

My memories

Quiet. The kind of quiet that gives you that warm feeling. The kind that calms your soul, and soothes your brain. I kicked the duvet off my bed, immediately feeling relief. I slowly opened the window and I felt the whoosh of air swirl into my room. But there was something else I was feeling, an emptiness, gobbling up all the calm and happiness that I had felt before. The pure nostalgia that you feel when you think deep. My stomach swirled, as I dived deeper into the depths of my memories. My eyes burned, and I noticed I was crying. The salty tears rolled down my cheek, and onto my bed. I had delved into the eye of my storm.

There was no getting out. Well, there was, but I didn't know. I took one deep breath, and I noticed a swirl of colours surrounding me. They grew bigger, and more vibrant. They painted the days, the old days I had loved. The day at the beach. It was getting dark, and I was playing hide and seek with my friends. The waves churned gracefully, and I took one last look and delved into another memory. The day I swam for the first time. The happiness on my face as I pushed through the water. It felt amazing. But the picture swirled into something else. It had waltzed into a muddy track. I was in my running outfit, coated in mud. I pushed on, and I finished second! The utter joy I had felt when they handed me my medal. Again, the picture pranced into a field. One filled with beautiful flowers, with colours I had never seen before. I lay down in the middle, feeling the hot air on my skin. But then again the picture swirled into the woods. There was a big lake in the centre. It was frozen. And I found myself throwing sticks onto the thick ice. An enjoyable feeling seeping into my brain. But the colours started to disappear, until they danced into my room. It was over.

I went into my room, the duvet kicked onto the floor, and the window opened. I pulled my covers back up, the warmth of them glowing on my skin. For the first time in forever, I was happy. I knew everything was going to be okay. I beamed. But my eyes closed, and I fell into a deep slumber, ready to face anything. Now I know, It's never too late to relive the memories.

