

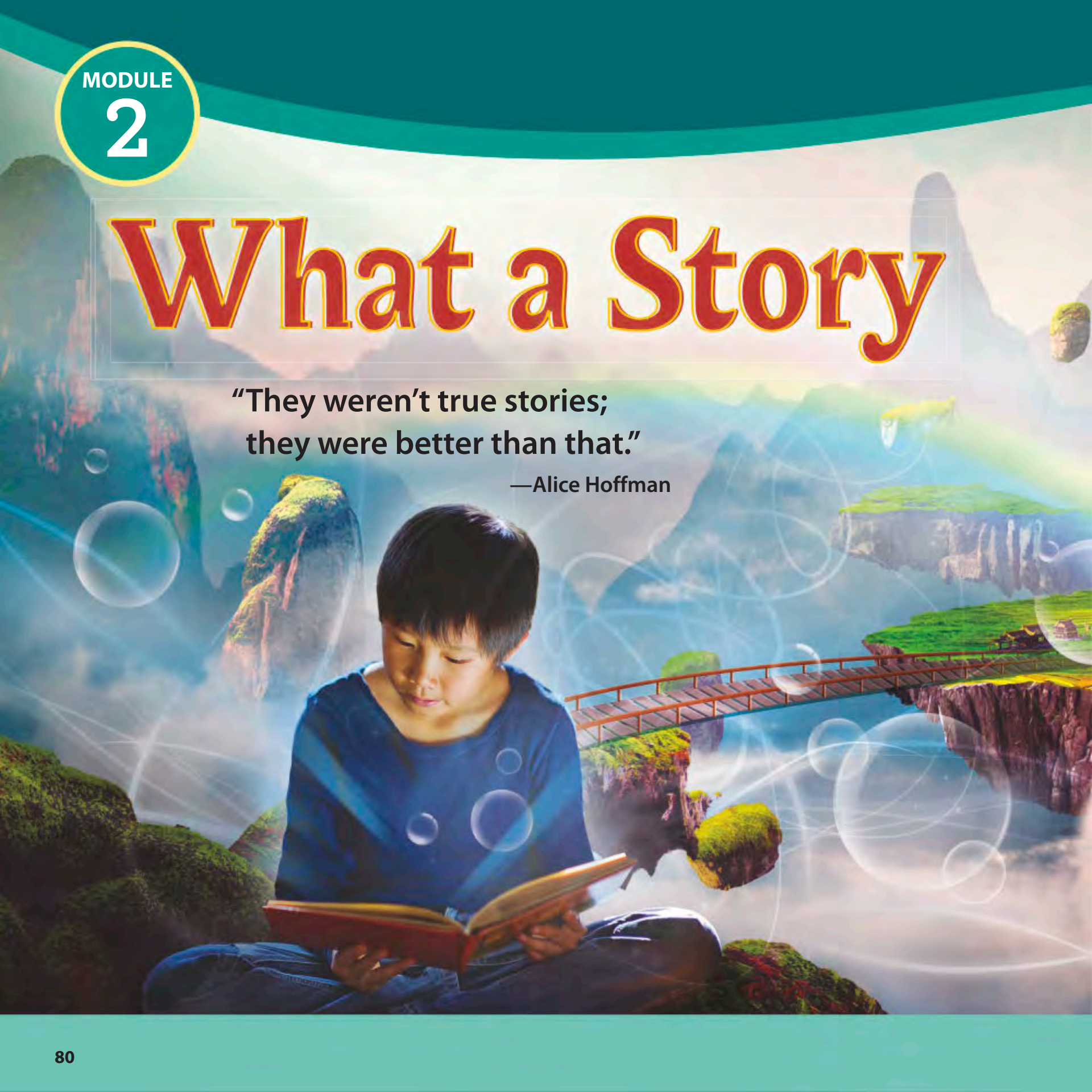
MODULE

2

# What a Story

**“They weren’t true stories;  
they were better than that.”**

—Alice Hoffman





 Essential Question

**How does genre  
affect the way a  
story is told?**



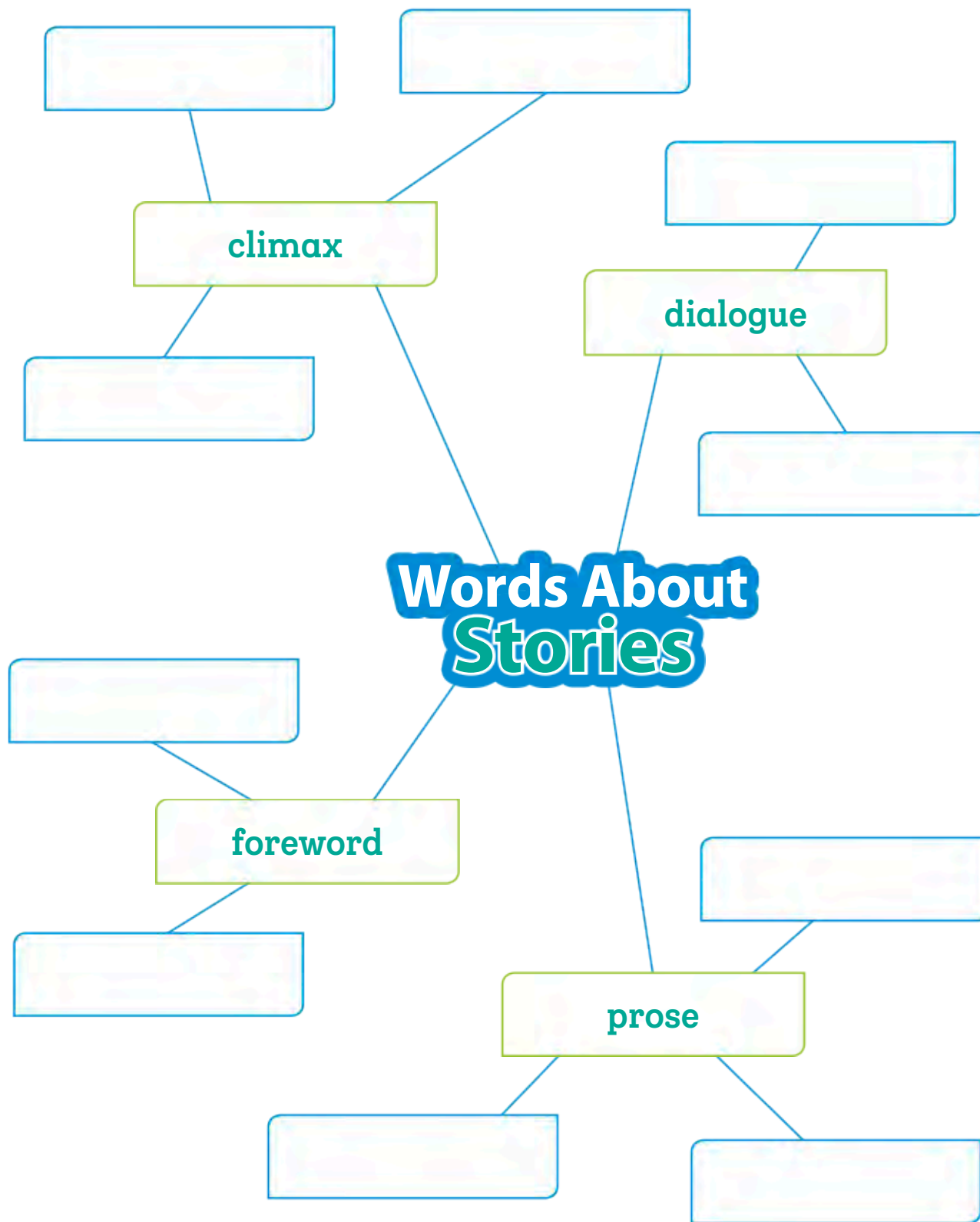
## Words About Stories

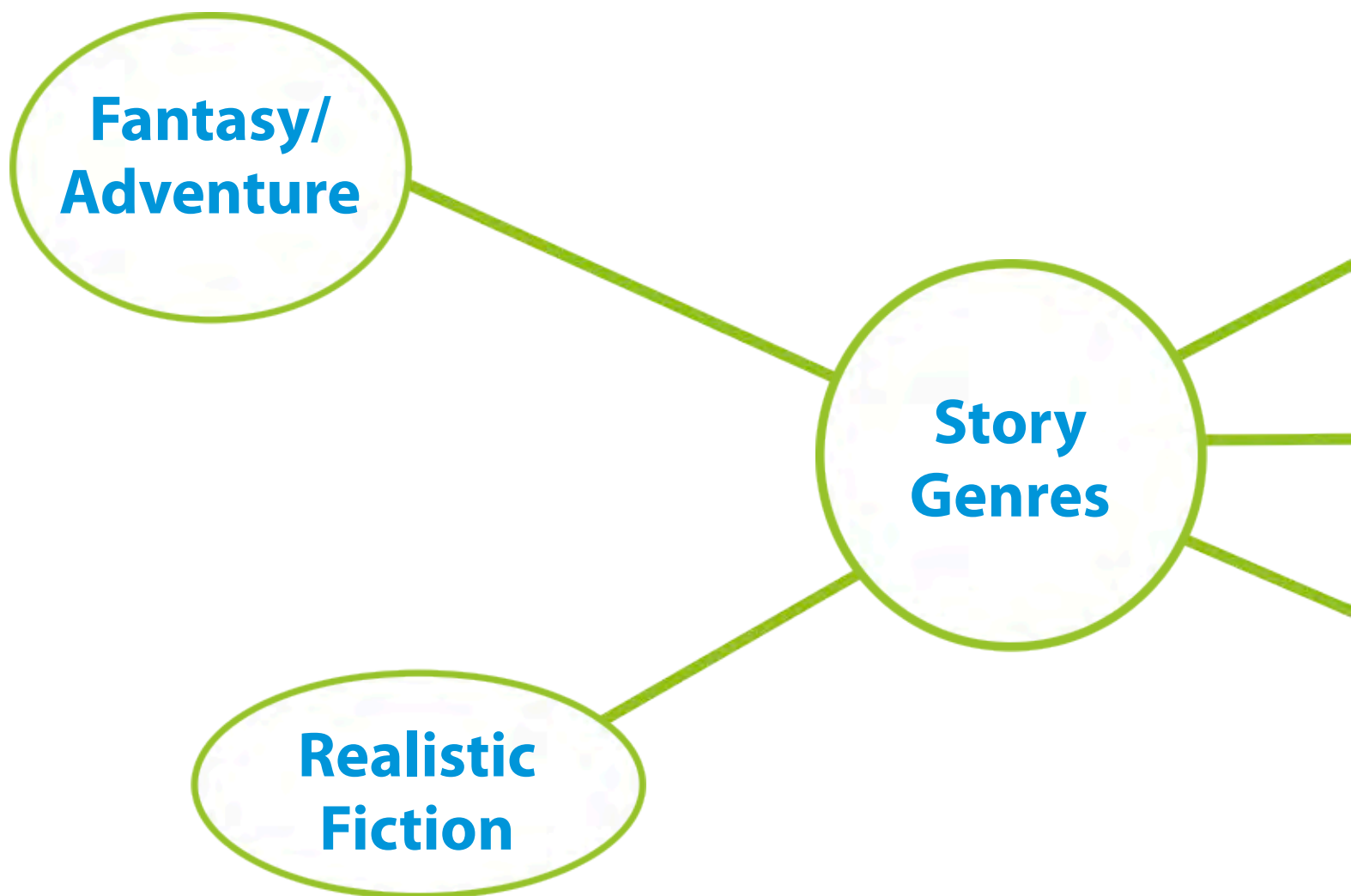
The words in the chart will help you talk and write about the selections in this module. Which words about stories have you seen before? Which words are new to you?

Add to the Vocabulary Network on page 83 by writing synonyms, antonyms, and related words and phrases for each word about stories.

After you read each selection in this module, come back to the Vocabulary Network and keep building it. Add more boxes if you need to.

WORD	MEANING	CONTEXT SENTENCE
<b>climax</b> (noun)	The climax of a story is its most important event and usually happens near the end.	At the exciting climax of the story, the hero ran into a burning building.
<b>dialogue</b> (noun)	The dialogue is the conversation among characters in a story.	The way this character speaks in his dialogue helps me understand more about him.
<b>foreword</b> (noun)	The introduction to a book is called its foreword.	You should read the book's foreword before you read the rest of the story.
<b>prose</b> (noun)	Unlike poetry, prose is "ordinary writing," in the form of sentences and paragraphs.	Most stories are written as prose, but some are written as poems.





**Fairy  
Tale**

**Play**

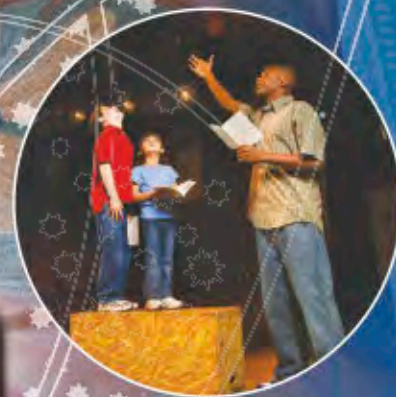
**Poetry**

Short  
Read

Many  
Ways to  
Tell a

# Story

- 1 Most of us think of books and **prose** when we think of stories, but a great story can come in many other forms, too—myths and fables, plays, movies, poems, and even songs. For a person who loves stories, they can be found nearly anywhere, and there are countless ways in which to enjoy them and share them with others!





## Digital Formats

- 2 Have you ever read an “eBook” on a tablet computer or a story on a website? If so, you probably know that digital formats sometimes offer features you won’t find in a printed book. You might be able to select a name or place and be taken to a website with extra information, pictures, or videos about it. Some eBooks even have multimedia embedded within them, like music the author wants readers to listen to during certain scenes or chapters.

## Movies, Television, and Plays

- 3 People adore stories in the forms of movies, TV shows, and plays. These formats bring characters, **dialogue**, settings, and events to life. They often feature music that supports the mood of story scenes, especially the story’s **climax**. But many people still prefer that special feeling of sitting down with a good printed book. Books allow readers to use their imaginations. They also allow authors to show more of what characters are thinking than a typical play or film would. There’s almost unlimited room for the author to provide readers with descriptions and background information. Often, this kind of information is provided in a **foreword** at the beginning of the book, but in some books it can be found throughout.

## Music and Other Art Forms

- 4 Is it hard to imagine telling a story through dance? Think about famous ballets, such as *The Nutcracker*. Like

plays, many ballet productions feature characters and events. They use costumes, scenery, and music to help bring a story to life.

- 5 You can probably think of several songs that tell stories all on their own, too. Such a song might not include dialogue, but it will include characters and events. The music and the singer’s voice help set the mood and convey meaning. A symphony called “Peter and the Wolf” tells a whole fairytale through music. The musicians’ instruments play the roles of story characters.
- 6 Some paintings and other artworks tell stories, as well. The Bayeux (by-YOO) Tapestry is an embroidered cloth, created hundreds of years ago. It tells the story of a battle for control of England. Some native people of the Pacific Northwest carved totem poles that feature characters and events from their cultures’ myths and legends.
- 7 What kind of storytelling form is *your* favorite?





## Notice & Note

Aha Moment

# Prepare to Read

**GENRE STUDY** A **fantasy** is an imaginative story featuring characters and events that are not real. Some fantasies include elements of **adventure**, with a quest to solve a mystery.

- Authors of fantasy tell the story through the plot—the main events of the story. The plot includes a conflict, or problem, and the resolution, or how the problem is solved.
- Fantasy stories include sensory details and figurative language to develop the setting and the characters.
- The events and places in fantasies might defy time or logic.

**SET A PURPOSE** **Think about** the title and genre of this text. As you read, pay attention to how characters react to one another and to real events. What do you think this text is about? Write your ideas below.

### CRITICAL VOCABULARY

panic

favorable

porthole

densely

reasonable

delirious

projected

contents

deficiencies

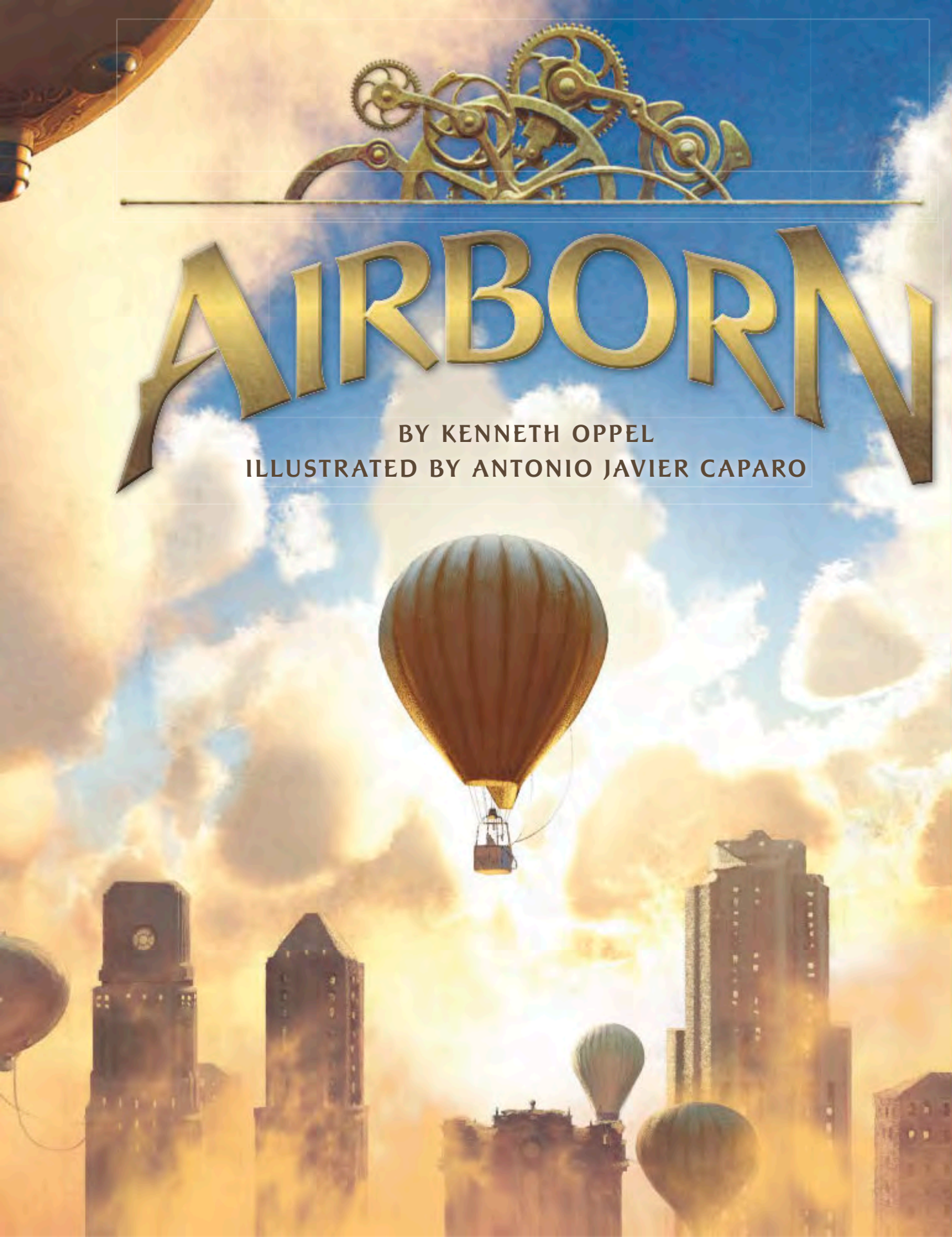


Meet the Author and Illustrator:  
Kenneth Oppel and Antonio Javier Caparo

A complex arrangement of golden gears and mechanical parts, including a bird-like figure, set against a blue sky with clouds.

