

The Modern Era

6-Week Morning Time Session | AwakenToDelight.com



Charlotte Mason
MORNING TIME



The Modern Era

Charlotte Mason Morning Time™

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Please Note: Due to U.S. copyright restrictions, specifically, the dates of Alma Thomas' death and the dates the paintings were created, we are unable to link to high-definition images or offer higher quality printables of their works for this session.

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What is Morning Time?

Morning time is a modern interpretation of Charlotte Mason's philosophy of providing a generous variety of short lessons with an emphasis on excellence of execution and focused attention.

It is a lovely daily ritual in which you gather your whole family together to partake of the richness of God's Word, as well as the beautiful subjects that you don't want to get pushed aside by traditional school subjects.

And it is a perfect choice for helping you avoid the overwhelm of trying to fit it all in by looping through all the delightful extras you want to enjoy!

About this Curriculum:

Homeschooling mother, Lara Molettiere, originally created this curriculum as *The Homeschool Garden* in 2018. Her love of music, literature, fine arts, and Charlotte Mason's method led her to create a delightful and simple-to-follow morning time curriculum for her family.

Each volume is rich with the truth, beauty, and goodness that Miss Mason encouraged, and provides a generous and varied education all planned out for your family — from elementary to high school.

In over 19 years of homeschooling utilizing the Charlotte Mason method, I can attest to the beauty of this lifestyle of learning. In fact, it completely shaped and formed who my children are today — artists, writers, musicians, and lovers of literature, poetry, and nature.

That's why I am thrilled to be taking Lara's beautiful curriculum, rebranding it as **Charlotte Mason Morning Time™**, and building a delight-filled community around it so that other families can experience the joy it brings!

Aligha

How to Use These Plans

If you love the Charlotte Mason style of learning, then you'll absolutely *adore* these morning time sessions! Not only are they rich with all the beauty you want your family to enjoy — scriptures, poetry, Shakespeare, picture study, art lessons, music, nature study, and more — they are all planned out and gathered together for you!

There is no need to hunt down the various elements you want to include or go digging around the internet in search of art, music, or poetry to complement your studies. You don't even have to purchase additional resources because we include them all here: art pieces for your picture study, sheet music and links to hymns and folk songs to sing along with, links to classical pieces to listen to, copywork printables for manuscript and cursive practice, and much, much more!

We offer a generous feast, but please remember that you don't have to partake of everything that's on the table, nor do you even have to clean your plate!

Adapt these plans to suit your family's unique needs and schedule. If you only school four days a week, either skip the fifth day, or add one item from the scheduled fifth day to each of your four school days.

Don't stress if you can't fit something in, you can always circle back around to it later. Pick and choose what you want to do depending on which season of life you're in.

Simply print out the schedule (and any parts of the curriculum you need), bring all your kids and teens together each morning, and enjoy that day's scheduled lessons and recommended read-alouds.

Don't forget we've included an art lesson, a handicraft lesson, nature studies, and tea time recipes with each session. These would be delightful "afternoon occupations" if you can't fit them into your morning time.

Each day's scheduled activities should only take around an hour or so to complete (excluding the art and handicraft lessons).

Features

Essential features of *Charlotte Mason Morning Time*™ curriculum are:

- Prayer & scripture memorization
- Poetry memorization & recitation
- Copywork pages for elementary through high school
- Artist biography & picture study
- Composer biography & classical selections
- Hymn study & singing
- Folk song
- Literature recommendations
- Handicraft lesson
- Art lesson
- Nature study
- Teatime recipes
- Teatime selections to read aloud including:
 - Poetry
 - Short stories or
 - Fairy tales or tall tales
 - Mythological tales
 - Fables
- Shakespeare selections
- Plutarch (in some volumes)
- History (in some volumes)
- Geography (in some volumes)

Each of these subjects are planned out on a 4-week or 6-week (depending on the session) calendar, and looped throughout the days and weeks.

Now, you will never feel overwhelmed trying to fit "everything" in because it's already simply and beautifully planned out for you on the calendar on the following pages.

Please Note: The "Recommended Reading List" is not required. Pick and choose the books you want your family to enjoy, or continue with the family read-aloud you're already immersed in.

Week 1 Schedule



| Subject | Day 1 | Day 2 | Day 3 | Day 4 | Day 5 |
|-----------------------------------|---|---|-----------------------------------|---|---------------------------------|
| <i>Prayer</i> | The Sinner's Prayer | | | | |
| <i>Bible</i> | Proverbs 1 | Proverbs 2 | Proverbs 3 | Proverbs 4 | Proverbs 5 |
| <i>Memory Work</i> | Scripture | Poetry | Scripture | Poetry | Review previous memory work |
| <i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i> | Hymn Study: Nothing but the Blood of Jesus | Art Selection 1: Apollo 12 Splash Down, Read: Alma Thomas bio | Folk Song: This Land is Your Land | Listen to: Peter Pan, Read: Leonard Bernstein bio | Nature Study 1 |
| <i>History/ Geography</i> | | | | | Read History of the Modern Era. |
| <i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i> | | The Sinner's Prayer Copywork | Poetry: The Octopus | Romans 9:9-10 Copywork | |
| <i>Read Aloud</i> | *Cheaper By the Dozen, Ch. 1 | | *Cheaper By the Dozen, Ch. 2 | | *Cheaper By the Dozen, Ch. 3 |
| <i>Afternoon Occupations</i> | Bake: Pineapple Upside Down Cake, Read: The Wonderful World of Oz, Ch. II | | | | *Nature journal *Nature walk |

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 2 Schedule



| Subject | Day 1 | Day 2 | Day 3 | Day 4 | Day 5 |
|-----------------------------------|--|---|-----------------------------------|--|---------------------------------|
| <i>Prayer</i> | The Sinner's Prayer | | | | |
| <i>Bible</i> | Proverbs 6 | Proverbs 7 | Proverbs 8 | Proverbs 9 | Proverbs 10 |
| <i>Memory Work</i> | Scripture | Poetry | Scripture | Poetry | Review previous memory work |
| <i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i> | Hymn Study: Nothing but the Blood of Jesus | Art Selection 2: Blast Off, Review: Alma Thomas bio | Folk Song: This Land is Your Land | Listen to: Serenade after Plato's Symposium, Review: Bernstein bio | Nature Study 2 |
| <i>History/ Geography</i> | | | | | |
| <i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i> | | The Octopus Copywork | Poetry: The Ant, The Fly | The Ant Copywork | |
| <i>Read Aloud</i> | *Cheaper By the Dozen, Ch. 4 | | *Cheaper By the Dozen, Ch. 5 | | *Cheaper By the Dozen, Ch. 6 |
| <i>Afternoon Occupations</i> | Bake: Strawberry Jello Cake, Read: The Secret of the Old Clock, Ch. 1 | | | | *Nature journal *Nature walk |

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 3 Schedule



| Subject | Day 1 | Day 2 | Day 3 | Day 4 | Day 5 |
|-----------------------------------|--|--|--|---|-----------------------------------|
| <i>Prayer</i> | The Sinner's Prayer | | | | |
| <i>Bible</i> | Proverbs 11 | Proverbs 12 | Proverbs 13 | Proverbs 14 | Proverbs 15 |
| <i>Memory Work</i> | Scripture | Poetry | Scripture | Poetry | Review previous memory work |
| <i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i> | Hymn Study: Nothing but the Blood of Jesus | Art Selection 3: The Eclipse, Narrate: Alma Thomas bio | Folk Song: This Land is Your Land | Listen to: Symphonic Suite from On the Waterfront, Narrate: Bernstein bio | Nature Study 3 |
| <i>History/ Geography</i> | | | | | Review History of the Modern Era. |
| <i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i> | | The Fly Copywork | Poetry: A Flea and Fly in a Flue, Morning Prayer | A Flea and Fly in a Flue Copywork | |
| <i>Read Aloud</i> | *Cheaper By the Dozen, Ch. 7 | | *Cheaper By the Dozen, Ch. 8 | | *Cheaper By the Dozen, Ch. 9 |
| <i>Afternoon Occupations</i> | Bake: Tunnel of Fudge Cake, Read: Peter and Wendy, Ch. 1 | | | Art Lesson: Moon Landing | *Nature journal *Nature walk |

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 4 Schedule



| Subject | Day 1 | Day 2 | Day 3 | Day 4 | Day 5 |
|-----------------------------------|---|--|-----------------------------------|---|---------------------------------|
| <i>Prayer</i> | The Sinner's Prayer | | | | |
| <i>Bible</i> | Proverbs 16 | Proverbs 17 | Proverbs 18 | Proverbs 19 | Proverbs 20 |
| <i>Memory Work</i> | Scripture | Poetry | Scripture | Poetry | Review previous memory work |
| <i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i> | Hymn Study: Nothing but the Blood of Jesus | Art Selection 4: Starry Night and the Astronauts, Review/Narrate Alma Thomas bio | Folk Song: This Land is Your Land | Listen to: Candide Overture, Review/Narrate Bernstein bio | Nature Study 4 |
| <i>History/ Geography</i> | | | | | |
| <i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i> | | Morning Prayer Copywork | Poetry: The People Upstairs | The People Upstairs Copywork | |
| <i>Read Aloud</i> | *Cheaper By the Dozen, Ch. 10 | | *Cheaper By the Dozen, Ch. 11 | | *Cheaper By the Dozen, Ch. 12 |
| <i>Afternoon Occupations</i> | Bake: Cherry Applesauce Jello Salad, Read: Winnie the Pooh, Ch. V | | | | *Nature journal *Nature walk |

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 5 Schedule



| Subject | Day 1 | Day 2 | Day 3 | Day 4 | Day 5 |
|-----------------------------------|---|--|---------------------------------------|--|------------------------------------|
| <i>Prayer</i> | The Sinner's Prayer | | | | |
| <i>Bible</i> | Proverbs 21 | Proverbs 22 | Proverbs 23 | Proverbs 24 | Proverbs 25 |
| <i>Memory Work</i> | Scripture | Poetry | Scripture | Poetry | Review previous memory work |
| <i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i> | Hymn Study: Nothing but the Blood of Jesus | Art Selection 5: Snoopy Sees a Sunrise, Review/Narrate Alma Thomas bio | Folk Song: This Land is Your Land | Listen to: Symphonic Dances from West Side Story, Review/Narrate Bernstein bio | Nature Study 5 |
| <i>History/ Geography</i> | | | | | Narrate History of the Modern Era. |
| <i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i> | | Excerpt from JFK's Inauguration Speech Copywork | Poetry: Further Reflection on Parsley | Excerpt from JFK's Inauguration Speech Copywork | |
| <i>Read Aloud</i> | *Cheaper By the Dozen, Ch. 13 | | *Cheaper By the Dozen, Ch.14 | | *Cheaper By the Dozen, Ch. 15 |
| <i>Afternoon Occupations</i> | Bake: Ambrosia, Read: The Wind in the Willows, Ch. IV | | | | *Nature journal *Nature walk |

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 6 Schedule



| Subject | Day 1 | Day 2 | Day 3 | Day 4 | Day 5 |
|-----------------------------------|---|---|--|--|------------------------------------|
| <i>Prayer</i> | The Sinner's Prayer | | | | |
| <i>Bible</i> | Proverbs 26 | Proverbs 27 | Proverbs 28 | Proverbs 29 | Proverbs 30 & 31 |
| <i>Memory Work</i> | Scripture | Poetry | Scripture | Poetry | Review previous memory work |
| <i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i> | Hymn Study: Nothing but the Blood of Jesus | Art Selection 6: Earth Sermon-Beauty, Love, and Peace, Discuss: Alma Thomas | Folk Song: This Land is Your Land | Listen to: Chichester Psalms, Discuss: Leonard Bernstein | Nature Study 6 |
| <i>History/ Geography</i> | | | | | Discuss History of the Modern Era. |
| <i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i> | | Excerpt from MLK's I Have a Dream Speech Copywork | Poetry: The Tale of Custard the Dragon | Excerpt from MLK's I Have a Dream Speech Copywork | |
| <i>Read Aloud</i> | *Cheaper By the Dozen, Ch. 16 | | *Cheaper By the Dozen, Ch. 17 | | *Cheaper By the Dozen, Ch. 18-19 |
| <i>Afternoon Occupations</i> | Bake: Baked Alaska, Read: The Moon and Her Mother, Aesop's Fables | | | Handicraft: Aluminum Foil Space Ships and Robots | *Nature journal *Nature walk |

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

The Modern Era

Recommended Reading

Picture Books

Goodnight Moon, by Margaret Wise Brown
Blueberries for Sal, by Robert McCloskey
Petunia, by Roger Duvoisin
Harold and the Purple Crayon, by Crockett Johnson
The Cat in the Hat (and series), by Dr. Seuss
Little Bear, by Else Holmelund Minarik
The Snowy Day, by Ezra Jack Keats
Where the Wild Things Are, by Maurice Sendak
Swimmy, by Leo Lionni
Harry the Dirty Dog, by Gene Zion
Madeline, by Ludwig Bemelmans
Amelia Bedelia, by Peggy Parish
The Giving Tree, by Shel Silverstein
A Bear Called Paddington, by Michael Bond
Miss Rumphius, by Barbara Cooney
Eloise, by Kay Thompson
Curious George, by H.A. Rey
Corduroy, by Don Freeman
Are You My Mother? by P.D. Eastman
Brown Bear, Brown Bear, What Do You See? by Bill Martin Jr
The Very Hungry Caterpillar, by Eric Carle

Elementary

Charlotte's Web, by E. B. White
The Cricket in Times Square, by George Selden
The Wheel on the School, by Meindert DeJong
Beezus and Ramona (and series), by Beverly Cleary
Henry Huggins (and series), by Beverly Cleary
Pippi Longstocking, by Astrid Lindgren
The Hundred and One Dalmatians, by Dodie Smith
Dancing Shoes (and series), by Noel Streatfeild
Ginger Pye, by Eleanor Estes
Charlie and the Chocolate Factory, by Roald Dahl
Harriet the Spy, by Louise Fitzhugh

Recommended Reading (continued)

I Have a Dream: The Story of Martin Luther King, by Margaret Davidson
Abby Takes a Stand (Scraps of Time), by Patricia McKissack
Through My Eyes, by Ruby Bridges
So Other People Would Be Also Free: The Real Story of Rosa Parks for Kids, by Tonya Leslie
Team Moon: How 400,000 People Landed Apollo 11 on the Moon, by Catherine Thimmesh
Billy Graham: Just get up out of your Seat (Trail Blazers), by Catherine MacKenzie
Jackie Robinson: American Hero, by Sharon Robinson
The Hero Two Doors Down, by Sharon Robinson
Inside Out and Back Again, by Thanhha Lai
The Wednesday Wars, by Gary Schmidt
Breaking Stalin's Nose, by Eugene Yelchin
Suspect Red, by L.M. Elliot
Countdown, by Deborah Wiles

Middle & High School

The Chronicles of Narnia series, by C.S. Lewis
A Wrinkle in Time (and series), by Madeleine L'Engle
Old Yeller, by Fred Gipson
The Famous Five series, by Enid Blyton
The Secret Seven series, by Enid Blyton
"Betsy-Tacy" books, by Maud Hart
Cheaper by the Dozen, by Frank B. Gilbreth Jr. and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey
The Lord of the Rings, by J.R.R. Tolkien
To Kill a Mockingbird, by Harper Lee
The Screwtape Letters, by C.S. Lewis
I, Robot, by Isaac Asimov
The Old Man and the Sea, by Ernest Hemingway
The Outsiders, by S. E. Hinton

Prayer & Scripture Memorization

For Bible reading, we will make suggestions for your morning time reading. However, if you'd prefer a more in-depth schedule, we recommend checking out various plans that will help you read the Bible through.

For a one-year plan, we recommend YouVersion's One Year Bible: <https://www.bible.com/reading-plans/60>. You can also listen to it being read aloud on the app.

Download a two-year reading plan from the Gospel Coalition here:
<https://media.thegospelcoalition.org/static-blogs/tgc/files/2010/12/TGC-Two-Year-Bible-Reading-Plan1.pdf>

If you prefer to go even slower, Ambleside Online offers three, four, and five-year Bible reading plans: <https://www.amblesideonline.org/L/Lbiblesch.htm>

This session, we will learn **The Sinner's Prayer** and focus on writing and memorizing **Romans 9:9-10**.

The Sinner's Prayer

Note to Parents: *This is the version of "The Sinner's Prayer" made famous by Billy Graham in his evangelistic crusades, paraphrased from Romans 10:9-10. Your child(ren) may have already prayed this prayer, however, it is of utmost importance that they learn it and be able to lead others to Jesus with it.*

"Dear God, I know I'm a sinner, and I ask for your forgiveness. I believe Jesus Christ is Your Son. I believe that He died for my sin and that you raised Him to life. I want to trust Him as my Savior and follow Him as Lord, from this day forward. Guide my life and help me to do your will. I pray this in the name of Jesus. Amen."

Romans 9:9-10

If you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus and believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you will be saved. For with the heart one believes unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

Dear God, I know

I'm a sinner, and I ask

for your forgiveness.

I believe Jesus Christ

is Your Son.

I believe that He died for

my sin and that you raised

Him to life.

I want to trust Him as my

Savior and follow Him

as Lord, from

this day forward.

Guide my life and help me

to do your will.

I pray this in the name

of Jesus. Amen."

"Dear God, I know I'm a sinner,

and I ask for your forgiveness.

I believe Jesus Christ is Your Son.

I believe that He died for my sin

and that you raised Him to life.

I want to trust Him as my Savior

and follow Him as Lord, from this day forward.

I pray this in the name of Jesus. Amen."

"Dear God, I know

I'm a sinner, and I ask

for your forgiveness.

I believe Jesus Christ is Your Son.

I believe that He died for my sin

and that you raised Him to life.

I want to trust Him as my

Savior and follow Him as Lord,

from this day forward.

Guide my life and help me

to do your will.

I pray this in the name of Jesus.

Amen."

If you confess with your

mouth the Lord Jesus and

believe in your heart that

God has raised Him from

the dead, you will be saved.

For with the heart one

believes unto righteousness,

and with the mouth

confession is made

unto salvation.

If you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus

and believe in your heart that God has raised

Him from the dead, you will be saved.

For with the heart one believes unto

righteousness, and with the mouth confession

is made unto salvation.

If you confess with your mouth
the Lord Jesus and believe in your
heart that God has raised Him
from the dead, you will be saved.

For with the heart one believes
unto righteousness, and with
the mouth confession is
made unto salvation.



Artist & Composer Study

This session's featured artist is Alma Thomas. We've included six art selections for your kids and teens to use for picture study. They are:

- *Apollo 12 Splash Down*
- *Blast Off*
- *The Eclipse*
- *Starry Night and the Astronauts*
- *Snoopy Sees a Sunrise*
- *Earth Sermon- Beauty, Love and Peace*

This session's featured composer is Leonard Bernstein. We have included six of his pieces for music study. They are:

- Peter Pan (Musical, 1950)
- Serenade after Plato's Symposium (Orchestral, 1954)
- Symphonic Suite from On the Waterfront (Film Score/Orchestral, 1954)
- Candide Overture (Opera, 1956)
- Symphonic Dances from West Side Story (Musical, 1957; Orchestral 1960)
- Chichester Psalms (Choral, 1967)

"Color is life, or a world without color appears to us as dead."

~ Alma Thomas

Artist & Composer Study



Alma Thomas

September 22, 1891 - February 24, 1978

Alma Thomas was born in Columbus, Georgia, on September 22, 1891. When she was a young girl, her family made the move to Washington D.C., where she spent most of her life. Thomas grew up surrounded by the influences of the Impressionist and Post-Impressionist art movements.

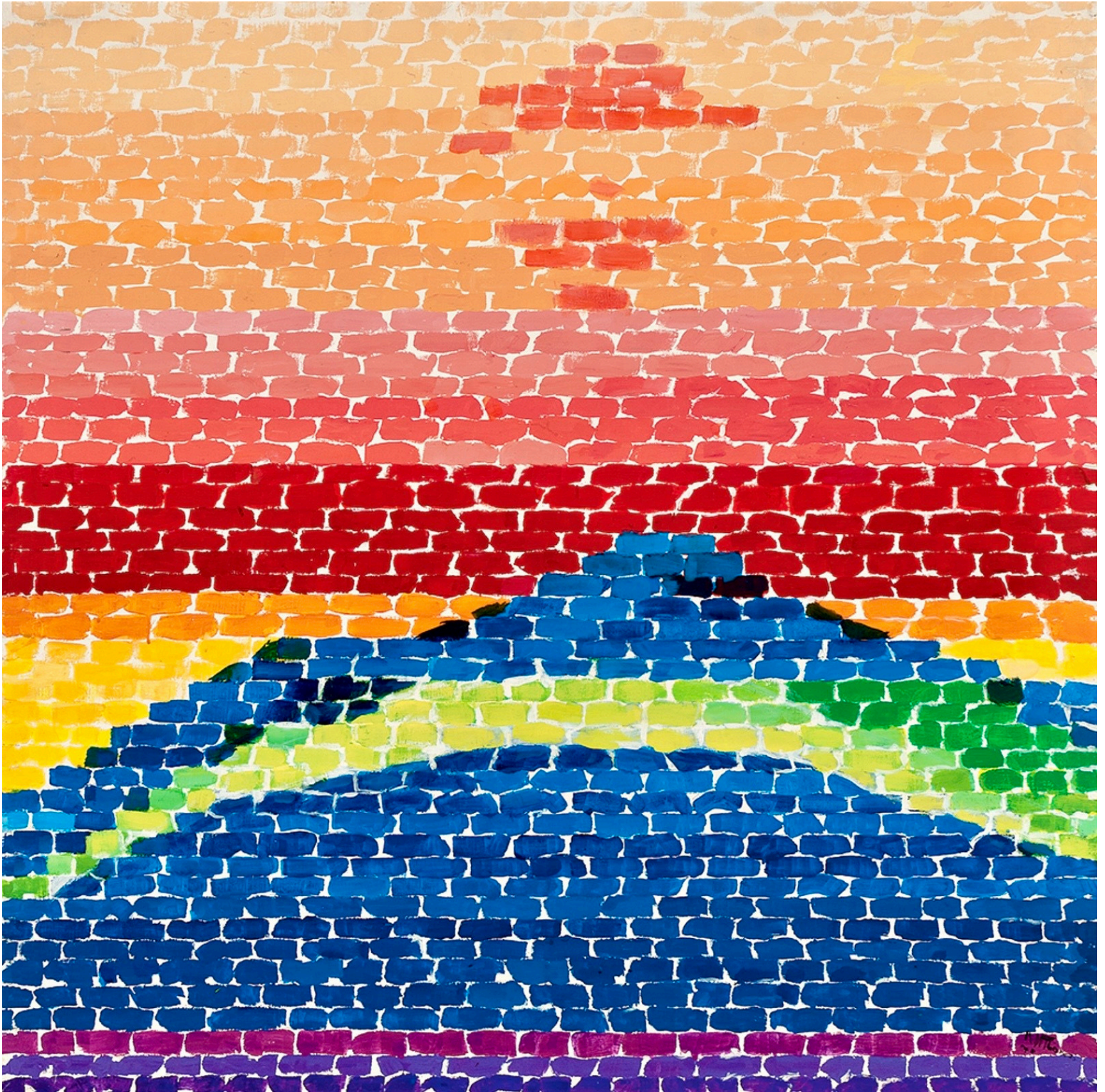
She adored the vibrant colors of Paul Cézanne, the textured brushstrokes of Vincent van Gogh, and the bold patterns of Matisse's later works, and their influence helped her find her own unique artistic style. After being accepted at the prestigious Howard University, Alma Thomas initially studied home economics before switching to fine arts, becoming the first graduate of that program.

Although Thomas was younger than many of the leading figures of the Harlem Renaissance, she was deeply influenced by its spirit and its community. Through her education at Howard University and her life in Washington, D.C., she encountered artists, writers, and thinkers who were part of this cultural movement. The Harlem Renaissance encouraged black artists to celebrate their identity and express their experiences through art, and this message stayed with Thomas throughout her life. While her work was abstract rather than narrative, her success helped continue the legacy that the movement had begun.

