

## Time Does Not Exist

Something I miss that I can't get back is that feeling of getting up as a kid for morning breakfast. Everyone that I live with has grown up and or moved out, so this is something we never do anymore as a family. One morning when I was five years old my gracious, but not so subtle mother creaked open me and my brother's bedroom door to wake us up for breakfast.

"Food's ready!" she shouted, but neither me nor my brother made any sudden movements. She made it her mission to wake us up. She shook us as if change would fall from us; the harder she shook, the more change that would come out of us, but still nothing. At this point I was hoping she thought I was in a coma and would let me sleep in until I woke. But just as I thought she had given up, *bam!* In came the sun through our sheet covered window she pulled back the covering of the window; it startled me as if I was having a bad dream, and what do you know, I was having a nightmare! I had been woken up at eight in the morning on a Saturday from one of the best sleeps I had ever had in my life, scary stuff, right? My eyes were open, but almost completely shut, and I tossed and turned as the crust in my eyes felt almost like cement my eyes wouldn't completely open and I didn't want them to.

Again she says, "Food's ready!" so I stretched as if I was running an Olympic sprint and jumped off of my bunk bed and landed square on my feet like a gymnast who had completed the greatest jump ever. "*That landing was perfect,*" I said to myself almost wanting to bow in great honor only to be hurried out of this glorious moment I was having with myself by my mother. She urged me to shower and get downstairs for breakfast, so I swiped my towel, hand towel, rag, soap, and toothpaste from my mother's room like a thief in the night. I hurried to the shower before my brother could get in. I always liked being the first to everything. I washed up, brushed

my teeth put on fresh morning clothes aka my pj's and ran down the steps as if I were being chased by the villain from my comic books I would read every night before bed.

As I got to the bottom step I jumped off and pretended to fight the villain as if he were in my living room-- quick swipes and constant movement. He didn't even get a hit on me, and at last he was defeated. I knew he'd be back the next morning, and I was going to be ready. As I celebrate this triumph my mother once again shields me from my moment to go and eat breakfast. I flew through the living room and past the dining room to meet my destination. My older sister and baby sister were already at the table my baby sister was as happy as a five month old could be rattling her toys and laughing so hard I thought someone had told her a baby joke.

My older sister was furious, eyes dead locked at the food, arms folded and her nose scrunched up like there was a funny smell in the air. I asked, "Why the face sis?"

She rolled her eyes irritated and mumbled, "Mom won't let us eat until both of y'all are down here."

I felt a little bad after she said that, and seeing her almost explode like a nuclear combustion at the kitchen table, but I didn't feel too bad. I had an Olympic style performance and defeated a comic book villain this morning; I felt accomplished. My brother tumbled down the steps as if he didn't have his two front toes for balance. As I sat down at the kitchen table, I was challenged by the question to ask if he took a shower or not. He looked horrible moving slower than if a turtle and a snail, and had baby bags under his eyes the size of a woman's vacation luggage and his shirt was just as drowsy as he was, but once the world turned around a few times he finally reached the table and assured me that he was still half asleep.

Now that we are all at the table my mother brought the food from the countertops to the kitchen table. Bacon plied and over flowed, enough eggs to feed the world, mountains of pancakes and sausages almost in pounds. She made me my older brother and sister a plate;the plate was bigger than me as my feet swung from the chair like pendulums. There was a mountain of breakfast food overflowing my plate that I could barely see over. My baby sister had to eat baby food, but she was happier to see the baby food rather than the mountains of breakfast we had. My mother sat down with all of us and blessed the food as usual but this one felt different almost as if a spiritual presence was in the kitchen it felt like butterflies were swarming around in my stomach. Everyone shouted "Amen!". The imagination and creativity of being a carefree five year old without any worries is something I'll miss and will never be able to obtain again.