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# Lillie Andrews

The River Valley Adventures, Book 2

Amber Florenza

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TWEEN HISTORICAL FICTION/AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

History/Fiction/Ages 8+/Leavenworth, Indiana/timeline 1863.

All Scriptures taken from the King James Version.

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Lillie Andrews

# Contents

.....

“Prison” Guard .....	5
Mission Failed .....	7
A Time To Think .....	13
The Robin Story .....	18
Lost Lillie .....	22
Mrs. Mills .....	27
Table Talk .....	34
Dead Man’s Boots .....	40
Phyllis’ Bakery .....	45
The Indian Boy .....	51

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Dedicated to the town of Leavenworth



Everybody likes a compliment.

• Abraham Lincoln •

## PREFACE

# "Prison" Guard



Polly Andrews has just “captured” her first prisoner single-handed. Now as she hears gunshots in the woods behind her house, she sets out to find more “prisoners” like Dick Lang, the boy from the hills of Tennessee. She thinks Dick is fine but she hasn’t decided whether or not he is *enough*. To her, it would definitely be nice to have at least two “prisoners” or more so she can doctor with Mama instead of feeding stinky chickens that tries to peck her.

Before her cousin joined up, Paul had been there

to feed the chickens while she did other things. But now...the stinky job was up to her. She nearly stopped breathing every time she had scattered seed to the hungry, clucking chickens then gasped for air when she had shook out the last of the seed.

Now, she eagerly sets out to find more “prisoners” as she calls it, and hopes she will find a Chicken-Feeder...and a Cow-Milker. And maybe even a Boy-Sewer so she doesn’t have to prick her fingers every time she misses a stitch...and save her from bleeding fingers and a backache. And then, she begins to hear things that doesn’t seem to match up together...

Can Polly curb her curiosity? For *nine* whole days?

## CHAPTER 1

# Mission Failed



“I didn’t find a single soul!” Polly Andrews complained to Dick Lang who she found sitting up against his pillows on the sofa, after having traipsed through the woods for over an hour trying to locate “more prisoners”, more helpers for around the farm and more people to command in her little way even though she did enjoy *some* orders herself.

“Where’d you go?” Dick asked, pushing back his uneven black hair from off his forehead and staring up at her with slowly blinking eyes for he had just woke up. “I didn’t hear you leave.”

“You were sleeping, that’s why.” Polly brightened a little, thankful she still had one “prisoner”. Dick. “I tip-toed across the floor and I was real quiet. Besides, you couldn’t have heard me if you tried. You were snoring sausages!”

“I was not!” Dick’s head bolted forward and was ready to growl, but then he saw Polly giggling behind both her hands. “Little girls!” he muttered, rolling his eyes.

“Age is just the matter of the mind,” was Polly’s smiling reminder in a sing-song voice. “Guess where I went, Dick? Guess.”

“Dunno,” Dick shook his head with a casual shrug.

“Well, don’t just sit there and stare at me,” was Polly’s frowning reply, and then her cheesy command, “Ask me!”

“Okay, Polly.” Dick grinned at the mischievous twinkle to her blue eyes. “Where’d you go?”

“I went and investigated those gunshots,” Polly



said dramatically as she knelt beside the sofa and raised her brows excitedly, “Aren’t I brave? Just like a hero in a book!”

“Brave Polly!” Dick reached over and tugged Polly’s braid which had a wind-blown appearance from all that running she had done outside that morning.

“Polly dear, you didn’t!” Mama exclaimed from the doorway and Polly jumped in surprise.

“I did.” Polly turned around to look at Mama with big eyes, nodding. “Uh-huh.”

Polly gulped, hoping she wouldn’t get in trouble because going where gunshots were was a very dangerous and foolish thing to do. “But I’m all safe now, Mama, see?” she quickly added, throwing out her hands to show that she was really there, back at the house, kneeling on the floor.

“I see.” Mama smiled, trying to hide an amused expression. “But let me never hear of you doing that again. Is that understood?”

“All understood, Mama.” Polly nodded with a bobbing head, relieved that she wasn’t in any trouble.

Polly felt a tug on her braid again. It was Dick, of course, wanting attention.

“Stop pulling my hair!” Polly scolded with a pretended frown. “It’s gonna fall out and then you’ll be awfully sorry ‘cause I’ll pull yours out, too.”

“You wouldn’t.” Dick chuckled, still holding her long braid.

“I would!” Polly said fiercely, trying to loose her braid from Dick’s grasp.

