



Create A story from this photo...

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Eryna Fireside  
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About 700 words

### AN ANXIOUS DAY

Today seemed like an ordinary day on our farm. The rooster crowed his usual three, sharp, insistent "cock-a-doodle-doo's". Soon all living things were stirring about.

Half-asleep, I stumbled to the kitchen. My long, curly, brown hair still tangled from a restless nights sleep. My usually big brown eyes were barely open. My sweatshirt was inside out again, and my jeans were dragging the floor as I walked. As I turned the corner to enter the kitchen, I bumped into the wall. Mom looked up from making breakfast and said, "Good morning, sleepy head. You've got alot of work waiting for you.". I sat down at the table and began to stare out the window. Dad and Billy, my nine year old brother, were already in the barn starting up the tractors. Animals were scattering everywhere.

"Arlene Marie!" Are you daydreamin' out that window again?" Mom asked with that tone of voice that made me shiver. "I've never seen an eleven year old girl daydream so much!" She said, trying to snap me out of it.

I apologized after rubbing my eyes, trying to bring my thoughts back to my chores. "I'm sorry, mom. I'm just so worried about Stormy having her baby! The vet said if it wasn't today, he would have to come over and take it out himself."

But mom reassured me as usual. "Now Arlene, you know that the same thing happened last spring with Dessie, and her calf was born as healthy as could be! Nature works in funny ways, sometimes. Besides, Stormy isn't exactly a young horse anymore. Maybe she's just taking her sweet time about it. She'll be just fine...you'll see."

"I hope so..."

Dad and Billy were just as worried as I was, but they didn't mention a word about it during breakfast or lunch. Maybe because they knew mom would get upset if we brought it up again.

Like clockwork every hour, one of us would peek in on poor Stormy, standing there in her dark stall. Her beautiful brown body looking so stretched out and weak. Her normally busy white tail was now hanging lifeless. It was as if it were waiting for the tiniest sign of life from within so that it could return to it's usual excited wagging. I could tell that she was also very anxious and worried. I tried to reassure her as mom did me. As I walked away, I wondered if she could tell that I was just as nervous as she was. I realized then, that even though mom didn't show it, she really was worried too. She just knew that one of us had to be strong.

The afternoon seemed much longer than usual. I didn't think that I would ever finish the gardening. Finally, I got my mind off of the barn, remembering what mom had said about her tomato plants. "Arlene, you be careful not to stomp all over my tomato seedlings. It took me too long to get them growing."

Just then, I heard dad call from the barn, "Come quick everyone...the colt was born!". I was so excited that I forgot where I was, and I crushed one of mom's seedlings. But, that was the last thing on my mind as I ran to the barn. I dropped the hoe I was using, as Billy dropped his rake. We raced to the barn with Fluffy, our old nosey tabby cat, and Buster, our faithfully caring collie, right at our heels. Mom ran out of the house with a dishtowel over her shoulder. Even the chickens came running to see what all the commotion was about.

We all stood at Stormy's stall gate in amazement. The sun was now shining on the spot where the colt had been born. They were laying on the soft pile of hay dad and I lay for her yesterday. The colt was absolutely beautiful, although his healthy coat was still very wet. Stormy was patiently trying to lick him clean, as he clumsily moved around in the warmth of the sun.

When Stormy looked up at us with such a proud smile on her face, we all joined hands as we watched such a heart-warming sight. I smiled back at her and turned to see mom smiling back at me! We were all very proud.