

TROUBLE IN Washington

PREVIEW PROGRAM ONLY
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PLEASE PURCHASE



An All American
A Conley Twin Adventure

Trouble In Washington

A Conley Twin Caper

Trouble In Washington is a five day adventure story designed to last fifteen minutes each day. Each chapter ends at an exciting point encouraging students to return the next day and discover how yesterday's situation was resolved.

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 the story with enthusiasm. Do not rush! Allow each scene to unfold easily for the listeners.

READ AND FLIP!

Learn the story so you can tell it without reading it. OR, you may want to 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 at the same time the students are looking at the picture. OR, 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. Students appreciate the update and new students hear the entire adventure without missing important events in the story.

COLOR!

The story pictures are line drawings 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. OR, if preferred, do not color the pages. Leave the story intact in black and white.

ENJOY!

This story is fun and mysterious. Enjoy yourself as you tell each chapter. Do not be a “ho-hum” teacher! 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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CHAPTER ONE

ILLUSTRATION 1: Later, Chip remembered that it was exactly 5:32 P.M., Monday, June tenth when the telephone rang at Shadow River Inn. He remembered because the jangling of the old telephone in the quaint Victorian Bed and Breakfast Inn his parents owned and operated hurt his ears. Chip had spent the first five days of summer vacation in bed with a terrible cold, infected ears and sore throat. He was counting the days until he could rejoin his twin sister, Clare, and get ready for a highly anticipated family vacation in Washington, D.C.

“Shadow River Inn...Good Evening!” crooned Elise Conley, Chip and Clare’s lovely and very busy mother. “Yes, we have a room available this week. No, I do not foresee any other guests. We are preparing to close for several days.” After a few moments of silent listening, Chip heard his mother say, “Now wait a minute. I do not think I can do that. It is highly unusual! Of course we can use the extra money. It just isn’t right. I couldn’t possibly.... No....Please just take the room we offer and.... Well, if it is THAT important perhaps we can make arrangements. Fine. We will expect you and your friends this evening. Goodbye.”

Chip tiptoed to the top of the staircase just in time to hear the telephone fall back into the cradle with a loud bang. He stared at the back of his mother as she shook her head and whispered, “Well, I’ll be! I’ve never heard anything like it.”

“Heard anything like what,” croaked Chip. “Who was on the phone? What did they want?” He leaned heavily on the railing as the hallway began to spin. He sat down abruptly on the top step as his mother rushed to help him. “Chip! Get back into bed. You have no business being out here...and in your bare feet too!” She lifted his arm and Chip balanced his body gingerly as he headed for his bedroom.

“Guess I should get back into bed. I don’t think I’m quite ready for walking yet.” His mother chuckled as she tucked the cool sheets and thick homemade quilt around her fine young son. “Yes, Chip. You still have a fever and your throat is sore. I know it’s hard to keep a good man down but in this case my good man...stay down!”

“Mom, you have to tell me, who was on the phone? Why haven’t you heard anything like it before?” He raised his head off the pillow to try to stop his mother from leaving. It worked. He looked pathetic enough to stop her at the doorway. As she turned, she said thoughtfully,

“Don’t worry. This is something good...I think. I have to talk to your dad to get his approval first but I think we have just booked the entire Inn for the rest of the week. Someone named Mr. Bing said he and two business colleagues needed a private location to meet and found our Shadow River internet site. He said Massachusetts was out of the way and he needed complete privacy. He is going to rent every single room in the Inn even though no one will be using those rooms. He wants me to keep it a secret. Oops! I guess I didn’t do well with that. I told you!”

“The secret’s safe with me, mom. You know that.” Chip smiled weakly. Elise smiled back and with a raise of her eyebrow declared, “Chip, you are the last person I can trust with a secret. It seems to me that you and Clare use secrets as a kind of weapon to create an adventure.”

“Not this time, mom. I’m too sick. Rent, don’t rent. Get the money, don’t get the money. Have a secret. Don’t have a secret. I just don’t care. In fact, I’m getting weaker. I think I need Clare to bring me a bowl of chicken soup. She loves being my servant when I’m sick. She said so this morning.” Chip fell back on his pillow with a satisfied smirk on his face.

“I think you are dreaming, Chip, but I’ll send Clare with some juice in a few minutes. I wouldn’t call her a servant to her face if I were you. Of course, if you would rather wear the juice than drink it, give it a try.” She closed the door as she left and Chip drifted in and out of sleep for one minute or one hour (he couldn’t tell) until Clare knocked on the door.

ILLUSTRATION 2: Chip’s look alike sister was just as energetic and adventure seeking as her older twin brother. Being the oldest twin by twenty minutes carried considerable prestige for Chip and he never failed to take advantage of the situation. His claim that he was the more thoughtful of the two, the better looking of the pair and the smartest kid in the family was due to those all important *twenty minutes*. Clare, in her defense, was also thoughtful, good looking and intelligent. In fact, she was intelligent enough to let her brother think he was all those things. “Wake up! I have some orange juice for you. Mom said you must drink every drop of it or I get my pick of your latest baseball cards.” She held the frosty glass in front of him as she taunted him to sit up.

“Clare, lean down here. I have to tell you something before I expire. I have a secret. It’s a big one. I’m not supposed to tell you but since you’ve been so good to me, I’ll spill my guts.” Chip did indeed spill his ‘guts’ and told Clare of the strange arrangement that was to take place at the old Inn that very night. Clare wasn’t quite sure if Chip was telling the truth or if he had dreamed the story in his feverish state. She didn’t take the information very seriously and just humored Chip until he finally drank the juice and went back to sleep. She slipped out of the bedroom and hurried down the back stairway to the comfortable antique kitchen. No one was there so she put the empty juice glass in the sink and reached for a chocolate chip cookie from the glass jar on the counter. Just then the sound of the doorbell chimed throughout the house.

As Elise hurried to answer the door, Clare listened to see who was coming. As far as she knew, the Inn was closed until their family returned from visiting their cousins in Washington D.C. She heard her mother say, “Mr. Bing! How did you get here so quickly?” His response was mumbled but Clare did hear him introduce two men. “Mrs. Conley, how mah-velous to meet you.” he said in a smooth, too smooth, manner. “This is Thomas Trader and Jefferson Jolly, the colleagues I mentioned on the telephone.” There was something unnerving about his well modulated, subdued voice. Clare couldn’t put her finger on what made the little hairs raise up on her neck and little quivers jump in her stomach but she definitely knew trouble was brewing. Her mother’s voice sounded strained as she welcomed the new visitors.

ILLUSTRATION 3: Clare remained out of sight behind the kitchen door as her mother tried to accommodate the visitors. “Mr. Bing, I must insist that you pay for just the rooms and services you will be using during your stay at Shadow River Inn. We cannot allow you to pay the extra costs involved in renting the entire Inn. I have not spoken to my husband but I assure you he agrees with me.”

Mr Bing replied, “ My colleagues have requested absolute privacy and anonymity. This arrangement insures that our meeting place will be what we need. Now, isn’t that worth a few extra dollars? Hmmm? Please accept this generous payment and show us to our rooms.”

Clare could hear the click of a briefcase opening and then the audible gasp of her mother. “Cash? Mr. Bing, no one carries this much cash with them. I am very uncomfortable.”

“Hush, hush, Mrs. Conley. We are fine, upstanding businessmen trying to get away from the rush of daily living. There is no conspiracy here. Be assured we are honest men.” Mr. Bing finally convinced Elise that the money was good faith payment for services rendered.

After the men were directed to their rooms, Clare pushed into the large entry hall and confronted her mother. “Mother, what is going on? How much money did those men give you? Who are they?” Clare noticed her mother’s hands shaking as she counted the money in the briefcase.

“Well, honey, I think whoever they are, they just paid for our Washington vacation. What can it hurt? They insisted and they seem honest. We can certainly use the extra money since dad and I are going to close the Inn next week anyway. There must be five thousand dollars here!” Elise’s face turned rosy pink as she counted the bills bundled in small stacks.

Clare could hardly wait to climb the back stairway to Chip's room. She didn't stop to knock this time. She rushed into the room and shook her sleeping brother. "Chip, Chip, wake up! You have to help me. Three men just gave mom five thousand dollars to rent the entire Inn! Did you hear me Chip? Five THOUSAND dollars! In cash! Oh come on, Chip. This is not the time to play tricks. Something big is going on just like you said. I need help. Wake up!"

Chip roused from deep sleep long enough to whisper, "Sshhh, it's a secret. I shouldn't have told. Don't tell mom. Stay alert, Clare. Stay alert." And he drifted back to his stuffy head, earache, sore throat escape slumber. Clare didn't have the heart to wake him again. Somehow she knew she was going to have to go it alone and find out why three strangers would want such a private meeting so quickly.

ILLUSTRATION 4: The visitors left the Inn to find one of Shadow River's fine dining establishments and the next time Clare saw them was later in the evening as they sat in the Adirondack chairs in the garden gazebo. They were talking in hushed tones watching the sun set over Shadow River. Water moved slowly and fishermen guided their small boats to the private docks as evening set in. No one seemed to notice the bland business men except for Clare, whose detective spirit was set in motion by all that money in a plain case and her brother's warning to "stay alert."

She nonchalantly walked down the sloping yard toward the men. Putting on her best "I-don't-have-a-care-in-the-world-because-I'm-a-kid" face, she sauntered toward them. They did not see her and continued their low voice conversation.

Clare overheard Mr. Bing. "Men, these are perilous times. The last man we need to support is the man who now sits in the White House." His friends nodded solemnly as he continued, "I propose a surprise that will get the attention of right thinking Americans everywhere. We can be heroes if we do our job right. Are you with me?" The two men appeared nervous and turned to see if anyone was nearby. Spying Clare, they stood up and pointed to her.

"Hey, kid! What are you doing? Where did you come from?" Bing jumped to his feet in a panic but immediately his face was calm and reassuring. "Why, it is obvious that this is the Conley's daughter. Good evening child. Are you here to play?"

Clare continued the drama by looking as dopey as she could. "Oh, I didn't see ya there. I always sit here in the garden gazebo by the river and count the fish. We kids don't have much to do around here ya know." She hoped she didn't sound as ridiculous as she felt. It appeared to work. The men returned to their seats. Trader and Jolly growled, "Get rid of the kid, Bing."

“Miss Conley”, he purred, “Might I ask you a favor? Please forego your usual ‘fish counting’ activity and return to the Inn. For your cheerful cooperation I will reward you with this crisp five dollar bill.” He held out the money with a toothy smile and a moist hand. She grabbed it fast like a greedy little child and without one word ran up the slope back to the Inn.

Peering at them from behind lace curtains, Clare was more convinced than ever that these strange men were up to no good. Who did they mean by ‘the man in the white house’? What white house? The only white house she could think of was the white cabin at the bend in the river where Old Man Dixon lived. He wouldn’t hurt a fly...well, maybe a fly but he certainly couldn’t be a bad person. Could these men be hatching a dangerous plan that would hurt someone in Shadow River?

She hid behind the kitchen door until the men entered the Inn after dark. She overheard them ask her mother if the rest of the family was sleeping. Elise assured them that her son was sick, her husband was working late at the Inn’s maintenance garage and her daughter was already asleep since the light was out in her room. They requested that she close the parlor door before she went to bed.

ILLUSTRATION 5: Clare hardly breathed as she listened from behind the kitchen door. What would they say? And where was Chip when she needed him? She didn’t have long to wonder. She heard a loud clang, bang and thump, thump, thump as her brother fell down the back stairs shouting in an over medicated daze, “Where are you, Clare? I’m ready for an adventure!”

“Chip,” she whispered frantically, “Get out of here! You’re going to get us both into a lot of trouble!” Clare jumped toward the stairs and lifted Chip from a stack of old pots and pans strewn across the black and white tile floor. He was slow to respond and she had her hands full. Before she knew it, she was sitting on the floor with her brother laying across her lap. In another second, the kitchen door swung open with a bang and Mr. Bing and his friends stood in the doorway glaring at the disheveled twins sitting in the middle of pots, pans, lids and various other kitchen utensils.

CHAPTER TWO

What a mess! Clare picked herself up and in the process dropped Chip onto the floor. The men, glaring in the doorway, were so angry that Clare expected them to explode. Fortunately for the twins, their surprised mother arrived wearing her old bathrobe and curlers. The expression on her face communicated to Clare that their story had better be a good one. Through all of this, Chip remained curled up on the floor, laughing!

