

Who Am I?

There are many mysteries to this world and one of them is me. I was found or they say rescued (I say conscripted) at a train station by the brutal and draconian workhouse called Bell House for workers. Although I didn't have a choice to go there as I was abandoned by my parents or whoever had custody of me at the time, I don't remember them. I was told the Workhouse had no record of who I was or where I came from, but I learnt to cope without my parents and without a kind word or regard.

At first, I enjoyed being around people and working, we were working in a bottle factory, my hands were small enough to put the corks in, until I knocked a bottle over and had to wear THE BOX a heavy burden, this was the punishment for dropping a bottle, a painful measure to ensure I never did it again. I was subjected to torment like this for years.

To escape, I would ponder about who or what I could have been? I had dream after dream, fantasies about me being a Prince in a royal family or even a King, but I knew they were dreams but I came to believe them. One was so vivid, like a hologram of my imagined life, Parents who were wealthy, food, clothes, an inheritance of a large house and fortune. I had a dog; he slept on my bed and went for walks with me. I was loved. When I woke, I almost grieved for the loss.

The life I imagined was the antithesis of the life I had. That night, I decided I had had enough, I arose from my scraps of sheets and snook into the Workhouse Managers office where he kept all the files of the poor unfortunates like me unlucky to be there. I knew there was more to me than the nothing I was told I was. There must

be, surely. I descended the vast staircase, tried to open the office door, it was locked, I knew where the Manager kept the key, having located it, I opened the filing cabinet, found my file and shook it, nothing was inside, no records, no correspondence, no details of my parents, no life beyond the depths of the hell I was living. I shuffled through all the other files but nothing. I was nothing! I stumbled down the stairs in a pit of despair, not caring if I woke anyone, what did it matter, nothing mattered anymore.

Sat here now, years later, with my family, eating a comfortable dinner, clothed, contented; I realise that it is not where we are from that defines us but who we are and what we choose to do with our life. The start in life I had helped me make better choices when I became an adult and for that I will be eternally grateful, may be not for the Box.