Après Tout

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It was a splendid truck. A large, flat cargo bed, painted in green, and a black hood. Carrying the words, "Caterpillar," painted in white, it turned onto the main road through the village of Acadiana. The sound of the engine was loud, and the truck was almost invisible in the cloud of dust it kicked up.

That truck was the first of our family to arrive in the village. We were the youngest, and some of us were still in diapers. It made the long journey from the city, where our family had been living for the past two years.

Our father was a foreman in New Orleans, and he decided to relocate to Acadiana, a small town near Lafayette, Louisiana. He wanted to have a place to call home, with land and animals, and to be closer to nature.

What a Day!

We arrived in the pleasant weather, and the sun was shining brightly. The small town was bustling with activity, and people were out and about, enjoying the day.

That's the way our family always did things. We were always on the go, and we never stayed in one place for too long. Our family was made up of eight children, and our parents were always busy with the farm, the animals, and the children.

Family Members

Our mother was a hard worker, and she made sure everyone was taken care of. She was the one who cooked the meals and cleaned the house, and she was always there to help when needed.

The truck was like a member of our family. We cherished it. It was a source of pride, and we were always proud to show it off to our friends and neighbors.

The end.