**Writing 1: Narrative/expressive**

**Accident or Fate?**

A glum mountain of cloud hung in the muggy morning sky. The waking of the dawn was disturbed by

the cool wispy wind rustling through the trees. The faint songs of the birds were drowned by the high

pitched droaning rhythm. The flash of electric blue ambulance lights silhouetted the sleeping houses.

A rush of white flew down the streets moving to the mesh of screwed up cars.

The door flew open as Connie rushed to the nearest crushed vehicle, thrown like a stone onto the

pavement. The overturned car was barely recognisable as the roof was caved in. A feeble voice

coughed out a plea for help from the interior of the red metal. She ducked down with a yell of, "Don't

move, we are going to get you."

"You and w-what army?" the feeble voice said with a failed attempt to smile.

The sound of the fire siren rang out through the frosty air justifying his answer.

"You are going to be okay, the fire crew are here. They are going to cut you out. It is going to be very

loud!" yelled the inexperienced paramedic, her voice drowned by the screeching sound of metal cutting

metal. The sparks fountained from the blade, catching light on Connie's troubled face, analysing the

condition of her patient. The underbelly of the car was soon removed and as Connie sprang into action,

she had a gut feeling that she knew the young man lying crumpled on the stretcher.

But her mind had to be clear, she had to put the thoughts and feelings behind her to rescue her patient.

"He's losing blood from a side puncture wound and his right leg looks fractured. He also has a large

wound below his knee," Connie cried out to her colleague. She looked down at his brown eyes,

wondering overcome with shock and pain. The white world around him hazed and the sound of bustle

turned to distant murmur. He felt he was falling, deeper, deeper into the earth, but then, the

atmosphere changed. He was enclosed. He couldn't escape.

"Can you tell me your name? You have got to stay awake!" The voice drifted through his mind, but

awakened his senses, and he snapped back to reality. His mind slowly awakening. "Tell me your

name," Connie urged again.

"Joey," he stuttered out, overcoming pain, attempting conversation, to stay awake, to stay alive. "Joey,"

he breathed out again making sure, she had heard. His heart beat echoing around him, a slow

continuous beep, but some how comforting.

That name. It forced out memories in Connie's head, gently touching her heart.

"I knew a Joey once," she spluttered out, not knowing why she had said even mentioned it. Her

emotions were high, under stress of working hard and the revelation.

"Tell me about him," Joey longed trying to keep her voice in his drowsy mind, soothing and relaxing his

pain, a light in his darkness of pain, somehow reassuring, almost distinctive. Connie choked out a sigh,

wondering, questioning whether she could ever retell the story. Those warm days in the sun, that only

she knew but what now was a fading memory of a holiday to most, but it was as clear as day in

Connie's mind.

"It was just another holiday, just another day, travelling on the plane. I was looking forward to being

completely relaxed under the sun. But soon the smell of the plane and my stomach got the better of

me. There's no need to know what happened next. But as we landed my sickness seemed to lift. We

travelled again for a while but this time on foot. The salty air was stinging my face and the dry ground

cracking under my boots.

"The smell of the fresh sea air seemed to awaken my senses to the reality of life. I felt I'd been living in

a world of my own and stuck in a dream of what I imagined life to be. Now turning fifteen my life started

to change, for the better.

"By evening we had reached our destination a quiet, isolated youth hostel over looking the deep blue

ocean. Perched upon a cliff, freedom seemed to have no end. We checked in and me being so

inquisitive at that age decided to look around, I had to just stroll along the beach, releasing my worries.

And there I met him.

"The dusk was drawing near and before me a large rock arose, sitting in the middle of the sand, at the

water's edge on the waved washed beach. So, being adventurous as well as inquisitive, I climbed it,

finding all the right footholes as if I'd been climbing all my life. The immense feeling as I reached the

top stayed within me, a feeling of complete freedom, a rush of adrenalin, my mind seemed to fly. The

view took my breath away.

