

### Extra Dictation Passages

We hope that you will encourage your children to practice writing each day. We understand, though, that there are some days when your children will feel... well, let's just say "uninspired." On those days, what should you do?

Should you just let them skip writing? Not if you want them to grow and excel as a writer. Mercilessly browbeat them into submission? Not if you want to keep your sanity! Instead, just assign one of the extra dictation passages below.

Your children will gain additional writing practice without the additional challenge of a regular assignment. You'll avoid a battle of the wills with a reluctant writer. Use the extra time you gain to discuss things with your children. Why are they feeling uninspired? Show them love and support and help them regroup in preparation to hit the ground running again tomorrow.

For your convenience, we have provided extra dictation passages for you to use over the length of this course.

### *Adam of the Road*

**pg. 17**

Adam and Perkin had been fast friends since they first saw each other. The master had lifted Perkin by the belt from the table where he was bent over a parchment, and said (in Latin, for all their talk in school was in Latin, which was hard for Adam at first): "Here's a new boy. Show him around and see that he doesn't get into trouble."

**pg. 74**

Godfrey gave a shrill shout. "Hugh! Come here! Minstrel's son says we can ride Bayard!"

Hugh turned and came back, carrying the blunt-ended ash-wood ole that they used for a lance. For the second time he and Adam looked squarely at each other.

Well, sir, Adam was saying within himself, I don't care so very much for you, but I like your crowd and I want to belong to it, I'll do my share and a bit over.

**pg. 118**

When they had eaten, Roger nodded to Adam, and he drew his fingers over his harp-strings. One of the clerks leaned back against the wall and crossed his legs. "Minstrels," he said to his companion. "Good. I'm not ready to sleep and we can't read unless we pay for candles."

**pg. 170**

"Help!" bellowed the merchant with a burst of noise that amazed Adam. "Help! Ho! Robbers! Ho!"

The servants took it up, and for a moment the woods echoed with their clamor. They made so much noise that Adam more than half expected a troop of horsemen to come galloping to their rescue. Nothing of the kind happened.

**pg. 229**

"But see here, he'd been looking, hadn't he? He'd come to Winchester and looked high and low without finding you. Now, maybe he'd think this way: he'd know you knew he'd got to go back to Sir Edmund for Christmas. He'd maybe think you'd gone to London instead of Winchester, after all, and he'd follow you there. Isn't that logical?"

**pp. 296-297**

"Horses!" snorted Robin. "Oxen are best for plowing. A horse eats a halfpenny worth of oats every night and a shilling of grass in the summer—and there's fodder and chaff besides. An ox doesn't cost a quarter that much. A horse has to be shod too—and that's about a penny a week. Oxen have better natures too—not nearly so hasty. Give me oxen any day."

### *Archimedes and the Door of Science*

**pg. 4**

Archimedes' mind was never still, but was always searching for something that could be added to the sum of things that were known in the world. No fact was unimportant; no problem was dull. Archimedes worked not only in his mind, but he also performed scientific experiments to gain knowledge and prove his ideas.

**pg. 41**

"In fact," Archimedes said firmly, "I have figured it out carefully, and there is no weight, anywhere, that could not be moved if enough force were applied."

He waved his arm grandly under King Hiero's nose. "Had I but another earth on which to stand, my friend," he said, "I could move this earth itself."

### *The Beduin's Gazelle*

**pg. 9**

It was said of Essafeh that his words were like milk, without fault. It was said that wherever he pointed his lance, his aim was always true. It was said that his hospitality was so great, the coffee grounds piled up before his tent like a mountain.

**pg. 34**

Arabic! Why had he set his heart on learning Arabic? The ideas were elusive, and every word had many meanings. Etienne's careful European mind led him up one blind alley after another. Where he longed for definition, there was playfulness. What he pounded into his brain as fact was revealed a page later to be poetic fancy. The Arabic of the texts he studied was nothing like Fez street Arabic and not much like the everyday language of his fellow students.

**pg. 41**

Etienne raised his eyebrows, and whispering asked, "The boy from the desert, the new student, is he a prince?"

"A prince among princes," the old man answered, nodding. "He is asleep, though his dreams are troubled, may Allah guard him. He is sick at heart, like a songbird in the hand... A captive dreaming of escape."

**pp. 71-72**

Atiyah closed his eyes, and just in that moment, he looked very old, startling Etienne. When he opened them, he continued: "We need more pasture for our flocks, if we are to stay on the sand sea. We need the clouds to stop and give us rain, so that the grass will grow, so that the goats and camels will fatten and multiply."

