

My Twist on a Tale

A glimmer of Faith by Hayden Money – Year 9

The school bell rang, I felt emotional. We may have a long time off school. I wonder if our family may face any of the threatening, frightening and intimidating obstacles as we try and overcome this pandemic.

When myself and my younger brother Noah arrived home, we were gobsmacked to see mum crying and looking as lonely and isolated as a moon on a starless night. Besides her shivering hands I saw a pile of used tissues, looking like a mountain the size of Mount Fuji.

I stared as the tears rolled down her ice cold, pale, stiff cheeks. "What is the matter Mum?" I asked. She went on to explain how we may be struggling financially for a while as she had been furloughed from her job as a cook due to the pubs, restaurants and cafes closing. This meant that mum couldn't supply for the family to the extent that she used to and instead the government would pay her 80% of her usual salary.

A couple of days passed and I realised how significantly difficult home schooling was on an empty stomach, Mum tried her very hardest to support us through this time of uncertainty but she had more important worries like helping Noah with his homework as he is younger and she has to work out where our food will come from as there have been so many bills to pay.

Trying to spread out pasta and beans isn't easy and they are running out, they aren't the nicest thing to eat alone and they don't fill you up for long!

I miss playing football, I miss dodgeball on the street but most of all I miss being with my friends at school.

I can't wait to be back at school again! I can't wait to see the adventure playground, I can't wait to see my teachers and most of all I can't wait to be in the school hall eating hot dinners again! Today is Friday and it would have been fish and chips, oh I so want to go back. This is my final year at primary school and there are so many things I am going to miss.

We waited patiently outside the job centre hoping mum would come out with good news! It felt like she had been in there for hours. Noah was irritating me with his singing and constant whining. "Jake, when's mum coming back?", "I'm bored", "I'm tired of waiting". He was driving me crazy!

The streets were as quiet as a nefarious graveyard, apart from the car repeating the same alarm constantly which was just adding to Noah's constant moaning. The cars sound was like repetitive bombinate in the back of my head.

Suddenly mum exploded out of the job centre, I couldn't take my hawk like eyes off her expression. She was definitely satisfied but I wasn't certain why. "Finally something good is happening to us", she beamed "these are like golden tickets to heaven" she grabbed us and gave us the biggest bear hug. "Off we go to the food bank!"

As we arrived at the community centre a happy and jolly looking lady was stood waiting to greet us. "Hi guys! I'm Faith and I work here at the food bank. Would you like to sanitise your

hands and go play in the playroom?” Her face shone bright like a shining star in a pitch black sky “ help yourself to some snacks whilst me and your mum collect your shopping” she was our shred of hope to help guide us through this shameful and sorrowful pandemic.

The play room was bright, warm and cosy. Faith had hung up all of the drawings from what looked like other children that had visited. It made me feel better knowing that others had been in our shoes.

Then best of all, in the centre of the room sat a coffee table containing a bowl filled with precious, delicious and glorious treats! I picked up a bourbon biscuit. It looked so good and as I crunched into it the filling was like liquid gold ready to melt in my mouth and pass down to my ravenous, rumbling stomach.

Mum and Faith returned, mum had a smile that stretched from ear to ear. I thought this might have been the first real smile I'd seen since before the news of lockdown. She had two big bags filled to the brim with food and goodness! The excitement rised from my stomach. Our worries were over!

We had to visit the foodbank a few times over lockdown and Faith was always there for us, sometimes with home made cookies and cakes. I wondered how many other families she had saved.

She truly became our families very own superhero!