

Two Kettles

A Reading A-Z Level S Leveled Book
Word Count: 1,513

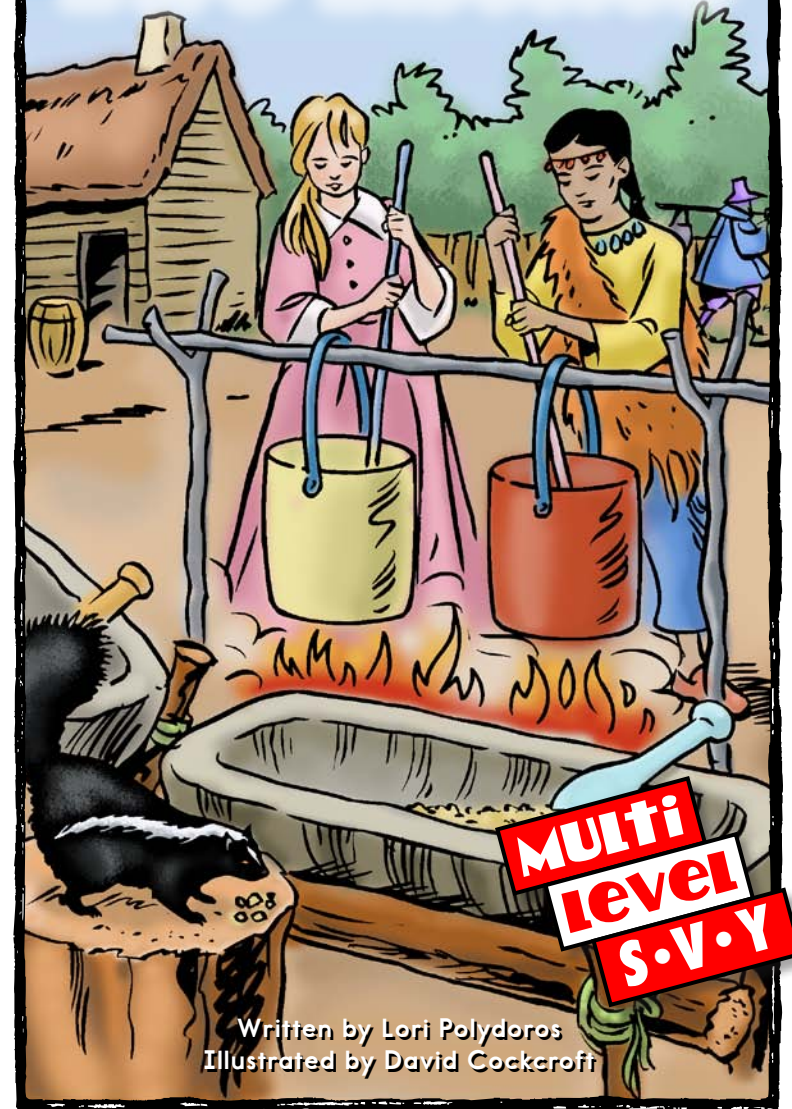


Reading a-z

Visit www.readinga-z.com
for thousands of books and materials.

LEVELED BOOK • S

Two Kettles



**Multi
level
S•V•Y**

Written by Lori Polydoros
Illustrated by David Cockcroft

www.readinga-z.com

Two Kettles



Written by Lori Polydoros
Illustrated by David Cockcroft

www.readinga-z.com

Two Kettles
Level S Leveled Book
© Learning A-Z
Written by Lori Polydoros
Illustrated by David Cockcroft

All rights reserved.

www.readinga-z.com

Correlation

| LEVEL S | |
|-------------------|----|
| Fountas & Pinnell | O |
| Reading Recovery | 34 |
| DRA | 34 |



Table of Contents

| | |
|-------------------------------------|----|
| Ellinor’s Surprise. | 4 |
| Little Deer’s Worries. | 6 |
| A Fit Feast. | 8 |
| A Joint Task | 9 |
| Making <i>Nasump</i> | 11 |
| Collecting <i>Quahogs</i> | 13 |
| Two Kettles. | 17 |
| Glossary | 20 |



Ellinor’s Surprise

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The muskets fired near Plymouth Plantation. Ellinor ran outside. The sky was filled with frightened birds. Her father was standing with the new governor, William Bradford.

“Father, why is Captain Standish training soldiers so early?”