“Chip! Clare! What are you doing? I fully expected you to be in bed at this hour of the night. Stand up, Chip, and stop laughing.” Elise put her hands on her hips and gave the twins a thorough tongue lashing before they had a chance to make any excuses.

Mr. Bing added his displeasure with a red faced burst of anger, “Mrs. Conley! I fully expected that we would have absolute privacy in this God forsaken corner of the world. Now I see two meddlesome, impudent children who intrude at every turn. If you cannot control your offspring, we shall go elsewhere!”

Chip stood up on wobbly legs, saluted his mother and said, “Yes ma’am. Cap-n Chip here at your service. You got a mystery? I can ‘myster’ it. You got an adventure? I can ‘venture’ it. You got...?” His mother interrupted his muddled speech and turned to Clare, obviously the saner of the two at the moment.

Clare cleared her throat and said, “So sorry, mom. Chip took too much medicine so I figured I better help him. He fell down the stairs and I didn’t know what to do. Really, really, I didn’t bother our guests. I know they need privacy. I’ll take Chip right back to bed.”

Unbelievably, everyone assumed she was telling the truth, the men smiled uneasily and returned to the parlor and mom got a glass of water for Chip who was now sitting in a kitchen chair looking stunned. “What happened,” Chip asked. “Last thing I remember is holding onto the wall as I came down the stairs.”

Clare and her mother assured him that he would feel much better in the morning. “After all,” said Elise, “You must get well so we can head for Washington. Maybe after a good night’s sleep, you will feel better.”

ILLUSTRATION 6: In the morning, Clare awoke to quiet men’s voices wafting upward through the heat register in her bedroom. She moved silently to the hole cut into the floor, pushed her old toys to one side and leaned down to see if she could understand the words being spoken. The voices became louder and more insistent so she could hear the conversation clearly.

“Bing, I insist that we move quickly. Kidnaping the daughter of a United States President is tricky business. The element of surprise must remain with us. I say we get into the White House this week using the phoney passes I acquired from my contact. Those passes will give us complete freedom once we’re inside the West Wing.” Jefferson Jolly paused for the response of his two cohorts.

“Jolly, I agree that we should move quickly,” replied Thomas Trader, the third conspirator. “I have a few questions. First, how do we get from the West Wing to the family quarters on the second floor. I know the place is well guarded.”

Bing answered, “That’s the beauty of our plan, Trader. Military uniforms are stored in a maintenance closet. As soon as we enter the West Wing, we find that closet, change clothes and head for the second floor with no one the wiser. I am determined to be as big a threat to this president of this as I can. We don’t have to hurt his child—unless she won’t cooperate—we just have to scare her father. The ransom? The assurance of the President that he will resign before his daughter is released. His resignation will be worth any consequence I must suffer.”

Clare could not believe what she was overhearing. These three deranged men were actually planning to kidnap the daughter of the President of the United States. The plan sounded impossible but what if they actually succeeded. Why would they want to carry out such an evil deed? She listened again.

“Hey! Do you hear that? I swear if those nosy kids are around another corner, I’ll...I’ll...” Jolly was interrupted by Bing. “Stop it! No one knows what we’re doing and these ‘hicks’ wouldn’t catch on if we dropped a thousand hints. Why do you think I chose such a ridiculous location? Trust me, we can make plans in complete safety here.”

Clare jumped up from her listening post when she heard her door open. Chip stood in the doorway, “Did you hear what I just heard?” He had been listening from a similar vent in his bedroom. “I always knew those vents would come in handy someday,” he whispered. Together they leaned toward the floor to catch more of the conversation. Much to their dismay, the men moved onto the large Victorian front porch and settled into rocking chairs to eat the delicious breakfast served by their unsuspecting mother.

“Chip, we have to figure out how to help. What can we do? We should tell mom and dad!” Clare always turned to her brother when a dilemma loomed before her. Chip, the super sleuth, was already thinking. He was in shock that a potential national problem was laid at their doorstep. After all, they were just kids. Even if they told their parents everything they heard what were the chances anyone would believe them. The three men would deny the conversation and call their interference a “flight of fantasy” by a fish counting girl and her sick, overly

medicated brother. There had to be a way to help in a quiet way.

By the time the twins left Clare's room, they had a plan devised to stop the kidnaping in the White House. Chip's first job was to convince his parents that he was well enough to travel to Washington. The next task was to inform his Uncle Connor Conley, a Marine assigned as a guard at the White House. The rest would be up to the Secret Service who protected the President and his family.

It was easy to get the trip to Washington underway. Chip truly was feeling better. His parents were anxious to get their family on the road knowing that Jack Conley's brother, Connor and his family were waiting for them in D.C. Little did they know that another adventure was awaiting the small family.

ILLUSTRATION 7: Chip and Clare hatched a plan that just might help the Secret Service if it worked. As the family was loading the car, the twins snapped pictures with their camera. "Hey, everybody look over here and smile! We're on vacation!" They took pictures of Mom and Dad...and their parents took pictures of them. They took pictures of Mom and Dad together, of Chip with Dad, of Chip with Mom, of the dog and they even took a snapshot of three serious looking business men loading their luggage into a rental car in the driveway.

All the way to Washington, Chip and Clare huddled together figuring out how to tell Uncle Connor their mysterious tale of a threat to the country's First Family. Was it true? Was it their imagination? Maybe they should forget about it and enjoy the sights of the capitol city. After all, no one would blame them for getting facts mixed up. Deep inside they knew their misgivings and fears would not keep them from trying to help in any way they could.

The Conley family got off the airplane at Dulles International Airport and flew into the arms of Connor, Amanda and their three small children. Conversation flew back and forth as everyone tried to talk at once. The sight seeing plans that Connor and Amanda had would take the family several weeks to complete. So many wonderful historical sites and so little time! They would see the Capitol, Lincoln Memorial, Mount Vernon where George Washington had lived, Arlington Cemetery where the nation's heroes were buried and finally, The White House where Uncle Connor worked every day.

"I have a special surprise for you," Connor said proudly. "I'm not going to tell you what it is but I have a feeling you are going to be very happy." He changed the subject then and whisked the two families and a stack of luggage away in their mini-van. Dinner at the Washington Conleys' was delicious. Homemade lasagne, heaps of tossed salad and homemade buttered bread was the perfect backdrop for conversation late in the evening.

When the little cousins were finally put to bed with a host of stories and kisses galore, Chip and Clare decided it was time to tell the tale of three strange men and a kidnaping plot to the adults in their lives. This was one caper that the twins did not feel competent to handle on their own.

“Ummm,” began Chip, “We’d sure like to talk to all of you if you have a few minutes. We have a little problem.” Clare nodded her head as the adults, with worried looks, found seats in the small living room. They waited for the twins to continue.

ILLUSTRATION 8: “Aw, come on, Chipper, how bad can it be? How long have you been here? 3 hours? Not much trouble you two could get into in that amount of time. And I’ve been with you the whole time.” Uncle Connor patted his nephew on the back. “I’ve heard stories about the trouble you two can find. Lay it on me. Let’s see if you can shock me.”

Clare began the story by retelling the first conversation by Shadow River when the men said they wanted to get rid of “the man in the White House”. Everyone laughed when she told them she couldn’t figure out what the man in the white house by the river bend had done to make these guys so angry. She continued with her version of acting dumb. Even Chip rolled his eyes knowing the men bought the story that Clare spent her afternoons counting fish in the river.

The tone became more serious when the twins related the conversation overheard through the kitchen door and through the heating register in the bedrooms. They asked the adults if they could have possibly misunderstood the words. Maybe there was no danger and their imaginations were going wild.

When Clare got to the part about taking a picture of the three men, Uncle Connor jumped from his chair and said, “Where’s your camera, Clare? Let me see it.” His face was so serious and his tone so severe that it frightened Clare. Suddenly this was not a fun adventure and her sweet Uncle Connor looked like a no nonsense Marine. She was involved in a serious situation.

Connor excused himself immediately and with Clare’s camera in hand, made a telephone call from his den. While he was gone, Jack and Elise just stared at their children. The silence was deafening. Chip finally said, “Well, get it over with. Yell at us. Ground us. Send us home. Whatever you are going to do, do it. I can’t stand the suspense.”

His dad sat on the edge of the couch and leaned toward a distressed Chip and Clare. He spoke slowly, emphasizing one word at a time as he gazed directly into Chip’s eyes, “Your mother and I have never been as proud of you as we are at this moment. Never forget that.”

“Yes,” added mom. “Finally, you obeyed what we have been asking for a long time. Tell us before you run off to solve a mystery! You did it! You actually TOLD us before you got

yourselves into a dreadful situation with dangerous people. Keeping such a secret could have endangered Dawn Prescott, the President's daughter. Thank you, thank you. Maybe we ARE good parents after all." She ended by crying into a tissue and blowing her nose.

Before the twins could respond, their uncle returned and informed them that a member of the Secret Service was on his way over to speak to them. Clare's camera would be confiscated as evidence and it would be very important that Chip and Clare retell their story as honestly as they could with as many details as possible. Now events got rolling quickly.

The Secret Service agent was serious yet pleasant as he questioned the twins. He assured them that threats to the President and his family were common. There was probably nothing to this. He asked the names of the men and wrote *Bing, Trader and Jolly* carefully into a black notebook. He thanked the twins for their earnestness in reporting the incident and if anything came of it, he would be in touch. The agent shook Uncle Connor's hand as he left the house and the two men whispered meaningfully at the door.

Suddenly everyone felt tired, very tired indeed. It was time to sleep and get ready for a wonderful day of sightseeing in Washington, D.C. the next day. As the twins got ready for bed they discussed the interview. "Do you think we did the right thing, Chip?" asked Clare. "I mean, after all, if it's nothing then we wasted everyone's time."

Chip sat thoughtfully on the end of the roll away bed and said, "Clare, did you see them? Did you see what happened?"

"No, what happened," asked Clare. "I didn't see anything."

"They were proud of us," he said. "Mom and Dad were actually proud of us. And mom cried. I never thought I'd see the day that we'd get it right and she would think we did what we should at the right time."

"Chip, I think they *are* proud of us but don't get ahead of yourself. I have this uneasy feeling that it's not over yet. In fact, it may be time to pray. The Lord has put us here for a reason. After all, who would think that two kids from Shadow River, Massachusetts would be involved in anything connected to the President of the United States!"

"Yeah," breathed Chip. "We gotta pray....and tomorrow is another day."

CHAPTER THREE

ILLUSTRATION 9: The summer morning was breathtaking as the combined Conley families toured Washington. They walked under Japanese cherry trees lining the famous Potomac River and climbed the marble steps to Lincoln's impressive Memorial. Both families crammed into the elevator to climb to the top of the Washington Monument where they could see all of the nation's capitol. Late in the afternoon, they drove to Mount Vernon and joined hundreds of other visitors on a tour of the famous house and grounds that George and Martha Washington loved so much. They even peeked into George and Martha's simple tomb.

The day was going well and the crew was headed for dinner when Uncle Connor's cell phone rang. He answered, "Conley here. Yes...no... Right now? You want their parents too? I understand. We were just headed for dinner. No kidding? We will enter through the South Gate. Will passes be waiting for us? Give us about an hour. Thank you." He flipped the phone back into his pocket and faced the waiting group.

"Well folks, we are going to have a little detour in our sightseeing adventure. I think you may enjoy this one. I'm going to show you where I work."

"The White House?" shouted the twins and their parents in a surprised chorus. "We planned to take the White House tour later next week." added Clare.

"You are not going on the tour, kids. You are going to get a very special stroll through the old house with unusual tour guides, President Prescott, Mrs. Prescott and their daughter, Dawn. She is exactly your ages and I'm told she wants to meet you. Not only that! The Prescotts have asked your family to join them in their family quarters for a private dinner. Are you up to it?"

Elise almost fainted as she took in the enormity of the situation. "I..I'm not dressed for this. I could never be dressed right for this. Jack didn't even bring a suit. What are we going to do?" Connor smiled and said, "The guard said you are to come as you are. One nice thing about the First Family is that they are very casual. If you wear shorts and slacks, so will they and I might add, they are more comfortable that way. Trust me, you are going to like these people."

