

## **Child Narrative**

Tears stream down my face as I frantically dig through the mud outside my orphan home. The raggedy, old doll that I treated like gold was the only thing I had left of my mother or any family really. Now it is somewhere buried in the mud on the road next to the orphanage. This is the least of my problems and sadly I am not the only one.

After the harsh hostile military had overthrown the government. Soon the military became the new government. My mother and I fled from the area as refugees. We had to leave our home with no food and scavenged and ate what we could find. One night while scavenging for more food my moms cough started to sound terrible almost like she was choking. Then right as it

"Lay-lay I have to leave soon and I can't take you with me and you can't live on your own so..." She paused for a moment to cry, " I am going to leave you with a friend of mine. So you will be safe and well cared for." She coughed hard again still crying. She slowly got up and said, "Let's find shelter, I can take you in the morning."

Eventually, my mom spotted a place to sleep and we walked over and sat down and fell asleep. I curled up on my moms lap as she slept against the wall beneath a patio roof. When my mom woke me up it was about dawn as the sun was just peeking over the mountains.

She said solemnly, "It is time to get up." She started crying again, "I will take you to my friend".

"Ok," I said tiredly rubbing my eyes. "You will be back soon right?"

"Of course" said my mom trying to make the happiest smile she could. However I could see in her eyes she was sad.

Soon after walking a fair distance my mom found the place she said I was to stay at. When my mom knocked on the door a friendly, pretty lady opened it with a great big smile on her face. We walked in to see that they're where lots of other kids here. And I thought of asking if all these kids where hers but I thought it would be rude so I kept it to myself. And while the parents talked I sat and played with my doll. Soon the parents where done talking and I got up.

" I'll be back soon, but while I am gone Mrs. Nagoon will nurture and keep you safe." My mom cried like I have never seen her cry before.

We hugged for a long time before she let me go and said good-bye. Waving and hugging my doll tightly trying to hold back running after her now crying. Now a year later I sit in the mud hugging my doll now found it dripping wet covered in mud. Remembering the last time I hugged my mom tears rolled down my face. I walk in to see everyone sleeping and that is a pure sign I missed dinner. Which means no dinner for me tonight. But it was all worth it to feel that my mom was still here. This doll reminds me that no matter what that she will always love me. And this doll is all the treasure I will ever need. To make me feel that I belong to some one and I am in there heart..