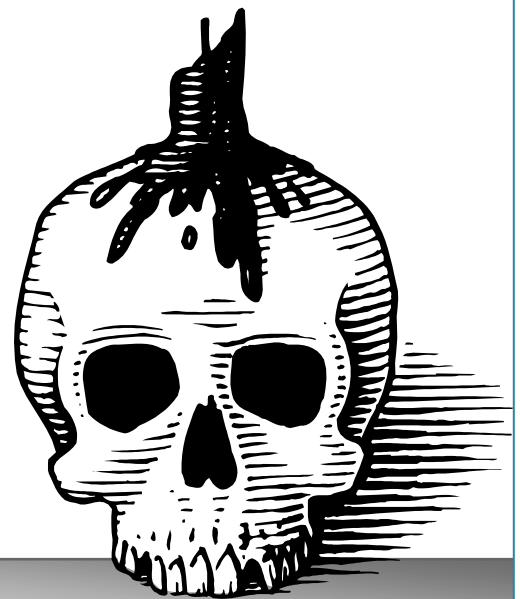
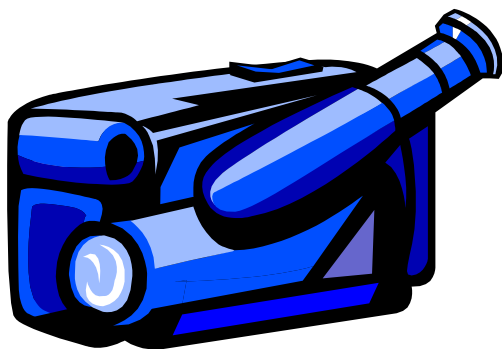


Skeleton Creek

By Patrick Carman

Literature Unit

Created by Smart Chick Teaching Resources



Cover Analysis

What color scheme is used in the cover art? Why do you think the author chose this color scheme?

What items are included on the cover? Why do you think these items were chosen?



Where is the title located? What size, font, and color are used for the title? Why do you think the title was done in this way?

Do you think this cover fits the story? Why or why not? If you could change anything about the cover art, what would it be? Why? Create a new cover design on a separate sheet of paper.

Directions for Bookmark:

1. Copy onto cardstock or copy paper, one per student.

2. Students need to fill in the information on the bookmark after they have read the book.
 - Major Characters: The main characters the story is about.
 - Minor Characters: The other characters in the story.
 - Setting: The where and when the story takes place.
 - Initiating Conflict: The event that sets the story in motion.
 - Climax: Critical moment in the story, usually a turning point for the main character.
 - Resolution: The end of the story, most problems are resolved by this time.
 - Themes: Lessons learned or what the story is generally about: family, friendship, adventure, etc.
 - Genre: The type of book and why it is in this genre.

3. Glue the two sides together with a glue stick. You can laminate the bookmarks if you want to make them last.

4. A great way to check overall comprehension of the book!

ENJOY!



Skeleton Creek

by Patrick Carman

Major Characters:

Minor Characters:

Setting:

Initiating Conflict:

Climax:

Resolution:

Themes:

Genre:

“Skeleton Creek”, by Patrick Carman

Pg. 1-17

Name _____

1. What does Ryan usually do when he wakes up? Why?

2. What are the two reasons keeping this journal is important?

3. Why does Ryan think he is so gifted in writing? What do other people think about his writing?

4. Why does Ryan say Skeleton Creek is the wrong place for someone like him to grow up?

5. Why must Ryan keep his journal hidden?

6. What question began all the trouble for Ryan? Why? What did he get from the librarian to help answer this question?

7. What was the original name of their town? Who had suggested it be changed? Why do you think it was suggested?

8. What does Ryan mean when he says, “our creative obsessions seem to draw us together”, on page 17?

“Skeleton Creek”, by Patrick Carman

Pg. 18-40

Name _____

1. What did Ryan and Sarah find out about The Crossbones? Where was the information?
2. What is the Dredge? How does it work? What did it leave behind?
3. How did the town get the name Skeleton Creek? Is it well-deserved in your opinion? Why or why not?
4. Why didn't Ryan go with Sarah? How did he react to her video on page 25? Why?
5. Why does Ryan feel like his writing is a lot safer than Sarah's filming? What does that reveal about both of their personalities, in your opinion?
6. What did Ryan's father advise his about Sarah? Why?
7. What email message does Ryan get from Sarah? What does he say about her passwords?
8. How did Ryan react to seeing Sarah's video from page 38? Why?

