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Garfield High School | 10th Grade



Revelations

"THIS IS MY HOME." She shouts as hammers begin swinging towards the wall of her bedroom. Her childhood home cries as it begins to crumble. Memories flood in, of her mom, ecstatic to find a home to move into, of her brother being born, his little giggles flooding the house. She shouts again, pleading with the contractor. She sobs, whipping her head at the sound of her room's door being yanked open. Inside she sees her brother. "JACK," she screams-her vision goes black.

flashback

**Her eyes flutter open, Her focus lands on the stagnant crack along her popcorn-yellow ceiling. She smiles; the slow dripping of the water that falls from the crack above brings memories of the rain. **

**She watches as two young girls, siblings most likely, run hand in hand down the street. They scream joyfully as their little feet pitter patter down the broken concrete. She laughs. They remind her of her brother. **

** She looks up from her plate of eggs and bacon at the front counter. The cashier hands back change to the man with the black beanie. He runs out. He must be in a rush. **

** She walks past two kids at her school, one tall and manly, the other shorter. The tall one, hand in pocket, gives a goofy look to the other. The shorter kid looks up and hands over his lunch. How generous, she thinks. **

**She walks down the winter street, the cold biting at her delicate features. She looks to her left, a man bent down, tying his shoes. He hovers there, admiring his handy work. She smiles. How endearing. **

**She peeks her eyes into the kitchen, her mom is hunched over the table, her shoulders moving with laughter. She picks up a paper to examine it better. Must be a letter from Dad, she thinks. **

her eyes flutter open-

"LEAVE!" The demolitionists scream. Their bright red faces seem to get bigger as they argue with the protesters. She sees their mouths move with rapid vigor, but she can't seem to hear a word they say. She hears a muffled whine as her vision blurs once again. Her vision returns to black.

flashback

** She opens her eyes to once again see the vision of her mom at her kitchen table. But she sees something she missed before. Her shoulders weren't shuddering from joyful giggling. She was... crying. Her silent tears accompanied small sniffles, the paper she held dotted with tear stains. She looked closer at the letter she was reading: PAST DUE it read. She blinks, and once again sees the man hunched over. She focuses her blurry vision on his shoes, but he wasn't wearing any. She realized he hadn't moved since she saw him. His bent over form swaying in the winter wind, his eyes closed, his face lifeless. She runs away, fearful of his frozen state. "I should help him," she tells herself. She turns back to find him, but now she sees her school's rusted lockers. She turns her head in confusion, her eyes falling on the two boys she had noticed before. She tilts her head, trying to hear what the taller one was saying. "Give me the fucking lunch." He says, his tone hushed but forceful. Her brows furrow as she asks herself why she hadn't seen this before. She yells out to the smaller boy, but he can't seem to hear her. She rubs her eyes and opens them again, begging herself to try again. She needs to save these people. The familiar smell of diner bacon hits her nose. Her eyes shoot open to the man dressed in black, talking to the cashier. She looks to his pocket, the unmistakable outline of a gun clear against his leg. She sits frozen as he grabs handfuls of the money in the register. She opens her mouth to say something, anything, but she can't speak. She can't move. He runs out. She blinks again. "HELP ME!" she hears. She forces her eyes open. Two young kids sprint down the sidewalk. They look familiar, she thinks. She has seen them before. She sees a scary looking man following closely behind. She knows what is about to happen. She finds the strength and begins to run towards them, reaching for their little hands. But as she runs, they seem to get farther away. She runs harder, but with no luck. She begins to sob. "Please. This can't happen again!" The man catches up and yanks the two kids. She cries, falling to the ground. She can't bear another failure. She blinks rapidly, knowing her vision would once again shift. Without opening her eyes, she knows where she is. The familiar feeling of her carpet beneath her feet, and her brothers voice calling out her name. His little lisp—her brothers voice?*

Her eyes shoot open.

Her arms cradle the little boy as he cries, his body shaking with every tear. She looks around and sees her room once again, and she realizes the hammers have stopped. As she begins to walk around, she sees the shattered pieces of her childhood. And then she sees everything she had tried to ignore. The used needles. The broken windows, the dead animals that remain rotting there, everything. She looks down once again at her brother, his body limp with exhaustion. Her heart hurts for him, an unbearable agonizing hurt she had tried so hard to ignore. "I'm so sorry," she whispers. "I'm so so sorry."

The end.

