

1

Seeking Answers

I sit upright in bed and cling to the blankets. The lights are out now. The room is cloaked in darkness. The noise from the other children in the home has subsided. They are asleep. I peer deep into the darkness. *Where am I? Why am I here? What did I do wrong? Why did they take us away from everyone we loved?* I wonder. *Will Mommy come to get us? Will she be able to find us?* The pain of being away from our home is unbearable.

Frightened and lonely, I burrow down in this strange new bed, close to my twin sister, and listen to the rhythmic sound of her thumb-sucking. As I lie quietly in the eerie darkness, my thoughts turn to my big sister Muggs, the one I love so much. The picture of her, axe in hand and chasing the car as it sped away with us, is fresh in my mind. I can still feel the warmth of her body as I nestle in her lap – smell the scent of her hair and hear the sound of the rocking chair as it creaks back and forth across the floorboards. I begin to cry. I bury my head deep in the pillow. Images of my wild brothers and playful sisters flit through my mind. I think

2 • *Bonnie E. Virag*

of our happy, fun-filled days together – laughing, singing, rolling around on the warm grass, romping in the haymow, and swimming naked in the farm pond. Tightening the blankets around me and curling up in a tight ball, I try to sleep.

Maybe if we're good, they'll let us go home tomorrow.

