



photo taken by teacher, Christina Rhodes

Love That Lets Go

a story by Chelsea, seventh grade writer



Just because a heart beats, does that make one alive? When the steady whir of machines is the only sound and the only movement, the gentle rise and falling of a chest, is that really a life?

A fractured family stands around the body of a little girl, her bruises and cuts masking her beautiful face. A heart-broken mother grasps the girl's favourite dress so tight; her knuckles whiten, twirling the pink bow around her finger, as she weeps into the hospital covers. A father stands frozen, chilled at the sight of his little girl, laying so still, the energy she brought to everything she did, gone forever.

The woman stands and walks to her husband, taking his hand tightly in hers. They exchange a look that says it all. They couldn't deny the truth. Their little girl was gone. Her heart may be beating, but her soul was gone-- lifted up. She was an empty shell. Without a full grasp on what life was, she was done with the trivial problems and joys of Earth.

They always knew she was a beauty, their little angel of God.

They take a deep breath and, together, they walk over to the shadow of who their daughter used to be. Each parent takes a little hand, and the doctor appears, unplugging the machines, finally putting the child completely at peace, out of the darkness of her body, and into the light of Heaven, the light of home.

What do you like about Chelsea's writing style? Which writing trait(s) does she excel with?

What story or poem might you write inspired by this photograph?