Step-by-Step
INSTRUCTIONS

Watercolor Around the World

INSTRUCTION BOOK

For use with the Level 5 Language Arts course

SKU 384.1

Welcome to Watercolor

Watercolor painting can be a fun and relaxing artistic outlet. While these projects have been designed for use in conjunction with the *Level 5 Language Arts Course Book*, we encourage you to continue practicing the skills and techniques outlined throughout this book. A list of materials is provided below, and some basic tips to get you started are listed on the following page.

Required Materials

- Watercolor Around the World Template Sheets
- Set of quality pan watercolors including basic colors (red, orange, yellow, green, blue, purple, brown, black)
- Round paintbrushes: small, medium, large (sizes 2, 6, and 12 recommended)
- Paper towels
- Small water container (a mug or plastic cup works well)
- Rock salt (used in Projects 7 and 10)
- Black fine-tipped pen or colored pencil for details and outlines

Care of Materials

- Wear old clothing or put on an apron to protect your clothes while painting.
- Do not leave brushes in your water container while not in use.
- Rinse brushes thoroughly after each use. Lay them out flat on paper towels to dry.
- Let pan watercolors dry on a flat surface to avoid leaks, spills, and mixed colors.

Optional Materials

- White gel pen for highlights
- Blow-dryer

A Few Good Tips

- **Choose the right brush.** Because larger-sized brushes are good for covering large areas with color, we recommend using them to paint backgrounds. Use a medium-sized brush to mix your paints with water and add color to smaller areas. Small brushes are excellent for painting fine lines and details.
- **Mix colors on the watercolor pan set lid.** You may also use a separate plastic mixing palette (available at your local arts and crafts store) or a plastic container lid. Rinse your brush thoroughly before switching colors.
- **Use the paints you have to create the tints and shades you need.** For lighter tints, add water to your palette lid with a clean brush, and then add a drop or two of paint to the water until you get the tint you desire. For darker shades, use more color and less water so your shade is more intense. You can also create deeper shades by adding more layers of paint.
- **Add paint in layers.** In these projects, you'll be adding a layer of color in each step. Paint the lightest areas before building up color in the darker areas. Let your paper dry completely before moving on to the next step.
- **Paint lightly.** You can make colors darker and more intense by adding another layer of paint, but you cannot make areas lighter.
- **Don't saturate the paper with water or paint.** Repeatedly adding paint to a wet area can cause the paper to tear.
- **Use washes of color for large areas and backgrounds.** To create a wash, wet the desired area with clean water. Then mix water and paint on your palette and apply to your wet paper.
- **Don't be afraid to experiment.** Try mixing colors and using a variety of brushstrokes and textures. Experimenting can lead to mastering the use of tools, helping you to achieve the desired results.
- **Turn your mistakes into creative solutions.** It's normal to make mistakes, so instead of giving up or starting over, think of a way to incorporate the mistake into your work. If there is an unexpected splatter or drip, add more drips and splatters to create texture. Tidy up an uneven line by drawing over messy spots with a colored pencil after the paint has dried. If you turn a mistake into a creative solution, you may find that you like your work even more than before.

Project 3

Llama Scene

Colors

You will need yellow, orange, brown, green, red, blue, and purple.

Instructions

1. Using yellow paint, lay down color for the lightest areas of the llama. Use only a tiny bit of paint mixed with water for the lightest areas and work outward, adding yellow, orange, and light-brown paint until the entire body is colored. Let paint dry.

2. Build volume by adding orange and light-brown paint to the llama's body. Be gentle and use light, soft brushstrokes. Use orange for the back and legs. Use brown for the neck, ears, and tail. Let dry.

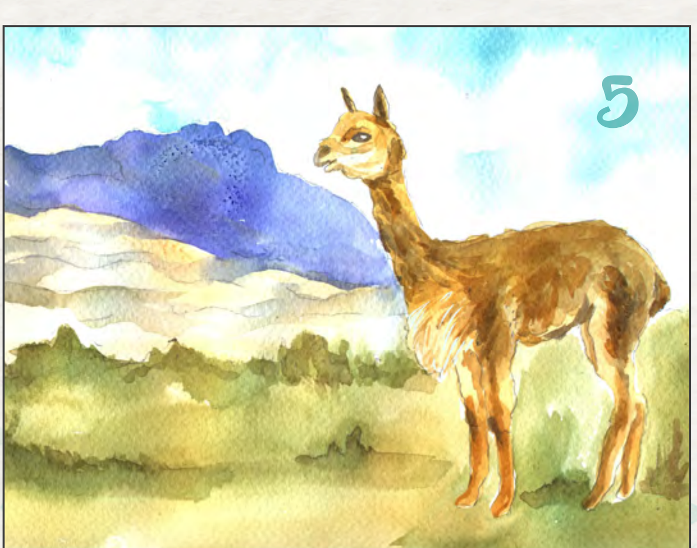
3. Use a mixture of orange and brown to add shadows to the llama's body. Add dark spots to the legs and neck. Create shadows inside the ears. Use small brushstrokes to create the look of the llama's fur. Allow to dry.

4. Wet the sky area of the paper with clean water. While the paper is wet, mix blue paint with a small bit of green. Then, leaving empty spots for clouds, brush the mixture onto the wet paper. Let dry. Mix yellow with a bit of green and red and lay down color for the middle field. Paint the grass using a mixture of yellow and green, adding more paint to darken the grass clumps. Let dry.

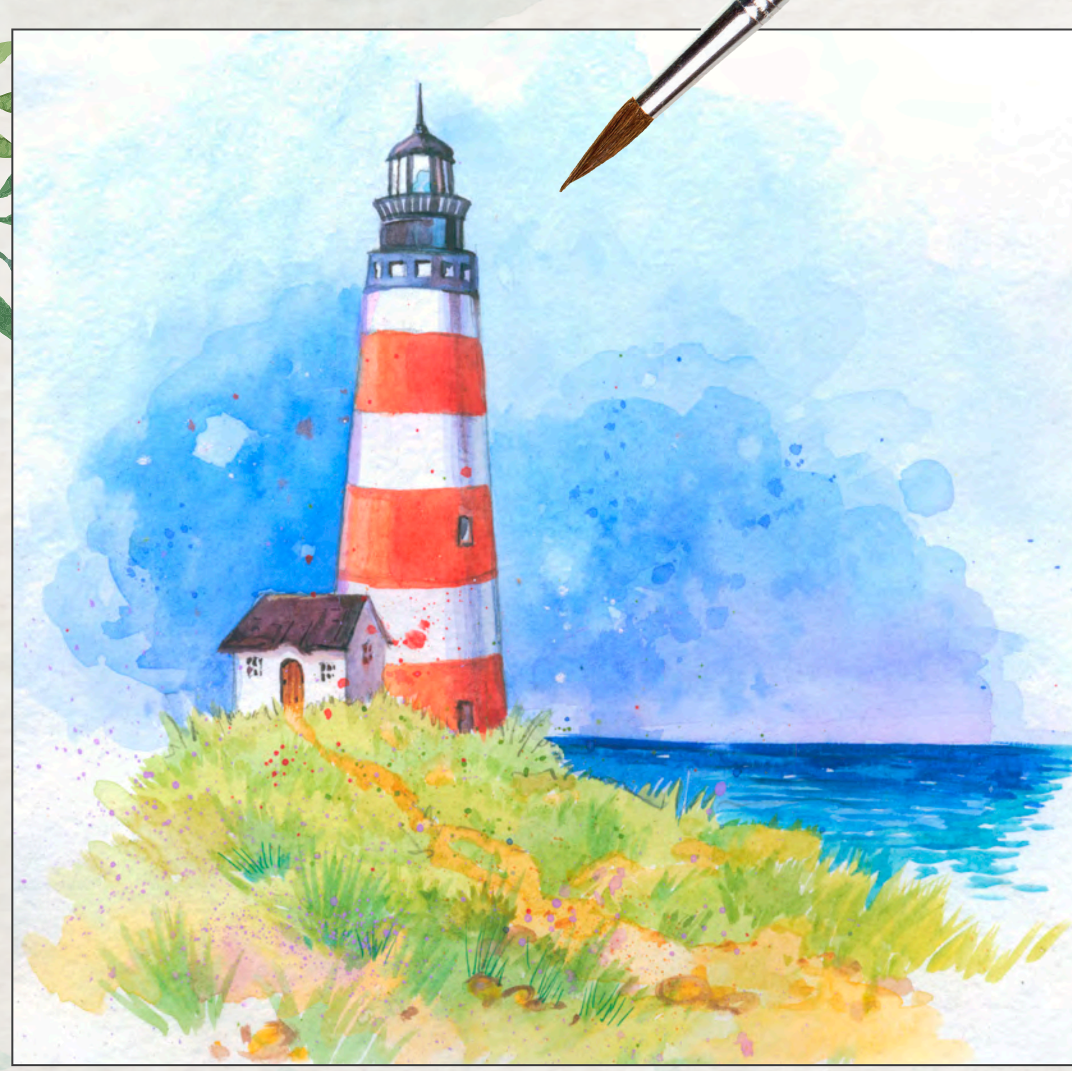
5. Wet the mountain area of the paper with clean water. Add blue and purple paint to the wet paper and blend. Let dry. Using a mix of blue and purple paint, add shadows to the mountain and middle field. Once your paper has dried, use a colored pencil or pen to draw and define details. Look at the finished painting on the previous page for reference.

