DISCOVERING LITERATURE





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MACMILLAN LITERATURE SERIES

DISCOVERING LITERATURE

SIGNATURE EDITION

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4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 003/043 05 04 03 02 01 00 99

Preview

ou know what a mystery is.

A mystery is a secret.

A mystery is a shadow on the wall—or in someone's eyes.

A mystery is a story that begins, "It was a dark and stormy night. . . . "

A mystery is anything that is secret or hidden or unknown. A mystery can be as bizarre as a visit from a ghost or as commonplace as the sound in a seashell. Some mysteries are puzzles waiting to be solved by keen-eyed detectives. Other mysteries lie hidden in objects you touch every day.

The literature that follows explores many different mysteries—each with a great or small secret at its heart. Within each mystery something waits to be discovered. What discoveries will you make as you read?

Starry Night, Vincent van Gogh, c. 1889.



CONTENTS



Literature that intrigues and delights—tales of mystery, problem solving, and imagination

Preview 1

Model for Active Reading 2	Conch Shell <i>Poem</i>
Sarah Tops Fiction	Federico García Lorca Lob's Girl Fiction
The Boy with Yellow Eyes	Joan Aiken
Fiction	Roanoke: The Lost Colony Nonfiction 47
The Landlady Fiction 15 Roald Dahl	Dan Lacy Macavity: The Mystery Cat
May I Have Your Autograph? Fiction	Poem
Marjorie Sharmat	Miss Hinch Fiction 55
How to Eat a Poem Poem 31 Eve Merriam	Henry Sydnor Harrison

Collaborative Learning: Themes 68
Collaborative Learning: Across the Curriculum 69

Other Lands, Other Worlds

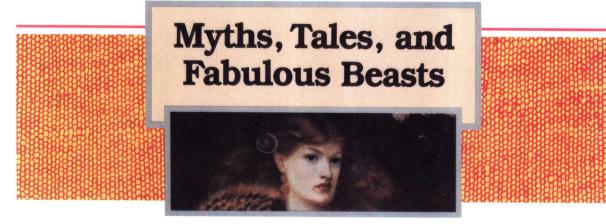


Literature that explores a variety of life experiences over a wide range of settings around and beyond our planet

Preview 70

Model for Active Reading 72	Southbound on the Freeway
from El Güero Fiction 73 Elizabeth Borton de Treviño	Poem
NEWBERY MEDAL	from Homesick Nonfiction 113
Song for the Sun That	Jean Fritz newbery honor
Disappeared Behind the Rain-	The Stub-Book Fiction 126
clouds <i>Poem</i> 79	Pedro Antonio de Alarcón
Hottentot Traditional	The Phantom Tollbooth Drama . 133
from Watership Down Fiction 81 Richard Adams	Norton Juster Dramatized by Susan Nanus
Science Fiction Poem 109 Reed Whittemore	

Collaborative Learning: Themes 172
Collaborative Learning: Across the Curriculum 173



Literature that tells tales grown from the oral traditions of many different countries

P	review	174
Model for Active Reading	176	The Water of Life
Pygmalion	177	Howard Pyle
Doris Gates		A Narrow Escape
Pegasus and Bellerophon Margaret Evans Price	181	from Robin Hood 207 Antonia Fraser
Why the Tortoise's Shell Is Not Smooth	186	El Enano
Chinua Achebe		Bellinda and the Monster 226
The Wise Old Woman 19	190	Italo Calvino
Yoshiko Uchida	T	The Frog Prince Poem 234
The Fools of Chelm and the		Stevie Smith
Stupid Carp	196	The Stone Dog

Collaborative Learning: Themes 240
Collaborative Learning: Across the Curriculum 241

Heroes and Survivors



Literature of adventure, courage, struggle, and victory

Preview 242

Model for Active Reading	 244	Life Doesn't Frighten Me
The Rescue of the Perishing	 245	Poem
William Saroyan		Juke Box Love Song Poem 294
My Friend Flicka Fiction .	 252	Langston Hughes
Mary O'Hara		Mi Madre Poem 296
Birdfoot's Grampa Poem .	 267	Pat Mora
Joseph Bruchac		Three Days to See Nonfiction 299
Ta-Na-E-Ka Fiction	 269	Helen Keller
Mary Whitebird		freddy the rat perishes Poem 310
To Build a Fire Fiction	 276	Don Marquis
London's early version		from Beowulf Fiction 314
Jack London		Robert Nye
A Cow Herder on Horseback Nonfiction	 284	