ILLUSTRATION 10: Before they knew it, Connor whisked his family home. Everyone took showers, dressed casually and were met by a shiny black limousine. A driver opened the doors and soon Jack, Elise, Chip, Clare and Uncle Connor were being driven toward the impressive gates of the White House. A small guard house sat off to one side with two important looking men waiting inside. The guards checked identification and handed passes to the group. With one telephone call, they were headed for the South Portico. Uncle Connor

pointed to the south lawn where the famous Easter Egg rolls take place. He also told Chip and Clare that the sight of sheep grazing on the south lawn of the White House may seem unusual, but during World War I, it was a highly visible symbol of home front support of the troops overseas. The flock, which numbered 18 at its peak, saved manpower by cutting the grass and earned \$52,823 for the Red Cross through an auction of their wool. The Wilsons wanted to be a model American family helping the war effort.

ILLUSTRATION 11: And then, there they were, being greeted inside the grand doorway by a casually dressed handsome, smiling man who said, “Welcome to the White House! I’m President Prescott. This is my wife, Gloria and my daughter, Dawn. Come in. Come in. We’ve been waiting for you and I’m starving!”

You would think that the Conleys would be awestruck and would not be able to speak or function properly but the Prescotts were so welcoming and common in appearance and behavior that everyone was soon chatting happily as if they were old friends. A White House photographer hovered nearby snapping casual photographs as keepsakes for everyone. The ever present Secret Service agents stood silently beside the man they were to guard. They were all business and their dark suits added to the serious tone they set.

After a quick tour of the elegant State Rooms on the first floor, the group entered the elevator to reach the second floor family dining room. Chip looked around and thought, “They are never going to believe this at school. I can’t wait to write my ‘What I did on my summer vacation’ paper.” Dawn Prescott noticed his smile and said, “Chip, you and Clare look so much alike. I always wondered what it would be like to have a twin. Do you like it?”

Clare interrupted, “Sure he likes it. I get him out of trouble all the time.” Everyone laughed and Chip and Clare’s parents assured President and Mrs. Prescott that their adventuresome duo would be on their best behavior for the evening. Uncle Connor excused himself and accompanied the agent who had interviewed Chip and Clare to another room. Evidently Uncle Connor was back on duty.

The dinner was delicious and the conversation lively. If Jack and Elise could bottle this moment for a lifetime, they would. Jack Conley and President Prescott had a love of trout fishing in common so they tried to outdo each other in the ‘who caught the biggest fish’ tales. Mrs. Prescott and Elise talked about children, Shadow River Inn and curiously, their faith in Christ. It seems that the Prescotts were Christians and were pleased to be able to talk about Jesus with others who understood their dedication to Him.

Dawn asked if they could be excused for the ‘kid version tour’ of the White House. That is how Chip and Clare ended up playing a jazzy version of “Heart and Soul” on the mammoth piano

in the East Room. They walked through the Green, Red and Blue State Rooms which were typically on the public tour. They 'oohed' and 'aahed' over the historical collection of Presidential china patterns in the popular China Room. As ever vigilant Secret Service men watched over Dawn, the trio walked through offices of the West Wing, greeting many men and women who helped the President run our country. Smiling secretaries and grumpy young men who had no time for young visitors, bustled past them. Friendly doormen opened entrances and pointed the way to the Oval Office. Just outside the distinguished office, they were asked to sit down and wait.

Dawn looked surprised. "I wonder what's going on," she said. "I often go into the Oval Office when Dad isn't there. He let's me sit on the big leather couch and wait for him. Oh well, come over here and meet Dad's secretary....Hi, Mrs. Lyndon! Meet my new friends, Chip and Clare Conley."

It was soon evident that the President was on his way to the Oval Office. Activity increased as men spoke into their watches. "Flying Eagle...on the move," they said. Dawn laughed, "That's the code name for Dad. Mom's code name is "Angel Face" 'cause her name is Gloria and guess what my code name is..."Sun Rise" because my real name is Dawn. I kind of like it!"

Doors opened and closed and the youngsters watched as a grim President Prescott moved swiftly through the hallway, silently motioning them to join him as he passed. Inside the Oval Office, Chip and Clare found their Uncle Connor waiting for the group. The President signaled for everyone to sit down. The briefing began with Connor Conley explaining the current situation.

"Mr. President, as you are aware, there has been a credible threat against Dawn. Chip and Clare were in the fortunate position to overhear three men plan a kidnaping in the White House. The Secret Service has received information that Bing, Trader and Jolly are indeed in Washington. They are staying at a private bed and breakfast inn in Georgetown. Since the threat against Dawn is dangerous, we are requesting that 'Sun Rise' be moved to the summer White House in Connecticut tomorrow morning."

"Go on, Sergeant Conley" said the President. "Mastermind a plan! I know Dawn is safe since we have this remarkable information. How will you catch these men in their folly?"

Uncle Connor glanced at Chip and Clare and then at the President. "Mr. President, we are suggesting a ruse, a trick, a bluff that will cause these men to capture themselves. We can then prosecute them to the fullest extent of the law. Our plan requires your permission to allow them to actually enter the West Wing, find uniforms in the maintenance closet and then invade the White House as they search for Dawn."

“I don’t know,” said the President. “It sounds dangerous. Isn’t there another way? I am very uncomfortable knowing these men will be moving freely through the White House.”

Connor replied, “Perfectly understandable but be assured that we will know the moment they arrive and will follow them closely until....” He paused and looked at Clare.

“Until what...?” Clare said. “Uncle Connor, I don’t like that look in your face. Until....”

ILLUSTRATION 12: “Well, here’s where it gets tricky,” Connor replied. “Surely you have noticed the uncanny resemblance between Dawn and Clare. They could be twins. The Secret Service is speaking to Jack and Elise Conley at this moment to get their permission for us to use Clare in our little scheme. Clare becomes a sitting duck, a fake ‘Sun Rise’, a brave patriot saving the life of her friend. We dress her like Dawn, place her in the White House Library and see what happens. If Bing and his men make their move, we have them. If not, we arrest them for invasion of the White House.”

“Oh, oh,” said Clare. “I had a feeling I wasn’t going to like this. Don’t kid yourself, I like the thought of being a ‘brave patriot’ but my little heart is beating too fast to be brave. Maybe I’ll just be a scared little sitting duck...quack, quack!”

“Sounds like a great code name, Clare. ‘Duckling’ on the move. I like the sound of it!” Uncle Connor laughed knowing that his adventurous niece was always up for a good caper...and this was as good as they get. He convinced himself that the danger was minimum and Dawn Prescott’s life and perhaps the presidency would be saved by their little maneuver.

Chip was annoyed that he wasn’t included in the plan and would not receive a cool code name but he was proud of his sister. After all, they had solved enough mysteries in their young lives to be included in the Hardy Boys and Nancy Drew category of detectives.

President Prescott said, “I assume Miss Conley will stay overnight so our people can fashion her into an exact replica of Dawn. Let’s find a spot for Chip, too. He can stay and keep the girls company. How about coming up with a code name for him too. I’m sure Jack and Elise will give permission. In fact, I want to speak to them before they leave the White House. So, if you will excuse me....” He stood, everyone stood, and he left the Oval Office by way of the Rose Garden.

Uncle Connor and the three kids sat in silence for a minute while the enormity of the situation set in and the knowledge that three very bad guys entering the People’s House became real. Clare looked at Dawn. Dawn looked with true gratefulness at her new friend and Chip just stared out the window.

He finally broke the silence. “I think a great code name for me is ‘Einstein’. What do you think? ‘Einstein on the move.’ Fits me, doesn’t it? After all, I *am* a genius!” When the girls picked themselves up off the floor from gales of laughter, they decided that a better code name would be “Ding-A-Ling”. Uncle Connor settled the matter by code naming Chip “Sherlock” after the famous fictional detective Sherlock Holmes. “Let’s go ‘Duckling’ and ‘Sun Rise’. Bring your friend ‘Sherlock’ and we’ll find some ice cream downstairs in the White House kitchen. I bet the pastry chef would love to meet you guys.”

ILLUSTRATION 13: Treated to one of the best pieces of chocolate cake Chip and Clare ever had, the team sat on tall chromed stools in the basement kitchen and devised their plan to catch the bad guys. Jack and Elise came in long enough to share a piece of cake and say good night. Elise kissed Clare and said, “Please be careful, Clare. Do not do anything on your own. Wait for Connor to give the orders. I do not want anything going wrong in this little caper.”

Clare assured her mom she would be safe and that Chip would help keep her calm. Dad shook hands with Connor, hugged his kids and headed for the door. He turned for a moment and with a wink he said, “Get through this little escapade and I promise you that a surprise will be waiting for you that you will never believe.”

“A surprise? Give us a hint! Animal, vegetable or mineral,” begged Chip. “I cannot imagine anything better than spending a night in the White House.” As much as Chip whined, his father would not say more. With a wave and a grin their parents left to spend the night with Connor’s family. The children prepared for the unknown.

CHAPTER FOUR

ILLUSTRATION 14: Dawn directed Chip and Clare toward her second floor bedroom. Waiting inside was a young woman who looked at Clare and decided that Dawn had a pair of blue jeans that would fit her. Another woman prepared to dye Clare's blond hair into the brown tresses that looked more like Dawn. Clothing, make-up and hair stylists rushed in and out as Mrs. Prescott coached the entire spectacle. The girls were thrilled to be the center of attention but Chip was bored.

President Prescott entered and noticed that this was no place for any self respecting male and said, "Come with me, Chip. Let me show you where you are going to sleep tonight." He guided Chip across the hall and into a darkened room. As they entered, the President flipped on the light. Immediately Chip knew he was standing in the middle of the Lincoln Bedroom. He had learned about this famous place and was awed to be in such important company on such hallowed ground. The huge Victorian bed, rocking chair and long windows looked exactly like the picture in his history book. Under highly polished glass, he discovered the original copy of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, the document that freed the slaves after the Civil War.

"Kind of puts a lump in your throat, doesn't it," said President Prescott. "I feel it every time I come in here. Lincoln is my favorite president. How about you?"

"I never thought about it," whispered Chip, "But right now I think my favorite president is you." He looked shyly at the tall man standing beside him. Chip had a new hero. This president was strong and brave and still took time to talk to a kid. He would never forget this moment.

Dawn and Clare came into the room and their resemblance was amazing. Chip and the President decided that they would have a hard time telling the girls apart. The President explained that the kids would be able to spend time together tonight but then he, Mrs. Prescott and Dawn would leave the White House early tomorrow and the trap would begin. President and Gloria Prescott said goodbye and gave their everlasting thanks to the twins for being willing to help. Before they left the room, all of them bowed their heads and asked the Lord to keep everyone safe and wisdom for the Secret Service and Uncle Connor.

Clare and Dawn jumped on the big Lincoln bed and began a true gabfest. The girls acted like they had known each other for a lifetime. They quickly discovered they were both Christians and had a lot in common. Chip chimed in with stories about their past adventures and soon all three were laughing hysterically. Dawn became quiet and took Clare's hand. "I want to thank you, Clare, for doing this. I thought about what would have happened if I had been kidnaped. I don't think I'm brave enough to get through it. The Lord put you in the right place at the right

time to help me and now you're going to finish the job. It is hard to say goodbye forever to such a good friend."

Clare replied, "Dawn, I feel like I've known you forever. Someday we'll meet again. I promise. I don't know when or where. It might be when we are both grown up but I cannot let you go. Let's write and email each other. After all, you live at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C.--the most famous address in America."

When Clare awoke the next morning, she looked at the empty bed next to her and knew that Dawn and her parents had been whisked away in the middle of the night. For all intents and purposes, she was now the president's only daughter. A maid walked into the room, pushed back the curtains and placed a tray of delicious food on a table. "Breakfast, Miss Dawn. Time to rise and shine!" The maid winked and Clare fell into her role easily. Faking snobbery she laughingly ordered, "Thank you. I have a busy schedule today. Could you lay out my clothes?"

Once dressed in Dawn's outfit, Clare tiptoed across the hall to awaken Chip. He was sound asleep in Abraham Lincoln's mammoth bed and jumped when Clare slammed the door. "Hey, don't do that. You could give a guy a heart attack," complained her brother. He sat up, looking around like he still didn't believe he was in the White House. What a life!

ILLUSTRATION 15: Uncle Connor came and gave final instructions to the twins. Chip would accompany him to the observation room where a bank of television monitors tracked every movement in the White House. Clare was taken to the White House Library. The small library was a beautiful room on the first floor where leather bound books and glorious paintings told the history of the nation. A small television was placed in one corner to reduce the boredom for Clare as she waited for something to happen.

