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Beyond The Horizon

“Why are you still hanging on?” The chorus kept on screeching in my head as another fatal blow landed on my stomach. My feet gave up, leaving me on the merciless and chilly floor. “You never do anything right!” he spat, viciously stomping out of the room. My baby, our baby, his baby! I watched its blood ooze out of me helplessly.

When I glanced at Dolion’s toothy grin that night, I knew he was the one: An Adonis with cosy-charcoal- curls embellishing his sculptured face and luring, iridescent eyes. Moreover, his caramel voice exacerbated the attraction, promising a life filled with abundant joy. We got along instantly and tied the knot a few months after our first encounter. A new dawn was rising in my life and I was going to embrace it whole-heartedly. Or so I thought.

It started subtly after the wedding. Disdainful criticism escalated into verbal lashings. However, he swiftly abandoned orally persecuting me, favouring of his fists instead and roughening up his vices. I quickly went from being his wife to being his punching bag: an outlet for his own misgivings. After the brutal beatings, his eyes would radiate the warmth I had fallen for. “I’m sorry,” he would repeat beseechingly. I always forgave him, believing he would one day miraculously stop.

He was supposed to know about the baby that night. He staggered through the door furious at something. A simple greeting prompted a slap and everything went downhill from there. he annihilated a life he had not known about. I tried leaving the next few days, but Dolion intercepted my futile attempts. Epiphany struck me then: if I could not leave then he had to leave.

I prepared a succulent lamb with golden-globe-potatoes. I gulped nervously as my finger grazed the rat poison on the counter. I did love Dolion, but he had already ruined us. My husband had to go. He came home beaming, embracing me tightly and praising the odour of the food. I served the platter and he quickly dug in. It did not take long. All the colour drained from his eyes as he started convulsing trying to utter words stuck in his throat. Subsequently, he dropped to the floor whilst pointing his crooked finger towards my direction. He did not look so imposing with his body on the merciless floor and murky-scarlet-drool spluttering from his mouth. I took in the scene whilst pouring his favourite whiskey for myself.

I stared at my reflection in the mirror as a cool breeze swept past the room. The purple-angry-bruises were fading, giving way to a golden hue that had been dimmed for way to long. Marrying him had not been the fresh start I had hoped for, but burying him would be. I got ready. After all, I had a husband to bury.