

Lucy

“What is the point of living if no one is ever there for you”? - that's the question that has been rolling around in my mind for the past fifteen years. Up until a few years ago, the most devastating thing that ever happened to me was failing my first Spanish exam, but I guess once you've experienced the disappointments of life, you're bound to realize things can and do get worse.

My life drastically changed when my grandparents died in a car accident. A few months later, my father left our family; he picked up his suitcase, walked out, and never came back. I guess I'd be lying if I said I didn't miss him. I tried to not pay attention to the fact my father was gone, to focus on the positive things, but I knew deep down something worse was coming.

About a year later my mother was diagnosed with Leukemia. She spent her last three months on Earth at the Lincoln Memorial Hospital. I was with her the night she died. She whispered my name so gently that even a microphone wouldn't have made a bit of a difference.

“Lucy?”

“Yes mom?” I bit my tongue, trying so hard not to cry. I was keeping a wave of emotion locked up deep down. I didn't want my mom to see me so miserable, when I knew I needed to be strong for the both of us.

She coughed, and weakly said, “Do you remember when you were a little a girl? You used to love when I tucked you in, and sang you a lullaby”.

A tear had managed to sneak its way out of my eye, and splashed onto her arm. My hand made my way towards hers, and held it so tight that not even a thousand men could break us apart, but no matter how close I seemed to be to her, there still seemed to be a wall between us. She began to sing:

“My little sunshine...”

“My golden star...” I continued.

“My beautiful baby, my sweet peach.” The tears began to pour down my face (, and a floodgate of pain spewed out of me). She continued.

“Radiant angel lighting my day”

“Have sweet dreams” I sang gently. I laid down in bed with her and shut my eyes. I awoke the next day to sunshine streaming through the windows. I opened one eye, then slowly followed with the other. I turned my head towards the hospital clock and it read: **10:34**. It was time for my mother to take her medication.

“Mom?” I lightly shook her.

An unsettling stillness followed. Everything was quiet.

I shook her again and said “Mom. Time to wake up.”

An unsettling stillness filled the room. She wasn’t breathing.

“Mom? Wake up it's time for your pills. Mom? Mom?” I began to cry. Then scream.

“MOM! MOM! WAKE UP, YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME ALONE!” I began to shake her a little harder, then harder, then so violently that blood began to spill from my mother's nose. She didn’t move. She would not rouse. She was gone.

I got off the hospital bed, and stood up. I looked at my mother's wide open eyes, and pale dead skin. The blood from her nose began to stain her gown, and I yelled:

“I HATE YOU! WHY WOULD YOU LEAVE ME? I HATE YOU!” I felt a murderous rage unleash from within me. I threw over the paperwork the doctor had left on the desk, and began to violently push over chairs. I shouted and screamed so loud that I wouldn’t be surprised if people on another planet heard me.

I made my way over to my mother’s corpse with surgeon scissors. I held up the scissors high in the air over my mother’s body. I closed my eyes, preparing to unleash my rage. I swung down with all the force I could create, plunging the scissors into darkness...

“Wake up...”

“Huh?” I responded groggily.

“Mom?” I panicked, rousing awake.

“No. It’s not mom. It’s Mary. Your sister?” I opened my eyes, and made out my sister’s gentle smile through the fog of my sleepiness.

“Mary?” I asked.

“You were dreaming about mom again, weren't you?”

“How did you know?” I said.

“How could I not; I can hear your shrieks and sobs ~~and cries~~ from my room. That's all you dream about anyway.”

“I was going to hurt her.” My sister wrapped her arms around me, and made me feel safe. Tears slowly began to trickle down my cheek, and onto the cold wooden floor.

“Stop blaming yourself. Please. Get better. I need you in my life.”

“It was my fault.”

“What happened to mom three years ago isn't your fault. She died from cancer.” I noticed my sister's eyes well up from tears. They slowly flowed down her cheeks.

“Now, get dressed breakfast is ready.”

She said nothing more, then proceeded towards the bedroom door. I did as she asked and put on a simple blue gown, with plain black shoes. I made my way out the door, and down the long white staircase.

