

# The Country Store



by Diane Zahler

Illustrations by Marc Mones

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Amplify Atlas™

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Thompson's Country Store had everything everyone in Belmont, Kansas, could need, from flour to farm tools. But whenever customers asked for something, and nine-year-old Jed Thompson offered to help, the response from his parents was always the same. "Don't bother, Jed, we'll do it — it's up too high for you to reach." All Jed ever got to do was sweep the floor. He just wasn't tall enough to reach the store's high shelves.

## Amplify Atlas™

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All that changed on the fall day when Mrs. Swenson ran into the store, crying, “Mr. Swenson’s shoulder is hurting him terribly! He has to harvest the wheat, but he’s in dreadful pain. Do you have any medicine that might help him?”



Mr. Thompson managed to grab a bottle of their special pain cream from a high shelf, but it slipped from his grasp and fell to the floor, shattering into pieces. “Oh no, that was our last bottle!” Mr. Thompson exclaimed. Mrs. Swenson gasped in alarm.

“There might be more in the attic,” Mr. Thompson said, “but we’re repairing the stairs. We won’t be able to get up there until next week!”

Jed pointed to a corner of the ceiling. “Don’t forget, the old trap door goes up to the attic,” Jed said.

“I’ve never used that. It’s far too small for me!” Mr. Thompson said.



“I bet I could fit,” Jed pointed out. His dad agreed there was no harm in trying.

Jed’s father helped him up a ladder to the trap door. Jed pushed open the tiny door to the attic and squeezed in, wriggling upward. For a scary moment his overalls caught on a nail, and he was stuck — but he yanked at the cloth till he was free. Finally, he pulled himself into the attic. There, he found a box full of the special cream. Jed wriggled back down and popped out into the store, dusty but proud.

“Here you are, Mrs. Swenson,” he announced cheerfully, “and there’s even a spare bottle.”

As Mrs. Swenson thanked Jed, his dad gave him a hug and said, “But we could never spare you around here, Jed!”



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Literary

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