

# OVERCOMERS

6

## Unit discussion: page 495

- What does it mean to be an *overcomer*? (possible answers: to surpass obstacles; to triumph in a competition; to be successful)

Do you think overcoming is easy? Why or why not? (Answers may vary, but elicit that overcoming is not easy because it normally requires hard work and discipline.) [BATs: 2d Goal setting; 2e Work]

How is the man in the picture an overcomer? (Possible answers: He is jumping over an obstacle that is in his way; he is putting forth effort to be victorious; perhaps he is winning the race.)

Allow the students to share experiences in which they have overcome obstacles or been victorious.



## I John 5:4

*For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world:  
and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.*

A vision. Faith and determination. Trusting and working to make the vision a reality—this is overcoming! In “The Room,” “Secrets in the Walls,” and “Sons of a Mighty Father,” dedicated people risk their lives to make the vision of freedom a reality for those they love. Overcoming personal disabilities is the focus of “Laura Bridgeman” and “The Important Part.” “Olympian,” “The Winner,” “The Three Mosquiteers,” and “It Must Not Fail!” all feature daring physical and spiritual endeavors that make the difference in many lives. And the ever-logical Sherlock Holmes overcomes great odds of deception by clever thieves in the well-woven tale “The Redheaded League.”

## Materials

- A tennis shoe with the shoelace knotted
- Teaching Visual 24: *Plot Mountain*

Lesson	Worktext pages
118	266–67

## Background information

**Denouement**—The final outcome of a story, play, or novel is called the *denouement*. During the denouement, the author ties up any loose ends and resolves the problem. In *READING 5 for Christian Schools: Pages in My Head*, resolution is included in the teaching of plot. In *READING 6 for Christian Schools: As Full as the World*, denouement, the literary term for the resolution, is introduced in Lesson 70.

## DENOUEMENT

### 1 Introduction: Visual 24—*Plot Mountain*

Display the tennis shoe with a knotted lace.

- Would you like it if you wanted to put on your tennis shoe and the shoelace looked like this? Would this shoe be useful to you this way?

These laces represent how a plot may seem before the author explains what happens. Even at the most exciting point, the reader still doesn't know everything that happens or will happen in the end.

Display the visual.

Just as a shoelace needs to be unknotted, so do plots. Sometimes authors point out how events in the first part of the story cause events later in the story. Sometimes authors answer questions for readers. Sometimes authors tell what happens after the problem is solved. In these ways, the authors unravel the plot. They give us the resolution or the *denouement* of the story.

Point out the term *Denouement* on the visual.

- Think about the ending of the story “Blotto.” What happens to Blotto? ([He goes back to the wilderness.](#))

How does Jim respond to losing Blotto? ([Jim knows it is best for Blotto to return to the wilderness, and he has fond memories of him.](#))

If the story had ended before Blotto wandered off, do you think you would continue to wonder whether Jim kept the growing bear? What else might you wonder about? ([possible answers: if Blotto ever accidentally hurt Jim; if the railroad authorities made Jim get rid of Blotto; how Jim got Blotto to go into the wilderness](#))

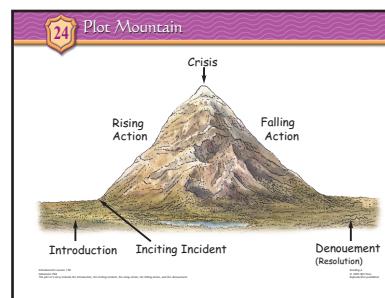
The author unraveled the conflicts that were introduced in the story by letting the reader know what happened in the *denouement*.

## OBJECTIVES

### LESSON 118

#### The student will

- Identify open and closed endings of stories.
- Recognize denouement as the resolution of the story.



### 2 Skill development: Open and closed endings

- ▶ You have probably read or heard a story in which the last line is “And they lived happily ever after.” This is the denouement of that story. The denouement lets the reader know how life continues after the conflict is solved. Most stories don’t end like the fairy tales in which the characters have no problems for the rest of their lives.
- ▶ Do you like books or stories that end with something unresolved? Usually these types of books and stories are in a series, and if you read the next book you find out what happens.

Think about the story “The Open Road.” What questions did you have after Mole and Rat returned home? (Possible answer: What did Toad do with the motorcar?)

The denouement of “The Open Road” tells you what happened to the cart and how Toad responded to the ending of his adventure, but the last line of the story lets you know that there is another story coming. Perhaps you will find out what happened with that shiny new car. Stories that leave you with questions, like “The Open Road” does, have an *open ending*.

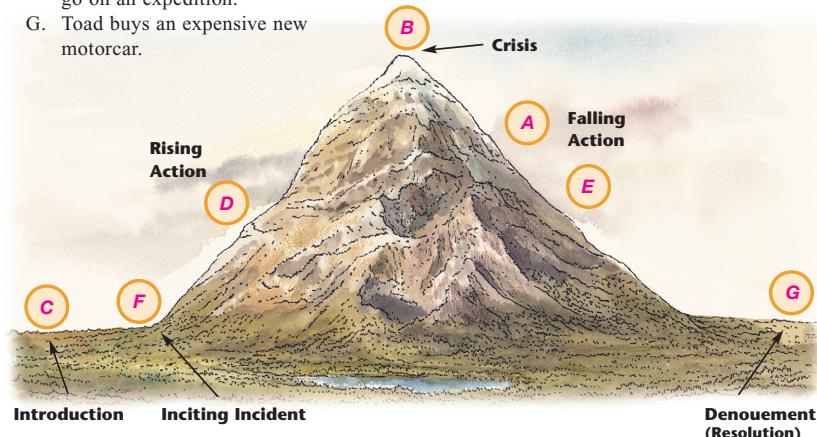
- ▶ Other stories let you know what happened to each character. There are no unanswered questions. Can you guess what the ending of these types of stories is called? (Elicit that it is a *closed ending*.)

“Blotto” is an example of a story with a closed ending. The last two paragraphs tell you what happened to Blotto and Jim. If the story had ended when Jim was being taken away and Blotto was following him, the reader would be left with some unanswered questions. Did Jim ever see Blotto again? Did Blotto follow the train all the way? Instead, the author ended the story by telling us that Blotto returned to the wild never to be seen by Jim again and that Jim was left with fond memories of his time with Blotto.

### Determining Denouement

#### ► Arrange the events from the story “The Open Road” on the plot mountain.

- Toad is in a daze and calls the little yellow cart “horrid.”
- A motorcar runs the caravan off the road.
- Rat and Mole decide to go visit Toad.
- Rat and Mole have to do all the work on the expedition.
- Rat and Mole take Toad home by train.
- Toad convinces Rat and Mole to go on an expedition.
- Toad buys an expensive new motorcar.



#### ► Put an X by the denouement of each story.

- Oliver Twist*  
 Oliver is caught running away from the scene of the crime.  
 The charges against Oliver are dropped, and Mr. Brownlow takes him away.
- Champion in Truth*  
 Myles defeats Sieur de la Montaigne, thus winning the joust.  
 Myles is knighted by the king with full honors of the Bath.
- Blotto*  
 Blotto returns to the wild never to be seen, and Jim is left with fond memories.  
 Blotto saves the train by pulling the lever the right way.
- “Feathers in the Wind”*  
 Philip sets the eagle free.  
 Alonzo realizes that Philip will not change his beliefs and offers to take him to the mission.
- “The Peterkins Celebrate the Fourth of July”*  
 Mr. Peterkin reads the Declaration of Independence.  
 Mrs. Peterkin decides she is glad there is only one Centennial Fourth in her lifetime.

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### 3 Skill application: Worktext pages 266–67

Guide the students in determining the denouement of each story listed at the bottom of page 266.

Help the students to determine whether the stories are closed-ended or open-ended. Direct them to list each title below the correct heading at the top of page 267.

Allow the students to arrange the events from “The Open Road” and “The Unintentional Hero” on the plot mountains on pages 266 and 267.

# THE ROOM

Candy decides to be content at the new parsonage even though she has to share a room with her younger twin sisters. How amazed she is when her brother uncovers a hidden room in the attic of the old house. And she is not the only one to claim the room—others enjoyed its privacy on their journey to freedom over one hundred years ago.

## Materials

- A quilt
- Vocabulary sentences for display. Use the prepared sentences from page 686 to introduce the vocabulary words in context at the beginning of the lesson.

## INTRODUCTION

### Quilts

Display the quilt.

► Does your family have a quilt that was made by someone in your family?

Do you think it takes very long to make a quilt?

What are some ways in which quilts are used? (to wrap around oneself to keep warm; as a bedspread or comforter on a bed; to display on a wall)

► In the story you will read today, you will find out about an unusual way in which quilts were used.

Lesson	Reader pages	Worktext pages
119	496–501	195–96

## OBJECTIVES

### LESSON 119

#### The student will

- Relate story content to personal experience.
  - Evaluate a character's attitude.
  - Identify character change.
  - Identify problems and solutions.
  - Evaluate the denouement of the story.
- .....



#### HERITAGE STUDIES Connection

Lesson 119 can be linked to the study of slavery in the United States and the Underground Railroad.

### Correlated Activities

- Vocabulary Notebook, Activity 2: Swap 'n' Study
- Spelling Practice, Activity 4: Don't Go Blank

See "Classroom Management for Grouping" in the Appendix.

## COMPREHENSION

### VOCABULARY

We helped our new pastor move into the **parsonage**. (p. 496)

Grandma and Grandpa enjoy sitting out on the **veranda** each night after supper. (p. 497)

### Before silent reading: pages 496–98

#### Motivation

- What lesson does Candy learn from a pen pal?

### After silent reading

#### Overview discussion: pages 496–98

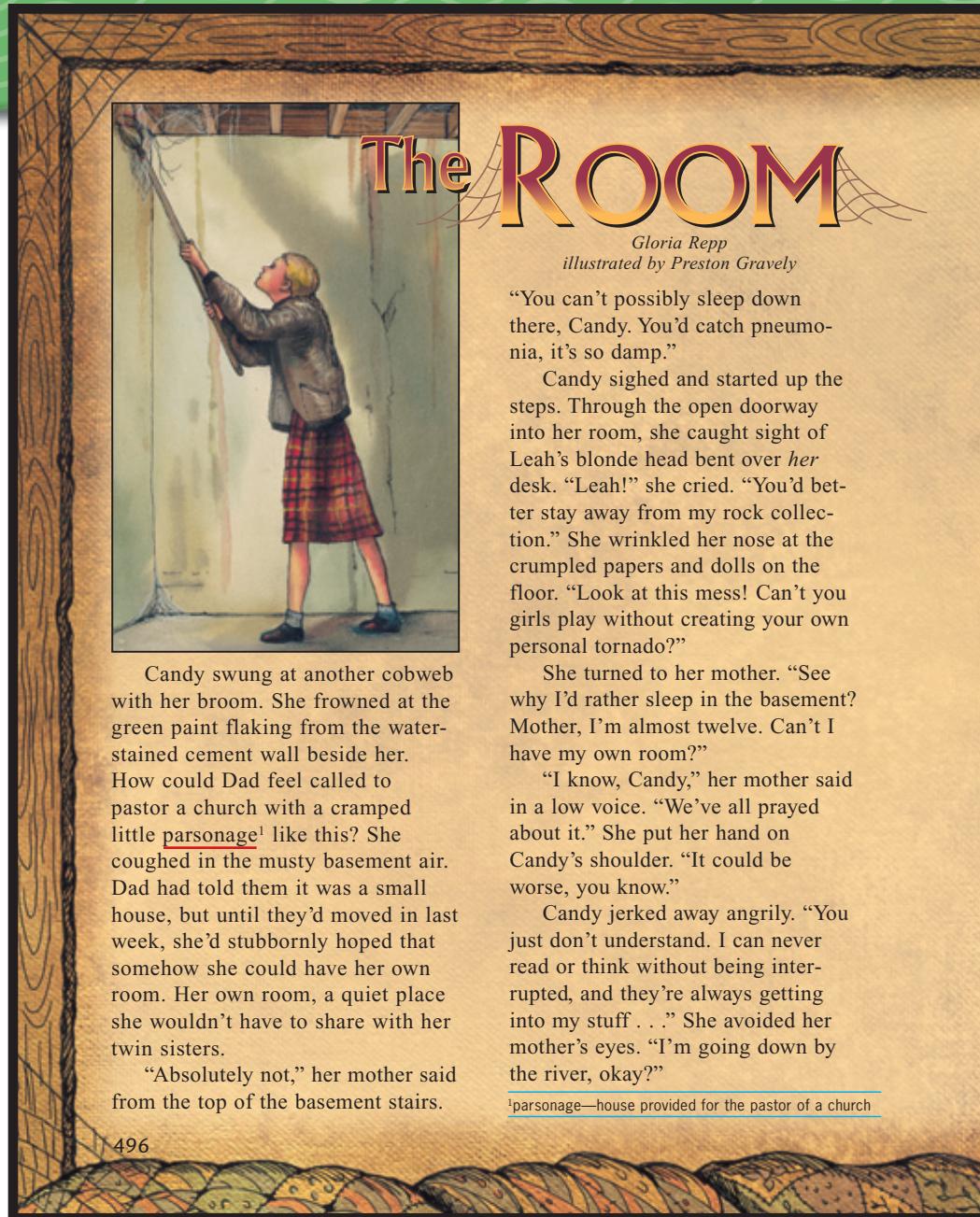
- [critical] What is Candy's problem? (She doesn't want to share a room with her twin sisters.) Is Candy handling her disappointment in the right way? (no; elicit that she should be content and make the best of the situation.) [BAT: 7d Contentment]

[literal] Why doesn't Candy's mother agree with Candy's idea for using the basement as a bedroom? (It is damp, and she could catch pneumonia.)

[interpretive] What do you think would be a good solution to Candy's problem? (Accept any answer.)

- [interpretive] How does Te Van's letter help Candy change her attitude about not having a room of her own? (It makes her realize that she is acting like a spoiled child; Te Van has to share one room with five other children.)

Locate and read aloud Candy's letter from Te Van (page 497).



# The ROOM

Gloria Repp  
illustrated by Preston Gravely

"You can't possibly sleep down there, Candy. You'd catch pneumonia, it's so damp."

Candy sighed and started up the steps. Through the open doorway into her room, she caught sight of Leah's blonde head bent over her desk. "Leah!" she cried. "You'd better stay away from my rock collection." She wrinkled her nose at the crumpled papers and dolls on the floor. "Look at this mess! Can't you girls play without creating your own personal tornado?"

She turned to her mother. "See why I'd rather sleep in the basement? Mother, I'm almost twelve. Can't I have my own room?"

"I know, Candy," her mother said in a low voice. "We've all prayed about it." She put her hand on Candy's shoulder. "It could be worse, you know."

Candy jerked away angrily. "You just don't understand. I can never read or think without being interrupted, and they're always getting into my stuff . . ." She avoided her mother's eyes. "I'm going down by the river, okay?"

<sup>1</sup>parsonage—house provided for the pastor of a church

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#### Follow-up discussion: page 496

- [literal] Why does Candy want a room of her own? (to have a quiet place away from her twin sisters)

Read aloud Candy's complaints when she goes into her room and sees the mess the twins have made.

[interpretive] Why does Candy avoid her mother's eyes when she is talking to her mother about the twins? (Elicit that she knows deep down that she is selfish and that she should try to get along with the twins.) [BAT: 5a Love]

On her way through the living room she glanced at the pile of mail. There were a lot of letters with the yellow forwarding stickers that the post office used. She thought about taking Dad's over to his office at the church, but then she remembered he'd be in Columbus until Saturday night.

She was about to put the pile of mail back when she looked again at a thin blue envelope with a foreign stamp. It was for her! It must be from Te Van, her pen pal in Vietnam. The youth group in her former church had started writing some teenagers in Vietnam about a year before she left, and she had wondered how soon Te Van's latest letter would catch up with her.

Pocketing her letter, Candy stepped out onto the veranda.<sup>2</sup> There she paused, as she always did, to gaze in fascination at the misty blue-green hills of Kentucky that rolled into the distance just across the shimmering Ohio River. After a minute she trudged down the hill to her favorite shady spot and perched on a rock to watch the river slipping by. But today she couldn't enjoy it.

Restlessly she glanced back up the hill at the parsonage, remembering how Mrs. Lindquist kept insisting that it was such a wonderful old house. What had she called it—a historical monument dating from before the Civil War? "Well," Candy

thought, "I wish it were bigger and a little less historical."

The letter from Vietnam crackled excitingly as she pulled it from her pocket. She skimmed through it, and suddenly Te Van's carefully drawn words seemed to leap out at her:

*You have written that you are moving to a different house with your family. We moved also into a house with better walls, made of bamboo woven, with a tin roof. It is six children in my family and we are still crowded in the one room but it is bigger. My father tries to get his job back and then I can go again to the school. I like very much.*

Candy felt her face grow red with embarrassment, even though nobody was there to see her shame. She felt that she had acted like a spoiled child, fussing about a room of her own. And yet—it was hard to live with Leah and Liz, no matter how happy Te Van was with a one-room house!

Candy shook her head. She was no Te Van, that was for sure! "Well," she told herself, "I can't make myself like it, but I guess I don't have to carry on like a six-year-old over it. I'll just have to live with sharing my room."

<sup>2</sup>veranda—porch or balcony with a roof

### Follow-up discussion: page 497

- [interpretive] Why can't Candy enjoy her favorite spot by the river today? (Elicit that she is feeling guilty about her bad attitude toward the twins, her parents, and her situation.)

[critical] How does Candy's attitude affect how she thinks of Mrs. Lindquist's claim that the house is historical? (Answers will vary, but elicit that because of her bad attitude she is annoyed by Mrs. Lindquist who "kept insisting . . .," and she cannot enjoy the historical value because she is thinking only of herself.)

[appreciative] How does your attitude affect your joy? (Elicit that when one has a bad attitude, it affects every area of one's life.) [BATs: 6c Spirit-filled; 6d Clear conscience]

- [literal] Does Candy realize that she has a bad attitude? (yes)

Read aloud the decision Candy makes after reading Te Van's letter.

## Follow-up discussion: page 498

► [interpretive] What does Candy like about the parsonage? (It is located right by the river, so she can have her devotions there.)

[interpretive] Why do you think Candy likes to read her Bible by the river? (Possible answers: It is quiet and peaceful; she likes to be outside.)

[interpretive] Why do you think Candy reads her Bible even though she is struggling with her bad attitude? (Elicit that she knows that reading God's Word will quiet her spirit and give her the strength to obey.) [BAT: 8b Faith in the power of the Word of God]



Now that she was quieter, Candy reached into her jacket for her pocket New Testament. One good thing about the new parsonage was that she could have her devotions right by the river. She had just finished reading when all at once she heard the twins tumbling down the hill.

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"Candy, guess what!" Leah called. "David got to come home from school for the weekend."

"And the church brought over some paint," Liz added.

"Hurrah!" Candy cried. "David can help me paint tomorrow." Laughing together, they ran up the hill and into the house.

Early the next morning, Candy slipped out onto the veranda to find David already there, reading. He looked up with a grin.

"Hey, this is a fascinating old place, isn't it?" her brother said. "Too bad it's so small. I know how much you wanted a room of your own."

Candy answered quietly. "I guess we've got more room than some people do. I'll manage." Then she remembered. "Oh, there's a lady at church, Mrs. Lindquist. She's wanted to meet you ever since she found out you're majoring in history at college. She's crazy about Civil War stuff. And she's got a whole bunch of antiques in her house."

David's eyes lit up. "Let's go see her as soon as we've finished that painting, okay?"

It was while David was painting the hall ceiling that he noticed the loose panel of plasterboard. "Hey, Candy," he called from the ladder. "Get a hammer, would you? I might as well—" His words were lost as the panel clattered to the floor.

"Now, that's strange," he said. "Where's that hammer, Candy?"

"Right here." She climbed up the ladder behind him. "David, isn't that another ceiling under there?"

"Yes—seems to me like somebody was trying to cover something up." He pointed to a big square

patch. "Here's another panel coming off. Can you take it?"

"David," Candy cried. "That looks like a trap door. Push on it and see if it moves."

"Nope, won't budge."

"Push harder. Here, let me help you."

"It's probably been nailed shut for a hundred years, Candy. There's nothing up there anyway," said David.

"Maybe," she said slowly. "But I still don't understand . . ." She ran her fingers around the edge of the board. "Feel this, David. Some little cut-outs, maybe for—"

"Fingers!" David interrupted. "Pull!" Candy's heart lurched as the trap door bumped open onto the false ceiling.

"Let's get some more of these boards out of the way so the door can come down," David said. "Better find some flashlights too."

It wasn't long before Candy could scramble after David through the gaping hole and onto the attic floor.

"Hey, why's this floor so soft?" David said, shining his flashlight down to their feet. Under the dust, they could see squares of faded cloth.

"Quilts!" Candy exclaimed. "This floor is covered with quilts." She took a few more steps. In a cobwebby corner, she saw a dull gleam.

The Room 499

### Follow-up discussion: page 499

- [literal] What do David and Candy find while they are painting? (a trap door that is covered with panels)

Read aloud Candy's thoughtful words as she finds the finger cut-outs for the trap door.

[literal] What makes the floor so soft? (It's covered with old quilts.)

### Before silent reading: pages 499–501

#### Motivation

- Would you like to have an older brother like David?

Does he sympathize with Candy's desire to have her own room?

### After silent reading

#### Overview discussion: pages 499–501

- [interpretive] How does David sympathize with Candy? (He tells her it's too bad the house is so small and that he knows she had wanted a room of her own.)

Locate and read aloud Candy's calm response to David's comment. Show her change of attitude in your voice (page 499).

[interpretive] How has Candy's attitude changed about sharing a room with her sisters? (Possible answers: She no longer feels sorry for herself; she accepts what God has given her family and is content.) [BAT: 7d Contentment]

[interpretive] What is the solution to Candy's problem of wanting a room of her own? (She can use the attic.)

- [interpretive] What does David find out that is special about the house? (The house was probably a station for the Underground Railroad.)

[interpretive] How was the house used in the Underground Railroad? (Slaves were hidden in the attic on their way through Kentucky before crossing the river into the free state of Ohio.)

- [appreciative] Does the denouement of the story tie up all the loose ends, or does it leave you wondering? (Elicit that it resolves the conflicts that were introduced in the story: Candy's desire for a room and the mystery of quilts in the attic; it has a closed ending.)



Denouement was presented in Lesson 118.

**Follow-up discussion:  
page 500**

► [appreciative] Have you ever found a hidden room or passageway before? What was it like?



"Look, David, a candleholder, with a half-burned candle in it. She snatched it up. "It looks like old, tarnished silver."

"Probably pewter," he said from where he was examining a wall. "Look here, Candy." He shone his light on several window frames. "Someone did a good job of boarding over these windows. From the outside no one would ever guess there was an attic up here."

Candy stared thoughtfully across the dusty little attic with its secretive shadows. Why would anyone want to hide an attic? It was just a room. . . .

"David!" she cried. "David, this room! It can be my bedroom! The Lord has given me a room!"

"He sure has," David answered with a smile. He cocked his head. "Hey, it sounds like Mom's home with the twins. Wait till they see this. Let's take this candleholder down with us."

That night, Candy waited impatiently for David to get back. He had been gone for hours, and all he had said was "Got to check on something." Then he had taken off with the candleholder in a paper bag.

Finally David came in, slamming the door behind him, the way he did when he was excited. "Guess what I found out?" he said, grinning.

"Come on, tell us," Candy exclaimed.

"Well, Mrs. Lindquist was right about this house being built before the Civil War," he said. "I checked on the dates with her. We figured out that someone must have used the attic to hide runaway slaves that were on their way to freedom in Canada." Candy stared at him in amazement.

"No kidding," he said. "The slaves used to escape across the river from Kentucky into Ohio because Ohio was a free state. They called this an underground station—part of the underground railroad that helped slaves escape to freedom in the North. That's why it was all fixed so no one would ever suspect there was an attic up there."

"And the quilts on the floor," Candy exclaimed. "So the people wouldn't make any noise."

"This pewter candleholder is a real antique," David handed it to his mother and Candy for a closer look.

"I wonder who used it last?" Candy ran her fingers around the dented edge of the candleholder. "Can I keep this up in my room?"

"You might find some spiders up there, Candy," David teased. "Are you sure you won't feel creepy in your new bedroom?"

"I'm not worried." Candy's face glowed. "The Lord sure gave me my room. He can handle the spiders for me too!"

*The Room 501*

## WORKTEXT OBJECTIVES

### The student will

- Complete analogies.
- Complete a story map.
- Use the encyclopedia to locate information.



### Comprehension: Worktext page 195

### Study skills: Worktext page 196



## Follow-up discussion: page 501

- [literal] What else do David and Candy find in the attic? (an old pewter candleholder)

Read aloud David's thoughtful response to Candy's finding the candleholder and his comments as he examines the room.

[literal] Why are there quilts on the floor? (The room was used by the Underground Railroad before the Civil War; the quilts were placed in the room so that the people hiding in the attic could not be heard below.)

## SOMETHING EXTRA

### **Write It: Newspaper article**

Instruct the student to write a newspaper article similar to the one that Mrs. Lindquist might have written for the local newspaper to tell about the discovery of the attic in the old parsonage. The article should include information about the quilts found there or the value of the pewter candlestick.

A house with a fake closet; a tunnel connecting an inn and a log cabin; a small room tucked away behind shelves in a store—all depots of the Underground Railroad. Thousands of slaves made their journey to freedom along this network of friends and shelters.

Lesson	Reader pages	Worktext pages
120	502–5	197–98

## Materials

- Vocabulary sentences for display. Use the prepared sentences from page 694 to introduce the vocabulary words in context at the beginning of the lesson.

## Background information

**Skimming**—This lesson gives students an opportunity to review and reinforce the study skill of skimming taught in Lesson 12. *Skimming* is defined as “reading quickly to get the *general idea*. Ways to skim include reading headings, subheadings, and other words that are bold or italicized, and reading the first sentence of each paragraph.” In this article, the students will read the first sentence of each paragraph to practice skimming.

## INTRODUCTION

### Railroad lingo

Read aloud the following to the students:

“This line of the railroad runs from here to Pittsburgh. There are five stations along the way. I’m the conductor on this trip. How many passengers do you have?”

- Who is speaking in this conversation? (Elicit that it is a railroad conductor—of the Underground Railroad.)

What was the purpose of the Underground Railroad? (to help slaves escape to freedom)

Was it really a railroad that ran underground? (no; elicit or explain that railroads were new at the time and commonly talked about. Using railroad lingo gave those helping the slaves a code language to use. Since it had to be done secretly, it was called “underground.”)

## OBJECTIVES

### LESSON 120

#### The student will

- Develop a sense of history.
- Discuss and describe historical events concerning the Underground Railroad and the Thirteenth Amendment.
- Read for information.
- Infer unstated facts and details.
- Skim to get the general idea of an article.



#### HERITAGE STUDIES Connection

Lesson 120 can be linked to the study of slavery in the United States and the Underground Railroad.

### Correlated Activities

- Connections, Activity 5: Careers
- Recreational Reading, Activity 1: Song Sensations

See “Classroom Management for Grouping” in the Appendix.

## COMPREHENSION

### VOCABULARY

The **fugitive** was caught shortly after escaping from prison. (p. 503)

My parents **boarded** a college student in our home for a year. (p. 503)

Dad stood in line to **register** me for soccer camp next summer. (p. 505)

### Skimming: pages 502–5

#### Motivation for skimming

- Skim these four pages by reading rapidly the first sentence of each paragraph to get a general idea of what the article is about.

#### Discussion: pages 502–5

- [interpretive] After skimming the article, what things do you think you will learn when you read the article carefully? (Answers will vary, but elicit that they will learn about the Underground Railroad and the people involved in freeing slaves from slavery.)

### Before silent reading

#### Motivation pages 502–5

- Now read carefully to get the author's full message about the Underground Railroad.

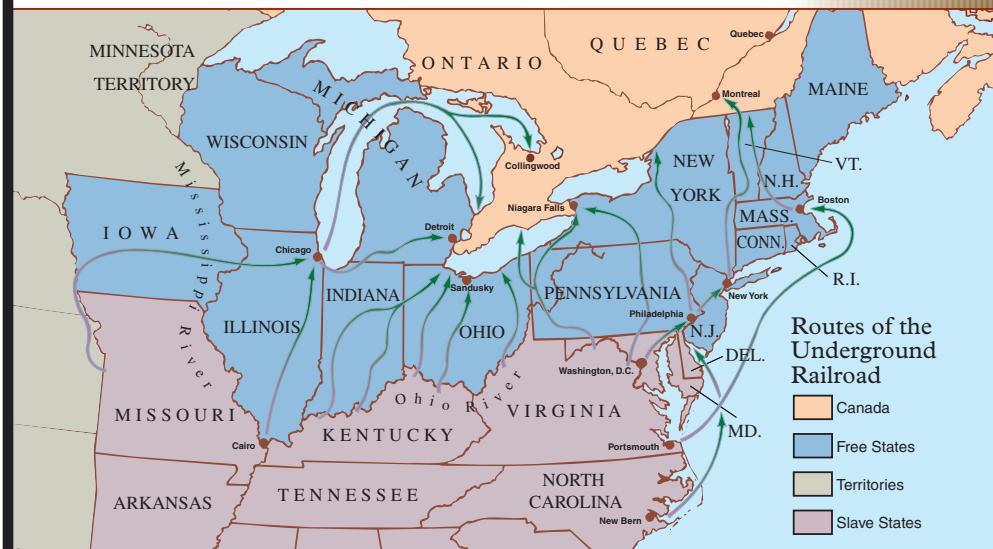
### After silent reading

#### Overview discussion: pages 502–5

- [literal] What was the Underground Railroad? (a secret organization formed by people who wanted to help runaway slaves gain freedom)

## SECRETS in the WALLS

Eileen M. Berry



In the 1840s and 50s, many buildings in the northern United States had secret rooms. A shoe store had a little room tucked away behind a wall filled with shelves of shoeboxes. An inn had an underground tunnel connecting it to a log cabin. A house had a fake closet that was really an entrance to a passage leading far back within its walls. All of these buildings were part of a system called the Underground Railroad.

The Underground Railroad was a secret organization formed by people

who wanted to help runaway slaves gain their freedom. In the decades before the American Civil War, thousands of slaves fled from their owners in the slave states of the South to safety in a northern free state or in Canada. All along the way, they followed a network<sup>1</sup> of specially mapped-out routes with safe places to stop for food and shelter. At these secret places, they would be hidden long enough for them to rest, regain strength, and sometimes receive new shoes or clothing before continuing their journey.

<sup>1</sup>network—a system or pattern

502

- [literal] What kinds of risks were involved in working on the Underground Railroad? (possible answers: being caught; being fined; being imprisoned)

- [interpretive] Harriet Tubman helped to lead slaves from Maryland into freedom. Look at the map on page 502. Do you think it was easier for slaves to escape from Maryland than from a state farther south, such as North Carolina? Why or why not? (It was probably easier to escape from Maryland. The slaves in Maryland did not have as far to travel to a free state as the slaves in North Carolina did.)

- [interpretive] How would you describe Harriet Tubman? (possible answers: courageous; faithful; compassionate; strong; heroic) [BAT: 5a Compassion]

Locate and read aloud the paragraphs that describe how Harriet Tubman became involved in the Underground Railroad (page 504).

- [appreciative] Would you have liked to have helped on the Underground Railroad? Why or why not?

- [appreciative] Which would you rather be: a pilot, a conductor, or a stationmaster? Why?

(See Follow-up discussion of page 502 at bottom of next page.)

Traveling or working on the Underground Railroad was dangerous. The Fugitive<sup>2</sup> Slave Act of 1793 imposed<sup>3</sup> a fine of five hundred dollars on anyone who was caught harboring<sup>4</sup> an escaped slave. But then in 1850, a new Fugitive Slave Law was passed. This law raised the fine to one thousand dollars, and it also stated that people living in free states could be imprisoned for failing to return fugitive slaves to their owners.

The people who operated the Underground Railroad used the language of the railroad to avoid raising suspicion and being discovered. They referred to the places of safety as “stations” or “depots” and those who lived in them as “stationmasters.” The people who made special trips south to encourage slaves to flee were called “pilots,” and those who risked their lives to lead them on their journey were called “conductors.” The fugitive slaves were often referred to as “passengers” or “cargo.”

People helped slaves travel the Underground Railroad for various reasons. Many of the stationmasters were Quakers. They believed that all men were created equal, and they considered it their religious duty to help runaway slaves find a life of

<sup>2</sup>fugitive—a person running away

<sup>3</sup>imposed—put on or assigned to a person something that is a burden

<sup>4</sup>harboring—giving shelter to; taking in

freedom in the North. One Quaker named Thomas Garrett calculated that he had assisted 2,322 slaves in the years between 1825 and 1863.

Some railroad workers were free blacks. Many had been born free in the North and had never known what it was like to labor for little or no pay, to be whipped by a harsh overseer, or to be separated from their families and sold to another plantation. Others had been born into slavery but had been granted freedom by their masters or had worked extra hard to buy their freedom.

William Still was a free black man whose parents had escaped from slavery before he was born. He spent his entire life serving the fugitive slaves who traveled the Underground Railroad. As clerk of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society and secretary of the Philadelphia Vigilance Committee,<sup>5</sup> he met thousands of runaway slaves who came through Philadelphia. He boarded<sup>6</sup> many fugitives in his home and helped them choose the safest escape routes to Canada, where the Fugitive Slave Law could not be enforced. He also kept careful records about each runaway slave that he met. He continued to keep them even after the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, when many records were destroyed for fear

<sup>5</sup>Vigilance Committee—an unofficial group that watches out for crimes or other acts

<sup>6</sup>boarded—gave shelter or food, usually for pay

*Secrets in the Walls* 503

(continued from previous page)

### Follow-up discussion: page 502

- [literal] During what years did buildings in the United States have secret rooms? (1840s and 50s)

Read aloud the sentences that describe the secret rooms.

[literal] What might the runaway slaves receive at these secret places? (rest, food, shelter, new shoes and clothing)

### Follow-up discussion: pages 503–4

- [literal] After the passing of the Fugitive Slave Act of 1793, what fine was imposed on anyone who was caught harboring a slave? (\$500)

 In the year 1793, \$500 would be equivalent to approximately \$7,000 in 2002.

- [interpretive] Do you think the Fugitive Slave Law, passed in 1850, kept some people from helping slaves? Why or why not? (Answers will vary, but elicit that some were probably afraid of being caught and being required to pay a large fine and therefore didn't help.)

[literal] How did the people who operated the Underground Railroad avoid raising suspicion about their activities? (They used the language of the railroad when talking about helping slaves to escape.)

Read aloud the paragraph that describes the language or code that the people operating the Underground Railroad used to avoid suspicion.

- [literal] What important thing did William Still do? (He took care of runaway slaves in his home and kept records of the slaves he met.)

[interpretive] Why do you think William Still kept his records of the slaves he had helped escape even after the Fugitive Slave Law was passed? (Possible answers: He wanted the information to help slaves find their family members; he wanted to keep a history of some of the events of the Underground Railroad.)

## Follow-up discussion: page 504

► [interpretive] Why was it dangerous for Harriet Tubman to return to a slave state? (She could have been captured and forced back into slavery.)

[critical] Why do you think it was worth the risk to Miss Tubman to return to a slave state? (She wanted her family members and other slaves to be free too.)

[interpretive] How many trips to Maryland did Harriet Tubman make in all? (twelve)



of discovery. His records sometimes helped slaves locate family members from whom they had been separated. After the Civil War, William Still published these records in a book that gave us our most detailed information about the Underground Railroad.

Some workers on the Underground Railroad were escaped slaves who were not content to settle down in safety and freedom while so many others suffered on in slavery. One such woman was Harriet Tubman.

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Born into a slave family on a plantation in Maryland, Harriet Tubman lived as a slave until she was twenty-nine years old. She often heard stories about the Underground Railroad while she was growing up, and one day she learned the location of the “station” nearest her. She fled in the middle of the night and traveled for many more nights on the ninety-mile route to freedom. When at last she reached the free state of Pennsylvania, she got a job as a cook in a hotel in Philadelphia.

But Tubman missed the family she had left behind in Maryland. She decided to travel back to try to rescue her sister and nieces and nephews. Though it was very dangerous for her to travel back into a slave state,

Tubman believed it was worth the risk. She traveled to Baltimore, found her sister, and successfully guided her family members from station to station on the Underground Railroad, all the way to Philadelphia.

Harriet Tubman went on to become the most famous conductor on the Underground Railroad. Starting in 1852, she made two trips to Maryland every year until 1857 to bring her family members and other slaves out of bondage. She and William Still became close friends as she brought group after group of

runaway slaves to be registered<sup>7</sup> in his office. Harriet Tubman was often called “the Moses of her people,” for she helped to conduct more than three hundred slaves to freedom. She said of herself that she had “never run [her] train off the track, and . . . never lost a passenger.” During the Civil War, she continued working for the North as a spy, scout, and nurse. Upon her death in 1913, she was buried in Auburn, New York, with full military honors.

On January 1, 1863, Abraham Lincoln’s *Emancipation<sup>8</sup> Proclamation* freed the slaves in the

Confederate States. Then in 1865, Congress passed the thirteenth amendment<sup>9</sup> to the Constitution and slavery ended. The Underground Railroad was no longer necessary. The secret rooms and passageways were sealed up, used for storage, or simply forgotten. But the thousands of slaves who had first tasted freedom at the end of that “railroad” would never forget the courageous people who had helped them on their way.

<sup>7</sup>registered—officially written on a list or record  
<sup>8</sup>emancipation—freedom from slavery  
<sup>9</sup>amendment—a change in a law

## Amendment XIII: Slavery

**Section 1.** Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as punishment for crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

**Section 2.** Congress shall have power to enforce this article with appropriate legislation.

*Secrets in the Walls* 505

## WORKTEXT OBJECTIVES

### The student will

- Read a table for information.
  - Match words and definitions.
  - Recall and interpret facts and details.
- .....

### Study skills:

Worktext page 197



### Comprehension:

Worktext page 198



## Follow-up discussion: page 505

► [interpretive] In what way did the slaves think Harriet Tubman was like Moses? (Just as Moses led the Israelites out of slavery in Egypt, Harriet led her people out of slavery in the South.)

Read aloud Harriet Tubman’s own description of her success as a conductor.

[literal] What other courageous things did Harriet do besides conducting passengers on the Underground Railroad? (She worked as a spy, a scout, and a nurse during the Civil War.)

► [literal] When was the Underground Railroad no longer necessary? (in 1865, when Congress passed the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution and slavery ended)

[interpretive] How do you think Harriet Tubman felt when slavery finally ended? (possible answers: grateful; relieved; joyful)

Read aloud the two sections of the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

## SOMETHING EXTRA

### Make It: Time line

Instruct the student to make a time line that includes Harriet Tubman's birth year through the year of her death: 1819–1913. Direct him to use encyclopedias, the Internet, or history books to find ten important events in American history during Harriet Tubman's lifetime and to include the events on the time line. Encourage him to look for other former slaves and famous African Americans who lived during this time period, such as William Still, Booker T. Washington, George Washington Carver, Frederick Douglass, and Sojourner Truth.

### Draw It: Station floor plan

Instruct the student to draw the floor plan of a building that could be used to hide runaway slaves. He may choose a small cabin in the woods, a mansion in town, a stable, or even a warehouse. Instruct him to draw in hidden rooms and passages, including the furniture and rugs that will be used to conceal the hiding places. You may choose to allow the student to build a model after completing the floor plan.

# THE IMPORTANT PART

Joe thinks he's just too clumsy to be in the play—even if it is a chance to serve the Lord. After all, he missed the final basket that would have won the game for his team, he dropped the dishes while helping Mom in the kitchen, and he tripped in class. Then Pastor Martin comes to visit, and Joe understands a whole lot better the “growing-up” process he is in.

Lesson	Reader pages	Worktext pages
121	506–9	199
122	510–16	200–202

## Materials

- A basketball
- Vocabulary sentences for display. Use the prepared sentences from pages 700 and 704 to introduce the vocabulary words in context at the beginning of each lesson.
- Teaching Visuals 10 and 11: *The Shape It's In* and *A Change of Character* (for Lesson 122)

## INTRODUCTION

### All thumbs

Display the basketball.

- ▶ Do you like to play basketball?  
Are you a good player?  
Do you ever feel clumsy?
- ▶ If you've ever felt clumsy, you'll be able to relate to the boy in the story we'll begin reading today.

## OBJECTIVES

### LESSON 121

#### The student will

- Infer unstated facts and details.
- Evaluate emotional responses of characters.
- Identify third-person point of view.

### LESSON 122

#### The student will

- Relate story to personal experience.
- Relate story content to biblical truth: God promises power to the weak.
- Interpret the meaning of a story title.
- Compare and contrast story characters.

### Correlated Activities

- Word Work, Activity 4: Notable Events
- Creative Writing, Activity 4: Smart Chart

See “Classroom Management for Grouping” in the Appendix.

## COMPREHENSION

### VOCABULARY

We knew Myra wasn't interested when she told us **flatly** that she would not go. (p. 508)

### Before silent reading: pages 506–9

#### Motivation

- Why doesn't Joe want to be in the play?

#### After silent reading

##### Overview discussion: pages 506–9

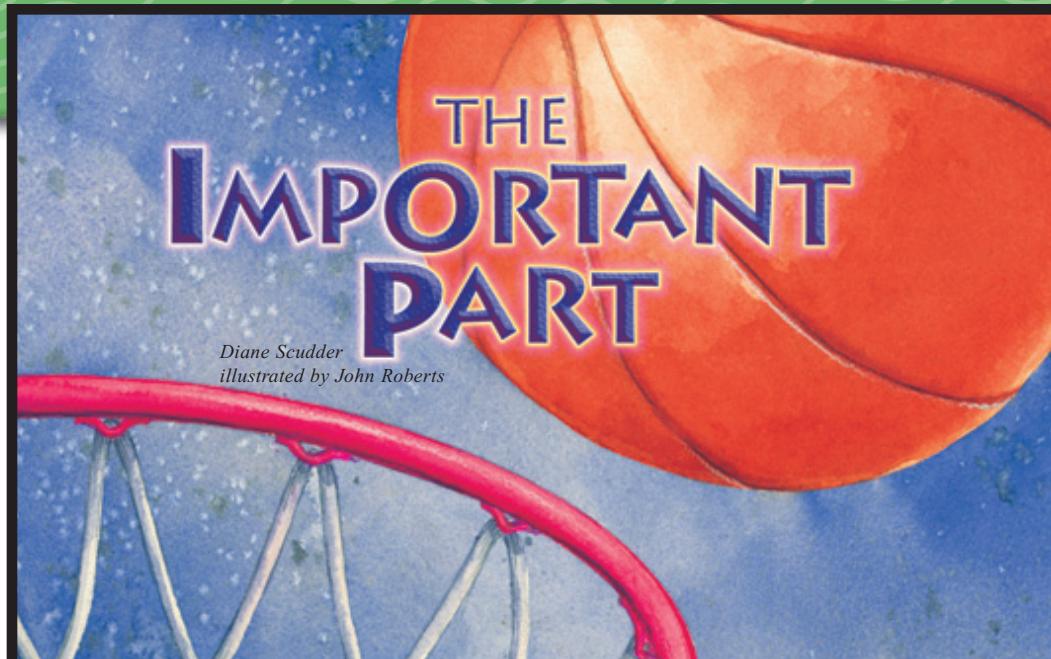
- [interpretive] What problems does Joe have? (Possible answers: He is clumsy; he isn't good at basketball; his classmates are not nice to him.) What does Joe do to make his problems worse? (Elicit that focusing on himself and his problems makes Joe's problems seem much worse.)

[critical] Do you agree with the statement, "It's not whether you win or lose; it's how you play the game"? Explain your answer. (Accept any answer.)

- [interpretive] Why doesn't Joe want to be in the play Mrs. Taylor asks him to be in? (He is afraid he will mess up the whole play.)

Locate and read aloud the conversation between Mrs. Taylor and Joe when she asks him to take the part of Mr. Harper and he tells her he doesn't want to do it. Use Mrs. Taylor's kind, quiet voice and Joe's sullen, defeated voice (page 508).

- [interpretive] Why does Joe feel awful after his conversation with Mrs. Taylor? (Possible answers: He doesn't like to disappoint Mrs. Taylor; he



#### A PART TO PLAY

"Come on! Play your positions!" Rodney yelled. "One minute 'til the bell rings. We can catch 'em—maybe beat 'em."

Joe glanced over at Rodney, the tallest player and captain of their basketball team. He had two players guarding him. "If only I could get the ball, I'd have a chance at the goal," Joe thought. Their team was behind by only one point.

Joe stepped under the basket. Now three of the other team members were crowding Rodney, since he was the best shot. But no one was guarding Joe.

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"I'm free," Joe yelled from his position under the hoop. "Throw it here!"

Glen had the ball. He hesitated, looking quickly at Rodney and back at Joe. There were just too many guards around Rodney. Glen shot the ball over to Joe just as the bell rang.

Joe lined up his shot quickly and got the ball in the air before the bell stopped ringing. "This is it," he thought. "If I make it, we'll win the game." He watched as the ball arched through the air toward the hoop. Instead of swishing through the net, the ball hit the rim behind it and bounced back out.

knows that she is right about this being an opportunity for him to serve the Lord.) [BATs: 2b Servanthood; 2f Enthusiasm]

► [interpretive] What is the point of view in this story? (third-person) How do you know? (because a narrator is telling the story about Joe and how Joe thinks and feels by using "he thought" and "he felt")

#### Follow-up discussion: page 506

- [interpretive] Why do you think no one is guarding Joe in the basketball game? (Possible answers: Joe doesn't have the ball; Rodney is a better player; they know Joe can't play well, so they aren't concerned about blocking his shots.)

Read aloud Joe's wishful thoughts about making a basket.

[appreciative] How would you feel if you were the one who missed the winning shot?

"Come on, boys," Mrs. Taylor called from across the parking lot. "Time to come inside. Game's over."

The other team gave a big shout and ran for the door. Rodney's team followed more slowly. Joe kept his eyes on the ground.

"Why'd you throw it to Joe?" Rodney muttered to Glen. "You know he never hits anything."

Joe wasn't sure whether Rodney wanted him to overhear the comment or not. It didn't really matter. It was true. He sighed and pushed his hair back out of his eyes. His dad had always told him it didn't matter whether he won or lost as long as he did his best. Nobody else seemed to feel that way, though—especially Rodney.

Joe lifted his glasses and wiped the bridge of his nose. Whew, it was hot! If only all that running around had accomplished something—like getting him a basket. He seemed to hear his dad's voice in his mind. "If you keep practicing," he said, "you'll get better. Before long you'll be surprised at how well you play."

Joe's shoulders slumped as he walked toward the school building. It just wasn't working.

Joe got in line for a drink of water from the fountain before going back to his classroom.

"Please be quiet out there," Mrs. Taylor called.

Glen and Rodney stopped talking, but Joe watched their eyes sending messages back and forth. He was still trying to figure out what they were saying to each other when his turn at the drinking fountain came.

As Joe stepped forward and bent over the fountain, someone nudged him from behind. His teeth hit the metal spout of the fountain with a loud *thunk*. Tears of pain clouded his eyes as he jerked his head back.

Joe decided not to get a drink after all, and he walked past the rest of the line into the room as fast as he could. He felt his ears starting to turn red. His mouth hurt too, and he wanted to feel his lip and try to tell whether it was cut. Everyone in line must have heard the noise he'd made hitting the metal spout.

At the classroom door, Mrs. Taylor handed him a tissue from her pocket. "What happened to your lip, Joe?" she asked.

"I hit my mouth on the fountain." Joe didn't look up. The tissue was still pressed on his lip, so Mrs. Taylor couldn't hear him.

"What happened?" she asked again.

Joe took the tissue away from his lip. "I hit my mouth on the fountain," he said again in a louder voice. "It'll be all right."

Joe's mind wandered during the Heritage Studies lesson. He felt like his lip must be twice its normal size,

*The Important Part* 507

## Follow-up discussion: page 507

- [interpretive] Do you think Rodney meant for Joe to hear what he said to Glen? (Accept any answer.)

Read aloud Rodney's muttered comments.

[critical] What would have been a better way for Rodney to react to the situation? (Answers will vary, but elicit that he should have tried to encourage Joe.)

- [interpretive] Why does Joe think everyone heard the noise that his teeth made when they hit the metal spout on the water fountain? (Elicit that Joe thinks everyone is talking about him and the shot he missed, so he thinks they are watching him too.)

Choose two students to read aloud the conversation between Joe and Mrs. Taylor about what happened to Joe's lip.

- [appreciative] If you were Joe, would you have been tempted to tell about the shove at the water fountain in order "to get back at" the boys who were so unkind? (Accept any answer. Explain that the word *tattling* is related to one's motive for telling. If Joe had been asked to report on an incident for the good of the other boys, he should have told about the shove; in this case his keeping it to himself showed good character.) [BAT: 3c Emotional control]

## Follow-up discussion: page 508

- [literal] What happens when Joe focuses on his problems? (He forgets to pay attention in class.)
- [literal] What does Mrs. Taylor want Joe to do? (take the important part of Mr. Harper in the school play)

[appreciative] How would you feel if you were asked to take the biggest part in a play?

Read aloud Mrs. Taylor's reasons for giving Joe this part in the play.

[interpretive] What is Joe's attitude when he is first offered the part in the play? (Elicit that he is fearful.)

[interpretive] Why do you think Joe refuses to tell Mrs. Taylor why he doesn't want to take the part? (Possible answers: He is ashamed and afraid that she might think less of him because of his fear; deep down, he knows his excuse is weak.)

and he supposed his ears were still pretty red. At least no one was looking at him. When Mrs. Taylor talked, everyone looked at her.

"What's wrong with me?" Joe wondered. "Why am I so clumsy?" Last night he had broken five dishes while he was clearing the table. He had meant to set a stack of plates on the table, but the bottom plate had hit the table's edge instead, and the unexpected bump had made him drop the whole stack. He still remembered the weary look on his mother's face as she bent to help him pick up the pieces of shattered plates.

Mrs. Taylor knocked gently on Joe's desk. "Joe, it's time to get busy," she told him. He was still looking at her, but everyone else in the class was busy with an assignment. "Read to the end of the chapter," Mrs. Taylor told him. "I want you to practice the note-taking skills and record what you learn about the Maya civilization of ancient America."

Joe started the assignment, determined to keep his mind on it and do a good job.

A few minutes later he heard his name. "Joe, come up to the desk," Mrs. Taylor called in that soft voice she used when everyone else was supposed to be working.

As he walked up the aisle toward her desk, Joe stumbled. He wasn't

sure whether someone had tripped him on purpose or whether he'd caught his foot on something.

On Mrs. Taylor's desk, he saw a stack of papers clipped together. Some of the lines had been marked with yellow highlighter. Joe's eyes widened. They were scripts for the annual school play! The name *Mr. Harper* was written in the corner of the first set of pages.

"The other teachers and I would like you to take the part of Mr. Harper," Mrs. Taylor said. "It's the most important part in the play, and we know you can memorize the lines. It starts here." She pointed to the first line that was highlighted in yellow. "We won't start practices for two or three weeks yet, but we'd like you to start learning your lines."

Joe didn't take the pages when she held them out to him. "I don't think I can do it," he said.

"Oh, it's not all that long," she assured him, ruffling through the pages. "You don't have something to say on every page. I'm sure you won't have any trouble. You're always one of the first ones to recite the week's Scripture passage."

"I don't want to do it," Joe told her flatly.<sup>1</sup> He looked down at the floor. He wanted to say that he was sure he would trip as he walked onto the stage, that he knew he would do something to mess the whole play

<sup>1</sup>flatly—without emotion



up, but he didn't. He just kept staring at the floor.

Mrs. Taylor looked puzzled. "Joe, this is an opportunity to serve the Lord. We always have a big crowd for our plays, and some of the people who come aren't saved. This play has the gospel message in it very clearly."

She waited for Joe to say something. When he kept looking at the floor, she tried again. "We need you," she said. "Mr. Harper has to be played by an older boy, and you're probably the only one who can learn all the lines. Besides, I think you would do a wonderful job."

Mrs. Taylor looked pleadingly at Joe and waited, but Joe just kept looking at the floor. Finally she

sighed and said, "I don't know what to do. We were sure you would take the part." She paused, then said thoughtfully, "I don't intend to force you to do it if you don't want to. But you've always wanted to serve the Lord before. Will you pray about it, Joe?" she asked him. "If the Lord changes your mind, you can let me know before the end of the week."

Joe nodded politely and turned to walk back to his desk. "I'll be praying you'll make the right decision," Mrs. Taylor said.

Joe sighed as he sat down again. When Mrs. Taylor talked to him like that, he felt awful, but he didn't want to be in the play. He didn't want to hear the laughter of the audience as he messed up line after line.

*The Important Part* 509

### Follow-up discussion: page 509

► [literal] Why is the play so important? (The play gives a clear gospel message, and some of the people who will come to the play are not saved.) [BAT: 5c Evangelism and missions]

[interpretive] Why does Mrs. Taylor think Joe will do a wonderful job? (He is good at memorizing, and they need an older boy.)

Read aloud Mrs. Taylor's pleading for Joe to take the part.

### Looking ahead

► Will Joe take the part in the play?

### WORKTEXT OBJECTIVE

#### The student will

- Identify cause-and-effect relationships.

### Comprehension: Worktext page 199



## COMPREHENSION

### VOCABULARY

We were already late for church, but our lateness was **compounded** when our car wouldn't start. (p. 513)

My sister is taking a class to learn the **technique** of painting with watercolor. (p. 516)

### Before silent reading: pages 510–11

#### Motivation

- Why is Joe having such a hard time deciding about being in the play?

#### After silent reading

##### Overview discussion: pages 510–11

- [interpretive] What is Joe focusing on in all of his thoughts? (**himself and his weaknesses and not the Lord**)

**NOTE** You may wish to lead a discussion about pride. Pride can manifest itself in many ways, not just by being boastful. One can allow pride to prevent him from doing things for fear of what others will think, or fear of being a failure. [BAT: 7e Humility]

► [literal] What happened three weeks ago at church? (**Joe raised his hand to say he was willing to serve the Lord anywhere, at home or abroad.**) Is Joe living his life according to this decision? (**no**) If he made that decision, why is he having such a hard time doing what is right now? (**Elicit that making a decision one time does not solve one's problems. We must decide to do right every day.**)

► [interpretive] What does Joe feel that God wants him to do about the play? (**not to take the part**)

### HIS WORK, HIS WAY

Later, at home, Joe sat down at the dining-room table to finish his Heritage Studies notes.

His mother called to him from the kitchen. "Joe, please don't get too comfortable. We're having company, and I have to set the table."

Joe began removing his books from the table. "Who's coming?" he asked. He was glad his lip wasn't very swollen and the cut had been on

the inside. He didn't want to have to tell anyone what had happened.

"Pastor Martin and his wife," his mother answered, smiling.

"Need any help?" Joe reached for the stack of dishes she was holding.

"Not tonight, Joe. You'd better try to finish that homework before dinner."

She said it very kindly, but Joe knew she didn't trust him with her best china.



[critical] Do you think Joe has drawn the right conclusion about what God wants him to do? (**no**) Why or why not? (**Elicit that although he has prayed, he has not waited to get God's answer; he has made the decision himself.**)

Locate and read aloud Joe's prayer and the decision he makes about the play (p. 511).

##### Follow-up discussion: page 510

- [literal] Why doesn't Joe's mother want Joe to help set the table? (**She is using her best china and remembers Joe's breaking dishes the day before.**)

Choose two students to read aloud the conversation between Joe and his mother about setting the table. Instruct them to read with Joe's eager tone and his mother's kind tone.

Without a word, Joe went to his room, put his books on the desk, and lay down on his bed. "I hope Pastor Martin doesn't know about the part in the school play," he thought. "He might say something about it to mom at dinner, and I sure don't want her to know about it."

Joe knew his mother would tell him all the reasons he ought to be in the play. If he tried to convince her that he didn't want to do it, she would give him a disappointed look, and he knew he would end up taking the part just to keep her from being unhappy.

Yet Mrs. Taylor had not mentioned telling his parents about the part. She had left the decision up to him.

"I won't do it," Joe said out loud as he stared at the ceiling. He felt a cold, hard knot in the pit of his stomach. "I make mistakes at everything I do. It's bad enough to be a fool in front of my team and the whole class. I don't want to be one in front of the entire church."

Thinking about the church reminded Joe of the service three weeks ago when he had responded to the invitation. Pastor Martin had said that the Lord could use anyone who would let God take complete control of his life. Joe had raised his hand to

say he was willing to serve the Lord anywhere, at home or abroad.

Pastor Martin had seen Joe's hand and prayed for him. "Bless these young ones who are giving their lives to Thee, Lord," he had said. Joe had been certain that God had a special, important work for him to do someday.

But now he wasn't so sure. He was quite certain God wouldn't want to use anyone like him. He was too clumsy. What if he never got over it? Joe didn't want people looking at him—and probably laughing—throughout his entire life. God used people like Pastor Martin. It was hard to imagine Pastor Martin ever tripping as he walked down an aisle or hitting his mouth on a water fountain.

"Maybe I'll learn to fix cars and get a job doing that," Joe thought. "I'll be underneath cars all the time, and no one will ever see me."

Joe remembered that Mrs. Taylor had told him to pray about being in the play. He closed his eyes. "God, please make sure my mother doesn't find out about the play. And please give me special direction if You want me in the play." But he was sure that God had already shown him what to do. God had shown him that he was too clumsy to do anything very important.

### Follow-up discussion: page 511

► [interpretive] Why do you think Joe's mom would be disappointed if she knew he didn't want to take the part in the play? ([Answers will vary, but elicit that she would want him to serve the Lord by being in the play.](#))

[interpretive] Why does Joe think that God cannot use him? ([Joe thinks he is too clumsy.](#))

[literal] What does Joe think he will do with his life? ([fix cars](#))

Read aloud with a discouraged tone Joe's reason for wanting to fix cars.

## Before silent reading: pages 512–16

### Motivation

- ▶ How does God help Joe conquer his fear?

## After silent reading

### Overview discussion: pages 512–16

- ▶ [literal] What happens that calls Pastor Martin's attention to Joe's clumsiness? (Joe drops the gravy ladle on the tablecloth.)

[interpretive] Why do you think Pastor Martin mentions his experiences when he was Joe's age? (Answers will vary, but elicit that he is trying to make Joe feel better.)

[interpretive] Compare and contrast Pastor Martin's childhood experiences with Joe's. (Both wore glasses, were clumsy, broke things, were afraid that people would laugh at them, wanted to work in a job where no one would see them, played basketball, and made a promise to the Lord to serve Him. Pastor Martin also had a speech problem.)

Locate and read aloud the paragraphs in which Pastor Martin describes the trouble he had when he was Joe's age (p. 513).

[interpretive] How has Pastor Martin overcome his fears? (He started caring more about what God thought than what other people thought; he believes that God empowers weak things.) [BATs: 3a Self-concept; 3c Emotional control]

- ▶ [interpretive] What makes Joe change his mind about being in the play? (Elicit that Joe's hearing about how God helped Pastor Martin and about Pastor Martin's willingness to let God work helped Joe see that he too should be willing.)

[appreciative] Have you ever thought about how God can use your weaknesses and struggles to be an encouragement to others?



Joe got up and started working on his assignment again. He had just finished when he heard the doorbell ring. Pastor and Mrs. Martin had arrived. Joe hurried to the living room.

"Hi, Joe," Pastor Martin said. He shook Joe's hand just the way he would shake a grown-up's. "How are you?" he asked.

"I'm fine," Joe told him.

Mother invited everyone into the dining room.

Dad asked Pastor Martin to pray before the meal. Joe liked to listen to the pastor pray. He didn't pray long prayers, but he talked to God as if he really knew Him, as if he'd been talking to Him a lot for a long time.

As his mother began passing the food around, Pastor Martin asked Joe how he was doing in school. Joe said "fine" and was relieved when Pastor Martin didn't mention anything about the play.

512

### Follow-up discussion: page 512

- ▶ [interpretive] How does Pastor Martin make Joe feel important? (He shakes Joe's hand just like he would a grown-up's.) Why do you think this is important to Joe? (Answers will vary, but elicit that after feeling bad about what his classmates said at school and thinking he was always messing up, it is nice to have someone treat him with respect.) [BAT: 5a Kindness]

- ▶ [literal] What does Joe like about the pastor's prayer? (The pastor talks to God like he knows Him and has been talking to God for a long time.) [BAT: 6b Prayer]

Joe took a big helping of mashed potatoes. "Please pass the gravy," he said.

His mother smiled and passed him the gravy dish. Joe set the dish down beside him and dipped several big ladles of gravy onto his potatoes. He thought he was setting the ladle back into the half-empty gravy bowl, but something else must have happened. His mother whispered urgently, "Joe!"

When he looked, the ladle was on the tablecloth next to the bowl. There was gravy dripping down the side of the bowl and a big gravy smudge on the tablecloth.

Joe mumbled an apology and picked up the ladle. He tried to wipe the gravy up with his napkin, sure that his ears were turning red again.

Joe's mother patted his arm. "It will wash out," she said.

"Joe's really been having a hard time lately," Joe's dad said, passing the gravy on to Pastor Martin.

Pastor Martin laughed. "I remember when I went through that," he said. "For months my mother said I broke dishes faster than she could buy them. I had to use part of my allowance to pay for broken dishes."

Joe's dad gave him a playful wink across the table. "See, Son, you'll grow out of it," he said.

"Sure you will, Joe. I had an especially hard time because of my glasses. I wear contacts now." Pastor

Martin picked up his water glass. "But I used to wear glasses that were thicker than the bottom of this glass. Most boys go through a clumsy stage when they begin growing rapidly, but mine was compounded<sup>2</sup> by my poor eyesight. Without anyone knowing it, my eyes began to change rapidly too. I was having a lot of trouble seeing. Things did improve some when I got my glasses changed."

"Maybe we should have Joe's eyes checked," his father said. "We never really thought about that. He has had those glasses for quite a while."

"That may not be the whole answer, but it might help." Pastor Martin smiled at Joe again. "I had a lot of problems when I was your age, Joe. I wonder how I ever lived through them. Not only was I clumsy, but I had a severe speech problem too. I stuttered."

"Really?" Joe's mother said in surprise. "I never would have guessed."

"I don't talk much about it," Pastor Martin said. "It was an awful struggle for years. The Lord has really helped me. I don't have any problem with it now."

"So how did you become a preacher?" Joe asked, amazed. "Weren't you afraid people would laugh at you?"

<sup>2</sup>compounded—made worse

## Follow-up discussion: page 513

► [interpretive] How do Joe's parents try to help him out of an embarrassing situation? (His mom says the stain will wash out, and his dad says that he has been having a hard time lately.)

