

I am lost. I have no where to go, no one to call for. I am Lay Lay and I'm 4 years old. I heard a branch crack and leaves moving like someone was coming toward me. I WANT MY MOM! The sound of the leaves crackling came closer and closer. I ran behind a tree looking on the side of the tree trying to figure out who it is. My eyes started to leak. Then a young man with a black jacket and jeans approached me. He is the one who tucks me in at night. The one who works at my orphanage.

My orphanage is a classroom by day, bedroom by night. It is two small little rooms with 21 kids in the orphanage, not counting me. We all have one little box to hold our belongings in it. The orphanage is very tight and so uncomfortable.

The young man said, "Common, let's go home."

When the young man said home it reminded me of my old home, the one with my mother in it.

“Ok” I said

The young man took me back to the orphanage. While we were walking back, I saw a little teddy bear on the dirty road. It had a bow on his neck. I picked it up and put it in my shirt. That teddy bear is now my only toy, who is going to entertain me.

We got back to the orphanage and saw everyone eating carrots, corn, and oranges. The man and I walked in, everyone glazing at us. I ran into the other room and unstuffed my teddy bear from my shirt. I looked at it for a while. I realized once I took my teddy bear out from my shirt, that this is its new home and the teddy bear made me feel like I was home.