



"Quick," said Lois, "take the wrapping off. Maybe the ink hasn't soaked



The Art of Christmas

through to the painting."

Sandy wanted a friend just like Ruth, then she met Lois

ABSENTLY, Sandy Ferris twisted a strand of dark hair around her finger and stared dreamily out the study hall window. The snow drifted across the athletic field and the bleachers looked like a giant's stairway freshly carpeted with white.

With a reluctant sigh, Sandy pulled her gaze back to her history book, but her thoughts kept skipping to the Art Exhibit and the Christmas Carnival. In Sandy's opinion, the Christmas Carnival was the most important event at Richland Junior High. Well, maybe it wasn't as absolutely vital as graduation, she admitted grudgingly, but it seemed like the most important event of her whole thirteen years.

Sandy remembered the tingle of anticipation she had felt when she read the announcement of the Carnival and the Christmas Art Exhibit. "First prize, six months of free lessons with Professor Alex Andrews at Richland College."

By SUSAN WITTIG