

The hunchback in the park



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

My life makes me want to run away. I've got no place to go. No family, no house, no anything. All wiped out by a fire in 2001. I did not get any money paid out by the insurance company because they said the fire was an "act of God" caused by a lightning strike, which my insurance did not cover. Since then, I've been walking this park, alone and joked about by everyone who walks past me. Now I guess you're wondering, why don't I get a job? Why does everyone joke about me? Why do I not ask my family for help?

Well, I have been applying for jobs, it's just that no-one accepts me. I studied hard at school and I got decent grades, but no jobs are available to me. The answer to the second question is something that I just have to live with. During the fire, My face was horribly burned. This, added to the fact that I am short and have a hunchback, make people fear me and run away or just shout abuse at me. Finally, the answer to the third question is that I simply do not have any. My parents died when I was two years old. I have no aunts, no uncles, nobody.

There is one person in my life though. If there is anyone who could be "that special someone", it's her. She's beautiful. Despite never talking to her, our eyes have met many times and it's love at first sight. I just wish I could gather up the courage to finally talk to her. It has been a while since I've approached a woman without being slapped or ran away from. In fact, it has been a while since I have approached anyone. Any social interaction with the world feels awkward and scary because it has been so long.

The only interaction I have with the outside world is through the local children who torment me each day. Each day, I sit on this bench starving.

The only meals I eat are leftovers I manage to find in the bin. It is a miracle how I survive. How I have not died from dehydration, starvation or hypothermia is a miracle. I have not had a shower in months. I just wish someone would take me home. Look - there's the woman! The woman which takes my breath away every time I see her. Maybe she could be the one to take me off the streets.

Only if I could gather up the courage to approach her my life would not be as much of a mess and I could get my life moving in the right direction. OK, I'm going to do it this time. I'm going to talk to her! As I get off the bench, I spot the local children! Quick, hide! Those pesky local children are coming. Look at them, with their hoods up; with their phones playing out their angry music; with their hands in the shape of a gun. They make my life hell – even though I don't provoke them.

I can't run very fast due to my disability (which is my hunchback) so when the children chase me I can not getaway. They circle me and torment me. One day, they pushed me over. It hurt and many people saw this, but no-one came to help me. I was shocked that no-one asked me if I was OK, this is one of the reasons I give up on the world. People are selfish and do not care about anyone else. Eventually, the children grew tiresome of mocking me and left - either that or they left because it was getting dark. So, here I am once again.

Another lonely night, propped up against a tree, with no-one to hold. No family to wish goodnight. Oh, what I would give to feel loved again. Each day is a recurring nightmare, except I can't wake up. I'm going to make a promise to myself now, and it is that tomorrow I'm going to try to turn my life

around. I'm going to apply for a job and I'm going to ask the girl of my dream to dinner. Oh, how wonderful life could become with those two simple things. “ You! ”, the park keeper says, as he pokes me with his pointed stick used for picking up leaves, “ Time to move along. ”.

So my day begins, and I'm feeling slightly optimistic for once – knowing that today I will be once again attempting to sort out my life. You may be thinking, “ Why do you think this attempt will be any different to your others? ”, well I'm not too sure myself. All I know is that today I'm going to come across as a confident individual. I think this is what I have been lacking, but it is hard for me to be confident when I have the likes of those pesky children always tormenting me, insulting me and abusing me. Anyway, the first step in getting back on my feet is to get a job.