

The Boy Without A Smile.

He had never really been a people kind of person. They annoyed him. They were always asking random and awkward questions which created awkward silences. He would always rather run away than have to face the people that were always chatting; people that asked him how school was going and other questions. He had tried to run away from home many times, but had never succeeded. He had run away only to get lost in the thick woods and would have to return home for fear that he might get lost and never find his way out again. His parents used to chastise him about running away from home, but after time they gave in and finally realised that he would never give up trying to run away.

So again and again he ran away only to have to return home; his mission a failure. But little did he know that he would have the effort in him for only one more attempt at running away, but this time it would be different. This time he would escape, but this is one thing he didn't know.

The day that he ran away was a dismal one. You could literally taste the rain in the air. He had come from a *massive* fight with his parents, they had been yelling at him for running away and they were sick of it. They wanted him to come home and stay at home, to at least *act* like he was a normal person. But he was having none of it, he wanted to live his life the way *he* wanted to, not the way that his parents wanted him to.

The next morning when his parents went to apologise to him and make up, he was gone. No sign of him except for a note lying on his bed:

To my parents,

As you can tell, I have run away from home again, but this time I'm staying away. This way you won't have an embarrassing, socially impaired son.

Congrats.

No love,

A boy that is no longer your son.

He went to the woods looking for a loop hole in the bushes that seemed to guard the woods. When he finally found it he ventured through cautiously into unknown lands. After walking for what seemed like a forever he came to a clearing. He was tired and only wanted to rest but he pushed on and looked around him. Only then did he realise that in a tall willow tree directly across from him was a rundown looking treehouse. He forced his legs to keep moving forward towards the tree where he began to climb. When he reached the top he let out a breath that he didn't realise he had been holding in. The tree house was the perfect spot to live in. All decked out. He didn't know how this happened but he didn't care. He was safe. He was the boy without a smile. He was Jared.

Sarah