



TIMOTHY OF THE 10TH FLOOR

By Jenny Phillips



THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL CURRICULUM

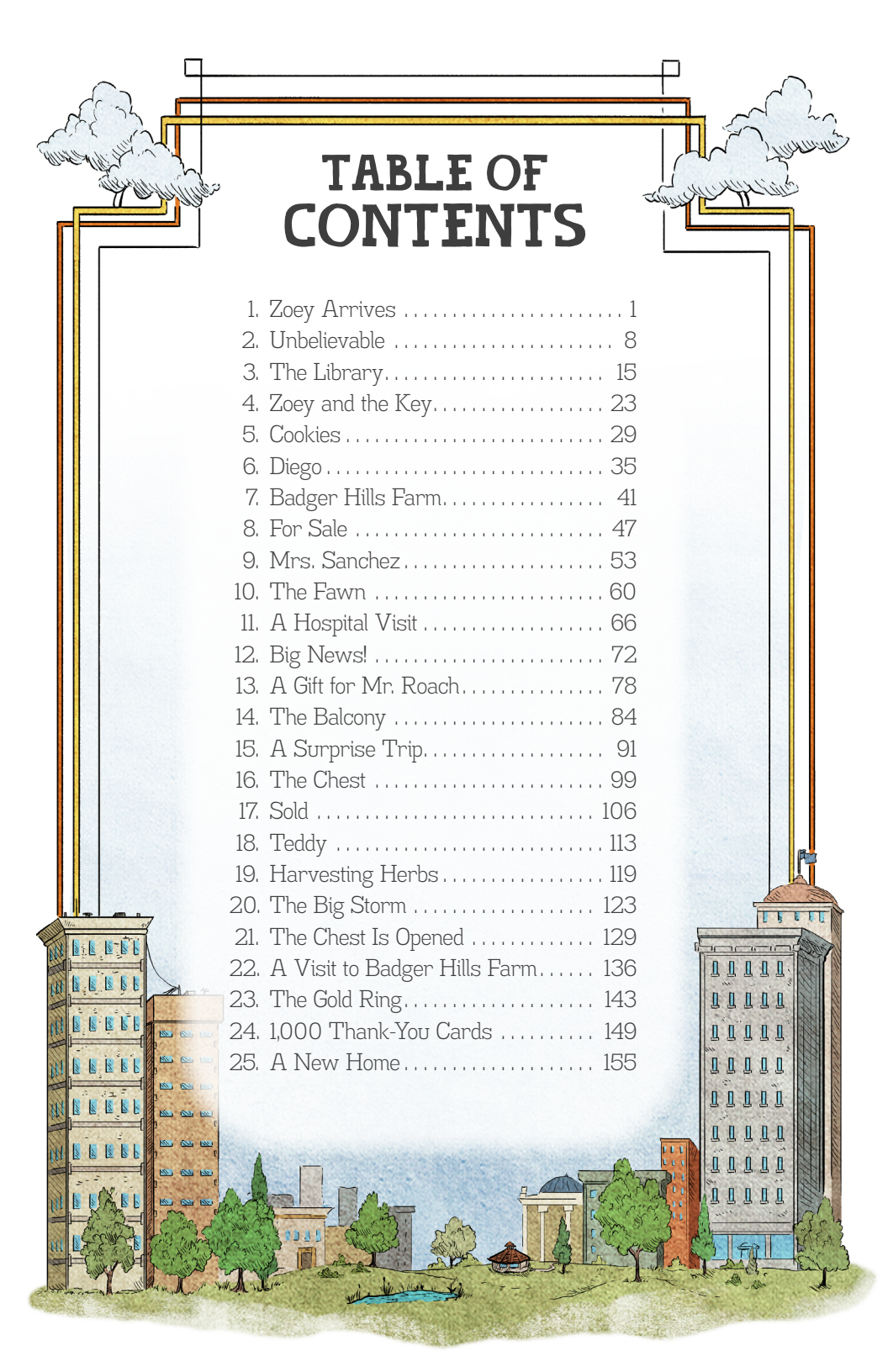


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Chapter 1: Practice Page



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

turn

qu

quit

oi

oil

ir

bird

oa

oat

wr

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



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.



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

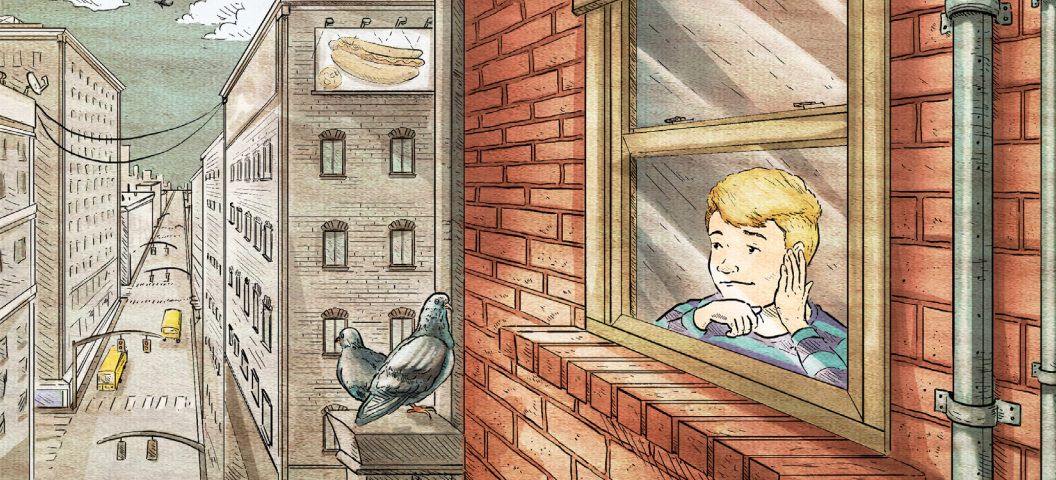
As he had done a hundred times in the past couple of days, he tried to ignore his angry feelings. The guest bedroom where Nanna Bell would stay was tiny, with only enough room for one twin bed, so he had to give up his room to Zoey and sleep in the living room instead. He didn't like the idea, but there 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.



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.



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.



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.*



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