

## ENGLISH: AREA OF STUDY: BELONGING

### Belonging Creative Piece: 'Last Moments'

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I wheezed desperately, struggling to grasp the icy air that had engulfed me. Deep within, a cool chill had begun slowly creeping up my near lifeless body, dragging itself higher and higher, guided by the erratic beats of my heart. I was bitterly cold, but my body was too drained to push away the thick blanket of snow. I could sense that my time was coming to an end, as the reel of my memory unfurled revealing the scratchy black and white memories of the final months of my past.

*I slowly inhaled the faintly aromatic air around me, which carried a thickly coated scent of strongly roasted and freshly ground coffee beans. Upon my long black desk, awaited the usual cup of hot liquid gold; ready to warm and reinvigorate my mind at exactly seven o'clock sharp, in accordance with my accurately set Rolex. Outside, I could hear the whirl of computers rebooting for another day and the clacking of seven inch heels on the polished tiled floors of level forty- one. I released a satisfied sigh as I contentedly sat myself down in my soft tan leather chair. I began to look through the large expanse of clients' files, all of who were vying for my expertise and assistance. As one of the most influential businessmen in the world, I held a power status equal to that bequeathed to an international leader. I was the envy of so many; and an idol for many more. I owned numerous estates, beach houses, and several "toys" including my fire engine red Ferrari and Lamborghini sports cars which greatly differed to those that I played with in my youth. All of my precious belongings were only second in monetary value, to me, who was worth billions. I had a beyond comfortable lifestyle; in which people tended to my every whim, and I was surrounded by countless friends. It seemed that I was living the 'great American dream' of the perfect life that could only be imagined.*

My toes felt like small cubes of ice under the thin once-white socks that acted as the fragile barrier between me and the brutality of the greater environment that had enveloped me. I couldn't move any part of my body as I lay under the overpass; for I was frozen into the same curled up position that I had entered this world in, and would very likely leave it in.

*I was in a frenzied state. I had become aware of crucial information that could cause great devastation for hundreds of lives and could send the global economy into a meltdown. But my choice to release this knowledge needed to be carefully considered. If I did speak out, the company's reputation which I had built from its infancy would be forever tarnished; along with the perpetrator of this fraudulent scheme who was my closest confidant. Yet, so much more than my personal feelings needed to be contemplated in this decision, as it affected the larger community, whom I was responsible for. The echoing laughter of children playing on the street corner rang in my ears as I felt the weight of this decision upon my breadth of my shoulders. If I were to speak out, would I be trusted; or just turned out into the cold street and its unforgiving arms for making false accusations? I was torn between where I belonged, and to which group my loyalties lay. My intelligence and my heart were moving in two distinct directions with me caught between them.*

My icy blue lips began to tremble as constant chills ran up and down my spine; involuntarily causing me to shudder in the snow. My jaw was frozen in a closed position with my teeth clenched as I braced against the cold. The tips of my fingers were tinged dark blue; physically illustrating that my slowing heart was beginning to shut down all operations. My limbs felt numb as they began to slowly sever themselves from following the commands of my brain.

*The wafting stench of rotting garbage was only complemented by the sounds of sewage being pumped into the river underneath the rusty metal bridge. The smell of sweat and decay hung heavily in the air. The graffiti vandals that had been through the area recently, had left clear territorial markings upon the concrete drains, railings and metal supports that were connected to the bridge. This paradise would be my home, after I had been dismissed from my position; blamed with*

*the deceptive chaos that had ensued prior to my revelations. No one believed my claims, and because of this, I could turn to no one for help or advice. Instead of being photographed for Forbes magazine, my picture was splashed across the front page of every newspaper as though I was a criminal. Strangers on the street were vicious in their attacking stares as they believed I had been the cause of their loss of money and financial security. It appeared that in my direst time of need, no one truly cared for me, and I was just a puppet of the company; who they had cut loose, leaving me in a crumpled heap upon the grimy floor with my strings dangling.*

My eyelids began to droop as my vision became blurred; not from the tears but from the sheer emptiness and betrayal I felt. I had neither fiery passion nor energy within me to fight against my body's impulse to admit defeat. I realised that once again, my life had begun following the same endless cycle of vibrancy and loss; however the difference was, in its closing chapters, I had finally found a place that I belonged to, and was quite willing to concede to- Mother Nature.