

EVERY

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IT'S A DARK NIGHT ON ROSE CORNER. Lights, one by one, are being put out by the neighborhood's dwellers. There is a quiet breeze whistling through the golden trees; a beautiful fall night in the cool British air. By 9:00 pm on this London square, all the lights have been put out. All that remains is one lonely flickering lamp post overhead the seemingly empty shack on the corner of Holloway and Richardson. It's a full moon night, calm and still. Silent, just like every night.

The silence breaks by 9:15. Scream, tears, and whips can be heard coming from that shack on the corner. Lights being to flash on, one by one, down the block. "Not again!" "Just go back to bed." "It's just that child and her mum again... none of our concern!" Murmurs fade as swiftly as they entered as the Rose Corner residents head back to their peaceful dreams, uncaring of the monstrosity occurring in their own neighborhood. Everyone knows but nobody cares.

That morning, a small girl, no older than five years of age, heads off to school ambling away from that very corner of Holloway and Richardson. Wearing her light pink lace dress and a smile, she goes into class with her head held high. No one notices her hurt inside.

It's normal, she tells herself. It must be normal for every mummy to be scary, right? Sitting quietly, doing her coloring pages, she pushes away these thoughts of her mum. She wears her smile like a mask—every day the same front, hiding the same fear.

As the school day progresses, a substitute teacher lets her thoughts run wild about his unique little girl. Do I ask? Surely those bruises are from recess... Sadly, like all who ponder, she falls for the facade that this unob-

Based on the popular song "Concrete Angel" performed by Martina McBride

trusive little girl so bravely wears every day.

The school day comes to a close. A little girl, no older than five years of age, heads home to the corner of Holloway and Richardson. *Will Mummy hurt me again tonight? Please, God, make me safe.*

It's a dark night on Rose Corner. Lights, one by one, are being put out by the neighborhood's dwellers. Not even the lonely flickering lamp post burns this silent night; calm and still, just like every night.

By 9:15, the silence is broken. However, this time by the crack of two loud gunshots that echo throughout the dry, fall air. Sirens wail and neighbors scream. By 9:30, it is past too late. A small London girl dies by the hands of her own mum. The neighbors watch, in horror, as her body and her mum's are pulled away both declared dead at the scene: homicide followed by suicide. A small angel flies, unbeknownst to the crowd, up to her Father. God answered the prayer of one small child that night, and made her safe in His arms. Now every night, she is happy at last, no longer in fear of that dreaded corner of Holloway and Richardson.