

7&8

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**Literature
Made
Enjoyable**

A workbook for
7th and 8th
grade students

Editura Paralela 45

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PART 1

7th
Grade



EDITURA FANTASIA



An introduction to the world of books - 1

1. Do you know these **book** and **reading** idioms? Match the idioms 1-10 to their meaning a-j. Then complete the sentences below.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1. a closed book | a. strictly following all the rules when doing something |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 2. an open book | b. a keen reader |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3. the oldest trick in the book | c. someone or something that is easy to understand |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 4. by the book | d. Listen carefully! |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 5. Don't judge a book by its cover! | e. to discern someone's thoughts |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 6. a bookworm | f. someone or something that is difficult to understand |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 7. in my book | g. Don't form an opinion of something or someone only from its / his appearance! |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 8. Read my lips! | h. to search for an implied meaning |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 9. to read between the lines | i. a dishonest method of doing something that you know about because it has been used many times before |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 10. to read someone's mind | j. in my opinion |

1. Samantha is such a _____ . She has read two books just this week.
2. _____ . I am not going to lend you any more money, so stop begging!
3. William is a _____ . We know virtually next to nothing about him.
4. Benjamin does everything _____ , so we are sure everything will turn out right.
5. _____ , Jill is a really nice person. She is always encouraging and very supportive.

2. Match the characters 1-10 to the books and then to the writers.

is a character in

by

- | | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| 1. Hermione Granger | <input type="checkbox"/> <i>The Hobbit</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> Frank Baum |
| 2. Anne Shirley | <input type="checkbox"/> <i>Charlie and the Chocolate Factory</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> J. K. Rowling |
| 3. Bilbo Baggins | <input type="checkbox"/> <i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> Suzanne Collins |
| 4. Dorothy Gale | <input type="checkbox"/> <i>the Harry Potter series</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> Lewis Carroll |
| 5. Willy Wonka | <input type="checkbox"/> <i>His Dark Materials series</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> Philip Pullman |
| 6. The Cheshire Cat | <input type="checkbox"/> <i>Anne of Green Gables</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> J. R. R. Tolkien |
| 7. Katniss Everdeen | <input type="checkbox"/> <i>Little Women</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> Lucy Montgomery |
| 8. Lyra Belaqua | <input type="checkbox"/> <i>Gulliver's Travels</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> Roald Dahl |
| 9. Jo March | <input type="checkbox"/> <i>The Wonderful Wizard of Oz</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> Jonathan Swift |
| 10. Lemuel Gulliver | <input type="checkbox"/> <i>The Hunger Games series</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> Louisa May Alcott |

Treasure Island

by Robert Louis Stevenson – retold

PART I

My name is Jim Hawkins. My father was the owner of a quiet inn near the sea. One day, a man came to our door. He was old and tall, and his face was brown; he looked quite strong. His blue coat was shabby and dirty; he also had a big old box with him. He looked carefully at the inn, then he turned his eyes to the sea. My father came to the door. At first, the old man said nothing. He looked again at the sea, and at the inn in front of him.

'I like this place! Do many people come here?' he asked.

'No, not very many,' answered my father.

'I'm going to stay here. I want a bed and some food. I like watching the sea and the ships that come and go. You can call me Captain,' said the old man and threw some coins on the table, adding 'That's for my bed and my food.'

And so, the old captain came to stay with us. He was always quiet. In the day he watched the sea and the ships and, in the evenings, he sat in the inn.

'Come here, boy!' he said to me one day. 'Take this and look out for a sailor with one leg!' and he gave me a coin.

I could tell that he was afraid of that sailor with one leg; I think I was afraid too. I looked for the man with one leg, but I never saw him.

That winter was very cold. My father fell ill, so my mother and I had to work very hard. Early one January morning, the captain went to the beach. I was helping my mother to make the captain's breakfast when the door opened and a man came in. I could see that he was a sailor: his face was very white and he had only three fingers on his left hand.

