



A girl visits a pre-civil-rights era southern farm.

Two Little Girls

By Charon Diane

Order the book from the publisher Booklocker.com

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/4718.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**

Two Little Girls

A Memoir



Charon Diane

Two Little Girls

Copyright © 2010-2020 Charon Diane

ISBN 978-1-60910-137-4

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Printed on acid-free paper.

BookLocker.com, Inc.
2020

Second Edition

1

As far as I was concerned, summer began with the day my father installed the screens in the windows. Early that morning, Mother would take the summer sheers from storage to the clothesline in our backyard. By the afternoon, she swooped up the freshened bundle and brought them back indoors to hang on the rods at the tops of the windows. When the transformation was complete, I'd run from room to room to see the curtains flying on the breeze that raced in through the windows of our big old house. Like a magical invitation to adventures possible only with summer, when one day melted into the next and no one asked about the time, I felt that I could fly too and that anything could happen.

There were 5 children in my family. My brother Lionel was the oldest; my sister Cecilia was next, followed by my sister Rose, then my brother Isaac, and me. We spent summertime totally absorbed in keeping pace with our friends as was our Mother in keeping up with us. She mended our scraped knees, our bruised egos, and the

CHARON DIANE

holes in my brothers' dungarees. I remember lemonade and tuna sandwiches, cotton sun dresses and hair ribbons; the pennies I collected for the corner candy store, and my ankle socks that never stayed up. Summers seemed much longer

then, when hopscotch and jump rope, hide-and-seek and tag, dress-up and make believe, with my bicycle, my dolls and friends filled the days until suppertime. When August finally came around, among the five of us someone would be chosen to vacation with our grandparents in the country. It was the year 1957 that I was to spend my first summer there.

How often I'd thought about my first trip to the farm! But like the landing of a cascading boulder, my mother's cheerful delivery of this summer's plan completely shattered my vision of it. Leaving little room for the way reality alters things but in complete accordance with other events concerning "the children", I felt certain of my unvarying reverie. It was always the same. My brothers and sisters are running through a country field with me, quite happily following close behind. But everything had been arranged and I alone would spend two weeks on the farm that year.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS

My family had gathered in the living room when Mother made the announcement. But my frustrating lack of enthusiasm was like a call to dinner in emptying the room of everyone and I found myself alone, save for the dog. While I struggled with the concept of being on my own, Spiky jumped onto the couch next to me. Placing his head upon my foot he kept a concerned and watchful eye over my disposition until we both fell asleep.

Later that day, I listened to my father's recollections of farm life adventures. Mother prepared supper. As she filled in with the finer points and particulars, she'd taken note of my mixed feelings with her knowing smile that softened the sharp edges of things. "Don't forget that your cousin Johanna is just about your age and lives close to Grandpa's.", she nearly whispered. Then I thought of the pocket inside the little green suitcase as the place where my Jacks would find a perfect fit.

CHARON DIANE



A girl visits a pre-civil-rights era southern farm.

Two Little Girls

A Memoir



Charon Diane

Two Little Girls

By Charon Diane

Order the book from the publisher Booklocker.com

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/4718.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**