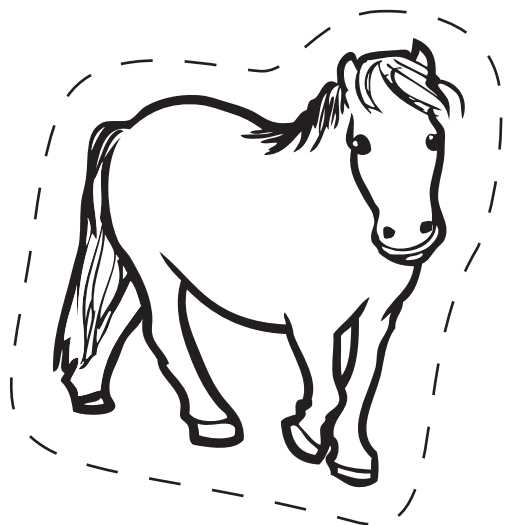
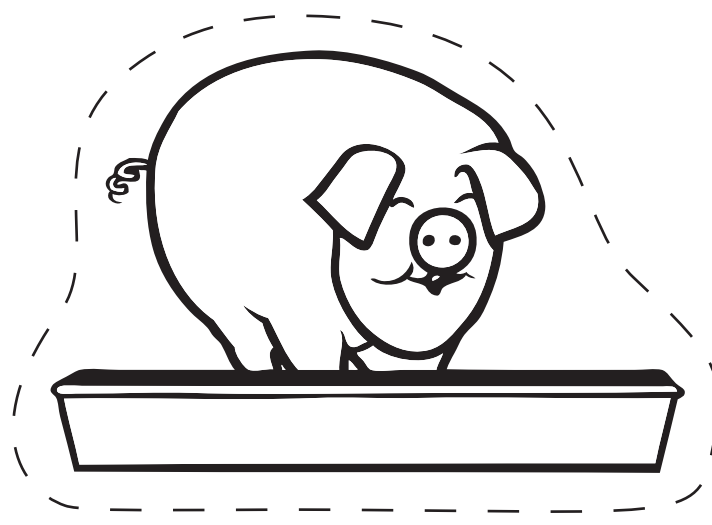


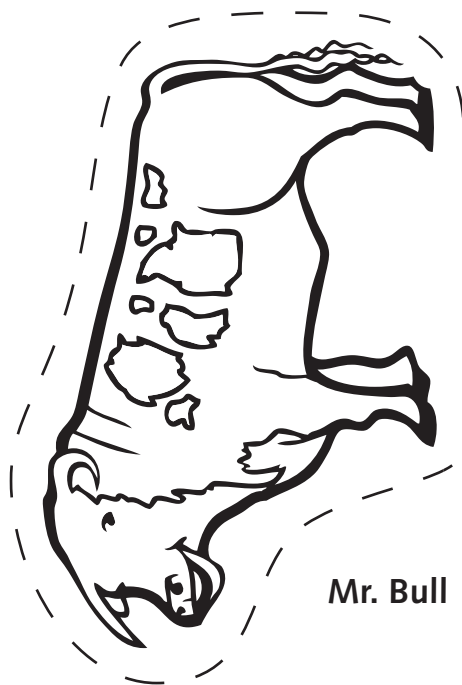
Flannel Board Patterns



Mrs. Horse



Mr. Pig



Mr. Bull



Mrs. Owl

Rhymes and Chants

Little Boy Blue / Pastorcito Retintín

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep are in the meadow, the cow is in the
corn.

But where is the boy who looks after the sheep?
He's under a haystack, fast asleep.

Pastorcito Retintín, toca tu cencerro,
que el rebaño está en el prado y la vaca está en el
cerro.

¿Dónde está el pastor que cuida a las ovejas?
Se ha dormido en la cuevita de una vieja
comadreja.

I Can Do It Myself / Solito y solo

Hat on head, just like this.
Pull it down, you see.
I can put my hat on
All by myself, just me.

One arm in, two arms in,
Buttons, one, two, three.
I can put my coat on
All by myself, just me.

Toes in first, heels down next,
Pull and pull, then see—
I can put my boots on
All by myself, just me.

