

Where is The Lost Colony?

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

Chapter 1: Time to 'sleep' on it

by Sandy Semans, Editor, *Outer Banks Sentinel*

Justin quickly shoveled the peas into his mouth to empty his plate. Usually he tried to hide them under a morsel of bread or slide them over to his sister Ashley's plate when no one was looking.

But tonight he didn't have time to see if he could outwit his mother. He had important things to do and wanted to finish dinner as quickly as possible.

"May I be excused from the table?" he asked his mother.

She responded by looking puzzled and surprised. "You ate all your vegetables? They're not in your pocket again, are they?"

"No, ma'am. I ate everything on my plate, so may I please be excused now?" Justin asked for the second time.

Ashley — always a pain-in-the-neck-little-sister — piped in "I want to play, too! Let me play with you, Justin."

Rolling his eyes to illustrate his frustration, Justin said, "I'm not going to play. I'm going to bed."

That statement left Mom, Dad and Ashley speechless at first.

After silently staring at him for what seemed like forever, his mother asked if he was sick.

Before he could answer, his dad asked if he was in trouble at school.

And then, Ashley asked if he had a new puppy hidden in his room.

"No, no and no!" Justin responded. "I just want to go to bed right now."

Somewhat begrudgingly, his mother told him he could leave the table. Silently, she vowed to check in on him later to see if he had a fever.

Justin sprinted down the hallway to his room and quickly closed the door. He started to take his clothes off but then stopped. "I'd better shower and brush my teeth, so they don't come in to remind me," he said to himself.

Finally, with the shower done, clean pajamas on and teeth brushed, he climbed under the covers. He could still see a bit of daylight coming in under the window shade.

He could now get down to the task at hand; he could begin to "sleep on it."

That is what Grandpa always told him to do when there was something to be resolved or a mystery to be solved - sleep on it.

Today, while they were fishing, Grandpa told him that he would take him to the Outer Banks this summer, if Justin could solve the mystery of The Lost Colony. He had to be able to tell Grandpa where to find it!

"How can I do that?" asked Justin.

Grandpa grinned and replied, "You sleep on it!"

And now Justin would "sleep on it" until he found the answer.

He tossed and turned, and, after a while, he drifted off into the land of dreams and other knowledge — the place where he could conjure up ghosts of centuries past to help him find the answers.

There, in the distance, stood a man in short pants, a feathered hat and a shiny sword. "Sir Raleigh!" someone shouted, "The Queen is awaiting your presence and isn't pleased with your tardiness."

Justin watched as Sir Raleigh rushed toward an open stone courtyard.

"He can help me," Justin thought, as he flew across the distance to catch up with the man.

"Mister, mister...can you help me find the lost colony?" he said aloud.

Sir Raleigh turned toward Justin and, as words began to form on his lips, Justin was awakened by his mother's hand on his forehead, checking to see if he had a fever.

Now, he would have to try again to "sleep on it" and solve the mystery.

Next: Chapter 2, Hail to the Queen!



Sir Walter Raleigh engraving by D. H. Montgomery from *The Beginner's American History* published by Ginn and Company, 1902

Newspaper Activity:

What does "sleep on it" mean in this story? In newspapers, look for idioms similar to "sleep on" that have meanings that cannot be predicted by a literal reading of the words.

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Chapter 2: Hail to the Queen

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Justin tossed and turned as he tried to go back to sleep after being awakened by his mother.

"Maybe if he felt more tired," he thought. He jumped out of bed and began doing

jumping jacks and then tried running in place. His exercise didn't work.

"Reading might be the key," he thought. Rummaging through a stack of books, he found one that was sure to put him to sleep — Beowulf!

After a while, his eyelids began to flutter, and then he slowly sank back into the land of dreams.

There he was! Sir Walter Raleigh was just going through the archway. If Justin hurried, maybe he could catch up with him.

He shouted out a couple of times as he ran across the cobblestone courtyard, but Raleigh apparently didn't hear him — or he had no time to deal with a young boy.

Finally, Justin caught up to him as Raleigh bowed to the woman in the back of the room. They began talking.

"Sir, sir, can you help me?" asked Justin as he approached his target.

"Who is that that dares to interrupt the Queen?" growled the woman as she took a step toward him.

Justin stared for a moment before he asked, "Are you the Pumpkin Queen?"

"What did you say? How dare you make

colony? After pestering and prodding me for permission to send settlers to that place and beat Spain in claiming the area, you lost them?" she demanded to know.

"They aren't lost, your Majesty," said Raleigh, "...they just misplaced themselves."