[interpretive] Why are the others surprised that the pastor ever stuttered? (He doesn't stutter at all now because the Lord helped him overcome that problem.)

## Follow-up discussion: page 514

► [interpretive] How would you describe Pastor Martin? (possible answers: humble; caring; helpful)

[literal] What does Pastor Martin say has to happen before God can do His work in a person's life? (A person has to be empty and willing; he has to realize he is weak and that power comes from God.)

**NOTE** You may need to discuss what it means to be "empty." This is probably an allusion to the idea that we are vessels in God's hands. If that vessel is filled with self and things of the world, there is no room for God.

Read aloud Pastor Martin's earnest comments about what made him leave his dad's welding shop.

[critical] Can you think of a verse that shows the truth of Pastor Martin's words? (II Corinthians 12:9—“And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.”) [BAT: 7b Exaltation of Christ]



"I sure was," Pastor Martin said. "For a while I was more afraid of that than of anything else. I was sure the Lord could never use me to do anything for Him. I decided not to go to college and study the Bible. Instead, I planned to just stay home and work for my dad in his welding shop."

Pastor Martin paused to take another piece of fried chicken.

"But you didn't," Joe said, "or you wouldn't be here."

"No," Pastor Martin said. "I didn't. I was unhappy at the shop. I had promised the Lord that I would serve Him wherever He needed me, and I knew I was breaking my promise. I guess I finally started car-

ing more about what God thought of me than about what other people thought of me. I told the Lord that if He gave me an opportunity, I would serve Him, even if I couldn't do a very good job. Then I decided to work and study and do the very best job I could for Him."

Joe's dad said, "I never would have guessed any of that. You certainly do a fine job now."

"Thank you," Pastor Martin said. "I've always believed that God empowers the weak things. And I am certainly one of the weakest. The important part for us is to be empty and willing. Then God is free to do His work, His way."

Joe didn't hear much of what the adults talked about during the rest of the dinner. He kept thinking about what the pastor had said. He watched Pastor Martin, trying to imagine what he must have been like when he was young and clumsy. After supper, his mother winked at him and told him he didn't need to help clear the table. She leaned close and whispered in his ear, "We'll get your eyes checked before you help in the kitchen again."

While Mrs. Martin helped clean up, the men went back into the living room and began talking about politics and the national debt.

Joe went back to his room and sat down on his bed. He thought about the prayer he had prayed that afternoon. God had answered it. He hadn't sent a voice or writing in the sky or an angel. But God had sent a messenger: Pastor Martin.

"Mrs. Taylor could have asked Glen or Rodney or another boy in the class to be in the play," Joe thought. "I'm still not sure why she didn't. But when she asked me to take the part, that must have been God's way of giving me an opportunity to serve."

Joe knew it wouldn't be easy. It would take work to memorize all the lines, but that wouldn't be the hardest part. He was sure he'd embarrass everyone if he tripped or bumped scenery on the stage. New glasses

might help, but he couldn't be sure of that. Joe took a deep breath. What was it Pastor Martin had said? Joe decided he would do the same thing—he'd work and study and do the very best job he could for God.

That cold, hard feeling Joe had had inside was gone. He felt as if he had started on an exciting journey that would take him to wonderful places.

"Joe," his dad called, "come here a minute."

Joe ran out into the living room. "Yes, Dad?"

"I was telling Pastor how hard you've been working on your basketball. I told him I'd never played much and couldn't help you. Pastor Martin says he used to play a lot."

"Come on outside with me," Pastor Martin said. "I'll give you a few pointers before it gets dark. Getting your eyes checked may help your basketball playing too."

Joe and the pastor walked out to the basketball goal in the back yard. Joe took a deep breath and looked up at Pastor Martin. "Did you know I'm going to be in the school play?" he asked. "Mrs. Taylor asked me today, and I'm going to tell her tomorrow that I'll do it."

Pastor Martin shook Joe's hand and looked him straight in the eye. "Congratulations," he said. "I know you'll do a great job."

*The Important Part* 515

### Follow-up discussion: page 515

► [literal] Even though he knows he might make mistakes in the play, what does Joe decide to do? ([work, study, and do the best job he can do for the Lord](#)) [BAT: 2e Work]

Read aloud the paragraph that shows Joe's questioning thoughts about why Mrs. Taylor chose him for the part.

[interpretive] Why do you think Joe tells Pastor Martin about the part in the play? ([Answers will vary.](#))

## Follow-up discussion: page 516

► [interpretive] Why do you think the author entitled the story “The Important Part”? (Possible answers: Joe’s teacher wanted him to have the important part in the play; Joe learned to do God’s will, which is the most important part of his life; Joe learned that everybody has an important part to play in God’s plan.)

“I’ll do the best I can,” Joe said, smiling. “Thank you.”

Joe picked up the basketball and passed it to Pastor Martin. The pastor dribbled to the basket and shot a lay-up.

“How did you do that?” Joe asked.

“I’ll show you the technique<sup>3</sup> my coach showed me,” the pastor said. “I’ve practiced it a lot because I played forward under the basket. Lay-ups were vital shots for me. You’ll learn, Joe. Everybody has an important part to play.”

<sup>3</sup>technique—a method or way of doing something

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## WORKTEXT OBJECTIVES

### The student will

- Identify and interpret motives of characters.
- Identify characters as flat or round and dynamic or static.
- Identify irrelevant information.

### Comprehension: Worktext page 200



### Literature: Worktext page 201



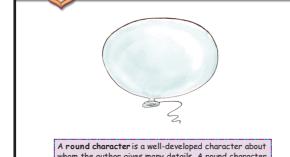
- ◀ Types of characters were presented in Lesson 31.

Use Teaching Visuals 10 and 11, *The Shape It’s In* and *A Change of Character*, to review types of character before the students complete the page independently.

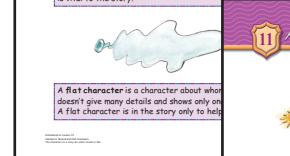
### Study skills: Worktext page 202



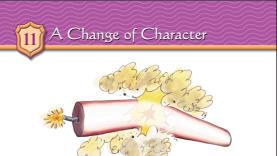
#### 10 The Shape It’s In



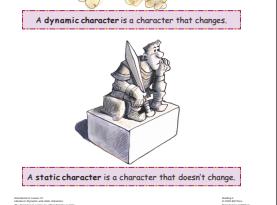
A round character is a well-developed character about whom the author gives many details. A round character is vital to the story.



A flat character is a character about whom the author doesn’t give many details and shows only one side of the character. A flat character is in the story only to help move the plot along.



A dynamic character is a character that changes.



A static character is a character that doesn’t change.

# SOMETHING EXTRA

## Write It: A challenge

Encourage the student to write a challenge or a devotional about something the Lord has done in his life that can be an encouragement to others. You may wish to use the following guidelines.

1. Think of a personal experience in which you had a problem and learned a spiritual lesson from it.
2. Research Scriptures that apply to your problem. You may also want to use a familiar hymn.
3. Write four paragraphs, using the following outline.
  - I. My problem
  - II. How I realized I had a wrong response
  - III. What I am doing about my wrong response
  - IV. My challenge to others to help them

Remind the student to apply Scripture verses throughout his challenge and to keep the focus on what the *Lord* has done through the situation. Allow him to share his challenge with others.

# THE REDHEADED LEAGUE

Lesson	Reader pages	Worktext pages
123	517–24	203–4
124	525–30	205
125	531–37	206–8

Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson help Mr. Jabez Wilson who has been “taken in” and then arbitrarily dismissed by the Redheaded League. What is the Redheaded League? What is its purpose? Holmes and Watson pursue the answers in another timeless adventure.

## OBJECTIVES

### LESSON 123

#### The student will

- Identify first-person point of view.
- Infer unstated facts and ideas.
- Predict outcomes.

### LESSON 124

#### The student will

- Draw conclusions.
- Infer unstated facts and ideas.
- Predict outcomes.

### LESSON 125

#### The student will

- Infer unstated facts and ideas.
- Identify similes.
- Interpret a metaphor.
- Draw conclusions.

## Materials

- A collection of fifteen miscellaneous items (example: stapler, pencil, pen, ruler, ball, apple)
- Tray or box lid (for displaying above items)
- A piece of paper and pencil for each student
- Vocabulary sentences for display. Use the prepared sentences from pages 713, 721, and 727 to introduce the vocabulary words in context at the beginning of each lesson.

## Background information

**Mysteries**—Mysteries are a genre involving some type of puzzle that must be solved using clues found in the story. Sometimes the mystery, or puzzle, is a crime, and the main character, usually the detective, must find the person who committed the crime, the villain. The author creates a plot with surprising twists and turns designed to build suspense for the reader until the case is solved.

## INTRODUCTION

### Look sharp

Display for about one minute the collection of small items. Remove the items from sight. Direct the students to try to recall as many items as possible and write them on a piece of paper.

- How many of the items were you able to recall?

Allow the students to look at the collection again to see which items they forgot.

- Detectives are trained to look for details and remember them. They solve their cases by using the facts and coming to logical conclusions.
- Sherlock Holmes was an expert in noticing details, which was the key to his solving cases, as you will see in the story we will begin reading today.

### Head note

- Read the head note on reader page 517 silently to find out why Sherlock Holmes was such a good detective.
- How did Sherlock Holmes solve most of his crimes? ([by “deducing” logical conclusions from the facts given](#))
- Who is Holmes’s faithful friend and admirer? ([Dr. Watson](#))



In Lesson 126 the students will learn more about the legendary character created by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

## Correlated Activities

- Vocabulary Notebook, Activity 1: Word Hunt
- Connections, Activity 1: Party Planner

See “Classroom Management for Grouping” in the Appendix.

# The Redheaded LEAGUE

From The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes  
by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle  
illustrated by Timothy N. Davis

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle made the detective story a permanent part of fiction with his brilliant literary character, Sherlock Holmes. A master of the minute and very detailed, Sherlock Holmes solved many crimes from his armchair, simply by "deducing" logical conclusions from facts given. In this story, you will see how he made the mysterious seem simple and apparent. As usual, the story is narrated by Holmes's good friend and admirer, Dr. Watson.

## Mysterious Employment

I had called upon my friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, one day in the autumn of last year, and found him in deep conversation with a very stout, florid<sup>1</sup>-faced, elderly gentleman with fiery red hair.

The gentleman half rose from his chair, and gave a bob of greeting, with a quick little questioning glance from his small, fat-encircled eyes.

"Try the settee,"<sup>2</sup> said Holmes, relapsing into his armchair, and putting his fingertips together, as was his custom when in judicial moods. "I know, my dear Watson, that you share my love of all that is bizarre and outside the conventions and humdrum routine of everyday



life. Now, Mr. Jabez Wilson here has been good enough to call upon me this morning and to begin a narrative that promises to be one of the most singular which I have listened to for some time. Perhaps, Mr. Wilson, you would have the great kindness to recommence<sup>3</sup> your narrative. In the present instance I am forced to admit that the facts are, to the best of my belief, unique."

The portly client puffed out his chest with an appearance of some little pride and pulled a dirty and wrinkled newspaper from the inside

<sup>1</sup>florid—flushed; red in color

<sup>2</sup>settee—a type of sofa

<sup>3</sup>recommence—start again

*The Redheaded League* 517

## Follow-up discussion: page 517

- [interpretive] Why does Mr. Wilson give Watson a quick questioning glance? (Answers may vary, but elicit that he is probably wondering if he can trust Watson, or wondering why Watson is interrupting his conference with Holmes.)

[interpretive] Why does Mr. Wilson puff out his chest with an "appearance of some little pride"? (Because Sherlock Holmes tells Watson how unique Mr. Wilson's story is—he is proud that he has impressed Holmes with his story.)

Read aloud Holmes's description of how unique this case is.

## The Redheaded League

## COMPREHENSION

### VOCABULARY

Amy is so **candid** with everyone; there doesn't seem to be anything we don't know about her. (p. 518)

I had to pay a **nominal** fine to the library when I returned my books two days late. (p. 519)

After his wedding on Saturday, James will no longer be a **bachelor**. (p. 523)

### Before silent reading: pages 517–19

#### Motivation

- Why does Sherlock Holmes know so much about Mr. Wilson?

### After silent reading

#### Overview discussion: pages 517–19

- [interpretive] Why do you think Holmes sees more about Mr. Jabez Wilson than Watson does? (Elicit that Holmes examines things more carefully and notices more small details than Watson does.)

Locate and read aloud Watson's silent observations of Mr. Wilson and Sherlock Holmes's verbal observations (page 518).

[interpretive] Why is Sherlock Holmes interested in Mr. Wilson's case? (Answers will vary, but elicit that it is unique and since Holmes hears many mysteries, it is probably rare that something truly unique comes across his path.)

- [appreciative] What point of view is used to tell this story? (first-person) How do you know? (Elicit that Watson is the narrator and uses "I" to tell the story as he sees it.)

## Follow-up discussion: page 518

► [literal] What does Watson try to do as Mr. Wilson looks for the article in the paper? (He tries to determine as much as he can about Mr. Wilson from his appearance.)

[literal] Why does Holmes think he should not explain how he observes things? (because he will lose his reputation as a clever detective)

Read aloud Mr. Wilson's statement of surprise when he realizes how Holmes seems to know so much about him.

[interpretive] Do you think Holmes is in danger of losing his reputation or his value as a detective if people realize that his secret to detective work is being a good observer? (Answers will vary, but elicit that even if people try to be observant, no one can compare to Holmes and his ability to notice details and put clues together, as is observed by Watson's attempt.)

**NOTE** On this page, there are few observations made by Holmes, but the students will find out more about his abilities by the end of the story.

pocket of his greatcoat. As he glanced down the advertisement column, with his head thrust forward, and the paper flattened out upon his knee, I took a good look at the man, and endeavoured<sup>4</sup> after the fashion of my companion to read the indications which might be presented by his dress or appearance.

I did not gain very much, however, by my inspection. Our visitor bore every mark of being an average commonplace British tradesman, obese, pompous, and slow. He wore rather baggy grey shepherds' check trousers, a not over-clean black frock-coat, unbuttoned in the front, and a drab waistcoat. A frayed top-hat, and a faded brown overcoat with a wrinkled velvet collar lay upon a chair beside him. Altogether, look as I would, there was nothing remarkable about the man save his blazing red head and the expression of extreme chagrin<sup>5</sup> and discontent upon his features.

Sherlock Holmes's quick eye took in my occupation, and he shook his head with a smile as he noticed my questioning glances. "Beyond the obvious facts that he has at some time done manual labour, and that he has done a considerable amount of writing lately, I can deduce<sup>6</sup> nothing else."

Mr. Jabez Wilson started up in his chair, with his forefinger upon the paper, but his eyes upon my companion.

"How in the name of good fortune did you know that, Mr. Holmes?" he asked. "How did you know, for example, that I did manual labor? It's true, I began as a ship's carpenter."

"Your hands, my dear sir. Your right hand is quite a size larger than your left. You have worked with it, and the muscles are more developed."

"Ah, of course, but the writing?"

"What else can be indicated by that right cuff so very shiny for five inches, and the left one with the smooth patch near the elbow where you rest it upon the desk?"

Mr. Jabez Wilson laughed heavily. "Well, I never!" said he. "I thought at first you had done something clever, but I see that there was nothing in it after all."

"I begin to think, Watson," said Holmes, "that I make a mistake in explaining. My poor little reputation, such as it is, will suffer shipwreck if I am so candid.<sup>7</sup> Can you not find the advertisement, Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes, I have got it now," he answered, with his thick, red finger planted halfway down the column. "Here it is. This is what began it all. You just read it for yourself, sir."

<sup>4</sup>endeavoured—made a major effort or attempt

<sup>5</sup>chagrin—embarrassment caused by failure or disappointment

<sup>6</sup>deduce—to conclude from known facts or circumstances

<sup>7</sup>candid—open and honest

I took the paper from him and read as follows:

**To the Redheaded League—**

On account of the bequest of the late Ezekiah Hopkins, of Lebanon, Penn., U.S.A., there is now another vacancy open which entitles a member of the League to a salary of four pounds a week for purely nominal<sup>8</sup> services. All redheaded men who are sound in body and

mind, and above the age of twenty-one years, are eligible. Apply in person on Monday, at eleven o'clock, to Duncan Ross, at the offices of the League, 7 Pope's Court, Fleet Street.

"What on earth does this mean?" I exclaimed, after I had twice read over the extraordinary announcement.

<sup>8</sup>nominal—small; insignificant



*The Redheaded League* 519

**Follow-up discussion:  
page 519**

- [appreciative] If you had red hair, would you answer this advertisement? Why or why not?

Read aloud the newspaper article that Mr. Wilson brings to Sherlock Holmes.

## Before silent reading: pages 520–24

### Motivation

- Did Jabez Wilson join the mysterious Redheaded League?

## After silent reading

### Overview discussion: pages 520–24

- [literal] Who convinced Mr. Wilson to try to join the Redheaded League? (his assistant, Vincent Spaulding)

Locate and read aloud the conversation between Vincent Spaulding and Jabez Wilson as Spaulding showed Wilson the newspaper and told him about the Redheaded League (pages 520–21).

[interpretive] Why do you think Holmes asks so many questions about Wilson's assistant? (Answers will vary, but elicit that he seems suspicious. Allow students to speculate without giving away the end of the story.)

[appreciative] How many people do you know that would work for half wages?

- [literal] Why did Duncan Ross decide to accept Jabez Wilson to fill the open position in the Redheaded League? (because of the shade of his hair)

[literal] What did Mr. Wilson's new job consist of? (copying the *Encyclopedia Britannica*)

[appreciative] Do you think you would like to work for the Red-headed League? Why or why not?

Holmes chuckled, and wriggled in his chair, as was his habit when in high spirits. "It is a little off the beaten track, isn't it?" said he. "And now, Mr. Wilson, off you go at scratch, and tell us all about yourself, your household, and the effect which this advertisement had upon your fortunes. You will first make a note, Doctor, of the paper and the date."

"It is *The Morning Chronicle*, of April 27, 1890. Just two months ago."

"Very good. Now, Mr. Wilson?"

"Well, it is just as I have been telling you, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said Jabez Wilson, mopping his forehead, "I have a small pawnbroker's business at Coburg Square, near the City. It's not a very large affair, and of late years it has not done more than just to give me a living. I used to be able to keep two assistants, but now I only keep one; and I would have a job to pay him, but that he is willing to come for half wages, so as to learn the business."

"What is the name of this obliging youth?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"His name is Vincent Spaulding, and he's not such a youth either. It's hard to say his age. I should not wish a smarter assistant, Mr. Holmes; and I know very well that he could better himself, and earn twice what I am able to give him. But after all, if he is satisfied, why should I put ideas in his head?"

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"Why, indeed? You seem most fortunate in having an employee who comes under the full market price. It is not a common experience among employers in this age. I don't know that your assistant is not as remarkable as your advertisement."

"Oh, he has his faults, too," said Mr. Wilson. "Never was such a fellow for photography. Snapping away with a camera when he ought to be improving his mind, and then diving down into the cellar like a rabbit into its hole to develop his pictures. That is his main fault; but on the whole, he's a good worker. There's no vice<sup>9</sup> in him."

"He is still with you, I presume?"

"Yes, sir. He and a girl of fourteen, who does a bit of simple cooking, and keeps the place clean—that's all I have in the house, for I am a widower, and never had any family."

"The first thing that put us out was that advertisement. Spaulding, he came down into the office just this day eight weeks with this very paper in his hand, and he says:

"'I wish, Mr. Wilson, that I was a redheaded man.'

"'Why that?' I asked.

"'Why,' says he, 'here's another vacancy in the League of Redheaded Men. It's worth quite a little fortune to any man who gets it, and I understand that there are more vacancies

<sup>9</sup>vice—corruption; dishonesty

### Follow-up discussion: page 520

- [interpretive] What is a pawnbroker? (Elicit that it is one who loans money to people in return for some valuable possession. When the person is able to pay the money back, his valuable item is returned. It is typically a solution for those who are not able to get loans from the bank.)

[interpretive] What is so valuable about Mr. Wilson's assistant? (He is willing to work for half wages.) Why? (Elicit that many people do not like getting paid only half wages for what they work.) What is his

one fault, according to Mr. Wilson? (He spends a lot of time taking pictures and developing them in the basement.)

Read aloud Holmes's questions and Wilson's descriptions of his assistant, Vincent Spaulding. Use an interested, but not too eager, tone for Holmes and an excited tone for Wilson.

than there are men, so that the trustees are at their wits' end what to do about the money. If my hair would only change color, here's a nice little crib<sup>10</sup> all ready for me to step into.'

"‘Why, what is it, then?’ I asked.

“‘Have you never heard of the League of the Redheaded Men?’ he asked, with his eyes open wide.

“‘Never.’

“‘Why, I wonder at that, for you are eligible yourself for one of the vacancies.’

“‘And what are they worth?’ I asked.

“‘Oh, merely a couple of hundred a year, but the work is slight, and it need not interfere much with one’s other occupations.’

“Well, you can easily think that that made me prick up my ears, for the business has not been over good for some years, and an extra couple hundred would have been very handy.

“‘Tell me all about it,’ said I.

“‘Well,’ said he, showing me the advertisement, ‘you can see for yourself that the League has a



vacancy, and there is the address where you should apply for particulars. As far as I can make out, the League was founded by an American millionaire, Ezekiah Hopkins, who was very peculiar in his ways. He was himself redhead, and he had a great sympathy for all redhead men; so, when he died, it was found that he had left his enormous fortune

<sup>10</sup>crib—a comfortable situation, especially financially

### Follow-up discussion: page 521

- [interpretive] Why did the ad in the paper sound so good to Mr. Wilson? (Business had not been good, and he thought that some extra money would be helpful.)

Read aloud Mr. Wilson’s reason for his considering the job. Try to convey Mr. Wilson’s innocent ignorance as you read.

[literal] Why had Ezekiah Hopkins started the Redheaded League? (He was redhead and had great sympathy for all redhead men.)

[critical] What do you think about the Redheaded League? (Answers will vary.)

## Follow-up discussion: page 522

► [interpretive] Why didn't Mr. Wilson think he had a chance to win the open position? (because there would be so many redheaded men that would apply)

[literal] What kind of red hair did the League want? (bright, blazing, fiery red)

[interpretive] Why did Mr. Wilson order his assistant to close up the shop and come with him? (He thought that maybe Vincent Spaulding would be useful since he knew so much about the Redheaded League.) How do you think Spaulding knew so much about it? (Accept any answer.)

in the hands of trustees, with instructions to apply the interest to the providing of easy berths<sup>11</sup> to men whose hair is of that color. From all I hear it is splendid pay, and very little to do.'

"But," said I, "there would be millions of redheaded men who would apply."

"Not so many as you might think," he answered. "You see, it is really confined to Londoners, and to grown men. This American had started from London when he was young, and he wanted to do the old town a good turn. Then, again, I have heard it is no use applying if your hair is light red, or dark red, or anything but real, bright, blazing, fiery red. Now, if you cared to apply, Mr. Wilson, you would just walk in; but perhaps it would hardly be worth your while to put yourself out of the way for the sake of a few hundred pounds."

"Now, it is a fact, gentlemen, as you may see for yourselves, that my hair is of a very full and rich tint, so that it seemed to me that, if there was to be any competition in the matter, I stood as good a chance as any man that I had ever met. Vincent Spaulding seemed to know so much about it that I thought he might prove useful, so I just ordered him to put up the shutters for the day, and to come right away with me. He was very willing to have a holiday, so we

shut the business up, and started off for the address that was given us in the advertisement.

"I never hope to see such a sight as that again, Mr. Holmes. From north, south, east, and west, every man who had a shade of red in his hair had tramped into the City to

<sup>11</sup>berths—jobs



answer the advertisement. I should not have thought there were so many in the whole country as were brought together by that single advertisement. When I saw how many were waiting, I would have given it up in despair; but Spaulding would not hear of it. How he did it I could not imagine, but he pushed and pulled and butted until he got me through the crowd, and right up to the steps, which led to the office. There was a double stream upon the stair, some going up in hope, and some coming back dejected; but we wedged in as well as we could, and soon found ourselves in the office."

"Your experience has been a most entertaining one," remarked Holmes. "Pray continue your very interesting statement."

"There was nothing in the office but a couple of wooden chairs and a deal table,<sup>12</sup> behind which sat a small man, with a head that was even redder than mine. He said a few words to each candidate as he came up, and then he would disqualify them. Getting a vacancy did not seem to be such a very easy matter after all. However, when our turn came, the little man was more favourable to me than to any of the others, and he closed the door as we entered, so that he might have a private word with us.

"This is Mr. Jabez Wilson," said my assistant, "and he is willing to fill a vacancy in the League."

"And he is admirably suited for it," the other answered. "He has every requirement. I cannot recall when I have seen anything so fine." He took a step backwards, cocked his head on one side, and gazed at my hair until I felt quite bashful. Then suddenly he plunged forward, wrung my hand, and congratulated me warmly on my success.

"My name," said he, "is Mr. Duncan Ross, and I am myself one of the pensioners<sup>13</sup> upon the fund left by our noble benefactor.<sup>14</sup> Are you a married man, Mr. Wilson? Have you a family?"

"I answered that I had not.

"His face fell immediately.

"Dear me!" he said gravely, "that is very serious indeed! I am sorry to hear you say that. The fund was, of course, for the propagation<sup>15</sup> and spread of the redheads as well as for their maintenance. It is exceedingly unfortunate that you should be a bachelor.<sup>16</sup>

"My face lengthened at this, Mr. Holmes, for I thought that I was not to have the vacancy after all; but

<sup>12</sup>deal table—one made from a specific type and size of wood

<sup>13</sup>pensioners—persons receiving a sum of money, usually after retirement

<sup>14</sup>benefactor—supporter

<sup>15</sup>propagation—multiplication in number

<sup>16</sup>bachelor—a man who is not married

### Follow-up discussion: page 523

► [literal] How did Spaulding help Mr. Wilson get into the office for an interview? (by pushing and pulling and butting his way through the crowd)

[interpretive] How was Mr. Wilson treated differently from the other candidates for the position? (The person interviewing closed the door to have a private word with him.)

[literal] Why did Mr. Wilson almost not get the job? (He is not married.)

Read aloud Duncan Ross's sad comments about Mr. Wilson not being married.

## Follow-up discussion: page 524

► [literal] Why did Duncan Ross decide to give Mr. Wilson the job even though he is not married? (because of Mr. Wilson's fine head of hair)

[interpretive] What one odd requirement did Mr. Wilson have to follow to keep his job? (He had to stay in the office the whole time he was working; he could not leave the building.)

Read aloud Mr. Duncan Ross's strict instructions about not leaving the office.

## Looking ahead

► Did Mr. Wilson like his new job?

after thinking it over for a few minutes, he said that it would be all right.

“In the case of another,” said he, ‘the objection might be fatal, but we must stretch a point in favor of a man with such a head of hair as yours. When shall you be able to enter upon your new duties?’

“Well, it is a little awkward, for I have a business already,” said I.

“Oh, never mind about that, Mr. Wilson!” said Vincent Spaulding. ‘I shall be able to look after that for you.’

“What would be the hours?” I asked.

“Ten to two.”

“Now a pawnbroker’s business is mostly done of an evening, Mr. Holmes, especially Thursday evening, which is just before payday; so it would suit me very well to earn a little in the mornings. Besides, I knew that my assistant was a good man, and that he would see to anything that turned up.

“That would suit me very well,” said I. “And the pay?”

“Is four pounds a week.”

“And the work?”

“Is purely nominal.”

“What do you call purely nominal?”

“Well, you have to be in the office, or at least in the building, the whole time. If you leave, you forfeit your whole position forever. The will is very clear upon that point. You don’t comply with the conditions if you budge from the office during that time.”

“It’s only four hours a day, and I should not think of leaving,” said I.

“No excuse will avail,” said Mr. Duncan Ross, ‘neither sickness, nor business, nor anything else. There you must stay, or you lose your billet.<sup>17</sup>

“And the work?”

“Is to copy out the *Encyclopedias Britannica*. There is the first volume of it in that press. You must find your own ink, pens, and blotting-paper, but we provide this table and chair. Will you be ready tomorrow?”

“Certainly,” I answered.

“Then good-bye, Mr. Jabez Wilson, and let me congratulate you once more on the important position which you have been fortunate enough to gain.” He bowed me out of the room, and I went home with my assistant, hardly knowing what to say or do, I was so pleased at my own good fortune.”

<sup>17</sup>billet—a job

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## WORKTEXT OBJECTIVES

### The student will

- Determine word meaning from context.
- Gather information from and write advertisements.

### Vocabulary: Worktext page 203



### Study skills: Worktext page 204



## Fraud or Fortune?

"Well, I thought over the matter all day, and by evening I was in low spirits again; for I had quite persuaded myself that the whole affair must be some great hoax<sup>18</sup> or fraud, though what its object might be I could not imagine. It seemed altogether past belief that anyone could make such a will, or that they would pay such a sum for doing anything so simple as copying out the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Vincent Spaulding did what he could to cheer me up, but by bedtime I had reasoned myself out of the whole thing. However, in the morning I determined to have a look at it anyhow, so I bought a penny bottle of ink, and with a quill pen, and seven sheets of foolscap<sup>19</sup> paper, I started off for Pope's Court.

"Well, to my surprise and delight everything was as right as possible. The table was set out ready for me, and Mr. Duncan Ross was there to see that I got fairly to work. He started me off upon the letter A, and then he left me; but he would drop in from time to time to see that all was right with me. At two o'clock he bade me good day, complimented me upon the amount that I had written, and locked the door of the office after me.

"This went on day after day, Mr. Holmes, and on Saturday the man-

ager came in and planked down four golden sovereigns for my week's work. It was the same next week, and the same the week after. Every morning I was there at ten, and every afternoon I left at two. By degrees Mr. Duncan Ross took to coming in only once of a morning, and then, after a time, he did not come in at all. Still, of course, I never dared to leave the room for an instant, for I was not sure when he might come, and the billet was such a good one, and suited me so well, that I would not risk the loss of it.

"Eight weeks passed away like this, and I had written about Abbots, and Archery, and Armour, and Architecture, and Attica, and hoped with diligence that I might get on to the B's before very long. It cost me something in foolscap, and I had pretty nearly filled a shelf with my writings. And then suddenly the whole business came to an end."

"To an end?"

"Yes, sir. And no later than this morning. I went to my work as usual at ten o'clock, but the door was shut and locked, with a little square of cardboard hammered on to the middle of the panel with a tack. Here it is, and you can read for yourself."

<sup>18</sup>hoax—false story

<sup>19</sup>foolscap—(British) type of paper approximately

13" × 16" in size

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## Follow-up discussion: page 525

- [interpretive] Why did Mr. Wilson almost not go to his new job? (After he thought about it, he decided it was too good to be true or it might be a hoax.) What made him change his mind? (Possible answers: Vincent Spaulding encouraged him to go; he decided to go just to see what it was like.)

[literal] What was Mr. Wilson's first day like at his new job? (He copied from the encyclopedia beginning with the letter *A*; everything seemed legitimate.)

(*Overview discussion continued*)

[interpretive] Does Sherlock Holmes seem to have an idea of what is really going on? (yes) How can you tell? (Possible answers: He says it is "grave"; he asks more questions about the assistant; he knows the assistant has pierced ears; he tells Mr. Wilson to leave so he can think about it and investigate because he has found out all he needs to know from him.)

Locate and read aloud the conversation between Sherlock Holmes and Jabez Wilson in which Holmes begins to ask more questions about the assistant, Vincent Spaulding, and finds out the assistant's ears are pierced (page 528).

## COMPREHENSION

### VOCABULARY

The salesman claimed that each vitamin tablet would add a year to one's life, but it was just a **hoax**. (p. 525)

Due to safety concerns, visitors are not allowed on the **premises** of the electrical plant. (p. 527)

The **stagnant** water was murky and covered with algae. (p. 530)

### Before silent reading: pages 525–28

#### Motivation

- Look at the chapter title on page 525. Which word will best describe Mr. Wilson's new job?

### After silent reading

#### Overview discussion: pages 525–28

- [literal] Describe Mr. Ross's activities the first few days Mr. Wilson worked for him. (At first he dropped in frequently to check on Mr. Wilson, and then he gradually left him the whole time without checking on him).

[critical] What good could possibly come from copying an encyclopedia? (Accept any answer.)

[interpretive] Do you think Mr. Wilson's job could have been better described as a fortune or a fraud? Explain your answer. (Accept any answer.)

- [literal] Why had Mr. Wilson decided to come and see Holmes? (He had heard that Holmes was good enough to give advice to poor folks who were in need of it.)

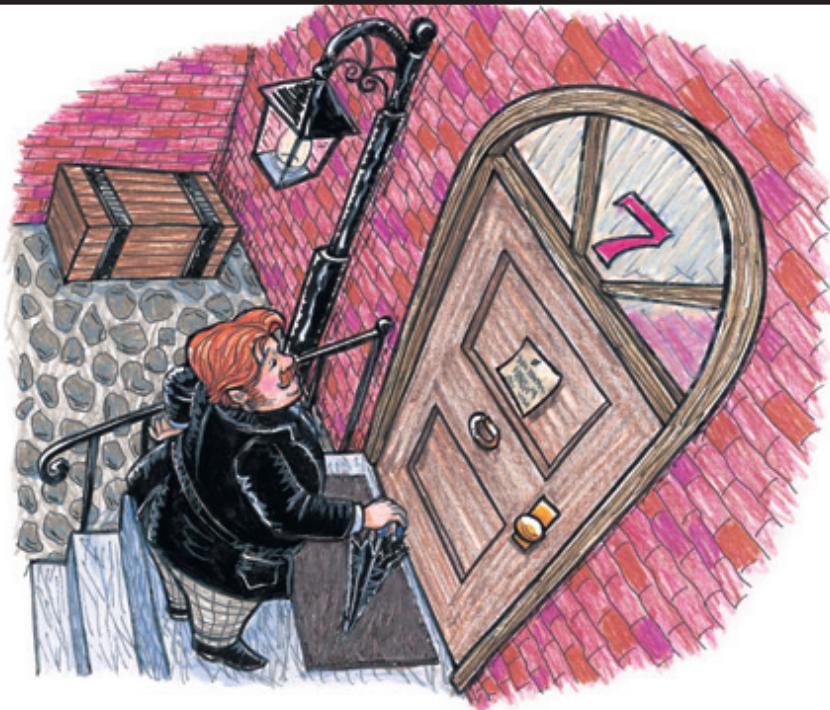
**Follow-up discussion:  
page 526**

► [interpretive] Why do you think Holmes and Watson laugh so hard after they hear Mr. Wilson's story? (Answers may vary, but elicit that the story seems so odd and humorous to them that it makes them laugh.)

[appreciative] How would you feel if you were in Mr. Wilson's situation and people were laughing at you?

Read aloud Mr. Wilson's upset response to the laughter.

[appreciative] Do you think the business of the Redheaded League is funny? Why or why not?



He held up a piece of white cardboard, about the size of a sheet of note-paper. It read in this fashion:

**THE REDHEADED LEAGUE  
IS DISSOLVED  
Oct. 9, 1890**

Sherlock Holmes and I surveyed this curt announcement and the rueful face behind it, until the comical side of the affair so completely overtopped every other consideration that we both burst out into a roar of laughter.

"I cannot see that there is anything very funny," cried our client, flushing up to the roots of his flaming head. "If you can do nothing better than laugh at me, I can go elsewhere."

"No, no," cried Holmes, shoving him back into the chair from which he had half risen. "I really wouldn't miss your case for the world. It is most refreshingly unusual. But there is, if you will excuse me saying so, something just a little funny about it. Pray what steps did you take when you found the card upon the door?"

"I was staggered,<sup>20</sup> sir. I did not know what to do. Then I called at the offices round, but none of them seemed to know anything about it. Finally, I went to the landlord, who is an accountant living on the ground floor, and I asked him if he could tell me what had become of the Redheaded League. He said he had never heard of any such body. Then I asked him who Mr. Duncan Ross was. He answered that the name was new to him.

"'Well,' said I, 'the gentleman at No. 4.'

"'What, the redheaded man?'

"'Yes.'

"'Oh,' said he, 'his name was William Morris. He was a solicitor, and was using my room as a temporary convenience until his new premises<sup>21</sup> were ready. He moved out yesterday.'

"Where could I find him?"

"Oh, at his new offices. He did tell me the address. Yes, 17 King Edward Street, near St. Paul's.'

"I started off, Mr. Holmes, but when I got to that address it was a manufactory of artificial kneecaps, and no one in it had ever heard of either Mr. William Morris, or Mr. Duncan Ross."

"And what did you do then?" asked Holmes.

"I went home to Saxe-Coburg Square, and I took the advice of my assistant. But he could not help me

in any way. He could only say that if I waited I should hear by post. But that was not quite good enough, Mr. Holmes. I did not wish to lose such a place without a struggle, so, as I had heard that you were good enough to give advice to poor folk who were in need of it, I came right away to you."

"And you did very wisely," said Holmes. "Your case is an exceedingly remarkable one, and I shall be happy to look into it. From what you have told me I think that it is possible that graver issues hang from it than might at first sight appear."

"Grave enough!" said Mr. Jabez Wilson. "Why, I have lost four pounds a week."

"As far as you are personally concerned," remarked Holmes, "I do not see that you have any grievance against this extraordinary league. On the contrary, you are, as I understand, richer by some thirty pounds, to say nothing of the minute<sup>22</sup> knowledge which you have gained on every subject which comes under the letter *A*. You have lost nothing by them."

"No, sir. But I want to find out about them, and who they are, and what their object was in playing this prank—if it was a prank—upon me. It was a pretty expensive joke for

<sup>20</sup>staggered—shocked; stunned

<sup>21</sup>premises—someone's land or building

<sup>22</sup>minute (mī nyōōt' or mī nyōōt')—careful and detailed

## Follow-up discussion: page 527

- [literal] What happened when Mr. Wilson tried to find Duncan Ross? (He found out that no such person by that name existed.)

Read aloud Mr. Wilson's indignant inquiries about Mr. Duncan Ross and what he found out.

[interpretive] What do you think about Mr. Ross? (Answers will vary, but elicit that he must be some sort of criminal if he uses different names.)

- [literal] What does Holmes say that Mr. Wilson gained from the job besides money? (a minute knowledge on every subject that comes under the letter *A*)

[literal] Why does Mr. Wilson want to find out what happened? (He wants to know who these people are and why they played this trick on him.)

## Follow-up discussion: page 528

- [interpretive] Why would Holmes ask if Mr. Wilson's assistant has pierced ears? (Elicit that Holmes must have a good idea of who the assistant is in order to ask this question.)
- [interpretive] What does Watson mean when he says that his practice is never very absorbing? (Answers may vary, but elicit that he means his work doesn't take up much of his time.)
- [interpretive] Why does Holmes want to listen to music? (It helps him to think.)

them, for it cost them two-and-thirty pounds."

"We shall endeavor to clear up these points for you. And, first, one or two questions, Mr. Wilson. This assistant of yours who first called your attention to the advertisement—how long had he been with you?"

"About a month then."

"How did he come?"

"In answer to an advertisement."

"Was he the only applicant?"

"No, I had a dozen."

"Why did you pick him?"

"Because he was handy, and would come cheap."

"At half wages, in fact."

"Yes."

"What is he like, this Vincent Spaulding?"

"Small, stout-built, very quick in his ways, no hair on his face, though he's not short of thirty. Has a white splash of acid upon his forehead."

Holmes sat up in his chair in considerable excitement.

"I thought as much," said he. "Have you ever observed that his ears are pierced for earrings?"

"Yes, sir. He told me that a gipsy had done it for him when he was a lad."

"Hum!" said Holmes, sinking back in deep thought. "He is still with you?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I have only just left him."

"And has your business been attended to in your absence?"

"Nothing to complain of sir. There's never much to do of a morning."

"That will do, Mr. Wilson. I shall be happy to give you an opinion upon the subject in the course of a day or two. Today is Saturday, and I hope that by Monday we may come to a conclusion."

"Well, Watson," said Holmes, when our visitor had left us, "what do you make of it all?"

"I make nothing of it," I answered, frankly. "It is a most mysterious business."

"Sarasate<sup>23</sup> plays at the St. James's Hall this afternoon," he remarked. "What do you think, Watson? Could your patients spare you for a few hours?"

"I have nothing to do today. My practice<sup>24</sup> is never very absorbing."

"Then put on your hat, and come. I am going through the City first, and we can have some lunch on the way. I observe that there is a good deal of German music on the programme, which is rather more to my taste than Italian or French. It is introspective,<sup>25</sup> and I want to introspect. Come along!"

<sup>23</sup>Sarasate (sä' dä sä' tā)—famous Spanish violinist

<sup>24</sup>practice—the group of people who use the services of a doctor; a professional business

<sup>25</sup>introspective—thoughtful; meditative

We travelled by the Underground as far as Aldersgate; and a short walk took us to Saxe-Coburg Square, the scene of the singular story that we had listened to in the morning. It was a pokey, little, shabby-genteel place, where four lines of dingy two-storied brick houses looked out into a small railed-in enclosure, where a lawn of weedy grass and a few clumps of faded laurel bushes made a hard fight against the smoke-laden and uncongenial<sup>26</sup> atmosphere. Three gilt balls and a brown board with JABEZ WILSON in white letters, upon a corner house, announced the place where our redheaded client carried on his business. Sherlock Holmes stopped in front of it with his head on one side and looked it all over, with his eyes shining brightly between puckered lids. Then he walked slowly up the street and then down again to the corner, still looking keenly at the houses. Finally he returned to the pawnbroker's, and, having thumped vigorously upon the pavement with his stick two or three times, he went up to the door and knocked. It was instantly opened by a bright-looking, clean-shaven young fellow, who asked him to step in.

"Thank you," said Holmes, "I only wished to ask you how you would go from here to the Strand."

"Third right, fourth left," answered the assistant promptly, closing the door.

"Smart fellow, that," observed Holmes as we walked away. "He is, in my judgment, the fourth smartest man in London and for daring I am not sure that he has not a claim to be third. I have known something of him before."

"Evidently," said I, "Mr. Wilson's assistant counts for a good deal in this mystery of the Redheaded League. I am sure that you inquired your way merely in order that you might see him."

"Not him."

"What then?"

"The knees of his trousers."

"And what did you see?"

"What I expected to see."

"Why did you beat the pavement?"

"My dear Doctor, this is a time for observation, not for talk. We are spies in an enemy's country. We know something of Saxe-Coburg Square. Let us now explore the paths which lie behind it."

The road in which we found ourselves as we turned round the corner from the retired Saxe-Coburg Square presented as great a contrast to it as the front of a picture does to the back. It was one of the main arteries that convey the traffic of the City to the north and west. The roadway was blocked with the immense stream of commerce<sup>27</sup> flowing in a double tide inwards and outwards, while the

<sup>26</sup>uncongenial—unfriendly

<sup>27</sup>commerce—trade; business

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### Follow-up discussion: page 529

► [interpretive] Why do you think Holmes taps on the pavement outside of the house? (Accept any answer, but elicit that perhaps he wants to see if it sounds hollow.)

[interpretive] From what Watson and Holmes see of Vincent Spaulding, does he seem like a suspicious person? (no) Why or why not? (The author describes him as "a bright-looking, clean-shaven young fellow.")

### Before silent reading: pages 529–30

#### Motivation

- What do Holmes and Watson find out when they visit Mr. Wilson's neighborhood?

### After silent reading

#### Overview discussion: pages 529–30

- [interpretive] What is the neighborhood like in which Jabez Wilson lives and works? (possible answers: shabby; lower-class; dingy)

[interpretive] What is interesting about the neighborhood behind Wilson's shop? (It is a great contrast; it is bustling with the business of the city, and important banks and shops are there.)

[appreciative] Can you conclude anything from Sherlock Holmes's observances and behaviors as he inspects the neighborhood? (Accept any answer, but without giving away the details of the end of the story, elicit the significance of his beating on the sidewalk with his walking stick, looking at the knees of the assistant's trousers, and noting the contrast between the two neighborhoods.)

- [interpretive] Why does Sherlock Holmes think Jabez Wilson's assistant is the fourth smartest man in London? (Possible answers: Spaulding is able to give quick, concise directions without thinking about it; Holmes knows more about him than he lets on to Watson.)

[critical] If Spaulding is so smart, why would he be working in a low-paying job without much hope for the future? (Accept any answer, but do not give away the end of the story.)

Locate and read aloud Holmes and Watson's conversation after the assistant gives them directions. Read with Holmes's offhanded manner and Watson's eager curiosity (page 529).

## Follow-up discussion: page 530

► [interpretive] What is Holmes's behavior like after he and Watson emerge from the concert? (Answers will vary, but elicit that he seems more determined and ready to take action.)

[literal] What does Holmes ask Watson to do? (to come to Baker Street at ten o'clock and bring his army revolver)

► [interpretive] Why do you think Holmes calls this case a considerable crime? (Answers will vary, but elicit that he suspects something very serious is going to happen.)

Read aloud the paragraph in which Holmes talks about the seriousness of the crime.

## Looking ahead

► What is the considerable crime that is being planned?

footpaths were black with the hurrying swarm of pedestrians. It was difficult to realize as we looked at the line of fine shops and stately business premises that they really abutted<sup>28</sup> on the other side upon the faded and stagnant<sup>29</sup> square which we had just quitted.

"Let me see," said Holmes, standing at the corner, and glancing along the line; "I should like just to remember the order of the houses here. It is a hobby of mine to have an exact knowledge of London. There is Mortimer's, the tobacconist, the Suburban Bank, the Vegetarian Restaurant, and McFarlane's carriage-building depot. That carries us right on to the other block. And now, Doctor, we've done our work, so it's time we had some play. A sandwich, and a cup of coffee, and then off to violin land, where all is sweetness, and delicacy, and harmony, and there are no redheaded clients to vex<sup>30</sup> us with their conundrums."<sup>31</sup>

.....

"You want to go home, no doubt, Doctor," he remarked, as we emerged.

"Yes, it would be as well."

"And I have some business to do which will take some hours. This business at Coburg Square is serious."

"Why serious?"

"A considerable crime is in contemplation. I have every reason to believe that we shall be in time to stop it. But today being Saturday rather complicates matters. I shall want your help tonight."

"At what time?"

"Ten will be early enough."

"I shall be at Baker Street at ten."

"Very well. And, I say, Doctor!

There may be some little danger, so kindly put your army revolver in your pocket." He waved his hand, turned on his heel, and disappeared in an instant among the crowd.

<sup>28</sup>abutted—lay alongside; adjoined

<sup>29</sup>stagnant—inactive; lifeless

<sup>30</sup>vex—to annoy

<sup>31</sup>conundrums—puzzling problems



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## WORKTEXT OBJECTIVE

### The student will

- Identify problems and solutions.

## Comprehension: Worktext page 205



## Considerable Crime

It was a quarter past nine when I started from home and made my way across the Park, and so through Oxford Street to Baker Street. Two hansom<sup>32</sup> were standing at the door, and, as I entered the passage, I heard the sound of voices from above. On entering his room, I found Holmes in animated conversation with two men, one of whom I recognized as Peter Jones, the official police agent; while the other was a long, thin, sad-faced man with a very shiny hat and oppressively respectable frock-coat.

"Ha! Our party is complete," said Holmes, buttoning up his pea-jacket, and taking his heavy hunting-crop from the rack. "Watson, I think you know Mr. Jones of Scotland Yard? Let me introduce you to Mr. Merryweather, who is to be our companion in tonight's adventure."

"We're hunting in couples again, Doctor, you see," said Jones in his consequential<sup>33</sup> way. "Our friend here is a wonderful man for starting a chase. All he wants is an old dog to help him to do the running down."

"I hope a wild goose may not prove to be the end of our chase," observed Mr. Merryweather gloomily.

"You may place considerable confidence in Mr. Holmes, sir," said the police agent loftily. "He has his own little methods, which are, if he won't mind my saying so, just a little too theoretical<sup>34</sup> and fantastic, but he has the makings of a detective in him."

"Oh, if you say so, Mr. Jones, it is all right!" said the stranger with deference.

"I think you will find," said Sherlock Holmes, "that you will play for a higher stake tonight than you have ever done yet, and that the play will be more exciting. For you, Mr. Merryweather, the stake will be some thirty thousand pounds; and for you, Jones, it will be the man upon whom you wish to lay your hands."

"John Clay, the murderer, thief, smasher, and forger. He's a young man, Mr. Merryweather, but he is at the head of his profession, and I would rather have my bracelets<sup>35</sup> on him than on any criminal in London. He's a remarkable man, is young John Clay. His grandfather was a Royal Duke, and he himself has been to Eton and Oxford.<sup>36</sup> His brain is as cunning as his fingers, and though we meet signs of him at every turn,

<sup>32</sup>hansom—horse-drawn carriages

<sup>33</sup>consequential—self-important; showy

<sup>34</sup>theoretical—based on theory; imaginative; exploratory

<sup>35</sup>bracelets—handcuffs

<sup>36</sup>Eton and Oxford—prestigious schools in England

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## COMPREHENSION

### VOCABULARY

The soldiers on the front lines were more **vulnerable** to gunfire than the soldiers farther back. (p. 532)

A bad call by an umpire sometimes **incites** a player to complain. (p. 536)

Sometimes Chris pretends she's sick, but when she had the flu we knew her moaning was **unfeigned**. (p. 537)

### Before silent reading: pages 531–33

#### Motivation

- ▶ Who else gets involved in the considerable crime?

### After silent reading

#### Overview discussion: pages 531–33

- ▶ [literal] Who meets with Holmes at his home that night? (**Mr. Jones, the police agent; Mr. Merryweather, the bank director; Dr. Watson**)

[interpretive] Does anyone besides Holmes know what the plan for the evening is? (**possibly Mr. Jones**) What is ironic about Mr. Jones's saying that Sherlock Holmes has the makings of a detective? (**Elicit that Holmes is probably a better detective than Jones, but Jones doesn't understand Holmes's unusual methods.**)

[critical] Should Sherlock Holmes be so sure of his plan? Why or why not? (**Accept any answer.**)

- ▶ [interpretive] Why does Mr. Merryweather look surprised when he taps on the floor of the bank's cellar with his cane? (**He doesn't think it should sound hollow.**)

### Follow-up discussion: page 531

- ▶ [interpretive] Why do you think Mr. Merryweather is so gloomy? (**Possible answers: He thinks that what they are doing is foolish; it is late at night, and he feels he is wasting his time.**)

Read aloud Mr. Merryweather's gloomy statement.

- ▶ [literal] Why does Mr. Jones want to catch John Clay? (**He is a murderer, thief, smasher, and forger.**)

(*Overview discussion continued*)

[interpretive] What does Holmes mean when he says that Mr. Merryweather "already imperiled the whole success of our expedition"? (Answers may vary, but elicit that the thieves would be warned if they heard the noise and would get away.)

Locate and read aloud Holmes's sharp rebuke to Mr. Merryweather (page 532).

[interpretive] What does Holmes believe the thieves are after? (**the French gold**) How does he think they are planning to get into the bank? (**through the floor and into the cellar**)

## Follow-up discussion: page 532

► [interpretive] Why do you think Holmes is not very communicative during the long drive? (Possible answers: He is thinking about the crime; he enjoys being mysterious.)

[interpretive] What similes does Holmes use to describe Jones? ("as brave as a bulldog" and "as tenacious as a lobster")

we never know where to find the man himself. I've been on his track for years, and have never set eyes on him yet."

"I hope that I may have the pleasure of introducing you tonight. I've had one or two little turns also with Mr. John Clay, and I agree with you that he is at the head of his profession. It is past ten, however, and quite time that we started. If you two will take the first hansom, Watson and I will follow in the second."

Sherlock Holmes was not very communicative during the long drive, and lay back in the cab humming the tunes that he had heard in the afternoon. We rattled through an endless labyrinth<sup>37</sup> of gas-lit streets until we emerged into Farringdon Street.

"We are close there now," my friend remarked. "This fellow Merryweather is a bank director and personally interested in the matter. I thought it as well to have Jones with us also. He is as brave as a bulldog, and as tenacious as a lobster if he gets his claws upon anyone. Here we are, and they are waiting for us."

We had reached the same crowded thoroughfare in which we had found ourselves in the morning. Our cabs were dismissed, and, following the guidance of Mr. Merryweather, we passed down a narrow passage, and through a side door, which he opened for us. Within

there was a small corridor, which ended in a very massive iron gate. This also was opened and led down a flight of winding stone steps, which terminated at another formidable gate. Mr. Merryweather stopped to light a lantern, and then conducted us down a dark, earth-smelling passage, and so, after opening a third door, into a huge vault or cellar, which was piled all round with crates and massive boxes.

"You are not very vulnerable<sup>38</sup> from above," Holmes remarked, as he held up the lantern and gazed about him.

"Nor from below," said Mr. Merryweather, striking his stick upon the flags which lined the floor. "Why, dear me, it sounds quite hollow!" he remarked, looking up in surprise.

"I must really ask you to be a little more quiet," said Holmes severely. "You have already imperiled the whole success of our expedition. Might I beg that you would have the goodness to sit down upon one of those boxes, and not interfere?"

The solemn Mr. Merryweather perched himself upon a crate, with a very injured expression upon his face, while Holmes fell upon his knees upon the floor, and, with the lantern and a magnifying lens, began to examine minutely the cracks

<sup>37</sup>labyrinth—maze

<sup>38</sup>vulnerable—exposed to attack

between the stones. A few seconds sufficed to satisfy him for he sprang to his feet again, and put his glass in his pocket.

"We have at least an hour before us," he remarked, "for they can hardly take any steps until the pawn-broker is safely in bed. Then they will not lose a minute, for the sooner they do their work the longer time they will have for their escape. We are at present, Doctor—as no doubt you have divined<sup>39</sup>—in the cellar of the City branch of one of the principal London banks. Mr. Merryweather is the chairman of directors, and he will explain to you that there are reasons that the more daring criminals of London should take a considerable interest in this cellar at present."

"It is our French gold," whispered the director. "We have had several warnings that an attempt might be made upon it. Our reserve of bullion<sup>40</sup> is much larger at present than is usually kept in a single branch office, and the directors have had misgivings upon the subject."

"Which were very well justified," observed Holmes. "And now it is time that we arranged our little plans. I expect that within an hour matters will come to a head. In the meantime, Mr. Merryweather, we

must put the screen over that dark lantern."

"And sit in the dark?"

"I am afraid so. I see that the enemy's preparations have gone so far that we cannot risk the presence of a light. And, first of all, we must choose our positions. These are daring men, and, though we shall take them at a disadvantage, they may do us some harm, unless we are careful. I shall stand behind this crate, and do you conceal yourself behind those. Then, when I flash a light upon them, close in swiftly. If they fire, Watson, have no compunction about shooting them down."

I placed my revolver, cocked, upon the top of the wooden case behind which I crouched. Holmes shot the slide across the front of his lantern, and left us in pitch darkness.

"They have but one retreat," whispered Holmes. "That is back through the house into Saxe-Coburg Square. I hope that you have done what I asked you, Jones?"

"I have an inspector and two officers waiting at the front door."

"Then we have stopped all the holes. And now we must be silent and wait."

<sup>39</sup>divined—deduced; guessed

<sup>40</sup>bullion—gold or silver in bar form

### Follow-up discussion: page 533

- [literal] Why must the men sit in the dark? (Any glimmer of light might make the thieves aware of their presence.)

Read aloud Mr. Merryweather's whispered explanation about why there is so much gold in the bank right now.

[literal] If the men don't get the thieves in the cellar, how will the thieves be caught? (by the men waiting at the front door of Jabez Wilson's house)

## Before silent reading: pages 534–37

### Motivation

- ▶ How does Holmes know when the robbery will take place?

## After silent reading

### Overview discussion: pages 534–37

- ▶ [literal] How long do the men wait in the dark before the thieves appear? (an hour and a quarter)

[literal] How did Holmes know that the thieves would attempt the robbery on Saturday around midnight? (He logically deduced that if the robbery occurred late Saturday, the thieves would have to wait until Jabez Wilson had gone to bed and they would have an extra day to get away.)

[critical] Why does John Clay think Mr. Jones and the others should treat him with respect? (He has royal blood in his veins—his grandfather was a Royal Duke.) Do you think they should treat him the way he says? Why or why not? (Answers will vary, but elicit that he does not deserve to be treated honorably in light of his dishonorable activities. Although they should not treat him badly, they can certainly handcuff him and should not feel obligated to say “sir” and “please.”)

Locate and read aloud John Clay's snooty statement about how he should be treated (page 535).

- ▶ [interpretive] How has Mr. Merryweather's attitude changed? (Answers may vary, but elicit that he was skeptical and gloomy before, and he is now appreciative and impressed.)

[interpretive] Why does Watson have such admiration for Sherlock Holmes? (Holmes is so brilliant in observing and putting together clues to solve mysteries.)

What a time it seemed! From comparing notes afterwards it was but an hour and a quarter, yet it appeared to me that the night must have almost gone, and the dawn be breaking above us. My limbs were weary and stiff, for I feared to change my position, yet my nerves were worked up to the highest pitch of tension, and my hearing was so acute that I could not only hear the gentle breathing of my companions but I could also distinguish the deeper, heavier in-breath of the bulky Jones from the thin sighing note of the bank director. From my position I could look over the case in the direction of the floor. Suddenly my eyes caught the glint of a light.

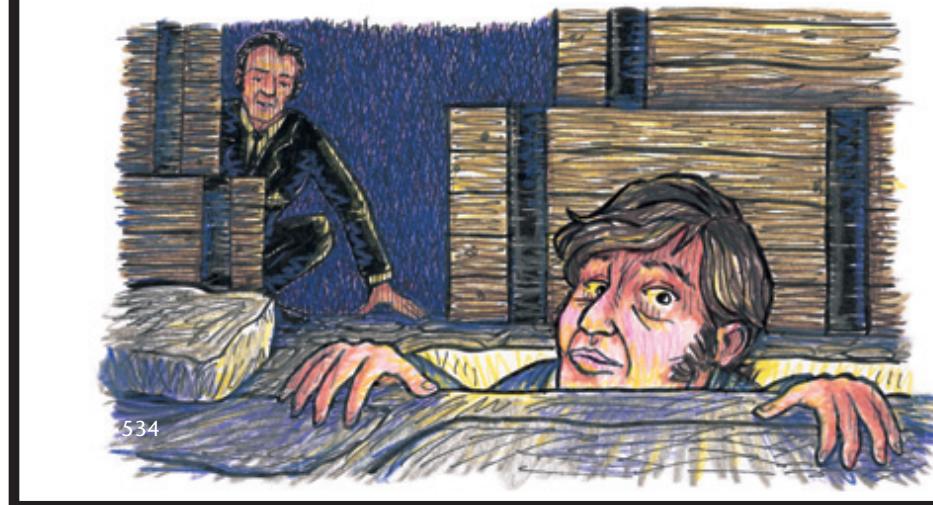
At first it was but a lurid<sup>41</sup> spark upon the stone pavement. Then it lengthened out until it became a yellow line, and then, without any warning or sound, a gash seemed to

open and a hand appeared, a white, almost womanly hand, which felt about in the centre of the little area of light. For a minute or more the hand, with its writhing fingers, protruded out of the floor. Then it was withdrawn as suddenly as it appeared, and all was dark again save the single lurid spark, which marked a chink between the stones.

Its disappearance, however, was but momentary. With a rending, tearing sound, one of the broad, white stones turned over upon its side, and left a square, gaping hole, through which streamed the light of a lantern. Over the edge there peeped a clean-cut, boyish face, which looked keenly about it, and then, with a hand on either side of the aperture,<sup>42</sup> drew itself shoulder high

<sup>41</sup>lurid—bright; vivid

<sup>42</sup>aperture—an opening such as a crack or slit



### Follow-up discussion: page 534

- ▶ [interpretive] Why is Watson afraid to move? (Elicit that he is afraid that he will make noise if he moves or that he will miss something.)

Read aloud the paragraph that tells about the light and a man appearing through the floor.

[appreciative] How would you feel if you were one of the men watching?

and waist high, until one knee rested upon the edge. In another instant he stood at the side of the hole, and was hauling after him a companion, lithe and small like himself, with a pale face and a shock of very red hair.

"It's all clear," he whispered. "Have you the chisel and the bags? Great Scott! Jump, Archie, jump, and I'll swing for it!"

Sherlock Holmes had sprung out and seized the intruder by the collar. The other dived down the hole, and I heard the sound of rending cloth as Jones clutched at his coattails. The light flashed upon the barrel of a revolver, but Holmes's hunting-crop came down on the man's wrist, and the pistol clinked upon the stone floor.

"It's no use, John Clay," said Holmes blandly; "you have no chance at all."

"So I see," the other answered with the utmost coolness. "I fancy that my pal is all right, though I see you have got his coattails."

"There are three men waiting for him at the door," said Holmes.

"Oh, indeed. You seem to have done the thing very completely. I must compliment you."

"And I you," Holmes answered. "Your redhead idea was very new and effective."

"You'll see your pal again presently," said Jones. "He's quicker at climbing down holes than I am."

"I beg that you will not touch me with your filthy hands," remarked our prisoner, as the handcuffs clattered upon his wrists. "You may not be aware that I have royal blood in my veins. Have the goodness also when you address me always to say 'sir' and 'please'."

"All right," said Jones, with a stare and a snigger. "Well, would you please, sir, march upstairs, where we can get a cab to carry your highness to the police station."

"That is better," said John Clay serenely. He made a sweeping bow to the three of us, and walked quietly off in the custody of the detective.

"Really, Mr. Holmes," said Merryweather, as we followed them from the cellar, "I do not know how the bank can thank you or repay you. There is no doubt that you have detected and defeated in the most complete manner one of the most determined attempts at bank robbery that have ever come within my experience."

"I have had one or two little scores of my own to settle with Mr. John Clay," said Holmes. "I have been at some small expense over this matter, which I shall expect the bank to refund, but beyond that I am amply repaid by having had an experience which is in many ways unique, and by hearing the very remarkable narrative of the Redheaded League."

*The Redheaded League* 535

### Follow-up discussion: page 535

► [interpretive] Do you think John Clay is still whispering when he tells Archie to jump? (probably not)

Read aloud John Clay's statement as he climbs into the cellar. Demonstrate the change from his careful whisper to his cry of alarm.

► [interpretive] How does John Clay act after he is caught? (Elicit that he is very cocky and proud for someone that is going to prison.)

[interpretive] What does Holmes mean when he says that he has had one or two little scores of his own to settle with Mr. John Clay? (Holmes has had some trouble with John Clay before, and he considers his part in capturing Clay reward enough for his troubles.)

## Follow-up discussion: page 536

► [interpretive] Why had Holmes first suspected Mr. Wilson's assistant? (because he was so willing to work for half wages)

[interpretive] How did Holmes know that the cellar was so important to the case? (The assistant was down in the cellar whenever he could be.)

Read aloud Holmes's explanation as to why he suspected that the assistant was interested in Mr. Wilson's cellar.