“The men are hunting for our feast!” her father answered.

Not understanding, Ellinor asked, “What do you speak of?”

Governor Bradford said, “We will celebrate our good harvest!”

There had been little to celebrate in Plymouth this past year. Ellinor and her family had come to Plymouth from England last winter. They were among 102 colonists who had sailed there on the *Mayflower* in 1620.

They were not ready for such a hard winter. Only half the village had lived until spring. Her own mother became sick and died. They had met a native man named Tisquantum, whom they called *Squanto*. He taught them how to plant, hunt, fish, and store food. Without his help, they all would have died.

“There are only a few healthy women to cook the feast. You must help,” Governor Bradford said. Ellinor nodded but felt worried.



Little Deer's Worries

“Mother!” Little Deer called. She had been sewing new moccasins. Her pet skunk, Tiptoe, slept in her lap.

“Mother, I need more **deerskin** for this. . .”

Tiptoe awoke and ran outside, with Little Deer behind him. Hundreds of birds were flying above. Little Deer saw men walking out of their meeting place, the **longhouse**.



“Many shots were fired in the English village,” Little Deer’s mother said. “Our leader, Yellow Feather, is talking about it with the other leaders.”

Little Deer felt her stomach tighten. Her tribe, the Pokanoket (POH-kah-no-kit), had lived and hunted here for thousands of years. The English now lived on part of their land.

“We do not know if the Englishmen prepare for war,” Yellow Feather said. “We will ask if they need our help.” Yellow Feather had made an agreement with the English to help each other in times of war.

Little Deer was angry at the English. They had taken Wampanoag (wam-pa-NO-ag) land. Other English settlers had brought a new sickness here. Plymouth Plantation was built on the old village of Patuxet. The entire village fell sick and died from the plague.

Now Little Deer felt worried. Their life had been so peaceful. Her people should not be fighting in an English war. She hoped it wasn’t true.

A Fit Feast

Ellinor saw people pointing. Many Wampanoag men were walking toward Plymouth. Their leader, whom the English called Massasoit (MA-sa-soy-it), was in front. Ellinor knew Governor Bradford had made peace with them. But she still felt uneasy because she did not understand them at all.

Squanto translated the governor’s words as he welcomed Massasoit and his men.

“We heard many guns,” Massasoit said. “Do you prepare for war?”



“No,” the governor said. “We are hunting fowl for a feast. We celebrate our harvest. Please join us.”

“Thank you, they will come,” Squanto said. “Yellow Feather will send men to hunt deer for the feast. The women and children will come to help with cooking.”

Ellinor’s heart dropped. Now they would have to cook for over a hundred people!

A Joint Task

Little Deer walked slowly behind her mother, holding Tiptoe. “What do I have to celebrate with the English?” she thought.

The English *sachem*, or leader, greeted everyone. Tisquantum and a fat Englishman were standing near an outdoor cooking **hearth**. An English girl with yellow hair stood with them. The girl did not look at Little Deer.

“Welcome to Plymouth,” the man said.

“The women and children have come to help prepare the food,” Tisquantum offered.

“That is good!” he said. “Ellinor . . .”

The yellow-haired girl looked up.

“I want you to be in charge of preparing the **samp**, the corn porridge.”

Tisquantum added in his native language, “Little Deer, you have learned ways of making *Nasump*. You will help this girl, El-li-nor.”

Little Deer shook her head.

“We are guests,” Little Deer’s mother said. “Do as you are asked.”

The fat man pointed at a carved-out log. “You may grind the corn here.”

The two girls did not look at each other.



Making Nasump

Ellinor poured dried corn kernels into the log and began to grind them.

Little Deer did the same. Neither girl spoke to the other.

The skunk at Little Deer's feet made Ellinor nervous. She had never been this close to a wild animal.



Both girls ground corn for hours. Ellinor was angry and tired. She didn't like her cooking partner, and she didn't like the hard work.

Two large kettles filled with water hung over the hearth. As the water boiled, Ellinor scooped corn flour into one kettle. Little Deer added corn flour to the other. Tiptoe moved and brushed against Ellinor's leg.

"AHHH! Get away!" Ellinor screamed. "Wild animals should not be near food!"

Little Deer giggled and scooped Tiptoe into her arms.

Ellinor walked to a small shed where the meat was kept. She took out a piece of salted pork. After cutting it into small pieces, she added it to her kettle.