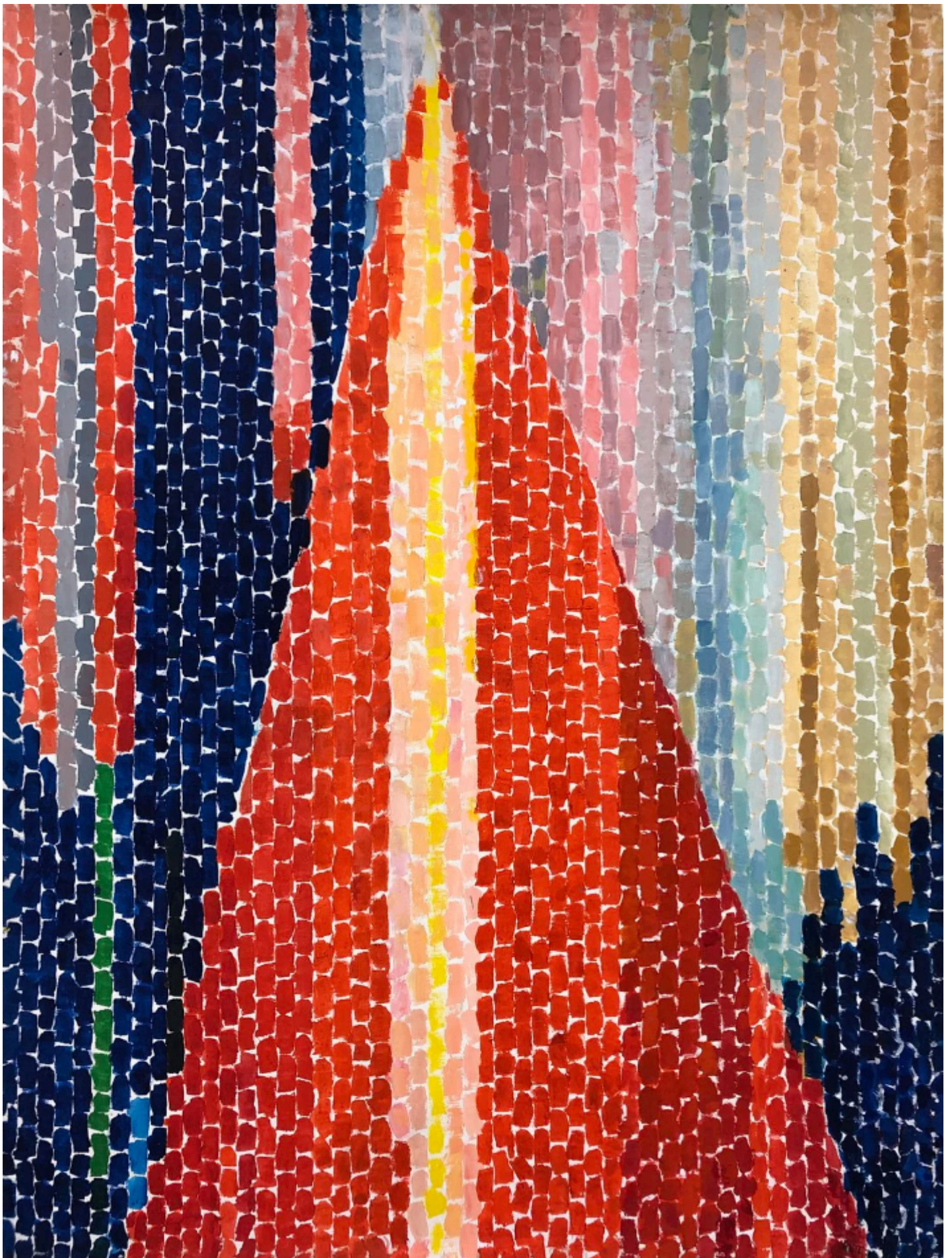
In 1924, she began teaching art classes at Shaw Junior High School, where she continued teaching until 1960. At that point, she retired to focus on her painting full-time. During this time, she developed an innovative abstract style that combined intense colors with geometric forms. She was also heavily involved in the Washington Color School art movement and exhibited her artwork around the United States. She became a pioneer in the use of color, inspired by her love for nature, which she emulated in her paintings.

Later in her career, Thomas's great love of nature combined with a growing fascination with space exploration, especially during the excitement of the Apollo 11 Moon Landing. She found inspiration in images of the Earth from space, distant planets, and the vastness of the universe, depicting many space events in her distinctive, mosaic-like art style. Her work captured not only the beauty of nature on Earth but also the mystery and grandeur of the cosmos beyond it.

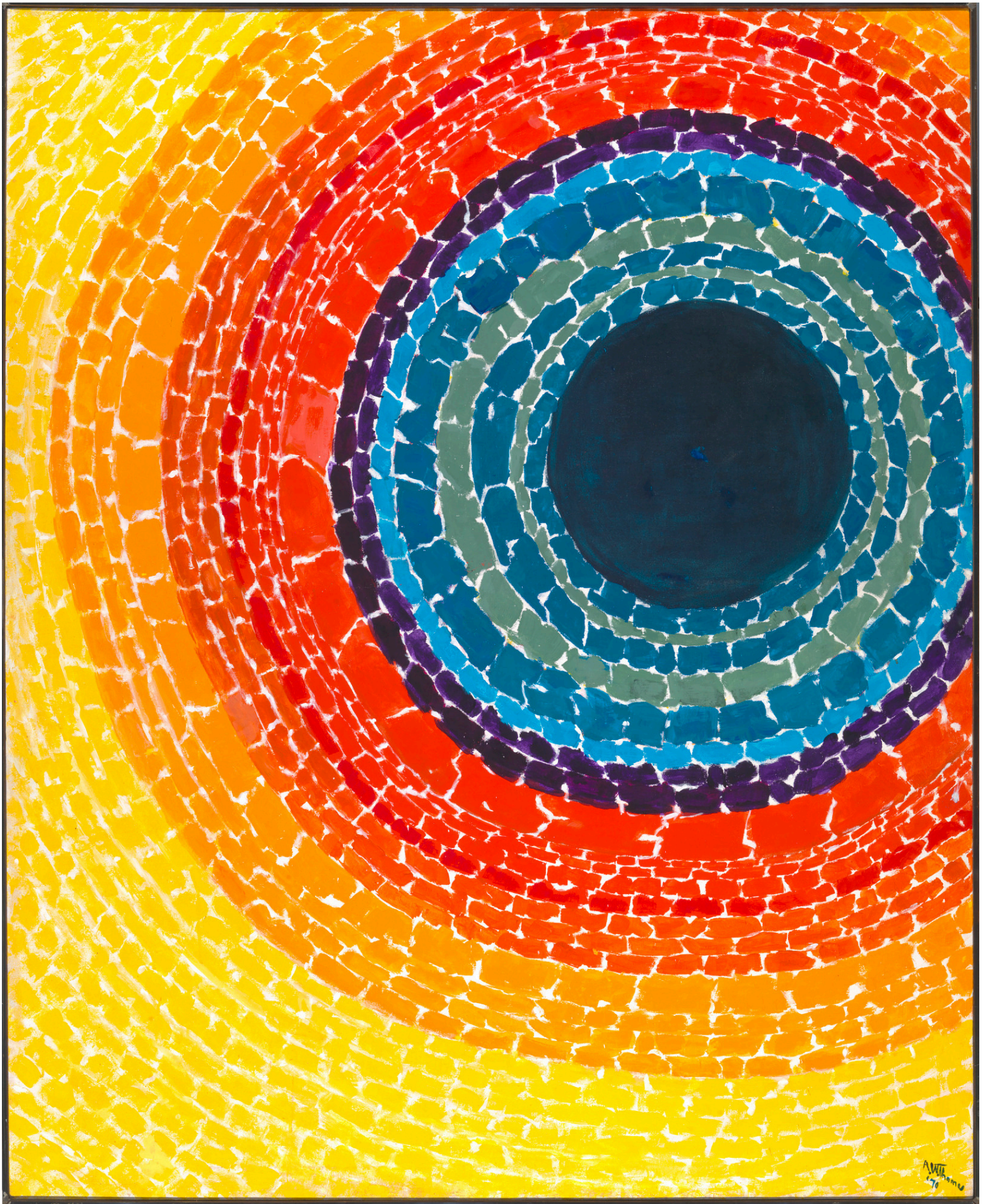
Alma Thomas died on February 24, 1978, at the age of 86. Throughout her career, Thomas exhibited both nationally and internationally. She met critical acclaim in 1972, when she was the first African-American woman to have a solo exhibition at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York City. Her works began receiving international attention and she gained worldwide recognition for her abstract art, influencing a new generation of artists and carrying her legacy forward.



Apollo 12 Splash Down



Blast Off



The Eclipse



Starry Night and the Astronauts



Snoopy Sees a Sunrise



Earth Sermon- Beauty, Love, and Peace

Picture Study

Title: _____

Date Created: _____

Art Mediums Used: _____

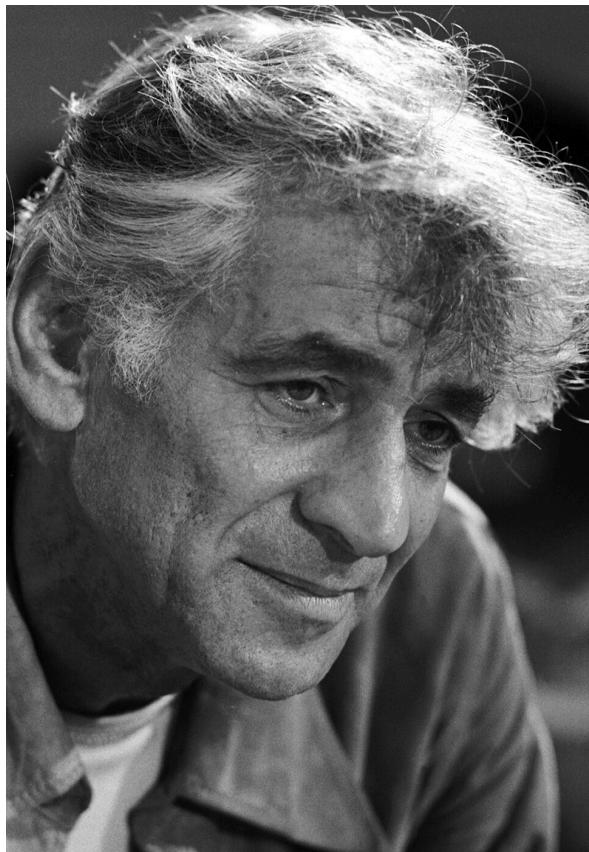
Further Study: _____

Use the box to draw a picture inspired by this artwork.



Leonard Bernstein

August 25, 1918 – October 14, 1990



Leonard Bernstein is one of the most well-known composers of the modern age. His story began on August 25, 1918 in Lawrence, Massachusetts, where he was born to Jewish parents who had immigrated to the United States from present-day Ukraine.

Growing up, his earliest encounters with music centered around the synagogue he attended weekly, where he first experienced the beautiful strains of choir and organ music.

Shortly after he turned 10, his aunt left a piano she no longer needed at his family's home. Bernstein begged his parents for lessons, and they relented, allowing him to study with several different teachers.

However, Leonard's father, who was not keen on his son's burgeoning interest in music, eventually put his foot down, refusing to pay for lessons any longer. Undeterred, the young boy simply began to teach music lessons to the neighborhood children in order to fund his own lessons. Seeing Leonard's determination, his father gradually grew to support his music studies, beginning to pay for them once more and taking him to various orchestra performances.

At just 17, Leonard began to study music at the famous Harvard University, graduating with honors in 1939. He continued his studies at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, and then moved to Manhattan, where he immersed himself in the music world. However, his biggest break didn't come until 1943, right after being appointed assistant conductor of the world New York Philharmonic orchestra. The original conductor scheduled to lead a major concert at Carnegie Hall called in sick, and although the notice was last-minute, giving Bernstein no time to rehearse with the orchestra, he persisted. The subsequent performance was broadcasted to the entire nation live, and his admirable composure under pressure was widely celebrated, skyrocketing him to fame.

Bernstein's rise to fame made him the first American conductor to become well-known throughout the world. This was unheard of at the time, given that the vast majority of renowned conductors were European. He went on to conduct and perform internationally, leading famous ensembles like the New York Philharmonic, the Vienna Orchestra, the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, and the London Symphony Orchestra.

In addition to conducting, Bernstein composed in a wide array of genres, from traditional forms like symphonies, operas, ballets, and orchestral music, to more modern works for theater and film. He even went on to write the music for *West Side Story*, one of the most famous Broadway musicals of all time. For his contributions to music, he was given several prestigious awards, including 16 Grammy awards, seven Emmy awards, and the Kennedy Center Award, underscoring how important his work had become.

Bernstein became a part of history through his music, using his platform to advocate for peace and human rights. He conducted Mahler's *Resurrection Symphony* with the New York Philharmonic as a tribute after President John F. Kennedy was assassinated, led a concert in Israel to celebrate the end of the Seven Day War, and traveled to Berlin in 1989 to conduct a performance commemorating the fall of the Berlin Wall. Peace was an incredibly important subject to him, and he often used his music as a means of fostering harmony and unity.

Sadly, not long after the concert in Berlin, he died, succumbing to a heart attack in 1990. However, Leonard Bernstein left behind a world shaped by both his incredible musical talents and passion for peace.

Composer Selections

Week 1 - Peter Pan
(Musical, 1950)

Week 2 - Serenade after Plato's Symposium
(Orchestral, 1954)

Week 3 - Symphonic Suite from On the Waterfront
(Film Score/Orchestral, 1954)

Week 4 - Candide Overture
(Opera, 1956)

Week 5 - Symphonic Dances from West Side Story
(Musical, 1957; Orchestral 1960)

Week 6 - Chichester Psalms
(Choral, 1967)

Hymn Study: Nothing but the Blood of Jesus

“Nothing but the Blood of Jesus” is a timeless American hymn that continues to be sung in many churches throughout the world. It was written by minister and hymnwriter Robert Lowry in 1876, inspired by Hebrews 9:22, “In fact, the law requires that nearly everything be cleansed with blood, and without the shedding of blood there is no forgiveness.” Its lyrics depict Jesus’s blood as the cleanser of believers’ sins and the pathway to righteousness.

Shortly after writing it, Lowry brought the hymn to a church camp meeting in New Jersey, where it reportedly “took possession of the people,” who were deeply impacted by its sweet melody and insightful lyrics. From there, it quickly spread from congregation to congregation as more and more Christians found hope in its message of faith.

Despite being a very gifted musician who composed the melodies to over 500 hymns and wrote lyrics for many others, Robert Lowry was adamant that he was a minister first, considering preaching his true calling. To him, music was simply another vehicle he used to spread the message of Christ. He would likely have been deeply surprised, then, to find out how great of a legacy his hymns have left behind. “Nothing but the Blood of Jesus” has become one of the most well-known American hymns, and has been covered by many popular musicians in recent years, including Carrie Underwood, Randy Travis, and Jamie Grace.

Aside from “Nothing but the Blood of Jesus,” his other famous works include “Shall We Gather at the River?” and “Christ Arose,” each song carrying a piece of the gospel message inside. Through both word and music, Lowry left a lasting impact on Christianity, and his songs, rooted in timeless biblical truths, continue to inspire believers to this day.

Nothing but the Blood of Jesus Lyrics

Nothing but the Blood of Jesus

1. What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

Chorus:

O precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow
No other fount I know
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

2. For my cleansing this I see
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus
For my pardon this my plea
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

3. Nothing can for sin atone
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus
Naught of good that I have done
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

4. This is all my hope and peace
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus
This is all my righteousness
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

5. Now by this I'll overcome
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus
Now by this, I'll reach my home
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

6. Glory! glory! thus I sing
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus
All my praise to this I bring
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

Nothing but the Blood

Robert Lowry

Choir



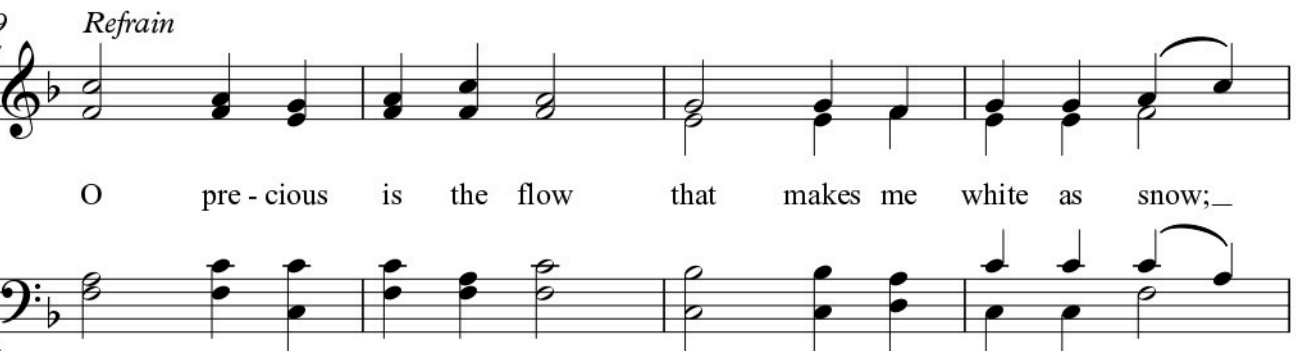
1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
2. For my par - don this I see: noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone: noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
4. This is all my hope and peace: noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

5



What can make me whole a - gain? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my clean - sing this my plea: noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done: noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my right - eous - ness: noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

9 *Refrain*



O pre - cious is the flow that makes me white as snow;—

13



no o - ther fount I know; noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

Folk Song: This Land is Your Land

Written by American folk singer Woody Guthrie in 1940, "This Land Is Your Land" has become one of the most beloved folk songs in the United States. Guthrie originally wrote the song as a response to "God Bless America," which he felt painted an overly rosy picture of the country during a time when many Americans were struggling through the hardships of the Great Depression. Inspired by his travels across the nation, he penned lyrics that reflected both the beauty of the land and the realities faced by ordinary people, exploring issues like the economic struggles of everyday Americans.

Set to a simple, familiar melody adapted from an older gospel tune called "When the World's On Fire," the song was easy to learn and quickly spread through oral tradition. A 1944 revision omitted some of the original, more critical lyrics in an effort to inspire unity and patriotism during the landscape of World War II, and the song was eventually formally published in 1945. Its verses paint a vivid picture of the American landscape, from California to New York Island, and examines themes of freedom and equality.

Over time, "This Land Is Your Land" has been embraced as an unofficial national anthem, often sung in schools, gatherings, and community events, as well as multiple presidential inaugurations. Though some of Guthrie's original verses are less commonly included today, they offer a deeper glimpse into his heart for justice. Even now, the song continues to invite listeners to reflect on both the beauty of the nation and its people.

This Land is Your Land, This Land is My Land Lyrics

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York island,
From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream waters;
This land was made for you and me.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway;
I saw below me that golden valley;
This land was made for you and me.

I've roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts;
And all around me a voice was sounding;
This land was made for you and me.

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling,
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling,
As the fog was lifting a voice was chanting:
This land was made for you and me.

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York island,
From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream waters;
This land was made for you and me.


This Land is Your Land

C⁷ F




This land is your land, this land is
As I went walk - ing that ribbon of
This land is your land, this land is

C G⁷



my land, from Ca - li - for - nia, to the New York
high - way, I saw a - bove me, the__ end - less
my land, from Ca - li - for - nia, to the New York

C C⁷ F



is - land, from the red wood fo - rests, to the Gulf Stream
sky - way, I__ saw be - low me that__ gold - en
is - land, from the red wood fo - rests, to the Gulf Stream

C G⁷ C



wa - ters, This land was made for you and me.
val - ley, This land was made for you and me.
wa - ters, This land was made for you and me.



Poetry Recitation & Copywork

Poetry Selections

Our featured poet for this session is Ogden Nash. We've included eight poetry selections for your kids and teens to read, listen to, memorize, and recite. They are:

- The Octopus
- The Ant
- The Fly
- A Flea and a Fly in a Flue
- Further Reflections on Parsley
- Morning Prayer
- The People Upstairs
- The Tale of Custard the Dragon

For copywork, we have included Zaner-Bloser style handwriting sheets for primary, elementary, and cursive, as well as college-ruled for older students. We have chosen six poems and two speech excerpts for copywork, listed below:

- The Octopus
- The Ant
- The Fly
- A Flea and a Fly in a Flue
- Morning Prayer
- The People Upstairs
- Excerpt from J.F.K.'s Inauguration Address
- Excerpt from M.L.K. Jr's "I Have a Dream" Speech

"Humor is the best means of surviving in a difficult world."

~ Ogden Nash



Ogden Nash

August 19, 1902 – May 19, 1971

Frederic Ogden Nash was a famous American writer beloved for his satirical, witty poetry. Born in Rye, New York on August 19, 1902, Nash quickly discovered a passion for rhymes. At just 6 years old, he was said to be already “thinking in rhymes” and making up his own verses.

After graduating from a private boarding school, he attended the prestigious Harvard University, but was forced to drop out after just a year of schooling due to the expensive tuition. Instead, he began working various jobs to support himself, finding work as a schoolteacher one year, a bond salesman the next, and eventually as an advertiser.

But everything changed for him in 1931 when he submitted a few of his poems to *The New Yorker*, a well-known newspaper. The editor, Harold Ross, was delighted with his rhymes, and asked him to send in more, telling him that they were the most original writing the newspaper had seen in recent times.

After this encouragement, Nash spent three months working as an editor for *The New Yorker*, which gave him the confidence he needed to publish his first collection of poetry, *Hard Lines*. The collection did enormously well, becoming a sensation nationwide, which allowed him to quit his job and focus on writing full-time.

His poetry became well-known and loved for its playful wordplay and distinctive rhymes, often using puns or made-up words in places the reader wouldn't expect. His work included a wide range of subjects, from children's poetry to satirical political poems. He even wrote stanzas to accompany Camille Saint-Saëns's famous orchestral work, *The Carnival of the Animals*, which are still read aloud at many musical performances today.

Beyond poetry, Nash also traveled the world, delivering lectures at colleges and starring as a guest on many different radio broadcasts and comedy shows. Additionally, Nash crafted the lyrics for several Broadway musicals, including *One Touch of Venus*, *Two's Company*, *Hey! Nonny Nonny*, and *The Littlest Revue*, which he wrote both the lyrics and music to.

Little did he know that just a few short years after he passed away in 1971, a Broadway musical, *Nash at Nine*, would be written as a tribute to him, setting many of his iconic poems to music.

The New York Times celebrated his career with a touching tribute to his works, proclaiming him the “best known producer of humorous poetry” in the country. The U.S. Postal Service even published a collection of stamps with his poems on them, showing how far his reach extended, even after his death. Ogden Nash’s playful sense of humor and unique way of seeing the world still live on through his writing, helping carry his legacy forward in the modern age.

Poetry Selections

The Octopus

Tell me, O Octopus, I begs
Is those things arms, or is they legs?
I marvel at thee, Octopus;
If I were thou, I'd call me Us.

The Fly

God in his wisdom made the fly
And then forgot to tell us why.

Morning Prayer

Now another day is breaking,
Sleep was sweet and so is waking.
Dear Lord, I promised you last night
Never again to sulk or fight.
Such vows are easier to keep
When a child is sound asleep.
Today, O Lord, for your dear sake,
I'll try to keep them when awake.

The Ant

The ant has made herself illustrious
By constant industry industrious.
So what? Would you be calm and placid
If you were full of formic acid?

A Flea And A Fly In A Flue

A flea and a fly in a flue
Were imprisoned, so what could they do?
Said the fly, "let us flee!"
"Let us fly!" said the flea.
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

Further Reflections on Parsley

Parsley
Is gharsley.

Poetry Selections

The People Upstairs

The people upstairs all practise ballet
Their living room is a bowling alley
Their bedroom is full of conducted tours.
Their radio is louder than yours,
They celebrate week-ends all the week.
When they take a shower, your ceilings leak.
They try to get their parties to mix
By supplying their guests with Pogo sticks,
And when their fun at last abates,
They go to the bathroom on roller skates.
I might love the people upstairs more
If only they lived on another floor.

The Tale of Custard the Dragon

Belinda lived in a little white house,
With a little black kitten and a little gray mouse,
And a little yellow dog and a little red wagon,
And a realio, trulio, little pet dragon.

Now the name of the little black kitten was Ink,
And the little gray mouse, she called him Blink,
And the little yellow dog was sharp as Mustard,
But the dragon was a coward, and she called him Custard.

Custard the dragon had big sharp teeth,
And spikes on top of him and scales underneath,
Mouth like a fireplace, chimney for a nose,
And realio, trulio daggers on his toes.

Poetry Selections

The Tale of Custard the Dragon (continued)

Belinda was as brave as a barrel full of bears,
And Ink and Blink chased lions down the stairs,
Mustard was as brave as a tiger in a rage,
But Custard cried for a nice safe cage.

Belinda tickled him, she tickled him unmerciful,
Ink, Blink and Mustard, they rudely called him Percival,
They all sat laughing in the little red wagon
At the realio, trulio, cowardly dragon.

Belinda giggled till she shook the house,
and Blink said Weeck! which is giggling for a mouse,
Ink and Mustard rudely asked his age,
When Custard cried for a nice safe cage.

Suddenly, suddenly they heard a nasty sound,
And Mustard growled, and they all looked around.
Meowch! cried Ink, and Ooh! cried Belinda,
For there was a pirate, climbing in the winda.

Pistol in his left hand, pistol in his right,
And he held in his teeth a cutlass bright,
His beard was black, one leg was wood;
It was clear that the pirate meant no good.

Belinda paled, and she cried Help! Help!
But Mustard fled with a terrified yelp,
Ink trickled down to the bottom of the household,
And little mouse Blink strategically mouseholed.

Poetry Selections

The Tale of Custard the Dragon (continued)

But up jumped Custard snorting like an engine,
Clashed his tail like irons in a dungeon,
With a clatter and a clank and a jangling squirm,
He went at the pirate like a robin at a worm.

