(Diya Botadre 9th JK1)

He looked at the grey clouds pouring down heavily as they gave him some company while tears streamed down his cheeks. Peter could still hear his father`s sharp words ringing in his ears.

Thirteen years ago he had finally found a family. Peter was only three years old back then, but he could still remember the tremendous joy he had left has he had stuffed the new clothes he had in a bag and left the adoption centre, ready to start a new and happy life. That memory had never faded. Ever since, Peter`s parents, Mr and Mrs Jensen, had provided him everything. They had given him toys before he could even ask for them. They used to spend time with him, have family dinner every day and do pretty much everything that made him happy. They sent him to the best school in the city. They used to travel so much that Peter had seen almost half of the world. Peter knew that he was adopted but he never felt that way. His parents loved him so much that he couldn`t describe it in words. Peter was always grateful to his parents and always tried to prove his gratitude. He had always stood first in the class. He had an amazing memory and had won several medals in various competitions. He had never spoken back rudely to his parents. His parents had brought him up so well mannered. His focus had never strayed from studies. He had always made his parents proud.

Than started his first year of college. He had made many new friends. They all always seemed to be good until one day. It was 2nd August, a Wednesday and Peter had his English lecture in ten minutes. As usual, Peter went to meet his friends on the campus. To his surprise, none of his friends were present there. It was only if they wanted to talk about something very important did they meet on the football ground. Peter went there, unaware of what was to come.

As soon as he spotted his friends on the ground, he ran up to them. On seeing their faces, Peter knew that something was fishy. No sooner did Peter ask them what was going on than he saw Daniel hide something in his pocket. Peter forced him to remove it and was shocked to see a small plastic packet containing some white powder. He realized with a jolt that they were drugs. Peter snatched it from Daniel`s hands, examined the packet and then said that he was going to tell the professor about this. Daniel and the others tried to take the packet from his hands. Just then, professor D`Souza came. He didn`t listen to a word Peter or the others said. All he said that he didn`t expect this from Peter. Being Peter`s father`s friend, he first called Peter`s parents to school and then called the other`s parents. Peter cried and begged, he tried to explain to the professor what exactly had happened. But the professor sternly ignored what they said.

In the Principal`s office, Peter and the others were scolded and suspended. All the parents were told about what their children had done. Peter`s parents didn`t speak a word to him, they simply just looked down, clearly disappointed. When they reached home, Peter tried to explain what exactly happened and how he got victimised by the situation, but his parents did not respond to him. Finally his father stood up and said a sentence no son would ever want to hear. He said,” My blood would have never done this.” This sentence shook the world out of Peter. He had expected his parents to trust him and fight for him up well. Instead, Peter`s father had told him something that felt for more worse than being accused of having taking drugs. Peter`s world have turned upside-down. He knew that no world could console him now.

For the first time in his whole life, Peter actually felt that he was adopted, that he did not have his father`s blood. The tongue words are the lance. Peter understood the true meaning of it now. The words can hurt more than a sword ever could. The words are like bullet and the mouth are like guns. Just like bullet, words can hurt a person a lot. Words can shatter and break their hearts. Peter knew how that felt, and it was awful.