

# Abusive Mother

(Don't Worry. There is a happy ending)

By: Selina Z.

“Sigh.” All I’ve ever wanted was to be loved. What do you mean you are not loved, you are probably asking. Let’s start from the beginning. My name is Carmine. Well, where I live, in Same Town, if you are different, then everyone thinks you are a disgrace. The poor families don’t care and try to cover it, but the richer families really care! I’m from a super rich family. In fact, My father is the mayor! But, since my dad is not home a lot, I get abused from my mother.. It’s not fun. Well duh it’s not fun, I freaking get abused! (Sorry, Where is my language?) My mother is like a two faced person, she is super nice to me when others are around, but when I am alone, she is super abusive. Anyways, on to the story.

“I’M HOME!!!” shouts dad. Terrific! Now mom won’t abuse me, at least for a little. I walk into the front room and see mom kissing dad. Now that’s something that NEVER happens to me all right. “When’s dinner?” I ask. No one answers. Oh yeah I suddenly remember, I don’t get dinner, if I want dinner I pay or make my own dinner.

Oh well. I walk back into my room and flop on my tiny useless mattress. I'm grateful I even have anything to sleep on! Then a massive idea pops into my head! I could run away! Now that's an idea. I guess I could run to an adoption center! There is one close by I believe. Great! My plan is ready!

I tiptoe into the living room and look into my parents room. "All clear." I mutter to myself. I grab my only bag and run to snatch some food and drinks. I sprint to the front room and quietly opens the door. CREAK! "Yikes!" I screech quietly. I forgot the door creaks! I better run before my parents wake up! I dash out the door afraid to look back.

I can't breath anymore! I use the rest of my energy to sprint into a shed. I start gasping for air. Then, I take out a piece of pie and start chewing. "I hope this gives me enough energy." I mumble while stuffing a huge piece in my mouth. Luckily It was a juicy HUGE pie. "I hope no one comes in because I'm super tired right now." I moan. And faint from tiredness.

I open my eyes to see light from the tiny holes in the roof. I snatch my backpack and push open the door a little to see if anyone is there. No one is there luckily. I

see a well taken care of adoption center, so I decide I will go over there. I slowly pretend that I haven't just ran away from my parents while I walk over to the adoption center. I can feel peoples concerned eyes staring at me but I take no notice.! I peek at the sign and it says OPEN! I run inside and look at the receptionist. "I'm an orphan" I lie. "Well then, come and make yourself at home." She replies nicely. I see all the wonderful sights. But instead of screeching in excitement I cry. The receptionist starts to look at me with a worried look on her face, but I don't mind, because I'm not crying tears of sadness, I'm crying tears of happiness.

P.S. Part two might come...

# The End