

I wrote this story when I was in third grade and had just learned cursive writing. If I didn't know how to spell a word, I used a combination of sounding it out and adding a letter or two that I thought the rules of spelling dictated. Thus, *notice* became *noidce*, and *police* became *peloice*. I numbered the pages *side 1*, *side 2*, etc. but did not give the story a title. If I were to give it one now, I would call it "We Meet At Last."

*side 1,*

Once there was a girl named Carol. She lived in a wooden house. One day her house caught fire. After the fire we could not find her mother. She walked on the streets of the city. She walked passed one street every day though there were a lot of streets in the city. On this street there was a *peloice*, but Carol did not *noidce*. One day he walked up to her and said do you have a home little girl. Carol said No. She told him how she had lost her mother in the fire. He said I'll see you tomorrow. The next day Carol went to that street and the *peloice* was there. He said to her come with

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she was told. The *peloice* then gave her food goodies and some money. All this brightened her up. The *peloice* then said you have not had a good place to sleep in have you? Carol said No. He said then you can sleep here. He led her to a bed in the *peloice* station and Carol went to sleep. Just when she woke up she saw the *peloiceman* walk in the *peloice* station. Where have you been? Carol asked him. He said I have been in the place that they call the Thinking room. In the thinking room I have thought up a way to find your mother. Carol was all excited. She said will you really find my mother. The *peloiceman* said I'll try. He looked at Carol's barrette. He said I don't think many girls have that kind. Your mother will easily know that it is her daughter's barrette. He said may I please have it. Carol gave him the barrette. He said you wait here and I will be back. There were some other girls in the *peloice* station that were lost so Carol had

someone to play with. While Carol was playing with the other girls in the peloice station the peloice went about the streets of the city asking every lady he met if they lost a daughter. If they said yes he would show them the barrette and say did she wear a barrette like this. Every lady to whom which he asked said their daughter did not wear a barrette like that one. Finally he came to one lady who said that her daughter that she had lost did wear a barrette like the one he showed her. He asked her the name of her daughter and she said her daughter's name was Mary. The peloiceman said that that was not the name of the lost girl who owned the barrette. The next lady too said that her lost daughter wore a barrette like that one. The peloiceman than asked her the name of her daughter and she said the name of her daughter was Carol. The peloiceman than thought that there could be another lost Carol that wore the same barrette as the Carol in his peloice station. The peloiceman then asked her to come and see if that was her Carol. So he took her to the peloice station and Carol and the lady kissed at once and said we meet at last. The lady was Carol's mother. Carol said good-by to her other friends at the peloice station who later found their mothers, and all they all lived happily after.

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