Snapping her fan to show her displeasure, the Queen shouted, "Pray tell, how do 100 souls left there in 1587 misplace themselves by 1590? Oh, never mind, just get out of my sight - both of you wretches!"

Justin followed Raleigh's lead in bowing to the Queen as he backed toward the archway.

The Queen was still shouting as they left her sight. "Prepare a new wardrobe for me at once, and, when I've changed, burn this skirt and bodice and bury the ashes," she ordered her ladies-in-waiting. "Pumpkin Queen? Hah!"

As Justin stepped into the courtyard, Raleigh let out a bellowing laugh. "Pumpkin Queen? You insulted the Queen by comparing her with something grown by Indians in the New World? Wherever did you get that idea?"

Justin, slightly insulted by Raleigh's laughter, said, "I don't know why she got so mad — my older sister Jessica is the Cucumber Queen and has a crown, and all her friends are jealous. She says that next year she wants to be the Strawberry Queen, but that she isn't sure she can win that one because she might not be tall enough."

Raleigh stared at him for a moment and then shook his head as though he was trying to regain his senses.

"Why, boy, do you ask about the lost colonists?" he asked.

"My grandpa said that if I can tell him where the lost colony is, he will take me to the Outer Banks this summer," Justin explained.

"And what are the Outer Banks?" asked Raleigh.

"That's sort of where the colonists were before they were lost," Justin said, surprised that Raleigh didn't know that.

Raleigh paused for a second. "Well, maybe you need to talk to John White. He was the governor of the colony."

"Where do I find him?" Justin asked.

The shrill noise of the alarm clock awoke the dream traveler, and he had to put off his search once again, until he could find another reason to sleep.

**Next: Chapter 3,
Longing for Virginia
Dare!**

Newspaper Activity:

What emotions do Queen Elizabeth express in this chapter? What does she say and do that demonstrates her feelings? What emotions do you find expressed by people in the news? What evidence do you find in photos, words and actions?



Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth as portrayed in a performance of "The Lost Colony"

light of royal authority!" Queen Elizabeth shouted.

Cowering just a little, Justin responded, "I didn't mean to make you mad. Your skirt is orange and shaped like a pumpkin and the top is green and looks like a stem..."

"Unbelievable! You must be short of your wits to address me in such a manner," she said as she glanced down at her skirt.

"I'm sorry. I just wanted to ask Sir Raleigh if he knows anything about the lost colony," Justin said with a slight quiver in his voice.

Now the Queen's attention swung to Raleigh. "You lost the

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Chapter 3: Longing for Virginia Dare

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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).

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Chapter 4: Clue not enough to solve mystery

by Sandy Semans, Editor, *Outer Banks Sentinel*

The classroom was hot with the sun streaming through the windows onto Justin. The heat was making him nod off from time to time, but he fought it. No

sense in wasting sleep when he wouldn't have enough time to dream travel before the bell rang.

Finally, the shrill sound signaled time to go to the next period's class. Today, he was excited because the bell meant going to study hall in the library.

Entering the double doors, Justin headed for the nearest computer to see if he could cut short his search for the lost colony by using the Internet. The idea came from his sister Jessica after he explained his mission.

"Just type in 'what clues did the lost colony leave?' and hit enter," Jessica told him.

Justin followed the directions and up popped a list of websites. One might give him exactly what he needed.

After opening several websites, he found two clues left behind by the colonists: "CROATOAN" carved on a post and "CRO" carved into the bark of a tree.

John White had said that there was a carving on a tree. He must have been talking about the "CRO," Justin thought.

But what do the clues mean? Were they a strange language or a code?

He decided to see if the computer could once again provide an answer.

"Croatoan?" he typed into the search bar.

Wikipedia offered more clues. It said that the "... Croatoans were a small Native American group living in the coastal areas of what is now North Carolina. They may have been a branch of the larger Roanoke people or allied with them...The Roanoke and Croatoan were believed to have been on good terms with English settlers of the Roanoke Colony."

And there was Manteo—a Croatoan—the chief. Surely he would know something important!

Justin surfed the Internet some more and found that the

tribe Manteo led and the island they lived on part of the year were both called Croatan, but later both were referred to as Hatteras. "Hatteras Island! I know where that is — that's part of the Outer Banks," he mumbled to himself.

Before the name changed, members of the tribe were called Croatoans and they were part of the huge Algonquin Nation.

Manteo was a friend to the English and had even traveled to England. And he was the first Indian to be baptized in the New World.

