

# Diary of a Dolorous Child

I reluctantly stand here, completely astonished as the picturesque sun sets over the rugged horizon. I should be enjoying this marvellous golden hour, but agony is forcefully taking over. A defenceless child like me roaming around in the night is deadly, with heinous Russian soldiers ready to pounce. This is why my life becomes more dangerous with every fraction of the sun fading over the rocky horizon. So I must get to my dark, isolated, self-made hut where no one can harm me. With that, I bolt towards my hiding place, using every repetitive heartbeat, with my swollen feet knocking against the coarse rocks.

I was not always this lonely and ennui. I had a loving family. I still have lucid dreams where they are being shot and tortured by the nefarious red army. Ironically this was the fate of my caring parents and my inspiring brother and younger sister. Because of this dark chain of thoughts trapped inside my conscientiousness, I am afraid to face my fears and be brave. Every time I cogitate staring down the glib soldiers because of my umbrage, muscle memory tells me to stay put as I aquiver. Unfortunately, this neverending cycle will never stop. I have gone from having a plethora of love to wishing I was dead. It is safe to say that there is a sense of cacophony in the soviet union, given Russia's capricious change of targets. So I hide in this makeshift shack. Which now contains a surfeit of polaroids of my dead relatives.

As I hear the neverending howling of crows and smell the blazing gunfire in the atmosphere, I get more frightened to face the real world. I begin to taste the discouraging aroma of soot and ash. Then I hear something that would change my life forever. I hear the daunting

sound of soldiers barking orders; they must be close. Quickly, I hide underneath the shadows of a wretched floorboard. The men's utterance gets more immediate as a sense of claustrophobia enters the segregated room. Then as if in a trance, a fully armed soldier with a machine gun enters through the makeshift door. My heart skips a beat as I decamp further into the crepuscule. Fortuitously, I created an egress in case this scenario occurred. So, tentatively I move towards the door of an old cabinet, praying it won't crepitate. Thankfully, it does not make resonate as I meticulously insinuate myself into this corrugated chasm. After an eternity of unremittingly digging, I slowly get out of this tunnel and into the eventide tenebrosity. A chilly hyperborean descends upon me as I take shelter in a topiary.

Unanticipated, a vociferous sound of cataclysmic glass shattering occurs on the spur of the moment. Out of the corner of my flawed eye, I see my house being charred down, as sultry residue slowly burns my face and dignity. Newly found animosity is inaugurating inside my heart. All the memories of my deceased family have gone up in a conflagration. I just sit there in anguish, reflecting on the unfortunate series of events that have conspired. As I cry lamentably, I can still taste the cinders from the place I called home. The blaze continues to amplify as I have no alternative but to run from everything I own and love. Wistfully, my family is nothing but a figment of my ruined imagination right now.

I suddenly hear a helicopter in the sky, just when all hope was seemingly lost. As refreshing water splashes upon my dehydrated body, I comprehend that they are trying to kill the wildfire. This is my chance to be rescued, I taught. Quickly I search for a beacon of light inside of

my pockets. As destiny would have it, I find a torch! With no other prerogative, I shine it towards the chopper, the light illuminating in the distance. The aircraft is coming my way; it's working; I will finally be out of this turmoil. It releases even more water on my face but does not land. My life flashed before my eyes as I came to the realisation that the helicopter had not seen me. Expeditiously, I try to run, but I am cornered by the torrid weald that has been burnt to smithereens by fire! Slowly, I am being tormented by the neverending smoke as I begin to see a heliograph of phosphorescence at the end of the tunnel. My last words are "the effects of war"!