



ORIGINAL
STORY BY
Ned
Bustard

the alphaBet QuEST



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the aLphaBet QuEst



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It was going to be a fun day.

Mother was excited.

Father was excited.

Even the baby was excited.

But William was *not* excited.

Not one little bit.

“Why are we going to an art museum instead of someplace fun like a toy store?” he said.”

“Art museums *are* fun, and there is more to do here than in any toy store.” Father paid for the tickets, and the family went inside to see what awaited them.

“This place is going to make me die of boredom,” he grumbled.

“I used to live in a *Kingdom*,” a tinny voice echoed. What is a *Boredom*? Is a Bore higher or lower than a Duke?”

The boy turned to look but saw nothing but an old suit of armor. “Who said that?” William demanded.





The tinny voice went on, wondering.
“Or, if you can die of Boredom, is it perhaps
some sort of a disease? Or worse! Maybe
Boredom is some kind of hideous creature!”

The voice seemed to be coming from
inside the old suit of armor. It sounded like
someone talking into a metal pail.

William was startled, but curious.
“What is your name?” he asked.
“Where did you get that terrific suit
of armor?”

The metal suit bowed with flair and
said, “I am Percival, crafted for the son
of Sir Roger of Bellingham, who named me
Percival after that famous knight of the
Round Table.”

Father and Mother had moved closer
as they looked at the art exhibits. Mother
looked at the suit of armor and asked no
one in particular, “Didn’t we see a suit of
armor just like that by the entrance?”



“Perhaps you would see this if we were to play a museum game together. Do you know your alphabet?”

“Of course, I do!” William said. “A, B, C, D, E, P, Q ... something ... something. Well, maybe I don’t know it as well as I thought!”

“Splendid,” exclaimed Percival. “I know someone who can help with that. You shall see soon!”

Playing a game with a walking, talking suit of armor sounded far more interesting to William than going to a toy store—even if it involved looking at art.





Aa

Percival pointed to a nearby painting of apples. "This game is a quest, so we call it the Alphabet Quest. We look for things in the museum that begin with the letters of the alphabet. Like this painting: A-A-Apple starts with A!"

"How do we know who wins the game?" asked William.

"Simple!" said Percival. "Whoever finds the most letters wins. Let's find more!"

0



PHONICS
MUSEUM

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PERCIVAL'S TOURS

THE BAT AND THE RAT

Laurie Detweiler

P E R C I V A L ' S T O U R S

THE BAT AND THE RAT





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Pam is a bat.

Sam is a rat.



Pam and Sam
sat, sat, sat.



Pam is a bat.





Sam is a rat.

Pam and Sam
tap, tap, tap.



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P E R C I V A L ' S T O U R S

MEG AND TED

Alexia Detweiler

P E R C I V A L ' S T O U R S

MEG AND TED





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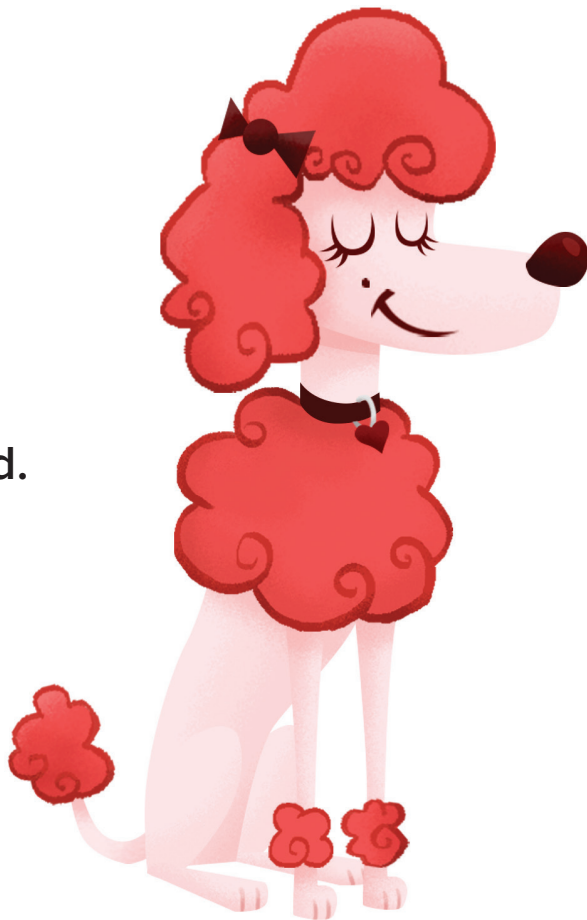
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This is Meg.

Meg is red.





This is Ted.

Ted is red.





This is Ed.

Ed is *not* red.



