*Someday…*

Someday, I won’t be running so long. Someday, my mind will be at ease. My family, all gone. I wish to someday no longer fear the Germans. No longer running from them. Do not have to worry about what my life would be like after this war.

Sep. 1, 1939. I had been startled awake, hearing the sound of my rustling family in the kitchen for breakfast. I smell the sweet aroma of pancakes and berries. I changed out of my pale pink nightgown and shook my sister, Jane, awake. Together, we ran into the kitchen and saw my mother, father, my other six siblings, and my two grandparents.

“Good morning, sleepyhead” My mother exclaimed while handing my sister and I a plate of 3 pancakes and strawberries.

“Thank you, mother” My sister, Jane, only 9 years old, five years younger than me, answered.

We sat at the small card table to eat our pancakes. After scarfing down our pancakes, Jane and I went outside to play catch with our three brothers. I have always loved throwing the football with my brothers, Drew, Truite, and John. The hard texture of the football touches my hand and the bumps make small, tiny impressions on my fingertips.

Our tiny house, on the outskirts of Reszel. My family has moved around a lot. My dad has a really unreliable job that my family has to move around a lot.

The first move I can remember is from the giant town of Warsaw. My father came home one day with a glim look on his face. Right then, without any words, my mother helped me and my siblings pack our small bags. During the night, we left. It was a cold wintery night and all I had was a small rain jacket my mom had acquired from the shelter.

My mom had just given birth to my last sibling, the 7th one. The small baby had plump cheeks and an infectious laughter. The night we left, my mother had her over her shoulder. By the time we reached Reszel, the baby had passed away in her sleep. Probably because of the cold. Our family was devastated, but we had to continue.

Because of my dad’s low income, we didn’t have a car or any money for transportation, so we traveled by foot. As we walked, I looked back on my years of ballet. Up until last year, when I was thirteen, my feet were calloused and sore. My legs were always stiff and painful, but I loved it. I loved the feeling of lifting myself up in the air. Unfortunately, right before the war began, my father’s company went bankrupt. We could barely afford food. I had to drop ballet as well as sell all of my shoes, skirts, leotards, and show outfits. I was devastated.

As we walked, I thought of my life. What it was before the war, what it will be after the war. What if the war never ends? What if my family dies? My mind is overwhelmed with these thoughts. I fall down a rabbit hole, just like the white rabbit in Alice in Wonderland.

I’ve always loved reading. I get lost in my books, but I would have to say my favorite book is “The Big Sleep'' by Raymond Chandler. It's about a man,who is the hero of everything, but he finds himself having to be someone he's not to keep up his popularity. Apparently, it's an adult book. One day mama caught me reading it under my bed.

“Ama,” She exclaimed with a laundry basket full of clean clothes under her armpit.

“Yes, Mama?” I responded innocently even though I knew why she was onto me.

“That is a grown-up book” she exclaimed.

“I know mama, but I’ll be careful.

“Besides, I already know about these things in the book. I mean I am living through a war ya’ know!” I chided.

“Okay just be mindful,” she fornamed, her voice soft and calm, no fear.

I miss the days when mama and papa spoke softly. They never yelled. Especially papa. He’s always drinking, maybe because his mind is never at ease with this war. Maybe he no longer loves my mama. They got married at a very young age so it would be no wonder if they’ve grown apart.

We began to see the beautiful glistening lights of our destination, Kazimierz Dolny. I sighed as we walked over the hill surrounding the small town, almost like a bowl. I was relieved to see the meager town where my dad will start his next company.

I went to sleep in our small place I now call home. I slept on a small cot that I share with my sister. That night, my sleep was troubled as I thought about all the horrible things I've had to go through. Losing all my friends and one sibling. No one should ever have to go through that. And so that night, my dream faded into ideas. Of that someday. Someday I’ll change the world, just not yet.