A Message from Aunt Carole & Uncle Dan

Ahhhh, summertime! No school! Plenty of time to get together with friends! Lots of time to do all the things you enjoy! We hope you’re having a great summer, but if you do happen to get bored, we have a suggestion. Just look around our website and locate the Adventures in the Holy Bible course. Sign up and get started. We know you’ll love it, just like thousands of other kids--it’s free and it’s fun!
Jay stopped on the steep dirt path, opened the battered wicker fishing bag and peeked at the four large trout. He grinned, “These will taste good, huh, Grandpa?” He closed the bag, and they returned to the old cabin.

Placing the bag in the shade, Jay helped load their sleeping bags and supplies in the back of the pickup. “I’m glad your friend Bill let us come up to this cabin. I wish we could stay here all summer.”

“Grandpa, how come Bill leaves groceries and stuff here in the cabin and doesn’t lock it up? Won’t someone steal everything?” There was no lock, only an old hasp fitting. A stick, which had been slid through the hasp, kept the door closed.

“Bill used to have a rider who lived up here in the summer and looked after the cows, but that was a long time ago. Now he keeps the cabin stocked with food, blankets and water. If someone gets caught in a storm or has an emergency, they can find shelter here. That’s why we chopped extra wood and left it inside where it will stay dry. It would take a low-down sort of fellow to steal from one of these cabins.”

Grandpa chuckled, “Besides, this road up here is just an old cow-path trail. That’s what Bill always called it. You need a vehicle with four-wheel drive or a horse to make the climb.”

Jay sighed. “I’m glad you brought me up here. Maybe when I’m 18 and out of school I’ll come and work on Bill’s ranch. I’ll only have to wait seven more years.”

“Seven years seems like a long time, Jay, but it goes by fast. Now that I’ve retired from the forest service, we’ll be able to do more things together in summer when you come to visit.”

Grandpa glanced at his watch. “It’s only four o’clock. If we start back to Lorton now, we’ll meet logging trucks and forest service rigs all the way. Tell you what—we’ll fry these trout now and have a snack. By the time we make the trip home, we’ll be good and hungry again, so we can do justice to Grandma’s supper. She’ll be expecting us about six.”

They finished packing their gear and cleaned the cabin, leaving it ready for the next user. Grandpa looked around and found an old portable gas camp stove.

“No need to build a fire in the cook stove,” he said. “We wouldn’t want to go away and leave it burning. We’ll use this instead.” Grandpa sloshed the fuel holder and fitted it to the stove. Jay ran to get a skillet from the pickup.

Just as he reached for the door of the pickup, Jay heard a loud bang. Grandpa yelled in pain and surprise. Jay turned to see Grandpa quickly plunging his hands and burning sleeves into a bucket of water.

“Quick, Jay, throw dirt on the fire,” called Grandpa. Jay shoveled dirt until the fire was out. Grandpa pulled his hands from the water. Big blisters covered his hands and wrists. The skin was already peeling away.

Grandpa was calm. “Jay, listen carefully. I can’t drive with these hands. I may pass out from the shock of the burns. You’ll have to drive to the gravel road. It’s winding and narrow and awful steep. But the pickup is in four-wheel drive, and you’ve practiced shifting gears. I think you can drive it. Our only chance is to get to the road and find someone to take me to the hospital. Help me get in the pickup and wrap a blanket around me, so I won’t chill.”

Jay was scared. Grandpa was white and sweating, groaning with pain. Jay got Grandpa into the seat of the pickup and packed the sleeping bags around him to hold him steady.

“Do the best you can,” Grandpa
said. “Keep it in the lowest gear and use the brakes when you need them. I’ll try and stay awake, but if I pass out and you don’t think you can make it, get out and leave me and walk to the road.”

“Please don’t die, Grandpa,” Jay said as he put the pickup in low gear and stepped on the gas. The clutch grabbed, and the pickup stalled. He tried again. This time the pickup lurched forward. He had to lean forward to see over the steering wheel. He tried to keep the gas pedal steady and steer around the sharp corners.

Keeping the gas even and pushing on the brakes at the right time was harder than he thought it would be. Several times he drove off the rutty dirt road, but managed to steer it back. His arms ached. He wanted to stop and rest his shaking legs, but knew he had to keep moving.

He came to the steepest place, wondering if he should get out and run downhill to the road to get help, but decided he would try and make it down.

He kept the brakes pushed down, letting up enough so they wouldn’t burn out. The pickup slid and bounced. Finally the road leveled out, and Jay knew he had it under control again. Soon he came to the gravel road. He heaved a sigh of relief, jumped out and stood in the road.

A green forest service truck with two men in it came around the corner. Jay waved his arms and shouted. The driver stopped. “It’s Grandpa,” Jay yelled. “He’s hurt bad. Help me, please!”

The driver hopped out and ran to Jay. He immediately recognized Jay’s grandpa. He turned to the other man. “Hank, you get in and drive John’s pickup. The boy can help hold him. I’ll follow you in case you have trouble. I’ll call ahead and let traffic know we’re coming through—and I’ll alert the hospital and call John’s wife.”

Hank was impressed when Jay told him he’d driven the pickup from the old cabin. “You’re pretty young to drive a pickup. I’m surprised you made it. Those hairpin turns have scared grown men, including me.”

Jay was still shaking. “Do you think he’ll be OK, Hank?”

“Well, he has some bad burns to get over, but your grandpa is tough.”

When they arrived at the hospital, an emergency team was waiting for them. They placed Grandpa on a stretcher and hurried him inside for treatment. Grandma had already made it to the hospital and was waiting.

