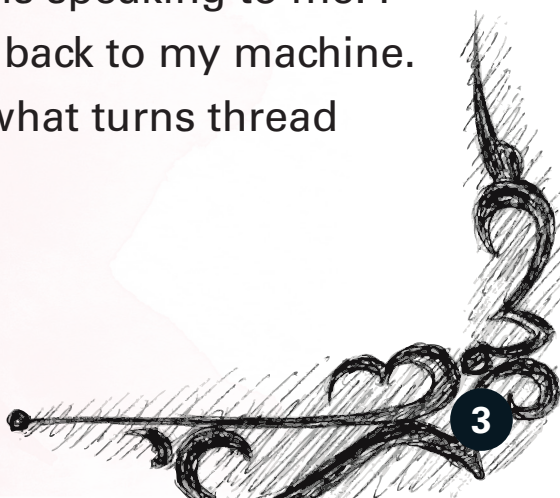


Loud machines clank. Dust fills
my nose. The heat reminds me of
the farm. But this heat is stuffy.

My mind wanders. Thoughts
of late summer harvests fill my
head.

“Flo!” a voice yells. “Stop
dreaming!”

The foreman is speaking to me. I
nod and turn back to my machine.
The loom is what turns thread
into cloth.





I lace a thread through the harnesses.
Then I start the machine.

Clunk, clunk.

One harness rises. The other harness
lowers. The shuttle with thread passes
between them.

Clunk, clunk.





The day goes by slowly. My shift is twelve hours long. There are two more hours to go. I try not to think about time.

I hear a **scream**. It is Molly. She is at the loom next to mine.

“My hand!” Molly cries. “It’s caught!”

Oh no! I run over and turn off the loom.

“Get back to work,” the foreman yells.





Molly cries out in pain. Her hand is still trapped. My stomach turns. Her bones must be crushed.

The foreman tries to help her. He stops to **glare** at me. "This is your last warning," he says.

There is nothing I can do. I return
to my loom.

Molly holds her broken hand. She
cries as she leaves the building.

