nectar from the flowers, do they also spread pollen?" asked Camille.

"Yep," said Melody. "All these little animals that disperse pollen and allow flowers to form seeds, they are called pollinators. The main ones are the bees, but there are also many other insects, even flies and ants! And birds, and little bats and even little rodents who drink the nectar of flowers, like the horned shrew! All these pollinators, they participate in the creation of the landscape, because it is

thanks to them that plants spread and continue to be born everywhere on earth. And the wind is also a pollinator! The larch for example, has yellow cones which produce pollen, and the wind carries the pollen on its small pink cones where the seeds are formed. And the seeds have wings, and they are also spread by the wind, so they can germinate further way."

"So, the construction of the landscape comes from above and from below," said Antonin. "There is the earth that moves a little, the bugs that work in the ground below, and the insects that fly above, and all that together, it creates the landscape that we see."

"Yes," said Melody. "And there are still a lot of things that we haven't talked about that are involved in building the landscape. There is the action of planets and stars. There are cows, which also contribute to the fertility of the earth through their droppings."

"And the other animals too?"

"Yes, all herbivorous animals, they transform the plants inside themselves after eating them, and it comes out in the form of very fertile droppings for the earth. And then there are the carnivorous animals that regulate it all, by eating the surplus of insects and animals, so that there is always a balance and the landscape is not devastated by dint of being eaten and decomposed by critters and herbivores. And finally, there are all the animals that build, which we will talk about later, such as termites and beavers, which have a lot of influence on the landscape of the forest and rivers."

"Basically, there are always a million other things to learn about in life," said Antonin.

"Yes, but what should be remembered for the moment is that the landscape is all about balance. An infinity of beings play a role in creating and maintaining this magical balance. Beings large or small or tiny, or immense like the forces of the wind and the sun and the earth itself ..."

**LESSON 1<sup>ST</sup> AND 2<sup>ND</sup> GRADE**

*Please see the document "Academic Exercises".*

**LESSON 3<sup>RD</sup> - 7<sup>TH</sup> GRADE**

*(around 60 minutes)*

**To be copied in the beautiful notebooks**

*The Plants and Their Helpers*

*It is the plants that provide life for the soil and for all the inhabitants of the earth.*

*But to grow and spread in the landscape, they need little helpers that disseminate their pollen and seeds.*

*These helpers are pollinators and disseminators; wind, water, bees, butterflies, hummingbirds, squirrels and many other insects and animals.*

*Some plants spread by themselves; their roots grow underground and shoot up nearby as other plants like themselves.*



## ARTISTIC LESSON

FORM DRAWING: BUTTERFLY

**First practice the symmetry in**

**motion:** Lay a rope or wire on the ground and walk on one side of the rope. Your child tries to walk like you on the other side, though mirrored, then you switch roles.

**Then take a very large sheet of paper and perform the following steps in front of your child.** (He then does each step in his own way on his sheet):

- Find the center and draw the body of the butterfly there.
- First with your fingers, create the outline of the wings around the body: decide how you want to draw them.
- With a light pencil draw a wing on one side, then try to make its exact symmetry on the other side.
- Look at the wings and balance them so that they are really symmetrical, go over with a light pencil as many times as necessary until the two wings are in balance.
- Go over with a darker pencil only once the final line of each wing is decided.
- In light pencil, create imaginative shapes in one wing, and draw them in symmetry on the other wing.
- Go over the shapes in dark pencil, then color in with colored pencil.

## END OF MORNING STORY

*The following story is adapted especially for the 3rd grade and up. For the 1st and 2nd grades, it is better to focus on the evening story and the one that opens the morning, otherwise it would be too much for them.*

### **MEMORIZATION**

Ask the children to tell you the story from the day before.

### **TO BE READ BY AN ADULT:**

#### **Camille, 10 years old**

Yesterday Melody told us the terrible story of the Egyptians who suddenly started to be afraid of the people of Israel and enslaved them to weaken them even when they had started out as friends... I have been looking so much forward to hearing more.

I asked her,

"So finally, what was the idea of this horrible pharaoh?"

So, she continued to tell the story.

"The pharaoh said to his people,

"Do not be afraid, I will solve your problem, you can continue to go about your business in peace."

And he said to himself that these people of Israel had no real country of their own, so he called them the Hebrews, which meant "the wanderers" in Egyptian.

