

Prompt: Lawrence Ferlinghetti's Poem:

“The world is a beautiful place
to be born into
if you don't mind happiness
not always being
so very much fun...”

Paulette's Story

She was a sad little girl. Yet her pictures show her smiling and even striking cute poses in her pretty plaid dress.

How did this happen – the sadness? What is the source? She can't remember anything specific to attach it to. It's just always been there.

Was it jealousy about a younger, blond haired brother – who had her father's attention? She watched from the couch on Christmas morning as his new train set circled the tree, sitting next to his life-sized teddy bear that dwarfed her. She can't recall her gifts.

Was it her preoccupied, unhappy mother? Was it the Catholic Church?

Isn't it time to let these thoughts go and redefine herself? She has turned out to have an interesting and exciting life – one filled with, adventures, friendships, learning and love. She is wise in so many ways.

Do all the threads need to neatly tie together? Can't she be both sad and happy with all her experiences creating the person she is today?