

Lost Valentine

"It's done! All I have to do is sign my name...S-u-z-y, Suzy." She skipped over to her mother. "How does it look, Mamma? Do you think Grandma will like it?"

"It's lovely. Of course she will like it. You'd better run and put it in the mailbox before the mailman comes."

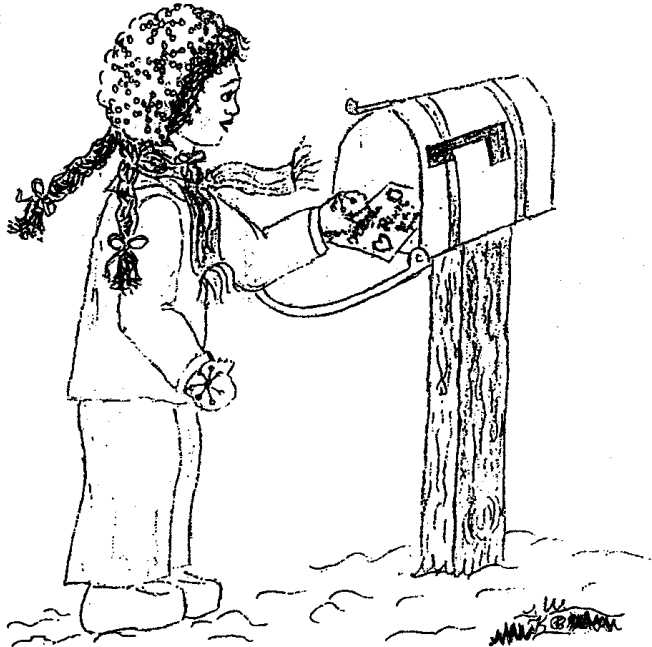
So she hurried outside and bumped into the mailman. "Hi, Suzy. What's that?" he asked.

"It's a Valentine for my Grandma."

"Oh how nice! I'll be careful not to lose it. Goodbye."

"Goodbye and thank you," Suzy said as she skipped back into the house.

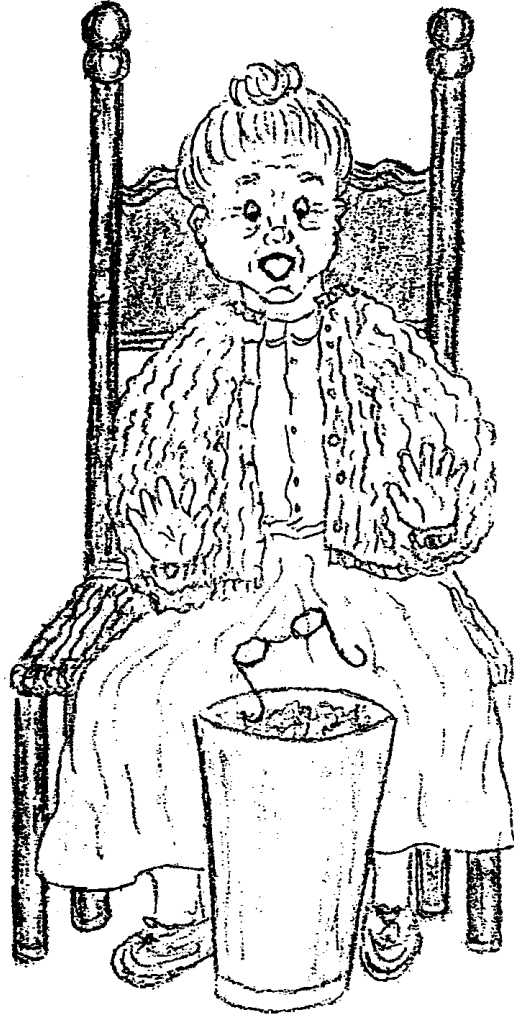
A few days later, another mailman delivered the Valentine to her Grandma's house. "Here's a large envelope for Mrs. Wiggims. I'll put it between her other mail so this strong wind won't blow it away."



"Oh me, oh my!" moaned Mrs. Wiggims. "My back is bothering me again today. And I have so much to do. Oh, I just remembered. Today is Valentines Day. There's probably a Valentine in my mailbox, from one of my children or grandchildren, or great-grandchildren. I'd better put my shawl on, so I won't catch cold." She forgot that her back hurt, put her shawl on, went out to the mailbox, and looked inside.

"Only a bunch of junk mail! . . . I guess no one cares about me anymore. I'll just throw it all in the trash."

"No! I'm right here, stuck between the junk mail!" called the Valentine. Even if his voice hadn't been muffled by the stack of envelopes, Mrs. Wiggims still would not have heard him, because she did not know Valentine language.



"Oh my back. I'd better sit down," she said to herself. So she plopped down in her rocker and sighed. "I can't believe it! I thought I'd at least get cards from my three great-grandchildren. When they come to visit, we play games . . . and bake cookies . . . and read storybooks. But I guess they're getting bigger and don't have time for me anymore. Well, I suppose I'd better do my cleaning."

So she got her broom and swept the floor. Then she dusted the furniture. "Oh dear, that wastebasket is so full. I have to take it out to the garbage can. The garbage truck will be here any time now."

"No! Don't do tha-at! I'm here, stuck between the junk mail!" yelled you know who.

"Oh, my back. I'd best sit down a minute," said Mrs. Wiggims. So she sat down again and put her head in her hands. "It's so sad when no one cares about an old woman anymore."

While she said this, her glasses slipped off her nose. "Oh! My spectacles!" she cried, as she grabbed for them. . . . "Where *are* they? I can't see a thing!" Poor Mrs. Wiggims. She squinted and groped around, trying to find them.

"Maybe they fell in the wastebasket," she said as she reached into it, fishing for her glasses. "What's this? . . . What *is* this?" She squinted as hard as she could, trying to see what it was. Then she tried moving it up to her face and back, but she still could not make it out.

"Where are those spectacles?! They must be here somewhere." She again reached into the wastebasket, felt around and found them. Mrs. Wiggims fumbled with her glasses. When she finally got them on her face, she exclaimed, "Why, it's a Valentine card! . . .

"It says, 'Dear Grandma, I love you. Happy Valentines Day, Suzy.' Someone *does* love me!"

"I told you I was in there Grandma," the valentine said. Mrs. Wiggims still could not understand him.

However, her spectacles *did* speak Valentine language, quite fluently. And so they explained, "That's why we dived into the wastebasket and hid Grandma, so you would find him." Unfortunately, Mrs. Wiggims didn't understand spectacle language either.

