**Shattered**

As I glanced at the mirror, my eyes lit up with rage and regret. “You may have took my dad’s life, but you changed mine.” My words weak but my tears strong. “Speak to me! Why did you do it?” No reply. “Who is a coward now?” My tears ended and frustration consumed me, my fist clenched and I swung at the battered mirror. I watched as my dad’s killer shattered into a million silver splinters on my floor. The sight was satisfying but it failed to calm me in the slightest. I lost my head and began to trash my tiny asylum room. Many shards of glass were buried in my feet now but I was not fazed as I started throwing vicious, unnecessary punches at my window. After a solid five minutes of rapidly pounding at my window, it finally gave way. I immediately launched myself out of the window, landing on my rib and breaking it. I cried out in agony as the asylum’s entrance flooded with assistance. I was rushed to the x-ray room and received desperately needed treatment.

About two months later and my rib was fully healed. But I had to stay put for a couple of days to have final checks. It was like my life was finally going well and I was even released from the asylum and placed in an apartment for the time being. On Thursday 19th July 1923, I finally moved to a proper home. Five years ago I wouldn’t have dreamed of being in the place I am at this moment. I burst through the door and the first thing I saw was a beautiful golden-rimmed mirror and what was it that I saw in it? My Dad’s Killer……

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