

# Copywork

Compiled by Samantha Soper-Caetano

To Accompany  
Build Your Library Curriculum Level 2  
by Emily Cook

This copywork printable pack I give freely to those families that are using the Build Your Library Level 2 curriculum. It should not be sold under any circumstance. The handwriting fonts I have used are for non-commercial use and can be found for free at the links below:

<http://www.fontspace.com/kimberly-geswein/kg-primarypenmanship>

<http://www.fontspace.com/kimberly-geswein/kg-primary-dots>

If I have made any errors, please let me know at [samantha@stirthewonder.com](mailto:samantha@stirthewonder.com). Thank You!

Week II- Day I:  
Odd and the Frost Giants (Ch. I)

Winter hung in there, like an invalid refusing to die. Day after day the ice stayed hard, the world remained unfriendly and cold.

Winter hung in there,  
like an invalid refusing to  
die. Day after day the  
ice stayed hard, the  
world remained  
unfriendly and cold.

Week II- Day 3:  
Odd and the Frost Giants (Ch. 3)

But the noise she made was not a sweet, tinkling, maidenly laugh. It was a deep, crashing noise, like an ice sheet grinding against a mountainside.

But the noise she made  
was not a sweet,  
tinkling, maidenly laugh.  
It was a deep, crashing  
noise, like an ice sheet  
grinding against a  
mountainside.

Week II- Day 5:  
Odd and the Frost Giants (Ch. 6-8)

“No. He doesn’t learn. None of them do. And they don’t change, either. They can’t. It’s all part of being a God.”  
Odd nodded. He thought he understood a little.

“No. He doesn’t learn.  
None of them do. And  
they don’t change,  
either. They can’t. It’s  
all part of being a God.”  
Odd nodded. He thought  
he understood a little.

Week 12- Day 1:  
Wishtree (Ch. 1-4)

We disagree sometimes, but that is the way of all friends, no matter their species.

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but that is the way of  
all friends, no matter  
their species.

Week 12- Day 3:  
Wishtree (Ch. 12-16)

“It seems someone mistook me for a pumpkin.” I said. When she didn’t smile, I added, “Because, you know, I was carved.”

“It seems someone  
mistook me for a  
pumpkin.” I said. When  
she didn’t smile, I added,  
“Because, you know, I  
was carved.”

Week 12- Day 5:  
Wishtree (Ch. 21-24)

“For two hundred and sixteen rings, I’ve sat on my roots and listened to people hope for things.”

“For two hundred and  
sixteen rings, I’ve sat on  
my roots and listened to  
people hope for things.”



Week 13- Day 1:  
Wishtree (Ch. 25-28)

“I can’t control everything in life, Bongo,” I said gently.  
“And if I could, what fun would that be? But this little  
thing. This wish of Somars, I can make it happen.”

“I can’t control

everything in life,

Bongo,” I said gently.

“And if I could, what

fun would that be? But

this little thing. This wish

of Somars, I can make

it happen.”

Week 13- Day 3:  
Wishtree (Ch. 34-38)

But people are full of longings and decade after decade  
the hopes kept coming.

But people are full of  
longings and decade  
after decade the hopes  
kept coming.

Week 13- Day 5:  
Wishtree (Ch. 45-51)

Still, if you find yourself standing near a particularly friendly-looking tree on a particularly lucky-feeling day, it can't hurt to listen up.

Still, if you find yourself  
standing near a  
particularly friendly-  
looking tree on a  
particularly lucky-feeling  
day, it can't hurt to  
listen up.

Week 23- Day 1:  
The Mad Wolf's Daughter (Ch. 1-2)

The sea was quiet. The night mist had swept in again. She listened, unmoving, the winds's fingers riffling her short uneven brown hair.

The sea was quiet. The  
night mist had swept in  
again. She listened,  
unmoving, the winds's  
fingers riffling her short  
uneven brown hair.

Week 23- Day 3:  
The Mad Wolf's Daughter (Ch. 4-5)

“Banshees are much honored at Faintree Castle,” the young knight murmured. “So are savage Picts.”

“Banshees are much

honored at Faintree

Castle,” the young knight

murmured. “So are

savage Picts.”

Week 23- Day 5:  
The Mad Wolf's Daughter (Ch. 8-9)

She wasn't sure how much longer she could stagger on with her wounded enemy through the tangle of trees and patches of sun-dappled ferns.

She wasn't sure how  
much longer she could  
stagger on with her  
wounded enemy through  
the tangle of trees and  
patches of sun-dappled  
ferns.

Week 24- Day 1:  
The Mad Wolf's Daughter (Ch. 10-11)

The blade sang as it flew, slicing through the air, gaining speed.

The blade sang as it  
flew, slicing through the  
air, gaining speed.

Week 24- Day 3:  
The Mad Wolf's Daughter (Ch. 13-14)

“Mouse skulls,” Wimarca said, noticing her glance. “They do wonders for a toothache.”

“Mouse skulls,” Wimarca  
said, noticing her glance.  
“They do wonders for a  
toothache.”



Week 24- Day 5:  
The Mad Wolf's Daughter (Ch. 17-18)

“Aye, but I was born a warrior too. That part - my da’s part - is stronger in me.”

“Aye, but I was born a  
warrior too. That part -  
my da’s part - is  
stronger in me.”

Week 25- Day 1:  
The Mad Wolf's Daughter (Ch. 19-20)

It was a stag, a kingly one, with a mass of antlers like an overgrown crown.

It was a stag, a kingly  
one, with a mass of  
antlers like an overgrown  
crown.

Week 25- Day 3:  
The Mad Wolf's Daughter (Ch. 23)

The boy winked at Drest. "Lads on quests don't need to be careful; we always escape true danger, thanks to our friends."

The boy winked at Drest.

"Lads on quests don't

need to be careful; we

always escape true

danger, thanks to our

friends."

Week 25- Day 5:  
The Mad Wolf's Daughter (Ch. 26-27)

The witch gazed at her, her eyes gleaming in the light of the moon. "I wonder - you are so strong, Could that castle be something else for you?"

The witch gazed at her,  
her eyes gleaming in the  
light of the moon. "I  
wonder - you are so  
strong, Could that castle  
be something else for  
you?"

Week 26- Day 1:  
The Mad Wolf's Daughter (Ch. 28-29)

She skirted around puddles marked with ripples and swells like the sea.

She skirted around  
puddles marked with  
ripples and swells like  
the sea.

Week 26- Day 3:  
The Mad Wolf's Daughter (Ch. 32-33)

The resentment that had filled her suddenly broke, like a branch that had carried too much weight.

The resentment that had  
filled her suddenly broke,  
like a branch that had  
carried too much weight.

Week 26- Day 5:

Who Has Seen the Wind, by Christina Rossetti

Who has seen the wind?

Neither I nor you:

But when the leaves hang trembling

The wind is passing thro'.

Who has seen the wind?

Neither I nor you:

But when the leaves hang  
trembling

The wind is passing  
thro'.

