

# THE LOST AND FOUND OF GREEN TREE

## by Bobbie Candas

### EXCERPT

Nanette:

We eventually arrived at a dreary looking two-story wooden establishment with peeling paint and a sagging front porch. A creaking sign swung from the top level, Front Street Hotel. The place looked run-down and far from exclusive.

Noticing my unenthusiastic expression, Obidiah said, "Yeah, not exactly what you kids would call the bees' knees. You sure this is where you're staying?"

I took a deep breath and smiled. "I'm sure it'll be just fine. Wish me luck, Mr. Dawson." I climbed down, thanked him, shook his hand, and yanked my bags out of the back. "Do you suppose they'll come out to get my bags?"

He laughed at me as he began moving his horses. "No, Miss Nanette. I doubt any bellhops will come scampering out here. Good luck to you."

Here I was, arriving at a flea-bag hotel in a horse-drawn cabbage wagon. Not an auspicious beginning to my new life and definitely not movie star material.