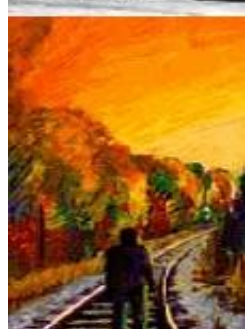


A Life you wouldn't want

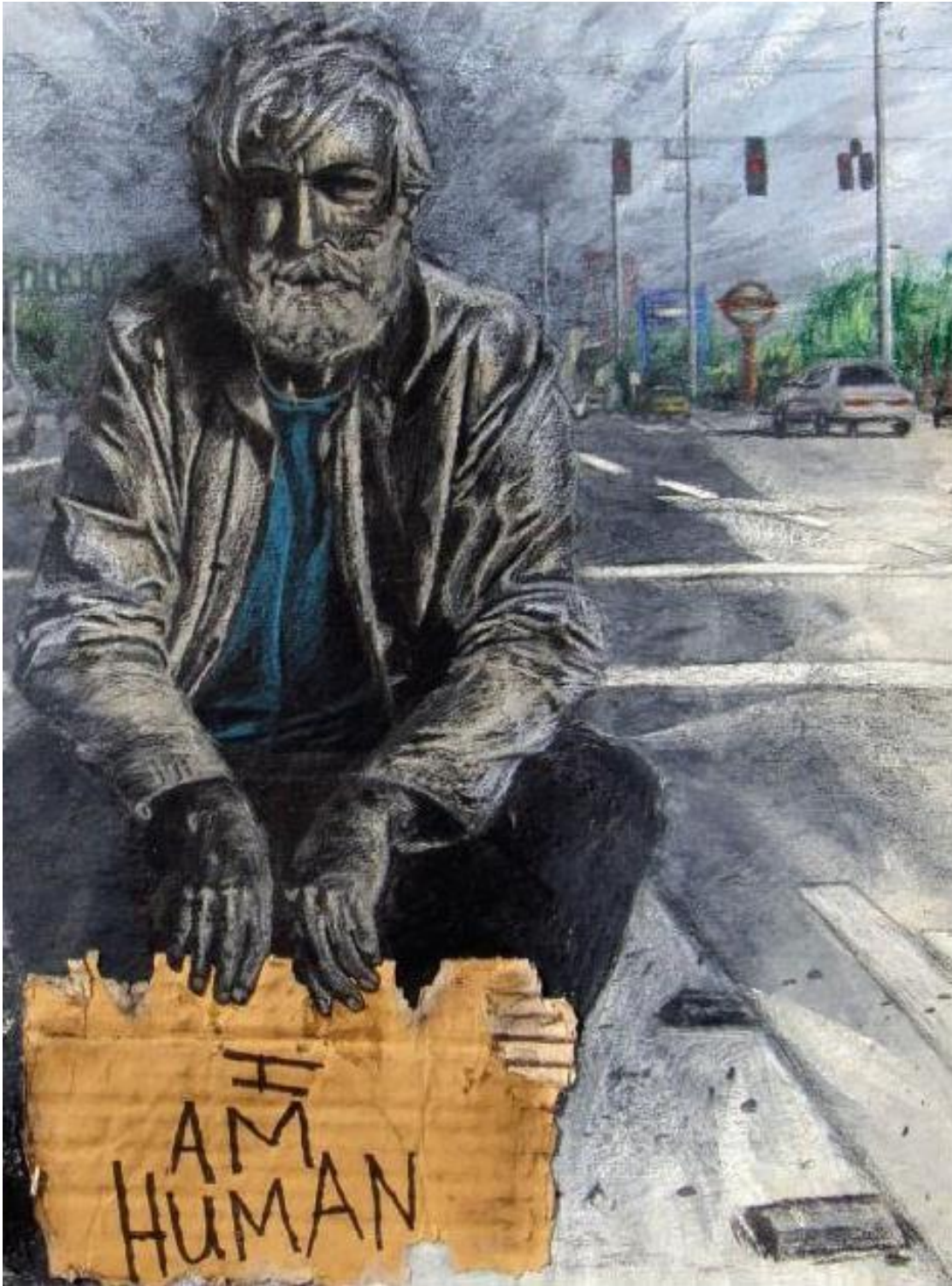
Blurb

This book tells you the life of a homeless person, from their point of view. Imagine you were them, put yourself in their shoes. Support them, not fight them.



By Kayleigh Kennedy

A Life You Wouldn't Want



This book his somebody's story, listen, and help. Imagine it was you.

A life you wouldn't want

Hunkering down, with nothing but an acrid, rusty waste disposal bin for shelter, I took my bug infested, moth eaten piece of curtain (a poor excuse for a blanket) and laid it in front of me. A sizable rock on the mouldy, mossy wall stabbed into my crinkled back. Now that I no longer have the energy to move, the rocks have made saw, infected bruises. I live in agonising pain. 'OWW!' Judging by the blacker than black clouds that loom above me- sinister and stormy- I know that immense rain was soon to come.

