That Day – 2hmin15

As she stared at the motionless body before her, Claire Ricrant took a seat. She began contemplating something she had heard recently. Apparently the worst feeling in the world was when something one loves lets one down. It changes into something else and ceases to be what it originally was, transmuting into something one hates. The difficulty is that now there is this gaping hole where that thing used to be and one ultimately has to let it go to the point where one can deal with the malformed, twisted remains of what it has become instead of what it once was. Claire hoped to God that that wasn’t true.

There was something remarkable and almost funny about the events of that day. It was remarkable partially insofar that she’d managed to shatter a pane of glass and flatten two wooden trestles in the landing but mostly because that was not the worst part of her day. In hindsight she wouldn’t even place it second on the list but she was getting ahead of herself. She should go back to the beginning.

The day had started out normally enough for Claire. Her sister had barged into her room and dragged her out of bed before going on an epically long rant during which Claire managed to take the words ‘noon’ ‘company’ and ‘dinner’ in through her hangover. Though that was all she needed to understand the situation. Nicole was always melodramatic when it came to other people visiting them so the lecture wasn’t out of place. As she left her room she heard her sister say the first truly valid thing of day “You smell like a dumpster. Take a shower.”

After peeling Nikki’s dress from her body and taking a shower, Claire scrounged herself up some toothpaste and a comb. At least she was hygienic now. Mom would be proud. She may have to burn the dress, though. Dad wouldn’t be. To her great surprise Claire had actually managed to get some serious studying done for a few hours before their company turned up, and with it the end of her peace.

The first thing that came back to her was the ceiling, the sight of the vertical lines running parallel to one another transfixed her gaze. She remembered thinking that their depth was changing as she scanned from one side of the room to the other. “Elevated” she said under her breath. The ceiling was elevated from right to left. If she drew a horizontal line from the one side then she’d get a quasi-triangle when she hit the other one. She didn’t remember what broke her reverie but once she moved, the broken glass alerted her to gravity of the situation.

The second thing Claire remembered was the pain. Once it hit her, it hit her like a train determined to split her head open. She could feel the blood oozing from the back of her skull, gluing her hair together in a God-awful, sticky amalgam of crimson and mahogany. Running a hand through her hair she heard the broken glass tricking out and onto the floor.

One thing worse, in Claire’s opinion, than getting the kind of ass-kicking she’d gotten was waking up afterwards to find her sister’s motionless body pressed atop her. If the eyes were the window to the soul then she wondered what Nicole had ever done to deserve to meet the sad sack of humanity that had done this them both.

Claire remembered being slightly insulted once she’s rolled Nicole off of her. Creepy eyes aide, the man had resembled a panda, a roided out panda but – actually more like a gummy bear that ate a panda and then went to the gym for 3 months. His skin was a mess of inconsistent tones with the only unifying feature being that that every part of him was a shade of bright pink. In truth it actually reminded her of a version of her sister when she was angry or embarrassed minus the fact that Nicole didn’t have a patches of enflamed skin around her eyes, nose and ears. **Rewrite the above paragraph to be more serious.**

Claire had stared at him as she’d opened the door that evening. He’d clocked her straight after saying “Pizza” but for those two seconds she’d been scared. Who was she kidding? She hadn’t been paying him any attention, she’d been too busy arguing with her sister over dinner being late that night. She’d absent mindedly given him half a chance through her negligence that day and now Nikki was paying for it.

That led her to the worst part, the fact that this was all her fault. The fact that at the time she legitimately hadn’t cared what Nikki had wanted and as a result a pizza delivery guy had beaten the crap out of both of them before robbing them blind. Nikki didn’t deserve her current predicament. Claire knew she was a bitch, but her sister wasn’t. It made her angry just to think about.

**Have to configure the above to be more in line with the theme: listen to and appreciate the people who love you. Claire has to address the opening statement of guilt – need to have learned something through the recounting of the tale. The police tell her Nicole fought then intruder who hurt them both in return. They have collected the camera footage from the house.**

Looking up at the clock on the hospital wall, Claire saw the minute hand crawl past twelve. “Thank God” she said out loud before taking her sister’s hand and preparing for the rest of the night. She didn’t know what her sister would say when she woke but Claire just gripped Nikki’s hand tighter and hoped that there would be at least one opportunity to say that she loved her.

**Paul Cupido**