

The Day Everything Changed

Vivid echoes of the tragedy angrily roar in my ears. My happiness became non-existent, a distant shadow of who I used to be. I scream everyday for help but who will hear my desperate pleas?

In a split of a second, our fourth pillar got stolen. Our familial foundation effortlessly crumbled. No more exciting picnics or road trips. We simply drifted apart. Everyone silently battles their own grief. How the fire started is a mystery. All I remember is being surrounded by enormous red tongues. I was home alone. Thick smoke filled both my lungs and eyes. I immediately leapt out of bed and ran away choking.

I later realized that I had forgotten a helpless little someone. Deafening wails soared as I quickly maneuvered through burning furniture. By the time I reached his cot bed the crying had ceased. He lay as still as a decayed log. At that hasty moment no alarm bells rang in my mind. I swiftly grabbed his tiny body and fled.

What happened next I do not know. I only recall waking up in a hospital bed. I could faintly hear a beeping machine. I first asked of Theo. An ocean of tears that shortly followed was a suited reply. Seeing my family burst in bitter tears and Theo nowhere to be found, I needed no doctor to confirm the devastating news. My innocent brother now lay in the mortuary. My heart bled. I could not come to terms with this.

From that day, I hear baby cries everywhere and people chanting selfish girl. How I wish I had super powers to wake him up. Life has never been the same again.

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