The wedding Izzy Brady

The ‘slim fit’ dress was still baggy around my shoulders, but the ivory lace became tighter around my hips. The glittery shoes almost faked a smile as I looked down at them. As one foot went in front of the other, I was just thinking about everything I was losing, my beautiful family home, all my school friends that probably still wonder where I have gone, the holidays, the days out, all to be forgotten.

I anxiously looked up, think it was, to see if anyone around me would hear my silent screams. They didn’t, looked up to see if anyone would think that this was not the fairy-tale I had dreamed of when in reality I should still be dreaming of it.It had only been 2 weeks since I had turned 12 and already I was being asked to grow up.

And then I felt myself looking back down, because looking up made it the reality it was. The isle was so long that it felt as if it was taking an eternity to meet my destiny and in that exact moment I realised eternities are not quite long enough.

I could smell the red roses, on the end of every last person’s chair, despite their efforts they did not make the day more pretty. I closed my eyes and prayed so much that wouldn’t have to open them. When I did, I finally saw my mother, she smiled, it was the fake’s smile I had seen all day, and she gave me a warm hug but really all I felt was coldness.

My hands were sweating and I purple petal had fallen of my perfectly presents bouquet, I was about to meet my future, and the worst thing about it all was that there was no time for me? No time for is this really ok?

I looked up for the last time, and in less than 2 seconds I saw and felt my whole childhood fall away.