

It was a bumpy journey, across mountain trails and rivers, but eventually we arrived at Nuggety.

It gave my pa the surprise of his life when he discovered me in the back of his wagon. "Your ma ain't going to be too pleased about this," he grinned. "But I could sure use another pair of hands."

The very next day, we arrived by foot at the gold field. Lined up like ants, as far as the eye could see, were hundreds of men... digging, panning, sweating, shouting. All looking for that magic mineral, gold, in the bottom of their rusty pans.

Whenever a man found gold in his pan he would shout for joy. The others would all crowd around to get a look. Then they would return to their digging and panning with extra energy.

Sample pages



