**Sunday Mornings**

Hopefully Kat comes to help me out soon. My feet are really starting to kill me right now. At least a lot of people are buying my corn and kababs this morning and I’ll make a decent amount today. Sunday mornings are definitely the best days to be out selling my food with all those flea markets with so many people walking around. If I just keep selling my food over weekends and get out here early enough, maybe I’ll be able to actually own my own food truck soon. I’ll call it K&K’s Stand. We will sell more than Mexican corn and kababs. I can start to make some of my own homemade recipes like my famous chicken enchilada dip and maybe even mom’s recipes… Ugh that will be the day when I’m able to do that without having to worry about rent money or food for the kids… where is Kat?? I really need to use the restroom, I’ve been out here for five hours now. It’s the end of October and its eighty degrees out today and being around this very hot cart cooking isn’t helping me. I need to get water soon. Maybe I should text Kat and ask where she is and to get me some water. If she doesn’t come soon, she be the one cooking dinner for her siblings and cleaning all the dishes. I need to figure out soon what I’m going to get John for our anniversary. 25 years……wow has It really been that long!? I need to think of something good because I know he will get me something I don’t expect and go overboard like he always does. I still can’t believe I found such an amazing man to love and takes me for me. The greatest gift he has given me is our 4 children. How the hell am I going to come even close to that?? Another child?? No no can’t do that again for a while until we get a better handle on money. Ok how about…A YANKEES HAT?!... wow that really tops his gift of that gold necklace he got me last year. YEAH RIGHT. Ok I have no idea what the hell I’m going to get him. I guess I’ll google it when I get home, IF KAT EVER GETS HERE. I’m going to kill that girl I swear. And if she doesn’t bring me a water, I might as well take that new iPhone 7 that we just got her for her birthday a couple weeks ago from her since she doesn’t bother to use it to respond to me!

**Waiting**

I’ve been hanging here for 8 years now…. I wonder if I will ever leave this spot? All I want is to be free and see the outdoors again. I’ve seen the same CD’s, DVD’s and posters for what seems like the whole time I have been here. I just want to fulfill the reason I was created because I feel like my golden years are fading away day after day. I want to feel the sometimes wet or tall grass against my polyester skin. I want to feel the hot sunlight or cold wind coming down on me. I haven’t been pushed by anyone for years now or seen my companion that I sometimes avoided but once in a while enjoyed meeting up with. Who thought it was a good idea to put me in this dumbass uncomfortable net. Were they trying to be cruel by making this net look similar to my companion? I’m supposed to be on the ground not suspended in the air where gravity is telling me I belong on the ground as well. I was made with this gold exterior for a reason… IM SUPPOSE TO BE A STAR AND SHOWN OFF! NOT HANGING IN THIS DEAD-BEAT SHOP! I’M GOING CRAZY I SWEAR! How could this happen to me?? One moment I’m in Brazil enjoying the warm sun and being pushed back and forth on a field with the sound of children laughing and fighting over me and then there’s now. In a cold dusty poorly lit room where I haven’t felt the ground in years or made children laugh of joy. When the man bought me, I was so excited. Little did I know I was going to be hanging on his shops ceiling for years as if I have no purpose! I can’t believe I am rotting here, having no purpose now or making someone’s day better. WHAT THE HELL IS THE POINT? I am still waiting on the day when someone asks if I’m on sale or not, and gets me the fuck out of here. And these guys next to me are boring as fuck too. I’m clearing not supposed to be here, thier polyester is sliver. IM GOLD. I should be out in the world exploring and having the time of life but instead I’m in this stupid shop.