

Untitled
by Lucas Grills

As I rode through the empty park with my brother, I scanned the footpath. It ran all the way around the park. I pushed along at a medium pace, not entirely fast nor too slow.

Beside Zack, I noticed that his leaf green scooter was dazzlingly vibrant in the sunlight compared to my charcoal scooter.

Letting in the earthy scent of nature, just for a moment, I wondered why it smelt so strong.

Like a bullet, something flies towards me. Without delay, a sharp pain pierces my eye.

Speedily I plant my foot. In the middle of the footpath, I come to a sudden halt. In my eye an immense pain grew. A trickling river rolls down my face. A salty taste swirls in my mouth. Like a blinker my right eye opens then closes in quick succession.

Full of confusion, I turn to Zack. He shares the same face as me. Shuffling over to him, I brought my scooter with me.

Thinking to myself, I wonder why I had never really been injured or hurt until now. Then I thought, I hate my luck. "What's wrong?" Zack asks.

"My eye" I groan slowly. "Something hit my eye." As my eye felt like acid, I pointed at it. It almost felt like my eye would melt. Slowly but surely, I ride back towards home. Zack begins following me.

We were just up to a fake river made from tiny pebbles. Behind the pebble river was a large group of trees.

Starting to feel tired, I almost wanted to sit down and rest, but I was determined to keep going. Thinking as I rode, I knew that the longer I was here the longer my eye would hurt.

Getting faster, I went ahead of Zack. Closer to the road that separated the park and the primary school, I looked both ways. Then my vision blurred. I took a deep breath, wiped my eye and kept going.

Alongside Zack, I felt a bump of the crossing while constantly blinking. By the time I reached the corner of the school I could barely see a couple meters in front of me. Grey concrete was all I could see.

Pedaling along, I glanced into the schoolyard trying to find anyone else even though it was the weekend. "Nearly there. Nearly there." I repeated.

Occasionally, I wished I could just lay down and give up and yet, I stayed straight on.