

EMERGENCY!



A CONLEY TWIN ADVENTURE

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FOR CLOSE ENCOUNTERS MINISTRIES**

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EMERGENCY! Is a five part Christian adventure designed to last fifteen minutes each session. It is a 'tell aloud' story with an engaging, real life Story Teller leading the way through the mystery, adventure and joy that following Jesus brings in all situations.

Chip and Clare Conley are twins who live in the old Shadow River Bed and Breakfast Inn. The Conley Twin series continually finds our twins in a variety of exciting mysteries. Their faith in Jesus helps them solve each case and changes the lives of those they meet. EMERGENCY is another adventure that will thrill your children (and grown ups) and will keep them coming back to hear what happens next! Good story telling is never out of fashion.

The first four chapters end at an exciting point encouraging students to return and discover how yesterday's situation was resolved. The adventure ends happily in the last chapter.

PREPARE!

Read the story aloud privately before telling it to the students. Become familiar with the words and phrasing. Fill the fifteen minute time period fully. Tell this story with enthusiasm. Do not rush! Allow each scene to unfold easily for the listeners.

READ AND FLIP!

Teach yourself to display the printed pictures smoothly. Learn the story so you can tell it without reading it or read the story as written, flipping the illustrations at the appropriate time.

If you decide to read the text, glue individual sections to the back of the appropriate illustration. This allows you to read comfortably as students are looking at the appropriate picture.

Option: Take the workbook apart and place individual pictures on an easel as you read from the text.

REVIEW!

At the beginning of each chapter, review the story. Returning students appreciate the update and new students hear the entire adventure without missing important events in the story.

COLOR!

The story illustrations are printed on white card stock. To feature details, color each illustration. Do NOT allow students to color the pictures. This is a project best completed by someone who enjoys artwork and does it well. Use crayon, marker or acrylic paint. Color highlights on each page to make the illustration interesting. If preferred, leave the illustrations intact in black and white.

ENJOY!

This Conley Twin story is fun and mysterious. Enjoy yourself as you tell each chapter. Do not be a "ho-hum" reader. Involve yourself in the excitement and encourage the students to come back the next day to hear the new installment. Get them involved in the story line and prepared for the surprise ending. Keep the secrets in each chapter from day to day. Kids love the suspense.

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INTRODUCTION

STORY COVER: Paramedics and Emergency Medical Technicians constantly train to be ready for any emergency situation. The 9-1-1 Dispatcher announces medical emergencies and in the blink of an eye, these brave men and women are on the road. They struggle through rain and snow. They rush to burning buildings and carry their patients to safety.

Their presence is the sign that “help has arrived” at the scene of every car accident. People’s lives depend upon the medical skill of the ambulance team.

Shadow River, Massachusetts is a small village where every day people live ordinary lives. Shadow River Hospital is situated along Shadow River just outside of town.

This week’s adventure will test the skills of Emergency Room medical professionals who normally see lines of folks with cuts and colds and broken bones.

The life of every Shadow River resident is in serious jeopardy. They just don’t know it yet.

...and Chip and Clare Conley discover that when a friend is in trouble, you don’t run away.

CHAPTER ONE

ILLUSTRATION 1: "I love you, Clare." Chip was resting on the spacious front porch of Shadow River Inn, the Bed and Breakfast owned by their parents, Jack and Elise Conley. He lifted his eyes from the book he was reading and met his twin sister's surprised eyes with affection.



"Sure you do, Chip" laughed Clare. "Just exactly which chore do you want me to do for you so you can go fishing this afternoon." She knew her twin brother very well. Tender words of love hardly ever came flowing out his mouth. He was a boy's boy. A boy who loved fishing, loved climbing trees, loved playing ball—any kind of ball and he loved playing mind games with his sister. Loving Clare was part of the deal but "I love you" was not necessarily a "manly" thing to say out loud.

Chip was disappointed. "You don't believe me! I really DO love you. I've been reading this story that talks about what real love is. It says, 'A friend loves at all times'. You are my best friend. That means I love you. Dad read I Corinthians 13 for morning devotions. I remembered all the do's and don'ts of love and I feel that way about you!"

Clare remembered those Bible words too. Dad put the 'how to love' phrases on the refrigerator, hoping the family would memorize them. She counted them off on her fingers:

LOVE NEVER GIVES UP.
LOVE CARES MORE FOR OTHERS THAN FOR SELF.
LOVE DOESN'T STRUT.
LOVE DOESN'T HAVE A SWELLED HEAD.

"That's as far as I got. I have a few more days to memorize it and I'm taking my full time."

Chip laughed, "That's my kid sister. Never learn today what you can put off until tomorrow. I know the rest:

LOVE DOESN'T FORCE ITSELF ON OTHERS,
ISN'T ALWAYS 'ME FIRST,
DOESN'T FLY OFF THE HANDLE,
DOESN'T KEEP SCORE OF THE SINS OF OTHERS.
PUTS UP WITH ANYTHING,
TRUSTS GOD ALWAYS, ALWAYS LOOKS FOR THE BEST,
NEVER LOOKS BACK, BUT KEEPS GOING TO THE END.' "

"Boy, you're good," whistled Clare. "I'm never going to learn the whole thing. Maybe Dad will let me say a few this week and a few next week." She headed inside to check the refrigerator door list one more time. She passed her mother in the beautiful Victorian hallway and overheard part of a telephone conversation.

ILLUSTRATION 2: Elise doodled on a small pad while speaking, "I'm sure it won't be any problem. We have a small shed beside our boat house. We'll empty it and you can use it for the duration of your stay.

We have two rooms at Shadow River Inn available for the next two weeks. We serve breakfast only. There is a wonderful little diner downtown called 'The Eatery'. Great lunch and dinner at low prices. Everyone in town gets a meal there at some point during the week.

A child? How old? Wonderful! My Chip and Clare are about the same age. I'm sure they won't mind entertaining him during your stay. It's settled. We'll see you later today." Elise hung up the phone with a pleased look on her face.



"Aww Mom," groaned Clare. "Why did you promise we would entertain that kid? We have stuff to do. Summer vacation just started and I don't want to take care of some brat." She slammed the kitchen door a little louder than she expected.

Mom followed her with a stern look on her face. "Clare, I just got a two week reservation for two rooms at this Inn. We need their business desperately. The father has private work to do and he must bring his son. Would you rather entertain the boy or go hungry?"

Elise turned sideways to hide a tear sliding down her cheek. Clare had forgotten how hard her parents worked to keep Shadow River Inn. She felt deep shame. Here she was, trying to memorize I Corinthians 13 so she could learn to "love" and she wasn't coming close to loving her dear mom. What was going on inside her? Chip said he loved her and she didn't believe him. Her parents showed love and she didn't appreciate it.

"I'm sorry Mom." She gave Elise a quick hug. "That was a pretty selfish thing to say. Chip and I will be glad to watch over the kid. I hope he likes to fish. Chip's into fishing in a big way this summer."

Her mom wiped the tears on her sleeve. "I need you to be especially cooperative this summer. Your dad hasn't been feeling well and I want to be available to help him." She stared out the kitchen window watching her husband apply a fresh coat of paint to the small shed that would soon be the new guests temporary workshop. He worked slowly and patiently but Elise could see he was struggling.

"Chip!" called mom. "Go and help your father paint that shed. New guests are arriving this afternoon. You paint and let him come in and rest."

