

A Medal for Molly

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For teachers' inspection ONLY



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The Trip Home

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“Are you asleep, Molly?” Dad asked.

“No,” I answered, drowsily shaking my head. But I could feel myself drifting off to sleep. Apart from a quick stop for lunch, we’d done nothing but sit in the car since morning.

“How much further to go now, Dad?” I asked, probably for the hundredth time since we’d left Grandma’s house in the city.

Dad smiled, "I guess we're about halfway. We should be coming to the turn-off soon."



The attendant at the service station had told Dad about a short cut that would reduce our trip home by an hour. It was just before Dad rang Mum to let her know we'd be another few hours.



Dad had to use the service station telephone because he'd left his mobile phone at Grandma's house. He was always forgetting things!



The short cut had been the best news I'd heard all day! Long car trips are so boring. If it hadn't been Grandma's birthday, I would've stayed at home. But she'd have been disappointed if I hadn't gone to her party.

Mum had stayed home. She was expecting a baby in a month's time and everyone said the trip would be too tiring for her.

"This must be the turn-off now," Dad said, as he swung the steering wheel to the left.

Not long after that, the road turned to dirt. "Why didn't that attendant tell me about this?" Dad grumbled.

It was getting darker and it had started raining. I closed my eyes, wishing I could sleep to make the trip seem shorter.