

I Remember = Fictional Essay

I gaze at the glittering blue ocean, while standing at the top of the tallest cliff in New Zealand, Cliff Venx. My bones creak tellingly, my gnarled fingers are misshapen, full of the pain of age. Memories came flooding back, filling every tiny nook and cranny of my mind. A sharp intake of breath burst out of my mouth, and it took me a moment to realise that it was I, Morgan Hoxwell, gasping. Cliff Venx is the place that I am connected to. Here I experienced heartbreak and blinding grief. Here I lost my sister. She meant the world to me.

She had chocolate brown eyes, while I had startling blue. Black hair tumbled down her back, curls cascading down to her lower back. She had a tinkly laugh and a high voice, the exact opposite to me. It was like she was my body and I was her brain. But that is over now. She is gone.

I only remember now, every moment of our beautiful carefree childhood. Playing soccer and netball. Competing in cross country races. Graduating to secondary school. Swimming in the sea and splashing each other along the beach. But then that day came. The worst day of my life. The day she fell.

We were playing here together, our brilliant parents who raised us, watching. Truth or Dare I think you modern people now call it. Back then, we called it Are You A Chicken? Then I had asked her if she wanted a dare. Typical her. Yes of course, was the answer. The next thing she did was horrendous, and the worst moment of my entire life. While I was wracking my brains for a dare that would be safe but funny, she took a run up. My parents and I screamed ourselves hoarse that she would die, but her mind was set and she was determined to do it. Then she launched herself off the edge of the cliff. When she tumbled down, her light body was buffeted about by the wind until she hit the water. It seemed like an eternity until her body rose. But our prayers that she would be alright were cast aside by god. She surfaced, face down. Then we knew. My best friend, best sister had tumbled off the bridge of life, plummeting into the river of death.

So that is my story. My last thoughts. Now I have little time left in the living world and I look forward to playing joyfully with my sister in heaven, my parents hugging each other while watching. Nothing could harm us. We would be together and more importantly, safe from the terrors of Cliff Venx. The worst place ever to be connected to.

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Category: Junior

Topic: 3 - A place I feel connected to.