“Hey, stop it.” Dick knitted his brows. “*You’re* gonna pull it out by yanking on it like you are. I’m only admiring this thing,” and here he shook the end of her braid with a comical air. “It’s really soft and silky. Where’d you buy this wig? From Paris?”

“It’s my real hair, silly boy.” Polly giggled and Dick let go of her braid. Suddenly, Polly looked shocked, “Did I hear right? I actually got a

compliment from you. Wow!”

“Another one,” Dick corrected her with a grin and added airily, “and yet another one. They just keep coming, you know.”

“Well,” Polly declared heroically. “That’s sweet of you.”

“Yeah, I know.” Dick nodded and pointed straight in Polly’s face. “It appears to me that I’ve got the compliments coming from me, and you’ve got the commands coming from you. Why’s that?”

Polly shook her head. “I don’t know. But at least both of our qualities *both* start with the letter ‘c’. I suppose we’re not that different, after all!”

“You’re finally getting it, Polly.” Dick looked amused but tried to keep his face sober-looking. “Clever girl!”

Polly hopped up in one leap, and Dick asked testily, “Where you going? I want company.”

“Attention, more like,” Polly muttered and

## Lillie Andrews

threw out her hands as she turned around, “I’ve gotta wash my hands. They’re dirty.”

“Dirty from what?” Dick wanted to know.

## CHAPTER 2

# A Time to Think



“I fell a couple times outside, that’s why.” Polly said evasively, not wanting anyone in this world to know that she had gotten down on all fours in fright when she thought a Reb was coming when it was really just a doe walking in the woods.

She *had* fallen a couple of times as well, but then she didn’t care to explain that either. She had heard a woodpecker pecking and she thought it was a Reb cocking his gun so she took off running, managed to get tangled in a blackberry bush, came out without a scratch, and then *fell*. In the mud.

## Lillie Andrews

Luckily, it was a dry dirt. Then she realized the “Reb” cocking his gun was just a noisy old woodpecker. How her imagination had nearly given her a heart attack!

*I need to think things out*, she had thought while picking herself up and dusting off her dress. But it was War, so Polly justified herself rather than admit that she was a scaredy-cat.

*Not a scaredy-cat*, Polly now reminded herself, hurrying to escape Dick’s questioning about how she fell. *Just a trifle on edge which is perfectly normal when a war’s going on around you.*



Dick’s first day there passed without incident and Polly had entirely forgotten about her doll, Lillie, until Mama opened the big black Bible for the evening reading. It was in Matthew, the 6<sup>th</sup> chapter.

When Mama got to the 28<sup>th</sup> verse, “...Consider

the lilies....,” Polly thought suddenly, *I’ll get her yet. I’ll have to put her in a place where I’ll see her tomorrow morning.*

Then Polly’s thoughts turned back to the 6<sup>th</sup> chapter of Matthew. *Don’t worry if the food runs low sometimes. God will give us just what we need. Serve God. Forgive my very worst enemy, and even love him. Don’t make a show of religion. Sincerely be a Christian.*

“But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself...” Mama finished reading and then all three of them prayed one after the other, Mama first, Polly second, and Dick last.

“Goodnight,” Polly kissed Mama on the cheek as Mama echoed her, “Goodnight, Polly dear.”

Then Polly went over to the sofa and shook Dick’s hand, “Goodnight, Dick.”

“Goodnight, Polly.” Dick replied, yawning widely.

“Don’t snore too loud,” Polly added with twinkling eyes.

“You don’t either,” Dick grinned good-natured.

“I won’t,” Polly said with a serious air, “unless I sleep.”

“What do you mean?” Dick blinked in surprise, wondering if he had heard right. *‘Unless I sleep.’ What does she do? Lay wide awake all night, and still keep going? My lands!*

“Who, me?” Polly jabbed herself with her thumbs. “I just stay awake, or dream. I never *sleep*, not that I remember, anyhow.”

“Wow!” Dick blinked again. “That must be something. What do you dream about? Same things everyone else does?”

“Likely,” Polly nodded absent-like. “Unless I eat real late and go to bed early. That’s when I have the funnest dreams-like flying like a bird. I’m always a



robin, you know. They're my favorite birds."

"Yeah, mine too," Dick agreed, poking his long legs under the covers of his sofa-bed. "Actually, we have a bunch of those where I live, back home. I like robins."

"So do I." Polly then asked, "Have you ever heard how a robin got his red stomach?"

"Nope." Dick had his covers up to his neck, his freshly bandaged shoulder and arm nicely still, and his left arm crooked behind his head. "Don't think I have."

