

One Winter Day

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High Noon Books
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The Art Center

Peter and Jenny couldn't decide how to spend one dreary winter day. The bowling alleys, roller rinks, and malls would be packed.

“What about the art center?” Jenny's mom tried to suggest.

Peter stared at Jenny and shrugged. “Why not!” he stated. “It’s better than sitting around here.”

The art center was on Second Street in a large old mansion. A steep flight of cement steps led up to two white pillars that flanked the entrance. As soon as Peter and Jenny cracked the door, their



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mouths fell open. White marble floors and richly colored carpets drew them into the lobby.

“Welcome!” a gentle voice greeted them from behind.

Peter and Jenny spun around to meet a cheerful, slender lady with silver hair. “Let me take your jackets and show you

where to begin,” she said. Then she led them through an archway into a large ballroom. “This first room contains the oldest objects,” she began. “When you’re finished, just follow the arrows. You’ll travel through time to the present day.”

So Peter and Jenny began their journey.

Trapped

Peter and Jenny were dazzled by the displays. They were surprised that art could be made in so many clever ways. In one room they traveled to Greece, where dark human figures adorned

vases and plates. In the next, they journeyed to China to view fancy silk robes. Each room was more splendid than the last.

Before they knew it, time had slipped by, and sunset had arrived.

“We better head for home,” Jenny said. “Maybe we can return soon.”



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fancy silk robes.*

“I hope so,” Peter stressed. “I want to check out the modern art.”

Just then the lights in the center went out. Peter and Jenny found themselves in total darkness. Without delay, they fumbled their way back to the lobby, but it was too late. The lobby was dark and empty, and

the main door was locked.

“We’re trapped!” Jenny
whined.