The pirate gaped at Belinda's dragon,
And gulped some grog from his pocket flagon,
He fired two bullets, but they didn't hit,
And Custard gobbled him, every bit.

Belinda embraced him, Mustard licked him,
No one mourned for his pirate victim.
Ink and Blink in glee did gyrate
Around the dragon that ate the pirate.

But presently up spoke little dog Mustard,
I'd been twice as brave if I hadn't been flustered.
And up spoke Ink and up spoke Blink,
We'd have been three times as brave, we think,

And Custard said, I quite agree
That everybody is braver than me.

Belinda still lives in her little white house,
With her little black kitten and her little gray mouse,
And her little yellow dog and her little red wagon,
And her realio, trulio little pet dragon.

Belinda is as brave as a barrel full of bears,
And Ink and Blink chase lions down the stairs,
Mustard is as brave as a tiger in a rage,
But Custard keeps crying for a nice safe cage.

Speech Selections

Excerpt from **President John F. Kennedy's Inaugural Address (1961)**

In the long history of the world, only a few generations have been granted the role of defending freedom in its hour of maximum danger. I do not shrink from this responsibility—I welcome it. I do not believe that any of us would exchange places with any other people or any other generation. The energy, the faith, the devotion which we bring to this endeavor will light our country and all who serve it—and the glow from that fire can truly light the world.

And so, my fellow Americans: ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country.

My fellow citizens of the world: ask not what America will do for you, but what together we can do for the freedom of man.

Finally, whether you are citizens of America or citizens of the world, ask of us here the same high standards of strength and sacrifice which we ask of you. With a good conscience our only sure reward, with history the final judge of our deeds, let us go forth to lead the land we love, asking His blessing and His help, but knowing that here on earth God's work must truly be our own.

Speech Selections

Excerpt from **Marting Luther King Jr.'s "I Have a Dream" Speech (1963)**

Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand today, signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of their captivity.

But 100 years later, the Negro still is not free... There are those who are asking the devotees of Civil Rights: "When will you be satisfied?" We can never be satisfied as long as the Negro is the victim of the unspeakable horrors of police brutality. We can never be satisfied as long as our children are stripped of their selfhood and robbed of their dignity by signs stating "For whites only." ...

No, no we are not satisfied, and we will not be satisfied until justice rolls down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream...

Let us not wallow in the valley of despair, I say to you today, my friends.

So even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream. I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia, the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character. I have a dream today.

Speech Selections

“I Have a Dream” Speech (continued)

I have a dream that one day down in Alabama with its vicious racists, with its governor having his lips dripping with the words of interposition and nullification, one day right down in Alabama little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and brothers. I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.

This is our hope. This is the faith that I go back to the South with. With this faith, we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.

This will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with new meaning: My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing. Land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrims' pride, from every mountainside, let freedom ring.

And if America is to be a great nation, this must become true.

And so let freedom ring from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire!
Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York!
Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania!
Let freedom ring from the snowcapped Rockies of Colorado!
Let freedom ring from the curvaceous slopes of California!
But not only that, let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia!
Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee!
Let freedom ring from every hill and molehill of Mississippi!
From every mountainside, let freedom ring!

Speech Selections

“I Have a Dream” Speech (continued)

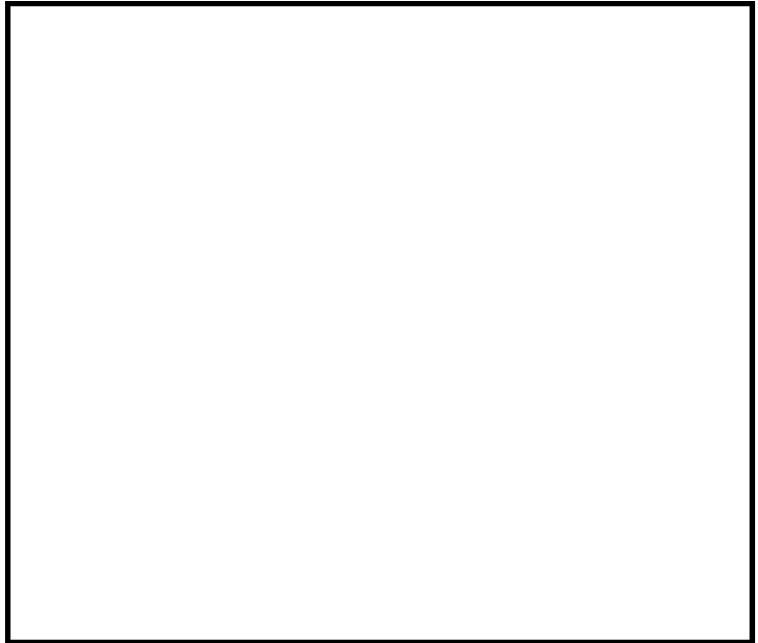
And when this happens, and when we allow freedom ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, Black men and White men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual: Free at last! Free at last! Thank God Almighty, we are free at last!

Poetry Study

Title:

Type of Poem:

Use the box to at right to draw a picture of what the poem brings to mind.



Write one thing you liked and did not like about the poem:

Write three adjectives about the poem.

Compose a few lines of your own poem inspired by this work

Tell me, O Octopus, I begs

Is those things arms,

or is they legs?

I marvel at thee, Octopus;

If I were thou,

I'd call me Us.

Tell me, O Octopus, I begs

Is those things arms, or is they legs?

I marvel at thee, Octopus;

If I were thou, I'd call me Us.

Tell me, O Octopus, I begs

Is those things arms,

or is they legs?

I marvel at thee, Octopus;

If I were thou, I'd call me Us.

The ant has made

herself illustrious

By constant

industry industrious.

So what? Would you be

calm and placid

If you were full

of formic acid?

The ant has made herself illustrious

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The ant has made herself illustrious

By constant industry industrious.

So what?

Would you be calm and placid

If you were full of formic acid?

God in his wisdom

made the fly

And then forgot

to tell us why.

God in his wisdom made the fly

And then forgot to tell us why.

God in his wisdom made the fly

And then forgot to tell us why.

A flea and a fly in a flue

Were imprisoned,

so what could they do?

Said the fly, "let us flee!"

"Let us fly!" said the flea.

So they flew through a

flaw in the flue.

A flea and a fly in a flue

Were imprisoned, so what could they do?

Said the fly, "let us flee!"

"Let us fly!" said the flea.

So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

A flea and a fly in a flue

Were imprisoned,

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Said the fly, "let us flee!"

"Let us fly!" said the flea.

So they flew through

a flaw in the flue.

Now another day

is breaking,

Sleep was sweet

and so is waking.

Dear Lord, I promised you

last night

Never again to sulk

or fight.

Such vows are easier

to keep

When a child is

sound asleep.

Today, O Lord,

for your dear sake,

I'll try to keep them

when awake.

Now another day is breaking,

Sleep was sweet and so is waking.

Dear Lord, I promised you last night

Never again to sulk or fight.

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Such vows are easier to keep

When a child is sound asleep.

Today, O Lord,

for your dear sake,

I'll try to keep them when awake.

The people upstairs

all practise ballet

Their living room

is a bowling alley

Their bedroom is full of

conducted tours.

Their radio is louder

than yours,

They celebrate week-ends

all the week.

When they take a shower,

your ceilings leak.

They try to get their

parties to mix

By supplying their guests

with Pogo sticks,

And when their fun

at last abates,

They go to the bathroom

on roller skates.

I might love the people

upstairs more

If only they lived

on another floor.

The people upstairs all practise ballet

Their living room is a bowling alley

Their bedroom is full of conducted tours.

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If only they lived

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In the long history

of the world, only a few

generations have been

granted the role of

defending freedom in its

hour of maximum danger.

I do not shrink from this

responsibility—I welcome it.

I do not believe that any

of us would exchange

places with any other

people or any

other generation.

The energy, the faith, the

devotion which we bring to

this endeavor will light our

country and all who serve

it--and the glow from

that fire can truly

light the world.

And so, my fellow

Americans: ask not what

your country can do for

you—ask what you can do

for your country.

My fellow citizens of the

world: ask not what

America will do for you,

but what together we can

do for the freedom of man.

Finally, whether you are

citizens of America or

citizens of the world,

ask of us here the same

high standards of strength

and sacrifice which

we ask of you.

With a good conscience

our only sure reward, with

history the final judge of

our deeds, let us go forth

to lead the land we love,

asking His blessing and His

help, but knowing that here

on earth God's work must

truly be our own.

In the long history of the world, only a few

generations have been granted the role of

defending freedom in its hour of maximum danger.

I do not shrink from this responsibility—

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I do not believe that any of us would exchange

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or any other generation.

The energy, the faith, the devotion which we

bring to this endeavor will light our country

and all who serve it--and the glow from that

fire can truly light the world.

And so, my fellow Americans: ask not what

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My fellow citizens of the world: ask not what

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Finally, whether you are citizens of America

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Finally, whether you are citizens

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sacrifice which we ask of you.

With a good conscience our only

sure reward, with history the

final judge of our deeds, let us go

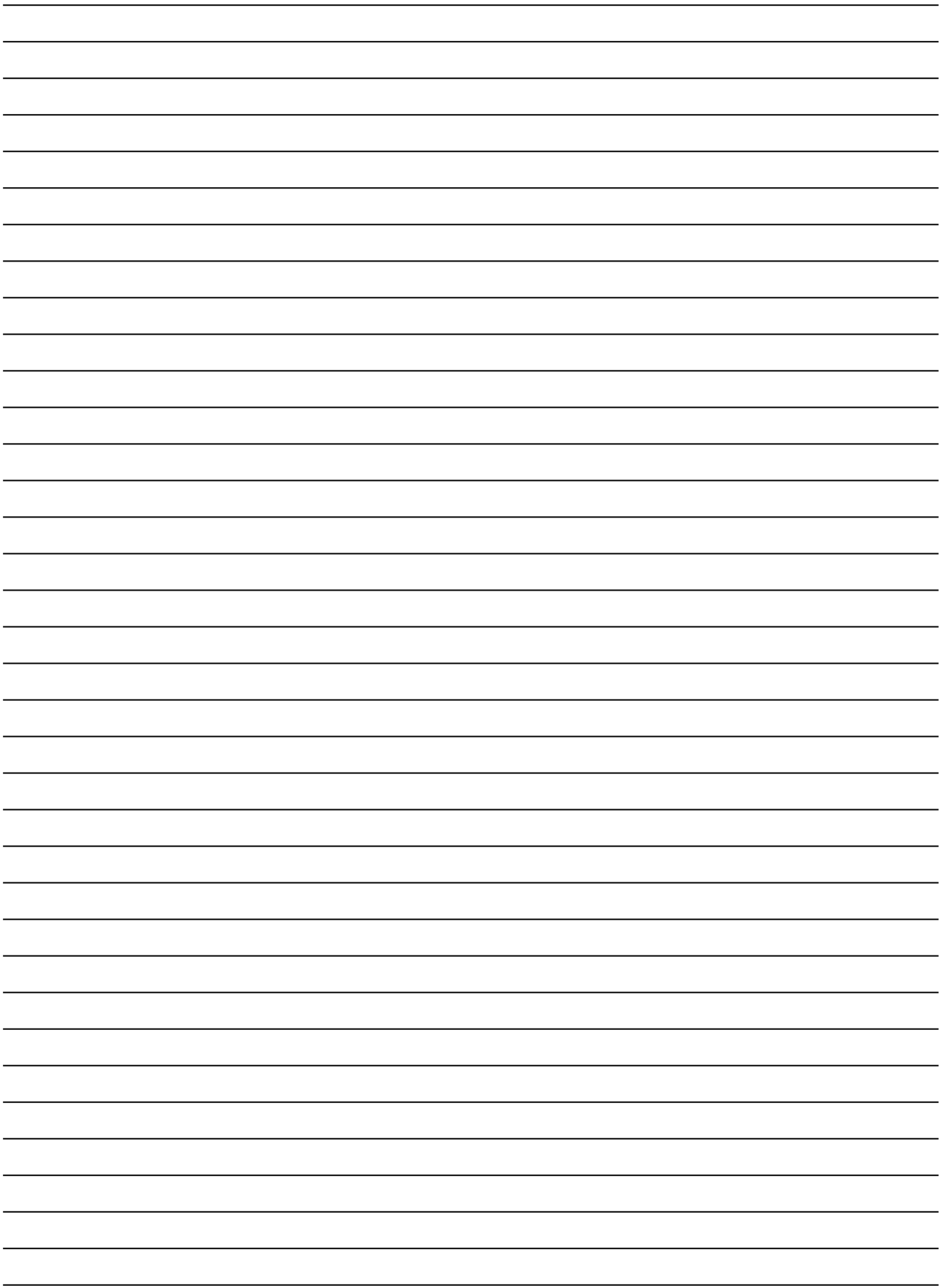
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truly be our own.



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So even though we face

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deeply rooted in the

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made plain, and the crooked

places will be made straight,

and the glory of the Lord

shall be revealed, and all

flesh shall see it together.

This is our hope. This is the

faith that I go back to the

South with. With this

faith, we will be able to

hew out of the mountain

of despair a stone of hope.

With this faith we will be

able to transform the

jangling discords of our

nation into a beautiful

symphony of brotherhood.

With this faith we will be

able to work together, to

pray together, to struggle

together, to go to jail

together, to stand up for

freedom together, knowing

that we will be free one

day.

This will be the day when

all of God's children will

be able to sing with new

meaning: My country, 'tis

of thee, sweet land of

liberty, of thee I sing.

Land where my fathers

died, land of the pilgrims'

pride, from every

mountainside, let freedom

ring.

And if America is to be a

great nation, this must

become true.

And so let freedom ring

from the prodigious hilltops

of New Hampshire!

Let freedom ring from the

mighty mountains of New

York!

Let freedom ring from the

heightening Alleghenies of

Pennsylvania!

Let freedom ring from the

snowcapped Rockies of

Colorado!

Let freedom ring from the

curvaceous slopes of

California!

But not only that, let

freedom ring from Stone

Mountain of Georgia!

Let freedom ring from

Lookout Mountain of

Tennessee!

Let freedom ring from

every hill and molehill of

Mississippi!

From every mountainside,

let freedom ring!

And when this happens, and

when we allow freedom

ring, when we let it ring

from every village and

every hamlet, from every

state and every city, we

will be able to speed up

that day when all of God's

children, Black men and

White men, Jews and

Gentiles, Protestants and

Catholics, will be able to

join hands and sing in the

words of the old Negro

spiritual: Free at last! Free

at last! Thank God

Almighty, we are free at

last!

Let us not wallow in the valley of despair,

I say to you today, my friends.

So even though we face the difficulties of

today and tomorrow, I still have a dream.

It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream.

I have a dream that one day this nation will

rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed:

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that

all men are created equal.

I have a dream that one day on the red hills

of Georgia, the sons of former slaves and the

sons of former slave owners will be able to

sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day even the state of

Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of

injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression

will be transformed into an oasis of freedom

and justice.

I have a dream that my four little children will
one day live in a nation where they will not be
judged by the color of their skin but by the
content of their character. I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day down in Alabama
with its vicious racists, with its governor
having his lips dripping with the words of
interposition and nullification, one day right
down in Alabama little black boys and black

girls will be able to join hands with little

white boys and white girls as sisters and

brothers. I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day every valley shall

be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made

low, the rough places will be made plain,

and the crooked places will be made straight,

and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed,

and all flesh shall see it together.

This is our hope. This is the faith that I go

back to the South with. With this faith, we

will be able to hew out of the mountain of

despair a stone of hope. With this faith we

will be able to transform the jangling discords of

our nation into a beautiful symphony of

brotherhood. With this faith we will be able

to work together, to pray together, to struggle

together, to go to jail together, to stand up

for freedom together, knowing that we will be

free one day.

This will be the day when all of God's

children will be able to sing with new meaning:

My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty,

of thee I sing. Land where my fathers died,

land of the pilgrims' pride, from every

mountainside, let freedom ring.

And if America is to be a great nation, this

must become true.

And so let freedom ring from the prodigious

hilltops of New Hampshire!

Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of

New York!

Let freedom ring from the heightening

Alleghenies of Pennsylvania!

Let freedom ring from the snowcapped Rockies

of Colorado!

Let freedom ring from the curvaceous slopes of

California!

But not only that, let freedom ring from

Stone Mountain of Georgia!

Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of

Tennessee!

Let freedom ring from every hill and molehill

of Mississippi!

From every mountainside, let freedom ring!

And when this happens, and when we allow
freedom ring, when we let it ring from every
village and every hamlet, from every state and
every city, we will be able to speed up that day
when all of God's children, Black men and
White men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and
Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in
the words of the old Negro spiritual: Free at
last! Free at last! Thank God Almighty,

we are free at last!

Let us not wallow in the valley

of despair, I say to you today,

my friends.

So even though we face the

difficulties of today and

tomorrow, I still have a dream.

It is a dream deeply rooted in

the American dream. I have a

dream that one day this nation
will rise up and live out the true
meaning of its creed: We hold these
truths to be self-evident, that all
men are created equal.

I have a dream that one day on
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of former slaves and the sons of

former slave owners will be able to
sit down together at the table of
brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day
even the state of Mississippi, a
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injustice, sweltering with the heat
of oppression will be transformed

into an oasis of freedom and

justice.

I have a dream that my four

little children will one day live

in a nation where they will not

be judged by the color of their skin

but by the content of their

character. I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day

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vicious racists, with its governor

having his lips dripping with

the words of interposition and

nullification, one day right

down in Alabama little black

boys and black girls will be able

to join hands with little white

boys and white girls as sisters and

brothers. I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day

every valley shall be exalted, every

hill and mountain shall be made

low, the rough places will be made

plain, and the crooked places will

be made straight, and the glory of
the Lord shall be revealed, and all
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This is our hope. This is the faith
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With this faith we will be able to

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Let freedom ring from the

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Let freedom ring from the

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But not only that, let freedom

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Let freedom ring from Lookout

Mountain of Tennessee!

Let freedom ring from every hill

and molehill of Mississippi!

From every mountainside, let

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And when this happens, and

when we allow freedom ring,

when we let it ring from every

village and every hamlet, from

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all of God's children, Black men

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Protestants and Catholics, will be

able to join hands and sing in

the words of the old Negro

spiritual: Free at last! Free at

last! Thank God Almighty, we

are free at last!

Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand today, signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of their captivity.

But 100 years later, the Negro still is not free... There are those who are asking the devotees of Civil Rights: "When will you be satisfied?" We can never be satisfied as long as the Negro is the victim of the unspeakable horrors of police brutality. We can never be satisfied as long as our children are stripped of their selfhood and robbed of their dignity by signs stating "For whites only." ...

No, no we are not satisfied, and we will not be satisfied until justice rolls down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream...

Let us not wallow in the valley of despair, I say to you today, my friends.

So even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream. I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia, the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

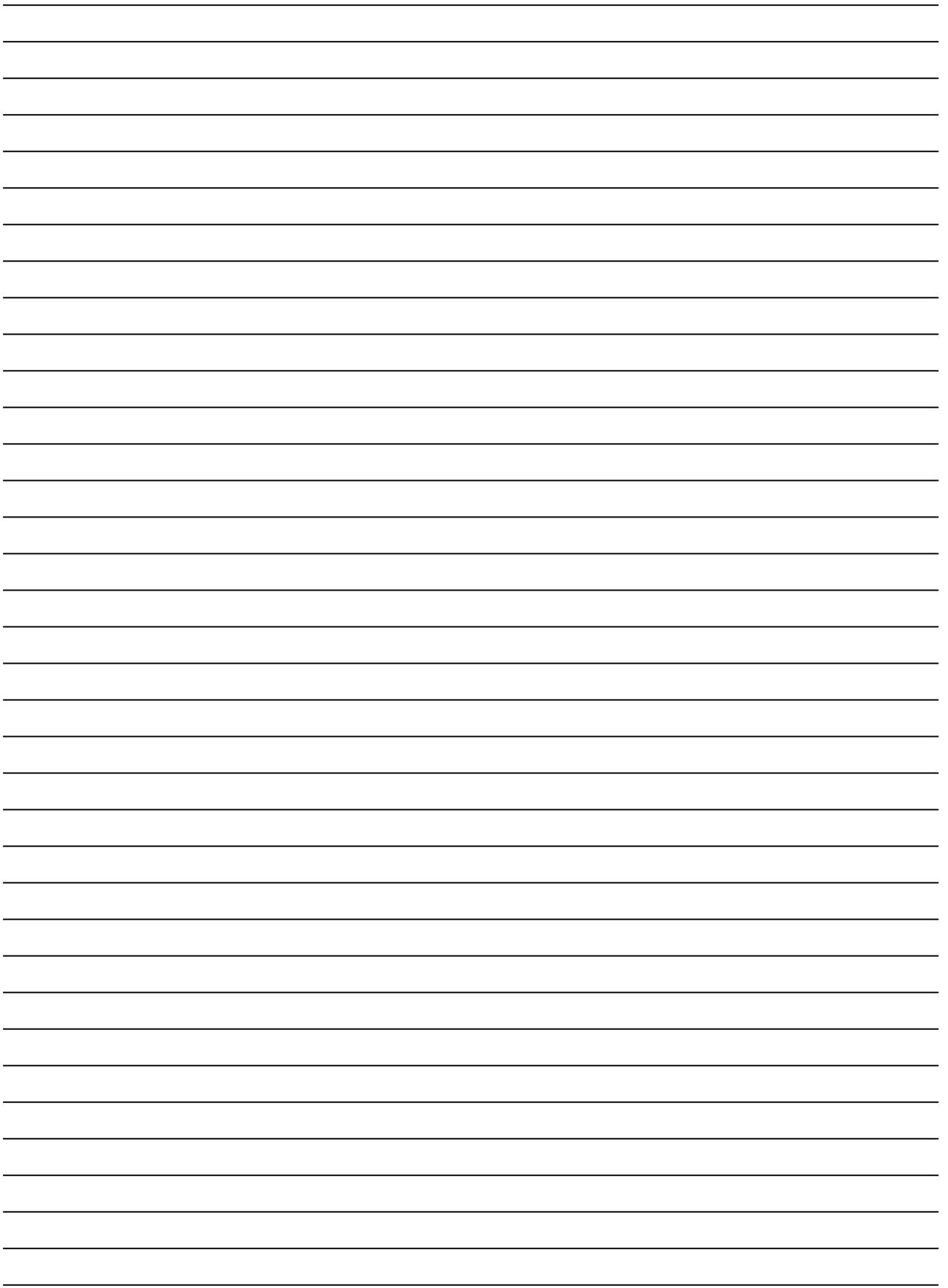
I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character. I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day down in Alabama with its vicious racists, with its governor having his lips dripping with the words of interposition and nullification, one day right down in Alabama little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and brothers. I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.

This is our hope. This is the faith that I go back to the South with. With this faith, we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.





Tea Times

In this session, we are giving you six “convenience dessert” recipes from the modern era for your tea time. They are: Pineapple Upside Down Cake, Tunnel of Fudge Cake, Strawberry Jello Poke Cake, Ambrosia, Cherry Applesauce Jello Salad, and Baked Alaska.

We will also have six storytime teas:

Storytime Tea 1: *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*, Ch. II, “The Council with the Munchkins,” by L. Frank Baum

Storytime Tea 2: *The Secret of the Old Clock*, Ch. I, “The Lost Will,” by Caroline Keene

Storytime Tea 3: *Peter and Wendy*, Ch. I, “Peter Breaks Through,” by J.M. Barrie

Storytime Tea 4: *Winnie the Pooh*, Ch. V, “In Which Piglet Meets a Heffalump,” by A.A. Milne

Storytime Tea 5: *The Wind in the Willows*, Ch. IV, “Mr. Badger,” by Kenneth Grahame

Fable Tea 6: *Aesop’s Fables*, “The Moon and Her Mother”

“I believe that dreams — day dreams, you know, with your eyes wide open and your brain machinery whizzing — are likely to lead to the betterment of the world.”

~ L. Frank Baum

Tea Times

Pineapple Upside Down Cake



Ingredients:

¼ c butter
1 c packed brown sugar
1 20 oz can pineapple slices in juice
1 6 oz jar maraschino cherries without stems,
drained (about 18 cherries)
1 box yellow cake mix (+ vegetable oil and eggs
called for on cake mix box)

Directions:

Heat oven to 350°. As the oven is preheating, place the butter in a 13x9-inch pan and set it on the middle oven rack to melt. Set a timer for 5-7 minutes, or until butter is fully melted. Sprinkle brown sugar evenly over melted butter.

Drain the pineapple slices, reserving the juice. Arrange the slices on the brown sugar, and place a cherry in the center of each pineapple slice as well as in each corner of the slices, pressing down gently into brown sugar.

Add enough water to the pineapple juice until it measures 1 cup. Make cake batter as directed on box, substituting pineapple juice mixture for the water. Pour batter over pineapple and cherries and bake 40 to 46 minutes, or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Immediately run knife around side of pan to loosen cake.

Place heatproof serving plate upside down on top of the pan, then turn plate and pan over. Leave pan over cake for 5 minutes so brown sugar topping can drizzle over cake; remove pan. Cool 30 minutes. Serve warm or cool. Store covered in refrigerator.