Four frogs were sitting on lily pads in the middle of a pond. “Well, what have we here?” asked Fred, the first frog, inspecting himself proudly. “Another wart. How lovely.”

Jed puffed himself up. “I bet I have more warts than you do.”

“How many, hot stuff?” asked Fred.

“Well, I don’t rightly know,” said Jed. “But I do know I have four more warts than Ned.”

“Well, Ned has two less warts than Ted. But what about you, Fred?”

“I don’t know. I have three more warts than Ted, and he has five warts.”

**HOW MANY WARTS DOES EACH FROG HAVE?**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FRED</th>
<th>TED</th>
<th>NED</th>
<th>JED</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

(Solution on page 19.)
Clubhouse Kids

The Tramp

Searching in my old ragged pocket, 
Hoping for a penny or two 
As my fingers get lost in the holes, 
Trying to find their way through.

The frigid, icy evening breeze, 
Wailing into my face, 
Its prickly sting, biting my cheeks 
While others nap in satin and lace.

The sights of shelter surround me. 
Houses are filled with heat, 
With crackling fires and steaming suppers, 
But for now, I live on the street.

My hands are wrinkled with veins, 
And itches build up in my throat. 
Others are being healed, 
As I freeze in my torn coat.

Ringing church bells nearby 
Yell and accuse the small city, 
But beside my numb feet 
Sleeps a small kitty.

–by Danielle Vasilescu, France

Sparky

Sparky is my lovable pet, 
He sure is a dandy. 
He sleeps all day and all night, 
And he eats everything
From spaghetti to candy.

–by Pam Sievert, WI

I Love You

I love you, Jesus, 
’Cause you love me. 
And Jesus, I’ll be 
What you want me to be.

–by Jennifer Knighten, OR

Q: What kind of food is crazy about money?
A: Because they can’t keep their trunks up.

Q: Why aren’t elephants allowed at the beach?
A: Because they can’t keep their trunks up.

A Prisoner was running down a street yelling, 
“I’m free! I’m free!”

A little boy was walking down the street saying, “So what—I’m four!”
Bible Snapshots

Based on God Cares by Doris Burdick

Illustrated by Dean Whitney

Paul has been arrested for preaching about Jesus and is being sent to Rome as a prisoner. But as a Roman citizen he can take along a doctor and a servant, so Luke and Aristarchus go along. Everything looks fine as they near Myra.

For 14 days the ship is tossed and battered in a ferocious storm. They throw cargo overboard to lighten the load and take down the sail, but to no avail. Paul says all aboard will be safe. The ship, however, will be lost.

Once they reach Crete, Paul, as a seasoned traveler, advises the sailors to stay in port for the winter, but they want to get to a better port before stopping. So they set off again but trouble strikes almost immediately.

When the ship begins to sink, the soldiers threaten to kill the prisoners so none will escape, but Julius the Centurian, orders everyone to swim for shore. “And so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land.”

Where to find the story: Acts:27.

Puzzle Power

1. Word Search: In the puzzle below, find the words from the story listed below by searching up, down, left, right and diagonally:
   CENTURION, CITIZEN, CRETE, DIE, DOCKED, END, ESCAPED, JULIUS, LUKE, MYRA, PORT, PRISONERS, ROME, SAIL, SERVANT, SHIPWRECK, STORM, SWIMMING, WINTER, YEAR.

2. Find the answer: You will have a number of letters that were not marked out when you located the above words. Circle each of these letters. Then start at the top and moving across each line from left to right, write the letters in the blanks provided. You will then discover the answer to this question: How did Paul know that all aboard the ship would be safe?

   S H I P W R E C K A R
   R W I N T E R O M E E
   C I T I Z E N N S N
   N R E M A N N G U E O
   E S N M E D I L R S T
   
   Solution on pg. 19.

3. Things to think about: If you knew that you could be arrested for telling others about Jesus, would you be brave enough to do it anyway? Are you sometimes afraid your friends will make fun of you or think you’re a little “crazy” if you share your faith? If you were on a cruise ship in a violent storm and the captain told you that the ship was breaking up, how worried would you be? What would you do? Would you believe anybody, including an angel, if they told you that everyone aboard would be safe?
Most people claim that fish don’t have hearts, but I know...I know that Eva has a place in her little, fishy heart for me.

It all happened the summer that 12 of us children were sent from a boarding school to Mallorca for summer camp. We were like a dozen brothers and sisters, looking out for each other, playing together and growing up together. All we knew was that we were on a dot of land in the Mediterranean Sea.

We swam all day in the clear water and explored the caves in Caveman’s Cove. We were pirates and mermaids. We were famous sea shell finders and castle-makers. We gulped up each sunny day, and a lot of our time was spent watching two small fish in the lagoon. They were behind a circle of rocks in a very deeply hidden cove. The water was lime green and deliciously salty. I could see perfectly with my underwater mask.

We visited the two fish every day and watched them in their special underwater world. How we spied on them! Then one day we discovered that our two fish had a...baby fish swimming around and around behind the circle of rocks. They had become mothers! We all laughed for a long time when Nicole, my best friend, named one of them Birtha.

But for the beautiful black fish, the only name that suited her was Eva. She was the most beautiful creature that I had ever seen! She was jet black, but she had brightly-colored dots all over
her; green, yellow, blue and pink. She was graceful and so feminine. She had long, slender tail fins that burst into many wispy, long tendrils. She was Eva, and I loved her.

