Story

I always hated these days, father would leave for days on end going ‘hunting’ but I knew what he was really doing. He was sneaking of to the bar with his mates and trying to escape the never-ending sound of childish screams and tantrums that flooded the house. In these times of my father’s absence I would be left behind and be forced to look after my little brothers and sisters. After I had put the little kids to sleep I would walk out onto the porch, sit in my chair and gaze out into the stars. I would sit here until about 8 o’clock when this young black man would walk past on his way home from the cotton fields. Father was very vocal about his beliefs of how the black community and how they were all crazy and psychotic but I could never see these attributes from looking at this man. He seemed so calm and refined, he didn’t look especially violent in fact he didn’t look threatening at all. He acted almost like a white man except for his left arm which didn’t seem to move at all.