"Sure thing, mom," replied Chip. "And, by the way, I love you!" Chip took a flying leap off the porch and ran down the grassy hill to the shed. The girls watched as he gave mom's message and Jack gratefully patted his son's back, handing over the paint brush.

He stretched painfully before heading slowly up the hill. Clare hadn't noticed until this moment that dad looked tired and his face looked, well, he looked gray. She held her mom's hand and said, "Let's pray for dad. Maybe he's just tired...or worried. He's a pretty healthy guy."

ILLUSTRATION 3: Jack slammed the screen door and shuffled into the kitchen. "Hi girls," he smiled wearily. "The strangest thing just happened. Chip said he'd paint the shed for me. He said, 'By the way, Dad, I love you.' What is that all about?" He made his way to the sink where he scrubbed stubborn paint from under his nails with warm, soapy water.

"He said the same thing to me," said Elise. "Maybe he wants something. Look at that boy go!" They looked out the window at a young man on a mission. He was painting and jumping and working as fast as a kid could go.

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The wet paint sparkled in the sunlight as Chip worked to make his dad proud. Jack leaned heavily against the sink and said, "Chip and I had a talk about a month ago. I kind of promised that we would fix up the shed so he could have a club house."

"Well, not yet," said Elise. "I just booked the blue room and the green room to a man and his young son for two weeks. The man wants to rent the shed as a workshop while he's here. He has some kind of scientific project to complete."



"Fine, fine, " said Jack. "I'll explain it to Chip. We'll see if he still 'loves me' after that." They laughed and Clare chimed in, "I don't think the two of you understand the power you have over us. Chip is memorizing I Corinthians 13 and he's telling everybody he knows how much he loves them. Remember that list on the refrigerator? He's been working on it all day."

"Well, well, so our boy is taking one of my Bible studies to heart. A little memorizing wouldn't hurt you either, daughter." Clare hung her head. "I have half of it learned. It's too hard for me. I'm not smart like Chip."

Her parents were shocked. "Not smart!" they shouted together. "Who solved the mystery of 'Silver Saddles' at Gra'manda's Ranch? Who helped track down the guys who tried to hurt 'The Rocket Man'? Who...."

"I get it. I get it." laughed Clare. "I guess I was having a pity party because I'm having trouble memorizing verses and also because I'm not doing so well in the 'love' department. When Chip said he loved me, I thought he just wanted me to do his chores. I treated Mom awful when she asked me to entertain the new guest for two weeks. I don't think I understand what it really means to 'love' somebody. Are you disappointed in me?"

Clare's mother and father swept her into their arms with reassuring words that they loved her and she was the best daughter they ever had. Dad laughed, "Of course, you're the only daughter I ever had." Clare felt much better and left her folks with a huge smile on her face. It was time to tell Chip they were expecting a guest their own age.

"Chip!" She called. "Wait for me. I want to paint too." She ran down the hill, nearly knocking Chip over as she skidded to a stop. Her words tumbled out; "Guess what? We're getting guests today."

A father and son. And the son is our age. Mom says we have to take care of him for two weeks while his dad works in the shed. I didn't want to at first but Mom said we have to be helpful 'cause Dad doesn't feel good. But now I do and...and...and I love you, Chip!" She grabbed a roller and without missing a beat, applied fresh paint down the back of the shed.

Chip stood absolutely still. What had gotten into his sister? She was usually so calm and logical. How had he missed so much information? He had only been out of the house for fifteen minutes.

He finally said, "A kid? Two weeks? My shed? Dad's sick? Clare, what's going on?" He felt a little disappointed that the shed wasn't going to be his club house. The most important tidbit, however, was that dad was sick.

"Mom says dad isn't feeling well and we need to be helpful this summer." He does seem to walk slower and his skin looks funny. Maybe mom will get him to see the doctor this week." Clare grabbed a rag and wiped a stream of paint running down her arm.

Chip sat down to consider what she had said. His dad never got sick. Dad was tall and strong. He worked hard and he was always around to figure out the tough stuff. Nah, Clare must have gotten it wrong.

He was reassured when dad wandered down the hill and sat on the large fishing rock at the edge of the river. "Good job, kids," he waved. "Keep going. I'll be there in a minute. I just want to rest awhile before our guests arrive." He turned and looked out over the sparkling water of Shadow River. For a little while the twins and their father enjoyed a cool breeze moving down the river, rippling the water and making that comforting splish, splash sound against the shore.



ILLUSTRATION 4: And then it happened. Jack Conley quietly slipped off the rock and fell into the water, face down. The twins dropped their paint rollers and ran to him as fast as they could, screaming, “DAD!” all the way to the water’s edge.

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CHAPTER TWO

REVIEW MAIN EVENTS FROM DAY ONE

Chip reached his father first and pulled his head out of the water. Clare helped drag him over to the shore. They tried to blow in his mouth. They didn't know CPR so their efforts were weak.

Elise came running down the hill screaming, "I saw him fall. I called 9-1-1. Jack! Jack! Oh Jack, don't leave me!" The little family prayed and waited with their beloved husband and father. The twins realized this was the worst thing they had ever faced. What if they made a mistake?

"Clare, run to the end of the driveway and wait for the ambulance. Chip, open his shirt. Keep calm everyone. God is still in control." Elise found peace she never knew she had as she calmly ordered her children into position.

They heard the sirens of Shadow River's ambulance barreling through the small village, heading for their home. Clare ran as fast as her legs would allow. She was there when the ambulance drove into the long driveway. Pointing and running at the same time, she led them to the spot where her family waited for the medical help they so desperately needed.



ILLUSTRATION FIVE: One paramedic grabbed his bag and headed down the grassy hill. His partner opened the ambulance and pulled the gurney into a convenient spot. He followed the medic down the hill carrying more equipment.

More sirens could be heard and the local police squad car

squealed to a quick stop. Old Cappy, Shadow River's Police Chief, jumped from his car and promised Elise that he would accompany the ambulance to the hospital. He would take the children. Elise could ride in the ambulance with Jack.

The young paramedic leaned over Jack. "Mr. Conley, can you hear me? What happened? When did it happen? Do you remember how you ended up in the river?"

Amazingly, Jack opened his eyes, trying to grasp what had just happened. Elise whispered, "Thank you, Lord" as he tried to answer questions.

"Did I fall in the river? Oh, my arm hurts...my chest hurts. I can't catch my breath. You better get me to the hospital. Make it quick. I have to finish painting this shed before the new guests arrive." Jack was pale, in pain and soaking wet but he was still trying to work.

The paramedic and his partner shook their heads as they set up their equipment. They started oxygen and took his vital signs while asking questions like "What does it feel like on a scale of 1 to 10? Does the pain come with activity or rest? Does anything make it better...or worse? Has it ever happened before? Do you take any medications? Are you allergic to any medications?"

Chip could not believe they were asking so many questions. He just wanted them to get dad to the hospital as fast as they could. This was wasting time. "Hurry up!" Chip was crying. "You have to hurry!" Chip's mom put her arm around his shoulder and reassured him that the ambulance crew would move dad when the time was right.

"We'll do an EKG," said the paramedic. "Here's an aspirin and

some nitroglycerin, Mr. Conley. We want to lessen effects in case you have had a heart attack." They worked as a highly trained team should while they started an IV.

Before long Jack and Elise were in the ambulance. Chip and Clare were in the back seat of Cappy's squad car. The whole caravan headed for the hospital with sirens blaring and traffic moving out of the way.

