



The New Millennium Girls



Isabel's Fun-Fair Fiasco

by

Jan May

New Millennium Girl Books

Isabel's Fun Fair Fiasco by Jan May

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For Avyi~
my awesome,
beautiful, spiritual
granddaughter and cover model
who is a true
New Millennium Girl in Christ!
Thank You!



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Chapter One

Little Chaps Rodeo

Isabel's boots clomped in the dust as she trotted alongside the stubborn lamb. "The next contestant is Isabel Morningsky," said the announcer.

"Wrestle him to the ground!" cried Dad from the sidelines at the Little Chaps Rodeo.

"Grrr!" Isabel tackled the sheep with all her might. "You're going down, sheep."

“Baaa,” bleated the poor lamb. He wiggled to the right. He twisted to the left. He squirmed out of Isabel’s grasp, pushing her to the ground, and fled away to the other side of the ring.

I’m not giving up that easily! Isabel set her chin in determination and stood up, lunging after the sheep. “Going to give me a fight, huh?” She cornered the sheep and dove onto its soft, wooly back. “Winners never quit, and quitters never win,” she muttered as she tugged on the sheep. “I have to win this to go on to the finals.”

Isabel grabbed the sheep’s head and locked onto it, panting. “For I serve the mighty God that lives deep within!” She gave it a twist, and the sheep fell to the ground with a *thud*. Isabel was strong for twelve years old, but she knew where her *real* strength came from.

The cheers from the crowd echoed in the arena. Isabel looked up toward Heaven in thanks, then tipped her cowboy hat and bowed to the crowd. She released the

mournful sheep. “And that’s the way it’s done, folks!” she said triumphantly.

Holly dashed over. “I got it all on video, Izzy. It will make the greatest movie ever. We can put it on YouTube and be famous!”

Isabel stood up and brushed the dust off her jeans. She sighed contentedly. *I love Little Chaps Rodeo!*

“Attention, ladies and gentleman,” said an announcer over the loud speaker. “Little Chaps Rodeo is proud to welcome our surprise guests from Cripple Creek Pow Wow.”

Isabel and Holly looked at each other with wide eyes. A drum started to beat. Native Americans dressed in regalia sat on beautiful, white-and-brown spotted horses and trotted into the ring.

Holly held her breath. “I wonder if . . . yes! There he is!” she squealed.

Isabel rushed over and jumped on the rail of the corral. She waved her cowboy hat at Jason Twofeathers, the mysterious boy she’d met at camp last month. Jason’s warm,

brown eyes met hers; he smiled and nodded. He liked to go frogging and fishing, just like Isabel did. He'd saved her from being bored at that yucky girl camp. Jason was the coolest boy Isabel had ever met.

Behind the men on horses danced pretty Indian maids. They were dressed in brown buckskin. Tiny bells sewn on the bottom of their dresses jingled when they moved.

"Listen," said Holly. "They're just like the ones you wore at the Pow Wow last month."

Isabel felt like she was in a dream. Her whole life had changed since that day at the pow wow, when she found out she was part Native American. It was a secret her Grandmother Biltmore had made her parents keep all of her life.

The local newspaper came to Isabel's house and wrote a story on the drama of how it had all unfolded. They even took Isabel's picture and put it on the front page. When the Native American Association read about it in the paper, they offered the

Morningstars a grant to keep the ranch. After that, they didn't need Grandmother Biltmore's money anymore.

When the parade ended, Isabel ran up to Jason. "Hey!"

Jason smiled and nodded. "Isabel Morningsky," he said. His shoulder-length, jet-black hair was woven with feathers and shone in the afternoon sun. His brown eyes laughed.

Isabel ran her hand over the flank of his painted horse. "He's beautiful. Is he yours?"

"Yep. Well, sort of. I'm taking care of him for the Pow Wow." He jumped down and patted Thunder's flank. "Wanna ride him?"

"Really?" Isabel hoisted herself up on the sleek, spotted horse with feathers woven in his mane and flung her leg over. She could see the golden sun setting on the horizon, spilling onto the tops of the autumn trees. *It never gets old feeling like you're ten feet tall sitting on the back of a horse.*

Just then, a tan palomino near Isabel spooked and bolted off.

“Help!” cried little Cami Jo, clinging for her life on its back.

“I’ll catch her!” cried Isabel.

“Wait!” yelled Jason. Without saying another word, he quickly leapt up, straddling himself on Thunder in the saddle in front of Isabel. “Hold on! Hee-yaw!” He kicked Thunder’s sides. Like a flash, they were racing behind Cami Jo, down toward a row of pine trees.

“We’re coming, Cami Jo!” shouted Isabel. “Hang on!”

Jason’s hair whipped her face; the sound of pounding hooves beat in her ears. She clung as tightly to Jason as Cami Jo was holding on to her horse. *He’s running Thunder kinda hard.* Isabel leaned her face into Jason’s back to shield it from the wind.

“Hee-yaw!” Jason pushed Thunder even harder up the hill, swerving through the trees to cut off the spooked horse. Dirt from the ground bounced up and pummeled Isabel’s back. Jason rode Thunder so close to

Cami Jo's horse that Isabel's leg rubbed up against it.

Then Jason took his chance. He leaned over and grabbed the runaway horse's reins and pulled hard on them. "Whoa, boy, whoa!"

"I tried to stop him, but he wouldn't listen," whimpered Cami Jo.

Isabel slid down from Thunder and climbed on the back of Cami Jo's horse. She hugged Cami Jo, whose cute, freckled face was soaked with tears. "Shhh, don't cry," comforted Isabel, rocking her back and forth. "It's okay now." She held Cami Jo tight, patting her little, red head.

"Will you walk us back, Jason?" asked Isabel kindly. "Don't worry, Cami Jo. Jason is an expert horse rider. He will walk us back *slow-ly*." She nodded to Jason to go ahead.

"We make a good team, Morning Dove," said Jason with a twinkle in his eye. Isabel liked that.

Isabel and Jason gave five-year-old Cami Jo back to her parents safe and sound.

“We don’t know how to thank you, young man,” said Cami Jo’s father.

“It’s nothing really,” replied Jason, shrugging his shoulders. “It was the right thing to do.

“You really know how to handle a horse,” her father continued.

“Thank you. I grew up riding on the reservation in Cripple Creek.”

“Are you a part of the horse training the reservation is exhibiting there next spring out at Angel Ridge ranch?”

“Yes, sir, I am,” answered Jason.

“Well then, we look forward to joining you.” The man tipped his cowboy hat. “See you then.”

Isabel looked at Jason and thought she would burst with admiration. He rode Thunder like a champ and rescued Cami Jo. He was so brave.

You An annoying voice scratched her ears. “It’s such a shame the Native American Association is losing some of its grant money,” hissed a woman in a yellow hat walking by.

Isabel perked up her ears. "Jason, did you hear that?"

"Hear what?" asked Jason.

Oh no, it can't be! Isabel turned to find the woman in the yellow hat, but she'd vanished in the crowd. She rushed to the corral fence and jumped up on the rail to search for her. But there were too many people.

Isabel shook her head and stuck her fingers in her ears. "Maybe I'm hearing things," she said to Jason. "I thought I heard someone say that the NAA was losing some of their grant money."

"The money you're getting for holding the horse training at your ranch?" asked Jason.

Isabel paced back and forth. "Uh-huh. It would ruin everything if we don't get it." She glanced up. The woman in the yellow hat had stopped to buy a snow cone at the booth next to the corral fence.

"Oh, Jason, there she is!" cried Isabel. She raced over to the gray-haired woman. "Excuse me ma'am. I thought, I uh . . .

overheard you say that the NAA might lose their grant money." She twisted her chestnut braids. "It's kind of important to me. Is that what you said?" Isabel hoped with all her might that it was *not* what the woman had said.

"Why, yes dear, it's a rumor I heard." She leaned toward Isabel and lowered her voice. "Bad economy you know."

Isabel cleared her throat. "A rumor, ma'am?"

The woman put her finger on her chin thoughtfully. "Someone I know from my country club heard it from someone who works at the beauty salon, who heard it from someone's daughter that works at the governor's house. Yes, that's it."

Isabel knew about rumors. Sometimes they were wrong, and sometimes they were right. She sighed. "Thank you, ma'am." *Which is it this time, wrong or right?*

"What does this mean?" asked Jason.

Isabel's knees felt wobbly. "We'll only have to sell the ranch, *all* the horses, and move to town if we don't get the grant, that's

all. My whole life, *poof!* Over! I can't even think about it!"

Jason put his hand on Isabel's shoulder and looked her straight in the eye. "Grandmother Tabitha always says, 'Trust the Great Spirit. Even though foes may come, He will fight for us.'"

Isabel's brain was swirling. "I gotta go, Jason. I gotta find my mom and dad. Maybe they know something." She trotted off and shouted over her shoulder, "See you later!"



But her parents didn't know *anything*.

"No news is good news, Isabel," said Mom. "Let's keep our hopes up."

"And prayers," added Dad.

What was God's plan in all of this? Isabel didn't know. Her heart was getting attached to her newfound Native American family and she never, *ever* wanted to leave them.

