

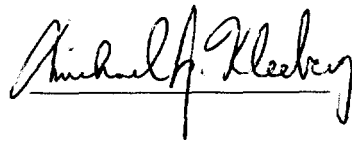
The Colony in the Fog

An Honors Thesis (HONRS 499)

by

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A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Michael J. Kleeberg". The signature is written in a cursive style and is positioned above a horizontal line.

Ball State University

Muncie, Indiana

5 May 1997

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Purpose of Thesis

The Colony in the Fog is the story of transplanted fourth grader Eric Baker, who has moved with his family from Ohio to Virginia to facilitate his father's eye surgery. During a history lecture, Eric loses his concentration and his teacher assigns him to research and report on the Lost Colony at Roanoke. A series of adventures leads Eric to discover the actual colonists, allowing him to complete his research firsthand.

The story emerges from research within three different disciplines: the history of the Lost Colony at Roanoke, writing children's literature, and an analysis of existing children's literature about the Lost Colony. The history of the colony and speculations as to the fate of the colonists provide a basis for a story, who discovers that the colonists had relocated to the Chesapeake Bay as they had intended to do in 1587. Research by such historians as David Beers Quinn and David Stick point to the likelihood of such a move. The research on how to write children's books provided different views of structure, plot and character development. Finally, the existing children's literature on the Lost Colony gave an indication of the historical information about the Colony that children have been exposed to, a condensed version of which became Eric's explanation of the history of the Colony, as well as the basis for a fictionalization of events subsequent to the last meeting of the Colonists with Governor John White in 1587.

The Colony in the Fog

Chapter 1

“Some major parts of the eye are the optic nerve, the iris, the pupil, and the cornea.”

When Miss McGavin mentioned the cornea, I started to think about my dad, who is probably going to need surgery to replace his corneas. Mom always told him that he should quit smoking, but he could never seem to survive a day without a couple of packs. Now he’s paying for it: all of that smoke damaged his corneas. I find it strange that Mom hasn’t given Dad her famous ‘I-told-you-what-would-happen-but-you-wouldn’t-listen’ lecture. Instead, she spends most of her time taking Dad to the eye doctor.

“Eric Baker, could you please tell the class the job of the optic nerve?” Miss McGavin’s voice broke into my thoughts, and I spent a few embarrassing moments because I had no idea where the optic nerve was, let alone what it did. Thankfully, Miss McGavin continued her lecture, and I carefully paid attention as she explained that the optic nerve is a messenger between the eye and the brain, that tells the brain what the eye is seeing.

That same day, we had a special guest speaker in our history class. Miss McGavin announced that our speaker would be telling us about something called the Lost Colony of Roanoke. I could hardly believe my eyes when a tall man walked in wearing tight pants that went only to his knees, a shirt with a wide collar, boots, and a vest. He had friendly brown eyes over a long nose, a wide mouth, and a square chin. His long brown hair was held in a ponytail at the nape of his neck. “My name is Michael Jones,” he announced to the class, “and my journey to the New World began a few months ago, in the late summer of 1587. I came to live here with more than a hundred of my fellow Englishmen and women, so that the great nation of England

could become rich from all of the resources of this new land. We all knew there was great risk involved, because an earlier group of people had already come back to England after they failed to grow enough crops to survive on a small island called Roanoke. I have a firm belief, however, that this time things will be different . . . ”

My thoughts began to drift away again. I couldn't help but worry about Dad, and besides, sometimes being a fifth grader just isn't all that interesting. It wouldn't be so bad if we didn't have to live in a new place, away from our family in Ohio, so that Dad could have the best doctors for his eyes. Virginia isn't all that bad, though, and at least we don't have to live in a big city. Mom says that life in a big city is horrible and crowded, so we moved to Anthony, which is about a half an hour from Williamsburg, where Dad goes to see the doctor.

Small town or not, living in a new place is hard. We just started school, and I don't really know anybody here. I've met a few of the kids in my class, and they seem interesting, but sometimes I wish it were easier to make new friends. I don't think things ever work out that well, or that one day I could magically be the most popular boy in the fifth grade, with as many friends as I've ever wanted.

I was jerked back into reality by the sudden exit of our guest speaker, who waved as he left the room. I looked to the front of the class with dread, knowing that Miss McGavin would realize that I had daydreamed my way through another class period. Sure enough, she gave me a stern look, but then went back to the Lost Colonists, saying, “No one knows for sure what happened to Michael Jones and the rest of the Lost Colonists. They sent their leader, Governor John White, back to England for supplies, but when he returned three years later, there was no trace of the people he left behind.” Miss McGavin seemed to be finished with the lesson, and I breathed a sigh of relief, thinking I was off the hook, but then she added, “Eric, I'm not sure what

to do to make you pay attention in class. Perhaps you will discover the joy of learning better if you find out some information on your own about the Lost Colony at Roanoke. The class will expect a report in two weeks.”

Chapter 2

Walking home from school that afternoon, I had the sense of the whole world pressing down on me. Or maybe it was just all of the books about the Lost Colony that Miss McGavin had given me for my report. At any rate, it didn't seem like I had much to look forward to. I wished the walk home could take hours instead of minutes.

All of the homes in Anthony are very close together, and there is only one school bus, for the kids who live out in the country, so everyone walks to and from school. The houses in the middle of Anthony are very old. They are small stone cottages mostly, with flower boxes in every window and welcome signs on every door. Anthony was founded a very long time ago, in the days when the English first came to explore America, but the only places you can really tell this are in the center of town and on the outskirts of town. The houses where I live are all covered with siding or paint, and basically all look the same. There are a few welcome signs, and even fewer flower boxes in the windows. At these houses, the flowers are kept in neat plots around each house, separated from the rest of the yard by rubber tubing. My house is the most ordinary of these newer homes. We don't have a welcome sign on our door, or flowers around the house. Just an ordinary house with an ordinary family inside.

As I walked into the house, I called out to see if Mom and Dad are home. Not hearing an answer, I walked down the hallway, which was lined with family pictures, toward the kitchen.

As I passed by the most recent picture of me with my parents, I made a face at myself, seeing in the glass both the picture and my reflection, two versions of the same face, both with my brown hair falling into my eyes and a funny grin on my face.

In the kitchen, I got a soda and started pulling books out of my backpack. I really didn't want to do a report on the Lost Colonists. First of all, I still wasn't sure exactly who they were or what they did. In the second place, I thought this was way too much punishment just for not paying attention at school. I had two whole weeks to work on it, though, so I figured it wouldn't hurt if I didn't get started right away.

I was putting away my books when my parents walked in. Mom gave me a hug and asked, "What are all of these books for, Eric?"

"Oh, I have to do a report for school," I grumbled. "It's about the Lost Colony."

"Well, you'll do a good job, I'm sure. What else did you learn about in school today?"

As she's talking, Mom walks into the other room, leading Dad, who doesn't see well in the afternoon when the light is weak. She doesn't wait for an answer about my day, but bustles Dad into an easy chair. In a few minutes she's back to get him something to drink. She asks me if I met any new friends today, but she leaves the room again before I can answer.

Upstairs in my room, I start to look at the books that Miss McGavin gave me about the Lost Colonists. Just by glancing at them, I decide that there's nothing really interesting about a bunch of long-dead English people.

Chapter 3

The way I have it figured, just about the only good thing about a new town is that I have

so many new places to explore. I like to take long walks on the outskirts of town. I can walk for hours at a time, just looking around. Today, I walk further out of town than usual, past old farms and pastures, until soon I don't see any signs of life.

I turned down an old dirt road, imagining as I went the horse-drawn carriages that must have passed through here long ago. In the distance, I could make out the shape of a man walking toward me. I began to get nervous, but as he got closer I realized that he was the man who had given the speech on the Lost Colonists at school. When I figured this out, I got very embarrassed at not having paid any attention to his speech. As it turns out, I didn't need to be embarrassed, because the man greeted me with a wide smile.

"Eric Baker, isn't it? The boy who didn't pay any attention at school and now has to write a report, correct?" he said, grinning. "If you'll remember, I'm Michael Jones, and I suspect I can give you a bit of information for your paper, if you'd like."

I didn't know quite what to say, so I kept quiet. Why was this stranger offering to help me?

"Ah, Eric, no need to feel bad. When I was younger I, too used to sit in class and daydream. What were you thinking about, I wonder?"

