

F C U P H E C Z L D P O V C M
 I F A N T O O Q F C O G X U U
 L X R D A F R Q O Y M U M P J
 I G E L M X A S U H H D I I D
 Z X D T I U G I E E N F S G J
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 I I M I S S A L J Y C N G B J
 E T A N A T D C U Y E P L C U
 Q A N D L O I I C O L I A H D
 Q A T Y L C E N S H L T D I G
 Y U E R I K Y N U B P B I C E
 J M L B E T B A Q K H U E K S
 O V L Y Q A R M E D O L P E U
 U O E O T N H O B D N L S N Y
 J I W N N K R N L W E M I S J

Miss Gladie
 Stock Tank
 Chickens
 Lizzie
 Judges

Miss Allie
 Mantelle
 Pit bull
 Gladie
 Cindy

Cell Phone
 Cinnamon
 horses
 Queen
 Red

Rita
 Fair
 Pigs
 Cora

Look whose fair queen



SUSAN BRANDT AND STACEY ALEXANDRIA

Congratulations _____ you are our princess
and _____ you are the fair queen.

Thank you judge.

For reading our book, we are showing our appreciation by asking to be the deciding judge. So which one of these ladies should we crowned.

(Note, if you read the book again, you are welcome to change the winner.)



The judges all looked surprised. The local judges understood the importance and smiled big time. Ms. Mantelle had never been on a horse so was not impress at all.

Cinnamon was the next contestant. She was cousins to Red. Where Red's family was all girls, Cinnamon's family had six boys and her.

She was going to do *9 to 5*, by Dolly Parton. She had downloaded the music and lyric on her phone. She had given this great thought.



When she stood up to answer the judge's question, she stuck the phone she had been using, in her back pocket. Her question was, "What would you do with the prize money if you won the contest?"

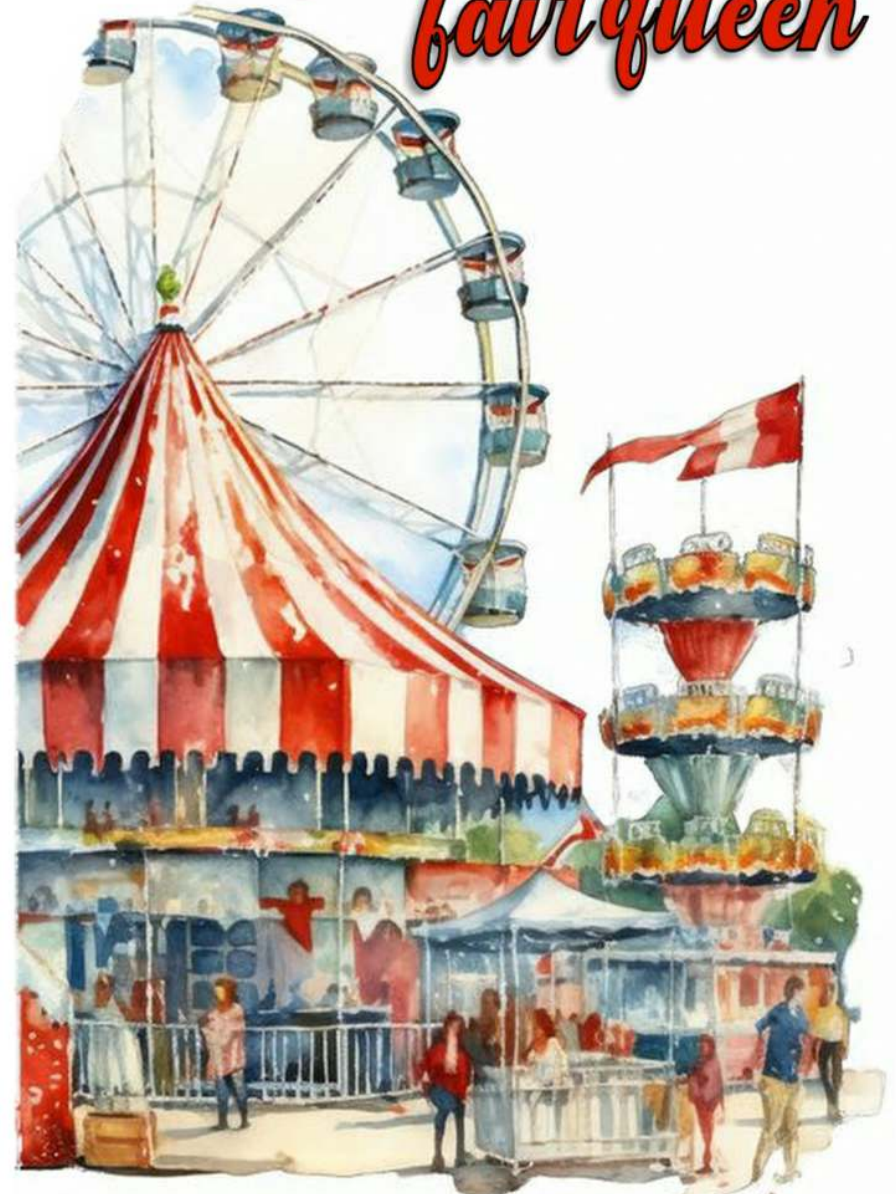
Out of thin air came: "Now I'm a warrior. Now I've got thicker skin. I'm a warrior." Everyone was looking around. None of the girls mouth's were moving. Cinnamon knew. In her hast, she ripped the phone from her hip pocket, and tossed it toward her backpack. It missed it completely, hitting the ground, bursting into pieces everywhere. Being the only girl in a family sometimes your forget your own strength.

