

Life

Life, something that most people take for granted. It's something destructive, something that can be mesmerizing but excruciatingly painful at the same time; it's never fully appreciated until it threatens to take itself away from you or a loved one. Death is its neighbour, life is the angel and death is the devil... We will all experience death; it's much easier to experience than to watch, I've watched it. It drained all things beautiful out of a young, innocent child; a child I loved more than anything: my child, my daughter... Naturally, when you have children you expect that they will live a full, joyous life. Your existence as a parent will end, yet they will continue to live; it's the course of life, one who is older than yourself is most likely to die beforehand. As a parent you believe this is how it will be for your children, it makes it easier to bear; knowing the child you created will never be taken away from you. For most people that's how it works out, however fate intended something different for me; I watched my daughter slowly disintegrate, I watched her as she forgot how to eat, chew, talk and breathe. I watched as she completely shut down and there was nothing I could do...

Parents are supposed to be there for their children, their supposed to be there throughout all the sickness and heartbreak, their supposed to make the pain go away. There was nothing I, nor anyone could have done to save my daughter's life, her brain was losing function and all I could do was sit and watch. The brave face I continually had on my face over the last 3 months of her life as I reassured her she would get better. I had to lie and tell her everything was going to be okay, when it wasn't, I was going her was becoming weaker, I couldn't stop the pain. What happens when you cannot fulfil the needs of your child and the duties of a parent? Simply, you are no longer a parent...

Molly, she was sweet, innocent and without a doubt beautiful. Her long blond curls cascaded down her back, her light blue eyes, similar to my own were an easy insight to her naive soul, her cheeks always tinged with a shade of pink, her skin colour as if she was half Spanish was slightly tan. She was always polite, please and thank you was never forgotten, she was always smiling even though sometimes there was no reason to smile and it was contagious, when she smiled, you always would too. I remember, as we moved into our two bedroom flat in central London, that she was extremely brave, through all the arguments that conspired over the past months between her father and I, she would never show her sadness. She didn't like being worried about, so she settled into her new school and new life with ease. At the age of six, around seven months before she would be lying in a hospital bed, she was so considerate to those around her, never causing problems. During that winter as we were becoming fond of our new surroundings, it became a daily thing that we would sit by the fire as it crackled, drinking mugs of hot chocolate which were piled high with whipped cream and marshmallows as Molly either practiced her reading or drew. She was an aspiring artist and with her determination, she would have achieved her dream.

It was May when the doctors informed us about Molly's incurable illness. It had apparently been developing over time and there was no cause to why. Two months before her seventh birthday, she was admitted into the hospital's ICU. We spent the days staring at the unchanging scenery that trapped us, nothing had happened during the first week, no changes. Molly was still as bubbly as ever and I began to doubt the doctor's diagnosis. However 24 hours after, Molly started to lose appetite and was unable to digest soluble foods... We got a few visitors, mainly my mother and father however Molly didn't mind, she was always enchanted by the things her imagination brought her and was never focused on the outside world. Weeks went past and gradually, she got worse. She

couldn't drink, her speech was slurred, her body forbid her to move and her windpipes started closing up... On July 17th, Molly, only 7 years and 1 day, died.

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