Just then the back door opened and Polly clapped with a squeal.

## CHAPTER 3

# The Robin Story



“Uncle Pierre’s home!” Polly shouted to her mother who had gone into the kitchen.

Polly hopped around on one foot, and yanked on Uncle Pierre’s arm towards the prisoner on his couch. “Uncle Pierre, meet my prisoner who I found in the woods yesterday. He’s a Reb, you know, and his name is Dick Lang.”

She gulped quickly.

“Dick, meet my mother’s youngest brother, Pierre, who lives with us now that his foot got shot at Manassas. His foot’s all healed up now, but the

Army won't take him because they consider him a cripple--but he isn't. Are you, Uncle Pierre?"

"You could talk the head off of a wooden duck, Polly." Uncle Pierre tussled her blond hair and gave her a grin. "No, I'm not a cripple. Nice to meet you, Dick Lang. Hope you haven't minded the chatter-box too much. She's real trying sometimes, I will admit, but at least she's *trying*." He winked knowingly at Dick as Polly began to protest. "But there's not a sweeter girl in the whole Valley as my little Polly, is there now?"

Polly simmered down enough to ask him brightly, "How's Grandpapa?"

"He's doing better." Uncle Pierre said as Mother stepped into the living room and said hello. "I fixed the fence all along the road and was almost finished this afternoon when I heard that you had holed-up a Reb. I thought I'd better come home and investigate."

"How'd you know?" Polly was surprised for Dick

had only been there since last evening.

“Word spreads fast among the womenfolk,” Uncle Pierre added with a tease, “now that the men’s gone and can’t stop them.”

“You must be hungry, Pierre.” Mother said suddenly, taking his hat from him. “Come along.”

Uncle Pierre followed Mother into the kitchen as Dick blinked in surprise. “I didn’t know you had an uncle living here. You didn’t tell me.”

“That’s because I forgot myself,” Polly declared and added after a little pause, “till now. *Now* shall I tell you that robin-story or not?”

“Go on.” Dick nodded. “I’m ready.” He looked up with intent eyes, ready for her to begin.

“Here goes. Back 1800 years ago,” Polly took a deep breath and began in a story-like voice, “when Jesus was fastened to the cross by three nails the robins were plain brown. When the robins saw that their Creator was in pain they tried and tried to pull those horrible three nails out, but couldn’t.”

She took a deep breath.

“They kept trying until at last they realized that those three nails wouldn’t come out. And little did they know that while they tried to pull those nails out they had covered their breasts with Jesus’ blood. Ever since then the robins have been red-breasted.”

“That’s interesting,” Dick said with feeling. “Thanks for sharing the story with me.”

“You’re welcome.” Polly then added, “I heard it when I was a little girl. Now every time I look at a robin it makes me think of a creature who tried to relieve suffering.”

Polly thought for a moment, then said in a self-reproachful voice, “Dick, I would’ve helped you and would still help you even if you do steal from us.”

## CHAPTER 4

# Lost Lillie



“Steal?” Dick looked totally shocked with a gaping expression. “I wouldn’t do that! I...know better.”

Polly smiled. “I know you wouldn’t. But it’s just good to know that you *really* wouldn’t either.”

Dick grinned, nodding.

“Goodnight.” Polly said over her shoulder, waving, on her way to the stairs.

“Goodnight.” Dick returned a hearty wave before shutting his eyes to begin his first comfortable sleep since joining up.

On a real soft sofa. No bedbugs anywhere. A

stomach filled with good food--no teeth-cracking hardtack with miserable stale water. Going to sleep with no worry of getting shot or getting the dreadful sicknesses that usually goes through the camps--no fever! Just a hurt shoulder that was healing nicely with the help of a caring lady and her devout daughter who knew no limits to making him feel at home.

Meanwhile, as Dick was sinking into his comfortable sleep, Polly was upstairs in her white nightgown furiously looking for her precious doll, Lillie. *Where has that Lillie got to?* Polly wondered, rummaging through her room by the light from off her oil lamp from where it sat on her desk. She looked and looked, opening drawers, pulling back the covers of her bed, getting on all fours to peek under the bed, feeling along the shelves of her bookcase. But still there was no sign of Lillie. The doll seemed to have completely disappeared.

