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Chapter 1

January

The Lollipop Store

Jon lived on a farm with his father, his mother, and his sister Lucy. Jon was four, and Lucy was five.

Every morning and every evening, Jon and Lucy went to the barn with Father and Mother. They liked to watch Mother milk the cow. They liked to watch Father feed the pigs.

One morning Father found a big mess in the pigpen. Water lay everywhere! The little pigs splashed and played in the mess.

“The water bowl must have overflowed,” Father said. He bent down to have a look. “Something is broken.”

Father looked at Jon. “I must go to town to buy a new water bowl. Do you and Lucy want to go with me?”

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“Oh, yes!” exclaimed Jon. “Lucy is in the house with Mother. I’ll run in to tell her that we may go to town.”

Jon ran to the house. He shouted, “Lucy! Lucy! We may go to town with Father.”

But Lucy was not in the kitchen. “Mother, where is Lucy?” asked Jon.

“Lucy is lying on the couch. She’s not feeling well. I’m afraid she can’t go to town,” Mother answered.

Lucy came to the living room door. She said, “I think I’m better, Mother. I want to go to town.”

Mother put her hand on Lucy’s forehead. “You still have a fever, Lucy, and you do not look better.”

Lucy began to cry. She went to the couch and lay down again.

Jon felt very sorry for his sister. He told Lucy, “Maybe we will go to the lollipop store. Then I’ll get a lollipop for you.”

Lucy gave him a tiny smile. “That would be nice. I would like a green lollipop, please.”

Father came in from the barn. He saw Lucy lying on the couch. “Is something wrong with our Lucy?” he asked.

“She has a fever,” Mother told him. “She cannot go to town with you.”

“That’s too bad,” said Father. Then he looked at Jon. “Let’s get ready. We want to be back from town in time for dinner.”

Jon hurried upstairs to put on his good clothes. By the time Jon was ready, Father had gone outside to hitch up the horse. The horse's name was Jerry. He was big and brown and old. Jerry waited quietly until Father and Jon were in the buggy, then he started walking out the lane.

On the way to town, Jerry trotted slowly. He did not like to go away. He liked better to go home! Jon wished Jerry would hurry. He could hardly wait to get to the lollipop store!

At last they reached town. Father tied Jerry to a hitching post behind the store. Jon thought, *This is not the lollipop store. It is much too big and new. The lollipop store is small and old.*

Inside the store, Father lifted Jon into a cart. Jon got a ride up and down the aisles. Father looked at the list Mother had given him. Into the cart he put cornflakes, flour, and sugar. But Father did not get a water bowl at this store. Jon knew that meant they had to go to another store. Maybe that would be the lollipop store.

Father drove Jerry to another part of town. Again he tied Jerry to a hitching post behind the store. This store looked small and old. Maybe this was the lollipop store!

Father pushed open the old wooden door and stepped inside. *Creak!* went the old wooden floor.

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Jon chuckled to himself. Now he knew! This was the lollipop store. He remembered that the floor always creaked in the lollipop store.

Father did not get a cart here. In fact, this store didn't even have carts. Father and Jon walked down one aisle and up another. Jon saw tools and nails and even some toys, but Father walked past the toys without even looking at them.

At last Father said, "Oh. Here are the water bowls." At least five different kinds of water bowls sat on the shelf. Father looked at each one and read all the labels. He said, "I want a water bowl that will not break soon."

A lady came along and asked, "Can I help you with something?"

"I need to decide which water bowl is best for us," replied Father. So the lady began to tell him things about the water bowls. She talked and talked.

Jon got very tired of hearing about water bowls. He wandered back to the toys. He saw a toy horse and a toy gravel truck. He did not touch the toys though. Father always said, "We touch only the things we plan to buy."

Suddenly Jon heard Father's voice from the front of the store. "Jon! Where are you?" he called.

"I'm here," answered Jon. He hurried to the front of the store. There were the lollipops! They stood in their usual place on the old wooden countertop. But

the lollipops were not old. They looked fresh and delicious—red lollipops, green lollipops, yellow lollipops, and orange lollipops. Jon even saw a purple lollipop.

Jon remembered what would happen, from the last time he was at this store. After Father had paid for everything, the lady behind the counter would look at Jon and say, “Now, young man! Do you need a lollipop today?”

She would hold out those lollipops to Jon and say, “Pick out your color. And do you have some brothers and sisters at home? Take enough for them too.”

Jon licked his lips. He looked and looked at those lollipops. Which would he take? The purple one for himself, and a green one for Lucy? Or should he get an orange or a yellow lollipop?

If only Father would hurry and pay for that water bowl! But no. Father was not finished yet. He and the lady were going to the back of the store again. Jon sighed. *I’m going to stay here*, he decided. *There’s nothing interesting back there.*

He kept on looking at the lollipops. He could almost taste that orange one. And the purple one probably tasted like grapes. *Mmmm.*

Suddenly Jon thought of something. What if the lady forgot to give him a lollipop? What if her head was so full of water bowls that she forgot all about the poor

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little boy who was hungry for a lollipop? That would be terrible.

