

HS

Driftwood

I ran and i ran, just like i do every night. Either from monsters, or even myself, but more often than not death. Every time I close my eyes I see the terrible truth of my past, I worry my life will never be simple again. Tonight, however, my thoughts had other plans. I ran down the shore, stopping at the waves to catch my breath. This time when I stared at the sand beneath my toes, I saw a looming shadow. However, this wasn't one of my monsters it was just a simple wooden sculpture. The sculpture seemed to flicker, changing between the faces of loved ones...and my monsters, even memories. I was about to throw it back to the water and be rid of my pain but something stopped me. When I picked up the wood I instantly saw myself, not human me...wolf me. The branch seemed to sense all my pain so in return it brought back a part of me that would never change for worse. I smiled, for what felt like the first time in years. I began to walk to my parents house. All of a sudden, I was back in my bed. I looked out the window and was disappointed. I looked back at the covers and scooped up a driftwood mirror decorated in Celtic wolves. I felt relieved, maybe just maybe I could be happy.