

GreatHearts

Northern Oaks



Supplemental Reading Packet

Week 6

April 27 - May 1, 2020

3rd grade

(3A) Ms. Gauss

(3B) Ms. Tyler

(3C) Ms. Kaiser

(3D) Mr. Aniol

Student Name: _____ Section: ____

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Monday

GHNO | 3rd Grade | Week 6 | 04/27

A TALK ABOUT MONEY



In almost everyone's life there is one event that changes the whole course of his existence. The day Sam Beaver visited the Philadelphia Zoo was the turning point in his life. Up until that day, he had not been able to decide what he wanted to be when he grew up. The minute he saw the Zoo, all his doubts vanished. He knew he wanted to work in a zoo. Sam loved every living thing, and a zoo is a great storehouse of living things—it has just about every creature that creeps or crawls or jumps or runs or flies or hides.

Sam was eager to see them all. But he had Louis's problem to solve first. He must save Serena from captivity. So he picked up his rucksack and his sleeping bag and walked into the Bird House and entered the office. He walked tall and straight, as though he were on a forest trail. The Head Man liked Sam's appearance and noticed that he looked a little like an Indian.

"So you're Sam Beaver," said the Head Man, as Sam advanced on him.

"Why did you come here?" asked the Head Man.

"To defend freedom," replied Sam. "I heard you intended to clip the wing of a swan. I'm here to ask you not to do it."

Sam sat down, and they talked for a whole hour. Sam assured the Head Man that Louis was an old friend. He told about discovering the swan's nest almost three years ago in Canada, about how Louis came into the world lacking a voice, about Louis's attending school in Montana and learning to read and write, about the theft of the trumpet by Louis's father, the old cob, and about Camp Kookooskoos and the Swan Boat in Boston.

The Head Man listened with great attention, but he wasn't sure he believed a word of this strange tale.

Then Sam explained his proposal for allowing Serena to go free instead of making a captive bird out of her. He said he thought it would be a good arrangement for the Zoo, because any time they wanted a young Trumpeter Swan, Louis would give them one of his cygnets. The Head Man was fascinated.

"You mean to say you came all the way to Philadelphia to help a bird?"

"Yes, sir," replied Sam. "I would go anywhere to help a bird. Besides, Louis is special. He's an old friend. We went to the same school. You've got to admit he's quite a bird."

"He sure is," said the Head Man. "His Sunday afternoon concerts have been the biggest attraction the Zoo has ever had. We had a gorilla once named Bamboo—he's dead now. Bamboo was great, but Louis draws even more of a crowd than Bamboo did. We have sea lions that draw big crowds, but nothing to compare with Louis when he plays that horn on Sunday afternoons. People go crazy. And music is good for the animals, too—it soothes them, and they forget the cares of the day. I'm going to miss Louis when he's gone. The whole Zoo will miss him terribly. I wish he'd stay and keep his bride right here—it would be just great."

"Louis would pine away in captivity. He would die," replied Sam. "He needs wild places—little ponds, swamps, cattails, Red-winged Blackbirds in the spring, the chorus of the frogs, the cry of the loon at night. Louis is following a dream. We must all follow a dream. Please let Serena go, sir! Please don't clip her wing!"

The Head Man closed his eyes. He was thinking of little lakes deep in the woods, of the color of bulrushes, of the sounds of night and the chorus of frogs. He was thinking of swans' nests, and eggs, and the hatching of eggs, and the cygnets following their father in single file. He was thinking of dreams he had had as a young man.

"All right," he said, suddenly. "Serena can go. We will not clip her wing. But how can I be sure that Louis will bring me a young Trumpeter Swan when I need one? How do I know he's honest?"

"He's an honorable bird," said Sam. "If he weren't honest and true to his word, he wouldn't have bothered to go out and earn a lot of money to pay the storekeeper back for the trumpet his father swiped."

"How much money has Louis got, anyway?" asked the Head Man.

"He's got four thousand six hundred and ninety-one

dollars and sixty-five cents," said Sam. "We just counted it a few minutes ago. He received one hundred dollars from Camp Kookooskoos for playing bugle calls, and all he spent was sixty cents for postage stamps. So he arrived in Boston with ninety-nine dollars and forty cents. Then the Swan Boat man paid him a hundred dollars for one week's work, but he spent three dollars in tips at the hotel where he spent a night. So he had a hundred and ninety-six dollars and forty cents when he got to Philadelphia. The nightclub paid him five hundred dollars a week for ten weeks, which came to five thousand dollars, but he had to pay his agent ten percent of the five thousand dollars, and he also spent seventy-five cents for some new chalk pencils and four dollars to send the telegram to me. So that makes a total of four thousand six hundred and ninety-one dollars and sixty-five cents. It's a lot of money for a bird."

"It sure is," said the Head Man. "It sure is."

"But he is going to pay my airplane fare from Montana to Philadelphia and back again. That will bring the total down to four thousand four hundred and twenty dollars and seventy-eight cents."

The Head Man looked staggered by these figures.

"It's *still* a lot of money for a bird," he said.

"What's he going to do with it all?"

"He will give it to his father, the old cob."

"And what's *he* going to do with it?"

"He will fly back to the music store in Billings and give it to the owner, to pay for the stolen trumpet."

"Give *all* of it?"

"Yes."

"But a trumpet isn't worth four thousand four hundred and twenty dollars and seventy-eight cents."

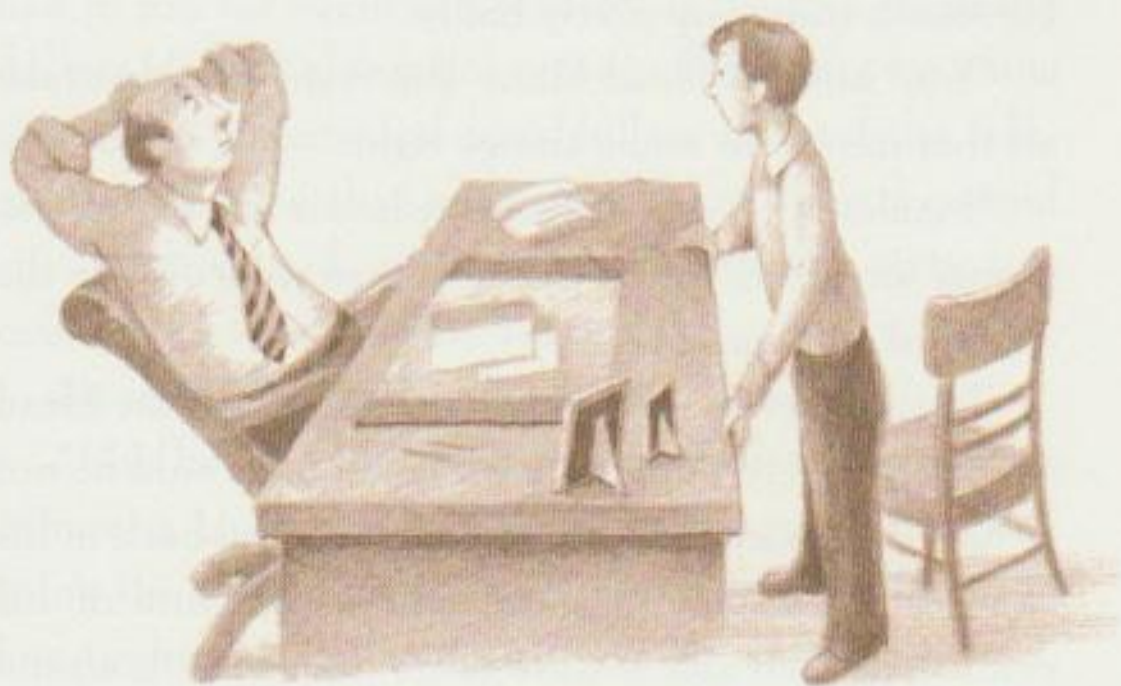
"I know," said Sam. "But there was some damage to the store itself. The old cob was going like the dickens when he crashed through the plate-glass window. He shook things up pretty badly."

"Yes," said the Head Man. "But it *still* wouldn't take all that money to make things right."

"I guess not," said Sam. "But Louis has no use for money anymore, so he's going to turn it all over to the owner of the music store."

The subject of money seemed to interest the Head Man greatly. He thought how pleasant it would be not to have any more use for money. He leaned back in his chair. He found it hard to believe that one of his swans had been able to save more than four thousand dollars and that the money was right out there, hanging around his neck in a moneybag.

“When it comes to money,” he said, “birds have it easier than men do. When a bird earns some money, it’s almost all clear profit. A bird doesn’t have to go to a supermarket and buy a dozen eggs and a pound of butter and two rolls of paper towels and a TV dinner and a can of Ajax and a can of tomato juice and a pound and a half of ground round steak and a can of sliced peaches and two quarts of fat-free milk and a bottle of stuffed olives. A bird doesn’t have to pay rent



on a house, or interest on a mortgage. A bird doesn't insure its life with an insurance company and then have to pay premiums on the policy. A bird doesn't own a car and buy gas and oil and pay for repairs on the car and take the car to a car wash and pay to get it washed. Animals and birds are lucky. They don't keep acquiring things, the way men do. You can teach a monkey to drive a motorcycle, but I have never known a monkey to go out and *buy* a motorcycle."

"That's right," replied Sam. "But some animals do like to acquire things, even though they don't pay anything for them."

"Such as?" asked the Head Man.

"A rat," said Sam. "A rat will fix up a home for himself, but then he'll bring home all sorts of little objects—trinkets and stuff. Anything he can find that catches his eye."

"You're right," said the Head Man. "You're absolutely right, Sam. You seem to know quite a lot about animals."

"I like animals," said Sam. "I love to watch them."

"Then come with me and we'll explore the Zoo," said the Head Man, getting up from his chair. "I don't feel like working anymore today. I'll show you the Zoo." And away they went, the two of them.

That night Sam slept in the Head Man's office, by special permission. He unrolled his sleeping bag on the floor and crawled in. The plane taking him back home would leave in the morning. Sam's head was full of everything he had seen in the Zoo. And before he turned out the light he took his notebook out of his rucksack and wrote a poem. This is what he wrote:

SAM BEAVER'S POEM

*Of all the places on land and sea,
Philadelphia's zoo is the place for me.
There's plenty to eat and a lot to do,
There's a Frigate Bird and a tiny Shrew;
There's a Vesper Rat and a Two-toed Sloth,
And it's fair to say that I like them both.
There's a Canada Goose and a Polar Bear
And things that come from Everywhere.
There are lots of things that you've never seen
Like the Kinkajou and the Wolverine.
You really have to go to the zoo
To see a newborn Wallaroo
Or a Fallow Deer or a White-tailed Gnu.
There are wondrous birds on a beautiful lake,
There's a Timber Wolf and a Hognose Snake.*

*There are animals with great appeal,
Like the Hummingbird and the Harbor Seal.
There are pony rides, there are birds of prey,
And something happening every day.
There are Wolves and Foxes, Hawks and Owls,
And a great big pit where the Lion prowls.
There are quiet pools and pleasant cages,
Where Reptiles lie and the Tiger rages.
The houses are clean, the keepers are kind,
And one Baboon has a pink behind.
The entire aim of a well-kept zoo
Is to bring the animal world to You.*

(signed) Sam Beaver

Sam left the poem on the Head Man's desk.

