

Years 3 & 4

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### Time

I walked down the icy graveyard. A dark, gloomy, and dull atmosphere surrounded me. A strong gust of winter's breeze howled against my chest. The trees rustled in the breeze as the moon glowed in the pitch night sky. The trees were skeletons. The lamp posts flickered as they illuminated a part of the road. A chilly sensation ran down my spine as I felt that I wasn't alone – I knew I was with my grandma. I sat beside her gravestone, humming to myself. Utter misery crept into my heart as I quietly dropped flowers around my grandma's gravestone. As I gazed at her beautiful name embellished on the white marble gravestone, I couldn't help but think of our time together and how it was so short. Then, Big Ben chimed, midnight. *Tick, tock, tick, tock*. With the passing of time, I began to remember the final night. Memories of my grandmother raising me after my parents' miserable death flooded back – *Tick, tock, tick, tock*.

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Her frail and lifeless body slumped on the bed. She dreaded this, for it was the end of her days. The noise from the machines lulled as her ninety-nine years on Earth came to an abrupt halt. I stared at the clock on her bedside table and began to realise how much time had passed and how much time was left – *Tick, tock, tick, tock*. Every minute felt like an hour, and every moment mattered as long as I was with her. For the past several months, she had been fighting against cancer and was weaker than ever before. Her heart palpitated rather quickly – irregular for such an age. She was breathing short and shallow breaths, each one of them leading closer to her death.

I sat there holding her hands. I watched her chest rise and fall; her eyes were getting blurrier by the second. The machines beeped continuously, and the heart rate monitor gradually decreased and increased, undulating as time passed slowly. Time passed like water. I was her only companion. Everyone had abandoned her. Silence flooded the room – so quiet that you could have heard a pin drop – *Tick, tock, tick, tock*. My tears were like a fountain as they streamed down my face, but I was determined to stay with her for the final hours of her life.

*Tick, tock, tick, tock*. A clock indeed never makes a person forget how rapidly time goes.

She murmured to me quietly about how fast time had gone. Her own body thoroughly reflects that she had run out of time. I couldn't help, but I could definitely realise how time had stolen her of her physical self. She was as thin as a piece of paper, her gnarly fingers were like sharp claws, and she had a bald head. The deformed fingers and rough skin thoroughly resembled her old age and dying body. Her body had undergone breathtaking changes after being diagnosed with terrible breast cancer.

A day later, nurses and doctors flooded her bed. The nurses looked at her and inspected her body, doing multiple tests. They stood there longer than usual, which was why I was curious. What were they going to do to my grandma? Just then, the dreaded needle came into view.

“No, not the needle,” she said softly.

“This will ease your pain,” the doctor lied in a soft, painful voice. Just then, the needle surged into the arm of the elderly woman. The familiar searing, hot pain slowly spread through my grandma's arm.

“Ow,” she murmured softly, clearly in pain.

The attendant left hastily and gave me soup and some other meals which I could give to my grandma. I first served my grandma soup, and she drank a gulp but spat it back out, the slimy substance dribbling down my grandma's face. I tried another spoonful, and the same thing happened. She did sign language and shook her hand to mention that she needed no more. Just then, her eyes slowly closed, and she fell fast asleep. Would this be our last memory together?

*Tick, tock, tick, tock.* Time passed. Memories flood back. I remembered my childhood and how my grandma raised me. She was the kindest woman I've met since my parents' devastating death. I remembered holding her hands as a child. They felt so delicate and soft. Her hands told stories of different times, different worlds, and hardships. She would do anything for me, and I lived with her my whole life. We did everything together – go shopping, have family reunions that we didn't even want to go to or attempt to cook new things, which ended up burnt. We were always together. We lived on a humble farm with barely enough food to support our animals and us. Yet, she was my rock. I would never dream of my grandma ever landing in this horrible place.

I started to doze off, awakened by a tall, white-shirted gentleman with a red tie and a stethoscope looking over me. He touched my shoulders and smiled as if saying I was doing a good job.

“All you have to do now is pray there is no other option. All that's left is to pray,” the doctor said gravely.

I knew the end was coming. I could feel it in the air. It felt tense. The atmosphere thickened around me, enveloping me in a blanket that suffocated me. Grandma was such a generous person. She helped others and was so sympathetic to those gracious animals who lived happily because of her. She fed those animals caringly, much like how I fed her whenever she was sick. I wished but also knew God would warmly welcome my grandma to heaven.

Suddenly, the sky became overcast, and clouds scudded by like huge cotton balls. The weather soon became stormy. Thunder roared like a pride of lions and started to shower like heavy rainfall from the sky. The raindrops looked like shiny crystals. The rain splattered all over the window like blobs of paint. A strong gust of wind howled, and the water splashed.

An hour passed, and I just sat beside my grandma, lonely. Silence had deafened me; the only thing I heard was the clock. I looked at her kind face and wiped a tear from her eye. Her breathing had now slowed down, and her skin was utterly clammy. Her face had become ashen. I could do nothing to save her but hold her hand and hum to her. I was there, hoping and praying she could hear me.

The end of her days had arrived. I felt a tingling sensation in my hand as if time had run out. My grandma gripped my hand tighter, alerting me that this was the end of our memories. A drop of tear fell down her cheek. Then, it was just gone – just like that. Her

breathing stopped. The machines stopped. Yet, time continued to tick. A sob rose into my throat as my heart twisted and crumpled. A string of melancholy seeped into my spine. My eyes were prickling with tears.

She was gone, gone from the face of Earth, gone from me.

*Tick, tock, tick, tock.*