English Language Skills

This chapter requires a companion activity book in which students respond to questions on text content. Answers are found in the *Teacher's Resource Kit*.



Chapter 5

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English Language Skills

Chapter 5

Publisher and Managing Editor
Ronald Johnson, Ph.D.

Lead Writer and Content Editor
Sarah D. Johnson

Production Manager
H. Michael Young

Consulting Editors
Cheryl Carithers
Elizabeth L. Gibson
Valerie Thedford

Supporting Writers

Gordon Emerson	Sarah D. Johnson	Jackie Robinett
Elizabeth L. Gibson	Jeanette Machoian	Nina Saint

Page Composition
Kathy L. Dial
Sarah Johnson
H. Michael Young

Graphic Artists
Pam Hurst
Lydia R. Seals
Don Ward
H. Michael Young

Quality Assurance
Elizabeth L. Gibson Nancy S. Johnson Nina Saint

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"The power of words is immense. A well-chosen word has often sufficed to stop a flying army, to change defeat into victory, and to save an empire."

—Emile de Girardin



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Composition

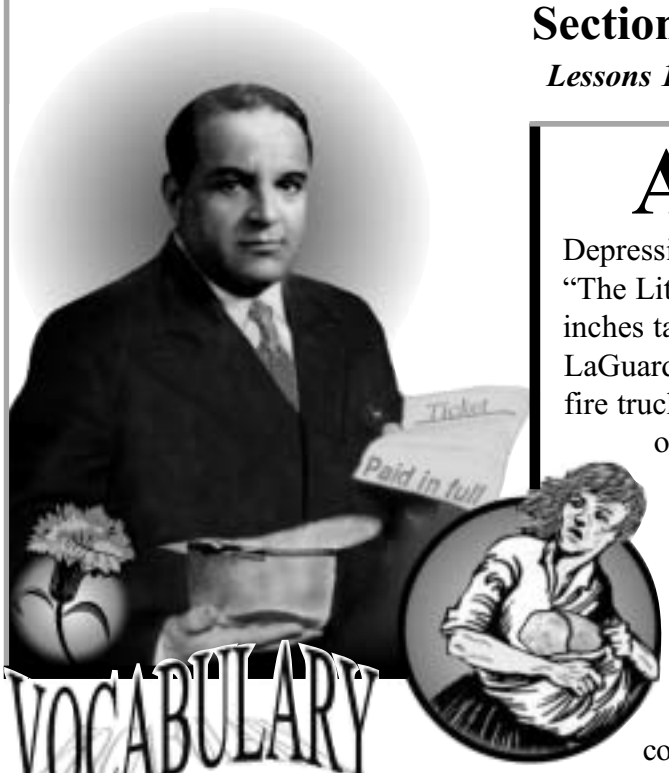
Lesson 1

Chapter 5

NEW YORK CITY'S "LITTLE FLOWER"

Section 1

Lessons 1-5



A story is told of Fiorello LaGuardia, mayor of New York City during the Great Depression and World War II. LaGuardia was called "The Little Flower" because he was five foot two inches tall and wore a carnation on his ***lapel***. Mayor LaGuardia was a ***colorful character*** who rode the fire trucks, raided ***speakeasies*** with policemen, took orphans to baseball games and read the Sunday funnies to children over the radio.

One cold night in January of 1935, the mayor appeared at a night court that served the poorest ward of the city. LaGuardia excused the judge and presided over the court himself. A tattered old woman charged with stealing a loaf of bread was brought before the court. LaGuardia listened as the woman explained that her daughter's husband had deserted the family, the daughter was sick, and the two grandchildren were starving. However, the shopkeeper refused to drop the charges. "This is a bad neighborhood," the man told the mayor. "This woman must be punished to teach other people a lesson."

Mayor LaGuardia sighed. He turned to the woman and said, "I have to punish you. The law makes no exceptions—ten dollars or ten days in jail." Even as he pronounced sentence upon the woman, the mayor reached into his pocket. He extracted a bill and tossed it into his famous sombrero saying: "Here are the ten dollars that will pay your fine. Furthermore, I am fining everyone in this courtroom fifty cents for living in a town where a person has to steal bread so that her grandchildren can eat. Mr. Bailiff, collect the fines and give them to the ***defendant***."

The next day, the news reported that $47.50 were given to the grandmother who had stolen bread to feed her grandchildren. Fifty cents was contributed by the store owner, while about seventy criminals, traffic violators and policemen, each of whom had to pay fifty cents, gave the mayor a standing ***ovation***. ■

VOCABULARY

Lapel: the front, folded-back collar of a suit coat
Colorful character: a person who is outgoing and dynamic
Speakeasies: sleazy bars and clubs that sell illegal liquor and promote lewd dancing
Defendant: a person who has been sued or accused in court
Ovation: enthusiastic, spontaneous applause
Vivid: colorful, drawing attention
Slums: overcrowded, unsanitary living quarters
Promiscuity: having sexual partners before marriage
Sexually Transmitted Disease (STD): a disease that is obtained by sexual contact

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PREPARING A COMPOSITION: CHOOSING A TOPIC

In this section, you will learn more exciting facts about how to write a good composition. You will learn to make a statement and support that statement. You will learn the power of active and ***vivid*** words. You will also learn that varying punctuation marks and sentence structures will make your composition more interesting.

"The Little Flower" was determined to solve problems in his city. Through speeches, Mayor LaGuardia addressed the problems of transportation, low income, unemployment, low performing schools, hospitals, ***slums***, prostitution, crime, labor unions, political corruption, health and sanitation. The mayor's courage, enthusiasm and energy made him well known and loved by people not just in New York City, but all over the nation.

If Mayor LaGuardia requested that you use the radio to address the problem of ***promiscuity*** in the city, you would first need to write a composition so that you could read it over the radio. Step one for creating a composition is already done for you—the topic was chosen for you by Mayor LaGuardia.

BRAINSTORMING

Your next step is to brainstorm. To brainstorm means to write down the ideas about your topic that "pop" into your head. Below are some brainstorming ideas for your topic:

1. Sexual promiscuity may result from factors such as: peer pressure, lack of training to resist temptation, lack of moral values, undisciplined behavior, lack of parental supervision, immodest clothing and behavior, media (pornography, literature), subconscious need for love and acceptance, sexual abuse and subsequent sense of helplessness.
2. Some consequences of promiscuity are ***sexually transmitted diseases (STDs)***, ***illegitimate*** pregnancies, loss of innocence, moral decline, prostitution, emotional turmoil and damaged futures.
3. Prevention efforts include the proactive measure of ***abstinence***, use of so-called "safe-sex" devices and application of antibiotics for STDs.

VOCABULARY

Illegitimate: not legal, born from an unwed mother
Abstinence: saving sex until marriage
Cohabit: to live together out of wedlock
Herpes: an STD that leaves bloody blisters on the genitals
Human Papilloma Virus (HPV): an STD that causes warts that often lead to cancer in women
Syphilis: an STD that causes rashes, fever, aches, tumors, damage to the heart, brain and nervous system, sores on the genitals, rectum, mouth or fingers

GATHERING MATERIAL

After choosing a topic and brainstorming, you need to research sources that support your thesis. The *thesis* is the topic or main idea of the composition. You need to gather at least three sources of information that support your thesis. While researching your topic, you discovered that abstinence was the best way to avoid promiscuity and its consequences. The reason you came to that conclusion was because everything except abstinence had negative consequences: diseases, illegitimacy, divorce, guilt or emotional trauma. You discovered that abstinence had none of those consequences, so you decided to narrow your topic from *promiscuity* to *abstinence*. Next are some of the sources you discovered.

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Sources:

1. dictionary definitions: *abstinence*—saving sex until marriage; *sexually transmitted disease* (STD)—a disease that is transmitted by any variety of sex; *sexual intercourse*—direct internal contact with the sexual organs of another person; *promiscuity*—participating in sexual intercourse with any person who is not your husband or wife; *pre-marital sex*—sex before marriage

2. Dr. David Larson, researcher at the National Institutes for Health—a link has been found between premarital abstinence and sexual satisfaction in marriage. "Couples not involved before marriage and faithful during marriage are more satisfied with their sex life than those who were involved sexually before marriage."

3. Universities of Chicago and Michigan Sociologists—"Those who ***cohabit*** before marriage have substantially higher divorce rates than those who do not; the recorded differentials range from 50 to 100 percent."

4. University of California, Los Angeles, published in *The Journal of Personality Assessment*—The top three problems that distinguished pre-marital cohabitants were drunkenness, adultery and drug-abuse.

5. Brown University and the University of Michigan—20% of teens or college students who leave their parents' homes to "move in with" someone end up coming back to the parents' homes because the promiscuous relationships do not result in happiness.

6. UCLA Psychologists Stuart Perlman and Paul Abramson—married couples are more satisfied with their sex lives than sexually active singles, partly because sexual satisfaction is enhanced by the "absence of sexual anxiety." Married couples who abstain before marriage are free from the sexual fears of disease, pregnancy before marriage, being "used," failure and rejection. Teens who remain abstinent are also free from the guilt of violating moral sexual standards which causes hindered sexual satisfaction before marriage.

7. Care Net—Abstinent teens live longer, are healthier (physically, mentally and emotionally), happier, more successful and make better life decisions.

8. Abstinence: Safer than Sex—STD's result in ruined bodies, broken hearts, deformed babies, broken lives, shattered dreams and premature deaths.

9. Friends First—Condoms do not provide protection from STDs such as ***Herpes***, ***HPV*** or ***Syphilis*** because those diseases are transmitted by skin-to-skin contact.

10. Friends First—Abstinence education focuses on helping teens to make the safest and best choices by saving sex until marriage. Teens should learn: respect for self and others, the difference between love and lust, emotional consequences of pre-marital sexual involvement, freedoms enjoyed through abstinence, skills to make abstinent choices, boundary setting for physical contact, the differences between needs and desires, consequences of actions, self-control and goal setting.

Making a Statement

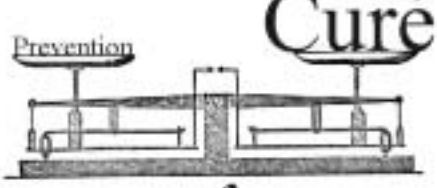
Now that you have chosen and narrowed your topic and gathered sources, you will write your topic sentence. A *topic sentence* is a sentence that states your main idea. Your topic sentence should be an opinionated statement. People may or may not agree with your statement. Your job as a writer is to prove your point. For the speech that you will make over the radio, your topic sentence will be, "Abstinence is the best way to approach pre-marital, dating relationships."

Your topic sentence is very opinionated. Of course, some people will disagree with your statement. Now, you must use your support material (at least three sources) to prove your point. You will learn to do that in the next lesson. Read the Life Principle on the next page, then continue to the Activities and apply what you have learned.

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Life Principle



"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

—Anonymous

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Composition

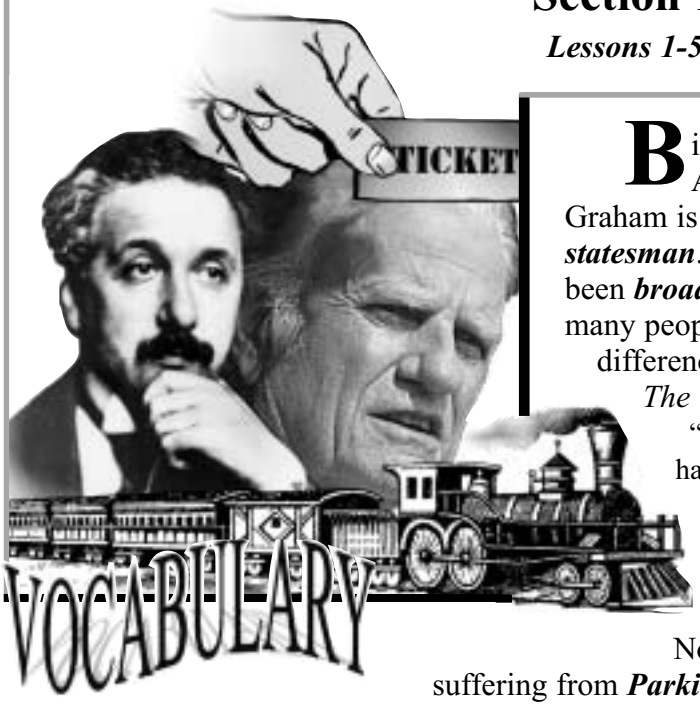
Lesson 2

Chapter 5

AMERICA'S GREAT EVANGELIST

Section 1

Lessons 1-5



Billy Graham is considered to be one of America's greatest ***evangelists***. Rev. Graham is also a ***renowned*** author, speaker and ***statesman***. Many of his sermons and speeches have been ***broadcast***. His voice and writings have inspired many people to change their lives and make positive differences in this world. Graham once wrote in *The Chicago American*:

"The most ***eloquent*** prayer is the prayer through hands that heal and bless . . . . The greatest form of praise is the sound of ***consecrated*** feet seeking out the lost and helpless."

In April of 2000, Billy Graham was honored in his hometown of Charlotte, North Carolina. He was in his eighties, suffering from ***Parkinson's Disease***. The great preacher stepped to the ***podium***. He briefly ***related*** an incident that happened in the life of ***Albert Einstein***. The professor was on a train when the conductor approached and asked for Dr. Einstein's ticket. He was unable to locate the ticket. The conductor responded, "Dr. Einstein, we all know who you are. I believe you purchased a ticket. Do not worry, I know who you are." The conductor continued up the aisle. When he glanced back, the professor was on his hands and knees, peering under the seats, fumbling in his pockets and frantically trying to locate his ticket.

The conductor came back down the aisle and laid his hand on the professor's shoulder. "I assure you, sir, I know who you are. I do not need to see your ticket."

Dr. Einstein responded, "I, too, know who I am. The problem is, I do not know where I am going. I need that ticket to remind me." Billy Graham concluded by saying:

"I do not know how much longer I will be alive. . . . Thank you for honoring me this day. The final word I want to leave with you is this: One of these days I am going to die. When I do, I want you to know . . . I not only know who I am, but I know where I am going! I hope you do too!" ■

VOCABULARY

Evangelist: a preacher of Christianity
Renowned: famous, well-known
Statesman: distinguished diplomat; a person who has favorable influence with government
Broadcast: presented on radio, TV
Eloquent: well-spoken, effective
Consecrated: set aside for a special or holy purpose
Parkinson's Disease: a disease that attacks the nervous system and causes twitching, tremors and small, muscle spasms
Podium: a bookstand on a platform
Related: talked about, told
Albert Einstein: a great scientist of the twentieth century

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PREPARING A COMPOSITION: USING THE SOURCES TO FORM THE OUTLINE

Billy Graham was a great speaker who communicated with bold statements, illustrations and examples. You, too, will become a great communicator as you describe, inform, motivate, narrate, persuade and inspire. In this lesson, you will continue to develop your radio presentation. To help you do that, the brainstorming ideas and the sources are repeated in this lesson. The crossed out sections are points you decided not to use in your speech. In the Activities, you will organize the brainstorming ideas and sources into an outline.

Brainstorming Ideas:

1. Promiscuity may result from factors such as: peer pressure, lack of training to resist temptation, lack of moral values, undisciplined behavior, lack of parental supervision, immodest clothing and behavior, media (pornography, movies, literature), subconscious need for love and acceptance, sexual abuse and subsequent sense of helplessness.

2. Consequences of promiscuity include sexually transmitted diseases (STDs), illegitimate pregnancies, loss of innocence, moral decline, prostitution, emotional turmoil and damaged futures.

3. ~~Prevention efforts include the proactive measure of ***abstinence***, use of so-called "safe-sex" devices and application of antibiotics for STDs.~~

Sources:

1. Dictionary definitions: *abstinence*—saving sex until marriage; *sexually transmitted disease* (STD)—a disease that is transmitted by any variety of sex; *sexual intercourse*—direct internal contact with the sexual organs of another person; *promiscuity*—participating in sexual intercourse with any person who is not your husband or wife; *pre-marital sex*—sex before marriage

2. Dr. David Larson, researcher at the National Institutes for Health—a link has been found between premarital abstinence and satisfaction in marriage. "Couples not involved before marriage and faithful during marriage are more satisfied than those who were involved sexually before marriage."

3. Universities of Chicago and Michigan Sociologists—"Those who cohabit before marriage have [much] higher divorce rates than those who do not; the recorded differentials range from 50 to 100 percent."

4. ~~University of California, Los Angeles published in *The Journal of Personality Assessment*—The top three problems that distinguished pre-marital cohabitants were drunkenness, adultery, and drug abuse.~~

5. ~~Brown University and the University of Michigan—20% of teens or college students who leave their parents' homes to "move in with" someone end up coming back to the parents' homes because the promiscuous relationships do not result in happiness.~~

6. UCLA Psychologists Stuart Perlman and Paul Abramson—married couples are more satisfied with their sex lives than sexually active singles, partly because sexual satisfaction is enhanced by the "absence of sexual anxiety." Married couples who abstain before marriage are free from the sexual fears of disease, pregnancy before marriage, being "used," failure and rejection. Teens who remain abstinent are also free from the guilt of violating their moral sexual standards which causes hindered sexual satisfaction before marriage.

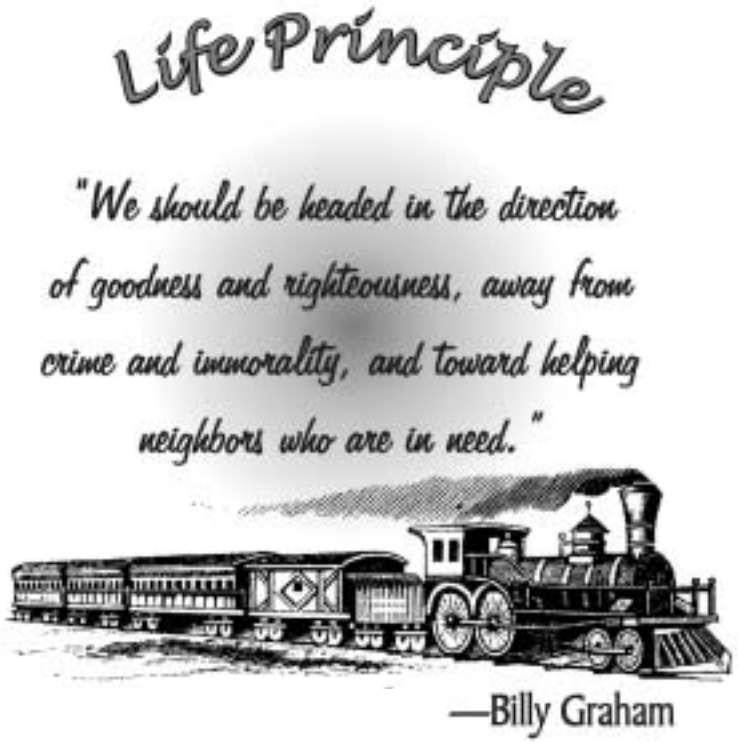
7. Care Net—Abstinent teens live longer, are healthier (physically, mentally and emotionally), are happier, are more successful, and make better life decisions.

