

I am not sure how to begin in a way you would all allow this to sink in. The beginning is also the middle and end to our story, because with every ending there is a new beginning. Light always comes out of a tragedy, it is up to the person holding the darkness within to ignite the future and let go. To write this story is hard for both my children and me. But something about it I just could not pass by. These brilliant little seeds of magic grew inside of me and my one and only job was to nurture and watch them grow. To give them strength in the wicked world around and to feed them knowledge that sometimes cannot be found. These two brilliant little beings are my only torches in the deafening night they give me the strength wisdom and especially tonight. I chose many wrong paths along my lifeline and I would love to say I would change them, but those wrong turns made them the best they could be and for that I would never take away. Through heartache and confusion, I give thee love and passion. I was broken collapsing within and unable to fix myself to heal the wounds deep within I turned towards them and with one tiny gentle hand the warmth began to sink in. So, I built myself up stronger smarter and above all kinder. I did this for them. The world needs more love, I teach them that no

matter how hard the situation must seem, there's always a light even if it is unseen. A light that must shine even if it is just a flicker a light that means love still remains stronger. Because without the love the world cannot become strong. So, I lay down in your bed tuck you in for another night of wonderful-istic dreams. I read your favorite books and sing you your special songs. Because sometimes the world a scary place like everythings falling apart, but you don't have to be afraid, cuz I'll always be in your heart.

~

Tragedy struck at 18 Knox Street. A family holding onto hope destroyed at the seams. I slept sound all night, but when I woke my world was torn apart. Dad isn't here anymore, Mom said he hurt Jesse; I just don't get it. Dad hurt us all the time. He threw me on my bed when I didn't sleep right away and spanked me when I misbehaved. Why did Mom kick him out this time? Mommy said I wouldn't understand. Mommy said we're perfectly perfect for each other and we don't need a Dad that would hurt us. He was a 'Fake Daddy' Jesse says, but why didn't he want to be real? Why would he do that to Jesse? Were we not good enough? Mommy doesn't answer, she just tells me that we are better just me and Jesse and her. Mommy is mad a lot, I don't like Mommy right now. Everything I do seems to be wrong and she broke our stove. It was Jesse's fault - not mine. But then I saw Mommy cry, she told us that she's freaking out and can't handle it anymore, but I told her she's a strong Mommy. I know she could do it. She hugged me really tight - she's the best Mom. She's a real Mom.

-Months later-

The room is still dark. Shades drawn and silence hanging over the Daley household. Toys scattered from the night before, dishes still in the sink. But the house is more than just a house to these three Daleys this house is our home. The light shines brighter in the messy pink bedroom. Stuffed animals take over the full size bed like weeds taking back the unkempt lawn. You wouldn't think they cleaned every day, because they also play everyday. It seems quiet now, but let me tell you, once the house wakes up it is anything but silent. Dust sits on the shelves and the couch, that cozied up to the stickerfied drum set, is unmade.

The room next door, two tones grey and fire engine red, is as dark as night as the black curtains keep out the world. As if the bright light would wake the dragon itself. Though there are clothes and cars scattered across the car carpet, the room is the cleanest it's been all week. Remnants of the prior nights festivities remain, but one thing for sure is not in its place. Or is it? The pony bed and red car bed - vacant. Not a single little body in either. But this IS home and where would these little humans have gone? An alarm jolts through the house like a tazer. The foot of the bed shuffles and Mom stretches her back pain away. She emerges from the comforter tosses it, doubling over two little bumps. She scoots out of the queen sized bed and silences the alarm in her cracked phone. Sadie the dumb little pup is at her toes dancing to go out. Mom scoops up a black sweater before heading out the maze of back doors. Sadie is out in a dash chasing the nightlife out of the yard. She trots from one side of the yard to the other until she notices mom impatiently staring at her. She sniffs the dewed grass as it tickles her nose she sneezes. And after searching the entire back yard she finds her usual spot to pop a squat. Within and instant she's back inside and wiggling her body

like a slinky at her food dishes.

The light grows in the kitchen windows. She mopes to the bathroom then through the kitchen gathering light snacks to satisfy herself through the day. Another alarm rings from the bedroom. Mom shuffles her feet into the room and switches the light on. She rips the blankets back revealing two tiny little humans all snug in her bed. An automatic smile forms on her face as she sits gentle at the edge of the bed.

"Jesserica time to get up." Not a creature was stirred, "Jesse come on now I know you're awake, let's go get your little butt up." Mom slips her cold fingers under Jesse's shirt. She giggles and wiggles away. Mom picks her up in a hug. The sleepy little girl flops into the hug. Mom smirks, "let me see those brilliant blue eyes baby girl, come on where are they hiding?" Jesse opens her tired eyes, and let me tell you her eyes are in fact the prettiest blue eyes her mother ever did see. Mom smiles kindly at her, "there they are." Giving her a kiss, mom places Jesse's wobble feet on the hard wood floor. "Go on, go get dress while I wrangle your brother." Jesserica sleepwalks upstairs as mom turns towards the unmoved little boy. His back towards her, but she knows better. "Jaxson... Jax buddy. Time for school."

"I hate school."

"No you don't."

"Yes I do, I hate school. I don't wanna go."

"And I don't want to go to work, but we must do things we need to get to the things that we want to do."

"Come on now, up and adams." Jaxson doesn't budge.

"This isn't fair I never get to see you..."

"Don't start with that now," mom stands up she gathers his clothes, "feets." Jax burrows his tiny toes under the covers. He peaks up at mom and smirks through his two fingers. Mom flips him over quickly and tickles him. He laughed a big ol' belly laugh then tries to scoot back away. Mom quickly grabs his foot and slides a sock on. "This is not happening every morning Jax. Extra moms are special moms, but you need to respect extra mom's for them to stay extra." Jessorica climbs down the stairs, "Ooo beautiful outfit."