'Can I help you?' I asked.

The man looked at the captain's breakfast table.

'Is this table for my friend Bill?' he asked.

'I don't know your friend Bill. This is the captain's table,' I said.

'The captain? Well, they sometimes call my friend Bill the Captain. Is he here in the inn right now?' he asked.

'No, he isn't; he's out,' I replied.

The man sat down and said he would wait for the captain. Soon, the captain came into the room, went to his table and sat down.

'Bill!' called the man.

The captain turned round quickly, and his face went white. Suddenly, he looked old and ill.

'Come, Bill! You know me; you know an old friend, Bill,' said the man.

'Black Dog!' said the captain.

'Yes! It's me, Black Dog. I wanted to see my old friend Billy,' said the man.

'Well, here I am. What do you want?' said the captain.

'I want to talk to you, Bill,' said Black Dog.

'Leave the room, boy, and don't listen at the door!' the captain told me.

They talked for a long time. Then suddenly, they began talking angrily.

'No, no, no!' screamed the captain. There was a fight and then Black Dog ran out of the inn.

'I must get out of here!' said the captain; his face was white.

I ran to get him a drink, but when I came back, I found him on the floor. His eyes were closed. Dr Livesey, our family doctor, came and looked at the old captain.

'He's very ill,' he said.

The captain opened his eyes and looked at the doctor.

'Where's Black Dog?' he asked.

'There's no Black Dog here. Now, Billy Bones, you must ...' said the doctor.

'Billy Bones? My name isn't Billy Bones,' said the captain.

'Oh? Oh, yes! That's the name of a very famous pirate,' said Dr Livesey.

We put the old captain in his bed.

'He must stay in his bed for a week. He's very ill,' said the doctor.

At twelve o'clock I went to see the captain in his room. I told him that the doctor said that he must stay in bed for a week.

'Too late! You remember Black Dog. He's a bad man, but there are worse men than Black Dog. They all want my old box. Jim, you must look out for sailors and for Flint's men,' he said to me.

Then the captain closed his eyes. But I didn't look out for sailors, because my father died that night and I was too sad to think about what the captain had told me.

A week later, the captain came down from his room and sat in his usual chair. I went outside the inn and looked up and down the road and I saw another man on the road. He was wearing a long black coat and he was walking very slowly. I thought he couldn't see. Finally, the man arrived in front of the inn and turned his face to me.

'Can you tell me, please, where I am?'

I told him and he listened attentively.

'Well, young man, take my hand and take me inside!' he said taking my hand; he was very strong.

'Now, my young friend, take me to the captain. Quickly! I could break your arm in an instant,' he said.

When the captain saw the man, he did not move. The man put something into the captain's hand and then left. The captain looked at the black paper in his hand and read the words on it.



'Ten o'clock! They're coming at ten o'clock! We've got six hours!' he said trying to stand up, but he was too ill.

I went out of the room and ran for my mother, but it was too late. When we came back, the captain was lying on the floor – he was dead. My mother and I went to the village, but the people there were too afraid, so they refused to help us. Our friend the doctor was away. Nobody could help us.

'I must get my money from the captain's box. It's our money,' said my mother.

We opened the box. There were some old coats and shirts and a bag of money. My mother wanted to take some of the money.

'Quickly! It's nearly ten o'clock,' I said.

It was a cold night, and very quiet. All of a sudden, I heard a sound on the road. Next, I heard someone stop outside the inn. We waited, but then everything was quiet again; nothing moved and there was not a sound.

'Quickly, mother! Take all the captain's money,' I said.

'No! I don't want it all. I want only what he owes me,' she said.

Then we heard something again – there was someone outside the front door.

'Let's leave without the money,' my mother said.

'I'm going to take this,' I said and took an envelope from the captain's box.

We left the inn very quietly through the back door. We heard men running along the road to the inn.

