

The Memory Box

Sue sat down on the floor and she had looked all over. It wasn't there.

"Oh, Gram," wailed Sue. "I can't find it!"

"What can't you find?" said Gram.

"We have to bring something historical to school tomorrow," said Sue. "We've got a little Statue of Liberty," said Sue. "I was sure it was up here!"

Gram helped Sue looked for a while. Then Gram said softly, "Oh my."

"Did you find it?" asked Sue.

"No, dear," said Gram. "I found something else. It's my memory box."

It was a pale blue cardboard box tied up with string.

"Oh, I started keeping some things when I was about your age," said Gram. "They don't mean anything to anyone but me."

"Let's see," said Sue. She wondered what Gram would have chosen to keep!

The first thing Sue noticed was a couple of coins.

"Tokens," Gram picked one up. "During World War II, there was a shortage of some things, like gasoline. Everyone got tokens. If you ran out of tokens, you couldn't buy gas."

Gram smiled and picked up a ticket stub. "I kept this after I saw a favorite movie."

Sue looked at the stub. "Twelve cents! That's all it cost to go to a movie? Did you go to the movies every day?" asked Sue.

"Oh, no, just on Saturdays. Well, we'd better keep looking for that statue." She started to put the lid back on the box.

"The statue would have been okay, but this is better. It's your personal history, Gram. Would it be all right if I took it to school?"

"If you think it will work for your homework." Gram seemed pleased.