# AIRBORN

BY KENNETH OPPEL  
ILLUSTRATED BY ANTONIO JAVIER CAPARO



- 1 *Matt Cruse is a cabin boy aboard the airship Aurora. The Aurora stays afloat using a gas called “hydrium.” One day Matt spots a damaged sky balloon with an old man named Benjamin Molloy inside. Molloy has fallen ill and is rambling on about beautiful creatures he saw in the sky. With Molloy unable to communicate clearly, Matt and Molloy’s granddaughter, Kate, have only his journal entries to guide them on their mission to figure out whether these flying creatures are real or imagined.*



- 2 **T**he journal’s spine was cracked and flabby, and there was a hair ribbon round the book, holding it all together. Moths danced around in my stomach as I climbed up to my bunk and stretched out. My cabin mate, Baz, was on crow’s nest duty until four. I turned on my reading lamp. I untied the ribbon and carefully turned back the cover. The pages were all scabby, as if the book had been soaked by rain then baked in the sun.
- 3 The pages were covered with small neat lines of ink: date, position, wind speed, altitude, observations. There was a little preface telling about how he, Benjamin Molloy, planned to do a complete west to east circumnavigation of the globe in his hot air balloon. I read quickly over these first pages, not because they weren’t interesting but because I could see Kate’s bookmark up ahead, and it made my stomach feel swirly, wondering what was written there. It was hard to concentrate on the stuff beforehand.
- 4 Kate’s grandfather had started out in Cape Town to catch the jet stream and traveled quickly eastward over the Indian Ocean. But over Australia his luck ran out, and he got shunted off course to the northeast.





5 There was no sign of **panic** in his log. His days were busy with keeping the balloon shipshape, managing his supplies and provisions, taking weather readings and bearings. He described the countries and landscapes he was sailing over. Some days there were just coordinates and weather conditions, other days he had lots to write about: birds, the changing light, the landscape of the passing nations beneath him, the creatures below the ocean's surface. He seemed interested in everything.

6 I was keeping an eye on his coordinates and realized he was drifting along a flight path not too far off the *Aurora's* route from Sydney to Lionsgate City. With every day his course veered more to the east, as he tried to catch **favorable** winds at different altitudes. Not for the first time I felt a sense of dread for him. I loved being aloft, but to be completely at the mercy of the winds, with no other means of power or steerage—it was a frightening thought. Obviously Kate's grandfather had a stouter heart than mine.

**panic** Panic is a feeling of strong fear that leaves someone unable to think clearly.  
**favorable** Something that is favorable gives a benefit or contributes to success.



7 I lost track of how long I'd been reading, I was so caught up in the day to day journey. There weren't a lot of clues, but little bits of the man crept through, even in his log. He liked watching the weather; he hated the tinned baked beans but ate them because they were nutritious and portable; he enjoyed Shakespeare; he loved his granddaughter. He mentioned her often in his log. *Must remember to tell Kate*, he wrote. Or: *Will send Kate a postcard when I set down in Cape Town.*

8 With a start I realized that Kate's bookmark was just a page's turn away.

9 I put the journal down, climbed off my bunk, and went down the corridor to the bathroom. At the sink I splashed cold water on my face. Not that I was sleepy. It just seemed like the thing to do when you were up in the wee hours of the morning, reading the log of a strange, doomed voyage.

10 Back in the cabin, I slid down into the warm furrow of my bunk and took a glimpse at the stars outside my porthole. With a deep breath, I picked up the journal and turned the page.

### September 2

15:23

11 *An island in the distance (171'43" west, 2'21" north) veiled in mist. Possibly volcanic given the cone-shaped silhouette it presents. It looks a tropical place, with a crescent-shaped beach behind a green lagoon, and densely forested.*

12 *Sighted two albatross foraging over the ocean, plucking fish and squid from the water's surface with their long hooked beaks.*

**porthole** A porthole is a small round window on a ship.

**densely** If something is covered densely, the covering is so thick that it is difficult to see through.



17:45

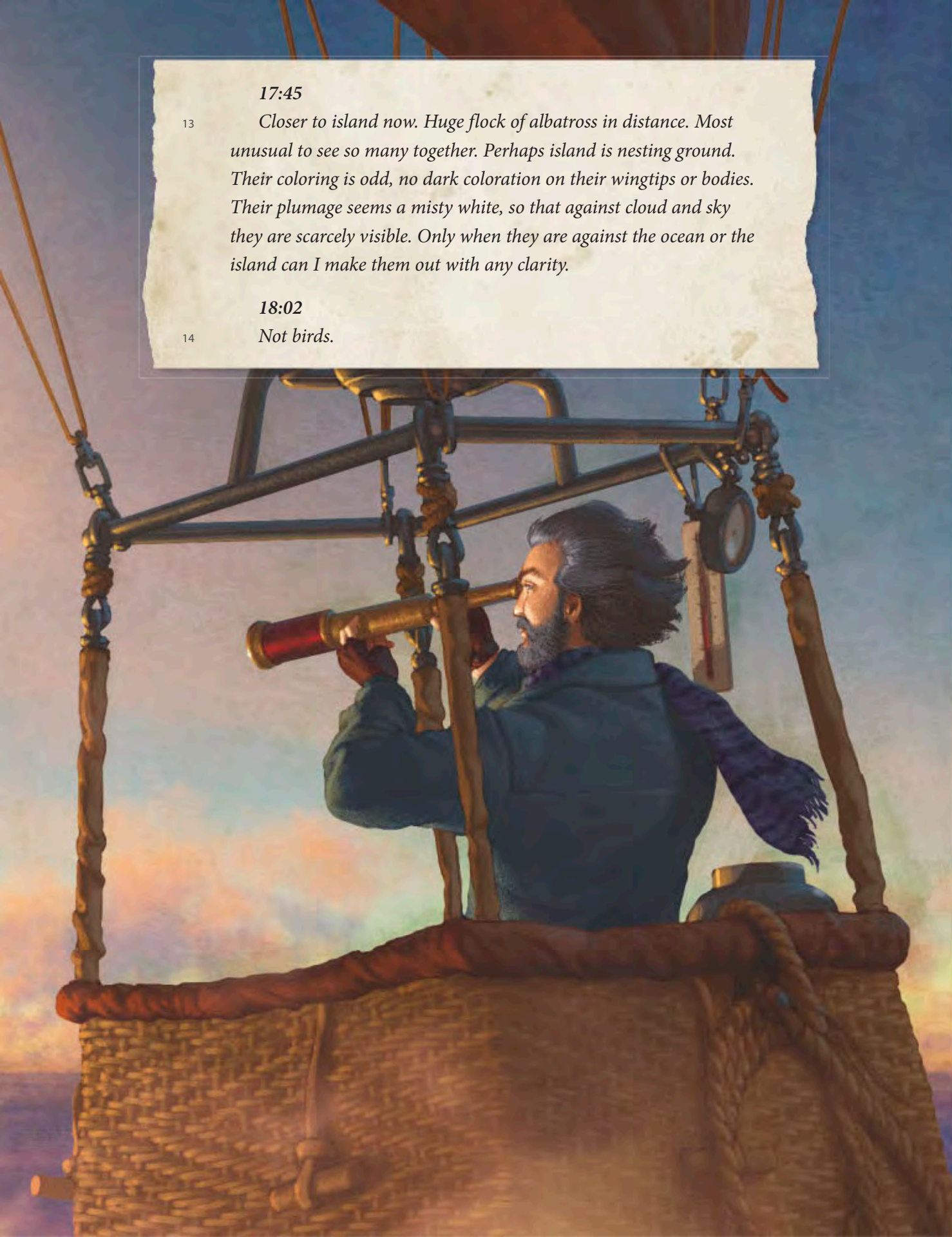
13

*Closer to island now. Huge flock of albatross in distance. Most unusual to see so many together. Perhaps island is nesting ground. Their coloring is odd, no dark coloration on their wingtips or bodies. Their plumage seems a misty white, so that against cloud and sky they are scarcely visible. Only when they are against the ocean or the island can I make them out with any clarity.*

18:02

14

*Not birds.*



15 It sent a tingle through me, those two words, and I had to look up from the book. I imagined Benjamin Molloy peering through his spyglass, his hand tightening around the gondola's rim. What was it he'd seen that told him these creatures weren't birds?

16 *Their wings are not feathered. I was mistaken about their beaks; they have none. Considerably bigger than either magnificent frigate birds or albatross. One of the creatures broke from the flock and made a slow circle of the Endurance, quite high at first, than spiraling down closer to the gondola. It seemed very curious. Its body is easily six feet in length and closely furred. Its forelegs seem to turn into wings, like a bat's, with a single protruding claw at the wing's leading edge. The span I would estimate as eight or nine feet across. Its rear legs are stubby but with wickedly sharp curved claws. I feared for the balloon, should he collide with it. How can such a creature stay aloft? It looks too heavy. It is fiercely agile in the sky, dipping and spinning and diving with ease, its wings infinitely versatile. It fairly seems to leap through the air. Saw scarcely anything of its face. A gleam of sizable incisors on upper and lower jaws. A flash of intelligent green-flecked eyes. Then it veered off, hurtling back toward its fellows.*

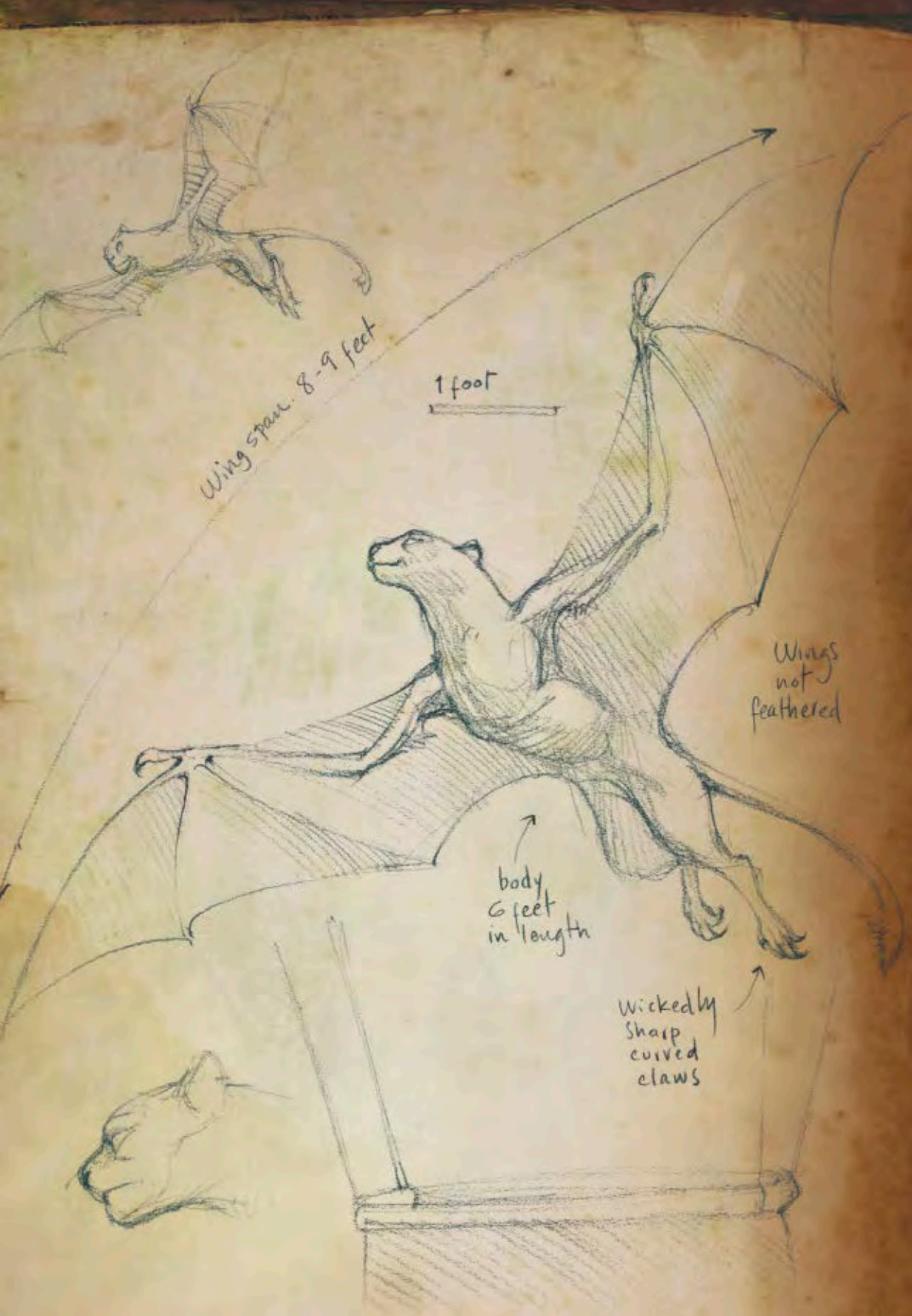
17 *An undiscovered species?*

18 I turned the page and there was a picture, a pencil sketch. Just looking at it made my heart flutter, and I had to sit up and catch my breath. He'd put the rim of the basket in the foreground, and the silhouette of the island in the background to give a sense of scale. The creature's wingspan was huge. He was a deft hand, the grandfather, that was certain. Couldn't have had much time to get it down, but his lines were swift and assured. It was the strangest-looking thing, half bird, half panther.

### **September 4**

**13:25**

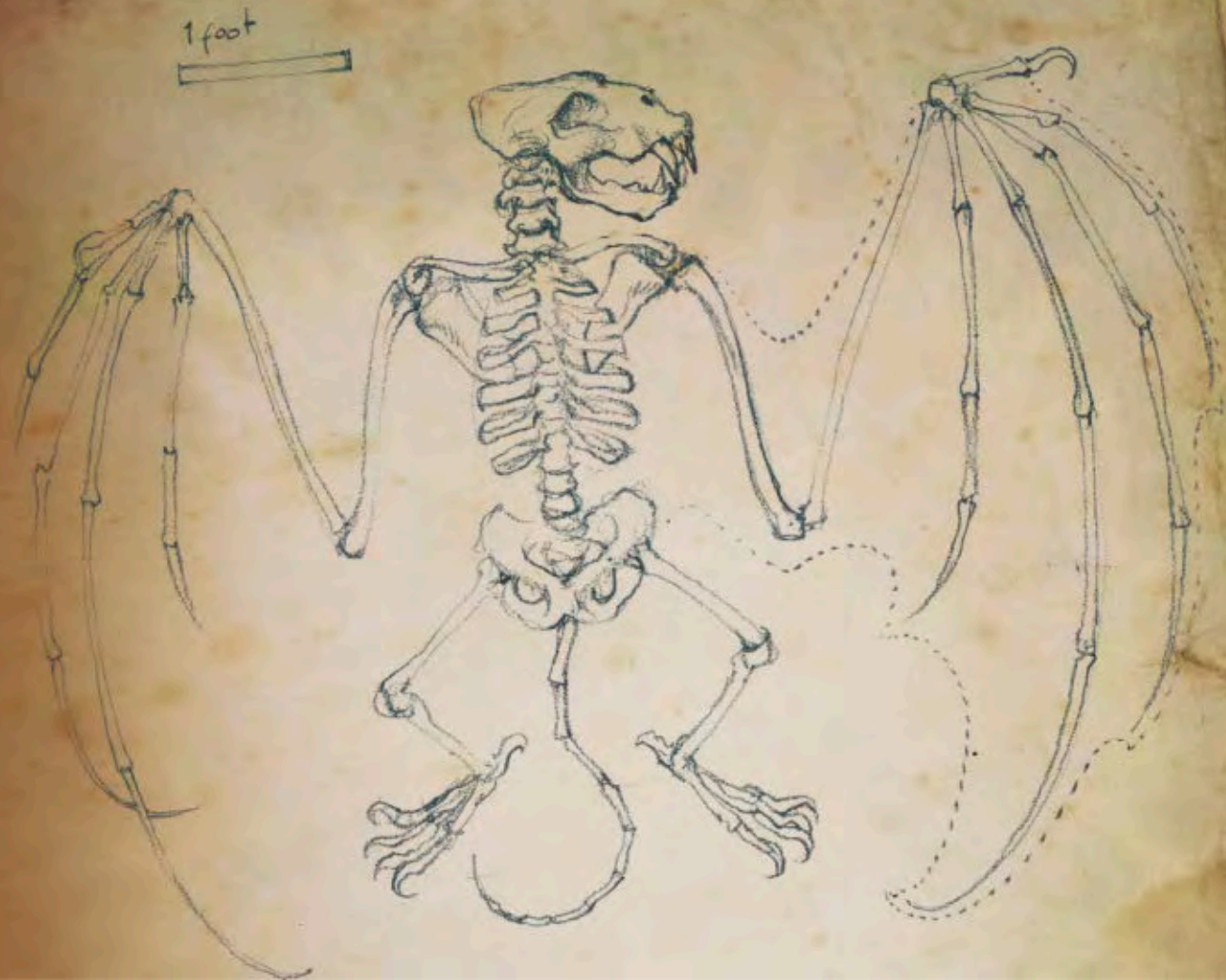
19 *I have dropped into a calmer stratum of air so I can hover over the island and observe them. They float. They face into the wind and scarcely need beat their wings. I watched one move not a muscle for hours, sleeping maybe, bedded down on the air itself. They cannot weigh much.*





20 Across the next two pages were drawings of skeletons.

21 The first one was human, I saw that clearly enough, the rib cage, the hips, the skull atop the neck. Next to it was a skeleton that looked at first glance not so very much different. Except the hands. The bones of the fingers were all long and flared. It was freakish to look at, until I read Benjamin Molloy's caption underneath: *Bat*. Next to this was a third skeleton, and it seemed some sort of bizarre combination of the two. Shortened legs, like the bat, and instead of arms, the same weirdly flared finger bones of the bat. But the skull on this one was no bat's; nor was it human. The skull was flatter, with sharp teeth. Smaller, yes, but certainly no one would mistake this for a bat, and never for a bird. The drawings were made with scientific care, all shaded and with a length scale to the side. He was a clever man, Kate's grandpa, no questioning that. Seemed to know something about everything. Underneath were all sorts of Latin words.