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8. Abstinence: Safer than Sex—STD's result in ruined bodies, broken hearts, deformed babies, broken lives, shattered dreams and premature deaths.
9. ~~Friends First—Condoms do not provide protection from STDs such as Herpes, HPV, or Syphilis because those disease are transmitted by skin-to-skin contact.~~
10. Friends First—Abstinence education focuses on helping teens to make the safest and best choices by saving sex until marriage. Teens should learn: respect for self and others, the difference between love and lust, emotional consequences of pre-marital sexual involvement, freedoms enjoyed through abstinence, skills to make abstinent choices, boundary setting for physical contact, the differences between needs and desires, consequences of actions, self control and goal setting.

Congratulations! You are improving your writing skills. Continue to the Activities.



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Lesson 3

Chapter 5

"NEVER GIVE UP!"

Section 1

Lessons 1-5



Sir Winston Churchill was the ***prime minister*** of England during World War II when Adolf Hitler threatened the world with Nazi terrorism. The German tyrant ferociously attacked England and tried to ***demoralize*** the English people. Almost daily, Sir Churchill's voice was heard on the airwaves encouraging the people to resist, to fight, to have faith and hope. American president, John F. Kennedy once said that Winston Churchill "***mobilized*** the English language and sent it into battle." In other words, the prime minister knew how to arrest the attention of his audience. The ***fortitude*** of Churchill's character gave "backbone" to the British people and enabled them to "hang on" and not allow the Nazi bombs to strike terror into the hearts of British citizens. Winston Churchill knew that persistence and hope produce courage and determination in people. The prime minister himself was an example of persistence and hope. This great man took three years getting through the eighth grade because he had trouble learning English grammar. Winston Churchill persisted until he beat the odds! His life motto was, "Never give up!"

Once, Churchill was invited to speak at a ***commencement*** exercise at Oxford University. The gentleman arrived in his usual attire—a cane and a top hat. As he approached the podium, the audience rose in an ovation. With great dignity, Mr. Churchill settled the crowd and stood confidently. Then, the great man removed his top hat and placed it on the ***lectern***. Looking at the eager audience, and with authority ringing in his voice, he cried, "NEVER GIVE UP!" Several seconds passed. He rose to his tiptoes and shouted again, "NEVER GIVE UP!" His words thundered across the audience. A profound silence reigned as Mr. Churchill gathered his things and exited the room. The crowd was stunned at the ***brevity*** of the message, but they never forgot it. ■

VOCABULARY

Prime Minister: the head of the British government; an equivalent to the president of the United States
Demoralize: to take away hope, to depress, discourage or crush emotionally
Mobilize: to put into action and effective use
Fortitude: courage, bravery, valor, daring against difficulty
Commencement: graduation ceremony
Lectern: a stand for holding papers; a podium
Brevity: shortness, abruptness
Tumultuous: chaotic, disrupted, confusing, disorderly
Unwed: not married

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PREPARING A COMPOSITION: USING THE OUTLINE TO FORM PARAGRAPHS



Because Winston Churchill was able to "mobilize the English language," he inspired people to exhibit tremendous courage in ***tumultuous*** times. America's families are in the midst of tumultuous times: troubled by terrorism, diseases, divorce, emotional trauma and crime. You are learning to "mobilize the English language" so you, too, may bring hope to people. One way to mobilize the English language is to provide information that will help save lives and help people to make positive choices. Your composition about abstinence is very valuable because it may save lives. In this lesson, you will form paragraphs from the outline.

Topic sentence: "Abstinence is the best way to approach pre-marital, dating relationships."

- **I.** Definition of abstinence
- **II.** Promiscuity as alternative to abstinence
- **III.** Factors that may result in promiscuity
  - **A.** Peer pressure
  - **B.** Lack of training to resist temptation
  - **C.** Lack of moral values
  - **D.** Undisciplined behavior
  - **E.** Lack of parental supervision
  - **F.** Immodest clothing and behavior
  - **G.** Media (pornography, movies, literature)
  - **H.** Subconscious need for love and acceptance
  - **I.** Sexual abuse, sense of helplessness
- **IV.** Consequences of promiscuity
  - **A.** Results of STDs
    - **1.** Ruined bodies
    - **2.** Broken hearts
    - **3.** Deformed babies
    - **4.** Broken lives
    - **5.** Shattered dreams
    - **6.** Premature deaths
  - **B.** Illegitimate pregnancy
  - **C.** Loss of innocence
  - **D.** Moral decline
  - **E.** Prostitution
  - **F.** Emotional turmoil
  - **G.** Damaged futures
  - **H.** Unsatisfied marriages
  - **I.** Sexual anxiety
  - **J.** Feelings of being "used," failure and rejection
- **V.** Reasons to be abstinent
  - **A.** No STDs
  - **B.** No illegitimate pregnancies
  - **C.** Better marriages
  - **D.** Longer, healthier lives

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E. No sexual anxiety or fears
F. No guilt from violating self or someone else
G. Healthy children
H. Stable emotions
I. Able to make good life decisions
J. Hopeful future (better goal setting)
K. Understanding of real love—not lust
L. True acceptance

You must decide which points of the outline will go into which paragraphs. Notice the divisions in the outline below.

Topic sentence: "Abstinence is the best way to approach pre-marital, dating relationships."

I. Definition of abstinence }
II. Promiscuity as alternative to abstinence }
III. Factors that may result in promiscuity }
A. Peer pressure }
B. Lack of training to resist temptation }
C. Lack of moral values } **first paragraph**
D. Undisciplined behavior }
E. Lack of parental supervision }
F. Immodest clothing and behavior }
G. Media (pornography, movies, literature) }
H. Subconscious need for love and acceptance }
I. Sexual abuse, sense of helplessness }

IV. Consequences of promiscuity }
A. Results of STDs }
1. Ruined bodies }
2. Broken hearts }
3. Deformed babies }
4. Broken lives }
5. Shattered dreams }
6. Premature deaths }
B. Illegitimate pregnancies of ***unwed*** mothers }
C. Loss of innocence } **second paragraph**
D. Moral decline }
E. Prostitution }
F. Emotional turmoil }
G. Damaged futures }
H. Unsatisfied marriages }
I. Sexual anxiety }
J. Feelings of being "used," failure and rejection }

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V. Reasons to be abstinent	}	
A. No STDs	}	
B. No pregnancies before marriage	}	
C. Better marriages	}	
D. Longer, healthier lives and marriages	}	
E. No sexual anxiety or fears	}	**third paragraph**
F. No guilt from violating self or someone else	}	
G. Healthy children	}	
H. Stable emotions	}	
I. Able to make good life decisions	}	
J. Hopeful future (better goal setting)	}	
K. Understanding of real love—not lust	}	
L. True acceptance	}	

Next, write complete sentences from the points in the outline.

Topic sentence: "Abstinence is the best way to approach pre-marital, dating relationships."
I. The definition of *abstinence* is "saving sex until marriage."
II. The alternative to abstinence is promiscuity.
III (A) - (I). People often become promiscuous because of peer pressure, lack of training to resist temptation, lack of moral values, undisciplined behavior, lack of parental supervision, immodest clothing and behavior, exposure to pornography or sexually explicit literature, a subconscious need for love and acceptance, or sexual abuse that results in a sense of helplessness.

•Notice how the points have been written in complete sentences.

From those sentences, form a paragraph.

Abstinence is the best way to approach pre-marital, dating relationships. The definition of *abstinence* is "saving sex until marriage." The alternative to abstinence is promiscuity. People often become promiscuous because of peer pressure, lack of training to resist temptation, lack of moral values, undisciplined behavior, lack of parental supervision, immodest clothing and behavior, exposure to pornography or sexually explicit literature, a subconscious need for love and acceptance, or sexual abuse that results in a sense of helplessness.

Congratulations! You are learning to form compositions that will motivate and inspire people to make better life choices.

Continue to the Activities.



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Composition

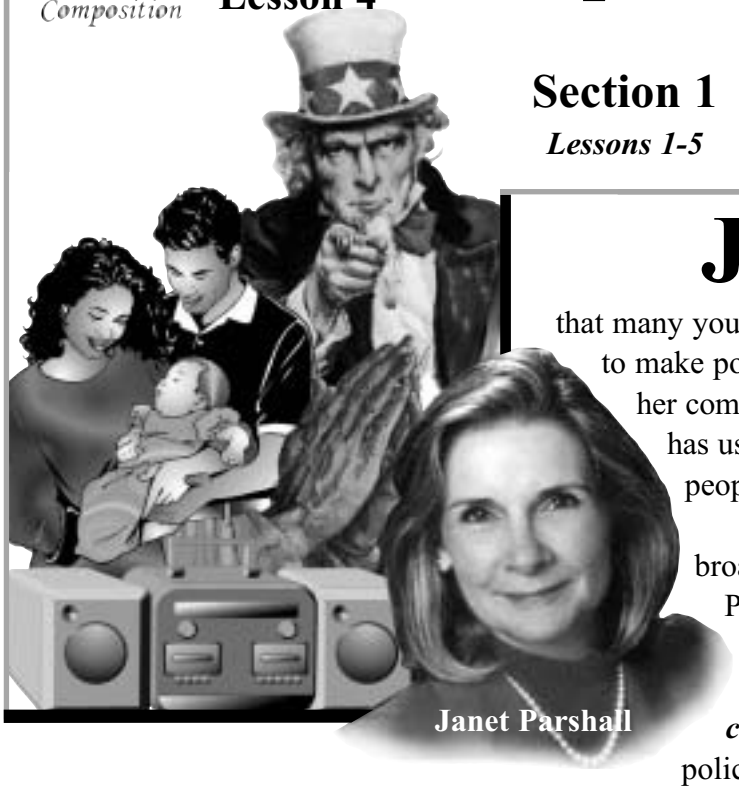
Lesson 4

Chapter 5

Section 1

Lessons 1-5

A LIGHT IN HER CITY



Janet Parshall

Janet Parshall is a woman of rare courage and ambition. She has learned that many youth do not possess sufficient knowledge to make positive life decisions. In order to help her community, state and country, Mrs. Parshall has used her education and skills to inform people of important national issues.

Mrs. Parshall is a host of a radio broadcast in Washington, D.C. Janet Parshall has achieved an ***elite*** position in the United States—she is one of the few radio talk show hosts who is a ***conservative*** woman. She is a public policy expert on many issues including politics, parenting, gambling, abortion, abstinence, prayer, crime, pornography, homosexuality, neglect of children, abuse, labor unions, immigration, psychiatric drugs, marriage, religion, trade, education, the economy, divorce, the media, race relations and AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases.

Mrs. Parshall has learned the skill of communication in order to motivate, inform, describe, persuade and inspire other people. Because of her ***profound*** accomplishments, this influential woman was nominated for the 1994-1995 American Woman in Radio and Television Commendation Award. In 1995, 1996, 1998 and 1999, Mrs. Parshall was chosen by the Achievement in Radio (A.I.R.) awards as a finalist for best talk show host in Washington, D.C. In 1998, Janet Parshall was chosen by the International Who's Who of Professional and Business Women for significant career achievements and contributions to society. Throughout her career, Janet Parshall has been devoted to advocating the principles and policies that strengthen families. ■

VOCABULARY

Elite: choice, exclusive
Conservative: in favor of traditional family and national morals and values; advocate of the values of the founding fathers
Profound: great, intense
Interrogative sentence: a sentence that asks a question
Exclamatory sentence: a sentence that makes an exclamation
Imperative sentence: a sentence that gives a command
Declarative sentence: a sentence that makes a statement

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PREPARING A COMPOSITION: IMPROVING YOUR PARAGRAPH

You have learned to choose a topic, narrow your topic, gather information, form an outline, write sentences from that outline and write a paragraph. In this lesson, you will learn to improve your paragraph by being creative in your sentence structure and punctuation. Use a variety of sentence *structures*—simple, compound, complex, and compound-complex. Remember:

- A *simple sentence* has a subject and verb, expresses one complete thought and consists of one independent clause.
- A *compound sentence* has two independent clauses joined by a comma and a coordinating conjunction (and, or, but) or by a semicolon.
- A *complex sentence* has one independent clause and one or more dependent clauses that are connected by subordinating conjunctions.
- A *compound complex sentence* has two independent clauses and one or more dependent clauses, joined by both coordinating and subordinating conjunctions.

Also, use a variety of sentence *types*—***interrogative***, ***exclamatory***, ***imperative*** and ***declarative***. Be sure to include a variety of punctuation marks—question marks, exclamation points, colons, semicolons, parentheses, quotation marks, apostrophes, commas and periods.

The paragraph from points I, II, and III (A) - (I) of the outline in Lesson 3 is repeated below.

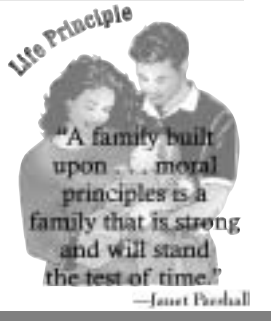
> Abstinence is the best way to approach pre-marital, dating relationships. The definition of *abstinence* is "saving sex until marriage." The alternative to abstinence is promiscuity. People often become promiscuous because of peer pressure, lack of training to resist temptation, lack of moral values, undisciplined behavior, lack of parental supervision, immodest clothing and behavior, exposure to pornography or sexually explicit literature, a subconscious need for love and acceptance or sexual abuse that results in a sense of helplessness.

The paragraph was improved by using various sentence structures and types and punctuation marks.

> Abstinence is the best way to approach pre-marital, dating relationships. *Abstinence* means "saving sex until marriage." The alternative to abstinence is promiscuity. Why is promiscuity often the choice of young people? Many youth choose promiscuity because they are not educated about abstinence; neither are youth aware of the reasons that they participate in such behavior. People may become promiscuous due to a variety of reasons: peer pressure, lack of training to resist temptation, and lack of moral values. Undisciplined behavior results as a lack of parental supervision of immodest clothing and behavior (often contributing to promiscuity in youth). Exposure to pornography or sexually explicit literature leads youth to entertain immoral thoughts, which leads to immoral acts. Perhaps the most prevalent cause of promiscuity in youth is a sense of loss or a sense of not belonging to anyone. This feeling is a subconscious need for love and acceptance. Another factor that may result in promiscuity is the sense of helplessness from sexual abuse.

- Notice that the improved paragraph is nearly twice as long as the first paragraph. Also notice that some sentences needed to be reworded, separated or added to improve the paragraph.

You are learning so much! Continue to the Activities and prepare to write!



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Lesson 5

Chapter 5

AMERICA'S ADVOCATE OF DIGNITY

Section 1

Lessons 1-5



Phyllis Schlafly has been a national leader since 1964. As a lawyer, homemaker and mother of six children, Mrs. Schlafly has exhibited tremendous energy and effort in the advocation of causes in which she believed. In 1992, Mrs. Schlafly received the Illinois Mother of the Year Award. Mrs. Schlafly was named by *Ladies' Home Journal* as one of the 100 most important and effective women of the 20th century. This woman has been appropriately ***hailed*** as important and effective for our society. Mrs. Schlafly has dedicated her life to defending and supporting the U.S. Constitution, national defense and family issues. Phyllis Schlafly has written and edited 16 books promoting the values and morals of our founding fathers. Mrs. Schlafly also founded the Eagle Forum, a national volunteer policy-making organization of 80,000 members with chapters in every state. This energetic and dedicated woman has led the pro-family movement against other movements that have not supported moral values.

As an ***articulate*** and talented speaker and writer, Phyllis Schlafly has been extremely influential. She has addressed topics such as: positive attitudes, parental rights, education, abstinence, politics, marriage, family, government, economics, pornography, health, military, employment, religion, crime and violence, medicine, abortion, inventions, computers, careers, justice and patriotism. Mrs. Schlafly has deeply loved and been devoted to her country. She has spent her energy and efforts on making the United States a better place to live by tackling the "problem areas." This great woman has expressed a deep concern for families and a disappointment in media promotions of irresponsible and dangerous lifestyles that result in premature deaths and hopeless futures: "The results are ***rampant*** immorality, illegitimacy, abortions, ***venereal*** diseases, ***infertility*** and teenage emotional trauma that often follows through their entire life . . . . When are parents . . . going to teach abstinence-until-marriage as the expected behavior instead of . . . immorality?" ■

VOCABULARY

Hailed: saluted, acknowledged with enthusiasm
Articulate: able to speak clearly and effectively
Rampant: everywhere, overwhelming
Venereal: transmitted by sexual contact
Infertility: the inability to become pregnant
Acclaimed: recognized enthusiastically, acknowledged as being great

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PREPARING A COMPOSITION: USING VIVID ADJECTIVES AND ACTIVE VERBS



Welcome to Lesson Five! You have already learned that a good writer chooses a topic and supports that topic with good ideas and sources. A good writer also includes various kinds of sentences and punctuation marks. In this lesson, you will learn additional ways to improve your paragraphs. You will learn to include vivid adjectives and active verbs.

An *adjective* is a word that describes a noun, a pronoun or another adjective. A vivid adjective creates a picture in the reader's mind and makes a connection with the emotions of the reader. Vivid adjectives make reading much more alive and interesting.

Example #1: The youth suffered from a disease.
Example #2: The *traumatized* youth suffered from a *crippling, venereal* disease.
- The second example shows how vivid adjectives enhance the sentence.

Example #3: Undisciplined behavior may result as a lack of supervision of clothing and behavior.
Example #4: *Careless* and undisciplined behavior may result as a *gross* lack of *parental* supervision of *provocative*, *immodest* clothing and *indecent* behavior.
- The fourth example shows how vivid adjectives enhance the sentence.

Example #5: Phyllis Schlafly has been a leader since 1964.
Example #6: Phyllis Schlafly has been a *spirited*, *patriotic* and highly ***acclaimed*** *national* leader since 1964.
- The sixth example shows how vivid adjectives enhance the sentence.

