

Shameela

By Claire

I woke up to the light coming through the holes in the shack I call my home. I lay in bed thinking about how my mom is always worried and how my older siblings tried to explain to me that we are stateless.

My sister takes me to the line for the toilet; we share it with 100 people. We walk back into the hut and sit on the floor and eat our breakfast. After we eat I head out to school, I am the only of my family to go to school.

When I get there I have the mud from the swamp on my shoes and branches in my hair. I see the other kids in my school look the same. We sit on the floor and work on the work the teacher gave us to work on when we finish we are dismissed to go home and help there until the next day. When I get home there is a puddle of water in the middle of our hut and all of my older siblings were helping to patch it. When we've patched the best at the moment we go out and get our fish for dinner and bring it home to mama so we can have it for dinner. Later we walk out into the village to see our friends. When we get to the middle of the village we see the huts being patched and people where hurrying to each other's hut.

“What is wrong mama?” I ask my mother.

“I was thinking of Burma and how I left my friends and family. I hope eventually you will have status here and be able to have a good life here,” she says looking at me sadly.

“Maybe things will get better soon, mama.”

We walk back to our hut and sit down in our spots where we sleep and lay down. My mother tucks me in and we all talk about what we will do tomorrow to be able to have the things we need. To help us sleep my mother sings a lullaby to us. Even after my siblings and mother are asleep, I lay awake hoping things will get better soon.