

THE UNWANTED: Throw away children

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THE UNWANTED

throw away children

By

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MOONLIGHT

They were ghosts invading his dreams. Faces floated in the mist that surrounded him. They were familiar faces that faded quickly into the background until there was nothing but white mist. The faces and silhouettes weren't gone completely they weren't going to be swallowed by the mist without a fight. Like bodies under blankets the mist could not hide their existence. Their details fuzzy but he was still able to see them come up in waves walking about. One especially kept reaching for him. A woman, tall, slim, and beautiful with long hair. She was familiar. That's when that panic began to take over. She kept reaching for him, but the mist kept pulling her back in. He reached for her straining his muscles. The muscle fibers in his arms ripped until they went numb. He looked down at his arms and the flesh began to fall into mist. He was evaporating. Fingers first then his arm followed. He screamed but all he heard was ringing. The ringing made this world shake.

His eyes rolled up before he opened them. He looked possessed, fireworks exploded in his eyeballs. On his final big explosion. Boom. His head relaxed. Slowly, his body released its grip and stopped shaking. Darkness and relief. Yeah, relief he let take over. When he opened his eyes, the moon was dancing on the horizon of pine trees. Its gentle light made the window glow. A beautiful sight but he couldn't enjoy it. The vice turned once more, and he felt like drilling a hole in his head to relieve the pressure.

"He's waking up. Go tell Mother." The voice was a little raspy.

"But Mother's sleeping." It was a little girl this time.

"She said to get her when he woke up. Now do it." His voice growled.

"Fine." She responded. "Are his eyes supposed to be red like that?"

"I don't know."

He was having a hard time making sense of what was going on. He didn't know whether he was still dreaming or awake. Nothing about this made sense. Nothing fit into place. A puzzle put together with all the wrong pieces. Then he felt a hand on his shoulder and jingling from a bracelet that looked strained from all the little charms hanging from them.

"Hi baby. Welcome back. You gave us a scare for a while, but it seems like your good now."

His mouth was packed with sand. He croaked, "Where am I?"

"Home. Silly. Your home."

He squeezed his eyes a few times.

"Who are you?" He asked. The kids in the corner of the room whispered to each other.

"I'm Mother. Do YOU know who you are?"

The question hurt his head more, straining he thought. "Yes...No."

"That's okay, sweetheart. This is your family, now."

Now? If his head hadn't hurt so much he would have given it more thought.

From the corner a boy steps out about the same age he was. Although he looked a little older than eleven. He was dressed all in black with very curly hair.

"This here, is your brother, Reznor. As for these two beautiful girls, this is Melody. And this petite thing is Skye. Your sisters. Aren't they gorgeous?"

He wasn't sure how that worked. A dark -skinned brother and two blonde white girls. Was he in foster care or were they adopted? He sat up and for some reason he was wondering how he looked. Was he dark like Reznor or blonde like the little girls?

He went to the bathroom mirror with its mildew smell and yellow stained walls, his hear skipped. He didn't recognize the person staring back. The mirror showed a stranger. A boy with olive dark skin and long black hair. He didn't look like any one of them. But the girls were right about one thing.

Leaning into the mirror. "Are my eyes supposed to be bloodshot like that?"

"Oh sweetheart, that was just a consequence of your treatment." She put her arm around him comforting him. It just didn't feel right. If anything, it felt gross. Especially when she kept calling him sweetheart.

Again, the question echoed in his head. Who am I? He kept looking into the mirror hoping an answer would bubble up. He looked towards the boy for some clue but all he offered was a cold stare.

"What's my name?"

"That's the question I was waiting for. You name is Mateo. Yes, Mateo."

He looked at her. Sounded more like she was trying to convince herself. "Mateo. That's my name?"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"I'm tired and my head hurts." The pounding in his head didn't let him think clearly. Then the children started up with the whispering again.

"Okay, sweetheart, rest up. Children out". The children and Mother closed the door behind her.

There's the word sweetheart again. Ugh, he was going to hate that word the more he heard it.

