

## The Journey

By: Ameena K.

I was looking out the window of my small log house on a snowy December evening. I was thinking about my mother, who had died four years ago, on this very day, December 9<sup>th</sup> 2008. I thought about the man who had killed her. The man had sweet brown eyes and snowy white skin. He had the sweetest voice in the whole wide world. I would have never thought that this man was a maniac, but he was. When my father had invited him inside, he started to act weirdly when he saw my mom. He said,

“Hello, um, I’m going outside.” When he had left the house, my mom, dad, and I exchanged looks.

“I’ll go see what’s wrong.” My mom said. After a couple of minutes my mom didn’t come in.

“Let’s go see where mom is.” I said to my dad in a nervous voice. When we went outside, I saw that there was blood all over the snow. I was silent. I had nothing to do but holler for my mom.

“Mom! Mom!” I screamed. Eventually, I found my mom lying there, looking lifeless. I saw her begging for a breath, so I ran to her blood covered body and I picked up her cold hand.

“Laura, be a good girl for your dad.” She said in her soft loving voice.

“Ok.” I said between sobs. My dad was horrified and said,

“Who did this to you?” he said, trying not to cry.

“The man.” My mom responded. Those were her last words. I rushed to my dad and I grabbed his hand and said,

“We have to find him!” I yelled.

“We can’t Laura.” Dad said with his head down. I sobbed and sobbed all the way back to the house. She died when I was only eight, and now I’m twelve. Everyday I miss her beautiful blue eyes. I miss her smile. I miss her loud snort

when she laughs. I miss her sweet voice. I miss her soft wrinkly hands. But most of all, I miss her soft lips touching my cheek when she kisses me.

I was so deep into my thoughts I didn't even realize that my dad was calling me for dinner. I just sat there as my dad walked toward me.

"You miss Mom don't you?" he asked in a sad voice.

"Yeah." I said as a tear rolled down my cheek. My dad wiped my tear and said, Well, I made spaghetti and meat balls, Mom's favorite." He said in his regular jolly voice. I walked slowly to the kitchen table and I sat down with a bowl of spaghetti and meat balls in front of me. After I finished my dinner, I told my dad,

"I need to go to bed. I am very tired. Love you!"

"Ok, love you, too!" he replied. When I fell into my cozy, soft pink bed, I went to right to sleep. I was dreaming about my mom that night. We were all sitting by the fire that evening, with my mom laughing and smiling while she knitted. When I woke up, I realized that I was dreaming about the night before my mom died. I do this every year the night my mom died, I dream about a memory that I had with my mom and every dream that I have is different. I wanted to lay down in bed for a bit, but then I heard a big bang. I quickly rushed out of my room and into the kitchen, there my father was lying there lifeless. There was foam rushing down his mouth when I saw him.

"Dad!" I yelled. He had no answer. He was dead. I knew that he had a seizure. I sobbed and sobbed over his dead body. I had nowhere to go now. I wasn't safe living by myself. I knew that I couldn't go to a foster home because I was going to be 13 soon, and these days, teens don't get adopted easily. I knew what I had to do.

I went to my room to get my school backpack and I put clothes, books, and some pictures of my mom and dad. I went back to the kitchen and grabbed some snacks for my journey. I walked hesitantly to the door as I put on my winter jacket.

"This is the worst idea that I have ever had." I said to myself. I turned the door knob and said goodbye to the home I have known all my life. I walked out of

my log house and I walked and walked and walked until I could walk no longer. I stopped and sat down in the snow to have a bag of chips. After I was done eating, I decided to keep going. Soon I came upon a mansion.

I quickly knocked on the beautiful wood door with my icy cold hands, and almost immediately a middle aged woman answered the door. She had a beautiful pink silk dress on and she had the most welcoming smile. Her pretty green eyes were full of energy. She was almost as pretty as my mom.

“May I help you?” she asked in her kind voice.

“Ma’am,” I said. My mother and father are dead and I have nowhere to go. Would you be nice enough to take me into your home. A tear rolled down the woman’s cheek as I told her my story.

“I would gladly take you into my home.” She said. “What is your name?” the kind woman asked.

“Laura.” I responded.

“You can call me Miss or Ma’am or even Abby.” She said in a sweet voice.

“May I call you mom, instead?” I asked nervously.

“Yes you may.” She said. Right then I knew that I had a new home, and a new life.