



*From The Ashes by Jesse Thistle*

Josh sighed and began helping me. My stomach gurgled. He looked over at me. It was Josh's job to feed us. Sometimes he'd leave Jerry and me alone for a while and walk to the convenience store to beg for money to buy food. We'd seen Dad do it and knew how to do it, too. It usually took Josh a couple of hours, but he always came back with chips and pop and other goodies. He was my hero, my chief!

Sometimes, when we got really hungry, Josh even took Jerry and me over to ask for change in front of the hockey arena around the block. It was the best spot because we could buy gigantic hot dogs there. We shared bites. The hot meat burst with such flavour that my jaw would ache up around my ears, and my tongue swam in pools of saliva. Drool would sometimes spill out of my mouth onto my shirt before I even took a bite.

