THE HOLE



by

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PUFFIN



In memory of
Vincent "Vinny" William Baran

and for Lindsay, Ben, Adelaide, Damien
and Cecilia, who fill the hole he left
with love and hope.

To learn more about Vinny,
visit MightyVincent.org – L.B.

For Joan – B.M.

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There's a hole in the bottom bunk where
my brother, Matty, used to sleep.
I used to peer over the top and shout,
"Morning, sleepyhead!"
But not any more.



There's a hole on the stool in the
bathroom next to where Dad shaves.
Dad used to give Matty
a shaving-foam beard.





There's a hole on the chair next to Mum's desk.
Mum used to let Matty draw smiley faces on
her students' papers.

When we sit down for dinner,
our holes sit down, too.
Dad doesn't feel like eating.
Mum doesn't feel like talking.
And I don't feel like having another
meal without Matty.
I hate these holes.

My hole follows me everywhere.
At school, some of the kids don't see it.
Others ignore it.



But a few say, "I have a hole, too."

"My grandma."



"My aunt."





"My dad."