

# *Vain*

The sound from the instrument was erupting into my nerves. The trees around me swished to the sound of wonder, materialising into the image that made me remember what it felt like to be grateful. The leaves on the ground, the black, beautiful piano in front of me all contributed to emotions inside me and I remember what happened in war.

I imagine myself in the past and bring myself out of the reality of the present.

I remember myself hiding behind a log, the sound of a gunshot ringing in my ears.

I run to my old friend's dead body, tears streaming down my face. I got red liquid all over my hands but I didn't care, I would do anything for him. But he wasn't moving. The killer was running away into the bushes. We both knew he was gone. He was gone...

I was screaming and crying madly, but no matter what I did, I knew nothing would provide me with happiness.

I was running for my life to reach the killer, my legs aching terribly, I could feel cuts forming on my bare feet but I kept running no matter what happened. Nothing had ever made me angrier in my life.

I frantically felt for the gun on my belt. I knew I had only one shot. It had to be a good one. It felt like my finger had a life of its own. It kept pushing on the trigger desperately wanting to click it. I strained it to stop. I was getting tired. I could now only make out a faint picture of the killer, slowly disappearing from my sight.

I had one shot at this. Based on what I could vaguely see, I pulled the trigger. I could no longer see the killer anymore. As I walked closer to where I saw him

last, I could feel the vengeance bubbling up inside me... the killer was dead. Large blotches of blood, spilling onto his dark khaki uniform.

I ran back to the spot where my friend had fallen. A tear was falling down my face as I saw him. More tears came. It was in the past now. But I could never seem to get by it. My hand was clasped around his. The pale face that lay before me was fading.

Now a new feeling was erupting inside me. One that was unique. One that made me sit down, lay up against a bark tree, knowing that I could go no more.

So now I remember today, what it was like in war, how many people died because of a such a vain cause. I could imagine the red blotches of dried liquid I could still see on the old leaves that had fallen, long beyond dead.

Even though it was long ago now, I could still feel the burning tears on my face, but I knew that soon, they would be gone. Gone forever into the past.