



Enchantment: A
Collection of
Stories and
Poems

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Leona Grisé

Enchantment

a collection of stories and poems

Volume I

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This book may be reproduced. In fact, we recommend that each student have a copy. The extra-wide margins and single-sided sheets provide ample space for notes, explanations, vocabulary words, spelling lists, etc.

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enchantment

enchant' ment (noun)

1. the act of producing certain wonderful effects by the use of magical charms
2. that which delights or gives great pleasure

Note

It is hoped that the magical words of this collection of stories and poems will delight you, the reader. Then you will experience, "Enchantment."

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Reading List

Introduction

Enchantment is a collection of stories and poems about interesting people, places and events. The selections were written by students in a Grade 10 English class at John Rennie High School and by adult students in an Adult Basic Education class at the Adult Education Centre in Pointe-Claire, Quebec.

The accompanying exercises (**Checking Your Understanding, Working with Language, Activities**), developed by the coordinator of this project, support an integrated approach to the development of reading and writing skills of adult students. The focus is on reading comprehension, grammar development, and writing activities. Teachers/tutors can also present their own ideas for pre-reading activities as well as communicative and integrated life skill activities.

In the **Checking Your Understanding** section, the reading comprehension questions cover such reading skills as locating facts, making inferences, drawing conclusions, making comparisons, and giving opinions.

The section **Working with Language** includes: the development of vocabulary: reinforcement of a variety of grammar skills including punctuation, forming and using nouns and verbs: phonetic skills: spelling: and sentence structure.

Activities is a section designed to develop the writing skills of students. The suggestions provide an opportunity to write sentences, paragraphs, stories, letters, poems, dialogues, newspaper articles, and plays.

In preparation for presentation of each of the stories or poems, we suggest that you review the exercises accompanying the stories. This can help you to decide whether it is necessary to *teach* or *review* the required skill in each exercise before the assignment is given to the students. For example, in "Christmas

Memories," #5 refers to the use of commas with words or groups of words in a series. If the students are not familiar with this skill, it might be taught first and then extra exercises given for additional practice.

The suggested exercises allow for maximum flexibility. They can be adapted to accommodate various levels of student ability. If some of the suggestions seem too difficult, just choose the most appropriate activity. Add other ideas to further develop each of the writings.

"A Portfolio of Written Work," the first folder at the back of this book, will contain the student's final edited work from the Activities section of the exercises. Each enclosure must be dated. This compilation of the student's written work will provide an excellent method for evaluation and an indication of progress.

Read, think, discuss, write. . . have fun!
Create your own enchantment!

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Darkness

Liz Moscis

They're after me, I know it. The government is after me.

They think I'm going to leak all their precious secrets, but I don't know anything. They erased it all.

The government knows all about aliens, and they have for a long time. The aliens are much more advanced than we are. Their technology is way ahead of ours. They've shared this technology with our government and our government is using it without even really understanding it.

At least that's my theory.

I used to work for the government. I knew all the confidential information. I knew if we had any contact with aliens, and, if so, what planet they were from, what technology they had, what language they spoke, everything. It's all gone now. I think that my bosses were having problems covering some things up and so they thought that someone was leaking information along with evidence. I think they pretty much picked me at random because, although I am confused most of the time now, I'm sure I wasn't the one.

They take me anyways, and they use the alien technology to do it. They do it about every couple of months. It's the same every time, always at night. If I'm asleep, I wake with a start. A pale light fills the room and gradually gets brighter and brighter until it's blinding. Then darkness. After that, I wake up strapped to a bed in what seems to be a hospital room. I hear sounds of drills and other unknown noises but before I really get to look around, a person with a mask sticks a needle in me and I fall asleep. I wake up in my bedroom at home and find that my memory is just getting hazier each time. Now I really only remember that I used to work for them.

I'm sick of these people having so much control over me that they can take me away, test on me or whatever they do, then put me back and if I tell someone, that person will think I'm insane.

I'm hiding right now, in an old barn in the middle of nowhere. I'm not exactly sure when they would be coming to get me if I were at home, but it would be soon. So I packed a bag full of non-perishable foods, lots of water and juice, blankets and warm clothes, got in my car and drove west until I became totally confused as to where I was. Then I parked my car on the side of the highway, grabbed my bag, and trekked out into the fields.

I don't know how long I walked: hours, days, weeks; I didn't really care; I hadn't been taken. But that doesn't mean that I won't get found, although I don't know how they could find me. There used to be tracking devices in me, around my belly-button; when I got them taken out, they perplexed all the doctors who saw them. Anyway, I don't think they can find me.

I noticed that it was just starting to get dark when, a little way ahead of me, I saw a barn. It took me about five minutes to reach it. It's a big barn with walls that used to be painted red, but now only a few faded red flakes remain on the old weathered walls. I was hoping desperately that the doors would be open. When I pushed on one it seemed stuck, so I gave it a huge shove and went stumbling into the barn.

It was almost dark outside, so inside it was darker. As soon as I picked myself up off the dirty floor of the barn, I shut the door, which also shut out more light. There were windows to my left but they were caked with dust. I took out a blanket and wiped off a few window panes. It helped a little, but I would need to light a candle.

There were lots of things around the barn that I could use to arrange a little camp. Old hay with a couple of my blankets made an acceptable bed and empty crates that were laying around worked well for tables. I set myself up in the corner farthest from the windows and took out the book I had packed at the last minute and began to read. I couldn't concentrate on my book so I put it aside and let my mind take over.

So here I am now, hiding from something I don't understand. I don't know what else to do but sit here and think.

It seems to be getting lighter out. Have I been sitting here all night? No, my watch says it's only 3 A.M. It's still supposed to be dark.

They've found me! What do I do?

The light is already starting to get brighter. I can't just sit here, frozen, and let them take me again.

I jump up, bolt to the door and fling it open. Outside it almost seems like daylight. I don't have much time. I run as fast as I can but I don't seem to be getting away from it. The light seems to be everywhere. Why doesn't anyone else in the world notice it if it's everywhere?

The light continues to get brighter. I realize now that there's no escaping them. I stop running. The light reaches its peak and is blinding. Then, darkness.

— — —

Darkness



Write answers to these exercises in your copy book.

A. Checking your understanding

Write answers to the following questions.

- a. Why is the government looking for the character in the story?
- b. Do you think the character in the story is male or female? Explain your answer.
- c. What kind of work did our character do in the government?
- d. What happens at night every few months?
- e. How did the character get to the hiding place?
- f. Describe this hiding place.
- g. What made it so dark inside?
- h. Why was it getting lighter outside even though it was only 3 A.M.?
- i. What is the main emotion of the person in the story? Give details from the story to prove your answer.

B. Working with language

1. An adjective is a word which **describes** (tells more about) a noun (person, place or thing);
ex.: It is a **beautiful** sunset.

Find and write the adjectives which describe the following nouns from the story:

light barn clothes noises
secrets crates room

2. Change the verbs of the following sentences to the past tense. Rewrite each sentence.
 - a. I wake with a start.

- b. I hear sounds of drills.
- c. I jump up, bolt to the door and fling it open.
- d. A pale light fills the room and gradually gets brighter and brighter until it's blinding.