Tunnel of Fudge Cakae



Ingredients:

Cake

1¾ c sugar
1¾ c margarine or butter, softened
6 eggs
2 c powdered sugar
2¼ c all purpose flour
¾ c unsweetened cocoa
2 c chopped walnuts

Glaze

¾ c powdered sugar
¼ c unsweetened cocoa
4-6 tsp milk

Directions:

Heat oven to 350°. Grease and flour a 10-inch tube pan. In large bowl, combine sugar and margarine, beating until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, mixing well. Gradually add 2 cups powdered sugar, then stir in flour and remaining cake ingredients until well blended. Spoon batter into greased tube pan, spreading evenly.

Bake at 350° for 45 to 50 minutes, or until top is set and edges are beginning to pull away from sides of pan. Cool upright in pan on wire rack 1½ hours. Invert onto serving plate and cool another ½ hour.

In small bowl, combine glaze ingredients, adding enough milk for desired drizzling consistency. Spoon over top of cake, allowing some to run down sides. Store tightly covered.



Strawberry Jello Poke Cake

Ingredients:

- 1 15oz box white cake mix + ingredients listed on box
- 1 3oz box strawberry Jell-O, (or other preferred flavor)
- 1 c boiling water
- 1 c cold water
- 1 8oz tub whipped topping (or 2 c whipped cream)

Directions:

Prepare cake as directed on the box and bake in a 9-x-13-inch baking dish. Let cool for 15 minutes. Poke cake with a fork at ½-1-inch intervals. Use hot and cold water to make Jell-O as directed on the package. Spoon Jell-O liquid over the cake gradually until it is all absorbed. Chill in the refrigerator for 3-4 hours. Top with whipped topping right before serving.

Baked Alaska

Ingredients:

For each serving:

- 6 3-inch rounds pound cake
- 3 c vanilla ice cream (6 scoops approximately ½ cup each)
- 6 egg whites at room temperature
- 6 T sugar

Directions:

Preheat the oven to 425°. Place the cake rounds on a baking sheet lined with parchment paper. Top each cake round with a large scoop of ice cream. Place in the freezer while you prepare the meringue.

Beat the room temperature egg whites with an electric mixer at high speed until they form a stiff, but not dry, meringue. Add the sugar near the end of the beating time.

Remove the prepared cake and ice cream layers from the freezer and cover each with meringue, making sure to seal the meringue all the way down to the parchment. Bake in the preheated oven for 6-8 minutes or until the meringue is golden brown. Remove from the pan with a spatula and serve immediately.





Ambrosia

Ingredients:

- 1 11oz can of whole mandarin oranges, drained
- 1 8oz can of pineapple chunks, drained
- 1 c miniature marshmallows
- 1 c sweetened shredded coconut
- 1 c sour cream

Directions:

Combine all of the ingredients in a medium sized bowl. Stir together until combined thoroughly. Cover the top with plastic wrap and refrigerate for 3-4 hours. Serve cold and enjoy!

Cherry Applesauce Jello Salad

Ingredients:

- 1- 6 oz. package Cherry Jell-O
- 2 c. hot water
- 1 can of frozen orange juice
- 1 c. unsweetened applesauce

Directions:

Dissolve gelatin in hot water, then add frozen orange juice and stir until completely melted. Add applesauce and blend. Pour in mold and set 4 hours or overnight. Serve and enjoy.



The Wonderful Wizard of Oz

by L. Frank Baum

Chapter II, The Council with the Munchkins

She was awakened by a shock, so sudden and severe that if Dorothy had not been lying on the soft bed she might have been hurt. As it was, the jar made her catch her breath and wonder what had happened; and Toto put his cold little nose into her face and whined dismally. Dorothy sat up and noticed that the house was not moving; nor was it dark, for the bright sunshine came in at the window, flooding the little room. She sprang from her bed and with Toto at her heels ran and opened the door.

The little girl gave a cry of amazement and looked about her, her eyes growing bigger and bigger at the wonderful sights she saw.

The cyclone had set the house down very gently—for a cyclone—in the midst of a country of marvelous beauty. There were lovely patches of greensward all about, with stately trees bearing rich and luscious fruits. Banks of gorgeous flowers were on every hand, and birds with rare and brilliant plumage sang and fluttered in the trees and bushes. A little way off was a small brook, rushing and sparkling along between green banks, and murmuring in a voice very grateful to a little girl who had lived so long on the dry, gray prairies.

While she stood looking eagerly at the strange and beautiful sights, she noticed coming toward her a group of the queerest people she had ever seen. They were not as big as the grown folk she had always been used to; but neither were they very small. In fact, they seemed about as tall as Dorothy, who was a well-grown child for her age, although they were, so far as looks go, many years older.

Three were men and one a woman, and all were oddly dressed. They wore round hats that rose to a small point a foot above their heads, with little bells around the brims that tinkled sweetly as they moved. The hats of the men were blue; the little woman's hat was white, and she wore a white gown that hung in pleats from her shoulders. Over it were sprinkled little stars that glistened in the sun like diamonds. The men were dressed in blue, of the same shade as their hats, and wore well-polished boots with a deep roll of blue at the tops. The men, Dorothy thought, were about as old as Uncle Henry, for two of them had beards. But the little woman was doubtless much older. Her face was covered with wrinkles, her hair was nearly white, and she walked rather stiffly.

When these people drew near the house where Dorothy was standing in the doorway, they paused and whispered among themselves, as if afraid to come farther. But the little old woman walked up to Dorothy, made a low bow and said, in a sweet voice:

"You are welcome, most noble Sorceress, to the land of the Munchkins. We are so grateful to you for having killed the Wicked Witch of the East, and for setting our people free from bondage."

Dorothy listened to this speech with wonder. What could the little woman possibly mean by calling her a sorceress, and saying she had killed the Wicked Witch of the East? Dorothy was an innocent, harmless little girl, who had been carried by a cyclone many miles from home; and she had never killed anything in all her life.

But the little woman evidently expected her to answer; so Dorothy said, with hesitation, "You are very kind, but there must be some mistake. I have not killed anything."

"Your house did, anyway," replied the little old woman, with a laugh, "and that is the same thing. See!" she continued, pointing to the corner of the house. "There are her two feet, still sticking out from under a block of wood."

Dorothy looked, and gave a little cry of fright. There, indeed, just under the corner of the great beam the house rested on, two feet were sticking out, shod in silver shoes with pointed toes.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" cried Dorothy, clasping her hands together in dismay. "The house must have fallen on her. Whatever shall we do?"

"There is nothing to be done," said the little woman calmly.

"But who was she?" asked Dorothy.

"She was the Wicked Witch of the East, as I said," answered the little woman. "She has held all the Munchkins in bondage for many years, making them slave for her night and day. Now they are all set free, and are grateful to you for the favor."

"Who are the Munchkins?" inquired Dorothy.

"They are the people who live in this land of the East where the Wicked Witch ruled."

"Are you a Munchkin?" asked Dorothy.

"No, but I am their friend, although I live in the land of the North. When they saw the Witch of the East was dead the Munchkins sent a swift messenger to me, and I came at once. I am the Witch of the North."

"Oh, gracious!" cried Dorothy. "Are you a real witch?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the little woman. "But I am a good witch, and the people love me. I am not as powerful as the Wicked Witch was who ruled here, or I should have set the people free myself."

"But I thought all witches were wicked," said the girl, who was half frightened at facing a real witch. "Oh, no, that is a great mistake. There were only four witches in all the Land of Oz, and two of them, those who live in the North and the South, are good witches. I know this is true, for I am one of them myself, and cannot be mistaken. Those who dwelt in the East and the West were, indeed, wicked witches; but now that you have killed one of them, there is but one Wicked Witch in all the Land of Oz—the one who lives in the West."

"But," said Dorothy, after a moment's thought, "Aunt Em has told me that the witches were all dead—years and years ago."

"Who is Aunt Em?" inquired the little old woman.

"She is my aunt who lives in Kansas, where I came from."

The Witch of the North seemed to think for a time, with her head bowed and her eyes upon the ground. Then she looked up and said, "I do not know where Kansas is, for I have never heard that country mentioned before. But tell me, is it a civilized country?"

"Oh, yes," replied Dorothy.

"Then that accounts for it. In the civilized countries I believe there are no witches left, nor wizards, nor sorceresses, nor magicians. But, you see, the Land of Oz has never been civilized, for we are cut off from all the rest of the world. Therefore we still have witches and wizards amongst us."

"Who are the wizards?" asked Dorothy.

"Oz himself is the Great Wizard," answered the Witch, sinking her voice to a whisper. "He is more powerful than all the rest of us together. He lives in the City of Emeralds."

Dorothy was going to ask another question, but just then the Munchkins, who had been standing silently by, gave a loud shout and pointed to the corner of the house where the Wicked Witch had been lying.

"What is it?" asked the little old woman, and looked, and began to laugh. The feet of the dead Witch had disappeared entirely, and nothing was left but the silver shoes.

"She was so old," explained the Witch of the North, "that she dried up quickly in the sun. That is the end of her. But the silver shoes are yours, and you shall have them to wear." She reached down and picked up the shoes, and after shaking the dust out of them handed them to Dorothy.

"The Witch of the East was proud of those silver shoes," said one of the Munchkins, "and there is some charm connected with them; but what it is we never knew."

Dorothy carried the shoes into the house and placed them on the table. Then she came out again to the Munchkins and said:

"I am anxious to get back to my aunt and uncle, for I am sure they will worry about me. Can you help me find my way?"

The Munchkins and the Witch first looked at one another, and then at Dorothy, and then shook their heads.

"At the East, not far from here," said one, "there is a great desert, and none could live to cross it."

"It is the same at the South," said another, "for I have been there and seen it. The South is the country of the Quadlings."

"I am told," said the third man, "that it is the same at the West. And that country, where the Winkies live, is ruled by the Wicked Witch of the West, who would make you her slave if you passed her way."

"The North is my home," said the old lady, "and at its edge is the same great desert that surrounds this Land of Oz. I'm afraid, my dear, you will have to live with us."

Dorothy began to sob at this, for she felt lonely among all these strange people. Her tears seemed to grieve the kind-hearted Munchkins, for they immediately took out their handkerchiefs and began to weep also. As for the little old woman, she took off her cap and balanced the point on the end of her nose, while she counted "One, two, three" in a solemn voice. At once the cap changed to a slate, on which was written in big, white chalk marks:

"LET DOROTHY GO TO THE CITY OF EMERALDS"

The little old woman took the slate from her nose, and having read the words on it, asked, "Is your name Dorothy, my dear?"

"Yes," answered the child, looking up and drying her tears.

"Then you must go to the City of Emeralds. Perhaps Oz will help you."

"Where is this city?" asked Dorothy.

"It is exactly in the center of the country, and is ruled by Oz, the Great Wizard I told you of."

"Is he a good man?" inquired the girl anxiously.

"He is a good Wizard. Whether he is a man or not I cannot tell, for I have never seen him."

"How can I get there?" asked Dorothy.

"You must walk. It is a long journey, through a country that is sometimes pleasant and sometimes dark and terrible. However, I will use all the magic arts I know of to keep you from harm."

"Won't you go with me?" pleaded the girl, who had begun to look upon the little old woman as her only friend.

"No, I cannot do that," she replied, "but I will give you my kiss, and no one will dare injure a person who has been kissed by the Witch of the North."

She came close to Dorothy and kissed her gently on the forehead. Where her lips touched the girl they left a round, shining mark, as Dorothy found out soon after.

"The road to the City of Emeralds is paved with yellow brick," said the Witch, "so you cannot miss it. When you get to Oz do not be afraid of him, but tell your story and ask him to help you. Good-bye, my dear."

The three Munchkins bowed low to her and wished her a pleasant journey, after which they walked away through the trees. The Witch gave Dorothy a friendly little nod, whirled around on her left heel three times, and straightway disappeared, much to the surprise of little Toto, who barked after her loudly enough when she had gone, because he had been afraid even to growl while she stood by.

But Dorothy, knowing her to be a witch, had expected her to disappear in just that way, and was not surprised in the least.

The Secret of the Old Clock

by Carolyn Keene

Chapter I, The Lost Will

"It would be a shame if all that money went to the Tophams! They will fly higher than ever!"

Nancy Drew, a pretty girl of sixteen, leaned over the library table and addressed her father who sat reading a newspaper by the study lamp.

"I beg your pardon, Nancy. What were you saying about the Tophams?"

Carson Drew, a noted criminal and mystery-case lawyer, known far and wide for his work as a former district attorney, looked up from his evening paper and smiled indulgently upon his only daughter. Now, as he gave her his respectful attention, he was not particularly concerned with the Richard Topham family but rather with the rich glow of the lamp upon Nancy's curly golden bob. Not at all the sort of head which one expected to indulge in serious thoughts, he told himself.

Mischievously, Nancy reached over and tweaked his ear.

"You weren't paying a bit of attention," she accused him sternly. "I was saying I think it's mean if those snobbish Tophams fall heir to all of Josiah Crowley's fortune. Can't something be done about it?"

Removing his horn-rimmed spectacles and carefully folding the paper, Carson Drew regarded his daughter meditatively.

"I'm afraid not, Nancy. A will is a will, you know."

"But it does seem unfair that all the money should go to them. Especially when they never treated Josiah Crowley like a human being!"

"The Tophams were never noted for their charitable dispositions," Carson Drew observed, with a smile. "However, they did give Josiah a home."

"Yes, and everyone knows why! They wanted to work him into leaving all his money to them. And it seems that their scheme worked, too! They treated him like a prince until he made his will in their favor and then they acted as though he were dirt under their feet. Folks said he died just to be rid of their everlasting nagging."

"The Tophams aren't very well liked in our little city, are they?" Mr. Drew commented dryly.

"Who could like them, father? Richard Topham is an old skinflint who made his money by gambling on the stock exchange. And Cora, his wife, is nothing but a vapid social climber. The two girls, Isabel and Ada, are even worse. I went to school with them, and I never saw such stuck-up creatures in all my life. If they fall heir to any more money, this town won't be big enough to hold them!"

In her estimate of the Topham family, Nancy Drew did not exaggerate. Nearly everyone in River Heights shared the opinion that the Tophams were snobbish and arrogant, and the treatment they accorded old Josiah Crowley had aroused a great deal of unfavorable comment.

Nancy had never known Josiah well, but had often seen him on the street and secretly had regarded him as a rather nice but extremely queer sort of individual. His wife had died during the influenza epidemic following the World War, and since that time Crowley had made his home with various relatives. Although well-to-do, he preferred to "visit around."

At first, the Tophams had evidenced no interest in the old man and he had been forced to live with kindly relatives who were scarcely able to have him with them. Crowley appreciated the sacrifice and openly declared that he intended to make his will in their favor.

Then, three years before his death, the Topham family experienced a sudden change of heart. They begged Josiah Crowley to make his home with them, and at last he consented. Presently, rumor had it that the Tophams had induced him to make his will in their favor.

But as time went on and Mr. Crowley, though failing in health, maintained as firm a grip on life as ever, the Tophams treated him unkindly. Although he continued to live with them, it was whispered about that frequently he slipped away to visit his old friends and that he intended to change his will again, cutting the Tophams out entirely.

Then one day Josiah Crowley took to his bed and did not get up. Just before his death he attempted to communicate something to the doctor who attended him, but his words were unintelligible. After the funeral, only one will came to light and, to the surprise of everyone, it gave the entire fortune to the Tophams.

"Father, what do you suppose it was that Mr. Crowley tried to tell the doctor just before he died?" Nancy demanded, after a moment of thought. "Do you imagine he was trying to disclose something about his will?"

"Very likely, Nancy. Probably he intended to leave his money to more deserving relatives. But fate cheated him of the opportunity."

"But isn't it possible that he did make such a will and that he was trying to tell what he had done with it?"

"Yes, that's a possibility of course. Josiah Crowley was rather queer in many ways."

"Perhaps he hid the will somewhere," Nancy suggested thoughtfully.

"If he did, I'm afraid it will never come to light. The Tophams will see to that."

"What do you mean, father?"

"The estate is a considerable one, I understand, Nancy, and the Tophams don't intend that anyone shall get a cent of it. It's my private opinion that they will take care that a second will is never found."

"Do you mean that if they discovered the will they would destroy it?"

"Well, I'm not making any accusations, Nancy. But I do know that Richard Topham is shrewd, and he isn't noted for his honesty."

"Can't the present will be broken?"

"I doubt it. While I haven't gone into the case, I am of the opinion that the Tophams have a legal right to the fortune. It would cost considerable to contest the will, and so far as I know the other relatives are in poverty. They have filed a claim, declaring that a later will was made in their favor, but I doubt that the matter will ever go further."

"But the Tophams don't deserve the fortune, father. It doesn't seem fair."

"No, it isn't fair. But it is legal, and I'm afraid nothing can be done about it. There were two girls who live somewhere on the River Road that were great pets of Crowley's when they were children. It seems to me that they should have had something. And there are a number of relatives who really deserve a portion of the fortune."

Nancy nodded thoughtfully and relapsed into silence while she digested the facts of the case. From her father she had acquired the habit of thinking things through to their logical conclusion.

Frequently, Carson Drew had assured her that she went at a thing "like a detective." Certainly she had a naturally clever mind and took more than an ordinary interest in strange or baffling cases.

Carson Drew, a widower, showered a great deal of affection upon his daughter; it was his secret boast that he had taught her to think for herself and to think logically. Since he knew that Nancy could be trusted with confidential information, he frequently discussed his interesting cases with her.

A number of times Nancy had been present at interviews which her father had had with noted detectives who desired his aid in solving perplexing mysteries, and those occasions stood out as red letter days for her.

There was something about a mystery which aroused Nancy's interest, and she was never content until it was solved. More than once her father had found her suggestions, or "intuitions" as he called them, extremely helpful.

For a reason which she could not understand, the Crowley case had attracted Nancy's attention, although it had not fallen into her father's hands. She had a certain feeling that a mystery lurked behind it.

"Father, do you believe Josiah Crowley ever made a second will?" Nancy demanded suddenly.

"You're a regular lawyer, the way you cross-examine me," Carson Drew protested, but with evident enjoyment. "To tell you the truth, I don't know whether he ever made a second will or not. All I do know is that—but perhaps I shouldn't mention it since my information is not very definite."

"Go on!" Nancy commanded impatiently. "You're trying to tease me!"

"Well, I do remember that one day nearly a year ago I was standing in the First National Bank when Crowley came in with Henry Rolsted."

"Not the attorney who specializes in wills and legal documents?"

"Yes. Well, as I was saying, they came into the bank together. I had no intention of listening to their conversation, but I couldn't help but hear that they were discussing a will. Crowley made an appointment to call at Rolsted's office the following day."

"That looks as though Mr. Crowley had made up his mind to write a new will, doesn't it?"

"That was the thought which passed through my mind at the time."

"You say you overheard the conversation nearly a year ago," Nancy mused. "That was nearly two years after Mr. Crowley had made the will in favor of the Tophams, wasn't it?"

"Yes. It's likely Crowley had made up his mind to change the will. I suspect he intended to cut the Tophams out, but whether or not he did, I have no way of knowing."

"Mr. Rolsted is an old friend of yours, isn't he?"

"He is. An old friend and an old college classmate."

"Then why don't you ask him if he ever drew up a will for Mr. Crowley?"

"That's a rather delicate question to ask, young lady. He may tell me it's none of my business."

"You know he won't. You're such a noted attorney that other lawyers feel flattered when you take an interest in their cases. Will you do it? Please!"

"I can't promise to blunder into his office and demand the information. Why this sudden interest in the case, Nancy?"

"Oh, I don't know. A mystery always interests me, I guess, and it does seem to me that someone ought to help those poor relatives."

"You take after your old dad, I am afraid. But I'm curious to know what mystery you have discovered."

"If a will is missing, isn't that a mystery?"

"If it is actually missing—yes. But it's possible that if Crowley ever wrote the will he changed his mind and destroyed it. He was subject to sudden whims, you know."

"Anyhow, I'd like to learn more about the case if I can. Will you talk with Mr. Rolsted?"

"You are persistent, Nancy," and Mr. Drew smiled. "Well, I suppose I could invite him to take luncheon with me to-morrow——"

"Oh, please do," Nancy interrupted eagerly. "That would be a splendid opportunity to find out everything he knows about the will."

"All right, I'll try to do it. But I warn you not to expect startling news." Carson Drew glanced at his watch. "Why, it's nearly midnight, Nancy. We've been discussing this case for over an hour. Better run off to bed now and forget the Tophams."

"All right," Nancy agreed somewhat reluctantly. "Don't forget your promise to-morrow at luncheon!" Long after his daughter had retired, Carson Drew sat by the fire. At last he, too, arose.

"It wouldn't surprise me if Nancy has stumbled upon a real mystery," he told himself, as he snapped out the electric light and turned toward the stairway. "Perhaps I shouldn't encourage her to dig into it, but after all it's in a good cause!"

Peter and Wendy

by J.M. Barrie

Chapter I, Peter Breaks Through

All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she plucked another flower and ran with it to her mother. I suppose she must have looked rather delightful, for Mrs. Darling put her hand to her heart and cried, 'Oh, why can't you remain like this for ever!' This was all that passed between them on the subject, but henceforth Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always know after you are two. Two is the beginning of the end.

Of course they lived at 14, and until Wendy came her mother was the chief one. She was a lovely lady, with a romantic mind and such a sweet mocking mouth. Her romantic mind was like the tiny boxes, one within the other, that come from the puzzling East, however many you discover there is always one more; and her sweet mocking mouth had one kiss on it that Wendy could never get, though there it was, perfectly conspicuous in the right-hand corner.

The way Mr. Darling won her was this: the many gentlemen who had been boys when she was a girl discovered simultaneously that they loved her, and they all ran to her house to propose to her except Mr. Darling, who took a cab and nipped in first, and so he got her. He got all of her, except the innermost box and the kiss. He never knew about the box, and in time he gave up trying for the kiss. Wendy thought Napoleon could have got it, but I can picture him trying, and then going off in a passion, slamming the door.

Mr. Darling used to boast to Wendy that her mother not only loved him but respected him. He was one of those deep ones who know about stocks and shares. Of course no one really knows, but he quite seemed to know, and he often said stocks were up and shares were down in a way that would have made any woman respect him.

Mrs. Darling was married in white, and at first she kept the books perfectly, almost gleefully, as if it were a game, not so much as a brussels sprout was missing; but by and by whole cauliflowers dropped out, and instead of them there were pictures of babies without faces. She drew them when she should have been totting up. They were Mrs. Darling's guesses.

Wendy came first, then John, then Michael.

For a week or two after Wendy came it was doubtful whether they would be able to keep her, as she was another mouth to feed. Mr. Darling was frightfully proud of her, but he was very honourable, and he sat on the edge of Mrs. Darling's bed, holding her hand and calculating expenses, while she looked at him imploringly.

She wanted to risk it, come what might, but that was not his way; his way was with a pencil and a piece of paper, and if she confused him with suggestions he had to begin at the beginning again.

'Now don't interrupt,' he would beg of her. 'I have one pound seventeen here, and two and six at the office; I can cut off my coffee at the office, say ten shillings, making two nine and six, with your eighteen and three makes three nine seven, with five naught naught in my cheque-book makes eight nine seven,—who is that moving?—eight nine seven, dot and carry seven—don't speak, my own—and the pound you lent to that man who came to the door—quiet, child—dot and carry child—there, you've done it!—did I say nine nine seven? yes, I said nine nine seven; the question is, can we try it for a year on nine nine seven?'

'Of course we can, George,' she cried. But she was prejudiced in Wendy's favour, and he was really the grander character of the two.

'Remember mumps,' he warned her almost threateningly, and off he went again. 'Mumps one pound, that is what I have put down, but I daresay it will be more like thirty shillings—don't speak—measles one five, German measles half a guinea, makes two fifteen six—don't waggle your finger—whooping-cough, say fifteen shillings'—and so on it went, and it added up differently each time; but at last Wendy just got through, with mumps reduced to twelve six, and the two kinds of measles treated as one.

There was the same excitement over John, and Michael had even a narrower squeak; but both were kept, and soon you might have seen the three of them going in a row to Miss Fulsom's Kindergarten school, accompanied by their nurse.

Mrs. Darling loved to have everything just so, and Mr. Darling had a passion for being exactly like his neighbours; so, of course, they had a nurse. As they were poor, owing to the amount of milk the children drank, this nurse was a prim Newfoundland dog, called Nana, who had belonged to no one in particular until the Darlings engaged her. She had always thought children important, however, and the Darlings had become acquainted with her in Kensington Gardens, where she spent most of her spare time peeping into perambulators, and was much hated by careless nursemaids, whom she followed to their homes and complained of to their mistresses. She proved to be quite a treasure of a nurse. How thorough she was at bath-time; and up at any moment of the night if one of her charges made the slightest cry. Of course her kennel was in the nursery. She had a genius for knowing when a cough is a thing to have no patience with and when it needs stocking round your throat. She believed to her last day in old-fashioned remedies like rhubarb leaf, and made sounds of contempt over all this new-fangled talk about germs, and so on. It was a lesson in propriety to see her escorting the children to school, walking sedately by their side when they were well behaved, and butting them back into line if they strayed. On John's footer days she never once forgot his sweater, and she usually carried an umbrella in her mouth in case of rain. There is a room in the basement of Miss Fulsom's school where the nurses wait. They sat on forms, while Nana lay on the floor, but that was the only difference. They affected to ignore her as of an inferior social status to themselves, and she despised their light talk.

