

Jaimie passionately loves writing stories; it's her ultimate happy spot! She gets her inspiration from a variety of sources, including being a bit of a sticky beak. Whether she's watching people at the park, picturing what her dog would say if he could talk, or fantasising about crazy adventures, her mind is constantly buzzing with ideas. When she's not writing, you can find her reading whatever she can get her hands on, doing little drawings of her characters, or polishing her secret cupcake recipe (believe her, they're fantastic). Jaimie hopes you appreciate her story as much as she enjoyed writing it. Happy reading!

The Time That Time Stood Still

October 1st 09:34

by Jaimie Pressinger

The streets were alive with people moving fast, talking, and buzzing with energy. Exhaust fumes penetrated my lungs as people brushed and pushed past me. A myriad of sounds, including crying toddlers in prams and hands glued to hooters, created loud noises that caused the ground underfoot to vibrate. As I stepped off the curb, feeling the rhythm of the city pulse under my feet, I noticed a bus approaching fast—too fast.

My heart skipped a beat as I tried to hurry across, but it was like everything shifted into slow motion. Then, the bus was right there...

I felt a sharp bolt of pain go through me from the impact.

Just seconds before the accident, I had been thinking about what outfit I could wear with my new shoes, when I saw the bus hurtling down the road. It seemed that it would be able to see me, yet it didn't slow down. Startled and dazed, I tried to move, but it was as if my feet were glued to the ground. In a final attempt to escape, shock overwhelmed me, and before I could move, I was struck...

As I lay on the ground, the trees above swayed peacefully, not caring about the chaos below, light sneaked through the leaves and painted patterns on the ground. In my daze, tiny blue birds swirled above me, dancing about with little children around my head. Or at least that's what it looked like.

Lying there, I realised my shopping and dinner plans with friends would not be happening. Which was ironic because my friends kept complaining that we hadn't seen each other in ages. It looked like it would be much longer now.

It's amazing how much thought you put into something ...

My head spinning, I could hear the distant sound of sirens that were near but sounded so far away. Weirdly, I could smell the exhaust of an engine. I felt numb, almost as if I were outside, observing like one of the nosy crowd. I could tell people were pounding down on my chest, but I couldn't feel a thing. I could hear the cacophony of sounds and a blaze of blinding blue lights from the emergency vehicles; yet at the same time, in my body, it was strangely serene and still. It's amazing how much thought you put into something and then realize that it doesn't matter anymore.

Then I thought about the past—

I would miss my dog, and how he'd wait for me at the top of the stairs, even when everybody was downstairs. How he came to see me in my bedroom every morning with his toy, hoping I would throw it for him. Finally begging for a walk by pawing at his lead and trying to pull it off the hook. Who would walk him now?

Being pushed on the swings: my legs floating in the air;

My first lick of an ice cream;

My family:

Friday nights with my family, hearing fun stories from the week. Now lying there, I knew that *I* would be missing from that much loved part of my week;

Playing Rummikub with my family and hearing my dad unleashing all of his best Dad Jokes;

Lying in my cosy bed, reading my favourite book while rain patters rhythmically against the window pane;

Mouthwatering smells drifting through the house from one of my mum's scrumptious cooking;

My first day of school and how silly I had been to be shy;
the friends I had made;

all the fun that we had in the playground;

and how much I would miss making all these new memories—

And seeing them each day when I walked through the gate and up the hill.

I would never turn fourteen on my birthday in a few months.

It would never be 09:35 again, nor would it be October 2nd.

But on October 1st, Time Stood Still...