

# Making Connections with The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

Now you must know that a town mouse went on a visit to his cousin in the country. He was rough and ready, this cousin, but he loved his town friend and made him heartily welcome. Beans and bacon, cheese and bread, were all he had to offer, but he offered them freely. The town mouse rather turned up his long nose at this country fare, and said, "I cannot understand, Cousin, how you can put up with such poor food as this, but of course you cannot expect anything better in the country; Come you with me and I will show you how to live. When you have been in town a week you will wonder how you could ever have stood a country life."

No sooner said than done, the two mice set off for the town and arrived at the town mouse's home late at night. "You will want some refreshment after our long journey," said the polite town mouse, and took his friend into the grand dining-room.

There they found the remains of a fine feast, and soon the two mice were eating up jellies and cakes and all that was nice. Suddenly they heard growling and barking. "What is that?" said the country mouse.

"It is only the dogs of the house," answered the other.

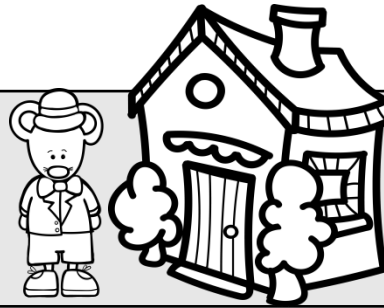
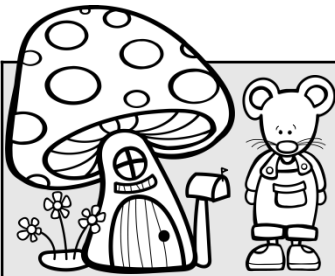
"Only!" said the country mouse. "I do not like that music at my dinner." Just at that moment the door flew open, in came two huge mastiffs, and the two mice had to scamper down and run off.

"Good-bye, Cousin," said the country mouse.

"What! going so soon?" said the other.

"Yes," he replied.

**Complete the statements related to the story. Check the type of connection made for each comment.**



	Text-to-Self	Text-to-Text	Text-to-World	Text-to-Media	No Connection
That reminds me of _____ _____					
If I were the city mouse, I would _____ _____					
I remember when _____ _____					
I felt like the country mouse when _____ _____					
_____ _____					
_____ _____					

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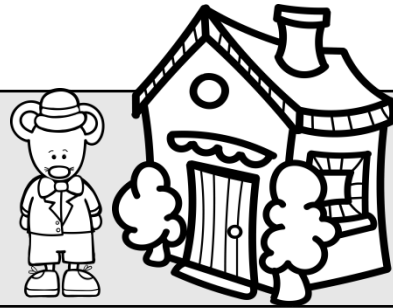
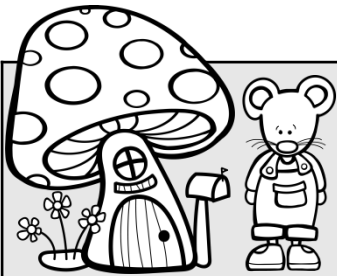
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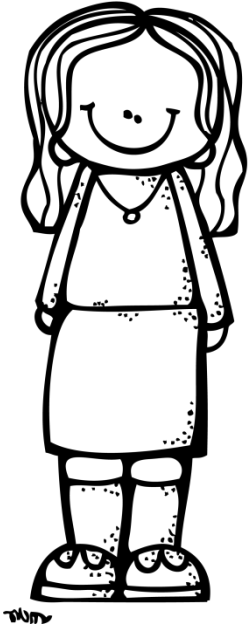


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# Making Connections with Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