Late one afternoon it was cold and windy, and as I walked out of the cabin door, bundled up in a comfy cotton sweat shirt, I decided I was not going to stick any more than my tiptoe in the water. I sat on the rocks and threw pebbles watching the smooth, little stones sink almost to the bottom. I tried to send a message to Birtha and Eva to explain that I wouldn’t be visiting them today.

Then I saw them! Towards the front of the cave, in between the circle of rocks, were our two beautiful fish! But they were lying on their sides and on top of the water! I jumped up and ran as fast as I could go to find everybody. Nikki and the others were eating Bimbo cakes in front of the television when I came in, screaming. We all ran to Caveman’s Cove.

When we reached the lagoon, Nikki and I jumped into the water and swam to the circle of rocks. I remember that I didn’t even feel the cold of the water! Only Birtha was floating on the water, and Nikki reached her first. She touched Birtha and cried, “She’s dead! Birtha’s dead!” And she was. Birtha’s eyes were like two misty glass marbles. Her gills did not go in and out. Her fins did not move from side to side.

No one made a sound. All that could be heard was the silence of the Mallorcan sun dipping into the cool Mediterranean Sea.

I splashed around and stuck my face into the water. I blew bubbles and looked for beautiful Eva. I saw her sinking like a pearl to the bottom. I grabbed her and gently brought her to the surface. I held her upright and glided her through the water, trying to force water through her gills. I guided her out of the circle of rocks which had become the tombstones of her companion Birtha.

All the little baby fish were swimming around us in a frenzy. They were frightened! We were frightened! Eva was dying! What could I do? A 10-year-old who learned a little mouth-to-mouth resuscitation in Girl Scouts didn’t know much about resuscitating a fish.

I prayed, “Dear God, please help me to save Eva!” I glided her into deeper water. I was standing on the algae ledge before the big drop-off into the deep water of the sea. I was hoping that she could see her babies down below and get a surge of will to live. I stroked her gently. She looked so beautiful. How could she be dying? Her black fins were like silk, and the colors of her scales were phosphorescent.

I walked, bent-over with her between my hands. I was her motor power. All she had to do was build up her own will power. “Come on, Eva, come on,” I whispered.

The others were sitting down now, talking among themselves. Someone shouted, “Is she going to live?” And someone else called out, “Is she going to die?”

I couldn’t reply, because all of my strength was flowing into an eight-inch fish. I wanted to thank her. I knew that she knew we had all been spying on all of them in their underwater world. We had been so curious! We learned so much from watching them—to respect and love sea animals. We had been so awed by the two of them and by their families. They could breathe under the water! We had tried to copy the way they swam with fins and snorkel and mask. I guess that I had loved Eva in some way before. But I know I love her in a deep, special way now. “Live, Eva, live,” I begged.

Nikki and the others were bent over the rocks, holding their knees and staring in anticipation. Suddenly, Eva squirmed a little bit in my hands. “She moved!” I screamed. Shouts and cheers went up from everyone.

She began to move a little more. My back was hurting, and my legs were blue from the cold. But I kept walking with her so that oxygen would flow through her gills. Then, magically, after a long time, a spark was ignited inside of her. She gently wriggled free from my hands and went down deep into the water to join her babies.

I’ll never forget that moment as long as I live. It was like we had both been freed. I breathed very deeply and dove under the water. I tried to see her, but without my mask, the salt water stung my eyes. I surfaced, climbed the rocks to the ledge, and then we went inside to have some dinner.

The next day I had to leave very early and go to the other side of the island. An old aunt had come to visit me, and she was staying at a hotel. The taxi came and took me away before I could go to the sea and look for Eva!

I had to stay with my Auntie for 10 days. But I got letters from Nikki, and she and everybody said that Eva
would come to the circle of rocks every day and circle around and around. Nikki wrote that she was sure Eva was looking for me! I missed her so much!

When I returned the tenth day, as soon as the driver stopped the car, I ran from the taxicab with my mask and snorkel to the cove. I was all out of breath when I found Nikki crouched down, watching beautiful Eva swimming around the circle of rocks. She seemed bigger, and she was more beautiful than ever!

I climbed down the rocks and waded out to her. She swam around my feet and between my legs, and she touched my toes! She was so happy, and I was happy.

“She’s been waiting here for you!” Nikki said. I put on my mask and lowered myself into the water. I just looked at her through the mask. I could see her perfectly, and she was looking at me. We stared at each other for a long time. I could breathe easily under the water with my snorkel, and there were bubbles bursting all around.

She moved closer until she was touching the front of the glass of my mask with her fish face. We both had brown eyes! Hers were bigger and rounder and filled with water from the sea, while mine were filled with salty tears. I wouldn’t see her ever again! Summer was over, and we would be leaving that very day for school, which would start very soon.

I blinked my eyes twice and surfaced. I climbed to the top of the ledge and looked down for one last time. Eva’s fins waved in the water. I waved back, sadly, and turned to go. "Goodbye, Eva," I whispered softly. "Goodbye, my beautiful friend."

—

Before the first rays of the sun touched the village, everyone was wide awake. Campfires burned brightly in the dusky morning, and the last stars were fast disappearing from the sky.

The men of the village gathered around the fire and tightened their bowstrings. The women wrapped dried fruit in buckskin pouches for the men to eat on the hunt. Excited dogs barked wildly, while the children raced through camp, pretending they were chasing deer.

In the whole village only Two Feathers lay in bed, huddled under his buffalo robe. He closed his eyes tightly when he remembered the shame of the night before.
At every turn he expected to scare up a deer, but the only living thing he saw was a young jackrabbit that bounded into a clump of bushes.

