

April 2014

Diverging

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Recommended Citation

Hydrick, Julie (2014) "Diverging," *The Anthology*: Vol. 2014, Article 52.

Available at: <http://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2014/iss1/52>

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Diverging | Julie Hydrick
Digital Photography

Moving from England | Catherine Davies

Hopefully 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. Terrorrrrrrissssstttttt! 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