



# Write your own Historical Fiction 2025

For my family and friends  
by Artemy Poliakov

Dear diary,

I remember that day like the back of my hand; the day I  
lost family, friends and honestly maybe even myself...

March 11 2011

It felt like a normal morning . I woke up early, even though I was still so tired from yesterday. I just laid there for a while staring at the white ceiling, trying to convince myself to get up. I looked up at the clock and was quite shocked and told myself there was no time to be lazy, lying around all day.I kicked off the warm, white blankets and grabbed my slippers. The second I stepped out it felt like I was in a snowy land - it was freezing! I really don't know how some people do this every day, I felt like a zombie.

I went downstairs. Even though we had only four of us in our home, everything felt so loud and busy. I didn't know it then, but soon there would be only two of us left...

The kitchen smelled really nice. The smell of fried rice, tofu and miso soup, the kind of smell that felt like home and comfort . I finished packing the kids' bentos making sure everything was just right. I especially tried for my autistic son; he was really picky with his food, I think I heard that it was something called " safe foods" - stuff he knew he liked. After that I packed their bags double checking they didn't forget anything because I didn't really want to go to the school and back.

I finally let out a tired breath. It was only 9 AM, and I already felt like I'd lived an entire day. My husband worked at the middle school so he had to leave pretty early so the morning rush was all pushed on me. I sat down with my luke-warm coffee and read through my emails, as expected many emails from the school regarding my son. I really loved him, truly but it was a lot, I didn't want to lose him...

I couldn't imagine losing him, I would never feel the same, never feel happy or normal ; he was a sweetheart, a heart pure of gold and joy...

But something felt wrong, something terribly wrong...

And then it happened...

It was mid - afternoon when the ground started to shake. At first I didn't pay too much attention to it.

But this was different.

The shaking didn't stop, it grew stronger and stronger like an underground monster was ripping the whole world apart. It felt like a rolling pin, rolling endlessly, never stopping. The walls started to crack and you could hear people screaming, like literally. I prayed to God, I prayed to make it out alive, to live and see another day...

The shaking finally stopped, it felt like it went on for hours. I grasped my phone and called my husband, he did pick up and I told him to grab the kids and wait at the entrance. He tried to say something but it was too late. The power lines had fallen. I could see it, it was a terrible scene...

I grabbed everything I could: my coat, the emergency pack and a photo of my family. I dashed to the car ; it wasn't the fastest but it was something. I didn't stop for any lights, not for anything, I was praying that my kids were ok and even alive.

And then the dreaded alarm came, so deafening and terrifying :

津波警報 すぐに高台へ避難してください

( TSUNAMI WARNING GET TO HIGHER  
GROUND IMMEDIATELY)

My heart pounded even more, like a rock slamming in my chest.  
My brain couldn't process anything it was just too much to handle.  
Cars were piling behind me, some were screaming, some couldn't  
say anything...

I finally got to the school and shoved my kids  
into the car but it was too late, the waves were rolling in quicker  
and bigger, they said it was only three meters high but they were  
wrong. Someone shouted it's going to be 10M's high! I couldn't  
believe what they were saying.

We decided to make a run for it but we forgot one precious thing:  
our autistic son, we didn't make it far but there was a spot for us  
to take cover, I looked around and couldn't see him.

I screamed to my husband “ WE LEFT HIM IN THE CAR!”

He took my hand and told me he loved me and he ran, I could see him, tears were rolling down my cheeks. I couldn't believe that I might lose them both, not now, he was too young, too young...

He started running back to me with our son in his hands—but it was too late.

I saw him.

With my bare eyes.

Getting washed away in the tsunami with our son clutched in his arms.

It was terrible.

I couldn't look. I cried...

I felt lost. Lost in life, not understanding what I would do with just me and my other son left.

I looked at him. He was speechless.

Just seeing his father die in front of his own eyes.

I whispered,

“Give me one reason to keep breathing...

I stood there motionless looking at the destruction, looking at what it had become - a place that used to be our home was now a distant thing, washed away in waves. To my relief I felt a touch on my shoulder - it was Nonio, my father. I was grateful for him being alive and that I still had someone that I truly trusted, someone I truly loved. He told me that it would be ok but I didn't believe him. What's the point of being here, my husband sacrificed his own life to save our son. Why haven't I done anything to help, why just why? I just stood there. Like a monster.

Nonio reassured me and told me it was over and that we would start a whole new life and have a peaceful life.

I hoped that would be the case...

3 years later...

I still think about that day.

The things I could have done.

The things I should have done.

Life is better, but not the same.

I wish it would go back to what it was before.

My husband, me and my 2 sons.

THE END

WRITTEN BY ARTEMY POLIAKOV

FOR MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS

AND

YURI AND KAPUSHA

I am truly sincerely sorry for all the victims of this disaster, may the people that died in this event rest in peace.