



Abraham's Big Splash

A Close Call in Knob Creek

The first rays of dawn painted the sky in soft shades of pink and gold as I pulled on my worn deerskin coat. A light frost sparkled on the fallen leaves, promising a crisp autumn day perfect for hunting partridges. These plump, brown birds were a hunter's dream due to their delicious meat! Today was the day Abraham and I had been eagerly waiting for- a chance to escape the boring routine of our chores and enjoy a full day of exploring together. The excitement of it all had me rushing out the door even before the sun was fully up.

Thankfully, my best friend didn't live too far away. I raced through the fields until I could see the familiar sight of Abraham's home, a sturdy log cabin nestled between a patchwork of fields. Smoke curled lazily from the chimney and seemed to welcome me as I approached. As I stepped onto the porch, the rich aroma of coffee and bacon filled my nostrils. The promise of a delicious breakfast and the hunting quest to follow quickened my steps.

The cabin was still dark, except for the flickering light from the fireplace. I could hear the rough scrape of a chair being pushed back, followed by the familiar sound of Abraham's footsteps. A moment later, he appeared, his tall frame filling the doorway. His eyes lit up with excitement as he caught sight of me. "Ready for an adventure?" he asked, his voice filled with anticipation.

I nodded, eager to escape before our grown-ups decided that we needed to do chores after all. Knob Creek, a winding ribbon of water, was our playground, a place where the pressures of farm life seemed to melt away. Today, we had a mission: to find a partridge nest. The thought of tracking down a flock of those elusive birds sent a thrill rushing through me.

As we approached the creek, I eyed the rickety log bridge with a mix of excitement and apprehension. Its worn planks creaked menacingly underfoot, and the icy water below looked like a hungry beast. But the pull of adventure was stronger than my fear. Abraham, seemingly unafraid, hopped onto the flimsy wood without a second thought. "Piece of cake!" he boasted, his voice filled with confidence.

Vocabulary

Apprehensive: worried or scared about something that might happen

Elusive: Difficult to catch, find, or achieve

Menacingly: In a way that suggests danger or harm

Agonizing: Causing extreme pain or suffering



A postcard showing the Lincoln family home at Knob Creek



The Lincoln Loop

I followed, my heart pounding like a trapped rabbit. Halfway across, the log began to shimmy and shake violently. I gripped the slippery wood tighter, my knuckles white. Fear gnawed at me as I imagined the icy water closing over my head. Then, I heard Abraham's terrified scream.

My heart froze. I watched in horror as he teetered back and forth on the trembling log. The next moment, he slipped, disappearing beneath the surface with a thunderous splash. The water exploded in a flurry of bubbles as he struggled to resurface. Panic rushed through me. I had to do something. Grabbing a long branch, I extended it towards him, my arms trembling. "Grab on, Abraham!" I yelled, my voice barely a whisper.

Abraham's head broke the surface, his face a mask of terror. His eyes locked onto mine, a silent call for help. I could see the desperation in his gaze. With a burst of adrenaline, I pulled him towards the bank, my muscles struggling against the weight. Inch by agonizing inch, I hauled him onto the muddy shore.

He fell down beside me, gasping for breath. His body shook uncontrollably, and his teeth chattered. I wrapped my arms around him, trying to warm him up. We lay there for what felt like hours, the world slowly returning to normal.

"You saved my life," Abraham said, his voice weak but filled with gratitude.

I nodded, still shaken by what had just happened. "If my mom finds out I fell in, she'll never let me go hunting again!" I moaned. Abraham grinned. "We'll never tell her, I promise. Besides, it's our secret adventure now."

We lay there for a while, the sound of the creek calming our nerves. The sun was beginning to climb higher in the sky, casting long shadows across the field. We knew that the day would be filled with laughter, adventure, and the thrill of the hunt. But for now, we were content to simply enjoy the warmth of the morning sun, thankful to still be alive.

A True Story Retold

This story is based on a true event in Abraham Lincoln's life. While the exact words and some of the details are made up to make the story more fun to read, the main things that happened are real! Abraham Lincoln really did fall in a creek when he was a kid, and his friend Austin Gollaher saved him. Austin kept his promise of secrecy for many years and never told a soul about Abraham's near drowning until long after Abraham had passed away.



A postcard depicting Knob's Creek