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Standards Solution Holding

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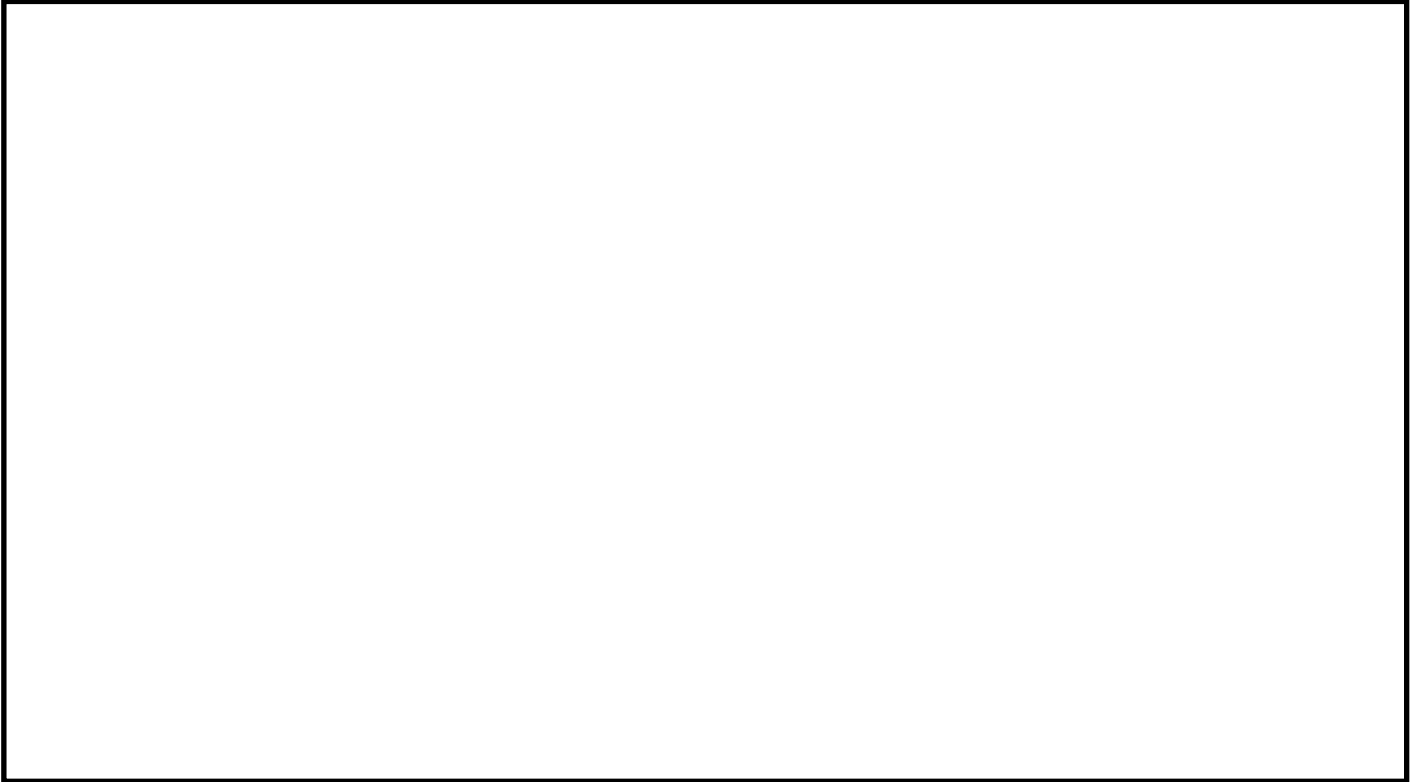
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Reading Literature: Key Ideas and Details

Grade K

Draw and write about what happens to Jemima Puddleduck.



Grade 1

Draw and label a map that shows where Jemima goes during the story. At the bottom, describe the map and tell where Jemima went and why.



Grade 2
Why, Jemima, Why?



In this story, Jemima Puddle-Duck went on an adventure and met with a dangerous stranger. Why did she leave the farm and go with the stranger? Did she get what she wanted? Why or why not?

Jemima left the farm because

Was this a good idea or bad idea? Why?

Jemima went with the Gentleman Fox because

Was this a good idea or bad idea? Why?

Did she get what she wanted? Why or why not?

[illegible]

Jemima Puddle-Duck and the Polite Gentleman

Adapted from the story "The Tale of Jemima Puddle-Duck"
by Beatrix Potter.

Characters:

Narrator

Jemima Puddle-Duck

Rebecca Puddle-Duck (Jemima's sister)

Gentleman Fox

Kep, the German Shepherd



Narrator: Listen to the story of Jemima Puddle-duck, who was annoyed because the farmer's wife gave all her eggs to a hen.

Jemima Puddle-Duck: I wish I could hatch my own eggs.

