

# Half Full



**Told by**

**Victoria Teshin-Anderson**

# HALF FULL

(The Ballad of Howard)

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*To Pop-pop,*

*May you never have  
a bad day in your life.*



As sun was setting on the lake

And folks were gathering on their  
porches,

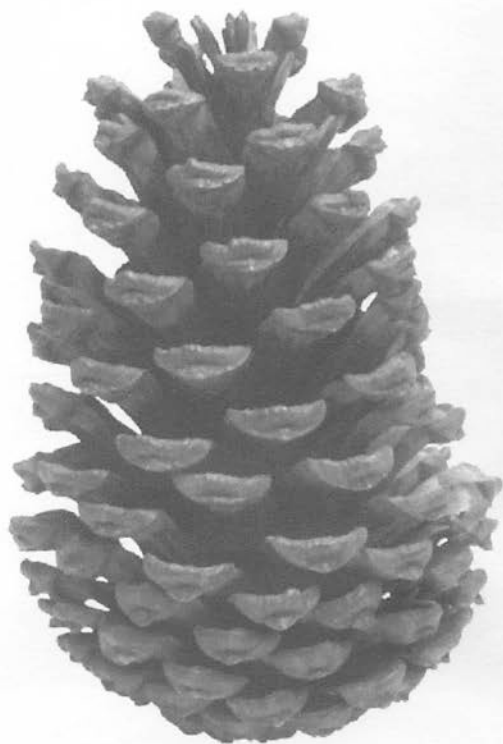
A slender shadow of a man emerged

Illumined by flickering torches.

**How's it going, Howard?**

Never had a bad day in my life.

A farm kid from north of Pittsburgh,  
His education did not come from books.  
Unemployment was not uncommon  
But his conscience kept him from  
working with crooks



**How's it going, Howard?**

Never had a bad day in my life.





We had heard some stories of his wife.  
It was getting harder to keep her job.  
He loved her so much, but to see such  
pain,  
It would make a weaker man sob.

**How's it going, Howard?**

Never had a bad day in my life.

His only son had been to jail,  
He confided with those at the lake.  
The daughter-in-law left with his  
grandson.  
He was never to know his namesake.



**How's it going, Howard?**

Never had a bad day in my life.



Unpretentious and eloquent with a dry  
sense of humor

Like the day he thought he had died

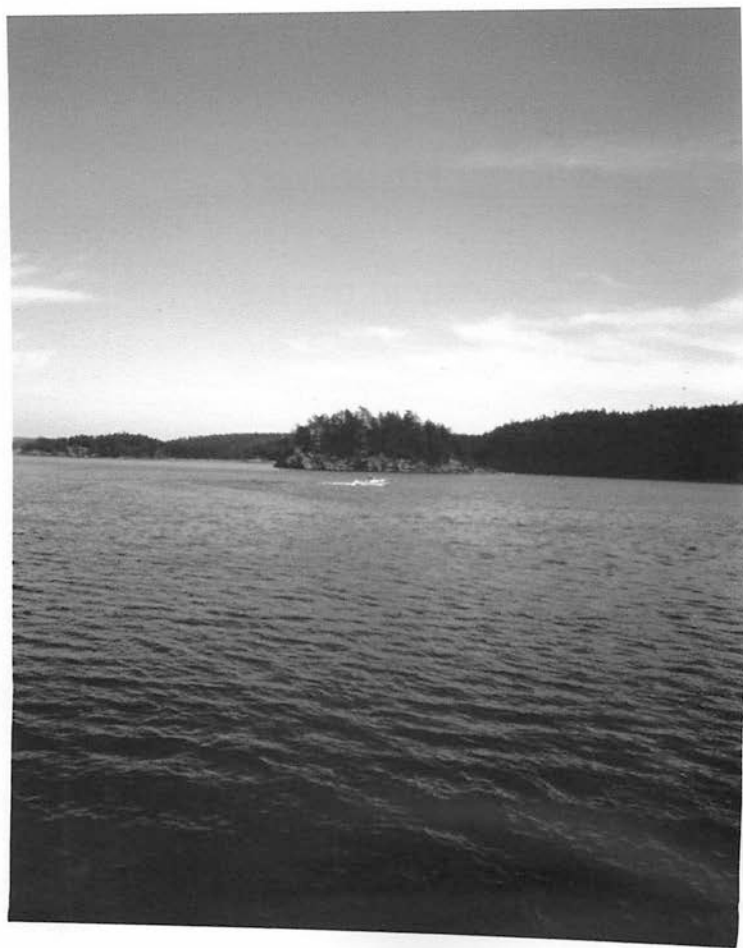
His friends said he had a calm about him

Though he had to be screaming inside

**How's it going, Howard?**

Never had a bad day in my life.

I remember the time I met Howard.  
I was wallowing in my daily strife,  
When I heard someone ask...



**How's it going, Howard?**

Never had a bad day in my life.





Victoria Teshin-Anderson lives with her husband and two sons on Long Island, NY where she is a fourth grade dual-language teacher. She is an avid collector of children's multi-cultural literature. This is her first book.