MISTY'S TWILIGHT

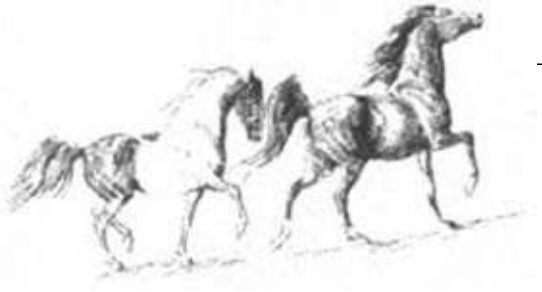
MARGUERITE HENRY
Illustrated by KAREN HAUS GRANDPRÉ

ALADDIN PAPERBACKS
New York London Toronto Sydney

MISTY'S TWILIGHT

MARGUERITE HENRY
Illustrated by KAREN HAUS GRANDPRÉ

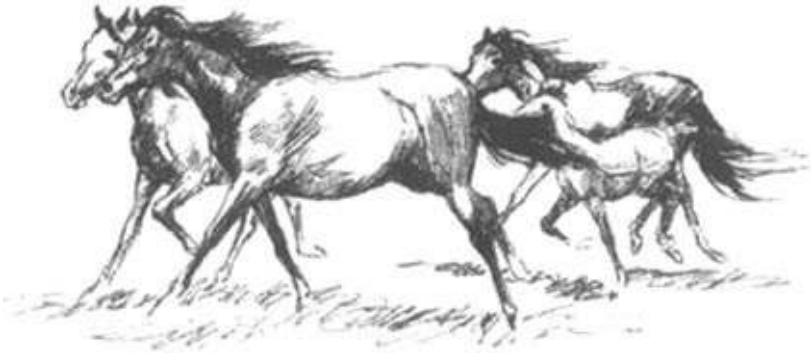
ALADDIN PAPERBACKS
New York London Toronto Sydney



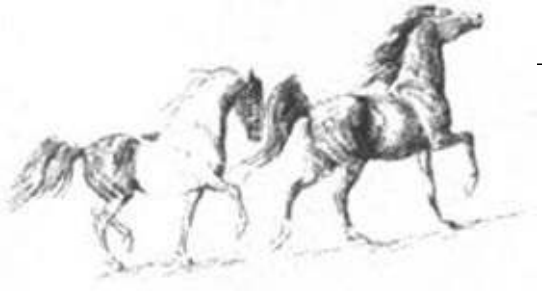
CONTENTS

1. The Dream
2. D-Day
3. Memories Run Deep
4. A Living Likeness
5. Ponies for Sale
6. The “Sold” Tag
7. Fasten Your Seat Belts!
8. Sunshine
9. I’m a Filly!
10. Why Not?
11. Gentlin’?
12. The Cutting-Horse Man
13. Dream On, Lady
14. Home Again
15. Never?
16. Judge Tate
17. Kritter Korner
18. The Night of the VCR
19. Whistling in the Rain
20. Action!
21. Hoofprints
About Marguerite Henry

To Dr. Sandy Lynn Price (owner of Misty's Twilight)
who warmed my heart by saying,
"Our book is like a dream come full circle."



This is the story of Twilight, Misty of Chincoteague's great-great grandfoal.



Chapter 1

THE DREAM

On an early Saturday in spring, when dreams explode into reality, Dr. Sandy Price tiptoed abou her home on Stolen Hours Farm. She was gathering up research for the trip she'd planned ever sinc she was a ponytailed youngster in the sixth grade. That was the year she first read a book called *Mis of Chincoteague*, and the year one of her lifelong dreams had begun.

Sandy piled the breakfast nook table with a rainbow of color. The kitchen calendar topped th display, with a lively parade of ponies, wild and tame. Three glasses of freshly poured orange juic paled by comparison.

Thrilled with her production, Sandy stood back a moment to admire it. She was interrupted by tw sleepy-eyed children who came yawning into the room. Sandy announced the electrifying news: "A aboard for Chincoteague! What a glamorous way to spend your birthdays!" She picked up the calend and with a dramatic flourish tore off April, May, and June and pointed to the last week in July. Chri and Pam stared.

Pam whispered, "Mom's flipped." But nothing could stop Sandy now. She circled the last week o July in red ink and called out:

"July 23 - Two birthdays and Departure Day, northward bound from Ocala, Florida, t Chincoteague, Virginia.

July 24 - Still heading north.

July 25 - Arrive Chincoteague Island.

July 26 - Scouting neighboring Assateague for wild ponies.

July 27 - The roundup and the swim across the channel.

July 28 - The auction."

Both children studied their mother as if she were a teacher dictating weeks of assignments. "Wh that's the middle of summer!" Chris said.

