



The Year without a Summer

by Sho Botham

She died in the year without a summer. She couldn't bear not having hot, silver sand trickling through her toes as she walked across it or a warm sea to swim in. She couldn't cope without her beloved flowers in the garden and the sun beating down on her bare shoulders as she tended them.

She couldn't go from spring to autumn without having her long summers days and evenings. She needed the light from summer to store in her mind and body so she could get through the shorter, darker days of the rest of the year.

She couldn't envisage a year without a summer. She couldn't see how she could survive a year without a summer. She tried, she really did. She thought about how to cope. She thought about how to distract her thoughts from summer. But no matter what she thought, what she planned, what she tried to do, nothing could make up for a year without a summer.

They said it would be a once in a lifetime event. But already she saw reports on television telling her that this is how the future would be. How, years without summer would become the norm. This frightened her. How could she survive years without a summer? Her mind was too full of scrambled, tortured thoughts. She couldn't think straight. She couldn't bear to see what a life without a summer would be like. It filled her mind with too much darkness, too much fear.

She died on what should have been the first day of summer. They said it was an accident. But that is because they didn't know she couldn't live without a summer.