

The Flight

About **seven o'clock** one hot **summer evening** a strange **family** moved **into** the **little village** of **Middlesex**. **Nobody** knew where they **came** from, or who they were. But the **neighbors** soon **made** up their **minds** what they thought of the **strangers**, for the **father** was **very** drunk. **He** could **hardly** walk up the **rickety** front steps of the **old tumble-down** house, and his **thirteen-year-old** son had to help him. **Toward eight o'clock** a **pretty, capable-looking** girl of twelve **came** out of the house and bought a **loaf** of bread at the **baker's**. And that was all the **villagers** learned **about** the **newcomers** that **night**.

"There are four **children**," said the **bakeshop woman** to her **husband** the next **day**, "and their **mother** is dead. They must have some **money**, for the girl **paid** for the bread with a **dollar** bill."

"**Make** them **pay** for **everything** they get," growled the **baker**, who was a hard man. "The **father** is **nearly** dead with drink now, and soon they will be **only** **beggars**."

This **happened** **sooner** than **he** thought. The next **day** the **oldest** boy and girl **came** to ask the **bakeshop woman** to come **over**. Their **father** was dead.