

# The Friendly Persuasion Final Review Game

First, divide your class into 4 teams. Give them cute names: Jess's Orchard, Eliza and the Geese, Reverend Godley's flock, and The Friends. You may choose to provide them with a list of story titles to help jog their memories.

There are 2 rounds to this game. Round 1 is "Who's who?" Cut out character names and put them in a hat. Draw a name for team 1. They should be able to identify the story and the character's role in that story. Correct answers receive 1 point. If team 1 answers incorrectly, team 2 may steal. Continue with this round until all 4 teams have guessed 3 times (I used the 2 additional characters as examples before we started.)

In round 2, students will be identifying story quotes. Again, cut out the quote slips of paper and put them in a hat. Draw and have them identify the story. I did 2 as examples for the whole group before we started. You may do up to 10 quotes per team of 4. We again offered the next team the opportunity to steal if an incorrect answer was given.

For prizes we did cans of pop for 1<sup>st</sup> place and candy for all participants. This game took about 30 minutes. Our students loved it! It was a great review of the book and helped to prep them for the quiz. Everything is color-coded to help teachers.

## Who's who?

1. WALDO QUIGLY
2. OLD ALF
3. ENOCH
4. GARD BENT
5. JOHN MORGAN
6. MATTIE & SETH JENKINS
7. MRS. HUDSPETH
8. MARCUS AUGUSTUS GODLEY
9. LAFAYETTE MILLSPAUGH
10. LYDIA ANN RIVERS
11. SARAH
12. JANE
13. LIDY CINNAMOND
14. HOMER DENHAM

## Story titles:

1. MUSIC ON THE MUSCATATUCK
2. SHIVAREE BEFORE BREAKFAST
3. THE PACING GOOSE
4. LEAD HER LIKE A PIGEON
5. THE BATTLE OF FINNEY'S FORD
6. THE BURIED LEAF
7. A LIKELY EXCHANGE
8. FIRST DAY FINISH
9. "YES, WE'LL GATHER AT THE RIVER"
10. THE MEETING HOUSE
11. THE VASE
12. THE ILLUMINATION
13. PICTURES FROM A CLAPBOARD HOUSE
14. HOMER AND THE LILIES

“Thee’s neither bird nor angel, Jess Birdwell, and had the Lord wanted thee, either singing or plucking a harp, thee would be feathered now one way or another.”

All except Jess. He stood with a face uplifted to the ceiling, facing his God and his sin.

“Thy prayer carried us so near to heaven’s gates that now and again I thought I could hear angels’ voices choiring and the sound of heavenly harps.”

“Labe,” he said, “thee makes me sick. Thee just about turns my stomach. This was thy idea. Thee said to do it. And it’s just like always. I’m ready and thee’s so dilly-dallyish.”

Labe shook his lard pail so hard and fast every inch of space was packed with sound waves. He hopped up and down while he shook it, like an Indian brave.

“Boys,” he said, “I ain’t married.”

“They can mow down a half acre of sprouting corn while thee’s trying to head them off—and in two minutes they’ll level a row of pie plant it’s taken two years to get started.”

Enoch took the needle, held it somewhat gingerly, and with the sun glinting across its length, walked slowly toward the chicken-house.

“Thee mean go to law?” Jess asked, astounded. Quakers stayed out of courts, believing in amicable settlements without recourse to law.

“Mattie,” called her mother, “get finished with thy churning and ride over to the Bents’ with some rocks.”

“Persephone and Pluto. Don’t eat any pomegranate seeds, Martha Truth.”

“Pushing me off. Pushing me out of my own home. Thee talking about men that way....as if I would marry one. Anxious to be shut of me.”

“Mistreated,” Josh shouted, ignoring her admission. “Thee can worry about a bird’s being mistreated while men are being shot.”

Eliza’s face was very serious, but she wasn’t crying. She held up a package to Josh. “Here’s food, Josh. You’ll have to eat. I didn’t know what was best. This’s mostly meat and cold biscuits.”

What mattered was that he stood there...he had been afraid, but he had stood at the bridge. He had thought of running...but he hadn’t done it....

“Batty,” she said dispiritedly. “Catty. Fatty, “she wailed after a little pause, and then as if really suffering, “Ratty.”

He held the page low so that all might see the faded writing on the margin. “‘Laid here on the twelfth of August by Jordan Birdwell, aged 74.’ Well, well,” said Jess, thy Great-Uncle Jerd. Signed his name and age and set it in the ground.

