

# THE HOLE



by

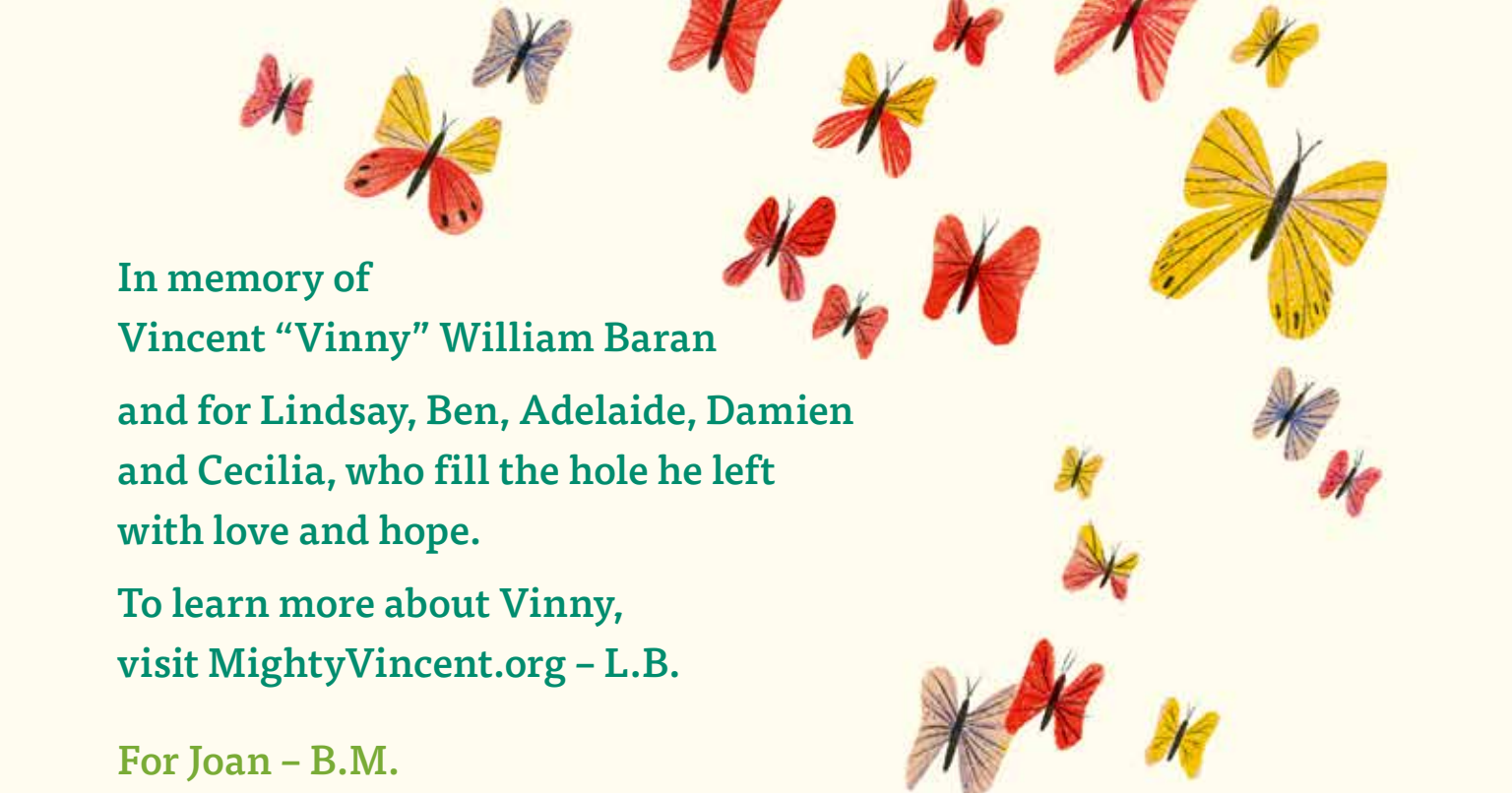
LINDSAY BONILLA

illustrated by

BRIZIDA MAGRO



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](http://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."

