

Someone Remembered Me

“Hurry up!” my cousins shout. Heart pounding from exertion, I run faster. Trying to find my little eight year old shoes in that unbelievably huge cabin in the woods. I find them under a chair in the basement. I fly up the stairs and burst through the front door onto the porch, then past a porch swing and the railing and on to the road that ran in front of the cabin.

“Wait for me!” I holler, I almost fall onto the black paved road, the sound of my cousins, aunts, and uncles shoes tapping the road fades as does my hope that they would hear me yelling. I glance at the heavy, burdened, gray sky. It's like a person who knows they're going to burst out crying as soon as they're alone. I turn around in the saddest I-just-got-forgotten way you've ever seen.

As I trudge back towards the cabin, I hang my head, the many sounds of the summer forest, occasionally making me look up, birds singing, wind dancing with grass, bees buzzing from flower to flower, the occasional sound of deer trotting, all sounds heightened by my discouragement. Then another sound joined the noise but it was a soft sound, a human sound, a human voice.

“Elaine, come sit with me.” Melaine, my cousin, says kindly. I walk toward her and sit on the brown, polished, wooden porch swing next to her. I am ten years younger than her. We haven't found a way to bridge the giant age gap. We sway back and forth, my short legs dangling. The swing creaks noisily.

“It's so loud!” She comments. We laugh. Being left behind feels less of a tragedy now.

“What's your favorite color?” She inquires.

“Blue.”

“What about your favorite animal?” she says while I scooch closer to her, my heart warms from her interest in me.

“I like foxes.” I say smiling at the thought of my favorite animal.

“Why do you like foxes?”

“Cause they’re cute,” their soft ears, their adorable snouts, and the way they tuck their tail around them to sleep. It is no mystery why I love them.

“They are, aren't they? How are you liking this family reunion?”

“It’s good. I liked the talent show.”

“Me too.”

The conversation trailed off. We swung back and forth, back and forth, in silence. A calming sensation fills me as I gaze at the swaying in the slight breeze. Soon she perks up and says,

“Looks like the other cousins are back. You can go play with them now.”

“Thanks for talking to me.”

“Yeah, of course.”

I run toward my cousins. *They don't mention that they forgot me or they might have not even noticed.* I dismiss the thought. Then another pops up in its place. *At least someone remembered me.*