**pg. 82**

"One hundred years ago," said the caliph, "it was decided that the city of Fez would host the foremost university in the world. Renowned scholars spent endless hours searching out and collecting the finest texts, the most beautiful verses, the most complete and detailed histories."

**pg. 150**

As sheikh of the Beni Khalid, Atiyah sent one of Halima's younger brothers to ride at the right hand of the caliph Abu Yacub in his triumphal march between Fez and Tlemcen. This brother, a tough and wily warrior, fought in battles as far away as Spain for the Marinid Empire, to extend Islam among the heathen. But Atiyah and Halima never left the desert, because it pleased them to stay there, among their sons and daughters.

***Betty Greene: Wings to Serve***

**pg. 31**

As Betty left Mrs. Bowman's home, she prayed silently, "God, I've never heard of anyone who used flying to help spread the gospel message, but if You want me to fly for You, show me how to make it happen."

As she walked home down the gravel road, Betty's heart raced with excitement. God was in control of her future, and He would make things work out for good for her.

**pg. 66**

That evening was Betty's last night as a WASP. She was saddened by the news she'd just heard, and relieved that once again she had narrowly escaped death. As the moon shone down, lighting her path, she had a strange feeling that the unseen hand of God was guiding her and that He would continue to guide her in the dangerous situations she was sure lay ahead as she sought to put her flying experience to work helping to spread the gospel around the world.

**pp. 121-122**

About three months after her experience with the harmattan, Betty experienced another world—that of the sultan. She was flying Dr. Helser to Sokoto to discuss the doctor's work with the sultan there. By the time Betty had brought the Cessna to a halt at the airport in Sokoto, Dr. Helser had come up with an idea.

"Betty, you sound like you're very interested in the sultan. Would you like me to see if I could get you clearance to come with me and my two aides?"

***Black Horses for the King***

**pg. 7**

"I need big strong mares and stallions to breed the warhorses we need to drive the Saxons out of our lands and back into the sea," he went on. "Horses powerful enough to carry warriors in full regalia, fast and far. For it is the swift, unexpected strike that will cause havoc among the Saxon forces, unaccustomed as they are to cavalry in battle."

**pg. 64**

If, on my return, I caught snide looks and remarks, I had retained sufficient joy from the mass to ignore them. I would have thought that some of Cadore's men were Christian, for there were many monasteries in Cordovici, though I remembered some talk around the campfires about how many had divorced themselves from Roman ways when the legions had not come to our assistance.

**pg. 161**

Two days later, when I had put brand-new rims on those ten young horses, Firkin and I, in a large group of bowmen and slingshot mountain men under Manob's command, made our way to Camelot. I cast my eyes over every single foot soldier who made up that contingent; I almost wished that Iswy were among them so we could settle our enmity once and for all.

## ***The Bronze Bow***

### **pg. 27**

There are more coming to join us every day. Someday there'll be enough. Rosh asks of them all just one thing. They must hate the Romans, and be willing to go on fighting till the last cursed one of them is driven from the land and Israel is free. We live only for that. And so will you.

### **pg. 69**

Daniel stiffened. But he noticed, against his will, the heaving sides of the overridden animal, the streaks of foam on the glossy neck. The beast too was helpless in the hands of the Roman. He could not deny it water. He lifted the bowl and held it steady while the animal quenched its thirst.

### **pg. 87**

"It couldn't really be bronze," said Daniel, puzzled. "The strongest man could not bend a bow of bronze."

"Perhaps just the tips were metal," Joel suggested.

"No," Thacia spoke. "I think it was really bronze. I think David meant a bow that a man couldn't bend—that when God strengthens us we can do something that seems impossible."

### **pg. 111**

Suddenly words were echoing in his mind. "For each one of you is precious in His sight." Not scripture, but the words of the carpenter. That was what had confused him. Rosh looked at a man and saw a thing to be used, like a tool or a weapon. Jesus looked and saw a child of God. Even the old miser with his moneybag?

### **pg. 128**

"That's not the way," Leah said softly. She patted the lump on a flat stone, rolled it deftly with a flat roller which she took from the shelf, and handed him the thin circle of dough, ready to plaster against the wall of the oven. It gave off a delicious fragrance as it baked, and came from the oven crusty and satisfying.

### **pg. 193**

Much of all this Daniel watched with dismay. It was not for this sort of skirmishing that he had dreamed of raising a band. To him many of the exploits they boasted seemed childish. It had been his plan to wait, to train, to grow strong, and then to strike. This activity was like a fire lighted too soon. Would it burn itself out before the day had come?

## ***Catherine, Called Birdy***

### **pp. 15-16**

"Listen to me, my children," said the old woman then, "do not be like the stupid man. Know where you yourself are. How? By knowing who you are and where you come from. Just as a river by night shines with the reflected light of the moon, so too do you shine with the light of your family, your people, and your God. So you are never far from home, never alone, wherever you go."

