

# What Is Lost Must Be Found

by, Caroline M., 1st period, Brown

It all happened in a flash, she was there and then she wasn't. Two months ago my mother left my family in the middle of the night, no one knows why and everyone has pretty much given up on trying to figure out the mystery, but me? I'm not sure I could ever give it up. The biggest question in my mind was "why?" why would she leave her only child motherless at the age of 12. Every morning before school, reasons and ways to find her went through my head. None of them ever seemed, well, reasonable. They were always outrageous plans, like digging a tunnel under the city and pop up every once in a while to see if she was around, or to hire guys to go out and look for her. Even my grades in school have been dropping because of these silly ideas distracting me. Then there was that one night. It was raining and thundering with streaks of lightning running across the sky. Once again I lay there thinking, when for some odd reason, something in my mind just turned and I realized that finding my mother isn't completely impossible. Only half thinking about my decision, I jumped out of bed and started to grab and throw some extra clothes on my bed. I got my school bag from the corner of my room and quickly stuffed everything inside. Lastly I took a few 20s from my money box and put that in the smallest pocket of the bag. That morning I acted like it was a normal school day. Instead of going the normal way though, I started walking in the direction I call "the scenic route" to school. My dad knows I take this route some times except today my final destination wasn't school, I was going to find my mom. I had absolutely no idea where to start. To me the most helpful thing to do was to ask people on the streets and check at hotels to see if anyone had seen her. So that's what I did, for the entire day. After seven hours of walking and figuring out where to go next, it felt like someone had walked both my head and feet with a giant hammer. I didn't realize it until I saw a map of the town on the side of a bus stop, that I was already very far away from home. An aching feeling started to form in my stomach and I felt very home sick. "I can't believe I did this" I whispered to myself "how in the world am I supposed to find her, she could be dead for all I know, I just miss her so much". I felt tears start to fall from my eyes. Before I knew it I was asleep at the bus stop with the map on the side. When I felt sunlight touch my face, I checked my mom's old flip phone to see what time it was, it was 5:40 AM. "grrrrr" my stomach was telling at me, I never realized that I didn't have lunch or dinner yesterday, but I did manage to sneak some extra protein bars into my backpack. I fished for those in the second smallest pocket and began munchkin. As I was eating I started to think about my dad. "He must be worried sick about me" I thought. I hope he does it send out some kind of search for me, that would be very embarrassing. I pushed the thought aside and started making a check list of all the places I've been to and all the places I need to go in my notebook. Most were motels and hotels and some places around different parks. No one had seemed to have seen a tall black hair woman with crystal blue eyes who'd be wearing a bracelet I gave her last mother's day. I finished the list and checked the map to find where Shooting Star Motel was. It wasn't too far so I decided to walk. Once again, people on the streets, people in stores and people in the motel had not seen my mom. Don't get me wrong, knew this was gonna be hard, but not THIS hard. I just wished she would show up already, just come back and explain why she left in the first place and how come she never called or wrote to us. I started walking down to Broken Fence Park, asking a few more people along the way, again, nothing. I laid down on a bench and watched as people threw

frisbees for their dogs and lay down picnic blankets over the grass. It was very peaceful to watch everyone go about their daily lives, not knowing what's going on in others. I soon fell asleep. "IZZA!? is it you? sweetie wake up" I thought I was dreaming so I kept my eyes shut. Until I felt hand start to tickle my sides just like mamma always did and I knew it was her. I jumped up and hugged her with the strength of a bear. "MOM!" I cried, tears following my words. she started to cry to, "im sorry" she whispers in between breaths "im so sorry". I just kept on hugging and didn't say anything. After what felt like three years, I managed to ask "momma, why did you leave?" "Honey, I was fired from both of my jobs, and I was way too embarrassed to tell you and your father, so, stupid me, I decided to go out and find a good job for me, I know it was a horrible thing to do but it's my job to help keep this family going too, and I felt like I lost that job when I was fired". "it's ok mom, I'm just glad you're here now, your coming home right?" I said. "yes I am, I even found 4 other job options and I was just on my way back when I saw a little girl on a bench that looked a lot like my little girl" she smiled at me and I grinned back. words cannot explain the joy and relief I felt to have my best friend and mother back. I grabbed my back pack, held my mom's hand and cheerfully said "Mom, let's go home!"