



A new start

Any a let ~~out~~ a frustrated groan escape her mouth as she strode through the sidewalks of Spinner's Town. She truly had hoped to run into Mr. Cullinan, her prof. professor atleast in the streets today. She had been dying to submit her new ideas on her project and wanted to make it up for not attending classes.

Pushing her enormous glasses up her nose, she marched into the Ferndell Library, one of Spinner's Town's pride. She asked the librarian whether she had seen him, but the weary woman merely shook her head apologetically. Nowhere to be, she began skimming through the pages of a book that caught her eye.

After what it felt like three hours, she stood up and made her way into a café, where her friend works. "Iris~" she sang, jumping in and nearly giving the latter a heart attack. "Oh! Hey!"



The brunette smiled as she placed her leg on top of another on a table. Anya walked towards her and took a seat across her. "How's your project going?" Iris asked softly. "Shit." She grumbled as the door opened, revealing a very disheveled Noah. He looked filthy and ~~sm~~ reeked of sweat as he sauntered in, holding a football in his ~~arm~~ hand. "Don't do that, you menace! Iris just cleaned that." Anya chided as Noah threw the ball at an empty counter. "She can talk for herself, you know," Noah replied. She was about to retort back, but Iris interrupted her. "Have you got any whereabouts yet?" She asked Anya, worry written all over her face. The atmosphere suddenly grew tense. Iris sensed that she said something she shouldn't have, and clamped her mouth shut. Noah's eyes darkened and if ^{glares} ~~he~~ could kill, Iris would have been dead right now. Anya seemed to be in some



sort of a trance: She suddenly shook her head and spoke. "It's okay. There's no use of walking around eggshells.", and then added, "We haven't got a clue about him." There was no need for any ~~exp~~ further explanation. Deciding to brighten the mood, Anya stood up. "So, you're not going to give me the doughnuts you promised or what?" She cheekily said to Iris, and immediately raced towards her favourite spot in the cafe. Her mouth was agape when she saw the sight in front of her.

The table where she usually sat, now looks like crumbled towers she saw in her textbooks. The edge of the glass table had broken, with a few red dots lining up here and there. ~~It~~ She turned back at Iris, who was as pale as if she had seen a ghost.

A vague memory danced in her head, where her father smashed a glass plate on her mother's palm, screaming. Blinking furiously, she asked,



"What happened here?": Noah, seemingly unaware of the situation as he was thinking something, (It came out as a shocker for Ay Anya that Noah has the capability to think) turned his head. His . . . already saucer-like eyes widened further, and . . . it looked like they would fall off any given moment: He exclaimed, jumping onto his feet, "Were you dancing on the table or what!?" Iris shook her head, ashamed and replied, "I slipped on spilled water on the floor. You . . . know how slippery the floor here is." Though ~~now~~ neither bought the lie, they decided to . . . let it be. After lecturing Iris about taking . . . care of herself and to be rid of her lunatic . . . manager, they decided to leave. "But the doughnuts" Iris began, but Anya said, "They can wait" . . . a tad bit too sternly. She caught Iris whispering something to Noah, and shook her head while leaving.



Noah stuck to her like the plague and followed her until she reached her apartment. She huffed and turned around. "Listen, boy, I'm older than you and I don't need your help. I can take care of myself." "Oh Yeah. I wonder who walked into a pole yesterday even in broad daylight." He sarcastically replied. She kicked his ankle and opened the door. "I know Iris told you to check up on me, but learn to be discreet if you must." She said as parting words and slammed it shut.

Her demeanor instantly changed as her face crumbled and broke out into sobs, leaning against the door. She was so close to finding her father when her mother fell ill. Now she had to start from rock bottom again. If she could, she could have all the answers she had been meaning to find. She wanted to know why he left her, ~~why~~ why he.



abandoned her mother, and much more.....

..... Especially why he killed her brother.....

