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The Chicken Farm Fire

The house was on fire, the phone was out and it was up to Carly to go for help!

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Part 2 of 2

She stomped on the gas and we were moving before I could close the door.

"I'm Kay," she said. "You must be the folks that bought Bailey's chicken farm."

"I'm Carly. It's just Mom, my brother and me."

"You need more hands than that to fight a fire," Kay said.

I looked through the cab window at the brown skinned people in the trucks.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"They're migrant workers from Mexico. They come every summer to pick cherries for me."

Kay pulled up to our fence. Her workers poured out of the trucks to attack the blaze.

"This is Kay," I announced to Mom. "You must be an angel," Mom said hoarsely.

"It's what neighbors are for," said Kay grabbing a shovel.

"You did it Carly," said Mom.

Kay's workers looked like bees swarming a hive. They were all over the fire until it stopped burning. When I saw Justin coming toward me, I braced myself.

"Good work, Slowpoke," he said.

"Do you mean it?" I asked.

"Yeah. Did you run into a tree or something?" Justin went on.

"Something like that," I answered. I saw him shake his head as he walked away, but his compliment made me smile.

Later, when the last embers were

snuffed, Mom and I found Kay.

"We can't thank you enough," Mom told Kay.

"You're welcome. It looks like you lost two rooms. We're done harvesting. I'll have Mario's team work here to rebuild your house."

"We can't afford to hire them after just moving in," admitted Mom.

"They work for me," answered Kay.

"We don't have money, just lots of eggs," I mumbled.

"I could use enough eggs for me and my workers for a year. It will pay all you owe," said Kay.

I was thinking fast again. "I could bring the eggs over to Kay's farm every week," I offered.

"Great idea," said Mom, reaching to hug me. Her arm grazed my scraped chin.

"Yeow!" I winced.

"What happened to your chin and knees, Carly?" asked Mom looking me over.

"Oh, I tripped, but I won't be running when I'm carrying the eggs," I answered.

Kay laughed and said, "I would rather scramble them after they're delivered."

"You can count on me," I assured her.

"We can all count on you, Carly," Mom said proudly.

The look in Mom's eyes and the way I felt inside made me think, "Maybe this farm life is going to work out after all."