"That's it!" Justin thought. He would try to find Manteo — he might know where the lost colony disappeared.

Later that night, Justin was stretched across his bed doing homework while Jessica and younger sister Jenna lay on the floor playing a board game. Jenna didn't often talk — she could speak but usually just chose to be a silent onlooker.

"You have stuff under your bed." Jenna said. "I don't have things under mine."

Annoyed by her observation, Justin replied, "Well, good for you, smarty pants. I'll clean mine out sometime."

He closed his math textbook. "OK, I'm going to bed,

so find another floor to lie on," Justin barked at his sisters.

Gathering up the game pieces, the girls started to leave the room. "You should clean under your bed," Jenna said, as a parting shot.

Justin hurried through his bedtime routine and then settled in under the sheet. He was going to look for Manteo.

Next: Chapter 5, Manteo, man of few words



The Lost Colony actors reenact the scene when John White discovered a clue left behind by the missing colonists.

Newspaper Activity: Colonists left clues for John White. Jenna offers Justin a clue. When readers read like a detective, they use clues to predict what will happen next in a story or predict what is likely to happen in the news (Will the team win the game or series? Is the person likely to be found guilty or innocent? Is the bill likely to win passage? Is the candidate likely to win the election?) Make predictions based on your reading of the news. Give reasons.

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Chapter 5: Manteo, man of few words

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Justin's plan to find Manteo through dream travel hadn't worked out the night before. Just as he began drifting into sleep, thunder and lightning shook the house and lit up the sky.

When he finally did go to sleep, it was fitful and more tiring than refreshing. Waking up to the alarm, he felt as though he had spent the last few hours running hard.

The school day dragged on forever and ever. The teachers' voices seemed to hum in his ears like a swarm of bees and were about as welcome.

He couldn't wait to get home and start looking for Manteo. All he had to do was stay awake long enough to make it through the day.

But it seemed that the day just wouldn't end. Finally, he arrived home to find out that there was company.

"Justin, wanna play tag?" asked Taylor who had come with Josh to spend the night.

"Naw, I'm too tired," Justin said.

"Go ahead outside and play," his mother said. "The fresh air will do you good. And, besides, Josh and Taylor have looked forward to seeing you."

Ashley grinned at Justin. "You are just afraid that we will win! I know I can beat you — you'll see, you will be IT," she said.

He gave in. He knew that if he didn't play with them, his mother would think he was sick and probably end up disturbing his dream travel again.

Finally, with dinner out of the way, homework done and shower completed, Justin settled into the bed with anticipation of finding Manteo.

It didn't take long. There, on a tree-lined bank, an Indian sat, carving a piece of oyster shell.

"Are you Manteo?" asked Justin.

Startled, the man jumped to his feet. "Are you one of the English?" he shot back to Justin.

"No, I'm an American, and Dad says we are good

Methodists," Justin answered.

The man looked puzzled. He stared at Justin while he waited for more of an explanation.

"I'm looking for the lost colony and thought you might tell me where to find the settlers," Justin said.

Manteo frowned while he chose the words for his answer. "Why do you think the English are lost?" he asked.

"Well, no one knows where they went," Justin answered.

"So, shouldn't the question be 'why don't I know where they went?'" Manteo asked. "Why do you think they are lost? They know where they went."

Justin was stumped for a reply.

"Sir Walter told the Queen that they misplaced themselves," Justin offered.

Manteo's face softened at the sound of Sir Walter's name. "You saw him? And how is my old friend?" he asked. "And Thomas Harriot, did you see him, too? He is the one who taught me how to speak the sounds — the words — that you understand."

Frustrated, Justin lifted his chin and demanded loudly, "Do you know where the colonists went or not?"

Manteo sat down and resumed his carving. "They are not here in front of us, so how could I say exactly where they are?"

"This was going nowhere," Justin thought.

"Do you know someone who could help me? I have to find out where the lost colony went before tomorrow. My grandpa said that if I can tell him, he will take me to the Outer Banks," Justin said, with almost a whine in his voice.

Slowly Manteo turned toward Justin and with a smile responded, "You sleep on it."

And then Manteo turned away.

Justin felt hopeless. He couldn't think of anyone else who might be able to help him find the answer.

Next: Chapter 6, 'You sleep on it'



Watercolor painted by John White in 1585

Newspaper Activity:

Manteo answered many of Justin's questions with questions. Manteo challenged Justin's thinking about the lost colonists. How do people who are quoted, write letters or comments, columns or blogs challenge others to view current events from different perspectives?

