



# The Adventures of Meg

By M. M. McCallum

## Sunburn, sour apples and shipwreck

Meg moved. A thousand splinters of glass pierced her skin. Or at least... it felt like that.

Meg had a sunburn. Now there are sunburns, and then again there are sunburns! Meg had the granddaddy of them all.

The combination of hot sun, new friends, and sparkling water had made Meg forget her Mother's warning to take it slowly, - forget that water and sun together could raise blisters on thin skinned redheads.

Blisters, - oh boy! did Meg have blisters. Big ones, small ones, and some in between. On her back; on her neck; on her arms and her legs. The only good thing about it, there were none on her front.

It was getting late. Time to be up and getting her day started.

Meg heard the door bell ring - her mothers voice, and then the sound of footsteps on the stairs. Glancing through her doorway, she saw first a blond head, then a dark head rising into view. It

was two of her new friends, Judy and Bonnie.

"How about taking a picnic lunch to the other side of the river, across from the beach?" said Judy.

"Farmer Brown allows us to pick the wild raspberries."

Meg shivered. Visions of raspberry thorns against her blisters flashed through her head.

Bonnie laughed, as is reading her mind. "Meg will have to be the lady of leisure - and just look after lunch today," she said. "We usually swim across, but since your just learning to swim, we will take the row boat. Wearing your life jacket will be painful enough."

"Your Mum said to wear your beach robe, and bring your lotion. She is packing a lunch."

It was ten-thirty when they arrived on the far bank of the river.

"It's lovely", cried Meg. "Can we spread our blanket under the apple tree?"

"Yes, that's our usual spot" said Bonnie. "And look at all those apples. They are really early this year. Get out the salt cellar Meg; and we'll have a feast of green apples as our dessert."

Meg started as Judy and Bonnie dropped green apples in her lap.

After demolishing their sandwiches, the girls introduced Meg to the special taste of salt-sprinkled green apple. This was something that could only happen in early summer; but once tasted, - would be remembered all your life.

Half awake, yet half asleep in the sun dappled shade of the apple tree; Meg got to her feet as Judy and Bonnie packed the berries and lunch kits in the boat.

As Meg folded the blanket, Bonnie suggested that since Meg could use her arms fairly well now; that she row the boat while she and Judy swam back.

The trio splashed their way gaily toward the opposite shore.

Suddenly, Meg felt her feet wet. Had she 'shipped' water with her oars? No, the water was filling the boat very quickly now. Then Meg did something silly. She stood up. - Not only did she stand up, she moved around. In fact she panicked.

She yelled! Judy and Bonnie headed for the boat. Too late. Trying to get away from the water, Meg had put her weight right on the edge. Over it went. Down went Meg. Down, down, down - then staring with stinging eyes, through the water, she saw two shapes coming at her. Arms reaching out and grasping hers. Up, up she came. Air, blessed air! How good it felt; and those arms holding her belonged to Judy and Bonnie.

Thank goodness for their life saving course.

Trying to right the boat and hold Meg up proved too much for even such valient girls as these two.

Telling Meg to hang on and kick her feet steadily; they

proceeded to float the boat ashore. Several boys and girls had noticed the accident and swam out to meet them.

As the boat was placed right side up, Meg realized that the oars, the lunch kits, berries and green apples were now deposited in and under the water. However, several of the older boys were only too happy to go on a diving expedition, and would rescue the solid articles.

So all's well that ends well; but - before leaving the beach for home, Judy and Bonnie marched Meg firmly to the Supervisor's office and enrolled her in a 'Water Safety Course'.

Meg was sure to have more adventures on the water, but looking at the smiling faces of these dear new friends; who silently vowed to never again be guilty of carelessness.

Running up the verandah steps at home, she realized her burn felt better.

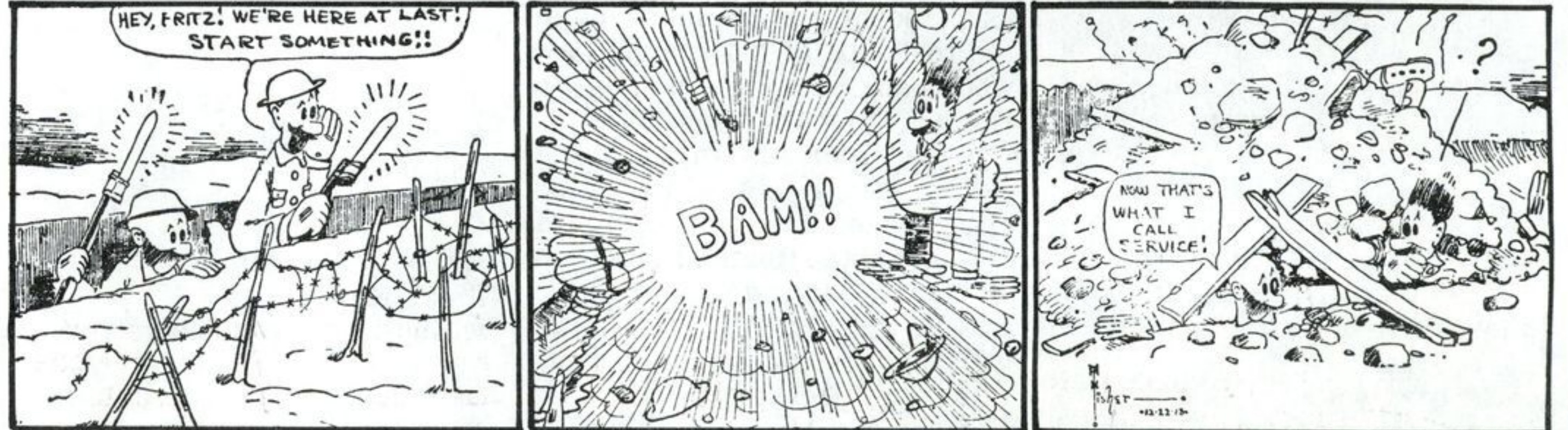
Hum! Could that really be the beginning of a tan? Could be, could be.

## Michael Wood

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Mutt 'n Jeff from Hugh

A while ago, Russell's Hugh Latimer brought the uncluttered, straight-shooting humor. Here's a Castor Review some old comic strips collected by sampling of Mutt 'n Jeff in a First World War his dad. Hughie liked the comics for their setting. (Courtesy of Hugh Latimer).

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However, there's another perspective to this question of the value of a human life. Jesus Christ asks the searching question in Matthew 16:20: "For what it is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" A simple answer to Jesus' question would be that a human life is extremely precious, because there lies in each person an invaluable soul. You could gain the whole world with all its riches and by its standard be successful, and yet, lose your soul, the priceless gem.

Saint Augustine spoke with clarity on this subject when he said: "Thou hast made man for Thyself and his heart is restless, till it finds its rest in Thee." Rejoice and be glad that you are more than potash or phosphorous. Moreover, realize that as you surrender your soul to the One who died on the cross for you, He will come in and fill your life with purpose and meaning. A human life is valuable, because the King or Kings can reign within.

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