

The Eve of the War

I could hear Misty in the background
Crying from not being fed.
I stared into the sad excuse of a fire I had built
My dad scowled at me
Slapped me for it,
But I deserved it
Still deep in thought I looked around
My siblings Catherine, Dan and Jack
Looked like twigs from not having had a decent meal for ages.
Ever since that terrible war started
Everything went downhill
Our shop, my mum and even our house
The only thing we had left was
A mouldy old caravan and Misty our mule
When they first announced the Great War, we sat around the radio
Listened eagerly to find out any information possible
I started to get bored
Went down to our shop
The Murray's Deluxe
I opened the door
Made out a tall figure in the back
I thought it was my uncle
But when he turned
I realised I was very wrong
This man shouted something through his mask
Two large hands captured me from the back
They started trashing the store
I was trying to fight my way to the door
When a striking pain hurt my head
And I woke up in my bed.
I didn't understand why
Pushed it to the back of my mind.

Slowly I walked out my bedroom and into the kitchen
Where mum sat teary-eyed
“What happened?” she then proceeded to tell me
The shop was robbed I was knocked out cold
She carried me back home
While the police took care of the rest
I only nodded
Curiously asked
“Why are you crying?”
“Your dad has to sell the house to cover the shop funds, and I got the results
back...”
I took the sheet from her hand and read
“You only have one day to live “
She answered in silence before she fell limp to the floor.

Lorraine McEnroe

