

# Terror

It was a regular Saturday evening in Sligo, 2011. I was six years old. My mother was upstairs and was getting prepared for bed. Meanwhile I was in a dark living room, solely illuminated by the starry winter sky. I was prancing around, lively as ever, kicking my football off whatever surface stood before me. On the television was my childhood passion— “Harry Potter and the Philosopher’s Stone.” Although this was usually my obvious priority, I was picturing myself scoring sensational goals, smashing my football everywhere.

This perilous behaviour resulted in me unintentionally finding a baby picture of my older sister, Grace, with my football. I being the inexperienced six-year old I was, instantly imagined the absolute tragedy it would be if I was caught at the scene of such an unacceptable offence. I immediately began to think up schemes to deceive my mother into thinking I was innocent of this misdemeanour. I sat down and looked up. My eyes glowed in awe. There in front of me was my childhood hero, brewing potions and casting magical spells. It was incredible.

I decided I would stay to watch the remainder of the movie, as it was simply consuming me. I leant back as I sat on the floor of my sitting room. I rested my hands behind me. With that, I felt a stabbing pain in the tip of my index finger. I being a sensitive six-year old, immediately felt tears spawn in my eyes. But it wasn’t until I looked down that I properly started wailing.

Blood was gushing from my forefinger where there seemed to be something similar to a dent. I acted on instinct, and sprinted to the kitchen. I tried not to look down, but I couldn’t help myself. A trail of blood followed me, and a

small puddle was forming at my feet. The tiles streaked with scarlet. I screeched for my mother. I thought, “What would mammy do?”, my mother being a pharmacist. My eyes darted across the room until I spotted tissues. I leapt over and covered my finger in tissue after tissue. I held each one until it was totally submerged in crimson, all the while roaring for my mother. I thought of my Dad, as my mother did not answer, but he had gone to rehearsals for an upcoming national play. My family had deserted me. I felt so alone. “I’m going to die”, I thought. My life is going to end. I won’t live past 6! These thoughts flooded my mind. These emotions, combined with the overwhelming pain, and blood-stained kitchen, forced me to feel light-headed.

Finally, I heard my mother running down the stairs. I immediately felt secure. I was saved. She entered the room at a blistering pace, and looked around. She evaluated what had happened, and immediately composed herself. She was always great in bad situations. She sat me down and grabbed me a pile of tissues. She did some incredible things that night, between stopping a seemingly unstoppable bleed, and calming a totally frantic six-year old with thoughts of certain death. It was admirable, it was heroic. It was all one could possibly ask for. She was my port in the storm. She was my saviour.

She is my mother.