Running...

My room was cold. I felt a chilling shiver up my spine as I stood in the dark, on my own. Everything that used to be so familiar was now melting away, like snow on a warm, sunny day.

It was the morning that my canary died. I was so sad, that even tears were not helping. My heart sank right down onto the floor beneath my frozen, bare feet. That tiny, innocent bird was like a friend to me, my special partner with which I shared my room. I smiled remembering the times when I had to tell it to shut up because whenever I switched on my stereo, it would start singing. But my smile turned sore at the thought that my old friend was gone... I would give anything right now, to hear that sweet voice again.

I stared blankly at the lifeless, dainty body of my canary and could not believe my eyes, could not comprehend reality itself. I didn't want to! My experience as a child was quite limited, but my feelings were not, they ran free, out of my hurt heart, like an overflowing river. No! No!

The cold air of the room invaded my body an made me tremble. The cage seemed to stand out, everything else around me did not exist, I was focusing on what mattered. The smell in the room... there was something about that familiar smell... Suddenly I realised what it was - at my grandmother's funeral, four years ago, that identical smell became stamped in my memory. The candles and the horribly suffocating atmosphere seemed to be present in my room now, a long time after the incident.

I was almost breathless, my heart nearly stopped because of the great pain which made it weigh about ten times more than usual. I could not stand it any longer, tears were rolling on my cheeks as I acknowledged the harshest fact of my life... I lost my canary forever... “No!” I seemed to cry to myself as if maybe the Gods would take pity on me...

Suddenly I clenched the doorknob in my hand and opened it... then I just ran out... I ran and ran, and ran... and part of me is still running...