Where is the Lost Colony?

A six-chapter series celebrating the first English colony in the New World — 20 years before Jamestown was settled!

Chapter 5

Manteo, man of few words

by Sandy Semans, writer

Justin's plan to find Manteo through dream travel hadn't worked out the night before. Just as he began drifting into sleep, thunder and lightning shook the house and lit up the sky.

When he finally did go to sleep, it was fitful and more tiring than refreshing. Waking up to the alarm, he felt as though he had spent the last few hours running

The school day dragged on forever and ever. The teachers' voices seemed to hum in his ears like a swarm of bees and were about as welcome.

He couldn't wait to get home and start looking for Manteo. All he had to do was stay awake long enough to make it through

But it seemed that the day just wouldn't end. And then he arrived home to find out that there was company.

"Justin, wanna play tag?" Taylor asked. He and Josh had come to spend the night. "Naw, I'm too tired," Justin said.

"Go ahead outside and play," his mother said. "The fresh air will do you good. And, besides, Josh and Taylor have looked forward to seeing you."

Ashley grinned at Justin. "You are just afraid that we will win! I know I can beat you — you'll see, you will be IT," she said.

He gave in. He knew that if he didn't play with them, his mother would think he was sick and probably end up disturbing his dream travel again.

Finally, after playing tag, with dinner out of the way, homework done and shower completed, Justin settled into the bed, anticipating that he'd find Manteo.

He didn't take long. There, on a treelined bank, sat an Indian carving on a piece of oyster shell.

"Are you Manteo?" Justin asked. Startled, the man jumped to his feet. "Are you one of the English?" he shot back

"No, I'm an American, and Dad says we are good Methodists," Justin answered.

The man looked puzzled. He stared at Justin while he waited to be given more of an explanation.

"I'm looking for the lost colony and

thought you might tell me where to find the settlers," Justin said.

Manteo frowned while he chose the

words for his answer. "Why do you think the English are lost?" he asked.

"Well, no one knows where they went," Justin answered.

"So, shouldn't the question be 'why don't I know where they went?" Manteo asked. "Why do you think they are lost? They know where they went."

Justin was stumped for a reply.

"Sir Walter told the Queen that they misplaced themselves." Justin offered.

Manteo's face softened

at the sound of Sir Walter's name. "You saw him? And how is my old friend?" he asked. "And Thomas Harriot, did you see him, too? He is the one who taught me how to speak the sounds — the words that you understand."

Frustrated, Justin lifted his chin and demanded loudly, "Do you know where the colonists went or not?"

Manteo sat down and resumed his carving. "They are not here in front of us so how could I say exactly where they are?"

"This was going nowhere," Justin

"Do you know someone who could help me? I have to find out where the lost colony

An engraving of Algonquian natives by Theodor De Bry based on John White's watercolors. Photo courtesy of the N.C. Department of Cultural Resources

went before tomorrow. My grandpa said that if I can tell him, he will take me to the Outer Banks," Justin said with almost a whine in his voice.

Slowly Manteo turned toward Justin and with a smile responded, "You sleep on it."

And then he turned away.

Hope was gone. Justin couldn't think of anyone else he could try to find who might be able to help him find the answer.

Provided by NC Press Foundation, Newspapers in Education.

Next week, Chapter 6, 'You sleep on it'

Activity:

What do you learn about Manteo from his exchange with Justin? Select a story of interest to you, in the print or digital edition of What do you learn about Justin?

your newspaper. Circle any direct or indirect quotes that you find in the story. What do you learn about one or more people from the direct and indirect quotes?