Here's a tip!

Use your medium brush to paint the llama, your large brush to paint the background, and your small brush to add details.



Project 6
Lighthouse



Colors

You will need blue, purple, green, black, red, orange, and yellow.

Instructions

1. Wet the paper with clean water and paint the sky area with a small bit of blue paint mixed with water. Add a drop of purple paint closer to the horizon line and blend.

2. Mix green and blue paint and lay down color for the sea. Add purple and blue paint to create darker waves near the horizon. Mix a tiny bit of blue and black paint with water, and then add light shadows to both the lighthouse and the cottage. To create loose cloud shapes surrounding the lighthouse, wet the paper again in uneven spots and let drops of blue and purple paint fall onto the wet areas. You can blot the paint with a dry paper towel to create more texture.

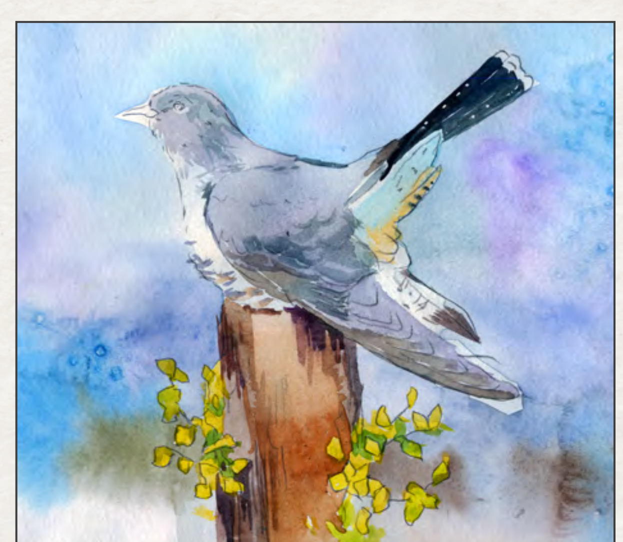
2

3. Using a watery mix of black and blue, paint the bird's body. Add some yellow to the edges of the feathers under the tail. Color the interior of the tree stump with a wash of brown. While the paper is still wet, add orange to the lower interior portion of the stump and blend with water.

4. Paint the eye, beak, and small spot on the belly with yellow. Let dry. Using a fine-tipped brush, add details to the eye and beak with black paint. Use small, thin strokes of black to define feathers on the head, wings, and body. Let dry.

5. Darken areas of the background by adding more blue and purple. Mix blue and black and paint shadows on the bird's lower wings. Mix green, yellow, and brown and shade the edges of the leaves. Paint the stems brown. Let dry.

6. Wet the sky area and apply a light wash of blue to even out the colors. Use a mix of purple and black to accent details on the feathers. Look at the finished painting on the previous page for reference.



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12 PROJECT TEMPLATES

Watercolor Around the World

TEMPLATE SHEETS

For use with the Level 5 Language Arts course

SKU 384.1

CHRISTINE VON HAGEN

CHICO

OF THE ANDES

The Good and the Beautiful
CURRICULUM

For use with the Level 5 Language Arts course

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One

CHICO

"Old Man! Old Man, here he comes! He is here!" a boyish voice shouted.

A young boy with a round, brown-skinned face and short, stocky body jumped up from the doorsill of a small stone house. His brown, almost black, eyes sparkled as he leaned inside the door and shouted. Without waiting for an answer, he started to run down the narrow trail toward the distant sound.

An old man, his faded red *poncho* pushed back over one shoulder, came to the door and peered out of smoke-filled eyes across the empty, treeless moors.

"Who is coming? What are you talking about?" he called after the flying figure in the white trousers and tattered *poncho*.

Then, as he listened, there came through the sunlit silence of the Paramos the sharp "clink" of a hoof

striking stone. The old man smiled, and his face crinkled into a thousand tiny lines.

"Don Ernesto!" he exclaimed to himself. By this time, the boy was far away.

A line of mules climbed up over the hill. One after another they came into sight, each loaded with two big sacks. Behind the last one walked a strong, sturdy man, dressed in white trousers, a *poncho*, and a straw hat. In his hand he carried a stick, which he shook at the animals as he shouted, "*Anda, mulas*—get on."

When he saw the boy waiting for him on the rocky trail, the *arriero* waved his stick in greeting. A broad smile spread over his square, weather-beaten face, and he called, "*Hola—hola*, Chico. How are you? And how is the old man?"

"Well, Don Ernesto. We are both well," the boy answered, dancing up and down happily.

With encouraging shouts, Chico helped the muleteer drive his animals on up the trail. At the grass-thatched stone hut, the mules stopped and waited patiently to be unloaded, their tired heads drooping almost to the ground. The old man and the muleteer embraced each other.

"Well, and how are you, Don Ernesto?" asked the old man. "We had given you up this year. Is it not so, Chico?"

"*Sí*, *sí*," the boy laughed. "We thought you were not

coming at all, Don Ernesto."

"You cannot be rid of an old mountain *arriero* so easily, Don Fernando," exclaimed Ernesto loudly. "No, things did not go well with my mules. Their hooves broke off from so much rain, and I had to wait until they grew back again. But I have a fine cargo here for the mines at Zaruma, so I have lost nothing," he said, slapping the bulging sacks of corn.

The man blew out his breath in a whistle and wiped his face with his sleeve. Then he turned toward the boy and looked at him carefully: first the tough, bare feet and sturdy legs, then the strong little body and the brown face and merry dark eyes. He saw the deep cleft in the firm chin and the straight black hair, which kept falling over his eyes. As usual, when he was excited, Chico was tugging at his stained trousers as though he thought they would fall off. The *arriero*'s eyes twinkled.

