

My Revenge - Elia, Year 6, WA

He knew I was there the moment I blew out his candle.

I screamed a desperate wail, but my agonising howl was lost under the deafening waves.

There was no wind in the old lighthouse. No. Anwir knew how to shut off any nooks or crannies, he was a lighthouse keeper after all.

Except for me. He couldn't keep me out, even if I am dead.

I didn't want to die.

I'd been waiting for this moment. 50 years to be exact. My revenge.

No, not now. Please not now.

He was going to regret killing me. And I would wait until the exact moment he was to be taken away by Death, to see the grief and strain stained across his face like blood.

Why isn't that damned lighthouse working?

To see all the pleading and tears and sobbing and screaming dissipate into nothing when he rots away. Just like how I ended.

Please. Help us. Help me.

Hah, it would taste so good to see his life ruined just like he ruined mine.

I was going to die.

I like making people suffer.

#

It was the year 1876, and my family and I were travelling to meet our sick grandfather on County Island. We were poor citizens, and saved all our money for this one trip. We were starving from the five day journey. We were so, so close to arriving. To earn a reward for our treacherous journey. So close.

Until my father noticed something.

The lighthouse was not working.

There was no beam, no path of light illuminating our obstacles. My father tried to work his way around the rocks, but nothing was visible against hard rain and the turbulent waves. His defeated cries said it all. He couldn't see.

I clung onto my brother with such force I could crack his arms in half.

"Nooooooooo," I wailed, "No please, save us! Have mercy! Please let the light be-"

I was cut off by the screech of wood against rock, our boat was thrashed forcefully against a sharp point, the waves not helping the ghastly situation. I was thrown away from my brother, and he hit the side board hard, left unconscious. My mother was thrown overboard in attempt to help my father. The last I saw of her was her bustling skirts and her horror-struck face plunging into the ocean's icy grasp. My dad I could hear, despite the terrorising thrashing of the waves.

I shrieked when a gaping hole appeared in the side of the boat, cold water gushing below deck like water out of a tap. The force was too strong, too much power pulling me towards the sea. I gripped onto a table for dear life, but I was struggling too much, and the water was rising. My brother had disappeared.

My hand slipped.

I fell into the grasping turbulence, breath stolen away from my lungs like a punishment. I grappled around for anything, anything I could hold onto.

But no.

There was nothing.

The last thing I remember was being thrown onto the rocks with an ear-splitting crunch, and my world going black.

#

I later learnt that it was Mr Anwir Docker that was responsible for the lighthouse debacle, as it was his first time training with a proper light. His one mistake cost me and my family their lives.

His father was sent to prison for the catastrophe, taking the blame entirely. Anwir never was able to live with himself after that. Misery and shame cascaded down on him for months.

He got over it eventually, but that was after more than 10 years of suffering.

Pathetic.

He's the one crying over his dad when he was the one who killed my family. This is exactly what he is going to deal with when he meets me again.

He met me a year after my death, and it sure scared him beyond grief to see a dead girl talking to him. He was only 12. I was 14, and I sure made myself sinister. I don't take revenge lightly.

#

"Clementine?" His voice quivered despite his burly features. It was black now that I had blown the candle out, only a few shimmers of light reaching us.

Being alone with a girl you killed was traumatising enough. Being alone in the dark was horrifying.

I giggled.

He yelped in horror, agonised whimpers escaping his mouth.

I wanted him scared. He deserved to be scared.

I was moving away now, my echo fading around the tall, slim build of the lighthouse like the eddy of leaves in Autumn's sorrowful breeze.

"Clementine? W-what d-do you w-want from me?" he asked tentatively. I knew he was a tall, muscular man, but now he was just a scared 12 year old boy again.

I stifled a snort. He was scared of no one. Except a girl he had met once. But truly, I did want something from him.

I wanted his life. His blood on my teeth.

I didn't answer though, and headed up the flight of towering stairs, floating majestically above them as if I were pulled by strings. It wasn't until I was at the top of the lighthouse that I yelled, "Oh Anwir, if you were smart enough to know, I wouldn't have to tell you! I want you dead."

He moaned as though he knew this were coming.

Perfect.

I have had it planned for a very long time.

Now time for the fun.

I floated up to the beaming light at the top, while downstairs was silent. Even if Anwir were to strike at me, he wouldn't do any damage.

I needed to find something to break the glass and the huge bulb. When I reached the top, I peered down, only to still see frightful Anwir curled up on a chair.

Good.

I was about to materialise, I needed no one around. I kept searching until I found a pick-axe.

Hah.

I very slowly materialized. Making my ghostly body become solid for a few seconds.

The light was huge, a massive outer dome with light spilling through it like water down a waterfall. It stood in the middle of the wooden floor, warped a bit by time, but still blinded me when I looked at it. It was spinning, illuminating the outside clearly.

As soon as I became solid, I grabbed the pick-axe, swung it hard at the huge glassy dome and smashed it.

The sound was absolutely deafening.

I dropped the axe and clamped my fading hands over my ears and floated upwards. It was pitch black yet again, and I could only hear the desperate thumping of Anwir's big boots clambering up the stairwell.

He was fast.

I was about to disappear when I remembered the most important part of the plan. I lunged downwards yet again, grabbed the pick-axe off the floor, and smashed it into the side of the glass surrounding the broken light. Wind gushed into the large wooden panelled room, howling and spitting rain with rage.

Or possibly excitement.

#

Puffed. Anwir was absolutely puffed when he arrived at the top, heaving deeply.

Perfect.

I stayed hidden in the shadows, my long, grey, frilly dress swished slightly as I floated upwards. I reached the top, curled up and watched with glee as Anwir watched what had happened.

He sunk to his knees, weeping softly as he picked up a shard and held it to his chest.

“W-w-why?” he whispered. “Why did you have to ruin it? Why are you so cruel, Clementine Anderson?” I smiled at his hurt. But I didn’t dare say anything. I needed him distracted - weak.

“CLEMENTINE!” His strained yell disappeared through the broken window and out into the night. “CLEMENTINE! C-C-Clementine,” his voice quivered, now seeing where this could turn if he made me angry, “I didn’t mean to, I didn’t mean to end your life or your family’s. Please. It was all a mistake...”

Hot rage spilled through me like spilt ink on a page, his stupid words were the fuel to the fire.

How *dare* he.

I forgot all about my hiding spot.

I growled a low, menacing growl and launched off the wall. I flew at him with alarming speed – not having the time to materialise or do something to him. He shrieked and clambered backwards, picking up the pick-axe to defend himself. I stopped myself before he came any closer.

Good.

Let him think I am real. Let him think I have a body.

Anwir stumbled, not being able to move any further, with his back up against the hole in the fractured window.

YES.

He had just walked right into my trap.

I materialised faster than I ever had before, taking a few seconds this time. But I knew better than to waste any time.

I lunged at him and pushed him out of the window.

The noise was oh *so* rewarding.

I giggled giddily.

A sharp crack.

A broken body.

My job complete.