### **pp. 36-37**

I was finally able to speak to Uncle George about my idea of going on a crusade to the Holy Land. It is too late, he says. Their own greed, cruelty, and stupidity defeated the crusaders, and the Turks have only to sweep them out like soiled straw.

Sometimes George does not sound like one who has worn the Holy Cross. He says he stopped being a crusader when he realized God could not be pleased by so much blood, no matter whose.

### **pp. 63-64**

There are no Jews left in England today, Thomas says. By order of the king they have all left the country. I find it hard to believe that the old lady and the little soft-eyed girl who stayed in our hall could be a danger to England. Is it blasphemy to ask God to protect Jews? I will ask Edward.

Or maybe not. Mayhap I will whisper it just to God and trust it is all right. God keep the Jews.

### **pg. 106**

"But, my dear," she went on, "I flap my wings at times, choose my fights carefully, get things done, understand my limitations, trust in God and a few people, and here I am. I survive, and sometimes even enjoy."

She smiled then, a lovely smile except for the cabbage stuck between her only two teeth. "You," she added, "must learn about wings, my dear."

### **pp. 165-166**

Father Huw said Mass and a lot of things about sinners and hellfire and how this should be a mirror to us all for we all shall die and none know when—but nothing about how Perkin's granny had the merriest eyes I ever saw. Or how although she was no bigger than Ralph Littlemouse's youngest, she always had a lap big enough for a crying child. Or how she made the best soul cakes in the village.

**pg. 183**

My mother is finally well, thanks be to God, and still carries the child. I might be made to marry by force, but I vow no one could make me have a child! Not only is it dangerous and uncomfortable, the child could grow into Robert. Or Geoffrey. Or Attila the Hun.

***D'Aulaire's Book of Greek Myths***

**pg. 36**

"Vainglorious girl, go on and spin your thread and weave your empty net forever," said Athena to Arachne, the spider. Athena was a just goddess and she could be very stern. She knew that the gods were great only as long as they were properly worshiped by mortals.

**pg. 49**

Artemis was angry with her brother when she returned and found her companion dead. But she could not stay angry with her twin for long, and he helped her hang Orion's image in the skies as a constellation so the great hunter would never be forgotten.

**pg. 62**

Every year, when Persephone left her, Demeter grieved, nothing grew, and there was winter on earth. But as soon as her daughter's light footsteps were heard, the whole earth burst into bloom. Spring had come. As long as mother and daughter were together, the earth was warm and bore fruit.

**pg. 72**

Prometheus could not bear to see his people suffer and he decided to steal fire, though he knew that Zeus would punish him severely. He went up to Olympus, took a glowing ember from the sacred hearth, and hid it in a hollow stalk of fennel. He carried it down to earth, gave it to mankind, and told them never to let the light from Olympus die out. No longer did men shiver in the cold of the night.

**pp. 158-160**

"What creature is it that walks on four feet in the morning, on two at noon, and on three in the evening," the Sphinx asked with a sinister leer.

"It is man," Oedipus answered. "As a child he crawls on four. When grown, he walks upright on his two feet, and in old age he leans on a staff."

***Escape from Warsaw***

**pg. 17**

"I am the prisoner," said Joseph. "I knocked out a guard and stole his uniform. Look if you don't believe me—here's my camp number burnt into my arm: ZAK 2473. I want you to hide me."

The number convinced them that he was telling the truth. They knew that if they were found hiding him they would die. But they were brave people and did not hesitate.

**pp. 25-26**

"You must have known that something like this might happen," said Mrs. Krause. "Did you never make any plans? Did you never fix a meeting place?"

Joseph thought for a moment. "Yes, as a matter of fact we did. We arranged that, if we were separated, we would try to make for Switzerland."

Mrs. Krause took his hands in hers and smiled. "There's your answer, then. Go to Switzerland, and with God's help you will find her there."

**pp. 152-153**

"Get to the point, Mr. Burgomaster. You want something out of me. What is it?"

"You're hiding Polish children here," said the Burgomaster, and he told him about the previous day's adventure on the road.

"Well, and if I am?"

"They must go home like the rest."

**pg. 191**

Ruth was feeling sad and disheartened when she said good-bye to Joe. They had come so far and now that their goal was within sight it seemed harder than ever to reach. She thanked him from the bottom of her heart for all his kindness.

***The Great and Terrible Quest***

**pp. 4-5**

Nothing in Trad's short and difficult life had yet managed to teach him not to rush to the help of anyone in trouble, and without stopping to think he left his shelter and ran to the man's side. Since he lay without movement the boy turned the heavy head towards him and saw through the tangle of white hair a face which was nearly as white, and lips that were cracked with thirst.