Sandy was deaf to the tone of his voice. She translated it as "That's so far away I can hardly wait.'

"That's it," Pam said with a shrug of impatience. "It's done! July twenty-third—our birthda Mom's D-Day."

The children shoved their chairs into place, gulped their orange juice, ate their cereal in silenc and bolted out-of-doors.

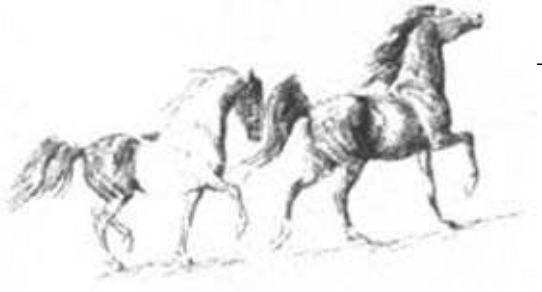
July

All Pam could think of was the extra chores that would come with more horses. “Do I have to be pony girl forever, weeding the racetrack and picking stones off it?” Pam wondered. Those were th chores she hated most.

Chris thought only of his snakes. “My boa constrictor is going to have babies in July. Maybe fifty And Mom wants me to leave her behind for some dumb ponies?”

Inside, their mother remained at the table, lost in a happy daydream of wild ponies and crashin surf. In *Misty of Chincoteague* wise old Grandpa Beebe called one of the ponies “just a piece of win and sky.”

“Soon,” Sandy promised herself, “some of those wild pieces of wind and sky will come to live rig here on Stolen Hours Farm!”



Chapter 2

D-DAY

Three months later, when D-Day finally arrived, the big thoroughbred trailer stood ready f loading. Sandy was up at sunrise directing operations.

"Pam, please bring in the empty water jugs and the pails. Chris! Can you lug a bale of hay and bag of sawdust up the ramp?"

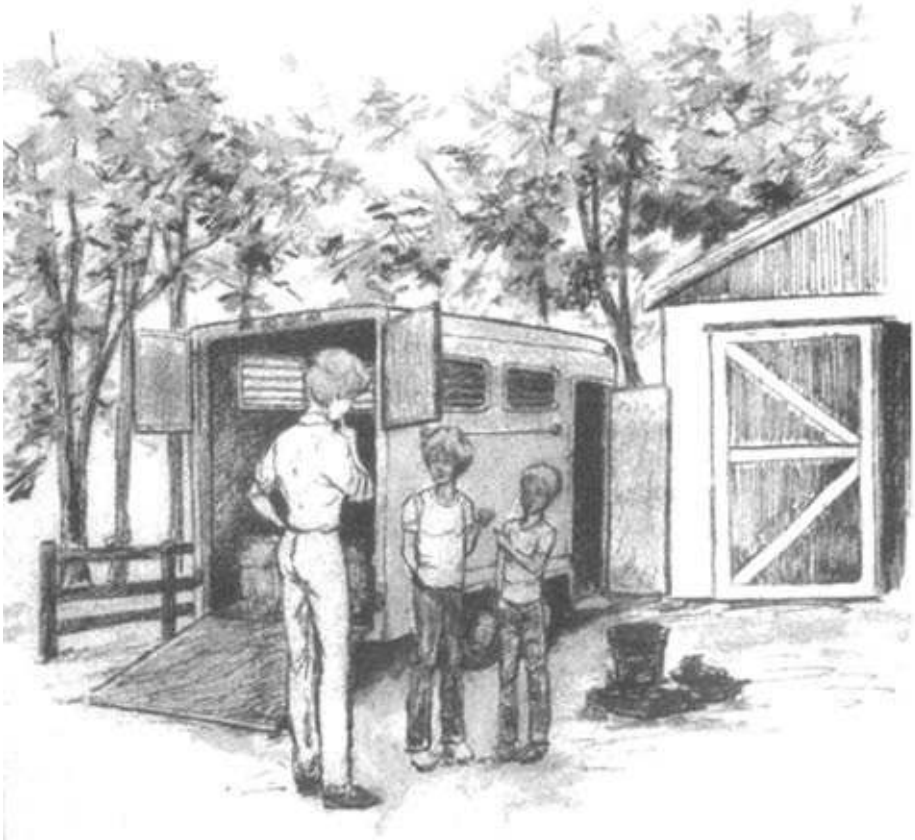
"'Course, but why?"

Pam explained, "Sawdust for footing, you dummy, and hay to feed the ponies."

Sandy laughed in gladness for the day. She felt an endless energy. She helped Chris pull the ha and sawdust up the ramp and against the trailer's wall.

"Now, who volunteers to clean two old and worn halters? They're hanging behind the door of th tack room; they'll be just the right size for two Chincoteague foals on their way to Stolen Hou Farm."

