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The Budding Scientist



Read the story. Then fill in the web on page 87.

On Wednesday, Malik Ford was worried. Two weeks earlier Mr. Cardwell had given Malik's class an assignment: Describe an occurrence of force and motion in everyday terms. The assignment was due Thursday. Malik had not begun.

Because Malik missed last week's classes due to the chicken pox, he didn't have a clue as to what force and motion were.

Dashing home from school, Malik immediately sat down to plan his attack. Distracted by his hunger, he sauntered off to a bin in the pantry, grabbed a half-dozen walnuts, and cracked them open with a nutcracker. *Ouch!* Malik accidentally squeezed his pinky finger in the machine. Pain rushed through his hand and arm.

Malik dropped the walnuts just as he heard his dad returning from work. His dad reminded Malik of his promise to tear down the old tree fort. The fort was a dilapidated structure of rusty nails, rotting wood, and mangled rope sitting on three branches overhanging the family's driveway.

Holding a crowbar in his hand, Malik gingerly climbed an extension ladder to gain access to the fort. He pried out nail after nail, dropping hunks of rotting fort to the pavement below. I sure love destroying stuff, he thought to himself.

Just then, Malik pried out a spike with a bit too much vigor. The nail shot out of the wood. The crowbar tip snapped back, catching Malik across the corner of his forehead.

Ten minutes later, with the flow of blood from his head stopped, his dad felt reassured that x-rays were not needed. Malik staggered back outside, broom in hand, to clean up the debris on the driveway. Malik was tired and angry. His pinky throbbed and his head was spinning. He had no time for this! Shouldn't school come first? With righteous indignation, Malik took a mighty swipe and...crack!...the broom fractured the radius bone of his left arm.

The following afternoon, each student shared his or her report for science. When Malik's turn came, he stood up. No paper in hand—he was in the emergency room half the night—Malik detailed his sorry excuse. He spoke clearly, dramatically, and even emotionally. He described the nutcracker, the crowbar, and the broom. Then, looking down at his wristwatch, which read 2:13, Malik muttered, "Two-one-three."

"Exactly!" beamed Mr. Cardwell, who was perched on his desk. "Using everyday terms, you have just described force and motion with simple machine levers 2, 1, and 3. Class, please join me in honoring this budding scientist."



Name _

Date _

The Budding Scientist (cont.)

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Use the story on page 86 to fill in the web.

