

# Weeping Wings Chapter 4

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When Hiedi's close friend and secret admirer hangs himself on school property, Hiedi and best friend Shibon begin to experience fatal paranormal events. Meanwhile, Hiedi begins to notice a change in herself and twin brother Luke which later causes her to question whether the 'suicide' was all what it seemed to be or whether it wasn't a suicide at all. Friendship is the only thread left for Hiedi and Shibon to hold onto but when mysterious new comer Tristen enters their life, the girls lose grip and the last thread tears revealing the truth of the lie they lived in.

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Heidi (part 4)

I was sitting in the Living room. I hadn't moved much since this morning .I was off my laptop now, i was reading a book. It was about forbidden love. Nothing i believed in but it was interesting.

Mum was in the kitchen cooking Luke's favorite meal, Pasta Carbanara. It used to be my favorite meal too when i was about 13 but now just the look of it made me sick. The problem is in the name...Carbs! You may as well just eat a chunk of pure fat.

Dad was sprawled out on the longer sofa, Mishka was imitating him but on the floor. Alpha was in the kitchen with Mum scrounging for food, as if he didn't get enough as it was. Luke wasn't home yet, i was on the verge of worrying as he was 15 minutes late and hadn't text me all day, and he definitely would have told me if he was going over a friends house, but maybe i was just being paranoid and missed him.

Me and Luke we closer that bread and butter as Mum always said. I guess it was true, we never fought as kids, hardly ever argued, and when we did it was never anything serious, we'd always end up laughing over it. We always looked out for each other though no matter what, he would let nothing happen to me and vice versa.

It was an hour later and it had started to rain and Luke still wasn't home. I hadn't heard anything from him all day. I was officially way past the verge of worrying. I was panicking. I had left 2 voice messages on his mobile, rang him around 5 times and sent him countless text messages. Dad said not to worry, its normal for a teenage boy he said, but this wasn't normal for him. He knew i was ill and there was no way he would let me worry if i was well let alone ill!

Two hours had gone and i still hadn't heard anything. Mum had gone searching and was considering calling the police. Mum understood that this wasn't normal for Luke, he had never done it before, and it was still bucketing down with rain.

I was hyperventilating and Dad sat me down. I rested my head on his lap and fell asleep.

Half hour had passed and i woke up, still no sign of Luke. I got up, hopped to the front door then screamed Luke's name. I was going crazy, i didn't know why, i was just, sick. Being apart from him literally felt like i was dying, like if your leg was being torn off, the longer you left it unprotected, the quicker it got infected, leading to serious pain even death, that's what i felt like, Luke being the leg.

Dad came rushing out of the house and grabbed my arms, struggling to get me back in the house. I was sobbing now and my hair and clothes were saturated. I closed my eyes letting the tears drain from my body. Dad dropped his arms suddenly and gasped. I opened my eyes and almost collapsed in both relief, and shock. Luke trudged down the street, facing straight forward, eyes focusing on middle distance.

His hair was drenched, sticking to his face, his hoodie was off and around his waste.He had no shoes on and was blotchy in the face. I forgot completely about my foot and ran straight to him, limping all the way, striking pain through my body, but i didn't care, Luke was home. I threw my arms around him but he shrugged me off and carried on to the house, leaving me and dad staring, hurt and surprised, clueless outside in the rain.

Mum came out with a towel and led me inside. "Come on baby, its okay, I'll go speak to him , You dry off." I was hurt, he'd never treated me like that before.

Dad helped me up to my room and i got into my pajamas and dried my hair with the towel. I felt like a ghost, lost in a world that wasn't right. I probably looked like one too, pale, rats tails as hair and staring into space. I could hear mum desperately seeking answers from Luke. Nada. I hopped off my bed and stood leaning on his door frame patiently. He was on his way up the stairs. When he got to the top he turned toward me and remained still, glaring at me. He was never like this. I stood up straighter, trying to keep my weight off my sore foot, remaining strong and in charge, serious.

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He glanced at the ground and headed straight toward me, i flung my hand out and hit his chest, eyes closed, facing away. He was soaking and bitter cold. He refused the towel from mum. She was lost, downstairs with Dad.

"Move." He spat out. He didn't look exactly angry, just exhausted. I shot my eyes back at him, i was struck, and he could definitely see that in my eyes. Tears were building up and seeped from my eyes, down my cheeks. That got him, he couldn't stand me crying. He tread towards me, wrapping his protective arms around me, burying my head under his neck. I felt safe again, unexposed. "Where have you been? What's wrong?" I whimpered into his chest. My voice was muffled by his soaked shirt. He loosened his arms and budged me out of the way, locking himself in his room, closing the door on me, like he wanted to block me out of his life.

