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Recession

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Recession

by Stephanie Gorsek

My grandfather once told me that The Great Depression taught him a lot about joy and ironically it gave him a lot of work to do.

I guess he has that alphabet soup to thank: WPA and CCC and FDR and ABC and other alphabets that come in three.

Somewhere, past the roads near a church and tomato garden was a park I went to my whole life.

At six, I had a spitting contest with a girl whose hair was chain-link straight. She won.

At eight, I was able to master the monkey bars the adult monkey bars the ones that were taller than a streetlight.

At twelve, I gained five pounds from the atrocious amounts of ice cream I managed to guzzle down each summer by the pool.

At sixteen, my hormones,

exploding like fireworks, craved only for the night and hide and go seek tag.

At twenty-one, I had to make up a story

on why the kiddie slide donned a shiny gold stain. And I was told to drink responsibly.

At twenty-six, she said yes and challenged me to another spitting contest.

She won.

At around . . . fifty-something I lost my job and tripped over a wordy stone in a small dense forest of the park.

At that moment, I remembered my grandpa.