



*What
Will Her
Dreams Cost?*



REVIEW AND HERALD®
PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

Since 1861 | www.reviewandherald.com

Copyright © 2008 by Review and Herald® Publishing Association

Published by Review and Herald® Publishing Association,
Hagerstown, MD 21741-1119

All rights reserved. No portion of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, scanning, or other), except for brief quotations in critical reviews or articles, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

Review and Herald® titles may be purchased in bulk for educational, business, fundraising, or sales promotional use. For information, please e-mail
SpecialMarkets@reviewandherald.com.

The Review and Herald® Publishing Association publishes biblically-based materials for spiritual, physical, and mental growth and Christian discipleship.

The author assumes full responsibility for the accuracy of all facts and quotations as cited in this book.

This book was
Edited by Penny Estes Wheeler
Designed by Ron J. Pride
Cover art by Kim Liddiard/thecreativepixel.com
Interior designed by Heather Rogers
Typeset: Goudy 13/16

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

12 11 10 09 08

5 4 3 2 1

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Bailey, Ellen.

Katya's gold : what will her dreams cost her? / Ellen Bailey.

p. cm. -- (A guide true story book)

Summary: Growing up in communist Ukraine in the late twentieth century, Katya Anatolyevna feels out of place until she becomes a cross-country skier, which eventually leads her not only to compete in the Olympics, but to join the Adventist Church.

ISBN 978-0-8280-2335-1

1. Anatolyevna, Katya--Juvenile literature. 2. Seventh-Day Adventists--Biography--Juvenile literature. 3. Cross-country skiing--Ukraine--Biography--Juvenile literature. I. Title.

BX6193.A53B35 2008

286.7092--dc22

[B]

2007049619

To my family:
Pilar, Chris, Julian, Lois, and Ree-Ahn

And to all those who, like Katya,
have learned that we really can
trust God—in all things.

Contents

Chapter 1	Goose Girl	9
Chapter 2	The Forbidden Haircut	20
Chapter 3	To Be a Young Pioneer	30
Chapter 4	“Religion Is Dangerous!”	40
Chapter 5	The First Big Competition	50
Chapter 6	Skiing Is More Important Than School	60
Chapter 7	The Team Becomes Everything	70
Chapter 8	The Bible Is Real!	80
Chapter 9	Trying to Serve Two Masters	91
Chapter 10	Everything for Jesus	100
Chapter 11	More Choices	108
Chapter 12	When God Leads	118

Watching geese is boring,” 9-year-old Katya (COT-cha) muttered to herself as she dangled her bare feet in the river. She enjoyed visiting her father’s parents, Baba Katya and Dido Vania (VAN-ya), for the summer, but she hated watching Baba Katya’s geese.

The big gray-and-white birds honked gently as they nibbled at the weeds in the meadow beside the river. There was nothing interesting about that. She had been watching these same geese since they were tiny goslings, and she didn’t care if she never saw a goose again.

The birds hated her. Especially the leader. He often nipped her with his hard bill, and it hurt. She did not like the geese any more than they liked her.

Katya turned all the way around, looking at the typical late-summer scenery of the Ukraine. Beyond the river, she saw golden wheat fields, meadows, and the village in which her grandparents lived. Off to the right she could see people moving in the fields of the collective farm.

Katya's Gold

Well, that had not taken long.

She took two small cars out of her pocket and tried to make a road for them in the thick grass, but the cars kept getting caught on the grassy clumps. She couldn't make them go more than a few inches. Besides, it was no fun playing alone. She wished her dog, Hipka, were here. He would put those geese in their place in no time. And he would be someone to play with.

In disgust she shoved the cars back into her pocket.

She threw some stones. She braided stems of rye grass and tied the braid to the end of a stick. Then she dangled the braid in the water, trying to catch a fish. She saw one fish, but it swam right past it without even looking at the braid.

Katya tossed the stick aside. "Stupid geese!" she exclaimed.

The lead gander took offense at her exclamation and ran toward her, hissing, wings outspread. Katya danced out of his way.

"Go back! Get away from me!" she yelled, grabbing the stick again and swinging it as hard as she could. Finally she drove the gander back. Still grumbling, he paced off to the flock, but kept turning to glare and hiss at her.

"Forget these stupid birds," Katya exclaimed. "If Baba Katya wants them watched, she can watch them herself! I'm going to find someone to play with."