Maybe Jon could just take a lollipop—maybe an orange one. There were lots of orange lollipops. The lady would never notice if one little orange lollipop was missing.

Jon looked around. He saw nobody. Father and the lady were still at the far end of the store. Slowly, carefully, Jon reached up. His fingers closed around an orange lollipop.

Then Jon heard footsteps. Father and the lady were coming back! Quickly Jon stuffed the orange lollipop into his pants pocket.

The lady was saying, “This water bowl will last the longest.” Father plunked the water bowl onto the counter. The lady punched some numbers on her cash register.

Father got out his wallet and paid for the water bowl. The lady put the water bowl into a big paper bag. She was still talking to Father about another farmer who had bought a water bowl like this.

Father began to walk away. The lady said, “Have a good day.”

She did forget! thought Jon as he followed Father. *It's a good thing I got a lollipop on my own. If I hadn't, I wouldn't have even one lollipop to take home from the lollipop store.*



Father started to open the door. Suddenly the lady called, "Oh! Young man! We forgot the lollipops."

Jon stopped short. What should he do now? He couldn't say, "Thanks. I already have a lollipop."

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If he did, the lady would know that he had taken one on his own.

Father said, "The lady wants to give you a lollipop, Jon. You may go back and get one."

Slowly Jon walked back. As the lady held out the lollipops, she gave Jon a big bright smile. "Which color do you want?" she asked.

Slowly Jon reached for the purple lollipop. "Thank you," he said.

"Do you have any brothers and sisters?" the lady asked. "Take some for them too."

"Jon has one sister," Father told the lady.

"Then take one for your sister," she said. So Jon reached up again and took a green lollipop for Lucy. He tucked it into his pants pocket—but not the same pocket where he had put the orange lollipop!

As Father and Jon started for home, Jerry trotted along briskly. He liked going home.

After a while Father asked, "What color of lollipop did you get, Jon?"

"Purple," he said.

"That'll be good," said Father. "Why don't you taste it?"

"I guess I could," said Jon. For some reason, he wasn't really hungry for a lollipop. But Father had asked why he wasn't eating the lollipop.

Jon pulled the purple lollipop out of his coat pocket. He tugged off the plastic that covered the candy part and licked the purple lollipop. It tasted good, but not nearly as good as he had thought it would.

When Jerry stopped, Jon climbed down from the buggy and trudged to the house. He felt tired. The purple lollipop had made his hands and face sticky. He still hadn't eaten all of it. Fido, the dog, came running to meet Jon, but Jon paid no attention to him.

Lucy opened the door. "Did you go to the lollipop store?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes," said Jon.

"Did you get a lollipop for me?"

"Yes. I got a green one for you." He threw the green lollipop toward Lucy, and it fell on the floor.

Lucy wailed, "Mother! Jon threw my lollipop on the floor!"

Mother came over. "Jon, please pick up Lucy's lollipop and give it to her." Feeling cross, Jon picked up the green lollipop and handed it to Lucy.

Jon thought of the orange lollipop that was in his pants pocket. He said quickly, "I guess I'll go upstairs and put on my everyday clothes." Mother looked surprised. Jon usually had to be told to change his clothes.

Jon ran up to his room. He pulled out the orange lollipop and stared at it. What was he going to do with

it? He wasn't hungry for an orange lollipop at all, and he still had the purple lollipop to finish.

Where could he put the orange lollipop? Mother must never see it. And Jon couldn't eat it. Certainly not right now. Maybe someday he would be hungry for an orange lollipop.

Jon opened his dresser drawer. Lots of neatly folded clothes lay inside the drawer. *I could put the lollipop in this drawer*, Jon said to himself. *I'll put it underneath the clothes, way at the back of the drawer. Nobody will ever see it there.*

Jon pushed the lollipop far, far back. He closed the drawer. Now he felt better.

But *did* Jon feel better? Not really. In fact, he felt cross all evening.

The next day, Jon still wasn't happy. He kept thinking about that orange lollipop in the back corner of his drawer. Jon wished he had never gone to the lollipop store with Father.

Chapter 2

February

Making Things Right

Days passed. Little by little, Jon stopped thinking about the orange lollipop. He never looked into that drawer. He was never hungry for an orange lollipop.

One morning, Mother said, "Today we are going to Grandpa's house."

"Oh, good!" cried Lucy. She clapped her hands, and so did Jon. They liked going across the road to see Grandpa and Grandma.

Mother, Jon, and Lucy walked out the lane. Their feet made tracks in the fresh snow. When they came to the road, Mother said, "We must stop, look, and listen before we cross the road."

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They stopped. Cars and trucks were coming from both directions. At last Mother said, "Now we can go." They all walked quickly across the blacktop road toward Grandpa and Grandma's little green house. Trees grew in front of the house. Behind the house was a small barn where Grandpa kept a horse and some chickens.

Before Mother could knock on the door, Grandma opened it. She smiled at Jon and Lucy. "I'm glad you came," she said. "You may look at books. Mother will help me clean my kitchen."

Jon and Lucy knew where Grandma kept her books. They each chose a book and sat on the couch.

