

Carla

In 1772 Carla had just moved away from her American home. Ma and Pa seemed to dislike the changes that were occurring, so Carla made her mind up to hate it as well. But she didn't understand why they had left her aunt behind. Aunt Miley had had a fight with Ma and Pa about something. But Carla was only six. She only understood that Ma and Pa were being loyal to Britain. They had set out with many other travelers and had now arrived to a little town named Hyatt's Mills.

"Why is it called Hyatt's Mills?" Carla asked.

"Because they named it after someone who's last name was Hyatt," Pa answered.

"Who is 'they', and what is so special about Mr. Hyatt?" Carla demanded.

"Oh," Pa sighed, "Stop pestering me with your questions. I'm tired of answering them." So Carla kept quiet. She knew not to continue annoying her father. After all, the saying did say: 'Children must be seen, not heard.' Ma had reminded her countless times to keep quiet during the trip, and Carla could see that she was wearing her parents out, but she just had so much to ask, and so many things she didn't understand.

"Here we are," she heard Ma say. Carla hurried to her mother's side.

"Are we going to go back to see aunt Miley?" she inquired. Ma's shoulders seemed to sag as she asked this.

"No," she replied quietly.

"Why not?" inquired Carla again, "I want to go back and play with Jannie!"

"Carla!" Ma said sharply. Carla shut her mouth quickly. It just wasn't her fault. She had so much to ask.

“Come along,” Ma called her, “You have to help me unpack and wash the house. Goodness! I don’t think I’ve ever seen anything so dirty!” Carla didn’t like chores, but Ma forced her to do them since she had been a little girl. She had told Carla a human soul couldn’t live without doing chores and working.

So Carla and Ma spent the rest of the day cleaning and unpacking luggage into the comfortable little house they had found in Hyatt’s Mills.

“This town will bring us our fortune,” Pa had said, “All I need to do is find a suitable job.” During that time, Pa had gone to the depot to inquire if there were any jobs he could take.

When Ma and Carla had washed and swept the house, Ma said Carla could go play outside with their dog, Ben.

“But only for half an hour,” she warned her.

While she was playing with Ben, Carla saw a little girl walking past on the sidewalk. She ran up to the gate and said hi.

“My name is Carla,” she said politely.

“I’m Sophie,” replied the little girl, “And those are my parents,” she motioned to her parents, who were just across the street, talking with a salesperson.

“Have you just arrived here, like me?” asked Carla.

“No,” Sophie shook her blond curls, “I live in that big house right there.” Carla turned her head and looked at the house.

“Wow!” she cried, considering its height, “You’re rich, aren’t you?”

“And you’re poor,” Sophie replied curtly. Carla had heard people say she was poor, but she didn’t know exactly what it meant.

“What is poor?” she inquired.

“Oh, never mind!” Sophie sniffed. She turned on her heels, and marched off to her parents. Carla returned to her Ma.

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Even though Sophie wasn't the best person she could have met, Carla still had a feeling that she was going to like her new life. It was exciting!