

Paper Cup Factory
By Sam, 6th grade

They are
Herded in
Afraid.
Iron doors clang shut
Behind them.

Fingers working,
Working,
Working,
Folding paper into cones
Cups.

Folding until eyes
No longer see
The low wood table.
Fingers keep going
Even though they don't know it,
Gluing cups together.

Glue sticks on hands
Boy stops to pick it off.
Men in boots notice that boy is not working.
They grab a belt
Start to lash the child with leather.
Then turn to the
Buckle end.
Child cries out as leather raises welts,
Buckle breaks bones.

Man in boots drags him, then
Dumps him at the feet of a
Suited man.

Horrified girl watching in terror
As boy
Is dragged off.

Black-booted men,
Moving towards her,
Taking whips
Until a voice calls
"Spare this one."

End of day
Exhausted,
Sick,
Stumbling out of
Iron doors,
They are given a
Rusty coin,
Crust of bread.
Then are
Driven back
To their homes
To cry themselves
To sleep.

Far away, *in America*, a tennis player takes a drink of water out of **a paper cup**, not knowing or not caring.