She smiled (what she thought would be a "Gladie smile"). Looked at the judges, very calmly, "I guess if I win, I would use the prize money to buy a new phone." All the judges wanted to laughing. Not permitted, in the universal rules of how to be a judge.

"Are there any more questions?" They all nodded no. Ms. Mantelle said "And if you would like to go to the bathroom, while the judges tally the points, you are welcome to." Cinnamon picked up everything, Shoved it in her backpack and, rushed off.

Ms. Mantella was given the formal honors. She reintroduced the: Princes contestants: Lizzie, Cindy, and Little Allie. Queen contestants: Red, Rita and Cinnamon. Cinnamon returned shortly before MS. Mantella opened the envelope.. The younger girls were wiggling. "The winners are..

Look whose fair queen



SUSAN BRANDT AND STACEY ALEXANDRIA

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The judges thought the bathing suit competition went a lot better than anticipated. Each commented on how adorable the girls were and how well they presented themselves.

The contest moved a short distance for the older girls to do their presentation. The plan was for the older girls to sing and then answer a question. They drew straws to see who would go first among the four contestants.



Red - that was her given name as well of the color of her flaming red hair - was first up. Her pick was a Johnny Cash tune, "*Ring of Fire*." Having taken singing lessons, she had it down pat. This impressed everyone.

Her question was: Why do you want to win the fair contest? She made sure she was standing up straight and tall. "My three older sisters have been fair queen. It's just a family tradition." Ms. Mantelle who also from a family of girls who had all been fair queens could understand this. She gave Red a couple extra points.

Rita, in her cowgirl hat and belt that let her brag on her accomplishments, was up next. She had decided to sing, "*A Country Girl Can Survive*". She was permitted to bring her pit bull as a good luck charm. (He was a brother to Ralph.) Rita called him Dog. Her performance was good. However it was obvious she'd been taking barrel racing lessons instead of singing.



Her questions was, "What is your biggest accomplishment? She thought and thought. The judges thought she was taking a little too long. Was she going to tell them of everything in her life story? All of sudden she stopped. Straighten her shoulders, put your smile back on her face, like Miss Gladie, said, "Looked at the judges and said, "Teach my little sister how to climb up on as horse by herself - using the corral fence." Then she pulled her shoulder up showing exactly proud she was of herself in that task.

Everyone went out by the huge stock tanks on the outer edge of the livestock area. (It's an area to the outside of the fairgrounds. What else do you think they'd use for a swimming pool?)

Ms. Mantelle showed up and the contestants for the princess title decided among themselves they would sing for her too.



Lizzie decided to sing *"Do Right Woman, Do Wrong Man."* In her mind she was stuck on what Miss Gladie thought about self-acceptance. Lizzie sang over and over "I'm a do right girl. I'm do right girl."

Her contest question was: name three animals you'd see in the fair. "Easy! Horse, Pigs, Cows."

