

Unforgiving Sights

Chapter 1

Hard Impact

I remembered that day more than anything in my whole life. That was the day it all started. As I woke from my deep slumber the harsh light shone into my sleepy eyes. I gazed across my room to see my clock displaying 9:30am. I hauled myself out of my warm and cosy bed. Then I strolled into the cold tiled kitchen and started to make my delicious toast. Then I heard footsteps creeping into the kitchen and my father Oliver walked in.

“Son,” he said, “I’m heading out into town to get our weekly groceries”. He kissed me goodbye and fled out the door to his car. This is something he did every Saturday.

As I finished my toast my mother walked into the kitchen. I could tell she had had a late night because her eyes were very sleepy. As always she set me a heap load of chores to do for the day to keep me busy and out of trouble, not that I would do anything bad. But then my mother hit me with a surprise.

“I’m going to visit one of my friends, it might be awhile before I get back,” she said.

I did the majority of my jobs and then I realised the time. It was 1:00pm. and dad should’ve been back awhile ago but then I thought he must of gone to my mum’s friend’s house (Rebecca). It was now 2:30pm. and my mother and just walked into the door very dazed and confused. I became very startled by her look. “What’s the problem mum?” I asked her.

“Why has your father not returned from the shops?” she asked.
“I’ve been here the whole day doing these absurd chores,” I told her.
We both passed over the thought and just left it at that. But it just started to get later and later and later. At about 5:30pm. we started to freak out and rang everyone we knew to see if we he went to any of their houses without telling them.

We eventually called everyone they possible could they even rang his boss but there were no signs of him anywhere. We luckily had mum’s car and toured around everywhere we thought he might of gone. We were driving to the shops when we saw something very horrific. Oliver’s car was down a nine foot drop off the hill.

We were flooded with emotions ranging from depressing grief to confusion. I scrambled down the hill as fast as I could I got to the car and I was in a state of panic to search for him. It was not a long search I found him in the drivers seat.

His head lay in a very unpleasant state on the dashboard. His body had been intertwined with the seatbelt and twisted in a bloody mess. I knew this would be a sight that I would never forget.

Chapter 2

Courage Is The Key

I knew that the passing of my father was going to be the hardest thing I would have to overcome in my life. But what I didn’t know is how it would change my life forever.

The next day me and my mother just sat silence over what we had

seen the previous day. We mourned over Oliver's death that whole day, hardly speaking a few words to each other. But that next day we told everyone we knew, and everyone he knew. They all reacted the same way we did.

We set the funeral date and decided to send my dad off with a bang (not literally) we chose a perfect spot for Oliver. In a cemetery on the hill that looked over most of the houses in a small town called Jefferson where I lived. It was a quaint little town but I loved it anyway. We put him in the closest cemetery where we could visit him at least once a week.

We had the funeral at the cemetery it was one of the saddest days of my life, just seeing all of his grieving friends and some of my distant relatives. I didn't know a lot of these relatives but they were family no matter what.

After that day my mum got leave from her work for a week because of the depression she was going through. I didn't realise how horrific this was for her so I stuck by her and helped her through it, well, when I wasn't at school or playing sports.

What I didn't realise was that all my sorrow was building up inside myself and sooner or later it would erupt out me. But I couldn't think of myself because my mum was in a worse state than me. So I just carried on and I was being courageous for the both of us.

One day I was at school in class and me and my classmates were doing maths when a sudden urge to cry came over me. I just broke down into tears and I couldn't stop crying for along time and I didn't know why at the time so my teacher sent me to the principal to get

sent home for the rest of the week.

When I came home at 1:00pm. that day my mum saw me and knew that I had been crying because of the streaks of tears that were down my face. She knew that I had been crying over Oliver. She just accepted that. So she didn't say anything and she just slowly walked over to me and gave me the biggest hug I could ask for.

That day I just sat in silence staring at the blank wall remembering those good moments I had with my father and that day I must of cried out a river because my t-shirt was wet at the touch. My mother came and sat down, we had a bond that needed no words.

