

Three days in the red-haired forest

I was in the forest with my reddish hair full of small flakes of snow. There were long drops running down of my face that my eyes released. My body trembled, very well if it was because of the cold or the shaking that the sobs caused me. I lay down next to a tree and suddenly I saw it, it had disappeared for three days and finally I could see it. "Jason " I screamed with all my strength but my voice barely left my throat like a faint whisper. I got up as fast as my aching bones allowed me and ran towards that image of my brother. Exact by the race I looked everywhere until I saw his body wrapped in snow stained in red. I lay down next to him and suddenly ... I woke up

It was the third day, the third day since my twin brother decided to leave and not come back, three days since the last time I kissed him, the last time I hugged him, I was afraid that it was the last time I saw him alive.

I looked in the mirror, I picked up my long red hair in a ponytail and put on one of the dresses and boots I used to go hunting with our father. I got a leather backpack where I put food and three bottles of water. I went out to the forest with my brother's name etched in my mouth, screaming until I despaired.

As it happened in my nightmares I saw a shadow a few meters away, I screamed until the shadow stopped moving, ran in such a way that the shadow was getting bigger. Jason's copper hair was now full of mud grass and traces of snow. " Charyl " he said with wide eyes, hugged him and burst into tears, he had a bullet wound in his left leg. Together we crossed the forest when we got home the fireplace was on, the fire burned like the eyes of my brother who had been 3 days out 3 days towards that July 7 of the death of my other half 3 days since my father mixed him with an animal decided to end his life taking with him part of mine.