

Upon that especially lucky day, that is to say, shortly after the third birthday, my grandbaby wanted to play.

"What shall we play" I queried, heart hopefully jumping.

"Let us play the around game" she responded very matter-of-factly.

"And exactly what is the around game" I dubiously responded. I knew that my childhood game playing was well into the past but I would be very happy to try playing provided it was not going to be too strenuous.

Very seriously, she began to explain the game to me... "I'll go around the house this way and you go around the house that way and when we meet you act like you don't know me and I'll tell you who I am. It's really not very hard to play Grandpa."

Throughout the next four years this game is still played and expanded with variations here and there and sometimes incorporates the younger sibling.

The simple 10 acres we live on have become a playing field for these children. The around game is still the favorite.

Shortly after she created the game, it expanded... "Ok Grandpa, now we play it in the woods and you take the high path and I'll take the low path." Do you realize how much mowing is required when the grandbabies want to play in and out of the surrounding woods? I have never minded mowing the yard. It is kind of mind numbing. However, to mow about three acres with a push mower, all slanting without level ground anywhere is truly a job.

Not only that but killing and removing the poison ivy, by hand, so as neither of them contact it is really a chore. Ask me, over the years I can attest to the power of the plant in biting back.

"Grandpa" she questioned as we were walking into the tree line, "let's kill the dragons, ok?"

"Dragons" I strained looking about.

"Dragons grandpa, here's one, let me show you" she responded as she walked up to a dead locust tree and began hitting and pushing on it."

The idea struck like lightning and I joined her in the first blood. We killed that dragon.

We developed walking sticks now that become swords when the opportunity strikes a chance encounter with a dragon, and like any knight worth his salt it's also used to belay the vines, brush, and other menaces we encounter.

The 'Big Bad Wolf' encounter was recorded previously for posterity. Needless to say, he is an arch villain of Q. she stole his toothbrush. The various nefarious creatures encountered during the Questing are recorded in ancient scrolls of mine for future generations to admire and wonder at the mighty child and her diligent mind.

The spoiling of this child in that she in reality is no different from all other young darlings who gain undivided attention from grandparents and as a unwritten rule, all become the idiom phrase "Princess".

However.

This Princess took the title into her precious little heart and savored it.

The next story recorded by this observer may well be titled "an encounter with the Princess Quincey Alexis, HRHPQAE."

(HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS QUINCEY ALEXIS
ELDRIDGE)