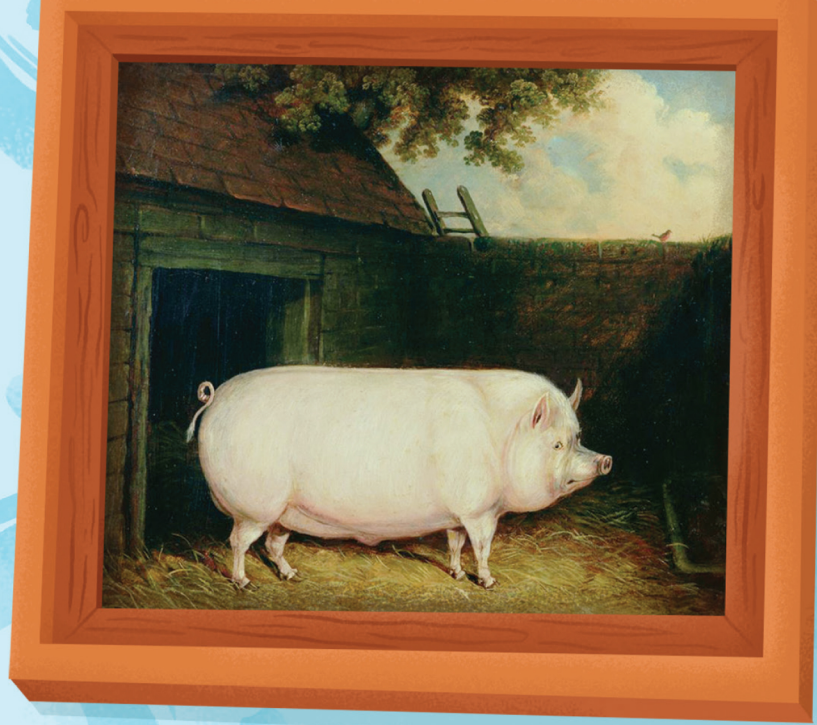
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P E R C I V A L ' S T O U R S

MIM AND TIM

Alexia Detweiler

P E R C I V A L ' S T O U R S

MIM AND TIM





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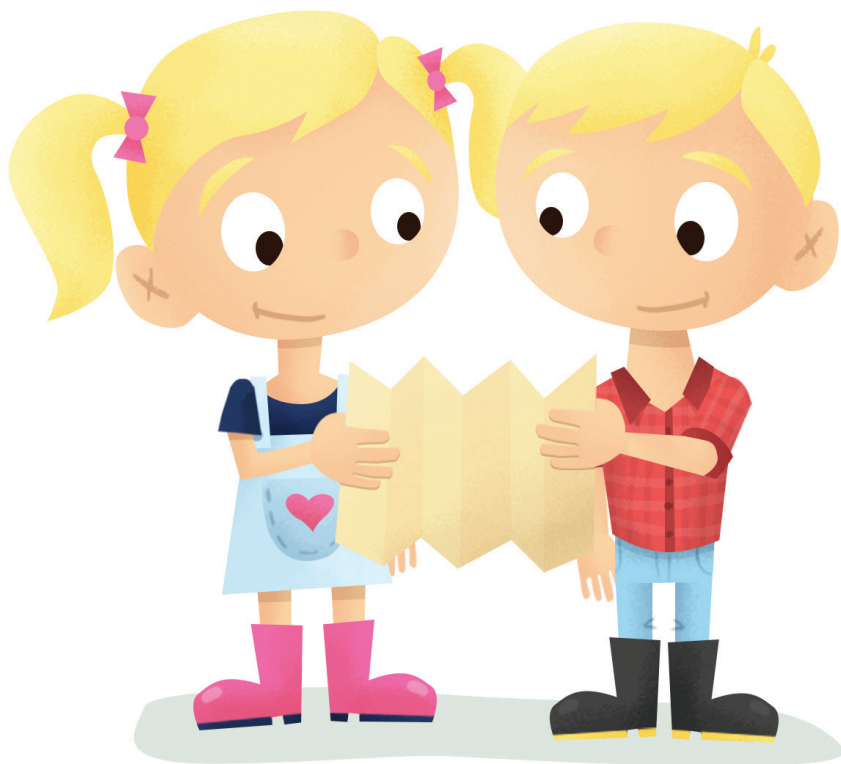
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Mim and Tim sit for a bit. ✓
They sit and sit and sit. ✓



What is that?
It is a map!



Mim and
Tim get
the map.



What is on the map?
An X is on the map.



What is at the X
on the map?



Mim and Tim were
in a pen.

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PERCIVAL'S TOURS
PIP IN THE FOG

Alexia Detweiler

PERCIVAL'S TOURS
PIP IN THE FOG





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Tom had a dog.

His dog was Pip.

Pip was a
fan of Tom.





Pip can sit.

Pip can beg.





Pip can nap
with Tom.



