

SCARY TIMES

The scariest time I ever had was when my mom had cancer. I was outside playing with my friends and my brother when we heard an ambulance siren. Our neighbor had cancer, too, and it ended up being for her. About a half an hour later another ambulance drove by, so we decided to check it out.

“SHAWNA, AARON, QUICK! COME IN THE HOUSE!” my dad yelled to us.

It was for my mom. She fell when she was trying to get a drink of water but was too weak to walk. She fell and couldn't get up. It was very frightening to see my mom just sitting on the floor not being able to get up.

After the ambulance picked her up to take her to the hospital, my dad, brother, aunt, grandma, and I all got in my dad's car and drove to the hospital to see her. Everyone in my family came after a while when my dad was discussing my mom's condition with the doctor.

A couple months later he talked to the doctor again but it was about a thousand times worse than the first time he had talked to him. When he came out, he wanted to talk to my brother and me. I could see the expression on his face, and I could tell it was the worst feeling I ever had. I kept telling myself it wasn't true. Then, he said it. My heart sank. It felt like I was in an ocean and had just stopped floating. I didn't know what to say. I couldn't say anything! I just started to cry. It was the first time I had ever seen my dad and brother cry. We were all very scared but tried to stay strong for her. That moment was the scariest in my life, and I wished it had never happened.

When she died I just couldn't get used to the fact she was gone, even after about a month. Every morning I would wake up saying, “Morning, Mom!” then realize she wasn't there. Everyday after school I would come home, see her car in the driveway and think she was there. I'd run into the house saying, “Hey, Mom! Did you have a good day at work?” Then my brother would remind me she wasn't there. That was definitely the scariest time in my life, and I will never forget it.

By Shawna Kast Grade 6

AIN'T I A MAN?

I plow and walk towards the willows
I help ladies and gentlemen
Ain't I a man?

I help white men work in the fields
Though they never pay me
I help ladies into their carriages
When I do, white men yell, “Get out, boy”
Ain't I a man?

I never get respect
People call me names I don't understand
I wish they would just treat me like I was one of them
Ain't I a man?

I feel like running away but I won't
I am a man
I will fight for my rights 'cuz
I am a man
I won't back down 'cuz
I am a man.

By Jack Laird Grade 6