

Matthew Pickering November 2008

The flash is like ten daggers in my eyes. I shut them as tightly as I can, but the daggers are now stabbing my ears. The rain is hitting my window very fast, and very heavy. It sounds like it makes a thousand pinging noises every second, but I don't think that is possible. The water collecting on my roof is speeding down the drainpipe on the outside of my bedroom wall, making a loud 'whooshing' noise, and there is very loud dripping onto my window ledge. I can hear the branches from the big tree outside my bedroom waving about in the wind, and scraping against the glass in my window. The screechy noise they make makes me feel like I want to be sick.

Hannah is telling me that everything is okay, and that it is just a storm, but I already know that it is just a storm. She is telling me that it is only a bit of rain, and that it won't hurt me, but it is hurting me already, because it is like daggers in my ears and in my eyes. I can hear a rattling and a scraping, and I think that Hannah has closed my curtains, because that is the noise that my curtains make when you close them. She says, "It's okay, Matty. You can open your eyes now; the storm has gone," but I think that she is telling me a lie, because I can still hear the storm.

Hannah's voice is making even more daggers hit me in my ears, and I press my hands over them as hard as they will press. I am pressing so hard that I think I might squash my brain if I didn't have a skull, so it is a good thing that I do have one. I push my bottom up against the wall behind me, and let it slide down to the floor. I curl my knees up to meet my head, which makes me feel a little bit safer, but not a lot. I close my eyes even more tightly in case the flash comes again, because I know that even my curtains cannot protect me from the flashing daggers. I put my head through my knees to protect me even more.

The noise is quieter now, because I have covered my ears up as hard as I can with my hands, and with the inside of my legs; but it is still there. I breathe in a big breath, and let it out in quick bursts through my teeth so I sound a bit like a steam train. I feel a little bit calmer straight away.

Some hands land softly on my shoulders. My eyes are still closed, but I think that the hands must belong to Hannah, because she is the only one in the house with me. I think that she should use her hands to protect her own ears from the noise daggers, but Hannah is different to me, and she can make a scary storm go away just by closing the curtains.

My body starts to feel more relaxed as I make my train noise. I let my eyes go a bit less tight, and I can see that the eye daggers have gone. It is very dark in my bedroom tonight because I think the daggers reached our electricity cables and gave us a power cut, which means that the lights will not turn on. I can no longer hear the rain, or the whooshing, or the dripping, because I can only hear my train noise now. I keep my hands on my ears, and I keep blowing.

Then suddenly, the daggers come back. A big crash happens, and I think it must be thunder, and at the same time the bright flash comes back. Now my eyes and ears are stabbing again, and burning too. My head begins to scream.

The screaming in my head is too loud; I cannot stand it. I lift my head up out of my knees, and make the scream come out of my mouth instead, as loudly as I can. I scream again, and again, but the screaming inside my head is louder than the real life screaming, so it doesn't help. I throw my head backwards until it hits the wall behind me. I think I hit it hard, but it didn't hurt. I want to get this loud scream out of my head, but it carries on. It carries on inside my head, and it carries on coming out of my mouth. I throw my head backwards again, and I feel it hit the wall. It must have hit it very hard, because my whole body bounces back a little bit.

Hannah's hands have moved to the back of my shoulders, and I can feel that she is trying to pull me forwards, away from the wall. But Hannah is a girl, and she is three and a half years younger than me, so I am a lot stronger than her, and she does not move me at all. Through the sound of my screaming, and the rain, and the dripping, and the whooshing, I can hear that Hannah is crying, and she is shouting, "Stop, Matt. Stop." I wish she knew that when she cries, and shouts at me to stop, she is only making even more noise daggers go into my ears, which makes me want to carry on.

I throw my head backwards again and it hits the wall. The back of my head feels a little bit wet and sticky when it hits, so I think that it must be bleeding, but it doesn't hurt.

Hannah's hands move to the back of my head, and I hear her screaming, and then crying even louder. It is hurting my ears, and it is hurting my brain.

I push back fast against Hannah's fingers and manage to hit the wall hard, but I don't feel it, because her hands are in the way. I feel her fingers crunch behind my head, and I hear some cracking sounds.

Hannah screams, and then I can feel her let go of my head. I scream loudly, throw my body forwards, and then backwards as hard as I can. I can feel my head hit the wall again, and my body shakes back. My whole body feels funny. The screaming in my head goes blurry, and the screaming from my mouth stops. The world that I can see through my eyelids changes from black to white with flashes of pink. My neck doesn't feel like it can hold my head up anymore. It feels like it is made of rubber, and so does the rest of my body. My head begins to fall forwards, so I lift it up again, which is very hard to do. It rolls onto my right shoulder, and then, as my white and pink world turns back to black, my whole body falls forwards.