

ENGLISH: *CREATIVE WRITING*

Homeless

Mothers steering their children away, teenagers snickering behind their hands, business men peering down their noses, and all the while, he just kept walking. Walking, walking, anywhere, it didn't matter where as long as at the end of the day there was a deep enough door way to bunk down for just another frozen, sleepless night before it was repeated all over again.

Public places were the best, town squares, outside shopping centres, along busy sidewalks, places where there might possibly be just one person that would have some pity, or simply wish the man to leave, sparing some change with the hope he would now disappear. Some days were better than others, 20 cents, \$2, \$20, you could never tell, except on those dreaded rainy days, the people appearing just as grey as the sky, the only difference being that their pockets would not open as the clouds continually did, releasing endless amounts of misery and wet, tattered souls. One could never expect to get any bucks on such days.

Yet sometimes, it was not the hunger, the cold, or even the hard concrete on which he would lay his head at night that would push him to his limits, it was the looks. Cold, uncaring, repulsed, ignorance, the looks that would say it was HIS fault he was in this position, and that one glare that would strike the man into thinking he did not exist, he was living in a world where no one knew he was even there. They didn't know his name, gosh it felt like he did not even know his name at times, was it Josh? Or Evan? Lucas or Pete? What did it matter? No one cared. No one even knew.

He reached up and scratched the well formed beard on his face, remembering the time he was so proud of himself for the first appearance of facial hair. Yet with such memories came the ones of abuse, screaming he was not a man, the sound of a slap, the thump of a punch, the groan upon contact with the wall, the cough bringing up blood, the scream of his mother, the black of his father's face. Over and over and over again.

He had to run, he had no choice. 150 bucks to his name, saved up from years of lawn mowing, he set off to a new city, to find a job, to live a new life. He was not expecting to find the slap of door after door, in his face, just as painful as the slap of his father's hand, each turning him down, no jobs available, not offering to those with no experience, no space for under 17's. He tried, oh how he tried. No licence, so he walked, walked for hours, hours which turned into days and days into months. The 1-50 long gone and his pride with it. He was alone and he no longer existed. Nowhere to go, no point to living. No one would notice if he went, no one would care. They would be grateful that they no longer had to pass another scab, one less person they have to turn away from. Yet really, they didn't see him as a person did they? No, they only saw him as homeless and it was all his fault.