"Well, Chico, you are still small, eh? You never grow, it seems." He winked at the old man.

Chico laughed. This was an old joke between them. Because his name meant *little*, Don Ernesto pretended that he never grew. But Grandfather was always complaining that he grew so fast that he could not keep him in trousers.

Just then, Chan, Chico's pet bear, wandered out of the house. He stopped to stretch his short legs and

yawned until they could see down into his pink throat. Then he turned his head to one side and stared out of his fur-encircled eyes. The dark fur made him look as if he had spectacles on, and his name, most appropriately, meant "spectacled bear."

"*Caramba*! What is that?" Don Ernesto jumped back as though he were afraid of the little animal.

"This is Chan," Chico answered proudly. He stooped down and picked up the little bear. Chan stuck out a rough pink tongue and licked the boy's cheek.

"Where did you get him?" The *arriero* touched the bear with one finger as though he expected him to bite.

"I found him on the Paramos," Chico said excitedly. "One day, when I was out there, I heard a crying noise behind a rock. When I looked, there was Chan. Oh, he was wild then." The boy held up one arm and showed a red scar. "When I tried to pick him up, he scratched me and bit my hand. But I wrapped my *poncho* around him and carried him home. He is tame now and follows me everywhere. Does he not, Grandfather?"

"*Sí*, *sí*. He is not a bad little fellow," the old man answered. The *arriero* resumed his conversation with the old man. He was eager to tell him of his hard trip up the mountain.

"*Ai-ya*. What a trip! Never have I seen such trails.

The mud came to here." He measured half up his leg. "And the rain, I thought it would never end."

"It was that way here for a while. But now the weather is fine." The old man waved toward the sky that looked like a blue bowl turned upside down on the towering crags of the Andes. "The trail on the other side of the mountains will be fine," he added.

Chico was as polite as Grandfather had taught him to be. While the men talked, he stood by quietly. Still, he could not help glancing out of the corner of his eye at the saddlebags, stuffed with packages, that hung over the cargo of the last mule. Usually, Don Ernesto brought him a present from Cuenca.

At last, Chico could stand his curiosity no longer. He slipped to the saddlebag and prodded it. He could feel something hard and something soft.

"Chico." Don Ernesto's voice boomed over the quiet Paramos.

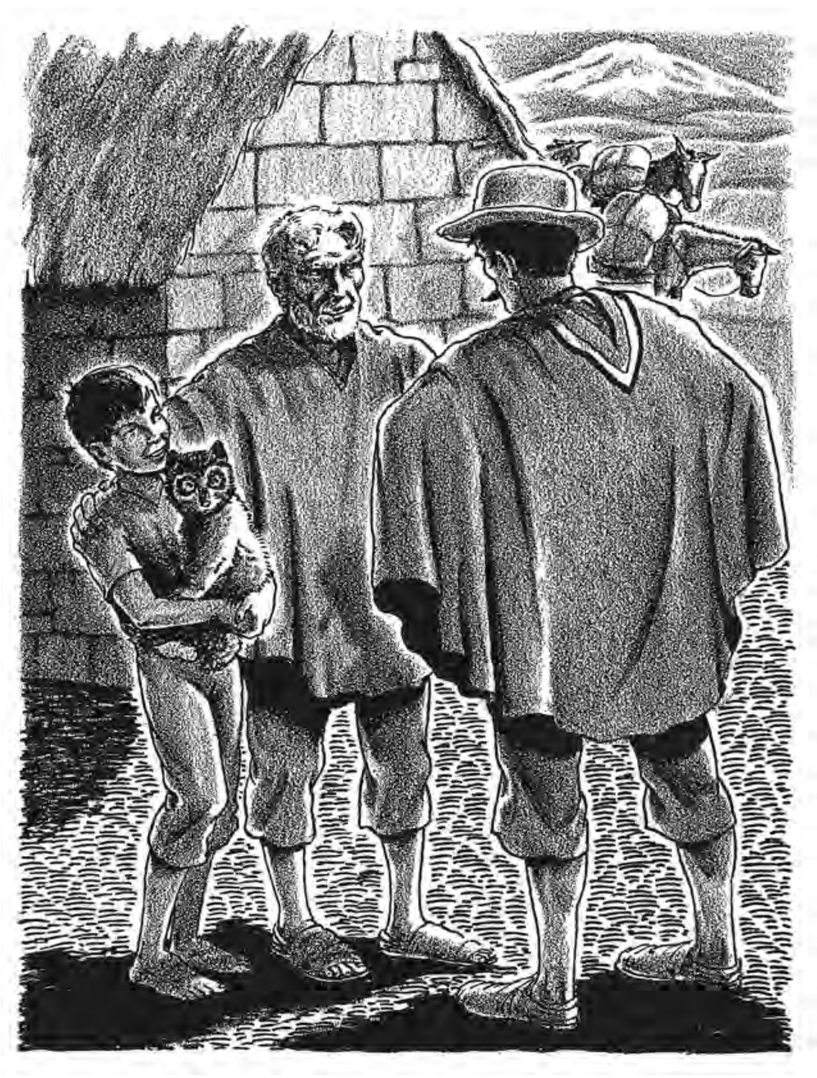
Chico jumped guiltily.

The two men laughed.

"Do me the favor of bringing that bag here, Chico," called the muleteer.

Chico stood on tiptoe to pull down the double bags, woven of white cotton and decorated with little colored figures of animals. He carried them to the house.

Don Ernesto made a great fuss over the packages. He knew how lonesome it must be for these two who



"Ai-ya. What a trip! Never have I seen such trails."

lived high in the Andes, far from any town. He always looked forward to staying the night with them and taking a present, especially for Chico.

First, he pulled out some round brown cakes of sugar wrapped in dry corn husks. He handed these to the old man and said, "Here is something to sweeten your coffee, old man."

Then he pulled out a long bundle and gave it to Chico. His eyes twinkled as he said, "Some fine new straw to weave your hats, Chico. Plenty of it."

Chico made a face, and Don Ernesto laughed. But Grandfather frowned. He did not like it that the boy should take no interest in hat weaving. True, the boy worked at it, but his thoughts were always somewhere else.

Don Ernesto pulled out a pair of *alpargatas*, white cotton sandals with rope soles. Chico smiled. That was a real present. His old ones had fallen apart months ago.

Then there was a small book with colored pictures in it. Chico took it eagerly. Grandfather would teach him to read it.

When he saw the paper package of hard pink candy, he exclaimed, "*Gracias*, Don Ernesto. *Muchas gracias*."

Chico never had enough sweet things to eat.

When they had their presents, Grandfather turned

toward the house. He paused to pick up the half-woven hat on which Chico had been working when Don Ernesto arrived. Then he went inside to make coffee for his tired friend.

Chico helped to unload the mules and pile the sacks and saddles under the long thatch of the roof. When the mules were free, they wriggled their skin back and forth and then lay down to roll on the hard earth.

Grandfather called from the house, “The coffee is ready, *amigo*. Chico, take the mules out and hobble them before it gets dark.”

Chico nodded and picked up the rope on the lead mule. He started back down the trail that led across the Paramos. Halfway down it, he turned up the hill and away from the trail and led them toward the place where the ichu grass grew longest.

On the hillside, Chico looked back at the little house crouched close to the gray-green earth. Behind it was a small potato field, the green leaves and purple flowers waving in the afternoon wind. All around the lonely house rose the high rocky mountain peaks, which cut jaggedly into the blue sky. Below them, spread out like a fan, was the treeless, barren Paramos.

The little figure of Chan trotted down the trail. Chico waved the end of the rope at him.

“Go home, Chan. Go home,” he called.