The first few hours were exciting as the staff took their places and waited for Bing, Trader and Jolly to break into the White House. Soon, it became apparent that nothing was happening. Clare thumbed through the old books, watched a cartoon, a ridiculous soap opera and a show teaching novices how to fix a roof. She was getting tired and hungry. Chip was being entertained in the observation room. Several Secret Service men and White House police officers joined him and with a box of doughnuts, they put their feet up on the table and watched all twenty televisions at the same time. The hustle and bustle of the nation's business proceeded while they watched. Chip could see Clare sitting on a lovely brocade couch, then moving around the room examining the paintings and then drumming her fingers on the old library table.

The two way radio crackled, “‘Duckling’ lunch arriving at library. Heads up!” Chip watched with interest as a man entered the library, gave Clare her lunch and left a video of her favorite movie. How did they know Clare loved old Shirley Temple movies? This place was amazing!

Later Clare could be seen raising her arm and saying, “Hey somebody, I’ve got to go to the bathroom. I could use a little help here.” A woman immediately entered the room and Chip could hear the radio again, “‘Duckling’ on the move.”

By late afternoon, everyone, especially Clare was tired. Word came from the team watching the three men that their rental car was still in front of their Georgetown bed and breakfast. No movement could be seen inside so it was assumed they had not made their move. Chip and Clare met for dinner in the Prescott family dining room and Clare prepared to spend her evening walking through the State Rooms, making herself a visible target for kidnaping.

Red Room, Green Room, Blue Room, East Room, Vermeil Room, Hallways....Clare wandered and her Secret Service agent wandered just steps behind her. Being a brave patriot didn’t seem so bad after all. Nothing to it. She silently read the words of the second president, John Adams, inscribed on the State Dining Room mantelpiece... *“I pray Heaven bestow the best of blessings on this House and all that shall hereafter inhabit it. May none but honest and wise men ever rule under this roof.”* She thought about President Prescott and decided that he fit the description President Adams longed for. She was proud of her country and her president’s family.

She turned around to look for her agent and wondered why he was not there. She peeked out the door and still did not see him. She called, “Mr. Bryson...Mr. Bryson. Could you come here a minute?”

ILLUSTRATION 16: Imagine her surprise when she turned around to find Mr. Bing smiling at her. He didn’t look like the Mr. Bing she met at Shadow River Inn. He was in such an odd disguise. He looked like a smiling White House Doorman. Her heart leaped into her throat and she could barely contain her fear. Struggling to remain calm, she said, “Good evening. I’m looking for Mr. Bryson. Have you seen him?”

“Miss Dawn Prescott, I presume.” Bing was approaching her cautiously. “Mr. Bryson has left for the moment and you are now my charge. I have been asked to accompany you to the Visitor’s Center. Let’s go.” He took her by the elbow and led her roughly out of the room. Clare wanted to scream but she knew that there were many people watching from the observation area so she stalled by saying, “Oh, I don’t think so. It is almost time for dinner. My father and mother will be expecting me upstairs.”

Little did Clare know that the observers were having a difficult time. All of a sudden the bank of monitors blanked out...shouting and running in the hallways, drawn guns, chaos! Chip found himself racing down White House corridors with his Uncle Connor, shouting “What’s going on? Where’s Clare? What went wrong?”

Clare was pushed into the darkened White House Visitor’s Center where another man was waiting. Together the men wrapped Clare in a large carpet and with Clare’s yell muffled through the thick fabric, they carried her down the steps to a waiting pick up truck. The air was thin inside the carpet and Clare prayed as she felt herself losing consciousness. “Please Lord, help me. I’m your child. Keep me safe. Help Uncle Connor find me.”

ILLUSTRATION 17: Connor Conley and the team reached the entry just as the truck was pulling away onto busy Pennsylvania Avenue. Sirens screamed but rush hour traffic kept the police from closing in on the unlicensed vehicle. Chip yelled to his uncle, “Get in the police car. We can find them. Come on!” Connor prayed as he ran. “God help us!” Chip jumped in and together they squealed out of the White House driveway.

Bing, Trader and Jolly were frantically trying to outrun the battalion of cars and a helicopter tracking them through D.C. streets. They had not counted on this much attention. They had been so proud of themselves as they duped the gardeners and snuck into the White House earlier in the day through a basement workroom. No one saw them enter. No one could have guessed their change of plan included a surprise attack later in the evening.

Turning onto a dead end road near the Potomac River, they turned off their lights, waiting silently as vehicles screamed past them. They were home free when the helicopter followed the cars and they were left, breathing heavily, alone in the dark. A ransom note was already in the hands of the FBI demanding the resignation of the president and the dismantling of his cabinet. Success!

Clare woke up to a nightmare as she looked into the faces of her three captors. Their sneers were more than she could take but she decided to pretend she was the president’s daughter until help arrived. “Let me go! I am Dawn Prescott and my father will have you arrested. Don’t think he won’t!”

The men pushed her ahead of them into the night. “We’re in charge now. Shut your mouth and you get to go home in the morning.” The grassy hill grew steeper and Clare suddenly slipped and rolled all the way down to the river’s edge. She scrambled to her feet and before the men knew what happened, she dashed into a bushy area and hid behind a few rocks. She could hear them calling Dawn’s name but she was too tired to care. She moved farther and farther back into a dark wooded area.

ILLUSTRATION 18: Connor and Chip and their police team, with sirens blaring and red lights flashing, drove like madmen through the streets of D.C. It was soon obvious that the trail had grown cold. “How could this happen,” screamed Chip. “You said she’d be safe. I wasn’t even worried! And now she’s gone!”

The police team waited at a crucial intersection for orders from headquarters. Connor sat in the car and looked like he had lost his last friend. He clicked his radio and said, “‘Ducking’ lost. Has anyone seen her?” Silence on the radio announced their greatest fears. Clare was out there, somewhere with the bad guys. Now what?

“Let’s pray,” said Connor. “Lord, we messed up big time and now Clare is in danger. Help her to think clearly. Keep her safe. Let us find her somehow.” In the moment of silence that followed Chip chimed in, “I can’t live without her, Lord, You have to help us find her.”

Search lights crisscrossed the Potomac River and Clare could see a helicopter coming toward her in the distance. How could she get it’s attention. She searched the pockets of Dawn’s blue jeans and found just what she was looking for, a tiny laser beam light. Wasting no time, Clare flashed the pinpoint red light upward toward the pilots. Would they see the beam? Would the three men, still calling Dawn’s name, find her first? What could she do? Where was Chip? Where was the Lord when she needed Him?

CHAPTER FIVE

ILLUSTRATION 19: Clare's only chance to be seen was to find an open space and direct the red beam of her laser light toward the helicopter in the sky. Bing, Trader and Jolly were frantically searching Potomac's river bank looking for her. She laid down on her back behind some rocks and flashed the light in small circles upward. The helicopter moved slowly toward her. She aimed the beam directly into the windshield and was rewarded by the pilot dipping his aircraft toward her. Unfortunately, Bing and his cohorts also saw the 'copter dip and headed for Clare before she could move.

"There she is! Grab her!" Bing pushed his way through the brush but when he got to the spot, Clare was gone. She hid behind a small tree and was relieved to hear several police cars screech to a halt on the hill above her hiding place. Scrambling up the hill as fast as she could, Clare yelled, "Here I am. Save me! I'm 'Duckling'!" Powerful flashlights lit the area as the bad guys tried to hide. They were halfway up the hill when they slid into each other and rolled into the water.

Coming up for air, they looked straight into the eyes of Connor Conley and his nephew, Chip. "Nice dive, guys. I'll give you a ten for effort. Unfortunately you lose. 25-50 years in prison ought to cool you off." Connor handcuffed them before they saw him coming. D.C. Police took over and soon the three dripping hoodlums were on their way to jail.

Chip raced to the top of the hill where he found his sister sobbing into the arms of a policeman. "They got me. They put me in a carpet. They pushed me down a hill. I was so scared! I want my bro-other!"

"I'm here, sis. It's okay. You did it. You caught the bad guys. How does it feel to be the best 'Duckling' in the gaggle?" Clare sniffed, "Not so good...quack, quack."

Another night spent in Dawn Prescott's White House bedroom rested them. By morning, the efficient White House staff had calmed the panicky twins and their relieved uncle. The twins spoke to their parents on the telephone and were reassured that Bing, Trader and Jolly were no longer a threat. President Prescott called with his deep thanks and Clare spoke to Dawn for a few brief seconds.

ILLUSTRATION 20: The escapade hit the news before noon and Clare was being interviewed on CNN, ABC, NBC and CBS. She was getting her fifteen minutes of fame with dozens of cameras and microphones in her face. All Chip and Clare wanted to do was go home to Shadow River. They had never expected to be in such danger. Uncle Connor stayed with

them throughout the FBI questioning and was pleased to be in the room when the three kidnapers were told that they had kidnaped Clare instead of Dawn Prescott. Their careful planning had gotten them a cold room in DC County jail.

Connor apologized to Clare again and again for missing the danger signs and allowing her to get into such jeopardy. "I never prayed so hard in my life," he admitted. "It seemed like God was silent and I was alone in the dark."

Chip said, "Uncle Connor, I truly believe that God knew every step we took before we did. He led us to Clare and we did the right thing in the end. It's an open and shut case for those guys, Dawn is safe, we are safe and we are definitely ready to go home." Clare nodded and agreed that her faith had been tested too. She hardly had time to pray during the crisis so she was glad she had prayed before she was kidnaped. "I remember mom saying 'Don't doubt in the dark what God has taught you in the light.'"

Soon the twins were flying to Massachusetts where their parents and the local press met them at the little Shadow River air field. As their luggage was loaded into the family car, Elise hugged Chip and Clare and said, "I will never, never, never let you two out of my sight again. If we had known the danger..." Her voice drifted off as she choked back tears.

Jack climbed into the driver's seat and before he started the car he said, "Do you remember I mentioned a surprise was waiting for you at home?" His sly smile clued Chip and Clare into a secret but they could not imagine what. "Let's just call it a small reward for serving your nation honorably."

When the family turned into the long driveway of Shadow River Inn, Chip noticed several cars parked haphazardly across the lawn. A crowd of people waved from the long front porch. "My, my, we have a lot of customers this week, mom. I bet there is a lot of work waiting for us." Clare sighed, thinking that her desire to sleep for a week and forget her adventure was not to be. She was grateful to be home. Maybe that was enough for now.

"Clare! I'm here! See if you can find me!" Clare heard a familiar voice but could not see who it was or where she was. She smiled politely as the group on the terrace laughed. She still did not recognize anyone but they certainly seemed well dressed for the Conley's country home. "Clare! You don't recognize me?"

Suddenly Clare knew where she had heard that voice! "Dawn! I hear you. Where are you?" She raced up the wide stairs just in time to get a huge bear hug from her new friend. Dawn was smiling and hugging and crying and thanking Clare for the courageous way she handled herself in Washington. Clare was so shocked to see her that she just stood there and cried.

ILLUSTRATION 21: She noticed that Dawn was not the only important visitor at Shadow River Inn. Sitting on the wicker settee were President and Mrs. Prescott, also smiling ear to ear. Surrounding them were various staff members and the ever present Secret Service agents in black suits and sunglasses. The scene looked like a movie set, only this was real.

“What....how.....why?” stuttered Clare. “I cannot believe you are all here. How did this happen?” She searched the smiling faces for an answer while Chip solemnly shook hands with President Prescott. Mrs. Prescott winked at Elise Conley with a serene smile.

The President spoke next. “Miss Clare Conley, we have come to say thank you in what we hope will be a unique way. Dawn is the light of our lives. Being the daughter of a president is not easy. We could not imagine life without her. Your bravery to act as ‘Duckling’ may well have saved her life. Be it hereby proclaimed: The last week of summer vacation will be Clare Conley day in Washington, D.C. Dawn will host you in her unique way and Chip will come as chaperone. This week is Dawn Prescott week. The Prescott family will stay at Shadow River Inn for a long desired vacation. We will walk in the woods, eat delicious food, sleep with the windows open and fish in Shadow River.”

Everyone applauded, including the White House staff who were going to be taking care of the First Family. Shadow River Inn became the summer White House for one glorious week. What fun it was to watch the President and Jack Conley get up early in the morning, eat bacon and eggs, swap fish stories at the kitchen table and then head for the rowboat for a quiet morning of floating and fishing, getting to know each other as only Christian friends can. Elise took Gloria Prescott shopping in the quaint antique shops in town, introducing her new friend to the dazed and amazed town folk.

Each afternoon the President retreated to the cool parlor with his staff and took care of the nation’s business. Computers and television monitors turned the old fashioned room into a modern day communication center. The evenings were best. After a delicious dinner, the families sat on the front porch, read God’s Word, prayed and sang old hymns in close harmony. Even the Secret Service men joined in with their deep baritone and rich tenor voices.

