

Story Time

by *Delores Campbell*

December 2009

Growing Old and Beautiful

Guess what Darren? I woke up and looked in the mirror and found the Sandman had left his bags of sand under each eye. I guess Jack Frost must have painted my hair with his silver brush, because it sure looked a lot like silver to me. Veg-all had failed where my old, fat arms were concerned, and Dolly's breast had fallen down to my middle (old?) age tummy. My once pretty good looking legs now look as if they have been beaten with an ugly stick. I have out of place ankles.

If you think you look bad now, just you wait until you get to seventy-two years old. If you look this bad, then God has a big repair job on his hands for both of us. My mom always wanted me to have curly hair. Maybe he will give me a permanent. I get "gettie-headed" and a hitch in my get-a-long until I can't hardly get a long. I just mosey along.