

A curtain moves in a window, pushed aside by a grey weathered hand. An eye appears set in a wrinkled brow, peering through the dust stained glass.

Across the lawn from the window a young girl skips down the sidewalk oblivious to the curtain at first.

The motion catches her eye and she stops. There is an old woman spying out the window at her. So the girl waves at her.

The old woman scowls and hobbles to the door, opening it a crack and yelling in her rather shaky voice, "Get the hell out of my yard!"

The little girl laughs and runs across the lawn to stand closer to the old woman.

"No. You should come outside and play. It would make you happy." The little girl squealed.

"We can play grandma and have tea. You wanna?"

The old woman slams the door and stomps across the floor.

"Bert, there is a CHILD on our lawn. Go and shoo her away!"

The old man grimaced and turned toward the T.V. watching and cheering his team to victory.

"BERT! Come this instant and get rid of this PEST!"

So, Bert rises from his chair and limps his way to the door.

He jerks the door open and hobbles out of the door into the yard.

He bends down to the little girl kneeling on the grass.

"Please go and play elsewhere."

"No. I like it here. Will YOU play with me?", she looks up at him with wide eyes.

The old man sighs a heavy breath and he reaches down and takes the little girl's hand into his.

The difference is nearly inconceivable. Hers is tiny smooth and soft, wrapped in pale skin.

His hand is dark with long days in the sun, covered with callouses and spots. Wrinkled leather over awkward bones.

He tries to blink away the bright sunshine and stares at the little girl.

"Come with me." He leads her to the sidewalk.

"Now you go home and play. Don't come back! My wife gets angry. Now get!"

His hand gently swats the girl on the backside and he tries to straighten to full height.

The little girl giggles, "Bye mister!" and she dashes off.

Bert turns and walks back to the house and goes inside.

The little girl skips her way down the sidewalk.

The morning sun just barely peeks over the horizon and through the window and a pair of young hands stretches out from beneath tangled blankets