Chapter 3

Horrendous School Work

I was fourteen so I was in 8th grade and ever since dad died I don't know why but my school work seemed to just get harder and harder. I knew I needed help but I didn't reach out to anybody which is what I should of done. Sadly I was so wrapped up in what people thought of me. What I didn't realise is that teachers are there to help us through anything especially our work problems.

Before I even had the intelligence to tell a teacher about my work problems. My favourite teacher, Mrs Steinlager came over to me just at the end of class and halted me at the door.

" Tom Green I have noticed that your work grades have been decreasing," she told me. I had no clue what to say because I didn't even know myself.

"I'm sorry that my work has been getting worse but I'm just

overwhelmed by everything that is happening in my life,” I said.

Mrs Steinlager understood me but she still said I need extra work and even some help from someone. That day when I got home I was ecstatic to see my mum but sadly she did not react the same way. She told me everything and that Mrs Steinlager rang her and told her about my grades.

“We need to get you some extra help at school,” she told me. I just sighed and accepted my fate and agreed to get help with my work.

Eventually mum got around to and now once a week till the end of my schooling life I would have a tutor. At first I hated it but I got around to it because I knew my future would be brighter if I carried on with it.

Chapter 4

The Recovery

Today was my first soccer game I loved it especially because I got to bring my dog named “Spotty”. We called him this because his coat is black with white patches on it. His breed his border collie and I loved him. At the end of that game we won a close game of 4-3 I was a striker and I crossed it over the goalkeeper's head and it hit the back of the net. It was one of the best goals I've ever scored. I owe that goal all to Spotty because he always gives me good luck in any situation I have and also the good luck charm my father gave to me. It was a necklace with a heart on that said “family is forever” I loved that thing because it reminded me of my father.

When I got home my mother was standing by the creaky door that swayed in the wind. I became very freaked out and I slowly walked up

to her. "Son we have to sort out our problem," she told me. Of course I already knew what the problem was and it was Oliver's death. "I've sorted it out and we are going to get counseling," she said. I was scared I was not sure what to think I didn't know many people who got counseling and the people I knew who got counseling were crazy. I just trusted my mum and said, "thanks when do we start this counseling business".

"Next week I gave us a little bit of time to gather our bearings," she replied.

The next day I got to school I told my friends everything. They were very sympathetic to me and tried their best to make me feel better. That day I was a nervous wreck because after school I would have to go to my first counseling session.

My mum picked me up from school and I was as white as the clouds, I don't know why but I was shaking as much as Spotty when he's wet and shaking all the water of himself onto everyone else. My mum noticed and she tried to comfort me and tell me it's going to be alright of course I didn't believe her as always. She just carried on driving when we arrived I actually started to calm down a little. We finally entered into this magnificent building that I found terrifying. We waited in the waiting room and I tried as much as possible to calm myself down. We eventually got called from the receptionist that we could enter. I could actually see that mum was getting nervous as well. After about an hour we finally got let out of that prison well thats what it felt like. Mr. Smith was our counselor he said that we will make a great recovery. I felt like me and my mum's fate lied in his hands.

Chapter 5

A Road Trip That Keeps On Going

I woke up from my deep slumber only because my mum was standing next to me pestering me about something. I only just woke up so my senses weren't up to par so I didn't hear anything she said but I knew it was important by the tone of her voice. I casually got up like it was a normal Friday but I could see that my mum was rushing around but I didn't know why. I finally finished getting changed into my school uniform when I went into full panic mode I couldn't find my special necklace that I wore everyday since I was six. I was freaking out I didn't know what to do. Then all of a sudden my mum came in wondering what was taking so long. I told her that it went missing that's when we both started a huge search party. Some people may have thought that this is ridiculous but it held a lot of significance to me. It was something my dad gave me before his death. After a very long time of searching we finally found it. I was very ecstatic when I found it lying under my bed in the very far back corner. I stretched as far as my arms could take me and I grabbed and held onto it very tight. I let out a yelp of joy when I put it around my neck. My mother came running in and saw me with it on.