Chip and Clare held onto each other and tried to pray but they couldn't think of anything to say except, "Save him, God. We can't live without him. Save him."

Inside the ambulance, Elise tried to make herself as small as possible as Jack's emergency played out in front of her. More vital signs and a solemn look from the paramedic let her know they were in for a long day.

Jack turned his head and saw Elise's big eyes staring at him. He smiled weakly and said, "Hi honey. I guess I fell in the river. Don't look so scared. I'll be fine. Just a little indigestion."

Elise heard the crew call the hospital with their estimated time of arrival. "We are on the highway and should be pulling into the hospital in 3 minutes. Patient is breathing on his own. Advise further orders." The hospital responded that the heart team was already at the door and Mr. Conley's personal physician was in the hospital.

The paramedics wheeled Jack Conley out of the ambulance and through the automatic doors of the Emergency Room. An efficient emergency medical team took responsibility from the ambulance crew and double doors swung closed, leaving Elise, Chip, Clare and Cappy standing in a vacuum of silence.

Cappy led the family to a private waiting room and found a nurse

who explained emergency procedures. It did not take long to discover that Jack Conley had indeed experienced a heart attack. Quick action on the part of his family and ambulance crew probably saved his life.



ILLUSTRATION 6: Chip wandered over to the admitting desk where he found the paramedic leaning casually against the desk, drinking coffee while filling out a sheaf of papers attached to a clipboard. He approached the uniformed man shyly. "Thank you for saving my dad. I never saw anything like that in all my life."

"All your life, huh?" The paramedic laughed, "Looks to me like your life hasn't been that long, skipper. And you are welcome. It's just another day in the ambulance. Say, I've finished my report. Do you want a cup of coffee? I mean, a soda? I always take a coffee break, then whine and complain about how busy I am before I call back into service and do it all again."

"Sure", said Chip. "Do you have time for *me*?" The young man looked him over and said, "Nah, but I don't have anyone else to beat up. You'll do." The two of them found a small picnic table outside the ER and settled in for a short conversation.

"I'm Dave." He reached across the table and shook hands with Chip. "But my friends call me Bunny." Chip must have looked surprised. "Bunny? Like in 'Rabbit'?"

"Yeah, it's a play on my last name but if you laugh, I get to sock ya!" Chip introduced himself. "My name is Charles Conley and *my* friends call me Chip." Bunny joked, "Chip? Like in 'Chocolate'?"

Chip relaxed as they talked. Bunny was a paramedic from a large

city. Life in the village was pure heaven for him. He could get to know the hospital staff, work with friendly people and be home in ten minutes.

Chip agreed Shadow River was a nice place to live but nothing ever happened. Life in the big city sounded like a lot more fun.

"Don't wish for that kind of excitement," said Bunny. "You might get what you wish for and you won't like it." Just then, Elise and Clare came out the doors. They motioned for Chip to join them. "I better go. That's my mom and my twin sister. They're smiling so maybe dad's doing better."

"Yeah, see ya later, Chocolate Chip."

"Back at ya, Bunny Rabbit." Chip smiled at his new friend and headed for the hospital.

Jack Conley *was* doing better. He had suffered a slight heart attack and needed to stay at the hospital for awhile. The little family hugged and thanked God that Jack would eventually recover. Elise wiped his brow with a cool cloth and fussed over him until the nurse asked them to leave Cardiac ICU so Jack could rest.

Old Cappy took them back to Shadow River Inn in his police car. Neighbors were waiting at the Inn with a hot dinner. Elise cried into the arms of her dear friend from church. The twins fell into wicker chairs on the porch and re-lived the details of the last couple hours with a few friends.

Clare was the first one to spot a taxi coming down the lane toward the Inn. "Mom, they're here! The new guests have arrived!" She could hear her mother groan. Elise had forgotten that guests were expected. No one wanted to snap into their hospitality roles but they didn't have a choice.

ILLUSTRATION 7: Chip plastered a sickly smile on his face and greeted an older man and his young son as they stepped onto the sidewalk. "Welcome to Shadow River Inn. Can I get your bags?"



He was thinking of the unmade beds, the half painted shed and the dust in the hallways. What were they going to do now?

Talk about an emergency! If these people were smart, they would get back in the cab and head for the nearest hotel. Dad always said, "Welcome to Shadow River Inn". Oh, why wasn't dad home where he belonged?

The gentleman solemnly shook Chip's hand and said, "Our bags are in the trunk. My name is Dr. Sidney Shelton and this is my son Charles." The boy grinned at Chip and stuck out his hand, "But you can call me Chip."

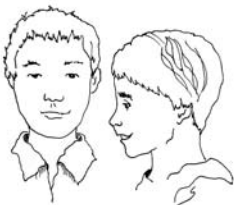
Everyone on the porch shouted, "Chip!" The boy jumped. He could not imagine why his name caused such a ruckus with the town folk. "Yeah, Chip! Wanna make somethin' of it?"

Everyone laughed. "Two Chips in town! Big Chip and Little Chip? How about Chip and Chipper? Or Potato Chip and Chip Off The Old Block?"

ILLUSTRATION 8: The two Chips looked at each other and burst out laughing. The likeable newcomer caught on right away and said, "Well, if it makes you feel better I could be 'Bruce'. I always liked that name. Strong! It's got class. This would be a great chance for me to try it on for size."

Dr. Shelton looked disapprovingly at his son and said, "No, Charles. Your mother and I gave you a fine name. It was my father's name. You will not become 'Bruce' this summer or any summer."

The good doctor turned to greet Elise and Clare. He seemed puzzled at the interested crowd but assumed this was a popular Bed and Breakfast. "It has been a long trip. I hope our rooms are ready. I must rest before setting up my experiments in the workshop."



Elise quickly filled him in on the day's traumatic events, explaining how her friendly neighbors offered to prepare the Inn. Dr. Shelton said, "My dear lady, we have no intention of making you work tonight. We can fend for ourselves. Just point us to the cupboard where we can find linens and towels and we will not trouble you. Dust balls don't concern us, do they son? Don't prepare breakfast. We can find "The Eatery."

Smiling faces in the crowd said, "No! You are special guests. We'll help Elise and a couple guys can finish painting the shed." They were getting into the spirit of things.

Everyone scattered to do what they could to help the Conley family. They were going to meet the needs of their friends during this emergency. Jack Conley was well loved in this tiny community and it was seldom that they could repay his many kindnesses to them.

Chip and Clare and Chip Shelton joined in the fun. They dusted the rooms, made beds and washed leftover lunch dishes. Clare was relieved that this new Chip seemed like a nice kid. She didn't want to think what life would be like if she had to worry about her dad and entertain a brat at the same time. This was a stand up guy. She liked him. She could tell her own Chip liked him. The boys already had a fishing trip planned as soon as things calmed down.

Dr. Shelton rolled up his dress shirt sleeves and vacuumed the parlor. He headed for the shed and helped two men from town finish the paint job. Elise showed them where to store "Jack's Junk" as she always called it.

The men nailed strong shelves along the walls to make a fine workshop. A bright light was added and Dr. Shelton was ready to work. Tomorrow. Tonight he needed rest.

"What kind of experiment is your dad working on," asked Clare. "We carried a lot of bottles to the shed. And the chemicals! Wow! Are any of them dangerous?"

