

Title (up to 20 words) - A family fallout

Strapline (up to 40 words) -

Copy (between 900 and 1000 words) -

My family and I are not the luckiest. Despite the wide range of fortunes concerning family and love for one another, it is deemed this is not the answer to solve our problems. In a way, family does give us emotional wealth, but this is not the type to help us flourish in society.

My father is the least fortunate out of us all. Bones protruding, lack of stability, and impaired vision are some of the many problems he faces with my mother and little sisters, Elena and Nadia, all contributing to look after him as much as they can. Although, he is not completely deprived, with his position working at the local power plant allows him to provide for my family and obtain the basic necessities for us to cope.

Our house is empty, cold and isolated from the rest of the block's houses. People seem to forget we live there with the old blossoming flowers, portraits and children's toys creating a mess outside replaced by rats, spiders, and their cobwebs, dirt and dust. The floorboards creaked with the wind and the wood seemed like it would collapse under the weight of a cat, the door lock fails to keep us at safety from intruders with it taking one slight push for it to give in. The Chernobyl Nuclear Power Plant shadowing our house, blocking any source of sunlight from getting to us. Allowing us to only disperse ourselves in the dull, gloom shade. However, our love for each other fills up the room and creates sparks of passion to never give up despite our hardships. It was during this realisation I began attempting to reach my full potential to benefit my family and achieve my goals.

During the day, Mother, Elena, Nadia and I all take a journey to gain inspiration of how to progress. We are in desperate need for jobs to support our family financially, but this is something that does not come easily for people like us. The lack of experience and skills makes it difficult to stand out against the wealthy elite in society, we are at the bottom of the pile. Unable to fund for Father's medical care, until we finally get noticed. "How can I help?" A local shop owner questioned, recognising our levels of distress. After a lengthy conversation about our current situation, she agrees to help. Jobs are offered to both me and Mother at this thriving shop earning a lot more than what we do now. Although this may not seem like a big accomplishment, it's all we need to gain the motivation and strive for higher and better advancements in life. It is the light at the end of the tunnel.

We walked back home peacefully humming to ourselves as the birds chirped and sunlight striking us as we walk. It feels as if we have hope that the life we have been dreaming of may be slowly coming true, and that our prayers every night wishing for financial stability and basic general health everyone has a right to are finally being heard.

As we get closer and closer back home, sudden chaos erupts with panic and screams consuming the streets, deafening us. Our sight is stripped from us as smoke fogs the skies overwhelming all our senses. "Is Father at home?" Nadia wails, in need for reassurance that he is not and off doing his daily tasks old men do. We all hesitate in providing the answer, largely due to the distractions around us and our fearful thoughts completely consuming our minds the same way a fire consumes a forest. Screams faded away just as the loud sirens approach and fill the void. The same thought of whether Father is home or not is still infiltrating my mind, with me growing restless and adamant to help him. However, Mother was not contemplating the effects of this catastrophe, and the danger Father is exposed to.

Faint voices in the distance all depicting and giving their own theories of what it could've been to lead to this explosion. Firefighters in protective suits shoving past ordering people to evacuate, also helping those in need and immediate assistance while attempting to put out the fire. It is the Chernobyl Power Plant which has exploded.

Silence. As we all come to the realisation Father was out working today to earn extra for this month and not sitting at home peacefully taking his daily nap. Panic arose once again as we all attempt to sprint past the huge crowds of firefighters, we are automatically stopped unable to make any progress. Nadia's screams grow louder and louder. "Please, my Father is in there" Elena whimpers as the firefighter disregards all being said. It was I who remembered a piece of information that gave us a sense of hope. Father had said today he will be prioritising his health and not working. He needed a break, a walk, around the block for fresh air to help calm him down about the stresses in life in hope to come to peace about our realities. However, this feeling of relief did not last long, knowing the whole area has been corrupted with the explosion, and that this is a severe condition for any one within the perimeter.

After hours of tense waiting, and having our imaginations taking over our rational thinking all thinking the worst possible outcomes, we finally receive some information. Young children and adults are rushed into hospitals, and within them was Father. Him laying there, covered in bruises, dirt, unable to communicate, brought immense despair. "Is there anything we can do?" I cried out, wanting to do everything in my power to help him, but it was clear there was not much we can do, other than hope. "Though you are sick in this moment, there are good moments ahead, trust me in that and stay with me." My last words to my father as his eyes slowly close and he takes his last breath.