

Destiny

by Samantha Hosea

She wasn't paying attention to where she was going. '*This is how people have accidents*', she thought. A veil of mist threatened to cloud her eyes in the darkness as she was fighting back the rage she was not yet fully experiencing. *Why? It always comes down to that one question.* The thought emerged before she knew it, in the part of her brain that could still reason, surprising both her and the other part of her brain that was ready to be enveloped in an endless night of terrifying loss of control. She already knew how this was going to end, like in a dream you've had twice.

Reckless, she took a right without checking her mirror. With a madman's laugh, she realized her mistake and discarded it as irrelevant. Then, she reached her destination. *Destiny. I know what to do now.* Her eyes glided over the huge contraptions she had seen so many times. Then she looked at the glistening moon reflecting in the water. This is where she grew up. And this is where it will all end. *Finally. The harbour. Home.*

