

Valentine's Day

It was the day before Valentine's. Most people may enjoy Valentine's, however, Polly P. Prescott didn't like it. She was only 11 years old. Polly grumbled about an essay she had to do for Valentine's as she walked home "It's not fair I tell you all this holiday is all about is kissy-kissy," she grumbled. She tried to tell her fifteen years old, sister Rebecca, but she was too preoccupied with a card she was making for some high school boy.

"Gross," Polly remarked.

She did not like Valentine's Day at all.

"Mommy, everyone likes this 'kissy-kissy' holiday but me. No one even gives me a card," said Polly watching her mother make heart shaped cookies.

Her mother turned to face her. She said sweetly, "I'm sorry nobody gives you a card sweetheart, but maybe you have the wrong idea about this holiday."

Polly looked quizzically at her mother. Her mother said, "Can you do me a favor? Go to the Nelson's and give them this Valentine's Card. They can scarcely afford their twins Vivian, and Mia's food, poor souls."

Polly nodded and went to their neighbor's house. She knocked on the door.

"Mrs. Nelson, my mom told me to give you this card, I don't know why we celebrate a kissing holiday" Polly exclaimed.

Vivian opened the door and said, "Come in."

Mrs. Nelson was coaxing a spoon full of broth into Mia, who was sick yet again.

"Mrs. Nelson I was wondering—my mother said that I've got the wrong idea about Valentine's Day, do you know what she means?" Polly asked.

"Well, she may mean several different things about this holiday. It's not just for crushes and what not. Polly, you think it's just romance right?" Polly nodded at her. She continued, "but it's also being kind to people, showing people how much we care about them and not just by cards or chocolate candy. You can pray for them, give them a hug or even just give them a compliment."

Polly understood now it wasn't just about romance it was also about showing how much you care about one another.

When she was home, she wrote an historical account of why there was a Valentine's holiday with her father's help.

"Daddy, can I get something for the Nelson's?" She asked, "I have saved my money for two years."

Her Dad smiled and said, "Sure baby I was about to go to the store myself."

When she got home, she had a big box of food and wrapped it up in wrapping paper with a bow on top and a card. She woke up Valentine's morning and hurried to the Nelson's house. Knocked on the Nelson's door and left her package on the doorstep. Then she quickly walked home ready for her mother's homemade confetti pancakes. Later that day the Nelson's came to thank them for the food. The Nelson's looked full of Love. "Happy Valentine's!" Polly said.