We stopped and hid behind some trees; we watched the men. There were seven or eight of them, and they were all pirates. They broke down the front door of the inn and ran inside.

'Bill's dead!' someone said.

'Open his box!' another one said.

'The money's here!'

'The map! Find Flint's map! Quickly! Where's Flint's map?'

'We can't find it!'

'It's not here!'

'Oh, those people at the inn took it – it's that boy! I know it! The boy's got the map. Find them, boys!'

The men moved quickly and looked into every room in the inn.

'Listen! Someone's coming! We must run!' said one of them.

'No, find the boy! He must be near here somewhere.'

Then I heard a gun. The pirates heard it too, and ran away. After a few minutes we went back to the inn.

'What did those pirates want? Did they find the captain's money?' a man from the village asked me.

'Yes, they did. But I think they wanted this. I think there's a map inside it,' I said and showed him the envelope.

'If that's true, you must take it immediately to Mr Trelawney,' he told me.

When I arrived at Mr Trelawney's house, Dr Livesey was there too.



PART II

The following day, Marilla didn't tell Anne about her conversation with Matthew. She gave Anne a lot of work in the kitchen and watched her carefully.

'Marilla, I have to know about my future. Please tell me! Are you going to send me away?' said Anne excitedly.

'No! Matthew and I have decided that you can stay at Green Gables with us. But you have to promise to be a good girl and always listen to us,' said Marilla.

Anne started to cry and vowed to always be a good girl.

'Why are you crying, Anne?' asked Marilla in surprise.

'I'm crying because I'm so happy,' said Anne.

After a few days, Mrs Lynde came to have tea with Marilla. They sat in the kitchen and talked; Anne was outside.

'I think you're making a mistake, Marilla. You don't know a thing about children,' said Mrs Lynde.

'That's true, but I can learn,' replied Marilla.

Suddenly, the door opened and Anne ran into the kitchen. When she saw Mrs Lynde, she stopped.

'Marilla and Matthew didn't take you for your pretty face!' said Mrs Lynde to Anne; then, turning to Marilla, she continued: 'She's very thin and her hair is as red as carrots! Come here, child! I want to take a better look at you.'

Anne ran across the kitchen and stood in front of Mrs Lynde. Her face was red with anger.

'I hate you, I hate you, I hate you! You're a very rude woman and you're fat!' cried Anne to Mrs Lynde.

'Anne! Anne, go to your room right now! Wait for me there!' said Marilla in a stern voice.

Anne started to cry and ran upstairs.

'I'm going home now, Marilla. That child is very wild. You'll have a lot of problems with her!' said Mrs Lynde getting up from her chair.

'But you said unkind things to her!' said Marilla.

Mrs Lynde left home and Marilla went upstairs. She was wondering what made Anne say those things; she was sure Mrs Lynde would go around and tell everybody in Avonlea about Anne.

'Stop crying and listen to me, Anne! Mrs Lynde was a visitor in my home, and you were very rude to her' said Marilla after entering Anne's bedroom.

'But she was very unkind,' said Anne.

'Now Anne, I want you to apologise to Mrs Lynde,' said Marilla.

'Never! I'm not sorry,' she said.

Just then Marilla remembered something: when she was a little child, she often heard her aunts talking about her, saying "Marilla isn't a very pretty little girl."

'Mrs Lynde might have been unkind, but you still have to say sorry. Stay here in your room!' said Marilla quietly.

The next morning, Anne didn't come down to breakfast. Marilla told Matthew the story, adding that she thought she was very rude.

'But, Marilla, Mrs Lynde doesn't think before she speaks; sometimes she just says things. Please don't be angry with Anne,' said Matthew.

Anne spent all day in her room. Marilla brought her some food, but she ate very little. When evening came, Matthew went up to Anne's room. Anne was sitting on a chair by the window. She looked very sad. Matthew felt very sorry for her.

'Anne, please go and apologise to Mrs Lynde,' he said.