For some reason, I began to feel comfortable with Michael Jones, and so I told him, "I was thinking about my dad. He's been pretty sick lately. Plus, we just moved here, so I don't have anyone to talk to."

Michael really seemed to understand my troubles. We walked along for a while, talking about my family, my life back in Ohio (Michael had never been there and was very interested), and a little about the history of Anthony. Oddly, Michael didn't want to talk about himself, saying only that he was older than he looked and had seen a lot in his lifetime. As the afternoon

light grew dim, I turned to start the long walk home, and Michael said something very strange.

“Eric, I want to let you in on a secret: wonderful things happen to people who look for them. If you live your life without looking, you might lose a chance at seeing something wonderful that you didn’t even know existed . . . Go home, now, and begin to learn about my Colony, which is full of surprises. If you need to talk again, you can find me here.”

I thanked him and raced home, a bit dazed.

Chapter 4

Over the next few days, I took Michael’s advice and began reading my books about the Lost Colony of Roanoke. Although the ending was different in each book, the basic story was the same:

In 1585, like Michael had told us in school, a group of pioneers had tried to begin a colony on Roanoke Island. The idea for the colony came from a nobleman named Sir Walter Raleigh, who wanted the English to have more control over the New World than the Spanish. These colonists had a very hard time living on Roanoke Island because there were too many storms, not enough good land to grow crops, and their relationship with the Indians who already lived there wasn’t very good, because the Indians got tired of providing food for the colonists. While the colonists waited for more supplies to come from England, they explored the coast of America and decided that the Chesapeake Bay would be a better place to have their colony, because it was protected from storms and had much better growing land. The supplies from England didn’t come, but luckily the colonists were saved by Sir Francis Drake, after a year of being on Roanoke, and taken back to England.

The next year, 1587, the English tried to start a new colony. They hoped to come to the

Chesapeake Bay, but the captain of their ship brought them instead back to Roanoke Island. The colonists, who were led by Governor John White, decided to make the best of being on Roanoke until the next spring, when they could move to the Chesapeake Bay, and began to build houses and a fort on the island. Not long after they arrived, John White's daughter had a baby girl, the first English baby to be born in America.

These colonists thought that they would be smarter than the first ones, so they sent Governor White back to England for more supplies very soon after they arrived in America, so they could make sure that the supplies would get there before they ran out of the things they already had. Governor White had promised to be back on the colony the next spring, but when he got back he found out that England was in the middle of a war with Spain, and that all of the boats were to be used to fight the war. So three years passed before Governor White could return to the Colony.

When he got back to Roanoke, Governor White found the word "Croatoan" carved into a tree. Before he left the colony, he had told the others that if they moved before his return, they should carve the name of the place they moved to into a tree, so he would know where to find them. When he found the carving on the tree, he figured that the colonists had gone to live with the Croatoan Indians. He was going to look for them when a great storm blew in and forced the ships to either go back out at sea or sink where they were, so they chose to go back to England without looking for the colonists.

No one really knows what happened to the colonists after this point. In 1607, the first permanent colony was built at Jamestown, and those settlers searched in their spare time for the Colonists. They heard many different stories from the Indians about white men in a town fifty

miles from Jamestown, but they never found the town. Some historians think the colonists were murdered by angry Indians. Others think that they came to the Chesapeake bay to start a new colony, or that they starved or tried to cross the Atlantic back to England.

As I read the story of the Lost Colonists, I got sad and excited all at the same time. I was sad because the colonists had moved far away from their homes and disappeared, never to talk with their families again. I could imagine how scared the colonists were, being in a new place, and not having any idea when Governor White would return with their supplies. I was also filled with hope and excitement at the thought that the colonists could have moved to the Chesapeake Bay, where I now lived. I began to create stories in my head that involved the colonists coming here to live in their stone houses. I imagined that these houses looked a lot like the ones in the center of Anthony.

Chapter 5

The day I finished the last book, I began to search for evidence that maybe the Lost Colonists had actually come to Anthony to build their village. I didn't really believe it was possible, but the idea that they somehow survived in America comforted me. On my long walks in the country, I looked everywhere. I wasn't sure exactly what I was looking for, but I figured I would start near the river, because I'd always heard that people settled near rivers so they would have fresh water. I planned to walk up one side of the river first, then cross at a small footbridge three miles out of town, and walk back on the other side. I had almost gotten to the footbridge, without seeing anything but plants and water, when I caught sight of the now-familiar figure of Michael Jones. I ran to greet him, excited at having someone to talk to about the colonists.

"Mr. Jones! ... Michael, I read all about the Lost Colony and how they disappeared and I

was wondering if maybe they would have come here to make their village because they said they wanted to come to the Chesapeake Bay area. I know they probably didn't, but wouldn't it be wonderful if they did come here and we found them and solved the mystery?" By the time I finished, I was out of breath, hoping against hope that he would offer some words of encouragement. Amazingly, he did.

"Eric, I think that it's entirely possible that they did come here. After all, this place has everything they would have needed: fresh water from the river, plenty of fertile land to plant their crops, easy access to the ocean in case they needed to go back to England, and all of this natural beauty surrounding them." It was all said with a funny smile, so I wasn't sure if Michael was humoring me or not.

"But, Michael," I wondered, "how would we ever find them here?"

The smile returned, but somehow Michael looked sad as well. "The Lost Colonists have been waiting for more than four hundred years to be found, but it takes someone creative and pure at heart who would look for them in unexpected places. Here is my advice to you, Eric Baker: look high and low for everyday things that might lead you to the colony. You are on the right track with your idea to look near the river. Remember that finding something that's been lost so long takes a lot of thought and determination, but also a lot of luck. I must go home now, but remember, keep your mind open to magic." With these words, Michael turned and began to walk upriver. As he walked, it began to get foggy, and Michael disappeared into the mist.

It was very odd to me, that fog in the afternoon, especially when combined with the strangeness of Michael's words. I walked along the riverbank thinking about what he said. I crossed the footbridge and started back towards home on the other bank, remembering to search high and low for a clue. After about a half a mile, when I was too busy looking high for a clue to

remember that I must also watch where I was going, I tripped over a tree limb and fell flat on my face. It took a minute to catch my breath, and as I lay still to see if I had hurt myself, I happened to see a piece of metal poking out of the ground. It wasn't very long, and it was curved at the end. I figured it was probably a coat hanger that someone had lost, but I went to dig it out anyway, being very careful to dig gently around it. When I had finally dug it out and dusted it off, I found that I had a pair of eyeglasses with curving earpieces. They looked old and felt very fragile, so I carefully put them in my pocket and continued home.

It was almost suppertime. I was tired and dirty from digging. Mom was in the kitchen, chopping up vegetables for a salad. Excitedly, I ran up to her to show her the glasses.

"Mom, look what I found today out by the river!"

"Why, Eric, these look positively ancient! I'll tell you what: your father has an appointment with the eye doctor tomorrow. Why don't I take these in with me and ask him how old they are? Who knows, maybe you've found an antique."

Chapter 6

The next day was Monday, and I sat through school all day long, barely containing my excitement at having found the glasses. I raced home after school and got there just as Mom and Dad were pulling into the driveway. They both wore puzzled expressions.

"Eric, where did you say you got these glasses?" asked Mom.

"I found them by the river. They were kind of half-buried and I dug them out. What did the doctor say?"

"He said he couldn't be absolutely certain without running some tests, but he thinks the glasses are over four hundred years old. If they really are that old, they must be very valuable. I

wonder how they found their way to that riverbank?" mused Mom.

Mom could wonder all she wanted, because I was certain that the glasses had been left there by the Lost Colonists. Who else would have been here that long ago who wore glasses? I knew that the Indians didn't have glasses, so that left only the European settlers. I supposed they could have gotten lost there by one of the Jamestown settlers, but I wanted to believe that the Lost Colonists had left them there.

As I was thinking about the Lost Colonists, my thoughts began naturally to drift to Michael Jones. It was very strange that I found the glasses just after having the conversation with him about finding clues. Maybe he knew something about the glasses. Did these glasses have some sort of magical power? I decided to go out and find Michael Jones to ask him myself.

After I had walked for what felt like hours without a sign of Michael Jones, I gave up and started back for home. I was still a mile out of town when I finally spotted him. He looked ragged and flustered, as if he had been running to a very important meeting. He walked very rapidly up to me, a serious look on his face. As usual, he seemed to know exactly what was on my mind.