The best part of the arrangement was that Dawn and Clare hopped into Clare’s big feather bed each night and talked until one parent or another shouted, “Keep it down in there. Go to sleep!” They walked along the river and Chip and Clare showed her the old white house that they thought was in danger when the three men began their dastardly plan.

ILLUSTRATION 22: One day, while watching Chip and his buddies play a pick up game of baseball, Clare and Dawn sat under an old elm tree and talked. Clare wondered what it was like to live in the center of a city so steeped in history. She asked Dawn what it was like

to meet famous people, eat at formal state dinners and hear concert after concert of beautiful music. What was it like to travel to Europe and China, to ride a camel and represent the children of America?

“I feel honored to live in the White House. I know it is not my house. Dad reminds me again and again that we are borrowing it for a few years. It is the People’s House. It belongs to every American. I try to serve Jesus as a kid in the White House. It’s hard because there are so few people who are Christians. My mom and dad help a lot because we pray together every night. Sometimes I like the bright lights and all the attention. Other times I wish I could live in a place like Shadow River and go to school without being stared at and expected to be the perfect role model.”

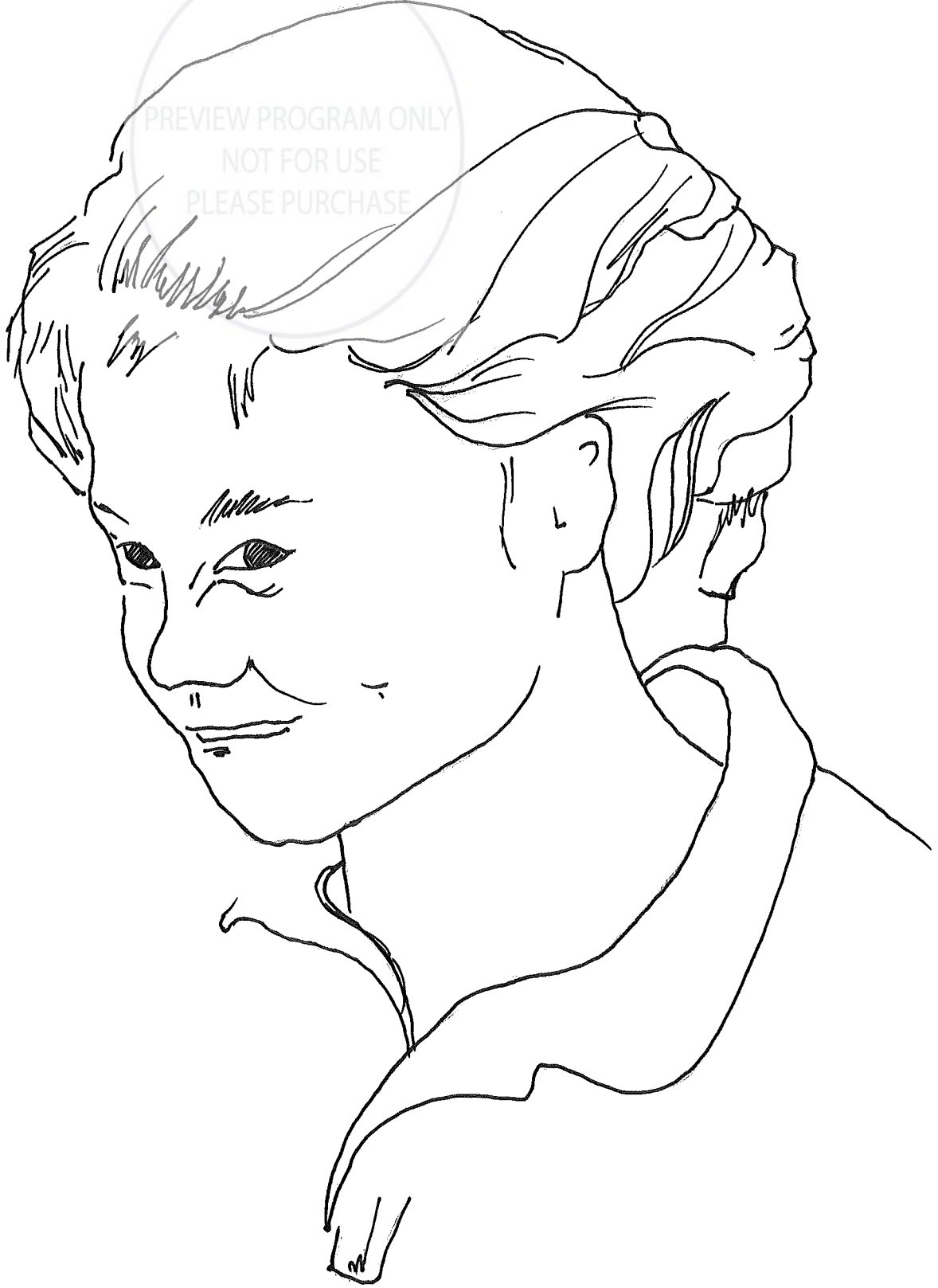
EPILOGUE: Throughout their lives Clare Conley and Dawn Prescott made it a point to visit each other for one glorious week each summer—even when they were grown up! These Christian friends suffered together through braces and glasses, through teen age boyfriends and heartaches and when their own children were young, they shared the story of “Trouble In Washington” and how “Duckling” saved “Sun Rise” from evil. Oh yes, and Dawn called Chip “Sherlock” forever.