**pg. 38**

For a moment Trad could say nothing. The last woman to hold him in her arms must have been his mother, and it seemed in that moment that he was a little boy of four again, held in the loving arms of his bright dream world. Then he realized the truth and it was almost as bright. Here was someone who called him friend and welcomed him with love.

**pg. 93**

"The king had a son, but he is probably dead. If *he* had a son—Heaven help him! The Lords Regent have long arms. I wouldn't myself give two farthings for his life." He stopped, his expression a curious mixture of doubt and hope. "*If* he lived—what a King that might be! A *king* who had lived among the people and knew something of their lives, their needs and their miseries!"

**pg. 130**

As long as the poor were protected in their few rights and possessions by the Law or custom of the land, administered with more or less justice and mercy by the King and his lords, they could be content enough plodding through their lives in the humble hope of reward in Paradise, helping each other from both fellow-feeling and Christian teaching. But in a land where the Law had become nothing but the will of a few greedy wicked men there was no protection for anyone. Nothing was safe, neither their lives nor their goods, and so every man thought of himself only.

**pg. 154**

"But if he had been *nice* to me, he could have been sure I would do anything he wanted," Trad argued.

"How would such as he think of that?" said Marlo scornfully. Then thoughtfully, "And indeed it isn't even true. Did your mother do *everything* he wanted? The wicked can only bind people to them by fear."

**Hittite Warrior****pp. xvi-xvii**

My story will tell much of that little strip of land called Canaan to the south, between us and the accursed land of Egypt, which was only a name to me when I was a child. For all the wealth and all the armies and all the glories of the nations have passed through that little land and probably always will; and the story of the kings of Canaan is the story of the world.

**pg. 31**

"Here in Canaan," he said, "it is necessary for a man of position to read and write. It is not as it is in Great Hatti, where the sacred picture writing is a mystery in itself. Here we have an easy way, only twenty-two signs, from which all words may be formed. You will learn quickly."

**pp. 102-103**

Soft murmurs and even sobs rose among the people while the song was sung. Barak stood like a god himself, and it did not matter any more that he was not tall. And suddenly I knew what their secret must be. For this, I was sure, was a battle song, to be sung only in time of war. Jotham had said they had no leader. It seemed that they had found one.

**pg. 144**

And for the first time I saw my chariot. It was not mine alone, for it was a heavy Hittite car for two riders and a driver. This was the great weapon of the Hittites, perfected by them and once used in the conquest of half the world, even to the borders of Egypt. It was sheathed and shafted with bronze and had swift round wheels, made more deadly by the sharp, costly iron scythes that stood out from them.

**pg. 205**

"The true king," the Lady Merris said. "Long ago I prayed to Aton that I might see the true king before I died. He has answered my prayer. It is a sign to me. I will commit no act of shame before him."

**The Ides of April****pg. 8**

Again Camillus went on ahead, and Hylas followed him to the gates of his master's house, wondering what made men so different and gave some the light touch of an artist on a stringed instrument in their dealings with people, and others the consideration of a drunken man blundering in the dark.

**pp. 36-37**

"Why?" he asked Varro, looking up at the man, feeling sick and shaken and very small. "I'm putting you both in danger and you're not a rich man, you can't afford the risk of sheltering an escaped slave."

"Perhaps I'm the sort of man who saves unwanted puppies from drowning and then gets left with them. There's another reason, but perhaps I'll tell you that later."

**pg. 74**

"You'll be in some tight spots in your army days, sometime. You know what old hands say: make the dangerous job seem normal and nothing to fuss about and the recruits won't have the sense to know otherwise."



**pp. 102-103**

"Some people call us Christians. Our God is one who gives because he wants to, because that's what he's like, and all the children a father gives to are brothers then, aren't they? You have to look out for your brother, and you can't always work out what that's going to cost first. Still, you can trust your father to keep an eye on both of you."

***In Search of Honor***

**pg. 16**

"My father would have told you that what you hold in your hand was never simply stone," I said, warming to the subject of my art. "He taught me that in every block of marble there is a living face of figure waiting to be freed; the sculptor's job is simply to release the captive from the unchiseled stone that binds him."

**pg. 30**

"Take it to Charpentier's when you are done," he said. "I will see you there." He bowed politely and went out. I stood a moment, wondering if perhaps I had misjudged the man. At the time, I did not realize that for men like Danton, an act of kindness is merely a means of manipulation.

**pg. 99**

"He may be weak, but he is yet strong enough to be dangerous," said Robespierre.

