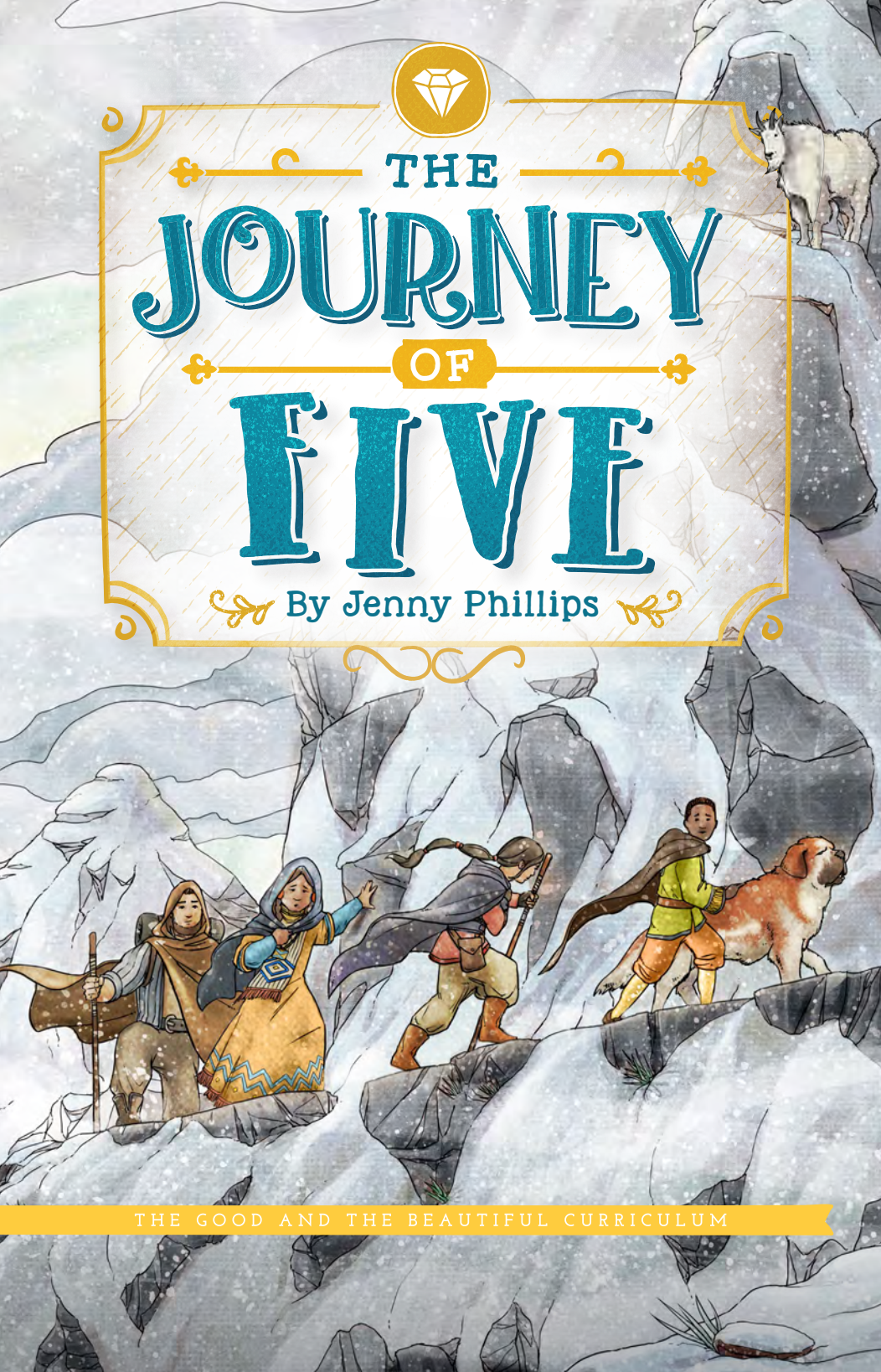

THE
JOURNEY
OF
FIVE
By Jenny Phillips
THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL CURRICULUM