**September 5****09:15**

22 *Still playing the air currents around the island so I can watch them.*

*They have a great curiosity for my balloon, circling high, but rarely drawing too close to the gondola. Difficult for me to see their bodies or faces more clearly. They seem wary of me; the sight of my spyglass makes them scatter in an instant. I wonder why?*

23 **With a start I realized that these creatures could have been responsible for damaging his balloon. Had they tested the material with their sharp claws, torn enough little gashes to make it sink?**

**17:47**

24 *They do not land. In all the time I've been observing, they haven't landed in the trees or on the water. They feed low over the island, preying on all manner of birds. They are voracious hunters. They also eat fish, strafing the water and plunging their rear claws into the sea as they brake. They come up with fish or small squid. They lift them high then flip them up to their mouths and take them whole. Sometimes they drop their prey and then dive down and snatch it into their mouths.*

**September 6****11:17**

25 *I have counted twenty-six of the creatures.*

26 *I wish Kate could see them, the way they gambol and swirl through the air. I've never seen an animal look so at home in its element. Like dolphins or porpoises or whales, they clearly love to play. Why has no one ever seen these before? Their natural camouflage is excellent, but with so many airships aloft now, surely someone else must have seen these creatures? Or are there very few? Are these the only ones in existence?*

27 **On the next page was another sketch, of a great flock—or a herd, I wasn't sure what to call them—of these things circling over the coast of the island.**

## September 7

13:40

28 *They birth in the air.*

29 *One after another, one of the creatures—a female I now realize—would soar to a great altitude, seven thousand feet or so. I increased my lift so I could rise with them and keep watch. The female put her head to the wind and angled her wings so she was hovering. Then something dropped from her hindquarters. It happened so quickly all I was aware of was a small dark bundle plunging away from her. At first I thought it was merely her droppings. But I quickly realized it was too large. And the female's behavior was most curious. Immediately she went into a dive too, keeping pace with the falling object.*

30 *The object wobbled in the air and seemed to enlarge, even as it fell past me. It was spreading its wings. It was no bigger than a kitten, but its wings, as they unfurled, were many times the width of its body. Out went the wings, instinctively angled so that the newborn's plunge began to slow dramatically. After a moment or two I saw the wings lift and push tentatively, then again, and again, each time with more force.*

31 *It was flying.*

32 *From the moment of birth, it knew how. How could such a thing be possible? Incredible! But then, does not the newborn whale, born into the element of water, know instantly how to swim? Why could it not be so with this creature, then? Only air and not water was its element.*

33 *The mother flew close alongside its child, as if giving advice, monitoring its progress.*

34 *I watched more females make the climb to the birthing altitude and then release their newborns into the air.*





### September 8th

12:51

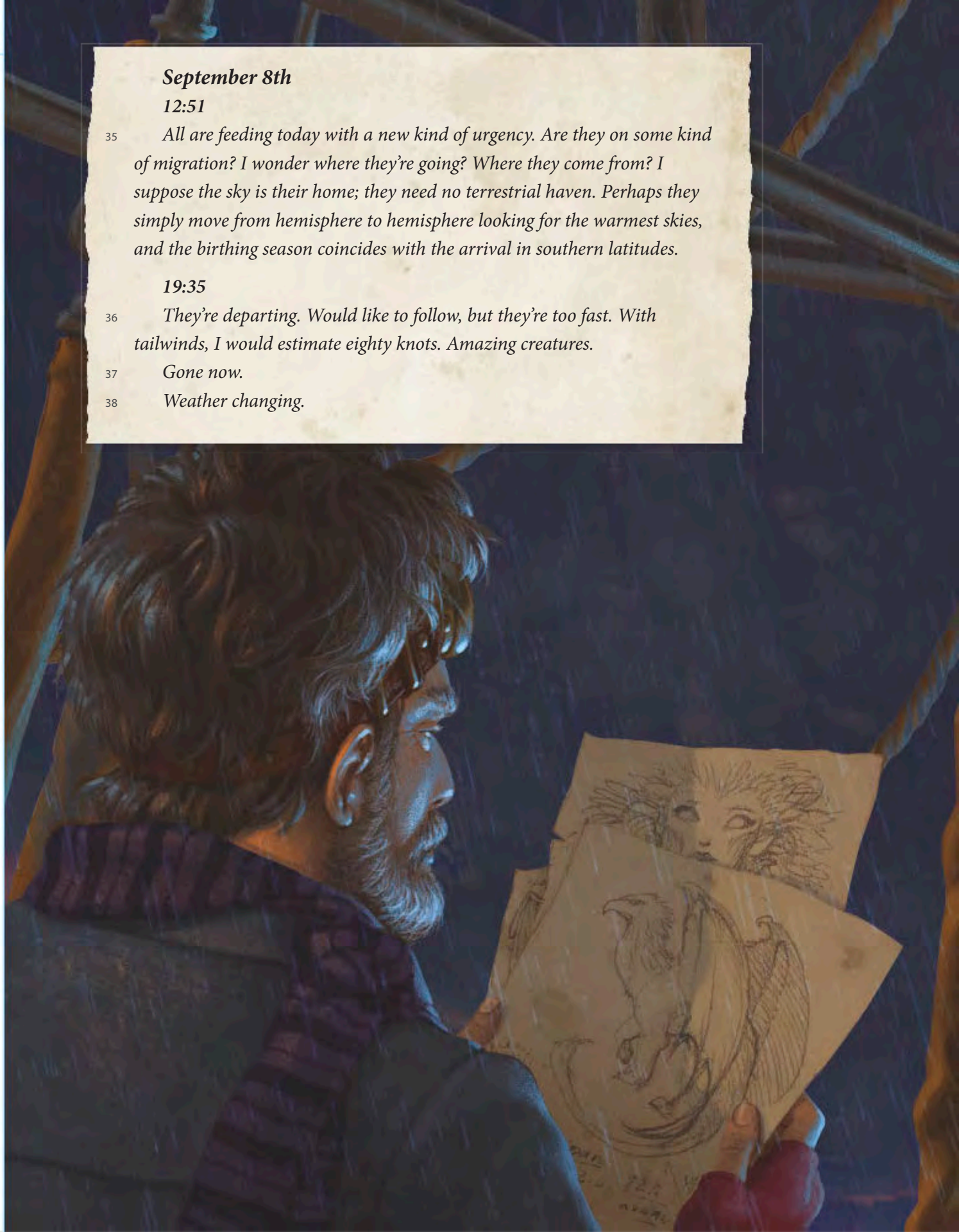
35 *All are feeding today with a new kind of urgency. Are they on some kind of migration? I wonder where they're going? Where they come from? I suppose the sky is their home; they need no terrestrial haven. Perhaps they simply move from hemisphere to hemisphere looking for the warmest skies, and the birthing season coincides with the arrival in southern latitudes.*

19:35

36 *They're departing. Would like to follow, but they're too fast. With tailwinds, I would estimate eighty knots. Amazing creatures.*

37 *Gone now.*

38 *Weather changing.*





39 Maybe it was me, but I thought he sounded pretty dejected. When I turned the page I felt a bit queasy. Most of the handwriting was smeared, by torrential rain, I supposed, and I could make out only a few words. It seemed a tropical storm had overtaken him and kept him in its fist for some time. I think I saw the word *damage* in one entry, and a mention of a problem with the envelope. A hot flush swept my back. Was he leaking? Had the creatures torn his balloon, or was it just the storm?

40 Benjamin Molloy had stopped dating his entries, and his coordinates and weather observations seemed halfhearted now. His handwriting was all tilted, the letters slewing into one another. I remembered that we'd found him on September 13, so that left five days after his last dated entry. I wondered if he'd now fallen ill, too weak to repair his ship or keep his log properly. There were some more sketches of the creatures, and then, suddenly, the sketches became stranger, covering more and more of the pages.

41 Creatures with the faces of lions or eagles or women. Creatures with human faces, and furred bodies and wings that even not fully extended dwarfed their bodies. These were imaginings, surely, for they were so different from his earlier sketches, but drawn with such detail you'd have thought he'd had them right before his eyes.

42 There was only one more written entry in the log.

43 *Airship in the distance. Will signal for help.*

44 I looked for the date, but found none. It must have been the *Aurora* he'd sighted, but I'd certainly seen no signal from his gondola.

45 I stared at that last page for a while, the final words, the nothingness after it, and it got me feeling strange, so I had to close the book. I felt a keen disappointment. It was hard to know what to make of it all. At first the log had been so clear and **reasonable**, but by the end, especially with those pictures, it seemed he was dreaming. When did the real end, and the conjurings of a disturbed mind begin?

46 It was pushing two in the morning now, and I felt thoroughly ill at ease. I put the book on the shelf and eventually slept.

**reasonable** If something is reasonable, it is logical and easy to understand.

47 I woke feeling as if I hadn't slept at all, head thrumming like a symphony. I sprang off the bunk, eager to get the journal back to Kate and talk to her. But it wasn't until lunch that I had a chance. At breakfast I was serving, and Kate's chaperone, Miss Simpkins, was at the table the whole time, and then she whisked Kate out before I could even hand her the journal. Then there was the clearing up and the preparing for lunch.

48 Around midday we were passing over the Hawaiiis, and the captain slowed down and took us lower so the passengers could get a good look. On other trips we sometimes made stops, but this was a direct passage, so everyone had to content themselves with peering down at the lush foliage and hearing the shriek of macaws and spider monkeys and toucans and cockatoos; the heady scent of the islands' flowers reached us even at a hundred feet. We were close enough so people on the ground waved and cheered, and bathers on the beach shielded their eyes with tanned hands to look up at the great ship as it painted its massive shadow over the sand and water.

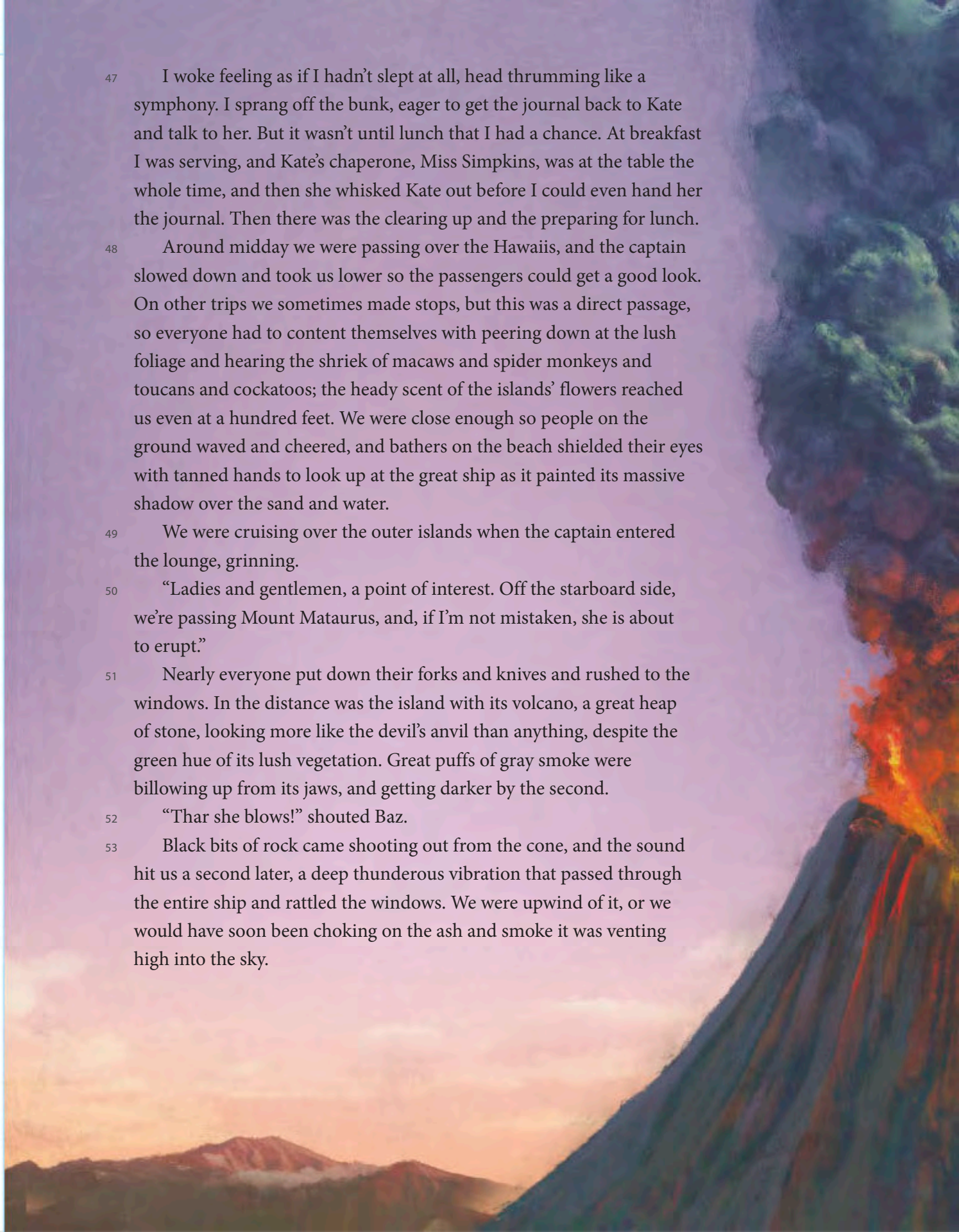
49 We were cruising over the outer islands when the captain entered the lounge, grinning.

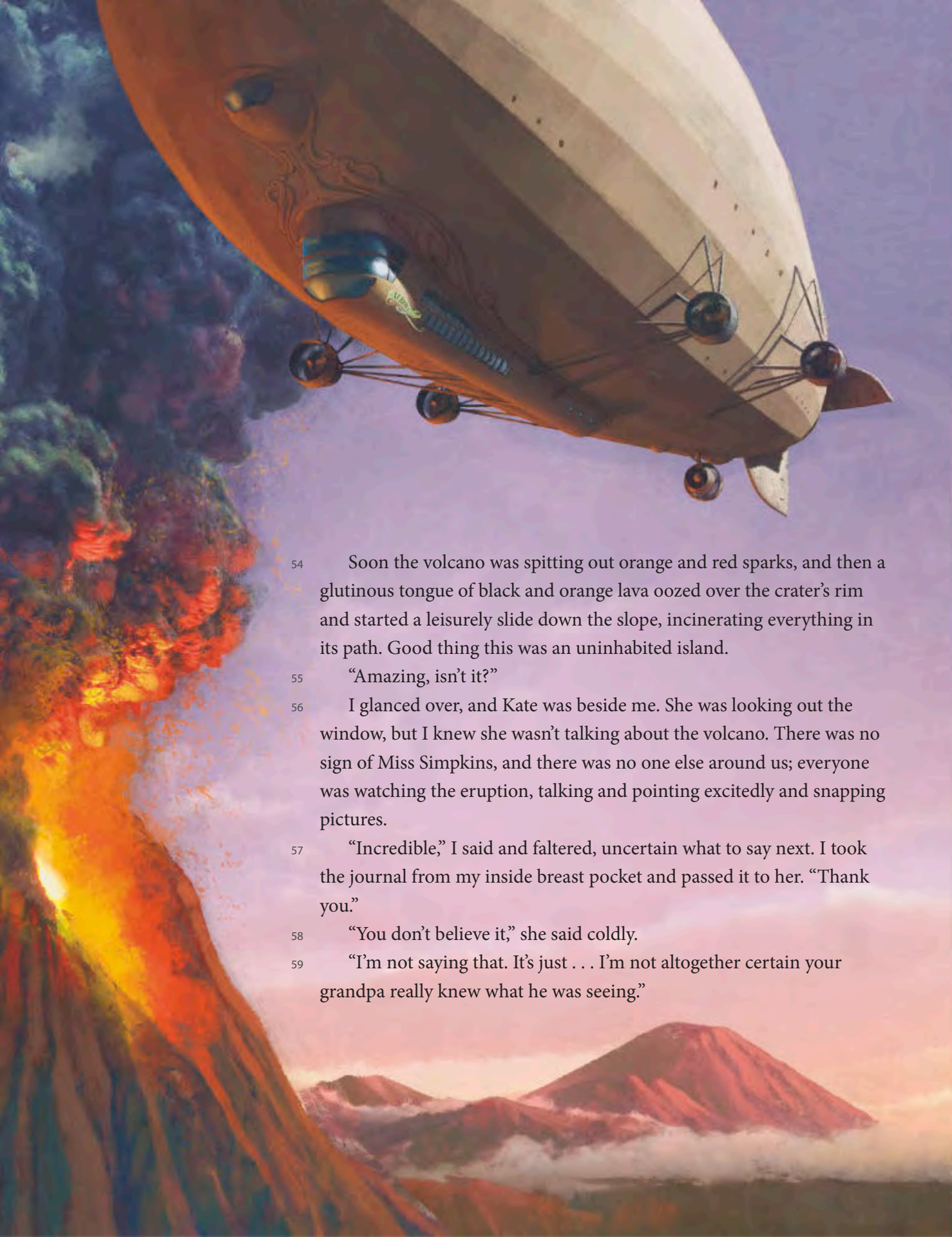
50 "Ladies and gentlemen, a point of interest. Off the starboard side, we're passing Mount Mataurus, and, if I'm not mistaken, she is about to erupt."

51 Nearly everyone put down their forks and knives and rushed to the windows. In the distance was the island with its volcano, a great heap of stone, looking more like the devil's anvil than anything, despite the green hue of its lush vegetation. Great puffs of gray smoke were billowing up from its jaws, and getting darker by the second.

52 "Thar she blows!" shouted Baz.

53 Black bits of rock came shooting out from the cone, and the sound hit us a second later, a deep thunderous vibration that passed through the entire ship and rattled the windows. We were upwind of it, or we would have soon been choking on the ash and smoke it was venting high into the sky.





54        Soon the volcano was spitting out orange and red sparks, and then a  
55        glutinous tongue of black and orange lava oozed over the crater's rim  
56        and started a leisurely slide down the slope, incinerating everything in  
57        its path. Good thing this was an uninhabited island.