Rebecca Puddle-Duck: Oh, I haven't the patience to sit on a nest for twenty-eight days. You don't either, Jemima. You would let them go cold. You know you would!

Jemima Puddle-Duck: I know! I will hide them from the farmer's wife!

Narrator: She tried to hide her eggs; but they were always found and carried off. But one day...

Jemima Puddle-duck: That's it! I will make my next nest far away from the farm.

Narrator: She set off on a fine spring afternoon along the road that leads over the hill. She was wearing a shawl and a poke bonnet. When she reached the top of the hill, she saw a forest in the distance.

Jemima Puddle-Duck: That looks like a safe quiet spot, just the place for my eggs!

Narrator: Soon she saw an open place in the middle of the wood, where the trees and brushwood had been cleared. She began to waddle about in search of a convenient dry nesting-place. She found a lovely tree-stump amongst some tall fox-gloves. But—seated upon the stump, she was startled to find an elegantly dressed gentleman reading a newspaper.

Jemima Puddle-Duck: Excuse me? Quack? Quack?

Gentleman Fox [raises his eyes above his newspaper and looks curiously at Jemima]:
Madam, have you lost your way?

Jemima Puddle-Duck: My, you are a dashing young man. What lovely fur you have. Such a lovely red color! No, my dear sir, I have not lost my way. I am trying to find the perfect nesting place.

Gentleman Fox: Ah! Is that so? Indeed!

Jemima Puddle-Duck: Yes sir. Where I come from, the farmer's wife takes my eggs from me and lets her hens hatch all my eggs. I don't get to hatch any of my own!

Gentleman Fox: How interesting! I wish I could meet with that lady. I would teach her to mind her own business!

But as to a nest—I have a sackful of feathers in my wood-shed. It would make a perfect nursery for ducklings. You may sit there as long as you like.

Narrator: He led the way to a dismal-looking house amongst the fox-gloves. There was a tumble-down shed at the back of the house, made of old soap-boxes. The gentleman opened the door, and showed Jemima in.

Gentleman Fox: This is my summer home; you would not find my den—my winter house—so convenient.

Narrator: The shed was full of feathers—it was almost suffocating; but it was comfortable and very soft.

[Jemima goes into the shed and makes nesting noises, sounds of getting comfortable and being pleased about how much space there is and how soft the feather beds are.]

Jemima Puddle-Duck: My eggs are all settled in there. I really ought to go home. I shall come back tomorrow and check on these eggs.

Gentleman Fox: I just adore eggs and ducklings. I am so glad to see this old shed be used as a nesting place. I will watch over it very carefully.

Narrator: He did watch it very carefully. In fact, at night he would come in and count the eggs, holding them up and checking to see how heavy they were. He was developing a fascination for the eggs. But soon, Jemima Puddle-Duck said...

Jemima Puddle-Duck: It is nearly time for my eggs to hatch. I will come tomorrow and sit on the eggs until they are ready. It might take a week or two. Is that all right with you?

Gentleman Fox: Quite all right. But, I would like you to bring me a few things from the town. I think I have been very generous so far. Don't you?

Jemima Puddle-Duck: Oh yes, sir. I certainly will bring these things you need.

Gentleman Fox: May I ask you to bring up some herbs from the farm-garden to make a savory omelette? Sage and thyme, and mint and two onions, and some parsley. I will provide lard for the stuff—lard for the omelette.

Narrator: Jemima Puddle-duck had no idea what the Gentleman Fox had in mind! So she went to gather the items from the garden. As she was waddling about, old Kep, the collie noticed her.

Kep: Where do you go every afternoon by yourself, Jemima Puddle-duck?

Narrator: Jemima told him the whole story.

Kep: Jemima, don't you think it might be dangerous to leave your duck eggs with a fox?

Jemima Puddle-Duck: But he has been so polite. Why would he want to harm my eggs?

Kep: Why don't I go with you tomorrow? Just to be safe.

Jemima Puddle-Duck: If you insist.

Narrator: The next day, Kep and Jemima went back to the house. Kep stayed hidden behind a tree while Jemima waddled up to the house with all the items the gentleman requested. The gentleman seemed to be in a bad mood.

Gentleman Fox: Come into the house as soon as you have looked at your eggs. Give me the herbs for the omelette. Be sharp!

Jemima Puddle-Duck: Oh my! That was not very polite at all!

Narrator: A moment afterwards there were most awful noises—barking, baying, growls and howls, squealing and groans. And nothing more was ever seen of that foxy-whiskered gentleman.

Kep: Come on in Jemima. It's safe now!

Jemima Puddle-Duck: Oh, Kep! How did you ever get that bite on your ear?

[Kep shakes his head in amazement.]

Narrator: Jemima brought her new ducklings back to the farm. There, her ducklings mingled with the hen's ducklings and they all became good friends. But that was the last time Jemima tried to hatch her own eggs in a fox's house!