

WRITE A STORY WITH THE TITLE, 'HOME AT LAST'



HOME AT LAST

Muffled yelling; even with my eyelids closed the bright light blinded me. *blink*. It was blurry, each flutter of my eyelid increasing the pounding pain resonating in my head and further blurring my sights. It was bright and there was the telltale iron smell of blood. *What happened? Why was everyone blurry?* "She's conscious!..." fading voices "...oxygen pumping at.." *the heavy plastic on my face, I'm moving. How can I move if I'm laying down?* "quickly...lose her!.." lose me? *beep beep beep* the pounding got louder, harder against my fragile skull. "...operation. Now!" operation?.. *bang!* The final straw. My bed and a door collided, the final nail in the coffin as I fell into darkness.

**beep* inhale *beep* exhale. Just breathe, Mac.* I opened my eyes to glaring light and a white ceiling. It was quiet, a heavy quiet. I groaned, trying to sit up, my bones cracking with every movement and begging me to lay down again. Why was it so hard to move? Why do I have a blinding headache? Is it the lights? The smell of sanitizer? The cold unwelcoming room that reeked of disinfectant?

"Mac? Mac!", it took a moment to register the woman bear-hugging me. It was warm, a warmth I hadn't felt in what felt like forever. It was sweet, a sweetness that would rot your soul but to me it was what I needed. It was mom. "Mom..", was all I could utter. She leaned back, "Why are you crying Mac?". I was? I touched my cheek. Wet. I was.

Was it because he hit me? Over and over? Or was it the fact that he took me from the place I felt safest, locked me up, bruised me till I sat here bandaged and hooked up to wires and tubes keeping me from death? That was when it hit me. The trauma, the pain, the betrayal, the fact that someone who watched me grow up would even think of doing that. All the oncoming emotions, I couldn't take it. The tears just kept going, I couldn't stop and I wouldn't. I deserved a good cry after everything, didn't I? I deserved to feel normal again like my family hadn't been ripped into pieces. I reached out to the only person I could now, "Mom!" and I cried like a toddler having to leave her mom on the first day of school. "Is dad gone?"

The wheels squeaked and I crossed the threshold to home. The same walls, chairs and couches that I grew up with welcomed me, but it was cold, eerie and empty. Had I grown up too much? Has my childhood home become but a desolate landscape that mocked me for once feeling safe here? "We're home at last sweetie. Are you hungry?", my mom, soft as ever, asked. Was I hungry? I just felt empty. I stared at her and shook my head blankly.

Yes, I was home but was this really home?

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