

Sweeping the dust off the porch is ridiculous to me. It's gonna get covered again, so why do anything at all? Though I guess you could apply that logic to anything. Why shower when you're just gonna get dirty again? Why cook when you're just gonna get hungry again? It's all a bunch of nonsense to me.

Sweat beads on my forehead as the harsh sun beats down on this small town. The awning does nothing to protect me from the heat, despite being there for that exact reason. To catch my breath and cool off, I lean against the handle of the broom and glance around. Our house is a bit away from the heart of this place. A dirt road winds and twists down the hill towards all the markets and whatnot, lined by weeds and dead grass. An old rickety fence separates the path and our porch; I think it's stupid. I don't see the reason for it being there, it always swings open with the smallest gust of wind. I've never liked living in the middle of nowhere, but it's all I know.

"Honey, are you almost done?" My momma calls from the second floor window. I squint as I look up, raising my hand to block the sun.

"Would you believe me if I said yes?" I call back. A heavy sigh makes me smile.

"Get back in here, it's too hot out there." The broom clatters on the ground as I rush inside of the house. It's not much cooler in here, we don't have that fancy tech like the people in the cities, but it's better than being out in the direct heat. Mom's footsteps thump down the stairs as she makes her way towards me.

"Ugh, this house needs a deep clean," she grumbles. I groan in response.

"Not it."

"Doesn't work if you don't have siblings." Mom pokes the middle of my forehead and I swat her hand away with a huff.

"I want siblings. Are you gonna remarry?" I nearly gasp as I realize how blunt I was.

"Well, I mean, there's no rush, right? Take your time, it doesn't matter—"

"Calm down, you're fine. I do plan to remarry, but... since your father, I've had high standards." She chuckles like she said something funny. There's a moment of silence between us. "Go get dressed into something more comfortable, I'll be making dinner soon."

"What's for dinner?"

"Food." God, she's insufferable sometimes. Her soft laugh fades off as I head upstairs to my room. Each stair creaks with my weight pressing on it. I have no clue how old this house is, but by the way the stairs creak with the smallest step and how the doors moan loudly when opened, I'd have to guess at least a hundred years old.

My room isn't anything special, we don't have a lot of money for decorations, but I like it nonetheless. My bed sits in the corner and a full body mirror rests against my wall. There's a small drawer that holds my clothes, a few of the toys that I've managed to get sit on the top. A few toy horses, a half-completed puzzle, and an old doll from when I was little. Granted, I'm only eleven, so I still am little. My point still stands.

*We need to go clothes shopping*, I think. Looking through my drawer, I notice that I don't have a good variety of outfits. My overalls are getting quite worn out, and frankly too small, my nightgown is more of a shirt at this point, and I only have two or so pairs of jeans and shirts. There's not really a proper clothing shop nearby, though. I guess I can figure that out later. For now, I just toss on my shirt-nightgown and some shorts. Before I head out of my room, though, I glance at myself in my mirror. I look a lot like my mom. Dark skin, black puffy hair. A couple bandages are wrapped around my legs due to the multitude of falls I've experienced.