

Martha Kendall was shortlisted for the 100 word challenge. Here is her story.

"Ralph wanted you to have this" said the vicar as they walked slowly back to the church hall. "Thank you," replied Kelly. "What is it?"
"It looks like an old cinefilm camera. Take good care of it."

Kelly was confused by this gift. She was not particularly close to her great-uncle. He had a gloomy character and she thought he avoided talking to her. Whenever he came over (very rarely) her mother would offer him a cup of tea. He would nod solemnly and sip away at his mug for what felt like hours. The family would always offer him a lift home but he would set off alone in the rain.

That night Kelly remembered the vicar's instructions and placed the camera carefully on her bedside table before she fell asleep. She was woken by a strange flickering and a whirring sound. She was amazed to see pictures projected on to her bedroom wall. The first picture was of a lady walking down street with a basket over her arm. "Why am I wearing such old-fashioned clothes?" thought Kelly. She soon realised it was not her. As the young lady neared the grocery shop, sirens sounded. Before anyone could take cover, a terrifying bomb dropped in the street. Others scrambled but she remained frozen-paralysed with fear. Many buildings crumbled. A young man appeared, running towards the rubble covering the lady and trying to rescue her with his hands, but he could not reach her. The young man had a familiar face. Kelly remembered her gloomy great-uncle Ralph, and she realised that the young woman who looked like her was her great-aunt, who she had never met.

A few months later, Kelly stood in front of a new headstone in the graveyard. Now there were two names on it. Now Kelly knows her great-uncle's story she can understand his sadness. She realises that she reminded him of the young wife he lost many years ago. Although she does miss Ralph, she knows he is where he wants to be, with the love of his life. Kelly leaves a bunch of flowers for them both, and smiles as she walks away.