A Message from Aunt Carole & Uncle Dan

Here we are, right in the middle of summer’s sunshine! Maybe you’re enjoying fun swimming, like the boy in the photo to the right. Maybe you’re vacationing. But we also know that you’re already gearing up for school, so we both hope that you’ll study hard and have a terrific year. And don’t forget to ask God to be with you every single day!
The day was sun-yellow as Miguel set out to cross the land. He would travel to where he could feel cool ocean breezes and see gulls soar in the air. He would become a sailor.

After many days of walking, Miguel stood on a grass-covered ridge. He saw a great ship’s sails billowing in the wind as the boat came into port. Heran toward the bay, laughing.

When the ship set sail again, Miguel stood at its railing, looking out to sea. The waves split and slapped the bow and Miguel, the new cabin boy, was happy. He did not care that he was aboard a pirate ship.

“Miguel...another portion of the meat!” the captain barked as he wiped his mouth with his hand.

Miguel held out the silver platter while the captain took his fill. When the other members of the black-hearted crew left the cabin, the captain sighed and held out his goblet. “More wine!” he barked.

Miguel poured the wine, and the captain’s eyelids drooped. “Why would such a willing boy join a pirate crew?” the captain asked.

Miguel shrugged. “To learn. There was no hope of my ever being a toreador, and I have no family.”

“As long as you serve me,” the captain said as he drained his cup, “I will teach you.” He turned the golden goblet in his hand and smiled. “This is what counts, lad...gold! As long as you have gold, you will never want for anything!”

Time passed and the ship’s hold filled with treasures from other ships. Then a dot of land appeared on the horizon, and the pirates gathered at the rail, pointing and shouting. Suddenly, a great storm cloud rolled before them and rocked the ship. At first the sails only strained against the rigging, but soon they began to tear loose. The men scurried for cover as lightning bolts split the heavens. Gigantic waves poured over the deck. Panic reigned.

Miguel huddled in the passageway, terrified, as the pirate crew broke into the treasure hold and fought to fill their arms with jewels and coins. A sack of golden goblets tumbled and rolled with the rocking ship to where it rested against Miguel’s bare feet.

Miguel’s heart raced wildly. Within easy reach was more gold than he could ever hope to have! Dragging the sack, he scurried on all fours, darting between the scrambled legs of the fighting pirates. He made his way up the stairs and tried to stand on the swaying deck as rain fell in torrents.

“Boy!” someone called from behind him. “What do you have there!?!”

Miguel looked down the passageway into the black eyes of a fierce-looking pirate. He glanced quickly about the deck as the pirate bounded up the stairs, sword flashing. Clutching the weight of his treasure to himself, Miguel ran toward the rail. Quickly, he scrambled up and clung to the edge, looking first at the sea, then back at the pirate.

The pirate held out a greedy hand. “Give me that, boy, and I’ll do no more than cut off an ear!”

Miguel looked at the raging sea, then leaped forward, dragging the treasure with him.

Instantly, his ears gurgled and his eyes stung with the salt water...and all was silent. Miguel tugged the sack with both hands. Slowly, he struggled to the surface, gasping for air. Again the treasure pulled, and Miguel disappeared under the water’s surface into inky silence. He remembered the captain’s
"Hey Sis, Mom, Dad, c'mon! Your Story Hour's on! Today's story..."

words...”As long as you have gold, you will never want for anything.”

Miguel had the gold, but he wanted air for his lungs and land for his feet—things gold could not buy. Slowly, and with regret, Miguel let go of the sack and watched it sink in slow motion toward the bottom of the ocean. Miguel bobbed to the surface again and looked in all directions.

The storm still raged and the pirate ship listed to one side, rocking crazily back and forth on the waves. The sound of gunshots and shouts of angry men mingled with the thunder, and Miguel swam toward land. As he dragged himself onto the rocky shore, he collapsed.

When Miguel awakened, he looked into the kindly face of an old man.

“My family found you after the storm,” the old man explained.

Miguel shrank back, afraid. “Rest,” the old man said with a smile. “No harm will come to you. The storm is over, and you will share all we have.”

Miguel looked around the humble house. “You don’t have much,” he muttered.

“We have all we need—all that is given by God,” the man replied.

The days passed, and as Miguel watched the sun rise and the moon set, he was at peace. As he watched the old man, who had no money but always wore a smile, Miguel’s heart was strangely content. Slowly he began to understand.

Which two bees are exactly alike?

