

# George Washington's Socks

Could it really be  
George Washington?



Elvira Woodruff

 SCHOLASTIC

# One

**M**ATTHEW CARLTON, you're not leaving this table until you've finished those peas," Mrs. Carlton said firmly.

"But, Mom, I've got to finish packing," Matt pleaded. "It's our first official club camp-out tonight, and since I'm president of the club I've got to make sure that we have everything we need."

"What's this about a club and a camp-out?" Mr. Carlton asked, putting a forkful of noodles in his mouth.

"Matt and some of the boys in the neighborhood have started a club and they want to sleep out tonight," Mrs. Carlton told him.

"It's not just a goofy club, Dad, like stamp collectors or something. It's an adventure club. Tony, Hooter, Q, and I are all members. We meet and talk about real adventures that people have had throughout history. Q gave the club this old set of books

that his uncle had given him called *Great Adventures in History*. At every meeting we're going to read about one adventure. The first one that we picked out is the crossing of the Delaware by George Washington and his army during the Revolutionary War. Q and I did our history report on George Washington, so we know a lot of stuff already that we can tell the other members. We're going to camp out tonight in Tony's yard. It was my idea to start the club in the first place, so I'm the president. I've got a lot of things to check on, so can I please be excused?" Matt began to stand up.

"Hold on, champ," his father chuckled. "You're club sounds fine but you've got peas on your plate that your mother wants you to finish. Just think of them as an adventure in eating. Go on now and finish them up."

Matt groaned. "I'd rather face a bloodthirsty vampire, or a wild cat, or a . . ." Soon he was lost in thought while imagining all the things he'd rather face than the pile of disgusting green things on his plate. The phone suddenly rang in the kitchen, bringing him back to the reality of the dinner table. He watched as Mr. Carlton got up to answer it. Then Matt stole a glance at his little sister, Katie, who was sitting across from him, playing with the noodles on her plate. With one hand she poked her fork in and out of the noodles and with her other hand she twisted one of her bright red curls around her finger.

"Katie Carlton, how many times do I have to tell you to stop twisting that hair?" Mrs. Carlton sighed as she got up and went to the refrigerator.

*Timing*, Matt was thinking. *It's all a matter of timing*. Quickly he reached over and took the lid off the sugar bowl, then dropped in all the peas from his dish. He placed the lid back on a second before his mother returned to the table. Then he glanced back at Katie, whose mouth had dropped open as she stared at the sugar bowl.

"Oh, great," Matt moaned to himself, giving her a hard cold stare, but Katie had begun to giggle. Mr. Carlton got off the phone and returned to the table. He picked up his glass of iced tea.

"Honey, did you want more sugar for that?" Mrs. Carlton asked, passing the sugar bowl to her husband. Mr. Carlton took the sugar bowl and placed it beside his plate. "Um, no, I think I'm fine," he said.

Katie was unable to suppress herself, and before too long was doubled over in her seat, giggling. "And just what is all that about, Katherine?" Mrs. Carlton asked, looking over to Katie.

"Nothing, Mom," Matt reassured her. "You know how silly she gets when she starts to play with her food. She was just making the noodles wiggle on her plate like worms. Weren't you, Katie?" Matt pinched her arm from under the table. "*Ow!*" Katie said, lifting her arm and pointing to the sugar bowl.

"How would you like to come camping with our

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