

My story is true it took place 56 years ago in a small mountain town in Italy, where houses wrap around the mountain like a spiral staircase and olive trees bloom all year round.

My house is nicely kept. My mother tried her best to be both a mother and dad. You see my father lives in Canada where he is working to give his family a much better life. I do not know my father but my mother keeps telling me I have his nose, which I think is way too pointy.

My mother leaves me on my own most of the time, because she is in poor health. But that is OK, I have a best friend named Luisa, and we play together everyday in her grandmothers rose garden. This makes my mother happy, for she knows I am having fun.

One day Luisa and I decided to explore different areas of the mountain we live on, On our magical journey we found many bright colorful cloth's spread out on top of low flowering bushes. We gathered tow pair of white lace gloves, silk stockings. A red hat with a black feather a matching red dress and tiny ruffled skirts small enough to wrap around our leg.

We quickly gathered everything that our small arms could carry and ran to play in Luisa's grandmother's garden. We first cut some of the clothing to fit our dolls then we put on the silk stockings and of coarse fought over the red had. Luisa won, she always does.

It was really a wonderful day until we heard the cowbell ringing; it was being rung by my grandfather's bother Michele, the town crier. Uncle Michele only had one arm, for he lost one in battle long ago. In loud voice shouting "The Carnival has arrived!" They cannot put on show because the poodles clothes and the Signiora's costume have been stolen. Uncle Michele shouted again saying there will be a reward to catch the thief.

After hearing Uncle Michele, Luisa and I felt so scared we believed we had no choice but to hide the costumes. We buried them in Luisa's grandmother's garden.

I kept this secret so well that I had almost forgotten about it. It took you Sarah my first grandchild to bring back my own mischievous childhood.

