

My Life As An Orphan

Author: Leyla R.

I never really thought why it had to be me, out of all these people around me.

I mean, seriously, why did I have to be orphan? That question has been in my head for the past five years. On the sixth year, however, everything had changed.

My name is Savannah. Back then I was only eleven years old, so there were many things going on in my mind. Since you don't really know what I'm talking about, here is the story of the tragic years that had already passed.

"Savannah, dear, pack your bags. You do know that you, me and your dad are all going on a camping trip, don't you?", my mom said. I mumbled something in return. "Okay mom, I get it. But I still have two more days to pack, and it's Thursday morning. So, I'm just going to go grab myself a yogurt pack for breakfast and walk to school."

"Are you sure you don't want Dad to drive you to school?", said mom.

"Nope."

"Do you have your keys to our house with you?"

"I've got them right here in my pocket", I said, as I patted my pocket patch in my jeans. As you can practically see, my mom was the over-protective type. She was always asking me these questions that she never needed to ask.

About to reach for the door, I remembered that I hadn't taken my phone. It was lying on the kitchen counter, and I grabbed it and ran for

the door. Danielle, my best friend, was waiting for me so we would walk together. Our school wasn't very far from my house or Danielle's, so we loved it when we had the chance to walk there alone.

At school, Danielle and I met up with our other friends, Gwen and Elizabeth. We all call Elizabeth by her nickname, Liz. Whenever we use her full name, she knows we're worried or scared of something. We all said hi and talked about how unfair it is that tomorrow we have school on a holiday. Soon, the bell rang, and we ran to our first period class.

The day went by quickly, and so did tomorrow. Holy cow, I forgot to pack my bags!

My family and I were leaving in an hour, and I haven't packed anything for the camping trip. While I was getting my suitcase out and packing rapidly, I was shouting in my head and saying to myself, "Oh my god, how can I be so stupid and forgetful?"

I had packed everything I can, and before I knew it, it was time to get in the car to leave. It was Saturday afternoon, and we had already driven for about 3 hours. Once it became five p.m., I was bored out of my mind.

I was still looking forward to the campsite, but we were in the middle of the road and I was super bored. But something happened that changed my life forever.

A deer about the size of my dad suddenly crossed the road right in front of our car. You see, my parents are very sensitive to animals, so they would never just run over the deer. Dad pulled the brakes so hard, that the car went flying.

Once we landed on the ground upside down, I found myself alive! However, since I was stuck in my seat, I called my mom and dad. There was no answer. I kept calling them until I got to the point of crying.

I managed to get my phone in my hands, and as a miracle, there were signals. Now knowing where we were, I immediately called 911.

Coming about 10 minutes later, police and the ambulance tried to free me and my parents from our seats. They got me out first, while I was okay. Getting my parents free however, was a struggle but the police got it. All of us were put into the ambulance, and they drove us to the nearest hospital at top speed.

I woke up in shock from the hospital bed. I guessed I just past out last night, and I slept the night in the hospital. Gigi, my grandma, was sitting next to me in a chair while crying uncontrollably.

That's when I figured out that my mom and dad were dead. Gigi almost never cries, so it was almost clear why she was crying so much.

The moment the doctor came into the room, I was practically screaming. "Is it true? Are my parents really dead?"

The doctor nodded sadly. I had all the worst feelings mixed together. Sadness, anger, and devastated.

For about one year, I stayed in my grandma's house. All my other relatives had either passed away or didn't want me. Gigi was the only one who took me in. A year later, however, even Gigi died.

That meant I had to go into Foster Care. The first family I went to wasn't bad. The family included a mom, a dad, and twins at the age of 8.

It all turned out that the family was moving, and so they had to put me back into Foster Care. From then on, every family I had been in turned out to be worse and worse. The last family was so bad that it went from crying babies to fighting parents.

My diary, that Gigi had given me in the year that she was caring for me, had included all the foster homes I had been to. Thirteen was the exact number of foster homes I had been transferred to!

In one of the families, not the last one, I ran away. Running as fast and silently as I can, I slipped into a dark corner so the family wouldn't find me.

The new family I went to was different, because they sounded like my loving parents.

I now knew this was the family that would last forever.