

# Christopher and the Move

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*The Fehr Family Series – Book 4*



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## Chapter 1

# The Moving Truck

“It’s my turn to ride in the moving truck!” Christopher shouted.

Daddy grinned. “Yes, it is,” he said.

“Yay!” Christopher hurtled onto the truck’s running board, opened the door, and jumped onto the high seat. He leaned out the passenger window and waved to his siblings who were standing on the front steps.

“Have fun, Christopher!” his older sister Megan called. Their youngest brother Joshua stood beside her, waving.

“Bye!” His younger sister Sharilyn waved too.

“Be good helpers,” Daddy instructed as he climbed into the driver’s seat. Uncle John opened the passenger door, and Christopher scooted to the middle seat to make room for him.

“We’ll have to come back for a second load,” Daddy said. He turned the key in the ignition, and the truck roared to life.

Christopher rubbed his hands together, partly from excitement and partly for warmth. Thick gray clouds hung over the bare fields. Maybe it would snow soon!

Christopher bounced in his seat as he studied the lighted gadgets on the dashboard. From the high seat he could look out the windshield and see everything, unlike sitting in the very back seat of their family van where he couldn't see much.

The new house wasn't far away. Fifteen minutes later, Daddy backed the moving truck down the lane and parked it near the shop door. Christopher jumped out after Uncle John.

Daddy heaved open the rolling door of the moving truck, and he and Uncle John began unloading the tools and other things that belonged in the shop.

Christopher scanned the place. A cedar hedge bordered the roomy backyard. Many trees grew there, including two apple trees and two cherry trees. The yard, the shop, the house—everything looked like it belonged to someone else. It was hard to believe that this would be their home now.

"Christopher!" Daddy's voice broke into his thoughts.

“We have a lot of work to do,” Daddy reminded him. “Please put the bikes into the far corner of the shop.”

Christopher scrambled into the back of the truck and grabbed his bike’s handlebars. *Moving is not fun!* he thought, as he wheeled his bike down the ramp.

