

Unchangable accident

10 years ago my mother was put into that place. Today would be my 125th visit. But every time I go to that place, my stomach turns and my mind goes blank, my eyes go blurry and tears start to spill out. My legs lock in place and my feet refuse to obey me, my hand starts to shake as I lift it to open the door.

Inside it's white, white walls, white doors and white floor. As your foot first hits the floor, the sound echoes around the long white tunnel bouncing off of the walls reflecting the sound. You can hear the people behind the doors becoming more and more insane, every time you go there. I stand outside the door where my mother has been put for the endless amount of years. My hand grips the silver handle, I take a deep breath and compose myself before turning the thing that takes me out of the white tunnel and brings me back into reality.

Today she is sitting by the window watching the goggles do yoga. She calls them goggles because the blue jumpsuits which they wear remind her of swimming. My hand rests on her shoulder and she turns her head slowly to face me. Her once bright green eyes are now a dull green with a crazed sparkle in them, her bright red, heart shaped lips are chapped. Her black hair falls down her face in wild locks, and lies gently on her pale white skin.

She raised her frail hand to hold mine. She turned her whole body around to face me. My eyes searched for anything other than that crazed sparkle in them, but fell short and found blankness. My mother slowly rose up and walked towards the bed. Leaving my hand behind, limp on the window cushion. Her room was fairly plain. There was a plastic bed that had pale pink sheets with a soft duvet, there was a window seat that had 2 white pillows on it but the colour was fading to a dull grey. There was also a small wooden table that had a plastic vase containing pale pink carnations.

'How are you, mum?' I asked trying to get some life or recognition in her eyes. I walked to where she was and looked at her.

'Not now Mary, I need to ring my husband.' My mothers eyes stared straight onto the plain white wall in front of her, she searched around for something and acted as if she found it and started to do something with the air. It looked as if she was pretending to ring someone on a pretend phone but to her it was real. My feet took me to her side and I took both of her hands in mine, she turned around and stared at me with anger.

'I'm Katie, you can't ring dad, he isn't around.' I looked into her eyes and she looked confused but in some way her eyes connected with mine.

'Where is Mary then?' She said and the connection with our eyes faded. I felt my eyes warming and the tears were about to surface again but I held them back. It shouldn't be hard to tell her this all over again I have to do it every time I visit. Her therapist says that she is just in denial.

'Mary was part of the accident, the one with dad.' One tear managed to escape and slid down my cheek, my mother caught it and then fell into my arms and I left.

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Later on that evening I decided to ring my dad and talk to him, we ended up meeting in the little café round the corner ^{from} of my apartment. I arrived first and waited 12 minutes for him until I saw his black BMW turn around the corner and park between a Citroën and a picanto ^{it} I looked out of place in this neighbourhood. I ran out of the café and almost jumped into his arms. His eyes looked hard and serious and it made me want to hug him and make him care for me and hold me but I followed like an obedient dog into the café and sat down opposite him. The café smelt of coffee and chocolate and the sound of the drinks being made and the food being served was like a song it made me relax. I knew that whatever news I would receive from my dad, it would be ok as long as I listened to the music.

He took my hand from across the table and looked, I looked into his eyes searching for something, a clue of what he wanted to speak to me about, but then I remembered that I asked him to meet me so why would he have something to tell me?

'Daddy, what's wrong you look so serious?' I was confused and I wanted to find out sooner than later.

'You know what I'm going to say, just think,' his voice was stern and a laugh escaped from my lips.

'What are you talking about; this isn't a very funny joke daddy.' I was slightly annoyed but whenever I was around him I would become a ^{CHILD} child again. And then he walked out of the door I tried to run after him but before I could reach him, he was standing next to my mother; he turned around with her and said,

'Close your eyes.' As the car came and hit him and her.

'I close my eyes in my dream and then I wake up in reality.' I opened my eyes and looked directly at my therapist.

'Well what do you think it symbolised?' I hated the way he sat and the way he always tried to get in my head.

'I don't know, that's why I'm here aren't I, because you all think I'm insane.' I stood up and I was shaking, you could hear the shrink's voice trying to calm me but I couldn't stand it anymore. 'I'M NOT INSANE. My father died, am I not allowed to be upset.'

'Yes you're allowed to be upset but it's been 10 years, you're in denial. In your dreams you put your mother in the position you're in and your sister died with your dad instead. But you can't change the history, you can't change what happened, your mother and father are dead.'

'But...' I couldn't find anymore excuses. 'I know, but I wish I could.'