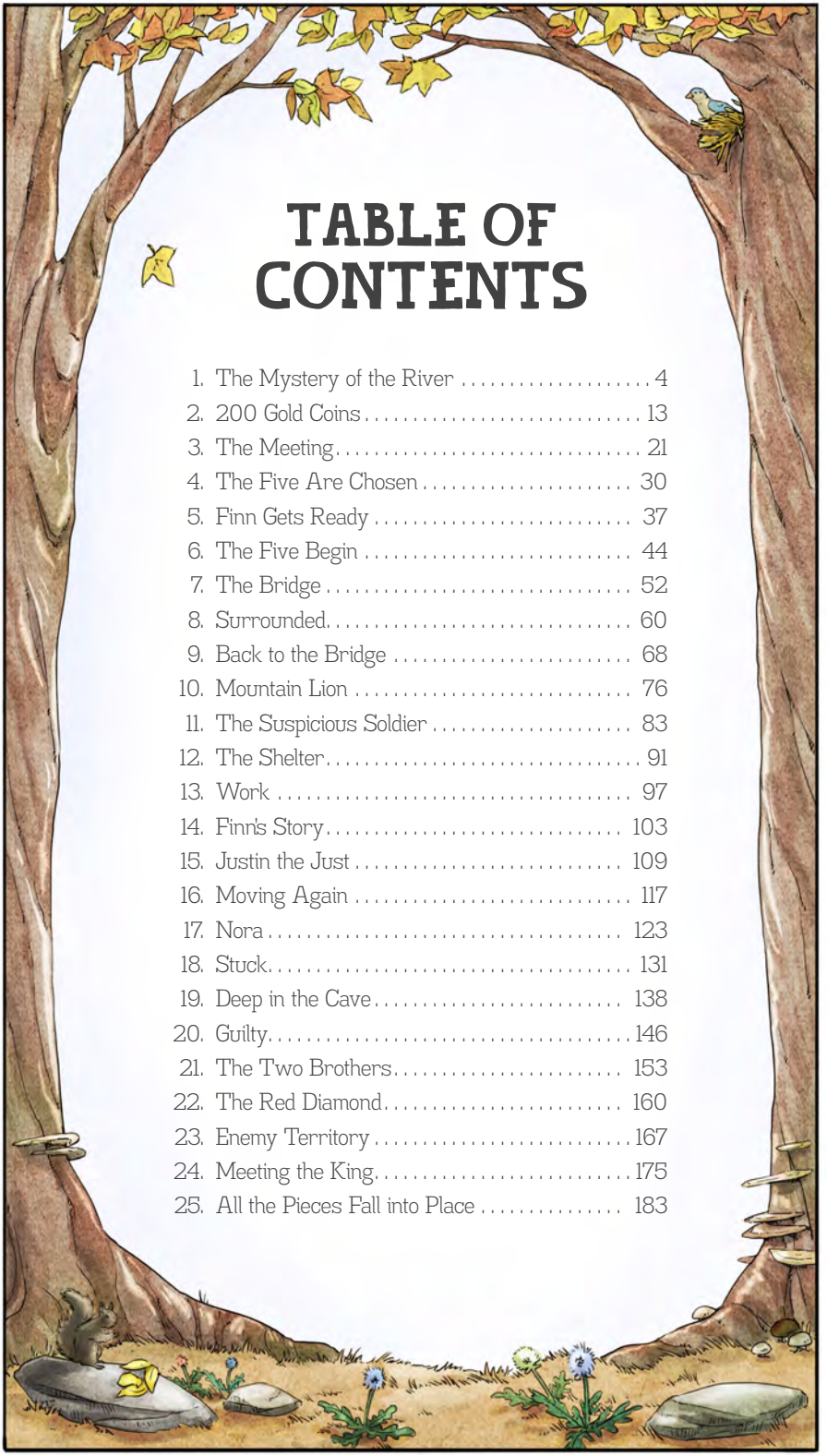


TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. The Mystery of the River 4
2. 200 Gold Coins 13
3. The Meeting 21
4. The Five Are Chosen 30
5. Finn Gets Ready 37
6. The Five Begin 44
7. The Bridge 52
8. Surrounded 60
9. Back to the Bridge 68
10. Mountain Lion 76
11. The Suspicious Soldier 83
12. The Shelter 91
13. Work 97
14. Finn's Story 103
15. Justin the Just 109
16. Moving Again 117
17. Nora 123
18. Stuck 131
19. Deep in the Cave 138
20. Guilty 146
21. The Two Brothers 153
22. The Red Diamond 160
23. Enemy Territory 167
24. Meeting the King 175
25. All the Pieces Fall into Place 183

Chapter 1: Practice Pages

PHONICS

Decoding

Read to the child: A phonogram is a letter or group of letters that together make a sound. The green boxes below show many of the phonograms that almost always say the same sound. Place an index card under each phonogram to cover the pronunciation hint. Then point to each box and say the sound of the phonogram. As the child reads, use a pencil to lightly circle the phonograms that the child does not say the sound for quickly and correctly. (You can erase the pencil mark in order to use this book for another child at a later date.) This book will not review these phonograms again, but it will direct you to return to this page and practice the phonograms that you circled.

ai	ar	au	aw	ay
paid	car	pause	saw	say
dge	er	gn	igh	ir
badge	her	gnaw	high	bird
kn	oa	oi	or	oy
knit	boat	oil	for	boy
ph	ur	qu	wh	wr
phone	turn	quack	when	write

I Can Say the Long E Sound

Parent/teacher note: If the child can't read the word, don't tell the child the word. Help the child sound out the word. For example, you can ask, "What does OR say?" Read to the child: The letter I can make the long E sound. Also, remember that A can say /uh/. Read the words and sentences in purple. Whenever an I is red in this book, it makes the long E sound.

trivia	media
triv i a	me di a

- Here is a trivia question: How many moons does Saturn have? The answer is 83.
- Media is a way of communicating with a lot of people, such as news media, social media, or print media (newspapers, magazines, etc.).

malaria	magnolia 
ma lar i a	mag no li a

A can say /uh/ — AR can say /air/

Lydia	Sophia	Olivia
Ly di a	So phi a	O liv i a

Y in the middle of a word can make the long or short I sound

millennium	chia seeds
mill enn i um	ch i a seeds

- A millennium is a period of a thousand years.
- Chia seeds have been used by humans for many millennia.

Chapter 1: The Mystery of the River



Since turning twelve a couple of years ago, Finn had trained himself to wake up with the first rays of morning sunlight. He could feel those rays now softly falling on his face.

Today, however, Finn was sorely tempted to stay snuggled in bed. The changing weather of early autumn had moved into the land, leaving the mornings with a slight chill. Warm under his heavy quilt, Finn dreaded stepping onto the cold wooden floor of his little bedroom.

Swinging his feet out of bed, he looked down at his right foot, which had been twisted since birth. The heavy limp it caused slowed him down considerably. He pressed his lips together firmly, gripping the edge of the bed. He was determined to wake up early in the morning. It was the only way he could do all the chores and work for his parents that any other boy his age could do. He had to start early.

As quickly as he could, Finn got dressed, laced up his boots, and made his way to the top of the nearby hill.

I actually love being awake at this time, Finn thought as he breathed in the strong scent of pine and earth damp with morning dew. From the top of the hill, he could see the village center nestled in the curve of the big river. Little cottages and big barns were scattered here and there for miles along the riverbanks. Near most cottages were either orchards or plowed fields.



STUDENT

Finn entered the forest at the top of the hill, looking for dead branches that had broken off but were caught in the tree instead of having fallen to the ground.

Aunt Debbie taught me well, Finn thought as he snapped off dry branches and placed them in his bucket. During her many visits over the years, she had shared her expertise about nature and taught him many things. Her words ran through his mind: *Gather sticks that snap easily. Hold wood to your cheek. Wood with moisture in it will feel cooler on your skin.*

With his bucket full of dry sticks, Finn descended the hill, noticing how the leaves of some magnolia trees had started turning yellow and bronze. Briefly, Finn stopped to pull a strip of bark off a paper birch tree. His aunt Debbie had taught him that the bark's oil made it a very flammable material.

Finally back at home, he used shavings from the birch bark to start a fire, hoping it would warm the room before his parents woke up.

