As she stared at the motionless body before her, Claire Ricrant took a seat. She began contemplating something she her dad had once told her. “The worst feeling in the world,” he had said, looking down at through his glasses, “is when something you love lets you down. When it stops being what it was originally and becomes something you hate. The problem is that now you have a gaping hole where that thing used to be. You’ll come realize that you have to let go of it as you remember to deal with the malformed, twisted remains of what it has become.” 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 get herself thrown through 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 the 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 – okay maybe closer to satisfied. 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, when she recounted her tale to the police, 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 felt the broken glass tricking out and onto the floor. The next thing that came back to her was what Claire defined as the second worst part of her day. She'd been handed an ass-kicking of note and had had Nicole thrown at her before they both went through the glass table. Once again the gravity of the situation dawned on Claire after a moment of reflection. She had come to realize that she was the only one in the room.

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. Nikki didn’t deserve this. Claire knew she was a bitch, but her sister wasn’t. It made her angry just to think about. She sat up, trying not to pass out again, and made her way out of the room.

Claire remembered being both indignant and offended when she rounded the corner and saw him. Creepy eyes aide, the man was a caricature. A human grizzly bear, hyped up on something, 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.

**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.**

In truth, the worst feeling in the world was realizing that you’d truly failed someone you love down because you realize that for them, there is a hole where their trust and faith in you used to be. Ultimately, you have to accept that there is nothing in the world that you can do to change it.

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**

*First person version*

As I looked down at the motionless body beside me, I decided to take a seat. I’ve heard it said that the worst feeling in the world is when something you love lets you down. When it changes and just ceases to be what it originally was, becoming something you hate. The problem is that now there is this gaping hole where that thing used to be and now you have to let go of it and deal with the malformed, twisted remains of what it has become. I hope to God that that isn’t true.

There’s something remarkable and almost funny about that day. Funny only insofar that I managed to get myself flung through a pane of glass, flattening two wooden trestles in the landing, and remarkable in that that wasn’t the worst part of my day. In truth it doesn’t rank second on my list but I’m getting ahead of myself. I should start from the beginning.

*Notes*

Claire’s arc should be one where she places the love for her sister over the love she has for herself and her own exploits. Need to show her relationship with her sister and show that they do actually love each other. The plot: Nikki needs to be missing when Claire wakes up, sending the latter into a panic about where she may be. What happens when the company comes over? There is a fall out between the two straight afterwards which leads to a screaming match.