

Creative writing- belonging essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

‘ Please take a seat, I will be back in a second’ Said Mr. Alford, as he pointed his hand towards the lounge. I nodded gently as I walked pass my parent’s old bedroom.

As I looked around, the bedroom itself hadn’t changed much since I was a little kid; I haven’t seen it in a while thought. I remember how I came in here a lot in the middle of a thunderstorm at night to wake my mother up, as I was too scared to sleep by myself. My father hated that! However, my mother always laughed her head off as she wondered how a little kid like me could walk all the way across the hallway to her bedroom in the dark, yet still be scared of thunder storms. She would then carry me back to my own room every night until I was about 5; after that age she wasn’t able to carry me anymore. Not that I’m too big or too fat or anything, she was just really sick. My father always said, “ mummy needs more sleep than us”, and not to wake her up because she would be really tired. Of course, I’d always break the rules when my dad wasn’t around, as he would always spend his time in the study room with my two older brothers.

I often snuck into this very room to wake her up, she never complained though. Regardless of how late, dark or tired she was, she would always be happy to see me. Day by day, I used to stay by her side. She would disconnect the ‘ tubes’ from her machine to give me just enough room to stay on the bed with her. Until that day after my 6th birthday that I wasn’t able to wake her up no matter how hard I tried.... Everyone around me except my father was crying, and was convincing me that my mother’s in a better place and is looking down at us now. Of course, I didn’t really have a

clue on what was going on, my mother was a beautiful, beautiful woman. My life would be so much different if I get to grow up beside her.

My grades might've been better if she at least had a chance to help me out with my school works or perhaps if my father only pays attention to me as a child as much as he did with my brothers, Dan and Josh.... Maybe, just maybe, if he treated me like them, I would've stayed at home longer than what I did. After all, no one really knows what it feels like staying at home with family and still feels like nothing to anyone...and that was how I felt my whole life. Everyday after school dad always get the twins to go in the study room and that's where they'd spend the whole afternoon. They'd sometimes invited me to join them in that room.

I always said no. I feel strange next to them even though they suppose to be my family. For some reason I'd always think I'm different than my two brothers. It wasn't until later that I found out that I was actually were different from them. Just as when I was deep in my thought, Mr. Alford come back in the room, followed by two men I didn't recognized until my second look. I acknowledged both of them by nothing more but nodding my head; they did the same thing back to me, followed by an awkward silence between the three of us, which causes me to pretend to look around the room to avoid any eye contact with the twins.

Mr. Alford must've noticed the tension as he speaks up, " Shall we get started? ", as he reaches an envelope from his suitcase. I quietly move myself around the lounge to find a comfortable spot. My hands sweat. I was born and raised in this house, but every single time I sit in this lounge, it

gives me a bizarre sensation. It feels almost like I'm being pushed away by the lounge. Mr.

Hodson stated in his will that he has two son and a daughter" he turned into me, " Miss Hodson? " I nodded, " you can call me Abby". " That's a pretty name! Is it short for something? " " Yeah, it's Abigail. My mother's middle name" I replied, I love how my name always bring me back memories.

" You two must be Joshua and Daniel? " said the middle-aged man while looking at the twins " Call us Mr. Hodson, thanks. " I rolled my eyes. Josh's always think he's smarter than half of the people on Earth, and the problem is he and Dan actually ARE smarter than most of the people in the same age groups as them. I remembered how they used to come home with a perfect report, my dad would be proud of them and said they followed a ' good genetic line' while I try to hide my report cards under my bed or under my dolls house.

Josh must've spot how bothered I was with his reaction as he speaks up " Do you have a problem there, Abigail? " he quickly turned into Mr. Alford " And why is she even here? It's not like dad's going to include her in his will! She left home when as soon as she turned 16! Dad Hated her! She killed mum. " Josh turned around and looked at me in the eye. " You are unwanted! . I was in such a shock when Josh said that to my face, the next thing I know, I was in an empty room with tears in my eyes. I'm not sure how or why I ended up in here though... maybe this place is the only place where I feel like home in this house. I miss my mum so much.

If she were here she would've made it all better. I wouldn't blame Josh for what he did. I think he was just too upset when he finds out dad passed away. The twins and dad were really close. My thoughts were disturbed when I hear a knock on the door. I refused to open it thought. It's probably Mr.

Alfred trying to get me down stair to get me to sign the papers. I didn't want to be there in the first place because I know all this would happen. As I looked around the room I haven't seen in the last ten years. Ten thousand memories flushes back in my head. My dad must've really loved her; I guess that's why he has kept every single of details unchanged since she was gone. I saw the hairbrush my mother used to untangle my hair with, an oxygen tank her life was dependent on since she gave birth to me. All my attention was given to a small pink notebook on top of the bedside table.

I instantly recognized the book. I saw my mother writing down progresses of me, growing up as a child. I flip through all the pages with photos I recognized until I noticed something different this time.

The couple last pages of the book weren't in my mum's handwriting... but it was also very familiar. I spent more time than I should reading over and over the last two pages again, I couldn't believe my eyes. Millions memories pops up. I think I've looked at someone wrong his whole life, worst thing is, he's my dad. I quietly walked down the stairs feeling some kind of guilt, but also relieved. I saw Dan sitting at the same lounge but Mr. Alfred and Josh were out of sign.

I looked at Dan. ‘ Where’s your brother and the lawyer? ’, He looked at me ‘ they left to calm Josh down... I’m sorry for what he did, Abby. He was really upset about the news. ’ ‘ yeah, I know. ’ I replied. Suddenly there was another awkward silence between us until Dan speaks up ‘ you know... dad doesn’t hate you..

. ’ I smiled, holding the book up against my chest. ‘ I know. ’ I quietly sit down at the same spot on the lounge, and suddenly, I don’t feel that bizarre sensation anymore.