

A Trip with Mom

When I write stories of my childhood, they are about what happened on the farm or when I attended school. Every so often, something happens that is a little different. These memories become hidden unless someone triggers my memory.

I don't remember much about Mom before I started school until grade three. Mom returned to her teaching career when I was five, so Dad took me with him everywhere he went. Mom, who was busy preparing breakfast and supper, doing housework, and marking students' papers and exams, had little time for us kids.

One weekend, in the summer, when I was eight, Mom and I took the Greyhound bus to Picture Butte, in southern Alberta, to visit my Aunt Gloria. I felt special, and I cherished the time I spent with Mom. I sensed this was an adventure for Mom and me alone. My older sister and brother stayed home with Dad. Mom wore a new dress for the occasion and she made sure I dressed in my good clothes.

While we waited at the bus depot, Mom purchased a Bugs Bunny comic book. It wasn't your ordinary comic book—it was a special edition with a black cover and glossy pages. I had never read a comic book before, and now, with four hours on the Greyhound Bus, there were no distractions like kittens to catch. I had all the time in the world to read my new comic.

After embarking on the bus, I settled into the seat beside Mom, holding my comic book. I felt the glossy pages with my fingers. I opened the first page and read the captions. I had seen Bugs Bunny on TV a few times, but I wasn't familiar with all the characters. I felt happy to be with Mom while I read.

After the bus trip, I took the comic home with me and kept it as one of my favourite books that reminded me of the time I spent with Mom.