"Eric, you must not think that the eyepiece has any special powers. They cannot cure your father's eye problems. Don't worry, though, your father has doctors who are taking very good care of him. Now, on to the matter of these . . . glasses. You were very excited to find them, weren't you?"

I was more confused than ever. "Michael, how did you know that I found the glasses? And how did you know that I thought the glasses might help Dad? What's going on here, Michael?"

With a mysterious smile, Michael replied, "Those glasses must have been waiting a long

time for the right person to find them. You are a special person, Eric Baker.” With that, he turned and began one of his mysterious disappearances, walking away without answering any of my questions.

I called after him, “But, Michael, the glasses belonged to the Lost Colonists, didn’t they? Now I have a place to start looking for the village. Won’t you help me, please?”

He turned back long enough to say sadly, “I’m sorry, Eric, but it is impossible for me to help you search. I can only listen and offer suggestions while you try to solve the puzzle for yourself. You will understand soon.”

Chapter 7

I spent the rest of the week searching for the colony and finishing the report I had to give at school. I wanted badly to talk to Michael again, and I went searching for him Thursday afternoon, the day before I was to present my report. I walked along the river, even going past the footbridge, without finding a trace of Michael or the mysterious mist that always surrounded him. At about 5:30, I saw some fog roll in. I figured Michael must be near, so I began to walk faster to meet him. To my surprise and disappointment, I still couldn’t find him. I walked further along the river, and finally saw someone ahead. Thinking it must be Michael, I hurried to the spot, only to find a girl about my age building something near the riverbank. Hearing my approach, she looked up and smiled, motioning for me to join her.

“I’m building a birdhouse,” she explained, without my even asking. I thought that her birdhouse looked more like a nest, since she was making it out of fallen tree limbs and twigs, but I didn’t say anything.

“You must be Eric,” the girl said. “Michael told me about the way you like to walk out here. My name’s Virginia.”

“I haven’t seen you at school. Are you new here, too?”

“Not really,” she replied. “We moved here a few years ago, so I’m used to it now. Michael told me that you just moved here. It’s a little hard to get used to, isn’t it?”

“It’s getting better. I’ve been taking lots of long walks looking for artifacts and stuff.”

Virginia got a strange look on her face, like she was listening very hard to something, but I couldn’t hear anything. She reached her hand up to smooth her hair, which was in a bun, and tried to wipe the smudges of dirt off her face.

With a smile, Virginia told me, “I have to go home soon, but would you like to walk with me? I think I know a good place to look for your artifacts.”

I agreed, and as we walked, she told me about her family. Her parents had moved here from England, with her grandfather, but he moved back to England. The further we walked, the more a fog settled down around us. The fog was becoming an old friend to me. I was used to seeing it when Michael was around, and now, walking with Virginia, the fog seemed heavier than ever.

Eventually, we came to a field that didn’t look as if it had been plowed in years. There were a few crops growing wild, but mostly the field was covered in shoulder-high grass and weeds.

“I like to come here when I want to be alone,” explained Virginia. “It’s quiet and peaceful, and I’ve found some old things here before.” She was quiet for a minute, listening again. Then she straightened her back and said, “It’s time for me to go now. I’ll be late for dinner, and I don’t want to make my parents angry. I hope you find something good.”

As she walked away, I caught sight of a beam of sunlight through the misty fog, and I realized that there wasn't much daylight left to look for clues. I decided to walk around for a few minutes, then head for home.

Walking into the field was like disappearing. After a few feet, I couldn't see anything around me, because the weeds grew taller than on the edge, and I was afraid I might get lost. I went further and further into the field, scanning the ground as I walked along. Surprisingly, in the middle of the field I found a small clearing with a large rock in the center. The rock was the perfect size and shape to be a bench, and I thought that this must be where Virginia came to be alone. I walked around the clearing, and found something strange behind the rock. Half-embedded in the dirt was an axe blade, and on the ground near it was the handle. It didn't look exactly like an axe should, but a little rougher somehow: the blade wasn't sharp enough, and the wood of the handle was very splintery in parts, and rubbed smooth where it had been held. I began to wipe the dirt and grime off the axe, but I realized that it was getting dark and I needed to get home. Along the way, I noticed that the fog was almost completely gone.

Chapter 8

The next day was Friday, and I was very nervous about my report as I walked to school. When it was time for history, Miss McGavin called me to the front of the room and asked me to begin. I told the class all about the colonists' trip to the New World, and how they didn't think they would have enough food so they had to send Governor White back for supplies. "It was especially sad for Governor White to go," I added, "because his daughter had just had a baby, the first English child to be born in the New World."

Miss McGavin interrupted then to ask, "Eric, can you tell us the name of the baby?"

I had no idea, so Miss McGavin supplied the information for me. "Governor White's grandchild was a little girl, who was named after Queen Elizabeth. Elizabeth was known as 'the Virgin Queen,' so they named the baby Virginia Dare in her honor. Eric, please continue with the rest of your report."

I went on with my report, talking about the return of Governor White and the disappearance of the colonists, but my mind was reeling. A girl named Virginia?! Why, I had just met a girl named Virginia the day before.

When school finally got out for the day, I raced to the river path, hoping to find Michael. Sure enough, I saw the mist first, and then spotted Michael walking ahead of me. I ran to catch up with him, calling his name. He slowly turned and smiled a greeting.

I walked along with him, and told him about the axe I had found the day before. "It's really old, Michael. I think I found another clue to help figure out what happened to the Lost Colonists. I met a girl from your village yesterday. She said her name was Virginia, and she knew where I could find the axe. And today in school, I learned that Virginia was the name of the first English baby born here in America. Isn't that weird?"

Michael only smiled and listened as I prattled on. Eventually, after we had walked a great distance, Michael told me that he needed to go home, and turned away. As I watched him walk away, I began to get frustrated. Every time I needed him to listen to me, he walked away into that stupid fog. I wanted to go after him, but I didn't because I didn't want him to get mad at me.

During the walk home, I began to doubt myself. What could a kid like me really know about the Lost Colony anyway, when so many experts didn't have any idea what had happened to those poor people? And Michael was one of those experts. Every time I talked to him about it, he wore that peculiar smile that I couldn't figure out: either the smile meant that he thought I was

on the right track, or he was just laughing at a kid who had a big imagination. There had to be a way to find out for sure.

Chapter 9

After a good night's sleep, I had decided on a plan: I would follow Michael into the fog. I wanted to see his home and his family, if he had one. However, I knew Michael would be upset with me if I invaded his privacy, so I resolved to follow him in secret.

This was Saturday, so I had the whole day to explore by the river. I left early in the morning with my backpack filled with food and some cans of soda so that I could stay out all day. I didn't have to worry about my parents, because they had a full day of eye appointments ahead of them.

When I came to the place where I had met Virginia, I slowed down, looking around very carefully in case there were more artifacts to be found. I retraced the route we had taken to the clearing in the field, half expecting to find her sitting on the rock bench. She wasn't there, but there was a small nest in the middle of the clearing that someone had made out of scrap wood from the nearby trees. The 'birdhouse' wasn't there the day before, so I figured she must have built it here that morning, and maybe I had just missed her.

From the clearing, I decided to follow the direction that Virginia had taken on her way home. I followed a faint dirt path that led through the field and into the woods. As I reached the woods, the bright day began to turn gloomy with the promise of rain. I sat down at the foot of a large tree to eat a ham sandwich and drink a soda, letting my mind wander.

As I finished my lunch and took my first tentative steps into the woods, heavy droplets of rain began to fall, and with the rain came a heavy fog, giving me the illusion that I was walking

through a tropical rain forest, instead of just the woods. Deeper into the woods, the intertwining tree branches made an umbrella that protected everything underneath from the rain.

The silence of the woods was broken only by an occasional droplet of rain passing through the cover of the trees. I walked quietly along, feeling more and more like I was cut off from everyone else in the world. I became lost in a daydream of finding the colony in the middle of this lonely woods, and this is why I was surprised to see Michael walking ahead of me. More surprisingly, he was not alone. Walking next to him was a woman in a long dress, with long dark hair. I followed them as they walked companionably down a path that cut between the trees. They stopped for a little while to rest upon the trunk of a fallen tree, and I hid behind a tree, feeling foolish for spying on them. After a bit, they got up and began walking again. As they walked, the mysterious fog began to envelop them. I followed them further and further, though I was frightened, as the fog began to thicken and close around me.

