

Journal Entry #1

I honestly hate my life, my school, and my family.

Does anyone even care about me?

What would they do if I left? What would I need if I left?

I should leave.

Bye.

“Tianna?” I quickly shove my journal under my bed. Mom’s in the kitchen, holding a mop. “I need you to mop the floors a—Oh Wait! Won’t you be a dear and do the dishes too?” She bats her eyelashes as if she were an innocent little lamb. Anger fills my body, “Won’t you.... for the last gosh darn time.... Do it yourself?!” My hands cover my lips, and I quickly regret what I had just said. Mom picks up a boot on the ground, and starts to juggle it in her hands while walking towards me. “Oh.... Shoot.” I whisper. I just had to stand there because, I knew, if I ran, that would only make things worse. I closed my eyes. I counted to 3. 1....2....3, *Wham!* My eyes feel dried out. Mom has done this to me so many times... I am not able to even feel it anymore, but it still scares me. I run to my room and hide under my bed, and I grab my journal. There’s always a flashlight under there just in case, you know, I have to hide under my bed. I jot down a quick note that reads: *Don’t look for me. I’m contemplating when I should leave* when all of a sudden I hear my name being called. “Tia?” That’s not mom, mom never calls me that. Oh no... I didn’t even think about it. “Talia?” I say in a weak crackled voice. That’s my sister... AKA my best friend for life? Even though she is 3, she is still my best friend. “May I come in please?” I slide out from under my bed and open the door. “Come on in.” I think to myself: *I can’t leave her. She wouldn’t understand why HER best friend (me) left.* The thought pestered me the rest of the day. Then night came about. *I know what to do.* I packed 2 huge bags with clothing and food supply--for 2. In case you’re wondering... Yes, I am taking my sister. I lug the huge bags (of food and clothing) to the door. *Someone’s in the kitchen.* The refrigerator opens, and I ask the stupidest thing ever. “Hello?” I hear tiny footsteps and I know who it is. *Talia.* “Talia, What on earth are you doing?” She slowly plods towards me, holding a cracker. “Talia, we need to leave--” She interrupts me. “Let’s go!” *I guess she never liked our parents either. Dad’s always out partying... and mom? Mom abuses us... The boot wasn’t even considered abusing in our family.* We creep out of the house, and once we are out, we know we are gone for good.

The next 2 months are hard. We ran out of food in a week. Talia made \$3 from selling one of our candy bars. *Why did I take her? Now she is suffering.* People always stared at us oddly. One week, the craziest thing happened. We wound up in foster care. We were with an amazing family, with 2 other kids, who loved us so very much. So much, they adopted us. *Maybe us suffering was just the spark of something amazing.* I’m glad I took Talia with me.

Journal #2

It’s been a while my old friend.

I am the happiest I have ever been.

I don’t need you anymore,

But thank you for holding my thoughts.

The end.