Mother got busy with the ceiling mop. She wanted to wash Grandma's kitchen ceiling for her. Grandma was cleaning the walls. She said to Mother, "Have you heard that Leonard's family is coming?"

Lucy looked up from her book. "Do you mean Uncle Leonard's?"

"Yes," answered Grandma. "They are coming on Saturday. They will stay for two days. They want to visit at your home too."

Lucy gave Jon a little poke. "Did you hear that? Alice and Eli are coming. Do you remember your cousin Eli?"

Jon thought hard. He knew he had some cousins who lived far away. They did not come often.

“Eli is exactly your age,” Lucy told Jon. “And Alice is my age.”

“I’m glad Eli is coming,” said Jon.

When Lucy and Mother and Jon got home, Lucy went to the calendar. “This is February,” she said. “Which day is today, Mother?”

“Today is February 16,” said Mother.

Lucy had another question. “Which day will Uncle Leonard’s family come for dinner?”

Mother pointed to another number block on the calendar. “They will come on February 20.”

Lucy counted the blocks. “One, two, three, four. Jon, we have to sleep four more times before Uncle Leonard’s come.”

Mother gave Jon and Lucy many jobs to do. “You can help get ready for our visitors,” she said.

Soon the four days and four nights were past. Jon stood near the window, watching for Uncle Leonard’s family. They had slept at Grandpa’s house, and now they were coming to Jon’s house for dinner. At last he saw a man, a woman, and two children walking in the lane. “They’re coming!” called Jon.

The boy was Jon’s size. *That must be Eli*, thought Jon. He shivered a little. He had been waiting and waiting for Eli to come, but now he felt a little scared. Even though Eli was his cousin, Jon didn’t know him very well.

Mother and Father went out onto the porch to greet the visitors. Jon went out too. Jon looked at Eli, and Eli looked at Jon. Eli said, "Hello."

"Hello," whispered Jon. Fido came romping onto the porch. He went to Jon and licked his nose. Then he went and licked Eli's nose too.

Eli giggled. "I like your dog," he said.

"Yes, he's nice," Jon said.

Everybody went into the house. The grown-ups talked and talked. Jon got out some toys. He and Eli played until dinnertime.

After dinner Jon asked, "Mother, may we play in the snow?"

"Yes, you may," said Mother.

Jon and Eli had fun in the snow. First they made a snowman. Then Eli said, "Let's play in that snowdrift over there. We could climb up on the doghouse roof and then jump down into the soft snow."

Jon whooped as he leaped off the doghouse roof. Landing in the snow was lots of fun. Fido wanted to join the fun too. When Jon took another leap, Fido bounded up to meet him. Jon lost his balance.

"Ow! Ow!" he cried. "My arm hurts!"

Eli ran to his side. "Where does it hurt?" he asked.

"Here." Jon pointed to his wrist. "Ohhh, it hurts!"

Eli helped Jon to his feet. "Come inside to your mother," he said.

Mother heard Jon crying and saw the boys coming. "What is the matter?" she asked.

"I hurt my arm," Jon whimpered.

Mother told Jon, "Lie here on the couch. I'll get Father."

Soon Father and Uncle Leonard came to look at Jon's arm. They asked him some questions and told him to move his hand.

Jon tried to move his hand, but it hurt too much. "Owww!" he cried.

"I think you need an X-ray," said Father.

Jon was afraid. "What's an X-ray?" he asked.

Father explained, "At the hospital, doctors can take a picture of the bones inside your arm. They can tell whether a bone is broken."

"Ohhh," said Jon. "I don't want to go to the hospital."

Father said kindly, "We need to know whether your arm is broken, Jon. Mother and I will go with you to the hospital."

"What will they do to me if a bone is broken?" Jon asked.

Father smiled. "They will wrap your arm in a hard cast so that the broken bone cannot move. That way it can heal properly so you can use your arm again."

Uncle Leonard said to Father, “We will go back to Grandpa’s house while you take Jon to the hospital.”

Aunt Melinda asked, “Will Lucy go with us to Grandpa’s?”

“If that’s all right with you,” replied Mother.

Jon cried a little on the way to the hospital. His arm hurt. He felt sorry for himself, and he was afraid.

At the hospital, the doctor asked some questions and touched Jon’s wrist gently. “We need to do an X-ray,” he said. They all went to another part of the hospital where Jon had to lie on a table. While the X-ray machine took pictures, he had to hold his arm in different positions. It hurt a little.

The doctor looked at the pictures and said, “Jon, one of the bones in your arm is broken. We will need to put a cast on your arm.”

The doctor wrapped a special kind of cloth tightly around and around Jon’s arm. Soon the cloth turned hard—hard as a rock! Jon had a cast.

As soon as Father and Mother and Jon came home, Father went to Grandpa’s to bring Lucy home. Lucy looked at Jon’s cast. “Did it hurt to get a cast?” she asked.

“It hurt a little,” Jon said. “But I need it to make my arm better.”

The next day was Sunday. Jon said, “I don’t want to go to church. I can’t wear a coat with this cast on my arm.”