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P E R C I V A L ' S T O U R S

THE BUG IN THE MUG ON THE RUG

Laurie Detweiler

P E R C I V A L ' S T O U R S

THE BUG IN THE MUG ON THE RUG





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What is that?



What is that
on the rug?

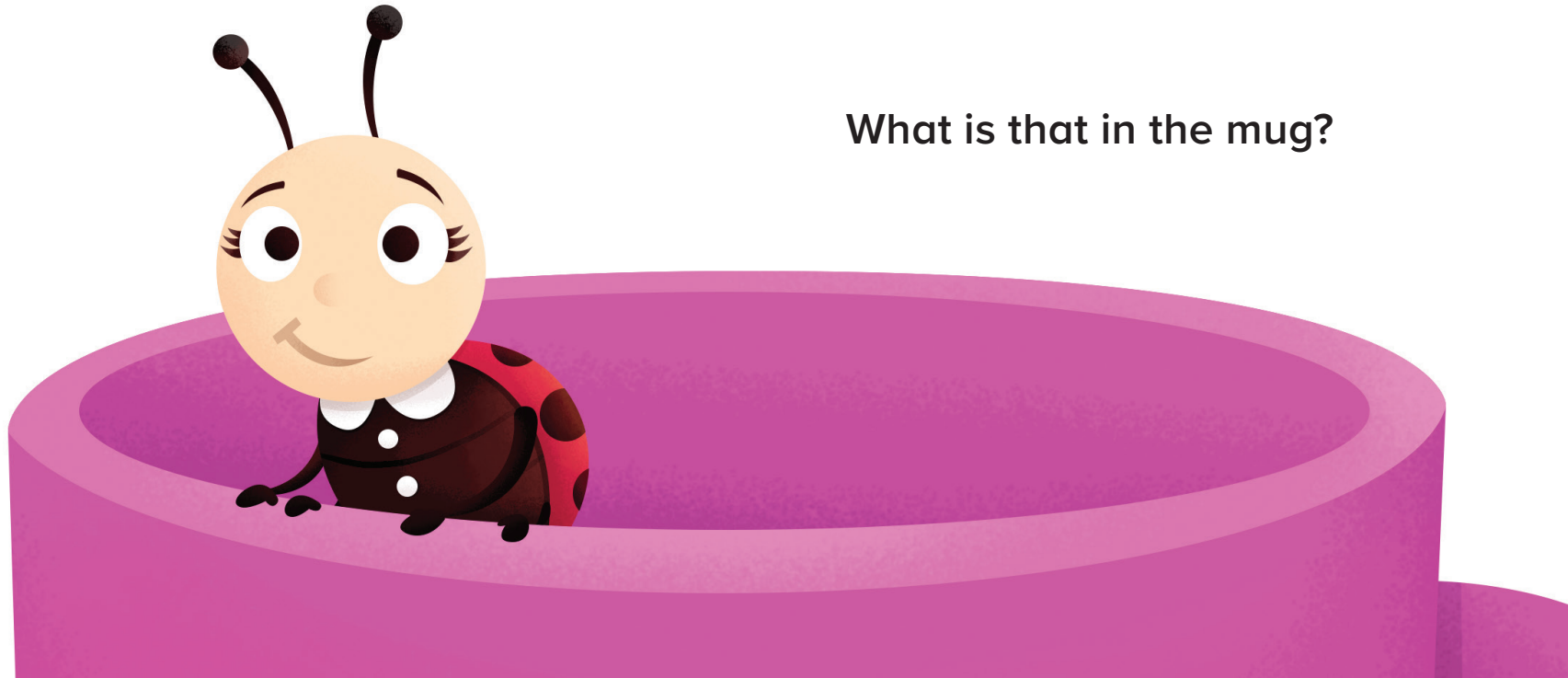


A mug!

A mug is on the rug.

What is that?





What is that in the mug?

A bug!
A bug
is in the
mug.



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P E R C I V A L ' S T O U R S

THE LAD, THE CAT, AND THE HAT

Laurie Detweiler

P E R C I V A L ' S T O U R S

**THE LAD, THE CAT,
AND THE HAT**





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Len was a lad, and he had a red hat.

Len let his cat
sit on his lap.



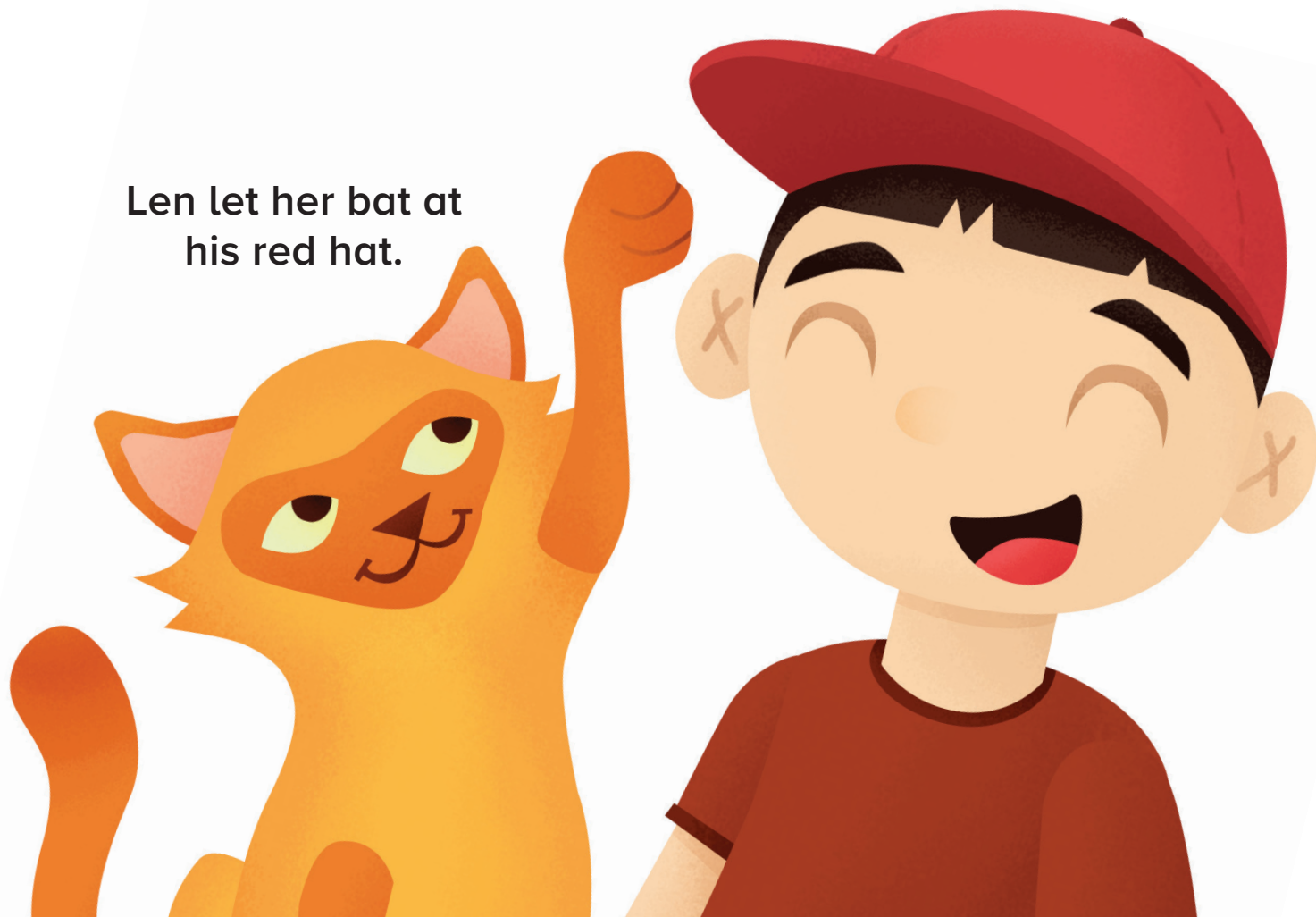


The cat
is his pet.
She is his pal.

Len can pet his cat.
Len can hug his cat.



Len let her bat at
his red hat.



The hat fell to the rug.
Fun for the cat,
but not for the lad!



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PERCIVAL'S TOURS
NICK CAN KICK

Alexia Detweiler

PERCIVAL'S TOURS
NICK CAN KICK



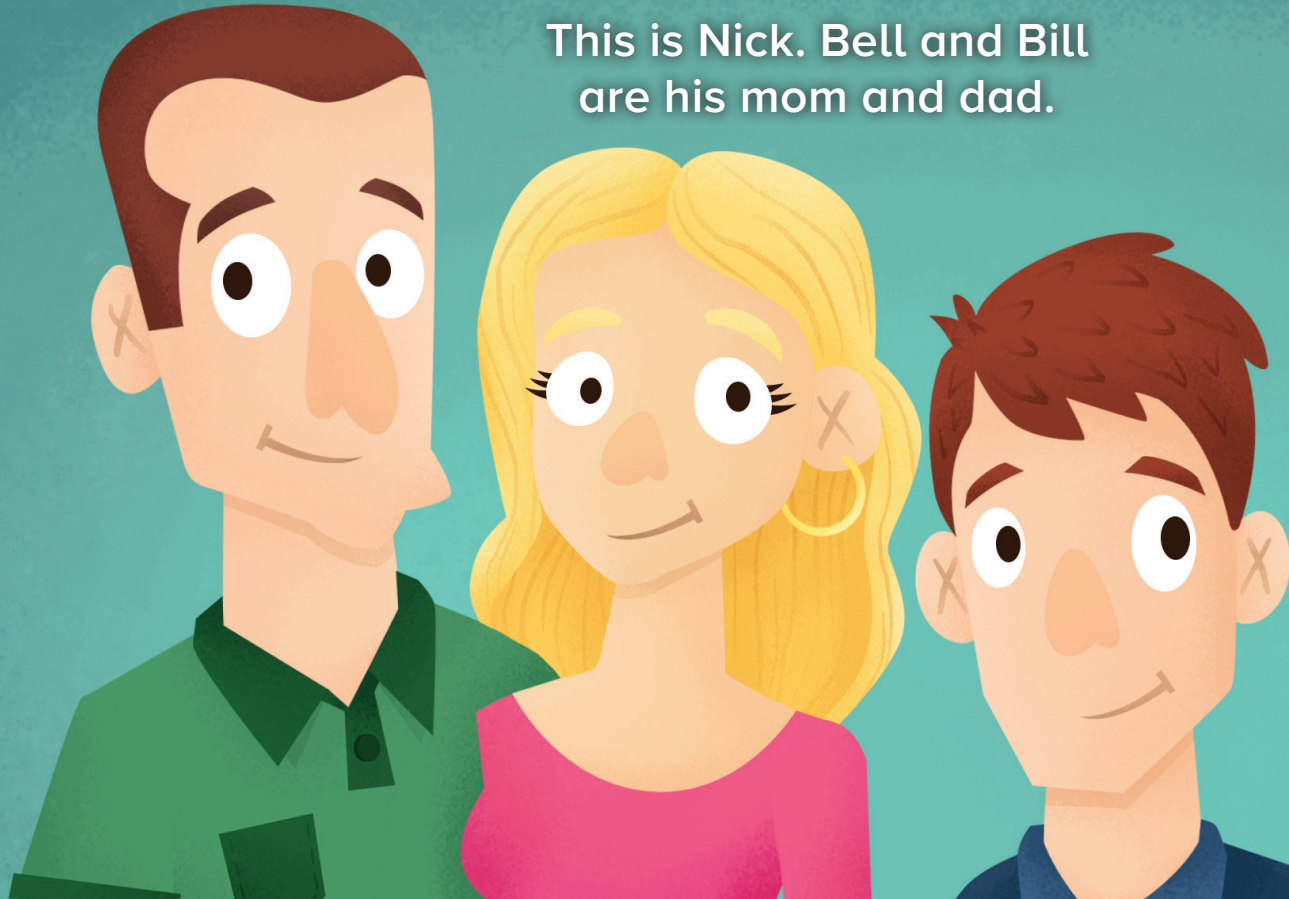


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This is Nick. Bell and Bill
are his mom and dad.



Nick is big
and fit.

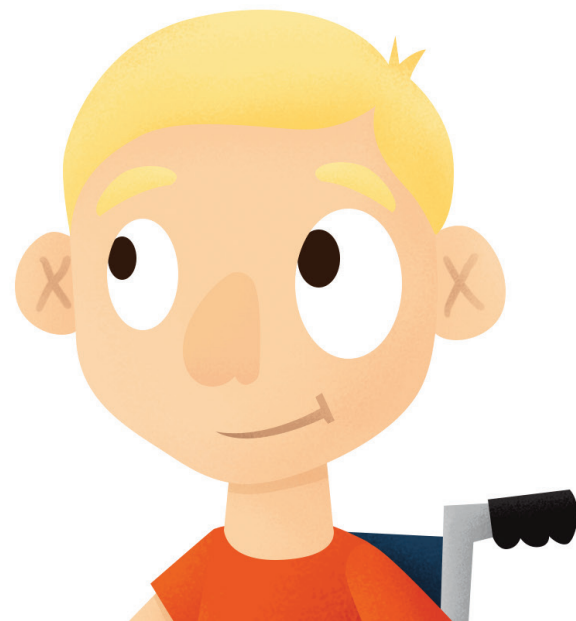




This is
Mack. Bell
and Bill are
his mom
and dad.



Mack is not big.
Mack is not fit.





But he can sit.



Nick can kick.



Nick can run.

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PERCIVAL'S TOURS

ON A JET TO THE SUN

Carl L. Petticoffer

PERCIVAL'S TOURS
ON A JET TO THE SUN

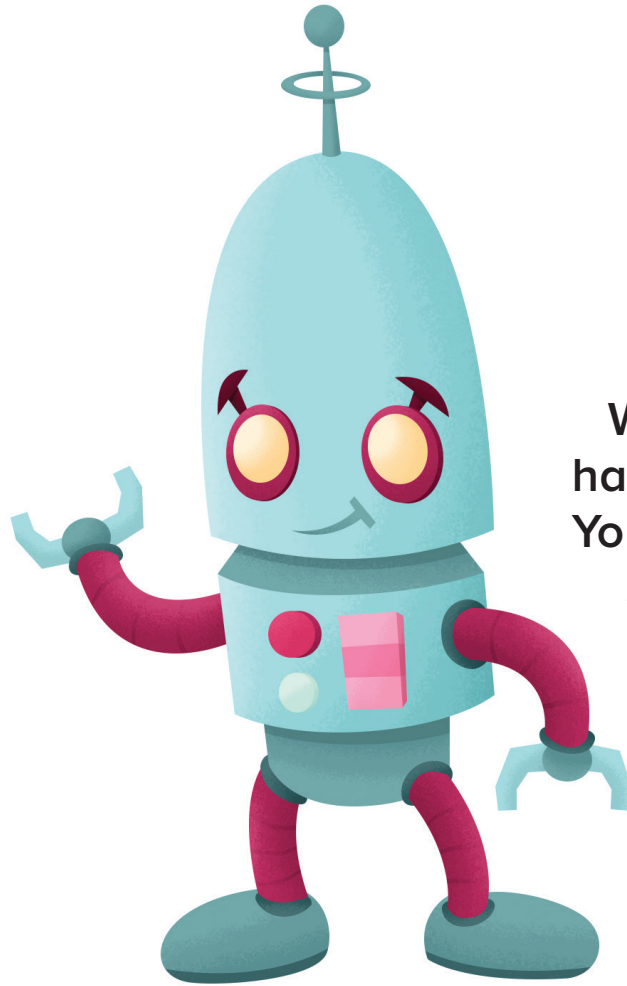




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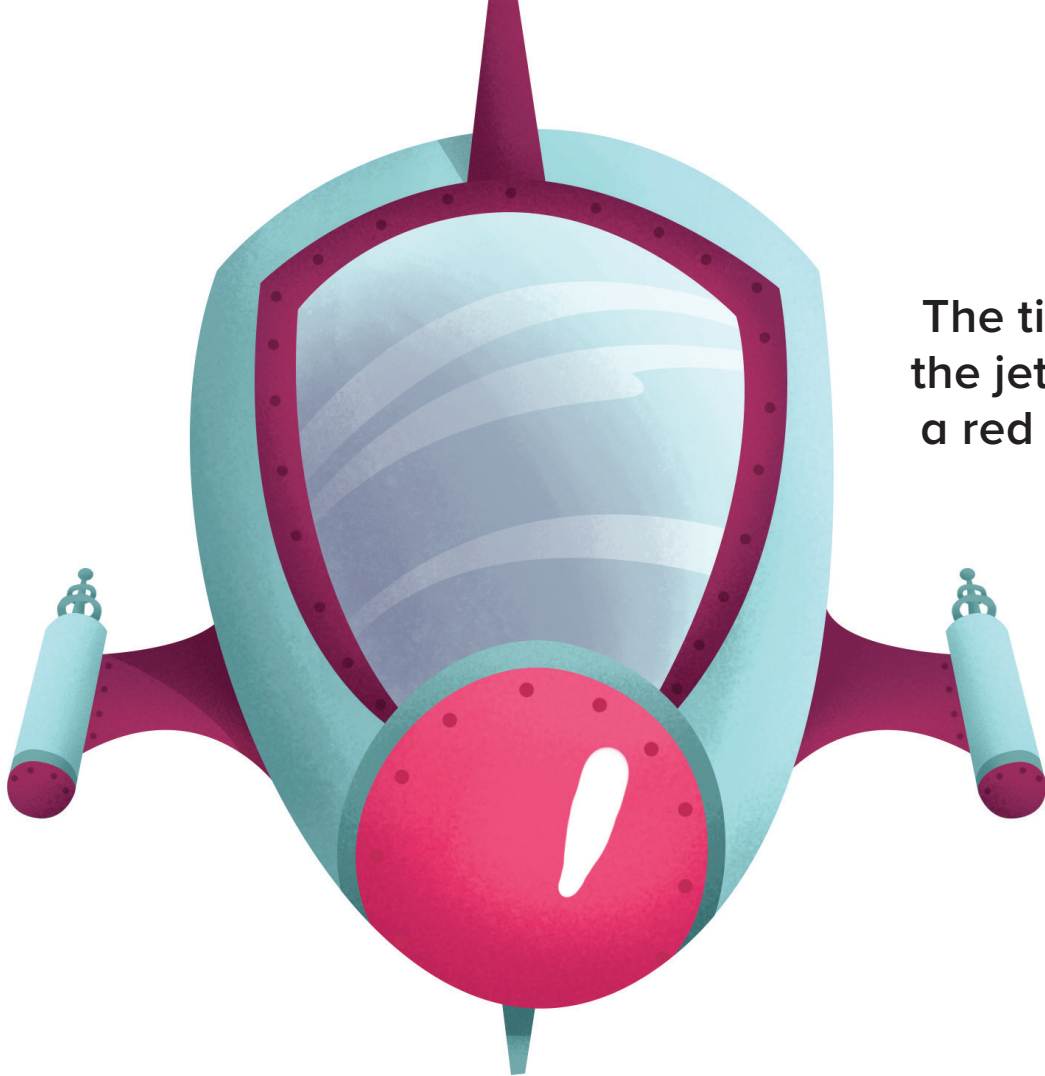
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What if you
had a tin man?
Your tin man is
Jick-Jack.

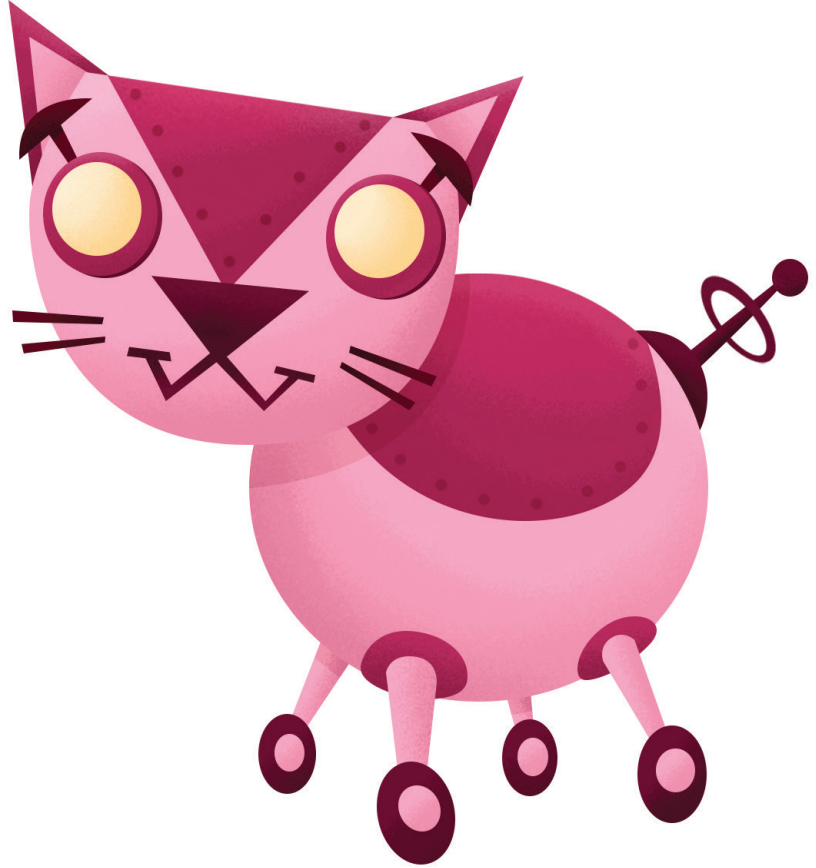
His job is to
man the jet.





The tip of
the jet has
a red dot.

What if your tin man
had a tin cat? Jick-Jack
has a tin cat for a pet.





This is Jin-Jan
the tin cat.

Jin-Jan is sad
when Jick-Jack
is on the jet.



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PERCIVAL'S TOURS
IN A CAMEL'S EYE

BASED ON A STORY BY Ben & Bekah Merkle

PERCIVAL'S TOURS
IN A CAMEL'S EYE





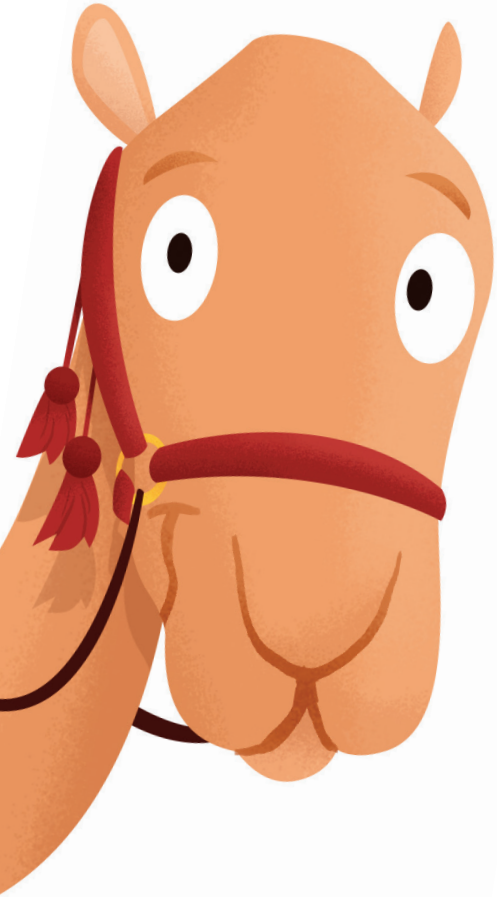
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Yazan was from Axum.
He was ten and had
a camel.



