

REGRET

Smoke hung in the library, so thick that I could read my thoughts in it. I felt lethargic. Everyone sitting in the circle of couches around me moved rapidly. Life moved too fast, I was drowning. My hands began to shake, I felt restless, I couldn't remember what I was doing there, I couldn't remember anything. I stood up to escape when a girl grasped at my arm shaking her head, then it hit me. The weight of it all sunk into my stomach. I sat back down.

Aisha Hashmi, 10
flash fiction