

Dreams

Dreams

Martha Chestnut

The Lippman School

577 Words

Dreams

I am laying in my clean, warm, soft bed with three blankets pulled over my face remembering my dream from the night before.

It is snowing outside and I am very excited.

The cold, white magical flakes are here once again.

I hope they stay for longer than last year.

I hope I get to play in them as much as I can.

I want to go outside so badly.

All I want to do is put on my beautiful fur coat and step out.

All I can think about is the snow.

I know it will be cold, but I never care about the cold because of how beautiful the world is at this time of the year.

I am laying on the wooden floor of our tiny house, in the ghetto, trying to remember what a dream is.

It is snowing outside but I am not as excited as I used to be.

I have no desire to be outside.

I have no coat to keep me warm if I did.

All I can think about is food; I am so hungry.

I do not understand what is going on.

They took our radio before we moved, so we cannot listen to the news.

Outside the ghetto we have no idea what happens.

Last year I prayed for the snow, now I do not want it to be here.

All it means for me now is less food and more cold.

I just want to dream.

I want to escape from this cold and hungry reality.

I am laying on my small, thin wooden board trying to remember what a dream is.

It is snowing outside, those unique, white flakes that melt once they get warm enough.

It used to be that this was my favorite time of year, but now I know that soon I will just be that simple, thin white flake on the ground.

Dreams

Soon it will be my turn, soon I will be gone and nothing will bring me back.

I have been here for almost three months now with my siblings.

I think we have all lost hope of our parents being alive.

These small, white flakes were my favorite things every year

all I would want was these flakes – I would pray and pray and pray that they would come,
but now...now I never want to see them again.

They just remind me of all I have lost: my parents, my brother, my home, my food,
my bed, my clothes, my toys,
but most of all my love of all the small, white snowflakes.

I am standing trying to stop the dreams.

They are coming as fast as I could ever imagine.

I think this is where it ends

I will melt away.

No one will even know I am gone or that I was here.

Why is this happening – what will happen to me?

I know that soon I will get to see my parents and my brother but I want to leave this place.

If this is where it ends, will I stay here forever like the others in this place?

Will we all be together?

Will I get to see my friends from before?

And my sisters?

Now I know this is where it ends.

I can't breathe.

I can hear every scream and every gasp for air.

I can't breathe.

I think I know what a dream is now,

but mine have turned into nightmares.