

## Her

I couldn't remember when she left. Maybe it was a year ago, or two. Maybe even three. I didn't know. Maybe it was only yesterday, or last week. Who knows?

I stared into the mirror, drinking in my reflection. My eyes were red and puffy. My cheeks still held black streaks from the mascara I didn't wash off. I blinked and caught sight of my blue eyes, blue eyes that were once bright and full of life. Now they were dull and full of nothing but corruption. Even though it had been I don't know how long, I still couldn't get past what happened. It's hard to just forget someone as quickly as you met them. It's hard to move on from something you held so dearly in your life. Especially if that something held your very existence.

No one can live without their heart, or their brain or any of their other organs. We need these things to survive. We need these things to live.

I couldn't remember her anymore. The only thing I could remember was her innocence. How she had no idea what was going on, no clue how corrupted and polluted the world really was. How her little mind was stress free and the biggest problem she ever faced was choosing an ice cream flavour. I missed her.

But now she's gone. No matter how far I cast my mind back I still couldn't remember the day I woke up and realised she was gone. The day I woke up and realised I was gone.

I looked back at the mirror, searching my eyes for any sign of her. I didn't know why. It was pointless. She'd never appeared before, so why would she come back now?

I continued to look at the mirror, not even looking at myself anymore. I was looking through the mirror, as if she would just pop out at me. But I knew she wouldn't. She was gone.

And she was never coming back to me.

How had I let her slip through my fingers? How could I have let my childhood go? I wanted back my days of naïveté. I wanted back my days of misunderstanding and confusion. I wanted my five year old self back. I wanted it all back. But I knew I would never get it back.

Now I no longer disregarded complicated situations that I didn't understand. Because I understood it all. It poisoned my intellect and contaminated my mind.

My childhood was gone. And there was no getting her back.

By Rebecca Walker, 10E