She smiles, "thanks mom." And disappears into the bathroom.

"How come your sister can get dressed so easily?" Jax grabs his clothes, "oh just like mom when I was little." Jaxson grumbles under his breath.

Mom packs up the car and sits idling as the kids like in the back.

"Mom when can we go back to the beach?"

"I wanna go to the dinosaur museum."

"Well see what this weekend has planned for us."

"Weekend?" Groans fill the car, "the weekend is so far away."

Mom laughs, "it'll come before you know it. "

Jax looks out the window, "Mom look out the sharks are coming!"

"Arg, hoist the sails matey. We have to get outta these waters." Jaxson looks out the windows Suddenly salty sea water splashes against the glass. A tall shark fin with a notch at the tip floats by the window, "faster it's right next to us!" Jesserica chimes in "get the canyons!" Jax raises a heavy canyon ball over his head and drops it in the canyon " ready set fire! " makeshift explosions ring through the car "oh no Mom! Pirates!"

"Pirates!? Oh no not the pirates! Stand your grounds mateys hoist those anchors and load them canyons we need to get to port. Pirates can't get us on port. A black sailed pirate ship Bob's in the rear view mirror. Jax climbs the sails and in ties the cloth. It catches in the wind and we are off. "Those darn pirate can't get us now ha ha ha"

"Sharks!"

"Oh no sharks again?!"

"Yeah, they bit the boat."

"Nurse Jesse how do we patch up a boat?"

Jesserica jumps and flies over to the hole. She pulls out a gigantic patch and duct tapes it on. "Really Jesse, duct tape?"

"It has little hearts on them"

"Heart duct tape is the strongest! We're almost at the port."

Mom's banged up blue car and peeling paint pulls up to the day care. "Arg mattey we made it port and docked." Mom smiles proudly at her babies through the rear view mirror. Unloading the car she helps her babies into their classrooms. "Love you mom"

"Love you too," she gives Jesse a kiss then leans down to Jax, "please be good today. Remember if you feel angry."

"Take a deep breath and count to four. "

"My smart little guy. Please be good. "

"I will." Mom takes one small look back as Jax's head droops.

On her way out through the preschool aged rooms one of the teachers stop her, "Miss Daley, I just need a word with you. Its about Jaxson. He's been having some trouble playing with the other kids.... "

"Yes, I know thank you. We'll work on it. I have to get to work,"

"We need to discuss this, he is hurting other students. This is not acceptable. I have to explain to other parents why their child is getting hurt at our center."

"Yes, I'm sorry we are working on his anger."

"He is six, he needs to learn this behavior is not okay."

"I understand, and he does too-"

"No, he doesn't. We will be calling you when he does it again to pick him up."

"Yes, okay."

Mom leaves abruptly; unaware of the little pair of blue eyes watching through the door. Jaxson's head bows and he mopes back to his chair. A classmate walks up to him, "Hey Jaxson, that's mine seat."

"Jaxson's tiny face squints and he shoves the kids away from him."

"Jaxson!" a teacher walks up to him, but he gets up and storms away. He tosses the chair from underneath him and it hits another classmate. "That's it leave."

"Fine I will! I hate you! I hate this school!" Jaxson is a ball of fiery rage storms out of the classroom.

"Jaxson!"

Jaxson runs as fast as his little legs could bring him. He skids to a stop at an intersection. This big new school seems impossible to navigate. The teacher stomps behind him, he books it down the hall. He takes a quick right and slams the door behind him. It locks shut and he turns to the dark dusty room. Books upon books stacked up to the high raise ceiling.

"What is this place?"

He scans the titles of the books as he traces his fingers along the forgotten books.

"I've been to the library, this isn't the library."

The way back to the door disappears behind the stacks of books. He's lost in the shelves a low laugh echoes just under the sound waves next to him. He jolts back into an unstable shelf. The books at the top tetter back and forth until a mass avalanche falls. Jaxson tries his best to dodge the attack, but a thick book smacks him in the center of his back. Gasping for breath he groans and turns to face the book. Tears sting his eyes, but blinking through the tears he sees a pirate flag embedded in the ancient leather cover.

His tiny fingers trace over the etchings. He flips open the book, the pages are as thin as tissue paper and so delicate he feels like one quick movement and its turn to dust in his hands. But like an invisible energy luring him in - he flips the page.

"Heroes are founded in the darkest situations. But for the forgotten world of ***, heroes were scarce. That is until the darkness reached the smallest of the heroes in a far away land. Immense power had to be invoked to carry him across the plains."

Suddenly the room around Jaxson grow pitch black. So dark Jaxson couldn't see his own hands in front of his face. Fear stole his voice, fear high jacked his feet. He's frozen in place, unable to cry for scream for help. The darkness held on for what seems like forever, until a tiny fuzzy balls of light grew in the distance. Hope lifted Jaxson to his feet. He moves slowly at first, but his little legs quickly picked up speed. Before long he was full sprint to the growing ball of light. He darts into the light and the ground underneath him abandons him. Pausing for a millisecond he free falls straight down the side of the mountain. His voice is back and bellows out a scream so loud it'd wake up sleeping giant.

A large gust of wind pushes him left field and he drops into a massive lake. Frantically fluttering his arms and legs he pushed himself against the liquid and emerged through the surface. Coughing and gasping for air he kicks his tiny feet furiously to stay above the water. He searches his horizon for land; a tiny piece peaks up between a small wave of water. He kicks and slaps the water towards the piece of land. An immense darkened shape swims underneath the little boy making him look like an ant in comparison.