Polly sank into bed, exhausted, after putting out

the lamp, and nearly cried herself to sleep. Losing Lillie was like losing one of her limbs. *I'd rather have lost a leg to a cannon ball than lose my dear Lillie!* Polly sniffed a little, worried sick of having no clue of her doll's whereabouts. *I would!*

Polly rolled to her side and pulled the covers snugly under her chin. She was dead tired. It had been a long day, and Polly was ready to begin a new one so she closed her eyes tight and dropped off to sleep. Tonight, her dreams were only of her doll that kept staring at her and every time she reached out to get her the doll would suddenly be out of her reach.

Morning came to Polly when the birds were chirping happily outside in the boughs of the surrounding trees. She opened her eyes, slowly stretched from her hands to her toes; then she hopped out of bed, hurriedly pulling up the covers nicely. She pranced over to her dressing room, feeling the effects that only a new day could bring. *I've got a brand new day*, Polly thought happily, *with*



*not one mistake in it. And I'm gonna keep it that way, hopefully. No almost getting into trouble.*

With that, she changed her nightgown into her perfectly blue cotton dress with the solid white sash. Then, after folding her nightgown neatly and placing it in a drawer, she pulled on her brown ordinary shoes and skipped over to the wash-stand to wash her face and brush her hair. She looked into the mirror so she could brush her hair more effectively, and a smile broke across her face, remembering. *Dick admired this*, she thought, wonderfully thrilled that such a compliment was about her looks as most little girls, and big girls as well, loved most. *I dub him my hero!*

Polly braided her thick soft hair into a single braid and secured it with a matching perfectly blue ribbon. She loved the color blue. It was her favorite color.

She tied back her curtains grandly and let the sun sink into her soul. It was a beautiful day outside

and Polly was ready to go join it. She flew across the floor with quick steps and with those quick steps she bounded down the stairs into the living room below.

Dick was on the sofa, sitting, with his covers folded and his pillows neatly stacked beside him...but, still on the sofa. And looking rather pale.

Polly hurried over to him with an anxious frown. "You feeling alright, Dick? You're kind of white-looking."

"*Thanks.* I'm fine," Dick nodded, smiling. "I just went outside for too long. Then I felt like passing out."

## CHAPTER 5

# Mrs. Mills



“Fainting?” Polly looked horrific.

“Fellows pass out.” Dick corrected her with a lop-sided grin. “Girls faint.”

“Oh.” Polly shrugged lamely. “I thought they were both the same. Aren’t they?”

“Yeah.” Dick had to agree. “But guys don’t especially like being said they *fainted*, along that line, ‘cause that’s what girls do.”

“Still, are you alright now?” Polly looked a little worried so Dick quickly replied, “Of course. Don’t you worry none about me. I’m just hungry like I

always am.”

“Yeah.” Polly giggled with a shake of her head.

“You and your large glass to fill.”

“Uh-huh.” Dick pointed to the space beside him on that long sofa. “Want a seat? Your uncle Pierre left early this morning ’cause he said he had to finish that fence. He’ll be back sometime this evening.”

Polly sat down on the sofa. Suddenly a delicious aroma went up her nostrils. It smelt like frying ham.

“I detect a wonderfully ham scent coming up my nose!” Polly declared with a look of enrapturement.

“Your ma’s fixing breakfast, that’s why.” Dick eyed Polly’s drama with a chuckle.

Polly opened her eyes wide. “I’m suddenly starving. I love ham!”

“Me too,” then Dick bent over to whisper to Polly. “There’s a lady in the kitchen with your ma. Who might that be?”

“Well, dunno,” Polly blinked, “unless you describe her.”

“Well, I was outside when she came.” Dick wrinkled his nose, still talking low. “She pulled up in her black buggy, and when she saw me she gave me the most searching stare you could ever imagine! That’s when I came back here.”

“Maybe you looked like you were going to faint.” Polly suggested, knowing none of their callers were actually rude like that.

“Pass out.” Dick corrected her.

“Pass out.” Polly corrected herself, nodding. “What did she look like?”

“Uh,” Dick said slowly, thinking. “Piles of black hair, wearing a black dress.”

“That’s Mrs. Mills.” Polly explained quickly, knowing that if there were anyone to stare like that it would be *her*. “She lost a husband a few months back in the fight. Sometimes she eyes people like that. She doesn’t especially like boys or men now because it reminds her too much of her dead husband, she says. ‘Any male I come across with will

have to suffer as my dear husband did' are her exact words. I know it must be hard, but..."

Polly didn't finish her sentence so Dick finished it off for her, "But it shouldn't let her feel such hate."

Polly nodded, thinking the exact same way.

"Well," Dick said after a pause. "I'm getting suddenly starving like you are. I hope she doesn't stare at me if she stays for breakfast."

