

Miner

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| Note: I wrote this when i was 13 or so ,i was just writting it to be writting and i |
| never intended to finish it. Though i do remember the rest of it so if anyone wants |
| me to write more on it i will. |
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Taking a shower with three or four other women is something i do daily. But of course i have to. I get to take a bath once a day and thats without perfumes or shampoo, semi-clean water and lavasoap. I work and live in the mines. Its difficult, this life is, i work for twelve to fourteen hours a day. I either work under ground or above, in the hot sun, pushing and carrying boulders. Since I've been here there has been four diseases and illnesses taken place. Over six-hundred people have died. I've had three close firends and two work partners to die. I get to eat once a day at night, unless i can hide food in the little clothing i wear. Work stops at sunset and then i have two hours to eat and bathe. I wake at sunrise with the morning alarm and wait at the intrance gate to be checked for lice, disease and any other noticeable communicable illness. Many people are here for crime, others were sold or traded, a few are even here for a job. I was sold.

Before the mines my memory is limited, I only remember a year or two of my life before the mines. I lived on a large estate and roomed with a man. I could take baths all i wanted, and eat any time of the day. I had people that served me anytime. It was a wonderful life, except when i was beat and abused by the man that i lived with. I wasn't married to him, not that i remember anyway. I think i was just his mistress. Its hard to recall that far back. I do remember the night i ran away and hid. I went to the people that who knew how i felt. I went to the protistutes and dancers of the city. At the time it was the only place i felt like i belonged. The girls there were really nice. They fed and took care of me, like i was there sister. They said that they would keep me and provide for me until i figured out what i was going to do. I decided to stay with them for the time being.

As i watched them i realized that what they did was just way to make a living. And if they could deal with it then so could I. Within a month of my presence there i started dancing. I felt pretty and confidaent again. At first i was little shy. It really was disgusting the way the people ;ooked at me like i was a piece of meat. Some one that could be bought any where any time. But i i was only a dancer, not a whore. Soon i was ok about it just as long as thir dirty hands didnt touch me. Within a two weeks of my new job someone from the estate i escaped from noticed my and reported it. I was arrested and sold to the mines.

Two years of working here has stolen my beauty. My long bleached hair is matted to my head,i'm dirty. My feaures aren't smooth like they used to be. Now they're bulky and tense, and my golden eyes dont have their light anymore. Every once in a while a memore from my past threatenb my mind, but when i would try to grasp it, it'd dissappear. I try not to make many close friends in fear they might die or get traded for more food, supplies, or a better worker. I still hope that i might get traded and have a chance to escape.