

A Better Life

As the seven kids staggered up to the top of the wall, one by one their feet balanced carefully on it. They hopped down and turned to the timber and joinery factory. They use to work there, but they escaped for a better life. No money, no parents, no survival skills whatsoever. The leader Tim turned to the others. He was dusty and had greasy hair with red overalls. His friend Adam however has nice, neat hair and clean clothes with black shoes and grey socks. The two girls Ally and Liv stared at each other. They had maroon dresses and had short hair but had no shoes and socks. "We will never survive," said Ethan who was the youngest in the group at 7 years old and had overalls just like Tim's. Chris's hand went to his neck as the strawberry rash got worse and worse. "When will this rash disappeared?" Chris murmured as he kept scratching. "Oh shut up no one cares about your stupid rash," Adam groaned. "When will we finally get parents?" Liv asked brown eyes big with fear. The second youngest Austin kept quiet so he doesn't start a fight. "Guys we can survive!" Tim exclaimed. The sun beamed down on the seven kids who want nothing but revenge, parents and a better life. Ally's face was as red as a rose. "I hate wearing these dresses" Ally said adjusting her collar of her dress. "I can't wait to get new dresses, and parents too I hate being alone," Ally's eyes filled with tears. "Did we ever even have parents?" "Yes because we wouldn't be here right now if we didn't have parents," Adam said sternly. "If we want to survive then how?" Austin finally said. They were finally at their shelter that has a table with a broken legs and small chairs that they could barely sit on. Ethan's stomach grumbled. Ally placed down some food on their table that they stole from a nearby restaurant. It wasn't much though it was only a small loaf of bread and a bit of cheese. Chris kept scratching his rash, hoping that Liv will find an answer on how to split it evenly. "Well, all we can do is-" Liv was cut short when she caught the children staring at something else. She saw what they were staring at, a man with a cloak with a whip in his hand. His crimson eyes glared at the seven children. The man grabbed Adam and started dragging him away. Adam tried to scream but he couldn't. The six kids chased after him but they soon disappeared.

Adam opened his eyes and found himself in a cell with no lights and dust everywhere. The door creaked open and the strange man was standing there with a torch in his hand. "Who-who are you," Adam stuttered eyes wide. He didn't answer. He just extinguished the torch and walked away. Adam lied on his bed, tears in his eyes. He was stuck here and there was nothing he could about it.