

**Thursday, 12 April 2015**

Everything is so loud. Make it stop. It's just a bad dream. A very terrible dream. When I wake up I'll see Mum and Dad smiling instead of shouting. When I wake up I'll see the beautiful views we always see when we go cycling up really steep hills. When I wake up, we'll all be smiling and happy. But I don't wake up. I never do.

*WHY CAN'T I WAKE UP? I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING! WHAT'S HAPPENING?*

I can only hear chaos and that's all I hear for a very long time.

"Time and time again Henry, you've caused me nothing but pain!", Mum screams

No response, just screams of confusion. The light was blinding.

I hear my dad's voice, reaching out to me, "Camie? Camie? Where are you?"

"Dad? Mum? Where are you?" I call back.

No matter how much I cry, my tears can't clear my vision.

**MAKE IT STOP!**

I reach my hands in front of me desperately trying to cling onto something; anything and then I reconnect with dad's hands. I recognise his warm calloused hand in mine and for a moment everything is fine, all peace is restored. Until his hands leave mine and we separate.

**Wednesday, 15 January 2022**

It's been 8 years since the world ended; well changed. I'm trying to think more positively now, I can't tell if it's having any form of impact on me though. I don't like mornings in general, so the fact that it's like 0 degrees already shoves a frown on my face. It doesn't take much time for me to get myself together, after tying my hair up and splashing some cold water on my face, I grab a jumper, cardigan, a random pair of jeans and some white sneakers.

The outside world is so big, and it would be expected for a child to say that, but it's true. Ever since I regained my sight, all that I've been told to do was, "DO NOT TELL THEM YOU CAN SEE!". And so I did, for years I kept my mouth shut and tried to blend in as best I could. During the early years, the message would have been written in blood or in creative graphic ways. They seemed rather serious about it if you ask me.

Soon I arrive at the secluded area, where lonely souls dwell. My dad used to tell me that in the dead of night, they would dance and laugh. They would feast and party for miles on end, with no more worries or fears weighing them down anymore; he claimed they could even fly. Dad

seemed to float, all the time. When I was little I would even check under the table, just to make sure. Well I hope what he said was true, the stuff about departed souls. When I get there, I start to walk to him, he drags me there and I levitate.

“Hey Dad.” I whisper, placing my hand on the brutally, unforgiving cold stone placed above him. “How are you? Is everything fun out here? I brought you flowers.” I pull them out from behind me and place them down. I feel reconnected with him again, I feel like I’m hugging him and I’m dancing with him and singing with him. But we aren’t. And never will.

### **Friday, 17 January 2022**

It comes to a point in everyone’s life, when they must venture into the endless outside world... to do grocery shopping. For the past few days, I’ve been trying to thrive off of the bare essentials, but having sweetcorn and random biscuits all day doesn’t seem to be doing me any good. I close the door behind me and start walking to the nearest bus stop.

“You may cross now.” The automated voice from the pedestrian crossing button says (I doubt many people press the button now) and I walk across the street to the bus stop. Looking up I meet the grey sky frowning on me. I expected that if I ever saw it again, I would see those dreamy blue skies all over again, but I guess not.

I hear the bus approaching before I see it, “Bus 067 arriving at Station Point M at 1: 15PM”. The double doors open and out come a hurdle of people, each rushing to attend into their frenzied individual lives. Stepping on board, I scan the bus and the people on it. Nothing special. Everything is dull, until I hear footsteps from the deck above. They’re coming down. I don’t really pay much mind to him until he stands a few meters in front of me, also holding onto the loopy things from the ceilings of the bus. I think they’re called staphangers but I’m not quite sure.

The boy in front of me is sending me a weird vibe, although I could also just be feeling uneasy in general. He doesn’t look weird. He looks alone but comfortable, like a bear. When I was little, Dad and I played a game where we would mentally give people an animal, I guess it helps with my remembering skills. His dark brown hair grows so long, they’re like curtains for his eyes. An invisibility cloak, or a shield even. I notice that he does not really stand, he leans and wobbles and falls all over the place without moving at all. His lean arm hangs above him as he holds onto the loopy thing, the straphanger. Within an instant, he sharply turns his head to look at me, like a toy being powered on. A smile lingering on his face, as I try to regain my composure from my outburst. I sneak a glance back at the boy, and his former smile contorts into a frown, a scowl perhaps. It does not hit me at first as to why he suddenly switched until,

“Bus 067 arriving at Station Point PT at 1: 22 PM”.

He’s not supposed to see me.

**And I’m not supposed to see him.**

