

Blank Space

“I love you mom, bye.” said Celeste as she walked out her front door. A sigh slipped from her lips, worsening the despair she had already felt. Celeste lived every day all the same: wake up, get ready, go to school, and come back home. Oh, how dreadful the days were. What was wrong with her life? She had a happy, loving mother who would do anything for her, perfect grades, astonishing piano skills, amazing friends. And yet, loneliness and boredom were the only things that occupied her heart nowadays.

She used to be happy as could be. Waking up everyday gave her hope, and she would appreciate every breath. Now, every breath tormented her. Every breath meant another second of this life, another day. She felt empty, like a failure, because she never tried anything new, nothing exciting. She yearned for something that would excite and intrigue her. Something different.

Today, though, she was fed up with everything. So, from the moment she opened her beautiful brown eyes, her mind was set on one thing. When she got home from school, everything appeared to be in order, as usual, except she did not come down to dinner that evening.

She snuck out and went to the big lake behind her house, glistening against the sun now dipping behind the tall, large pine trees. The snow crunched beneath her boots, and the pine trees looked as if they were dusted in flour. The lightest shake would cause a mini avalanche! A seemingly thick sheet of ice covered the water, and as she slipped her hand out of her pocket she felt the cold air pass through her fingers. She closed her eyes and smiled. A snowflake had floated onto her finger, and she brought it close to her face, all the little details amazed her. The way it crystallized on each end, every one being special in its own way. The way the lowering sun shined through it, making it sparkle. In a blink, the once beautiful snowflake was gone. Saddened a bit, she thought to herself, “Nothing really lasts forever,” and her smile melted just like the snowflake had.

Now she was ready. She pulled on her skates and glided out onto the pure white ice, stumbling a

bit at first, but getting the hang of it. She inhaled a deep breath and smiled again. As she exhaled, her breath created a frosty mist before her eyes. “How fascinating.” she said. England was mesmerizing during the winter time. She unconsciously glided farther and farther away from the shore; her own world was much more interesting in that moment. But the cracking of ice brought her back.

She widened her eyes, frantically looking around, as penetrating fear surged throughout her body, she was too far from land. As she turned back, a glaring, white light beamed from a tree in the distance. She stared, wondering what could be emitting such a light.

Static noises were all she could hear and her body felt faint now. Her arms becoming heavy, her legs becoming unable to support her body. Her head felt as light as a feather. The last thing she saw was her mother running down the little hill on the edge of the lake, waving her arms like hell.

When the ice broke beneath her, she fell, slowly, but without struggle, letting the icy waters consume her. Her mother’s voice crying, “Celeste!” echoed in her ears faintly, until it didn’t. “I’m sorry, mom.” was the only thing she thought.

A million tiny knives stabbed her body, she became aware again and began flailing to the top, but her desperate struggle was of no use. She was already too deep in. Her skates like weights, dragging her down deeper. The hair pin her mother had given her floated off in the waters. A white butterfly. She tried letting out a scream, but nothing except air bubbles came out. Hoplessly, she looked up and simply allowed herself to sink further down.

Gently, oh so gently, she lay on the lake bottom, gasping for air, when there was none. She saw the surface, until she did not.

Eyes closed, free falling, nothing above or beneath her.

Just plain white, just a little blank space.

She opened her eyes, and next thing she knows she is flying! She laughs with amazement and joy.

A voice calls out to her.

“Celeste, come here.”

She flew towards it, then everything went black. She felt, happy.

She stood beside her mother as she walked. She knelt down, and placed roses in front of the grave stone. "*Celeste Burche, 'A loving daughter and friend'* ". A smile of reassurance spread across Celeste's face. She placed her olive hand on her mothers shoulder. "Come back to me--please." Said her mother, barely being able to speak past her stream of tears. A kiss on her mother's cheek, before flying up into the bright sky.

Celeste Burche

Age 15

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"Find something that excites you"