NARRATION AND DESCRIPTION

TIMOTHY
Ann Antommaria

(1) I grew up on a farm in West Virginia where the closest family was two and a half miles away. Friends were few and special. Timothy was my best friend for the short summer between second and third grade. On Friday, April 1, 1972, the fatal event occurred. Timothy died.

(2) I can't remember how Timothy and I met but I do remember that it was in the summer. There was a paved, rough road in front of our house. We had to walk across it to get to the field with the shallow pond where Timothy and I either went fishing or swimming. Timothy was a great swimmer, and I can still remember his short, little legs paddling around in the pond.

(3) My mother didn't like Timothy at first. When I brought him home to meet her she wasn't nice at all and wouldn't even let him in our house. This was probably because that day he had fallen into the pond and was dripping wet. Also, on the way home we had walked through some dirt and Timothy was caked with mud. After I explained the situation to my mother, she told me to spray him off with the hose and gave me a towel to help dry him.

(4) From that day on we grew closer and closer. Timothy and I spent every waking moment together. Sometimes my mother would even let him sleep in my room with me, which was great fun.

(5) One day we had decided to go fishing and got to the
paved road we had to cross to get to the pond. Timothy always walked more slowly than I did, so I crossed the road and waited for him on the other side. I can't even remember what I was thinking about when I heard the sickening crunch and saw Timothy splattered on the pavement. It was the most horrible day of my life.

(6) Timothy, my pet turtle, was dead.