

The Forgotten

I'm in this place. I have little food, I had an education, I am living, but my soul is dead. Depression conquered the good things in life. The Great Depression.

I'm in an apartment. I used to live in a mansion. At least compared to this it was. It's one room! We have a stove, and a broken oven. We don't even have a bed! We have potato sacks filled with hay. My parents get the top and I sleep by their feet. Usually I fall so I get the ground. For the record the ground is sometimes more suitable. Our blanket is a big shawl that used to be my mother's. Our pillows, are our hands. For a bathroom we have one toilet, and one bathtub, or you can call it a big clay pot with water from the shallow well.

At the well I meet my friends. Probably not friends like your friends. My friends are different, they are fake. Well, not in my mind. Imaginary friends. That is what I have. I've never had friends that other people can see. Only I can see my friends. That makes them special. Other people like Jessica Coultridge thinks that makes you dumb.

School, a place I took for granted, is where I met Jessica Coultridge. She tore me apart. Bit by bit each day she stole my confidence. She got more and more confident that she could completely ruin me and more and more mean. Meanwhile, I got less and less confident and less and less open. One thing I never did the rest of the year was talk. No where. Not once.

We have one window. It is quiet, too quiet. Mother walks in, depressed.

"My article wasn't good enough". Both my parents are unemployed. I know that I will soon be wearing rags, eating scraps, and be kicked out of my home.

"Awww. Mother I am so sorry." I respond feeling bad for Mother and papa.

"No honey you did not do anything wrong. Do not worry everything will get better" She assured me. I hate it when she does that thing where she lies to me to make me feel better. Just tell me the truth. "Oh look at the time" She exclaims looking at her wrist as though it was a watch. "Soup Kitchen".

Soup kitchen is when the kindest people on earth spend their day helping people like me. The soup kitchen is a place where hobos, as we are called, went to get a bowl of soup and maybe a slice of bread. It kept us on our feet. Gave some people hope. Me, I had none left.

Papa works at the soup kitchen. He hands food out and gets 5 cents an hour. So much money. He also gets food and brings it home. By food I mean a few things left on the dishes.

I get a cent a walk. I walk a rich lady's dog. I give it to Mother and Papa.

"Here you go" I hear a man say with a thump afterwards. I turn my head around fast and as I do, I hear "Thank you very much sir."

"Oh thank you!" I basically yell to the man. I was so surprised. I have not talked to anyone but Mother and Papa all year. It is an improvement from the year before.

Realizing everyone here just heard me, I shrivel up and don't show my face.

When that spoon of soup goes into my mouth it is amazing. Flavor floods my mouth and my tastebuds are satisfied. My throat is warm because the soup is warm. My stomach grumbles because it is craving the soup. To other people soup kitchen has the worst food ever. To me and my family, it is better than dessert. Better than any food we have ever eaten. I know it is not, but it sure feels like it.

"Mother?" I ask.

“Yes Honey” She answers.

“Can I go down to the well?”

“Yes Honey, you can”.

I set my dishes down in a bowl of water so my dishes can get washed. I used to think it was gross, but now I do not really mind. At least I get food. I skip out the big giant wooden doors and inhale a deep breath of fresh air. I run to the well. Maya, my very best friend is there. She is sitting. Nobody can see her. Just me. I like it that way.

“Maurice! Maurice! Where are you? Maurice! Honey!” My over protective mother calls. She would do anything, even give me up just because it is best for me.

“What Mother?” I reply.

“Oh honey, there you are! Come on we have to go to the house”

“You mean room” I sass back.

“Honey, at least we have shelter” She tries to comfort me.

“A one room shelter!” I scream back and tears start flooding out of my eyes.

“Honey, be thankful. It is okay”. There is a long pause. We walk back to our house, my head resting on my mothers arm.

Once we get inside I sit on the ground. Mother leaves for her friends house. I just sit there thinking. No distractions. For a very long time. Suddenly I hear a pounding sound from upstairs. That is little Sally. She has no clue that soon she will be kicked out of her house and become an orphan. I don't know if that is going to happen to me either. I am scared just scared. I do not want to be forgotten, I want to live a happy life.

2 hours later mother storms in worry written all over her face.

“Mother what is it? What is wrong?” I question worry spreading on my face. She only does this when she is completely terrified.

“Look at the time!”

“Mother there is no clock!” I scream.

“Look at this watch!”

“So what!”

“It is 5:00!”

“Yeah! Mother, please get to the point!”

“Maurice!” There was a long pause. The argument that rose in the air slowly dies down. It becomes quiet and somber. “Papa should be home by now”.

An hour later mother comes up to me. She had the evening news right in her hand. A name that was very familiar to me was on the paper. Martin Samrock. He was walking home from soup kitchen and he was so tired he did not see the car coming down the street when he crossed. He passed. He is gone. Forever.

That night I sob myself to sleep. How! Why! Isn't my life hard enough! I complained in my head.

Later I am awoken by a loud blaring sound. Mama tells me to grab everything I can quickly. I smell smoke and immediately know. Our apartment is burning to the ground. It was one room, but now I want it more than anything. Not as much as papa but I want it a whole lot. I grab a picture of papa and the family. I take a blanket and a bowl. I charge down the stairs. I get down to the grass and watch my life tumble down in front of me. I run off and mother comes after me. “Why! Why! Why! What did I do! What did I do!” I sobbed. I hear shoes coming and stomping after me. Mothers places her hands on my shoulders.

“Honey. Everything will be alright.” My mother assures me “I will do anything for you. I will make sure you are safe and, and” She starts to stutter “A, a, a, alive.”

“Mother, would you give me up, for, for my safety?”

“I would do anything for your safety. Do you understand me?”

I nod my head thinking what it would be like if she gave me up. I am on the verge of tears.

In the next few hours I manage to cry myself to sleep. I am shivering because the grass is wet. I pull more of the blanket on me.

“Ooow!” I exclaim. A rock hit my head. I move it and place my head back on the cold grass.

In the morning I awaken to birds chirping. I think I am camping with my father, then the memories come flooding back.

Mother goes for a stroll. She is looking for jobs. A few hours later she comes back. The same face that she had yesterday.

“Honey, I did not find any jobs” She tells me. “Let’s go find some food”.

We go searching for food. After our fail of trying to find food mother kneels down and breaks something to me.

“Honey, I cannot take care of you. We did not find any food, you should not have to live this way. You are now” Her eyes turn red and she starts to tear up “You are now an, an, an,” There

is a long pause “You are now an orphan” My heart shatters into pieces. “I will take you”

“Mother, can I take a picture of the family with me. I will never see you and, papa again.”

“Yes, you may, dear”. I take a photo of our whole family.

“You ready?”

“No” I reply, “I don’t want to go”.

“Honey, you have to, I cannot take care of you”

Mother raps her arm around me and we walk to the orphanage.

“Bye honey”.

“I love you mother” I cry. My tears spill on my mothers shoulder.

“I love you Maurice” My mother whispers. I walk into the orphanage.

Now I need hope. Hope and just that.