

It was not a dark and stormy night

by Jérémy

It was not a dark and stormy night, but it felt like the worst day of my life. I was walking down the street, the moon was clear, perhaps I was the only one to see it. Everyone was inside the hospital, but I could only see the red letters on the front of the building, lit by the moon. The silence deafened me. The street lamps lit up the dirty pavements. Only the trickle of sewage water broke the silence. The night was suffocating me. I was just seeing the dark and hearing in my head the shriek of culpability. I sank on the daydreams.

I was alone, walking and smoking. My elder brother was in a bed, was he dying? Probably. My mother was next to him. Maybe, she was trying to reassure him by saying “all will be right Carter”, the same thing she said when Carter hurt his leg when he was a child. But I did not want to think about them, I just wanted to walk, I just wanted to smoke. My father was probably walking up and down the room, trying not to cry. The surgeon was certainly saving the Carter’s life, or at least trying to. My grandmother was crying. My aunt was perhaps writing to forget what had happened.

But me, I was just walking down the street, smoking behind the hospital, trying to forget. The bright light of the moon made my shadow appear on the pavement. I did not want to think, however I did it. And I did not even realize that my cigarette was ended. I tried not to face the reality, convincing myself I was not responsible. As if I did not know, as if this day, when I phoned Carter, never existed. As if I did not yell at him, as if I had not insulted him, as if I had not blame him to leave home this fast. As if I did not hear the sound of the alcohol he was drinking to forget, as if he had not taken the car later.