


Duffy's Jacket

Bruce Coville

As you read, you'll find this open-book sign at certain points in the story: . Stop at these points, and think about what you've just read. Sometimes a part of the retelling will be there for you. At other times you'll do the retelling.

If my cousin Duffy had the brains of a turnip it never would have happened. But as far as I'm concerned, Duffy makes a turnip look bright. My mother disagrees. According to her, Duffy is actually very bright. She claims the reason he's so scatterbrained is that he's too busy being brilliant inside his own head to remember everyday things. Maybe. But hanging around with Duffy means you spend a lot of time saying, "Your glasses, Duffy," or "Your coat, Duffy," or—well, you get the idea: a lot of three-word sentences that start with "Your," end with "Duffy," and have words like *book*, *radio*, *wallet*, or whatever it is he's just put down and left behind, stuck in the middle.

Me, I think turnips are brighter.

But since Duffy's my cousin, and since my mother and her sister are both single parents, we tend to do a lot of things together—like camping, which is how we got into the mess I want to tell you about.

Personally, I thought camping was a big mistake. But since Mom and Aunt Elise are raising the three of us—me, Duffy, and my little sister, Marie—on their own, they're convinced they have to do man-stuff with us every once in a while. I think they read some book

Using the Strategy

RETELL

- ① Think about what you've learned so far. What's the title? Who's the author? Who are the important characters? Who are the other characters?

This story is called "Duffy's Jacket," and it's written by Bruce Coville. I think Duffy and his cousin ("I," the narrator) are the important characters. Aunt Elise, Mom, and the narrator's sister, Marie, are the other characters.

RETELL

- ② What's Duffy's most obvious characteristic? *Duffy forgets things—like his suitcase when he takes a trip.*

that said me and Duffy would come out weird if they don't. You can take him camping all you want. It ain't gonna make Duffy normal.



Anyway, the fact that our mothers were getting wound up to do something fatherly, combined with the fact that Aunt Elise's boss had a friend who had a friend who said we could use his cabin, added up to the five of us bouncing along this horrible dirt road late one Friday in October.

It was late because we had lost an hour going back to get Duffy's suitcase. I suppose it wasn't actually Duffy's fault. No one remembered to say, "Your suitcase, Duffy," so he couldn't really have been expected to remember it. ②

"Oh, Elise," cried my mother, as we got deeper into the woods. "Aren't the leaves beautiful?"

That's why it doesn't make sense for them to try to do man-stuff with us. If it had been our fathers, they would have been drinking beer and burping and maybe telling dirty stories instead of talking about the leaves. So why try to fake it?

Anyway, we get to this cabin, which is about eighteen million miles from nowhere, and to my surprise, it's not a cabin at all. It's a house. A big house.

"Oh, my," said my mother as we pulled into the driveway.

"Isn't it great?" chirped Aunt Elise. "It's almost a hundred years old, back from the time when they used to build big hunting lodges up here. It's the only one in the area still standing. Horace said he hasn't been able to get up here in some time. That's why he was glad to let us use it. He said it would be good to have someone go in and air the place out."

Leave it to Aunt Elise. This place didn't need airing out—it needed fumigating.¹ I never saw so many spider webs in my life. From the sounds we heard coming from the walls, the mice seemed to have made it a population center. We found a total of two working light-bulbs: one in the kitchen and one in the dining room, which was paneled with dark wood and had a big stone fireplace at one end.


"Oh, my," said my mother again.

Duffy, who's allergic to about fifteen different things, started to sneeze.

"Isn't it charming?" asked Aunt Elise hopefully.

No one answered her.


1. **fumigating** (fyoo'mə-gāt'in) *v.* used as *n.*: spraying with chemicals to kill harmful organisms and pests.

Four hours later we had managed to get three bedrooms clean enough to sleep in without getting the heebie-jeebies—one for Mom and Aunt Elise, one for Marie, and one for me and Duffy. After a supper of beans and franks we hit the hay, which I think is what our mattresses were stuffed with. As I was drifting off, which took about thirty seconds, it occurred to me that four hours of housework wasn't all that much of a man-thing, something it might be useful to remember the next time Mom got one of these plans into her head. ③ 

Things looked better in the morning when we went outside and found a stream where we could go wading. (“Your sneakers, Duffy.”)

Later we went back and started poking around the house, which really was enormous.