Chapter 10

The fog became so dense that I couldn't see three feet in front of my own face. I had to proceed slowly and carefully, but still I stumbled several times and had to brace myself against a tree to keep from falling. I tried to feel ahead with my arms outstretched, but it didn't seem to be doing much good. The thought of turning back and going home was very tempting, but I figured that I had come too far to turn back.

My hands were my invisible guides, feeling through the gray air. I felt tree trunks, branches, and tall, leafy plants. I had grown accustomed to these textures when I felt something new: cloth. My chest clenched in fear when I realized that I was touching the front of a man's shirt. Michael's shirt. I had been caught in the act of spying. Michael didn't say a word, but put

his hand on the back of my neck and led me into the fog.

As we walked together, the fog began to lift slightly, and I could make out the shapes of the trees and plants around us. I was too afraid to look up at Michael, for fear that he would be very angry, so I tried to keep my gaze straight ahead. I began to make out other shapes through the fog that looked like small buildings. I made out houses, and barns, and other small structures that looked like outhouses. I finally found the nerve to look at Michael for an explanation of this place. To further confuse me, he wasn't furious, as I had imagined, but smiling his peculiar smile.

"Welcome to my home," said Michael, but I was too puzzled to respond. I had caught sight of a wooden sign bearing the words, 'Welcome to the Citte of Raleigh.'

I turned to Michael. "The name of your town is Raleigh? Did you spell it differently so it wouldn't get confused with the state capital?"

He grinned at me. "We named our town after our founder, many years ago, when some words had many different spellings. Walk with me, and you will soon understand."

We walked down a wide dirt path that I supposed was the main road of the town. All around me people were doing things: several women were gathered around a large wooden tub, washing their laundry and talking; a man was sitting on the front step of a small stone house, fixing a shoe; in a nearby clearing, a man was chopping firewood . . . With an axe that looked just like the one I had found!

Understanding began to dawn upon me: I had found the Lost Colony!

"You knew it all along, didn't you, Michael?" I asked. "Why didn't you tell me that you knew what happened to the colonists when you knew that I wanted to find out more than anything?"

He smiled sadly. "I couldn't tell you, Eric. Look around you. What you see is impossible: the real Lost Colonists, alive and well after four hundred years. Yet here we are. This is my town, my home, Eric. We have all been here for so many years, waiting for someone to find us, yet hoping no one would. Now that you have found us, you must keep our secret. If you revealed to others what you have found here, our village would be surrounded by scientists, digging and poking and prodding in our home. The thing that no one understands is that we haven't been found because we didn't *want* to be found. You found us because I got careless. I was spending too much time in your world, learning how you do things. I learned much about it the first time we talked, and you also became my friend. I never expected you to follow me into the fog. Now I know that I must never take risks like that again, so that nobody finds our village. Please, Eric, tell me that we can trust you not to reveal our secret."

I promised him that I would never tell. When he got my word on it, Michael's face opened up in a proud smile, and he asked if I would like a tour of his home. I readily agreed, and we spent the rest of the day walking in the village with Virginia (who really was Virginia Dare!), meeting the people Michael had lived with for so long. During the day, I pieced together the story of how the colonists had gotten from Roanoke Island, North Carolina, to Anthony, Virginia:

After waiting through the winter for the return of Governor White, the colonists *had* gone to live with the Croatoan Indians, who taught them the best ways to plant crops, catch fish, and get along in this new place. The Indians also taught them how to make boats that were better for the area than English ships, by burning and scraping the wood out of a fallen tree until they had a long canoe. After this, the colonists thanked the Indians, took their new canoes, and moved to the Chesapeake Bay. They picked this particular place, as I had thought, because it was near a

river and had good land for growing crops.

I was still confused. I didn't understand how these people had stayed the same for four hundred years. Eventually, I pieced together this explanation: a few years after the Colonists moved to the Chesapeake Bay, they were threatened with an attack from the Indian chief Powhatan, who was afraid that the Europeans were a danger to his people, and would steal their land and crops. Some of the colonists secretly met with one of Powhatan's advisors, who was a kind-hearted man. He didn't want to see the colonists get hurt, so he showed them the secrets of the fog, which would protect them from attacks. In return, he asked for the word of the people that they would not interfere with the Indian way of life, nor would they try to take things from the Indians. They agreed on this truce, and after a few years, they noticed that they weren't getting older, so Michael went back to the Indians, who told him that as long as they stayed inside of the fog, they would never get older. Michael went back to the village to tell this news, but none of the villagers were ready to leave yet. Over the next few years, they talked about leaving every once in a while, but eventually they realized that they loved their village and each other too much to leave. They also realized what a great gift the Indian man had given them: they could keep their lives just the way they were forever, but they also had the chance to see other ways of life, which was why Michael had come out of the fog to teach my class about his colony. He told me that there was only one thing he had to be careful to remember, and that was never to interfere with another person's way of life.

As the day wore on, I knew that I was having the experience of a lifetime, something that could never be repeated. When dusk approached, Michael took my hand and led me back through the fog, through the woods, and into the clearing. We sat on the rock bench and said our goodbyes, with me knowing that I could never find my way back to the village, no matter how

much I might want to, because the fog had destroyed my sense of direction, and I hardly even knew how we got back to the clearing. Michael gave me a hug. Then he turned, with a wave, and disappeared back into the fog.

I raced home, filled with the excitement of my discovery. To my surprise, both of my parents were home, though it was barely suppertime. Despite my promise, I wanted very badly to tell them about the Lost Colony, but then a picture of Virginia Dare's face popped into my head, and I decided to let them discover magic for themselves.

As it turns out, they had experienced a sort of miracle: the team of eye doctors had announced that, with time and a minor surgery, my dad would totally regain his eyesight. As I joined my parents in celebration, I was struck with the thought that extraordinary sights are everywhere, and all you have to do to see them is open your eyes, and your mind.

Historians have been puzzled for over four hundred years by the disappearance of a group of British colonists from the island of Roanoke, North Carolina. In 1587, the colonists, who were led by Governor John White and funded by Sir Walter Raleigh, came to America with the hope of establishing the first permanent colony in the New World. To avert the possible starvation of the colonists, Governor White returned to England in late fall 1587 to obtain additional supplies. His return was delayed three years by England's war with the Spanish Armada. When he returned in 1590, the colonists had disappeared, leaving only the word "Croatoan" carved into a tree as a clue to their whereabouts.

My interest in the Lost Colony of Roanoke stems from two visits to the site in 1994 and 1995. Precious little was left on the island to indicate that the colonists had ever been there, other than an earthen mound that may have been the site of the original fort. Numerous theories have been formulated to account for the fate of the colonists: they may have been the victims of an Indian massacre; or they have joined the Indians, eventually becoming integrated with a tribe through intermarriage; or they died, either of starvation or in an attempt to cross the Atlantic to return to England. Another possibility is that they simply relocated. Prior to Governor White's departure, the colonists had planned to move to the Chesapeake Bay, which had more fertile land and less treacherous access to the Atlantic than the Outer Banks of North Carolina.

The mystery and fascination surrounding the Lost Colonists led me to consider it as a possible topic for my Honor's Thesis. I decided to combine my interest with my English major, which eventually led to the idea of writing a children's book illustrating a possible explanation of what happened to the colonists. In reviewing the literature, I discovered the possibility of a move to the Chesapeake Bay and latched onto it as the solution to the mystery in the story I would write.

The review of the literature fell into three categories. First, it was necessary to have a more complete knowledge of early English attempts at colonization in the United States, which were based around Roanoke Island until the disappearance of the colonists sometime between 1587 and 1590, and the subsequent establishment of a permanent colony at Jamestown in 1607. Second, research was completed on how to go about writing children's books. Finally, the two topics were integrated with a review of the available children's literature about the Lost Colony.

Sir Walter Raleigh was an influential figure in the attempt to establish an English colony in North America. He became interested in the project through the involvement of his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert. In 1578 Gilbert was granted a patent to explore the North American coast by Queen Elizabeth. Gilbert's first attempt at reaching North America in 1578 ended in failure when his ship began to leak off the coast of Sicily and he was forced to return to England (Quinn 6). During the years 1582-1583, Gilbert again prepared to voyage to the New World. Finally, on 11 June 1583, Gilbert departed with five ships and 260 men (Durant 7). Gilbert chose as the captain of this mission a Portuguese man named Simon Fernandez, who plays an important and sometimes detrimental role in each of the Roanoke voyages. Unfortunately, Gilbert's voyage took him only as far as Newfoundland, which he claimed in the name of the Queen of England. As was reported by Fernandez and other sailors on the mission, Gilbert's ship was lost at sea soon after leaving Newfoundland (Durant 8).

