

On the other side of peace

5th January 2035

Lying on the grass, I gazed up to the sky dappled with cloud listening to the cacophony of bird calls echoing across the graveyard; a place I escape to for clarity. Gnarled trees surrounded the dilapidated, desolate building they once called a church as leaves of every hue slowly wafted to the ground. Chilling rain started to drizzle down so I decided to return home to the news that started it all. The war. As I open the front door, my mother is anxiously waiting to tell me, a war had been declared, believed to be bigger and more powerful than any war before. War has only ever been a topic I had read about in history books or seen in films; never did I think about the possibility of it becoming reality. And now it is.

9th January 2035

Today was the day bombs started to drop, the whole county was in panic mode. The capital is almost all wiped out; all the buildings gone, all the people gone. What is happening? The bright orange flames in the distance glow contrasting the pitch black night as the hissing of dropping bombs and fighter planes becomes louder and louder. Soon, they are deafening. We hear panicked screams as everyone rushes out of their houses grabbing all the belongings they could whilst clinging onto their children. We begin to grab all belongings of importance to us and head for the shelter following the crowd of people.

8th January 2035

Soldiers who looked no older than eighteen rushed us into the shelters full of children screaming and crying; fearful of the unknown or what is happening next. My mother and I sat on the cold, stone floor trying to stay warm as nobody knew when we would next be allowed out. Hours? Days? Although I was in a room of so many people I was the loneliest I had ever felt, listening to the same rhythm of my heart and the hum of talking. I sat staring at everybody who came in each with their own lives, their own problems making mine feel so irrelevant. All of a sudden the roof above our heads started to collapse wreaking havoc among everyone in the shelter trying to scramble out. Fear is a challenge you either fight it with all the power you have or you let it consume you. Today I chose to fight. I was running and running, listening to the anguished cries of everyone around me, each for their own. I continued to run with nowhere to go and no plan of the life ahead of me but I still ran.

9th January 2035

My mother was far behind me, trying not to get trampled by the stampede of people or shot by the enemy. Should I turn back or should I keep running? Do I risk getting shot or do I help the only person in my life who has loved me endlessly and helped me survive in this harsh world. I turned back, dragging my mother with me as we ran our hearts beating faster and faster. That was when I saw her drop. I saw the look of shock on her face as she fell to the floor, I clutched

her in my arms as if I was never going to let go staring at the pool of scarlet red blood forming around us. Despite everything going on around her, she had a calm peaceful look on her face; a look of hope and longing. Her heart stopped and her eyes glossed over looking like ice. Time doesn't stop even for love. And that's when I realised forever is meant for memories not people.

10th January 2035

I started to run again tears streaming down my face blurring my vision yet I had no choice, I had to survive; if not for myself then for my mother. Then someone grabbed me from behind pulling me away from the chaos, it started to become quieter and quieter meaning we were getting further and further away. A young boy no older than me whispered in my ear, "follow me", I had no choice but to follow. He lead me to a bare forest, frosted brown leaves crunching beneath our feet as we gazed in awe at the beauty of our surroundings; something we haven't been able to do in quite a long time. We lay and gazed at the luminous specks of light freckled the sky appearing as the streaks of orange and pink disappeared beneath the horizon until we fell asleep.

11th January 2035

I wake up to the sky lit by the soft golden sun questioning everything I ever did yesterday. Who is this mysterious boy? What does he want? Why is he helping me? I don't know why I ever trusted a stranger yet he was the one who saved me. As soon as he woke up we spoke for hours; he felt familiar i trust him. We spent the day laughing, swimming, talking as if the war never existed, as if life was normal. Although was life ever normal? Soon the explosions of hurt and destruction began again; the chaos began again and I started to wonder what I was going to do with my life. I had no purpose. I had nowhere to go. I had nobody to love.