

Katie's
Trunk

KATIE'S TRUNK

by Ann Turner



illustrations by Ron Himler

California
Standards

Standards to
Achieve

Reading

- Understand text features (R2.1)
- Main problem/plot conflict (R3.2)

Social Science

- Impact of the Revolution (HSS5.6.4)

Who Were the Tories?

At the time of the American Revolution, nearly one third of all colonists were **Tories**, or Loyalists, who remained loyal to the king of England and believed that English laws were fair and **just**. They opposed the **rebels** who were **arming** and **drilling** to prepare for war. The story of *Katie's Trunk* shows how neighbor turned against neighbor in the growing trouble with England.



George III became king of England in 1760, shortly before he posed for this portrait by the English painter Allan Ramsay.

Even some famous Patriot families included Tories. Benjamin Franklin's son, William, the governor of colonial New Jersey, sided with the British.



Benjamin Franklin



William Franklin



The American Revolution caused between 75,000 and 100,000 Loyalists to leave the colonies. Most fled to Canada. This sketch shows a Tory family camping on its way up the St. Lawrence River in 1784.

Meet the Author

Ann Turner

When she writes historical fiction, Ann Turner tries to imagine herself as a child, alive in a particular time and place. She asks herself, “What would I do then? How would I feel and react?”

The story for *Katie’s Trunk* came from a conversation between Turner and her aunt about an old trunk that used to be in her grandmother’s basement. “‘One of our ancestors hid in it when the Revolutionary soldiers came,’ she told me one day. I was astonished. ‘You mean we were *Tories*?’ I had to write a story about it, and the character of Katie came to mind — a rebellious, spirited girl (as I was) who would have wanted to protect her family’s things from the rebels.” Turner’s other books include *Dakota Dugout*, *Dust for Dinner*, *Red Flower Goes West*, and *Mississippi Mud: Three Prairie Journals*.



Meet the Illustrator

Ron Himler

As a child in Cleveland, Ohio, Ron Himler spent many hours each week drawing at his grandmother’s house. Since then, in a career that spans three decades, he has illustrated more than eighty books.

Himler lives in the American Southwest, where his special interest is researching and painting the ceremonies of Native Americans.

Internet



To find out more about Ann Turner and Ron Himler, visit Education Place. www.eduplace.com/kids

KATIE'S TRUNK

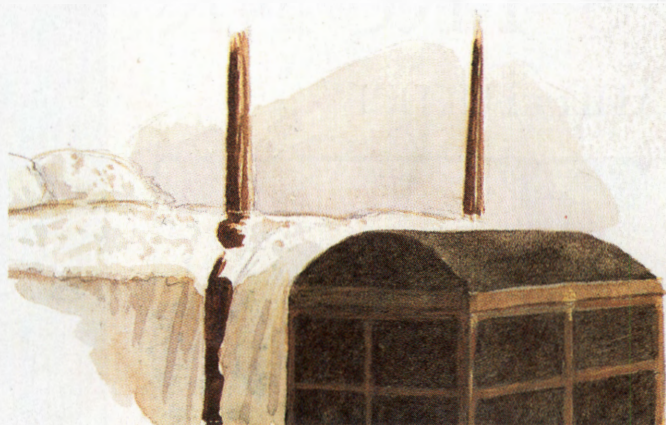
by Ann Turner



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Strategy Focus

What would it be like to be a Tory if your neighbors were Patriots? When you read, **summarize** the conflict between Katie's family and their neighbors.



When I'd been bad all day long,
hiding Hattie's doll under the sofa
and never telling where it went,
Mama sighed and said, "I should sit you down
to sew long seams all day
and get the goodness straight inside,
Katie. What is wrong with you?"

I couldn't tell it with a name,
though I felt it inside,
the way a horse knows a storm is near.
I could feel the itchiness in the air,
the wind bringing cold,
the clouds tumbling over the trees
bringing rain — a sour rain.

"Must be," Mama sighed and sat down to tea,
"must be all this trouble and fighting.
Why; it makes me skittish as a newborn calf,
all this marching and talking,
these letters your Papa speaks of,
that tea they dumped in the harbor."