A *verb* is either action, state-of-being or linking. A good writer will minimize his state-of-being and linking verbs and will use many action verbs. A good writer will not only use action verbs, but will use *active* verbs. An *active verb* is a verb that helps the reader visualize the action. Active verbs require more action and energy than regular action verbs.

Example #1: The youth smiled when he heard the good news.
Example #2: The youth *burst out laughing* and *jumped up and down* when he heard the good news.
- Notice that the second example utilizes active verbs. *Smiled* is an action verb, but *burst out laughing* and *jumped up and down* are more active.

Example #3: Many youth choose to live morally.
Example #4: Many youth *cling* to moral living.
- The fourth example uses the word *cling* which helps the reader to visualize that the youth is firmly holding onto a moral life. *Clinging* requires more action and energy than just *choosing*.

Example #5: The youth turned away when his friends asked him to participate in the immoral activity.
Example #6: The youth *rejected* the temptation and *fled* the scene when his friends *demanded* that he *indulge* in the immoral activity.
- The sixth example uses the words *rejected, fled, demanded* and *indulge*. These words are more powerful and active than *turned away, asked* and *participate*.

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The paragraph below is the improved paragraph from Lesson Four.

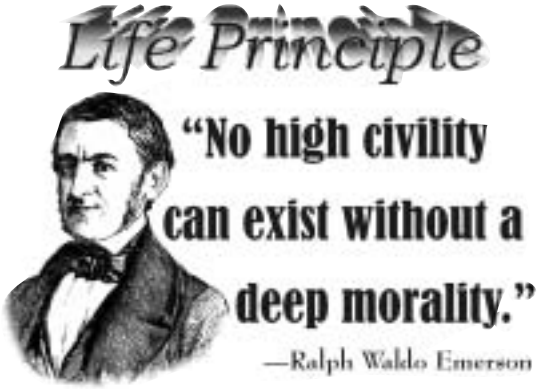
> Abstinence is the best way to approach pre-marital, dating relationships. *Abstinence* means "saving sex until marriage." The alternative to abstinence is promiscuity. Why is promiscuity often the choice of young people? Many youth choose promiscuity because they are not educated about abstinence; neither are youth aware of the reasons that they participate in such behavior. People may become promiscuous due to a variety of reasons: peer pressure, lack of training to resist temptation, and lack of moral values. Undisciplined behavior results from a lack of parental supervision of immodest clothing and behavior (often contributing to promiscuity in youth). Exposure to pornography or sexually explicit literature leads youth to entertain immoral thoughts, which leads to immoral acts. Perhaps the most prevalent cause of promiscuity in youth is a sense of loss or a sense of not belonging to anyone. This feeling is a subconscious need for love and acceptance. Another factor that may result in promiscuity is the sense of helplessness from sexual abuse.

In the paragraph below, notice the *italicized* vivid adjectives and the <u>underlined</u> active verbs that were added to improve the paragraph. Some of the wording may have changed to accommodate the vivid adjectives and active verbs.

> Abstinence is the best way to approach pre-marital, dating relationships. *Abstinence* means "saving sex until marriage." The *destructive* alternative to abstinence is promiscuity. Why is promiscuity often the *unwise* choice of young people? Many *unsuspecting* youth <u>select</u> promiscuity because they are not <u>trained</u> about abstinence; neither are youth <u>apprised</u> of the *subconscious* reasons that they participate in such *detrimental* behavior. People may become promiscuous due to a variety of reasons: *overwhelming* peer pressure, lack of training to resist *enticing* temptation, and lack of moral values. *Careless* and undisciplined behavior often results from a *gross* lack of parental supervision of *provocative*, immodest clothing and *indecent* behavior (often contributing to promiscuity in youth). Exposure to *vile* pornography or sexually explicit literature <u>tempts</u> youth to entertain immoral, *dishonorable* thoughts, which lead to *base, defiling* acts. Perhaps the most prevalent and *pervasive* cause of promiscuity in youth is a sense of *agonizing* loss or a sense of not belonging to anyone. This *abysmal* feeling is a subconscious need for *unconditional* love and *complete* acceptance. A more *sinister* factor that may result in promiscuity is the sense of *crushing* helplessness from *abominable* sexual abuse.

Notice the length of this paragraph. It grew due to the improvements.

Congratulations! You are becoming a better writer! Continue to the Activities to apply your new knowledge.



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Composition

Lesson 6

Chapter 5

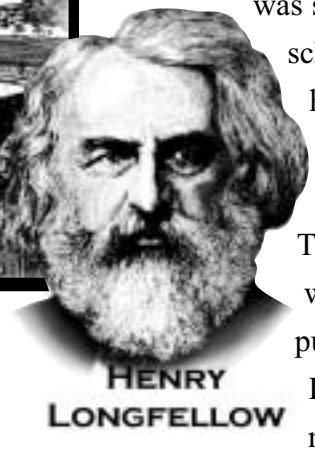
AMERICA'S BELOVED POET

Section 2

Lessons 6-10



Born on February 27, 1807, in Portland, Maine, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was destined to become one of America's most well-known and beloved poets. From a very young age, Henry was blessed with an avid curiosity and keen intellect. He was so intelligent that he began attending school at the age of three! Henry took his schooling very seriously and soon developed a great interest in writing and, in particular, rhyming words. Through poetry, he applied his gift with words. At the age of 13, Henry published his first poem, "The Battle of Lovell's Pond," in his hometown newspaper.



HENRY LONGFELLOW

Longfellow continued to excel in school and was accepted into college at age 14. He took pride in his scholarship, hard work and dedication. When only 19 years old, Longfellow was offered a position as a college professor at Bowdoin College! He taught at both Bowdoin College and Harvard University, but eventually he gave up teaching to devote time to his first love: poetry.

Henry's gift of poetics made him famous. Many of his poems received worldwide acclaim. Henry Longfellow was beloved by America because his poems romanticized hard work, faith, courage and patriotism—ideas with which Americans could identify and of which they could be proud. Henry's words truly captured the American spirit! ■

VOCABULARY

Smithy: a blacksmith shop
Sinewy: muscular, strong, vigorous
Brawny: tanned, muscular and strong
Bellows: a device that pumps air (oxygen) into a furnace to increase heat
Sexton: a custodian of a church
Forge: a furnace in which metal is heated for shaping
Chaff: husks of grain that separate from the seed during harvest
Threshing floor: the area in which grain is shaken to separate the seed from the chaff

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"The Village Blacksmith"

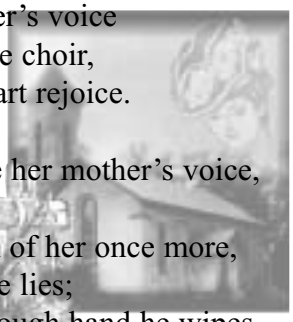
Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village ***smithy*** stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and ***sinewy*** hands;
And the muscles of his ***brawny*** arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn 'til night,
You can hear his ***bellows*** blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a ***sexton*** ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming ***forge***,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like ***chaff*** from a ***threshing floor***.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the ***parson*** pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.



It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's ***repose***.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou has taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding ***anvil*** shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

(Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

VOCABULARY

Parson: a folk word for "preacher"
Repose: rest, sleep
Anvil: a heavy iron block on which metal is shaped
Belfry: tower or steeple in which bells are hung
Middlesex: a British name for a county or district
Arm: to prepare weapons
Moorings: objects to which a ship is fastened
Man-of-war: a type of warship
Grenadiers: British special troops
Spectral: ghostly
Steed: a male horse
Alders: shrubs or trees that grow in wet, dark places
Regulars: British foot soldiers

*** The underlined portions of the poem should be memorized for the activities, quiz and test.**

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ELEMENTS OF POETRY

In Lessons 6-10, you will learn some of the elements of poetry. Poetry may be informative, descriptive, narrative, persuasive or inspirational. "The Village Blacksmith" is a narrative poem because it tells a story. Poetry is characterized by the following terms: line, stanza, rhyme, meter and rhythm.

STANZA

A *stanza* in a poem is a grouping of lines, similar to a paragraph in a composition. Another word for *stanza* is *verse*. Each stanza (or verse) contains a certain number of lines. Each line begins with a capital letter. In poetry, each line does not need to be a complete sentence.

Example:

line 1	Under the spreading chestnut tree	}	
line 2	The village smithy stands;	}	
line 3	The smith, a mighty man is he,	}	
line 4	With large and sinewy hands;	}	**first stanza = 6 lines**
line 5	And the muscles of his brawny arms	}	
line 6	Are strong as iron bands.	}	
line 7	His hair is crisp, and black, and long,	}	
	His face is like the tan;	}	
	His brow is wet with honest sweat,	}	
line 10	He earns whate'er he can,	}	**second stanza = 6 lines**
	And looks the whole world in the face,	}	
line 12	For he owes not any man.	}	

In total, "The Village Blacksmith" contains eight stanzas and forty-eight lines. Notice the capital letter that begins each line. Next you will read "Paul Revere's Ride," also written by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. "Paul Revere's Ride" is also narrative because it tells a story. As you read, count the number of stanzas and lines. You will notice that each stanza does not contain the same number of lines.

"Paul Revere's Ride"



line 1	Listen, my children, and you shall hear	}	
	Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,	}	
	On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;	}	**stanza 1**
	Hardly a man is now alive	}	
line 5	Who remembers that famous day and year.	}	
	He said to his friend, "If the British march	}	
	By land or sea from the town tonight,	}	**stanza 2**
	Hang a lantern aloft in the ***belfry*** arch	}	
	Of the North Church tower as a signal light—	}	
line 10	One, if by land, and two, if by sea;	}	

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	And I on the opposite shore will be,	}
	Ready to ride and spread the alarm	} **stanza 2 (continued)**
	Through every ***Middlesex*** village and farm,	}
line 14	For the country folk to be up and to ***arm***."	}
	Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar	}
	Silently rowed to the Charleston shore,	}
	Just as the moon rose over the bay,	}
line 18	Where swinging wide at her ***moorings*** lay	}
	The *Somerset*, British ***man-of-war***;	} **stanza 3**
line 20	A phantom ship, with each mast and spar	}
	Across the moon like a prison bar,	}
	And a huge black hulk, that was magnified	}
	By its own reflection in the tide.	}
	Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,	}
	Wanders and watches with eager ears,	}
	Till in the silence around him he hears	}
	The muster of men at the barrack door,	} **stanza 4**
	The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,	}
	And the measured tread of the ***grenadiers***,	}
line 30	Marching down to their boats on the shore.	}
	Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,	}
	By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,	}
	To the belfry chamber overhead	}
	And startled the pigeons from their perch	}
	On the somber rafters, that round him made	}
line 36	Masses and moving shapes of shade—	} **stanza 5**
	By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,	}
	To the highest window in the wall,	}
	Where he paused to listen and look down	}
	A moment on the roofs of the town,	}
line 40	And the moonlight flowing over all.	}
	Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,	}
	In their night encampment on the hill,	}
	Wrapped in silence so deep and still	}
	That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,	} **stanza 6**
line 45	The watchful night wind, as it went	}
	Creeping along from tent to tent,	}
	And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"	}
	A moment only he feels the spell	}
	Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread	}

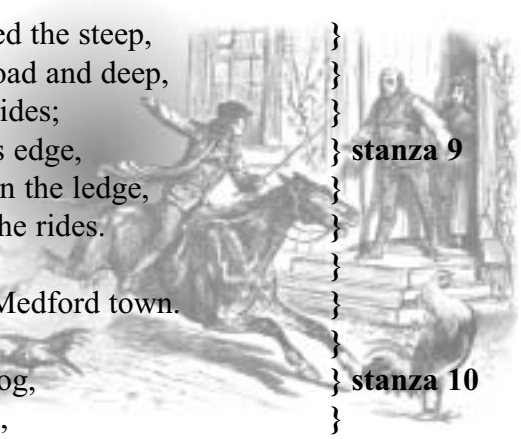


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line 50	Of the lonely belfry and the dead;	}
	For suddenly all his thoughts are bent	} **stanza 6 (continued)**
	On a shadowy something far away,	}
	Where the river widens to meet the bay—	}
	A line of black that bends and floats	}
line 55	On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.	}
	Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,	}
	Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride	}
	On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.	}
	Now he patted his horse's side,	}
line 60	Now gazed at the landscape far and near,	}
	Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,	}
	And turned and tightened his saddle girth;	}
	But mostly he watched with eager search	}
	The belfry tower on the Old North Church,	} **stanza 7**
	As it rose above the graves on the hill,	}
	Lonely and ***spectral*** and somber and still.	}
	And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height	}
	A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!	}
	He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,	}
line 70	But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight	}
	A second lamp in the belfry burns!	}
	A hurry of hoofs in a village street,	}
	A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,	}
	And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark	}
	Struck out by a ***steed*** flying fearless and fleet;	}
line 76	That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light	} **stanza 8**
	The fate of a nation was riding that night;	}
	And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight,	}
	Kindled the land into flame with its heat.	}
line 80	He has left the village and mounted the steep,	}
	And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,	}
	Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;	}
	And under the ***alders***, that skirt its edge,	} **stanza 9**
	Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,	}
line 85	Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.	}
	It was twelve by the village clock	}
	When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.	}
	He heard the crowing of the cock,	}
	And the barking of the farmer's dog,	} **stanza 10**
line 90	And felt the damp of the river fog,	}
	That rises after the sun goes down.	}



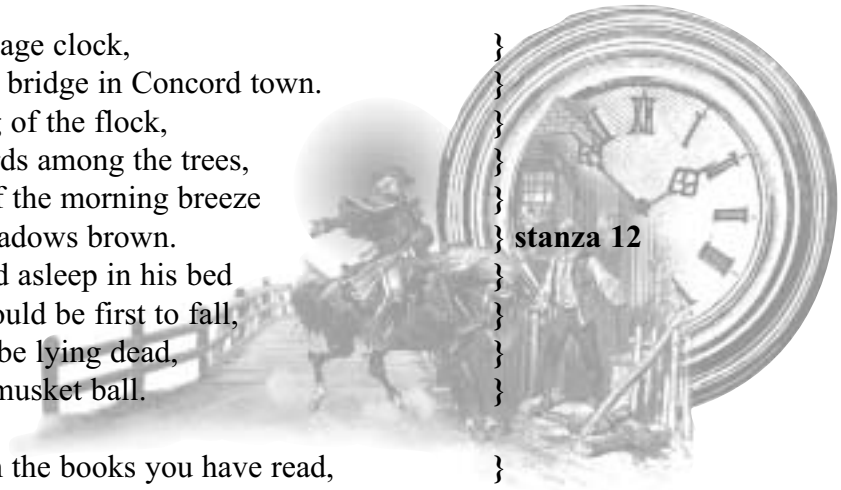


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line 92	It was one by the village clock,	}
	When he galloped into Lexington.	}
	He saw the gilded weathercock	}
line 95	Swim in the moonlight as he passed,	}
	And the meeting house windows, blank and bare,	} **stanza 11**
	Gaze at him with a spectral glare,	}
	As if they already stood aghast	}
	At the bloody work they would look upon.	}
line 100	It was two by the village clock,	}
	When he came to the bridge in Concord town.	}
	He heard the bleating of the flock,	}
	And the twitter of birds among the trees,	}
	And felt the breath of the morning breeze	}
line 105	Blowing over the meadows brown.	} **stanza 12**
	And one was safe and asleep in his bed	}
	Who at the bridge would be first to fall,	}
	Who that day would be lying dead,	}
	Pierced by a British musket ball.	}
line 110	You know the rest. In the books you have read,	}
	How the British ***Regulars*** fired and fled—	}
	How the farmers gave them ball for ball,	}
	From behind each fence and farmyard wall,	}
	Chasing the redcoats down the lane,	}
line 115	Then crossing the fields to emerge again	}
	Under the trees at the turn of the road,	}
	And only pausing to fire and load.	}
	So through the night rode Paul Revere;	}
	And so through the night went his cry of alarm	}
line 120	To every Middlesex village and farm—	} **stanza 13**
	A cry of defiance, and not of fear,	}
	A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,	}
	And a word that shall echo forevermore!	}
	<u>For, borne on the night wind of the Past,</u>	}
line 125	<u>Through all our history, to the last,</u>	}
	<u>In the hour of darkness and peril and need,</u>	}
	<u>The people will waken and listen to hear</u>	}
	<u>The hurrying hoof beats of that steed,</u>	}
	<u>And the midnight message of Paul Revere.</u>	}

(Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)



*** The underlined portions of the poem should be memorized for the activities, quiz and test.**

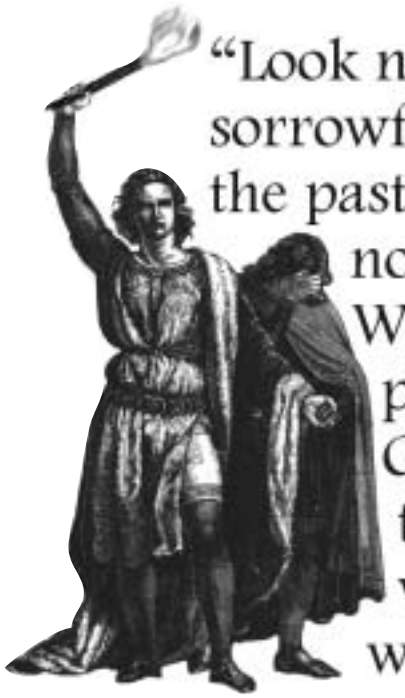
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Congratulations! You have just read two of America's most famous poems. You have also learned to recognize narrative poetry and count stanzas and lines. You are learning quickly!

Continue to the Activities to apply your new knowledge.

LIFE PRINCIPLE



"Look not
sorrowfully into
the past; it comes
not back again.
Wisely improve the
present; it is thine.
Go forth to meet
the shadowy future
without fear, and
with a manly heart."