But Chan paid no attention. Keeping out of reach of the rope, he circled the boy and ran after the mules. In a few seconds, he had them scattered all over the hillside.

Chico made angry sounds at the bear as he ran after the animals. Just when he wanted to get through quickly and go back to listen to the men talking, Chan had to be a bother!

As soon as Chico caught a mule, he tied its lead rope between its legs to hobble it. Not that it would make much difference, for before morning the mules would have hobbled far away.

Chan lost interest in the mules and went off to explore the long ichu grass. Suddenly he began to whine and bark as he did when he was excited. Chico looked toward him.

"What is it, Chan?"

The bear often found something. Sometimes, however, he just barked to make his master pay more attention to him.

Chico walked toward him. When he reached the tall clump of grass, there was a sudden whir of wings. A little bird, no larger than Chico's smallest finger, fluttered out of the grass. Although it was tiny, it was covered with golden-green feathers that made it gleam like a jewel in the sunlight. A long tail, five times as long as its body, streamed behind.

"*Qué linda*!" the boy exclaimed.

Chico watched the little hummingbird, its tiny wings beating the air. He thought of how Grandfather had told him that once, many hundreds of years ago, the rulers of the ancient people of the Andes had made long cloaks from the tiny feathers of the hummingbird. It made him feel sad to think of so many little birds killed just to make a cloak.

But still, the bird fluttered close by. Chico hurried toward the grass and parted it. Just as he had thought! A tiny, tiny nest hung near the top of the coarse grass. Two little eggs were in it.

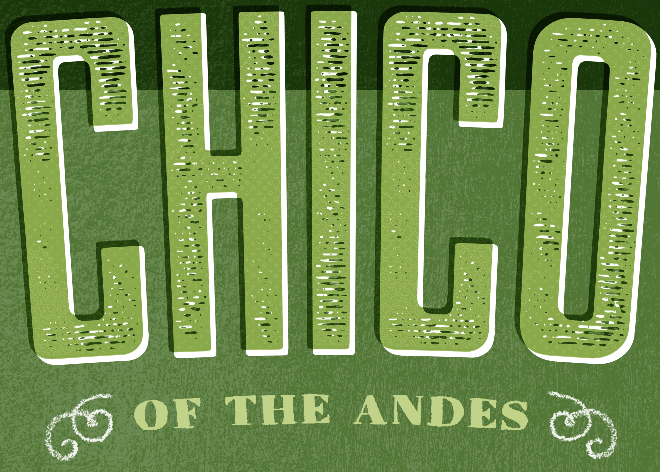
Chan had been whining excitedly. Now he ran up and began to scratch at the grass.

"For shame, Chan," Chico scolded him. "Do you want to tear up the nest?"

That was just what the little bear wanted to do.

Chico caught hold of his pet. How could he keep him away until he had finished hobbling the mules? The piece of rope he held in his hand gave him an idea. He tied the rope around the bear's neck. Then, walking a good distance away so that the mother bird would not be frightened, he fastened the bear to a clump of grass.

"Ha ha," he laughed down at the disappointed Chan, "that will keep you from hurting the poor little bird."



High in the rugged Andes of Ecuador, ten-year-old Chico works hard and lives happily with his grandfather and his pet bear, Chan. By firelight, Grandfather tells Chico amazing stories about the Inca and the other ancient people who once inhabited their land. Chico has always felt a close connection to the mountains, his *tierra*—that is, until he discovers he is an orphan, found out on the moors, and that his grandfather is merely a kind stranger who took Chico in as a baby. Shocked and confused, Chico determines to travel to the city, leaving behind his beloved mountains, to track down his lost family and discover who he truly is.

SKU 384.4

SIDNEY BALDWIN
MARJORIE
The Good and the Beautiful
CURRICULUM
For use with the Level 5 Language Arts course

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CHAPTER 1

Marjorie Comes to Monhegan

The tap of the bell on the teacher's desk signaled recess, and the children raced for the open door. Emma Hammond, a slender gray-eyed girl of eleven with long red curls, ran to join her next-door neighbor, Lucy Barter, wife of Dan, the best fisherman on the island, who was sitting on a nearby rock.

"Emma, you said yesterday you'd like to see Marjorie Jefferson. Well, you may have the chance."

Emma looked at the letter in Lucy's hand.

"Is that from her?"

"From her mother. She wants me to take Marjorie for the summer. Her father, who hasn't been well, is going to a place in Europe for a cure, and, of course, Marjorie's mother must go with him. But it isn't any place for a little girl."

"Monhegan's a wonderful place for anybody," said Emma loyally. "You were her nurse, weren't you? Will you have to take care of her the way you did before?"

"I came to Monhegan with the Jeffersons. That's when I met Dan. But Marjorie's as old as you are. I wouldn't have to be her nurse now."

"I wonder how she'll tell her friends where she's coming. Do you suppose she'll look Monhegan up on the map?"

"Probably she'll just say, 'It's an island off the coast of Maine, where fishermen live.'"

"She ought to say how beautiful it is, and that there are cliffs, and two beaches, and a hotel, and summer cottages, and that we've got a big bronze plaque set in a rock that says that Captain John Smith landed here in 1608—and that we've got a beautiful harbor, and Cathedral woods—" Emma was out of breath.

"She can't tell all that; she doesn't know it. She was just a baby when she was here before. She's not very strong, and she's the only child, so probably she's been spoiled. I'll have to ask Dan about her. I'm afraid he won't want anybody to live in our house."

"Here he comes now. You can ask him. It would be fun to have another girl—especially now that Dan's sister Mary can't come, the way she did last summer."

"Mary's big enough to help her mother this year. She was a lot of help to me, but we can't expect a city

child to take hold the way Dan's sister did." Lucy got to her feet and joined her husband on his way home from the fish beach.

"What's in the pail, Dan?"

"Roe—the first of the season. What's in your letter?"

"From Mrs. Jefferson. She liked the rugs." Lucy did not want to speak of Marjorie until she had Dan in a good humor.

"She'd better like 'em. They were swell. I almost kept them for myself."

The husband and wife went up the hill by the schoolhouse to their own cottage, which was still called "Aunt Clementina's place," though Lucy and Dan had lived there for four years. Aunt Clementina had been proud of her garden, and Lucy never opened the picket gate without a feeling of pleasure. There, in season, grew all the flowers—the old-fashioned ones, as well as newer plants that the seed catalogs offered. The hundred-year-old house was square and steep-roofed, with gray shingled walls. Every day in summer found easels set up along the road, and the pictures of the rose-covered cottage had taken many prizes in city exhibitions.

"Here's your roe—cooked with eggs, the way you like it, and here's your mince pie—about the last of the mincemeat."

"Stop fussing and sit down. You've got something on

your mind, I can tell. Mrs. Jefferson want more rugs?"

"No, it's something else. You remember Marjorie, the little Jefferson girl?"

"I'm not likely to forget that nuisance. A man doesn't forget his courting days. What about her?"

"Mrs. Jefferson wants us to take her for the summer."

"What!"

"Now, Dan, wait a minute before you make up your mind. She's been sick, and the doctor wants her to have a change of air. He thinks the sea would be good for her. But—Mr. Jefferson has to go to Europe, so Mrs. Jefferson thought of us."

She looked at her husband's stern face anxiously. "They were awfully good to me—to us—when we got married, Dan," she reminded him. "I always wanted to do something for them. This is the first chance I've ever had."

Dan looked at the photograph of the eleven-year-old girl Lucy laid before him. He remembered small Marjorie very well—brown eyes, black hair, and a will of her own.

