

Tawia

steer the wood

*about budding plants.
Push and kick.. push and kick.

Boom! My fragile body hits the water with a smack. I know how to swim a little bit but my brain seems to forget how to. All I can feel is tingling and the sharply cold sea. In the distance, someone is calling my name. The someone begins to hurt my eyes by forcing them to open. "Tawia! Tawia!" I can know tell it's a she. I am struggling to breathe and I feel so...so...tired. Suddenly, I feel a blow to my face. I open my eyes and recognize the beautiful but stubborn face of my second-oldest sister Elom.

"Where..." I stutter, my lips frozen with cold. "Shh..." Elom whispers, "I found a piece of tree wood to hold on to." I watch her push and kick.. push and kick.. over and over. She sings a soft lullaby as she works. Something about pretty birds and budding flowers, something Mama ~~would~~ would sing to... "MAMA!" I cry. Where is she? Elom looks at me with meloncoly eyes. "Mama and Papa and all our sisters are on the boat. The cruel, strong, white man tossed us overboard..." She pauses to wheeze and gasp. "We are s-s-sick." Elom looks horrible. I gather all of my strength and help her. Push and kick.. push and kick. The work takes our minds of our worries. Together we sing*