

Creative writing

It was an unforgettable sight. Aggressively, the waves, bigger than anyone can imagine came racing towards the city, demolishing everything in their way. The shouts of despair made by the helpless people originally living a normal day, making their way to work or children going to school were scarcely heard over the overpowering sound of the tidal wave. Cars overturned, buildings crumbled, the gigantic rush of water continued to kill.

I didn't have time to think before, a glass pane was coming towards me, fast the water guided it in my direction. Fear flooded through me and I already felt as if I was choking on the water that hadn't even reached me. Through the wreckage and disaster, I heard the feeble, petrified cry of my six-year son. Running over to him, I then led with him and for the last time we cried and pleaded for help. I knew these would be the last seconds when I saw another wave taller, bigger, faster than the previous one. I held my son so tightly in my arms.

Then the strangest thing happened, to this day I can't believe how or why. My body was numb and lifeless but I still managed to be breathing. I opened my swollen eyes, afraid of what I may see. Startled, I realized that I was far from the shore on a street I have never seen before although the water was up to my knees. I coughed loudly and a bust of water came flying out my mouth. Cars were floating, aimlessly, buildings wrecked and for the first time I heard quiet distant calls from a rescue team. I wasn't sure what was happening although I knew I was safe. But one thing was dawned on me, the thought of my son.

One image stays with me to this day and will forever haunt me. I had to find him; I trudged through the flooded street, my clothes weighing me down with every step and my body shaking violently from head to toe. I stumbled carelessly and fell into the water that was now up to my hip. I pushed myself up with exhaustion to see a small body in front of me, face down.