

CHRISTINA WALKER

When I Was 10

“If you pull a face like that it might stay forever,” her mother said, but though it sounded believable Anna couldn’t stop scowling. Her most hated cousin Priscilla was visiting with Uncle Tony and Auntie Glenda. And now after coffee and cake, the usual walk around the neighborhood. All together like a big happy family. At least that’s what her mother tried to present to the outside. Anna knew better. And she knew better not to argue. So she put on her coat and her shoes and out they went. She thought about inviting her best friend Susan to come over later, something nice to look forward to. But first the dreaded walk. All the houses looked the same. Maybe here or there a different splash of colour for the front door. Boring. Anna stared to the ground and dragged her feet on the footpath. Oh! What was that? Something blinking, shining silvery in the long grass. She crouched down. And smiled. A 50cent coin. She grabbed it and held it close, but Cousin Priscilla was already at her side. “What’s that, Anna?”, her mother asked in the background. No choice but to show her find to everyone. She held the coin in her palm.” Oh, that’s mine!” Priscilla called and snatched the piece out of Anna’s hand. “What! You are lying, I just found it.” “I lost it yesterday”, her cousin answered and pocketed the money. “But you weren’t even here yesterday!” Anna looked to her mother, who silently shook her head. “But that’s not fair!” Her mother came over and took her hand, but she pulled away.

And thus I learned that life is not fair. And the only person you can rely on is yourself. And to hide whatever I find - if it’s in the long grass or a safe.