Now it's time for water, Finn thought. Every morning he walked the short distance to the river and filled his bucket with the water needed to cook, drink, and clean in the morning.

PARENT/TEACHER

As he marveled at the yellow hue bursting throughout the morning sky, he swung his bucket and walked through the cool, dew-covered grass.

However, as soon as Finn turned his eyes toward the river, he gasped and stopped in his tracks.

"The river! What happened?" he cried. Something was terribly wrong.

The deep water had always flowed near the top of the banks, but today the water was several feet lower than usual. It looked so strange to see the bare banks of the river. Every day for years, Finn had come to the river, and nothing like this had ever happened before. He dropped his bucket and limped home as fast as he could.





Finn burst into the door of his house. His parents were warming their hands in front of the fire, which was crackling cheerfully.

"The river!" he gasped. "Its banks are bare!"

Finn's parents were as surprised as he was.

"How could the river drop like that in one day?" asked his mother.

"I have no idea," replied his father.

Finn and his family were not the only people to notice how low the river was. In the village square, everyone gathered and talked about it.

The next morning, Finn once again gasped in surprise when he saw the river. It had dropped even more! The river no longer made its familiar, rich rushing sound as it moved along. Instead, it moved slowly, with just a slight tinkling sound.

I don't understand, Finn thought as he peered over the edge of the bank. Usually, he was able to scoop up water right from that spot, but now he had to climb carefully down the steep, muddy bank. Cool water moved slowly over his bare feet as he stepped into the river. He took several steps into the water and then stopped.



PARENT/TEACHER

The water used to go as high as Finn's shoulders when he walked just a little into the river, but now it went up only to his ankles.

Finn's mother and father came to evaluate the river for themselves. His mother, Greta, shook her head, her long black curls bouncing. "I can't even imagine how this could be happening. A river doesn't just nearly dry up like this in two days. What are we going to do?"

Finn's father, Gabriel, who was a skilled carpenter, rubbed his chin and then put his arm around his wife's shoulders. "Whatever happens, we will get through it together."

All the villages in the land were built along the wide, winding river. There were no lakes and no wells in the area. The huge river was their only source of water. From the sparkling river, the villagers got their water for drinking, cooking, and cleaning. They also watered their fields, gardens, and crops with the river water. Little ditches connected to the river had been dug around many of the homes. By simply cranking a lever, the villagers could lift a square wooden stopper that allowed water from the river to flow into the ditches. When they had enough water, they lowered the stopper back into place to stop the flow of water.

Now, when the townspeople cranked the stoppers up, only a trickle of water filled the ditches. It would not be enough to water all the gardens and crops in the village.

Finn thought about his neighbor, Charlotte. She was elderly and would not be able to climb down the riverbank to get water for herself. Finn decided that he would fetch water for her.



The next day, Finn woke up right as the sun started to rise. After dressing, he grabbed his bucket and an extra one for Charlotte's water and headed to the river.

As he walked, the sunlight stretched across the land and began to wake up the world around him. The gray shadows of night now gave way to green, gold, and brown. Typically, Finn loved to spot the furry brown bunnies with little white fluffball tails that hopped around at this time of day.

This morning, however, his mind was focused on the river. With all his heart, he hoped the river would somehow be higher. What he saw made his heart race. Forgetting his buckets, he hobbled quickly toward home.

"Mother! Father!" he cried as he burst into the house. "The river! It's gone! It's all dried up!"



