

MOM!! Little Jacob yelled as he watched his dad hit her. Those furious and mad eyes fixed on him. Run Jacob! His mom told him weakly on the floor. He did. Tears ran down his face as he ran into the woods behind his house. His step father ran after him until the beginning of the woods. The man hated the woods so it became a safe space for Jacob. Come out here you little worthless runt! His step father yelled into the forest. Jacob ran until he couldn't go no more. He collapsed on the forest floor. His mother had married his step father two years ago and it was the worst two years of his life. Little did 7 year old Jacob know that the reason for his step fathers foul moods were caused by excessive drinking. He didn't come back to the house until he knew he couldn't stay out any longer. Then he walked carefully back to the house and slipped back in through his bedroom window. He sobbed himself to sleep. The next morning Jacob peeked out his door and found his mother making breakfast. Making sure his step father wasn't in sight, he ran to the kitchen. My mom smiles at me but only shows half her face. Good morning sunshine! She says to me. Mom, are you ok? I ask her. She smiled at him. Of course! She says in her normal cheery voice. That voice fooled 7 year old Jacob then into thinking everything was ok. Have some eggs. She says and put some on a plate for me. I reached for it eagerly but gasp. My mom's face was purple and black all over. She saw me staring at it. It's just a bruise sweetie. She told me. Ok mama! I tell her and devour my eggs. Mama, why is Dad so mean? I ask her. She stops and looks at me. He just has a lot going on that's all. She says. Little Jacob didn't ask anymore questions. Years fly by and little Jacob wasn't so little anymore. At ten years old he was 5'5 and by twelve, 6'1. At ten he learned why his father was so cruel and hated him for it. Jacob may have been strong and big but his father was bigger. Everytime he drank too much, he would take it out on him and his mom. Jacob's only sanctuary was the woods. For his birthday, his mom scraped up enough money to buy him his first gun. It was an older rifle but a good one. He loved hunting and took that gun everywhere he could. He went to school but didn't have any friends. But nobody picked on him because of his size. In the end, Jacob became 6'4. Now he was bigger than his stepdad. It took everything his mom had to make sure that Jacob didn't hurt his stepdad. One time, after a particular drinking mood, his stepdad hit his mother again but this time it was serious. At 14 Jacob almost killed his stepdad if not for his mom who made him leave to cool off.

After he did, he came back and nursed his mother back to health. He asked her. Why dont you let me hurt this guy? He's almost killed us many times. He asks her. Because we need him more than you know and because if we sink to his level than we are no better than him. She told him. He took those words to heart but his anger never left him. His mom recovered but it was close. He spent more and more time in the woods. His stepdad had a gun, a really nice rifle that was better than Jacob's. Jacob wasn't allowed to use it but would sneak it out of the house and practice with it. He could shot a bird in midair he was that good. He was approaching his 15th birthday when tragedy struck. His mother, the only person who made life good, had fallen ill. His stepdad refused to help and she was getting worse. Jacob did everything to try to save her but... a month later she passed. His stepdad didnt even come to the small funeral she had. Jacob was the only one there. After that, Jacob made up his mind. He knew the woods well enough, not just living there but living off of it. As soon as he left the funeral, he went to house he hated and quietly slipped through the window. He packed a large back for essentials and grabbed his rifle. He thought for a moment and then crept to his stepdad's study. He checked and found his stepdad passed out on the couch and grabbed his stepdad's rifle. He put in a special bag that he could sling over his back along with his regular bag and then left. He never looked back. He went to a gave he knew would provide shelter for him and started to enjoy living in the forest. After three days of doing this something unexpected happened. Rain and wind poured from the clouds without end and he was forced to stay in his cave. Then, he heard a noise. Probably a wild animal seeking shelter but instead it was 3 teens about the same age as him and they were drenched. Who are you? He asked the strangers. Little did he know these strangers would change his life.