As people trudge past me they don't even take the tiniest of glimpse, oblivious of my situation, it's like I'm evaporated from the world. Due to the fact I live right round the corner of the fast food place (McDonalds) I was always hungry, rudely awaken by the sound of car horns and the wind 9/10 strong and cold. (In the night it's bone chilling). But now I barely feel the pangs of hunger that try so hard to kill me, it's like a sharp roast cutting knife thrusting into my skeleton. Everything now is black and white like an old movie from the 1930s- there is no joy, no love and absolutely 100% no happiness in the world. In fact the world just passes by.

Yesterday was not the best of days, no day is really any good, but ya' to get the odd one or two where there's a half-eaten (still in date) chicken burger in the bin or if you're really lucky

a £5 note with a hanky, now that's a bonus! If I ever had a £5 note then I'd buy myself a fry up and take the money for granted whether others would spend it all in one day on junk food, such as:

Sweets

Crisp

Fast Food

Coke

Gum

However yesterday it was particularly bad, I felt DEPRESSED! JEALOUS! And... INVISIBLE! More invisible than ever! When I went outside my minus gazillion stared shelter, I looked in a puddle, and I felt so ashamed of my reflection. I sat down in my usual place by the covered in flavorful gum which from an angle looked like a bright pink beach ball. All of a sudden, I felt a small tap on my knee, it was a gentle tap, almost harmless. (It was a star patterned Frisbee). Staring gormlessly at it, a memory exploded in my mind- it had memories of joy which were mostly with friends and family, after that a flood of sadness and then an unexpectedly dash of rage! Thoughts tore through and swirled dramatically like a tornadoes in my head. Fortunately, my thoughts were rudely interrupted by a small, young and pretty girl with hair lighter looking than the colossal fireball that hung delicately in the morning sky. Her words were articulate (meaning when your articulate your voice is clear and distinctive; not to mention elegant). She said, articulately "Hey mister, what are you doing on the

repulsive, littered ground?” I was absolutely gobsmacked and lost for words. NOBODY ever talked to ME! I was gratefully she actually acknowledged me. She had guts! Therefore she deserved an explanation!

Nervously- my mouth as dry as the sharer desert- I cleared my throat ‘Cough, Cough!’ “Well young lady, at least three years ago, I had a privilege life. Full of luxury and the brightest of colours. I had the most ravishing wife and the most awesome job. Unfortunately that all changed in less than a heartbeat, before I carry on, this bit may be inappropriate so how old are you?”

“Eleven sir.”

“Ok, good. So one night I received a promotion (I was in a rock band as the leader, I played guitar) me and my wife celebrated with whisky. After that I got called on an emergency competition, but couldn’t come because I was drunk, they wouldn’t let the others in without a leader so they couldn’t enter. They called me and said I was kicked out the band. We couldn’t pay the electricity bill, so we lived on candle light for a while, but my wife could not cope so she kicked me out of the house. Soon after that she sold the house and moved in with her sister- Katie.”

“I’m sorry Mr... what’s your name

(No response).

“Have you ever watched the titanic?”

“Yes.”

“My heart sank like the titanic- from that day on I was homeless. I was as anxious as a baby bear in its first fight.”

(Girl stares in shock and horror)

“Why am I being treated like this, I’m a human like you right? Do you know what this is like? I know it’s the end of the line for me. Life on the streets is tough, life on the streets is dead. For me at least.”

(Waterfalls run down from the girl’s bright green eyes).

“This must be a nightmare for you.” Stated the girl.

“People look at me disgusted! When I had a luxury life, did I give them the stares when they were homeless? I mean it could happen to anyone, that’s what people don’t realize. You never know what’s around the corner.”

“My soft, warm bed turned into a littered floor and a bin bag- I’ve suffered years without my wife- I felt like a pearl trapped in a clam. Now however, I feel like a book with no pages- alone. I no longer see the warm houses and cheerful families, sometimes when a car drives past there’s a twinkle from the droplet of water, EVERY SINGLE DAY IS THE SAME!!! I’m flipping fed up! My dreams were crushed long ago!”

“Mr what is your name?” The girl asked curiously.

“Bob, Bob Marshalls”

“Well Bob Marshalls, I hope you have a better future.”

(Mom arrives in horror).

“Jazzy Stones! Get away from that revolting... MONSTER! This instant!” Boomed the Mum.

With that the Mum- or what I presumed was the mum- tugged on Jazzy’s arm and went. Luckily the girl didn’t forget her Frisbee. The girl was trying to take a glimpse back, but sadly couldn’t.

Now I’m left thinking. Will I have a better future?

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