Alyssa’s Story

I pulled the blankets closer to me for warmth. It gets very cold outside this time of year and we have no means of heating in our house. A car door slammed somewhere outside’ so I put my dolls gently back on their shelves and went to the window of my room, pulling the blinds apart to reveal the Appalachian Mountains, which towered high over Appalachia, Kentucky. It was just as I had suspected- my mom had just come home from her work.

I ran across my room and threw open the door, desperate to meet her at the front entrance. I ran out into the messy hallway of the place I call home just as my mom walked through the entrance. ”Mom”, I yelled and ran to her as we embraced each other in a hug. After a few seconds we let go, and I looked up at her, grabbing the bag she had in her hand and, taking in its delicious aroma, carried it over to our small table.

 I pulled a small happy meal from McDonald’s (where my mom worked) out of the bag, and set it on my place at the table. Looking back over my shoulder, I saw that my mom hadn’t moved from where she stood at the door. Instead she stood looking at a spot in my room. I immediately knew what she was looking at. My room had a growing hole in the ceiling, right above my dolls. It had been growing exceptionally fast over the past month. My family didn’t have enough money to fix it, so they were trying to resolve it by buying a caravan. The problem was though, with my parent’s minimum wage jobs, we didn’t have enough money for that either.

 After I finished eating, I went back into my room. Pulling a chunk of insulation off my favorite doll, I set them up around a small table and pretended that they were at a tea party. After a while though, I got tired of that, and turning off my favorite bulldog lamp, I clambered into bed and waited for my mom to come and tuck me in. I fell asleep almost instantly after I pulled the sheets over me. I woke up to the sound of a truck pulling into our driveway and a flash of headlights through my bedroom window through the openings in the blinds. I rushed over to my window and saw my dad’s truck pulling in, but it was towing something behind it, something that I couldn’t quite make out. I ran to greet him at the front door too, but he didn’t come in, so I went out. I was astonished when I went out, at what my dad was pulling behind his truck. A shiny, new caravan was waiting in our driveway. I pulled open the small door and climbed the stairs to what I saw as hope that my life had turned for the better. I looked around, speechless at the working heaters and cleanness of the place, as my dad walked in. “How?” I started, but my dad cut me off. “Lots of people made donations, just for us.” I took to looking around again until I woke up, for real this time, to a mouthful of insulation from the attic.

 I ran to the window, just to be upset by the sight of my dad’s truck, towing nothing. Maybe he just moved it so I can’t see it from my window, I thought. I rushed outside, only to be disappointed more. If only people would have donated, if only it had all been real. I would trade this messy house for a caravan, for heating, for the chance to have at least a sliver of hope that my life would turn around, which all seemed luxurious to me. If only other people would take that last step and help us out…