

Reading Heidi



Adapted from Johanna Spyri
Illustrated by Rachel Sanson

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SAMPLE

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CHAPTER ONE



Up the Alm

SOS 😞

Didn't read the book Heidi for English
Stuck in my room reading til Sunday 😞

Ugh

This book was written 140 years ago...
so crazy

The little old town of Mayenfeld is charmingly situated. From it, a footpath leads through green, well-wooded stretches to the foot of the heights, which look down imposingly upon the valley. Where the footpath begins to go steeply and abruptly up the Alps, the heath, with its short grass and pungent herbage, sends out its soft perfume to meet the wayfarer.

One bright, sunny morning, a woman climbed up the narrow path, leading a little girl by the hand. The youngster's cheeks were in such a glow that it showed even through her sun-browned skin. In spite of the heat, the little one, who was scarcely five years old, was bundled up as if she had to brave a bitter frost.

Her shape was difficult to distinguish; she wore two dresses—if not three—and around her shoulders was a large red cotton shawl. With her feet encased in heavy boots, this hot and shapeless little person toiled up the mountain.

The pair had been climbing for about an hour when they reached a hamlet halfway up the great mountain named the Alm. This hamlet was called “Im Dörfli” or “The Little Village.” It was the woman’s hometown. She was greeted from nearly every house; people called to her from windows and doors. There, a few cottages lay scattered about. A voice called out to her through an open door:

“Deta, please wait one moment! I am coming with you if you are going further up.”

When the woman stood still to wait, the child instantly let go of her hand and promptly sat down on the ground.

“Are you tired, Heidi?” Deta asked the child.

“No, just hot,” she replied.

“We shall be up in an hour if you take big steps and climb with all your might!” she said to encourage her small companion.

The woman, named Barbara,

stepped out of the house and joined them. Heidi stood and wandered behind the women. Barbara and Deta started gossiping about their friends in the neighborhood and the people of the hamlet.

“Where are you taking the child, Deta?” asked the newcomer. “Is she the child your sister left?”

“Yes,” Deta replied, “I am taking her up the Alm to live with her grandfather.”

“You aren’t really taking her there, Deta! You must have lost your senses. I am sure the old man will show you the door and won’t even listen to what you say.”

“Why not? As he’s her grandfather, it is high time he should do something for the child. I have taken care of her until this summer, and now a good job has been offered to me. The child shall not hinder me from accepting it, I tell you that!”

“It would not be so hard if he

were like other people. But you know him. How could he look after a child, especially such a little one? She'll never get along with him, I am sure of that! But tell me of your new job."

"I am going to a splendid house in Frankfurt. Last summer, some people visited on holiday, and I took care of their rooms. As they got to know me, they wanted to take me along, but I could not leave. They have come back now and have persuaded me to go with them this time."

"I am glad I am not the child!" exclaimed Barbara with a shudder. "Nobody knows anything about the old man's life up there. He doesn't speak to a living soul, and from one year's end to the other, he keeps away from church. People get out of his way when he appears once a year down here among us. We all fear him, with those thick, gray eyebrows and that huge beard. When he wanders along the road with his twisted stick, we are all afraid to

meet him alone.”

“That is not my fault,” said Deta stubbornly. “He won’t do her any harm; and if he should, he is responsible, not I.”

Then, Deta looked around to make sure that Heidi was not so close to them as to overhear what was said; but the little girl was nowhere to be seen. As the two women had talked, they had not noticed her absence; quite a while must have elapsed since the little girl had given up following her companions. Deta scanned the area. No one was on the path, which—except for a few curves—was visible as far down as the village.

CHAPTER TWO



Goats and Grandfather

Stop sending memes! So mean :)
Book's not bad
This shady auntie is trying to ditch this
little girl!
The grandpa sounds sorta creepy
Just started the part about some kid
named Peter who has... 🐐 🐐 ?

The children, in the meantime, were ascending slowly in a zigzag way. Heidi followed the boy, Peter, and the goats in his care. Peter, always knowing how to find all sorts of good grazing places where his goats could nibble, guided them to stray from side to side.

The poor little girl had followed the boy only with the greatest effort, and she was panting in her heavy clothes. To save the trouble of carrying them, her aunt had dressed her in her Sunday clothes over her workday garments. She was so hot and uncomfortable that she only climbed by exerting all her strength. She did not utter a word of complaint but looked enviously at Peter, who jumped about so easily in his light trousers and bare feet. She envied the goats that climbed over bushes, stones, and steep inclines with their slender legs.

Suddenly sitting down on the ground, she took off her shoes and stockings. She undid the heavy shawl

and removed two of the three dresses. In sheer delight at the relief, she threw up her dimpled arms that were bare up to her short sleeves. Heidi arranged her dresses neatly in a heap and joined Peter and the goats. She was now as light-footed as any of them.

