

The Boy

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It seemed to the boy like months before he could close his eyes and be free from the world, in his eyes he could only live the life you and I want. But he needs it more than a few grains he earns, and the rusty pennies he collects. It's what he's paid. But to him and his eyes he can be who he wants to be.

In his eyes he could be a rich and famous super star and everyone would chant his name, and his children could learn to read and write, like he never did. And his parents could forgive each other.

"Rats!" "Rats!" The old hag started calling, and the little boy heard the call as he panted from his mattress. "The rats came back again, Last time you said they'd be gone FOR GOOD, so explain why are they back,". "I must have done something wrong it won't happen again... Ma'am." The boy put his head down and looked at the ground, he knew it would be a long day. He went along scooping up bits of rat droppings and stuffing things into the holes in the walls and or roofs.

As the night colder and the old women snore asleep the little boy was getting ready to get out of here. He swept up five gold coins and packed two jumpers 1 shirt and a pair of shorts the bag latched onto his skin and he lept out of the window and made a run for it to the nearby haystack where the boy knew he would be safe for now. As the boy reached the ~~y~~ haystack he lay and shut his eyes exited for the journey that awaits him. As he drifted into sleep.

As darkness slept and daylight grew warmer he gathered his bag and set for the dirt road. Sweating he saw the inner town crowded with people, he ran as fast as he could into town the slowly gasping for air he continues walking until a desperate shadow latched onto his arm the little boy shouted and cried for his life it was all just a blurry image. Until everything seemed to go black and he drifted away.

A Slight touch on his skin awoke him the shiny, rustic bars blinded him and the cold coughs wet him. There was a crowd in his squished corner and a lot of them were sick too. When he stood up and looked the frightening stares from women and their babies Michael Hesitantly sat down and fell into his world of dreaming.

Chapter 2

"Psst." "Psst, Hey!" He looked up instantly confused, a little girl continued to tap him "How'd ye' get 'ere?" "Huh..." He raised an eyebrow slightly, "I was caught taking my masters shoes, my golly was she mad!" "Well... Uh I don't exactly know why I was taken in this god forbidden prison, I was trying to escape the old selfish world of those greedy masters ... Until someone or something latched onto my arm. I cried for help but they all nodded and walked away from the accident."

"Maybe the master called for you to be found and taken on trial for not obeying your 'master'" Explained the girl. Throwing back her golden hair acting like she was smart or maybe she fancied him. He looked back over at the rusty bars, looks to be that they haven't been cleaned in years. "SINGLE FILE!" a strange old man was lining the prisoners for trial... and Michael was next. He stood to the sound of his name and was escorted to the court as he looked at the girl he saw her praying for her safety in the world.

"Mr. Sir Michael Bolden we are here in the favour of the law to confirm your loyalty in this world or your wrongfulness and be sent out of this world. Are you ready to begin Sir?" The boy was feeling brave but nervous he knew that he was a goner. He nodded in return to the women's question gulping back the fear in his throat. "I plead guilty in the case of running from Ma'am Kodiak to run for a better future." "Then it is settled you are sentenced to transportation for life" He was grateful for the kind women's help he was going to have a better future. And he could feel it.

"Hey!" He said waving his arms in the girls face as her smile was swept downwards "Hello." She said in a quiet voice. "Well I got transportation.!" "Oh really! You got it!?" "Yeah... How did you go.?" "I'm of to be hung in the morning" Her tears where coming out like storms gasping for help and he could hear the screams in her tears he felt bad for choosing to go with transportation. She sighed finishing her last sentence, "This is the end and I can't seem to get my head around it" the tears blinded him he couldn't help but shout for a guard he would plead for her life.