Mama's hand shook.

"Tea! In the harbor! Wasting God's good food."

Brother Walter said, "That's not the least of it.

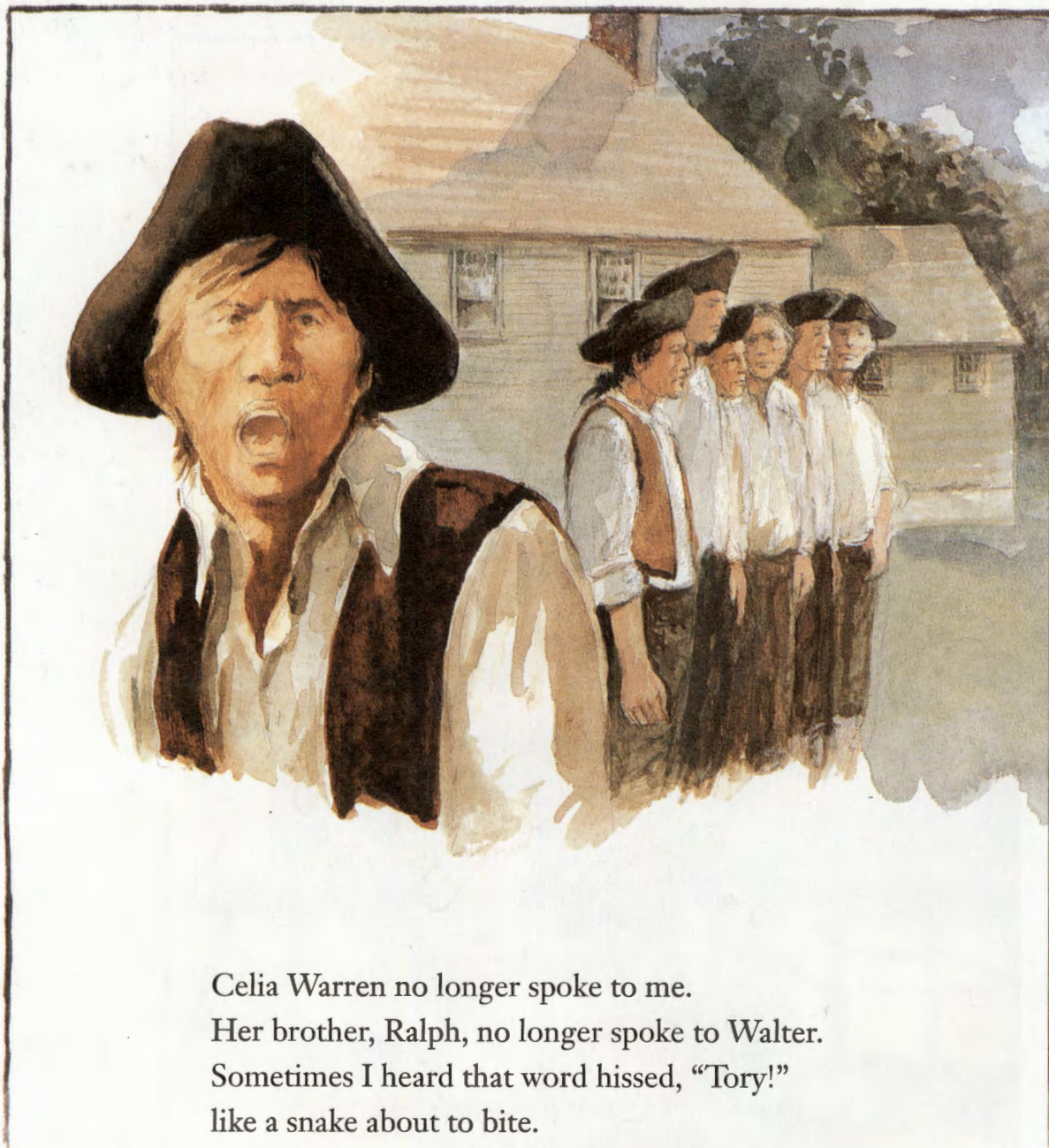
It will get worse."

