

In between my mother's arms I am safe

Slow and gentle rain trickles down in a harmonious symphony tapping on the tempered glass looming at a far distant corner, on the other side: the outside world. The outside world? Mellow gusts of wind hum in tune to the remaining leaves scuffling in the trees. The air damp with the perfumed oxygen scented with lush green grass. Mankind still sleeps soundly while flora and fauna chant the vibrancy of life. Silence elated with the greetings of gift mother nature. Birds chirping a chorus of their favourite love songs, songs which circus the pride of the morning dawn, praising the rebirth of a new beginning.

Sucking into the air my once calmly closed eyes blink hard with force. My heart begins to sink as my knuckles turn light by gripping the ragged blanket. A hot spell drapes over me, I'm sweating. Touching my school sweater soaking wet with sweat and overwhelmed with the anger of my excessive activity of my glands, I kick the itch infested quilt away from my body all the way to the end of the bed slightly still covering the palms of my feet. Despite the prolonged slumber, I'm tired, tired of life. I wish I kept sleeping, sleeping forever.

The stillness of my body, heart, and soul has abruptly come to an end. My body erupts as my back hurls forward suctioning a gulp of air as I did so. My throat turns sour with the chill of a sudden deep inhale. A painful ache ran around the lower half of my head down to my upper back. I placed a hand on the back of my neck, massaging it lightly. I stood up as I did my eyes wandered through the cramped self-restricting room.

The miniature bedroom was very dimly lit, no sign of a light bulb. It had been taken out of the light bulb socket just seen above on the ceiling, nothing but a wooden wardrobe and a desk with a lamp sitting on top. Other than these few objects, it is completely empty. No pictures on the wall, no miscellaneous objects. No evidence that this room belonged to someone or something. There wasn't an atom's worth of essence which proved at least someone lived here. It's weird, even someone as bland as me has at least something unique about them. I looked out of the cracked glass window spacing out. Then it hit me...

Where am I exactly? What's this place? How did I even get here?

Charging to the door I clenched the rusty door handle and slammed it down as I intensify my rage. Pushing the door handle towards me with a force I could hear the jittery movements of creatures beyond the window. I must've given them an alarm. I didn't care, I wanted to scream the place down but I know I couldn't. I was too shy for that, it just isn't me.

I kept pushing the door handle not realising the door simply does not budge open. I've been locked in? I gasp out of shock. What could go worse? I kicked the door once twice, three times or more. I slowed down as my feet began to tire and sore from the livid effort. All it could do is make minor marks and nothing more. I kneel to the ground shedding a few tears wondering what will happen to me now. A gust of wind blew across the cave-like room.

My eyes beam upwards towards the window. How could I be so dumb? The window is my escape! I tried calming myself breathing deeply in and out. Now the question was how to break it.

The quiet whispers of the metal clinging sounds of keys were enough for my heart to retain back to its former self. I could hear the clock ticking down ever so faster in this path called life. I regained back my awareness, unplugged the lamp, tossed it upside down and smashed it into the window with the last remaining morsel of strength still left in me.

The window shattered, glass descending through the air. I tugged onto the metal bed shoving it close to the window edge. The door swung open as I lifted my body onto the bed. I plunged myself out falling feet first and ran. Ran for my life once again.

Approaching the final hurdle, the wooden fence, I made the final sprint. A final sprint but to where exactly? I had no idea, no place was exactly safe and much more so for its people. I just know that I have to run. Where I'm running too is another matter that can be dealt with on a later date. I could never have imagined that I, a person who barely exists outside her own front door to bypass the awkward situations of reality can suddenly be engulfed into another dimension: A world full of brutal Savages.

"Where you off too?"

My feet failed to halt by the sudden surprise as I slammed and fell head first onto something solid but at the same time soft. It was odd. I could feel my head throbbing from the accident as I lifted it up to take a more bird's eye view of what I had fallen on.

Him.

