



Hey diddle-diddle by Eva (Year 7)

'Hey diddle-diddle.'

'Hey diddle diddle.'

Clickety clack ,tick tok tick.

Clickety clack, her old threadbare shoes tap tap tapping.

She sang her song ,his song.

'Hey diddle-diddle,' He strummed his tarnished guitar 'dum dum dum dum,' they were happy. He was sitting in an antique chair ,it was lined with dust and on one of the legs, there was an E carved.

'EMILY. WAKE UP.'

Hot sweat lined my forehead, and I had the most atrocious headache.

Mum was not helping ,she was out last night, again. She fumbled into my room, black circles under her eyes 'GET UP!' It seemed like she was always out these days. My head was swirling 'Hey diddle-diddle,' I tried to reject the whisper but the voice was familiar and intriguing, NO GO AWAY, it was him. After mum sold the house, the vast dusty hallways ,the winding stair case, and the ticking grandfather clock that stood proudly on the hallway. I always would get so so so excited when he would open up the door in front of the pendulum and it would reveal the swaying piece of gold metal, it would always remind me of a yo yo. 'Tick tok tick,' and the chair it had that E in it, I carved it in when I was 3 ,with a paperclip, mum was so so so mad but he calmed her. A peacemaker,that seems to be my job now. Sometimes I wish she didn't take out all of her exasperation on me, it was like I was her punchbag.

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Open your eyes. Wake up. 'Hey diddle-diddle.' Spinning, everything was spinning, spinning.

'Hi.'

I turned around ,focusing my vision, I was in the hallway, standing by the grandfather clock 'Tick tok tick,'and the chair, there was someone in it ,blonde hair with beach waves,an old tarnished guitar was rested in his arms,tall, and in my view did not look like me. I had mousy brown hair, it was frizzy and I was short. But I had his eyes ,ocean eyes , deep blue and hypnotic. Why were they there ,why was I here? I am just dreaming. I just need to open my eyes. I pinched myself, the sting lingering for as long as possible, as if to tease me.

'Hi.' It was the figure in the chair, they aren't real,it's just my imagination, but I know who it is.

It is dad.

He died, cancer, it seeks its victim.

Dad.

It wrapped it's forbidden arms around him and then it striked, it grew like all of us, it spread, and slowly it killed.