I played along with the wild dance of the wind, which made things bearable despite the high sun. Mommy was busy, making the home, which was all she seemed to do. Sometimes I wish we were still homeless; life was better then. I will not linger on those days in the buildings that the government considered as adequate replacement for real home; they were pass dilapidated and enough of things from the asshole.   
 A year ago from the time I now recall, a woman called Fay, died. Apparently, she was cowardice, for she claimed that my mom was blood relation. I have not called her a weak bitch because she gave away her child; after all, she was only sixteen, when my mom slid out from between her legs. I refuse to grant her any respect for her actions when she was not so much of a fool as when she was sixteen. Those actions resulted in my mom getting a called, a month before the time I mentioned before. She was not able to get that call, which was directed to my father, who broke his back for a dollar per hours. If we were not leaning on the broken government for a home, the rent would have been no less than 150 dollars; can you work that math?   
 On the night he received the call, his face did not hang helplessly from his face as it usually did after he was finished for the day, with the worthless job he had. Do not let my words about dad; incline your mind to think he was a moron. No one is as sweet as he is. However, he had always needed an hour with us, for the smile he owned to kiss his lips. On this night, he had an immediate smile. My mother was busy in the space we used for the kitchen and we tended to have our meals in that same room. When my dad would join my mom in cooking, he always sat on a washing machine, which stole a piece of that space.   
 I have never liked to see a broken face on my dad hence I reluctantly looked up. The strength of my attraction to the piece of drawing I was creating was not enough to prevent my jovial run towards my father, though I had not a clue to the source of his smile. When I jumped elatedly into his arms, he kissed straight on my forehead. He held me steadily in his arms as he walked into the narrow passage that was allowed by the clustering of cluster, which was a constant for our small living area.   
 He placed me on the washing machine, so he could use both his hands freely. He slap my mom on that place, before he wrapped his arms around her waist and extended his head to kiss her right cheek. “What have been put in your drinks?” She asked half-heartedly.   
“I got a call today, though it was meant for you.” He said through a broken smile. Now my mother turned to look at my father with all her interest.   
“What are you talking about?” She asked when turned.   
“I got a call from the Adoption Agency, she have finally decided to see you.” When daddy said those words, I will swear I have never seen my mother so happy before.   
 Two day later, an ugly car picked us up. It was ugly because it was longer than any I had ever seen at that age. In addition, it was black. In the sight my young eyes, the drive to the house, I swear, had taken more hours than could fill a day. Before we had entered the car, a black man, grayed by age, though I doubt he was yet 45 years of age, entered all three of us into the car. My eyes, full of naivety were shocked because of the gap that existed between the three in the back of the car.   
 My mother touched her blouse to indicate to me that I needed to check my suit, so it looked immaculate. I had not worn that suit for as long as my memory went back. Was it for the death of Grandpa Rupert? He always had a smile for me. I used the glass of one of the back doors of the car, though it did not provide adequate imaging. When I felt accomplished in what I had done for myself, I turned just to have jarls that were barely hanging to my face, to fall farther. It was just beautiful then, the house.   
 I lingered at the side of daddy, and he held me close, so I would show that I were gleeful because we were to be inside the building soon. The walk to the house took too long as far as I was concerned. A frail man opened the door in the moment my mom was about to knock. He smiled at us quick and sure, he felt it was in the company of heavenly things, but I did not see that effect beyond his badly aging teeth. He bent his back and swung his hands. We stepped inside the house without shame because of the man’s welcome. He closed the door eagerly behind us, and he walked on the flank of us, near mommy. My dad looked at the frail being with stern eyes, until the man was in front of all of us.   
 We walked along a small stretch of hall, which terminated with stairs. Excuse what I have just said, the fore mention being mere stairs. The abundant of gold on the railings were to blind those from the Middle East eyes. My mother had advised to hold on slightly when I climb to the top, but I had preferred to fall than to make imperfect those things that I needed to put rough hands on. Reluctantly, I did hold them; could I have fight against the looks of an angry mother and win?   
 The amount of steps stoned on the flight was vast even for those whom were older. I saw a wide eye in my father’s face, when he looked at me to check if I were all right. The stairs finished and left us the present of walls with many pictures in gold trimmed frames. All the pictures held persons that smiled with heavy cheeks and all their eyes seemed to look up in a search for the sky. I adored them back then, for they were graceful in my eyes. I slowed my walking in respect of the nobles whom looked over me. The old man pushed me in the back, so I would hurry along, as if I were good enough to be in the present of greatness. Doors interrupted the wall, periodically. A central door dwarfed the others, with a size that would bring no earning in the hearts of giants. Mr. Frail stopped the three of us at that door, as his weak hands struggled to pull the massive door open. He must have broken something, because he stopped pulling in a snap. In a quick realization that he was in company of others, he resume his muscle-breaking job as if he had not stopped.   
 He had a reason to pretend he was a young man, as in short time, he the door opened, which swung back with the heavy force that was expelled on it. He breathed through small breaths as he led us into the room the doors stood over. To my eyes, the doors needed not be so magnificent; beyond them was nothing spectacular. *Why had someone needed so much books*, I thought when I saw the glorious bookshelves; do not believe I loved books then.   
 In front of the bookshelves was an ancient looking table that had the skin of a lion on it; that was what my small mind led me to believe. I saw three chairs laid out on one side this table, two were beautiful and big, while the other was made of plastic. On the other side of the table, I saw a middle age woman, whom had her right hand on a chair as she looked at us. She turned her back to us. Fully turned, she bent her neck as if she were speaking to someone. The conversation had not gone on for more than a minute, when she looked at us. That was an instant action, which must have given her knowledge through an unspoken word. She promptly resumed her words with the unknown person, for longer this time. That was before she turned and looked at us. Her hand spun around the chair, revealing whom with, she had had words.   