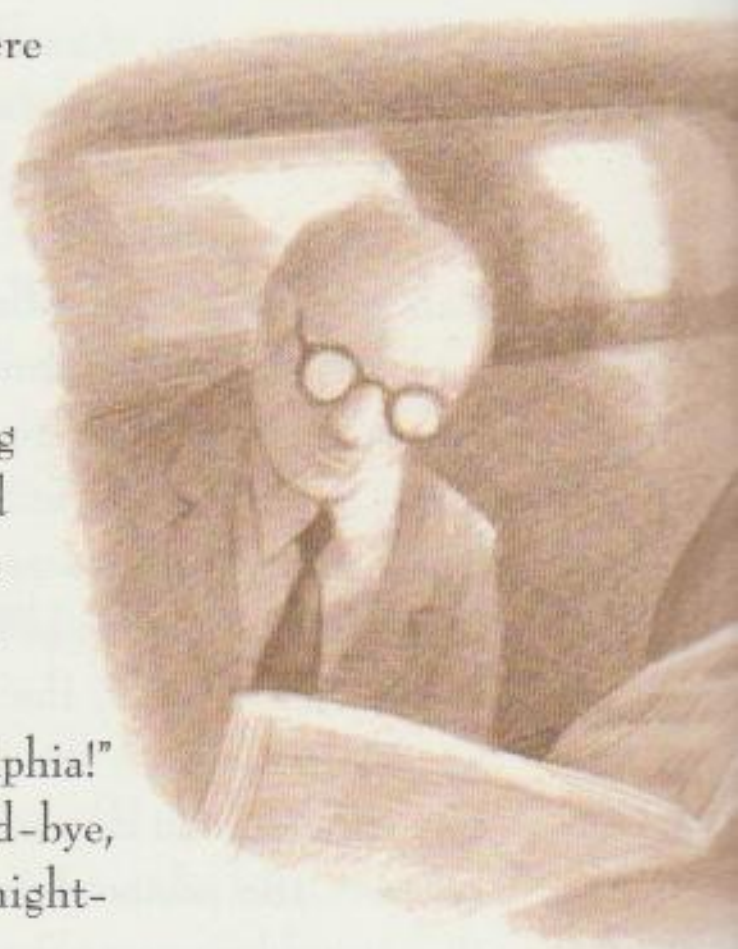
Early the next morning, long before the Zoo people came to work, Sam left Philadelphia by plane. Louis and Serena went along with him to the airport. They wanted to wave good-bye. They also planned to leave Philadelphia, right then and there, and fly back to Montana. When the airport officials saw two big white birds out on the airstrip, they raised a terrible fuss. The men in the control tower sent warning messages to the pilots of incoming planes. Members of the ground crew came piling out of buildings and

rushed toward Louis and Serena to chase them away. Sam was sitting by a window inside his plane, ready for takeoff, and he saw the whole thing.

Louis grabbed his trumpet.

“Off we go,” he played, “into the wild blue yonder!” The notes carried across the airport and startled everyone. “Ko-hoh! Ko-hoh!” called Louis. He put his trumpet away and started racing down the airstrip, with Serena racing after him. Just then, Sam’s plane started into the wind for the takeoff. The two swans flew alongside. They were in the air before the plane was, and flying fast. Sam waved from the window. Louis’s lifesaving medal gleamed in the morning sun. The plane rose and started to climb. Louis and Serena climbed fast, too.

“Good-bye, Philadelphia!” thought Louis. “Good-bye, Bird Lake! Good-bye, night-club!”



The plane, with its greater speed, gained on the swans. They began to drop behind. For a little while they headed west, following the plane. Then Louis motioned to Serena that he was going to change course. He banked to the left and swung toward the south.

"We'll go home by the southern route and take our time about it," he said to himself.

And that's what they did. They flew south across



Maryland and Virginia. They flew south across the Carolinas. They spent a night in Yemassee and saw huge oak trees with moss hanging from their branches. They visited the great swamps of Georgia and saw the alligator and listened to the mockingbird. They flew across Florida and spent a few days in a bayou where doves moaned in the cedars and little lizards crawled in the sun. They turned west into Louisiana. Then they turned north toward their home in Upper Red Rock Lake.

What a triumphant return it would be! When he left Montana, Louis had been penniless. Now he was rich. When he left, he had been unknown. Now he was famous. When he left, he had been alone in the world. Now he had his bride by his side—the swan that he loved. His medal was around his neck, his precious trumpet dangled in the breeze, his hard-earned money was in the bag. He had accomplished what he had set out to do. All in a few short months!

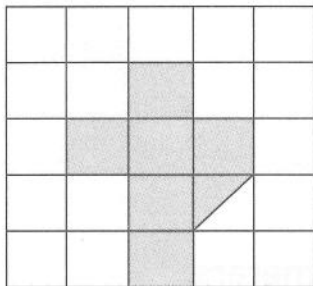
Freedom felt so wonderful! Love felt so good!

Unit 13 : Area, Perimeter and Volume


Friendly Notes

Area

The space enclosed by the sides of a figure is its area.
The square centimeter and square inch are units of area.

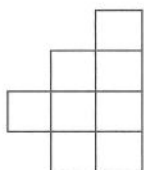


Each  is 1 square unit.

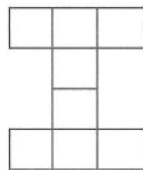
Each  is $\frac{1}{2}$ square unit.



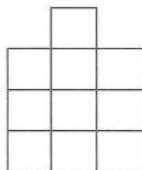
The area of the shaded part is $6\frac{1}{2}$ square units.



Shape A



Shape B



Shape C

Each  is
1 square unit.



Shape A = 8 square units

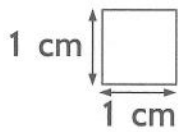
Shape B = 8 square units

Shape C = 10 square units

Shape A and Shape B have the same area.

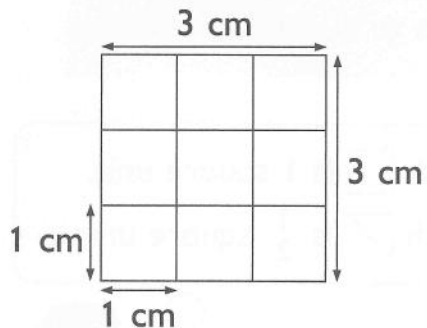
Shape C has a greater area than Shape A and Shape B.

This is a 1-cm square.



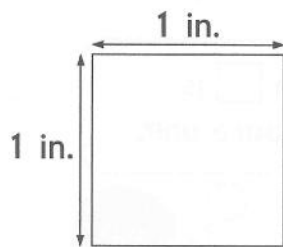
Its area is 1 square centimeter.

A 3-cm square is made up of nine 1-cm squares.

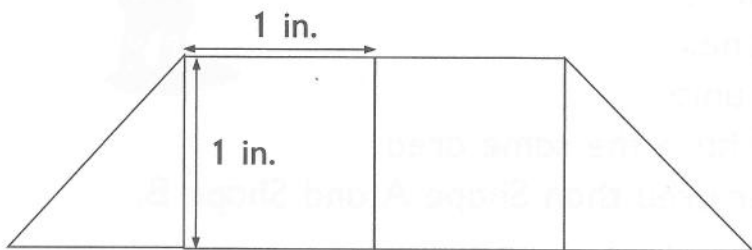


The area of a 3-cm square is 9 square centimeters.

Each side of this square is 1 inch long.

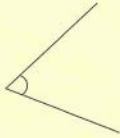
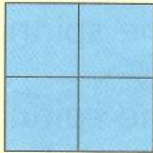
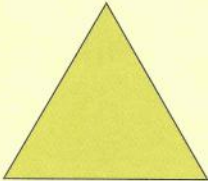


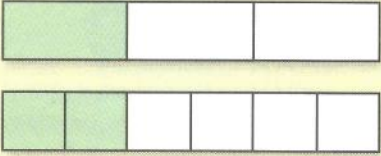
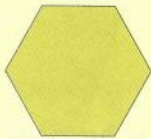
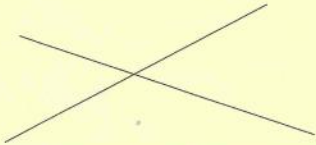

Its area is 1 square inch.


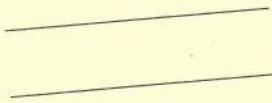




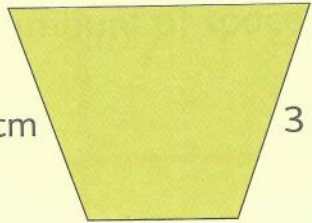
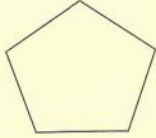
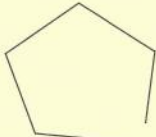
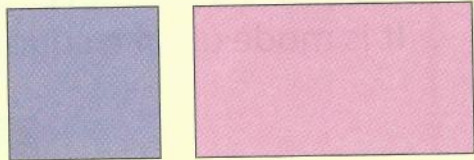
The area of the figure is 3 square inches.

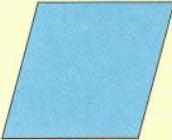

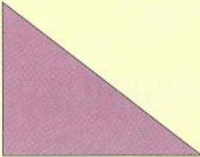


GLOSSARY


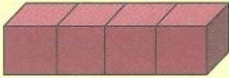
Word	Meaning
a.m.	<p>a.m. is used to tell the time after 12:00 midnight and before 12:00 noon.</p> <p>It is eight o'clock in the morning. The time is 8:00 a.m.</p>
angle	<p>When two straight lines meet, they form an angle.</p> <div style="text-align: center;">  </div>
area	<p>The area of a figure is the amount of flat space it covers.</p> <div style="text-align: center;">  </div> <p>The area of the above figure is 4 square centimeters.</p>
denominator	<p>In the fraction $\frac{1}{2}$, '2' is the denominator.</p> <p>$\frac{1}{2}$ ← denominator</p>
equilateral triangle	<p>An equilateral triangle is a triangle that has three equal sides.</p> <div style="text-align: center;">  </div>

Word	Meaning
equivalent fractions	<p>Equivalent fractions are different ways of writing the same fraction.</p>  <p>$\frac{1}{3}$ and $\frac{2}{6}$ are equivalent fractions.</p>
hexagon	<p>A hexagon is a polygon with six sides.</p> 
intersect	<p>When two straight lines intersect, they cross each other at one point.</p> 
isosceles triangle	<p>An isosceles triangle is a triangle that has two equal sides.</p> 
kilometer	<p>The kilometer is a unit of length used to measure long distances. We write 'km' for kilometer.</p> <p>1 kilometer = 1000 meters</p>
mile	<p>The mile is a unit of length used to measure long distances. We write 'mi' for mile.</p> <p>1 mile = 5280 feet</p>

Word	Meaning
milliliter	<p>A milliliter is a unit of volume. We write 'ml' for milliliter.</p> <p>1000 milliliters = 1 liter</p>
numerator	<p>In the fraction $\frac{1}{2}$, '1' is the numerator.</p> <p>$\frac{1}{2}$ ← numerator</p>
octagon	<p>An octagon is a polygon with eight sides.</p> 
p.m.	<p>p.m. is used to tell the time after 12:00 noon and before 12:00 midnight.</p> <p>It is eight o'clock in the evening. The time is 8:00 p.m.</p>
parallel	<p>When two straight lines are parallel, they do not cross each other no matter how long you extend them.</p> 
parallelogram	<p>A parallelogram is a quadrilateral that has 2 pairs of sides that are parallel.</p> 

Word	Meaning
<p>pentagon</p>	<p>A pentagon is a polygon with five sides.</p> 
<p>perimeter</p>	<p>The perimeter of a figure is the distance around the figure.</p>  <p>The perimeter of this figure is $4 + 3 + 2 + 3 = 12$ cm</p>
<p>polygon</p>	<p>A polygon is a closed figure with straight sides.</p>  <p>This figure is a polygon.</p>  <p>This figure is not a polygon.</p>
<p>quadrilateral</p>	<p>A quadrilateral is a polygon with four sides. Squares and rectangles are examples of quadrilaterals.</p> 

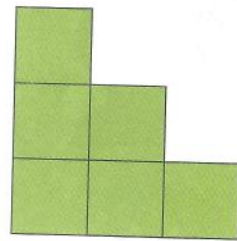
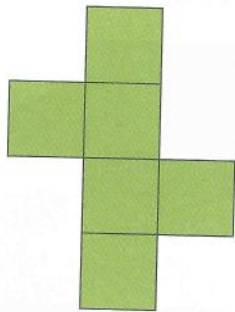
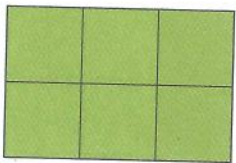
Word	Meaning
<p>rhombus</p>	<p>A rhombus is a parallelogram that has four equal sides.</p> 
<p>right angle</p>	<p>A right angle is the angle found in the corners of squares and rectangles.</p> 
<p>right triangle</p>	<p>A right triangle is a triangle with a right angle.</p> 
<p>scalene triangle</p>	<p>An scalene triangle is a triangle that has no equal sides.</p> 
<p>second</p>	<p>A second is a unit of time. We write 's' for seconds.</p> <p>60 seconds = 1 minute</p>
<p>square centimeter</p>	<p>A square centimeter is a unit of area. It is made up of a square with 1 cm sides.</p> 

Word	Meaning
square inch	<p>A square inch is a unit of area. It is made up of a square with 1 in. sides.</p> 
volume	<p>The volume of a solid is the amount of space it takes up.</p>  <p>The volume of the solid is 4 cubic units.</p>


13 AREA, PERIMETER AND VOLUME

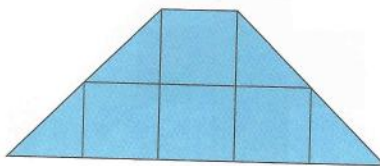
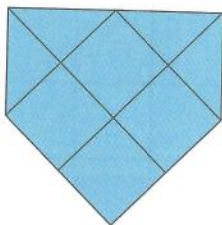
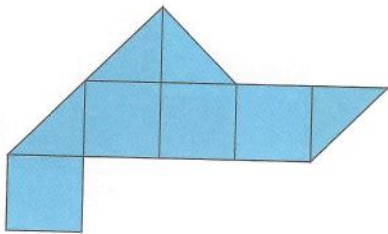
1 Area


These shapes are made up of the same number of square tiles.





