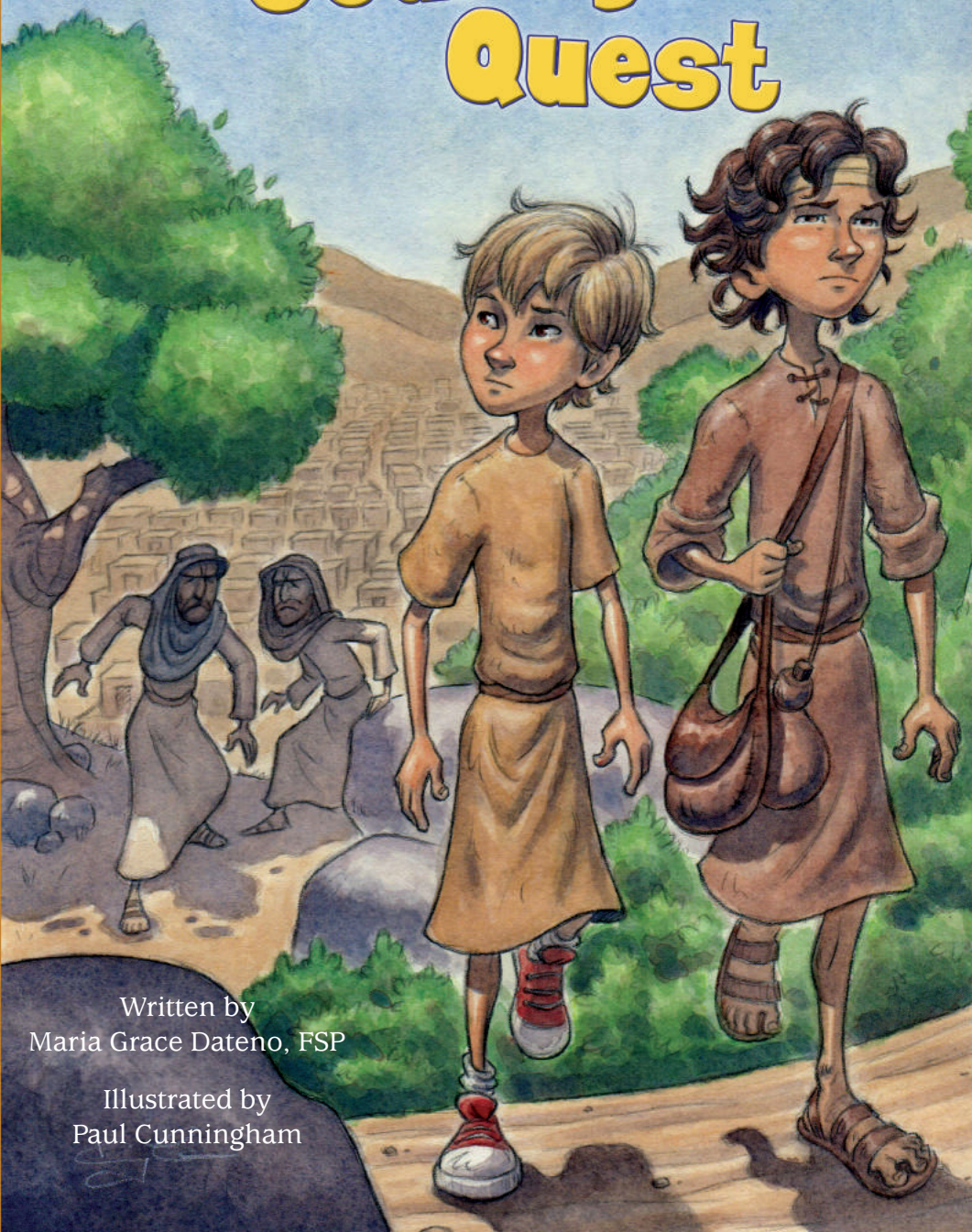


Courageous Quest

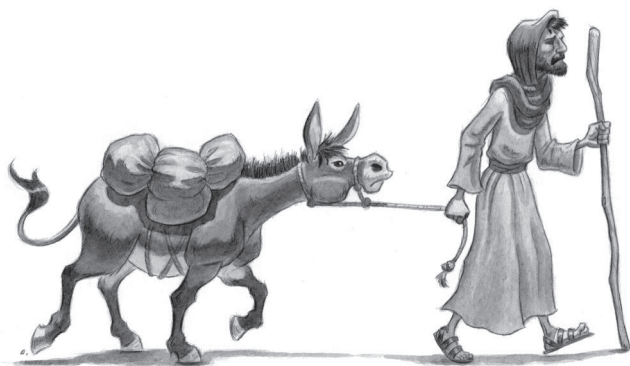


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Illustrated by
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Courageous Quest



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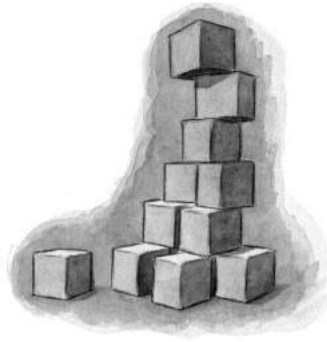
Illustrated by Paul Cunningham

*To my
(so far) twenty-two nieces and nephews,
who were my inspiration
for writing this series.*

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Chapter One



Along for the Ride

I sat moping in the house on a Wednesday afternoon. It was a perfect September day. I had finished my school work early, and I was dying to go out, but I was stuck inside because of Garrett.

Garrett is our neighbor's little boy, almost two years old. My mom always watches him on Wednesdays. Each week, one of us (me, my eleven-year-old sister Hannah, or my six-year-old brother Noah) takes a turn watching him for a half-hour, while my mom does other stuff. He's a really cute kid, but the problem

was, I couldn't bring him outside because he has allergies.

"Cabe," said Garrett. That's what he calls me because he can't say my name, Caleb.

I patted his head. He has silky, soft brown hair.

"Cabe pway." Garrett looked a little sad, like he didn't understand why I was just sitting there.

"Sorry, Garrett," I said. "I'm just mad at your allergies. What do you want to play?"

For an answer, he started pulling books off the bottom bookshelf in the living room and dropping them on the floor.

I dumped out a box of blocks and started building a tower to distract him. It worked. He came over and knocked down the tower.

I didn't say it to Garrett, but I wasn't just angry at his allergies. I felt angry at Hannah and Noah because they got to go outside. I knew it was my turn to watch Garrett this week, but I wished it were one of theirs.

