

Where is the Lost Colony?

A six-chapter series celebrating the first English colony in the New World
— 20 years before Jamestown was settled!



Chapter 3

Longing for Virginia Dare

by **Sandy Semans, writer**

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 dessert was okay, 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 said if you wanted a dog, then you had to be 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 clean up 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 clean up 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 poop 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!”

The four players began racing around the yard in search of dog poop piles. At first, finding it was easy because the piles were everywhere. They became harder to find, the longer the children played the game.

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, an older man sat on a bench studying a flower.

“Are you John White?” Justin asked.

The startled man jumped and dropped the rose.

“Who are you? Why 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 a 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 have 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 Aug. 18, 1587 to his daughter Eleanor and her husband Ananias.

“I left to get supplies, but three years passed before I could return, and little was left of the colony when I arrived back there,” White said. “While I was waiting to return, I carved a fine chair for my granddaughter, so she could visit with me by the fireplace. Now the rocker sits empty.”

“Were there any clues?” Justin asked.

Only a couple, White responded. “There was a signal that we had arranged 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 and sooner rather than later, judging from the amount of tail wagging.

When his feet hit the cold floor, he knew that his dream travel was done until another day.

Provided by the NC Press Foundation, Newspapers in Education.

Next week, Chapter 4, Clue not enough to solve mystery

Activity:

Justin, his dad and John White display emotions in this chapter. What do they feel? How do you know? How do events affect Justin’s emotions?

Find examples of photos, illustrations and/or words in print or digital newspapers that match the feelings in this chapter. Explain your choices.