[literal] What was Holmes's motive for visiting Mr. Wilson's home and business? (to see the knees of the assistant to prove if his theory was correct)

"You see, Watson," he explained in the early hours of the morning, back at Baker Street, "it was perfectly obvious from the first that the only possible object of this rather fantastic business of the advertisement of the League, and the copying of the *Encyclopedia*, must be to get this not over-bright pawnbroker out of the way for a number of hours every day. It was a curious way of managing it, but really it would be difficult to suggest a better. The method was no doubt suggested to Clay's ingenious mind by the color of his accomplice's<sup>43</sup> hair. The four pounds a week was a lure that must draw him, and what was it to them, who were playing for thousands? They put in the advertisement; one rogue has the temporary office, the other rogue incites<sup>44</sup> the man to apply for it, and together they manage to secure his absence every morning in the week. From the time that I heard of the assistant having come for half-wages, it was obvious to me that he had some strong motive for securing the situation."

"But how could you guess what the motive was?"

"The man's business was a small one, and there was nothing in his house which could account for such elaborate preparations and such an expenditure<sup>45</sup> as they were at. It must then be something out of the house. What could it be? I thought of the

assistant's fondness for photography, and his trick of vanishing into the cellar. The cellar! There was the end of this tangled clue. Then I made inquiries as to this mysterious assistant, and found that I had to deal with one of the coolest and most daring criminals in London. He was doing something in the cellar—something which took many hours a day for months on end. What could it be, once more? I could think of nothing save that he was running a tunnel to some other building.

"So far I had got when we went to visit the scene of action. I surprised you by beating upon the pavement with my stick. I was ascertaining whether the cellar stretched out in front or behind. It was not in front. Then I rang the bell, and as I hoped, the assistant answered it. We have had some skirmishes, but we had never set eyes on each other before. I hardly looked at his face. His knees were what I wished to see. You must yourself have remarked how worn, wrinkled, and stained they were. They spoke of those hours of burrowing. The only remaining point was what they were burrowing for. I walked round the corner, saw the City and Suburban Bank abutted on our friend's

<sup>43</sup>accomplice—a person who helps someone else in a crime

<sup>44</sup>incites—provokes; pushes

<sup>45</sup>expenditure—amount being spent



premises, and felt that I had solved my problem. When you drove home after the concert I called upon Scotland Yard, and upon the chairman of the bank directors, with the result that you have seen."

"And how could you tell that they would make their attempt tonight?" I asked.

"Well, when they closed their League offices, that was a sign that they cared no longer about Mr. Jabez Wilson's presence; in other words, that they had completed their tunnel.

But it was essential that they should use it soon, as it might be discovered, or the bullion might be removed. Saturday would suit them better than any other day, as it would give them two days for their escape. For all these reasons I expected them to come tonight."

"You reasoned it out beautifully," I exclaimed in unfeigned<sup>46</sup> admiration. "It is so long a chain, and yet every link rings true."

<sup>46</sup>unfeigned—not false; not pretended

*The Redheaded League* 537

### Follow-up discussion: page 537

► [interpretive] What does Watson mean when he says that every link rings true? (Elicit that he is using a metaphor to compare Holmes's deducing of the mystery to the links of a chain and how each link must be "true" since one weak link ruins the whole chain.)

Read aloud Watson's admiring statement about Holmes's logic.

### WORKTEXT OBJECTIVES

#### The student will

- Recognize foreshadowing.
  - Match words and definitions.
  - Use an article to gather information.
  - Arrange information to write an article.
- .....

**Literature:**  
**Worktext page 206** 

**Vocabulary:**  
**Worktext page 207** 

**Study skills:**  
**Worktext page 208** 

## SOMETHING EXTRA

### **Write It: Making observations**

Choose an environment such as your classroom, kitchen, or a car, or create an environment, leaving in different areas various clues such as crumbs, a pen with a company name, or a piece of fabric. Invite the student to make observations.

Instruct the student to use what he has seen to draw conclusions about the people who use the environment and the events that have taken place there. Instruct the student to write about his observations and conclusions. Encourage him to be creative and draw conclusions as though he were solving a mystery.

### **Read It: Untangling a mystery**

Explain that a mystery writer works backwards as he plans his writing—he solves the mystery first, and then goes back and plants the clues in his story. Instruct the student to read the story again and write Holmes's observations on a piece of paper. Remind the student to pay attention to how the author planted the clues in the story without giving away the ending.

# AUTHOR SCRAPBOOK

## Materials

- Teaching Visuals 8 and 9: E.A.R.S. and *Listen and Learn*

## Background information

Stories by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—The list of stories on worktext page 292 is only a small selection of stories written by Conan Doyle. Other stories may be chosen at the discretion of a teacher or parent.

## SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

**Sir Arthur Conan Doyle**

Name \_\_\_\_\_



Conan Doyle was knighted and appointed Deputy-Lieutenant of Surrey in 1902.



**Conan Doyle**

**A**rthur Conan Doyle was born on May 22, 1859, in Edinburgh, Scotland. As an adult, he was knighted and received the title of "Sir." Conan Doyle's name is far less known than the name of his creation—Sherlock Holmes. Sherlock Holmes's popularity has continued for over a century, and people of all ages still love to read Sherlock Holmes mystery stories. The Sherlock Holmes stories are written as if they were records kept by Dr. John Watson, Sherlock Holmes's friend and companion in his detective work. The character Watson seems to be modeled after Conan Doyle himself. Conan Doyle died on July 7, 1930, after suffering a heart attack.

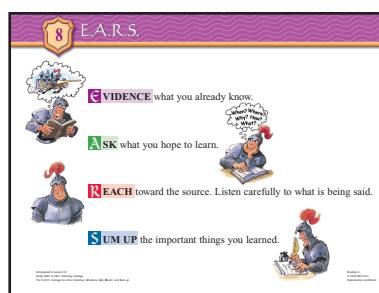
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**Reading 6: "Author Scrapbook: Sir Arthur Conan Doyle," Lesson 126**  
Study skills: E.A.R.S. Listening Strategy



Conan Doyle with his family

291



Lesson	Worktext pages
126	291–94

## OBJECTIVES

### LESSON 126

#### The student will

- Use a strategy for listening with comprehension.
- Recall facts and details.
- Develop a sense of history.
- Take notes and make drawings to aid in listening.

#### 1 Skill development: Visual 8—E.A.R.S.

Display the visual and discuss each step.

**NOTE** See the discussion of the visual in Lesson 18 of this teacher's edition.

#### 2 Skill development: Worktext pages 291–92

Allow the students to look at the pictures and read the paragraph on worktext page 291 to find out about Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

- From whose point of view are the Sherlock Holmes stories written? (Dr. John Watson's)

Who is the character of Watson modeled after? ([Sir Arthur Conan Doyle](#))

- On worktext page 292 you will see the E.A.R.S. listening strategy. Remember to be aware of what you are doing as you listen.

What are some things you can do to help you pay close attention? (Possible answers: Sit up; look at the source; think; pick out key pieces of information; take notes—write facts that answer your questions, write words or phrases, draw sketches.)

Direct attention to the titles of some other stories written by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

**3 Skill application:**  
**Worktext page 293**



Display Visual 9, *Listen and Learn*, and guide the students in completing the worktext page as it is discussed.

- Look at the illustrations on page 293.

Call attention to and read aloud the caption below the illustrations.

- What is the first step in the E.A.R.S. strategy? (**Evidence what you already know.**)

Based on what you read and heard about Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and the pictures on this page, what do you already know about him? (**Accept any answer.**)

Allow adequate time for the students to discuss and record their ideas.

- What is the second step in the E.A.R.S. strategy? (**Ask what you hope to learn.**)

What are some things you would like to know about Sir Arthur Conan Doyle? (**Accept any answer.**)

Encourage the students to discuss and share good questions.

- What is the third step in the E.A.R.S. strategy? (**Reach toward the source.**)

As I read aloud the story about Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, remember to do the things we discussed that will help you listen carefully.

**Master of Mystery**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Possible answers are given.

**E** evidence

What do you know about Sir Arthur Conan Doyle? \_\_\_\_\_

*He was born in Scotland; he was the author of the Sherlock Holmes stories;*

*he modeled Watson, Sherlock's friend, after himself.*

**A** sk

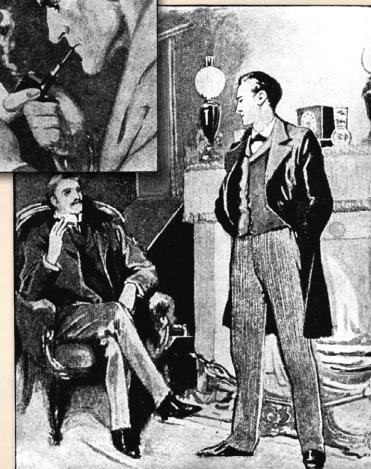
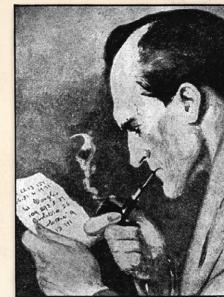
Write two questions about what you hope to learn about Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

1. *How did Conan Doyle become Sir*

*Arthur? How did Conan Doyle become interested in writing mysteries?*

2. *Who is Sherlock Holmes*

*modeled after?*



*Watson and Sherlock Holmes discussing a case*

**R** each

Look and listen carefully as your teacher reads some information about Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

**Reading 6: "Author Scrapbook: Sir Arthur Conan Doyle," Lesson 126**  
Study skills: E.A.R.S. Listening Strategy

293

9 Listen and Learn	
<b>E</b> VIDENCE what you already knew. _____	
<b>A</b> SK what you hope to learn. 1. _____ 2. _____	
<b>R</b> EACH toward the source. Listen carefully to what is being said. <b>S</b> UM UP the important things you learned. 1. Did you learn the answers to your questions? _____ 2. If so, what was the answer to one of them? _____ 3. What are the three most interesting things you learned? a. _____ b. _____ c. _____	

## 4

**Listening story: "From Doctor to Writer"**

Read the following to the students.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was a practicing medical doctor in England; however, he had few patients and didn't earn much money. To make more money, he began writing stories. When his Sherlock Holmes stories became such a success, Conan Doyle ended his medical practice and devoted his time to writing.

The idea for the character of Sherlock Holmes came from a teacher Conan Doyle had in medical school, named Dr. Joseph Bell. Dr. Bell was known for his amazing ability to deduce facts about his patients before they said anything, just by observing them. The name Conan Doyle originally gave to the character of Sherlock Holmes was "Ormond Sacker."

Although Sherlock Holmes is a masterful detective, Conan Doyle had no training in police work or law. Many Sherlock Holmes fans turned to Conan Doyle for legal advice, expecting him to solve their problems as Sherlock Holmes would. In most cases, Conan Doyle declined to get involved in legal matters, except for a few occasions when he actually helped to prove the innocence of individuals.

Although Conan Doyle's most famous works are his Sherlock Holmes stories, he preferred to write other things. In 1902 he wrote a pamphlet to try to change public opinion of the Boer War. The war had been widely criticized, but Conan Doyle defended the part Britain played in it. As a result of his pamphlet, public opinion of the war quickly changed. For his service to his country, Conan Doyle was knighted, and from thenceforth, he was Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

5

## Skill application:

### Worktext page 294



- What is the last step in the E.A.R.S. listening strategy? (**Sum up the important things you learned.**)

Direct the students to answer questions 1 and 2 under the “Sum Up” step.

- What are three important things you learned from listening to the story about Sir Arthur Conan Doyle?

Allow the students adequate time to discuss and record their ideas. Encourage them to work independently in forming logical sentences to sum up what they learned.

6

## Time line:

### Worktext page 294



Discuss the period of time in which Conan Doyle lived. Note the time period of Conan Doyle as it relates to the authors previously studied.

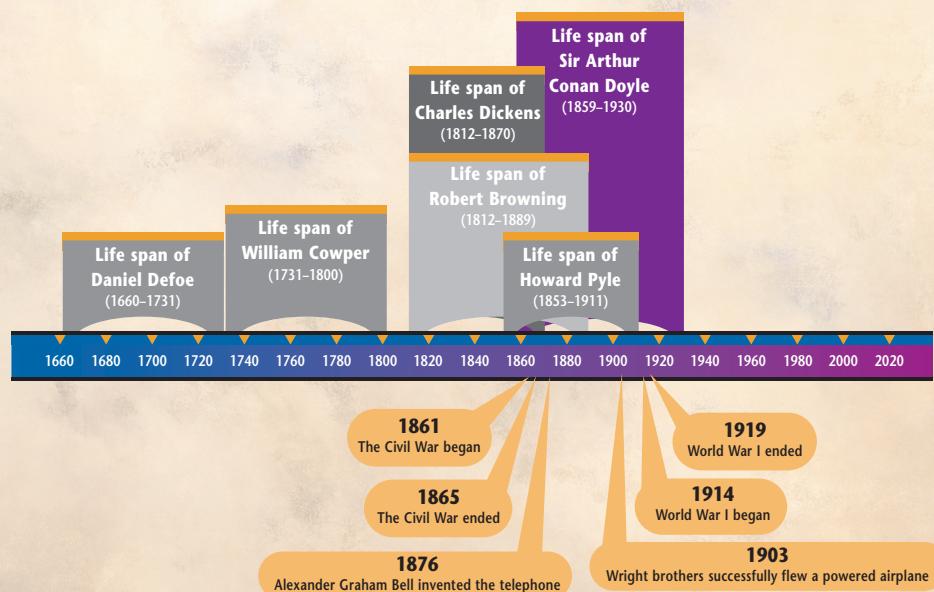


**Answers will vary.**

**Sum Up**

► Write the important things you learned.

1. Did you learn the answers to your questions?  
\_\_\_\_\_
2. If so, what was the answer to one of them?  
\_\_\_\_\_
3. What are the three most interesting things you learned about Sir Arthur Conan Doyle?  
\_\_\_\_\_



The timeline illustrates the life spans of several authors and significant historical events. The horizontal axis represents time from 1660 to 2020. Vertical bars indicate the lifespan of each author, and orange callout boxes mark specific historical events.

Author Lifespan	Historical Event
Daniel Defoe (1660-1731)	1861: The Civil War began
William Cowper (1731-1800)	1865: The Civil War ended
Charles Dickens (1812-1870)	1876: Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone
Robert Browning (1812-1889)	1903: Wright brothers successfully flew a powered airplane
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1859-1930)	1914: World War I began
Howard Pyle (1853-1911)	1919: World War I ended

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Reading 6: "Author Scrapbook: Sir Arthur Conan Doyle," Lesson 126  
Study skills: E.A.R.S. Listening Strategy

738

Unit 6

Overcomers

Olympic practice in a corn field? All dreams begin when you are encompassing imagined success. Experience the thrill of victory with a young would-be Olympian.

Lesson	Reader pages	Worktext pages
127	538–39	209–10

## Materials

- A Bible

## Background information

**Marathon**—Marathon was the name of a plain in ancient Greece northeast of Athens. After Greece was victorious over Persia in a battle fought on the plain of Marathon, a runner took the news of the victory to Athens in one long run—twenty-six miles. Today's Olympic marathon is twenty-six miles and 385 yards (41.3 kilometers) long in honor of that ancient runner.

## INTRODUCTION

### Youthful dreams

- ▶ What is the goal of every Olympic competitor?  
How does an Olympic competitor strive to meet his goal?
- ▶ What do you dream of doing when you are older?  
What can you do now to start toward your goals?

Read Philippians 3:13–14 to the students.

- ▶ Every Christian is in a race, and the prize is far greater than any gold medal.

## OBJECTIVES

### LESSON 127

#### The student will

- Identify action words.
- Distinguish between reality and imagination.
- Infer setting.
- Recognize that the poet's technique supports meaning.

### Correlated Activities

- Recreational Reading, Activity 2: All Boxed Up
- Spelling Practice, Activity 3: Silent Spellers

See "Classroom Management for Grouping" in the Appendix.

## COMPREHENSION

*There are no vocabulary sentences for this lesson.*

### Before listening

- As I read the poem to you, listen for words that show action in this race.

### Listening: pages 538–39

Read the entire poem on page 538 to the students.

### After listening

#### Discussion: lines 1–12

- [interpretive] Where does the race take place? (*in the country, probably on a farm*)
- [literal] Name some words that show action. (*barreling, jump, strides, grinding, striving, pounding, pumping, flash, slapping*)

[interpretive] What do you think lines 3 and 4 mean? (*Answers will vary, but elicit that after five strides the runner jumps over a stump which appears to slide under him.*)

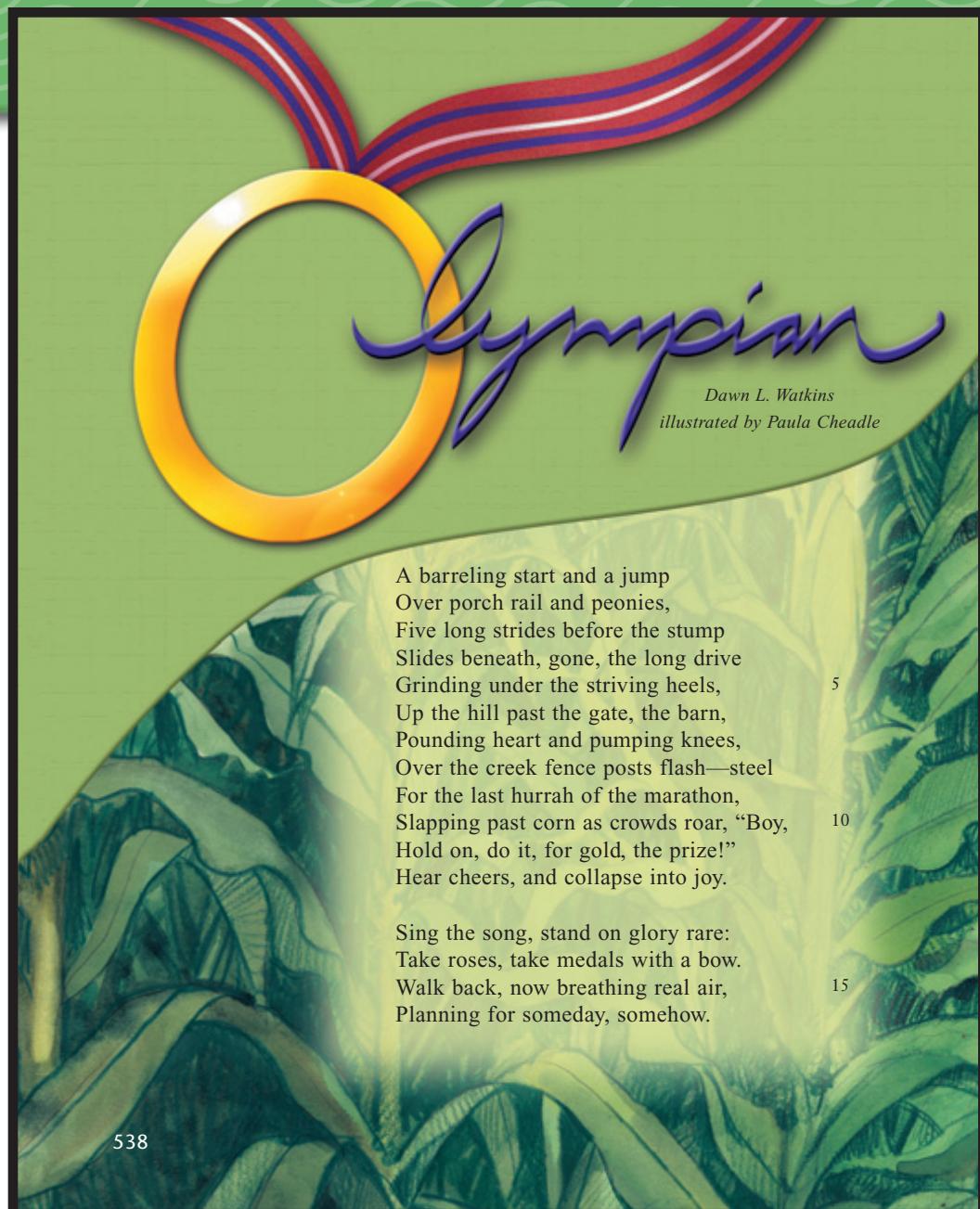
[appreciative] Why do you think the author uses no periods in the first eleven lines? (*Answers may vary, but elicit that it is to give the picture of a continuous, hard run.*)

- [literal] What event does the boy imagine that he is participating in? (*an Olympic marathon*)

Share with the students the background information about the origin of the Olympic marathon.

[interpretive] What sound does the boy hear that he imagines to be a crowd cheering him? (*possible answers: the sound he makes as he brushes against the cornstalks; the slapping leaves sound like applause*)

[appreciative] What picture comes to your mind when you read the last line of the first stanza?



A barreling start and a jump  
Over porch rail and peonies,  
Five long strides before the stump  
Slides beneath, gone, the long drive  
Grinding under the striving heels,  
Up the hill past the gate, the barn,  
Pounding heart and pumping knees,  
Over the creek fence posts flash—steel  
For the last hurrah of the marathon,  
Slapping past corn as crowds roar, “Boy,  
Hold on, do it, for gold, the prize!”  
Hear cheers, and collapse into joy.

Sing the song, stand on glory rare:  
Take roses, take medals with a bow.  
Walk back, now breathing real air,  
Planning for someday, somehow.



### Discussion: lines 13–16

Read aloud lines 13–16 again.

► [interpretive] What might the author mean by “stand on glory”? (possible answers: the podium on which Olympic medal winners stand; the moment of triumph and approval; the honor of belonging to the great history of the Olympics)

► [interpretive] How does the poet demonstrate that the runner is no longer pretending to be an Olympian? (when she says, “now breathing real air”)

[interpretive] What do you think the boy is considering as he walks back? (possible answer: being a real Olympian someday)

Invite a student to read the entire poem aloud. Encourage him to make the listeners feel as if they are Olympians.

### WORKTEXT OBJECTIVES

#### The student will

- Use strong verbs to show action.
  - Infer time and place of setting.
- .....



#### Comprehension:

Worktext page 209



#### Literature:

Worktext page 210



## SOMETHING EXTRA

### **Write It: Dreams of someday**

Invite the student to write a poem about something he dreams of doing someday. Allow him to choose a type of poem or a rhyme scheme he would like to use as the form for his poem. (See Lesson 57 for a discussion of rhyme scheme. See also the Something Extra activity in Lesson 94 in which diamante, a type of poem, was presented.) Encourage the student to use strong words that show action, just as the poet does in “Olympian.”

# A VISIT WITH A POET: DAWN L. WATKINS

In her advice to young poets, Dawn L. Watkins says that words are everything to a writer. It's not possible for a writer to know too many words; joy in words is foundational to a poet's success. This interview will encourage aspiring word-lovers in the craft of poetry.

Lesson	Reader pages	Worktext pages
128	540–42	211–12

## Materials

- Pictures of the scenery in the area where you live (magazines or photographs of beautiful areas the students are familiar with)

## Background information

**Dawn L. Watkins**—Born in Cogan House, Pennsylvania, Dawn Watkins grew up among marvelous storytellers and talespinners. From them she learned the delight and power of literature. Now she teaches writing to college students and writes textbooks at BJU Press, and she also continues the tradition of making up stories for her many “nieces and nephews.” She is the author of many poems and short stories which appear in the student readers of *READING for Christian Schools*, as well as several picture books and novels.

### Books by Dawn L. Watkins—

#### PICTURE BOOKS

*A King for Brass Cobweb*  
*Chickadee Winter*  
*Nantucket Cats*  
*Once in Blueberry Dell*  
*Pocket Change*  
*The Cranky Blue Crab*  
*The Spelling Window*  
*Very Like a Star*  
*Wait and See*

#### NOVELS

*Jenny Wren*  
*Medallion*  
*Pulling Together*  
*Zoli's Legacy I and II*

**Polaris**—Polaris, also known as the North Star, is the star at the end of the handle of the Little Dipper.

## INTRODUCTION

### Inspiration locations

Display pictures of scenery.

- ▶ Have you ever been to any of these places? What did you do there? What do you like about it?

If you wanted to write a poem, do you think it would be easier to set your poem in a place that you enjoy or in a place you have never been? Why?

- ▶ Today you will read about a poet who uses the things she knows and the places she's been as inspiration for her poetry.

### Correlated Activities

- Word Work, Activity 5: Watch What You Say
- Creative Writing, Activity 5: Genre Objects

See “Classroom Management for Grouping” in the Appendix.

## OBJECTIVES

### LESSON 128

#### The student will

- Note the author's personal experiences reflected in the settings of her poems.
- Note the author's use of details to create setting.
- Discern the difference between form poetry and free verse.
- Relate the poet's statements to examples in her writing.

## COMPREHENSION

There are no vocabulary sentences for this lesson.

### Before silent reading: pages 540–42

#### Motivation

- What tools does a poet use?

### After silent reading

#### Overview discussion: pages 540–42

- [literal] Where does a poem begin for Ms. Watkins? (in the *emotion* of an idea, image, word, or phrase)
- [interpretive] Why is it beneficial for a poet to know many words? (The more words a poet knows, the better he is able to communicate ideas. Words are resources; the bigger a poet's vocabulary, the more resources he has.)

#### Follow-up discussion: page 540

- [appreciative] When Ms. Watkins thinks about things she knew growing up, she thinks about stars, mountains, and snow. What things do you think about that relate to where you grew up?

Listen to this excerpt from Watkins's picture book *Chickadee Winter*. Notice how Ms. Watkins uses the things she knew growing up to describe the setting of this story.

We got there just after the snow.

It was not like home at all.  
It was too cold. Too quiet.  
And I missed my friends.

New Mexico had been all the colors of warm:  
Red, orange, yellow, gold-brown, cinnamon.  
When the sun went down,  
the whole world was bronze.

Nora, my sister, said, "Look! Clouds!"  
and blew into the air—  
air so cold it made my teeth ache.  
Little cumulus clouds floated a moment, then vanished.

And "Look! Feathers!" She pointed out  
white, angled frost on windows.  
I never knew that cold could paint on glass.  
And I did not know of any bird with such sharp white feathers.  
Roadrunners have grey-brown tails  
with only a few flecks of white.

But I saw here only  
whiteness stretching out forever,  
and at night I felt only keen-eyed stars  
watching down and down.

## A Visit with a POET: Dawn L. Watkins

Eileen M. Berry



**Interviewer:** With what does a poem usually begin for you—an idea, an image, an unusual or musical word or phrase?

**Watkins:** It can begin in any of those places. Something I read or see or hear stirs me to write it down as a poem. But most often I believe a poem begins in the emotion of any of the above causes.

**Interviewer:** Are some subjects more "poetic" than others, or can anything be a good subject for a poem?

**Watkins:** There are, to be sure, some topics that are not worthy of a Christian writer's time. And of course every writer has topics that he finds inspiring that may not inspire others. I was born in Cogan House, Pennsylvania, and I tend to like the things I knew growing up—stars and mountains and snow. But overall, a good writer can find

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beauty enough to inspire him nearly anywhere.

**Interviewer:** What is your favorite place to be when writing a poem? What surroundings do you find most inspiring?

**Watkins:** I don't have a favorite place. What I need is an idea. If I have an idea I really want to write a poem about, I think I could write it in the middle of a highway. I will say this, though: thinking about places where I grew up can put me in a good frame of mind for writing. But actually being in those places does not necessarily do the same thing.

**Interviewer:** Do your poems usually contain rhyme?

**Watkins:** Yes, most of my poems rhyme. But not in a formal pattern usually. I like every line to have a "partner" somewhere in the poem—it's like a game to find the best

- Listen to this excerpt from Watkins's poem "Sestina for the Deer."

We cared little then, or ever, what was beyond  
Our barns and pumphouse and drifts of snow,  
So long as at sundown we had the lovely deer—  
And come full dark, the breathless stars—  
Just so long as when the day drew into dusk,  
We stood at the window and looked at the hills.

- [interpretive] What details does the author give about the setting in these poems that seem to relate to things she knew growing up? (in the first poem—the coldness and snow, frosty windows, stars; in the second poem—barns, the pumphouse, drifts of snow, breathless stars, the hills)



places for the rhymes to occur in the poem. I do use quite a bit of slant rhyme.<sup>1</sup>

**Interviewer:** In what other ways do you give your poems a musical quality?

**Watkins:** I don't think of my poems as being musical. At least, not in the ways that one usually thinks of musical writing with lovely liquid lines. When I write a poem, I am out for meaning mostly. But I do pay attention to line lengths and rhythm. I like poems to have a spoken quality. That is, to sound as though a person might just be talking to you.

**Interviewer:** Do you usually write poetry or free verse?

**Watkins:** I guess you could call what I write mostly a form of free verse. Although it has rhyme usually, it is not a standard pattern. And the rhythms usually serve that particular piece. I did invent a form, though, for fun, based on how bell ringers play their bells.

**Interviewer:** How do you determine the type of form you will use?

**Watkins:** That's a huge question. If the topic is very important, I think it's best to use a formal form, like a sonnet. If the poem is not for a particular occasion, but just to capture an idea, then I guess I ask myself first: does this seem to need a big space or just a small space? After that, the question is what will the tone be: serious, silly, or what? And then the fun begins—just playing with sound and tinkering with lines and the looks of the poem. It's then that meaning and form help invent each other.

**Interviewer:** Do you prefer to write serious or humorous poetry—or both?

**Watkins:** Oh, serious. It hardly ever just occurs to me to write something funny, even though I know most readers under twenty years old really prefer that kind. Serious poems just present themselves. Funny ones I have to be asked to write or purposefully set out to do.

**Interviewer:** What goals or objectives do you have in writing poetry?

**Watkins:** I want to get better in my craft.<sup>2</sup> I really should be reading more poetry and studying more. I want to be able to write as well as I can, by God's grace. I think that

<sup>1</sup>slant rhyme—partial or imperfect rhyme

<sup>2</sup>craft—skill or occupation requiring skill

A Visit with a Poet: Dawn Watkins 541

► [interpretive] What is happening in nature in this poem? (**There is a drought.**) Do you think Grandfather's well has enough water for him to share with all the neighbors? (**Elicit that it does not, but he is willing to share in faith that his needs will be taken care of.** Point out that the water in the well must be very low since he says it will last only a day or two.)

[interpretive] Does this poem rhyme? (**no**) What is the difference between form poetry and free verse? (**Form poetry has rules about line lengths, rhyme, patterns, etc. Free verse does not have such rules; therefore, the author can be more "free" in writing.**)

## Follow-up discussion: page 541

► [interpretive] What does Ms. Watkins mean by "lovely liquid lines?" (**Elicit that she means that the lines move smoothly and gracefully.**)

► Ms. Watkins likes her poems to have a spoken quality. Listen to the first and last stanzas from Watkins's poem "The Well." This poem is about a kind grandfather who shares his water with his neighbors even though his own well is going dry.

The handle of the pump was hot.  
'Leave it up,' my grandfather said.  
He took the bucket from the spout  
And swirled the reddish water twice.  
His look was foreign to me.

'What?'  
'It's awful low,' he said, 'but mind,  
Don't tell the woman what I said.'  
He stood against the sky to me,  
And it seemed the blue showed through  
And made his eyes. And then he winked.  
I asked him, 'When will it rain?'  
'Not today.' He squinted upward.  
'Will the water last? 'Til it rains?'  
'A day or two,' was all he said.

They stood there, our closest neighbors,  
With a milk can, the sun shining.  
'If you haven't got it to spare,'  
They said, 'then we will understand.'  
The man's overalls were dusty,  
And his wife looked at Grandmother.  
The road behind them wavered gray;  
A locust buzzed electrically.  
My grandfather came down the steps.  
'We've got it,' he said. He himself  
Pumped the can full and sealed the lid.  
'Thank you, Bruce,' the man said, 'thank you.'

My grandfather only nodded.  
'You always did have the best well,'  
The woman said to Grandmother.  
'So it seems,' my grandmother said.  
For a long while, we watched them leave,  
Carrying the can between them.  
Grandmother's voice was like soft rain:  
'That should last them through tomorrow.'

She looked at my grandfather there,  
With his hand on the pump handle  
And his hair bright as Polaris.  
Grandfather did not turn around,  
But walked straight on toward the barn.  
'That well has never given out,'  
She said. 'Not once in all these years.'

## Follow-up discussion: page 542

► [literal] What advice does Ms. Watkins give to young poets? (Imitate other poets; read the dictionary and become familiar with words; write from the outside and then the inside.)

[interpretive] Why do you think starting within yourself when writing a poem makes you boring and less useful? (Elicit that when you write about your own personal thoughts, it may not be interesting to other people. People like reading about a universal situation that they can understand, and if you're writing about a personal experience, the readers may find it boring.)

[appreciative] Watkins advises young poets to learn by imitating poets they admire. Who are your favorite poets and why?

► [interpretive] How important are words to a poet? ("Words are everything." Watkins compares writing to carpentry and says that words are the tools and the wood.)

when God gives you a desire to do something, and you do it for the right reasons, it's a joy to you. Writing poetry is also a service to other people because it seems to make people happy to read poems that express thoughts they've had themselves.

**Interviewer:** What poets have you learned from in your own reading and study?

**Watkins:** Robert Frost, Gerard Manley Hopkins, George Herbert, and Emily Dickinson are the big ones. Also T.S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, and William Butler Yeats. The list could go on and on. Imitating poets you admire is a good way for beginning poets to learn.

**Interviewer:** What other advice would you give to young poets?

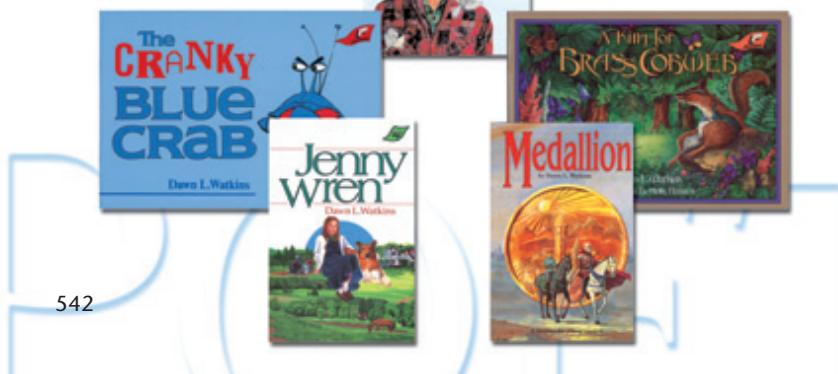
**Watkins:** Read the dictionary! Read the definitions.

Read the derivations.<sup>3</sup> Words are everything to a writer. If he were a carpenter, words would be the tools as well as the wood. I don't think it's possible for a writer to know too many words. If you don't find joy in just looking at words as words, you probably will have a hard time writing poetry.

And the other thing is to write from the outside and then the inside. Always be more aware of what's around you than you are aware of yourself. When something strikes you as needing a poem written about it, then you can look into your own experience to write about that universal<sup>4</sup> idea from a personal angle. This makes you useful. To start with yourself makes you less useful and, in the end, boring.

<sup>3</sup>derivations—roots; origins

<sup>4</sup>universal—applying to all members of a group



## WORKTEXT OBJECTIVES

### The student will

- Write a description of setting.
- Develop setting based on personal experience.
- Write a poem.

### Composition: Worktext pages 211–12



## SOMETHING EXTRA

### **Read It: Poetry of Dawn L. Watkins**

Have some of Ms. Watkins's poems available for the students to read. Several of the picture books listed in the background information of this lesson are poems. Many of Dawn L. Watkins's poems are also published in the student readers of *READING for Christian Schools*.

# THE WINNER

Lesson	Reader pages	Worktext pages
129	543–46	213–15
130	547–52	216

He was the gold medalist for the 400-meter race in the 1924 Olympics. But Eric Liddell ran in another race as well—the Christian’s life-race of service to the Lord. God enabled him to win many victories in his missionary journey to China, and he now awaits the crowns given by God to His faithful children.

## OBJECTIVES

### LESSON 129

#### The student will

- Relate story content to biblical truth: Glorifying God in all we do is the most important thing in life.
- Demonstrate an understanding that adverse circumstances often offer great opportunities to reflect God’s glory.
- Identify and evaluate character responses.

### LESSON 130

#### The student will

- Demonstrate an appreciation for foreign missions.
- Relate story content to biblical truth: True life is found in serving Christ.
- Demonstrate an understanding of historical events in China during World War II.
- Identify and evaluate character responses and attitudes.



#### HERITAGE STUDIES Connection

Lesson 130 can be linked to the study of the bombing of Pearl Harbor in 1941.

## Materials

- A medal or an award
- Vocabulary sentences for display. Use the prepared sentences from pages 749 and 753 to introduce vocabulary words in context at the beginning of each lesson.
- A Bible

## Background information

**Nationalists and Communists of China**—The Nationalist and Communist parties fought for power during the civil war in China. The Nationalist party wanted to rule China as an independent nation. The Communist party wanted to set up a government like the Communist government in the Soviet Union in which all the citizens of the country worked together for the good of the country and all people were on the same level in society.

**Eric Liddell**—Several books have been written based on the 1924 Olympics and Eric Liddell’s life. More than one of these books, as well as a 1981 film, are titled *Chariots of Fire*.

**Heats**—The qualifying race or contest which determines participants, order, or finalists.

## INTRODUCTION

### Silver and gold

Display an award or medal.

- Do you like to watch the Olympics?

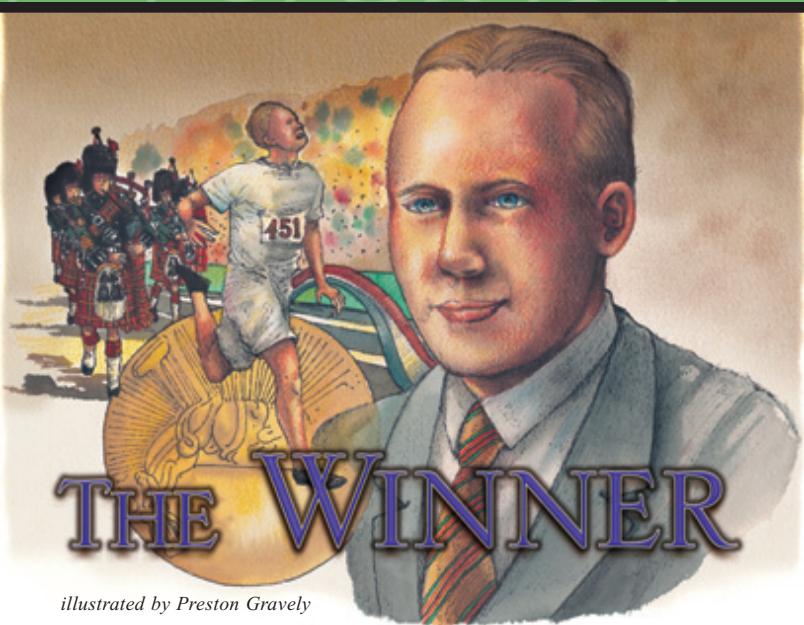
Do you think it would be exciting to win a gold or silver medal for your country?

- The true story you will begin reading today is about a winner who wanted to glorify God in all he did.

## Correlated Activities

- Vocabulary Notebook, Activity 5: Category Capers
- Connections, Activity 2: Cyber Search

See “Classroom Management for Grouping” in the Appendix.



illustrated by Preston Gravely

## Medals at the Paris Olympics

Steffi C. Adams

The best sprinters from England, Scotland, and Ireland took their places on the track for the 440-yard race. When the starting pistol fired, each runner scrambled for the inside lane. During the mad dash a Scottish runner was knocked off the track.

The fallen runner waited for a signal that he was not disqualified before jumping up and chasing the other runners, who were now twenty yards ahead of him. Swinging his arms wildly, the runner passed his opponents one by one. Soon he was in third place but appeared ready to drop. Then, forty yards from the fin-

ish line, he threw back his head, opened his mouth, and ran even harder. He collapsed at the tape, having won the race by two yards in 51.2 seconds. As he was carried from the track, the crowd cheered the runner's bullheaded determination.

The runner, 21-year-old Eric Liddell, was a science student at the University of Edinburgh in Scotland. Although Eric excelled in all sports and was a champion short-distance runner, he planned to follow in his parents' footsteps by becoming a missionary to China. Running on the

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### Follow-up discussion: page 543

► [interpretive] What is so amazing about the fact that Eric wins the 440-yard race? (Answers may vary, but elicit that even though he is knocked down at the beginning of the race, he still wins.)

Read aloud with amazement the account of Eric's winning the 440-yard race.

Allow a student to orally paraphrase the account of the race into a sports announcer's description of the event.

(*Overview discussion continued*)

Locate and read aloud with excitement the paragraph describing Eric's winning of the Olympic race (page 546).

[interpretive] How does Eric respond as the crowd cheers for him after he wins the race? (He leaves the stadium and goes to the dressing room.) What character quality does this show about Eric? (He is humble, not proud.) [BAT: 7e Humility]

► [literal] What is the secret of Eric's running success? (The first half of a race he runs as fast as he can, and the second half he runs faster with God's help.) [BAT: 7b Exaltation of Christ]

## COMPREHENSION

### VOCABULARY

Christa's unsaved classmates **taunted** her for carrying her Bible to school. (p. 544)

The man was a **traitor** to America because he fought against his own country in the war. (p. 544)

Because Tim had never been roller-skating before, he looked **ungainly** as he skated around the rink. (p. 546)

### Before silent reading: pages 543–46

#### Motivation

- What is the life goal of Olympic champion Eric Liddell?

#### After silent reading

##### Overview discussion: pages 543–46

- [literal] What does Eric plan to do with his life? (become a missionary to China)
- [literal] Why will Eric not run the 100-meter race in the 1924 Olympics? (The heats for the race are scheduled for Sunday, and Eric will not run on Sunday.) [BAT: 1c Separation from the world]

[interpretive] What were people's responses to Eric's decision not to run the 100-meter race? (possible answers: shock; pressuring him to change his mind; criticism; taunting)

[critical] What do you think of Eric's decision not to run on Sunday? (Answers will vary.)

- [interpretive] Why is it so extraordinary that Eric ran the 400-meter race in 46.6 seconds? (Possible answers: It is a race he had not trained for; it was his best time; he broke the world's record.)

## Follow-up discussion: page 544

► [literal] What is more important to Eric than running in races? (“running the Christian race”) What does that mean? (living each day totally dependent on God and striving to give God glory in all things) [BATs: 4d Victory; 8a Faith in God’s promises; 8c Fight]

► [interpretive] What are examples of things Eric does at races to be a good testimony? (possible answers: changes places with a less-experienced runner; talks with a runner that the other runners ignored; shakes hands with all his competitors) [BAT: 5a Love]

[interpretive] Why do you think Eric never prays that he will win a race? (because he simply wants to do what will glorify God even if that means not winning; his purpose in running is not to win but to bring glory to God.)

Read aloud Eric’s reply when he is asked if he prays about winning.

► [interpretive] Why do you think Eric won’t make an exception about running on Sunday—even for the Olympics? (Answers may vary, but elicit that he believes Sunday is God’s day and that is more important to him than the Olympics.)

[literal] What race does Eric agree to run in the Olympics so that he won’t have to run on Sunday? (the 400-meter race)

racetrack was important to Eric, but “running the Christian race” was even more important. At one race Eric, who had drawn the inside lane, offered to change places with a less-experienced runner. Another time, he talked with a runner whom the other runners ignored. And at every race he shook hands with all his competitors while they waited for the gun.

A friend once asked Eric if he had prayed about winning. He replied, smiling, “No, I have never prayed that I would win a race. I have, of course, prayed about the athletic meetings, asking that in this, too, God might be glorified.”

When the British athletes were chosen for the 1924 Olympics, Eric Liddell was included. He would run in the 100-meter sprint and 200-meter races as well as in two relays. The 100-meter sprint was one of the most outstanding races in the games, and Eric wanted to win it for the glory of God and his country.

Then, a few months before the games began, Eric received the timetables for the events. The heats for several races, including the 100 meters and the relays, had been scheduled for Sunday. Eric did not hesitate. He just said quietly but firmly, “I’m not running on a Sunday.”

His statement shocked the British athletic officials. Eric Liddell was the British champion. He was their

best hope to win the 100 meters for the first time since the Olympic games had been revived in 1896. “You’re throwing away a gold medal for Scotland and Britain,” they said to him.

Pressure from all sides was put on Eric to change his mind. The newspapers criticized him harshly. Some of the athletes wondered aloud why he could not glorify God by winning the race for Him. The rest of the public taunted<sup>1</sup> Eric about his national honor, and some even called him a traitor.<sup>2</sup>

Though deeply wounded by the criticism, Eric remained steadfast. “The Sabbath is God’s day,” he replied to his critics. “I will not run.”

Finally the officials asked Eric to train for the 400 meters, although it was not his best race. Eric eagerly agreed and sandwiched training time between his studies and his preaching at student rallies. A few weeks before the Olympics, his time for the 400 was 49.6 seconds, still almost 2 seconds behind the champions from other nations.

The Paris Olympics opened on Saturday, July 5, 1924, in the middle of a scorching heat wave. More than three thousand athletes marched into Colombes Stadium during the open-

<sup>1</sup>taunted—ridiculed or made fun of; harassed  
<sup>2</sup>traitor—a person who betrays his or her country, a cause, or an idea

ing ceremony. These men and women from forty-four nations were the best in their fields.

As the games began, Eric was still under pressure to run in the 100 meters. Though impressed by his firm stand on his principles, most of his teammates still wanted him to win the gold medal for Britain. One of the British nobles even said to the team, “To play the game is the only thing in life that matters.”

On that Sunday, July 6, Eric preached at a Scots church in Paris while another British athlete ran in the 100-meter heats. Then on Monday, the day of the final race, he sat in the stands and cheered the teammate to victory. The athlete received the gold medal that Eric might have won, had he run.

By Friday morning, July 11, Eric had won his own medal for the 200 meters. He had also won the quarter-final heat of the 400 meters in 49.0 seconds. His critics, however, pointed out that he had won only a bronze medal and that at least three other athletes had better times in the 400-meter heats.

“He’s lost any chance for the gold,” they said, shaking their heads.

That Friday morning, when Eric left his hotel, the masseur<sup>3</sup> for the British team handed him a note.



“Read this when you get to the stadium,” he said.

As Eric dressed for the semifinal heat of the 400 meters, he remembered the note. Opening it, he read, “In the old book it says, ‘He that honours me I will honour.’ Wishing you the best of success always.” These words stayed with him as he won the morning heat, then prepared for the final race later that day.

The stadium was like a furnace when the six finalists walked onto the cinder track for the 400-meter final. While Eric shook hands with his opponents before the race, the

<sup>3</sup>masseur—a man who massages athletes to relax their muscles and improve the circulation of their blood

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### Follow-up discussion: page 545

► [literal] What does one of the British nobles say to Eric’s team about the Olympic games? (“To play the game is the only thing in life that matters.”)

[interpretive] What is unbiblical about the British noble’s statement concerning the Olympics? (Answers will vary, but elicit that the Olympic games do not matter; living for God and glorifying Him in all we do is most important. See *I Corinthians 10:31*.)

► [interpretive] Why does it seem as if Eric has no chance of winning the 400-meter race? (Answers may vary, but elicit that according to Eric’s critics, Eric has won only a bronze medal for the 200-meter race and there are three other athletes who have better times in the 400-meter heats.)

Read aloud the note the masseur gives to Eric before his race.

[interpretive] What is the “old book” that the masseur quotes from in the note to Eric? (the Bible; God’s Word)

## Follow-up discussion: page 546

- [interpretive] What are the spectators' responses to Eric as he runs the 400-meter race? (Answers will vary, but elicit that the spectators are skeptical of Eric's ability to keep running hard and they criticize the way he claws at the air as he runs.)

Choose two students to read aloud the spectators' negative comments about Eric's running.

[critical] What do you think about the responses from the spectators? (Answers will vary.) [BAT: 5a Kindness]

- [interpretive] How is Eric being a good testimony when he tells people the secret of his running success? (Answers will vary, but elicit that he is giving the credit for his success to God and the help He gives to Eric as he runs.) [BAT: 7b Exaltation of Christ]
- [literal] What does Eric find out by refusing to run on Sunday? (that the 400-meter race is really his race)

## Looking ahead

- Will Eric continue running in races?

2nd Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders marched around the stadium playing "The Campbells Are Coming" just to lift Eric's spirits.

The sound of the bagpipes faded away in the still air, and the runners took their assigned places on the track. Muscles tensed, Eric strained to hear the signal from his position in the outside lane.

The pistol cracked, and the runners thrust off from their starting holes. For the first half of the race Eric ran with electrifying speed. At the 200-meter mark he was three meters ahead of his nearest competitor.

"He can't keep running all out," said one spectator. "He'll drop back soon."

"I don't understand how he runs at all," said another man. "Such a poor, ungainly<sup>4</sup> style—hands clawing the air, legs wobbling, and face toward the heavens."

While the crowd watched, the runners came out of the bend. The American champion made his move and was soon only two meters behind Eric. Eric just threw back his head, opened his mouth, and spurted forward. He broke the tape at 47.6 seconds, his best time ever.

The crowd cheered and waved small Union Jacks. The loudspeaker crackled as the announcer said, "Hello, hello. Winner of the 400 meters: Liddell of Great Britain. The time, 47.6, is a new world's record."

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The British and American flags were raised. Bands played anthems of both nations. Then Eric walked across the grass and down the stairs to the dressing room while the spectators applauded.

The masseur was waiting for him. "Aren't you going to the victory party?" he asked as Eric lay on the treatment table.

Eric smiled. "On Sunday I must deliver an address to all the athletes at a special church service, and I must pray and study the Scriptures. I can do no less after reading your most encouraging note."

When Eric returned to Scotland for his graduation from the University of Edinburgh, crowds cheered him, newspapers praised him, and dinners were held in his honor.

"Can you tell us the secret of your running success?" they would ask.

"The first half I run as fast as I can," Eric usually replied, "and the second half I run faster with God's help."

"The great thing for me," he often added, "is that when I stood by my principles and refused to run in the 100 meters, I found that the 400 meters is really my race. I would never have known that otherwise."

<sup>4</sup>ungainly—awkward in movement

## WORKTEXT OBJECTIVES

### The student will

- Recall facts and details.
  - Identify evidence to support a conclusion.
  - Interpret bar and line graphs.
  - Compare and contrast information.
  - Draw conclusions.
- .....

## Comprehension: Worktext page 213



## Study skills: Worktext pages 214–15



## The Prize of the High Calling

Laurie McBride

Fan mail poured in from all over. Many people expressed congratulations and asked for Eric's picture or his autograph. Good-naturedly, he sent off photographs to all his enthusiastic fans. In his spare time Eric spoke at crowded evangelistic meetings. He kept running, too, and won several more races after the Olympics. But Eric's heart turned more and more toward China. For a long time he had wanted to be a missionary. Now, as soon as his schooling was finished, he could join his parents and his brother Rob in their work with the Chinese people.

One night, after another celebration dinner, Eric announced his plans to become a missionary. The results were what he had expected. He received encouragement from his family, but there were also those people who thought he was throwing away a promising athletic career.

"Throwing away." That expression reminded Eric of Christ's words in Matthew 10:39: *He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.* In his heart he felt a quiet peace: he would find his life in China.

Eric spent a busy year attending classes, preaching at meetings, and preparing for the mission field. Then, early in the summer of 1925,

after a noisy farewell party at the train station, he left for China.

His first missionary assignment was to teach science and English at a college known as the foremost British school in northern China. The Anglo-Chinese College was located in Tientsin. This large city sprawled along both banks of the Haihe River. Eric found that the people of Tientsin—merchants, sailors, coolies,<sup>6</sup> university professors, shopkeepers, and beggars—merely tolerated<sup>7</sup> the foreigners who lived among them. As the young missionary settled into his work, he found that under the formal politeness of the Chinese lay a growing anger. Unable to forget how the Western nations had cheated them out of their land, they included the missionaries in their bitterness toward any representatives of the West.

Although he arrived in the midst of this uneasy political situation, Eric became a popular speaker with the Chinese boys at the college, for they were attracted by his straightforward talks. He organized the sports activities and soon had his runners winning races. At the same time he won several sprints himself,

<sup>5</sup>Anglo—English speaking or of England

<sup>6</sup>coolie—a Chinese laborer

<sup>7</sup>tolerated—put up with; endured

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### Follow-up discussion: page 547

- [literal] What verse does Eric think of when he hears the expression "throwing away"? (*Matthew 10:39*)

Read Matthew 10:39 to the students.

[interpretive] What does Matthew 10:39 mean? (Answers will vary, but elicit that it means that true living comes in serving the Lord, not in living for ourselves.) [BAT: 2b Servanthood]

- [interpretive] Why are the Chinese bitter or angry toward the missionaries? (Answers may vary, but elicit that they consider the missionaries to be representatives of the West, and

they are bitter toward the Western nations for cheating them out of their land.)

- [literal] Why is Eric a popular speaker with the Chinese boys at the college? (because he is straightforward as he talks with them)

[appreciative] Have you ever had a teacher that you really liked because of a certain character quality? What was the quality?

## COMPREHENSION

### VOCABULARY

I **tolerated** a messy room while my cousins were visiting, but as soon as they left, I cleaned it. (p. 547)

Even after his car accident, Darnel had the **tenacity** to continue running every day. (p. 548)

While on **furlough** from China, Marcie's family visited their supporting churches. (p. 549)

### Before silent reading: pages 547–50

#### Motivation

- What calling is Eric living for?

### After silent reading

#### Overview discussion: pages 547–50

- [literal] What plans does Eric announce after a celebration dinner? (*that he will become a missionary to China in answer to God's call*) [BAT: 5c Evangelism and missions]

- [interpretive] What kind of war is being fought in China? (*a civil war*)

[interpretive] Why does Eric decide he needs to go to Siaochang and leave his family behind in Tientsin? (*He knows he will be able to help and feels that it is too dangerous for his wife and children there.*)

[interpretive] How does Eric show his love for the people in the Siaochang area? (*He shares a meal of *chiao-tzus* and then teaches hymns and tells Bible stories to the people who gather for the meal; he goes out of his way to take two wounded men to the hospital in Siaochang.*) [BAT: 5a Love]

Locate and read aloud with compassion the account of Eric's helping the wounded men that no one else would help (page 550).

## Follow-up discussion: page 548

► [interpretive] Why is Eric nicknamed the “Flying Scotsman”? (because he is very fast and does daring things such as jumping across fifteen feet of water onto a boat that is pulling away from the dock)

Read aloud the account that shows why Eric is called the “Flying Scotsman.”

[appreciative] Would you attempt to do something that daring?

► [critical] What does Eric do to get to know Florence? (He invites a whole group of her friends along wherever he wants to take her.) Do you think this approach is a good way to get to know someone? (Answers will vary.)

racing against the soldiers from other countries that guarded the Europeans’ houses.

One day, after winning a 400-meter race at an international sports meeting in Japan, he had only twenty minutes left to catch his boat back to China. Although he rushed off in a taxi, it arrived just as the boat pulled away from the wharf. But Eric was never one to give up. He threw his bags on deck and jumped for the boat with a flying leap that covered almost fifteen feet of water. It is no wonder that he was nicknamed the “Flying Scotsman.” When people asked why he won so many races, he smiled and replied that he didn’t like to be

beaten. He showed the same tenacity<sup>8</sup> in the way he went about courting Florence McKenzie, the lively, dark-haired daughter of Canadian missionaries. Eric had known her family for several years, but dating her was a problem. The custom of the day frowned upon the idea of a seventeen-year-old girl going out alone with a man. He handled the situation by inviting a whole group of her classmates along wherever he wanted to take Florence. His friends began to wonder at his new enthusiasm for escorting<sup>9</sup> a crowd of young people to

<sup>8</sup>tenacity—persistence; determination  
<sup>9</sup>escorting—going along with; accompanying



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tennis parties or to picnics, or to drink tea at a certain Tientsin café.

Eric kept it up until he was sure that Florence was the girl for him. Then, on one of their long walks, he told her how he felt. Even Florence was surprised to find out that he wanted to marry her, but she had admired him for a long time and agreed immediately. Eric lost no time in sending to Edinburgh for an engagement ring. He wanted one just like his mother's, with five diamonds in a row.

The young couple had to wait four long years while Florence finished her nurses' training in Canada. Meanwhile, when Eric took a year's furlough<sup>10</sup> in Scotland, the people gave him a heartwarming welcome, although it had been seven years since he'd won his Olympic medals.

He returned to China and his ministry. Five weeks after Florence returned from Canada, Eric married her. They settled happily into his newly redecorated house in Tientsin.

Eric enjoyed family life and was as proud as any father when his daughters, Patricia and Heather, were born. He wrote detailed letters to Scotland about the little girls' accomplishments and described the bicycle trips that they all took together.

During this time he learned more about the hundreds of Chinese who lived in the villages outside of

Tientsin. The country had been thrown into turmoil by civil war. The armies of both the Nationalists and the Communists fought back and forth across the land, destroying it as they went. The careless marching feet of soldiers flattened the wheat crop. Whatever escaped the soldiers withered in the drought that gripped all of northern China. Marauding<sup>11</sup> bandits took advantage of the general confusion and robbed travelers and farmers alike.

When Eric visited Siaochang, where his brother Rob and a handful of other missionaries worked, he found that the tiny village houses hid whole families of terrified peasants who were both sick and starving. He had to do something to help, even though it meant separation from Florence and the girls. At the very least he could ease the villagers' suffering; perhaps he could show them the way to the One who could give them peace. Once again he had to listen to arguments from those who thought he would be wasting his talents on the simple peasants. After praying about his decision, he left his young family in the comparative<sup>12</sup> safety of Tientsin

<sup>10</sup>furlough—time off from missionary or military work to return home

<sup>11</sup>marauding—going through a land and robbing its inhabitants

<sup>12</sup>comparative—measured in relation to something else

*The Winner* 549

### Follow-up discussion: page 549

► [interpretive] Why do you think Florence is surprised that Eric wants to marry her? (Answers will vary, but elicit that because Eric has been visiting with Florence and her friends, she might not have realized that he was interested specifically in her.)

[literal] How long do Eric and Florence have to wait before they can get married? (4 years) Why? (so she can finish her nurse's training in Canada)

► [literal] Although Eric and Florence have a happy home, what is going on around them to disturb their peace? (war, drought, and bandits)

Read aloud the paragraph which describes the turmoil caused by the civil war in China.

[interpretive] When speaking of the suffering villagers in Siaochang, who is the "One who could give them peace"? (God)

[interpretive] How does God give people peace? (Answers may vary, but elicit that it is through salvation which is found by repenting of sin and turning to Christ for forgiveness and restoration to God. In times of trial, the believer can have peace knowing that God is in control and that he need not fear death.) [BATs: 1b Repentance and faith; 7d Contentment]

## Follow-up discussion: page 550

- [interpretive] What are the obstacles Eric faces while he does evangelistic work? (Possible answers: He travels everywhere by bicycle, which is probably physically draining; he preaches outside, which means sometimes he has to stand under the hot sun or in the pouring rain; he has to stay out of the way of Chinese guerrillas, Japanese soldiers, and roving bandits.)
- [literal] Why does no one else help the two wounded men? (They are afraid the Japanese soldiers might shoot them.)

and joined the mission work at Siaochang.

By now the Japanese had invaded northern China. The countryside was caught in the middle of a conflict between the Japanese troops and Chinese guerrilla units<sup>13</sup> that were trying unsuccessfully to force them back. The Japanese controlled the railways and many of the villages. The Chinese still had not given up the land in between, so the fighting continued. The hospital in the mission compound was always crowded, and the small church often sheltered frightened peasants during an attack.

Eric did the work of a traveling evangelist, bicycling on long treks with his interpreter to visit the fledgling Chinese churches. Usually he preached outdoors. This meant standing under the burning sun in summer or the pouring rain in winter. At the same time he had to keep out of the way of the Chinese guerrillas, the Japanese soldiers, and the roving bandits.

The Chinese came to love this quiet man with the shining blue eyes. In one of the dimly lit village homes he would share a meal of *chiaos-tzus*,<sup>14</sup> and then, as visitors gathered, he would teach them hymns and tell Bible stories. They

called him Li Mu Shi and eagerly welcomed his visits.

One time Eric took a twenty-mile trip over rutted roads, dodging Japanese troops along the way, to bring a wounded man to the hospital at Siaochang. He had found the man lying on a thin mattress on the dusty floor of a temple where he had suffered five days. No one had dared to take him into their home for fear of being shot by the Japanese. On the way back to Siaochang, Eric received an urgent message about another wounded man. He decided to make a detour to pick him up as well.

Villagers led him to a small, dark hut where a middle-aged man lay with dirty bandages wrapped around his neck. Eric was amazed to learn that the man, an artist, was still alive after having his neck slashed by a Japanese executioner's<sup>15</sup> sword. The wounded artist survived the jolting trip to the hospital in Siaochang, and the doctors managed to save his life. He became a Christian and painted several beautiful pictures to thank the missionaries for what they had done.

<sup>13</sup>guerrilla units—groups of soldiers fighting to overthrow an established government

<sup>14</sup>chiaos-tzus—Chinese dumplings stuffed with meat, vegetables, and spices

<sup>15</sup>executioner—someone who puts condemned prisoners to death

When the time came in 1939 for Eric's next furlough, he took Florence and the two little girls to visit their families in Canada and Scotland. They returned to China and found that conditions had grown worse in Siaochang. The Nationalists and the Communists were still battling each other and trying to slow down the Japanese invasion at the same time. The Japanese were fighting both Chinese armies and getting closer and closer to Tientsin.

It soon became clear to Eric that his young family would not be safe in Tientsin, so he sent them home to Canada. But he stayed on in China, along with several other missionaries.

After the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor in December of 1941, the missionaries were taken to another part of the city. A little more than a year later—March 30, 1943—they marched the missionaries down to the railroad station and sent them to the Weihsien internment camp.<sup>16</sup> Held as prisoners, they would remain at the camp until the end of the war. It was a discouraging moment for the missionaries when they entered the camp. It was located in the gray buildings of an old, deserted mission. The furnishings and the plumbing had been destroyed, and someone had tossed broken desks, pipes, and beds into the streets. The compound itself was far too small for the hundreds of

foreigners and their children who crowded into it.

That first night their meal consisted of bread and thin soup. After waiting in line for forty-five minutes, Eric ate it thankfully. He soon found that all the cleaning, cooking, and repairs in the camp had to be done by the prisoners themselves. Besides his chores, Eric taught classes in math and science and developed a camp sports program. Many people watched him with wide-eyed respect after hearing the whispered comment, "He's an Olympic champion—won a gold medal." He was shy about his accomplishments, however, and did not often talk about them.

Eric saw that the hundreds of children in the camp, especially the restless teenagers, needed a challenge to keep their minds off the boring routine of prison life. He organized a program of activities that ranged from chess tournaments to puppet shows. He sewed up their baseballs and tore his sheets into strips to mend their broken hockey sticks. At one time he almost sold his prized gold watch in order to buy softball equipment for the camp. The youngsters in the camp soon learned that they could count on Eric to join in a game or to arrange a round of baseball, even though he looked more tired every day.