'All right, Matthew. I'll do it because you ask me. I wasn't sorry yesterday, but I'm sorry now,' said Anne.

'Good! It's very quiet downstairs without you, Anne,' said Matthew happily and went quietly out of the room.

The following day, Marilla and Anne paid a visit to Mrs Lynde.

'I'm very, very sorry, Mrs Lynde. I was very rude to you. You were right about my red hair; and I am thin and ugly,' said Anne apologetically.

'I was rude to you, too. It's true that you have red hair, but maybe it will change colour when you're older,' said Mrs Lynde smiling.

'That's very kind of you, Mrs Lynde! Now I can hope for prettier hair. Please, can I go outside and play?' asked Anne happily.

'Yes, of course!' consented Mrs Lynde.

Anne went out and closed the door behind her.

'She's a strange little girl. But she isn't a bad child; I like her,' said Mrs Lynde to Marilla.

On the way home, Anne said:

'I love Green Gables, Marilla. It's my home now,' she said putting her small hand into Manila's hand.

Marilla made three new dresses for Anne, as she had only one ugly dress from the orphanage. And she also bought a little hat for Anne. But Anne didn't like the new clothes.

'Why don't you like them, Anne?' asked Marilla.

'They're ... they're not ... pretty,' answered Anne a bit hesitatingly.

'But ... but they're very good dresses,' said Marilla.

Marilla always went to church on Sunday. So, the next Sunday, she wanted to take Anne with her, but, unfortunately, she felt sick. She asked Anne to go to church without her.



Extra Reading



EDITING RALELA 45



Christmas at Red Butte

by Lucy Maud Montgomery (in original English, Good Press, 2022)

‘Of course Santa Claus will come,’ said Jimmy Martin confidently. Jimmy was ten, and at ten it is easy to be confident. ‘Why, he’s *got* to come because it is Christmas Eve, and he always *has* come. You know that, twins.’

Yes, the twins knew it and, cheered by Jimmy’s superior wisdom, their doubts passed away. There had been one terrible moment when Theodora had sighed and told them they mustn’t be too much disappointed if Santa Claus did not come this year because the crops had been poor, and he mightn’t have had enough presents to go around.

‘That doesn’t make any difference to Santa Claus,’ scoffed Jimmy. ‘You know as well as I do, Theodora Prentice, that Santa Claus is rich whether the crops fail or not. They failed three years ago, before Father died, but Santa Claus came all the same. Prob’bly you don’t remember it, twins, ‘cause you were too little, but I do. Of course he’ll come, so don’t you worry a mite. And he’ll bring my skates and your dolls. He knows we’re expecting them, Theodora, ‘cause we wrote him a letter last week, and threw it up the chimney. And there’ll be candy and nuts, of course, and Mother’s gone to town to buy a turkey. I tell you we’re going to have a ripping Christmas.’

‘Well, don’t use such slangy words about it, Jimmy-boy,’ sighed Theodora. She couldn’t bear to dampen their hopes any further, and perhaps Aunt Elizabeth might manage it if the colt sold well. But Theodora had her painful doubts, and she sighed again as she looked out of the window far down the trail that wound across the prairie, red-lighted by the declining sun of the short wintry afternoon.

‘Do people always sigh like that when they get to be sixteen?’ asked Jimmy curiously. ‘You didn’t sigh like that when you were only fifteen, Theodora. I wish you wouldn’t. It makes me feel funny—and it’s not a nice kind of funniness either.’

‘It’s a bad habit I’ve got into lately,’ said Theodora, trying to laugh. ‘Old folks are dull sometimes, you know, Jimmy-boy.’

‘Sixteen *is* awful old, isn’t it?’ said Jimmy reflectively. ‘I’ll tell you what *I’m* going to do when I’m sixteen, Theodora. I’m going to pay off the mortgage, and buy mother a silk dress, and a piano for the twins. Won’t that be elegant? I’ll be able to do that ‘cause I’m a man. Of course, if I was only a girl I couldn’t.’


