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The Forbidden Path

[] Faizah

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**THE FORBIDDEN PATH** FAIZAH

My Father

KATHY GRISBY

When I was a child I lived on a farm. I grew up with seven sisters and two brothers. There was always something to do, or to get into. Our house had three bedrooms, one bathroom, a living room and a big kitchen. We had all kinds of trees surrounding our house. There were apricot trees, peach trees, plum trees and pine trees. In the spring when all the trees were blooming, it smelled like several different kinds of perfume.

Although the spring and summer were beautiful, winter was horrible. When it snowed, the dirt roads would become impassable. As nightfall came, the melted snow turned to ice; most winter days the school bus did not run. The one station wagon we had would not start: therefore, we had to miss school. The only good thing about snow was mama's homemade ice cream. She would make it from snow, evaporated milk, sugar, and vanilla extract. To us, it was better than store bought ice cream.

I remember one year it snowed for three days straight. The snow was about two feet deep. We had no way of getting to town to buy food, and we didn't have a phone to call anyone, even if we did, there was no way anyone could get through the