Solution on page 19.
Jokes and riddles sent in by readers. Send yours to:
Clubhouse
P.O. Box 15
Berrien Springs, MI 49103

The Lie
I once told a lie,
But not without a sigh.
It was cold,
It was bold,
And it made me want to cry.
-by Katie Jolley, WA

Rain
Rain smells like freshness.
Rain looks like falling pieces of glass.
Rain tastes like water.
Rain feels like a shower.
-by Katherine Brown, WA

Football
Football smells like torn-up ground.
Football tastes like pain.
Football looks like power.
Football sounds like a raging bull.
Football feels like joy and sadness.
-by Cody Rathbun, WA

Summer Storm
Clouds gather.
Rain splashes.
Wind rises.
Lightning flashes.
Everyone runs.
Thunder crashes.
Doors slam.
Mothers call.
Children shout.
And cars stall.
Showers end.
Skies clear.
Everything glistens;
Rainbows appear.
-by Teri Fisher, TN

Q: What did one loom say to the other loom?
A: Weave me alone!

Tom: I can lie in bed and watch the sunrise.
Bill: That’s nothing. I can sit in the living room and watch the kitchen sink!
Mom: Why are you jumping up and down, Paul?
Paul: I took my medicine and forgot to shake the bottle.

“I've never tasted such garbage! I simply must have the recipe!”

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.)
Bible Snapshots

Illustrated by Jim Bowser
Based on God Cares by Doris Burdick

Where to find the story: Genesis 25: 20-34

Jacob, his mother Rebekah’s favorite, was born second. He enjoyed caring for the flocks and gardening. He was more spiritual than Esau and wished he could inherit the spiritual responsibilities and blessings of the birthright.

One day, after a hunt, Esau returned hot, tired and very hungry. He smelled the food Jacob was preparing. “Let me have some,” he cried. “I’m starved.” So Jacob decided to make a deal with him. “I’ll trade you this food for the birthright.” Esau easily agreed.

Jacob made him swear to the deal and then he gave him the food. Before the twins had been born an angel had told Rebekah, “The elder shall serve the younger.” Even so, Esau was almost relieved that the responsibilities of the birthright were off his shoulders.

Abraham had twin grandsons. Esau, who was born first, normally should have inherited the family “birthright.” Esau had a ruddy complexion, lots of hair, and grew to be a big, burly, adventurous hunter. He was his father’s favorite.

Puzzle Power

1. Puzzle Search: In the puzzle below, the word JACOB is found 17 times. See if you can find them all. Look up, down, backwards, forwards and diagonally.

```
J A C O B J J C B J
A A J A C A A B O A
B C C A C C C C C C
O O B O C O C A B
C B B J B O C A J O
A O B A J J B J J C
J C C O C B A B A A
J A C O B B O C A J
J J A B O C A J O A
A C J O B J J A C O B
```

2. Which twin was it? Match the statements on the left to the twins. If the statement is about Esau, write the letter of the statement in his circle. If it is about Jacob, write the letter in Jacob’s circle.

a. Was the first twin born.

b. Was his mother’s favorite.

c. Became a hunter.

d. Traded away his birthright.

e. Wanted the blessings of the birthright.

f. Liked to garden and take care of the sheep.

g. Had ruddy complexion.

h. According to the angel, this twin would serve his brother.

i. Was tired and hungry after a big hunt.

j. Was relieved not to have the spiritual responsibilities of the birthright.

Where to find the story: Genesis 25: 20-34
The Title of My Speech Is: "Girls Stink!"

Let me say, right up front, that girls stink! Ask my older brother Rolin. He got hornswoggled by our cousin Becky who visited us from the city last summer.

Becky’s folks had to go on a trip and didn’t want her along. (Who can blame them?!) Anyway, she came to our house for two lo-o-o-o-ng weeks and ruined our lives.

I knew it would be a disaster from the minute she arrived. Rolin and I were sitting on the patio cleaning out our fishing tackle box. Becky got out of the car wearing a dress and carrying a briefcase. Who was she trying to fool? She’s only two years older than me. And she brought three suitcases, for crying out loud.

After her folks left, we sat around on the patio.

“Want to go fishing in the lake?” I asked her.

“No thanks.”

“So you know how to water ski?” Rolin asked her.

“I’ve never tried.”

“Want to try now?”

“No thanks. I think I’ll practice my piano pieces. Mom said you have a piano.”

Then, just as cool as you please, she took her briefcase (which turned out to be crammed with sheet music) inside and played for two whole hours, for crying out loud.

Rolin and I went out to the pier and tried to catch the big bass that’s hung around our dock the last two years. We never got a nibble. I think that fish went out to deep water to escape Becky’s banging on the keys.

“Not bad, huh?” Rolin asked.

“What?”

“Becky—she can really play the piano. Maybe I’ll go watch her for a while,” he said. And he put down his pole and marched right into the house, for crying out loud.