55        “Amazing, isn’t it?”

56        I glanced over, and Kate was beside me. She was looking out the  
57        window, but I knew she wasn’t talking about the volcano. There was no  
58        sign of Miss Simpkins, and there was no one else around us; everyone  
59        was watching the eruption, talking and pointing excitedly and snapping  
60        pictures.

57        “Incredible,” I said and faltered, uncertain what to say next. I took  
58        the journal from my inside breast pocket and passed it to her. “Thank  
59        you.”

58        “You don’t believe it,” she said coldly.

59        “I’m not saying that. It’s just . . . I’m not altogether certain your  
60        grandpa really knew what he was seeing.”



60 “How can you say that? He spent days watching them and taking down notes like a scientist. He couldn’t have made up all these things. Not in such detail!”

61 It did seem an awful lot to imagine, even if he was **delirious**. I remembered his drawings. A weak, shaking hand couldn’t have spun those lines.

62 “He always saw them from a distance,” I pointed out.

63 “True, but think what he saw! The feeding, the birthing!”

64 “Those picture toward the end . . .” I had traversed the skies over Atlanticus and Pacificus and never had I seen such creatures. How to tell her that her grandpa had been ill and his fevered brain had **projected** these things on thin air for his failing eyes to see? I thought of all her camera equipment, her bottles of chemicals, and could not find it in my heart to speak the plain truth.

65 “You think like the others,” she said, and there was a new hardness in her voice.

66 “I think your grandfather was unwell and saw things. Maybe,” I added. All the friendly light in her eyes had frosted away, and it made me feel sick.

67 “No. He saw them. He’d been watching them for days.”

68 She clenched the journal in both hands, knuckles white. “He was sick by then, I suppose,” she said. “But maybe he didn’t mean us to think those last drawings were real. He was just imagining.”

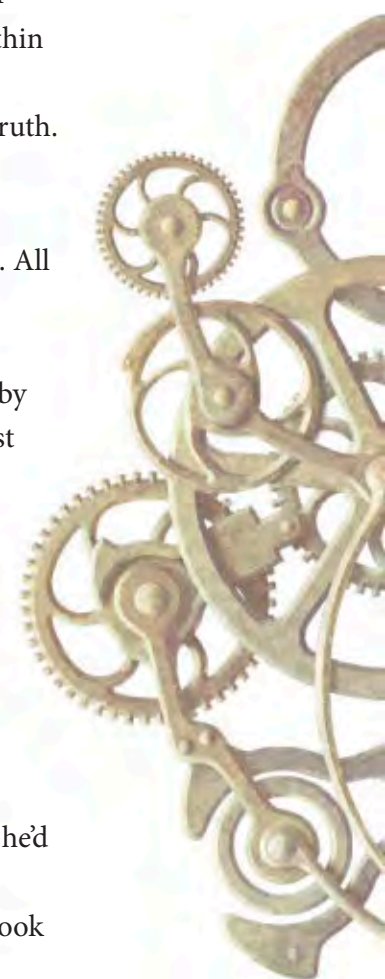
69 “Your grandpa’s not the first to see such things. They’re called sky kelpies. You see them from time to time, reflections on the water mostly. All sorts of weird atmospheric things. Airshipmen used to report them all the time. It’s like how sailors used to think there were mermaids. They were just porpoises and narwhals and such.”

70 I could see she didn’t like this much. I was insulting her. But what else could I say? I was just telling her the facts.

71 “Maybe you should talk to the captain about it,” I suggested. “I’m sure he’d talk with you, miss.”

72 Captain Walken surely must have read the journal last year when we took the gondola on board. I wondered that he’d never spoken of the strange things it contained—but of course he wouldn’t have. He would never have divulged the **contents** of another captain’s log to any but the relevant officers and authorities.

**delirious** When someone is delirious, he or she is confused due to fever or illness.  
**projected** Something that is projected may appear to be real but is not.  
**contents** The contents of a document are the topics or subjects it includes.





73 “I don’t need to talk to the captain about it. I expect I’d get much the same as what I’ve just heard from you.”

74 “It’s not that I haven’t looked,” I blurted out as she turned to leave. “I’ve looked, for all sorts of things, you can take my word on it. Every flicker in the sky.” I shook my head. “I’ve never seen anything. But I’d love to. What your grandpa described is amazing. It sent shivers across my belly and then up into my armpits.”

75 “Me too!” she said, nodding with a frown. “That tingly feeling. I get it every time I read it, and I’ve read it a hundred times now.”

76 All the passengers in the lounge, including Miss Simpkins luckily, were still crowded around the windows, riveted by the eruption. The volcano was putting on quite a show. Half the island was aflame now, lava crackling and steaming as it poured into the water.



77 “Have you shown the journal to anyone else?” I asked her. “Your  
parents surely.”

78 I saw her nostrils narrow as she sucked in an angry breath. “They’re  
embarrassed by the whole business. Mother always thought he was odd.  
The traveling, the balloons. Just silly. They always thought he was a bit  
of a nutter. Hallucinations, that’s what they said. ‘Let’s just forget the  
whole thing.’ That’s why I had to send the letter to the Zoological  
Society myself!”

79 I blinked.

80 “I couldn’t let my parents stop this from getting out to the world!  
This is a major discovery—a new animal! I wrote them a letter  
describing more or less what my grandfather saw and asked them if  
they’d care to see a facsimile of his journal.”

81 “Did they reply?”

82 “Oh, yes.”

83 From her handbag she produced a letter. It was folded square, the  
creases so worn you could tell she’d folded and unfolded it many times. I  
could imagine her face when she read it, getting mad all over again. It  
wasn’t a long letter, and I read it quickly:

84 Dear Miss de Vries,

85 Thank you for your letter. We appreciate your taking  
the time to tell us about your grandfather’s observations on  
his balloon voyage, namely the sighting of “some kind of  
winged mammal.”

86 We feel strongly that should such a creature exist it  
would surely have been sighted and documented long ago.  
Every year there are hundreds of unsubstantiated sightings  
of monstrous creatures in land, air, and sea and we feel it  
is our duty as men of science to gently remind you that your  
grandfather was not trained, and in his state of health, he may  
have suffered additional **deficiencies** of observation.

**deficiencies** If someone has deficiencies, he or she has weaknesses or flaws.



87 “Additional deficiencies of observation,” Kate scoffed, reading over my shoulder. “They mean he was seeing things.”

88 The rest of the letter was the usual “yours sincerely” and “thank you for your interest in the Zoological Society,” etcetera, etcetera. It was signed Sir Hugh Snuffler. I saw him in my mind’s eye. Short and balding with a big loud voice.

89 “As if they’ve explored every inch of the planet. As if anyone has! And what about you?” Kate fairly shouted.

90 “What about me?”

91 “You’ve flown for years, yes?”

92 “Well, three.”

93 “And how much of the actual sky have you traversed?”

94 “Not much, when you put it that way.”

95 “Exactly. Ships have their routes and, as you say, deviate from them only when necessary. That must leave millions and millions of miles of unexplored sky and sea!”

96 “I imagine you’re right,” I said, nodding.

97 “And how long have airships really been flying?”

98 “Fifty years or so now.”

99 “Hardly any time at all, in other words. So how can we possibly know they don’t exist?”

100 “Especially out here over the Pacificus,” I said, surprising myself. “The skyways and sea lanes are much less well traveled, compared to the Atlanticus.”

101 “Exactly,” she said, beaming.

102 “Do your parents know you wrote to the Zoological Society?”

103 “Heavens, no! They would’ve locked me in my room without pen or paper! They’d have been mortified! Telling someone outside the family! Spreading his mad rantings!”

104 “Question is, is this all imagination or real?”

105 “The coordinates he wrote down, for the island. Do we pass over them?”

106 “I’d have to check, but I think not.”

107 “Will you check, though?”

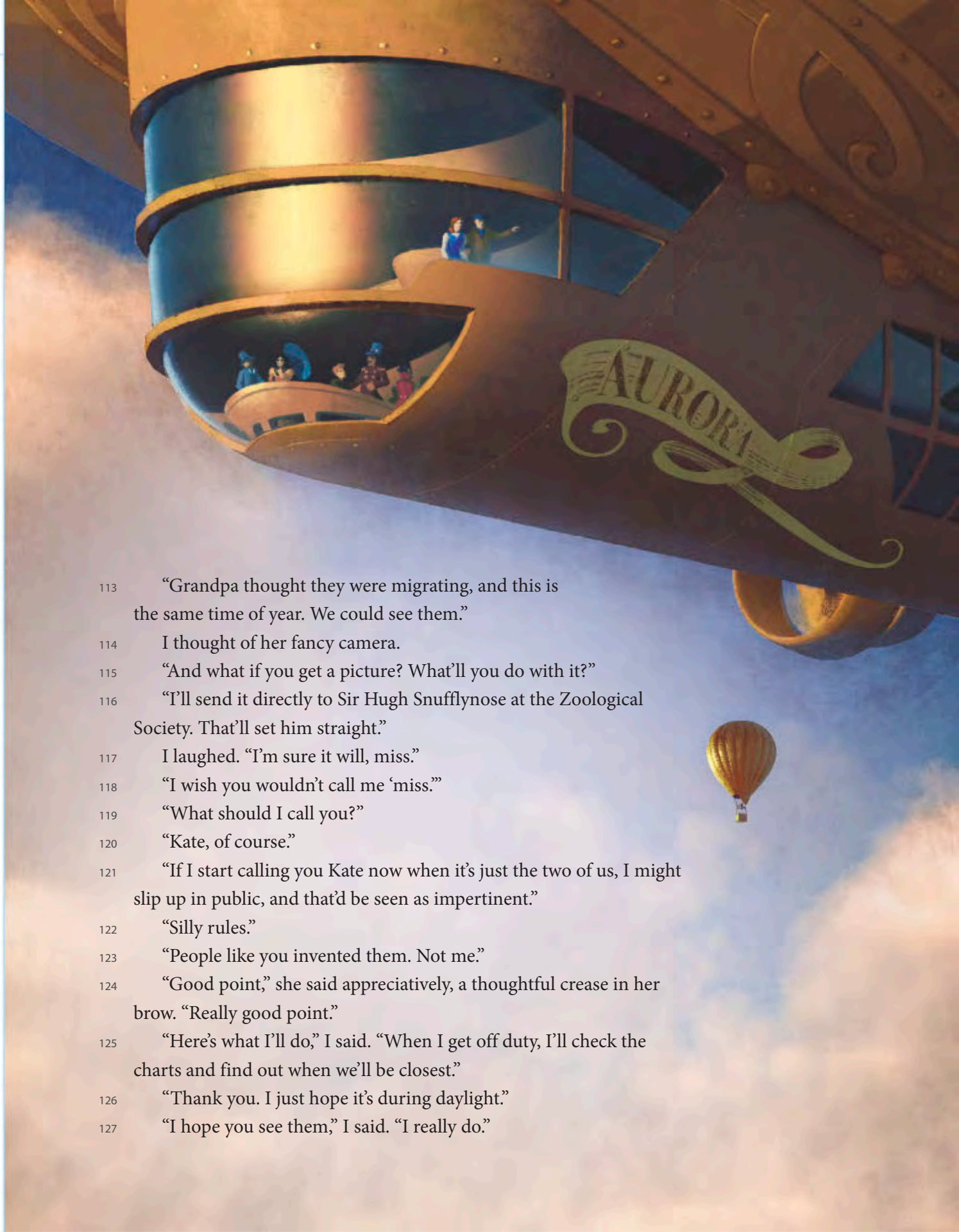
108 “Yes,” I said.

109 “And if we don’t pass over, will you tell me when we’ll be nearest the spot?”

110 “I’ll do that.”

111 “Will you really?” She seemed amazed.

112 “Yes.”



113 “Grandpa thought they were migrating, and this is  
the same time of year. We could see them.”

114 I thought of her fancy camera.

115 “And what if you get a picture? What’ll you do with it?”

116 “I’ll send it directly to Sir Hugh Snufflynose at the Zoological  
Society. That’ll set him straight.”

117 I laughed. “I’m sure it will, miss.”

118 “I wish you wouldn’t call me ‘miss.’”

119 “What should I call you?”

120 “Kate, of course.”

121 “If I start calling you Kate now when it’s just the two of us, I might  
slip up in public, and that’d be seen as impertinent.”

122 “Silly rules.”

123 “People like you invented them. Not me.”

124 “Good point,” she said appreciatively, a thoughtful crease in her  
brow. “Really good point.”

125 “Here’s what I’ll do,” I said. “When I get off duty, I’ll check the  
charts and find out when we’ll be closest.”

126 “Thank you. I just hope it’s during daylight.”

127 “I hope you see them,” I said. “I really do.”

## Collaborative Discussion

Look back at what you wrote on page 88 and talk with a partner about what you learned during reading. Then work with a group to discuss the questions below. Look for details in *Airborn* to support your answers. Think about ways to connect your ideas to what other group members say.

- 1 Reread pages 92–94. What do you learn about the narrator, Matt, based on his reactions to Benjamin Malloy’s journal?

- 2 Review pages 94–96. What does Matt discover about the creatures from looking at Benjamin Malloy’s drawings?

- 3 In what ways are the last entries in Benjamin Malloy’s journal different from those at the beginning?



### Listening Tip

Listen to the ideas and details each speaker shares. What new information can you add?



### Speaking Tip

Think about how other speakers’ ideas are related to your own. Ask questions to be sure you understand their ideas.

## Write a Journal Entry



### PROMPT

In *Airborn*, Matt and Kate have a journal, written by Kate's grandfather. The journal entries describe and illustrate mysterious flying creatures. At the end of the selection, Kate and Matt plan to search the area where her grandfather supposedly saw the creatures.

Imagine you are Kate or Matt, and you are writing a journal like the one Kate's grandfather kept. Write a journal entry telling about what happens when you look for the flying creatures. What do you see? How do you feel about your experiences? Be sure your journal entry tells the events of your experience in order and uses details from the text. You also can include an illustration with your entry, if you like. Don't forget to use some of the Critical Vocabulary words in your writing.

### PLAN

**Write a numbered list of the events you will describe in your entry. Make notes about each event.**



## WRITE

Now write your journal entry describing your experience looking for the flying creatures.



### Make sure your journal entry

- includes a date and time.
- builds on evidence from the story.
- describes the events in an order that makes sense, including transition words to show the sequence.
- uses vivid details to describe the experience.



## Notice & Note

Contrasts and Contradictions

# Prepare to Read

### GENRE STUDY

**Realistic fiction** tells a story about characters and events that could exist in real life.

- Authors of realistic fiction bring their stories to life through believable plot events and character actions.
- Realistic fiction includes characters that behave, think, and speak like real people would. It is set in a place that seems real.
- Authors of realistic fiction might use third-person point of view, where the story is told by an outside observer.

### SET A PURPOSE

**Think about** the title and genre of this text. As you read, pay attention to descriptions that help you imagine the characters and the setting. What do you think makes the garden special? Write your ideas below.

### CRITICAL VOCABULARY

mysterious

matted

tendrils

fastenings

awakening

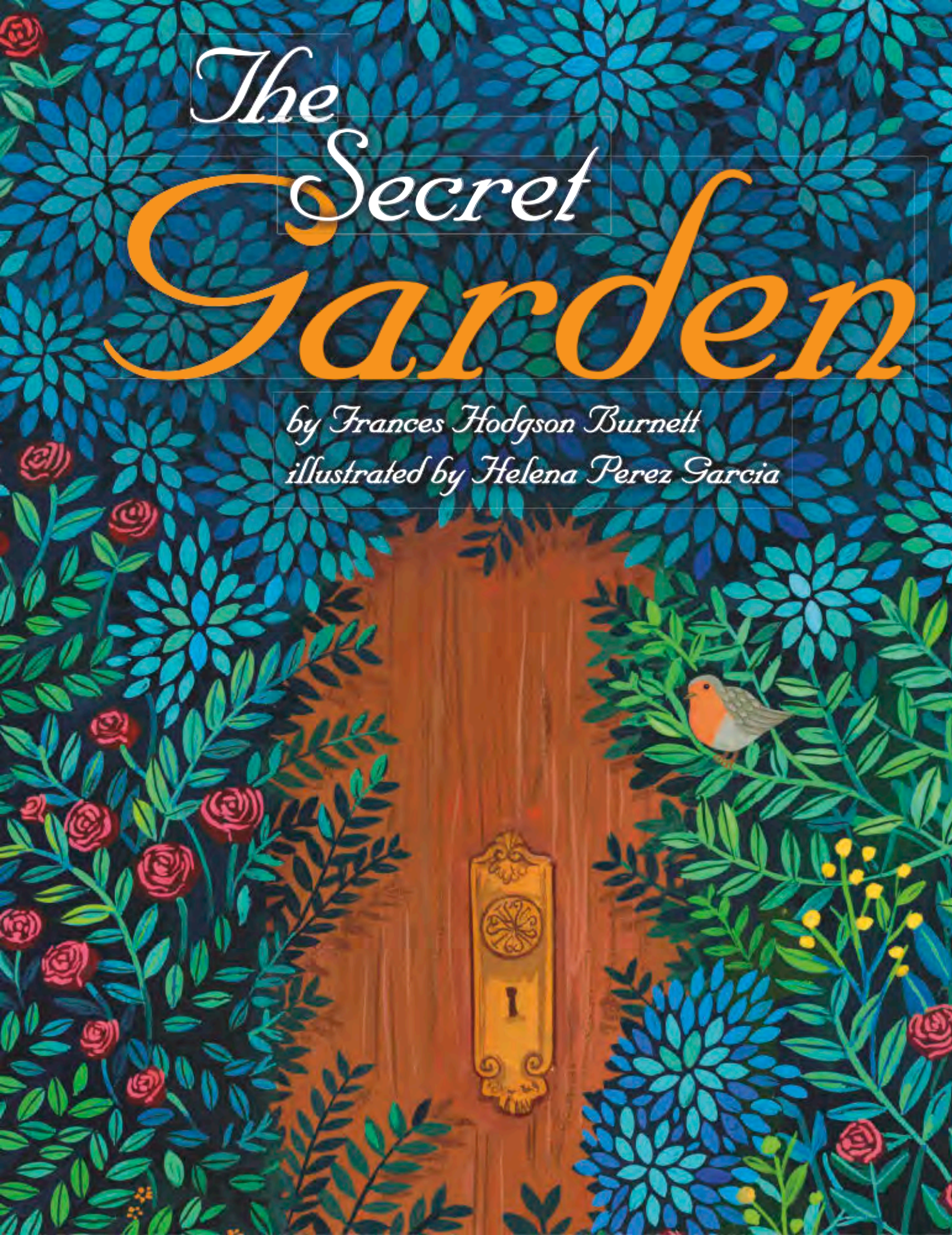


Meet the Author and Illustrator:  
Frances Hodgson Burnett  
and Helena Perez Garcia



# *The* *Secret* *Garden*

*by Frances Hodgson Burnett*  
*illustrated by Helena Perez Garcia*



- 1 *Ten-year-old orphan Mary Lennox has recently moved from India to her uncle's mansion in England. Mary has made a few friends at the mansion, including the gardener, Ben Weatherstaff, and a friendly robin who often keeps Ben company. She's also discovered a mysterious, walled-off garden that's been abandoned for ten years. Mary would love to get inside this secret garden but hasn't been able to find an entrance. The day before, however, she found an old key, half buried in the dirt.*
  
- 2 The skipping-rope was a wonderful thing. She counted and skipped, and skipped and counted, until her cheeks were quite red, and she was more interested than she had ever been since she was born. The sun was shining and a little wind was blowing—not a rough wind, but one which came in delightful little gusts and brought a fresh scent of newly turned earth with it. She skipped round the fountain garden, and up one walk and down another. She skipped at last into the kitchen-garden and saw Ben Weatherstaff digging and talking to his robin, which was hopping about him. She skipped down the walk toward him. He lifted his head and looked at her with a curious expression. She had wondered if he would notice her. She really wanted him to see her skip.