"She don't look very good to me," he said.

"Oh, Dan! Then you won't have her?"

Dan didn't want any strange girl in his house, but he always tried to please Lucy.

"She says she'll pay well. That would help toward the new boat engine, Dan."

"Something will have to help toward it. Fishin' isn't doing enough. Well, Lucy, you'll get all the bother. I guess I can stand it for a summer. I'm not home till evening, anyhow."

"Marjorie'll be around in the evening now," his wife reminded him. "She's not a little girl anymore."

"Suit yourself." And Dan went whistling down toward his lobster traps on the fish beach.

And that was the reason, two weeks later, Lucy and Dan stood on the Monhegan wharf, watching the prow of the mail boat as she plowed her way toward the island.

Marjorie was not eager to arrive. The excitement of getting ready for the summer had died down when she found that, instead of the pretty silk clothes that her friends were buying, her summer wardrobe was made up of sturdy cotton clothes and tweed coats, since her school clothes were all she would need in the little fishing community.

"Don't I dress up for dinner?" she had asked, back home in Ohio.

"They don't even eat dinner," her father had commented. "They call it supper, and it ends with stewed fruit—how well I remember!"

The long gray shadow on the horizon that her mother pointed out as Monhegan grew larger, and spots of white turned into houses, with the tallest thin

one a lighthouse. Boats lay at anchor between Duck Rock and the island. Though it was still early in the season, there were a good many people on the wharf, having come down to see the little girl some of them remembered.

Lucy was at the edge of the slip as the gangplank was pushed out.

"Do you remember me, Marjorie?" she asked as she took the little girl in her arms. "And do you remember Dan, who used to carry you?"

"I remember Dan very well," said Marjorie's mother, shaking hands.

"I'm glad to see you, Mrs. Jefferson," the tall, young fisherman greeted her. "If you will show me your bags, I'll take them up to the house."

The Jefferson luggage was sorted out from the pile of boxes, cartons, bags, and lumber that had arrived on the mailboat, and the four began to walk up the hill.

Marjorie was tired. She had not slept well on the sleeper that had brought them from Boston, and the breakfast in Thomaston was so early that she had not been hungry. She did not look at the long hotel at the top of the hill or listen to the eager words of her old nurse, Lucy, who was telling Mrs. Jefferson of the changes that had been made since the summer when they had all been together on the island.

"Our house has a lovely garden, set in the rocks."

Lucy stopped to pull a leaf from the fragrant bay bush that grew beside the road and handed the crushed leaf to her guest. “I’ve kept Aunt Clementina’s flowers as well as I could. Dan helps me. He loves flowers.”

“This is a lovely place.” Marjorie’s mother drew long breaths of the fresh, cool air, tinged with the pungent bay she was holding. “Smell this, Marjorie.”

“I’m beginning to remember, a little.” The girl looked around her. “Didn’t we used to get ice cream cones up a long boardwalk?”

“Yes, on the second floor of a fish house, but now we have a new store—two new ones, one the post office. We pass them in a minute. The place we live in was built by Dan’s grandfather.”

Past the schoolhouse set on the hill and a turn off to a second road that led to the lighthouse they went—Dan coming along with the Jefferson luggage in his wheelbarrow. Tired as she was, Marjorie exclaimed with delight as a picket fence came in sight, and the old gray house sat quietly beyond a spring garden. Great clumps of lupine—blue, pink, and white—were a background for tulips, narcissus, and hyacinths.

“Oh, Mother, the lilacs haven’t bloomed yet.” Marjorie caught a branch hanging over the fence. “Ours were over long ago.”

“Spring stays here in the island.” Lucy swung open

the gate and let her guests enter. "I've saved a lot of seedlings, so you can have your own flower bed."

But Marjorie was not interested in flower beds. She was not interested in the old house, or her little room under the eaves, with an old-fashioned spool bed and a patchwork quilt that had been made by Dan's grandmother when she was a little girl. She would not try to take a nap, but clung close to her mother.

Not even the entrance of Emma, who would be her next-door neighbor, made her smile, and at the first chance, she whispered, "Mother, I don't want to stay here. I'm going back with you."

Lucy heard her. She was sorry for Marjorie's mother, but she was sorry for Marjorie, too. She knew what it was like to come away from everybody and everything a little girl was used to.

"Wouldn't you like to have Emma take you up to the light?" she suggested. "You can see the whole island from the top, and Emma can show you where you'll have lots of good times this summer."

"I'm not going to stay here this summer," Marjorie answered.

"We'll go to the light, of course," said her mother. "Get your sweater; it's still cool."

"I'll have supper ready by the time you get back," Lucy said. "We eat early. Dan is up in the morning before the sun is, so he goes to bed with the birds."

“How funny!” said Marjorie.

“Those are fishermen hours. You’ll have to be a fisherman this summer.”

Marjorie did not expect to be a fisherman. Not all of Emma’s eager stories about the island—the meadow that was now filled with frost flowers but later would have blue iris, and still later cattails; not her stories of how the island children fished for pollock from the sterns of their fathers’ boats moored in the harbor; nor her description of lobster picnics on the rocks of Lobster Cove, where they boiled lobsters over fires of driftwood—made Marjorie feel any better. Her mother was leaving the next morning, and she was going with her, and nothing Emma could say would make her change her mind.

She was afraid to go up the long, winding stair to the balcony outside the light, and her mother did not leave her, but they sat for several minutes on the long grass outside and looked over the water to the mainland. Emma wandered away and went down the hill to her own house.

For the first time in her life, Marjorie found her mother firm in her decision to leave her daughter on Monhegan while she joined her husband in New York. None of Marjorie’s tears could change her mind, although it was a sad person who entered Lucy’s kitchen, where Dan was sitting, waiting for his supper.

"A real fisherman's supper, Marjorie," he said kindly. "Clam chowder, pilot biscuit, and hot applesauce and gingerbread."

Marjorie had been hungry, but the big bowl of chowder set before her was so new that she did not think she could eat it. She put in her spoon and lifted a quarter of an onion. She hated onions, but her mother was anxiously watching her, and Marjorie loved her mother too much to disappoint her.

"I'll try it," she said bravely. She tasted her first spoonful critically, and it was so good that she emptied her big bowl and even asked for more. By bedtime she was so sleepy that she hardly knew when her mother tucked her into bed, and the tears she had expected to shed were forgotten.

But there were plenty of tears the next morning when she woke to find a thick fog outside her window and watched the drops of water collect on the bushes. When Dan, looking at the big old clock, said that it was time to go to the wharf, Marjorie broke down completely.

"Mother! You can't mean to leave me here! I won't stay in this horrid, nasty little house while you and Father go away and have a good time. You can't really mean it. I won't stay. I'll run away. Oh, I think you're horrid!"

Lucy was glad that Dan had started ahead, carrying

MARJORIE

Marjorie Jefferson is used to a life of indulgence in Ohio, but when her parents must travel overseas for her father's health, Marjorie is sent to stay with Lucy, her childhood nurse. Lucy lives on the beautiful island of Monhegan, where hard work and kindness are of great value. However, Marjorie doesn't see anything valuable in living on Monhegan Island, and Dan, Lucy's husband, doesn't appreciate Marjorie's poor attitude. The longer Marjorie stays on the island, though, the more she finds that there's something special about life on Monhegan that could forever change her—something more than just the fresh sea air.

SKU 384.3

JENNY PHILLIPS

The Clockmaker's Son

The Good and the Beautiful
CURRICULUM

For use with the Level 5 Language Arts course

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The Good and the Beautiful
CURRICULUM

CHAPTER 1

Tucked deep into the Black Forest of Germany beside a small gurgling stream was a little schoolhouse filled with the thoughts of twenty-nine children. However, the only sound to be heard within the walls was the young schoolmaster's voice.