3. Use the suffixes from column 2 to match the root words in column 1 to make new words (make any necessary changes):

1	2
inform	-en
govern	-ly
desperate	-ed
dark	-ment
cover	-ness
froze	-er
grab	-ing
hazy	-ation

4. Choose a word from column 1 and match it with a word from column 2 to make a new **compound** word

1	2
my	side
day	where
every	light
out	self
high	way
what	one
some	ever

5. Write at least five sentences using some of the new words you created from questions 3 and 4.

6. Find the meanings of these words by using your dictionary:

confidential	concentrate
aliens	strapped
random	trekked
non-perishable	weathered

C. Activities

1. Do you think the title "Darkness" was a good choice? Why or why not? Suggest another title.
2. Discuss with a classmate what you think happened to the character at the end of the story. Write a short paragraph to explain your views.
3. Find a story or newspaper article about aliens and U.F.O.s and read it. Give a brief summary of the story to a classmate.

Good Times and Bad

Eileen Langevin

In the park in front of Emma's house, on a sunny day, sat two friends.

"Boy, it's hot out here!" Emma exclaimed to Lewis.

Emma and Lewis had been best friends since they were children. They were both sixteen and in grade 10. They did almost everything together. They would go shopping, see movies, and just sit and talk. Some people thought they were brother and sister although they were from very different families.

Emma was from a middle-class family. She really loved nature and biology. She hoped to become a marine biologist. Emma had long curly red hair, green eyes, and was rather short and skinny.

Lewis was from a very well-off family. They could purchase all the expensive things. However, it was not obvious that Lewis was wealthy by looking at his appearance. He had short blond hair, beautiful baby-blue eyes, and was tall and muscular. Lewis loved politics. Both Lewis and Emma were very different, yet they got along very well.

"Lewis, did you hear me?" Emma asked, looking to see if he heard her. "Lewis! What are you thinking about?" Emma asked, pushing him good-naturedly.

Lewis quickly snapped out of his daydream about an interesting girl—a girl he wished he could date.

"Oh! Ah . . . nothing, Emma," Lewis replied.

"What do you take me for, a chicken with a small brain?" Emma asked sarcastically.

"No, of course not. I just don't feel like talking about it. It's nothing bad. Just some thought I want to keep to myself," Lewis said, not

making eye contact.

"It's about Debbie Mac. You like her, don't you? I'm not stupid. I see the way you look and act around her," she said.

"What! How. . . well, how did you know?" Lewis asked, curiously.

"Knowing each other this long, I just know after a while," she replied, staring at the ground, hoping he would change the subject.

"Well, do you think she likes me?" he asked hopefully, staring hard at Emma.

"I don't know and I don't care. She is mean and I don't want to talk about it," Emma snapped and began to walk away.

"Emma, wait! What's wrong? Why did you get so mad?" Lewis ran after her and grabbed her hand. He stopped her, looking down at her with concern

. "I just think you can do better than her! Debbie is cruel and doesn't care about anyone else except for herself. I don't think you have a chance with her," Emma told him, hoping even more that he would forget about Debbie.

Debbie and Emma had a bad history since grade 7. Debbie would bug Emma, and she made Emma's grade 7 horrible.

Debbie was very popular. She was able to encourage others to join her nasty ways. They made school life unpleasant for Emma.

"Maybe you're right. She is probably too popular for me," Lewis said sadly, walking beside Emma down the path to Emma's house.

"I know I'm right!" she shouted.

"So that's why I will try extra hard!" Lewis exclaimed.

"What! No, no, no, you can't, you won't!" she

yelled, racing to her door.

"Emma! What's with you? You don't own me!" Lewis cried out while running to catch up.

Emma ran inside her home and slammed the door in Lewis's face.

Lewis cared for Emma and wanted to know why she got upset. He did not know about Emma and Debbie and what had happened in the past.

He walked into Emma's house and found her sitting on the couch.

"What do you want? Never mind. Go away. I don't want to talk to you," Emma told him, pointing to the door.

"Emma, why are you so mad at me when I didn't do anything?" Lewis asked, approaching her.

"GET OUT! I said to go away and that's that!" Emma yelled, pushing him to the door.

Lewis decided to leave her alone, and told himself that he was going to ask Debbie Mac to the school dance on Friday, despite how Emma felt. That gave him three days to get Debbie's attention so he could ask her.

Next day at school, Lewis was looking good! He was dressed in the newest fashion. Emma was not too pleased with him. She knew he was trying to impress Debbie.

"So, Emma, what do you think? Am I dashing?" Lewis asked with a smile.

"Shut up, moron!" Emma snapped, and walked to her class.

When she saw Debbie Mac coming, Emma tried not to be noticed by her. It was too late.

"Hi Loser! Are you going to nature freak

class?" Debbie laughed with her friends.

"No, it's biology, and you're the freak!" Emma shot back, trying to break the circle the group of girls had made around her.

"You're not going anywhere!" Debbie stated, pushing Emma back into the circle.

Emma thought Debbie had grown up and would have been smarter than this. Just when Emma thought she was out of luck, Lewis appeared.

"Emma, I didn't know you knew Debbie!" Lewis remarked.

"Look, it's Loser's. . ." Debbie stopped as she saw how good-looking Lewis appeared in his stylish clothes.

Debbie had long, strawberry-blond hair, and the coldest greyish eyes on the face of the earth. To most people she seemed like the devil. To Lewis she was a princess.

"Hi, Lewis, fancy meeting you here. Yeah, I know Emma. We go way back," Debbie announced, smiling at Lewis. Then she and her friends drifted off to bug other people.

"Did you see the way she smiled at me?" Lewis boasted, happily, knowing she liked him.

"Lewis, you are so simple-minded!" Emma exploded. As she looked at Lewis she wondered just how to put her thoughts into words.

"I like you, Lewis. You're my best friend. But I want you to know if you go out with Debbie, things will change a lot," Emma sobbed.

"Well, Emma, things change. We're not kids anymore," Lewis snapped.

"I won't say it again. It won't work, Lewis," Emma said, staring into his blue eyes.

Emma realized she would be left out,

forgotten. Debbie would change him. Emma couldn't say any more. She left Lewis standing there.

Lewis was even more confused than before. Why did Emma hate Debbie so much? Lewis didn't understand that Emma was watching out for him.

At the end of the school day, Lewis was at his locker when Debbie arrived.

"Lewis, you're looking great! So why don't you dress like this all the time? It really suits you," Debbie remarked.

"Thanks, Debbie. I was wondering if. . ." Lewis couldn't ask her.

"What? Wondering what?" Debbie questioned.

"If you would go with me to the dance on Friday," he blurted out.

"I would love to! Pick me up at 7 p.m." Debbie gushed, kissing him on the cheek.

Debbie left with her friends.

Emma came to see Lewis so they could walk home together as usual.

"Hey, Lewis, I got 100 percent on my Bio. exam!" she announced, giving him a hug.

"That's super, and I got a date with Debbie Mac!" he boasted.

"Excuse me? I thought you were going to forget about her," Emma stammered.

"NO! I don't know what your problem is with Debbie, and I'm getting tired of this, okay Emma!" Lewis stormed away and hurried to catch up with Debbie.

Now it began! Emma's worst nightmare was coming true. She only seemed to be hurting the situation instead of helping.

After walking home alone, Emma did some thinking. She decided to call Lewis and try to explain her feelings.

