

The box of memories

As slow as a sloth, I climbed up the creaky ladder. Fumbling for the light, I pressed the switch. The dim light buzzed and then coughed into life. I rummaged through a box, which had been there for years. I pulled out a decrypt toy flower. All of a sudden, my mind went blank. I closed my weary eyes and opened them again.

I found myself walking up steps in pouring rain. Then I noticed it was the day my wife had died. 1982 8th of February. I saw the dull flowers bending over, almost bowing. I noticed the coffin at the far end of the room. My adorable wife was in there. My heart skipped a beat. I closed my eyes and stifled a cry. I shuddered and opened my eyes. She was gone. I was alone.

As quick as a flash, the memory became vague. As I stumbled, memories swirled around in my mind it was as if I was in a snow globe. The next thing I knew, I was rummaging even further into the ancient box. My hand closed on a blood-covered army badge.

All of a sudden, a wave of memories came crashing down on me. I found myself looking up at a blood-red sky. Gunshots echoed as they made their way to my ears. My brother and I were rapidly running through mud-covered trenches. Nervously, we looked at each other. I noticed a grenade rolling in behind him but before I could say anything he had been blown back. I ran over to him and as I thought, he was dead. If we hadn't joined the army, if we had chosen a different route, if I would have told him to run, then he wouldn't have died in such a tragic way. I looked at his army badge, which was covered in blood, and let out a tragic sigh. He was gone. I was alone.

Suddenly, my mind was snapped back into reality. Once again, I found myself reaching into the box and pulling out a necklace. Another wave of memories came crashing down on me. I was pulled back into the snow globe of memories. I found myself lying in my mother's lap. I saw her necklace. A warm feeling enveloped me as I watched the fire crackle and burn.

All of sudden my mum faded from view and I was tugged back into the cold, dusty loft. Now I was holding a ripped teddy bear. I was forced back even further, to when I was a baby. My parents were gazing down on me as I was sucking the exact same teddy bear. With a jolt, my mind was sucked back into reality. Going back down the ladder, my whole family were waiting. They all had broad smiles painted across their bright, joyful faces. I was not alone.