

UNFORTUNATE PARENTS

The sun fights the darkness trying to shine through my window. Although it seems like it never will. The sun hasn't shone since my mother died, (well so I think) which has been three months now. My step mum Annabelle is having a baby with dad.

I climb down the ladder I placed below my window last night. I'm going to the willow tree where my brother Luke, mum, dad and I used to go on picnics; it was our favourite place. Except I'm going by myself.

No one cares about me anymore, there's no one to talk with, no one to laugh with and no one to cry about anything with.

Luke has a job at the fish market down the road. As I cautiously climb down the ladder and walk along the creek the smell of dead fish wafts towards me.

Annabelle and dad have finally had the baby after weeks of stress. The baby looks like an alien baby. This morning at the willow tree was meant to be our secret place, so I was shocked to see two people sitting in its lower branches. Anger rose up inside me because that was our special place. As I get closer it becomes clear who's sitting in the tree. ANNABELLE AND MY DAD!

Tears sting my eyes; I can't take it anymore. Dad's completely forgotten about mum. He can't even be bothered to remember her.

It's ten o'clock at night and I still can't get to sleep. Dad suggested counting sheep and I thought it was a good idea until he said it helped mum get to sleep. I just can't take anything anymore. It's almost like mum was my support and when she leaves I collapse.

Dad was singing in the morning with Annabelle and today is the day that we are going to replace the flowers on mum's grave. Does dad really think life is all cupcakes and rainbows?

"Kids what flowers should we get for your mother's grave?" asked dad as we jumped in the old and uncomfortable jeep also known as 'the dreaded'.

On the way back from mum's grave, dad suggested we stop at Pies and Pancakes for Every One. But there was no way I was eating anything from that place. It's awful! Mum's grave was covered in moss. Luke and I asked if we could help clean it off but apparently we would never be cleaning any grave. Dad said that if the selective high school saw me cleaning graves they wouldn't accept me. Yeah right!

Today was the first day of school and our History teacher was the only nasty teacher. My favourite class was English, probably because it was the only class I had that didn't have any homework for the first week.

"How was school?" asked Annabelle?

"Fine, I guess." When dad came home, Luke and I asked if we could head out to Asian foods, but of course the answer was no.

I really miss mum, I want her to come back, I want her to come home, but deep down I know she never will.