She dialed his phone number. She never thought calling her best friend would feel so odd.

"Lewis?"

"This is Lewis," he replied.

"It's me, Emma." She tried so hard to be cheerful.

"Can I help you?" he asked bluntly.

"Please, just hear me out. Debbie only noticed you for your looks. She likes your clothes, not you," Emma explained.

"Thank you, friend! You don't think maybe she just might like me? You're so kind to me," Lewis hissed.

"Wait, I didn't mean that she. . ." Emma pleaded.

"You're not the one who's going out with her. So why don't you be a good friend and stop bothering me!" Lewis interrupted.

"Lewis, don't do this! You've got to understand. Please. . ." Emma begged.

"Now, if you are done telling me what to do, I'll be going!" He hung up on Emma.

It was the day of the dance and last preparations were being done. Emma and Lewis had not spoken since the phone call. Lewis was feeling badly about what he had done but told himself not to worry; he'd talk to Emma later.

Emma was in a terrible state. She was so upset she almost fainted at her locker. She didn't have a clue what to do. Then Debbie

arrived, as if things were not bad enough!

"Hi Emma, going to the dance? I'm going with Lewis. Jealous?" she gloated loudly as if the whole world had to know.

"Go away, you blood-sucking leech!" Emma snapped.

"Be careful how you speak to me! I can hurt you where it counts. I can humiliate you right in front of Lewis because he won't care!" Debbie hissed.

That gave Emma an idea, the best plan ever. She would use Debbie's threats against her!

After school, while walking home together, Emma and Lewis made up. They could never stay mad at each other for long.

"I'm so glad you're not mad at me any more. I'm really sorry, again, about my bad behaviour," Emma declared.

"No problem, but talk about Debbie one more time and I won't go to your house," Lewis said.

"Okay, although we're already here," Emma laughed.

When they went into Emma's home, they threw their bags on the floor and got their dance clothes ready.

"Did you bring all your accessories?" Emma inquired.

"Yup! Emma, do you really want to go to the dance?" Lewis asked. "You might get bored. You will not be doing anything. And Debbie will be with us."

"I want to go. And maybe Debbie and I can get to know each other better," Emma said, lying through her teeth.

"Wow! You sure change moods fast! I hope you have fun!" Lewis exclaimed.

"But I was hoping to dance with you," she mumbled.

"Of course, I promise you a dance," Lewis whispered, staring at Emma's green eyes.

"Cool. But we don't have all day. Go in the bathroom and get ready," she ordered. "And don't worry about me. I will find something to do," she added.

Later, they went to pick up Debbie. Lewis was driving his mom's car; it was an Eagle Vision. Emma sat in the back, even though Lewis insisted she sit up front.

When Debbie entered the car she was wearing a short bright red skirt, a black tank-top that showed a little too much skin, and what some would consider too much make-up.

Emma was wearing a long green silky skirt with a black tank-top with mesh over it, and very little make-up.

Lewis was wearing dressy pants and a stylish shirt.

"Hi Sweetie," Debbie said, kissing him on the cheek. "Oh, hi Emma. I didn't know you were coming!" she said, surprised.

"Is there a problem?" Lewis asked.

"No, not at all," Debbie responded.

When they arrived at the school, the dance had already begun. While they were walking to the gym, Emma heard Debbie asking Lewis if Emma was going to follow them around all night.

Emma realized right then and there that her plan was the wrong thing to do. She was trying to do the right thing but totally the wrong way. She was going to try to get Debbie mad somehow, so Debbie would do something bad and get everyone to hate her. Emma

wanted to show Lewis how mean Debbie was, but now she was beginning to realize that she might make him mad not at Debbie but at her—Emma!. She couldn't do that. How could she be so selfish? Emma wanted to cry.

"Guys, I'm going to the little girl's room," Emma announced without waiting for an answer.

"Debbie, you want to dance or talk with some people?" Lewis asked.

"I want to dance!" Debbie yelled.

The gym was decorated with pretty streamers and lights, and the music was hot.

"Debbie, I promised Emma a dance, okay?" Lewis hoped Debbie wouldn't mind.

"That's fine," Debbie said, holding him tight, wondering why Emma had come anyway.

The night passed slowly for Emma. She was feeling guilty about her plan. She wandered aimlessly around through the throngs of people, speaking vaguely to those she knew.

"Emma, are you all right?" Griffin inquired as she passed him.

"Hi, how are you? I'm OK, just bored," Emma answered.

"Well, may I have this dance?" Griffin asked like a gentleman as soon as a slow song came on.

"Yes, you may." She smiled.

Griffin and Emma had been friends for two years. He was handsome, with chocolate coloured hair and brown eyes. He was the same height as Emma. Emma would not go out with him as he was not her type. When the song was over, Griffin thanked her for the dance and went to see his girlfriend. "Emma,

the evening is almost over and I hope you have some fun," Griffin told her before he left.

"Griffin, say hi to Deseray for me!" Emma yelled to him. Deseray was Griffin's girlfriend and she was the nicest person you would ever want to meet.

Lewis found Emma in the crowded room.

"So, ready for that dance I promised?" he asked.

"Yes, but I'm going to get something to drink first. Want to come with me?" she muttered.

"Okay. Could I share some of your drink?" he asked.

"Yes, sure, I'm getting 7-up, okay?"

"Fine with me," he agreed.

They left the gym and moved toward the little bar where drinks, food, and candy were sold.

"There you are, Lewis. I was looking for you," Debbie said, showing up.

"I told you I was going to look for Emma," he replied.

"Well, you found her," she said. "So let's go dance some more," Debbie insisted.

"I went to look for Emma to dance with her, like I said earlier," Lewis stated.

"Are you here with me or her, because I do recall you asking me? You can see her anytime. I don't know why you would want to see her, anyway. This is a good song. So let's go!" Debbie ordered.

Lewis declined. "No, Debbie," he said calmly. Debbie reached forward and grabbed the drink from Lewis' hand, which caused the liquid to fly into the air and spray all over. Everyone leaped back with cries of anger. Then,

suddenly, it became quiet around them.

"Fine, once a loser always a loser," Debbie yelled.

Anyone that was close-by in the gym heard and saw what she had said and done. Debbie Mac was laughed off the dance floor and she finally got what she deserved. The music of the last slow song filled the air and Emma and Lewis finally got their dance.

Riding home from the dance without Debbie was a joy.

"Sony, Emma. I should have listened to your warning. But thank you." Lewis felt ashamed.

"I should have told you in a better way, I guess! Maybe I could have been wrong about her. You never know until you find out by yourself. I was being selfish in my own way: I'm sorry, too!" she explained.

"I hope. what she said didn't hurt you!" Lewis exclaimed.

"I'm okay as long as you're okay!" Emma asserted.

"Would you like to spend tomorrow with me?" Lewis asked. "We could rent movies."

Emma was feeling better than ever. She knew now that no boyfriend or girlfriend would get between the friendship that she had with Lewis. She knew Lewis felt that way, too.

"That sounds great," Emma agreed. "I'll make the popcorn."

— — —

Good Times and Bad



Write answers to these exercises in your copy book.