The death of his half-brother had a profound affect on Raleigh, who determined to follow his sibling in the quest for colony. To that end, Sir Walter Raleigh persuaded Queen Elizabeth to grant him a patent of exploration valid for seven years after the issue date of 25 March 1584 (Quinn 9). Raleigh's preparations for his first voyage included the hiring of Philip Amadas and

Arthur Barlowe to lead the expedition, scientist Thomas Hariot to navigate and to make scientific observations in the colony, the artist John White to record various sights along the way, and Simon Fernandez as pilot (Quinn 22). The purpose of this 1584 mission was to determine the best location for a colony. This voyage set the pattern of traveling to North America, a pattern followed by each of the other expeditions. The fleet went "...south along the coast of Europe and northern Africa to the Canary Islands, then west to the Caribbean. Invariably they stopped over in the Spanish West Indies ... before laying a course for the Florida coast, with a final leg northward to Cape Hatteras" (Stick 161). By following this course, Barlowe and Amadas landed on Bodie Island, on the Outer Banks of present-day North Carolina, on 13 July 1584, where they proclaimed Bodie Island the first British holding in America (Durant 12).

During the summer of 1584, Barlowe, Amadas, and crew spent six weeks exploring the Outer Banks. Not long after their arrival, the explorers had their first contact with the Native Americans of the area. Hakluyt's account of this meeting was very positive: "We exchanged our tinne dish for twentie skinnes, woorth twentie Crowns, or twentie Nobles: and a copper kettle for fiftie skins woorth fifty Crownes. They offered us good exchange for our hatchets, and axes, and for knives, and would have given any thing for swordes: but wee would not depart with any" (Tarbox 115). During this initial meeting and gift exchange, Barlowe and Amadas were introduced to Granganimeo, an Indian who lived on Roanoke Island, who invited Barlowe to visit his village. After an initial hesitancy, Barlowe accepted the invitation and accompanied Granganimeo to Roanoke Island. This visit to the north end of Roanoke Island is the only mention by Barlowe of a specific location that he explored (Stick 49). He describes his first sight of Roanoke Island: "...at the North end thereof was a village of nine houses, built of Cedar, and fortified round about with sharpe trees, to keep out their enemies, and the entrance into it made

like a turnpike very artificially” (Tarbox 120). Barlowe and Amadas were so impressed with their visit to Granganimeo’s village that they recommended it to Sir Walter Raleigh as the ideal location for a colony upon their return to England in 1584.

Upon the recommendations of Barlowe and Amadas, Raleigh immediately began preparations for a permanent colony on Roanoke Island which was established in 1585. Although Amadas returned for a second voyage to the New World, the leaders of the new mission were Sir Richard Grenville and Ralph Lane. Thomas Hariot and John White were once again involved in the exploration, having been assigned to draw and record every possible detail of the plant and wildlife of the New World, as well as to make maps of the area. Simon Fernandez was again the pilot of the voyage. A detailed hierarchy for life at the colony was planned by Raleigh’s lawyer Richard Hakluyt, who intended that “The commander of this military force was to be given the rank of general. Serving under him would be a colonel, a sergeant major, captain, two justices, and a high treasurer an engineer, a geographer, a painter, a surveyor, an apothecary, an alchemist, a lapidary, plus a number of carpenters, masons, makers of mud walls, miners, and, of course, husbandmen to do the farming” (Stick 64). This ambitious plan, however, never reached fruition due to a shortage of skilled men who earnestly desired to spend the rest of their lives on a new and unknown continent. Instead, the voyage departed in 1585 with about 600 men, half of whom were mariners, and half soldier-colonists (Stick 67).

From the onset the 1585 voyage was besieged with problems. They encountered a tempest off the coast of Portugal, had confrontations with Spaniards at Puerto Rico, and a shipwreck at Wococon Inlet in the Outer Banks. Upon their arrival and establishment on Roanoke, a conflict arose when Lane believed that the Indians at Aquascogoc had stolen a silver cup from the colonists, and burned their village in retaliation. Each of these was a contributing

factor in the failure of the colony; however, a larger factor, according to David Stick, were interpersonal conflicts, especially between Lane, Grenville, and Simon Fernandez (Stick 85). Fortunately, three weeks after arriving on Roanoke Island, on 25 August 1585, Sir Richard Grenville returned to England with Simon Fernandez to obtain additional supplies needed by the colonists. Grenville promised that he would return with the needed supplies by the next Easter (Durant 62).

After the departure of Grenville, Lane was left on Roanoke with 15 gentlemen and 82 men (Durant 60). A fort had also been completed by this time, and work had begun constructing houses for the colonists. The time Lane spent waiting for Grenville's return was not put to waste, but rather spent exploring the areas to the north of the Outer Banks. Despite soured relations with many Indian tribes, a party of Lane's men managed to find a friendly tribe, the Chesapians, with whom they spent the winter of 1585 (Durant 69). From this experience, Lane concluded that the Chesapeake Bay would be a better location for the colony, due to the more fertile land, coupled as it was with a calm, deep water harbor with less treacherous access to the Atlantic that could provide a base with which to operate against the Spanish in the race for colonization (Quinn 148).

Grenville did not return, as promised, by Easter of 1586 with supplies for the colonists; Lane and his men had grown weary of waiting, living an unfamiliar agricultural lifestyle (these men were soldiers, not farmers) and with the constant threat of Indian invasion. Fortunately, rescue came for Lane and his men in the form of Sir Francis Drake, a privateer who arrived to check on the progress of the colony. Instead of the thriving community he hoped to find, Drake discovered 100 men who badly needed his help. Drake offered Lane and his men a choice: they could either accept the needed supplies and food rations from Drake's stores, or he would

provide them with a passage back to England. Lane's men decided to return to their home, and left with Drake on 18 June, 1586.

While Lane and his 100 soldier-colonists were returning to England, Grenville was on his way back to Roanoke Island with enough food stores for two years, as well as additional men. Ironically, Grenville's arrival on Roanoke coincided within a week of Lane's frustrated departure. Instead of using the men he had brought with him to re-establish the colony, Grenville merely left fifteen soldiers with enough provisions to last for two years, in order to retain England's possession of the colony. Unfortunately, these fifteen men were never heard from again, and so became the first group of 'lost colonists' (Durant 96).

As a result of the first colony in 1586, it was determined that Roanoke Island was not a suitable location for a colony, due to the tendency for violent storms along the coast in that area, as well as the presence of hostile Indians and a shortage of fertile land to grow crops. Instead, in his report to Sir Walter Raleigh, Lane advocates the Chesapeake Bay as an alternate location for the colony: "...the Territorie and soyle of the Chesepeians ... was for pleasantness of seate, for temperature of Climate, for fertilitie of soyle, and for the commoditie of the Sea ... is not to be excelled by any other whatsoever" (Tarbox 145). Based on Lane's recommendations, Raleigh began immediately to plan a new colony in the Chesapeake Bay.

According to historian Durant, the essential difference between the two colonies was that Lane's colony had been composed of military personnel, while the second colony "was to be an established community of families, volunteer investors, each allocated 500 acres from which they had to become self-supporting" (Durant 103). To this end, John White was appointed to be the Governor of the new colony, and was required by Sir Walter Raleigh to enlist as many volunteers as he could to populate the colony, which was to be called the City of Raleigh in Virginia. This

innovation of colonial status can be credited to Raleigh himself, who appointed John White as the Governor, who would have twelve Assistants. According to David Beers Quinn, “ This would give them some status as a body of men capable of raising money and of distributing land and so would make it possible for them to raise subscribers among their friends who would stay at home” (Quinn 259). This served to give the colonists a more personal interest in the flourishing of the colony, along with the extra inducement that the men were encouraged to bring along their families, which added a new dimension of permanence to the expedition. Serving as a role model himself, John White brought his family: his son-in-law, Ananias Dare, and his pregnant daughter, Eleanor White Dare.

