



Book 2: Rosie's Treasure

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PREVIEW

Chapter 1: A Cow Caper

Rosie's horse, Diesel, ran like the wind. Rosie, with her back straight and knees slightly bent, rode the horse as if she had been doing it for years instead of only a few months. Her hair flew behind her, whipping in the wind while she leaned down as close as she could and whispered to Diesel "You can do it! This will be our biggest jump EVER!".

Rosie ran Diesel straight towards the property fence line. Diesel ran as fast and hard as a horse could run. His beautiful black and white coat gleaming in the sunlight,



his muscles flexing and straining with every movement. Diesel turned his head just a bit to say "The biggest jump ANYONE has ever done! Hang on tight! Here it COMES!".

Just as Rosie expected, as Diesel's hooves left the ground, giant wings emerged and powerfully pushed down propelling them higher into the sky. The wings glided up, down, up, down, with strong and powerful movements until finally they were so high the other farm animals below looked like ants.

Diesel held his wings steady and began gliding through the sky. He skimmed over the tall pine trees. Rosie could see a woodpecker knocking away at a tree in search of a yummy treat. Diesel leaned to the left, gliding first over a stretch of trees and then over the neighbors' farm while Rosie waved at their animals. She squealed as she saw a family of deer running away from a pond and towards the tree line.

Something caught Rosie's attention just a bit further away.

Rosie leaned down onto Diesel's neck, pointed, and whispered to Diesel to get her a bit closer. She clung tight to Diesel as she leaned as far as she dared to look down.

"Is that a hippo down there?" Rosie wondered out loud to Diesel. She strained to look harder. "Farms don't have hippos Diesel! I wonder..."

Just then she opened her eyes. Warm sunshine streamed through her window and across her face. She was lying in her bed. Her thoughts raced with all she had just seen and experienced. It had been so real! What a dream that was.

She wished Diesel could really fly - and talk! Diesel had talked in the dream! Rosie groaned with longing. How incredible it would be if Diesel could talk! She sighed both with contentment and disappointment as she snuggled into her covers. As she lay considering the things that she could do with a talking-flying-horse, she suddenly wondered why her room felt so strange.

Then she remembered! This is my new room! In my new house! She and her family had only been settled on the new farm for one short week. The newness of her surroundings still felt as crisp as the white linen cloths Mom used in the kitchen. The sounds were so different here, compared to her previous home. She couldn't wait to learn about the different types of birds here.

Her parents had given her and her sisters several field guides as a present last week when they moved in. There were guides on trees, flowers, birds, butterflies, and snakes! She hadn't looked at the snake guide yet and didn't want to!

There were also more trees here, and they were closer to the house. The trees made her feel very small and protected from the world. Almost like she was in a cave. She smiled. She sure loved their new home.

Rosie also liked her new room. She shared it with her eight-year-old sister, Michelle. Mom had let them choose the colors they wanted to decorate it. Together they had selected a pale robin's egg blue



and a soft buttery yellow. At a garage sale they had found a cute pale-yellow chair that was so soft and squishy. It sat just beyond the window and close to the bookcase. It was her favorite reading chair.

Her twin bed was situated nearest the window so she could look out and watch the stars after bedtime after Mom and Dad had said goodnight. Mom and Dad thought she was sleeping then but, Rosie grinned to herself, she didn't think they'd really be upset if they knew. But it was fun to have a little secret all to herself. She liked to pretend she could talk to the man in the moon. She'd seen that on a TV show once and ever since, she wished she could talk to the man in the moon. But at their old house, her window faced an empty pasture.

She looked over to see her sister. Michelle's currently empty bed was across the room further away because she thought robbers would sneak in through the window at night. Rosie, in her ten-year-old wisdom, didn't think that robbers could get

past all the animals on the farm to crawl in their window.

Rosie climbed out of bed and put on her favorite blue and yellow play dress with white flowers on it. She brushed her long brown hair back and grabbed a hair band in hopes of asking Mom to put her hair up for her. Mom had a special braid she did, that started with a braid and ended with a ponytail. It didn't take as long as a real braid, but she thought it looked even prettier. Rosie had tried to duplicate it on both Michelle and Adee's hair but hadn't been able to get it just right yet.

She could smell the wonderful smell of bacon and eggs wafting through her doorway and her hungry stomach urged her to hurry! She was just rushing back from brushing her teeth when a sound stopped her.

“Moouooooo.”

The sound of one of the cows pulled Rosie from her thoughts of breakfast.

“Moouooooooooo.”



She stopped in her tracks. She often heard cows, but this one sounded much closer than usual. She sprang to the window and pulled back the yellow polka-dotted curtains to peer out.

She came face to face with a brown and white cow chomping on some green stems as she looked up at her. Hanging from her mouth was a long flower stem that belonged to Mom's yellow daisies. She put a hand over her mouth to cover her gasp of surprise, and then left it there to muffle her giggles.

"Olivia! You naughty girl! Mom will be so angry with you getting into her flowers. You better head out quick because I'm going to have to tell on you!" Rosie hollered through the window, but the animal didn't appear to hear. If she had, she certainly did not care that she had wandered away from the barn and was ruining Mom's flower bed all before breakfast.

