

The Sixth Sense

The sun's rays bore down upon me as I walked down the street. It was almost as if I could feel the UV rays making my already tanned skin even more tanned. And although my Ray Bands already protected my eyes from 98% of the light, that leftover 2% was annoying me very much.

I loved it here; it was so sunny on top of the hill. I reached down and withdrew my earphones from my pocket and plugged them in. The loud music blasted through them and gave me what was very sure to be a killer headache for later. I pulled out my iPod from the same pocket and quickly turned down the volume. I walked to the water tank that sat in the middle of my cul-de-sac and perched on the concrete edge. This had to be my favourite view ever; looking down over the beaches of Merewether and feeling the salty breeze wash over me.

"Eloise get back here now!" Dimly I hear my brother yelling at me from the top of the street. With a deep sigh I extract myself from the warm spot but not before I turn my music up so I wouldn't have to listen to him yelling at me.

I strolled up the street at my own leisurely pace, all the while listening to the unsafely loud music. Maybe if I had turned that music down, the outcome would have been different.

My brother was screaming at me at the top of his lungs but because of the insanely loud music I couldn't hear him. What I wasn't aware of was the little blue Porsche that was rushing up behind me with its driver on the phone. One minute I was walking on the road and the next the car came up behind me and ran into me. The driver realising only too late what he was about to hit. Then *crack!*

The car hit me and I felt something inside of me crack. The pain didn't hit me for about 3 seconds almost to the point where I wondered if anything had happened at all. Then it hit me. The pain came as a wave of the most agony I had ever felt... times 100,000,000. My screams pierced the air like a cold knife through a warm cake. I couldn't move, I couldn't breathe, I couldn't process anything but the pain. I screamed as my brother came to me. I screamed as 000 came. I screamed until I fell unconscious...

When I awoke I was in a hospital bed with machines beeping beside me and doctors muttering in hushed voices in the hallway. I tried to move but failed miserably.

This, I supposed, was my life now. Paralysis. No one needed to tell me that because I already knew. I could tell by the way my body and mind gave me access to the sixth sense. Despair... the sense that appears when all hope is lost for eternity.