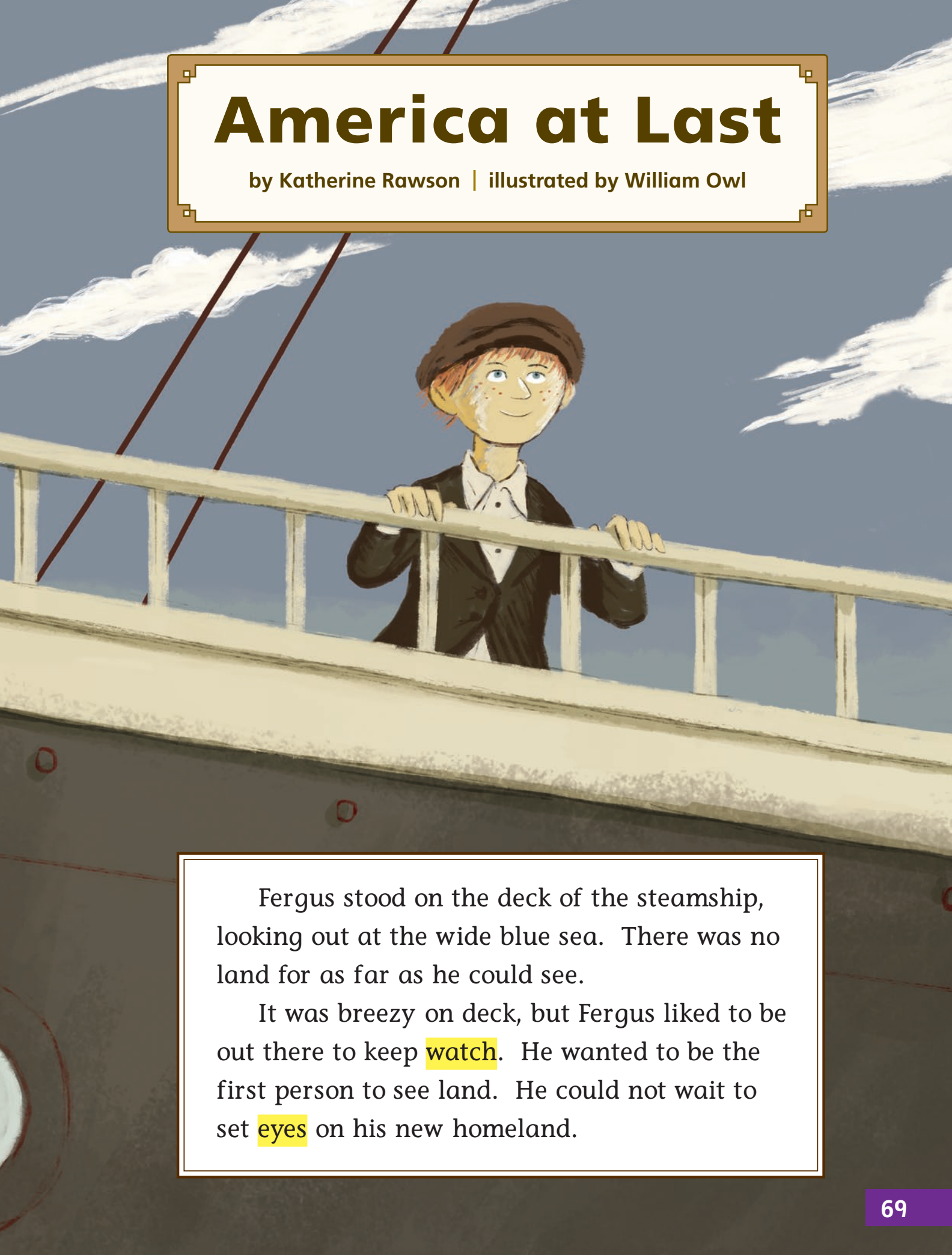


America at Last

by Katherine Rawson | illustrated by William Owl



Fergus stood on the deck of the steamship, looking out at the wide blue sea. There was no land for as far as he could see.

It was breezy on deck, but Fergus liked to be out there to keep **watch**. He wanted to be the first person to see land. He could not wait to set **eyes** on his new homeland.



Fergus recalled things about his home in Ireland. He remembered his little stone house, the misty rain, the sheep, and the green hills.