Each tile is 1 square unit.

The shapes are of the same size.
They have the same **area**.
The area of each shape is  square units.



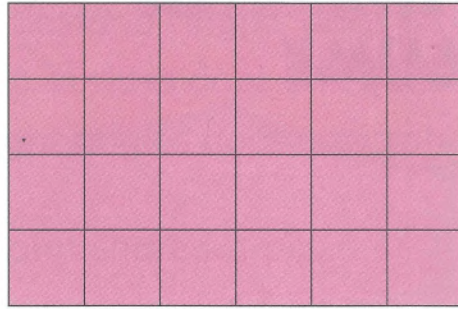
Each  is 1 square unit.

Each  is $\frac{1}{2}$ square unit.

These figures have the same area.
The area of each figure is  square units.

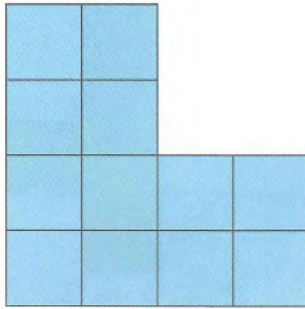


1. (a)



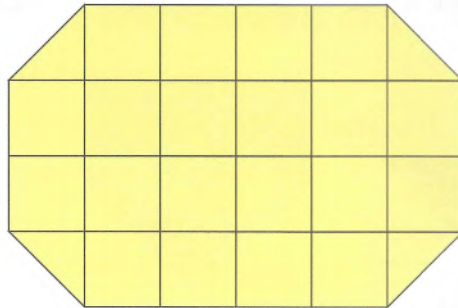
The area of the shape is square units.

(b)



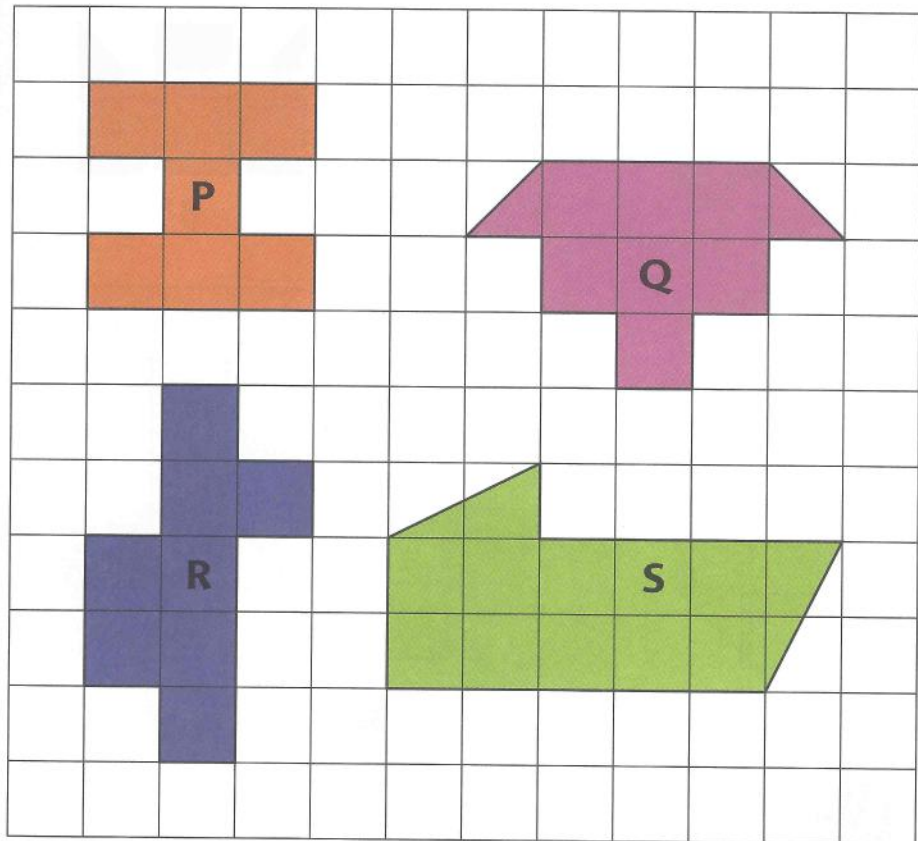
The area of the shape is square units.


(c)



The area of the shape is square units.

2. What is the area of each of the following figures?

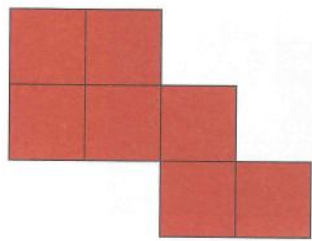


Each  stands for 1 square unit.

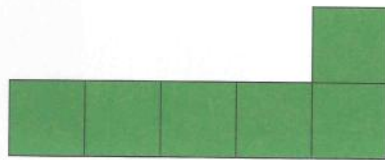


 Exercise 1, pages 159-162

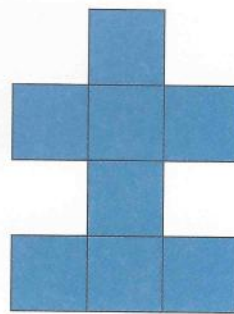
3. Use square cards to make these shapes.



A



B



C

The area of Shape A is  square units.

The area of Shape B is  square units.

The area of Shape C is  square units.

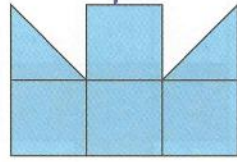
Which shape is the biggest?

Which shape is the smallest?

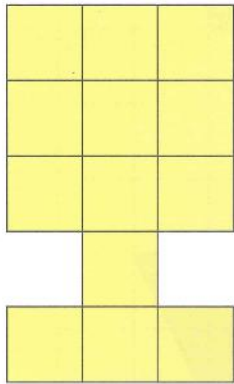
4. What is the area of each of the following figures?



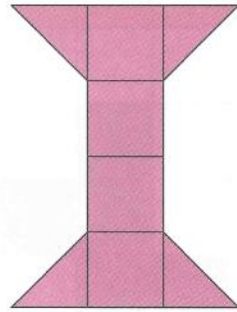
A



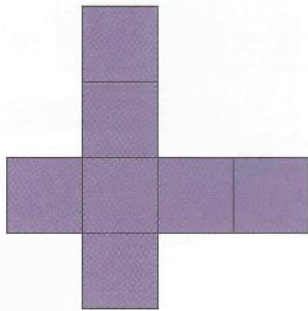
B



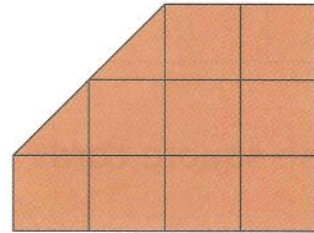
C



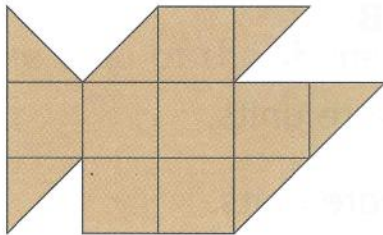
D



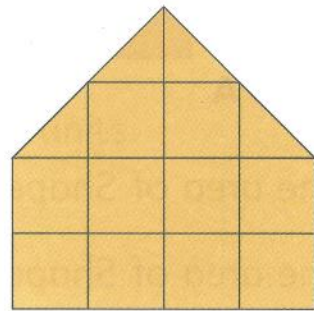
E



F



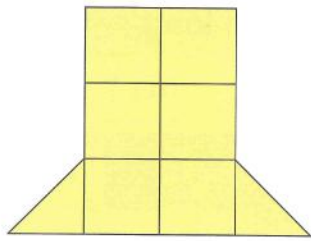
G



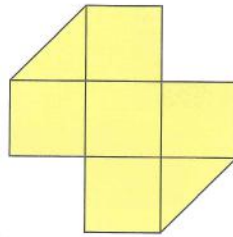
H

Which figure has the smallest area?
Which figure has the greatest area?

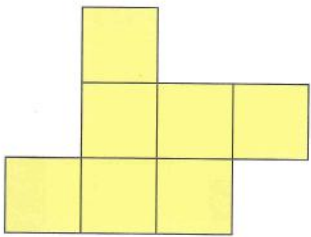
5. Which two shapes are of the same size?



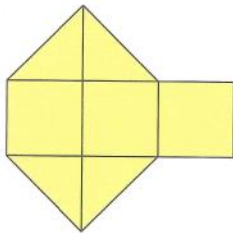
P




Q



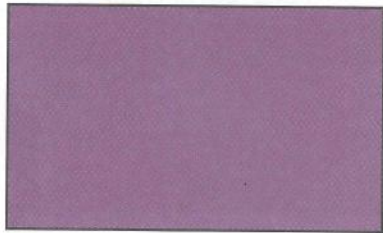
R



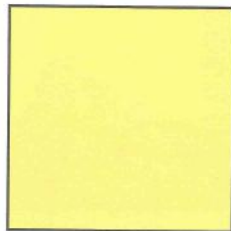
S

6. How many of these  will cover the inside of each of the following figures?

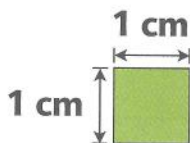
(a)



(b)



7. This is a 1-cm square.

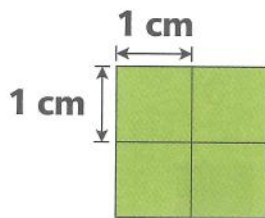


Each side of the square is 1 cm long.



Its area is 1 **square centimeter**.

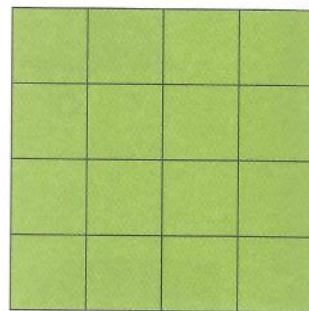
Give the area of each of the following squares in square centimeters.



a 2-cm square



a 3-cm square



a 4-cm square

The square centimeter is a unit of area.

A 2-cm square is made up of 4 pieces of 1-cm squares. Its area is 4 square centimeters.

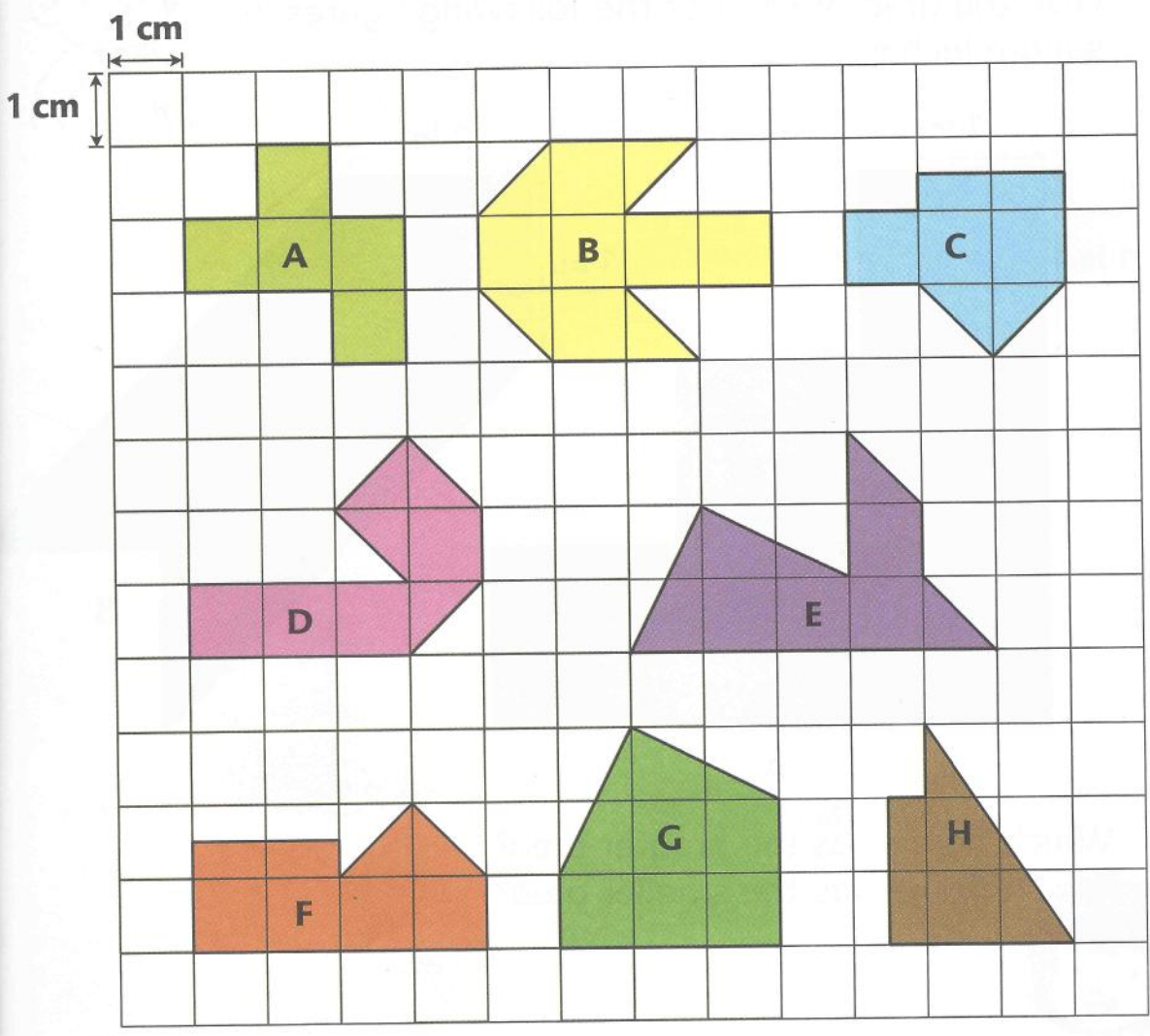


8. (a) What is the area of a 5-cm square?
(b) What is the area of a 10-cm square?

