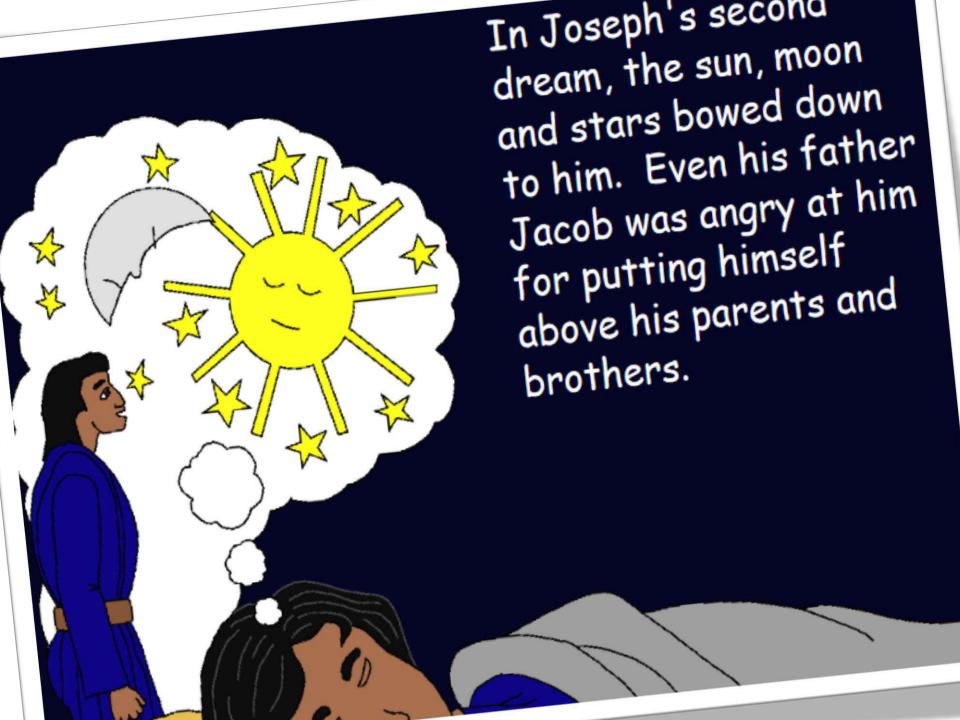
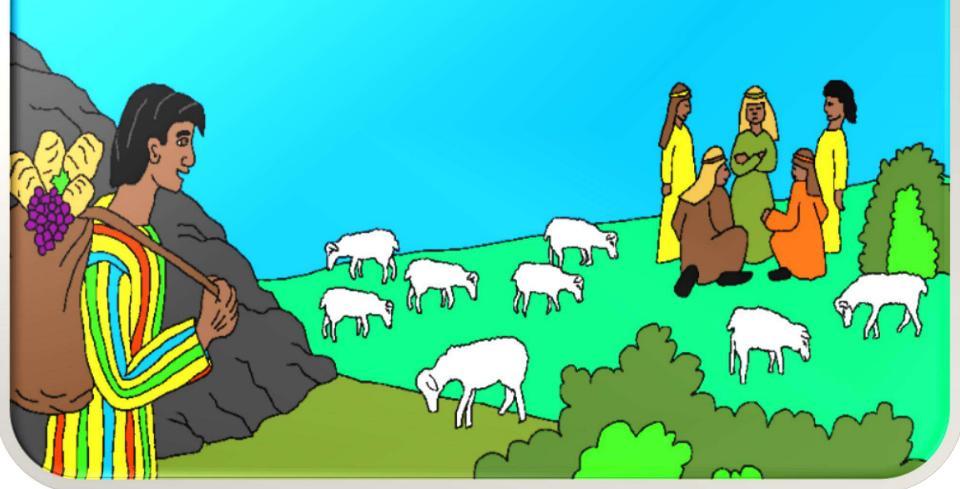


Joseph's brothers became more angry when he told them his dreams. "My sheaf of grain stood tall and my brothers' sheaves bowed in honor," Joseph said. This dream meant Joseph would be more important than his brothers.