I started piling the blocks again, this time faster.

Of course, Hannah and Noah didn't want to stay inside either, so they were probably *glad* it was my turn.

Garrett knocked the tower down again, giggling like crazy. I quickly built up four small ones in a row. But at that moment, I heard the back door open.

"Caleb?" called Hannah.

"We're in the living room."

I was surprised to see Hannah and Noah come around the corner.

"You know, Noah and I were thinking that maybe we would come in and hang out with you and Garrett."

"Really?" I said. I couldn't believe they would do that, when they could be outside having fun.

"We know how it's kind of boring playing with Garrett by yourself," said Hannah.

"Yeah," said Noah. "Let's ask Mom if we can get out something like clay or finger paints."

"Um, clay would be good, Noah," said Hannah, looking at Garrett. "Finger paints, not so much."

“Cay!” said Garrett. He sounded happy about playing with clay.

“Mom’s doing laundry downstairs,” I said.

Hannah picked up Garrett and we all walked toward the kitchen, where the basement stairs are.

And *that’s* when it happened!

As we walked, we were suddenly moving in slow motion, and the air felt as thick as water.

And the next second, we were standing in an empty street, dressed in robes tied with belts around the waist. They’re called tunics.

We weren’t as surprised as you might think. This had happened before. Actually, it happens whenever we go back in time to the time of Jesus. Of course, we weren’t expecting it at that moment!

“Oh no!” said Noah.

I looked at him in surprise. Usually when we realize we are on another adventure, Noah is jumping up and down for joy. This time he was standing there, with his mouth open, like something bad had happened.

