A warm breeze touched Nita's face as she looked up to gaze at the warm sun that hung high in the sky like a ripe orange waiting to be picked. Nita smiled; the smell of Mama's cooking drifted through the air. Nita inhaled, breathing deeply. Suddenly, a strong chemical smell filled her nose. The sun disappeared, the sky turned black, and thick, dark rain clouds covered the beautiful orange sun. Nita ran towards the cabin and pushed open the door. "Mama, Mama, the sun is gone! Mama?" Nita cried turning round and round searching for her mother. Then, cold pale hands grabbed her; they began scrubbing, and scrubbing. Soap slid down her face and into her eyes. Her eyes burned, tears streamed down her face. Nita screamed.

Nita sat up straight in bed and gasped for air. Nightmares had haunted her sleep since coming to the school. Nita rocked slowly, and rubbed her hands up and down her arms. She looked sideways and saw the sleeping forms of her roommates. Nita breathed a sigh of longing. She wished that the hard cot she was sitting on was her wooden bed and quilt at home. She pushed away the longing feeling, and rolled over and pulled her grey blanket to her chin and closed her eyes.

The pale sun streamed through the tiny windows and landed on Nita's face. She stretched her arms high over her head and let