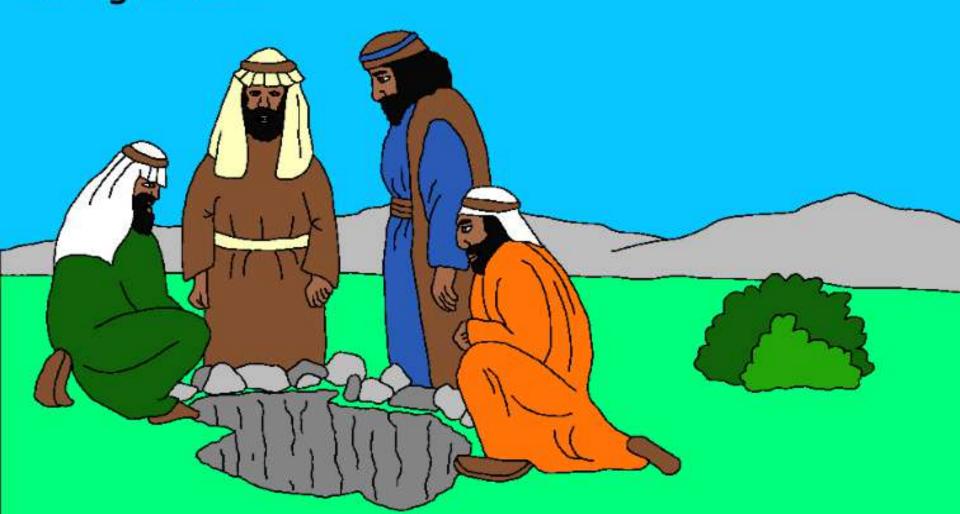




One day Jacob sent Joseph to the field where his brothers tended their flocks. His brothers saw him coming. "Let's kill this dreamer," they muttered. Joseph did not know the danger before him.



Reuben, the oldest brother disagreed. "We must not shed blood," he said. "See, here's a pit. Let him die there!" Reuben planned to rescue Joseph at night-fall.



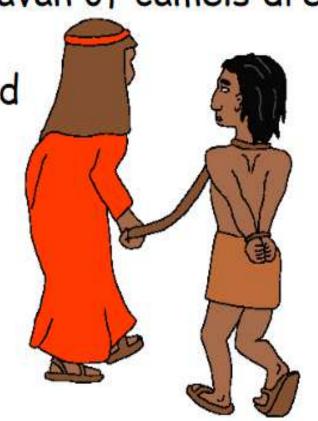


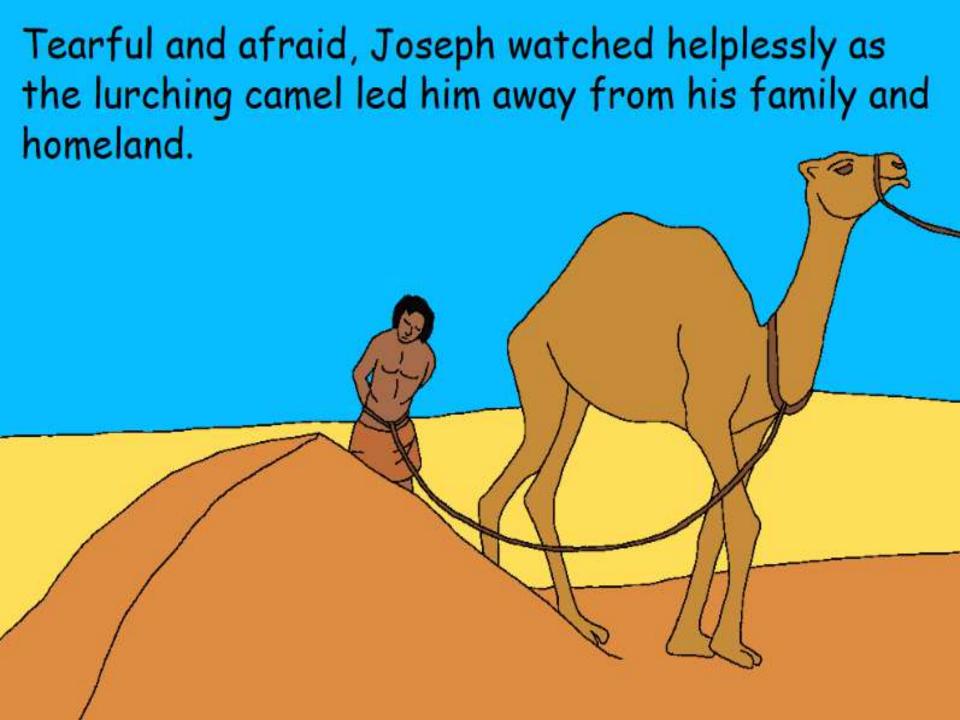
While Reuben was absent, a caravan of camels drew

