

Living Geography
By Lisa McClanahan

Lucy's Wonderful Globe
Chapter I
Mother Bunch



Lucy's uncle and Mother Bunch traveled around the world by ship. Mother Bunch was born at sea and married a sailor, so she wasn't from any one place.

In the area below, draw a picture of how you travel today.

Watch the On the Move videos from World Book to give your early learners ideas. After you click the link below, scroll through the circle images using the arrow buttons to find the scooter button for the On the Move videos.

<https://www.worldbookonline.com/wbel/#/videos>

Lucy is allowed to play with a globe while she is at her uncle's house. A globe is a replica of any planet. The globe Lucy was twirling looks just like the earth only smaller. It shows bodies of water and land.



This globe also contains the constellations. A constellation is a group of stars that form a pattern that looks like something familiar, like the Big Dipper. During this time, sailors used the stars to find their way in the ocean.

If you flatten a globe it becomes a map.



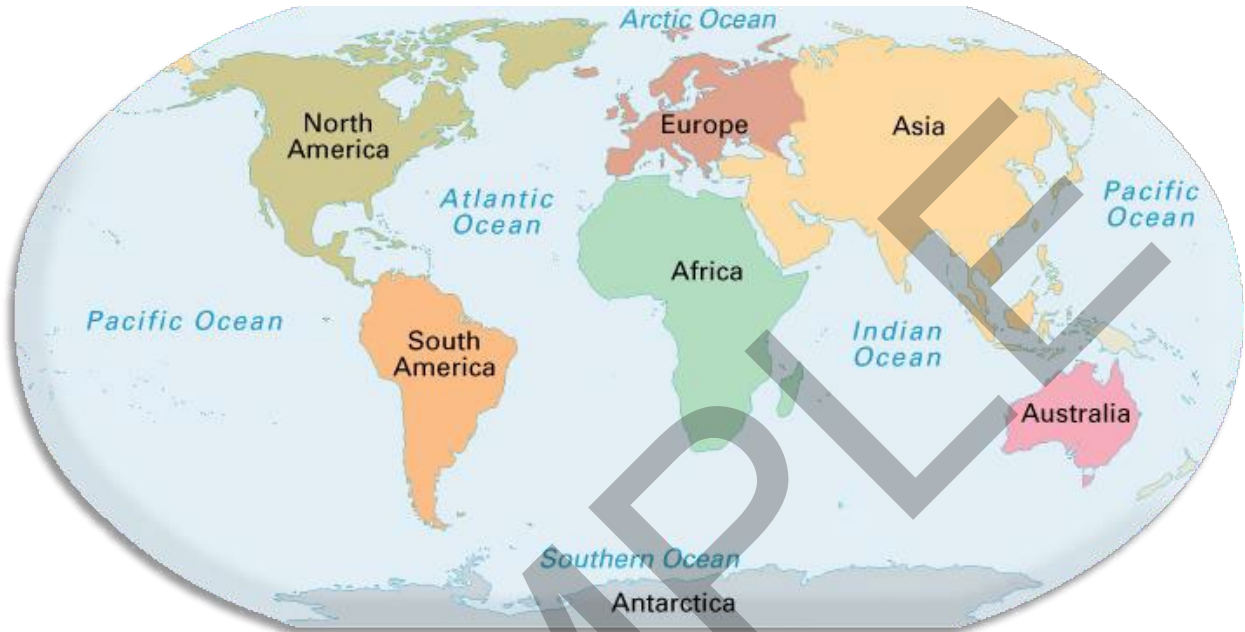
If you zoom in on the map and combine all those maps into a book you will have an atlas.



What do we use today to find our way?

SAMPLE

Lucy's Wonderful Globe
Chapter II
Visitors from The South Seas



Lucy recognized the names on the globe as the same ones she learned in her lesson book at home. The world contains seven continents and five oceans. The globe and maps are smaller copies of the real world. Just like a toy car is smaller than a real one.

Using the map above, write all seven continents.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.

6.

7.

There are five oceans in the world. Copy the names of the oceans from the map.

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

What continent do you live on?

