

The Paperboy

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It was June of 1931, and Mark Henderson, a 15 year old boy in New York City was living on the streets, a young, broke orphan. Mark's parents passed away in an accident when he was only 9. He was put into an orphanage, but didn't like it there and he ran away. Since then he has had to live on the streets with nothing, the only thing he had was his job as a paperboy.

"Oh come on, this is 13 cents, and I've sold three times the papers this week!" Mark yelled angrily at his boss Turk Kingswood

"Well it's that or nothin'!" replied Kingswood.

Later that day, Mark went to the market to get some bread to eat.

"Oi, you got any bread today?" Mark asked the store clerk.

"Sorry, we still don't have any." he replied

Defeated, Mark walked out of the market and noticed a 'GOING OUT OF BUSINESS' sign on the glass wall. He thought, what would I do without this place, it's the only market where I can get food from.

"Oi, could you spare me some change young man?" said a homeless-looking man on the side of the street.

"Um, I don't have anything sir." replied Mark

"Please, anything would help in these trying times," the old man said to him.



In suspicion, Mark looked the man up and down, and then looked around. He spotted an unfamiliar automobile parked on the road. His first thought was to run away.

“Well actually I’ve got to get somewhere.” he said.

When Mark started walking the other way, he looked back at the man and he was getting up to chase him.

“Uh oh.” Mark said to himself.

“Come here you little paperboy!” angrily yelled the man.



Mark kept running as the man got in the automobile to chase him.

“Ooh, this should work.” Mark said to himself as he ran to hide into an alleyway.

After a few seconds of waiting, Mark saw the car pass by the alley. When the car was almost out of sight, he walked the opposite direction.

“Phew, that was a close one.” Mark said to himself.

Mark looked up to see that the sun was setting, and that he’d have to find a spot to sleep at for the night, a safe one at that. After a while, he found a small bench he could sleep on.

“This should be good,” he thought to himself.

In the middle of the night, he felt someone grab him.

“No! Get away from me you kidnapper!” he yelled as he thought he was getting pulled away by the man from before.

“Hey, hey, calm down sir,” a police officer said to Mark.

“Wait, wh-what did I do, where are you taking me?” Mark asked him.

“Got ya now Jacob, I’m taking you to the station,” he told Mark.

“There must be a misunderstanding, my name is Henderson, Mark Henderson.” he told the officer.

“Nice try, I’ve heard this one before.” the officer told Mark.

“Please believe me, I haven’t done anything wrong!” Mark begged.

“Sorry, but I’m not getting tricked by another criminal,” the police officer stated.

“I- I have my ID, do you want to see it,” Mark asked.

“No, I am sure that you are Jacob.” the officer told him.

Mark sighed as he was pulled into the police car.

“This is ridiculous,” Mark mumbled to himself.

“What did you say?” the officer asked.

“Nothing.” Mark replied.

The officer put Mark into the back of his car, and drove him to the police station.

“So what did “I” do?” Mark asked the officer.

“You know what you did, you’ve murdered people, ran from us, and now you’ve kidnapped a lady,” the officer replied. “And now we’ve finally caught yo-”

Mark looks out the window to see an apartment building covered in flames.

“Stay here, you better not go anywhere!” the officer tells Mark as he stops the car.

Mark’s first thoughts were to get out of the car and run, so he unbuckled his seatbelt and opened the door.

“I gotta get outta here!” he said to himself.

He began to run away until he heard a high pitched scream, it was coming from inside the building. He turned around and saw a young lady in the window, but when he looked down at the doorway, there was nobody coming to save her.

He turned around and yelled at the firemen, “What are you doing! This lady needs saving!”

“It’s too dangerous, we’re just going to try and get the fire out.” one fireman replied.

Mark looks away and runs straight into the building to save the lady.

“Oi, come back over here,” the fireman yelled, “it’s too dangerous in there, you’ll die!”

Mark just kept running, up the stairs to the third floor where she was.

“Oi, over here, we gotta get out of here before it collapses!” he told her.

As he said that he could hear the building start to crumble.

“Come on quick!” he yelled.

The lady ran over to him and followed him down the stairs.

He led her out the door first, but then the building suddenly collapsed right on top of him. The next thing he saw was the ceiling of the hospital building he was brought to.

“What happened?” he asked the nurse next to him.

“I was told that a building collapsed on you.” she replied.

“Why can’t I feel my left leg?” he asked her.

“Because it’s broken.” the nurse told him.

Mark heard the door open and looked over, he saw the lady with the mayor.

“Oh hello M-Mr. Mayor,” he said.

“Hello good sir, I would like to give you this, for finding my daughter.” he said, giving him an envelope.

‘5 THOUSAND DOLLARS’ it said in bold.

“W-why?” he asked.

“Because you found my daughter,” he replied.

Mark looked at the envelope, and that’s when his life finally began...