near on their way to distant
Egypt. "Let's sell Joseph," cried
Judah, his brother. The deal
was made. They sold Joseph

for twenty pieces of silver.





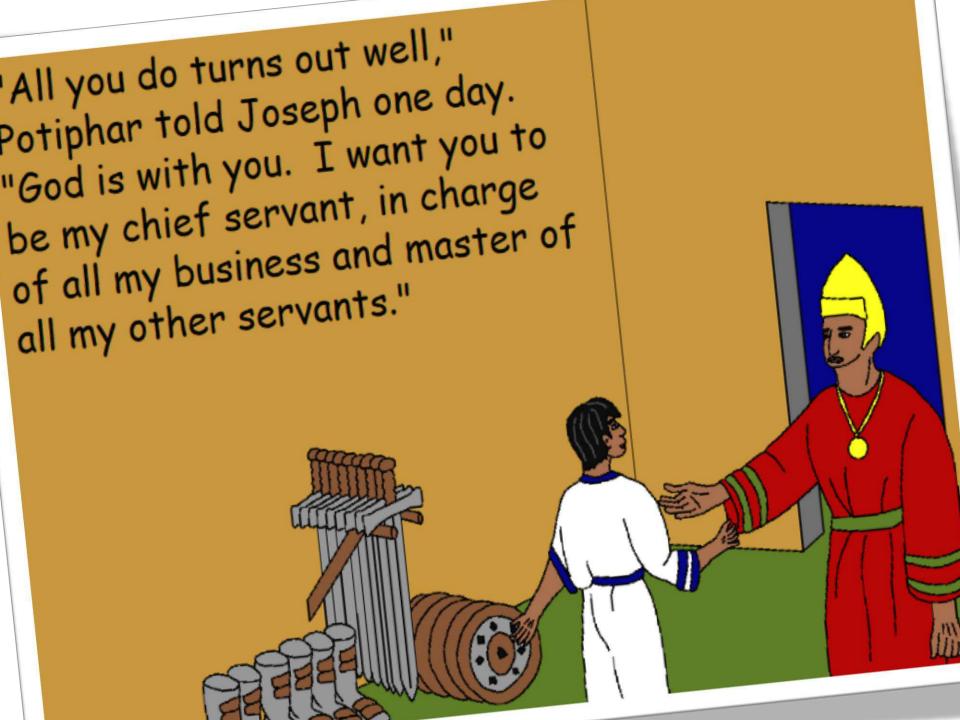


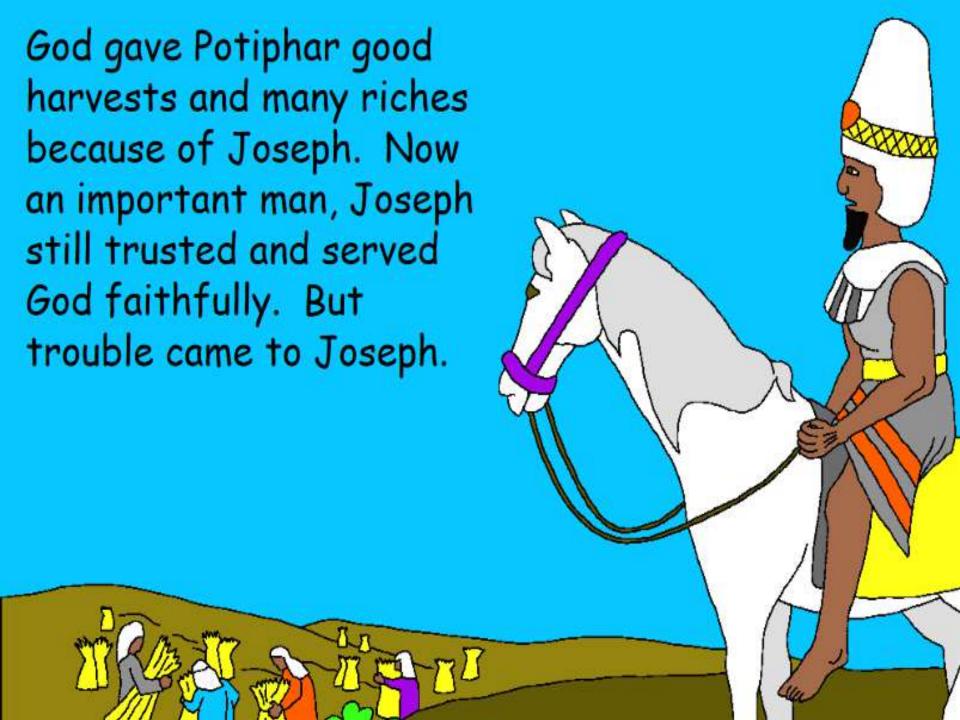


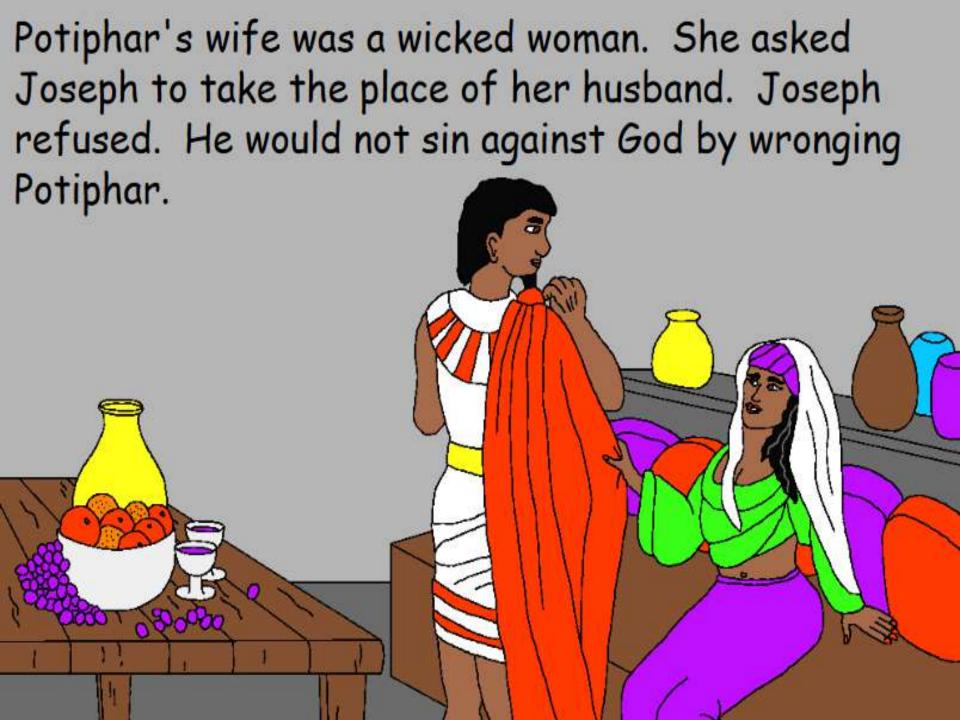
"Is this Joseph's coat? It's bloody. We found it in the desert." The cruel brothers allowed Jacob to believe a wild animal had killed his favorite son. Jacob tore his clothes and mourned. Nobody could comfort him.



In Egypt, Joseph must have been afraid and lonely. Maybe he longed for home. But he could not escape. He was a slave in the house of Potiphar, an important Egyptian. Potiphar saw that Joseph always worked hard and could be trusted.







When the woman tried to force him, he ran. But she caught and held his coat.



"Your slave attacked me," Potiphar's wife complained. "See, here's his coat!" Potiphar was angry. Maybe he knew his wife was lying. But he had to do something. What would he do?

