

Growing up with Joey

I enjoy thinking of my childhood. But when I think of my home town where I grew up, all that I 30 _____ to remember is dust. I remember the brown, crumbly dust of late summer that gets into the eyes and makes them water. It is the kind of dust that gets into the throat and between the 31 _____ of bare brown feet. I don't know why I should remember only the dust. There must have been green lawns and paved streets under leafy shady trees somewhere in town.

One day returns to me clearly for some reason. I was resting under the great oak tree in the yard. I was deep in thought which I have now forgotten except that it involved some secret. Joey and a bunch of kids were bored now with the old tire hanging from an oak limb. It had 32 _____ them busy for a while. "Hey, Lizabeth," Joey yelled. He never talked when he could yell. "He, Lizabeth, let's go somewhere."

I came back from the thoughts of my private world. "Where at, Joey?"

The truth was that we were becoming tired 33 _____ the empty summer days.

"Let's go over to Miss Lottie's," said Joey.

The idea caught on at once. Annoying Miss Lottie was always fun. I was still child 34 _____ to run along with the group.

We went over old fences and through bushes that tore our 35 _____ ripped clothes, back to where Miss Lottie lived. I think now that we must have looked partly funny and partly sad. There were six of us, all different ages, dressed in only one thing 36 _____. The girls wore faded dresses that were too long or too short. The boys wore patched pants. A little cloud of dust followed our thin legs and bare feet as we tramped over the dusty ground.

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