"Check the News." He mumbled through the door. Oh god, what did he do. I thought. I limped back into my room, perched myself back onto my bed, found the zapper (remote) under my quilt and flicked on the TV The News was on and Mr Harvey, my History teacher was talking to the camera."... i was not expecting anything this server. A Memorial will be held sometime this month." The scene switched to a female news reporter. What was he talking about? What happened? What does he mean memorial?

The short dark haired woman spoke clearly. "Police Investigators are yet to find any evidence of why this had occurred." My Principal continued.

"The school have set up a grief therapy session for friends and students effected. Suicide is a serious issue that we take very seriously. We do not know why this happened but we are sure that it will not happen again."

Who?! Who was killed? You miss one day and theres a whole crime scene! I thought.

The scene changed again to a tent covering an area in the school grounds. Police and forensic scientists were everywhere, kids and parents swarming around like bees being pushed back by officers. The area , where was it? The tree? Yes, it was definitely the tree! "Luke!" I called out, my voice had croaked. "Luke what happened?!" He didn't answer me. Dad came into my room, mum following behind. "What? What's wro-Oh God." Dad had read the main headline on the bottom of the page that i had missed. 'Local boy commits suicide on School grounds.' Mum gasped and flung her hand to her mouth. Dad sat next to me, resting his arm on my shoulders, not shifting his eyes from the screen. Mum leant against my door frame.

The woman on the TV continued. "Callum Gary Jenkins was found hanging naked on a tree in the school grounds today by a young class mate who has decided to remain annonomous." Callum Gary Jenkins. The name spun circles in my head, it was screaming in my ears and i could feel my parents sympathetic, un settled eyes digging into my body.

I was paralyzed to the spot, My whole body had turned numb. I was in denial. There was no way that was true. Callum would never kill himself, he was....Oh god! I had forgot all about Callum, i should've known. Callum was meant to visit me after school but i was so worried about Luke that i had forgotten everything. Guilt was building up inside me, over powering me, i felt as though it was my fault. Was it because i wouldn't go out with him? Maybe because i wasn't in today, he thought i couldn't stand to see him, i was embarrassed by him? Yes, it must of been my fault. I was the reason Callum had commit suicide.

I had un noticeably blocked everything in my life out; dad next to me, tapping my back, mum weeping, even Luke in the next room. Again I hadn't even realized i was holding my breath. My insides were burning, i didn't have butterflies, no, i had wasps swarming in my stomach , piercing my every internal organ. My head was banging and i could hear my heart in my ears and could feel it in my ears, and my chest, my stomach, my head and my fingers. I could feel it everywhere! I wasn't crying though, somehow i had no tears in me, like i had accepted it, it seemed pointless to cry. But one of my best friends was dead and it was my fault!

Zombie-like, i stood up, leaving the TV I had no clue how i was moving, it was like i was being controlled. My legs felt weak, my body felt as if it was drained of everything. I didn't have a clue what i was even walking towards, it was like my brain and body were completely separate. I couldn't focus.

I tapped on Luke's door, eyes wide, wet and weeping from 2 tears that had managed to force their way through my eyes. He gradually lowered the handle and opened the door.

"Did you do it?" I didn't even recognize my voice, it was overly husky, croaky and low. I wasn't looking at Luke, Just the middle distance. After a few seconds of no response, i peered at him. His mouth was gaping, his face bleached. "Did i do what?"

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I was so confused, both our words wasn't soaking into my brain but somehow i kept spurting more out. "No, i mean are you the one who found him?" His expression relaxed and he held onto my shoulders. "No, Heidi, it was...It was Shibon." Shibon. Shibon found Callum's naked corpse, hanging, swinging from the tree, our tree. I should've been in school. Shibon had nobody there with her. She was alone, and had experienced the most disturbing experience anyone could ever think of. She would be witnessed in police stations, maybe even accused, but all alone.

I let out a whine and fell back, Luke caught me. "Woah, sit down." My sight had gone, everything was a blur, like when your 8 and you play 'Dizzy dizzy dinosaurs' and then you stop, everything is spinning around you. Except this wasn't fun.

Luke and i sat eyeing each other on his bed silently for a long time. It wasn't an awkward silence though, we seemed to understand each other, read each other, like were connected and already knew what we were thinking. Although he couldn't know what i was feeling because i was feeling nothing, nothing to describe. He handed me the phone, it was already dialing Shibon's number. I glared at it at first then gradually held it to me ear. It was still ringing, and ringing and ringing until "Hey!" Her chirpy voice sent a tidal wave of relief through my body, i felt like i was getting turned inside out. I couldn't get a response off my tongue, then it carried on. "Joke! Sorry I'm not here right now so leave a message blah blah blah...." Her answer phone. The tidal wave of relief instantly drained, leaving me wrecked inside. Beeeep. I hung up, gawking at the phone. I clicked re-dial. Ring ring, ring ring, ring ring, ring ring, ring ring, ring ring, answer phone. Re-dial, ring ring, ring ring, ring ring, ring ring, ring ring, answer phone. My breathing was hysteric, my heart was pounding, each pulse was not sending blood through my body, but a different emotion, fright, shock, pain, etc.