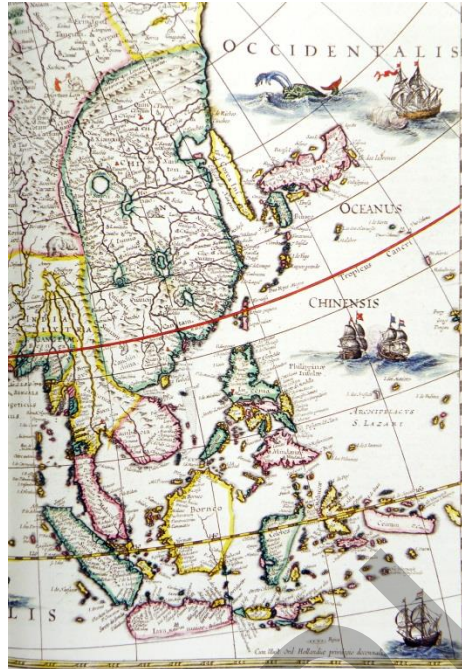
On the seven continents, there are many countries. Within the countries, there are many more states, counties, cities, towns, and neighborhoods. Neighborhoods have homes, plants, and people. Mother Bunch explains that no matter how different children look they have two things in common: they all make noise, and they all want to eat.

Your neighborhood and house are unique to where you live. In the space below, draw a map of your house or neighborhood.

What country do you live in?

What state do you live in?

What town do you live in?

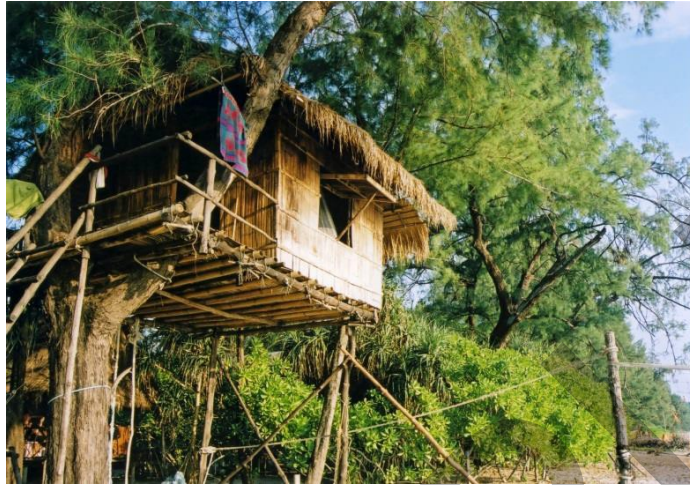


Lucy notices that there are small dots on the globe. Mother Bunch explains that those little dots are islands in the South Sea and there are children living there. Lucy sees the children in the smoke from the fire, and she learns how they are different than she is just because of where they live.



The little girl's dress was made of tapa cloth made from tree bark. What are your clothes made from?

Houses can be very different from each other depending on where you live. The children Lucy was talking to were asking for a tree house to protect them from their enemies. The floors were made of basket weave and bamboo cane.



What is your house made out of?

SAMPLE

LITTLE LUCY'S WONDERFUL GLOBE*

PICTURED BY L. FROLICH,

AND NARRATED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

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**With revisions and edits for use in the Living Geography class for SchoolhouseTeachers.com.*

CHAPTER I

MOTHER BUNCH

There was once a wonderful fortnight in little Lucy's life. One evening she went to bed very tired and cross and hot, and in the morning when she looked at her arms and legs, they were all covered with red spots, rather pretty to look at, only they were dry and prickly.

Nurse was frightened when she looked at them. She turned all the little sisters out of the night nursery, covered Lucy up close, and ordered her not to stir, certainly not to go into her bath. Then there was a whispering and a running about, and Lucy was half alarmed, but more pleased at being so important, for she did not feel at all ill, and quite enjoyed the tea and toast that Nurse brought up to her. Just as she was beginning to think it rather tiresome to lie there with nothing to do, except to watch the flies buzzing about, there was a step on the stairs and up came the doctor. He was an old friend, very good-natured, and he made fun with Lucy about having turned into a spotted leopard, just like the cowry shell on Mrs. Bunker's mantelpiece. Indeed, he said he thought she was such a curiosity that Mrs. Bunker would come for her and set her up in the museum, and then he went away. Suppose, oh, suppose she did!

