

Mystery Caption



Caption:

This is a forest, in Bremen, Germany, during the 1950's. This was a place that was unknown to many people. Since war had ended, for the past 5 years, the world has been in chaos and is in the state of recovering from the damage. Emma is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. McDonald. She went to this forest whenever she could after her chores. It was her own little world, a place where she could escape the poverty and the stress from her family.

The branches cracked as I walked along the sandy path. Light was shining through between the trees, creating illuminated patches on the ground. My own little hide-away. This forest was like my home home. I've never ever seen anyone here, except for five years ago, during WWII.

It was a quiet day. I had gone into the forest like my regular routine. I was walking along the usual path, until I heard another branch crack. I swirled around to face a soldier pointing a gun towards my hand. He was talking to me, but I couldn't understand what he was saying, he was speaking a different language. I panicked and

screamed; now he was running towards me. He was trying to cover my mouth, holding me down hard against the hard, bumpy ground. As I struggled against his force, my body scratching against the ground, there was a sudden release. The weight of his body was lifted and when I opened my eyes, there was a boy standing there. He seemed to look a year older than me. He was standing above the fallen soldier with a wooden stick in his hand.

“You alright?” he asked. I nodded as he stuck his hand out and I took it. After wiping the dirt off my knees I looked up into the guy’s face. The sun was shining onto his face making it hard to see. “My name’s Darek. What’s yours?” I looked at him cautiously. Who was this boy? I couldn’t trust anyone. As a ten year old girl, I was taught not to talk to strangers. I brushed passed him, but he grabbed onto my wrist.

“Let go,” I pulled my arm, but he held his grip. It hurt.

“It’s called ‘Thank-you’. If someone helped you, that’s what you say,”

“Let go, it hurts,” I guess I surprised him because he let go immediately, looking sorry.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to do that. How about just letting me know your name?” He looked at me steady, not avoiding my eyes.

“Emma,” I mumbled.

“Pardon?” he asked again.

“It’s Emma!” I yelled back. He was an interesting guy. He wasn’t shy at all even though this was our first time meeting each other. He was about a head taller than me, tall for an 11 year old. He had dirty blond shaggy hair, and a defined jaw line. His eyes were

big, and the colour of hazel. I guess he would've been considered as one of the better looking boys in my neighbourhood, but why had I never seen him before?

“Well that's a common name. My name's Darek. What are you doing in here anyways? You shouldn't come here anymore, it's dangerous.” He said as he looked me up and down. Why was he telling me what to do? He threw the stick to the side, whipping his head to the side to flip his hair.

“Why do you care if I'm here or not, it's none of your business,” I replied starting to turn. I didn't have time for this.

“Do you come here often?” he asked as he jogged up along side me. A part of me wanted him to be gone, but another part of me was interested in him.

“Yeah I do. Everyday,” I replied. Just as I turned to face him I saw another soldier rising from the hill behind Darek. He followed my eyes to where I was looking, and within a second, I was thrown to the ground. He was screaming at me to run away. I ran, like I had never run before. I was stumbling over tree trunks, tripping over rocks. Behind me, I could hear them struggling, and cussing. I was guessing that was Darek who was cussing. I ran all the way home, not looking back, too scared that if I did I would see what I was imagining in my head. I ran into my house, ignoring my parents calling my name, closed the door to my room and slumped to the ground.

It's been five years since that incident and I haven't seen Darek not even once. I've been going to the forest everyday, hoping that I could meet him. I wanted to thank him for saving me, and ask him how he got away; if he even did. I sometimes blamed myself, maybe if I had stayed behind, I could've helped him and maybe we could've been together right now.

I walked along the middle of the path soaking in the sun. It was mid July, the exact same time that happened five years ago. I so hung back about the past that I never realized that there was a small shuffling sound behind me. I slowed down my walk and focused on the sound. It slowed down as well. There shouldn't be any soldiers, the war was over, and we admitted defeat and nobody ever came into this forest. My mind started flashing back to five years ago. All I could think about was Darek, wishing he would come save me again. If only this was a dream. My legs broke out into a sprint, my hair flowing in the wind.

