

My head sagged to my low shoulders. I stared at the litter-covered street, it was empty just like me. Inside, the restaurant I was in was full of bustle, so much that I couldn't hear myself think. Outside, it was solemn and as gloomy as I was. The houses, cars and the whole street looked distraught. Thunder whipped across the jet-black sky, rain hammered like bullets across the roof. I was served my fish - its skin was pale, bone dry. I took a bite of the food. Just then, a deep mist engulfed me. It seemed as if I was there again...

I could see the vibrant flowers glistening in the ray of the sun; I could hear the applause of the exuberant guests; I could feel her gentle palm in mine. For a brief moment I felt the joy that I had that day. Just then my wife's alluring face slowly began to descend into darkness. A familiar and painful feeling washed over me like a blue wave of sadness. It felt like a dismal storm came over me as I remembered the wedding food - it was the same fish.

Then I was back to the day of World War Two. The gunshots were ear-piercing. My friends and I were crouching in a shop in the city, which had been transformed into a blood-stained battlefield. My heart pounded like a drum as they told me to scout ahead. I ducked behind a war-torn mailbox. It seemed if it had happened in slow-motion - I looked back, I saw the grenade drop, and the explosion consumed the shop! Swiftly, I sprinted into the ghastly shop. One of my friends was barely alive... He spluttered. He was full of anguish: he let out a weak sigh. Then he was still. My hands shaking, I sobbed uncontrollably. Just then, I was transported back to reality. I shook, still remembering him. Quickly, I tried to remember a happier time.

I was fishing with my brother at the local harbour. We were drinking beer and laughing at each other's joyful jokes. I remembered us going out to the next harbour and we sat for hours and hours talking about our vacation to Brazil. Nothing in the world could beat this moment... It was one of the best times of my life.

Suddenly, reality hit me and I heard someone snap their fingers and exclaim "Grandad!" Then I sprung to life and remembered that Mike, my intelligent sixteen-year-old grandson, had been coming to meet me. I was taking him out to dinner so his parents could go somewhere. I came over and hugged him I squeezed tightly. I was never alone.