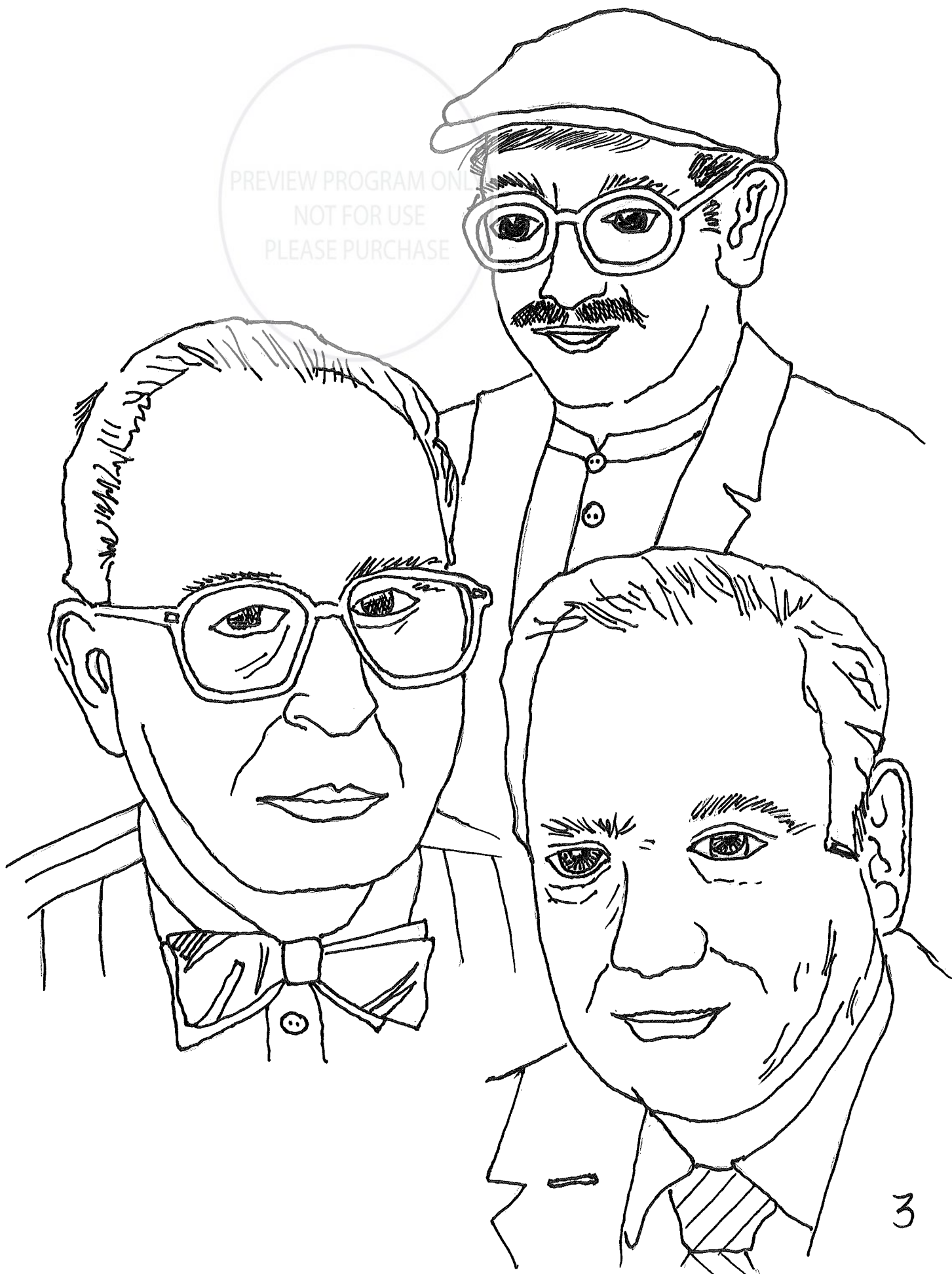
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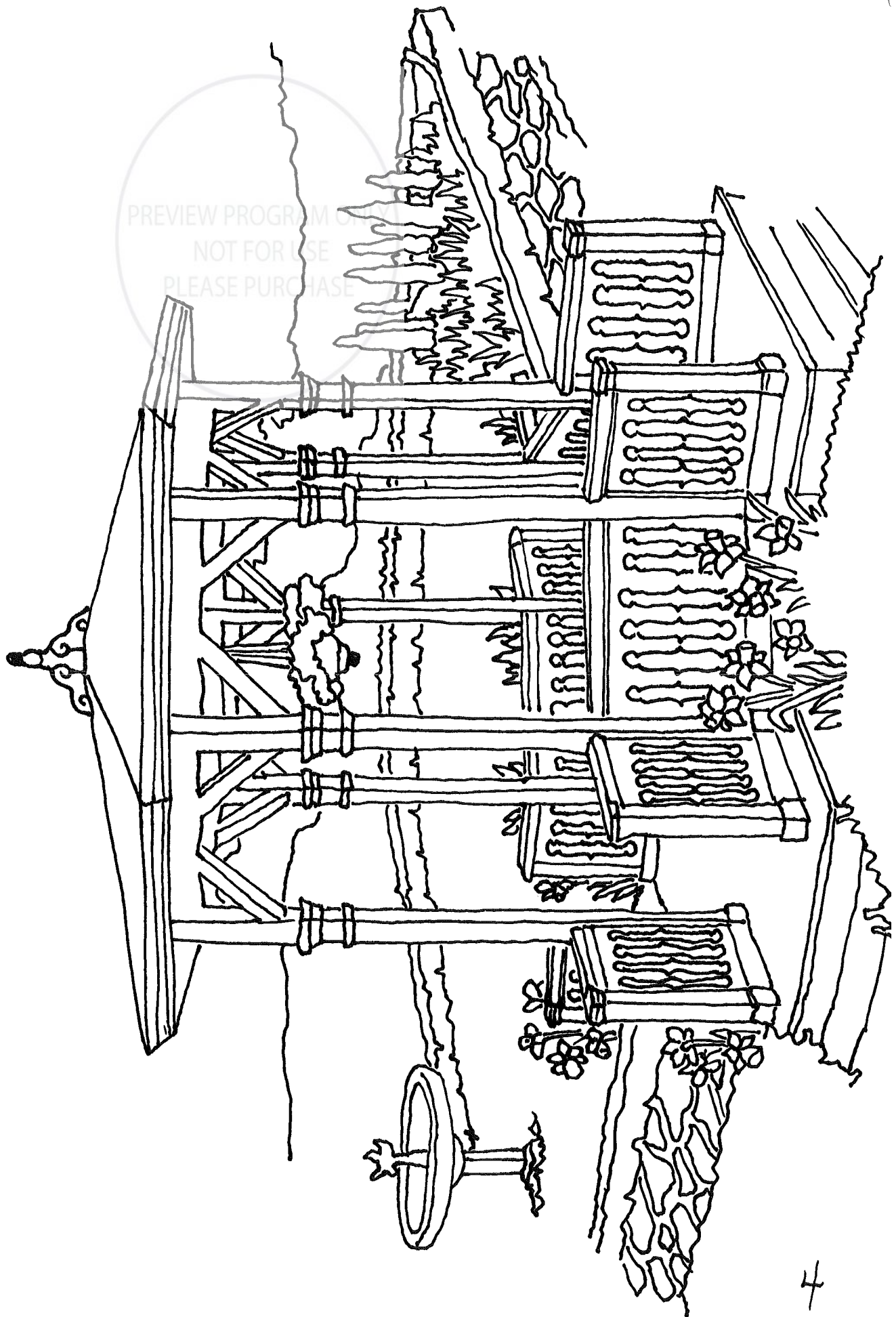
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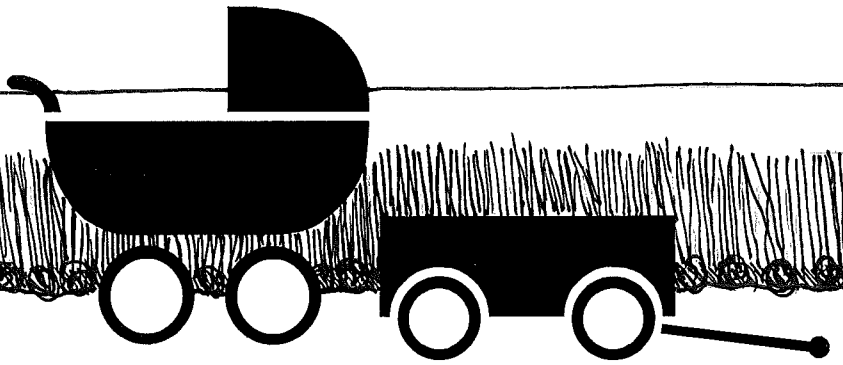
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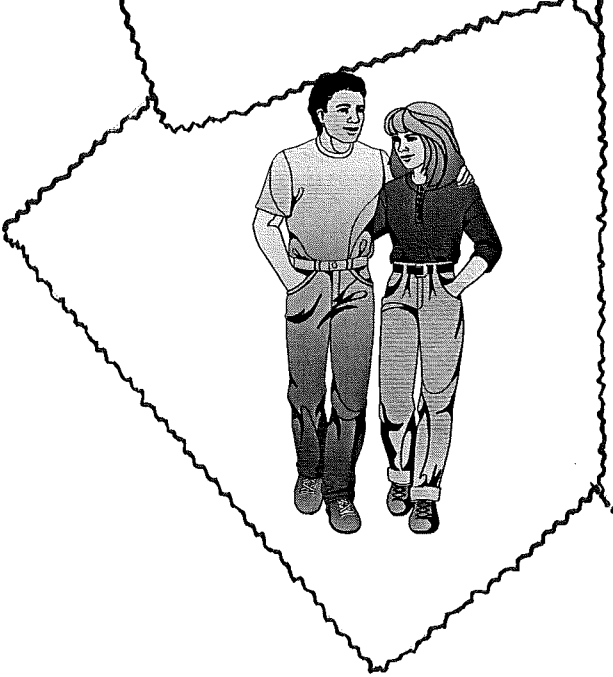
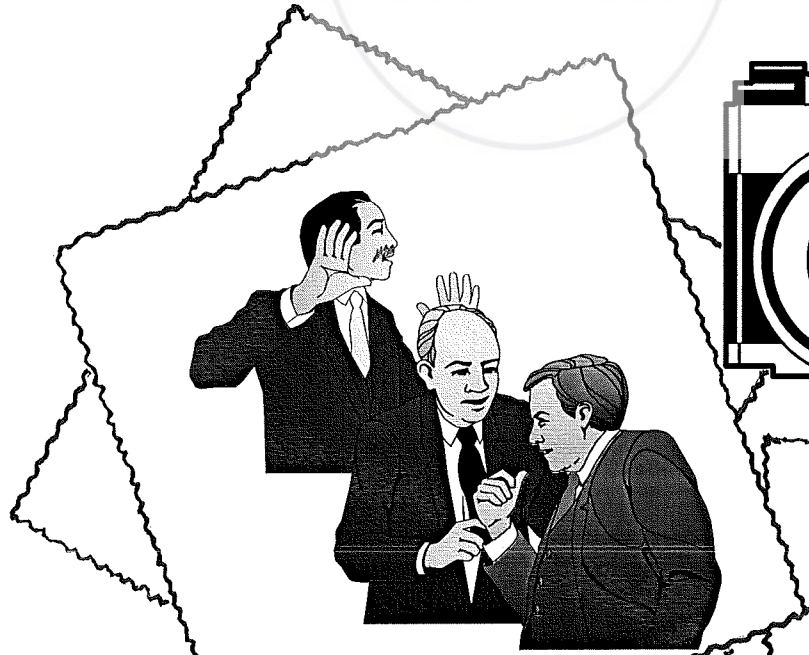
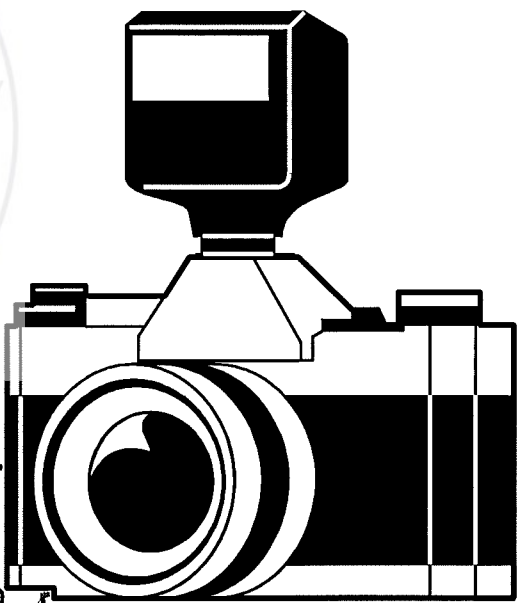
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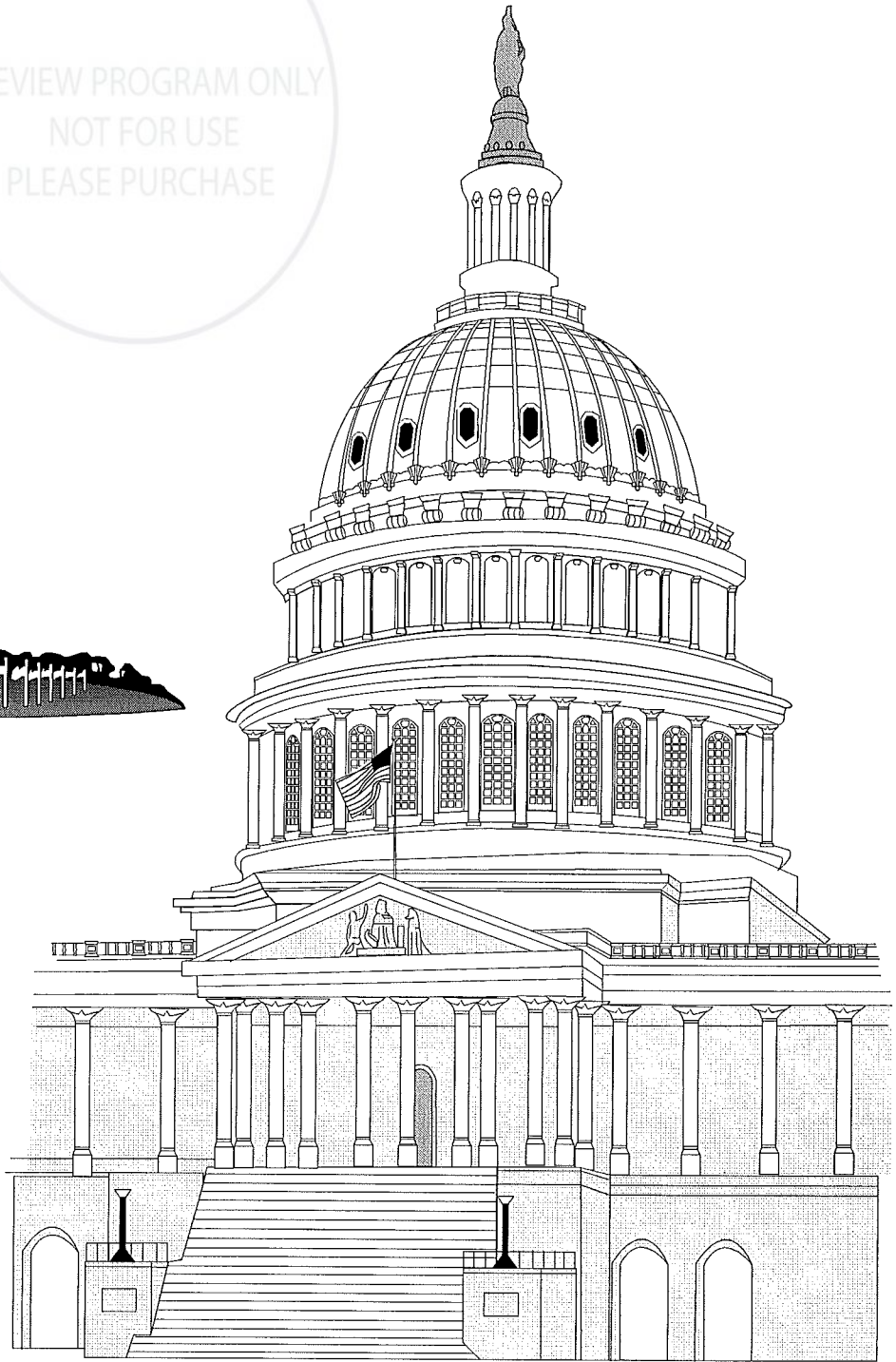
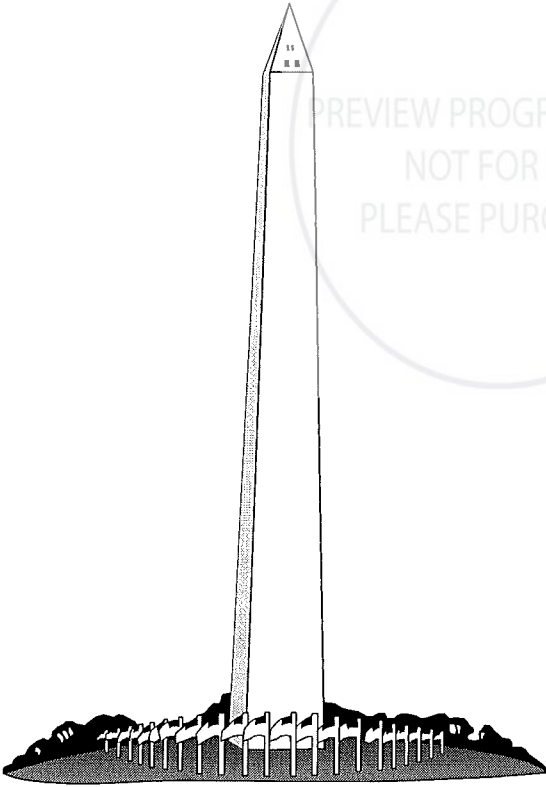