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Chapter 6: 'You sleep on it'

by Sandy Semans, Editor, *Outer Banks Sentinel*

Justin woke up early and stayed in the bed while he tried to come up with a solution to his problem.

Grandpa was coming by today and would be expecting an answer about where to find the

lost colony. Justin had no answer but really wanted to go visit the Outer Banks.

Jessica quietly opened the door, just wide enough to peek in to see if Justin was awake.

Seeing that his eyes were open and he was staring at the ceiling, she entered the room. That turned out to be a dangerous move, as she found out when she tripped over his baseball bat. She quickly regained her balance and announced that breakfast was ready.

He didn't respond. Didn't she know that he failed his mission and was never going to eat again? Couldn't she see that there are more important things to do than worry about breakfast?

"Justin, didn't you hear me?" Jessica asked. "Mom made blueberry pancakes, and she said we can put whipped cream on them."

"I'm not hungry," he said as he rolled toward the wall.

"What's up with you? Are you sick?" Jessica asked.

"I really wanted to go with Grandpa to the Outer Banks and now he won't take me," Justin said.

"Well, if you aren't going to eat, why don't you clean out under your bed?" Jessica said.

"Really," he thought. "She really thinks that by cleaning my room, I'm going to feel better?"

Jessica left the room while chuckling to herself.

"She is happy that I'm not going to be able to go. She's just plain mean," he said aloud.

By lunchtime, his stomach was growling, and he was tired of looking at the inside of his room.

When he entered the kitchen, his mother said, "Well, there you are. Sorry you missed the pancakes. Want a grilled cheese and some soup?"

Justin nodded his head. Josh, Taylor, Ashley and Jenna were sitting around the table, eating sandwiches and playing Trouble.

"Wanna play?" asked Josh.

"No," Justin replied.

"Why are you so sad?" Taylor asked.

Justin explained his disappointment with his failed mission.

The younger children grinned at Justin.

"You sleep on it," advised Josh.

"I have slept on it — night after night!" Justin shouted. "I can't sleep my way to the Outer Banks!"

Grandpa's voice interrupted the conversation. "Hello, anyone home?"

"We're in the kitchen," Justin's mom said.

Justin hung his head. He didn't want to tell Grandpa that he couldn't find the answer.

Jenna looked at her brother's sad face and took pity on him. She left the table, took him by the hand and led him up the stairs.

"What are you doing?" Justin asked.

"Don't be sad," Jenna said, as she pulled him into his room. "Clean out under your bed."

"Why would that make me happy? What's wrong with you?" Justin said.

Jenna leaned down, reached under the bed and handed him a book about The Lost Colony. "Now, you clean out the rest of it," she said and walked out of the room.

Justin thumbed quickly through the book but found no answers about where the lost colony went. "Where did the book come from?" he thought.

Kneeling on the floor, he bent down and looked where Jenna had reached.

He pulled out a large white envelope that was addressed to Grandpa. The return address was from The Lost Colony, Waterside Theatre, Roanoke Island, NC. "That was part of the Outer Banks!" he said to himself.

A note from Grandpa was written on the front: "Don't you think this would be fun? It tells about the Roanoke Colony that disappeared."

Justin opened the envelope and inside were two tickets to the play.

Also inside was a brochure with a picture of a woman and a baby. "The baby must be John White's granddaughter, Virginia Dare," Justin thought.

Justin began reading the inside of the booklet.

The Lost Colony is preparing for the season!

"More than 400 years ago, 117 men, women and children sailed from Plymouth, England in an attempt to settle on Roanoke Island; they vanished just two years later. The only clue left behind was the word "CROATOAN" carved into a post. The Lost Colony is their story.

"Written by Pulitzer-prize winning playwright Paul Green, The Lost Colony outdoor symphonic drama is performed summer nights as a way to celebrate and remember the nation's history."

He'd finally found it — The Lost Colony! Grandpa had said "you sleep on it," but he didn't mean to try to find it in dreams. He meant the answer was under the bed where Justin slept.

And Jessica, Taylor, Josh, Ashley and Jenna weren't being brats. They were trying to point Justin in the right direction.

But one question still remained. How did Manteo know the answer was under Justin's bed?

Justin would have to "sleep on" that question.

Newspaper Activity: In Chapter One, what did Justin (and you) think Grandpa meant when he told Justin to solve the mystery of the Lost Colony by "sleeping on it?" What did Justin find out Grandpa meant when he said "sleep on it?" How will Justin's research about the lost colonists benefit him? How do reading, viewing, listening to and discussing several news stories about a topic benefit you as a learner?

The End