<sup>16</sup>internment camp—prisoner of war camp

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### Follow-up discussion: page 551

- [literal] When Eric and his family return to China after their furlough, what do they find the conditions to be like? (worse than before; there is still civil war between the Nationalists and Communists of China; the Japanese soldiers are getting closer to Tientsin.)
- [interpretive] After he is taken to the internment camp, how does Eric help the children and teenagers in the camp? (Possible answers: He organizes a program of activities to keep them busy; he fixes their baseballs and broken hockey sticks; he plays games with them.)

Read aloud the explanation of why Eric organizes a program of activities for the children and teenagers.

[critical] Is Eric a dependable and persevering man? Explain your answer. (Answers may vary, but elicit that he is very dependable because he continues helping the children in the camp even though he is growing more tired each day.) [BATs: 2c Faithfulness; 2e Work]

### Before silent reading: pages 551–52

#### Motivation

- Is Eric safe in Siaochang?

### After silent reading

#### Overview discussion: pages 551–52

- [interpretive] Why do you think the missionaries were sent to an internment camp? (Accept any answer, but explain that all foreigners in China were imprisoned at that time because the Japanese suspected that they were working for the Chinese government.)

[literal] What are some of the hardships the missionaries face at the internment camp? (Possible answers: The camp is located at an old deserted mission; there is broken furniture and rubbish in the streets; it is too small for the number of people who are sent there; the meals are only bread and thin soup.)

Locate and read aloud the paragraphs that describe the conditions and activities in the internment camp (p. 551).

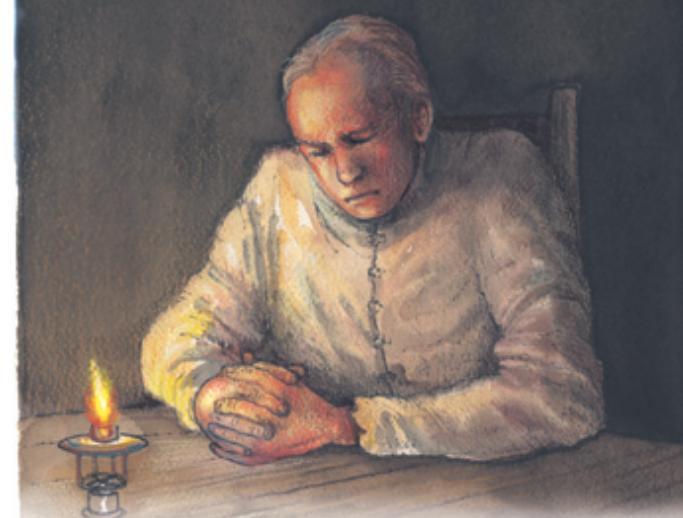
- [interpretive] What calling was Eric living for? (the "high calling in Christ Jesus") What does this mean? (living for Christ rather than for oneself and seeking to glorify God in all things)

## Follow-up discussion: page 552

- [literal] How is Eric able to do all the tasks and meet the demands of each day with such a good spirit? (He has a quiet time with God each morning at 6 A.M.)
- [appreciative] What is the only way that we can face the trials that may come each day in the right spirit? [BATs: 6a Bible study; 6b Prayer]
- [interpretive] What physical problem does Eric begin having in January of 1945? (headaches that grow worse and worse) How does Eric respond to this problem? (Answers will vary, but elicit that he doesn't feel sorry for himself and he wants to talk about the problems of those who visit him rather than his own.)
- [interpretive] How do people respond to Eric's death? (Those at the camp are shocked and grieving; people all over the world mourn his death.) What does that show about Eric's character and impression on others? (He was a wonderful example of a Christlike person, and people appreciated him greatly.)

► [interpretive] What was Eric's secret to living the way he did? (possible answers: complete surrender to God; meeting every challenge by putting God first)

Read aloud with triumph the section that describes Eric's secret to meeting life's challenges.



Those who wondered how he could do it all with such good spirits might have watched him early in the morning and found an answer. Eric had a lifelong habit of getting up at 6:00 A.M. for a quiet time with God. He would climb down from his top bunk and sit at a small Chinese table to pray and read his Bible by the light of a peanut-oil lamp. Only then would he face the demands of the busy day that lay ahead.

Eric Liddell did not live to see the end of the war. In January of 1945, he began to have headaches that grew worse and worse. Finally he had to lie in the camp hospital with his eyes bandaged to keep out the light. The stream of children and teenagers that came to cheer him found that he wasn't feeling the least bit sorry for

himself. Instead, he wanted to talk about their problems, not his.

In February, a few short weeks later, he died of a brain tumor. Unable to believe that such a thing had happened, the whole camp reeled<sup>17</sup> with shock and grief. When the rest of the world heard of his death, countless admirers and friends mourned him deeply. Many of them sent his family messages that told how their lives had been touched by his powerful example.

As he lay dying, Eric whispered, "It's complete surrender." His words reveal the secret of a man who met every challenge by putting God first. He pressed toward the mark for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus. It was in surrender that Eric Liddell truly was a winner.

<sup>17</sup>reeled—staggered

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## WORKTEXT OBJECTIVE

### The student will

- Match words and definitions.

### Vocabulary:

Worktext page 216



## SOMETHING EXTRA

### **Write It: Letter to a missionary**

Provide a list of missionaries and their addresses. Invite the student to write a letter to a missionary. Encourage him to share with the missionary what he has learned about serving the Lord on the mission field by reading the story of Eric Liddell.

# SKILL LESSON: PERIODICAL LITERATURE

Lesson	Reader pages	Worktext pages
131	553–57	217–18

## OBJECTIVES

### LESSON 131

#### The student will

- Recognize the purpose of using periodical literature.
  - Recognize the purpose of the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*.
  - Demonstrate an understanding of how to use the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*.
  - Scan to locate specific details in an article.
- .....

#### Materials

- Several different magazines, including a range of reading and interest levels

#### Background information

**Scanning**—This lesson gives students an opportunity to review and reinforce the study skill of scanning taught in Lesson 12. *Scanning* is defined as “looking over information to locate *specific facts* quickly. Ways to scan include looking for keywords or numbers. It is not necessary to read complete sentences or understand the content of the selection.”

## INTRODUCTION

### Multiple magazines

Display various magazines.

- How many magazines do you think are published around the world each year? (Answers will vary, but elicit that it is probably millions.)  
Have you ever read something in a magazine? What kind of magazine was it?  
If you wanted to find information about a certain topic in magazines, how would you know where to start?
- In the article you will read today, you will find out how you can locate many interesting things in magazines and newspapers.

### Correlated Activities

- Word Work, Activity 1: Grammar Master
- Recreational Reading, Activity 3: Fun Time Fillers

See “Classroom Management for Grouping” in the Appendix.

# Periodical Literature



Suppose you want to find out more about sports records or about mile running events. Your use of the card catalog or of the electronic database by computer would provide a list of many helpful books. But have you considered researching magazines or newspapers? They also publish a mass of information and photographs.



## Periodicals for research

The publishing industry distributes magazines or newsletters that appeal to almost every hobby, profession, or special-interest group. There are magazines for doctors, fishermen, teachers, stockbrokers, architects, pilots, and so on.

The reading range is almost as broad as the subject matter. Some magazines are designed just for children. Others are designed for the interest and education of adults. There are also magazines for highly specialized professional or technical groups.

*Skill Lesson: Periodical Literature 553*

## COMPREHENSION

*There are no vocabulary sentences for this lesson.*

### Scanning: pages 553–57

- [interpretive] If you were asked to scan an article for specific information, what would you look at? (possible answers: headings; italicized words; bold words and phrases; pictures; tables; illustrations)
- [literal] Scan the article to find out what two main topics will be discussed. (*using periodicals for research; the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*)
- [literal] Scan the article to find out what example topic the author researches to teach about periodical literature. (*track-and-field athletics*)

### Before silent reading: pages 553–57

#### Motivation

- Now read carefully to get the author's full message about what periodical literature is and how you can use it.

### After silent reading

#### Follow-up discussion: page 553

- [literal] Who are some of the people that the publishing industry distributes magazines to? (possible answers: doctors, teachers, and pilots; children and adults)

## Follow-up discussion: page 554

► [literal] Why are magazines and newspapers called periodicals? (because they are published at regular times, or periodically)

[literal] When are the monthly paperback volumes of the *Readers' Guide* combined and reissued as a single large hardbound volume? (at the end of each year)

► [interpretive] Why is current information often found only in magazines and not in books? (Elicit that books may not have been written yet that include the latest information about your research topic.)

[interpretive] How can you often find out the level of reading and technicality of a magazine? (by looking at the title; for example, a digest is less technical, and a journal has a higher reading level)

Read aloud the paragraph that explains why magazines and newspapers are called periodicals and what the title of a periodical can tell you.

One specific advantage of using magazines is that they offer an emphasis on the present. This focus is helpful for ever-changing subjects such as medicine and technology.

Many times information on current events can be found only in magazines or electronic media. Books may not have been written yet on the subject you are researching. Other times it is interesting to read old magazines to find out what people thought about events and ideas at the time they were news.

We call magazines and newspapers *periodicals* because they come out at regular times, or periodically. As you visit the periodical room of the library, you will soon find those magazines that have special interest to you. Often the title of the magazine can be a good clue to the level of reading and technicality. For example, the word *digest* in the title indicates that the content is less technical, but the word *journal* indicates a higher reading level.

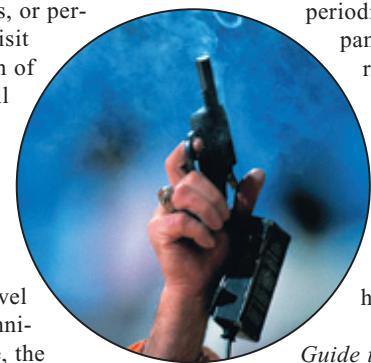
If the magazine is a recent issue, you will be able to get the individual

magazine from the library. However, the issues for the previous years will be bound together by year in a hard cover like a book. You may even find older magazines and newspapers on microfiche or on microfilm.

### The *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*

How do you find the precise information you need in stacks and stacks of magazines? Look for the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*. Since 1898, editors at the H. W. Wilson Company have kept a record of articles published in many periodicals. Today this company continues to list currently released articles in the monthly paperback volumes of the *Readers' Guide*. At the end of each year, these volumes are combined and reissued as a single large hardbound volume.

The book *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* has one main section in which entries are recorded alphabetically by subject and by author. Look for the first word of the title, disregarding initial articles such as *a*, *an*, or *the*.



A smaller section in the back of the book lists book reviews.

In order to keep the book small enough to be usable, the authors of the guide use abbreviations. To assist the novice researcher, these authors provide a list of abbreviations that are used in the guide. Some of the common abbreviations are listed below.

<i>Ag</i>	August	<i>p</i>	page
<i>bi-m</i>	bimonthly	<i>por</i>	portrait
<i>bi-w</i>	biweekly	<i>q</i>	quarterly
<i>il</i>	illustration	<i>v</i>	volume
<i>m</i>	monthly	<i>w</i>	weekly
<i>no</i>	number		



To find an article about a particular subject, first determine a time frame and keyword for your search. Remember that online services offer a wider range of dates in your search. For example, the paperback volume contains only the current month, and the bound volume for the particular year gives the records for only that year; but the online services can access records for several years.

A keyword may only be the beginning of your search. The term *See also* followed by another reference indicates related subject headings. When you look at the entry in *ATHLETICS*, you might find something like the following:

ATHLETICS *See also*  
Athletes  
Coaches  
Track and field athletics

To learn about running events you would try the new entry word *Track and field athletics*.

When you do locate the entry that lists the articles you need, you will find each entry organized consistently. For instance, if an author has both *written* articles and had articles *written about him*, the titles of articles that the author wrote will come before the titles of those written about him.

Example:

THURSTON, Paul, 1961-  
Life of a Runner. *il Daily Life Digest*  
v51 no9 p110-13 S 21 2001  
*about*  
Running for Gold [prospective medalist]  
T. Armstrong. *por Marathon Monthly*  
v93 no2 p25-6 F 2000

### Follow-up discussion: page 555

- [literal] How do the authors of the *Readers' Guide* keep the book small enough to be usable? (by using abbreviations)

[literal] What is the first step to take when you want to find an article about a particular subject? (determine a time frame and keyword for your search)

Read aloud the paragraph that tells you what you will find when you locate articles you need.

- [interpretive] Why would online services be more helpful to you than a paperback or bound volume of the *Readers' Guide*? (Online services offer a wider range of dates in your search. They can easily access records that cover several years.)

## Follow-up discussion: page 556

► [literal] How are subdivisions of a subject recorded? ([alphabetically under the subject](#))

[literal] Where would you look to find special information about Olympic runners? ([at the articles listed under Competitions](#))

Subdivisions of a subject will be recorded alphabetically under the subject.

Examine the sample entry listings below.

### TRACK & FIELD ATHLETICS

*See also*

Decathlon  
Javelin throwing  
Mile running

#### Accidents & injuries

Lighting the way [emphasis on safety when running] H. Carver. il *Marathon Monthly* v93 no6 p44-51 Je 2000

#### Competitions

Run for glory [Paralympic Games] D. Brown. il *Daily Life Digest* v35 no6 p90-5 Ag 24 2000

To the finish [preview to Olympic hopefuls] D. Sunderman. por *Marathon Monthly* v93 no7 Jl 2000

*See also*

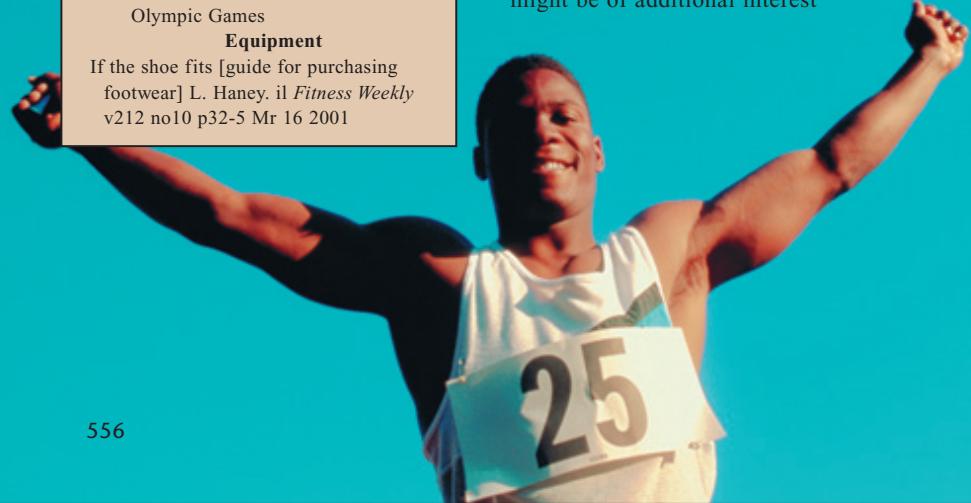
Olympic Games

#### Equipment

If the shoe fits [guide for purchasing footwear] L. Haney. il *Fitness Weekly* v212 no10 p32-5 Mr 16 2001

In the above example, the subject—track and field athletics—is followed by several subdivisions, which are alphabetized. After you find the heading *Track and field athletics*, you can select from the subheadings: *Accidents and injuries*, *Competitions*, and *Equipment*. To find special information about Olympic runners, you could look at the articles listed under *Competitions*.

You may want to investigate further the topics of mile running and Olympic games. Look again at the example above. *See also* indicates other article titles or subjects that relate to the heading subject. In the entries shown, “*See also mile running*” and “*See also Olympic games*” give other subjects that might be of additional interest



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to those researching articles about track and field athletes.

You will also notice that information in the entries is always recorded in a certain order. The title will always come first, and it is sometimes followed by brackets that enclose an explanation of the title. Notice that the author's name is next and is punctuated by a period. If the article

has illustrations or portraits, the abbreviation *il* or *por* will then be given. Then the name of the magazine is listed, which may or may not be abbreviated. The entry ends with numbers to show the volume number or date of the magazine, along with the page numbers of the article. The date may be given as the month and year or the month, day, and year.



article title—*Do sports activities build character?*

Do sports activities build character?

[evaluating the purpose of recreational sports]

S. O'Niel. il por *Fitness Weekly* v53 no7 p8-11+ S 14 2001

author—S. O'Niel

includes illustrations—*il*

includes portraits—*por*

magazine title—*Fitness Weekly*

date—S 14 2001

article continues on other pages—+

beginning page number—8

number—7

volume—53

Now you need to know whether or not the library you are using subscribes to the particular periodical you need. The librarian will have a list of the periodicals available.

Try choosing a subject that has been in the news within the past few years. Then research the subject using the *Readers' Guide*.

Though your research will be directed by the subject matter, you may find yourself led down some interesting paths.

*Skill Lesson: Periodical Literature* 557

## Follow-up discussion: page 557

► [literal] What is always listed first in an entry? ([the title of the article](#))

[literal] What abbreviations are used if an article has illustrations or portraits? (*il* or *por*)

[literal] How can you find whether the library you are using subscribes to the particular periodical you need? ([Ask the librarian.](#))

► [appreciative] Can you think of any reasons you might need to use the resources you learned about in this article? ([possible answers: when doing research for a project in any subject; to find articles about subjects of personal interest](#))

## WORKTEXT OBJECTIVES

### The student will

- Recall facts and details.
  - Interpret information.
  - Use a periodical guide entry.
- • • • • • • • • • • • • • •



**Comprehension:**  
**Worktext page 217**



**Study skills:**  
**Worktext page 218**

## SOMETHING EXTRA

### Try It: Plunge into periodicals

Arrange a field trip to your local library. You may want to ask the librarian for a demonstration of how to use the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*. Allow each student to use the *Readers' Guide* to research a topic of interest.

Instruct each student to write on a sheet of paper the topic he has chosen to research and the information about three articles he finds related to his topic. He should list the article title, the author, the magazine title, the volume and number of the magazine, the beginning page number of the article, and the date of the article.

When scarlet fever left her blind and deaf at two years of age, Laura seemed doomed to a silent, dark world. She couldn't see; she couldn't hear; how could she ever learn to communicate? Then Samuel Howe heard about Laura and brought her to Perkins Institution, his school for the blind. Not only did she learn to communicate, but she also became Howe's star pupil and an inspiration for people with disabilities around the world.

Lesson	Reader pages	Worktext pages
132	558–62	219–20

## OBJECTIVES

### LESSON 132

#### The student will

- Demonstrate an appreciation for individuals with disabilities.
  - Relate story content to biblical truths: The Bible is God's Word; man is sinful; man needs to repent of sin and turn to Christ.
  - Identify simile.
  - Identify change in a character.
- .....

### Materials

- Three index cards with symbols representing the words *key*, *spoon*, and *cup* made from white school or craft glue
- A blindfold for each student
- A spoon
- A key
- A cup
- Vocabulary sentences for display. Use the prepared sentences from page 768 to introduce vocabulary words in context at the beginning of the lesson.

## INTRODUCTION

### Timid touch

Create your own symbols, using lines and circles, for each of the items listed above. Use craft glue to write the symbols on an index card and allow the glue to dry. Blindfold each student or one or two volunteers and challenge them to examine the symbols on the prepared word cards. Take turns handing each student the spoon and the card on which the symbols represent the word "spoon." Repeat with the key and cup.

- Is it difficult to "read" a word by touch alone?

If you had never heard a word, how could you make the connection between the letters and what they represent?

- The main character in the story you will read today was not only blind but also deaf. Imagine how difficult it would be to learn with those disabilities.

### Correlated Activities

- Connections, Activity 3: You're the Expert
- Creative Writing, Activity 1: Prime Time Publications

See "Classroom Management for Grouping" in the Appendix.

## COMPREHENSION

### VOCABULARY

We went to an **exhibition** of dinosaur bones at the children's museum. (p. 560)

The large stone on the sidewalk was an **obstacle** to the children walking to school. (p. 560)

My little brother **badgered** me with so many questions that I became a little impatient. (p. 561)

### Before silent reading: pages 558–62

#### Motivation

► Was Laura Bridgman born deaf and blind?

How did Laura overcome her disabilities?

### After silent reading

#### Overview discussion: pages 558–62

► [interpretive] How does Laura differ from most people? (**She is both deaf and blind.**)

[literal] What causes Laura to become deaf and blind? (**scarlet fever**)

► [literal] Who decides to help Laura with her physical disabilities? (**Dr. Samuel G. Howe**)

[interpretive] How successful is Laura at learning to use language? How do you know? (**Answers will vary, but elicit that it is evident that she is very successful because of how quickly she is able to learn the use of words, how eager she is to ask her teachers questions, and how she becomes famous enough for people to come see her.**)

► [interpretive] What is the one thing Laura is curious about that Dr. Howe does not help her with? (**Answers**

# Laura Bridgman

*John A. Matzko*

The scarlet fever epidemic<sup>1</sup> of 1832 killed her brother. It killed two of her sisters. It nearly killed her. But two-year-old Laura Bridgman survived—just barely. The scarlet fever left her bedridden for five months—and totally deaf and blind forever.

Little Laura never again saw her mother's smile or heard her father's voice. She lived in a world as dark and silent as a cave. Her only communication was through simple touches. If someone pulled on her, she knew that someone wanted her to move. If she felt a pat on the head, she knew she had done something someone approved of. She could tell her mother by her smell and her father by the feel of his face. But most of the time, she was left alone in her silent black world.

Not knowing how to discipline a child with such special needs, Laura's parents soon found a strong-willed and hot-tempered seven-year-old in their house. She defied<sup>2</sup> everyone except her powerful New

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*Laura Bridgman (1829-1889)*

Hampshire farmer father. He held her tight when she flew into rages. Sometimes he stamped the floor himself, hard enough for her to feel the vibrations and realize he demanded obedience.

In the 1830s, few people tried to communicate with anyone deaf and blind. Most thought such a thing was impossible. Many people with disabilities were locked away with the insane, in places rarely cleaned and often not heated in the winter. But Samuel Gridley Howe of Boston thought differently. The same winter that Laura had been fighting scarlet fever, he had been opening the Perkins Institution, the first American school for the blind. It

<sup>1</sup>epidemic—a disease that spreads rapidly and widely

<sup>2</sup>defied—went against openly; challenged boldly

may vary, but elicit that she wants to know about God and religion.)

Locate and read aloud the paragraph that tells what Dr. Howe believes about God and the Bible (p. 560).

[interpretive] How is Laura able to have her questions answered? (**She reads a Bible while Dr. Howe is away, and a caring relative talks to her about Christ after the death of her sister.**)

[interpretive] Did Dr. Howe have any part in the process of Laura coming to know Christ as her Savior? Explain your answer. (**Answers may vary, but elicit that Dr. Howe is the one who helped Laura learn**

how to read and communicate, and without these skills, she would not have been able to learn of Christ.)

#### Follow-up discussion: page 558

► [literal] What simile is used to describe the kind of world Laura lives in after she becomes deaf and blind? (**"a world as dark and silent as a cave"**)

[literal] How do people communicate with Laura at first? (**through simple touches—pulling on her, patting her head**)

(continued at bottom of next page)

was an immediate success. And Dr. Howe was now, as always, looking for a new challenge.

When Dr. Howe heard about Laura in 1837, he drove his carriage to Hanover, New Hampshire, determined to bring her back to Perkins and to teach her to use language. He told her parents that not only would he be helping their daughter but he would also be proving to the world that people with special needs like Laura could learn to read and communicate with others. Although Laura's parents loved her dearly, they saw that they would not be able to help her as Dr. Howe could. They agreed that she should go to Perkins. But Laura, able to understand only that a stranger was taking her from her home, had to be almost dragged away.

Laura soon adjusted to her new surroundings at Perkins. Dr. Howe decided not to teach her any more signs like being patted on the head. Rather he set out to teach her the alphabet. He invented a system of raised type to represent letters and made labels for common objects. (The system originated by Louis Braille was not commonly used until later in the 1800s.) Then he brought the objects to Laura—a knife, a spoon, a key. Laura felt the items and their labels. Then Dr. Howe gave her a set of labels with the same words on them, but no objects.

Almost immediately, Laura realized that the word *key* on the separate label was the same as the word on the label attached to the key. She put the label on the already labeled key.

Laura quickly learned many words by this method of matching. Then one day, almost in a moment, she understood the combinations of raised type stood for *words*, not just objects, that she could use them to communicate her thoughts to others.

Laura Bridgman was extremely intelligent and proved to be an excellent student. Dr. Howe could not have hoped for a better proof for his theory that the physically disabled could learn to use language. Laura learned so fast that even he was surprised. She learned to use the manual alphabet (the method of forming letters by moving fingers against another person's hand). Within a year, only experts could follow the swift succession<sup>3</sup> of letters she pressed into their hands. She exhausted her teachers on walks—not because of the pace but because of the torrent<sup>4</sup> of questions Laura asked all five miles out and five miles back.

Like other students at Perkins, Laura learned to write on grooved paper. She wrote letters and kept records of her studies in literature, arithmetic, and geography. She also became skilled in needlework—so

<sup>3</sup>succession—series

<sup>4</sup>torrent—any rapid or rushing flow

*Laura Bridgman 559*

(continued from previous page)

► [literal] What happened to many people with disabilities during the 1830s? (They were locked away with the insane in institutions that were often unclean and unheated in the winter.)

Read aloud what happened to people with disabilities in the 1830s.

► [literal] What happens during the same winter that Laura is fighting scarlet fever? (Dr. Howe opens Perkins Institution, the first American school for the blind.)

### Follow-up discussion: page 559

► [literal] What does Dr. Howe want to prove by helping Laura learn to use language? (He wants to prove to the world that people with special needs like Laura can learn to read and communicate with others.)

► [interpretive] How do you think Laura can tell that Dr. Howe is a stranger? (Answers may vary, but elicit that she can tell by smell and touch.)

► [literal] What kind of system does Dr. Howe use to teach language to Laura? (raised type to represent letters)

Read aloud the process Dr. Howe uses to teach Laura to use language.

[appreciative] Can you imagine what Laura feels like when she can finally communicate with others?

► [literal] What is the manual alphabet? (the method of forming letters by moving fingers against another person's hand)

[interpretive] How long does it take Laura to learn to use the manual alphabet adeptly? (about a year)

## Follow-up discussion: page 560

► [literal] How does Laura make money? (by selling her needlework)

[critical] Is it surprising that Laura is able to make money this way? Why or why not? (Answers may vary, but elicit that it is amazing that Laura can do nice needlework in spite of her blindness.)

► [literal] What does Dr. Howe believe about man? (that man is naturally good)

[interpretive] What biblical evidence can you think of that shows that Dr. Howe's idea about man is false? (Answers may vary, but elicit that the Bible teaches that all people have sinned. See *Romans 3:10–19, 23*.)

[interpretive] Why do you think Dr. Howe thinks that Laura can find a true knowledge of God by herself? (Answers will vary, but elicit that because Dr. Howe has formed his own false view of God, he assumes that other people can merely form their own views.)

[critical] What is the best way to find God? (Elicit that the best way to find a true knowledge of God is by reading His Word. Man cannot figure out God without God's help. There is only one source of truth and that is the Bible.) [BAT: 1b Repentance and faith]

skilled that her work sold well and made her money to live on.

Although Laura was quick in her studies and communicative, she still had trouble with quirks of language that sighted and hearing people take for granted. She asked how a river could run when it had no feet. She became indignant when someone told her that a preacher had gone to "marry a couple." She thought he had left to marry two wives. After learning the word *alone*, she described being with another person as *al-two*.



Dr. Samuel G. Howe (1801–1876)

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Laura became famous, although she probably never realized how famous because Dr. Howe and his assistants tried to keep her from knowing how much attention her progress was attracting. They thought it would make her vain. News spread from the United States to Europe. The British writer Charles Dickens came to visit her. The King of Prussia awarded Dr. Howe a medal for his work. So many Americans came to see her on exhibition<sup>5</sup> days at Perkins that Dr. Howe had a barrier built to protect her from the crowds.

Dr. Howe was pleased with his success. He believed that man was naturally good. He saw his work with Laura as proof that given the right circumstances, human beings could better themselves no matter what obstacles<sup>6</sup> they faced. He was an upright person, even religious, but he was not a Christian. He dismissed the Devil and hell as superstitions and the Bible as interesting but full of errors. When Laura began to ask questions about religion and God, he ordered his assistants not to talk to her, but to tell her to ask him. He insisted that Laura could find a true knowledge of God by herself.

Laura knew she was a sinner. Her temper was still with her. Occasionally she struck another blind student

<sup>5</sup>exhibition—a public display

<sup>6</sup>obstacle—anything that blocks the way

or even a teacher. Once she broke a glass and lied about it. When confronted, she felt guilty. "Why do I have two thoughts?" she asked. "Why do I not do what my conscience tells me is right?"

Just as Laura had wanted to learn about the world around, she now wanted to learn about the world beyond her. She badgered<sup>7</sup> her teachers for answers. When one of the other students died, she asked Dr. Howe point blank: "Why does not God take us? Does He not want you and me? Why did God kill Orrin?" Dr. Howe could no longer avoid her questions, but his answers did not satisfy her.

Dr. Howe married Julia Ward (who later became famous herself as the author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"), and they went to Europe on a honeymoon. While they were away, Laura read a Bible that the American Bible Society had printed in Dr. Howe's raised letters. Another student in Perkins, a blind girl, may have told Laura the gospel for the first time as well during this time.

Later, when the Civil War began, Dr. Howe left Perkins to take on duties in the war. About the same time, Laura's sister Mary died. Laura was grief-stricken. A distant relative who was a Christian came to console her. She told Laura more about Jesus Christ who had died for all that they might accept Him as Savior. Laura

listened raptly.<sup>8</sup> Later she wrote a letter to the pastor of the Baptist church in her hometown about her conversation that day with her relative: "Jesus spoke down from his throne into my heart . . . [and] I felt my soul fall into his hands."

Laura had never seen a baptism. When her pastor told her about it and asked her if she wanted to be baptized, she was afraid she would drown. But her mother and the pastor's wife reassured her. So Laura was baptized in a stream in Hanover on July 6, 1862. Dr. Howe was displeased with her decisions, but there is no evidence that he tried to change her mind or destroy her faith.

Laura's conversion was no mere intellectual experience. Her teachers saw a great change in her afterward. One wrote, "She never manifests anger now and is always kind and gentle. In speaking with me lately of her former experience and of the frequency with which she gave way to passion, she said, 'Sometimes I feel tempted to anger, but I can resist it now. God gives me strength.'"

Laura Bridgman wrote in other ways about her faith. She composed poems in praise of her Lord and out of joy for her new hope. Because of her handicaps, her poems have no regular rhythm or rhyme schemes. But they express her great faith and  
<sup>7</sup>badgered—annoyed by asking many questions  
<sup>8</sup>raptly—delightedly

Laura Bridgman 561

## Follow-up discussion: page 561

► [literal] What kinds of questions does Laura start asking? (possible answers: questions about "the world beyond her"; questions about God)

► [literal] How is Laura able to read the Bible even though she is blind? (She reads a Bible that the American Bible Society has printed in Dr. Howe's raised letters.) [BAT: 6a Bible study]

[interpretive] Could the whole Bible in raised print be contained in one volume? (no) Why or why not? (There would have to be numerous volumes to contain it all.)

[interpretive] What does the Lord use in Laura's life to finally draw her to Himself for salvation? (Answers will vary, but elicit that He uses the death of her sister and the conversation with her distant relative following that.)

Read aloud the words Laura writes to a pastor in her hometown to describe her conversion.

► [literal] What noticeable change occurs in Laura after she is saved? (She learns to control her anger and is kind and gentle.) [BAT: 3c Emotional control]

► [literal] How does Laura express her praise to God? (She composes poems to praise the Lord.) [BAT: 7c Praise]

## Follow-up discussion: page 562

► [literal] Why does Laura's poem "Holy Home" sound different than most of the poems we read? (Because of Laura's blindness and deafness, she does not write with a regular rhythm or rhyme scheme.)

**NOTE** You may wish to discuss some of the elements that make Laura's writing a poem: repetition, symbolism, and figurative language.

[interpretive] What is significant about the line in "Holy Home" that says "By the finger of God my eyes and my ears shall be loosed"? (Answers will vary, but elicit that Laura's disabilities involve her eyes and her ears, and when she reaches heaven, God will correct those disabilities and she won't struggle with them anymore. She probably had read the New Testament accounts of Jesus' finger touching the blind and deaf as He healed them.)

[interpretive] According to the poem, what is Laura's zealous hope? ("that sinners might turn themselves from the power of darkness unto light divine") What does that mean? (Elicit that it means that Laura desires for unsaved people to turn away from their sin and turn to Christ for salvation.) [BAT: 1b Repentance and faith; Bible Promise: E. Christ as Sacrifice]

Read aloud Laura's poem "Holy Home." Read with a hopeful expression.

**NOTE** You might want to take this opportunity to present the gospel for those students who may not yet know Christ as their own Savior.

her changed desires. Perhaps her most famous poem is "Holy Home."

Laura Bridgman went to her holy home on May 24, 1889. At her funeral at Perkins Institution, a bust<sup>9</sup> of Dr. Howe stood at the head of her coffin. He was the only man of his generation who could have reached

her mind and taught her a way to communicate with the world. And despite his efforts to keep her from the gospel, his teaching her to communicate had helped her to find God.

<sup>9</sup>bust—sculpture of a person's head, shoulders, and the upper part of the chest

### Holy Home

Heaven is holy home.  
Holy home is everlasting to  
everlasting.  
Holy home is summery.  
I pass this dark home toward a light  
home.  
Earthly home shall perish,  
But holy home shall endure forever.

.....  
By the finger of God my eyes and  
my ears shall be loosed.  
With sweeter joys in heaven I shall  
hear and speak and see.

.....  
Jesus Christ has gone to prepare a  
place for those who love and  
believe Him.  
My zealous hope is that sinners might  
turn themselves from the power  
of darkness unto light divine.  
When I die, God will make me  
happy.  
In Heaven music is sweeter than honey,  
and finer than a diamond.

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## WORKTEXT OBJECTIVES

### The student will

- Locate and paraphrase Bible verses.
  - Determine word usage from context.
  - Interpret idioms.
- .....

### Study skills:

Worktext page 219



### Comprehension:

Worktext page 220



# SOMETHING EXTRA

## Create It: A silent language

Invite the student to make up symbols that can be “drawn” in the palm of a hand with his finger. Help him begin by making up his own symbol that represents the spoon he felt in the introduction activity at the beginning of this lesson, such as a line followed by a circle.

Encourage the students to make up symbols for objects and then try to teach them to one another in the way that Laura Bridgman learned the relationship between symbols and objects. One student closes his eyes while another student presents an object to him. The first student feels the object and then the second student removes it. The second student then “draws” the symbol in the other student’s hand. The students take turns with the objects and symbols and try to master the symbol for each object.

## Pretend It: Dealing with disabilities

Direct the student to do an at-home activity to help him understand how everyday activities are more difficult for people with disabilities. Challenge him to choose a particular disability and try to carry out his everyday activities at home for a few hours with this disability (e.g., cover his eyes so he cannot see; not use his legs; not use his arms). Encourage the student to write about how the disability changed the ways in which he carried out his everyday activities.

# LITERATURE LESSON: MORAL TONE

Lesson	Reader pages	Worktext pages
133	563–65	—
134	—	221–24

## OBJECTIVES

### LESSON 133

#### The student will

- Recognize how an author's personal beliefs affect his writing.
- Identify God's Word as the standard by which one judges the appropriateness of literature.
- Skim to get the general idea of an article.

### LESSON 134

#### The student will

- Identify elements of fiction: characterization, setting, plot, devices of style, and theme.
  - Select the better plan for the ending of a short story.
  - Write the beginning of a short story.
  - Write a plan for the ending of a short story.
- .....

### Materials

- A Bible
- Student reader for each student (for Lesson 134)
- Five bookmarks for each student (for Lesson 134)
- Each student's composition notebook, including all previous composition work and worktext pages (for Lesson 134)
- Copies of the evaluation forms on Appendix pages A47–A48 to use for each student (for Lesson 134)

### Background information

**Skimming**—Lesson 133 gives students an opportunity to review and reinforce the study skill of skimming taught in Lesson 12. *Skimming* is defined as “reading quickly to get the *general idea*. Ways to skim include reading headings, subheadings, and other words that are bold or italicized, and reading the first sentence of each paragraph.”

## INTRODUCTION

### Think on these things

Read Philippians 4:8 to the students.

- ▶ What does Paul tell us to think about or to let our minds dwell on? Which areas of our life is he referring to? (every area, but especially areas such as reading and watching television, where we choose what our mind dwells upon)
- ▶ Today you will read about how authors try to influence you as you read and what you can do about it.

### Correlated Activities

- Recreational Reading, Activity 1: Song Sensations
- Spelling Practice, Activity 5: Amaze Yourself

See “Classroom Management for Grouping” in the Appendix.

# Moral Tone

Morgan Reed Persun  
illustrated by Paula Cheadle

Did you recognize that the story of Laura Bridgman was a *biography*? Several people have written book-length biographies about this remarkable woman. But some people who have written biographies of her omitted everything about Laura's conversion to Christ.

Why is that? How could a biographer not mention Laura Bridgman's faith when it was central to her life? One answer is that authors write with certain ideas in mind. For instance, if an author wanted to write a book to show that deaf and blind people have achieved great things, he might focus his whole book on Laura Bridgman's accomplishments and never once mention her faith. Or an author who doesn't believe in God might leave out anything about Laura's faith because he thinks it unimportant.

The way an author handles a story will affect his reader. He can write stories that give people hope, or he can, if he chooses, write stories to make people despair. An author's work reflects his attitude. An author's attitude about what he writes creates the work's *moral tone*.

## The Author's Attitudes

An author's moral tone usually will be affected by his beliefs. If he does not believe in God, he may look at life—at his experiences as well as the condition of the world—and perhaps he will think that life has no purpose. Perhaps he will think that man can never have peace or hope.

If he is a skilled writer, he can then write a story that says the same thing. He may write a book in which all the characters—even the hero—spend the rest of their lives in misery. However, the same characters in the hands of a writer who believes in God would be a very different story.

*Literature Lesson: Moral Tone* 563

## COMPREHENSION

*There are no vocabulary sentences for this lesson.*

### Skimming: pages 563–65

#### Motivation for skimming

- Skim these three pages by reading rapidly the headings and the first sentence of each paragraph to get a general idea of what this article is about.

### Discussion: pages 563–65

- [interpretive] After skimming the article, what do you think you will learn about moral tone in literature? (Answers will vary, but elicit that they will learn about how an author writes in a way that expresses his beliefs and how we must be careful what we read.)

### Before silent reading: pages 563–65

#### Motivation

- Now read carefully to get the author's full message about moral tone.

## After silent reading

### Follow-up discussion: page 563

- [literal] What creates the moral tone of an author's work? (the author's attitude about what he writes)

- [literal] Why might an author not mention Laura Bridgman's faith? (Laura's faith might not be the focus of the author's book, or an author who doesn't believe in God might leave out anything having to do with Laura's faith because he considers it unimportant.)

Read aloud the paragraphs that explain why an author would leave out something so important as Laura Bridgman's faith in God.

[literal] What is an author's moral tone usually affected by? (the author's personal beliefs)

[interpretive] How do you think a believer in God would write about misery? (Answers will vary, but elicit that he would try to look at it from God's perspective. A person in misery either doesn't know God or isn't trusting God.)

## Follow-up discussion: page 564

► [literal] What purpose does an author have in mind when he writes? (to convince the reader of certain things)

[literal] What should you do if you read something that goes against what you believe or think is right? (stop and consider the author's purpose)

[literal] What is the reader's job? (to judge the value of the author's point for himself)

► [interpretive] The author says that "everything you read should be evaluated against some trusted standards." What is the trusted standard for the Christian? (Elicit that it is God's Word, the Bible.)

Authors write stories with specific purposes in mind. They want their stories to convince the reader of certain things. Christian writers want to convince their readers of the goodness, holiness, and mercy of God. They sometimes want to convince readers that all men need to be saved by faith in the blood of Christ. Just as Christian authors want to convince the reader of God's love, so some godless authors may want to convince their readers that life is hard and ultimately empty.

If you read something that goes against what you believe or think is right, you need to stop and consider the author's purpose. He may have engineered a whole story to convince you of something you disagree with.

### The Reader's Response

Remember that all authors try to represent their own view of reality in their writing. Even if the setting of a story is something unreal like a fictional planet, an author still uses believable characters and causes us to care about them in order to make some point about real life. The reader's job is to judge the value of that point for himself.

Everything you read should be evaluated against some trusted standards. It is not wise to refuse to read anything that has a reference to something sinful in

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it. Where would that policy leave God's Word, with its many examples of sin, its results, and forgiveness for wrongdoing? It is better to ask "How does what I am reading compare to the way God's Word handles such things?"

One question to ask yourself is "Why is this here?" The Book of Esther, for example, says that Haman was "full of wrath" and plotted to "lay hands on Mordecai." Do you stop reading because plotting murder is evil? No, because since you are reading the Bible, you know that you will learn what happens to evil in the end. For other books and stories to measure up to the Bible's standards, they too should mention wrong in order to show it for what it is. So—should you read on to see what happens in some other book?

To help decide, ask yourself another question: "Is this bad thing mentioned just enough to let me know what's happening?" The Book of Esther does not spend a long time describing Haman's evil thoughts. To do so would be to give too much attention to the sin. Some books may make sin look bad in the end, but they give too much detail about the sin first, and so cannot measure up to God's way of thinking. Talk about

the story to parents or your teachers and see what they think.

If you decide to finish the piece, at last ask, "How does the whole story make this bad thing look? Does it make sin look bad and show its terrible results? Does it make righteousness look appealing and show the pleasant end of right action?" When Haman plots against Esther, his evil repulses us and he is punished in the end. If such revenge had succeeded, the story would have a bad moral tone, rather than the perfect tone it does have. Do you not end the Book of Esther wanting to be like Esther rather than Haman?

Should a Christian read anything he wants then? Consider Philippians 4:8. "Of good report" means "having recognized value." There are books and magazines that you know immediately are not worthy of a Christian's mind. Those should be dismissed without question. Others, whether written by Christians or non-Christians, must be judged one by one against biblical standards. Every Christian must study and set such standards for himself before God. Always be asking yourself as you read, "Is this lesson, presented this way, something I would want to be reading if Christ walked in?"

*Literature Lesson: Moral Tone 565*

There are no worktext pages for this lesson. The students will complete four worktext pages with Lesson 134.

### Follow-up discussion: page 565

► [literal] How does the Bible present evil? (The Bible shows evil for what it really is.)

[literal] What are some questions that a Christian should ask himself when he comes across something bad in a book? ("Why is this here?"; "Is this bad thing mentioned just enough to let me know what is happening?"; "How does the whole story make this bad thing look?")

[literal] Who are some people you can talk to if you are not sure about something in a book? (parents and teachers)

[literal] What kind of books should Christians read? (books that are of good report, having recognized value)

Read aloud the paragraph that explains how a Christian can decide if what he is reading is of "good report."

# COMPOSITION

## Background information

**Putting it all together**—In this lesson, the students will begin writing a short story. As much as possible, they should use the elements they brainstormed throughout the year. A complete change of direction will be a disadvantage. Much of the structure and even many details will have to be created from scratch, requiring more time.

**Guidelines**—As you instruct the students in their short story writing in this lesson, consider the following guidelines:

A short story may range from two to more than twenty pages in length. On the elementary level, it would be appropriate to set the limits at two to eight pages. A very creative student could write even more, but a smaller page range will limit him to focusing on the elements of fiction, while still allowing him plenty of room for creativity. You may wish to allow a longer page range if you have a student with an exceptional writing ability.

The worktext pages in this lesson provide a review of some of the elements of fiction previously studied, as well as an example of how a short story may begin. Also provided are examples of how the storywriter might express his plan for his story after he has gotten a good start.

Allow time for the students to write the first few pages of their stories and to give in writing a plan of how they expect to finish their stories.

Collect the students' short stories and plans and take the time to evaluate them and provide feedback to the students. See Appendix pages A47–A48 for evaluation forms. Page 780 of this teacher's edition provides suggestions for feedback and evaluation.

After you have provided feedback, allow the students to complete their short stories in class or at home.

## Short Story



Skill introduction

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Read the following partial short story. Fill in the blanks in the right-hand column with the letter that describes the element of fiction that has been underlined. You may want to refer to previous Literature Lessons for review.

- A. Character revealed by his or her actions
- B. Character revealed by what he or she says
- C. Details of setting

Princess Adriana sat in the window seat reading. So absorbed was she that she did not even hear the creak of the door. The golden sunlight warmed the cold gray stones of the wall at her back to a more golden hue. She twirled the sandy locks that draped over her shoulder with one long finger.

Her gray eyes widened and the twirling stopped. Her free hand groped for the necklace that hung around her neck. Her shoulders moved with quickening breaths.

"Mistress!"

Adriana jumped to her feet, dropping the necklace back into place. "Is something the matter?" The short servant girl was standing beside her.

"Oh, Margaret, it's you." Adriana sighed and dropped back into her window seat. "I'm fine. It's just this book. . . . I really do let my imagination carry me away!"

"All right, ma'am, so long as nothing's frightened you."

"Oh, there's nothing frightening here. I'm in more danger of scaring myself than anything else!" The princess smiled at her serving maid.

"What did you come for?"

Margaret dropped a curtsey. "Oh, Cook sent me to see if you'd like some fresh gingerbread."



Meanwhile, in the palace stables, Sir Gregory leaped off his horse and handed the reins to the stable boy.

Gregory strode across the courtyard with shoulders squared. He entered the alcove that led to the king's council room. The guard at the door merely nodded as Gregory entered and closed the door behind him.

"I beg your pardon, Excellency," Gregory said in a low, even voice.

The king turned from gazing out the window.

"Oh yes, Gregory. What is your report?"

"The gates are secure. The outposts have detected nothing unusual." Gregory stood at ease, feet apart and hands behind his back.

"Now tell me about that family in the north quarter. Is the father any better?" the king asked.

**Reading 6: "Literature Lesson: Moral Tone," pp. 563–65, Lesson 134**  
Literature: identifying elements of fiction

221

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### 1 Reviewing: Elements of fiction

► In today's composition lesson, you will begin writing a short story using all the elements you have brainstormed in earlier composition lessons.

First, you will review some of the things you have studied about writing so far this year.

► As we look at a page in the reader to review an element of fiction, place a bookmark in it.

Look at reader page 133. In this lesson, you found out that there are at least five ways an author may reveal character. What are those five ways? (appearance of the character; actions of the character; what the character says; what other characters say; what the author tells us)

Look at reader page 223. There is one important word in italics that tells how a fiction writer makes it seem as if his story really happened. What is that important word? (*detail*)

(continued at bottom of next page)

## Short Story



- A. Character revealed by his or her actions
- B. Character revealed by what others say
- C. Device of style: imagery
- D. Device of style: hyperbole

"It seems so, sir," said Gregory. "I'm not sure how soon he'll be able to get back to tending his crops. Good thing his daughter got work here serving the princess. I'm sure the income has helped to pay farm hands."

"I certainly hope so. I wouldn't want him to lose his farm. And I trust that a steady farm girl like his daughter will be a good influence on the flighty princess." The king paced in front of the window. "Well, unless you have something more, you are dismissed."

"I thank you, Excellency." Gregory bowed and exited through the door from which he had entered.

He closed the door. Before him stood the very girl he had just spoken of to the king, wringing a handkerchief in her hands. The guard glowered down at her, still at attention.

"What is this?" Gregory asked. He looked from guard to girl, his forehead creased.

"Oh sir! The guard told me I must not disturb the king. But, sir, my mistress the princess is missing!" She clutched at his arm. The top of her frilly cap was just higher than his elbow, and her wide round face was flushed like a ripe apple.

"Sir, don't you hear me? She's missing!" The maid cried out again.

The guard cleared his throat to speak. "Sir Gregory, I asked her how long her mistress has been missing and she says maybe half an hour. I says she might have just took off for a walk, it being so nice out and all. I didn't think the king would welcome a meaningless disturbance, sir." The guard still stood at attention, but there was a note of worry in his voice.

"You've done well. I'll handle this," Sir Gregory replied. The guard breathed a sigh of relief.

"What is your name?" Gregory asked the maid.

The girl replied with a gulp. "M-Margaret, sir."

"And what makes you think the princess is missing?"

"Well, sir, she rang me and asked for some refreshments. She was reading in the window seat like she does, you know. She seemed sort of scared-like, you know. And when I came back with the gingerbread, she weren't there!" The maid's voice rose in pitch as she related her tale until it resembled a squealing pig.

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Reading 6: "Literature Lesson: Moral Tone," pp. 56  
Literature: identifying elements of fiction

(continued from previous page)

Look at reader page 301. In this lesson, we learned about plot. At the top of page 302, there is an important word in italics. Without this one important thing, there would be no plot. What is that word? (*conflict*) Why is conflict so important? (*It creates tension or action*.)

Look at reader pages 336 and 337. What are three devices of style you learned about in this lesson? (*imagery, hyperbole, allusion*)

Now look at reader page 492. What is the theme of a story? (*what the story means*)

## Literature Lesson: Moral Tone

2

## Practicing: Worktext pages 221–24



**NOTE** See worktext page 221 on the previous page of this teacher's edition.

► On worktext pages 221 through 224, there is an example of how a writer started his short story.

Notice the elements of literature listed at the top of the pages. As you read the short story, write the corresponding letter in the right-hand column that identifies the element of fiction that is underlined in the story.

► On worktext page 224 there are two plans that the writer could use to finish his story. After you have read the story, decide which plan would be the better choice.

Guide the students as they fill in the blanks with questions such as the following:

What is revealed about Sir Gregory's character when he "strode across the courtyard with shoulders squared"? (*He is strong, confident, brave*.)

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## Short Story

Name \_\_\_\_\_

- A. Character revealed by his or her actions
- B. Character revealed by what others say or think
- C. Device of style: imagery

"Don't you think she might've just gone out for a walk—ah—Margaret?" Sir Gregory answered calmly.

"Oh, no, sir. Noooo—my mistress the princess would never order something and then go off without notice. She's always so considerate of the servants! Besides, she never goes out alone, and her waiting ladies is all in the servants' quarters. None of them was called, sir!"

"Very well, we'll go take a look."

Sir Gregory looked at the guard. "Say nothing to the king 'til I return. We wouldn't want to add to his worries for naught."

"Yes, sir. As you say, sir."

When they arrived at Princess Adriana's apartments, Sir Gregory walked through the sitting room into the bedchamber and went immediately to the window seat. A leather-bound book lay open on the bright blue cushion of the seat. He looked out the window on the inviting garden below. Surely she was out in the garden somewhere. The afternoon sun mingled with the spring perfume coming from the bright blossoms below would be a sure temptation for anyone. But it was strange that she would go without attendant. She wasn't the boldest of girls and always did things as was expected, though she did seem to live in a daydream at times.

The maid was standing just behind him, wringing her handkerchief.

"Check her dressing room," Gregory instructed.

Margaret nodded. "Oh, I already looked and she ain't there. Everything is as it should be." Her frilly cap flopped as she nodded vigorously.

"Well, check again, just in case," Gregory replied.

Margaret ceased her fidgeting for the first time and walked to the dressing room door. It opened with a slight creak, and Margaret leaned in to have a look.

"No sir, she ain't here neither!"

"Let me look around." Gregory motioned for Margaret to move aside. Instead, she stepped inside the room and stood to one side to let him enter, hands tightly clasped at her waist.

Gregory noted that everything looked to be in order. But he wasn't really sure what the dressing room of a princess should look like.

Moving toward the door, Gregory motioned for Margaret to go ahead of him. She stood with her hands tightly clasped. "Oh, thank you, sir. You go on ahead, sir, and I'll just straighten things up in here." She stood there bobbing, her flushed face glowing red.

Reading 6: "Literature Lesson: Moral Tone," pp. 563–65, Lesson 134  
Literature: identifying elements of fiction

B

C

B

A

A

223

## Lesson 134

## Short Story



### 3 Discussing:

#### Worktext page 224



After the students have completed all four pages, ask which of the endings they chose. Ask them to explain the reasons for their choices. Lead the following discussion.

- How long do you think your short story should be? (Elicit that it should be two to eight pages.)

If this author had only four more pages to write, which plan would he be more likely to use? (B) Why? (Elicit that in A there are too many events to include and still be able to use the same amount of detail that has been used so far in the story.)

How long do you think the story would have to be in order for all of the events in plan A to be accomplished? (Allow the students to speculate.)

If the author wanted to develop plan A into a story, what would he need to do? (Possible answer: The story would have to be much longer than eight pages, or some of the action and detail would have to be left out.)

### 4 Writing and planning

- Begin writing your short story. As you write, refer to the literature lessons you have marked in your reader and to your composition notebook for the ideas you brainstormed in earlier composition lessons.

After you have written one to three pages, write a plan of how you expect to finish your story.

### 5 Feedback and evaluation

As time allows, provide feedback to each student by using a copy of Appendix page A47, "Story Starter," a rubric for evaluating the first few pages of the student's short story and his plan to complete the story.

You may wish to allow students to complete their short stories as homework.

"If you don't mind, miss, I'd like you to accompany me to the king's quarters so we can relate the incident to him. Now, if you will . . . , " he motioned towards the door again.

Margaret's head bobbed again, the frills of her cap bobbing nervously, framing the apple-round face. "Oh, of course, sir, if you say so." She bolted from the room.

Sir Gregory followed, only to be stopped short by the gleam of silver in the place where Margaret had stood. He leaned over and picked up the silver necklace that lay there. It was a necklace he knew belonged to the princess.

"Margaret!" His voice rang on the stone walls. "What is the meaning of this?"



► Below are two plans that the author of this story might use to complete the story. Circle the letter of the one that would be the better ending for the above short story.

- A. The knight will discover that Margaret was trying to hide the necklace to prevent discovery of a secret passageway in the dressing room. Sir Gregory will go in search of the princess. He will discover that she has been kidnapped and taken to the river. He will follow the kidnappers' boat and overcome them in the middle of the river. The princess will show surprising courage by jumping overboard and swimming to shore. When the criminals are brought to justice, everyone will find out that the kidnappers were hired by the enemy kingdom and that Margaret is their accomplice.
- B. The knight will discover a secret passageway in the dressing room and take Margaret with him to search it. Margaret and Adriana will lead Sir Gregory on a wild goose chase, ending with Adriana admitting to being bored with only reading about adventure and never having any. Sir Gregory agrees to give Adriana riding lessons so she can have some adventure. She demands to learn swordplay as well. He agrees to teach her swordplay if she will discipline herself to teach Margaret to read, thus keeping both girls out of trouble.

Reading 6: "Literature Lesson: Moral Tone," pp. 563–65, Lesson 134  
Literature: selecting the better plan for the ending of a short story

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Or, you may wish to continue the writing process, allowing each student to write a complete rough draft and a final draft. A copy of the "Completed Story" rubric on Appendix page A48 may be used to evaluate the rough draft and another copy used to evaluate the final draft. A grade may be derived from the final draft evaluation if desired.

Story Starter
Mark each box with a *, ✓, or -.
<input type="checkbox"/> Plot: There is an inciting incident and rising action.
<input type="checkbox"/> Plot: Appropriate amount of action or scenes for the length of the story are planned.
<input type="checkbox"/> Plot: Ideas for a crisis and a resolution (denouement) are planned.
<input type="checkbox"/> Plot: Ideas planned for the ending are believable in light of what was written at the beginning of the story.
<input type="checkbox"/> Characters: Main character is introduced and established as the main character in the beginning.
<input type="checkbox"/> Characters: All characters have a purpose within the story.
<input type="checkbox"/> Setting: Details of setting are established in the beginning.
<input type="checkbox"/> Language: Descriptions, dialogue, and action are varied and use variety of words.
<input type="checkbox"/> Grammar: Grammar usage is correct.
<input type="checkbox"/> Spelling: Words are spelled correctly.
<input type="checkbox"/> Bonus: Ideas for using more difficult literary elements (such as hyperbole, allusion, and imagery) are planned.
Suggestions for improvement:

Completed Story
Mark each box with a *, ✓, or -.
<input type="checkbox"/> Plot: There is an inciting incident and rising action.
<input type="checkbox"/> Plot: There is a crisis, falling action, and a resolution (denouement).
<input type="checkbox"/> Plot: The ending is believable.
<input type="checkbox"/> Characters: The main character is introduced and established in the beginning and continues to be developed throughout the story.
<input type="checkbox"/> Characters: All characters have a purpose within the plot.
<input type="checkbox"/> Setting: Details of setting are established early and developed throughout the story.
<input type="checkbox"/> Language: Descriptions, dialogue, and action are varied and use variety of words.
<input type="checkbox"/> Grammar: Grammar usage is correct.
<input type="checkbox"/> Spelling: Words are spelled correctly.
<input type="checkbox"/> Bonus: The student goes beyond and uses more difficult literary elements (such as hyperbole, allusion, and imagery).
<input type="checkbox"/> Suggestions for improvement are implemented.
Suggestions for improvement (rough draft only):

# THE THREE MOSQUITEERS

Marcelle, Pierre, and Jacques—the Three Mosquiteers—serve Queen Ladybug in Towerwood. One day the royal adviser, Sir Lucius Stinkbug, questions their loyalty. He devises near-impossible quests for the three by which they must prove their loyalty to the Queen. Not only are they successful in these quests, but they also find evidence that points to the real traitor in Towerwood!

## Materials

- A collection of insects, or pictures of insects
- Vocabulary sentences for display. Use the prepared sentences from pages 782, 789, 794, and 800 to introduce the vocabulary words in context at the beginning of each lesson.
- Teaching Visuals 4 and 6: *Syllables and Swords* and *More Syllables and Swords* (for Lesson 136)

## INTRODUCTION

### Heroes and villains

Display the insects or pictures of insects.

- If you were planning to write a story using insects as the characters, which of these insects would you choose as heroes and which would you choose as villains?
- As you read the fanciful story you will begin today, try to figure out which characters are the heroes and which ones are the villains.

### Correlated Activities

- Vocabulary Notebook, Activity 1: Word Hunt
- Creative Writing, Activity 2: Story in a Flash

See “Classroom Management for Grouping” in the Appendix.

Lesson	Reader pages	Worktext pages
135	566–72	225–26
136	573–77	227–28
137	578–83	229–30
138	584–86	231–32

## OBJECTIVES

### LESSON 135

#### The student will

- Interpret meaning from context.
- Identify puns.
- Describe mood and symbolism in a story.

### LESSON 136

#### The student will

- Read orally to convey a character’s motive.
- Identify with a character.
- Identify similes.
- Make judgments about characters’ motives and decisions.
- Identify cliffhangers.

### LESSON 137

#### The student will

- Identify cliffhangers.
- Identify puns.
- Identify similes and metaphors.

### LESSON 138

#### The student will

- Determine the type of denouement in the story.
- Interpret irony in the story.
- Evaluate a character’s response.
- Identify foreshadowing.
- Make judgments about characters’ motives and decisions.

## COMPREHENSION

### VOCABULARY

It was difficult for Mom to be **objective** when judging the science fair exhibits because I was one of the contestants. (p. 569)

I **gorged** myself on Thanksgiving dinner and had a stomachache all afternoon. (p. 571)

The Sunday afternoon service was a **deviation** from the normal evening service. (p. 571)

### Head note

- Read the poem on reader page 566 silently to find out who the heroes in this story will be.
- Who will the heroes in this story be? (mosquitoes and bugs)
- Could you imagine this poem being sung?

Who do you think would sing this storylike poem in a medieval castle? (Explain that this type of singing and entertaining was the job of a minstrel, who was a musician and entertainer that often traveled from place to place.)

# The Three Mosquiteers

written and illustrated by Timothy N. Davis

*Come hear a small tale of the brave  
knights of old,  
Of castles and caverns and kings.  
Of monsters most terrible, enemies  
bold,  
Yet some with antennae and wings!*

*Come hear a small tale of the days  
of King Arthur;  
Let mosquitoes and bugs be your  
teachers.  
For good over evil must triumph  
at last,  
Both with men and with six-legged  
creatures.*



566



## Traitor in Towerwood

It seemed as if the clouds were lifting over Towerwood. The victorious mosquiteers<sup>1</sup> were returning home with yet another slain dragonfly to present to their gracious Queen Ladybug. As they approached the tree-stump castle, many insects rushed out to greet their heroes. Young aphids danced gleefully around the mosquitoes' feet while lady butterflies blushed at their courage and charm. The old walking stick struck up a joyous chorus, and everyone joined in. Before long, the happy commotion wafted up to the topmost tower of Towerwood, where Queen Ladybug waited, along with her stepdaughter, Princess Swallowtail, and the Queen's most trusted adviser, Sir Lucius Stinkbug.

Princess Swallowtail fluttered over to the window. "Mother, Mother! They're back! And they've killed another dragonfly!"

"That's wonderful, dear!" The Queen sighed. "Perhaps my husband's dream of a safe, peaceful kingdom in Towerwood may someday come to be." Then she closed her eyes, as if even those few words had been an effort.

"Ah, Milady," breathed Lucius, bending over the sickly Queen, "never was there a more noble king

than your husband—may he rest in peace."

Princess Swallowtail spoke again before Sir Lucius could say more. "Mother, they're just wonderful! So handsome and dashing!"

"Especially Marcelle," continued Queen Ladybug. "Am I right, dear?"

Princess Swallowtail blushed as only a royal butterfly could.

Just then the drawbridge was opened. Ant-knights riding fine white horseflies escorted the three heroes into Towerwood. Trumpets sounded and banners waved. Leaning on Princess Swallowtail's arm, the Queen entered the throne room, where everyone waited in respectful silence. Then the heroes, Marcelle, Jacques, and Pierre, entered the throne room with much pomp and circumstance.<sup>2</sup>

Marcelle, the eldest, spoke first. "Your royal Highness, in your service we have slain a dragonfly and thus hope your kingdom is the safer for it."

"I thank you most sincerely," said the Queen. "And my kingdom thanks you!" At that she stood, leaning on Sir Lucius's arm, and clapped, creating an eruption of

<sup>1</sup>mosquiteer (mōs' kē tēr')

<sup>2</sup>pomp and circumstance—a show of splendor or formality

The Three Mosquiteers 567

### Follow-up discussion: page 567

- [appreciative] What is the mood like at the beginning of the story? (possible answers: happy; hopeful)

Read aloud the sentence that speaks symbolically of the hope that is in Towerwood. ("It seemed as if the clouds were lifting over Towerwood.")

- [literal] What have the three mosquiteers done to help make Towerwood safe? (killed a dragonfly)

[interpretive] How do the other insects in the kingdom feel about the three mosquiteers? (They love them and consider them heroes.)

Read aloud a few sentences that describe the excitement of the insects over the arrival of the three mosquiteers.

