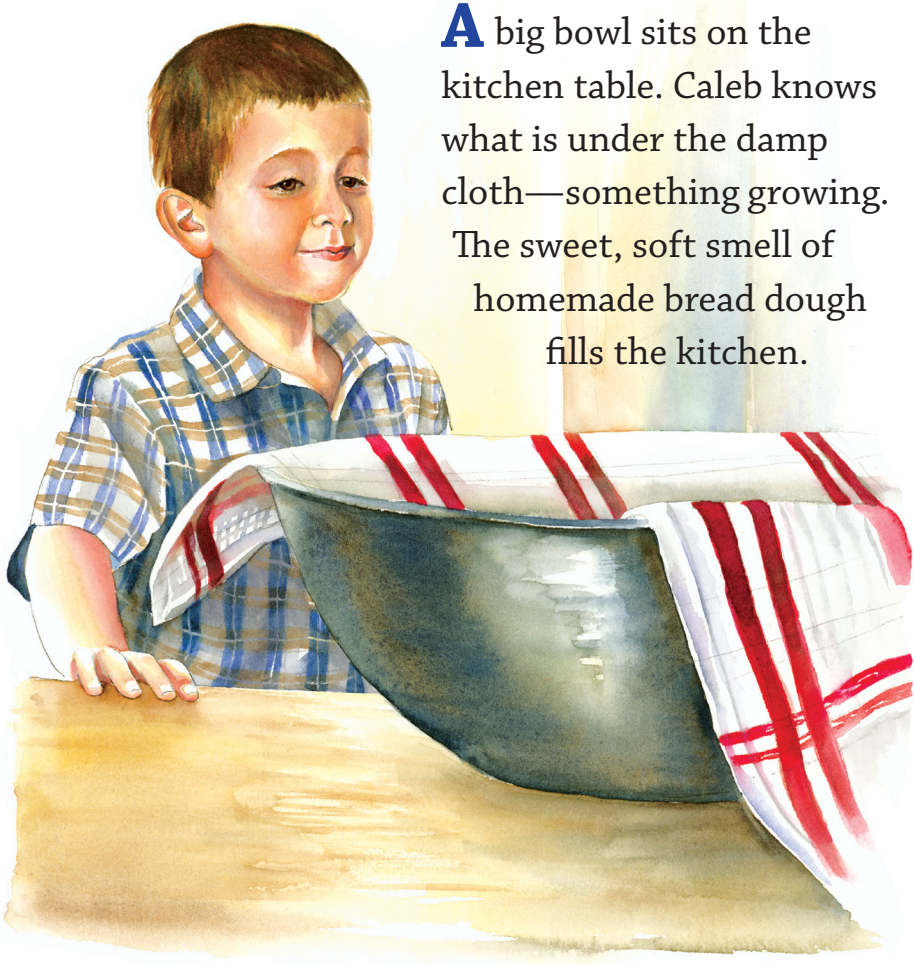

A big bowl sits on the kitchen table. Caleb knows what is under the damp cloth—something growing. The sweet, soft smell of homemade bread dough fills the kitchen.

Maybe it's my turn to punch down the dough, he thinks. It's fun to get the squishy dough ready for the bread pans.

But Caleb must wait till Mama says it is time to punch the dough. First the bread dough must push the cloth up round and high above the bowl.

On the windowsill is an unusual stone that Caleb's biggest brother Andrew found this morning. Andrew is waiting to show Daddy his treasure at supper time. Beside the stone is a big grasshopper in a jar. Caleb's next brother, Ben, found the grasshopper. Ben wants to show his treasure to Daddy too.





I wish I could find a treasure, Caleb thinks.

Caleb looks out the window. Leaves sprinkle the lawn, and the swing on the maple tree hangs empty. At the end of Caleb's lane, Mr. and Mrs. Waverly's house glows in the sun.

Caleb thinks the little house with its bright yellow shutters is the nicest house in the whole neighborhood. It reminds him of a thick slice of Mama's homemade bread with dabs of yellow butter waiting to be spread to all the corners.



Caleb smiles. *Maybe I can take homemade bread to Mr. and Mrs. Waverly today,* he thinks.

Mrs. Waverly has a candy drawer at her house. It is full of little candy bars, soft mints that melt in his mouth, crunchy candies to chew, and lollipops to suck for a long time.



"Never beg for candy," Mama often says. "And always remember to say *please* and *thank you*." Mama has to remind Caleb and his brothers about manners many times, because it is easy for hungry boys to forget.