A. Checking your understanding

1. Rewrite each sentence and tell if the statement is True or False.
 - a. Lewis had his driver's license.
 - b. Emma would graduate from high school in June.
 - c. Griffin had been in primary school with Emma.
 - d. Emma had the last dance of the evening with Griffin.
 - e. On Saturday night Emma, Lewis and Debbie left for the dance.
 - f. Emma wore a green and black outfit to the dance.
2. What were the career plans of both Emma and Lewis?
3. Describe the physical appearance of Emma and Lewis. Write a paragraph for each character.

B. Working with language

1. Find the verbs used in the dialogue parts of the story which replaced the word "said."
2. Rewrite the following sentences. Tell if these sentences are **telling, asking, exclaiming** or **commanding**. Be sure to put the proper punctuation at the end of each sentence.
 - a. They did almost everything together
 - b. Lewis, did you hear me
 - c. Boy, it's hot out here
 - d. I know I'm right

- e. Go in the bathroom and get ready
- f. When they arrived at the school, the dance had already begun
- g. Is there a problem

3. Synonyms are words with similar meanings. Match the words from Column A with those words from Column B

A	B
well-off	mean
marine	bother
nasty	wealthy
bug	pleaded
obvious	friendly
good-naturedly	nasty
horrible	sofa
couch	ocean
begged	mean

C. Activities

1. Give the positive and negative qualities in the characteristics of Debbie, Lewis and Emma.

2. What do you think happened in the past between Emma and Debbie that caused them to be such enemies?

3. When Emma apologized to Lewis she said, "I should have told you in a better way." Discuss how she might have handled the problem in a better way.
Write either:
 - a) a dialogue between Emma and Lewis
 - or
 - b) a letter to Lewis from Emma

4. Twenty years later, the three characters meet again at a school reunion.
Write a sequel to *Good Times*

and Bad to describe this meeting. Give a new title to your account.

Christmas Memories

Heather Glazer

The **best** Christmas I've ever had was the year that I thought I **wouldn't** have Christmas. In 1939, my father was overseas fighting in the war against Germany: my mother worked at a chocolate factory in a nearby town for twenty-five cents an hour. Sometimes she brought home bits of chocolate. It would be the only sugar we would have for days, since sugar was rationed during the war.

My brother, Billy, and I knew we weren't going to get any real presents that war year. Maybe in our stockings we would get an apple, an orange, and some hard candy, but nothing else. We knew, too, that we were going to get some Christmas presents from a local church, but some old hand-me-down sweaters and ratty old stuffed animals were not the Christmas gifts I wanted. There wasn't much food in our house. Even though my father was paid for "services rendered," there wasn't much for extras, just enough to put something in our stomachs.

A few weeks before Christmas that year, Billy and I made our lists to Santa, as we always did, though we knew that we wouldn't get anything that we wanted.

Our father, Sergeant William Lancel, was stationed in London, England. We received letters from him almost every week, telling us how he was. He told us stories about what had happened that day, saying that he'd be home soon and that he loved us very much. The stories were our only lifeline to him and we treasured those letters. We reread them for weeks after we received them.

A few days before the Christmas season, Billy and I started decorating our shabby house. We put our old wreath on the door, found a tree that we could chop down ourselves in a vacant lot, and started talking about the big day. At least Christmas had always been a big day in our house **before** the war began. Our mother was working at the time. I remember that

because she would have never given us permission to cut down the tree, had we asked her. We strung pieces of popcorn and garlanded the tree. Our antique heirloom ornaments, a legacy from my mother's mother, also adorned the tree. They shone brighter than the stars in the sky that night. It was a sight that took my breath away; I haven't forgotten it since.

Momma started cooking the next day. Since we were on a tight budget, we had only a small turkey, potatoes, stuffing, and vegetables. My father would always joke that when Christmas came around, we could feed about fifty people with what my momma would make. How times change from one year to another! Wartime is one of those times that bring a lot of things, very few things good.

On Christmas Eve we ate supper, went to church, came home, put out something for Santa, and went to bed. Christmas morning, Billy and I went downstairs knowing that we wouldn't have any presents. We told our mother that we didn't mind not getting any presents. It was a lie, but we'd do things like that for my mother to make her feel better.

What greeted us was beyond our wildest dreams! There were presents as far as I could see: a train set for Billy, dolls for me, as much candy as we could eat, and much, much, more!

"Momma, where did we get all these presents?" I asked curiously, astonishment in my voice.

"Well, I won't tell you; I'll show you!" she said, excited at what had happened.

As she spoke, my father entered the livingroom. He looked the same as he did when he left for war two years earlier. He had dark brown hair and a twinkle in his eye, and he was dressed in full military uniform. The only differences were a big cast on his leg and a few worry lines around his mouth.

"Pappa!" Billy yelled, running directly into my father's open arms.

"Pappa, what happened to your leg'?" I asked, giving him a great big hug.

"Well, I'll tell you," he replied, attempting to sit down carefully, so as not to hurt himself. "I was in battle when a strange-looking object got thrown over the barracks, into our hole. It turned out to be a bomb. I was lucky; most of my squadron was killed. After that, I was in a military hospital with other people who had injuries from the war."

"I'm glad that you only broke your leg, Papa—and nothing else," Billy said, hugging him tightly.

"We should all be thankful that Papa is here with us today," Momma said, giving her husband a kiss.

After that, our Christmas was perfect. Our family was together and the love in that house coloured the atmosphere a rosy pink.

— — —

Christmas Memories



Write answers to these exercises in your copy book.

A. Checking your understanding.

1. Discuss these expressions and then use each one in an **oral** sentence:
 - a. hand-me-downs
 - b. it was their lifeline
 - c. twinkle in his eye
 - d. services rendered

2. Write answers to the following questions.
 - a. Who is the narrator of the story?
 - b. In which war was the father fighting?
 - c. How long had the father been away at war?
 - d. Why was this a difficult time for the children?
 - e. What showed that the family cared deeply for each other?
 - f. How do you know the children were not from a wealthy family?
 - g. What might be on the children's list for Christmas?

B. Working with language.

1. Find adjectives from the story which describe the following nouns. Underline the adjectives.
Ex.: a chocolate factory.

Candy	season	wreath
house	church	ornaments
budget	people	dreams
uniform	object	hospital
lines	hug	hair

2. Select at least eight of the

descriptive phrases from # 1
and use each in a complete
sentence.

Ex.: a chocolate factory
My mother worked in a
chocolate factory for many
years.

3. Make a list of **action** verbs from the story. These verbs are in the **past tense**. Beside each past tense verb write the action verb in the **present tense**.

Ex.: worked work
 found find

4. Rewrite these sentences putting in quotation marks (" ") and all other needed punctuation.
- a. Momma where did we get all these presents I asked
 - b. Billy asked Pappa what happened to your leg
 - c. Well I'll tell you he replied I was injured by a bomb.
5. Rewrite the following sentences and put commas (,) where they are needed.
- a. In our stockings we would get an apple an orange and some hard candy
 - b. We had a small turkey potatoes stuffing and vegetables
 - c. Under the tree was a train set for Billy dolls for me lots of candy and many other presents
 - d. Father had dark brown hair a twinkle in his eyes a few worry lines around his mouth and a big cast on his leg
 - e. Billy and I put our wreath on the door found a tree that we could chop down and started talking about Christmas

C. Activities

1. Imagine that you are Billie's father.

Write a letter to Billie:

- a. while you are still at war,
- b. during your time in hospital,
or
- c. before you arrive for Christmas.