"Wait!" The guy screamed at me. Not looking back I ran even harder, but I wasn't fast enough. He was fast, and caught up with me in a mere few seconds. He pulled my arm back making me fly to the ground, landing on my back knocking the wind out of me. He was pushing my arms down to the ground yelling at me.

"Stop it! Calm down! It's me, Darek!" I instantly froze. No way. It couldn't be him. How, why now? I opened my eyes to see him. His old same hazel eyes, his sharp jaw line, which seemed to have gotten even more defined. He was even taller, probably about two heads taller, and he got stronger. He wasn't the 11 year old boy anymore.

"Why?" I asked him.

"What do you mean?" He looked so confused, his eyebrows scrunched together.

"Where have you been? Why are you only coming now?" My eyes started to water. All my emotions and feelings I have kept inside me, the story, that happened five years ago, I had never told to anymore, it was all spilling out of me. I was crying and wailing uncontrollably. I flung my arms around him and held him tight. This didn't feel real, it felt like a dream.

“Shhh, it’s okay. I’m right here now aren’t I?” he said as he stroked my head. All of a sudden I felt angry, furious. How could he just show up? Without even a word, he disappeared and came back. I pushed away from him, he stumbled backwards shocked.

“Why did you disappear? Where did you go? You can’t just save me and then disappear from the face of the earth!” I was a mess, shouting with my hair all over the place, my clothes ripped from being rubbed against the dirt path.

“Okay, I know your mad so let’s sit down and I can explain everything to you,” Darek said as he took a step towards me. “Okay, sit down over here.” He took my hand and pulled me towards a shaded area, to the side, under a tree.

“I want to know everything. What happened after I ran away?”

“Well, obviously I’m alive so,”

“Stop, I’m being serious,”

“Okay, well after I told you to run away, I knocked him out with one hit of the stick. It was pretty sick,” He said with a grin on his face. Oh God, I had missed him.

“Then where did you go afterwards?”

“I went around looking for you, to make sure you were safe, but I couldn’t find you anywhere. So I went home thinking I could come back the next day to look for you, but when I got home I found suitcases on the floor. My father told me we were moving to Berlin. I swear Emma when I heard that, I ran all the way back, hoping to see you again.”

I looked at him astounded. He went back for me and thought of me too.

“Why did you go to Berlin?” I asked so confused. I couldn’t think of a reason why on earth they would move on such a random time.

“My father was part of the anti-dictator group and when Hitler died, he was called down to help out with reorganizing the country. I didn’t have a choice and followed him.”

“How are you here now?” I asked again, I couldn’t stop asking. He smiled with a mischievous look.

“I came back to find you,” he said and turned to face me. “There wasn’t a single day where I didn’t think about you. I was so worried that you didn’t make it back home safe,” he took my hand and looked straight into my eyes. I could see my reflection in his hazel eyes. I looked surprisingly happy. The frown that seemed to be cemented on my forehead was gone. My droopy eyes seemed to have brightened up a bit.

“You have no idea how much I looked for you. You came like a hero and just vanished the day I met you. I came to this forest everyday looking for you,” I replied.

“Let’s start over, no more talk about the past!” He stood up pulling me up with him. “Now that the war is over, there’s nothing that is holding us back. How about we meet again tomorrow, right here, at this exact time,” he said as he pulled me towards him.

“Okay,” I said with a shy smile. Still not believing this was actually happening.

“It’s a deal!” He shouted. He lifted me by the waist and spun me around. My brown hair was flying, and dress formed a perfect tulip. I gazed into his eyes, his smile warming my heart. This was a new beginning. This would be a summer that I could spend walking in this forest, but not by myself, but with Darek holding my hand and walking the path beside me.