

## The Other Side

**By Jordan Hachey**

**Age 17**

**Port Moody**

It was a Tuesday afternoon. We had just landed in Bodrum, Turkey. After picking up a rental car, we departed to visit my parents. While my husband, Yusuf, drove and my son, Emir, sat eagerly in the back, I reminisced about my childhood. As we passed the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, a renowned Bodrum tourist attraction, the rain started to pour.

“Baba, look out!” exclaimed Emir, as a caracal scampered in front of our car. Yusuf slammed hard on the brakes. I screamed as we skidded across the road. I sensed the weight in the vehicle shift, the blood rushing to my head as I realised we were flipping over.

CRASH

I slowly opened my eyes. An appalling wreck stared back at me. The car? Destroyed. Shattered glass and debris littered the road.

“Emir!” I yelled as I struggled to turn around.

Emir was gone.

Macabre thoughts suffocated my mind, but I pushed them aside. To my left, Yusuf was unconscious, his head flat against the deployed airbag. My leg was bleeding. An intense, piercing pain in my chest overpowered all sensations. I rolled myself out of the wreck, fighting through the agony. I desperately needed help.

The doleful rain had stopped. Oddly enough, the ground was bone-dry. How long had I been unconscious? And where was Emir?

An unbearable ten minutes ticked by. I scoured the area, but Emir was nowhere to be found. Yusuf was conscious and barely hanging on. Finally, the ambulance arrived.

“My son, he disappeared!” I explained as the paramedics loaded us into the ambulance.

They advised me not to worry; it was imperative to get Yusuf and I to the hospital.

Yusuf was rushed into surgery. He was in critical condition. The doctors assured me they would fight to save him. As for myself, the nurse’s assessment implied I didn’t need urgent care. I merely awaited a chest scan.

As I lingered in the waiting room, I observed a distressed man arrive, his clothes drenched in blood. Shortly after, a stout woman was brought in with a chef’s cleaver wedged in her skull. Her ghastly face was visibly riddled with fear. What had happened to these ill-fated people?

Hours had elapsed since they left with Yusuf. The pain in my chest was nearly gone. Why was the dry air so unbearably hot in here?

“Carina Yavuz?” a spectral-looking nurse called out.

I felt morbidly uneasy.

“Sorry for the wait, Hon. I heard about your son. Bittersweet he won’t see you for a while, isn’t it?” she enquired with a fake smile.

“I don’t understand. Where are my son and husband?” I asked bewilderedly.

“Your husband is just fine,” she said, grinning wide. “He almost got pulled to the other side, but we narrowly managed to save him. He’s not going anywhere.”

“But what about Emir? I searched all over but-“

“Don’t you understand, sweetie? Your son didn’t make it,” she said sympathetically.

“He’s... dead?” I said, as dread filled my heart.

“No, Hon. You are.”