She peered at him.

"How could it be worse, Walter?"

Then she shut her lips on the words.

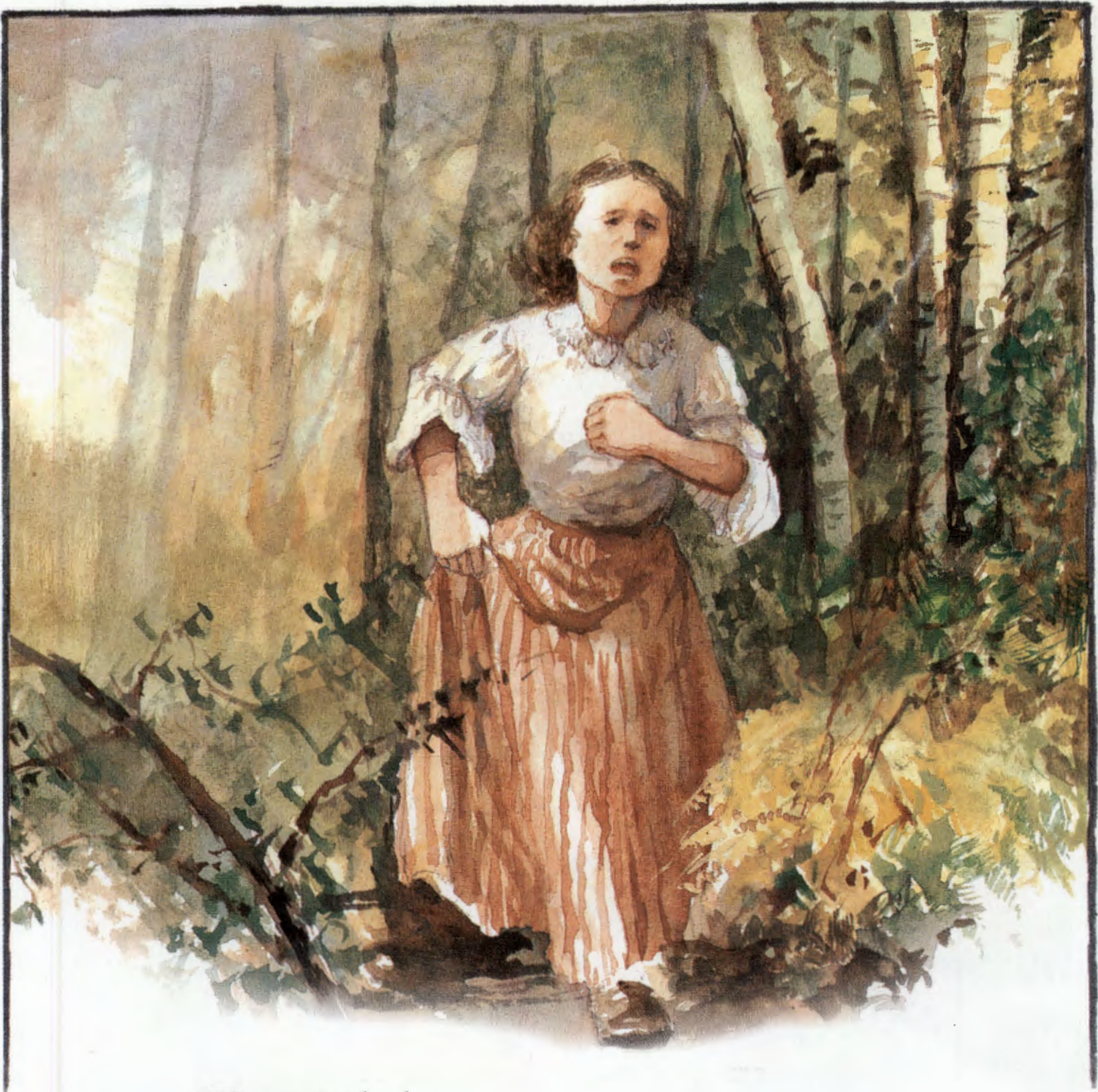
Already we had lost friends, neighbors,
families we had played with on the green
and helped with building their new barns.



