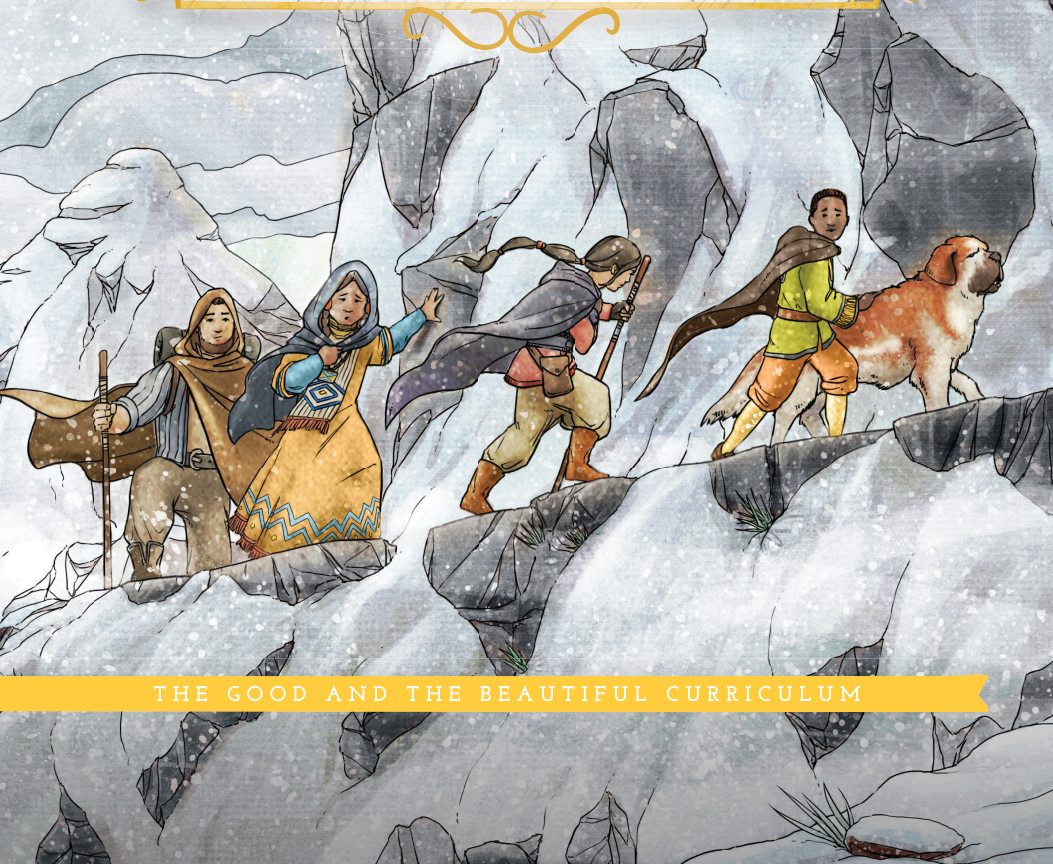




THE
JOURNEY
OF
FIVE

By Jenny Phillips



THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL CURRICULUM



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Chapter 1: Practice Page

PHONICS

Decoding

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

ai

pause

ar

car

au

pause

aw

saw

ay

saydgebadge

er

hergngnawighhigh

ir

bird

kn

knit

oa

boat

oi

oil

or

for

oy

boy

ph

phone

ur

turn

qu

quack

wh

when

wr

write

I Can Say the Long E Sound

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

triv*i*a

triv i a

medi*a*

me di a

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

malaria*i*

ma lar i a

magnolia

mag no li a



A can say /uh/

AR can say /air/

Lydia

Ly di a

Sophia

So phi a

Olivia

O liv i a

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

millennium

mill enn i um

chia seeds

ch i a seeds

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



Chapter 1: The Mystery of the River



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

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

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

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

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



STUDENT

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

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

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

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

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

 PARENT/TEACHER

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

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

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

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



STUDENT

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

“The river!” he gasped. “Its banks are bare!”

Finn’s parents were as surprised as he was.

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

“I have no idea,” replied his father.

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

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

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





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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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



■ ORIGINAL PUBLICATION

