

HOW TO BE A KID

Sarah McDonald-Hughes

Molly:

But when I'm lying in my bed, with One Direction and Little Mix and Rihanna and Taylor Swift looking down on me... I can't get comfy. It's like I don't fit like I used to. I'm home. But somehow it doesn't feel right. And I can feel this sort of wriggling, squirmy feeling in my tummy, a kind of worry feeling that won't go away. It feels like a sort of... worm. And I know I should be happy to be home but I wish that I could creep down the corridor in my pyjamas, knock on Taylor's door, jump in her bed and whisper until Yvonne comes round and catches me. Taylor. I've known her five weeks and one day and in that time I've learnt every single thing about her. She's my best ever best friend. She's kind of... glowy, as if someone's left a light on inside of her, as if she's magical. You can't help staring at her, see what she's going to do next. The first time I met her, she actually read my mind. For real. So, okay. I'm walking into the TV room at Riverside. Yvonne is talking, telling me everyone's names

But I'm not listening, I'm looking round and wondering how I can stay here, without my mum and Joe. A green carpet with swirls on. A big-screen TV and two boys fighting over the remote.

They don't even look up. Yvonne goes over to sort them out and I'm standing there, feeling stupid, on my own. And then I see her. She's sitting on the corner of the orange settee dodging the kicks. Her face is scrunched up, as if she wants to get off the settee but she won't let them win. And she looks at me. She looks at me as if she can see right into my head, as if she can see all my brain and my insides and my thoughts and everything. And what I'm thinking is

I can't live here.