"She'll stare at me, too!" Polly suddenly declared in a low voice filled with dread.

"Why?" Dick knitted his brows. "You're not a boy, or at least I don't think so."

"I'm not." Polly quickly responded, and pointed towards the kitchen where from their view on the sofa the stairwell's wall blocked the kitchen doorway. "But she's probably in there right now complaining to my ma about me hushing her daughter last week when she and another girl were in this senseless argument."

"Good girl!" Dick smiled broadly. "I would say

you stopped that, Captain Polly!”

“Guess what, *prisoner* Dick?” Polly smiled mischievously, loving *her* title for him.

“What?” Dick asked brightly, forgetting the title she had just given him.

“My cousin’s a Captain in the Union Army. Just think!” Polly’s blue eyes were all stars. “He’s a real Captain, and he’s only twenty-six years old!”

“Wow!” Dick’s eyes were huge. “A captain, and then a drummer. What was your pa?”

At the mention of Papa Polly felt a little lump rise in her throat. “He was a Major,” she answered, swallowing. “At the start of the War he mustered up all the recruits in this area, and then led them south. And before the War he was a doctor.”

“Really?” Dick’s brows were raised in admiration. “My lands! He must’ve been really smart. It takes a lot of brains to be a doctor.”

Polly nodded, proud of her pa.



Breakfast was a quiet one for Polly as well as for Dick. Both ate their delicious fried ham, light biscuits with honey, baked beans and mugs of milk silently, neither talking and both anxiously awaiting Mrs. Mills' finishing her food and departure.

From time to time Polly felt eyes on her and knew it was that lady sitting across from her. She ate her food as nicely as possible, and tried not to lick the honey from off her fingertips. Dick was faring worse, seated between Mrs. Mills and Polly, trying to chew slowly and not take such large mouthfuls or drink in gulps. At first Dick took a gulp unconsciously, thirsting crazily, and Mrs. Mills had given him a severe scowl of disgust. Dick had reddened and drank more carefully afterwards.

Polly slowly breathed, wishing with all her might the lady would leave. Mrs. Mills had one unstoppable tongue. Constantly it was going. She chattered



nonstop about the events of practically all the lives of Leavenworth and even beyond.

“Why, Phyllis’ new delivery boy is a heathen, just a low-down Injun.” Mrs. Mills tisked and Polly scooted up slightly in her seat, slightly frowning.

Polly knew Phyllis, her cousin’s wife, would never hire a heathen. She’d have to check it out. Some of the Wyandotte Indians who lived by the Ohio River were Christians, and there were even a few who had joined the Leavenworth Home Guard as scouts.

When Polly looked over at Dick she saw him frowning.

## CHAPTER 6

# Table Talk



“I’m sure my nephew’s wife knows what she’s doing.” Mama spoke up for her husband’s nephew’s wife who was running the bakery on River Street and had two children to raise when her husband was off doctoring somewhere in the fight.

Polly inwardly agreed, and wiped off her frown for Mrs. Mills had started on yet another subject.

“That Miss Covington still doesn’t know when she’s getting married. Just think!” Mrs. Mills tisked loudly. “Engaged for two years now and still might have to wait for who knows when. But, she’s a lucky

girl. That Ike Fulton is one handsome young man, and an officer at that. He looked so nice in his spiffy new uniform with those shiny brass buttons!" the lady added dreamily. "She's a lucky girl."

"I think Ike's the lucky one." Polly piped up, stating her opinion. "If I was Miss Covington I wouldn't wait that long on a fellow so far away."

"Young lady," Mrs. Mills cackled out with a little hysteria. "By the time you grow up there won't be a marriageable fellow left in this whole valley! They'll all be either married or 'given-away' to the grave on some God-forsaken soil of who-knows-where. You'll have to forget about a husband, Polly."

"I'll get me one somehow." Polly muttered stubbornly, a little hurt feelings over Mrs. Mills' frank statement. "I will!"

"Don't worry," Dick whispered to the furrow-browed Polly. "You will."

Polly looked relieved, and finished her last bite of beans.

“Did you hear about Mrs. Black’s brother in Kentucky?” Mrs. Mills started up, shaking her head, slowly eating.

Mama shook her head no.

“Why, he took off to Tennessee and joined up in a Rebel regiment!” Mrs. Mills furrowed her thick black brows. “Brother fighting against brother. What’s this world coming to?”

