

Lesson 34

1. Read chapter 13 of *Penrod and Sam*.
2. Write a one-sentence summary of the chapter.

Vocabulary

1. Match the definitions to the words. Write the letters and numbers of the matches on a separate piece of paper. (Answers)

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| 1. offensive boldness | A. interject |
| 2. depressing thoughts | B. sonorous |
| 3. resounding or echoing | C. barbaric |
| 4. a harsh, grating sound | D. guttural |
| 5. having or producing sound | E. impudent |
| 6. expressive of suffering or woe | F. plaintive |
| 7. primitive, or exceedingly brutal | G. resonant |
| 8. interrupting, to say something abruptly | H. broodings |

CHAPTER XIII. A MODEL LETTER TO A FRIEND

On Monday morning Penrod's faith in the coming of another Saturday was flaccid and lustreless. Those Japanese lovers who were promised a reunion after ten thousand years in separate hells were brighter with hope than he was. On Monday Penrod was virtually an agnostic.

Nowhere upon his shining morning face could have been read any eager anticipation of useful knowledge. Of course he had been told that school was for his own good; in fact, he had been told and told and told, but the words conveying this information, meaningless at first, assumed, with each repetition, more and more the character of dull and unsolicited insult.

He was wholly unable to imagine circumstances, present or future, under which any of the instruction and training he was now receiving could be of the slightest possible use or benefit to himself; and when he was informed that such circumstances would frequently arise in his later

[WHOLE CHAPTER IS INCLUDED – ALL READINGS ARE INCLUDED]

Lesson 70

1. Unusual vocabulary:

EP Sixth Reader Sample

- Scud – low wind-driven clouds, mist, or rain
 - rig'lars – British soldiers
2. Finish reading chapter 4.
 3. How did Harper shock the family? (Answers)

Vocabulary

1. How awfully **sublime**!
2. he seemed to be **soliloquizing** as he said
3. **portentous** warning
4. Write the words and their definitions.

CHAPTER IV continued

On the afternoon of the succeeding day, the party were assembled in the parlor around the tea table of Miss Peyton, when a change in the weather occurred. The thin *scud*, that apparently floated but a short distance above the tops of the hills, began to drive from the west towards the east in astonishing rapidity. The rain yet continued to beat against the eastern windows of the house with fury; in that direction the heavens were dark and gloomy. Frances was gazing at the scene with the desire of youth to escape from the tedium of confinement, when, as if by magic, all was still. The rushing winds had ceased, the pelting of the storm was over, and, springing to the window, with delight pictured in her face, she saw a glorious ray of sunshine lighting the opposite wood. The foliage glittered with the checkered beauties of the October leaf, reflecting back from the moistened boughs the richest luster of an American autumn. In an instant, the piazza, which opened to the south, was thronged with the inmates of the cottage. The air was mild, balmy, and refreshing; in the east, clouds, which might be likened to the retreating masses of a discomfited army, hung around the horizon in awful and increasing darkness. At a little elevation above the cottage, the thin vapor was still rushing towards the east with amazing velocity; while in the west the sun had broken forth and shed his parting radiance on the scene below, aided by the fullest richness of a clear atmosphere and a freshened herbage. Such moments belong only to the climate of America, and are enjoyed in a degree proportioned to the suddenness of the contrast, and the pleasure we experience in escaping from the turbulence of the elements to the quiet of a peaceful evening, and an air still as the softest mornings in June.

"What a magnificent scene!" said Harper, in a low tone. "How grand! how awfully sublime!—may such a quiet speedily await the struggle in which my country is engaged, and such a glorious evening follow the day of her adversity!"

Frances, who stood next to him, alone heard the voice. Turning in amazement from the view to the speaker, she saw him standing bareheaded, erect, and with his eyes lifted to heaven. There was no longer the quiet which had seemed their characteristic, but they were lighted into something like enthusiasm, and a slight flush passed over his features.

There can be no danger apprehended from such a man, thought Frances; such feelings belong only to the virtuous.

EP Sixth Reader Sample

The musings of the party were now interrupted by the sudden appearance of the peddler. He had taken advantage of the first gleam of sunshine to hasten to the cottage. Heedless of wet or dry as it lay in his path, with arms swinging to and fro, and with his head bent forward of his body several inches, Harvey Birch approached the piazza, with a gait peculiarly his own. It was the quick, lengthened pace of an itinerant vender of goods.

"Fine evening," said the peddler, saluting the party, without raising his eyes; "quite warm and agreeable for the season."

Mr. Wharton assented to the remark, and inquired kindly after the health of his father. Harvey heard him, and continued standing for some time in moody silence; but the question being repeated, he answered with a slight tremor in his voice,—

"He fails fast; old age and hardships will do their work." The peddler turned his face from the view of most of the family; but Frances noticed his glistening eyes and quivering lip, and, for the second time, Harvey rose in her estimation.

[WHOLE CHAPTER IS INCLUDED – ALL READINGS ARE INCLUDED]