

MORNING AT A FARM

by

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“What? What was that? Another day...” I think that it is kind of ironic that this is the sound I wake up to every morning. The sound of a new day. The rooster is still screaming. I put on my glasses and take off my blanket and try the hardest I can to not think about how tired I am. Tired because my lack of sleep. Tired of school. Tired of waking up early. A sleepy version of me is going towards the hallway, my feet touching the cold floor. I step into my boots and open the door, making my way towards the barn. The sun is shining and warms up my face. Every morning I have to feed the pigs on the farm. The second I enter the barn, I get hit by the smell and the warmth of the animals. “You seem to be happy to see me!”, I say to them when I bring them food. Breakfast is their favorite meal of the day, and they get really excited. As I watch them quickly eat up their breakfast I can feel how I slowly begin to wake up.

When the animals got their breakfast, it’s time for me to eat. I walk back to the house, towards the kitchen. I take out what I eat every single day and take my seat at the kitchen table. As I begin to eat I hear Marlene walking down the stairs. She is the woman that takes care of all the kids living on this farm. We all live here because of different reasons, and we all have different missions. My daily chore is to give the pigs their food. It is a bit tiring, because I have to wake up a bit earlier, but starting the day with the happiness of the pigs is actually really uplifting.

“Good morning!” Marlene greets me as she sits down on the opposite side of the wooden table.

“Good morning, slept well?” I ask her. She nods.

“Yeah, I actually slept better than I have in months!” We continue our conversation as more of the teenagers make their way down to the kitchen.

After finishing my breakfast, I head to the bathroom to get ready, and then off to school. I hate school. It’s not that I dislike the schoolwork, I just have no friends. Mostly because of rumors going around that I killed my family, which has made everyone scared of me. I didn’t. Kill my family, I mean. My parents and my older brother died in a fire two years ago, and the rumors say that I lit it. Why would I? I loved my family more than I loved myself. Every single day since then has been a struggle to find motivation. Anyways, the only friends I have since then are made over the internet, but I still have no one to talk to in school. Except when the tough kids in school decide to throw an awful comment at me, about how I stink like the smoke from a fire, though I probably smell more like pigs. The other teens from the farm avoid me as well. How am I supposed to make friends when everyone is scared of me?