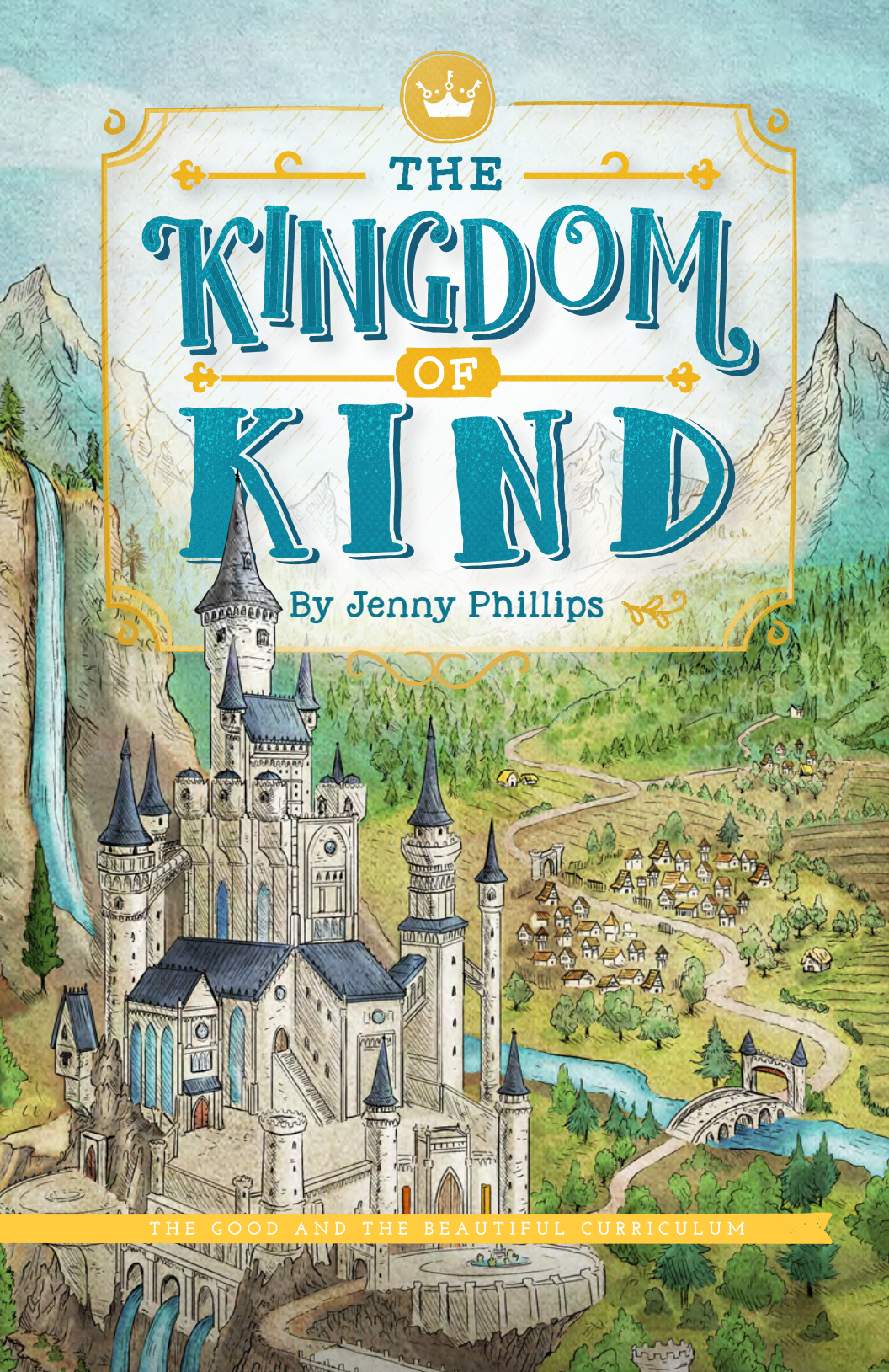
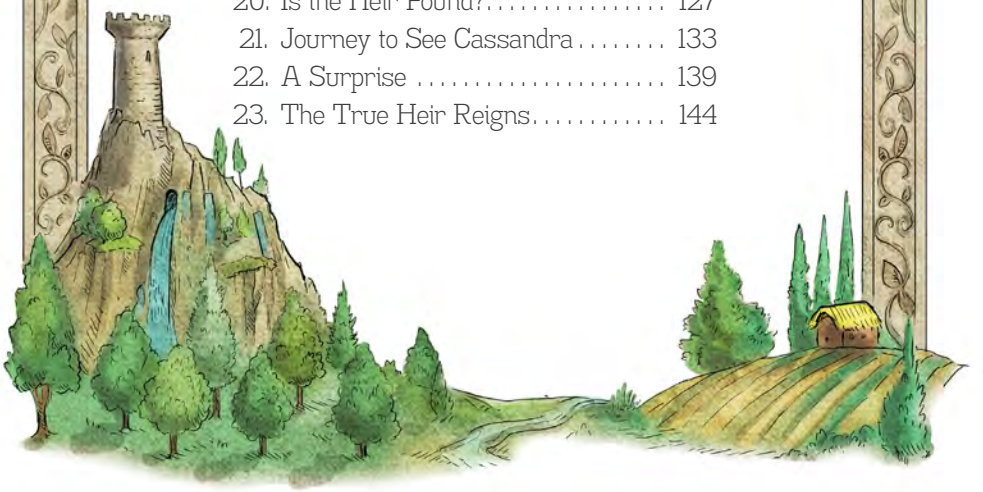

THE
KINGDOM
OF
KIND
By Jenny Phillips
THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL CURRICULUM

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Chapter 1: Practice Page

PHONICS

Decoding

Many children can read difficult words by guessing the word in the context of a sentence. It's helpful to gain and practice the skill of decoding words. Then children can avoid guessing or skipping difficult or unfamiliar words. By design, these practice pages include unfamiliar words (like "boilerplates") at times, forcing the child to sound out the words. You needn't look up or explain the words' meanings, as they are used as phonics exercises and not helpful vocabulary words.