The next day was hot. Right after breakfast Rolin and I put on our swim trunks to go turtle hunting. Becky seemed impressed. Then she got up and did a couple of basic dives—nothing fancy like ours, but we told her they were great. Then suddenly she did a cartwheel off the raft, then a no-hands back flip, then she walked on her hands across the raft and flipped in.

“Wow! How did you learn stuff like that?” asked Rolin.

“I take gymnastic lessons.”

“Could you teach me?” he begged.

And then that show-off spent
the afternoon teaching Rolin those fancy dives, for crying out loud!

One day I decided to take her water-skiing. I’ve been skiing for three years, since I was 7, so I’m pretty good. And Rolin is terrific. He can slalom and turn around on trick skis.

By the time I got everything ready, Rolin was giving Becky some pointers on crouching and pulling up out of the water.

Rolin and I got in the boat. Rolin drives (Mom won’t let me yet), and I was lookout.

“Hit it!” I shouted. We idled out, the rope tightened, and Beck yelled, “Hit it!” She pulled and wobbled and teetered—and stood up. She got up her first try and stayed up, for crying out loud!

Finally “D-Day” arrived (Becky’s departure day, that is). Rolin and I were fishing off the pier. Becky wandered out while she was waiting for her folks.

Rolin said, “Hey, you never did any fishing while you were here.” He handed her his pole. And just then she got a strike.

When you’ve been to the ocean, river, lake or mountain stream, have you ever wished you could stay under water and watch the creatures and plants for a long time? If only there were some way you could see what goes on without having to come up for air. Then you could watch a hermit crab creep from an outgrown shell and move into a larger one. You could watch crawdads crawl along a stream bed. You could actually watch a starfish pry open a clam and watch the tadpoles swim. You can view all this and much more with an easy-to-make depthscope.

Make a depthscope from two large juice cans (or three of the next smaller size). Remove the top and bottom of each can. Then soak the labels off—otherwise the paper will wash off the first time you use your depthscope, and who needs more litter! Paint the inside of each can black for better underwater viewing. After the paint dries, make a long tube with the cans by binding them tightly together with waterproof glue or waterproof tape. Lower one end of your depthscope into the water and look through the above-water end. You can now watch underwater life for hours without getting your face wet!
I couldn't believe it—my parents actually said yes. I could have my first pair of hamsters! Oh, I had them picked out already. The blue male (even though his fur looked more grey than blue) and the red-and-white female. The pet store owner promised to buy all the babies I could give him, so I was very eager to start my hamster-raising business.

Of course, it wasn't as easy as it sounded. I had to convince my father that I had a proper place for them. The room in the cellar that had once been a pantry was perfect. It already had shelves and a sink, lots of light (but no direct sunlight), and it was warm enough in winter and cool in summer.

As for cages, I had already collected five fish tanks with a crack in the glass that people had thrown out. Dad agreed to make wooden frames for the top of each tank and cover them with wire mesh so Mother wouldn't be screaming and jumping on a chair because a hamster got loose.

The manager of the produce department at the big supermarket said I could have all the free greens I wanted every day. That would be part of their diet. The remainder would be laboratory food, high-protein hard pellets. I also needed cedar shavings, water bottles and exercise wheels.

The next thing I knew, Dad was handing me a notebook to keep track of the money I spent to get started. And it had to be my own money, too! It seemed like I had been saving up my spending money forever, so I was all prepared. Then came the one big condition: keep a record of all money spent and earned for six months. If I wasn't showing a profit by that time, I was out of business for good. Wow!

The next stop was a laboratory supply for water bottles and exercise wheels at wholesale prices. Great savings there!

Then I went to the feed store for 50-pound bags of laboratory food and cedar chips (much cheaper in large amounts). Now I was ready to begin.

I could hardly hold in my excitement, as my last stop was the pet shop to pick up "Blue" and "Red." Not very original names, but they seemed to fit.

I wanted to just sit there all evening and watch them set up housekeeping and run in their wheel. They were so organized—pantry in one corner, bedroom across the way and bathroom in another corner. I promised Mom this wouldn't interfere with my homework, so enough hamster-watching for one night. They would be up all night and sleep all day, so it would work out well with me being at school all day. Tomorrow I would start taming them—getting them used to my hands in their cage.

About a week later, it was becoming obvious that they had mated. Red looked fatter and felt heavier when she climbed on my hand. By the second week, she looked like the Goodyear blimp with eyes and ears. On the 15th day, she left her nest to greet me, and I saw a pile of five pink hairless babies all cuddled up together. How tiny they were! I raced up the stairs into the living room.

"I'm a grandma! I'm a grandma!" I shouted. Mom and Dad looked at me like I had just arrived from outer space. But I really did feel like I was a grandma.

