

How to Teach Copywork:

Copywork can seem simplistic. Give your child a sentence or two and have them copy it. It can also seem like busy work, but the benefits are great! Copywork is a simple introduction to handwriting, spelling, and composition. Have children copy only the best authors, with the best writing, and ideas to fill their growing minds.

When to begin copywork:

Once a child learns how to write their letters comfortably, they are ready to start simple copywork. Start with very short sentences and have them copy it, always in their best handwriting. It is important that they give their best effort. If you find them struggling, give them less to copy. In the beginning, it's okay if they only do a few words per sitting as long as it is in their best handwriting. You can gradually increase the length of the model as they become more and more comfortable. However, it is important to take their age into consideration. As they gain age and experience with copywork the quantity and quality of their work should improve.

Why copywork:

Copying models of good writing teaches children what good writing looks and sounds like, thereby improving their own writing. Many of the world's greatest writers learned how to write through copywork. Benjamin Franklin would copy or outline essays and then try to recreate them on his own to see if he could write them better.

How to use this book:

Fifty Famous Stories Retold in Cursive copywork book includes the original unabridged story to be read prior to each copywork lesson. No need to purchase the story book if you do not already own it. Read the passage, and in the child's best handwriting, copy the example sentence on the lines provided paying close attention to capitalization and punctuation. Every student does not have to complete each lesson in the book; or even an entire lesson in one day, depending on age and ability. Choose the original stories and copywork lessons that work best for your family, not all may be suitable. Schedule chosen lessons over one or more years as desired.

For additional resources please visit www.ClassicalCharlotteMason.com

D'Nealian® Cursive

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Lesson 1: Read the story and complete the copywork that follows in your best handwriting.

KING ALFRED AND THE CAKES.



Many years ago there lived in Eng-land a wise and good king whose name was Al-fred. No other man ever did so much for his country as he; and people now, all over the world, speak of him as Alfred the Great.

In those days a king did not have a very easy life. There was war almost all the time, and no one else could lead his army into battle so well as he. And so, between ruling and fighting, he had a busy time of it indeed.

A fierce, rude people, called the Danes, had come from over the sea, and were fighting the Eng-lish. There were so many of them, and they were so bold and strong, that for a

long time they gained every battle. If they kept on, they would soon be the masters of the whole country.

At last, after a great battle, the English army was broken up and scattered. Every man had to save himself in the best way he could. King Alfred fled alone, in great haste, through the woods and swamps.

Late in the day the king came to the hut of a wood-cutter. He was very tired and hungry, and he begged the wood-cutter's wife to give him something to eat and a place to sleep in her hut.

The woman was baking some cakes upon the hearth, and she looked with pity upon the poor, ragged fellow who seemed so hungry. She had no thought that he was the king.

"Yes," she said, "I will give you some supper if you will watch these cakes. I want to go out and milk the cow; and you must see that they do not burn while I am gone."

King Alfred was very willing to watch the cakes, but he had far greater things to think about. How was he going to get his army together again? And how was he going to drive the fierce Danes out of the land? He forgot his hunger; he forgot the cakes; he forgot that he was in the woodcutter's hut. His mind was busy making plans for tomorrow.

In a little while the woman came back. The cakes were smoking on the hearth. They were burned to a crisp. Ah, how angry she was!

"You lazy fellow!" she cried. "See what you have done! You want something to eat, but you do not want to work!"

I have been told that she even struck the king with a stick; but I can hardly believe that she was so ill-natured.

The king must have laughed to himself at the thought of being scolded in this way; and he was so hungry that he did not mind the woman's angry words half so much as the loss of the cakes.

I do not know whether he had anything to eat that night, or whether he had to go to bed without his supper. But it was not many days until he had gathered his men together again, and had beaten the Danes in a great battle.

Lesson 2: Read the story and complete the copywork that follows in your best handwriting.

KING ALFRED AND THE BEGGAR.

At one time the Danes drove King Alfred from his kingdom, and he had to lie hidden for a long time on a little is-land in a river.

One day, all who were on the is-land, except the king and queen and one servant, went out to fish. It was a very lonely place, and no one could get to it except by a boat. About noon a ragged beggar came to the king's door, and asked for food.

The king called the servant, and asked, "How much food have we in the house?"

"My lord," said the servant, "we have only one loaf and a little wine."

Then the king gave thanks to God, and said, "Give half of the loaf and half of the wine to this poor man."

The servant did as he was bidden. The beggar thanked the king for his kindness, and went on his way.

In the after-noon the men who had gone out to fish came back. They had three boats full of fish, and they said, "We have caught more fish to-day than in all the other days that we have been on this island."

The king was glad, and he and his people were more hopeful than they had ever been before.

When night came, the king lay awake for a long time, and thought about the things that had happened that day. At last he fancied that he saw a great light like the sun; and in the midst of the light there stood an old man with black hair, holding an open book in his hand.

It may all have been a dream, and yet to the king it seemed very real indeed. He looked and wondered, but was not afraid.

"Who are you?" he asked of the old man.

"Alfred, my son, be brave," said the man; "for I am the one to whom you gave this day the half of all the food that you had. Be strong and joyful of heart, and listen to what I say. Rise up early in the morning and blow your horn three times, so loudly that the Danes may hear it. By nine o'clock, five hundred men will be around you ready to be led into battle. Go forth bravely, and within seven days your en-e-mies shall be beaten, and you shall go back to your kingdom to reign in peace."

Then the light went out, and the man was seen no more.