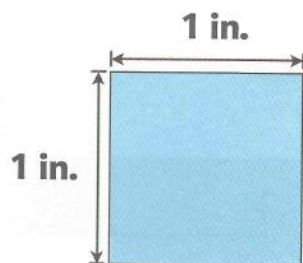
9. This figure is made up of 1-cm squares. Find its area.



10. What is the area of each of the following figures?



11. Each side of this square is 1 inch long.

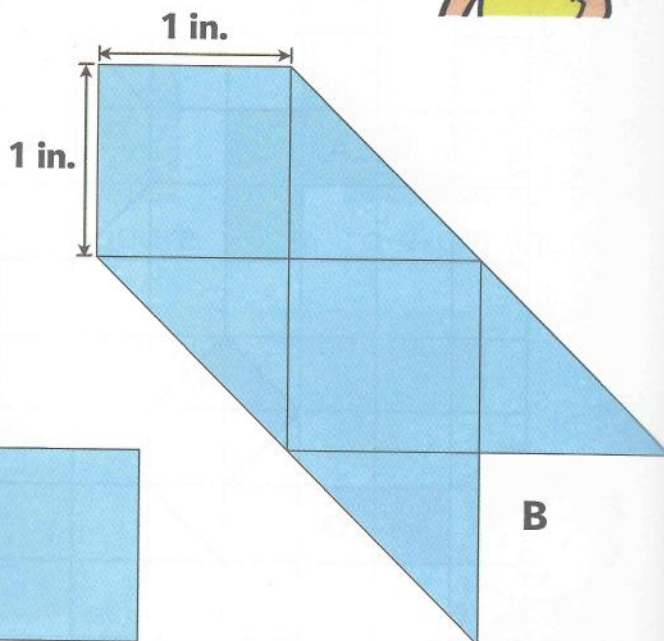
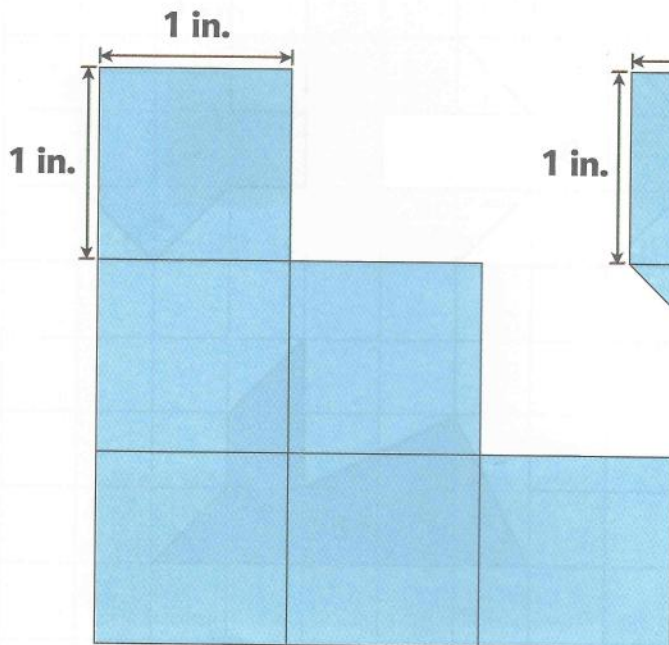


Its area is 1 **square inch**.

The square inch is also a unit of area.



Give the area of each of the following figures in square inches.



Which figure has the greater area?
Which figure has the smaller area?

Chapter 11

The Massachusetts Bay Colony

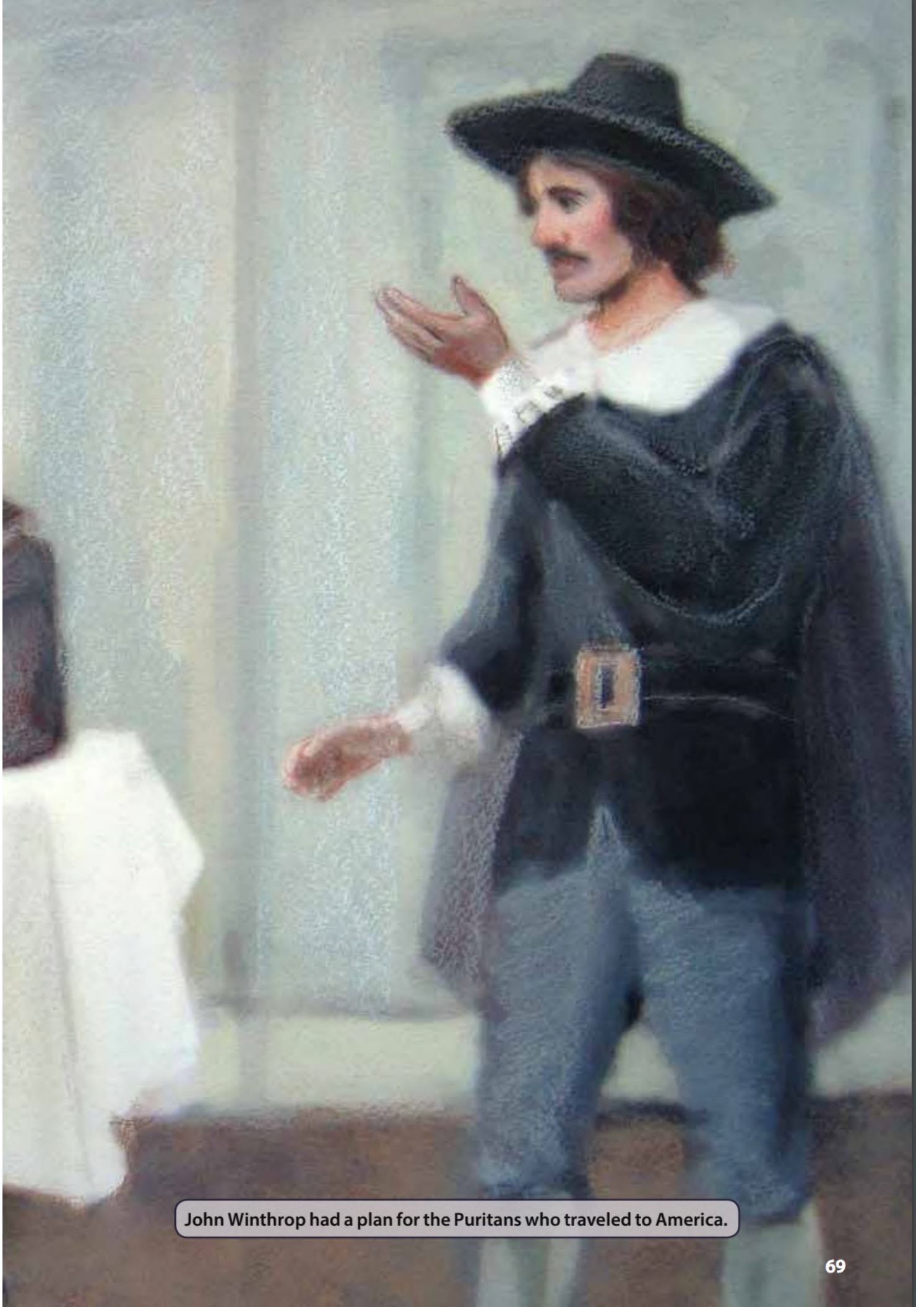
The Puritan Mission Ten years after the Pilgrims settled Plymouth, more English settlers arrived in New England. Their settlement was called the Massachusetts Bay Colony. These settlers were known as Puritans.

The Big Question

What kinds of jobs were available in the New England colonies?

The Puritans were not like the Pilgrims. The Puritans did not want to leave the Church of England. Instead, the Puritans wanted to purify, or change, the Church of England.

John Winthrop was the leader of the Puritans. He believed that God brought the Puritans to North America for a reason. Winthrop wanted the Puritans to be an example of how Christians could live together in a community and be unselfish people. He believed that the whole world would be watching to see if the Puritans could succeed.



John Winthrop had a plan for the Puritans who traveled to America.

The Great Migration

In the beginning, about one hundred Pilgrims started Plymouth colony. But almost twenty-five thousand Puritans came to Massachusetts Bay Colony from 1630 to 1660. This enormous wave of settlement is called “the Great Migration.” A migration is a movement from one place to another.

During the Great Migration, Puritans started small towns all over eastern Massachusetts. In each town, they built their houses and their meetinghouse, or house of worship, near a large grassy area called a common.



Life in Puritan towns centered around the town meetinghouse. Generally, most people lived close to this house of worship.

Strict Rules

Everyone who lived in a Puritan town had to obey strict rules.

Each town was governed by landowning men who met to make rules and decisions. Only members of a town’s Puritan **congregation** could own land or vote in the town meeting. Joining a congregation was not easy. You had to answer many hard questions about your life and your beliefs.

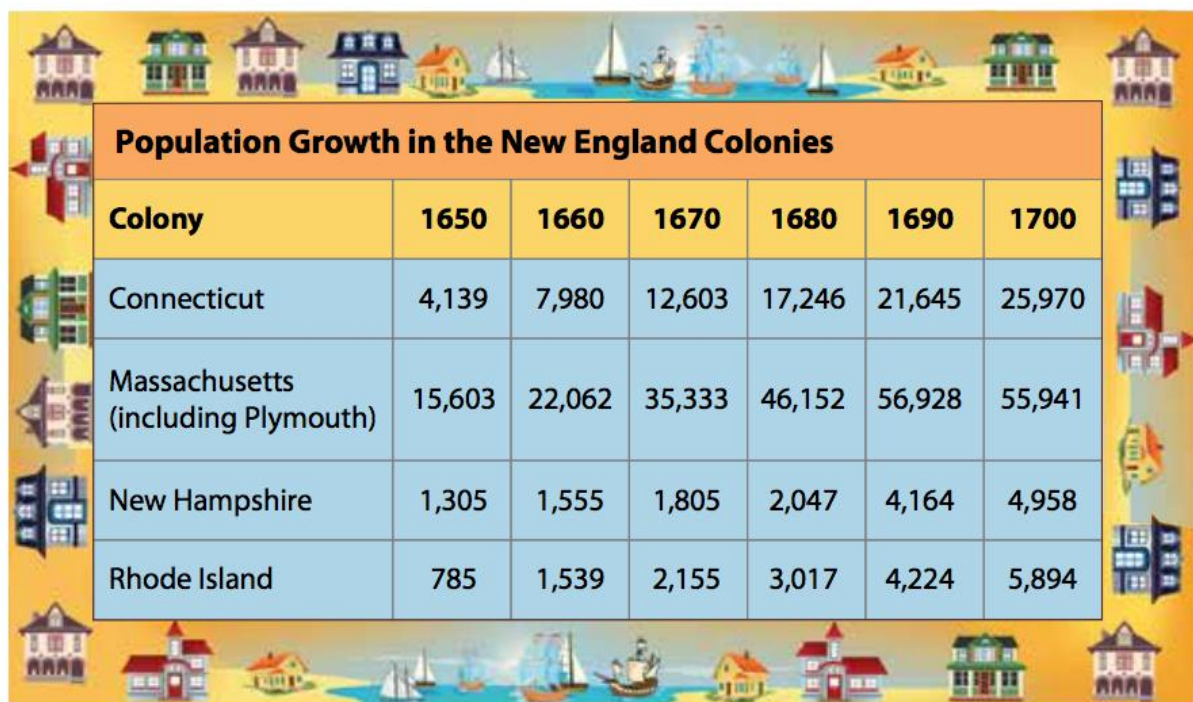
Vocabulary

congregation, n.
a group of people who gather for the purpose of religious worship

People who were not Puritans did not enjoy religious freedom. They could attend their own churches. But they were forced to also attend Puritan services and pay taxes to support the Puritan ministers. Those who opposed Puritan religious teachings were punished. Some were forced to leave town. People who were forced to leave Puritan towns sometimes started their own towns. Many of these towns were founded in a new colony called Rhode Island, which you will read about in a later chapter.

