

Loss

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A truly sad story.. It was an essay i wrote at school..

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1 - Untitled

Loss

It had been 4 years since the accident now.. But the loss still burnt in her stomach. She was sitting in the sill that pointed towards the road. A tear made its way down a winterbleech chin. An ambulance sirene was still audible in the faint distance. The sirene hurt her like a cutting knife. It so highly reminded her about what she had so sorely been missing in four long years. Why mum? Why?!? Why did you and dad have to argue that night? And why couldnt he be the one that left us that night? Left us forever that night.... Became an angel that night.. She had to get out.. Out to think.. The thought of the accident became too much for her..

She took on her winter cloths.. And her angelwings.. The chritmas present from her mum that last year.. Before.. before the accident.. They where worn out and seedy.... Dirty and old.. But she loved them.. To her they was here most precious belonging.. But she just whised they could have been real.. Then also she could be an angel.. Den also she could be together with the other angels, with her mum.. In heaven.. She felt cold.. Ice cold.. But she didnt want to go home.. Dad was home.. It was late.. She hesitated for a moment, but the cold won and she had no other choice then to head back home.. Yet another tear made its way down her ice cold chin..

She opened the door and was just about to sneak up to the only safe place in the house, her room, when she heard her dad shout for her.. - Lilly! Get in her immediatly! - Yes dad, she answered shivering. He had been drinking.. - Why havent you done your chorse?!? You promised me that you where going to do it ! You little spoiled brat! She didnt answer.. Just looked down.. New tear started to stream down her chin, but this time, not from sorrow but from fear.. Her dad was a sturdy man and now both angry and drunk. She new what was comming..

Well answer me! Or do you I have to beat it out of you? Eh? her dad shouted. She didnt dear to answer him, just backed up slowly against the wall. This wasent the first time.. It had happened many a time before.. He came frightengly close.. -Youre asking for it Lilly! You dont do your chorse or even greet your father when you come in! her father roared against her. Staring at her with that hating look she by now knew o so good.. The smell of alcohol ozed strongly from him. Firzly he gave her a firm punch in the ribbs. It blew the breath out of her and she fell harshly to the floor. Pain shot throug every part of her body. Her dad made himself ready for another punch. Against her head thist time. Everything went dark..

Lilly woke up at the living room floor the next morning.... Luckily her dad had managed too drag himself too work.. She tryed to get up, but the pain shot throug her like roaring fire. Yet again tears made their way.. After many a try and many a wave of pain she managed to make her way into the kitchen. She found some painkiller and swallowd them with some water..When her mum had died her dad had been transformed in many negative ways.. He had started drinking.. ALOT... And was always depressed and angry.. She had many bruises and scars .. The few times she dared to see a doctor they where always shocked about her damages, but she never told them about her dad...

The tablettis started to work, and the pain got slightly milder.. She managed to crawl

her way up to her loft room.. She gazed out the frostcovered window.. It was snowing peacefully outside.. She had used to love snow.. Both her and her mother had loved to make snow angels.. But now she had no pleasure of the snow.. -I miss you so much mummy, she said quietly.. - I cant take it any longer mummy.. She was crying hardly now.. She opened a drawer and picked up a little mirror from it. Two tearwet eyes stared back at her.. She missed her mum more than ever before... She banged the mirror harshly against one of the bedpoles.. The pices scattered across the floor..

She satt a long time just starring at the pices.. Then picked up the biggest pice.. She felt the edges with her fingers.. They where sharp as knives.. - I miss you mummy.. she barely whispered it.. - Im coming mummy.. The wings will become real mummy.. Soon mummy.. She pointed the piece against one of her veins.

She sat like that for a while.. Tears streaming down her face.. She was afraid .. But then.. she made a cut.. A last wave of pain shivered throug her body.. Blood everywhere.. Her vision became blurry, then it was gone.. - Im coming mummy.. To you and the angles mummy.. finally mummy.. Im coming mummy.. To you and the angles mummy..

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