That was when things started getting a little spooky. In the room next to ours I found a message scrawled on the wall. “Beware the Sentinel,”² it said in big black letters.

When I showed Mom and Aunt Elise they said it was just a joke and got mad at me for frightening Marie. ④ 

Marie wasn't the only one who was frightened.

We decided to go out for another walk. (“Your lunch, Duffy.”) We went deep into the woods, following a faint trail that kept threatening to disappear but never actually faded away altogether. It was a hot day, even in the deep woods, and after a while we decided to take off our coats.

When we got back and Duffy didn't have his jacket, did they get mad at him? My mother actually had the nerve to say, “Why didn't you remind him? You know he forgets things like that.”

What do I look like, a walking memo pad?

Anyway, I had other things on my mind—like the fact that I was convinced someone had been following us while we were in the woods.

I tried to tell my mother about it, but first she said I was being ridiculous, and then she accused me of trying to sabotage³ the trip.

⑤ 

So I shut up. But I was pretty nervous, especially when Mom and Aunt Elise announced that they were going into town—which was twenty miles away—to pick up some supplies (like lightbulbs).

“You kids will be fine on your own,” said Mom cheerfully. “You can make popcorn and play Monopoly. And there's enough soda here for you to make yourselves sick on.”

2. **sentinel** (sent¹n·əl) *n.*: guard; person keeping watch.

3. **sabotage** (sab¹ə·tāzh') *v.*: obstruct or destroy.

RETELL

③ Review what's happened. Where are the campers? What's the condition of the cabin? What three things have happened since they arrived at the cabin?

They're in a big hunting lodge in the woods. The place is dirty and full of spiders and mice. They cleaned the cabin, ate dinner, and went to sleep.

RETELL

④ When do things start to get spooky?

RETELL

⑤ What does the narrator tell his mother? How does she react?

And with that they were gone.

It got dark.

We played Monopoly.

They didn't come back. That didn't surprise me. Since Duffy and I were both fifteen they felt it was okay to leave us on our own, and Mom had warned us they might decide to have dinner at the little inn we had seen on the way up.

But I would have been happier if they had been there.

Especially when something started scratching on the door.

"What was that?" asked Marie.

"What was what?" asked Duffy.

"That!" she said, and this time I heard it, too. My stomach rolled over, and the skin at the back of my neck started to prickle.

"Maybe it's the Sentinel!" I hissed.

"Andrew!" yelled Marie. "Mom told you not to say that."

"She said not to try to scare you," I said. "I'm not. *I'm* scared! I told you I heard something following us in the woods today."

Scratch, scratch.

"But you said it stopped," said Duffy. "So how would it know where we are now?"

"I don't know. I don't know what it is. Maybe it tracked us, like a bloodhound."

Scratch, scratch.

"Don't bloodhounds have to have something to give them a scent?" asked Marie. "Like a piece of clothing, or—"

We both looked at Duffy.

"Your jacket, Duffy!"

Duffy turned white.


"That's silly," he said after a moment.

"There's something at the door," I said frantically. "Maybe it's been lurking around all day, waiting for our mothers to leave. Maybe it's been waiting for years for someone to come back here."

Scratch, scratch.

"I don't believe it," said Duffy. "It's just the wind moving a branch. I'll prove it."

He got up and headed for the door. But he didn't open it. Instead he peeked through the window next to it. When he turned back, his eyes looked as big as the hard-boiled eggs we had eaten for supper.

"*There's something out there!*" he hissed. "*Something big!*" 

"I told you," I cried. "Oh, I knew there was something there."

RETELL

6 You should be able to identify two problems at this point. One has to do with Duffy, and the other is about what's happening to the kids. What are the problems?

“Andrew, are you doing this just to scare me?” said Marie. “Because if you are—”

Scratch, scratch.

“Come on,” I said, grabbing her by the hand. “Let’s get out of here.” I started to lead her up the stairs.

“Not there!” said Duffy. “If we go up there, we’ll be trapped.”

“You’re right,” I said. “Let’s go out the back way!”

The thought of going outside scared the daylights out of me. But at least out there we would have somewhere to run. Inside—well, who knew what might happen if the thing found us inside.

We went into the kitchen.

I heard the front door open.

“Let’s get out of here!” I hissed.

We scooted out the back door. “What now?” I wondered, looking around frantically.

“The barn,” whispered Duffy. “We can hide in the barn.”

“Good idea,” I said. Holding Marie by the hand, I led the way to the barn. But the door was held shut by a huge padlock.

