

The Darkest Days Alone

I'm not a normal 12-year-old. Normal 12-year-olds don't have a radio, or a walkie talkie, or report back to a different country. I am a spy.

Being a spy means knowing that if you slip up you will have a target on your back and that everything you say is a lie. It's a heavy burden to bear and heaviest of all is mine. A spy isn't car chases and gun fights, it's living two lives and making sure no one finds out, deceiving people day after day.

The school bell rings; I'm late. I run through the hall and an eerie emptiness fills the room. It's like being trapped in a horror film, where no matter what I do, I can't escape. A shape starts to form, a distant memory, a shadow of my past. This shadow is limping towards me, and although it is right in front of me, I can't make out its face. Suddenly Mrs. Thompson appears, the shadow now only smoke and ash. A weight deep inside me surrounds my heart, pounding to get in. Her voice is harsh, all I could make out was my name until she started a whooping cough before drawing her dying breath. Just like that, she is gone. It is then I notice the bullet mark on her leg, I remember the night I finished that mission. I left knowing that soldiers would come and take every life in this village as soon as dawn broke. I heard an ear-piercing scream only to realize it was from my mouth. I am the reason she was hurt. I am the reason her life fell apart. The guilt on my shoulders just becomes suffocating.

There is a problem. Emma is the problem; I have been forced into this friendship and it makes my job that much more difficult. The weight of deceiving her, day after day, is like a worm slowly eating away at my soul. After all, it's not just her life I'm ruining, it's everyone she cares about, and my own.

I lie asleep tonight, the bombs echoing like drums. In the far distance the city is aglow with the ashes and embers from the tears of destruction. I tiptoe downstairs, not wanting to wake my dad that is if he isn't already awoken by the echoing sounds that are driving me insane. Suddenly silence is spread around the room, grasping the house with its spooky and unnerving fingers, only moments before I had prayed for rest from the never-ending torture of the wails from those caught in the air raid. Suddenly, I realize being alone is the scariest fear of all. Every step I take I can hear the noise ringing in my ears, I feel like just one move sounds like a night on the battlefield. A cacophony of laughter filled the room. It feels as if I am being taunted, watched, I keep looking behind my shoulder, but no one is there. A loud bang is deafening me, yet the laughter seems unfazed, it reminds me of a five year old so care free yet strangely haunting. I stumble into the kitchen to see glass on the floor a shadow prancing on the shards. The shadow is disappearing into fog revealing Emma, my worst fears have become reality my best friend has discovered my true self. She starts throwing questions like punches, racing at me like an army of relentless soldiers.

This night has ended with 3 things: a gut-wrenching scream, an air raid and the truth. Her questions are like stabbing bayonets each one sinking deeper than the last. The sun is dawning over a world of never-ending pain, the tower had crumbled like a sandcastle when the tide came in. Our house was safe and sound for now, each night I wonder if the bombs will fall on us, too frightened to see what my work causes. I cower inside, not able to bring myself to glance at the window. The guilt of what I am doing is like a fire burning in my heart reducing it to ash. I don't want to do this to people, my mind has become a web of twisted lies.

A loud knock on the door is summoning me back into reality. As I'm staring out the window, I see my dad being dragged away, I run after him and I am lead to a dark damp hall with bars on the windows. Screams fill my ears shouting whimpering, I cannot see him, yet I know my dad is being tortured, we were found out, I hear my name in a desperate yet vain attempt for help, I sink down in despair longing for my father. The sound of the whip cracking, the laughter of the guards, and then silence. Emma is paraded along the hall and into these large dark doors. I try to yell out, but no one hears, Still more screaming, it's deafening. I finally hear two swings and everything is silent.

I'm sinking down, down until there is nowhere else to go, I have lost everything. The cliff edge is calling to me, the shadow like a gentle push. These three days have pushed me towards the edge, I can't hold on for much longer. I need to forget. Maybe this is how I do it...The next day Silvia's father and Emma look for her on the beach all they found was her body.