- [interpretive] What do we find out about the king the first time Sir Lucius speaks in the story? (The king is dead.)

- [appreciative] How does the author cause you to like the insect characters? (Elicit that they dance and sing and blush and greet each other with joy.)

### Before silent reading: pages 567–69

#### Motivation

- Who is accused of being a traitor in Towerwood?

### After silent reading

#### Overview discussion: pages 567–69

- [interpretive] How is the insect kingdom in this story similar to a human medieval kingdom? (Possible answers: There is a castle; a dragonfly [as there would be a dragon] is slain; ant-knights ride horseflies [as there would be knights riding horses].)

- [literal] Who is accused of being a traitor in Towerwood? (the three mosquiteers)

- [interpretive] Do you think the mosquiteers are guilty of being in the service of the evil Queen Alexis? (Accept any answer.)

- [literal] Who is Queen Ladybug's most trusted adviser? (Sir Lucius Stinkbug)

- [interpretive] How can you tell the Queen trusts Sir Lucius completely? (Possible answers: She leans on his arm; she shares the contents of the spy document with him first; she listens when he accuses the mosquiteers; she asks him to develop a quest to test the loyalty of the mosquiteers.)

Locate and read aloud the conversation between Sir Lucius and the Queen as he tries to convince her to doubt the mosquiteers (page 569—after Princess Swallowtail leaves the room).

## Follow-up discussion: page 568

► [literal] Why had many of the insects suspected a traitor in Towerwood?  
(The termites' advances into Towerwood had been so rapid that it seemed they knew when and where to attack.)

Read aloud the paragraph in which the Queen whispers the contents of the secret document to Sir Lucius.

enthusiastic applause from all. Except for Sir Lucius. But then, of course, he was helping his Queen.

Suddenly a stern ant-knight entered. "Your Highness." His serious manner brought a sudden halt to the celebration.

"What is it, Captain?" asked the Queen.

"Your Highness," began the ant, "we have just captured a termite spy outside the gatehouse. A document was found hidden in his armor that we thought deserved your immediate attention. It mentions something of a traitor in Towerwood."

*Traitor?* The word raised many antennae in the room. Soon a loud whisper seemed to fill the chamber.

The Queen's eyes grew wide. "Quite right, Captain. Take the spy to the dungeon and bring me the document at once."

Whispers flew like the wind through the royal chamber. You see, many had suspected the possibility of a traitor for a long time. During the past several years, the termites' domain had been inching ever closer to Towerwood. Their advances at times had been surprisingly rapid, as if they had known just where and when to attack. And their wicked advances had culminated<sup>3</sup> in the capture—and most assured assassination,<sup>4</sup> for the termites never kept prisoners—of Towerwood's noble king. Yes, per-

haps there really *was* a traitor in Towerwood.

The ant-knight returned before long, carrying the document with him. The Queen took it from him. As she read, her already pale face turned paler still, almost gray. "I—I hesitate to reveal what it says," she faltered.

"Perhaps you had best reveal it to me alone, your Ladyship." Sir Lucius sidled up to the Queen's side. She whispered in his ear, but Sir Lucius repeated the words aloud, as if overcome by amazement and horror. "The three mosquiteers? In the service of the terrible Queen Alexis?"

Uncertain mutters filled the chamber in the confusion that ensued.<sup>5</sup> "Our heroes? Employed by Alexis?"

"Can it be?"

Queen Ladybug was distraught. Carefully she scrutinized the three mosquito brothers before her. "And what have you to say to the charge of this incriminating<sup>6</sup> document?"

Marcelle responded solemnly. "Your royal Highness, your three humble servants are not traitors. We have never been in the employ of the wicked Queen Alexis."

"Very well," said the Queen, though her voice sounded uncertain.

<sup>3</sup>culminated—came to a climax

<sup>4</sup>assassination—the murder of a high official

<sup>5</sup>ensued—followed; resulted

<sup>6</sup>incriminating—accusing, causing to look guilty

She dismissed all the assembly except the Princess and the stinkbug. Then she leaned back heavily on her throne, as if the recent news had been too much for her.

As soon as the great hall was vacated, Princess Swallowtail cried out, "Certainly you cannot believe a word of any document that that grotesque<sup>7</sup> creature would be carrying, Mother!"

Sir Lucius moved in to calm the frustrated young butterfly. "Your gracious mother is most wise to be suspicious of any potential threat to her kingdom, my dear Princess. You must go rest and calm yourself, child. Perhaps then you can be more objective<sup>8</sup> concerning this matter."

"More objective? Mother, that's ridiculous!"

"Now, Swallowtail, Sir Lucius is right—you go calm yourself, dear." And the Princess left the room in a flutter, as only a royal butterfly could.

"These mosquitoers," Sir Lucius began. "They seem to be so loyal . . . and yet . . ." He paused and shook his head. "Forgive me my speculation, Milady, but doesn't it seem as if the mosquitoers have been more zealous of late against dragonflies than against our most threatening enemies, the termites . . . Ah, perhaps I speculate too much, your Highness."

"Perhaps," replied the Queen, almost in a trance.

"But maybe," continued Lucius, "it would be *easier* for the termites

themselves to attack Towerwood if they didn't have to concern themselves about dragonflies." The stinkbug crept over to the window. Yet still he watched the Queen from the corner of his eye.

Suddenly the Queen spoke. "I must know if Marcelle and his brothers are indeed loyal to me. But how can I ascertain<sup>9</sup> it?" She rubbed her furrowed brow.

"Perhaps a test," ventured Lucius. "A difficult test of their loyalty—maybe a quest of sorts."

"A quest. Yes," said the Queen. "Perhaps an attack on the termites themselves."

"Most royal Highness, forgive me, but if indeed they *are* employed by the termites, the termites could cooperate with them to bring about their success, and thus falsely restore your trust."

"Yes, you're right." The Queen paused, bewildered. "Lucius, could you develop an adequate quest? Then I shall present it to them on the morrow."

"Milady, I'd be most honored to serve you so," replied the stinkbug. Then silently he slipped out of the room.



<sup>7</sup>grotesque—very ugly or strange  
<sup>8</sup>objective—impartial; open-minded  
<sup>9</sup>ascertain—to find out

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### Follow-up discussion: page 569

► [interpretive] Why do you think the Princess is so confident of the three mosquitoers' innocence? (Elicit that she probably knows their character well enough to believe that they would not be in the service of Queen Alexis.)

[critical] Should the Queen trust the three mosquitoers or should she be suspicious of them? (Accept any answer.)

► [critical] Why doesn't Sir Lucius want the mosquitoers to attack the termite castle as their quest? (If the mosquitoers are working with the termites, the termites could make it look as if the mosquitoers were successful.) Do you think his advice is wise? (Accept any answer.)

Read aloud with a convincing voice Sir Lucius's reason for not having the mosquitoers attack the termite castle.

## Before silent reading: pages 570–72

### Motivation

- ▶ What kind of quest will Sir Lucius devise to test the loyalty of the three mosquiteers?

### After silent reading

#### Overview discussion:

#### pages 570–72

- ▶ [interpretive] What do you find out about the spy that was caught from the conversation between Queen Alexis and her troop commander, Xerxes? (that they had planned for and intended that Thorax, the spy, be caught with the document on him; that there is indeed a traitor, one whom they refer to as “the Insider”)

Locate and read aloud the conversation between Queen Alexis and Xerxes. Read with Alexis’s cruel, demanding voice and Xerxes’ nervous voice (page 571).

- ▶ [literal] What assignment does Sir Lucius give to the three mosquiteers? (to go to Slipperystone Swamp and collect one dozen frogs’ eggs)

[interpretive] How would a quest prove the three mosquiteers’ loyalty? (If they will risk their lives for the Queen, then it seems that they must be loyal to her.)

[critical] Do you think the Queen really believes the mosquiteers are traitors? (Accept any answer.)

[critical] Do you think there might be a better way for the three mosquiteers to prove their loyalty to the Queen? What could they do to prove their loyalty? (Answers will vary.)

- ▶ [interpretive] What is the motto of the three mosquiteers? (“All for one and one for all”) What do you think it means? (Possible answers: They will all stick together and help each other; they will work as a team rather than as individuals.)



#### Follow-up discussion: page 570

- ▶ [appreciative] How does the angle of the picture affect the mood of the story? (The angle makes the castle of Mortazylum look tall and scary and the viewer feel small and vulnerable.)

Look back at page 567. Read aloud the first sentence of the story. Now look ahead at page 571. Read aloud the first sentence on the page.

[appreciative] How would you describe the change in the mood of the story? (The mood has suddenly changed to one of darkness.)

The sun disappeared behind the clouds in the darkest part of the forest. It was going to be a dark night in Mortazylum, the termites' domain, where a jagged castle stood, silent, rugged, and fearsome. Yet inside, the atmosphere was harried<sup>10</sup> and tense as workers scurried about, afraid to utter even a word of greeting to a passing friend. Every inhabitant of the kingdom lived in mortal dread from one day to the next, fearing for his very life.

Deep down in the heart of the tower stood the large, dark room that was the lair of the terrible Queen Alexis. There she gorge<sup>11</sup> herself on fungus, brought to her by a host of slaves. The slightest deviation<sup>12</sup> from her command brought certain death.

Xerxes, a troop commander, cautiously entered her chamber. "Most mighty Queen . . ."

Alexis stopped nibbling, hissed, and faced the trembling termite soldier. "Who dares disturb me?" she shrieked.

"A—a thousand pardons, most mighty Queen," stammered Xerxes. "But I bring you good news."

"It had better be good to interrupt my royal dinner." She added impatiently, "Tell it to me!"

"O Queen," continued Xerxes, "these tidings from the Insider.

<sup>10</sup>harried—greatly worried or harassed

<sup>11</sup>gorge—stuffed

<sup>12</sup>deviation—change from the usual

Thorax has been captured by our enemies—his mission is now completed."

Alexis's piercing laughter filled the chamber. "Excellent, Xerxes. Excellent." The Queen's stern face hardened. "Soon every barrier to our conquest will be demolished! And the great castle of Towerwood will line the stomachs of my troops! Ha! Ha! Ha!" The terrible laughter began again.

Xerxes smiled nervously.

"Go tell the Prisoner this 'good' news. Tell him we have put a 'bug' in the ear of his Queen that she might do our bidding." Alexis smiled at her own wicked wit.

"Yes, mighty Queen."

So Xerxes crawled down the spiral corridor to the dungeon to taunt the Prisoner with the Queen's news. It was becoming a regular ritual of late. Never before had the termites taken a prisoner. It appeared as if Alexis desired life to be as miserable as possible for their first.



The night seemed to pass slowly in Towerwood. Soon after dawn, Marcelle, Pierre, and Jacques were summoned to the throne room. The three mosquiteers appeared there without delay, where the Queen, the Princess, and the Royal Adviser sat before them.

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### Follow-up discussion: page 571

- [interpretive] Why do the inhabitants of Queen Alexis's kingdom live in mortal dread every day? (Queen Alexis is mean and unreasonable and will have anyone who disobeys her killed.)

Read aloud the paragraph that describes the jagged castle and the atmosphere inside the castle.

- [interpretive] What pun does Alexis use as she tells Xerxes to let the prisoner know that the termite spy was successfully captured by Queen Ladybug? (She says to tell the prisoner that they have put a "bug" in the ear of his Queen. This has two meanings. Literally, a bug delivered the message; figuratively, to "put a bug in someone's ear" means to give the person some information.)

- [interpretive] What does Alexis mean when she says that Queen Ladybug will do her bidding? (It means that Queen Ladybug will, unknowingly, be helping Queen Alexis to destroy Towerwood.)

[interpretive] Why do you think the termites are now keeping a prisoner since they never have before? (Accept any answer.) Where is this prisoner from? (Towerwood) How do you know? (Alexis calls the Queen of Towerwood "his Queen.")

## Follow-up discussion: page 572

► [interpretive] Why hasn't the Queen slept most of the night? (She has been so worried and concerned that she could not go to sleep.)

[appreciative] Have you ever been so worried or concerned about something that you couldn't sleep at night? [BAT: 8a Faith in God's promises]

► [interpretive] What does it mean when the author says that the mosquitoers "would provide a feast for the Queen—or for the frogs"? (Either they will bring back the eggs for the Queen or else they will be eaten by the frogs.)

## Looking ahead

► Will the mosquitoers complete their quest successfully?

The weary Queen looked as if she had not slept most of the night. Hesitantly she began. "It has been decided that the best method to prove your loyalty in service to this kingdom is to assign you a great quest."

"Only name it, your Majesty," responded Marcelle, "And my brothers and I shall delight in performing the task."

Pierre agreed. "Only let us be found loyal to you, O Queen Ladybug."

"Your wish shall be our command," concluded Jacques.

"Very well." The Queen spoke in a broken voice. "Your devotion moves me. Sir Lucius, would you kindly instruct them in the details?"

"Most assuredly, your royal Highness," responded the stinkbug. "Hasten to Slipperystone Swamp. There you shall collect one dozen fine frogs' eggs, full of healing vitamins to strengthen our dear, feeble Queen. Return here with them before nightfall. Is that understood?"

The Princess interrupted. "But that place is full of fast-tongued frogs who would eat—"

Before the butterfly could object further, Marcelle spoke up clearly. "We accept the quest, in service of our Queen." Gracefully they exited the chamber.

The trio could be heard chanting "All for one and one for all" as they

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disappeared toward the swamp. They would provide a feast for the Queen—or for the frogs.



## WORKTEXT OBJECTIVES

### The student will

- Identify character traits.
- Match words and definitions.
- Recall facts and details.

### Comprehension: Worktext page 225



### Vocabulary: Worktext page 226



### Fancy Wing Work

A heavy mist still hung close to the water as the three mosquiteers arrived. Deep-throated croaks echoed through the swamp below them. "I only hope they're more concerned with croaking than eating," commented Pierre.

"Hear, hear," chuckled Marcelle. "I'm all for that. But perhaps with some teamwork we can use their sticky-quick tongues against them." And so the brothers formulated a plan.

Before long the three winged warriors announced their presence, diving straight down toward the murky marsh, their wings humming in loud symphony. At the last second they pulled up and shot skyward.

The noise of the flight awakened many a dozing bullfrog, who were soon swimming furiously to the spot. An insect who was that loud would make quite a meal. Soon the water was rippling with bullfrogs.

"Now," panted Marcelle, "I'll hunt down some eggs while you keep them occupied."

With a gleam in their eyes, Jacques and Pierre prepared for their next maneuver—a double dive with a split loop-out. Toe to toe they buzzed straight down toward the hungry water. Just out of range, they thrust themselves apart and looped up. Three frogs had judged

their trajectory<sup>13</sup> to perfection. Their sticky tongues met in midair just below where the two fliers had veered apart. Splat! The tongues stuck fast together—without any mosquitoes.

Pierre laughed. "A good start!"

Once again the two mosquiteers zoomed aloft and headed for another nosedive. Nine more frogs had taken the place of the three who had sunk under water in embarrassment and confusion. With a dive here and a loop there, Jacques and Pierre managed to wrap frog tongues around sticks, lily pads, leaves, and even other frogs. The two rose again, panting but smiling.

A final time the two buzzed through the mist, zigzagged around the tall grass, and effectively dived, looped, and rolled their way past a hundred sticky tongues or more. After only a few moments there were frog tongues wrapped around just about everything in the swamp. Everything, that is, except a mosquitoer.

Jacques and Pierre were almost exhausted. But then they heard a sputtering hum through the mist—Marcelle! They rushed toward the sound. As they rounded a clump of grass, they saw the biggest bullfrog

<sup>13</sup>trajectory—path

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### Follow-up discussion: page 573

- [interpretive] What is the mosquiteers' greatest danger in Slipperystone Swamp? ([the frogs' quick tongues](#)) How do the mosquiteers turn this disadvantage into an advantage? ([They use the frogs' tongues against the frogs; they plan their mission so that when the frogs shoot out their tongues, they will get tangled up with each other.](#))

### (Overview discussion continued)

[critical] Do you think it is wise of the Queen to always rely on Sir Lucius's advice or should she seek advice from others? Explain your answer. ([Accept any answer, but elicit that it is wise to seek advice from more than one wise person.](#))

[critical] Do you think the three mosquiteers will be considered loyal to the Queen if they return successfully from their quests? Why or why not? ([Accept any answer, but point out that although they successfully returned from their last quest, Sir Lucius still did not consider them loyal.](#))

## COMPREHENSION

### VOCABULARY

Mom **conceived** a plan to surprise Dad with a party for his fortieth birthday. (p. 575)

Although Kylee hardly ever scores a goal, she keeps trying and is **undaunted**. (p. 576)

I **instinctively** ducked as the ball whizzed toward my head. (p. 577)

### Before silent reading: pages 573–77

#### Motivation

- Why is the mosquiteers' first quest a failure?

### After silent reading

#### Overview discussion: pages 573–77

- [interpretive] Even though the mosquiteers deliver more eggs than were demanded, why is the quest a failure? ([It is discovered that the eggs were poisoned.](#))

[interpretive] How do you think the eggs were poisoned? ([Accept any answer.](#))

- [interpretive] How does the author let us know that Sir Lucius is not really loyal to the Queen? ([The author says that Sir Lucius turned away from the Queen with a twisted smile upon his face.](#))

Locate and read aloud Sir Lucius's words when he turns away with a twisted smile. Read them the way Sir Lucius might have said them (page 575).

## Follow-up discussion: page 574

► [interpretive] How many frogs' eggs do the mosquiteers bring to the Queen, as compared to the number Sir Lucius required them to bring? ([They bring three dozen, and Sir Lucius required them to bring only one dozen.](#))

► [literal] What precaution does Sir Lucius take to test whether or not the frogs' eggs were poisoned? ([He has the prisoner eat them.](#))

Read aloud the conversation between Sir Lucius and the servant who informs him that the frog eggs were poisoned. Use a shaky voice for the servant and an exaggerated mournful voice for Sir Lucius.

either had ever set eyes on. In front of him was Marcelle, hovering—and laughing! Then the frog tried to shoot out his tongue—it had a triple knot in it!

Marcelle grinned. "I couldn't let you two have *all* the fun!"

"All for one and one for all!" the three mosquiteers shouted. They set their course toward Towerwood and their dear Queen Ladybug with three dozen precious frogs' eggs in a hammock made from a water lily.

Just before dusk, the weary warriors arrived back at the castle. Princess Swallowtail's winged hero, Marcelle, presented the eggs "as a token of our threefold loyalty and love in humble service to our Queen."

"My thanks know no bounds," responded Queen Ladybug. "Not for this gift alone but also for the assurance of your undivided loyalty."

The stinkbug cleared his throat. "Milady, shall I have the eggs prepared for a royal breakfast?"

"Yes, Lucius, would you be so kind?" The Queen turned to the three heroes. "And of course, *you* shall join us then."

The morning sun sparkled on the crystal and glass of the lavish table as the royal hostess and her special guests entered the breakfast room. But just before they were seated, a kitchen servant nervously called the Royal Adviser aside.

"Sir Lucius," whispered the shaking servant. "Thank goodness I did as you requested. We gave one to the prisoner, Thorax, as—as a precaution, as you said . . ."

"And the result?"

"Poison!" replied the servant in a strained whisper. "The eggs were poisoned!"

"And Thorax?"

"Dead."

"Oh," moaned Lucius. "This is grave indeed. Had it been the Queen . . ." He bowed his head. "She must know at once."

The stinkbug immediately requested a private audience with Queen Ladybug. Informing her of the poison, the adviser concluded, "Milady, I can only thank my years of experience for the wisdom to take such a precaution."

"Was it . . . could it be . . . the mosquiteers' doing, Lucius?"

"Milady, I dread to think it so. Yet, in wisdom they must be held in suspicion—logic demands it. Certainly they had the best opportunity to do the deed, unchecked as they were."

"What shall I do?"

The stinkbug shuffled a little closer to the Queen. "Might I suggest, Milady, a second quest. And perhaps"—the adviser's eyes gazed intensely ahead—"perhaps a test for each one, apart from the others, that



each one stand or fall on his own merits.”<sup>14</sup>

The Queen gazed at the stinkbug with tears in her eyes. “Yes, Lucius, it must be so. You must devise such a quest at once.”

“Milady, I am most honored to serve you in such a manner,” replied the stinkbug, and as he turned away from the Queen, a twisted smile formed on his face.

Once again, the three mosquiteers were summoned to the throne room. The Queen hardly looked up at the mosquiteers as Sir Lucius explained the sudden turn of events, begun by the discovery of the poison. The one-time heroes were shocked and grieved by the insinuation<sup>15</sup> of their guilt.

As the second quest was explained, Princess Swallowtail begged

the Queen to reconsider. Surely it was too dangerous—too difficult. Yet as Sir Lucius had conceived<sup>16</sup> and spoken it, the great quest remained as follows:

“Jacques, your mission is similar to the first, yet it must be accomplished alone. From the deep well in Nocturna Cave, you shall fetch a skinful of its most prized mineral water, known for its healing powers. Return here with it within a day as a soothing gift for your sick Queen. Only let me caution you of a host of bats that inhabit the darkness therein.

“Pierre, your mission is one of courage and stealth. You leave this place in search of a hair plucked from the beard of the terrible old woodsman. From that, a harp of great

<sup>14</sup>merits—value; worth

<sup>15</sup>insinuation—something that is implied

<sup>16</sup>conceived—originated or imagined an idea

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### Follow-up discussion: page 575

► [literal] Why does Sir Lucius want the three mosquiteers to complete three separate quests? (so “each one will stand or fall on his own merits”; students may suggest that he wants them to fail.)

[interpretive] Do you think that the three mosquiteers will still be able to fulfill each of their quests without the help of the other two? (Accept any answer.)

[appreciative] The three mosquiteers are shocked and grieved that they have been accused of trying to poison the Queen. Have you ever been wrongly accused of something? How did you feel about it? [BATs: 4a Sowing and reaping; 6e Forgiveness]

► [critical] Is a quest really a fair test of one’s loyalty? Why or why not? (Elicit that it may not be. If one fails a quest, he may still be innocent. If one refuses to accept a quest, it may be only that he was afraid of the danger, not that he was disloyal. On the other hand, one who is disloyal may still be skilled enough to succeed in a quest.)

## Follow-up discussion: page 576

► [interpretive] Why do you think Marcelle is given the most dangerous mission? (probably because he is the favorite of the Princess)

► [critical] What do you think about the attitudes of the three mosquiteers as they depart for their separate quests? (Elicit that they have a very good attitude, despite the dangerous circumstances. They are not easily discouraged, and they are brave and hopeful.)

[appreciative] How would you feel if you were being sent on a deadly mission knowing that, even if you are successful, you may still be considered disloyal?

Read aloud the conversation between Marcelle and Jacques as they discuss the possibility that they may successfully return from their quests and still be considered disloyal.

► [interpretive] Why doesn't Jacques fly into Nocturna Cave? (The hum of his wings might awaken the sleeping bats.)

[interpretive] What simile does the author use to describe the darkness of the cave? ("as dark as a bat's gullet")

worth may be formed to soothe the spirit of our Queen. In Starkwood Tower you shall find the woodsman. Only beware his wrath, for he treasures his beard most dearly.

"Marcelle, your mission is perhaps most dangerous, for yours is a battle to the death. As enemies of this kingdom, the twins of terror—the great Mantis Sisters of Deadfern Forest—are to be your victims. If not, you shall most certainly become theirs.

"You all shall return here successful in your quests within a day's time or be held traitorous to Queen Ladybug and the citizens of Towerwood. Is all understood?" The stinkbug raised his head and peered threateningly at the mosquiteers.

"Understood and accepted," they replied in unison. And so they left the throne room undaunted.<sup>17</sup> hoping against hope for their universal success.

Outside Towerwood, the three mosquiteers prepared to part their ways. It was not a cheerful scene. United, they had always enjoyed adventure. Divided and alone, it was a fearsome thing.

"I fear there is danger, even in success," said Marcelle. "Without some real proof of our innocence, we shall continue to be held in suspicion."

"'Tis only too true," Jacques said with a sigh.

"But what shall we do?" asked Pierre.

"I believe," responded Marcelle, "that we shall have an answer to that question before we return here again."



By early afternoon Jacques hovered, poised at the entrance to Nocturna Cave. No doubt the bats were sleeping now. Yet perchance the shrill hum of a mosquito's wings would awaken them. He would take no unnecessary chances—he had to enter on foot.

It was dark inside—as dark as a bat's gullet.<sup>18</sup> Jacques shivered. The way was hard and slippery, especially for a mosquito who was far more accustomed to flying. In fact, he was getting rather tempted to take to his wings—that is, until he entered a large cavern chamber. There, straining to see in the darkness, he looked to the ceiling. Bats! Hundreds, maybe thousands hung from nearly every wrinkle and ripple of rock. Their gigantic ears were tuned to any interruption in their silent tomb.

In the middle of the chamber floor there loomed a gaping dark hole, its walls nearly vertical. "The well!" Jacques whispered to himself. But the water lay deep down in the cover of pitch darkness. Undaunted, Jacques opened his wings and

<sup>17</sup>undaunted—not easily discouraged

<sup>18</sup>gullet—throat

shoved off over the abyss.<sup>19</sup> Quietly he glided in a slow spiral—down, down into the well. After some while, he reached the water, where he refreshed himself and filled his bag. But the walls were too slippery for climbing.

He would have to break the cave's sleeping silence. He would have to fly out.



Meanwhile, far from Nocturna Cave, Pierre had reached his destination in Starkwood. He found himself in the woodsman's empty bedroom. Pierre's first alarming observation was a large wooden birdcage on the far side of the room—empty.

Pierre watched and waited, listening to the sounds of Starkwood. Far away the blows of an ax against the hard wood of a great tree advertised the presence of the feared woodsman.

Finally the slow, heavy thud of footsteps pounded toward the cabin. Pierre continued his vigil<sup>20</sup> while the ragged man ate stew from the big pot at the back of the fireplace. Then he dropped himself onto the bed and almost immediately began snoring—as loud as an angry swarm of bees.

Pierre seized his opportunity. He dropped down close to the immense, ugly face just as the woodsman began a long snore. The heavy breath almost sucked Pierre into his mouth!

The mosquieer struggled against the downdraft until at last the woodsman exhaled, wafting Pierre up to the ceiling. He approached more carefully the second time and landed safely on the big chest.

Cautiously, Pierre used four legs to grasp one hair of the woodsman's red beard. He reared back and—YANK! But it didn't come out. A giant hand reached up and scratched the giant red chin. Pierre jumped clear just in time.

Suddenly there came a shrieking “caw” from the windowsill. A huge black crow had eyed the mosquito and was swooping down toward him! Instinctively,<sup>21</sup> Pierre quickly buried himself in the beard. The squawking crow awoke the woodsman.

“I'm trying to sleep!” he yelled, swinging his fist wildly. The crow quickly retreated to the safety of his open cage.

The woodsman gradually settled back to sleep, not knowing of the guest hiding in his beard. Pierre peeked out through the tangled mass of hair to see the crow's black eyes staring back into his.

The crow was waiting now. It seemed that Pierre had no way of escape.

<sup>19</sup>abyss—a very deep and large hole

<sup>20</sup>vigil—watchfulness

<sup>21</sup>instinctively—automatically; without thinking

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## WORKTEXT OBJECTIVES

### The student will

- Classify words.
  - Determine mood.
  - Sequence events.
  - Apply syllable division rules 1–4.
- • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

### Literature:

**Worktext page 227**



### Structural analysis:

**Worktext page 228**



 Syllable division rules were presented in Lessons 11, 32, and 91.

Use Teaching Visuals 4 and 6, *Syllables and Swords* and *More Syllables and Swords*, to review the syllable division rules before the students complete the worktext page.

## Follow-up discussion: page 577

► [interpretive] Why is Pierre alarmed to see that the wooden birdcage in the room is empty? (*He knows that the bird is flying freely and could harm him.*)

► [interpretive] What simile does the author use to describe the woodsman's snoring? (“as loud as an angry swarm of bees”)

► [interpretive] How difficult do you think it would be for a tiny mosquito to pull a hair out of a man's beard? (*Answers will vary.*)

Read aloud the paragraph that describes Pierre's trying to take a hair from the woodsman's beard.

► [interpretive] Sometimes an author presents a situation that is so suspenseful and dangerous that the reader feels he must keep on reading to find out what will happen. This type of situation is called a *cliffhanger*. The author of this story has used cliffhangers in this chapter. Identify where each cliffhanger occurs and explain why it is a cliffhanger. (p. 577: before the sword icon—the reader doesn't know whether Jacques will get out of the bat's cave with the mineral water; p. 577: at the end of the chapter—the reader doesn't know whether Pierre will escape the woodsman and the crow with one hair of the woodsman's beard.)

## Looking ahead

► Will the mosquiteers be able to fulfill their quests on time?

## COMPREHENSION

### VOCABULARY

The storeowner tried to **apprehend** the thief, but he got away. (p. 580)

The **irate** man was yelling and shaking his fists at the driver who had backed into his car. (p. 582)

The crowded building was in **bedlam** after the fire alarm went off. (p. 583)

### Before silent reading: pages 578–83

#### Motivation

- Read the chapter title. How can the mosquiteers stick to their motto now?

### After silent reading

#### Overview discussion: pages 578–83

► [interpretive] How do the three mosquiteers remain true to their motto “All for one and one for all” even though they are sent on separate quests? (Jacques and Pierre, after finishing their own quests, join Marcelle to help him finish his quest.)

► [interpretive] What does the author use again in this chapter to create suspense? (cliffhangers)

**NOTE** Cliffhanger was introduced in Lesson 136, page 793.

[appreciative] Identify where each cliffhanger occurs and explain why it is a cliffhanger. (p. 579: before the sword icon—the reader doesn’t know whether Marcelle will be able to kill the second Mantis Sister; p. 583: at the end of the chapter—the reader doesn’t know whether the three mosquiteers will get rid of the mantis and get out of the castle.)

► [interpretive] What do the three mosquiteers think of Sir Lucius now? How can you tell? (They do not think

#### Follow-up discussion: page 578

► [interpretive] Why do you think the Mantis Sisters are referred to as the “twins of terror”? (probably because they are known for the terror they bring upon any other insect who enters Deadfern Forest)

## All for One— One for All

Marcelle reached Deadfern Forest at last. It was full of shadows, junglelike, overgrown with briars and thorns. This was the hunting ground of the twins of terror, the Mantis Sisters.

The mosquiteer peered into each shadow, around every twig. He couldn’t afford to be surprised—not here. Sword drawn, he hunted his deadly prey.

A rustle sounded in the tall weeds behind him. Marcelle swung around—but then all was still again. Ever so cautiously, he crept onward.

Suddenly a spiked green arm knocked Marcelle’s feet out from under him. A mantis! She struck at him with her scissorlike jaws. Marcelle sprang into the underbrush, avoiding the attack. Regaining his breath, the mosquiteer flew quickly into a shady patch of briars. But soon the other terrible huntress would be on his trail as well. What weapon could prosper against even one of those vicious monsters? It seemed there was none. None . . . except, perhaps, each other.

Inching up a tall fern, Marcelle spied out the positions of the twins. They were separated from one another, scrutinizing every possible hiding place.

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A small, fallen tree lay nearly halfway between the mantises. Marcelle silently slipped and crawled to one end. He found a narrow twig and cracked it. The sound shot through the musty air. Peering around the tree trunk to his right, Marcelle saw one fast-approaching mantis. Peering around to the other side, he saw her sister coming just as quickly and quietly. Marcelle removed his cap, and, placing it on the twig, held it out in front of him. Marcelle pressed tightly against the tree, still holding the cap-covered twig ahead of him.

Sure enough, as one mantis approached from one side, and the other approached from the other side, neither sister saw the other, thanks to the fallen tree that acted as a barrier between them. Marcelle was taking a deadly chance, but maybe, just maybe, it would work.

Suddenly—SNAP! CRACK! And a terrible shriek! The twin mantises had attacked the hat just a split second apart. One snapped the twig, and the other, her sister’s neck! Marcelle flew away be-



[interpretive] How might getting rid of the Mantis Sisters be beneficial to the kingdom of Towerwood, in addition to proving Marcelle’s loyalty? (The kingdom will be safer.)

[interpretive] Why do you think no one has rid Deadfern Forest of the Mantis Sisters before? (Possible answers: Others have tried and failed; most are too afraid of the Mantis Sisters to even try.)

fore the furious survivor could figure out what had happened.

The mosquito had evened the odds. But now an enraged mantis hunted him, consumed not only with hunger but also with the desire for revenge.



Meanwhile, deep in the dark well of Nocturna Cave, Jacques prepared himself for a dramatic exit. Perhaps the bats were sound sleepers, but their large ears seemed to indicate otherwise.

Wings humming, Jacques flew up and out of the well, into the cavern



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**Follow-up discussion:  
page 579**

► [interpretive] Look at the picture and notice that Marcelle has four arms. How might having four arms come in handy? (Accept any answer.)

[literal] Where is Jacques while Marcelle is in battle with the Mantis Sisters? (deep in Nocturna Cave)

## Follow-up discussion: page 580

► [interpretive] How does Jacques use his enemy to help him? (He makes the bat think the cloth is an insect while he rides the bat out of the cave.)

Read aloud the paragraph that describes Jacques riding the bat out of the cave.

[literal] How does Jacques leave the bat without the bat sensing him and chasing him? (Jacques stuffs the blind bat's ears with bits of his cape so the bat can't sense him with his radar.)

**NOTE** In a well-crafted animal fantasy, the author will capitalize on the natural characteristics of the animal to advance the plot. Bats have a poor sense of vision and depend on hearing (radar) for navigation.

chamber. One look at the ceiling spelled trouble. One after another, the bats dropped into flight. Their high-pitched radar chirps honed in on the intruding mosquito. Jacques flew loops, zigzags, and swirls, avoiding a dozen bats or more, but scores more followed behind! He knew he would never make it out that way. Quickly he dove for a wall and found safety in a narrow crack.

The mosquiteer pressed against the cold rock wall. Several clawed wings scraped inside the crack in search of the tasty morsel. But in here their radar couldn't help them. All the same, this was no comfortable haven<sup>22</sup>—he had to get out! Jacques thought for a moment. Maybe he could hitch a ride.

He was glad that the cave was so utterly black. The darkness made the bats almost blind—they would have to rely on their radar to find such a tiny invader as he was.

Jacques tore a strip off his cloak and tied it to his sword. Then he wadded up another torn strip and threw it out of the crack. The bats dove after it. The brave mosquiteer then leapt onto one of the searching wings just as it was retreating from the crack. He was on board—and hanging on for all he was worth! Gradually he inched his way onto the bat's neck. Then he reached his sword out in front of the bat's mouth

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and fluttered the cloth tied to the blade's tip.

The bat perceived the cloth as an insect flying just out of reach, and so it flew furiously to apprehend<sup>23</sup> the morsel. Jacques flicked the cloth back and forth—the bat darted right and left after it. “Hi, ho, Nellie! Let's get out of here!” cried the mosquiteer, and he steered the bat right out of the cave. So fast did the bat fly after the elusive<sup>24</sup> cloth that his comrades were left far behind him.

Once out of the cave and in the dazzling glare of the late afternoon sun, Jacques stuffed first one of the blinded bat's ears and then the other with remaining bits of his cape. “Don't want you following me that hard, now do I,” he said, hopping off the confused creature's back and leaving the radarless bat to bump and bounce its way back home.



While Jacques was completing his quest, Pierre remained in a rather tight spot, held captive in a woodsman's beard by a crow's unresting eye. When the woodsman's snores stopped, Pierre didn't want to still be in that beard. But neither did he want to be in the stomach of a certain crow.

<sup>22</sup>haven—place of safety and rest

<sup>23</sup>apprehend—catch

<sup>24</sup>elusive—difficult to catch

Suddenly an idea struck the mosquitoer. He tied a loop in one strand of the woodsman's long beard. Grasping it, he flew up in full view of the crow. When the bird swooped in for attack, Pierre flipped the looped hair around its beak and hung on tight. When the bird jerked, the hair came loose. Pierre slipped the hair free from the crow's beak and flew upward with it in hand. The confused crow looked around for its prey.

The bleary-eyed woodsman sprang up from his nap and gave the crow a clout with his knobby hand. Pierre darted toward the window, hair in hand. "What's this?" the angry man bellowed when he saw his precious hair floating away. The woodsman scrambled to the window and lunged after the mosquitoer and his prize. "Come back with that hair! Crow, after him!" But the crow had awkwardly landed on the hearth, its head still ringing.

Pierre fled from Starkwood speedily. The last thing he heard was the heavy footsteps of the woodsman in clumsy pursuit.



Back in Deadfern Forest, Marcelle took to the air. The mantis unfolded her wings and leapt up to follow, chasing him relentlessly. But

Marcelle's constant dodging and weaving through the junglelike undergrowth kept her back. Her wings were too long for many nooks and crannies that Marcelle squeezed through.

But no matter how strong and quick he was, Marcelle couldn't keep up the chase forever. Apparently the furious mantis could.

Temporarily losing his beastly pursuer in a patch of briars, Marcelle dove into some tall grass to rest. He had scarcely caught his breath when he heard a rustle behind him. An insect sprang from the grass toward Marcelle. It was Jacques!

"My dear Marcelle, that's a mighty mean mantis up there." Jacques laughed and brushed off his cloak. "Took after me with a vengeance."<sup>25</sup>

"Jacques! I'm thankful you've come! You've completed your quest?"

"Yes. It nearly drove me batty, though. Can I help you out here?"

"Most assuredly, good fellow. By myself I'd have been completely worn out before long. But together perhaps we can turn the tables on her. Especially if she thinks there's only *one* mosquito out here."

"Ah, yes. Sounds good. One of us can turn her in circles up there, while the other meanders peacefully

<sup>25</sup>vengeance—viciousness; violence

### Follow-up discussion: page 581

► [interpretive] How does Pierre use his enemy to help him? (He loops a hair around the crow's beak, and the crow jerks it out of the woodsman's chin—something Pierre isn't strong enough to do.)

Read aloud the paragraph that describes how Pierre uses his enemy to help him.

► [interpretive] What pun does Jacques use when he describes his quest to Marcelle? ("It nearly drove me batty.")

► [literal] How do Marcelle and Jacques plan to outwit the mantis? (They are going to make her think she is chasing only one mosquito.)

## Follow-up discussion: page 582

► [literal] Where are the mosquitoers leading the mantis? ([to Mortazylum, the castle of the wicked termite queen](#))

[interpretive] What does Marcelle mean when he says they should put the mantis's wrath "to some good purpose"? ([They should trick the mantis into fighting Towerwood's worst enemies, the termites.](#))

► [interpretive] What simile does Jacques use to describe the strength of the mantis? ("[as strong as a yoke of oxen](#)")

Read aloud the paragraph that describes how all three mosquitoers lead the mantis to Mortazylum.

through the underbrush. But how can we *rid* ourselves of this nasty wench?"<sup>26</sup>

Marcelle looked thoughtful. "Perhaps we can put her wrath to some good purpose before we get to that. Let's lead her toward Mortazylum."

Jacques responded with a smile. "A stroke of genius, my brother. Here, you take it easy. I'll tend to sister mantis for a while." And with that, Jacques shot up into the air. Soon the irate<sup>27</sup> mantis was tailing him tirelessly. The mosquitoer dodged and looped through a host of aerial maneuvers. Briars and sticks clipped the larger winged mantis in her attempt to follow. Jacques kept up his furious pace until his wings ached; then he dove for the underbrush. After a moment, Marcelle emerged, and the chase was on again. Thus, gradually, they worked their way toward the termites' domain.

At the edge of Deadfern Forest, Pierre joined them. The third mosquitoer was glad to take his turn as acrobatic bait, luring the angry mantis onward. Marcelle and Jacques buzzed along slowly together.

"How glad I am that Pierre showed up," sighed Jacques. "It seems that mantis is as strong as a yoke<sup>28</sup> of oxen. She nearly caught me my last turn at it."

"I only hope she still has something left for the termites," responded Marcelle with a weary smile as he took his turn at the mantis relay flight.

"Hope *she* has something left? What about us? I feel as if my wing sockets are out of joint!" Pierre was rubbing his sore shoulders.

As the last bit of sunlight hovered on the horizon, the mosquitoers (with their angry traveling companion) arrived at Mortazylum. Its craggy towers loomed black against the darkening sky.

Without a moment's delay, the three mosquitoers enacted their plan of attack. All three joined together in flight, mocking the mantis. As they expected, she was even more enraged by the trickery that now unfolded before her. Straight toward the castle wall they flew, the mantis's hot breath on their backs. At the last moment, they split apart, Marcelle left, Pierre right, and Jacques straight up. Sudden confusion overtook the mantis. Her wings twisted and she made an awkward landing on the wall—THUD!

Immediately a termite guard below signaled the alarm—mantis

<sup>26</sup>wench—a cruel and malicious woman

<sup>27</sup>irate—furious

<sup>28</sup>yoke—a pair of animals joined by a crossbar on a harness and working together



attack! Every weapon in the termites' mighty arsenal was directed against the crazed predator.<sup>29</sup> The mosquitoes now forgotten, the terrible mantis turned her wrath against her new tormentors. It was instant bedlam!<sup>30</sup>

"I say, she'll give them a good fight," said Jacques.

"I hope she takes a good many of those assassins down with her," panted Pierre.

"We must leave them to themselves, good fellows," Marcelle said. "For if ever we're to find the evidence to clear our name before the Queen—"

"And Sir Lucius," sneered Jacques.

"Yes, the 'noble' stinkbug—the time and place is here and now!"

Into an open portal crept the three mosquitoers. Mortazylum, the very domain of Alexis and her murderous band of termites, seemed to hold the only hope for proof of their innocence. This dark castle could turn a key to their success, if it did not become instead a doorway to their doom.

<sup>29</sup>predator—an animal that lives by catching and eating other animals

<sup>30</sup>bedlam—chaos; noisy uproar

*The Three Mosquiteers* 583

### Follow-up discussion: page 583

► [interpretive] How do the mosquitoers use the last remaining mantis to defeat their worst enemies? (They lead the mantis to Mortazylum, where the mantis, in rage, attacks the termites. Point out that in five different cases, the mosquitoers used what seemed like a terrible disadvantage as an asset because they thought creatively.)

► [interpretive] What do you think the three mosquitoers will find inside Mortazylum? (Accept any answer.)

[interpretive] What metaphors does the author use to describe the uncertainty about what the mosquitoers will find inside the castle? (The castle is described as a key and a doorway.) Read aloud the sentence that includes the metaphors. ("This dark castle could turn a key to their success, if it did not become instead a doorway to their doom.")

### Looking ahead

► What will the three mosquitoers find in the termite castle?

### WORKTEXT OBJECTIVES

#### The student will

- Use the main topics and subtopics of an encyclopedia article.
  - Recall facts and details.
  - Match characters and dialogue.
- • • • • • • • • • •



**Study skills:**  
**Worktext page 229**



**Comprehension:**  
**Worktext page 230**

### COMPREHENSION

#### VOCABULARY

Mom made a cake to be served at the **reception** after my brother's high school graduation. (p. 584)

Since the church service had already begun, our family **discreetly** entered and sat in the last row. (p. 585)

#### Before silent reading: pages 584–86

##### Motivation

- How do the three mosquiteers finally prove their loyalty to the kingdom of Towerwood?

#### After silent reading

##### Overview discussion: pages 584–86

- [interpretive] Why do you think Pierre and Jacques don't tell the Queen how they had used the hair from the woodsman's beard and the water from Nocturna's well? (Answers will vary, but elicit that they are building suspense for presenting the King, who explains how all those things were used for him.)

[critical] Do you think the three mosquiteers used the hair from the woodsman's beard and the water from Nocturna's well wisely? Why or why not? (Elicit that they used it wisely because they rescued the King and proved their loyalty to Towerwood. They no longer needed to take those things back to the Queen to prove their loyalty.)

- [interpretive] What is the truth about Sir Lucius? (He was really working for the termites; he is the traitor.) Had you suspected that earlier? (Answers will vary. Most students would have suspected him from very early in the story.)

- [interpretive] Is the denouement of the story open-ended or closed-ended? (closed-ended) Explain your answer. (The conflict is resolved, and the

## Hearts Great and Bold

The hours passed. After a long, restless night, the hopeful Princess Swallowtail gazed anxiously out her window into the misty early-morning dawn. Just after sunrise, she observed two silhouettes gliding through the morning mist.

"It must be they," the Princess breathed. She ran for her mother's room. "Mother, they're returning! I'm nearly sure I saw them coming! There were only two of them, but the appointed hour has not yet arrived. I'm sure all will return by then."

A great reception<sup>31</sup> was quickly prepared. As the members of the court gathered in the throne room, two mosquiteers, Jacques and Pierre, appeared before them. The heroes looked weary and worn. Silently they bowed to the Queen.

"Gracious Queen," began Pierre, "though a strand from the woodsman's beard was plucked and your servant carried it away in safety, I now return without it, having had great need to use it along the way."

Sir Lucius Stinkbug stepped forward and declared, scoffing, "You carried it away in safety, did you? You could have rested in a swamp and come back with nothing but words! Besides, even if you did have it, only traitorous thought could have convinced you of a greater need than

584

presenting the woodsman's hair for a harp to quicken the spirits of your Queen. You have returned a failure at your given quest!" And he stepped back in triumph.

The Queen bowed her head. In a broken voice she asked, "And you, Jacques?"

"Gracious Queen, I fear that I have fared no better than my brother. For I escaped Nocturna, my bag filled with the water from the well. And yet I had need to give it away."

"What!" shouted Lucius. "Give away a gift intended for the Queen? You are indeed no better than your brother!" Sir Lucius then turned to the Queen. "Most gracious Highness, these mosquiteers have proven themselves disloyal. Not only by action but also by the very words of their mouths they are condemned. The darkest dungeon would be a merciful sentence."

"No!" shouted the Princess. "There is still time before the appointed hour. And Marcelle has not yet returned." The butterfly pleaded with Queen Ladybug. "Surely, Mother, you can wait just that much longer before passing sentence."

The Queen covered her face in a tear-stained handkerchief. Sir Lucius slid to her side. "Milady, Marcelle

<sup>31</sup>reception—a social gathering in honor of someone

reader isn't left with any unanswered questions. The King returns to his kingdom, and Sir Lucius is found to be the traitor.)



Denouement was introduced in Lesson 118.

Locate and read aloud the minstrel's song that sums up the happy ending of this story (page 586).

#### Follow-up discussion: page 584

- [interpretive] Why is the Princess so excited to see the mosquiteers returning? (They were on dangerous missions and could have lost their lives, and she is assuming that they are returning successfully.)

- [literal] How does Sir Lucius respond to Pierre and Jacques upon finding out that they have returned without fulfilling their quests? (He concludes that they should be imprisoned for disloyalty and as he "stepped back in triumph" seems to enjoy condemning them.)

Read aloud Sir Lucius's words with a resolute voice as he tells the Queen that the mosquiteers should be put in the darkest dungeon.

- [interpretive] What does the Queen's response show about her attitude toward the mosquiteers? (She bows her head, speaks in a broken voice, and covers her face with her handkerchief, showing that she feels affection toward the mosquiteers and remorse that they appear to be disloyal.)

has without doubt fled, a traitor as the rest.” The stinkbug narrowed his eyes and sneered at Princess Swallowtail’s devotion.

Just then there was a great commotion by the gate of Towerwood. The noise of it sounded even in the throne room.

“What’s that?” Antennae lifted in anticipation all around the room.

“Marcelle!” cried the Princess. “It’s got to be Marcelle!” Princess Swallowtail rushed to the window and strained to see through the still-shrouding mist. There was a great crowd of insects bustling about and cheering.

The expectant throne room buzzed with speculation—until with the blast of a trumpet the doors opened wide.

Triumphantly, the herald<sup>32</sup> announced the arrival. “HIS MOST ROYAL MAJESTY, THE KING!”

Indeed it was the noble King of Towerwood, Queen Ladybug’s long-lost husband. He was followed by none other than Marcelle, the mosquitoer.

The whole room stood speechless, wide-eyed, and open-mouthed. The Queen looked as if she were about to faint as the King stepped up beside her. Then he spoke with a deep, clear voice. “Only one need fear my return. Rejoice with me, loyal subjects, for I am no ghostly apparition,<sup>33</sup> but your true King, es-

caped from the dark dungeon of Mortazylum, sole prisoner of the evil Alexis. I escaped with the help of these three brave mosquitoers here before you.

“Last night, Mortazylum was attacked by a dying mantis, led to the place by my rescuers. Entering discreetly<sup>34</sup> in the midst of the turmoil, they happened upon my dark prison within. They bound my guards with a cord so strong, methought it must be a strand of the mighty old woodsman’s beard. Then they gave me refreshing drink, so clear I took it to be from deep Nocturna’s well. With stealth we all escaped to stand before you now.”

“Then ‘tis true,” sighed Queen Ladybug as she stood to embrace her beloved husband, and her spirits revived within her. And the hall was suddenly filled with shouts of joy and “Long live the King!”

Then the King held up his arms. The room quieted. He spoke again. “I mentioned that *one* need fear my return.” The King suddenly pointed toward the back wall. “That one now creeps toward yonder door. Guards! Apprehend him!”

Immediately Sir Lucius Stinkbug was shackled and bound in chains by four palace guards.

“Tomorrow,” continued the King, “you, Sir Lucius, shall be released—

<sup>32</sup>herald—a person who proclaims important news

<sup>33</sup>apparition—a haunting or disturbing image

<sup>34</sup>discreetly—secretly; quietly

### Follow-up discussion: page 585

► [literal] How did the three mosquitoers rescue the King from Mortazylum? (They entered the castle while the termites were battling the mantis. Then they bound the guards with the hair from the woodsman’s beard, gave the King the water from Nocturna’s well, and escaped with the King.)

► [literal] Who is the one person who needs to be afraid of the King’s return? (Sir Lucius Stinkbug)

Read aloud sternly the King’s words as he reveals Sir Lucius as the traitor.

## Follow-up discussion: page 586

► [interpretive] What is ironic about the story ending with Sir Lucius as the traitor? (He had appeared to be the one who was trying to discern whether or not the mosquiteers were traitors throughout the story when, in fact, he was the traitor.)

[interpretive] Turn back to pages 567 and 568. Can you find any foreshadowing near the beginning of the story that Sir Lucius was not loyal to the kingdom? ("At that she stood, leaning on Sir Lucius's arm, and clapped, creating an eruption of enthusiastic applause from all. Except for Sir Lucius. But then, of course, he was helping his Queen.") Did you catch this foreshadowing when you read it earlier?

► [critical] Do you think sending Sir Lucius back to Queen Alexis is an appropriate punishment for his crimes? (Accept any answer.)

released to your beloved termite queen, Alexis! We shall see how *she* deals with your failures."

As guards escorted the white-faced stinkbug to prison, the celebration was rekindled.

"Long live the King!"

The crowd honored their brave heroes. "Three cheers for three brave mosquiteers!" they shouted.

"All for one and one for all!" came from the three triumphant brothers.

All day long and on into the night, the castle Towerwood rejoiced in its wonderful turn of events. There were feasts and music, singing and laughing such as hadn't been heard in years.

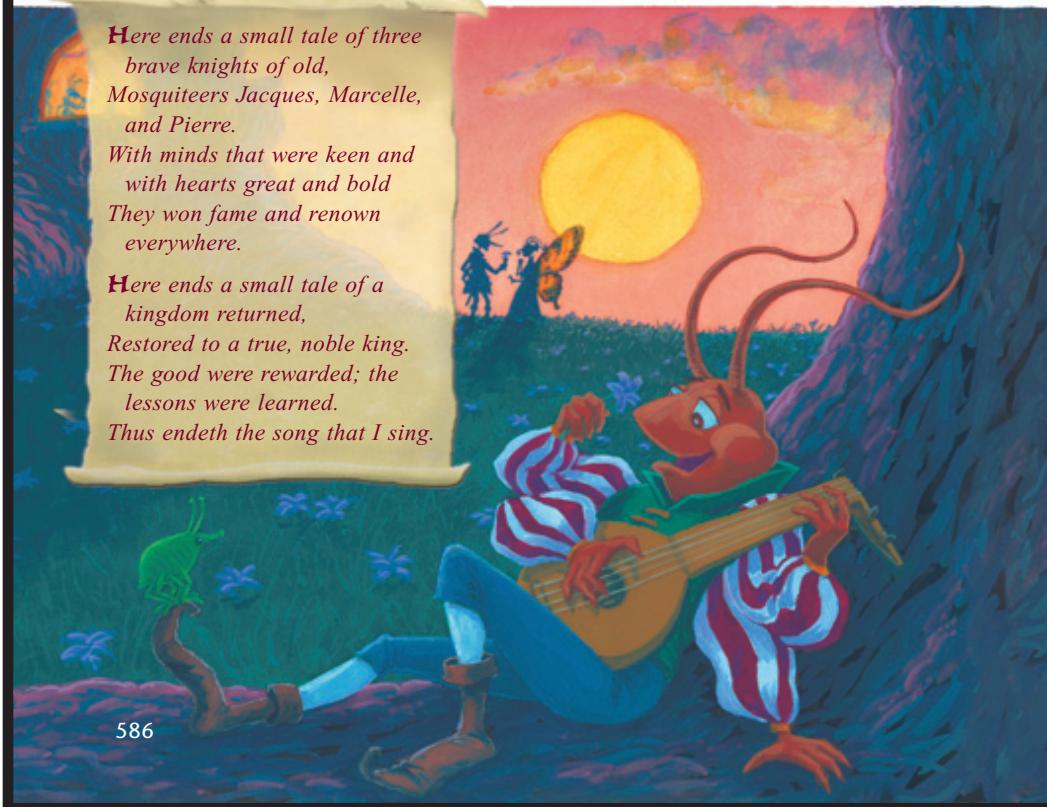
Even today you might hear some minstrel singing of that happy time, the beginning of Towerwood's great kingdom.



*Here ends a small tale of three  
brave knights of old,  
Mosquiteers Jacques, Marcelle,  
and Pierre.  
With minds that were keen and  
with hearts great and bold  
They won fame and renown  
everywhere.*

*Here ends a small tale of a  
kingdom returned,  
Restored to a true, noble king.  
The good were rewarded; the  
lessons were learned.  
Thus endeth the song that I sing.*

586



## WORKTEXT OBJECTIVE

### The student will

- Determine word usage from context sentences.

**Vocabulary:**  
**Worktext page 231**



# LITERATURE

## Suspense

- Authors use suspense to keep the reader's interest. What is suspense? (Elicit that it is an uneasiness or anxiousness about the outcome of a situation.)

In suspense, the author doesn't let the reader know something that the characters may or may not know. The reader can only guess what will happen.

- As I read this excerpt, listen to find out how the author builds suspense.

Mother sighed. "We have been over all this before, Joachim. They all believe we are guilty. There is nothing we can do now but wait for what is to come."

I knew she didn't like waiting for trouble any more than I did, but this was one situation where I thought I could wait an eternity if I could keep this from happening.

The rickety narrow step that led down to the hold creaked as someone descended.

"It must be Johannes," I thought. "He is the heaviest man onboard, and the stairs always groan for mercy under his weight." This thought almost made me laugh, but instead I frowned when I realized the probable purpose for this visit. I prayed that Mother would have strength to bear what was about to happen.

A key turned in the lock, and the door slowly opened into the room.

"So the time has come," whispered Mother.

- What do you think is happening in the story? (Answers may vary, but elicit that Joachim and his mother are being held captive on a ship for something others think they did wrong.)

How does the author build suspense? (possible answers: starts in the middle of a situation; doesn't let the reader know what the problem is even though the characters know; doesn't let the reader know what the crime is or what exactly Joachim and his mother are waiting for)

- Sometimes the author leaves the main character in the middle of a dangerous situation, perhaps at the end of a chapter. Why do you think an author does this? (Elicit that he wants the reader to keep on reading the next chapter.)

What is this technique called? (cliffhanger)

A situation in which a character is left "hanging" in a dangerous situation is called a *cliffhanger*. Why is this a good name? (Answers may vary.)

**NOTE** Cliffhanger was presented in Lessons 136 and 137.



## Literature: Worktext page 232

# SOMETHING EXTRA

## Write It: Insect rhymes

Direct the student to choose a nursery rhyme (one that does not already feature insects) and rewrite it substituting insects for the characters in the rhyme instead of people. He should change the details of the rhyme to fit the behaviors and characteristics of the insects. Encourage him to illustrate his rhyme.

## SKILL OBJECTIVES

### The student will

- Recognize suspense as an element of plot.
  - Recognize cliffhanger as a type of suspense.
- • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

## WORKTEXT OBJECTIVE

### The student will

- Identify cliffhangers.
- • • • • • • • • • •

### Example:

Free Freddie Firefly flies like a sail  
Outside and inside with his lighted tail  
Tapping at the windows, shining through the lock  
Are all the humans in their beds?  
Now it's ten o'clock.

# IT MUST NOT FAIL!

Lesson	Reader pages	Worktext pages
139	587–89	233–34

"I can depend on you, Abbie," were Father's last words to her as he left in their small boat for the mainland and the much-needed supplies. Abbie Burgess kept the lights burning in the twin lighthouses—through that storm and many others in the following thirty-five years.

## OBJECTIVES

### LESSON 139

#### The student will

- Identify the genre *nonfiction (biography)*.
- Identify personification.
- Develop a sense of history.
- Recognize character traits of hard work and responsibility.

#### Materials

- Oil lamp and matches
- Vocabulary sentences for display. Use the prepared sentences from page 805 to introduce vocabulary words in context at the beginning of the lesson.

#### Background information

**Lighthouses**—READING 5 for Christian Schools: *Pages in My Head* includes an article, “Beacons and Bells,” about lighthouses. It is followed by “The Gospel Light,” which tells the story of the famous hymn “Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.”

## INTRODUCTION

#### Feeble light

Light the oil lamp and turn off the lights briefly.

- Would it be difficult for you to get your work done if this lamp provided the only light in the room?
- Does this lamp give enough light for you to read by?
- Do you think it gives enough light to keep you from bumping into things in the room?
- What if the lamp were larger and there were several larger lamps placed around the room?
- You will find out about the importance of a special light in the story you will read today.



Since this activity will not be as effective if repeated with each reading group, it would be best to do the activity with the whole class. After introducing the story, the groups could then be split up to do their normal activities.

#### Correlated Activities

- Vocabulary Notebook, Activity 2: Swap 'n' Study
- Connections, Activity 4: Food Frenzy

See “Classroom Management for Grouping” in the Appendix.

# IT MUST NOT FAIL!

Gloria Repp

illustrated by Chris Koelle

Abbie Burgess stood on tiptoe, high up on the balcony of the lighthouse at Matinicus Rock, and strained her eyes to watch the glinting speck that was her father's sail. As it disappeared into the endless ocean blue, she sighed and turned to leave. It must be time for Mother's medicine. Suddenly she felt the cold fingers of a freshening breeze against her face. She studied the gulls soaring high overhead into scudding<sup>1</sup> gray clouds, and she frowned. A storm was coming.

Before Father had set sail today, he had talked to her very seriously. Mother was too sick to be told how low they were on supplies—dangerously low—with the long winter still ahead. Father knew Abbie could tend the lighthouse for the few days it would take him to sail twenty-five miles to the mainland for food, oil,

and chicken feed. She'd never forget his quiet words: "I can depend on you, Abbie."

She glanced at the gleaming light beside her, at the sturdy home below that housed her invalid<sup>2</sup> mother and three little sisters, and at the other lighthouse, built into the far end of their house. "It's a good thing Father taught me to take care of the lights while he was away on lobstering trips," Abbie thought. "I can do it. I'll keep the lights burning until he comes back."

That stormy January of 1856, Abbie Burgess was only seventeen years old.

She hurried down the steeply curving steps of the lighthouse to fix supper and prepare for the coming storm. After supper, she took a few handfuls of chicken feed out to the

<sup>1</sup>scudding—moving quickly

<sup>2</sup>invalid—sick, weak, or disabled

*It Must Not Fail! 587*

### Follow-up discussion: page 587

- [interpretive] How does the author personify the freshening breeze against Abbie's face? (as "cold fingers")

Read aloud the paragraph which describes the setting as Abbie watches her father's boat disappear into the distance.

- [interpretive] Why doesn't Abbie's father tell her mother how low on supplies they are? (She is very sick, and he doesn't want to worry her.)

[interpretive] How do you think Abbie felt when her father said, "I can depend on you, Abbie"? (Accept any answer.)

*(Overview discussion continued)*

[critical] What can you tell about Abbie's character based on the amount of responsibility she carries? (possible answers: responsible; hard working; dependable; courageous) [BAT: 2c Responsibility]

Locate and read aloud the paragraph that describes Abbie's hard work as the days turn into weeks and her father is still gone (p. 589).

- [interpretive] What genre of literature is this story? (nonfiction—biography)



Genres were presented in Lesson 72.

## COMPREHENSION

### VOCABULARY

Jared ran **doggedly** to the finish line, even though he felt as though he couldn't run another step. (p. 589)

The pouring rain and dark clouds caused the day to be very **dismal**. (p. 589)

Mom **rationed** the dessert carefully since unexpected company had come for dinner. (p. 589)

### Before silent reading: pages 587–89

#### Motivation

- What important responsibility does Abbie have?

#### After silent reading

#### Overview discussion: pages 587–89

► [interpretive] Why does Father have to leave his family in order to get supplies? (Answers will vary, but elicit that the family lives at a lighthouse on an island and the only way to get to a store is by boat.)

► [interpretive] Why is it important for the lights to continue burning? (The lighthouse warns boats of the dangerous reefs near the rock.)

[interpretive] What responsibilities does Abbie have that are uncommon for a teenager? (She takes care of her mother and sisters and of the lighthouse while her father is away.)

[literal] Why does Abbie know how to care for the lights? (Her father had taught her how to care for the lights while he was away on lobstering trips.) [BAT: 2e Work]

## Follow-up discussion: page 588

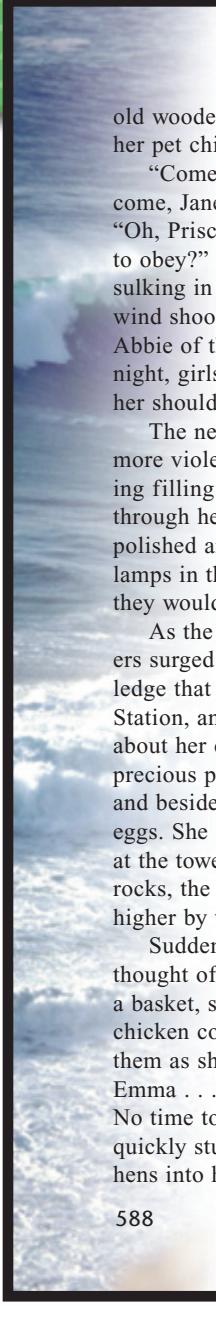
► [literal] In what ways are the hens important to Abbie's family? (They give companionship as pets, and they provide needed eggs.)