Celia Warren no longer spoke to me.
Her brother, Ralph, no longer spoke to Walter.
Sometimes I heard that word hissed, "Tory!"
like a snake about to bite.

The rebels were arming, brother told me,
marching and drilling beyond the meadows.

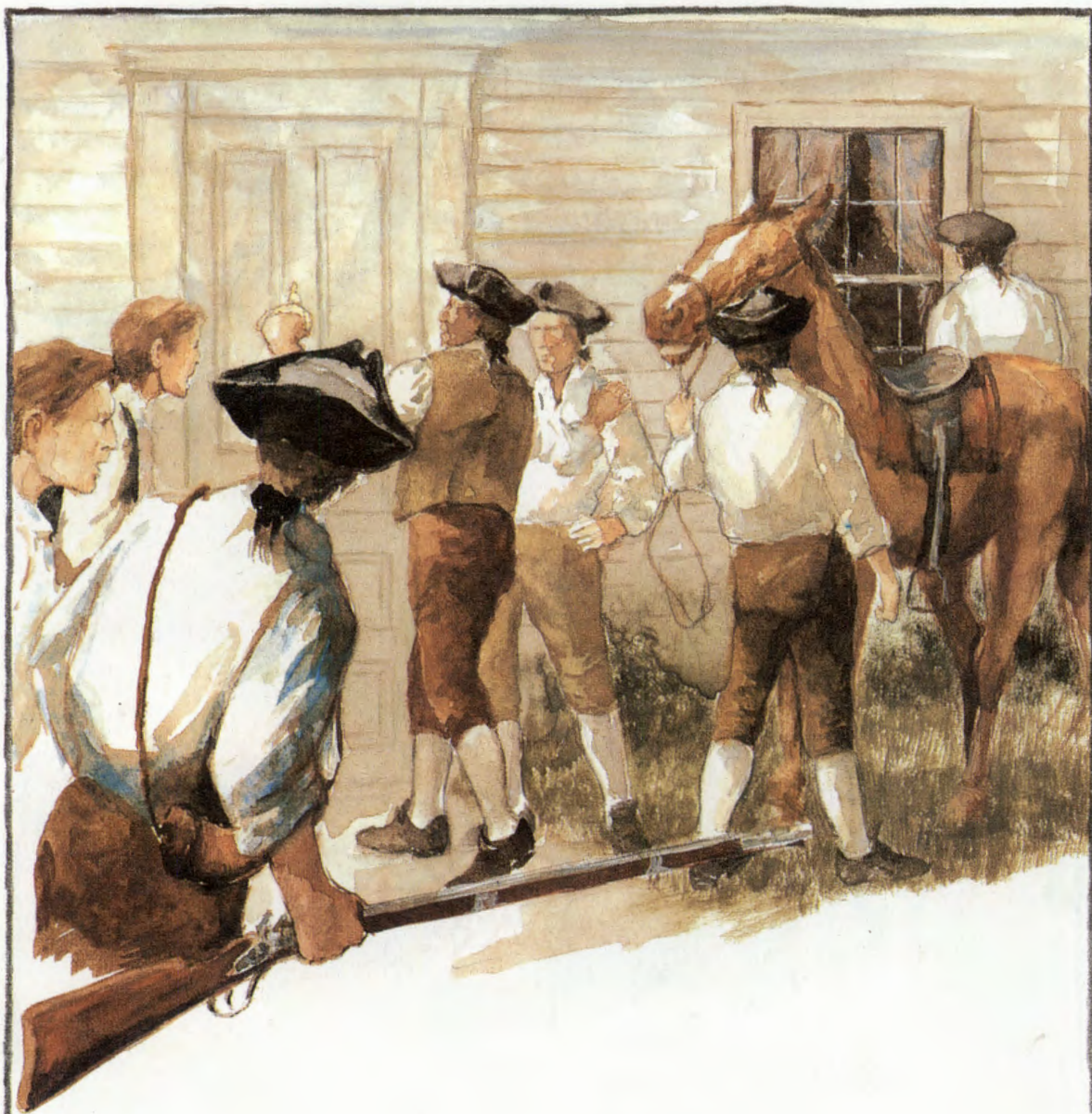
I'll never forget the day they came.
The sun was hot on the mill pond
and Walter, Hattie, and I watched the dragonflies
peel their skins off on the long grass
and fly away.
Something like smoke rose over the road
and out of it Papa came running. "Get your mother!
Hide in the woods. The rebels are coming!"