"Right here, right now, in our valley of Gutach, walking our beautiful hills and forests, is the famous artist Karl Hofer."

Famous! thought Fritz Vogel. That word was often on his fourteen-year-old mind, for Fritz had a secret determination that he would one day leave this isolated forest and be someone great, someone important. He could never decide what exactly he would be famous for, but now he had a new idea—an artist. Perhaps he would be a famous artist!

Fritz focused his attention back on the schoolmaster's words. "Karl Hofer, as many of you know, achieved wonderful success last year with his paintings of our very own Black Forest. Now he is here to find more scenes of the Black Forest to paint."

Fritz glanced at his brother, Peter, who was just a year and a half older. Peter, as usual, was listening intently to the schoolmaster. Fritz wanted Peter to know how excited he was. With a little jab in the ribs, Fritz poked his brother several times. But Peter didn't take his eyes off the schoolmaster, for it was against the rules not to pay strict attention to the schoolmaster at all times.

"Karl Hofer has studied with some of the great masters of our day," continued the schoolmaster with enthusiasm. "He has traveled the world. Imagine what he has seen in the great cities of France and Italy!"

Suddenly, there was a little squeal from the back of the room, then the scrape of a chair and the patter of little feet.

"Gretchen Vogel!" said the schoolmaster sternly. "What are you doing?"

"Look! It's a red crossbill bird!" cried Fritz's seven-year-old sister as she stuck her head out

the open window. “It’s on the branch over there. Father showed me one once, and I’ve never seen one again until now. Oh, just look how pretty it is.”

Peter was aghast at Gretchen’s actions, but Fritz was amused, as was his twin sister, Elsie. Amalia and Agatha, the other Vogel siblings, also twins, hardly dared to breathe as they watched the schoolmaster’s flustered face. He walked over to Gretchen and folded his arms.

“Gretchen Vogel, I’m aware of your great love of birds, and, yes, a red crossbill is quite worthy of notice, but it is not appropriate to get up in the middle of school and disrupt my teaching. You may stay after school for detention today, and”—he took a look at his pocket watch—“it’s time for school to end now. Gather your things, students. Class is dismissed.”

Fritz groaned quietly. All the Vogel children would have to wait for Gretchen.

Peter walked over to Gretchen and wiped away the two big tears sliding down her little cheeks. “We’ll be outside waiting for you, Gretchen. I really don’t think he will keep you long.”

The Vogel children gathered together outside by the school steps.

“Can you believe it?” said Fritz. “The one day

we have a chance to meet someone famous in our hills, Gretchen keeps us waiting for her."

"I know you're excited about Karl Hofer," said Elsie kindly, always supportive of her twin brother, "but look at poor Gretchen." She pointed into the schoolroom where they could all see Gretchen through the open schoolroom door. The little girl had tears streaming down her face.

Spared a long detention by the kind-hearted teacher, Gretchen came dashing out the door only five minutes later. Her yellow braids flying and her eyes blurry from all the tears, she tumbled right down the schoolhouse steps and landed in a little heap at the bottom.

Amalia and Agatha gasped.

"My foot!" sobbed Gretchen. "My elbow! Oh, I'm hurt."

After a quick assessment from Elsie, Gretchen was found to be without serious harm, but she was definitely not able to make the very long walk home.

"Fritz and I will take turns carrying you," declared Peter. He picked her up with strong arms. "It's a good thing you're light as a feather. Now, let's see if we can find that red crossbill on the way home."

"Peter," said Fritz, as he followed his older

brother. "How *are* you so perfect?" he said sincerely. "Can I call you Perfect Peter?"

"Of course not," said Peter.

"Well, I don't know that I have ever seen you do anything wrong," stated Fritz. "Hotel Zum will be blessed to have you."

Peter didn't answer, but Fritz was used to Peter's quiet ways. He was not much of a talker.

"Well, I don't want you to go work at Hotel Zum," said Gretchen as she leaned into Peter's broad chest.

"He has to," said Elsie. "He's turning sixteen, and since he can't afford to go to university, he has to start earning money after the fall semester is over. He'll make a perfect front desk assistant, and he'll even be able to live in the hotel for free. It's really a great opportunity."

"Why can't he just stay with us and help Father on the farm?" asked Gretchen.

"No, the farm goes to the youngest son," replied Elsie. "Fritz will run the farm one day."

"I can't stand it any longer!" cried Fritz loudly. Everyone stopped and stared at him.

"Everyone has my life planned for me, but it's not *my* plan! I don't like the farm. I don't want it. It's too small. We can only produce a little more than what we need ourselves. That's why Father

has to make clocks all winter in his stuffy shop. I don't want to farm, and I don't want to make clocks all winter. I don't want to make *any* clocks. And I won't! I'm going to do something great. I'm going to leave our crowded little farm and travel to the great cities of the world. I'm going to be someone important. I'm going to be a painter like Karl Hofer. You'll see!"

Fritz turned on his heels and ran off the dirt road into the forest.

"Fritz! Where are you going?" yelled Peter.

"I'm going to find Karl Hofer," Fritz called over his shoulder.

"Fritz! Come back. You need to help me carry Gretchen home—and Father will need help with the chores."

There was no answer from Fritz. The siblings stood listening as the sounds of Fritz running in the forest grew fainter and then disappeared. Birds chirped cheerfully in the green canopy above them, but all else was still.

Agatha and Amalia, quite the tenderhearted nine-year-old girls, began to cry.

"Oh, Fritz!" cried Agatha, shaking her long light hair.

"What will happen?" cried Amalia, pulling on her long brown braids. "What will Father think?

Oh, Fritz will break Father's heart."

"We can let Fritz tell Father about this; it should not come from us," said Peter solemnly, still staring off into the forest where Fritz had disappeared. "Fritz will need to work this out on his own." He set Gretchen down. "My arms just need a quick break, Gretchen, and then we can all head home."

It felt good to run. Many months of pent-up worries and conflicted feelings flowed through Fritz, sending him swiftly across the fields. Over the hills Fritz went, scanning the area for any sign of the famous artist. After stopping for a quick rest and a drink from a clear, bubbling stream, Fritz ran again. There was no sign of the artist. Fritz dashed into a thicket of trees and nearly ran into a cow. Dodging the cow made him topple head over heels, and he finally landed, unharmed, flat on the ground. He heard a deep chuckle.

"Trying to take out my cow, are you?" said a jovial voice.

Fritz looked up and saw a familiar-looking man, a neighboring farmer wearing a straw hat, looking down on him.

"So sorry," said Fritz. "I didn't see your cow."

"Obviously," said the man. "What were you running so fast for?"

Fritz stood up. "I—I'm just looking for somebody."

The farmer studied the boy's face. "Oh, you live just over that hill, right? You are the clockmaker's son."

The clockmaker's son! Will I always be known as just a clockmaker's son? thought Fritz. *My name is Fritz Vogel, and I am more than a clockmaker's son. Someday he'll know my name.*

Fritz gave a slight nod and ran off.

The sinking sun was just disappearing behind the hills by the time Fritz practically stumbled into his farmhouse, exhausted from his fruitless search for Karl Hofer. The family had just begun dinner. With hesitation Fritz sat down at the table. All was quiet except for the scraping of wooden spoons in wooden bowls. Fritz's usually blithe father, Jakob, somberly chewed on his piece of black bread. Then he looked up at Fritz with a twinkle in his eye and asked, "Did you find Karl Hofer?"

