



Like as the Centipede

Chapter 7

“How about Tuesday afternoon,” asked Bro. Brown.

Bro. Brown was my Home Teaching companion and like clockwork, he called the first of every month to see if I could go with him to visit our families.

“Tuesday afternoon will be just fine, Bro. Brown,” I responded.

“Great. I will see you at five.”

After leaving a note on the refrigerator door, I went back outside to finish my chores. Dinner was soon and my hunger bell had rang hours ago.

“I saw the note on the ‘fridge, it looks like you are going home teaching Tuesday afternoon,” dad said as we all gathered around the dinner table. “Which families do you go see?”