

The Photo Album

Feeling solitary, I began to flick through the last seventy chapters of my life. I glared out the window. Nothing. No-one. The silence fought against me. Stalking me, a gloomy shadow blocked the only light in this room. My head hung low, I tried to find a picture that would make my life livelier. All of a sudden, a tsunami of memories flooded my mind and all the pictures before me seemed to come to life.

I could feel her tender heart beating. I could hear her warm breath. I could see her tiny fingers. For a brief moment a flicker of joy enveloped me. As she clutched my finger and pulled my hair, I desperately wished I could stay in this moment forever. However, a cold feeling crept up on me causing her to fade away. She was gone. I was alone.

Before I knew it more melancholy memories were invading me. The more I tried to stop them, the more they came. Just then, vague shapes started to swim into view and I was dragged away from the real world.

My family and I were racing down the garden to the Anderson shelter. Just as we were shutting the door, I noticed we were missing one person "Where's Jake?" I cried as we heard a bomb go off outside. Scrambling over the debris-covered ground, I shouted out his name. There was no reply. He was gone. I was alone.

I was so lost in the memories that I didn't notice Ella - my beautiful seven-year-old granddaughter - get home from school. Gently, she wrapped her arm around me. My heart began to glow as we sat there together. I was not alone.