

NUMBER 6 BELLEVUE ROAD

by Amna Merhi, 10A

Number 6 Bellevue Road is a small house. Easily mistaken for a shed, it sits amongst grassy land, surrounded by tall trees. The fence, made simply of cheap wire, is set all around the four acres of land. This ghost town is located only 55 minutes out of Melbourne but is unknown and quite deserted.

The house itself is red brick with a slate roof. Two windows; with one having a jagged crack all along the the window's surface. Despite the large land size, the small house only takes up a small portion of it.

A family of four lives here. The two shaggy looking children sit on the green grass of their backyard playing with a small toy car. Daisy the younger child, four years of age, picks up Thomas's car and runs away playfully.

"Gimme my car back, Daisy!" whines Thomas as his hand slaps his little sister across the face. Immediately, cries were heard from Daisy and their mother rushes to help Daisy up.

"Him hit me!" cried Daisy, pointing to her angry brother.

“Don't lay your hand on your sister like that ever again Thomas. Do you understand?” their mothers says, trying to be firmly confident, but fear taking over.

She sighs as she picks up her daughter and holds her on her hip. Daisy and Thomas's mother is aged in her mid 20's. She has blonde hair, dark blue heavy eyes, round face, slim but not very tall. Her skin is inconsistent in colour. Many bruises are visible on her arms and legs. The sun shines directly overhead. It is now midday. The weather is not unbearably hot but the sun is strong. She stands, watching Thomas continue to play with the little car. She is reminded of his earlier action towards his sister. She is scared his father has impacted upon him.

She remembers the night he came home, wasted and angry about God knows what. She had asked him if everything was okay, but his only response was his fist batting her face. After that night the violence did not end. She reminisces about the good times she's had with him but the bad times always seem to take over.

Reality hits back to her with a shiver.

“Come enside for lunch kids,” she says with little enthusiasm. She tries her best to stay positive for her kids, but it was tough, her self esteem is low and she is somewhat depressed. Tear marks are stained upon the rough skin of her face.

The sun is now hiding in the clouds which makes the house look dark and gloomy.

“Mum can you make me pasta pleez?” Daisy asks.

“Me too mummie” Thomas adds, as he walks to his mother and hugs her leg. “I won't do dat to Daisy animore, I promise.”

The grip of Thomas's hands around his mother reminds her, it reminds her of when her own children were watching her in pain as her husband grabbed her long hair and swung her to the floor. Thomas's face was filled with horror.

“Wh.. why you kill- killing mum!!” he said stuttering, scared of his own father. He ran to his mother who is on the floor and tightly grabbed her leg while burying himself next to her. Since that day, there is an obvious gap between how Daisy and Thomas feel about their father.

“Is da pasta readi?” Daisy asks her mother who has zoned out again, still holding her sons leg. She serves her children their lunch and heads into the laundry located in a small room of the backyard. She wishes she had a proper family, and husband who is there for her not against her. She is an independent women raising two youngsters on her own, she worries about her Kids and their futures, she carries the basket full of clothes ready to be hung on the line.

“Let's get inside kids,” she says and waits for them to come in. She has finished hanging the clothes. Since the police took him, everyday seems like a repetitive routine.

A week before that she had a family member ring her up, it was the first kind of communication within months of talking to anyone besides her husband and kids.

He does not let her speak on the phone. If she did, he listened to every word she says, daring her to speak any information about their life or how she is treated by him.

The day they finally took him was relief, she felt attacked in her own home. She spends a lot of time contemplating her life and the man whom her parents gave her to marry. She remembers her looking back at her in the eyes as the policeman threw him into the police car.

Her thoughts are interrupted, this time from the sound of knocking, loud heavy knocking on the small white front door. Daisy and Thomas run behind their mother. No one has ever visited them at their house apart from the police. Their mother signals them to stay quiet as she crawls down to peep through the small hole at the bottom of the door. The sun has now set, and standing in the

distance was a familiar man, very familiar. His hazel eyes dimmed in the darkness, as sharp as knives.