3 Mary skipped round all the gardens and round the orchard, resting every few minutes. At length she went to her own special walk. She made up her mind to try to skip the whole length of it. It was a good long skip and she began slowly, but before she had gone halfway down the path she was so hot and breathless that she was obliged to stop. She did not mind much, because she had already counted up to thirty. She stopped with a little laugh of pleasure.

There, lo and behold, was the robin swaying on a long branch of ivy. He had followed her and he greeted her with a chirp. As Mary had skipped toward him she felt something heavy in her pocket strike against her at each jump. When she saw the robin she laughed again.

4 “You showed me where the key was yesterday,” she said. “You ought to show me the door today; but I don’t believe you know!”

5 The robin flew from his swinging spray of ivy on to the top of the wall and he opened his beak and sang a loud, lovely trill, merely to show off. Nothing in the world is quite as adorably lovely as a robin when he shows off—and they are nearly always doing it.



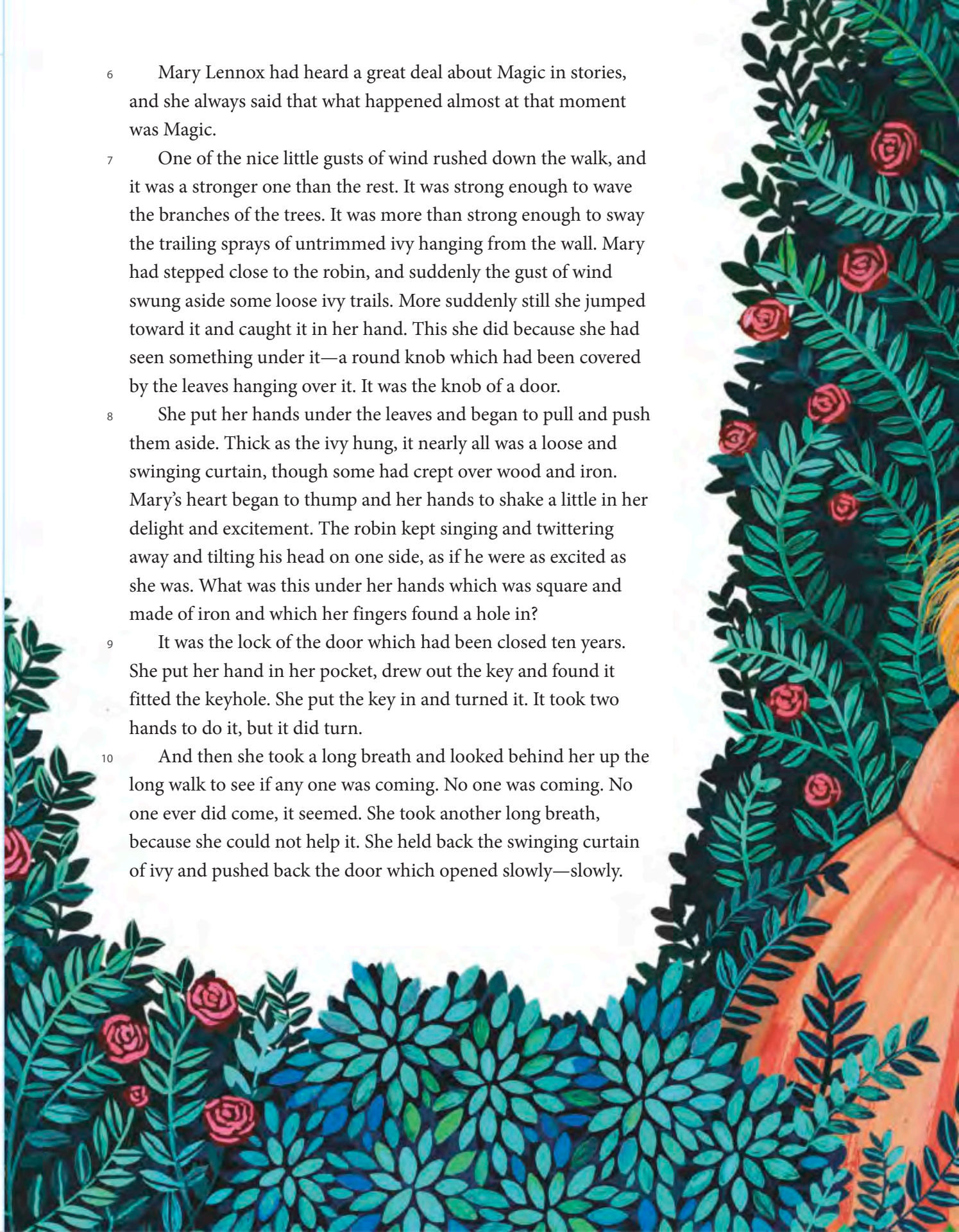
6 Mary Lennox had heard a great deal about Magic in stories, and she always said that what happened almost at that moment was Magic.

7 One of the nice little gusts of wind rushed down the walk, and it was a stronger one than the rest. It was strong enough to wave the branches of the trees. It was more than strong enough to sway the trailing sprays of untrimmed ivy hanging from the wall. Mary had stepped close to the robin, and suddenly the gust of wind swung aside some loose ivy trails. More suddenly still she jumped toward it and caught it in her hand. This she did because she had seen something under it—a round knob which had been covered by the leaves hanging over it. It was the knob of a door.

8 She put her hands under the leaves and began to pull and push them aside. Thick as the ivy hung, it nearly all was a loose and swinging curtain, though some had crept over wood and iron. Mary's heart began to thump and her hands to shake a little in her delight and excitement. The robin kept singing and twittering away and tilting his head on one side, as if he were as excited as she was. What was this under her hands which was square and made of iron and which her fingers found a hole in?

9 It was the lock of the door which had been closed ten years. She put her hand in her pocket, drew out the key and found it fitted the keyhole. She put the key in and turned it. It took two hands to do it, but it did turn.

10 And then she took a long breath and looked behind her up the long walk to see if any one was coming. No one was coming. No one ever did come, it seemed. She took another long breath, because she could not help it. She held back the swinging curtain of ivy and pushed back the door which opened slowly—slowly.









11 Then she slipped through it, and shut it behind her, and stood with her back against it, looking about her and breathing quite fast with excitement, and wonder, and delight.

12 She was standing *inside* the secret garden.

13 It was the sweetest, most **mysterious**-looking place any one could imagine. The high walls which shut it in were covered with the leafless stems of climbing roses which were so thick that they were **matted** together. Mary Lennox knew they were roses because she had seen a great many roses in India. All the ground was covered with grass of a wintry brown. Out of it grew clumps of bushes which were surely rose-bushes if they were alive. There were numbers of standard roses which had so spread their branches that they were like little trees.

14 There were other trees in the garden, and one of the things which made the place look strangest and loveliest was that climbing roses had run all over them and swung down long **tendrils** which made light swaying curtains. Here and there they had caught at each other or at a far-reaching branch and had crept from one tree to another and made lovely bridges of themselves. There were neither leaves nor roses on them now and Mary did not know whether they were dead or alive. But their thin gray or brown branches and sprays looked like a sort of hazy mantle spreading over everything, walls, and trees, and even brown grass, where they had fallen from their **fastenings** and run along the ground. It was this hazy tangle from tree to tree which made it all look so mysterious. Mary had thought it must be different from other gardens which had not been left all by themselves so long. Indeed it was different from any other place she had ever seen in her life.

15 “How still it is!” she whispered. “How still!”

16 Then she waited a moment and listened at the stillness. The robin, who had flown to his tree-top, was still as all the rest. He did not even flutter his wings; he sat without stirring, and looked at Mary.

**mysterious** Something that is mysterious is not fully understood or explainable.

**matted** Something that is matted is a tangled mess.

**tendrils** Tendrils of plants are long, thin sections that often twist around an object or another plant.

**fastenings** Fastenings attach objects to other things.



17 “No wonder it is still,” she whispered again. “I am the first person who has spoken in here for ten years.”

18 She moved away from the door, stepping as softly as if she were afraid of **awakening** someone. She was glad that there was grass under her feet and that her steps made no sounds. She walked under one of the fairy-like gray arches between the trees and looked up at the sprays and tendrils which formed them.

19 “I wonder if they are all quite dead,” she said. “Is it all a quite dead garden? I wish it wasn’t.”

20 If she had been Ben Weatherstaff she could have told whether the wood was alive by looking at it. But she could only see that there were only gray or brown sprays and branches and none showed any signs of even a tiny leaf-bud anywhere.

21 But she was *inside* the wonderful garden and she could come through the door under the ivy any time and she felt as if she had found a world all her own.

**awakening** If you are awakening someone, you are waking him or her from sleep.



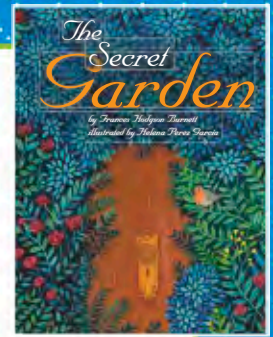
## Collaborative Discussion

Look back at what you wrote on page 112. Talk with a partner about what you learned about the garden. Then work with a group to discuss the questions below. Use details from *The Secret Garden* to back up your answers. In your discussion, build on what others say or add more details and examples.

- 1 Review pages 114–115. What words and phrases make Mary and what she is doing seem realistic?

- 2 Reread pages 119–120. What details help you understand why Mary feels excited as she explores the garden?

- 3 Why does the garden make Mary feel as if she has “found a world all her own”?



### Listening Tip

Listen closely to examples that other group members share. Add to or support their ideas using evidence from the text.



### Speaking Tip

Use linking words such as *also* or *another example* to show how your thoughts connect to what another speaker has said.

## Write the Next Scene

### PROMPT

In *The Secret Garden*, you read how Mary discovered a hidden, locked door and wondered what was on the other side. When she unlocked the door and saw the dead but wild-looking garden, she felt “as if she had found a world all her own.”

Imagine what might take place next now that Mary has discovered this secret place. Write a scene to continue the story. Include a beginning, middle, and end for the scene, as well as details based on evidence from the story. Don't forget to use some of the Critical Vocabulary words in your writing.

### PLAN

Make notes about events for your new scene, organized into “beginning,” “middle,” and “end.” Include details gathered from text evidence.



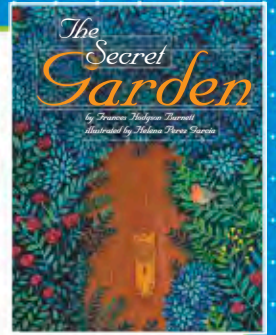
## WRITE

Now write the next scene in *The Secret Garden*.



### Make sure your scene

- builds on previous information from the text.
- includes a clear beginning, middle, and end.
- explains events in an order that makes sense.
- uses strong, descriptive words to describe the characters, setting, and events.



## Notice & Note

Contrasts and Contradictions



# Prepare to Read

### GENRE STUDY

**Plays** are stories that can be performed for an audience.

- Authors of plays might organize the story into scenes. Each scene focuses on an important event and builds upon the events in the previous scenes.
- Stage directions help to set the scenes and to develop the characters.
- Plays rely on dialogue, or conversation between characters, to keep the plot moving.

### SET A PURPOSE

**Think about** the title and genre of this text. As you read, pay attention to how characters communicate through dialogue. What do you think this play is about? Write your ideas below.

### CRITICAL VOCABULARY

witness

presiding

attempted

restrain

contempt



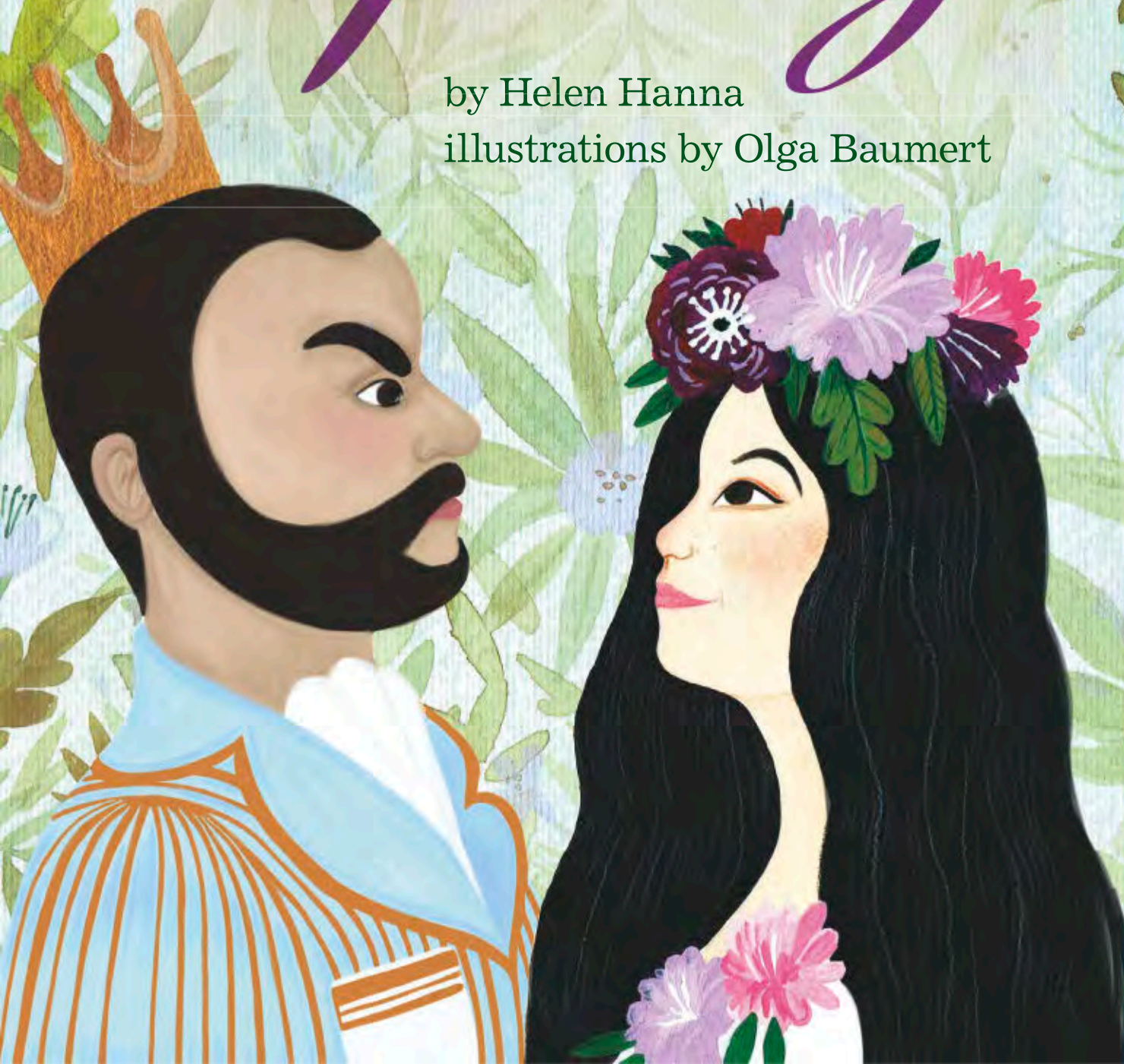
**Build Background:**  
The Four Seasons



# *The Miracle of Spring*

by Helen Hanna

illustrations by Olga Baumert



## Characters



KING BARTHOLOMEW



KING'S VALET



PRIME MINISTER



DOOR GUARD



CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD



TWO GUARDS



SPRING

## MOTHER NATURE'S COURT



JUDGE WISE OWL



THE CROW



EAGER BEAVER



MRS. APPLE TREE



MR. SQUIRREL



MS. WINTER WHEAT



MS. STRING BEAN



MS. BESSIE COW



MR. WOOLLY LAMB



MS. HONEYBEE

## JURY



ANIMALS



BIRDS



INSECTS



TREES



FLOWERS



*King Bartholomew bans Spring, only to realize that he has shown disrespect for Mother Nature, upset the cycles of the seasons, and destroyed the food supply.*

### Production Notes

**CHARACTERS:** 3 male, 6 female, 9 male or female; as many male and female as desired for jury. (Actors may also play more than one role with a change of costume.)

**PLAYING TIME:** 15 minutes

**COSTUMES:** The King wears pajamas, a small crown, and dressing gown at the end of the play. The members of his court wear the traditional costumes of fairy tale courts. Mother Nature's Court has headpieces suggesting their separate characterizations. Judge Wise Owl wears long black robe and glasses. Spring wears long white gown and a garland of flowers in her hair, and the word "Spring" on a sash across her chest.

**PROPERTIES:** Tray with spoon, dishes, medicine, Judge's bench, gavel, witness box, piece of paper for Prime Minister's report.

**SETTING:** King's bedroom. Down right is a door leading to castle interior. A large "French door" type window is at left. At center is a large bed with many pillows and quilts on it. Near the bed are a night table and a bell cord.

**LIGHTING:** Lights are dimmed for dream sequence and brought up full again as indicated in the text.

**SOUND:** Bell tolling six times.

**witness** A witness is someone who appears in court to say what he or she knows about a crime.



## Act 1

**SETTING:** King Bartholomew's bedroom.

**AT RISE:** KING BARTHOLOMEW sits up in his bed, with a dinner tray on his lap. His VALET stands at his bedside. At the door stands DOOR GUARD.

