

## **Wonderland. by Emily Allen, 2S2. Meldrum Academy.**

Dear Alice; Monday 2nd of November 2009

I'm leaving.

I just can't take the pain anymore. Tonight was the worst; as soon as dad came home I knew he was in a foul mood. I was sat at the bottom of the stairs reading "Alice in Wonderland" - for the third time this week- when suddenly my book was snatched from me and I was dragged down the last few stairs. Dad grabbed me by the head and shoved me into the radiator head first, making me go blind for at least a minute. Next he took his fist and threw a full force punch at my nose. At once I knew it was broken.

He leaned towards me, snarling through barred teeth. "Don't Move, I'll Be Back". I could smell the strong stench of alcohol on his breath, it was vile. I couldn't hold in the tears any longer but I knew that if I made even the tiniest noise I would be beaten harder. I waited until dad was out of ear-shot and wept silently, not because of the pain - I was used to that now- but at the sight of my book, the only memory of my mum I had left. When I was five, my mum used to read to me. Alice in wonderland was her favourite. When my mum died I lost everything. My dad blamed me and burnt all her belongings; the book was all I had left.

I heard dad slam the back door and crack open another beer, cursing as he went. I quickly scrambled up and somehow managed to make it up the stairs. As hurriedly as I could I packed a bag of essentials and headed for the door, blood dripping from my nose. As I ran down the streets heading towards the park tears streamed down my cheeks, I needed to feel safe again. I was ashamed of my self, to call the man that had so brutally beaten me my own father. I wondered what he would do when he realised I was gone. Would he come looking for me?

As I reached the park an old lady approached me and asked me if I was ok. I was speechless, all I did was cry. But when she saw my broken nose she insisted on taking me to a hospital. So here I am, sat in a hospital bed with all the doctors fusing over me and asking what happened and me not knowing weather to tell them or not.

Dear Alice; Tuesday 3rd of November 2009

I told the nurse everything, she has told me that I should report dad to the police. The thing is I don't want to, as I'll be put into care if they find out dad is an unfit parent. The old lady -who found me in the park- came to visit this morning, her name is Diane. She brought me some magazines to read, and a bar of chocolate. She sat and talked to me for a while, about her upbringing and her school years, while she knitted. I was glad that she came as I felt as if somebody cared about me, for once. When she left I read my magazines, but I couldn't concentrate as all I could think about was dad trying to find me. After lunch, the doctor came to wash my wounds and change my dressings, when he left my nurse came to check that I was alright so I talked to her for a while. She said that if everything goes to plan I can leave by the end of this week, which worries me as I don't know where to go.

Dear Alice; Thursday 5th of November 2009

Sorry I didn't write to you yesterday, I just didn't feel up to it to be honest.

I was incredibly tired as I didn't get a good night's sleep the night before. I was up late worrying about where I was to live when I left the hospital. Diane visited again yesterday but I was asleep, she left me some flowers and a note to say she would be back today around lunch time. It's eleven o'clock now so hopefully she will arrive soon as I'm feeling lonely. I have thought about leaving the hospital on Sunday as the nurse suggested and going to London, I have heard of many children heading there for work. Most of the stories I have heard are of tales of children who have run away and either been abducted or died, but I have nowhere else to go so I will have to take this risk. Anyway I am going now as I can hear Diane's leather shoes squeaking up the polished hall way.

Dear Alice; Friday 6th of November 2009

When Diane visited yesterday the nurse presumed that she was my grandmother and told her that I could come home on Sunday. Diane never told her that we were in fact not relatives at all, but went with it. In actual fact, I liked the sound of going home with her. When the nurse left Diane asked if I would like to live with her, of course I at once said yes and thanked her, as I had no where else to go and she was the one person I wanted to be with. Diane explained she had a spare room where I was more than welcome to stay, besides, had always wanted a little girl. As we talked about how I was up here and I explained in greater depth about the abuse Dad pursued towards me we both agreed that I could never go back to him. So, on Sunday once I have been given the all clear I will go home with Diane. I have never been more thrilled in my life!

Dear Alice; Saturday 7th of November 2009

I can't wait until tomorrow; this is going to be the best day of my life so far.

I have finally managed to escape the violent clutches of my father, and along the way, replaced him with a mothering figure. Diane could never replace my mother but she means so much to me already, I can tell I am going to be so happy with her? Diane has told me all about her home and it sounds just perfect. She also mentioned that her husband had died a while back so she would enjoy the company a great deal.

Dear Alice; Sunday 8th of November 2009

I have just unpacked my few belongings and I am settling at Diane's just fine.

When we arrived I noticed the garden, it was beautiful. Packed with all colours of flowers under the rainbow, the borders were stunning. Mum had always loved her garden and I could tell that she would have loved Diane's as well. As Diane unlocked the front door I could help but stare in awe. When we got into the house I was taken on a tour of my new home, the place was immaculate? Everything was polished to perfection and nothing was ever out of place. When we got to my room I could still smell the fresh sheets and could not wait for bed time! In almost every room was a knitted blanket somewhere. I saw now what Diane had been knitting in the hospital, a beautiful baby pink blanket with embroidered flowers and my name stitched in one corner -Rose-. I thanked Diane continuously and gave her a hug. For once in my life, I feel like I'm home.