Read to the child: A phonogram is a letter or group of letters that together make a single sound. The green boxes in this course show phonograms that almost always say the same sound.

1. Say the sound of the phonogram in green.
2. For each purple box, say the sound of each circled phonogram, and then read the word. If needed, sound out the parts of the word as given below the word.

oi oil	boilerplates boi ler plates
oa oat	loadmaster load mas ter

VOCABULARY

Read the vocabulary section to the child. The vocabulary words given on practice pages are included in the chapter and throughout the book.

Initial means happening first or at the beginning.

My initial reaction when I saw a snake was to freeze.



Chapter 1: The Gold Coins

STUDENT

If you use your imagination, you might be able to picture the Kingdom of Kind with its vast forests, turquoise lakes, and rolling hills of rich soil and long, waving grass. Knights, peasants, merchants, and royalty dwell in the valleys and hills. Just behind the kingdom loom towering gray mountains with their craggy peaks often veiled in mist.

One chilly autumn evening, when daylight was fading and night was descending upon the kingdom, Prince Eric, the king's only son, was riding back to the castle. His carriage suddenly swerved around a corner as the drivers tried to avoid a stretch of thick, oozing mud. Much to the prince's disappointment, the carriage came to an abrupt halt. One of the wheels sank deep into the moist, mushy mud.

"Ugh!" cried the prince to his drivers with a hint of impatience. "Hurry up already, and get me out of here! I am getting cold, and I'm not safe here."

PARENT/TEACHER

The prince stuck his head out the window and sighed as his men took out coils of rope and went to work trying to free the carriage.

"Come on, hurry, hurry! I have a dinner appointment with the king at seven o'clock," the prince complained.

A slight motion just beyond the mud patch caught the prince's attention. An old, feeble woman wearing a worn, patched dress and a ragged shawl came hobbling in the direction of the carriage and looked directly at the prince.

"Please, Your Highness," she entreated with a gentle, humble voice, "have you any food?"

With emotion in her voice, she briefly told the prince of her sad plight. Her husband and two children had died years ago, and her fingers had become old and stiff. She could no longer weave or sew to earn a living. That very day she had been cast out of her home because she had no money to pay the rent for her dilapidated cottage. She was traveling to a relative's home many miles away but had no way to obtain food or shelter until she arrived.



STUDENT

The prince took her story into consideration. Initially, he was suspicious of the old woman, and he was most definitely upset by this disruption.

Surely she has brought these conditions upon herself by not planning ahead and saving her money, the prince rationalized in his mind. *I cannot help every poor peasant. The castle would be overrun with beggars.*

The prince sighed heavily. He didn't like looking at the woman, with her ragged clothes and sorrowful face. He just wanted her to go away.

He thought of the leather pouch full of gold coins resting on his thigh. There was no question that even one coin would delight the old woman and feed her for an entire week.

It would not be a disappointment to lose just one coin, thought the prince.

He fished a single coin out of his pouch. With a feeling of satisfaction, he leaned out the window and threw the shiny coin, aiming for the woman's feet just beyond the mud. But as he did so, seven gold coins spilled out of the pouch and quickly sank out of sight into the oozing mud.

PARENT/TEACHER

Bothered, the prince shook his head. *This wretched situation has spoiled my evening*, he thought miserably.

He had no intention of getting dirty by searching for the coins, nor did he want to be delayed any further by having his drivers search for the lost money.

Just then the drivers jumped back onto the carriage. "It is all taken care of, Your Highness," one said. "We will have you back to the castle in twenty minutes."

As the carriage started to roll, the prince motioned to the old woman, who was wrapping her worn shawl tightly around her cold shoulders. "If you can find the coins," said the prince, "they are yours to keep."

STUDENT

As the carriage drove on, the prince snuggled back into his warm velvet seat. His initial reaction was to be extremely annoyed that he had lost the precious coins. But upon further reflection, he decided that the woman would most likely find the coins. *Yes, she might have to get a little muddy*, thought the prince, *but she is sure to find the coins. Then she will be fed for nearly two months.*

Feeling quite satisfied with himself, the prince wrapped up in a warm blanket. A proud expression crept across his face. *Yes*, he thought, *I was mighty generous tonight.*

PARENT/TEACHER

But then the prince shook his head. *Surely she didn't need eight coins. She may not even live long enough to need them. Even one coin would have shown great compassion.*

Nevertheless, within minutes he had forgotten all about the old woman's plight and was thinking of the delicious broiled lamb steaks, warm gingerbread, and luscious custard he would soon be eating by bright candlelight in the warm, spacious castle.

Not long after the prince left, another poor peasant, a man named Drogo, came to that same patch of mud, shivering as he pulled his cart of tools. When he veered to the right to avoid the oozy ground, his expression changed to confusion. The daylight was nearly gone, but he could still make out the shape of an old woman kneeling and digging in the mud.



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