

The Road to Freedom

By Joshua L.

This isn't your regular story. This is a story of sorrow and pain and if you don't like the idea of that, I don't recommend reading it. Now, let us continue.

I was sick of it getting hit. My mom would always abuse me every time I didn't answer her correctly or asked her a question. I hated it. I would always ask my mom, "Why do you hit me?" but she had never said anything. The abuse started at five. I didn't exactly remember what happened at that age. I was rarely able to eat because she would put me in a cage and lock it and tease me how I was in a cage. But sometimes the keys would drop from the key holder she had it on and I would just grab them and run out and get food. She would always catch me and start abusing me again and this time it was different, she started putting my face in water over and over. I was sick of it all and it was time. I ran to an orphanage where I would be safe, where I would have freedom.

I had tried escaping before but it never worked. I had tried committing suicide, but she would always be watching me making sure I didn't do anything. I wish I had a regular mom and dad. But that never happened. I was going to escape on that fateful day where she was out shopping, but as I left the door it was locked from the outside. Then I smelled something burning. I knew at that moment she had set the house on fire. She was insane and I hated her for this.

"Why! Mom why do you...hate me so much?"

"Because you're dead to me," she said.

The house was burning faster and crisply I had to break out. I remembered that the door had a key but it was in the basement. It was where the fire was the brightest. I ran throughout the basement searching every desk and table and the fire chased me. I ran and looked in the last place. Where was the lockbox? I searched and searched, but it was nowhere to be found. The fire ran up to me. It was my last time being free out of that old rusty cage - my last moment of freedom.

So I thought I saw a regular light and it wasn't the light of burning crisp. It was regular light that I hadn't seen for so long...I was so happy. But all good things come to an end and this one came right now.

"You were lying on the floor due to all that ash and smoke. Your mom is dead. The police found out that she burned you but after that committed suicide. You'll be stationed in an orphanage where it's safe. Are you okay?" the doctor said.

I had woken up in the hospital.

"Yeah, I'm fine," I said.

Is this really what I wanted? My mom winding up dead and me going to the orphanage I treasured so much?

Life Lesson: What you want isn't always how you predict it to be, so make the most of it.