Katya rolled down the legs of her trousers and

skipped off toward the village in which her grandparents lived. She told herself she was glad that she had left the geese. They were stupid birds anyway.

But deep down she knew she was wrong. Baba Katya trusted her to watch the geese. What if a fox came and ate one? Or a wolf? A wolf could eat several of them at once. Baba Katya depended on these birds to make the money she needed to buy supplies for the winter.

Katya loved her grandmother. She did not want her to go hungry this winter. Maybe it was wrong to leave. Maybe she—

“Katya!”

Katya spun around when she heard her name. There were Frozina and Annychka, her two friends from the village, running toward her across the grassy steppe.

“Hi, Frozina! Hi, Annychka! What are you doing here? Aren’t you supposed to be watching your mothers’ geese?”

“Oh, geese!” spat Frozina. “Stupid birds. We left them to watch themselves.”

“But—what if something happens to them?” asked Katya.

“Nothing ever happens to them,” declared Annychka. “Now, are you going to play with us or not?”

“Yes. Of course I’m going to play.” Katya’s fears for the geese were relieved by the assurances of her friends.

Katya's Gold

"What should we play?" asked Frozina. "Shall we play house?"

"No! Let's play cars," urged Katya, pulling all three of her small cars out of her pocket.

"See? I have one for each of us. We can build a road and race them."

Annychka looked around at the grassland. "How can we build a road in this?" she asked.

"We'll go under the bridge at the river. There's lots of dirt under there," Katya told her.

So the girls headed for the wooden bridge. Soon they had smoothed a long "road" and had their cars lined up for the race.

"Ready! Set! Go!" cried Katya, and all three began running, bent over, pushing their cars.

Suddenly, Frozina swerved to her left and ran into Katya. Katya fell sideways, knocking Annychka down with her.

"You did that on purpose!" yelled Katya.

Frozina laughed. "Too bad. You lose," she called back, still running. "I win."

Katya's face turned scarlet as her temper boiled over. Jumping to her feet, she charged.

Frozina blanched when she saw her angry friend lunging toward her. She turned to run, but it was too late. Katya leaped on the other girl, dragging her down, and pounded her with her fists.

"You cheated! You cheated!" screamed Katya.

"Stop! Stop it!" Frozina sobbed, holding her

hands in front of her face to protect it; but Katya didn't stop.

Annychka tugged at Katya's jacket. "Katya," she pleaded. "Stop it. Please stop."

Katya sat up, still straddling Frozina. "Say you're sorry," she ordered.

"I'm—I'm sor-sorry," gulped Frozina.

"All right, then," said Katya, scrambling to her feet. "But don't you ever cheat again," she warned darkly. "Next time I won't let you off so easy."

Frozina nodded. Carefully she picked up her car, and the three children began playing again. The fight was quickly forgotten as they heaped up dirt to make roads. They stuck twigs in the dirt for trees, and piles of grass became houses.

After a while they pretended that the cars were military vehicles from countries at war. They spent quite some time attacking each other's "convoys."

When they tired of that game, they sat beside the road, trying to think of something else to play.

"I know," said Frozina after they'd sat for a while. "We can play campfire."

"Yes!" Campfire was one of Katya's favorite games. But where could they play it?

"There's a big pile of straw behind our house," said Frozina. "We can use some of it."

"Won't your parents be mad?" asked Annychka.

"We'll just use a little. They'll never know," Frozina told her.

Katya's Gold

But Annychka still wasn't sure. "Come on, Annychka," jeered Katya. "What are you? A sissy? I dare you."

Annychka couldn't turn down a dare, so the three of them hurried to the village and sneaked into Frozina's backyard.

"See? There's the straw," Frozina pointed out.

Quickly the children gathered little piles of straw, then competed to see who could get her straw burning fastest.

"I win!" crowed Katya. "See? There's smoke coming up from it." Sure enough, her pile of straw was smoldering and smoking. Suddenly it burst into flame.

"Yeah! I win, you lose," chanted Katya.

Just then a gust of wind caught the fire, and little tongues of flame darted across the grass.

"Put it out!" screamed Frozina. "You'll burn our house down!"

"We'll burn down the whole village if the fire gets away from us!" shouted Annychka.

At that, all three girls ran around the yard, stamping on every little spark and curl of smoke they could find.

"Frozina!" called a woman's voice. The children froze. Had they been discovered?

"Come to supper," the voice called. Frozina spun around.

"The geese! I have to go get my mother's geese!"