When my parents finally figured out what I was shouting about, they came with me to look at the new arrivals. Mother was quite impressed, and Dad reminded me that now was the time to start keeping a careful record of each litter—date of birth, how many males and females, what color fur, and what I did with each one. Of course, I could only write down their date of birth and number from 1 to 5 right now. I'd have to wait another week or so to know what color their fur would be, and prob-
ably three or four weeks before I could tell the males from the females by the little bump under their tails.

I decided the day they were born to keep all these babies and probably the next litter, too. Then I would have quite a lot of their babies to sell. I could sell the babies when they were four weeks old and eating on their own. It would be a while before I received any money—and at some point I would add a few more unrelated adults to breed, so my babies wouldn’t get inherited defects. But I did have six months to prove myself, and I knew I could do it.

From Blue and Red’s first three litters (21 babies) I kept 12 of them (6 pair) and gave each pair their own cage. The other nine were sold to the pet shop.

To my surprise the owner paid me twice what he had promised, because the babies were already hand-tamed. The six pairs were seven different colors, and I couldn’t wait to see what colors their babies would be. This was not only fun—it was getting downright interesting.

By the time these six pairs presented me with 50 babies from their first litters, Mom was calling me Grandma all the time, and I was beginning to see that I needed some advice for keeping my breeding records. Just names like Fluffy, Goldie, Freckles and Coffee weren’t enough. It was getting too complicated.

The lady across the street was a teacher at a secretarial school. I showed her my book, explained my problem, and she set up a system for me to follow so I could trace every litter back to its parents, grandparents and so on. I labeled each cage with the numbers, and it straightened out all my problems.

By the end of six months, my first 12 “grandchildren” alone had produced 211 babies, some of which I kept to enlarge my business. My expense book was showing a profit large enough to make Dad grin from ear to ear. I’m supplying four pet shops now, and I just discovered that Teddy Bear hamsters (long-haired) will bring three times the price of short-haired ones. So I just bought my first two pairs of Teddy Bears, and I can’t wait to be a grandma again!

(How to always hit a bullseye!)

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**Thumb-Thing Special**

*By Michele Aprias*

Try to write your name without using your thumb to hold the pencil. It’s hard to do, isn’t it?

Now...try to hold a glass, button your shirt or tie your shoes without using your thumbs. All these things would be hard to do if your thumbs weren’t there to help you out.

Now, look at your thumb. It’s not very big. It’s not even very nice to look at. But it’s still an important part of your body.

Try to count all the different parts of your body. There are toes, ears, muscles, veins and bones, just to name a few. Each part is different, but each one has a special job to do, like the thumb. We need all these parts together so that our bodies will work properly.

The Bible talks about another kind of body—the Body of Christ. The Body of Christ is a special kind of body. It’s made up of every person who believes in Jesus, from little children to great-grandparents.

Sometimes we feel like we’re not very important. We forget that God made each one of us special, the same way that He made each part of our body special. No matter how large or small, slow or smart, weak or strong we are, we have a special place in God’s Body of Christ.

If you don’t believe it, look at your thumb. Wiggle it. Now try to imagine how your life would be if you didn’t have thumbs. God needs each of us the same way that we need our thumbs. That’s because every person is “thumb-thing” special in the eyes of God.
“Girls Stink” cont.

That pole bent down like an upside down letter U. Rolin coached her on landing the fish, and I crouched down and netted it.

“Our bass!” I cried. “You caught our fish, for crying out loud!”

Just then we heard a car in our driveway. Becky turned and waved to her folks.

“I don’t like fishing,” she said, handing Rolin his pole. “Thanks for everything.” And she left, just like that.

In closing, I would just like to say that my brother Rolin hasn’t been the same since. He’s even taking piano lessons, for crying out loud! And that’s why girls stink. Thank you.

Body Shop

What is the crystal clear wonder drink that doctors suggest you have?

6 glasses of each day?

WATER!!! And it’s yours absolutely free!

For Geniuses Only

By Elaine Hilowitz

Look carefully at the five words below. Then look at the three words in the list below them. Which of the three goes with the other five words?

PERPLEXED
BETTERMENT
Cemetery
December
Letterer

Cheeseburger
Chemise
Cheyenne

Answer: Cheyenne. All of the words in the first list have three E’s.

Puzzle Power

ESAU’s circle:
a, c, d, g, h, i, j

JACOB’s circle:
b, e, f

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Jr. Detective

Did you find the two “alike” bees? Bees 1 and 5 are “it”!

Bee 2 has different antennae, bee 3 has extra lines on it’s wings, bee 4 has a button on it’s jacket, and bee 6 has different eyes.