A Growing Population

Through the 1640s, new settlers kept coming to the colonies from England. The population was also growing naturally. Unlike in England, and even in the Southern Colonies, more and more New England children lived to become adults and parents. This was largely because there was less disease.



Population Growth in the New England Colonies						
Colony	1650	1660	1670	1680	1690	1700
Connecticut	4,139	7,980	12,603	17,246	21,645	25,970
Massachusetts (including Plymouth)	15,603	22,062	35,333	46,152	56,928	55,941
New Hampshire	1,305	1,555	1,805	2,047	4,164	4,958
Rhode Island	785	1,539	2,155	3,017	4,224	5,894

The population of the New England Colonies grew quickly.

These growing families needed more land. So, two new colonies were later founded by Puritans from Massachusetts. These colonies were Connecticut and New Hampshire.

The New England Region

Although New England was a healthier place to live than the South during the 1600s, the colonies in New England did not have good soil. The winters were long and cold. This meant that the growing season was short. Most New England families could grow only enough food to feed themselves.

However, the region was rich in other ways. There were great forests and a long coastline with natural harbors for ships.

The New England colonists built some of their towns along the coast. These towns became centers for fishing, shipbuilding, and trade.

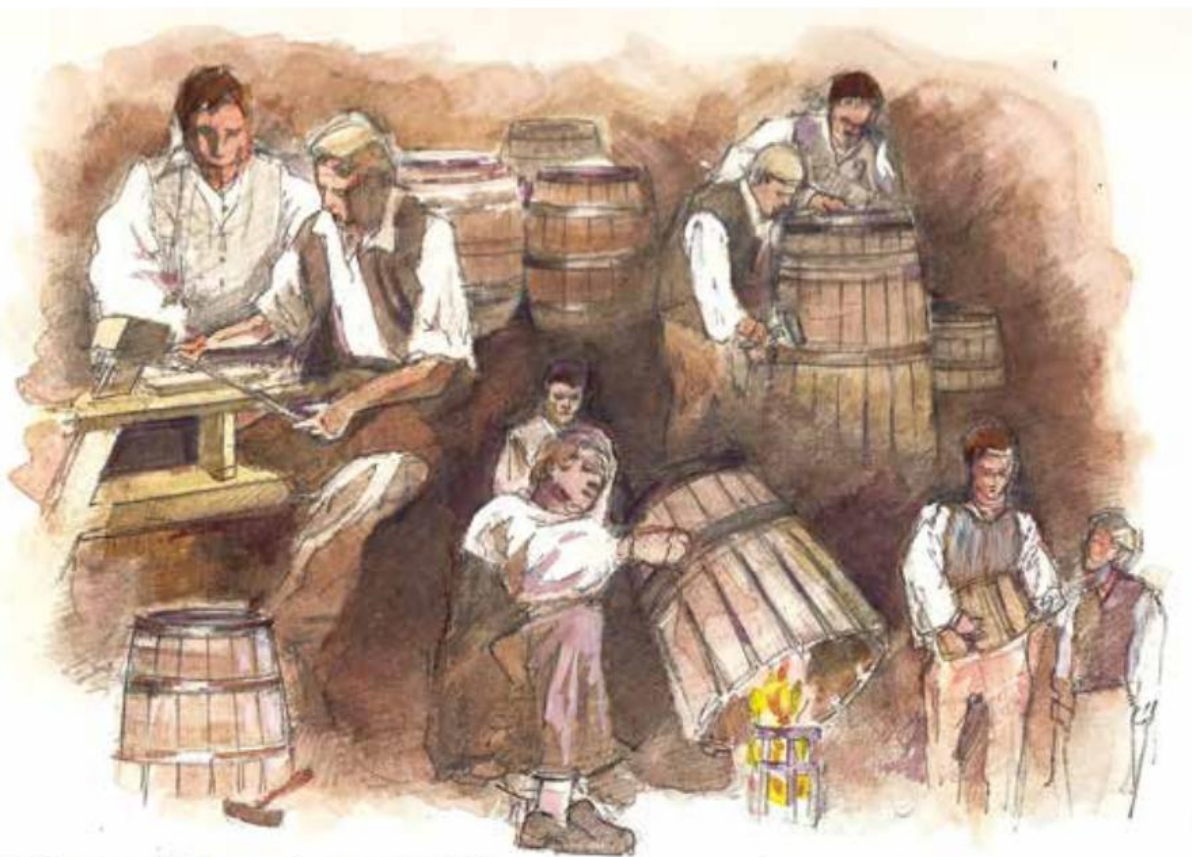
New Englanders became very good at fishing in the ocean off the coast. This part of the ocean had plenty of fish, especially cod. Cod was tasty, and many people in Europe liked to eat it.

The colonists dried the cod so the meat would not spoil. Then they shipped the cod to England and to the West Indies. Dried cod became to New England what cash crops were to the Southern Colonies.

New Englanders cut timber from the forests for shipbuilding. Tall trees were chopped down to make **masts** for ships. Carpenters cut and shaped the wood to make other parts of the ships. Sailmakers made the ships'

Vocabulary

mast, n. a large vertical post on a ship that helps hold up the sails



Making barrels was an important skill.

sails, while blacksmiths made the ships' anchors. Men called coopers made barrels to hold cargo, food, and fresh water for long voyages.

Harbor Towns

New England harbor towns were busy places. Ships were loaded with dried cod, timber, and furs. The ships sailed to England, the West Indies, or other colonies.

Other ships arrived with sugar and enslaved workers. Still, more ships brought tools, glassware, and mail from England.

The harbor towns grew faster than the other New England towns. Ships filled with people and their belongings also sailed into the harbor towns. New colonists came to live and work in New England. Fishing and shipbuilding provided jobs for many people. Others found work on the docks and in warehouses.

Tuesday

GHNO | 3rd Grade | Week 6 | 04/28

BILLINGS



On a bright clear day in January, Louis and Serena came home to the Red Rock Lakes. From among the thousands of waterfowl, they quickly found the members of their own families—their fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers. It was a noisy homecoming. Everybody wanted to say hello at once. Ko-hoh, ko-hoh, ko-hoh! The wanderers were home at last.

Louis's father, the old cob, made a graceful speech—rather long, but sincere.

Louis raised his trumpet and played "There's no place like home. Home, home sweet home!" There was a great deal of gossip among the waterfowl about Louis's having persuaded Serena to be his wife.

Everybody congratulated the happy couple. And all the brothers and sisters of Louis and Serena gathered around and looked at Louis's possessions. They were much impressed by his worldly goods. They liked the lifesaving medal, they loved the sound of the trumpet, and they were eager to see the money in the money-bag. But Louis did not open the bag. Instead, he took his father and mother to one side. They all three stepped out on shore, where Louis slipped the money-bag off his neck and, with a bow, handed it to the old cob. Four thousand four hundred and twenty dollars and seventy-eight cents.

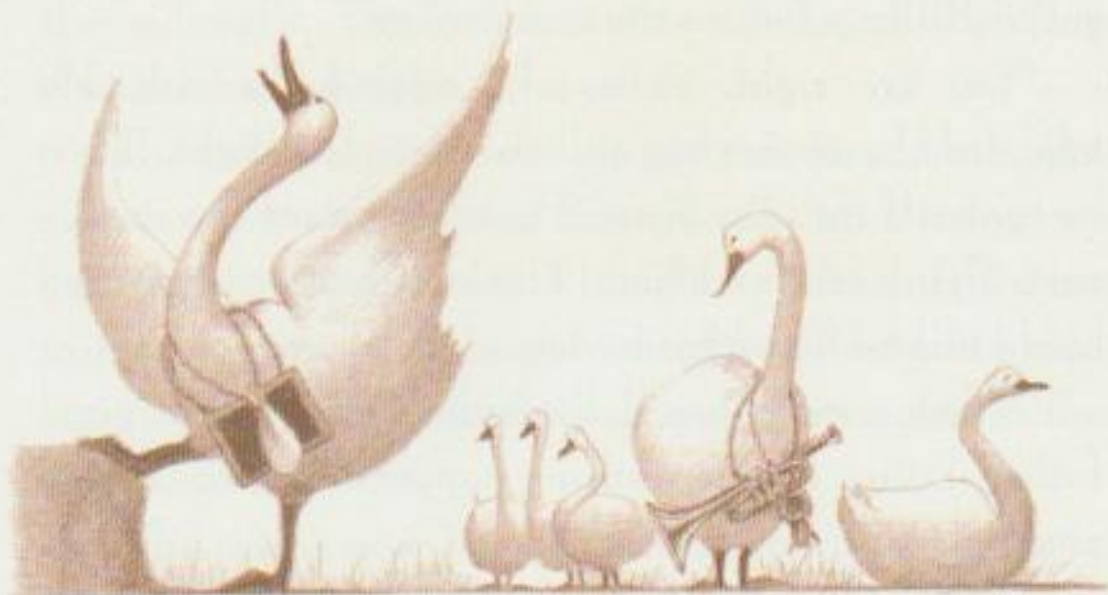
Then Louis took his slate and wrote a note to the owner of the music store in Billings so his father would have something to show him when he got there. The note said:

TO THE STOREKEEPER OF BILLINGS:
ENCLOSED PLEASE FIND \$4,420.78. IT WILL
PAY YOU FOR THE TRUMPET AND THE DAMAGE
TO THE STORE. SORRY ABOUT THE
INCONVENIENCE THIS HAS CAUSED YOU.

The old cob was not able to count money, and he was not able to read, but he took the moneybag and the

slate and hung them around his neck. He felt sure he could now pay his debt for the stolen trumpet.

“I shall go,” he said to his wife. “I shall redeem my honor. I shall return to Billings, the scene of my crime—a great city, teeming with life—”



“We’ve heard that before,” remarked his wife. “Just take the money and the note and beat it for Billings as fast as you can go. And when you get there, for heavens’ sakes be careful! The owner of that music store has a gun. He will remember that the last time he saw a swan coming at him he got robbed. So watch yourself! You’re on a dangerous mission.”

“Danger!” said the old cob. “Danger! I *welcome* danger and adventure. Danger is my middle name. I would risk my life to redeem my honor and recapture

my sense of decency. I shall pay my debt and blot out the foul mark that sullies my good name. I shall rid myself forever of the shame that comes from thievery and wrongdoing. I shall—"

"If you don't stop talking," said his wife, "you won't get to Billings before the stores close."

"You are right, as usual," replied the cob. He adjusted the moneybag and the slate for flight. Then he took off into the air and headed toward the north-east, flying fast and high. His wife and son watched him until he faded from view.

"What a swan!" said his wife. "You have a good father, Louis. I hope nothing happens to him. To tell you the truth, I'm worried."

The old cob flew fast and far. When he spied the churches and factories and shops and homes of Billings, he circled once, then began his downward glide—straight for the music store.

"My hour has come," he said to himself. "My moment of truth is at hand. I shall soon be out of debt, out from under the cloud of shame and dishonor that has cast a shadow over my life for lo these many months."