Each child pointed to the other.



"How about drawing straws?" Sandy suggested. "The short one wins the job." Ten minutes lat Pam was standing on the bale of hay, hanging up the sweat-fragrant halters where they'd be ready hand when they were needed.

Sandy nodded her approval. "Thank you, Pam. Now will you two run up to the house, grab yo suitcases, and say good-bye to Judy. We're ready to hit the road."

While she waited for the children, Sandy climbed into the trailer. She pulled out a wisp of hay ar began chewing on it, ruminating on how life shuffles us around. A child's world changes, she though Nothing stays the same . . . except maybe a dream.

Sandy had held onto her dream. The only other thing that had stayed the same in her life was h father's love. No, there were two things: Papa Ed's love, and his and her kinship with horses. Fro

birth to old age, horses could be sad and glad, aching and frisky, jealous and angry—the whole gam of ups and downs. Horses share so much with people, Sandy thought.

Her musings were cut off by the sounds of morning—the staccato hoofbeats of the yearlin trainees, then the closer sounds of Chris and Pam grumbling.

“Who wants to go to a nerdy place with a nerdy name like Chicatig?” Unmistakably Chris.

Pam was agreeing. “And I was invited to a picnic with Jan and Beth, and they were going to bake birthday cake for me—all chocolate!”

“Big deal!” Chris scoffed. “What’s an old birthday cake? My boa constrictor is going to hav babies. She could have fifty, you know. What an awesome birthday present!” He paused. “Where th heck is Mom?”

Sandy sagged against the wall, scraping her cheek against the metal buckle of a halter. She barel felt the pain in the greater sting of disappointment. Her children didn’t share her dream! They we going to Chincoteague out of duty! How could she have mistaken their real feelings?

Mechanically she straightened up, walked down the ramp, raised the gate, and shot the bolt in place. “Once we reach ‘Chicatig,’” she said to herself, “the adventure will take over and they’ll b fine.” Then she quickly crossed her fingers, hoping she was right.

She climbed into the driver’s seat and beeped the horn. Judy, the housekeeper, waved her apron an called, “Safe journey!” as the children stowed their baggage in the trailer.

Sandy circled the driveway and sang out in her strongest church voice the words to “Happ Birthday to You.”

No response. No sound except the tires spitting crunchy gravel as they made the curve.

From the back seat, Chris took off his cowboy hat and bopped it on Pam’s head. His voice taunted

“Happy birthday to you,
You live in a zoo
You look like a monkey
You smell like one, too!”

Pam turned around and made a face at Chris. “Thanks a bunch, baby brother. Hey, why are yo

messing in the cooler?”

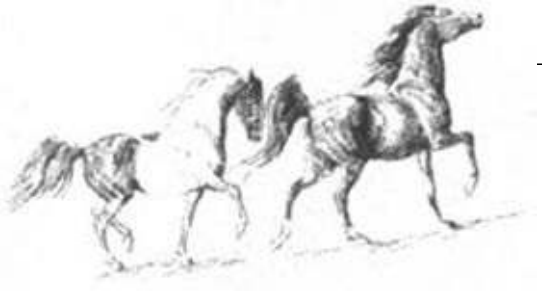
“Where’s the cake?” Chris asked.

“Shh!” Pam scolded. “You don’t eat birthday cake in a car!”

“What’s the difference? You eat hamburgers and hot dogs in a car, don’t you? Anyway, I’m hungry.”

Sandy’s face must have shown her stricken feelings, for Pam put her hand on her mother’s arm. “Mom, don’t feel sad. *I* don’t need cake. Boys—they’re always hungry.”

Pam’s words comforted Sandy. Her own excitement would not be stilled. It rose and fell with yo-yo resilience. She was on her way to collect her dream!



Chapter 3

MEMORIES RUN DEEP

Sandy skimmed through Georgia at top speed. She had taped a small map to the dashboard of th van showing the route from Ocala, Florida, through Georgia, and on up through the Carolinas Virginia and the tiny offshore island of Chincoteague.

As the miles wore on, Pam and Chris began talking less about home and more about where and wh they were going on this strange pilgrimage.

"How did the ponies really get to'Chicatig'?" Chris asked.

"They were washed ashore from a wrecked Spanish galleon," Pam told him. "Don't you rememb how, in the beginning of *Misty of Chincoteague*, they swam to a nearby island called Assateague? don't remember what the name means. Mom, what does it mean?"

The question brought back a rush of memories to Sandy. All the scenes she recalled from the boo made her eager to explain the purpose for this visit.

"Assateague is an Indian word for 'outrider.' It's a perfect name," she added, "because Assateagu really does ride right outside Chincoteague Island, protecting it from the crashing winds and waves the stormy Atlantic."