“Oh, pa,” she said, “I do forgive thee. With all my heart I do.” Then she flashed up the cellar steps and was only a gray blur, speeding toward the house in the dark.

Jess aimed to please his wife whenever it was humanly possible, and getting shut of Red Rover would be one of the most satisfying ways of doing so he'd been offered in a coon's age.

An old lady sat at the kitchen hearthside—a big old lady, thin as a siding, but wide in the shoulders and so tall her head stuck up above the tidy of the rocker she was sitting in. The old lady was smoking a pipe, and she kept her makings in the Dutch oven which was built in one side of the fireplace.

But that mare wasn't hung together right. She looked like she had cow blood in her, or moose blood, or buffalo blood.

“That morning when I went round you and Red Rover, I somehow got the ideas you's taking it personal. Speed's an eternal verity, friend, an eternal verity.”

Jess couldn't credit what he'd heard. But there was no doubt about it—Eliza was counseling Lady. “Thee keep a-going, Lady”, she called.

He thought he saw a contented look on most of the faces—nothing that went so far as to warm into a smile, but a look that said they were satisfied the way the Lord had handled things.

“I burned it. How’s I to know it was a hat? Looked more like a hen nest to me. Lice and all. Anyway, it’s gone,” she said.

“Jess,” Eliza said, her black eyes getting blacker, “is thee suggesting I’m not clean?”

“First time, not counting rains and heavy dews, friend Millspaugh’s been wet in thirty years.”

Eliza might miss its meaning, fail to see what its course would likely be, and how fata...since it was only that the wen, which, walnut-size, curved the skin at the base of his skull, was now growing.

“He’s where he chooses to be,” Mrs. Rivers said. “He’ll not be back the whole night more’n likely. Abel can’t bear sickness, he says. A weak chest turns his stomach...the hacking, you know...and worse. He’s found someone sound in in wind. And limb too, I reckon.

“I did,” Jess answered with some asperity, “but boards don’t make the only meeting houses, Eliza. Here’s a spot, too, for praying and learning, “and Jess tapped his solid chest.

“Eliza,” Jess said, “blindfolded, thee could tell the sound of rain in winter from rain in summer.”

But a woman lived in a house, not outdoors. A sunset didn’t come inside, light the wall behind the kitchen range so’s she could see it while cooking supper; clouds taking this shape or that didn’t settled down on the mantelpiece to keeper her company while mending.”

The second swan was never finished, though. It remained a shadow, an outline. As she had begun to touch it with whiteness, Jess, bareheaded, hands and hair wet with melting snow, came in.

Jess’s books were filled with sentences of his own with other men’s names under them. He was not a wasteful man, he was pious and he was Irish. The good thoughts God gave him he would save. He kept his stub pencil handy to write them down. But say he wrote them himself—he was too bashful for that.

A witch—old, bent, ugly. A fever blister—a blemish big as a mountain and visible miles off and akin to leprosy in repulsiveness. I got to retravel so many miles to get back to fifteen, he thought, and even that don’t turn the trick for I ain’t female.



Eliza was the minister at table, but it was a man's place to return grace. Grace was silent, except on occasions like this—with Methodists present who like to hear what people were saying to God.

“There's no need,” said Uncle Stephen. “No need. I know it all. Things work out one way and another. Not as thee'd always choose. This work out this way. Nothing to talk in the night about. I was away and Lydia was young. Did thee want her in widow's weeds?”

The Christmas tree was secret, not to be really seen until Christmas morning when the presents were unwrapped, but the parlor door was unlocked and quick peeks not forbidden. It was as if grandma knew that there must be a few stolen glances beforehand if the full sight of the tree's Christmas morning glory were to be endured.

“It's my marriage and I'm content. I couldn't love except where there's a core of wildness. It's not in me. It'll be a happy marriage.”

**The Perkinses were childless, and they were very nearly speechless. They had been married for forty years and such conversation as they had once had, had now about died out.”**

**Old fool, Jess thought. Why's the old got to ladle out their past to the young? Got to say, I's a frolicsome sprout if ever there was one?**

**“I wouldn’t pick these lilies myself. They belong to Eliza and she picks a few only now and then to scent the rooms. And here thee comes without so much as a by-thy-leave and falls to picking as if thee’s the owner. I’m taken aback and ashamed...”**

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