

## Thanksgiving for a Timid Hawk

One lovely **autumnus** morning, a young **accipiter** woke up from his sleep with a yawn and stretched his wings. There was a white **gelu** on the ground and the air was clear and **frigidus**. He looked out over the **ager** and pondered what to do. This was the first time that he would make the long journey of **perigrinatio**. He was a rather timid **accipiter**, and had been putting off the journey. “If only it weren’t so **frigidus**,” he thought to himself, “I would just stay here.” It was a homey place. It was **messis** time and the **pomum** trees were full of fruit, and **folium** after **folium** that sprouted from his favorite branch had turned a rich **ruber** color. As he sat looking about, a large black **aranaea** crawled down beside the **accipiter**, and she said, “**Salve!** A bit nippy, isn’t it? Shouldn’t you be heading **meridies** soon?” “Well,” he answered, “I guess so. I wish I could build an **aranaeum** like you and just stay here.” The **aranaea** gasped and said, “You should be thankful to have such wings that will carry you to where it is warm. I will lay my eggs, and my babies will come out again next spring, but I will not live through this **frigidus**.” The **accipiter** pondered this, gave the Mama **aranaea** a gentle little peck, spread his wings and flew, turning his head toward the **meridies**. He flew for a long time. All day he flew, until it grew dark and even then he kept flying. It was a bright evening, the **luna** hung low in the sky. He flew past fields, lakes, cities, and finally rested in an oak tree in the center of the forest. It was still chilly, but he



tucked his head into his wing and closed his eyes. He was suddenly awakened by a funny sound, “gobble, gobble.” The **accipiter** peered down to the forest floor, and saw a strange, fat bird with a bald head looking up at him. “What are you?” he asked. “I am a **Meleagris gallopavo**,” the fat bird said, “How did you get way up in that tree?” “I am an **accipiter**, I have wings to fly, of course!” “My, you are lucky,” the chubby bird answered. “I have to keep running behind trees to escape and to hide. It would be so much easier to fly.” Suddenly a loud tramping noise was heard nearby, and the **Meleagris gallopavo** hopped away shouting, “Good to meet you!” The accipiter was a bit nervous about the noise as well, so he took off from his comfy branch and began to fly toward the warm **meridies** again. “Maybe **perigrinatio** isn’t so bad after all,” he thought to himself. As he flew, he noticed that the leaves on the trees were greener than where he had started, and the **sol** warmed the feathers on his **dorsum**. He flew on for days and days, and his wings felt strong. One day at **prima luce**, he met another **accipiter**, and called out to him. “Hello! Do you know if it is warm enough here to stay for the winter?” “Oh yes! There will be a dinner tonight, celebrating the **perigrinatio**, you are just in time!” The young accipiter smiled and beneath his feathers his heart swelled, just a little bit, and he was glad that he was an **accipiter**, even if a timid one, and that he had made it so far.



## Latin Glossary

**accipiter** – hawk

**ager** – field

**aranea** – spider

**araneum** – spider web

**autumnus** – autumn

**dorsum** –back

**folium** – leaf

**frigidus** – cold

**gelu** – frost

**luna** – moon

**Meleagris gallopavo** – scientific name for Wild Turkey

**meridies** – south

**messis** – harvest

**perigrinatio** – migration

**pomum** – apple

**prima luce** – first light, dawn

**ruber** – red

**salve** – hello

**sol** – sun





## Story Activities

*Fill in the blanks with your answer in Latin:*

In what season does this story take place? \_\_\_\_\_

What color did the leaves on the tree turn? \_\_\_\_\_

What direction does the accipiter fly? \_\_\_\_\_

*Match the English and Latin:*

- |                    |                |
|--------------------|----------------|
| hawk               | • sol          |
| harvest            | • folium       |
| red                | • aranea       |
| sun                | • autumnus     |
| hello              | • dorsum       |
| dawn (first light) | • perigrinatio |
| moon               | • prima luce   |
| leaf               | • messis       |
| spider             | • salve        |
| spider web         | • pomum        |
| autumn             | • accipiter    |
| apple              | • ager         |
| migration          | • ruber        |
| back               | • aranea       |
| field              | • luna         |

*Draw a picture of an aranea:*

Label the picture with its Latin name:



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Draw a picture of *prima luce*:

# ANSWER KEY



## Story Activities

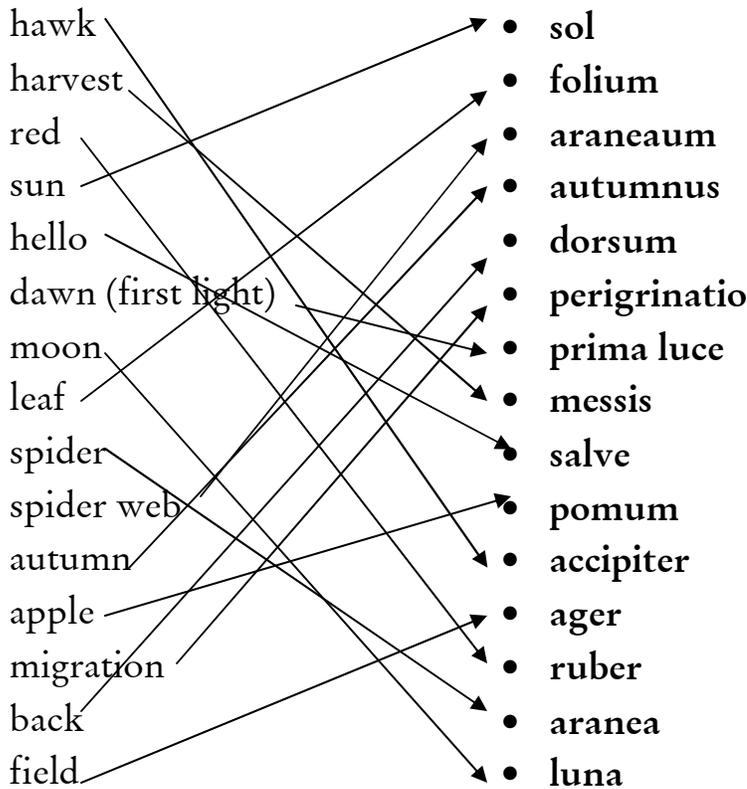
*Fill in the blanks with your answer in Latin:*

In what season does this story take place? autumnus

What color did the leaves on the tree turn? ruber

What direction does the accipiter fly? meridies

*Match the English and Latin:*



*Draw a picture of an araneaum:*

**Spider web**

## ANSWER KEY

*Label the picture with its Latin name:*



arana



pomum



meridies



luna



ager



accipiter



sol



folium

*Draw a picture of prima luce:*

**Dawn or sunrise**