

Where is The Lost Colony?

A six-chapter series celebrating the first English colony in the New World - 400 years ago and 20 years before the settlement in Jamestown

Chapter 5: Manteo, man of few words

by Sandy Semans, Editor, *Outer Banks Sentinel*

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 hard.

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 the day.

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

"Justin, wanna play tag?" asked Taylor who had come with Josh 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, with dinner out of the way, homework done and shower completed, Justin settled into the bed with anticipation of finding Manteo.

It didn't take long. There, on a tree-lined bank, an Indian sat, carving a piece of oyster shell.

"Are you Manteo?" asked Justin.

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

"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 for 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 thought.

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

Justin felt hopeless. He couldn't think of anyone else who might be able to help him find the answer.

Next: Chapter 6, 'You sleep on it'



Watercolor painted by John White in 1585

Newspaper Activity:

Manteo answered many of Justin's questions with questions. Manteo challenged Justin's thinking about the lost colonists. How do people who are quoted, write letters or comments, columns or blogs challenge others to view current events from different perspectives?