Story

I always hated these days, father would leave for days on end going ‘hunting’ but I knew what he was really doing. He was sneaking of to the bar with his mates and trying to escape the never-ending sound of childish screams and tantrums that flooded the house. In these times of my father’s absence I would be left behind and be forced to look after my little brothers and sisters. After I had put the little kids to sleep I would walk out onto the porch, sit in my chair and gaze out into the stars. I would sit here until about 8 o’clock when this young black man would walk past on his way home from the cotton fields. Father was very vocal about his beliefs of how the black community and how they were all crazy and psychotic but I could never see these attributes from looking at this man. He seemed so calm and refined, he didn’t look especially violent in fact he didn’t look threatening at all. He acted almost like a white man except for his left arm which didn’t seem to move at all. I had watched this guy walk past my house for the past couple of weeks and had begun to admire him, he was the only man I had ever seen apart from my father. My father got very violent when he was drunk he would always come home late at night drunk and take his anger out on me, it was horrible the torturous things he did to me. He would beat me for making the smallest of mistakes. All I wanted to do with my life was to leave this horrendous house and go somewhere where I would be treated well and looked alone, and this is why I desired to be with this man so much, he was my ticket away from my horrible life. He could take me away and look after me and protect me from my father. As I snapped out of this blissful haze I say the man of my dreams slowly walk around the corner of our property and slowly fade away into the distance. That man was going to be my ticket away from this dreadful place and I was going to get him to take me with him one day around the corner and never come back.