Trey’s Story

Running. Ceaseless running in an alley of dark shadows punctuated with the wails of sirens exploding inside your mind.

Listen to the whistling overture that penetrates every aspect of degradation of my existence. View and take pity of my tormented body that I have exhausted in a vain attempt to escape from reality and this loathsome existence of poverty and deception. Listen to the whistling overture that climaxes the symphonic dance of death.

It is afternoon. A harrowing incident that will forever haunt me just occurred near the neglected pastures of the riverfront.

Morning, fresh in dew and sunshine, called for me to rise from my bed and run to the foothills of the embankment overlooking the crust of filth flowing toward the city bathed in its shrouds of pollution. In that crust I saw a magic carpet able to carry me forever to adventures new, gay with delight, with imagination powerful and beautiful. I was alone, filled with fantasies of long ago: of treasures, pirates, cliffs, and heroic conquests leading to knighthood testifying to undeniable valor. In glee, in happiness, in innocence sworn to remain forever within my breast, I transposed to the world of long ago where dragons roamed. I strolled alone down the abandoned streets filled with decaying houses and abandoned businesses. Alone, I became mischievous, unrestrained. In my childhood loneliness in a lonely world, I had nothing to do except play in the imaginary world of a serf seeking knighthood.

I saw the sun’s rays filtering about, stopping momentarily to shine on the windows: a reflection of wonder beseeching me forward. The windows became