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Timothy Adventures: The Remarkable Red Rock

By Donna Deines

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TIMOTHY ADVENTURES

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RED ROCK

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TIMOTHY STANDING WITH BLACKY BY THE OAK TREE

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First Edition

In the late 1920s, a severe storm came to northeast Oregon, and a small farm was right in the path of heavy rainwater running down Silver Mountain into the Miners Gorge River. Timothy, a slim boy, who had sandy hair with blue eyes, was watching the swollen river reach the orchard trees and the muddy wheat fields. He was standing by his favorite old oak tree with his fluffy puppy Blacky. Timothy was watching his strong, tall papa walking off the wet, muddy wheat fields toward the red barn. He was soaked in dirty gray overalls with mud in his light brown hair. Timothy remembered when his papa told him that his great-grandfather cleared the trees from the land to build a sturdy house from strong oak trees.

Timothy saw his mama coming out of the house carrying a clean bundle of Papa's wet overalls. The breeze was blowing her sandy hair and rippling her

purple shirt. She paused, looked toward the oak tree, and waved at her son as she was hanging the overalls on a porch rail. Timothy's mama leaned on a porch rail and yelled, "You have to try on your new school clothes tonight."

Timothy waved back, as his mama wiped her hands on the apron wrapped around her dark blue jeans. Timothy knew his papa and mama were proud of him going into the fifth grade and having good friends. Robert, Jimmy, George, and Becky lived down the road from him, and they always played soccer on the weekends.

On this cloudy Saturday, Timothy looked down at his black puppy sitting beside him. "You want to play?" as he threw a white tug rope toward the wheat fields. Blacky ran around in circles. Barking softly, he ran

after it. His puppy gripped on to the rope and ran back to Timothy. “I got it, Blacky.” Timothy said, but Blacky had the other end. They tugged back and forth until Blacky let go. Timothy tripped over a tree root at the base of the oak tree and fell backward into a large muddy puddle.

Blacky came over to Timothy and licked his face as he was getting up. “I am okay, Blacky.” As he was getting up, he pulled a small rock out of the mud. He wiped the mud off on his white T-shirt and noticed a red rock with a brilliant white gem inside. “Let’s rest here for a while,” said Timothy as Blacky laid down beside him, and they looked at the red rock.

“I’ve never seen a red rock like this one, Blacky. Should we keep it?” Blacky wagged his tail again and started to run around the old oak tree. “Okay, we will

keep it and show the red rock to Papa and Mama after dinner.”

Timothy threw the red rock up in the air and caught it in his right hand; then he put the rock in his worn-out blue jeans pocket. “It’s time to help Papa cut the wood for tonight.” Timothy looked up at the sky and shook his head slowly, “I hope it doesn't rain tonight.” He looked at Blacky and said, “I bet I can beat you up to the house!” Off they went, running as fast as they could, and they came upon his papa cutting the last piece of wood.

“I guess you’re done, Papa.”

“Yes, but you can help me carry the wood inside. Mama has dinner on the table, so let us hurry.” Timothy and his papa picked up the wood and turned toward the

front yard. “Looks like more rain. I hope we don’t lose the other half of our wheat crop.” replied his Papa.

“Papa, would we lose our farm if we lost the crops?” His papa looked at him and opened the front door for his son. He looked down at his son, “Hope not.”

Timothy and his papa walked into the kitchen and wiped their feet on a light tan rug. They put the wood beside the fireplace, and Timothy walked into the bathroom to clean up for dinner and, he returned to the kitchen and sat down at the table. He looked at his mother with his deep blue-eyes and asked, “Mama, can I ask you a question?”

“Well, of course, Timothy.”

“Can Blacky come into the house tonight? It might rain and I don’t want him to get sick.” His mama

looked at him with a frown, and Timothy was waiting for a no. Timothy's mama paused for a moment and looked at her husband. "Okay, but Blacky is your responsibility, and after dinner, you can let him in before you open your surprise."

"Oh boy, I'm getting a surprise! I can't wait to tell Blacky."

"Before you let Blacky in the house, let's finish dinner and have some apple pie for dessert," said his mama.

"Apple pie is one of my favorites," replied Timothy as his papa passed the homemade dinner rolls. They finished dinner, and Timothy helped his mama clean off the kitchen table and wash the dishes and cups.

Timothy walked to the front door. "Thanks, Mama. I promise I will take care of Blacky tonight."

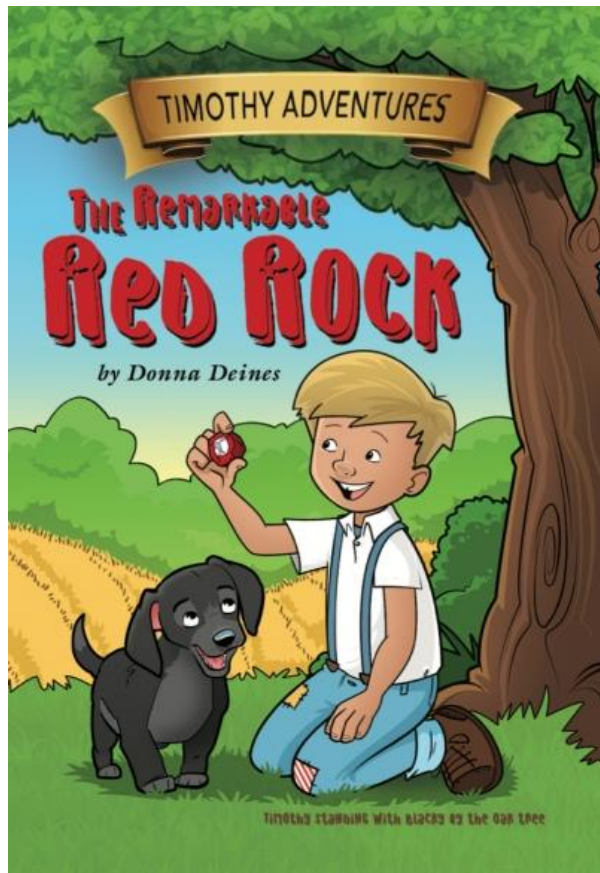
“Don’t forget to let him out before we go to bed,” said his mama.

“Thanks, Mama,” replied Timothy.

The family, including the puppy, gathered around the fireplace Timothy’s papa was putting extra logs in the fireplace to keep the room warm that night, and his mama went into their bedroom and carried out the surprise gift.

Timothy looked at it with joy. “What is it, Mama and Papa?” “Well, we know you let your puppy in at night and decided your puppy could stay with you at bedtime. Is that okay with you, Timothy?”

Timothy stared at his parents, “We were so quiet at night when you went to bed. How did you know?”



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