We ran to the house,
Mama's face like a white handkerchief.
She shoved a piece of pork pie in our hands
and ran us out to the thick woods
where we could hide.

Crouched in the underbrush,
I felt like an animal in a trap. And suddenly
I was so mad I could not still myself.

I raced for the house,
Mama's fierce whisper trying to call me back.
I would not let John Warren and Reuben Otis
hurt our house and things. It was not right,
it was not just, it was not fair.



Inside our parlor, I touched each thing
I loved: Mama's pineapple teapot,
the silver tray, shining like a moon,
the pictures of all our kin
ranged across the wall — home.

Then I heard voices by the door,
Reuben Otis, John Warren, Harold Smith
and others, not our neighbors.
"This'll be fine pickings!"
They paused on the front step
and ripped the knocker off the wood.



I ran into Mama and Papa's room,
looking for a place to hide.
If they could steal, they could hurt as well.
There was Mama's wedding trunk,
big and black and domed.
I pulled up the trunk lid and hid under the dresses.
In the shut down darkness everything
was muffled and faraway. The door slamming.
Their footsteps next door in the parlor.




“English goods!” someone spat
and something hit the floor and broke.
My breath stuck in my throat.
I heard Reuben say,
“Mr. Gray has money here. Look hard for it.”
John Warren spoke of arms they would buy.
The air closed around my mouth
like a black cloth.

I bit my hand and prayed,
though I was never much good at that.
I thought my words might go up to God
like bubbles in a pond to the silver top
where they would burst. "Please, God,
don't let them find me, don't let them hurt us,
let me breathe."

The footsteps came closer, someone leaned against
the trunk. My breath got caught somewhere midst
my stomach and chest, and I could not
get it back. There wasn't enough air.
John Warren said, "Fine dresses and silver here."
He pulled up the lid and the sweet air rushed in.
I sucked in a breath as a dress was snatched out.
The rustlings drowned their words,
another dress went, and a hand touched me.
I wanted to bite it, to make him jump and shout,
but I stilled myself. Maybe he didn't know.
Suddenly, he shouted, "Out! The Tories
are coming. Back to the road! Hurry!"
He did not close the lid, and footsteps sounded
out the door.

Sudden quiet. My heart beat loud
as the horses galloping down the road.
Quiet as quiet, I crept
to the window and looked out. No one.
Puffs of smoke far down on the green.

A horse thudding past, riderless;
someone's hat blowing by in the gusty wind.
Would I ever play with Celia again?
Would I always wear this name, Tory, as if
it were written on my chest?



I sat down, hugged my knees
and began to cry.
Walter ran inside and hugged
me so tight
my nose stuck to his shirt.
Mama, Papa, and Hattie came next,
white as the moon and as silent.
Only Mama scolded, "Katie! Leaving us
that way . . ." Her voice broke
and she sat beside me and stroked my hair.
Papa looked out the window. "It's not bad,
dear ones, just a skirmish.
No one's hurt that I can see."

Walter's mouth snapped open and then
shut tight. I wiped my eyes on his sleeve.
A sudden thread like a song
ran through my head. When Mama asked me
to sew straight seams to get the goodness straight
I knew I couldn't do it.
But John Warren had. When I hid
in the black stuffy trunk,
when my breath got lost in Mama's dresses,
he left the trunk lid up to let me breathe
and called the others away.



He'd left one seam of goodness there,
and we were all tied to it:
Papa, Mama, Walter, Hattie
and me.

