


From Shore to Shore

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Discover new **lands**,
build towering **sandcastles**, and
encounter incredible **creatures** in

From Shore to Shore.

To Teachers and Parents

Seafaring adventures and sandy discoveries will thrill students as they advance in third grade reading. Students will enjoy a variety of literature including historical fiction about courageous sailors and informational selections highlighting miraculous sea creatures. *From Shore to Shore* prepares students for higher-level thinking by highlighting literary concepts: title, author, main character, and summary.

From Shore to Shore

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Cataloging Data

From shore to shore -- 1st ed.

122 p. : col. ill. ; 22 cm

1. Readers (Elementary) 2. Reading (Elementary)

III. Abeka Book, Inc.

Library of Congress: PE1119 .F76 2018

Dewey System: 428.6



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To Teachers and Parents

Story/Character Themes are presented to encourage appreciation for God's design, recognize His plan for creation, and develop desirable character traits. Discuss themes as stories are read orally, encouraging students to emulate good character traits.

Guide to Story/Character Themes

Compassion

Lighthouse Girl 42

Courage

Lighthouse Girl 42

Creativity

The Sandcastle
Contest 2

Treasure in the
Cove 30

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Bergetta's
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Cove 30





The Sandcastle Contest

realistic fiction by Bethany Roberts Urbina

Cory and Emma could hardly keep still in their seats. In Emma's hands, there was a purple bucket and a yellow plastic shovel. In Cory's hands, there was a blue bucket and a red shovel. They looked out the car windows as they passed palm trees and tall wooden signs pointing the way to Crab Claw Beach. They had been waiting for this day all week long. Today they were going to have a sandcastle contest.

As soon as Dad parked, Cory and Emma took off their seat belts and jumped out of the car.

It wasn't long before their toes were in the warm sand. Emma looked up at the sky.

"A perfect day for sandcastles!" she said. "There's not even a cloud."

"Don't forget the sunscreen!" said Mom as she tossed it to Cory.

Usually, Cory did not like wearing sunscreen, but today he was too excited to think about that. When Mom and Dad found a spot for the beach umbrella and the picnic blanket, Cory and Emma raced toward the water to get the best sand. Soon their shovels went to work digging up soft, wet sand and dumping it into their buckets.

Mom and Dad ate their lunches and laughed as they watched.



Cory filled his bucket first and ran up the beach to find the perfect spot for his sandcastle. Emma filled her bucket and ran in the same direction putting her sandcastle a little closer to the shore.

Back and forth they went, filling buckets and shaping towers for their sandcastles. Cory made tower after tower to surround his castle. Then, in the middle, he formed a large lookout tower for the center, which looked more like a big lump.

Emma had a tower for each corner of her sandcastle, and now she was busy collecting shells and driftwood for decorations and furniture. She found a sand dollar and used it as a door for her castle gate. Then she placed tiny shells in the walls to make it look nice.

By now, Cory's castle was quite large. He took a straw from a juice box and a napkin from the picnic basket and made it into a small flag. Then he called, "Done!" and stuck his flag into the highest tower.

"Mine is the biggest!" said Cory.

"I think mine is the prettiest!" said Emma.

"How will you decide which one is better?" asked Mom. "They are both very good."

