

## HER ORPHAN JOURNEY

BY: SAMANTHA C.

“I don’t know what’s going on! Who? What? Where? When? What the heck just happened?” That’s what I cried to the ambulance guy two years ago...right after I witnessed my whole family pass away in a car accident, next to me.

And now I’m in the “best” orphanage ever. It feels like every two seconds it’s about to collapse. It is old, soggy, scary, and most of all...lonely. Even more lonely for me, because I’m sick. I struggle with depression, I have ever since two years ago. The doctors wanted to make sure I was fine after the accident, and they told me to be strong because they’re about to tell me something important, and I found out. It wasn’t the worst moment of my life, that’s not being able to see my favorite person in the world, Claeria, my sister. At least I didn’t see pass right? The best moment was seeing the lady who hurt my family go to jail, I know it’s rude but she killed my family, and mentally me.

And to make it worse, I don’t have any friends here. Don’t thing I don’t hear what they say! They bully me, and I have no one to tell, they call me bad names no twelve-year-old would like to hear. “Claire, go to” you know what, “You’re a” and more. They make fun of me for writing and drawing, and it hurts because those are my passion. Every freaking day it gets worse, more than anyone would like to imagine. But, the good news is it’s only mentally, not physical. But from what I’ve gone through, it hurts the same. And at least someone will adopt me, soon I hope.

The beds feel like concrete, the pillows are latterly made out of wood, but the food is amazing! But for me, every good thing ends with bad. The kids here, every Sunday, take my food. No one cares! No one cares about me, everyone just laughs! And this is my story, this is my life, this is my horrible reality.

People would think I would stand up for myself and everything I have, but I've lost everything to live for, so what's the point? And they only bully me, no one else. If anyone says one nice thing to me, they get hurt, I get hurt more. But like Claeria would tell me, *you're a strong little girl, don't let them hurt you like that!* But she's not here to tell me, so I'll have to live with it.

Kids come, kids go, but I stay...unfortunately so do the bullies; everybody. Mrs. Klaeyiya doesn't give a crap about us, *Kids, I don't care what you do here, honestly, and I don't care.* She'll say. Every night I tell myself that tomorrow will be the day.

Strangely, this morning I awake to feel like today is special, and it actually might be the day. But it's Sunday. Oh dreadful Sunday. Now breakfast is over and-wait, everyone...let me eat! Well, I bet they're planning a horrible prank, I just know it. Again, cleaning time comes and goes, and NO PRANK. They must be plotting something evil, oh god! But right now, I'm chewing my lunch slow-little to savor the flavor, but mostly to see what they do. Maybe they changed the day. I think there is something wrong with me, I'm so used to horrible things, and I can't expect happy things anymore.

And just my luck, I start to cry, I'm so embarrassed! But everyone is coming to help me, it's like they know something. "Its ok Claire, we get it now" they're saying, what do they mean they get it now!? They're saying it in such a calm voice, people patting my back, whipping my tears, and saying nice things, and telling me sorry!

Mrs. Klaeyiy tells me not to clean at cleaning time! WHAT!?! She lets me draw instead, and she's not looking to make me feel comfortable. So, she's giving me the special treatment...she only does that when someone is getting adopted. IT IS MY LUCKY DAY!

Its 10:00 pm, I guess it's not my lucky day and- HOLY COW! I'm falling to my knees, sobbing tears of joy. "Hi, I'm Claeria Taylieya," my sweet sisters voice says, "I'm here to adopt Claire-," She runs to pick me up, salty wet droplets come from her eyes, with joy. "Claeria I thought you-you-," she interrupts me, "Me to Claire! But I'm here now! And so are you!" It feels weird to hear my sister say my name. Everyone is in the back of the room, taking videos for me, I love them so much right now!

Claeria signs like a billion papers, and picks me up in her cuddly warm arms, to take me home to her husband and a Christmas tree. We share the horrible two years without each other, while we walk home to what I had expected and more. Her husband, the Christmas tree with presents, my own room with a memory foam bed and a water pillow. I open my presents, all 15 of them, but now 16, because she brought me a new beginning.