

Isabella T.

Runaway

‘The shimmering light shone through the frost covered window as her eyes fluttered open. She arose, thinking what a beautiful day it was to be alive.’ Conner put down the book, repulsed by the author’s rendition of the world. He knew that world was really a cruel twisted place where the fates conspire against you.

Each year of his life was miserable by any means. Especially now that his mother, the only one who truly loved him, was dead. He could still remember her funeral. Her picture hung over the coffin where her corpse lay, never to breathe again. The wails of each person were still fresh in his mind, yet his father, the worst of all, had the audacity to cry even though he had caused it.

Conner broke out of the illusion and walked, to the kitchen where he saw his father slouched, bottle in hand. Conner eyed the bottle with creeping distain. Anger bubbled under his skin as he snatched the bottle out of his father’s hand and threw it against the wall.

“Mom wouldn’t have wanted this!” Connor yelled. “Don’t bring her into this,” his dad responded, his words slurring. “You need to stop this,” Conner countered, glaring at his father. “I am a grown man. I don’t need my disappointment of a son barging into my home and telling me how to live my life.” Connor slowly stepped back, careful to avoid the shards of glass that littered the floor. “You really believe that? I guess I won’t be needing to barge into your home anymore.”

Connor ran and grabbed his backpack from the top of his closet and ripped it open. He shoved anything that might be even remotely useful into it and slung the bag over his shoulder and ran out of the house. The outside light hit him even greater than it had in his dimly lit bedroom. He realized there was no going back. Not now, not ever.

Connor ran. His legs never seemed to stop, but they did as a thought struck him. Where would he go? He knew he could not return to his failure of a father. Then it struck him. He would go to his aunt. She was the only person other than his mom that had loved him unconditionally.

He ran for hours, not stopping for even a sip of water. But finally, the exhaustion crept in. He spotted a nearby tree and slumped against it as he took off his backpack.

Moments past and Connor was drifting off to sleep, but something awoke him. A ring from within his backpack. He pulled out his phone and stared at it in disbelief. He knew the number by heart. Yet he had not seen it in many years. How could his mother be calling him?

He knew it had to be a joke, but he still answered. Connor still had a glimmer of hope that overcame him. The angelic voice was just as he remembered, but the years apart gave her a newfound roughness that hadn't been there before. But the joy Connor felt from her voice left as quick as it had come and was replaced by anger.

"We thought you were dead," Connor said to her in a voice so rage filled that no one would have guessed that only a few moments ago he was giddy with excitement. "I don't have time to explain," his mother replied. "You had three years to explain, and we will never get those years back." Anger bubbled under Connor's skin. "I needed a break," she replied, still with a sincere tone. "So you decided to fake your own death?" He could hear his mother's sigh on the other end, but he didn't care. "I had to because-"

"No," Connor had cut her off. "I have to go." Connor zipped up his bag and slung it over his shoulder, his phone still pressed firmly against his ear. "Before you hang up on me and cut me out of your life forever, I want you to know that your father is in the hospital," she told him. He

noticed a break in his mom's blazing confidence, almost as if her voice was returning to what it had been all those years ago.

"Why?" Connor asked, the word shooting out of his mouth with an almost accusing tone. "Well your running away caused a great deal of emotional distress in him, and he, well, had an overwhelming amount to drink that day and he got in his car to drive after you and-" His mom stopped. She was crying now. The sound of her wails reminded him of her funeral, all the crying.

"And what? Why are you calling me? What do you want?" Connor had disregarded his mother's sobbing and argued with her further. "Well, I want you to come home." Connor was quick to respond. "That's not going to happen. Dad never treated me kindly and you abandoned me and left me with him." He heard no sound from his mother, but she eventually responded. "Please." He heard a beep signaling that she had hung up on him. Connor brought the phone down from his ear and slipped it into his pocket. What if his mom was right? He couldn't risk never seeing his family again no matter how terribly they treated him. He would go back and reunite his family. But he never did.



Connor's father died three days after being admitted into the hospital. He died from injuries sustained from crashing his car whilst intoxicated driving. He was only trying to bring his son back. Connor's mother had a mental breakdown after losing her husband and only son. She was admitted into an insane asylum where she lived out the rest of his days. And as for Connor, he was never seen again. The last thing anyone ever remembers him saying was him arguing over the phone with his mother.