“Skeleton Creek”, by Patrick Carman

Pg. 41-67

Name _____

1. What injuries did Ryan have as a result of the fall?
2. What did his parents tell him about seeing Sarah? Why?
3. Why did Ryan have to stay in the hospital an extra week?
4. What three things had Ryan realized when he was upstairs in the dredge that night?
5. What did Ryan find out about New York Gold and Silver? How?
6. Why did Ryan have to be so secretive? Why did he still keep copies of the digital records he found?
7. What warnings did Sarah give Ryan? Where was he hiding his journals?
8. What information did Sarah send Ryan by video? What does she tell him about the new park ranger?

“Skeleton Creek”, by Patrick Carman

Pg. 68-88

Name _____

1. What is a “gray-out” according to Ryan?
2. Why did Ryan watch Sarah’s video a dozen times? What did he now remember?
3. What connection did he make between the tattoo his father had and the dredge?
4. Why did Ryan want to talk to his father on Sept. 16th? What did he find out?
5. Why did Ryan’s dad let him keep the picture?
6. Why did Joe Bush keep returning even after his death, according to Ryan’s father? Do you believe him? Why or why not?
7. Who is Henry? What does Ryan like about Henry?
8. What does Ryan plan to ask Henry? Why?

“Skeleton Creek”, by Patrick Carman
Pg. 89-114

Name _____

1. What does Sarah's video password allude to? Why do you think she chose it?

2. Describe Ryan's dream. What do you think it means?

3. What does Ryan notice about Joe Bush and the new ranger? What does he decide to do on Sept. 17th? Why?

4. Who called Ryan's house on Sept. 17th? Why? Why did Ryan wish he had never made the phone call?

5. Why was Ryan so relieved to see Henry finally arrive? What did his arrival delay for Ryan?

6. What does Henry tell Ryan about New York Gold and Silver? Why is he not proud about his work for them?

7. What does Ryan find out about The Crossbones?

8. Why can't Ryan risk contacting Sarah right now? What is he afraid of?

“Skeleton Creek”, by Patrick Carman

Pg. 115-141

Name _____

1. Why do you think Ryan feels so paranoid? Should he feel this way, in your opinion? Why or why not?

2. Why is Ryan filled with so many questions after watching the video? What was the most important question, according to Ryan?

3. Where does Ryan decide to search? Why? What does he find?

4. Why was the dredge so loud, according to Henry? How did the workers communicate with one another?

5. Why did Ryan not want Sarah to go to the dredge that night? Do you think she will listen to his advice? Why or why not?

6. Why does Ryan say he will grow up to be a “conspiracy theorist”? What is a conspiracy theorist?

7. What message does Ryan discover on Sept. 17th at 10:15pm? How does he decipher it?

8. What is an alchemist? What do you think it has to do with the mystery?

“Skeleton Creek”, by Patrick Carman

Pg. 142-163

Name _____

1. Why did Ryan want to sneak over to Sarah's house? What happened when he tried to do it?

2. Why does Ryan risk calling Sarah's house so late? What does he find out?

3. What did Ryan notice about his journal the morning of Sept. 18th? Who do you think is responsible? Why?

4. Why is Ryan so annoyed with Sarah after watching the video she sent? Should he be, in your opinion? Why or why not?

5. What does he compare his relationship with Sarah to on Sept. 18th? Do you think he should stay friends with her? Why or why not?

6. What did Ryan discover about alchemy?

7. Why did Ryan's mom say his dad may be a “hypocrite”?

8. Why is Ryan so nervous about visiting the dredge again? Should he be, in your opinion? Why or why not?

“Skeleton Creek”, by Patrick Carman

Pg. 164-186

Name _____

1. What is a “Fish Feed”? What does Ryan think of it? Why?
2. What does Sarah think happened to Joe Bush? Why? Do you agree with her? Why or why not?
3. How is Ryan feeling while waiting to meet Sarah at 1:00am? Why?
4. What nightmare does Ryan have repeatedly? What do you think it means?
5. Do you think Sarah and Ryan should go to the dredge at night? Why or why not?
6. What does Ryan think his parents will do if they catch him sneaking out to meet Sarah?
7. What does Ryan say the one word hanging over it all is? Why?
8. What note does Ryan leave for his parents? Why does he do this?

Challenge #1

Skeleton Creek

Create a Biography Board on the famous writer of your choice. There is a list on page 5 if you cannot come up with one of your own. This can be any famous writer. Use the layout provided to assist you in your biography board design. You may alter the design as long as the components are all there.

Challenge #2

Skeleton Creek

Read "The Raven", by Edgar Allen Poe. Write a personal response to this poem in a creative poster format. Include (at least) the following sections:

What is the poem about?