"Louis—dangerous?" Danton laughed. "We shall have him eating out of our hand before the summer's end."

"Don't be so sure," said Robespierre. "A man who has enjoyed absolute power does not easily relinquish it."

**pg. 124**

"I know better than you think, Jacques," he said. "I know that there is a high price for the praise of men, and I know that once you have it, you must then live in constant fear of losing it—as one day you will. And when it is gone, there is nothing left, nothing but a cold and black despair."

**pg. 132**

So you see, Jacques, I do know what it is to be young and to be ambitious. I know as well the anger one can feel when he is forced to suffer at the hands of unjust men. But I have learned that through Christ I can rise above any of life's circumstances. It is this lesson that I want to leave with you, this lesson and my family's greatest treasure.

***It's a Jungle Out There!***

**pg. 21**

Machiguenga adults don't swim just for the fun of it. To them a river is a faucet, a laundromat, a fish market, a highway, a bathtub and a toilet. Not necessarily in that order, unfortunately. Only to us white outsiders was it a fabulous swimming hole.

**pg. 198**

"See," they soberly reminded each other, "the souls of the dead never want to go alone. The third day after they die, you have to be really careful of they'll get you."

Even those who genuinely wanted to believe in the power of God over spirits and souls were shaken by the graphic reality of their recent experiences.

***Leonardo da Vinci***

**pp. 5-6**

The remarkable thing about Leonardo was that he was interested in everything. Centuries before anyone else had even started to guess about many subjects, Leonardo seems to have known a good deal about them.

**pg. 36**

Artists of the fifteenth century depended on rich people even more than ours do today. In effect, they had to hire themselves out to private persons. They became attached to the family of some great house. It was not like being a servant exactly, but it was something like it.

**pg. 144**

Leonardo developed a tremendous respect and wonder for life itself. How marvelous was a living body! In cunning and beauty, it outdid the most cunning and beautiful engine that any man could ever contrive. Finally, Leonardo came to a most advanced conclusion—that to destroy life is stupid and wicked.

**pp. 149-150**

The old Pope, Julius II, had been growing uneasy for some time, as well he might have been, because of the growing power of Louis XII of France. Julius II became definitely worried when Louis defeated the Venetians. It did not suit his ideas to see that powerful Italian state controlled by a French king.

***Luther: Biography of a Reformer***

**pg. 24**

Luther had put behind him the world he could no longer face. He had gone through the gates to a world where he hoped to make peace with God. Martin Luther had decided to become a monk.

**pg. 55**

"Something must be done!" Luther said. Following the custom of the day, he decided to bring these matters to the attention of the church officials by inviting his fellow professors to a debate. He therefore put his thoughts into writing. When he was finished, he had written the *Ninety-Five Theses*, or ideas. In them he objected to using indulgence money to build a great church in Rome and to the pope's claim that he had power over souls in purgatory.

**pg. 121**

Luther was determined to produce a translation that would speak the language of the common people. He decided to start with the New Testament. He worked steadily for three months, carefully translating the Greek text into the German that the housewife, butcher, and baker could understand.

***Mara, Daughter of the Nile***

**pg. 1**

The city that rose beyond them shimmered, almost drained of color, in the glare of Egyptian noon. Doorways were blue-black in white buildings, alleys were plunged in shadow; the gay colors of the sails and hulls that crowded the harbor seemed faded and indistinct, and even the green of the Nile was overlaid by a blinding surface glitter. Only the sky was vivid, curving in a high blue arch over ancient Menfe.

**pg. 47**

Sheftu's black brows arched. But he said only, "Then you must see it later. It's not difficult to find. The queen has caused a highway to be built—at what cost I wouldn't dare guess—from the river straight across two miles of desert and valley to the temple's first terrace. A great stone avenue it is, lined on each side with sphinxes. And each sphinx has the head of Her Gracious Majesty."

**pg. 92**

"Then here is the message. Tell him he must journey to the River of Darkness, as we talked of long ago. He must take the treasure of him who sleeps there, even the royal cobra from his brow and the collar of amulets—"

"River of Darkness?" Mara choked on the words.

"Aye. He must take from the dead the gold Egypt must have to live! He must go down into the land of night and bring it forth to me."

**pg. 150**

The temple's dim quiet ended abruptly as Sheftu stepped into the noise and dust and mingled odors of the outer courtyard. It was like plunging into another element, and the shock steadied him and dissipated his wrath.

Fool, anger gets you nowhere, he told himself as he gathered his horses' scarlet reins and popped the whip over their flanks. Let her have her obelisks—she will soon have nothing else.

