**An Unforgettable day**

The night was dark. Moonlight only shone for brief, uncertain moments before it was completely obscured by the clouds. The towering trees gave off an ominous aura and I gulped at the sight of the black blanket that engulfed the world. Twinkling stars, millions of miles away, could not be seen for the dark cape of terror wrapped around the twisted hands of wood, reaching out into the darkness.

Tripping down the cobblestone path, I gripped onto my cloak, desperate for some more warmth. My feet ached from all this walking but I could not give up. I had to do this. For Mother.

Suddenly, my train of thoughts were abruptly interrupted by a dark figure stumbling towards me. My heart rate increased dramatically. Who was this…thing? What were they doing here?

Uncertainly, I called out into the darkness: “Hello?!” No reply. Whatever it was continued to stumble clumsily and lazily down the pathway towards me; it came closer and I could just make out what it was.

The aged woman- at least I think it was a woman- came into the opening in the trees and relief washed over me like a raincloud. It was a woman (an old woman) and she was dressed from shoulders to ankles in a brightly coloured, patterned robe (she looked like a curtain) which hung loosely at her shoulders.

“Ah…Hello!” I shouted at her; still no reply. She continued to hobble down the path towards me; I stopped in my tracks, waiting. She reached me, only a few feet away from me and my heart beat faster…and faster.

I could get a closer look at her now. She had a long, grey hair which hung limply from her scalp, which was tied off messily in two plaits. Her wrists wore a selection of bangles and a long, golden necklace which hung around her neck. She wore brown, leather, Egyptian style sandals and her face was sallow; she looked like she hadn’t slept in days.

“Can I help you?” I asked. And then it happened. It happened so fast I could barely keep up with what was happening. Her arms shot up as quick as a flash and rested themselves on my shoulders.

My body started shaking. My head shot backwards and a sharp pain seared through my neck and tiptoed down my spine. My mind went blank and all I could see was white. Nothingness. All of a sudden I could feel something building up but I could not put my finger on what it was.

Then it happened. As if it was a photo book, a series of images pictured in my mind. I’m not thinking this… so who was? Was it this woman? This bizarre woman? And then it hit me, she was a seer.

One of them caught my eye over the rest and as if she was reading my mind, the others disappeared and this one was enlarged. It was my mother. She was lay in the dimly lit cave I knew too well. She lay there, still as an ornament. I knew. I knew what had happened. I was too late. I took too long. She was gone. “Mother!” I cried out but the image had disappeared.

Abruptly, her hands had yanked away from my shoulders and I cried out: “Noooo!” I stumbled backwards at the enormous force that lurched me backwards. Clumsily, I landed on the floor and hit my head on the rocky path. I stood up as quick as I could but… where was she?

My heart stopped as I glanced downwards. She was there; lying, lifeless on the dusty, rocky path. I gasped at the sight before me. Where her heart should have been in her chest, a huge hole had replaced it…

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