9 781957 561325
SKU 359.7

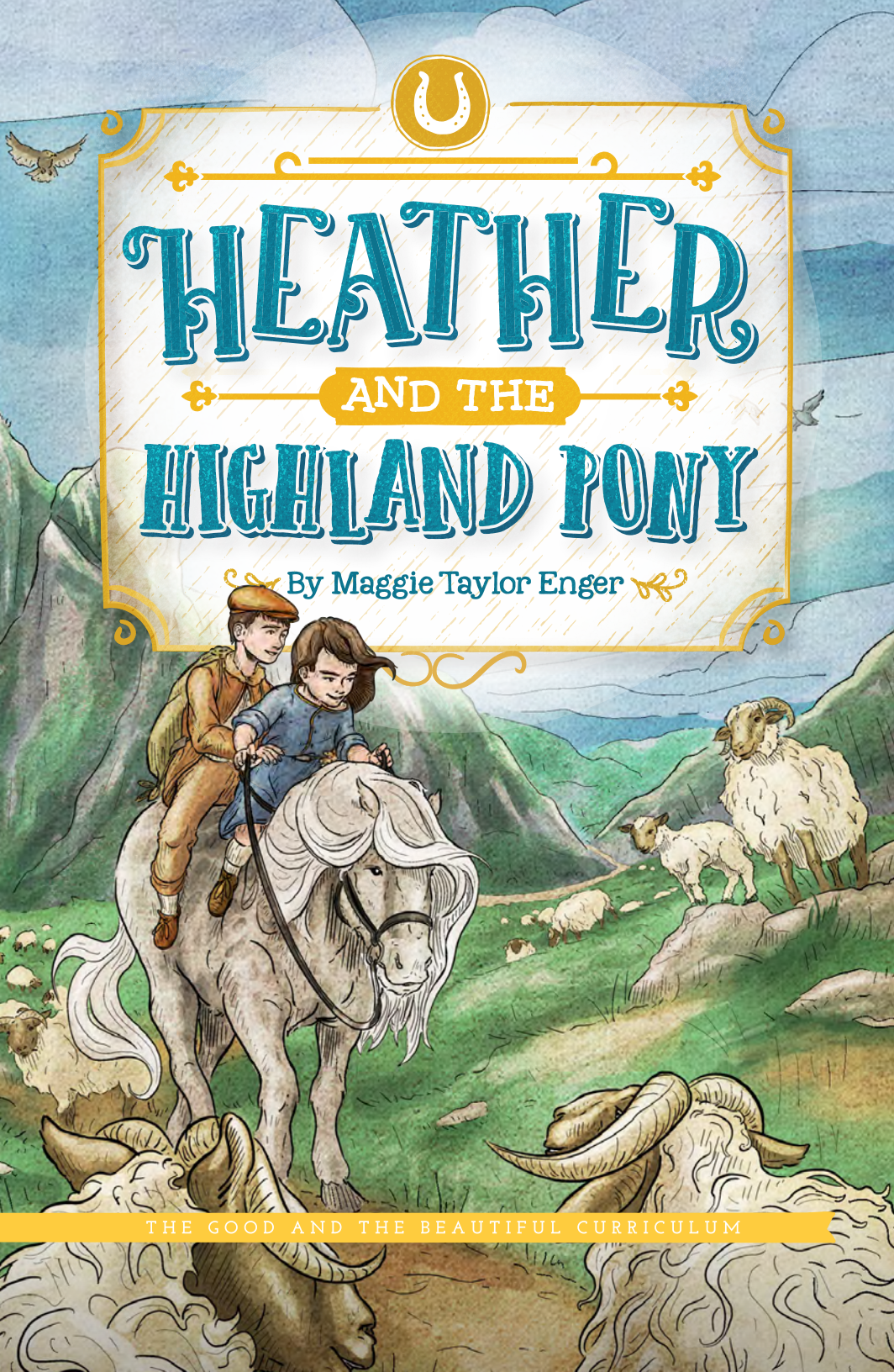
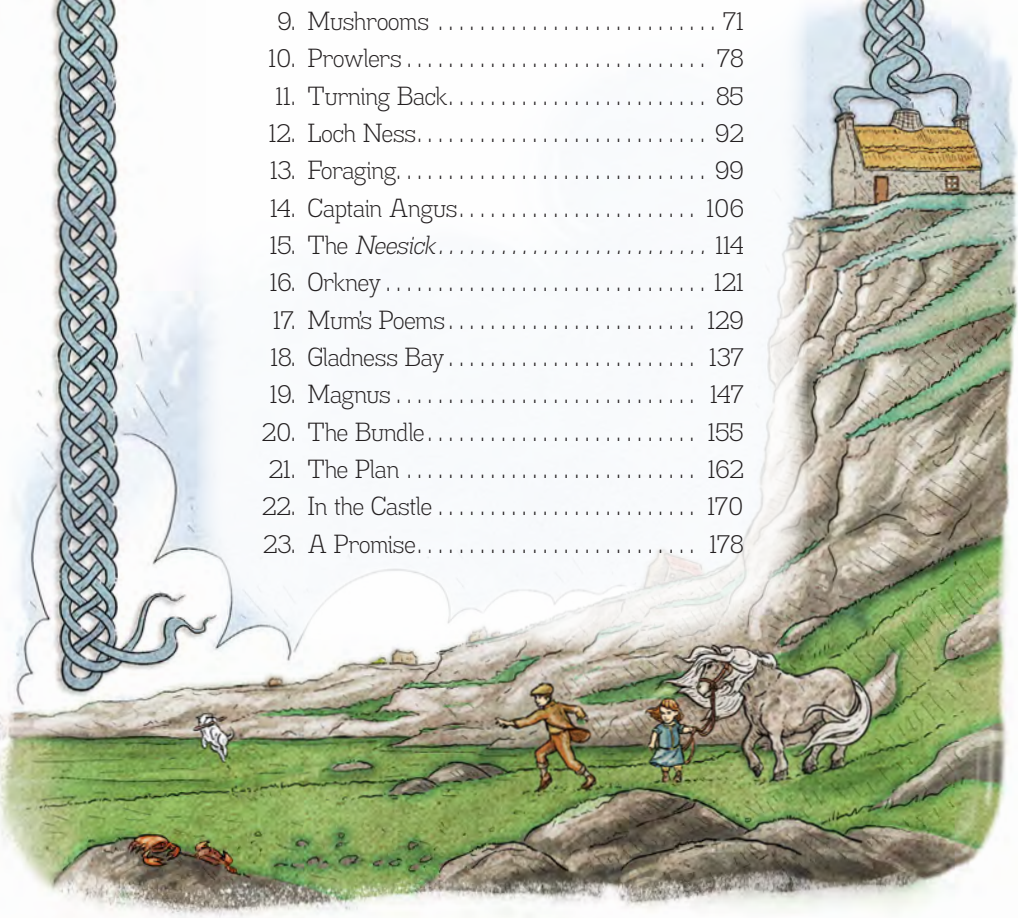

HEATHER
AND THE
HIGHLAND PONY
By Maggie Taylor Enger
THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL CURRICULUM

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Glossary vi
Prologue 2
1. Hurry! 7
2. X Marks the Spot 15
3. Escape 24
4. Cranky Crofter 32
5. Silver Spoons 40
6. One Mystery Solved 47
7. The Cave 55
8. Fort William 63
9. Mushrooms 71
10. Prowlers 78
11. Turning Back 85
12. Loch Ness 92
13. Foraging 99
14. Captain Angus 106
15. The *Neesick* 114
16. Orkney 121
17. Mum's Poems 129
18. Gladness Bay 137
19. Magnus 147
20. The Bundle 155
21. The Plan 162
22. In the Castle 170
23. A Promise 178



Chapter 1: Practice Page

PHONICS

Decoding

Read to the child: A phonogram is a letter or group of letters that together make a sound. You have already learned many phonograms, and this course will not review all phonograms. The letters in green boxes in this course show phonograms that almost always say the same sound. Point to each box and say the sound of the phonogram.

ai	qu	oi	ir	oa	wr
rain	quit	oil	bird	oat	write

Some groups of letters can make different sounds. The phonograms in gray boxes in this course have different sounds. Read the words with different sounds of OU in the orange box.

ou	grouch, bounty, lounge, bough group, souvenir, acoustic, routine country, cousin, nervous, generous

VOCABULARY

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

Distress is a feeling of extreme worry or trouble.
I looked at the broken vase in distress.

Hardy means tough and sturdy.
The hardy plant withstood the cold winter.

Chapter 1: Hurry!

STUDENT

"Wake up, my wee lassie!" came a fierce whisper.

Blinking in confusion, Heather rolled over to face her mum in the dark room. "Mum, what's—"

"No time for questions, lassie," came Mum's frantic voice. "Please take your brother to the big rose bush by the waterwheel. Make sure the soldiers don't see you and wait there for Da and me to come and collect you."