" 'Hi.' The voice made me nearly jump out of my skin. My heart seemed to skip a beat, so much so I

felt myself slipping. Falling. A hand stretched out just in time to pull me back to safety on the rock.

" 'Sorry to scare you,' the voice spoke softly again. 'Are you okay?' it asked anxiously.

" 'Yes, I'm fine,' I breathed, trying to catch my breath only to lose it again when I turned around.

"Standing before me, still holding my hand, was this guy. Deep brown eyes. Deep brown hair.

Wearing the kindest smile. From that moment began the holiday I'll never forget, the holiday that

changed my life. Standing on the rock, on that waved-washed beach, we talked and laughed until the

sun set on us.

"To my family, I was the same as always, same daughter, same sister, on the day trips hiking over cliffs

and taking in the views. But with Joey I was a different person, more care-free to the world, not having

to live up to any expectation in life."

Connie was automatically checking Joey's blood pressure and condition in the ambulance every few

minutes, reluctantly stopping her story to carry out those procedures.

"Don't stop. What happened next?" Joey sort of pleaded, wanting to know more about her holiday

through her eyes.

"Well, after meeting on that first night we became close. We would share chips and secrets as we

walked along the beach and he would show me the caves and tunnels that had gradually been worn

away by the returning tides. By chance he was staying at the same Youth hostel so we saw each other

everyday. There was also a day where we spent the whole time by each other's sides.

"We were sunbathing under the golden orb in the sky; he even taught me how to surf. We played

endless beach games with some of the young people also at the Youth Hostel and all of us became

friends but me and Joey were special.

"We had been together since day one, and the first time we set eyes on each other, the first time his

lips touched mine, I knew we were meant to be together. I felt what ever happened we would be

together, brought to each other in mind and soul.

"But to every good story there is an end . . . to every holiday romance a goodbye. Even though we

could have written to each other, a fortnight would turn into a month, which would turn into a year until

we faded away from each other until it was just a memory. On that last day, after only being together

for two weeks, we knew it was the end and we had to part. My eyes swelled up like the deep blue

ocean and my heart had a thousand needles, aching it and the final words that Joey ever said to me

was . . ."

Connie stopped abruptly as her patient made an attempt to speak.

She waited . . . her mind must have been playing tricks on her, surely. Surely he didn't know those

words echoing in her past. "Connie," Joey coughed. How did he know her name? What does he

know? Surely there is more than one Joey in this world.

"Connie, don't cry because it's over, smile because it happened." The same deep brown eyes looked

up at her from the stretcher, in the ambulance. The same deep brown eyes ruffled upon his head, the

same kind, heart-warming smile still worn upon his face. They were both speechless, speaking only

with eyes and smile, the beep of his heart still ringing out as music, in the silent ambulance turning

swiftly round the corner the hospital. But Joey and Connie's gaze was broken as the deep brown eyes

began to close and the beat of the music became dry.

"Joey. Joey. No, don't, don't go, stay with me, Joey," Connie cried out. The doors flung open, her

eyes swelling up with tears. Hysterical with emotion, she trembled along with the trolley, forgetting

everything else but Joey, caught up with feelings the hospital staff dragged her from the trolley. It

disappeared through the double doors as she broke down in the middle of the floor.

How did he come back? Why does he have to go? How? Why? How . . . why? The questions

troubled her as she sat silently at his bedside, once again his hand in hers. She had only just found

him, she couldn't bear to let him go a second time. The motionless body lay before her, the same

young man she had met years before and the same memory. She looked at him, wishing to see the

deep brown eyes which had, which still, took her breath away. Belonging to one person she had fallen

in love with again.

The words ran through her head, those final words, punishing her for letting go, she spoke once again,

"Don't cry because it's over," but she still did, and found it even harder to say, so hard to do. Her mind

a mist and the echoing words spoke again.

"Connie, smile because it happened." The deep brown eyes returned her gaze.