"Who protects 'Assatig'?" Chris interrupted.

"Assateague is a refuge of its own and a haven for wild ponies, white-tail deer, muskrats, migratin water birds, and the silver-gray Virginia squirrel, which is endangered," Sandy explained. "When w get to Chincoteague, maybe we'll even get to see some wild ponies thundering along Assateague shoreline."

On the second day, as they were whisking through the Carolinas, the questions became even mo lively.

"Mom, how did you hear about *Misty of Chincoteague* in the first place?" Pam asked.

Sandy smiled. How could she make the answer as exciting to her children as it had been to her? Sl slowed her pace a smidgen as she thought.

“I was just twelve,” she began, “and there was a library close to school. Every Monday our cla marched there, two by two, to take out an armful of books.

“Miss Paula Pepper was the librarian, and we kids liked her a lot. We had fun calling her Miss P.I behind her back, but we didn’t mean any harm by it. Well, one day Miss P.P. held out a well-wor book titled *Misty of Chincoteague*. She offered it to me with a kind of pride, then suddenly clutched to her as if the pony on the cover might run away. Then she said, ‘Your impression might be that th is a child’s book because of the many illustrations, Sandy, but I want to tell you that people twelv years old and older check it out because it’s adult in *concept*.’

HISTORY

“I liked the sound of that, and I liked the look of the little colt on the cover. Miss P.P. offered m the ~~book a second time, and I took it eagerly. For the next week I lived with herds of wild poni~~es on narrow barrier island called Assateague.”

“And with the Beebes and Misty and her mother,” Pam chimed in, excited. “What was Misty mother’s name, Mom? I forget.”

“The Chincotoeaguers called her the Phantom,” Sandy replied with a remembering smile, “becau she was so elusive no one was sure she really existed. That is, until Paul Beebe caught her.”

“That’s right. I remember now!” cried Pam.

“I don’t! Tell us again, Mom,” Chris commanded.

So Sandy retold the story of *Misty of Chincoteague* to Pam and Chris: how the descendants of t ponies from the wrecked Spanish ship lived and flourished on Assateague Island; how two youngster Paul and Maureen Beebe, had fallen in love with the wild Phantom; how they determined to catch h and gentle her; and how they’d ended up with not just the Phantom but her tiny baby Misty as we “You see, Misty was born only a short while before Pony Penning Day, and when the men came t round up the herd, she was so little and weak she couldn’t keep up with the others. That’s what slowe Phantom down, and that’s how Paul caught her,” Sandy explained.

“What’s Pony Penning Day?” Chris broke in.

“Once a year, in July, the wild ponies are rounded up and driven into the channel at low tide; whe they actually swim from Assateague Island to Chincoteague. Then the foals and yearlings are sold auction.”

In chorus, Pam and Chris asked, “You mean we’re really going to buy some wild ponies?”

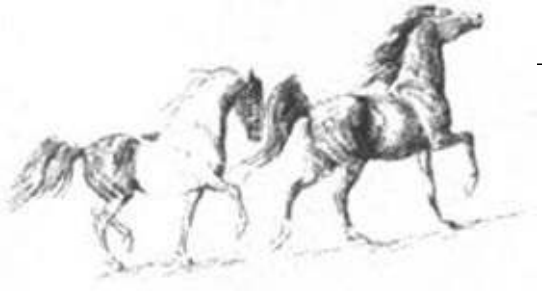
“That’s the plan . . . if we’re lucky. I’ve been putting aside a nest egg for just this occasion. We’ bid on two foals, one for each of you.”

“Mom, how long have you been planning this?” Pam asked in astonishment.

Sandy smiled. “Ever since I first read the book.”

From the backseat, Chris made a face at Pam in the mirror. “You know what?” he said. “Som moms never grow up!”

Pam nodded. For once they agreed.



sample content of Misty's Twilight

- read Hard Fighting: Israel in Lebanon and Gaza pdf, azw (kindle), epub
- read online Close Your Eyes (Kendra Michaels, Book 1) pdf, azw (kindle), epub
- Dorset Murders pdf, azw (kindle)
- **read online What Women Want: Your guide to incredible, exhilarating, sensational sex (The Secrets of Great Sex)**

- http://aircon.servicessingaporecompany.com/?lib/Single-Sided-NMR.pdf
- http://redbuffalodesign.com/ebooks/Close-Your-Eyes--Kendra-Michaels--Book-1-.pdf
- http://www.uverp.it/library/Dorset-Murders.pdf
- http://drmurphreesnewsletters.com/library/What-Women-Want--Your-guide-to-incredible--exhilarating--sensational-sex--The-Secrets-of-Great-Sex-.pdf