

## Essay/Narrative

If I was asked to describe peace, I would say it was a light in the dark. A small flame in a sea of darkness. A soft symphony playing on. A comforting hug. A rainbow shining through the clouds as the sun comes out. Peace can lead to happiness. And that's exactly what we have now.

Once I was old enough to learn of the war, it was troubling to think I would ever experience peace. But today I was expecting screams and the sight of combat. Instead, it was quiet for once. I wasn't about to go outside just yet. It was more reasonable to wait until it was safe. I tied my soft brown hair into a braid, and stepped outside. Squinting, I saw the clouds were moving, and the sun was about to shine through the darkest times. My big, electric blue eyes were glowing from the light. My mom called me over. "Madelyn, look! The flowers are blooming!" My mom pointed to a clump of tulips clinging together for dear life. At least they were alive. She was crying, happily. A small tear trickled down her cheek. She was radiating with joy. I felt a chilly tear drip down my face as I smiled at my mom. Perhaps the war has been ended?

I always dreamt of this peace. The kind that was calming, a gentle relief to a fierce storm. But we never

thought this peace would come. The war had been raging on for nearly 15 years. It's over now, but our town might never heal from the scars the war left. We can only hope that this comforting harmony called peace will restore our land.

I fell asleep for the first time in a long time. It wouldn't last, that I was sure of. A dream began to haunt me in the middle of the night. A booming voice started to speak. "There you are, Madelyn." "You shouldn't have been out here this late at night." I heard a bomb drop, and I bolted up out of bed. I was never a light sleeper, since how could you sleep in the middle of war? But it was just a dream, a terrible dream, and I was safe. Safe. The thought of it was comforting. Surprisingly, with this thought in my mind, I was able to go back to sleep.

I woke up well rested the next morning, and was treated to a breakfast of toast and eggs. My mom was beaming when she saw me. I smiled back. It was nice to see her happy again. It looks like peace can do that. It was mesmerizing to see the effects of peace flowing into our land. Peace had to be achieved, though. But we have. We have peace. Peace gave us shelter, away from the cruel world, and now safety. Safety away from that brutal war that raged. That was the past. Now the future is open, bright with possibilities.

When I stepped outside that morning, a dove flew past. It was that moment that I knew peace had been achieved, that we were all safe.