

My river In the Valley

I ran .I ran so quick that I didn't allow my brain to think. So quick that I didn't notice the sweat running down my back or tears on my face. I reached the woods and fell onto a heap on the ground, the tears finally rolling down my sweaty face. I'd held this in for so long that it almost felt good. I never wanted mum to see me like this. Especially in the hospital because I know if I look like I've given up, she might too. Her skin had got frailer these past few weeks and so had her spirit. I gathered my small remaining energy and pulled myself up, dusting off the gravel on my skirt. I walked further into the woods- towards the river .Id become extremely tired by now so I crossed my legs and sat by the river .I watched as the water ran through the woods .It was peaceful. Calming.

I'd lost track of time, sitting next to the river. Thinking. Watching .Night pulled closer and that's when the reality hit again. The fast beating heart and sweaty palms. I'd been here for hours. Mum could have died by now. Intensive care wasn't somewhere to stay forever.

The next few days I returned to the river-once when I was supposed to be at school but education wasn't my priority right now. There was something about the river; it made me feel like I was normal, I had purpose- like my mum was safe. I still hadn't told anyone how I felt but I did... This constant balloon is stuck in my throat, getting bigger and bigger as my problems fill it. I know it's going to pop someday but not yet, I can hold on- I think.

In a strange way, this had become normality to me, until one day when I was at the river. A phone call came. I hate phone calls because I know they never mean anything good- especially for me...My auntie spoke on the other line, I lived with her during all this. She wants me to bring more stuff to her house but I don't want to because it's not home, and I know why she wants to do it . I won't give in.

I sat outside mum's room. Aunty Jan was there too- she looked broken. A nurse came in and let me see mum. She didn't look like mum. She didn't speak or smile. The nurse said she was asleep.I stayed there 10 minutes before I left. It was like an illusion- everything blurry. I ran. Not home. To the river.

When I got there I screamed."I hate everything! I hate mum's ill. I'm broken, hurt and don't want my mum to be like this."

I said everything I wanted to ay and never had. It felt good. I don't know if mum will get better, but I know now- that I can speak out. All because of my river in the Valley.

Molly

Age 14