

Benevolence

Small droplets of rain began to smother the windows of Mr and Mrs Graham's house and Billy must've thought to himself about the dreadful day that lay ahead of him as he looked pensively out of the rain-sodden window. Grey clouds hung lazily in the air, swallowing up the sun which was locked up behind it - unable to break free.

For a while now, Billy had an inkling that his parents had desired for something more: It had been 10 years since they adopted him. At first they were happy, content: Filled with joy at the real prospect of having their first child together. Billy had been that shining light for them. At three years old, he was innocence personified: The endearing smile which could melt anyone's heart, the ever so slightly underdeveloped dimples which occupied both of his soft cheeks and the short, bandy legs which produced the impression that he was a baby cowboy. He subconsciously found himself beginning to mimic his parents, duplicating their behaviours, emulating facial expressions and body language which almost always made them giggle, no matter what he'd decided to copy. He'd run, crawl and jump and get as close as possible to the slightly outdated TV which occupied the living room, gluing his eyes to screen relentlessly with the only respite being a lazy blink of the eye or the occasional distraction.

It was a real turning point for the Grahams, after a lot of time, effort, false hope and tears, they had finally decided to think of other ways to make their mutual dream come true - adoption. It wasn't always easy though; as he got older, the tension grew as did the distance between mother and son. *He never listens to me!*

Why is he so cold?

Every time I try to speak to him, he doesn't want to hear it.

I wish we'd given it more time.

These were just some of the comments Billy happened to overhear whenever there was a rift between the two parents, and almost always it was the mum who felt that way. At first Billy blamed himself; his thoughts swirled around in his head like a small child on a merry-go-round and the guilt weighed heavy on his shoulders. But as time passed, so did the guilt and the memories that had occupied Billy's thoughts as he stared out of that grey window were terminated as he heard the excessively loud doorbell snap him back into reality.

"Billy, she's here!" Mrs Graham gladly announced from downstairs. The boy dragged himself out of his room, gingerly walked down the stairs to see a girl standing at the door. He quickly examined her: Short blonde hair which came up to her shoulders, a slim build with big brown eyes and a small nose. She was wearing a baby blue frilly skirt with a plain white T-shirt which Billy thought was odd, considering the miserable weather.

"Billy, where's your manners? Say hello," but he couldn't; instead he found himself glaring at her, almost like a wild animal eyeing up its prey.

"Never-mind him, he's always like that. Let me take that off of your hands," said Mrs Graham, as she clutched the handle of the hefty suitcase, allowing it to drag her to the corner of the passageway.

"Thank you," The girl muttered quietly.

"Come in, come in. You can take a seat right there," stated Mrs Graham enthusiastically, pointing to her favourite chair. The girl moved over nervously but didn't hesitate to sink herself in the chair, letting

out a quiet sigh of relief as she leaned into it. A few minutes went by and both her and the parents had gotten to know each other a bit better, with the girl slowly growing in confidence. Billy, however, was still standing on the stairs, like a soldier guarding his post - he had no interest in joining them. He was fine. Satisfied. His legs had a will of their own and began to shuffle slowly back up the stairs but was interrupted by a beckoning from the living room.

"Billy, come down here won't you?" Mr Graham asked softly. Perhaps it was because it was his dad who asked that Billy obeyed - it usually worked out that way. Pacing himself down the stairs, gradually making his way to the living room, a flash of memories invaded his mind. He thought of the lonely moments as a young boy, crouched in the corner of his room like a lost cub, separated from his mother: The times in the king-sized garden with only bugs and worms for entertainment, the times alone in the park, desperately trying to amuse himself between the see-saw, swings and merry-go-round. How he yearned for some companionship and the burning memory of how the old Victorian house felt cold and vacant still stuck with him today. He'd reached the looping, bricked archway of the living room now and felt a strange sensation in the pit of his stomach as he peered inside. He'd caught the girl's eye; a bright hazelnut colour which glimmered ever so slightly in the sunlight that had begun creeping through the grey curtains.

"Why don't you show Hazel your room?" Mr Graham asked, softly. Billy found himself moving, almost unconsciously, leading her up the stairs and paused before entering the bedroom. What was happening? He twisted the golden door knob and swung open the door: Rays of sunlight streamed through the windows, illuminating the room; clouds parted, allowing the sun to creep out and the azure sky left Billy feeling warm inside.

Task: identify - True or false?

Create 8 statements based on your reading, 4 that are true and 4 that are false

True	False