Fritz lowered his head. "No, Father. I'm really sorry. I should not have run off like that."

"No, you shouldn't have. Not only did Peter have to carry Gretchen home all by himself, but Peter also had to do all your chores. You know the cow has to be milked, and the vegetable garden is not going to water itself."

"I know. I'm sorry. May I do extra work tomorrow?"

"You may," said his father, dipping his spoon in his thick, steaming potato soup. "Thank you, Fritz."

Fritz stole a glance at Peter and found him staring down at his soup. His mother was staring at her soup, too, as she held two-year-old Flora on her lap. Fritz then stole a glance at Gretchen. She was narrowing her eyes at him. Never had Fritz remembered feeling so terrible.

Just then, unfailingly supportive Elsie patted Fritz's knee and gave him a smile.

Oh, good Elsie! thought Fritz.

Jakob cleared his throat. "Well, Fritz, do you want to tell me why you were so set on finding Karl Hofer?"

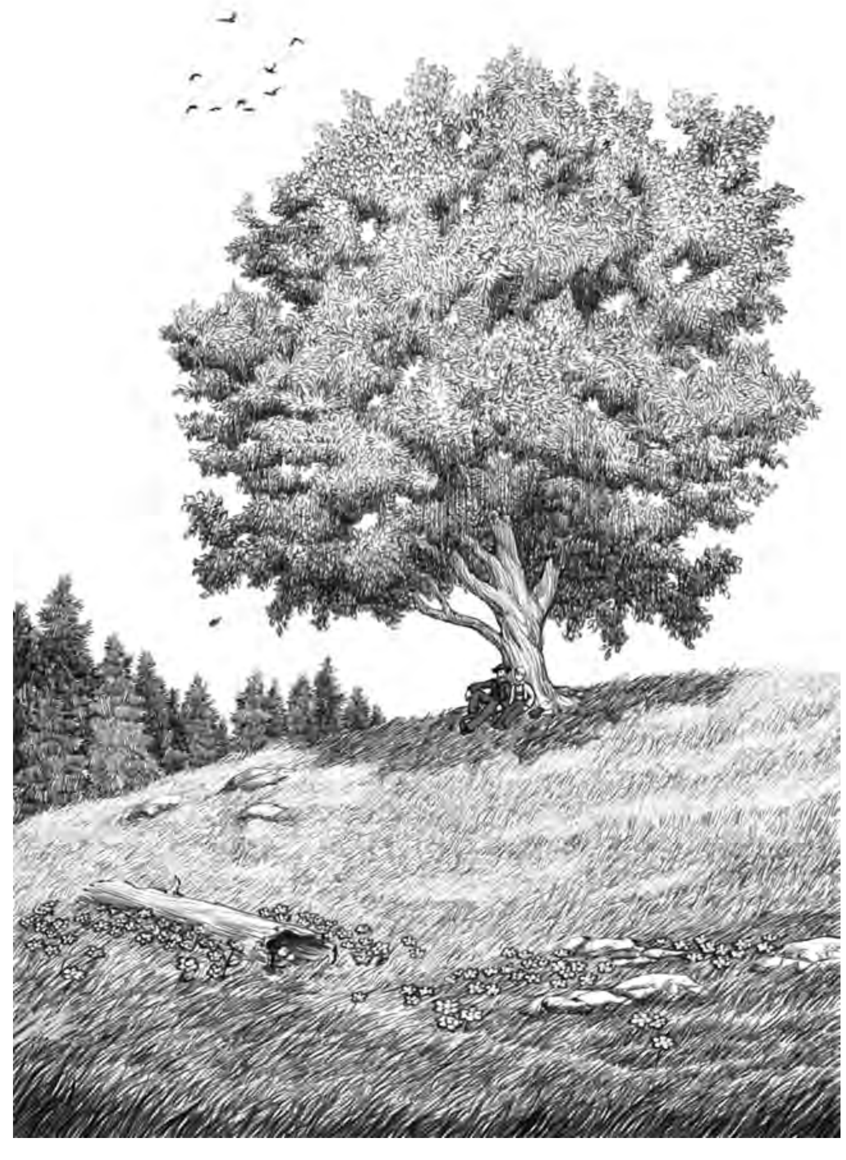
Fritz froze. He saw Agatha's and Amalia's big, round eyes staring at him from across the table. Fritz knew he could never tell his hardworking, ever-loving father how he truly felt about the farm and clockmaking. He could never let his

father down. Honest Fritz also could not lie, not even the tiniest bit. He could not make up a story about why he wanted to find Karl Hofer.

Fritz shook his head. “No, sir. I don’t want to tell you, but I promise I’ll never do something like that again.”

Jakob let out a hearty laugh. “OK, Fritz, I’ll accept that. Now eat up. Your mother has outdone herself again with this delicious potato soup.”

Maria, Fritz’s mother, smiled at Jakob, and then she gave a small smile to Fritz. Gretchen, however, continued to narrow her eyes at Fritz, and Peter kept his eyes glued to his soup. Although Father didn’t know about Fritz’s feelings, all his siblings now did.



The Clockmaker's Son

During the early 1900s in the Black Forest in Germany, a fourteen-year-old boy named Fritz became lost in a fog, setting in motion a life-changing adventure. Two mysterious girls, a door in a tree, a major accident, profound relationships, and more all weave together to bring the reader laughter, tears, and reflection on the things that matter most. Penned with a beautifully descriptive style, *The Clockmaker's Son* tells the fictional story of one young man as his family, friends, and Christ help him turn his life around when things seem darker than he could have ever imagined.

ORIGINAL PUBLICATION

SKU 384.2

FRANCES WILLIAMS BROWIN

For use with the Level 5 Language Arts course

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Chapter 1

SUSPICION

It worried Oquana to hear how people talked about her father. She, herself, thought that he was wonderful, yet she could not help knowing that other children made fun of him. There was the day, for instance, when her friend Oolassa asked her teasingly, "Why doesn't your father ever work, like other men?"

"He *does* work!" Oquana protested.

"Ha!" snorted Oolassa's brother Keewatee. "I've watched him, and I know better. He doesn't do a thing! He lets your mother and Tessee do all the work on the farm. He's so lazy that he doesn't even cut wood or go hunting."

"How can he go hunting when he is lame?" Oquana was trying not to cry. "He's the best artist in the whole Cherokee Nation, and he makes the finest things out of silver. Look—he made me this bracelet." She thrust out her wrist for them to see the slender silver band. "Could *your* father carve such beautiful deer as those, Keewatee?"

"My father's too busy raising corn and beans and cows and chickens to bother with such things as that," answered Keewatee. "But your father doesn't spend much time carving bracelets. He's always going around making crazy signs and sounds or hiding himself away in that funny-looking little cabin. Do you know what my father says about *your* father, Oquana?"

"Don't tell her that, Keewatee!" begged his sister, who was beginning to feel sorry for Oquana. "Maybe it isn't true."

"I *will* tell her!" Keewatee answered angrily. "I think she ought to know. Listen, Oquana, here's what my father said about yours just last night. He said he thinks there's something awfully suspicious about Sequoya. The neighbors all say that your father is crazy and dangerous."

This time the tears came. "That's not so, Keewatee!" Oquana sobbed. "That's just not so! Father is proud of being a Cherokee. He'd *never* do anything to hurt our people!"

“Then what *is* he doing?” persisted Keewatee. “One day last week he walked right past me on the road and never even saw me. He was making silly marks on a piece of beech bark in his hand and muttering ‘Qua! Qua! Qua!’ Sounded more like a duck than a man. Everybody’s talking about how strangely Sequoya behaves. What *is* he doing, Oquana?”

