



LEIGHTON PARK
FOUNDED 1890

Narrative Writing by Catherine

"Kiera," I whisper shouted. No reply.

"Kiera?" I dared not call out louder in case my dad heard. Sure enough, a few seconds later, her distinctive shadow flitted across the wall. A warm breeze wafted through the open window and the air smelt like summer and Kiera. Her cinnamon perfume haunted me when she wasn't there and comforted me when she left. We were a secret of course but I wanted to shout it to the world. It all began the night someone left the window open. She'd been walking from her late night dance class when I'd caught a glimpse of her. Over the next few months we'd exchanged smiles, words and kisses through this open window and then finally we'd been able to be together. The next year had been stolen, hidden moments and tonight I had something I wanted to do. My heart pounded in my chest and strained to be released. I turned the ring over in my hand and waited for her to come by the window again. I couldn't hear the wind over my heartbeat and the thumping in my head grew and surged. If I did this, our secret was out but I couldn't live like this anymore.