When my mother was a little girl, she got lots of things passed on to her, from relatives who died and moved away. These things have been passed on to me. She has given me two beautiful dolls. She has told me how she played with them every day after school and how she used to bring them everywhere she went. She told me to take very good care of them, that they were worth being taken care of.

Now, these dolls are mine. Teresa is already a leg, and Suzie's the one with a missing arm and leg. I keep Teresa and Suzie on my shelf with where they can be safe with all my other dolls, and lots of my teddy bears.

When I go to bed at night, I imagine my mother was a girl I can see her black hair, her brown eyes and her gentle hands as she slowly puts her arms around them. I also imagine her playing with them with friends, and slowly taking them off her shelf to show different people. Their shining eyes look into mine. I remember the past and imagine the future. Some day, they will belong to my children and they will imagine my past.