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.

Draw a picture in the box of how you travel today. Watch these World Book videos to give your early learners ideas.
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. 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?
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.
The scent of tea or the red-ornamented jar brings Lucy to a new country. Seeing the colorful silks, beautiful gardens, and the pagoda among other things indicates to Lucy that she is now in China.

**China** is a large country in Asia. It has a lot of old traditions that seem strange to us today. The Chinese damsel is surprised at how large Lucy’s feet are when actually they are normal size. Long ago, wealthy Chinese parents would bind or wrap their infant daughter’s feet so they could not grow very big. These children had trouble walking even into adulthood, and to become a true lady, they would not be required to work either.

Different countries and even regions have things that are unique to that place just like China. Do you have certain traditions that are in your area? Do you have a special tree or plant that is native to your land? What is unique where you live?
grazing. The Cossack were cavalry warriors in Ukraine and Russia, and they used these horses in their battles.

Horses come in many different sizes, and the Cossack horses are smaller than most. What breeds of horses are in your area?

These horses were once used in the cavalry. What other ways do we use horses today?
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
and hearing was better sport than eating and that the tongue is not only meant to taste with, such cupboards and drawers full of wonderful things, such stories about them! The lesser ones liked Mrs. Bunker’s room better than Uncle Joseph’s museum, where there were some big stuffed beasts with glaring eyes that frightened them and they had to walk round with hands behind, that they might not touch anything, or else their uncle’s voice was sure to call out gruffly, “Paws off!”

Mrs. Bunker was not a bit like the smart housekeepers at other houses. To be sure, on Sundays, she came out in a black silk gown with a little flounce at the bottom, a scarlet China crape shawl with a blue dragon upon it—his wings over her back, and a claw over each shoulder, so that whoever sat behind her in church was terribly distracted by trying to see the rest of him—and a very big yellow Tuscan bonnet, trimmed with sailor’s blue ribbon. During the week and about the house, she wore a green stuff, with a brown Holland apron and bib over it, quite straight all the way down, for she had no particular waist, and her hair, which was of a funny kind of flaxen grey, she bundled up and tied round, without any cap or anything else on her head. One of the little boys had once called her Mother Bunch, because of her stories, and the name fitted her so well that the whole family, and even her master, took it up.

Lucy was very fond of her, but when about an hour after the doctor’s visit she was waked by a rustling and a lumbering on the stairs, and presently the door opened, and the second best big bonnet—the go-to-market bonnet with the turned ribbons—came into the room with Mother Bunch’s face under it, and the good-natured voice told her she was to be carried to Uncle Joseph’s and have oranges and tamarinds, she did begin to feel like the spotted cowry, to think about being set on the chimney-piece, to cry, and say she wanted Mamma.

The Nurse and Mother Bunch began to comfort her and explain that the doctor thought she had scarlatina—not at all badly—but that if any of the others caught it, nobody could guess how bad they would be, especially Mamma, who had just been ill. So she was to be rolled up in her blankets and put into a carriage and taken to her uncle’s; and there she would stay until she was not only well, but could safely come home without carrying infection about with her.

Lucy was a good little girl and knew that she must bear it; so, though she could not help crying a little when she found she must not kiss any one, nay not even see them, and that nobody might go with her but Lonicera, her own washing doll, she made up her mind bravely. She was a good deal cheered when Clare, the biggest and best of all the dolls was sent in to her, with all her clothes, by Maude, her eldest sister, to be her companion—it was such an honor and so very kind of Maude that it quite warmed the sad little heart.

So, Lucy had her little scarlet flannel dressing gown on, and her shoes and stockings, and a wonderful old knitted hood with a tippet to it, and then she was rolled round and round in all her bed-clothes, and Mrs. Bunker took her up like a very big baby, not letting any one else touch her. How Mrs. Bunker got safe down all the stairs no one can tell, but she did, and into the fly, and there poor little Lucy looked back and saw at the windows Mamma’s face, and Papa’s, and Maude’s, and all the rest, all nodding and smiling to her, but Maude was crying all the time, and perhaps Mamma was too.

The journey seemed very long, and Lucy was really tired when she was put down at last in a big bed, nicely warmed for her, and with a bright fire in the room. As soon as she had had some