Obediently, Heather propped herself up on her mat and grabbed her wool dress, pulling it quickly over her sleeping gown and not even bothering to tie the sash.

Heather's mum quickly pressed a heavy cloth bag into her daughter's arms. "Heather, if we've not arrived at the waterwheel by sunrise, you should leave town. Look after your brother and take care of this bundle. It will help you. You need to—"

But Heather's mum couldn't finish her sentence. A soldier called her name loudly.

"I love you, Heather," she said instead. "I must go. Stay hidden. Hurry!"



Heather's heart pounded. How she wished she had said, "I love you, too, Mum," but her mum had already turned and disappeared out of the dark room.

Suddenly, she heard her da's raised voice just outside. "I know nothing about stolen items nor how the MacKinnons's things ended up in my barn!" His voice was confident, and Heather knew he was being truthful.

I have no idea what is happening, Heather thought. All she could piece together was that some soldiers were accusing her da of stealing from the MacKinnons. *How absurd! My da is no thief, and who are the MacKinnons anyway?* Heather hurried over to her brother's mat in the opposite corner of the room and shook him gently.

"Archie, put on your coat and come with me."

At only nine years old, Archie was three years younger than Heather, but he was already several inches taller. Like their mum and da, Archie was average height. Heather was the only person in her family born with dwarfism.

Archie sleepily shrugged on his wool overcoat. He tried to ask Heather what was happening, but she simply told him, "Not now!" The siblings crept through the small, dark house to the back door. It creaked loudly as it swung open, and the children froze, afraid they would be discovered. But the raised voices at the front of the house never changed.

A light rain, not much more than mist, sprinkled their faces—a familiar feeling to anyone who lived in the Scottish Highlands. It took a brave and hardy person to embrace the constantly changing and sometimes harsh weather of that beautiful, wild land.



STUDENT

In the dim early morning light, the children could barely see their way down the path, which was lined by a stone wall. However, they had been to the waterwheel at the iron forge so many times that they probably could have found their way with their eyes closed. All the while, painful words rang in Heather's ears. *Stolen items. MacKinnons. Stay hidden.*

Hurrying down the path, the siblings stayed close to the wall and moved farther and farther from the voices outside their home.

As they approached the waterwheel, Heather knew exactly where her mum wanted them to hide. A huge patch of wild rose bushes spread across the hill just behind the stone wall of the iron forge. Three or four years ago, Heather had discovered a small tunnel-like opening in the stone wall. Being a wee lassie, she had crawled into the opening and found a network of these openings in the rose bushes.

On a few different occasions, she had seen little bunnies in the tunnels. At first, they had been afraid of her, but eventually, they had grown to trust her as she had never caused them any harm.



STUDENT

Now Heather tugged Archie's hand and said, "We need to crawl under here and wait. No time for questions."

Archie crawled on his stomach to squeeze through the gap in the wall first, and then Heather passed the bag to him. Just as she got on her hands and knees to crawl through behind him, the glow of a lantern caught her attention. In its warm light, she saw two soldiers leading her family's beautiful Highland pony, Bonnie, down the path. They were coming in her direction. Without another thought, Heather scrambled through the hole as quickly as she could, hoping her legs had not been seen by the soldiers.

Holding her breath, she listened as they passed.

"Why'd you even bring the old pony?" one soldier asked.

"It might be old, but it's still strong and healthy," the other responded. "It'll be worth a few pounds at the factory."

Highland ponies are a tall and very strong breed that can live for thirty years. Bonnie was around twenty, so she still had many years left. More importantly, she was a gentle and noble friend to Heather and her family.



Heather's distress was nearly too much to bear, and she blinked back tears. *I want to be brave for Archie,* she thought, *and there's nothing I can do for Bonnie just now*. Heather laid her head down near Archie. She tried to hang on to the hope that her mum and da would come to collect them in the morning, help get Bonnie back, and reassure them that everything was once again normal.

Beside her, Archie sniffled and began to cry quietly.

"Here," she said gently as she sat up and pulled his head into her lap. With calming hands, she stroked his hair and sang softly. Soon, he quieted and began to breathe slowly and deeply as he fell asleep. Often, Heather felt irritated with her younger brother, and they squabbled at times, but at this moment, she realized just how important family was.

Wearily, Heather leaned against the bag and closed her eyes. Events from that evening replayed through her mind, and she couldn't understand what had happened. Why were men accusing her da of stealing things? He was an honest man, a longtime blacksmith at the iron forge. Everyone in town knew he was a skilled, diligent worker.

Then Heather's thoughts turned to her mum. What had she said? "If we've not arrived by sunrise . . ." A lump grew in Heather's throat as she tried to ignore the possibility of her parents not showing up in the morning.

And what about Bonnie? Heather wondered as images of the tall, stocky, noble pony whirled in her mind. Heather had always thought Bonnie's long white mane and tail flowed and glistened like waterfalls. Soon, Heather's thoughts turned into dreams of sparkling waterfalls. All was quiet as the moon shone down on the rose bush and stone wall that hid two sleeping children.



