



ROCK AND ROLL HERE TO STAY — Castor area residents danced up a storm at the Dr. F.A. Kinnaird Community Centre last month. The Rock and Roll Nostalgia Night netted \$1,000 in support of the Russell R.A. (Garey Ris Photo)

Castor Kids' Corner

by Margot McCallum

A Very Unusual Fly

Alfred buzzed back and forth from window to door of the frosty workshop. He was busy keeping track of the glowing lights of the farm house, the crunch of feet on crisp snow and the squeal of sled runners on ice, and above all the deep voice of farmer Browne and the tinkling laughter of his granddaughter Jennifer.

Alfred recognized the sights and sounds of the season. He knew it was close to Christmas. Alfred had never missed a Christmas in all his 37 years — but to tell the truth, this was the first year to be stuck in a shed instead of a cozy warm kitchen.

"Hark", said Alfred to himself "I believe someone is coming here! I must be ready — and looping his muffler once more around his neck and pulling up his socks and mittens Alfred stationed himself on the door frame.

Sure enough — the door swung open, its ice covered hinges protesting all the while. Farmer Browne stepped in, picked up his double-edged axe and stepped out again. But quick as he was, Alfred was quicker and with a graceful swoop buried himself in Mr. Browne's fur collar.

"Ho, Ho," said grandfather Browne to Jennifer: "Now we are all set. Let's be on our way and find the best tree ever.

Soon they reached the forest. Farmer Browne would be ready to cut a tree when Jennifer spied one and yet another one further on. Mr. Browne smiled fondly at his dear grandchild and followed her into a clearing where a little stream still flowed despite the ice sheathing its banks.

There towering high against the fading daylight stood the most beautiful of all possible fir trees.

"This one Grampa", exclaimed Jen and grampa nodded in agreement.

Alfred barely had time to move over to Jennifer's hat before Farmer Browne's axe bit into the tall tree.

Thud, thud, went the axe and crack, crack went the tree.

"Careful Jen" cried grampa, "it's going to fall your way.

In her excitement Jen turned the wrong way, slipped on the ice and plunged headfirst into the icy stream.

Her hat, with Alfred grimly holding on flew off her head and began to sink. Alfred gathered his wits about him and flew to a nearby tree.

Grandpa Browne, very shocked to see a wet and cold little girl, realized just then that the daylight was almost gone and horrors of horrors, he was lost!!!

So intent had he been in following Jennifer, that he had failed to note the direction their search had taken.

Peer as he might, from beneath his shaggy brows, his keen eyes could not see even a glimmer of light. Where was home? This way? No this way? His eyes turned skyward. No help there. Not a star was visible and Jen, cold and wet was close to tears.

Grampa hunted in his pocket for the bar of chocolate he always carried and tearing off the shiny wrapping he offered it to Jennifer hoping to take her mind off her troubles till he could figure out what to do.

Alfred sat on the tree limb wondering how he could help. In sympathy he flew close to Jen and then brushed against Grampa's face. Grampa flapped his hand to brush Alfred away and suddenly realized that he was flapping at a fly.

"Jen, Jen," he cried excited-

ly, "there's a fly here!! Flies shouldn't be out in this weather. We must be close to a house or barn."

Little did Grampa know that Alfred had hitched a ride.

"Oh, Grampa, if only he could lead us home."

But Alfred knew they could never see to follow him even though he was sure he could find his way.

"My," said Alfred, "just this once I wish I were a lightning bug instead of a fly, then they could see me shimmer and glimmer."

Just then Alfred spied the bit of foilwrap from the chocolate bar. It was reflected in the pale rays of the moon just beginning to appear.

"Ah, ha," just the ticket thought Alfred and he picked up the bit of foil with his middle legs. It was so light he knew he could fly with it.

And he did!

Getting Grampa's attention again by tickling his nose, Alfred flew off a bit then back, then off again. Just a fly with a tiny silver light — or so it seemed.

"Why", mused Grampa, "I believe he is trying to tell me something. Come Jennifer, let's follow him and see what happens. I'll blaze a trail this time.