Responding

KATIE'S TRUNK by Ann Turner



illustrations by Ron Himler

Think About the Selection

1. What is it like for Katie to be a member of a Tory family living among rebel neighbors? How does the conflict make her feel?
 2. If you were Katie's friend Celia Warren, would you stop speaking to Katie? Explain what you would do and why.
 3. Katie says "It was not fair" for rebels to break into her house. Do you agree with her? Why or why not?
 4. Do you think Katie was right or wrong to run back to her house? Explain your answer. Find evidence from the selection that supports your opinion.
 5. What causes John Warren to leave the trunk lid open and call the other rebels away? What effect does his action have on Katie?
 6. Katie says that John Warren left a "seam of goodness there, and we were all tied to it" on page 303. What does she mean? What effect might that "seam of goodness" have on her family?
- ★ **Connecting/Comparing** Both Katie and Paul Revere face challenges caused by the conflict with England. What do you think is the biggest challenge each one faces? How does each respond to that challenge?



Creating

Write a Scene for a Screenplay

Assume that *Katie's Trunk* is going to be made into a movie. Write a screenplay for one scene. For example, you might choose the scene in which Katie hides after hearing the rebels at the door.

Tips

- Write each character's name before his or her lines.
- Write instructions telling the actors where to move and how to say their lines.

Art

Make a Mobile

On p. 298, Katie notices things that represent home for her. Create a mobile using cardboard, magazine photographs, drawings, or foil to show things that represent home for you. Thread string through your creations and tie them to a hanger.

Bonus Write a poem about your family to hang from your mobile.



Listening and Speaking

Hold a Debate

Reread what Katie's mother says about the Boston Tea Party and other conflicts. Do you agree with her? With a partner or small group, make a list of reasons supporting the Patriot or Tory point of view. Invite another group to take the opposite point of view. Present your opinions to the class in a debate.

Tips

- Be sure each group has equal time to speak.
- Support your opinion with strong reasons.
- Give a summary at the end of the debate.



Internet

Write a Review

Write your own review of *Katie's Trunk*. What did you like? What didn't you like? Explain why. Then post your review on Education Place.

www.eduplace.com/kids

**Skill: How to Read
Primary Sources**

Before you read . . .

Ask yourself what event or issue does this document tell about? Who wrote it?

While you read . . .

- 1 Use a dictionary to look up meanings of unfamiliar words.
- 2 Ask yourself: What is the writer's point of view?
- 3 Summarize the main idea of the passage.

California
Standards

**Standards to
Achieve**

Reading

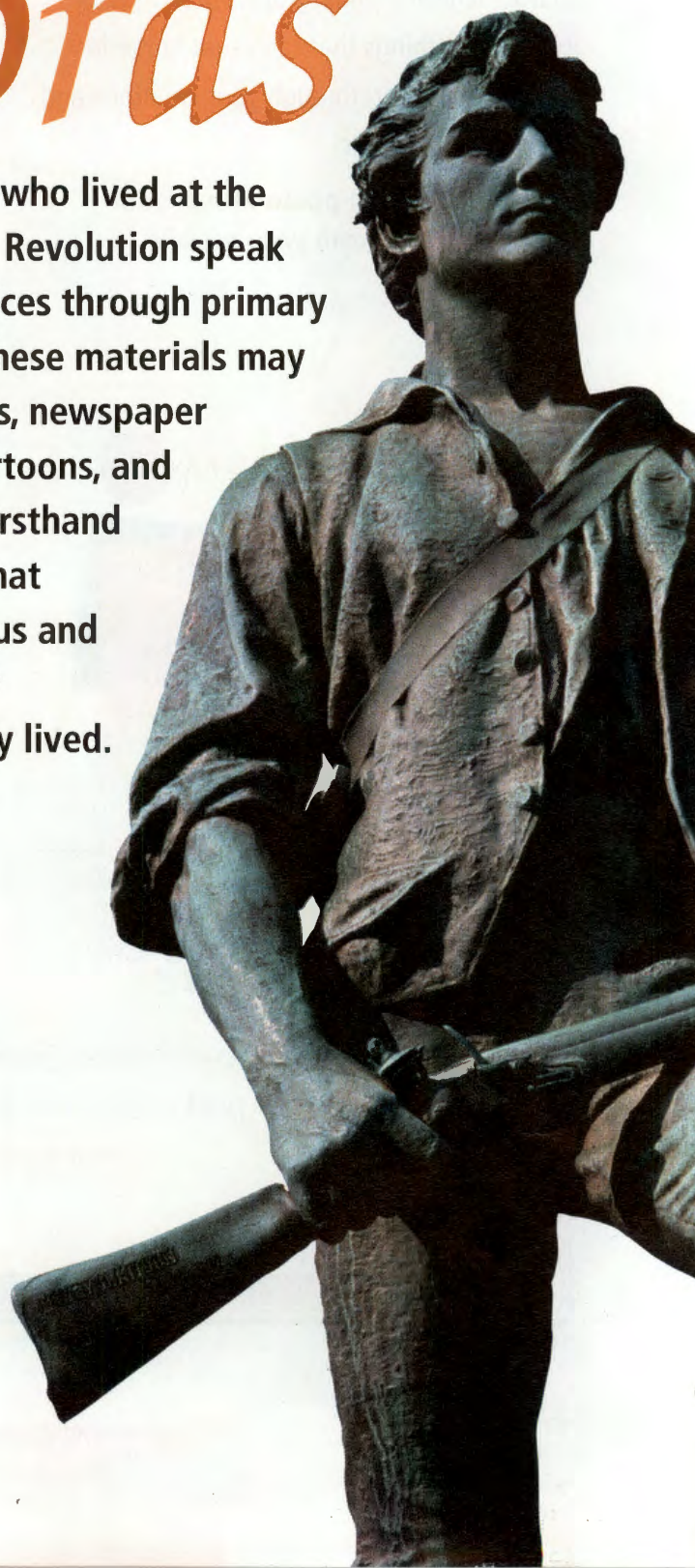
- Discern main ideas (R2.3)
- Analyze literary forms (R3.1)

