

Escape From the Orphanage

“Ava, Ava get back here!” my headmistress yelled.

I was running with all my might to get away from the orphanage. I was trying to catch up with all the people that were going to Oregon. I was heading to Oregon to find my parents that I had been separated from for 5 years. I was separated from them because we were about to go to Oregon when our house set ablaze and they took off without me because they probably thought I was dead. I'm partly mad at them but also I would just like to be all together again. I was on my way to find the family I had lots of good memories with not just a fake family I had at the orphanage.

The first day I thought I wasn't going to make it with nothing to eat or drink but then realized that some of the people on this trip were really nice and would be willing to share some food with me. A few months later lots of people knew of me and cared for me and gave me food and water and let me sleep in their wagons. I felt well cared for. A few days later we neared Oregon, and everyone was overjoyed of reaching it. I was so excited that I forgot how I was going to find my parents.

When we finally got to our destination, everyone went their own ways, and I set off on the search to find my family. First step, knock on as many doors as I can, and if someone knows who my parents are, I'm in luck. I tried that but no luck. Nobody had any idea who they were. I did not know what else to do but then realized it was getting dark so I went to the corn field next to me and slept a fitful sleep.

The next two nights were exactly the same. But the next night, I was in luck! It was the last house I was going to knock on that night, and they told me that they *did* know who Lisa and Jim Weborn were. With great excitement, I asked them if they would show me where they lived so they did. When I knocked on the door, I immediately knew that was my mom because she looked nothing different then from the last time I saw her over 5 years ago. Then my dad came over. I was so excited I forgot how exhausted I was. They asked me who I was and I told them I was their Ava. They welcomed me with lots of hugs and kisses and “we missed you's.”

“We thought you were dead so we took off to Oregon without you,” said my mom. “Jim, I can't believe our only daughter is back with us again like it always should have been.”

Then they served me a nice warm dinner of rice and beans and took me to my very own room that they had been saving for their long lost daughter since they had arrived at Oregon. My mom and dad let me sleep in my very own cozy bed for as long as I liked. I felt welcomed in my well deserved home and my new world!