

# Fire, Smoke

## **1882, 2nd April**

Ash and soot is everywhere covering the ground in a jet black blanket.

Smoke is crawling down my throat, I am fighting it for air.

Every time I go down to touch something I feel it burning into my flesh.

I can smell burning flesh everywhere; all the people that I was just in class with... just everyone dying. I must keep going. I prop my twin sister against me. I have to get her out of here because she is my last hope. She is slipping, telling me to let go. I can't let her go.

She is so heavy against me now the smoke is too thick. I let her go and the last thing I hear is her screams as the fire swallows her. I run. There is nothing else or anyone to save now. I can be the survivor.

## **1885, 8th June**

That was three years ago. Every day people fuss over me and tell me I am okay.

The court decided I should go to a mental hospital after the trauma I have been through. But I am not 'broken' like the people in white were calling me. In fact I am more than that... I am damaged.

I used to cry every night waiting for my sister to come. I thought she was going to come until I remembered the fire, the thing that turned my life around. When I lost everything, my sister my reputation and all my things.

I never knew my parents. They abandoned us when we were born. So we have always been looking after each other. At that thing of an orphanage, where you were never allowed to talk about that you did something it was always the 'Mother' that did everything so they got all the credit.

Now I try to run away every night but they always get me and bring me back into a more intensive care unit. Last night they locked me to my bed, so I couldn't escape. Really what that night ended up being was a sleepless night. They do that every night now because they know I can't escape.

In the day it's not any better. I have to go to school and that is bad because I already know it. I don't tell them that though I just sit there being broken to pieces. Until they say that I have had enough. So then they just take me back to my ward to put me onto a machine that feeds me... because I can't eat anymore.

## **1885, 9th June**

A new nurse came today saying that she was a professional and knew how to deal with me. Mostly because I needed more 'help'. She is pretty much the same as all the other people in white.

**1885, 13th September**

Everyone else in my ward has visitors a lot; but no one knows me. Everyone that I knew all died in that fire. Now I have no one.