



The Get-Along BUCKET

By Lori Fuller Sosa
Church Magazines
(Based on a true story)

"**M**om!" Amy yelled. "Garrett hit me! Make him stop!" "She started it!" Garrett yelled back. "Make her stop!"

"Kids, kids!" Mom said. "Time for the get-along bucket. Garrett, will you get it?"

Garrett frowned at Amy. But he brought the small plastic bucket to Mom.

"Thanks," Mom said. "Amy, you pick." The bucket had slips of paper inside. They had to pick one. Then do what it said. Together.

Garrett hoped they got something fun. Last time they had to wash a window together.

Amy closed her eyes. She pulled a paper from the bucket. "Play in the sandbox together."

Garrett grinned. That sounded fun! He followed Amy outside.

They got to the sandbox. Amy grabbed a stick. She drew a line down the middle of the sand. "Stay on that side," she said.

"OK," Garrett said. He used a little shovel to dig some holes. He

pushed some toy trucks around. He didn't say anything.

A minute went by. He looked at Amy. She was poking holes in the sand with the stick.

"Hey," Garrett said. "Want to dig a huge hole together?"

"OK!" Amy said.

Garrett handed her a shovel. Together they started digging. Garrett used his dump truck to move sand. Soon they made a big

hole! They pretended it was a tunnel to the other side of the world.

"Remember when we washed the window together?" Amy asked. "That was fun too."

Garrett remembered how they made smiley faces on the glass. Then they washed them off.

"Yeah," he said. "That was fun. Maybe tomorrow we can play together—without the get-along bucket!" •



ILLUSTRATION BY ANNA DAVISON/CURT