

My first time away from home

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I GROANED SOFTLY as I woke up from my dreamless sleep. I looked around the car at my two best friends Tori and Amy. Amy was asleep letting out a couple of mumbles now and then. I looked up at Tori whose eyes were locked onto the road.

"Tori, are we nearly there?" I asked as I stretched my arms out in front of me trying to wake myself up further. She nodded in response making her dark curls fall out of place. I sighed happily to myself thinking about the next two weeks. The stress of the leaving cert was off, I had no parents with me and I was going on holiday with the two best friends anyone could have. What could go wrong? I looked back to Amy and hit her with my scarf. She groaned and her eyes fluttered open. "What?" she groaned as she rubbed her eyes. I laughed softly at her before replying. "We're almost here wake up." I looked out the window to the clear blue sky, not a cloud in sight. I took a deep breath, counting down the seconds till our perfect holiday began.

We stepped out of the black range rover and our jaw dropped from the view in front of us. "Wow." I heard one of the girls say, speechless. In front of us was our hotel and boy it wasn't anything we had thought it would be. Stood in front of us of was a white limestone building that looked like something you would see in a fairy-tale book. We grabbed our bags from the boot and carried them into the marble front hall of the hotel. Tori walked up to the front desk and checked us in while Amy and I looked around. I walked over to the big, glass window that looked out onto the back gardens. At the end of

the garden you could see the bay of the closest beach. I snapped out of my thoughts when I heard the jingling of keys behind me. I turned around and saw Amy smiling wide with the keys to our villa. We grabbed our bags and made our way to our new home for the next two weeks.

I laid on my big, comfortable bed in my hotel room looking up at the patterned roof at all the different swirls and shapes engraved on the cream roof. I looked over to the door that swung open as Amy walked into my room. "Get up!" She threw a pillow at me. "What? I was comfortable." I said as I rolled my eyes. "We're going out so come on. We didn't come all this way for you to lie about the hotel room." I looked up at her and saw the faint line that appeared on her forehead when she was frustrated. A small giggle escaped my lips and I pulled myself up to my feet. "I'm coming, I'm coming. Chill." I said, before walking over to my suitcases and pulling out some clean clothes to wear.

About an hour later, we were walking down the steps that entered into the villa, the only thing that could be heard was the "click clack" of our shoes on the pebbled ground. I looked down to the map of the area in my hand. We walked down the winding, unfamiliar streets. Amy rolled her eyes and looked at me. "Jade, you don't know where your going do you?!" she exclaimed snapping the map from my hands looking at it, furrowing her eyebrows. Tori sighed and looked up gesturing towards a figure leaning against a bricked wall. "Why don't we ask that person over there? They might

know," she said walking towards them. Before I could say no she already had the space between them enclosed.

I groaned and jogged up to her. I looked at the figure and saw a brunette standing there, his piercing blue eyes met with my chocolate brown pair. He let a crooked smile escape from his lips before opening his mouth. "You girls all right?" he asked. His deep voice had a hint of an Australian twang. I looked down from his gaze feeling a wave of heat rush over my cheeks. Amy nudged me in the side before saying. "Hi, we're lost could you tell us where the Summer Bay club is?" I looked at the mysterious brunette again seeing him nod. "Yeah, it's just around the corner. Come on I'll show you." He said as he started walking in the east direction. "I'm Luke by the way." He said looking over his shoulder his eyes on mine again. "You aren't from around here are you?" he asked. Tori nodded before replying, "Yeah we're from Ireland."

He laughed as he turned another corner. "Good stuff, well this is it," he said pointing to the red sign above the door. Tori and Amy squealed and ran inside. "Thank you." They shouted. I laughed at them before looking at Luke. "Sorry about them. Thanks a million." I said before walking into the club but I felt a hand grab my wrist pulling me to a halt. "Promise I'll see you again?" he said flashing me a dazzling smile. I slipped my hand from his grip before shrugging my shoulders. "We'll see." I stated before walking into the club. I looked over my shoulder at the brunette before turning the corner into the noisy room.