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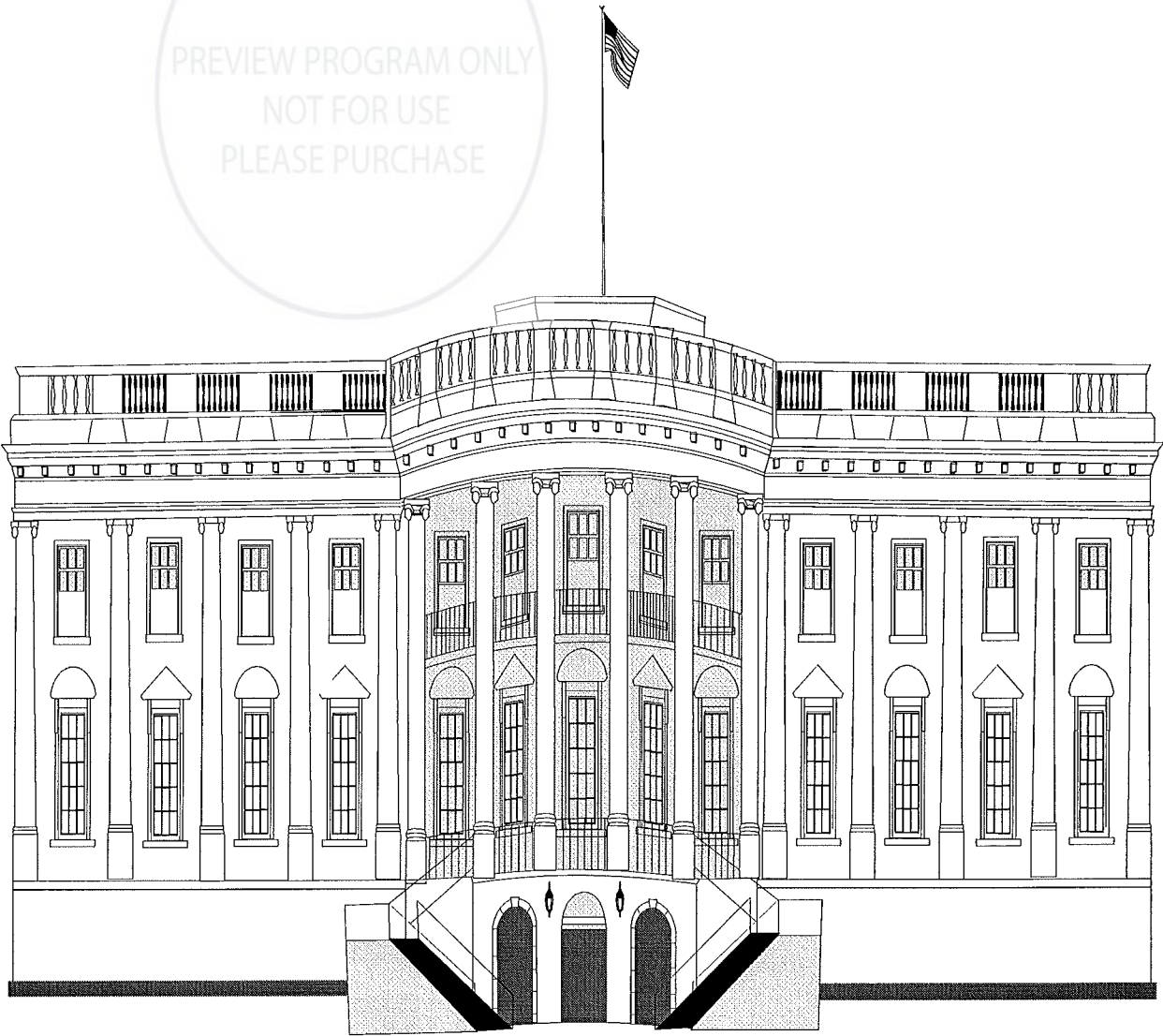




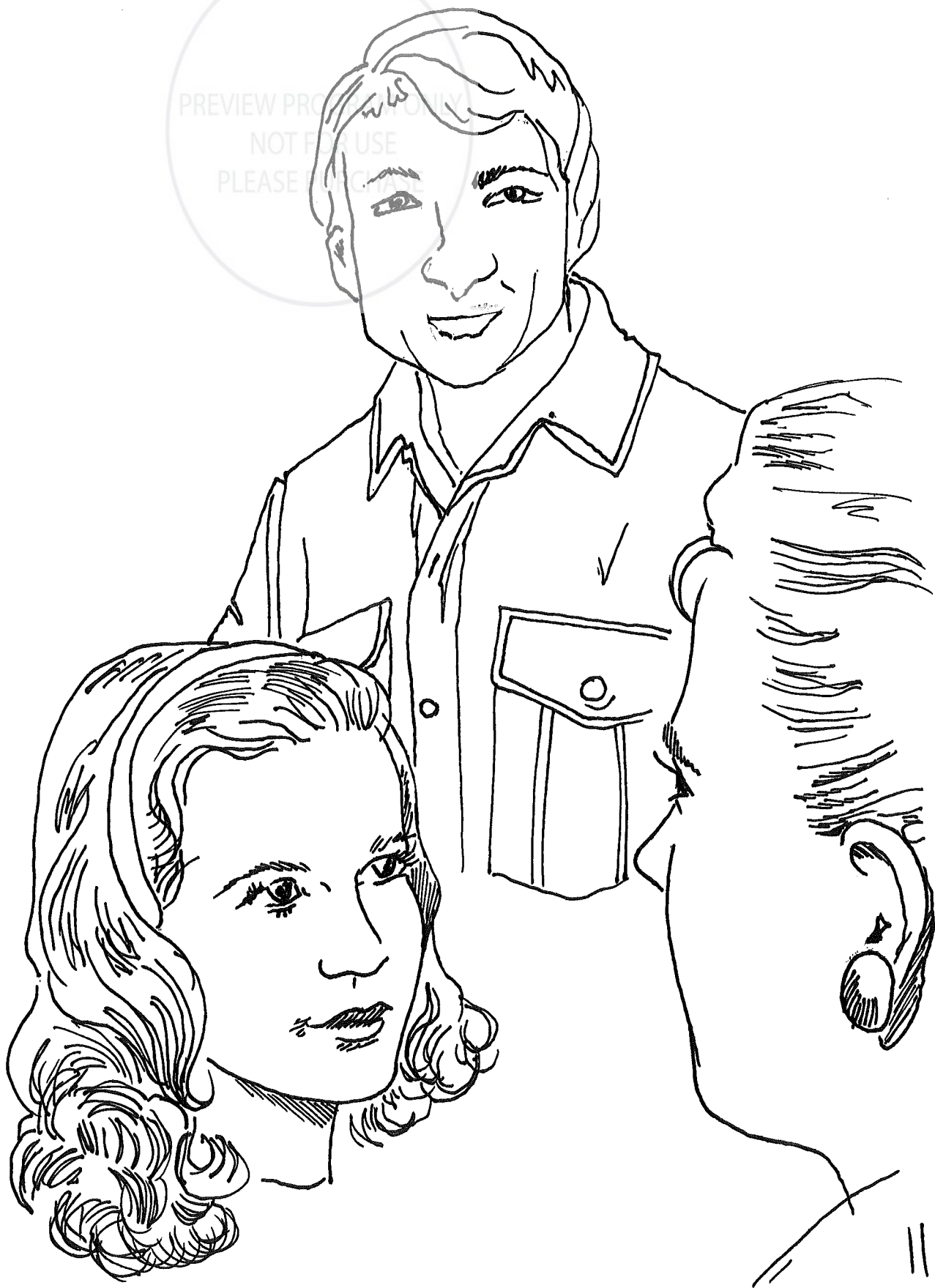
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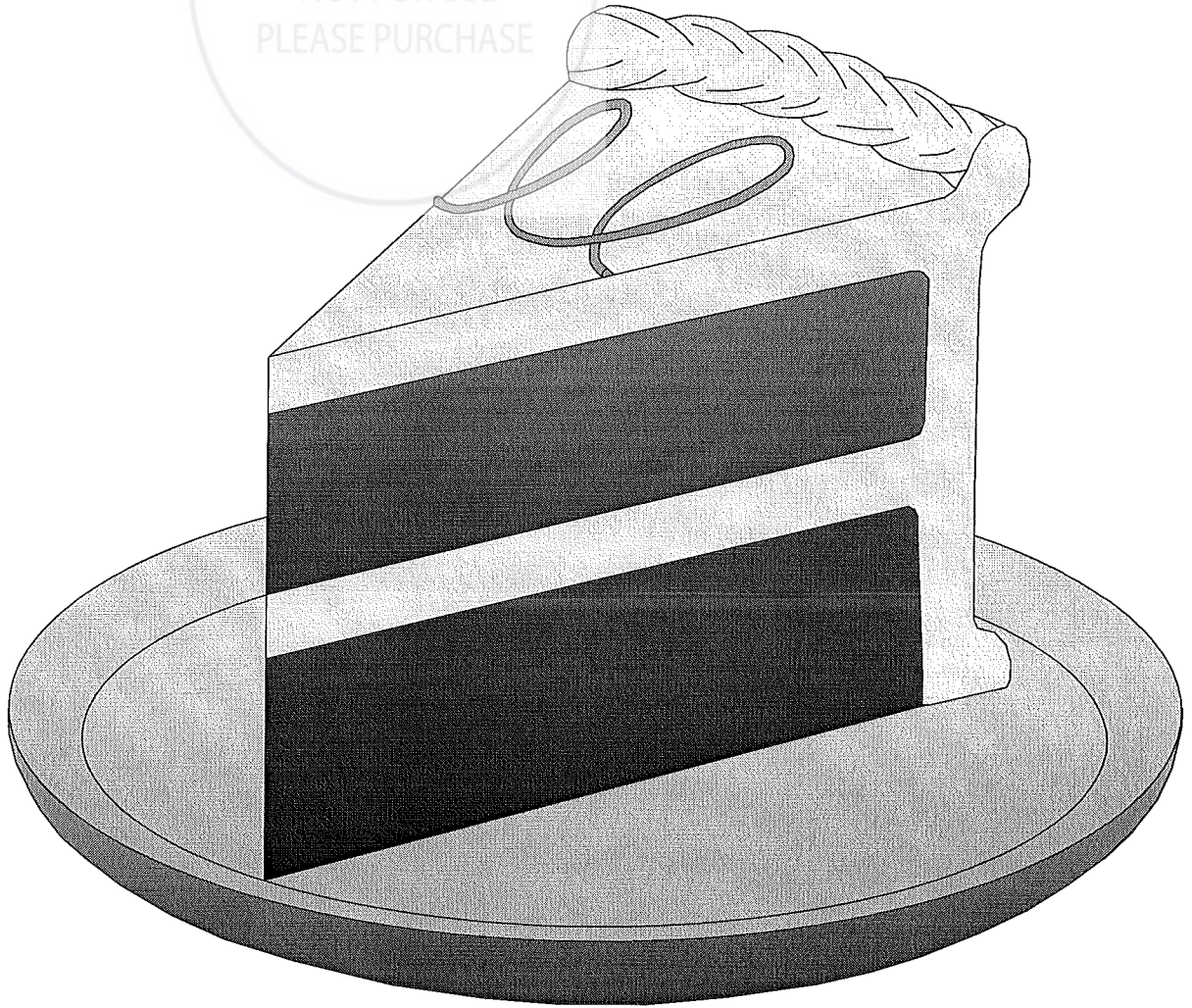
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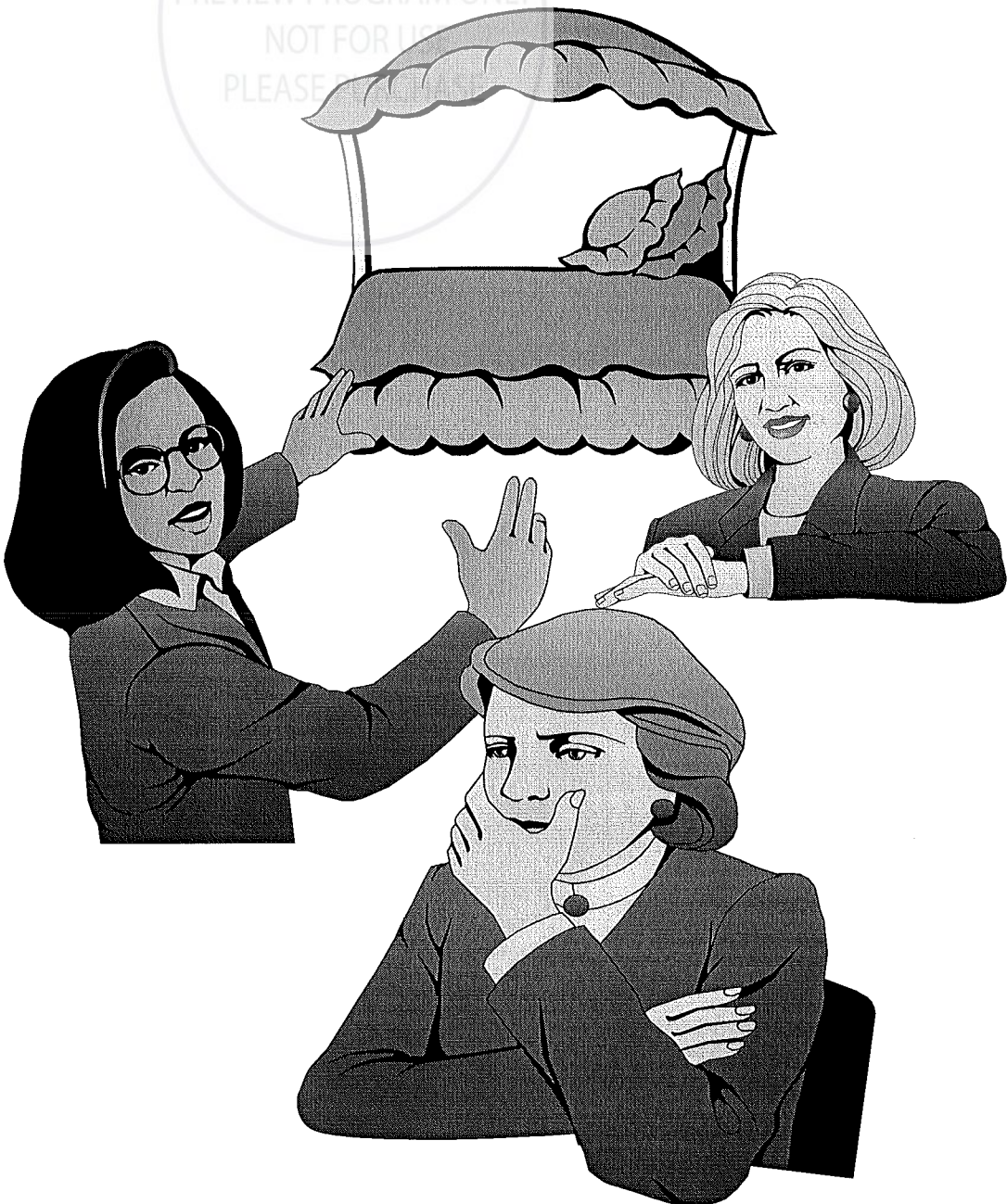
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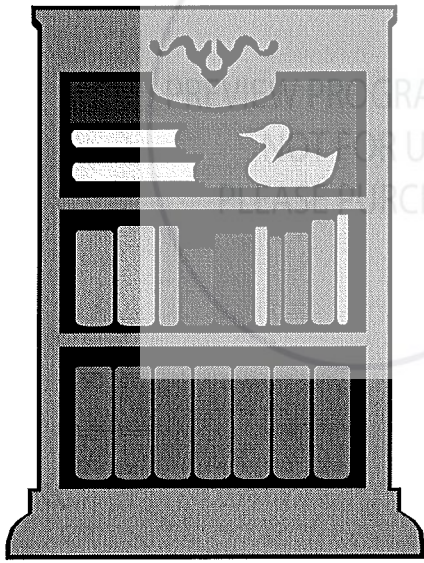


