

# First Fight - Ch 4 of 7

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The first situation in life, where there is only one door way out. For this matter, a door way in.

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Good Morning

“Wake up Vincent,” said my grandmother.

Envious of my little brother still sleeping on the straw mattress, the smell of mosquito coil is vacuumed out from the wooden balconies door. My grandmother placed in a wooden door stop.

“Go ahead,” she whispered.

I lift the mosquito net and walk outside the balcony. Rubbing my eyes, the sight of colors tells the sun still covered with clouds. And the gray floor is cold at every step. I could hear the chickens in the backyard and the oinking snorts by the pig pens. Making sure the young girl right next door to me has their window cover closed, I then went for a long pee by the balcony's fence and down to the drainage. After, a quick glance towards her window again just to make sure. I walk back inside, looked at my brother laying down sleeping inside the mosquito net, his class doesn't start down the village of small pre-school until later. But It's time for school for me.

“Hop on,” my grandmother said.

She's by the entrance to the wooden stairs, and both her arms are down to the wooden rails like her wings. Her hair tied in a bun, I held on around her neck.

“Jesus, son... you are getting big,” she whispered.

My legs around her waist making sure I don't choke her, suddenly she speeds down the steps of the stairs. The sound of her heels hits the wooden steps rapidly, and I just can't help being tickled by the laughter of each step she made.

“That was good exercise,” she giggles.

And I got down off her back, and we both walk to the kitchen, my parents are already eating morning bread they bought before sunrise from the local bakery a few blocks down. The bakery has lines, and you have to be early. Steam is still coming out of the local bread; clinking stirs from ceramic coffee mugs, grandfather just walks in from the backyard with a couple of brown eggs.

“How do you want your eggs?” he asks grandma.

“Just boil it, I will turn it off myself,” she said.

She likes her eggs almost raw. I remember.

I hop on to the kitchen chair and reach out for the condensed milk, made a cup of coffee, and stirred it with the sweet milk. It's a third world country, drinking coffee is like drinking chocolate. Bread that I tear, and dip them in the coffee, is like milk and cookies. Everything is costly. Coffee is just the standard goods. We also just sold our television, and to save up for a tricycle. We are going to use it as Taxi later and earned few bucks, then sell that too. Hopefully, it'll be enough to get us to the US.

The water is already boiled to mix in with the cold water inside a bucket. Took a bath, brushed my teeth, dressed up, combed my hair like uncle Tony's, and then I walk for school. The dirt road passing our playground leads to a concrete path, and I turn to the left. Few blocks are the local bakery, and I turned to the right. Passing the swarm of bees hovering above a big tree, and I proceed to the left. The broad road of small rocks passing a music school, and I stop. Watch for a little bit as students play their synths, drums, and trumpets. I look down to my watch, and school will start for me soon. Straight ahead is facing the big church. Few steps away is to turn to the right back to the concrete again. Few more steps and there, the elementary school. It's a good morning to walk with all the kids from different barrios.

To be continued...

