

NOTTINGHAM PLAYHOUSE SHORT STORY COMPETITION

Winner (aged 12-16): Aisha

Empty Barstools

I sit here in our bar- broken and unaccompanied.

Walking in all alone to see my barstool stood proudly waiting for me. I reminisce the days when it was all fun and games. When my best friend and I played out in the alleyways. We spent time together like we spent with no other; he was basically my second brother.

Love is an empty barstool- when your best friend is at rest in the heavens.

Muffled reflections shine off the glasses in front of me. Behind the bar, the glasses are neatly aligned on the shelves where I can see my misshapen shadows. (Wishing I could see yours too)

I sit here in our bar- broken and unaccompanied.

The booths of the bar are buzzing with joy and happiness. My thoughts are overtaken by the dreadful sounds of laughter that deafens me. However, I feel as though I am still surrounded by the airs of melancholy and depression. Yet again, I reminisce the memories...

Love is an empty barstool- when your best friend is at rest in the heavens.

I am consumed by this relentless darkness; I am nothing but a lost soul now that you're gone. Have you ever lost your best friend? To feel the pain I've suffered, to cry the tears I've cried and to feel the brokenness of my entire life? Physically and mentally, I am distraught. Crestfallen. Emotionally-wrecked. Crushed.

Now I am sat here in our bar- broken and unaccompanied.