She began adding pork to the second kettle, but Little Deer stopped her. She shook her head and said, "*Quahogs*." Then Little Deer ran down the hill toward the ocean with Tiptoe. "*Quahogs*," she said again.



Collecting Quahogs

Little Deer stopped first at the stream. Tiptoe popped out of her arms to explore. Little Deer was pulling up wild onions when she heard footsteps.

The yellow-haired girl had come. But Little Deer kept pulling onions and garlic.

The English girl stepped onto a rock near the edge of the stream. Her hard leather shoes slipped, and she fell into the water with a splash.



Little Deer giggled at how wet the English girl was.

The yellow-haired girl spoke loud, angry words. Little Deer did not know those words. She watched the wet girl squeeze water from her clothes. She wondered why the girl wore so many heavy clothes.

Little Deer stuffed the onions and garlic into her bag. She headed toward the ocean. She could hear the English girl behind her.

Quahogs were hidden in the muddy ground along the shore. Little Deer watched the mud for small air holes. They showed where the clams were hiding.

The English girl stood watching, with her hands on her hips.

Little Deer pulled three *quahogs* out of the mud and stuffed them into her bag. It was getting late. Little Deer waved for the girl to help.



The English girl frowned, but she began looking for air holes in the mud. She pulled out *quahogs* as if she had done this before. A big wave came and knocked them both into the water. Little Deer almost smiled. She thought the English girl did, too.

Just then, a musket shot rang out nearby.

The sudden sound frightened Tiptoe. He quickly ran up a steep, rocky cliff. Little Deer called to him, but he climbed even higher.

Both girls ran toward the cliff. Little Deer climbed quickly, the bag of clams bouncing on her back.

Tiptoe huddled in a hole near the top. Little Deer had almost reached him when a rock under her feet gave way. She crashed down the cliff and into the water below.



Two Kettles

Ellinor ran out to the edge of the water.
“Little Deer! Grab my apron!”

Little Deer felt the cold water pull her down. Something yellow flopped onto the water above her. Little Deer grabbed it. She felt herself being pulled slowly.

Ellinor pulled hard, but Little Deer was heavier than she looked.

Little Deer could see the rocks. She pushed herself up, but pain shot through her arm.

“Are you badly injured?” Ellinor asked.

Little Deer did not understand her words. Tiptoe leaped into her arms. Holding Tiptoe, she looked up, and Ellinor smiled. The English girl had saved her life!

Ellinor pointed up the hill. “We should return.” Gently, she helped Little Deer stand up.

Little Deer looked into the girl’s blue eyes and squeezed her hand. “El-li-nor.”

The yellow-haired girl smiled. “You’re welcome, Little Deer.”

Little Deer turned back to the sea.
“*Quahogs*,” she said, sadly.

“I’m sorry you lost them,” Ellinor said. “But we still have the salted pork.”

Little Deer shook her head. That wasn’t enough for her. She led Ellinor to a few hidden blueberry bushes that still had berries. They picked berries until the sun went down.

That night, the girls finished the *Nasump*, or samp. They added the blueberries to Little Deer’s kettle and the wild onion and garlic to Ellinor’s. Each had a different taste, but both were praised.



Together, they served Governor Bradford and Massasoit at their table. After dinner, the girls played games together in front of the fire.

Little Deer and Ellinor watched as Captain Standish led his men in shooting exercises. Ellinor saw a tear fall from Little Deer's cheek.

"Friends," Ellinor said, patting Little Deer's hand.

Little Deer nodded and smiled.

They knew the quiet peace between their people might not last. But they knew that the seeds of their friendship would grow.



Glossary

- deerskin** (*n.*) the skin of deer used for making most Wampanoag clothes (p. 6)
- hearth** (*n.*) an outdoor or indoor fireplace used for cooking, light, and warmth (p. 9)
- longhouse** (*n.*) Wampanoag meetinghouse built with cedar saplings and covered with bark (p. 6)
- muskets** (*n.*) long-barreled firearms used by the English (p. 4)
- Nasump** (*n.*)
(or samp) thick porridge made with ground corn and cooked with meat, fruit, or vegetables (p. 10)
- quahogs** (*n.*) hard-shelled clams (p. 12)
- samp** (*n.*) (*see Nasump*) (p. 10)