‘I hope you’ll be a good kind brave man and a real help to your mother,’ said Theodora softly, sitting down before the cosy fire and lifting the fat little twins into her lap.





PART 2

8th
Grade



EDITURA PARALL



An introduction to the world of books - 2

1. Read the opening lines of some famous books. Which one(s) have you heard of? Which one(s) have you read? Which one(s) sparked your interest? Which one(s) would you like to read? Why?

'Tom!'

No answer.

'TOM!'

No answer.

'What's gone with that boy, I wonder? You TOM!'

No answer.

The old lady pulled her spectacles down and looked over them about the room; then she put them up and looked out under them. She seldom or never looked through them for so small a thing as a boy; they were her state pair, the pride of her heart, and were built for 'style,' not service—she could have seen through a pair of stove-lids just as well. She looked perplexed for a moment, and then said, not fiercely, but still loud enough for the furniture to hear:

'Well, I lay if I get hold of you I'll—'

She did not finish, for by this time she was bending down and punching under the bed with the broom, and so she needed breath to punctuate the punches with. She resurrected nothing but the cat.

"I never did see the beat of that boy!"

She went to the open door and stood in it and looked out among the tomato vines and 'jimpson' weeds that constituted the garden. No Tom. So she lifted up her voice at an angle calculated for distance and shouted:

'Y-o-u-u TOM!'

There was a slight noise behind her and she turned just in time to seize a small boy by the slack of his roundabout and arrest his flight.

'There! I might 'a' thought of that closet. What you been doing in there?'

'Nothing.'

'Nothing! Look at your hands. And look at your mouth. What is that truck?'

'I don't know, aunt.'

'Well, I know. It's jam—that's what it is. Forty times I've said if you didn't let that jam alone I'd skin you. Hand me that switch.'

The switch hovered in the air—the peril was desperate—

'My! Look behind you, aunt!'

The old lady whirled round, and snatched her skirts out of danger. The lad fled on the instant, scrambled up the high board-fence, and disappeared over it.

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer
by Mark Twain

Tuesday

First of all, let me get something straight: This is a JOURNAL, not a diary. I know what it says on the cover, but when Mom went out to buy this thing I SPECIFICALLY told her to get one that didn't say 'diary' on it. Great. All I need is for some jerk to catch me carrying this book around and get the wrong idea.

The other thing I want to clear up right away is that this was MOM's idea, not mine. But if she thinks I'm going to write down my 'feelings' in here or whatever, she's crazy. So just don't expect me to be all 'Dear Diary' this and 'Dear Diary' that.

The only reason I agreed to do this at all is because I figure later on when I'm rich and famous, I'll have better things to do than answer people's stupid questions all day long. So this book is gonna come in handy.

Diary of a Wimpy Kid by Jeff Kinney

Far out in the uncharted backwaters of the unfashionable end of the western spiral arm of the Galaxy lies a small unregarded yellow sun. Orbiting this at a distance of roughly ninety-two million miles is an utterly insignificant little blue green planet whose ape-descended life forms are so amazingly primitive that they still think digital watches are a pretty neat idea.

The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy
by Douglas Adams

Mr. and Mrs Dursley, of number four, Privet Drive, were proud to say that they were perfectly normal, thank you very much. They were the last people you'd expect to be involved in anything strange or mysterious, because they just didn't hold with such nonsense.

Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone
by J. K. Rowling

If you are interested in stories with happy endings, you would be better off reading some other book. In this book, not only is there no happy ending, there is no happy beginning and very few happy things in the middle.

A Series of Unfortunate Events by Lemony Snicket

All children, except one, grow up.