1 **KING** (*Making a grimace and replacing spoon in his plate*): Zounds! What is this tasteless pap?

2 **VALET:** Cook calls it Spring Pudding, Sire. It's on your diet!

3 **KING:** Bah! Take it away. It's not what I eat that makes my stomach ache. It's aggravation! That tour of the kingdom yesterday—that's what made me sick!

4 **VALET:** It was a beautiful day for a tour, Sire. Spring has warmed the air and budded the trees.

5 **KING** (*Extremely aggravated*): Indeed! And Spring has turned my hardworking subjects into daydreaming idlers, dozing in the sunshine. Everywhere I went—no one was working!

6 **VALET:** Just a touch of spring fever, Your Highness.





7 **KING:** Spring fever is just another name for laziness! And I won't have it! Has the Captain of the Guard reported yet?

8 **VALET:** No, Sire, but the Prime Minister is waiting to see you.

9 **KING:** Send him in. And find the Chancellor for me.

10 **VALET** (*To DOOR GUARD*): The King will see the Prime Minister. (*VALET exits.*)

11 **DOOR GUARD:** The Prime Minister to see the King. (*PRIME MINISTER enters and bows.*)

12 **PRIME MINISTER:** Your Majesty, good evening.

13 **KING:** Where is the report I ordered?

14 **PRIME MINISTER:** It's not quite finished yet, Sire. I came to ask a favor. I'd like to take the day off tomorrow, to take my kids fishing.

15 **KING** (*Exploding*): Fishing! Of all the ridiculous things! (*Doubles over in pain*) Out, out with you! (*As PRIME MINISTER hastily retreats, VALET enters.*)

16 **VALET:** The Chancellor has not yet returned from the tournament.

17 **KING** (*Exploding again*): Tournament! Then I'll talk to the Chamberlain.

18 **VALET:** He's taken his family on an outing, Sire.

19 **KING** (*Again in pain*): Outing! Give me my medicine. And get the Captain of the Guard, immediately!

20 **VALET** (*To DOOR GUARD*): Summon the Captain. (*GUARD exits.*)

21 **KING** (*Taking medicine which VALET hands him from night table*): Fishing! Tournaments! Outings! (*DOOR GUARD enters.*)

22 **DOOR GUARD:** The Captain of the Royal Guard! (*CAPTAIN enters.*)

23 **CAPTAIN:** At your command, Your Highness.

24 **KING:** Have you taken your prisoner yet?

25 **CAPTAIN:** Yes, Your Highness, the prisoner is outside.

26 **KING:** Then bring the criminal to me. (*CAPTAIN salutes and exits, returning immediately with TWO GUARDS, leading between them SPRING.*)





27 **VALET** (*Shocked*): 'Tis the maiden, Spring!

28 **KING**: You! You are the one who has turned my kingdom upside down with fishing tournaments and outings! I'll not have it, do you understand? I'll keep you under lock and key, so you can do no more mischief! (*SPRING remains silent.*) Take the prisoner to the dungeon, and see that every measure is taken to prevent her escape. (*KING falls back against pillows, exhausted, as GUARDS salute and lead SPRING away. KING turns weakly to VALET.*) You—stop staring like an idiot, and get out of here. I am exhausted. Wake me at six o'clock tomorrow morning.

29 **VALET**: As you wish, Your Highness. Pleasant dreams, Sire. (*VALET takes tray and exits.*)

30 **KING** (*To DOOR GUARD*): You, too, out!

31 **DOOR GUARD**: Good night, Your Majesty. (*Exits*)  
(*KING closes his eyes. Lights dim.*)



## Act 2

### Scene 1

**SETTING:** *King's bedroom*

**AT RISE:** *KING is sleeping. Suddenly, the large, downstage window opens and CROW steps in. He looks around, then signals to the other members of Mother Nature's Court. All except JUDGE enter. They carry a bench and witness box, which they set up where it can be seen by KING. Jury sits together, either on the floor or on folding chairs which they carry with them. The witnesses remain together in another area.*

1 **CROW:** Caw! Caw! Hear ye! Hear ye! Mother Nature's Court is now in session. Judge Wise Owl **presiding**. All rise. (*All rise as JUDGE OWL enters, goes to bench and sits. KING awakens.*)

2 **JUDGE OWL** (*Pounding gavel*): What is the first case before the court?

3 **CROW:** Mother Nature vs. King Bartholomew, Your Honor.

4 **JUDGE:** Is the attorney for Mother Nature ready?

5 **EAGER BEAVER:** Ready, Your Honor. Your Honor, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I, Eager Beaver, shall prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that King Bartholomew is guilty of **attempted** murder.

6 **KING** (*Sitting up in his bed*): Murder! I have never murdered anybody!

7 **JUDGE:** Quiet, please.

8 **BEAVER:** I said, "Attempted murder."

9 **KING:** I have never even "attempted" murder!

10 **JUDGE:** You will have to **restrain** yourself, Sire—or you will be held in **contempt** of court. You may proceed, Mr. Eager Beaver.

11 **BEAVER:** I speak of the attempt to murder by starvation.

12 **KING:** I have never starved anybody! Even the prisoners in our jail are given the finest peanut butter and jelly!

13 **JUDGE:** This is your last warning, Sire.

**presiding** If you are presiding over an event, you are in charge of it.

**attempted** If you attempted something, you tried to do it.

**restrain** When you restrain yourself, you stop yourself from doing what you want to do.

**contempt** When you show contempt, you show little or no respect for someone or something.

14 **BEAVER:** I call my first witness, Mrs. Apple Tree. (*APPLE TREE comes forward.*)

15 **CROW:** Raise your right hand. Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

16 **APPLE TREE** (*Raising hand*): I do.

17 **BEAVER:** Mrs. Tree, will you tell the court, please, why you are all dressed in drab brown, instead of the bright green you usually wear this time of year?

18 **APPLE TREE:** Because there is no spring this year. King Bartholomew has forbidden spring to come to this kingdom.

19 **BEAVER:** And is that why you are not wearing your pretty bonnet, decked with blossoms?

20 **APPLE TREE:** Yes, and I miss it so, not only because every tree likes to look her prettiest, but also because it means I won't have any apples this year. The apples come from those spring blossoms.

21 **BEAVER:** And do you speak for the other fruit trees as well?

22 **APPLE TREE:** I do. There won't be any pears or peaches or cherries or plums. No spring—no blossoms—no fruit.





23 **BEAVER:** Thank you, Mrs. Tree. That will be all. We have now proved that the people of the kingdom will have no fruit to eat this year. Next witness, Mr. Squirrel. (*SQUIRREL steps forward and is sworn in by CROW.*) Now, Mr. Squirrel, you are not your usual cheery self these days. Why is that?

24 **SQUIRREL:** I'm worried. And so are all my brothers, sisters, cousins, and friends.

25 **BEAVER:** Will you tell the court why you are worried?

26 **SQUIRREL:** Because we are going to starve to death next winter. Last year's harvest of nuts is almost gone, and there won't be any nuts this year.

27 **BEAVER:** No nuts? How's that?

28 **SQUIRREL:** Because the nuts are the fruits of the nut trees, just as the apples and pears are the fruits of the trees in the orchard. No blossoms on the nut trees—no nuts!

29 **BEAVER:** Thank you, Mr. Squirrel. You may step down. (*SQUIRREL returns to his place.*) The court has now heard that we will have no fruit and no nuts in the kingdom this year. This will affect the lives of both the people and the animals. Next witness—Ms. Winter Wheat. (*WINTER WHEAT is sworn in by CROW.*) Will you tell the court, please, why you are known as “Winter Wheat.”



30 **WINTER WHEAT:** Because the farmer sows my seeds very early in the winter, before the ground freezes. He does this because he wants an early wheat crop in the spring.

31 **BEAVER:** That is a wise farmer. Will he have an early wheat crop as a result?

32 **WHEAT:** No, he won't. Because the ground has to thaw and get warm before we can poke our green shoots through. Since there won't be any spring this year, there won't be any crop of winter wheat, or any other kind of wheat, for that matter!

33 **BEAVER:** What will that mean to the people?

34 **WHEAT:** No wheat, no alfalfa, or barley, or corn, or any other kind of grain. And that means no cereals, and no flour, no bread, or rolls, or cake, or pies.

35 **BEAVER:** Thank you, Ms. Wheat. You may step down. (*She does so.*) Well—no fruits. No nuts. No grains. No cereals. No flour. No baked goods to eat. Next witness, Ms. String Bean. (*STRING BEAN is sworn in by CROW.*) Ms. String Bean, your face looks especially long and thin this year. Why is that?

36 **STRING BEAN:** Because I'm so sorry for all the people who will be without me and all the other vegetables this year.

37 **BEAVER:** No vegetables this year? And why not, Ms. Bean?





38 **STRING BEAN:** Because the ground is hard and frozen, and the farmers cannot sow their seeds. And even the seeds that fell into the ground last year from Mother Nature's hand (*sobs*) cannot mature into plants without warm soil and sun. (*Sobs*)

39 **BEAVER:** There, there, Ms. Bean. I can see you're quite broken up. You are excused. (*She returns to her place.*) I think it's quite clear to the court why there will be no vegetables this year. Next witness, Ms. Bessie Cow. (*CROW swears in BESSIE COW.*) Bessie, I believe you have a story to tell the court.

40 **BESSIE:** A sad, sad story. I don't know how much longer there will be any milk, or cream, or cheese, or ice cream for the people of the kingdom.

41 **BEAVER:** Now, this sounds serious, indeed! Are you sure?

42 **BESSIE:** Cows can't give milk unless they have nice green grass to eat. Where are we going to find nice green grass in this winter landscape? And soon our winter supply of hay, alfalfa, oats, and corn will be all gone. No food—no milk!

43 **BEAVER:** Thank you, Bessie. (*BESSIE returns to place.*) No milk, no butter, no cream, no cheese, no ice cream. Next witness, Mr. Woolly Lamb. (*WOOLLY LAMB is sworn in by CROW.*) Mr. Lamb, you're extremely woolly for this time of year, aren't you?

44 **WOOLLY LAMB:** Shiver my timbers, yes. Usually the farmer's gone to work on me with his electric clippers by this time of year. But now—b-r-r-r-r! It's too cold for me to do without my overcoat.

45 **BEAVER:** What will this mean to the people of the kingdom?

46 **WOOLLY LAMB:** No wool for warm clothing and blankets, and if this winter weather continues, they will need more woolen clothing than ever before.

47 **BEAVER:** Thank you. (*LAMB returns to his place.*) Next witness, Ms. Honey Bee. (*HONEY BEE is sworn in by CROW.*) What are you buzzing about so furiously, Ms. Bee?

48 **HONEY BEE:** I'm so angry I could sting!

49 **BEAVER:** Why?

50 **BEE:** Because I'm the champion honey maker, that's why. Last year I won a blue ribbon at the county fair, and this year I won't be able to make a single drop of the delicious golden nectar.



51 **BEAVER:** No honey this year? That's terrible.

52 **BEE:** No one will be sorrier than King Bartholomew, because he just loves honey on his bread! A bee can't make honey without flowers, and you can't expect the gardeners to grow flowers when there isn't any spring. I tell you, I'm as angry as a bee can be.

53 **BEAVER:** Thank you, Ms. Bee. You may step down.

54 **BEE** (*Speaking angrily as she walks away from the witness box*): And the bears—they'll be simply wild without their honey!

55 **BEAVER** (*To jury*): We're all going to miss the flowers this year—and the birds—and the sunshine. But, most importantly (*Patting his stomach*) we're all going to miss our food! King Bartholomew is attempting to starve us! And I say he deserves to be found guilty and given the harshest punishment Judge Owl can deliver!

56 **JURY** (*Rising*): Yes! Guilty! Guilty! Guilty!

57 **KING** (*Jumping out of his bed*): Wait!

58 **JUDGE:** I warned you that the next outburst from you would be in contempt of court. See that he keeps quiet. (*CROW, witnesses, and jury advance menacingly toward KING, who hurriedly climbs back into bed and pulls covers over his head.*)

59 **JURY** (*Chanting in a low monotone*): Guilty. Guilty. Guilty. (*Suddenly, a bell tolls six times. All the characters of Mother Nature's Court quickly exit through the downstage window, taking their props with them.*)





## Scene 2

**SETTING:** *King's bedroom*

**AT RISE:** *The lights come up full, and KING jumps out of bed, pulls bell cord. DOOR GUARD opens door, takes his customary stand.*

60 **DOOR GUARD:** Good morning, Your Highness. I trust you slept well.

61 **KING:** It was a terrible night, just terrible. What a dream! Where's my valet?

62 **DOOR GUARD:** He is coming now, Your Highness. (*VALET enters.*)

63 **VALET:** Good morning, Your Majesty.

64 **KING:** Get me my dressing gown. Hurry! (*VALET helps him into his dressing gown while he talks.*) Find the Captain of the Guard, immediately!

65 **VALET (To DOOR GUARD):** The Captain of the Guard, immediately!

66 **KING (Pacing):** I've done a very terrible thing. I only hope it's not too late.

67 **DOOR GUARD:** The Captain of the Guard! (*CAPTAIN enters.*)

68 **CAPTAIN (Trembling, and dropping to his knees):** It wasn't my fault. The chains were tight, and the door securely locked and barred.

69 **KING:** Stop your prattling. There's no time to lose. Go quickly and see to it that the chains are removed from the maiden, Spring, and bring her to me so that I may apologize to her.





70 **CAPTAIN:** That's what I'm trying to tell you. She isn't there. She's gone!

71 **KING:** Gone?

72 **SPRING** (*Stepping through downstage window*): Did you want to see me? (*She smiles at KING.*)

73 **KING** (*Dropping to his knees before her*): Can you forgive a foolish man the greatest mistake of his life?

74 **SPRING** (*Extending her hand to him and bidding him to rise*): A foolish man you have been—to think that you, or any other man or woman, could command the forces of nature at your will. Did you really believe that dungeon doors or iron chains could keep Spring from walking your land?

75 **KING** (*Contritely*): I was foolish. Now I know better.

76 **SPRING:** Spring is a yearly miracle of nature, as constant as the moon and the stars. Planting time and harvest time, summer and winter, day and night—these must always come.

77 **KING:** What can I do to earn your forgiveness?



78 **SPRING:** Open your eyes and heart to your environment. Now, if you don't mind, I must be on my way, my spring wonders to perform.  
(*SPRING takes KING's arm and they walk to window. SPRING steps through it, smiling, and disappears. KING remains at the window, watching her depart, waving. KING takes a deep breath and, smiling, turns back toward the room.*)

79 **DOOR GUARD:** The Prime Minister to see the King.

80 **KING:** Good. (*PRIME MINISTER enters with a paper in her hand.*)  
You're just the person I want to see.

81 **PRIME MINISTER:** Your report. I stayed up all night to finish it.

82 **KING:** Never mind that now. Tell me, is this the day you wished to take your kids fishing?

83 **PRIME MINISTER:** Forgive me, Sire. It was foolish of me.

84 **KING:** Not at all. You may have the day off—on one condition.

85 **PRIME MINISTER:** Condition?

86 **KING:** Yes—the condition that you take me with you!

87 **PRIME MINISTER** (*Astonished*): You? Fishing?

88 **KING:** Yes. I think it would be good for my stomachache. Besides, it  
89 seems I have a touch of—spring fever! (*Curtain*)

**The End**



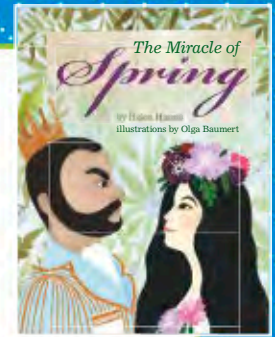
## Collaborative Discussion

Look back at what you wrote on page 124. Tell a partner two things you learned during reading. Then work with a group to discuss the questions below. Support your answers with details from *The Miracle of Spring*. In your discussion, explain how your ideas connect to those of others in your group.

- 1 Review pages 128–129. Why is King Bartholomew so annoyed with his subjects?

- 2 Reread pages 132–136. Why will it be difficult to find food if spring is forbidden? How do the witnesses feel about this possibility?

- 3 How does King Bartholomew change from the beginning of the play to the end? What causes this change?



### Listening Tip

Look at each speaker while you're listening, to show you are paying attention.



### Speaking Tip

Think about how discussion ideas are connected. Use other speakers' comments as a starting point for your own.

## Write a Play Scene

### PROMPT

In *The Miracle of Spring*, a king is angry because people are enjoying the arrival of Spring instead of working. So, he tries to lock Spring away. The king is then put on trial, and several animal and plant characters in the courtroom explain what would happen without Spring.

Choose one of those animal or plant characters. Write a play scene in which the character retells to his or her family or friends what happened during the trial. Include the basic elements of a play, such as character names and dialogue, and stage directions. Don't forget to use some of the Critical Vocabulary words in your writing.

### PLAN

Take notes about events from the trial based on text evidence, in the order they happened. Make notes, too, about names for the new scene's characters and ideas for stage directions.



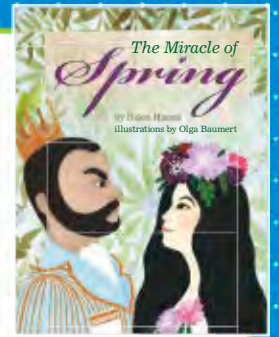
## WRITE

Now write your play scene that retells what happened during the trial.



### Make sure your play scene

- uses a play format, including character names and stage directions.
- has dialogue for the animal or plant character that is similar to how the character spoke in the story.
- retells events from the trial in sequence, based on evidence from the story.





**Notice & Note**

Contrasts and Contradictions

## Prepare to Read

**GENRE STUDY**

**Poetry** uses the sounds and rhythms of words to show images and express feelings.

- Poems include sound effects, such as rhyme, rhythm, and meter, to reinforce the meaning of the poem. Not all poems rhyme, but they all have a rhythm.
- Poems include word sounds, such as alliteration, onomatopoeia, repetition, and parallel structure, to emphasize particular words or ideas.
- Poems include figurative language to develop ideas.
- Poems might be organized into stanzas, or a series of lines grouped together. Each stanza builds upon what is described in the previous stanza.

**SET A PURPOSE**

**Think about** the title and genre of this text. As you read, pay attention to the rhyme and rhythm in each poem. What do you know about poetic forms? Write your ideas here.

