

## A Diary Entry

Cloudy

19<sup>th</sup> October 2034

Dear Diary,

*I can't believe it! I finally found this diary from ten years ago. I still remember that moment that haunts to me this day – “that” incident.*

*It all just started with a normal trip to the UK with my parents during the summer holidays to visit my aunt. I was on the phone sitting with my sister, Aphros, in the ‘Business Class’ section. She was sleeping while I was playing video games to overcome my boredom. Oh! Can't forget to mention the fact that I ate more than three cup noodles since it was free.*

*When we arrived at Heathrow Airport, we rushed over to immigration and went to get our suitcases. Our aunt was waiting for us at the Arrivals Hall. I remember myself rushing over there to hug my aunt whom I missed so much.*

*After the “airport hassle”, my aunt drove us to the hotel. It took around two whole hours to just get to Paddington, and probably Starbucks, if my memory serves me right. That's when I realised that we were going to stay at an unbelievably gigantic suite! I was overjoyed!*

*We went to many different historical monuments and fancy high-end restaurants and cafes. My all-time favourites were the scones with the milky clotted cream, sweet strawberry jam, lasagna with savoury tomato sauce and creamy cheese. We also went to our aunt's house to have a little family gathering.*

*Time really flies huh? I was having a nice warm shower in the suite while the rest of my family (except for my aunt who was at her own house) were packing some items we had purchased. It was all going well until I heard a deafening scream. I didn't think much of it that time so I continued with my shower. But when I came out of the bathroom, I was horrified at what I saw...*

*I saw my sister, covered with blood, body on the cold floor. I froze at the mere sight of it, my mind went blank but swirled with many different emotions at the same time. I frantically ran to the balcony and saw the dead bodies of my parents. Traumatizing right? I wailed and rushed to get my phone to call my aunt. After that life-altering incident, my aunt took me in and I studied at a school in the UK.*

*Well...now I'm 21, living in an apartment in Russia with my roommate. But I hope that I can move on from that jarring incident and just continue with my life. It's interesting how our childhood experiences get so deeply embedded in who we are and who we become. I'll come back to you dear diary, my safe place, maybe another ten years from now. Yeah that's it! May the memories of my loved ones always be a blessing...*

*(Zoe So\_6B)*