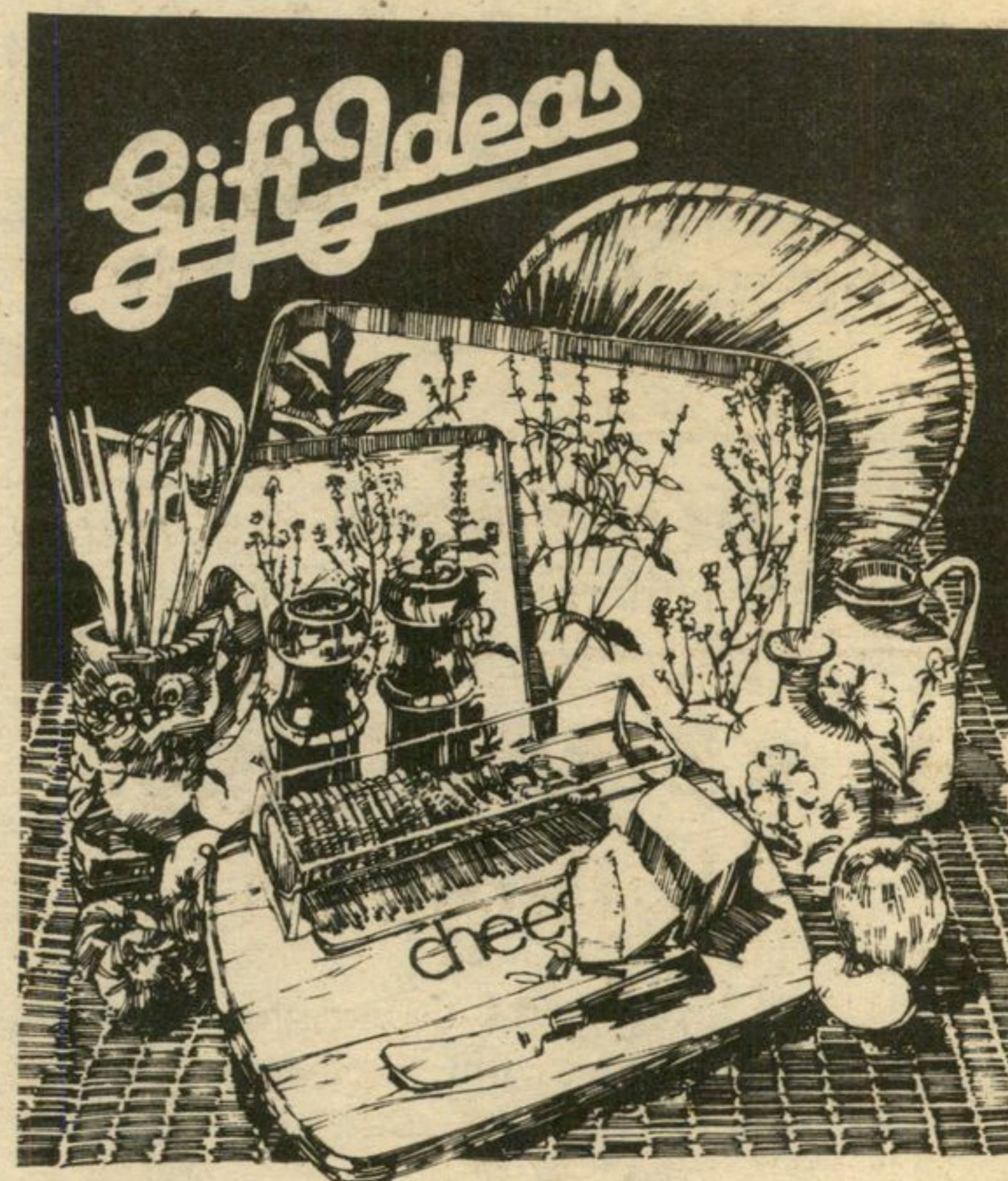
And they did!

And they arrived safely home where all in a tizzy worrying about them.

Grampa followed his blaze back the next day and got the lovely Christmas tree; Alfred stayed snug and warm in the house.

Grandpa and Jennifer never did tell of following the 'Fly with a Light' that awful evening. They were sure no one would believe that story, well, would you?

Still...Christmas is the time for miracles.



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