Why was it written?

Interesting Vocabulary

Symbolism in the poem

Edgar Allen Poe short biography



Use the Internet to assist you in your project.

<http://www.poedecoder.com/essays/raven/>

Name
Birth-Death

Biographical
Info

Picture

Info about this time in history

Timeline

Info/Pictures of related
artifacts

The Raven

by Edgar Allan Poe

First Published in 1845

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door;
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow, sorrow for the lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,
Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me---filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
" 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door.
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you." Here I opened wide the door;---
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,
Lenore? This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,
"Lenore!" Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before,
"Surely," said I, "surely, that is something at my window lattice.
Let me see, then, what thence is, and this mystery explore.
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore.
" 'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven, of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door.
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door,
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore.
Tell me what the lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore."
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered;
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before;
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore,---
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
Of "Never---nevermore."

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore --
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee -- by these angels he hath
Sent thee respite---respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!--prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted--
On this home by horror haunted--tell me truly, I implore:

Is there--is there balm in Gilead?--tell me--tell me I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil--prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us--by that God we both adore--
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore---
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore?
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting--
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! -- quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming.
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted---nevermore!

Challenge #3

Skeleton Creek

Read “The Tell-Tale Heart”, by Edgar Allen Poe. Create an acrostic poem using the title and within this acrostic poem you will need to explain the story in your own words. You can use the Internet to help you to understand the story prior to writing your poem.

Challenge #4

Skeleton Creek

Create an interactive timeline that shows the history of gold mining in the United States. Try to include at least 12 major events in the history of gold mining. You will need to use books and the Internet to do research before you create your timeline. Your timeline should have a few interactive elements, like flaps, 3D objects, pockets, etc.



THE TELL-TALE HEART

by Edgar Allan Poe

1843

TRUE! --nervous --very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why will you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses --not destroyed --not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily --how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! yes, it was this! He had the eye of a vulture --a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so by degrees --very gradually --I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded --with what caution --with what foresight --with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it --oh so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly --very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha! would a madman have been so wise as this, And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously--oh, so cautiously --cautiously (for the hinges creaked) --I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights --every night just at midnight --but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he has passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never before that night had I felt the extent of my own powers --of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea; and perhaps he heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back --but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness, (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers,) and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in bed, crying out --"Who's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening; --just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or of grief --oh, no! --it was the low stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged

with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself --"It is nothing but the wind in the chimney --it is only a mouse crossing the floor," or "It is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp." Yes, he had been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions: but he had found all in vain. All in vain; because Death, in approaching him had stalked with his black shadow before him, and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel --although he neither saw nor heard --to feel the presence of my head within the room.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little --a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it --you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily --until, at length a simple dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and fell full upon the vulture eye.

It was open --wide, wide open --and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness --all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person: for I had directed the ray as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over-acuteness of the sense? --now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew that sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eve. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror must have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment! --do you mark me well I have told you that I am nervous: so I am. And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me --the sound would be heard by a neighbour! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once --once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eve would trouble me no more.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye --not even his --could have detected any thing wrong. There was nothing to wash out --no stain of any kind --no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had caught all --ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labors, it was four o'clock --still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart, --for what had I now to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of

the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbour during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled, --for what had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search --search well. I led them, at length, to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them here to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct: --It continued and became more distinct: I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling: but it continued and gained definiteness --until, at length, I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale; --but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased --and what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound --much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath --and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly --more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men --but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what could I do? I foamed --I raved --I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder --louder --louder! And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God! --no, no! They heard! --they suspected! --they knew! --they were making a mockery of my horror!--this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! and now --again! --hark! louder! louder! louder! louder!

"Villains!" I shrieked, "dissemble no more! I admit the deed! --tear up the planks! here, here! --It is the beating of his hideous heart!"

-THE END-

Challenge #5

Skeleton Creek

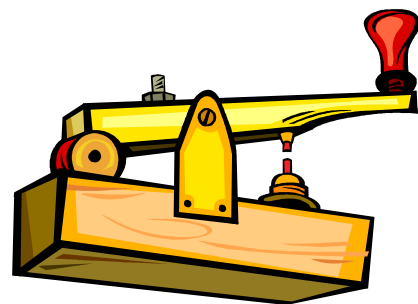
Create a brochure about the sport of fly fishing for trout. Research this unusual sport using books and/or the Internet. Include pictures and/or illustrations in your brochure in order to accent the information you include.



