



Escape

By Erisha Tayal 7B

The sky is so beautiful. The stars are twinkling and shining bright. This is my time of night: the breeze softly blowing, the grass beneath me and the leaves whispering in my ear.

A loud crash comes from within my house. I sigh, they're at it again ... mum and dad. They are fighting like they hate each other. They *do* hate each other. They certainly couldn't care less about me, I'm never in the picture they tirelessly paint.

I wish I could stay out here forever, that I didn't have to go back inside.

I feel like I really have no one. I don't have any friends or family. I can't even confide in myself without fearing judgement.

I'm going insane.

Everything changes, the world moves and almost nothing stays the same. I can't keep up with the change, I always fall behind. I can't find which moment to live in, which moment is *now*. I think of running away, but I know I'll get lost. I know I'll be alone. I already *am* alone, it just hurts too much to admit it.

I'm sinking lower every day. Sinking into darkness, falling through the pain. The pain that pierces my skin and chokes me. The pain that ultimately makes me numb. If only I could be better: a better son, a better friend, a better student. But the truth will always be ugly in my world.

Staring at the stars, I suddenly realise that I lied. Out of seven billion people in the world, one person does care about me. Nobody knows about him, they'd take him away if they did.

I know I disappoint him too, but he stays with me regardless.

I can see him now, even from here. He always did stand out, at least to me he did. There is something so unique about him. Maybe that's why I like him; he isn't exactly human.

The night grows brighter as he comes closer. His face gentle and his eyes welcoming. I look back at the house, the screams and crashes echoing into the night. Now I can't see the house at all, instead all I see are all the memories I tried so hard to forget, the moments that drove me to this point ... to insanity.

People's hateful glares burning right through me, harsh words and bruises from all of the abuse. I'm broken. I'm invisible. I'm irrelevant.



I look at him. He smiles knowingly and gives me his hand. It's time. I smile back.

The sky is beautiful and always will be. The stars are twinkling and always have been. Right now someone's laughing. Right now someone's moving on. Sometimes the bigger picture, is really the smaller one.

I take his outstretched hand and breathe out, the air leaving my lungs for the last time. The world flies by as we soar far away from this pain, far away from this world, far away from everything I have ever known.