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Reality / Looking Back

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Old Roany, she and Star both had colts: stilt-legs, wobbling, blinking at us from their mother's sides. Ava Jean, she loved those colts and so did we.

One day Papa said
We got to sell 'em, girls. They'll bring a little and we need groceries for the supper table.

Didn't want in that pen, those colts, and Ava Jean, she (reckless and determined) headed them the other way. Papa, he didn't get mad. Never did much. But we gotta sell 'em, girls. They'll bring a little and we need groceries for the supper table.

Loaded 'em up, those colts. Cried some when no one was looking. Ava Jean, she cried the most. But they brought a little and at least we had groceries for the supper table.

Illustration by Glenda Miller

Looking Back

By Lu Spurlock

memories made of hugs

I remember the Hayden Place where sunrises were pink and gold day skies were bluing-water blue full moons and stars filled nights and fields were always green

I made mud pies and was cautioned not to squeeze downy chicks watched baby turkeys peck themselves out of shells waited for Mamma to take light bread from the wood-burning stove patted wobbly legged white-faced calves And rode gentle jersey cows

When winter turned rain to sleet and sleet to snow Dad read stories by light from the Aladdin lamp I sat on the fireplace hearth pretending I was the hero or heroine while watching blue and redgold flames send smokey dreams up the chimney.

On moving day tears made rivers down my cheeks Mamma hugged me said we were leaving a rundown shack on a wornout farm and before long I'd be glad we moved. that's what Mamma said.