Hope?

It has been cold. November begins now.

Only sometimes, the sun was shining. The coldness will be harder. The ground is hard; the stones are uneven and cold. My back, wish I lean against a grid of iron, is hurting. I don´t feel my hands.

But I never feel anything. Sooner I had a lot of hope, but now in my had a voice says again and again: Hope, What is it? There was also angriness. To the people, I was one of them, who didn’t take a look on me, who passing me with fast steps and hadn´t just some cents for me to buy something like a piece of bread .

At the beginning, I was too proud to accept the giving of other. At the summer I found the life wonderful, I was happy that I’ am not depended of someone. I wanted to find a job. I wanted to begin a new life. I was full of hope.

I began to steal. Sooner I had sworn that I never do something like this, but my adversity was too big. I began to put a bowl in front of me, who was a lid of a bottle, to get some cents from the thousand people who passed me at every day. Later, when I life only from a gulp of water and a bred crump at a day, I wanted to give up and went in a home for waifs, but after I was at the registration office and they sad me that I have to go to a other region, because here are all homes full, I hadn’t anything of courage and now I´ am on my place in the pedestrian area of a big city, and I only life here. In Christmas time it will be colder, but the people will be also nicer to me and have some money for me. But now in the time, when all will be expensive and the people raise her money, I will be debility and my fortitude will be less.

Suddenly, I interrupt my memories. I hear voices and some mans in serious suits and with briefcases in her hands passing me. The workday has start.

Sometime later, I hear the laughing of the schoolchildren, who passing the streets in direction of school with many noisily. I remember of my time in school. I also passed the homeless people on the streets, which are old, crippled and torn. Sometimes I was laughing about them. At school I was nasty and done some bad things, which make that I was flying from three schools. I didn’t understand why I have to learn such uninterested things, from my view. Today I know I have done a big mistake, to think something like this. Now, I would like to start my life again, but I know that this is impossible.

Next, I take my look at some housewives, who are on the way to the market. One of them look at me with a mix of pity and discomfiture, come to me with careful steps and put some coins in my bowl. I thank her with a tired smile. I see that she has some similarity with my mother. I haven´t seen her for a long time. As I run away, she was crying, solicited me to stay with her, but I wanted to be free und I have never see her again and me don´t want to see her and go bag. I´ am feeling so horrible, because I have disappoint her so much. Our proportion wasn´t good. We have had big arguments, we haven´t speak with each other days long and sometime there weren´t any trusting in my unpaired mother. But this was the past and I life in the future. From the 50 cents, wish I find in my bowl, I bought a bottle of water and now the coldness is harder than before.

Some teenager passing me. I’ am so hungry, that I speak to one of them and solicit him for some money for food. He just laughs; goes to the other ones and them also laughing about me and do horrible faces. I abate my eyes to the ground. I was also like this. Now I´ am shaming for it.

It´s not suffered. The coldness, the hunger, the glimpses. I would do all to come out of this miserly, but what can I do? I have to accept this, I have to be strong, get my life on the right way. But how? I´ am alone, helpless, I haven’t a perspective. How it can be goes on? The coldness will be harder and harder. I don´t know, if I can survive this winter. It’s so cold, too cold. I take a decision as a drop of rain touch my arm. It must be stopping, I have to go out, I want to make a new beginning.

I think about, how I can do this, as a police officer come the way, who want to bring kilter at the pedestrian. I see my chance was coming and speak to him: “Please, I´ am cold, so cold, please help me. I want to go in a home for waifs. PLEASE!” The police officer look at me and answer: “I have to do some more importantly as to help someone like you. Besides here It´s forbidden to beg.” He goes away and I see to him with a big despair inside me. It’s too late. I can´t go one.

The next day, the place in front of the grid is empty. A wind cold as ice goes over the pedestrian and the paper and plastique, wish aren´t collecting of the dustbin by the garbage man, fly with them. As the wind stop for a short time, a newspaper, wish was from one of the businessman fall on the ground. It was open and one article of the side was an eye-catcher: *Waif frosted on the pedestrian! A sign for non-exempt solidarity in the modern world?*