My World 10-19-15

My name is Beka

I’m three years old and something’s not right

Mommy and Daddy are worried

At first I thought it was me

Then I thought they didn’t love each other anymore

But I was wrong

It isn’t me and it isn’t them

It’s the world, my world

My world is sick

And it makes them worry

Like when I have a cold

They don’t think I know, but I do

I have an Ipad for kids with lots of restrictions

No mommy and daddy stuff and no bad games

But I can find other stuff called the news

I can’t read yet, but I can see pictures

Why are people so angry?

Why do they hurt each other?

Why don’t they just sit down and play with each other?

I see the news on TV sometimes until they turn the channel

Then mommy and daddy look at each other and shake their heads

They talk about the world I will inherit

I don’t know what that means, but it makes them sad

Most of it I don’t understand but some of it I do

The world and all the people have a cold

When I have a cold I feel bad and it makes me cranky

My world is sick

The world that will be mine when I’m a big girl

That must be when I’m ten

That’s as high as I can count right now

Sometimes when I’m alone I talk to my bunny

The bunny becomes my world

I tell her to take some medicine and drink lots of water

Get a good night’s sleep and tomorrow will be better

That’s what mommy and daddy tell me when I’m sick

If it works for me it should work for my world