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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Composition

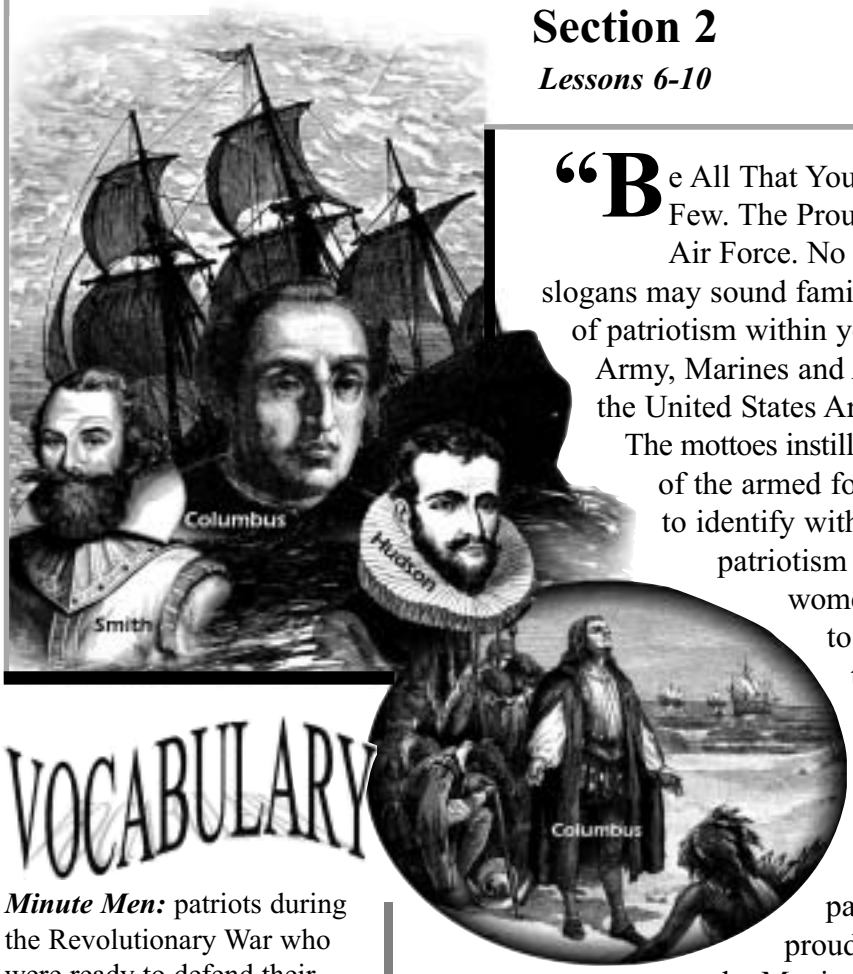
Lesson 7

Chapter 5

PATRIOTIC WORDS

Section 2

Lessons 6-10



"Be All That You Can Be—In the Army!" "The Few. The Proud. The Marines." "America's Air Force. No One Comes Close." These slogans may sound familiar, and they may strike a cord of patriotism within you. They are the mottoes of the Army, Marines and Air Force, three branches of the United States Armed Services.

The mottoes instill a sense of pride in each member of the armed forces and give Americans a way to identify with what the mottoes represent—patriotism so strong that young men and women are willing to give their lives to defend their great nation. But, these mottoes do not work alone to rouse soldiers for battle. Each branch of the armed forces has its own anthem, its own hymn, which serves to rally the troops.

"The Marine Hymn," in particular, has an interesting and proud history. Following the end of the Mexican War in 1848, a U.S. Marine composed the first verse to commemorate the American victory. Surprisingly, the tune was taken from a French opera!

You may be familiar with the popular song that begins, "From the Halls of Montezuma / To the Shores of Tripoli…." Beginning with just these two lines, "The Marine Hymn" continues to grow in verse with each new campaign the Marines bravely undertake. Today, "The Marine Hymn" is one of the most popular service songs, as Marines stationed all over the world sing their anthem loudly and proudly! You will read it later in this lesson. Civilians and regular citizens also express their patriotism through song and poetry. Read the next poem that relates certain events in some eras of the United States of America. ■

VOCABULARY

Minute Men: patriots during the Revolutionary War who were ready to defend their country at a minute's notice
Perry: U.S. captain in the War of 1812
Union Jack: the British flag
De Lesseps: a Frenchman who tried and failed to build the Panama Canal
Rough Riders: volunteer soldiers organized by Teddy Roosevelt during the Spanish-American War (1898-1902)
Dewey: George Dewey, an American naval officer

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"The History of the United States" (1492—1918)

line 1	In fourteen hundred ninety-two,	}
	Columbus sailed the ocean blue	}
	And found this land, land of the Free,	} **stanza 1**
	Beloved by you, beloved by me.	}
line 5	And in the year sixteen and seven,	}
	Good Captain Smith thought he'd reached Heaven,	}
	And then he founded Jamestown City,	} **stanza 2**
	Alas, 'tis gone, Oh, what a pity.	}
line 9	'Twas in September sixteen nine,	}
	With ship, *Half Moon*, a real Dutch sign,	}
	That Henry Hudson found the stream,	} **stanza 3**
	The Hudson River of our dream.	}
line 13	In sixteen twenty, pilgrims saw	}
	Our land that had no unjust law.	}
	Their children here in this day,	} **stanza 4**
	Proud citizens of U.S.A.	}
line 17	In sixteen hundred eighty-three,	}
	Good William Penn stood 'neath a tree	}
	And swore that unto life's end	} **stanza 5**
	He would be the Indian's friend.	}
line 21	In seventeen hundred seventy-five,	}
	Good Paul Revere was then alive;	}
	He rode like wild throughout the night,	} **stanza 6**
	And called the ***Minute Men*** to fight.	}
line 25	Year seventeen hundred seventy-six,	}
	July the fourth, this date please fix	}
	Within your minds, my children dear,	} **stanza 7**
	For that was Independence Year.	}
line 29	In that same year, on a bitter night	}
	At Trenton was an awful fight,	}
	But by our brave George Washington	} **stanza 8**
	The battle was at last well won.	}
line 33	Two other dates in your mind fix—	}
	Franklin born in seventeen six,	}
	And Washington first said "Boo-Hoo"	} **stanza 9**
	In seventeen hundred thirty-two.	}





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line 37 In seventeen hundred seventy-nine,
Paul Jones, who was a captain fine,
Gained our first naval victory
Fighting on the big, wide sea. } **stanza 10**



line 41 And in the year eighteen and four,
Lewis and Clark both went before,
And blazed for us the Oregon Trail
Where men go now in ease by rail. } **stanza 11**

line 45 In eighteen hundred and thirteen,
On great Lake Erie could be seen,
Our ***Perry*** fight the ***Union Jack***
And drive it from our shores far back. } **stanza 12**

line 49 In eighteen hundred and sixty-one,
An awful war when then begun (referring to
Between the brothers of our land, the Civil War) } **stanza 13**
Who now together firmly stand.



line 53 In eighteen hundred sixty-three,
Each slave was told that he was free
By Lincoln with whom few compare } **stanza 14**
In being kind and just and fair.

line 57 In eighteen hundred eighty-one
At Panama there was begun
By good ***De Lesseps***, wise and great, } **stanza 15**
The big canal, now our ships' gate.

line 61 At San Juan, eighteen ninety-eight,
Our brave ***Rough Riders*** lay in wait,
And on the land brought victory,
While ***Dewey*** won it on the sea. } **stanza 16**

line 65 In nineteen hundred and fifteen,
Was shown a ***panoramic*** screen
At San Francisco's wondrous fair;
All people were invited there. } **stanza 17**

line 69 But cruel war in that same year
Kept strangers from our land of cheer, (referring to
And nineteen seventeen brought here World War I) } **stanza 18**
The war that filled our hearts with fear.



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line 73	Thank God in nineteen eighteen	}	
	Peace on Earth again was seen,	}	
	And we are praying that she'll stay	}	**stanza 19**
	Forever in our U.S.A.	}	

(Winifred Sackville Stoner)



ELEMENTS OF POETRY: RHYME SCHEME

The poem "The History of the United States" is an informative poem. It provides the reader with a short, concise history of some of the main events in the United States up to 1918. *Rhyme scheme* is the pattern of rhyming words in a poem. Rhyme scheme is counted in alphabetical letters such as *a, b, c, d, e, f, g*. The first line of each stanza in a poem is labeled *a*. If the second line rhymes with the first line, the second line is also labeled *a*. If the second line does not rhyme with the first line, the second line is labeled *b*.

Example #1:

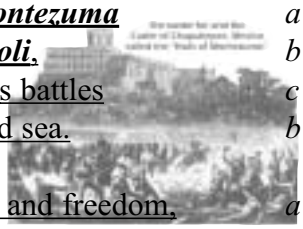
line 1	In fourteen hundred ninety-two,	*a*	}	
	Columbus sailed the ocean blue	*a*	}	
	And found this land, land of the Free,	*b*	}	**stanza 1**
line 4	Beloved by you, beloved by me.	*b*	}	

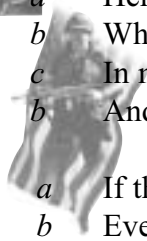
- Lines one and two rhyme and are both labeled *a*.
- Line three does not rhyme with lines one and two and is labeled *b*.
- Line four rhymes with line three and is labeled the same letter *b*.

Example #2:

line 5	And in the year sixteen and seven,	*a*	}	
	Good Captain Smith thought he'd reached Heaven,	*a*	}	
	And then he founded Jamestown City,	*b*	}	**stanza 2**
line 8	Alas, 'tis gone, oh, what a pity.	*b*	}	

"The Marine Hymn"





From the ***Halls of Montezuma***	*a*	In the snow of far-off northern lands	*a*
To the ***shores of Tripoli***,	*b*	And in sunny tropic scenes,	*b*
We fight our country's battles	*c*	You will find us always on the job	*c*
In the air, on land, and sea.	*b*	The United States Marines.	*b*
First to fight for right and freedom,	*a*	Here's health to you and to our Corps	*a*
And to keep our honor clean,	*b*	Which we are proud to serve;	*b*
We are proud to claim the title	*c*	In many a strife we've fought for life	*c*
Of United States Marines.	*b*	And never lost our nerve.	*b*
Our flag's unfurl'd to every breeze	*a*	If the Army and the Navy	*a*
From dawn to setting sun;	*b*	Ever look on Heaven's scenes,	*b*
We have fought in every clime and place	*c*	They will find the streets are guarded	*c*
Where we could take a gun.	*b*	By United States Marines.	*b*

***The underlined portions of the poem should be memorized for the activities, quiz and test.**

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Notice that in "The Marine Hymn" the first line of each stanza is labeled *a*. The second and fourth lines rhyme and are labeled *b*. Line three is labeled *c* and does not rhyme with the others. Below is another poem in which the rhyme scheme is easily identified.

"A Nation's Strength"
Not gold, but only man can make
A people great and strong;
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.
Brave men who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly—
They build a nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.
(Ralph Waldo Emerson)

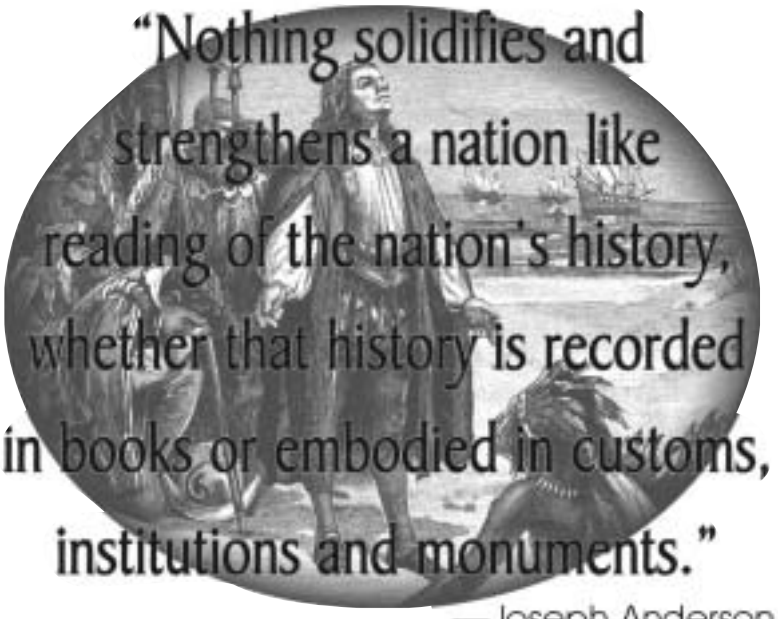
VOCABULARY

Panoramic: a picture or series of pictures in a continuous scene
Halls of Montezuma: referring to the Castle of Chapultepec in Mexico City that U.S. troops stormed in the Mexican War (1846-1848)
Shores of Tripoli: referring to the beaches of Tripoli, the capital of Libya, a country in northern Africa where U.S. troops conquered the Barbary Pirates in 1805

***The poem should be memorized for the activities, quiz and test.**

Congratulations! You have learned to decipher the rhyme scheme of a poem. Prepare to apply your new knowledge in the Activities.

Life Principle



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Composition

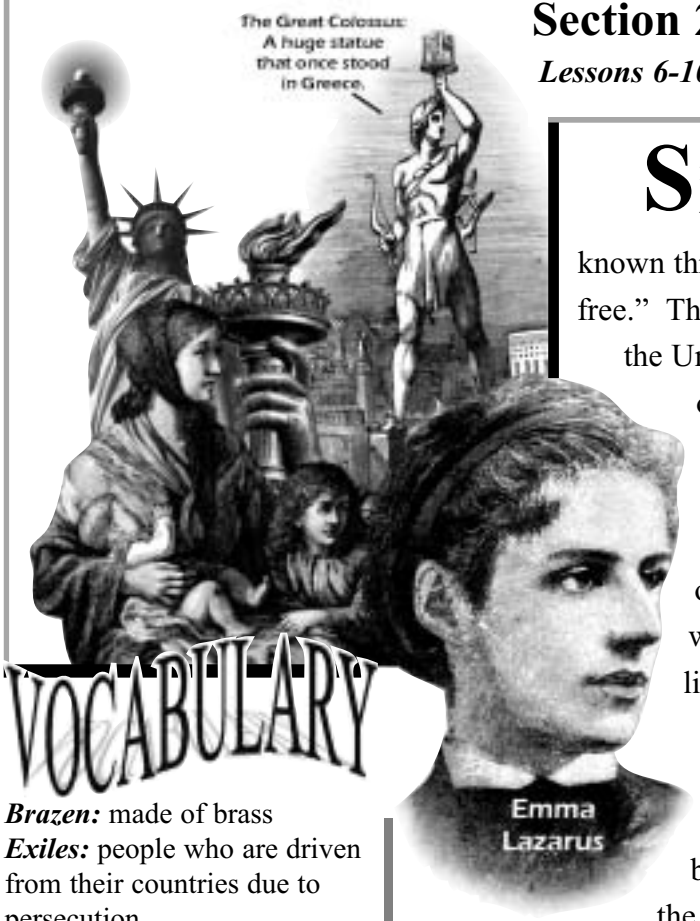
Lesson 8

Chapter 5

THE LAND OF LIBERTY

Section 2

Lessons 6-10



Since its inception as a free country in 1776, the United States of America has been known throughout the world as "the land of the free." The freedoms under which Americans live in the United States have been a magnet for oppressed people for decades, especially during the 1800s and early 1900s. In fact, by 1920, over 34 million people had immigrated to the United States in search of prosperity, opportunity and freedom that would allow the immigrants to live good lives and worship God without persecution.

Traveling by ship, the immigrants' first glimpse of America lay in New York Harbor. We can only imagine the joy felt by all when witnessing for the first time, the ultimate symbol of freedom, the *Statue of Liberty*. Sculpted by Frederic August Barholdi, "Liberty Enlightening the World," was a gift from France that commemorated the two countries' commitment to freedom. The 151-foot statue was erected in 1886 on Bedloe's Island. During the dedication of the statue on October 28, 1886, President Grover Cleveland stated, "We will not forget that Liberty has here made her home; nor shall her chosen altar be neglected."

Although the mass immigration to the United States has abated, millions of people flock to "Lady Liberty" each year. Time has aged her, but she still stands tall as the world's symbol of freedom. The United States is certainly proud to be the true land of "Liberty." ■

VOCABULARY

Brazen: made of brass
Exiles: people who are driven from their countries due to persecution
Beacon: guiding light or signal
Storied pomp: glamorous reputation
Golden door: referring to the "door" of opportunity for improvement and success in the United States of America
Templed: pointed like the roof of a temple
Mortal: temporary, referring to something or someone who will die, not eternal
Prolong: to carry on for a while

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"The New Colossus"

Not like the ***brazen*** giant of Greek fame,	*a*
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;	*b*
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand	*b*
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame	*a*
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name	*a*
Mother of ***Exiles***. From her ***beacon***-hand	*b*
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command	*b*
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.	*a*
"Keep, ancient lands, your ***storied pomp***!" cries she	*c*
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,	*d*
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,	*c*
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.	*d*
Send those, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me.	*c*
I lift my lamp beside the ***golden door***!"	*d*

(Emma Lazarus)

***The underlined portion of the poem should be memorized for the activities, quiz and test.**

ELEMENTS OF POETRY: METER AND RHYTHM



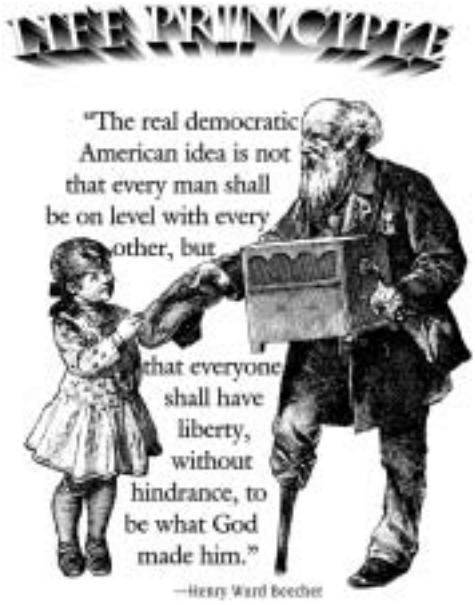
The meter of a poem is measured by the rhythm. Rhythm is marked by feet and beats. A *foot* in poetry is a rhythmic unit. When marked, a foot appears as a diagonal slash (/). The beat between each foot appears as a half circle (⌣). Each time a foot appears, the reader should stress that word or syllable. Poetry often blends syllables in order to accommodate rhythm. Some multi-syllable words are spoken as if they were one or two syllables in order to maintain poetic rhythm. For example, the word *conquering* in Example 1, line 2 on the next page is pronounced *con'qu'ring* to keep rhythm.

