

Quinn R.

## Lost in Life

Scott also known as the lonely boy is not like the other 26 year olds; he has had devastating things happen to him. I will tell you the life of Scott.

### Scott's Story

When I was seven my parents divorced, and I decided to live with my dad which was in the military. It was a normal day until my dad came to deliver some unwelcome news. This is what he said, "son I have to go serve this country I love you so much son." The next day the U.S. ARMY trucks pulled up, and my Dad left. I thought to myself he may never return, and Mom would never let me stay with her. After what Dad did to her. A couple days later I started to get worried because, I couldn't communicate with Dad. A year later I wish Dad was back, but he wasn't. Nobody showed up at my front door, yet which was good. That means he has not died yet. Three months later he still wasn't back. Twenty-one months later the Manhattan Project started I thought I would get to see my Dad soon and hopefully that would end the war. Eight months later the Manhattan Project ended, and Mr. Roosevelt was in control of the nukes. Two months later Mr. Roosevelt decided to nuke Hiroshima Japan, and Nagasaki. My dad said he was going to be in Nagasaki fighting for the U.S. Three days later they dropped the nuke on Nagasaki. I got pretty nervous that he died. A week later Dad's troop showed up at my front door, and said "We have lost your father we are so sorry for your loss we will build a monument in honor of your father he was a real trooper." I started to drown myself in tears he was my only parent left. I don't know where my Mom lives because my Dad never gave me that

information. We were a pretty poor family living in a one bathroom, and one bedroom cottage. I had a job I worked at the local pet store nine hours a day witch only got me twenty five dollars a day, so I started working twenty two hours a day witch only got me forty dollars a day. One month later I started to post signs to ask for money, and thirty years later I am still getting money. On rainy days the power would always go out, and I didn't have a car so I would the night at the pet store. Things would be terrible at night there were no blankets the pets would make a tone of noise. There I was in that picture. Twelve years later I had raised over two hundred fifty thousand dollars. I could buy a car and a new house, and I could even work seven hours a day now as a manager. One day I went to the memorial, and I saw this lady on the other side of the memorial she looked somewhat familiar. I walked up to her and asked her if I knew her the she asked me what my name was I said, "Scott." She asked if this was my dad, and I said, "Yes." She called me son, and I asked her if she was the mother of Scott Sean she said yes she was Kelly Sean. At the same time, we said Mom and son. We hugged for about five minutes. She had a small house so I invited her to live with me in my descent sized house. She loved the house and asked if she could stay. I say, "Yes". She sold her house and started to live with me. We visited the memorial every Friday because that is the day that the military Sargent showed up at are front door and told us the very devastating news. One day in the mail we got a letter stating that my father is alive I darted into Mom's room and handed her the mail. It said it was a mistaken identity. We hugged each other and went straight to the hospital. We got to the hospital, and they told us that my dad had leukemia in addition they told us he had a seven percent chance of surviving. Six years later my Dad beat the odds of living and lived. We got to

go home with Dad. Here I am inspired in the military school telling this story with my Mom and Dad.