She resented visits to the nursery from Mrs. Darling's friends, but if they did come she first whipped off Michael's pinafore and put him into the one with blue braiding, and smoothed out Wendy and made a dash at John's hair.

No nursery could possibly have been conducted more correctly, and Mr. Darling knew it, yet he sometimes wondered uneasily whether the neighbours talked.

He had his position in the city to consider.

Nana also troubled him in another way. He had sometimes a feeling that she did not admire him. 'I know she admires you tremendously, George,' Mrs. Darling would assure him, and then she would sign to the children to be specially nice to father. Lovely dances followed, in which the only other servant, Liza, was sometimes allowed to join. Such a midget she looked in her long skirt and maid's cap, though she had sworn, when engaged, that she would never see ten again. The gaiety of those romps! And gayest of all was Mrs. Darling, who would pirouette so wildly that all you could see of her was the kiss, and then if you had dashed at her you might have got it. There never was a simpler happier family until the coming of Peter Pan.

Mrs. Darling first heard of Peter when she was tidying up her children's minds. It is the nightly custom of every good mother after her children are asleep to rummage in their minds and put things straight for next morning, repacking into their proper places the many articles that have wandered during the day. If you could keep awake (but of course you can't) you would see your own mother doing this, and you would find it very interesting to watch her. It is quite like tidying up drawers. You would see her on her knees, I expect, lingering humorously over some of your contents, wondering where on earth you had picked this thing up, making discoveries sweet and not so sweet, pressing this to her cheek as if it were as nice as a kitten, and hurriedly stowing that out of sight. When you wake in the morning, the naughtinesses and evil passions with which you went to bed have been folded up small and placed at the bottom of your mind; and on the top, beautifully aired, are spread out your prettier thoughts, ready for you to put on.

I don't know whether you have ever seen a map of a person's mind. Doctors sometimes draw maps of other parts of you, and your own map can become intensely interesting, but catch them trying to draw a map of a child's mind, which is not only confused, but keeps going round all the time. There are zigzag lines on it, just like your temperature on a card, and these are probably roads in the island; for the Neverland is always more or less an island, with astonishing splashes of colour here and there, and coral reefs and rakish-looking craft in the offing, and savages and lonely lairs, and gnomes who are mostly tailors, and caves through which a river runs, and princes with six elder brothers, and a hut fast going to decay, and one very small old lady with a hooked nose. It would be an easy map if that were all; but there is also first day at school, religion, fathers, the round pond, needlework, murders, hangings, verbs that take the dative, chocolate pudding day, getting into braces, say ninety-nine, three-pence for pulling out your tooth yourself, and so on; and either these are part of the island or they are another map showing through, and it is all rather confusing, especially as nothing will stand still.

Of course the Neverlands vary a good deal. John's, for instance, had a lagoon with flamingoes flying over it at which John was shooting, while Michael, who was very small, had a flamingo with lagoons flying over it. John lived in a boat turned upside down on the sands, Michael in a wigwam, Wendy in a house of leaves deftly sewn together. John had no friends, Michael had friends at night, Wendy had a pet wolf forsaken by its parents; but on the whole the Neverlands have a family resemblance, and if they stood still in a row you could say of them that they have each other's nose, and so forth. On these magic shores children at play are for ever beaching their coracles. We too have been there; we can still hear the sound of the surf, though we shall land no more.

Of all delectable islands the Neverland is the snuggest and most compact; not large and sprawly, you know, with tedious distances between one adventure and another, but nicely crammed. When you play at it by day with the chairs and table-cloth, it is not in the least alarming, but in the two minutes before you go to sleep it becomes very nearly real. That is why there are night-lights.

Occasionally in her travels through her children's minds Mrs. Darling found things she could not understand, and of these quite the most perplexing was the word Peter. She knew of no Peter, and yet he was here and there in John and Michael's minds, while Wendy's began to be scrawled all over with him. The name stood out in bolder letters than any of the other words, and as Mrs. Darling gazed she felt that it had an oddly cocky appearance.

'Yes, he is rather cocky,' Wendy admitted with regret. Her mother had been questioning her.

'But who is he, my pet?'

'He is Peter Pan, you know, mother.'

At first Mrs. Darling did not know, but after thinking back into her childhood she just remembered a Peter Pan who was said to live with the fairies. There were odd stories about him; as that when children died he went part of the way with them, so that they should not be frightened. She had believed in him at the time, but now that she was married and full of sense she quite doubted whether there was any such person.

'Besides,' she said to Wendy, 'he would be grown up by this time.'

'Oh no, he isn't grown up,' Wendy assured her confidently, 'and he is just my size.' She meant that he was her size in both mind and body; she didn't know how she knew it, she just knew it.

Mrs. Darling consulted Mr. Darling, but he smiled pooh-pooh. 'Mark my words,' he said, 'it is some nonsense Nana has been putting into their heads; just the sort of idea a dog would have. Leave it alone, and it will blow over.'

But it would not blow over; and soon the troublesome boy gave Mrs. Darling quite a shock.

Children have the strangest adventures without being troubled by them. For instance, they may remember to mention, a week after the event happened, that when they were in the wood they met their dead father and had a game with him. It was in this casual way that Wendy one morning made a disquieting revelation. Some leaves of a tree had been found on the nursery floor, which certainly were not there when the children went to bed, and Mrs. Darling was puzzling over them when Wendy said with a tolerant smile:

'I do believe it is that Peter again!'

'Whatever do you mean, Wendy?'

'It is so naughty of him not to wipe,' Wendy said, sighing. She was a tidy child.

She explained in quite a matter-of-fact way that she thought Peter sometimes came to the nursery in the night and sat on the foot of her bed and played on his pipes to her. Unfortunately she never woke, so she didn't know how she knew, she just knew.

'What nonsense you talk, precious. No one can get into the house without knocking.'

'I think he comes in by the window,' she said.

'My love, it is three floors up.'

'Were not the leaves at the foot of the window, mother?'

It was quite true; the leaves had been found very near the window.

Mrs. Darling did not know what to think, for it all seemed so natural to Wendy that you could not dismiss it by saying she had been dreaming.

'My child,' the mother cried, 'why did you not tell me of this before?'

'I forgot,' said Wendy lightly. She was in a hurry to get her breakfast.

Oh, surely she must have been dreaming.

But, on the other hand, there were the leaves. Mrs. Darling examined them carefully; they were skeleton leaves, but she was sure they did not come from any tree that grew in England. She crawled about the floor, peering at it with a candle for marks of a strange foot. She rattled the poker up the chimney and tapped the walls. She let down a tape from the window to the pavement, and it was a sheer drop of thirty feet, without so much as a spout to climb up by.

Certainly Wendy had been dreaming.

But Wendy had not been dreaming, as the very next night showed, the night on which the extraordinary adventures of these children may be said to have begun.

On the night we speak of all the children were once more in bed. It happened to be Nana's evening off, and Mrs. Darling had bathed them and sung to them till one by one they had let go her hand and slid away into the land of sleep.

All were looking so safe and cosy that she smiled at her fears now and sat down tranquilly by the fire to sew.

It was something for Michael, who on his birthday was getting into shirts. The fire was warm, however, and the nursery dimly lit by three night-lights, and presently the sewing lay on Mrs. Darling's lap. Then her head nodded, oh, so gracefully. She was asleep. Look at the four of them, Wendy and Michael over there, John here, and Mrs. Darling by the fire. There should have been a fourth night-light.

While she slept she had a dream. She dreamt that the Neverland had come too near and that a strange boy had broken through from it. He did not alarm her, for she thought she had seen him before in the faces of many women who have no children. Perhaps he is to be found in the faces of some mothers also. But in her dream he had rent the film that obscures the Neverland, and she saw Wendy and John and Michael peeping through the gap.

The dream by itself would have been a trifle, but while she was dreaming the window of the nursery blew open, and a boy did drop on the floor. He was accompanied by a strange light, no bigger than your fist, which darted about the room like a living thing; and I think it must have been this light that wakened Mrs. Darling.

She started up with a cry, and saw the boy, and somehow she knew at once that he was Peter Pan. If you or I or Wendy had been there we should have seen that he was very like Mrs. Darling's kiss. He was a lovely boy, clad in skeleton leaves and the juices that ooze out of trees; but the most entrancing thing about him was that he had all his first teeth. When he saw she was a grown-up, he gnashed the little pearls at her.

Winnie the Pooh

by A.A. Milne

Chapter V, In Which Piglet Meets a Heffalump



One day, when Christopher Robin and Winnie-the-Pooh and Piglet were all talking together, Christopher Robin finished the mouthful he was eating and said carelessly: "I saw a Heffalump to-day, Piglet."

"What was it doing?" asked Piglet.

"Just lumping along," said Christopher Robin. "I don't think it saw me."

"I saw one once," said Piglet. "At least, I think I did," he said. "Only perhaps it wasn't."

"So did I," said Pooh, wondering what a Heffalump was like.

"You don't often see them," said Christopher Robin carelessly.

"Not now," said Piglet.

"Not at this time of year," said Pooh.

Then they all talked about something else, until it was time for Pooh and Piglet to go home together. At first as they stumped along the path which edged the Hundred Acre Wood, they didn't say much to each other; but when they came to the stream and had helped each other across the stepping stones, and were able to walk side by side again over the heather, they began to talk in a friendly way about this and that, and Piglet said, "If you see what I mean, Pooh," and Pooh said, "It's just what I think myself, Piglet," and Piglet said, "But, on the other hand, Pooh, we must remember," and Pooh said, "Quite true, Piglet, although I had forgotten it for the moment."

"Piglet, I have decided something."

"What have you decided, Pooh?"

"I have decided to catch a Heffalump."

Pooh nodded his head several times as he said this, and waited for Piglet to say "How?" or "Pooh, you couldn't!" or something helpful of that sort, but Piglet said nothing. The fact was Piglet was wishing that he had thought about it first.

"I shall do it," said Pooh, after waiting a little longer, "by means of a trap. And it must be a Cunning Trap, so you will have to help me, Piglet."

"Pooh," said Piglet, feeling quite happy again now, "I will." And then he said, "How shall we do it?" and Pooh said, "That's just it. How?" And then they sat down together to think it out.

Pooh's first idea was that they should dig a Very Deep Pit, and then the Heffalump would come along and fall into the Pit, and—

"Why?" said Piglet.

"Why what?" said Pooh.

"Why would he fall in?"

Pooh rubbed his nose with his paw, and said that the Heffalump might be walking along, humming a little song, and looking up at the sky, wondering if it would rain, and so he wouldn't see the Very Deep Pit until he was half-way down, when it would be too late.

Piglet said that this was a very good Trap, but supposing it were raining already?

Pooh rubbed his nose again, and said that he hadn't thought of that. And then he brightened up, and said that, if it were raining already, the Heffalump would be looking at the sky wondering if it would clear up, and so he wouldn't see the Very Deep Pit until he was half-way down.... When it would be too late.

Piglet said that, now that this point had been explained, he thought it was a Cunning Trap.

Pooh was very proud when he heard this, and he felt that the Heffalump was as good as caught already, but there was just one other thing which had to be thought about, and it was this. Where should they dig the Very Deep Pit?

Piglet said that the best place would be somewhere where a Heffalump was, just before he fell into it, only about a foot farther on.

"But then he would see us digging it," said Pooh.

"Not if he was looking at the sky."

"He would Suspect," said Pooh, "if he happened to look down." He thought for a long time and then added sadly, "It isn't as easy as I thought. I suppose that's why Heffalumps hardly ever get caught."

"That must be it," said Piglet.

They sighed and got up; and when they had taken a few gorse prickles out of themselves they sat down again; and all the time Pooh was saying to himself, "If only I could think of something!" For he felt sure that a Very Clever Brain could catch a Heffalump if only he knew the right way to go about it.

"Suppose," he said to Piglet, "you wanted to catch me, how would you do it?"

"Well," said Piglet, "I should do it like this. I should make a Trap, and I should put a Jar of Honey in the Trap, and you would smell it, and you would go in after it, and—"

"And I would go in after it," said Pooh excitedly, "only very carefully so as not to hurt myself, and I would get to the Jar of Honey, and I should lick round the edges first of all, pretending that there wasn't any more, you know, and then I should walk away and think about it a little, and then I should come back and start licking in the middle of the jar, and then—"

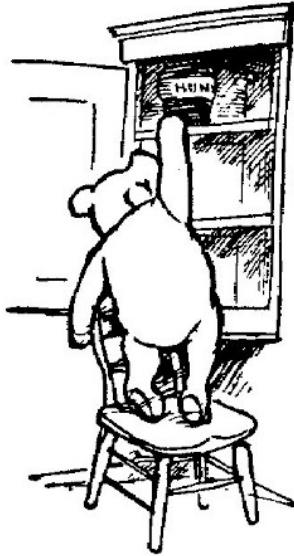
"Yes, well never mind about that. There you would be, and there I should catch you. Now the first thing to think of is, What do Heffalumps like? I should think acorns, shouldn't you? We'll get a lot of ——I say, wake up, Pooh!"

Pooh, who had gone into a happy dream, woke up with a start, and said that Honey was a much more trappy thing than Haycorns. Piglet didn't think so; and they were just going to argue about it, when Piglet remembered that, if they put acorns in the Trap, he would have to find the acorns, but if they put honey, then Pooh would have to give up some of his own honey, so he said, "All right, honey then," just as Pooh remembered it too, and was going to say, "All right, haycorns."

"Honey," said Piglet to himself in a thoughtful way, as if it were now settled. "I'll dig the pit, while you go and get the honey."

"Very well," said Pooh, and he stumped off.

As soon as he got home, he went to the larder; and he stood on a chair, and took down a very large jar of honey from the top shelf. It had HUNNY written on it, but, just to make sure, he took off the paper cover and looked at it, and it looked just like honey. "But you never can tell," said Pooh.



"I remember my uncle saying once that he had seen cheese just this colour." So he put his tongue in, and took a large lick. "Yes," he said, "it is. No doubt about that. And honey, I should say, right down to the bottom of the jar. Unless, of course," he said, "somebody put cheese in at the bottom just for a joke. Perhaps I had better go a little further ... just in case ... in case Heffalumps don't like cheese ... same as me.... Ah!" And he gave a deep sigh. "I was right. It is honey, right the way down."



Having made certain of this, he took the jar back to Piglet, and Piglet looked up from the bottom of his Very Deep Pit, and said, "Got it?" and Pooh said, "Yes, but it isn't quite a full jar," and he threw it down to Piglet, and Piglet said, "No, it isn't! Is that all you've got left?" and Pooh said "Yes." Because it was. So Piglet put the jar at the bottom of the Pit, and climbed out, and they went off home together.



"Well, good night, Pooh," said Piglet, when they had got to Pooh's house. "And we meet at six o'clock to-morrow morning by the Pine Trees, and see how many Heffalumps we've got in our Trap."

"Six o'clock, Piglet. And have you got any string?"

"No. Why do you want string?"

"To lead them home with."

"Oh! ... I think Heffalumps come if you whistle."

"Some do and some don't. You never can tell with Heffalumps. Well, good night!"

"Good night!"

And off Piglet trotted to his house TRESPASSERS W, while Pooh made his preparations for bed. Some hours later, just as the night was beginning to steal away, Pooh woke up suddenly with a sinking feeling. He had had that sinking feeling before, and he knew what it meant. He was hungry. So he went to the larder, and he stood on a chair and reached up to the top shelf, and found—nothing.

"That's funny," he thought. "I know I had a jar of honey there. A full jar, full of honey right up to the top, and it had HUNNY written on it, so that I should know it was honey. That's very funny." And then he began to wander up and down, wondering where it was and murmuring a murmur to himself. Like this:

It's very, very funny,
'Cos I know I had some honey;
'Cos it had a label on,
Saying HUNNY.
A goloptious full-up pot too,
And I don't know where it's got to,
No, I don't know where it's gone—
Well, it's funny.

He had murmured this to himself three times in a singing sort of way, when suddenly he remembered. He had put it into the Cunning Trap to catch the Heffalump.

"Bother!" said Pooh. "It all comes of trying to be kind to Heffalumps." And he got back into bed.

But he couldn't sleep. The more he tried to sleep, the more he couldn't. He tried Counting Sheep, which is sometimes a good way of getting to sleep, and, as that was no good, he tried counting Heffalumps. And that was worse. Because every Heffalump that he counted was making straight for a pot of Pooh's honey, and eating it all. For some minutes he lay there miserably, but when the five hundred and eighty-seventh Heffalump was licking its jaws, and saying to itself, "Very good honey this, I don't know when I've tasted better," Pooh could bear it no longer. He jumped out of bed, he ran out of the house, and he ran straight to the Six Pine Trees.



The Sun was still in bed, but there was a lightness in the sky over the Hundred Acre Wood which seemed to show that it was waking up and would soon be kicking off the clothes. In the half-light the Pine Trees looked cold and lonely, and the Very Deep Pit seemed deeper than it was, and Pooh's jar of honey at the bottom was something mysterious, a shape and no more. But as he got nearer to it his nose told him that it was indeed honey, and his tongue came out and began to polish up his mouth, ready for it.



"Bother!" said Pooh, as he got his nose inside the jar. "A Heffalump has been eating it!" And then he thought a little and said, "Oh, no, I did. I forgot."

Indeed, he had eaten most of it. But there was a little left at the very bottom of the jar, and he pushed his head right in, and began to lick....



By and by Piglet woke up. As soon as he woke he said to himself, "Oh!" Then he said bravely, "Yes," and then, still more bravely, "Quite so." But he didn't feel very brave, for the word which was really jiggeting about in his brain was "Heffalumps."

What was a Heffalump like?

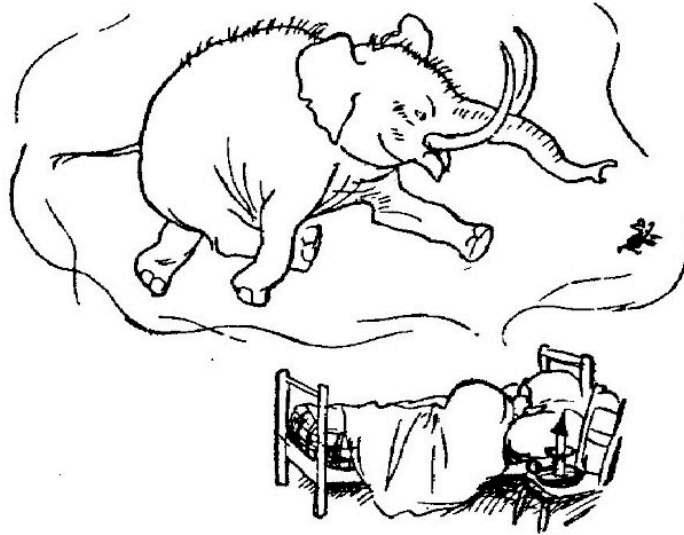
Was it Fierce?

Did it come when you whistled? And how did it come?

Was it Fond of Pigs at all?

If it was Fond of Pigs, did it make any difference what sort of Pig?

Supposing it was Fierce with Pigs, would it make any difference if the Pig had a grandfather called TRESPASSERS WILLIAM?



He didn't know the answer to any of these questions ... and he was going to see his first Heffalump in about an hour from now!

Of course Pooh would be with him, and it was much more Friendly with two. But suppose Heffalumps were Very Fierce with Pigs and Bears? Wouldn't it be better to pretend that he had a headache, and couldn't go up to the Six Pine Trees this morning? But then suppose that it was a very fine day, and there was no Heffalump in the trap, here he would be, in bed all the morning, simply wasting his time for nothing. What should he do?

And then he had a Clever Idea. He would go up very quietly to the Six Pine Trees now, peep very cautiously into the Trap, and see if there was a Heffalump there. And if there was, he would go back to bed, and if there wasn't, he wouldn't.

So off he went. At first he thought that there wouldn't be a Heffalump in the Trap, and then he thought that there would, and as he got nearer he was sure that there would, because he could hear it heffalumping about it like anything.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!" said Piglet to himself. And he wanted to run away. But somehow, having got so near, he felt that he must just see what a Heffalump was like. So he crept to the side of the Trap and looked in....



And all the time Winnie-the-Pooh had been trying to get the honey-jar off his head. The more he shook it, the more tightly it stuck.

"Bother!" he said, inside the jar, and "Oh, help!" and, mostly, "Ow!" And he tried bumping it against things, but as he couldn't see what he was bumping it against, it didn't help him; and he tried to climb out of the Trap, but as he could see nothing but jar, and not much of that, he couldn't find his way. So at last he lifted up his head, jar and all, and made a loud, roaring noise of Sadness and Despair ... and it was at that moment that Piglet looked down.



"Help, help!" cried Piglet, "a Heffalump, a Horrible Heffalump!" and he scampered off as hard as he could, still crying out, "Help, help, a Herrible Hoffalump! Hoff, Hoff, a Hellible Horralump! Holl, Holl, a Hoffable Hellerump!" And he didn't stop crying and scampering until he got to Christopher Robin's house.

"Whatever's the matter, Piglet?" said Christopher Robin, who was just getting up.

"Heff," said Piglet, breathing so hard that he could hardly speak, "a Heff—a Heff—a Heffalump."

"Where?"

"Up there," said Piglet, waving his paw.

"What did it look like?"

"Like—like——It had the biggest head you ever saw, Christopher Robin. A great enormous thing, like—like nothing. A huge big—well, like a—I don't know—like an enormous big nothing. Like a jar."

"Well," said Christopher Robin, putting on his shoes, "I shall go and look at it. Come on."



Piglet wasn't afraid if he had Christopher Robin with him, so off they went....

"I can hear it, can't you?" said Piglet anxiously, as they got near.

"I can hear something," said Christopher Robin.

It was Pooh bumping his head against a tree-root he had found.

"There!" said Piglet. "Isn't it awful?" And he held on tight to Christopher Robin's hand.

Suddenly Christopher Robin began to laugh ... and he laughed ... and he laughed ... and he laughed. And while he was still laughing—Crash went the Heffalump's head against the tree-root, Smash went the jar, and out came Pooh's head again....



Then Piglet saw what a Foolish Piglet he had been, and he was so ashamed of himself that he ran straight off home and went to bed with a headache. But Christopher Robin and Pooh went home to breakfast together.

"Oh, Bear!" said Christopher Robin. "How I do love you!"

"So do I," said Pooh.

The Wind in the Willows

by J.M. Barrie

Chapter IV, Mr. Badger

THEY waited patiently for what seemed a very long time, stamping in the snow to keep their feet warm. At last they heard the sound of slow shuffling footsteps approaching the door from the inside. It seemed, as the Mole remarked to the Rat, like some one walking in carpet slippers that were too large for him and down at heel; which was intelligent of Mole, because that was exactly what it was. There was the noise of a bolt shot back, and the door opened a few inches, enough to show a long snout and a pair of sleepy blinking eyes.

"Now, the very next time this happens," said a gruff and suspicious voice, "I shall be exceedingly angry. Who is it this time, disturbing people on such a night? Speak up!"

"Oh, Badger," cried the Rat, "let us in, please. It's me, Rat, and my friend Mole, and we've lost our way in the snow."

"What, Ratty, my dear little man!" exclaimed the Badger, in quite a different voice. "Come along in, both of you, at once. Why, you must be perished. Well I never! Lost in the snow! And in the Wild Wood, too, and at this time of night! But come in with you."

The two animals tumbled over each other in their eagerness to get inside, and heard the door shut behind them with great joy and relief.

The Badger, who wore a long dressing-gown, and whose slippers were indeed very down at heel, carried a flat candlestick in his paw and had probably been on his way to bed when their summons sounded. He looked kindly down on them and patted both their heads. "This is not the sort of night for small animals to be out," he said paternally. "I'm afraid you've been up to some of your pranks again, Ratty. But come along; come into the kitchen. There's a first-rate fire there, and supper and everything."

He shuffled on in front of them, carrying the light, and they followed him, nudging each other in an anticipating sort of way, down a long, gloomy, and, to tell the truth, decidedly shabby passage, into a sort of a central hall; out of which they could dimly see other long tunnel-like passages branching, passages mysterious and without apparent end. But there were doors in the hall as well—stout oaken comfortable-looking doors. One of these the Badger flung open, and at once they found themselves in all the glow and warmth of a large fire-lit kitchen.

The floor was well-worn red brick, and on the wide hearth burnt a fire of logs, between two attractive chimney-corners tucked away in the wall, well out of any suspicion of draught. A couple of high-backed settles, facing each other on either side of the fire, gave further sitting accommodations for the sociably disposed. In the middle of the room stood a long table of plain boards placed on trestles, with benches down each side. At one end of it, where an arm-chair stood pushed back, were spread the remains of the Badger's plain but ample supper. Rows of spotless plates winked from the shelves of the dresser at the far end of the room, and from the rafters overhead hung hams, bundles of dried herbs, nets of onions, and baskets of eggs. It seemed a place where heroes could fitly feast after victory, where weary harvesters could line up in scores along the table and keep their Harvest Home with mirth and song, or where two or three friends of simple tastes could sit about as they pleased and eat and smoke and talk in comfort and contentment. The ruddy brick floor smiled up at the smoky ceiling; the oaken settles, shiny with long wear, exchanged cheerful glances with each other; plates on the dresser grinned at pots on the shelf, and the merry firelight flickered and played over everything without distinction.

