

## More Than an Orphan

by Norah Love Boyle

Hi, I'm Cece. My real name is Celia but I like Cece. I live in Los Angeles, California. It's nice here but I barely ever see my mom. She's always working late so my dad's home with me but I wish my mom could be home all the time. My best friend Heather has curly blonde hair. I wish I had hair like hers. Mine is brown and straight. It's kind of silky but I still don't like it. My dad has always thought it was beautiful except I still don't like it. Sorry but this engaging story isn't about me, it's a story my daddy once told me before bed. It went like this.

Once there was a girl named Abigail. She was an orphan. How it happened was when she was only 6 years old her mom died and her dad ran away from her. She was traumatized. Someone found her alone on a sidewalk and took her into a dreadful orphanage. Abigail absolutely hated it so she ran away. Then it was just her alone on the busy streets of New York City. It went by fast but Abigail grew up. She was 12 now. Abigail was nice to everyone she met. She was nice to the guy in the grocery on Main Street near Central Park. She was nice to strangers she met on the street. But Abigail was always trying to hide the awful throbbing feeling she got in her throat thinking about her parents. When Abigail got that feeling she thought she was sick sometimes. Abigail thought it was hard to hide her pain but she felt like she had to so she wouldn't seem so sad. Abigail's favorite thing to do is bird watching but with people. On busy streets there are so many people to watch talk, walk and eat. Abigail loved it because she felt like she understood what people were going through even if she couldn't hear what people were saying. Abigail looked at people's faces and expressions. Abigail can understand because she went through a lot of things herself, like her mom dying and her dad running away, or the orphanage.

One day Abigail was walking down the street and saw a bunch of homeless people. They looked sick. Some of them could barely even walk. Abigail felt bad. She knew she was an orphan but she was perfectly fine. I mean, she could walk and she wasn't sick at all. Everyone looked so sad. No one had a smile on their face.

Except for one man near Abigail.

He was wearing dirty jeans and a ripped up brown shirt but he had a huge smile plastered across his face. When Abigail saw other people smile, she felt amazing, like there was another world inside of her. She walked over to the man and said, "Sorry I don't have any money. I am an orphan." The man looked at Abigail and said, "Don't worry. I will be just fine." The man and Abigail smiled at each other. Suddenly Abigail felt like she could talk to the man. So she did. She started talking and talking. Abigail talked about watching people on the street and about the orphanage and the whole time Abigail was talking, she knew the man was listening. Then Abigail talked about her mom dying and her dad running away and suddenly Abigail felt something she hadn't felt since her mom died. Abigail felt sadness. Of course, Abigail got sad when she thought about her parents. But not like this. Abigail got that throbbing feeling in her throat. She felt awful. Then a single tear rolled down her cheek, and then a bunch started coming down. It was like a rain shower, each drop of water faster than the next. The man opened his arms and said, "I've got you!" Abigail fell into the man's arms and a tear rolled down the man's cheek. There they were--Abigail in the man's arms, crying in the middle of the street. A wave of sadness went by. She felt like all of the people on the street felt her sadness.

Abigail learned a very valuable lesson that day. She learned that even when people are a bit different, they can be really amazing. Abigail knew everyone has a candle inside of them but sometimes the candle light isn't flickering. The candle light represents each and everyone's unique personality. Abigail's light had flickered on that day, and she knew it was because of the man.

In most stories the story ends with the end, but this story isn't like that. This isn't the end of the story but sometimes we're not supposed to know the end of the story because the story never ends.