Read aloud Abbie's words with a scolding tone of voice as she talks to the hens.

► [interpretive] What do you think would happen if the lights weren't polished? (Answers may vary, but elicit that the glass would be dimmed by smoke and dust, making the light dimmer. Without sufficient light to warn them that they are close to shore, ships could wreck on the dangerous reefs.)

[interpretive] How does Abbie challenge herself to stay awake? (She reminds herself, "Remember the light. It must not fail.") [BATs: 2d Goal setting; 2e Diligence]

[interpretive] How might tending a lighthouse be different today than it was in the 1800s? (Answers may vary, but elicit that because of modern technology and electricity, most lighthouses are no longer manned by families living in them.)



old wooden building that sheltered her pet chickens.

"Come, Anna, Emma, Martha; come, Jane and Priscilla," she called. "Oh, Priscilla, when will you learn to obey?" she scolded the old hen sulking in the corner. A blast of icy wind shook the coop, reminding Abbie of the rising storm. "Good night, girls," she called hastily over her shoulder.

The next day the storm grew more violent, the sound of its roaring filling the house. Abbie hurried through her housework; then she polished and filled the twenty-eight lamps in the twin lighthouses so that they would shine brightly that night.

As the tide came in, great breakers surged wildly around the rocky ledge that was Matinicus Rock Station, and Abbie began to worry about her chickens. They were such precious pets in this lonely place; and besides, the family needed their eggs. She looked out of the window at the towering waves pounding the rocks, the waters driven higher and higher by the howling wind.

Suddenly she couldn't bear the thought of losing them. Snatching up a basket, she splashed her way to the chicken coop. Anxiously she called them as she always did, "Anna, Emma . . ." But where was Priscilla? No time to hunt for her now. Abbie quickly stuffed the four squawking hens into her basket and struggled

back to the house through knee-deep water. Just as she burst through the door, her sister cried, "Abbie, look!" A great wave had crashed against the chicken house, shattering it. Thankfully, Abbie hugged the bedraggled hens to her. At least she had saved these four.

That night, after tucking her younger sisters into bed, Abbie wearily climbed the tower stairs to check on the light. "Stay awake," she commanded herself. "Remember the light. It must not fail." Carefully, she refilled the lamps with oil and trimmed their wicks. Then, through the long, icy hours of darkness, her only company the thundering waves, Abbie watched over the light—her light now.

It guarded the entrance to Penobscot Bay and beamed a warning to all the ships sailing up and down the Maine coast. She thought of the graceful clipper ships she had seen skimming the waves on their way to China, and the sturdy schooners, busily carrying people and cargo to Boston and New York, or even Europe. All these depended on her light to warn them of the dangerous reefs<sup>3</sup> near the rock. If the light should fail . . . Abbie shuddered as she remembered the tales she had heard of mighty ships that

<sup>3</sup>reefs—strips or ridges of rock, sand, or coral at or near the surface of a body of water

had been smashed against rocks just like these.

On the fourth morning at dawn, as Abbie stumbled sleepily down the lighthouse stairs, she discovered that the sea had swept completely over her rocky island. To her dismay, not a stick was left of the old wooden house or the chicken coop. And her own house was flooded with water. Swiftly she moved her small family into one of the stone lighthouse towers, hoping that it could withstand the battering of the sea that swirled around its base.

And then the weary days and nights dragged into a week of exhausting work. Still the storm raged. She knew her father was desperately trying to get back to them, and proudly, doggedly,<sup>4</sup> she tended the lights. That week became two, three, then four weeks; not once did the light fail. At last the sea calmed down enough for Captain Burgess to land his little dory on the slippery rocks below the lighthouse. How proud he was of his daughter's bravery during that terrible storm.

Only a year later, Abbie was stranded by another storm and again was responsible for keeping the light. For twenty-one dismal<sup>5</sup> days, Abbie stayed at her post while caring for her mother and sisters, hoping her father hadn't drowned on his trip for supplies. As their small supply of food dwindled,<sup>6</sup> she rationed<sup>7</sup> the

family to one cup of cornmeal and one egg each day, so they managed to stay alive until her father returned.

By 1861, when Captain Burgess resigned his post as keeper of Matinicus Rock Light, Abbie was twenty-two and had come to love her barren little island, inhabited only by gulls and strutting puffins. So when the new lightkeepers, the Grants, moved in, she was happy to stay and help them get used to the twin lights. A year later she married their son, Isaac. Soon she was officially appointed Assistant Keeper to the light and was rearing her four children while performing her duties.

For more than thirty-five years Abbie tended the lights, at Matinicus Rock and later at White Head Light. She died in 1892 at the age of fifty-three, after spending all her life as a lighthouse keeper. A miniature lighthouse marks her grave in Spruce Head Cemetery, not far from the lights she loved so well.

Today, Abbie Burgess Grant is remembered as the youngest heroine of the U.S. Light Service, and we honor her for her courage and her faithfulness in serving those who depended on her for their very lives.

<sup>4</sup>doggedly—not giving up; persistently  
<sup>5</sup>dismal—showing or causing gloom or depression; dreary  
<sup>6</sup>dwindled—grew less; became smaller  
<sup>7</sup>rationed—limited the amount of something each person could use or have

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## Follow-up discussion: page 589

► [interpretive] How do you think Abbie feels when her father hasn't returned for several weeks? (possible answers: concerned about his safety; concerned about feeding her family; concerned about caring for the lights alone; tired)

► [literal] When must Abbie be responsible for keeping the lights again? (A year later she keeps the lights going for twenty-one days and wisely rations the food supply to keep her family alive.)

[interpretive] How do you know that tending the lighthouses is more than just a job to Abbie? (When she has a chance to leave, she chooses to stay because she loves the island.)

[appreciative] Would you have liked a job as a lighthouse keeper? Why or why not?

## WORKTEXT OBJECTIVES

### The student will

- Identify problems and solutions.
  - Match words and definitions.
  - Outline information.
- • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •



### Comprehension: Worktext page 233



### Study skills: Worktext page 234

## SOMETHING EXTRA

### **Research It: Lighthouses**

Encourage the student to find out more about Martinicus Rock Light or another lighthouse. Direct him to use encyclopedias, books, periodicals, and the Internet to research and write a report about the lighthouse he has chosen to study. He should include in his report a map showing where the lighthouse is located and an illustration of the lighthouse.

# SONS OF A MIGHTY FATHER

Their belief in Christ has separated them from Vincens and Father and has driven them to the catacombs for hiding. But Peter and Barnabas will meet their brother again tonight as the three attempt to save their sister from Roman execution. Can Vincens be trusted? Or is the label *Roman* stronger than that of *brother*?

Lesson	Reader pages	Worktext pages
140	590–98	235–36
141	599–608	237–38

## Materials

- A copy of a maze for each student
- Vocabulary sentences for display. Use the prepared sentences from pages 810 and 819 to introduce vocabulary words in context at the beginning of each lesson.

## Background information

**The Catacombs**—The early Christians buried their dead rather than cremating them as the pagans did. Because they believed in the resurrection of the body, Christians thought it was wrong to destroy the body deliberately by burning it. They established their own burial grounds, which they called *koimeteria*—a Greek term meaning “place of rest, or sleeping place.” From this word we get our modern English word *cemetery*. We call the cemeteries that these early Christians established “catacombs.”

The catacombs are underground passageways about one yard wide and six to eight feet tall. In the walls of these passageways the Christians carved openings in which they placed the bodies of their dead friends and relatives. As more burial space was needed, more of these corridors were dug. Eventually there were many miles of walking space underground. Between the years 150 and 400 over half a million Christians were buried in the catacombs. (taken from *WORLD HISTORY for Christian Schools*, 1<sup>st</sup> ed., p. 113)

There is no evidence that people ever lived in the catacombs. Most scholars agree that there may have been some hidden activities, such as the Lord’s Supper, which the Romans rumored to be infanticide, taking place in the catacombs. Some Christians may have fled to the catacombs for a temporary hiding place, but there were probably never communities of people living there for any length of time.

*Martyrs of the Catacombs*, a book written by an unknown author, popularized and romanticized the idea of Christians in hiding during the time of the Roman persecution. Although the persecution of Christians is an indisputable fact of history, “Sons of a Mighty Father” should be treated as fiction. For almost three hundred years, Christians endured sporadic periods of intense persecution until the emperor Constantine declared Christianity legal and publicly embraced the religion himself in A.D. 313.

**The Circus**—The Circus Maximus and the Colosseum are famous structures in Rome. The public enjoyed many forms of entertainment there in ancient Rome. Activities included chariot races, gladiator fights, and men and women, including Christians, being thrown to wild beasts for their punishment and for the entertainment of others.

## INTRODUCTION

### An amazing place

Distribute a copy of a maze to each student.

- ▶ See how quickly you can find your way through this maze.
- ▶ Do you enjoy doing mazes?

Have you ever been lost at the mall? at a hospital? on a trip? Have you ever been lost in a real maze?

- ▶ The story you will begin reading today is about two brothers who live in an unusual place designed like a maze.

## OBJECTIVES

### LESSON 140

#### The student will

- Relate story content to biblical truth: We can trust God in times of trial.
- Identify how setting affects mood.
- Demonstrate an understanding of historical events concerning the persecution of the early Church in Rome.

### LESSON 141

#### The student will

- Relate story content to biblical truths: God gives strength when we are weak; our thoughts affect our attitudes; we forgive others because Christ forgave us.
- Describe the denouement.
- Evaluate characters’ attitudes.
- Discern change in characters.
- Interpret the story title.

### Correlated Activities

- Word Work, Activity 5: Watch What You Say
- Spelling Practice, Activity 6: Spellorama

See “Classroom Management for Grouping” in the Appendix.

## COMPREHENSION

### VOCABULARY

Coach tried to **dissuade** me from quitting the soccer team because I was his best goalkeeper. (p. 593)

When Dad lost his job, Mom became **overwrought** with wondering how we were going to pay our bills. (p. 597)

### Before silent reading: pages 590–94

#### Motivation

► Look at the story title. Who do you think it is referring to?

Look at the chapter title. What trials is the boy in this picture facing?

### After silent reading

#### Overview discussion: pages 590–94

► [interpretive] What is the story title referring to? (**children of God; Christians**)

[interpretive] What trials of faith is Peter facing? (**His sister has been arrested; he has been disowned by his father; his mother has died in the catacombs; he has to live in the catacombs and in danger of being caught by soldiers.**)

Locate and read aloud the paragraph that tells what Aesculapius Gaius would give up for his sister (page 591).

[interpretive] How is Barnabas a help and an encouragement to Peter? (**Physically, he carries Peter's load; spiritually, he encourages Peter to trust God and reads Scripture and prays with him.**) [BAT: 5a Love]



#### Trial of the Faith

Aesculapius Gaius looked over the gardens and hedges of the plain. Shadows had fallen; the trees looked like spires. The first stars were still pale. The boy drew fresh spring air into his lungs as a thirsty man drinks water, for it was all he would get until the next day.

He slung the leather bag over his shoulder and groped through the tangled undergrowth of the deserted field. At last he touched cool, rough mortar.<sup>1</sup>

Careful not to stub his sandaled toes, he climbed around the broken and moldering rim of the entrance.

<sup>1</sup>mortar—a building material made of sand, water, lime, and sometimes cement

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► [interpretive] What are some details of the setting of this story? (**place—Rome, in the catacombs; time—during the time of the early church [probably A.D. 200–300]**)

[interpretive] What is the mood of the story? (**sad; suspenseful**)

[interpretive] How does the setting affect the mood? (**The time period is during the times of persecution of Christians; the place is the catacombs, which are dangerous; and the transition from the cool, fresh air outside to the hot, dry air from the tunnels adds to the mood.**)

#### Follow-up discussion: page 590

► [appreciative] How does the author help you see the great contrast between what the air outside is like and what it is inside the catacombs? (**She describes how Aesculapius breathes it in, “as a thirsty man drinks water,” to demonstrate how precious it is.**)

He felt his way along a steeply slanting passageway. Almost instantly the tunnel became dark, and the hot, dry air from below came up against him like a wall.

The city's own guard, encountering the darkness that weighed down on a man's shoulders like bags of sand, usually turned back after only a few paces. Almost stifled in the hot underworld, they would retreat, clawing for light and fresh air. Aesculapius had also feared the catacombs,<sup>2</sup> but "The people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits," he told himself. He raced through the now narrow tunnels as though he were back in his father's villa by the Via Appia. He almost smiled at the thought of the stories his brother Barnabas had told him—stories of this group of soldiers and that group of soldiers stumbling around in the entranceways, scarcely two arms' lengths from the very men they were hunting, making excuses as to why their prey had surely escaped beyond hope of capture.

But then he remembered his own plight. One might laugh at the soldiers who trembled in the catacombs, but above the ground, the soldiers were swift, efficient, and often merciless. And they had arrested his sister.

At last the wall led the boy around a corner to a sputtering torch. It illuminated very little—its

light throwing round splotches on the wall where it hung and on the wall opposite.

He took the torch in hand and followed the tunnel, which became narrower, the roof sloping downward. Most of the men had to stoop quite a bit at this point, but not he. On either side were long, narrow indentations like slots: the tombs, built like bunks in the walls and sealed over with terra cotta or marble.

Aesculapius knew little of the history of the catacombs except that they represented the truth that Rome had not always been there; nor would she always be. Someday, perhaps, men and women and their children could return to their villas, their gardens, their markets, and studies, and resume life.

But the boy would gladly have given up the villa, his schoolwork, his days of sports and play, if only—if only that one thing on earth most precious to him had not been taken away. That one life he had promised to protect.

He had passed several entrances to other tunnels on either side—some of them beginning with stairways going lower, and some going higher. The catacombs had three levels in most places. His own tunnel now widened again, and he descended a flight of seven steps and

<sup>2</sup>catacombs—in ancient Rome, underground tunnels in which graves were dug

### Follow-up discussion: page 591

► [interpretive] Why can the Christians endure the darkness that even the city's guard cannot? (Elicit that the Christians conquer their fear because they trust in the Lord or because they "know their God.") [BAT: 8a Faith in God's promises]

[interpretive] How can Aesculapius Gaius move so confidently through the tunnels? (Answers may vary, but elicit that he has probably traveled them so much that he knows his way by heart.)

## Follow-up discussion: page 592

► [appreciative] What do we have today that is similar to the inscriptions Aesculapius Gaius is reading in the tunnel? (Elicit that we put inscriptions on tombstones today.)

[interpretive] What do all the people buried in the tunnels have in common? (They are all Christians.)

Read aloud some of the inscriptions Aesculapius reads as he walks through the catacombs.

**NOTE** Refer to the background information about the catacombs given on page 809 of this teacher's edition.

then took the first right. For a moment he stopped to rest and set the leather bag on the floor. He lifted the torch higher, inspecting a slab of terra cotta that had been mortared over one of the tombs. There was an inscription on it. Of all the many inscriptions to be found down there, it was the one he always stopped to read:

Timothy, beloved son in the faith,  
His the cross, the grave, the skies,  
Lord, we follow to Paradise!

Timothy was unknown to the younger Christians living in the catacombs—an early quarrier,<sup>3</sup> probably, entombed before persecution had

spread to include the rich as well as the humble, the famous as well as the anonymous.

After a moment the Roman boy moved on. Most of the other inscriptions were brief—"Flavia, in peace" came right after Timothy's tomb, then "Justinus, alive two days, at rest in God"; "Marcus, laid here by his wife, in peace"; and then an inscription for a martyr,<sup>4</sup> "Timeritus, meek on earth, frail in flesh, a lion of the faith. In peace despite torments, he departed."

<sup>3</sup>quarrier—one who cuts stone from an open place called a quarry

<sup>4</sup>martyr—a person who chooses to die rather than give up a religion or belief



"A lion of the faith," the boy repeated to himself. He himself was not a lion of the faith.

Up ahead, footsteps echoed in the dry tunnel.

"Young Peter?"

"Ave!"<sup>5</sup> the boy called. "I am here, Barnabas!"

His older brother appeared after a moment, also carrying a torch. His real name was Fortunatis, but he was more commonly called Barnabas after the Apostle Paul's companion. Roman Christians, whose old names of the gods or the fates no longer fit them, adopted the names of apostles or patriarchs.<sup>6</sup> Aesculapius took the name of Peter for himself. His sister Claudia became Deborah.

Barnabas, six years older than his younger brother, was not tall, but he was broad and muscular. He looked as ready and fit as any pugilist<sup>7</sup> or gladiator<sup>8</sup> trained for the arena. Indeed, his training had early been in the arts of war, for their father, Marcus Gaius, was a centurion.

"You are spent, little brother. Shall I carry you on my back?"

"No, only take the bag if you will, Barnabas." Peter handed over the heavy bag.

"Come along then." Barnabas shouldered the bag with no effort and put his other hand on Peter's shoulder.

They were silent as they walked. Barnabas and Peter rarely needed to

speak to feel the warm friendship that they shared. Without thinking, Peter sighed and heaved his shoulders up and then down.

"I know your thoughts," Barnabas said. "It is a heavy weight to bear, Peter."

"Perhaps today they have passed judgment on our sister, Barnabas," Peter said faintly. He couldn't speak outright about her, for the thought of losing her brought tears to his eyes. And then he would cry.

From the first, Barnabas had decided that they must leave their sister to God's care and not try anything foolish like a rescue or a bribe to free her. But sometimes Peter broke down and cried for her. Barnabas tried to reason with Peter from Scripture and pray with him.

Peter was ashamed of himself. He did worry and fret and beg God to spare her. And when he persisted in worrying and fretting, Barnabas seemed to doubt his own decision not to do anything foolish.

Young Peter had braved everything that God had allowed to befall him. There had been arguments with his father to dissuade<sup>9</sup> him from his new faith. Ultimately, Marcus Gaius had disowned his Christian children.

<sup>5</sup>Ave (ä' vā)—greeting

<sup>6</sup>patriarchs—ancestors of the Israelites

<sup>7</sup>pugilist—a boxer

<sup>8</sup>gladiator—one who fought to the death for entertainment of Roman audiences

<sup>9</sup>dissuade—discourage; persuade against

## Follow-up discussion: page 593

► [interpretive] Why does Aesculapius Gaius not consider himself to be "a lion of the faith"? (Elicit that he probably feels weak and afraid, especially because of his sister's situation.)

[literal] Why is Aesculapius Gaius called Peter by his brother? (Roman Christians, whose old names of the gods or of the fates no longer fit them, adopted the names of apostles or patriarchs.)

Read aloud the conversation between the brothers when they first meet.

[interpretive] Why do you think Barnabas decides they shouldn't do anything foolish concerning their sister? (Possible answers: It could be dangerous; he is waiting to see what God will do.)

## Follow-up discussion: page 594

- [appreciative] How would you respond if you were pressured by your family to forsake your faith in Christ?
- [critical] Why is it hard for Peter to wait to talk to Barnabas about their sister? (Elicit that naturally Peter would want to know all that is happening to their sister.)
- Read aloud Barnabas's firm statement to Peter to wait until later to talk about their sister.
- [literal] What are the other believers doing when the boys arrive? (having a prayer meeting)

[interpretive] What enables the believers in the catacombs to control themselves and be kind to others during these hard circumstances? (Elicit that it is the Spirit of Christ or the Holy Spirit.) [BATs: 3c Emotional control; 5b Giving; 6c Spirit-filled]

There had been long, exhausting conversations with uncles who had tried even more intense methods of winning Peter back. And, hardest of all, their mother had died in the catacombs.

Yet how joyful those days had been too—in spite of the pain—just knowing that the grace of God would bring him through trouble to heaven. Why, Peter asked himself, did he not have that faith now?

For a long time Barnabas was silent, and Peter wondered if the older boy would speak. At last, Barnabas gave a sigh and said, “Aye, little brother, they have passed judgment on our sister.”

“Oh! What have they said—you know—”

Barnabas raised his hand.  
“Peace! For now, peace. Judgment is passed, Peter, and we have before us several choices to make. I bid you now, before the brethren, to be silent about this, for our sister’s own sake. Trust in God to keep her safe in hand until we can talk.”

Peter’s chest was heaving. Surely she was condemned to death! It was in Barnabas’s eyes—the judgment was terrible. But Peter caught himself. “Aye. I will wait until we can talk. Only hurry, Barnabas, please.”

Then they stepped from the passage into one of the larger rooms of the catacombs. About twenty people

were gathered there, most of them on their knees, the older ones sitting or standing. Over all hung a gloomy torchlight. Peter and Barnabas waited on the edge of the prayer meeting.

Their friends stood up and sang a hymn, which the boys joined. Barnabas set the bag on the floor and opened it up.

There was no severe lack of food in the tombs. Few believers stayed down in the tunnels for more than a few weeks at a time. Many people received food from Christians living in the city or from relatives and friends who were not converted but had sympathy. The elderly came forward first, followed by women with babes and then whoever else needed food. There was no shoving or ill will. Most of these people had been rough and poor all their lives; yet the Spirit of Christ had given them a gentleness and a goodwill better than any noble manners.

Barnabas turned the remainder over to the deacon for storing. Then he and Peter quickly excused themselves and hurried through the black passageways to the small chapel. Barnabas held a torch aloft to guide them, though they had traveled this part of the catacombs so often that they could have found their way in total dark.



Up narrow stairways, through winding turnoffs, past row after row of tombs they went in silence. At last they came to an alcove where the tunnel widened. They turned aside, and Barnabas hung the torch in a bracket. Young Peter sat down on a bench hewn out of the rock. Barnabas stayed standing. He dropped a hand on Peter's shoulder.

"Dear Aesculapius, how well you know the faint hope of a Christian

who has been found guilty of treason."<sup>10</sup>

"Aye, I know."

"Rightly, then, you must have guessed what the judge's sentence for our sister would be. You know that, don't you, little brother?"

Young Peter's lips trembled, and his sight blurred. He wanted to plead with Barnabas about an appeal or

<sup>10</sup>treason—the betraying of a person's country by helping an enemy

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### Follow-up discussion: page 595

- [interpretive] Why would a Christian found guilty of treason have faint hope? (Answers may vary, but elicit that since the Christians are not well liked, they probably would not be shown mercy.)

Select two students to read aloud the conversation between the brothers about the faint hope for their sister. Instruct them to read with Barnabas's pleading tone and Peter's discouraged tone.

### Before silent reading: pages 595–98

#### Motivation

- How can the brothers help their sister escape her sentence?

### After silent reading

#### Overview discussion: pages 595–98

- [literal] What have Peter and Barnabas feared would happen to their sister? (that she would be sent to be killed by wild animals at the circus)

**NOTE** Refer to the background information about the circus given on page 809 of this teacher's edition.

[interpretive] How has Deborah handled her trials? (Possible answers: She is not afraid; she has been a good testimony to all those around her.) [BAT: 7b Exaltation of Christ]

Locate and read aloud what Barnabas says, describing what he saw when he visited Deborah in jail. Read with the admiration and humility that Barnabas must have felt (page 596).

- [literal] What is Barnabas's plan to rescue Deborah? (to let their brother Vincens help them)

[interpretive] Why doesn't Peter want Vincens to help them rescue Deborah? (Answers may vary, but elicit that Vincens had taken part in rejecting the family members who had become Christians. Peter does not trust him and is bitter toward him.)

[critical] What is wrong with Peter's attitude toward Vincens? (Possible answers: He should forgive him as God has commanded the believer; he should see that Vincens wouldn't be doing this if he didn't really want to help; he should trust Barnabas's decision.) [BAT: 6e Forgiveness]

## Follow-up discussion: page 596

► [interpretive] Why does Barnabas's crying shock Peter? (Elicit that it surprises him because Barnabas has been so strong through everything that has happened so far.)

Read aloud Barnabas's apology to Peter for crying.

[interpretive] Why does Barnabas call himself a coward? (because he is more afraid of the beasts than his sister who would actually face them)

► [literal] Why are many of the Christians not persecuted? (Most of the people prefer to mind their own business rather than bother with the long process of the law.)

[interpretive] Why is Peter's family among the persecuted? (Elicit that his father or others in Peter's family were probably so angry with them that they went through the process of the law.)

► [interpretive] How do you think Deborah has been able to calm the unruly prisoners and guards? (Possible answers: She is kind to them; she is not afraid for her future, thus demonstrating hope; she speaks to them of Christ and His forgiveness.) [BATS: 5c Evangelism and missions; 8d Courage]

perhaps even a bribe to free her, but his throat worked against him, wanting him to cry instead. Then he heard himself blurt out, "Only tell me not the circus! Not the circus, Barnabas?"

"Nay, not that, and I thank God she has been spared that. I couldn't have borne it, either—" And then Barnabas started to cry, too, shocking Peter into calmness. Through everything—their sister's arrest on one of her trips to the city, her cruel interrogation,<sup>11</sup> and her long imprisonment—Barnabas had been strong and confident that God knew best. And now he was crying too. But he quickly regained control of himself.

"Pardon me, little brother. Don't fear because I cry. I had prayed in my own great weakness that God would spare her from being thrown to the animals in the circus. I weep because in mercy He answers the prayer of a coward."

"Why do you call yourself that?" Peter demanded.

"Because I saw Deborah today in the jail. She's not afraid of the beasts—why should I have been? She's willing to pass through any affliction to give the great glory to Christ. And aye, I tell you this, Peter, her testimony is sweeter than the song of angels. Her own jailer, and those cutthroats and thieves bound with her, are greatly gentled and humbled by her. For before she came

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in there in bonds, you had never seen such an unruly pack, including the guards and jailer. Yet now order rules, and they are much subdued."

Peter felt a moment's envy that Barnabas had seen her. It was possible, though risky, for the Christians to visit in the prisons. The truth was that many Christians in Rome were not persecuted at all. A Christian had to be accused by a private citizen of disloyalty to the gods, and most people preferred to mind their own business rather than bother with the long process of the law.

"Oh, that He would hear my prayer!" Peter exclaimed. "And free her! I would gladly go in her place!"

"Peter!" Barnabas said. "Even she herself doesn't ask to be freed. She is content to pass on to heaven through whatever fires God allows here on earth."

"I ask because she is my sister—for the same reason that you prayed for her not to be sent to the circus!" Peter cried. He leaped to his feet. "Aye, it's cowardly! Aye, it shows no faith! But I still can't bear it, and I can't change! I don't want her to die! If you're ashamed, then leave me here! But I can't lie, for God knows my heart!"

Barnabas stepped back, and his face was grave. At last he said, "I cannot bear to see you suffer so,

<sup>11</sup>interrogation—questioning

Peter. Sit down." And Peter sat, trembling from his outburst. Barnabas went on, "May God forgive me if I have prayed amiss; yet doesn't He command that we pour ourselves out before Him and lay bare every fear and every torment?" These words Barnabas said to himself, but then he spoke gently to his brother. "Stop crying, Peter. For your sake I asked God to show us a way to save her. Mayhap it will not work, but in that case we shall all pass on to glory together. Death doesn't frighten you, does it?"

"Not my own!" Peter said earnestly. "Barnabas! Have you thought of a way to rescue her? To bring her out of jail?"

"There may be a way. Vincens is also overwrought<sup>12</sup> at the thought of her death. This very day he contacted me through Artoris, the deacon's son."

Peter stood up again. Vincens was their oldest brother, the only one left in their father's good graces, one who followed the gods with all the carelessness and tongue-in-cheek reverence of a true soldier. He had rejected his mother and agreed with disinheriting Barnabas, Peter, and Deborah.

"What could Vincens want? He would betray us!"

"Nay," Barnabas said. "You were too young to understand, little brother. Vincens was so loud in

denouncing<sup>13</sup> us only because he was so hurt and so frightened, especially at the thought of losing Mother. And then she died in the catacombs. Vincens could not bear the separation. And he was outraged that we would let Christianity become our rule—he who has never been religious in any belief. He did all that he did to hide his pain and make himself believe he hated us. You must forgive him. He sent me word today—he wants our help. Forgive Vincens and work with him now, when our sister's life is in the balance."

Peter raised his eyes to Barnabas. The older boy smiled, encouraging him. "We forgive because we are forgiven. Isn't that right?"

"How can you, after what he did?" Peter asked.

"Peter, for shame," Barnabas said. "You ask, and I tell you—I forgive Vincens because in his wrong I see my wrong. In his sin I see my sin, and God in His mercy forgave me. Therefore, I forgive my older brother. And you should do the same."

"I cannot lie and say that I do."

"Don't you see that God in His mercy could very well be answering your prayer? Vincens can help us. He wants to help us. Do you reject God's way even now?"

<sup>12</sup>overwrought—very worried

<sup>13</sup>denouncing—accusing in public

## Follow-up discussion: page 597

► [literal] What does Barnabas realize about prayer? (that God commands us to pour ourselves out before Him and lay bare every fear and torment, and that was what he and Peter had been doing) [BAT: 6b Prayer]

Read aloud Barnabas's thoughtful words about prayer.

► [literal] Who does Barnabas say wants to help them? (their older brother, Vincens)

[literal] What does Barnabas say that Peter would be doing if he rejected Vincens's help now? (Peter would be rejecting God's way of helping them.)

## Follow-up discussion: page 598

► [literal] What does Peter agree to do about Vincens? (accept his offer of help)

Read aloud Peter's bitter statement agreeing to accept Vincens's help.

[interpretive] How does Barnabas explain Peter's response toward Vincens? (He realizes that Peter's reaction is that of a youth; he sometimes forgets that Peter is only a boy because Peter has carried himself with so much manliness.)

[interpretive] What do you think makes Peter blush with shame? (possible answers: knowing that Barnabas is willing to go alone; his realizing that he is wrong; Barnabas's accusing him of being afraid of Vincens)

► [interpretive] How does Peter feel about his own spiritual life? (Elicit that he feels like a weak Christian.)

[appreciative] Are you sometimes discouraged about your Christian life? Why?

## Looking ahead

► How will Vincens be able to help free Deborah?

"I will go with Vincens—I will do what he asks me to in order to free our sister, Barnabas," Peter said. "But I cannot lie and tell you I forgive him. If he were ever to strike me again—now that I be thirteen and sturdy, I would strike him down!"

For a long moment the silence in the great catacombs weighed down on them while the darkness pressed in. "Truly you are just a boy," Barnabas said at last. "Sometimes I forget your youth when you carry yourself so long with so much manliness." He reached up to the torch and took it from the bracket. "Now I believe that God will answer your prayer because He knew—before I knew—that you are but a boy. He will give you your sister back and will keep Vincens from hurting you again. If you fear Vincens, then I can go up alone and meet him."

"Nay, Barnabas, I will go," Peter said. He was glad that Barnabas couldn't see him blushing with shame.

"Come then," Barnabas said. "Artoris, the deacon's son, has agreed to run messages between me

and Vincens. I will tell him to give Vincens word that we will meet him. We must travel all the way up to the entrance by the Via Salaria. It will take a long time. Let us get some food and torches, and we will camp near the entrance and wait until tomorrow evening for our brother."

"Aye." Peter fell into step beside Barnabas. "I am a soldier who fights well," Peter told himself bitterly, "but Barnabas is the champion. I have run the marathon,<sup>14</sup> too, but he is the winner of the race. Why can I not be a Christian as strong as Barnabas?"

Barnabas seemed to know his little brother's thoughts.

"You are overwrought now. Spare yourself a little, and when the time is ready, pray for God's guidance, Peter," Barnabas said kindly.

They collected a bag of food for themselves, and while Peter found some torches, Barnabas made arrangements with his friend Artoris.

<sup>14</sup>marathon—a long race

## WORKTEXT OBJECTIVES

### The student will

- Follow directions in a maze.
- Identify characters.
- Identify word meaning from context.

**Study skills:**  
**Worktext page 235**



**Comprehension:**  
**Worktext page 236**



## Lion of the Faith

Travel through the heart of one of the catacombs was dangerous. But Barnabas knew most of the network. They traveled throughout the rest of that long night, walking first underground, then above ground, and later below again. Above the ground the moon set, the stars paled, and the sky again turned purple and red on the edges as morning came.

Rarely did light pierce the tunnels where they walked. Every now and then they ascended to one of the higher levels where people had cut out airshafts—*luminaria cryptae*, as they were called. These welcome places provided a little bit of fresh air.

At last Barnabas called them both to a halt. “The entrance is only a little farther. Let us stop and rest. Have a little food.”

They gave their morning thanks and ate hungrily on dried figs, hard cheese, and old bread. Not far away, a natural spring in the rock provided a small pool of water for drinking.

“I have something to say to you,” Barnabas said when they had finished eating. “I think your thoughts go very hard with you.”

Peter nodded and bowed his head.

“Little brother, I’m going to tell you something about our heavenly Father.”

“What is it?”

“He often lets us be pressed sore—as a wrestler is pressed by one stronger. And this is not to break us, nor even to let us lose the match, but to show us where we are weak.”

“I’m weak all over,” Peter confessed.

“Nay. You have weathered many a storm, and God has kept you through them all. But now you have come to those things you hold most dear: your love for your sister and your fear of Vincens. God knows that we are dust, and He forbears<sup>15</sup> with our weaknesses. You must believe that God will give you grace to endure whatever trials He sends you. He will not give you what you cannot bear, though He may stretch you to the very end of yourself.”

“I thought I was at the end of myself,” Peter said. “Why does He stretch us so?”

“I don’t always know the answer to that,” Barnabas said, leaning his curly head back against the tunnel wall. “But in some ways, God is rather like Mother was when we were young. When I was a boy, in tears from a fall or after losing a game or wrestling match, I always ran to Mother to be comforted. And now when I suffer falls and losses, I

<sup>15</sup>forbears—is patient with

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### Follow-up discussion: page 599

► [interpretive] Why is travel through the catacombs so dangerous? (Elicit that with the darkness and all the twists and turns it would be very easy to get lost.)

[critical] What do you think God’s purpose is in showing us our weakness? (possible answers: so we will depend on Him; to help us grow closer to Him)

Read aloud Barnabas’s kind response to Peter’s claim that he is weak all over.

(Overview discussion continued)

[appreciative] How can thinking about good things help you have the right attitude? (Answers will vary. Remind the students of Philippians 4:8, “whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.”) [BATs: 3b Mind; 4b Purity]

## COMPREHENSION

### VOCABULARY

Our family **forbears** Timmy’s tuba practice in the house, although he does not play well. (p. 599)

After catching the thief, the policemen took him into their **custody**. (p. 601)

The **tenements** on the west side of town were home to many poor people. (p. 602)

### Before silent reading: pages 599–602

#### Motivation

► How does Peter react toward Vincens?

#### After silent reading

#### Overview discussion: pages 599–602

► [literal] What two things are weighing on Peter’s thoughts? (his love for his sister; his fear of Vincens)

[interpretive] How does Peter react when he first sees Vincens? (He shows his distrust when he says “If you have not planned any treachery.”)

[interpretive] How does Peter’s attitude toward Vincens start to change? (He starts to trust God and prays that his brother will be converted.) Why does Peter’s attitude start to change? (Elicit that he recalls the good memories of how Vincens taught him to ride a horse, instead of remembering only the bad things he has done.)

Locate and read aloud Peter’s remembering the good times with Vincens and his prayer for his brother (pages 601–2).

## Follow-up discussion: page 600

- [literal] Why does God “stretch” his children? (to turn them to Himself)

[interpretive] How is God the Father different from the brothers’ earthly father? (Elicit that God will never leave and forsake His children like Marcus Gaius forsook his three children.) [Bible Promise: H. God as Father]

Read aloud Barnabas’s comforting statement about their Heavenly Father.

- [interpretive] Why does Vincens tell them to call him anything but “brother”? (Possible answers: He is still ashamed that they are Christians; it would be dangerous for him to be recognized as the brother of ones who are in hiding.)

run to God for the same reasons. He stretches us to turn us to Himself.”

Peter pushed the food bag over. “Do you always run to God? Don’t you ever think He might be displeased or disgusted with us, Barnabas, and these are the sign of His displeasure?”

“No, Peter, never,” Barnabas said. “I used to, until I understood that God is my Father. Does that make sense?”

“I think so,” Peter said.

“God is not an earthly father like Marcus Gaius. Even when we are weak and afraid, Peter, we are His.” Barnabas looked at him for a moment, then patted the floor. “Well, lie down and rest for now. I’ll keep watch.”

Peter woke up much later. Their second-to-last torch was guttering in a wall bracket. Barnabas was washing up in the tiny spring.

“Soon Vincens will be coming. Hurry,” Barnabas said.

Peter quickly made himself as presentable as his ragged tunic would allow. They picked up the food bag, cramming bread into their mouths as they hurried up the tunnel. Soon a cool evening breeze wafted past, and in another instant Barnabas was pushing aside some heavy foliage,<sup>16</sup> making a way out for Peter. They emerged into the underbrush and looked around, their eyes slowly adjusting to the upper world.

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“Ave!” A hearty voice called. The voice made them jump.

It was Vincens, standing on a narrow strip that bordered two overgrown vineyards. The setting sun gleamed dully on his armor.

“Ave!” Barnabas called. “Are you alone, brother?”

“Call me anything but that,” Vincens commanded. “Yes, I come alone, Fortunatis.”

“As you wish, Vincens. Come, Aesculapius.” Aesculapius and Fortunatis stepped through the leafy foliage and joined him on the path.

“You have been promoted!” Barnabas said. “You are now a centurion!”

<sup>16</sup>foliage—the leaves of plants or trees



"Nay, Fortunatis. I have borrowed father's armor."

Barnabas blurted, "Father knows? Did he say—"

Vincens said, "Be silent. Now listen. As to Claudia, I know the soldier guarding her. He's a blond-haired pup from overseas, who speaks bad Latin, and she's got him half-listening to all her Christian ways. Tonight he will desert the Roman army, with a little present from me to speed him on his way home. He has promised to escort her away with him as though he were moving her to a different cell. He will pass her into my custody,<sup>17</sup> and I in turn will pass her into yours. And then the lot of you can be off and done as far as I'm concerned."

Barnabas nodded. Peter noticed that Vincens had long knives thrust through his belt. Vincens pulled these knives out and held them hilt first toward his brothers. "Here—in case we have trouble."

"Nay," Barnabas said quickly. "We will not kill—"

"Take these weapons as men called back into service. For once in your lives, do your duty!"

"Killing other soldiers who are obeying orders, even to rescue our sister, is impossible for us!"

"You had best consider some of the parts of the city we must pass through before we reach the prison by the prefecture.<sup>18</sup> Take them, I say!"

Reluctantly, Barnabas took one and thrust it into his belt. Peter did likewise.

"Well," said Vincens as though noticing Peter for the first time.

"Living in a cave has not stopped Aesculapius from growing up, eh?"

Peter answered nothing.

"Are *you* ready to strike a blow for your sister?" Vincens asked.

"If you have not planned any treachery,<sup>19</sup> yes," Peter answered.

Vincens's smile faded.

"Nay, there shall be no treachery," was all he said. "Come then."

They set off across the vineyard to the road. There were horses waiting—three of them.

"Does the boy remember how to ride?" Vincens asked Barnabas.

"I believe so," Barnabas said.

Vincens steadied the smallest horse for Peter to mount. Barnabas exclaimed in pleasure, recognizing his old mount from his father's stables. Peter hurriedly mounted. Last of all, Vincens swung up into his own saddle.

"You still are the fairest rider," Barnabas said to the oldest brother.

"A man feels free on a horse, eh?" Vincens asked. Peter was surprised at the pang in his own heart, at the flood of memories of riding

<sup>17</sup>custody—protection; guardianship

<sup>18</sup>prefecture—place where the prefect, a high military official, lives

<sup>19</sup>treachery—deceit; betrayal

Sons of a Mighty Father 601

## Follow-up discussion: page 601

► [literal] What is Vincens's plan to free their sister? (He has bribed the soldier guarding her to turn her over to Vincens, and then he will turn her over to Barnabas and Peter.)

[literal] Why is the soldier willing to help release Claudia (Deborah)? (He has been listening to her Christian witness.)

[critical] Do you think that Vincens really means it when he says "and then the lot of you can be off and done as far as I'm concerned"? Why or why not? (Answers will vary.)

► [interpretive] What is Vincens's reason for giving knives to his brothers? (for protection because they will have to go through some dangerous parts of the city to reach the prison)

Read aloud with a gruff voice Vincens's reason for the knives.

## Follow-up discussion: pages 601–2

► [literal] What memories does riding bring back to Peter? (*Vincens's riding with him and teaching him to mount up right away after he'd been thrown*)

[critical] Do you think that Peter used to enjoy time with his brother? (Answers will vary.)

► [literal] What goes wrong with Vincens's plan? (*The soldier who was helping Deborah escape has been observed and thinks that someone is following them.*)

Read aloud with a hurried voice how Vincens and Barnabas change the escape plan.

with Vincens, at how Vincens had taught him to mount up right away after he'd been thrown.

"O Lord, please convert my brother," Peter prayed silently as they started off. Barnabas had been right. God was working out His answer to their prayers. With the realization, Peter felt a small thrill of genuine gratitude, and in sudden remorse he added to his first prayer, "If only I could trust You more!"

They rode south down the Via Salaria, toward the prefecture and prison on the edge of the capitol. The moon had come out and cast a silvery sheen over the fields and vineyards. At last the villas came more closely together. The three brothers passed large houses, then smaller houses, until they were at last passing *tenements*.<sup>20</sup>

Two sturdy men such as Vincens and Barnabas were unlikely to be disturbed, even in that rough quarter. Peter rode between them. Every now and then came a drunken halloo from a doorway, but otherwise the ride was uneventful. At last, when Peter could see the arches of the capitol building silhouetted against the sky and catch a little of the faint gleam of torchlight on marble, Vincens reined them in.

"Wait here," he said. He dismounted and entered an alley. In a few moments he came hurrying

back, supporting a cowled<sup>21</sup> figure on his arm.

"Deborah!" Peter whispered, ready to dismount.

"Stay there!" Vincens whispered hoarsely. "The soldier tells me he was observed; he thinks he may have been followed by others who would capture her back for a reward. Lady, I ask you, can you ride before me on the saddle?"

"Yes, Vincens. I can," she said, and the hood fell away from her face. It was Deborah all right, but weak from her months in the prison.

"Come then." He swung up into the saddle and lifted her onto it in front of him. "Fortunatis, we cannot go back the way we came. Word may be spreading, and we must go faster than the spoken word. Where shall we go?"

"East," Barnabas said. "The Via Tiburtina. There is an entrance less than a mile beyond the city gate. Can you get us through?"

"I'll bribe the soldiers if I have to." The Via Tiburtina gate was guarded by men who would wonder at a centurion leaving the city with strangers. But there was nothing else to do. They spun the horses and rode swiftly away, as men with deadly important business.

<sup>20</sup>tenements—cheap apartments in a poor part of a city

<sup>21</sup>cowled—hooded

They quickly passed through the Subura, another rough quarter of the city, and rode onto the Esquiline, dangerously close to the military district, where Vincens might be recognized by any soldiers on patrol or officers returning from a late night in the city.

They were passing a small clearing on their right. This was the clearing near the Porta Esquiline set aside for executing criminals. Many of the Christians had been put to the sword there.



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#### Follow-up discussion: page 603

► [interpretive] Why does Vincens have to be careful about where he goes now? (Elicit that he is a soldier, and he might be recognized by one of the other soldiers.)

#### Before silent reading: pages 603–8

##### Motivation

► Look back at the chapter title on page 599. Who is “a lion of the faith” now?

#### After silent reading

##### Overview discussion: pages 603–8

► [interpretive] How does Peter show himself to be “a lion of the faith”? (Elicit that he overcomes his fear and anger so that he can be a witness to his older brother and tell him about Christ.) [BATs: 5c Evangelism and missions; 8d Courage]

[interpretive] What does the story title, “Sons of a Mighty Father,” mean? (Even though Barnabas and Peter’s earthly father has forsaken them, they have a Heavenly Father who is mighty to help them.) [Bible Promise: H. God as Father]

► [interpretive] What is the denouement of this story? (Elicit that it is the part after the crisis when the three brothers and their sister hide in the tunnels and meet as a family and Peter has a last conversation with Vincens as he takes him to the entrance.)

[interpretive] What is taken care of between Peter and Vincens in the denouement? (Peter tells Vincens about God’s love and tells Vincens that he does not hate him but has forgiven him.) [BATs: 5c Evangelism and missions; 6e Forgiveness]

Locate and read aloud the conversation between Peter and Vincens in which we are left with hope that Vincens will be more open to hearing about God (page 608).

## Follow-up discussion: page 604

► [literal] How does Vincens fool the gate guards? (by pretending he is a centurion and by making them think he is protecting a noble lady, not a condemned prisoner)

[interpretive] Why does Vincens say that “Marcus Gaius will protect his only son” when the other brothers are also Marcus Gaius’s sons? (Elicit that he is reminding the others that they have been disowned by their father and that their father considers only Vincens to be his son.)

Select two students to read aloud the conversation between Barnabas and Vincens about the others following them.

[interpretive] What is another evidence of Peter’s change of attitude towards Vincens? (He is concerned about Vincens’s fighting the other soldiers alone and being killed.)

Just past the Esquilinus, Barnabas turned to look back. “We are not alone, Vincens,” he said.

Vincens turned. “Run for it to the gate, and beyond that to the catacombs! These be the best horses in all Rome!”

They urged their horses on. Peter glanced back once. The riders behind them had increased to a gallop too!

It turned into an all-out race for the wall and the Campagna beyond. Vincens had spoken truthfully about the horses. They kept their lead to the gate, but Peter worried. Surely the gate would be closed.

Ahead of them, the Servian Wall, a dark bulwark<sup>22</sup> in the moonlight, loomed up. As they came nearer, Vincens boldly bawled out, “Open the gates! Open the gates in the name of Rome!”

Seeing the armor of the centurion, the guards hastened to obey, lifting aside the bar and opening one of the huge doors. Barnabas and Peter galloped through. Vincens slowed down, pushing his imaginary authority to the limit.

“Stop that pursuit! Swords out, in the name of Mars!<sup>23</sup> Or this noble lady’s blood shall be on your heads!”

Then he thundered by, too, right behind his brothers, and the gates closed behind them.

“Hurry!” he cried. “It won’t take long for them to realize we fooled them.”

Deborah said something, but Peter couldn’t hear what she said over the beating hooves and Vincens’s rattling armor. Vincens gave her a gruff reply. “Think nothing of that. Marcus Gaius will protect his only son.”

“They come!” Barnabas exclaimed, looking back.

“They’ll follow us to the secret entrance!” Peter called.

But Barnabas shook his head. “We will not fear!”

Already, Vincens’s horse was falling behind, wearied from carrying an armored soldier and an extra person.

“Fortunatis!” Vincens called to his brother. “Take her! Take her! They may push a fight.”

With pursuit barely a bend in the road behind them, Barnabas quickly slowed his horse, stopped, and took their sister on the front of his own saddle.

“Go! By the feet of Mercury,<sup>24</sup> you should still make good speed! I will bring up the rear!”

Vincens loosened the sword in its sheath, and they started off again. But Vincens stayed a few lengths behind, watchful of the pursuit.

Peter’s heart felt another stab. Vincens meant to fight them alone. He would be killed if he fought.

<sup>22</sup>bulwark—a wall built for protection

<sup>23</sup>Mars—mythical Roman god of war

<sup>24</sup>Mercury—mythical Roman messenger of the gods

They galloped on, and the men behind them gained no more ground.

"Up there!" Peter called back to him, pointing to the white mile marker where they would turn off the road.

Barnabas slowed his horse a little and turned off the Via Tiburtina. Peter glanced back beyond Vincens. At last the pursuit was gaining, joined now by at least one man whose armor gleamed under the moonlight.

Quickly Peter followed Barnabas down through leafy foliage, through a sandy patch, and down a steep dip that twisted around a stand of poplar trees. The poplars were up on a rise of the ground. A cave entrance opened up at their roots, hidden from the road. Barnabas swung off and lifted their sister down. Peter slid off so unexpectedly that Vincens nearly trampled him. Vincens turned his mount around, ready to make a stand at the entrance.

"Go!" he shouted, pulling out his heavy sword.

"Come, both of you!" Barnabas called to Vincens and Peter. He helped Deborah inside.

Already came the pounding of hooves through the leaves on the other side of the poplar stand above them. In seconds Vincens would be discovered, an impostor<sup>25</sup> dressed as a centurion, one who had aided an escape from the prison.

"Vincens!" Peter called. "Come with us!"

"Go in!" Vincens called from his horse. "They'll chase you unless you get a head start!"

He didn't understand that nobody could be chased in the catacombs, not for very long. "Come with us!" Peter cried.

There were shouts from above the dip. Two horsemen appeared and roared in delight at seeing Vincens make a stand.

"Come on then!" Vincens shouted at them. "By the spear of Mars, you'll rue<sup>26</sup> this night!"

Peter prayed silently, "Oh Lord, he's my brother! Have mercy on us! I cannot fight, but I cannot leave him, either!"

Then he knew that Vincens was just as much a part of everything they were. He was in danger; he needed help.

"Vincens!" Peter shouted. He drew his knife and ran at Vincens's horse. One quick swipe of steel against leather, and the girth<sup>27</sup> was cut. Vincens and the saddle toppled over. The war horse, too well trained to trample his rider, reared up at the men above, who hesitated before tackling a horse in those close quarters.

<sup>25</sup>impostor—one who pretends to be something he is not

<sup>26</sup>rue—to regret

<sup>27</sup>girth—the strap that holds a saddle on a horse

## Follow-up discussion: page 605

► [interpretive] What do you think will happen if Vincens is found out? (Answers will vary.)

[literal] What does Vincens not understand about the catacombs? (that nobody can be chased in the catacombs for very long)

[interpretive] Why do you think Peter says that he cannot fight? (Possible answers: Peter is too small to fight; he doesn't want to fight the soldiers who are doing their job; he doesn't believe a Christian should fight.)

Read aloud Peter's silent prayer for help.

**Follow-up discussion:**  
**page 606**

► [interpretive] How does Peter show his courage in the face of danger? (He moves between Vincens and the rearing horse to help his brother get up.)

Read aloud Peter's urgent plea to Vincens.



Peter nimbly slipped in between Vincens and the rearing horse.

"Up, brother, up! It's your only chance! Come with me, and I will lead you out another exit!" he cried, pulling on Vincens's shoulder.

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Vincens stumbled to his feet, picked up his sword, and gave his horse a swat with the flat of it. The horse reared again, and the two brothers slipped into the cave.

"Silently now!" Peter said, guiding him along by the hand.

"Claudia and Fortunatis are in here?" Vincens asked.

"Aye," Peter whispered. "He got her in safely. This way."

There was already a sound of men invading the entrance, calling to them to give up and come out. The invaders might hear Vincens's armor rattling faintly and follow the sound. In the darkness, Peter quickly pulled him in one turnoff and down another, stopping in an alcove in the complete darkness. For several seconds they stood in silence as their enemies poked a little bit farther into the tunnel, muttering. It was amazing how quickly even the most hot-blooded soldiers were subdued in the dry and terrifying stillness of the catacombs. After several seconds the muttering turned to questions as the men looking for them wondered how to go on without lights. Then at last they gave up and turned to go back to the night outside. Peter stayed absolutely still while the men and the soldier clanked out.

"Sorry I spilled you and lost your horse, Vincens," Peter whispered. "But I couldn't bear the thought of the numbers against you."

"The horses will return home without me. You saved my life, little brother. It is enough. Where has Fortunatis gone?"

"Come, we will check the main passage." Still gripping Vincens's hand, Peter groped along in the blackness and led him to the main passage. They walked on until they had rounded a few turns, and then they saw the gleam of a torch.

"Ave!" Peter called. Vincens hesitated.

Yet he let Peter lead him to where their sister sat with Barnabas stooping over her. She was weak, her face white, but she was alive. Peter dropped by his sister's side and embraced her. Behind him, Vincens slipped his sword back into its sheath.

"God was merciful and didn't take you away," Peter said.

"Aye, and He brought me my brother back," she added, and she looked up over Peter's head at Vincens.

"For tonight, anyway," Vincens said. "It was not for the magistrate to condemn you. And now I must go back to my duty."

"Will you stoop for a kiss? Will you allow that?" she asked him.

"Aye." He hurriedly bent down and let her kiss his cheek. "Come, Aesculapius. Lead me out some other way."

"Aye." Peter stood up. Barnabas gave him the torch.

"There is another one at the next turnoff for Deborah and me," Barnabas said. "You take this."

### Follow-up discussion: page 607

► [interpretive] Why does Peter have to be careful leading Vincens in the tunnels? (The other soldiers might be able to follow him because of the sound of Vincens's armor.)

Read aloud Peter's whispered apology to Vincens for his losing Vincens's horse.

[interpretive] Why do you think Vincens is hesitant to join his brothers and sister? (Possible answers: He probably wonders what they think of him and how they will treat him after he has been so unkind to them; he is afraid of their influence; he only planned to help Deborah and then leave without getting emotionally involved with them.)

[interpretive] How do you think Deborah's sweet testimony will influence Vincens in the future? (Answers will vary, but elicit that he might remember how kind she was to him in spite of how he had treated her in the past. He seems to be softening towards them all.)

[BATS: 5a Love; 6e Forgiveness]

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## Follow-up discussion: page 608

► [interpretive] Why does Peter's heart change toward Vincens? (Elicit that God changes his heart to love his brother.) [BAT: 5a Love]

[critical] Do you think Vincens is changing? Why or why not? (Answers may vary, but elicit that he seems more willing to have contact with his brothers and sister and listen to them.)

[interpretive] How is Peter a courageous witness to Vincens? (He tells Vincens that God heard his prayers and that God is his Father.) [BAT: 5c Evangelism and missions]

Read aloud what Peter tells Vincens about his relationship with God.

[literal] What is Peter's comfort through all his losses? (Christ has been near through everything.) [Bible Promise: G. Christ as Friend]

[interpretive] What can Christians be assured of when they go through trials? (that Christ will be with them to give them His strength) [Bible Promise: D. Identified in Christ]

Barnabas and Vincens looked at each other for a moment.

At last Vincens said, "Come along, Aesculapius."

Peter led Vincens deeper into the maze of tunnels. "The nearest entrance is at the Via Nomentana," he said. "Just outside the city."

In the low, narrow tunnel, Vincens removed the high-crested helmet. "Dawn is not far off. I will enter the gates with the rabble."<sup>28</sup>

They wound through the darkness. Peter wondered at himself. Funny how he had hated Vincens earlier—or thought he had hated him. Yet God had heard his prayer to spare Vincens, too, and had given Peter the courage and wit to cut the horse's girth.

"Aesculapius," Vincens said at last, and his voice was not gruff.

"Aye?"

"Do you hate me, little brother, for the meanness that I showed toward you once?"

So Vincens had been thinking of it too.

"I thought I hated you, Vincens. But God has changed my heart—"

He stopped, lifted the torch a little to see Vincens's face, and said, "I could not bear to see you slain or punished. God heard my prayer for you."

"He seems to hear your prayers." And this time Vincens wasn't mocking.

"I am His son. If nothing else this night, God has taught me that I am His son, and He bears with me as a father would."

They came to the entrance. The sky was paling outside.

"Farewell," Vincens said. "You are a worthy brother for courage."

"Thank you." He looked up at Vincens. "If you came to this very entrance by night, Vincens, I would be here to meet you," Peter said.

"Perhaps, I will find the time and come," Vincens told him. Then he added, "I could bring you food."

"Thank you," Peter told him. Then Vincens was gone.

In the musty interior Peter paused.

"Lord, it's been worth everything to be Your son," he whispered. Perhaps he and Barnabas had suffered much in the last few years, but Christ had been near through every loss—and all on their account.

"Thank you," he whispered again before he hurried on. "Thank you, for now surely I know you are my Father." And as he hurried back to Deborah and Barnabas, he was already praying that Vincens and their father would come to know that too.

<sup>28</sup>rabble—lower-class people

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## WORKTEXT OBJECTIVES

### The student will

- Locate verses in the Bible.
- Relate story content to biblical truth.
- Match characters and dialogue.
- Sequence events.
- Match words and definitions.

**Comprehension:**  
**Worktext pages 237–38**



## SOMETHING EXTRA

### **Read It:** *The Hawk That Dare Not Hunt by Day*

Encourage the students to read *The Hawk That Dare Not Hunt by Day* by Scott O'Dell, published by BJU Press. This novel is about William Tyndale, a man who was persecuted for trying to make the Bible available to the common people.

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### Introduction

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### Unit 1

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### Unit 2

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# Glossary

This glossary has information about selected words found in this reader. You can find meanings of words as they are used in the stories. Certain unusual words such as foreign names are included so that you can pronounce them correctly when you read.

The pronunciation symbols below show how to pronounce each vowel and several of the less familiar consonants.

ă	pat	ĕ	pet	îr	fierce
ā	pay	ē	be	ō	pot
âr	care	ī	pit	ō	go
ä	father	ī	pie	ô	paw, for, ball
oi	oil	ū	cut	zh	vision
oo	book	ûr	fur	ə	ago, item,
oo	boot	th	the		pencil, atom,
yoo	abuse	th	thin		circus
ou	out	hw	which	ər	butter

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## abandon



abut

**a•ban•don** (ə-bän'dən) *v.* 1. To withdraw help or assistance in spite of duty. 2. To give way completely to emotion. —**a•ban•don•ment** *n.*

**a•brupt** (ə-brüpt') *adj.* 1. Unexpected; sudden. 2. Moving from one subject to another with no transition.

—**a•brupt'ly** *adv.*

**ab•so•rbed**, **ab•so•rb•ing**. 1. To take in or soak up. 2. To take the full attention of.

**ab•sur•d** (əb-zür'd', əb-zür'd') *adj.* Ridiculously inappropriate or unreasonable; foolish.

**a•bu•dance** (ə-bün'dəns) *n.* A supply that is more than enough; a great amount.

**a•bu•dant** (ə-bün'dənt) *adj.* In great amounts; plentiful.

**a•but** (ə-büt') *v.* **a•but•ted**. Lie alongside; adjoin.

**a•byss** (ə-bis') *n.* A very deep and large hole; an immeasurable chasm.

**a•ca•cia** (ə-kä'shə) *n.* A tree with flowering branches.

**ac•cess** (äk'ses) *n.* A means of reaching; a passage.

**ac•ces•si•ble** (äk-sës'ə-bəl) *adj.* Easily reached or entered.

**ac•com•pli•ce** (äk-kom'plüs') *n.* A person who helps someone else in a crime.

**ac•cord•ing•ly** (äk-körd'ing-lē) *adv.* Because of that; therefore.

**ac•count•ant** (äk-kount'ənt) *n.* A person who keeps or inspects the money records of a business or person.

**a•chieve** (ə-chëv') *v.* **a•chieved**. To accomplish something desired or attempted.

**ac•knowl•edge** (äk-nöl'ij) *v.*

**ac•knowl•edged**. To recognize as being valid or having force or power.

## aghast

**ad•dress** (äd'dres') *n.* **ad•dressed**, **ad•dress•ing**, **ad•dress•es**. 1. To speak to or give a speech to, especially in a formal manner. 2. To direct the efforts or attention of (oneself).

—*n.* 1. (*ad'sis ad'res*) The house number, street name, city, state, and zip code where a person lives, works, or receives mail. 2. A formal speech.

**a•dept** (äd'ëpt) *n.* An expert; professional.

—*adj.* (*s-dept'*) Very good at something; skillful.

**ad•e•quate** (äd'ë-kwät') *adj.* Enough to meet needs; sufficient.

**a•dieu** (ä-dyoo') *interj.* French for "farewell."

**ad•join** (ä-jün') *v.* **ad•join•ing**. To be next to; be side by side.

**ad•min•is•ter** (äd-min'ës-tër) *v.*

—*adj.* (*äd'miñs'tered*) 1. To be in charge of; direct; manage. 2. To give as a remedy or treatment.

**ad•do•be** (äd'dö'bë) *n.* Brick or bricks made of clay and straw that dry and harden in the sun. 2. A building made of these bricks.

**ad•vance** (äd'vens) *v.* **ad•vanced**, **ad•vanc•es**. To move forward, onward, or upward.

**ad•ver•se** (äd'vers', äd'ver's') *adj.* Harmful or unfavorable.

**aer•i•al** (äär'ë-äl, äär'ë-ääl) *adj.* High in the air.

**af•firm** (äf-fürm') *v.* To insist; maintain to be true.

**af•fir•ma•tion** (äf'är-mäshən) *n.* The act of affirming.

**ag•gra•vate** (äg'grä-vät') *v.*

—*adv.* (*äg'grä-vat'ing*) To make angry or exasperated; provoke.

**a•ghast** (ə-gäst') *adj.* Horrified or amazed.

## agile

**ag•ile** (äj'ël, äj'ël') *adj.* Capable of moving quickly and easily; nimble.

**a•gi•tate** (äj'ë-tät') *vt.* The ability to move quickly and easily.

**ag•o•ni•ze** (äg'ë-nëz') *n.* **ag•o•ni•z•ing**.

1. To experience great pain or anguish. 2. To struggle.

**ag•o•ny** (äg'ë-në) *n.* 1. Great pain of body or mind. 2. Intense emotion.

**ag•ri•cul•ture** (äg'ë-rü-kü'lüchar) *n.*

Having to do with farms or farming.

—*adj.* (*äg'ë-ri'kü'lüral*) *adj.*

**ail** (äyl) *v.* **ail•ing**. To be ill; feel sick.

**a•jar** (ə-yär') *adj.* Not closed all the way; partly open.

**a•lac•ri•ty** (ä-läk'ri-të) *n.*

Enthusiasm; cheerful readiness.

**a•l•cove** (äl'köv') *n.* An inset or recessed part of a room.

**a•li•en** (äl'ë-en, äl'ë-yen) *n.* An outsider; someone from a very different place and culture.

**a•loft** (ä-loft', ä-loft') *adv.* In or into a high place; up in or into the air.

**am•ble** (äm'blë) *v.* **am•bled**. To walk un hurriedly, as an animal using both legs on one side alternately with both on the other; to stroll.

**am•busch** (äm'boosh) *v.* **am•bushed**. To attack from a hidden position.

**a•mend•ment** (äm'änd'mënt) *n.* A change in a law.

**a•men•ti•ty** (ä-mëñt'ë-të, ä-mëñt'ë-nëtë)

*n., pl. a•men•ti•ties.* Pleasant or polite conversation; "small talk."

**am•e•thyst** (äm'ë-thist') *n.* The shade of a purple or violet form of quartz used as a gemstone.

**am•i•a•ble** (ä-mëñmë-bəl) *adj.* Friendly and good-natured.

**a•miss** (ä-mës') *adj.* Improper; faulty.

—*adv.* Improperly; in a faulty or mistaken way.

## aperture

**am•ple** (äm'pol) *adj.* 1. Large in size. 2. Large in quantity; more than enough.

**an•a•lyze** (än'ë-a-liz') *v.* To separate something into its basic parts in order to examine it very carefully.

**an•ces•tor** (än'sës-tor) *n.* Any person from whom one is descended, especially one who is further removed than a grandparent.