By noon Two Feathers stood at the very top of Thunder Mountain. Looking back down into the valley, he saw a wisp of smoke curling up from the fires of his village. Then he looked down into Quail Valley that lay on the opposite side of the mountain. Watching very carefully, he saw that there were many men walking on the path towards the mountain. They weren't men from his village. Two Feathers knew, because the hunters had gone in the other direction.

Two Feathers sat absolutely still—only his eyes moved as he watched the men. When they were part way up Thunder Mountain, Two Feathers could see the red and yellow war paint coloring their faces. They carried many weapons, and they were following the path that led straight toward Two Feathers' village.

"What can I do?" Two Feathers whispered as he remembered his grandfather telling him about enemy warriors who raided and burned other villages. With all the men of my village hunting, Two Feathers thought, it's up to me to save the women and children.

He ran towards home, slipping and sliding down the steep mountain. When he reached the village, he raced among the tents shouting, "Enemy warriors are coming!" The women's eyes widened with fear, and the children cried softly. Quickly, Two Feathers piled dirt on the campfires, until not a spark was left burning. Then he gathered everyone together and led them to the stream. "Walk to the beginning of the water. There you will find a cave. Hide there until I come for you," he ordered.

Two Feathers watched the women and children sloshing upstream. He knew they would leave no tracks in the water, and the enemy could not follow them. Then he broke a limb from a pine tree and swept every inch of the ground, so the enemy could not see the tracks where the women and children had walked to the stream. Next he went through the entire village, swish-swishing the pine limb, sweeping away every last track.

Satisfied he had erased all the signs, both in and around the camp, Two Feathers climbed high into a leafy willow tree. When he was well hidden, he settled on a sturdy limb and waited for the enemy warriors to come.

Before long he heard the crunch of footsteps. "No fires are burning," a deep voice boomed. "The people of this village have moved on."

"They left no traces," another voice said. "There isn't a footprint left in camp."

"Let's go home," the first voice said. Two Feathers listened as the sound of their footsteps faded away down the path. The enemy was gone.

But still, Two Feathers did not go to the cave where the women and children were hidden. Instead, he climbed to the top of Thunder Mountain and watched. Only when he saw the enemy warriors deep in Quail Valley was Two Feathers sure his village was safe.

He hurried down the steep slope of Thunder Mountain. His brother and the other men were already in the village when he got there. Several of the men were searching the soft earth for tracks.

"There are strange moccasin tracks in camp," Yellow Moon said. "It's true—the enemy was here," Two Feathers said. "But I have hidden every woman and every child—the enemy never found them."

That night Two Feathers sat beside the crackling fire and ate with the men instead of the children. Again and again he was asked to tell how he had seen the enemy and how he had saved the village.

Yellow Moon stood up and said, "On our next hunt Two Feathers will be welcome."

"So be it," said Big Bear, and all the men of the village nodded their heads in agreement.

Then the chief stood up and raised his hand. When everyone was silent, he said, "Today Two Feathers proved he was brave. The chief took a necklace of curved eagle claws from around his own neck and slipped it over Two Feathers' head.

Then the chief said, "From this day on you will be known as Brave Eagle. For as an eagle sees well from on high, so you also saw the enemy from high atop Thunder Mountain."

The women and children all cheered. And from that day on, when anyone saw an eagle soaring in the sky, they thought of little Two Feathers. And they remembered the day when he saved the women and children and earned his new name.
RIDE TO REMEMBER cont.

“You did a man’s job, Jay. How did you know how to drive that big pickup down the mountain?”

“I’ve watched Grandpa drive, and I tried to remember what he told me. I knew I had to get him down to the road, or he might die of shock.”

Grandma nodded.

“Grandma,” said Jay. “This morning Grandpa and I prayed for God to watch over us through the day. I was so busy with gears and braking on those sharp corners that I forgot to pray, but God must have helped me anyway. He guided me down the mountain.”

Later, when Grandpa had been treated and was safe in a hospital bed, Jay and Grandma entered the room quietly. Pain medication had made Grandpa drowsy, but his eyes brightened when he saw Jay. “You did real good, Jay. I’ll ride with you anytime.”

“Make that two of us,” said the doctor as he entered the room. Your grandpa is lucky you were there. If he’d been alone, he could have died up there from the shock of the burns. You used a lot of good sense today—I’m proud to know you, young man.”

Later at home, Grandma asked Jay to call his parents and tell them the story. His father listened and then said, “Jay, we were led by the Lord to remember you in a special prayer this morning. We asked that He would be near you today for any needs you might have. We didn’t know it would be such a big need!”

“Neither did I, Dad,” Jay smiled. “And by the way, don’t worry. I think I’m done driving for awhile—at least until I’m old enough to get a license!”

Something to Think About
1. Have you ever felt as if God was by your side helping you in an emergency?
2. Do you think God answers prayers for protection?

Rainy Day Word Find
By Linda J. Hubbard
How many three and four letter words can you make from the letters in:
RAINY DAYS?
Scoring: 3-5 words—FAIR; 6-12 words—GOOD; 13-18 words—EXCELLENT; 19 or more—A REAL HERO!

See some of the possible words below. Did you find even more?!

RAIN, RAIN, RAIN
SMRI, AMRI, RAIN, AID
ARD, RAIN, RAIN, CITY

Secret words: AN ANGEL TOLD PAUL.

Rainy Day Word Find

Puzzle Power

FROG WARTS
FRED-8, TED-5, NED-3, JED-7

Q: Why was the mother moth surprised to see her child cry??

Because she’d never seen a moth bawl.

Secret words: AN ANGEL TOLD PAUL.