The kindly Badger thrust them down on a settle to toast themselves at the fire, and bade them remove their wet coats and boots. Then he fetched them dressing-gowns and slippers, and himself bathed the Mole's shin with warm water and mended the cut with sticking-plaster till the whole thing was just as good as new, if not better. In the embracing light and warmth, warm and dry at last, with weary legs propped up in front of them, and a suggestive clink of plates being arranged on the table behind, it seemed to the storm-driven animals, now in safe anchorage, that the cold and trackless Wild Wood just left outside was miles and miles away, and all that they had suffered in it a half-forgotten dream.

When at last they were thoroughly toasted, the Badger summoned them to the table, where he had been busy laying a repast. They had felt pretty hungry before, but when they actually saw at last the supper that was spread for them, really it seemed only a question of what they should attack first where all was so attractive, and whether the other things would obligingly wait for them till they had time to give them attention. Conversation was impossible for a long time; and when it was slowly resumed, it was that regrettable sort of conversation that results from talking with your mouth full. The Badger did not mind that sort of thing at all, nor did he take any notice of elbows on the table, or everybody speaking at once. As he did not go into Society himself, he had got an idea that these things belonged to the things that didn't really matter. (We know of course that he was wrong, and took too narrow a view; because they do matter very much, though it would take too long to explain why.) He sat in his arm-chair at the head of the table, and nodded gravely at intervals as the animals told their story; and he did not seem surprised or shocked at anything, and he never said, "I told you so," or, "Just what I always said," or remarked that they ought to have done so-and-so, or ought not to have done something else. The Mole began to feel very friendly towards him.

When supper was really finished at last, and each animal felt that his skin was now as tight as was decently safe, and that by this time he didn't care a hang for anybody or anything, they gathered round the glowing embers of the great wood fire, and thought how jolly it was to be sitting up so late, and so independent, and so full; and after they had chatted for a time about things in general, the Badger said heartily,

"Now then! tell us the news from your part of the world. How's old Toad going on?"

"Oh, from bad to worse," said the Rat gravely, while the Mole, cocked up on a settle and basking in the firelight, his heels higher than his head, tried to look properly mournful. "Another smash-up only last week, and a bad one. You see, he will insist on driving himself, and he's hopelessly incapable. If he'd only employ a decent, steady, well-trained animal, pay him good wages, and leave everything to him, he'd get on all right. But no; he's convinced he's a heaven-born driver, and nobody can teach him anything; and all the rest follows."

"How many has he had?" inquired the Badger gloomily.

"Smashes, or machines?" asked the Rat. "Oh, well, after all, it's the same thing—with Toad. This is the seventh. As for the others—you know that coach-house of his? Well, it's piled up—literally piled up to the roof—with fragments of motor-cars, none of them bigger than your hat! That accounts for the other six—so far as they can be accounted for."

"He's been in hospital three times," put in the Mole; "and as for the fines he's had to pay, it's simply awful to think of."

"Yes, and that's part of the trouble," continued the Rat. "Toad's rich, we all know; but he's not a millionaire. And he's a hopelessly bad driver, and quite regardless of law and order. Killed or ruined—it's got to be one of the two things, sooner or later. Badger! we're his friends—oughtn't we to do something?"

The Badger went through a bit of hard thinking. "Now look here!" he said at last, rather severely; "of course you know I can't do anything now?"

His two friends assented, quite understanding his point. No animal, according to the rules of animal-etiquette, is ever expected to do anything strenuous, or heroic, or even moderately active during the off-season of winter. All are sleepy—some actually asleep. All are weather-bound, more or less; and all are resting from arduous days and nights, during which every muscle in them has been severely tested, and every energy kept at full stretch.

"Very well then!" continued the Badger. "But, when once the year has really turned, and the nights are shorter, and halfway through them one rouses and feels fidgety and wanting to be up and doing by sunrise, if not before—you know!—"

Both animals nodded gravely. They knew!

"Well, then," went on the Badger, "we—that is, you and me and our friend the Mole here—we'll take Toad seriously in hand. We'll stand no nonsense whatever. We'll bring him back to reason, by force if need be. We'll make him be a sensible Toad. We'll—you're asleep, Rat!"

"Not me!" said the Rat, waking up with a jerk.

"He's been asleep two or three times since supper," said the Mole, laughing. He himself was feeling quite wakeful and even lively, though he didn't know why. The reason was, of course, that he being naturally an underground animal by birth and breeding, the situation of Badger's house exactly suited him and made him feel at home; while the Rat, who slept every night in a bedroom the windows of which opened on a breezy river, naturally felt the atmosphere still and oppressive.

"Well, it's time we were all in bed," said the Badger, getting up and fetching flat candlesticks. "Come along, you two, and I'll show you your quarters. And take your time tomorrow morning—breakfast at any hour you please!"

He conducted the two animals to a long room that seemed half bedchamber and half loft. The Badger's winter stores, which indeed were visible everywhere, took up half the room—piles of apples, turnips, and potatoes, baskets full of nuts, and jars of honey; but the two little white beds on the remainder of the floor looked soft and inviting, and the linen on them, though coarse, was clean and smelt beautifully of lavender; and the Mole and the Water Rat, shaking off their garments in some thirty seconds, tumbled in between the sheets in great joy and contentment.

In accordance with the kindly Badger's injunctions, the two tired animals came down to breakfast very late next morning, and found a bright fire burning in the kitchen, and two young hedgehogs sitting on a bench at the table, eating oatmeal porridge out of wooden bowls. The hedgehogs dropped their spoons, rose to their feet, and ducked their heads respectfully as the two entered.

"There, sit down, sit down," said the Rat pleasantly, "and go on with your porridge. Where have you youngsters come from? Lost your way in the snow, I suppose?"

"Yes, please, sir," said the elder of the two hedgehogs respectfully. "Me and little Billy here, we was trying to find our way to school—mother would have us go, was the weather ever so—and of course we lost ourselves, sir, and Billy he got frightened and took and cried, being young and faint-hearted. And at last we happened up against Mr. Badger's back door, and made so bold as to knock, sir, for Mr. Badger he's a kind-hearted gentleman, as everyone knows——"

"I understand," said the Rat, cutting himself some rashers from a side of bacon, while the Mole dropped some eggs into a saucepan. "And what's the weather like outside? You needn't 'sir' me quite so much?" he added.

"O, terrible bad, sir, terrible deep the snow is," said the hedgehog. "No getting out for the likes of you gentlemen to-day."

"Where's Mr. Badger?" inquired the Mole, as he warmed the coffee-pot before the fire.

"The master's gone into his study, sir," replied the hedgehog, "and he said as how he was going to be particular busy this morning, and on no account was he to be disturbed."

This explanation, of course, was thoroughly understood by every one present. The fact is, as already set forth, when you live a life of intense activity for six months in the year, and of comparative or actual somnolence for the other six, during the latter period you cannot be continually pleading sleepiness when there are people about or things to be done. The excuse gets monotonous. The animals well knew that Badger, having eaten a hearty breakfast, had retired to his study and settled himself in an arm-chair with his legs up on another and a red cotton handkerchief over his face, and was being "busy" in the usual way at this time of the year.

The front-door bell clanged loudly, and the Rat, who was very greasy with buttered toast, sent Billy, the smaller hedgehog, to see who it might be. There was a sound of much stamping in the hall, and presently Billy returned in front of the Otter, who threw himself on the Rat with an embrace and a shout of affectionate greeting.

"Get off!" spluttered the Rat, with his mouth full.

"Thought I should find you here all right," said the Otter cheerfully. "They were all in a great state of alarm along River Bank when I arrived this morning. Rat never been home all night—nor Mole either—something dreadful must have happened, they said; and the snow had covered up all your tracks, of course. But I knew that when people were in any fix they mostly went to Badger, or else Badger got to know of it somehow, so I came straight off here, through the Wild Wood and the snow! My! it was fine, coming through the snow as the red sun was rising and showing against the black tree-trunks! As you went along in the stillness, every now and then masses of snow slid off the branches suddenly with a flop! making you jump and run for cover. Snow-castles and snow-caverns had sprung up out of nowhere in the night—and snow bridges, terraces, ramparts—I could have stayed and played with them for hours. Here and there great branches had been torn away by the sheer weight of the snow, and robins perched and hopped on them in their perky conceited way, just as if they had done it themselves. A ragged string of wild geese passed overhead, high on the grey sky, and a few rooks whirled over the trees, inspected, and flapped off homewards with a disgusted expression; but I met no sensible being to ask the news of. About halfway across I came on a rabbit sitting on a stump, cleaning his silly face with his paws. He was a pretty scared animal when I crept up behind him and placed a heavy forepaw on his shoulder. I had to cuff his head once or twice to get any sense out of it at all. At last I managed to extract from him that Mole had been seen in the Wild Wood last night by one of them. It was the talk of the burrows, he said, how Mole, Mr. Rat's particular friend, was in a bad fix; how he had lost his way, and 'They' were up and out hunting, and were chivvying him round and round. 'Then why didn't any of you do something?' I asked. 'You mayn't be blest with brains, but there are hundreds and hundreds of you, big, stout fellows, as fat as butter, and your burrows running in all directions, and you could have taken him in and made him safe and comfortable, or tried to, at all events.' 'What, us?' he merely said: 'do something? us rabbits?' So I cuffed him again and left him. There was nothing else to be done. At any rate, I had learnt something; and if I had had the luck to meet any of 'Them' I'd have learnt something more—or they would."

"Weren't you at all—er—nervous?" asked the Mole, some of yesterday's terror coming back to him at the mention of the Wild Wood.

"Nervous?" The Otter showed a gleaming set of strong white teeth as he laughed. "I'd give 'em nerves if any of them tried anything on with me. Here, Mole, fry me some slices of ham, like the good little chap you are. I'm frightfully hungry, and I've got any amount to say to Ratty here. Haven't seen him for an age."

So the good-natured Mole, having cut some slices of ham, set the hedgehogs to fry it, and returned to his own breakfast, while the Otter and the Rat, their heads together, eagerly talked river-shop, which is long shop and talk that is endless, running on like the babbling river itself.

A plate of fried ham had just been cleared and sent back for more, when the Badger entered, yawning and rubbing his eyes, and greeted them all in his quiet, simple way, with kind enquiries for every one. "It must be getting on for luncheon time," he remarked to the Otter. "Better stop and have it with us. You must be hungry, this cold morning."

"Rather!" replied the Otter, winking at the Mole. "The sight of these greedy young hedgehogs stuffing themselves with fried ham makes me feel positively famished."

The hedgehogs, who were just beginning to feel hungry again after their porridge, and after working so hard at their frying, looked timidly up at Mr. Badger, but were too shy to say anything.

"Here, you two youngsters be off home to your mother," said the Badger kindly. "I'll send some one with you to show you the way. You won't want any dinner to-day, I'll be bound."

He gave them sixpence apiece and a pat on the head, and they went off with much respectful swinging of caps and touching of forelocks.

Presently they all sat down to luncheon together. The Mole found himself placed next to Mr. Badger, and, as the other two were still deep in river-gossip from which nothing could divert them, he took the opportunity to tell Badger how comfortable and home-like it all felt to him. "Once well underground," he said, "you know exactly where you are. Nothing can happen to you, and nothing can get at you. You're entirely your own master, and you don't have to consult anybody or mind what they say. Things go on all the same overhead, and you let 'em, and don't bother about 'em. When you want to, up you go, and there the things are, waiting for you."

The Badger simply beamed on him. "That's exactly what I say," he replied. "There's no security, or peace and tranquillity, except underground. And then, if your ideas get larger and you want to expand—why, a dig and a scrape, and there you are! If you feel your house is a bit too big, you stop up a hole or two, and there you are again! No builders, no tradesmen, no remarks passed on you by fellows looking over your wall, and, above all, no weather. Look at Rat, now. A couple of feet of flood water, and he's got to move into hired lodgings; uncomfortable, inconveniently situated, and horribly expensive. Take Toad. I say nothing against Toad Hall; quite the best house in these parts, as a house. But supposing a fire breaks out—where's Toad? Supposing tiles are blown off, or walls sink or crack, or windows get broken—where's Toad? Supposing the rooms are draughty—I hate a draught myself—where's Toad? No, up and out of doors is good enough to roam about and get one's living in; but underground to come back to at last—that's my idea of home!"

The Mole assented heartily; and the Badger in consequence got very friendly with him. "When lunch is over," he said, "I'll take you all round this little place of mine. I can see you'll appreciate it. You understand what domestic architecture ought to be, you do."

After luncheon, accordingly, when the other two had settled themselves into the chimney-corner and had started a heated argument on the subject of eels, the Badger lighted a lantern and bade the Mole follow him. Crossing the hall, they passed down one of the principal tunnels, and the wavering light of the lantern gave glimpses on either side of rooms both large and small, some mere cupboards, others nearly as broad and imposing as Toad's dining-hall. A narrow passage at right angles led them into another corridor, and here the same thing was repeated. The Mole was staggered at the size, the extent, the ramifications of it all; at the length of the dim passages, the solid vaultings of the crammed store-chambers, the masonry everywhere, the pillars, the arches, the pavements. "How on earth, Badger," he said at last, "did you ever find time and strength to do all this? It's astonishing!"

"It would be astonishing indeed," said the Badger simply, "if I had done it. But as a matter of fact I did none of it—only cleaned out the passages and chambers, as far as I had need of them. There's lots more of it, all round about. I see you don't understand, and I must explain it to you. Well, very long ago, on the spot where the Wild Wood waves now, before ever it had planted itself and grown up to what it now is, there was a city—a city of people, you know. Here, where we are standing, they lived, and walked, and talked, and slept, and carried on their business. Here they stabled their horses and feasted, from here they rode out to fight or drove out to trade. They were a powerful people, and rich, and great builders. They built to last, for they thought their city would last for ever."

"But what has become of them all?" asked the Mole.

"Who can tell?" said the Badger. "People come—they stay for a while, they flourish, they build—and they go. It is their way. But we remain. There were badgers here, I've been told, long before that same city ever came to be. And now there are badgers here again. We are an enduring lot, and we may move out for a time, but we wait, and are patient, and back we come. And so it will ever be."

"Well, and when they went at last, those people?" said the Mole.

"When they went," continued the Badger, "the strong winds and persistent rains took the matter in hand, patiently, ceaselessly, year after year. Perhaps we badgers too, in our small way, helped a little—who knows? It was all down, down, down, gradually—ruin and levelling and disappearance. Then it was all up, up, up, gradually, as seeds grew to saplings, and saplings to forest trees, and bramble and fern came creeping in to help. Leaf-mould rose and obliterated, streams in their winter freshets brought sand and soil to clog and to cover, and in course of time our home was ready for us again, and we moved in. Up above us, on the surface, the same thing happened. Animals arrived, liked the look of the place, took up their quarters, settled down, spread, and flourished. They didn't bother themselves about the past—they never do; they're too busy. The place was a bit humpy and hillocky, naturally, and full of holes; but that was rather an advantage.

And they don't bother about the future, either—the future when perhaps the people will move in again—for a time—as may very well be. The Wild Wood is pretty well populated by now; with all the usual lot, good, bad, and indifferent—I name no names. It takes all sorts to make a world. But I fancy you know something about them yourself by this time.”

“I do indeed,” said the Mole, with a slight shiver.

“Well, well,” said the Badger, patting him on the shoulder, “it was your first experience of them, you see. They're not so bad really; and we must all live and let live. But I'll pass the word around tomorrow, and I think you'll have no further trouble. Any friend of mine walks where he likes in this country, or I'll know the reason why!”

When they got back to the kitchen again, they found the Rat walking up and down, very restless. The underground atmosphere was oppressing him and getting on his nerves, and he seemed really to be afraid that the river would run away if he wasn't there to look after it. So he had his overcoat on, and his pistols thrust into his belt again. “Come along, Mole,” he said anxiously, as soon as he caught sight of them. “We must get off while it's daylight. Don't want to spend another night in the Wild Wood again.”

“It'll be all right, my fine fellow,” said the Otter. “I'm coming along with you, and I know every path blindfold; and if there's a head that needs to be punched, you can confidently rely upon me to punch it.”

“You really needn't fret, Ratty,” added the Badger placidly. “My passages run further than you think, and I've bolt-holes to the edge of the wood in several directions, though I don't care for everybody to know about them. When you really have to go, you shall leave by one of my short cuts. Meantime, make yourself easy, and sit down again.”

The Rat was nevertheless still anxious to be off and attend to his river, so the Badger, taking up his lantern again, led the way along a damp and airless tunnel that wound and dipped, part vaulted, part hewn through solid rock, for a weary distance that seemed to be miles. At last daylight began to show itself confusedly through tangled growth overhanging the mouth of the passage; and the Badger, bidding them a hasty good-bye, pushed them hurriedly through the opening, made everything look as natural as possible again, with creepers, brushwood, and dead leaves, and retreated.

They found themselves standing on the very edge of the Wild Wood. Rocks and brambles and tree-roots behind them, confusedly heaped and tangled; in front, a great space of quiet fields, hemmed by lines of hedges black on the snow, and, far ahead, a glint of the familiar old river, while the wintry sun hung red and low on the horizon. The Otter, as knowing all the paths, took charge of the party, and they trailed out on a bee-line for a distant stile.

Pausing there a moment and looking back, they saw the whole mass of the Wild Wood, dense, menacing, compact, grimly set in vast white surroundings; simultaneously they turned and made swiftly for home, for firelight and the familiar things it played on, for the voice, sounding cheerily outside their window, of the river that they knew and trusted in all its moods, that never made them afraid with any amazement.

As he hurried along, eagerly anticipating the moment when he would be at home again among the things he knew and liked, the Mole saw clearly that he was an animal of tilled field and hedge-row, linked to the ploughed furrow, the frequented pasture, the lane of evening lingerings, the cultivated garden-plot. For others the asperities, the stubborn endurance, or the clash of actual conflict, that went with Nature in the rough; he must be wise, must keep to the pleasant places in which his lines were laid and which held adventure enough, in their way, to last for a lifetime.

The Moon and Her Mother

from Aesop's Fables

The Moon once begged her Mother to make her a gown. "How can I?" replied she; "there's no fitting your figure. At one time you're a New Moon, and at another you're a Full Moon; and between whiles you're neither one nor the other."





Plutarch Selection

For our Plutarch selection, we have chosen the chapter "Caesar's Fortune," a study of Caesar from *The Children's Plutarch: Stories of the Romans*, and included it on the following pages. The book may also be purchased on Amazon.

If your children are 6th grade or older, we recommend spending a full 12-week term studying Caesar with the edited (for length and content) study guide from Ambleside here:

<https://amblesideonline.org/plutarch-caesar>

You can also purchase the guide by Anne White on Amazon. (This is in place of *The Children's Plutarch*, not in addition to.)

Plutarch

Caesar's Fortune

The Children's Plutarch: Tales of the Romans,

by F.J. Gould

"WELL, WELL, sir, we have got you now!"

"No doubt," said the young Roman, whom the pirates had just brought a prisoner to their island; "but of course you will let me go if my friends pay a ransom?"

"Certainly."

"How much do you ask?"

"Twenty talents" (\$20,000).

"Is that all?" laughed Julius Cæsar. "I will promise you fifty." He sent various friends to the nearest city where he was known to procure the money.

In the mean time he made himself at home among these fierce Cilician pirates, of whom I have told you in the life of Pompey. For thirty-eight days he dwelt on the island, and he treated the sea-robbers as if he were their lord, not their captive.

"When I am free again," he said to them, "I shall return here and crucify you."

They smiled at his frank talk.

The money arrived. Julius departed, got together a fleet of vessels, sailed back to the pirates' hold, and, true to his dreadful word, put them all to death. Young as he was, you see he had a stern and iron will. And if you think he was cruel toward the pirates, you must bear in mind that men in those old days (as is too often the case now) thought it right to crush enemies without mercy.

In Rome young Cæsar was famous for his ready tongue. Persons who needed defence against any that accused them were glad to have Cæsar to speak on their behalf.

He found his way to the hearts of the people. They admired Pompey, but they began to love Cæsar more. And one day he was to rise over all others, and stand as master of the Roman world, by sea and land.

You remember Marius, the general who ate dry bread. He was dead; but Cæsar, who was nephew to the wife of Marius, did not wish him to be forgotten. Marius had taken the side of the people against the proud patricians. Cæsar felt sure the Roman world was now too wide for these patricians to govern. He must win the mass of the people to his side, and get the power into his own hands, because he believed he could give order and peace to Italy, and all the other lands of the republic.

One morning some people entered the temple on the Capitol hill. "See!" cried one, "there are some new statues!"

"And all of burnished gold!" exclaimed another. "Whose figures are they?" "Oh, I know this face! It is the face of the brave Marius. And here is writing below the statue. It says that the figures represent Marius overcoming the Cimbri of the North."

Before long immense crowds had swarmed up the hill to view the golden statues. The patricians frowned; the plebs (or common people) were joyful. It was soon known that Julius Cæsar had placed the figure of Marius in the Capitol.

Cæsar stepped from office to office—magistrate, chief priest, and then prætor, wearing the cloak with purple trimming. For a while he had a command in Spain. On his way to Spain he crossed the Alps. He and his troops marched by a little town.

"I wonder," said a friend, pointing to the group of houses on the hillside, "if the people there strive for the highest places, as men do in Rome?" "Why not?" replied Cæsar. "I should do so if I dwelt in that town. I had rather be the first man here than the second man in Rome."

He carried on the war in Spain with much spirit, forcing the wild tribes to submit to the Roman eagles; and he led his legions as far as the Atlantic Ocean. On his return to Rome he was elected consul. Then he took over the rule of Gaul—the country which is now the home of the great French nation, with the Belgians as their neighbors; but at that time it was parted among three hundred different tribes. And beyond the sea in the north was the land so often clothed in fog and beaten by contrary winds—the land of the Britons. In the plains and forests of this vast region the Romans—hard as oak, proud as kings, bold as lions—met the tribes, and grappled with them in many a dreadful struggle. It is said that Cæsar took eight hundred cities in Gaul, and engaged in various battles with three million men, a million of whom his armies slew, and a million were taken captive. Of course, we cannot be sure of the numbers, but the fact is clear that Cæsar conquered.

The general was slender in body. His health was not robust; sometimes his head ached painfully, and a fit would seize him. Yet nothing stayed him from his purpose. He set his face like a flint; and his men seemed to worship him, just as the French did with Napoleon long ages afterward.

For instance, in Britain the Romans met the natives in a marshy spot, and a band of Cæsar's men found themselves entrapped among the Britons. One of the Romans took the lead, hewed right and left among the islanders, beat them off, and rescued his comrades.

Then he plunged into the stream that ran by, swam it, waded through the mud of the swamp, and reached the place where the general was watching. However, he lost his shield, and, in deep distress, he fell at Cæsar's feet, saying:

"General, I have lost my shield. I ask your pardon!"

As if he had done something disgraceful! Again, one of Cæsar's ships being captured off the coast of Africa, all the crew were put to death except one, to whom quarter (or mercy) was shown. But he was too proud to accept even life from an enemy. Exclaiming, "It is not the custom of Cæsar's soldiers to take quarter, but to give it!" he thrust a sword into his own breast.

Cæsar was not merely a strict commander. He took thought for the comfort of his followers so far as he could. One day he and some friends were on a journey. A storm burst, and, looking round for shelter, they spied a poor man's hut. To this they ran. There was only one room in the dwelling, and only space to take in one of the strangers. I suppose (though the story does not say) that the owner of the hut was himself present.

One of Cæsar's party, named Oppius, was taken ill. To Cæsar, as the person of highest rank, the bed in the hut was given; for the tempest howled, and it was plain that the travellers could fare no farther that night. But Cæsar yielded place to the sick man, and he himself, with the rest of his companions, slept under a shed that stood outside the cottage. Thus did Cæsar show his belief that it is the duty of the strong to help the weak.

When a battle was to be fought Julius Cæsar did not stand in an easy place while his soldiers bore the brunt of war. In his campaign in Gaul he was surprised by a sudden rush of the Helvetian tribes. Very hastily the Roman army drew itself into close array, and faced the foe. A page brought Cæsar's horse, but he would not mount.

"Take it away," he said to the attendant, "until the enemy retire, and until I need my horse for the pursuit."

So saying, the general charged on foot upon the natives; and his men, feeling that their leader was sharing the peril, did not flinch from the sharp conflict.

His hardest won battle was with the Nervii folk, in the thick forests of Belgium. The Romans were fixing their camp in the wood, digging trenches and stabling the horses, when sixty thousand Nervii, their shaggy hair streaming, raised a shout and attacked. Many Roman officers were slain. Cæsar snatched a buckler from one of his soldiers, and sprang forward to encourage his troops. At one moment it looked as if the whole Roman force would be crushed. The Tenth Legion were on a hill. Seeing the extreme danger, they hurried down, and turned the tide of battle.