The standard rhythm patterns in poetry are:

iambic (⌣ /)
trochaic (/ ⌣)
anapestic (⌣ ⌣ /)
dactylic (/ ⌣ ⌣)

The rhythm in poetry is counted by:

monometer—one foot
dimeter—two feet
trimeter—three feet
tetrameter—four feet
pentameter—five feet
hexameter—six feet
heptameter—seven feet



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Once you have measured the rhythm and counted the number of feet, you will be able to decipher the meter of the poem. The poem below demonstrates how to mark the rhythm.

Example #1:

⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ /
Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame, **} line 1 = 5 feet**

⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ /
With conquering limbs astride from land to land; **} line 2 = 5 feet**

⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ /
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand **} line 3 = 5 feet**

⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ /
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame **} line 4 = 5 feet**

⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ /
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name **} line 5 = 5 feet**

⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ /
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand **} line 6 = 5 feet**

⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ /
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command **} line 7 = 5 feet**

⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ /
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame. **} line 8 = 5 feet**

- Because each line contains <u>five feet</u> and appears in <u>iambic</u> rhythm (⏑ /), the meter of the first stanza is <u>iambic pentameter</u>.

Example #2:

⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ /
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she **} line 9 = 5 feet**

⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ /
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor, **} line 10 = 5 feet**

⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ /
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, **} line 11 = 5 feet**

⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ /
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore. **} line 12 = 5 feet**

⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ /
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me. **} line 13 = 5 feet**

⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ /
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!" **} line 14 = 5 feet**

Next, read America's favorite song.



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"America"

/ ⏑ ⏑ / ⏑ ⏑		/ ⏑ ⏑ / ⏑ ⏑	
My country, 'tis of thee	**} line 1 = 2 feet**	Let music swell the breeze	**} line 15 = 2 feet**
/ ⏑ ⏑ / ⏑ ⏑		/ ⏑ ⏑ / ⏑ ⏑	
Sweet land of liberty:	**} line 2 = 2 feet**	And ring from all the trees	**} line 16 = 2 feet**
/ ⏑ ⏑ /		/ ⏑ ⏑ /	
Of thee I sing.	**} line 3 = 2 feet**	Sweet freedom's song.	**} line 17 = 2 feet**
/ ⏑ ⏑ / ⏑ ⏑		/ ⏑ ⏑ / ⏑ ⏑	
Land where my fathers died	**} line 4 = 2 feet**	Let all that breathe partake	**} line 18 = 2 feet**
/ ⏑ ⏑ / ⏑ ⏑		/ ⏑ ⏑ / ⏑ ⏑	
Land of the Pilgrims' pride	**} line 5 = 2 feet**	Let ***mortal*** tongues awake	**} line 19 = 2 feet**
/ ⏑ ⏑ / ⏑ ⏑		/ ⏑ ⏑ / ⏑ ⏑	
From every mountainside	**} line 6 = 2 feet**	Let rocks their silence break	**} line 20 = 2 feet**
/ ⏑ ⏑ /		/ ⏑ ⏑ /	
Let freedom ring.	**} line 7 = 2 feet**	The sound ***prolong***.	**} line 21 = 2 feet**
/ ⏑ ⏑ / ⏑ ⏑		/ ⏑ ⏑ / ⏑ ⏑	
My native country—thee	**} line 8 = 2 feet**	Our fathers' God, to Thee,	**} line 22 = 2 feet**
/ ⏑ ⏑ / ⏑ ⏑		/ ⏑ ⏑ / ⏑ ⏑	
Land of the noble free	**} line 9 = 2 feet**	Author of liberty,	**} line 23 = 2 feet**
/ ⏑ ⏑ /		/ ⏑ ⏑ /	
Thy name I love:	**} line 10 = 2 feet**	To Thee we sing.	**} line 24 = 2 feet**
/ ⏑ ⏑ / ⏑ ⏑		/ ⏑ ⏑ / ⏑ ⏑	
I love thy rocks and rills	**} line 11 = 2 feet**	Long may our land be bright	**} line 25 = 2 feet**
/ ⏑ ⏑ / ⏑ ⏑		/ ⏑ ⏑ / ⏑ ⏑	
Thy woods and ***templed*** hills	**} line 12 = 2 feet**	With freedom's holy light	**} line 26 = 2 feet**
/ ⏑ ⏑ / ⏑ ⏑		/ ⏑ ⏑ / ⏑ ⏑	
My heart with rapture thrills	**} line 13 = 2 feet**	Protect us by Thy might	**} line 27 = 2 feet**
/ ⏑ ⏑ /		/ ⏑ ⏑ /	
Like that above.	**} line 14 = 2 feet**	Great God, our King.	**} line 28 = 2 feet**

(Samuel Smith)

*** The song should be memorized for the activities, quiz and test.**

Each line contains two feet and appears in dactylic rhythm (/ ⏑ ⏑), making the meter of the poem dactylic dimeter.

Read the Life Principle on page 38, then continue to the Activities to apply your new knowledge of poetic rhythm, meter and feet.

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Composition

Lesson 9

Chapter 5

WOMEN OF THE CIVIL WAR

Section 2

Lessons 6-10





When people think of the Civil War, their minds fill with images of men in blue and gray uniforms fighting bravely on smoke-covered battlefields. Charging soldiers, booming cannons and poised bayonets often come to mind when the Civil War is mentioned. Many brave citizens of the Civil War were women, who, having the patriotic spirit, served their country as cooks and laundresses, nurses, spies, writers and even warriors.

During the Civil War, 6,000 women worked as nurses to save the lives of wounded soldiers. For only one daily ration of food and little pay, these women risked their lives to see that the men received medical attention. "Captain" Sally Tompkins turned her home into a hospital and cared for 1,332 wounded soldiers. Dr. Mary Walker was given a Medal of Honor by President Lincoln for her role as a military surgeon.

Other women joined organizations like the Christian Commission, which distributed food, medical supplies and Bibles to soldiers. The Sanitary Commission provided food and medical relief to refugees of the war and evacuated wounded soldiers from the battlefields. Julia Ward Howe, a noted member of the Sanitary Commission was also the author of our famous anthem, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Not to be forgotten are the 400 women who disguised themselves as men to fight alongside their husbands on the battlefields. Whatever their roles, nurses or soldiers, the bravery and patriotism of America's women are remembered and commemorated. ■

VOCABULARY

Vintage: of or referring to grapes used to make wine
Wrath: anger, fierce temper and emotion
Fateful: deadly, destructive
Writ: written
Burnished: shiny, bright
Contemners: people who despise or treat others with ill regard
Jubilant: joyful, happy
Transfigure: to change spiritually
Heed: to listen and obey

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"The Battle Hymn of the Republic"

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the ***vintage*** where the grapes of ***wrath*** are stored;
He hath loosed the ***fateful*** lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on. **} refrain**

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on. **} refrain**

I have read a fiery gospel ***writ*** in ***burnished*** rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my ***contemners***, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on." **} refrain**

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgement seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be ***jubilant***, my feet!
Our God is marching on. **} refrain**

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that ***transfigures*** you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on. **} refrain**

(Julia Ward Howe)

*** The underlined portion of the poem should be memorized for the activities, quiz and test.**

ELEMENTS OF POETRY: THEMES AND REFRAINS



Poetry may be classified by theme. *Theme* is the main subject or idea of a piece of literature. A theme may be patriotic, spiritual, historical, educational, character building or romantic. Often, a poem may be a combination of themes such as spiritual and patriotic or patriotic and romantic or character building and historical.

"The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "America" contain a combination of themes—patriotic and spiritual—because the poems combine acknowledgement of God and appreciation of country. "The Village Blacksmith" has to do with character building. "Paul Revere's Ride" and "The History of the United States" were both patriotic and historical because they expressed appreciation and love of country and heritage. "The New Colossus" is patriotic and educational.

The poem on the next page has a character building theme. Notice the words *try, try again* and how they create the character building theme of perseverance.

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"Try, Try Again"

'Tis a lesson you should ***heed***,
Try, try again; **} refrain**
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again; **} refrain**
Then your courage should appear,
For, if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear;
Try, try again. **} refrain**



Once or twice though you should fail,
Try, try again; **} refrain**
If you would at last prevail,
Try, try again; **} refrain**
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace
Though we do not win the race;
What should you do in the case?
Try, try again. **} refrain**

Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try again. **} refrain**
All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, should not you?
Only keep this rule in view;
Try, try again. **} refrain**

(Anonymous)

A *refrain* is a repeated phrase or line throughout a poem. Sometimes the refrain will change slightly. Notice in "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" the refrain at the end of each stanza. The refrain basically stayed the same, with a few variations. In "Try, Try Again" the refrain was repeated more than once in some stanzas.

Congratulations! You are learning the qualities of good poetry. In the Activities, apply your new knowledge of themes and refrains.



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Life Principle



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Composition

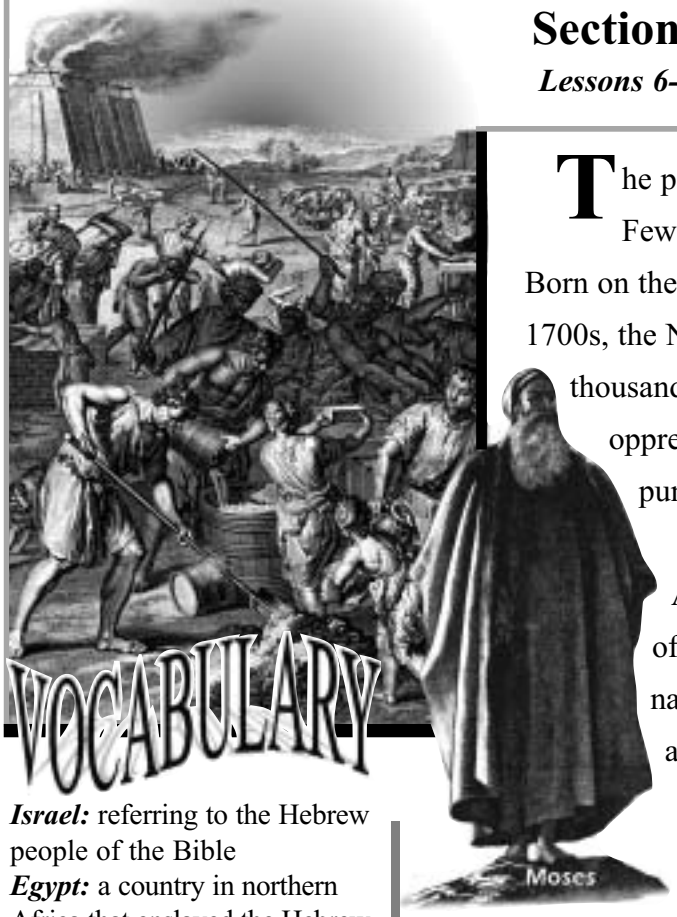
Lesson 10

Chapter 5

THE POWER OF THE NEGRO SPIRITUAL

Section 2

Lessons 6-10



The power of song is not to be underestimated. Few songs are as powerful as the Negro spiritual. Born on the many plantations of the Old South in the 1700s, the Negro spiritual held words of hope for the thousands of slaves whose lives consisted of extreme oppression, unending physical labor and harsh punishments.

Negro spirituals are songs that combine African music, Biblical themes and tribulations of the slave era. Although the authors remain nameless, their music has stood the test of time and has become part of America's heritage.

On any given day, a passersby could hear slaves' voices in song as slaves went about their daily toil in the fields. Singing their songs throughout the day, slaves motivated themselves as they worked, or simply cheered each other.

Negro spirituals played a vital role in the Underground Railroad as well. The Underground Railroad was an informally organized system that assisted slaves in reaching freedom. The spirituals held encoded messages such as directions for the slaves to know which paths to take and at which houses to rest. The Spiritual "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" was a code song for a place by a river at the bottom of a hill where Underground Railroad "conductors" rescued fugitives and took them to the city atop a hill. ■

VOCABULARY

Israel: referring to the Hebrew people of the Bible
Egypt: a country in northern Africa that enslaved the Hebrew people for 400 years
Moses: a Biblical leader who led the Hebrew people to freedom
Pharaoh: the powerful, Egyptian ruler
Lord: a name for God
Smite: strike, hit
Firstborn: referring to the oldest son in a family
Rod: a stick used by a shepherd
Canaan: referring to the "promised land" of the Hebrew people
Bequeath: to give, to pass on, to leave an inheritance
Poignant: deeply affecting the emotions or soul

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"Go Down, Moses"

When ***Israel*** was in ***Egypt's*** land:
Let my people go;
Oppress'd so hard they could not stand,
Let my people go.
Go down, ***Moses***,
Way down in Egypt land,
Tell ole ***Pharaoh***,
Let my people go.
Thus saith the ***Lord***, bold Moses said,
Let my people go;
If not I'll ***smite*** your ***firstborn*** dead,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses,
Way down in Egypt land,
Tell ole Pharaoh,
Let my people go.

The Lord told Moses what to do,
Let my people go;
To lead the children of Israel through,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses,
Way down in Egypt land,
Tell ole Pharaoh,
Let my people go.

O come along, Moses, you'll not get lost,
Let my people go;
Stretch out your ***rod*** and come across,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses,
Way down in Egypt land,
Tell ole Pharaoh,
Let my people go.
As Israel stood by the waterside,
Let my people go;
At the command of God it did divide,
Let my people go. Go down, Moses,
Way down in Egypt land,
Tell ole Pharaoh,
Let my people go.

When they had reached the other shore,
Let my people go;
They sang a song of triumph o'er.
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses,
Way down in Egypt land,
Tell ole Pharaoh,
Let my people go.

We need not always weep and moan,
Let my people go;
And wear these slavery chains forlorn,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses,
Way down in Egypt land,
Tell ole Pharaoh,
Let my people go.

This world's a wilderness of woe,
Let my people go;
O, let us on to ***Canaan*** go,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses,
Way down in Egypt land,
Tell ole Pharaoh,
Let my people go.

What a beautiful morning that will be,
Let my people go;
When time breaks up in eternity,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses,
Way down in Egypt land,
Tell ole Pharaoh,
Let my people go.

VOCABULARY

Jordan: a river in Israel that the Hebrew people crossed to enter the promised land
Steal away: to leave quietly

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NEGRO SPIRITUALS

Many talented poets have ***bequeathed*** a literary heritage to the people of the United States. Poets who masterfully wove themes together to create beautiful poetry have motivated and inspired Americans in every decade. Many American poems are recited as songs today. You may have recognized "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "America" as songs. Negro Spirituals are among the most beautiful and ***poignant*** of America's poetic songs. The spirituals were often sermons put to music. The American Negroes could express the deepest emotions of the soul through song.

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
I looked over ***Jordan*** and what did I see
Coming for to carry me home
A band of angels coming after me
Coming for to carry me home
If you get there before I do
Coming for to carry me home
Tell all my friends I'm coming too
Coming for to carry me home





"Steal Away To Jesus"

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus
Steal away, steal away home
I ain't got long to stay here
My Lord, He calls me
He calls me by the thunder
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul
I ain't got long to stay here
Green trees are bending
Po' sinner stand a-trembling
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul
I ain't got long to stay here

Refrains Revisited

Notice the refrains in each of the three spirituals studied in this lesson. You remember that a refrain is a repeated phrase or line throughout a poem. In "Go Down, Moses," the refrains were *go down, Moses* and *let my people go*. In "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," the refrain was *coming for to carry me home*. In "Steal Away to Jesus," the refrain was *I ain't got long to stay here*.

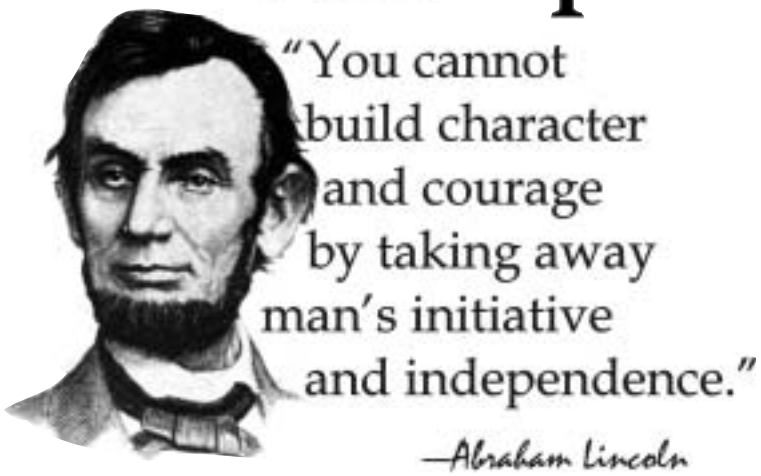
***Memorize either "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Steal Away to Jesus," or two stanzas of "Go Down, Moses" for the activities, quiz and test.**

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Congratulations! You have learned so much in this section! Continue to the Activities and practice your new knowledge.

Life Principle



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Composition

Lesson 11

Chapter 5

HARRIET TUBMAN AND THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

Section 3

Lessons 11-15





Harriet Tubman was one of America's most remarkable women. In approximately 1820, Harriet Tubman was born into slavery. She grew up on the Eastern Shore that was a peninsula shared by the states of Maryland, Delaware and Virginia. Her grandparents were native Africans captured by Muslim slave traders and sold to Americans. The family story, as it was passed down to Harriet, stated that her family came from the Ashanti tribe who were a war-like people. Harriet Tubman proved to be an ***indomitable*** warrior herself. She was put to work at the age of five, as were many slave children. The first time Harriet tried to run away was at the age of seven. She was caught, beaten and put to work as a field laborer.

Nearly twenty years later, Miss Tubman successfully escaped to the free North and began her career as an Underground Railroad "conductor." This railroad had no tracks, whistles and locomotives. This railroad was a network of sympathetic white abolitionists, Quakers and free blacks who helped runaway slaves by providing shelter, food and protection from ***bounty hunters***. Between 1850 and 1860, Miss Tubman single handedly guided more than 300 slaves to freedom. Every slave for whom Harriet was responsible evaded capture. She often said that God had promised her that no one in her care would see harm.

When the Civil War began, Miss Tubman went to South Carolina to care for newly freed slaves who were given ***sanctuary*** by the Union army. The ex-slaves had no possessions, so Harriet worked tirelessly to provide clothes, food and medicine. She also ***penetrated*** Southern territory as a spy to gather information about Confederate army troops. Perhaps her most amazing ***feat***

VOCABULARY

Indomitable: unable to be defeated
Bounty hunter: a man hired by a plantation owner to recapture fugitive slaves
Sanctuary: a place of safety
Penetrate: to enter through a barrier, to go into deeply
Feat: accomplishment, deed, act
Regiment: group of soldiers under one leader
Orator: public speaker
Peril: danger
Biography: a story written about a real person
Autobiography: a story written about oneself

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took place in the summer of 1863. She, along with Colonel Montgomery, led a raid to destroy railroads and bridges that would stop supply shipments to the Confederate forces. Montgomery led a squad of 150 soldiers (who were former slaves) to the Combahee River in three steam-powered gunboats. The soldiers destroyed cotton, army supplies and material and brought back more than 750 slaves. Not one soldier was killed, and all of the freed slaves joined the Union ***regiments***.

