

*The Double Dabble Surprise*

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Beverly Lewis

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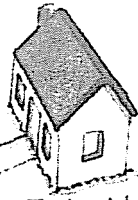
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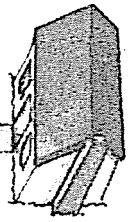
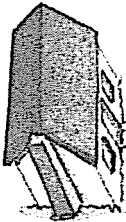
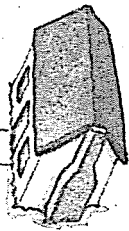
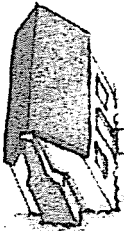
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Blossom  
Hill  
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Blossom Hill School



# ONE

Abby Hunter drew an X with her red marker.

The X looked perfect on her teddy bear calendar.

“Next Saturday is the BIG day,” she said. “In one week we’ll meet our new sisters from Korea.”

She made dancing stars around the red X.

“I can’t wait,” said Carly, her little sister, looking up from her first grade spelling list.

Abby snapped the cap on her marker. “Just think, there will be four girls in our family.”

“I think Daddy wanted some boys,” Carly said.

“Mommy doesn’t know how to raise boys,” Abby said. “There aren’t any boys in her family for three generations.”

Carly twisted one of her blonde curls. “What’s a generator?”

Abby sighed. “Not generator—generation.”

“Well, what is it?” Carly asked.

“It’s all the kids born in a family. When they get old—about thirty—those kids get married and have kids. Then those kids . . .”

“Okay, I get it,” Carly said.

Abby straightened her calendar. “*That’s* why we only have girl cousins.”

Carly wrote a spelling word. “I’m glad generator isn’t on this list!”

“Generation,” Abby insisted.

“Whatever,” said Carly. She made a tic-tac-toe on her paper. “Wanta play?”

“Can’t,” Abby said. “Dunkum is coming over to shoot baskets.”

Dunkum was the best player in Abby’s third grade class. His real name was Edward Mifflin, but no one called him that.

“Dunkum thinks he can’t be beat, but I’m trying,” Abby said.

“Is Dunkum your best friend?” Carly asked, looking down at Abby’s sneakers. One was red and one was blue.

“Maybe,” Abby whispered.

The doorbell rang, followed by pounding on the front door.

Abby grabbed her jacket. “That’s definitely Dunkum.”

Carly sighed. “When our Korean sisters come, maybe they’ll play with me.”

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After lunch the girls helped their mother put up a pink wall hanging. It read: WELCOME SISTERS.

“Soon, I’ll have three sisters,” Abby said.

Carly jumped up and down. “Just in time for Thanksgiving.”

“Before,” corrected Abby. “Thanksgiving’s in twelve days.”

“Carly, please hold your end still,” said Mother.

“She’s too excited,” said Abby.

They stepped back to admire the wall hanging. It looked perfect in their soon-to-be new sisters’ bedroom.

Now the room was ready. Matching pink spreads covered the beds, Fancy curtains and bows covered the windows.

“I like this room better than mine,” Carly said.

Abby swung her sister around. “I’ll trade *your* room for mine.”

“Nope,” Carly said.

Abby had Carly’s room when she was little. There was a secret place in the closet. A *secret*, secret place. She missed hiding there with a flashlight and a good book.

Now Carly had the room. And the secret place.

Sometimes Abby and Carly hid there together. Abby would read softly to Carly.

Mother often forgot to look for them, in the secret place behind the closet.

“Meet me in five seconds,” Abby whispered.

“Where?” Carly said.

“In the secret place,” Abby said. “We have secret plans to make.”

Carly’s eyes shone. “Okay!” she said, and she dashed out of the room.

Abby hoped things wouldn’t change too much when her Korean sisters arrived next Saturday.

But . . . she would wait before sharing the secret place with them. Just a little while.