

The
Hyacinth
CHRONICLES 2

Other books by Patty Froese Ntihemuka

The Woman at the Well

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Martha and Mary

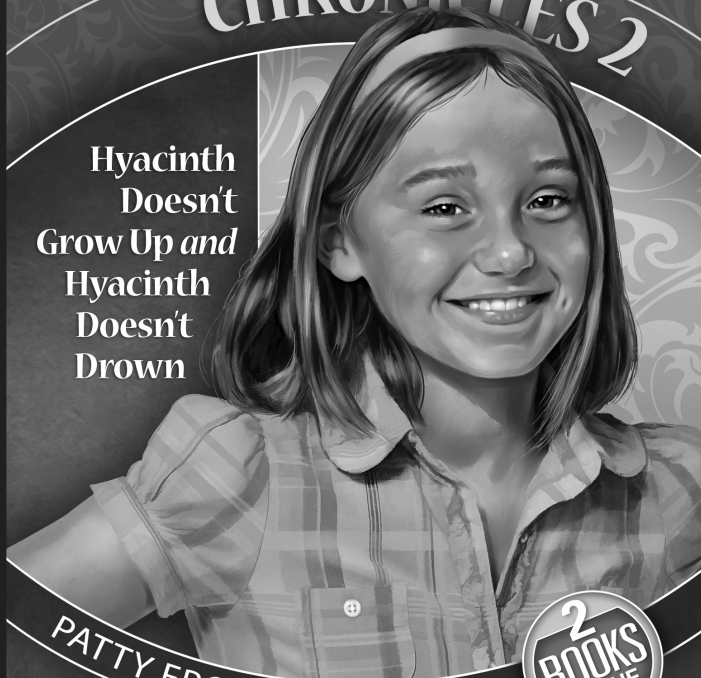
The Hyacinth Chronicles:

Hyacinth Doesn't Go to Jail

Hyacinth Doesn't Miss Christmas

The Hyacinth CHRONICLES 2

Hyacinth
Doesn't
Grow Up and
Hyacinth
Doesn't
Drown



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Pacific Press® Publishing Association
Nampa, Idaho
Oshawa, Ontario, Canada
www.pacificpress.com

Cover design by Gerald Lee Monks
Cover illustration by Kim Justinen
Inside illustrations by Kim Justinen and iStockphoto.com
Inside design by Aileen Andres Sox

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ISBN 13: 978-0-8163-2386-9
ISBN 10: 0-8163-2386-0

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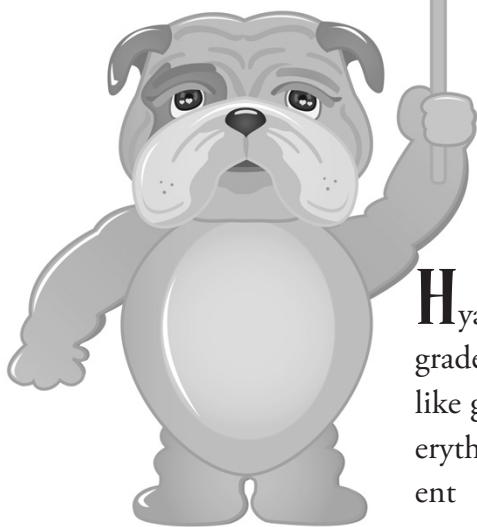
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Book 1

Hyacinth Doesn't Grow Up

Chapter 1



Hyacinth was halfway through grade two. Grade two was not like grade one. In grade one everything was so new and different and she had missed her mom. But now that she was in grade two, Hyacinth was pretty sure she knew how school worked.

With Christmas done, Hyacinth was very happy to be back in school. She had missed Mrs. Raju's grade one and

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two classroom, and she had missed seeing Ruby every day. Ruby was Hyacinth's best friend. Ruby had curly black hair that she wore in little braids all over her head. Their desks were right next to each other.

"What did you get for Christmas?" Ruby asked.

"I got some books and some clothes and a paint set—" Hyacinth said, trying not to forget anything. "Oh, and my grandma got me an iPod that she had put some kids music on."

"Wow!" Ruby said. "My grandma got me a sweater that was too small."

"What did you do with it?" Hyacinth asked.

"I gave it to my little sister," Ruby replied. "It was yellow with big crocheted flowers stuck all over it."

"Oh," Hyacinth said.

"My little sister liked it a lot," Ruby said with a shrug.

"So you didn't get anything from your grandma?" Hyacinth asked.

"Oh, I did!" Ruby said. "I got the sweater that she knitted for my mom. It was too small for her."

"Is it nice?" Hyacinth asked.

"It has a dinosaur on it with lots of teeth," Ruby said.

"That sounds cool!" Hyacinth said with a grin.

"I know!" Ruby said. "I don't know why my mom didn't like it. She said that Grandma must not like her very much."

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But I don't think you would give a dinosaur sweater to just anyone."

