

“Well, here it is,” he said, “Apartment 40.”

The stall was narrow and empty and dark. There were two small windows on each side of the door. Three folded army cots were on the dust-covered floor, and one light bulb dangled from the ceiling. That was all. This was our apartment, and it still smelled of horses.

Mama looked at my sister and then at me. “It won’t be so bad when we fix it up,” she began. “I’ll ask Mrs. Simpson to send me some material for curtains. I could make some cushions too, and . . . well . . .” She stopped. She couldn’t think of anything more to say.