

Lady BirdLand!

by Allison Strine



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Introduction

When I was eight, my short-tempered father and harried mother took all five of us kids on a road trip from our rambling home in Boston to Montreal for the grand spectacle of Expo '67. I'm not sure which was the sweetest vacation highlight, because they're all so vivid, forty-odd years later. First, there was the ten carsick, seat belt-less hours in the family station wagon. As the middle child, of course I got squashed in between Brian and Bradley in the back seat, being elbowed and "noogied" all along the way. Then there was the fight between me and Jennifer over whose pillow it was. That one ended with a furious father pulling over to the side of the highway in the dead of night, only to pitch said pillow out the window with a flick of the wrist. Hopefully, the other arm was on the steering wheel. Of course, being the baby of the family, Rachel got to sit in between Mom and Dad in the coveted front seat the whole way. Jealous? Who?

Oh, wait, now I remember. Undoubtedly, the most life scarring incident, one which still makes me shiver all these years later, was when my two older brothers sat on me and farted for three hours while everyone else was canoeing. Yep, good times. That's what families are made of: farting brothers and pillow-fighting sisters.

Tortured memories like these have long festered in my soul, until I finally called upon on the healing powers of art to soothe and nurture my poor ravaged heart. And that, ladies and gentleman, is the story of where LadyBirds come from. Aren't you glad you asked?

Thanks go to my amazing husband Lloyd, without whom LadyBirds would never be possible. If not for Lloyd showing me how powerful love is, I'd still be that lost little girl (but with more gray hair). Thank you to StoryPeople Press for bringing joy and good vibes into a world that needs it. Mom, don't worry - the scars have healed and it wasn't your fault anyway! Dad, I miss you and know how very proud you would have been. Brian, Bradley, Jennifer and Rachel - thanks for being the glue that keeps our odd little family together. Finally, my biggest mommy love to the centers of my little universe, Olivia and Ethan.

-Allison Strine

Welcome to
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My sister Rachel is the sweetest girl. She has a cooking business and she's very good to her customers. They think she's gentle and meek and a doll, but then VROOOM, VROOOM!! After work she puts on motorcycle leathers and goes tooling around the countryside on her big, fat motorcycle! So there! She must be a tough chick, right?

Well, I contend that we all have depths, and many of us are sugar and spice in one aspect of our lives, and everything kick ass in another. I have a friend who is the NICEST person in car pool, and she also runs marathons. You tell me she's not kick ass!





S

She's
sugar
puw
spice n everything
kickass.

Not that I would ever do that. Oh, no.
I'm much too fashion conscious to spend the whole day
wearing a grubby art tee shirt, boobs a floppin'. But this
little lady would, and it makes her very happy as you
can see by the size of her heart!



Braless



Sometimes
she went
out whole day

without putting on a bra.

She doesn't look back. Hmm. What's it mean? Well, for starters, it tells me to keep my eye on the present. Just be the best "me" that I can be TODAY. Not blaming my parents now for their past mistakes, not dwelling on the past, living in the present, and so on (ad nauseam?). This is definitely a piece of art made from my child's heart, you know?



Don't Look Back



S. V. C. S.
CHILI
PEANUT
MANGO
CHIITNE

45

3

ies

She

doesn't

look

back.