

# The Most Memorable Day of My Life

It's September 18, 2029, I went to get my morning coffee and paper, like I do every morning. As I read the headline on the front page of today's paper, flashbacks are suddenly forced upon me. And I recall the most memorable day of my life, as if it were yesterday.

Bang! As the shot fired I began running. Running to save my mother's life. Although, I wish I would have been sick or had gotten injured and we had left already, or not even shown up. Really, anything to avoid the unpredicted event that occurred on the day that was supposed to be the best of my life.

September 18, 2024. That day was supposed to be the best day of my life. "Bennet Aldey, Seventeen-Year-Old, Charlestown High School Student, Favored to Win This Year's Local Five Mile Race!" That's what all the headlines read. It was supposed to be the most memorable day of my life. It was, just not in the way I had hoped for.

I had trained my entire life for this moment. The prize money would allow for my family to be able to finance my mother's surgery. It could've saved her life. Little did I know that wasn't what she needed saving from.

As the starting shot was fired I began my run, pacing myself, breathing just as my coach had taught me. After I was closing in on the one mile marker I heard another shot. Assuming it was simply another race being started I continued running, thinking little to nothing of it.

Bang! Another shot. Bang! Bang! More. Now I was concerned, but I couldn't stop, not after all my preparation. I couldn't let my mom die, she needed the prize money to survive, so I persevered.

Following several additional minutes of continuous shots, and what I believed to be faint screams, I made a decision. One that should've saved my mother.

I pivoted and sprinted back to the start line. The shots got louder and the screams became more distinguishable. Then I saw him. His greasy, jet-black hair, his malicious yet innocent smile, and his seemingly typical clothes. He looked just like any other parent watching eagerly to see who would cross the threshold of the finish line first, except one thing. He wasn't. He was armed. Armed with the simple object that practically disintegrated my entire world.

I couldn't believe it, this man was shooting at anything that moved, screaming and striking fear into anyone who dared to run. But I ran, not towards her like I should've. I ran away, ran to find someone to help. Why didn't I help? Because I couldn't, I didn't trust myself to take him down. I wanted to save her, I wanted to go home, I just wanted everything to stop, to return back to how it was supposed to be. So I ran.

Minutes, or what felt like hours later the police arrived, they stopped him. "Stopped him just in time" was what all the headlines claimed.

After the shots were stopped, the sirens began. Ambulances rushing people off to receive immediate medical attention. They took her and left me. I stayed there until midnight when I got the call. The call that changed my life. The call that led me to where I am now.

As I picked up today's paper I read the headline in sorrowful acceptance "Recent Harvard Graduate Shares His Story of the Devastating Event Just Five Years Earlier That Left 35 Injured and One Dead."

I began to read the article. "The day I lost her. That day that should've been the best day of my life, I didn't know how quickly it could turn to the worst." Those were my words. My words that I shared with the interviewer. My words that barely slipped out of my throat without causing tears to come flowing down my face. My words that signaled flashbacks to an

irreversible event. They were my words that now, reading them back to myself, caused me to shed a single tear.

As I finished the last sentence that read “As he moves forward in his life leaving her behind, he is truly a role model for accepting the past and continuing on with life” a lonesome second tear rolled down my cheek. Not because I hadn’t moved on, but because I know I could've saved her.