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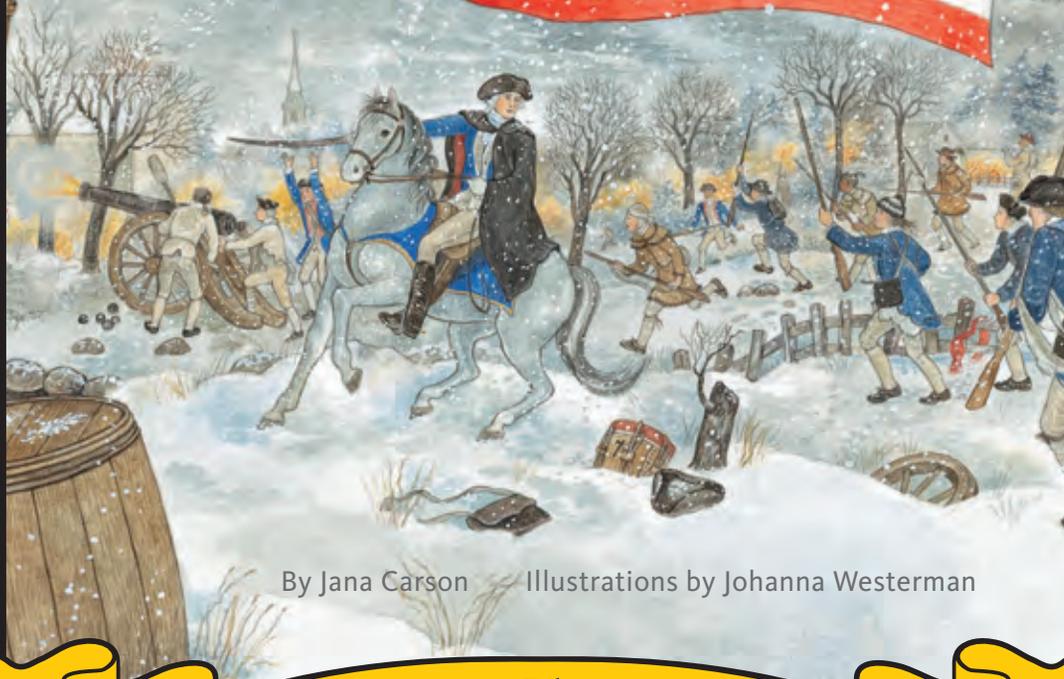
**WE BOTH READ<sup>®</sup>**

**LEVEL**

**3**

**CHAPTER BOOK**

# *The Boy Who Carried the Flag*



By Jana Carson     Illustrations by Johanna Westerman

**Interactive Chapter Book**

## Introduction

*We Both Read* books can be read alone or with another person. If you are reading the book alone, you can read it like any other book. If you are reading with another person, you can take turns reading aloud. If you are taking turns, the reader with more experience should read the parts marked with a red star ★. The reader with less experience should read the parts marked with a blue star ★. As you read, you will notice some difficult words introduced in sections with a red star, then repeated in sections with a blue star. You can recognize these words by their **bold lettering**.

Sharing the reading of a book can be a lot of fun, and reading aloud is a great way to improve fluency and expression. If you are reading with someone else, you might also want to take the time, while reading the book, to interact and talk about what is happening in the story. After reading with someone else, you might even want to experience reading the entire book on your own.

WE BOTH READ®

# The Boy Who Carried the Flag



BY JANA CARSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHANNA WESTERMAN

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TREASURE BAY



## CHAPTER 1

# Sun Up to Sun Down

★ “Run! Run!!” I heard a voice inside my head screaming. I knew I was dreaming, but I couldn’t wake up. I’d had this frightening dream before. It was always the same. I was all alone and it was very cold. I knew I should run, but I was too frightened to move.

“Get up, Ben!” yelled my little sister, Grace. I sat up quickly, my heart still pounding from my dream. “Ma’s got your breakfast in a pail, and Pa is waiting for you in the field.”

It didn’t take long for me to figure out that I had overslept.



★ I jumped into my clothes and flew down the ladder from the loft. I missed a step and almost fell on the way down.

