



## Jess

Michael Hill - 17.05.2021

Jess was sitting in his favourite place, in the centre of a large tree which stood in the middle of the play park. He loved to sit there and daydream. Jess had a very vivid imagination for a boy of 10 years old. It was his special time, when he could sit alone with no one disturbing him and just let his imagination loose.

He had a number of favourite topics to daydream about. He would imagine he was a ships captain, sailing in a mighty warship, probably a destroyer or a cruiser, with mighty guns that he would use to shoot at the enemy ships. He didn't know who the enemy was, but that didn't matter, as long as he was able to stand on the bridge of this mighty ship and shout out commands to his crew.

Jess had read about warships in the books in the library and had seen television films of great battles during the many wars that men had fought over the years. He had decided that e would love to join the navy and become a ships captain. One day he thought, "I will do just that".

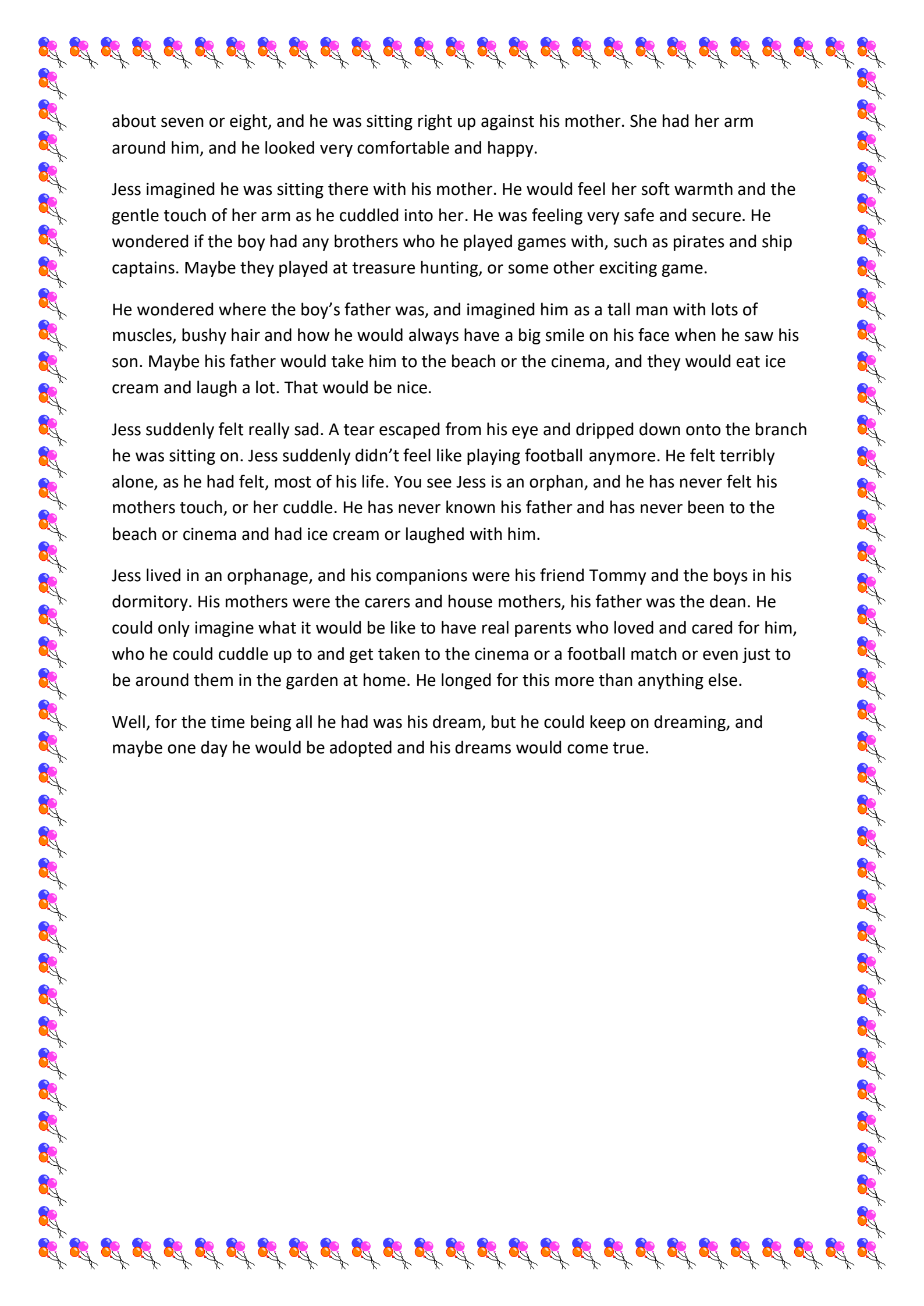
Just then he heard a loud thump and felt the tree shake. It was his friend Tommy, who was the same age as Jess and his best friend. Tommy shouted up to Jess. "Hi Jess, what are you doing"? "Just sitting here thinking" said Jess. "The guy's are starting a football match on the green", said Tommy. Why don't you come over and play"? "I will in a minute" said Jess. "You go along; I'll be there in a minute". "Okay" said Tommy, see you in a minute, don't be too long". "I won't" said Jess.

As Tommy ran over to the other boys, Jess imagined himself as a professional footballer. He would run out at the head of his team. They would pass him the ball and he would shoot at the goal. He would beat the goal keeper to score a magnificent goal. The crowds would cheer and his team mates would pat him on the back and say all kinds of nice things about his skills.

He would then take the ball and zigzag through the opposition players just to pass the ball to Tommy, who would score the next goal. Together they would become an unstoppable pair in the team, and they would be offered contracts with the big clubs, and make lots of money. Of course he would have to grow up a little first. Ten year olds don't get to play in the big clubs yet. Maybe in a few years he will start becoming famous.

He could hear the boys shouting and cheering and he though he better get down and join them before they started to miss him. He was already quite good at football, so when there was a game he usually got asked to play. He did enjoy football.

As he was about to start climbing out of the tree, he saw a young mom with her son sitting on one of the benches just over the fence, quite close to the tree he was in. The son was



about seven or eight, and he was sitting right up against his mother. She had her arm around him, and he looked very comfortable and happy.

Jess imagined he was sitting there with his mother. He would feel her soft warmth and the gentle touch of her arm as he cuddled into her. He was feeling very safe and secure. He wondered if the boy had any brothers who he played games with, such as pirates and ship captains. Maybe they played at treasure hunting, or some other exciting game.

He wondered where the boy's father was, and imagined him as a tall man with lots of muscles, bushy hair and how he would always have a big smile on his face when he saw his son. Maybe his father would take him to the beach or the cinema, and they would eat ice cream and laugh a lot. That would be nice.

Jess suddenly felt really sad. A tear escaped from his eye and dripped down onto the branch he was sitting on. Jess suddenly didn't feel like playing football anymore. He felt terribly alone, as he had felt, most of his life. You see Jess is an orphan, and he has never felt his mother's touch, or her cuddle. He has never known his father and has never been to the beach or cinema and had ice cream or laughed with him.

Jess lived in an orphanage, and his companions were his friend Tommy and the boys in his dormitory. His mothers were the carers and house mothers, his father was the dean. He could only imagine what it would be like to have real parents who loved and cared for him, who he could cuddle up to and get taken to the cinema or a football match or even just to be around them in the garden at home. He longed for this more than anything else.

Well, for the time being all he had was his dream, but he could keep on dreaming, and maybe one day he would be adopted and his dreams would come true.