**an•ces•to•r** (än'ës-thët'ik) *n.* A drug or other substance that makes the body unable to feel pain, heat, cold, or other sensations.

**An•glo** (äng'glö) *n.* English speaking or of England.

**an•guish** (äng'gwish) *n.* **an•guished**.

Very great pain or suffering of body or mind.

**an•i•mat•ed** (äm'ë-mä-tëd) *adj.* Full of spirit; lively.

**a•non•y•mous** (ä-nöñë-së-müs) *adj.* A person whose identity is not known or does not stand out in any way.

**an•ten•na** (än'tëñë) *n., pl.*

**an•ten•nae** (än'tëñë) One of a pair of long, thin feelers on the head of insects and some animals.

**an•tic** (än'tik) *n.* A funny act or action intended to draw attention.

**an•tic•i•pa•tion** (än-tëñë-së-pä'shëñ) *n.*

The act of looking forward to in expectation.

**an•ti•que** (än-tëñëk') *n.* Something made a long time ago.

**an•vil** (än'vil) *n.* A heavy block of iron or steel with a smooth, flat top where metal articles are hammered into shape.

**anx•i•et•y** (äng'zë-i-të) *n.* 1. An uneasy feeling about what will happen; worry. 2. An eager feeling mixed with worry.

**ap•er•ture** (ap'är-chär) *n.* An opening such as a crack or slit.

ă pat	ĕ pet
ā pay	ē be
âr care	ī pit
ä father	ī pie
oi oil	ū cut
oo book	ûr fur
oo boot	th the
yoo abuse	th thin
ou out	hw which
	zh vision



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Glossary 611

**apoplexy**

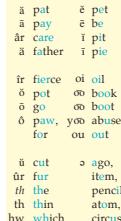
**ap•o•pλex•y** (ăp'ə-plĕk sē) *n.* A stroke or sudden attack on the brain.  
**ap•pall** (ăp'əl) *v.* **ap•palled.** To fill with surprise and dismay.  
**ap•pa•ri•tion** (ăp'ə-rĭsh'ən) *n.* 1. A haunting or disturbing image. 2. A sudden, surprising appearance.  
**ap•peal** (ăp'əl) *n.* A request to have a law case tried again by a higher court.  
—*v.* To attract; interest.  
—*adj.* **ap•peal•ing.** Attractive or interesting.  
**ap•pease** (ăp'ə-pēz) *v.* 1. To make calm or quiet, especially by giving what is demanded.  
**ap•pen•tice** (ăp'ən'sis) *n.* A person who learns a skill or trade by working for a skilled craftsman.  
—*adj.* **ap•pen•ticed.** Placed to hire as an apprentice.  
**aq•ui•fer** (ăk'wă-fər, ăk'wă-fər) *n.* An underground water-holding rock formation.  
**ar•bor** (ăr'bar) *n.* A shaded place or garden area closed in by trees, bushes, or vines growing on lattices.  
**ar•chae•ol•o•gy** or **ar•che•ol•o•gy** (ăr'kă-ōl'ō-jē) *n.* The science of studying the remains of past civilizations. —**ar•chae•o•log•i•cal** (ăr'kă-ō-lōj'ikəl) *adj.*  
**a•re•na** (ăr'ĕ-nă) *n.* In ancient Rome, an enclosed area or stadium where gladiators fought and other sporting events were held.  
**ar•mor•y** (ăr'morē) *n.* A storehouse where weapons are kept.  
**a•rouse** (ăr'ouz) *v.* To awaken.



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**beguile**

**be•guile** (bē-gil') *v.* To distract or amuse.  
**be•half** (bi-häf', bi-häf') *n.* Interest, support, or benefit.  
**belch** (belch) *v.* **belch•ing.** To erupt violently.  
**bel•low** (bel'ō) *v.* **bel•lowed,** *bel•low•ing.* To yell or make a loud roaring noise.  
—*n.* A loud roar.  
**bench** (bĕnch) *n.* 1. A long seat for two or more people. 2. A judge or position of a judge.  
**ben•e•fact•or** (bĕn'ĕ-făk tōr) *n.* One who gives support, especially financially.  
**be•quest** (bĕ-kwĕst') *n.* The act of passing something on to another.  
**berth** (bĕrth) *n.* A job.  
**be•seach** (bĕ-sĕch') *v.* To beg or plead earnestly.  
**be•stow** (bĕ-stō') *v.* **be•stowed,** *be•stow•ing.* To give as a gift or an honor. —**be•stow•al** *n.*  
**be•wil•der** (bi-wil'där) *v.*  
**be•wil•dered** *v.* To confuse.  
**be•wil•der•ment** (bi-wil'dor-mĕnt) *n.* The condition of being confused.  
**bi•ased** (bī-ăs'd) *adj.* Preferring one opinion over another; prejudiced.  
**bi•bit** (bī'bĭt) *v.* **bi•bad**, **bi•bad**, or **bi•bid**, **bidding.** 1. To tell someone to do something; command. 2. To say as a greeting or farewell.  
**bi•let** (bī'lĕt) *n.* A well-paid position; a job.  
**bi•zarre** (bī-zär') *adj.* Strange; out of the ordinary.  
**blear•y** (blir'ē) *adj.* Blurry.  
**boar** (bōr, bōr) *n.* A wild pig with a thick coat of dark bristles.  
**board** (bōrd) *n.* The side of a ship.  
—*v.* **board•ed.** 1. To give shelter or food, usually for pay. 2. To enter a vehicle.



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**auger**

**ar•rest** (ăr'ĕst') *v.* **ar•rest•ed.** 1. To seize and hold under the law. 2. To stop the movement or development of; hold back; check.  
—*n.* The act of arresting.  
**ar•pa•ri•tion** (ăp'ə-rĭsh'ən) *n.* 1. A haunting or disturbing image. 2. A sudden, surprising appearance.  
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**a•rouse** (ăr'ouz) *v.* To awaken.



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**aught**

**augh** (ăt) *pron.* Anything.  
**a•vail** (ăv'ăl') *v.* **a•vailed.** To be of use, help, or advantage.  
—*idiom avail oneself of.* To make use of.  
**a•va•lanche** (ăv'ă-lăns'chă) *n.* A large mass of rocks sliding down a hill.  
**a•ve** (ăvă) *n.* A Latin greeting.  
**a•ver•y** (ăv'ĕrē) *n.* A main road or way.  
**ar•ti•fact** (ăr'ĕ-făkt') *n.* An ancient manmade object.  
**as•cent** (ăs-sĕnt') *n.* 1. The act of climbing or rising upward. 2. An upward slope.  
**as•cer•tain** (ăs'ĕr-tān') *v.* To find out; make certain.  
**a•scrib•e** (ăskrib') *v.* **a•cribed.** To give credit to a specific cause.  
**a•skew** (ăskyoō') *adv.* & *adj.* Not lined up or straight; awry.  
**as•pire** (ăspir') *v.* To have a great ambition; strive toward.  
**as•sa•sin** (ăs-săs'in) *n.* One who murders a public official.  
**as•sa•si•na•tion** (ăs-săs'ĕ-nă-shăñ) *n.* The murder of a public official.  
**as•sem•ble** (ăs-sĕm'băl) *v.*  
—*adj.* **as•sem•bled.** To gather together.  
**as•sem•bly** (ăs-sĕm'băl) *n.* A group gathered together for a special purpose.  
**as•sent** (ăs-sĕnt') *n.* Consent; agreement.  
**as•sess•ment** (ăs-sĕs'mĕnt) *n.* Judgment; opinion.  
**at•tire** (ăt'ĕr) *n.* Clothing or costume.  
**at•tun•e** (ăt'ĕn', ătyoo'n) *v.* **at•tuned.** In agreement; understanding.  
**au•di•ble** (ăd'ĕ-bəl) *adj.* Loud enough to be heard.  
**au•ger** (ăg'ĕr) *n.* Tool for boring holes.



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**bedraggled**

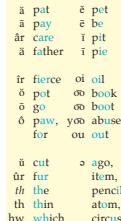
**bale** (bäl) *n.* A large, tightly wrapped bundle of raw or unfinished material.  
**bal•last** (bäl'ăst) *n.* Any heavy material carried in a vehicle to give it weight to control balance.  
**ban** (bän) *v.* **ban•ned.** To forbid by law or decree; prohibit.  
**ban•nis•ter** also **ban•nis•ter** (bän'is-tĕr) *n.* The railing supported by posts along a staircase.  
**bank•rupt** (băngk'rüpt, băngk'räpt) *v.*  
**bank•rupt•ed** *v.* To cause to become financially ruined; penniless.  
**ban•ner•et** (bän'ĕr-it, bän'ĕr-ĕt) *n.* A knight who led others under his own banner.  
**bare** (bär) *adj.* **bar•est.** 1. Without covering. 2. Revealed to view; undisguised. 3. Without the usual supplies or furnishings.  
—*v.* To open up to view; uncover.  
—*adj.* **bared.** Opened up to view; uncovered.  
**bar•ren** (bär'ĕn) *adj.* 1. Not able to bear children. 2. Having no vegetation.  
**ba•salt** (băsôlt', băsôlt') *n.* A hard volcanic rock, often having a glassy appearance.  
**bate** (bät) *v.* To take away; subtract.  
**bat•er** (băt'ĕr) *v.* **bat•ered.** 1. To strike or pound again and again with heavy blows. 2. To hurt or damage by rough treatment or hard wear.  
—*n.* In baseball, a player who is or will be batting.  
**bat•tle•dore** (băt'ĕl-dôr') *n.* A flat wooden paddle used in an early form of badminton.  
**bawl** (bôl) *v.* **bawled,** **bawl•ing.** To cry out or call in a loud, strong voice; bellow.  
**bed•lam** (bĕd'lam) *n.* Chaos; noisy uproar.  
**be•drag•gled** (bi-drăg'ĕld) *adj.* 1. Wet; drooping. 2. Shabby and deteriorating.



Glossary 613

**beguile**

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—*v.* **board•ed.** 1. To give shelter or food, usually for pay. 2. To enter a vehicle.



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**breach**

**board•ing school** (bōrd'ĕng skool, bōrd'ĕng skool) *n.* A school at which students live and take their meals as well as attend classes.  
**bob•by** (bōb'ĕ) *n.* British nickname for a policeman.  
**bob•o•link** (bōb'ĕ-lik'ĕn) *n.* An American songbird with black, white, and tan feathers.  
**bo•die** (bōd'ĕ) *n.* A woman's vest worn over a blouse.  
**bog** (bōg, bōg) *n.* A soft, wet area of land; marsh; swamp.  
**bois•ter•ous** (boi'stĕr-əs, boi'stăs) *adj.* Loud; noisy. —**bois•ter•ous•ly** *adv.*  
**bol•ster** (bōl'stĕr) *n.* A long, narrow pillow or cushion.  
—*v.* To support or buoy up.  
**boon** (bōn) *n.* Benefit; blessing.  
**boo•ty** (bōo'tē) *n.* Stolen possessions, usually taken by force in time of war.  
**bore** (bōr, bōr) *v.* **bore•ing.** 1. To make a hole in. 2. To make weary by being uninteresting or dull.  
**bos•om** (booz'ĕm, bōz'ĕm) *n.* The chest.  
**bo•wil•der** (bō-wil'där) *n.* The condition of being confused.  
**bo•wil•dered** *n.* One who specializes in the study of plants.  
**bough** (bōu) *n.* A large branch of a tree.  
**bout** (bōt) *n.* A contest between two opponents; attack; session.  
**bow•er** (bō'ĕr) *n.* An arbor.  
**brace•lets** (brăs'ĕltz) *n.* Handcuffs.  
**bran•dish** (brănd'ish) *v.* **bran•dished,** **bran•dish•ing.** To wave about as a weapon.  
**brawl** (brōl') *v.* **brawl•ing.** To fight loudly.  
**bra•ze** (brāz) *v.* Strange; out of the ordinary.  
**bra•zen** (brāz'ĕn) *adj.* Bold; unashamed.  
**breach** (brēch) *n.* The breaking of a rule or contract.



614

**breastplate**

**breast•plate** (brēst'plāt) *n.* A piece of armor that covers the chest.  
**brech•es** (brēch'iz, brēch'iz) *n.* Short trousers that are fastened at or just below the knees.  
**bri•be** (brīb') *n.* Money or another valuable that is offered or given to make a person do something dishonest or illegal.  
**bri•dle** (brīd'l') *n.* The straps, bit, and reins that fit over a horse's head and are used to control the animal.  
—*v.* To express resentment by holding the head high.  
**brim•stone** (brīm'stōn') *n.* Sulfur.  
**bris•tle** (brīs'ĕl) *n.* A short, coarse, stiff hair.  
—*v.* 1. To raise the bristles stiffly. 2. To show anger or irritation.  
**brooch** (brōch, brooch) *n.* A large pin worn as an ornament.  
**brook** (brook) *v.* To put up with; bear; tolerate.  
—*n.* A small stream or creek.  
**buff** (būf) *v.* **buffed.** To polish or shine with a hard piece of wood covered with leather or with any strong, soft material.  
**buff•er** (būf'ĕr) *n.* Something that separates and protects.  
**bul•head** (bul'ĕhd') *n.* A wall that divides a ship into several compartments.  
**bul•lion** (bul'ĕyon) *n.* Gold or silver in bar form.  
**bul•wark** (bul'ĕwĕrk, bul'ĕwĕrk', būl'ĕwĕrk) *n.* A wall built for protection.  
**bung** (bung) *v.* **Chiefly British.** To fill or toss unceremoniously.  
**Bun•sen burn•er** (bün'sĕn bür'ĕr) *n.* A kind of small gas burner usually used in laboratories, consisting of a vertical metal pipe on a base attached to a gas source.



614

**capsize**

**bunt** (būnt) *v.* To bat a baseball lightly so that it rolls slowly and does not go very far.  
—*n.* The act of bunting.  
**buoy** (bōō'ĕ, bōō'ĕ) *v.* **buoyed.** To raise or keep up one's spirits.  
**burgh•er** (bür'ĕr) *n.* A citizen of a small village.  
**burgh•er's pat** (bür'ĕr'gĕr păt) *n.* A villager's mind.  
**bur•nish** (bür'nish) *v.* To polish.  
**burst** (büst) *n.* Sculpture of a person's head, shoulders, and the upper part of the chest.  
**bus•tle** (büs'ĕl) *n.* **bus•tled.** Busy, excited activity.  
**but** (büt) *v.* **but•ted.** To hit or push as with the head or horns.  
—*n.* The thicker end of a tool, weapon, or piece of meat.  
**bye** (bīr) *n.* A barn.  
  
  
**ca•dence** (kăd'ĕns) *n.* A steady, rhythmic flow.  
**cal•lous** (kăl'ĕs) *adj.* **cal•loused.** Having calluses or toughened skin.  
**cam•aign med•al** (kăm'ĕn'ĕ med'ĕl) *n.* An award given for military accomplishment.  
**can•did** (kăn'did) *adj.* Open and honest; sincere.  
**can•o•py** (kăn'ĕ-pĕ) *n.* A covering like a tent.  
**cap•i•tal** (kăp'ĕ-tăl) *n.* 1. A city where the government of a state or country is located. 2. Money or property that is invested to produce more money.  
—*adj.* Calling for a penalty of death; *capital punishment.*  
**cap•size** (kăp'siz, kăp'siz') *v.*  
**cap•siz•ing.** To turn bottom side up; overturn.

bust  
Bunsen  
burner

Glossary 615

**capsulize**

**cap•su•lize** (kăp'sü-liz', kăp'syoo-liz') *v.* **cap•su•lized, cap•su•liz•ing.** To put into capsule form; encase.

**car••van** (kăr'vän) *n.* A large covered vehicle.

**car•go** (kăr'gō) *n.* The goods carried by a ship, airplane, or other vehicle.

**cask** (kăsk) *n.* A barrel of any size for holding liquids.

**cast** (kăst) *v.* 1. To throw; hurl. 2. To search or look for. 3. To contrive; devise. —*n.* The actors in a play.

**cat••comb** (kăt'ə-kom') *n.* In ancient Rome, an underground tunnel in which graves were dug.

**cat••pult** (kăt'pült', kăt'pült') *n.* An ancient military machine for hurling boulders at an enemy.

**cen•tu•ri•on** (sĕn-tür'ē-ən, sĕn-tüör'ē-ən) *n.* A commander of 100 soldiers.

**cha•rin** (shă-grin') *n.* Embarrassment caused by failure or disappointment.

**cham•ber** (chäm'bär) *n.* A room.

**cha•os** (kă'os) *n.* Great confusion; disorder.

**char•ac•ter•i•za•tion** (kăr'ək-tăr'-ĭ-zăshən) *n.* The way an author represents a character in writing.

**charg•er** (chär'jər) *n.* A horse trained specifically for battle.

**chas•tise** (chăs-tiz', chăs'tiz') *v.* To admonish severely; rebuke.

**chia•o•tzu** (jyōu dzü') *n.* Chinese dumplings stuffed with meat, vegetables, and spices.

**chis•eled** (chiz'ld) *adj.* Shaped as if from stone.

**chor•tle** (chör'tl) *v.* **chor•tled.** To chuckle in a snorting way.

**chron•o•log•i•cal** (krōn'ə-lōj'ikəl, krō'na-lōj'ikəl) *adj.* In order of time.

**catapult** 

**commence**

**cinc•der** (sĭn'där) *n.* A piece of partly burned coal or wood that cannot be burned further.

**cir•cus** (sîr'küs) *n.* In ancient Rome, a large enclosed arena where gladiators fought to the death. Christians were thrown to the lions, and other wicked events were displayed to entertain the Romans.

**civ•il** (stv'äl) *adj.* 1. Of a citizen or people within a community. 2. Polite.

**civ•il ac•tion** (stv'äl ăk'shən) *n.* People within a community acting without authority of the law.

**clam•ber** (kläm'bär) *v.* To climb clumsily, especially on all fours.

**clam•or** (kläm'ər) *n.* A loud noise.

**complain** *v.* To complain or insist.

**clan** (klān) *n.* A group of families tracing descent from a common ancestor.

**cli•ent** (kli'ĕnt) *n.* A person who uses the services of a professional person.

**clout** (klout) *n.* 1. A blow, as with the fist. 2. A powerful hit in baseball.

**coax** (kōks) *v.* **coax•ing.** To get something by being nice or gentle.

**coax•ing•ly** *adv.*

**cob•ble** (kōb'əl) *n.* **cob•bled.** A round stone once used to pave streets; a cobblestone.

**cock** (kōk) *n.* The adult male of chickens and other fowl; a rooster.

**—v.** 1. To tilt or turn up to one side. 2. To raise the hammer of a firearm in preparation to fire.

**cock•pit** (kōk'pīt) *n.* The part of an airplane where the pilot and copilot sit.

**co•her•ent** (kō-hir'ĕnt, kō-hĕr'ĕnt) *adj.* Understandable.

**com•mence** (kō-mĕns') *v.* To begin; to start.

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**commend**

**com•men•d** (kă-mĕnd') *v.*

**com•men•ding.** To commit to the care of another; entrust.

**—adj.** com•men•d•a•ble. Worthy, competent, or sought after.

**com•men•tar•y** (kăm'ən-tĕr'ē) *n.* Explanation.

**com•merce** (kōm'ĕrs) *n.* Trade; business.

**com•mis•sion** (kă-miš'ĕn) *n.* To give someone the power or right to do something.

**com•mo•tion** (kă-mō'ĕshən) *n.* Violent motion; noisy activity; confusion.

**com•mu•ne** (kă-myōn') *v.* To talk closely with, have a relationship with.

**com•mu•ni•on** (kă-myōn'ĕshən) *n.* Participating in spiritual fellowship.

**com•pac•t** (kăm'păkt', kōm'păkt') *adj.* Taking up little space.

**—n.** (kōm'păkt) An agreement.

**com•par•a•tive** (kăm-păr'ĕ-tiv) *n.* Measured in relation to something else; relative.

**com•pas•sion** (kăm-păsh'ĕn) *n.* Sorrow for someone else's suffering with the desire to help.

**com•pas•sion•ate** (kăm-păsh'ĕ-nit) *adj.* Showing compassion.

**com•pel** (kăm-pĕl') *v.* **com•pel•ed.** To force someone to do something.

**com•pe•ten•cy** (kăm'pi-tĕn-sē) *n.* Ability to function as is necessary or desired.

**com•pla•cent** (kăm-plă'sĕnt) *adj.* Pleased with oneself; contented.

**com•ply** (kăm-pl'ē) *v.* To obey another's command or wish.

**com•por•t** (kăm-pôrt', kăm-pôrt') *v.* To behave in a particular manner.

**com•pose** (kăm-pôz') *n.* **com•posed, com•pos•ing.** 1. To make calm or controlled. 2. To write; create, especially music.

**com•po•si•tion** (kăm'pō-zish'ĕn) *n.* The parts of something and the way in which they are put together.

**com•sent** (kăm-sĕnt') *v.* **com•sent•ed.** To give permission.

**consent**

**com•ound** (kōm'pound', kăm'pound', kōm'pound) *n.* A group of buildings built for a special purpose.

**com•punc•tion** (kōm-pünk'shən) *n.* Regret; feeling of guilt or second thoughts.

**com•rade** (kōm'rād', kōm'rād) *n.* A friend; fellow worker.

**Comte** (kōnt') *n.* High-ranking noble in the French court.

**con•cede** (kăn-sĕd') *n.* **con•ced•ed.** To admit that something is true, often without wanting to.

**con•ceit** (kăn-sĕt') *n.* Pride in oneself or one's abilities; vanity.

**con•ceiv•e** (kăn-sĕv') *v.* **con•ceived.** 1. To originate or imagine an idea. 2. To form or start something new.

**con•cise** (kăn-sis') *adj.* Brief and clear.

**con•clude** (kăn-kloid') *v.*

**con•clud•ed** 1. To finish. 2. To come to a conclusion.

**con•demn** (kăn-dĕm') *v.* **con•demned.** To prove guilty and assign a punishment.

**con•fi•ant** (kōn'fē-dănt', kōn'fē-dănt') *n.* One to whom secrets are told.

**con•fine** (kăn-fin') *v.* **con•fin•ed.** To limit or restrict.

**con•fine•ment** (kăn-fin'mĕnt) *n.* The act of being confined.

**con•firm** (kăn-fürm') *v.* To verify that something is true.

**con•fron•ta•tion** (kōn-frün-tă'shən) *n.* Face to face conflict; argument.

**con•gen•ial** (kăn-jĕn'yal) *adj.* Of a good-natured temperament; friendly.

**con•scious** (kōn'shës) *adj.* Able to know; aware.

**con•sent** (kăm-sĕnt') *v.* **con•sent•ed.** To give permission.

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**consequential**

**con•se•quen•tial** (kōn-sĕkwĕn'shăl) *adj.* Self-important; showy.

**con•serve** (kăn-sûrv') *n.* A candied fruit or fruit jam.

**con•sid•era•ble** (kăn-sid'ĕrə-bəl) *adj.* Fairly large.

**con•sol•a•tion** (kōn-să'lă shăn) *n.* Comfort during a time of disappointment or sorrow.

**con•star•na•tion** (kōn-star-nă'shăn) *n.* Shock; bewilderment.

**con•strain** (kăn-strān') *v.* **con•strained.** 1. To confine; restrain. 2. To force; compel.

**con•straint** (kăn-stănt') *n.* Restraint; restriction.

**con•sult** (kăn-sült') *v.* **con•sult•ed.** To go to or turn to for advice, an opinion, or information.

**con•tam•i•nate** (kăn-tăm'ĕ-năt') *n.* **con•tam•i•nat•ed.** To make impure by mixing or touching; pollute.

**con•tam•i•na•tion** (kăn-tăm'ĕ-năshăn) *n.* The act or process of contaminating or being contaminated.

**con•tem•plate** (kăn'tam-plăt') *v.* **con•tem•plat•ed.** To regard thoughtfully.

**con•tem•pla•tion** (kăn-tăm-plă'shăn) *n.* The act of contemplating.

**con•tempt** (kăn-tĕmp't) *n.* 1. A feeling that someone or something is of little value. 2. Showing disrespect or disobedience to an authority in a court of law.

**con•temp•tu•ous** (kăn-tĕmp'tyü'əs) *adj.* Expressing contempt or disdain; scornful. —**con•temp•tu•ous•ly** *adv.*

**con•tra•dict** (kăn'tră-dikt') *v.*

**con•tra•dict•ed** *adj.* Stating the opposite of.

**con•tar•ry** (kăn'trĕr'ē) *adj.* Completely different; opposite. —*idiom* **on the contrary.** Opposite what has been said or what is expected.

**cowl** (kōwl) *n.* A hood.

**—adj.** cowed. A person or thing covered by a hood.

**ā pat ē pet**  
ā pot ē be  
ār care ī pit  
ā father ī pie

**ū cut ə ago,**  
ū fur ə item,  
th ī pencil,  
th thin ī atom,  
hw which ī circus  
zh vision ī butter

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**craft**

**craft** (kraft) *n.* 1. Skill or occupation requiring skill. 2. A boat or ship.

**craft•y** (kraf'tē) *adj.* Skilled in deception. —**craft•y•ly** *adv.*

**cred•i•bil•i•ty** (kred'ĕbĕl'ĕtē) *n.* The quality of being believable or having authority.

**crev•ice** (krev'isē) *n.* A narrow crack or opening.

**crib** (krib) *n.* A comfortable situation, especially financially.

**cri•sis** (kri'sis) *n.* The turning point of a story; the highest point of intensity.

**crit•i•cal** (krit'ĕ-kăl) *adj.* 1. Unsympathetic; fault-finding. 2. Demonstrating careful, exact evaluation and judgment.

**croon** (kroōn) *v.* **croon•ing.** 1. To sing in a soft voice. 2. To speak gently and comfortingly.

**cross•patch** (krōs'păch', krōs'păch') *n.* An irritable person; grouch.

**crus•ade** (krōs'ăd') *n.* A holy war.

**cul•de•sc** (kăl'dē-săk', kōl'dē-săk') *n.* Dead-end street.

**cul•mi•nat•ed** *adj.* To bring or come to a climax.

**cul•pri•t** (kăl'prit) *n.* A person who is suspected or found guilty of a crime.

**cul•ti•vate** (kăl'tü-văt') *v.* To prepare and tend soil to grow plants.

**cul•ture** (kăl'chăr) *n.* A growth of bacteria or other microorganisms.

**cun•ning** (kün'ing) *adj.* Sly or clever.

**cur•rant** (kăr'ĕn, kăr'ĕnt) *n.* A small dried fruit similar to a raisin.

**cur•ry** (kăr'ē, kăr'ĕ) *v.* To groom with a special comb.

**curl** (kăr't) *adj.* Abrupt; rude.

**cus•to•dy** (küs'tō-dē) *n.* 1. The condition of being held by police. 2. Under protection or guardianship of one in charge.

**decanter** 

**deluge**

**D**

**dam•ask** (dăm'ăsk) *n.* A finely woven table linen.

**daw•dle** (dăd'ĕl') *v.* **daw•dling.** To take more time than is needed; dally.

**deal•able** (dĕl tă'ĕl) *n.* One made from a specific type and size of wood.

**dec•ade** (dĕk'ăd', dĕ-kăd') *n.* A period of ten years.

**de•cant•er** (dĕ-kăñ'tär) *n.* Vessel that holds liquids.

**de•ceased** (dĕ-sĕst') *adj.* No longer living; dead.

**de•cline** (dĕ-klin') *v.* To refuse to take, accept, or do.

**de•cree** (dĕ-k्रē') *n.* An order of law.

**de•duce** (dĕ-düs', dĕ-yüs') *v.*

**de•duc•ing** *To conclude from known facts or circumstances.*

**def•e•ren•tial** (dĕf'ĕ-rĕn'shăl) *n.* Submission to the wishes of another; respect.

**def•i•anc•e** (dĕf'ĕ-räns, dĕf'ĕns) *n.* Outright refusal to obey authority.

**deft** (dĕft) *adj.* Quick and skillful.

**de•fy** (dĕf'ĕ) *v.* **de•fied.** To go against openly; challenge boldly.

**de•gen•er•ate** (dĕ-jĕn'ĕrăt') *n.* To become something lower; to get worse.

**de•hy•drat•e** (dĕ-hĕ-drăt') *v.*

**de•hy•drat•ed** *To take water from something for preservation of the item such as food.*

**de•lec•ta•ble** (dĕ-lĕk'tă-bal) *adj.* Pleasing; delightful.

**de•lib•er•ate** (dĕ-lib'ĕr-ĕt) *adj.* Not hurried or quick; careful; cautious.

**de•lib•er•a•tively** *adv.*

**de•luge** (dĕl'yüg) *n.* A flood or heavy downpour.

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dilapidated

**demolish**

**de•mol•ish** (di-môl'ish) *v.* To tear down completely; wreck.  
**de•noe•ment** also **de•noue•ment** (dä-nô-män') *n.* The ending or resolution of a plot.  
**de•noue•ment** (di-nôo-män') *v.* To accuse in public.  
**dense** (dĕns) *adj.* Closely packed together. —*dense•ly* *adv.*  
**de•pri•va•tion** (dĕ-pră-vă-shən) *n.* Roots; origins.  
**de•scen•dant** (di-sĕn-dănt) *n.* A person who comes from a certain ancestor or ancestors.  
**de•scen•t** (di-sĕnt) *n.* 1. Family origin. 2. The act of going or coming down.  
**de•scriv•e** (di-skri') *v.* **de•scribed.** To catch sight of.  
**des•er•t** (dĕz'ərt) *n.* A very dry region of land with little plant life.  
**des•er•t<sup>2</sup>** (dĕz'ərt) *v.* **des•er•ted.** To leave or abandon.  
—*adj.* Isolated; without people.  
**des•pis•e** (di-spiz') *v.* To look down on with scorn.  
**des•pis•e** (di-spiz') *prep.* In spite of.  
**des•tin•e** (dĕs'tin) *v.* **des•tin•ed.** To determine or establish ahead of time.  
**de•tect** (di-tĕkt') *v.* **de•tect•ed.** 1. To discover. 2. To notice.  
**de•vi•a•tion** (dĕ-vē-ă'shən) *n.* Change from the usual.  
**de•vice** (di-viz') *n.* 1. Something that is made or used for a special purpose, especially a machine that does one or more jobs. 2. A plan, scheme, or trick.  
**de•vise** (di-viz') *v.* **de•vis•ing.** To form or arrange in the mind; plan; invent.  
**de•vor** (di-vur') *v.* **de•voured,** **de•vor•ing.** To eat eagerly.

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**dislodge**

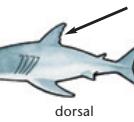
**de•vout** (di-voot') *adj.* Sincere; earnest. 2. Deeply religious.  
**di•ag•no•sis** (di-ag-nō'sis) *n.* A conclusion drawn from studying a situation.  
**di•a•logue** or **di•a•log** (di-a-lôg') *n.* The speaking parts of a play or story.  
**di•gni•ty** (dig'ñi-tē) *n.* Poise; self-respect.  
**dike** also **dyke** (dik) *n.* A wall, dam, or embankment that is built to hold back water and prevent flooding.  
**di•lap•i•dat•ed** (di-lăp'ë-dătid) *adj.* In a state of poor repair; almost ruined.  
**di•lute** (di-loot', di-loot') *v.* To make thinner or weaker by adding a liquid.  
**di•min•ish** (di-min'ish) *v.*  
**di•min•ished**. To make smaller or become less.  
**di•min•u•tive** (di-min'yă-tiv) *adj.* Of very small size; tiny.  
**diph•the•ri•a** (dip-thîr'ë-ə, dip-thîr'ë-ə) *n.* A disease that causes fever, weakness, and difficulty in breathing.  
**dip•lo•mat•ic** (dip'lô-măt'ik) *adj.* Tactful; careful of others' feelings.  
—*adv.* dip•lo•mat•i•cal•ly.  
**dis•close** (di-skloz') *v.* **dis•clos•ing.** To make known.  
**dis•creet** (di-skreet') *adj.* Secretive; quiet. —*dis•creet•ly* *adv.*  
**dis•em•bark** (dis'ĕm-bärk') *v.*  
**dis•em•bar•ked.** To leave and go on shore.  
**dis•en•gage** (dis'en-gāj') *v.*  
**dis•en•gaged**. 1. To come loose or untangle. 2. To free from an appointment or responsibility.  
**dis•in•fec•tant** (dis'in-fek'tant) *n.* A chemical used to destroy germs.  
**dis•in•her•it** (dis'in-hĕr'it') *v.* To deny inheritance to.  
**dis•lodge** (dis-lôj') *v.* To remove or force away.

**dismal**

**dis•mal** (dis'mäl) *adj.* Showing or causing gloom or depression; dreary.  
**dis•patch** also **des•patch** (di-spăch') *n.* Quick action and efficiency.  
**dis•pos•e** (di-spōz') *v.* **dis•pos•ed.** Incline; of a certain frame of mind.  
**dis•po•si•tion** (dis'pō-zish'ən) *n.* A person's usual mood.  
**dis•put•e** (di-spüt') *v.* **dis•put•ed.** To question the truth of; doubt.  
—*n.* A quarrel; a disagreement.  
**dis•qual•i•fy** (di-kwäl'ë-fr') *v.* To make or declare unfit.  
**dis•re•gard** (dis're-gărd') *v.*  
**dis•re•gard•ing.** To pay little or no attention to.  
**dis•solve** (di-zolv') *v.* **dis•sol•ved.** 1. To mix or become mixed into a liquid. 2. To break up; end.  
**dis•suade** (di-swăd') *v.* To discourage; persuade against.  
**dis•tort** (di-stôrt) *v.* **dis•tor•ted.** To twist or distort out of the usual shape.  
**dis•tract•ed** (di-trăkt'ëd) *adj.* 1. Inattentive. 2. Nervous with anxiety; emotionally unsettled.  
**dis•traught** (di-strôt') *adj.* Agitated or upset; anxious.  
**dis•tress** (di-trĕs') *n.* A song.  
**dis•vers** (di'verз) *adj.* Various.  
**dis•vine** (di-vin') *v.* **dis•vin•ed.** To deduce or guess.  
—*adj.* Of or coming from God.  
—*adv.* dis•vine'ly.  
**doc•ile** (dōs'ĕl, dōs'il) *adj.* Easy to handle or train.  
**dog•der•ing** (dōg'där-ing) *adj.* Old and feeble.  
**dog•ged** (dōg'gid, dōg'id) *adj.* Not giving up; persistent. —**dog'ged•ly** *adv.*  
**dot** (dōt) *n.* A stupid person.  
**do•main** (dō-män') *n.* Territory.  
**dom•i•nate** (dōm'ə-năt') *v.*  
**dom•i•nat•ed.** To position in an obvious or prominent place.

**drysalter**

**dor•mi•to•ry** (dôr'mî-tôrë) *n.* A room or building containing sleeping quarters for many people.  
**dor•sal** (dôr'säl) *n.* The main fin on the back of the shark.  
**down** (doun) *n.* Rolling, grassy meadow.  
**dow•ry** (dou'rë) *n.* Money or property brought by a bride to the man she is going to marry.  
**drab** (drâb) *adj.* Not bright; dull.  
**drake** (drâk) *n.* A male duck.  
**dram•a•tis•per•so•na•rum** (dräm'ë-tîs-pôr-sô'në, drâ'mâ-tîs-pôr-sô'në) *n.* Latin for "cast of characters."  
**draw** (drâv) *v.* **draw•ing.** 1. To pull or haul. 2. To take or bring out. 3. To withdraw; to take out, as money. 4. To cause to come; attract attention. 5. To move or cause to move in a given direction. 6. To pull or move so as to close. 7. To make a picture, likeness, or design with pen, pencil, chalk, or other similar object. 8. To breathe in; inhale.  
—*n.* The act of taking out and aiming a weapon.  
**dray** (drâ) *n.* A heavy cart used for hauling things.  
**dry•man** (drâ'man) *n.* Driver of a dray.  
**drench** (drêñch) *v.* To wet completely; soak.  
**drib•ble** (drib'äl) *v.* To move a ball along by bouncing or kicking it many times in basketball or in soccer.  
**drone** (drôn) *n.* A loud humming sound.  
—*v.* To talk in a boring, dull way.  
**drought** (drout) *n.* A long period with little or no rain.  
**dry•salt•er** (dri'sôl'ter) *n.* Seller of salted or dried meats, pickles, etc.  
—**dry'salt•er** *v.*



dorsal

ă pat	ĕ pet
ă pay	ĕ be
ăr care	ĭ pit
ă father	ĭ pie

ir fierce	oi oil
ĕ pot	ĕ book
ĕ go	ĕ boot
ĕ paw,	yo abuse
for	or out

ü cut	œ ago
ür fur	item,
th the	pencil,
hw which	atom,
zh vision	circus

zh butter

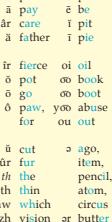
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**due course**

**due course** (doo kôrs, dyoo kôrs) *adj.* In proper order.  
**du•ly** (doo'li, dyoo'li) *adv.* Properly; correctly.  
**du•ra•tion** (doo-ră'shan, dyoo-ră'shan) *n.* Length of time.  
**dwin•dle** (dwin'dl) *v.* **dwin•dled,** **dwin•dling.** To grow smaller; become less.



ă pat  
ă pay  
ăr care  
ă father  
ir fierce  
ĕ pot  
ĕ go  
ĕ paw,  
for  
ü cut  
ür fur  
th the  
hw which  
zh vision



embankment

**enterprise**

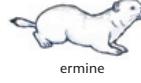
**en•pha•sis** (ĕn-făs'is) *n.* Particular importance put on something.  
**en•ploy** (ĕn-plöy') *v.* **en•ployed.** 1. To give a job; hire. 2. To make use of.  
**en•ploy•ee** (ĕn-plöy'ë, Im-plöy'ë, ĕm-plöy'ë) *n.* A person who works for another person or for an organization in return for pay.  
**en•ploy•er** (ĕn-plöy'ĕr) *n.* A person or organization that hires and pays people to work.  
**en•chant** (ĕn-chănt') *v.* **en•chant•ed.** To put under a magical spell.  
**en•com•pass** (ĕn-kum'păs) *v.* 1. To surround or envelop. 2. To include.  
**en•con•ter** (ĕn-koun'tar) *v.*  
**en•count•ered**, **en•count•er•ing.** To come upon or meet face to face.  
—*n.* A brief meeting or confrontation.  
**en•deav•or** (ĕn-dev'ər) *v.*  
**en•deav•ored**. To make a major effort; attempt.  
—*n.* A major effort or attempt.  
**en•due** (ĕn-doo', ĕn-dyôr') *v.*  
**en•dured**. 1. To put up with or tolerate; stand; bear. 2. To continue to exist; last.  
**en•gage** (ĕn-gāj') *v.* **en•gaged,** **en•gag•ing.** 1. To take up the attention or time of. 2. To take part. 3. To interlock or mesh together. 4. To attract or make appealing.  
**en•grave** (ĕn-grāv') *v.* **en•graved.** To carve or cut a design or letters into a surface.  
**en•list** (ĕn-list') *v.* **en•list•ed,** **en•list•ing.** 1. To join or get someone to join the armed forces. 2. To engage in service.  
**en•rap•ture** (ĕn-răp'char) *adj.*  
**en•rap•tured.** Delight.  
**en•sue** (ĕn-soo') *v.* **en•sued.** Follow; result.  
**en•ter•prise** (ĕn-tér-priz') *n.* An important undertaking of risky projects.



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**entitle**

**en•ti•tle** (ĕn-tîtl') *v.* **en•ti•tled.** 1. To give a title to; call. 2. To give someone a right.  
**en•tomb** (ĕn-tôm') *v.* To put in a tomb; bury.  
**en•tou•rage** (ĕn-tôrăzh') *n.* A group of attendants or friends following someone.  
**en•vel•op** (ĕn-vĕl'ĕp) *v.*  
**en•vel•oped**, **en•vel•op•ing.** To enclose completely.  
**en•vi•sion** (ĕn-vizh'ĕn) *n.* To picture or imagine something that is not yet in existence.  
**en•vi•di•c•e** (ĕp'i-dém'ik) *n.* A disease that spreads rapidly and widely.  
**en•vi•fy** (ĕn-vîf') *v.* **en•quipped.** To supply with things that are needed; provide.  
**ere** (ĕr) *adv.* Before.  
**er•rect** (ĕr-ĕkt') *adj.* Not bent or stooped; upright.  
—*v.* **er•rect•ed.** To build or construct to put up.  
**er•mine** (ĕr'mîn) *n.* 1. A kind of weasel whose fur in winter is white with a black tail tip. For the rest of the year, its fur is brown. 2. The white fur of an ermine.  
**es•car•to** (ĕs'kôrt') *n.* **es•car•tied,** **es•car•ting.** To go along with; accompany.  
**es•py** (ĕs-pî') *v.* **es•pied.** To catch a glimpse of.  
**es•pous•e** (ĕs-pôz') *v.* **es•poused.** Married or promised in marriage.  
**es•sen•tial** (ĕs-sĕn'shal) *adj.* Of the greatest importance.  
**es•tab•le** (ĕs-tăbl') *n.* Property in land and buildings.  
**es•vac•u•ate** (ĕvăk'yoo-ăt') *v.* 1. To force one to leave. 2. To leave or withdraw.  
**ev•olve** (ĕvôlv') *v.* To develop gradually.

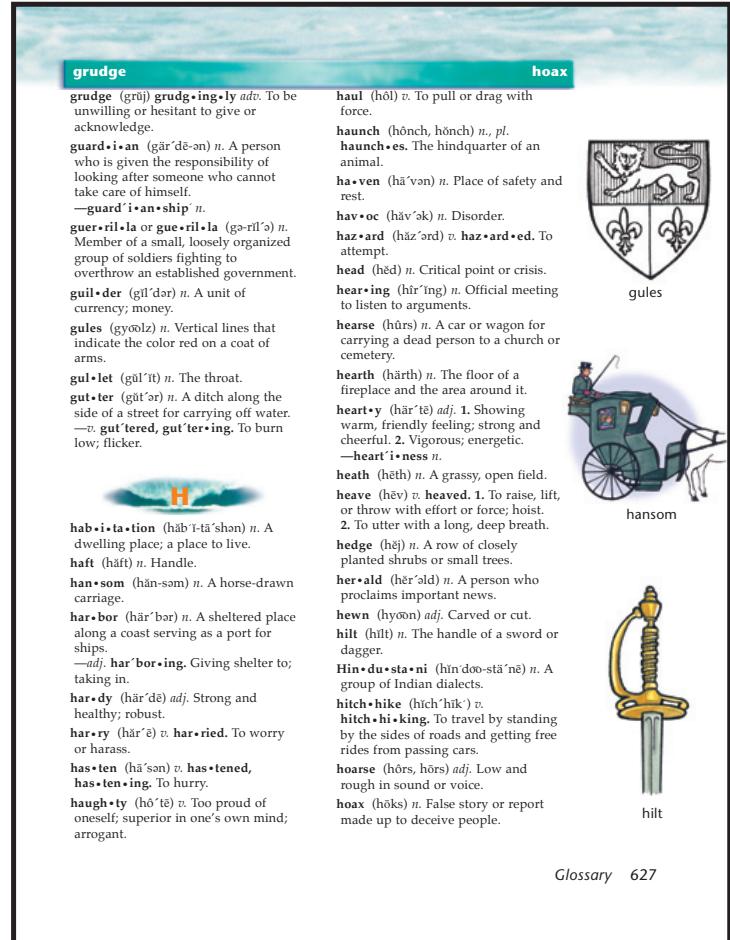
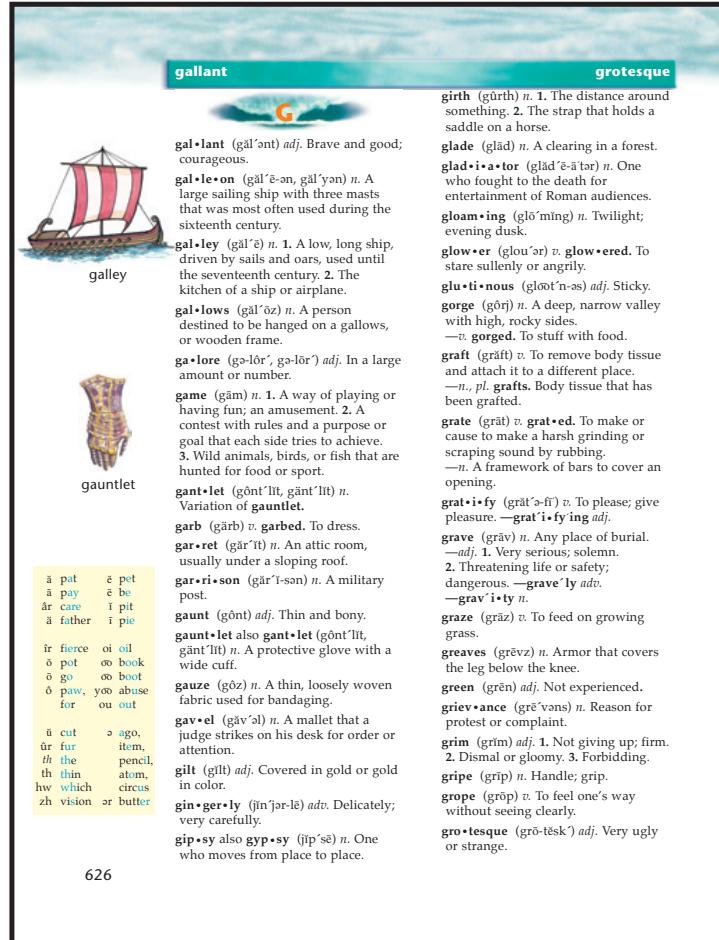
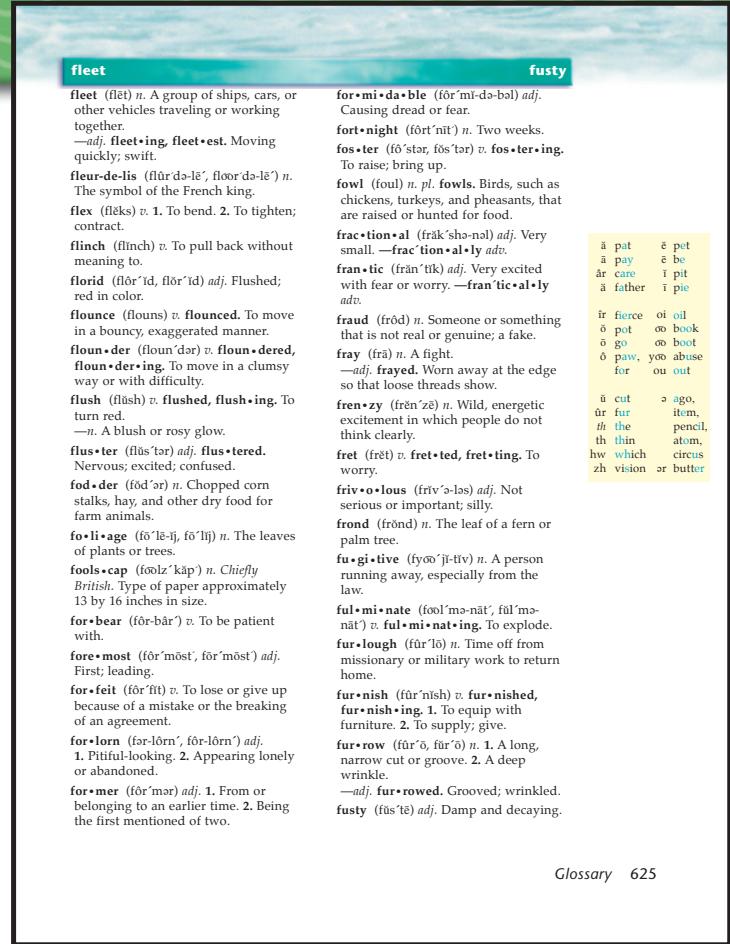
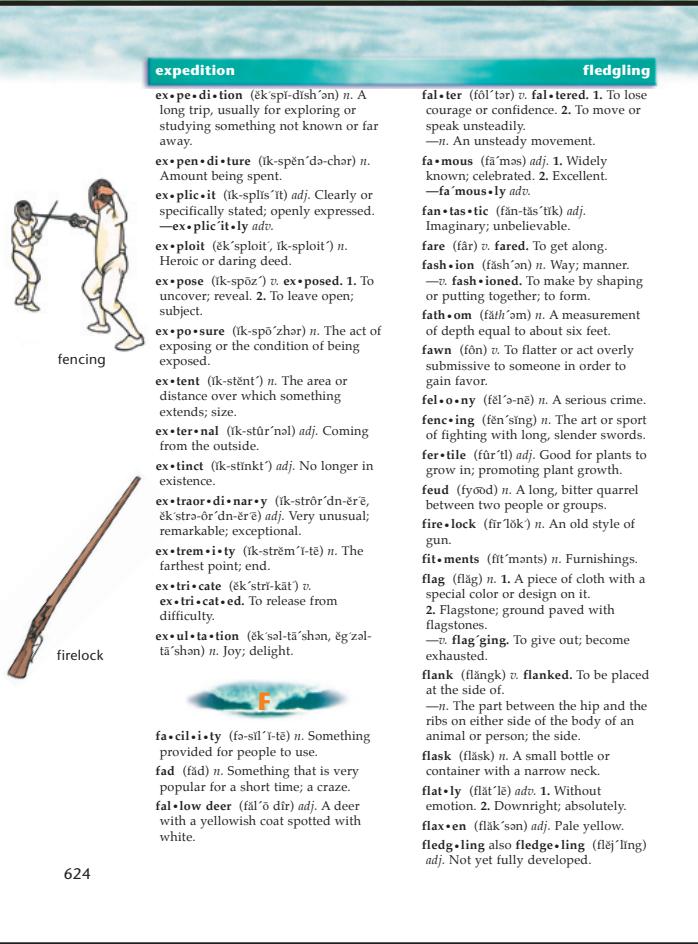


ermine

**expediency**

**ex•alt•ed** (ig-zôl'tid) *adj.* Noble and inspiring.  
**ex•as•per•ate** (ig-zăs'pô-răt') *v.*  
**ex•as•per•at•ing.** To irritate or annoy.  
**ex•ca•vate** (ĕk'săk'văt') *v.* To dig or dig out.  
**ex•ca•va•tion** (ĕk skă-văshən) *n.* The act or process of excavating.  
**ex•ceed•ing•ly** (ik-sé'ding-lë) *adv.* Extremely.  
**ex•cess** (ik-sès', ĕk'sès) *n.* 1. An amount that is too much or more than usual. 2. The amount by which one thing is more than another.  
**ex•claim** (ik-sklām') *v.* **ex•claimed.** To speak out suddenly and loudly.  
**ex•clu•sive** (ik-sklü'siv) *adj.* Admitting only some people and rejecting others. —**ex•clu•sive•ly** *adv.*  
**ex•cu•sion** (ik-skür'zhən) *n.* A short trip; an outing.  
**ex•cut•e** (ĕk'sik-yoōt') *v.*  
**ex•cu•cut•ed**, **ex•cu•cut•ing.** 1. To perform; do. 2. To carry out; put into effect. 3. To put to death.  
**ex•e•cu•tion** (ik-si-kyoō'zhən) *n.* The event of putting to death.  
**ex•e•cu•tion•er** (ik-si-kyoō'sha-nər) *n.* Someone who puts condemned prisoners to death or carries out punishment.  
**ex•ha•ust** (ig-zôst') *v.* **ex•haust•ed,** **ex•haust•ing.** 1. To use up; consume. 2. To make very tired; wear out.  
**ex•haus•tion** (ig-zôz'chān) *n.* Extreme or great fatigue.  
**ex•hi•bi•tion** (ĕk sô-bish'ən) *n.* A public display.  
**ex•ile** (ĕg'zil', ĕk'sil') *n.* 1. Forced or self-imposed removal from one's country; banishment. 2. A person who has fled or been forced to leave his country.  
**ex•pe•di•en•cy** (ĕk-spé'dē-ən-së) *n.* Effectiveness in achieving a desired end; self-serving.

Glossary 623



**hob**

**ho<sup>b</sup>** (hōb) *n.* A shelf inside a fireplace.  
**hoist** (hoist) *v.* **hoisted**. To raise up or lift.  
**ho<sup>ly</sup>** (hōlē) *adj.* 1. Set apart for God; godly. 2. Of or having to do with God; sacred.  
**hon•or•ar•y** (ōn'ō-rērē) *adj.* Title or position given as an honor.  
**hos•tile** (hōs'til) *n.* Unfriendly or unfavorable to health or well-being.  
**hov•er** (hōv'ər, hōv'ər) *v.* **hov•ered**, **hov•er•ing**. 1. To stay in one place in the air; float or fly without moving much. 2. To stay or wait nearby; linger.  
**hue** (hyōō) *n.* A color; shade.  
**hue-and-cry** (hyōō on krī) *n.* An exclamation intended to excite people to chase after someone believed to have stolen something or committed some other crime.  
**hu•mane** (hyōō-mānē) *adj.* Not cruel; kind.  
**hu•mor•ist** (hyōō-mōr-ist) *n.* Writer of humorous, or funny, material.  
**hus•band•man** (hūz'bänd-mān) *n.* A farmer.  
**hy•dro•pho•bi•a** (hī'drō-fō'bē-ə) *n.* Rabies.  
**hy•per•bo•le** (hī-pür'bā-lē) *n.* A figure of speech using exaggeration.  
**hy•po•der•mic** (hī'pō-dür'mik) *adj.* Injected beneath the skin.  
**hy•ster•ic•al** (hī'stēr'ē-kəl) *adj.* Excited beyond control.

**i•dal** (id'l) *n.* 1. A statue, picture, or other object that is worshiped as a god. 2. A person who is admired and loved very much.  
**il•lu•mi•nate** (i-lōō'mō-nāt) *v.* 1. To shine light on. 2. To make understandable.

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**impotent**

**im•me•nse** (ī-mēns') *adj.* Of great size, extent, or degree.  
**im•mi•grant** (īm'i-grānt) *n.* A person who comes to a country in order to live there permanently.  
**im•pac•t** (īm'päkt) *n.* 1. An important effect or impression. 2. The action of one object striking against another; collision.  
**im•pass•a•ble** (īm-päss'ə-bal) *adj.* Impossible to cross.  
**im•pas•si•ve** (īm-päss'iv) *adj.* Expressing no emotion.  
**im•per•a•tive** (īm-pér'ə-tiv) *adj.* Necessary.  
**im•per•il** (īm-pēr'ēl) *v.* **im•per•iled** or **im•per•illed**. To put in peril; endanger.  
**im•per•son•ate** (īm-pür'sə-nāt) *v.*  
**im•per•son•at•ing**. To pretend to be something or someone else.  
**im•per•ti•ent** (īm-pür'tē-ənt) *adj.* Rude; disrespectful; insulting; impolite.  
**im•plant** (īm-plānt) *v.* **im•plant•ed**. To establish firmly in the mind; instill; embed.  
**im•ple•ment** (īm'plā-mēnt) *n.* A tool or piece of equipment.  
**im•plore** (īm-plōr', īm-plōr') *v.*  
**im•plied**. To beg; plead with.  
**im•ply** (īm-plī') *v.* **im•plies**. To suggest without stating.  
**im•port** (īm-pōrt') *v.* **im•port•ed**. To bring in goods or products from a foreign country for sale or use.  
**im•pose** (īm-pōz') *v.* **im•posed**. To put on or assign to a person something that is a burden.  
**im•pos•ing** (īm-pōz'ing) *adj.* Awe-inspiring.  
**im•pos•tor** (īm-pōs'tor) *n.* One who pretends to be something he is not.  
**im•po•tent** (īm'pō-tənt) *adj.* Powerless.

**insufferable**

**in•su•fer•a•ble** (īn-süf'ər-ə-bal, īn-süf'ər-bal) *adj.* Difficult to endure; unbearable.  
**in•te•gra•tion** (īn-tē-grāshən) *n.* Essential.  
**in•te•gra•tion** (īn-tē-grāshən) *n.* The act or process of making something open to all groups.  
**in•ter•est** (īn-tēr'ēst) *n.* Money paid or charged for the use of someone else's money. Banks pay interest on money that is put into them for saving. Banks charge interest for money that is borrowed from them.  
**in•ter•fer** (īn-tēr'fēr) *v.* To meddle in the business of others.  
**in•ter•ject** (īn-tēr'jēkt) *v.* To put in, as a remark.  
**in•ter•nal** (īn-tēr'nāl) *adj.* Coming from the inside; inner.  
**in•ter•ment camp** (īn-tērn'mānt kāmp) *n.* Prisoner of war camp.  
**in•ter•ro•gate** (īn-tēr'ō-gāt) *v.* To question. —**in•ter•ro•ga•tion** *n.*  
**in•ter•sec** (īn-tēr-sēkt) *v.* To come together or cross.  
**in•ter•vene** (īn-tēr'venē) *v.* To come between groups in order to change a situation.  
**in•tol•er•a•ble** (īn-tōl'ər-ə-bal) *adj.* Impossible to bear or submit to.  
—**in•tol•er•a•bly** *adv.*  
**in•tri•cate** (īn-trī-kāt) *adj.* Complicated; complex.  
**in•trigue** (īn-trēg', īn-trēg') *v.*  
**in•trigued**. To catch the interest or increase the curiosity of; fascinate.  
**in•tro•spec•t** (īn'trō-spēkt', īn-trō-spēkt') *n.* To look inward and examine one's thoughts.  
**in•tu•i•five•ly** (īn-tüō'i-tiv-lē, īn-tüō'i-tiv-lē) *adv.* Knowing or sensing something without needing to ask.

jew's-harp

630

**kachina**

**in•va•lid** (īn'vō-lēd) *adj.* Sick, weak, or disabled.  
**in•ven•tive** (īn-vēn'tiv) *adj.* Clever; ingenious.  
**ir•ate** (īr-rāt', īr-rāt') *adj.* Furious.  
**irk•some** (īrk'som) *adj.* Annoying.  
**ir•on•ic** also **ir•on•ic•al** (īrōn'ik) *adj.* Opposite the literal meaning; sarcastic.  
**i•so•la•tion** (īsō-lā'shōn) *n.* The condition of being separated from others.  
**jaun•ty** (jōn'tē, jān'tē) *adj.* Perky; cheerful; energetic.  
**jeer** (jēr) *v.* To mock or taunt loudly.  
**jes•ter** (jēs'tər) *n.* In the Middle Ages, a person kept by kings, queens, and other nobles to entertain or amuse them.  
**jeus'harp** also **jew's-harp** (jōnz'härp) *n.* A small, metal instrument held between the teeth that makes a soft twanging sound.  
**jock•ey** (jōk'ē) *v.* **jock•ey•ing**. To maneuver.  
**jo•cose** (jō-kōz') *adj.* Jolly; humorous.  
—**jo•cose•ly** *adv.*  
**jos•tle** (jōs'əl) *v.* To push or bump.  
**junc•ture** (jünk'chör) *n.* Point in time.  
**ju•stice** (jüs'tis) *n.* Fair treatment according to law or honor.

**ka•chi•na** (kā-chē'nə) *n.* 1. Hopi term for an imaginary spirit, believed to bring rain. 2. A masked dancer in costume representing an imaginary spirit.

**hob**

**ho<sup>b</sup>** (hōb) *n.* A shelf inside a fireplace.  
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**ho<sup>ly</sup>** (hōlē) *adj.* 1. Set apart for God; godly. 2. Of or having to do with God; sacred.  
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**hy•ster•ic•al** (hī'stēr'ē-kəl) *adj.* Excited beyond control.

**lodge** (lōj) *v.* **lodged**. 1. To live in a place. 2. To present or submit a complaint to the proper official.  
**log•ic** (lōj'ik) *n.* A way of thinking or reasoning.  
**log•i•cal** (lōj'i-kəl) *adj.* Able to think clearly and sensibly; reasonable.  
**loi•ter** (lōt'ər) *v.* **loit•er•ing**. Standing about in an idle manner.  
**loom** (lūm) *n.* Machine for weaving threads to make a cloth.  
—*n.* **loomed**, **loom•ing**. To come into view as large and dangerous.  
**loot** (lōot) *v.* **loot•ing**. To steal valuable things, especially in a time of war or chaos.  
**lot** (lōt) *n.* 1. A large amount or number. 2. A kind, type, or sort. 3. A piece of land. 4. One's fortune in life; fate.  
**Lou•vre** (lōv'vr) *n.* One of the largest art museums in the world, located in Paris, France.  
**lub•ber•ly** (lüb'ər-lē) *adj.* & *adv.* Clumsy.  
**lu•di•crous** (lōd'i-krəs) *adj.* Absurd or ridiculous.  
**lull** (lül) *n.* Brief period of quiet or calm.  
—*v.* **lulled**. To make or become quiet; calm.  
**lung** (lün) *v.* Lunged. To move forward suddenly.  
**lurch** (lürch) *v.* Lurched. To move suddenly and violently.  
**lure** (lür) *v.* To attract; tempt.  
**lu•rid** (lōr'ēd) *adj.* Bright; vivid.  
**lurk** (lürk) *v.* **lurk•ing**. To sneak around waiting for something.  
**lux•u•ri•ant** (lūx'yü-rē-ənt, lük'yü-rē-ənt) *adj.* Abundant or rich.  
**lux•u•ri•ous** (lūx'yü-rē-əs, lük'yü-rē-əs) *adj.* Very rich, comfortable, splendid, or costly.  
  
**luom**

632

**musket** (müs'kit) *n.* An old gun with a long barrel, used before the invention of the rifle.  
**mute** (myüüt) *adj.* Choosing not to speak. —**mute•ly** *adv.*  
**mu•ti•nous** (myüöt'nüs) *adj.* Rebellious.  
**mu•ton** (müt'n) *n.* The meat of a fully grown sheep.  
**mu•zle** (müz'əl) *n.* The projecting part of an animal's face that includes the nose and mouth; snout.  
**myr•iad** (mür'ē-äd) *n.* An extremely large number.  
**myrtle** (mür'ētl) *n.* A shrub with evergreen leaves, white or pinkish flowers, and blackish berries.  
  
**N**  
**na•ny** (nān'ē) *n.* A person who cares for the children of one family in exchange for pay.  
**nar•ra•tive** (när'ə-tiv) *n.* A story.  
**na•sal** (nās'äl) *adj.* Produced through the nose.  
**na•tu•ri•al** (nō-tü'ri-kəl) *adj.* Of ships, sailors, or navigation.  
**nav•i•ga•tion** (nāv'i-gā'shən) *n.* The act or practice of navigating.  
**nav•i•gate** (nāv'i-jāt) *v.* To plan and/or control the course of a ship or aircraft.  
**nav•i•ga•tion** (nāv'i-gā'shən) *n.* The act or practice of navigating.  
**neg•lect** (nēglék't) *n.* 1. To fail to care for or give proper attention to. 2. To fail to do.  
**nes•tle** (nēs'äl) *v.* **nes•tled**. To situate oneself comfortably.  
**net•work** (nēt'würk) *n.* A system or pattern.  
**new•fan•gled** (nōf'äng'gəld, nyōf'äng'gəld) *adj.* Something original and novel.  
**newt** (nōt, nyōt) *n.* A type of salamander.

