

Kylee Stone

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Once there were two people, a man and a woman, whose names were Amelia Anderson and Daniel Stone. These two young adults fell in love and married each other when both were no older than twenty years. They had their first child, and they named her Kylee Marie Stone, and they loved her dearly. As Kylee grew, so did their love for their only daughter.

But one day, Amelia gave birth to twin girls, who took hers and her husband's attention away from now ten-year-old Kylee. This made Kylee extremely jealous, for she had been quite spoiled for the entirety of her life up until that point. It seemed to Kylee that her parents' love for her was slowly transferring to the twins. So Kylee began plotting revenge...

Four Years Later.

Kylee glanced hopefully at the clock, and what she saw made her quite happy. The clock read 7:58 p.m., and all of her work was finished. So she tiptoed into the twins' room and scooped up their portable television and remote, and then she set back toward her own room. Just as she was about to close her door, though, she heard her mom's voice from the bottom of the stairs.

"Kylee! What are you doing with the twins' TV?"

Kylee sighed. "I'll put it back when I'm done, Mom," she answered. "I'm just going to watch a few shows."

"Oh, no you're not," her mother answered warningly. "You put that back right now, young lady. I told you, the twins like to watch cartoons while you're at school."

Kylee started to protest further, but her mom was already gone. So she reluctantly and lividly put the television back and rushed back to her room. She could feel her cheeks burning, and for the first time in a long time, she began to cry; she cried out of anger, not sorrow or disappointment. This was not the first time one of her parents had unfairly favored the twins over her. In fact, several times a day Kylee was ignored or mistreated. "I can't take this any longer!" she cried. "I'm tired of being treated like I don't matter!" With tears

still burning in her eyes, she cast down the remote control that she had neglected to return with the television and watched it shatter into pieces on her cold, wooden floor.

That night Kylee went to sleep angry and confused, but she woke up with a spectacular plan. Even before her alarm clock was finished singing the song it sang to her every morning, she was up and stuffing clothes into a backpack. She grabbed a few of her favorite books, stuffed animals, and other odds and ends, and, because of the bitterness that still engulfed her heart, she certainly made sure to save room for the twins' television. She even tucked the remote control—all five pieces of it—into a special pocket of the bag before hiding it discreetly under her bed. She then hurried downstairs and had breakfast as usual, as if it were a regular school day. She even ran outside just as the bus was pulling up, but she did not go to school that day. She ran as far as she possibly could. Then she walked—through woods and mountains and valleys—until she was sure that she couldn't easily find her way back to her house.

That night, she slept under a tree in the middle of a forest, and though the forest was dark and rain fell all around, anything was better than home right now... anything.

Three Years Later.

Drip, drip, drip. Every cold raindrop that fell on her face reminded Kylee of how much she needed a home. Her usually sunny blonde hair was now disgustingly dirty and straggly and wet. Her normally blue eyes looked more like gray, and they were watery and empty. Her clothes were stuck to her skin from the driving rain and her shoes failed her miserably, for they let in more water than they kept out. For three years she had been wandering; soon after she had run away, Kylee had hired herself out as a librarian. This job only lasted about a week, though, because she had no ID. Here and there she had found jobs, and with the minimum wage she received, she would rent hotel rooms. Other times she would be forced to sleep outside, and only hope it wouldn't rain or snow, or

drop below the freezing point.

But despite all of this, Kylee didn't regret running away; the only thing she regretted was being born.

So here she stood, not quite sure what to do; she was cold and wet, and all she wanted was a warm bed in which to sleep for a year, or more, if possible. Suddenly she noticed a house, which looked oddly familiar, though she didn't know why. Kylee approached the house, timidly at first, but more and more confidently as the sense of familiarity filled her even stronger than before. Kylee dared to knock on the door, but to her disappointment, a girl answered, who appeared to be no more than seven years old. Kylee didn't know what she had been expecting to see, but certainly not a child!

"Hello?" the girl said, barely above a whisper.

Kylee smiled politely, and said, "I'm sorry, I think I have the wrong address," but she waited around anyway as the girl got her mother. Soon an old looking woman came over to Kylee; gray hairs were peeking around her ears, and there were dark circles under her eyes.

"Can I help you?" the woman asked. Suddenly, a smile spread across her face and she laughed with joy. "Kylee!" She cried, tears springing into her eyes. "Is it really you?" The woman wrapped her arms around her daughter and didn't let go for a long time.

Instantly Kylee threw away the feelings of hate and bitterness against her family. "Mom, I'm so sorry," were the only words Kylee could speak for a long time. Finally she stepped into the house—her house—and eased herself onto the warm sofa. The two girls who had come from the other room sat on either side of her—the twins! After a long time of catching up on each others' lives, Kylee asked, "Is Dad at work?"

Mom's face fell. "No, Kylee, he died soon after you left. He was so broken that his daughter had run away from him, and he couldn't forgive himself for being such a terrible father.

"Terrible father? I was the terrible one! Oh, mom, I'm so sorry."

So right then and there Kylee determined to take good care of her mother and sisters for her father's sake. She certainly kept that promise.