

Annie's Journey

A Tale of Endurance

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A. Nation

Acknowledgements

I want to thank those that gave me support. They are by first names only as they know who they are:

Shirley, Kam, Michael

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This is a work of fictionalized non-fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, and incidents are actual but used in a fictitious manner. I had hoped to relay the facts in this event but some may have been fictionalized to create the story.



Solbergj

The nucleus of historic Galicia

Moving Boxes

My husband and I just moved from our apartment to a three-bedroom home in the suburbs. When the moving truck arrived, we had to unload many of the boxes as fast as we could.

"Honey, where does this go?" my husband asked carrying in two boxes at a time.

"I don't know. Just put them in the spare room. We'll have to hurry. We are paying the movers by the hour."

My sister and her husband arrived and began helping. By late afternoon, all of the boxes were unloaded and the moving truck was gone.

That was a month ago. I opened the small bedroom door one day and gazed at the boxes before me. One by one, I tackled each box and found places to store our possessions. I came across one box I had labeled, "My Dad's" and opened it. My father had passed several years ago and most of the items were photos and documents from the funeral. Some of the photos were of my mother's family. She died before my father did. I never met her family, especially her mother, Annie. I spotted one of the old black and white photos of my mother and her mother. My mother looked so young and beautiful. On the back of the photo, Mom had wrote, "Tabella & G. Annie." I assumed the 'G' was for grandma.

When my mother married a sailor, he bought a home near his family in Spokane, Washington. She grew up in New York City, the Queens area. Since grandma Annie lived so far away, I never met her. She died in 1960.

As I stared at the picture of the woman I never met, I wondered, Who was Annie? She had a total of nine children, my mother being the seventh child. Where did Annie come from? And where was Grandpa Max? Now, that my mother passed in 1986, I couldn't ask her those important questions.

My cousin, Michael, researched our family and found bits and pieces about their lives and offspring. Curiosity motivated me to discover about Annie's world and how she came to New York City and married the boy she met onboard the ship.

Galicia

Annie gathered her textbooks into her arms after her teacher dismissed the class. The year was 1904 in a remote part of Poland. Her older brother, Sam, was talking to friends. Since she was fourteen, she decided she didn't need him to walk her home. She spotted her friend, Ariella.

"Wait up," she called. She hurried her step to join her friend. The swishing of her starched muslin dress flapped against her black stockings. Her friend looked like her twin except Ariella had light brown hair. The red ribbons in their hair flew above their heads with the breeze meandering through their village. Men with suitcases rushed by them.

"Have you heard, Mr. and Mrs. Goldberg are leaving for America," Ariella said. "His brother is sponsoring him in his shoe factory."

"Why would he go there?" Annie asked.

"The government closed his business."

"Where will we get our shoes?"

"Austria, I guess," Ariella replied. "Are yours worn out?"

"Not yet, but my feet have grown in the last year. I might have to wear Sam's shoes."

"Put your foot next to mine," Ariella said.

Annie lined up her right shoe to her friend's left one.

"You can have mine when my mother gives me hers."

They giggled about their brothers and walked further through the market. Annie saw a friend of her mother's and pointed.

"There's Mr. Levinsky," she said. "Let's see what he has on sale today."

The girls hurried to the storekeeper's fruit stand.

"Hi, Mr. Levinsky," they both shouted.

"Well, hello you two," he said. "You just get out of school?"

"Yes, those potatoes look good," Annie remarked.

"That they do, but I bet you'd like a juicy apple instead?"

"I don't have any money for that."

"Not to worry. Here, each of you can have one. Tell your parents how good they are," he said. "I'll give them a bulk price they can't turn down."

"Gee, thanks," Annie took a bite out of her apple while Ariella pocketed hers into her apron.

"Now, you go straight home. Don't stop. You hear?"

"We will. Thanks again for the apples."

"That was nice of him," Ariella said.

As they walked further from the market into their neighborhood, Annie noticed three older boys behind them. "Do you know them?" she asked.

"No, let's hurry," Ariella replied, picking up her pace.

As they ran to the next street, a ripe tomato hit Ariella. The red fruit dribbled down the back of her white dress.

"Oh no," she cried.

"Hurry. I know a short cut," Annie said, dodging more tomatoes and stones. She ran up the nearby steps and they ducked inside a large building. As they raced down the hallway, an old man shook his cane at them from the stairway. They opened the wooden door at the end of the hall and scrambled into the cobblestone street. Annie grabbed her friend just as a horse drawn carriage turned in front of them.

"Thanks, Annie," Ariella said, breathing hard. "I don't see those boys now."

About the Author

A. Nation travels with her husband. I write interesting adventure stories with a moral realization.



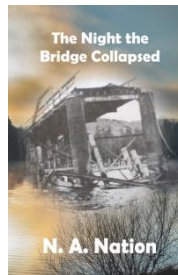
You can purchase my ebooks through Amazon, Barnes & Noble, iTunes, and many others also through my website, <https://www.anationauthor.com>

To participate in National Writing month, go to nanowrimo.org in April, July, and November.

Have you read *The Night the Bridge Collapsed*? This is a true story, which occurred in 1971 over the Spokane River in a small north Idaho town.

All proceeds from this book are donated to the Post Falls Historical Museum. Please put this on your reading list. Since I receive royalties by the page, every page needs to be read in order for me to donate. – A. Nation

[The Night the Bridge Collapsed](#)



The evening was late as Officer Harry Button made his last patrol drive around the small town of Post Falls, Idaho. He parked in front of the police station to visit his friend, Allen Chaffin, who was a volunteer dispatcher for the police and fire department. Allen, with a weakened leg from polio several years ago, had to wear metal leg braces. Officer Button entered the cramped modular building of the Police Department Extension.

“Hi, Harry. Can you give me a lift home?” Allen asked, finishing his paperwork for the night.

“Sure. You about ready?” Harry replied as he fingered the edge of his flashlight, dangling from his belt.

In a town this size, it was common practice to give ‘ride alongs.’ Since Allen was a good friend, Harry didn’t mind.

“Yup, as soon as I get my coat on, we can leave. Thanks for taking me home on short notice,” Allen said, struggling to get one of his arms into the jacket sleeve.

Harry waited. He knew his friend preferred to do the simple tasks in life by himself. After Allen zipped up his coat, he reached for his crutches leaning against the wall beside his desk. Allen’s dispatch relief greeted them and sat down at the call desk. Harry and his friend walked out of the small police station. Allen followed his large friend to the passenger side of the police car. He placed his crutches in the back seat.

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