

Wednesday 7th January 2015

As I woke up, I heard the phone buzzing vigorously as I lifted my weary eyelids to see my dazed mum, still in her dressing gown, strolling towards it. Sleepily, she half-heartedly picked it up and pressed the hands free button. My dad's muffled voice exploded out of the phone, I love hearing his voice. I can picture his warm, friendly smile in my mind, his kind eyes that sparkle and his shabby beard that tickles my face when he kisses me goodnight, well, when he was here. As soon as the phone call ended, I pulled my clothes on rapidly and did my hair in a (very) messy bun. Then it was time for breakfast, I shovelled my soggy Cheerios down my throat and slurped up the remains of the milk. Then I brushed my teeth, it wasn't exactly exciting but I suppose it has to be done. Just as I popped down my toothbrush, my mum called to me, "Five mins hun!" This meant we were leaving soon, we were going to see dad soon, we were going to face the giant soon.

As we pulled up outside the huge jail, the heavy rain thundered loudly on the already battered roof of our cramped car. As thunder shook our unstable vehicle, I decided to make a run for it. I swung open my rusty door and sprinted towards the huge, iron gate that towered above me. There it was. The giant. The only thing that stood between my dad and I. The wall. The wall that waited like a cheetah ready to pounce and swallow me whole. The wall that forever tortured me. The giant that had my own dad encased in its' depths, prisoner... trapped, surrounded. I took a few steps back, my mum wrapped her warm, comforting arms around me. I felt safe again.

As minutes dwelled, my damp clothes became unbearably cold and so wet that the weight of the water pulled me closer and closer to the ground. You see, prison guards don't care if it's raining and the storm soaks you through, or if it's so hot you practically melt, they want you to wait outside until the very last second, and then, and only then, they let you into prison.

As we waited and waited and waited, while bundles of families hurried off to reunite with their loved ones, I finally spotted my dad's face in amongst the crowd. As soon as I did, I rushed over to dad, mum obediently followed. As usual, when we go and see dad, he was sitting in a colossal, yellow chair, almost like a king- but the opposite; mum and I sat in two miniature, jet-black chairs and stared up at dad, dreaming of the life we once had. Hawk-like guards stalked our every move, dad can't do anything private with me, he can't even give me a hug, it's not allowed. It's like he can't even be my dad anymore...

Emma Kennedy