2. Reread the paragraphs about the preparations for Christmas.

Write dialogue between:

- a. Billy and his sister during the tree trimming.
- b. the children and Momma in the kitchen before Christmas
- c. Momma, Billy and his sister upstairs on Christmas morning.

3. Write about the best holiday (Christmas or any other) that you experienced.

Settling in a New Country

Shabnam Eltajaein

In June 1984, one week after I was married in Iran, I traveled to Germany to stay in my brother-in-law's house to wait for my Canadian immigration papers. Because of my husband's business, he had to be in Canada five days before me. He always assured me not to be scared and he added, "When you arrive at the airport in Canada just say, 'I can't speak English; please let my husband answer your questions.'"

I wasn't afraid at first. Then I thought that maybe there was something I should know that I didn't and that I should be scared.

The big day arrived. My plane landed at Mirabel airport in Montreal on a Sunday afternoon. When I came into the airport I saw a lot of passengers of different nationalities. More than ten serious immigration officers were serving people. I was in line for more than fifteen minutes and I didn't know where I should look. After a while, I watched the people on the second floor who were so happy as they waved their hands. When I focused my attention, I recognized my husband among all the people and I felt reassured.

The first officer sent me to another section. Every time, I would say, "Hi, I can't speak English. My husband is outside. Please let him come in and answer your questions." All of them would agree, but still they would ask some questions like: "How old are you? Why did you come here? Do you want to work?" I answered all of them because they were easy. Finally I took my luggage and came out. I met my two brothers-in-law for the first time and we felt happy.

On the way home, when I was looking out the window, I realized everything was so different from what I expected. The countryside looked deserted and I felt alone. However, downtown, every street, shop, restaurant and house looked identical and I thought I could never learn and recognize them and I would always

be lost in the city. What would I do? How would I handle it?

So many questions filled my thoughts at that moment.

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Settling in a New Country



Write answers to these exercises in your copy book.

A. Checking your understanding

1. Why was the writer worried?
2. What did each of these numbers refer to:

one	fifteen	five
two	second	first
ten		

3. Using complete sentences, list the sequence of events from the time the writer got married until she arrived in Montreal.
4. Why did the immigration officers question the writer of this story instead of her husband?
5. The writer states that things were different from what she expected. What do you think she was expecting when she arrived?

B. Working with language

1. Indicate the number of syllables in each of the following words. Divide each word into syllables.

Germany	immigration	luggage
nationalities	section	window
different	husband	always
finally	attention	people
airport	house	officer

2. Find and write the phrases from the story which begin with the following **prepositions**:
ex.: on my way home

in	at	of	on
after	into	for	

3. Finish these sentences in your own words:
 - a. When she came to Canada
 - b. When I looked out the window
 - c. After he left the building
 - d. Because of my husband's business

4. Reread paragraph 3 of the story. Make 5 questions to fit the information given in this paragraph, ex.:
"Where did your plane land?"
(My plane landed at Mirabel.)

5. Find and write all the **proper nouns** from the story.

C. **Activities**

1. Pretend you are the traveler from the airport and that you are looking out the window of the car as you drive to the city. Describe in detail what you see in the countryside. For your description, choose one of the four seasons: winter, spring, summer, or fall.

2. "The big day arrived."
Use this sentence to start your own story.

A Trip of a Lifetime

Jessica Lefebvre

My hike in the mountains of the Adirondacs in the United States was a trip of a lifetime.

In the summer of 1993, I heard from the other campers that there was going to be a big trip in the Adirondacs. When I heard this news I wanted to go too. I went to sign up the next day. When I went to the meeting, for some reason, there weren't that many people there. I was very surprised.

The next day we went and prepared for the long trip ahead of us. I was really scared and nervous. I met a few friends. There were twelve people going on the trip to the mountains. We had one hour to get the stuff and then we left on the five-hour trip. Finally we arrived at the Weredale Camp. My butt was so numb that when I got out of the van I was walking like a turtle. Very slowly!

We took all of our stuff out and started to walk on the first path. We walked for hours and hours. It was so long that I did not like it at first because I had forty pounds on my back.

The good thing about this trip was that the trees, animals, and the path near the lake were beautiful. Have you ever seen the movie, *The Wizard of Oz*? That was what it looked like.

The next day, we ate breakfast and decided to go to one of the biggest mountains. It was named Little Hay Stack. That day we climbed over three thousand feet. I will never forget that experience, not for the rest of my life.

We stood at the top of the mountain which had rocks but no trees. I just opened my arms and closed my eyes and felt the wind blow by me.

That evening we stayed up all night and had a party. We went skinny-dipping in the icy water from the mountain. I will tell you that when I went to bed that night I fell into a deep sleep. I dreamed about what the next days were

going to be like.

Next morning when I woke up it was pouring rain. When I stretched. I was in for a surprise. I did not realize that my sleeping bag was so wet. After we ate we left the campsite to go home. I told myself. "I have a wonderful story to tell."

— — —

A Trip of a Lifetime



Write answers to these exercises in your copy book.

A. Checking your understanding

1. What was her trip of a lifetime?
2. Why was she tired when they finally reached their destination?
3. What emotions did our writer say she experienced from the start of the trip to its end? (Try to identify 5 different emotions.)
4. What were two great parts of the trip?
5. How many campers went on the trip?

B. Working with language

1. Edit the following sentences. Rework them so there are fewer "ands."
 - a. The next day we ate breakfast and decided to go to one of the biggest mountains.
 - b. We stood at the top of the mountain and it had rocks but no trees.
 - c. I just opened my arms and closed my eyes and felt the wind blow by me.
 - d. That evening we stayed up all night and had a party and went skinny-dipping in the icy water from the mountain.
2. Rewrite each sentence and put interesting adjectives in the blanks.
 - a. There were _____ twelve people going on the _____ trip to the _____

mountains.

- b. The thing about this _____ trip was that the _____ trees, _____ animals and the _____ path near the _____ lake were beautiful.

3. Find and write 10 past tense action verbs from the story.
4. Write each of the verbs from #3 in the present tense.

5. Use each of the following words in your own creative sentences

campers surprised icy
decided nervous stretched
friends climbed mountains

6. Find 5 sentences from the story which begin with "I," Rewrite each sentence so that it **does not** begin with "I."
ex.:
I went to sign up the next day.
The next day I went to sign up for the trip.

C. Activities

1. Write about **your** "Trip of a Lifetime."
2. Pretend you have just reached the top of Little Hay Stack. Close your eyes. What do you imagine you would see from this point which is over three thousand feet high? Write a paragraph describing the view.
3. The last line of this story is, "I have a wonderful story to tell." Retell this story to a classmate. Be sure to get the events in the right order.

Journey to Kuujuaq

France Desrosiers

At seven o'clock on a September morning, my husband and I left for the airport. The departure was at eight a.m. The line-up was full of hunters wearing strange disguises, like a deep moving forest. They were loaded like mules with shotguns, cameras, luggage, and different containers to bring back their hunting trophies. Every person looked happy.

For two hours, through soft clouds, we flew with First Air. "We will land in ten minutes," said the Captain. Suddenly a wonderful wild country appeared. As far as my eyes could see there were big and small silver lakes, gray rocks surrounded by thick moss, rarely seen thin spruces, and coloured larches.