She could remember that day as clearly.....
as if it happened now. Five years back, she.....
saw a fifteen year old Anya going to school.....
with her younger brother, Aaron. They bickered.....
and snickered all the way into their.....
respective classes, unaware of the dreadful.....
moment yet to come. She ~~was with her~~ walking.....
After they reached home, Anya had begun.....
reading the books her friend June gave her.....
and immersed herself in the world of words.....
when the bell rang. She got up and opened.....
the door, revealing Cyrus Blaine, her father.....
He looked thunderous and reeked strongly of.....
alcohol:.....

..... Anya squealed in fright as she.....
was dragged by her hair into the drawing room.....
"You worthless brat!" He screamed, slapping her:.....



It was one of his favourite ~~part~~ pastimes. He came home drunk every other day and finds a reason he sees valid to beat someone and release his anger. Aaron strongly protested against it and even threatened to call the police sometimes. Even though he was a year younger than her, he stood up everytime she, or their mother gets hurt. Aaron came out of the kitchen, holding a knife. "Leave her, or I'll stab you this time." he growled as veins popped out on his neck. "Let's see it, then," Cyrus choked her and pushed her against the wall. The last thing she saw was Aaron furiously walking towards Cyrus. The sight she saw when she woke up ~~was~~ felt like she visited hell. The Blood was everywhere and in the middle of the red-pool lay Aaron, his eyes open, staring into nothingness. Aniya woke up with cold sweat on her.



forehead. She looked around and found that she was still leaning against the door. She sighed. Memories of her father when he was not drunk, flooded inside her. He defended her against the judges on a drawing contest when she got ~~accu~~ falsely accused of plagiarisms. He taught her swimming, cycling and much more. Some memories heal, while others haunt.

She quickly washed up and changed before heading out to the hospital. Her mother had never been the same since Aaron died. Her father had left immediately after causing the scene. She had been trying to find him for over four years.

She opened the door in the hospital to see her fragile mother smiling at her. She ran and hugged her. "Mum, are you feeling okay?" She asked. "Yes love. I'm afraid you are."



bunking your classes because of me." "No... lecture is more important than you". She mumbled, clumsily toppling down the fruits she bought. "If you want a job, you must study." Her mother seriously said, before ~~to~~ turning quiet. Something in the silence unsettled Anya, and she asked, "Did anything happen, Mum?" "Nothing." She. A hasty reply was all she got. She knew her mother was on her deathbed, and braced herself every ~~one~~ moment for the worst. But this seemed different. "Don't lie, Mum. Did someone ~~is~~ visit?" She asked, starting to worry. Her mother finally relented and began to tear up. "You somehow got wind of my situation. He came here yesterday." "Did he hurt you?" She yelled. "No." He wanted to apologise. He left today morning.

Realising that she could still catch him, she left as soon as he can. She ran towards the.



nearest cab she could find and went straight near the river, which she knew was his favourite spot.

Her breath hitched when she saw a man in his fifties standing face towards the river, seemingly ready to jump. At first, she thought of letting him. But as he placed his foot near the river, she sprinted:

"NO!" She yelled as she pushed Cyrus aside. Taken aback, he fell far from the banks. "Anya." His eyes were filled with surprise and guilt.

"Why?" She asked. "Why did you kill him? Why did you leave us? ~~tot~~ Did you not love us at all?" ~~tot~~ were some questions she wanted to ask. But nothing came out. Instead, she asked, "Why did you try to jump?" Cyrus knew what she had wanted to ask. Both of them knew.



..... He remained silent. He did not answer. At that time, she knew. She knew that he never stopped loving them, he never meant to kill him, that he never wanted to leave, that he felt too scared, just like how she felt when he almost jumped. What he never knew was how to love.

..... In the absence of answers, she wanted to hear, she found all of them within herself. ~~She~~ "Sorry". Was all that he said. He called the police and turned himself in. She knew that he had changed, but would it forget ~~forgive him~~ it. But she could surely forgive him and let him live once again.

..... She turned around and looked up at the sky. That would be what ~~the~~ Aaron would have done. She sighed. She had cooped herself up in rage ~~and~~ for nothing, and now she found



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peace, knowing that her father wouldn't
hurt anyone again, just like Aaron wished.
Her ~~She gave her father~~

She gave her father a new start.

She gave herself a new start.