Rosie shook her head at the ornery cow and headed to sound the alarm.

Chapter 2: Breakfast

“Dad! Olivia got out AGAIN!” Rosie called as she made her way down the hall.

Dad was sitting at the kitchen table talking cheerfully to baby Faith in her highchair while fixing her a small plate with some eggs and a biscuit on it. He stood up shaking his head in exasperation. “I’ll get her, Rosie. You sit down and eat your breakfast,” he said, heading towards the door. “I better hurry before she gets into Mom’s flowers again!” he said while sliding his boots on then hurrying out.

Rosie grinned at Faith as she positioned the plate Dad had fixed in front of her. "Don't look at me! I wasn't going to be the one to tell him she was already eating those flowers right up!"

Faith simply smiled and waved and smashed a too big bite of egg into her mouth.

From her spot by Faith, she suddenly heard Dad's cry in the distance "Oh Olivia! Not the daisies!" Rosie couldn't stifle the giggles at all this time and burst out laughing.

The smell of bacon, eggs, and freshly baked biscuits tickled her nose and made Rosie's stomach growl again. She headed towards the cabinet for a cup then carefully poured herself a cup of apple juice.

While she was pouring, Mom came in from the laundry room. She always seemed to have a load of laundry going and every morning before breakfast she folded a small pile. Mom walked over and grabbed her apron to start mixing up some dough to make bread. She looked over at Rosie,

“Good morning, Sweetie, you’re certainly in a happy mood this morning.” she said with a smile. “Did you sleep well?”

“Yes, ma’am.” Rosie said while trying to tame her smile, “Oh! Before you start the dough” she pulled a hairband out of her pocket, “Would you mind helping me putting my hair into that special braid you do??”

“I think I could handle that,” Mom said, setting to work smoothing Rosies hair and gathering it at the top and the separating it into 3 small sections. .

“Where is everyone else?” Rosie asked while Mom worked. She noticed all the empty chairs around the kitchen table.

Usually, the family all ate breakfast together. After breakfast they had a small devotion time led by Dad where they read a verse from the promise box. Mom and Dad both seemed to always have stories of how God had kept His promises to them when they were in hard times. Today was Rosie’s day to bring the promise box to the table

and pull out the promise verse, but it looked like it was going to have to wait.

“I guess everyone is still anxious to explore the new farm. Michelle and Adee gulped their food and ran outside thirty minutes ago.”

Mom finished the pulling the remaining hair into a ponytail, gave Rosie a quick hug and a playful twirl of the ponytail then headed over to the flour cannisters to get some dough started. Rosie grabbed a plate and filled it high with a couple of biscuits, some eggs, a few slices of bacon and a spoonful of applesauce. She grabbed an orange too but put it in her pocket to save it for later.

Sitting down to eat, Rosie leaned two pieces of bacon against each other and put a chunk of biscuit underneath pretending it was a chicken coop. She thought the applesauce on her plate would make a great pond if she just scootched it a bit closer.

Just then, Dad entered the door. “The latch on the barn door isn’t as strong as the one from our old barn. Olivia can nudge her

nose against it and next thing you know, she's off for a grand adventure; then we have a cow caper: Olivia just wanders wherever she pleases."

Mom said, "Well I hope where she pleases wasn't my flower bed this time!"

Dad shared a look with Rosie and covered his mouth to hide his smile.

Rosie giggled between bites of her buttery biscuit.

Mom sighed. "I guess the latch gets moved up to one of our first chores to get done."

"Oh . . . I want to help!" Rosie looked up with wide excited eyes.

"I knew I could count on you Rosie, but first you better finish that breakfast. You'll need your energy," Dad said.

Rosie toppled her bacon and biscuit chicken coop and began eating in earnest. She was ready to get this day started!

After breakfast, Rosie quickly scraped her dirty plate and put it and her cup in the sink so Mom could wash them. Then

quickly did her chore of sweeping the front hallway and shaking off the welcome mat.

She stepped back to consider her work, trying to make her voice sound exactly like Mom's, she said "Why Rosie, what a wonderful job you've done. You should have ice cream and jellybeans at every meal for doing so well!" She giggled. "If only!"

Putting the broom away quickly in the laundry room, she passed by the kitchen and saw that it was empty. It had been swept and wiped clean and the dishes washed and stacked neatly in the drainboard, in the middle of the stove sat a lump covered in a tea towel.

She knew Mom's bread dough was rising under that towel. She was awfully tempted to lift the towel and give the dough a poke but knew Mom would find out, so she didn't do it. Nothing was worth the risk of Mom not letting her have one of those fresh slices after they came out of the oven.

She headed to the front door to put on her favorite pair of work boots, then went

outside to play with her little sisters: Michelle, who was 8 and her best friend in all the world. Adee, who was 6-years-old, really liked to help, which Rosie especially appreciated during chore time! And Faith, her littlest sister who was not even 2-years-old yet, didn't do much but looked cute and wave. It made Rosie feel special to help Mom take care of her. She was glad she had a little sister like Faith. It was like having a real-life baby doll in the house!