The cob had been seen already by people down

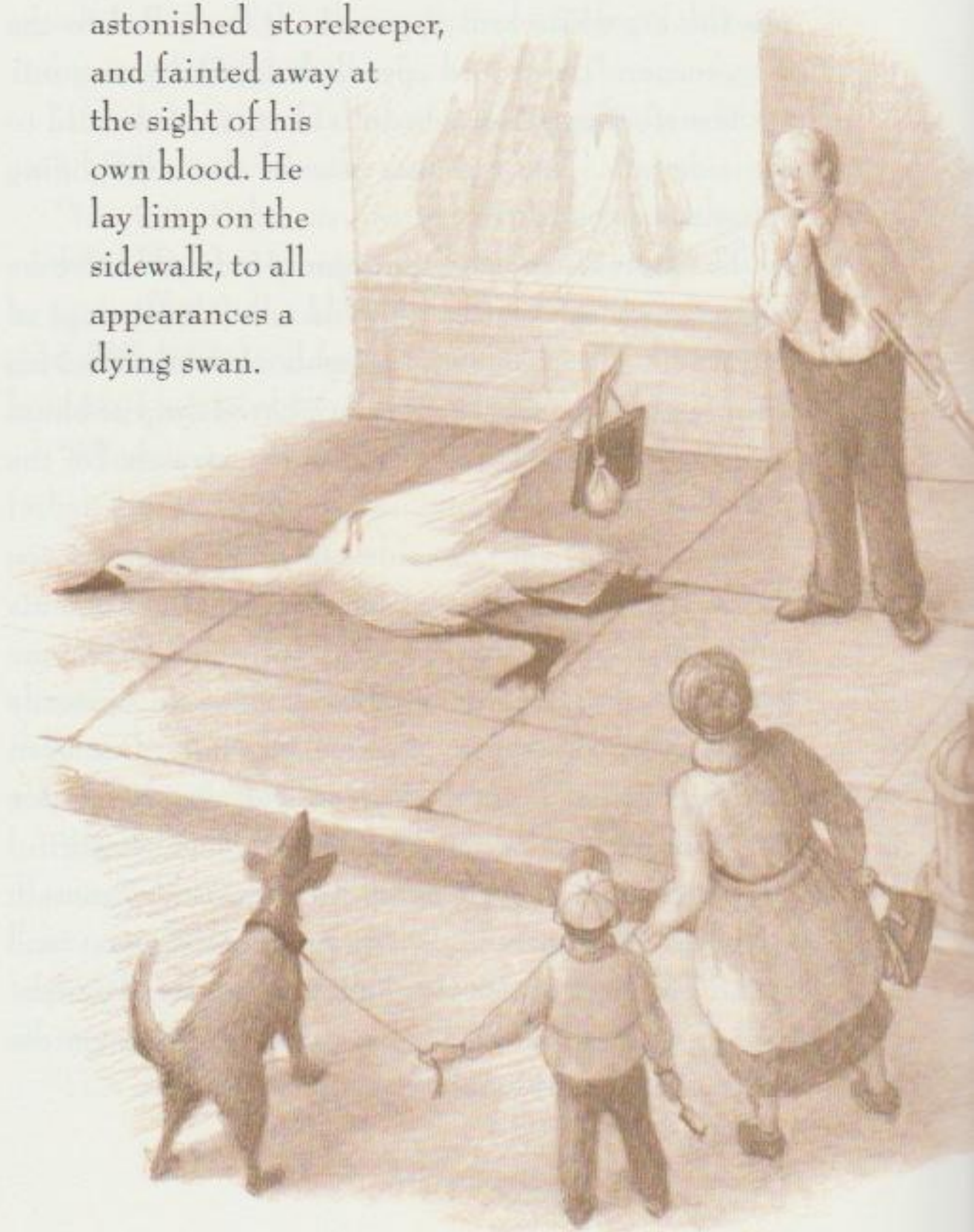
below. One of the salesmen in the music store was standing by the front window, looking out. When he saw the big white bird approaching, he yelled to the storekeeper: "Large bird approaching. Get your gun!"

The storekeeper grabbed his shotgun and raced to the sidewalk. The cob was low in the sky, gliding straight for the store.

The storekeeper raised his gun. He fired both barrels in quick succession. The old cob felt a twinge of pain in his left shoulder. Thoughts of death filled his mind. Looking back, he saw a bright red drop of blood staining his breast. But he kept going, straight for the storekeeper.

"The end is near," he said to himself. "I shall die in the performance of duty. I have only a few moments remaining to live. Man, in his folly, has given me a mortal wound. The red blood flows in a steady trickle from my veins. My strength fails. But even in death's final hour, I shall deliver the money for the trumpet. Good-bye, life! Good-bye, beautiful world! Good-bye, little lakes in the north! Farewell, springtimes I have known, with their passion and ardor! Farewell, loyal wife and loving sons and daughters! I, who am about to die, salute you. I must die gracefully, as only a swan can."

With that, he sank to the sidewalk, held out the moneybag and the slate to the astonished storekeeper, and fainted away at the sight of his own blood. He lay limp on the sidewalk, to all appearances a dying swan.



A crowd quickly gathered.

"What's this?" exclaimed the storekeeper, bending over the bird. "What's going on here?"

He quickly read the note on the slate. Then he tore open the moneybag and began pulling out hundred-dollar bills and fifty-dollar bills.

A policeman hurried to the scene and started to hold the crowd back.

"Stand back!" he shouted. "The swan is wounded. Give him air!"

"He's dead," said a little boy. "The bird is dead."

"He is *not* dead," said the salesman. "He's scared."

"Call an ambulance!" screamed a lady in the crowd.

A small pool of blood formed under the neck of the old cob. He seemed lifeless. Just then a game warden appeared.

"Who shot this bird?" he demanded.

"I did," said the storekeeper.

"Then you're under arrest," said the warden.

"What for?" asked the storekeeper.

"For shooting a Trumpeter Swan. These birds are protected by law. You can't pull a gun on a wild swan."

"Well," replied the storekeeper, "you can't arrest *me*, either. I happen to know this bird. He's a thief. *He's* the one you should arrest. He's been here before, and he stole a trumpet from my store."

"Call an ambulance!" cried the lady.

"What's that you've got in your hand?" asked the policeman. The storekeeper quickly stuffed the money back into the moneybag and held the bag and the slate behind his back.

"Come on, show it to me!" said the cop.

"I want to see it, too," said the warden.

"We *all* want to see it!" cried a fellow in the crowd. "What's in that bag?"

The storekeeper sheepishly handed the moneybag and the slate to the game warden. The warden stood straight, put on his glasses, and read the note in a loud voice: "To the Storekeeper of Billings: Enclosed please find four thousand four hundred and twenty dollars and seventy-eight cents. It will pay you for the trumpet and the damage to the store. Sorry about the inconvenience this has caused you."

At the mention of the sum of money, the crowd gasped. Everyone started talking at once.

"Call an ambulance!" screamed the lady.

"I'll have to take that money to the station house,"

said the policeman. "This is a complicated case. Anything that involves money is complex. I'll take the money and keep it safe until the matter is decided."

"No, you won't!" said the game warden. "The money is mine."

"Why?" asked the policeman.

"Because," replied the warden.

"Because *what?*" asked the policeman.

"Because the law says the bird is in my custody. The money was on the bird. Therefore, the money goes to me until this is settled."

"Oh, no, you don't!" said the storekeeper, angrily. "The money is mine. It says so right here on this slate. The four thousand four hundred and twenty dollars and seventy-eight cents is mine. Nobody's going to take it away from me."

"Yes, they are!" said the policeman. "I am."

"No, I am," said the game warden.

"Is there a lawyer in the crowd?" asked the storekeeper. "We'll settle this matter right here and now."

A tall man stepped forward.

"I'm Judge Ricketts," he said. "I'll decide this case. Now then, who saw the bird arrive?"

"I did," said the salesman.

"Call an ambulance!" screamed the lady.

"I saw the bird, too," said a small boy named Alfred Gore.

"O.K.," said the judge. "Describe what happened, exactly as you saw it."

The salesman spoke first. "Well," he said, "I was looking out the window and saw a swan approaching. So I hollered. The boss got his gun and fired, and the bird fell to the sidewalk. There was a drop or two of blood."

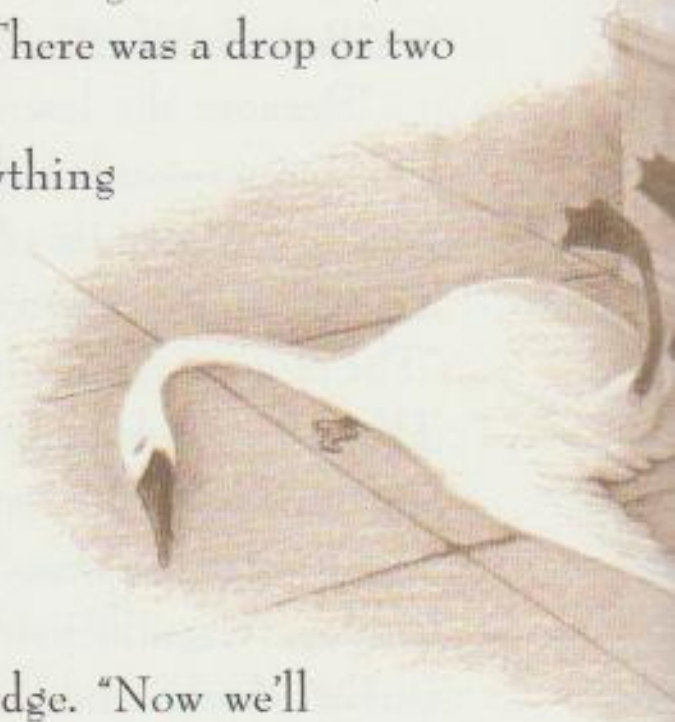
"Did you notice anything special about the bird?" asked Judge Ricketts.

"He carried money," replied the salesman. "You don't often see any money on a bird, so I noticed it."

"All right," said the judge. "Now we'll let Alfred Gore tell it as *he* saw it. Describe what you saw, Alfred!"

"Well," said the little boy, "I was very thirsty, and so I wanted to go to a candy store and get something to drink."

"Just tell what you saw, please, Alfred," said the judge. "Never mind how thirsty you were."





“I was coming along the street,” continued Alfred, “because I was very thirsty. So I was coming along the street on my way to the candy store to get something to drink, and there, up in the sky, all of a sudden there was a big white bird right over me in the sky and he

was sliding down out of the sky like *this*." Alfred held out his arms and imitated a bird. "And so when I saw the big bird I stopped thinking about how thirsty I was and pretty soon this enormous bird, he was enormous, was on the sidewalk and he was dead and there was blood all over everything and that's what I saw."

"Did you notice anything special about the bird?" asked Judge Ricketts.

"Blood," said Alfred.

"Anything else?"

"No, just blood."

"Did you hear a gun?"

"No, just blood," said Alfred.

"Thank you!" said the judge. "That will be all."

Just then a siren started wailing—woooaw, woooaw, woooaw. An ambulance came screaming down the street. It stopped in front of the crowd. Two men jumped out. They carried a stretcher and set it down next to where the swan lay. The old cob lifted his head and looked around. "I have been at death's door," he thought, "and now I think I am returning to life. I am reviving. I shall live! I shall return on strong wings to the great sky. I shall glide gracefully again on the ponds of the world and hear the frogs and take pleasure in the sounds of night and the coming of day."

As he was thinking these pleasant thoughts, he felt himself being lifted. The ambulance attendants put his slate around his neck, picked him up, laid him gently on the stretcher, and carried him into the ambulance, which had a red light whirling round and around on top of it. One of the men placed an oxygen mask over the old cob's head and gave him some oxygen. And away they drove, making a great deal of noise, to the hospital. There, he was put to bed and given a shot of penicillin. A young doctor came in and examined the wound where the shotgun pellet had hit him. The doctor said the wound was superficial. The old cob didn't know what "superficial" meant, but it sounded serious.

Nurses gathered around. One of them took the swan's blood pressure and wrote something on a chart. The old cob was beginning to feel very well again. It felt good to be in bed, being cared for by nurses—one of whom was quite pretty. The doctor washed the wound and put a Band-Aid on it.

Meantime, back on the sidewalk in front of the music store, the judge was announcing his decision.

"On the basis of the testimony," he said solemnly, "I award the money to the storekeeper, to make up for the loss of the trumpet and damage to the store. I am

placing the swan in the custody of the game warden."

"Your Honor," said the warden, "don't forget that the storekeeper is under arrest for shooting a wild swan."

"It was a case of false arrest," said the judge wisely. "The storekeeper fired his gun at the bird because he was afraid his store would be robbed again. He did not know that the swan was bringing money to pay for the trumpet. The gun was fired in self-defense. Everyone is innocent, the swan is honest, the debt is paid, the storekeeper is rich, and the case is dismissed."

A cheer went up from the crowd. The warden looked sulky. The policeman looked glum. But the storekeeper was beaming. He was a happy man. He felt that justice had been done.

