

# The Lonely Road Ahead

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I remember the eyes of my mother looking at me as I walk slowly to the lonely road surrounded by birch trees frosted by the freezing snow covering the ground like a blanket. The beautiful blue eyes staring at me lovingly, yet full of tears. I see my sister Prim in her eyes, and I cry more than I ever have before.

Three years before:

We got a letter today; it was from the government of England. It was sealed by a red stamp that looked like a greyhound. They wanted to know if there was a child younger than 10 in our family. I was 13 but my sister Primrose was only 9 and a half years old. She was turning 10 on the thirtieth of August.

All eyes turned on Prim. I didn't know what this meant but Mum was crying. She obviously knew what this meant. Mum never cries but when she does you know that something is wrong. "Girls come here," she says through tears. "Have I ever told you the story of how I lost my sister?"

It was just an ordinary day until we got the letter. It was much like that one. Two days after we got the letter, government officials came to our house and took my sister away. They told us that they were just vaccinating her for a disease that only affects children under the age of ten and that she would be back before the end of the day. But after dinner she still hadn't come back and we started to worry. At

exactly five thirty-one in the morning we heard screams and gunshots. Then we knew what had happened.

My sister was missed dearly by all of us but we never spoke her name and after time we forgot her name and everything about her.

Two days later the officials came and as mum said, they told us that they were just taking Prim to get vaccinations for the made up disease and just like that Prim was out the door and walking up the street with all the other children under ten. The last I ever saw of Prim was her back and her little plait on the side of the back of her neck.

Now my eyes were full of tears too. We waited for the dreaded sound of gunfire but it was not to be heard by me from my house. I ran out the door slamming it behind me. As I run down the street I called to my sister and she called back. "Summer, where are you? Please help me!" I hear another voice... it's harsh.

"Shut-up girl, no-one can hear you!"

"Help me Summer, please!"

I follow the sounds and then I stop. Bang! Bang! Bang! The gunfire. It goes on and on. When it has stopped I keep running. I run across the bridge. There are all the children under ten. A shot through the heart. And among them is Prim. The tears come flooding. I love you Prim.

**By Sophia Tola**