**T**r**a**d**e**s

by Amelia Snyder

**The wood fell beside me as sounds of banging filled my ears. I am only 5. Mama and Papa have lived in Newbury a long time. They grew up here; this is their home. It is only until now they build a house as a family.**

**I woke up. It was all a dream from when we first built our house in Newbury. I looked around and saw that my candle was lit. There, standing in front of me is Mama.**

**“It’s your 13th birthday Clare. Why don’t you come to the trading post?” I gave a small nod and pulled the covers off the bed.**

**After I got dressed, I went down the creaky stairs that lead into the kitchen. There was my whole family. Mama, Papa, little Brother Marshell and littler Baby Lina who was born only two months ago. I sat down next to Lina and put my hand in her rocker. She started to gnaw on my finger.**

**“Mama made apple pie using the apples we picked,” Marshell said proudly.**

**“Why don’t you grab a slice” Papa said.**

**I walked over to the pie and cut a piece. My face turned back to look at Lina. She was already fast asleep. Mama gave me a dented metal plate from the black smith to put the piece of pie on. I sat down and started to nibble at the pie.**

**“Time to go” Papa said .**

**“Papa?”**

**“What is it Clare?”**

**“Can I go to the trading post by myself?” I asked.**

**“I suppose you can, just take care of Mistress Northie.”**

**“Alright Papa I will.”**

**I walked out into the crispy fall air. My cape started swirling around me .When I finally reached the trading post, a light rain was starting to fall.**

**“Good morrow Mistress Northie.”**

**“Good morrow Miss Cornell.”**

**“Where is your father?”**

**“He let me come by myself.”**

**“That’s wonderful. Now let’s hurry inside. It’s cold and I am sure we will have costumers soon.”**

**We both hurried into the big shack. It smelt of cedars and pine. A boy that was about my age is standing near the counter. Next to him is a plump light brown sheep.**

**“That’s the Coffin boy. He has come to trade one of his family’s many sheep. Can you help him?” Mistress Northie asked.**

**“Certainly,” I shrugged.**

**He wanted to trade his sheep for a stick of sugar and a stack of parchment for his father. Mr. Coffin was a famous author. I looked around and finally found what I was looking for. As I gave him the sugar he handed me the sheep and gave a smile. He started to walk out the door.**

**“What is your name?” I asked.**

**“Joesif Coffin,” he replied .**

**“Could you help out here?”**

**“Sorry, but I’m busy. My mother wants me to tend to the sheep today. Though I could bring over some wool cloth.”**

**“That’s great!” I shouted as he started to walk out the door.**

**Mistress Northie is rocking in an old rocking chair. She is mumbling a bunch of words. I guess she is dreaming. The wooden door swings open. Captain John Smith walks in. He has a basket of animal fur.**

**“Why, good morrow Miss Cornell. Look what I have here. It’s from the Indian village,” he said.**

**“Good morrow Captain. What would you like for this?” I asked.**

**“Some butter and ink would be nice,” he replied.**

**I got the butter and ink for the captain. We said goodbye to each other and he left.**

**The light rain got heavy and started to find its way past the roof. The door swung open again. There was Marcie and her mother. Marcie ran up to me.**

**“Oh, Clare, I haven’t seen you in such a long time. We’re still friends right!”**

**“Yes Marcie we’re still friends. Why are you here?” I asked.**

**“There is a big rain storm outside. You’re Mama and Papa are busy with the little ones,” replied Marcie’s mother, Mrs. Berk, so they asked us to fetch you.**

**Waves are crashing around the shallow cost. Rain pounds down soaking us from head to toe as we started our walk to my house. When we reached my home we said goodbye . I stepped on the porch and almost missed the girl that was standing there.**

**“My brother wanted me to give this to you,” she said.**

**“Thank you.” I said.**

**She ran back to her house. It is the Coffin family home. Inside the package is wool cloth. There also is a note. It reads:**

**Dear Clare,**

**I’m sorry I couldn’t give this to you in person. I was busy all day. I hope you will forgive me.**

**Truly Yours,**

**Joesif**

**That note is so sweet. It touches my heart. I can picture his messy brown hair. The door swings open and nearly hits my head. Marshell is staring off of past the fields into to the open ocean.**

**“Mama wants you inside. She needs help with cooking and cleaning,” he yelled.**

**He slammed the door. So rude he is. I should make something in return for the wool cloth. I know, an arrow would be nice. I can get the feathers from the farm. Sticks can be found outside. I can use mother’s knife to sharpen the stick and her string from the sewing box.**

**Making the arrow was hard enough. The farmer wanted a basket of apples for 12 feathers. When I finished the arrow the hardest part was left, delivering the trade. I ran over to the Coffin house and knocked on the the bulky door. Joesif answered.**

**“Greetings Clare,” he beamed.**

**“Hello. Here’s something I made for you. It’s for your trade.”**

**“Would you like to come in? On every rainy day our friends come over. Then my mama tells a story.”**

**“I’d love to. Let me tell my Mother first.”**

**Before I went back I got Marcie. She was very excited to hear a story. Maybe a little too excited. Mama wanted me to bring Marshell. When we finally reached the Coffin house there were 10 people with me. Mistress Northie, Marcie, Marshell, Papa, Mama, my grandmama and grandpapa, Lina, Mrs. Berk and the farm boy. We walked in. Every one was in the keeping room around a fire. It looked like the whole town was there.**

**“Now that every one is here we can start,” Mrs. Coffin said. “The story is called: Trades. There once was an Indian village. In the village there was a boy and a girl who did trades all day. That’s all they did. Never talked, just did trades.”**

**Marshell started to move around. Mama motioned for him to be polite. Everyone looked restless.**

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**“Nice story” I complimented Mrs. Coffin.**

**“Thank you,” she blushed.**

**“What is it called again?” I asked .**

**“Trades” she replied.**

**Instead of going straight to bed, I went over to my small farm in the back yard. The fat sheep is in a pen with the chickens. He takes up most of the room. The chickens squeeze past his feet to get by. I gloat a little bit. He has such a serious look on his face. It starts to pour once more. I sit down in the muddy pen and hug the sheep.**

**“You are family now. I will call you Stella.”**