

Lesson 14

READ THIS STORY #2, Advanced

The Fiddle

It was our last evening at the dude ranch. We snuggled near the fire to chase away the chill. The ranchers had prepared a show to bid us farewell.

One old man had an unmistakable air of confidence that I had not noticed before. He lifted his fiddle and played “Orange Blossom Special.” His bow danced across the strings letting loose a flood of notes. The music was incredible.

I rose to my feet and began whistling and clapping. That old man, with his twinkling eyes and engaging smile, made an indelible impression on me.

I don’t expect to see him again, but I will remember that old-time fiddler until they bury me.