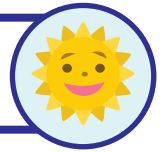




Make a Claim



Name: _____

Date: _____

As you read, think of an opinion you have about the story. Then, use the template on page two to map out an argument that can support your claim. Remember: A claim is an opinion about a story that you can support with evidence from the text.

An Excerpt from

The Story of the Treasure Seekers by E. Nesbit

It was Oswald who first thought of looking for treasure. Oswald often thinks of very interesting things. And once he thought of it he did not keep it to himself, as some boys would have done, but he told the others, and said—

“I’ll tell you what, we must go and seek for treasure: it is always what you do to restore the fallen fortunes of your House.”

It was no use doing the thing by halves. We marked out a sort of square in the mouldy part of the garden, about three yards across, and began to dig. But we found nothing except worms and stones—and the ground was very hard. So we thought we’d try another part of the garden, and we found a place in the big round flower bed, where the ground was much softer. We thought we’d make a smaller hole to begin with, and it was much better. We dug and dug and dug, and it was jolly hard work! We got very hot digging, but we found nothing.

Presently Albert-next-door looked over the wall. We do not like him very much, but we let him play with us sometimes. Albert is always very tidy. He wears frilly collars and velvet knickerbockers. I can’t think how he can bear to.

And he said, “What are you up to?”

“We’re digging for treasure,” said Alice; “an ancient parchment revealed to us the place **of** concealment. Come over and help us. When we have dug deep enough we shall find a great pot of red clay, full of gold and precious jewels.”

Albert-next-door only snickered and said, “What silly nonsense!” He cannot play properly at all. It is very strange, because he has a very nice uncle.

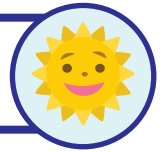
But Oswald said, “Come and dig! Then you shall share the treasure when we’ve found it.” So he came along and dug, and when once he was over the wall we kept him at it, and we worked as well, of course, and the hole got deep. Pincher worked too—he is our dog and he is very good at digging. He digs for rats in the dustbin sometimes, and gets very dirty. But we love our dog, even when his face wants washing.

“I expect we shall have to make a tunnel,” Oswald said, “to reach the rich treasure.” So he jumped into the hole and began to dig at one side. After that we took it in turns to dig at the tunnel, and Pincher was most useful in scraping the earth out of the tunnel—he does it with his back feet when you say ‘Rats!’ and he digs with his front ones, and burrows with his nose as well.

At last the tunnel was nearly a yard long, and big enough to creep along to find the treasure, if only it had been a bit longer. Now it was Albert’s turn to go in and dig. So Albert-next-door began to dig, and we stood on the ground over him, waiting—and all in a minute the ground gave way, and we tumbled together in a heap: and when we got up there was a little shallow hollow where we had been standing, and Albert-next-door was underneath, stuck quite fast, because the roof of



Make a Claim



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the tunnel had tumbled in on him. He is a horribly unlucky boy to have anything to do with.

It was dreadful the way he cried and screamed, though he had to own it didn't hurt, only it was rather heavy and he couldn't move his legs. We would have dug him out all right enough, in time, but he screamed so we were afraid the police would come, so Dicky climbed over the wall, to tell Albert-next-door's uncle he had been buried by mistake, and to come and help dig him out.

Dicky was a long time gone. We wondered what had become of him, and all the while the screaming went on and on, for we had taken the loose earth off Albert's face so that he could scream quite easily and comfortably. Presently Dicky came back and Albert-next-door's uncle came with him. He has very long legs, and his hair is light and his face is brown. He has been to sea, but now he writes books. I like him.

"I confess that my curiosity is excited. I should like to know how my nephew happened to be buried," said Albert-next-door's uncle. "Well?"

"Well," Dora said, "I'm very sorry it happened to Albert—I'd rather it had been one of us. You see we were digging for treasure."

"Yes," said Alice, "and I think we were just coming to the underground passage that leads to the secret hoard, when the tunnel fell in on Albert. He is so unlucky," and she sighed.

Then Albert-next-door began to scream again, and his uncle wiped his face—his own face, not Albert's—with his silk handkerchief, and then he put it in his trousers pocket. It seems a strange place to put a handkerchief, but he had his coat and waistcoat off and I suppose he wanted the handkerchief handy. Digging is warm work.

"So you were digging for treasure," said Albert-next-door's uncle, wiping his face again with his handkerchief. "Well, I fear that your chances of success are small. I have made a careful study of the whole subject. What I don't know about buried treasure is not worth knowing. And I never knew more than one coin buried in any one garden—and that is generally—Hullo—what's that?" He pointed to something shining in the hole he had just dragged Albert out of. Oswald picked it up. It was a half-crown. We looked at each other, speechless with surprise and delight, like in books.

"Well, that's lucky, at all events," said Albert-next-door's uncle.

"Let's see, that's fivpence each for you."

"It's fourpence—something; I can't do fractions," said Dicky;

"there are seven of us, you see."

"Oh, you count Albert as one of yourselves on this occasion, eh?"

"Of course," said Alice; "and I say, he was buried after all. Why shouldn't we let him have the odd somethings, and we'll have fourpence each."

We all agreed to do this, and told Albert-next-door we would bring his share as soon as we could get the half-crown changed. He cheered up a little at that, and his uncle wiped his face again—he did look hot—and began to put on his coat and waistcoat.

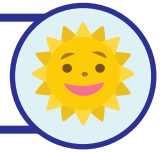
When he had done it he stooped and picked up something. He held it up, and you will hardly believe it, but it is quite true—it was another half-crown! "To think that there should be two!" he said; "in all my experience of buried treasure I never heard of such a thing!"

I wish Albert-next-door's uncle would come treasure-seeking with us regularly; he must have very sharp eyes: for Dora says she was looking just the minute before at the very place where the second half-crown was picked up from, and she never saw it.





Make a Claim



Name: _____

Date: _____

My claim:

List two pieces of evidence from the story that support your claim. This could be an observation about a character, something they did or said, or some other event in the story.

Evidence #1:

Evidence #2: