Comprehension Worksheet

CASTLE-BUILDING

"O Kitty!" cried Herbert, in a voice of anger and dismay, as the blockhouse he was building fell in sudden ruin. The playful cat had rubbed against his mimic castle, and tower and wall went rattling down upon the floor. Herbert took up one of the blocks and threw it fiercely at Kitty. Happily, it passed over her and did no harm. His hand was reaching for another block, when his little sister Hetty sprang toward the cat, and caught her up.

"No, no, no!" said she, "you sha'n't hurt pussy! She didn't mean to do it!" Herbert's passion was over quickly, and, sitting down upon the floor, he covered his face with his hands, and began to cry.

"What a baby!" said Joe, his elder brother, who was reading on the sofa. "Crying over spilled milk does no good. Build it up again."

"No, I won't," said Herbert, and he went on crying.

"What's all the trouble here?" exclaimed Papa, as he opened the door and came in.

"Pussy just rubbed against Herbert's castle, and it fell down," answered Hetty. "But she didn't mean to do it; she didn't know it would fall, did she, Papa?"

"Why, no! And is that all the trouble?"

"Herbert!" his papa called, and held out his hands. "Come." The little boy got up from the floor, and came slowly, his eyes full of tears, and stood by his father. "There is a better way than this, my boy," said Papa. "If you had taken that way, your heart would have been light already. I should have heard you singing over your blocks instead of crying. Shall I show you that way?" Herbert nodded his head, and papa sat down on the floor by the pile of blocks, with his little son by his side, and began to lay the foundation for a new castle.

William Holmes McGuffey

CASTLE-BUILDING

Elements of a Story

Title: