

Chapter 1 : Tuck Everlasting BOOK Quiz - ProProfs Quiz

Praise for Tuck Everlasting by Natalie Babbitt: "A fearsome and beautifully written book that can't be put down or forgotten." "The New York Times "Exciting and excellently written." "The New York Times Book Review "With its serious intentions and light touch the story is, like the Tucks, timeless." "Chicago Sun-Times.

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Ten-year-old Winnie Foster is tired of her family and is thinking of running away from her home in rural Treegap. One day, while in a wooded area her family owns, she sees a boy about the age of 17 drinking from a spring. He tells her that his name is Jesse Tuck and he tells her not to drink the spring water when she starts insisting on being allowed to drink it. Soon after his brother, Miles, and his mother, Mae, take her away with them and explain what is happening and why they did what they did. All the while, they are being pursued by a man in a yellow suit who had approached the Fosters asking questions about their land the day before. The Tucks explain to Winnie that the spring is magical and grants eternal life to anyone who drinks its water. They discovered its effects by accident after heading to the Treegap area to try and build a new life for themselves. In the process, Miles had to deal with his wife leaving him and taking their children with her. They have been living in seclusion outside of Treegap for years, reuniting every ten years and drinking from the spring. Winnie grows particularly fond of Jesse and his father, Angus Tuck, who teaches her about the life cycle that they are no longer a part of and why she must keep their secret. Meanwhile, the man in the yellow suit has been pursuing the Tucks. Once he discovers Winifred has been taken by them and overhears their whole conversation, he steals their horse and rides it back to the Foster homestead. However, he breaks away and rides ahead of the constable for he has a selfish motive for finding Winnie. He intensified his search within the previous six months. He then informs the angry family that he told the Fosters where Winnie was and that he has received a bounty in exchange for her safe return: The man in the yellow suit then further angers the Tucks when he tells them that he plans to gather the water from the spring and sell it to the public. When they angrily refuse his offer to be partners in the venture because they desire privacy over the money, he then declares he does not need their permission to sell the water and begins to take Winnie away. He tells the Tucks that if they will not be his examples, then she will. He says that a child would be a better example, and there is nothing they can do. The man in the yellow suit tries to escape, while Miles tries to stop his mother from attacking the man. Just as the constable rides up to the farm, Mae whips the gun around so hard that its stock strikes the man in the yellow suit in the back of the head, with enough force to fracture his skull on impact. Mae is arrested while the man in the yellow suit is carried inside the farmhouse, and when the blow later proves fatal she is condemned to the gallows and scheduled for execution the next morning. Angus, Miles, and Jesse realize that their secret will be revealed once Mae is hanged, due to the fact that people will understand the secret when Mae does not die from the hanging, so they take Winnie with them and go to the jail and spring her from her cell. Then Winnie takes her place so the Tucks can safely get away. Although they are reunited, there is no more reason for them to be in Treegap, as Mae is now a fugitive from justice. Before departing, Jesse gives Winnie a bottle of the special water so she might drink it when she turns 17 and follow them and marry him. She gives it consideration but decides not to and pours it onto a toad because she thinks that if she changes her mind then she can go to the spring to get more. Many years later, Mae and Angus return to Treegap and find that it has changed a great deal " the wooded area is gone and so is their spring; the town has become a typical suburban metropolis. While there, they happen to visit a cemetery where they discover what happened to Winnie: Though Angus Tuck is saddened by this, he also praises Winnie for choosing not to drink the water. They come across a toad near her grave but they are unaware that it is the same one that she had poured water on years before. Her Family is the oldest family in Treegap. During the story, she falls in love with Jesse Tuck. Angus Tuck " The father of the Tuck children, he dislikes his immortality and dreams of dying and going to heaven. She is happy with her lifestyle wearing old clothes and living in a messy house. She owns a music box that she carries around with her. She considers it to be "the prettiest thing she owns". By the end of the story, he has fallen in love with and

wants to marry Winnie. He is trained as a carpenter and blacksmith. His wife divorced him because she believed that he must have sold his soul to the devil to have maintained his youthful appearance after they had been married for almost 20 years. The first was released in and distributed by One Pass Media. Sarah Charles Lewis played Winnie.