Please send me Adventures in the Your Story Hour -- P.O. Box  15
Berrien Springs, MI  49103
A Message from Aunt Carole & Uncle Dan

Ahhhh, summertime! No school! Plenty of time to get together with friends! Lots of time to do all the things you enjoy! We hope you’re having a great summer, but if you do happen to get bored, we have a suggestion. Just look around our website and locate the Adventures in the Holy Bible course. Sign up and get started. We know you’ll love it, just like thousands of other kids--it’s free and it’s fun!
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“Grandpa, how come Bill leaves groceries and stuff here in the cabin and doesn’t lock it up? Won’t someone steal everything?” There was no lock, only an old hasp fitting. A stick, which had been slid through the hasp, kept the door closed.

“Bill used to have a rider who lived up here in the summer and looked after the cows, but that was a long time ago. Now he keeps the cabin stocked with food, blankets and water. If someone gets caught in a storm or has an emergency, they can find shelter here. That’s why we chopped extra wood and left it inside where it will stay dry. It would take a low-down sort of fellow to steal from one of these cabins.”

Grandpa chuckled, “Besides, this road up here is just an old cow-path trail. That’s what Bill always called it. You need a vehicle with four-wheel drive or a horse to make the climb.”

Jay sighed. “I’m glad you brought me up here. Maybe when I’m 18 and out of school I’ll come and work on Bill’s ranch. I’ll only have to wait seven more years.”

“Seven years seems like a long time, Jay, but it goes by fast. Now that I’ve retired from the forest service, we’ll be able to do more things together in summer when you come to visit.”

Grandpa glanced at his watch. “It’s only four o’clock. If we start back to Lorton now, we’ll meet logging trucks and forest service rigs all the way. Tell you what—we’ll fry these trout now and have a snack. By the time we make the trip home, we’ll be good and hungry again, so we can do justice to Grandma’s supper. She’ll be expecting us about six.”

They finished packing their gear and cleaned the cabin, leaving it ready for the next user. Grandpa looked around and found an old portable gas camp stove.

“No need to build a fire in the cook stove,” he said. “We wouldn’t want to go away and leave it burning. We’ll use this instead.” Grandpa sloshed the fuel holder and fitted it to the stove. Jay ran to get a skillet from the pickup.

Just as he reached for the door of the pickup, Jay heard a loud bang. Grandpa yelled in pain and surprise. Jay turned to see Grandpa quickly plunging his hands and burning sleeves into a bucket of water.

“Quick, Jay, throw dirt on the fire,” called Grandpa. Jay shoveled dirt until the fire was out. Grandpa pulled his hands from the water. Big blisters covered his hands and wrists. The skin was already peeling away.

Grandpa was calm. “Jay, listen carefully. I can’t drive with these hands. I may pass out from the shock of the burns. You’ll have to drive to the gravel road. It’s winding and narrow and awful steep. But the pickup is in four-wheel drive, and you’ve practiced shifting gears. I think you can drive it. Our only chance is to get to the road and find someone to take me to the hospital. Help me get in the pickup and wrap a blanket around me, so I won’t chill.”

Jay was scared. Grandpa was white and sweating, groaning with pain. Jay got Grandpa into the seat of the pickup and packed the sleeping bags around him to hold him steady.

“Do the best you can,” Grandpa
said. “Keep it in the lowest gear and use the brakes when you need them. I'll try and stay awake, but if I pass out and you don’t think you can make it, get out and leave me and walk to the road.”

“Please don’t die, Grandpa,” Jay said as he put the pickup in low gear and stepped on the gas. The clutch grabbed, and the pickup stalled. He tried again. This time the pickup lurched forward. He had to lean forward to see over the steering wheel. He tried to keep the gas pedal steady and steer around the sharp corners.

Keeping the gas even and pushing on the brakes at the right time was harder than he thought it would be. Several times he drove off the rutty dirt road, but managed to steer it back. His arms ached. He wanted to stop and rest his shaking legs, but knew he had to keep moving.

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A green forest service truck with two men in it came around the corner. Jay waved his arms and shouted. The driver stopped. “It’s Grandpa,” Jay yelled. “He’s hurt bad. Help me, please!”

The driver hopped out and ran to Jay. He immediately recognized Jay’s grandpa. He turned to the other man. “Hank, you get in and drive John’s pickup. The boy can help hold him. I’ll follow you in case you have trouble. I’ll call ahead and let traffic know we’re coming through—and I’ll alert the hospital and call John’s wife.”

Hank was impressed when Jay told him he’d driven the pickup from the old cabin. “You’re pretty young to drive a pickup. I’m surprised you made it. Those hairpin turns have scared grown men, including me.”

Jay was still shaking. “Do you think he’ll be OK, Hank?”

“Well, he has some bad burns to get over, but your grandpa is tough.”

When they arrived at the hospital, an emergency team was waiting for them. They placed Grandpa on a stretcher and hurried him inside for treatment. Grandma had already made it to the hospital and was waiting.

Four frogs were sitting on lily pads in the middle of a pond. “Well, what have we here?” asked Fred, the first frog, inspecting himself proudly. “Another wart. How lovely.”

Jed puffed himself up. “I bet I have more warts than you do.”

“How many, hot stuff?” asked Fred.

“Well, I don’t rightly know,” said Jed. “But I do know I have four more warts than Ned.”

“Well, Ned has two less warts than Ted. But what about you, Fred?”

“I don’t know. I have three more warts than Ted, and he has five warts.”

HOW MANY WARTS DOES EACH FROG HAVE?
The Tramp

Searching in my old ragged pocket,
Hoping for a penny or two
As my fingers get lost in the holes,
Trying to find their way through.

