

"Help!" Master Winthrop cried out. It had begun to rain. He felt scared. Why had Father run ahead of him? It was dark and cold.

There. Just ahead. He could see Father in his cloak, crouching on the ground.

At that moment he was glad for the rain. Maybe it would disguise his crying. Father never liked it when he cried.

As he drew closer, he slowed. The carriage—the one that had nearly killed them—was scattered across the forest in pieces. It looked as if Father had taken the whole thing apart himself.

"Father?" he said.

Master Winthrop crept closer, his heart beating like a bunny rabbit's. His father remained silent, his back to Winthrop. In the distance, two men had been tied to an old oak tree. He recognized old Hargrove, and the second man was dressed in a livery suit. There appeared to have been a third captive, but he had

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managed to escape, the ropes in a heap beside the tree.

"Are they . . . alive?" Winthrop said, placing his hand on his father's shoulder.

But Luke Cahill's eyes remained fixed on the ground in front of them. It had been smoothed. Etched deeply into the soil, in precise letters, was a message that made Winthrop's blood run cold:

Beware the  
madrigals

## GRACE CAHILL 1942

1942. Most of the world was at war. In every corner of the globe, people were fighting and dying for one cause or another.

And what was Grace Cahill doing at this critical moment in her planet's history?

Changing diapers.

*Not diapers*—nappies, she corrected herself, deftly fastening a large safety pin at each of the child's small hips. Here in Europe they used the British term.

Baby Fiske burped loudly and tried to wiggle out of her grasp. Grace held on with a firm hand. Parts of the lawn at their family's villa in Monte Carlo were so steeply sloped that a wayward toddler might roll all the way down the bluff and drop into the sparkling waters of the Mediterranean.

She called him Kamikaze sometimes, after those crazy pilots from the *other* war—the one in the Pacific. Fiske always seemed to be looking for some great peril to hurl himself into. The little stinker was walking, so it had become nearly impossible to keep

him out of trouble. He was a year old now. Grace could scarcely believe it had been that long since . . .

She had gotten good at fighting back tears. Her stomach, though, was harder to control. She recognized the feeling from her flying lessons—the sensation of hitting an air pocket and dropping five hundred feet in a matter of seconds. She experienced it on solid ground every time she thought of her mother.

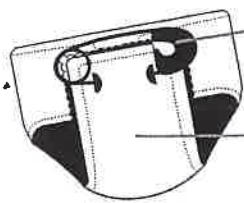
"You have a healthy baby son," the doctor had informed James Cahill, "but your wife . . ." He said more, but their father's raw, tortured breathing filled in the blanks for Grace and her older sister, Beatrice. Father shed not a single tear over the death of his wife, but he was never the same. His reaction seemed more appropri-

# The 39 clues - Vesper's rising

p.115/116 - never the same

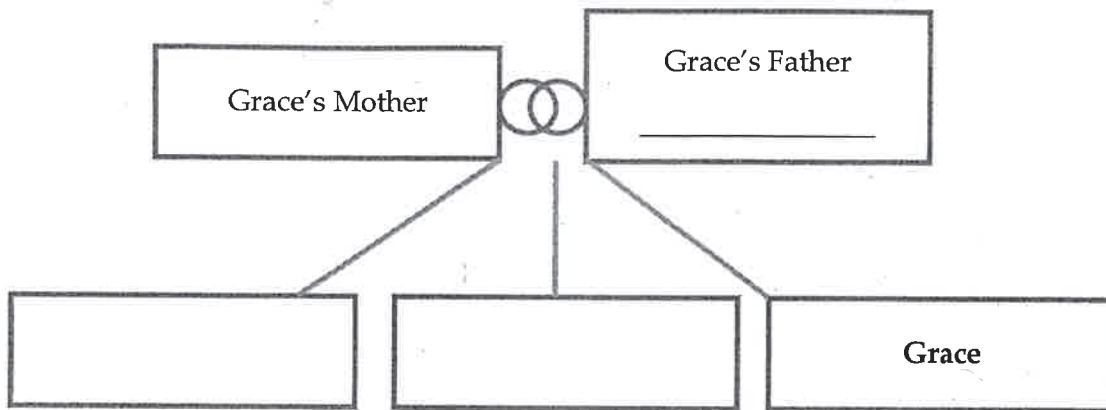
1. Label the picture with words from the text

6P



2. Complete the family tree. Use NAMES.

6P



4. Where is Grace in 1942?

2P

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5. What do we learn about Fiske. Give 2 facts that you learned from the text

4P

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6. What happened to Grace's mother?

2P

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## The 39 clues - Vesper's rising

p.113/114

1. Put the events in the correct order. Write the numbers into the boxes

7P

- Winthrop saw two men
- Winthrop said "Father"
- Winthrop saw his father crouching on the ground.
- Winthrop called "Help!"
- Winthrop went closer to his father.
- Winthrop's father ran ahead.
- A carriage almost killed Winthrop and his father.

2. What is the father's name?

2P

3. How many people were originally tied to the tree?

2P

3. Does he know the people who are tied to the tree?

2P

yes  no  some of them

4. How does Winthrop feel? Give 2 pieces of evidence from the text.

6P

I know he feels \_\_\_\_\_ because \_\_\_\_\_

And because \_\_\_\_\_

5. How does his father react, when he asks him if the people are alive?

2P