Polly stared, wide-eyed. *Imagine me shooting my blood, my own brother, dead like that? That hurts! I wouldn’t shoot Paul, and he’s not my real brother even though he’s my blood. What’s this War doing to us?* Polly sighed inwardly.

*Tennessee.* The word startled Dick, almost. *What’s a Kentucky fellow doing there? Kentucky’s Yankee mostly. At least, it’s still in the Union.*

Then, just as Mrs. Mills’ chatter began to interest both Polly and Dick the lady was suddenly finished with her food and ready to leave. Aw, Polly scowled to herself. *I want her to stay now. She is pretty*

*interesting.*

“Now young lady,” Mrs. Mills turned to Polly. “You’ll come tomorrow, won’t you? Your mother has said you may so be there at ten o’clock sharp. Luncheon will be served at noon so that leaves exactly two hours to stitch those needed supplies our boys need.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Polly nodded. “I’ll be there.”

Mama followed Mrs. Mills outside and, after they had gone, Dick heaved a big sigh. “Whew!” he whistled out. “Boy, did I get my ears full!”

Polly grinned. “Interesting lady, isn’t she?”

“You can tell me that again!” Dick bugged his eyes for emphasis.

“She’s got a real good memory.” Polly chuckled. “Don’t you think? She’s full of details.”

“I bet she adds some stuff though,” Dick grinned, “to make it sound better. I know I would if I knew I was going to have an audience.”

“You can’t lie though,” Polly reminded him.

“Christians don’t do that.”

“I know.” Dick nodded. “I guess I wouldn’t make things up if it involved real people like that. But it would sure be tempting.”

Dick grinned, and Polly had to laugh for she realized now just how much Dick loved attention. *If he could get by with lying, Polly thought, he would sure be a juicy gossiper. Thank goodness he doesn’t lie! I would be a literal pickle by now.*

“Polly dear,” Mama came back into the kitchen. “I found her in the office.”

Polly spun around in her seat to see what the “her” was. It was Lillie, safe and sound!

“Lillie!” Polly cried in delight. “I thought I had lost her forever! I couldn’t find her last night. Thank you, Mama.”

Mama handed Lillie, the porcelain-headed, soft-bodied doll, to Polly. And Polly hugged her tightly.

“Dick,” Polly said with a grown-up way. “I want you to meet someone very important. This is Lillie

Andrews. Lillie, this is Dick Lang, and he's *our* prisoner."

"Nice to meet you, Lillie Andrews." Dick shook the porcelain hand that looked comical to Mama who hid a laugh and began clearing away the dishes.

Lillie answered him back with a painted smile.

## CHAPTER 7

# Dead Man's Boots



“Dick,” Polly declared nine days later with a bright smile. “Mama says I can go in town if you come with me because you can protect me if any shooting starts. Will you?”

Dick looked up from Polly’s history book that he was reading on his famous sofa, and nodded. “Soon as you change my bandage. I’m not going into town with a dirty one on.”

“Okay,” Polly let out slowly and then wrinkled her nose. “But I’ve already changed it three times today. Oh well, I’ll do it...if that’s what it takes for



you to go.”

And Polly hurried to get a clean bandage for she wanted to finally go see the “heathen” Phyllis had hired. Not that she really believed Phyllis’ new delivery boy was a heathen, but she wanted to be sure. Nine days had already passed, and that nine days had seemed like *nine months*.

“Now don’t cry out on me, Dick.” Polly said after she had returned with a new bandage, a bowl of warm water and a hand towel.

“Never do,” was Dick’s reply as he laid down Polly’s history book and pulled his right arm out of his shirt for the cleaning of his shoulder. “Just don’t hurt me too bad.”

“Never do,” was Polly’s echo as she slowly and carefully pulled the soiled bandage from off his shoulder. “I don’t see why you’re so worried about this when no one’s gonna see it. It’s under your shirt anyhow.”

“It’s just the thought that counts,” Dick

furrowed his brows at her as she cleaned. “Just imagine you going into town with a dirty bandage on. Girl, you wouldn’t be caught dead doing that!”

“If I was *dead* I probably wouldn’t mind...I don’t think, anyways. Anyhow, I just wouldn’t get shot,” Polly cleaned the wound intently, “then I wouldn’t have to have a dirty old bandage.”

“Like you could really outsmart a Yankee bullet, Polly!” Dick shook his head.

“Nope.” Polly grinned mischievously with twinkling eyes. “I don’t believe you ever could outsmart a Yankee bullet. Could you, now?”

“Hey, let’s not get so smart.” Dick grumbled, fumbling around with the buttons on his shirt.

