

Amy P.

## Lost

I walked out of my room. I checked my Mom's room. She wasn't there. I checked the kitchen. She wasn't there. I checked everywhere. She wasn't home! I ran outside, "Mom, Mom, where are you?" I screamed. I was scared. Where could she be?

I went to my neighbor's house. *Ding, dong.* The door opened. "Hi, have you seen my mom?" I was starting to sweat. "No, Catherine, I haven't." They closed the door. I ran to the next house, and the next, and the next, but the same thing happened over and over again. Until I go to the last house, my poor Uncle Fredrick, who doesn't own a car. When I knocked on the door, no one came. I knocked again, nothing. Where could my Uncle Fredrick be?

I didn't let that bother me. I needed to find my Mom, it was most important. I thought maybe she might have gone on an errand. Then, I realized, I could call her. I pulled out my phone. "Come on, come on, pick up," I said. But all my hope faded when it went to voicemail, so I called her again and again, and on the last call when it went to voicemail, I felt like falling to the ground and crying. But I knew I needed to find her so I ran to some of her favorite places.

First, I went to *Just Can't Coffee*, it was a place where she and dad used to go on dates...until...he...died. I put that aside. "I need to find mom," I whispered. I ran to *Just Can't Coffee* and when I got there, I pushed open the door. I looked left. I looked right. Left, right, left...she wasn't there! I walked outside and sat on a bench. Where would mom go? Where could she be? Where? Where? Then, it hit me, maybe the grocery store. But, how could I search the entire store, I don't have that kind of time. What if she came home? The first thing I can do is get to the grocery store. I was tired of running but I did it anyways.

Finally I arrived, out of breath. I put my hands over my head and relaxed for a second so I could think. I got it! I ran to the front desk, "Can you call for Clarice

Saltz?" I spoke faster than I could process the words coming out of my mouth.

"Clarice Saltz, my mom, I need your help, I can't find..."

"Slow down, Sweetie. You're going to talk your heart out." He was right.

I was so worried I couldn't think, it felt like my heart had stopped.

He held up a finger to signal me to be quiet. Then, he pressed a button on some sorta speaker thing and said, "Clarice Saltz, could you please come to the front desk? Clarice Saltz, to the front desk, please." He let go of the button and looked at me.

I sat on a chair that was near the wall and waited, and waited for an hour, I waited. "Thanks for your help but she's not here."

Then, I went outside to think of where to go next. I sat down on a bench and pulled out my phone. I tried calling but she didn't pick up. That's it. I'm going to the police station. I need to find my Mom!

When I got to the police station, I didn't know where to go at first, so I found a random police officer. "Hello, my name is Catherine Saltz, I need help finding my mom!"

Now, my heart was racing and I had broken into a sweat.

"Whoa, slow down, come with me." I followed the tall policeman into the blank room, nothing on the walls or the floor besides a table and two chairs. "Please take a seat, I'll be right back." The policeman left and two or more minutes later he returned with a computer, and another policeman holding a pencil and a pad of paper. Then, they interviewed me. They asked my name, where I had seen my mom last and if I had contact with my dad. That was the hardest question to answer. In the meantime, I followed a short, blond-haired police officer to his office to wait for them to come back.

The tall police officer from earlier walked in with his head down and tears rolling down from his eyes. I knew at that moment that my mom was not okay, but I asked anyways, "Where is she, is she okay?" My words trembled as she came out.

He looked at me and explained, "Catherine, we found her by ...a...wrecked...car..." His words hit my heart like a bullet.

"She's dead?" I couldn't believe the words coming out of my mouth.

“No, she’s still alive, but unconscious. She’s in the hospital recovering. She might be there a while considering the damage.”

The next thing I knew, I was on my way to the hospital. When I got to my mom’s hospital room, I ran to her side. “Oh, mom, please don’t leave me. Please be okay. Stay, stay, don’t leave like dad...”

The next few days I stayed at the hospital-helping Mom get better and our relationship grew in love. Who knew a tragic accident can lead to a mother-daughter relationship?

“I love you, Mom!”

“I love you, more, Catherine!”