

# Wanted: A Mother

By Nina B,10

Silence. Then, "Shush, it's okay now." Yet more silence. All you could hear was the cat padding around gently on the floor, and the clock ticking on the mantelpiece. Minutes went by – hours even. It seemed like forever before the all-clear was delivered. Shivering, I clambered into bed, Tom(the cat)nodding off in my heavy arms. The black-out curtains swayed in the wind, and the rustle of tea-bags could be heard as mother made her evening tea. My breathing slowed to a steady rhythm, and my eyes shut wearily as I huddled up in bed. And with that, I dozed off, just like any other day.

Yawning and stretching, I sat up in bed, as the sun rose lazily behind the curtains. At once, I knew something was wrong. There was no boiling of the kettle, no scuffing of shoes. Breathing heavily, I crept out of bed, pulling my jumper on over the top of my nightdress in a hurry. I slipped on my best brown kid boots with ease and ran around the flat, desperately trying to find my mother. But mother seemed to have disappeared overnight. Then a thought struck me – mother was gone and it was my mission to find her.