

Forever Memorable

The outside world was dangerous to me; the inside too. Everywhere I went, everything I saw, everywhere I chose to be, in plain sight lurked the monster that would kill me or bring pain that overruled all others, but to love the villain that comes to bring you suffering and agony, is worse than anything in the world.

Warm and calming, the sun radiated my skin through the hot glass window as I gazed, mesmerized by the gorgeous emerald substance along the road. The urge to dive in to it's fascinating beauty was like a stab to the heart and a burn to the body, but I knew that to plunge into the unknown was like purposely jumping into a pit of poisonous perilous vipers.

As unfair, depressing and aggravating it is to have to live with it, that's life. Aquagenic urticaria. That's what I have to deal with every day; I hate it more than anything. If I let a drop of water on my skin; flames begin to spread all over my body and hives as big as boulders appear on my red, blotchy skin. Burning sensations and blistering, plus, because my condition is so rare and more dangerous than anyone else who has it, my throat begins to swell, and my airways become blocked.

To lose the ability to be able to be around the key devotion that you adore is really tough, because part of you wants to ignore the dangers; go right for it and risk it all, but the other part of you knows that you have so many things you want to do and you need to carry on and get over the enticement.

This is where my story begins.

It really was a hot day in England, Holmfirth and that doesn't happen quite often. Normally the weather is cold or mildly pleasant but today it felt hot, sociable, and happy to be out.

Itching unpleasantly for something to do, I looked over and realized where I wanted to be.

The river.

The bright river Holme runs right in front of my small, modern house, and although incredibly dangerous to me, it is a place of wonder and magic, elegance, and composure.

Every bone in my body knew that this was worth it.

Trembling, I walked down the cobbly, winding steps and, after what felt like hours, when I finally reached the bottom, I was petrified to the thought of the water seeping through my old and worn shoes.

Although, I felt safe, I felt whole again, the missing piece of me had now been found. I sat down on a rock beside me and looked around admiringly, the trickling sound and the glimmer of the water reflecting from the sun made me feel at home instantly.

Although, as every second passed by, I grew more and more wary. Was everything really real?

Was I awake?

I opened my eyes for the first time and saw what was really in front of me.