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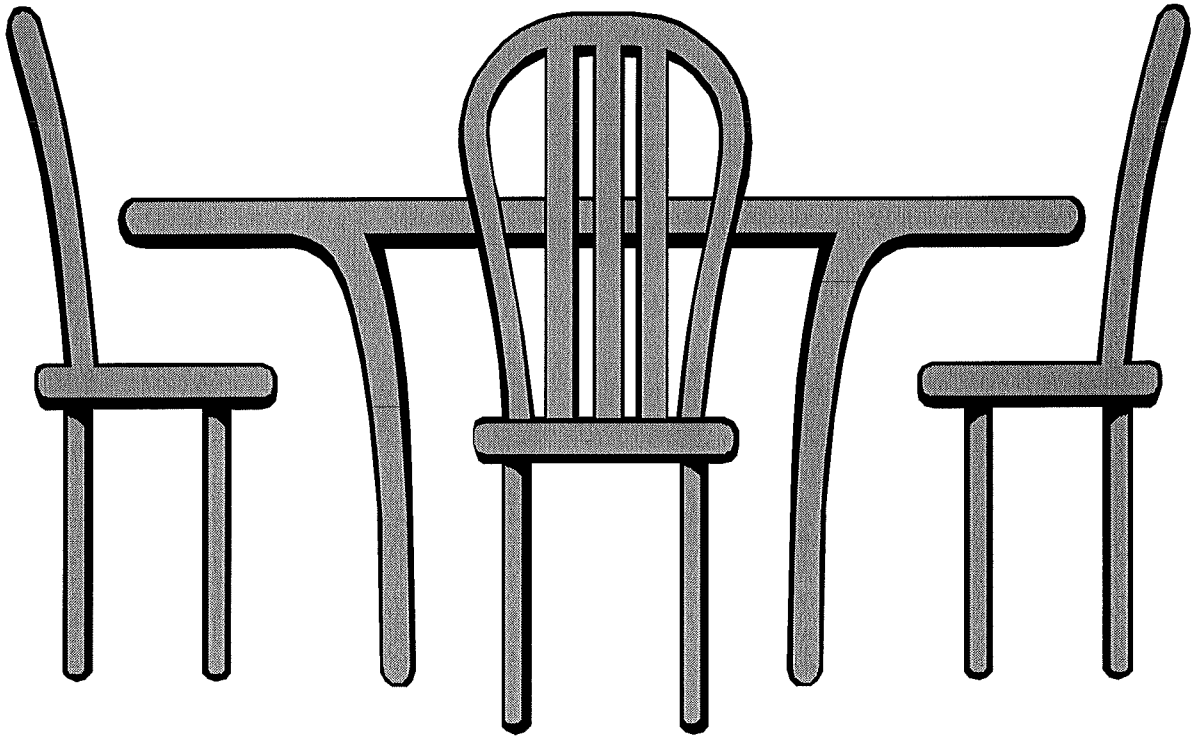
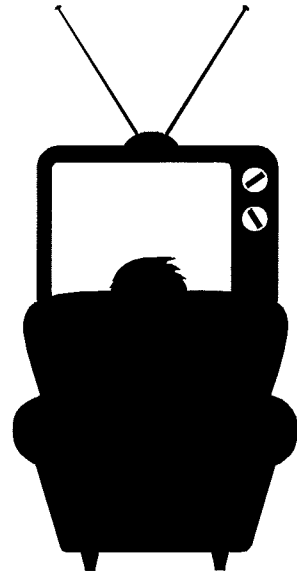


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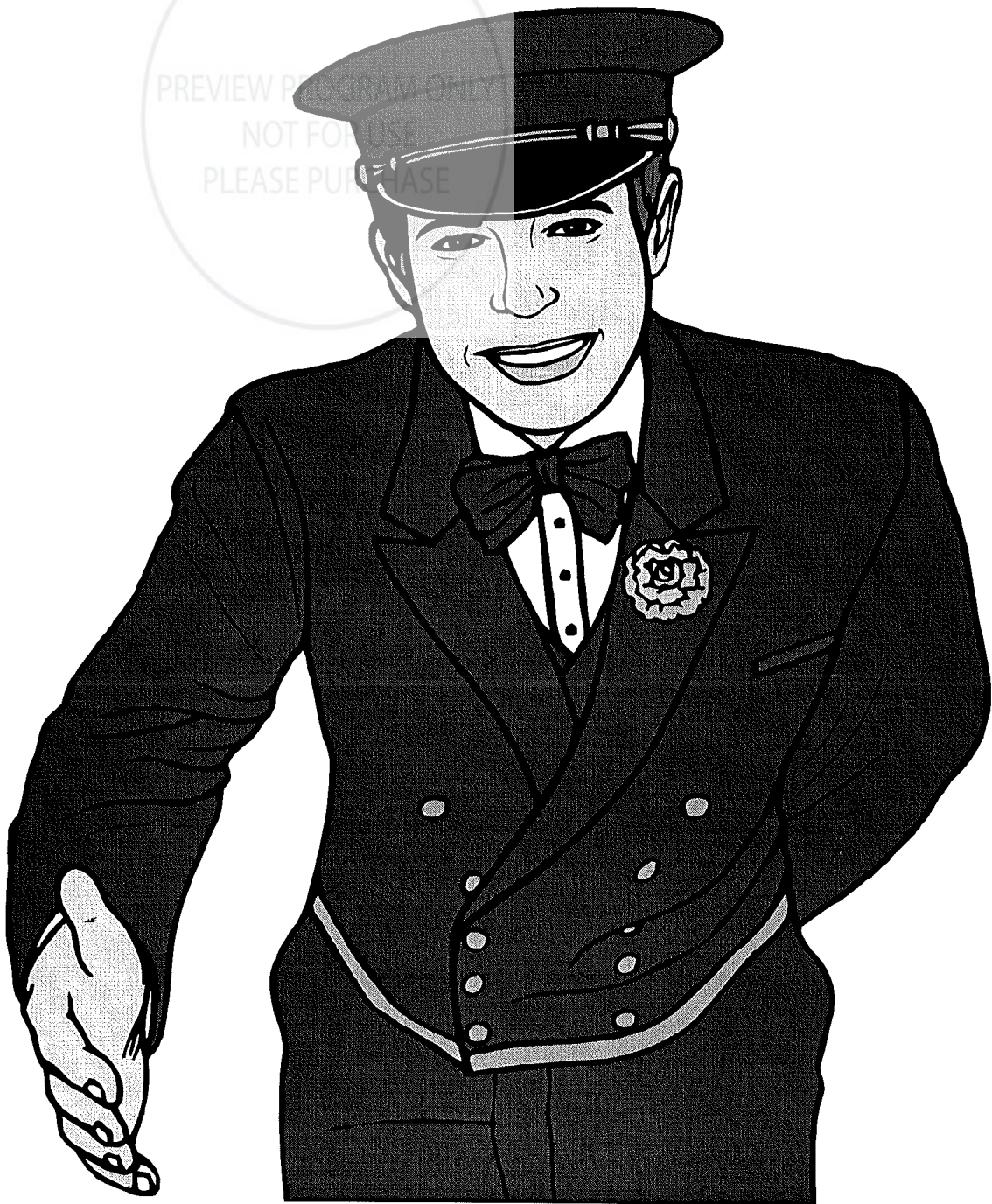




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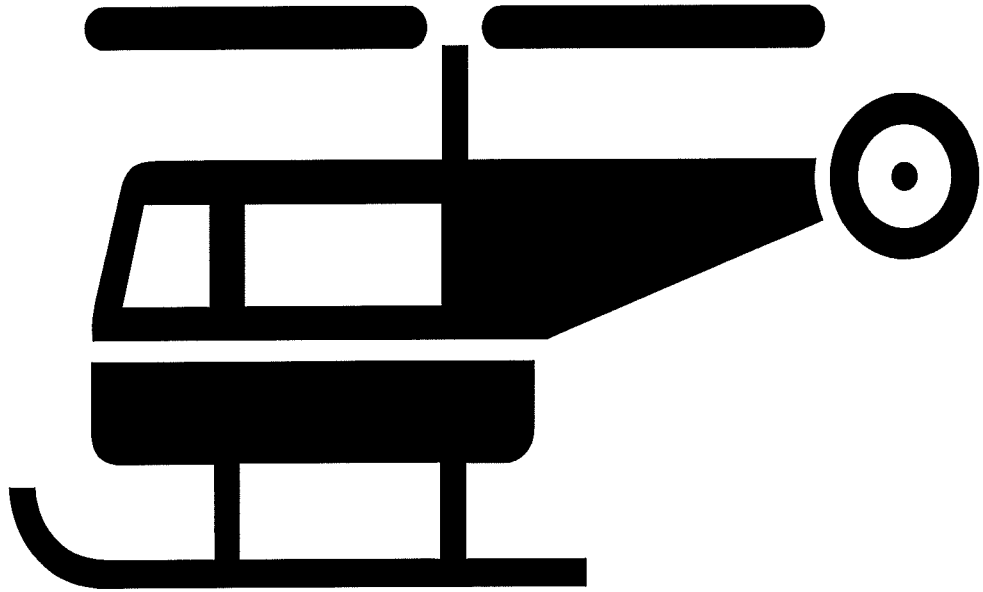




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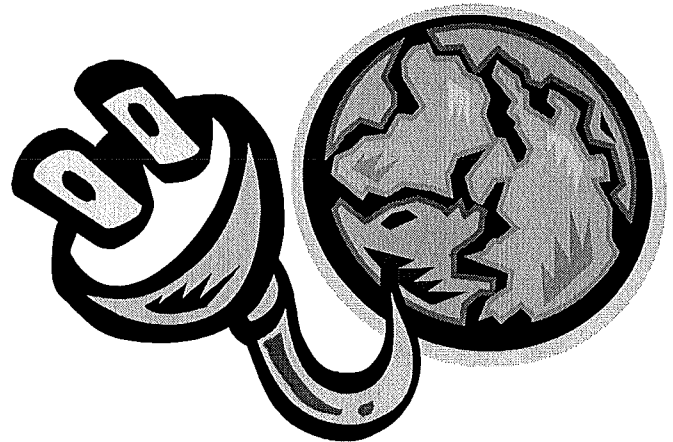
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