Fueled by her comfort, Heidi began to ask Peter many, many questions. She asked him how many goats he had, and where he led them, what he did with them when he got there, and so forth.

At last, the children reached the summit. When Deta saw the pair of climbers, she cried out shrilly, "Heidi, what have you done? What a sight you are! Where are your dresses and your shawl? Are the new shoes and socks that I just bought for you gone? Where are they, Heidi?"

The child pointed down and quietly said, "There."

The aunt followed the direction of her finger and saw a little heap with a small red dot in the middle, which she

recognized as the shawl.

“Have you lost your senses, Heidi?” the aunt went on, in a tone of mingled vexation and reproach. “Who do you think will go way down there to fetch those things up again? It is half an hour’s walk. Please, Peter, run down and get them. I’ll give you this if you go down.” With that, she held a five-cent piece under his eyes.

Peter was in a great hurry as he ran down the straightest path. He arrived again in so short a time that Deta gave him the coin without delay. He did not often get such a treasure; his face was beaming as he dropped the money deep into his pocket.

The boy followed Deta, holding the bundle. Heidi skipped along behind them.

After three quarters of an hour, they reached the height where the hut of the old man stood on a prominent rock, exposed to every wind, but bathed in the full sunlight. From there, you could



gaze far down into the valley. Behind the hut stood three old fir trees with great shaggy branches. Further back, the old, gray rocks rose high and sheer. Above them, you could see green and fertile pastures, till at last the stony boulders reached the bare, steep cliffs.

Overlooking the valley, the grandfather sat by the side of the hut on a bench he had made himself. There he was, with his pipe between his teeth and both hands resting on his knees. He quietly watched the children and goats climbing. Aunt Deta was behind them, for the children had passed her long ago. Heidi reached the top first, and approaching the old man, she held out her hand to him.

“Good evening, Grandfather!”

CHAPTER THREE



Moving In

Just got the alert
SNOW DAY!
No school Monday
I'm free...in a minute
Just about to find out what this mean
old man is gonna say to the little girl
I'll text you



“Well, well, what does that mean?” replied the old man in a rough voice. He watched her with a long and penetrating look from under his bushy brows. Heidi gazed back at him with an unblinking glance and examined him with much curiosity. He was strange to look at, with his thick, gray beard and shaggy eyebrows that met in the middle like a thicket.

Heidi’s aunt had arrived in the meantime with Peter, who was eager to see what was going to happen.

“Good day to you,” said Deta as she approached. “This is your grandchild. You likely do not remember her because last time you saw her she was scarcely a year old.”

“Why did you bring her here?” asked the grandfather. Turning to Peter, he said, “Bring my goats. How late you are already!”

Peter obeyed and disappeared on the spot.

“I have brought the little girl for you

to keep,” said Deta to the grandfather. “I have done my share these last four years, and now it is your turn to provide for her.”

The old man’s eyes flamed with anger. “Indeed!” he said. “What on earth shall I do when she begins to whine and cry for you? Small children always do, and then I’ll be helpless.”

“You’ll have to look out for that!” Deta retorted. “When the little baby was left in my hands a few years ago, I had to find out how to care for her. You can’t blame me if I want to earn some money now. If you can’t keep the child, you can do with her whatever you please. She is your family. If she comes to harm, you are responsible.”

The grandfather had risen during her last words. Now, he gave her such a look that she retreated a few steps. Stretching out his arm in a commanding gesture, he said, “Away with you! Be gone! Stay wherever you came from, and don’t venture soon

again into my sight!”

Deta did not have to be told twice. She said goodbye to Heidi and farewell to the grandfather and started down the mountain.

After Deta had disappeared, the grandfather sat down again on the bench, blowing big clouds of smoke out of his pipe. He did not speak, and he kept his eyes fastened on the ground.

Planting herself in front of the old man, Heidi gazed at him. The grandfather, looking up, saw the child standing motionless before him.

“What do you want to do now?” he asked her.

“I want to see what’s in the hut,” replied Heidi.

“Come then.” And with that, the grandfather got up.

“Take your things along,” he commanded.

“I do not want them anymore,” answered Heidi.

The old man, turning about, threw

a penetrating glance at her. The child's black eyes were sparkling in expectation of all the things to come.

"She is not lacking in intelligence," he muttered to himself. Aloud he added, "Why don't you need them anymore?"

"I want to go about like the light-footed goats!"

"All right, fetch the things, and we'll put them in the cupboard." The child obeyed the command.

The old man opened the front door, and Heidi followed him into a fairly spacious room, which took up the entire expanse of the hut. In one corner stood a table and a chair. In the other corner was the grandfather's bed. Across the room, a large kettle was suspended over the hearth, and opposite to it a large door was sunk into the wall. The grandfather opened the door. It was the cupboard in which all his clothes were kept.