The first thing I noticed in the small town was that no trees were beside the houses, which were built on piles.

The people travelled everywhere by A.T.V. (All Terrain Vehicles); sometimes three or four men were on the same vehicle. The police are not very worried about seat belts and stop signs.

Another amazing thing was that each house had two tanks, one for water and one for toilet sewage. A red light indicated that it was time to put water in the empty container and to clean out the toilet container. When the truck driver serviced the water supply tanks, he had to be sure not to mix the two types of tanks.

All the children had marvelous smiles. Many adults saluted me, the stranger that I was. However, I did not see many senior citizens.

During that week I met different people from the small villages far from Kuujuaq. I learned an astonishing seafood recipe:

In a big pot put some seal meat or other fish parts. Let it stand in the pot for many days.

The tasting time then takes place. The look and smell of the meal for the newly initiated were very disgusting, but for the Inuit expert the recipe was a treat.

Also, I learned about the difficulties with alcohol, drugs, physical and sexual assault. Living with two cultures is not easy.

I saw many dogs. They all seemed to be exactly the same breed, the same colour, and the same shape, except for the proud sled dog. Before winter comes all loose-running dogs are destroyed. The cold season is cruel for the dogs. They have to stay outside without food. The Inuit do not have the same relationship with their dogs as we do.

During one week I improved my knowledge about Inuit people, their cooking, and the geography of the north. "Les voyages forment la jeunesse," my father told me.

On the return airplane trip I sat next to the window, but sitting beside me were two fragrant hunters. They had not showered for many days. It was strange, but the return trip seemed longer than the outward journey. Through the window, Dorval appeared to me like a verdant paradise.

Home sweet home.

— — —

Journey to Kuujjuaq



Write answers to these exercises in your copy book.

A. Checking your understanding

1. What happened on an early morning one September?
2. How long was the flight?
3. Describe the baggage of the hunters.
4. Why wouldn't the police try to enforce the seatbelt law in Kuujjuaq?
5. What is the most important responsibility of the truck driver for water supplies?
6. Did the writer learn much on her trip? If so, tell us about her newly found knowledge.
7. Why was the writer happy to be home?
8. What are some of the differences in the care of dogs between dog owners of Montreal and residents of the far North?
9. Why did the hunters look "like a moving deep forest"?

B. Working with language

1. Write **antonyms** for the following words:

departure empty different
difficult initiated disgusting
expert many
2. Write **synonyms** for the

following words:

fragrant disguises astonishing
vehicle showered trophies
proud types verdant
paradise

3. The writer has used many adjectives in her story. Find and write 10 of her adjectives.
4. Use each of the adjectives found in #3 in your own expressions. (You don't have to write complete sentences.)

ex.: silver a silver cup

5. Find 10 plural nouns from the story. Write both the plural noun and its singular form.

ex.: hunters hunter

C. **Activities**

1. The Inuit recipe from the story may have seemed strange to us. Write one of your recipes which might seem odd to an Inuit diner.
2. Imagine that you were sitting beside those hunters on your return home. Write the conversation you might have had with the two rather smelly characters.
3. Discuss the quote:
"Les voyages forment
lajeunesse."

Do you agree?
Write your opinions.

4. "Home sweet home"
Explain what this expression means.

Have you ever had an experience where you have said "Home sweet home"?
Tell about your experience.

The Experience of Meeting My Husband

Lan Guo

When I studied in the Library of Tijin Medical University in China, I met the man who would be my husband.

He was a doctor, so he went to my library often. His family name was Chao. Usually people called him Doctor Chao. He was a tall thin young man; his face was fair and clear. He was talking quietly, just like the other doctors whom I had met before.

At first he did not attract my attention. However, one day my partner asked me, "Why does Doctor Chao like to talk with you? He is such a very quiet person." Before this situation, I had never thought about it. Finally I decided to pay attention to him.

I found when I was reading, he always came over and asked me what I was reading. For my Library degree, I was required to take some medical courses so I read several medical books. We had a common subject for discussion. Usually he gave me some suggestions about my courses, or explained some questions to me.

One day he gave me a movie ticket, which his mother had given him. But, he didn't have any free time to go to the movie. To be polite, I accepted the ticket and put it in my book. I didn't touch it again.

After a week, when I saw him once more, I suddenly remembered the movie ticket. What could I say if he asked me about the movie? I thought quickly to myself. Before he opened his mouth, I hastened to apologize. I said I was very sorry but during the last week I had been so busy that I couldn't arrange a time for the movie. Then a smile appeared on his face and he said, "That's okay. Maybe next time we could go to the cinema together."

Soon he invited me to dine and see a movie.
From that time, I began to go on dates with
him. Three years later we were married.

— — —

The Experience of Meeting My Husband



Write answers to these exercises in your copy book.

A. Checking your understanding

1. Where does this story happen?
2. What did the two characters of the story have in common?
3. How did Dr. Cha get a movie ticket?
4. Why didn't the writer go to the movie?
5. How long did they date before they finally got married?
6. Write these sentences in the correct order:
 - a. Dr. Cha gave the ticket to his new friend.
 - b. Mrs. Cha gave her son a movie ticket.
 - c. Suddenly the writer remembered the ticket.
 - d. Dr. Cha and his friend went to the movies together.
 - e. The new friend didn't have time to go to the movies.
 - f. The writer put the ticket in a book.

B. Working with language

1. Write the adjectives which were used to describe Doctor Cha
2. Find 5 words in the story with **-ion**. Write the words and then use each word in a sentence of your own.

3. Find and write the 5 adverbs in the story ending in **-ly**. Make new sentences for each of these words.
4. Write the plural form of the following words:

library	question
man	ticket
subject	doctor
woman	

5. Rewrite each sentence using proper **quotation** marks, other necessary punctuation marks, and capitals where needed.
 - a. why does dr cha like to talk with you my partner asked
 - b. my friend said he is such a very quiet person
 - c. that's okay dr cha said smiling maybe next time we could go to the cinema together
 - d. thank you for the ticket I said politely
 - e. I am so sorry I said but I've been so busy I couldn't go to the movies

C. **Activities**

1. Write a short story to explain how you met a special person in your life.
2. Imagine that someone gave you a ticket for a very special event (hockey game, movie, etc.). Tell about the event and how you felt.

April 29th, 1996

Chris Harding

I was in the kitchen washing my hands when I heard three bangs. At first I thought it was a car backfiring so I didn't pay much attention to it.

My girlfriend came running down the stairs exclaiming that a police officer had been shot and was laying on the street in front of our house. I went upstairs to see and not knowing that Cathy had called 911, I also called. The officer put me through to Urgence Santé. The medic on the phone asked me to tell her about the officer's condition. I told the medic that I was still in the house and that I would get the mobile phone and go to the injured officer.

He was not moving at all. When I told the medic I was with the wounded man, she asked me where he was shot. I explained that I couldn't tell because he was lying on his stomach. She asked me to turn him over. I still couldn't tell but I told her that the man's sweater was full of blood around his chest. I tried to find a pulse in his neck and his wrist, but there wasn't any. His eyes and his mouth were wide open. I told the medic that I thought he was dead. She asked me if he had anything in his mouth. "Yes, he has gum." "Remove it," she instructed.

