

ESCAPE

Kate L. – 5th Grade

Shriveled up in a ball, I looked around hoping for any way out knowing that I would be murdered any time soon I screamed and banged my head against the wall hoping they wouldn't come, that death wouldn't come.

It was the first day of school at Oakwood middle school, and within 20 minutes of the school day, we already had a fire drill in the 100-degree weather for 20 minutes, because one kid named Gavin scraped his knee on the way out of the classroom. When I finally walked into my homeroom class everyone had already formed their own little groups (that obviously discluded me in every single one of them). I walked into an open seat next to one of the boys that pick their nose and thinks it's cool, and the exact moment our homeroom teacher walked, in the whole class fell dead silent. the teacher introduced herself to the class as Mrs. Williams, then asked me to introduce myself because I had moved from California. I slowly walked to the front of the class and mumbled, "Hi, my name is Nicole and I moved here about 3 months from California" Knowing that was an absolute failure introduction I hid my face under my hoodie and walked back to my seat. About 1 hour later of torture, Mrs. Williams dismissed us to the next class. Once I got to science class we had to dissect frogs to study their hearts. The moment the knife touched the poor animal I vomited ALL over my partner and the frog, so I went home and regretted even agreeing to do such a thing. I walked home in despair but there was a small glimpse of hope knowing that my mom would be able to cheer me up when I arrived.

Once I walked inside my house I heard strange noises coming from the kitchen, and my heartbeat increased, I slowly tiptoed to the doorway leading to the kitchen. My mother was murmuring the most random things about me, my dad, and demons or something. I realized she had gone insane, so I reluctantly, tears in my eyes I ran to the door. I turned around to take in everything that just happened, and my mom was right in front of me, she looked like she hadn't slept in days, bit all of her nails off, and chunks of her hair were ripped out. Now I knew for sure she was absolutely insane. She looked at me with her ravenous eyes and bashed me in the side of the head with a sack of flour. I fell to the ground absolutely silent. The image slowly faded away, and I was unconscious in a couple of seconds.

I woke up in a locked room with no windows chained to the wall. Sitting in despair I felt a huge jolt of pain from the side of my head and my ear, I gently reached over to my ear, my earring cut into the side of my head. I pulled my earrings out and tried to clean it the best I could with my shirt which just made the pain worse so I gave up, though I was trapped in a room with a dim light I had no idea what to do.

After approximately 4 hours the door opened, I looked up and screamed. The sight was unbearable, my mother looked practically dead. She walked towards me and pulled a knife from behind her back, and she tried to throw it at my arm. Thankfully it hit the chain in result, I ran as fast as I could. With my legs aching, I sprinted out the door out of the weird abandoned house, and finally I was free.

Once I reached my neighborhood there was cops surrounding my house and my grandparents were crying. That's when I realized I wasn't the only one that my mother had torched, because my father was dead. Soon enough I was in foster care with a new family even though I had been locked in a room

with no food and every little water someday my nightmares will stop and everything will be normal again.

When all the sudden I woke up and I was in my bed at my house with my mom waking me up for school. I was dreaming.