

Memory Lane

There I was again, trudging down the same dull, neglected street, kicking everything that I saw. I passed the same old shops, the same old cars and the same old parks. All of them stood spiritless in the ominous moonlight. My head hung low and my body felt exhausted. Charcoal-grey clouds stalked me like predators in the bleak sky, rain drizzled softly on the ground. A sorrowful frown was painted across my gloomy, pale face. Taking in my surroundings, I looked up and saw my old, derelict house that had sadly burnt down in a terrible fire years earlier. Soon, reality turned into a blur as an ocean of memories danced around my mind. I closed my eyes, stumbled back and held my head...

When I opened my eyes, I was with my breath-taking wife (Maria) dancing to our favourite melody. Feeling overjoyed, we laughed and smiled and we couldn't picture a life without each other. Looking over my shoulder, I could picture her so vividly I almost thought she was real. She kissed me tenderly on the cheek. Savouring this moment forever, I smiled weakly and she faded into the moonlight. She was gone. I was alone.

The next thing I knew, my mind had been dragged back to a horrific memory. My wife and I were at home. Suddenly, grey, contaminated smoke filled the room with a pungent smell. I stared for a minute as screams became louder and louder. My wife was stuck in the bathroom! The fire sizzled ferociously as it warned me to stay away. I was terrified: my heart thudded like a bass drum and my palms began to sweat. I knew there was no time to waste. Desperately, trying to get some air, I dived out the door and reassured myself I am ok. I could just about hear the faint sound of sirens and my wife screaming for her life. As I gazed at the small, debris-covered house, vague shapes swam into view as I was transported to my childhood.

Before long, I was at school in a hockey tournament. My friends and I were telling each other our plan to score. I closed my eyes and thought what could happen if I scored a goal. We could go to the district level, win medals and get mentioned in the newspaper. There was only a minute left. A minute to score. I rapidly sprinted up the playground, whacked the ball and I scored. My mouth dropped open and my eyes widened. Parents screamed as I was lifted up by my friends. Feeling too excited, I high-fived my friends and they hugged me tightly. I could remember every little detail. After a few joyful moments, everyone began to fade away as reality crept back into my mind. I wished I could spend just one more minute with them. I couldn't. My heart plummeted. They were all gone. I was alone.

I was so lost in my memories, I bumped into someone. I said sorry and walked away. Waking up from my memories, I realised I had seen that face before. I ran to her and looked at her again. Confused a little, we stared at each other. A warm tear ran down my face as I was reunited with a long lost friend. We hugged. I was so happy to have someone by my side and spend time with in the park. My heart was fixed again! A warm feeling enveloped me as the bad memories washed away. I was not alone.