Peter Pan by J. M. Barrie

David Copperfield

by Charles Dickens – retold

PART I

One Friday night the storm was raging, the wind was howling and the rain was scratching against the windows, trying desperately to get in. As the clock struck midnight, tiny, pink and naked, David Copperfield was delivered into the world. As his exhausted mother was holding him tenderly in her arms, he was unaware that the day and time of his birth were bad omens. Likewise, he was unaware that his father was already dead and that a great deal of misfortunes and difficulties lay ahead.

A shrill voice called up the stairs from the parlour; it was his Aunt Betsey who was eagerly awaiting the birth of the child, confident that it would be a girl.

'Is she born yet? Come, come, Peggotty, don't dawdle!' cried Aunt Betsey impatiently.

Peggotty, with her plump, apple-like cheeks a brighter red than usual, came flustering and blustering into the parlour from her mistress's room, excited to deliver the news.

'It's a boy!' she gasped.

Betsey Trotwood silently raised herself from her chair, slowly stooped to pick up her hat, and, in one fast blast, she whacked Peggotty with it. Without uttering a single word, she marched straight out into the storm, and out of all their lives.

Despite all the ill omens of his birth, the first four years of David's life were happy ones. Loved and guided by his gentle mother and Peggotty, their hard-working and faithful servant, he grew up honest and trusting, little suspecting how quickly things could change. And change came one day, in the form of a firm handshake.

'That's the wrong hand, boy!' said a stern voice.

David looked up; in the face that looked down at him the mouth was smiling, but the cold dark eyes were not; jet black hair framed the man's heavy dark face. David timidly offered his other hand, and the gentleman grasped it firmly ... too firmly for David's comfort.

'Davey, this is Mr Murdstone,' whispered his mother.

Standing tall above, Mr Murdstone blocked out the sun, creating a small patch of shade in which David shivered.

'Pleased to meet you, sir,' said David politely.

'This is your new pa, Master Davey,' whispered Peggotty, shaking her head sadly.

That simple sentence heralded the end of David's life as he had known it, and ushered in a new period of hardship and misery. Murdstone was a firm believer that children had to be handled with firmness, and kept at a safe distance from their parents.

'Be firm, Clara,' he would tell David's mother whenever she showed any desire to embrace, kiss or laugh with her son. 'Be firm, my dear,' he would say when she tried to comfort David in his new loneliness.

David's mother begged Murdstone not to beat her son, and cried on every occasion when David was dragged, terrified, from the room. Peggotty always followed, trying in vain to pull Murdstone back.

'Oh, pray don't beat me, sir! I *do* try to be good! I only wanted to talk to my mother for a moment. Oh, please!' cried David.

David felt that the beating would never end. He was torn and bleeding, his face red with fury and fear. *Whack!* The pain was simply unbearable. *Whack!* He had to do something. *Whack!* He had to do something right now. *Whack!* Turning his head, he desperately sank his teeth deep into Murdstone's arm.

The inevitable punishment followed immediately – Murdstone locked David into a dark and dusty room. For five long days David sat alone, longing to weep in his mother's arms, and heart-broken that he could not do so. His only visitor was Peggotty, who delivered his daily rations of bread and water.

On the fifth evening, a gentle tapping at the door awoke David from dreams of his mother's smile. He crept across the room. Surely, at last, his mother had come to forgive him, to take him into her arms and to tell him she still loved him. He could hear sobbing outside the door, and, peeping through the keyhole, David saw only the tearful face of Peggotty.

'Oh Master Davey! They are sending you away ... they are sending you to school,' she said sobbing.

The following morning, manhandled by Murdstone into the awaiting coach, David had no time to bid his mother farewell. She was crying as Murdstone was holding her firmly in his arms, his eyes shining with sheer malice.

'Be firm, Clara, be firm,' he reminded her.

As the coach was leaving, Peggotty burst from the garden and managed to hand David a bag of warm scones.

'You must never forget me as I'll never forget you, Master Davey. I promise to take good care of your mother, so don't worry about that', she told him reassuringly.

