

Charlie and Emma

The sound of sirens is still in my head, the dreadfulness of seeing her under that blanket short of any movement, pale as ever.

'Mum! I'm going out!' I shout across the narrow hallway.

As I alter the straps of my backpack a recovered memory jumps into my head.

'Hehe, 20! Charlie im gonna find you!'

I open the door and the wind blows my face. I stroll along the cracked stone path to Miles' house.

I arrive and notice Miles waiting for me at the front door, playing with his short, brown, messy hair.

'I thought you'd be here,' he states with a smirk.

'How did you know?' I ask Miles, raising my eye brows.

He slants his head, 'really?' he questions, like I'm supposed to identify how.

I scratch the top of my head, 'hmmm is it bec-' Miles cuts me off.

'Mood: depressed, status: keep thinking of Emma so I'm going to miles' to get my mind off it. Does that give you a clue?' he asks, making me feel silly about myself.

'Well, are you going to let me in or not?' I bark playfully.

He slowly begins to open the door. I tap my foot three times before I get too aggravated and barge in.

'Don't do that!' it's too late though, I barge in and alarms go off.

'What the hell Miles!?' I yelp.

He runs upstairs and opens a small safe where he pushes a button which quiets the alarms but also brings down a small blush case.

'This isn't a time for makeup miles!' I screech.

He looks at me and shakes his head. He opens the blush case and blows, revealing the red lasers.

'You go first,' he insists.

I nod my head and approach the lasers.

I feel really silly doing this, it's all just so that we can get to the kitchen and then his room.

'Your turn now,' I tell him, breathing heavily.

Miles walks forward, drops to the floor and rolls.

'That's how the pros do it,' he laughs

'Yeah that was awesome!'

'I know, unlike you who looked like a chicken with its head cut off!' he chuckles.

We stumble into the kitchen and I grab a drink from the fridge. He grabs a red skin, 'This is the source of my super powers!' he cries, with his fist in the air.

'So, "red skin man" what were those lasers for?' I ask.

'They're to protect the remote,' he replies.

'The...remote?' I just wasted 60 seconds of my life for a remote?!

'No, but this remote isn't just ANY remote...' he tells me, 'it's magical!' he whispers.

'Prove it!'

He grabs the remote and a vase, throws the vase up and presses pause on the remote... it pauses the vase.

I grab the vase and put it back, he presses play. I stand there with my mouth open extensively. He just stands there smiling.

'Can I fast forward?' I ask him.

He opens his mouth and while he does a flashback appears in my head.

'Charlie, I'm scared!' I hug her tightly.

'CHARLIE!' Miles yells, lightly slapping my cheeks. 'I knew you'd be excited but not this excited!'

I grab the remote from him, grab his hand and press rewind. I stop. It's the evening before the accident.

I run over to Emily and say 'we're not playing hide and seek. We're going out for ice cream with Miles. I grab her hand. When we arrive, I smile and give her a hug. I'll never let you go again, I promise.

Another flashback bounds into my head.

'I'm holding on as tightly as I can, Em!' 'He's pulling me away!' Our hands lose grip and I watch the tall man in a black hood run away with my little sister over his shoulder. Later on I hear a loud squeal in the distance, then silence. I run over and see the small figure of a girl in a nighty hanging from a tree. I call the police, they bring her down onto a stretcher while I am holding her hand, regretting everything. If only dad didn't fire him, if only...

I sit there rocking forwards and back whispering 'if only.'

'Charlie, feel this,' she puts my hand on her chest, 'it's still beating, I'm here.' Her sweet voice reassures me that she's safe.

I hug her small body and feel warmth. I smile... 'I love you.'