**CRITICAL VOCABULARY**

seized

hesitate

watchful

scrawled

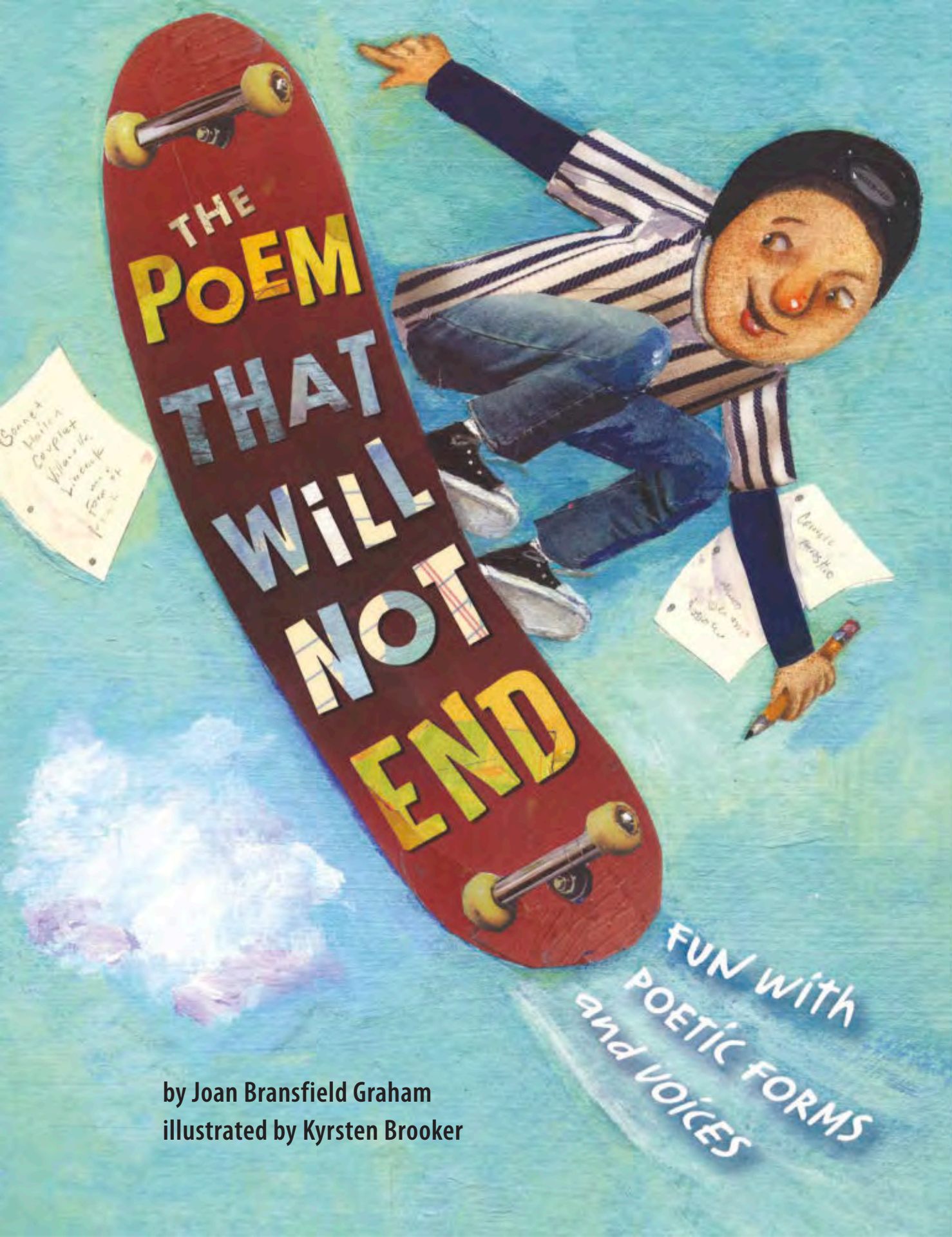
ditty

refrain

restless



**Meet the Author and Illustrator:**  
**Joan Bransfield Graham and**  
**Kyrsten Brooker**



by Joan Bransfield Graham  
illustrated by Kyrsten Brooker

FUN WITH  
POETIC FORMS  
and VOICES

1 After most poems in this selection you'll see a label that identifies the poem's form. You'll learn more about these forms in "Ryan O'Brian's Guide to Poetic Forms" at the end of the selection.

2 **I**t started with a rhythm,  
a rhythm and a rhyme.  
It wouldn't let me stop,  
it ate up all my time.

## Rhythm

3 I was **seized** by a rhythmical beat.  
It was something I could not delete.  
I went crazy with rhyme,  
It just gobbled my time,  
Had me clapping and tapping my feet.

LIMERICK

**seized** If you were seized by an idea or feeling, you were suddenly overwhelmed by it.





- 4 I tried to eat my breakfast  
but didn't **hesitate**  
to scribble on the napkins  
and doodle cross my plate.

**hesitate** If you hesitate, you wait to speak or act because you're not sure what to say or do.



## GOING BANANAS

5 Baby brother loves to smear  
banana every place,  
then squeeze it through his fingers  
and wipe it on his face.

6 He blows banana bubbles  
and makes banana goo—  
oh yuck, ugh, ew, what a mess!  
I'd like to do that, too.

QUATRAINS



7 It teased me as I walked to school—  
I **scrawled** on Eddie's shirt.

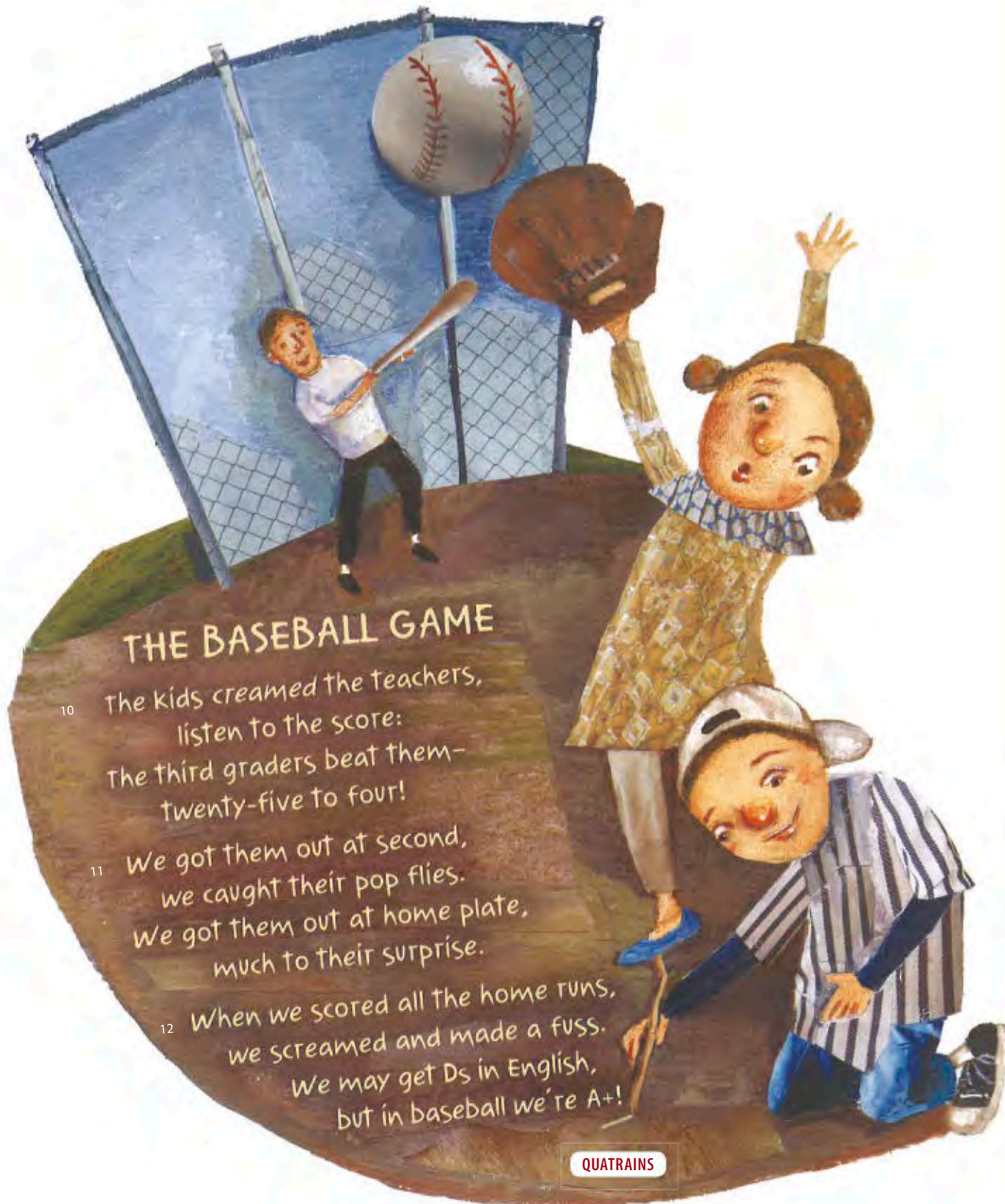
8 **Footprints**  
Smooth patch of white snow,  
stretched out before **watchful** eyes—  
an invitation!  
—Ryan O'Brian

**HAIKU**

**scrawled** If you scrawled something, you wrote it quickly and sloppily.

**watchful** If you are watchful, you pay attention to everything around you.

9 And, when we hit the playground,  
I scratched words in the dirt.



## THE BASEBALL GAME

10 The kids creamed the teachers,  
listen to the score:  
The third graders beat them—  
twenty-five to four!

11 We got them out at second,  
we caught their pop flies.  
We got them out at home plate,  
much to their surprise.

12 When we scored all the home runs,  
we screamed and made a fuss.  
We may get Ds in English,  
but in baseball we're A+!

QUATRAINS

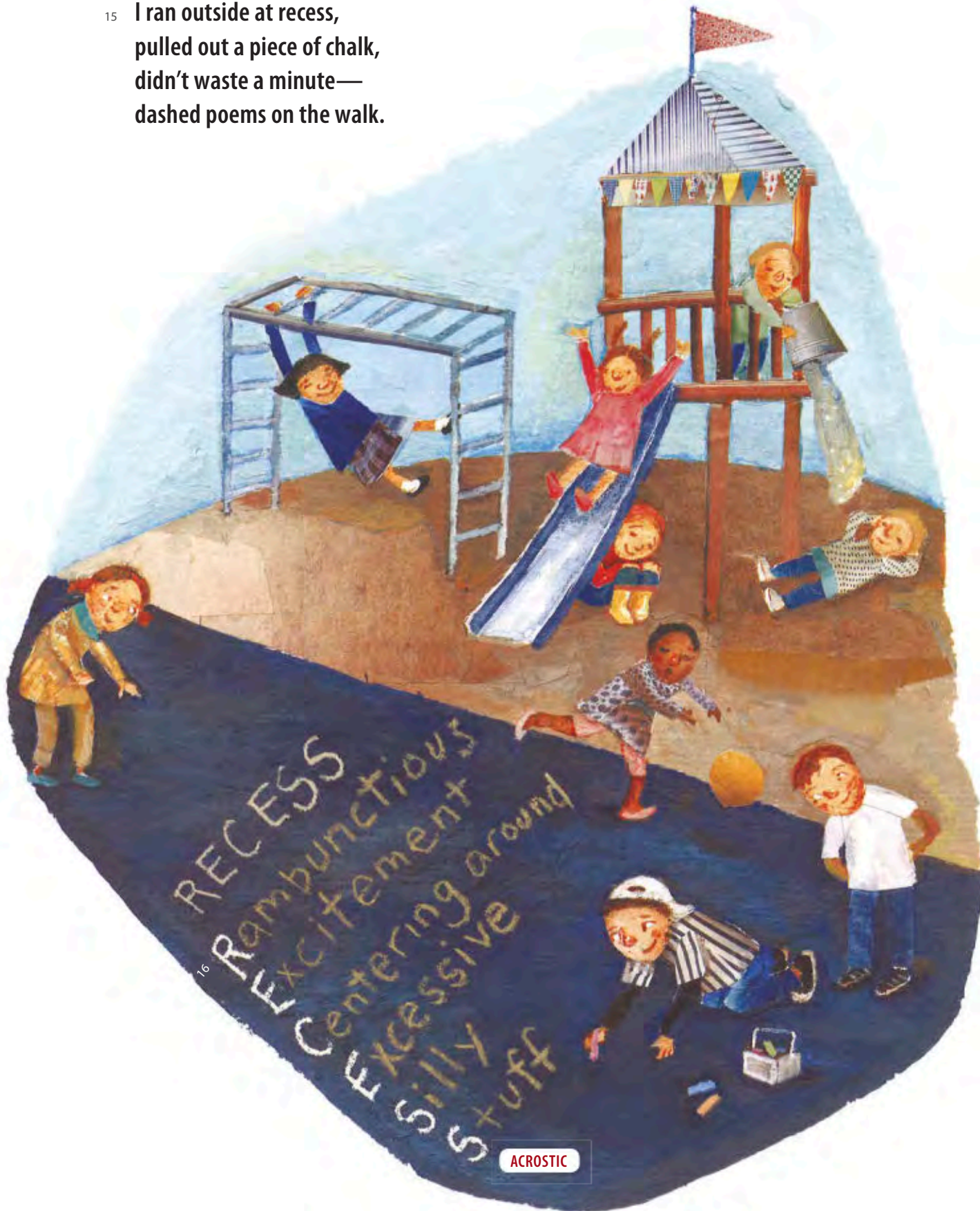
13 Then in the cafeteria—  
with just two tasty tries—  
between my lunch and Aimee's,  
I wrote two lines with fries.

14 **COUPLET FOR FRENCH FRIES**  
Two lines are not enough to express  
How much I adore your potato-ness.

COUPLET



15 I ran outside at recess,  
pulled out a piece of chalk,  
didn't waste a minute—  
dashed poems on the walk.





## CAPTURED

17 I'm captured, won't you help me find a way,  
to free me from this urgent need to write?  
It follows me and hounds me night and day.  
I'm captured, won't you help me find a way,  
to toss aside this curse—I want to play!  
You must admit . . . this is a scary sight.  
I'm captured, won't you help me find a way,  
to free me from this urgent need to write?

TRIOLET

18 I beg you, won't you help me?  
Please help me, be a friend.  
Rescue me, I'm captured—  
*this poem will not end!*



19 The bell rang and I bolted,  
wasn't running out of steam.  
I wrote with mud out in the yard—  
chased by the soccer team.

**SOCCER BALL**  
20 Soccer ball,  
you are the center,  
sun of our universe.  
We are planets orbiting  
your supreme presence,  
hoping to rocket you,  
like a blazing comet,  
into the galaxy of  
our goal.

CONCRETE, FREE VERSE



21 I ran right home and grabbed my bike.  
*Can I escape this curse?*  
My wheels were doing curlicues  
and writing lines of verse.

22 **BIKE**  
Step on—  
I am wheels  
and gears,  
I am speed.  
I will heed  
your slightest  
command.

23 I will take you  
anywhere.  
I am wind  
in your hair,  
I am things  
unsaid,  
I'm the road  
ahead...



## SKATEBOARD

24

Hip, hop,  
pop an  
OLLIE,  
can't stop,  
gotta GO  
with the  
FLOW,  
FAST,  
FAST,  
over, above,  
SKIM,  
grinding the  
curbs and  
grooves

I've got the  
moves!

- 25 My skateboard might be better—  
I found it just in time  
to whiz away at top speed  
and leave a trail of . . . rhyme.

CONCRETE

# PEAS

26 My mouth is filled with peas,  
No matter how I wheeze,  
I can't hold back this S-N-E-E-Z-E!

27 Dinner was no different,  
I had . . . I had to S-N-E-E-Z-E.  
I looked up at the kitchen wall  
and saw three lines in . . . peas.

TERCET



28 The ditty that I wrote that night  
was delectable and meaty.  
I inked with marker on my toes,  
a new kind of gra-FEET-i.

## FEET

29 My feet—  
they can't stay still.  
They are always moving  
to some cool rhythm I hear  
in my head.

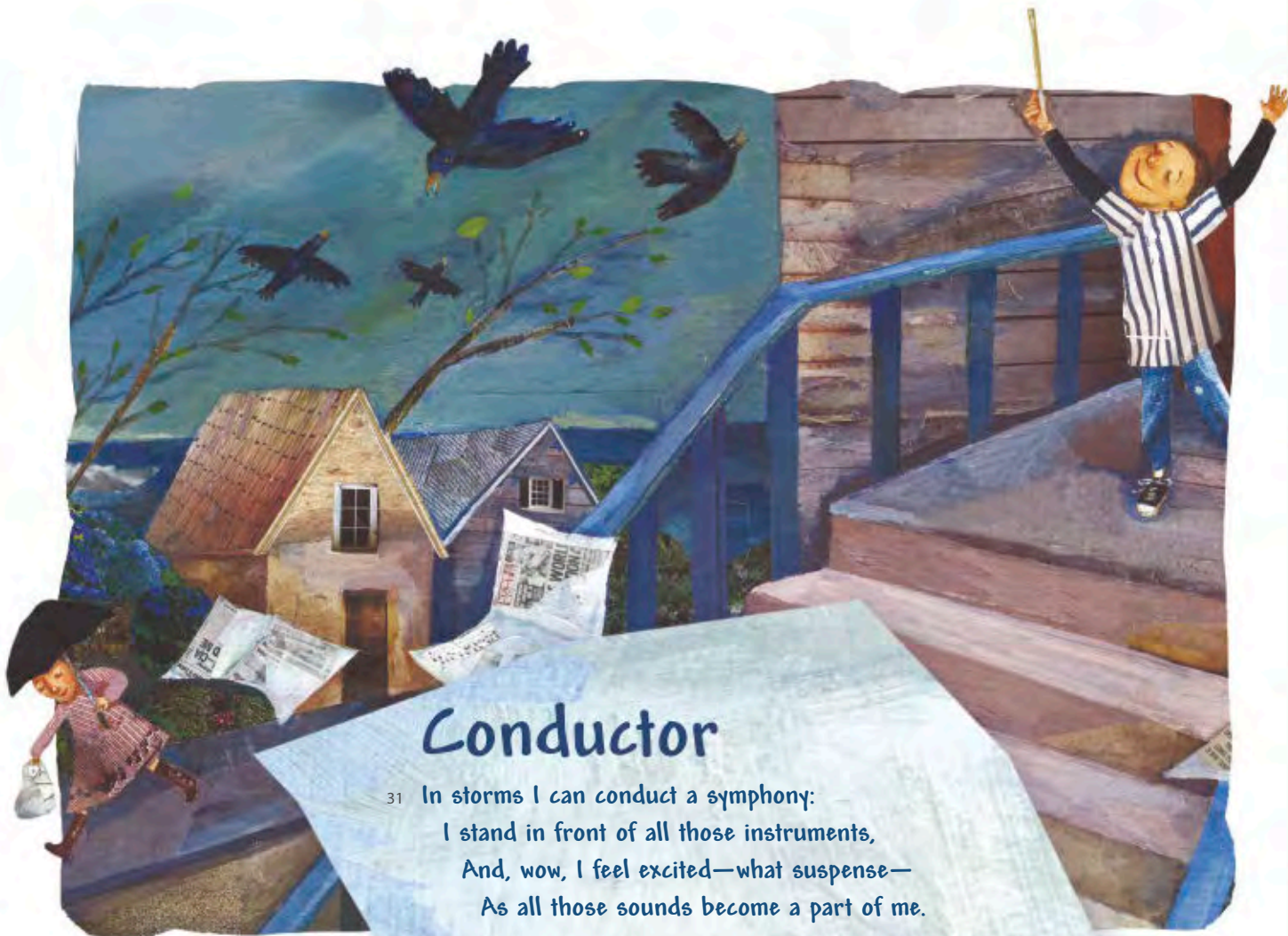
CINQUAIN

**ditty** A ditty is a song or poem that is short and cheerful.





- 30 Used pick-up-sticks for limericks,  
wrote cinquain in the rain,  
stacked sonnets up the staircase—  
good grief, this is insane.