Social Science

- Impact of the Revolution (HSS5.6.4)

In Their Own Words

The men and women who lived at the time of the American Revolution speak to us in their own voices through primary source documents. These materials may include letters, diaries, newspaper articles, speeches, cartoons, and maps. They give us firsthand information about what people — both famous and little-known — really thought and how they lived.



When war began, the American army urgently needed soldiers. Notices like this one were posted to persuade men to enlist.

Cambridge, April 28, 1775

To: *The Massachusetts Committee of Safety*

An Appeal for Help

Gentlemen:

The barbarous murders committed on our innocent brethren on Wednesday the 19th . . . have made it absolutely necessary that we immediately raise an army to defend our wives and children from the butchering hands of an inhuman soldiery. . . . [They] will, without doubt, take the first opportunity in their power to ravage this devoted country with fire and sword.

Death and devastation are the certain consequences of delay. . . . Hasten and encourage, by all possible means, the enlistment of men to form the army, and send them forward to headquarters at Cambridge.

◀ This statue at Lexington, Massachusetts, honors the farmers who stood their ground against the British in April of 1775.

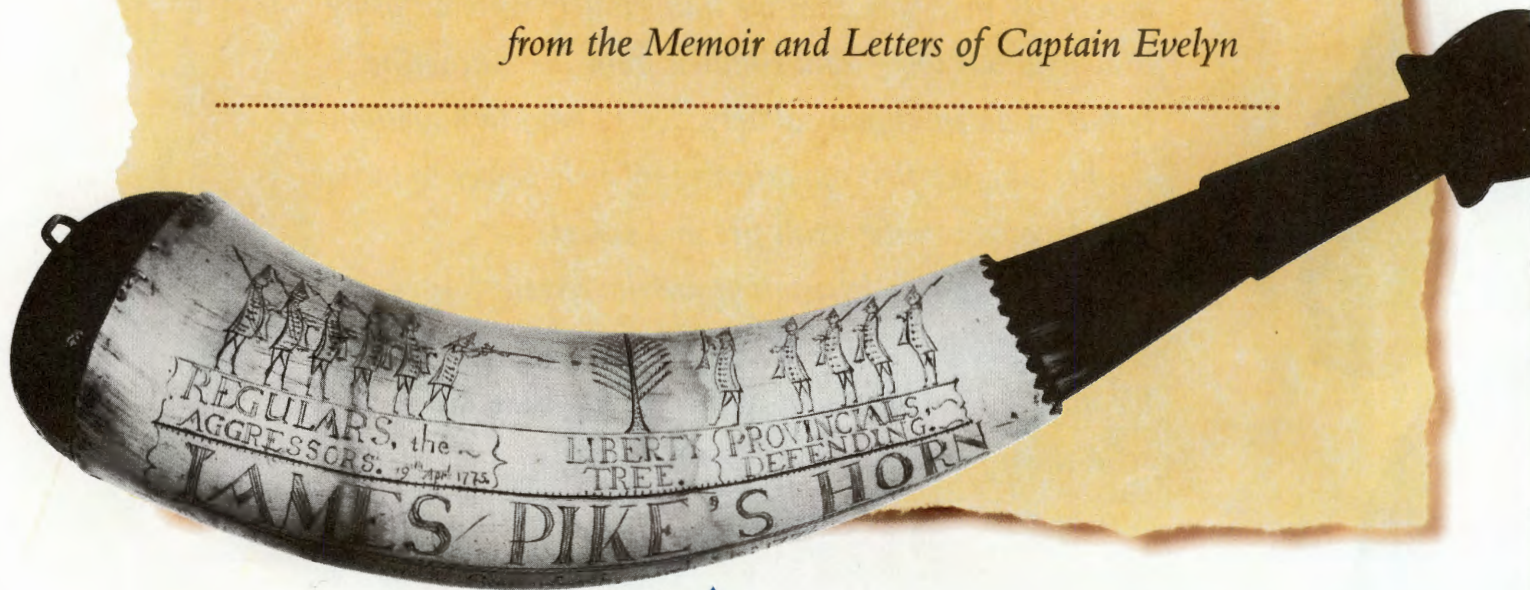
After the clash between the colonists and the British on April 19, 1775, a British officer wrote this letter to his father. What is his opinion of the Yankees?

Boston, April 23, 1775

My Dear Sir,

It is impossible [for you not to] hear an account, and probably a most exaggerated one, of the little fracas that happened here a few days ago between us and the Yankee scoundrels. Our bickerings and heart-burnings, as might naturally be expected, came at length to blows, and both sides have lost some men . . . The rebels, you know, have [for] a long time been making preparations as if to frighten us . . . Though they are the most absolute cowards on the face of the earth, yet they are just now worked up to such a degree of enthusiasm and madness that they are easily persuaded . . . that they must be invincible.

