Some writers claim it is extremely hard coming up with an ending to a story, others say it is the beginning that is troubling. I agree with both views. Waking each morning to view a blank page, so many possibilities, so many stories to create with various formulas, skills and unique ways of displaying a story. One of the hardest questions being what will I write about, who will I become, what is the message I’m wanting to tell? Messages need to be conveyed in a way that is difficult to figure out and yet so simple. It should become almost common sense in a world where peace and acceptance is lacking. I hope this story can illuminate the dark, the innocent to the ignorant. And so the story begins.

The year is 2007. It was summer and hot as hell. From what I can remember, I walked out of my math class with the promise I will return. However I have no intention. Never liked math to be honest, never understood it. That, and I didn’t really feel like being in a class where I am considered a freak. ‘Long haired spastic’, many called me. I didn’t really know how people could see a disability like a disease. I felt completely isolated from school where everyone got along. Kicking a can along the foot path, I wonder why people hated me so. I never ran my mouth off and never fought; I was a standard wall flower. Yet I had been labelled and branded a freak of nature before anyone really got to know me.