

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



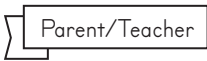
Chapter 1



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.

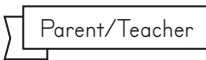
He then splashed into the gurgling stream for his daily morning dip. He sat down in his favorite spot where the water was the deepest. Refreshing coolness flowed around him, almost to his shoulders. He looked up and watched the pine trees waving back and forth gently in the breeze.

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.

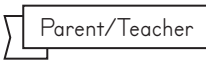
Wesley's first thought was that he should tell his father about the key. He put it back in the hole and put the square of wood back. However, he forgot all about the key when he saw his father next.





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.

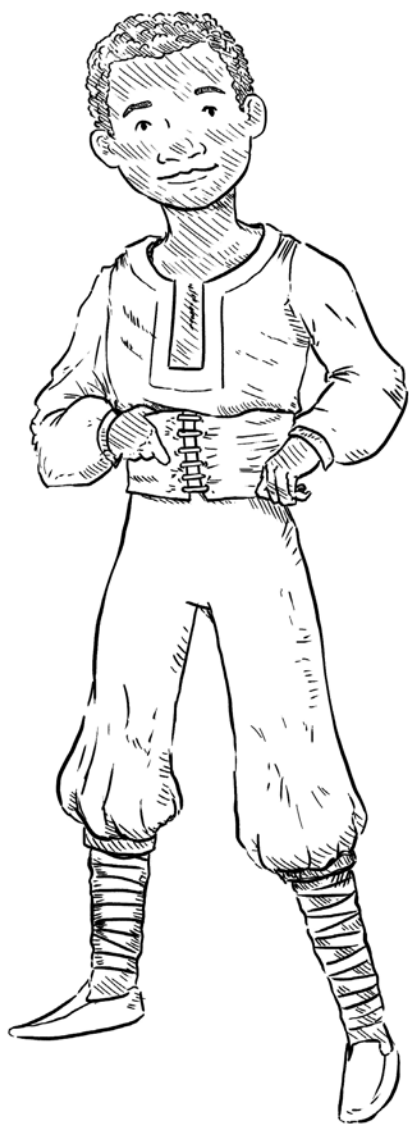
A quarter of the way up the trail, Wesley saw his friend, Arthur, who was his closest neighbor.

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!"





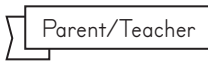
“School!” cried Alice. “Oh, that is the best news ever!”

“That’s amazing!” cried Wesley. “I have dreamed of going to school.”

Wesley stopped, and then he became quiet.

“What’s wrong?” asked Arthur.

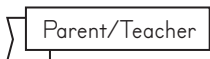
“I can’t go to school,” Wesley said quite sadly. “I have to take care of these sheep.”



“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.”

Chapter 3

Challenge Words:
field
group
pears
several

Student

OR Can Say /ER/

On Monday, the world seemed wonderful to Wesley. He had finished his work with the sheep and was leaving for his first day of school. From over in a field, his father waved.

Parent/Teacher

Wesley waved back and then hurried down to the village, holding Alice's hand. Arthur joined them along the way.

"Do you think our teacher still has a gift for each of us?" Wesley asked his friend.

"Yes, I think so," replied Arthur. "I can't wait to find out."

"Look! A bald eagle!" Wesley suddenly cried, pointing to a grove of trees.

"Where?" asked Alice, who loved bald eagles. "I don't see it."

"Made you look," Wesley said with a laugh.

"That's not really funny," Alice said.

"Come on," Arthur urged. "Let's go faster. I don't want to be late for the first day."

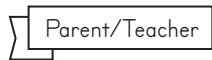
They finally reached the village hall. It barely held the 22 excited students.

"Welcome!" said the school teacher when everyone had quieted down. "I'm Mr. Duncan."



Wesley looked around. A world map hung on one wall. Books of many colors lined a shelf on another wall.

“We are first going to divide the class into two groups,” the teacher said, “a junior group and a senior group.”



Wesley waited for the teacher to say something about a special gift he had for each student. He did not have to wait long. Mr. Duncan plunked a heavy box onto his desk.

“I have something special for each one of you,” he began. “Place it on the edge of your desk, and I will explain why this gift is so valuable in a few weeks.”

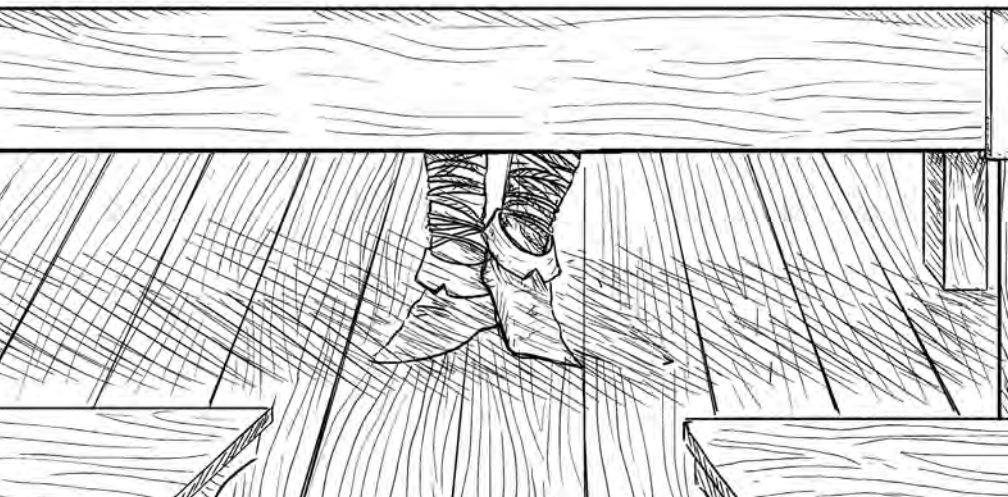
The room seemed to be holding its breath as the teacher opened the box. He pulled something out and put it on Alice’s desk. It was a rock.