"Why are you in your school uniform today is special, do you even know what today is," she said.

"Yes," I said with joy.

"Well then, what is on today?" she replied.

"My idol, J.F.K, is going on a parade through Dallas, Texas," I said.

"Well we are going to see him today," she said. I was overwhelmed with excitement. I couldn't believe it. Ever since Oliver died I have looked up to him as my idol and sometimes even like a father.

It was 8:30a.m. When we jumped into the car mum said we had to leave early because it took two and a half hours to get to Dallas Texas. I was excited so I rushed as fast as I could to gather up all my stuff. Eventually I got all my stuff together and mum was already in the car waiting for me. She was reading a very long chapter book but it was on a weird angle so I didn't see the title. I jumped into the car and mum threw the book into the back. She started up the car and we were ready to go. During the car ride unfortunately mum got to pick the radio station and of course she picked a station with the worst music ever. I didn't really care what music was playing I was just thinking of what I'd say to J.F.K. There were so many question I had to ask him. I knew I only had one chance so it had to be a good question. During the car trip mum and I had some really strong bonding time. We talked about everything we could think of.

We finally arrived at Dallas, Texas I couldn't hold it in any longer I wound down the window and screamed as loud as my lungs would let me. My mum looked at me with a huge grin from ear to ear she knew I was very excited for this trip.

It was 11:40a.m. so we decided to go to a restaurant on this special occasion. I couldn't believe today was turning into the best day ever. We ate a restaurant which name I couldn't remember I just remember talking to my mum.

I almost lost my necklace down the drain. Because of a stupid man in a suit was rushing somewhere. He knocked me over in the street and my necklace came off and almost fell into the horrible sewers. I stood up and I went over and retrieved my necklace. My mum she came over to me with the most worried expression.

“Are you okay, are you okay?” she asked.

“I hope something bad happens to that man. He showed no signs of remorse for you”.

“Don’t worry mum, it happens all the time,” I said, she was annoyed but I didn’t care.

It was 12:00pm. and we only had a little bit of time before we could see him. So we drove as fast as we were allowed to go and stopped and ran to the parade. We pushed through the crowd to try and see him passing through dealey plaza. My heart started to race as fast as a speeding bullet I couldn’t believe it I have just seen J.F.K in real life. This moment was the best in my whole life but what I didn’t realise is it would be one of the worst as well.

Chapter 6

Small Bullet Big Difference

I finally saw J.F.K in person he looked so different than on T.V. My brain started to overload with all these questions and I couldn’t remember the question I wanted to ask him. I realised the question I wanted to ask him I turned around to shout out the question and see if he would answer.

Then all of a sudden all of time just felt like it slowed down to a stop. All I could feel was emptiness and hopelessness as I turned, I saw the fatal shot that took someone I cared so much about. I just felt like digging a hole, jumping in it and never coming out. But I knew I had to react fast or some other terrible thing might happen. I was flooded with thoughts and emotions and I couldn’t control them all. I had to keep a clear head to get through this all.

I scanned around trying to search for my mum I couldn't find her. But then all of a sudden I saw her she looked very panicked. I knew that it was my duty to get her back to the car and to safety. All in a flash I ran as fast as I possible could I grabbed her and made sure that she was held tight in my arms. She was very startled by me coming over but I had to because we were in danger. So I tried to gather my thoughts on the whereabouts our car was. Then I had a sudden thought on where it was. I ran in the direction I thought the car was I luckily was right so I tried to talk my mother into the right state to drive. She was just flooded with emotions that she couldn't control. It was really hard but eventually I got her emotions in check (well, enough so she could drive). We both hopped into the car and put on our seatbelts. We both drove away from that situation unscathed well not physically at least.

