

Sometimes I wonder, why this happened to me?
The torture, the depression all swallowing me up, giving me sorrow,
taking away all my happiness and joy even love.

Kneeling opposite my mum's grave, where the sun is always shining, memories flood back, tears drip
down my face.

I'm in need of hope, comfort and care.
That's when I notice a flower starts to grow.
Out of nowhere it blossomed in an instant.
Is someone playing a trick on me?
Mum, I know you always told me not to pick wild flowers, but this is truly beautiful.

Aaagghhhh!

The ground is fiercely gobbling me up whole.
I land with a crash, bang, wallop, taking a step back with a cautionary glance
around the pitch room.
Snow is as light as a blanket but black is as dark as hell.
Suddenly my feet bolted of the ground, I was being pulled up like a puppet on a string by a group of
skeletons.

Terrified. Petrified. Not knowing what to do.
Music blared as the lights turned on faster than a fighter jet.

I was tossed and turned, each time I tried to escape my path was blocked.
From event to event I begin to realise there is no reason to hold back having fun.
Loosening up, it was time to play piñata with this curious lady.
She was awful at it but great fun to watch!
My turn now – let me grab a leg!
Sweets galore!

As the day went on, fun became great fun and great fun became my day.
We danced the night away.
I thought just maybe.....
maybe this was no ordinary skeleton
Could this be my mum?

Holly