Once again, Simon Fernandez was the pilot in charge of delivering the colonists to their destination at the Chesapeake Bay, after a brief stop to pick up the fifteen men left on Roanoke Island by Grenville the year before. On this voyage, however, tensions began early on between Fernandez and Governor White, as is shown in this entry from White’s diary, describing the abandonment of one of the smaller boats in the fleet: “The 16, Simon Ferdinando, master of our admiral, lewdly forsook our fly-boat, leaving her distressed in the Bay of Portugal” (Quinn 274). This was only the beginning of a series of conflicts between White and Fernandez. Fernandez refused to allow White and his men to stop in the West Indies to gather salt, plant roots of oranges and apples for transplanting to the colony, or cattle. To the further irritation of John White, Fernandez lingered in the West Indies for several weeks, hoping to encounter enemy (Spanish) ships to overtake. The final insult, however, came when Fernandez, upon delivering White to Roanoke to discover the fate of the fifteen men stranded there, refused to transport the colonists the rest of the way to the Chesapeake Bay. Conway Sams calls Fernandez an “...evil genius ... who was the covert enemy of the movement, and who probably thought, as it turned out

to be the case, that to put these colonists here was to ensure their destruction” (Sams 251).

Whether or not Fernandez was evil, he left the colonists stranded on Roanoke Island, claiming that it was too late in the year to continue the voyage up the coast to the Chesapeake Bay.

Having resigned themselves to living, at least temporarily, on Roanoke Island, White and his men began the task of creating a village. They repaired the fort and houses that had been left from the first colony, and began the process of creating new houses as needed. In addition, they scoured the island for signs of the fifteen men left behind by Grenville, but found only the remains of one man (Quinn 280). Life on the island was relatively peaceful for the next three days, lulling the colonists into a false sense of security. On the day in question, 28 July 1587, George Howe, a member of the colony, was killed in an Indian attack while crabbing alone in a secluded location (Durant 117).

In order to identify the perpetrators of Howe’s murder, Governor White enlisted the help of Manteo, an Indian who had returned to England with Barlowe and Amadas in 1584 and spent a year in the home of Sir Walter Raleigh. Manteo escorted White to Croatoan Island, where his people lived. The Croatoans were at first suspicious of White, likely remembering their problems with Lane and his party, but after repeated assurances from White and Manteo of the peaceful nature of their visit, and their promise that they did not want any of the Indians’ crops, the Croatoans decided to trust White. During the course of White’s summit with the Croatoans, it was revealed that the Dasemunkepeuc Indians were responsible for the killing of George Howe. Further, the disappearance of Grenville’s fifteen men was explained: the Secotan and Aquascogoc Indians had joined with a small band under the Indian Wingina to attack the colonists. However, most of the fifteen men managed to escape by boat to the American mainland, after which their fate remains unknown (Quinn 284).

Having heard of White's plan to retaliate against the killers of George Howe, the Dasemunkepeuc Indians fled their village. However, White was uninformed as to the hasty departure of the Indians, and continued with the attack. Unfortunately, the Indians attacked by White were not the Dasemunkepeuc, but the Croatoans, who had come to gather the unharvested crops left behind by the Dasemunkepeuc. White had unknowingly attacked his only Indian allies, causing friction between the two groups that was only somewhat soothed by the interventions of Manteo (Quinn 285).

By 22 August 1587, Simon Fernandez had unloaded all of the colonists' supplies, and was preparing for the return voyage to England. On this day, the colonists made a unanimous request that John White return with Fernandez, "for the better and sooner obtaining of supplies, and other necessaries for them" (Sams 262). It was White's inclination to decline the request, especially considering that his daughter, Eleanor White Dare, had given birth only four days earlier to White's granddaughter, Virginia Dare, the first child born of English parents in the New World. However, the reasoning of the colonists was persuasive. The colonists contended that John White was the only man they could trust to return as soon as possible with food and also the wives and families of some of the male planters, and single women for the unmarried men. White was also the only man of the group, aside from Simon Fernandez himself, who had a firsthand knowledge of the Chesapeake Bay, where the colonists hoped to be settled upon his return. Finally, White had a vested interest in returning to the New World so as not to leave his daughter, son-in-law, and new granddaughter to the perils of life in America (Quinn 289). For these reasons, John White returned to England on 25 August 1587.

It may be said that fate was conspiring against the colonists at Roanoke, for John White's return to the colony was delayed for three full years due to the eruption of a naval war between

England and the Spanish Armada. Because of the war, Queen Elizabeth ordered that all ships be pressed into service for England's naval forces, and forbid the travel of ships to any other part of the world, lest they be needed for the war. Despite this, John White made several attempts to cross the Atlantic in 1588 and 1589, but was not successful in his efforts until 1590, three years after he had left the colony.

On 20 March 1590, White found passage on a ship called the *Hopewell* under Captain Abraham Cocke. Cocke refused to grant passage to any additional settlers, and would only transport White himself to Roanoke Island (Quinn 317). By mid-August, the sailors had reached Roanoke Island, but found no trace of the colonists themselves. White himself described the search for the colonists in his diary: "We passed toward the place where they were left in sundry houses, but we found the houses taken down and one of the chief trees or posts at the right side of the entrance had the bark taken off and 5 feet from the ground in fair capital letters were graven CROATOAN without any cross or sign of distress" (Quinn 327). Sadly, Governor White never arrived at Croatoan Island to see to the fate of his colonists, because a storm arose, forcing the *Hopewell* to weigh anchor and head for the high seas on their return to England.

The fate of the colony was of great interest to many people over the next few years. In May 1588, a Spanish ship traveled to the Chesapeake bay in the hopes of finding and destroying the colony, but they did not find any evidence conclusive enough to say either that the colonists had been there, or that they never made the trip (Durant 156). In 1604, a group of French sailors captured by the Spanish were interrogated, and testified that their destination was Croatoan Island, where they hoped to trade with the English settlers who lived there for the herb 'Oyssan' (Quinn 359). A wealth of curiosity was also displayed by the Jamestown settlers of 1607. John Smith reported meeting with the king of the Pamunkey Indians, who told of men

clothed like Smith who lived at Ocanahonan (Stick 219). William Strachey, the secretary of the Jamestown colony, reported that “At Peccarecanick, and Ochanahoen, by the Relation of Machumps, the People have howses built with stone walls, and one story above another, so taught them by those English who escaped the slaughter at Roanoak” (Stick 222). Another settler, George Percy, testified that he saw an Indian boy, about ten years old, with yellow hair and white skin, which he took as proof that the boy was descended from the Roanoke colonists (Stick 219). Another, more sinister possibility exists: that the colonists were slaughtered en masse by the Indian chief Powhatan, on advice from his priest that “white men would soon come to deprive him of his kingdom” (Quinn 362). In fact, Powhatan himself later took credit for the slaughter of the colonists in a discussion with John Smith (Quinn 374).

Many archaeologists have explored Roanoke Island in the hopes of discovering further information about the colony. The earliest excavation at Roanoke was that of Talcott Williams sometime around 1895. Williams dug thirteen trenches at the site and found fire pits, a nail, small pieces of iron, and some fragments of Indian pottery. Williams also helped to establish the Roanoke Colony Memorial Association in order to purchase the land which was believed to be the site of the colony, so as to protect this site from tourists, who had gathered mementos from the area in the past, removing artifacts from the site (Quinn 384). Unfortunately, two years prior to Williams’ excavation, the Roanoke Colony Memorial Association had erected a memorial to Virginia Dare in the center of the site. The erection of the memorial and its subsequent removal may have destroyed archaeological evidence at the site (Hume 42).

A major excavation of Roanoke Island was conducted by J.C. Harrington in 1947 and 1948. Harrington’s discoveries are chronicled in his works Search for the Cittie of Raleigh (1962), An Outwork at Fort Raleigh (1966), and Archaeology and the Enigma of Fort Raleigh

(1984). A major source of frustration for Harrington was the fact that the buildings of the colony had been constructed of wood, and had also been intended for temporary use (Quinn 386). However, Harrington's excavations provided sufficient information to allow a reconstruction of the defensework, a star-shaped trench pattern (Hume 42). Like Williams, Harrington also discovered the remains of cooking fires and Native American pottery, which was revealed by later radiocarbon dating to belong to the Late Woodland period of the North Carolina Algonquian culture, which existed between A.D. 800 and 1750 (Hume 62). Other artifacts recovered by Harrington included bricks that had been hand-made in sanded wooden molds, roofing tiles, wrought iron spikes, a hand axe, and domestic articles such as Spanish olive jars, which were used to carry liquids such as oil and wine. A few trade items were unearthed, including three casting counters used for manual reckoning or as beads when threaded on a string, and a single glass bead. A group of metallurgy instruments was also discovered, including a balance weight, a used copper crucible, which had been smelted on the island, and an isolated pit holding charcoal that could have been used in association with a furnace (Quinn 401-5).

