

Church was over. Meg and her mom and dad were getting their coats. Meg's coat was red, with shiny buttons. It was also very high up.

Meg stood on her tiptoes to reach it, but she couldn't. Then, she jumped, and her fingers just brushed the sleeve. The jump also pushed her into the coats. She jumped again. It was dark and warm and a little scratchy in there.



From between the coats, Meg could hear her parents talking. Their voices sounded quiet and fuzzy.

"I think I'll walk home," her father was saying, "It's good to finally see the sun again." Her mother said, "Sounds good. I can take the car."



Meg rubbed her hands on the furry coats. She heard her father say, "So, you'll take Meg home?" and she heard her mother say, "Are you taking Meg with you?"



Sample PDF

But she didn't hear anyone answer.



When Meg came out, she was alone. Her red coat was still hanging on its hanger, but her mom and dad weren't there.

Other people came in to get their coats, but not Meg's parents.



Meg tried to be brave, but she couldn't help it when a tear slipped down her cheek. She felt alone and afraid.



The next time the door opened, Meg heard a familiar voice. "Meg! What are you doing here all by yourself?"

It was Mrs. Hughes, Meg's Sunday school teacher, with her baby, Robert. "I don't know where my mom and dad are," Meg said. She didn't mean to cry, but her voice sounded kind of squeaky.



Robert wasn't crying. He was blowing raspberries.

"Oh, Meg," said Mrs. Hughes. "It's okay. We'll find them. I left my phone in the car, but I'll ask to use someone's phone, and then we'll call your mom."

Meg started to feel a little bit better.