9 781957 561318
SKU 359.6

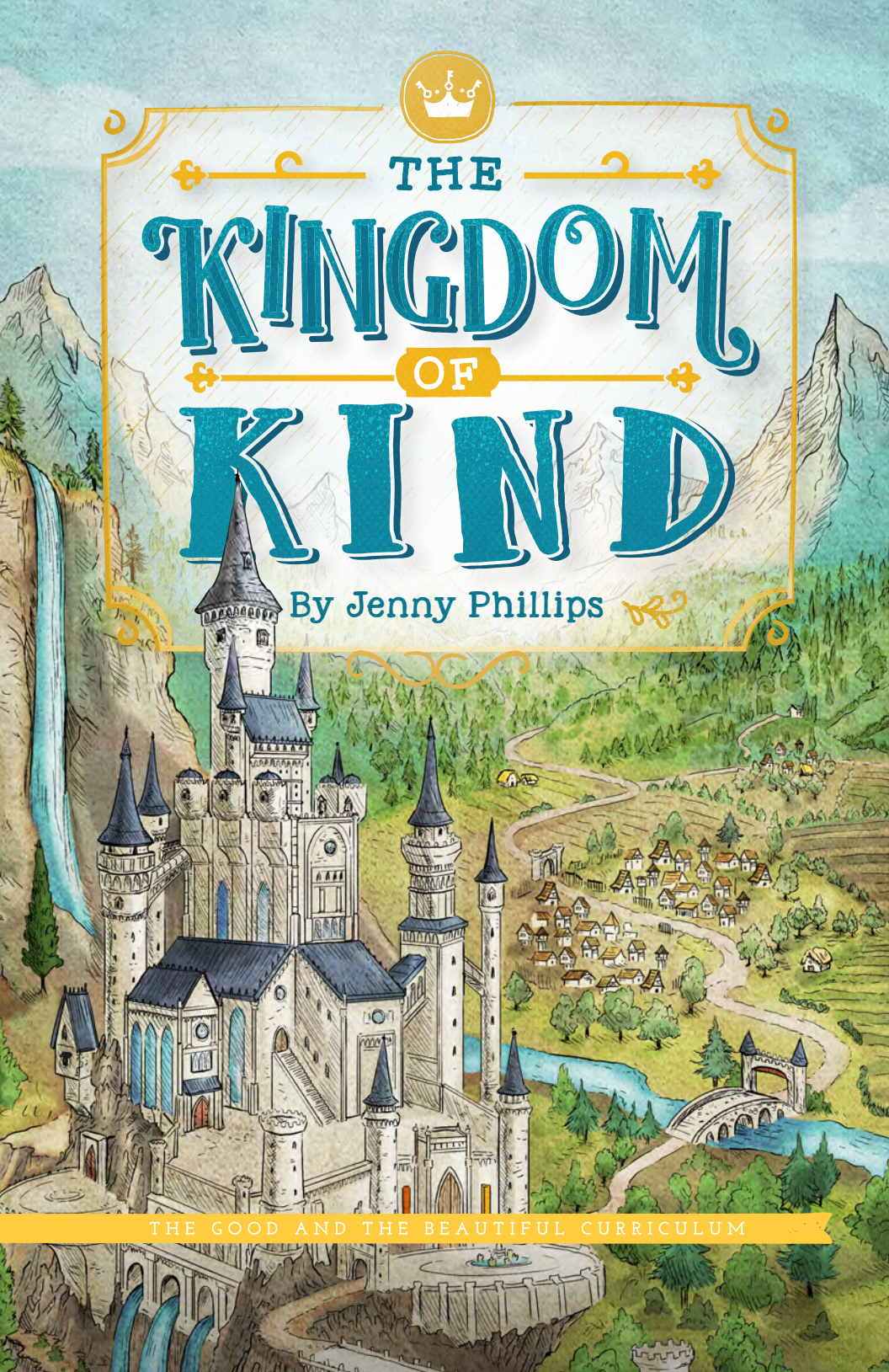
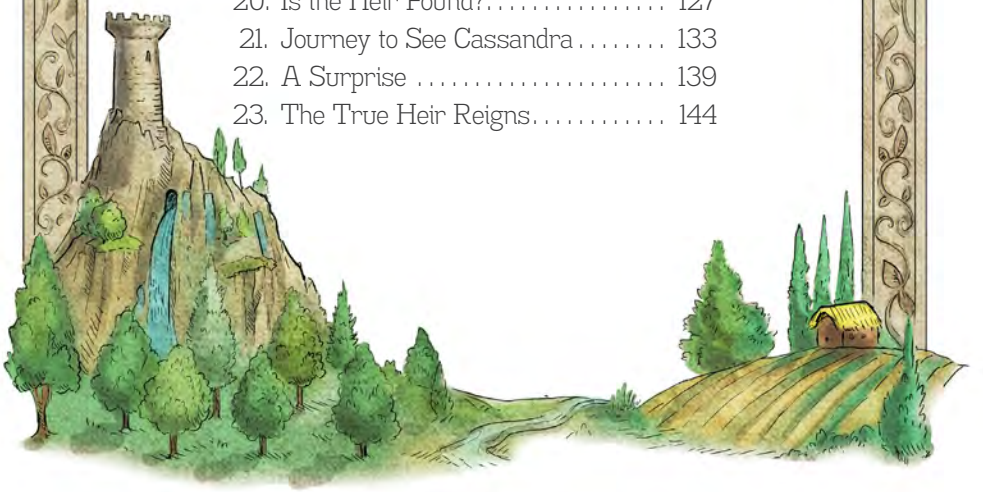

THE
KINGDOM
OF
KIND
By Jenny Phillips
THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL CURRICULUM

TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. The Gold Coins 3
2. Drogo 9
3. On the Castle Balcony 15
4. Nathan's Note 22
5. The Voyage 29
6. The Island 35
7. Fifty-One Things 42
8. Milo 49
9. The Cave 57
10. The Mysterious Shepherd 64
11. Homecoming 69
12. Ten Kings 76
13. The Baker's Daughter 81
14. The Children 87
15. Where Is Rose? 94
16. An Unexpected Surprise 101
17. The Shepherd's Message 107
18. The Scroll 114
19. Meeting in the Forest 122
20. Is the Heir Found? 127
21. Journey to See Cassandra 133
22. A Surprise 139
23. The True Heir Reigns 144



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.