Across the broad river Rhine, Cæsar built a large wooden bridge, in spite of the strong current of the water.

Over this bridge the Romans marched, and thence made their way into the land of the Germans. The most savage region could not daunt them.

Beyond the sea lay the British Islands. The Romans had often talked about this far-off country.

"We don't believe there is any such place," said some.

"Oh yes," others would answer; "but it is so enormous a continent that it is hopeless to try and conquer it."

Julius Cæsar did not talk about it. He acted.

With a large fleet he crossed the water now called the English Channel. Soon Roman soldiers were seen carrying their eagles along the chalk cliffs of Kent, along the banks of old Father Thames, and in the forests beyond.

At length the time was come to return to Italy. The citizens of Rome were in very frequent tumult and fear. Pompey could not keep the love of the people. The noblemen of Rome—the patricians—had not the great hearts and great minds that were needed to sway so wide an empire.

"Oh, that Cæsar would come!" the folk whispered.

Cæsar led his splendid army through Gaul to the border of Italy, and halted at the little river Rubicon. Should he cross over to Italian soil? Should he declare war against his old friend Pompey, who had married Cæsar's daughter? Should he spill Roman blood? Dare he, like a player with dice, throw a die which might mean the loss of the grand game, and be his ruin?

He looked at the water; he looked at his friends. At last he plunged his horse into the stream, crying:

"The die is cast!"

Cæsar marched toward Rome—stern, calm, strong, like the rise of a tide which no man can stay.

In and out of the gates of Rome rushed people, on foot, on horseback, or carried in litters. "We are for Cæsar!" cried some.

"We are for Pompey!" cried others.

"We are for the patricians!" cried some.

"We are for the plebs!" cried others.

Thus the city was divided.

A Roman gentleman went to Pompey and said, with a sneer:

"Stamp with your foot, sir! You said once that, if you only did that, an army would spring up!"

Pompey did not stamp. He fled to the coast, and crossed the sea, and prepared the troops who gathered about him for the last stand against Cæsar. Now that he was master of Italy, Cæsar went over to Spain, and put down all men who sided with Pompey.

And now that he was master also of Spain he returned to Italy, was made consul by the Romans, and then set out to meet Pompey. So fast did he march to the eastern shore of Italy that the main part of his army lagged behind, and they murmured bitterly.

"It is winter," they said. "This man stops for neither wind nor hail. When will our labors be ended? Does he think our bodies are made of stone or iron? Our very shields and breastplates call out for rest!"

But when they reached the sea, and found that their general had already sailed for the opposite coast, they felt ashamed, and anxiously waited for the fleet to return and fetch them.

Cæsar, on his part, wished to bring his whole army together as soon as possible; for Pompey's legions were swarming on the land, and Pompey's ships sailing on the Adriatic Sea. One night he left his camp, entered a twelve-oared galley on a river, and bade the rowers hasten down to the sea as rapidly as they could. They worked hard. Cæsar, clad in a shabby cloak, sat silent and thoughtful. As the galley neared the mouth of the river the water became extremely rough, and hurrying clouds and darkened air made a terrible scene. The pilot trembled. He did not know Cæsar was on board, for the general wrapped himself close in the cloak.

"It is folly to go farther!" exclaimed the pilot. "We must turn back!"

Cæsar rose up, threw back his cloak, and said:

"Go forward, my friend, and fear nothing. You carry Cæsar and his fortune."

Like giants the oarsmen pulled against the storm. Cæsar's look and voice seemed to double their strength. However, nature is more mighty than man. The galley had to turn back and return to the camp. The troops were transported from Italy later on.

The armies of Pompey and Cæsar were now face to face. So spirited were Cæsar's men that, in spite of their want of food and other comforts, they showed a gay front. They dug up some eatable roots, soaked them in milk, and made a sort of bread—poor fare, but better than nothing. Some of them crept near Pompey's camp, and flung a number of these hard biscuits into the trenches, crying:

"So long as the earth yields roots we will resist Pompey!"

I have already told you of the battle of Pharsalia, 48 B.C., in which Pompey was beaten.

Cæsar's ships bore him to the land of the Nile and the Sphinx (Egypt), over which reigned the beautiful Queen Cleopatra, who lived from 69 to 30 B.C.

The tread of the Romans was next heard in Syria, and Cæsar's eagles were seen on the banks of the Jordan River.

News came that the Roman garrisons in Asia Minor were defeated by the Armenians. Cæsar at once pushed northward, across the Lebanon mountains, where the cedars grow, across the Taurus mountains, and as far as the plains of Pontus. One battle finished the war. When the victory was won, Cæsar sat in his tent and wrote a message to the senate of Rome. It contained (in Latin) but three words:

"Came—Saw—Conquered!"

He had come to Pontus; he had seen the enemy; he had beaten them. Cæsar's speech was terse—that is, he used only just enough words to make his meaning clear. Whenever you take a message, you should try to do likewise. See how few words you can say it in. Only, of course, you must not be too curt, else people will think you rude.

The next scene is in Africa, near the ruins of the city of Carthage. A large army of Numidians—barbaric horsemen who dwelt in the country now known as Algeria—threatened the Romans. So scarce was food for the horses at one time that seaweed had to be mixed with grass for the Roman steeds.

One day Cæsar's cavalry were resting. No enemy appeared in sight. The sound of a flute was heard. It was played by a black-skinned African, who danced to his own tune. The soldiers ran out of their camp, and sat round the African dancer, and laughed as he frisked about and rolled his eyes.

Suddenly a war-cry was heard. The Numidians had rushed out from a hiding-place. Many of the Roman cavalry were killed. The enemy even entered the camp. But Cæsar rushed forward, and the Africans recoiled and fled.

Not long afterward another engagement took place. An eagle-bearer was running away from the Numidians. Cæsar met him, seized him by the neck, turned him right-about-face, and said, quietly:

"Look on this side for the enemy!"

The final victory was won after a surprise. Cæsar led his men across rocky passes and through dark forests, and fell unawares upon the Numidian camp. King Juba fled in great haste, and Cæsar was lord of North Africa.

So now the time was come when he could go to Rome and enjoy a Triumph, while all the city shouted, "Yo! yo! yo!" In the grand procession through the streets walked the son of Juba, a young prince, who lived a long time in Rome, and became a writer of history and a great favorite of the citizens.

Cæsar entertained the people with feasts so large that the guests sat at twenty-two thousand tables. Combats of gladiators took place in the theatres. Fights between ships also pleased the public, the ships being floated in immense ponds made for the purpose. The people now said to one another: "Pompey is dead, Crassus is dead; who is there able to govern the great Republic but Cæsar? Let us give all power into his hands."

He was made consul for the fourth time. Then he was made dictator, or master—lord of Rome, lord over the senate, lord of the armies, lord of all the Roman provinces. It would have been very easy for him now to take revenge upon his enemies. Their lands, their money, their houses, their lives—he could have taken all away, and none could withstand his will. But Cæsar loved Rome and the republic. He wished to heal her wounds. He wanted all the classes—aristocrats and the plebeians (or common folk)—to dwell in union. When the Roman senate saw how generously he behaved toward his foes, they ordered a new temple to be built to show their admiration of his spirit. The temple was built in honor of the goddess Mercy, or (in Latin) "Clementia."

Another high-minded act of Cæsar's was to raise up the fallen statues of Pompey. These figures had been flung down by his followers, but now they stood upright again for passers-bys to behold and to salute.

When Cicero, the famous speaker, saw this deed, he said:

"Cæsar has made himself a statue by raising up Pompey's."

Some of the patricians hated the new dictator. They felt that he stood in their way, and prevented them from obtaining riches and command. Cæsar's friends knew of this hatred, and begged him never to go out without a body-guard.

"No," he replied; "it is better to die once than always to walk about in fear of death."

Cæsar would sit alone in his chamber and make great plans. He dreamed dreams of things he would do for Rome and for the world. He said to himself:

"I will march against the Parthians in the East, and against the Germans in the North, and bend them all to my will.

"I will dig through the neck of land by Corinth, so that ships may pass through a sea-canal.

"I will make the river Tiber deeper for big merchant vessels to bring their loads of corn and wine and oil to the gates of Rome.

"I will drain the filthy water out of the great marshes, so that pleasant fields may take the place of deadly swamps.

"I will build a dike along the western coast of Italy, and construct harbors in which hundreds of galleys may ride at anchor."

If he had lived, I believe he would have done all these things. But his life was cut short.

One thing, however, he was able to carry out, which should win our thanks to-day. The reckoning of days, months, and years had got into disorder. You hear people say that there are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year. So there are; but that is not the whole story. The people of Egypt long ago found out there were three hundred and sixty-five and a quarter days in a year. The Romans had not reckoned this extra quarter. Cæsar arranged that, as four-quarters of a day make a complete day, this extra day should be added to the year each fourth year. Thus we have what we call a leap-year of three hundred and sixty-six days. As Julius Cæsar set the calendar right, we name it the Julian calendar. And we may also note that one of the months—July—is so styled in his memory.

One day shouting and laughter were heard in the streets of Rome. It was the holiday known as the Lupercal (Loo-per-kle). Cæsar sat on a golden chair in the forum, and watched the lively crowds.

Presently his friend Antony came up to Cæsar, and, in view of the people, offered him a crown adorned with laurel leaves.

"O King, wear this crown!" said Antony.

Cæsar shook his head, and the Romans cheered loudly. They were pleased that he refused it.

Again Antony presented it. Again Cæsar declined. Again the Romans cheered. A third time Cæsar put the crown away from him. This incident reminds us how, many centuries later, the noble Cromwell refused the crown of England.

Some of Cæsar's foolish friends put crowns on the statues of Cæsar. Angry patricians tore them off. Cæsar's enemies whispered to one another that the time was come to check the tyranny. He must be slain.

Two of these whisperers were Brutus and Cassius. Often did they talk of the best way to get rid of the dictator. Their dark thoughts made them look pale and anxious. Cæsar noticed it, and (as we read in Shakespeare's play) he remarked to his friend Antony:

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep at nights.
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Some of Cæsar's friends knew there was danger in the air, as people say. Indeed, tales were afterward told that men made of fire were seen fighting in the sky, and strange lights flashed across the heavens by night. You know how the Romans believed in such signs, or omens, which hinted at good or evil events about to happen. A certain man, said to be wise in omens, resolved to warn Cæsar. This soothsayer said to him one day:

"Beware the Ides of March!"

I must explain that each month of the year had in it a number of days called Ides; and in the month of March the Ides lasted from the eighth day till the end of the fifteenth—one week.

It was now the middle of March, in the year 44 B.C. Cæsar had supper with his friends, and then signed letters which his secretary brought to him. The guests were talking loudly.

"What are you conversing about?" asked Cæsar.

"The best kind of death. Which do you think the best?"

"A sudden one."

His death—a sudden one—came next day.

In the morning Cæsar—"the foremost man of all the world," as Shakespeare calls him—went out to the meeting of the senate. A crowd was in the streets.

"There goes Cæsar!" buzzed many voices.

He saw the soothsayer, and said to him: "The Ides of March are come!"

"Yes, but they are not gone!" replied the soothsayer.

A parchment, folded up, was thrust into Cæsar's hand.

"Sir, pray read it; it is most important," whispered a voice.

"Hail, Cæsar!" shouted the people.

"Make way for the dictator!" cried the officers.

Amid all this noise and movement he had no chance to read the paper in his hand; but on it was written a friendly message, warning him that certain patricians meant to take his life.

He entered the senate-house, and the elders rose to greet him. A statue of Pompey looked down upon the scene. Cæsar took his seat. Brutus, Cassius, and other senators gathered round.

One bowed, and said:

"Sir, I beg of you to allow my exiled brother to come back to Rome."

"It cannot be done. He is an enemy to Rome."

"Oh, sir, I beg of you!"

"No, I am resolved not to—"

A shout—a scuffle—a fall—Cæsar's cloak was dragged off his shoulders! Swords and daggers struck him. Cassius struck him. Brutus struck him.

And when his friend Brutus struck, Cæsar groaned, and lay down and died at the base of Pompey's statue.

Brutus and the other plotters marched, waving swords, to the Capitol, and crying:

"Freedom! freedom for Rome!"

"Freedom!" replied some of the passers-by; but many kept a gloomy silence.

Cæsar had wished to put an end to the power of a small group of men who boasted of their noble birth, and who wished to make themselves rich out of the broad empire which Rome had won. He wished Rome still to be the capital city; but he wanted to make the dwellers in Spain, Gaul, Greece, and other conquered lands, sharers in Rome's glory—to be citizens rather than beaten foes.

The day after the murder the body of Cæsar was carried through the streets of Rome, and through the forum.

The people heard Cæsar's will read to them. In this will he left much of his riches to the citizens. In death, as in life, he thought of others rather than his own enjoyment.

In Shakespeare's play the will is read to the people by Antony, who also shows them the wounds in Cæsar's body:

I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me!

The citizens then rushed away in fury to burn the houses of the plotters, and to slay them that had laid cruel hands on Cæsar.

A comet blazed in the sky for seven days after the murder. People gazed at it, and said it was a sign of the wrath of the gods at the evil deed of Brutus and Cassius.

A year or two later Brutus was preparing to fight his last battle against Antony and Augustus, and he lay in his tent, and the light of the lamp burned dim, as if in a fog. Then there stood beside the bed a strange, tall, and terrible figure, and it said:

"Brutus, I am your evil genius; you shall meet me at Philippi."

"I will meet you there," answered Brutus, boldly.

Then the ghost vanished into the night.

This story is, of course, only a legend. But you see it proves to us how the people of that time believed it was a wicked thing to slay Cæsar; and they thought it a just punishment upon Brutus that he should be beaten at Philippi. When Brutus saw the day was lost, he fell upon his own sword and died.



History & Geography

In this session, we have included a brief history of the culture and events that shaped the Modern Era. Get a taste of the fashion, the music, the television and films, and the key events of the 1950s and 1960s!

Additionally, we have included several videos diving more into these various topics in-depth. You can find them linked in the history section of the online version of this curriculum!

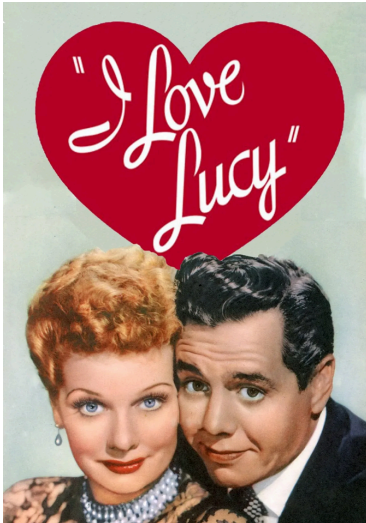
"That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind"

~ Neil Armstrong

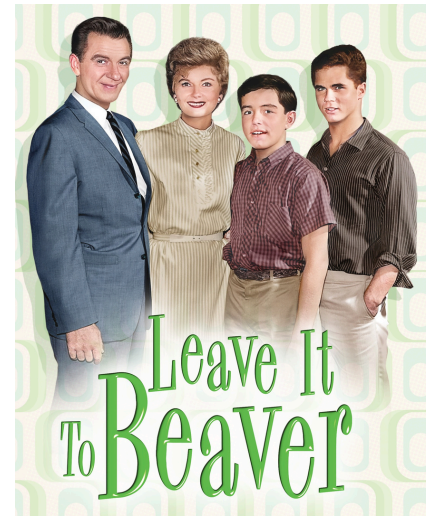
History & Geography

History of the Modern Era

In the years following the Second World War and the Great Depression, much of the Western world longed for peace, stability, and order. Families settled into quieter rhythms of life, and the age of the “nuclear family” was born, where fathers went to work, mothers kept the home, and children grew up in neat neighborhoods lined with tidy houses.



Television sets flickered to life in living rooms, first in black and white, later in color, bringing families together in the evenings. Shows like *I Love Lucy* and *Leave It to Beaver* reflected an idealized version of American life: orderly, cheerful, and predictable.



Soda fountains buzzed with conversation, and neighbors gathered for simple pleasures. Yet beyond the calm surface, a lively culture was taking shape—one full of movement, sound, and style.

Fashion in the 1950s was distinct and expressive. Girls twirled in poodle skirts, wore saddle shoes, and peered through cat-eye glasses, while young men embraced the “greaser” look with leather jackets and slicked-back hair.

Cars, too, became symbols of freedom and personality. Gleaming automobiles like the '57 Chevy and long, elegant Cadillac convertibles (with their dramatic tail fins) filled the roads.

Teenagers gathered at drive-in diners, where carhops delivered food straight to their windows, and fuzzy dice dangled from rear-view mirrors as small tokens of style.



It was music, however, that gave the decade its heartbeat. A new sound burst onto the scene: loud, energetic, and impossible to ignore. Elvis Presley, known as the “King of Rock ‘n’ Roll,” brought a bold and exciting rhythm that made teenagers dance in ways their parents had never imagined. Alongside him, artists like Chuck Berry shaped the future of music.



Jukeboxes played these songs in diners and dance halls, and sock hops became a favorite gathering place for young people.

Even playtime reflected the spirit of the age. Children spun hula hoops around their waists, collected Pez dispensers, and wore coonskin caps inspired by the popular frontier hero Davy Crockett. Silly fads, like trying to squeeze as many people as possible into a telephone booth, brought laughter and a sense of shared fun.

The 1950s, at first glance, may have seemed calm and orderly. But underneath, a generation was beginning to stretch, to question, and to imagine something new.

The 1960s

As the 1960s dawned, the quiet patterns of the previous decade began to shift. What had once been orderly and predictable grew vibrant, bold, and full of questioning voices. Young people, especially, began to shape the culture around them in new and powerful ways.

Fashion became a canvas of expression. Bright colors replaced muted tones. Mini-skirts, go-go boots, tie-dye shirts, and bell-bottoms filled the streets, while Nehru jackets reflected a growing interest in global cultures. Clothing was no longer just about fitting in, it was about standing out.

Music, too, changed dramatically. Only this time, it came from across the ocean. The arrival of The Beatles sparked what became known as “Beatlemania.” Their music, along with bands like The Rolling Stones, launched the “British Invasion,” sweeping through America and capturing the hearts of millions. Music festivals like Woodstock brought together thousands of young people, celebrating, among other things, peace, music, and a new way of life often called “hippie culture.”



Technology and exploration pushed boundaries further than ever before. The world watched in awe as the Space Race unfolded.

The launch of Sputnik and, later, the incredible achievement of the Apollo 11 Moon Landing showed humanity reaching beyond Earth itself.

At home, transistor radios made music portable, and television began its transition from black-and-white to brilliant color.

Toys and games reflected both imagination and innovation. Children played with G.I. Joe, dressed up Barbie and Ken, raced Hot Wheels, and baked tiny treats in the Easy-Bake Oven. Lava lamps glowed in bedrooms, adding a dreamy, almost otherworldly light.



But the 1960s were not only colorful and creative, they were also deeply serious. Across the United States, people began to stand up and demand justice and equality. The March on Washington became a defining moment in the Civil Rights Movement, calling for an end to segregation and unfair treatment. At the same time, protests against the Vietnam War spread across college campuses and cities, as many questioned the cost and purpose of the conflict. Women, too, began to speak out, leading to the rise of second-wave feminism and a renewed call for equal rights and opportunities.

The 1960s were a time when voices grew louder, questions grew deeper, and change seemed not only possible, but necessary.





Though the two decades were different in many ways, they shared a rich cultural life that continues to influence us today. Familiar faces filled movie screens and magazines.

Stars like Marilyn Monroe, Brigitte Bardot, James Dean, Audrey Hepburn, and Elizabeth Taylor shaped ideas of beauty, style, and storytelling.

Television expanded its reach, offering both humor and imagination through shows like *The Andy Griffith Show*, *Star Trek*, *Batman*, *Bewitched*, *Gilligan's Island*, and *The Twilight Zone*.

During this time, television itself transformed from simple black-and-white screens to vivid color displays.



Everyday life included small but meaningful innovations, like the convenience of the microwave and the social joy of Tupperware gatherings.

Even the language of the time carried its own charm. Words like "cool," "Daddy-O," "a gas," "far-out," and "Squaresville" gave voice to the personality of each generation.



Together, the 1950s and 1960s tell a story of change. The 1950s offered a world of structure, tradition, and calm, while the 1960s burst forth with color, creativity, and challenge. It was a journey from conformity to individuality, from quiet order to bold expression. And in that journey, the modern world began to take shape.



Nature Study

Each Friday morning, you will go through two of our nature cards. They are labeled in the upper right corner with the corresponding week. These are short, factual cards with images to help your child become familiar with objects in the natural world.

As you progress through our sessions, you may find it handy to keep your past nature cards in a binder for easy reference when your children come across a familiar object. These seeds you are planting will grow into a wonderful garden of knowledge for your children in years to come.

As you explore nature outside your home, watch and listen for newly discovered delights. Most of all, remember...

"Point to some lovely flower or gracious tree, not only as a beautiful work, but as a beautiful thought of God."

~ Charlotte Mason

Nature Study



Bald Eagle 1

Haliaeetus leucocephalus

- Bald eagles are birds native to North America with sharp talons, piercing yellow eyes, and dark brown and white feathers. They have hooked, bright yellow beaks and yellow, featherless feet.
- The word “bald” in their name is taken from an old English definition of the word, meaning “white head” or “white face.” This is because bald eagles have distinctive white feathers on their heads, as well as on their tails.
- Bald eagles are symbolic in the United States, and are the country’s national bird.
- Despite this fact, eagles nearly went extinct in the U.S., and it was only thanks to preventative measures and conservation efforts that their population recovered, shifting off the endangered list in 1995.



Giant Panda 1

Ailuropoda melanoleuca

- Giant pandas, also known as pandas or panda bears, are a type of bear from China with white fur and distinctive black markings around their eyes, ears, shoulders, and legs.
- They are large and round, weighing around 220-254 lbs when fully grown.
- Pandas are found on the slopes of mountains at high elevations, and usually live by themselves rather than in a group.
- Giant panda diets consist mainly of bamboo, which is actually toxic and contains cyanide when raw. Due to this, the bacteria in panda stomachs have adapted to be able to digest cyanide, which they mostly expel through waste.
- Pandas are considered a vulnerable species, and the most recent survey from 2016 estimated there were only about 2,060 of these bears worldwide.



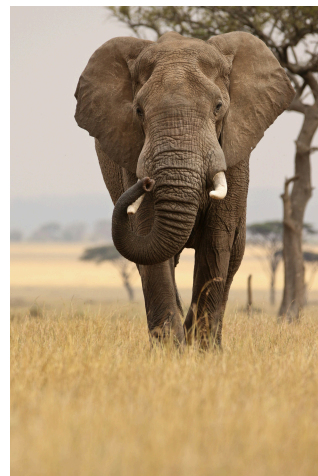
Blue Whale 2

Balaenoptera musculus

- Blue whales are massive ocean-dwelling mammals with broad heads, grey-blue skin, lighter yellow-ish underbellies, wide flippers, and twin blowholes.
- They can grow up to 100 feet long and 200 tons in weight. This makes blue whales not only the largest animal in the

world today, but the largest known animal to have ever lived throughout history!

- Though blue whales typically have a lifespan of 80-90 years, this has been threatened by humans hunting them to near extinction, along with other man-made threats like ships and pollution. They are now on the endangered species list.
- Blue whales use a feature called baleen plates (similar to the teeth of a comb) like a sieve, taking large mouthfuls of ocean water into their mouths and straining small creatures from the water called krill, which they feed on.



African Elephant 2

Loxodonta

- African elephants are large herbivores with grey skin, ivory tusks, long, flexible trunks, and wide ears.
- There are two types of African elephants- the African bush elephant (the larger variety) and the African forest elephant (which are relatively smaller). Both are endangered because of habitat loss and human hunting.
- The wide, large ears of the African elephant are used to keep them cool during hot weather because when they flap them, they act like fans. When exposed by the movement, the inner parts of their ears also help to regulate body temperature, cooling them rapidly.
- Both male and female African elephants have tusks, which are used to spar with other elephants, fend off predators, and dig for food such as roots.



Bengal Tiger 3

Panthera tigris tigris

- Bengal tigers are large wildcats with yellow-orange fur, brown-black stripes, and lighter white markings on their face, chest, and underbellies.
- Bengal tigers live throughout India, Bangladesh, Bhutan, and various parts of China and Nepal.
- Though these tigers used to have a more extensive territory, their numbers have dwindled, with significant losses due to humans taking over their habitat as well as by large amounts of poaching.
- Bengal tigers are carnivorous in nature and eat meat such as boars, water buffalo, takin, deer, and even livestock (due to humans now living near their habitats).



Mountain Gorilla 3

Gorilla beringei beringei

- Mountain gorillas are large furry apes that live in various parts of Uganda, Rwanda, and the Democratic Republic of Congo.
- Adult males are known as silverbacks; this is because the fur on their backs turns a silvery-grey when they reach maturity.
- Mountain gorillas are mostly herbivorous, eating plant roots, leaves, bark, and shoots, though they will occasionally supplement their diet with insects and fungi.
- They are very social and live in large groups typically governed by a silverback, whose job it is to lead and protect the group.
- Mountain gorillas are endangered, with their population numbers reaching as low as 254 wild gorillas worldwide in 1984. Since then, conservation efforts have led to their numbers gradually increasing, with their population reaching about 1,063 total today.



