

Years 7 & 8

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The Day My Life Wasn't the Same

Tiny shards of glass welcomed me through the door. The mirror located behind the door was smashed to smithereens and the remains of it were under my feet. The furniture in the front room was upturned and unhinged. My parents often fought; their fights occasionally ended with the furniture disturbed, but there was never this much destruction. The house was eerily silent. A strong odour wafted from the kitchen, leaving me gagging in its wake. Something was wrong, I could tell by the blood smudge on the further wall and the disassembled furniture. I took a tentative step, unsure as what I might see if I ventured even further. I wrapped around the corner of the hallway leading to the kitchen, where the foul stench was wafting from. Crimson liquid seeped into the soles of my shoes, leaving my feet heavy and dripping of the fluid. Blood. The vile scent disintegrated my nose hairs as the powerful smell filled my nostrils. A scream bubbled in my throat. Nothing could stop the horror I was witnessing. Nothing or no one could save me from such atrocity. A body was lying crumpled and lifeless on the ground with blood oozing from a head injury. My father. No one had to tell me. He was dead. Someone had killed him. A rack of grief washed over me but no tears escaped. Who had committed this heinous crime? His eyes bore into me. Almost as if he was pleading with me to redeem him from his inescapable death. My eyes couldn't and wouldn't shift, they were adhered to that location. I was in shock; my vocal cords still couldn't will themselves to scream. Who had done this? Gushing water, filled my ears. The murderer was still here. How long had I failed to notice the water? Idiotically, I crept towards the bathroom, where the source of the water was sounding from. The stairs groan under my weight as I climbed them and my feet left a trail of blood. The door of the bathroom was opened at a creak. With a steady hand, I slowly push the door wider. In the frame of the door, I observe a woman with honey coloured blonde hair, which was fastened to the back of her head in a tight bun, scrubbing herself. She wore a suit jacket with a short skirt that were both black and was drenched from the chest to waist in blood. I knew the woman's facial features all so well . . . because they were plastered on my face. My mother. She'd killed him. She had killed my father, her husband and his dead body was downstairs in the kitchen. Impossible, my mother isn't capable of murder. "Mum?" I croaked, the fear evident in my voice. Her eyes didn't waver from the sink, which was now coated in red.

"Ethan, you're home early," she mumbles casually, as if she is scrubbing dirt off herself instead of my father's blood. I felt bile ascending up my throat; intent on regurgitating backup. Maybe she hadn't murdered him. Maybe it was a misunderstanding, but it was unavoidably evident, she had. All I could do was stare. I couldn't conjure any emotion, I was still in disbelief. Salty water dropped onto my lips. I hadn't realized when the tears started descending down my face, but I knew

they would be impossible to stop. All I felt was mind numbing sorrow, for the sudden loss of my father and the fact that it was my mother who had probably taken his life. "Can you get me more soap from downstairs," my mother murmured, her eyes still fixated on the sink. The tears stopped abruptly and a look of disgust fell upon my face. The thought of going downstairs to my father's body that was drained of life was revolting.

A course of anger surged through me and for the first time I truly hated my mother. How could she feel no remorse for the crime she had committed? How could she let me experience such monstrosity? I stood rigid in my spot. Unable and refusing to move.

"Please," she whispered, her eyes looking up from the sink into mine. Pure terror reflected in her eyes. They were screaming for help. She was frightened for her life and mine. Our lives were forever altered. We could never go back to the simple life we once experienced. The life where my mother and father argued or when my father and I played chess in the middle of the night when there was school the next morning just to anger my mother. That life was now in the distant past. I swallowed. My palms began to sweat. I could not go down there. Nothing could make me return to my father's broken body. A quiet sob rang out in the bathroom.

"I'm sorry. How could I a . . . a . . . ask you to go back down there?" my mother wailed. "I never intended for you to see all of this! Just go to your room and wait there till I'm done," she choked. A disturbing image formulated in my mind; my mother dragging my father's limp body to wherever she was going to dispose of it. What did she mean by never wanting me to see this? Was she going to remove the body before I got home? A rampant thought entered my mind . . . I was an accessory to murder. I witnessed a murder and I am not doing anything to seek justice for the victim. I am just as horrendous as she is. I could be sent to prison. Another question I didn't want to be answerable swam into my thoughts, how did she kill him? My mother's shout jolted me back to reality, my head snapped up to see her face.

"Leave!" she had screamed. My feet dragged against the carpet as I trudged back to my room. How were we going to move on from this? People will wonder where my father disappeared to and not just that, we would be too inconspicuous. My hand lingers on my doorknob. My breath comes short and shallow. Another thought entered my head. I could help her cover all this up to make it look like my father killed himself or . . . I could turn her in. I couldn't, I mustn't, I can't lose another parent today, but my mind would never be at peace. Either path will lead to devastation and heartache. I turn the door handle and infiltrate into my room. Beads of sweat collect on my forehead. My room is hot and stifling, almost choking. I inhale a fiery breath and exhale an equally as hot counterpart. I stumble and collapsed onto my bed. The rushing water in the bathroom soon faltered and later I heard the hurried steps of my mother going down the stairs to probably to get to work on the problem she had caused. After what feels like an eternity of conflict in my mind . . . I have finally come to terms as to what I must do. I know my mother would hate me for what I was about to do. I have to do the right thing. I may not know the whole story, but she had killed him whether or not it was an accident, I must help her. I love her and it is the reason

why I must do this. It will ensure my future and hers. I sit up, my body stiff and aching. My face felt sultry and sticky for I had been crying from fear and contemplation of my choice. She will understand in the distant future that the path I am choosing will be good for the both of us. I extend over to the bedside table and clutch the item that will finalize my plan. Anguish and dread billowed through me, because for what I'm about to do there is no turning back.