Harriet Tubman served the Union Army until the war ended. She then continued her life of service to others by offering food and shelter to homeless, former slaves. In 1908, she built a home for aging and needy black Americans.

In 1868, the famous black ***orator***, Frederick Douglass, wrote these words in a letter to Miss Tubman:

"The midnight sky and the silent stars have been the witnesses of your devotion to freedom and of your heroism. I know of no one who has willingly encountered more ***perils*** *and hardships to serve our enslaved people than you have."* ■

ELEMENTS OF THE SHORT STORY: PLOT, SETTING, CHARACTERS



Short stories can be different lengths. Depending on the length, a short story may be called different names. A *vignette* is about 3-7 short paragraphs. Stories that are 1 to 3 pages are simply called *short stories*. Stories that are several pages are called *long short stories*.

Stories are either ***biographies***, ***autobiographies*** or ***fiction***. "Harriet Tubman and the Underground Railroad" is a biography. You know that it is a biography because it is about a real person and real events. If a short story is fictional, the story will have characters, setting, plot and often a ***moral***. The *characters* are the people. The *setting* is the place and time. The *plot* is the events. A plot will have a climax and a resolution. The *climax* is the main point of conflict. The *resolution* is when the conflict is resolved. Read the fictional story below and give special attention to the characters, setting and plot.

"A Manager's Joy"

The first Monday morning after the close of school, Laban Hosea began his work of wrapping packages for Sage and Company, the largest dry goods shipping company in the town.

"You have made a different arrangement of the shelves in your booth, Laban," said the manager one morning, a week after Laban began his work. "Why did you make a change?"

"This plan provides more space for packages, Sir," replied Laban, wrapping a large bundle neatly in brown paper and tying a string ***deftly*** around it.

The manager made no reply but watched Laban ***keenly*** as his fingers tied the string. When the package was wrapped and tied, the manager said, "You seem to have a new way of wrapping packages, too. What advantages has the one you use over the one you were taught?"

Laban looked a little confused. Then, he said, "This way is quicker, Sir. I timed myself to see." The manager made no reply, but Laban noticed that the

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manger stopped for a few moments of observation at the other wrapping booths as he passed on his way through the store.

In a few days, the manager sent for Laban, and said, "I should like you to spend part of your time training the other wrappers in this store. Make the best arrangement of shelves in the different booths and teach the other boys your way of wrapping packages. We are offering you an advancement because you see what needs to be done for improvement and you go ahead and do it. I call that ***initiative***. Begin your new responsibility tomorrow morning."

"Thank you, Sir," said Laban, almost too surprised to speak. "I'll do my best!" At that moment, Laban made up his mind that some day he would be manager of a large department store.

(Anonymous)

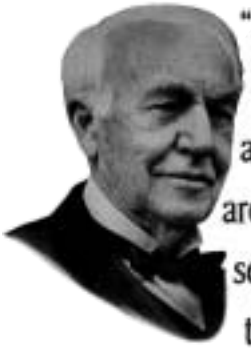
Examine the elements of the vignette about Laban Hosea. The major character is Laban, and the minor character is the manager. The setting is a dry goods shipping company. The plot unfolds as Laban becomes employed, finds ways to improve efficiency and is rewarded for his actions. The climax is when the manager questions Laban. The reader is not sure if the manager will be pleased or displeased with Laban. The resolution is when Laban is rewarded for his efforts. The moral is initiative.

Congratulations! You have learned the main elements of short stories.
Continue now to the Activities for more practice.

VOCABULARY

Fiction: an imaginative story that may be based on real events or real people
Moral: a true or important life lesson
Deftly: skilled, well practiced
Keenly: sharply, closely
Initiative: the ability to find a better way or to do your work without being told

Life Principle



"The three great essentials to achieve anything worthwhile are, first, hard work; second, stick-to-itiveness; third, common sense."

—Thomas Edison

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Composition

Lesson 12

Chapter 5

A MYSTERIOUS WOMAN AND A CHRISTMAS MIRACLE

Section 3

Lessons 11-15





Two days before Christmas, in a tiny village nestled in the mountains of central Europe, walked a solitary man along a deserted street. The man pressed against the ***bitter*** wind, passing gloomy homes with drawn shades and tightly shuttered windows. For weeks, ***diphtheria*** had ravaged the small towns along the foothills of the Tatra region. Many of the victims were young children less than 10 years of age.

Carrying a pail of black paint, the man climbed a flight of outdoor stairs and brushed an "X" on the wooden doorpost of the Suld household. Another home was ***quarantined***.

After the man left, Hilda Suld kneeled at her doorpost, weeping and praying. She and her husband, Meelis, had buried their two young sons in one week. In the back yard, Meelis pounded the last nail into the coffin he was building for their 5-year-old daughter, Rael who had died that morning. Between sobs, Meelis coughed and wheezed, because he too, had contracted the deadly ***plague***.

Meelis and Hilda returned to the house. Crying in agony, they cleaned and wrapped their daughter for a final time, carefully laying her into the handmade pine casket. Hilda and Meelis lifted it into the wagon, and with a quick jerk of the reins, started the slow journey to the cemetery.

"Another trip to the graveyard is more than I can bear!" Hilda cried out, as they passed house after house ***marred*** with the black death mark. One more gravesite was dug into the frozen earth. Now, all three children were together for eternity. Hilda, struggling through the ***Lord's Prayer***, hugged the cold ground and would not let go. Meelis finally pulled Hilda away with what little strength he had and led her back to the wagon.

VOCABULARY

Bitter: harsh, severe, stinging
Diphtheria: a disease that causes membrane blockage in the throat
Quarantined: separated from others due to disease
Plague: a widespread disease that causes the deaths of thousands of people
Marred: scarred, marked
Lord's Prayer: a prayer that Jesus taught his disciples
Kindling: small pieces of wood used to start a fire
Contemplate: to think about deeply
Whence: where
Babushka: a scarf or kerchief

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She clutched her empty arms and crossed them over her broken heart. She would never hold her babies again.

Tomorrow was Christmas Eve. No Christmas greetings were given. No sympathies were extended. No one dared come near. The black "X" spelled "DEATH" and "DO NOT ENTER." Their dark house was a frightful, forbidden tomb.

"I don't think I'll see the New Year," Meelis whispered weakly to his wife. He pushed away the soup and bread that he could not swallow. The diphtheria allowed neither food nor sufficient air to pass through his throat. The village doctor had shrugged his shoulders when he visited Meelis a few days before. The doctor had no cure.

Hilda gathered some ***kindling*** wood and lit a fire for the night, sure that her husband would soon struggle through his last breath. Morning arrived—Meelis was still alive. Snow fell from a gray sky, and the wind blew a white mist over the frosted windows. Hilda, exhausted from a restless night, dipped a cloth into cold water to cool Meelis's burning fever. Then, rubbing the glaze off the window, Hilda stared hopelessly upon the Tatra Mountains. Her mind ***contemplated*** Psalm 121:1-2: "I will look to the hills from ***whence*** cometh my help."

Suddenly, her gaze was interrupted by a woman trudging through the snow. The old woman's shawl, draped over hunched shoulders, hardly seemed warm enough against the chill. A ***babushka*** was wrapped around her head. Her long peasant skirt, woolen leggings and high-buttoned boots allowed her to trod the snow-filled street. In one hand she held a jar of liquid. Hilda stood half-stunned as the old woman shuffled up the forbidden walkway.

The knocker made an eerie sound in the still air. Hilda cautiously opened the door and saw a face wrinkled from years of work. The eyes expressed warmth that filled Hilda's heart.

"We have the plague in our home," Hilda warned. "My husband is feverish."

The old woman nodded, and then asked if she could step inside. She held out her jar to Hilda.

"Take a clean linen and dip it into this. Swab out your husband's throat, and then make him swallow a tablespoon of oil. This will cause him to vomit the ***phlegm*** that is suffocating him. Otherwise, he will surely die by morning."

The old woman squeezed Hilda's hand and left. Never before had Hilda been visited in this way—a poor, old woman appearing on the doorstep in the midst of a plague and a blizzard. Her unexpected gift was a ***folk remedy*** against diphtheria.

"I'll try it," Hilda called to the old woman, with tears in her eyes. "God bless you!"

Early Christmas morning, Meelis ***retched up*** the deadly phlegm. His fever broke. Hilda wept and praised God. A flicker of hope lightened her heart for a moment; surely God would someday bless her and Meelis with more children.

No presents were under a tree that Christmas morning, but the jar of oil, glimmering on the windowsill, was a gift of life.

About 15 years later, Meelis and Hilda, along with ten new children (one set of triplets, two sets of twins and three single children) immigrated to the United States and settled in Pennsylvania. ■

(Anonymous, ***adapted*** from a true story)

VOCABULARY

Phlegm: thick mucous caused by infection
Folk remedy: a method for curing sickness but not proven by medical professionals
Retch up: throw up
Adapted: taken from and changed to fit a specific purpose
Dismal: hopeless, bleak, sorrowful, depressing

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ELEMENTS OF THE SHORT STORY: POINTS OF VIEW

Welcome to Lesson 12! In this lesson, you will learn the various points of view in which a story can be written. Before you begin learning about points of view, review the elements you learned about character, setting, plot and moral.

In the short story "A Mysterious Old Woman and a Christmas Miracle," the main characters were Hilda and Meelis Suld. The minor characters were the man who marked the houses with an "X" and the old woman who brought the healing oil. The setting of the story is in central Europe in the winter. The climax of the plot is when the woman appeared at the door. The resolution is when Meelis is cured. The moral of the story could be two-fold: the first moral could be do not give up hope even in circumstances that appear ***dismal***; the second moral could be that complex problems (like a plague that kills hundreds of people) sometimes have simple solutions (a little bit of a certain kind of oil).

The point of view is determined by whether or not one of the characters in the story is telling the story. If a character is telling the story, he will use first person pronouns such as *I, we, us, our, ours, my* or *mine* and will include himself in the action.When that occurs, the story is told in *first person*. If a character is not telling the story, and the story is told as if someone from the outside were observing the characters, the person telling the story will use third person pronouns such as *he, she, it, they, them, their* and *theirs* and will not include himself in the action. When that occurs, the story is told in *third person*.

Stories are usually told or written in first or third person. "A Mysterious Old Woman and a Christmas Miracle" is written in third person because the story is told by someone observing what took place but not actually in the story. Notice that third person pronouns (*her, he* and *their*) were used.

First Person Point of View

> My husband and I returned to the house. Crying in agony, we cleaned and wrapped our daughter for a final time, carefully laying her into the handmade pine casket. My husband and I lifted the casket into the wagon, and with a quick jerk of the reins, we started the slow journey to the cemetery.

- Notice that the person telling the story is part of the story.
- Notice the first person pronouns *my*, *I* and *we*.

Third Person Point of View

> Meelis and Hilda returned to the house. Crying in agony, they cleaned and wrapped their daughter for a final time, carefully laying her into the handmade pine casket. Hilda and Meelis lifted the casket into the wagon, and with a quick jerk of the reins, the sad couple started the slow journey to the cemetery.

- Notice that the story is told by someone not in the story.
- Notice the third person pronouns *they, their* and *her*.

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First Person Point of View

> Suddenly, my gaze was interrupted by a woman trudging through the snow. The old woman's shawl, draped over hunched shoulders, hardly seemed warm enough against the chill. A babushka was wrapped around her head. Her long peasant skirt, woolen leggings and high-buttoned boots allowed her to trod the snow-filled street. In one hand she held a jar of clear liquid. I stood half-stunned as the old woman shuffled up the forbidden walkway.

- Notice that the person telling the story is part of the story.
- Notice the first person pronoun *I*.

Third Person Point of View

> Suddenly, Hilda's gaze was interrupted by a woman trudging through the snow. The old woman's shawl, draped over hunched shoulders, hardly seemed warm enough against the chill. A babushka was wrapped around her head. Her long peasant skirt, woolen leggings and high-buttoned boots allowed her to trod the snow-filled street. In one hand she held a jar of clear liquid. Hilda stood half-stunned as the old woman shuffled up the forbidden walkway.

- Notice that the story is told by someone not in the story.
- Notice that the person telling the story is *not* Hilda, but is writing *about* Hilda's experience.

Congratulations! You have learned so much useful material. Keep learning as you complete the Activities.



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Active Reading

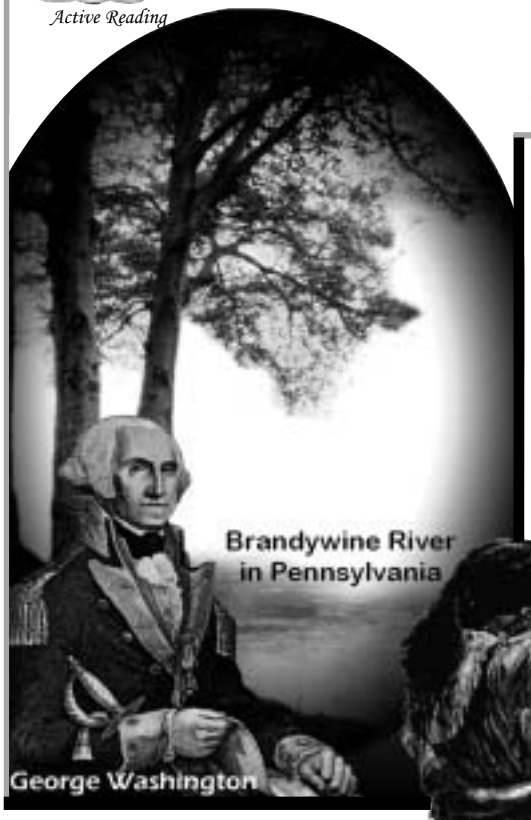
Lesson 13

Chapter 5

ANDREW MACPHAIL: SCOTTISH-AMERICAN PATRIOT (PART I)

Section 3

Lessons 11-15



Silent Scot strained at the rope binding his wrists behind his back. Once more he swallowed the lump of humiliation that rose, like undigested sour milk, in his throat.

A few hours ago he, Andrew MacPhail, nicknamed "Silent Scot," had been on his way from Bunyan's Town on the Pennsylvania frontier to join his father and mother and younger brothers in the Carolina mountains. In deerskin clothes, cap and moccasins, with long-barreled rifle, carved powder horn and leather shot pouch, Scot had slipped noiselessly along. To be sure, he had veered rather far eastward, even to the ***ford*** of the ***Brandywine*** River; but he had purposely done so. A man whom Scot greatly admired was at the ford. This man had visited Bunyan's Town a few years before and had given Scot praise and a bit of silver for excelling against all the other boys as a runner, jumper and marksman. Silent Scot had not expected to speak with this man, who would be much too busy for friendly chat. No, Scot had only meant to hide among the trees until he caught a glimpse of the great man—George Washington in the uniform of an American general.

Now look what had happened! Scot had walked right into the camp of a British ***outpost***! To think that such a disgrace should overtake him, Andrew MacPhail, whom the English and German Quakers in Bunyan's Town called "Silent Scot" because he could go through the forest, even in the dry summer, without a twig crackling under his feet, noiseless and swift as a hawk in air—Silent Scot whom men twice and ***thrice*** his sixteen years were proud to acclaim as the best scout on this section of the border! Scot swallowed again, with shame.

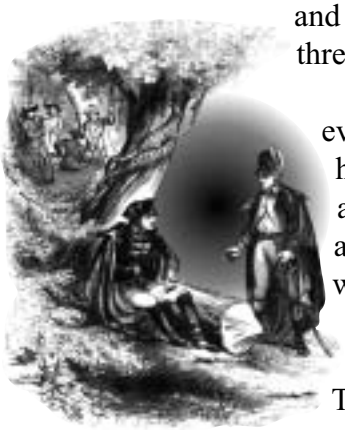
VOCABULARY

Ford: a place in a river that is shallow enough to wade across
Brandywine: a river in Pennsylvania
Outpost: a small, military station on the frontier
Thrice: three times
Cogitated: thought, weighed mentally
Jauntily: pleasantly, without care or worry
Highland tartan: a plaid cloth worn by Highland tribes

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The tree to which the youth was tied was white birch. That had been clever of the British, he admitted. He could not free himself by fraying the rope against the smooth bark. The Brits' lanterns were on the ground, banked around some bushes. Scot could barely see the faces of his two red-coated captors. The prisoner gathered from the soldiers' conversation that they would do nothing more to him until a third man arrived—someone named "Ferguson." What would this Ferguson do when he came? Hang Andy from a tall tree, probably!



"Andy MacPhail," he muttered to himself, "I'm tellin' ye the truth. I'm not so verra proud of ye!" He wondered what the time was; not far from dawn, he thought. His chances of escape were slim now; after dawn broke upon the horizon, a chance for escape would be even slimmer. Disgust with himself and his own lack of observance threatened to choke Andy.

He held his breath suddenly, every nerve taut. His keen sense of hearing was trained to distinguish among the vibrations of the woods, and he caught a sound he knew was not made by breeze or rabbit. He heard it again: the faintest *swish* of cloth against wood. Then a man stepped into the dim, narrow radius of the lantern. The two British guards sprang up and saluted. They spoke in low tones, but Silent Scot heard the words "rebel spy" twice. He ***cogitated***. Rebel? Oh, yes, he was a rebel; no insult was in that word. But spy! That had an ugly sound. No brave man liked that name. If they had called him "scout"—but spy! Well, whose fault was it that he was being insulted? His own! Had he not walked ***jauntily*** into the very arms of these insolent redcoats at dusk? His shame and rage boiled over, and he roared: "Come an' untie me, ye two red-breasted birds, an' I'll make ye eat that word for a worm!"

The newcomer snatched up the lantern and held it up to the prisoner's face. In the glare of the lantern, Silent Scot saw a folded piece of a scarf tucked in the man's belt. The scarf was patterned in plaid. The sight of that ***Highland tartan*** stirred Andy and almost made him forget his anger. He leaned forward and peered sharply into Ferguson's face. Dimly, he saw tight, stern lips and a ***prominent*** nose in a long, lean, hard face, and eyes that looked black, yet somehow seemed to burn like live coals. The eyes were of a ***Highland Scot***, with a fiery zeal in his soul.



