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Catapult

by Melody Bertucci

She was nervous about the future because she knew everything was about to blow up. Change was in the air and as she sat by her open window, she could smell it, she could taste it.

When did things start falling apart and why did she not feel that tug over the mourning of what was to become? She sat, and she pondered...had she become cold and numb to reality, had she become a heartless being? Or was it maybe because the death of what once was, had been ongoing for quite some time now?

The more she searched for answers, the more she recalled all those painful memories that she'd tried so hard to push down and away from her. She remembered the numerous questionings of 'why', the times where she wept into the darkness of night and the endless days muttering to herself about all the 'what if's'. So, you see her grieving phase had already and truly been on its way and what she hadn't realised was, that by now she had already made some sort of peace with it.

But how would it all unfold and when would be the right time to catapult her life into the hands of change?

Well you see, perhaps there never is a right time to openly face the harsh succumbing of truth and the consequences it brings with it. Perhaps the fear of hurting takes over and we step on the brakes even knowing it will only prolong the inevitable from happening.

Yes, she was nervous about the future, of course she was as you would be too, but she knew that with the future also came a new found glimmer of hope and that's what was keeping her sane in all of this.

Although her head spun with worries and dread, the simple inflating and deflating of her chest, reminded her that no matter what was to become, she knew she would still be able to do just that, breath. Yes, her heart had been battered, scared and bruised, but with time it too would heal, after all, this was not an ending it was merely the beginning of a new chapter.