Later that evening we walked out onto the cold, misty night. I pulled my jacket closer around my chest trying to keep the heat in. We walked down the empty streets and I reached into my pocket for my phone noticing it wasn't there. I let out a sigh of frustration. "I'll catch up I must of left my phone at the club."

I jogged back towards the club. I reached the familiar building and mumbled curse words under my breath as the bright club was now dead. I banged on the black door a couple of times, shouting. "Hello is anyone there?" No answer. I shrugged my shoulders and started making my way down the isolated streets. I walked down the quiet street then I heard a noise. I stopped in my tracks looking around but I heard nothing. "Hello?" I called. No answer. I began walking again this time faster, not watching where I was going and then walked into a wall like object. Before I could fall I felt a pair of strong arms wrap around me.

I looked up and met a familiar pair of blue eyes. "Luke?" I questioned before standing up straight and pushing his arms off me. "What are you doing here?" I asked. He looked down at me let a small chuckle escape his lips. "I was just walking home from work," he said, looking behind me. "Are you alone?" he asked raising an eyebrow. I nodded in response. "Come on, I'll walk you back." He began walking in the direction of the hotel. We walked home, talking small talk and useless information about our lives and it wasn't long until we were back again. I looked up at him and smiled softly. "Thanks again." I uttered before running up the steps to the house. I shut the door and leaned against it trying to get those sea coloured eyes out of my mind.

I looked down to the floor and saw a trail of water on the marble floor. I raised an eyebrow and followed the wet trail wondering what the cause of it was?

I walked into the sitting room and flipped the light switch on. I screamed at the sight that was in front of me. Amy and Tori were lying emotionless on the floor splattered in blood. I froze for a second and then I ran over to them, to Amy first, lifting her wrist looking for a pulse and did the same to Tori. Both were dead.

I heard a bang and shot up to my feet. I grabbed the fire poker, making my way slowly towards the source of the noise. I could hardly make anything out but shadows of the different objects lying about.

I stopped in my tracks listening to surrounding noise but nothing could be heard. Then I felt a force hit me in the back of the head knocking me on my knees making the poker escape from my grasp. I grabbed it again and pushed myself away from the attacker on the floor. I turned around and saw a familiar face looking at me. Luke. "I told you I'd see you again," he said before lunging towards me. I hit him across the face with the poker, knocking him out. I got up and ran out of the villa, trying to get help. Later I sat in a bright room in the local police department. I could faintly hear the talking of Spanish coming from outside the room. Then the door swung open and a middle aged man walked in. "Follow me." He said escorting me to another room with a big glass window looking into another room. A

whistle blew and a group of men walked into the room carrying numbers. I looked up and saw those piercing blue eyes gasping softly looking down to the white stained floor. The middle aged man looked over at me and asked. "Which number is the man the attacked you?" I looked up at Luke again before croaking. "Number 3, the brunette." He nodded and sent two guards into the room, handcuffing Luke and they brought him out. The last thing I saw was the charming smile that made my stomach churn.

PLAYBACK

Dermot McGarty

*The street he commandeered,
With his solid walking cane,
An earthy face of a million passions,
Like prairie bison, hunted in vain.
Far away places were in his eyes,
Long dead lovers, lonely skies.
His tryst was wisdom,
His weapons were words,
From a wizened and toothless mouth
An exalted symphony surged.
Transmitted history with every touch,
Gifts of verbal snapshots,
Bellowed in a hush.
Of barefooted children in the summer rain,
Classroom brutality, I shared his pain.
Bare-knuckle street fighters armed to the
teeth, with honour and conviction, foreign
to deceit.
Crossly tenders and dawn arrests,
Eucharistic congress, economic tests.
The hungry decades when thousands fled,
Death by consumption, hearts that bled.
A well kept secret not revealed,
His very own golden rule.
Nine and a half decades of ordinary genius,
Draped across a frail, crumpled body,
Like some rare, and sought after, sparkling
jewel.*