

The Orphanage

I hear the leaves crunching as I stroll closer to what I thought was my father's old withered house. I stop at the decaying veranda and stare at words carved into a big stone above the decrepit door, the words clearly read out 'orphanage'.

I walk to the faded cinnamon coloured door, when I turn the knob it falls to the thorny ground. I immediately walk up to the second floor. On the way up some of the steps on the stairs snap and fall the closet below the stairs. I trip a couple of times before finally walking to the top. There is a hall way with four doors each leading to a bedroom, I look for the door with my father's name on it, Bernard Evens, I enter his room. In the corner of the room there is a shelf, on the shelf there is a photo in a gold frame. I stop as I notice what's in the photo. I stare at the small photo and see my father strolling along a narrow chest-nut coloured retainer along with six other people. In the background I see an old 'Timber and Joinery' factory. My day dreaming is stopped by a small rodent that scrambles across the shelf, a stray cat then leaps through the narrow window positioned to the left of the cupboard. The cat's paws grab hold of the rodent and keep it hostage in the jaws of the feline. I look away from the horror and continue to walk through the orphanage...

I notice a small hamster cage with origami in it, the glass cage has a gaping hole in it with shards scattered around a deep hole in the mulch. The hamster wheel is lying on the floor with more shards of glass and origami surrounding it. I look closely at the origami and notice that it's made out of major headlines in newspapers. I hear a small animal scattering around the floor, I look down to see a hamster running for my foot, it stops and looks at me with a suspicious grin. I realise that this room is not safe and move on as soon as possible. On the way out the room I notice a PlayStation shaped box, I think nothing of it and move on...

I watch the cat from upstairs run across the room with a small dead creature in its mouth. It scrambles into a small hole in the wall. The paint on the wall starts

to peel as the feline shakes the wall, I decide that I don't want to stay in the building any longer and leave.

On the way out I think about all the things father said to me before he died the day after my eighth birthday, he always told me that his parents died the year before I was born and that they were wonderful people. As I wander out of the orphanage I realise the horrible truth, my father was a liar.