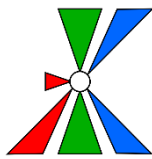


1925 AC

bncdoc.id	CDN
bncdoc.author	Forrester, Helen
bncdoc.year	1990
bncdoc.title	The latchkey kid.
bncdoc.info	The latchkey kid. Sample containing about 41246 words from a book (domain: imaginative)
Text availability	Worldwide rights cleared
Publication date	1960-1974
Text type	Written books and periodicals
David Lee's classification	W_fict_prose

<1925/c>	
 <p>Key:</p> <p><u>Footprint</u> <u>ConEn1</u> <u>Footprint</u> <u>ConEn2</u> <u>Footprint</u> <u>ConEn3</u></p>	<p>to obtain. Through the summer, as the skyscrapers grew on Tollemarche Avenue, they boasted of the glories of their country cottages and the important people from Edmonton or Calgary who had spent a weekend with them at these summer homes. Theresa Murphy persuaded her husband to buy an entire lake and news of this purchase spoiled both Mrs Frizzell's and Mrs Stych's summer. Each week the ladies spent anxious hours in Andrew's Beauty Salon having their hair tinted and set, still more anxious hours in Dawn's Dresse Shoppe or the Hudson's Bay Company store, adding more dresses and hats to their already over-extended charge accounts. Olga Stych's generous figure would be a nightmare to any dress shop, and her dresses were consequently always more expensive than Donna Frizzell's were. In despair, one day, of finding a well-fitting winter coat, she hastily counted up the amount of land around Tollemarche which her husband had bought up and decided he was worth at least a Persian lamb coat. This error proved to be nearly the last straw needed to break his credit, since he had raised every cent he could in order to invest in land for building. He protested to her hotly about this extravagance, but was quickly sent back to his rocks, cowering from her wrath. The third fall after the oil strike in Alberta came slowly in, while Isobel mourned her husband, quite unaware that she had mortally offended Mrs Frizzell by crowding her August garden party off the social page of the Tollemarche Advent. The glory of the Indian summer crept across the land with pale sunshine, golden leaves, deep-blue skies and treacherously cold winds. The publication day of Hank Stych's book went unremarked in Tollemarche, mainly because the only bookseller in the town had not had time to unpack his new stock, and book reviews were featured only once a month in the Tollemarche Advent and then only in an obscure corner of an inner page. The leaves fell thickly in the more established portions of the city, to the envy of residents in the bare new suburbs who were still awaiting paved roads and street lights, never mind trees. Mrs Donna Frizzell looked despondently out of her picture window. The unfenced oblong of grass in front of the house and the narrow path to the sidewalk were full of leaves twirling in the wind. Mr Stych, during his last visit home, had already cleared the adjoining garden, and the Frizzells' leaves were gaily invading his once tidy lawn. Mrs Frizzell's lips tightened as she guessed what Olga Stych's remarks would be when she saw them. That intolerable woman, she thought bitterly, had managed to become</p> <p>president of the Tollemarche Downtown Community Centre</p> <p>by a majority of a single vote, and Mrs Frizzell had had to be content with the vice-presidency, which office she declared gave her all the work and none of the authority. (She gave no credit to Olga Stych for her undoubted talents as an organizer.) To make matters worse, Olga was also the secretary of the Noble Order of Lady Queen Bees - a pack of overdressed snobs, groaned Mrs Frizzell, whose members set the standard for every social event in the city. Maybe, if she could squeeze a mink coat out of Maxie, it would help her towards the membership which always seemed to elude her by a vote or two, a vote strongly influenced, she feared,</p>

	<p>by Olga Stych. One day, she promised herself, if ever she got the chance, she would give Olga Stych her comeuppance. In the meantime, since no amount of nagging would persuade Maxie to rake up the leaves or to allow her to employ a man to do it, she would have to do the job herself. Mixed with the need to tidy up the garden was a desire to show her neighbours her new purple, slim pants and striped purple and yellow jacket. She therefore eased her thin shanks into these all too revealing pants, put a pair of gilt oriental sandals on her feet and hastily touched up the mauve polish on her toenails and fingernails. She peered anxiously into her six-foot-wide dressing-table mirror to see if any white hair showed after her last auburn tint, and found to her satisfaction that all her hair was the same improbable shade. She went through the house door leading into the garage, seized a rake and plunged into the cold wind. She began to rake from the front of the house towards the road, then realized she had nothing in which to put the leaves. With an irritability caused as much by her slimming diet as by the lack of a box, she almost stamped down the stairs into the basement, which was comfortingly warm, and found a couple of cardboard boxes. Working with feverish haste, for the wind was piercing through her elegant jacket and Gentle Curve bra underneath, she filled the boxes, staggered with them to a row of garbage cans in the back lane and dumped their contents into the bins. Her feet were icy cold in their open sandals when, on the fifth trip back to the front lawn, her patience was rewarded. Mrs Stych drew up at the kerb in her new European car, bought, needless to say, from Maxie's arch-rival down in Edmonton. She heaved herself out and opened the trunk to display several large paper bags</p>
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