"Gosh really!?" The holes from my ears were practically fuming with smoke as I turned red hot with anger.

I pulled myself off hysterically laughing now as my stomach churns with the mishmash of emotions. Anger, Confusion, Longing for home did i mention Anger? Even worse the nuisance had the cheek to join in my blinding saddened laughter. Who cares though right? Do I even know these people? No, as a matter of fact, I do not. I'm not even from here. Laugh all you want, I don't give a flying monkeys about this place. I'm officially out of here, I'm done! My angered thoughts gush through my veins as I make another dash for it.

"I said where you off too?" Before I could pick up any sort of acceleration with my running he appears out of the blue, fast as lights speed. I lock daggers at him. The volcanic eruption in me is Nano seconds away from flaring up, to burst, to designate him and this place into ruins. How has it come to be me? Why couldn't he have called some other guys or girls name out in the beginning of school? I hate him! It's because of him that I was in that damned hell. It's because of him that I was locked in that prison of a room. Everything that happened since I was forced to come here is because of him! All him! I couldn't stare any longer. Turning my body left I begin to run again.

"Please don't make me repeat a third time..." Him again. How does he do that? I'm so sure that I had enough distance between us this time. Is he even human? Whatever it is, I've lost all strength, stealth, and stamina to carry on. I'm done with running away. I've had enough of all this crap that my body can't take it anymore, be it physically or mentally so I do not attempt to escape any further. For the innocent blissful childhood, I once had was no more. The 5 minutes of the summer holiday had gone within a blink of an eye, faster than I have ever wanted it, my love for true youth has left me with a broken heart, and one which mourns for the clock hands to anti-clockwise its movement even if it was just for a day or two. Those moments I could have truly treasured instead I'm still left regretful. Replaced with the burdens of growth and the implications one has to withstand with it, implications such as this one: the feelings of loneliness and despair. I give up, again.

I raise my head towards him, letting him know that I'm all his with whatever he wants to do. He got me this far away from home, didn't he? I contract my fists, turning my head away from his gaze doing everything in my power to not break down. My eyes start to flinch as I am surrounded, people who just exited the house in which I had slept in. My heart beating harder and harder the more they show up.

The clouds split open letting rays of sun sweep across the garden lawn. The rain had stopped by this time and a clear rainbow shone brightly in a spectrum of colours covering the two sides of the horizon. The thunderclap of my heart, however, has not disappeared. The nursery rhymes that children had once sung had never specified on which day the rain should make its way back. The rain, however, gets to haunt its subjects 'another day'. That other day is now. A child never thinks ahead to the future but remains mindful of the present. The droplets of rain sweep across my cheeks as I roughly wipe them away one swipe after another before I knew it with the intimidating presence I finally let go of my tears.

"Get lost!" I cried out from the top of my lungs. He backed away slowly looking alarmed softly saying he was sorry. I then felt warmth by the layered fabrics which had gently covered my face. Holding on to the tight embrace I eased my arms around their body holding it for dear life. The scent perfumed by roses transported me to another world. For a few minutes, I had let myself forget. Wanting to lose my memories of current events at the very least just for now, as I had known this will be the last time, the last time to let myself loose.

I wept for a long time, too long that the person who had hugged me had got a hold of my arms. I realised this and backed away, sighing deeply as I cleaned off the last remaining tears on my face facing downwards to the ground, I dared not to look up, not after I had displayed such weakness in front of so many. "I'm here honey", a soothing voice had said. I faced upwards after for what had been like an hour due to the strains I felt on my neck.

The mysterious voice is now a foot away from me. She must be no more than 40, a woman so youthful looking none the less. Olive skin with hair dark brown as the forest floors at midnight and deep green eyes so vibrant, full of life and hopefulness. Her simple yet elegant features displayed a humble beauty she wore almost as a veil, not noticeable and at your face but slightly gracefully camouflaged. She wore a long brown robe covering her almost entirely with an exception of her hands and feet.

"Mother?"