By this time a postal worker was helping; she removed the gum. The medic on the phone was about to tell me to start CPR when the first police car arrived. Time seemed to stand still while we were waiting for help. I could tell by the police officer's face, when I handed him the phone, that he didn't have much hope for his confrere.

All Cathy and I could do was pray for the fallen officer. Later that year, Officer Lalonde's wife and son came to thank us. We were touched to hear that his son was studying to become a policeman.

April 29th, 1996



Write answers to these exercises in your copy book.

A. **Checking your understanding**

Write answers to the following questions.

1. What was the author of the story doing at the time of the shooting?
2. Where (on his body) had the man been shot?
3. Who were the individuals who tried to help?
4. Why was it necessary to check the victim's mouth and remove the gum?
5. Do you think the death of his father influenced the young son to become a policeman? Explain your opinions.
6. Put these sentences in the right order of how things happened:
 - a. We prayed for the officer.
 - b. Cathy called 911.
 - c. I felt for his pulse.
 - d. Three bangs were heard.
 - e. I turned the victim onto his back.
 - f. The first police car arrived.
 - g. A postal worker tried to help.

B. **Working with language**

1. The author has used many examples of the past continuous tense, such as:

was washing
was lying
were waiting

was studying
was helping

Write your own sentences with each of the above verbs. Be sure you have two parts to each verb (**was** or **were** PLUS "**-ing**" word).

2. There are four examples of the possessive form in the story. Find and write them.
ex.: the **dog's** tail
3. Make a list of the words from the story which refer to the parts of the body. Learn how to spell these words.
4. Use your dictionary to find other words formed from the following words:

mobile	medic	office
injure	exclaim	sweat
instruct	post	

Write as many new words as you can for each of the base words listed above.

C. **Activities**

1. Rewrite this story as a play.
Be sure to identify the characters and settings.
2. Act out the play in your class.
3. Write this story as it might appear in the local newspaper.

Enchantment

Eileen Langevin

Fields of green, gardens of colours,
Clouds dancing in the wind.
Life so perfect, loves so strong.
Sitting under a willow tree with my true love,
Having the best picnic in the world.
Listening to the song of the robin.
Nothing on earth could destroy this
Enchantment.

— — —

Enchantment



Write answers to these exercises in your copy book.

A. **Checking your understanding**

1. Who is sitting under a tree?
2. What are they eating?
3. How do they feel? Why?
4. Describe the day.
5. Why is the poem called "Enchantment"?

B. **Working with language**

1. Make a list of the "-ing" words from the poem.
2. Show how you would use the above "-ing" words in complete sentences of your own.
3.
 - a. Find all the nouns in the poem.
 - b. Change the plural nouns to singular.
 - c. Change the singular nouns to plural.
 - d. Which word had a different way of forming its plural?
 - e. Which noun does not have a plural form?
4. Look up the meaning of "enchantment." Write the meaning. Use the word in a sentence to show the meaning.

C. **Activities**

1. Imagine that you were going to paint a picture of this poem. Tell what you would include in the

painting. (If you wish you could actually draw or paint a picture of your explanation.)

2. Think of what "enchants" you. Write a poem using several "-ing" words.

Thunderstorm

Lauren Stoddard

Lightening illuminates the sky.
Tiny drops of rain start to fall.
A blast of thunder rings in my ears.
More lightening; then the rain comes down harder.
It's beautiful, exciting. I can't take my eyes off the storm.
I stare at the water that has formed into puddles on the ground.
With every new bolt of lightening a different shape is formed.
The rain starts to die down, and stops.
There is no longer lightening in the sky.
The storm is over, though far away I hear
the distant sound of thunder.

— — —

Thunderstorm



Write answers to these exercises in your copy book.

A. Checking your understanding

1. Is the poet afraid of the storm?
Prove your answer.
2. Why does the poet stare at the water?
3. What happened?
Put these sentences in the correct order:
 - a. The storm was over.
 - b. Rain fell gently to the earth.
 - c. In the distance I heard the thunder.
 - d. Puddles formed on the ground.
 - e. The sky filled with lightning.
 - f. The thunder blasted loudly.
 - g. Harder and harder it rained.

B. Working with language

1. Using your dictionary, find and write out the definitions of these words:

illuminates	puddles
bolt	blast
2. From the poem, find and write the meaning of:

to die down	stare	distant
-------------	-------	---------
3. Write the words of more than 2 syllables. Divide the words and show the accented syllable using

the sign (').

ex.: illuminates il lu' min ates

4. "It's" and "can't" are examples of contractions. They mean "it is" and "can not."

Make a list of 10 other contractions and tell what each one means.

5. Underline the prepositions in each of these phrases:

of rain	at the water
in my ears	into puddles
off the storm	of lightning
on the ground	in the sky

C. **Activities**

1. Describe how you feel when there is a thunderstorm.
2. Write an article for your local newspaper to report on a storm which has hit your town.

Connection

Ryan Rosewell

I sit on the hood of my car,
staring up at the sky,
into the vast
endless
universe.
Billions and billions of stars,
shine brilliantly,
in the night sky.
The moon sits high above the horizon,
lighting up the streets,
and making the night sky a light grey.
I sit drifting,
drifting farther and farther from reality.
I sit thinking of the endless possibilities,
every imagined thought a possibility.
I keep thinking
how immense the universe is,
and wonder what this universe holds in store
for me.

— — —

Connection



Write answers to these exercises in your copy book.

A. Checking your understanding

Write answers to the following questions

1. Where is the poet?
2. What is he doing?
3. What is the "Connection" the poet refers to in the poem?
4. How does he describe the universe?
5. What does the moon do to the streets?
6. How does the moon change the sky?

B. Working with language

1. Match the words from Column 1 to Column 2.

1	2
vast	truth
wonder	cover
hood	immense
reality	think

2. Indicate the root word and suffix of each word:

endless	streets
thinking	brilliantly
reality	possibility

3. Find rhyming words from the poem for the following words:

flight	millions	sky
blast	fine	sheep

thunder spoon stood
floor stay

4. Use the words from #2 in complete sentences.

C. Activities

1. Rewrite the poem as a paragraph.
Make all necessary changes.
2. Find one of your own descriptive paragraphs.
Rewrite the paragraph into poetry form.

The Missing Dove

Jennifer Hammond

The moment I saw him, I could feel his sadness. He was tall, with dark features and a distinctive scar over his left eyebrow which gave him an angry and fearful look. I ached to do something to help him, but I couldn't. He was in his world and I was in mine.

His name was William. It was printed on some of the boxes. Watching him unpack his books in the living room of the newly rented house, I thought of my life when I had lived in this very town. I had been so happy. But my days on earth are over now. For a month now, I've been what you call an angel. So far I love it. It's beautiful here, so peaceful, truly heavenly!

William carried a box up the stairs and into the largest bedroom. He placed the box on the bed and, looking up, noticed the wallpaper on the far wall. He frowned when he saw the pattern of white doves on the wallpaper. After a minute, he looked down at the box, took out a framed picture and stared at it. I went a bit closer and saw the photograph of a man who closely resembled William. It could have been his brother. Suddenly William threw the picture across the room where it hit the wall. The glass smashed and pieces scattered everywhere. He sank to the bed and held his face in his hands. After a few minutes he rose and slowly began unpacking his clothes.