The frigid, icy evening breeze,
Wailing into my face,
Its prickly sting, biting my cheeks
While others nap in satin and lace.

The sights of shelter surround me.
Houses are filled with heat,
With crackling fires and steaming suppers,
But for now, I live on the street.

My hands are wrinkled with veins,
And itches build up in my throat.
Others are being healed,
As I freeze in my torn coat.

Ringing church bells nearby
Yell and accuse the small city,
But beside my numb feet
Sleeps a small kitty.

- by Danielle Vasilescu, France

Sparky

Sparky is my lovable pet,
He sure is a dandy.
He sleeps all day and all night,
And he eats everything
From spaghetti to candy.

-by Pam Sievert, WI

Q: What kind of food is crazy about money?

BOY: Did you hear about the woman who married a banker, an actor, a preacher and then an undertaker?

GIRL: No, what happened?
Why did she marry four times?

BOY: One for the money, two for the show, three to get ready and four to go!

I Love You

I love you, Jesus,
'Cause you love me.
And Jesus, I'll be
What you want me to be.

-by Jennifer Knighten, OR

Sparky is my lovable pet,
He sure is a dandy.
He sleeps all day and all night,
And he eats everything
From spaghetti to candy.

-by Pam Sievert, WI

A Prisoner was running down a street yelling, “I'm free! I'm free!”

A little boy was walking down the street saying, “So what—I'm four!”

Send your poem, drawing or joke to: Clubhouse
P. O. Box 15
Berrien Springs, MI 49103.

(If you submit a picture, be sure it is on white paper without lines. Otherwise we won’t be able to use it.)
Where to find the story: Acts:27.

Paul has been arrested for preaching about Jesus and is being sent to Rome as a prisoner. But as a Roman citizen he can take along a doctor and a servant, so Luke and Aristarchus go along. Everything looks fine as they near Myra.

For 14 days the ship is tossed and battered in a ferocious storm. They throw cargo overboard to lighten the load and take down the sail, but to no avail. Paul says all aboard will be safe. The ship, however, will be lost.

Once they reach Crete, Paul, as a seasoned traveler, advises the sailors to stay in port for the winter, but they want to get to a better port before stopping. So they set off again but trouble strikes almost immediately.

When the ship begins to sink, the soldiers threaten to kill the prisoners so none will escape, but Julius the Centurian, orders everyone to swim for shore. “And so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land.”

Puzzle Power

1. Word Search: In the puzzle below, find the words from the story listed below by searching up, down, left, right and diagonally: CENTURION, CITIZEN, CRETE, DIE, DOCKED, END, ESCAPED, JULIUS, LUKE, MYRA, PORT, PRISONERS, ROME, SAIL, SERVANT, SHIPWRECK, STORM, SWIMMING, WINTER, YEAR.

2. Find the answer: You will have a number of letters that were not marked out when you located the above words. Circle each of these letters. Then start at the top and moving across each line from left to right, write the letters in the blanks provided. You will then discover the answer to this question: How did Paul know that all aboard the ship would be safe?


Solution on pg. 19.

3. Things to think about: If you knew that you could be arrested for telling others about Jesus, would you be brave enough to do it anyway? Are you sometimes afraid your friends will make fun of you or think you’re a little “crazy” if you share your faith? If you were on a cruise ship in a violent storm and the captain told you that the ship was breaking up, how worried would you be? What would you do? Would you believe anybody, including an angel, if they told you that everyone aboard would be safe?
A Foal Is

By Bruce Bash, Illustrated by Jim Bowser

A foal is two eyes
And one rounded nose,
Quivery muscles,
Hard hooves for toes.
A foal is a neck
All fuzzy and thin,
A bundle of energy
Bursting within.
A foal is a tail,
A mane stubby-short,
Two soft twitchy ears,
A squeal and a snort.
A foal is a friend
That nuzzles and begs.
A foal is a whinny,
But mostly it’s legs.

Eva, The Beautiful Fish

By Monique Morrow
Illustrated by Sharon Stock

Most people claim that fish don’t have hearts, but I know...I know that Eva has a place in her little, fishy heart for me.

It all happened the summer that 12 of us children were sent from a boarding school to Mallorca for summer camp. We were like a dozen brothers and sisters, looking out for each other, playing together and growing up together. All we knew was that we were on a dot of land in the Mediterranean Sea.

We swam all day in the clear water and explored the caves in Caveman’s Cove. We were pirates and mermaids. We were famous sea shell finders and castle-makers. We gulped up each sunny day, and a lot of our time was spent watching two small fish in the lagoon. They were behind a circle of rocks in a very deeply hidden cove. The water was lime green and deliciously salty. I could see perfectly with my underwater mask.

We visited the two fish every day and watched them in their special underwater world. How we spied on them! Then one day we discovered that our two fish had a... baby fish swimming around and behind the circle of rocks. They had become mothers! We all laughed for a long time when Nicole, my best friend, named one of them Birtha.

But for the beautiful black fish, the only name that suited her was Eva. She was the most beautiful creature that I had ever seen! She was jet black, but she had brightly-colored dots all over.
her: green, yellow, blue and pink. She was graceful and so feminine. She had long, slender tail fins that burst into many wispy, long tendrils. She was Eva, and I loved her.

Late one afternoon it was cold and windy, and as I walked out of the cabin door, bundled up in a comfy cotton sweat shirt, I decided I was not going to stick any more than my tiptoe in the water. I sat on the rocks and threw pebbles watching the smooth, little stones sink almost to the bottom. I tried to send a message to Birtha and Eva to explain that I wouldn't be visiting them today.

