

Survivor

Her smile helped. He could barely see it, he could barely see her lips part and show her white teeth that looked like they were too many for her mouth. The tears in his eyes blinded him, he didn't see her reach forward, but he felt her warm hand on his cheek gently caressed his face and wipe the fresh salty tears from his round face.

The tears stung his eyes, made them turn a dull red. He wanted the tears to stop flowing but they kept flowing, they kept tumbling and dripping down his face. The salty tears hit the floor like mini bombs, fat and heavy. She tried to wipe them away, she tried to make his once happy, innocent little face beautiful again.

He tried to look at her: her face looked older than what it used to. Her once tight baby soft skin had begun to sag and wrinkle with age. Her right eye had a scar right above it that wasn't there the last time he saw her; her eyes were bright brown and used to be as shiny as the stars above them, but now they were dull, pale and lifeless.

He heard the sirens grow louder and louder and the tears seemed to fall at that tempo. He heard her soft voice whisper words that represented nothing to him, he couldn't understand a word. Her voice was soft, just above a whisper, her eyes were closed now and he looked at her as she mumbled. Her face looked even prettier when her eyes were closed, he could see her face clearly now. Her face was round and somewhat childish, her lips were plump and full, her nose was big and her eyelashes were long and curly like the hair on top of her head. The tears stopped falling and he thought he would smile. She was praying for him and that made him want to smile.

"Ma'am" he looked up and saw as the big police man grabbed her, pulling her away forcefully. She let go of him without a struggle. The tears started to flow again, the feeling of her hand was gone and instead of her pretty, ageing face he saw flashing red and blue lights, he saw big policemen with guns and batons. He saw people looking behind yellow tape.

He turned around, looking at the hostel that was now up in flames. He saw as other students were carried out coughing and wheezing. He saw as some people were carried out on stretchers; he saw girls crying at the sight of their friends limp body being carried out. He watched as one girl ran out of the building coughing her lungs out, he saw a boy who wrapped his arms around his girlfriend, trying to tell her that everything is going to be fine.

"Boy!" he looked back and saw as a police lady held her hand out to him. He turned back to the hostel and watched as the last of the people were carried out of the hostel. He saw, being lifted out by three men, another coughing uncontrollably on a stretcher. But then he saw two stretchers leave the building; bodies in black body bags, two bodies of his friends, his classmates.

He knew who was in those bags, and the tears came back because he was sure he was the only one who knew. He shut his eyes, trying to trap the tears in, he mumbled to himself, something like a prayer even though he was the furthest from religious there possibly could be. He mumbled something like a chant and he mumbled under his breath.

"Do you think he's okay?" asked one officer that stared at him. The officer watched as he rocked back and forth, mumbling to himself.

"Yeah, he's fine, just shock" said the other officer who looked at him. "Let's get him to the hospital though. Maybe he hit his head trying to get out of the fire," laughed the officer.

He walked into through the little metal door. The room was small, painted cream with one light that just about managed to light up the room. He felt a slight push to the small of his back, the cold fingers of the officer piercing through his shirt. He stepped forward, nearly tripping over the guard's foot.

"Take a seat"