

LITERATURE:

THE COLD OF WINTER HAS CREPT INTO THE house, into my room, into my bed. I curl up tight. I pile on blankets, but I cannot keep warm. Mother says I'm sickening for something.

Granny May stayed in her bed in Billy's room all day. She has a cough on her chest that won't leave her. When she's not coughing, there is a silence in the house that frightens me.

We had limpets for supper - again. There's little else to eat. I sleep a lot and drift from dream to dream. I dreamed of my turtle again today and I went in to tell Granny May. She's as white as her

What do you think is wrong with Granny May?

What is your favorite dream?

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her dreams. She said she'll be down again tomorrow, when she feels better. She's still cheerful – she's the only one of us that is. She looks older in bed. There's always a dew drop on the end of her nose. I try not to look at it. The house creaks in the wind, like a ship at sea. I am so cold.

What creaks in the wind?

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