“Just teasing.” Polly flattened the bandage on his shoulder before winding a strip of sheet around his shoulder and under his arm. “And let’s not get so mad.”

“I’m not mad,” was the reply said in a sweeter voice.

“Alright, I’m ready.” Polly said after a minute of brushing and braiding her hair again with her doll, Lillie, stuck on her hip like a real baby.

“You’re taking *that* thing with us? Oh no!” Dick scowled in disgust, wondering what he had gotten himself into.

“Yes, I’m taking Lillie.” Polly said in a very decided voice.

Dick shrugged. “Let’s get going.”

“I’ll walk slow for you.” Polly volunteered as they stepped out onto the veranda from the front parlor.

Dick glanced down at Polly, wondering if the girl was making fun of him or not. She was sober-looking so he decided she was just being charitable, so he smiled. “Thanks.”

“You’re welcome.” Polly answered chirpily, making her way towards the road that was about twenty feet away from the overhanging veranda.

“One foot forward at a time.” Polly then eyed

## Lillie Andrews

Dick's shabby-looking, well-used boots he was wearing. "You know, if you'd want me to, I'll ask Mrs. Adams for Jake's army boots for you. He just got them new. That is, he *had* them new before he got shot dead twelve days ago."

## CHAPTER 8

# Phyllis' Bakery



“I don’t want any dead man’s shoes.” Dick shook his head, his shaggy black hair half-way parted, just out of his eyes. “No thank you. Not me!”

“Me neither.” Polly screwed up her nose, thoughtfully. “It’d make you feel like a dead man, wouldn’t it?”

“I guess.” Dick tried to hide his grin, but he couldn’t.

Polly eyed him reproachfully. “You’re not making fun of me, are you? Say the truth, and nothing but the truth, Dick.”

“No, I’m not making fun of you, Polly.” Dick chuckled out. “It just sounded funny. Make you feel like a dead man. That’s all.”

“Tired any?” Polly changed the subject, looking up at him for Dick was now walking alongside her instead of behind her.

“Nope. Let’s keep going.” Dick stared straight ahead. “I’m anxious to get this ‘town business’ out of the way, and pray we won’t meet up with Mrs. Mills!”

“We just might.” Polly suggested *cheerfully*, a teasing smile playing at the corners of her mouth.

“Let’s not be so *hopeful*,” Dick went along with the “anticipation” but with horror-stricken eyes.

“She might tell us more *news*, you know. Interesting things.” Polly caught a movement ahead and stepped behind Dick to allow a farmer’s wagon to pass.

“So she can tell more *news*.” Dick craned his head around just as the farmer and his wagon

passed. “Things about us.”

“No, she wouldn’t!” Polly sent up a protest and slightly choked over the dust the wagon wheels had sent up.

“She just might.” Dick said a little louder over the rumbling noise of the departing wagon, watching his steps.

“She better not!” Polly scowled into nowhere.

Dick was silently walking ahead so Polly poked him hard in the back. “I say, she better not!”

Dick turned around, nodded agreeably and echoed her. “I say, she better not.”

“Right.” Polly walked alongside Dick, furrowing her brows. “She’ll probably pollute the whole neighborhood telling that we’ve got a murderin’ Rebel right under our roof. If she does...” Polly let her sentence hang.

“Don’t shoot her.” Dick grinned, pulling one of her blond braids. “Come on. Let’s walk faster. Who’s the sick one, anyhow?”

Polly picked up her dragging feet, pointing her index finger at him. "You don't suppose she would?"

"Would, what?" Dick knitted his brows.

"Tattle on us, of course." Polly looked disturbed.

"What's there to tattle?" Dick shrugged nonchalantly. "I'm your prisoner, and I stay in my prison. Who cares what she'll say. It's no fault of yours I'm a Reb."

Polly didn't look entirely convinced, and she stood still with a frown.

"Come on, Polly." Dick tugged at her braid again. "Let's not worry that pretty head of yours."

Polly began walking again, briskly. "Heads have to worry sometimes, even pretty ones," she stated soberly without a trace of vainness.

They entered the bustling part of town without incident. Polly was relieved. Mrs. Mills had seemed to have disappeared from their way.

After turning a few streets, Polly pointed to an orange-and-white painted store on the corner of two



streets where its door was propped open by a couple bricks to let the fresh spring air into the shop. “That’s Phyllis’ Bakery. Phyllis is married to my cousin, you see, so that makes her my cousin, too.”

“I see.” Dick looked around the pretty rows of shops they were passing. “Pretty little town here.”