Chip Shelton said, "I suppose they could be dangerous if you knew how to mix them. Dad is real careful. He knows his stuff. He is working on a big project for a chemical company. He invented a liquid that withstands really hot temperatures.

Paint it on machines and homes and they become instantly fire proof. It's never been done but dad has a formula. Some people call my father 'The Mad Scientist'. You probably think he can't do it, but / think he *can!*"

"Man, can you imagine having a coat of stuff on your house to protect it from fire? I'd buy it! Your dad's gonna be a 'bazzillionaire' if he can do this." Clare was seeing dollar signs and Chip was imagining all the types of buildings and equipment that could be saved if the liquid worked.

"Yeah," said young Chip Shelton. "There's just one problem and don't ask me about it 'cause I can't tell you. I promised my dad."

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CHAPTER THREE

REVIEW MAIN EVENTS FROM CHAPTERS ONE AND TWO



ILLUSTRATION 9: The two Chips and Clare headed for Shadow River early the next morning. The air was crisp and cool. "Fish Guts and Glory", the Conley's rowboat, bobbed against the wooden dock. Chip and his dad named the little dory after their grand family fishing boat, "Grace and Glory".

This was a fishing boat built for kids. Tucked under wide bench seats were several life preservers. Strong wooden oars were attached along both sides. The boat could hold four kids in a pinch but mostly Chip and Clare found it comfortable for just the two of them with their fishing gear, lunches and bottled water.

The twins were given permission to take their new friend riding along the river inlets. Mom was headed for CICU and the kids were told they could eventually talk to their dad on the phone but no more visits. He needed to rest.

Dr. Shelton handed his son a 'walkie-talkie'. "I will be in touch at all times. Wear that life preserver. Do not rock the boat. Be back right after lunch. Don't talk to strangers. You know, all the usual warnings."

The trio readily agreed and stepped into paradise. There was nothing like floating along the river, fishing and talking and eating backpack sandwiches along the way. Taking a new friend along was priceless.

Chip Shelton could not believe he fell into the best vacation of his life. The twins never pressed him to tell his dad's secret. He respected them for that. He only hoped that his dad would be careful as he experimented with the dangerous chemicals in the old shed. If anyone knew Dr. Cook had threatened to destroy Dr. Sidney Shelton, they would be in trouble.

He announced, "Now you can call me 'Bruce'. Come on, try it.

Let's see how it sounds." A broad grin filled his entire face and the twins couldn't help joining in the fun.

"Bruce, grab a snack," cracked Chip. "Get me the flyswatter, Bruce." "Don't tip the boat, Bruce. We don't want to fish you out of the drink. The really big fish eat guys named 'Bruce'." All morning they tried new ways of including the name Bruce in their conversation. Chip Shelton, er, Bruce, loved every minute of it. He even tried to figure out a proper middle name to go with his new identity.

ILLUSTRATION 10: Back at the old shed, Dr. Sidney Shelton got down to work. The scientist only had a short time to test his unique formula. His rival, a woman named Dr. Jean Cook, was determined to take credit for his work. Her outrageous threats worried him. She was dedicated to ruining his career. He was one step ahead of her and was certain she would never find him in a small town named Shadow River.



He had no time to worry about Jean Cook now. He must decide what items to coat with **Liqui-Safe**, his chosen name for the product. He could coat a small piece of wood. Then he could try something bigger...like a boat or a truck. He would make sure his experiments were safe. Mrs. Conley seemed nice enough. It was a shame her husband had a heart attack but the man would not be around to ask questions.

ILLUSTRATION 11: Elise was heartened to find Jack well cared for by a talented staff of medical professionals. A cheerful nurse leaned into her patient and said, "You'll feel one pinch and then the medication will help quite a bit. Relax and maybe I'll give you a lollipop."



Jack waved weakly from his bed. "How's my girl?" he smiled. "Did I give you a scare yesterday?" He tried to apologize but Elise was hearing none of it.

She told him stories of welcoming Dr. Sidney Shelton and his son,

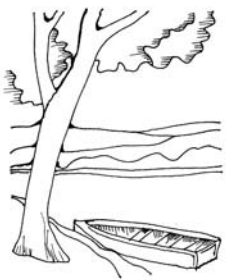
Chip. He laughed when he heard about 'Bruce'. Elise told him about the friends who showed up at the Inn to clean and paint.

The nurse worked around them, trying not to listen to their conversation. Elise tried to be brave while she spoke of the fast acting ambulance crew but she ended up crying and shaking her finger at Jack, "Don't you ever do that again, Jack Conley. From now on you eat fruit and salad and you walk every day. No more heart attacks."

"Come now, darling. Have faith. God won't let us go through anything He does not allow. Trust God. I will be fine and so will you. I don't think I could live if I never had a piece of your homemade chocolate cake!" Jack really lived what he believed. This man understood that whether he lived or died, he belonged to Jesus.

Bunny's ambulance crew was strangely busy that morning. A man suffered smoke injuries after a mysterious kitchen fire. Bunny finished his report at the nurses' desk and headed to his ambulance in time to hear his radio come to life. Another fire was reported on the outskirts of town. Volunteer firefighters were on their way and the ambulance was ordered to follow. "Here we go again," he said to his partner.

ILLUSTRATION 12: The kids rowed awhile and then rested along the bank as they enjoyed a few sandwiches and fruit drinks. "Tell us about yourself, Bruce. Who is Bruce, really?"



The twins enjoyed getting to know this new friend. He was eager to talk about himself. He and his father traveled a lot. He stayed with an aunt during the school year ever since his mother died three years ago. Summers were great because he had his famous father all to himself. They hiked in the Rockies and swam with dolphins in the Bahamas.

"What church do you go to," asked Chip? Immediately he knew it was the wrong question to ask. The newly named 'Bruce' turned his head and spit in the water. "What would I do with church? I hate God."

Chip and Clare looked at each other with wide eyes as their new friend stared hard into the waves. Now what? How do you respond to a statement like that? The twins were silent and then Chip tried, "Well, Bruce, I can see that you've had a bad experience with God. Wanna share?"

"No. And don't call me Bruce." Chip Shelton was tight lipped and his eyes glazed over like ice. "I don't want to talk about it." Conversation ended quickly. Tension was high in that little boat. Within a few minutes the new friend apologized. "I'm sorry I snapped at you. I guess I do want to talk to somebody. God killed my mom. My mom's name was Amelia. She was beautiful and kind and good. She was healthy one day and the next day she was dead. A heart attack took her just like that. I never said goodbye. I never saw her again. Why would God do that?"

Chip took a deep breath. "I don't know, friend. I do know God loves you very much. He knows all about your pain. God is really good in emergency situations. My dad almost died of a heart attack yesterday. He could still be in for a hard time. I don't know the future. Neither do you. Don't waste your time hating God. Use your time to figure out what God wants you to do with what you have left. The Bible says, 'Wait for the Lord; Be strong and take heart and wait for the Lord.'" (Psalm 27:14)

Chip Shelton dragged his hand through the cool water, "I guess you believe in God, huh?" He wasn't sure if he was happy to be friends with two God lovers or if he was disgusted with a couple of sissies. Until now, no one ever challenged his "I Hate God" attitude. The adults in his life just shook their heads and most of the kids he hung out with didn't believe in God. Who were these two strange kids? Did they really believe God loved him?

Clare sniffed, "Hey, do you smell smoke?" She glanced over her shoulder just as a grove of pine trees on the bank 'whooshed' into flame. They were so close that the intense heat took their breath away.