634

**ob•scure** (əbsür') *adj.* Troublesome.  
**nim•ble** (nīm'bl) *adj.* Moving or able to move quickly, lightly, and easily.  
—**nim•bly** *adv.*  
**Ni•zam** (nīzäm', nīzäm', nī-zäm') *n.* Former title of a ruler in India.  
**no•bil•i•ty** (nō-bil'i-tē) *n.* 1. A social class having titles of rank and often wealth and power. Queens, kings, princes, and princesses are all part of the nobility. 2. Fine character.  
**nod•dy** (nōd'ē) *n.* A fool.  
**nom•i•nal** (nōm'i-näl) *adj.* Small; insignificant.  
**not•with•stand•ing** (nōt'wīth-stānd'ing) *adv.* Even so; in spite of.  
**nov•ice** (nōv'is) *n.* A person who is new to a field or activity; a beginner.  
**nu•i•sance** (nū'əns, nyū'əns) *n.* Someone or something that annoys or is not convenient; a bother.  
**nunch•eon** (nūn'chān) *n.* A snack.  
**nu•tri•tive** (nōo'trī-fiv, nyōo'trī-fiv) *adj.* Nutritious; nourishing.  
  
**O**  
**o•bese** (ō-bēs') *adj.* Very fat.  
**ob•jec•tive** (əb-jek'tiv) *adj.* Impartial; open-minded.  
—*n.* Goal; purpose.  
**o•blige** (ə-blēg') *n.* **o•bli•ged**.  
**o•bli•g•ing** *adj.* 1. To force to act in a certain way. 2. To make grateful or thankful. 3. To satisfy the wishes of; do a favor for.  
**o•bli•vi•on** (ə-bliv'ē-ən) *n.* Nothingness.  
**o•bli•vi•ous** (ə-bliv'ē-əs) *adj.* Inattentive; unaware.  
**ob•nox•ious** (əb-nōk'shas, ob-nōk'shas) *adj.* Very disagreeable.  
**ob•scure** (əb-skyoo'ər, əb-skyoo'r) *v.* **ob•scured**. To hide from view.

634

**Mars** (märz) *n.* The mythical Roman god of war.  
**Mars<sup>2</sup>** (märz) *n.* *colloquial* Abbreviation of "Master" used in the southern U.S.: "Mars Tom."  
**marsh** (märsh) *n., pl.* **marsh•es**. An area of low, wet land; swamp.  
**mar•tin•gale** (mär'tn-gäl') *n.* A strap between a horse's girth and nosepiece used to steady the head.  
**mar•tyr** (mär'tər) *n.* A person who chooses to die rather than give up a religion or belief.  
**mas•seur** (mä-sür', mä-sür') *n.* A man who massages athletes to relax their muscles and improve their blood circulation.  
**may•hap** (mä'häp', mä-häp') *adv.* Maybe.  
**mea•gre or mea•ger** (mē'gər) *adj.* Lacking in quantity; poor.  
**mean** (mēn) *adj.* 1. Common; low in status. 2. Hard to handle; troublesome.  
**me•di•e•val** (mē'dē-ē'väl, mēdē-ē'väl) *adj.* Applying to anything in the Middle Ages (A.D. 500-1500).  
**mel•an•chol•y** (mēl'ən-kö'lē) *n.* Sadness; gloominess.  
**mel•low** (mēl'ō) **mel•lowed**. *adj.* Seasoned with age.  
**mem•o•ra•ble** (mēm'ō-rə-bəl) *adj.* Unforgettable.  
**men•ace** (mēn'ēs) *adj.* To threaten with harm; endanger.  
—*men•ac•ing•ly* *adv.*  
**me•nag•er•ie** (mē-näj'ə-rē, mā-näzh'ə-rē) *n.* A collection of strange animals; a zoo.  
**Mer•cu•ry** (mür'kyü-rē) *n.* The mythical Roman messenger of the gods.  
**merge** (mürj) *v.* **merg•ing**. To blend together gradually.  
**me•ri•no** (mōr'ē-nō) *n.* A fine wool used to make certain articles of clothing.  
  
**moor** (mōr) *v.* **moored**. To tie down or make secure with ropes.  
**mo•roc•co** (mōrök'ō) *n.* Type of leather.  
**mor•row** (mōr'ō, mōr'ō) *n.* Tomorrow; the next day.  
**mor•tal** (mōr'ətl) *adj.* Having to do with death.  
**mor•tar** (mōr'ər) *n.* A building material made of sand, water, lime, and sometimes cement.  
—*v.* **mor•tar•ed**. To build with mortar.  
**mor•ti•fi•ca•tion** (mōr'ə-tif'ē-kā'shən) *n.* Extreme embarrassment; shame.  
**Mos•lem** (mōz'äm, mōs'äm) *n.* A person who believes in the religion of Islam.  
**mot•to** (mōt'ō) *n.* A saying that expresses what is important to a state, nation, family, group, person, or organization.  
**muck** (mük) *v.* To clean the dirt or manure from.

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**ob•sta•cle** (əbstā-kəl) *n.* Anything that blocks the way.  
**ob•sti•nat** (əb'stē-nit) *adj.* Stubborn; unwilling to give up.  
—*ob•sti•na•cy* *adv.*  
**ob•tain** (əb-tān', əb-tān') *v.* **ob•tained**. To get by means of planning or effort; acquire; gain.  
**oc•cu•pan•y** (ək'yo-pənē) *n.* A person who is living in or holding a position or position.  
**of•fi•cio•us** (əf'fīsh'əs) *adj.* Overly eager to perform one's duties.  
—*of•fi•cio•us•ly* *adv.*  
**off•spring** (əf'sprīng', əf'sprīng) *n.* A descendant.  
**o•mit** (ō-mít') *v.* To leave out; not include.  
**on my ac•count** (ōn mī ə-kount') *prep.* phrase. For me; because of me.  
**on•set** (ōn'sēt, ən'sēt) *n.* Assault; attack.  
**ope** (ōp) *v.* To open.  
**op•por•tu•ne** (əp'ər-tūn') *adj.* Taking place at a good time.  
**op•pose** (ə-pōz') *v.* **op•posed**. To be against.  
**op•po•si•tion** (əp'ə-zish'ən) *n.* 1. The act or condition of opposing or being against; resistance. 2. Something that is an opposing obstacle.  
**or•deal** (ōr-dēl') *n.* A very difficult painful experience or test.  
**out•house** (out'hous') *n.* A small building that houses a toilet, for use when there is no indoor plumbing.  
**out•land•ish** (out'lān'dish) *adj.* Foreign or strange.  
**out•rid•er** (out'rī'dər) *n.* A rider who goes before; escort.  
**o•ver•girth** (ō'ver-gürth') *n.* Strap that holds a saddle on a horse.  
**o•ver•rule** (ō'ver-rōl') *v.* To disallow actions or arguments.  
  
**pad** (pād) *n.* Small cushion-like parts on the bottoms of the feet of certain animals.  
—*n.* **pad•ded**. To line, stuff, or cover with soft, firmly packed material.  
**pad•dock** (pād'ök') *n.* A fenced field.  
**pains•take•ing** (pānz'tāking) *adj.* Needing or showing great care; careful.  
**pal•a•din** (pāl'ə-din) *n.* A knightly hero; renowned champion.  
**pale horse** (pāl hōrs) *n.* Symbol of death from Revelation chapter six.  
**pall** (pōl) *n.* A covering.  
**par•a•pet** (pār'ə-pēt) *n.* Low wall built to protect soldiers.  
**par•cel** (pār'əl) *n.* A package.  
**par•ch•ent** (pār'chənt) *n.* Writing material of sheepskin or goatskin.  
**par•ing** (pār'īng) *n.* The outer portion that is removed from fruit, vegetables, or cheese.  
**pa•rish** (pār'ish) *n.* A church district in the Anglican, Roman Catholic, and some other churches.  
**pa•ris•ion•er** (pār'ish'ə-nər) *n.* Member of a parish.  
**par•lor also par•lour** (pār'lər) *n.* A room for entertaining visitors.  
**par•son** (pār'sən) *n.* A clergyman or minister.  
**par•son•age** (pār'sə-nāj) *n.* House provided for the pastor of a church.  
**pate** (pāt) *n.* Head or mind.

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**pathetic**

**pa•the•tic** (pə-thē'tik) *adj.* Causing or making one feel pity or sorrow; pitiful. —**pa•the•ti•cal•ly** *adv.*

**pa•tri•arch** (pā-trē'ärk) *n.* An ancestor of the Israelites.

**pa•tron** (pā'trōn) *n.* A person who helps or supports another by giving him money or things.

**pa•thy** (pāt'sē) *n.* Something or someone easily taken advantage of.

**paul•dron** (pōl'drōn) *n.* Armor that covers the shoulder.

**paunch** (pōnch, pānch) *n.* Stomach.

**pau•per** (pō'pär) *n.* One who is very poor.

**pa•vil•ion** (pā-vil'yōn) *n.* A fancy or elaborate tent.

**pa•viour** (pāv'yōr) *n.* A man who paves streets.

**pawn•bro•ker** (pōn'bō'kar) *n.* One who lends money, exchanging it for personal items to hold until the money is paid back.

**peach** (pēch) *v.* peached. To tattle. —**pe•cu•liar** (pi-kyōōl'yōr) *adj.* 1. Unusual or odd; not normal; strange. 2. Belonging to a special or particular person, group, place, or thing.

**pe•des•tri•an** (pō-dēs'trē-ən) *n.* Person who travels on foot.

**pel•let** (pēl'it) *n.* A kind of bullet for certain kinds of guns.

**pel•t** (pēlt) *n.* An animal skin with the hair or fur still on it.

**pen•e•trate** (pēn-tē-trāt) *v.* To go into or through.

**pen•i•ci•li•um** (pēn'i-silē-əm) *n.* Fungus from which the medicine, penicillin, is made.

**pen•sion•er** (pēn'shō-nər) *n.* Person receiving a sum of money, usually after retirement.

**per•am•bu•la•tor** (pēr-ām'bō-lā-tōr) *n.* A baby carriage.



perambulator

**pilfer**

**per•ceive** (pər-sēv') *v.* per•ceived. To notice; become aware of.

**per•cep•tive** (par-sēp'tiv) *adj.* Having keen discernment and understanding.

**per•il** (pēr'ēl) *n.* Danger.

**per•il•ous** (pēr'ē-lōs) *adj.* Full of peril; dangerous.

**per•pet•ual** (par-pēch'ōō-al) *adj.* Going on without stopping.

**per•se•vere** (pūr-sā-vir') *v.*

**per•se•vered** *v.* To keep on persist.

**per•sti•lence** (pēs'-tāns) *n.* A plague.

**pe•ti•tion** (pā-fish'ōn) *n.*

**pe•ti•tion•ing**. To make a formal request to.

**pe•tri•dish** (pē'trē dish) *n.* A small, flat, covered dish used to grow microorganisms.

**pet•ri•fy** (pēt'ri-fē) *v.* pet•ri•fied. To daze with fear or surprise; paralyze.

**pet•ty** (pēt'ē) *adj.* Of low rank.

**pew•ter** (pyōō'tar) *n.* A kind of metal made from tin, copper, and lead.

**phil•o•soph•ic** (fīl'ō-sōf'ik) *adj.* Of philosophy.

**phi•los•o•phy** (fīlōs'ō-fē) *n.* A person's beliefs about life and the world.

**phys•i•cal ther•a•py** (fīz'ē-kal thēr'ē-pē) *n.* Treatment consisting of special exercises and massaging the body to restore proper movement of muscles and limbs.

**pic•ture•esque** (pīk'cho-rēsk') *adj.* Interesting or very attractive.

**pie•bald** (pī'bōld) *adj.* Spotted or patched in color.

**pied** (pīd) *adj.* Having splotches of color.

**pig•my** (pīg'mē) *adj.* Unusually small.

**pi•ki** (pī'kē) *n.* Thin bread made from corn.

**pi•lif•er** (pīl'fär) *v.* pi•lif•ered. To steal, usually small things.

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**preface**

**pre•face** (prē'fēs) *n.* An introduction to a book.

**pre•fec•ture** (prē'fēk chōr) *n.* The place where the prefect, a high military official, lives.

**pre•ma•ture** (prē-mō-tyōor', prē-mō-tōr) *adj.* Occurring too early. —**pre•ma•ture** *ly* *adv.*

**pre•mis•es** (prē'mēz-ēz) *n.* Someone's land or building.

**pre•oc•cu•pied** (prē-ōk'yā-pid') *adj.* Distracted; lost in thought.

**pre•scrib•e** (pri-skrib') *v.* pre•scribed. To set; prearrange.

**pre•st•i•gious** (pri-stē'jōs, prē-stē'jōs) *adj.* Respected; valued as important.

**pre•sume** (prē-zūm') *v.* 1. To act without permission or authority. 2. To suppose to be true.

**prey** (pri) *n.* Someone or something that is hunted.

**prim** (prīm) *adj.* Showing proper manners. —**prim'ly** *adv.*

**prim** (prīm) *adj.* The best or highest stage or condition.

**prim•i•tive** (prīm'ē-tīv) *adj.* Of an early stage of history; simple; crude.

**pri•ori•ty** (pri-ōr'ē-tē, pri-ōr'ē-tē) *n.* Importance.

**priv•i•ly** (priv'ē-lē) *adv.* Privately.

**priv•y to** (priv'ē tō) *adv.* Aware of.

**pro•cure** (prō-kyoōr', prā-kyoōr') *v.* To obtain; acquire; get. —**pro•cur•a•ble** *adj.*

**pro•fess** (prō-fēs', prō-fas') *v.*

**pro•fessed**. To declare to others; to claim.

**pro•found** (prō-found', prō-found') *adj.* 1. Having or showing great knowledge and understanding of something; wise. 2. Felt very deeply. —**pro•found'ly** *adv.*

**pro•fuse** (prō-fyōōs', prō-fyōōs') *adj.* More than is normal; excessive. —**pro•fuse'ly** *adv.*



psaltery

**quaint**

**pro•fu•sion** (prō-fyōō-zhōn, prō-fyōō'zhān) *n.* Abundance; surplus.

**prom•i•nence** (prōm'ē-nans) *n.* Importance; distinction.

**prom•i•nent** (prōm'ē-nənt) *adj.* Important.

**prompt** (prōmp't) *adj.* Done at once, or without delay; quick. —**prompt'ly** *adv.* —*v.* To cause someone to act.

**prop•a•ga•ta•tion** (prōp'ā-gā-shōn) *n.* Multiplication in number.

**pro•pose** (prō-pōz') *v.* pro•posed. 1. To bring up something or someone for consideration; suggest. 2. To intend to do something.

**pro•cu•tor** (prō-koo-tōr) *n.* One who formally accuses another of a crime in court.

**pros•pi•cious** (prō-spēr'ē-tē) *n.* Success, especially in money matters.

**pro•voke** (pra-vōk') *v.* pro•vok•ing. To make angry; annoy.

**prowl** (prōwl) *v.* prowled, prowling. To move about quietly, as if in search of prey.

**psal•ter•y** (sōl'tā-rē) *n.* Ancient stringed musical instrument.

**pub•lish** (püb'lish) *v.* pub•lished. To print material to be sold to the public.

**pu•gi•list** (pyōō'ja-list) *n.* A boxer.

**punch•eon** (pün'chān) *n.* A cask or container.

**pun•gent** (pün'jənt) *adj.* Having a sharp, biting taste or smell.

**pur•i•fy** (pyōōr'ē-fē) *v.* pur•i•fied. To make clean and pure.



**quack** (kwāk) *adj.* Characteristic of a person or thing that lacks qualified medical information.

**quaint** (kwānt) *adj.* Strange; old-fashioned.

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**pillar**

**pi•lar** (pīl'är) *n.* A column that is used to hold up a building.

—*fig.* Used figuratively to describe one who has an important position.

**pin•na•ce** (pīn'ēs) *n.* A small sailing boat.

**pla•cid** (plās'ēd) *adj.* Calm or peaceful. —**pla•cid•ly** *adv.*

**plague** (plāg) *n.* A very serious disease that spreads rapidly from person to person.

**plat•i•num** (plat'ē-nəm) *n.* A silver-white metallic element.

**plight** (plīt) *n.* A difficult situation.

**plume** (plōōm) *n.* A large or showy feather, often used for decoration.

—*n.* To pride oneself.

**plunge** (plünj) *v.* plunged, plung•ing. 1. To throw suddenly into something. 2. To thrust. —*n.*, pl. plung'ēs.

**poach** (pōch) *v.* poach•ing. To hunt illegally.

**poach•er** (pō'chär) *n.* One who hunts illegally.

**point** (pōnt) *n.* points. Movable part of a railroad switch.

**poise** (poiz) *v.* poised. To balance or be balanced.

**poke** (pōk) *n.* A sack.

**pom•mel** (pōm'ēl, pām'ēl) *n.* The raised front of a saddle.

**pomp and cir•cum•stance** (pōmp ən sūr'kām-stāns') *n.* A show of splendor or formality.

**pon•pus** (pōm'pōs) *adj.* Overly conscious of one's importance.

**pop•u•lace** (pōp'yoō-lēs) *n.* The common people.

**pop•u•late** (pōp'yoō-lāt) *v.*

**pop•u•lat•ed**. To supply or be supplied with inhabitants.

**pop•u•la•tion** (pōp'yoō-lā'shōn) *n.* The number of people or animals that live in a certain place.

**predecessor**

**po•rous** (pōr'ōs, pōr'ōs) *adj.* Allowing liquid or air to pass through.

**port** (pōrt, pōrt) *n.* 1. A place along a river, lake, ocean, or other body of water where ships may dock or anchor; harbor. 2. A city or town with a harbor. 3. The left side of a ship.

**por•tal** (pōr'ēl, pōr'ēl) *n.* Doorway or entrance.

**por•ter** (pōr'ēr, pōr'ēr) *n.* A person hired to carry or move luggage at a station, airport, or hotel.

**por•tu•ly** (pōr'ē-lē, pōr'ē-lē) *adj.* Fat or stout in a dignified way.

**po•ten•tial** (pō-tēn'shāl) *adj.* Not yet real or definite, but possible in the future.

**prac•tice** (prāk'īsē) *n.* The group of people who use the services of a doctor; a professional business.

**prag•mat•ic** (prāg-māt'ik) *adj.* Interested only in the desired result of an action rather than in the correctness of the action.

**pre•cede** (pri-sēd') *v.* pre•ced•ed, pre•ced•ing. To come or go before.

**pre•cip•i•tate** (pri-sip'ē-tātē) *n.* A steep cliff.

**pre•cip•i•ta•tion** (pri-sip'ē-tā'shōn) *n.* The amount of rain, snow, sleet, or hail that falls from the sky to the earth's surface.

**pre•cise•ly** (pri-sis'ēlē) *adv.* Exactly.

**pre•ci•sion** (pri-sizh'ōn) *adj.* The condition of being precise or exact; accuracy.

**pred•a•tor** (prēd'ā-tär, prēd'ā-tōr) *n.* An animal that lives by catching and eating other animals.

**pred•e•ces•or** (prēd'ē-sēs'ōr, prēd'ē-sēs'ōr) *n.* Someone or something that came before or had a function before another.

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**quaint**

**pro•fu•sion** (prō-fyōō'zhān, prō-fyōō-zhōn) *n.* Abundance; surplus.

**prom•i•nence** (prōm'ē-nans) *n.* Importance; distinction.

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**pur•i•fy** (pyōōr'ē-fē) *v.* pur•i•fied. To make clean and pure.

**quandary**

**qua•da•ry** (kwān'dā-rē, kwōn'drē) *n.* A perplexing situation.

**qua•rel** (kwōr'ēl, kwōr'ēl) *n.* An angry argument.

—*v.* To have a quarrel; argue angrily.

**qua•rier** (kwōr'ē-or, kwōr'ē-or) *n.* One who cuts stone from an open place called a quarry.

**quar•y** (kwōr'ē, kwōr'ē) *n.* A person or animal that is hunted; prey.

**quest** (kwēst) *n.* Mission; search for something of value.

**register**

**re•cite** (rē-sit') *v.* re•ci•ted. To repeat something memorized in front of an audience.

**re•coil** (rē-kōl') *v.* re•coiled. To kick back, as a fired gun.

—*n.* The act of kicking back.

**re•com•men•ce** (rē-kā-mēns', rēk-ā-mēns') *v.* To start again. See *commence*.

**rec•on•cile** (rēk'ān-sil') *v.*

**rec•on•ciled**. To come to accept.

**re•con•noi•ter** (rē-kā-nōi'tär, rēk-ā-nōi'tär) *v.* To inspect an unknown area.

**re•con•sti•tu•ted** (rē-kōn'stē-tōōt'ēd, rē-kōn'stē-tōōt'ēd) *adj.* Put back in its original form by adding water.

**re•count** (rē-kōunt') *v.* re•count•ed. To describe; tell what happened.

**re•deem** (rē-dēm') *v.* re•deemed, re•deem•ing. To rescue or pay for.

**re•dem•tion** (rē-dēmp'shōn) *n.* Man's salvation.

**ref•el** (rēfēl') *n.* A strip or ridge of rock, sand, or coral at or near the surface of a body of water.

**reek** (rēk) *v.* reeked. To smell strongly.

**reel** (rēl) *v.* reeled. To walk unsteadily; stagger.

**re•frain** (rē-frān') *n.* A phrase repeated several times in a poem or song; chorus.

**ref•on•ous** (rēf'ē-yōōs) *n.* A place where one can go for protection.

**ref•u•gee** (rēf'yōō-jē') *n.* A person who flees from his own country to find protection or safety.

**re•gain** (rē-gān') *v.* re•gained, re•gain•ing. To get back; recover.

**re•ga•lia** (rē-gāl'ē-yā, rē-gā-lē-sēs) *n.* The emblems and symbols of royalty; fancy clothing.

**reg•is•ter** (rēj'ē-tōr) *n.* An official written list or record.

—*v.* reg•is•tered. 1. To record in the mind. 2. To officially write on a list or record.



regalia

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**regulate**

ā pat	ē pet
ā pay	ē be
ār care	ī pit
ā father	ī pie
fr fierce	oi oil
ō pot	ōo book
ō go	ōo boot
ō paw,	yo abuse
for	ou out
ū cut	ə ago,
ūr fur	item,
th the	pencil,
th thin	atom,
hw which	circus
zh vision	or butter

**reg·u·late** (rēg'yā-lāt') *v.*  
**reg·u·la·ted**. 1. To control or direct according to certain rules. 2. To adjust a machine or device so that it works properly.  
**reg·u·la·tion** (rēg yā-lā'shān) *n.* A law or set of rules by which something is regulated.  
**reign** (rān) *n.* The period of time that a monarch rules.  
—*v.* To have or hold the power of a monarch; rule.  
—*adj.* **reign·ing**. Holding the power of a monarch; ruling.  
**re·kin·dle** (rē-kīn'dl) *v.* **re·kin·dled**. To restart.  
**re·lap·s** (rē-lāps') *v.* **re·lapsed**, **re·laps·ing**. To fall back into a previous condition.  
**re·lay** (rē'lā) *v.* **re·lay·ing**. To pass or send along.  
—*n.* A race between groups of runners or swimmers in which each member goes only part of the total distance.  
**re·len·t** (rē-lēnt') *v.* **re·len·ted**. To give in.  
**re·len·tless** (rē-lēnt'lis) *adj.* Persistent; not giving up.  
—*re·len·tless·ly* *adv.*  
**rel·ic** (rē'l'ik) *n.* Something that survives from the distant past.  
**re·lieve** (rē-lēv') *v.* **re·lieved**. To lessen or reduce pain or anxiety; ease.  
**rel·ish** (rē'l'ish) *v.* **rel·ished**, **rel·ish·ing**. To enjoy.  
**re·lo·cate** (rē-lō-kāt') *v.* The act of moving from one place to another.  
—*re·lo·ca·tion* *n.*  
**re·luc·tan·ce** (rē-lük'tāns) *n.* Unwillingness; lack of enthusiasm.  
**rem·e·dy** (rēm'ē-dē) *n., pl.*  
**rem·e·die**s. Something that cures a disease or relieves pain.  
**re·mon·strate** (rē-mōn'strāt') *v.*  
**re·mon·strated**. To object; protest.  
**re·morse** (rē-môrs') *n.* Regret; repentance.

**restrain**

re·morse·ful	(rē-môrs'fəl)	adj.
Characterized by remorse.		
re·mote	(rē-mōt')	adj.
Far away.		
ren·de·red	(rēn'dār)	v.
<b>ren·dered</b> . To cause to become; make.		
re·nown	(rē-nōōn')	n.
Honor; fame.		
re·nowned	(rē-nōōnd)	adj.
Having honor and fame.		
re·pose·ful	(rē-pōz'fəl)	adj.
Restful.		
re·pu·gan·t	(rē-püg'nənt)	adj.
Repulsive; disgusting.		
re·sent	(rē-zĕnt')	v.
To feel angry or bitter about.		
re·sent·ment	(rē-zĕnt'mĕnt)	n.
A bitter or angry feeling.		
re·serve	(rē-zĕrv')	n.
A supply of something for later use.		
re·served	(rē-zĕrv'd)	adj.
Quiet; not eager to talk.		
re·serves	(rēz'är-vār')	n.
A body of water that has been collected and stored for use.		
re·sign	(rē-zīn')	v.
<b>re·signed</b> . To give up.		
re·sin	(rēz'in)	n.
A thick, clear liquid that some plants produce.		
re·sol·ute	(rē-sôl'üüt')	adj.
Firm; determined. — <i>resolute·ly</i> <i>adv.</i>		
re·sol·u·tion	(rē-sôl'üüshān)	n.
1. The ending of a story where the plot comes together. 2. A formal statement put before an assembly for a decision.		
re·solve	(rē-sôlv')	v.
1. To make a firm decision. 2. To bring to a conclusion.		
re·sol·u·tion	(rē-sôl'üüshān)	n.
1. The ending of a story where the plot comes together. 2. A formal statement put before an assembly for a decision.		
re·sort	(rē-zôrt')	n.
Means of achieving something.		
re·splen·dent	(rē-splēn'dənt)	adj.
Splendid; brilliant.		
re·strain	(rē-strān')	v.
<b>re·strained</b> . To hold back by physical force.		

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**restraint**

re·straint	(rē-strānt')	n.
Something used to hold back or restrain.		
re·strict	(rē-strikt')	v.
<b>re·strict·ed</b> . To keep within limits; confine.		
re·sume	(rē-zoom')	v.
<b>re·sumed</b> . To begin again; continue.		
re·tinue	(rē-tüüñ')	v.
Group of servants.		
re·treat	(rē-trēt')	v.
To withdraw.		
re·tre·at	(rē-trēt')	n.
1. The act of withdrawing under enemy attack. 2. A quiet and private place.		
re·triev	(rē-trēv')	v.
To get back; recover.		
re·veal	(rē-vēl')	v.
<b>re·vealed</b> . To make known.		
re·vel	(rē'vel')	v.
<b>re·vel·ing</b> . To delight.		
re·ve·la·tion	(rē-vā-lā'shān)	n.
The act of making known.		
re·ver·ber·ate	(rē-vēr'bārāt')	v.
To echo.		
re·ver·ence	(rē-vār'ans)	n.
A feeling of deep respect.		
re·ver·ent	(rē-vār'ənt)	adj.
Feeling or showing reverence. — <b>re·ver·ent·ly</b> <i>adv.</i>		
re·ver·ie	(rē-vārē)	n.
Daydream.		
re·vive	(rē-vīv')	v.
<b>re·vived</b> . To bring back.		
re·voke	(rē-vōk')	v.
<b>re·voked</b> . To take back or take away.		
re·volt	(rē-völt')	v.
<b>re·volt·ed</b> . To be filled with disgust; be repulsed by.		
re·vul·sion	(rē-vüüshān)	n.
A strong change in feeling; disgust.		
rib·ald	(rēb'ald, rēb'öld)	n.
An offensive person.		
ric·o·chet	(rēk'ō-shā, rēk'ō-shā)	v.
To rebound from a surface.		

**sanctuary**

rid·i·cule	(rid'i-kyüüл)	n.
Words or actions that make fun of something or someone.		
rit·u·al	(rit'üüäl)	n.
A regularly observed way of doing things.		
rogue	(rōg)	n.
A dishonest person; a cheat.		
rouse	(rōuz)	v.
To cause to become active or alert.		
roust	(rōst)	v.
To wake; stir up.		
rove	(rōv)	v.
<b>roved</b> , <b>rov·ing</b> . To wander.		
roy·al·ty	(roi'äl-tē)	n.
Kings, queens, and other members of a royal family.		
rue	(rōō)	v.
To regret.		
ru·e·ful	(rōō-fəl)	adj.
Causing one to feel pity or sorrow; regret. — <b>ru·e·ful·ly</b> <i>adv.</i>		
rum·mage	(rüm'āj)	v.
<b>rum·maged</b> . To search thoroughly by moving things around or turning them over.		
run·way	(rüm'wā)	n.
A strip of pavement along which an airplane runs in preparation for takeoff.		
rut·ted	(rüt'äd)	adj.
Filled with tracks or grooves made by the passage of a wheel or foot.		

sackcloth

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**saunter**

saun·ter	(sōn'tär)	v.
<b>saun·ter·ing</b> . To walk casually.		
say·age	(sāv'ēj)	adj.
1. Not tamed; wild. 2. Cruel and fierce; ferocious; frightening. — <b>say·age·ly</b> <i>adv.</i>		
—n.	One who is wild or uncivilized.	
sa·vor·y	(sā-vōrē)	adj.
Appetizing to the taste or smell.		
scab·bard	(skāb'ärd)	n.
A sheath for a sword.		
schol·ar	(skōl'är)	n.
1. A person who has a great deal of knowledge. 2. A pupil or student.		
scoff	(skōf, skōf)	v.
Scorn; make fun of.		
score	(skōr, skōr)	n.
1. Debt; amount owed. 2. A set or group of twenty items.		
scorn·ic	(skōr'ēn)	v.
To treat someone or something as worthless or bad; look down on. — <b>scorn·ful</b> <i>adj.</i>		
scour	(skōr)	v.
1. To scrub. 2. To search thoroughly.		
scrap·per	(skräp'är)	n.
A person who gets into fights easily.		
scrut·ni·ze	(skrōt'ñi-zē)	v.
To examine closely.		
scrut·ti·ny	(skrōt'ñi-nē)	n.
Close inspection.		
scud	(skūd)	v.
To move quickly and smoothly; run.		
scull	(skūl)	n.
An oar.		
scul·ler·y	(skūl'ärē)	n.
A room for cleaning kitchen dishes and utensils.		
scut·tle	(skūt'lē)	n.
A container for carrying coal.		
—v.	scut·tled	To scurry.
se·clude	(sē-kloo'd)	v.
To keep apart from everything else.		
seed·y	(sē'dē)	adj.
Shabby; inferior.		
seize	(sēz)	v.
Seized. To take hold of suddenly and quickly; grab.		

**sheer**

sem·i·nar·y	(sēm'ē-närē)	n.
1. A private school for girls. 2. A school that trains people to become ministers, priests, or rabbis.		
sen·ior	(sēn'yār)	n.
One who is older or has a higher rank than another.		
sen·nit	(sēn'it)	n.
A cord formed by braiding plant fibers.		
sen·tence	(sēn'tēns)	n.
The punishment given to a person who has been found guilty.		
sen·ti·men·tal·i·ty	(sēn'tē-mēn-täl'ētē)	n.
The quality of being easily moved by emotions.		
sep·ti·men·tal·i·ty	(sēp'tē-mēn-täl'ētē)	n.
Condition of being overly sentimental.		
sep·ti·ce·mi·a	(sēp'tē-sē'mē-ä)	n.
A disease of the blood that affects the whole body.		
se·quence	(sēk'wāns, sē'kwāns')	n.
Order; arrangement.		
se·re·ne	(sē-rēn')	adj.
Peaceful and calm; without trouble, noise, clouds, or other disturbances. — <b>se·re·ne·ly</b> <i>adv.</i>		
set·tee	(sētē)	n.
A type of sofa.		
sev·er·al·ly	(sēv'är-slē, sēv'räl-ē)	adv.
One at a time.		
se·ver·i·ty	(sē-vēr'i-tē)	n.
Strictness and harshness.		
shaft	(shäft)	n.
1. A long, narrow passage that goes up and down, not sideways. 2. The long, narrow rod of a spear or arrow. 3. A long bar that is part of a machine.		
sham	(shäm)	n.
Something that is not real; a fake.		
—v.	sham·ming	To fake something; pretend.
sheath	(shēth)	n.
A case that fits tightly over the blade of a knife, sword, or other sharp object.		
sheen	(shēn)	n.
Shiny appearance.		
sheer	(shir)	adj.
Pure; complete.		

settee

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**shinny**

shinny	(shin'ē)	v.
<b>shin·nied</b> . To climb.		
shin·ny	(shin'ē)	n.
An informal game of field hockey.		
shoal	(shōl)	n.
A shallow area in a body of water.		
shod	(shōd)	adj.
Equipped with shoes.		
shrew	(sh्रōs)	n.
An ill-tempered woman.		
shrine	(shřin)	n.
A temple; place of worship.		
shroud	(shrōd)	v.
<b>shroud·ing</b> . To enfold, as in a burial cloth.		
shunt	(shünt)	v.
To change the course.		
shut	(shünt)	n.
The directional track used for changing course.		
sid·ing	(sēd'ing)	n.
A short length of railroad track that goes off the main track.		
si·die	(sēd'ēl)	v.
<b>si·died</b> . To move in a way that will not attract attention.		
sil·hou·ette	(sēl'üü-ëtē)	n.
A dark outline of something against a light background.		
—adj.	sil·hou·et·ed	Shown as a dark outline.
sim·ple·ton	(sim'pal-tən)	n.
A person without good sense; a fool.		
sin·cere	(sin'sirē)	adj.
<b>sin·cer·est</b> . Without lies; real; honest.		
sing·er	(sing'är)	n.
Lightly burned.		
sin·gle	(sing'gəl)	adj.
Not with another or others; only one.		
—n.	sin·gle	In baseball, a hit that allows the batter to reach first base.
sink·hole	(singk'hōl)	n.
A depression in the ground connected with an underground passageway.		
si·rah	(sir'ā)	n.
Term used to address a person of lower status. (This term is no longer in use.)		
skir·mish	(skir'mish)	n.
A small fight.		
slant rhyme	(slānt rīm)	n.
Partial or imperfect rhyme.		
slip	(slip)	n.
A place to park a ship or boat.		

**speculate**

smelt <sup>1</sup>	(smēlt)	v.
<b>smelt·ing</b> . To melt and blend.		
smelt <sup>2</sup>	(smēlt)	v.
A past tense and past participle of the verb <i>smell</i> .		
smith·y	(smith'ē, smith'ē)	n.
Blacksmith's shop.		
smock	(smōk)	n.
A garment that is made like a long, loose shirt.		
smoul·der	(smōl'där)	v.
To burn very low.		
sneer	(snēr)	n.
A look or statement of contempt or scorn.		
—v.	sneered	To show contempt or say with a sneer.
snig·ge	(snig'är)	n.
Combination of a giggle and a snort.		
so·ber	(sō'bōr)	adj.
Serious; solemn.		
so·ber·ly	(sō'bōr-lē)	adv.
so·lic·i·tor	(sō-lis'ē-tōr)	n.
One who seeks donations.		
sol·i·tar·y	(sōl'ē-tōrē)	adj.
Existing or living alone.		
sol·i·tar·y	(sōl'ē-tōōd, sōl'ē-tēōd)	n.
Loneliness; isolation.		
ough	(ōf)	v.
Past tense of <i>seek</i> . Looked for.		
sow	(sōu)	n.
A female pig that is fully grown.		
span	(spān)	v.
<b>spanned</b> . To stretch across.		
span·ner	(spān'ər)	n.
A wrench.		
spare	(spār)	v.
<b>spared</b> , <b>spare·ing</b> . 1. To deal gently with. 2. To avoid or keep from destroying or harming. 3. To save or free someone. 4. To do without.		
—adj.	Free for other use.	
spec·ta·tor	(spēk'tātōr)	n.
Someone who watches an event but does not take part in it.		
spec·u·late	(spēk'yā-lāt')	v.
To guess without having complete knowledge.		

silhouette

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ā pat	ē pet
ār care	ī pit
ār father	ī pie
ir fierce	oi oil
ō pot	ōo book
ō go	ōo boot
ō paw,	yo abuse
for	ou out
ū cut	ə ago,
ūr fur	item,
th the	pencil,
th thin	atom,
hw which	circus
zh vision	or butter

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spires

**speculation**

**spec•u•la•tion** (spék-yo-lä'shən) *n.* Theory; supposing.  
**spec•lunk•ing** (spék-lüng'king, spék-lüng'king) *n.* Exploring caves.  
**spec•lunk•er** (spék-lüng'kər, spék-lüng'kar) *n.* One who explores caves.  
**spig•ot** (spig'ət) *n.* Faucet.  
**spire** (spir') *n.* The top part of a steeple or other structure that tapers upward.  
**spir•it•ed** (spır'it-tıd) *adj.* Lively; sprightly. (spit) *n.* Anger or ill will that causes a person to want to hurt or embarrass another person. —*idiom* in spite of. Even though; regardless.  
**spite•ful** (spit'fəl) *adj.* Vicious; mean. —*sight* ful•y *adv.*  
**sportive** (spör'tiv, spör'tiv) *adj.* Playful; teasing.  
**sprat** (sprät) *n.* A small fish.  
**spright•ly** (spriht'le) *adv.* Lively.  
**spur** (spür') *n.* A sharp metal piece in the shape of a small wheel with spikes that is worn on the heel of a person's boot. It is used to make a horse go faster.  
—*adj.* spurred. Moved to action; urged on.  
**squa•n•der** (skwän'dər) *v.* To waste.  
**stag•ger** (stág'ər) *v.* stag•gered. 1. To move or stand in an unsteady way. 2. To overwhelm with a severe shock, defeat, or misfortune.  
**stag•nant** (stág'nənt) *adj.* Inactive; lifeless.  
**stake** (sták) *n.* 1. A stick or post with a sharp end for driving into the ground as a marker, support, or part of a fence. 2. A share or interest in a business or enterprise. 3. A gamble or risk.  
**stal•wart** (stól'wɔrt) *adj.* Strong of body and character.

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**steward**

**staph•y•lo•coc•cus** (staf'ə-lō-kök'üs) *n., pl.* staph•y•lo•coc•ci (staf'ə-lō-kök'sī). A bacteria that causes boils or other severe infections.  
**star•board** (stär'bôrd) *n.* The right side of a ship facing forward.  
**state•ly** (stát'lē) *adj.* Elegant, dignified, or grand in manner or appearance; majestic.  
**sta•tion** (stáshən) *n.* 1. A place or location where a person or thing stands. 2. A place or special building where certain services or activities are provided or carried on. 3. A stopping place along a route for taking on or letting off passengers. 4. Social position; rank.  
**sta•ture** (stür'üp, stür'üp) *n.* Height; build.  
**sta•tus** (stā'stos, stät'sos) *n.* Position or rank.  
**staunch** (stōnch, stānch) *adj.* Firm and strong; loyal.  
**stave** (stāv) *v.* staved. To break.  
**stead•fast** (stéd'făst, stéd'fost) *adj.* Unfaltering; persistent. —*stead'fast* *ly* *adv.*  
**steal•th** (stéth'l) *n.* The act of behaving or maneuvering in a secretive manner.  
**steal•thy** (stél'thē) *adj.* Cautious or sneaky. —*steal'thī•ly* *adv.*  
**steed** (stéd) *n.* Horse.  
**ster•eo•type** (stér'ē-ö-tip', stér'ë-ö-tip') *n.* A fixed view of something which does not allow for individuality.  
—*ster•e•o•typ•i•cal* *adj.*  
**ster•il•ize** (stér'ə-liz') *v.* ster•il•ized.  
**ster•il•iz•ing** *to* make free from germs or dirt.  
**stern** (stürm) *adj.* Grave; severe.  
—*n.* The rear part of a ship or boat.  
**stew•ard** (stöö'ərd, styoō'ərd) *n.* 1. A person who manages another's household. 2. A male attendant on a ship or airplane who waits on passengers.

**stifle**

**sti•fle** (sti'fəl) *v.* sti•fled. 1. To cause to feel uncomfortable because of a lack of air. 2. To hold back.  
**stim•u•late** (stüm'yü-lät') *v.*  
**stim•u•lat•ed** *To* temporarily make more active.  
**stint** (stint) *n.* A certain period of work.  
**stir** (stür) *v.* stir•ring. 1. To mix something by moving it around in a circular motion with a spoon or other similar object. 2. To change or cause to change position slightly. 3. To excite the emotions of.  
**stir•rup** (stür'üp, stür'üp) *n.* A loop hung from either side of a horse's saddle to hold the rider's foot.  
**sti•ver** (stí'ver) *n.* Something of little value.  
**stol•id** (stól'íd) *adj.* Showing no emotion. —*stol'íd•ly* *adv.*  
**stow** (*stō*) *v.* To put or place; store.  
**strafe** (sträf') *v.* strafed. To fire at with machine guns from airplanes flying close to the ground.  
**straight•a•way** (strät'ə-wā') *n.* The straight part of a road or track.  
**strait•ened** (strät'nd) *adj.* Limited.  
**strike** (strik') *n.* Conflict; fighting.  
**striped** (stript) *v.* Marked with a stripe; streaked.  
**stu•por** (stoo'por, styoō'por) *n.* Daze.  
**sub•due** (süb-düö', səb-dyüö') *v.*  
**sub•due•d** 1. To bring under control. 2. To lessen the intensity of.  
**sub•side** (süb-sid') *v.* To sink to a lower or more normal level.  
**sub•ter•ra•ne•an** (süb-tə'rā'nē-ən) *adj.*  
**sub•ter•ra•ne•ous**. Underground.  
**suc•ces•sion** (sak-séshən) *n.* Series.  
**suf•ice** (sə-fis') *v.* To be what is needed; enough.  
**suit•or** (soo'tər) *n.* A man who seeks the affection of a woman.

**swath**

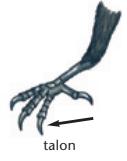
**sulk** (sulk) *v.* sulk•ing. To pout; act quiet and sullen out of displeasure. —*adj.* sulk•y. Cross; grouchy. —*sulk'i•ly* *adv.*  
**sul•len** (sül'ən) *adj.* Silent and angry; gloom. —*sul'len•ly* *adv.*  
**sum•mar•i•ly** (sə-mär'ə-lē) *adv.* Quickly and without care for detail.  
**sum•mon** (süm'ən) *v.* sum•moned. To call up; stir up.  
**sum•mons** (süm'ənz) *n.* A call or order to appear or do something.  
**sum•pu•ous** (sümp'choöös) *adj.* Suggesting great expense; lavish.  
**sun•dry** (sün'drä) *adj.* Various.  
**su•per•fi•cial** (sü-pär-fish'üäl) *adj.* Only presenting the obvious; on the surface; artificial.  
**sup•press** (sü-pres') *v.* sup•pressed. To hold back from expressing.  
**sur•face** (sür'fəs) *n.* The outermost or top layer of an object.  
—*v.* sur•faced. 1. To rise or come to the surface. 2. To appear after being hidden.  
**surge** (sürj') *v.* surged. To rise and move forward with force, as rolling waves do.  
**sur•ly** (sür'le) *adj.* Rude; short-tempered.  
**sur•vey** (sür-vä', sur-vä') *n.*  
**sur•veyed**, sur•vey•ing. To look over and examine; investigate in detail.  
**sus•pend** (sü-spénd') *v.* sus•pend•ed. 1. To attach something that it hangs down. 2. To temporarily take away a person's position or privileges.  
**sus•tain** (sü-stän') *v.* To keep alive.  
**sus•te•nance** (sü'sü-nans) *n.* Nourishment; food that supports life or health.  
**swarthy** (swör'thë) *adj.* Dark-colored.  
**swath** (swōth, swōth) *n.* A strip cut through grass or trees, as if by a mower.



stirrup

**swear**

**swear** (swär') *v.* 1. To make a solemn statement or promise while calling on God or some sacred object or person to show or prove the honesty or truth of what is said. 2. To issue an oath as in a courtroom.  
**swell** (swél') *v.* 1. To increase in size or volume; expand. 2. To cause to increase in size or volume.  
—*n.* A long wave or series of waves that move without breaking or rising to a crest.  
—*adj.* Excellent.



talon

**tack rail** (ták räl) *n.* A place to hang bridles and harnesses and other gear for horses.  
**taint** (tänt) *n.* taint•ed. To pollute.  
**tal•on** (tal'ən) *n.* A claw.  
**tam•a•rind** (täm'ə-rind) *n.* The fruit of a tropical tree.  
**tan** (tän) *v.* tanned. 1. To make animal hides into leather by soaking them in certain chemicals or mixtures. 2. figurative To spank or beat up.  
—*n.* A light yellowish-brown color.  
—*adj.* tanned. Of the color tan.  
**tan•ner** (tän'ər) *n.* One who tans animal skins.  
**ta•per** (tä'par) *v.* ta•pered. To make or become gradually thinner.  
**tap•es•try** (täp'ës-trë) *n.* A heavy cloth with designs or pictures woven in it.  
**tar•nish** (tär'nish) *v.* tar•nished. To become dull; lose color or luster.  
**tar•pau•lin** (tär-pó'lın, tär-pa-lín) *n.* A waterproof canvas cover.  
**Tar•ta•ry** (tär'tä-rë) *n.* Area of Europe and West Asia.  
**taunt** (tänt) *v.* taunt•ed, taunt•ing. To ridicule or make fun of; harass.



tapestry



thatch

**thatch**

**taw•ny** (tō'ny) *adj.* Light orange-brown.  
**tax•i** (ták'sé) *n.* tax•i•ng. To move slowly over the surface of the ground or water before taking off or landing.  
**tech•ni•que** (tek'ñik') *n.* A method or way of doing something.  
**te•di•ous** (té'dē-əs) *adj.* Long and tiring.  
**tel•e•graph** (tel'ë-gräf') *n.* A system of sending messages over wires or radio to a special receiving station.  
**tem•per•a•men•tal** (tém'pär-mén'tl, tém'pär-ə-mén'tl) *adj.* Unpredictable; moody.  
**tem•per•ate** (tém'pär-it, tém'prit) *adj.* 1. Moderate weather, neither too hot nor too cold. 2. Restrained; sensible.  
**tem•pes•t** (tém'pist) *n.* Storm. 2. Uproar.  
**tem•pes•tu•ous** (tém'pés-tüöös) *adj.* Stormy.  
**tem•pa•rind** (täm'pa-rind) *n.* The fruit of a tropical tree.  
**tan** (tän) *v.* tanned. 1. To make animal hides into leather by soaking them in certain chemicals or mixtures. 2. figurative To spank or beat up.  
—*n.* A light yellowish-brown color.  
—*adj.* tanned. Of the color tan.  
**tan•ner** (tän'ər) *n.* One who tans animal skins.  
**ta•per** (tä'par) *v.* ta•pered. To make or become gradually thinner.  
**tap•es•try** (täp'ës-trë) *n.* A heavy cloth with designs or pictures woven in it.  
**tar•nish** (tär'nish) *v.* tar•nished. To become dull; lose color or luster.  
**tar•pau•lin** (tär-pó'lın, tär-pa-lín) *n.* A waterproof canvas cover.  
**Tar•ta•ry** (tär'tä-rë) *n.* Area of Europe and West Asia.  
**taunt** (tänt) *v.* taunt•ed, taunt•ing. To ridicule or make fun of; harass.

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**theoretical**

**the•o•ret•i•cal** (thé'ə-ret'ik'əl) *adj.* Based on theory; imaginative; exploratory.  
**thor•ough•far** (thür'ō-fär, thür'ō-fär, thür'ō-fär) *n.* A main road; highway.  
**thresh•er** (thrësh'ər) *n.* A machine that separates the grain from the straw.  
**thresh•old** (thrësh'əld, thresh'əld) *n.* The floor or ground at an entrance or doorway.  
**thrift•y** (thrif'të) *adj.* Careful in the use of money; economical.  
**throng** (thrön', thrön') *n.* A large group of people or things crowded together.  
**thwart** (thwört') *v.* To keep from happening.  
**till** (til') *v.* To prepare land for growing crops.  
**to•bog•gan** (tə-bög'ən) *n.* A long, narrow sled without runners, made of thin boards curved up at the front.  
**to•jo** (tō'jō) *n.* An informal name for a Japanese person, used as an insult.  
**tol•er•ate** (töl'ə-rät') *v.* tol•er•ated. To put up with; endure.  
**top•o•grap•hi•cal** (tōp'ə-gräf'ik'əl) *adj.* Having the physical features of a place or region.  
**tor•ment** (tōr'mént) *v.* To cause pain; annoy.  
**tor•rent** (tōr'ənt, tōr'ənt) *n.* Any rapid or rushing flow.  
**tour•sled** (tou'zəld) *adj.* Not neat; rumpled.  
**tour•head•ed** (tō'hēd'əd) *adj.* Very pale blond.  
**train•oil** (trän oil) *n.* Oil taken from whale blubber.  
**trait** (trät) *n.* A special feature or quality.  
**tri•tor** (trä'tər) *n.* A person who betrays his country, a cause, or an idea.

**trepan**

**tri•tor•ous** (trä'tər-əs) *adj.* Disloyal; untrue.  
**tra•jec•to•ry** (tra-jek'tō-rē) *n.* Path.  
**tran•quil** (träng'küwl, trän'küwl) *adj.* Calm; peaceful. —*tran'quil•ly* *adv.*  
**trans•fix** (trän-fiks') *v.* trans•fixed. To cause to become motionless in amazement.  
**trans•form** (trän-för'm') *v.*  
**trans•formed**, trans•form•ing. To change very much in form or appearance; truly change; convert.  
**trans•late** (trän-lät', tränz-lät', tränz-lät') *v.* trans•lat•ing. Changing into another language.  
**trans•par•en•cy** (tränz-pär'ən-së, tränz-pär'ən-së) *n.* The quality of being easily seen through.  
**trans•plant** (tränz-plänt') *n.* The act or operation of transferring tissue or an organ from one body or body part to another.  
**trans•port** (tränz-pör't, tränz-pör't) *v.*  
**trans•port•ed** 1. To carry from one place to another. 2. To carry away with emotion.  
—*n.* (tränz-pör't, tränz-pör't) The condition of being carried away with emotion.  
**Tran•sil•va•nia** (träns-sil-vän'ya, trän sil-vä'në-së) *n.* Ancient region of western Romania.  
**treach•er•ous** (tréch'ər-əs) *adj.* Untrustworthy; unsafe.  
**treach•er•y** (tréch'ər-ə) *n.* Deceit; betrayal.  
**tread** (tréd) *v.* 1. To walk on, over, or along. 2. To step on heavily; tramp.  
**treas•on** (tré'zən) *n.* The betraying of a person's country by helping an enemy.  
**tre•aty** (tré'tē) *n.* A formal agreement.  
**trek** (trëk) *n.* A difficult trip.  
**tre•lis** (trë'lës) *n.* Framework used for training climbing plants.  
**tre•pan** (trë-pän') *v.* tre•panned. To trap.



trellis

**trice**

trice (trīs) *n.* A moment; instant.

**tri•file** (trī'fāl) *n.* Something of little value.

—*v.* tri•fling. Playing carelessly.

**tripe** (trīp) *n.* The lining of a cow's stomach, used for food.

**tri•pod** (trī'pōd) *n.* A three-legged stand.

**trite** (trīt) *adj.* Lacking interest because of overuse or familiarity.

**triv•i•al•i•ty** (trīv'ē-äl'i-tē) *n., pl.* triv•i•al•i•ties. Something that is worthless; of little importance.

**trod** (trod) *v.* The past tense and a past participle of the verb tread.

**trod•den** (trōd'ən) *v.* A past participle of the verb tread.

**troupe** (trōp) *n.* A group; usually referring to traveling performers.

**trove** (trōv) *n.* A collection of valuable items.

**truec** (trōos) *n.* A short or temporary stop in fighting.

**tu•mult** (tū'mūlt, tyōō'mūlt) *n.* A loud disturbance.

**tu•nic** (tōō'nik, tyōō'nik) *n.* A garment that looks like a shirt and reaches to the knees.

**tu•reen** (tōō-rēn', tyōō-rēn') *n.* A deep dish, usually covered.

**tur•moil** (tūr'moil) *n.* A condition of great confusion or disorder.

**tur•ret** (tūr'it, tūr'it) *n.* A small tower on the side of a building.



**tripod**



**turret**

**unravel**

**un•bear•a•ble** (ūn-bär'ə-bəl) *adj.* Impossible to endure.

**un•bound•ed** (ūn-boun'did) *adj.* Without boundaries or limits.

**un•cer•e•mo•ni•ous** (ūn-sér'ə-mō'ñōs) *adj.* Without ceremony or dignity.

—*un•cer•e•mo•ni•ous•ly adv.*

**un•cir•cum•cised** (ūn-sür'kəm-sizd) *v.* Spiritually unclean; not separated from sin.

**un•con•di•tion•al** (ūn-kən-dish'ənl) *adj.* Unlimited; not expecting anything in return.

**un•con•gen•ial** (ūn-kən-jēn'yal) *adj.* Unfriendly. See congenial.

**un•daun•ted** (ūn-dōn'tid, īn-dōn'tid) *adj.* Not easily discouraged.

**un•di•min•ished** (ūn-dī-min'ishət) *adj.* Not diminished or lessened.

**un•err•ing•ly** (ūn-ēr'ing'lē) *adv.* Without making mistakes.

**un•feign•ed** (ūn-fāñd) *adj.* Not false; not pretended.

**un•for•seen** (ūn-för'sēn, īn-för'sēn) *adj.* Not expected.

**un•gain•ly** (ūn-gān'lē) *adj.* Awkward in movement.

**u•nique** (yōō-nēk') *adj.* Being the only one of its kind.

**u•ni•son** (yōō-nēsən, yōō-nēzən) *n.* The act of speaking the same words at the same time.

**u•ni•ver•sal** (yōō-nēvər'səl) *adj.* Applying to all members of a group.

**un•let•tered** (ūn-lēt'ərd) *adj.* Illiterate; unable to read or write.

**un•nerved** (ūn-nürv'd) *adj.* Without poise or confidence.

**un•pro•voked** (ūn-prō-vōkt) *adj.* Without cause.

**un•rav•el** (ūn-rāv'əl) *v.* **un•rav•eled**. To come undone; take apart.  
—*adj.* un•rav•eled. Lacking poise; nervous.  
—*n.* un•rav•eling. A coming apart; resolving.



**ul•ti•mate•ly** (ūl'tō-mít-lē) *adv.* Finally.

**um•bo** (ūm'bō) *n.* A raised knob on a shield.

**un•a•bashed** (ūn-ə-bāsh't) *adj.* Not embarrassed.

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**vi•o•la•tion** (vē-ō-lā'shən) *n.* An instance of disregarding; going against.

**vir•ue** (vēr'chōō) *n.* 1. The state or condition of being morally good. 2. A particular example of moral goodness.

**vir•tu•ous** (vēr'chōō-əs) *adj.* Demonstrating or having virtue.

**vi•sa** (vē zə) *n.* An authorized document giving permission to travel within a certain country or region.

**vi•tal** (vīt'əl) *adj.* Very important; essential.

**viv•id** (vīv'īd) *adj.* Bright and distinct; sharp; intense. 2. Bringing images to the mind that are very much like real life. —**viv'īd•ness** *n.*

**vol•u•ble** (vōl'yā-bəl) *adj.* Able to express oneself well with words.

**vouch•safe** (vouch'sāf, vouch'sāf) *v.* vouch•safed. To give; grant.

**vul•ner•a•ble** (vūl'ñor-ə-bəl) *adj.* Exposed to attack.



**wharf**



**wicker**



**waft** (wāft, wāft) *v.* waft•ed, waft•ing. To float or cause to float through the air.

**wake** (wāk) *n.* The path that something leaves after it passes.

**war•y** (wār'ē) *adj.* Alert to or looking out for danger; on guard. —war•i•ty *n.*

**wa•ver** (wā'ver) *v.* wa•vered, wa•ver•ing. 1. To move or swing back and forth in an uncertain or unsteady way. 2. To be uncertain; falter.

**way•far•er** (wā'fār'ər) *n.* A traveler.

**wel•fare** (wēl'fār) *n.* Condition.

**wench** (wēñch) *n.* A cruel and malicious woman.

**wretch**

**wharf** (hwārf, wōrf) *n., pl. wharves.* A landing place or pier at which ships may tie up and load or unload.

**wheel•wright** (hwēl'rit', wēl'rit') *n.* One who makes and repairs wheels.

**whelp** (hwēlp, wēlp) *n.* Young animal.

**where•with•al** (hwār'with-əl, wār'with-əl) *adv.* The means or resources a person has.

**whim** (hwim, wim) *n.* A sudden wish, desire, or idea.

**wick•er** (wīk'ər) *n.* Material made of thin twigs or branches that bend easily.

**wick•et** (wīk'it) *n.* A small gate built in or near a larger gate.

**wid•ow** (wid'ō) *n.* A woman whose husband has died and who has not married again.

**wid•ow•er** (wid'ō-ər) *n.* A man whose wife has died and who has not married again.

**wince** (wīns) *v.* winced, winc•ing. To move or pull back quickly.

**wind** (wind) *v.* wind•ed. To cause to be out of breath.

**wind•fall** (wind'fôl) *n.* A great opportunity.

**win•now** (win'ō) *v.* win•now•ing. To separate the grain from the chaff.

**wist•ful** (wîst'fūl) *adj.* Full of sad longing. —wist•ful•ly *adv.*

**witch ha•zel** (wîch hâzəl) *n.* Type of shrub or small tree with yellow flowers.

**worst•ed** (woos'tid, wûr'stid) *n.* Tough, woolen yarn.

**wrath** (räth, räth) *n.* Very great anger; rage.

**wrench** (rêñch) *v.* wrenched. To pull or turn suddenly and with force.

**wretch** (rêçh) *n., pl. wretch•es.* An evil or wicked person.

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**unredeemable**

**un•re•deem•a•ble** (ūn-rē-dēm'ə-bəl) *adj.* Impossible to rescue.

**un•ru•ly** (ūn-rū'le) *adj.* Hard to discipline or control.

**up•land** (ūp'länd, yōōp'länd) *n.* The high section of an area of land.

**ush•er** (üsh'ər) *n.* A person who leads or takes people to their seats in a theater, stadium, or at a wedding or other ceremony.

—*v.* ush•ered. To lead or be led.

**ut•er** (üt'ər) *v.* **ut•ered**. 1. To speak; say. 2. To express out loud.  
—*adj.* Complete or total. —**ut•er•ly** *adv.*



**va•can•cy** (vā'kān-sē) *n.* 1. Opening; unoccupied space. 2. Nothingness; emptiness.

**vag•a•bond** (vāg'ə-bōnd') *n.* A homeless, wandering person; a public nuisance.

**vague** (vāg) *n.* Neither clear nor distinct. —**vague•ly** *adv.*

**val•iant** (vāl'yānt) *adj.* Courageous; brave.

**va•lide** (vāl'ēs) *n.* A small suitcase or piece of luggage.

**van•dal** (vān'dəl) *n.* One who deliberately damages another's property.

**van•tag•e point** (vān'tij point) *n.* A place that provides a good view.

**vast** (vāst) *adj.* Very great in size or amount.

**veg•e•ta•tion** (vēj'ē-tā'shən) *n.* Green growth such as grass and shrubbery.

**ve•he•ment** (vē'ə-mənt) *adj.* Forceful; strongly emotional. —**ve•he•ment•ly** *adv.*

**vel•lum** (vēl'əm) *n.* Fine parchment made of lambskin or kidskin.



**vic•ar** (vīk'ər) *n.* A clergyman of the Church of England who is paid by the government.

**vic•ual** (vīk'ü'l) *n.* Food.

**vie** (vē) *v.* To compete.

**vig•il** (vīg'əl) *n.* Watchfulness.

**vig•i•lance com•mit•tee** (vīg'ē-lāns kō-mit'ē) *n.* An unofficial group that watches out for crimes or other acts.

**vig•or•al** or **vig•our** (vīg'ər). Physical energy or strength; enthusiasm.

**vig•or•ous** (vīg'ōr-əs) *adj.* With vigor.  
—**vig•or•ous•ly** *adv.*

**vile** (vīl) *adj.* Grossly evil.

**vile**

**vile•ge** (vēñ'jəs) *n.* Viciousness; violence.

**ven•i•son** (vēñ'ē-sōn, vēñ'ē-zōn) *n.* The meat of a deer.

**vent** (vēñt) *v.* To let out; express.

**ven•ture** (vēñ'char) *n.* **ven•tured**. To dare to do something; take a risk.

**ve•ran•da** (vē-rāñ'dā) *n.* Porch or balcony with a roof.

**ver•dant** (vēr'dānt) *adj.* Green because of plant growth.

**ver•i•ta•ble** (vēr'ē-tā'bəl) *adj.* True; genuine.

**ver•mi•n** (vēr'mīn) *n.* Unpleasant insects or small animals.

**ver•ti•cal** (vēr'tē-kāl) *adj.* Straight up and down.

**ves•sel** (vēs'əl) *n.* 1. A ship or large boat. 2. A hollow container, such as a bowl, pitcher, jar, or tank, that can hold liquids.

**ves•ture** (vēs'chōr) *n.* Clothing.

**vet•er•an** (vēt'ər-ən, vēt'ən) *n.* 1. A person who has served in the armed forces. 2. A person who has had much experience in a profession or activity.



**valise**

**yok•e** (yōk) *n.* 1. A pair of animals joined by a crossbar and harness and working together. 2. Part of a piece of clothing that fits closely around the neck and shoulders or over the hips.

**yon•der** (yōñ'dər) *adv.* Over there.



**yoke**

**zeal•ous** (zēl'ōs) *adj.* Filled with dedication and enthusiasm.



**zealous**

vile

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ā pat	ē pet
ā pay	ē be
ā care	ī pit
ā father	ī pie
ā fierce	oi oil
ā pot	ō book
ā go	ō boot
ā paw	yo abuse
ā cut	ə ago,
ū fur	ə item,
th the	th pencil,
th thin	th atom,
hw which	zh circus
zh vision	or butter

ā pat	ē pet
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ā care	ī pit
ā father	ī pie
ā fierce	oi oil
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ā go	ō boot
ā paw	yo abuse
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zh vision	or butter

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