

It was the Secret of the Old Clock by Carolyn Keene. "I thought, 1959-93 S&S, Inc. All rights reserved. CHAPTER 1 The Rescue Nancy Drew, an attractive girl of eighteen, was driving home along a country road in her new, dark-blue convertible. She had just delivered some legal papers to her father. It was sweet of Dad to give me this car for my birthday," she thought, "and I'm sure to help him in his work." Her father, Carson Drew, a well-known lawyer in their home town of River Heights, frequently discussed puzzling aspects of cases with his blond, blue-eyed daughter. Smiling, Nancy said to herself, "Dad depends on my intuition." An instant later she gasped in horror. From the lawn of a house just ahead of her a little girl about five years of age had darted into the roadway. A van, turning out of the driveway of the house, was barely fifty feet away from her. As the driver vigorously sounded the horn in warning, the child became confused and ran directly in front of the van. Miraculously, the little girl managed to cross the road safely and pull herself up onto a low wall, which formed one side of a bridge. But the next second, as the van sped away, the child lost her balance and toppled off the wall onto the road. Nancy cried out, "Watch out! Watch out!" She rushed across the road, struck the child, and she lay motionless, the right side of her body in the water. "I hope," Nancy dared not complete the harrowing thought as she climbed down the steep slope. When she reached the child, she saw to her great relief that the little girl was breathing normally and no water had entered her nose or mouth. A quick examination showed that she had suffered no broken bones. Gently Nancy lifted the little girl, and holding her firmly in both arms, struggled to the top of the embankment. Then she hurried across the road and up the driveway to the child's house. At this moment the front door flew open and an elderly woman rushed out, crying, "Judy! Judy!" The next second, the child lost her balance. "I'm sure she'll be all right," said Nancy quickly. The woman, seeing Nancy's car, asked excitedly, "Did you run into her?" "No, no. Judy fell off the bridge," Nancy quickly explained what had taken place. By this time another woman, slightly younger, had hurried from the house. "Our baby! What has happened to her?" As the woman reached out to take Judy, Nancy said soothingly, "Judy's going to be all right. I'll carry her into the house and lay her on a couch." One of the women opened the screen door and the other directed, "This is way." Nancy carried her little burden through a hallway and into a small, old-fashioned living room. As soon as she laid the child on the couch, Judy began to murmur and turn her head from side to side. "I believe she'll come to in a few minutes," said Nancy. The two women watched Judy intently as she introduced themselves as Edna and Mary Turner, great-aunts of the little girl. "Judy lives with us," explained Edna, the older sister. "We're bringing her up." Nancy was somewhat surprised to hear that these elderly women were rearing such a small child. She gave her name and address, just as Judy opened her eyes and looked around. Seeing Nancy, she asked, "Who are you? My name is Nancy. I'm glad to know you, Judy." "Did you see me fall?" Judy nodded, as the child's Aunt Mary said, "Judy rescued you from the river after you fell." "Judy began to cry. "I'll never, never run into the road again, real or imaginary!" she sobbed. "I hope," Nancy dared not complete the harrowing thought as she climbed down the steep slope. When she reached the child, she saw to her great relief that the little girl was breathing normally and no water had entered her nose or mouth. A quick examination showed that she had suffered no broken bones. Gently Nancy lifted the little girl, and holding her firmly in both arms, struggled to the top of the embankment. 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