Challenge #6

Skeleton Creek

The workers used a type of coded language in order to communicate with one another over the loud noise of the dredge. Research Morse Code and write an informational report about how it works. Include your own code as well as an explanation of how to decipher your code.



Challenge #7

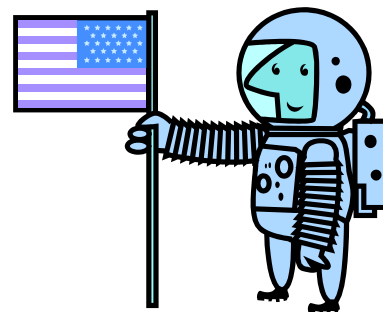
Skeleton Creek

Who were Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde? Research these unique characters using books and/or the Internet. Create a two-sided poster on 12 x 18 construction paper that gives information about Dr. Jekyll on one side and Mr. Hyde on the other side.

Challenge #8

Skeleton Creek

Choose one of the Conspiracy Theories that can be found listed throughout the Internet and create an informational poster about it. Try to include as much information about the conspiracy theory as you can as well as your personal opinion about it. Possible topics include: The Lunar Landing in 1969, Abe Lincoln Assassination, JFK Assassination, Area 51, The Men in Black, and the origin of Pyramids and other wonders.



Challenge #9

Skeleton Creek

Create your own informational poster about the science and symbols of Alchemy. You can use information in the book as well as additional information you find by researching other books and/or the Internet.



Challenge #10

Skeleton Creek

Write your own epilogue for the book. An epilogue is a “what happens next” piece of writing. Think about what you read throughout the story and then write your own epilogue about what happens to Ryan and Sarah. Be sure to make your epilogue believable and interesting!



“Skeleton Creek” Video Log

Name _____

Watch the videos on www.sarahfincher.com and write the information you find by watching each video. Each video has its own password. Be sure to watch the videos at the appropriate part of the book! Do not skip ahead and watch them, no matter how tempted you are...

Video	Information Gained
Password: houseofusher pg. 25	
Password: theraven pg. 38	
Password: pitandpendulum pg. 67	
Password: amontillado pg. 91	
Password: drjekyllandmrhyde pg. 117	

Password: peterquint pg. 150	
Password: lucywestenra pg. 171	
Password: miltonarbogast pg. 178	
Password: tanginabarrons pg. 186	

Which video did you like best? Why?

Which video gave you the most information, in your opinion? Why?

Symbols of Alchemy

Name _____

Research the seven basic metals of alchemy. Draw the symbol for each and write information for each one as well. You can research using books and/or the Internet.

Metal	Symbol	Information

From what source(s) did you get your information?

SKELETON CREEK

Vocabulary Words

"Skeleton Creek"

By Patrick Carman



Write a definition for each word using your own words based on the context within the book. Choose words from the text for the blank boxes and include a definition in your own words.

paranoia Page _____

prodigy Page _____

adage Page _____

diabolical Page _____

peculiar Page _____

superstitious Page _____

dumbstruck Page _____

alluded Page _____

decipher Page _____

grotesque Page _____

gargantuan Page _____

walloping Page _____

bewildering Page _____

concocted Page _____

mind-numbingly Page _____

lollled Page _____

monotony Page _____

archived Page _____

meager Page _____

tenacity Page _____

drudgery Page _____

memoir Page _____

amnesia

Page _____

skewer

Page _____

imperceptibly

Page _____

droning

Page _____

reputation

Page _____

penance

Page _____

notoriously

Page _____

inquisition

Page _____

indefinable Page _____

confiscating Page _____

ferocious Page _____

indifferently Page _____

alchemist Page _____

hypocrite Page _____

catastrophe Page _____

oppressive Page _____

Page _____

Page _____

Page _____

Page _____

Page _____

Page _____

Page _____

Page _____

Vocabulary locations within the book:
Isbn # 978-0-545-23911-0

paranoia	page 2
prodigy	page 4
adage	page 5
diabolical	page 8
peculiar	page 12
superstitious	page 12
dumbstruck	page 16
alluded	page 18
decipher	page 18
grotesque	page 20
gargantuan	page 20
walloping	page 23
bewildering	page 24
concocted	page 26
mind-numbingly	page 29
lolloped	page 41
monotony	page 53
archived	page 54
meager	page 54
tenacity	page 55
drudgery	page 55
memoir	page 61
amnesia	page 68
skewer	page 78
imperceptibly	page 78
droning	page 83
reputation	page 84
penance	page 86
notoriously	page 101
inquisition	page 106
indefinable	page 112
confiscating	page 115
ferocious	page 128
indifferently	page 131
alchemist	page 139
hypocrite	page 160
catastrophe	page 164
oppressive	page 165

Character Chart
"Skeleton Creek"

Name _____

Fill in the as you read with information about the different characters in the book. Try to include as much information about each one as you can.