As I walked down the hall, I could hear voices telling me I was worthless, that I was responsible for my mother's death, to kill myself.

“SHUT UP!” I wailed. I fell to the ground, and began to bang my head against the wooden floor. I smacked myself harder, hoping the tortious voices would stop. My sister heard me shouting, and ran over to me. I felt my sister's arms wrap around my waist. She flipped me over, so that my back was on the ground, forced her body on top of me, and held my head in place.

“STOP!” She said so sternly, that I immediately was paralyzed, and stopped resisting against her.

“They won't shut up. Make them shut up. Please.” I responded with a frightened look on my face.

“What are you talking about? No one else is here?”

“Them” I spoke with a frightful voice, pointing behind my sister's head. My sister looked behind her. There was nothing there.

“Stop being so delusional...” I froze and couldn't believe what she was telling me.

“ You’re a stupid worthless piece of mental trash that I'm stuck with.”

I shouted as I pushed her off of my body and onto the floor. My sister got up, and stared at me with an angry expression. She was possessed, and was not going to back down.

“You're just another mouth to feed. Another person in my way, another person who I was DEAD!” The word ‘dead’ echoed in my head over and over again. I began to sob really hard, and struggled to speak. I gathered my courage, looked at her in the eyes, and screamed, “I HATE YOU! I WISH YOU WERE DEAD!”.

I stormed out of her house more hurt than I’d ever been. I didn't bother looking back, or grabbing any of my belongings. I just walked. I walked as far as my legs would take me, until I came across something that caught my attention. I froze, my feet glued to the ground, and my eyes focused on the image in front of me.

It was my mother.

She was looking right at me.

My knees gave out, and I sank onto the ground.

She came in a swarm of bright white lights. She no longer had pale dead skin, but instead glowed with an energy of radiating beauty; she looked so happy, happier than I’d ever seen her. She stopped in front of me, and gently spoke:

“Sunshine, I’m always looking over you. I’m in a better place now. Remember, love conquers all.”

I hesitated a bit, and stepped backwards, away from the angel that took a form of my mother. I had a feeling deep down she was talking about my sister. I loved her; I couldn’t let our fight get in the way of that. I rushed home as fast as I could, hoping she would forgive me. I sprinted with all of the energy I had, breathing heavily with each step I took. When I reached the corner of San Marino blvd, and Chavez, I heard sirens, and police cars blaring from outside our house. I ran even faster, and pushed my way through the crowd of people forming around the “Caution” yellow tape.

I ignored the officer controlling traffic, and ran into our house. The house was swarming with officers and detectives. I saw no sign of my sister, only puddles of blood on the hardwood floors of our home. I walked up to an officer and asked, "Where is my sister?"

"Ma'am? Are you the sibling of Mary Wakefield?"

"Yes I am?", I said, my concern levels began to grow into anxiety.

"I'm sorry to tell you this, but your sister was found stabbed to death. A neighbor heard screaming, and discovered her just a short while ago".

"W...what?" I said.

I was in shock. I didn't understand what was going on. I took a seat on the stairs, and stared at nothing. Once the first tear rolled down my cheek, the rest followed. I soon I discovered myself in a puddle of my own tears. I was so devastated. I felt my purpose of existence was gone. The only person that had ever stood by my side was gone.

The officers asked me to come down to the station for questioning. Still in a paralyzed shock, I went with them. The questions blurred, and I don't remember much about what was said. When the officer had finished interrogating me, I left.

I stepped out into evening, and let the cool breeze brush my face. As I walked, a small smirk began to appear on my face, then it grew a little bigger, until it was the happiest grin anyone had ever seen.

You see: officers are supposed to know everything, but I have a secret. When you make a mistake you fix it. That's all I did. My family was a mistake, so I fixed them.

I'm the one that cut the brakes on my grandparents car.

I'm the one that suffocated my mom with a pillow on her hospital bed.

I'm the one that stabbed my sister twenty three times in her rib cage, until the blood pooled out of her body.

I did it all.

Now that I'm done, I'm free to find myself a brand new family.