Chapter 7

Horror Beyond Belief

That night I had a nightmare it was worse than I had ever had. I relived that moment when I saw my father dead. I couldn't believe it after all this time I still had such distinctive memories of it. Then all of a sudden I saw J.F.K he was getting shot I was reliving the moment it was like it was happening all over again. I was terrified I couldn't handle it all. Then all of a sudden I woke up and mum was nudging me, she told me that I was screaming, "please don't shoot him he doesn't deserve being shot". Apparently I kept repeating it and mum was getting really worried and woke me up because I was having a nightmare. When I woke up I was shaking with fear and I was sweating.

My mum allowed me to stay home because of everything that

happened because she was worried that something might happen during school. That day I was a nervous wreck I thought I could break down at any point of the day. In every reflection I could see J.F.K falling, his lifeless body thumps onto the car hood. Then all you can hear is the scream of everyone around they were all panicking and scared for their life. I carried on the day but not as usual I was always on edge.

After that day my mum the next morning kept me home again because she knew me better than anyone else. I didn't even need to speak one word she could tell my heart was in pieces and it would take more than a few day and some hugs to get over this. It was the same situation as with my father and she knew that. I loved her so much she was so understanding of me. Almost that whole day I held onto my necklace it held so much significance to me. At the same time I didn't want to hold on to my necklace at times only because it reminded me too much of that day and that's all I could call it.

The next day I even had thoughts I never thought would happen. I walked into the cold tiled kitchen and I saw a knife and I was so depressed I thought of using that knife for suicide. It sounds stupid but I was so overwhelmed by everything that was happening around me. It was like life was running ahead of me and I couldn't catch it no matter how hard I tried. Everything in the world around me seemed to be just crumbling down. There was no way to stop it.

Chapter 8

Peace At Last

Finally my mum decided to get me counseling for a second time. I was mad about it but I fully understood why, because of the state I was in. I

felt deja vu because I walked into that same building with the same emotions. Since I had been her before I knew it was going to help me. So I went through to “the room” and that’s was it was it had no name it held no significance to me it was just a place I sat in. I talked with Mr. Smith like I always do but this time was different because my mum wasn’t there but also it felt like Mr. Smith was an old friend I had known for a long time. Eventually like Mr. Smith always does he makes me feel so much better and I started to not have nightmares about everything. It was a great feeling because everything had to turned back to it’s original beauty.

Then I realised I was getting a lot older and I knew I had to make a decision on my life career. That’s when I realised everything that Mr. Smith had done for me and I knew from that moment on I had decided to become a counselor. I thought that this was a great idea because it was like I was helping people with the same struggles I had. I knew this choice would be better for everyone.

When I told my mum she was ecstatic to hear it and she knew exactly why I chose this job. I also decided to go to Mr. Smith and see how he would react he also loved the idea. So that whole afternoon after school he told me all this stuff about the job and different things.

So I went through school learning all he could about counseling. It turned out I was very good at it probably because I had been through so much. I finally got out of school and went to university. It was a very crucial journey in my life. In my class in university I was top of my class which I loved because I never liked school but this was a whole different story. Then all of a sudden it felt like no time at all but I got passes university with ease well I guess time flies when you're having

fun. This fun was different, no not because I knew I was going to get paid for it but because I knew that I was going to help people like me.

You would never believe where I finally got a job as a counselor. Well to save you guessing I got a job at the place it all started. The place Mr. Smith had his job. Shortly after I graduated from university Mr. Smith left the job and I took his place. He told me he wanted to explore the world like his friends had. I didn't know much about Mr. Smith's friends but apparently they were very adventurous. I was happy for him and me well especially me. He said to me that he was going to New Zealand he had heard it was a wonderful place. The next day I said goodbye so him and we parted ways I waited till the aeroplane took off and then I left. That day was the last time I ever saw him it was a sad day but it had to happen. It was for the better, even though I lost a close friend I ended up with a nice new job that I could start earning money with. I was excited and scared and the same time but I knew this was truly where it all started.

THE END!