Name	Role in the Story	Motivations	Actions	Personality
Ryan McCray				
Sarah Fincher				
Mrs. McCray				
Mr. McCray				
Henry				

Old Joe Bush				
Gladys Morgan				
Daryl Bonner				

Which character is your favorite? Why?

Which character is your least favorite? Why?

What or who is the antagonist in the story? Is it a person or a force, in your opinion? Why?

“Skeleton Creek”
Membership Card

Name _____

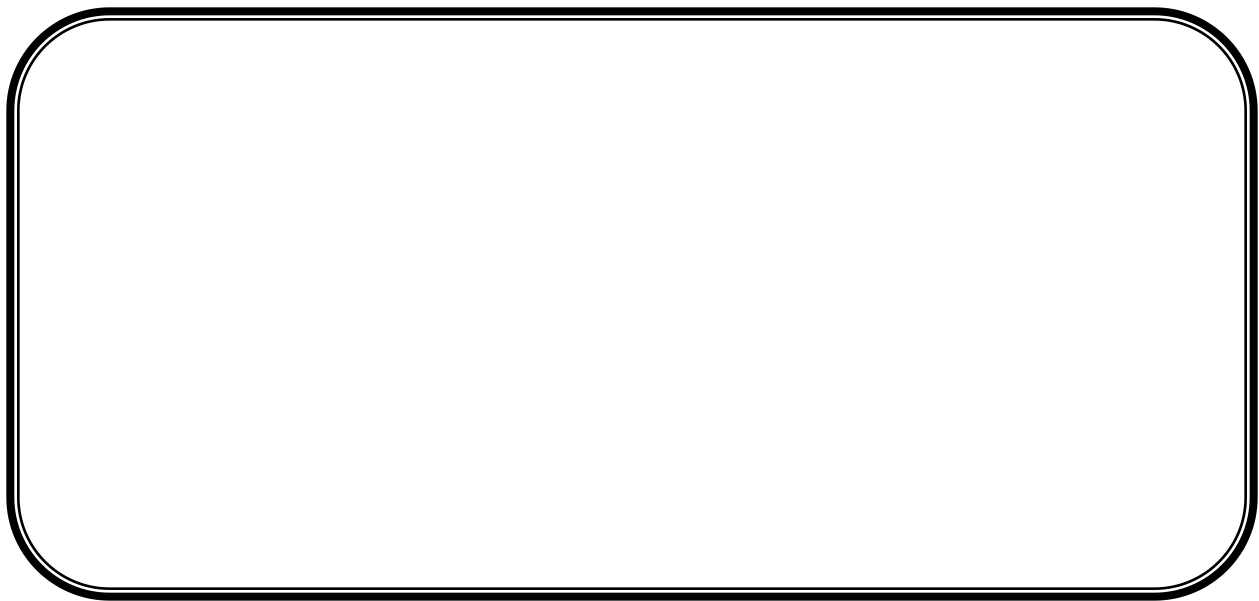
There are people in the town of Skeleton Creek who belong to a secret society called The Crossbones. Write any information about this group from the book in the box below. Once you are finished, create a membership card for one of the members of this group.

Known Members:

Purpose:

Any Other Information:

Membership Card Design:



“Skeleton Creek”

Billboard

Name _____

Most towns and cities have a billboard or similar signage that welcomes visitors. Your task is to create one for the town of Skeleton Creek.

A large, empty rounded rectangular box with a double-line border, intended for drawing a billboard. The box is centered on the page and occupies most of the lower half of the worksheet.

“Skeleton Creek”

Starving for Words

Name _____

On page 3, Ryan says, “Two weeks in the hospital without a journal left me starving for words.” Create a meal of words below. You should choose words that would “fill” you up! Be creative and add color to accent your meal of words.

“Skeleton Creek”

Name _____

Personification

On page 1, in the last paragraph, the author uses personification.

What is personification?

How is personification used on page 1?

Why do you think the author chose to use personification here?

Can you find any other examples of personification as you read the book?
Write them below with the page number as you find them.

5. Why is the town called Skeleton Creek?

6. Why was the dredge abandoned? Why was it haunted?

7. What does GOLD have to do with the story?

8. What was your favorite part of the story? Why?

9. What do you think will happen to Sarah and Ryan? Why?