

It was a Monday morning and I had gotten up at five. It was time to start breakfast for Uncle Rus. I headed downstairs to make the preparations for his meal.

Every day was a new challenge living with Uncle Rus. Every day I wash his clothes and his fine china dishes.

Yet there is more to it than washing. I opened the fridge which was a sight to behold, old moldy cheese and curdled milk. It was time that I reminded him to go out and buy milk. I took the last egg out of the fridge and cracked it open on the pan.

I wish every day I could make breakfast for myself, but no, I'll only have the chance during lunch to eat. Those are just one of the many rules Uncle Rus has for me. I can't go outside, can't speak without permission, no opening windows, and no snooping.

Just the sound of a sizzling egg brightens my day. After spending my time preparing breakfast and adding the final touches, I had made a mighty fine omelet.

A grumbling, upset person started coming down the stairs shouting, "Are you done making me food, kid?" It was Uncle Rus and his morning mood. Well, all of his moods are bad ones.

"Yes, Mr. Rus, I have made an omelet for you," I said in a cheery voice, hiding my real feelings.

"An Omelet? You know I dislike omelets!" Rus complained

"Well it was the only thing available. If you don't want omelets you'll have to go to the grocery store and if you do I'll make your favorite dish for tonight" I said.

"Just shut up, I'm trying to eat here!" Rus said slowly as he chewed up the omelet. After Rus ate his omelet, he began wobbling around doing his daily routine. After cleaning the dishes, I noticed that there was something in the garden outside the door's window.

The door was one of the few places that you could see outside. It was a creature with big floppy ears and a white coat. It was scurrying around nibbling at the leaves in the ground. I knew that Rus did not want anyone or anything touching his garden of radishes. He would surely blame me for the destruction of his radishes.

I quietly opened the door, but it made an eerie squeaking noise. Thankfully, Rus was watching his show at max volume. I tiptoed outside and carefully approached the rabbit. I scooped it into my hand and felt its soft fur rub against my skin.

"This is what it's like to have a real pillow," I said. My pillow has a brick inside of it.

I might have squeezed too hard because the rabbit bit me. I threw it over the fence in a flash of panic. It wasn't painful, it was just startling. I bent down to see if I could hide the evidence of the rabbit.

Before I could even start burying the vegetables into the ground, I felt a whip of pain sling across my back. I turned around and faced Uncle Rus with a steaming red face that showed all his wrinkles and bumps all across his face, while gripping a belt that was crafted for me if I misbehaved. I have only been whipped once in my life. This was the second time. Rus madly screamed, "Trying to have breakfast in my garden, are we? You broke many rules today and today you will pay for them!"

He whips me again while saying, "Pick yourself up!" I stood up with tears, but not a single drop left my eyes.

"I'm putting you in the attic where you're not going to have food for days!" He said this, while grabbing my wrist. We were up the stairs and I was pushed into the attic space. While he locked the door Uncle Rus growled in a disciplinary voice, "This will teach you not to eat out of my garden for food, and food is only for me."

The attic wasn't much of a place to admire. The only light source was from the window and also to add to that there was a leak in the ceiling. This was rock bottom. I realized something on the first day of my punishment, why did I stay here? He offered nothing to my life but pain and suffering. I couldn't allow myself to grow up here any longer. I was probably better off in the real world, growing freely without the oppression of my uncle.

I devised a plan to leave. The only way out was the window and any other escape route would have me being caught by my uncle. I spent most of my time using the attic's stone bricks and the roof's tiling to carve little crevasses that I could wedge my foot into and climb out the window. It took me all day, but it was worth it. I started climbing the wall, one step at a time.

I unlocked the window and opened it. For the first time in my life, I finally got a breath of fresh air and freedom. I jumped out the window and landed in a pile of garbage filled with letters from the IRS. I started to make a run for it expeditiously and not looking back. I sprinted into the forest, jumped over logs, and trudged across streams.

I was deep into the forest, not a house in sight. I was free and I wasn't stopping. I had no sense of direction of where I was going, but knew I was going somewhere.

I slowed down, hungry, and spotted a fence. There was a small cottage on the edge of the forest..

I climbed over the fence and fell onto the other side of it. I blacked out. I felt something soft, like a rabbit. I awoke to the white rabbit I had seen before on , and was surrounded by people, some smaller than the others.

"Hey, are you ok?" said the girl closest to me. I shook my head from left to right saying that I was not ok, because I had been treated poorly and had traveled many miles to escape.

"I'm sorry for trespassing and I'm very lost. I have no real family." I mumbled as I solemnly looked down.

"Are you lost?" the woman, behind the girl, asked with a puzzled face.

I replied with tears in my eyes "Yes, I am."