

Forgotten

I sit here and wonder why. Why did the seasons have to change. Why did we have to move on? Everyday I look out this window and ask the same question. I remember the sounds of a summer long gone, the smell of the grass and the endless heat that would only be bearable after the sun had gone down. We'd run from one end to the other, dirt getting all over our clothes and hair, making us a sight to look at before we were called back home by our parents, to do it all again tomorrow.

I look out this window and wonder why, why did we have to change? We grew up, became older, with our own lives and roles to fulfil. Yet I always come back here. To relive a moment in time where my problems were somewhere on the horizon. I could stand here for years to come but even now I know I cannot stay.

The war was coming to an end. The men knew it. They had seen the new equipment come through in recent days, the ladders, guns, even some new helmets to replace the ones that now sat rested on a stake with bullet holes through them, a distraction for any trigger-happy enemies on the other side who wanted target practise.

They stood quietly, shifting their weight from one foot to the other to ease the sickly feel of waterlogged boots. They were waiting for the message; they knew it was soon. The older men would tell stories of glory to the young ones, who trembled with excitement, or at least that's what they would say. A soldier ran through the men, a telegram in his hand, all eyes followed as he went into the officer's quarters. Time and all that it contained seemed to halt, a command that went unheard as their leaden thighs and sore feet cried out in retaliation. Finally, the officer came out to address the men.

“What am I to you?” She asked, her words coloured by apparent frustration.

“Everything,” He looked at her, taking a breath.

“You are my closest friend, my confidant. You are a treasured part of my life.

Without you the day seems quiet, lost.

The colours seem to fade, not as bright as they once were.

The sky is full of dark clouds, with no hope for a sun ray to make it through, but with you there is light.

You take me as I am.

And with you, I am whole.”

“Oh, I didn’t expect you to be here.”

“Where else would I be?” David laughed, wiping away the dirt on the bench inviting his friend to join him. “Come, I know you came for the view.” He was right, Arthur had come specifically to this bench to enjoy his pint. He placed his drink on the arm and sat down, looking out as the clouds rolled across the cordial sky, inviting the sun to dance. “I thought you were up north for work. Why are you back down here?”

David paused as he took a sip, sighing through the cold crispness hitting the back of his throat. “Doctor’s appointment, they said it had to be face to face.” Arthur looked at his friend, “Something to worry about?”

“Too late to worry about it, it’ll be what it’ll be.”

The air held still for a moment.

“It’s good to have you back David.”

“It’s good to be back.”

The Toyota GT86 Giallo edition, one of 86 cars in the world. My father owns number 64. A 1998cc 16v 4-cylinder boxer engine, with a 0 to 60 time of 7.7 seconds. A bright yellow coupe with a violent set of black stripes. The stripes. A vinyl nightmare. The first time it went to the garage it came back bald thanks to an over enthused power wash courtesy of the company. He didn't realise till I came out of the house asking what had happened. He made the 20-minute trip back to the garage in 10.

It's a well-loved family member, despite having overstayed its original welcome. During the summer we turn errands into a joy ride, it's engine ecstatic to be off the drive. It thrives off the joy from excitable young boys as it brings their toy cars to life. Turning heads of young and old alike. It's engine a sound to behold, calling out for challengers everywhere it goes.

As winter comes, the weather turns sad and stilted. It sits on the driveway, hiding just out of view. But if you step onto the tarmac, you might just hear an invitation, a door unlocking, and an engine ignite.

I wonder what its like to live in a fantasy. In a world that makes so little sense compared to what we know. Would there be magic that whisks us away from one place to the next. Would fairies emerge from the treeline to lead us to whimsical groves, fireflies lighting up the sky making new consolations to be followed. Would cliffs give way to reveal secrets long forgotten, to caves deeper than the tallest mountains, where even the sunlight could not reach the bottom. Would dragons awaken, like gods from times before, bestowing their wisdom to whoever was brave enough to greet them. Would there be kings and queens who place the fate of their kingdom in hands of a hero as they battle a great evil. I wonder what it would be like.

“Why did you do it?”

“I don’t know.” The response bitter, sour.

“That’s not an answer.”

“I did it, because there was nothing else I could have done.”

“Are you sure? Are you certain?” The question infuriated the air around it, spiteful to the answer given.

“I think you gave up. It could have been something amazing, a beautifully fabricated dream that would of stood proud against the ever-changing landscape. A statement that could have said, this is who I am and what I stand for.”

“But at what cost? My family, my friends, my life that I had before? Why would I take such an absurd risk?”

“Why wouldn’t you?” The space feels warm, the sparks left behind by the storm shake with anticipation.

“You can do this.”



