

# A Picture of Me!

(A Short Story)

By: Claire Hillard

“Hey Claire! Come push us!” I ran over to Lauren and Erika, who were sitting in our shopping cart, you know, one of those ones with a chair so that you can push toddlers around the store with you? Well I didn’t want to push them but Erika’s ankle was sprained and Lauren is too stubborn to talk out of anything. So I grabbed the cart and rolled them over to the craft isle, which is where we were *supposed* to be, for we came to Walmart with a mission. We were here to take advantage of the before school sales, but not for us, for the little kids at the boys and girls club. We had been volunteering there for almost a year, and now that school was starting we raised money to buy them craft and school supplies.

They got out of the cart and we started to look at the markers. After several minutes, we finally had decided which ones would be the best to buy, and which had the best deal. We were about to leave the isle when Erika said “Claire! Can you fit in the baby seat of the cart!” This of course was not one of our brightest ideas, but I was curious all the same. Getting into the cart was surprisingly difficult, but I did manage to sit in the baby seat, I did not however try to put my legs in the slots because I probably would have gotten even more stuck. So I had to keep my legs dangling off the sides.

“Let’s take a picture!” Erika said while laughing. So Lauren took my phone and took the picture.

In this picture there is me in the baby seat and Erika in the chair behind me. But what you might not have noticed is the cast on her ankle or the stacks of paper on the right. If you look to the left you can see the markers we examined for many minutes trying to decide which ones the kids would like best. But what you can’t see is the smiles on the children’s faces when we brought them these supplies. This is a picture of me.