
Note

There is a summary to read at the bottom *warning* it spoils the story

Tap-a-tap-tap. Tap-a-tap-tap. A continuous stacatto, setting the beat of Lawrence's pounding heart. The sound was other-worldly, disturbing in its empty, hollow noise. Every few seconds, Tap-a-tap-tap. He pulled the bedcover up over his head, trying to mask the tapping, but to no avail. It made no difference if he hid or whimpered or stuffed his fingers in his ears - the tap-a-tap-tap was still there, always there. Lawrence's heart beat like a soldier's drum on the inside of his chest.

Slowly, he inched the covers back down over his head. The room he was in was perfectly normal, albeit sparse. He peered around the hotel room, picking out details from the evening before - jacket flung over a chair, bags dumped to the side, and a photo of his family tucked into the table's mirror. All appeared normal, for a given amount of normal. Not only did his heart pound, but it ached emotionally, for he'd never been away from his family all his life, much less run away. But he was right in doing it. He was right. Of course he was right, he kept telling himself - why, things were worse with him there right?

And still, the tap-a-tap-tapping. Driving fear down his spine at every interval. He resolved to get out of bed and investigate, but his muscles screamed at him, no! Stay put! Eventually, after telling himself to ignore the icy taps, he managed to throw back the bedcover and jump up. He quickly threw on a dressing gown packed in his bags and ran to the door - before the tap-a-tap-tapping came back. He wrenched the door open, and peered outside...

Tap-a-tap-tap. He froze. There was nothing in the corridor. No movement. No boogeyman to jump out at him. Slowly, he tip-toed his way down the corridor. Pictures of the day before crossing his panicked mind. The car, the near miss, hitch-hiking, a strange city, a friendly policeman, a hotel, a bed, sleep. Tap-a-tap-tap. Lawrence shivered, concentrating on the present. The still, calm present. Calm like the bottom of the ocean, where drowned sailors and wrecks line the sand. An eerie calm. None of the bright, cheery neon lights of the city yesterday, the only illumination was a window at the end of the corridor opening onto a bright full moon. The moonlight glinted off the metal catch on the window, the silver sheen on the metal reminding him of...

A barrel. A gun. A bang. Footsteps on cobbles. A gun being dragged along. Tap-a-tap-tap. Lawrence convulsed, every nerve in his body chilled to absolute zero. He was remembering now. The back alley of a peaceful village. His sister. His father. An argument. A bang. Blood trickling round the stones. Footsteps on cobbles. A gun being dragged along. Tap-a-tap-tap. The noise was louder now. He was approaching a door, just a normal door into hotel room. But the noise was louder. His skin shifted goose-bumps beyond imagining. Whispering, he tip-toed up to it, unable to stop himself moving. His heart beating faster and faster, throbbing and jolting in his chest. He felt like

he was going to faint, the terror of the door in front of him felt so thick. Tap-a-tap-tap. He reaches out. Tap-a-tap-tap. His fingers brush the handle. Tap-a-tap-tap. He grasps it. Tap-a-tap-tap. And wrenches the door open...

A flatline wanes. A continuous note compounding the utter sadness of a mother's tears. "I'm sorry Mrs Hill. He took a bad hit from the car. And it was very unlikely he would have recovered from the coma."

A doctor looks over to the body of a young boy.

"I know this may be a hard time for you Mrs Hill, your girl is in intensive care. She survived the shotgun wounds and is recovering fine."

A mother wails, grieving for her child.

"Come Mrs Hill, I'm sure he heard everything you said during the coma. And it doesn't do to dwell on the past. We can help."

A doctor leads a mother out of a ward. A boy lies dead, free from a nightmare coma. And a window, loose and knocking in the wind, went tap-a-tap-tap...

Note

If you didn't get this, I'm sorry, I admit it's pretty vague. Here's the 'backstory' so to speak:

Family living in a small village.

Sister goes out on town after having argument with father about drinking.

She gets seriously drunk.

Father finds her, extremely angry and unbalanced.

Son finds the two having a very intense argument.

Father shoots sister with shotgun

Son runs back home, packing bags and runs away.

Son tries hitch-hiking, but is hit by car.

Gets put in coma and driven to hospital.

In coma, wakes up and, well, that's the story =P

Outside of coma, sister is taken to hospital and father jailed under.

Mother called in to look after both children.
