

Lost in memories.

The painful feeling of remorse and regret permeated through my tired cold soul.

I lived another lifetime alone only with my old pensive feelings. I was deserted, forgotten in my motionless shadow as my surroundings glare at me with unwanted feelings leaving me lonely inside my shell. False warmth engulfs my surroundings urging me to move on and focus on the present but how can someone forget those melancholy memories that bruised my days of glory. Abandoned by many, forgotten by many with ardour and sorrow thrust into my hands to hold until my lonely existence would fade and gradually sit and lie with a stony soul.

I snuggled then a shaggy lump of fur covered my head sinking me down on the bouncy cushion as his trainer shook him awake to reveal his magnificent gift for my best buddy. A sinking feeling overwhelmed me as he jumped up and down when his trainer gave him a brand new tennis ball exactly like me except the dirty scratches, bite marks, muddy patches, dust and dog hairs were gone. I felt as if I was a dirty piece of parchment on the sidewalk or a dirty piece of mould that had been there for nine years. I was once treasured like gold but now I feel like a pen that just ran out of ink and was thrown in the rubbish can on the side of the sink. They say 'a dog has its day' and I once experienced one of those days with my one and only best friend but now I have a feeling that I will never have one again.

'Ha ha ha!'

'C'mon, throw it! Throw it!'

'This is so fun!'

'I think it was called...t...tennis?'

'YEAH! And this is a tennis ball!'

The boy patted me gently on the head as if I were his little brother. A warm sunset hue danced across my face as the wind sprayed my face with joy as I was tossed up and down while distant laughter from the kids who were playing with me through the halls of my ears as I knew the voices of the merry feeling will stay with me all the way to next summer. Bounce bounce. I felt the tension grow. All eyes were on

me (or the server) as I hit the ground not once but twice on to the uncomfortable fake grass as they greased on the side of me. But the familiar feel of the ground that had been tread on felt like where I belonged or at least for now. The server swung his racket high into the air tossing me up into the sky, it felt like slow motion and my senses picked up my surroundings as I carefully eyed them. The cold and heartless wire on the racket that had been mended multiple times when un-honest tennis balls hit it, it took me up in the air and away I was up, but didn't return back down for quite a long time. I sailed yards and kilometres and beyond all the towns and roads. The cries of birds migrating out of the cold. The winter chill rang as my pulse quickened as I was nearing the ground below me.

‘Is it an alien?’

‘Is it a unicorn?’

‘Is it a fourth dimension?’

‘NO! IT IS A UNICORN!!!’ shouted a little girl with spotted red hair demanding for everyone to think that she is right. I came sailing down and with a bump I was in the spotlight in a show and all eyes, once again, were on me.

‘Is it a unicorn? Is it a unicorn? Is it a unicorn?’ The little girl sprinted across the lane and shoved people aside as she peeked to have a look.

‘Oh. It’s just an old disgusting filthy ball.’ she squirmed looking in between revolted and disappointed. My false absence echoed in the serene area that I was most likely not to belong. I was once put on the spot light like a superstar and now I was a shadow that was ignored but worse, abandoned into an old bush of mould and dark moss and an unwelcoming feeling.

I heard a shuffle among the leaves. Was it another wild fox? Was it the wind?

‘I can see something.’

‘Where? Where? Where?’

‘Here, I feel something round and slimy.’

Young round fingers grasped around my shaking body. I tried to imagine what this new person’s expression would be. Would it be a disgusted face? (those were popular. I wonder why they aren’t on those weird human ads that pop up on the big...teevee? Was that what you called them?) Would it be another journey in the disgraceful rubbish can thing? I tried to struggle out taking advantage of my slimy

blobs of mud and slime that vastly swept over me but the new human's grip was too strong and tight there was no chance to escape.

The specs of light were flickering and dancing closer and closer to my blank face as I squinted at the vivid lights that I had not seen for what seemed like years. My stomach was going on a rollercoaster round and round again and again until my mind was in the clouds losing its presence. I emerged from the slimy old and way too complicated bush that had trapped all my ugly thoughts for a period of time that I have stayed in that deserted bush with the company of the worms and (occasionally) slugs, when damp and wet. I peeked open an eye and saw two delicate eyes, deep observing eyebrows crossed together like two hairy caterpillars hugging and a ... smile. I didn't understand. I, the most filthy tennis ball of all in history, was being smiled at.

‘Hey! It’s a tennis ball!’

‘Really?’

‘Yeah!’

‘Umm, it looks...let’s say a bit rusty.’

‘Yeah, but who cares?’

A glowing spark filled my eyes with an emotion that I have not experienced in a very long time.

Laughs in the distance echoed in my ears as my heart stopped beating, my blood stopped flowing and my nightmares were dusted off. I felt lighter. It felt like my smile was welcomed back to me.

The End