The Good and the Beautiful

goodandbeautiful.com

ORIGINAL PUBLICATION

9 781957 561301

SKU 359.5

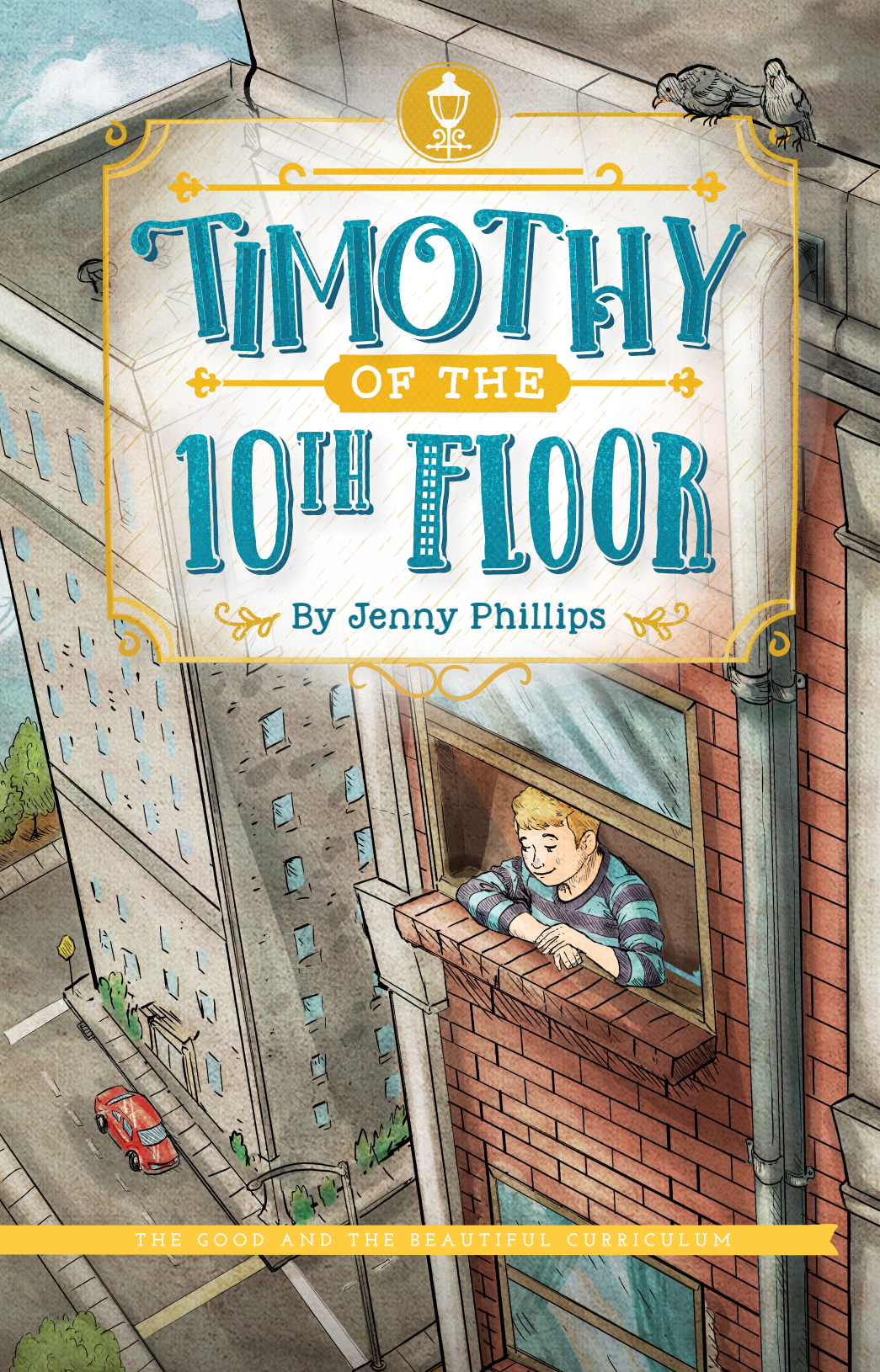

TIMOTHY
OF THE
10TH FLOOR
By Jenny Phillips
THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL CURRICULUM

TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. Zoey Arrives 1
2. Unbelievable 8
3. The Library 15
4. Zoey and the Key 23
5. Cookies 29
6. Diego 35
7. Badger Hills Farm 41
8. For Sale 47
9. Mrs. Sanchez 53
10. The Fawn 60
11. A Hospital Visit 66
12. Big News! 72
13. A Gift for Mr. Roach 78
14. The Balcony 84
15. A Surprise Trip 91
16. The Chest 99
17. Sold 106
18. Teddy 113
19. Harvesting Herbs 119
20. The Big Storm 123
21. The Chest Is Opened 129
22. A Visit to Badger Hills Farm 136
23. The Gold Ring 143
24. 1,000 Thank-You Cards 149
25. A New Home 155

Chapter 1: Practice Page

PHONICS

Decoding

Read to the child: A phonogram is a letter or group of letters that together make a sound. You have already learned many phonograms, and this course will not review all phonograms. The letters in green boxes in this course show phonograms that almost always say the same sound. Point to each box and say the sound of the phonogram.

ur	qu	oi	ir	oa	wr
turn	quit	oil	bird	oat	write

Some groups of letters can make different sounds. The phonograms in gray boxes in this course have different sounds. Read the words with different sounds of OU in the orange box.

ou	out, found, round, pound group, coupon, wound, youth, soup country, cousin, double four, pour, course, court

VOCABULARY

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

Proceed means to begin or continue an action.
The bus stopped at the light before proceeding down the road.

Vigor means energy and enthusiasm or good health.
The man was 90 years old but still full of vigor.

Chapter 1: Zoey Arrives

STUDENT

The Bedford Apartments building, with its ten stories of dirty brown bricks and black metal fire escapes, looked much like the other tall buildings huddled together in the city center. But there was something special about that particular building, or rather, there was someone special who lived in the building: an eleven-year-old boy named Timothy Todd.

This is Timothy's story. It's not true, of course, but it could be, and it's a reminder that all of our stories could be just as amazing as Timothy's. For you see, it's not *what happens to us*, but rather *what we choose to do*, that makes the best stories.

Our story begins on the tenth floor of the Bedford Apartments building one overcast Sunday evening in early spring.

PARENT/TEACHER

With a sigh, Timothy picked up the last box in his bedroom and looked around at the bare walls.

