# Things Worth Saving

*by* Foster Trecost

It felt like I was somewhere I wasn't supposed to be, like I'd walked into a house that looked like mine, but belonged to someone else. She found me in the kitchen drinking a glass of water. Her eyes welled up and shone bright with what would soon form tears. I was in the right house, but at ten in the morning, I should've been somewhere else.

“How much do we have?” She always cut to what mattered most, and in that minute, what mattered most was money. She didn't care how I lost my job, she only cared that we were a step closer to poverty.

“We've got enough. Don't worry, I'll find something.” I didn't know how long it would take and we both knew the words were empty, but I said them anyway.

“And then?” Her voice rose; she was angry, but not at me.

“And then I'll find something,” I said, letting my tone match hers. “Where are the kids?”

She pointed toward the back yard.

I walked to the window and envied the innocence on the other side. “Where's the camera?” I asked. “I want to save this.”

“We sold it. The last time.”

About a month later, I was working again. With my first check, I bought another camera. Nothing fancy, just something that worked. Some things are more important to save than money.

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