The boys rowed to a safe spot farther along the grassy bank and climbed out of the boat to get a closer look. They could hear the shouts of firemen in the distance. Chip and Clare saw the men fighting the fire from the old Timberline Road. More sirens. More shouting.

Suddenly a man ran toward them. His face was black with soot, his eyes were wide in fear. "Help me! My hunting camp is burning. I almost didn't get out!" He sat down heavily at the water's edge and began washing river water over his head while he coughed. Clare offered him bottled water from the boat.

Both boys ran through the woods toward the old road. In a few minutes they returned with Bunny, the paramedic, and his partner. The medics went to work to help the man.

Bunny scolded the kids, "What are you doing here? Haven't you had enough excitement for one week? Get back in that old coffee grinder and row yourselves home. We'll take it from here." As the kids headed meekly for their boat, Bunny added, "Oh, and Chip? Thanks! I'll talk to you later. Now get out of here."

He turned his back to the kids and started asking his long list of questions. Chip admired this man who could laugh, drink coffee and enjoy life and in a moment's time become a serious life saver.

Shadow River became a safe haven. They rowed to the middle and turned to watch the flames. Chip Shelton's eyes wandered over the burning area, stopping when he saw a glimmer of bright yellow moving away from the fire-fast. He knew immediately that this was the figure of a woman headed for a small foreign car hidden in the brush. "Let's get back to your house," he growled. "I've got to see my dad."



ILLUSTRATION 13: The old shed was hot and stuffy as Dr. Shelton finished measuring and mixing. What should he paint first? He found a shovel near the door and placed it in an old barrel. **Liqui-Safe** was odorless and tasteless. He lit the match and was not sure if he had covered the entire handle because the match went out. He tried again. No matter what he did, he could not light that old

shovel handle. A twinkling smile crossed his face. It was too soon to proclaim success but things were looking up. He tried burning an old rake. Then a plastic sprinkling can. Nothing burned. Not one whiff of smoke could be detected. Had he cracked the code? The world would change if he could present this invention to the right people!

He heard fire trucks in the distance, looked in their direction and saw the tell tale trail of smoke rising above the tree line. He felt great pride knowing his work would save millions of lives. No more fires, ever.

Gazing at the black smoke, a feeling of dread crept into his heart. Didn't the children head in that direction? He picked up the walkie-talkie. "Chip. Come in. This is Dad." The small radio crackled a moment and behind the static he could hear, "Yeah, Dad. I'm here. Did you know there's a big fire? We just rowed up to it. We helped a guy."

"Get out of there, son. Leave it to the professionals. I heard the sirens." Dr. Shelton was well aware of his son's sense of adventure. With a few willing friends, he could get himself in a lot of trouble. "Did you hear me? Get out of there. Come back to Conley's dock immediately."

There is nothing that causes panic in a father more than having to stand aside quietly while his child faces danger. He could hear Chip's distant voice but static increased and he couldn't understand the words.

Suddenly the static cleared and he heard, "Dad, this is Chip. We're back on the river and we're headed home. And Dad? We've got trouble." A chill went up Sidney Shelton's spine as the radio crackled and the message was lost. What did his son mean? What kind of trouble was ahead?

CHAPTER FOUR

REVIEW MAIN EVENTS FROM DAYS ONE-THREE



ILLUSTRATION 14: A sophisticated young woman glared at the rain falling in the woods. She stood at the window of a simple rented cottage near Shadow River. "Rain! I should have known I would be delayed in this rotten, two bit town. I can't start fires if it is raining. Unless...I could start a fire inside a barn. Nothing big, just enough to get the town's attention." She turned with a wicked smile and slid into her camouflage rain slicker.

Dr. Jean Cook had arrived in Shadow River with destruction on her mind. She didn't care about the people of the village. Her sharp focus was to accuse Dr. Shelton of being a fire bug. If she could make people think he was a "Mad Scientist", he would have to spend all his time and money defending himself and she could take his formula to the chemical company. If she was really lucky he would spend a few years in jail.

She deserved the credit for **Liqui-Safe**. She spent years of her life taking notes, performing experiments and standing in the background as an assistant while the proud Dr. Shelton took his bows. No more. This was her time. That snot nosed kid of his was not going to get in the way either. She would make sure of that.

She hopped into her small foreign car and headed for town. Breakfast first and then fire. She parked in front of an attractive diner. A neon sign flashed "The Eatery" above her head. Shaking out her dripping umbrella, she quickly found a seat. She noticed a young man in a blue uniform at the next table. Handsome guy. Was he a cop? No. That was a medical symbol on his sleeve.

"Good morning," she smiled. "You look tired. Can I buy you a cup of coffee?" She reached across the booth to shake his hand. Bunny looked up from the menu and smiled. He was tired. He just pulled a double shift. All he wanted was a quick meal and a few hours sleep.

"Yeah, I've been up all night. Coffee sounds good but don't

bother. I get mine free here. Are you new in town?" He tried to make small talk with this lovely lady but his brain wouldn't cooperate. "My friends call me Bunny. And you are...." She said, "Oh, it doesn't matter. I'm just passing through. I noticed a lot of sirens during the night. What's up?"

Bunny quickly explained the fires. The cops were sure the fires were arson but were puzzled as to who would do such a thing. Dr. Cook took the opportunity to plant an idea in his head. "Hmmm, you *are* aware that Dr. Shelton and his son are staying at the local Bed and Breakfast. I don't want to tell tales but the good doctor says he is working on an invention to stop fires. You might want to check it out. He's crazy. They call him 'The Mad Scientist'." She rose to leave. "And that kid of his has been arrested for starting fires. That's why they move around."

It took Bunny a minute for her sly information to sink into his tired head. Yeah, the Conley kids were with a boy he had never seen before and they were at the scene of the Timberline Road fire. "Oh no," he groaned. "It couldn't be them. They're such nice kids and their father's still in the hospital."

He stood up to ask the stranger a few more questions but she was gone. He caught sight of a small foreign car as it roared through the pouring down rain and disappeared around the corner. Who is she? Why did she take off?

ILLUSTRATION 15: Later that dismal, rainy morning, Old Cappy parked his police car in a puddle in front of Shadow River Inn. Elise welcomed him warmly and gave him a cup of coffee in the parlor. "Horrid day, isn't it? What's up, Cap?" she asked. Cappy took his time sipping the hot drink before stating his business.



"Elise, I have to talk to the kids. We've had a bunch of fires the past few days and I have reason to believe they may know something about it. I also need to speak to your guests, Dr. Shelton and his son. Please ask them to come in." His face was grim.

He disliked doing this tremendously. There was no finer family in

town than the Conleys. Could it be that Jack's heart attack had caused the kids to go off the deep end. Maybe the new kid dared them to start the fires. He had to have answers.

The trio walked into the room silently and sat down. Dr. Shelton stood in the doorway. Cappy was an old friend so no one was nervous about his visit.

Dr. Shelton and his son, Chip, had a feeling they knew what was coming. Cappy started, "We have information that places you three kids at the scene of the Timberline Road fire a couple days ago. Is that true?" He waited for someone to speak.

"Well, yes." said Clare. "We were in the row boat and the pines beside us went up in flames so we pulled over and helped the guy who owned the hunting camp. Chip and Bruce...I mean, Chip, ran to the road and got Bunny to help the guy. Bunny made us go home. That's it. I swear it's the truth."

