

The Last One

By: Lauren H.

Amethyst-

Two more minutes . Amethyst looked down at her hands, which were working so quickly , that it looked like a blur. Two more minutes until her father came home. Two more minutes until her life becomes unbearable. Amethyst looked at her self. She had dirt and grime all over her face and clothes, and she took a moment to wipe herself off with a dirty dish rag. She stared at the culmination of four months of work, a clear vial with a purple liquid inside. She could've been there forever, working with chemicals and experimenting, but all her dreams came to a halt when she heard the door slam. She was out of time. She quickly poured the substance into a syringe and shoved it into her wide apron pockets. She headed out the hidden room, and managed to make it to the living room right before her crazed father.

“Leah” he said , the word floating off his tongue naturally, like that was all he thought of.

“No, I’m Amethyst , dad” She said soothingly. Apparently her tone wasn’t working , because her father’s eyes, once loving, had an angry glint in them, like he was looking at the biggest disappointment.

“You incompetent child” he snarled. After a moment’s glare , he returned to his dreamy state and said “Leah”.

Amethyst didn’t know if she could hold back her tears much longer, so she took out the syringe and injected the liquid into her father’s wrist. Almost instantly her father’s clouded eyes became clear. Amethyst recited the one sentence that kept her going. “Just a little elbow grease and time” For some reason , it was her mother’s favorite quote. Amethyst sighed at the unfortunate situation that was her life. Her father had been calling her by her twin sister Leah’s name, ever since that fateful day when her twin and mother died in a car accident. Somehow, Amethyst survived, but the way her father treated her made her wish she’d have died with her family. Leah had always been her father’s favorite. She looked like an exact replica of him, and was athletic and popular. Everything her father valued. Amethyst

clicked her tongue sourly. Her father, had already gone back to his psychotic state. Amethyst ran to her workstation in the hidden room, and wrote the results of her medicine, Amethone. As much as the nine year old hated to admit it , developing the medicine had been her escape from her torturous reality. She looked into a piece of scrap metal and looked at herself. The complete opposite of Leah. While Leah had their father's tan skin and blue eyes, Amethyst had albinism and had skin paler than ivory, and hair as platinum blonde as it could get. Amethyst also had purple eyes, hence her name. Just some of her father's favorite reasons for hating her. Amethyst spent the next few hours tinkering with the formula for the antidote, and was about to make a new batch , when someone came up behind her and knocked her out. Right before she closed her eyes, she saw her father's eyes looking at her , as if daring her to get up. Despite her ambition to stay conscious, her body disobeyed her , and shut down. Amethyst awoke to a black void. Well, awoke, isn't the right word, since she was still knocked out on the floor. It was more like *having a vision*. The nothingness soon formed particles, which then flew together in clumps to form someone standing at a lab table. A short woman, who Amethyst immediately recognized as her mother.

“Mom!” She called out

“Amethyst” her mom nodded in her direction “ You must understand, what you are doing won't help. It will tear you down, and devour your spirit. You have to learn to set people free”

Amethyst couldn't comprehend what her mom was saying, but before she could ask questions, her mom dissolved back into particles .

Amethyst woke up crying. She found her dad reclining in a chair, asleep. She injected the new solution , and he woke up. He looked at her and started crying. This startled Amethyst, her father would never dare to cry in front of her.

“Amethyst, I can't do it, I'm dying, and I have been ever since your mom died.” He said.

“No! I can save you! What are your symptoms? Have you been to the doctor?” Amethyst was panicking. No matter how bad their relationship was, she had made a promise to her mother , when she was dying , that she would keep him safe. He was her last tie to her family, her once-upon-a-time.

“Amethyst, The memory, is just too painful. I’m dying of the pain, it caused me. You have to let me go.”

His last sentence, caught her off guard, and replayed in her mind. It all made sense now. It was like the final piece of the puzzle. Her mother had been talking about her father.

“Goodbye” Was all she could say as she watched her last family member ascend to the unknown. She would adapt. She would figure it out. It would just take a ‘little elbow grease and time’ She smiled at her mother’s old saying and that her father had died in peace.