

Never Alone

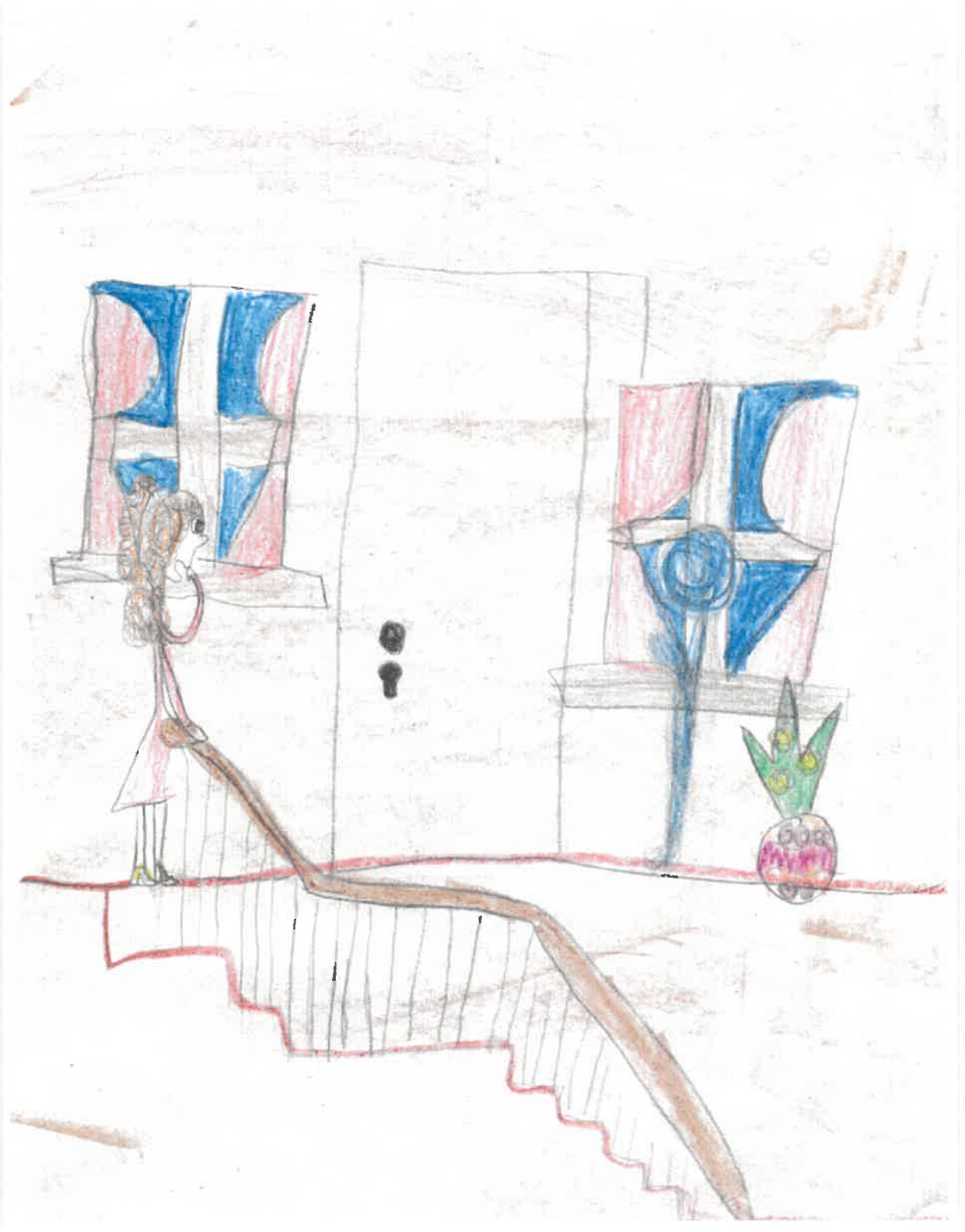


By Violet Moneta,
Second Grade Iroquois Elementary School 2022

Dedicated to
My Mom

Tomorrow is my twelfth birthday. I'm usually excited, but this year just isn't the same because my mom said we have to move. Moving doesn't scare me. I've just always lived here. I don't want to leave. My dad built our house. Living here makes me feel close to him even though he's gone.

That night, as I lay in bed, I saw something unbelievable—a ghost! I immediately went to tell my mom, but she didn't believe me. Then, I started to think. Why me? Why now? Maybe there was a reason for the visit.



After I fell asleep, I had a strange dream. In the dream I saw the ghostly figure holding me as a baby. At breakfast I told my mom about the dream. "Maybe your dad is visiting for your birthday," mom said.

When at school I found it hard not to tell my friends about the ghost. When I sat down at lunch, I heard someone say "I'll miss you when you move," but I could only think about the ghost.



"You don't seem like
yourself today."

"So are
you
telling
me you
hate it."

"Are
you
OK?"

"You
should be
happy to
move."

"You
just see
things!"

After I got home from school, I slowly walked up the stairs to my bedroom. When I reached the top, the ghost appeared. "Dad?" I whispered. The ghost nodded. I told him about not wanting to move. About not wanting to lose him again. "Just because something is gone from your life doesn't mean it is gone from you," he said. "I'll always be with you," he said. Then, disappeared.



The week before moving I spent a lot of time with my friends. When the last day in my old house finally arrived, I started to get a little nervous so I just thought about what my dad said. The car ride to our new house was long. What if I don't make friends? What if my new teachers are mean? What if my dad was wrong?



As I sat in the car in front of our new house, I noticed something in one of the windows. My dad's ghost. At that moment I knew everything would be ok and that some things never do leave you.