Then he summoned the two midwives of the people of Israel, those responsible for helping all the women among the daughters of Israel on the day of their birth giving. And he said to them, " The Hebrews, those wanderers, when you help their women give birth, take a look at the sex of the baby; if it is a boy, kill him, if it is a girl, let her live. Thus, little by little, the population will decrease, and these people will no longer be a threat to us. We can then live in peace."

At that time, no one would have dared to disobey the king of Egypt, so he had no doubt that the two midwives would do what he had commanded of them. Especially since they were Egyptian. But the midwives did not want at any cost to do such a thing, so they overcame their fear of the king's punishment, and they continued to deliver the babies of the Hebrew women, taking good care of the little baby boys as well as the little baby girls.

A few months later, while the pharaoh was walking in the country he noticed that the women of the Hebrews sometimes had a baby boy in their arms. Astonished, he called the midwives and asked them,

"Why did you do it? Why did you let the boys live?"

And the midwives answered the pharaoh,

"The women of the Hebrews are not like the Egyptians, they are full of vitality, before the midwife even arrived, they had already given birth. That's why we could not obey your orders."

Then the pharaoh said to himself that these people were decidedly very powerful, and he was even more afraid.

He called the Egyptians again, and said to them,

"Throw all the sons who will be born to the Hebrews, throw them into the Nile. Let only the girls live."

There, Léonie cried out, and Charlotte asked, her voice vibrant with anger,

"But first, what is the Nile?"

"It is the great river that passes through Egypt," I told her.

"Well, he shouldn't do that," she exclaimed, punching the table.

Melody hugged her hand tenderly, and she continued the story.

"When he learned of the pharaoh's new decree, one Hebrew decided not to live with his wife anymore, to avoid getting her pregnant and having to watch his baby being thrown into the Nile. But this man had a daughter, Myriam, who had always dreamed of having a little brother or a little sister. She was horrified when she learned of her father's decision.

Finally, she summoned up all her courage and spoke to him thus,

"Father ... what you are doing is even worse than what Pharaoh does ...

"How is that my daughter?"

"Because he allows baby girls to live, while you condemn all babies, girls and boys.

"What?"

"Maybe I could have had a little sister, but now that you've left the house, mom will never have a baby, girl or boy again. Maybe I have a little sister who wants to be born, who knows?"

And the father heard his little girl.

He decided to trust and return to his wife.

And his wife became pregnant.

After seven months, she bore a son."

"Oh no!" we all shouted.

"And the woman looked at her baby.

He was beautiful.

Very small and weak; he was born premature.

But so radiant that the house was all lit up, clear like the light of the sun and the moon when they shine.

She understood from the bottom of her heart that this child was very special, and that everything possible had to be done to keep him from being snatched by the pharaoh's claws.

So, she decided to save him, even if she would risk her life.

She hid him at home in her room.

She even hid him from her son, Aaron, to keep him from telling his friends.

No one knew that she had hidden the child, except her husband, and her daughter Myriam, who helped her take care of the baby.

But the baby was growing, he was a month, then two months old, then three months... and it became impossible to hide him. He needed the air and the sun.

So, the mother took a reed basket, the reed is a plant that you can weave to make baskets. She coated the basket with bitumen and tar to make it waterproof. Then she placed her child there, and placed the basket on the edge of the Nile, in the middle of the reeds.

What happened to this little baby hidden among the reeds, I will tell you tomorrow."

Of course, we all protested, as usual, and we went to do our chores to prepare the meal. I was completely silent. I felt like I was carrying this little baby against my heart. I was sure he would be saved.

## NATURE ACTIVITY

### *IF WALKING OUTDOORS IS POSSIBLE*

**During your walk, play like a butterfly;** try to run as if you were flying as lightly as possible, as if you weighed very little and that the wind and the rays of the sun could bring you from here to there... then stop somewhere gracefully like a butterfly to drink from a flower ... and fly away again!

### *IF WALKING OUTDOORS IS NOT POSSIBLE*

With your family, put on a piece of music you love and dance like butterflies; as lightly and gracefully as possible, as if you didn't weigh anything and the wind and the rays of the sun could bring you from here to there ...

And then you can sprout lentil seeds. In a few days you can eat their sprouts!  
[Tutorial here.](#)