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Curriculum Visions[®]

I am a bison



Hello!

Well, I can't spare you too much time because I have to keep busy grazing. I'm a bison, also called a buffalo, you know, and munching grass, and sometimes shrub leaves, is what I do all day.

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I keep walking forwards as I do that, and I don't look where I am going. It's just new grass for me, and I have no idea where it will take me.

That being said, I do have to keep an eye on the weather, for in my homeland on the prairies of North America, there is a big difference between the seasons, and where I can get food.

I spend the winter as far south as I can while still being in the prairies where there is grass to eat.

Then, as spring comes and the grass begins to grow lush and tall, I begin to munch my way northwards with it. The young grass is much more desirable than mature grass that has dried out.



After doing this day after day, I find myself grazing up towards Canada by summer. It's good up there, and I munch away for a few months before the weather starts to turn, and I find it getting cold and snowy.

My heavy fur coat helps me to survive even harsh conditions, because sometimes the ground freezes completely solid.

It's then that I mostly turn to eating the leaves on shrubs.

I can use my big head and nose to push snow out of the way to find grass if I have to, but it is easier to begin the long walk south again, munching as I go. I wouldn't think of travelling about on my own, of course. Bulls stay alone for most of the year, but, like most grazing animals, females like to stay with the herd.

It's not just for company, it is also for the safety of the calves. We keep them well tucked into the middle of the herd.

Mind you, bulls are so large that even bears and packs of wolves would not really be able to harm them. It is only the young, old or sick animals that are at risk.

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If I do feel threatened, I can charge at about 50 kilometres an hour. You would not want to be hit by a tonne of me charging at you. That would be like being hit by a truck.



My problem in the past has been people. In the 19th century I was almost hunted to extinction – just for fun!

Since then I have been able to recover a bit, thanks to national and state wildlife parks and some kindly private landowners, but I am still under threat, so keep rooting for me!



Share the knowledge: pass me to a friend.

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