

"Where I live, it's not a safe place. They reported earthquakes Richter Magnitude 7, and sometimes 8. This happens quite frequently. Sometimes it happens in the middle of the night. I wake up and all I think is "run". I grab my jacket and my drawing book and run down the stairs, along the road until I arrive at my safe place.

I am not sure what this place is. I discovered it a couple of years ago. There is a bench and a lilac tree. The lilacs never stop blooming, it smells really nice. When I sit down on the bench the earth stops trembling. It's really quiet there. I can only hear some birds. I usually wait a couple of hours there and draw or write a little in my book until the earthquake is over.

This has been going on for a couple of years now. I almost started looking forward to the earthquakes.

Last week I woke up at 2 in the morning. The earth was trembling. I jumped out of the bed, grabbed my jacket and my book and ran out of the door, down the stairs, down the road and at the end of the road instead of my safe place there was just a big black hole in the street. I stopped and I felt my heart racing, I froze, the earth was still shaking. I started panicking, but I was unable to move. I felt the water in my eyes, I closed them and opened them again hoping that this was all not true, but the safe place did not come back.

I am not sure what triggered my decision, I think sometimes when I panic, I am not able to think clearly. I jumped. I jumped into the hole, maybe to hide.

It was quiet in there and dark. It was wet and I could smell the old earth. I don't know how long I was sitting in there before I tried to get out again. Maybe an hour, maybe a day. I realized what I have done. I tried to escape, but the walls were too high. I shouted in the hope someone would hear me, but the only reaction I got was that sometimes a little lilac blossom fell down. Don't ask me what I ate.

After a while, a long while I realized that there was no escape, I started playing with the wet earth. I rolled the clay, I made a bird, and then another one and then a really big one. They became my friends. At some point, I am not sure how much time had passed. I was sitting across from the big bird when it looked as if it blinked at me. I was very surprised and I thought this must have happened because I have not been eating much in a couple of weeks now. I smiled, and the bird smiled back, I came closer and tried to pet it, but the bird moved back. I think it was scared of me...."

The old lady was a little surprised, when the black book fell from the sky with a big thump and she was glad it did not fall on her head. She picked the little black book up, and looked if she could find a name or anything.

Then she looked up, but was not able to identify where the book was coming from. She opened the book and read the story about the woman and her safe spot that disappeared.. She thought the story was a little strange, although there have been a lot of earthquakes around where she lived.

