

# MyChemicalRomance

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*some story that my mind came up with after reading a really really sad and depressing story.*

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/xMitchx/53768/MyChemicalRomance>

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# 1 - The beginning

As I looked around me at all the burnt down buildings, the lifeless bodies, the tears flooded from my eyes and down my cheeks to my shirt. I saw the bombs drop and explode and within seconds, I was flown across the road, while the buildings were burning down around me, bodies- more like corpses- scattered around, haunting the street which only a few minutes ago had life, people wandering round and getting along with their lives, Normality. Well, when I say life and normality, I mean a dark gloomy road with hardly any light, the villagers who lived here shuffling around getting from place to place in the shadows. That was normal for us. We were used to this. Our town was an outsider's town, an outcast's town. We were the poor people who had hardly any money or food and were barely living. We were the people who were sold off as slaves to the rich or working in factories for very little pay. Few of us had enough money for ourselves and a family and few had the will to live. When I woke up this morning, it was a normal day. Get up, wake Frank, my best friend and my room mate, up and then scuttle around our "house" getting ready to face the outdoors. I used the word "house" very loosely there. I'll explain why. Our house was plain and simple. It was like living in a cardboard box, just enough room for mine and Frank's stuff and us. It wasn't really a house; it was just a square of bricks with a few walls to separate it into rooms and a roof. That was how we lived. This was a village or camp where people who needed to get away from something came. Frank was brought here so he had a chance of life. His parents were ill and were only going to live for a few more days. Frank knew it was coming ever since they got sick months ago. It ran in his family so he knew one day there was a possibility of his parents getting it. They thought it best for Frank to leave the house and go to a different village where he could lead a long and happy life. They were mistaken. He was brought here by himself and thrown out of the car, only carrying the necessities. He was a little younger than me so how he was expected to live I don't know. I was brought here because my family and I had to evacuate due to war. We all came in the same car but my family was split up; I was split apart from my parent and my brother, Mikey. I was only 15 when I was chucked here, with no food or money, and expected to live and get along with life by myself. I was 15, how could anyone expect a 15 year old to be able to live alone in a dingy house with no food or money and no job to get the money he needed to live. So I was thrown in here, all alone, while the rest of my family were put somewhere else. I don't know why I was separated from them though. Every other family who came here seemed to stay together, but I was unfortunate and ended up being parted.

## 2 - Life

As much as I missed my family, mainly my brother, I started to think that maybe it wasn't such a bad thing being away from my parents. My parents had always had a favourite child that was Mikey. He got everything he wanted always, where as I never got anything I wanted, I got what I needed and that's all. I got my breakfast lunch and tea, I got drinks and I got clothes. They were the basics that I needed to live, so that was what I got. I was treated completely different to Mikey. I was told how useless I was and how I couldn't do anything. I like art and music stuff but I was frequently told that I couldn't draw and that I couldn't sing or play guitar or anything. I was quite often treated like a slave. I was always told to do everything and get everybody whatever they wanted when they could easily walk and get it themselves. Anyway, it got worse everyday until I was on the verge of suicide. I often thought about how life would be better if I wasn't here and how everybody would be happier. I stated to spend more time in my room and avoid family at all costs. My mum started to worry about me, but my dad just got angry at me. He progressively got angrier and angrier and eventually he started to get aggressive with me. At first he would just hit me on the arm or something but as time got on, he started to throw things at me and push me around. It was basically child abuse. It ended up where whenever he saw me, he would hurt me in some way and I would end up with bruises and cuts. I tried my best to cover it up but eventually Mikey noticed. I told him to swear he wouldn't tell anyone and he didn't. So to be honest, being away from that might do me some good and might show me how real people are treated.

### 3 - Jobs

Anyway, back to the present, I got up woke frank and then scuttled around as usual getting ready. We left the house together and walked in the shadowy road up to the tall building at the end of the road. The building we were heading to was a job centre. We had been here a few months now and we had run out of food and drink about a week ago. We used to scavenge off people but now nobody has enough food to spare. We decided it was time to get jobs and earn money to keep ourselves alive. We walked into the building. It was dark and old inside just like the rest of this dump of a village. We walked up flights of stairs until we came to a dark corridor with many open doors either side. We walked into the first one and sat on chairs, waiting. There was a light on at the back of the room and a few desks and chairs around. There were 3 people behind the desks in the room.

"Come here" the 1st person said. I walked towards the desk and sat down.

"What do you want" She said aggressively. It reminded me of home.

"Im-Im here for a job" I said shyly

"Well, what can you do" she asked, stabbing her pencil viciously against the desk.

"Well... Urm... I sing.. I draw.. I..Er...I-I don't know"

"That'll do... there's a job in the bar down the road. You will be a singer there and help tidy away at the end of the night. You will be paid £10 an hour n the job is 3-5 hours. Okay?" She said, shoving a piece of paper towards me.

"Th-Thankyou" I said getting up from my seat and shuffling back to the chairs.

"You...Come here now" the 2nd person said, pointing at frank and calling him over. He sat down gingerly and looked at the woman, looking scared.

"Well, the only job we have for you, considering your age, is working in a food factory, bottling drinks and stacking cans ready to be sent away." She said, looking at me. She sounded tired.

"Okay... well... how much would I get and how long is it?" Frank said looking down at the table.

"£10 an hour and its 3 hours work, 5-8" She said, handing me the address.

"Okay... Thank you" Frank said reading the piece of paper.

"Go" she said, shoing me away. I got up from my seat and walked fast toward Gerard who was already walking towards the door.

## 4 - our new life

We ran out of the room and down the pitch black corridor. We were glad to be out of the room, the 2 women in there didn't seem like nice people and i think the 3rd woman was asleep. There was no one else around and all the other rooms on the corridor were closing and the doors being locked. We continued along the corridor and then turned left and raced towards the exit. We pushed the doors open and then ran outside and turned right, down the little alley way. We stopped there and then walked slowly down the alley towards our house. Frank dug around in his pocket for the key. His hand emerged from the pocket and unlocked the door, holding the door open for me as I entered the room. It was darker than usual because we had had a power cut. This was due to the fact that we had no money what so ever to pay the electricity bill. I trudged into the kitchen and rummaged around in cupboards looking for candles and matches. Eventually I found some hidden right at the back of an unused cupboard. I lit them and placed them in rooms around the house. To be honest the candles didn't make much difference at all. It was still as gloomy and dark as when we entered. The darkness was starting to make me tired. I walked back into the main room to see that frank was asleep on the couch. I grabbed my blanket from the table and wrapped frank up in it. He looked so cute and innocent when he slept. I could feel my eyes closing, so I sat down on the couch, next to frank, and within seconds I was asleep.