7. "Conscience"

I wept, I cried so hard. But this tears can't bring back my sister to life. My being brought here by my conscience. I want to ask forgiveness. But can she still hear? O heart, forgive me for what I have done, please bring peace to mind.

Dry leaves were crushed down below. As if to freshen my memories that her life perished because of my selfishness.

She was my only sister. Since our childhood, I always believed that I was the favorite of our dad. One night, while I was facing all about to the mirror, with my micro mini, I puffed powder, when I saw Luisa's face, reflecting in the mirror. "You can't get out tonight, Lucille." I heard a threatening tone from her. I turned to her, but I can't resist at her sharp stare at me. "And who says so, my dear sister?" "We are to celebrate Momma's death anniversary, you know that don't you?" In a relaxed and condescending voice, I replied "well I don't care. I'm going out to party tonight!"

Then I heard a knock on the door. I shouted "Help Papa!" for I knew that it was he. I pulled my hair, I tore my dress away as I was attacked by a squad of monstrous creatures. When the door opened the site Papa saw was that Luisa was holding my neck who was trying to make a rescue. But I cried so hard that made Papa grew to the height of anger. He threw Luisa to the corner, where the head of my poor sister was hit at the edge of the chair.

I slowly rejoiced for I have made a successful revenge. But when she lifted, I saw a different sparkle in her tearful eyes. "Ha ha ha ha ha!" O my, Luisa, she went out of her mind. I was not able to move, as well as Papa. Both of us were motionless. And before we returned to our senses, Luisa ran to the door and proceeded to the open gate of our house. We followed her calling out her name. "Luisa!" "Sister!" "Luisa" "Sister" "Luisa the Truck!" "Don't cross the road, Luisa, the truck don't Don't DON'T!"

The next sight I saw was that Luisa was thrown five meters away from the truck. I ran to her and embraced her. Blood was all over her face. In a low but distinct voice she murmured, that made my heart break so much. She said, "Lucille, please be a good girl. I love you. Please be a good girl 'coz Papa loves you very much."

"Luisa? Luisa? Sister… sister!!!" From that moment I cried so hard for killing my only sister, who loved and cared for me, even at the last moment of her life.

Now can you blame me, for asking God to forgive me? Forgive me dear God, Forgive me!