After a while, he went downstairs and came back up with another box. As he entered the bedroom, he glanced at the wallpaper and stopped still. Dropping the box on the bed, he walked slowly to the bird-patterned wall. Something was wrong. A dove was missing. He went to the empty space and ran his fingers over wall paper. Scowling, he looked around, noticed the window was open and closed it. Staring again at the wall, he looked as if he was planning to take down the wallpaper.

William brought another box into the house. In the kitchen a newspaper clipping fell to the floor. The headline, dated July 1987, read,

"Car Accident Kills Woman." The article stated that William and his wife had been invited by his brother, Chuck, for an evening drive. Chuck had lost control of his speeding car, which plunged seventy-five feet into the river below. Chuck and William had survived but William's wife died in hospital two days later.

I thought I could understand William's anger at his brother and his devastation at losing his wife. No wonder he looked sad. But what could I do to help?

When William awoke the next morning, he had a strange feeling. He looked at the wallpaper. Another dove was gone. He knew it had been there yesterday. After staring at the wall for a while, he went down the stairs.

This went on for weeks. Each morning another dove was missing, until one day there was only one dove left. That night William went to sleep expecting to see a blank wall when he awoke. In the morning he looked at the wall as soon as he opened his eyes. To his surprise, the dove was still there. But as he watched, something magical happened. From the printed bird on the wallpaper shone a bright light that turned into a beautiful white dove which flew around the room, then vanished through the window.

I watched as he stared after the dove, a look of wonder on his face. Then, breaking the silence, someone knocked at the front door. Still in a daze, William slowly went down the stairs. He opened the door. There stood Chuck. Without a word William opened his arms and embraced his brother. He suddenly understood the symbol of the doves—birds of peace. William knew that he loved his brother, and forgave him. Finally, the brothers were at peace.

I knew William would eventually come to his senses and forgive Chuck. Actually, I knew him all too well. After all, he was my husband.

The Missing Dove



Write answers to these exercises in your copy book.

A. Checking your understanding

1. Describe William's physical appearance and his personality.
2. How does the angel describe heaven?
3. What was strange about the wallpaper on the bedroom wall?
4. What happened in July 1987?
5. Who was Chuck?
6. Why did William break the photograph of his brother?
7. What was the symbol of the doves?
8. How did this symbol refer to William?
9. Who was the "angel"?

B. Working with language

1. From the story, find and write one word for each of the following **suffixes**:

-ly	-ive	-es
-ful	-ation	-ed
2. Make new words using the suffixes from # 1 (2 words for each suffix).
3. Make **compound** words by matching the words from Columns A and B.

A	B
wall	where
eye	paper
every	thing
some	brow
bed	one
head	room
under	line
news	stood

4. Explain these expressions:
 - a. in a daze
 - b. a look of wonder
 - c. come to his senses.

5. Add **-ing** to these words.
Make necessary changes.

lose	stare	plan
break	speed	live
clip	scowl	expect
miss	drop	

C. **Activities**

1. Research the dove.
Write a brief summary on your research.

2. Pretend you had read an article in your local paper, "Car accident kills woman." Write the article.

3. Do you believe in angels? State your opinions

What is White?

Lan Guo

White is pure and innocent.
White is romantic.
White is grace.

White is a bride's wedding dress.
It represents the girl's purity
And her new life is beginning.

White is snow.
She hugs the ground lovingly
And protects the growing seeds with her body.

White is a paper.
We can paint a beautiful picture on it,
Just like our colourful life.

White is the angel.
She is God's messenger.
She brings peace and happiness to us.

— — —

What is White?



Write answers to these exercises in your copy book.

A. Checking your understanding

1. Why do many brides choose white wedding dresses?
2. According to the poet
 - a. what is an angel?
 - b. what must angels do?
3. Discuss "personification" with your teacher and your group. The poet has given a wonderful example of personification. What is it? Describe fully.
4. Why do you think the poet believes that life is colourful?

B. Working with language

1. What are the 6 qualities which the poet uses to describe the colour white? (Qualities are nouns such as **patience, hope, love.**)
Note You may have to make changes in the words.
Ex.: hopeful - hope (from an adjective to a noun)
Use your dictionary for help.
2. What are 6 **things** or **objects** (common nouns) which are used by the poet to describe "white"?
3. Write the past tense of each of these verbs: like can bring is represent hug protect

like	can	bring
represent	hug	protect
is		
4. From the poem, find and write **3** examples of the possessive form

of nouns.

5. Which words in the poem have the following suffixes:
-ly -ing -ness -ful
Write the complete words and also their **base** or **root** words.
6. Create a list of as many words as you can think of which are colours
Learn how to spell these words.
7. Add 10 **new** vocabulary words representing colours to your list in #5.
Learn how to spell these words.
Make up sentences to use these new words.
8. The words in Column A are from the poem, Match them to the new vocabulary words with similar meanings in Column B.

A	B
dress	gorgeous
beginning	deliverer
picture	image
messenger	onset
hug	existence
beautiful	embrace
life	gown

9. Match the antonyms (opposites) in columns A and B:

A	B
white	guilty
peace	groom
colourful	death
happiness	sadness
bride	dull
innocent	black
protect	war
life	harm

C. **Activities**

1. Ask each member of your group to state: "I am (colour) today,

because. "

2. Choose a colour and write your own poem to give meaning to that colour.
Take your time and bring your colour to life.
3. Find, read, and share other poems or stories on colour. Use the library as a resource.
4. In what ways has your life been colourful? Write a short paragraph.

Spirit

Chris Harding

The sky is turning black
My mind can't find a word to frame the feeling,
So strong against my back.
I chance a glimpse of light to see,
A bearing there may be.
For a storm has set upon me,
So far, out at sea.
A little flash that splits the black will guide me
To be free,
For storms will come, and storms will go
So they ne'er bother me.

— — —

Spirit



Write answers to these exercises in your copy book.

A. Checking your understanding

1. What do you think is the meaning of this poem?
2. Based on your answer in question 1, what would be the reference to:
 - a. storms
 - b. a glimpse of light
 - c. out at sea
 - d. a little flash
 - e. the feeling
3. Why do you suppose that "storms" never really bother the poet?
4. Do you like the title "Spirit"? Why?

B. Working with language

1. From the poem find the rhyming words for **black** and **sea**.
2. Review your phonics. Find the words (from the poem) which have the following sounds:
ă ā ē ĩ ī ō ō ũ
Put the words under the correct headings and mark each vowel.
ă
Ex.: flăsh
3. What letters are replaced by the ' in **can't** and **ne'er**?
4. Work with your group to create

a list of new vocabulary words which refer to storms.

5. Learn how to spell the words from question 4.

C. **Activities**

1. Read this poem aloud to your group. Use your voice tone to demonstrate the feeling of the poem.
2. Reread the poem "[Thunderstorm](#)".
3. Have you ever felt as if you are "in a storm" or "out at sea"? Discuss these expressions. Write about the circumstances of your experience and explain your feelings.

Congratulations!

You not only have completed your workbook, you have also had an enchanting adventure.

Take pride in your accomplishments. Look once more at the contents of your Portfolio—all those wonderful writings. You have sentences, paragraphs, stories, letters, plays, and poems. Share your work with a friend. Keep the "Enchantment" alive!



A Record of Books Read

Student's Name _____

Title

Author

Date Read

I am becoming enchanted by books.