Collaborative Learning: Themes 322
Collaborative Learning: Across the Curriculum 323



Disasters Great and Small

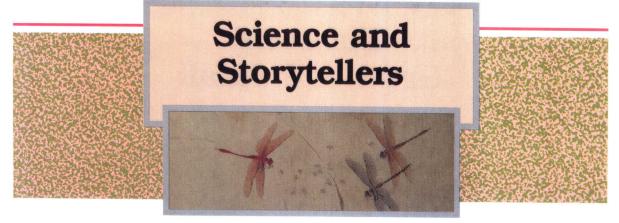




Literature that tells the stories of both natural and personal catastrophies

Preview 324 Model for Active Reading . . 326 Who Will Teach Me? Poem . . 356 Nancy Wood Earthquake: The Story of an Eyewitness Nonfiction 327 Jigsaw Puzzle Poem 358 Jack London Russell Hoban Twister Hits Houston Poem . . 334 The Circuit Fiction 360 Sandra Cisneros Francisco Jiménez The Last Dinosaur Fiction . . . 336 The Green Mamba Nonfiction . . 366 Jim Murphy Roald Dahl President Cleveland. The Exposed Nest Poem . . . 374 Where Are You? Fiction 344 Robert Frost Pulitzer Prize Robert Cormier The Cold Wave Fiction 377 Lois Phillips Hudson Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout Would Not Take the Garbage Out Poem 353 Shel Silverstein

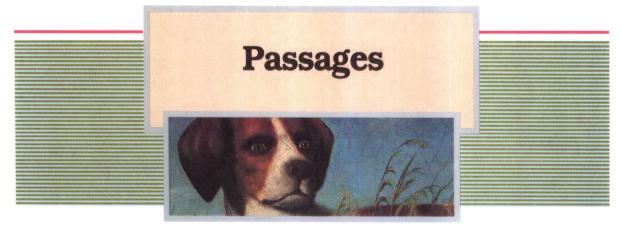
Collaborative Learning: Themes 386
Collaborative Learning: Across the Curriculum 387



Literature that focuses on the excitement of scientific endeavor and discovery

Preview 388						
Model for Active Reading 390	Virtuoso Fiction 408 Herbert Goldstone					
The Flying Machine Fiction 391 Ray Bradbury	Bats Nonfiction 415					
The Microscope Poem 396 Maxine Kumin PULITZER PRIZE	The Bat Poem 421					
Arithmetic Poem	Theodore Roethke PULITZER PRIZE The Chimps Come to Camp					
The Christmas Cat Nonfiction 401 James Herriot	Nonfiction 423 Jane van Lawick-Goodall					

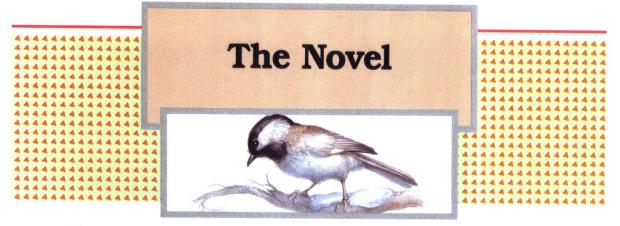
Collaborative Learning: Themes 436 Collaborative Learning: Across the Curriculum 437



Literature that highlights critical moments of learning and growth

Preview	438
Model for Active Reading 440	A Cycle of Seasons
The Life and Death of a Western Gladiator Fiction 441	January Poem 484 John Updike PULITZER PRIZE
Charles G. Finney from Path of Hunters Nonfiction . 448	April Rain Song Poem 485 Langston Hughes
Robert Newton Peck Papa's Parrot Fiction 454	Summer Evening <i>Poem</i> 486 Walter de la Mare
Cynthia Rylant Newbery Honor Where Are You Now, William	September <i>Poem</i> 487 John Updike PULITZER PRIZE
Shakespeare? Nonfiction 458 M. E. Kerr	from Jonathan Livingston Seagull Fiction 489
The Jacket Nonfiction 464 Gary Soto	Richard Bach
The Jump Fiction 468 Leo Tolstoy	Song Form Poem 496 Amiri Baraka
The Southpaw Fiction 471 Judith Viorst	The Medicine Bag Fiction 498 Virginia Driving Hawk Sneve
The Game Fiction 478 Walter Dean Myers	The Horned Toad Nonfiction 506 Gerald Haslam

