

The Forgotten Ones

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In the heart of an orphanage, on a Halloween night, surrounded by gloomy walls and an empty playground, hope seems like a distant dream. Ash fills the air, covering the graffiti-covered walls and telling stories of forgotten memories. The falling roof threatens to swallow what little light remains.

Within these somber walls, a story unravels about a group of children who seek solace in one another's company. Later, they will be known as The Forgotten Ones. Amidst the bleakness of their surroundings, The Forgotten Ones cling to each other like fragile threads holding onto life. They are a band of misfits, each with their own story filled with sorrow and abandonment, their lives overlapping within the cold, unfeeling embrace of the orphanage.

Meet Shara, the eldest among them, with eyes that hold secrets too heavy for her young shoulders. Her mother's final words, whispered with her last breath, echo in Shara's mind. "Stay strong my love" Those words become the unsung anthem of The Forgotten Ones, a reminder that despite their circumstances, they have each other.

Tommy, the boy with the perpetual scowl, is the protector of the group. His heart may have been toughened by the harshness of life, but beneath his rugged exterior, he

possesses kindness. His small acts of rebellion against the oppressive harshness of it all are moments of solace to the others.

And then there was Jake, the youngest of them, with a smile that had long since lost its glow. He reminds them all of the innocence they had lost, the joy that had been extinguished. Jake's laughter had turned into a haunting echo, a cruel reminder of what they had once been.

On this Halloween night, the orphanage took on a more sinister and melancholic ambiance. The winds howled through the broken windows, carrying with them the mournful wails of forgotten souls. The forgotten ones, dressed in tattered costumes they crafted from remnants of their former lives, gathered in the decrepit common room, longing for something they could never have again.

This Halloween night held a peculiar sense of anticipation for the Forgotten Ones. It had been ages since they last ventured beyond the orphanage's desolate confines; in fact, they'd never left the confines of the orphanage. The orphanage, for all its gloom, was the only world they knew, and the idea of exploring what lay beyond the decaying walls filled them with a strange mixture of dread and longing.

The wind outside howled with a mournful intensity, as if warning them of the ominous path they were about to tread. But they could not resist the pull of the unknown, the desire to experience something different from the endless cycle of despair within the orphanage.

As they stepped out into the chilling darkness, the moon cast eerie shadows on the cracked pavement. The world beyond was foreign and unsettling, but it was also a chance to escape the oppressive monotony of their sorrow-filled lives.

The Forgotten Ones ventured cautiously down the moonlit streets. They encountered other trick-or-treaters (the living), their laughter and joy serving as a stark contrast to the numbness that had enveloped them for so long. People passed through them as if they were insubstantial, their smiles fading as they continued on their way, oblivious to the spectral figures that watched in silence. The forgotten ones began to understand that they were different; they were forgotten souls of children who had once lived.

A sense of isolation settled over them, but it was accompanied by a strange sort of liberation. For the first time in an eternity, they were experiencing something beyond the confines of the orphanage. The world was both cruel and beautiful, and it held a bittersweet allure that tugged at their fading memories of life.

As the night continued, the Forgotten Ones ventured further into the unknown, their sorrow entwined with the living world yet forever apart from it. They didn't know where this Halloween night would lead them, but for a brief moment, they felt the intoxicating sensation of being part of something larger, something beyond the orphanage's bleak walls.

At that moment, their haunted existence took on a new dimension, and they were reminded of what it meant to be alive, even if they couldn't truly be a part of it. This Halloween night had given them a taste of the world they had lost, and it left them with a longing that would haunt them for all eternity.