Cap frowned, "Dr. Shelton, is it true that you and your boy have been in other towns where mysterious fires have broken out?"

Sidney looked at his son and replied, "Yes sir, that is true. I know it looks bad but you have to hear the whole story. I did not start any of those fires and neither did my son." Cap went on, "Are you working on an invention designed to stop fires?"

"Yes, but...." The doctor didn't know where to begin. This had all the signs of Jean Cook but he would never prove it. He had never proved it in the past. Before he knew it, he was in the back of a squad car heading for the police department. The three kids were following in the Conley's van. It looked like it would be a long day. And his experiments were sitting unprotected in the old shed.

ILLUSTRATION 16: The police radios crackled to life. "Fire spotted north of the city. Firefighters are rolling." A fire was raging in an abandoned barn and was spreading to nearby homes. The rain had stopped and the fire jumped from spot to spot.

There weren't enough firemen to cover all the areas and it soon



became apparent that the northern section of Shadow River was on fire. Brave citizens and police officers ran to the burning houses and pulled people and belongings into the yards.

Emergency vehicles arrived and carried injured firefighters and citizens as quickly as they could to the hospital. The houses in that neighborhood were so close together that there was little hope of saving them, especially when the rain stopped and the heat dried up the moisture.

Bunny rushed as many people as he could into the Emergency Room. He often transported three or four patients at a time until crews from nearby towns arrived. A medical helicopter hovered overhead and every squad car was pressed into service.

Satisfied they were innocent, Cappy sent the Conleys and the Sheltons home. He had been with them most of the morning. It was impossible for them to have started the latest fires. He headed for Shadow River Hospital where he was met with wails of loss and pain. Who could have done this to his town? He was determined to find out.

Sidney Shelton stepped out of the police station and called the boys. Fellows, you are going to have to be my legs. Run as fast as you can back to the shed. This disaster has Dr. Jean Cook's fingerprints all over it. I'm afraid she is determined to steal the completed batch of **Liqui-Safe**. Get it and hide it. I don't care where you hide it, just get it out of sight. Elise and I will follow as quickly as we can.

"I'm sorry, doctor," Elise said, "I have to get to Jack as quickly as possible. He won't understand the sirens and the emergency going on at the hospital. I must keep him calm. Clare can go with you. Drive my van. I'll meet you at home later." She tossed her car keys and was already running toward the hospital.

In the meantime, the two Chips raced to the shed. It didn't appear

that anyone was around so Chip Conley shouted, "I have the perfect hiding place, Bruce. I'll get the can. I can run faster by myself. You scoop up the paperwork and meet me at the row boat.

Neither boy saw a shadowy figure standing near the Oak tree. Once Chip was gone, Chip Shelton began pulling paperwork into a briefcase as fast as he could.

ILLUSTRATION 17: When the papers were safely in the briefcase, he turned around to face the chilling Dr. Cook blocking the doorway. He tried plowing past her but she pushed him back into the room. Grabbing the briefcase, she shouted, "Tell me where the **Liqui-Safe** formula is, you brat, or you're gonna regret it."



She evidently had not seen Chip Conley heading for the row boat with the can of liquid. "You know my dad's the 'Mad Scientist'. There is no magic liquid solution to fires. He's just a crazy, old man. It gives him stuff to do." He was shaking but hoping with all his heart that he could convince her to leave.

"Young man," she smiled. "Let's just say if you do not tell me where that liquid is, I will start a cozy little fire right in this shed. Everyone will think the fire bug 'bugged' himself after burning down half the town."

She quickly pulled the wooden door closed and locked it from the outside. She set the old plank door on fire and ran for her car. It was time to leave. Her job here was done. She had the **Liqui-Safe** formula in the briefcase. No one would stop her now. She would be famous. She would be rich.

CHAPTER FIVE

REVIEW THE EVENTS OF CHAPTERS ONE, TWO, THREE AND FOUR



ILLUSTRATION 18: Inside the smoky shed, Chip Shelton stomped on the fire the best he could. The flames flew up the dry wooden door and made escape impossible. He pulled his shirt over his face and prayed; "Dear God, Help me. Save me!" He could no longer breathe and he fell to the floor. Darkness came over him.

Chip Conley waited long enough for Jean Cook to run to her car and then scrambled up the river bank to the shed. He shouted, "I'm coming! I'm coming! Hold on, Bruce!" The door was hot and the dry wood was burning fiercely. Chip reached gingerly for the old fashioned sliding bolt and pulled the door open, using a nearby leaf rake to protect his hands.

His friend was passed out from smoke and lying on the dirt floor. The wooden door continued burning wildly but when the flame tried to jump to a nearby wall and shelf, the flames just died. Papers left on metal trays never caught fire.

The ceiling remained firm and unscorched. He grabbed Chip under the arms and pulled the boy outdoors into the fresh air. Yanking the walkie talkie from Chip's pocket he radioed Dr. Shelton and an ambulance was dispatched to Shadow River Inn.

ILLUSTRATION 19: The sound of an ambulance siren was welcome relief and soon Bunny and his crew were working on Chip. "Hey Conley," Bunny quipped, "We just gotta quit meeting like this. What's his name?" Chip smiled and said, "Bruce. Just call him Bruce."



The paramedic leaned into his patient and began quick mouth to mouth resuscitation. "Come on, Bruce. You can do it. Wake up." Bunny watched carefully until Chip began to move and then attached life saving equipment before loading him onto a nearby gurney. Soon the boys were in the back of the ambulance heading for the hospital.

Old Cappy, Shadow River's tough police chief, was angry. He took a few of his men and using the tip from Bunny about the talkative woman from "The Eatery", blocked off roads heading in and out of town. The only clue was "a sophisticated young woman driving a foreign car". No matter.

That description was enough to catch bitter Dr. Jean Cook as she tried to run their roadblock. She tumbled out of her car screaming, "It's not me! It's Shelton! He's the fire bug! He's a 'Mad Scientist'!"

The stolen papers were gathered for evidence and soon Cappy had the pleasure of handcuffing the evil person responsible for major destruction in his beloved town. Dr. Jean Cook's days of scientific discovery would be over for many years.



ILLUSTRATION 20: Sidney Shelton and Clare were a wreck waiting for the ambulance carrying both Chips to arrive at the Emergency Room entrance.

As soon as the ambulance doors swung open, the doctor heard his smoke stained son calling, "Dad, Dad, it worked! I saw it for myself. The shed didn't burn." He was swept into the mayhem of the crowded Emergency room leaving his father, Chip and Clare with tears in their eyes.

"It worked," said Dr. Shelton. "**Liqui-Safe** saved my son's life!" He made his way through a crowd of dirty, sooty patients, following the gurney carrying his Chip to another portion of the hospital. As they disappeared around the corner, the twins caught more words, "Dad, I prayed. God is real. He saved my life...."

Bunny put his hand on Chip's shoulder. "You've had quite a week, friend. Have you ever thought of becoming a paramedic. You do pretty well during emergencies."

He invited Chip and Clare to take a look at the ambulance and meet the rest of his crew. They talked to an exhausted, yet proud group of men and women who were glad they could help people with medical emergencies.



ILLUSTRATION 21: One little boy tiptoed to Clare and reached up to hold her hand. She looked down at him. He said, "I got a boo-boo. Wanna see? Nurse give me a 'dan-daid." Clare's heart felt for him. Both his parents were being treated for burns in a nearby cubicle. The nurse told her they were waiting for his grandparents to arrive. The kids offered to stay with him until he was safe.

