

The Frightening

I remember vividly that strange bewildered feeling, my brother only a petite, precious child wrapped in a buddle of blankets, blue in the face and ice cold. My mother sobbing and my father who was trying to be strong, finally cracked like an egg and tears poured down his face with fear, 'the man of the family crying' but why? I was completely oblivious to the fact that my brothers heart and breathing was about to come to a holt and asked politely if I could go out to play with Rachel, I had that sad feeling but I couldn't quite put my finger on what it was, oh yes I remember, I had it I lost my teddy bear and still hadn't found it. With that I wondered off and started giggling to myself when I heard sirens coming I thought wow someone is off to prison, little did I know that it was an ambulance and it was here to rescue my brother. I raced up the stairs and slipped, stumbling down back a couple I picked myself up bravely and hurried on. The noise got closer and I covered my ears with a pillow, suddenly it stopped and people whizzed about noisily downstairs. Then silence occurred so I screamed mum, dad, Chris want to play with teddy I found her, nobody replied and I felt lonely, lost, looking around I tried to preoccupy myself. Soon the doorbell rang and Rachel's dad was standing at the door with his usual smile he said your mother wanted me to look after you, want to come over and play with Rachel? I jumped at the opportunity and hastily searched for my shoes, shoving them on I skipped out the house and continued to Rachel's, where I was greeted by a smiley, silly young child I was proud to call my friend!



As night fell I became exhausted and wanted to go home, I was asked to stay the night and after this fun filled adventure I was thrilled. Morning came and there was sill no sign of my beloved parents and my cute, cuddle, calm brother. I hoped and expected to go home, with lack of sleep and fatigue kicking in I became irritable. Yet again nightfall came and still no sign of my family, I felt bewildered and lost, where were they? I remember crying and watching big Tony receive a phone call, his face fell like a ton of bricks, time seemed to speed up and I remember being next to my mummy and daddy, standing there staring/ watching my brother through a window, the pungent smell of disinfectant stuck in my nose. Strange machinery surrounded my him and his body was limp and fragile looking, I could hear sobbing and felt my father pick me up and put his arms around me, only know I realised my brother could die at any moment and with the chances of living small my mother through her sobs said Chris is going to go to heaven but I knew he was a fighter, but could he fight through this last battle if he failed I would loose my baby brother, his little chuckle and bright blue eyes would stay in my mind. I loved my brother but would I loose him?

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