

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 – 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, 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 stream where I stood and listened for him, for his heavy boots stomping, for his singing. He sang differently when he was frightened, no tunes or songs, but instead a long wailing drone. But there was no such sound to be heard, only the running water of the stream, 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 word that shows us how Big Joe felt about the darkness.
3. Find and copy one word that means a small collection of water.
4. Find and copy the word that means a place full of apple trees.
5. Find and copy one word that describes how Big Joe sang when he was frightened.