Then I saw them! Towards the front of the cave, in between the circle of rocks, were our two beautiful fish! But they were lying on their sides and on top of the water! I jumped up and ran as fast as I could go to find everybody. Nikki and the others were eating Bimbo cakes in front of the television when I came in, screaming. We all ran to Caveman’s Cove.

When we reached the lagoon, Nikki and I jumped into the water and swam to the circle of rocks. I remember that I didn’t even feel the cold of the water. Only Birtha was floating on the water, and Nikki reached her first. She touched Birtha and cried, “She’s dead! Birtha’s dead!” And she was. Birtha’s eyes were like two misty glass marbles. Her gills did not go in and out. Her fins did not move from side to side.

No one made a sound. All that could be heard was the silence of the Mallorcan sun dipping into the cool Mediterranean Sea.

I splashed around and stuck my face into the water. I blew bubbles and looked for beautiful Eva. I saw her sinking like a pearl to the bottom. I grabbed her and gently brought her to the surface. I held her upright and glided her through the water, trying to force water through her gills. I guided her out of the circle of rocks which had become the tombstones of her companion Birtha.

All the little baby fish were swimming around us in a frenzy. They were frightened! We were frightened! Eva was dying! What could I do? A 10-year-old who learned a little mouth-to-mouth resuscitation in Girl Scouts didn’t know much about resuscitating a fish.

I prayed, “Dear God, please help me to save Eva!” I glided her into deeper water. I was standing on the algae ledge before the big drop-off into the deep water of the sea. I was hoping that she could see her babies down below and get a surge of will to live. I stroked her gently. She looked so beautiful. How could she be dying? Her black fins were like silk, and the colors of her scales were phosphorescent.

I walked, bent-over with her between my hands. I was her motor power. All she had to do was build up her own will power. “Come on, Eva, come on,” I whispered.

The others were sitting down now, talking among themselves. Someone shouted, “Is she going to live?” And someone else called out, “Is she going to die?”

I couldn’t reply, because all of my strength was flowing into an eight-inch fish. I wanted to thank her. I knew that she knew we had all been spying on all of them in their underwater world. We had been so curious! We learned so much from watching them—to respect and love sea animals. We had been so awed by the two of them and by their families. They could breathe under the water! We had tried to copy the way they swam with fins and snorkel and mask. I guess that I had loved Eva in some way before. But I know I love her in a deep, special way now. “Live, Eva, live,” I begged.

Nikki and the others were bent over the rocks, holding their knees and staring in anticipation. Suddenly, Eva squirmed a little bit in my hands. “She moved!” I screamed. Shouts and cheers went up from everyone.

She began to move a little more. My back was hurting, and my legs were blue from the cold. But I kept walking with her so that oxygen would flow through her gills. Then, magically, after a long time, a spark was ignited inside of her. She gently wriggled free from my hands and went down deep into the water to join her babies.

I’ll never forget that moment as long as I live. It was like we had both been freed. I breathed very deeply and dove under the water. I tried to see her, but without my mask, the salt water stung my eyes. I surfaced, climbed the rocks to the ledge, and then we went inside to have some dinner.

The next day I had to leave very early and go to the other side of the island. An old aunt had come to visit me, and she was staying at a hotel. The taxi came and took me away before I could go to the sea and look for Eva!

I had to stay with my Auntie for 10 days. But I got letters from Nikki, and she and everybody said that Eva
would come to the circle of rocks every day and circle around and around. Nikki wrote that she was sure Eva was looking for me! I missed her so much!

When I returned the tenth day, as soon as the driver stopped the car, I ran from the taxicab with my mask and snorkel to the cove. I was all out of breath when I found Nikki crouched down, watching beautiful Eva swimming around the circle of rocks. She seemed bigger, and she was more beautiful than ever!

I climbed down the rocks and waded out to her. She swam around my feet and between my legs, and she touched my toes! She was so happy, and I was happy.

“She’s been waiting here for you!” Nikki said. I put on my mask and lowered myself into the water. I just looked at her through the mask. I could see her perfectly, and she was looking at me. We stared at each other for a long time. I could breathe easily under the water with my snorkel, and there were bubbles bursting all around.

She moved closer until she was touching the front of the glass of my mask with her fish face. We both had brown eyes! Hers were bigger and rounder and filled with water from the sea, while mine were filled with salty tears. I wouldn’t see her ever again! Summer was over, and we would be leaving that very day for school, which would start very soon.

I blinked my eyes twice and surfaced. I climbed to the top of the ledge and looked down for one last time. Eva’s fins waved in the water. I waved back, sadly, and turned to go. “Goodbye, Eva,” I whispered softly. “Goodbye, my beautiful friend.”

"Can I go hunting tomorrow?" he had asked his brother.

"Since when do papooses hunt?" Big Bear had teased.

"Soon we will have to take the little girls with us," Yellow Moon had laughed. And then he handed his bow to a baby girl, who was just learning to walk. She looked so ridiculous trying to hold the enormous bow that all the boys and girls joined in the laughter. To Two Feathers it seemed as if the whole village was mocking him.

"First, prove yourself a man," Two Feathers’ brother had said kindly. "Then you will be able to hunt with us."

So now, on the morning of the hunt, Two Feathers stayed in the tent where he knew he wouldn’t be laughed at. He crept to the tent flap and watched the men disappear into the forest. Quickly he slipped from the tent and ran in the opposite direction with his bow and arrows clutched in his hand.