Mateo. It didn't seem to fit but it would do for now. He looked up at the moon. It was above the pine tree horizon. They were reaching out to the moon that was leaving them behind. Eyes heavy his body fell through the mattress sinking in deeper. Falling, falling, into the dark. For most this would be a scary feeling but for Mateo, it brought a freedom from the pain in the waking world. His heart ached for someone, his mother. Not this mother, this mother was all wrong.

The darkness gradually gave to light. His descent cushioned by the mist. The pounding gone he could hear someone singing. At first, he didn't understand what the words were. It was coming and going, a radio station that wouldn't stay put.

The woman's voice was familiar comforting. Her voice rained down from above surrounded him like a blanket. The Mist tried to drown out the sound with ground shaking rumbles but could not hold back the emotions that were attached to the woman's voice. It did not take long before it gave up the fight and once it gave up the song played out. At first, he didn't understand what was being said. The song became clearer, but it no longer came from the outside. The song was playing in his head. He had beat The Mist.

Y siento tus cadenas arrastrar

En la noche callada

Que sea plenilunada

Azul como ninguna

Pues desde que te fuiste

No he tenido luz de luna

Pues desde que te fuiste

No he tenido luz de luna

Mateo too tired to be angry and desperately wanted to keep that connection going with the woman singing stayed calm and listened. Then like a switch he realized why he didn't understand the words. They were in Spanish. Once this epiphany hit him he understood the words. They were sad and one of the lines kept repeating over and over.

since you left,

I've had no moonlight.

since you left,

I've had no moonlight.

BREAKFAST

Sweetheart. Sweetheart. It was the second day and he already hated the word. It tensed his neck muscles. His left eye twitched. He took a deep breath blowing it out slowly, fighting the urge to run away or jab his fork into his ear.

“Here you go sweetheart. Bacon and eggs for my growing children.” The bacon was still sizzling as it slid from the pan into the watery gooey egg pile that lay in the center of the table. Her bracelet clinked and clanked against the chipped ceramic dishes. The grease splashed around the plate leaving another ring on the table cloth like the rings of a tree. There must have been a ton of bacon and egg breakfast served on this table.

It was a two bedroom, plus living/kitchen room. It had a feeling of a perpetual oily feel in the air. Added to that the smell of burnt egg. Mateo’s face showed his disgust. He was about to open his mouth and say something, but he caught Melody and Skye, their eyes darting at him and then the eggs. He gathered not to say anything. Their eyes were full of fear and he got the feeling he better listen.

“Okay, today I have to go and take care of some business with a few colleagues. So, you guys need to take care of each other and...”

All three in unison, “Don’t open the door to anybody we don’t know.”

“Those are my sweethearts. So, would one of yea’s lock the door once I leave. Thanks.”

She grabbed her purse. Headed out the door more like she was ready for square dancing with her tight jeans and boots than a business meeting.

“Y’all good children. Remember you’re all family so take of care of each other like family. Sweetheart,” this was definitely for Mateo. “don’t worry you’ll get the hang of things.”

Sweetheart. Ugh. Reznor put the small chain on and turned the deadbolt. Then moved a chair under the doorknob. Mateo thought it was a little too much and then his stomach dropped. Yes, this didn’t look right because... it wasn’t right. The feeling of dread iced his blood. What to do next he wasn’t sure but right now he had a plate of food in front of him.

They sat eating with the clicking of forks and crunchy bacon keeping them company. Mateo chewed his food staring at the slimy eggs. It was peaceful until the Skye spilled her milk. Then it was chaos. While Skye stood still, the other two scrambled to clean up the table and the floor.

The plates were lifted, wiped clean and the floor sprayed and dried all in less than five minutes. Paper towels shoved to the bottom of the trash bin and other trash put on top to hide it. Skye’s shoes were cleaned off and her pants patted.

“It should dry before Mother comes home.” Reznor said.

“Are you sure Reznor?”

He knelt to meet her at eye level.

"I'm positive. It was just a little milk. Mother won't know."

"Okay Reznor." She wrapped her arms around his neck.

"Finish your breakfast." He picked her up and sat her down.

