

Aoife Taylor

Today was a good day

I've had a really great day today. It was one of those days that you know the meaning of true happiness. It was a great day because finally after years of looking I had found my home. I stood with my eyes closed in the strangers livingroom. I breathed the mixed scents. The scent hit my nose. Not because it was a nasty stench but because it was the familiar homely smell that each home distinctly has.

That morning I had broken out of the military camp that I had been held captive at for the last two years. I was only fifteen years of age when my hopeless father decided I needed discipline. I wasn't a bad kid but I had my fair share of trouble. Instead of grounding me like most parents would do he decided that the higest, toughest military camp in the whole of the country would do.

It was on the second year of being at Millbury camp I decided it was time to leave.

**FOUR THIRTY AM:** The alarm buzzed my right arm shot out my navy duvet and thumped the button. I looked round to see if any other inmates had noticed. No one moved everyone still lay sleeping in the bunkers. I was in my navy uniform. I wasn't just ready, I was eager.

**FIVE FIFTEEN AM:** I'd worked my way round the door's my officers lay in the room next snoring the loudest I'd ever heard. If that hadn't woke them up. Nothing will. It was cold outside every-thing was gray, well everything kinda had to be in this place.

**SIX AM:** I had Climed the massive gates, I'd tied my bed sheets together and used it as a softey rope in case I hadn't fully made the gate. A light flicked on in the building. I froze. Barry Smith (big bully) walked to the toilets. Blinded by the lights he didn't notice me. The lights where unbelievably bright

They liked to do that in military camp, pushed you that little bit further. The floors had to be that extra bit shinier, the lights that extra bit bright and the people that lot bit meaner.

SIX-FIFTEEN AM: It was closer to the time where people would be waking up. I ~~was~~ had to escape the area before the search dogs were released. My biggest fear while escaping. A main road! I ran and followed it. After twenty minutes of running.

I reached a small café just on the outskirts of the road. I had thirty dollars in my backpack. I entered the café. It was empty and there was the sound of country music flowing. I hadn't heard the sound in many years. A large woman with a dirty apron and red curly hair approached me. She chewed tobacco and took my order.

It took me a while to finish my chocolate milkshake but when I did, headed straight back to the road. The sun was starting to rise, I felt less alone. Little that I knew a town was only a mile out of so.

EIGHT FIFTEEN AM: I sat on the train, people tall, small fat sat around me. The colours surrounded me. My mother once took me and my little sister on the train once. My little sister was two at the time and I was seven. When everyone's back was turned my little sister fell onto the track, if it wasn't for the nearby officer seeing he wouldn't of scaped her at the track. It was after that that my family swore we were never going on a train again. After that my dad and me stayed in California and mum moved to Los Angeles.

TWELVE AM: I reached Los Angeles. It was festival season. The mardi gras filled the street. People everywhere through beads over my neck. People in crazy outfits

Rose  
Taylor  
A man in a multicoloured sweater noticed me strutting  
pase. The man walked up to me:

'This aint no place for a kid like you to be lost'

'N..no i'm looking for my mom'

'I'll take that as ya lost'

'Do you know where this is' I handed him the  
\*crumpled piece of paper with my moms adress:

'i'm guessing ya her son'

shocked 'yes... do you know her'

'i'm her boyfriend'

The man looked like he hadn't shaved in years.

'Follow me kid'

He led us down quite a few roads until  
we reached this manchen type house.

I got in the living room. The man wandered  
of. I could see the pictures of mom and bella both  
dara looking beutys.

I closed my eyes. The smells hit me. Not  
because it was a bad stench but because it was  
the familiar homely smell that each home distinctly  
have. Today it's had a good day.