

Winifred Rose Armstrong: IT Happened by Lillie Sloan

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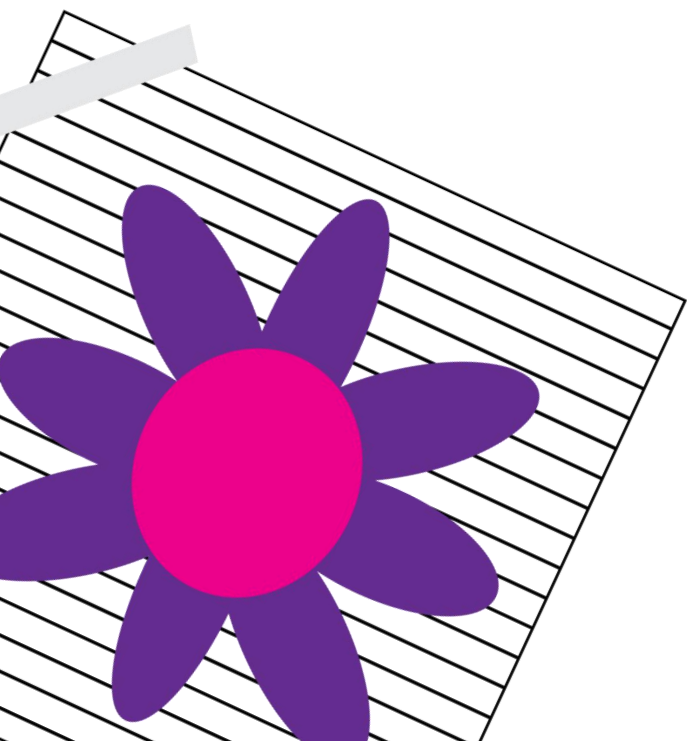
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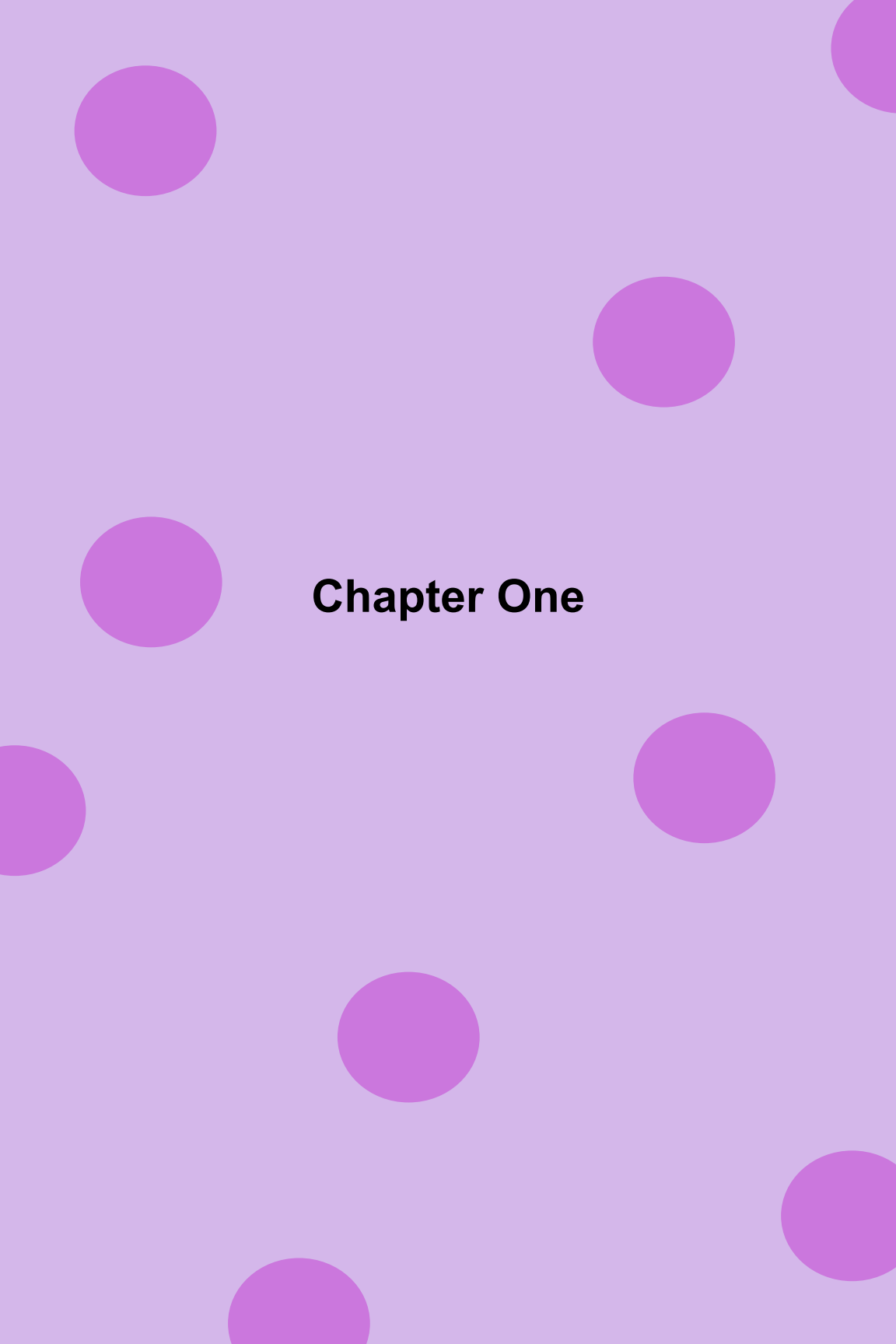


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IT Happened

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Chapter One

I'm Freddie--



--actually, Winifred Rose Armstrong. I know--a long name for a five-year-old girl.

Winifred is for my great-aunt Winifred because I was born on her birthday, May 15th, and Rose because of the roses blooming at our house the same day. So... Winifred Rose.



My grandparents are so proud of that story and tell it at least once every time we go visit. You would think they would get tired of it—but no! It happens every time, to every person we see, the same story about my name and all that.

Great-aunt Winifred is my Grandpa's sister and lives a long way off in California. She works on a television show and I bet she even knows all the people on my cartoons.

I met her once at Christmas. She came to the Christmas Play at our church and she watched me while I was an angel.

After, we had to take lots of pictures of the two Winifreds. She was a nice lady and I didn't think I minded being named after her, even if her name was so long.



Grandma and Grandpa always call me Winifred Rose. But to everyone else, I'm just Freddie. I'm not sure how I came to be Freddie, but it is easier to spell on my school papers.



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