

WaaR Summer Task (English Lang/Lit Set 2) [18] :

Sylvia was not only a great friend, but the only friend Grace had. It was for this reason that Grace had decided to announce her pregnancy to her. Whilst Grace waited for Sylvia to prepare tea, Grace strolled down memory lane. She reminisced about the time when she had agreed to marry the man who she hoped would bring good fortune and prosperity into her life in the years ahead. He had a striking aura and was so well spoken that he could think of multiple proverbs off the top of his head. His eyes were the colour of a newly bloomed blue hydrangea and his stature was both comforting but also intimidating. 'How's Charlie doing?' asked Sylvia, while placing the tea down onto the table. 'Oh, he's doing fine I hope, we spoke yesterday, and he told me he's going to be arriving today in around two hours.' Trying to avert her attention to something else, Grace sipped some tea and instead talked about the baby. As Grace spoke about the baby, her face beamed with pleasure, she could already picture hearing his first heartbeat, just as she felt his first kicks in her womb. 'As soon as Charlie discovered it would be a boy, he couldn't stop buying things for him, a football, toy cars a red crib, and along with that, he painted his room in red.' They carried on talking for an hour and discussed the preparation for Charlie's arrival. Within an hour, the sun was barely visible, the rain clouds gathered slowly like a pack of wolves once they spot their prey. The living room was shrouded in darkness and that was when Grace grabbed her car keys and headed home.

She rushed home, taking the quickest route she knew. There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. She did not know what it was. Perhaps it was the baby's arrival. Perhaps it was Charlie's arrival. Whatever it was, she assured herself it wouldn't ruin her day. The long-awaited downpour blurred the windows and with it came a reverberating roar from the sky. She began to recognise that the peculiar feeling was beginning to obscure her thoughts, it latched onto her just as a baby grasps onto their mother. She couldn't bear it any longer, she drove until she found an appropriate place to stop the car and bring herself back to her senses.

Grace placed her head against the steering wheel and gripped it tightly. She wept and wept and kicked against the front of the car and punched the seat continuously. Her Grace knew what unfolded. She knew what time he specifically mentioned. There was now silence. She and the baby held silence just as the ventricles of the heart retained blood.