



LOIS LOWRY

GATHERING BLUE

A Companion to the Newbery Award Winner *The Giver*





Sunday, October 17, 1830

I, Catherine Cabot Hall, aged 13 years, 6 months, 29 days, of Meredith in the State of New-Hampshire, do begin this book.

It was given to me yesterday, my father returning from Boston, Massachusetts, where he had gone to obtain provisions for the months ahead.

My father's name is Charles: Charles Hall. I am daughter also of Hannah Cabot Hall, dead of a fever these four long years; and older sister to Mary Martha whose dark, curling hair resembles our mother's, but I have our mother's blue eyes.

My dearest friend is Cassie. The Shipmans' farm lies *South* of ours, and is rather larger. Cassie is older than I by a year, but the same in height. We tell each other every thing; and each of us in the other's dear heart finds secret dreams reflected. Cassie's brothers are: David Horatio, older by a full two years; Asa Hale, my age exactly; and William Mason, the youngest. He is but a baby and called by every one "Willie."

This day being the Sabbath we attended services both morning and afternoon.

Tuesday, October 19, 1830

This be the precept the teacher set out today:

. . . let thy words be plain and true to the thoughts of thy heart.

These be the thoughts of my heart: that I may remain here for ever and ever; here in this house which my father has built with the labour of his two hands;

that no harm come to those I love: Father and my sister, Matty; Cassie, and the Shipman family; and Father's brother, our Uncle Jack, who mills when he needs money, and never took a wife;

also that I may train myself to want to do what I am asked to do;

last, and most bitter of all to confess, I wish that my hair were curly, as Matty's is, and our mother's.

Thursday, October 21, 1830

Teacher Holt commended me for writing with a finer hand than I have displayed before. Still must my capitals be improved, achieving a better flourish.

This night Father told us a story after the supper hour. A man had lost four hogs in the woods and went there to retrieve them. Before he had gone very far on his way a headless woman rose up before him—spectral, and blocking the path. As might be expected he fled the spot. But

thinking on it when he woke to the morrow, and still much the poorer for the loss of the hogs, he ventured back again. There he discovered that his apparition was naught but the rooty tangle of a fallen tree! Animals had gnawed some portions away, thus suggesting the shapes and the shading, and the woman's arms, as he had supposed, were but a pair of larger roots, bent at an equal angle.

The lesson, as Father put it to us, is that intelligence must prevail for had the fellow not returned he'd have suffered all his days, victim to an ignorant fear—no better than the meanest man, or least instructed child.

Friday, October 22, 1830

We had a visitor today but nearly failed to admit him. No callers, surely, were expected. And peddlars, tinkers, and the like will not come by till Spring. Thus we ignored the rattling latch—at times the wind will mislead us so—until a voice called out.

It proved to be our Uncle Jack and tho' he protested he was just passing by, I thought he meant to visit. He brought some store sweets, wrapped in paper, and consented to have some cyder.

Tuesday, October 26, 1830

Winter is coming on! There was ice across the trough this morning, and frost on the upper meadow.

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Kira, an orphan with a twisted leg, lives in a world where the weak are cast aside. She fears for her future until she is spared by the all-powerful Council of Guardians. Kira is a gifted weaver and is given a task that no other community member can carry out. While her talent keeps her alive and brings certain privileges, Kira soon realizes that she is surrounded by mysteries and secrets. No one must know of her plans to uncover the truth about her world—and to find out what exists beyond it.



Look for the reading group discussion guide at the end of this book.

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