

The Adventures of Stevan

Hi I'm Stevan and today I'm going to be sharing my story. Everybody expects a perfect childhood story but my story didn't turn out like that. Yes I was a kid, fourteen, a middle scholar and a boy but my life was a whole different story. So I grew up in the United States of America where everyone had freedom, to chose, to vote, and the freedom of their independents. The only freedom I never had was the freedom from my parents. Most parents are loving, caring, and forgiving of their children but growing up I was the least loved kid in the family. My two sisters on the other hand was a totally different story they were treated like royalty. While I was treated like a dog and not the dog that the owner treated with all their love, more like the kind of dog that was abused and beat. Yep that's rite my own Mama and Papa abused me, much like a slave or a servant. The most or only love I could get from my parents is only when I made them happy. Yeah I know what you're thinking oh yeah just clean the dishes or take out the trash, yeah well I do does things but that's not even the whole list. To make my parents happy you have to make straight A's in school, wash all the dishes, take out all the trash, mop and sweep the house, clean the windows, clean all the rooms, do all the laundry, make all the beds, plant the plants, water the plants, replace the plants, clean the kitchen, clean the pantry, clean the pool, get all the mail, and worst of all clean the restrooms. Yeah again you're probably thinking that's not that bad well I don't think you would like your face in the toilet cleaning it when people do their business in there. To a kid that's a lot to do but to my parents that's nothing and if I messed one thing up, not do one of those chores, or didn't please them I would be tied to a tree outside and be wiped with the hardest metal belt my parents could find. Also I would have to sleep outside with no blanket or pillow and worst of all I had to have a sign in front of me saying I'm a disappointment to my family. Well I guess it was better than sleeping in my dog cage. Yep a dog cage and the small ones too. Folks when I told you I was treated like a dog I wasn't kidding. Of course I would have to eat like a dog, drink like and dog and even use the restroom like dog of course not in public I had a beget I did

my business in too. The only time I could use the restroom like a decent human being was at school in the morning and the afternoon. After a hard day of my horrible life I was thinking to myself tomorrow is finally my birthday maybe they might accept me or treat me better than usual. It was finally the next day my birthday the one day of the year I get to hang out with friends or have friends. I finally headed down stairs to see a huge gift on the table wrapped in my favorite wrapping paper. It's my favorite because it reminds me of how where all like stars in the sky never the same and that's what makes humans so unique because where never all the same and we all have the power to change who we are or who we want to be. Finally it was time to open my gift and then I realized that my mama and papa don't truly love me and I can prove it who gives there kid whose always done what they say and always treated them with respect a bigger dog cage and a leash. I ask my parents Mama Papa what is this I am looking at right now. They scream in fiery "How dare you disrespect us". The whole time I was thinking how am I a disappointment lady, Intel I heard those harsh words "you stupid good for nothing child, you think this was easy to buy, you are the worst child a mother could ask for ". With my heart full of sadness I quickly storm out of the house heading for the stream in the forest where I always go to escape my parents. I hit down hard on the rocky floor crying in tears of saddens. Only to feel the touch of a familiar hand it had been and old woman walking along the stream side. She asked well what is a child like you doing here alone, where is your parents. As I wipe the waterfall tears from my face I seem to recognize this woman from somewhere. I think for a second and finally it comes rushing back to me this woman was no regular woman it had been Ms. Loveberry, she was one of the nicest teachers in the whole world Intel she retired three years ago. Now child what upsets you? I respond with nothing but she has something to say Stevan Thompson is that you. I finally respond with something teachers love to hear yes ms loveberry. Well how have you been? I respond 'good'. Now most importantly what's wrong? Why are you here all alone? Well it's the thing we talked about before you left. Those people are still treating you like that. Yes Ms. Loveberry. That's it I didn't do something before but I am known. We return to my house and Ms. Loveberry yells at my parents with anger you could tell I think everybody on the block could hear. She finally returns and she says Stevan you have a choice

I talks to child services and they said you could come live with me would you like too. With joy I say yes more than anything finally we leave to go find a better life. That's my story.

By: Caiden N.