I open my eyes for the first time and I see what has been keeping me warm. I lay next to my mother and brothers and sisters. I feel so safe and happy surrounded by them. I drift off to sleep again, my belly is full and I am happy.

Cold hands lift me up, I'm frightened, it feels so strange and wrong. Someone is holding me, I don't know them and they look so foreign to me, this isn't my mother. I'm placed in a cage of cold steel and alone, I'm so scared. What did I do wrong to deserve this, I just want my mommy back.

Days seem to pass by and I'm so alone, finally someone takes me from my cage and holds me again. It's not the same as before, I like it because I've felt so unloved. Their arms hold me tight as I'm taken somewhere else. Doors are closed around me and this room seems to move. It feels weird but in a way I like it, it soothes me to sleep.

The room stops and I'm taken from it, we enter somewhere and I'm placed on the ground and let go. My legs are shaking because I don't know what to do. I walk around exploring to see where I'm at. Everything is so strange, I feel so alone, I just want my mom and family back.

These strange people are talking to me but I don't understand them. I look at them and want to be loved. They touch me and it feels so wonderful. I think life is getting better again, they seem to like me. Time passes and they are here, but then they are gone and I am alone. I don't like to be alone, I'm sad when there is no one around.

Days turn to months and I'm growing, I feel stronger and bigger and it's so much fun to play. My new family seems to like me being bigger, they play with me a lot. I'm having so much fun, I get tired sometimes so I sleep. I'm feeling safe again.

More time passes and I'm fully grown now, my new family seems bored with me now. No one plays with me anymore, I'm so alone and bored. I want someone to play with me or at least touch me. I want to be loved. I try to get their attention but they get mad at me and hit me. It hurts so much, I didn't do anything wrong. I go and hide, maybe tomorrow will be a better day.

I awake after a long nights sleep, and start to explore again. I find one of my new family, they are sleeping but I am so happy to see them. I want to let them know I'm here and ready to play so I nudge them awake. They are mad at me again, it hurts when they yell and hit me again, so I hide. A little while later I notice that they are gone and I'm left alone again. I'm so sad.

Months go by and no one is playing with me anymore. I want to be loved again but I don't know what to do. I try to get attention but it seems when I do they get mad and hit me, so I'm learning to stay away. I'm becoming an expert at being invisible.

One night there are a lot of people here and I'm a little scared but excited too. There are so many people to see and meet I'm happy again. They are all acting strange, but I don't understand why. I approach my family looking for some loving. One of them has a small toy but it has a bright red end to it and they push it against me and it burns. It hurt so much, I run away and I want to escape but where do I go. No one loves me.

Months turn into years, and nothing changes. I'm ignored and beat all the time now. I don't even try for attention and love anymore, yet they still hit me. I don't understand, what did I do wrong.

One day I'm let into that room that moves, and I fall asleep again. I awake in a strange place full of cold steel rooms. I'm led to one by someone strange, someone kind. They talk to me nicely but I'm still afraid of being hit. I want to give up.

I fall sleep in my new room, I'm all alone but at least I'm not being hit. Is this all I have to look forward to? Again days pass and all I do is sleep and eat and play in a little area all by myself. I want to play with others but I'm scared of everyone. I'm scared they will hurt me. I don't want to feel pain anymore.

It's been a little bit of time, several days have past and I see someone new. He looks at me through my window, I pretend to be asleep but I see him. I'm scared.

I'm led to a small room, bigger than mine but still not like before. I walk around the edges avoiding this new person. He calls to me and I reluctantly go close to him. His soft touch feels so good on my skin, but I'm scared he will hit me. I lay next to him and he gives me attention, I've needed that for so long and it feels so good. Then suddenly he gets up, he leaves the room and I'm led back to my small room , alone again. I'm so sad. I fall asleep again.

When I awake, I'm alone again, nothing has changed. Hours pass by and I'm taken from my room outside. Something is different no one has taken me outside like this before. I'm excited and can't wait to run! I see the man from yesterday and he has two more just like me. I'm so excited to meet them, I run but something is holding me back. We are led to an outside play area and I'm let loose with the two that are like me. They look like me but they aren't scared, they are free and I want to be like them. We get to know each other and play a little. Then they leave, I don't want them to I'm having so much fun.

I'm taken back to my room and I'm so sad, I fall asleep wondering if what just happened was just a dream.

I wake up the next day and I'm taken from my room to this man, he is alone, without the others like me but I recognize him. He looks happy to see me. In a way I'm happy to see him too, but I'm still scared of him. He puts me in a room that moves but I'm too excited to sleep. Is he taking me to the two others like me. A little time passes and we stop, he takes me out of the room that moves and I see them and my heart is so happy. They are happy so see me too. We run around and play, I explore these new surroundings and I feel happy for the first time in years.

I sense from the others like me that they aren't afraid all the time, I'm just a little too scared to be like them. I don't want to feel pain again, I don't want to be hit. I don't think I ever did anything wrong to deserve that.

Time passes and one of the others goes away, I'm sad but there is still one left. We are becoming friends and play. I can tell that he isn't afraid of the man that took me here. I just don't know if I can trust him yet, the others hurt me so much.

Days turn to weeks, and weeks to months and he hasn't hurt me yet. I'm confused, he must be waiting to punish me for something. He keeps giving me attention and holding me. It feels so nice but I'm scared to give in to those feelings again. I want to so badly, but I don't want to be hurt.

Everything seems different here, I have toys to play with when I'm alone, but I'm never alone the other one like me is always here. I always hated being alone. When he comes home, he's always happy to see me, and I him. Sometimes I can't contain myself with all the excitement.

I feel so loved, is this is what life is supposed to be like. I finally feel safe, no one is going to hurt me again. I know he will protect me. I go to him more for attention because I feel safe again, he only gives me love. I can see that now, I can trust him. He will always love me.

My name is Thomas, and I am happy.