

A note from *Celina*

by Sue Whiting

That morning, my last morning, April 7, 1975, dawned brilliant: warm and golden, the sun slanting through the trees. It matched my mood perfectly. It was to be the first day of the rest of our lives, for Robbie and me.

I walked down my driveway, brimming with excitement. I closed the front gate behind me to keep the goats in, just as I did every morning, and headed along the dirt track to the bus stop.

I never made it. I was just sixteen years old.

I have to tell you that I felt ripped off, dying that young, when I had everything to look forward to – my whole life ahead of me. And it was going to be such a good life. I had passion: so much I wanted to do, to achieve. It was incredibly unfair.

But dying wasn't the worst part. It was just the beginning.

Imagine what it was like having to watch everyone suffer so horribly after I was gone. The waiting, wondering, worrying – the not knowing what had happened to me. It was torture, for them, and for me. It's what drove Robbie away and sent Mum and Dad mad with sorrow.

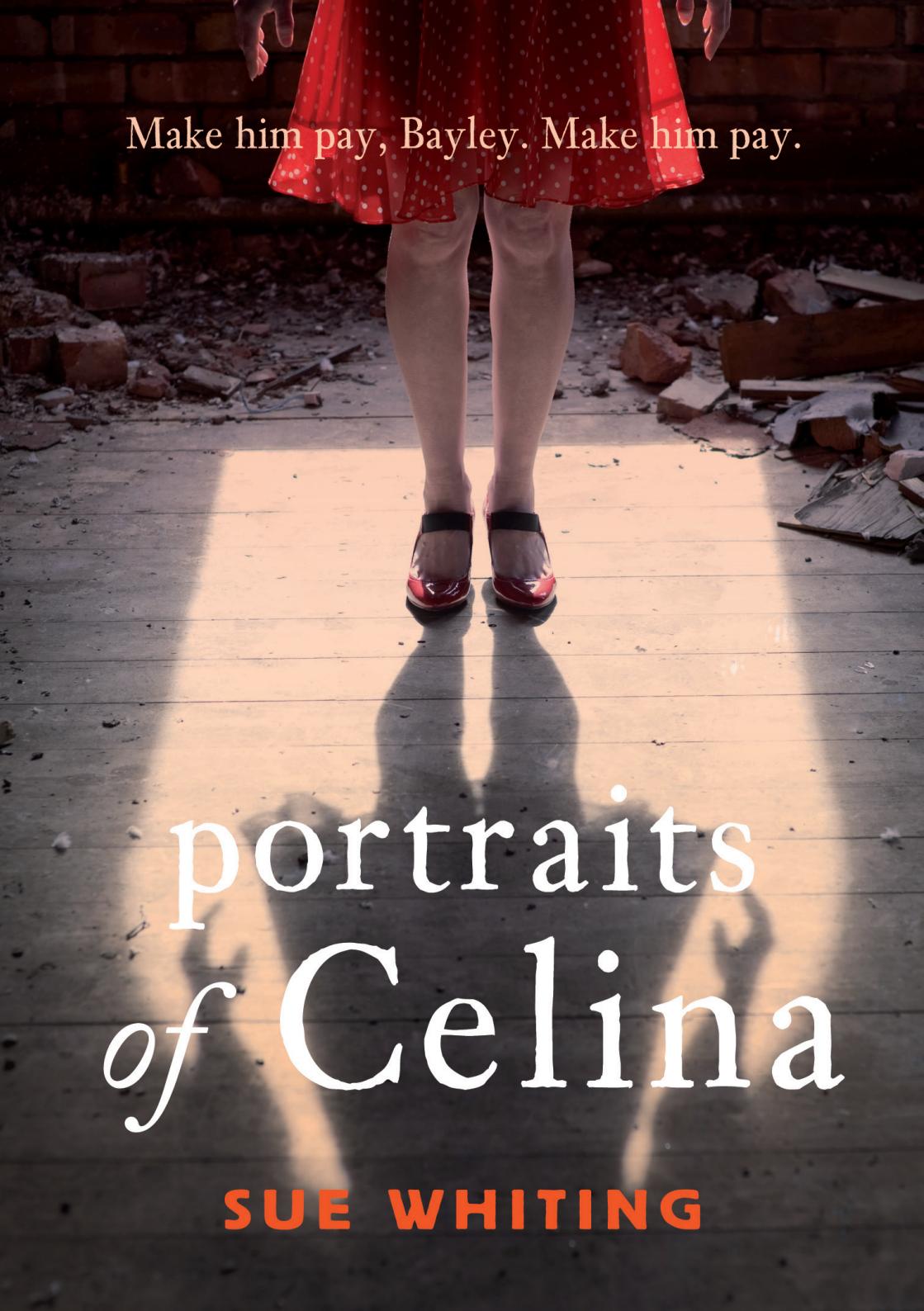
And all the while HE lived on. Walked among them. Laughed. Joked. Prospered. Lived. Did unspeakable things.

But now MY time has come. My patience has paid off. It may have taken nearly forty years, but now my sweet little cousin has come at last. And although she doesn't know it yet, she is going to exact my revenge. To make HIM pay. It's all up to her now.

Make him pay, Bayley. Make him pay.
I won't rest until it's done.

Peace sister.

Celina O'Malley

A photograph of a young girl from the waist down. She is wearing a red dress with white polka dots and red Mary Janes with black straps. She is standing on a light-colored wooden floor that is covered in debris, including broken bricks and wood. Her hands are raised, holding the hem of her dress. The background is a brick wall.

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portraits
of Celina

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