**pp. 217-218**

An hour later he was crossing the worn stone wharfs to the *Beetle's* anchorage. Nekonkh hung over the gunwale, his arms propped wide, his shoulders burnished copper in the brilliant sunlight. Every line of him spelled anxiety. Sheftu stepped into the cool shadow of the hull, swung onto the rope ladder and climbed up through the blue-green dancing reflections into the glare of sun on deck.

**pg. 270**

"My death will be as nothing to them. It will be as a stone thrown into the Nile in the time of inundation! Do the waters stop for a stone? The plans are made, Hatshepsut, and the hour is near. You will know your enemies when they strike."

***Mary, Bloody Mary***

**pp. 1-2**

Anne beguiled my father and seduced him. She transformed him into a man so unlike his former self that even after she had lost her diabolical hold on him, my father was never again the king he had once been. Because of this evil witch who called herself queen, I lost everything: my rightful place in the circle of my family, my mother's loving presence, my father's devoted affection, my chances of a fruitful marriage. And I came close—very close—to losing my own life.

**pg. 17**

"A princess is a valuable tool for forging alliances between kings and kingdoms. You must not concern yourself with it, Mary, because you have no say in any of it. Your mother, the queen, had no say when her own father, King Ferdinand of Spain, betrothed her to Prince Henry. These are the affairs of men, and especially of fathers, and most particularly of kings."

**pg. 89**

Furious, the king leaped to his feet. "What difference does it make to you, Mary? You are a woman and not fit to rule England! And the people of this country will not allow a foreigner to rule for you as your husband. You are as obdurate as your mother and I curse you both!" King Henry pounded on the table with his fist, setting the goblets jumping. "I-must-have-a-son!" he roared.

**pg. 132**

"There's more bad news for the king," Chapuys continued. "The pope has again refused to grant a divorce and has declared Henry's marriage to Anne invalid. In the eyes of the church the baby to be born in less than three months will be illegitimate."

***Mystery of the Roman Ransom***

**pg. 11**

"You have it wrong. In a Greek book all of the dates are Greek dates. The Romans begin their years with the founding of Rome, and the Greeks theirs with the Olympiad, which was twenty-two years earlier."

**pg. 18**

"Is he a cyclops?" Antonius cried.

"I think he's a former gladiator," the old man said. "He wears a wooden sword—the sign that he was released from the arena."

**pg. 52**

An axiom is a principle that is immediately evident and needs no proof.

**pg. 53**

Xantippus sighed. "Euclid was the greatest mathematician of Greece. In his famous *Elements of Geometry* he established that there is only a single straight line between two points. That is an axiom."

**pg. 191**

Caius's friends were puzzled. They thought Caius still was suffering from his experiences in the catacombs. He was a tough, brave young Roman, to be sure, but one night in the catacombs could make even a grown man fainthearted.

***I Am David***

**pg. 10**

He ran all the time, sometimes fairly slowly so that it took him hours to go a short way, sometimes so quickly that he felt his blood pounding. Every morning with the first glimmer of daylight he lay down to sleep. It was not very difficult to find somewhere to sleep in that sparsely inhabited district. David had no idea what the countryside looked like; for him it was only a place where he must run through the night and hide by day.

**pg. 100**

The strange boy looked astonished. "Why don't you fight then?" he asked crossly.

"Because if I hit you back, I'd be no better than you are. I'd be just as rotten and worthless, and I'd have no right to be free."

**pg. 132**

Being able to use words properly was a great advantage, for the more words you knew the meaning of, the better you could think. And besides, it was important when you were talking to people: they were not so surprised at what you said if you used the right words.

**pg. 218**

David breathed deeply, hardly noticing the cold bite in the air. He was David. He was free and strong. He was on the move again, but this time he knew where he was making for. There might be many difficulties ahead before he reached his goal, but difficulties could be overcome. He still had one more promise of help left over from God, and he had the dog who was going with him of its own free will. The long winter had passed, and he was going down to meet the spring.

***The Phantom Tollbooth***

**pg. 14**

As the announcement stated, it was a beautiful map, in many colors, showing principal roads, rivers and seas, towns and cities, mountains and valleys, intersections and detours, and sites of outstanding interest both beautiful and historic.

"I don't think there really is such a country," Milo concluded after studying it carefully.

**pg. 77**

'Words and numbers are of equal value, for, in the cloak of knowledge, one is warp and the other woof. It is no more important to count the sands than it is to name the stars. Therefore, let both kingdoms live in peace.'



**pp. 118-119**

"Why don't they live in Illusions?" suggested the Humbug. "It's much prettier."

"Many of them do," he answered, walking in the direction of the forest once again, "but it's just as bad to live in a place where what you do see isn't there as it is to live in one where what you don't see is."