VOCABULARY

Prominent: distinguished, noticeable
Highland Scot: a man from the mountains of Scotland
Exhorting: encouraging
Flock: referring to the members in a church
Kilted bard: a Scottish Highlander who sings and recites poetry for his tribe
Ballad: a Scottish folk song
Truculently: aggressively, forcefully
Jerkin: jacket or short coat
Crack shot: a rifleman who never misses his mark
Stolidly: without emotion
Conspicuous: very noticeable
Breastwork: a hastily built barricade during battle
Reconnoiter: to spy out enemy territory
Palisades: fence or enclosure, a defense

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Andy had seen eyes like that before: the eyes of a mountain preacher ***exhorting*** his ***flock***, the eyes of a ***kilted bard*** chanting old war ***ballads*** with the old frenzy.

"You are Scotch," Ferguson said abruptly, after a searching survey of the tall, rangy lad with bronzed and ruddy skin, blue eyes, a shock of light yellow hair like a huge corn tassel and a wide, innocent, good-humored mouth.

"Ay, but that's nothing against me nor yet 'tis nothing against the Scotch." Andy spoke casually, as a man who knew his own worth.

"A Highlander, too," said Ferguson.

"Oh, ay, and that does no harm to the Hielanders, neither," Andy said.

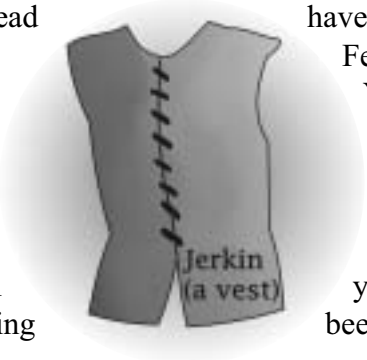
"You gave yourself away when you doubled all the *s*'s 'redbreassted birdss.' The Highland blood comes out in the *s*'s when a man's in a rage," said Ferguson. A flicker that might have been meant for a smile passed over his face.

"I'd not be speakin' again' the Hielanders if I was you, Mr. Ferguson—seein' ye're one yersel'," Andy said in dignified rebuke.

"How do you know that?" Ferguson asked quickly. No trace of a Scotch accent was in his speech.

"An' why wouldn't I know it, seein' ye stuck yer plaidie in my face when ye picked up the lantern?" Andy asked ***truculently***.

"So I did. You're a sharp lad to have noticed that. My men say you are a rebel spy, and you say you are not. But we will soon see. The answer will be in this letter from your ***jerkin***." Ferguson sat down on a log, with the lantern beside him, and read the paper which the soldiers had seized in searching their prisoner. Ferguson looked up presently. "Lad, this seems to be a letter from one Robert Marvin—and a Quaker judging by his 'thees' and 'thous'—to one Duncan MacPhail saying that his son, Andrew, is going home because the debt is paid. I'll thank you to tell me the meaning of it. And, mind you, no lies!" he added harshly.



"I've no need to tell ye lies, Mr. Ferguson," Andy answered with what dignity he could muster. "The letter is written by an honest Quaker man in Bunyan's Town to my father in Carolina. My father was an indentured servant but became ill and could not work off the debt, so I was indentured in my father's place and worked for five years to pay what my father owed. An' now 'tis paid an' I'm going home to my father."

"So you say, my lad; and so does the letter say. But this bit of country here is not on the road to the Carolinas." Ferguson rose abruptly and held the lantern up to Andy's face again. "What are you doing here?" He threw the question sharply at Andy.

Not wishing to answer without due consideration, Silent Scot deliberately sneezed twice. "Oh, ay; 'tis not precisely on the road, nor yet 'tis far off the road. Ye're right in what ye say, Mr. Ferguson." Scot spoke slowly and meditatively while he thought quickly. Perhaps these men did not know how close Washington and his army were. He must be careful. "But when a man's findin' his way by the sun at dead o' night, an' in a strange land beside, 'tis likely he'll wander an' come out where he never wanted to be. An' that's precisely what's happened to me, Mr. Ferguson. Tied to a tree like a poor fool of a collie dog that's been chasin' sheep," he complained bitterly.

Again the faint, swift flicker that might have been a smile went over Ferguson's face. "Ay, my lad. You've sat yourself down in a platter of trouble. The rebel army is not far off; and dawn will bring fighting. 'Tis less than an hour to dawn. Mind you," he said harshly, "if you'd been a rebel and a spy, I'd have

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hanged you to yon tree without pity. But I can see you're nobody but a simple country lad, who knows nothing at all. And that's well for you, Andrew MacPhail."

"Ay," said Andy huskily. He, Silent Scot, the best scout in the area, called a know-nothing! He swallowed hard.

"Ay, dawn will bring fighting." Ferguson's voice deepened suddenly with passion; his intense eyes, fixed on Andy, looked as if they did not see him but flamed toward some splendid vision beyond.

"A great day you'll be seeing, lad! The king's loyal men will drive the rebels before them like chaff before the wind. Oh, would God had given me a hundred lives! I'd fling them on a hundred swords to keep Britain's honor clear!" He swung away abruptly. Andy felt little quivers through the roots of his hair, as when the kilted bards sang.



He's a strong man, is Ferguson. His eyes burned into me like a shot. Andy admitted in grudging admiration. He could catch a few words, here and there, of Ferguson's orders to his men, but they conveyed no meaning to Scot. Presently, the redcoats saluted and disappeared into the darkness. The youth could hear the guards' feet walking toward the river.

Ferguson loosed Scot from the tree, but left his wrists tied behind his back. "Sit on this log with me, lad. You'll be tired of standing. Tell me, now, where were you born?"

"In Aberdeen near Baremar; for my father was one of the shepherds carin' for Lord Mar's sheep," answered Silent Scot.

"Aberdeen, you say? I'm from Aberdeen myself! Lord Pitfour was my father—the old lord. Lad, being born with hills about you is a grand thing. And, if I could choose, I'd say, let me die among hills. I've seen many places, but Aberdeen is the bonniest place of all, though many years have passed since I left. I was twelve years old when I ran off to be a drummer boy for the king's men in Flanders. Seven years we fought the French; and I grew from drummer boy to soldier," reminisced Ferguson.

"Ay, the Seven Years War. They had it over here, too. I've heard Mr. Marvin tell about it," commented Andrew.

"And since then I've been about the world with scarcely a look at Scotland, and always with a sword in my hand," Ferguson went on as if Andy had not spoken.

"A sword," Andy repeated, "I don't think much o' swords." He added innocently, "Ye should learn to shoot, Mr. Ferguson."

Ferguson looked at him quickly; his eyes kindled, and the stern gravity of his face was broken for an instant by that humorous flicker. "Lad, if we had but a clear day before us and no foes to fight, I'd be pleased to match you at shooting!"

"Oh, ho!" Andy laughed softly. "Ye'd be a verra foolish man to try it, Mr. Ferguson! For I'm not braggin' when I tell ye that the old men of Bunyan's Town, where I come from, say no lad in Pennsylvania has ever bested me except Daniel Boone. An' no man twice my years today can stand up beside me at shootin'."

Ferguson sprang up and darted into the shadows and as swiftly back again with a rifle in his hands.

"Take a look at that," he said, passing it slowly in front of the lantern and turning it so Andy could see every part of it.

Andy let his eyes slowly examine the beautiful handiwork. "I never saw a gun like that," he said at last. "The barrel is shorter than mine. A verra pretty gun."

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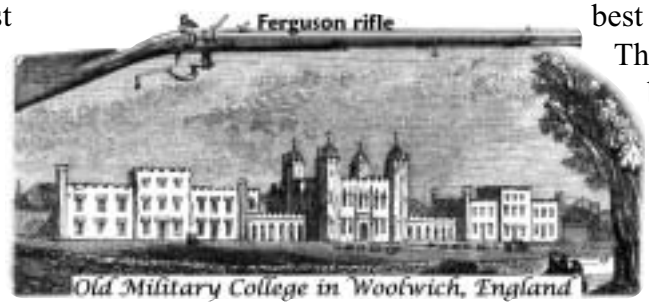
"Ay, lad, and a quick one. I can load, fire and reload in half the time than with any other gun. And she shoots straight."

"Where did you get her?" Andrew asked.

"Lad, I made her!" said Ferguson.

"What's that you say?" Andrew queried.

"I designed this gun, Andrew," Ferguson affirmed. "She was cast for me in the arsenal at Woolwich. The King himself would ride over to see me fire her. He'd come with generals and admirals and sporting gentlemen and grand ladies, too, just to watch Pat Ferguson with rifle or pistol hitting every mark at which he aimed. The King could tell you how he's seen me aim at a robin on the fence, toss my pistol in the air, catch it and shoot the bird. My eye and hand are as sure as that. You say you're not bragging to tell me you're the best marksman in Pennsylvania. Well, lad, I'm not bragging when I tell you Pat Ferguson is the best marksman in the British Army. And maybe that means the ***crack shot*** of the world, for we're better than the French or the Germans. Do you still want to match me at shooting?"



Old Military College in Woolwich, England

"Ay," said Andy ***stolidly***. "For I can see 'twould be a match worthy o' me."

Ferguson slapped the youth on the knee. "That's fine! You're a proud lad, and I like that," he exclaimed heartily. "I hope we'll meet, and shoot, in a happier day."

He set the rifle aside and extinguished the lantern. In the gray light, whitening rapidly now, Andy could see a wide forest-fringed meadow like a green apron thrown off by one of the hills, with the Brandywine, a twisted silver band, running about the edges. He saw a rabbit start and, with little sidelong leaps and darts through the long grass, make for a clump of brush. A meadowlark rose, shaking the dew from her wings. Her thin, golden thread of song hung above Scot's head for an instant as she passed, soaring over Ferguson's lookout. A flash came from the blue sky, like a garland of lupins whipping through the air, and a score of bluebirds slanted over the meadow and the softly gleaming river, and then they were gone from sight.



Andy looked about the camp carefully and decided that Ferguson had not done badly in choosing it. Naturally, a British soldier, even though a Highlander, could not be expected to show such intelligence about such things as an American frontiersman. The site was excellent at the woods' edge, midway on the incline of a hill; but the trees were not the best for a hiding place. They were mostly birches, growing rather well apart; and their sheer trunks of white and silver gray were ***conspicuous*** in themselves and tended to show up anything of a different color near them. Ferguson had recognized that peril and had piled cut willows among the trees so that they would look like a natural growth of underbrush to anyone viewing them from the other side of the meadow; but Andy felt sure that they would not deceive him. *He* would know, as soon as he saw them, that they had no roots in the ground; that they were bundles of twigs and not whole bushes. He knew the ways of growing willows. If *he* had made that ***breastwork***, the enemy could not have told the difference.

With a rope in his hand, Ferguson approached Andy. "Andrew MacPhail, the

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fortune of war has made you my prisoner; but that's nothing against your dignity as a brave man," he said formally. "I believe no harm is in you, but I'd be false to my duty if I took chances with you. So I'm obliged to bind you to the logs so that you cannot make a stir or rise up and show yourself." Ferguson stooped and quickly made Andy secure. "The rebel colonists under General Washington are lying in the woods yonder. And their scouts will be peering like hawks at every spot of brush. This is the day that will see the Rebellion put down. And I'm praying 'tis I will fire the first shot. For 'tis likely they'll send out an officer and a man or two with him to ***reconnoiter***. But he will never ride back."



His burning, intense eyes were fixed on Andy again as if they did not see him but something beyond. Ferguson wheeled and dropped to his knees behind the willow breastwork, his rifle in his hands.

The brilliant yellow light of the September sun, rising now over the eastern knolls, made the heavy dew of the meadow sparkle like the jewels in some royal crusader's breastplate, and the river tide shimmer like brandished steel. With his heart beating tumultuously and his eyes strained on the wall of trees opposite, Andy watched silently.

What should he do to warn the Colonists? he asked himself. Rather, what could he do? Shout? Ferguson would kill him in a wink. Well, that would not matter so much, he thought, if his shout would do any good. But the danger was that the Colonial officer might think it a signal from one of his own scouts and come on, instead of dashing back. His sole hope was that frontier scouts like himself were carefully searching the area. They knew not to show themselves erect in the open. In war, they distrusted every clump of trees and every field of long grass. They knew how the Indian scout would crawl on his belly a few inches at a time, lie still in the calms between the gusts of wind or the little breezes, then creep on again while they blew and made the whole surface move so that the shaking of the grass in his part of the field would not be observed. They knew how the Indian warriors would crouch under cover, noiselessly, for hours, if need be, waiting for the settlers to grow careless and come outside the ***palisades*** so that the Indians could set an ambush. A frontiersman might even now be snaking through the grass at the far end of the field. If so, before he got within range of Ferguson's rifle, he would know that the willows of the lookout never grew of the soil in this fashion. Officers were fine gentlemen, Andy believed. Likely they came from Philadelphia and Richmond and Boston, and had no training for this sort of thing. Reconnoitering was a scout's work. Surely the army would not let an officer do it?

Scot saw movement where the trees seemed to be thinnest. Then a man rode into the field and paused. Three other mounted men followed him. They came on a little way together and paused again. Two of them now veered to the left, and the third to the right. The man who had emerged first cantered briskly across the meadow directly toward the lookout.

"I can't yet tell a rebel's rank by his uniform. But from the proud look of him and his horse, I'd say yon man riding to his death is no less than a colonel," Ferguson said grimly.

The American officer rode twenty yards then reined in. He was mounted on a fine bay horse, Andy saw; and the officer

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high cocked hat. He looked about him; with face upturned, he swept his glance slowly over the hillside. The boy in the lookout knew that face. He had traveled miles out of his way just to see it once again.

Washington! Andy's heart died within him and a dumb cry strangled in his throat. It was Washington himself who sat there on his horse in the sunlit meadow, a living target for the crack shot of the world. *(to be continued)*

wore a dark green and blue uniform with a

Congratulations. You are doing well. Continue to the Activities.

LIFE PRINCIPLE



"[A patriot puts] the safety, honor and welfare of [his] country first . . . and [his] own ease, comfort and safety last."

—General George Patton

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Active Reading

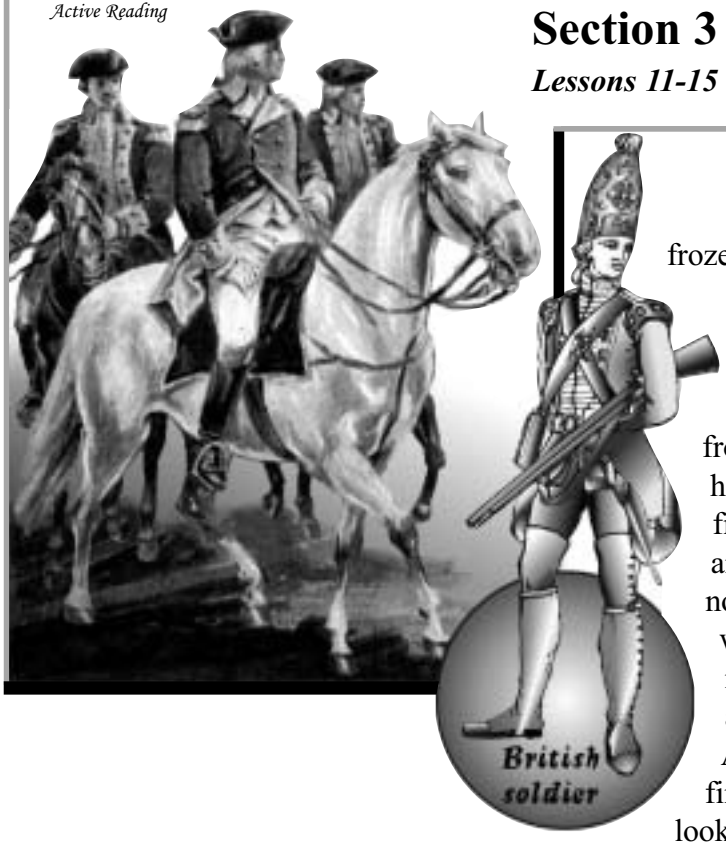
Lesson 14

Chapter 5

ANDREW MACPHAIL: SCOTTISH-AMERICAN PATRIOT (PART II)

Section 3

Lessons 11-15



Andy could do nothing—nothing! He looked at Ferguson and, frozen in horror, watched him raise his rifle and take aim. An eternity of agony rolled by while Andrew waited for the shot. Then, scarcely able to believe his eyes, he saw Ferguson's finger withdraw from the trigger. The rifle lowered. What had happened? Andy darted a glance at the field. Washington had swung his horse around; his back was toward Ferguson now. Slowly Andy's hero trotted away. He was still well within range and an easy mark. Again, Ferguson raised his rifle and aimed at Washington's broad back. Again, slowly the rifle lowered without firing. Silently, both ***occupants*** of the lookout watched the rider rejoin his companions and disappear into the forest.

The woods back of Ferguson and Andrew were astir now. Andy caught the flare of red coats among the green ***leafage***. Vaguely, he realized that the men who had captured him the night before had returned. Ferguson was talking while one of the men cut the rope that bound Andy to a log. He heard something about being taken back behind the lines. Then he was moving, being dragged through the forest. It didn't matter. He could think of nothing but General Washington standing less than a hundred yards from Ferguson's rifle, offering first his breast and then his back to the crack shot of the world, who had lowered his gun without firing! Why? Why had Ferguson not fired? Was it a miracle? Had God stricken Ferguson blind to protect Washington? Had angels surrounded the meadow? If so, Ferguson, struck blind to Washington, would have seen the angels, Andy felt sure. A strange spirit was in Ferguson, like the spirit of Highland preachers and bards, making them see things

VOCABULARY

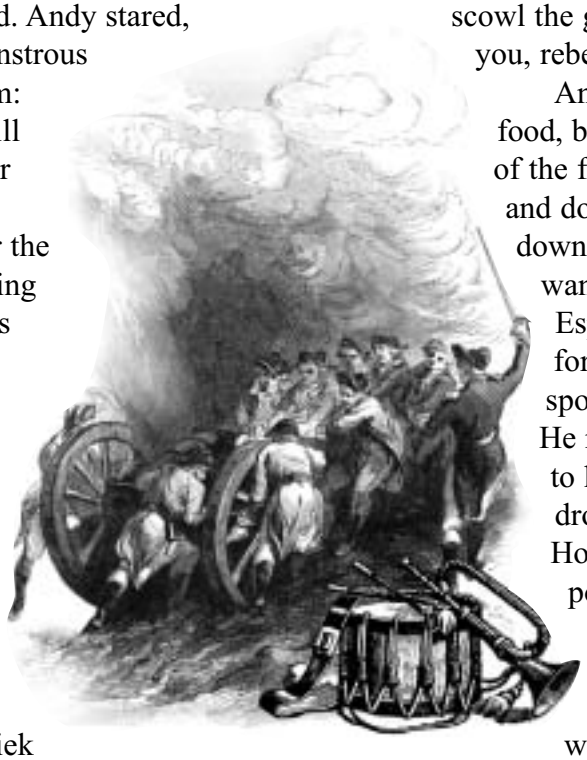
Occupant: a person who is in a place
Leafage: referring to trees and bushes (plants with leaves)
Crest: the top of a hill
Skirling: shrill, piercing sounds
Knoll: a small round hill or mound
Sapling: a young tree
Whittle: to cut, shape or carve by using a knife

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not visible to common men. *God, please don't let Ferguson get killed until I've had a chance to ask him!* Andy prayed fervently.

