



## Ambulance

By Christina N.

At eight or nine years old I still held my dad's hand. I was only just starting to sour on him. But, if he'd buy me an ice-cream, I could muster my spare hand for him to hold. A mutually satisfactory transaction. The state of our relationship was highly changeable. I largely focused on juggling his emotions to allow for optimal resource extraction. A tricky dance, but lovely when it worked out. This one Sunday afternoon it was pretty lovely. Just us two, walking home, making a pact to not tell the others we'd had ice-cream before dinner. I felt special. Safe under his attention. It was a last moment of peace and like the naive child I was, I didn't think to appreciate it. Sirens got louder and louder as the peace began to disperse and neither of us flinched because there were always sirens everywhere. Then they got very loud. Tearing past us. Then quiet again. I wondered aloud who the big van was destined for. Who was in trouble today? As we reached the corner of our street, we realized it was us. A young, limp, familiar body was being half carried, half walking, out of our house into the

back of the big van by two older, ridged, un-familiar bodies. My dad dropped my hand and sprinted down the street. Away from me and towards chaos.