"Perhaps someday you can have one city as easy to see as Illusions and as hard to forget as Reality," Milo remarked.

**pg. 168**

"To be sure," said Canby; "you're on the Island of Conclusions. Make yourself at home. You're apt to be here for some time."

"But how?" asked Milo.

"You jumped, of course," explained Canby. "That's the way most everyone gets here. It's really quite simple: every time you decide something without having a good reason, you jump to Conclusions whether you like it or not. It's such an easy trip to make that I've been here hundreds of times."

***A Proud Taste for Scarlet and Miniver*****pg. 24**

Eleanor arranged both weddings. She arranged everything. She was not shy about making decisions, about giving orders, about receiving homage or receiving gifts. Eleanor was as much at ease arranging a ceremony as she was arranging her dress. She knew what she wanted, and she had the energy to do it all. Indecisiveness wears a person out. Eleanor was never weary.

**pp. 50-51**

At last they reached Constantinople. There have been glorious cities and beautiful ones before and since Constantinople, but nothing in all of history has ever matched its magnificence. Ancient Athens was beautiful but austere. Rome was great but governmental. Constantinople was gay, and it glittered. It was as if the whole city had been lifted in a piece and then dipped into a rainbow. But not a pastel rainbow, a rainbow of undiluted color.

**pg. 96**

Everyone began to appeal to the King's court, and Henry had clerks record what happened. When people came with a complaint similar to an earlier one, Henry would check the records and see how the matter had been settled before. In that way everyone received the same treatment under the law, a law common to everyone, the English Common Law.

**pg. 132**

Queen Eleanor was a generous ruler and hostess. Her court at Poitiers was open to everyone, and everyone came. Poets and troubadours came; cousins came, dozens of cousins from the Aquitaine who were happy to have a headquarters again. Second sons of famous dukes and barons came; they had no money and no skills. Besides these cousins and second sons, there were the queen's own children, seven in all, plus the girls her sons were to marry. The castle at Poitiers was nursery, home, school and seat of government.

***The Samurai's Tale*****pg. xiv**

I lived during a time when the word *peace* had little meaning, when the great lords of Japan fought over that country like dogs over a bone. A time when blood flowed like rivers and no man knew at sunrise if he would be alive when the sun set. A world filled with treachery and hate, tortured by the vanity of men who wished to rule over others before they learned to master themselves.

**pg. 18**

"Impoliteness, Taro," Togan would say, "marks you as a fool, for it takes away from you an advantage and gives you none in return. On the other hand, excessive meekness and modesty may make others distrust you and suspect you of being a schemer not worthy of their confidence."

**pg. 76**

There is nothing that can make a man feel more alive than to have been near death. Suddenly you realize what a precious gift your life is, and your eyes open to the beauty of the world around you. Such were our feelings as we traveled on. Once in a while we would glance at each other and then smile contentedly.

**pg. 126**

"When will this war burn itself out?" I stepped back a little. The flames were hot, and I was getting scorched.

"Soon, I should think," Kansuke pointed into the fire. "The hotter it gets and the higher the flames, the sooner it will become ashes. We live in a time that men will talk about when we are long since turned into Buddhas."

**pg. 234**

The tale of the parentless child and the young samurai has been told. What happened later may also be worth the telling, for honor demanded that I attempt to avenge my master. The prayer says that "in the raging fire of the world, there is no peace." Yet that is not altogether true, for in the love between two human beings that fire can be quenched and peace may be found.

## ***Shadow of a Bull***

### **pg. 6**

There have always been five things that people fear: war, disease, flood, hunger, and death. And of these, death has always been feared the most.

In Spain, however, people have found a way of cheating death. They summon it to appear in the afternoon in the bull ring, and they make it face a man. Death—a fighting bull with horns as weapons—is killed by a bullfighter. And the people are there watching death being cheated of its right.

### **pg. 27**

“The bull will fight for his life, and he will die in battle. And that’s how he’d choose his death if he had a chance to choose: in hot blood and not in the miserable slaughterhouse where he can’t fight back.”

### **pg. 48**

He did all this alone and in secret, afraid of being discovered. He still knew that he was a coward, but he also knew that he was working at overcoming his cowardice.

At ten, like everyone else in Arcangel, Manolo Olivar was waiting for the day, when, in two years, he would face his first bull. Like his father.

### **pg. 77**

“You see,” Manolo said, feeling more at ease now with this boy who seemed to understand, “I don’t want to make a great mess of things. I know I can’t be as good as my father, but I don’t want to disappoint them so much that they are ashamed of me.”

