

The Boy without A Name

by: Lawrence

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"Today's news, is hot on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and rainy for the rest of the week!" announced the weather reporter.

"GET TO WORK!" Screamed my adopted mother.

"Yes mom." I got to work right away scrubbing plates and cups. I knew I had many chores to do, almost 25, if I named all my chores I had to do then you would be two years older than your age right now.

Three hours later, I was done with all my chores, but I still had to go to school, the second worst part of my day. I got ready for school packing my folders, my lunch, and my homework which I never do because, you know why... I have too many chores to deal with. sigh-

When I arrived at school there was, as usual, the "bullies." Four hours later... "AHHH!" "OWWW!" "PLEASE! STOP!"

"This should teach you a lesson!" shouts the bully. -punches-... two hours later "Where am I?"

"YOU LITTLE BRAT! YOU CAUSE ME SO MUCH TROUBLE!" -slaps- "OWWW!" -cries- as I try and fight the pain, I hear her slam the door as she storms out the back door with a belt. "I was lucky didn't get hit with that."

An hour later, I ate my dinner which I never have.

As I drifted off to sleep, I remembered the night I was born on the streets without food or water. But my real mother had died from blood loss, that very same night I was born.

The next morning was me getting beat until I was purple and blue. Because I had accidently broken her favorite mug and didn't clean it up, due to my bruises from school. I was sent to my room with countless bruises and scars.

As I was in my room sitting on my straw bed I'm thinking, "I need to escape, and find another home that's more caring and loving."

So I rushed over to my table which is just a worn out 5x5 piece of wood, and start to draw a map of the house on where I'm going to leave, and when I'm going to start my escape.

Hours later as I'm in bed I dream of my escape, and as I'm in the dream, I try as hard as I can to remember when I left, and what time. That morning, when I woke up, I tried to remember my plan I had planned in that dream. And

soon as I was about to hit my head with my fist to focus, I got the idea...so I ran over to my map and drew what I had remembered.

When that adopted mother started snoring like a pig, I started my escape... when I was walking down the stairs I suddenly heard tiny thumps all over the roof, and right away I thought it was a leak but it wasn't... it was raining so I went to go get my jacket but realized that I didn't even have one. I stood as still as a statue that looked like it was just built, when a lightning bolt stabbed the ground so hard that a piece of it came off. I shook in terror as another one came striking down, and another, and another one! But I just shook my head and kept moving on with an old dish rag I found in the kitchen, which I put over my head.

As I was about to open the door I whispered to myself this, "I can do this." Once I opened the door, the wind howled and the rain smacked against my legs as if they were breaking in trying to look for crystals. As I was looking for the fences, there I spotted something black... it was my shadow, I've never seen one before, so I followed it and as suddenly as I took another step, there stood in front of me a fence, guarding me as if knights were guarding a king with gold. As I was climbing the fence I yelled in pain as one of the fence tops poked my thigh, but I fought through the pain and managed to get over the fence, landing on the wet squishy ground with a loud thump.

When I was up and ready to go I told myself one last time, "I can do it." Ten minutes later I was banging on every door in the neighborhood. And to my surprise, everyone just ignored me... as I passed by all the houses and over the hills I felt a feeling that hurt me so much.

When all hope was gone, I suddenly came upon an old cottage with a family inside. I saw a mother, a tiny fireplace, a few cookies, and a mini couch. I was about to leave when I realized that this was my only hope, so I knocked on the door and to my surprise there stood a little girl smiling bright as the sun.

"You must be freezing! Come inside!" shouted the little girl with delight. As I walked into the little cottage, the little girl's mother greeted me with a few cookies. As I'm chewing, I keep telling myself, "This is going to be my family from now on."