Elise joined her twins with the good news that their father was steadily improving and he was ready to see them for a few minutes.

Both kids jumped at the chance and soon regaled their dad with stories of a very exciting week in Shadow River. Chip said, "The shed door burned but the whole shed is stood firm. I guess I can have my club house after all, huh Dad? At least we know I'll never burn it down!"

Jack shook his head with a twinkle in his eye, "I can't believe I missed all the excitement. If I had been there, I would have had a heart attack!" The family laughed but Elise kept a close eye on her dear husband.

The twins giggled, "Yeah Dad. Good thing you missed the scary stuff." They were concerned about the portion of Shadow River that experienced so much damage. Knowing their village, it would not be long until new homes were built in the northern section of town.

Mom already had plans to open the Inn to homeless neighbors offering a safe place for the families. There would be lots of rebuilding this summer.

Dr. Shelton caught Chip and Clare in the hallway and asked them to come with him. "Chip has been asking for both of you and he won't rest until he talks to you. Please come quickly." They hurried to the Emergency Room where their friend was being monitored.



ILLUSTRATION 22: The coughing boy motioned for them to come close to his bed. IV's and beepers and masks and tubes were frightening but behind the equipment was their smiling buddy. He could not speak much due to a smoky, scratchy throat but they could understand him.

"Thank you for saving my life, Chip. I tried to open the door but it was locked. You could have run away. You could have left me there. Why didn't you just leave me? Dr. Cook could have thrown you in the shed. You could have been burned." He was overcome with thankfulness for this new friend who was willing to risk his life.

Chip answered carefully. "To be honest, I didn't have time to think about being afraid. I guess I should have run the other way but it was an emergency. I was the only one there to help you.

My dad always tells me, 'When a friend's in trouble, you don't run away.' Maybe that's why I stayed. Maybe it's because God's Word says, 'No greater love is this, that a man lays down his life for his friend.' (John 15:13) You're my buddy, Bruce. I couldn't leave you."

Chip Shelton whispered, "God was in the shed with me. The door was burning and I begged Him to help me. I even screamed 'Save me' and He did.

I could hardly breathe but I watched the fire die out whenever it traveled to the walls or ceiling. It was like Someone blew out the fire. Thank you for making me think about God. I prayed and God answered!" He fell back onto his pillow, tired but thrilled at new hope in Christ for his life.

Dr. Shelton stood behind the twins holding back tears of joy. "I painted the entire shed with the only can of **Liqui-Safe** I mixed. I didn't have enough to finish the door. I mixed a new batch but I didn't have time to paint the door before I was arrested. I knew **Liqui-Safe** could change lives. I just didn't know it would save my own son's life."

He thanked God that the break through in his formula came just in time to save his boy. Who says miracles don't happen anymore.

Chip and Clare walked home through the deserted, smoky streets of Shadow River, amazed at all the events that had changed their lives in one week's time.

Clare said, "I'm so glad Dad is going to be healthy again. I don't know what we would do without him. His heart attack reminded me how much I love him."

Her brother agreed and playfully punched her shoulder. "Well, sis, You'll always have me! And you know I love ya'." She punched him back. "And you'll always have me, brother. I love you too."

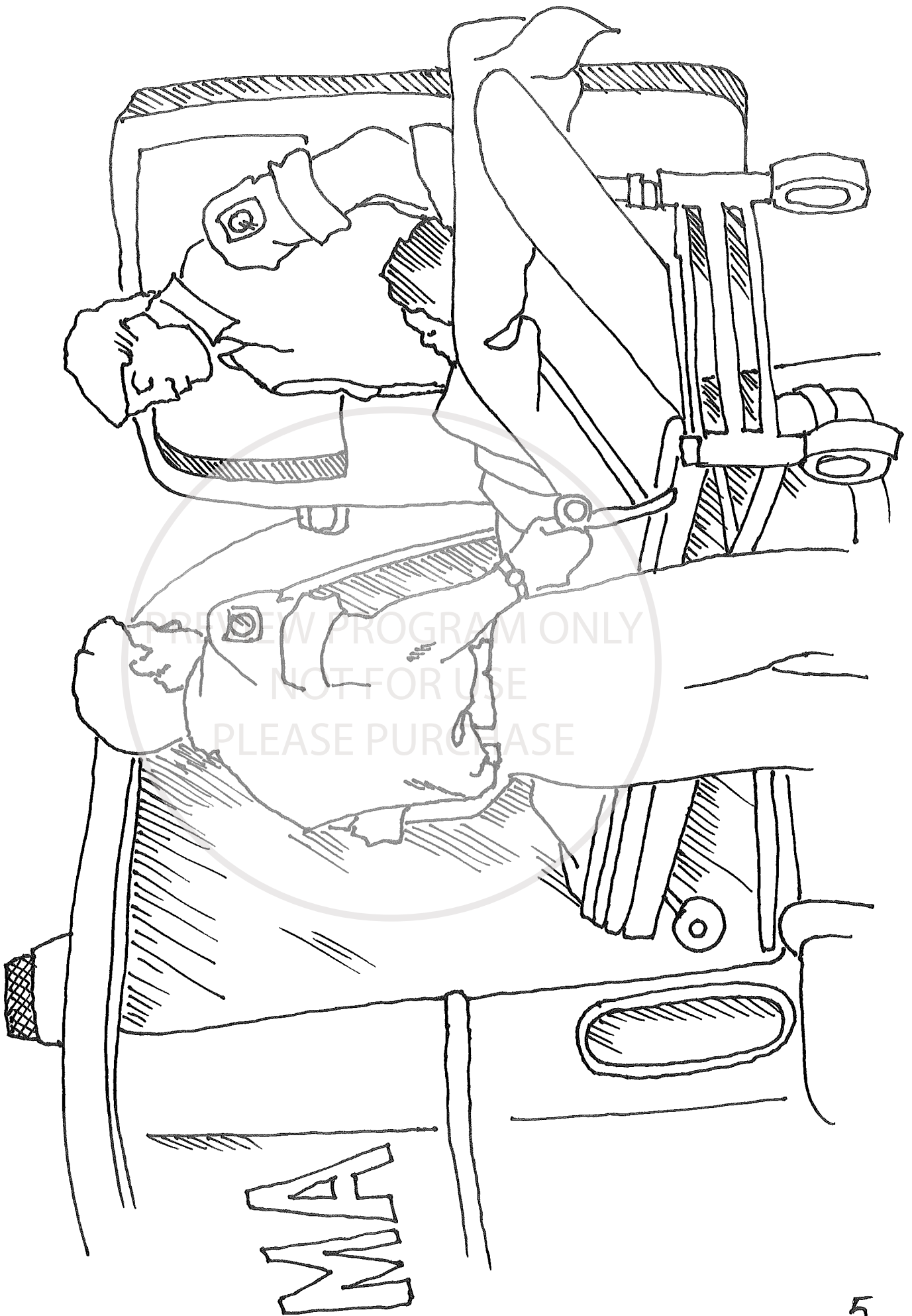
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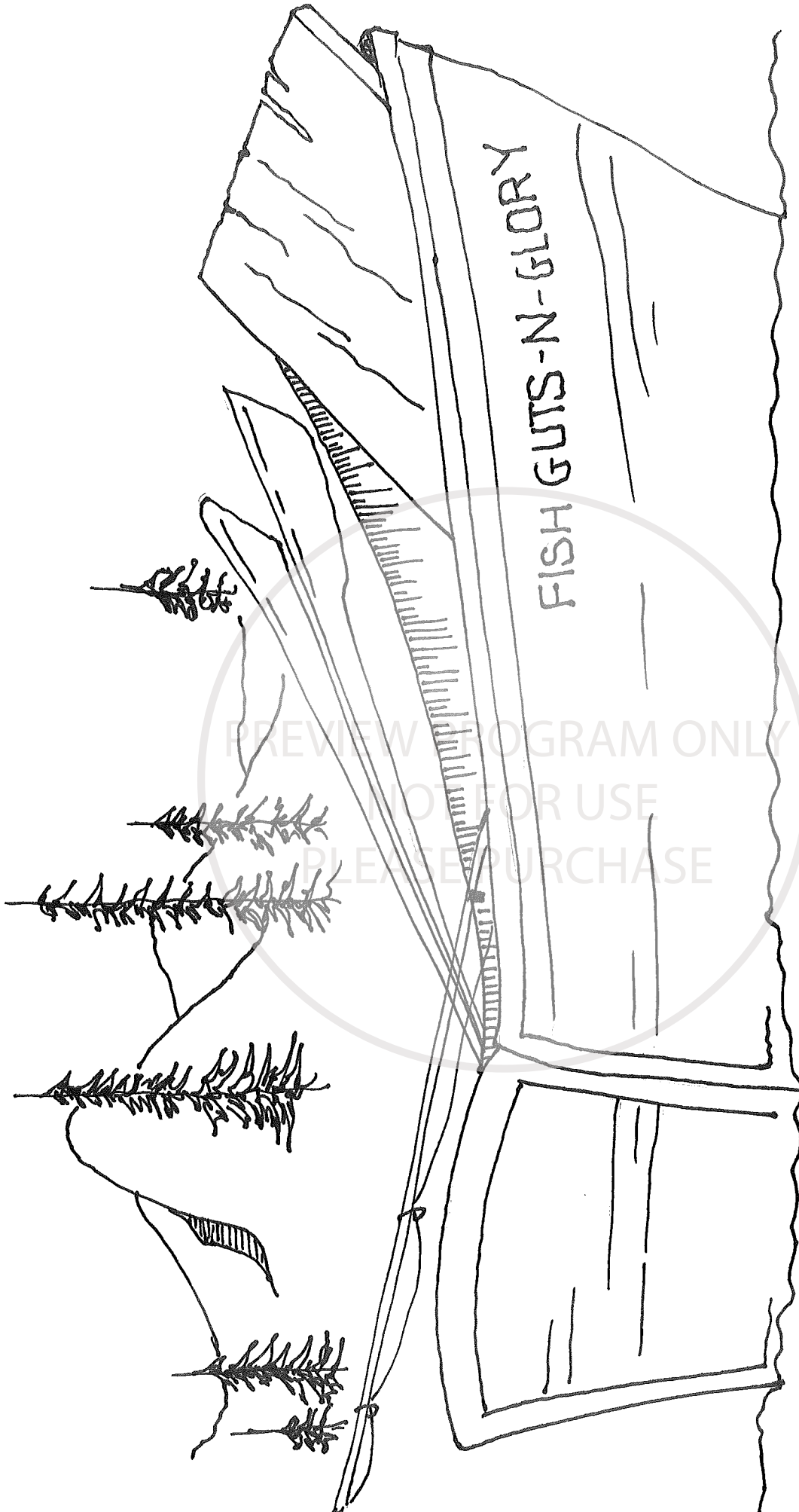








