

The Walk of My Life

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As I drive along the motorway, tears prickle my eyes. It's been three hundred and sixty-four days since the accident that ripped my husband from me, my soulmate gone forever. It had been almost impossible to keep functioning. If it wasn't for Jack, my husband's twin brother, I wouldn't have made it through, but he bought me back, and I'm doing pretty well.

This trip is a new beginning. I'm taking time for me, time to reminisce about Liam, space to work through my thoughts and become a stronger version of myself.

Pulling up to the cabin, I take a deep, relaxing breath. This is exactly what I need. Lugging my bags inside, I look around in awe at the furniture, the stone fireplace, and the view. My emotions combine into a ball of happiness. I'm in my husband's favourite place, and that's all I can ask for.

I put my stuff away and pack a small bag with food, water, and a jumper, making sure my phone is in my pocket. I shut the door and trek up the hill to explore. Everything looks like a masterpiece, from the trees to the butterflies and the ladybirds. Nothing has ever felt more like home, with the breathtaking landscape unfolding before me.

As I walk along the trail, absorbing the noises of the trickling creeks and wind rustling through the trees, I don't notice the large green-spotted black snake filling the path in front of me until a sudden movement catches my eye.

I jump backwards, stumbling on the rocks and fall down the incline, hitting my head as I slide. Everything is a blur. I don't know what to do. Do I try to stop myself or would that cause me to get more injured? Before I know it, I'm hurtling towards a tree. I try to stop, but it is too late, and I'm brought to a painful and abrupt stop.

I look around in shock. In a place so peaceful, everything has gone catastrophically wrong. Adrenaline courses through my veins, making my body numb, but my senses on high alert. As I take stock of my situation, I look down and see a deep gash down the side of my calf. Terror fills me. I need to stop the bleeding fast, but with what? I unknit my jumper from around my waist and tie it around the wound.

I lie, stunned for a moment. The place that brought peacefulness and solitude moments earlier, now felt fraught with danger. From the cold ground, to the ominous gloom and frightening animal sounds, I started to panic wondering if I would make it through the night. I take my phone from my pocket to call Jack, only to see the smashed glass of the

screen, rendering it useless. I sit up and try to stand, using the tree beside me, but my ankle won't hold my weight. I take off my shoe and push my sock down to find my ankle bone swollen and a deep shade of purple. Lying on the damp ground, I take stock. I have little water and food, I can't walk, and my phone is broken. Panic threatening. I start to cry. I look up to the sky. If only Liam was here to help me. I wish he could talk to me and help me get out of this mess.

The second these thoughts rush through my mind a flash of light flickers before my eyes. My first guess is lightning, but then I notice something floating down from the clouds. I stare in confusion, but as the figure gets closer, I know who it is. 'Liam, how are you here? Am I dead? I was okay just a minute ago? This can't be happening, I don't understand.'

'You're not dead. I am your angel, and I've come to save you.'

'Liam, life without you has been unbearable. Seeing you here makes me feel so calm and safe. You are my life. Maybe dying now would be for the best, and then we can be together again.'

'No Amy, you have so much more to live for. Don't worry, you will be safe soon. I have to go now. I love you and will always be with you.'

As he begins to float up into the clouds, a tear trickles down my cheek. 'No wait, Liam, you can't leave yet. I need you.'

What did he mean about me being safe soon? Nobody knows where I am. I'm going to die out here. I lie down and put my head on my bag. The sun is setting, and I left to explore at lunch time. How am I supposed to survive the night? My jacket is around my leg. I have no water left, and I can't move around to make a shelter. I feel nauseous. I don't know why I ever came up here; I just want to go home.

My thoughts are interrupted by shouting and the breaking of sticks. I shout back, hoping to get their attention. 'Help, I'm down here. I need help someone please.' The noise gets closer and closer, as I continue to shout as loud as I can.

'Amy, where are you?'

Relief runs through my veins. How in the world did he find me? I was sure I was going to die. 'Jack, I'm down here.' I hear the tumbling of stones and whipping of branches, as he slides down the incline. Then Jack appears.

'Amy, I found you! Are you okay?'

'Jack, thank goodness. I think I've broken my ankle, and I have a huge gash on my leg. I can't believe you're here. I thought I was going to die!'

Relief calms me. I'm grateful that he found me, but how did he know I was here? Then it hits me. Liam said I would be safe soon. What if he talked to Jack as well?

Jack carries me up to the car and slides me into the front seat. We head down the mountain to the village to find a hospital. I look at Jack. 'I know this sounds weird, but did Liam tell you to come and find me?'

He glances at me. 'How could you know that?'

'He came to me as an angel and said that I'd be safe soon, and then you arrived.'

'Seriously? He came to me in a vision and told me you were in trouble. He said that, if I didn't come to this trail, we would lose you to. I tried calling you, but you didn't answer, so I hurried up here.'

I was astounded and so very thankful. Liam, my angel, had saved my life. He had given me a second chance, and I would never be able to repay that, and a small part of me would always live in hope that I would see him again.