

APARTMENT 4A



PJ Gray





APARTMENT 4A

Bree stood at the window of apartment 4B. She was looking down at the dirty alley. She wondered where her older brother, Andre, was.

Sometimes her brother would be gone for weeks. Sometimes he would come back drunk. Sometimes he would come back just to sleep. Her brother did not like to talk.

Apartment 4B was in the back of the building at the end of the hall. Bree shared it with her aunt and brother. They had lived there a long time. Since Bree was a little kid.

Bree and Andre moved into apartment 4B with their aunt after their mom died. “Your mom died from drinking too much,” their aunt always said.

Bree was almost three years old when her mom died. She did not remember her.

Bree's aunt was old and sick. She was too sick to work. Her aunt sat in the apartment all day. She watched TV until she fell asleep.

“Call the landlord,” her aunt would yell.
“Those people next door woke me up again!”
She would say this every day before Bree went to work.

“I never hear anything next door,” Bree would tell her. “You don't know what you're talking about.”

Bree never saw anybody next door at apartment 4A. It was the only other door at the end of the hall. Bree never saw anyone coming or going. She saw very few people in their building. Nobody else lived on their floor. Most of the other people moved out long ago. They moved when the landlord raised the rent again.