

Mum's Meadow/ The Truth Hurts

I smelt the strangely familiar scent of soft yellow flowers. My hair was swaying in the breeze beside me like waves. I knelt down and slowly picked up the daffodil, listening intently to the snap of the stalk. Then, suddenly I heard a cry. I looked around me, but no one was there. Running through the never-ending meadow the cry happened again and it was more piercing the closer I got. The next thing I knew, I was on the ground. Thousands of daffodils towering over me and they were getting further and further away, the more I sank into the ground.

"Ouch!" I yelled, feeling every bone in my body click. The noise was so loud that I couldn't hear myself think. I was back in the meadow, everything exactly how it was when I left it. The smell. The breeze. The flowers.

That morning I woke up, 9:30. The soggy breakfast cereal that must've been left out for hours because the milk was warm. A note had been left on the dining table: big day today Pumpkin, eat up and get dressed. Good luck! Love, Dad xx. Sighing, I sat down and tipped away the cereal. I had a big project that day, something that could get me a scholarship into university, so Dad wouldn't have to pay and he could start his business. I picked up my school bag and was on my way.

10:15. I was always late to school but I didn't care because I knew I wasn't going to get the scholarship. I've never won anything before. Walking up to my classroom, I slowly turned the handle and froze. Everything was numb. My anxiety took over me and I couldn't go inside.

"If you ever get worried, you know where to go". The faint voice of my mother repeated itself over and over in my head. I knew what I had to do. Give up. All the signs were there, I just wasn't reading them. Waking up late, the cereal, I had to leave.

I ran to the meadow, mum's meadow. I could almost feel her there with me. This time there was someone else there. A boy. A short boy with light brown wavy hair. He was crouched down picking up as many flowers as possible and piling them hurriedly into a basket. I walked up to him, wondering why he picking the flowers.

"What are you doing?" I asked him.

"I was um..." He murmured, then ran away.

What was this boy doing? Why did he run away? How did he know about mum's meadow?

The next morning, I woke up at 6:30. Wow. That's so early for me. I was even awake before Dad, so I thought I'd make him breakfast in bed. I carefully placed the sausages, eggs and toast on the plate and walked to his bedroom. He was gone. Where was he? I searched and searched round my house but I stopped myself.

My imagination got the better of me. The truth hurts. I kept picturing myself with a family, trying to convince myself it was real. But all I knew was mum.

I had to get out. Go somewhere. Escape. There was a knock at the door. Gingerly, I crept to the door, carefully missing the creaky wooden floorboard. Every part of me was hoping it was my dad, but I knew it wasn't. I twisted the doorknob and opened the door. No one was to be seen. Stupid kids, always knocking my door then running.

"I can't believe it. You scared me!" I shouted out to them.

There it was. A small daffodil on the cobblestone; the kind from mum's meadow, laying on my doorstep. A note was attached: I know who you are, meet me in mum's meadow. Mum's meadow!

How did this person know mum's meadow, but to call it by that name is just, I don't know how to describe it.

I ran. So far I thought my legs were going to fall off. I didn't even care if I couldn't breathe. It was my dad, he wrote the note, it's got to be him!

When I got to the meadow, he wasn't there, no one was.

I felt defeated; I always tried so hard to find where he was, who he was. I just need to accept that I have no family and never will.

There he was again. That boy I saw in mum's meadow yesterday. He was walking towards me, gradually getting faster, running almost. He came up to me and hugged me tight.

"I'm your brother", he said, smiling. There was no need for explanation; I had family. After all these years, finally. I felt loved.