### **pg. 117**

“And make the bull a little one to me, and very big to them; and make him not hate, but make him think that I am only playing with him. And if possible, please, don’t let them make me kill the bull. If you could arrange it, dear Mother of God, so that I may be hurt before I have to kill the bull, please do that. Or make the bull so brave that they will leave him alone. So very brave that they will let him live.”

### **pg. 136**

The animal seemed to shoot out of the darkness, its black skin shining in the sun, its hoofs thundering louder by far than the beating of Manolo’s heart. He did a veronica, and he knew he had done it right even before the *olé* rang out. He had been very close, and the cape had moved slowly and smoothly just in front of the bull’s head.

## ***The Shakespeare Stealer***

### **pp. 34-35**

“A hare” I said, shaken. “A ran across me path.”

“That’s all? From your face, anyone would guess it was a dragon at least.”

“Do you not ken it’s bad omen?”

“I take no stock in omens. Men make their own fates.”

“Not ‘prentices,” I muttered.

### **pg. 71**

“Aye, by these bones, I would,” I lied earnestly. In truth, aside from wanting to escape a beating, or wanting a meal, I had scarcely ever given any thought to what I wanted. No one had ever asked.

“Ahh, he’s as full of lies as an egg is of meat,” Jack, the cannoneer, said.

“I believe him,” a voice beside me said.

### **pg. 132**

I had no doubt that what my master, Simon Bass, was asking me to do was wrong. And if I took the script, I would have betrayed my fellows. I had no desire to do so. I had been alone and friendless a long time and had accepted it as my lot. But in the past weeks, I had learned something of what it meant to have friends, and to be a real ‘prentice, not a mere slave. It was a piece of knowledge late to come and hard-won, and one I did not wish to forget.

### **pg. 179**

I had always thought of Whitehall as being just that—a large hall, painted white. But what lay before us was more in the nature of a small, walled town. I gawked about me like the greenest lad as we were escorted to a massive square hall with a lead roof and high, arched windows. Within, the hall was as grand as the grandest cathedral.

## ***Snow Treasure***

### **pg. 13**

“So you wouldn’t mind if you met an enemy—one that carried a gun?”

Peter was breathless. His eyes were bright. This was the way Uncle Victor lived! There was excitement wherever he was!

“And you wouldn’t tell, would you, Peter? They could pull your tongue out and you’d never say a word that would hurt your country?”

**pg. 35**

"On you, to an extent, depends the welfare of your country. If you do what you're told and do it right, you'll be helping countless Norwegians—not only the soldiers in the army but the people at home."

"If you children win out, the enemy that today has invaded a peace-loving, unoffending country, will have less gold and so, fewer guns and less ammunition and food. Also, fewer opportunities to use our wealth to bring suffering and death to our people," Uncle Victor declared.

***Theras and His Town***

**pg. 18**

They reached the school. It was a little place with only about thirty boys in it; for there were many different schools in Athens, and all were small. They usually consisted of one large room, but this one was a wide porch open to the sunshine with a room to one side where the pedagogues sat waiting for their charges.

The Athenians had everything in the open air—schools, law courts, theatres, everything. The sun shone almost every day of the year. Their sunshine and open air life made them very healthy and happy people.

**pp.36-37**

"Look back now," said Pheidon. "There's our city."

Sure enough they could see the houses as small as toys and the streets winding among them. Around it a wall enclosed the city as though it were in a nest.

This wall made Athens safe. No one had guns or cannons in those days. Fighting was done with swords, spears, arrows, and slings. So when at night the great gates of Athens were closed, no one could hurt Athens.

**pg. 97**

Before they reached Corinth they came to the famous Isthmus. This is a narrow neck of land, in some places only two miles wide, which separates the two seas. Corinth was called the City of the Two Seas because it was on both the Gulf of Corinth and the Aegean Sea.

There was a track of wood laid straight across the Isthmus from water to water, and upon this the Corinthians could drag their ships from the Gulf to the Aegean Sea. It saved them hundreds of miles sailing around the peninsula of Greece.

**pg. 113**

Yes, Theras, in spite of himself, was contented in Sparta. The days lengthened into months. He mastered the drill so that he never made a mistake and was as quick as the best of them. He learned the droning chant of Spartan laws which the boys went through every morning. He learned to understand the curious Doric talk. Then something happened.

Theras had been interested learning Spartan ways. Now he knew them. The newness had worn off.

**pg. 137**

Sparta, in spite of her laws, her military drill (the best in the world) her splendid, fearless, beautiful men, was really a savage state.

But Athens was civilized.

That means that the Athenians were just and reasonable, and loved other things rather than fighting and bloodshed. Athenians also were free to think and speak out, but the Spartans did not dare to think or to speak what they thought. ■