

## Unfortunate life



This is a story about a man who lives on the streets and does the same thing all day every day.

By Liam Kayes

## My life story

My only shelter was a disposal skip [full of rubbish bags]. An elderly, shredded, frayed blanket kept me warm from the water that was falling from the sky. It always laid on my decaying, decomposing, pale face and body and rest my head on my backpack, which is my only position apart from my cloths. I always rested my back on colossal, jagged rocks that were on the mouldy, burnt wall [next to the library]. They felt like 1000 needles stabbing into my delicate, fragile, back and it felt agonising. I eventually got used to the terrible smell of rotten fish that came from a rubbish bin. Unfortunately, it only made the pangs of hunger hurt even more. I'm now oblivious of the passers-by –that eat their food in front of me- I think they do it to make me feel more ashamed of myself than I am already. The smell of pasties, which are from warrens bakery, make me want to seal one. I sat on the littered street quietly watching.

Yesterday was not the best of days, well no day is really good. But yesterday was practically bad. In a rain puddle I could see my reflection and it made me feel ashamed. I felt deserted, discarded. All of a sudden, I felt a bump on the head, which came as a shock, It was a lime, green tennis ball witch gave me memories of when me and my family used at the beach. A little boy followed the ball and he

looked about 7 years old. He came and picked the ball up and looked at me in confusion. “Why are you sat on the street all dirty and wet?”



He asked me. “Well if you asked me that a couple years ago my story would be different but now it’s this I had a wife but she divorced and left a note saying she’s sorry and she couldn’t do it no more I lost the house because of the stupid mortgage and my I was sacked from my job because I wasn’t good enough. My friend let me stay at his house but after a couple of weeks he felt weird and kicked me out.” “That’s a shame.” A strange man came hind the boy and said “Son I’ve been looking for you for such a long time” the man said and pulled him away from me and strolled of.

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A couple of moments later the man re appeared and he started to shout in rage. "If you ever talk to my son again you will regret it!" then he hurried of in anger and frustration. I felt like I could fall through the ground and disappear.

I feel like I should just walk away. I miss my warm dry bed. I'm starving. I spend every spare minute remembering the past. I'm just going to pass away. I rest my head. The sky went black.