

# Find a Way Home

By Isabella R. and Ally C.

Dear Journal,

Another day, coming and going. Another day, just doing stuff. A new day, doing new things. I wish the final one was true for me.

LOVE.

angelina

10-year-old Angelina put down her pen and listened for her mother to call her brother for breakfast. Finally, she heard her mother call John, her older brother. Angelina raced down the hallway to the table. John scarfed down his meal and raced out the door. Angelina looked at her brethren's bowl, picked up his spoon and ate her breakfast. She hurried out the door to the bus stop, where her friend, Marci, was waiting. "Hey Angelina! Did you finally get a goodbye?" Angelina shook her head. Marci got the message. Angelina's parents had been told that she was going to be a boy. Angelina's mom had been elated because they had always wanted a boy. Her dad would have been fine with a girl. Well, they got a girl. Once they found out, they neglected Angelina. Her mom divorced her dad and adopted a boy. Ever since, Angelina had been forced to eat table scraps. Marci had been the only one to actually care. The sound of the bus snapped Angelina out of her thoughts. Marci and Angelina sat down and didn't talk until they reached the school. They said goodbye and parted ways to their classrooms. The day whizzed by pretty quickly to Angelina's horror. Angelina hopped on the bus after the dismissal bell. Marci was already in her seat. Angelina sat down and immediately started recapping her day. They talked all the way to their stop. The bus stopped and Angelina already saw John walking home. Marci and Angelina said goodbye and walked to their houses. Angelina shut the door after she walked in the house. No one noticed. Angelina walked back to her room, shut the door, and started

working on her homework. No one called her for dinner. Eventually, she got too tired to continue and went to bed.

Dear Journal,

Today, Marci's parents are picking me up and driving me to her house. It's going to be our first playdate! Hopefully they think I'm okay and don't ban me from seeing Marci like they do on TV. I know it is silly but I'm not taking any chances.

LOVE,

angelina

Angelina danced to the table and ate the crumbs of a pancake. She got her backpack and ran to the bus stop. Marci was there and had a checklist of everything they were going to do. Angelina was so excited; she couldn't even sit down when the bus came. She and Marci talked all the way to school and got off the bus once it stopped at school. They said goodbye and went to class.

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Although it took forever, the day finally ended. Angelina walked out behind Marci. Marci lead her to a grey truck. They got in and two adults turned around, a woman and a man. "Hi Angelina!" said the woman. "My name is Claudia! It's so nice to finally meet you!" "I'm Robert. Marci has told us all about you!" added the man. Angelina looked over at Marci. Marci's look told her to shut up. The truck started moving and soon they were at Marci's house. They ran to Marci's room, shut the door and started the greatest playdate ever. Marci took out the list and got out her iPod because the first thing was a dance party. They danced until they could dance no more. Next, they watched a movie had a snack, and just relaxed. When it was time to go, Marci walked her to her house. They said goodbye and Angelina went inside. Once she closed the door, a figure switched on the lights. Her mom was there. Her mom said," Why didn't you help john home?" "Why do you care so much about John?" asked Angelina. "because he's the only one that

matters you pile of rubble for a daughter!” spat her mother. Angelina ran back to her room, tears in her eyes and cried herself to sleep.

Dear Journal,

Today, Marci’s parents are driving me home. I wish I didn’t have to come back.

LOVE.

angelina

Angelina trudged to the table, ate her egg, and walked to the bus stop. Marci was not there and Angelina felt disappointed.

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After the dismissal bell rang, Angelina climbed into the grey truck. Marci was in the back seat. “Sorry! I overslept,” said Marci. Marci had a smile bigger than the world on her face. The truck moved forward but turned at the wrong intersection. The truck stopped in front of Marci’s house. “Here we are!” said Claudia. “This is not my house,” said Angelina. “But you are home,” said Marci.

## 2 Weeks Later

Dear Journal,

Moving in with Marci has been a blast. It’s like a sleepover that never ends. I finally get to have 2 pancakes for breakfast. Who has ever heard of that? After school we are going to the flea market. Marci tells me it has everything imaginable! I can’t wait! Today, it’s a new day. I finally found my way home.

LOVE.

angelina