Black Rhinoceros 4

Diceros bicornis

- The black rhinoceros is a type of large animal from Southern Africa and East Africa with thick grey or brown skin, two horns, stout, sturdy legs, and pointed upper lips.
- Their pointed upper lips are used to grab at taller grasses and leaves when feeding.
- Black rhinos have double horns, one longer and one smaller, positioned above their snouts. They use these horns to dig for food and break branches, as well as for self-defense.
- They have very tough skin that serves as a protection against environmental hazards like sharp vegetation.
- Black rhinos are critically endangered because their habitats have been largely taken over by humans, and they are often hunted illegally, both for sport and for their horns.



Sea Turtle 4

Chelonioidea

- Sea turtles are a type of marine animal with seven different species: leatherbacks, olive ridley, Kemp's ridley, green sea turtles, loggerheads, flatbacks, and hawksbills.
- 6 of the 7 species have hard outer shells that encase their softer, more vulnerable bodies, while the leatherhead, the final species, has a softer, leather-like shell.
- Sea turtles breathe air, so they must surface to take in oxygen, typically diving beneath the waves and holding their breath for 5-40 minutes when awake, or 4-7 hours when asleep.
- 5 out of the 7 species are on the list of threatened species, with their populations dwindling due to factors like ocean pollution, fishing, and global warming.



Amur Leopard 5

Panthera pardus orientalis

- Amur leopards are wildcats native to China and Russia with cream-colored fur and distinctive black spots called “rosettes.”
- Amur leopards used to also live in North and South Korea, but were driven to local extinction there by hunters, particularly under Japanese

occupation in the early 20th century.

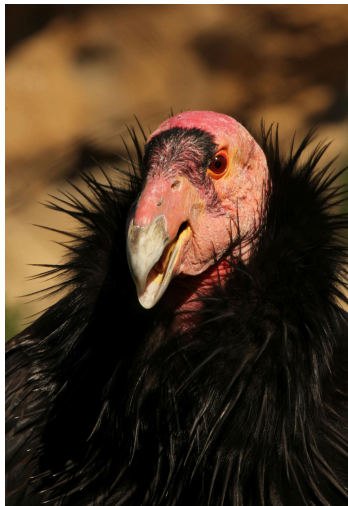
- Amur leopards are critically endangered, and in 2007, there were only roughly 19-26 animals estimated to be living in the wild. Thankfully, their numbers have replenished slightly, with more recent estimates putting them at around 130 adults in the wild.
- Amur leopards have thick fur and are accustomed to living in cold, snowy, mountainous climates, where they live in relative isolation, hunting prey such as the silka deer.



Grey Wolf 5

Canis lupus

- Grey wolves are a type of canine with thick fur that is typically multicolored with mottled grey, brown, black, and white sections.
- However, a type of grey wolf that lives in the Arctic has primarily white fur to act as camouflage.
- It is distinguished from other *Canis* species by its larger size and less pointed features, particularly on the ears and muzzle.
- They are the only species of *Canis* to have a range encompassing both Eurasia and North America.
- Grey wolves live in packs and are a highly social species, often living in groups of families with a mom, a dad, and their offspring. They typically hunt together as a group, helping take down larger prey as a team.



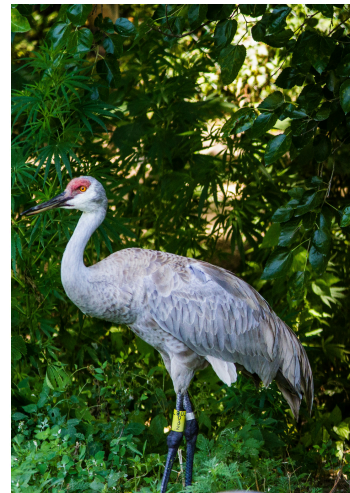
California Condor 6

Gymnogyps californianus

- California condors are a type vulture native to North America, and are the largest land birds in the region.
- They have black feathers with a ruff around their neck, a white streak on the underside of their wings, and a bald head with pink, red or

yellowish skin.

- The skin on their heads can change colors according to their moods, flushing (much like how we blush) in response to different emotions.
- California condors are critically endangered, and their numbers had dwindled so low in 1987 that the remaining wild birds were captured in order to save the species, making them functionally extinct in the wild.
- Since then, conservationists have begun successfully releasing birds into the wild again in states like Arizona, Utah, and California.



Whooping Crane 6

Grus americana

- Whooping cranes are a species of North American cranes with white feathers, black-tipped wings, a red marking on the crowns of their heads, black feathers near their beaks, and long, skinny black legs.
- They are named after the call they emit, which makes a “whooping” sound.
- Though whooping cranes typically live 22-30 years in the wild, their species has nearly gone extinct, with just 21 wild birds surviving in 1941.
- Their populations have begun a slow and gradual recovery due to conservation efforts, and in 2025, about 700 individuals were recorded living in the wild, with 130 more birds living in captivity.



Handicraft

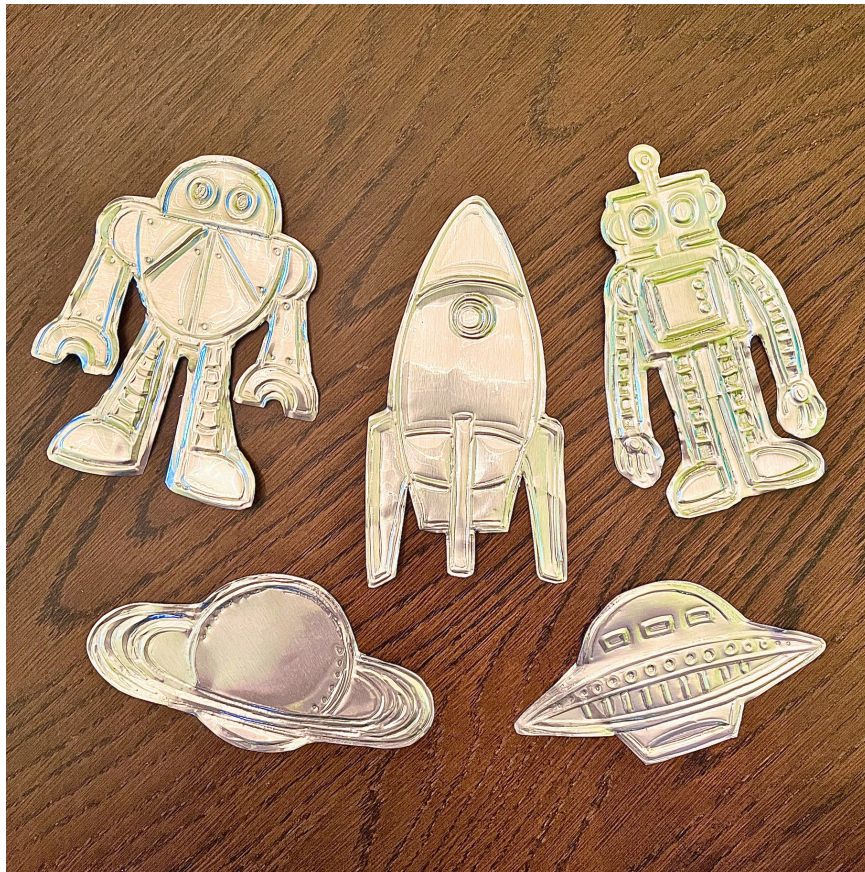
For our handicraft lesson, we will create an embossing project using aluminum foil. Students will explore basic metal tooling techniques by pressing, shaping, and embossing aluminum foil to create a dimensional design. As they work, they'll discover how to use line and texture to create depth and shine in metallic art.

We recommend using a foil disposable casserole pan with a flat bottom, which is easy to cut and shape with an embossing tool.

"I've filled him with the Spirit of God, giving him skill and know-how and expertise in every kind of craft to create designs ... he's an all-around craftsman."

~ Exodus 31:3-5

Aluminum Foil Embossing



Supplies Needed:

- Heavy-duty aluminum foil (such as a foil disposable casserole pan with a flat bottom)
- Cardboard, foam board, or thick cardstock backing
- Pencil with eraser
- Embossing tool, stylus, or dull pencil
- Utility blade
- Scissors
- Template

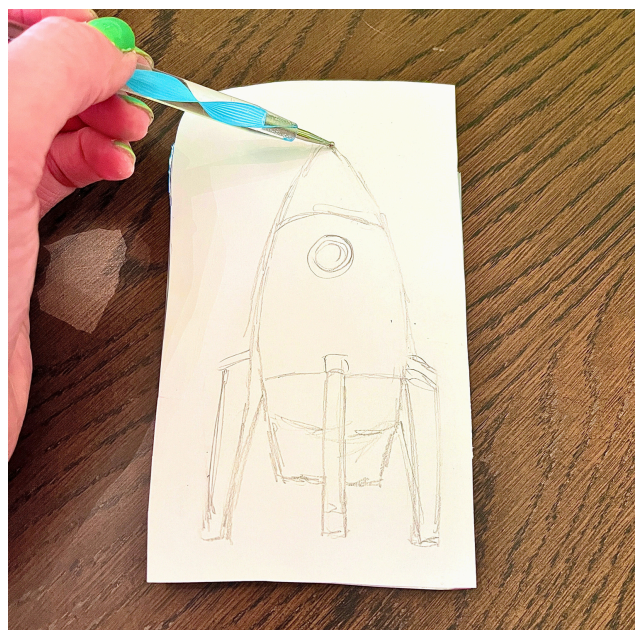
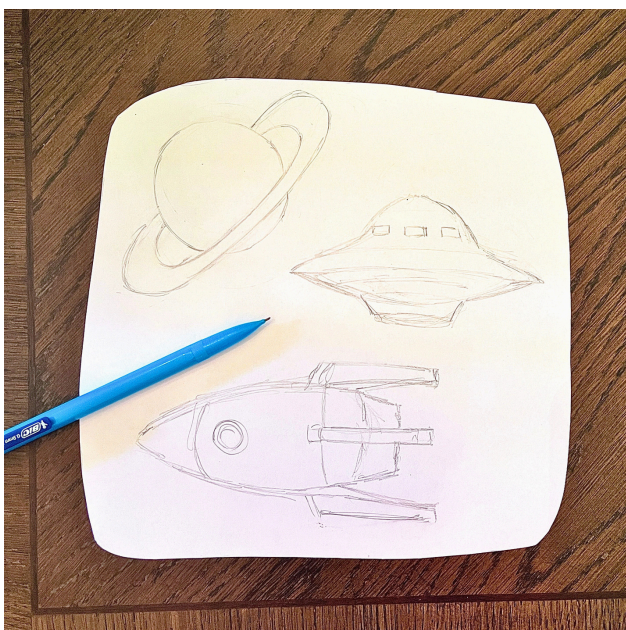


1. Using your utility blade or heavy-duty scissors, cut off the edges off the disposable casserole pan, leaving just the flat bottom. Use a rolling pin to flatten if necessary, being careful not to crease or bend the aluminum. Place the aluminum over cardboard for a protective backing.

(Depending on the size of your aluminum cutout, you can trace the shape of the cutout onto your page to know the size of the margins you can use.)



2. Place your template over the aluminum foil and tape it over the sides so it doesn't stick. Using your embossing tool of choice, trace the pattern onto the aluminum. Press firmly enough to leave visible grooves, but not so hard that you tear the foil.





3. Remove the template and go back over your traced lines with the embossing tool to sharpen each groove.

4. To create raised sections, turn over the aluminum and gently rub the sides of the lines you want raised. This pushes those areas outward and adds dimension.

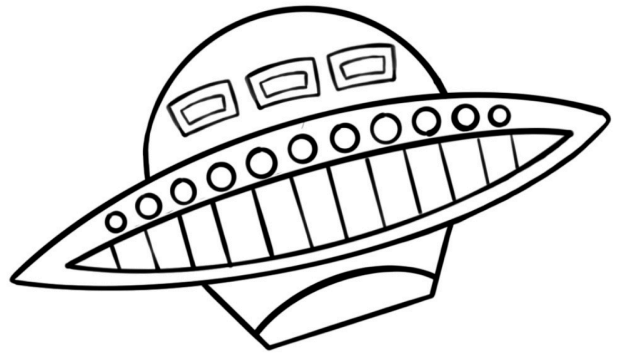
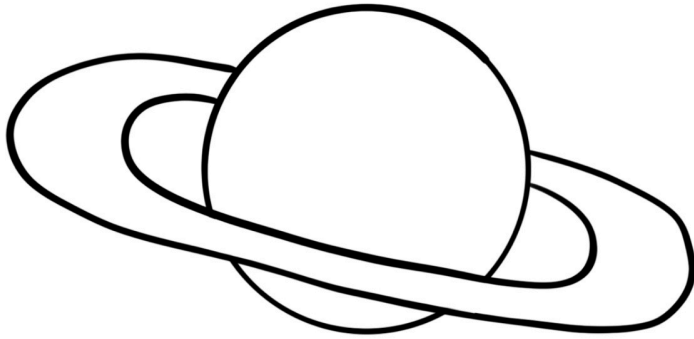
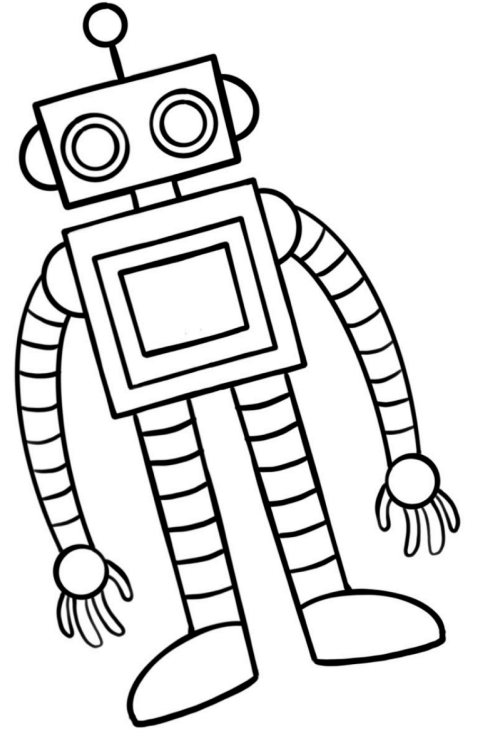
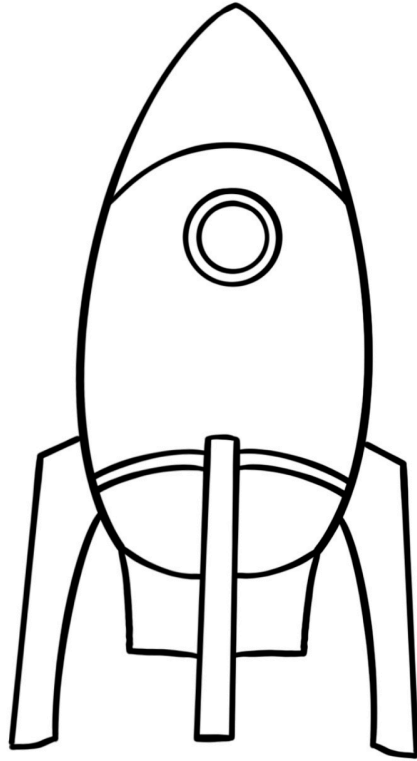
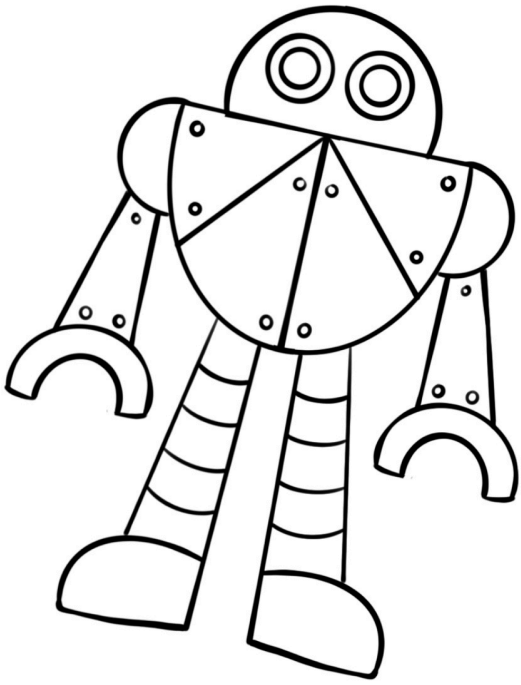
5. Flip the piece back over. Use your embossing tool to press around raised sections, outlining edges to make the design pop. This creates contrast between raised and recessed areas.

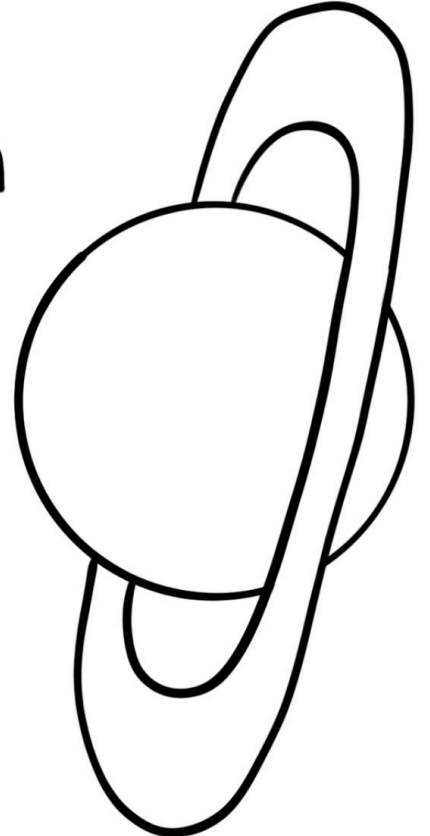
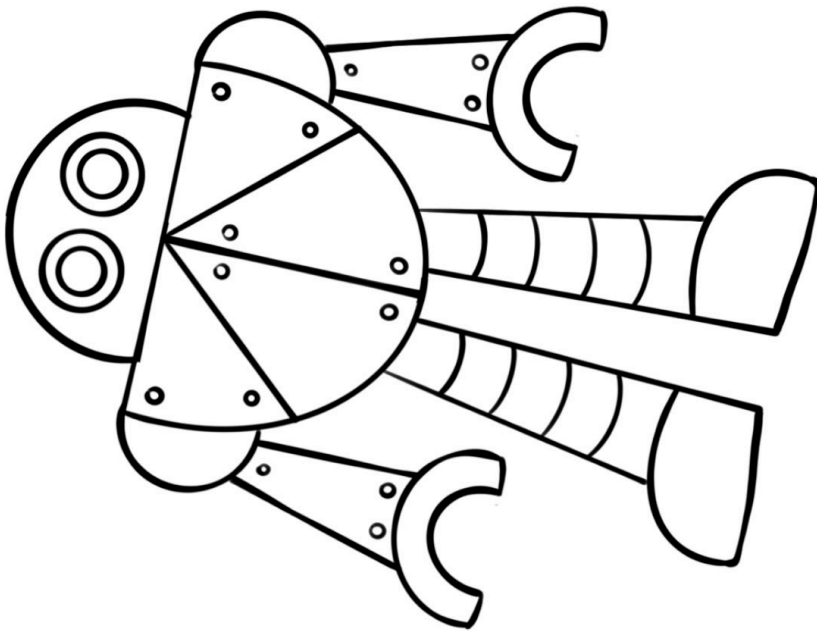
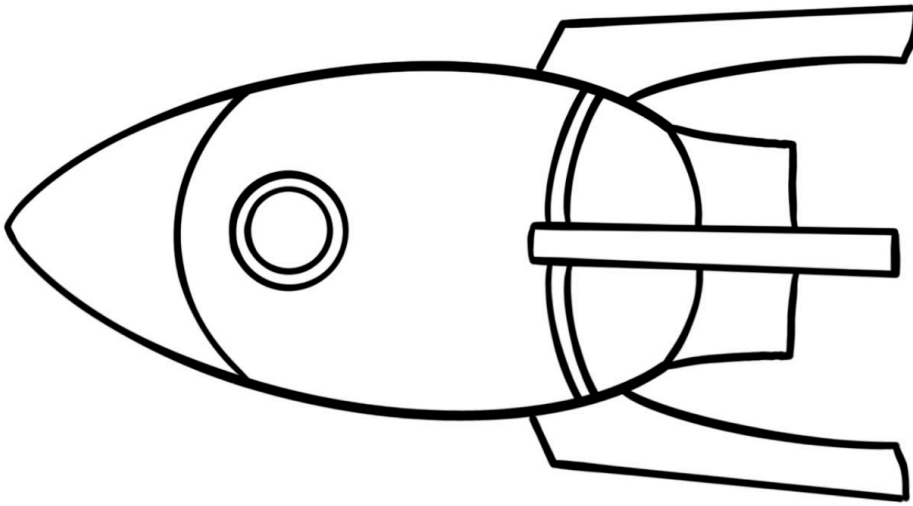
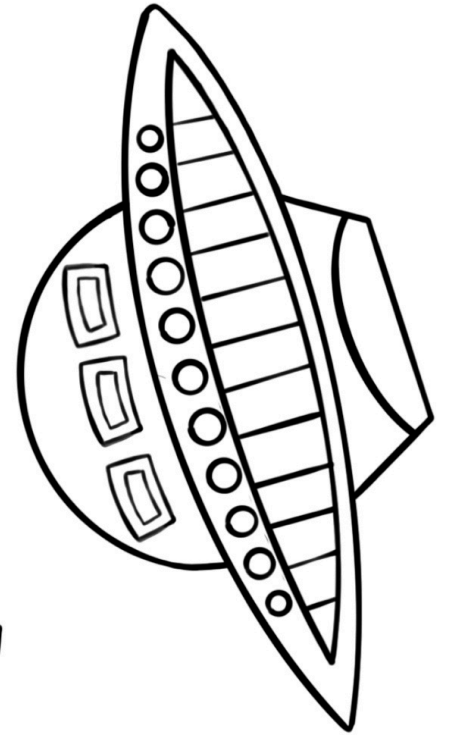
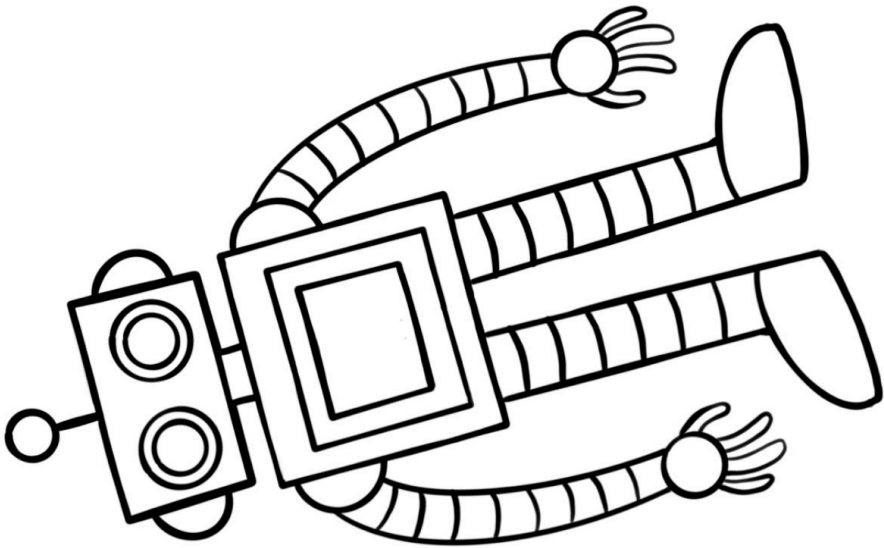
6. After you've outlined the main design, you can add extra details to give your image a more mechanical, vintage look. Some ideas could be small lines for panels, tiny dots for bolts, curved lines around the body, engine flames, or stars in the background.

7. Once you have the image to your liking, take your scissors and carefully cut around it. Poke a hole at the top of your image and string a ribbon through to make a mobile, use as an ornament, or even use as a bookmark!

8. Optional: Give the image an antiqued look by rubbing stain, acrylic paint, or permanent marker over the surface, then wiping gently with a paper towel. The dark color stays in recessed grooves and makes details more visible.







Join our *Awaken to Delight* Community!



Art Lessons

Brand new and exclusive art lessons from the Masterpiece Society. The high quality you've come to expect from us there will be in this membership as well, with multiple art mediums!



Handicrafts

Seasonal and historical-themed handicrafts for upper elementary through high school, including sewing, crocheting, weaving, woodworking, woodburning, jewelry-making, and more!



Nature Study & Activities

Fun, seasonal activities for studying nature, plus watercolor nature journaling lessons, and nature crafts.



Charlotte Mason Morning Time

Access to our ENTIRE library of morning time sessions, plus exclusive content for members only!

For more truth, beauty, & goodness in your homeschool, join our community & receive access to our entire library of morning time plans, exclusive art & handicraft lessons, nature studies, nature crafts, & much, much more! Visit us at awakentodelight.com/community.