

# Runaway essay sample



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

I remember dad shouting, swearing. I just wanted to get out of there. I just wanted to get out of there. Mum was telling him to calm down but he didn't listen to her, he just pushed her away; she fell back and twisted her ankle. I think she might have broken her foot but dad didn't care, he was a pothead himself. He was pissed off because he had got a warning from the cops that he had seen some of my mates smoking weed next to the park, but he weren't sure if he had seen me there. Luckily he hadn't.

The only reason my dad was angry was because he thought that I would turn out to be just like him, an addict with no life and no-one to care for him without a proper family, but what did he care? That was the only enjoyment in life. He was acting kind of suspicious at the same time because he knew I had come home later than usual and then he grinned at me: " If you want to stay out so late, don't ever come back! " I couldn't take it, this would happen every night, dad would get angry and everyone would go to their rooms. I ran to my bedroom before anyone else exploded into anger.

I don't know what happened to mum but I heard some crying later... I was feeling drowsy from the affects of what I had been smoking earlier and I still couldn't think straight but I hated being inside the family with mum always getting in trouble when it weren't even her fault and dad always blaming people for things he did himself. Life was hell and the only way out was to leave home. I crept downstairs, the TV was on but dad was asleep. It was on a wrestling channel and both wrestlers were getting prepared to fight. I crept to the phone, luckily it was a cordless so I got hold of it and took it to my room.

I dialled my mate Kyle's number, it rang twice and he picked it up. " Hi, who's this? " " Its me, Jay. Listen I want you to meet me near the bus station. I want to move out of here and I just want you to help out. " " Its really crazy here as well its better if we both leave. " " Okay I'll see you near the bus station in 10mins. " I put the phone down on my bed and got hold of a carrier bag and threw a few pairs of clothes in and some crisp packets, I thought if I had enough things but Kyle might have more and we could survive on that for a few days. My backup plan was that we could start our own dealing and soon get rich from that.

For one more time I looked around at my bedroom, thinking this might be the last time I'll ever see it. I could still hear the TV downstairs, the sound was distorted and I knew that the arguments would last forever and no matter what dad wouldn't listen to what anyone else would say. The only thing I could do now is runaway from here. I crept out of my bedroom window with my bag and ran to the bus station, which was about 5mins away from home. I sprinted as fast as I could without looking at anyone just incase I was recognised by anyone I knew. When I reached the bus station I saw Kyle standing there with a bag in his hand.

He told me to hurry or else we would be late for the bus. We both were nervous but we hid it, even though we were close friends we never wanted to show we were afraid. We stood there in silence for 2mins in silence, thinking if we were making the right decision or not (even though we knew it was too late to turn back now. ) After boarding the bus we sat there for about an hour, everything was quiet and there were just a few people in the bus. It was depressing and everything felt grey. The silence was getting to

everyone. Luckily the bus stopped, it was our turn to get off. We stepped off in a dark street; there were no signs anywhere.

We walked around for a few minutes until we found an empty building. The windows were smashed and there was glass everywhere. We jumped through one of the windows on the ground floor of the building but it was pitch black, Kyle took a torch out, we could see broken glass and furniture everywhere. We looked for the cleanest spot and lay our clothes (we never had any blankets) so we could sleep on them. When I woke up I could see the light shining through the smashed window. I ate some of the crisps I had bought with me and put the rest back in my bag for the rest of the day.

After a few days of sleeping rough I felt sick, my body started to ache because it was a hard surface and we were running out of food quick, we couldn't move around easy and it was even worse because we knew no-one from around here, it was just us two. I imagined being at home in my room when there were no problems in the world; I never knew what problems meant... Dad would come home from work and mum would be cooking. He would always hug me when he came back and we would practice playing football, then Kyle would come over and play with us in the backyard, mum would watch us, laughing and enjoying every minute of it.

All until the day, he got fired from work. The manager said that he wasn't working up to his potential that was his excuse. He fired my dad because he had found a younger employee and he had a grudge against my dad from day one, he knew he was perfect in every way and he knew that if my dad still worked with him, he would take over as manager. Dad knew he was

getting old and he was going through so much especially through his midlife crisis so he started to drink and the drinking lead to smoking weed. I knew dad had a hard life but I didn't want mine to be that way.

I was afraid now alone in a pitch black building, Kyle woke up he was afraid so he opened his bag. " This is my last one. " He whispered. He lit it up and we both took a blast, one after the other. I relaxed for a while and fell asleep... Some days later we travelled to London, we lived on the streets. It was creepy at first because there were a lot of people in the streets smoking, drinking and even injecting themselves wit heroin. It was kind of exciting because that meant there were a lot of people like us and we might be able to survive after all (the same way these people had. We met lots of people our age and were living in different places.

Everything was new and everyone was so cool. However it didn't last long because after we had been living on the streets for a while, we began to use heroin. The affects were really good at first. It felt like you were in a cotton ball away from all the dangers in the world, it lasted for about 30seconds and then suddenly you felt a really sharp pain like you had been stabbed in the head. From there, Kyle and me start going our separate ways. Friendship wasn't as important as it used to be. We still met up every now and then.

We lived with people who didn't care about anything but drugs and alcohol, but that's what we were here for, that was all we needed. Living on the streets was just part of our destiny I thought, sleeping in abandoned buildings with friends we never even knew, friends we met on the streets, strangers... The freedom was great having no parents around. There was no

one who told me or forced me what to do. I could do whatever I wanted. I stole food from supermarkets and walked around the city at daytime or hung around shopping centres to stay warm at night. I stayed on the streets talking to the new friends I had made.

I remembered the times when I used to talk to other people my age that used to talk about their lives before they left their homes and how some were even forced to leave home. I thought about life overall and how there was nothing in life, nothing to be happy about, no family, no true friends and how life was rough. Sometimes I used to phone my mum, after hearing her voice I used to put the phone down. I missed her too much but I couldn't take her being blamed for everything I did. One morning Kyle and me decided to go and steal a camcorder from a big superstore.

We needed money for food but mainly we needed something to make us relax, that way we could sell the camcorder and get some money to buy some weed. We entered the store, everyone looked at us funny because our clothes were all torn and if we couldn't afford good clothes how could we afford anything from here? We saw an expensive camcorder; it was silver and had all the equipment with it. I got hold of it and placed it under my jacket, I looked around for Kyle. He had already gone. He must have ran out " damn! " there was a guard standing next to the entrance.

Kyle had cheated on me, he had changed a lot since we had come here but there was no point thinking about that, everyone had heard me already, I sprinted as fast as I could, by now everyone was staring, I started to lose my balance as I ran, my vision started blurring. Where was the door? I could see

two guards when there was only supposed to be one, there were two doors, and there was only one before? Everyone had seen me now; they knew I done something wrong so I had to get away. Both guards had blue uniforms on and they both turned towards my direction on the same second.

My body was about to fall but I had to keep running, if they found out they would take me away. I had slowed down from before to keep my balance, I was nearly there and then I dived, I dived straight towards the door. I crashed through the glass window. My whole body couldn't move, I felt like I was losing blood but I couldn't move my head to see. Everything was still a blur. I was running short of breath. I could see the sky a light blue. I could hear a siren from a distance but the sound was distorted. My eyelids felt heavy and gradually started to close, the sky got darker, everything was pitch black and then, there was silence.