Chapter 2 : Tuck Everlasting - Wikipedia

In , Tuck Everlasting was adapted into a major motion picture, and in a musical version premiered on Broadway. Born and raised in Ohio, Natalie Babbitt lived her adult life in the Northeast. Born and raised in Ohio, Natalie Babbitt lived her adult life in the Northeast.

The weeks that come before are only a climb from balmy spring, and those that follow a drop to the chill of autumn, but the first week of August is motionless, and hot. It is curiously silent, too, with blank white dawns and glaring noons, and sunsets smeared with too much color. Often at night there is lightning, but it quivers all alone. There is no thunder, no relieving rain. These are strange and breathless days, the dog days, when people are led to do things they are sure to be sorry for after. One day at that time, not so very long ago, three things happened and at first there appeared to be no connection between them. At dawn, Mae Tuck set out on her horse for the wood at the edge of the village of Treetop. She was going there, as she did once every ten years, to meet her two sons, Miles and Jesse. At noontime, Winnie Foster, whose family owned the Treetop wood, lost her patience at last and decided to think about running away. No connection, you would agree. But things can come together in strange ways. The wood was at the center, the hub of the wheel. All wheels must have a hub. A Ferris wheel has one, as the sun is the hub of the wheeling calendar. Fixed points they are, and best left undisturbed, for without them, nothing holds together. But sometimes people find this out too late. It wandered along in curves and easy angles, swayed off and up in a pleasant tangent to the top of a small hill, ambled down again between fringes of bee-hung clover, and then cut sidewise across a meadow. Here its edges blurred. It widened and seemed to pause, suggesting tranquil bovine picnics: And then it went on again and came at last to the wood. But on reaching the shadows of the first trees, it veered sharply, swung out in a wide arc as if, for the first time, it had reason to think where it was going, and passed around. On the other side of the wood, the sense of easiness dissolved. The road no longer belonged to the cows. It became, instead, and rather abruptly, the property of people. And all at once the sun was uncomfortably hot, the dust oppressive, and the meager grass along its edges somewhat ragged and forlorn. The first house only is important; the first house, the road, and the wood. There was something strange about the wood. The house was so proud of itself that you wanted to make a lot of noise as you passed, and maybe even throw a rock or two. But the wood had a sleeping, otherworld appearance that made you want to speak in whispers. This, at least, is what the cows must have thought: There were some, perhaps, who did. But for the most part the people followed the road around the wood because that was the way it led. There was no road through the wood. And anyway, for the people, there was another reason to leave the wood to itself: The ownership of land is an odd thing when you come to think of it. How deep, after all, can it go? If a person owns a piece of land, does he own it all the way down, in ever narrowing dimensions, till it meets all other pieces at the center of the earth? Or does ownership consist only of a thin crust under which the friendly worms have never heard of trespassing? In any case, the wood, being on top—except, of course, for its roots—was owned and bought by the Fosters in the touch-me-not cottage, and if they never went there, if they never wandered in among the trees, well, that was their affair. Winnie, the only child of the house, never went there, though she sometimes stood inside the fence, carelessly banging a stick against the iron bars, and looked at it. But she had never been curious about it. And what is interesting, anyway, about a slim few acres of trees? There will be a dimness shot through with bars of sunlight, a great many squirrels and birds, a deep, damp mattress of leaves on the ground, and all the other things just as familiar if not so pleasant—things like spiders, thorns, and grubs. If they had made their road through the wood instead of around it, then the people would have followed the road. And that would have been a disaster so immense that this weary old earth, owned or not to its fiery core, would have trembled on its axis like a beetle on a pin. He was still asleep, and the melancholy creases that folded his daytime face were smoothed and slack. He snored gently, and for a moment the corners of his mouth turned upward in a smile. Tuck almost never smiled except in sleep. Mae sat up in bed and looked at him tolerantly. Tuck twitched and the smile vanished. He opened his eyes. They never did before, now, did they? Instead, she said, "Will you be all right?" Mae sat on the edge of the bed and pulled on a pair of short leather boots so thin and