Collaborative Learning: Themes 514
Collaborative Learning: Across the Curriculum 515



Literature that combines all the elements of fiction to explore a variety of themes and carry the reader on a full-scale adventure

Preview 516

My Side of the Mountain . . 519 Jean Craighead George **NEWBERY HONOR**

Collaborative Learning: Themes 608
Collaborative Learning: Across the Curriculum 609

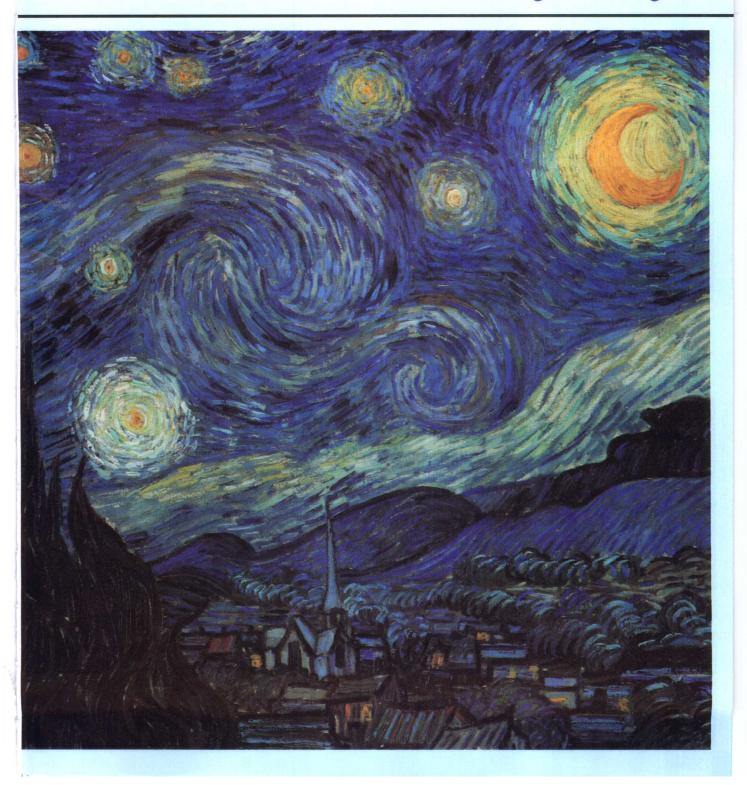
Thinking Skills

Problem Solving				30	Representing				343
Evaluating				46	Evaluating .				373
Representing .				108	Classifying .				414
Evaluating				171	Evaluating .				435
Problem Solving				195	Classifying .				453
Evaluating				218	Evaluating .				495
Classifying			,	283	Representing				607
Evaluating				293					

Student's Resources

Writing About Literature	Reading and Literary Terms
Handbook 612	Handbook 626
Writing About Plot 612	Glossary 634
Answering an Essay Question $.614$	Index of Titles by Genre 648
Writing a Character Sketch 616	Index of Skills 649
Writing a Story 618	Index of Fine Art 658
Writing About Poetry 622	Index of Authors and Titles 656
Writing About Nonfiction 624	

Mystery!



A Model for Active Reading

As you read anything, you think about it. You wonder. You ask yourself questions, and you come up with some answers. You put both your feelings and your mind into what you read. When you do this, you are an active reader.

Here is an example of the kinds of reactions a reader can have to the beginning of a story. The

comments show some of the thoughts that went through one reader's mind while reading the story for the first time.

On the following pages you will find the entire story. Make a point of thinking and reading actively as you enjoy the story. What ideas and questions occur to you as you read?

I guess this story is about a girl or woman named Sarah.