Re-dial, ring ring, ring ring, ring ring. Luke snatched the phone out of my hands. I scowled at him, but i wouldn't waste any more time. I shot up off his bed. I shocked myself as i did so. I briskly staggered down the stairs, grabbed my keys of the phone table next to the door, not bothering to get a coat or umbrella or even shoes. I was deranged, mindless, psychotic, mad!

I was breaking down, choking up and was shedding bitter tears on the street, disguised by the rain. I made my way to the car, unlocked it and Luke came up from behind me, throwing a heavy coat over my shoulders. I panicked, my reactions was extremely slack, but i flung my hand back. He grabbed it and turned me around to face him. I fell apart. He held me close to him and i was bawling in his chest again, under the rain. He was tapping my back, shushing me. He rested his chin on the top of my head, i could feel his breath, warm but the rest of his body was bitter cold.

"Come on. Get in the car." He opened the passenger door and i slid in. Once he was in, he gave me my shoes and socks and a towel, put on the heater and very quite music, you could hardly hear it, it didn't bother me. The car smelled wet and rotten. I felt nauseated.

I didn't bother to dry my hair, but i put on my shoes and relaxed back into the chair, closing my eyes, and released a sigh.

It felt calming driving away from the house, everything seemed to happen there, it was like driving away from my troubles, but of course I'd have to go back eventually. The troubles were like wounds, they hurt at first then the cut would fade over time but the scar would remain forever.

We drove in utter silence. He didn't mention anything about anything, and i didn't bring anything up. The silence which would usually bug me, i was actually obliged of. If we had spoke, the subject would still be brought up, even if we struggled fiercely to avoid it. But, as close as we were, i couldn't look at him.

I was gazing out of the front window, watching the houses blur past, rain gashing down. We slowed at a traffic light and i glanced into the window of the car next to ours. A family car, the mother, father, and 2 kids laughing and joking together, all beaming and glowing, even beneath the depressing downfall and grey skies. I envied it. I looked back down on to my lap as we drove off, gaining speed again, all the family homes fade behind me.

Just then, I could've sworn i heard my name. Did i ? I knew it wasn't Luke. My eyes shot around the car and then to the windscreen and...Callum was standing, swaying on his bare feet, body cloth less, marks around the neck, red enough to be a choker necklace. He was just standing there drenched on the road, smirking, grinning

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at me, eyes squinted, rain drizzling down his body.

"STOP!" I screamed at Luke, my voice cracked. It was too late, we hit him. He didn't even attempt to dodge us, he just went straight onto the bonnet and windscreen then rolled over the car.

I was screeching at the top of my lungs. I squeezed my eyes shut, hands on either side of my head and started vigorously rattling my head back and forth. My stomach started to churn again, violently! "Pull over." I choked out, leaning forward against the dash board, heaving and gagging. I didn't need to waste my breath, Luke was already pulling the car to a sudden halt on a curb. "What's wro-" I didn't listen to him, i undone my belt and threw myself at the door. I collapsed to the concrete, penetrating my hands and knees. I threw up again, but it was watery this time, it didn't burn, and it came spurting out of my mouth almost instantly, but the sky above me was also spewing water everywhere, easily washing mine away.

I scrambled to the back of the car, already visualizing what would again make me heave. Callum would be crippled on the floor, blood flooding out of his corpse, still beautiful and dangerous looking. His strong jaw and buff figure, but white, naked and dripping with rain, drowning his beauty. Sorrow and fright would be in his eyes as he takes his last glance at me, then they turn to nothing, just eyes.

But nobody was there. No beautiful dead corpse, no guilt-tripping eyes, no pool of sweet, warm blood.

Nothing.

My eyes scanned the grey world around me, against my bright red car. He wasn't there. I skimmed the floor with my eyes. I scanned under the car, on top of the car and around the car. He wasn't there. He wouldn't have been able to get up and scamper away from the impact of us hitting him so fast and hard. Was i crazy? NO! I did see him! I was hyperventilating again. Panic had bulleted through me. My vision blurred and i blared out loud again. My head was pounding, each pulse like a wave of terror in my blood cells.

