

WESLEY AND THE WOLVES

by Jenny Phillips

THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL CURRICULUM



TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. QU	1
2. KN	10
3. OR Can Say /ER/	17
4. Sight Words: Group 1	23
5. Sounds of OO	31
6. Sounds of EAR	37
7. EY	45
8. Soft C and G	50
9. PH and TCH	57
10. O Can Say the Short U Sound	69



Chapter 1



The sun had just risen over the quiet valley, and rays of light danced around Wesley's home.

The squirrels darted quickly from tree to tree, and the birds chirped quite joyfully.

Wesley pulled off his quilt and jumped out of bed.



After saying prayers by his bedside, Wesley followed his usual morning routine. He quickly pulled on some shorts and ran outside, barefooted.

"Hello, sheep! Hello, squirrels! Hello, birds! Hello, sky!" he called as he dashed across the dew-covered carpet of grass.

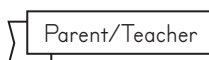
He then splashed into the gurgling stream for his daily morning dip. He sat down in his favorite spot where the water was the deepest. Refreshing coolness flowed around him, almost to his shoulders. He looked up and watched the pine trees waving back and forth gently in the breeze.

Ten minutes later, Wesley's mother called from the front door. "Wesley, time for breakfast!"



In the house lived Wesley, his little sister Alice, and their mother and father.

Wesley sat at the table and watched as his mother set a bowl of berries and cream, a quarter of a loaf of bread, a yellow square of butter, and a mug of sweet-smelling liquid in front of him.



“Wow,” exclaimed Wesley. “Thank you, Mother. This is the biggest breakfast I’ve ever had.”

“There’s a reason for that,” replied his mother with a sparkle in her eyes. “It’s a special day.”

“A special day?” Wesley wrinkled his forehead. “What do you mean?”

Wesley’s father cleared his throat. “Son, you are twelve years old now. We feel it is time for you to take on more responsibility.”

“Responsibility?” questioned Wesley. “What do you mean?”

“Well,” said his mother. “We think it is time for you to take our herd of sheep to the green pastures up in the mountains each day. You can start today after you milk the cow.”

Wesley was thrilled. He felt like a man as he gulped down his mother’s special fruit juice and chewed on the delicious bread. He had been waiting for this for so long.

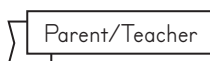




Wesley's cow, Queen, was calm and sweet-tempered. With big squirts, Wesley squeezed the white liquid into the pail until it was filled.

"Looks like about twelve quarts," Wesley said to Queen. "You give the best quality milk."

Wesley then scooped up some hay to feed to Queen and noticed a square of wood on the floor where he had taken the hay.



The square of wood was a slightly different color than the rest of the wooden floor, and the square seemed to be tilted just a little bit. Wesley got on his hands and knees and pushed on the wooden square. To his surprise, the square flipped down, revealing a little, dark hole. Wesley lit a lamp and set it beside the shallow hole.

"A key!" he exclaimed as he put his hand into the hole and grasped a heavy, golden key that looked old and worn.

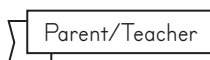
Wesley's first thought was that he should tell his father about the key. He put it back in the hole and put the square of wood back. However, he forgot all about the key when he saw his father next.





Later that morning, Wesley herded the sheep together and started leading them up to the pasture.

Wesley's little sister Alice decided to walk with him partway. They were great friends and hardly ever quarreled, but Wesley could be quite a teaser sometimes.



As the siblings walked together beneath the wide blue sky, they talked about the beautiful pear orchard their family owned. The pears were still green, but were getting big.

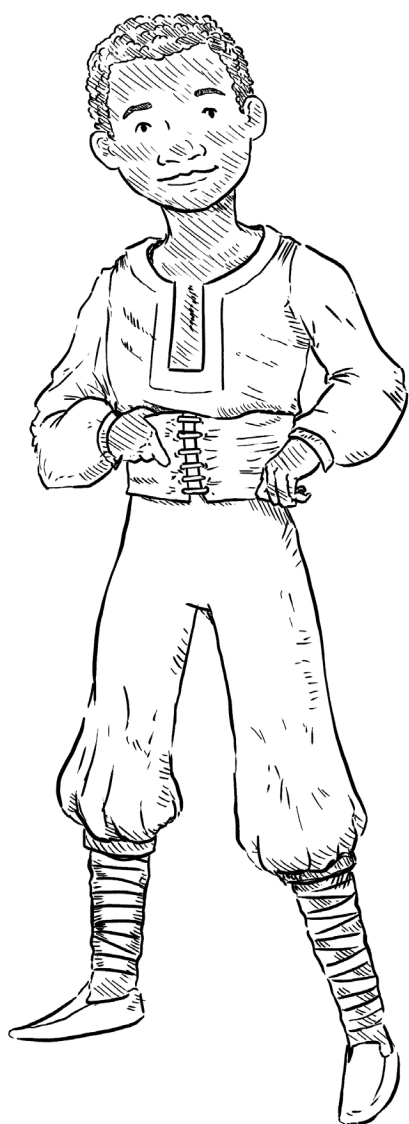
A quarter of the way up the trail, Wesley saw his friend, Arthur, who was his closest neighbor.

Arthur walked along the pathway with Wesley and the sheep.

"I have big news—HUGE news, HUMONGOUS news," Arthur proclaimed.

"What is it?" asked Wesley, giving all his attention to his friend.

"Well," began Arthur, "do you remember how we both want to learn how to read? Well, our village is going to have school at the town hall. They hired a school teacher, and school starts on Monday!"





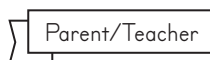
"School!" cried Alice. "Oh, that is the best news ever!"

"That's amazing!" cried Wesley. "I have dreamed of going to school."

Wesley stopped, and then he became quiet.

"What's wrong?" asked Arthur.

"I can't go to school," Wesley said quite sadly. "I have to take care of these sheep."



"Don't worry!" Arthur said in his usual cheerful voice. "Since most of the children in our village have to help their parents with the farms and animals and chores during the day, our teacher said he will start school mid-afternoon. You can make it in time if your parents let you bring the sheep home in the early afternoon."

"Oh, I'm sure they will!" exclaimed Wesley joyously. "They have always wanted a school here in the village for Alice and me. They never had the chance to learn to read, so they can't teach us about letters and words. Have you met the school teacher?"

"Yes, I have," replied Arthur proudly. "He's young. He told me that he has a special gift to give each student on the first day of class. I have no idea what it is."

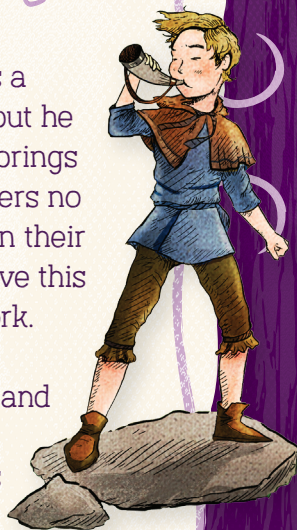


For the rest of the day, Wesley dreamed about going to school in just a few days.

“What could the special gift be?” Wesley asked himself. “I can’t wait to find out.”

WESLEY AND THE WOLVES

In this timeless tale, Wesley is a cheerful, good-hearted boy, but he likes to tease. When his teasing brings serious consequences, the villagers no longer trust him. How can he gain their trust again? Wesley wants to solve this problem, even if it takes hard work. He also wants to solve mysteries about two items he found: a key and a hidden door in a mountain! Kids will love following Wesley's story while learning new reading skills along the way.



ORIGINAL PUBLICATION