The wind was blowing harder, but not hard enough to hide the sound of the back door of the house opening, and then slamming shut.

“Quick!” I whispered. “It knows we’re out here. Let’s sneak around front. It will never expect us to go back into the house.”

Duffy and Marie followed me as I led them behind a hedge. I caught a glimpse of something heading toward the barn and swallowed nervously. It was big. Very big.


“I’m scared,” whispered Marie.

“Shhhh!” I hissed. “We can’t let it know where we are.”



RETELL

7 What do the kids do to get away from the creature?

We slipped through the front door. We locked it, just like people always do in the movies, though what good that would do I couldn't figure, since if something really wanted to get at us, it would just break the window and come in. 7 

"Upstairs," I whispered.

We tiptoed up the stairs. Once we were in our bedroom, I thought we were safe. Crawling over the floor, I raised my head just enough to peek out the window. My heart almost stopped. Standing in the moonlight was an enormous, manlike creature. It had a scrap of cloth in its hands. It was looking around—looking for us. I saw it lift its head and sniff the wind. To my horror, it started back toward the house.

"It's coming back!" I yelled, more frightened than ever.

"How does it know where we are?" asked Marie.

I knew how. It had Duffy's jacket. It was tracking us down, like some giant bloodhound.

We huddled together in the middle of the room, trying to think of what to do.

A minute later we heard it.

Scratch, scratch.

None of us moved.

Scratch, scratch.

We stopped breathing, then jumped up in alarm at a terrible crashing sound.

The door was down.

We hunched back against the wall as heavy footsteps came clomping up the stairs.

I wondered what our mothers would think when they got back. Would they find our bodies? Or would there be nothing left of us at all?

Thump. Thump. Thump.

It was getting closer.

Thump. Thump. Thump.

It was outside the door.

Knock, knock.

"Don't answer!" hissed Duffy.

Like I said, he doesn't have the brains of a turnip.

It didn't matter. The door wasn't locked. It came swinging open. In the shaft of light I saw a huge figure. The Sentinel of the Woods! It had to be. I thought I was going to die.

The figure stepped into the room. Its head nearly touched the ceiling.

Marie squeezed against my side, tighter than a tick in a dog's ear. The huge creature sniffed the air. It turned in our direction. Its eyes seemed to glow. Moonlight glittered on its fangs.

Slowly the Sentinel raised its arm. I could see Duffy's jacket dangling from its fingertips.

And then it spoke.

"You forgot your jacket, stupid."

It threw the jacket at Duffy, turned around, and stomped down the stairs.

Which is why, I suppose, no one has had to remind Duffy to remember his jacket, or his glasses, or his math book, for at least a year now.

After all, when you leave stuff lying around, you never can be sure just who might bring it back. ③ 

RETELL

③ Finish your retelling by telling what happens at the end of the story. Add your own thoughts about the story. Explain why you did or didn't like it.

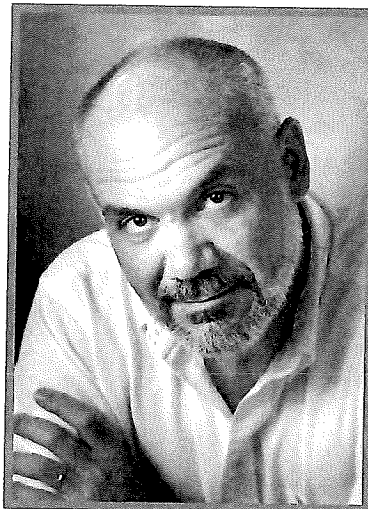
Meet the Writer

Bruce Coville

A Word Wrangler

Bruce Coville (1950–) grew up in a rural area north of Syracuse, New York, around the corner from his grandparents' dairy farm. About "Duffy's Jacket" he says:

"For years I have been maintaining that I can't really write short stories, that they are just something that happen to me by accident every now and then. . . . 'Duffy's Jacket,' on the other hand, was pure joy. The idea came to me while I was walking in the woods with some friends. When we got back



to the house, I excused myself, went upstairs, and typed it in a single sitting, the words seeming to fly from my fingers. . . . If only it were always that easy! But I figure a

quarter century of word wrangling entitles you to at least one story that comes fairly quickly."

For Independent Reading

You can read more of Coville's unusual and highly entertaining stories in *Oddly Enough* and *Odder Than Ever*.