David felt his love for Peggotty growing even greater than it already was. As his beloved home and his childhood happiness disappeared over the horizon, he opened the paper bag with teary eyes. Besides the scones, there was also a note: 'For Davey, with my love. Mama.'

After a long and tiring journey, the coach finally arrived at its destination – Salem School. The high brick walls of the school gave it a prison-like appearance. Inside, the boys' energetic voices faded to forlorn echoes in the dreary classrooms, and young faces that should have been glowing were as white as ashes.

Since his arrival, David had been forced to wear a sign around his neck saying, 'Beware: it bites'.

'Does it really bite?' laughed one boy, poking David with a cruel finger.

'Here Fang! Here, you ferocious dog!' laughed another.

'Stop that at once!' commanded a confident voice.

When David looked up through his tears, he saw the handsome face and curling hair of a boy about six years his senior. David thought that boy must be his guardian angel.

'My name is James Steerforth! I'll take care of you,' said the boy removing David's sign and holding out his hand like an adult.

Next, Steerforth showed his friendship by using David's pocket money to buy all the boys some sweets. The boys and David looked up to Steerforth with gratitude and admiration.

Life in Salem School was cruel – the boys were treated brutally by the teachers and they were far too beset by problems to learn anything. David found some comfort in the occasions when Steerforth

did him the honour of talking to him in the playground, or of asking him to read stories at night.

Whenever Peggotty sent him gifts – cakes, sweets, books or money – David would always give them willingly to Steerforth. Once, when Steerforth allowed him to keep Peggotty's cordial to moisten his mouth while he was reading to him, David was so moved that he almost wept with gratitude.

Time flew by, and the school holidays got closer and closer, until the joyful day arrived at last. David's smile was fresher and his step lighter than anyone else's as he climbed into the coach to sit next to Peggotty. First they set off for Peggotty's brother's home at the seaside, in Yarmouth.

Peggotty described her family with such love and pride that, when they finally arrived in Yarmouth, David felt that he had known them all his life. The boat on which Mr Peggotty lived was just as interesting, homely and comfortable as Peggotty had described it. He had two adopted children, Ham and Emily. Ham, a boy of about David's age, was just as handsome, strong and friendly, and Little Em'ly just as pretty, as the pictures painted in David's mind.

'So, you be Mas'r Davey. Welcome to our home!' said the bearded, weather-beaten Mr Peggotty smiling.

Each day, David and Emily walked along the beach, talking and throwing stones into the breaking waves.

'The sea can be very cruel; I'm afraid of it. I have seen it tear big boats apart, and it killed my father,' said Emily.

'But it seems so beautiful. I think I would like to stay by the sea all my life,' said David.

'And I would like to move away. I want to be a fine lady one day,' replied Emily.

In the warmth of this little family, whose hearts were as good as gold and as true as steel, the week passed all too quickly.

'Do visit us again!' called Emily as the coach carrying David and Peggotty turned away from the sea and headed back to the place of David's lost childhood – Blunderstone, Suffolk.

David was shocked to see his mother looking so frail and ill. But, the small baby she was holding in her arms, his new brother, filled him with delight. The delight was multiplied a hundred times when he found out that Mr Murdstone was not at home presently; he was away on business.

David could not know that his memories of this week with his mother, his little brother and dear Peggotty would be the most bittersweet memories he would ever possess. They walked together, sang songs, and wept with joy and with sorrow; his mother's trembling hand stroked David's hair while he was holding his precious baby brother tenderly. In the absence of Mr Murdstone's brooding presence they all blossomed in the spring light. The only cloud that darkened David's joy, was his realisation that his mother's fear of Murdstone was even greater than his own.

That heavenly blessed week came to an end all too soon. With his vision blurred by tears, the last thing David saw was his mother, pale-faced and weeping, holding her baby high in the air so that David might wave him farewell. As the coach disappeared beyond the horizon, she collapsed into Peggotty's arms.

'Oh Peggotty, something tells me I shall never see my darling boy again. God bless my fatherless Davey!'