"I have an announcement," he said. "I am only going to keep just enough of this money to pay for the stolen trumpet and the repair bills for my store. All the rest of the money will be given to a good cause if I can think of just the right one. Can anyone think of a worthy cause that needs money?"

"The Salvation Army," suggested a woman.

"No," said the storekeeper.

"The Boy Scouts?" suggested a boy.

"No," said the storekeeper.

"The American Civil Liberties Union?" suggested a man.

"Nope," said the storekeeper. "Nobody has thought of just the right place for me to send this money."

"How about the Audubon Society?" asked a little fellow whose nose looked like the beak of a bird.

"Great! You've got it!" cried the storekeeper. "A bird has been very good to me, and now I want to do something for birds. The Audubon Society is kind to birds. I want this money to be used to help birds. Some birds are in real trouble. They face extinction."

"What's extinction?" asked Alfred Gore. "Does it mean they stink?"

"Certainly not," said the storekeeper. "Extinction is what happens when you're extinct—when you don't exist anymore because there are no others like you. Like the passenger pigeon and the eastern Heath Hen and the Dodo and the Dinosaur."

"The Trumpeter Swan was *almost* extinct," said the game warden. "People kept shooting them, like this crazy storekeeper. But now they are making a comeback."

The storekeeper glared at the warden.

"*I'll* say they're making a comeback," he said. "The swan that was just here *came back* to Billings with

four thousand four hundred and twenty dollars and seventy-eight cents and gave it all to me. I call that making a very good comeback. I can't imagine where he *got* all that money. It's a mighty funny thing."

The storekeeper went back into his music store, the policeman went back to the station house, the judge went back to the courthouse, the game warden walked off down the street toward the hospital, and Alfred Gore, who was still thirsty, continued his journey to the candy store. All the rest of the people wandered away.

At the hospital, the old cob lay peacefully in bed thinking beautiful thoughts. He felt thankful to be



alive and relieved to be out of debt.

It was getting dark. Many of the patients in the hospital were asleep already. A nurse came into the cob's room to open his window.

When she came back a few minutes later to take the cob's temperature and give him a back rub, the bed was empty—the room was deserted. The cob had jumped out of the window, spread his broad wings, and headed for home through the cold night sky. He flew all night, crossed the mountains, and arrived home soon after daylight, where his wife was waiting for him.

"How did it go?" she asked.

"Very well," he said. "An extraordinary adventure. I was shot at, just as you predicted. The storekeeper pointed a gun at me and fired. I felt an agonizing pain in my left shoulder—which I've always considered the more beautiful of my two shoulders. Blood gushed from my wound in torrents, and I sank gracefully to the sidewalk, where I handed over the money and thus regained my honor and my decency. I was at death's door. A great multitude of people gathered. Blood was everywhere. I became faint and passed out with dignity in front of all. The police arrived—dozens

of them. Game wardens flocked to the scene in great numbers, and there was a tremendous argument about the money."

"How did you know all this if you were unconscious?" asked his wife.

"My dear," said the cob, "I wish you wouldn't interrupt me when I am telling the story of my trip. Seeing my grave condition, someone in the crowd summoned an ambulance, and I was taken to the hospital, where I was put to bed. I looked very beautiful lying there, my black bill contrasting with the snowy white sheets. Doctors and nurses attended me and comforted me in my hour of suffering and pain. You can judge how serious my wound was when I tell you that one of the doctors examined it and said it was superficial."

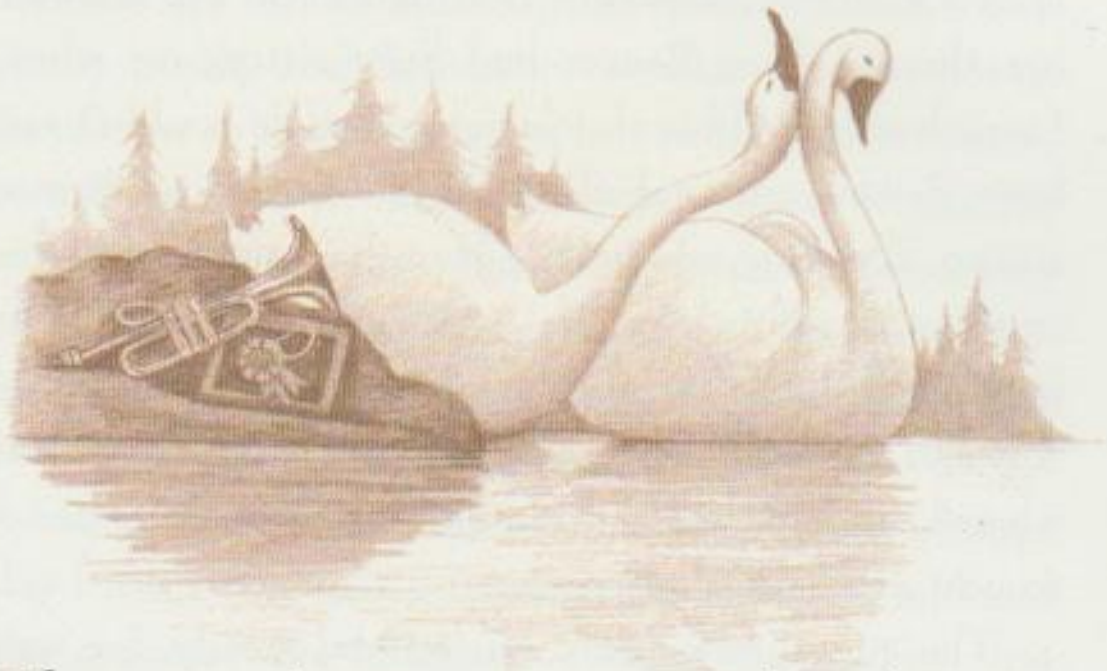
"It doesn't look bad to me," said his wife. "I think you just got nicked. If it had been bad, you couldn't have flown back so soon. Anyway, superficial or not, I'm glad to see you home safe. I always miss you when you're gone. I don't know why, but I do."

And with that, she placed her head across his neck and gave him a slight nudge. Then they had breakfast and went for a swim in an open place in the frozen lake. The cob pulled his Band-Aid off and threw it away.

Wednesday

GHNO | 3rd Grade | Week 6 | 04/29

THE GREENING SPRING



Louis and Serena were more in love than ever. When spring came, they flew north, Louis wearing his trumpet and his slate and his chalk pencil and his medal, Serena wearing nothing at all. Now that he no longer had to work and earn, Louis felt a great sense of relief. No more would he have to carry a moneybag around his neck.

The two swans flew high and fast, ten thousand feet above the earth. They arrived at last at the little pond in the wilderness where Louis had been hatched. This was his dream—to return with his love to the

place in Canada where he had first seen the light of day. He escorted Serena from one end of the pond to the other and back again. He showed her the tiny island where his mother's nest had been. He showed her the log Sam Beaver had been sitting on when Louis had pulled his shoelace because he couldn't say beep. Serena was enchanted. They were in love. It was spring. The frog was waking from his long sleep. The turtle was coming to life again after his nap. The chipmunk felt the warm air, soft and kind, blow through the trees, just as it did in that springtime when Louis's father and mother had visited the pond to nest and raise their young.

The sun shone down, strong and steady. Ice was melting; patches of open water appeared on the pond. Louis and Serena felt the changing world, and they stirred with new life and rapture and hope. There was a smell in the air, a smell of earth waking after its long winter. The trees were putting out tiny green buds, the buds were swelling. A better, easier time was at hand. A pair of Mallard Ducks flew in. A sparrow with a white throat arrived and sang, "Oh, sweet Canada, Canada, Canada!"

Serena chose a muskrat lodge on which to build her nest. It was the right height above the water. The

muskrats had built it of mud and sticks. Louis had hoped his wife might decide to make her nest in the same spot where his mother had built hers, but females are full of notions; they want their own way, pretty much, and Serena knew what she was doing. Louis was so delighted when he saw her begin to construct the nest, he didn't really care where it was. He raised his horn to his mouth and played the beginning of an old song called "It's delightful to be married, to be-be-be-be, be-be-be-be married . . ." Then he helped by bringing a few pieces of coarse grass.

Rain or shine, cold or warm, every day was a happy day for the two swans. In time, the eggs were laid and the cygnets were hatched—four of them. The first sound the baby swans heard was the pure, strong sound of their father's trumpet.

"Oh, ever in the greening spring," he played, "By bank and bough retiring . . ."

Life was gay and busy and sweet in the little lonely pond in the north woods. Once in a while Sam Beaver would show up for a visit, and they would have great times together.

Louis never forgot his old jobs, his old friends, or his promise to the Head Man in Charge of Birds in Philadelphia. As the years went by, he and Serena

returned each spring to the pond, nested, and had their young. And each year, at the end of summer, when the moult was over and the flight feathers grew back in and the cygnets were ready to try their wings, Louis took his family for a long pleasure trip across America. He led them first to Camp Kookooskoos, where he had saved the life of Applegate Skinner and won his medal. The camp would be closed for the season, but Louis liked to revisit it and wander around, remembering the boys and how he had earned his first hundred dollars as camp bugler.

Then the swans would fly to Boston, where the Swan Boatman always gave them a big welcome. Louis would polish up his horn, blow the spit out of it, and swim in front of the boats again, playing "Row, row, row your boat," and the people of Boston would hear the familiar sound of the trumpet of the swan and would flock to the Public Garden. Then the Boatman would treat Louis and Serena to a night at the Ritz Hotel, while the cygnets spent the night by themselves on the lake, watched over by the Boatman. Serena dearly loved the Ritz. She ate dozens of watercress sandwiches and gazed at herself in the mirror and swam in the bathtub. And while Louis stood and looked out of the window at the Public Garden down

below, Serena would walk round and around, turning lights on and off for the fun of it. Then they would both get into the bathtub and go to sleep.

From Boston, Louis would lead his family to the Philadelphia Zoo and show them Bird Lake. Here, he would be greeted warmly by the Head Man in Charge of Birds. If the Zoo needed a young Trumpeter Swan to add to its collection of waterfowl, Louis would donate one of his cygnets, just as he had promised. In later years, Philadelphia was also the place where they would see Sam Beaver. Sam took a job with the Zoo just as soon as he was old enough to go to work. He and Louis always had a great time when they got together. Louis would get out his slate, and they would have a long talk about old times.



After visiting Philadelphia, Louis would fly south with his wife and children so they could see the great savannas where alligators dozed in the swamp water and Turkey Buzzards soared in the sky. And then they would return home to spend the winter in the Red Rock Lakes of Montana, in the lovely, serene Centennial Valley, where all Trumpeter Swans feel safe and unafraid.

The life of a swan must be a very pleasant and interesting life. And of course Louis's life was particularly pleasant because he was a musician. Louis took good care of his trumpet. He kept it clean and spent hours polishing it with the tips of his wing feathers. As long as he lived, he felt grateful to his father, the brave cob who had risked his life in order to give him the trumpet he needed so badly. Every time Louis looked at Serena, he remembered that the sound of the trumpet was what had made her willing to become his mate.

Swans often live to be very old. Year after year, Louis and Serena returned in spring to the same small pond in Canada to raise their family. The days were peaceful. Always, just at the edge of dark, when the young cygnets were getting sleepy, Louis would

raise his horn and play taps, just as he used to do at camp long ago. The notes were sad and beautiful as they floated across the still water and up into the night sky.

One summer, when Sam Beaver was about twenty, he and his father were sitting in their camp in Canada. It was after supper. Mr. Beaver was rocking in a chair, resting after a day of fishing. Sam was reading a book.

"Pop," said Sam, "what does 'crepuscular' mean?"

"How should I know?" replied Mr. Beaver. "I never heard the word before."

"It has something to do with rabbits," said Sam. "It says here that a rabbit is a crepuscular animal."

"Probably means timid," said Mr. Beaver. "Or maybe it means that it can run like the dickens. Or maybe it means stupid. A rabbit will sit right in the middle of the road at night and stare into your headlights and never get out of the way, and that's how a lot of rabbits get run over. They're stupid."

"Well," said Sam, "I guess the only way to find out what 'crepuscular' means is to look it up in the dictionary."

"We haven't got a dictionary here," said Mr. Beaver. "You'll have to wait till we get back to the ranch."

Just then, over at the pond where the swans were, Louis raised his horn and played taps, to let his children know that the day had come to an end. The wind was right, and the sound carried across the swamp.

Mr. Beaver stopped rocking.

"That's funny!" he said. "I thought I heard the sound of a trumpet just then."

"I don't see how you could," replied Sam. "We're alone in these woods."

"I know we are," said Mr. Beaver. "Just the same, I thought I heard a trumpet. Or a bugle."

