

That evening Big Joe went missing. None of us was that worried, not at first, not while it was still light. Big Joe would often go wandering off on his own – he'd always done that – but never at night, because Big Joe was afraid of the dark. Our first thought was to look down at the orchard by Bertha's grave, but he wasn't there. We called , but he didn't come. So, as darkness fell and he still wasn't home, we knew there was something wrong. Mother sent Charlie and me out in different directions. I went down the lane calling all the way. I went as far as the brook where I stood and listened for him, for his heavy stomping tread, for his singing. He sang differently when he was frightened, no tunes or songs, but instead a continuous wailing drone. But there was no drone to be heard, only the running of the brook , which always sounded louder at night. I knew Big Joe must be very frightened because by now it was very dark. I made my way home, hoping against hope that by now either Mother or Charlie had found him.

1. Find and copy one word that means walking aimlessly.
2. Find and copy a phrase that shows us how Big Joe felt about the darkness.
3. Find and copy one word that means a small stream.
4. Find and copy a phrase that tells us how the narrator was feeling as he made his way home.
5. Find and copy a phrase that describes how Big Joe walked.
6. Find and copy one word that tells us how Big Joe sang when he was frightened.