A mile further on, Andy's guard led him on a detour along the ***crests*** of the low, rounded hills; for the army was sweeping in full force across the lower ground. This was the first army on the march Andy had ever seen. For a time he forgot the great man whom God had saved. Andy stared, breathless, at the monstrous procession below him: teams of men, bent till their brows were near to the dust, like Israelite slaves under the Egyptian lash, dragging the great guns; horses plunging; flags streaming; gold lace and bayonets sparkling; bare knees bobbing rhythmically; plaidies waving, as a Highland regiment passed; the ***skirling*** of the bagpipes and the shriek of bugles, the sullen, sinister thudding of drums and thousands of feet and hoofs on the dry ground; and waves of red coats.



Toward nightfall, the guard led Andy down the far side of a ***knoll*** toward a large farmhouse surrounded by cornfields. The ground was gashed deeply by heavy wheels, and the broken cornstalks looked as if a hill had rolled over them. All about were black smudges of extinguished campfires. The ruinous sight shocked Andy, who had suffered lean winters when other red warriors had devastated the border fields.

"Ye've made a grand mess of yon farm!" he said in tones of severe reproof. The guard cast a sour look at Andy and shoved him into a shed where four soldiers, laughing and talking, were sitting at a table.

"Here's a boy that got lost going to Carolina. Ferguson has taken a liking to him. Here is the boy's gun, hunting knife, powder horn and shot pouch." The guard cut the cords from Andy's wrists. "Ferguson says give the boy some food and let him sleep." With a scowl the guard barked at Andy, "Mind you, rebel; no tricks now!"

Andy did full justice to the food, but he couldn't sleep, in spite of the fact that he had walked up and down hills all day. He laid down and closed his eyes; he wanted to think, and to plan. Especially did he want to plan, for he could not linger in this spot. He had to go to Carolina. He rolled as closely as possible to his confiscated items and drowsed with a busy brain. How he loved that rifle, and the powder horn which his Indian friend, Tuleko, had carved for him! He sighed. Regaining them unnoticed was hopeless. However, his hunting knife was nearby. Certainly he could slip that inside one of his leggings. He could make his knife serve his hunting needs all the way to Carolina. Even before his twelfth year, long before he had owned firearms, he had hunted birds and small game with a cut ***sapling*** sharpened at one end. Thrown spear fashion, with sure aim, a sharp sapling could be relied upon to keep a traveler from hunger. With his knife he could cut and ***whittle*** a fire stick of hickory; and so make a campfire every night to cook his food or to dry his clothes after swimming a creek or tramping in the rain. He knew how to make fire as the Indians had for centuries before trading

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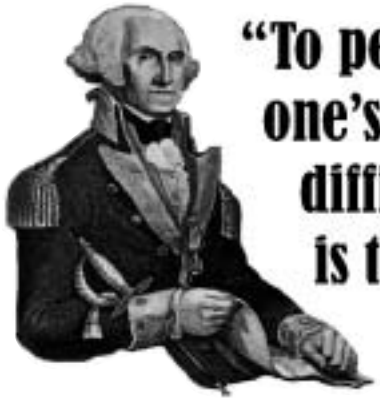
Igniting fire using *whittled* stick

beaver skins for the white man's matches. Yes, Silent Scot would be free from troubles if he could only get ahold of his knife.

He snorted and tossed an inch nearer to it and flung out an arm. A soldier jumped up and bent over Andy, putting a hand on his shoulder. Silent Scot half opened his eyes, then closed them again as if the lids were too heavy to stay open without propping. The soldier returned to the table. The next time Andy snorted and tossed his arm, one of the soldiers made a jesting remark but did not get up. After a while, they paid no attention.

Congratulations! You have completed Part II of the short story. Continue to the Activities.

Life Principle



"To persevere in one's duty to country in difficult circumstances is the best answer to sneers from the enemy."

—George Washington

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Active Reading

Lesson 15

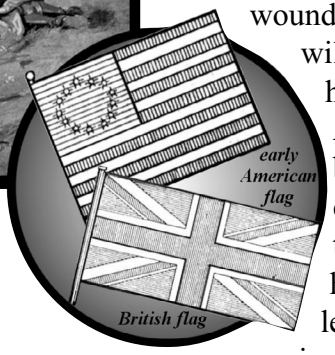
Chapter 5

ANDREW MACPHAIL: SCOTTISH-AMERICAN PATRIOT (PART III)

Section 3

Lessons 11-15





Throughout Andy's pretended ***slumbers***, he could hear the roar of cannon fire. It sounded to him as if all the thunders of the sky had gathered over the ford of the Brandywine to split the world in ***twain***. Dashing hoofs sounded nearby. *Messengers probably*, thought Andy. Feet tramped by—men bearing the wounded to shelter. Andy heard wild shouts. What was happening? Was the American Army in retreat? Someone burst into the shed, shouting excitedly. The guards rushed to the door. Andy dashed for his knife and hid it inside his legging while the guards were peering out the door and talking with the messenger. All the guards but one left the shack. The remaining guard turned and glared at Andy who had returned to his spot and was pretending to sleep. Finally, Andrew did drift to sleep. All the next morning he sat in the shed under the watchful eyes of the guard. At noon, a new guard came and relieved the first guard and tossed Andrew a half loaf of bread.

Andy felt more urgent than ever to get to Carolina, deliver his letter, then return and scout for the American Army. They needed scouts, he felt sure. Washington himself had been obliged to do scout duty! If he, Andy MacPhail, had been with the American soldiers, he would not have permitted Washington to risk his life like that! As Andy considered the situation, his thoughts reverted to the incident which had so puzzled him the day before. Why had Ferguson lowered his gun without ***firing***?

VOCABULARY

Slumber: sleep
Twain: two, two parts
Firing: shooting
Beckoned: called, summoned
Aghast: astonished, surprised negatively
Comrade: companion, friend
Marksman: a man who is excellent with a rifle
Evasive: avoiding the issue
Simulated: imitated, fake, not real
Broodingly: sullenly, with negative emotion
Kindling: beginning to flame, lighting up

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Late in the afternoon, the door opened. A soldier stepped through the doorway and ***beckoned*** to Andy. "Ferguson wants you." Andy jumped up and followed the man to the large farmhouse.

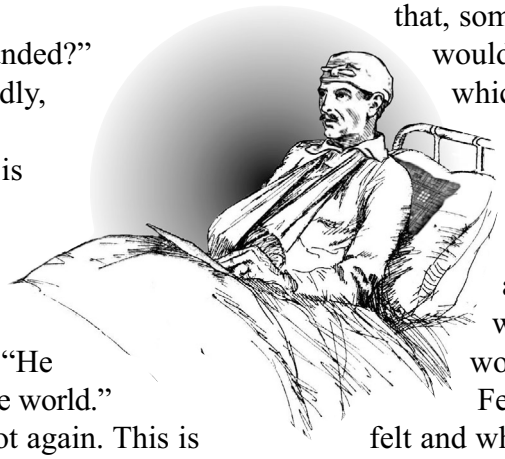
"Dr. Griffen, here is the lad," the guard said to a man in the kitchen.

"Very well, Horton, take him in," the doctor said, with a casual glance at Andy. As Andy and the guard moved toward the door to the next room, the doctor stopped Andy. "You must not excite him, boy. He is in a bad way."

"Ye mean he's wounded?" Andy asked. "Is he hurt badly, doctor?"

"Yes, his right arm is shot to pieces."

"His *right arm!*" Andy repeated, ***aghast***; and added slowly, more to himself than to the doctor, "He that was the crack shot o' the world."



"He will never shoot again. This is a harder blow for him than for most men. He would have taken death gladly if he'd been given the choice."

Andy made no reply. He saw that Dr. Griffen admired Ferguson and was grieved for him. But, no doctor could understand as he, Silent Scot, understood, what this blow meant to Ferguson. Was not his own heart sore because he must slip away this evening and leave behind the rifle he loved, his dearest friend, the ***comrade*** of his long hunts and of all his daring adventures? But sometime he would own another rifle. He would fire many a straight and pretty shot. Ay, no joy like that was in the world; and he would have it again! But Ferguson, who had made that new, magical, quick-firing gun; Ferguson, the crack shot o' the world—he, Silent Scot, was doubtless the only other man living who understood just what that shattered right arm meant to Pat Ferguson.

Upon entering the room, Andy had no idea what he would say to Ferguson, except that, sometime before he left, he would ask a certain question which, if unanswered, would give him no peace all his life long. But he *did* know what he would *not* say. He would not say one word about the shattered arm. That was too vast a grief for pity; words would be an insult. Ferguson would know what he felt and why he made no mention of it.

For they two were not only crack ***marksmen***, brothers of the rifle clan, they were Scots and Highlanders, the same silent, strong people—mountain men, both.

"Wait outside, Horton," Ferguson said.

"Good evenin', Mr. Ferguson," Andy said politely. "I'm verra pleased to see ye again."

"And I am pleased to see you again, Andrew MacPhail," Ferguson replied with similar courtesy. "I sent for you to give you back your letter—now that I know no harm is in it." He extended his left hand to Andy. "And, I wanted to ask you a question.

Lad, did you know who the officer was who rode toward us this morning? I'm asking, because when I looked at you, after he'd gone, your face was white as frost."

Silent Scot's expression did not change. He thought quickly, desperately. He liked Ferguson; they were friends. He would

VOCABULARY

Noncommittally: without emotion, blandly
Prospect: possibility
Impeccable: without blemish or error, nearly perfect

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have liked to speak truth to him from an open heart. But, he must remember that in this war they were on opposite sides, foes. If he admitted to having recognized Washington, Ferguson might believe that Andy had indeed been scouting for the Americans when he stumbled into the British camp. In that case, Ferguson would order Andy imprisoned or hanged. No, Andy couldn't take the chance of that. He must hurry on to Carolina. His first duty was to deliver the old Quaker's letter to let Andy's father know that the debt—so obnoxious to the Highland pride—no longer darkened the honor of the MacPhails. After that, Andy would be free to offer his services as scout to the nearest Patriot army. He must not run the risk of being clapped into a British prison until the end of the war or being hanged. He had seen how badly the Americans needed scouts.



"'Tis not a bonnie sight to see a man killed, Mr. Ferguson," Andy said ***evasively***. "An' him sittin' so grand on a fine bay horse! Didn't ye say he was no less than a colonel? No such grand colonel is in Bunyan's Town, where I come from, Mr. Ferguson." Andy smiled disarmingly, his little blue eyes twinkling. Apparently the wounded man was satisfied with the answer, for he did not press the question.

"I know who he was, lad. That was General George Washington, himself."

"General Washington!" Andy echoed with excellently ***simulated*** amazement. "And ye didn't shoot him! Why?"

"I did not know him then. I found out later who he was."

"But when ye thought 'twas a colonel, Mr. Ferguson, and ye'd told me not ten minutes before how ye hoped to fire the first shot, and how yon man was ridin' surely to his death . . . ." Andy's words rushed out. "Why didn't ye shoot?" His voice quavered, and the color rose in his cheeks. Ferguson's drawn face was touched for an instant in mild surprise.

"Didn't you see, lad, that, just as I was aiming at his breast, he swung around and showed me his back? Well, 'tis not a pleasant thing to shoot an unoffending individual in the back, who is acquitting himself very coolly of his duty. As he rode away, I thought that maybe I was forgetting my own duty in letting an officer of those rebels and traitors go free to plague the King's loyal men later in the field. So, I leveled at him again, but the idea disgusted me."

"An' if ye *had* known 'twas Washington?" Andy asked eagerly.

"Then maybe my duty would have been so plain I couldn't have escaped it. Washington, the most dangerous rebel of them all!" Ferguson said ***broodingly***, a sullen, fiery look ***kindling*** in his eyes. "But I am not sorry I didn't know. I've never shot my foe in the back, Andrew. And I think no man is fit to be called a soldier that will take a cowardly shot like that. No, *I'm not sorry I did not know!*" Ferguson's eyelids closed and his lips tightened quickly to still a twitch of pain.

For some minutes, Andy did not speak. He was thinking hard. *Never to taint your gun with a coward's shot—something splendid was in that!* "I'm verra proud to be acquainted wi' ye, Mr. Ferguson," Andy said presently, with dignity, "for I can see ye're a verra fine man."

Ferguson opened his eyes. "I'll say the same to you, Andrew. I wish I could let you go on to your father, lad," he said kindly, "but that is impossible. Though we're friends now, and both Aberdeen men, too, I could not give you back your gun. And how would you get

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to Carolina without a rifle to hunt food? Poor lad, you would starve."

"Ay, ay. Fancy a poor, simple lad like me goin' to Carolina wi'out a rifle!" Andrew said ***noncommittally***, wagging his head. "But I'm thinkin' ye should take a bit o' sleep now, Mr. Ferguson. So I'll be saying' good night."

"I'll see you again in the morning," Ferguson said. "You know the way back to your quarters? If not, the men about can direct you—and can prevent your running away to the rebels. Tell Horton I want him."

Andy left the room. He found Horton in the kitchen and delivered Ferguson's message. The yards were full of men and horses and baggage. Through the gathering dusk, little cook fires dotted the field with flames. Andy's trained eye noted quickly the positions of inanimate objects which would afford shelter. On the whole the ***prospect*** was as promising as he could have hoped. Ferguson had no fear that Andy would try to escape from a yard full of men. But Andy much preferred a yard full of men who were not watching him, to one or two who were!

Instead of sneaking around, which would surely draw attention, Andy stepped straightly and boldly toward the house where he had been held captive. Instead of going inside, he headed around the side, toward the outhouse. He spent nearly half an hour inside the outhouse, waiting for sundown and hoping the Brits would forget his whereabouts. Then, cautiously opening the wooden door, Andy immediately ducked behind a bush. Using what cover he could, he snaked his way under and behind wagons, behind tents and through deep ruts in the fields, to the river. He skirted the ford to the bank of the smoother, deeper tide beyond it. There he paused and made sure that his letter and his knife were safely protected. Ferguson might send men after him. If they found his trail and followed it, they would lose it here—in the water.

He was sorry that he would not see Ferguson in the morning; but Andy had to go to Carolina. The sooner he got to Carolina with his letter, the sooner he would be able to join the army and prevent Washington from taking risks such as he had today! Andy hoped he would meet Ferguson again some day. That hope was a prophecy, though Andy did not know it. He would meet Ferguson again in scenes of adventure such as the boy slipping down the low bank to the Brandywine's edge that night could not have imagined.

The fugitive meditated briefly on all that had happened to him—and looked on the bright side. "'Tis no' so great a shame to me, after all, that they caught me," he told himself; "but if I hadna got away from them—Oh, ay; *that would have been verra disgraceful!*"

Yes, on the whole, Silent Scot had justified his name and his fame as the ***impeccable*** scout. Now he was on his way to Carolina, confident of his freedom. A tiny yellow moon peeped over a hill. Stars flickered dimly on the river. Andy dropped in noiselessly and swam downstream. Two hours and thirty minutes later, Andy climbed up the bank and disappeared into the forest.

(adapted from a story written by Constance Lindsay Skinner and printed in 1925)



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REVIEW OF THE ELEMENTS OF A SHORT STORY

Congratulations! You have completed "Andrew MacPhail: Scottish-American Patriot." Having read all three parts, you will be able to recognize the elements.

Type of Short Story: "Andrew MacPhail: Scottish-American Patriot" is several pages long and therefore fits into the category of a long short story.

Setting: Remember that the setting is *where* and *when* a story takes place. The setting is in the forests of Colonial America during the Revolutionary War.

Characters: Remember that characters are either major or minor. The major character is Andrew MacPhail (or Silent Scot). The minor characters are Ferguson and the other British guards, Andy's father, the Quaker to whom Andy was indentured, and George Washington and the other Colonial soldiers.

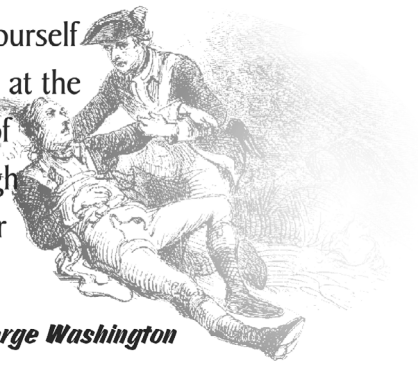
Plot: Remember that the plot is the sequence of events. A plot has a climax and a resolution; sometimes a plot will have more than one climax and resolution. "Andrew MacPhail: Scottish-American Patriot" has two climaxes and two resolutions. The first climax is when Ferguson is about to shoot George Washington. The resolution is when Ferguson lowers his rifle without shooting. The second climax is when Andy attempts to escape the British military compound. The resolution is when Andy reaches safety and disappears into the woods (the end of the story).

Point of View: Remember that every story is told in either first or third person. "Andrew MacPhail: Scottish-American Patriot" is told in third person because the story is not told by a character in the story.

Moral: Remember that the moral of a story is an important life lesson that the reader learns. The moral of "Andrew MacPhail: Scottish-American Patriot" could be that being true to one's country and honor makes a person worthy of being a hero.

Continue to the Activities.

Life Principle



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Hurray! You are nearly finished ! Ask your teacher for the quiz over Lessons 11-15. Reminder: If you score 85% or higher on the three section quizzes, you may be exempt from the chapter test!



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