

Melted away

I watched as who I once knew ran. They could honestly care less about a plastic toy. I knew it was more important for them to run instead of grabbing me. I was engulfed in flames and I couldn't see anything. I knew it was my time as I started melting. It must have lasted hours, days , even maybe weeks until the fire went out. The air was smoky and humid. I watched families spill out into the street with no homes to go to. I saw dead people. I knew the street I had loved before had changed for the worst. White men dressed in black suits came over to the land and started talking about building. I didn't know why they were talking about building when there were people that needed help. I was melting away watching the situation until they left and got yelled at rightfully so. I looked around and saw the little girl that played with me everyday laying on the ground next to me injured but alive. I didn't know what to think or even do about the situation. I felt so bad and her parents came to her with burns all over. They hugged her in their arms realizing she couldn't be saved. Her parents took her away crying in agony looking at what was left of their beautiful little girl. The white men in suits came back and started building over me. The building was so heavy I felt wood, bricks, paint, and tiles. I wondered what happened to my family. It had been months, years and decades. As my plastic decomposed slowly I started wondering if I would ever be out from under this building again. I was just a plastic doll. My yarn hair had fully decomposed and my cloth torso, legs, and arms had disintegrated. It had been so long since I had been played with. My head was chipped of industrial paint and I had almost fully

disintegrated. All that was left of me was a little doll head full of good memories and bad memories laying in ruins of The Greenwood district.