Soon he stood at the foot of Thunder Mountain. "Today I’ll prove myself a man," he promised, as he climbed the steep slope. Higher and higher he went, following a narrow path, twisting between brown rocks and juniper trees.
At every turn he expected to scare up a deer, but the only living thing he saw was a young jackrabbit that bounded into a clump of bushes.

By noon Two Feathers stood at the very top of Thunder Mountain. Looking back down into the valley, he saw a wisp of smoke curling up from the fires of his village. Then he looked down into Quail Valley that lay on the opposite side of the mountain. Watching very carefully, he saw that there were many men walking on the path towards the mountain. They weren't men from his village. Two Feathers knew, because the hunters had gone in the other direction.

Two Feathers sat absolutely still—only his eyes moved as he watched the men. When they were part way up Thunder Mountain, Two Feathers could see the red and yellow war paint coloring their faces. They carried many weapons, and they were following the path that led straight toward Two Feathers' village.

“What can I do?” Two Feathers whispered as he remembered his grandfather telling him about enemy warriors who raided and burned other villages. *With all the men of my village hunting, Two Feathers thought, it’s up to me to save the women and children.*

He ran towards home, slipping and sliding down the steep mountain. When he reached the village, he raced among the tents shouting, "Enemy warriors are coming!" The women's eyes widened with fear, and the children cried softly. Quickly, Two Feathers piled dirt on the campfires, until not a spark was left burning. Then he gathered everyone together and led them to the stream. "Walk to the beginning of the water. There you will find a cave. Hide there until I come for you," he ordered.

Two Feathers watched the women and children sloshing upstream. He knew they would leave no tracks in the water, and the enemy could not follow them. Then he broke a limb from a pine tree and swept every inch of the ground, so the enemy could not see the tracks where the women and children had walked to the stream. Next he went through the entire village, swish-swishing the pine limb, sweeping away every last track.

Satisfied he had erased all the signs, both in and around the camp, Two Feathers climbed high into a leafy willow tree. When he was well hidden, he settled on a sturdy limb and waited for the enemy warriors to come.

Before long he heard the crunch of footsteps. "No fires are burning," a deep voice boomed. "The people of this village have moved on."

"They left no traces," another voice said. "There isn't a footprint left in camp."

"Let's go home," the first voice said. Two Feathers listened as the sound of their footsteps faded away down the path. The enemy was gone.

But still, Two Feathers did not go to the cave where the women and children were hidden. Instead, he climbed to the top of Thunder Mountain and watched. Only when he saw the enemy warriors deep in Quail Valley was Two Feathers sure his village was safe.

He hurried down the steep slope of Thunder Mountain. His brother and the other men were already in the village when he got there. Several of the men were searching the soft earth for tracks.

"There are strange moccasin tracks in camp," Yellow Moon said. "It’s true—the enemy was here," Two Feathers said. "But I have hidden every woman and every child—the enemy never found them."

That night Two Feathers sat beside the crackling fire and ate with the men instead of the children. Again and again he was asked to tell how he had seen the enemy and how he had saved the village.

Yellow Moon stood up and said, "On our next hunt Two Feathers will be welcome."

"So be it," said Big Bear, and all the men of the village nodded their heads in agreement.

Then the chief stood up and raised his hand. When everyone was silent, he said, "Today Two Feathers proved he was brave." The chief took a necklace of curved eagle claws from around his own neck and slipped it over Two Feathers' head.

Then the chief said, "From this day on you will be known as Brave Eagle. For as an eagle sees well from on high, so you also saw the enemy from high atop Thunder Mountain."

The women and children all cheered. And from that day on, when anyone saw an eagle soaring in the sky, they thought of little Two Feathers. And they remembered the day when he saved the women and children and earned his new name.
RIDE TO REMEMBER cont.

“You did a man’s job, Jay. How did you know how to drive that big pickup down the mountain?”

“I've watched Grandpa drive, and I tried to remember what he told me. I knew I had to get him down to the road, or he might die of shock.”

Grandma nodded.

“Grandma,” said Jay. “This morning Grandpa and I prayed for God to watch over us through the day. I was so busy with gears and braking on those sharp corners that I forgot to pray, but God must have helped me anyway. He guided me down the mountain.”

Later, when Grandpa had been treated and was safe in a hospital bed, Jay and Grandma entered the room quietly. Pain medication had made Grandpa drowsy, but his eyes brightened when he saw Jay. “You did real good, Jay. I’ll ride with you anytime.”

“Make that two of us,” said the doctor as he entered the room. Your grandpa is lucky you were there. If he'd been alone, he could have died up there from the shock of the burns. You used a lot of good sense today—I’m proud to know you, young man.”

Later at home, Grandma asked Jay to call his parents and tell them the story. His father listened and then said, “Jay, we were led by the Lord to remember you in a special prayer this morning. We asked that He would be near you today for any needs you might have. We didn’t know it would be such a big need!”

“Neither did I, Dad,” Jay smiled. “And by the way, don’t worry. I think I’m done driving for awhile—at least until I’m old enough to get a license!”

Something to Think About

1. Have you ever felt as if God was by your side helping you in an emergency?
2. Do you think God answers prayers for protection?

Rainy Day Word Find

By Linda J. Hubbard

How many three and four letter words can you make from the letters in:

RAINY DAYS?

Scoring: 3-5 words-FAIR; 6-12 words-GOOD; 13-18 words-EXCELLENT; 19 or more-A REAL HERO!

See some of the possible words below. Did you find even more?!

RAIN, ARID, DAIN, DIN, DIN, SID, ID, RAIN, RAIN, ANY, AND, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY,ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, ANY, AN