Mrs. Bunker, or Mother Bunch, as Lucy and her brothers and sisters called her, was housekeeper to their Uncle Joseph. He was really their great uncle, and they thought him any age you can imagine. They would not have been much surprised to hear that he had sailed with Christopher Columbus, though he was a strong, hale, active man, much less easily tired than their own papa. He had been a ship's surgeon in his younger days, and had sailed all over the world, and collected all sorts of curious things, besides which he was a very wise and learned man, and had made some great discovery. It was *not* America. Lucy knew that her elder brother understood what it was, but it was not worth troubling her head about, only somehow it made ships go safer, and so he had had a pension given him as a reward and had come home and bought a house about a mile out of the town, and built up a high room to look at the stars from with his telescope, and another to try his experiments in, and a long one besides for his museum. Yet, after all, he was not much there, for whenever there was anything wonderful to be seen, he always went off to look at it, and whenever there was a meeting of learned men—scientific men was the right word—they always wanted him to help them make speeches and show wonders. He was away now. He had gone away to wear a red cross on his arm and help to take care of the wounded in the sad war between the French and Germans.

But he had left Mother Bunch behind him. Nobody knew exactly what was Mrs. Bunker's nation, indeed she could hardly be said to have had any, for she had been born at sea, and had been a sailor's wife, but whether she was mostly English, Dutch, or Danish, nobody knew, and nobody cared. Her husband had been lost at sea, and Uncle Joseph had taken her to look after his house and always said she was the only woman who had sense and discretion enough ever to go into his laboratory or dust his museum.

She was very kind and good-natured, and there was nothing the children liked better than a walk to Uncle Joseph's, and after a game at play in the garden, a tea-drinking with her—such quantities of sugar, such curious cakes made in the fashion of different countries, such funny preserves from all parts of the world and more delightful to people who considered that looking

CHAPTER II

VISITORS FROM THE SOUTH SEAS

“Miss Lucy, you’re as quiet as a mouse. Not in any mischief?” said Mrs. Bunker, looking into the museum. “Why, what are you doing there?”

“I’m looking at the great big globe that Uncle Joe said I might touch,” said Lucy. “Here are all the names just like my lesson book at home: Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.”

“Why, bless the child! Where else should they be? There be all the oceans and seas besides that I’ve crossed over, many’s the time, with poor Ben Bunker, who was last seen off Cape Hatteras.”

“What, all these great green places, with Atlantic and Pacific on them. You don’t really mean that you’ve sailed over them! How could you, Mother Bunch? You are not small enough.”

“Ho! ho!” said the housekeeper, laughing. “Does the child think I sailed on that very globe there?”

“I know one learns names,” said Lucy, “but is it real?”

“Real! Why, Missie, don’t you see it’s a sort of a picture? There’s your photograph now, it’s not as big as you, but it shows you, and so a chart, or a map, or a globe, is just a picture of the shapes of the coastline of the land and the sea, and the rivers in them, and mountains, and the like. Look you here,” and she made Lucy stand on a chair and look at a map of her own town that was hanging against the wall, showing her all the chief buildings, the churches, streets, the town hall, and market cross, and at last helping her to find her own Papa’s house.

When Lucy had traced all the corners she had to turn in going from home to Uncle Joe’s, and had even found little frizzles for the five lime trees before the Vicarage, she understood that the map was a small picture of the situation of the buildings in the town and thought she could find her way to some new place, suppose she studied it well.

Then Mrs. Bunker showed her a big map of the whole country, and there Lucy found the river, and the roads, and the names of the villages near, as she had seen or heard of them, and she began to understand that a map or globe really brought distant places into an exceedingly small picture and that where she saw a name and a spot she was to think of houses and churches; that a branching black line was a flowing river full of water; a curve in, a pretty bay shut in with rocks and hills; a point jutting out, generally a steep rock with a lighthouse on it.

“And all these places are countries, Bunchey, are they, with fields and houses like ours?”

“Houses, ay, and fields, but not always so very like ours, Miss Lucy.”

“And are there little children, boys and girls, in them all?”

“To be sure there are, else how would the world go on? Why, I’ve seen ‘em by swarms, running down to the shore, as sure as the vessel cast anchor. You might be sure of two things, Miss Lucy, that they were all alike in.”

“Oh, what, Mrs. Bunker?”