“I don’t know,” Oquana admitted mournfully through her tears, “but I’ll ask him right away.”

Nearly a week passed, however, before the girl had a chance to ask her father why he did these things that made people suspicious. The trouble was that she hardly ever saw Sequoya alone. Every day he spent most of his time hidden in the tiny cabin that he had built for himself in the weed-grown field behind the house. And in the evenings Tessee was at home.

Tessee was Oquana’s older brother, who went to the mission school, where he was learning to read and write the white man’s words. Oquana was afraid that he would laugh at her if she questioned her father. Also, she hesitated to say anything that might set her mother to grumbling about the way Sequoya was always leaving all the work for her to do.

At last, one day, Oquana was playing alone, with Gili, the dog, beside her. She was making small boats

of leaves and twigs to sail in the brook when her father came out of the woods nearby. He was limping slowly toward his small cabin. Though Oquana was almost in his path, he did not notice her. He kept staring at some wild flowers he was holding in his hands. As he looked at them, he kept repeating their names aloud.

Much as she hated to do it, Oquana had to admit to herself that Keewatee was partly right; her father was a little odd. What other man in the tribe would go around saying the names of common field flowers to himself?

But she did not let that thought stop her from calling, "Hello, Father! What are you doing?" There! The question was out with no trouble at all!

Sequoya smiled and came over to sit beside his daughter on a big flat stone by the brook. "I'm glad you asked me, Oquana," he said. "I'm trying to think of ways to write down the names of these flowers. Maybe you can help me."

Oquana was surprised. "But you forget, Father. I've never been to school yet. Tessee is the one who could help you because he's learning to write."

"No, the writing that they teach at the mission school isn't what I want. That's white men's talk, so it's no good for us. You and I and most of our people don't speak or think in English. What *I* want to do is to invent a way of reading and writing in our own Cherokee language."

Oquana breathed a sigh of relief. "So *that's* what you're doing when you go around making funny noises and marking signs on pieces of bark. Keewatee told me that he saw you doing it."

"And did Keewatee tell you too,"—Sequoya sounded amused—"that your father was crazy or lazy or wicked or maybe all three put together?"

"How did you know?"

"Oh, it's all an old story to me. Ever since I first got the idea of trying to capture our language and put it down on paper, people have been calling me crazy or worse. Why should it be good for the white men to make paper talk and the Cherokees to be unable to communicate except face to face? Writing is useful for the white man; why not for us? Yet ever since the time, years ago, when I spoke of this, people have looked at me with suspicion."

"They shouldn't call you crazy!" Oquana was indignant. "It isn't right!"

Her father's expression was calm. "I don't mind it much," he said. "I can stand it, for I know that what I'm trying to do is a good thing. But I realize that maybe it *is* hard on you and your mother and Tessee."

"I won't mind what they say, Father. But—" and here Oquana paused, feeling shy again.

"But what?"

"Well, would you mind if I told Keewatee and

Oolassa what you just told me—how you are making up a way to catch Cherokee words and put them down on paper?"

"Why, of course not, child! Go ahead and tell them. It's no secret."

Oquana, followed by her dog, ran away in search of her neighbors. Never again, she felt sure, would Keewatee speak rudely of her father.

Sequoya remained seated on the stone by the brook, scratching signs in the muddy bank with a long stick. Some of these signs he looked at doubtfully, then shook his head and rubbed them out with his foot. Others, however, he studied carefully, saying aloud, over and over again, the sounds for which they stood.

He was still deep in this work, gazing at one of the wilting flowers in his hand, when Oquana came slowly back, her feet dragging. All her relief and happiness had vanished. Indeed, she looked as if she would have liked to have a tail like her dog's, so that she could have let it droop as Gili's was doing.

"What's the matter, daughter?" her father asked.

Oquana's eyes were red. "They made fun of me again," she told him. "They said that writing had all been invented long ago. They said that if you want to learn to write, why don't you go to school and let the missionaries teach you? And they said that their big brother's teacher told him that nobody can put

Cherokee in writing. They can't fit the sounds to what they call letters, the way white men do. And they said, too . . ." She stopped.

"Go on. What else did they say?"

"Well, they said that even if anybody *was* going to invent a way to write down Cherokee, it wouldn't be you." She looked away and blinked hard to hold back the tears. "They said you didn't even know how to read or write or talk in the white man's way."

Sequoya wiped his daughter's wet cheek with the tail of his long red-fringed shirt. "Don't be angry with them," he comforted her. "Part of what they say may be right. You see, I've been working at this thing for many years now, and I still have a long way to go. No matter how hard I work, I just don't seem able to finish it, though I began long before you were born."

"Before I was born!" Oquana was amazed. "What ever made you start?"

"Well, when I was a young man in the north country, it worried me to see how the white men kept taking over more and more of our land. The fields and the hills had always belonged to us Cherokees."

He paused a moment, so Oquana asked: "How was it that they were able to do it, Father? Were they wiser, perhaps, or stronger?"

"No, it wasn't that. As a matter of fact, they couldn't equal the Cherokees at running or shooting

or swimming or finding their way through the woods. I don't think they were any wiser, either."

"Then, why did they always keep getting the better of us?"

"Some people say one thing about that, and some say another. In *my* opinion, though, the trouble was that our leaders' wisdom often died with them. The only way they could pass it on to their children was by word of mouth. But the white men had a way of passing on their knowledge to each other on paper. When they wrote something down with their special signs, it seemed much more important, somehow, than when they just said it."

To Oquana this seemed like a very poor explanation for the white men's success in winning land away from the Cherokees. She shook her head. "But I still don't see—"

"What happened," her father went on, "was that every time the white men wanted to take something away from us, they would show us a piece of paper with markings all over it—markings that we couldn't understand. They called it a treaty.

"Our chiefs and their men would have a meeting and agree to the use of the land. Then they would write down the agreement. Maybe the chief would die or maybe he couldn't remember. Then white men would show the paper. And they always said it gave them the

right to do whatever it was they were doing. To us it seemed amazing, the way they could make that paper carry their thoughts, even if the thoughts were not always true.

"The rest of us knew that the white men were able to get the better of us because they had found a way for capturing words on paper."

"Couldn't the Cherokees learn to do that, too?"

"That's what we often used to talk about, over our council fires. Some said that this ability was given to the white men alone by God and was not meant for us Cherokees. Others said that the thing to do was to let the white men teach us to read and write their language."

"Well, they *are* teaching us now, aren't they? Isn't that what Tessee's learning at the mission school?"

"Yes," Sequoya nodded. "Our people asked the missionaries to open schools in the Cherokee Nation. Our children, they thought, might then have a better chance in the white men's world than we have had."

"Were you one of the ones who asked them, Father?"

"No, I wasn't. I was glad enough to help the others cut the timber and split the logs and raise the roof when they built the schoolhouse. Still, I felt that it would be better for Cherokees to try to find a way of talking to each other on paper in their own language. It was many years ago that I first had this thought, but for a long while, I didn't do much about it."

It *can't* be done. At least that's what everyone but Oquana and her father, Sequoya, think. They won't let others' doubts deter them, though, for Sequoya's dream is too important: the Cherokee people need a written language for communication and so their history and stories won't be forgotten. The task of capturing words on paper isn't easy though. Dislike and mistrust plague Oquana and Sequoya every step of the way, but they keep trying, for they may be running out of time. The Cherokee Nation has begun to split up, and a written language may be the key to keeping peace between the two groups.

SKU 384.5