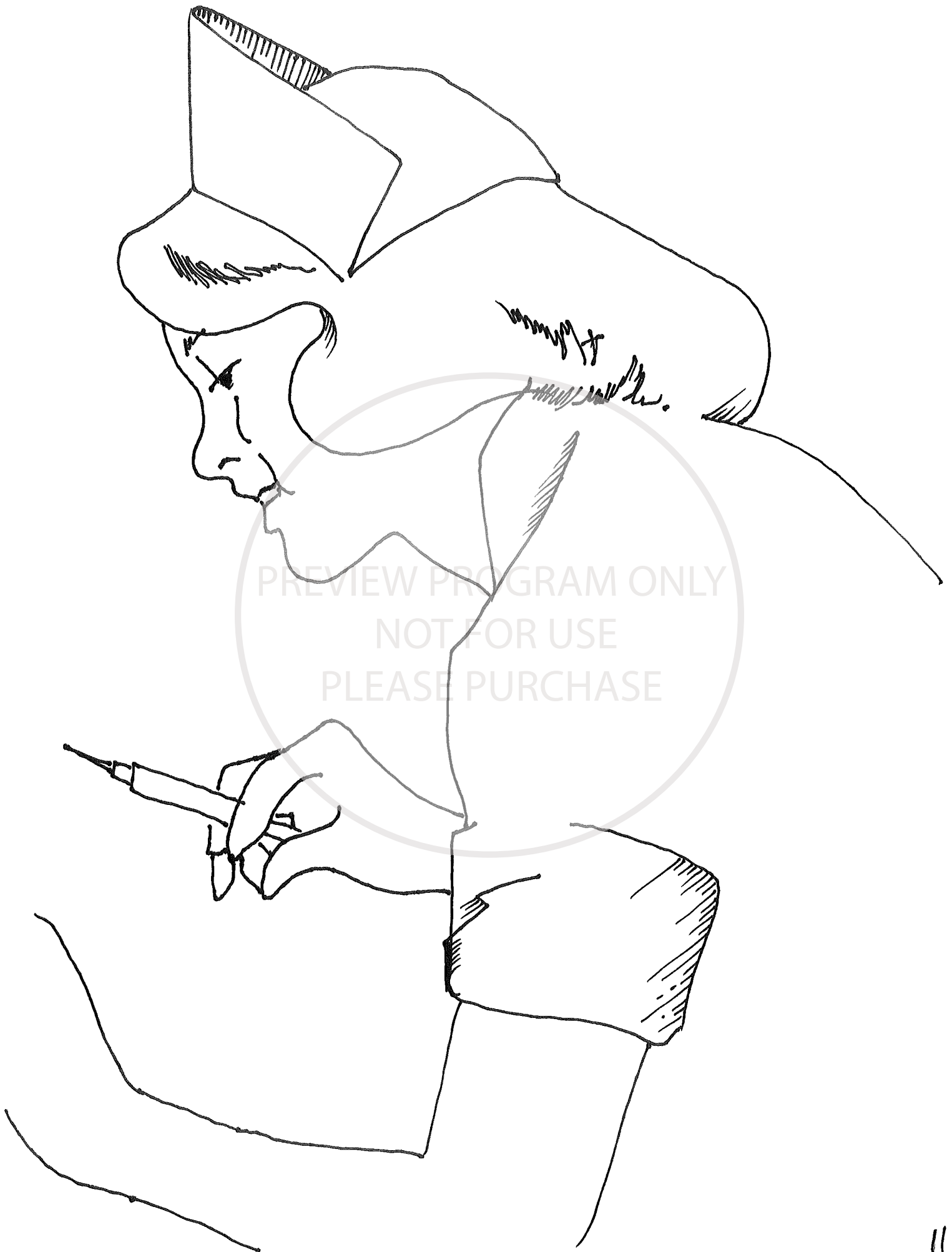




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