

**Sweat drips off my forehead as I lay in the darkness. My stomach grumbles as if it was screaming for help. For meat. We haven't had milk or meat ever since I can remember. We don't have much, a stone house, some goats, and bison. Our house is a 2 hour trek from the nearest road...But what can you expect from a mountain side. On the bright side it keeps me fit. I could lie and say that but in actuality it's the reason I'm only skin and bones.**

**Grandma shouts from the ground level, "Bikram", it's time for school." In Nepali of course.**

**"Okay". I reply glumly. I love school its just life really takes a toll on me. I walk down the "stairs". I say "stairs" because it's really just a glorified ladder but, I like it, it's cool. 5 minutes later and I'm out the door. 6 hours later I come home with tons of homework. I want to be a doctor**

**when I grow up, hopefully grandma and papa can pay for it.**

**As I'm doing my homework I think about my parents, I miss them. They died in a civil war 4 years ago.**

**"Dinner time", grandma calls from the kitchen.**

**Dinner is normally the only meal we eat. It usually consists of, corn, lettuce, beans and if we are lucky cheese. It never tames my stomach but I'm used to it. Grandma and papa try their hardest, most of the jobs are teaching but, that won't work because neither of them went to school at all.**

**We get by though I'm just thankful to be alive others aren't so lucky, mostly plagued by disease and others starvation. I don't mind the life I'm living I'm just grateful to wake up each and every day. Grandma and papa don't talk about it much but even I know we need help to survive. Since I'm only 9 I can only pray every night for help...**