

# Leroy's Catastrophe



**GRADE 3**

This is a copycat story pattern based on Hutterite colony jobs. It makes a fun connection between social studies research and story writing in language arts.

Leroy heard the rooster crow cock-a-doodle-do. Opening his curtains, he saw the rooster strutting along the fence. Horses trotted out to pasture in the early morning sun. Hopping into his pair of black overalls and red checked shirt he dashed into the kitchen. Buttering two slices of fresh baked bread, he slapped it together with cheese and ham. Leroy rushed out the door to the sunset. Stepping inside he heard whistling coming from the tractor.

"That you Sterling?" asked Leroy.

The field boss jumped. Wack! Ouch! Sliding out from under the tractor on his creeper Sterling rubbed his head. "Why hello, Leroy! You startled me."

"I was just wondering if you need help today?" questioned Leroy.

"What kind of help?" asked Sterling.

"Well, maybe I could mow with the tractor."

"You could, but the blade is busted. How about plowing after I finish baling?"

"Sure, I would love that boss," said Leroy.

"Check if the pintel hitch is open on the tractor before you hook on the plow."

"It's good to go!" replied Leroy. Climbing into the tractor he turned the key. VVVVroom! Peering over his shoulder Leroy watched Sterling back him up. Moments later Sterling said "stop". The hitch was in place. Flicking the pintel hitch down the tractor was ready to plow!

"Great job!" encouraged Sterling. "Watch out for those farm trucks when you head out to

to the field."

Shades of orange, pink and gold swirled across the sky as the sun peeked over the hills. Work trucks jitted here and there. Suddenly an enormous roar came from around the corner of the horse shed. A wall of green steel greeted his eyes. Veering to the right Leroy missed the harvester. Heading passed the corn field, Leroy made a right turn into the wheat field. Switching on the pto he lowered the plow into the rough field of soil. Leroy geared up the tractor and started to plow. One row, two rows, three rows-Leroy rounded the fourth corner. Bang! Leroy hit the gas. It lurched forward. Then he heard a sickening snap!

"Uh oh!" said Leroy cutting the engine. Climbing down from the tractor he headed back to the plow. <sup>There</sup> he saw a horrible sight! "Sterling's going to ring my neck when he finds out I broke off one tooth on his plow! How was I supposed to know the field was full of rocks?" Jumping back into the cab he murmured "There's no point in turning back now." Starting the tractor he putted along again. Three hours later the cab began to heat up. Sweat poured down Leroy's face. "What is going on?" At that exact second the tractor sputtered, coughed a lot of black smoke and seized! Leroy's head flew forward and smashed the steering wheel. Honnnnnk!

"Things have gone from bad to worse!"

thought Leroy. Out of his eye he caught Sterling's truck racing toward him.

"Are you okay?" asked Sterling.

Leroy flopped his head up and down.

"I think that's enough plowing for today," said Sterling. Leroy's shoulders hung.

"First I broke the plow and now I think the tractor engine is toast." Sterling patted the young lad on the back.

"Listen up, I think it's my fault. I forgot to check the coolant."

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A little more than a week later, Leroy awoke to knocking on his bedroom door.

It was Sterling, and he had a twinkle in his eye. "How about plowing?" Leroy

stared out the window. There was a semi truck unloading a brand new four wheel drive John Deere tractor.

"Yipee!" shouted Leroy.