

Catching sunlight

By : Rosa Clark

About a girl, who becomes so accustomed to life in the orphanage she cannot possibly imagine any other way, that is until she meets the twins who awe her with all the wonders she has missed outside. Nat soon becomes facinated with the very idea of freedom and embarks alongside her two best friends on a journey to find out the truth. Through this time Nat hopes to find her real parents. If you like the begining of this story I shall submit the rest :)

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Cotton...the sheets were cotton and flowery. I knew they were cotton because of the label that stuck out like a sore thumb against the dark green. I doubted that when I was told to analyse every single minute detail the twins didn't exactly mean for me to take account the material used for bed clothes. I waited silently in the dark until I heard the footsteps cease to shuffle on the landing, switching on the lamp by my bedside. I reached under my pillow, clutching hold of the key; waiting a few seconds longer just to be sure everyone had gone to their dorms. It was rare we got our own rooms in orphanages; it must've been because I was temporary in this one. The room itself smelled of orphanage, musty and cold like all the others I had been to before. I hated the smell. I turned to my side, peering around and trying to find flaws in the room in which I could report. The latch on the window was rusty enough, perhaps even to snap off its hinge with pliers, or perhaps it was just the dim, yellow lighting making everything within the room look older. I placed one foot onto the floor, then another trying not to make a sound. The floorboards in the room were creaky, I established this when I was being shown around all the other dorms. As soon as I entered my own I noticed the bare wooden floor seemed much older than the rest. I could feel my heart pounding, just aching at the thought of a loud squeaking board alerting the head. I couldn't stomach the idea of having to explain why I was wandering around in the middle of the night, clutching a key and my full suitcase. I gulped, I squirmed, and I fiddled with the silver key until I couldn't bear the suspense, carefully standing up with my eyes screwed tight. This isn't the life I want to live, if I want to do better for myself I have to make it happen, no-one else but me. I'd considered the possible outcomes of escaping the orphanage, from brilliant right down to terrible; terrible meaning living out on the streets, cold and hungry. I hadn't given much thought on the brilliant outcome. I'm fourteen years old, how could I live on my own, from scratch with nothing? I could've kicked myself. I didn't want to think of that sort of thing, not when I was so close, and besides I had my friends who were coming with me: Lana and Liam. Nothing was going to stop us. It was all planned so precisely. We had tried seeking ways to escape in the past but everything seemed so secure before. There was no way we could get past the alarms and other security methods Miss Baxter used to keep us in. The only way was sought out by me last week when a new girl was moved into the dorm next door. Apparently she got into a fight with Luisa, who, by the way, is very intimidating. Miss Baxter wouldn't hear any of it, she sent the new girl to the room I am currently occupying formally known as the cooler room where the naughty children stay, isolated from everyone until they learn to behave. Not many know of this room, I only found out when it was my turn to help out in the kitchen. The new girl was rumoured to have come down ill and I was on washing up duty in the kitchen. The cook was making lunch for everyone and our eyes locked as she was preparing a separate tray of sandwiches.

Do you mind going up to room 509 for me dear, just to give Imogene her sandwiches, I believe the poor girl has the flu of some sort the dinner lady said, forcing her tray on me without my response. I nodded meekly, heading out to the mysterious 509, the room right across Mrs Baxter's office. I never really thought about anyone using the room, I'd always sidled past it in fear of disturbing old Mrs Baxter who ran the orphanage. She didn't do kindly to the children who disturbed her. I was given the key to the room as dorms are only left open in the morning for everyone to have their breakfast together in the hall, at one o'clock for gym outside regardless of weather conditions and at six o'clock in the hall again for half an hour for everyone to move around and talk to their fellow orphans. This time when walking by Mrs Baxter's room I no longer felt timid, if she questioned me I could just simply say the cook had sent me unlike the many times I was just hovering around her office trying to find my file. I rapped on the door with 506 carved crudely above the handle and when no response came I shifted nervously from foot to foot for a moment before taking the courage to twist the key in the lock and step inside...

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DUN DUN DUN to be continued? hopefully anyway...please tell me what you guys think, it would really be of use:)

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