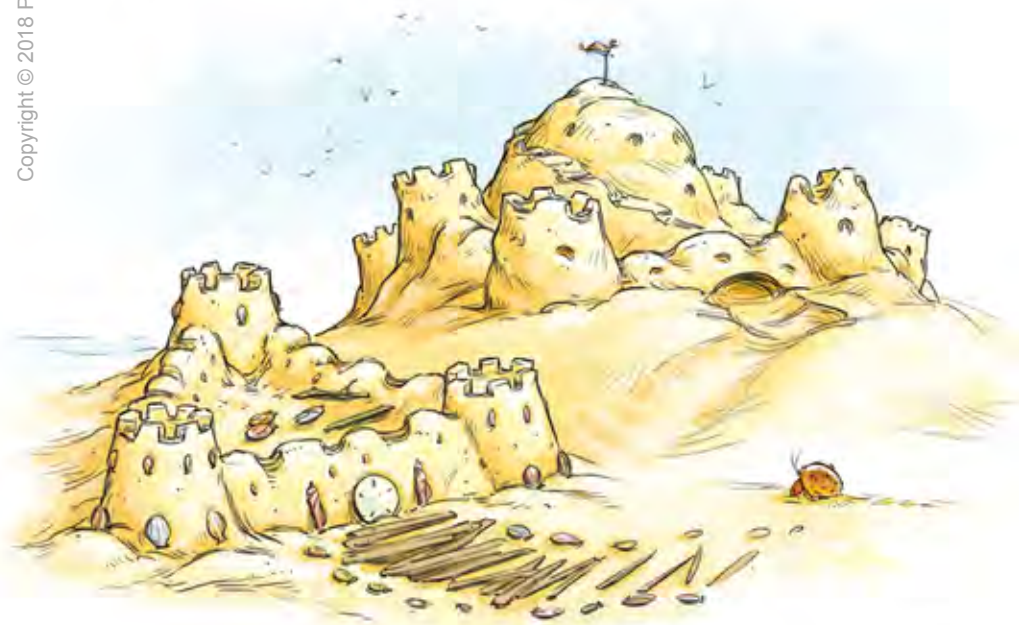
Cory thought for a moment, then ran to the water. He stood there staring into the waves for another minute. Then he reached down and grabbed something.

“What is it?” asked Emma.

“A hermit crab!” said Cory. “It can decide for us.”

He brought the hermit crab up on the beach and set it down in front of the two sandcastles. At first the crab only hid inside its smooth shell. When Emma and Cory were very quiet, it poked its feet out again.

“How will the hermit crab decide?” asked Dad.





Words to Watch For

cove: a small type of bay connected to the open sea, sheltered by rocks or trees

heron: a white or gray bird with a long neck and long legs that eats fish

coral: a pink-orange color teal: a blue-green color

sliver: a long, thin piece or part of a whole

Treasure in the Cove

realistic fiction by Bethany Roberts Urbina

All was quiet except for the soft call of a heron in the distance. Daniel's feet sank into the sand as he raced through the darkness toward his secret place.

"Almost there," he thought.

He raced past the heron which flew quickly out of the way. When the bird landed again, it seemed to watch Daniel and wonder why a boy would be up so early. Daniel reached the rocks and stepped carefully on one, then hopped to another. One more leap and he would be at the cliff.

Daniel squatted low and flew through the air. The rocks were slippery, but he had done this many times. He landed gracefully and climbed the short cliff. He had to hurry. Any moment now the sun would rise.



When he reached the top of the cliff, he looked down on his secret cove. He took a deep breath.

“I made it!” he said to himself.

Carefully, he climbed down the other side of the cliff. When his feet hit the wet sand, he reached in his pocket to pull out a rolled-up piece of paper.

Then just behind one of the rocks, he began to dig in the sand. Sand and seashells flew everywhere until finally he found it—the small box. He brushed the sand off the lid and opened his treasure.



Inside was every color a person could imagine: yellow, coral, teal, gold. This was his treasure, the last thing his grandfather had given him. Grandfather had saved for months just to buy it for him, but it was worth all the hard work just to see the look on Daniel's face when he opened up the special paint set.

"Never stop painting, Daniel," Grandfather had said to him that day.

Daniel cleaned his brush in the salty water. Then he found a place in the sand. He sat very still with his brush in hand watching the edge of the sky where it met the ocean—waiting.

Then just as it always had, a tiny sliver of sun peeked above the water. It threw a pink glow on the ocean and an orange glow on the rocks. Daniel's brush began to move up and down, back and forth, across the page.

It ran coral over the top, navy blue on the bottom; and splashes of gold and green decorated the middle.

Then the brush stopped.

A small smile appeared on Daniel's face. There it was on the page, the perfect painting of his secret cove.

When it was dry, he rolled the painting again and tucked it into his pocket. Then the same way he came, he climbed and jumped and ran his way back into town. There were some small shops by the beach where Daniel thought someone would buy his painting.

When he came up to the first small shop, the salesman was pulling out little painted shells and other small items to sell to people. Daniel cleared his throat.

"Sir," he called. "Would you like to buy my—"

But the man would not let him finish. He only rolled his eyes and explained that he was too busy. Daniel scooted closer.