Fingers here, thumbs right here,
Hands warm as can be.
I can put my mittens on
All by myself, just me.

Lo jalo hacia abajo,
después lo acomodo.
Me pongo el gorrito
solito y solo.

Un brazo, el otro,
y me abotono.
Me pongo el saco
solito y solo.

Primero los dedos;
talones después.
Me pongo las botas
solito, ya ves.

El pulgar por aquí;
los demás por allá.
Me pongo los guantes
sin ayuda de mamá.

The Dinosaur / El dinosaurio

A beast of yore
Doesn't live here
Anymore.

Esta bestia de antaño
ya no vive aquí
hace miles de años.

Jump or Jiggle / ¿Quién camina?

(Suit actions to words.)

Frogs jump. Caterpillars hump.
Worms wiggle. Bugs jiggle.
Rabbits hop. Horses clop.
Snakes slide. Sea gulls glide.
Mice creep. Deer leap.
Puppies bounce. Kittens pounce.
Lions stalk—but I can walk!

Saltan las ranas y se arrastran las orugas.
Reptan los gusanos y flotan las medusas.
Brincan los conejos y trotan los caballos.
Serpentea la serpiente y aletea el guacamayo.
De puntillas va el ratón y se cuelga del chimpancé.
La tortuga anda al derecho y el cangrejo anda al
revés.
Majestuoso va el león ¡y yo camino con los pies!

Read Alouds

Las últimas flores que la abejorrita Zumbi visita son las zinnias anaranjadas. A la abejorrita le gustan mucho estas flores porque tienen muchos pétalos que son un buen lugar para posarse. Se detiene un minuto y mira las flores del campo (*move puppet as if it is looking all around*) antes de beber el néctar y llevarlo de nuevo al enjambre.

La abejorrita Zumbi está cansada. Está contenta porque ésta es la última flor del día. ¡Esperen! ¿Qué es eso? ¡Oh! ¡Es ese oso de nuevo! El oso quiere la miel del enjambre. La abejorrita Zumbi se pone furiosa. Vuela hacia el oso y le pincha la nariz. El oso empieza a llorar, se toca la nariz y se aleja. La abejorrita Zumbi deposita la última gota de néctar en el enjambre y se queda profundamente dormida.

Old Gray Cat / El viejo gato gris

Action Story

The old gray cat is sleeping, sleeping, sleeping.

The old gray cat is sleeping in the house.

(One child is the cat and curls up, pretending to sleep.)

The little mice are creeping, creeping, creeping.

The little mice are creeping through the house.

(Other children are mice creeping around the sleeping cat.)

The old gray cat is waking, waking, waking.

The old gray cat is waking through the house.

(The cat slowly sits up and stretches.)

The old gray cat is chasing, chasing, chasing.

The old gray cat is chasing through the house.

(The cat chases the mice.)

All the mice are squealing, squealing, squealing.

All the mice are squealing through the house.

(Mice squeal; when the cat catches a mouse, that mouse becomes the cat.)

El viejo gato gris está durmiendo, durmiendo, durmiendo.

El viejo gato gris está durmiendo en la casa.

Los ratoncitos se están arrastrando, arrastrando, arrastrando.

Los ratoncitos se están arrastrando por toda la casa.

El viejo gato gris está caminando, caminando, caminando.

El viejo gato gris está caminando por toda la casa.

El viejo gato gris está persiguiendo, persiguiendo, persiguiendo.

El viejo gato gris está persiguiendo por toda la casa.

Todos los ratones están chillando, chillando, chillando.

Todos los ratones están chillando por toda la casa.

The Knee-High Man / El hombre que llegaba hasta las rodillas

African American Flannel Board Story

Directions: Photocopy the story patterns on pages 431–432. Use a fine-point permanent marker to trace them onto a piece of interfacing material. Color them and cut them out.

Once there was a man whose head was only as high as a grown-up's knee. People called him the Knee-High Man, and he was very sad. There were so many things that he thought he could not do! How could he see far away? How could he reach way up high? The Knee-High Man wanted to grow bigger!

