

# Threads by Charlotte Whitney

## Excerpt

When I got home from high school today, Jeepers, I knew immediately that something wasn't right. Aunt Hazel and Ma were sitting out by the milk house on a couple of turned-over pails, and Irene and Nellie were sitting on the ground close by. All of them were looking towards the lane that goes down to the two meadows and onto the woods and crick. The county sheriff's car sat empty near the silo. No one was talking.

Worried, I raced across the yard. Could Pa have gotten hurt? As I ran toward Ma I looked over at the west field and saw Ace and King hitched up to the wagon piled with brush. Rover was sleeping near the wagon.

It looked like Pa had finished about half of the field, but he was nowhere in sight. Pa never leaves the horses hitched up when he isn't working. When he comes up for noontime dinner he always puts them in the barnyard so they can rest, too. Naturally, I panicked.

When Ma saw me running over she jumped up and walked over to me, a strange look on her face.

"Is Pa all right?" I blurted out.

"Yes, yes," Ma answered. "He and Elmer are down in the woods with Sheriff Devlon." Nellie pushed me aside and threw her arms around Ma's legs.

"Nellie thinks there's a dead baby in the woods," Irene piped up, all knowingly. "The Sheriff's gone with them to look at it. Who in their right mind would bury a baby in that woods? Nellie musta gotten it all mixed up."