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23 years old

347 words

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## **The Day Everything Changed**

It was one afternoon that father fell gravely ill; his sunken eyes were bloodshot. His large frame was drenched in sweat. It had all happened very suddenly, like the sickness crept up on him like a bloodthirsty leopard from the shadows. Day after day mother raced from doctor to doctor with father. For days, I prayed, bargained and pleaded with God. Father wore a brave face, but his eyes betrayed the extent of the scourge. Eventually father became worse, until one Thursday evening an ambulance took father to the hospital. His stomach was as swollen as a freshly made drum. The doctor told mother that father's kidneys had completely failed. When I went to see my father in the hospital, he longingly told me and my brother not to fear.

It was a beautiful November morning. Like the gazelle that smells the danger of the looming lion in the wind, I knew something was wrong. I brushed my fears aside, but my intestines seemed to perform a dance of their own. As the man whispered my legs began to shake of their own accord. His words suddenly became inaudible as if a vacuum had sucked them out. "Liar" I screamed as tears flowed down my face. My head spun in a whirlpool of emotions as my young brother screamed frantically as if someone had stabbed him in the heart. It didn't make sense to me how someone so full of life could suddenly die. The sun's once pleasant rays mocked - how could the sun smile even when father was gone? The world had morphed into a beast that had swallowed my father. It was damning how the sky turned into a malevolent shade of blue. The nucleus I once lived in - my perfect world had violently turned its back on me. The world had come to a screeching halt for the three of us while it spun its normal course for others. The bloodthirsty ground had claimed its prey, leaving us to salvage the carnage. That was the day everything changed.

