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Moving from England

Catherine Davies

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Diverging | Julie Hydrick
Digital Photography

Moving from England | Catherine Davies

*H*opefully security dogs can't read minds. He's watching me like I'm a cat's tail swooping on the table above, ready to fall within mouth's reach. His black eyes can see my mind. I'm an idiot for thinking the word terrorist. I can see the world news now: "15 year old English girl jailed - telepathically admitted to being a terrorist to a security dog in the airport."

This is ridiculous, nothing can read my mind . . . still, better think about something else. I can't wait to see dad. I hope this America place has K.F.C. so we can do our just-us movie times and sneak chips into the theatre in our pockets again. I'll ask mum if they have K.F.C.

"Mummy?"

"Not now, Catherine"

FINE. I'm going to keep sitting here on this awful chair thinking the word terrorist. We'll never make it to America! Terrorist. Terrorrrrrissssstttttt! TERRORIS - that dog looked at me. It's reading my mind . . . I DIDN'T MEAN IT!

It's weird coming back from college, being the one paying for our Subway meals. I feel like this is the first time we've sat together talking since we moved. I wonder what he'll say.

"Your mother and I had to leave you to fend for yourself because we had to devote our time to helping Adam find the right school for his autism, and to make sure Emma and Sophie fit in because they were younger."

"Yeah. I understand that."

I wish you knew how much I sacrificed. How much I still sacrifice. But I'll never tell. I'll protect my family. No matter what.

"Catherine, get up, we're boarding the plane. Keep an eye on Emma and Adam."

All right, I'm ready for this. No one will split us up. We're going to get on this plane, fly to America, and daddy will meet us there. I wish Mini-Mitzey could be here. Hopefully her new owners give her the good type of cat food and let her lick the gravy

off their plates when they're done. I wonder what South Carolina is like? I swear mum said there's a beach called Murder Beach –

“Catherine, keep walking, you're holding up the queue.”

OH! More security dogs, I'll send them a message so they're not suspicious.

I. Am. Not. A. Terrorist. I'm just trying to get my family to America.

We're moving there. Do you understand?

They didn't. And neither did I.



Untitled | Lauren Copley

120mm Film

Taxidermy | Heather Bechtler

Tiny clumps of hair

Once caramel in color

Crumbles beneath the lowest

Lair of pallid

Trampled dust.

A lump in the back of my throat

Rises as the bone shows.

Our teeth have clanked

Collided in battle, our hooves

Finger-less and delving, we were

Ambiguously a hiatus in the water-color

Sticky like honey whilst Satan licks up my spine.

Burning sweet like the water that runs from the Nile

Into the mouths of every little insensate frame and comatose sky

Lacklustre pallor only children could buy.