



The Parting Blow

Narrative

Thoughts spin through my head as I stroke Daisy's soft, cat fur. Finally, and all at once, I'm struck with everything that has led up to this moment. Tears burn through my eyes, but nothing comes out. My future is no longer a set line of events I know will happen. It's an open hole that is just waiting to be filled in, as I watch my life in a maelstrom of nothing but destruction.

It's the middle of the summer and the lightning strikes with such ferocity that, not only am I caught off guard, but my vision is shattered. I couldn't see through the haze of orange fog. I knew what had just happened, but I had no sense of feeling. I was a bird, watching the storm take over an innocent, little girl.

I knew it would happen; in fact, I had wanted it to happen. So why is this affecting me so horribly? I have known my parents were bound to split up for a long time now, and in those years of youth, I had always thought that I wanted it to happen sooner than later. I wanted them to get it over with, because I was tired of them dragging it out for us kids. I knew my dad wasn't happy, neither of them were, and it made me feel bad too.

As I finger at the dolphin dangling from my beaded bracelet that I had to