from the Memoir and Letters of Captain Evelyn



Most Revolutionary soldiers carried powder horns, which held gunpowder for firing rifles. Made from animal horn and wood, some powder horns were elaborately carved, like this one made by James Pike of New Hampshire. "Regulars" were British soldiers; the Liberty Tree was a popular symbol of the rebellion; and "Provincials" were American soldiers.

An encampment of Loyalists on the banks of the St. Lawrence River in Ontario, Canada. ▶



The Ingraham family, like thousands of other Loyalists, fled to Canada after the American Revolution.

Years later, Hannah Ingraham described her family's move from Albany, New York, to the province of New Brunswick, Canada, in the autumn of 1783, when she was eleven years old.

It was a sad, sick time after we landed in Saint John. We had to live in tents. The government gave them to us and rations, too. It was just at the first snow then, and the melting snow and the rain would soak up into our beds as we lay. Mother got so chilled and developed rheumatism and was never well afterwards.

[Later we went] up the river in a schooner and were nine days getting to St. Anne's. . . . We lived in a tent at St. Anne's until Father got a house ready.

One morning when we awoke, we found the snow lying deep on the ground all around us. Then Father came wading through it and told us the house was ready and not to stop to light a fire and not to mind the weather, but follow his tracks through the trees. . . . It was snowing fast and oh, so cold. Father carried a chest and we all took something and followed him up the hill.

There was no floor laid, no windows, no chimney, no door, but we had a roof. . . . We toasted bread [around a small fire] and all sat around and ate our breakfast that morning. Mother said . . . "This is the sweetest meal I ever tasted for many a day."
