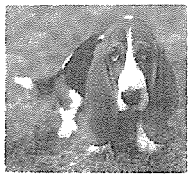
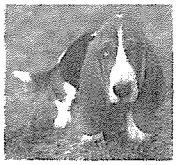


All Alone



The date was March 3, 1983. She sat alone in her two story, faded white house. Rocking back and forth in her rocker she sat knitting a scarf. "Did anyone remember?" she asked herself with a tear rolling down her wrinkled pale face. She pushed back her white wavy curls from her baby blue eyes. She slowly got up and pulled out a leather photo album from a bookcase, and sat down again. Gently she opened the dusty cover and looked at the black and white pictures that were neatly placed inside each page. "I bet you would remember my birthday Herald," she said in a whisper. "If only you didn't go to war you would be here," she said with tears streaming out of her of her eyes like a waterfall. One picture caught the old lady's eye and it was her wedding day. She and Herald stood there smiling at each other and everyone around them were clapping. She almost felt like she was there again standing next to Herald. The caption under the picture read: *Herald & Lidia's wedding day at the old West Fork church.* "Oh the memories I have!" she exclaimed, and she set the album on the coffee table. -------"Happy birthday to me...Happy birthday to me...Happy birthday dear Lidia...Happy birthday to...*me*." She sang sadly to herself. "Well I guess that's that. I am now 92 and nobody remembered my birthday but me," she said to herself, and the last batch of soggy tears rolled down her wrinkled face.

The next day Lidia sat reading the ads in the newspaper, when she heard a mysterious noise. It was coming from the screen door in the kitchen. The "thing" was scratching the screen frantically. She forced herself to open the door to see what it was. When Lidia opened the door a little basset hound came bolting in through the door and headed right for the flannel sofa. "Goodness" cried Lidia. "You're the cutest dog I've ever seen!" she shrieked with excitement. Lidia slowly strutted to where the smiling dog sat on the couch. She sat down with a thud next to him. The tiny dog barked and jumped right into the old lady's fragile lap. "You don't have a collar." She observed while petting the puppy's silky brown fur. "I guess you can stay with me until someone says you're theirs," Lidia said. "I think I'll call you...Spanky," she said smiling to herself. Spanky must have liked his name and Lidia because his stubby tail just wouldn't stop wagging!

Nobody ever came to get Spanky so he became part of the Lidia's house. He did most everything with Lidia, from going on walks, to sleeping in the same bed. You could say they were like peanut butter & jelly. Lidia never had a real birthday again, "because everyone forgot." But from that day on, twenty four seven, she got a big slobbery kiss on the cheek from her best friend...Spanky.

By: Cami Hedstrom Age:12