Then the Knee-High Man thought of a plan. He would ask some big animals what to do! They all grew very big. They must know how to grow.

First, the Knee-High Man went to a large pig. "Hello, Mr. Pig," said the Knee-High Man. "Can you teach me how to grow bigger?"

"Why, that's easy!" said the pig. "Every day just eat lots of food, like rotten apples, bad potatoes, brown lettuce...mmm! Simply delicious!"

The Knee-High Man looked at the pig's food. Maybe it was tasty for a pig, but not for a person!

So next, the Knee-High Man went to see a huge horse.

"Hello, Mrs. Horse," said the Knee-High Man. "Can you teach me how to grow bigger?"

"Of course!" said the horse. "First, eat lots of hay, and then run on four legs every day!"

So the Knee-High Man tried to eat some hay and run around like a horse, but he couldn't. The hay stalks were too tough for him to chew, and he had only two legs to run on.

Then the Knee-High Man went to see a big bull.

"Hello, Mr. Bull," said the Knee-High Man. "Can you tell me how to grow bigger?"

"Oh, yes!" said the bull. "It is the easiest thing in the world. Just grow a pair of horns! That will make you much taller than you are right now."

The Knee-High Man tried and tried, but no horns came out of his head.

The Knee-High Man was walking back home when an owl flew up to him.

"Hello, Mr. Knee-High!" said the owl, "Why do you look so sad?"

"Oh, Mrs. Owl," said the Knee-High Man, "I am only knee-high! I will never be able to do all of the things that I want to do." He looked up at Mrs. Owl. "Do *you* know how to grow bigger?" he asked.

"Hmm," said the owl. "Mr. Knee-High, why do you want to be bigger than you are?"

"I am too short to see far away," said the Knee-High Man.

"Well, why don't you climb a tree?"

"I am too short to reach way up high," said the Knee-High Man.

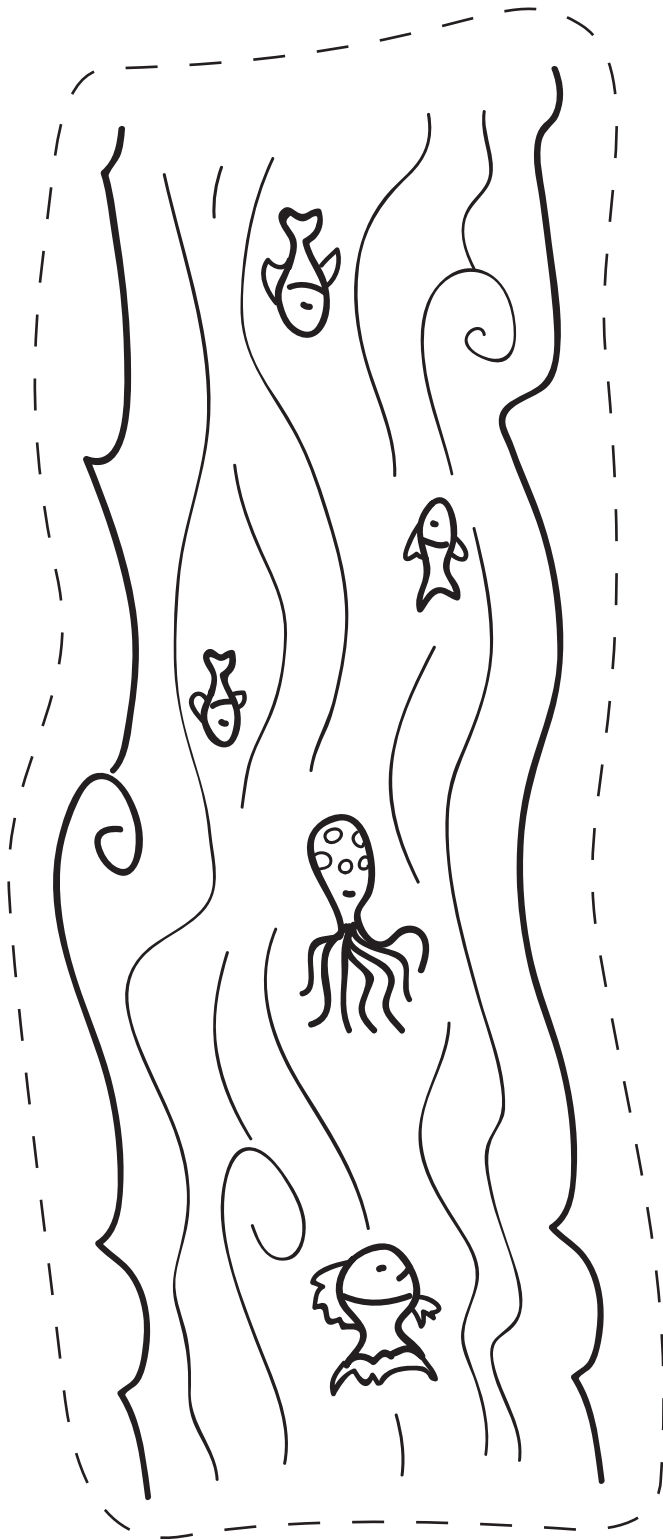
"Well, why don't you build a ladder?"

