

'Rebirth'

Edward laid back in his armchair of his ~~own~~ dull, damp wooden house. Facing ~~the~~ blank wall uninspired to do anything. An old man lost in a world of boredom, he would even stop himself from looking around as he didn't want to spot something which reminded him of her. Ever since his beloved Josie had died he ~~was~~ had been trapped in a ~~realm~~^{realm} of eternal suffering. For most people Wednesday was a busy day right in the middle of the week, but for old Edward everyday was the same, a day of struggle. The antique radio by his side blasted a distorted husky voice.

"Good morning everybody, I hope you are all having a wonderful Wednesday!"

He stumbled over to the window while he wiped his glasses clean with his ~~handkerchief~~ handkerchief, -8- then leant forward

onto the windowsill.

~~"There is not a cloud in sight so the~~
~~blue~~

"Pfft... wonderful." ~~there~~ he muttered to himself. "There is not a cloud in sight so the red hot sun is out ^{to} ~~cooking~~ us all, the small children are causing a ruckus at the park again and there are dozens of people just wandering the streets..."

He sat back down to get back to his busy business of doing nothing, he laid his head back putting his ~~red~~ pointy nose up into the air. Just as he was about to nap there was a strange sudden silence.

"Great... the power must be out!"

He ~~at~~ pulled himself up, lit a candle and headed down to the basement. Cobwebs everywhere as he struggled down the creaky brittle stairs. He put the candle down and reached up above the cabinet

to flick the light switch. While the basement lights flickered back on he pulled his arm down accidentally knocking a mysterious box onto the cold basement floor. Edward had never seen it before so he brought it back upstairs ~~with~~ to his armchair while he dusted ~~it~~ it off. Inside ~~the lid~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{recognised} small familiar ~~font~~ handwriting in italic font 'my most cherished memories'. ~~There~~ ~~It~~ It was a old brown shoe box.

Inside the lid he recognised small familiar handwriting in italic font 'my most cherished memories'. In the box there ~~sat~~ sat a golden ~~fan~~ compass instantly sparking ~~memories~~ memories in his mind, the whole atmosphere of the house transformed. Memories of the past flickered back and forth through his mind as his heart skipped a beat. His spine tingled sending shivers through the rest of his body. As he picked it up and held it in his old ~~and~~ wrinkly palm he was united with the happiness and joy of ~~pay~~ youth. This compass was no ordinary compass,

~~it was give~~ it was a compass he had forgotten about. ~~His grandfather~~ This was what he sent to his dearest Jessie when he was away struggling through the times of war. Questions suddenly appeared in his mind in relation to his values.

"Why should be upset that she is gone, why ~~not~~ shouldn't I just be happy that these wonderful experiences happened?"

This sudden exhilarating experience encouraged him to jump up and look out the window.

"There is not a cloud in sight so the suns out shining, small children play in the park hearing the tink of their ~~life~~ lives and dozens are people are out enjoying the cool summer breeze."

He slipped into his peppermint smelling coat and he was off out the front door. -11- A new man

with ~~new~~ and renewed understandings of his past and a new out look of life. A skip in his step as he crossed the road entering the park, a garden of life. He strolled under the over hanging trees as the suns rays bursted through the leaves, leaving a shadow sea of white and gold on the grass. He sat at the ^{park} bench embracing himself in nature. Sitting with such contentment and rest he ~~fell~~ fell into a dreamy state of the treasures of the past. As ^{day} night became ^{night} day and ~~day~~ night became day, it was now all the same for him. ~~He~~ ~~was~~ Edward was now deeply connected with this place he had always known and now found once again.