A major factor in the search for evidence of the colony at Roanoke is erosion of the land. This is evidenced by the 1982 discovery of old well shafts by historian Phillip Evans. Evans discovered the shafts about fifty feet offshore northeast from the fort. The bottoms of the wells were constructed from barrels and hollowed logs. Carbon 14 dating for the barrels gives dates of 1285-1660 for one, and 1340-1665 for the other. Phillips' discovery may lead to the long-sought after town, though in an unexpected location (Hume 88-9).

More recent excavations at Roanoke Island include one led by Ivor Noel Hume from 1991-1993. Hume's excavations have built on the work done by Harrington to reveal various metallurgy techniques practiced by the colonists. The digs conducted by Hume have revealed

“pieces of smelted lead, pottery, crucibles, charcoal, and distilling apparatus used in metallurgy” (McCarty 36). Hume was also able to locate the dirt floor of the 1585 laboratory of German scientist Joachim Ganz (McCarty 36). The discovery of a Normandy stoneware flask, tin-glazed pharmaceutical pots, and metalworker’s crucibles, along with the bricks discovered by Harrington, led Hume to conclude that all were part of Ganz’s laboratory, which was created out of a strong desire by the English to have not only copper ornaments, but also as a source of silver (Hume 76-7). Another interesting find by Hume in 1993 was an object that looked like a posthole, but contained “quantities of charcoal and a large lump of bog iron - a combination that could point to experimental iron smelting on the site” (Hume 84).

Based on the historical and archaeological data, historians have formed some hypotheses as to the ultimate fate of the colonists. Conway Sams theorizes that the colonists who managed to escape the massacre led by Powhatan fled to three different places to live with friendly Indians. Some went up the Chowan River to Cro-a-to-an, some up the Pamlico River to Pan-a-wa-i-oc, and still others went along the Neuse River to O-can-a-ha-wan. But, adds Sams: “They were doomed to spend the rest of their lives in savagery” (Sams 328).

The theory that some or all of the colonists managed to live in relative harmony with the Native Americans has been very popular even up to the present day. A contemporary band of Native Americans living in Robeson County, North Carolina, claim that they are the descendants of the Lost Colonists and the Hatteras Indians (Stick 233). Their claims are accepted by some historians, but denounced by others.

Another hypothesis was advanced by historian and Roanoke scholar David Beers Quinn. Quinn postulates that the colonists must have moved from Roanoke in September 1587, soon after the departure of Governor White, in order to be well established in their new location by

winter (Quinn 347). The colonists stayed nearby, possibly on Croatoan Island, until 1588, when a loss of hope caused by White's failure to return with supplies, families of the colonists, and unmarried women for the single men caused an increasing association with friendly Indian tribes (Quinn 349). By 1588, the colonists had probably established a permanent site, probably at a small distance from the main village of the Chesapeake Indians, to promote independence but still allow access to Indian assistance (Quinn 349). Further, "...intermingling did take place and this is not likely to have been delayed more than two or three years at the most" (Quinn 350). Unfortunately, Quinn also finds it likely that the colonists were subsequently killed in the massacre by Powhatan.

In 1959, a panel met on Roanoke Island to discuss theories about the colonists. The panel was composed of C. Christopher Crittenden, the director of the North Carolina Department of Archives and History; William S. Powell, Professor of History at the University of North Carolina; and David Beers Quinn. The conclusions of this panel include the following:

- The Spaniards did not attack the colonists.
- The colonists did not have a vessel large enough to carry all of them, and if some attempted to sail home to England, others had to be left behind.
- The colonists intended to leave Roanoke Island and move to Croatoan, and some, at least, did just that.
- At the time they left Roanoke Island, or later from Croatoan, some of them undoubtedly moved to the interior, probably splitting up into two or more groups.
- Although it is possible that some of them ended up in what is now Robeson County, it is more probable that their destination was the Chowan River area or the South Side of the Chesapeake Bay, with which they were already familiar.
- Almost certainly, Powhatan slaughtered some of the colonists. But it was general practice to spare the women and children in such attacks, and apparently some men escaped as well.
- Finally, a number of the colonists undoubtedly remained alive for many years after being abandoned on Roanoke Island, and some of

them, at least, were still alive and living with friendly Indians shortly before the arrival of the Jamestown colony (Stick 244-5).

Although the conclusions of the panel shed some light on the possible outcomes of the colonists, it by no means provides an absolute answer.

The second aspect of the research involved learning about children's books and how to write them. I had decided to use illustration in my book, and so I began to research picture books. According to Jane Yolen, there are three types of picture books. The first is the storybook, which "tells a small tale in a few words" (Yolen 29). The story book is short, with few characters and lots of illustration. The second type of picture book is the concept book, which explains ideas in an unusual manner, to teach and amuse (Yolen 30). The final type of picture book is an alphabet book, which illustrates the letters of the alphabet along a certain theme (Yolen 34). An alphabet book was ruled out immediately, and I was left with a choice between a storybook and a concept book. I decided to write a modified concept book, because it explains the idea of the lost colonists, but from the unusual standpoint of a present-day fifth grader.

The next consideration was choosing an age group at which to aim the book. Joan Aiken separates age groups into three categories: small, medium, and large. The small group consists of children ages three to eight, who cannot read yet or who are just beginning to read. The medium group is made up of children who have started to read for themselves, from the onset of independent reading to the point where they are 'more adult' and no longer want to have illustrations in their books. The large group comes at the stage when older children begin to separate their reading according to gender. The girls choose to read fantasy and romance novels, while the boys veer off into thrillers, spy stories, and non-fiction (Aiken 19). The medium group

seemed appropriate for the story I wanted to write, and my decision was reinforced by author Hildick, who pointed out that books for this age group should be “relatively simple” and “short enough to be read in two or three sittings” (Hildick 84).

Each author recommends a different method for beginning a book. Bicknell sums up the various methods into two categories: character and incident. The first, starting with a character, is most popular, because the source for the author’s inspiration is “a central character whose idiosyncracies dominate any situation in which the author chooses to place him or her (Bicknell 16). The second, starting with an incident, comes about in this fashion: “...an incident, read or heard of, a chance phrase or a casual meeting can spark off a conviction that this is something that will one day be the nugget of a book” (Bicknell 17). Since I had already decided that my book would be about the Lost Colony, starting with an incident - a boy named Eric Baker who has to learn about the colony for an in-class report - seemed logical.

Fitz-Randolph gives advice on how to open a book: “The best way to do this is to introduce the main character and his situation and problem as promptly as possible also indicate why the problem will be difficult to solve and why the solution is important to the main character” (Fitz-Randolph 103). To this end, I attempted to show Eric’s main problems in the first chapter: that he is new in the small town of Anthony, that his father is ill, and that he must give a report on the Lost Colony because he was not paying attention in school. In establishing these problems, I also took into account Karl’s advice on the main idea of the book: “...must be within the grasp and sphere of interest of at least some children must be one that is in some way child-centered, that can be expressed in a limited amount of space, and lend itself to illustration” (Karl 35). Also, especially in the areas of Eric’s loneliness and troubles with his family, I considered Aiken’s statement that “...it is the writer’s duty to demonstrate to children

that the world is *not* a simple place. Far from it. The world is an infinitely rich, strange, confusing, wonderful, cruel, mysterious, inexplicable riddle” (Aiken 16).

In terms of the main aspects of character, setting, and plot, many decisions were made based on the advice of the authors of these how-to books. To create a character, Karl recommends that the writer “Think of words and short paragraphs that contain the essence of each person in your story. But beyond this, visualize each character ... doing things that are not necessary to your plot, but that help you understand the character” (51). To this end, Fitz-Randolph even goes so far as advocating the use of a character chart, a sort of dossier that includes such categories as physical, environmental, mental and emotional facets of the character, which “will help you to think fully about your story people and to develop skill in characterization” (50).

