

Teen Vengeance by Sarosh N.

My name is Josh Peterson, I'm seventeen, and the country I live in, Distopia, is currently at war with the more modern country, Apitude. I live with my father in the slums. It's basically a place where poor people live girls in one area and boys in another. My father makes me do bad things and I'm not talking about calling people names I'm talking about stealing and getting away with it. When he started telling me to steal I got my own job at the produce market down the street.

That was when my father lost his job...and his humanity. After that he started drinking and gambling with that he spent the last of our money. My mother got sick when I was about four years old she was diagnosed with cancer. It was already in her family line for dozens of years. A few years later she passed away, but in a peaceful way, her sleep.

I was devastated. But a few years back, I grew happy, so she wouldn't have to see her husband, my father, like this. One rainy day I just snapped, I just couldn't take it anymore. I finished work like normal and went home. Late at night I grabbed a pack and put some items in it; spare clothes, some money, food from the market my boss gave me, a picture of my mom, and some water.

I tip toed across the sleeping bodies and left. I was given a compass for Christmas from one of the older men in the slums and used that to find my way to the border of the country. But I was too late a guard saw me and instantly recognized me. He took me back to the slums and threw me to the ground. I fell asleep immediately.

I woke up to a kick on the ribs the impact sent me flying. "What the heck were you doing!" my father bellowed.

I stood and went into a fighting stance. He pounced and I blocked he kept on punching and I kept on dodging until I went too slow and got a punch to the eye. He round kicked me right under the ribs, my weak spot. It kept on going like that him kicking me and after a while he got tired of that and left. I tried to stand, but fell and gone unconscious.

When I woke up I painfully stood up and walked outside. It looked pretty late so I grabbed my pack and left for the border once again. When I got there I was lucky because there were no guards. I threw my pack across the fence and climbed over. Now there was no going back.

Now I'm a new person. Now I'm not Josh Peterson. I thought long and hard for a good new name. I settled for Jason Perceus, my great grandfather's name.

"HEY!" an Apitude soldier called. "How'd you get here?"

"Um..." I started. Should I tell him the truth or should I lie. I told him the whole story.

He thought for a minute. "Welcome to Apitude uh.."

"Jason Perceus." I added.

"I'll give you some fresh clothes and show you how to fit in." the soldier replied. "Oh and the names Brian Brown." After two miles of walking we could already see signs of homes and streets. Twenty minutes or so later we reached his apartment. The only two colors I could see in his house were gray and white.

I actually liked it nice and plain. Brian emerged from his room with a white fleece shirt and gray skinny jeans.

"How old are you Brian?" I questioned.

"Twenty three," he answered casually. "You?"

"Seventeen," I replied.

"Dang man, okay I got it you're my cousin from my mom's side and you came here to live in Apitude. Over here we leave our family when we are nineteen or twenty." He explained. "Now go and change and shower I'll get you something to eat."

after we ate we went to the town hall.

“Why are we here?” I questioned.
“You're going to join the military.”

FOUR YEARS LATER

“Defeat every last one of them okay?” Rechal one of my fellow soldiers tells me. “oh and.... don't die.” she hugs me and then walks away.

Over the few years we developed a brother sister relationship. Right then we were in a dome shaped area ready to go out in battle.

“Three two one lets move!” our commander yells.

The battle field was filled with dead bodies just laying there. BAM! I just nearly missed a bullet to the head. I ran as fast as I could, I was so fast I was practically flying. Two Distopian soldiers ran straight t words me.

BAM! BAM! They were down in an instant. Apitude has greater knowledge, so they put that in their training. They taught us where the weak spots are, the head or the heart.

On the battle field I saw some man that looks very familiar. The brown hair, those grey eyes, that pointy nose. That could only be one person, father. Distopia must have made the people in the slums fight for them. I raise my gun, put my finger on the trigger... but I put it back.

I couldnt bring myself to do it. He looked straight at me. And put his finger on the trigger. I ran. I hid behind a tree and put my finger on the trigger once more. But this time, I shot.

ONE YEAR LATER

“So, are you happy?” Brian asked.

“Yes yes I am.” I replied.

“Because you got your vengence?”

“Yes yes I did.”

THE END

Maybe....