"You know, I never thought of that!" said the Knee-High Man.

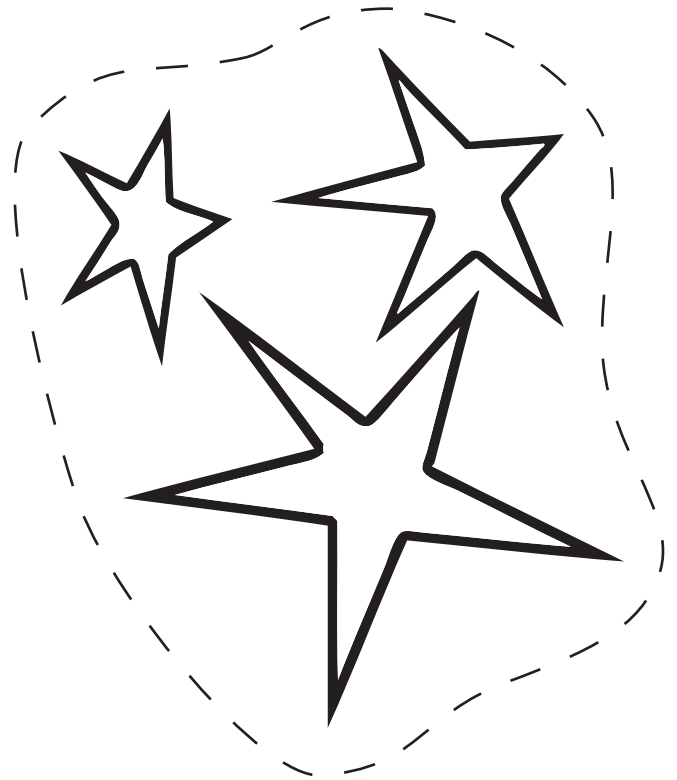
"Mr. Knee-High," said the owl, "It seems to me that you are just the right size. Sometimes, it is good to be small. Just look at me! If I were as big as a horse or a pig or a bull, I would not be able to fly!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Owl!" smiled the Knee-High Man. Then he skipped happily all the way home. He was still only as high as a grown-up's knee, but on the inside, he felt a whole lot bigger!

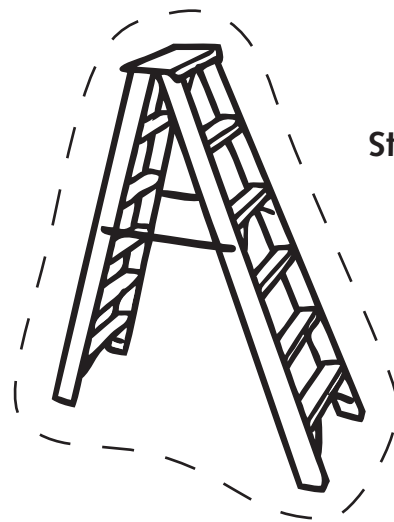
Flannel Board Patterns



Water:
multiple copies



Sky



Step Ladder



The Knee-High Man