“The best in the country!” Polly declared with a grin. She lowered her voice to add, “Now let’s go see the ‘heathen’ Mrs. Mills told us about. He’ll be around *here* if anywhere,” motioning towards the bakery.

“Sounds fun,” Dick chuckled as he answered back in a quiet tone. “Let’s go see him then.”

“Now don’t say a word until I introduce you properly, okay?” Polly paused on the street before stepping up the three steps to go into the bakery.

“Okay.” Dick followed Polly up the steps and into the wonderful aroma of the bakery. “Ah! Smells good in here,” he exclaimed quietly to Polly. “Now this is a place I’d like to work at.”

“You’d be fat as dough if you did,” Polly teased, “because I know you, you’d taste all the food you would make.”

“That’d take a long time.” Dick grinned, trying unsuccessfully to pinch his side.

“Not an inch to spare.” Polly said in a sing-song voice.

Dick laughed quietly while Polly quickly scanned the shop to see who all was there. Mrs. Adams was at the counter, buying.

Instantly, Polly cocked her head and whispered to Dick right behind her. “That’s Jake’s mother there. Shall I ask her for those boots now?”

And Polly stared towards the counter, about to suit action to words.

## CHAPTER 9

# The Indian Boy



Dick grabbed her elbow, pulling her back, and whispered sternly. “Not hardly! Don’t make me out a beggar ‘cause I’m not.”

Polly turned around to face him with a scowl. “But they’re nice boots though. I’d hate to see them go to waste.”

“She’ll find someone.” Dick replied, then heard a soft tread of feet.

Glancing back he tapped Polly who was waiting for Phyllis to stop talking to Mrs. Adams.

“Here he is,” he said quietly as Polly turned

around to find a poorly dressed young boy with chopped black hair and bare feet enter the shop.

The boy had the coloring of the Wyandotte who still lived in bark wigwams along the riverside. Polly stared at the boy, entranced, and waved at him.

“Hello, boy.” Polly smiled at him.

“Hello,” the boy muttered, looking down at the floor and lowering his head.

Polly let the boy pass without another word, watching him go to the counter. He looked about six or seven, and was a cute Indian boy with rosy cheeks atop his bronze skin.

“Cute, isn’t he?” Polly turned to Dick with a chirpy smile.

“Now, now. You’re almost twice his age!” Dick chuckled with a teasing voice.

“Not for myself, of course!” Polly looked horrified at the very thought. “He’s way too young for me. I’d rather have one a little older.”

“Like six years?” Dick teased, pulling her braid.

Polly's face turned bright red and she looked away furiously. *How dare that boy make fun of me! A six year-old boy is just too young--and that's that.*

"How do you expect a seventeen year-old fellow to like a girl who carries her doll with her to town?" Dick shook his head with a grin, enjoying the jest and the thunderous-look she was wearing.

Things were just a little too serious during this War, and he wanted to loosen her serious-face up a bit.

"Not expecting a thing." Polly growled with a scowl. "Anyhow, I'm thinking right now I don't want any fellow. They're too hard to deal with!"

Dick looked shocked, staring at her. She was taking him too seriously, he guessed.

"Don't worry. I'll still be single company for you by the time you give up that doll. Besides," Dick grinned and chuckled, "carrying a doll with you everywhere you go is a sure sign you'll be a good mother one day."

“Really?” Polly looked surprised and hugged Lillie tighter to her. “Then I’ll carry her everywhere!”

Dick grinned to himself, pleased he had given Polly something new to think about rather than giving up on the future marriage-issue. She was still young, anyhow, young enough to carry a doll and have a good time yet.

Polly smiled down at her doll, her now very precious Lillie Andrews, and said with a happy grin looking up at Dick. “You know, I’m going to call my very first girl Lillie Andrews when I grow up and get married.”

“It won’t be Andrews, Polly.” Dick looked amused, chuckling inside.

“What will it be then?” Polly looked a bit disturbed.

“Whatever name you choose.” Dick shrugged, suddenly not knowing the answer. “Your husband’s name, you know.”

“I think I’ll call her Lillie Andrews ‘whatever’

then.” Polly decided, adding with a mischievous grin, “My husband can think up the last name. I’ll let him do that.”

“You’re so generous.” Dick shook his head wonderingly, smiling.

Polly just motioned him towards the empty counter. “Come on.”



## • The River Valley Adventures •

Book 1: Polly's Prisoner

Book 2: Lillie Andrews

Book 3: Trudy's Threat

Book 4: Church Jail

