

## Something to Forget

Like my name, I will remember it forever, unlike my name I don't want to. I will remember that night for as long as I live.

It all began on a day when the air was cold and crisp, and the wind howled like a cat whose tail had been stepped on. It was the first time I had ever been away from home, for I was only seven and I was excited, if I knew what was going to happen later I would have felt differently. We were in London, there were famous landmarks in every direction: Buckingham Palace, The Tower of London and The Houses of Parliament. Everywhere we went there was always something to be in awe of. I looked up at my mum, she didn't walk, she strode like she always had somewhere very important to go, even when she didn't. We were going to the cinema, on the way we passed cafés that were practically hidden among the bustling streets, and shops that looked bigger than several football fields. Eventually we made it to the cinema, the entrance was ginormous like a large gaping hole that if you went into you would never come back I guess that was partially true...

We took our seats, we always sat in the middle row, mum always said that you would get the best view of the screen from there, but soon she wouldn't be around to say it. About a third of the way through the movie I asked my mum in my politest voice "Can I go to the toilet?" My mum answered with a simple "Yes." I didn't dawdle and I came back quickly but I was too late.

Her dark hair fell into her face, everything about her was the same except her face was blank and expressionless and there was a knife sticking out of her chest. I screamed! I screamed until my lungs were sore and then I cried. I was oblivious to anything or anyone around me. Had someone called 999? Was I just dreaming? Please let me be dreaming. Most people would feel fear and sadness, I felt both of those too but there was another more powerful feeling inside me... hatred. Hatred for the person who did this, hatred at what they did, hatred for why they did it!

The knife's shiny silver contrasted greatly with the rusty colour of the blood that coated its tip. Emotion surged through me like a tsunami : desolation and despair, sorrow and sadness, malice and melancholy. I didn't care why they did what they did. I just cared that they did it. I just cared that they were a horrible person, that they thought they could get away with the greatest crime, murder. They stole her last breaths from her like a petty thief would steal money from a bank. Our trip to London had ended in a catastrophe. An exciting new place had turned into somewhere I will never return to.