After the basics of the character have been established, other aspects must be considered. For example, according to Berry and Best, “it is well to keep to as few characters as will carry the action” (31). The main characters of Eric and Michael, as well as the secondary characters of Miss McGavin, Virginia, and Eric’s parents were the minimum I could use in my story. Yolen also advocates the following: “Give your character a noticeable twitch or visible habit, and you will make him or her more memorable” (94). After attempting to use this advice, I found that each time I tried to give Eric a ‘twitch,’ the passage felt contrived, and so I decided to use only those characteristics that felt natural, and not deliberately give him a habit to gain attention.

The problem of how to reveal aspects of character is summed up by Aiken, who uses description, dialogue, and action to reveal character (57). This stance is somewhat reinforced by Fitz-Randolph, who instructs, “...show your character through his actions, speech, attitudes, and thoughts, instead of *telling about* him” (93). In terms of dialogue, the consensus among each

book was that dialogue should be brief and realistic, used only when necessary, and in such a way that each character has his or her own distinct voice.

In attempting to follow these guidelines of character, I tried to use Eric's thoughts to indicate his shyness and fear of being in a new place, his anxiety over his father's medical problems, and his confusion about Michael. I also sought to reveal character traits through his actions: his frustration with his parents through the scene in which his mother comes into the room repeatedly to ask Eric a question, but leaves before he can answer; his stubbornness both in his procrastination in doing his report and his determination to find the village of the Lost Colonists; his loneliness, through his solitary walks in the country; and his courage, despite his fear, when he finally follows Michael through the fog. In using dialogue, I attempted to reveal Eric's frustration as he explains to his mother the assignment Miss McGavin had given him, as well as his growing enthusiasm and excitement over the possibility that the colony might be close at hand.

In a description of the setting, most authors concur with Karl, who points out that it is better to make the setting a part of the action, rather than revealing setting through straight description (Karl 53). I attempted to do this by revealing the setting of Anthony through the eyes of Eric on his walks, both on his way home from school and out in the country on the afternoons and weekends. The setting of the village was different, however, from Anthony in the sense that it was not 'real.' According to Yolen, overcoming this difference to make something 'real' is simply to assemble "corroborating details [which] helps inspire the reader's belief in a fantastical world" (59). In creating the village, I based my description loosely on one provided by Durant, who pictures it to be "The usual Indian community, but with houses of better construction, built of timber They would have had a forge turning out ploughshares, axes,

knives, and swords The fields surrounding the village would have been ploughed by horses or oxen ..." (Durant 158-9) and the people would have raised cattle, pigs, and poultry, and have constructed a chapel. A minor difference in my story was that I constructed the houses of stone, as the houses in the village of Ochanahoen, as reported by John Smith.

The third structural consideration is the plot of the story. The plot must feature a problem, the complications of this problem, and a solution as the result of the actions of the protagonist. Further, according to Karl, "The root of the problem will be not only in external circumstances but also in the nature of the characters" (48). In order to facilitate plot development, Hildick points out that "...an author will ensure that a child will want to know what happens next, a) so long as he takes care not to tell what happens next-but-one, and b) so long as he sees to it that the possibility - awful or delightful - of what-might-happen-soon is always fairly apparent" (41). Aiken adds, "An element of mystery is always valuable - something glimpsed, overheard, not fully understood ... something to puzzle both hero and reader, to make them feel that there is more, here, than meets the eye" (48).

In creating the plot of Eric's story, I found these pieces of advice to be very helpful. The source of Eric's problem is that he must learn enough about the Lost Colony to give a presentation in class. However, this simple problem becomes complicated by the inquisitive nature of Eric's character, which leads him to turn sleuth in his quest for the village. Further complications are caused by the finding of the glasses and the axe, and by the mysterious fog that always surrounds Michael Jones. These clues confuse Eric (and should momentarily confuse the reader) and cause him, after much thought, to land on the solution of following Michael into the fog to see what happens. He doesn't really expect to find the village, because he doesn't know at this point that Michael is really one of the colonists, and not merely a historian, as he seems.

Karl contends that “Picture book stories generally end happily, and they give the child a feeling that even small people can succeed in life” (37). To resolve the problems in the plot, Eric must rely on his own intellect to bring him to the conclusion that he must follow Michael into the fog. This creates the happy ending of the discovery of the village. However, Berry and Best would add that “When, in an adult book, the hero has triumphed in the end, that is usually sufficient But in juvenile books ... this must be topped off with acclaim by the grownups - in other words, a clear-cut adult recognition of the juvenile hero’s successes” (57) This presents a sort of problem because neither Eric’s parents nor his teacher must ever discover that Eric has found the village, because of Eric’s promise to Michael. However, Eric gains adult approval from Michael and the rest of the colonists, who, while they entreat him to keep silent about their village, also reward him with a day spent in their midst.

Some final issues addressed in the literature on children’s books involve production. Basically, when a book is finished, the author sends it to the publisher. If the publisher accepts the work, the author is contracted, and then the publisher begins the process of deciding on the format of the book, including the illustrations. Aiken gives the general consensus, “Normally you submit the text, and the publisher finds the artist, choosing one they think will complement your work” (66). Keeping this in mind, I decided against commissioning illustrations at this time.

The final phase of research involved locating and analyzing any already existing children’s literature about the Lost Colony. I found five works, out of which four would be categorized in the medium age group, and one in the large group. Sonia Levitin’s Roanoke: A Novel of the Lost Colony is a first-person, fictionalized account of William Wythers, a sixteen-year-old who travels to Roanoke in 1587. It uses also the real characters of the voyage, including

Governor White, Eleanor Dare, and George Howe. William Wythers learns from the Indians basic living skills, such as hunting with a bow and arrow, to fend for himself after the departure of Governor White. A plague of measles and an infestation of rats are among the trials that face the colonists, before Wythers separates from the colonists to settle in Virginia with his Indian bride. This novel would certainly be classified in the large group, probably for older female readers of romance and adventure.

The other four books are classified in the medium group, which is the group I chose for my book. From each of these books, I learned the methods of transmitting the vast amount of historical information into a format that would be easily understood by a child. Perhaps the best examples of this would be Janet Hubbard-Brown's A History Mystery: The Secret of Roanoke Island, and Tom Schouweiler's The Lost Colony of Roanoke, a part of the "Great Mysteries" series. Hubbard-Brown's book is longer and more sparsely illustrated than the others, which would place it at the high end of the medium age group. Hubbard-Brown presents all of the theories surrounding the Lost Colonists, including sightings reported by John Smith and hypotheses of historians, especially the claim that the Indians of Robeson County were descended from the Lost Colonists. A negative aspect of this book, however, was presentation. The book jacket gives basic information about the colony, then poses a series of questions: "Were they killed by Indians? Did they move to a safer place? Did any survivors have children? Read all the facts and see if you can figure out how so many people disappeared without a trace." This exciting invitation is spoiled by the abrupt ending that does not, as implied, entreat readers to draw their own conclusions, but merely states quite neutrally, "John White need not have worried that his family and friends would be forgotten. The mystery of their fate will keep them alive forever" (Hubbard-Brown 73).

Tom Schouweiler's The Lost Colony of Roanoke contains more illustrations and a better explication of the political conflicts between England and Spain, which ultimately resulted in the three year delay of White's return to Roanoke. The book focuses on the difficulties encountered by the colonists, especially in the area of Indian relations. Schouweiler also gives the same theories provided by Hubbard-Brown, but credits specific scholars with specific ideas. For example, Schouweiler refers to "David Beers Quinn, professor of history at the University of Liverpool and author of numerous books on British colonialism in North America" (Schouweiler 50). This was the only book of the four that gave credit to other scholars within the text. In his epilogue, Schouweiler gives the usual conclusion that no one can really know what happened, but also points out that the second colony repeated almost exactly the mistakes of the first, especially with relation to the Native Americans, and concludes, "...some would say the colonies of Roanoke Island represent a lesson in how *not* to establish settlements in a new land" (72).

Each of the four books follows the same basic format. Each begins with an account of White's return to Roanoke in 1590 and his disappointment at not finding the colonists there. Then, the focus shifts to a brief explanation of the life of Sir Walter Raleigh and a background of England's conflict with Spain. This leads to an explication of the events of the first colony of Grenville and Lane; the second attempt at colonization under Governor White; the departure of Governor White; and culminates in a re-telling of the return of Governor White, with speculations on the fate of the colonists.

This can be said about both Dan Lacy's The Lost Colony and Peter Bosco's Roanoke: The Story of the Lost Colony. These books present the same main information as the others, with a main difference being the extensive use of John White's drawings as illustrations in the Lacy book, and the use of color illustrations in the Bosco book.

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