

In a dark room a fragile vase rested on the wooden table. It wasn't just any vase. It was a cherished gift from her late grandfather; he made it especially for her to keep and to hold into memories they had shared together before he passed away. It was significant to her because she had an unbreakable bond with her grandfather which, whenever she looks at the vase, she remembers the memories of warmth and laughter. With the afternoon sun gently seeping through the curtains, Sarah thought it would be good to let her cat stay in her room while she worked. While not paying any attention to her cat, she heard a loud thud near her. She turned her head as fast as she could, only to see her cat had knocked into the vase, causing it to shatter. In that moment all that she could think of was the memories of her grandfather. She started to tremble, wishing it all to be a nightmare. She couldn't do anything but stare with shocked eyes. Tears welled up in her eyes as she knelt down to the broken vase looking at it with a dull expression. Her trembling hands reached out trying to hold onto something that was already lost. Each piece told a story, a piece of her past now broken and cannot be fixed. The vase, was a connection to her grandfather's love, now lay shattered. And the room felt emptier than ever. As she started to blame herself, how could she let her cat inside the room knowing it could cause chaos. In that moment, sadness and pain overcame her. It wasn't just a vase. It was a piece of her heart, now forever gone.