

Lost and Found

by Jed Santos

I'm inside a seemingly endless room. I've been stuck in here for what must've been months. I've lost friends and family in this room. One moment they're there, the next we've been split up. I wish for their safe return, but have no doubt they've been swallowed in the darkness. On occasion, light makes its way into the room, and I can see the towering piles of junk and trash. Sometimes I imagine my friends nearby, and I hear them calling me. But as soon as the light appears, it's gone, and they're gone as well. It's pitch black, and it smells. Have you ever smelled a garbage dump? Well, I never have, but I think it smells like that, except a million times worse. I feel the pieces of trash with my hand, and I can make distinct outlines of other figures looming in the dark. A lone figure, watching me behind rubble. Dozens of soldiers on a bridge, rifles pointed at me. Broken cars and trucks, left to rot in the cold. The sky opens again, and glorious light falls upon me. I'm frozen with fear as a giant picks me up in its hand, and takes me away from my home.

"Mom! I found my old toy robot!" The child yells to his mother as they pack for a garage sale.

"Just put in the box if you're going to sell it, sweetie." She replies.

I'm thrown into a container full of my fallen friends, foes, and other things I have yet to see. I had been lost, then I was found. And now I have been lost again.