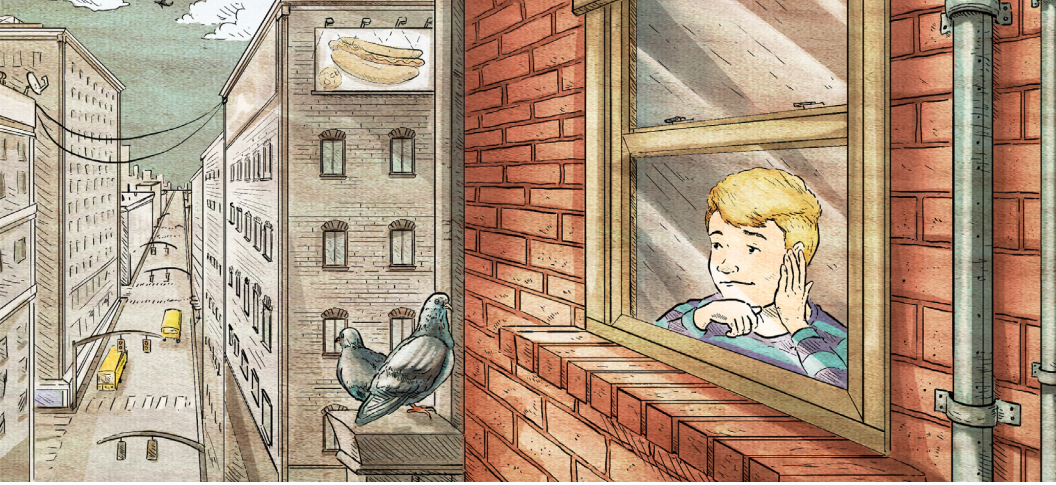
As he had done a hundred times in the past couple of days, he tried to ignore his angry feelings. The guest bedroom where Nanna Bell would stay was tiny, with only enough room for one twin bed, so he had to give up his room to Zoey and sleep in the living room instead. He didn't like the idea, but there was nothing he could do about it.

Without warning, a new perspective came to him. *What will Zoey think of this room?* Timothy thought, noticing several dozen chips in the white-painted cinder-block walls. Timothy's father, John, had scrubbed the walls with vigor, but stains still made the walls look a bit dirty. At least the bed looked nice. It was made up with the pink bedspread that John had saved every extra penny all month to buy. Timothy's eyes then wandered down to the carpet that was so worn it had holes in a few spots, revealing a dull gray carpet pad underneath. *Well, this is all we have*, thought Timothy.

STUDENT

After plodding into the living room and setting his box down next to the wall, Timothy pressed his nose against the window. Even from ten floors up, Timothy recognized his father's bright blue sweater among the people on the sidewalk below.

"That's them!" he cried, noticing two people walking with his father.



PARENT/TEACHER

Timothy's heart started to pound. It wasn't every day that two new people came to live with you—permanently. *What will Zoey and her grandmother be like?* Timothy thought. He had met his cousin Zoey—who was just a year older—when he was four years old, but he didn't remember anything about her. Then she had moved to Canada. Timothy had seen pictures of her, though, and one day he had asked his father why he and Zoey had different skin colors if they were cousins. His father had explained that Zoey's mother had dark skin.

Both our mothers have died, thought Timothy. *But my mother died when I was a baby. Her father died a few years ago, and her mother died last month.*

Timothy wasn't quite sure how to act around a girl who had lost both her parents, and he wondered how it would be to have Zoey's grandmother, Nanna Bell, live with them. She had lived with Zoey's family ever since they moved to Canada. John had explained to Timothy that Nanna Bell felt she was too old to raise Zoey by herself and that she didn't have enough money to care for Zoey. Since John and Timothy were Zoey's only other relatives, John had invited Zoey and Nanna Bell to live with them and be part of their family.

STUDENT

The apartment door swung open, and John—with his usual calm, pleasant smile—introduced Timothy to Zoey and Nanna Bell. Zoey shook Timothy's hand with vigor. Her dark brown eyes sparkled, and she had a look of cheerfulness about her. Timothy noticed how much Zoey looked like Nanna Bell. They both had the same bright smile.

Right away, Zoey shocked Timothy.

"We've prepared Timothy's room for you," John said. "He is happy to sleep in the living room."

"Thank you very much, Uncle John and Timothy, but the living room will work fine for me."

Timothy's jaw dropped as Zoey then proceeded to pick up his things and move them back to his room. She was serious! She removed the pink bedspread from the bed, folded it up, and then put it on the living room couch. Within twenty minutes, all Timothy's things were back in his room, and Zoey had slid her suitcases beside the couch in what would be the living room during the day and her bedroom at night.

PARENT/TEACHER

During dinner Zoey told John and Timothy about the horse ranch her family had lived on. Her mother had taken care of it for the owner in exchange for living there. Timothy thought it sounded incredible—a little river running through the property, a small forest behind the home, gently rolling hills covered in wildflowers where the horses pastured.

Without thinking, Timothy blurted, "Isn't it hard to move to the city after living in a place like *that*?"

Kindhearted John quickly spoke up. "Oh, Timothy, let's not ask questions like that."

A sad look crossed Zoey's face, and her eyes grew misty. "Nanna Bell says that you can find beauty and happiness wherever you are. Besides—" Zoey hesitated for a second before continuing, "there's still a chance that I could buy the horse ranch, and we could all go live there."

Timothy's eyes widened, and he saw John's confused look.

"What do you mean, Zoey?" asked John. "It's up for sale now, but how could you possibly buy it?"

"Oh . . . it has to do with a key we found in my mother's room after she passed away, but I want to keep that between Nanna Bell and me for now," Zoey said.

Nanna Bell changed the subject. "John, tell us about your job as a security guard. It sounds exciting."

John laughed. "The art museum is great, but not that exciting. It's not my dream job, but I'm grateful for it."

"Well, what would you do instead if you could do anything for work?" Zoey asked.

"I'd be a gardener," John said after thinking for a moment.

Timothy never knew his dad wanted to be a gardener, but he hardly had time to think about it because Zoey was already on to a new subject, asking a million questions.



STUDENT

Later that night, the apartment was quiet, and moonlight slanted through the blinds. Timothy came out of the bathroom after brushing his teeth. He peeked around the corner into the living room and saw Zoey sitting on the couch, holding a big black iron key in her hand. Then she sniffed, and Timothy could tell she was crying.

He hurried down the hall to his room and sat on his bed. *She is going to be like my sister*, he thought. He knelt by his bed and prayed. *God, help me know how to be a good brother and to be able to help Zoey feel happy here.*



9 781957 561295
SKU 359.4