"Agreed," Hyacinth said.

"Good morning, class!" Mrs. Raju said, standing up and holding up her "time to be quiet" hand. "It's time for worship." Hyacinth liked the worship book Mrs. Raju was using this year, so she settled back to listen.

After prayer, Mrs. Raju said, "As a special treat for our first day back at school after Christmas break, instead of starting with spelling, we are going to start with an art project."

"Oh great!" Hyacinth whispered happily to Ruby. "I love art."

"Me too," Ruby agreed.

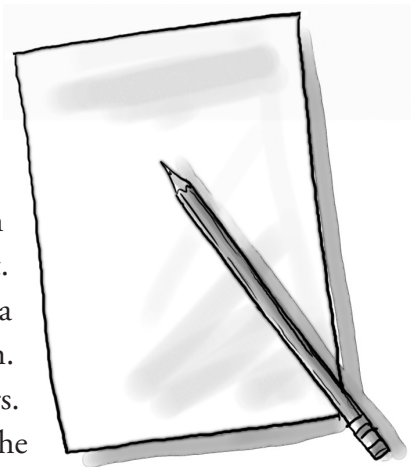
"I want you to draw a picture for me of what you want to be when you grow up," Mrs. Raju said. "It might be a nurse or a teacher or a firefighter—whatever you would like to be when you grow up!"

Hyacinth sat silently. What *did* she want to be when she grew up? Hyacinth wasn't sure.

"Here are some pieces of paper," Mrs. Raju said, walking slowly around the room, placing a clean, smooth piece of white paper on each desk. Every time Mrs. Raju came to a desk, she licked her finger and touched the page, leaving a small wet spot in the corner.

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Hyacinth looked down at the paper in front of her. There was nothing so wonderful as a fresh piece of paper waiting to be drawn on, especially one with Mrs. Raju's little wet mark on it. This really was a great start to a day. But there was one problem. Hyacinth raised her hand. Mrs. Raju didn't seem to notice, so she waved it around.



"Yes, Hyacinth?" Mrs. Raju finally noticed her.

"What if you don't know what you want to be when you grow up?" Hyacinth asked.

"Well," Mrs. Raju said thoughtfully, "maybe you could think of something that might be fun to do when you grow up and draw that."

"But it wouldn't be what I really want to do," Hyacinth said.

"You don't know what you want to be?" Mrs. Raju asked, squatting down next to Hyacinth's desk.

"I have no idea, Mrs. Raju," Hyacinth said honestly. "None at all!"

"Would you like to be a pastor like your daddy?" Mrs. Raju asked.

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"Nope," said Hyacinth.

"How about a nurse?" she asked. "Or a bus driver?"

"Could I be the person who puts the groceries over the scanner at the grocery store?" Hyacinth asked.

"You could!" Mrs. Raju said.

"No," Hyacinth sighed. "I don't want to do that after all."

"Well, why don't you think about it," Mrs. Raju said. "But you need to think fast because we don't have all morning for art."

Mrs. Raju went to answer another kid's question, and Hyacinth looked down at her page.

"Why aren't you drawing?" Ruby asked in a whisper.

"I don't know what I want to be! I can't draw it if I don't know," Hyacinth said. Her tummy was starting to feel nervous.

"I'm drawing a lawyer," Ruby said. "Like my mommy."

"Should I be a lawyer too?" Hyacinth asked.

"Then we could work together all day!" Ruby said. "Let's both be lawyers!"

"No," Hyacinth sighed. "I don't want to be a lawyer."

She looked down at her page sadly. It was a beautiful page, but Hyacinth couldn't draw something on that page that wasn't *true*. If she didn't really want to be the grocery store clerk or a lawyer, she couldn't draw it. She sat silently,

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looking at the paper as the clock ticked quietly from its place on the wall. She could hear the scribble of pencils as the other children drew their pictures and she could hear Lisa sharpening her colored pencils. Lisa always sharpened her colored pencils very slowly with her little sharpener at her desk. After each pencil, she would tap the sharpener to clean out the shavings.

“Aren’t you going to draw anything?” Mrs. Raju asked.

“No, I am not.” Hyacinth sighed sadly.

“Are you sure?” Mrs. Raju asked.

“I can’t draw a lie!” Hyacinth said. “It wouldn’t be *right*!”

Mrs. Raju patted Hyacinth’s shoulder.

“Finish up your pictures!” Mrs. Raju called. “These are very important. We are going to display them for parent-teacher night!”

“Oh dear.” Hyacinth sighed again. She carefully wrote her name on the bottom corner of the blank piece of paper: *Hyacinth Gail Pipsner*. Then she added her age: *6 and 7/9*. She solemnly handed the paper to Mrs. Raju.

“Are you *sure* you don’t want to draw *something*?” Mrs. Raju asked.

“I’ll have to get back to you once I’ve figured out what I want to do,” Hyacinth said. “Wow, Mrs. Raju, it’s such a big decision!”