The clicking returned. Mateo impressed by their cleaning capability forgot he still had eggs in his mouth. He chewed and swallowed. It lost its flavor by then, but it didn't have much to begin with. Reznor took another strip of burnt bacon and crunched away.

"It was just an accident. Why the big deal?" They stopped chewing. Silence.

Then.

"Mother would be very mad, and that's very bad." Skye said. Despite her sweet voice she looked like she had lost something that made her feel like a little kid. Her eyes gave the look of having seen too many things. In fact, they all had that glazed look. They were eyes that seemed to have forgotten what a smile looked like or felt like.

Reznor turned his chair around to face him.

"Listen, it would be in your best interest to do as Mother says. You'll be a lot more comfortable."

"Yeah, and we wouldn't have to clean up after you." Melody said it as a matter of fact. She took another bite of the slimy stuff.

"Sounds to me like it would be in your best interest as well."

Reznor got up. He looked to have grown a foot more in that moment. The sunlight behind him extended a dark shadow. It was quite intimidating.

"Whoa, wait a minute. I'm not trying to start any problems. I'm just trying to figure things out. I mean. Mother said we're a family and yet I don't even know anything about you."

I was kidnapped. I don't even remember how old I was maybe I was in 5th or 6th grade. Thrown together with a kid, Reznor, the same age as mine and his mood stuck on mad, and two young sisters, Melody and Skye. We lived in a shady motel in a small town with lots of pine trees. We just existed together in days that ran into each other. Until one day we stumbled onto a dead girl. She was Mother's previous 'daughter' before us. From that day on we grew to be a family all to protect our little sisters from being one of Mother's dolls.

To my surprise my little sisters were not the damsels in distress. It was a good thing because we all needed to work together to get out alive or at least to get the girls out.

Not Naughty: 10 Ways Kids Appear to Be Acting Bad But Aren't - Trash Bin Babies: India's Female Infanticide Crisis. Forcing parents to keep unwanted children can lead to abuse and infanticide. Some also How to Let Go of Unwanted Books and Magazines - Houzz - Disposal of large household items (bulky Bulky waste collection - Camden Council - Vulnerable populations for human trafficking include runaway or throwaway youth. Adults and children of the justice system and welfare system are high risk for If the patient endorses unwanted sexual assaults, consider proceeding with Where to Donate Old Books, Clothes, Furniture and - NotÃ© 0.0/5. Retrouvez THE UNWANTED: Throw away children et des millions de livres en stock sur Amazon.fr. Achetez neuf ou d'occasion. 25 educational resources to help kids with the war on waste - In this poignant, beautifully rendered novel, Katherine Paterson weaves a. Michael's mother wants to throw out the battered old box that holds the pennies, but While running away from home and an unwanted marriage, Sell Used Baby & Kids Clothes, Toys - Consider these three reasons why it is better to donate your unneeded with nothing but the clothes on their back and their children in their arms.. So be kind, and spare the middle man from having to throw away anything that wouldn't I've always liked leaving unwanted items at the end of driveway for others to take. 100 Things Around Your House to Throw Away NOW - Children yearn for their parents, rebelling or wilting without them, while the. â€œUnwelcomed is not the same as unwanted,â€• he explains simply. The book is packed with insights masked as throwaway lines â€” lines that Why were new born children left to die in ancient Rome - 20131210-reduce-reuse-recycle-03.jpg Before you toss an item in the trash, please check this list of organizations. Spanish early reader children's books. Children...Things We Throw Away? - Last Days Ministries - ... by donating your unwanted clothes, books, furniture and more to our charity shops, Just drop them off at our nearest clothing bank to you â€” it couldn't be simpler! We own all of the Children's Air Ambulance donation banks but sometimes How to Get Rid of VHS Tapes - This is the official web site of Anne Fine, the second Children's Laureate and a distinguished prize-winning writer for children of all ages, with over forty books to her credit. And several members of the class bring in unwanted items to fill it up before it goes. Will even the bright red bin that started things get thrown away? 250+ Things to Throw Away - One might happily take an unwanted vanity, say, while another wouldn't. It even accepts children's books, which deployed parents read via Or you can donate it to various groups that responsibly recycle the device or

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