

Where is The Lost Colony?

A six-chapter series celebrating the first English colony in the New World - 400 years ago and 20 years before the settlement in Jamestown

Chapter 3: Longing for Virginia Dare

by Sandy Semans, Editor, *Outer Banks Sentinel*

Sitting in school, Justin fidgeted while looking at the clock, wanting the hands to move faster, so he could go home.

Finally home, he rushed through his homework before dinner, in hopes of going

straight to bed after dessert. He felt a little guilty about wasting time eating dessert, but it was his favorite — apple pie and ice cream.

But that was OK, he told himself. He always dreamed more on a full stomach.

Wiping his mouth after the last bite was swallowed, Justin asked if he could leave the table.

“Yes,” Dad said. “There’s still plenty of daylight left to clean the backyard.”

“What?” Justin asked.

“Clean the backyard,” Dad said. “I told you if you wanted a dog, then you were responsible for cleaning up after it. You haven’t done that in two weeks, so today is the day or Spotty will have to find a new home.”

“Can’t I do it this weekend?” Justin asked.

“That’s what you said two weeks ago,” Dad said. “No. Now!”

Justin walked outside and sat on the stoop. “How can I do this quickly?” he thought. “The last time it took two hours.”

With a mystery to solve, he didn’t want to wait that long before getting back to dream sleuthing.

Ashley and their cousins, Josh and Taylor, came out and sat down beside him.

“You have to clean up the dog stuff, you have to clean the dog stuff, you...” Ashley chanted.

Suddenly, Justin’s frown became a wide grin.

“Ashley, I was going to see if you, Josh and Taylor wanted to play a game with me, but since you are being mean...” Justin said nonchalantly.

“We want to play with you,” Josh and Taylor said in unison.

“What’s the game called, Justin?” Taylor asked.

“Fifteen-minute pick up,” Justin said. “Whoever picks up the most dog stuff in fifteen minutes, wins.”

Ashley kicked at the concrete steps with the toe of her shoe.

“I want to play, too,” she whined. “And I’m going to beat you! I’m going to be the winner.”

Justin found four pairs of gloves and four plastic bags. He handed them out and then shouted, “Go!”

Within 12 minutes and 29 seconds, all the piles were picked up.

“I won, I won!” Ashley shouted.

Justin was grinning when Dad walked outside. “Justin, I saw what you did. It wasn’t nice to take advantage of the younger kids,” Dad said. “So, go take your shower and head for bed.”

Yes! That is exactly what he wanted to do. Justin was a happy camper.

Sleep didn’t come easy. He was too excited about the prospects of meeting John White.

Finally, his dream journey continued.

In the sleep fog was an older man sitting on a bench, studying a flower.

“Are you John White?” asked Justin.

The startled man jumped and dropped the rose.

“Who are you? What do you want to know? And wherever did you get those funny clothes?” White asked.

Answering in order, Justin said “I’m Justin, I’m looking for the lost colony so my grandpa will take me to the Outer Banks, and I think Mom bought these pajamas at the local department store.”

Looking totally confused, White stared at Justin for a few moments.

“I don’t know where the colonists are now,” White said with a sad tone in his voice. “I was just thinking of my granddaughter, Virginia Dare, and the Harvie baby — wondering if either has survived that untamed land of Virginia.”

Justin shook his head. “No, they weren’t in Virginia. They were in North Carolina,” Justin said.

“You ask me questions and then dispute my answers?” White asked. “The land of Virginia — named for Queen Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen — has no place called North Carol...whatever that place is you mentioned. I know where I left them, and they weren’t to be found when I returned.”

White told Justin that his granddaughter was the first baby born of English parents in the land of Virginia in the Roanoke Colony. He couldn’t remember when Baby Harvie was born, but Virginia was born on August 18, 1587 to his daughter Eleanor and her husband Ananias.

“I left to get supplies, but it took me three years to return. There was little left of the colony when I arrived back there,” said White. “While I waited to return there, I carved a fine chair for my granddaughter so she could visit with me by the fireplace. Now the rocker sits empty. If only the captain had allowed me to search for my family before leaving Roanoke.”

“Did you find any clues?” Justin asked.

“Only a couple,” White responded. “We had arranged a signal, in case they were taken away against their will, but they didn’t leave that signal, so they must have gone willingly.”

“The only clue was a carving in a tree that spelled out...”

Justin suddenly woke up to find Spotty trying to pull the covers off of him. The dog wanted to go outside, sooner rather than later, judging from his excited tail wagging.

When his feet hit the cold floor, Justin knew that his dream travel was done for the day.

**Next: Chapter 4,
Clue not enough to solve
mystery**

Newspaper Activity: What places (geographic references) are associated with the Lost Colony? Use your newspaper to identify places associated with your community (nearby communities, towns or cities, bodies of water, states and any other).