

I Had Watched
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With my body limp on the hard linoleum floor, my black, round eyes reflecting the artificial light, I had watched. I had watched for a long time.

I had watched as the boy who used to love me screamed at the woman who had first taught him to love. I had watched as a large, burly man slapped the boy for being disrespectful, rude.

My short white hair had started to wear out, fall out, my eyes growing dimmer and dimmer by the day. My pink nose had faded to grey, and my squeak had turned to a whimper. I had become a part of the ground, almost completely gone. Forgotten. My family no longer loved me, because who had the time to love a pathetic, old bear? Who had the time to cuddle me when they were all screaming and shouting at each other?

I had watched, scene after scene, day after day, fight after fight, hoping, praying, wishing that my fate would be reversed. That someone would pick me up gently and say they loved me. Say they would never let me go. That's what the boy had once told me. Long ago. Before the fighting had begun.

Before I was damned to spend the rest of my life on the hard, linoleum floor, my black, round eyes reflecting the artificial light, watching.