Cindy thought this would be easy. Her uncles and aunt had a band and played Ms. Mantelle's song. Her favorite was *"That is what friends are for."* She did quite well, the judges thought.



Her question was, "Who was the person in charge of the fair? The fair superintendent?" Miss Cora shook head in a big hurry. Grabbed the question card and pointed at the back. **DO NOT USE.** Well, before anyone could say anything. Cindy blurted out, "My Dad! MY DAD!" She was right. That was why they weren't supposed to use the question.



Little Allie, was the tiniest and she knew there was no way she could win. So, she'd just be herself. Her favorite song was *"If you're happy.. Let you feet know it"* She did the song gracefully, like a pro and with the greatest of ease.

Her question was: what were the days of the fair. She bit her lip - one way, then the other. Thinking,

"It's Thursday through Sunday. They want dates." She looked up almost as if to pray. Hoping the answer would fall out of the cloud. Her eye's brightened up There it was! On the big banner at the entrance. "Wow," she thought before spitting out the days.



County fair time!

Everyone looked forward to it. Animals. Exhibits. The ribbons. The carnival. The games. The dance.

You could feel it this was going to be the best one ever.

Everyone in the coffee shops, stores, the gas stations were talking about this year's fair.

The fair queen contestants were said to be best in a very long time. There were contestants for both the queen and princess divisions. One older lady in town let it slip there was even going to be a swimming and talent area for the girls.

The gates where packed as people brought in their animals, produce, crafts, apple pies - everything. The fair barn hall was packed. And it was almost time to shut things down, but as the horse entries were still coming in.

There was one lady who was hanging to the back. She did not think anyone would recognize her and she stood waiting to get Butterscotch's pin number.

It had been quite some time since she had been there. School, showing her own steers and pigs and then as fair queen. She smiled as happy memories filled her head. The air was the same. She was proud of her horse, Butterscotch, and she wanted to show him off



She was wrong. She was quickly recognized. There were whispers. They started with the princess contestants and then the queen contestant.

It always "deep breathe...It's her. Gladie, the Queen of all Queens. I hear she has more records than any other fair queen, said, one little girl who giggled, "I am so excited ... I got see her. This is better than seeing any movie star or that Barbie Mantelle chick ... they have playing for the dance."



"Be nice! She's judging us!" blurted out one of the queen contestants.

From all the whispers, came this small voice packaged with questions, it was the younger girls who approached Gladie to ask her all kinds of questions. Her head just shook in awe. A very attractive woman, she still had the queen stand. She wore glasses now. She wanted her Butterscotch to get all the attention.

She had invested almost three years in training for this weekend's event. Miss Cora came running into the fair barn, carrying her bull dog, Ralph. Nearly out of breathe, "Miss Gladie is that you?" She bellowed from half way across the horse barn. In Gladie style, she turned "Yes," looking at Miss Cora. "You are an answer to my prayers. Now, say yes."

Gladie smiled. "Well what's the question."

"I was needing someone to talk to the girls before the judging tomorrow at two. Would you do it? You can come and smile. We will just be so happy if you would." Miss Cora was about to bite Ralph's toenails when she realized what she was doing.



Gladie shifted from one leg to the other as she thought about what to do. She saw the smiles, especially the one on the face of the smallest of girls. She looked like she was praying.

Gladie's Note

FAIR CONTESTANTS

- Beauty comes in all sizes, not just size zero
- No matter who you are, you are not defined by a number on a scale. Your strength and beauty come from within. Beauty comes in all sizes.
- Your curves are the art of nature. Those curves tell a story of self-love and acceptance which is important as a fair queen.
- Remember you are a masterpiece. Let your beauty show on your smile. Fair queens also have a smile.
- Don't have your cell phone in the back pocket during the judging.
- Be knowledgeable and friendly, but not a smarty pants
- Always stop and talk to the little girls who look up to you.
- Be graceful, there's always people watching and you'd hate to be caught doing something embarrassing.



"Okay, at 2?" Gladie said.

There was a sigh of relief that could be heard clear across the show yard.

"Talk on anything you want," blurted out Miss Cora.

When 1:55 arrived, there was Gladie wearing a huge smile and a delicate tierra. Sheets full of notes were in her hand. She would pass out a sheet to each girl as they came into the small room. Then she went over the notes she had given the girls.