soft with age it was a wonder they held together. Then she stood and took from the washstand beside the bed a little square-shaped object, a music box painted with roses and lilies of the valley. It was the one pretty thing she owned and she never went anywhere without it. Her fingers strayed to the winding key on its bottom, but glancing at the sleeping Tuck, she shook her head, gave the little box a pat, and dropped it into her pocket. Then, last of all, she pulled down over her ears a blue straw hat with a drooping, exhausted brim. But, before she put on the hat, she brushed her gray-brown hair and wound it into a bun at the back of her neck. She did this quickly and skillfully without a single glance in the mirror. She knew very well what she would see in it; her reflection had long since ceased to interest her. For Mae Tuck, and her husband, and Miles and Jesse, too, had all looked exactly the same for eighty-seven years. Certainly, Winnie had given it good reason to ignore her. She had come out to the fence, very cross, very near the boiling point on a day that was itself near to boiling, and had noticed the toad at once. It was the only living thing in sight except for a stationary cloud of hysterical gnats suspended in the heat above the road. Winnie had found some pebbles at the base of the fence and, for lack of any other way to show how she felt, had flung one at the toad. The gnats were too frantic to notice these intrusions, however, and since every pebble missed its final mark, the toad continued to squat and grimace without so much as a twitch. Possibly it felt resentful. Or perhaps it was only asleep. In either case, it gave her not a glance when at last she ran out of pebbles and sat down to tell it her troubles. And your lunch is ready. I want to be by myself for a change. Something that would make some kind of difference in the world. And I might even decide to have a pet. Maybe a big old toad, like you, that I could keep in a nice cage with lots of grass, and. It gave a heave of muscles and plopped its heavy mudball of a body a few inches farther away from her. Why should you have to be cooped up in a cage, too? The toad, as if it saw that their interview was over, stirred again, bunched up, and bounced itself clumsily off toward the wood. Winnie watched it go. Just wait till morning. But, after a few moments of watching her, he called out, "Good evening! His long chin faded off into a thin, apologetic beard, but his suit was a jaunty yellow that seemed to glow a little in the fading light. A black hat dangled from one hand, and as Winnie came toward him, he passed the other through his dry, gray hair, settling it smoothly. I used to do it myself when I was your age. But of course that was a long, long time ago. His tall body moved continuously; a foot tapped, a shoulder twitched. And it moved in angles, rather jerkily. But at the same time he had a kind of grace, like a well-handled marionette. Indeed, he seemed almost to hang suspended there in the twilight. She frowned and looked at the man more closely. But his smile seemed perfectly all right, quite agreeable and friendly. In a bit," said the man. Have you and your family lived here long? It was not a question, but Winnie decided to explain anyway. My grandmother was born here. Except for the wood. You could ask him. Who are you talking to out there? She picked up her skirts and came down the path to the gate.

Chapter 3 : Tuck Everlasting by Natalie Babbitt on Apple Books

A moving and superb piece of storytelling, the theme of this book is no less profound than the meaning and place of death in the universe of living things, handled, however, by Babbitt in a deft and gentle manner and with believable characters that never lose touch with her young audiences.

Chapter 4 : Tuck Everlasting by Natalie Babbitt | Scholastic

Tuck Everlasting The classic novel about a young girl who stumbles upon a family's stunning secret What if you could live forever? Is eternal life a blessing or a curse? That is what young Winnie Foster must decide when she disc.

Chapter 5 : Tuck Everlasting - Natalie Babbitt - Google Books

Critically acclaimed when it was first published, Tuck Everlasting has become a much-loved, well-studied modern-day classic. This anniversary edition features an in-depth interview conducted by Betsy Hearne in which Natalie Babbitt takes a look at Tuck Everlasting twenty-five years later.

Chapter 6 : PDF Download Tuck Everlasting Free

Tuck Everlasting is well written, and even for being a short book, definitely worth reading. At the beginning it starts out as a small mystery for the reader, later on turning into a short story definitely focused on showing the main character's detailed thoughts.

Chapter 7 : SparkNotes: Tuck Everlasting

This book was full of love and moral. Tuck Everlasting Was The Best Book I Ever Read I loved this, it helped me understand more about this book. Tuck Everlasting.

Chapter 8 : Tuck Everlasting: Natalie Babbitt: theinnatdunvilla.com: Books

Tuck Everlasting Discussion Guide Use these comprehension and recall questions to explore literary elements and higher level thinking during class discussions about Natalie Babbitt's novel Tuck Everlasting.

Chapter 9 : Tuck Everlasting | Disney Movies

This is the continuation of Tuck Everlasting, if Winnie had gone back to the spring to drink the water. Winnie Foster sat like a statue on the wooden bench of her front porch, waiting.