

## A Night Without My Parents by Jessie

I slowly move along the bumpy, woolly carpeting trying to be quiet. I try to avoid the icy cold stare of the painting at the landing of the stairs. The floor boards creak as I near the top. My eyes dash to see whether my grandma is awake. Before I can I hear her voice telling me to go to sleep. I hurry back so she doesn't come up. As I run, the floor boards screech like a seagull swooping down to the water.

I lie awake, listening to every sound. I hear a dog barking to the moon. The cicadas buzz like the motor of the refrigerator. I listen for the sound of cars and hope that one will roll up onto the stillness of the driveway. I hope it will take away the blackness and replace it with voices - my parents' voices.

I know I can't hold my heavy eyelids open that long. My head falls back and as I shut my eyes I hear a car roll up on the darkness and I hear my parents laughing.

*Jessie's writing.*