

Upside Down

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The Beginning

The news was already there. I could not change anything.

This morning Pa called me down to breakfast in a jittery- like tone. I smelled eggs and bacon as I walked into the kitchen, something Pa would only prepare on special occasions. As I walked closer I saw that there were also rolls, flap-jacks, and fruit salad. Why did Pa make all of this?

“What is this all about?” I asked, even before saying thank you.

Pa seemed to ignore me as I asked the question, sitting down in his old wooden chair on the hard, dust-filled ground. I sat down too, trying not to displease him by asking the question again. As I stared down at the food in front of me- wondering why Pa had already placed it on the plate for me- I started to put it all together, the food, the ignoring, all for one reason: home.

When we all finished our food, we being me, Pa, Mama, and my two sisters Adaline and Corrie, Pa finally spilled the beans.

“I have some news to share. We're moving to Virginia!”

Everyone stared in shock except Mama. I could tell by the looks on their faces that I was the only one that was scared to move.

Pa said that starting tomorrow, we would have 4 days until we moved so I would have time to say goodbye to everyone, but it's not the people I'm worried about losing, it's me.

4 days until the move

Pa has been trying to assure me that everything is going to be just fine. He has been trying to convince me that the Dust Bowl is not right for the family anymore. He has been trying to tell me that Virginia is something better for us. I've been listening, but not necessarily believing. Whenever Pa says those things, I think of the word escape. And then for one second, I feel as if the world is not putting itself on my shoulders.

Pa has been up in his room more often, and I think it's because he is packing already, but maybe not. Yesterday I saw a mountain of sand pile out of his room in a heap. Then I had a thought. Maybe, just maybe, that was the sand that he put his shells from the shore in. And maybe, just maybe, he was emptying it so that he would not have to think about the past when we moved to Virginia. And maybe, just maybe, he was a little scared, too.

“Everything is going to be just fine,” he says. “Trust me.”

3 days until the move

Trust. A word half its meaning. A word that you can never rely on. A word I think of when I find a hermit crab, trusting its shell only for it to leave its back, the hermit destined to find a new one.

2 days until the move

I feel better now that I know that Pa is a little scared too. He seems fine, but his flinches tell me otherwise.

Today we were in the Lindsey's apple orchard, picking the last of their apples. I was almost done with tree number 4 when an apple fell. I was about to pick it up and put it in the basket when I saw a rabbit scamper out of the bushes. It looked at me with full eyes, like it knew my pain. Then I saw it. The rabbit did know my pain. She had witnessed it herself. I had felt bad about moving, but now, I realized that I was moving with all these people that could help me. We would be doing this together- as a family.

With that, I gave the rabbit the apple.

1 day until the move

Today we had dinner with the whole family. I felt like I had seen a light and I had found everything I needed to tell my family that I was scared to move.

There were 5 dishes on the table, each one more lucky than the last to have. Potatoes, rolls, cranberry sauce, salad, and a turkey from Wisconsin.

After we ate I said to my family,
“ Everyone, I’m, I’m scared to move.”
Then they all looked at me with loving eyes and said
“ We are all here.”

The move

“Umber, time to go.” I hear Mama say.
I hop in the car, ready for a new adventure.

The End

