



It has been weeks since I have been trapped in this monster of a place but I can still remember when I was free, dancing about on the street. How I wish I could turn back time to be back on that same street racing with the other village kids who lived near me.

This jail I have been locked up in is torturous. What have I done to deserve being in this nightmare? Every second a floorboard creaks and I say to myself inside my head: "Who is out there? They don't know what horrendous surprise they're in for." The musty odour of dust, damp and death swoops around like a flock of bats. The deadly scent snakes up my nostrils and chokes me until I can't breathe. Every book that surrounds me is covered by a layer of dust that has been gathered over the never-ending years. It frightens me on how

Eva

long I've been here.

Across the boarded windows I can see the wondrous outdoors. The pearly-white, silky blanket of snow invites me to come out and play with it. Even though it's winter, there is a glimpse of the golden sun covered by the fluffy, milky-white clouds. The sun winks and smiles at me and I wish, wish, wish I could escape this hell and dance in it's rays, throw snowballs at the children and climb the Victorian red-brick houses feeling as free as a bird.

But no. I can't. I'm stuck in this prison and I'm not free - a million miles away of being called free. There is no way I can get out. This is my home and I hate it, hate it, hate it! Sometimes I squeeze my eyes tight shut and pray that this is just a bad dream and when I open my eyes I will be in my own comfortable bed and my mum will be saying my name. But no matter how hard I try when I open my eyes I am always still here. Why can't I leave?