

An Adventure in Arrow Rock

Written by Carolyn Mueller | Illustrated by Philip Goudeau

Chapter Two

Field Trip Begins

The first thing Charlie noticed as he stepped off the bus in Arrow Rock was the heat.

“Ok, Class! Let’s get into our groups!” Charlie shouted. He called out students’ and chaperones’ names, continuing until all of the groups were organized. “Rory, Samantha, Zuri, Henry, and Amir, you’re with me,” he told them, “Let’s get out there and explore Arrow Rock! We’ll meet back at the bus no later than 2 p.m.”

Then the whining began.

“Mr. P?” Henry whined. “It’s hoooooot.”

“Hot?” Charlie asked incredulously, ignoring his own sweat. “What are you talking about? It’s a great day to explore!”

With that, he began marching toward Main Street. The students followed.

“Shaaaddee!” Amir shouted, suddenly sprinting to a covered wooden boardwalk lining the shops on Main Street.

“Amir!” Charlie called. “Stay together!”

But the shady boardwalk did look inviting.

Charlie and the other students followed him.

“Now, this is what I’m talking about,” Henry sighed, collapsing into a rocking chair and pulling out his phone. “Much better.” Charlie just rolled his eyes.

Suddenly, a door swung open, and a dusty man with a brown goatee exited the shop. He looked like he needed some shade as he cracked open a cold soda. The man paused and assessed the kids.

“Visitors?” the man asked. “Field trip!” Charlie replied excitedly. “I’m Charlie Palmer, teacher of these fifth graders from Columbia.”



“Nice to meet you, Charlie, I’m Tom.”

“Do you live here?” Charlie asked Tom.

“Nope,” Tom answered. “Only a few people still live here. The village is maintained for its historic value. I’m a Doctor of Archaeology from Tennessee, excavating in this area with my students.”

“Wow! Like Indiana Jones?” Zuri asked, perking up. “What are you looking for?”

Dr. Tom answered with a delighted chuckle, “Right now, I’m looking for a lost nesting vase. I’ve found a collection of nearly perfect nesting vases while excavating near the Masonic Lodge. But there’s one missing.”

“Hmm,” Charlie said. “Interesting.”

Dr. Tom said his goodbyes and added “Enjoy Arrow Rock!”

“Sure,” muttered Rory, “I’ll enjoy the shade of this tree!” He slumped down under a big oak.

“Ouch!” Rory yelled. “I sat on something!” Rory pulled out a perfectly preserved piece of pottery tucked between the oak’s roots. He dusted it off.

“Hey,” Rory shouted. “There’s writing on it!”

Open your eyes and start the chase, Follow my clues to the missing vase. Keep your eyes open; look high, not low, Go to the place of the flint tipped arrow.

“Mr.P! Mr. P!” Rory called, “Look at this! I think it might be some kind of clue!” But just as Rory showed Charlie the pottery, the writing mysteriously disappeared.

NEWSPAPER CONNECTIONS

Check your local newspaper for articles about archaeological work in your area, be it recent or not.

Summarize the discoveries or conclusions.