“A rock!” Wesley was confused. It looked like just a plain, ordinary, smooth gray rock.

“I could find those any day down by the river,” Wesley thought. “Why does our teacher think these are so special?”

When the teacher set a rock on Wesley’s desk, Wesley picked it up. Yep! It looked just like an ordinary rock. He felt all around it and even tapped it on his desk. He did not see anything special.

“Maybe there is something inside of it,” Wesley wondered as the teacher began giving a lesson.





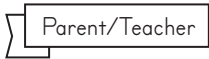
Wesley was excited as he left school. He had learned several letters that day, and his teacher said it would only be a few weeks until Wesley would be able to start reading words.

However, when he got home, his father looked worried.

“I have bad news,” he said.

“Did our cow get loose?” Alice asked.

“It’s worse than that,” Father said.



He held up a pear from their pear orchard. It was covered in brown holes.

“Codling moths,” Father said. “They have invaded the pears this year.”

“Oh, no!” Wesley said. “What are we going to do?”

“Well, we have to pick all the fruits this year and burn them. Then somehow we have to get a bunch of chickens.”

“Chickens?” cried Alice.

“Yes,” said Father. “The pesky insects will stay in the ground over winter. The chickens will find them and eat them, so we won’t have this problem next year. But that means we won’t have any pears this year—if we can even get chickens. We don’t have any money to buy them.”





Wesley frowned. The pears were a major part of their farm. In fact, without the pears, his family would not have money for things like flour, sugar, cloth, and candles.

The family had some savings, so they would make it through this year, but they had to prevent the moths from coming back next year.

Wesley made a worthy goal. "Somehow, I will find a way to help buy those chickens!"

Chapter 8

Soft C and G

Student

After a breakfast of apple cider, cereal, and slices of ham with a spicy sauce, Wesley and his father took the golden key and set out to find the door in the mountain. Father had the golden key in his pocket. The dawn was spreading gentle pink and orange rays of light across the green hills.

“I’m certain I can show you the place,” Wesley declared to his father. “I really did see a door in the mountain.”

Parent/Teacher

It felt wonderful to Wesley to be out in the cool morning with his father. Wesley felt sure that the door in the mountain contained the chest of gold.

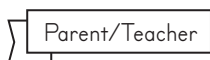
“We can buy the chickens we need to save the pear orchard!” Wesley thought.

When they came to the river above the pasture where Wesley watched the sheep, his heart beat with excitement. They were almost there.



Wesley was full of energy. He scanned the mountainside as they walked.

“There it is!” he cried, pointing to a group of tall bushes and a single wide tree. “The door is behind those bushes. I didn’t just imagine a door was there—I saw it when it was really windy and the bushes were blowing around.”



“I believe you,” Father said as he looked around. The river was still high and moving fast.

“We can’t cross the river now, Wesley. We need to wait for about two weeks. Now that summer is here, the water will really start to go down.”

“Can’t we build a bridge or go over on a raft or something, Father?” Wesley pleaded.

“I’m sure we *could* find a way,” Father said. “But it would take a lot of work to build a raft or a bridge, and it might even be dangerous. I know it is hard to wait, but it is only two weeks.”

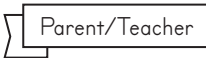
Wesley was disappointed. Two weeks felt like an eternity to him.



"I understand, Father," Wesley said, although he was disappointed. "I think we should—" Wesley stopped in the middle of the sentence.

"Look, Father! Do you see that giant hornets' nest hanging from the tree?"

Father nodded his head. "I see it. We are going to have to be really careful when we come back."



That afternoon, Wesley arrived at school. As he was walking up the school steps, he noticed that the girl in front of him named Cindy had a big poisonous spider crawling on her shoulder. It disappeared into her hair.

"A spider!" yelled Wesley. "I think it's a poisonous kind!"

Whirling around, the girl put her hands on her hips. "I am not going to fall for any of your teasing anymore, Wesley. My father was one of the men that ran up the mountain when you called wolf. Did you know that he left so quickly that he forgot to close the gate, and all the cows came in and trampled our corn patch? Don't tease me anymore."

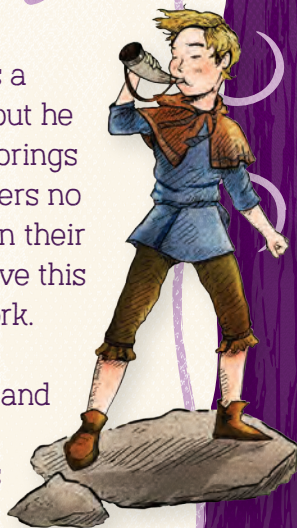
"But, I'm telling the truth!" Wesley cried.

The girl didn't listen, but a minute later, she screamed. The spider had bitten her. The teacher rushed her to the doctor.



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


The Good AND THE Beautiful
goodandbeautiful.com