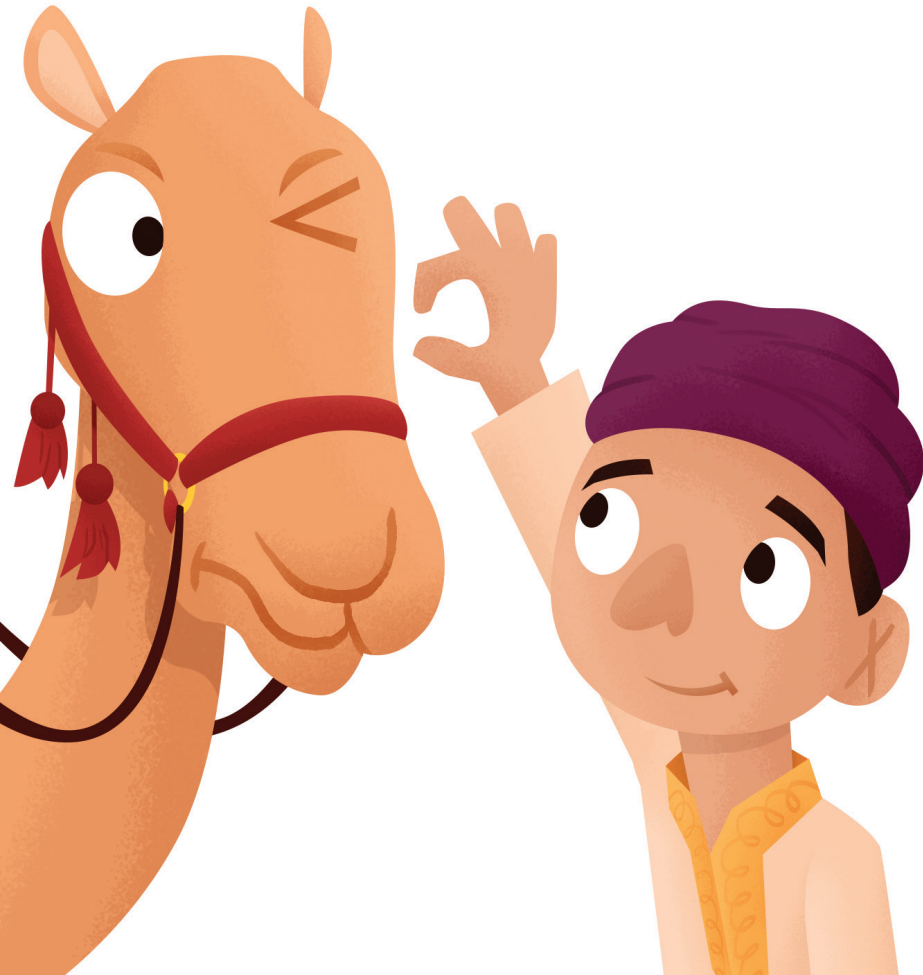
The camel was Quin.
Quin the camel was big
but not that quick.



Yazan and Quin had
been on a visit and were
in a caravan back
to Axum.



Yazan and Quin
were in the back
of the caravan, for
Quin sat a lot.



All was not well
with Quin. He had
a bug in his eye.
Bugs in eyes vex
Quin. Yazan got off
Quin to pick the
bug from his eye.



There was a yell
from the caravan.
Six bad men attack
and rob the caravan.

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PERCIVAL'S TOURS
GUS ON THE BUS

Alexia Detweiler

PERCIVAL'S TOURS
GUS ON THE BUS






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A cartoon illustration of a young boy named Gus with dark skin and curly hair, wearing a green t-shirt, light blue pants, and red sneakers. He is running from left to right. In the background is a storefront with a large window and a glass door. The door has a blue sign that says 'OPEN'. The scene is set on a sidewalk with a tan wall behind the storefront.

Gus is ten, and
he has a job.

OPEN



His job is to
help Mom and
Dad in their
watch shop.



Gus sits
and sits in
the shop.
Tick tock.
Tick tock.





No one but Mom, Dad,
and Gus is there in the
shop. He watches his
watch, and his watch
tick-tocks.





“Gus,” said Mom,
“I do not have a lock
for this watch box.
Can you go to the
lock shop to
fetch one?”





“Yes,” Gus said, “I love to visit the shops. Can I call a cab?” Gus loves cabs.



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