Isaac Asimov

Sarah Tops

Who is telling the story?

came out of the Museum of Natural History¹ and was crossing the street on my way to the subway when I saw the crowd about halfway down the block; and the police cars, too. I could hear the whine of an ambulance.

For a minute, I hesitated, but then I walked on. The crowds of the curious just get in the way of officials trying to save lives. My Dad, who's a detective on the force, complains about that all the time.

I just kept my mind on the term paper I was going to have to write on air pollution for my 8th-grade class and mentally arranged the notes I had taken during the museum program on the subject.

Of course, I knew I would read about it in the afternoon papers. Besides, I would ask Dad about it after dinner. He sometimes talked about cases without telling too much of the real security details.

After I asked, Mom looked kind of funny and said, "He was in the museum at the very time."

Sounds like there's been an accident.

What is "it"? The accident, I suppose.

What happened "at the very time"? an accident or a crime? Is this a mystery?

So the person telling the story is in eighth grade.

The person telling the story is a boy.



When he was three years old, Isaac Asimov (1920–1992) came to the United States from Russia with his parents. At seven he was already teaching his younger sister how to read. He soon began reading the science-fiction magazines in his father's candy store. He kept busy reading and writing ever afterward. Asimov wrote a book every six weeks on average. He published over four hundred Works—more than any other author in America. "It's not my fault," he said. "I like to write and people seem willing to let me."

I saw the crowd about halfway down the block; and the police cars, too. I could hear the whine of an ambulance.

Isaac Asimov

Sarah Tops

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After I asked, Mom looked kind of funny and said, "He was in the museum at the very time."

I said, "I was working on my term paper. I was there first thing in the morning."

Mom looked very worried. "There might have been shooting in the museum."

"Well, there wasn't," said Dad soothingly.
"This man tried to lose himself in there and he didn't succeed."

"I would have," I said. "I know the museum, every inch."

Dad doesn't like me bragging, so he frowned a little and said, "They didn't let him get away entirely—caught up with him outside, knifed him, and got away. We'll catch them, though. We know who they are."

He nodded his head. "They're what's left of the gang that broke into that jewelry

^{1.} **Museum of Natural History:** New York City museum housing one of the world's largest collections of natural science exhibits.



New York with Moon, Georgia O'Keeffe, 1925.

store two weeks ago. We managed to get the jewels back, but we didn't grab all the men. And not all the jewels either. One diamond was left. A big one—worth \$30,000."

"Maybe that's what the killers were after," I said.

"Very likely. The dead man was probably trying to cross the other two and get away with that one stone for himself. They turned out his pockets, practically ripped off his clothes, after they knifed him."

"Did they get the diamond?" I asked.

"How can we tell? The woman who reported the killing came on him when he was just barely alive. She said he said three words to her, very slowly, 'Try—Sarah—Tops.' Then he died."

"Who is Sarah Tops?" asked Mom.

Dad shrugged. "I don't know. I don't even know if that's really what he said. The woman was pretty hysterical. If she's right and that's what he said then maybe the killers didn't get the diamond. Maybe the dead man left it with Sarah Tops, whoever she is. Maybe he knew he was dying and wanted to have it off his conscience."

"Is there a Sarah Tops in the phone book, Dad?" I asked.

Dad said, "Did you think we didn't look? No Sarah Tops, either one P or two P's. Nothing in the city directory. Nothing in our files. Nothing in the FBI files."

Mom said, "Maybe it's not a person. Maybe it's a firm. Sarah Tops Cakes or something."

"Could be," said Dad. "There's no Sarah Tops firm, but there are other kinds of Tops companies and they'll be checked for anyone working there named Sarah."

I got an idea suddenly and bubbled over. "Listen, Dad, maybe it isn't a firm either. Maybe it's a *thing*. Maybe the woman didn't hear 'Sarah Tops' but 'Sarah's top'; you know, a *top* that you spin. If the dead guy has a daughter named Sarah, maybe he gouged a bit out of her top and stashed the diamond inside and—"

Dad grinned. "Very good, Larry," he said. "But he doesn't have a daughter named Sarah. Or any relative by that name as far as we know. We've searched where he lived and there's nothing reported there that can be called a top."

"Well," I said, sort of let down and

4 Mystery!