

THE SCRAPBOOK

Disconsolate, I flipped through the past chapters of my life. I looked around me. Nothing. No one. Outside the only window, I could hear the rain hammering like bullets, down on the cobblestone street. My head and body drooped over the book of memories. Staring at the images, I began to reminisce about my past...

I opened my eyes. I could see the bright blue sky. I could hear the roar of the engines. I could feel the leather joystick. I knew at once it was that fateful day. My brother and I were flying World War II spitfires in the blitz. The ear-piercing sound of the air-raid siren wailing in the distance. I had been so distracted about my family and if they were all right, I completely forgot about the Nazi plane – the one that I had been pursuing – and in an instant it shot down my brother. If I had concentrated, if I had aimed, if I had fired then maybe, just maybe, he could still be here. I was alone...

Another memory flooded into my mind. I could see her sat beside me. I could hear her constant coughing. I could feel her warm breath. We were in the hospital, I was showing her all of the wonderful pictures in the scrapbook. We were looking at the day that we first met. She wrapped her hand around mine and started to fade away. I let out a cry of pain. How could this happen? Savouring the tender touch, I stifled the rest of my tears. I wished she could have stayed longer. I was alone.

I desperately tried to think of a happier memory. After some time, I soon began to reminisce about my childhood.

I was sitting in this very house, on this very street, on this very day, impatiently awaiting my birthday present. It happened all at once – the box was placed in front of me and I ripped open the sky-blue packaging. My eyes widened. My jaw dropped. It was the present that I'd asked for – the scarlet Ferrari! For days and days I played and played with it, driving it round and round the courses that I made. It was so fun I didn't want it to end.

I was so engulfed in the memory I did not hear my granddaughter creep up next to me. A warm feeling enfolded me she led me down to a brilliant feast, and the soft sound of the happy birthday song led by my son-Edward- filled the room. I was not alone.

By Josh