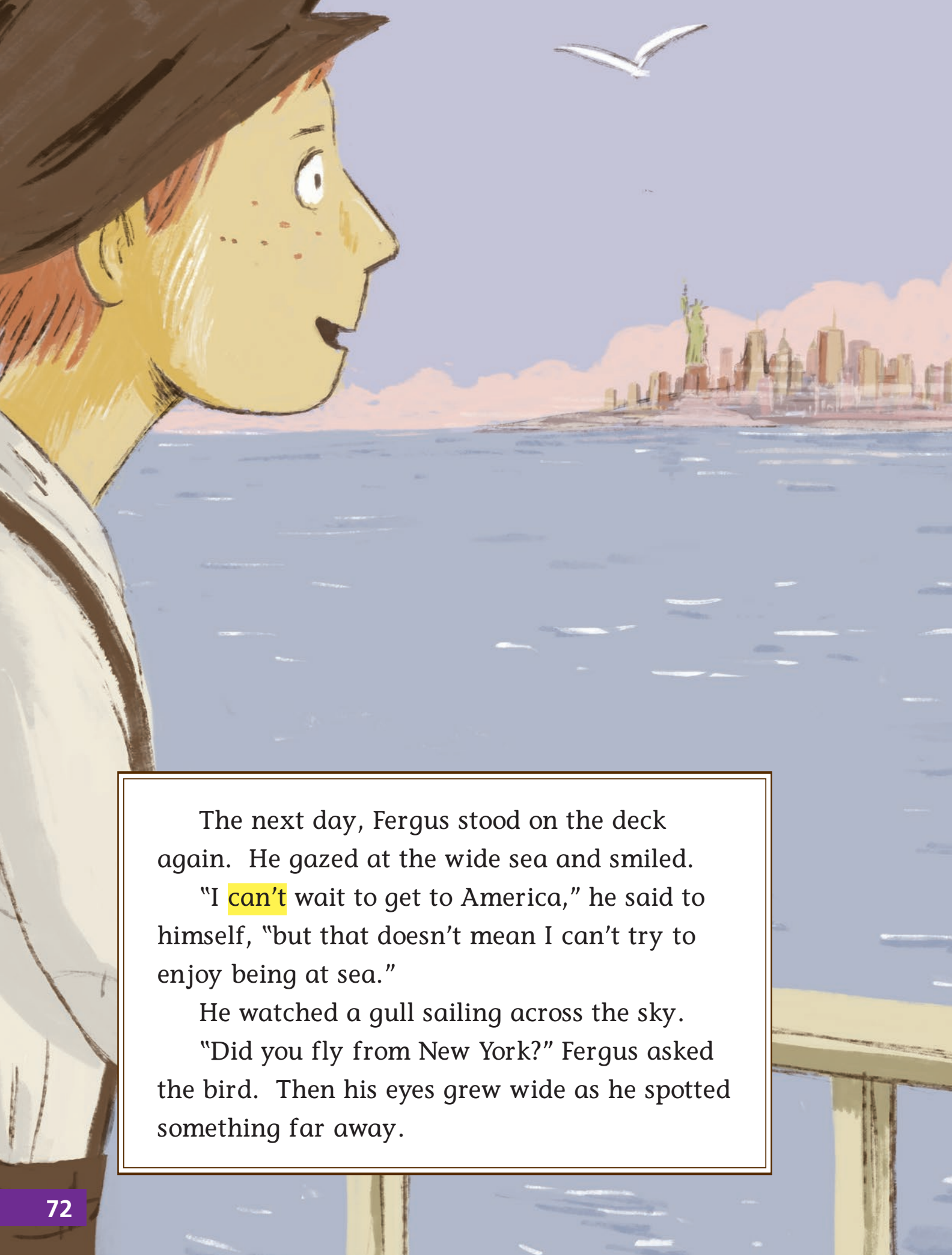
Now his Uncle Pat lived in that house. Fergus and his family had left it behind forever. They were going to **America**. They would make a new home in a new country. It was not **easy** to say how Fergus felt about it. He felt happy and sad at the same time.



That night, Fergus sat at the dinner table with Mama, Papa, and his baby sister, Lizzie. Lizzie was wrapped up in a homemade blanket.

"When will we get to America?" Fergus asked. "It seems like years since we left home."

"We will be in New York soon," Mama said. She **reached** out and gave Fergus a hug. "In the meantime, let's think of this trip as an adventure at sea."



The next day, Fergus stood on the deck again. He gazed at the wide sea and smiled.

"I **can't** wait to get to America," he said to himself, "but that doesn't mean I can't try to enjoy being at sea."

He watched a gull sailing across the sky.

"Did you fly from New York?" Fergus asked the bird. Then his eyes grew wide as he spotted something far away.



It was Lady Liberty!

Fergus ran below to fetch Mama and Papa.

"We must be getting close to New York!" he cried. "Come up on the deck!"

Mama, Papa, and baby Lizzie followed Fergus to the deck. They watched the city loom larger as the ship moved closer to it.

"What a grand sight," said Papa. "We have reached America at last. The trip is **complete**."



Fergus pointed to the skyscrapers of New York City. "It is not like Ireland at all!" he said.

"Maybe not," Papa replied with a wink.

"But I am sure we will grow to **love** America."

Fergus looked up at his mother. Her eyes were filled with tears.

"Mama, are you sad?" asked Fergus, puzzled.

"Just weeping with joy, Fergus my dear!" she said with a smile. "We have made it home."

Poetry Break

Read the poem with a partner.

Lady Liberty

As I write this **sentence**
The long trip is **complete**.
It wasn't **easy** to leave home
But life here will be sweet.

When we **reached America**—
I **can't** tell a lie—
Lady Liberty was **watching**
With **love** in her kind **eyes**.

And in that moment, I forgot
My worries and my fear.
Her gentle smile seemed to say,
“You are welcome here.”

Tell your partner about a time when you moved to a new home, school, city, or **state**. How did you feel?



Blend and Read

- | | | | | |
|--------------|------------|----------|---------|---------|
| 1. habit | pickle | paper | noble | erase |
| 2. inflate | flavor | denim | dribble | feline |
| 3. corner | reflect | tornado | section | emotion |
| 4. future | forever | feature | react | partner |
| 5. populated | readmitted | possible | | |
6. Fergus and his family left Ireland behind.
7. Lady Liberty welcomes people to America.
8. Fergus watched for land from the deck.