“I’m sorry I woke up late, Ma,” I said, grabbing the pail as I ran for the door.

“If you’re not truly sorry now, you will be when your Pa gets a hold of you,” she called after me.

I raced from the farmhouse to meet Pa in the field. I could see the sun just beginning to climb up into the sky.



★ Our farmhouse sat in the valley next to the great White Mountains. Pa thought it was the most beautiful spot in the whole colony of New Hampshire, but living on the farm was hard. We worked from sun up to sun down. Ma cooked, cleaned, and washed our clothes. Grace fed the chickens and helped Ma with the cleaning. I milked the cow and helped Pa with the crops.

Pa was already tending the field when I came rushing towards him. “You’re late,” he scolded. Then he looked me in the eyes and quietly added, “These are **troubled** times, Ben, and a boy your age ought to know what’s expected of him.”

Pa was right. I wasn’t a baby anymore. There was talk of war all through the American colonies, and some boys not much older than me had already joined the army.

Without saying another word, Pa pointed to the horse. It was time to hitch up the plow and get to work.



★ “I’m sorry I was late again, Pa,” I said, not looking at him. “I’ve really let you down.”

“You could never let me down,” Pa said with a wink. Then he headed for the barn and I got to work.

Working alone in the field gave me time to think. I thought about my bad dreams and what Pa had said about the **troubled** times. I didn’t know yet just how much my life was about to change.





## CHAPTER 2

### Troubled Times

★ “There’s going to be a town meeting!” I hollered to Pa from across the yard as I hurried toward the barn to show him the notice. Pa took a quick look at it and said, “Hitch up the wagon, Ben.”

“Can I go too, Pa?” I asked. He thought about it for a few seconds and then nodded his head.

The town meeting was being held in a place called Hanover. It was a small town with a few lumber mills, a general store, and a big church right in the center. As we rode in, I saw a large group of men marching in the street with guns. “Are those men in the army, Pa?” I asked.

“No, son. Those men are part of the **militia**. A militia is a group of ordinary working men like me who get together in times of trouble to protect the town.”

“Is there going to be trouble, Pa?”

“I hope not,” he answered with a worried look on his face.

★ The meeting was held at the church. Many seats were filled with **militia** men who had come from other towns far away. Some of the men were shouting, and they seemed angry. A tall man stood up and walked to the front of the church. He held up his hands to quiet the crowd.

“The King of England is making us pay high taxes,” he said in a booming voice. “The King believes that our homes and our lives belong to him. I believe that we are Americans and our lives belong to us!” The men all cheered as he added, “It is time for all of us to stand up and fight!”



★ It was just turning dark when we finally got back home from the town meeting. I was very tired as I climbed up the ladder to the loft and crawled into my bed. Just as I was about to close my eyes, I heard a loud knock on the door.

“Who could be calling at this time of night?” I heard Ma ask.

Curious, I crawled to the edge of the loft and peeked down. I saw several big men standing on our porch. The man in front of the group was Ethan Allen, the man who had led the town meeting. I wondered what he was doing here. My heart sank when I heard his words:

“A small group of **British soldiers** are camped at Fort Ticonderoga. If we act now, we can stage a surprise attack and capture the fort.”



★ The men sat around the table speaking in hushed voices for a long time. They wanted Pa to lead them along the secret Indian hunting trails in the mountains. That way they could take the **British soldiers** by surprise. Pa was nodding his head. He seemed ready to do what they asked. I was scared. I didn't want Pa to get hurt.



★ I awoke early the next morning with a sick feeling in my stomach. I knew it was wrong, but I felt angry at Pa. How could he risk his life to go off and lead those men in a surprise attack?

I dressed quickly and climbed down the ladder. Ma was sitting by the fire in her rocking chair. “Your Pa is gone,” she said softly.

“I know. I heard the men talking last night,” I answered. “Why did Pa do it?”

“He believes that what he is doing is right, Ben. He has gone to help fight for our freedom.”

From that point on, time seemed to fly. Every day there was more news of fights breaking out between the British soldiers and the American militia. We prayed each night for Pa to come home safely.

