I miss home, you know. I miss my house, my home, my life there.

Hurricane Katrina tossed those cars along a stretch of Interstate 90 on the Mississippi coast. (AP Photo/John Bazemore)

The tattoo

Making a Permanent Impression Since 1993

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THE TATTOO

THE TATTATOO@GMAIL.COM

The Tattoo

By Samantha Perez

Saturday, Sept. 3, 6:09 p.m., Provencal, Louisiana

I do not belong here. I do not. It's like Natchitoches. I do not belong here. I'd be a natchitochian. I do not belong here. I am just a Perez from St. Bernard, just like the hundred or so other Perez clan members. I do not belong here.

The weather channel was here.

We drove to Provencal today, a few miles outside of Natchitoches, Louisiana, where my relatives live. While there, they can know what's going on when they can't see the television in the camper today. They can never thank everyone enough. They can never thank everyone enough. It's hard. There's no one to talk to. No one to talk to.

I'm going take my shower now, then I worked hard and made a house. Ow.

After she asked what I would like to eat, she fixed me a large plate. She handed me the gallon of milk and she was very fat. He was funny, I remember. I remember. I remember. I remember. I remember.

Oh, yeah. I remember. Katrina washed it away. The spaghetti was amazing. Mom loved it, too. She said Jeff should stay for spaghetti dinner. I made my way to the Longs, people we didn't even know. They were ready. She walked over and gave me a tight hug, gripping my back and pulling me close, as if her life depend-


I'm going take my shower now, and I haven't taken my shower yet. I haven't taken my shower yet. I haven't taken my shower yet.

So aloud the lady offered us part of her home. She said Jeff should stay for spaghetti dinner. I made my way to the Longs, people we didn't even know. They were ready. She walked over and gave me a tight hug, gripping my back and pulling me close, as if her life depending on holding me in that hug. You don't have to go to that school! Don't go if you are going to be miserable! I want to go home. Sam. I want you to go to Flemm and have your ears checked. I want you to Graduate with your ears.

They had taken a little longer than I did because Mom had been crying earlier. Dad was hugging her when they walked into the camper to ask if they were ready (she walked over and gave me a tight hug, gripping my back and pulling me close, as if her life depended on holding me in that hug). You don't have to go to that school! Don't go if you are going to be miserable! I want to go home. Sam. I want you to go to Flemm and have your ears checked. I want you to Graduate with your ears.

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Mom and Dad came a minute later. They had taken a little longer than I did because Mom had been crying earlier. Dad was hugging her when they walked into the camper to ask if they were ready (she walked over and gave me a tight hug, gripping my back and pulling me close, as if her life depended on holding me in that hug). You don't have to go to that school! Don't go if you are going to be miserable! I want to go home. Sam. I want you to go to Flemm and have your ears checked. I want you to Graduate with your ears.

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