Luke was out of the car, soaked right through. Did i look crazy to him? He must of saw it. "What the hell is wrong with you?!" He screamed at me, his voice battling against all the other sounds around me like my heart it my ears, the rain 10 times louder, the passing cars, and my inner thoughts wailing in my head and my own whimpers. "Get up, get back into the car!" His voice was frightening, too loud, furious. I was afraid to dis-obey, it was as if he was a different person all together, but i couldn't bring myself to move. He grasped my arm harshly and yanked it towards him. My body flopped in his direction. "For god sake Heidi, get up!" He was distressed. He yanked my arm again and this time my feet gripped the ground and my legs became stable. I managed to get up and limp back into the car.

The silence in the car hit me like the heat getting out of a plane from the Antarctic to Egypt. I focused on my surroundings, anything to back up what i just saw, but there wasn't even a smudge on the windscreen.

Luke slammed his door shut and threw the towel on me. "What was all that about?" His voice turned quieter, more gentle, more sympathetic as he saw the stain in my eyes. "Are you okay?" I simply shook my head in response, there was no point me trying to explain. I was too shaken to even attempt it anyway. "What?" He asked again.

I glared at him. "Just drive." There was a long pause after that, then he simply shrugged and put the car into gear, driving back through the rain, onto the road.

We pulled up outside Shibons house. I didn't do as much as even glimpse at Luke, i was in a strop with him. I stormed out of the car, slamming the door shut behind me, and jogged to the house door, the ache in my foot totally ignored.

I creaked the house door open a notch as Luke reversed out of the drive way, back onto the main road. The house was silent.

Me and Shibon were as close as sisters, so we treated each others house like our own. I advanced into the house, closing the door gently behind me. The atmosphere of the house was depressing, i automatically felt even more down than before. "Hello?" My voice was loud against the silence. I peaked into the kitchen, there was nobody. "Shibon? Mrs Edwards?" There was no answer. I traipsed into the living room, deserted. Dining room, empty. Conservatory, dead. I paced up the spiraling wooden stairs, creaking below my feet.

There was some sign of life up there, i could make out a very faint noise, low muttering. TV maybe, i assumed. I followed it into Shibons bedroom.

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She was asleep on her bed, fully clothed, on top of her blanket. I was right, her TV was on. Her curtains were shut and dim light was shining down on her from her ceiling light. Her room was fairly light already though, hot pink, white and black floral wall paper, white carpet ( covered in stains) and a hot pink circular rug at the end of her bed. Clothes were scattered around the room, straighteners and hair dryers were plugged into switches but turned off, make up was spilled on her bedside table, and she had more cups and plates in her room than she had in the kitchen downstairs.

Her face was blotchy, her hair tied up in a messy bun. She had been crying. I felt pathetic and selfish for feeling so sorry for myself earlier on after what Shibon had been through today, and what she was like now. Usually if i came over this time, she would be dancing on her bed with a brush to her mouth, singing along to music blasting while neighbors were banging on the wall. Make up would be slapped on with open packets of crisps on the bed. But everything that had happened and Shibon like this and the atmosphere in the house altogether was upsetting.

"Shibon?" My voice was faint and shaky. "Shibon." I was a little louder but not even enough to attract the attention of a bunny, i didn't dare disturb the silence of the sleeping house. When she didn't budge i edged toward her bed. I lay down next to her, murmuring her name into her ear again, stroking a falling mess of hair from her eyes to behind her ear.

You know the feeling you might have had when you were five, being lost in some place you don't know, a wood, a supermarket, a town maybe, the utter feeling of dismay and dispare and your stomach is doing cartwheels that you never could and everything is the way it shouldn't be, your all alone, clueless of where anyone is and of which way to turn, but then you see your mother and hope and gratefulness comes flushing over your body and you run into her arms and that one feeling, the only feeling that is pure happiness, safety and obliged beyond possibility when your skin reaches contact, that's how it felt at the touch of my fingertip against Shibon.

I knew and could sense that she felt it too. Her eyes squinted open, slightly bloodshot and dull. At the sight of my face she squeezed her eyes shut again and tears drained from under her closed eyelids. I let her slip into my arms perfectly like a jigsaw and it was like as we connected physically and emotionally we connected too. It was like i could feel her pain as much as she could mine. I wanted so much to get away from the bad feelings but the more i wanted to, the more i held her closer, falling deeper into her pain.

We sobbed for several minutes, the pain worse than ever but the comfort was more than I'd probably ever experienced. I loosened my grip on her and wiped her eyes gently, then my own. "I'm sorry." She sniffled, tracing my brow line with her finger tip. I took her finger off my face, making sure i had her full attention, her eyes on mine.

"Don't be, I'm sorry, i should've been there, you shouldn't have seen that, it's my fault." I rested my eyes, i still couldn't imagine it.

There was a silence, not awkward, just silence. "Its not, Heidi...some things.....Just happen." She started, "But everything happens for a reason right?" Maybe that was a genuine question, i wasn't sure, but i couldn't answer it, so i let it linger around the room, in our ears, in our head and in our heart, for now searching the answer.

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