## Veruca Salt

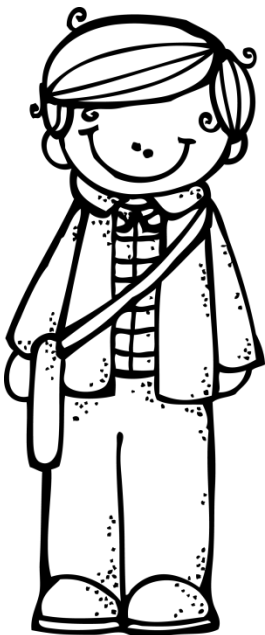


Suddenly, on the day before Charlie Bucket's birthday, the newspapers announced that the second Golden Ticket had been found. The lucky person was a small girl called Veruca Salt who lived with her rich parents in a great city far away. Once again Mr Bucket's evening newspaper carried a big picture of the finder. She was sitting between her beaming father and mother in the living room of their house, waving the Golden Ticket above her head, and grinning from ear to ear.

Veruca's father, Mr Salt, had eagerly explained to the newspapermen exactly how the ticket was found. 'You see, boys,' he had said, 'as soon as my little girl told me that she simply had to have one of those Golden Tickets, I went out into the town and started buying up all the Wonka bars I could lay my hands on. Thousands of them, I must have bought. Hundreds of thousands! Then I had them loaded on to trucks and sent directly to my own factory. I'm in the peanut business, you see, and I've got about a hundred women working for me over at my place, shelling peanuts for roasting and salting. That's what they do all day long, those women, they sit there shelling peanuts. So I says to them, "Okay, girls," I says, "from now on, you can stop shelling peanuts and start shelling the wrappers off these chocolate bars instead!" And they did. I had every worker in the place yanking the paper off those bars of chocolate full speed ahead from morning till night.

'But three days went by, and we had no luck. Oh, it was terrible! My little Veruca got more and more upset each day, and every time I went home she would scream at me, "Where's my Golden Ticket! I want my Golden Ticket!" And she would lie for hours on the floor, kicking and yelling in the most disturbing way. Well, I just hated to see my little girl feeling unhappy like that, so I vowed I would keep up the search until I'd got her what she wanted. Then suddenly . . . on the evening of the fourth day, one of my women workers yelled, "I've got it! A Golden Ticket!" And I said, "Give it to me, quick!" and she did, and I rushed it home and gave it to my darling Veruca, and now she's all smiles, and we have a happy home once again.'

## Charlie Bucket



'That child,' said Grandpa Joe, poking his head up from under the blanket one icy morning, 'that child has got to have more food. It doesn't matter about us. We're too old to bother with. But a growing boy! He can't go on like this! He's beginning to look like a skeleton!'

'What can one do?' murmured Grandma Josephine miserably. 'He refuses to take any of ours. I hear his mother tried to slip her own piece of bread on to his plate at breakfast this morning, but he wouldn't touch it. He made her take it back.' 'He's a fine little fellow,' said Grandpa George. 'He deserves better than this.' The cruel weather went on and on.

And every day, Charlie Bucket grew thinner and thinner. His face became frighteningly white and pinched. The skin was drawn so tightly over the cheeks that you could see the shapes of the bones underneath. It seemed doubtful whether he could go on much longer like this without becoming dangerously ill.



# Making Connections with Text-to-World



## **Links Related to Being Rich/Poor on the Web**

Wealthy Inequality <http://inequality.org/wealth-inequality/>

Poor Vs Middle Class Vs Rich in America <http://moneyconnexion.com/poor-vs-middle-class-vs-rich-in-usa.htm>

The Economics of Happiness, Part 4: Are Rich People Happier than Poor People?  
<http://freakonomics.com/2008/04/22/the-economics-of-happiness-part-4-are-rich-people-happier-than-poor-people/>

The Money-Happiness Connection <http://time.com/money/2802147/does-money-buy-happiness/>

# Teachers Pay Teachers

<http://www.teacherspayteachers.com/Store/Gay-Miller>



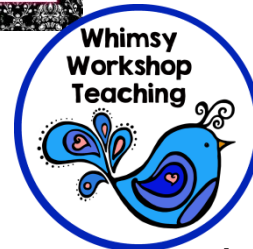
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