

HURRICANE

I wander through the identical streets, the hurried echo of my restless steps resounding in my ears. The nightmarish hurricane has wrecked to ruins what I mindlessly regarded as home. A scarring night which will undoubtedly haunt me through every evening, never to refrain itself from amusement and pleasure at my cowardice.

Shrieks and endless begs for mercy had disrupted my tranquil sleep. I raised my eyes from underneath my covers, apprehensive of the events that were on the edge of occurring. My legs walked unsteadily away from my refuge, towards the nightmare that lay ahead of me. What threats awaited on the other side? I shut the door firmly behind myself, oblivious to the fact that this was the end of another phase in my life. Slowly turning around to observe the scene unveiling itself in front of my unbelieving eyes, fear blinded my faith, forcing me to harden myself in an attempt to survive the following events.

A ghastly howl interrupted my thoughts; the voice's familiarity freezing me on the spot. I turned around, struggling to step towards him as he lay on the floor lifeless, the forceful winds pulling me away, away from my family, away from my friends, away from my life. I knew deep inside that I would risk my life to save him, even if the attempt wasn't worth it. I lay on my knees before him, tears running down my cheeks and misery in my heart. The gushes of wind swept my hair backwards. My hand trembled as I caressed his forehead, feeling his heavy breaths against my skin. I could sense the urgency of his murmurs, as he accepted his hopeless state. Dylan, my soulmate, my only love. Dead. His heart had beat for one last time as he recoiled to death in defeat. I kissed his cold lips for the last time, my legs forcing me to abandon him, to find shelter from the unavoidable death.

I sprinted for what seemed like hours, but what could have only been minutes. Human silhouettes were nowhere to be found. I was alone. I had lost everything in a matter of seconds. The sudden whooshes of trees startling me, I skidded to a halt, gazing tenaciously at the moon above me, as it sneered at my incompetence. Losing control, my legs collapsed beneath me. I cuddled myself in the soft snow, shielding my body from the freezing air. It was the end. Another shriek disrupted the storm. Mine. A heavy object had descended on me. Pain. Frustration. Fear. Three undeniable feelings. I was slowly losing consciousness; there was no way to avoid fate. I screamed helplessly. My efforts to regain control of my body in vain. My eyes fluttered close. It seemed as if someone was running towards me, but it was too late. Everything turned silent. Dark. Darker...

I startled awake, gasping for oxygen that seemed far from my grasp. I lay in an unknown bed. In an unknown room. In an unknown place. I screamed. Nobody. I felt no pain. No fear. Only curiosity. I dug deep in my mind, longing to remember something, anything from the night before. No memories came to me. No memories from my past, not even my identity. Only his name. Dylan. And a single haunting word. Dead.

Maria A.