

Layla Gladness

By Larryasia C.

One day I was at the park, and I saw this girl laying on a bench. People were picking on her, so I went over there and told them to stop messing with her. They left and went to play. I asked her, "What's your name?" She said, "Layla." "Where are your parents?" "I don't have parents; they died when I was three. They were in a car accident. And my grandmother died recently, so I don't have anywhere to stay. Can I live with you?" she asked me. I said, "I'll have to ask my mom. Do you have clothes?" "No, I don't have any. All I have is this jumper that some lady bought me." So I surprised Layla and took her shopping. I bought her everything she wanted. I treated her like she was my sister. Then we went to buy paint to decorate her room. She chose red and blue. While we were in line to check out, she saw candy that she had never seen before and asked me, "Can I try that?" So I bought it. When we got home, we started painting her room. It was fun. We did zig zag lines – one was red and the other was blue. When we were done, we tried the candy. Layla said she liked it. A month later, my mom, Layla, and I went to the store. Someone recognized Layla. The lady said, "She's my niece." So Layla moved in with her.