This bitter cold and desperate hunger are causing the only warming thoughts of my mother’s arms to slip away from me.

Long since the days of comfort among my family, and contently playing with friends, oblivious to horrors beyond our homes.

And now, I know exactly what those horrors are, through fluent nightmares, starvation and ominous men who stand over us with terrifying weapons. But that’s normal. It’s all perfectly normal, after all my fear has greatly diminished over these three years. But is it worth all this?

There are many a day when I consider running away from it all, this country, the orphanage, the frightening men, everything.

Then I wake up to the sound of small cries from the other children.

“Brother,” a young boy muttered at my side, “brother come back.”

I gazed at him sadly then patted his head in hopes of calming him. After all it is my responsibility as the eldest child to care for the others.

“It’ll be okay,” I murmur, “everything will be okay. Someday.”

I snuck around the others through the pale dim of the sunrise then slipped through the door so I may watch the sun go over the horizon, then begin another day of watching over the other children.

 For years, I’ve hoped for the journey to my final home to begin. That’s how my days are spent, in a continuous cycle of waiting for a ridiculously impossible sequence of events to happen so things may finally work in my favor. In a nutshell, I’m always waiting for a miracle.

But that hasn’t happened yet, I haven’t gotten to India so I may learn my native tongue from the ones that they call monks. I have yet to cross icy hills in search of a bright future. I’m not going home just yet.

No, but rather, spend another day in starvation, hoping to get a few scraps. Then I’ll stare at the rags that are considered clothing wishing that they will one day be repaired. And when the day comes to an end once more, I’ll remember not to get my hopes up.

Because my hopes will be nothing but hollow when morning comes once again.