## TO BE NAMED LATER.

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Something thats flying around in my head.

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It was an average day. Too average. Lying in my bed I hopelessly looked up at my blank ceiling. Sighing to myself, I rose from my conferrable stance. My name is Eleven well at least I thought it was. I got off of my tiny bed and limped over to my dresser to change out of my cozy pajamas. Looking at my leg I saw a giant bruise. Yesterday, I sighed to myself. Yesterday was the day it all happened.

Recalling what happened yesterday was a hard task so its better to leave it untouched in my aching head. Anyway I was going to be late for hell. By hell I mean High School. While changing into my clothes I heard some strange noises coming from outside. I would have to worry about that later. The bus would be here any minute. Grabbing my backpack from the floor where it laid untouched for the whole weekend despite the fact I had homework I slipped my shoes on and walked out the door.

I lived alone. My whole family wiped out, if I even had a family. All I know is somehow I got here with this 11 scratched into my arm. The strange noise was just a raccoon pawing at some garbage I noted when I walked outside after locking the door shut behind me. The bus slowly and smoothly pulled up to the front of my house, while I headed toward it.