Sam chuckled. He had never told his father about the swans in the pond nearby. He kept their secret to himself. When he went to the pond, he always went alone. That's the way he liked it. And that's the way the swans liked it.

"What ever happened to your friend Louis?" asked Mr. Beaver. "Louis was a trumpeter. You don't suppose *he's* somewhere around here, do you?"

"He might be," said Sam.

"Have you heard from him recently?" asked Mr. Beaver.

"No," replied Sam. "He doesn't write anymore. He ran out of postage stamps, and he has no money to buy stamps with."

"Oh," said Mr. Beaver. "Well, the whole business about that bird was very queer—I never did fully understand it."

Sam looked across at his father and saw that his eyes had closed. Mr. Beaver was falling asleep. There was hardly a sound to disturb the stillness of the woods.

Sam was tired and sleepy too. He got out his notebook and sat down at the table by the light of the kerosene lamp. This is what he wrote:

Tonight I heard Louis's horn. My father heard it, too. The wind was right, and I could hear the notes of taps, just as darkness fell. There is nothing in all the world I like better than the trumpet of the swan. What does "crepuscular" mean?

Sam put his notebook away. He undressed and slid into bed. He lay there, wondering what "crepuscular" meant. In less than three minutes he was fast asleep.

On the pond where the swans were, Louis put his trumpet away. The cygnets crept under their mother's wings. Darkness settled on woods and fields and marsh. A loon called its wild night cry. As Louis relaxed and prepared for sleep, all his thoughts were of how lucky

he was to inhabit such a beautiful earth, how lucky he had been to solve his problems with music, and how pleasant it was to look forward to another night of sleep and another day tomorrow, and the fresh morning, and the light that returns with the day.



Chapter 12

Living in a Puritan Colony

Family Life Families were very important to the Puritans. Puritan parents raised their children according to strict rules.

The Big Question

What was life like for children in a Puritan colony?

A School Day

It is the year 1640. In Salem, one of the harbor towns in Massachusetts colony, Patience and Hope have just arrived at Mistress Darby's "dame school." A dame school is a private school run by a woman teacher.

The school is not in a special building like the ones students attend today. It is in Mistress Darby's own small house. And she is *very* strict.



Mistress Darby teaches children in her home.

Parents pay Mistress Darby to teach their children in her kitchen—one of just two rooms in her house. There, Patience and Hope are learning how to read, write, and do arithmetic.

The two girls will attend the dame school together for two years. After that they will stay home and learn how to cook, weave, and sew. They will not go to school anymore. Puritan boys, however, will get the chance to continue their education.

Reading and Writing Lessons

The children have spent the morning practicing their *ABCs* using a hornbook. A hornbook is not really a book. It is a flat board that looks like a paddle. The alphabet is printed on one side. On the other side is a prayer.

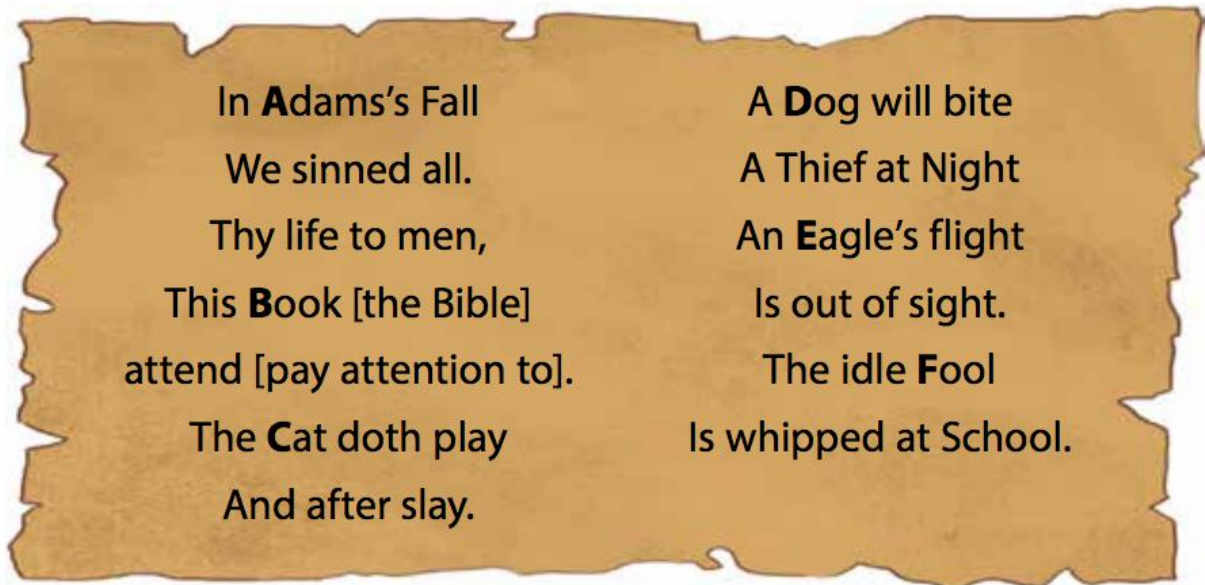
In the afternoon, the children are beginning to study their only textbook, the *New England Primer*. It has rhymes that teach the alphabet and spelling words. The *Primer* also has many prayers, poems, and questions about the Bible. Mistress Darby has told each child to learn certain poems by heart. She expects them to be said perfectly.

“Patience!” Mistress Darby calls sharply. “Repeat your lesson.”

Patience stands and recites, “Be you to others kind and true, as you’d have others be to you: And neither do nor say to men, whate’er you would not take again.”

Patience slowly lets out her breath. She has remembered it correctly.

Mistress Darby seems satisfied—for now!



Rhymes like these helped children learn their *ABCs*.

Finally, it is time to go home. Patience is glad that she remembered her lesson today!

Passing the Meetinghouse

After school, Patience and Hope walk home, crossing the large, grassy common. The common is an open pasture that belongs to everyone in the town. The townspeople bring their cows to graze on the common. The children walk past the meetinghouse. On Sundays, every family in Salem must worship there.

They listen to long **sermons**, read from the Bible, and sing hymns. The service lasts all day, and the **minister** is very serious. His sermons are full of hard words, but Father later explains what the minister has said.

Vocabulary

sermon, n. a speech on a religious topic given by a religious leader

minister, n. a religious leader, usually in a Protestant church

On Sundays, Patience and Hope know good Puritans are not supposed to do anything except go to the meetinghouse to worship God. They do not even make their beds. Adults do not work, and children certainly are not allowed to play.

Last Sunday, Patience and Hope were both punished. They were running and jumping as the townspeople walked home from the meetinghouse.

A Family Home

Now, coming home from school, Patience and Hope reach the door of their small two-story house. The downstairs is one large room. It is called the keeping room.

The keeping room is the only room in the house with a fireplace. The fireplace is used for both heating and cooking. It is so big that you can walk right into it and make a small fire in one of the corners! Everyone gathers in the keeping room to eat, to do chores, and to study. In the winter the whole family sleeps here.

The children's father has just come in from the fields with their big brother, Josiah. Their older sister, Honor, is helping their mother prepare a meal. Patience and Hope do not speak. They know that



The minister is an important member of the community.

Puritan fathers expect their children to be silent until he speaks to them first.

An Important Story

Father is telling Josiah how the Puritans came to Massachusetts from England. That was before Patience and Hope were born.

“When we lived in England, we Puritans were not happy with the leaders of the Church of England,” Father tells Josiah.

Patience and Hope are quiet. They want to hear the story, too, instead of being sent outside to do chores.

Puritan Beliefs

“The Church of England is too fancy. We do not like its stained-glass windows or the organ music that is played during its worship services. We do not like the fancy robes that its ministers must wear. Many Puritans were thrown in jail because they wanted to change the Church of England. So we decided that we would leave England and come to this new land.”

Coming to a New Land

All the children listen carefully as Father continues his story:

“While we were on the ship, Governor Winthrop told us that in Massachusetts we Puritans must be ‘as a city upon a Hill.’ That means we must be an example for people everywhere in the world to follow.

"We formed a company called the Massachusetts Bay Company. The king gave our company a **charter** to start our own colony in New England. The king was glad to have us move far away from England. He thought we were troublemakers. In 1630, eleven ships, carrying more than seven hundred men, women, and children, sailed to New England."

Vocabulary

charter, n. a document given by a ruler to a group of people that allows them to elect their own government officials

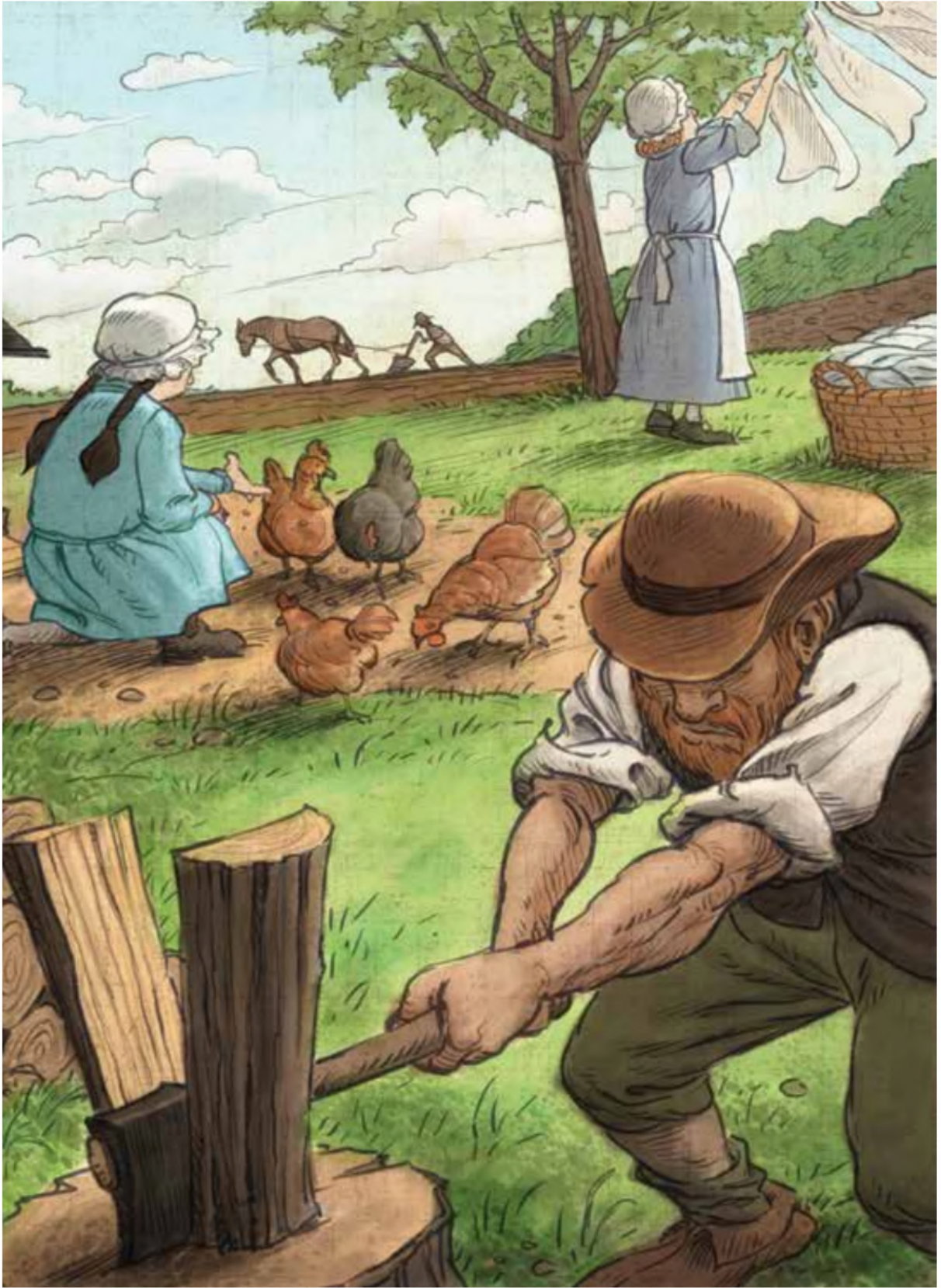
Working Together

Father continues: "When we arrived, we could see that New England was beautiful. The trees were so green! The forests were full of deer, and the ocean was filled with fish. We worked very hard to settle here."

Father turns to Patience and Hope.

"Children," he says, "you have learned how we Puritans came to New England. But it is time to go back to work. You both have chores to do outside, and I have wood to chop."

The girls smile at their father before racing outside to the garden.



Just like all Puritan children, Patience and Hope had chores to do.