

I was once again lying on my bed reminiscing and feeling lonely. Every night I lay here too powerless to resist. I look to my right. I look to my left. There was no one. There was nothing. The only sounds I can hear were my own breathing and the rain hammering down outside. I sighed solemnly. With my eyes closed, I thought of many years ago. I had my eyes closed and all of a sudden I could hear the church bells ringing joyfully from the church where I got married. Just then, I was holding my head as a dizzy feeling took over me ...

I could hear the church bells. I could smell the mouth-watering wedding cake. I could see my beautiful wife dressed in white. It was the most memorable day of my life. Gazing to my right, something caught my eye. It was my beautiful wife coming towards me. For a short few moments, I almost thought she was real. Wondering if I was dreaming, I tried to grab her hand. It was too late. She was gone. My heart sank. I was alone.

Before long, a river of torturous memories began to take over me. The more I tried to stop them, the clearer they became. I could remember it like it was only yesterday: the ear-piercing sound of the air raid siren, the rumbling of the ground beneath my feet, the acrid smoke swirling around me. As quick as a flash, I raced through war-torn streets to my home. I was too late. Windows were shattered. Glass covered the floor. Fire swirled around in the air. I kicked down the door, ran up the stairs and held my sister in my arms. She was covered in blood and bits of rubble. She was gasping for air. If I had come sooner, if I didn't leave her alone, if I had made a better choice, then I wouldn't have lost another person. She was gone. I was alone.

As a single tear slithered down my red-hot cheek. Just then, my mind was being pulled even further back to my childhood. I was awaiting my Christmas present. I was so excited. The minute I received it, I was ripping off the wrapping paper. It was a Hobby Horse! I couldn't believe what I was seeing... My jaw dropped. For hours and hours I played on my Hobby Horse.

My mind was suddenly snapped back to reality of someone shouting my name. As I went to my door and opened it, I saw my granddaughter smiling. I suddenly lit up. I felt a warm feeling inside me. I was not alone.

By Evie