On one shelf were a few shirts,



socks, and towels. On another were a few plates, cups, and glasses. On the top shelf, Heidi could see a round loaf of bread, some bacon, and cheese. In this cupboard, the grandfather kept everything that he needed. When he opened it, Heidi pushed her things as far behind the grandfather's clothes as she could reach. She did not want them found again in a hurry.

JK cancel everything
the little girl is staying with the crazy
old man!

Not gonna lie, kinda into this book 😊

CHAPTER FOUR



A Bed, a Meal, a Stool

She then looked carefully round the room and asked, “Where am I to sleep, Grandfather?”

“Wherever you like,” he answered.

Heidi was delighted and began at once to examine all the nooks and corners to find out where it would be most pleasant to sleep. In the corner



near her grandfather's bed, she saw a short ladder against the wall; up she climbed and found herself in the hayloft. There lay a large heap of fresh hay, and through a round window in the wall, she could see right down the valley.

"I shall sleep up here, Grandfather," she called down to him. "It's lovely. Come up and see how lovely it is!"

"Oh, I know all about it," he called up in answer. "I think you had better get down and have something to eat."

While the kettle was boiling, the old man held a large piece of cheese on a long iron fork over the fire, turning it round and round till it was toasted a nice golden yellow color on each side. Heidi watched with eager curiosity. Suddenly, an idea seemed to come into her head; she ran to the cupboard and then began going busily back and forth. The grandfather got up and came to the table with a jug and the cheese. There he saw the round loaf of bread and two plates and two knives—everything in its

right place.

“Ah,” said the grandfather, “I am glad to see that you have some ideas of your own.” He laid the toasted cheese on a layer of bread, saying, “But there is still something missing.”

Heidi looked at the jug’s liquid that was steaming and ran back to the cupboard. At first, she could only see a small bowl left on the shelf, but then she caught sight of a second bowl further back. Quickly, she returned with the bowls and put them down on the table.

“Good, I see you know how to set about things; but what will you do for a seat?” The grandfather himself was sitting on the only chair in the room. Heidi flew to the hearth and, dragging the short three-legged stool up to the table, sat down upon it.

The grandfather filled the bowl with milk and pushed it in front of Heidi. He handed her a large slice of bread and a piece of the golden cheese and

told her to eat. Heidi lifted the bowl with both hands and drank without pause till it was empty. The thirst of her long, hot journey had returned upon her. Then, she drew a deep breath—in the eagerness of her thirst, she had not stopped to breathe—and put down the bowl.

“Was the milk nice?” he asked.

“I never drank any so good before,” answered Heidi.

“Then, you must have some more,” and the old man filled her bowl again to the brim. Heidi was now hungrily eating her bread, having first spread it with the cheese. After their meal, Heidi watched with interest while her grandfather swept the goat shed. Then, he put fresh straw for the goats to sleep on.

Afterward, he went to the little shed. He cut three round sticks and a small, round board. In this, he bored holes and stuck the sticks into them. And there, as if made by magic, was a three-legged stool just like the first,

only taller.

Heidi stood and looked at it, speechless with astonishment.

“What do you think that is?” asked her grandfather.

“It’s my stool. I know because it is tall enough for me to reach the table; and it was made in all of a minute,” said the child, still lost in wonder.

“She understands what she sees, her eyes are in the right place,” remarked the grandfather to himself.

And so the time passed happily on till evening. Then, the wind began to roar louder than ever through the old fir trees. Heidi listened with delight to the sound. It filled her heart so full of gladness that she skipped and danced around the old trees.

sorry for the radio silence!
BTW I was way wrong about the grandpa
you gotta read this book
Snowball fight after lunch?



About Us

The Author

Johanna Spyri (1827–1901) was a Swiss author who wrote many children's books, notably the book *Heidi* in 1881. The book has been translated into 50 languages and sold over 50 million copies. Spyri's ability to describe the joy a little girl can bring to those around her—despite her circumstances—has made this book popular worldwide.

The Illustrator

Rachel Sanson lives in Yorkshire, England. She likes to create larger-than-life characters for children's picture book stories and scenes. Her biggest influences are Halloween, pirates, games, film, the woods she grew up next to, and of course illustrators from her childhood. She can usually be found sketching and drinking tea, but she spends her free time chasing cats, listening to music, and watching scary movies.

Book Club Questions

1. In chapter two, the author writes that Heidi is “as light-footed as any of them.” Explain the meaning of this simile.
2. Give some examples of imagery the author uses to describe the setting of the book *Heidi*.
3. Based on the text messages, what can you infer about the character who is reading *Heidi*?
4. How is the book structured? How do these elements help the reader understand what is going on in the book?
5. Why do you think the character reading *Heidi* says, “I was way wrong about the grandpa”?
6. The character reading *Heidi* is behind on a reading assignment. Describe a time when you forgot to do an assignment or a chore.

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