

I hold my stomach and think to myself

“What’s next?”

In Rio de Janeiro, Brazil is where I live. My mother is my number one fan for me.

She helps me with everything I need

“Time for breakfast!” she says very slowly and calmly

I open my eyes and I see her pretty smile. It makes me feel like I couldn’t ask for more. I get up to eat breakfast. As I do I get up slowly trying to grab on to what I can. To pull myself up. I grab on to the other side of my bed. Mama sleeps on the floor for me. It makes me feel special about myself. Mama walks over with a small portion of meat and bread with some water. She doesn’t have to walk that far to the counter and the bed, maybe a couple of steps. Our home isn’t like a home. It’s a shack. Mama comes back no longer than two minutes she hands her bread because I’m not only eating for one but for two.