## Conductor

- 31 In storms I can conduct a symphony:  
I stand in front of all those instruments,  
And, wow, I feel excited—what suspense—  
As all those sounds become a part of me.
- 32 I play the wind, the thunder, and the sea!  
I am in charge, this power is intense—  
A world of rhythm that is huge, immense,  
It swirls about me wild and mightily!
- 33 I get to choose the singer and the song.  
With my baton I tell them when to start.  
We work together great and I belong;
- 34 It's fun to be the leader, be a part  
Of all those sounds that sweep about so strong—  
That echo in the drumming of my heart.

SONNET

## FEVER

35 My brain went into overdrive,  
I started writing faster,  
careening wild at breakneck speed—  
a poetry disaster.

36 I cannot stop this fever in my brain,  
I feel compelled to write, and write, and write.  
Day in, day out, the words just fall like rain.

37 Is there some way that I can plug the drain—  
To rescue me, to save me from this plight?  
I cannot stop this fever in my brain.

38 I've stepped on board a rhythm kind of train,  
That's traveling, zooming at the speed of light.  
Day in, day out, the words just fall like rain.

39 What made this happen no one can explain,  
I toss and turn and twist each sleepless night.  
I cannot stop this fever in my brain.

40 What's that? You say that I should not complain?  
I'm tired and hungry, but you might be right.  
Day in, day out, the words just fall like rain.

41 Now, I just wrote this villanelle **refrain**.  
Hey . . . maybe I should NOT put up a fight.  
I cannot stop this fever in my brain.  
Day in, day out, the words just fall like rain.

### VILLANELLE

**refrain** A refrain is a verse or phrase that is repeated in a song or poem.

42 My mom called up, "Are you in bed?"  
but I could hardly hear her.  
I'd found a tube of toothpaste  
and was writing in the mirror.





45 I spent a **restless** night and thought,  
*Whatever can I do?*  
When I woke up, I found my pillows  
covered with . . . haiku!

**restless** If you are restless, you find it hard to relax or stay still.

### SLEEP

46 Why is it I can  
never remember the last  
moment before sleep?

HAIKU

### GOOSE DOWN PILLOW

47 My head sinks into  
the feathered pillow; I think  
I hear geese whisper.

HAIKU

### FISHING

48 There are poems that swim in my head,  
They take form as I lie in my bed.  
With my pen for a hook,  
I might quick have a look,  
And then catch them on paper instead.

LIMERICK



**TÍRED**  
49 I am so tired  
I'm part  
of the bed-  
a cover pressed  
against the sheets,  
dangling limply  
down the sides.

FREE VERSE

50 I dragged into the classroom  
as the bell began to ring.

51 My teacher's next assignment?

Write a poem  
about "spring."

## Speechless

53 Sometimes when I am  
asked to speak, my tongue shrivels,  
dries, and disappears,  
and then my mouth becomes a  
hollow bell with no ringer.

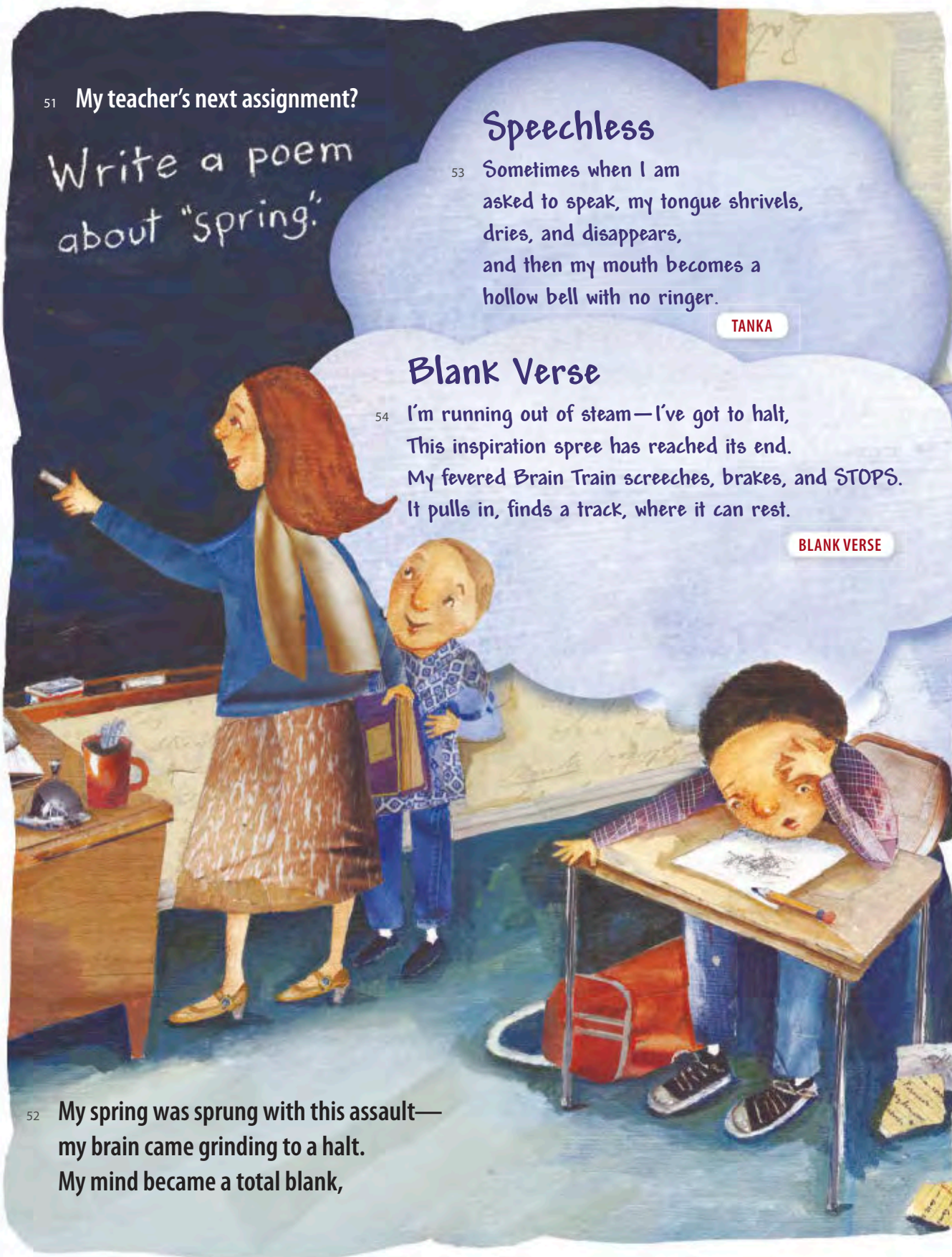
TANKA

## Blank Verse

54 I'm running out of steam—I've got to halt,  
This inspiration spree has reached its end.  
My fevered Brain Train screeches, brakes, and STOPS.  
It pulls in, finds a track, where it can rest.

BLANK VERSE

52 My spring was sprung with this assault—  
my brain came grinding to a halt.  
My mind became a total blank,



55 and I have dear Ms. Frost to thank!



56 P.S. I asked Ms. Frost, "Instead of the poem about 'Spring,' can I turn in some of my 'recent work' if I write it on . . . paper?" She said, "Yes." Ms. Frost is so-o cool! I even got an A+. Life is good. To be more informed about poetic forms, I did some digging.

57 Here's what I discovered . . .



# RYAN O'BRIAN'S GUIDE to POETIC FORMS

58 **ACROSTIC:** If you spell a word (it could be your name!) downward, you can use each of the letters as the beginning of a word or phrase. EXAMPLE: "RECESS"

59 **BLANK VERSE:** Blank verse is unrhymed iambic pentameter. To find out about that last part, keep reading. EXAMPLE: "BLANK VERSE"

60 **CINQUAIN:** Say SIN-kane. The secret code for this poem is 2, 4, 6, 8, 2. (Two syllables/beats on the first line, four beats on the next, then six beats, eight, and back to two beats in the last line.) It's a building thought-wave that crashes and leaves some treasure. EXAMPLE: "FEET"

61 **CONCRETE POEM:** It's a picture poem that takes the shape of what it's about—word art, sculpting with words. Use simple shapes—make it easy to read. Experiment on your computer. Try out different fonts to see which works best. A major blast! EXAMPLES: "SOCCER BALL," "SKATEBOARD"

62 **COUPLET:** Two lines that usually rhyme. EXAMPLE: "COUPLET FOR FRENCH FRIES"

63 **FOOT/FEET:** Music has a beat, poetry has feet; each foot contains beats which are

either stressed (´) or unstressed (˘). iambs (˘ ´, "sur-PRISE") and anapests (˘˘ ´, "in my HEAD") have a rising rhythm; trochees (´ ˘, "LIGHT-ning") and dactyls (´ ˘˘, "RHYTH-mi-cal") have a falling rhythm. There are many other kinds of feet, but these are the most common.

64 **FREE VERSE:** A poem written without using a fixed, formal pattern of rhythm and rhyme. EXAMPLES: "SOCCER BALL," "TIRED"

65 **HAIKU:** A Japanese form which, in only 17 syllables (5-7-5), can create a feeling or paint a scene; usually it's about nature and is written now, in present tense; makes you say "Ah ha!" or "Oh, yeah!" EXAMPLES: "FOOTPRINTS," "SLEEP," and "GOOSE DOWN PILLOW"

66 **LIMERICK:** A funny five-line poem written in iambs and anapests; lines 1, 2, and 5 have three feet and rhyme, and lines 3 and 4 have two feet and rhyme. EXAMPLES: "RHYTHM," "FISHING"

67 **PENTAMETER:** Five feet to each line. EXAMPLES: "CAPTURED," "CONDUCTOR," "FEVER," and "BLANK VERSE" are all written in iambic pentameter: "In storms I can conduct a symphony." ˘ ´ / ˘ ˘ ´ / ˘ ´ / ˘ ´ / ˘ ´



# VOICES

77 You know how you can make your voice scary or funny? Well, you can create different voices in poems, too.

78 **NARRATIVE:** A story-telling poem.  
EXAMPLES: "GOING BANANAS," "THE BASEBALL GAME"

79 **LYRICAL:** Explore the music of words and individual feelings. In fact, the words to songs are called *lyrics*. You are an important part of this poem, and often pronouns such as *me*, *my*, and *I* are used.  
EXAMPLES: "CONDUCTOR," "FEVER"

80 **MASK:** When you put on a mask, like at Halloween, and speak from the viewpoint of the object itself, you are using the mask or persona voice. EXAMPLE: "BIKE" (The bike gets to talk for itself!)

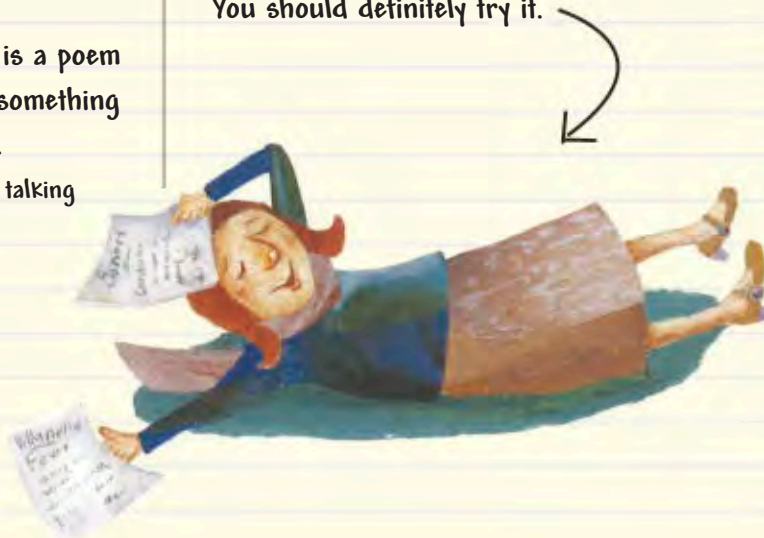
81 **APOSTROPHE (OR ADDRESS):** This is a poem where you address or speak to something or someone who doesn't answer.  
EXAMPLE: "SOCCER BALL" (I love talking to the soccer ball!)

82 **CONVERSATIONAL:** In this voice at least two people or things are speaking with each other in a conversation. EXAMPLE: "HANDSOME"

83 Lots of great books can help you learn more about all the forms, voices, and choices you can try when you write your own poems.

84 Have FUN! Happy reading!  
Happy writing!

85 P.P.S. From Ryan: If you show your teacher you wrote a villanelle or a sonnet, she is going to be so-o impressed. She might even faint or give you extra credit or both. You should definitely try it.



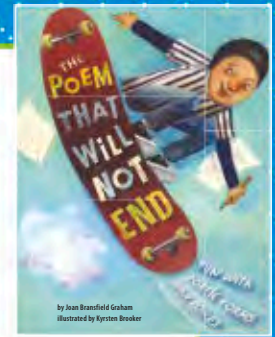
## Collaborative Discussion

Look back at what you wrote on page 144 and talk with a partner about what you learned during reading. Then work with a group to discuss the questions below. Look for details in *The Poem That Will Not End* to support your ideas. Be sure to speak clearly and at a pace that's not too fast or too slow.

- 1 What are some of the places where Ryan writes his poems? What kinds of things seem to inspire him?

- 2 Review the poem and text on page 152. What has “captured” Ryan? Do you think he is serious about wanting to “escape” it? Why or why not?

- 3 At the end of his notes about poetic forms, Ryan advises readers to “have fun” writing poetry. How do Ryan’s poems show that he has had fun writing them?



### Listening Tip

Make eye contact with speakers to let them know you are paying attention to their ideas.



### Speaking Tip

Help listeners understand what you have to say. Share your ideas in a voice that is clear and easy to hear.



## Write a Poem

### PROMPT

In *The Poem That Will Not End*, the narrator writes poems about things and events in his daily life, such as skateboards, soccer, and storms.

Imagine you are writing a poem for your school's online poetry magazine. The topic can be anything in your daily life: brushing your teeth, eating lunch, or studying for a test—you name it! Choose a poetic form, or type of poem, from *The Poem That Will Not End*, and use it as a model for your poem. It doesn't have to rhyme, but it does need to include specific, descriptive words and phrases to express your feelings and ideas. Think about your five senses as you develop these details. Don't forget to use some of the Critical Vocabulary words in your writing.

### PLAN

**Make a section for notes about the characteristics of your chosen poetic form. Then make another section of notes about ideas for your poem.**



## WRITE

Now write your poem about something from your daily life.



### Make sure your poem

- uses one of the poem types used in the text.
- is about something from your daily life.
- includes sensory details and specific, descriptive words.



 Essential Question

## How does genre affect the way a story is told?

### Write a Short Story

**PROMPT** Consider all the different ways the stories in this module were told. How will you tell your own story?

Imagine that your school library is having a story-writing contest. The winning story will be printed, copied, and made available in the library for the whole school to read. Write a short story for the contest. Use the texts in this module as your models for good storytelling.

I will write a story about \_\_\_\_\_.



#### Make sure your story

- begins by introducing the setting and the main character or narrator.
- includes dialogue and descriptions to show how characters respond to events.
- uses narrative techniques based on examples from the module's texts.
- uses transitional words to clarify the sequence of events.
- provides a satisfying ending that develops logically from the story events.

**PLAN****Map your ideas.**

What kind of story will you write? Will it be realistic or a fantasy? Will it take place in the past, present, or future? Who will narrate your story? Look back at your notes and revisit the texts for ideas.

Use the story map below to plan your writing. Decide on a setting and characters. Think about what conflict or obstacle the characters face and how they respond. Use Critical Vocabulary words where appropriate.

**My Topic:** \_\_\_\_\_

<b>Setting:</b>	<b>Characters:</b>
<b>Problem/Conflict:</b>	
<b>Events:</b>	
<b>Solution/Resolution:</b>	

## Performance Task


### DRAFT

Write your story.

Write a **beginning** that will get your readers thinking. Introduce your setting, main characters or narrator, and the conflict they will face.



Write the events that take place in the **middle** of your story. Use dialogue and descriptive details to make the events and your characters come alive for your readers. Be sure the events and characters' actions will help develop the story's conflict.




Write an **ending** that brings the story to a satisfying conclusion. Tell how your characters resolve their conflict.



## REVISE AND EDIT

Review your draft.

Take a fresh look at your draft to see how you can improve it. Work with a small group of classmates to review each other's work and give helpful feedback. Use these questions to help you evaluate and improve your story.

 PURPOSE/ FOCUS	ORGANIZATION	EVIDENCE	LANGUAGE/ VOCABULARY	CONVENTIONS
<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li><input type="checkbox"/> Does my story clearly establish a setting and characters?</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> Do the characters face and resolve a conflict?</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> Does the ending make sense with the events that come before it?</li></ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li><input type="checkbox"/> Is there a clear beginning, middle, and ending?</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> Is the sequence of events easy to follow?</li></ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li><input type="checkbox"/> Did I use dialogue and description like the texts in the module do?</li></ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li><input type="checkbox"/> Did I use transition words to show how events are connected?</li></ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li><input type="checkbox"/> Have I spelled all words correctly?</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> Did I punctuate dialogue correctly?</li></ul>

## PUBLISH

Share your work.

**Create a Finished Copy.** Use your best cursive handwriting to create a final copy of your work. You may want to include illustrations. Consider these options for sharing your story:

- 1** Bind your story together with those of your classmates to create a class literary magazine.
- 2** Turn your story into a readers' theater script. Perform it with a group of classmates.
- 3** Post a copy of your story on a school or class website. Invite readers to comment or share their own stories.

