

## **Title: “From the high summit, the solitary figure would watch the dawn come up.....”**

He sat on the top of the hill, bottle of Jack Daniels in his hand. His hair fell over his face, messy from the repeated motion of him running his hand through it. He didn't make an effort to move his dark curls out of his eyes. He didn't make an effort to move anything except slightly swinging his hand up to his lips to take a gulp of the bitter drink. He thought it was bitter but, he liked bitter things. He trailed his dark, dull green eyes over the city below him. Every so often a tear would make a new trail down his pale, hollow cheek. He despised this place. He despised the buildings, the people, the wildlife, everything. He glared, and moved his eyes from the lights of the city, up to the array of colours in the sky. Every so often, fireworks would be set off, which would make him flinch slightly and glare at the new pattern being displayed in the sky.

The sky was one of the few things he thought was beautiful. The one other thing that he believed was beautiful was taken from him, leaving him a bitter mess. His eyes trailed along the black, dark blues and dark purples. Every so often a white flicker or a star would catch his eye, and he would stare and watch the flickering before it would suddenly disappear from vision. He would glare at this. Too many things disappeared in his life. He let out a husky scoff and took another gulp. The stinging sensation filled the back of his throat. The hill he was sat on was barren. No trees, the grass was a rusted brown colour, and every couple meters, there would be a pile of ash and burnt logs. He smirked at the sight of this. People enjoyed themselves here. But not him. When he came up here, it was only for his many, many reflections on his life. This particular night was a special one for many. New Year's Eve. He sighed and leaned back from his position sitting up, falling onto the dead grass with a small thud, while making sure his bottle stays upright. Closing his eyes, he lay there, breathing in the smoky air and listening to the distant howl of dogs. This was his moment of peace. The first one he's had in a while.

He fumbled around in his pocket for a while, before bringing out a pack of Marlboro and a small silver zippo. Sighing, he shoved a cigarette in his mouth and brought the open flame of his lighter up to the end. Moving his eyes to look at the cigarette lighting, he focused on the small embers gradually spreading to cover the entire end. An ember leading to a flame. He took a long drag, then moved the cigarette away from his pale pink lips. He breathed in a second time and then let the grey smoke seep from his mouth. Staring at the smoke rising above him from his lying position on the floor, another tear followed an old trail. He shifted his vision from the dissipating mist and allowed his eyes to focus on the black that surrounded him. There seemed to be a lot of darkness in his life, and unlike the darkness of the sky that towered over him, the other darkness wasn't so comforting. Nothing made sense to him. Another tear fell from his eye, but instead of flowing down his cheek like normal, it flowed down to his ear. This made him scowl and move his hand, covered by his thick black hoodie, up to his ear, and wipe the tear away roughly.

He sighed, took another drag, and lifted himself up back into the sitting position. He looked back down at the city below him. The twinkling lights seemed to be mocking the natural light created by the stars. Looking at the stars again, he noticed three ones collectively sitting together. He smirked slightly and took another drag. Two for his parents, and one for the love of his life. The love of his life was taken from him while they were both 17. Two years had passed and he still couldn't get over it. He picked up the almost empty bottle and downed the small amount remaining. A cheer roared from somewhere in the city near him, which made his slightly amused face, drop into a scowl. Everyone seemed to be having fun except him. He never complained about it, he was used to not having fun. He took another long drag, but this time he let the smoke flow from his slender nose. He felt a sudden burning pain on his forefinger and middle finger. Wincing, he dropped the butt of the

cigarette and scowled at the beige coloured end laying on the dead ground. He whipped out the now almost empty packet of Marlboro. One more left. Another firework zoomed up into the sky, making an almost deafening whistle. He braced himself for the bang, but still flinched when the loud noise suddenly erupted. He dragged his sullen eyes up to see the array of colour, but all he could see was a mixed blur of brightness.

Squinting, he tried to make his eyes focus on the things around him, the colours, the empty bottle of Jack Daniels, the packet of cigarettes now laying on the ground. He quickly moved his eyes to the blurred shape of the bottle and he began to panic. He had drunk too much. Goosebumps erupted over his skin, and he began to shake violently, although he was too light-headed and confused to realise that he was. His stomach cramped up and he lurched forward, almost falling flat on his face. He became aware of a chunky, cold, liquidy mess hitting his hands, as they lay palms down on the dirt before him. White hot pain filled his entire body and he rolled over and collapsed next to his vomit. He was slightly aware of the hot tears aggressively from his eyes. His vision blurred, and then re focused. The stars shining above him blinking in and out, while merging together to form a blur.

As darkness slowly began to cloud his vision, three bright stars appeared slowly above him. Slowly, the darkness took over entirely and his violently shaking body soon slowed down to a stop. His heartbeat, once fast and heavy in his chest, abruptly slowed, until eventually it disappeared. A new star joined the three that night.