 The person tried to lift her head, and obtain a proper look at us, but failed miserable in her attempt. Lines made evident the desperate time the woman was in. Her skin was dropping off her face like water over a rapid, the lips of her mouth were wetted, and she had not licked them. Her eyes had retreated closer to her skull, than where it should have been. The aging, made me fear old age, for I hate to so many spots.   
 I could hardy heard her words, when she tried to talk. Her words preceded the dropping of water from her mouth in a slow monologue. A quick hand with that held a napkin whipped away her shame. The standing woman rugged at the old woman’s shoulder, then she stooped down in order that she could have whispered something in her ear.   
“Forgive her weakness; none of us are beyond the hand of God. Son,” she started with me. “This is your blooded grandmother. Her name is Glocenia Black.” She, my grandmother, I thought through a haze of enlightenment. I bow to both ladies, because I was taught to behave that way.   
 Mrs. Black tired again to speak to my mother and found strength, when I thought she had nothing left. “May I…I…want to have private words with you.” It was a struggle for her, but the words did come. Without hesitation, my dad gently held me by my hand to exist, not before he kissed mama tightly on the lips. Mr. Frail quickly paid attention to Mrs. Black request and began leading us away from the room. We were led to one of the doors I had passed downstairs.   
 Beyond the door was a living room looking room. There was an elongated sofa, which had a running television in front of it. I sat tentatively on that sofa; I did not want to ruin it in any way. My father was more boisterous in his action, as he found the sofa to be comforting.   
“You will find that we have all the station you can imagine as apart of our cable connection. Please do not scroll cautiously with this remote.” He handed my father a remote, then. “I am not too old to attention to your needs. Do not hush your mouth if you call me.” Mr. Frail disappeared like the wind from amongst our present. My dad had already started to scroll through the channels. I wished he would accidentally pause on a cartoon channel, but I was not hopeful. As I thought he would, he stopped on a sport channel. Cricket a game with two teams of eleven was on that channel. I saw him fold his legs and leaned back on the sofa.   
 Time went by quickly; I had learnt to love dad’s favorite game over the small number of ages I had gone through, then. This match was between the West Indies and Australia, and it was a one-day match. I was mad because I doubted the old woman would be able to speak long enough for me to see the match to its finish.   
 Three hours had passed before my mom came into the room. She called my father close to her. They spoke to each other in that position for ten minutes. When time that given away ten minutes, they started to leave the room. As if I were only an after-thought, they turned to look at me. They bowed to my level and my dad was standing close and held hung his hand across her shoulders as she spoke to me. “Our life is about to change. You will have to wait here with Mr. Brown and your grandma while we are gone for a day or two.” I must have seemed to understand and had no objection, for they left the room quickly after my mom stood up.

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Mrs. Black or the old woman, least of all my grandmother, died the following month. It was a royal process, that funeral. Now my memory is back at the day I started to describe first. I had the friendship of a few boys and girls then. However, I had no doubts that I was not a permanent situation; even at that young age, I trusted slowly. Since it was the early part of my first summer holidays in my new home, I knew nothing much about the environment in which I lived.   
 Mama had taught me an imaginary line, where feet where never to cross. That was not a problem to me; the old woman had gathered much land in her living years; I was glad for that. Why had she liked to watch over me so much? How far could have gone with fence all around me? I did not feel the will to keep up my usual evading acts, so I played where I was permitted.   
 It was then I saw it for the first time. I stumble into it, instead of carefully walking into it. The fall was so sudden that she had not eyes quick enough to see what had happened. The hole was only six feet deep, and I had a greater emotion for my survival than I did for my arm broken arm. The sobs were many as I shout for her: “Martha!” “Martha!” “Martha!” I was foolish for believing, she would have heard me; my young voice would have never cause enough vibration to reach Martha’s ears.   
 Fear was still having a party in my stomach, when I decided to pull myself up from the burning tears that licked heavily on face, a driving force to my temporary depression. This was a decision that was aided the tunneling that extended from the entrance where I stood to the dark unknown. Suddenly adrenaline kicked and my heart was being driven to fast pace only by the impending excitement.   
 I lacked confidence in my steps, though I had no doubts to the direction, which I was following. I was holding my left elbow with my right hands and I stumbled along at a quick, yet cautious pace. Nothing caught my eyes, until I saw it. I doubted magnetism had so power, for what pulling was more than magnetism.   
 I was finally able to pull my outstretched hands closer to my thorax when I was no lesser than an inch away from it. It shone; it shone in all the clichés known. In the last year, I had gotten to see fancy things. I wish they were as fine as this stone. I looked for a flaw on its silver exterior, in fact even a single scratch. However, my untrained eyes only failed me.   
 Mommy had told me not to touch the unknown blindly, but I close my eyes as I reached for the precious piece. My eyes were close, so I did not realized what had happened. My blood-filled eyes catch us a glimpse of the tip of my graying finger and I saw nothing more. Yet, the closure of my eye did not stop the pain that had the effect of needles. From my fingers, unto my new muscles of my arm into the crossing near my shoulder, then beyond that to my cerebellum, so I last my balance. The pain forced its way to where my cerebrum and that part of my brain, which sent the pain through my spine. The pain did not bother with my legs for I was already on my back. This meant, the pain could focus more on my brain, so it could claim my mind, rendering me insane thereafter.   
 I remember nothing more after, the pain was everywhere: from my eyes to where my brain controlled my sight. I remember nothing after before I woke in the arms of Martha, for mom and dad were on their break from the hopeful watch over their helpless son.